

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Dusky light illuminates tall grass between crumbling headstones.

A cow lumbers over and chews on some grass that obscures a headstone.

Ravenous, it rips at the grass, snorting, chomping in its hunger.

A herding dog runs over and barks at the cow.

The cow lifts its head--eyes glowing red and foam bubbling from its mouth.

The dog rears back and whimpers then runs away.

The cow walks across the cemetery onto the

ROAD

INT. TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

The driver, MERLE MUNSINGER, late 40s, is a big dark perpetually pissed off guy. He wears a t-shirt with the words MONSTER BURGER emblazoned on the front, below the words is a badly drawn cartoon of a hamburger with teeth.

As he drives he talks on his cell phone.

MERLE

If you can just spot me a grand that'll
get me through til next month...

INT. MOBILE VETINARY OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

CHARLES MUNSINGER, early 40s, Merle's brother, is clean-shaven and trim in his white lab coat. He has his hand on a comatose cat in the other hand he has a scalpel.

CHARLIE

I'd give it to you if I had it, but
honest, Merle, you don't make that much
money cutting balls off cats...

INT. TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

MERLE

Yeah, guess mom and dad kinda flushed
100 grand down the toilet sending you
to college for 12 years...

INT. MOBILE VET OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

CHARLIE

I haven't told anyone about this,
Merle, but I'm onto something big with
my feed supplements. In a few months I
might be able to buy you a whole chain
of Monster Burgers...

INT. TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

MERLE

Now that'll be the day--

Merle sees something in the road and his eyes grow wide as he
clings to the steering wheel.

MERLE (CONT'D)

Shit!

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Merle?

Merle sees a huge foamy mouthed cow caught in his headlights.
He drops the phone, slams on his brakes.

A SCREECH as he skids out. Merle is tossed about the cab until
THUD he sideswipes the cow and everything comes to a standstill.

He sits at the wheel a moment, stunned. He looks out the window
and sees the cow, laying on its side.

MERLE

Jackpot...

He tries to get out the driver's side door but it's stuck, so
he scoots out the passenger door.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Merle comes around the side of the truck, spies the cow lying on its side, its stomach barely rising and falling with weak breaths.

MERLE

Easy, Bessie.

Merle moves in closer to touch the animal when suddenly it rears its head back and bites him on the arm.

Merle recoils and curses in pain.

Merle turns back around and sees the cow's red eyes and foaming mouth as it staggers to its legs. It emits a GUTTERAL GROWL. The cow lunges towards him, but Merle is fast and runs back to the passenger side of the cab.

He scrambles inside the cab and shuts the door, locking it.

As he peers through the side window he can see the cow pawing the ground and snorting.

Merle slowly opens his glovebox and pulls out a gun. He rolls down his window a crack and the cow perks up, gets ready to charge. Just as the cow comes toward him Merle fires, the bullet penetrates the cow in the forehead, sending up a spray of blood. Then the cow gives an unholy moan and drops to the ground.

Merle picks up his cellphone, still on the seat beside him.

MERLE (CONT'D)

Charlie? Hey, you know anything about
butchering a cow?

INT. MONSTER BURGER -- NIGHT

CHEYENNE MUNSINGER, 17, chubby but with an attractive face, dressed in unflattering khaki pants and Monster Burger t-shirt, holds a phone to her ear.

MERLE (O.S.)

Hello, this is Merle Munsinger. At the
sound of the tone please leave a
message.

CHEYENNE

Hey, Daddy, we're out of mayo. Bye.

Cheyenne sets the phone down and steals a glance towards the

DRIVE-THROUGH WINDOW

ERIC SHAW, 17, spiky rock star hair, slightly effeminate good looks, listens to music on headphones, mouths lyrics and strums air guitar.

GRILL AREA

NICHOLAS, 17, tall, skinny, wearing glasses and badly in need of orthodontia, uses the grill hood as a mirror while he tries to cover up his acne with Spray-On tan.

SODA FOUNTAIN

SHEILA, 17, ample bosoms straining against her Monster Burger uniform, talks on her cellphone.

COUNTER

Cheyenne picks up a pen and sketches on an order pad.

INSERT - DRAWING

Full body sketch of Eric playing a guitar.

INT. MONSTER BURGER - DAY

A beefy hand comes down on the drawing.

DIRK (O.S.)

Whatchya drawing Moo-cow?

Cheyenne looks up and sees DIRK, 18, looking a bit portly in his letterman jacket, holding a soda. Behind him is JOSH, 17, also in a letterman jacket, hair perpetually in his eyes.

Cheyenne pulls on the pad, but Dirk is stronger and rips it out of her hands.

Dirk looks at the drawing, smiles, giggles, glances over at Eric who is still strumming.

DIRK (CONT'D)
(grabbing her pen)
Can I see that? Thanks.

Dirk sets the cup down then leans over and draws something.
He holds it up. He has turned the guitar into a crude cow.

DIRK (CONT'D)
Look, Shaw, she wants to do you!

Cheyenne's lip trembles as she tries to grab the drawing back.

NICHOLAS (O.S.)
Get lost, Dirk.

Dirk's smile melts as Nicholas steps in front of Cheyenne and folds his arms.

DIRK
Are you gonna make me four eyes?

Nicholas makes his hands into fists and assumes a boxing pose.

NICHOLAS
If I have to.

CHEYENNE
Come on, Nicholas...

Dirk splashes soda onto Nicholas' face. It beads on his glasses.
Dirk guffaws and tears up Cheyenne's drawing and lets the pieces fall all over the counter.

DIRK
Come on Josh, the food here sucks,
anyway!

Dirk and Josh wander off as Nicholas wipes off his glasses with his shirt and Cheyenne starts to clean up the mess with a rag.

NICHOLAS
I know a guy who could off that prick
for you--only cost a month's salary,
what do you say?

CHEYENNE

You do not and besides what my dad pays
me hardly counts as a salary.

Cheyenne wads up the remains of her drawing and throws it in
the trash.

EXT. MONSTER BURGER - NIGHT

A nice, newer sedan pulls up in front of Monster Burger. In the
back window is a magnetic sign "ASK ME ABOUT FAT BURNER ENERGY"

DARLA, mid 40's, Cheyenne's mother, gets out of the car. Slender
to the point of boniness, hair slicked back in a severe bun,
skin pale, dressed in workout clothes and headband, she goes
inside the restaurant.

INT. MONSTER BURGER - CONTINUOUS

At the counter, Cheyenne sees her mother coming and her face
goes into an instant scowl.

DARLA

What time will you be done? I've got
Zumba tonight.

CHEYENNE

(sipping on a soda)
Awww, can't I just go home with Dad
tonight?

DARLA

(pulls the soda from
Cheyenne's lips)
Is that diet?

CHEYENNE

Mom!

DARLA

You're not going to lose 20 pounds
sneaking french fries...

CHEYENNE

No wonder Dad left.

Darla does a slow simmer then grabs a FAT BURNER ENERGY PILLS jar from her purse, opens it, pops out a pill and shoves it towards Cheyenne's mouth.

DARLA

Take it.

CHEYENNE

Mom! What are you doing?

DARLA

(trying to force it
between Cheyenne's
lips)

Take it!

CHEYENNE

Okay!

(grabs pill from her
mother)

I already had three this morning, jeez.

Cheyenne puts the pill in her mouth and starts to wash it down with her soda, but Darla grabs it from her and shoves a bottle of something else toward her.

DARLA

Drink it.

CHEYENNE

What is it?

DARLA

Wheatgrass juice...it will cleanse
you, honey.

Cheyenne slides the bottle towards her mom.

CHEYENNE

Later mom.

Cheyenne walks toward the back.

DARLA

Call me when you're through!

As she watches Cheyenne walk away, Darla takes a few of the pills, shoves them in her mouth and takes a huge swallow of the wheatgrass juice. She briefly makes a face, then replaces it with her placid smile.

INT. MONSTER BURGER BACKROOM - NIGHT

Cheyenne sits down at her dad's desk and sighs heavily.

Sheila comes up to her.

SHEILA

Hey, Cheyenne.

CHEYENNE

Oh, hi Sheila.

SHEILA

(taking off her
apron)

Can you like do me a big favor?

CHEYENNE

What?

SHEILA

Tell your dad I had to leave early.
There's a game.

CHEYENNE

Oh, not again...

SHEILA

(grabbing Cheyenne's
arm)

Wait, don't tell him I have a
game...tell him something to make him
feel sorry for me...you're really
smart.

CHEYENNE

No I'm not.

SHEILA

Yeah you are, and you know, you
shouldn't let Dirk put you
down...You're like what 150, right?

Cheyenne looks at her dumbly.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Pounds! 150 pounds?

CHEYENNE
Ummm, sure...

SHEILA
That's only 7 more pounds than me! It's
all in your attitude, girl!

Sheila turns around to exit.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Well, wish me luck. I'm gonna be the
lead majorette tonight!

Cheyenne follows Sheila to the

GRILL AREA

where she tries to exit through the back door, but she can't
get it to unlock.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Can you unlock this for me?

CHEYENNE
That door always sticks, just use the
front.

SHEILA
Okay bye!

Sheila passes by Nicholas on her way out.

NICHOLAS
(sarcastically)
Hope you have fun at the game.

SHEILA
Yeah, wish you could be there,
Nicholas.

NICHOLAS

Yeah, right.

SHEILA

Whatever.

Sheila disappears into the front area and Nicholas rolls his eyes.

CHEYENNE

What was that all about?

ERIC

I got cut from baton squad. Mr. Hendricksen said he only wanted one major and went with Sheila instead of me.

CHEYENNE

Bummer.

NICHOLAS

Yeah, it sucks cause I'm pretty good.
(takes baton from
back pocket)
Watch this.

As Nicholas executes a series of trick moves the fry alarm sounds. Cheyenne runs to it.

FRY AREA

Cheyenne turns off the alarm and lifts the fries out of the burning grease.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Well, whatdya think? Pretty trick, huh?

CHEYENNE

What? I guess, yeah.

NICHOLAS

(still twirling)
So, are you going to the prom?

There's a KNOCK at the back door.

CHEYENNE

Yeah, like someone would actually ask me. Hey, aren't you supposed to be doing this?

In the background, Eric fiddles with the door, trying to get it open.

NICHOLAS

So anyway, I was wondering--

ERIC

Cheyenne! Do you know how to open this thing?

Cheyenne rushes to the

BACK DOOR

and helps Eric fiddle with the lock.

FRY MACHINE

Nicholas curses himself.

BACKDOOR

Eric and Cheyenne step away from the door as it opens.

Merle stands there with a dolly loaded with boxes.

Merle's skin is orangish, lips pale, eyes bloodshot, a bloody bandage on his arm.

MERLE

How many times do I gotta tell you, it's two twists to the right, one twist to the left, half a twist to the middle?

Merle pushes the dolly inside.

ERIC

What happened to your arm?

MERLE

Nevermind...don't just stand there, open the freezer.

Eric opens the freezer door as Merle pushes the dolly in.

CHEYENNE

What's all that?

Merle comes out of the freezer.

MERLE

New meat shipment...Nicholas!

CHEYENNE

I thought meat always comes on Monday.

MERLE

It does. This is special meat.
Nicholas!

CHEYENNE

What happened to your arm?

MERLE

Never you mind. Nicholas!!

CHEYENNE

I'll go get him.

Cheyenne turns to fetch Nicholas and collides with him instead.

Nicholas clutches onto Cheyenne a little too much as he trips.

Cheyenne wriggles away from him as if she's being squeezed by a boa.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Jeez, Nicholas, watch where you're
going!

NICHOLAS

Sorry, Cheyenne, you wanted me, boss?

MERLE

Get in there and help Eric unload those
boxes. My back's killing me.

Nicholas heads into the freezer.

Cheyenne heads toward the front, but Merle calls her back.

MERLE (CONT'D)

Hey, honey, come here I want to talk to you.

Merle steps closer to her, takes Cheyenne's hand in his, drops a ring of keys into her palm.

MERLE (CONT'D)

I'm entrusting you with the keys for the rest of the night, honey.

CHEYENNE

You're letting me close...by myself?

MERLE

Yeah, well, someday all of this gonna be yours, honey...anyway, I feel like shit. I gotta go home and rest.

CHEYENNE

Don't worry, Dad, everything'll be OK. Oh yeah, and Sheila told me to tell you she can't work tonight, uh, her uncle died.

MERLE

Figures. I ought to let her go but she's all the eye candy we got.

Merle sees Cheyenne's face fall and takes her chin in his hands.

MERLE (CONT'D)

Oh, honey, you know you're cute as a button--

Nicholas walks by with a box of meat and Merle takes it from him.

