INT. CELL - NIGHT

Pitch black. The only light is the orange-red end of a lit cigarette.

There are sounds. Shouts and curses in the distance. Crying. Nearer are strange sounds - moaning, inarticulate, but human.

BLAKE O.S
How long do you think they can last?

WILSON O.S.
Do you mean, will we starve to death before they lose interest?

Beat.

BLAKE O.S.
Yes.

The cigarette tip glows.

INT. CELL - DAY

Morning.

BLAKE and WILSON, both in prison uniforms, lie on the bunk beds. Both are in their 40s, tough, tattooed.

Blake is the smoker.

The moaning has increased.

Blake stands up and moves towards the, as yet unseen, bars of the cell.

WILSON
Careful.

Blake stands before the bars of the cell.

One the other side are zombies. LOTS of them. Some wear prison uniforms, some are guards, there's a couple of civilians, including a woman who might have been a secretary.

They get excited at Blake’s closeness and reach through the bars. He is just out of their reach.

Blake draws on his cigarette. Looks at one of the prison guard zombies.

BLAKE
You were an ugly fucker when you were alive, Clay, but you are one ugly zombie fucker now.
Wilson laughs.

WILSON
You're a wild and crazy guy, Blake.

BLAKE
I have moments.

Beat.

WILSON
Assault on Precinct 13.

BLAKE
Yeah. The original. Not the remake. That was crap.

Blake goes back and sits on the bed.

WILSON
Yeah. And you notice, in the original the black guy was the hero, but in the remake the villain was black and the hero white! Typical Hollywood racism.

BLAKE
Best line?

WILSON
(Thinks)
There are no more heroes, only men who obey orders.

BLAKE
Yeah. Think I'll have that on my tombstone.

WILSON
I want "I could, but I find I'm paralysed by not caring very much".

BLAKE
What's that from?

WILSON
Buffy the Vampire Slayer. Spike. He was one bad motherfucker.

He begins to eat a chocolate bar.

BLAKE
You want to ration them.

WILSON
Why? We're going to die anyway. May as well die happy.
BLAKE
We might be rescued?

Wilson looks incredulous.

WILSON
By who? Fuck, man, we're prisoners. If anyone gets rescued, it'll be the fuckers in the suburbs. Nobody going give a shit about us.

Blake lights another cigarette.

WILSON (CONT'D)
We only got Three choices. We starve to death. Or Kill ourselves, if we can't face that. Or they get us and eat us.

BLAKE
Always look on the bright side, eh?

WILSON
I'm a realist man. You might look at a glass and say its half full, I'd say... Some fuckers had my drink.

They both laugh. Wilson swings off the bed. Looks at the zombies at the bars.

BLAKE
What do you think George Romero's doing now? Do you think he's a zombie? Zombie Romero. That would be awesome.

WILSON
I think I'm tired of all this Tarantino shit.

He goes to the tiny sink in the corner. No water.

BLAKE
Water went out yesterday. Remember?

WILSON
Shit.

BLAKE
Sure sign of the end. Crapper'll be backing up next.

Wilson is standing, eyes closed, head resting against the wall in the corner.

WILSON
Do you think they die?
BLAKE

What?

WILSON

Zombies?

BLAKE

They're dead.

WILSON

Yeah. I know. What I mean is... Do they die? If they can't get food. Eat us. Will they die. Before us?

BLAKE

Never thought about it. In 28 Days Later they do starve to death at the end.

WILSON

They aren't zombies.

BLAKE

Yes they are...

WILSON

They are living people infected by a virus that makes them violent. They ain't the dead risen.

He moves back to the bunk.

BLAKE

Oh. Yeah.

WILSON

I was just wondering if we'd outlast them?

Blake picks up a set of cell keys from the bed beside him.

BLAKE

It's a fucker that we can't use these. Maybe they'll just...go away?

WILSON

You mean, get bored?

BLAKE

Well... Yeah. Something like that. Go off and look for easier pickings.

Wilson shrugs.

Blake finishes the cigarette.
BLAKE (CONT’D)
Well, that was the last of them. Always did want to quit. It took the zombie apocalypse to make me do it though.

WILSON
I don't think we'll get that lucky.

BLAKE
What?

WILSON
They won't be going anywhere. They'll stand and watch us die. There ain't no way out of here.

Blake stands up and looks at the zombies.

BLAKE
I don't know. I've been thinking.

WILSON
Always a first.

BLAKE
Ha ha. I do have an idea.

WILSON
Me too.

They look at each other.

WILSON (CONT’D)
Ladies first.

Pause.

BLAKE
They want to eat us. So... One of us sacrifices himself to save the other. They eat you... Or me... The other one gets away.

Wilson looks at him.

WILSON
That's your plan. That's your plan.

BLAKE
Yeah.

He doesn't sound as sure as he was.

BLAKE (CONT’D)
So, what's yours?
WILSON
Well, I think you're right, man.
Only one of us can survive.

Blake looks wary.

WILSON (CONT'D)
We've got the keys, but we can't
walk out, not with the Lynyrd
Skynyrd reunion tour out there.
Neither would make it.

BLAKE
So.

WILSON
So. Isn't it obvious?

Blake looks confused.

WILSON (CONT'D)
If you can't beat them...

Suddenly, he walks up to the bars and puts his arm through
the them.

Zombies bite him and grab at him.

He stifles a scream. Then pulls his now bloody arm back in
and staggers back from the bars.

BLAKE
What the fuck, man.

Wilson looks at him.

WILSON
...join them.

He slumps down on the bed.

BLAKE
Fuck. Fuck.

WILSON
Once I'm like them... I can walk
out of here. They won't hurt me.

BLAKE
You want to be like them? Look at
them...

WILSON
Better than starving in here like a
rat in a trap.

He spasms in agony.
WILSON (CONT’D)
I can feel it. I can feel the change.

BLAKE
Oh fuck. What about me, man? What about me?

WILSON
You'll be... You'll be...
(Suddenly zombified)
Dinner.

Blake screams as the now walking dead Wilson attacks him.

EXT. PRISON - AERIAL VIEW - DAY

The maximum security prison, seen from the air, is clearly over run by zombies.

But heavily armoured Army units with flame throwers are making their way slowly towards it to liberate it.

Helicopters overhead blast zombies to fragments.

The zombies are being defeated and the prison is minutes away from being taken back...

FADE TO BLACK.