

ZEEED

Written by

Sam Bass

Based on,  
a Zombie Killer in New Orleans

Sam Bass  
2018 Broadway  
Little Rock, AR. USA 72206  
502-240-3253  
sambass155@sbcglobal.net  
Registered WGAw

ZEED

Feature Film Teaser

BLACK:

A SONG PLAYS - The Devil Song by Cock Douglas

3D GOLD DICTIONARY STYLED SCROLL ROLLS DOWN THE BLACK SCREEN:

ZOM-BIE/ZAMBI/'ZAMBE NOUN

Originally, A snake-deity or Voodoo cult of/or deriving from West Africa, the extreme Southern United States and Haiti.

A person held to resemble the so-called walking dead; especially: automaton. One who is or appears to be lifeless, apathetic, or totally lacking in independent judgment.

A soulless Corpse said to be revived or reanimated by witchcraft/Voodoo or chemical stimulus, especially in certain African tribal rituals, Caribbean religions, and Southern American sub-cultures.

SYNONYMS: ZOMBI/ZOMBIE  
A mobile catatonic being.

UNTIL NOW!

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW ORLEANS LA. - CITY STREET SOUTH OF I-10 - DAY

BURT (40's), an average heavy man and LUTHER (50's), another average guy, walk down a damp sidewalk, wearing yellow protective chemical gear and rubber gloves, with tanks on their back, holding sprayers.

They start spraying chemicals on the black mold that is stuck to the sidewalk and debris as they pass the water damaged homes that lie along the walkway next to a levee.

A SONG PLAYS - The Devil Song by Cock Douglas continues

A single ragged looking survivor home is lit with a few scraggly Christmas lights. A creepy looking skinny woman looks out, then slams the door and locks it.

Luther has his hooded mask pushed back on his head, smoking a cigarette between his teeth.

Burt sprays some more black mold stuck to the side of a turned over, beat-up refrigerator next the sidewalk.

BURT  
(American Southern accent)  
This mold shit is everywhere.

LUTHER  
(American Midwest accent)  
Tell me bout it, I got some under  
my toe nail. Still tryin to get rid  
of it.

BURT  
To much information Luther.

Five kids play on the tattered street in the chemical men's path.

3D SUPER - New Orleans Louisiana, Present Day.

LUTHER  
Hey, you kids get out of here. This  
stuff's poison.

The five kids scatter as the men get closer.

BURT  
I'm about to run out of Mold  
killer, I need to go back to the  
truck.

His partner nods as he sprays a plastic toy tractor.

LUTHER  
Me too. Let's finish the block and  
go.

BURT  
Sounds good.

A child runs back to pick the plastic toy tractor.

CLOSE ON - the toy - it has the chemical spray dripping and black mold on the wheels.

The child runs on.

LUTHER

Those kids, don't have a freakin  
clue.

BURT

Screw it, we got ten more days of  
spraying, there's know time to  
worry about ghetto brats.

LUTHER

Yeah, this place is wiped out  
anyway.

They walk past a sign.

CLOSE ON - the sign - Do not touch the BLACK MOLD.

Luther sprays it.

The men continue down the cracked sidewalk and across a yard  
still spraying molded kids yard toys and other deserted  
items. They split up and Luther sprays around the front  
porch.

BURT

I keep waitin to find a body or  
something.

LUTHER

Man, what a freakin disaster.

BURT

Yeah, nature's reclaimin what's  
hers.

Burt sprays an old ragged, moldy blanket next to the side of  
the house.

The blanket moves and a red faced crack head woman suddenly  
springs up and gets sprayed directly in the face with the  
poison. She pauses, blinks and falls back appearing to be  
dead.

Burt's stares at the crack head.

LUTHER (O.S.)

Hey, you want to go to the strip  
joint tonight?

Burt continues to stare.

BURT

Holy shit, I just killed a crack  
head.

They hear a noise behind them. The men look at each other and turn around. Their eyes get bigger.

Twenty snarling zombies are closing in on them.

The men drop their spray containers.

LUTHER

Run!

They take off running down the street a hundred feet and into another group of ten zombie. They are surrounded.

Back at the house they see the crack head woman raise up, turning blue and her eyes a light yellow. She snarls.

BURT

Oh damn.

LUTHER

It's the woman you killed.

Burt looks while still watching the zombies around them.

BURT

What the hell are these things.

The aggressive zombies close in on them ripping at their chemical gear and finally biting through the rubber as Burt and Luther scream and struggle.

LUTHER

Help!

BURT

Police!

The crack head woman has turned into a hybrid SHE ZOMBIE (20's), and unlike the other zombies runs to the attack like and ape, snarling.

Blood begins to flow as the zombies bit Burt and Luther's necks and arms while they scream.

The five ghetto kids sit on the levee above, turning into zombies watching.

FREEZE FRAME:

FADE TO TITLE:

Roll CREDITS:

End of Teaser

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - CITY STREET SOUTH OF I-10 - DAY

Burt and Luther fall to the ground bleeding profusely.

LUTHER

Help, somebody!

BURT

Hel...

The She Zombie rips out Burt's throat, stands and holds it up high for all to see and bellows a victory cry. The other zombie gather around her.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - DAY

A lazy 6 feet long alligator lies on a swamp bank near a small metal roofed house, decorated with sparse blinking Christmas lights, where a 1965 red Chevrolet pick-up sits nearby.

An old white Pontiac Trans Am boils dust as it speeds off of the country road and into the yard sliding to a stop and the drivers door abruptly opens.

INT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - DAY

PIERRE FRENCH BOB BARDOT (30's), a handsome, muscular Cajun man sits smiling. He adjust his Christmas boxer underwear and relaxes in his overstuffed, worn easy chair reading Penthouse magazine.

Pierre lights a joint, while listening to Christmas music. He smiles at his blinking Christmas lights strung around a small tree, then goes back to reading his girly magazine.

His best friend, GERARD CARON (20's), a handsome Cajun man, knocks a couple of raps and burst into the room.

GERARD

(American Southern accent)

Pierre, we got trouble!

Pierre turns, lying his magazine down, very mellow.

PIERRE

(French accent)

Gerard? What some Christmas candy.

GERARD

Pierre? Freakin trouble man, turn on the TV.

Pierre takes his remote and turns on the TV.

CLOSE ON - the TV - A cartoon is on.

Pierre glances at Gerard.

PIERRE

What?

GERARD

Flip it to the news, pot-head.

PIERRE

I love this show.

GERARD

Pierre.

Pierre flips a few more channels and in his light weed stupor, stops on another cartoon.

PIERRE

Look at that.

GERARD

The news, red-eye.

Pierre recalls and flips to the news.

PIERRE

There, I love this one. She looks so good in those low cut sweaters and they are so tight...

GERARD

Yo, Pierre.

PIERRE

Oh yeah, cool.

Gerard rolls his eyes.

CLOSE ON - the television screen - A very pretty local TV woman news anchor, in a low cut sweater, is giving the news from her New Orleans flood area location.

WOMAN NEWS ANCHOR

(American Midwest accent)

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is a Public warning. Be aware;

(MORE)

## WOMAN NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

FEMA has contracted a chemical company to spray for black mold in the New Orleans flood areas, and that sprayed chemical, mixed with the mold is contaminating people in the city. Take caution, the infected people are turning into zombie,

(the camera pans to  
zombies in the distance)

that's right zombies, like in the movies, zombies. Their bite is fatal. Depending on how hungry they are, you will either become a zombie yourself, from a non-lethal bit or be eaten alive. Stay away from these people... things.

(a zombie grabs for the  
talking head and her  
cameraman continues to  
film as the field  
producers shots the  
beast)

Wow, that was close. Ah, it is estimated over fifty percent of the population in south Louisiana is infected and growing exponentially. Stay tuned.

## EXT. NEW ORLEANS LA. - WILDHORSE STRIP BAR - DAY

The seedy entrance to the bar has a neon sign over it -  
Girls, Girls, Girls.

The parking lot has a dozen cars in it and a US Army truck sits near the front door. Six zombies lie dead near the truck.

## INT. NEW ORLEANS LA. - WILDHORSE STRIP BAR - DAY

Twenty men and two soldiers with assault rifles are drinking beer and watching two strippers on stage, while other strippers walk around flirting.

CONNIE WADE (20's), a beautiful blonde woman is dancing with no top, a string bikini bottom and heels.

Near Connie, on a brass pole is VIRGINIA VAG (20's), a gorgeous black woman, looking sexy gyrating to the music in heels.



CONNIE

(whispers)

Let's get out of here. Those zombie things are everywhere.

VIRGINIA

(whispers)

Those bastards aren't going to let us go anyplace.

The soldiers, HARLEY (20's), a husky man and DANIEL (20's), a small man are watching and enjoying the show holding their rifles.

Connie nods to the back door.

CONNIE

We open that back door and let the freaks in.

VIRGINIA

What?

CONNIE

While their fighting the mutants, we can sneak out. If we don't, we'll die right here.

Virginia is thinking.

VIRGINIA

Okay, I guess. We can head North to Gerard's or Pierre's.

Connie smiles and nods. The music stops and Virginia comes off stage talking to the soldiers.

Connie heads for the back door as an announcer talks.

ANNOUNCER (LOUD SPEAKER O.S.)

Let's hear it for Con--nie Wade and Virginia VAG.

(applause)

They'll be back in five.

Connie unlocks the back door and opens it, then rushes back to the front of the bar.

The music starts. Connie and Virginia get back on the stage and start dancing.

HARLEY

Take that bottom off baby. Let's see the rest.

DANIEL

Yeah baby.

Connie smiles and pulls her bikini to the side a little to tease them. She looks at Virginia.

CONNIE

I got a nine in my dressing room.  
The first freak we see, go get it.  
I'll grab the shotgun behind the  
bar.

Virginia nods looking at the cheering customers.

VIRGINIA

Okay, I'm in.

A stiff legged zombie walks in from the back. Daniel sees it and shots.

Blood splatters all over the wall and the zombie falls.

Virginia runs for the back.

Twenty more zombies are pouring in the back door.

Five of the patrons pulls pistols and the two soldiers ready their rifles. They all start shooting at the zombies while music plays.

Two zombies have grabbed customers and biting them. Another has grabbed a stripper and biting her.

Connie runs for the bar as the bartender rushes out.

She grabs a double barrel shotgun.

She sees Virginia running toward her with the 9MM automatic in her hand.

Connie smiles.

CONNIE

You did good. Let's get the hell  
out of here and get a car.

They head for the door and a zombie steps in front of them.

Connie lowers her shotgun and fires.

The zombie is blasted against the wall.

Another zombie comes up behind them.

VIRGINIA

Holy shit!

Virginia shoots it.

CONNIE

Come on.

Connie and Virginia run outside as others pour out too.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS LA. - WILDHORSE STRIP BAR - DAY

Connie and Virginia run outside and begin to check cars.

VIRGINIA

I don't know about you, but I need  
some clothes.

Connie points to a Western wear store across the street.

CONNIE

Let's get out of here first.

Connie jumps in the army truck and tries it. It starts.  
Virginia gets in and they drive away naked straight for the  
western store.

Connie drives into the front doors, crashing partially  
inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - DAY

Pierre turns off the TV and starts putting on his pants and  
shirt.

PIERRE

What kind of bull-shit is this...  
zombie shit? But, I did like her  
low cut sweater. It was smokin.

GERARD

They are real, I seen them and they  
are coming this way.

PIERRE

Yeah, next week on AMC.

Gerard takes a drag off of Pierre's joint.

GERARD  
Fo...cus. This is life or death.

Pierre gets up.

PIERRE  
Focus my ass, I got five acres of  
weed growing out back.

GERARD  
Hold-up, it's not worth gettin your  
ticket punched.

PIERRE  
I'm not leaving it for some make  
believe boogie man.

Gerard plops down in an overstuffed chair and picks up the  
Penthouse magazine. He flips through it while he talks.

GERARD  
You saw it on TV. We gotta get the  
hell out of here.

PIERRE  
Right... zombies, my ass. That's TV  
stuff.

GERARD  
It's your funeral, Richard Cranium.

PIERRE  
I'm willing to chance it.

Gerard drops the magazine on the coffee table and gets up.

GERARD  
If you're not leaving, We should  
get ready.

They hear a noise outside and his dogs are barking.

PIERRE  
Somebodies here.

GERARD  
No, it's them.

Pierre rolls his eyes and opens the front door.

PIERRE  
Holy shit.

INSIDE TO OUTSIDE - He sees black mold covered zombies moving toward the house while his two mixed bred hounds are barking and snapping at their arms and pant legs.

BACK TO SCENE

Gerard is smug.

GERARD

See, black mold zombies!

Pierre blinks to focus.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - WOODS - DAY

Five well armed DEA agents, wearing blue windbreakers with yellow DEA letters on them and name tags, are moving through the woods watching everything closely.

They are in eye shot of the five acre patch of Marijuana directly behind Pierre's small metal roofed house.

Agent HARRY BLEND (40's), a small wiry man with bushy eyebrows leads the four agents behind him holding a .45 Automatic. Two agents whisper to each other.