MERLE (CONT'D)

Here, gimme that. Think I'll fry a couple of these puppies up at home. In fact, if you guys wanna make yourselves some burgers tonight, it's on me!

NICHOLAS

Gee, thanks, Merle.

Merle turns back to Cheyenne.

MERLE

Now don't close early and don't forget
to lock the doors, got it?

CHEYENNE

Sure, Merle.

Merle twists the deadbolt, opens the back door, meat box under
one arm.

MERLE

You kids have fun, now...

He closes the door behind him.

NICHOLAS

Free burgers...yee-haw!

GRILL

Nicholas walks over with a meat box, digs a handful of patties
out.

The patties are large and bloody with large hunks of beef flesh
poking out from all sides.

Nicholas does a double take at the strange patties then --

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Awesome!

He drops them on the grill. The flames leap up and lick around
the patties as they transform: stretching, curling, darkening.

Cheyenne and Eric step over to the grill, peer over Nicholas'
shoulder at the patties.

CHEYENNE

I wonder where he found this stuff.

ERIC

I don't know but it smells great...

EXT. MONSTER BURGER - NIGHT

Greenish smoke from the grill vent curls up and wafts out over the street.

Cars are stopped at the light.

A MOM, late 30s, overweight and unattractive, sticks her head out of the window and sniffs.

When the light turns green she guns it into the parking lot. Another car follows.

INT. MONSTER BURGER - NIGHT

MOTHER (O.S.)

Can I get some service out here?

Cheyenne peers toward the

DINING AREA

Where a small line of people has formed.

CHEYENNE

C'mon Nicholas, help me on the register.

NICHOLAS

Aw, man!

CHEYENNE

Slap about a half dozen more patties on the grill, OK Eric?

ERIC

Alright, boss.

Cheyenne straightens her apron and heads for the

COUNTER

As Nicholas lopes behind her.

An overweight, tired MOTHER, in front of counter, scrutinizes the menu while her little girl, LACEY clutches her hand and her little boy TYLER attaches himself to her leg.

CHEYENNE

Welcome to Monster Burger, may I help you?

MOTHER

Yeah, gimme two kids meals...

CHEYENNE

We don't have kids meals.

MOTHER

You mean they don't get no toy?

CHEYENNE

I can cut a Major Monster in half...

MOTHER

Ok...

LACEY

But Mommy, I wanna toy!

Mother smacks Lacey on the bottom.

MOTHER

Shut up, you're gonna split a burger with your brother--

(to Cheyenne)

And I'll have the salad and an extra large order of onion rings...oh and a diet coke, extra ice...

Cheyenne grits her teeth and writes down the copious order.

NICHOLAS' REGISTER

NICHOLAS

Welcome to Monster Burger, can I take your order?

An OLD MAN and OLD LADY peer up at the menu.

OLD MAN

Ya got coffee?

NICHOLAS

Aw, I don't know, it's probably from this morning.

OLD MAN
I'll have one cup of coffee please.

NICHOLAS
Uh, is that it sir?

OLD LADY
And I'll have a cup of tea.

NICHOLAS
You mean iced tea? That's all we got...

Old Lady sniffs the air.

OLD LADY
Why, that is the most heavenly smell!
I think I'll have a burger...

OLD MAN
Now, honey muffin, you know beef gives you gas--

OLD LADY
Aw, come on, live a little, I'll take one of those Mondo Monster thingies!

OLD MAN
Honey muffin!

OLD LADY
Make that two!

GRILL

Eric flips sizzling burgers. The flames grow ever higher. The meat looks alive as it expands and contracts in the extreme heat.

As fast as he can, Eric slaps the cooked patties onto buns and throws lettuce, tomatoes and three pickles on each one.

COUNTER

Cheyenne smacks a tray loaded with onion rings, a small salad and a halved hamburger.

CHEYENNE

Number 46!

Mother waddles up and takes it.

Nicholas sets another burger-laden tray down.

NICHOLAS

47!

A pair of gnarled little hands clutch onto the tray. The Old Lady smiles and walks away with her feast.

Cheyenne sets another tray down.

CHEYENNE

48.

Two beefy hands latch onto the tray. It's Dirk, with Josh at his side.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

That's not your order.

DIRK

(popping a fry in his
mouth)

It is now, moo-cow.

Dirk and Josh snicker and walk away with the tray as Cheyenne fumes.

Cheyenne watches the

DINING ROOM

As customers feast away.

The Mother shoves onion rings into her mouth as her salad sits untouched.

Lacey puts her entire half-burger in her mouth and bites down with a sound like KINDLING SNAPPING.

Tyler masticates in lethargic ecstasy, eyes half-closed.

At another table two COPS rip pieces out of their burgers, teeth bared.

The Old Lady takes a huge bite, chomping like a horse, her false teeth CLACKING loudly.

Across from her, her husband tears into his burger, PANTING and GRUNTING between bites.

At each table, there is another mouth chewing, biting, swallowing.

Cheyenne looks at them all with fury.

DINING AREA/SALAD BAR

Cheyenne stomps over to the salad bar and snatches a piece of celery.

She bites into it angrily.

A radish bounces off her cheek.

She looks in the direction it came from.

Dirk stands there, grinning, half his burger in his hand, the other half in his cheek.

Cheyenne emits an exasperated growl and turns on her heel for the

COUNTER

Where Nicholas takes orders as fast as he can.

NICHOLAS

Uh, Cheyenne--

She passes by Nicholas and goes to the

GRILL area

Where she sees Eric making out with his girlfriend DESTINY, a former cheerleader, who now has multi-colored strands in blonde hair, black miniskirt and piercings, by the back door.

She watches their embrace with hurt that quickly turns to business-like anger.

CHEYENNE

You gotta do something about your friend, Eric.

Eric extricates himself from Destiny, embarrassed.

ERIC

Sorry, Cheyenne--

DESTINY

Uh, I'm his girlfriend--

CHEYENNE

I'm talking about Dirk, he's out there with Josh stealing food and making a mess.

ERIC

(withdrawing from
Destiny)

Alright -- keep an eye on those burgers, wouldya? I gotta get a new box.

Eric ducks into the freezer.

CHEYENNE

Oh and next time, use the customer entrance, OK, Destiny?

DESTINY

Did they already have a uniform with an ass that big or did you have it custom made?

Eric comes out of the freezer and shoves the box at Cheyenne before she can retort to Destiny.

Destiny flips her hair and follows Eric to the

COUNTER AREA

Nicholas holds his own at the register with an even longer line of Customers.

Over by the soda machine, Dirk squirts ketchup at Josh with one hand and takes a bite out of his burger with the other. Josh fires back with the ketchup.

DINING AREA

Eric goes over to Dirk. Destiny follows.

ERIC

Knock it off, you guys.

DESTINY

What? They're just having a little fun.

Destiny eyes Dirk's butt. He winks at her.

ERIC

A little fun? This is where I work
Destiny...

DIRK

(throwing the
ketchup onto a table)
Come on, let's blow. Destiny, you
ready?

DESTINY

In a minute.

Dirk and Josh saunter toward the front exit, pushing each other.

ERIC

Are you stepping out on me?

DESTINY

I said I'd drive him and Josh to the
game...

ERIC

What, are you gonna go back on the
cheerleading squad? Football games are
so gay.

DESTINY

Not as gay as you and your friends
pretending to be rock stars--

Eric fumes, but Destiny pulls him towards her for a kiss.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

Relax, I'll come pick you up when you
get off.

Eric doesn't respond to the kiss. Something has caught his
attention across the dining room.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

What time?

ERIC

Huh? Eleven...look, I'll call you.
I don't know if I'm gonna feel like
partying. This place is kind of crazy
tonight.

BALL PIT

Lacey projectile vomits on the plastic balls while Tyler jets
green barf all over the Monster cut-out.

ANOTHER TABLE

The Old Lady moans and holds her sides and makes her way toward
the exit, followed by the Old Man who dry heaves behind her.

SODA MACHINE

ERIC (CONT'D)

(looking at the mess)

Great.... Nicholas!

DESTINY

Eew. This place is totally gross. I
don't see how you can work here.

Destiny heads for the exit.

Nicholas appears beside Eric.

NICHOLAS

You wanted me?

ERIC

Yeah, get a mop and a bucket.

(calling after
Destiny)

I'll call you when I'm through!

INT. MOBILE VET OFFICE -- NIGHT

His white lab coat now smeared with blood. Charlie cleans his butchering tools at the sink.

There is a KNOCK at the door. Charlie opens it.

HANK HENKINS, an old farmer wearing a baseball cap, stands there trying to control a calf with a rope around its neck.

HANK

Charlie, you gotta help me...

Charlie peers at the calf, it's eyes glowing red, mouth foaming, comes charging at him.

Charlie jumps back just in time as Hank jerks on the rope, barely controlling the animal as Charlie bounds to a counter and grabs a syringe.

CHARLIE

(injecting the
syringe into the
calf)

What the hell happened to it?

HANK

I don't know...Got out with its mother
to the cemetery last night and came
wandering back this morning.

As the calf starts to go limp, Charlie supports it with his hand.

CHARLIE

Did you say cemetery?

HANK

Yeah, darn thing has been busting through the fence every night...You think it's something they ate? I been giving 'em that feed supplement you gave me--

Charlie stares at Hank and lets the cow drop to the ground.

Charlie grabs the rope and ties the calf's legs together.

CHARLIE

This one'll be dead within the hour. Mind if I keep it here and do an autopsy?

HANK

No, go right ahead. Does this mean my whole herd is infected?

Charlie lifts the calf up and looks at him grimly.

CHARLIE

I'll call you as soon as I know more.

HANK

Much obliged.

Hanks goes out the door.

Charlie sets the calf down on the exam table and takes his cellphone out of his pocket.

He dials and walks a few steps away from the table as he waits.

CHARLIE

Come on, Merle, pick up!....

MERLE'S VOICEMAIL

Hello, this is Merle Munsinger. At the sound of the tone please leave a message..

CHARLIE

Merle, you know that cow you found? I think it might have some kind of virus, whatever you do, don't serve it tonight...call me, OK?

Charlie sets the phone down and paces.

Behind him, the calf moves.

Charlie hangs up then turns as THUD the calf falls off the table. It stumbles to its feet, mouth red, eyes foaming.

INT. MONSTER BURGER - NIGHT

Nicholas finishes mopping the floor. He glances toward the ball pit.

He walks toward it with the mop bucket then is stopped by the smell.

He covers his mouth, staggers back to a table and takes a napkin from the dispenser and a pen out of his shirt pocket and writes something on the napkin.

Covering his nose with his shirt he walks back over to the ball pit and slaps the napkin into the sticky vomit on the monster sign.

INSERT - NAPKIN

"Closed"

INT. MONSTER BURGER - CONTINUOUS

Nicholas darts away from the ball pit only to see a FAT MAN vomit all over his food.

NICHOLAS

Shit--

Nicholas shakes his head and quickly pushes the mop bucket toward the

COUNTER

Where Cheyenne has her back to the dining room as she re-stocks paper goods.

Nicholas shoves the bucket into the counter area through the employee gate.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

There is no way I am cleaning up any
more puke.

Cheyenne turns around.

CHEYENNE

More puke?

Cheyenne's jaw drops as she looks out over the

DINING ROOM

Where the 20 or so patrons vomit in unison.

A SKINNY MAN makes it to the garbage can just as brown liquid
spews from his mouth.

A LADY runs to the door and opens it as an orange torrent spouts
from her mouth.

A BAND KID slips in an amber puddle on the floor.

Coffee colored spew goes from COP #1's mouth to COP #2'S cup.

COP #2 looks angry then heaves brown gravy into COP #1's face.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Oh my God, what's happening?

Eric comes out from the backroom and surveys the scene.

ERIC

Jesus--

CHEYENNE

I bet it's that weird meat.

NICHOLAS

No way, it is definitely not the meat.

ERIC

How do you know?

NICHOLAS

Cause I had some a few minutes ago and
it was freaking delicious!

Eric and Cheyenne look at each other, worried.

EXT. MONSTER BURGER PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

NEAR DESTINY'S CAR

FAINT MUSIC BLARES from Sheila's van.

Dirk and Josh both puke onto the pavement.

Even in the dim lights, their skin looks orangish, their lips pale.

DESTINY

Get away from my car if you're gonna do that!

DIRK

(wiping his mouth)

Ok, ok, man...last time I'm mixing bacardi and burgers.

JOSH

No way, man, those burgers were like awesome...I think it was the nasty French fries.

