

"THE WORLD SUCKS EVEN MORE THAN BEFORE"

ENDS MEAT

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FADE IN

**INT. AUSTIN'S APARTMENT - MORNING**

AUSTIN, an awkward 22 year old with poor posture, wakes from his slumber in his studio apartment. He stumbles out of bed with unkempt hair.

Austin notices a light coating of dust over his phone and brushes it off. As he turns it on, he notices several missed calls, but no signal.

He walks into his kitchen looking for signal. His phone has a glaring orange reflection on it, prompting Austin to look out of his window.

Curious, and still fairly sleepy, Austin looks out of his fifth story window to see decimated buildings, uncontrollable fires, and zombies running amuck. Austin has a confused and somewhat high expression.

AUSTIN

Holy shi-

The scene abruptly cuts to the **title card and theme song**, which is an upbeat dixieland jazz song.

During the opening, Austin packs a large backpack full of supplies.

**EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - MORNING**

Austin cautiously walks down a trash-covered street. Besides the sound of fire engulfing the environment, it's quiet.

Austin lets out a deep sigh. He sits on a pile of garbage and takes his phone out.

AUSTIN

Please... *Please!*

Austin attempts to call his dad, despite not having service.

JIM, 55, dressed in garbage, burrows out from the trash like a groundhog. Austin doesn't notice him.

JIM

(gruff voice)

Hey, what's the haps?

AUSTIN  
 (confused)  
*Dad?*

Beat. Austin hasn't noticed Jim. He thinks he speaking to his dad through the phone.

JIM  
 -Uh, Yup. It's me... *you're dad!*  
 Ha! I'm just here, uh, plowing your mother again.

AUSTIN  
 Oh my God... I was so worried. I-I woke up this morning and I-

JIM  
 Oh, that's, uh, *great!* Hey, lean a little to the left, will ya?

AUSTIN  
 Huh? *What?*

Austin notices Jim reaching for his backpack. Austin drops his phone in surprise.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
*What the hell?*

Austin pulls his backpack away. He hesitates to slap the portly man because of his trash covered body.

JIM  
 (still doing his dad impression)  
 Come on, *son!* Spare ya dad a little booze!

AUSTIN  
 What? I don't have any alcohol!

JIM  
 I can smell your devil piss a mile away!

Jim opens Austin's backpack and takes out a shitty bottle of liquor. Jim begins chugging the alcohol.

AUSTIN  
*Hey!* Give it back!

Jim tries to back away, but falls onto another trash pile. Austin picks up the half empty bottle of liquor.

JIM  
*Hoo!* Haven't been drunk in months!  
 The guys and I have been searchin'  
 for booze on the daily!

AUSTIN  
*Other* survivors?! Thanks God!

JIM  
 Oh. Well, uh...

Jim looks at several discarded skeletons behind him.

JIM (CONT'D)  
 I mean there *were others*... But  
 they were mauled by-

AUSTIN  
*Zombies?*

JIM  
 Each other.

AUSTIN  
 Uh-

JIM  
 They were cannibals.

Beat.

JIM (CONT'D)  
 Also, complete assholes now that I  
 think about it...

Beat.

AUSTIN  
 Okay. *Good talk*. I'm gonna...

Austin's speech trails off and he starts walking away.

JIM  
 What? You're just gonna leave me  
 behind?

AUSTIN  
 ...Yes.

JIM  
 C'mon! At least tell me your name!

AUSTIN  
 It's Austin.

Jim burps and makes a moaning sound afterwards. He catches up with Austin.

JIM

Nice to meet ya, Austin! Call me Jim! Or Uncle Jim if you'd prefer!

AUSTIN

*I'm okay.*

Austin puts his liquor bottle away. Jim follows Austin, who is walking aimlessly.

JIM

So, where ya headin, kid?

AUSTIN

Hm.

Austin stops.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

I don't really know. Somewhere with cell service, I guess.

JIM

You're not gonna find anything like that out here.

AUSTIN

Everything will work out. It always does.

Austin trips and falls over. Jim grimaces.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Why are you following me, exactly?