BLEND

(American New York accent)

Quiet.

He waves for an agent to come next to him.

Agent THOMAS DICK (30's), an average man with horn rim glasses walks next to agent Blend as they continue to move forward. Dick whispers.

DICK

(American Midwest accent)

Yes sir.

BLEND

(whispering)

Dick.

DICK

Yes sir?

BLEND

Is this the place?

DICK

Yes sir, I bought weed from him at least a dozen times. He grows big, all of the time.

Blend cranes his neck to see the house over the tall weed. He talks on his two-way radio.

BLEND

Agent Blend, DEA two ninety-six, come in.

(the radio statics)

Come in.

(looks at Dick)

Dick, New Orleans headquarters is not answering. Take a memo. We bust that dispatchers ass when we get back.

Dick is writing in a note pad.

DICK

Yes sir, busted ass.

BLEND

Look at that heathen putting up Christmas lights around his dope factory.

DICK

Yes sir, bad. Festive,  
(Blend cuts him a look)  
but really bad.

BLEND

Damn right. After we arrest him, burn that nest of iniquity. We don't condone that kind of desecration to a holy day.

DICK

Ah, Yes sir, burn it, yes sir. No bull-shit on a festive day.

They stop, looking toward the pot patch and the house.

Blend looks back at his agents.

BLEND

Move around behind the loser's Christmas shack. We'll cover the front.

DICK  
Right, hustle now.

BLEND  
MOVE it, move it.

The three agents move out and suddenly are attacked by ten slobbering zombies.

DICK  
Oh shit!

The agents fight them off.

A zombie bits an agent from behind, in the neck and pulls out his vocal chords.

Blend points at the zombie.

BLEND  
Shoot that son-of-a-bitches.

Agent Blend and Dick start shooting zombies as they rip at the three men's throats. The agents begin to shoot their guns to no avail.

Five more zombies pour in on the agents tearing flesh from their arms and legs.

More zombies attack Blend and Dick from behind.

DICK  
Help me sir!

BLEND  
Shoot boy, shoot!

The zombies bit them on the neck and back ripping out large patches of bloody skin. The two men go down shooting as the zombies continue to bit them.

DICK  
Help m...

A zombie goes in with the other zombies to bit, his head explodes from a gun shoot.

Blend lying on his back, ejects the empty magazine and puts a loaded one in his automatic and aims.

BLEND  
You bastards haven't won yet.

Another zombie goes in to bit Blend's face and a pistol barrel becomes visible, then fills the scene. It fires blowing the zombies head off.

Blends shoots a last zombie and lies back and dies as more zombie attack him.

Dick is crawling away holding his automatic in his hand unnoticed.

INT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - DAY

Gerard and Pierre are still looking from the open door, at the drooling, black mold covered zombies.

GERARD

Did you hear those shots?

PIERRE

Yeah, TV.

INSIDE TO OUTSIDE - The stiff legged zombies are still slowly moving toward them, while the dogs grab their legs and trip them, cause them to fall on their face.

The dogs bark and continue to grab the creatures by the shirt sleeve getting them off balance, causing them to stumble and fall.

BACK TO SCENE

More gun shots are heard behind the house. Gerard glances, but keeps his eyes on the zombies.

GERARD

Did you hear that?

Pierre shakes his head no.

PIERRE

Na, this place... way out here, will make you paranoid.

GERARD

It's at the weed patch, man. I heard it.

PIERRE

Na. It's this place.

Gerard shrugs and looks at the zombies.



GERARD  
What about them.

PIERRE  
Like you said man, we better get  
ready.

They stand in the doorway staring out at the zombies in a  
pot haze and Gerard smokes a joint.

GERARD  
When?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW ORLEANS LA. - HOSPITAL - DAY

Police cars with flashing lights are parked in front of the  
New Orleans City Hospital where a fifty zombies roam the  
grounds.

A prison van is backed up to a back doors with, BEN and TED  
(20's), average police guards, armed with pump shotguns and  
sidearms, waiting.

TOM and CHARLES (30's), two more average armed guards walk  
past them.

In the background a police man shoots a zombie that is moving  
toward them.

TOM  
(American Southern accent)  
Be ready, these crazy son-of-a-  
bitches are dangerous.

BEN  
(American Midwest accent)  
Right. We are always ready.

Ben and Ted nod and the other two go inside.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS LA. - HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - DAY

DOCTOR B.I.G. WANG (40's), a small athletic Asian man and  
DOCTOR LAURA WANG (30's), his wife, a robust hairy Asian  
chick with a light mustache, stands with the doctor, next to  
a decked out, safari looking Chevy van.

The couple looks like Twinkies, wearing safari style hats and  
khakis, while going though some equipment in the back of the  
van.

BIG WANG  
 (Chinese accent)  
 This is it, beautiful blossom. A  
 chance to prove our theories.

LAURA  
 (Chinese accent)  
 If we live.

BIG WANG  
 Napoleon Hill says, be positive.

Laura rolls her eyes.

LAURA  
 Screw Napoleon.

BIG WANG  
 You wish.

The chief of Police DECATUR WASHINGTON (40's), a uniformed bald man with thick glasses, walks near them with SAMUEL WANG (9), a handsome Caucasian boy wearing a large backpack dressed similar to his grand parents.

DECATUR  
 (American New Orleans  
 accent)  
 Doctor B-I-G Wang?

The doctor smiles and raises his hand to get the chiefs attention.

The chief looks at Laura.

BIG WANG  
 Yes, that's me. Over here.

Samuel runs to BIG and hugs him around the waist.

SAMUEL  
 (American Midwest accent)  
 Grandfather!

BIG WANG  
 Lovely grandson?

DECATUR  
 Good, I'm Chief of police, Decatur  
 Washington.

BIG WANG  
 Hello, Chief of police Washington.

DECATUR

The Fed's told me you were here. We found Samuel, walking this way.

Samuel goes to Laura and hugs her.

LAURA

What happened grandson?

SAMUEL

(he whimpers a little)  
I don't know, I got lost from Mom and Dad.

BIG is full of pride as he puts his hand on Samuel's head.

BIG WANG

We will find your mother and father?

SAMUEL

Thank you grandfather.

BIG WANG

Thank you, Chief of Police.

Decatur pulls his pistol, BIG, Laura and Samuel draw back.

He shoots two approaching zombies in the head.

They fall dead nearby.

BIG, Samuel and Laura relax.

LAURA

Those things are everywhere.

SAMUEL

Good shooting.

Decatur smiles at Samuel. Decatur turns a little to go and then back.

DECATUR

I'm just curious, no offense. What is it with the B-I-G Wang, name?

BIG WANG

Remains a curiosity. I believe, my father was a comedian.

Decatur nods amused.

DECATUR

Yeah, ha-ha. Something else, I know  
this is prying, but I gotta ask.  
Your grandson is Caucasian?

Laura and BIG smile.

BIG WANG

I know, to explain; our daughter  
and his father are Caucasian.

LAURA

Curiosity killed the horse.

BIG WANG

Dog.

Samuel shakes his head.

The chief wrinkles his brow and smiles. He leaves talking  
while shooting a zombie as he walks.

DECATUR

Okay then, bring back something we  
can use. We want to know how to  
kill them, quickly, and in mass.

BIG and Laura put up their hands to say good bye.

BIG WANG

As you wish.

Decatur casually shoots two more zombies as he walks back  
toward a police car with the lights flashing.

Samuel looks at his grandparents.

SAMUEL

Something he forgot to tell you...  
(the grandparents wait)  
People have spotted a hybrid zombie  
woman running loose.

LAURA

A what?

SAMUEL

A woman, unlike anything before.  
She is so... different.

BIG WANG

How different, baby boy?

A zombie gets close.

BIG pulls out a small .22 Caliber pistol and shoots it between the eyes.

SAMUEL  
Nice move grandpa.

LAURA  
What about the woman?

SAMUEL  
She moves faster, utters some words  
and is like a magnet to other  
zombies.

LAURA  
Curious.

A nearby POLICEWOMAN (30's), an attractive figure of a woman, finishes talking on her hand-held radio and yells out to BIG and his family.

POLICEWOMAN  
(American Southern accent)  
Better get on the road Doctor Wang.  
There's two or three hundred of  
those beast headed this way.

BIG waves to acknowledge.

Laura turns her attention to her grandson.

LAURA  
How do you know about the woman,  
little man?

SAMUEL  
My dad tested her in the field,  
before she got away.

BIG WANG  
This is a breakthrough.

LAURA  
We need her.

BIG smiles big.

BIG WANG  
Let's find the creature, fragrant  
blossom.

LAURA  
Together, powerful tiger.

Samuel smiles.

They get in the van and BIG drives away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEW ORLEANS LA. - HOSPITAL - HALL - DAY

Tom and Charles walk toward an isolation unit with a large sign by the magnetically locked door, while the elevator doors close in the background.

CLOSE ON - the sign - Danger, Authorized Personnel Only, Criminally Insane Research Ward.

Tom holds his police ID up to the window.

TOM

We're here to pick up the shit sacks going to Little Rock.

MARION (40's), a robust guard inside, behind a thick glass buzzes them in.

Tom and Charles move inside.

INT. NEW ORLEANS - HOSPITAL - CRIMINALLY INSANE WARD - DAY

Marion gets up and walks to Tom and Charles shaking their hands and smiling.

MARION

(American Midwest accent)  
Man, I'm glad you could take these nutty bastards off of my hands.

VON (O.S.)

(American Southern accent)  
I heard that ass-hole.

TOM

Are the freaks ready?

Marion turns and opens a door to a holding room.

MARION

They're in here.

Tom and Charles look.

OUTSIDE TO INSIDE - VON WARD (40's), a husky, bald brut, sits chained to three others on a bench. He spits in the floor.

TAYLOR SPIN (30's), a handsome smiling, small man, is next to Von, and next him is, BOBBY TONE, (20's), a rowdy looking, happy black man with wild eyes and with him is, CLINE CARTER (50's), a slick looking wavy haired country boy with tattoos.

They all give Tom and Charles a hateful smirk. Bobby shoots them the finger.

INT. NEW ORLEANS - HOSPITAL - CRIMINALLY INSANE WARD -  
HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Tom and Charles go in and check the criminal's wrist and ankle chains.

CHARLES  
(American Midwest accent)  
Stand up.

TAYLOR  
Say please, ass-hole.

MARION  
Shut-up, Taylor.

The men casually get up with attitude and Charles continues to check them.

TOM  
You got the keys?

Marion hands him the keys to the men's chains.

MARION  
You boys, be careful. They are pure mean... And crazy.

CHARLES  
We can handle it.

BOBBY  
Are ya sure?

MARION  
Shut it Bobby, or I'll take the night stick to ya.

Bobby smirks.

BOBBY  
Bad-ass.

CHARLES  
Shut up meathead.

BOBBY  
Woo, meathead. Tough talk.

Tom nods.

TOM  
Outside.

The four chained men walk toward the exit, with Tom and Charles following.

VON  
You think, you'll get us to the new place.

CHARLES  
Dead or alive.

INT. NEW ORLEANS - HOSPITAL - CRIMINALLY INSANE WARD - DAY

Marion buzzes them out looking out of his glassed booth.

Tom pushes Bobby forward as he slows down. Bobby turns on him and Tom hits him in the stomach with his fist to slow him down.

Bobby groans and coughs.

TOM  
Settle down, little bitch.

Charles pushes Von's shoulder for him to move out. Von gives him a dirty look.

CHARLES  
Knock off the creep eye shit.

The prisoners move on.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - OLD TOWN CITY STREET - DAY

BIG is driving down the ghetto street looking.

BIG WANG  
Is this where she was?

SAMUEL  
Yes, she got away just down the street.

They see She Zombie looking at them and then nod to some other nearby zombies.



Suddenly twenty slobbering zombies are in front of them, not far away.

BIG WANG

Laura.

Laura gets out carrying a catch rod with a loop on the end and a cattle prod, then stuffs a Colt automatic .45 in her belt. She goes toward the back of the van and Samuel follows carrying a cross bow.

SAMUEL

What's she doing?

Laura looks at Samuel following.

LAURA

What are you doing?

SAMUEL

Helping.

LAURA

All right, stay close. That she zombie's a killer.

SAMUEL

I'm all over it grandmother.

Big gets out with his small, snub nosed .22 revolver in his hand, looking at She Zombie and the others.

Laura and Samuel move closer down the side of the van.

LAURA

Have that bow ready.

Samuel smiles.

SAMUEL

Don't worry, I got ya grandma.

She smiles and moves forward.

BIG moves toward She Zombie.

BIG WANG

Stay back, till I get her attention.

LAURA

I got this.

BIG WANG  
If they all attack before we get  
her, get in the van and save  
yourselves.

Laura and Samuel shake their heads no.

SAMUEL  
Wang's don't abandon Wang's.

LAURA  
Especially, tiger BIG Wang.

BIG is pleased.

She Zombie moves quickly down the side of the house stopping  
to access the situation.

SAMUEL  
Like at that thing move.

BIG WANG  
Unusual species.