DESTINY

(looking at Dirk wretch)

I am so glad I broke up with you. I'm gonna go party with Sheila.

Destiny makes for the van.

DIRK

Right behind you babe.

VAN

Fewer Band Kids are still milling around drinking and smoking.

Destiny heads to the

VAN SIDE DOOR

Sheila is inside, busy mixing margaritas.

Sheila spots Destiny, screams, jumps out of the van and hugs her.

SHEILA

Hey, girl, it took you long enough.

DESTINY

Yeah well, Eric's pissed he couldn't come.

SHEILA

Aw...he's just working hard so he can buy you pretty things...unlike me, ha...

Sheila raises her glass and takes a swig.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

You want one?

DESTINY

Nah, I'm a little sick to my stomach. I just got done watching Dirk--

SHEILA

Dirk's here? He's such a hottie!

Sheila's eyes light up as she sees Dirk appear behind Destiny.

His skin has turned the color of a pomegranate. His eyes are bloodshot. Foam starts at the corner of his pale mouth.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Hey, Boo!

Sheila runs over and plants a kiss on Dirk's lips. Destiny watches with a mixture of jealousy and queasiness.

Dirk stares straight ahead and doesn't return the kiss.

Sheila notices Josh, whose skin and lips are similar to Dirk's.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Oh hey, Josh, Ok...wanna do a shot?

Sheila smiles and holds up the tequila bottle.

Josh tries to reply, but all that comes out is a mouthful of foam and a groan.

DIRK

You got anything to eat?

Destiny does a double take.

Sheila jumps in the van and comes out with an open bag of chips.

SHEILA

Here you go, honey.

Dirk drops the bag on the ground.

DIRK

No, meat.

SHEILA

Okay, okay, honey.

Sheila ducks back into the van and goes to a mini refrigerator and takes out a wrapped sausage.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Here, it might be a little bit spoiled
but my mom put some salami in here last
week.

Dirk bites into the salami, plastic and all. Josh walks over and grabs for it.

Dirk growls and shoves Josh away.

Josh growls back and grabs it.

Dirk tugs it away and hunkers down by the wheel, gnawing the sausage.

Destiny steps over to Sheila.

DESTINY

God, you can do so much better.

SHEILA

(whispering)
But, doesn't he just look totally hot
right now?

As Dirk eats, flakes of meat spill out of his mouth and drool hangs off his lip.

INT. MONSTER BURGER/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Eric, Nicholas and Cheyenne, cover their noses looking around the deserted dining room.

Empty food containers litter the tables. Vomit is everywhere -- dripping from tables and chairs, splashed on trays and food wrappers, all over the floor.

NICHOLAS
Man, what are we gonna do?

ERIC
What do you mean 'we'?

CHEYENNE
I'm gonna call my dad.

NICHOLAS
No way, he's just gonna yell at us to clean this shit up.

CHEYENNE
He would want to know. He's gonna get in so much trouble with the Health Department for this...

ERIC
You mean we're going to get in trouble. He'll probably just say I undercooked the patties...Nicholas is right. Keep Merle out of it.

FRONT DOOR

COP #1 enters, skin orange, lips pale. Foam buds at the corner of his mouth. Eyes a dead stare.

He walks slowly toward the counter.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Shit, we're in trouble.

CHEYENNE
(whispering)
He's probably going to shut us down.

COP #1 walks through the dining room, staring straight ahead.

COUNTER

He slams his hand down hard.

COP #1
Meat.

CHEYENNE
(steps in front of
register)
Yeah, we're really sorry, about all the
sick people, officer, we got this new
shipment of meat today and--

COP #1
Need meat.

NICHOLAS
I think he wants a burger.

ERIC
I'll get it.

Eric darts to the backroom.

Cheyenne and Nicholas stare at COP #1 who sways on his feet,
foam bubbling out of his mouth.

CHEYENNE
Can I get you a drink with that?

Cop doesn't answer.

Cheyenne turns to get a soda cup then calls through the service
window to the

GRILL AREA

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
Is that burger done yet?

Eric watches the burger sizzle and expand.

ERIC
It's coming!

Eric's takes out his cellphone and calls Destiny.

INSERT - CELLPHONE

Busy signal appears on screen

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

In her purse, Destiny's phone rings, unheard amid the loud music and voices.

Destiny stares petulantly as Sheila grabs Dirk by the hand, leads him into the van and shuts the door.

She looks over to Josh who stares at her with foamy mouth and bloodshot eyes.

INT. MONSTER BURGER/COUNTER - NIGHT

Cheyenne sets the soda cup down on the counter. She rings it up on the register.

CHEYENNE
That'll be four seventy-nine, please.

Cop stares at her.

Cheyenne hits void, opens cash drawer.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
On second thought, let's make it on the house.

A wrapped burger appears on the service window ledge as Eric calls out.

ERIC (O.S.)
Order up!

Cheyenne sets the burger on a tray and places it before the Cop.

Cop looks at the burger with fire in his blood-shot eyes, then leans over and tears through the wrapper with his teeth, feeding on the burger like a wolf over a carcass.

Nicholas and Cheyenne step back and watch him.

Cop looks up with a mouthful of bloody meat, a trace of a smile on his lips.

INT. SHEILA'S VAN - NIGHT

As Dirk teeters in the van, Sheila goes to the cab and turns up the MUSIC.

She leads Dirk to the bed in the back. She sits and pats for Dirk to sit down. He remains teetering, a low animalistic growl building from his foamy mouth.

SHEILA

Do you feel OK?

Dirk leans closer.

Sheila giggles, shyly, closes her eyes, ready for the kiss.

Dirk's lips meet hers, he bites, tentatively.

Sheila groans with pleasure and returns his bite with a passionate, open-mouthed kiss.

Suddenly, she screams, pulls away--blood spurting from her stump of a tongue.

Dirk has the rest of her tongue in his mouth. He chomps and swallows it, then dives teeth-first into her cheek.

As Dirk begins to feed on her face, Sheila screams in horror and agony.

INT. MONSTER BURGER/COUNTER - NIGHT

As cop finishes devouring his burger, Cheyenne picks up a rag and lets herself into the

DINING ROOM

NICHOLAS
(calling from the
counter)

What are you doing?

CHEYENNE
Someone's gotta clean up this mess.

Cheyenne hears growling from the

BALL PIT

She sees the Mother burst through the

FRONT DOOR

And head straight for the

BALL PIT

Where Lacey rises up out of the balls, skin crimson, mouth foamy.
Her brother, face the color of a tomato, stands up behind her.

MOTHER
I've been looking all over for you two!
Come here this instant!

Lacey and Tyler make no effort to move and continue their low
GROWLING.

Fat Lady steps closer to her daughter.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Why are you so red? Have you been
playing with yourself again?

Lacey grabs Mother's arm and bites into it.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Lacey? What are you doing? Tyler?

Mother tries to shake off Tyler who has latched onto her other
arm.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

No, stop!

The kids continue their feeding frenzy as their mother sinks under the pile of balls.

DINING ROOM

Cheyenne stares in horror and runs to the

BALL PIT DOOR

She grabs a chair and lodges it under the door handle, then stifles a sob and whirls back around toward the

COUNTER AREA

Where the Cop has finished his burger. He sways, breathing heavily.

Cheyenne runs up to him and taps him on the shoulder.

CHEYENNE

Excuse me--

Cop turns around, eyes blazing, skin red, grabs Cheyenne's arm.

Cheyenne tries to pull free but Cop brings her arm up to his mouth, baring his teeth.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Let me go!

Just as the Cop is about to bite down on Cheyenne's arm, hot grease splashes in Cop's face.

Cop is stunned and releases Cheyenne's arm.

Nicholas stands there, holding the basket from the fryer, watching as the Cop's face turns brown and starts to sizzle and expand, like the patties on the grill.

The Cop's body seems to grow in size and proportion. His eyes come alive.

NICHOLAS

Shit.

Nicholas grabs Cheyenne by the arm and drags her

To the

BACKROOM

Where Eric is on his cellphone.

CHEYENNE

Eric! Call the cops!

NICHOLAS

That was a cop...

Nicholas opens the freezer door.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Quick, in here, Cheyenne!

CHEYENNE

Eric, get off the phone.

Cheyenne grabs Eric's arm and drags him toward the freezer.

On the way, through the

DOORWAY

Eric catches a glimpse of Cop #1, face brown and sizzling,
busting through the employee gate.

INT. FREEZER - CONTINUOUS

Cheyenne drags Eric in as Nicholas shuts the door behind them.

NICHOLAS

(to Eric)

Call the cops.

ERIC

(cellphone still to
his ear)

I'm trying to call Destiny...

EXT. SHEILA'S VAN -- NIGHT

Destiny knocks on the van door.

DESTINY
C'mon Dirk, let's go.

Destiny puts her ear to the door and hears grunting.

INT. SHEILA'S VAN - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Sheila lays prostrate on the bed while Dirk buries his head in her abdomen, feeding on her entrails, grunting and smacking his lips

EXT. SHEILA'S VAN -- NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Destiny rolls her eyes, disgusted by the sexual sounds.

DESTINY
Whatever...

As she turns to leave, she bumps into Josh dragging a BAND GIRL off to the bushes.

Destiny watches them go, a little miffed.

DESTINY (CONT'D)
You dicks both have to get your own rides home.

As the MUSIC BLARES Destiny doesn't hear her phone vibrate in her purse.

INT. FREEZER - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Eric snaps his phone shut.

CHEYENNE
Would you forget about Destiny for a minute and call the cops?

ERIC
What for?

NICHOLAS
That cop out there attacked Cheyenne.

ERIC
No way.

CHEYENNE

It's like they've got a sickness or something...we think it's the meat...

Eric hands his phone to Cheyenne.

ERIC

You call 'em. I don't wanna sound like a loony.

Cheyenne dials 911.

911 RECORDING (O.S.)

Due to the high volume of calls, your call will be answered in the order it was received...

EXT. MONSTER BURGER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

NOISE and MUSIC throb as Destiny

heads to her car, gets to the driver's side door and leans down, fiddling with the key.

A dark shape appears behind her.

She feels the presence, stands up, turns around, gasps, startled.

Dirk stands there, smeared blood on his lips barely visible in the streetlights.

DESTINY

Oh, it's you...you scared me...

Dirk just stands there.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

What, am I your next victim?

Dirk leans his face closer to Destiny's.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

You think you can just come out here and do me? I'm not Sheila.

Destiny covers her nose with her hand.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

Uh, when was the last time you brushed
your teeth?

Dirk grabs Destiny's hand and puts her finger in his mouth. He
licks it, sucks it.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

Look, Dirk, you're a nice guy but
(sudden ecstasy)
...oh, yeah, OK, keep doing that...

As Dirk keeps her finger in his mouth, Destiny succumbs to lust
and suck-kisses Dirk on the neck, then suddenly screams.

She pulls her blood-spurting finger away from Dirk who munches
on her fingertip.

She cries in horror, turns and runs toward the

HIGHWAY

Winded, wrapping her bleeding finger in her shirt, she ducks
behind a

TREE

Peeks around it. Dirk is coming out of the parking lot, but
he's coming toward her.

Her phone starts to ring.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

Shit!

She cries in pain as she fumbles with her bleeding finger to
get her phone out of her purse.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

What!

INT. FREEZER - CONTINUOUS/EXT. TREE -- CONTINUOUS

ERIC

Destiny, it's me, I've been trying to
call you for the last hour--

DESTINY
Oh God, it hurts so bad.

ERIC
What?

DESTINY
You're right, Dirk is an asshole.

Destiny realizes Dirk is almost upon her.

DESTINY (CONT'D)
I gotta go.

She drops the phone and runs.

ERIC
Destiny wait, where are you?

Dirk picks up the phone.

DIRK
Need meat.

Dirk drops the phone and takes off running after Destiny.

INT. FREEZER - CONTINUOUS

ERIC
Dirk is that you?...damn!

Eric disconnects and turns toward the freezer door to go out.

Nicholas blocks his path.

NICHOLAS
Don't open the door, dude.

ERIC
Get outta my way...

NICHOLAS
That cop is out there.

CHEYENNE

Yeah, and who knows how many other...

ERIC

How many other what?

CHEYENNE

Don't you get it, everyone who ate that meat, they're all going crazy!

Eric looks at Nicholas.

NICHOLAS

Don't look at me, man.

ERIC

You said you ate some.

NICHOLAS

Just a couple of bites.

CHEYENNE

Look, Eric, just stay here...I'm sure Destiny's fine.

Eric looks at her then hits a button on the wall. The door opens.

The Cop stands there, skin still sizzling, teeth like fangs.