JIM

Ah, come on! What's so wrong about catchin' up with my nephew?

AUSTIN

...We aren't related.

Jim lifts Austin off the ground and hugs him for an uncomfortable amount of time. Austin is disgusted.

Jim blatantly opens Austin's backpack. Austin is oblivious.

JIM

Either way, we survivors gotta stick together!

Jim grabs the bottle of liquor from the backpack.

AUSTIN  
How do I know you're not gonna kill  
me?

Jim burps in Austin's face.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
*That didn't answer my question.*

JIM  
Calm down, nephew, we've finally  
been reunited! And there isn't  
anything that'll separate us ever-

Zombies emerge from behind a mountain of debris. Jim  
immediately runs the opposite direction.

JIM (CONT'D)  
*Shit!*

Austin takes a second to notice the zombies. He joins Jim in  
a full on sprint.

JIM (CONT'D)  
(panting)  
They found us! We're *dead!*

AUSTIN  
(panting)  
Hey! You left me behind!

JIM  
...It was an accident!

AUSTIN  
*You left me to die!*

JIM  
*Let's run left... or we'll die!*

Zombies appear in the direction Jim and Austin are running.  
Jim and Austin run in a different direction. Austin sneezes.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Bless you!

AUSTIN  
*Thanks.*

JIM  
Oh man! *They're gaining on us!*

AUSTIN  
*Somebody help!*

Beat. The zombies follow behind at a snail's pace. Despite being so close to Austin and Jim, they appear to be almost no threat.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
 Oh.

Jim and Austin stop running and begin to pant.

JIM  
 Lucky us. Not every zombie is slow as shit! Well, bottoms up!

Jim goes for a drink of the liquor. Austin takes it away.

AUSTIN  
 (panting)  
 Drinking isn't gonna solve anything, Jim.

JIM  
 That's what you think!

Jim tries grabbing the alcohol again.

AUSTIN  
 Stop! Get off me you son of a-

A beeping noise can be heard. Jim's face lights up.

JIM  
*Shit!*

AUSTIN  
*What? What's wrong?*

JIM  
 Whatever you do, *don't move!*

AUSTIN  
 Why? W-What-

The beeping gets louder.

JIM  
*Land mines! They're all over the place, Adrian!*

AUSTIN  
*Austin! And, what? What do you mean land mines?*

JIM  
Did I stutter? There's ACTUAL LAND  
MINES ALL OVER THIS JUNK YARD.

AUSTIN  
WHY?

JIM  
The government hates homeless  
people! It's a conspiracy!

AUSTIN  
If this is the Apocalypse,  
shouldn't the government be  
destroyed or whatever?

JIM  
*Shit!*

Beat. Austin waits, expecting Jim to say something.

JIM (CONT'D)  
No, yeah, you're right.

AUSTIN  
Then what're they here for?

JIM  
(sobbing)  
I forget! I'm old and frail and  
sober and-

AUSTIN  
Never mind that, what do we do?

The zombies begin to surround Jim and Austin.

JIM  
*Don't move!*

Beat.

JIM (CONT'D)  
That's all I got!

AUSTIN  
Seriously?!

The zombies grow even closer.

JIM  
Alright, fuck it.

Jim starts running. Austin looks around cautiously and follows.

As Jim and Austin run, several land mines explode around them. Some of the zombies blow up in the process. Jim and Austin make it to the other side of the junk yard.

**EXT. OTHER SIDE OF JUNKYARD - CONTINUOUS**

Austin and Jim are ecstatic.

AUSTIN

We made it!

JIM

I've never accomplished anything sober!

AUSTIN

Oh man, what a *rush!*

JIM

This calls for a celebration! Lets drink ourselves to death!

AUSTIN

*What?* I don't even have that much alcohol!

JIM

That won't stop me!

Jim reaches for Austin's booze again.

AUSTIN

Seriously, *stop!* I'm gonna need to conserve my supplies if I want to find my parents!

Austin takes his phone out. He still has no signal. He walks forward with his eyes glued to his phone. Jim sighs and follows.

**EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - AFTERNOON**

After a few seconds of calm ambience, a group of motorcycle-riding brutes storm into town. They burst through mountains of debris and ride off of broken buildings like ramps. They are hardcore.

**EXT. THE PARK - AFTERNOON**

A thick fog clouds Austin and Jim's surroundings. The two are chatting as they walk.

JIM  
So you're telling me, you just woke  
up *today*?

AUSTIN  
Mhm.

JIM  
That's why you're so clean! The  
world hasn't taken a shit on you  
yet! But that'll change!

Austin gives a weird glance. Austin and Jim hear a noise in  
the distance.

AUSTIN  
(scared)  
W-What was that?

The noise appears to be a voice. As Austin and Jim walk  
closer, they see four, motionless silhouettes.

JIM  
Hey, there's some more survivors!  
Do you think *they* got any booze?!

AUSTIN  
Jim, is that all you think about?

JIM  
Of course not! I think about sex- a  
*lot*.

Beat.

JIM (CONT'D)  
I also think about my declining  
health and multiple tumors.

Jim pulls up his sleeve revealing his radiation-corroded left  
arm. It's disgusting.

AUSTIN  
(whispering)  
What the FUCK, man?!

JIM  
(whispering)  
C'mon, it's not that bad-

Austin pukes. Jim looks down at his arm again.

JIM (CONT'D)  
No, wait... This is *much* worse than  
I remember.

Jim shrugs. He and Austin continue moving towards the silhouettes.

JIM (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
How I got this lil' diddy here is a  
long story...

AUSTIN  
Cool, let's focus on not dying-

JIM  
I bathed in the cooling water of a  
nuclear reactor. Huh. I guess that  
story wasn't so long after all.

Austin moves ahead of Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Hey! Austin! Where you going, bud?

AUSTIN  
Oh my god! *Stop following me!*

JIM  
Then give me your alcohol!

AUSTIN  
No, fuck off!

Jim tries to unzip Austin's bag. Austin fights back.

JIM  
Listen to your uncle!

AUSTIN  
*You're not my uncle!*

Jim unzips half of the bag. Several things fall out. Jim grabs the liquor.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Why do you want it so bad?

JIM  
 (loud and dramatic)  
*Because there's no more alcohol in  
 the world!*

Austin grabs the bottle. Jim is teary eyed.

AUSTIN  
*Really?*

The fog clears. The four silhouettes look at Austin and Jim. It's revealed to be NEIL, a zombie with golden teeth and a silly hat, sitting on a bench next to three other zombies eating a dead body. They have a surprised look. One of the zombies drops a chewed arm out of its mouth.

NEIL  
 Uh... 'Sup?

AUSTIN AND JIM  
 Oh, SHIT!

Austin and Jim run away. The three zombies chase after them. In the process, a pair of socks drop out of Austin's unzipped backpack.

AUSTIN  
 We're fine. They're slow, right?

Jim looks back. The zombies are gaining on them.

JIM  
*Nope! You already pressed your  
 luck!*

As Jim and Austin disappear from the scene, Neil picks up the extra pair of socks. He cracks a half smile as he watches Jim and Austin get chased.

NEIL  
 Heh.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN - AFTERNOON**

The bikers ride down the road, mercilessly killing zombies in their path. They get off their bikes and enter a convenience store.

**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS**

The leader of the bike gang, FERNANDO, comically sniffs out the store. His subordinates, RANDY and LARRY (much younger and scrawny) follow behind.

RANDY  
I don't think there's any here,  
either.

Fernando finds several bottles of beer. He groans as he discovers they are empty.

FERNANDO  
Keep looking. The boys and I will  
head elsewhere.  
(to Larry)  
You're in charge here, Larry.

LARRY  
(disobediently)  
*Livid* Larry, bro. Call me by my  
title.

Fernando snorts and exits the store. Larry grunts angrily.

**EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS**

Fernando climbs onto his motorcycle. He notices that JONNY is drinking from a flask on his bike.

FERNANDO  
What in God's name?

JONNY  
*Fernando!* I was, uh- This is a big  
misunderstanding!

FERNANDO  
You keepin' secrets behind our  
back, huh?