Laura is uncomfortable.

LAURA  
Be ready.

BIG walks on.

INT. NEW ORLEANS LA. - HOSPITAL - HALL - DAY

Charles and the group go to the hall elevator and he pushes  
the down button. They wait a few seconds.

The elevator door opens and ten zombies pour off. Von and the  
others fall back.

Tom and Charles draw back and pull their weapons shooting  
zombies.

CHARLES  
Damn!

BOBBY  
(American Midwest accent)  
Shoot those damn things.

VON  
What the...

Charles shoots three zombies as they come out.

The zombie fall to the floor on top of each other.

Tom Shoots two more.

TOM  
Move back...

One attacks Von. He drags the other prisoners with him as he slams the zombie against the concrete wall, beating the freaks head against the wall.

Bobby twist it's neck and it's head flops to the side.

Von is relieved.

VON  
Thanks Bobby.

The remaining four zombies are biting Tom and Charles ripping their flesh from their necks and arms.

CHARLES  
Help us!

Charles reaches out to Von.

Von ignores Charles and sees his gun on the floor next to him.

VON  
Cops don't get help.

He drags the others along as he grabs the automatic.

CHARLES  
Ah... help!

Von shoots the two zombies on Charles, then shoots Charles in the head.

BOBBY  
What the hell are these things?

TAYLOR  
Shoot it Von!

He turns to Tom and his two zombies.

VON  
Damn freaks.

Von shoots one of the zombies and is out of bullets. He throws the gun down.

BOBBY  
Look out Von.

The zombie attacks him, when suddenly a shoot is heard and the zombie's head explodes. Von throws the zombie to the side.

He sees Taylor grinning with a smoking gun.

VON  
Thanks man.

TAYLOR  
(American Midwest accent)  
It's cool.

Von looks at Bobby.

VON  
Get those keys and unlock us.

Bobby starts going through Tom's pockets.

Marion buzzes the door open with bullets blazing at the convicts.

MARION  
You bastards.

He hits Cline in the head and he falls back dragging everyone with him.

Taylor gets off a shot and hits Marion in the chest. Bobby unlocks the chains and looks at Cline.

BOBBY  
He's done.

Marion's bullet proof vest stopped the bullet. He revives and get's up shooting.

MARION  
Son-of-a-bitch!

Von shoots him in the head and he fall to the floor.

Von pushes the elevator door button.

VON  
Get that guy's gun and let's get  
the hell out of here.

Bobby picks up Marion's gun next to his bloody body and takes his loaded magazines from his belt.

BOBBY

I know it sucks to be dead.

The elevator door opens and the three remaining men get inside.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - OLD TOWN CITY STREET - DAY

Big and Samuel are shooting advancing zombies.

LAURA

Watch the bitch!

SAMUEL

Look out Grandma!

Sam shoots one near Laura through the mouth with an arrow.

It tries to shut it's mouth and chomps on the arrow over and over, disoriented.

Suddenly She Zombie attacks, running hard for Big.

LAURA

Here she comes.

Just as she get's to him a loop goes over her neck and she is jerked back.

Laura is holding her at the end of the pole while she struggles to get loose.

Big is relieved and looks at Samuel that is ready to shoot with his cross bow.

BIG WANG

Wee, that was close.

BIG smiles and opens the back door of the van exposing a mini wire cage/jail in the back.

LAURA

Samuel open the cage.

Samuel opens the cage door and Laura forces her in, while they hear shots still being fired in their distant background.

BIG WANG

Let's get out of here.

SAMUEL

That was fun.

BIG and Laura smile and shake their head.

They all go to the front of the van, as Samuel stops and shoots an advancing zombie with his cross bow.

The zombie is hit in the throat. He grabs the arrow and walks in circles pulling on it.

BIG WANG

Quit shooting zombies, let's go.

They all get in the van and Big drives away.

A herd of zombie kids come from behind a house following the van.

INT. BIG WANG'S VAN - DAY

Laura and Samuel look at She Zombie hissing and screeching in the cage. Big glances back as he drives.

She glares at them and snarls.

BIG WANG

Quiet.

Samuel holds out an energy bar to her.

SAMUEL

Come on. It's good.

She Zombie slows a little and looks at it closer. Samuel puts it through the wire bars.

LAURA

Maybe you shouldn't.

Abruptly she slaps it away snarling, startling everyone.

SAMUEL

Touchy.

BIG WANG

Quit trying to be friends with the zombie.

LAURA

Maybe you shouldn't get close to her, she is deranged.

Samuel looks at her.

SAMUEL

Settle down. I know your mad cause  
you're all blue and stuff, but  
don't take it out on everybody  
else.

She Zombie snorts rudely and sits back.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS LA. - HOSPITAL - DAY

Von, Bobby and Taylor come out of the hospital with pistols  
blazing.

TED

(American Southern accent)

Ben, look out.

The two guards are off guard, but attempt to shoot back.

They are hit with three bullets each and go down.

Bobby checks the prison van for keys. He gets in and starts  
it while Von and Taylor take the pistols and shotguns from  
the downed guards.

BOBBY

Come on, we got wheels.

They rush to get inside while zombies are munching on the  
policemen in the background.

VON

Head North.

A lone cop comes out of nowhere and starts shooting at the  
van and two zombies attack the policeman taking him to the  
ground.

A different zombie approaches and Taylor sticks his arm out  
the window and shoots him.

He stumbles and falls in front of the van.

Bobby throws the van in gear and drives over the zombie and  
out of the area as Bobby shoots zombies along the way.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - OLD TOWN CITY STREET - AFTERNOON

A few zombies roam around the buildings as the prison van  
rolls down the street slowly.

The van stops in front of a neighborhood sporting goods store.

The three men get out. Bobby casually shots three approaching zombie.

They hit the ground next to the building.

One moves a little and boob shoots.

BOBBY

Damn, this is like swatting flies.

Von shoots the lock off the store door and kicks it open.

VON

This is it baby, everything we need.

They go inside.

INT. NEW ORLEANS - OLD TOWN CITY STREET - HARDWARE STORE -  
AFTERNOON

The men move in quickly looking around.

BOBBY

Look at all of this shit.

VON

Listen, change your clothes and get every weapon you can carry.

Bobby and Taylor go about their business.

Taylor strips down to his underwear and starts looking at size labels and putting on hunting clothes and boots.

Bobby and Von are changing.

BOBBY

This shit is great.

Taylor goes to a knife case and looks them over. He pulls out a very sharp Gerber survival knife looking it over and throws it to Von.

TAYLOR

Man, they got the best stuff.

Von has caught it and smiling, looking it over. He rakes his thumb across the knife blade smiling.



VON  
Sharp. Very sharp.

TAYLOR  
Damn right, that's a Gerber.

Bobby rips open a beef jerky package and eats it.

BOBBY  
Pick me out one of those.

Taylor grabs a Buck knife fixed blade tosses it to Bobby and then takes another Gerber for himself.

TAYLOR  
This is so cool.

Taylor moves on to the gun case and rack looking around with Bobby, now dressed in hunting gear and a funky looking cap.

Bobby pulls out a Remington 30-30 deer rifle and pulls the smooth bolt back, then forward looking down the barrel.

BOBBY  
Yes, I want this.

He then grabs a .357 Colt Python revolver 6", and spins the cylinder then loads it.

Taylor sees him and grabs a Taurus 441, .44 Revolver, 6" and he loads it.

TAYLOR  
This is great, like a shooters  
candy store.

They smile and grab a cloth bag putting bullets in it.

Von is looking at a Saiga 12 gauge, automatic shotgun with a leather sling.

VON  
Man, I'm impressed.

He loads the shotgun and slings it across his back. Von takes a Colt .45 Officers model ACP. He takes a case of shells for each weapon and starts walking out.

Bobby throws Taylor a box of shells.

BOBBY  
You're gonna need these.

VON  
 Let's go, We better be moving  
 North.

The store intercom comes on and the voice of HAROLD BITCHHOGAN (50's), An oily haired red-neck with a creepy smile and a lot of tattoos is speaking.

HAROLD (INTERCOM O.S)  
 (American Southern accent)  
 Attention criminal shoppers, You  
 are fucked.

Abruptly a large mirrored window in the back of the store breaks from a shotgun blast.

Shotgun rounds hit all around Von as he dives to the floor for cover.

Bobby ducks down and yells to Taylor still standing.

BOBBY  
 Cut'em down man!

Then shotgun blast hit near Taylor. He ducks as more shotgun shells hit all around them.

HAROLD (O.S.)  
 The penalty for stealin is a  
 shotgun slug up your ass.

BOBBY  
 Fuck you man!

HAROLD (O.S.)  
 No, fuck you, MAN!

TAYLOR  
 Lightin up dude. We're in a  
 national crisis here.

Harold is grinning, standing in the frame of the broken mirror and starts shooting his automatic shotgun. He runs out of shell after three shots.

Harold looks surprised and stops. He quickly begins to reload.

HAROLD  
 Son-of-a-bitch.

Bobby and Taylor stand and start shooting with their new pistols hitting Harold four times each.

All eight rounds hit Harold across his body.

One shot blows his ear off, another hits his scalp and blows a patch of hair away.

BOBBY

Down boy.

Harold finally gets reloaded between shots and gets off a round with his automatic shotgun, before he falls.

The shotgun blast rips a half inch wide, shallow bloody trail across the side of Taylor's face and his skull.

TAYLOR

You think he's dead.

They all look at each other.

Von, Taylor and Bobby stand looking toward Harold. Nothing.

BOBBY

Whoa, that guy was a bad-ass.

Von looks at Taylor that is suffering and bleeding.

TAYLOR

I'm hurtin Von.

VON

Bobby get that first aid kit and  
fix Taylor's face.

Bobby grabs a kit and begins to fix Taylor, as he flinches from Bobby's touch.

BOBBY

Come on Pussy, be still.

Bobby tapes a gauze over Taylor's eye and wound. He then puts a black eye patch over Taylor's eye.

TAYLOR

That bastard put out my eye.

VON

Relax it'll come back.

BOBBY

Like his ex-wife.

Von is reloading the weapons. He looks up and gives Bobby a harsh look.

VON

Shut-up.

INT. NEW ORLEANS - OLD TOWN CITY STREET - HARDWARE STORE -  
BOOTH - AFTERNOON

Harold is suffering lying on the floor, bleeding badly all over. He weakly and frantically reloads his automatic shotgun, mumbling to himself.

HAROLD

Shoot me, you sons-a-bitches. I'll  
blow you to hell and back, you damn  
shit-heads. I'll make you eat shit  
sandwiches.

Harold stands with blood running down his face, unnoticed, holding his automatic shotgun at the ready.

INT. NEW ORLEANS - OLD TOWN CITY STREET - HARDWARE STORE -  
AFTERNOON

Von and Bobby let Taylor support himself between them as they turn and walk out carrying what weapons they can.

HAROLD

Guess who's back Scum! Harold  
Bitchhogan, that's who.

Bobby looks back.

BOBBY

Oh shit!

Suddenly a shotgun blast hits Taylor between the shoulder blades. Von and Bobby let go of him and he falls.

They turn and shot their pistols three times each at Harold.

VON

Shoot'em Bobby.

Bobby is blazing away.

BOBBY

Fuck you Harold Bitchhogan!

Harold is still standing smirking. They missed him, as he shots two time, blowing new clothes on the counter tops everywhere.

HAROLD (O.S.)  
Give it up losers.

Von and Bobby shot three more times each.

Harold is hit again and falls back out of sight.

Von looks down at Taylor's dead body and then toward Harold's location.

VON  
Let's go, that bastard's crazier  
than us.

BOBBY  
Shit, what a positive attitude.

Bobby and Von pick up a few things and leave.

Harold's bloody hand is visible as he grabs the edge of the mirror frame pulling himself up.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - OLD TOWN CITY STREET - HARDWARE STORE -  
DAY

Von and Bobby walk out of the store.

A police car speeds up and stops. A POLICEMAN (20's), gets out with a shotgun pointing it at Von and Bobby.

POLICEMAN  
Freeze!

Von looks at Bobby.

BOBBY  
What do you want to do?

VON  
Wait.

BOBBY  
You would think a cop would not  
give a shit, with all the monster  
shit going on.

The cop is watching them closely.

POLICEMAN  
Put your weapons on the ground and  
your hands on the van.

BOBBY

Von?

VON

Wait.

Suddenly out of an alley thirty zombies are moving toward the cop.

The cop looks at the zombies and then at Von and Bobby.

The zombies are getting closer. The policeman gives up, jumps in his car and drives away.

BOBBY

Genius at work.

Von smiles and looks at Bobby.

VON

I saw them coming.

BOBBY

Zombies are our friend.

VON

We got no friends.

He and Bobby get in the van and Von drive on.

INT. PRISON VAN - DAY

Von is driving, dodging zombies and abandoned cars. He turns a corner.

VON

That cop was a pussy.

Bobby smiles and out of nowhere their van is hit in the back corner and spun around.

BOBBY

What the fuck?

Von looks out the window.

INSIDE TO OUTSIDE - Von sees the cop. He has smashed his cruiser into them and is backing up to do it again.