Eric grabs a can of pickles and throws it at the Cop.

As the can hits his head, the Cop is momentarily stunned and Eric runs out.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Shut the door, Nicholas!

Nicholas tries to shut the door, but the Cop already has one foot in the freezer.

The Cop grabs Nicholas by the shoulders and starts to bite, but Nicholas ducks and Cop stumbles inside the freezer where he lands against a stack of boxes that fall on his head.

NICHOLAS

Cheyenne, come on!

Nicholas and Cheyenne run out of the freezer into the

BACKROOM

They shut the freezer door.

Cheyenne looks around.

CHEYENNE

Where's Eric?

NICHOLAS

Probably getting himself killed. Get away from that window, you don't want them to see you.

CHEYENNE

You think there's more of them?

Cheyenne turns around and stares out the service window.

Former Customers, including Tyler and Lacey, red-faced and red-eyed stumble around the dining room, groaning and growling.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Merle's truck is crookedly parked by the side of the road.

Charlie's trailer, slows and parks behind it.

Charlie gets out of the trailer, goes over to Merle's truck. Sees that Merle's keys, wallet, cellphone are still in the car.

Charlie walks around in the scrubby brush, searching for Merle.

CHARLIE

Merle?

Charlie goes a bit deeper into a ditch, hears GULPING and GROWLING.

Down at the bottom of the ditch he sees a shape.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Merle, is that you?

Charlie takes a flashlight out of his jacket and shines it on Merle who is hunched over feeding on a deer.

Merle looks up, his skin and his eyes nearly the same shade as the blood dripping from his mouth.

Charlie drops the flashlight and runs back to his TRAILER.

INT. MONSTER BURGER/GRILL - NIGHT

Cheyenne watches through the service window as Eric battles a Zombie Customer with a mop.

Customer bites into the mop handle.

Eric drops it and backs up.

Cheyenne takes a knife from off a rack.

NICHOLAS

What are you doing?

CHEYENNE

I can't just let him stay out there and die.

Nicholas blocks her way, then puts his arms against the wall, trapping her between them.

NICHOLAS

He doesn't give a shit about you.

CHEYENNE

Let me go, Nicholas...

NICHOLAS

Who says 'hello Cheyenne' every time you come on shift?

MUFFLED YELLS come from the front.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Who asked you to the prom?

CHEYENNE

You didn't ask me to the prom!

NICHOLAS
I asked you if you were going...

CHEYENNE
There's a difference--

More SOUNDS OF STRUGGLE come from the front.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
Are you gonna let me go?

NICHOLAS
Who lays awake every night thinking
about you?

CHEYENNE
You do?

Cheyenne's face comes very close to Nicholas, she is a second
away from kissing him.

ERIC (O.S.)
Cheyenne!

Cheyenne pushes Nicholas out of the way and rushes to toward
the

FRONT

But Nicholas calls to her before she gets there.

NICHOLAS
Cheyenne!

CHEYENNE
What?

Cheyenne sees Nicholas as he grabs a knife.

NICHOLAS
I've got your back.

Cheyenne smiles grimly and rushes out to the

COUNTER AREA

Nicholas follows as Cheyenne hops over the counter and runs to the

DINING ROOM

The Customer now has Eric by the shoulders and is preparing to bite into him.

Cheyenne charges forward with the knife and sticks it into Customer's back.

Customer drops face forward.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Damn, Cheyenne, you've got balls.

Eric whips out his cellphone and starts dialing.

ERIC

Yeah, thanks Cheyenne.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Destiny runs from Dirk who is only a pace behind her.

She stops for a moment, wincing and dizzy, as she holds her finger.

A car pulls up to the side of the road. The window lowers. It's the Old Lady.

OLD LADY

Get in!

Destiny runs to the passenger door, yanks it open, just as Dirk grabs for her. He gets her shirt, but she pulls away from him and gets inside the car in her bra.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car roars off.

DESTINY

(holding her finger)

Oh, thank you. Please, I hurt my finger...I need to get to a hospital.

From the front seat, the Old Lady turns around and smiles at her with red skin and red eyes.

DESTINY (CONT'D)

No...no, let me out!

Destiny tries the door, but it's locked. The Old Lady lunges into the back seat and bites into Destiny's arm.

INT. MONSTER BURGER - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Eric holds the phone as a Zombie Customer comes up behind him.

CHEYENNE

Eric, behind you!

Cheyenne picks up the mop handle and bashes Customer with it.

Eric drops his phone and punches Zombie Customer in the face. Zombie Customer stumbles backward.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Come on, let's get in the back.

ERIC

Are you kidding? I'm gonna get the hell out of here!

CHEYENNE

How?

Cheyenne nods toward the front window where dozens of Zombie Customers are wandering through the parking lot, growling.

ERIC

We can take 'em.

Eric reaches down and starts to pull the knife out of the back of the Customer, but the Customer leaps to life and wraps himself around Eric's legs.

Eric screams and falls. The Customer is about to sink his teeth into Eric, but Cheyenne kicks him in the head and Nicholas pulls Eric out of the Customer's grasp.

Eric stumbles toward Nicholas as he heads for the back. Cheyenne follows.

BACKROOM

Nicholas runs to the bathroom and Eric runs to the

BACKDOOR

Eric frantically turns the deadbolt. Cheyenne runs up.

CHEYENNE

No, you can't do it like that.

Cheyenne pushes Eric out of the way and twists the dead bolt. Eric gets out of the way--grudgingly --he's not used to being shoved or scolded by Cheyenne.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Let's see, what did he say? Two twists to the right...no, two twists to the left...

ERIC

Come on, Cheyenne, let me try...

Eric tries to nudge in, then Eric and Cheyenne freeze as they hear BARFING coming from bathroom.

The bathroom door opens and Nicholas comes out, wiping his mouth.

ERIC (CONT'D)

He's turning into one of them...

NICHOLAS

No I'm not! Does my skin still look orange?

Cheyenne and Eric scrutinize him.

ERIC

I don't know, it's hard to tell with all that acne.

NICHOLAS

Exactly! That's why I have this.

Nicholas produces a small medicine bottle from his shirt pocket.

CHEYENNE

What's that?

NICHOLAS

Antibiotics for my zits. I took some just now and I'm feeling a lot better.

ERIC

But you were--

NICHOLAS

Ralphing, I know, the pills, they always upset my stomach and check this out...

Nicholas goes to the freezer door and opens it.

CHEYENNE

Nick, no!

But Nicholas indicates the motionless Cop, whose head has a layer of frost on it.

Nicholas steps inside the freezer, lifts the Cop's arm and it drops, lifelessly.

ERIC

Is he dead?

NICHOLAS

No, I think he's frozen. Like the patties. They only plump when we cook 'em.

ERIC

You're right. There was something hella weird about that meat -- whenever I put one on the grill it was like it was growing or something.

INT. CHARLIE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Charlie drives as Merle sits next to him in the passenger's seat, growling.

CHARLIE

You're gonna be OK.

MERLE

Charlie--

CHARLIE

It's ok...what do you need, brother?

MERLE

Meat.

CHARLIE

It's very important that you tell me something...that cow you hit, did you serve that meat at your restaurant tonight?

MERLE

Need meat...

CHARLIE

Okay, you need meat because you threw all that other stuff out, right buddy?

MERLE

Need meat...

CHARLIE

No, Merle, you don't need anymore meat. Shit.

Charlie picks up his cellphone.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

We've gotta warn those kids, what's the number, Merle?

Merle sways in his seat. Charlie dials 411.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Yes, I need the number for Monster Burger on Highway 149. Yes, put me right on through.

INT. MONSTER BURGER/COUNTER - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

The phone RINGS as Eric stands holding the employee gate open. He curls his finger, beckoning a Zombie Customer who stumbles toward him.

ERIC

Here, boy, come on, here boy...

INT. CHARLIE'S TRAILER -- CONTINUOUS

Merle lunges at Charlie and Charlie drops the phone.

INT. MONSTER BURGER - CONTINUOUS

The Zombie Customer trips through the gate and Eric shoves him into the

BACKROOM

As the phone faintly RINGS, Cheyenne clonks the Customer in the head with a pan and shoves him toward the

FREEZER

Nicholas pushes him in and shuts the door.

NICHOLAS

Yeah!

The telephone RINGS again.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Isn't somebody going to get that?

Cheyenne runs to a messy desk in the back and finds the ancient phone underneath a pile of papers.

CHEYENNE

Monster Burger, may I help you?

Cheyenne has a good view through the service window where more Customers are heading toward the backroom, attracted by the ruckus.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Hello? Is anybody there?

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Charlie's trailer has skidded out.

INT. TRAILER -- CONTINUOUS

Charlie sits forehead down on the steering wheel. Merle leans against the cracked window, unconscious.

Cheyenne's voice comes through the cellphone speaker.

CHEYENNE (O.S.)

Hello, is anybody there?

CLICK as Cheyenne hangs up.

Charlie groans and lifts his head from the steering wheel. Blood cakes his cheek.

He wipes it and looks over at Merle whose chest rises and falls visibly.

Ever so carefully, Charlie gets up and tiptoes to the back.

The sound and movement awakens Merle who grunts sleepily at first, then seeing Charlie's arm before him leans forward to chomp down on it.

But Charlie jabs a syringe into Merle's neck.

Merle yells, then as the medicine takes effect, he sighs and slumps forward.

Charlie gets out his cellphone and dials 911.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Hello, 911.

CHARLIE

Hello, you've got a situation out here, there's a highly contagious meat-borne virus--

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

You mean like mad cow disease?

CHARLIE

No, much, much worse than that...these people need sedation, antibiotics and I haven't seen a single cop or paramedic--

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

AAAAAHHHH!

CHARLIE

Hello?

Screaming continues then stops suddenly replaced by a GRUNTING, SMACKING noise as if someone's trying to eat the phone.

Charlie snaps his phone shut.

He looks toward the passenger seat, which is empty. Merle is gone and the door is open.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Merle?

Charlie looks back to the exam room where the calf is in a frenzy inside a dog crate, no Merle.

Charlie jumps out of the TRAILER

EXT. TRAILER -- NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Charlie runs down the highway.

He can see Merle far ahead of him lumbering quickly down the shoulder.

CHARLIE

Merle!

Merle keeps running.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

Charlie jumps back into his TRAILER.

INT. TRAILER -- CONTINUOUS

The calf has broken free from the crate and jumps on Charlie, biting him in the neck.

INT. MONSTER BURGER/BACKROOM - NIGHT

Cheyenne and Nicholas try to hold the door closed on the freezer as Eric swats the dozens of arms sticking out of the freezer with a frying pan.

More Zombie Customers maraud from the swinging doors that lead to the front room.

Eric bangs a Customer in the head with his pan.

ERIC

Where are they all coming from?

NICHOLAS

Yeah, there's no way this many people ate a Monster Burger tonight!

CHEYENNE

It's the bites...look at their arms, they look like they've been gnawed on by werewolves.

The three of them look at the cornucopia of arms coming out of the freezer and all marred by gashes and bites.

ERIC

That's crazy! Who ever heard of food poisoning spread by bites?

Eric scoffs while a Customer comes up right behind him. Just in time he clonks it in the head with his pan.

NICHOLAS

Uh, dude, the Hanta virus was spread by rat bites.

Nicholas pushes against the door but it gives a little.

CHEYENNE

And don't forget the Bubonic plague...

Cheyenne lays her weight on the freezer, but it opens a few inches wider.

ERIC

Well, that's ridiculous, there's no rats in here!

Suddenly the freezer door bursts open and the Customers run out in a crush, while half a dozen more enter through the swinging doors.

Cheyenne tumbles and Nicholas helps her up. They retreat behind a stack of five gallon buckets.

Eric swings his pan wildly, as Customer after Customer comes toward them.

Eric clonks a Customer in the head. It stumbles away. He clonks another Customer. It stumbles. Another Customer is right behind that one, he doesn't have time to raise the pan so he just pops it with his fist, it falls.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Yeah!

EXT. MONSTER BURGER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A large car pulls up and half a dozen FOOTBALL PLAYERS pile out yelling victory chants.

They run up to the front door, one of them opens it and they stare inside.

INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Blood and vomit seem to cover every surface.

Customers raid the salad bar. They spit lettuce out of their mouths with disappointment and form a tight ring around one canister -- the cottage cheese, which they spoon out with their hands and smear on their faces.

Other Customers root through the garbage for any remnants of Monster Burgers.

Still other Customers lap up left over vomit.

One Customer sees the fresh young Football Players standing there, drops his garbage and stumbles toward them. Other Customers follow suit.