Jonny sweats profusely.

JONNY  
...No.

FERNANDO  
Let's take a stroll.

Fernando and his goons tie Jonny up and put him on their motorcycle. They drive off.

**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS**

Randy and Larry peer out the window and watch Fernando ride off.

RANDY  
Big yike.

LARRY  
Serves him right.

Larry smirks.

**EXT. END OF THE PARK - AFTERNOON**

The crowd of zombies has increased tenfold. Austin, Jim and several other survivors are now being chased, including SUZY, a twenty year old who's fashionable despite living in Apocalyptia.

AUSTIN  
(panting)  
I-I don't think I can last much longer!

JIM  
Haha! That's what she said! ...Er, Wait. I-I mean that's what-

SUZY  
Oh my god, shut up!

The crowd of zombies increases as the survivors start running uphill.

AUSTIN  
We need some kind of division-

SUZY  
Diversion!

AUSTIN  
That's what I, eh...

Austin's voice trails off.

Suzy pulls out a pipe bomb. She throws it behind her, blowing up several zombies.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Woah...

The crowd of survivors and zombies reach the top of the hill. They notice another crowd of zombies at the opposite end of the hill where they are heading.

JIM  
 (to Suzy)  
 Hey! If we survive, what do ya say  
 we make like skeletons and *bone!*

Suzy trips Jim. He rolls down the hill knocking down every zombie in sight like a bowling ball. A RANDOM SURVIVOR in the crowd leaps out.

RANDOM SURVIVOR  
*Strike!*

The Random Survivor gets grabbed and eaten.

The crowd reaches the bottom of the hill. The zombies following are struggling to stand as they fall down the hill.

The crowd of survivors disperses as they reach the bottom of the hill. Most of the survivors get eaten.

Austin stops for Jim and helps him up.

AUSTIN  
 Hey are you okay?

JIM  
 Am I okay? The bitch just *tripped me!*

Beat.

JIM (CONT'D)  
 Besides that, the various bruises  
 and the zombies tailing us, yeah  
 I'm good.

Austin and Jim follow Suzy. Four zombies continue to follow them.

**EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - CONTINUOUS**

Suzy, Jim and Austin run between buildings, avoiding open spaces crowded with zombies.

AUSTIN  
 Hey! *Wait up!*

Suzy doesn't respond.

JIM  
 Sorry about that thing I said-  
 You're unusually attractive for a  
 woman of the Apocalypse!

SUZY  
 Go die in a fire.

JIM  
 (to Austin)  
 She's got a point!

Austin rolls his eyes.

AUSTIN  
 (to Suzy)  
 Hey! That was a really clever thing  
 you did back there, kicking my, uh,  
 uncle and-

The glass windows surrounding Austin, Jim and Suzy shatter.  
 More zombies emerge.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
*-Saving our lives!*

SUZY  
 (bored)  
 Uh huh.

Suzy skillfully climbs up the wall of a building. Austin and  
 Jim try imitating Suzy, but fail miserably.

JIM  
 (to Austin)  
*Shit!* Now what?

Austin and Jim run in circles around the building as Suzy  
 watches them from above. She casually pours gasoline from the  
 roof without Austin and Jim knowing.

Austin throws his backpack at a zombie in retaliation.

Austin and Jim grow lethargic while Suzy sits back  
 comfortably with a cigarette.

AUSTIN  
 (panting)  
 I can't- I ca- *I'm so tired.*

JIM  
 At least we can die with incredibly  
 toned legs!

AUSTIN  
*I don't wanna die!*

Austin and Jim stop moving. Jim pats Austin's shoulder.  
 Austin sneezes.

JIM  
 Bless you!

AUSTIN  
*Thanks.*

JIM  
 This is the end, kiddo. I've had a  
 good run. Eight-out-of-ten.

Suzy drops the cigarette just as the zombies walk onto the  
 gasoline covered sidewalk. A large flame bursts, catching the  
 zombies on fire. The zombies fall to the ground, charred,  
 just before reaching Austin and Jim.

AUSTIN  
 (relieved)  
 A guardian angel really *is* looking  
 down on us...