Von speeds on.

VON

It's that crazy cop.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - CITY STREET - DAY

Von speeds the prison van down the street hitting zombies and an abandoned car as the police man chases him.

They speed around a corner and into twenty zombies.

Broken and maimed zombies parts fly across the street and on the sidewalk as the two vehicles crash through.

The policeman speeds up beside Von and Bobby, shooting at them.

Von slams on the brakes and the police car slams on the brakes and spins around in the middle of the street.

The vehicles are face to face in the vacant street with engines running.

Zombies begin to merge on the vehicles.

Von rolls the van forward toward the cruiser. The cruiser rolls forward and then they both suddenly speed forward.

At the last moment Von swerves just enough to rip down the side of the cruiser and then cuts left spinning the cruiser out of control. It jumps the curb and hits a tree on a street corner.

The policeman gets out dazed and bleeding with his automatic in his hand. Two zombies merge on him and he shoots them in the head.

More zombie are coming.

The policeman looks up and sees Von and Bobby in the van, just watching.

He rushes toward them shooting.

POLICEMAN  
You're under arrest!

Von laughs, sticks his arm out the window and shoots him in the leg. The policeman goes down still shooting at them and zombies.

INT. PRISON VAN - DAY

Von puts the van in gear.

BOBBY  
Finish him.

VON  
He is finished.

INSIDE TO OUTSIDE - Ten zombies are attacking the policeman.

BACK TO SCENE

Von drives away.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - DAY

Gerard and Pierre are looking at zombies and the dogs chasing them from the doorway. He takes a puff off of the joint that he is still holding and giggles.

GERARD  
Man, you better get your guns.  
Can't let them trap us in here.

PIERRE  
Yeah dude. I got some.

GERARD  
Are you feeling the aggression yet?

PIERRE  
Nope.

The zombies are a few feet away.

GERARD  
Let's get this over with, I got the  
munchies bad, man.

Pierre whistles for the dogs and they run to him as the zombies bump into the porch.

Pierre closes the door behind the dogs.

INT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - DAY

Pierre goes to a metal gun safe and pulls out a Mossberg Navy pump shotgun and hands it to Gerard, then gives him a box of 12 gauge shells.

PIERRE  
There's plenty more where that came  
from, I bought ten cases on sale at  
Wal-Mart the other day.



GERARD  
Cool. I get the best stuff there,  
just last week...

PIERRE  
Dude? Zombies...  
(nods toward the zombies)  
Neighborhood alert.

GERARD  
Yeah, yeah. Okay.

Pierre takes out a box of 9mm shells and then puts a loaded magazine in a Smith and Wesson automatic.

Pierre and Gerard look at each other.

PIERRE  
Let's go.  
(Gerard keeps looking at  
the bullets)  
Dude?

Gerard blinks and picks up the bullets.

GERARD  
Right.

Pierre opens the door.

INSIDE TO OUTSIDE - Pierre shoots six zombies off of the porch. He and Gerard go out in the yard as the dogs slink back inside.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - YARD - DAY

About twenty more zombie are moving toward them a few feet from the front porch.

Gerard and Pierre begin to shoot.

GERARD  
Man, this is some intense shit.

Pierre shoots five zombies right away.

They fall one behind the other on top of each other.

Gerard shoots four.

The zombie fall almost at their feet.

PIERRE

What the hell, where are they all coming from.

The zombies are still moving on them.

GERARD

New Orleans man.

Pierre shoots four more zombies and his gun clicks.

Gerard shoots a zombie coming up from his blind side, close to his friend, then another.

Gerard quickly reloads his shotgun as Pierre reloads.

PIERRE

If we don't make it man, I love ya.

Gerard looks at him strangely.

GERARD

You mean, ah... like in a guy sort of way, right?

Pierre's eyes snap.

PIERRE

You gay thinkin monkey. Forget it. I barely know you, okay.

GERARD

Man?

PIERRE

If we don't make it, I'll feed you to the gators. That manly enough for ya, dick-head.

GERARD

That was intense dude, don't you think...

A zombie grabs Pierre and he hits him with his fist on the jaw, and the zombie's jaw flies off across the yard.

Gerard has finished reloading and shots the jawless zombie and another one next to Pierre.

Pierre raises his pistol.

He shoots the last three in the head and chest.

Pierre takes a breather and sits on the ground and Gerard sits with him.

PIERRE

Shit.

GERARD

Sorry about the gay comment, not that I'm racist or anything.

PIERRE

The words, prejudice.

GERARD

Yeah Racist, sorry dude.

Pierre shakes his head.

PIERRE

That's cool.

A zombie grabs Gerard from behind trying to bit him and Gerard shots him under the chin blowing zombie parts everywhere.

GERARD

Wow, that was... extreme. I wonder if he was gay, you know grabbing me from behind and all...

Pierre rolls his eyes.

PIERRE

Man, you are hung-up.

GERARD

Hung maybe.

Pierre sees two more zombies move from the woods and into his Pot patch.

PIERRE

Son-of-a-bitch!

He jumps up and runs, shooting. Gerard follows.

GERARD

Dude.

He manages to shoot both zombies in the head.

They drop at the edge of his patch.

PIERRE  
Damn weed pirates.

GERARD  
We better get out of here. More are coming.

PIERRE  
Are you freakin nuts? I can't.

GERARD  
What's keepin you, the scenery?

PIERRE  
I told you, I got five acres of weed that I gotta grow for at least another few days, before I can harvest it.

GERARD  
Living is more important.

PIERRE  
That's my retirement fund man.

Gerard shots an approaching zombie.

GERARD  
How are you gonna move five acres of weed? Specially if you're dead.

PIERRE  
I made a deal with a farmer that's gonna bale it like hay and hail it to a dealer, that's gonna package it.

GERARD  
Okay, that's pretty cool. We better get ready to defend for a couple weeks then.

PIERRE  
Yeah, when those freaks smell our blood, they'll be here.

GERARD  
This is to weird.

Pierre walks toward his work shed.

PIERRE  
Come on, we gotta make some shit.

INT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - SHED - DAY

Pierre and Gerard walk inside the shed where tools and power equipment are laid out and on benches.

Gerard is looking and picking tools checking them out. He pulls the trigger on a drill and puts it down.

Pierre grabs an electric extension cord.

PIERRE

Let's cut the end off, and wire the truck.

Gerard pulls out a knife and cuts the receptacle end off and trims the wires.

GERARD

How about the building too, it's metal, and then the truck.

PIERRE

I'll grab another extension.

GERARD

Shocking Holmes.

Pierre grabs an extension, a power drill and a couple of screws.

PIERRE

Got it.

He puts the screws in the metal wall and wires the extension to the building, then Gerard plugs it in the electrical outlet.

They go about the business of wiring the truck, while Gerard cut the wires.

Pierre puts on some heavy blue colored rubber gloves and touches a wrench to the metal door. It erupts with big yellow and blue sparks.

GERARD

Bingo, fried zombie.

PIERRE

Taste like chicken.

GERARD

Huh?

Pierre looks at Gerard as he opens the door wider.

PIERRE  
What are you doing?

Gerard picks up a nail gun and plugs it in then loads it.

GERARD  
I seen this nail gun shit in the  
movies, let's check it out.

PIERRE  
Hurry up.

Gerard steps outside the door holding the nail gun.

A zombie sees him and head for Gerard.

Gerard shoots the zombie four times with the nail gun

The zombie has nails all over his face and fall back dead.

Another zombie is near him he shoots it in the chest six  
times.

The zombie falls dead.

INT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - SHED - DAY

Pierre is watching Gerard.

PIERRE  
Come back in here. That thing is  
not portable.

Gerard comes inside and Pierre locks the door. Gerard lies  
the nail gun down.

GERARD  
That thing works better than a  
regular gun.

PIERRE  
Come on, we got a lot of work to  
do. Quit screwin around.

GERARD  
I'm officially a kick-ass  
terminator.

Pierre shakes his head.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - SHED - DAY

They leave the shed and walk toward the truck with the extension.

Pierre shoots three zombies that are approach as Gerard starts wiring the truck.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - WOODS - AFTERNOON

Ten Louisiana National Guardsmen are walking through the woods toward Pierre's pot patch, lead by Captain CLAUDE RAYMOND (30's), an average army man and Lieutenant MITCHELL REINS (20's), an average gung ho troop.

CLAUDE

(American Southern accent)  
Mitchell, How in the hell did you get us involved in the drug business? We're in the Guard for Pete sake.

MITCHELL

(American Midwest accent)  
Well Claude, you said take charge and I did, when the DEA called. Now, you're just pissin and moanin, when I follow your orders.

CLAUDE

Speaking of the DEA, Where the hell are they?

MITCHELL

I don't know, but I say, if we don't see any zombie or them in five minutes, let's get the hell out of here.

CLAUDE

Okay, if we don't find the Fed's in a few minutes we're leaving and go to Denny's.

Mitchell stumbles. Claude and Mitchell look down and shine a flashlight.

It's a DEA jacket with a torso in it and a name tag - BLEND.

MITCHELL  
Holy shitola.

CLAUDE  
We found'em, let's go.

Zombies begin to merge on the troops.

The troops start firing their weapons.

MITCHELL  
Retreat to the truck men.

A zombie grabs Mitchell and Claude knocks it off with his rifle butt, then shoots it, knocking it back to the ground.

CLAUDE  
Move out, form on me.

Claude moves through the woods with Mitchell and his men following and shooting zombies.

Claude looks back as he moves to get out of the woods.

He sees six of his men are overcome and being eaten by zombies.

Mitchell sees it too and gets a renewed interest in getting away.

MITCHELL  
Hustle!

CLAUDE  
This way men.

Claude and Mitchell are shooting zombie when Mitchell falls and ten zombies swarm him as he screams.

MITCHELL  
Help me Claude! Help!

CLAUDE  
Sorry buddy.

MITCHELL  
Claude!

Claude keeps moving with the last four men following. More zombies move in as the soldiers shoot them.

Finally, thirty zombie overwhelm the four soldiers and they go down being eaten.



Claude runs out of bullets. He tosses his weapon and takes out his razor sharp survival knife, stabbing and cutting zombies.

Claude sees a zombie moving in on him and his youthful RADIO MAN (20's).

He quickly cuts the zombies throat and looks around for more attacks.

CLAUDE  
Call in a chopper.

RADIO MAN  
(American Midwest accent)  
Tried everything sir, nobody  
answers.

A fat zombie stumbles and falls, landing by Claude's leg and bits him.

CLAUDE  
Say your prayers son.

Claude raises his arm to stab the fat zombie, but he and his radioman are over come by twenty other zombies, biting their arms and throats.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - AFTERNOON

Gerard is working on a board with sharp nails driven through it and hinged to the wall. He works the hinge to see if it will fold to the wall, then sets the trap.

GERARD  
Do you hear all of that shooting?

PIERRE (O.S.)  
What?

Gerard rolls his eyes.

Two zombie come up the side of the house.

GERARD  
Look we get to test out our new  
trap already.

The zombies get to the corner of the house and Gerard pulls a string. The board with the nails in it swings around and smacks the zombie in the crouch. They bend over the board seriously injured.

Gerard looks at Pierre.

GERARD (CONT'D)  
Little low.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - AFTERNOON

Pierre, still wearing his rubber gloves, takes cooking oil and pours it on linoleum entry. He opens the door.

GERARD (O.S.)  
Do you hear, the shooting, up in  
the woods?

PIERRE  
No, probably my neighbor Carl, he's  
a major hunter type. That guy is  
always poaching.

GERARD  
He must have shot a hundred deer up  
there by now.

Pierre shrugs.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - METAL ROOF HOME - FRONT PORCH -  
AFTERNOON

Pierre jumps the oil going outside.

Gerard ties a string off that is attached the board with  
nails in it, drawing it to the wall. He turns and starts  
pulling nails from the heavy porch planks smiling.

GERARD  
This one is to good.

Pierre steps past him into the yard. He takes two five gallon  
tar buckets sitting by the porch and dumps them on the side  
walk in front of the house.

A group of fifteen zombies are approaching.

Pierre and Gerard check their weapons for ammo.

PIERRE  
Did you fix that nail board trap?

GERARD  
Yeah, it's done.

PIERRE

Come on.

They rush to the shed.

The zombies turn and follow.

GERARD

You ever notice zombies don't smile.

PIERRE

Cause most of'em don't have lips, dumb-ass.

Pierre and Gerard run to the wired pick-up. They stops and move around the truck, careful not to touch it. A zombie bumps into the truck and he is stuck to the metal by the electricity, shaking and jiggling. Sparks fly and the zombie smokes.

Gerard smiles.

GERARD

Smokin.

Pierre and Gerard move to get more zombies to touch the truck. Pierre whistle for him like he's a dog.

One touches it and is electrified. Three others touch him as they pass and they are all electrocuted, stuck together making a chain of lighting and sparks.

Pierre quickly opens the shed door with his rubber gloves. They go in and shuts it behind them.

INT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - SHED -  
AFTERNOON

A light comes on as Gerard flips the switch and Pierre bolts the door.