EXT. MONSTER BURGER -- NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Football players run out yelling in terror and climb back in their car.

INT. MONSTER BURGER -- NIGHT

BACKROOM

Eric fights off a Customer with his pan, but another Customer sneaks up behind him, Dirk.

Eric sees Dirk, clocks the other Customer, knocking him out then turns back to Dirk.

He starts to circle Dirk who stumbles around, bloody-faced and drooling.

ERIC

Oh, I've been waiting for this for a long time, bro'...bring it on.

Dirk at first does little besides circle around and moan, then grabs for Eric who ducks agilely.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, who's the tough man, now, Dirk?

Even in his infected state, Dirk becomes angry, growls and lunges toward Eric who dodges again, wielding his pan.

ERIC (CONT'D)

You touch me, dude and so help me, I'm gonna pound your brains out with this pan!

Dirk gives a shrill growl.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Where's Destiny, dude? I know you know...where is she?

Dirk lunges lethargically toward Eric whose face is suddenly covered with white flecks as a whooshing sound fills the area.

Eric turns just in time to see Dirk, face covered in white foam fall on the floor.

Cheyenne stands off to the side, a fire extinguisher in her hand.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Shit, Cheyenne, what'd you do?

CHEYENNE

It's the cold, don't you get it? They don't like the cold, now make like a statue and maybe they won't bother you!

Eric drops his pan and puts his hands behind his head like a prisoner.

Cheyenne squirts more marauding Customers with the white stuff.

INT. COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

Customers invade the counter area, burning themselves with coffee and downing mouthfuls of ketchup in search of meat.

Tyler and Lacey take turns opening their mouths underneath the slushie machine spout but turn to each other petulantly.

TYLER

Need meat!

LACEY

Meat!

Tyler grabs his head and moans. Nicholas, knife still in hand, happens upon the children, just as Lacey's skin starts to turn blue as she shakes and shivers.

Nicholas grabs an extra large cup and loads it with frozen drink.

As Mother, red-faced and zombied out, advances toward him he throws a little of the blue mixture in her face and she freezes, screaming in agony.

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS, NIGHT

The calf lays comatose on the floor, a multitude of syringes, scalpels plunged into it, plus a cleaver which keeps it pinned to the floor.

Charlie, with a gauze pad to his bleeding neck, keeps his foot on the gas, all the while, trying to get a signal on a radio station.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Residents are advised to keep their doors and windows locked. The attacks are being blamed on a meat-borne virus that allegedly originated at Monster Burger Restaurant at 5250 Highway 12 near the Lemon Grove offramp. Anyone who ate a Monster Burger tonight is advised to seek immediate medical--

Announcer breaks off into screams as GROWLING, GRUNTING TEARING rises in the background, then the station dissolves into STATIC.

Charlie switches the radio off, wipes his brow, pushes his foot a bit harder on the accelerator.

INT. MONSTER BURGER/BACKROOM - NIGHT

Eric continues to stand like a statue as Cheyenne fires the extinguisher Rambo style at advancing Customers.

Suddenly, the white foam stops spewing out of the extinguisher disappears and Cheyenne fires only fumes with angry SPEWING SOUNDS which catch the Customers off guard for a few moments.

SILENCE, then as if on cue, the Customers resume their growling and advance toward Cheyenne.

Suddenly Nicholas appears from nowhere and forces slushie into the mouth of the next marauding Customer, who chokes and falls to his knees.

NICHOLAS

(chucking slushie at
random Customers)

Pretty cool, huh? I don't think they like the brain freeze.

Customers fall from the slushie onslaught, but behind them, more Customers advance.

CHEYENNE

Great, if you could just do that twelve more times, I think we'd be home free.

NICHOLAS

Uh--

Nicholas stares at the bottom of his cup with barely a teaspoon of liquid in it.

CHEYENNE

Our only chance is to try to make it to the back door and get out of here. I'll bean 'em with this, Nicholas you try to stretch your slushie and Eric, get busy with that pan. Ready? Ok, go!

Cheyenne blasts through the line of Customers with her extinguisher, fighting her way to the back door.

She looks behind her and sees only Customers. Nicholas and Eric are nowhere to be found.

She pushes ahead, using the extinguisher as a battering ram as Customers claw and clutch at her. She gets to the

BACK DOOR

Twists the dead bolt desperately, lets go, because the deadbolt twists by itself.

Cheyenne tries to hold the door closed, but whoever is on the other side is too strong for her.

She backs up, afraid to see what will be on the other side.

The door slowly squeaks open.

Standing there on the threshold is Merle, his skin redder than a tomato, his eyes bloodshot and bug-eyed, dried foam at his lips.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Daddy?

NICHOLAS

(pushing through the
crowd of Customers)

Merle, hey...boy am I glad to see you--

MERLE

Need...meat..

For a moment Merle stands there with a creepy grin, then lunges for Nicholas who ducks toward the grill.

CHEYENNE

Dad, no!

Merle gets semi-lucid for a moment, then takes off after Nicholas.

Cheyenne tries to shut the back door again, but a half-dozen more Customers run in. One of them is Destiny with a half-eaten arm.

Eric, who was stuck in the throng of Customers in the middle of the room, sees her.

ERIC

Destiny!

Destiny, although red-faced and foamy-mouthed, has a trace of a smile on her lips and recognition on her face.

CHEYENNE

Eric, stay there!

Eric ignores her and uses his pan to bash his way to Destiny.

ERIC

God, what happened to your arm?

Eric reaches out to Destiny, whose eyes roll back in her head as she stumbles sideways, having just been hit in the head with the extinguisher by Cheyenne.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Cheyenne! What'd you do that for?

CHEYENNE

She wants to eat you--

ERIC

No, she doesn't!

Eric bends over and starts to help up Destiny, who has regained consciousness.

Cheyenne smashes the extinguisher on top of Destiny's head. Destiny goes limp.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Would you knock it off?

CHEYENNE

That's not Destiny, Eric...we've got to get out of here, there's no way we can take so many of 'em.

Eric bends over Destiny's temporarily unconscious body.

ERIC

(crying)

Destiny...no...

Destiny awakens and wraps her arms around Eric's neck.

Eric starts to help her up once more.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Ok, babe, that's it...we're gonna get you some help.

Destiny sinks her teeth into Eric's neck.

CHEYENNE

No!

Cheyenne bashes Destiny's head with the canister, but even as her skull caves in, Destiny feasts on Eric's flesh.

Cheyenne screams in horror, then hands fasten on her from behind.

She turns and sees red-faced Sheila standing there, abdomen bloody.

SHEILA

Need meat...

CHEYENNE

No--

In her surprise and shock, Cheyenne drops the fire extinguisher.

Cheyenne leans over to pick it up but she can't -- she's in Sheila's clutches.

Sheila leans in for the bite, then suddenly freezes as a needle pokes in her neck.

Cheyenne stares stunned as Charlie withdraws the needle from Sheila's neck.

CHARLIE

Where's Merle?

CHEYENNE

Uncle Charlie!

CHARLIE

Did he come in this way?

CHEYENNE

Yeah, but--

Charlie and Cheyenne look around the cramped backroom stuffed with red-faced Customers angrily bumping into each other in their quest for meat.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

(pointing)

There!

Cheyenne has a view through the service window of Merle locking his hands around Nicholas' throat, going in for the death bite when suddenly Nicholas punches Merle in the face. They both go down.

CHARLIE

Come on, follow me.

A sea of red angry faces. Charlie plunges his syringe into one neck then another as Cheyenne follows behind him.

Soon, the syringe is out of meds. It sticks in a Customer's neck as the Customer grabs wildly at Charlie, teeth gnashing.

CHEYENNE

Duck down!

Charlie ducks and the Customer bites into the Customer next to him. The Customer bites him back and soon they are devouring each other.

Charlie and Cheyenne dart away, push through the crowd, finally make it to the

COUNTER AREA

Merle lays unconscious on the ground as Nicholas funnels slushie into Merle's mouth straight from the spigot. He has poured so much it forms a mountain rising up out of his mouth.

NICHOLAS

Die, you son-of-a-bitch die!

CHEYENNE

Nicholas!

NICHOLAS

I got him!

CHEYENNE

This is Uncle Charlie, my dad's brother.

Nicholas releases the spigot.

Nicholas wipes his hands and extends it.

NICHOLAS

Hi, nice to meet you.

Charlie ignores Nicholas and bends down to tend to his brother, digging slushie out of his mouth.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Sorry, I wouldn't have done it except
he was gonna bite my face off.

Charlie bends his head to Merle's chest, listens for a
heartbeat.

CHARLIE

It's OK, if he could see this place now,
he'd go into cardiac arrest.

Cheyenne looks around broken-heartedly for the first time at
the mayhem taking place in the dining room, from the broken
windows to the Customers digging through the trash to those
feasting away on bodies at the tables.

Charlie takes pills from his pockets and shoves them into
Merle's mouth.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

C'mon, swallow these, you can do it,
buddy.

CHEYENNE

What are you giving him?

CHARLIE

Antibiotics--strong enough for a
cow...

Cheyenne watches as a Customer reaches across the counter and
digs into the ketchup container.

With its hand, it licks the ketchup, smearing it all over its
face. It looks straight at Cheyenne with devilish red eyes and
pounces.

Cheyenne screams as Nicholas picks up the entire slushie
dispenser and clonks the Customer in the head with it. It
screams in pain and falls backwards.

Other Customers, attracted by the commotion, leave their
digging and stumble toward the counter.

CHEYENNE

How are we gonna get out of here?

CHARLIE

The drive-through window.

The three of them immediately look toward the drive-through window about ten feet away.

Outside, it is completely deserted, except for the huge, char-broiled Cop #1 who wanders back and forth in a daze.

CHEYENNE

No, not that guy--

Nicholas grabs stainless steel forks and knives from the utensil tray and tosses a couple to Cheyenne.

NICHOLAS

We can take him, Cheyenne, remember,
you're one bad-ass fast food worker!

Charlie bends down and slings Merle over his shoulder.

CHARLIE

I'll be right behind you...

Cheyenne takes a deep breath and holds three forks and knives in each hand, ready to thrust like bayonets.

Nicholas raises utensils above his head, a make-shift Tomahawk.

NICHOLAS

Ready? 1...2...3!

Together, Cheyenne and Nicholas run toward the drive-through window then:

ERIC (O.S.)

Cheyenne!

Cheyenne turns to see Eric, neck and face bloody, limping toward them behind Charlie.

NICHOLAS

Come on, forget about him, he's a
goner...

CHEYENNE

Maybe we can help him--

Nicholas watches with jealous disdain as Cheyenne turns to go to Eric, who collapses into her arms, crying.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

(to Charlie)

Can you help our friend?

CHARLIE

Maybe, I don't know, there's not much time...

Customers leap over the counter, closing in.

CHEYENNE

(to Eric)

Just stay behind Nick and me, OK, we're gonna go out the drive-thru and get past that big cop.

Eric nods, steps in front of Charlie.

Cheyenne returns to Nicholas' side.

NICHOLAS

Poor guy, he's a goner.

CHEYENNE

Let's just go already.

Cheyenne and Nicholas run, utensils raised toward the drive-through window.

Cheyenne sticks a fork in a Customer's eye. Nicholas lodges a knife down a Customer's throat.

They get to the drive-through window. Cheyenne slides it open. Cop #1 immediately reaches his hand inside. Cheyenne repeatedly shuts the window on his hand, but it does no good.

Nicholas sticks his knife right in Cop #1's eye. Blood spurts as the cop turns in circles, knife sticking out of his eye.

Nicholas jumps feet first out the window.

NICHOLAS

Come on.

Nicholas helps Cheyenne out of the window.

EXT. MONSTER BURGER DRIVE THROUGH - CONTINUOUS

Eric leans out the window but he is too weak to hoist himself through it.

Cheyenne tries to help, but collapses under the weight as Nick does battle with Cop #1.

CHEYENNE

Nick help!

NICHOLAS

Oh, sick.

Nicholas watches repulsed as Cop #1 takes the knife, eye still attached out of his eye socket then eats his own eyeball.

Eric falls on top of Cheyenne, landing face-to-face with her.

Cheyenne stares into his eyes a moment. Eric looks at Cheyenne in a way that could be lust--or hunger.

CHEYENNE

Uh, Eric...

ERIC

What?

CHEYENNE

You're crushing me.

ERIC

Oh, right.

Eric winces as he rolls off Cheyenne who stands up.

CHEYENNE

Where's Charlie?

Suddenly, Merle's unholy scream comes through the window.

Cheyenne watches through the window as Merle puts his hands on his head and yells, his skin back to its usual pasty yellow color.