JIM  
*Yeah she is!*

Jim looks up at Suzy. He tries to look up her shorts.

Suzy jumps off the building and slides down a flagpole.

SUZY  
 What the hell we're you shitters  
 thinking?

Austin and Jim look at each other and back at Suzy.

AUSTIN  
 (to Suzy, awkwardly)  
 Hi, I'm Austin-

Austin holds his hand out before seeing how pissed Suzy is.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
 -Oh. Uh, you're mad. I get that.  
 Just gonna... Take this back...

Austin pulls his hand back and shakes his own hand awkwardly.  
 Jim belches.

SUZY  
(sighs)  
I'm out of here.

As Suzy walks away, she lifts Austin's backpack off the ground without him seeing it.

JIM  
(to Austin)  
Huh. She reminds me of my dad.

AUSTIN  
What? *How?*

JIM  
She left.

Beat.

JIM (CONT'D)  
(laughing)  
I'm just pulling your dick.

Beat.

AUSTIN  
Did you see all that cool stuff she did? I bet *she* could help us.

JIM  
Help *us*?

AUSTIN  
Yeah, help us find my family-

JIM  
Oh, come on Austin. You can't *really* believe your parents are still kickin'?

AUSTIN  
Of course I do! What do you think I'm doing out here?!

JIM  
Trying to survive despite your inevitable death!

AUSTIN  
But... I-

JIM

We're all gonna die, kid. Hell, I'm just trying to bang as many bitches as possible before I croak!

AUSTIN

So... I'm supposed to just give up and live in garbage?

Beat.

JIM

What's wrong with living in garbage?

Jim's clothes tear apart and slide off of him. Austin sighs as Jim fixes his clothing.

AUSTIN

I... I don't know how all this world-ending stuff happened, but my parents... They would know what to do...

Austin looks around, distracted. He notices a broken kiosk with burnt postcards. Several postcards have mansions and castles on them.

JIM

You're better off without 'em. It's not like they have anything that'll make your life less shit!

AUSTIN

(clearly lying)

...My parents have a mansion and a large fortune.

JIM

*Like I said- family is family. And nothing's gonna stop us from finding them!*

AUSTIN

So, you'll help me?

JIM

I guess. You'll need to give me your booze, though. 'Cause there's no way I'm doing this shit sober.

Austin smiles. He looks around for his backpack.

AUSTIN  
I can't believe I'm saying this,  
but thank you-

Austin realizes that his backpack was taken.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
It's gone!

JIM  
The alcohol?!

AUSTIN  
My backpack!

Austin and Jim look around. Suzy is nowhere to be seen.

JIM  
The bitch robbed us!

AUSTIN  
It had everything! Clothes,  
water... my *phone*...

Austin is mortified. Jim is frantic.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
What if I get a call? What if my  
parents are trying to contact me?  
We have to find her! Quickly!

JIM  
Let's check the McDonald's down the  
block!

AUSTIN  
What? *Why?*

JIM  
She's probably hungry. And so am I!

Austin sees zombies approaching in the distance.

AUSTIN  
Whatever! *Let's move!*

#### **INT. LIQUOR STORE - AFTERNOON**

Fernando and the bike gang enter a Liquor store. Its  
destroyed. ALVIN walks to the back of the store.

FERNANDO  
God dammit. This place too...

ALVIN  
 Something tells me this place was  
 already looted...

FERNANDO  
 What makes you say that?

The camera pans out revealing a graffiti stain that says "You just got looted." Fernando punches Alvin aggressively.

ALVIN  
 Hey! Wait a second! Fernando! Look!

FERNANDO  
 Huh?

Suzy is outside the Liquor store. She jumps on one of the bike gangs' motorcycles and rides away.

**EXT. LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS**

Fernando and Alvin run outside cursing. Suzy smiles as she rides away. Fernando takes out his walkie-talkie.

FERNANDO  
 Boys, we've got a thief on our  
 hands. *Everyone move out!*

**INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Larry and Randy are listening to Fernando on their walkie-talkies.

FERNANDO (O.S.)  
 Find her!