Gerard looks at a small card board box and starts going through it.

GERARD

Hey, what is this?

PIERRE

That's just some stuff left over from the fourth of July.

GERARD  
This is so great.

He looks around and grabs a cain fishing pole from the corner.

PIERRE  
What are you doing?

GERARD  
You are going to love this.

Gerard pulls out a large Cherry Bomb fireworks and then grabs some duct tape. He tapes the Cherry Bomb to the end of the fishing pole.

PIERRE  
What is this?

GERARD  
You'll see. Crack the door a little.

Pierre is reluctant, but does it as Gerard lights the Cherry Bomb with a lighter from the work bench.

Gerard sticks the fishing pole and spewing lit bomb out of the door.

Gerard laughs as he moves the pole further out and Pierre watches curiously.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - SHED -  
AFTERNOON

Five zombies move in looking.

One gets closer and snarls. The pole moves forward and the bomb is pushed in the zombies gapping mouth. It explodes, blowing the zombie's mouth and jaw off. The creature falls to ground.

The other zombies touch the building as they mill around the dead zombie, and blue bolts of electricity rushes through them and out of their mouths, eye sockets and the top of their heads and more are coming.

INT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - SHED -  
AFTERNOON

Gerard pulls the pole in with a splinter tip. Pierre bolts the door smiling.

PIERRE

Wow, what was that.

GERARD

Lip bomb.

Pierre is amused. He and Gerard are kind of staring at the door for no real reason smiling.

PIERRE

Oh wow, I'm having a moment.

GERARD

Yeah, I feel a little stoned, ya know? Mellow, sort of.

PIERRE

Yeah man, we have had no time to enjoy all of that weed we smoked. Till now.

Gerard nods.

GERARD

Yeah, I know man, I feel good. Like I found this sort of stereo thing, at the dump where I go to smoke weed sometimes, to get a little peace, that's where I go to dump some stuff sometimes too, and I saw this guy.

PIERRE

At the dump?

GERARD

Yeah, like a bum, man. You know, no money, bad clothes, deep into the scene.

PIERRE

Yeah, no weed, no car, no girls, sucks.

GERARD

Yeah, sucks for real. I'm going to watch some porn when we get home, ya know. I like porn. It's sort of educational, like ah, how to get in a position, like a job, you know, like a good position.

Pierre gives a stoner smile.

PIERRE

Yeah, like zombies, they are in a bad position man. Like ah, They're blue and shit, and that would suck. I mean the milky eyes, they...

GERARD

Yeah, that shit would suck. I'm still going to watch some porn when we get home, ya know. Like I learned how to ah, say stuff right. Like ah, instead of saying ass, I say anal, stuff like that...

PIERRE

Wow, man, that's so educational. Just out of no where.

They kind of snap out of it for second and Pierre points to the back door and Gerard nods.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - SHED - AFTERNOON

Gerard and Pierre walk out the back towards the house.

GERARD

Hurry dude.

PIERRE

I'm running, aren't I?

They jump the tar and then the oil and start inside stopping to look at a cat.

An old scuzzy looking tom cat walks slowly around the house and jumps on the porch meowing.

GERARD

Is that your cat?

PIERRE

No, that's Tom. He lives here, but he's not mine.

GERARD

Should we bring him in.

PIERRE

No, he'll shred you if you touch him.

Gerard smiles and bends over to pets him.

Tom screeches and swats at Gerard and Gerard draws back.

GERARD

Okay then.

PIERRE

Turn up your hearing aid dude.

They go inside bolting the front door.

The remaining five zombies follow. Two get stuck in the tar. They slip and fall sticking to the ground.

A stray zombie bumps into the porch. Tom screeches and jumps, landing on the zombie's head, clawing and squealing.

The zombie goes crazy spinning around, trying to get Tom off.

Pierre and Gerard open the front door, just enough to stick their head out.

GERARD

The shit works.

They hear Tom screeching.

PIERRE

Wow, Tom is on mission impossible.

GERARD

Cat fight.

Tom jumps off and runs toward the shed and the zombie rambles on with a shredded face.

Another zombie steps on the porch and a plank flies up.

It hits him under the chin, then the plank on the hinge is released by the other plank flying up. The tied string is pulled loose, causing it to fall, driving nails in the top of his head.

Gerard and Pierre laugh.

The zombie is frozen in place by the nails, leaned against the porch. He squirms to get loose.

PIERRE

Wow, grim.

Two more zombies are moving toward Pierre and Gerard. They walk between two trees and are caught under the throat and bounced back disoriented by a wire stretched from tree to tree.

They turn around and try walking toward the house again and are caught by the wire again and are disoriented again.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - WOODS -  
AFTERNOON

CARL (50's), A green tooth hillbilly hunter, is casually walking through the thick woods wearing camo, carrying his deer rifle.

He hears shooting and looks toward Pierre's house that is visible in the distance.

Carl starts walking faster toward Pierre's.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - SHED -  
AFTERNOON

An old 50's Chevy pick-up truck rolls off the county road toward Pierre and Gerard with a man and a woman inside.

GERARD

Look, it's Sally and Junior.

PIERRE

What the hell could they want in the middle of a zombie storm?

GERARD

Herb.

The old truck stops. SALLY (30's), a pretty and robust woman and JUNIOR (40's), A heavy long haired man get out of the truck.

JUNIOR

Woo wee, what has been going on here?

SALLY

Looks like a serial killer homesteaded.

PIERRE

Don't you know?

A zombie walks off the road toward the group.

Pierre looks up and shoots it.



JUNIOR

What I know is, I want, bout forty pounds of weed.

SALLY

We was just jokin. We want the pot, so we can move the hell out of here, maybe... I forgot.

PIERRE

Okay, that's about eighteen kilos.

JUNIOR

Hell know, I'm educated in American, figure it in pounds.

PIERRE

Okay relax. Back up by the shed. Don't touch it.

Sally and Junior get in the truck and back up in front of the shed.

Pierre and Gerard walk that way.

Zombies start pouring out of the woods coming around the shed.

A few get electrocuted as they touch the building.

Sally gets out shooting with a .357 Smith and Wesson revolver.

SALLY

Look out Junior, they're coming around.

Junior gets out with a machete hacking at zombies as they pour in on them.

JUNIOR

We better get the hell out of here.

GERARD

Run! There's too many.

Pierre is shooting zombies. About forty zombie start walking toward Pierre and Gerard and they begin to back off.

SALLY

Junior!

Sally is overwhelmed and is being bitten all over. She goes down to the ground with zombies all over her.

Junior is watching Sally and fighting zombies.

JUNIOR

No.

SALLY

Junior!

He rushed to help her.

Junior is over powered by ten zombies and brought down in a bloody heap.

JUNIOR

I'm sorry baby.

Pierre and Gerard are still shooting and backing away.

GERARD

We better get out of here.

JUNIOR

Make your move.

The remaining forty zombies are advancing on Pierre and Gerard.

Gerard runs to a nearby tree and grabs some plastic wrap from a heap of stuff they plan to use to trap zombies.

He comes back to Pierre still shooting. By now there are thirty zombies left.

Gerard hands a loose end of the clear plastic wrap to Pierre.

GERARD

Hold this.

Gerard starts wrapping around zombie's heads. He manages to get four of them wrapped together with plastic packaging wrap.

Pierre shoots four approaching zombies and they hit the ground.

PIERRE

Keep moving Gerard.

The plastic wrapped zombies bump into the other zombies and finally go down from the lack of air.

Gerard shoots two approaching zombies as he picks up some duct tape from the pile of stuff.

He tears off strips and lies them sticky side up on the ground.

Zombies are stepping on it and getting their feet stuck together tripping.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

Come on, quit screwing around. Keep moving.

Gerard smile and watches the zombie.

She Zombie shows up looking at the scene of the remaining twenty zombies.

She Zombie charges Pierre.

He shoots twice but misses and She Zombie steps behind a zombie as Pierre shoots again.

The bullet hits the zombie and it drops. She Zombie goes behind another one getting closer.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

What the hell is this thing.

GERARD

I don't know, but she's fast and smart.

They both start shooting.

A hail of bullets drop the zombie in front of her and she moves behind three more and they are shoot down.

Gerard and Pierre are out of bullets. They immediate start reloading.

She Zombie charges Pierre and as she gets to him, he manages to reload and shoot.

She Zombie stops and looks at her hand. She holds it up and looks. Her middle finger is missing, shot off.

Gerard and Pierre raise their pistols.

PIERRE

Read between the lines crazy.

They start shooting and She Zombie runs for the woods with six other zombies being shot as she runs and disappears in the woods.

The remaining nine zombie move toward Pierre and Gerard. They start shooting and the zombie begin to fall, five at first.

She Zombie runs from behind a tree toward Pierre.

He turns and shoots.

She Zombie drops to the ground and he misses her. She retreats back to the woods.

Pierre and Gerard finish off the last four zombies.

GERARD

Wow, that was close.

PIERRE

Close as frog hair.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - WOODS -  
AFTERNOON

Carl continues to walk through the woods carrying his deer rifle at the ready.

He sees a deer running and hears gun shots. Carl looks toward the deer, then the noise.

The deer continues to run through the woods.

Carl aims at the moving animal. The deer jumps a stump and goes out of sight.

The hunter lowers his rifle and a zombie is standing in front of him.

CARL

(American Southern accent)

Damn.

Carl takes off running.

She Zombie stands next to a tree blocking him.

The other zombies have turned toward him as fifty more come out of the woods following.

Carl runs on.

CARL (CONT'D)

Help! Pierre, help!

Carl runs into the yard as the zombies surround him and start biting and tearing at his flesh.

CARL (CONT'D)

Pierre!

He falls to the ground and is consumed by the zombies not far from the house.

INT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - AFTERNOON

Gerard and Pierre open the window and look out smoking pot.

PIERRE

Did you hear something?

GERARD

No man... You know dude, I was thinking. Those zombies got a bad rap.

PIERRE

What kind of bull-shit is that? They are flat out freaks.

GERARD

No check it out. I mean, they got no gun, no baseball bat, nothing. Their life is just a target, man.

Pierre smokes some more herb.

PIERRE

Cat-Daddy, are you a democrat? Not that there's anything wrong with that. But, your view is blinded by trying to see both sides. Look, they get to eat organic stuff; like skin, internal meats, they got no bills to pay. I mean, wow.

GERARD

Hell yeah, that's a point of view; no car payments, no utilities, no laundry to do. Shit.

PIERRE

Yeah, holy shit. They got it going for'em.

GERARD

Zombies are the man.

Pierre is thinking hard.

PIERRE  
What a load of bull-shit.

Gerard smiles.

GERARD  
Just kidding.

INSIDE TO OUTSIDE - Two women zombies go up on the front porch and one gets hit by another loose plank square in the face. The other slips on the oil and hits the floor with a thud.

BACK TO SCENE

Pierre and Gerard are still watching through the window laughing and pointing.

They hear a roaring car and look.

EXT. LOUISIANA - COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

Suddenly a small Toyota sedan speeds down the county road boiling dust, headed for the house, swerving all over the road with the interior light on.

It still weaves out of control as it gets closer, even faster turning into Pierre's large yard, with a just-turned zombie at the wheel looking crazy.

It swerves and hits a big tree near the house and the zombie blast out through the windshield and lands on the hood with smoke coming from under the hood.

It looks up with a sort of smile, and its head drops back down on the hood with a thud.

INT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - AFTERNOON

Pierre and Gerard look at each other and laugh, still looking out the open window, shooting zombies.

GERARD  
Seat belt violation.

PIERRE  
Don't zombie and drive.

GERARD

Yeah, I can see that drunk test now. Like, officer, I can't talk, don't ask so many questions.

Pierre moves to the front door.

PIERRE

Let's roll dude. We got to keep shooting zombies or they'll be in the house.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - AFTERNOON

Gerard and Pierre come out of the house and Gerard pushes a zombie back.

GERARD

Turn on the porch light man.

PIERRE

What about the bugs?

GERARD

Flip it!

PIERRE

Okay, it's just a light.

GERARD

Sorry, man.

Pierre flips on the porch light then shoots the zombie slipping on the oil and the other with nails in his head, and Gerard shoots the two in the tar.

The third is getting up from being hit in the face by the plank. Pierre shoots her in the forehead and she falls stiff legged backward to the ground.

PIERRE

Look.

A gay zombie and two others are coming across the yard.

GERARD

Hey, there's a gay one. Ya know, I knew a kid at school once, he was gay...

Pierre rolls his eyes.

PIERRE

No man, that kid was straight, he laughed a lot and our English teacher kept saying he was gay.

GERARD

Yeah wow. It was the teacher that was fruity.

PIERRE

That kid was a happy dude. I mean his girlfriend screwed the whole football team and he beat the shit out of every one of'em, and that made him so happy, or ah, gay.

GERARD

I know, didn't help win any games though.

PIERRE

Focus man, we got a gay zombie to work on.

One zombie passes by a tree and is snared by a rope attached to a springing tree limb and is jerked in the air dangling from the limb.