NICHOLAS

I think the antibiotics just kicked in.

INT. MONSTER BURGER - CONTINUOUS

Merle paces, running his hands through his hair, Charlie follows him, trying to keep Customers at bay.

MERLE

What the hell happened? What's going on here? Look at the ball pit and what the fuck did they do to my salad bar???

CHARLIE

It was that cow you hit, Merle, I told you not to use that meat--

MERLE

Hell, I expected a little food poisoning...but this!

Merle smacks a marauding Customer in the jaw.

CHARLIE

Come on, Merle, my trailer's waiting outside--we gotta get outta here...

MERLE

Like hell I'm leaving, this place is all I got.

CHARLIE

What about Cheyenne?

Merle looks angrily at Charlie for a moment then:

MERLE

Take care of her for me.

Merle shoves his way through the mass of red bodies.

CHARLIE

Merle...wait!

As Customers stumble towards him, Charlie tries to decide if he should stay with his brother or leave.

As Customers, push toward him, baring their teeth, he decides there's only one direction to go and he heads for the drive-through window.

EXT. DRIVE THROUGH - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

With red hands clawing at him, Charlie crawls through the window and jumps to the ground.

Cop #1, finished with his eyeball appetizer, stumbles toward Cheyenne and Nicholas, who hold him at bay with their utensils.

NICHOLAS

Stay back, pig, or I'll take out your other eye!

Charlie takes a syringe out of his pocket and injects Cop #1's neck. Cop #1 crumples to the ground.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

I thought you were out of that stuff.

CHARLIE

I was holding out, come on, stay close together...

Charlie starts to run toward his van. Nicholas, Cheyenne and the limping Eric follow.

CHEYENNE

Where's Dad?

CHARLIE

He wanted to go down with the ship.

CHEYENNE

We can't just leave him there.

CHARLIE

Don't worry, I have a plan.

(then, looking
towards his trailer)

Oh God.

Zombie Customers stream in and out of the trailer. They gnaw on pieces of the calf, others shove kibbles into their mouths,

others have cans of food which they attempt to open by smashing them into the trailer.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

No!

Charlie runs toward his trailer, starts grabbing Customers and throwing them off.

Nicholas and Cheyenne stare at the scene for a moment, then run to help Charlie.

Nicholas withdraws his baton from his waistband and smacks Customers. Cheyenne kicks a Customer who has its hands around Charlie's neck.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Cheyenne kicks another Customer away as Charlie does a pro-wrestling move and twirls one away by the arm.

CHEYENNE

Do you have a fire extinguisher in the trailer?

CHARLIE

Yeah, I don't know, why?

CHEYENNE

Stay here and distract all of them!

Cheyenne runs toward the trailer door.

CHARLIE

Cheyenne...wait!

Just as a Customer lunges for Charlie, Nicholas hits it in the head with his baton.

INT. TRAILER -- NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Cheyenne pushes past customers to get inside the trailer.

One customer raids the food storage area, while another one licks up the remains of the cow still cleavered to the floor. Another one rifles through the meds, making a huge mess.

Cheyenne spies the cleaver and pulls on it with all her might.

The Customer near the cleaver notices her hand and looms in for the bite, but just in time, she dislodges it and swings at him, lodging it in his skull.

Cheyenne screams and stares at the body on the floor. The other Customers have now all taken notice of her and begin to close in.

CHEYENNE

Stay back!

Cheyenne backs up looking around. She spies the fire extinguisher but it's in the corner, too far to get to quickly.

Cheyenne edges to the side, bumps into the refrigerator. She opens the freezer compartment, a waft of cold comes out and the Customers back up a little.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Don't like that, huh?

Cheyenne reaches into the ice compartment, grabs a handful of cubes and chucks it at them, they back up even more, putting up their arms, growling.

Cheyenne edges toward the extinguisher.

She leans over to pick it up, turning her back toward them.

They all rush forward, but she quickly turns around, fires the extinguisher and they scatter.

She presses forward, still spraying until they are near the door, with a final blast they all run out.

Cheyenne sticks her head out of the trailer and sees:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Nicholas pins a Customer to the hood with his baton while Charlie bats another in the face with his cell phone.

Three Customers take turns munching on Eric's legs while he screams.

Cheyenne runs out, squirts the Customers off Eric.

CHEYENNE

Come on, you guys, get in the van!

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Cheyenne, Charlie and Nicholas pile in while Eric limps behind. Cheyenne holds the door open for him.

NICHOLAS

Aw, not him, he's like totally infected.

CHEYENNE

We can help him.

Cheyenne shuts the door and locks it after Eric stumbles in.

Charlie gets behind the wheel and starts up the trailer while Cheyenne picks up meds off the floor.

Eric slumps in the only available chair so Nicholas hangs on to the table as the trailer takes off.

Cheyenne notices a clock in the exam area.

INSERT - CLOCK

11:35

INT. CHARLIE'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

CHEYENNE

Oh my God! It's 11:35! I forgot to call my mom...she's probably freaking out.

CHARLIE

We'll call her when we get some place safe-- Hold on!

From the outside, Infected Customers rush toward the TRAILER.

Charlie guns it forward, teeth clenched.

Customers bounce off the windows while others continue to run.

CHEYENNE
(looking out the
window)
Stop!

CHARLIE
What?

CHEYENNE
My mom, I see my mom's car!

As Customers run at the TRAILER, Charlie hits them with the car and they fall against the windshield.

CHARLIE
Are you sure? This is a really bad
time to stop.

CHEYENNE
I'm sure. She just pulled in.

Charlie slams on the brakes.

CHARLIE
Ok, call through the window and tell
her it's not safe, tell her to go home.

CHEYENNE
I can't let her go home all by
herself...

Cheyenne opens the TRAILER door.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
Mom!

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Darla rolls down her window.

DARLA
Baby, are you OK? What's happening?

INT. CHARLIE'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Cheyenne opens the door wider.

CHEYENNE
Come on, get in!

CHARLIE
No, what are you doing? Close the door!

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

DARLA
(sticking her head
out the window)
What's happening? Who are all
these...people?

A Customer stumbles toward Darla. Another approaches Cheyenne's open door.

CHEYENNE
Just get in the trailer, mom, hurry up!

The Customer gets to Darla's window, leans over preparing to bite her.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
(starting to get out
of the car)
Mom...no!!!

The Customer draws back sharply, totally repulsed and runs off.

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Nicholas pulls Cheyenne back in and shuts the door. Charlie auto-locks the door as Another Customer bangs its head against Cheyenne's window.

As Charlie guns it away, foam starts at his mouth.

CHEYENNE
No, don't leave!

Cheyenne bangs her fists against the window, hysterically and watches as a Customers advance towards Darla.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Mom!

Nicholas grabs her firmly but gently by the wrists.

NICHOLAS

Look at me...she's gonna be Ok. We'll go back for her, I promise.

ERIC

Yeah, I got bit and I'm still here aren't I?

They turn and look at Eric. The blood on his wounds has congealed, but his skin and eyes are now redder and a thin layer of foam shows about his lips.

INT. MONSTER BURGER/COUNTER AREA - NIGHT

Merle thrashes through the horde of Customers, as they tear at his clothes and bite at his arms.

He spies the mop abandoned in a corner. He grabs it by the handle, spins it around then whaps and jabs anything in his way with the long wooden pole.

He makes it to the

BACKROOM

Continues to thrust his wooden weapon, knocking aside Customers.

Suddenly Dirk blocks his way.

MERLE

Get out of my way, punk!

Dirk takes a bite out of the handle, leaves it splintered, jagged.

Merle looks at the damage while Dirk chomps on the bits, smiling.

MERLE (CONT'D)

You know, I never did like you...Dick!

Merle jabs Dirk in the throat with the jagged end. Blood spurts out of the Dirk's throat and he falls to the floor.

Merle steps over Dirk then finally makes it to the promised land --his desk.

He holds the mop handle in one hand, opens a drawer with the other and sees what he's been looking for -- a gun.

INT. CHARLIE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Cheyenne tries vainly to feed pills to the drooling Eric.

Charlie, skin orangish, drives determinedly. The foam from his mouth sticks in his throat.

He spits into a coffee cup, but suddenly that isn't enough and he pulls over, opens his door and vomits just outside the Monster Burger parking lot entrance.

NICHOLAS

Hey, what are you doing?

Charlie's looks up and sees a truck, with the words Henkins Meat on the back, stopped on the highway.

EXT. MONSTER BURGER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Wiping his mouth, Charlie runs toward the truck as Hank Henkins gets out.

CHARLIE

Hey, what are you doing?

Even in the darkness, Hank's skin has an orange-ish pallor.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Did you butcher your herd? I told you to wait til I called you.

HANK

Yeah, and I got tired a' waiting. I butchered one myself and it was the best meat I ever tasted! They're going to market tonight! Thought your brother would want the first pick!

Charlie grabs Hank by the shoulder.

CHARLIE

Now you gotta listen to me...there's something wrong with those cows, those supplements I gave you were only supposed to make them eat more, but I must have spliced a bad gene...

(stops talking and sniffs)

damn, you know, that meat does smell good...

HANK

Well, Let's fire 'er up!

Charlie smiles as Hank reaches into the back and together they each take a box of meat.

Infected Customers come nearer.

CHEYENNE

(sticking her head out of the trailer)

Uncle Charlie! What are you doing???

CHARLIE

(zombie voice)

Gonna have the world's biggest barbe cue!

INT. MONSTER BURGER/BACKROOM - NIGHT

Merle fires a shot at a Customer's belly. Blood spurts and the Customer falls backward.

MERLE

Bingo!

He shoots another Customer in the head, another Customer in the chest. They fall, Merle smiles.

Sheila shuffles toward him, her face red, her mouth bloody.

Merle's smile fades.

MERLE (CONT'D)

Aw, honey, what happened to you?

Sheila advances. Merle swallows hard.

MERLE (CONT'D)

I always thought you were the sweetest little thing...hate to do this to you sweetheart--

Merle pops a round off into her chest. Sheila goes flying backwards and lands on the heap of other corpses.

MERLE (CONT'D)

This really sucks.

He checks the bullet chamber. Empty. Steps back to his desk and opens another drawer filled with ammo. He takes out a handful of shells and loads up.

INT. TRAILER -- CONTINUOUS

Cheyenne leans her head back into the trailer and sees Eric and Nicholas engaged in a death struggle in the exam room. Eric tries to bite as Nicholas wards him off with surgical scissors.

CHEYENNE

What are you doing?

NICHOLAS

He tried to bite me, Cheyenne self defense...

CHEYENNE

No!

Eric lunges at Nicholas again and Nicholas slices his neck with the scissors. Eric falls, blood spurting out of his neck.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Oh, God!

NICHOLAS

That's not, Eric, Cheyenne. Even he wasn't that much a dick.

CHEYENNE

How could you kill Eric?

NICHOLAS

I didn't kill Eric, Destiny did,
Cheyenne, face it, he was infected...

CHEYENNE

You were infected and we didn't kill
you...what happened with that, by the
way? You took a few zit pills and
you're all better while my mother is
fighting for her life--

Cheyenne stifles a sob and turns toward the trailer door and
flings it open.

NICHOLAS

Cheyenne...

Cheyenne runs outside.

INT. MONSTER BURGER/BACKROOM - NIGHT

Merle sits on his desk, gun in his lap. Every inch of floor
space is covered with motionless, bullet-ridden customers.

Merle opens a drawer and takes out a bottle of whiskey, uncaps
it and takes a swig.

MERLE

Here's to you, assholes!

Merle looks up as the front door opens.

Charlie and Hank, each carrying a box of meat, stumble in.

Merle stands up and watches, speechless, as Charlie and Hank
tromp over bodies in the dining room, make their way to the
counter, can't figure out how to get through the employee gate,
then just crash through it.

MERLE (CONT'D)

Uh, Charlie?

Charlie stumbles into the

BACKROOM

followed by the drooling Hank.

MERLE (CONT'D)

Charlie!

Charlie stumbles in and feels around on the grill til he finds the knob, turns it with his whole hand, losing fine motor control.

Merle, still holding the gun goes over to the grill.

MERLE (CONT'D)

Charlie?

CHARLIE

Huh?

MERLE

What are you doing?

Charlie takes a patty out of the cardboard box and throws it on the grill where it immediately starts to sizzle.

Hank takes a step closer to the grill, mesmerized by the meat.

CHARLIE

Just grilling a burger...

As Charlie speaks, a big torrent of foam comes out of his mouth which he tries to swallow non-chalantly.

MERLE

You're one of them now, aren't you?

CHARLIE

What?