LARRY  
*Her?* A girl stole your bike? *Pussy!*

Randy snickers.

FERNANDO (O.S.)  
 Find her now, or I'll show you what  
 it really means to be *Livid*, Larry.  
 Over.

Larry rolls his eyes as he pulls out a secret stash of booze.

RANDY  
 Hey... have you been sneaking that  
 from the boss?

LARRY

Listen. *Randy*. This gang is cool and all, but I'm my own man.

RANDY

Fernando will definitely smell that off of you.

LARRY

Heh. Not for long.

RANDY

What's that supposed to mean?

LARRY

*Don't worry about it, bozo.*

**EXT. THE PARK - MOMENTS LATER**

Neil continues to sit on his bench in the park. He watches Suzy ride away on the motorcycle she stole. She rides toward a Costco.

**EXT. OUTSIDE OF COSTCO - AFTERNOON**

Austin and Jim run from zombies with several fast food bags in hand.

AUSTIN

Wow. I can't believe the preservatives they put in this stuff!

JIM

It's crazy right? Who knew these burgers could last for years?

AUSTIN

*Years?* I've been asleep for years?

JIM

You can have an existential crisis later!

Austin and Jim reach the entrance of the Costco, which is barricaded. The zombies grow closer.

JIM (CONT'D)

(loud and ironic)

Dammit! If only there were some *land mines right about now!*

Jim pauses, hoping the zombies will explode. They don't.

Austin struggles to open the barricaded door. He even tries knocking on it as if someone were to answer.

JIM (CONT'D)

What? You think someone's just gonna open the door for us?

AUSTIN

Maybe? I DON'T KNOW?!

JIM

I mean, we could always just give up.

A beeping noise is heard. Jim lights up.

JIM (CONT'D)

Ha! Land mines! I knew it!

AUSTIN

No! Look!

The door begins to open.

Austin and Jim see Suzy ride into the Costco on a motorcycle. She has a remote control door clicker.

Suzy rushes to close the door before Austin and Jim enter.

She fails.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Salvation!

Jim hits his head on the door as he enters.

JIM

(in pain)  
Ah, shit!

SUZY

*For fuck sake.*

The zombies are stranded outside, unable to get inside the Costco.

**INT. COSTCO - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS**

Austin, Jim and Suzy walk into the dimly lit warehouse.

AUSTIN  
(to Suzy)  
You! Give me my stuff back!

SUZY  
...I don't have your stuff.

Suzy is clearly holding Austin's backpack.

JIM  
*Bitch!* You took my booze!

SUZY  
I saved your worthless life *twice*.  
You're welcome.

Suzy starts walking away.

JIM  
(to Austin)  
I'm gonna kill her!

Austin runs in front of Suzy.

AUSTIN  
Hey, I know we're off to a bad  
start, but I'm just gonna keep  
talking in the hopes of you hating  
us less.

SUZY  
That's unfortunate.

AUSIN  
I'm Austin, again. This is Jim, the  
alcoholic.

Jim grabs a beer bottle off of a box and smashes it. He holds  
the broken glass shard up to Suzy.

JIM  
Gimme back my booze!

SUZY  
*You just broke a bottle of beer you  
dipshit.*

Jim realizes how much of an idiot he is.

JIM  
*God dammit!*

Jim goes down on all fours and starts licking beer off the  
ground.

AUSTIN

(to Suzy)

Listen, keep the backpack. Just...  
*give me my phone back!*

Suzy stares at Austin with a blank expression. She tosses him the phone. Austin almost drops it.

SUZY

It's almost dead, anyway.

AUSTIN

Also, one more thing-

JIM

THE BOOZE-

AUSTIN

(to Jim)

No!

(to Suzy)

You have some serious skill. We'd really like you to, uh, travel upstate with us...

SUZY

...Travel? With you?

Austin and Jim look at each other. They both look like shit.

SUZY (CONT'D)

Honestly, I think I'd rather get mauled to death.

JIM

Forget this bitch, Austin! She robbed us!

AUSTIN

That's in the past!

JIM

We can't trust her! It's a miracle that we even found her again!