The gay zombie and a female zombie keep moving toward the house.

Gerard shoots the woman and Pierre head butt the Gay zombie and his head explodes getting blood and debris all over Pierre.

Pierre shakes his head as the zombie falls to the ground.

Gerard stares.

GERARD

Oh dude, that was really a bad idea.

Pierre makes his way to a water hydrant on the side of the house and washes the blood and goo off.

PIERRE

This is so gross.

GERARD

Yeah.

Gerard's iPhone rings. He answers as Pierre gives him a look.



PIERRE  
Who the hell?

GERARD  
Hello, yeah. No shit. Yeah, come to  
Pierre's place. You remember?  
(Gerard hangs up)  
That was Connie and Virginia, they  
are on the road and scared.

Pierre shots two approaching zombies.

PIERRE  
So, they're coming here.

GERARD  
Yeah they got some stuff, like;  
food and machetes, you know stuff.

Pierre nods.

PIERRE  
Are you talkin about Connie Wade  
and Virginia Vag, the strippers?

GERARD  
Hell yeah. Like I said, they got  
stuff man. Besides, they are bad-  
asses and we can use the help.

PIERRE  
We better get to work on some more  
traps.

They walk toward the shed.

GERARD  
What are we trapping?

PIERRE  
Ah...  
(Pierre rolls his eyes)  
Zombies, man?

A zombie walks up behind the unaware Pierre and Gerard. It  
focus' on Pierre and is within inches of him. Pierre farts  
really big. The zombie sniffs a little and leaves.

Gerard and Pierre hear him and turn to see the zombie walking  
away.

GERARD  
I never seen one walk away before.

Pierre shrugs.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOUISIANA - INTERSTATE 55 NORTH - DAY

A loaded US Army truck rolls down the interstate. Knocking stalled cars and zombies out of the way.

INT. LOUISIANA - US ARMY TRUCK - DAY

Connie and Virginia are cruising along watching the road for wrecks and zombies, dressing in tank tops, short shorts and cowboy boots.

CONNIE  
(American Southern accent)  
Weee! We're finally out of New Orleans.

A zombie gets on the running board of the big truck. Virginia picks up an automatic pistol off of the seat and shoots him in the face. The zombie flies off.

VIRGINIA  
(American New York accent)  
Zombie down.

Connie smiles and runs over two zombies, then knocks a car out of the way as she cruises forward.

CONNIE  
Where's that damn turn-off?

Virginia checks her GPS on the iPhone.

VIRGINIA  
Next exit.

Connie looks up and there it is. She turns the truck at full speed across two lanes knocking a car out of the way and running over two zombies as she heads down the exit.

INSIDE TO OUTSIDE - The truck rolls on running over twenty zombies that are standing on the exit knocking them all over the road.

BACK TO SCENE

Connie is grinning, steering toward another zombie and smacks him knocking it in the ditch.

CONNIE

Whoa, Road kill! Like bugs on a windshield.

VIRGINIA

Hey, when we roll in to Pierre's place, if they're not in the zone. We'll drop a couple cans of corn or something and speed out.

Connie gives her a mischievous look.

CONNIE

I'm in, but Pierre is pretty hot, ya know.

VIRGINIA

Okay, how about, if they're crazy, we check'em out, do'em and roll on.

CONNIE

And get some of Pierre's Bardot Gold weed, then maybe a pizza someplace.

They bump knuckles.

VIRGINIA

Yeah.

Connie swerves to hit a roadside zombie.

CONNIE

Okay, that's cool, I'm not into that deep throat shit anyway...

VIRGINIA

I like Gerard, I don't mind.

CONNIE

Maybe a little... for Pierre. Hey, I wonder if Zombies do it?

Virginia is smiling and thinking.

VIRGINIA

Zombie's are people too, You know they get it on. Everybody get's it on.

CONNIE

They give blue steeler a whole new meaning, right before it falls off.

Virginia smiles and makes a grunting noise.

VIRGINIA

Uh, uh... slower, slower. Oh shit baby, it broke off in there.

Virginia is smiling at Connie as Virginia pulls out a baseball bat and sticks it out the window.

CONNIE

You know, I'm a little scared.

VIRGINIA

I heard there's people in a safe place called, Zambitown, North of here.

CONNIE

Yeah.

VIRGINIA

Let's pick-up the boys and head up there.

CONNIE

If they're not crazy.

They drive on.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Virginia's arm is out the window with the baseball bat in her hand. She hits a dozen zombies, on the back of the head as the truck passes.

Zombies hit the ground rolling.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOUISIANA - INTERSTATE 55 NORTH - AFTERNOON

Doctor Wang's van is on the side of the road. He, his wife and Samuel are outside taking a sample from a dead zombie while the She Zombie screeches from inside the van.

LAURA

Let's shoot that blue bitch and put her head in formaldehyde.

BIG is patient.

BIG WANG

No, we need to get her to the army base at Zambitown, where we have proper equipment to analyze her.

SAMUEL

My dad said she's a hybrid, cause she was on crack, when she got infected. The crack simply sped her up.

BIG WANG

How did he know that?

SAMUEL

Daddy, checked her blood when she was captured in the field and she got away.

Laura smiles big.

LAURA

Makes sense. That's our boy.

BIG WANG

Always thinking.

She Zombie is rattling the case and screaming.

LAURA

Shut up fool!

BIG opens the back door and it flies open. She Zombie has broken the lock and gets out snarling at BIG. She is moving in on him.

BIG WANG

Laura, you and Samuel get in the van.

The sound of a shove banging against She Zombie's skull is heard and She zombie falls to the ground knocked out.

Samuel is standing behind her holding a shovel.

SAMUEL

You okay grandpa.

Big is smiling.

BIG WANG

That's my boy.

Von speed past swerving hitting zombies and the doctors takes notice.

LAURA

Look at that crazy bastard.

She Zombie wakes up and jumps on the road running more like an ape than human, toward Von and Bobby.

Von and Bobby are speeding down the interstate hitting and dodging zombies, hitting an occasional abandoned car, unaware they are being followed.

They see Connie and Virginia's army truck moving from the exit to the country road and a glimpse of the women.

She Zombie is gaining on them.

INT. PRISON VAN - AFTERNOON

Von is driving and Bobby is loading his deer rifle.

BOBBY

I love these big guns.

VON

Look at that in the army truck.

Bobby looks.

BOBBY

Women, hell yeah, what a day.

Von turns the van onto the exit and it bumps so badly while running over dead zombies, that it rattles their heads.

VON

Get ready, when we're on them shot their tires out.

Bobby nods.

BOBBY

Shouldn't we just, like flirt with them.

VON

No. We're driving a prison van, .

Abruptly a live zombie is in front of them and is hit flipping him into their windshield, blinding the driver.

Von slams on the brakes and stops looking at Bobby smiling.

BOBBY  
License and registration.

VON  
Funny, get that thing off of the  
windshield so we can find them.

Bobby gets out.

EXT. LOUISIANA - INTERSTATE 55 NORTH - EXIT - AFTERNOON

Bobby pulls on the zombies leg and it comes off. He looks at it and throws it down.

She Zombie slows down and stalks Von and Bobby.

Bobby pulls on his arm and it comes off. He throws it down

BOBBY  
Man this guy ain't nothin but spare  
parts.

She Zombie hides at the back of the van.

Von kicks at the broken windshield from inside and finally kicks it out. The zombie and glass fall to the ground.

VON  
Let's go.

Bobby starts to get in the van.

Suddenly, She Zombie attacks him showing her teeth and drooling sticky spit. Bobby fights to get her off. He pulls his pistol and tries to shot her. She zombie knocks the gun from his hand and Von shoots at her.

BOBBY  
Von, shoot this bitch!

He misses and hits the van door next to her as she fights Bobby.

She Zombie is startled and jumps behind a wrecked car on the shoulder and Von shoots two more times as she ducts.

She Zombie stays down, making her way around the wrecked car for another attack. She Zombie rushes them.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Here she comes.

Bobby gets in the van and Von drives on.

She Zombie stops and watches Von and Bobby leave, and then looks back at BIG and his family.

She Zombie grunts and moves on following Von and Bobby.

EXT. LOUISIANA - INTERSTATE 55 NORTH - AFTERNOON

Doctor Wang, Laura and Samuel are watching beside the van.

They see Von and Bobby driving away and She Zombie following.

LAURA

Are we following?

BIG WANG

Yes, she's the seed to a cure.

Sam jumps in the van.

SAMUEL

Let's go, she's getting away.

Laura and BIG smile as they get inside their van. BIG starts the van and drives toward Von and Bobby.

INT. DOCTOR WANG'S VAN - DAY

Doctor Wang is watching Von and Bobby's van closely in the distance as he drives.

BIG WANG

We got to get that She Zombie back.

LAURA

(Asian accent)

She's dangerous, we must be careful.

BIG WANG

We're suppose to met the DEA a few mile up here, anyway, after they finish a job. They can help.

LAURA

I've tried calling them, but no answers on their iPhones.

BIG WANG

I'm sure communications system are out, because of this disruption.



INSIDE TO OUTSIDE - They can see She Zombie moving along the side of the exit road in the distance.

BACK TO SCENE

Laura points.

LAURA  
There she goes.

SAMUEL  
You think we'll get her?

BIG WANG  
The Wang's never give up, we will  
get her.

Laura and BIG look at each other with raised eyebrows saying nothing.

SAMUEL  
Right. Samurai Wang.

Samuel smiles and Big drives on.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - AFTERNOON

Pierre and Gerard are throwing leaves over the back water slew near the house. The leaves float and give the illusion it is solid ground.

PIERRE  
That looks good.

A zombie comes out of the woods.

Pierre and Gerard instinctively shoot the zombie.

GERARD  
This is like a video game.

It slowly falls to the ground with a two bullet holes between the eyes.

Another one is moving toward them, then five more.

PIERRE  
There's some more.

Gerard is watching. He runs past them and they follow.

GERARD

Watch this, they follow warm blood  
like a magnet.

He jumps on a large log in the water. The zombies follow  
stepping into the water covered with leaves.

As They do, two alligators lung out of the leaf covered water  
and grab two zombie dragging them under water.

PIERRE

Oh, wow!

The four zombies that are left appear confused and bump into  
each other as they try to walk.

Suddenly, another huge alligator lunges out and grab two at  
the same time.

GERARD

There they go again!

Then another alligator jumps and grabs another zombie and  
they are both gone under water.

Gerard is watching.

Pierre yells across the water.

PIERRE

Don't make a sound. Those gators  
can hear like a dog.

Pierre jumps off of the log and the last zombie follows him.

GERARD

Don't shoot Pierre. I want to try  
this new trap.

Gerard smiles and rushes to a wood chopper lying on the  
ground near the house and turns it on.

The blades spin as a large raw roast lies front of it with a  
string around the meat.

Pierre comes up watching as Gerard pulls the string that is  
threaded through a hole in the side of the chopper.

The bloody roast begins to move toward the chopper blades. A  
zombie drops to his knees and struggle to grab the bloody  
meat.

Gerard and Pierre grin at each other. Gerard continues to  
pull the string.

PIERRE

This to easy.

The zombie grabs the roast as the chopper blades grab it and pull both he and the roast in, ground-up zombie parts and roast fly from the chopper across the lawn.

Gerard and Pierre appear grim at the sight.

All you can see is one leg sticking out and a tennis shoed foot on the ground.

GERARD

Zombielizer.

PIERRE

Sick.

They hear a diesel truck coming and look up and rush to the road.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

A hundred zombies, about two hundred yards away, are moving on the dirt lane toward them.

Ten more zombies are behind them.

Gerard and Pierre stare back at the road.

PIERRE

Wow, this is messed up.

GERARD

I think we're done this time.

PIERRE

Yeah.

Suddenly Connie and Virginia's US Army truck blasts through zombies, flattening them and knocking the creatures to the side.

Zombies are flying everywhere as the big truck plows through the zombies.

Two zombie's get caught in the passenger side front wheel and it locks up, but the truck is still moving forward, just skidding along on that locked wheel. A zombie head flies off and bounces on the ground.

Gerard is laughing.

GERARD  
Drive it Connie Wade!

Virginia leans out the window looking at the wheel then goes back inside. She shoots two zombies ahead of her and another that grabs the door.

Pierre and Gerard cheer them on

PIERRE  
Go Vag!

GERARD  
Shoot'em up girl!

The sixty zombies that are left, are either being crushed or knocked off of the road into the ditches as the truck burns through the masses.

Another zombie gets caught in the other front wheel and the truck grinds to a stop, with the back wheels spinning out, spewing zombie body parts out the back.

Gerard and Pierre get quiet.

PIERRE  
Damn.

GERARD  
We're screwed again.

Virginia steps out on the running board and starts shooting zombies.

VIRGINIA  
Little help here!

Gerard and Pierre rush to help Connie and Virginia shooting zombies merging on the truck.

Connie gets out, shooting zombie's while standing on the other truck running board.

Connie is a crack shot. She shoots five with her Colt .45 automatic.

They fall near her still trying to raise-up.

Connie looks toward Pierre.