MERLE

You're one of these what-ya-call meat zombies, aren't you?

Hank notices Merle and stumbles closer to him.

CHARLIE

(eyeing the patty)

No, Merle, I'm not a meat zombie, honest...

MERLE

Yeah you are.

Hank takes a few more steps toward Merle.

CHARLIE

No, I'm not...

Charlie picks up one of the half-cooked patties and shoves it in his mouth.

HANK

You should try one of them patties, Merle, your brother helped me fatten up my herd with his secret formula and the meat is to die for.

MERLE

What secret formula?

(to Charlie)

Was this your great idea that was gonna make us a million dollars...this?

Charlie lunges and nips Merle on the neck. Merle steps back, fires the gun but its out of ammo. He hits Charlie with it instead.

MERLE (CONT'D)

I swear I'm gonna kill you! I'm gonna wring your skinny little neck!!

Merle hits Charlie with the gun again, but behind him Hank sinks his teeth into Merle's shoulder. Merle screams and backhands Hank with the gun.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cheyenne runs through the parking lot, Nicholas follows after.

NICHOLAS

Cheyenne!

Nicholas runs and almost catches up with her.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

Stop, Cheyenne!

Cheyenne does stop, because dozens of infected Customers start to circle in on her and she realizes she has nowhere to run. Nicholas finds a way in and runs up beside her.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
Come on, Cheyenne, let's get out of here.

CHEYENNE
Where? There's no way to go.

Customers circle in closer.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
(huddles against
Nicholas)
What are we gonna do?

Nicholas hands her the surgical scissors, then withdraws something from his waistband -- his band baton.

NICHOLAS
We're gonna fight!

Nicholas twirls his baton wildly, hitting three Customers in the face.

Cheyenne swings the scissors at Customers as they advance on her.

Nicholas pokes them at various body parts. He fells several, but more follow to take their place.

Cheyenne sees that Dirk is one of the advancing brood and runs straight at him, scissors raised.

After she strikes him, he falls backward, but Sheila is right behind smiling, beckoning with arms, outstretched. Behind her are more.

CHEYENNE
There's too many, we can't take them all...

NICHOLAS
Sure we can...

Nicholas does a complicated move then strikes Sheila with the baton, but she catches it in her hand and begins gnawing on the rubber knob.

Nicholas grabs the baton and tugs at it, but Sheila growls and tugs back.

Cheyenne comes running at Sheila with the scissors but trips over a Customer and drops them.

Customers advance, grabbing at Cheyenne's legs, her shoes.

Cheyenne clings to Nicholas.

CHEYENNE

Nick, I don't think we're gonna make it outta this...

NICHOLAS

No...

CHEYENNE

But if we do, I just want you to know, I would definitely go to the prom with you.

NICHOLAS

(smiling as he is
groped by Customers)
Oh, Cheyenne!

Nicholas and Cheyenne lean into each other and kiss, even as Customers begin to overtake them when suddenly a loud motor and bright lights startles everyone--Customers scatter and Nicholas and Cheyenne part lips.

They look in the direction of the noise and see Darla's car driving straight through the crowd, sending Customers flying.

She stops right in front of them and rolls down the window, her hair a mess, headband askew, but otherwise perfectly fine.

DARLA

Do you know how long I've been waiting in this parking lot for you? Get in the car!

INT. DARLA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nicholas and Cheyenne dive into the backseat, close and lock the doors.

DARLA

What the hell is going on at this place?

CHEYENNE

I don't know mom, we think maybe Dad got a hold of some bad meat.

DARLA

That's one of his favorite hobbies.

Darla shifts into drive and guns it driving into more Customers.

CHEYENNE

Wait, mom, Dad is still in the restaurant!

DARLA

So?

CHEYENNE

So, we can't just leave him.

DARLA

Do you know what it's like to wake up at 2 in the morning to a screaming 18-month old and realize you have no means of support?! Oh, we can leave him, Cheyenne...we can bloody well leave!

INT. MONSTER BURGER/BACKROOM -- NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Merle drops the gun as he tries to fight off both Charlie and Hank at once. He gets Charlie by the neck but Hank jumps on his back. Merle backs up into a wall hard, knocking off Hank, then shoves Charlie toward the now sizzling grill, pushes him face down.

Merle holds Charlie on the grill until he feels him stop moving, then lets go with a sigh of relief, but Charlie turns around,

stands up, skin sizzling and swollen, but re-energized by the heat.

EXT. HIGHWAY IN FRONT OF MONSTER BURGER -- CONTINUOUS

Darla's car pulls out into traffic.

CHEYENNE

Mom, we've at least got to see if Dad's
alright.

Nicholas runs his hands through Cheyenne's hair.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

(quietly)
Not now, silly--

As Nicholas nuzzles her Cheyenne, touches his cheek.

DARLA

Cheyenne--

Cheyenne feels something weird on her hand, she looks at her fingers: Spray-on Tan.

Cheyenne looks at Nicholas' cheek, it is crimson, foam spills out of his mouth.

CHEYENNE

Nicholas--no!

DARLA

What are you doing back there with that
boy?

NICHOLAS

(pawing at
Cheyenne's body)
I'm so sorry, Cheyenne, I'm just so
hungry...

DARLA

Hey--back there, knock it off!

Cheyenne digs in her pockets.

CHEYENNE

God, all the pills are back in the trailer. Don't you have any of your zit pills left?

DARLA

Pills? What about pills?

Nicholas clutches Cheyenne's hand.

NICHOLAS

Need meat...

CHEYENNE

Oh god....

Nicholas lunges for her, latches on with his mouth, but doesn't bite down.

Suddenly, he pulls away from her hacking and spitting. He slides away from her, repulsed, opens the car door.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Nicholas, no...mom, slow down!

The car slows but Nicholas is already out of the car, he falls, gets up and stumbles off into the night.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Nicholas, come back!

DARLA

Don't worry, there'll be other boys, dear...

Cheyenne sits dumbfounded in the backseat, then suddenly, as she notices all the Fat Burner Energy pill jars strewn about the backseat it hits her.

She picks up a jar and looks at the ingredients.

CHEYENNE

Mom, how many of these pills did you take today?

DARLA

Well, I had two with breakfast, two with coffee...I skipped lunch but I had two pills with a diet coke...

CHEYENNE

Mom, you've gotta turn around. We're the only people who can save dad!

DARLA

(accelerating)

Like hell we will.

INT. MONSTER BURGER - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Gun in hand, Merle runs to his desk, rifles through it, but all the ammo is gone. As Charlie and Hank come toward him he darts to a large shelf and throws large jars of pickles and condiments at Charlie and Hank as they stumble towards him snarling and growling.

When he has run out of things to throw he tips over the whole shelf and it falls on them.

Merle runs to the back door, tries to open it, but can't remember his own mantra.

MERLE

(turning the lock as he talks)

Two twists to the left, one twist to the right, half a twist to the middle?
No--two twists to the left, one to the right...

Merle looks behind him. Charlie and Hank pull themselves out from under the shelf. But worse, in the

DINING ROOM

Bodies rise up, the Customers awaken.

MERLE (CONT'D)

Shit!

INT. DARLA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

CHEYENNE

Let me out.

DARLA
Don't be ridiculous.

CHEYENNE
Let me out or I'll jump out, mom.

Darla brakes and puts the car in park. She turns around toward the backseat.

DARLA
Do you want to know what kind of miserable excuse you have for a father? He makes you work at that miserable dive for less than minimum wage--

Cheyenne scoops up as many pill jars as she can and stuffs them in her apron pockets.

DARLA (CONT'D)
--just because he can, then he tries to weasel out of child support because he claims he has custody part-time...

Cheyenne opens the door and runs out.

DARLA (CONT'D)
(calling after her)
I don't consider turning your daughter into a fast food slave custody, do you?

INT. MONSTER BURGER - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

A wall of Customers advances towards Merle as he plasters himself to the backdoor.

MERLE
Stay back!

Merle kicks at them but they keep coming. Just as they are about to converge on him, Merle slides away into the

BATHROOM

Merle shuts the door and locks it. He hears SCRATCHING and THUMPING as the Customers try to get in.

He stands on the toilet and opens the window, tries to squeeze out but he's too big.

Dejected he drops back onto the toilet seat.

He takes out his phone and dials 911 -- nothing but STATIC. He hangs up and dials another number.

INT. DARLA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Darla sits in the parked car. Her phone rings. She sees MERLE on the display, but makes no move to answer.

INT. BACKROOM/BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Merle listens to Darla's message.

DARLA (V.O.)

Hi, please leave your name and number
and have a fat-free, energetic day!

MERLE

Hello? Darla, it's me. I wouldn't
have called you but you're my last
resort. Charlie is...really sick and
Cheyenne...

(stifles a sob)

God knows where Cheyenne is...things
are really bad right now and it's all
my fault...if only I hadn't gone and
chopped up that stupid cow. Anyway, I
can't get through the cops or anybody,
I'm sitting here at the store in the
bathroom, I know you still hate me and
I don't blame you but just get me some
help OK?

Through the open window Merle hears KEYS JANGLING.

He puts down the phone, leaps back on the toilet and peers out the window.

EXT. MONSTER BURGER BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Cheyenne tries to open the back door with the keys Merle gave her. A few yards away Customers stumble around.

Merle pokes his head out the bathroom window.

MERLE

Cheyenne? Is that you?

CHEYENNE

Daddy! You're still alive!

MERLE

Yeah, so are you, listen you gotta get the hell out of here, it's not safe.

CHEYENNE

No, it is!

MERLE

No, baby, behind you!

Cheyenne turns just as a Customer comes up and grabs her. Cheyenne offers the Customer her arm, it sniffs, chokes and stumbles away.

CHEYENNE

See? I'm safe.

Cheyenne walks up to the bathroom window and tosses Merle a pill jar. Merle catches the jar and looks at it.

MERLE

This is that stuff your mother sells.

CHEYENNE

Take some.

MERLE

I'm not going to swallow this shit.

CHEYENNE

Just do it, Daddy, I'll explain later.

Cheyenne goes back to the door and fiddles with the key.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Merle glances at the door. The Customers have made a hole in it and reach their arms through.

MERLE

(calling out the
window)

That lock is hopeless, honey, I shoulda
had someone out here to fix it weeks
ago, just go, save yourself!

EXT. BACKROOM/BACK DOOR -- NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Cheyenne jiggles the key while more Customers advance.

CHEYENNE

No, I'm gonna get you outta there.
You'd do the same thing for me, right?

Merle's face falls as he peers out the window, realizing he has
done little or nothing to rescue his daughter that night.

MERLE

Cheyenne, I'm your father and I'm
ordering you to get away from that
door!

Suddenly, Darla zooms up knocking Customers out of the way as
she zooms to a stop by Cheyenne.

DARLA

(calling through the
lowered window)

Get in the car, Cheyenne!

CHEYENNE

No, mom, you may be a cold-hearted
bitch but I'm not.

MERLE

Cheyenne, do what your mother says, get
in the car!

CHEYENNE

No!

DARLA

Get in the car, we're gonna go in the
front way!

CHEYENNE

Oh! Okay!

Cheyenne leaves the key in the door and turns to get in the car.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Stay there, Daddy!

MERLE

Don't worry, I'm not going anywhere.

As Darla zooms off, Merle pulls his head back inside.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The hole in the door is larger and Merle can see the faces of the Customers as they claw the door.

He dumps a handful of pills in his mouth and puts his mouth to the faucet. As he stands up he looks in the mirror and notices his face is orange.

EXT. MONSTER BURGER FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Darla's car pulls up. There are a few Customers staggering around the front, but most of them are inside.

Darla gets out, pops a Fat Burner pill in her mouth and chews it like candy.

Cheyenne gets out on the passenger side.

CHEYENNE

Ready?

DARLA

Just a second.

Darla opens the trunk and takes out a pair of dumbbells, walks over and hands them to Cheyenne.

DARLA (CONT'D)

Here, take these.

CHEYENNE

What are you going to use?

DARLA
(smiling)
Wait and see.

Darla jerks open the door and walks in. Cheyenne follows.

INT. MONSTER BURGER - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Darla runs through the dining room, karate kicking any Customers that get in her way.

Behind her, Cheyenne swings her dumbbells, clonking Customers in the head and stomach.

Cop #1 jumps Darla from behind, then releases her hacking and coughing. Darla karate kicks him in the stomach and sends him reeling across the room.

Other Customers sniff the air and dart away before Darla can get to them.

DARLA
(indicating the
employee gate)
Through here, right?

CHEYENNE
(clubbing a customer
with a weight)
Yeah, all the way to the back.