AUSTIN

Just hear me out-

Austin checks his phone again. He has signal. Austin lights up. He starts walking in another direction with his eyes glued to the screen.

SUZY  
 (irritated)  
 Well, I'm gonna go now.

JIM  
 Don't move a muscle.

Jim points his glass shard at Suzy. She takes the half empty bottle of alcohol out of a bag and hands it to Jim.

SUZY  
 Happy now?

Jim is extraordinarily giddy.

SUZY (CONT'D)  
 Not that I care, but what's going on with *autismos* over there?

JIM  
 The fool's tryin' to find his parents or something.

SUZY  
 Wow... I thought the empathetic were the first to die out.

JIM  
 Yeah, poor sap.

#### **EXT. STREETS - EVENING**

Fernando, and the other gang members ride down various streets, running through a variety of people- zombies and survivors.

Neil sits back and watches from the same bench he's been sitting at. He smiles. Larry and Randy ride by on their motorcycles.

LARRY  
 I got dibs on the CostCo! You go check somewhere else.

RANDY  
 We're supposed to stay in groups!

LARRY  
 I won't tell Fernando if you don't!  
 This is anarchy, bitch!

Larry and Randy separate. Larry follows a trail of tire marks to the Costco.

Randy gives Larry a deceptive glance as he rides off in the opposite direction.

Larry tries doing a wheely on his bike and he crashes it. He's flung through the window into the Costco.

**INT. COSTCO - EVENING**

Austin frantically walks ahead of Suzy and Jim, still gazing at his phone.

AUSTIN

Come on...

Austin sighs. He now has two bars on his phone. He attempts to call his mom.

Everything goes quiet. After a few seconds, a loud noise is heard from the opposite side of the warehouse.

SUZY

Shit. We may have been compromised.

AUSTIN

*Shh!*

Austin tries to listen to his phone amongst the loud noise.

SUZY

(to Jim)

Did he just "shh" me?!

AUSTIN

Can you guys go check it out? I don't want to lose signal.

JIM

Sure thing. Me and uh,

Jim glances at Suzy.

SUZY

...Suzy.

JIM

(to Austin)

*Suzy!* Me and Suzy will go *check* things out. If we don't come back, it's probably because of something sexual.

SUZY  
 (to Austin)  
 Or, because I killed this drunk and  
 left you behind.

Jim winks as he and Suzy walk down the aisles. Suzy's eye  
 twitches in rage.

**INT. THE OTHER SIDE OF COSTCO - CONTINUOUS**

Suzy and Jim walk to the other side of the Costco.

JIM  
 What do ya say we ditch Austin and  
 take his mansion for ourselves?!

SUZY  
 Mansion? What *mansion*?

JIM  
 Didn't ya hear? Austin's parents  
 are loaded!

SUZY  
 Why am I only hearing about this  
 now?

JIM  
 I'm a little tipsy, toots.

SUZY  
 Mansion... And where there's  
 mansions, there's jewels, cash, and  
 gold.

JIM  
 Yeah! Apparently, they have these  
 things called "bathrooms" in there.

SUZY  
 You're putrid.

Jim shrugs.

Jim and Suzy continue to look through the aisles. Jim gets  
 startled after seeing what he thinks is a silhouette.

SUZY (CONT'D)  
 So where is this mansion?

JIM  
 No idea.

SUZY  
 (sarcastic)  
 Great, sounds like you got  
 everything figured out.

Suzy walks forward and realizes that the silhouette is an old jacket on a hanger.

JIM  
 Okay, okay. I admit there's a *few*  
 kinks in the plan. But hey, I'm  
 down for a few kinks, if you know  
 what I mean-

Larry approaches from the shadows. He pulls out a shotgun.

Suzy and Jim are surprised. They hold their arms up and back up toward a wall.

LARRY  
 (intimidating voice)  
 Wow... The stars sure are aligned  
 tonight.

JIM  
 It's barely evening.

Beat.

LARRY  
 ...What?

JIM  
 It's still evening- you can't see  
 the stars!

SUZY  
 Oh my god, just shoot me.