CONNIE  
Hey lover.

Pierre smiles and looks a little shy and hold up his hand.

Virginia pulls out her AR-15 assault rifle and shoots ten more.

The zombie fall and other zombies bit at them.

Gerard shoots five as he approached and Pierre shoots six.

More zombies bit at the wounded.

GERARD

Behind Connie.

The remaining two snarling zombies behind Connie are moving to attack.

Virginia whirls and shoots the two.

One zombie's head explodes and the other is hit in the forehead, both falling to the ground.

Connie acknowledges with a nod.

Everyone looks around.

All of the zombies are dead or dying, raising their hands in a last gasp to eat.

Pierre motions.

PIERRE

Come on, they're all gone.

CONNIE

For now.

Connie and Virginia look across the yard and road.

Zombies are lying everywhere. They shake their head.

VIRGINIA

We got weapons and supplies in the truck.

GERARD

We'll come back for them.

Connie looks at Virginia.

CONNIE

Not so weird? Uum.

VIRGINIA

Did you bring the Trojans?

They smile.

Gerard walks up to them.

GERARD

I'll get the tractor and see if we  
can pull the truck to the house,  
before more freaks get here.

PIERRE

Hi Connie.

CONNIE

Hi sugar pants.

Virginia kisses Gerard on the cheek and smiles.

Connie sweetly smiles and gives Virginia a knowing look.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - WOODS -  
HILLSIDE - AFTERNOON

She Zombie moves up on a hill far above Pierre's house  
looking down and bellows for the other zombies. She stops and  
looks around the valley. She utters a word this time.

SHE ZOMBIE

(no accent)

ZOMBIES!

She can see the other zombies gather together in the valley  
below and look in her direction, in unison.

She Zombie is pleased.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - AFTERNOON

The US Army truck is backed up to the front porch of Pierre's  
house with a zombie head lodged in the grille.

The group is unloading food and weapons.

A group of twenty zombies are moving off of the road, across  
the yard toward the house.

Connie looks up.

CONNIE

Look at that.

The lead zombie steps forward and steps into a bear trap. It snaps shut on his leg and he walks out of it leaving his leg behind in the trap and falls on his face.

Gerard is shaking his head.

GERARD

I forgot about that trap, glad we didn't step in it.

PIERRE

Damn, Gerard.

Pierre looks up.

GERARD

Did you hear that creepy howl.

PIERRE

No, I don't ever hear the stuff you hear...

(looks across the yard)

Crap, how many of those things are there?

CONNIE

What's the population of Louisiana, maybe Texas by now?

Virginia takes a grenade from a wooden box and pulls the pin. She throws it at the zombies.

VIRGINIA

A few less.

The grenade lands in the middle of them and blows up, killing all but three that are still moving toward them.

Connie pulls out a Stun Master stun baton.

CONNIE

Watch this.

Connie gets in front of the three zombie and stuns the first one nearest her.

The zombie shakes and goes stiff from the electrical shock and falls to the ground.

Another zombie grabs at her and she puts the stun gun on his forehead and pulls the trigger.

The zombie's eyes lids flap up and down, then he goes down on the ground, shaking from the shock.

GERARD

Come on Connie, you're going to get bit.

Connie looks to see more zombies.

Four more zombies are walking toward the leaf covered backwater. They stumble into the water and zombie alligators grab them dragging the freaks underwater.

CONNIE

By them?

The last zombie is moving to close to Connie and Gerard shoots him.

GERARD

Quit fucking around, these creeps will do you in.

Connie smiles and shoots the two zombies on the ground.

CONNIE

You're takin the fun out of it, dill-hole.

GERARD

Up yours, show pony.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - COUNTRY ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

Von and Bobby pull up on the county road, short of Pierre's driveway with the windshield and the headlights out. Their hair is straight-up wind blown. Von and Bobby settle in, to watch the house.

Von rolls down the side window and spits.

He hears a snarl.

A zombie grabs for him with spit running down his face.

VON

Damn!

He stabs the zombie in the head with his new knife from the sporting goods store.



The zombie freezes and falls back to the ground.

Von rolls up the window.

BOBBY (O.S.)

What the...

More zombies are a few hundred yards behind the van moving toward them.

INT. PRISON VAN - LATER

They are looking toward the house with all of the zombies lying around dead.

BOBBY

What was that?

VON

More of those freakin meat-holes trying to take a bit out of crime.

Bobby is looking around outside.

BOBBY

Man, this is getting scary.

VON

Forget them, there's the truck.

BOBBY

Yeah, looks like Custer's last stand.

VON

Something major happened here.

Bobby is staring looking crazy wild.

BOBBY

I am really wanting those women, now.

VON

That's cause you are a waked-out rapist with no sex appeal.

BOBBY

So?

VON

Chill brother, in good time.

BOBBY  
Fucking now!

Von pulls his pistol and cocks it pointed at Bobby's head, looking all crazy.

VON  
I said chill. This is not the time.

Bobby's bugged eyes look at Von.

BOBBY  
Sorry. I don't have my pills, okay.

VON  
Suck your fucking thumb, idiot.  
Don't do that weird shit again.

Bobby is holding his anger and nods.

BOBBY  
Okay, relax.

VON  
I'm a serial killer and you fit my  
profile bitch.

Bobby puts up his hands surrendering to Von.

BOBBY  
All right, damn.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - WOODS -  
HILLSIDE - AFTERNOON

She Zombie is moving down the hill toward Pierre's house with a hundred zombies following her. She stops looking around and the zombies stop.

She Zombie sees a nice looking Zombie male.

SHE ZOMBIE  
Ugh. Ugh.

She Zombie roughly pulls him close, grunting and sniffing. He is stone faced. She smells his blue neck and the side of his face.

The zombie is still stone faced.

She Zombie grabs his crotch waiting for a reaction looking at his face.

SHE ZOMBIE (CONT'D)

Good.

His eyes open slightly and he pees on her hand. She abruptly backhands him to the side and looks around sniffing her hands and grimacing while looking at the other zombies.

SHE ZOMBIE (CONT'D)

M'on.

She moves on. The zombies follow.

INT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - AFTERNOON

Virginia is putting on a rock CD to play and Gerard is nailing up the last board on the window for protection.

A zombie arm sticks through a crack between the boards and Connie abruptly cuts it off with a machete and black blood squirt across the window.

CONNIE

Nasty cheese-head.

The zombie moans and moves away.

Virginia sways to the music.

VIRGINIA

Somebody take that grubby thing out.

Pierre picks-up the arm with fireplace tongs and moves to the front door. The two hounds follow him.

He opens the front door and throws the arm outside. The dogs follow.

PIERRE

Damn those dogs are going to turn into zombies.

INSIDE TO OUTSIDE - The one arm zombie goes to his arm and picks it up trying to fit it back to his stump. The dogs jump up and bite at the arm until they grab it and run away with the zombie following his arm.

A zombie from outside, rushes Pierre standing in the doorway. Pierre slams the door knocking the zombie back. The locks click as Pierre locks them from inside.

BACK TO SCENE

Virginia plops down on the Wagon wheel sofa and rolls a joint.

VIRGINIA

Break time.

She lights it and gives the weed to Pierre as he passes by. Pierre smokes and smiles, while Virginia rolls another.

PIERRE

You remember when we came to the club?

Virginia smokes some more.

VIRGINIA

Oh yeah, you and Gerard, did love those naked booties.

PIERRE

That was great.

VIRGINIA

You boys were nasty.

PIERRE

I miss back then.

Connie smiles. Gerard comes up and smokes with Virginia.

GERARD

Back then, I used to get high on life, till I realized it was full of idiots.

VIRGINIA

Yeah weed's... ah, I forgot.

Connie smiles and smokes with them. Pierre smokes smiling big.

PIERRE

The man says, Pot is the road to no where, I say, it's the scenic route.

CONNIE

Screw the man. Pierre dude, you got the best weed anywhere.

(looking at the joint)

You should sell this stuff to those legal head shops.

(MORE)

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Maybe buy something then, like, ah,  
a car, I saw a great car the other  
day, it was a Z something, do you  
like....

Connie comes over. Virginia rolls her one and lights it,  
giving it to her.

GERARD

Weed talk.

Pierre interrupts ignoring Gerard.

PIERRE

Yeah Z's, like ah, Z-38, 18, 28,  
something, I do sell my stuff to a  
guy that sells to med shops, and he  
said this weed seemed to be better  
than the other herb he gets. I...

GERARD

Weed talk again, rambling on...

CONNIE

No shit, Pierre?

PIERRE

I don't know.

VIRGINIA

What?

Gerard sits between the women and takes a drag on the joint.

GERARD

Yes, he knows, just not right now.

PIERRE

It is good shit. I know that.

GERARD

He means like miracle weed. Like,  
look I'm cured, my man of steel is  
waking up herb.

VIRGINIA

That shit would sell.

PIERRE

Right, it does.

CONNIE

Cool.

Virginia puts her joint in an ashtray on the coffee table and kisses Gerard deeply, then looks at him.

VIRGINIA  
I missed you baby.

GERARD  
Me too. This stuff makes me so  
horny.

Connie hears a noise and goes to look out the window. Pierre follows her. She looks out and turns into his arms, then looks down at his crotch.

CONNIE  
Looks like you're glad to see me.

PIERRE  
Oh yeah. It's the herb. I mean,  
it's you too, but, you know.

They kiss. She slams him against the wall.

CONNIE  
(whispers)  
Quit holdin out, little boy.

He moves forward a zombie hand comes through the boarded up window and grabs Pierre's ass.

PIERRE  
Aah! What the...

Pierre jumps and Connie stumbles back.

She smiles.

CONNIE  
You scream like a little girl.

Pierre lowers his voice to a deep tone.

PIERRE  
I do not, I'm a horny man.

She pulls out her forty-five automatic and fires two times blasting the zombie away from the window.

Connie pulls Pierre closer.

CONNIE  
Come on, big boy, you got work to  
do.

Pierre puts two fingers on his top lip attempting to look like Hitler.

PIERRE

Ja gut.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

Von and Bobby are getting out of the van and they sees thirty zombies twenty yards away.

VON

Let's go.

BOBBY

What about them?

VON

We can't shoot'em, the broads in the house will hear it. You can chop some up if you want to.

Bobby smiles.

BOBBY

Maybe later.

Bobby pulls a three feet long heavy pipe out of the van and they walk toward the house.

A zombie walks near them and Bobby hits it up side of the head with his pipe.

The zombie stumbles and wobbles, disoriented, moving back toward the house.

Von and Bobby walk on.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Damn, those things are stupid.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - YARD - AFTERNOON

As they go, they are walking straight for the bayou backwater covered by leaves.

BOBBY

Maybe they're asleep.

VON

Maybe.

Von steps near the edge, but misses the water.

Alligator eyes are watching from under the leaves.

Bobby's foot slips into the water a little and the alligator lunges grabbing him by the leg.

VON (CONT'D)

What the fuck.

Von goes to Bobby beating the alligator on the head with a gun butt as the alligator tries to pull Bobby in the water.

BOBBY

Shot the son-of-a-bitch.

A zombie comes to Von, ready to attack. Von lets go of Bobby and lets him hold onto his leg while Von grabs the zombie and throws him in the water.

The alligator lets go and goes after the zombie.

Von pulls Bobby out.

VON

That was close.

BOBBY

Yeah, I thought I was a goner.

Von looks toward the house.

VON

Let's go.

They move toward the house with Bobby limping, as two zombies follow.

Bobby looks back.

BOBBY

They're following *us*.

VON

Don't sweat it. They're slow as Moses and really stupid.

They move on toward the house.



INT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - AFTERNOON

Pierre is lying with half naked Connie kissing.

PIERRE  
I missed you Connie.

CONNIE  
This stuff makes me so freakin...  
horny and hungry.

PIERRE  
I like it. Should I get some  
cherries and whip cream?

Connie kisses Pierre deeply.

Virginia is cooking, frying meat.

VIRGINIA  
We gotta get outta here, those  
things are coming, more everyday.

Connie and Pierre look toward Virginia.

PIERRE  
Are you whack-assed? I can't go. My  
weed's here.

VIRGINIA  
Is your life worth a pot patch?

PIERRE  
Yeah, sort of.

Gerard is sitting at a small dining table waiting.

GERARD  
It's his get out of jail free card.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

Doctor Wang, Laura and Samuel pull up in the van with the lights out and park behind the prison van watching. A police ban radio sounds off.

POLICE DISPATCHER (RADIO V.O.)  
All units, special bulletin. Be on  
the look out. A DEA unit of six is  
missing, Two soldiers and a twelve  
man National Guard unit, are also  
missing. Report any contact.  
(MORE)

POLICE DISPATCHER (RADIO V.O.)  
Order of the day is to Proceed with  
extreme caution in any contact with  
anyone. Louisiana State Trooper  
dispatch out.

INT. DOCTOR WANG'S VAN - AFTERNOON

BIG Wang watches the criminals.

SAMUEL  
Zombie's got'em.

LAURA  
Probably.

BIG WANG  
I wonder what those thugs story is?

