

RUSTY

By

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EXT. ROOF -- DAY

RUDY RUSTY, early 30s, is smoking a cigarette, drenched in all black, playing around with a BLACK PISTOL. A BLACK BRIEFCASE lays by his side on the brick floor.

On the other end of the roof is ERIKA GUNHEART (early 20s). She, too, has a cig in her mouth, but is also holding a SNIPER RIFLE WITH A SCOPE. Both of the them have white earphones in their ear. They both talk through the mic attached to the earphones.

GUNHEART

He got the fuck up and left. I couldn't handle it anymore.

RUSTY

Douche.

GUNHEART

He's a humongous, doofus douche! Gets on my fuckin' nerves.

RUSTY

Mad 'cause you asked him to pick up some socks --

GUNHEART

Just threw a fit! In my damn apartment! Where he gets to sleep, piss, and shit... For free.

RUSTY

He's got it made. I'm jealous, I gotta sleep on the couch, shit sucks. I can't wait to make this money.

GUNHEART

You know how many times I had to change his shit an' find doo doo chips in his boxers.

RUSTY

(frowning)

Doo doo chips. Doo doo chips? What a nasty ass --

GUNHEART

Fuckin' disgusting. He never ever wiped his ass. I don't even think he knows how.

(CONTINUED)

RUSTY

How old is he?

GUNHEART

Forty. Forty- four to be exact.

RUSTY

Forty four? Forty four? Forty shitty four? That's not a man, sweetie. You were livin' with a boy. You need a real man.

GUNHEART

Like who? I can't find 'em. Dating in this city fuckin' sucks ass. All these men are chumps.

RUSTY

You need a real man, babygirl. Like me.

GUNHEART

You? You can teach me somethin'?

RUSTY

Oh, babygirl, I can teach you a whole lot... How 'bout we finally go get that Greek food, we've been talkin' 'bout.

GUNHEART

Yeah, we never hang out anymore... I'll definitely take you up on that offer.

RUSTY

Imma treat you fuckin' right. Fuck those immature dudes, you've been talkin' too!

Erika giggles while looking through her scope.

Through the scope WE SEE:

A MAN with a beard in a suit stopping by a stop sign. He's on the phone.

GUNHEART

Have 'em.

RUSTY

Let it rip, sweetie.

(CONTINUED)

As Erika pulls on the trigger. The man stares right at her, mouthing the words...

GUNHEART

Got you?  
(to Rusty)  
He can see us!

RUSTY

What?

GUNHEART

He can see us! We might be fucke --

The doors to the roof BURST OPEN as about 50 MMA DUDES RUN IN. They all have no shirts on, just six packs and shorts everywhere!

Rusty wheels around, PISTOL in hand, BLOWS two of them away. About ten of them BUMRUSH Erika, crashing into her, causing the sniper rifle to drop to the floor about 12 stories down.

The fighters DOGPILE on top of her like angry football players, kicking and punching her whole body.

RUSTY

Shit, I'm comin' sweetie.

Rusty puts bullets through a couple of MMA fighters. The ones that he shot before have gotten up again. They're all bloody and shit, picking bullets out their wounds. Rusty visibly shivers.

RUSTY

Zombies, zombies! I freakin' hate zombies. Why zombies? How 'bout werewolves? Or some other less bloody, less scary monster.

Rusty looks over to the briefcase, POPS it open with the butt of the gun, REVEALING A PACK OF WOODEN STAKES. He rips the pack open and grabs two large stakes.

The MMA zombies surround him, growling, sniffing, assuming basic boxing stances. One launches at Rusty, who dodges quick, then counters with a WOODEN STAKE IN THE NECK!

The rest of them descend upon him. Rusty keeps going, striking anything he sees. Blood flashes in the sunlight. A smile emerges on his blood-soaked face.

(CONTINUED)

Blood and guts spills all over the brick floor and walls. It looks like crime scene from a slasher movie. On the other end of the roof, from under the pile of zombies, we hear Erika scream:

GUNHEART  
Rusty, their biting!

Rusty STABS a MMA zombie in red shorts, drenched in blood, in the head.

RUSTY  
Damn it, I totally forgot. Comin',  
sweetie. Comin'!

Heading in her direction, he jumps on top of a zombie and WHAM, IMPALES it in the head. The zombie drops as Rusty SPRINGS into the dogpile with a bunch of bloody wooden stakes in his hands.

Rusty stabs every zombie in the pile until he gets to the bottom, grabs Erika by the arms, pulls her out. She 's covered in blood, passed out. He slaps her.

RUSTY  
Sweetie. Sweetie? Wake up.

He lays her down on top of the brick wall, wipes the blood from her eyes, clasps his hands together.

RUSTY  
Please God, please let her live.  
I-I love, l-ove her.

There's a single tear that flows down his cheeks.

RUSTY  
Please, I just wanna be with her. I  
never ever got to tell her... Hell,  
I never even got to date her.  
(to Erika, kissing her  
forehead and cheeks)  
Sweetie, please wake up. I love  
y-you.

Erika's body starts to twitch. Rusty's ears perk up, his eyes widen.

RUSTY  
Erika!

Erika POPS UP, eyes yellow, with a grisly snarl, heavily growling. She grabs Rusty by the THROAT.

RUSTY

Erika, what the fuck! What's wrong with you.

GUNHEART

Grrrrrrrr. Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr --

Rusty tilts his head, eyes full of tears. He now realizes Erika is far from gone. His right hand moves to a single WOODEN STAKE in his jeans, pulls it out as her grip gets tighter.

Her mouth opens WIDE, PULLING HIM IN CLOSER. There's tears flowing like crazy down his face on to the brick wall. He's gasping for air simultaneously.

RUSTY

I'm so sorry, babygirl. So damn sorry!

Rusty raises his right arm and PLUNGES THE WOODEN STAKE DEEP INSIDE HER SKULL. Her grip loosens as she falls back on the brick wall. Rusty falls to his knees, tears flowing down.

RUSTY

Bye-bye, babygirl. Bye.

He takes out his PISTOL and BANG! He's body slumps to the side.

FADE OUT