INT. BACKROOM -- NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Darla enters and sees Charlie, face brown and oozing, stagger towards her.

DARLA
Charlie?

CHARLIE
Need meat.

Darla holds out her arm.

DARLA
Here, feast away.

Charlie leans forward, gets a whiff of Darla and gags, turning away from her.

DARLA (CONT'D)
I never liked you either.

CHEYENNE
Come on, Dad's stuck in the bathroom.

Cheyenne darts off.

DARLA
(following her)
What else is new?

Cheyenne and Darla get to the

BATHROOM DOOR

The customers who were clawing at the door have all left.
Cheyenne leans into the hole in the door.

CHEYENNE
Dad, we're here, you can come out now.
(no answer)
Dad?

Cheyenne and Darla wait another moment, then suddenly Merle comes crashing through the door, face red and slimy, foam spilling from his mouth.

He grabs Cheyenne by the shoulder with an inhuman moan..

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
Daddy!

Darla grabs one of Cheyenne's weights and bashes Merle in the head with it.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)
Mom, no!

The blow stuns Merle for a moment.

DARLA
I never would have come if you told me
he'd turned into one of them--

CHEYENNE

He was Ok before...he must have gotten
bit again--

DARLA

Got bit? I thought it was all the crappy
hamburger these idiots stuff
themselves with.

Merle recovers from his blow to the head and lunges at Darla.

He catches her by surprise and takes a bite out of her shoulder.

Darla grabs her bloody shoulder, yelling in pain.

DARLA (CONT'D)

Hey, I thought you said none of them
would bite me!

CHEYENNE

They won't, I mean they're not supposed
to...I don't know!

As Merle tries to advance again, Darla clocks him in the groin
with the dumbbell. Merle doubles over and groans.

DARLA

That's the last time you'll ever pull
that trick again.

Outside, a siren sounds.

CHEYENNE

Oh, thank God, the police are finally
here!

Cheyenne walks toward the front but the siren abruptly stops.

DINING ROOM

Cheyenne runs in, Darla trailing behind her. Cheyenne looks out
the window and sees Nicholas in a standoff with COP #3 who holds
a gun on him.

COP #3

Freeze!

Nicholas staggers toward Cop #3 who shoots him.

CHEYENNE

No!

Nicholas falls, then slowly gets back on his feet and trudges toward the cop who empties his pistol into Nicholas.

Finally, with the last bullet Nicholas falls face forward.

A Customer surprises Cop #3 from behind and bites into his neck. The cop cries out and tries to run, but other Customers move towards him and begin to devour his lower and upper extremities.

Cheyenne cries silently and turns away from the gruesome scene, expecting to see her mother.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Mom?

She hears her mother wail.

Darla is down on the floor, pinned by Merle. He gnashes his teeth as Darla holds him at bay with her bare hands around his throat.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Dad!

Cheyenne sees Cop #1 stumble toward her and she knows what she must do.

She kicks Cop #1 where it counts, grabs his gun from its holster and shakily aims the gun at Merle.

She hesitates, but just as Merle overpowers Darla, Cheyenne shoots. Merle falls instantly, a pool of blood forming around his head.

Cheyenne drops the gun, too stunned to cry.

Darla scoots out from under Merle and runs to Cheyenne and hugs her. Cheyenne falls into her mother's arms.

DARLA

You did the right thing...there was nothing else you could have done honey.

Cop #1 stumbles toward them.

DARLA (CONT'D)
(breaking free of
Cheyenne)
Hey, do you mind? We're trying to have
a moment here.

Darla grabs the mace from Cop #1's belt and sprays him in the eyes. He stumbles back, moaning angrily.

Darla turns back to Cheyenne and puts an arm around her shoulders, guiding her toward the entrance.

DARLA (CONT'D)
Come on, let's go home, you've been
through a lot...I'll make you a snack,
anything you like--

As Cheyenne walks with her mom to the door, through the windows she sees Nicholas, body stained with blood, slowly start to get up.

A smile spreads over Cheyenne's face.

Cheyenne breaks free from her mother and goes over to Cop #1 who still covers his face with his hands.

She takes off his entire belt and puts it on herself, picks the gun up off the floor.

CHEYENNE
(handing Darla the
gun)
Hey, mom, stay here, I'll be right
back. If anybody attacks you, shoot
'em, okay, even if it's Dad?

DARLA
What? No--

Cheyenne runs out the door.

DARLA (CONT'D)
Come back!

Darla sees Merle move slightly. She grabs the gun off the floor and trains it on him. Merle lifts his head sluggishly.

DARLA (CONT'D)

Go ahead, make my day.

Merle drops his head back to the floor.

EXT. MONSTER BURGER - NIGHT

Cheyenne takes a few pills out of her apron pocket, swallows them, then runs out into the parking lot.

She pushes aside Customers still stumbling around until she spies Nicholas gnawing on his baton.

CHEYENNE

Nicholas!

He looks up at her with a glimmer of recognition.

CHEYENNE (CONT'D)

Ya hungry?

NICHOLAS

Uuuhhh, need meat.

CHEYENNE

Yeah, you need lots of meat,
(walking away
backwards)
come on, Nicholas, I'm gonna get you
lots of meat.

Cheyenne turns and breaks into a jog. Nicholas stumbles after her.

INT. MONSTER BURGER - NIGHT

Merle stumbles to his feet and advances toward Darla. She shoots him in the chest and he flies backwards.

Darla glances toward the door.

DARLA

Come on, Cheyenne, I'm running out of
ammo.

At that moment, Darla sees the veterinary trailer pulling up with Cheyenne at the wheel. Cheyenne honks the horn and waves to her mother.

DARLA (CONT'D)
You've got to be kidding.

INT. TRAILER -- NIGHT, LATER

CAB

Darla sits in the passenger seat, her skin looking a bit orange, her lips clamped tight.

Cheyenne, at the wheel, holds a pill in front of her mother's mouth.

CHEYENNE
Take it, mom.

Darla shakes her head.

DARLA
I saw you pick it up off the floor.

Darla clamps her lips again.

CHEYENNE
Take it or you'll end up looking like those two in the back.

BACK

Nicholas eats dog food straight out of the can seated in the dog crate.

Merle groans and strains at the handcuff that connects him to the table.

CAB

Darla grabs the pill from Cheyenne.

DARLA
Oh, alright!

Darla pops the pills in her mouth and grabs a non-descript cup from the cup holder. She takes a drink and makes a face.

DARLA (CONT'D)

Eew! What is that.

CHEYENNE

I don't know, probably something Uncle Charlie gave to his animals.

DARLA

Oh, speaking of Charlie, do you think we should check on him before we take off?

CHEYENNE

Nah, he's pretty secure.

DARLA

Ok, well let's get a move on then.

Cheyenne settles into the driver's seat and turns the key.

EXT. MONSTER BURGER PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

As the trailer rolls through the parking lot, Charlie, who is strapped to the top, moans and yells. Customers bounce off the trailer's fenders and hood.

As the trailer exits out the driveway and onto the highway, the sun comes up.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. MONSTER BURGER - DAY

Tight view of a portable TV set.

ON THE SCREEN

An ANCHORWOMAN reads the news.

ANCHORWOMAN

In other news, spread of the so-called Beef Flu seems to be contained although

antibiotic reserves are severely depleted and only those with the most acute cases are being treated first.

BACK TO SCENE

Dirk stumbles into Monster Burger, his face a pale orange, a bandage on his throat.

FREEZER

Nicholas, bearing facial scars but no zits and sporting a Veggie Burger hat, pulls bags of cut vegetables off the freezer shelves, taking care not to touch Hank or Cop #1 who stand there in suspended animation.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If you or your loved one has been infected with the flu, county health officials advise remaining in a cool or very cold place, stocking up on supplies of meat and limiting contact with uninfected persons.

BALL PIT

The monster motif has been replaced by smiling fruits and vegetables.

Tyler and Lacey, their faces a healthy hue, throw balls at each other while Mother, her body covered in bandages, stabs angrily at her salad.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

No school closures have been announced but officials say they may consider doing so if they can't control biting through normal disciplinary procedures.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Charlie's trailer has a new sign - "Fat Burner Energy Pills On Sale Today!"

Darla, healthy and decked out in new work-out gear, holds court at a table outside the trailer with a pyramid of pill jars in

front of her. The Old Woman and the Old Man smile as she gives them a sales pitch.

ANCHORWOMAN (V.O.)

Health experts say frequent hand-washing and avoiding beef are good ways to prevent contracting the virus. And, although it has not yet been approved by the FDA, some researchers have found that the diet supplement Fat Burner Energy Pills kept lab subjects bite-free in 99 out of 100 test trials...

INT. MONSTER BURGER - DAY

The TV goes black as Cheyenne, also dressed in the Veggie Burger uniform, turns it off.

DIRK

Hey, I was watching that, moo--

Dirk chokes on his words as Cheyenne goes to the wall and takes down one of a dozen fire extinguishers posted around the room.

She walks over to him, finger on the trigger.

DIRK (CONT'D)

The news is a bunch of crap, anyway.

CHEYENNE

You off your meds again, Dirk? You're looking a little orange.

MERLE (O.S.)

Hey, pumpkin, you'd better clock out, huh?

Merle is behind the counter, an oxygen tube up his nose, looking peaked but happy. Behind him is the new Veggie Burger logo and menu.

CHEYENNE

Oh shoot!

Cheyenne puts the extinguisher back and runs behind the counter.

MERLE

Yeah, don't want to be late to the prom,
do you?

CHEYENNE

No, thanks for letting me off early.

MERLE

No problem.

CHEYENNE

Oh yeah, and I guess I never thanked you
for the raise, either.

She pecks his cheek.

MERLE

You earned every penny of it.

BACKROOM

Cheyenne hurries over to the time clock and bumps into Nicholas.
She lets him clutch her and draw her into a kiss.

NICHOLAS

What time do you want me to pick you up
tonight?

CHEYENNE

How about seven?

NICHOLAS

Perfect.

Cheyenne bounds to the back and pushes open a door that reads
"THIS DOOR TO REMAIN UNLOCKED DURING BUSINESS HOURS"

Sheila stands there, dressed in a revealing prom dress, but most
of her cleavage is covered with heavy bandages.

CHEYENNE

Sheila, what are you doing here?

NOTE: Sheila speaks with a speech impediment because she only
has half a tongue, the tip of which is covered with a bandage.

SHEILA

I just came to pick up Eric. He can't drive cause of--you know what, and I finally got the bloodstains out of my van...oh, hey Boo!

Eric comes out on a set of crutches, his face still a little beat up.

ERIC

I got my tux in the bathroom. It'll just take me a minute to change.

Eric heads into the bathroom.

SHEILA

Let me know if you need any help.

She giggles to Cheyenne who giggles back.

CHEYENNE

(heading out through
the door)

Bye.

Sheila waves.

Destiny shoves past Cheyenne, her arm a prosthetic, a Veggie Burger hat on her head. With a scowl, she stomps toward the timeclock.

SHEILA

She works here now?

CHEYENNE

(whispering)

Yeah, I think she's saving up for a bionic arm.

DESTINY

I heard that!

GRILL AREA

Merle calls through the service window to Charlie.

MERLE

Hey, I need three more Veggie Burgers
and a side of carrot fries.

CHARLIE

Okay, okay, I'm going as fast as I can
back here.

MERLE

Hey, don't snap at me, I'm not the one
that yanked your vet license...

CHARLIE

(putting the spatula
down)

I feel like I'm wasting my talent
Merle...if I had my lab back, I'm sure
I could isolate the genome that would
not only increase these carrots three
times in size but would cause anyone
who ate them to crave--

MERLE

Shut up.

CHARLIE

More and more carrots--

MERLE

Shut up before I shove that spatula
down your throat.

Merle and Charlie continue to argue.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Hank's truck is still parked by the side of the road, dusty,
windshield covered with tickets.

DUKE, a dog in the bed of the truck chows down on the remaining
patties.

A BUM, unshaved dressed in tatters, appears from behind the
truck.

BUM

Duke! Hey, get outta there!

Bum hops up in the bed of the truck, sees what Duke is digging into, picks it up, smells it and shrugs.

BUM (CONT'D)

(folding the lid back
down)

If it's good enough for you old boy,
it's good enough for me, heh, heh.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY, LATER

Bum, several meat boxes and Duke beside him, holds his thumb out for a ride. Bum's face is already starting to turn orange and a line of foam forms at his mouth.

A truck slows. Bum opens the passenger door, nods, then shuts the door and piles the boxes in the bed of the truck. He and Duke hop in and the truck takes off.

FADE TO BLACK