INSIDE TO OUTSIDE - Doctor Wang continues watching Von and Bobby moving toward the house.

BACK TO SCENE

Samuel is watching.

SAMUEL  
They are sneaking, that means  
they're going to do something,  
wrong.

BIG WANG  
Yes, those two are up to know good.

SAMUEL  
Should I put an arrow in their ass.

LAURA  
Stop cursing son. But that is a  
very good concept.

SAMUEL  
All right Grandma.

BIG relaxes in his seat.

BIG WANG  
Let's watch them for a while.

LAURA  
We'll have to help whoever is in  
that house, there is no law now.

SAMUEL

You think, I'll find mom and Dad.

LAURA

Yes, sweetie. Grandmother will make sure we get your loving mother and okay father back.

Samuel looks sad.

BIG WANG

We love you Samuel, Your family will always be here for you. You have thirty-two cousins and twenty-one aunts and uncles. You are covered.

Samuel is a little amused.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - AFTERNOON

Thirty zombies are moving on Bobby and Von.

They turn and look.

VON

Holy shit.

Von takes out his pistol and starts shooting. Bobby follows.

BOBBY

We're dead.

VON

Shut up. Keep shooting.

Von is shooting.

BOBBY

You shut up.

VON

You!

Bobby is shooting.

BOBBY

No you!

Von's shots hit three zombie and they drop from gun shots to the head, and then two more drop beside them, also shot in the head.

VON

Let's go.

Von and Bobby run for the shed.

The zombies turn toward them and follow.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - SHED -  
AFTERNOON

Bobby runs through the metal door and touches it. He gets jolted back, out in the yard by a serious bolt of electricity.

BOBBY

Ah!

Von is amused.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

Doctor Wang, Laura and Samuel laugh out loud as they watch and point.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - SHED -  
AFTERNOON

Zombies are advancing on Bobby.

Von goes to help and the zombies are on them.

BOBBY

Help!

Von shoots two and they fall.

The zombies flop on the ground like fish out of water.

The zombie keep attacking.

VON

Fight Bobby!

BOBBY

I'm fighting.

Von and Bobby see a break.

VON

Come on.

They run toward the woods. The zombies line up and follow.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - WOODS -  
AFTERNOON

Bobby gets a glimpse of Pierre's weed patch and his house with Christmas lights twinkling, out of the corner of his eye in the moonlight as they move.

He stops, pulling on Von.

BOBBY  
Look at that.

Von looks.

He sees acres of green pot ready for harvest.

VON  
Holy shit, Let's go get that truck  
by the shed, load it with pot and  
get the hell out of here.

Booby looks toward the zombies coming toward him.

BOBBY  
How?

VON  
Follow me.

Bobby gives him a crazy grin and they turn on the zombies, charging.

BOBBY  
Ahhh!

Von hits one and shoots another.

Bobby is beside him as they move forward, hitting and shooting zombies.

Bobby shoots two zombies in the face and hits another with a Karate side-kick.

They keep moving toward the truck.

A zombie comes to side of Bobby and Bobby takes out his hunting knife and stabs him in the top of the head.

INT. DOCTOR WANG'S VAN - AFTERNOON

Doctor Wang is watching and toying with a Christmas ornament hanging from the rearview mirror. Laura is snoring and Samuel is play a video game.

BIG WANG

Look alive. We're going to the house.

Laura and Samuel come alive, paying attention. The doctor gets out and they follow.

LAURA

Get your gun BIG.

BIG reaches in the van and brings out his small .22 Revolver. They start toward the house.

SAMUEL

Grandpa, that Saturday night special won't last thirty seconds in a real zombie hoedown.

BIG WANG

Very good gun in right hands.

Samuel rolls his eyes.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - SHED - AFTERNOON

Von and Bobby break out of the woods by the truck.

Von smiles, he grabs the door handle of the truck and is immediately electrocuted sticking to the truck.

Bobby grabs a board and knocks Von loose.

BOBBY

What in the hell is this?  
Everything is electrified.

Von speaks in a shaky voice.

VON

That shit hurts. I feel...  
vulnerable.

Bobby rolls his eyes.

BOBBY

Get your weak ass up, we got  
zombies.

The zombies have caught up with them and Bobby shoves one on the truck and he is electrified, stuck to the truck, then Bobby pushes another and another, then Von joins in pushing three more.

VON

Shake, rattle and roll.

Six Zombies are electrified and shaking stuck to the electric truck.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - PORCH -  
AFTERNOON

Pierre and Gerard come out on the porch with shotguns looking around.

GERARD

What's all of the commotion?

They see Von and Bobby fighting with the zombies.

PIERRE

Hey!

A blind zombie is moving toward them holding out a white cain with a red tip.

Gerard shakes his head and shoots him.

The zombie flies back and hits the ground dead.

GERARD

Blind fury.

PIERRE

That was just wrong man.

GERARD

What's so wrong, fucknut?

Pierre smiles as Connie and Virginia come out. He yells toward Von and Bobby.

PIERRE

Who's out there?

They hear foot steps and look around the area.

Doctor Wang, Laura and Samuel are walking up.  
Gerard points his shotgun at them.

GERARD

Hold-up.

BIG WANG

I'm Doctor Wang, this is Doctor  
Laura Wang, my wife and Samuel, our  
grandson. We're researching these  
zombie creatures for the  
government.

CONNIE

Figures. The Fed's need to invest  
in bullets, not science.

BIG WANG

Oh no, they have done to much of  
that.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - SHED -  
AFTERNOON

Von sees everyone on the front porch.

Von nods for Bobby to follow.

VON

Here's our chance, while they're  
outside. Let's take'em down from  
the back.

Bobby's crazy eyes hesitate.

BOBBY

Ah?

VON

You can have the blonde.

BOBBY

I like the other one.

Von nods in agreement and they rush toward the back of the  
house.



EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - PORCH -  
AFTERNOON

Pierre, Gerard, Connie and Virginia are watching with Doctor Wang and his group from the porch.

CONNIE

Look, I saw a shadow over there.  
Those bastards are moving to ambush  
us.

She points toward the back of the shed.

GERARD

They're headed for the back of the  
house. Let's go.

Gerard jumps off of the porch with Virginia behind him.  
Connie shoots two nearby zombies protecting her friends.

The zombie fall near Gerard.

Samuel shots a zombie with his cross bow.

SAMUEL

Ten points.

The zombie falls backward, stiff legged with an arrow between  
the eyes.

Connie jumps off, followed by Pierre, doctor Wang, Laura and  
Samuel.

LAURA

Keep your eyes open Samuel, stay  
close.

Suddenly She Zombie and her zombie horde pour out of the  
woods.

SAMUEL

Holy crap. It's the freak.

She Zombie gets a glimpse of Von and Bobby, then Pierre and  
his group.

She turns toward Pierre and moves in on them.

Big fires his .22 Revolver.

A zombie goes down.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Way ta go grandpa.

BIG WANG  
Your grandfather is top gun.

Samuel is amused. He shoots a zombie in the chest with an arrow.

Pierre, Gerard, Connie, Virginia and Laura start firing their weapons.

A dozen zombies go down, but She Zombie manages to dodge every shot.

Pierre, Gerard, Connie, Virginia and Laura continuing firing their weapons, but are having little impact on the large number of zombies.

Ten more zombies fall around She Zombie.

Abruptly an explosion blows ten of them into the air, Then another explosion and ten more die.

A grenade hits a zombie in the head and explodes, killing six more.

Pierre and his group look toward the army truck.

Samuel is in the back next to a grenade box, pulling pins and throwing grenades.

She Zombie takes notice and runs like an ape toward Samuel.

Laura yells out.

LAURA  
NO!

Laura shoots her last three shells missing and runs toward Samuel to save him.

BIG WANG  
Laura!

Two more grenades explode killing twenty more zombies.

She Zombie jumps for the back of the truck flying straight for Samuel.

Laura jumps on the tailgate of the truck meeting She Zombie mid-air. They collide and fall to the ground.

She Zombie is snarling trying to bit Laura and Laura hits her in the jaw.

LAURA

You screwed with the wrong chick.

Suddenly a swish of an arrow and it appears in She Zombies Leg.

SHE ZOMBIE

Ah!

Laura hits her again. She Zombie hits Laura and Laura hits her back.

She flinches and stops attacking Laura and looks toward Samuel.

LAURA

Don't even think about it.

She Zombie hits Laura again. She roughly gets the words out, breaking up.

SHE ZOMBIE

Bad boy.

Laura hits her and she hits Laura.

She Zombie looks toward Samuel.

Samuel has just reloaded his cross bow and pointing it at her.

She Zombie lunges sideways. Samuels arrow sticks in the ground where she was.

Laura gets up to attack She Zombie.

She Zombie breaks the arrow off in her leg and moves toward the woods calling her zombies with a howl.

SHE ZOMBIE (CONT'D)

Come!

They stop and follow.

Samuel throws a last grenade.

It blows up a dozen zombies while they retreat.

Laura smiles at her brave grandson.

BIG walks up smiling.

BIG WANG

The Wang's are a brave family.

LAURA

We pack a BIG Wang.

BIG is smiling.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - POT PATCH -  
AFTERNOON

Von and Bobby are making their way through the tall pot  
plants.

VON

This pot is ass deep to a giraffe.

Bobby eats a leaf.

BOBBY

All the better. We just gotta pace  
ourselves and kill everybody, then  
we get the dope.

(Bobby takes another leaf  
and eats it)

Good shit.

Von eats one.

VON

We gotta get out of this patch  
first. Something big is coming  
down.

BOBBY

I heard the explosions.

VON

Let's roll.

Pierre, Gerard, Virginia, Connie, doctors Wang and Samuel,  
make their way down the side of the house a few feet from the  
patch watching for the zombies and Von and Bobby.

Virginia shoots an approaching stray zombie.

Samuel shoots a zombie near his grandfather that is trying to  
retreat with She Zombie, but looking at Big for a last meal.

BIG WANG

Thank you precious grandson.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - POT PATCH -  
AFTERNOON

Von hears the shooting as they move forward.

He sees movement, inside the patch and shoots at a nearby  
zombie three times.

VON

Let's get out of here.

BOBBY

Working on it.

The zombie goes down to its knees and fall over flopping like  
a fish out of water. Bobby watches for a moment, then shots  
it in the head, and it stops.

VON

What the hell was that?

Bobby raises his eyebrows.

The zombie gets up. Von and Bobby stare, then, shot it three  
times each.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - AFTERNOON

Gerard, Virginia, Connie and Pierre hear the shots and see  
the side of the house splinter from being hit by a stray  
bullet.

VIRGINIA

They're shooting at us.

All four of them start shooting into the patch.

BIG and Laura shrug and start shooting too. Samuel stands  
ready with his cross bow.

EXT. LOUISIANA BAYOU - SMALL METAL ROOF HOME - POT PATCH -  
AFTERNOON

Von and Bobby start shooting back blindly from the patch.  
Suddenly it is quiet.

Von and Bobby are reloading, looking around.

VON

I hope we don't run out of bullets.

BOBBY

Keep shooting.

A dozen zombies swarm on them, biting at Von and Bobby, getting marijuana in their mouth while still trying to bit in the thick plant covered field.

Von hits one, knocking him off and another attacks. He fights off that zombie, and more and more zombies approach.

VON

Shoot this bastard Bobby.

Bobby kicks a zombie off and two more grab him, biting and snarling. He shoots one and is out of bullets.

Bobby falls on his back and pushes them off, then two more attack, pushing down trying to bit him. Slimy drool drips from their mouths on Bobby's grimacing face.

BOBBY

Shit, help me Von.

VON

Fight Bobby, I can't help.

A few more creatures start to bit and rip at both of them until they are on the ground bleeding to death, being ripped apart.

She Zombie stands by watching, and enjoying her victory.

SHE ZOMBIE

Umm.

A zombie has a large pot leaf in the corner of his mouth looking down at Von. He chews on the leaf. His eyes begin to clear up.

Another zombie beside him chews on a leaf on a stalk. Both of their eyes get clear and their blue skin turns white. They are turning total human.

The zombies look at their hands and feel their skin.

She Zombie snarls. She slaps and hits zombies nearest her, then howls to coax them away, She snarls again and gurgles out some words.

SHE ZOMBIE (CONT'D)

No, come.

She Zombie goes to the edge of patch and looks back disgusted.

BIG WANG (O.S.)

Be alert.

A dozen zombies are eating weed and changing.

She powerfully bellows.

SHE ZOMBIE

Aww!

The remaining Zombies follow her as she turns to go.

Gerard, Virginia, Connie, Doctor Wang, Laura, Samuel and Pierre rush up ready to shot.

BIG WANG

Look, the marijuana is turning them  
back to humans.

VIRGINIA

It's zombie weed.

PIERRE

We can sell this shit.

Gerard stares in awe, holding his weapon on the creatures.

CONNIE

Call it, zombie wee... NO, ZEEED!

They watch the zombies eating weed and not being aggressive,  
then turning back to their natural human color.

Gerard lowers his weapon and smiles.

GERARD

We're rich!

FADE OUT.

THE END