JIM  
 (to Suzy)  
 Shh! Let me handle this, toots!  
 (to Larry)  
 Hey! Hows it goin?

LARRY  
 Not bad! Killed a few dozen  
 infected on my way here. All  
 headshots, *no big deal*.

JIM  
 That's weird. You look like you  
 just fell through a window.

Larry is covered in bloody scratches. A piece of glass falls off of him.

LARRY  
Yeah, totally. Now, you and your daughter back up to the wall.

JIM  
She's just a booty call.

SUZY  
Excuse me?

LARRY  
Really? I'd tap that.

JIM  
That's what I'm sayin'!

Suzy slaps Jim. Larry takes out a walkie-talkie. He eyes the bottle of alcohol in Jim's hands.

LARRY  
(into the walkie-talkie)  
Boys. I've scoped out the Costco and it's completely empty. We'll regroup at camp. Over.

Larry drops the walkie-talkie and smashes it.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Word has it a pretty girl stole my boss's ride. Is it possible that same girl is right in front of me?

SUZY  
...No.

The motorcycle sits blatantly in the background. Larry sees it.

LARRY  
(to Jim)  
And you, *old cunt*, pass me the booze.

Jim is reluctant.

#### **INT. COSTCO - CONTINUOUS**

Austin is still on his phone. He looks around the corner and sees Suzy, Jim and Larry.

AUSTIN  
(whispering)  
God dammit.

Austin looks around. He is hesitant to leave his spot. He puts his phone on the counter and slowly makes his way towards Jim and Suzy.

**INT. THE OTHER SIDE OF COSTCO - CONTINUOUS**

Jim and Suzy continue to stand against the wall. Larry holds the bottle of alcohol in his hand. He admires it.

Jim and Suzy look at Austin's direction. He is nowhere to be seen.

SUZY  
(whispering)  
That bastard ditched us!

LARRY  
Hey! Quit speaking or I'll blow your head off. And I'll do it with insane precision, too.

Austin stands behind Larry with a broomstick, ready to attack.

JIM  
Doubt it.

LARRY  
Really? I assure you it'll be pretty badass, dude.

JIM  
Not as badass as my nephew!

Austin sneezes. He then trips and drops the broomstick in front of Larry.

JIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
God DAMMIT, Austin.

AUSTIN  
My bad.

Larry smirks.

**EXT. THE JUNK YARD - NIGHT**

Randy enters and speaks with Fernando.

FERNANDO

He WHAT?

RANDY

It's true... He's probably still at  
CostCo.

Fernando cracks his knuckles. He laughs angrily.

FERNANDO

I'm gonna eat that kid alive.

**INT. COSTCO - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER**

Austin, Jim and Suzy are tied up. Larry eyes the motorcycle that Suzy stole.

JIM

We buy you a shit ton of time, and  
what do ya do? *Sneeze!* Bless you,  
by the way.

AUSTIN

C'mon man. I tried! ...And, thanks.

SUZY

*I actually want to kill you two  
more than this dipshit.*

LARRY

Say, friends! Thanks for  
everything, really! I got my boss's  
motorcycle, a bottle of booze, and  
a new phone! It's like Christmas.  
Christmas for *Livid Larry!*

Jim chuckles.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Don't make me shoot you! I've got a  
hair-trigger!

JIM

You're bluffing.

LARRY

Really?

Larry cocks his gun.

JIM

Do it, pussy! You don't have the  
guts... *Livid Larry!*

Suzy laughs. Austin nervously laughs as well.

LARRY  
What? What's so funny?

SUZY  
*Livid* Larry.

JIM  
What? Is your dad's name *Flustered* Fernando?

SUZY  
*Angry Alvin*?!

AUSTIN  
Ha! Mad... Max- no wait...

Austin trails off.

SUZY  
(to Austin)  
Do you always ruin everything?

AUSTIN  
Come on, guys! I'm trying!

LARRY  
You try too hard, kid. No one *tries* anymore.

SUZY  
Honestly.

JIM  
Yeah, this poor kid thinks he can save his parents!

Jim starts laughing.

AUSTIN  
*Jim!* I thought we were a team?

JIM  
Oh shit, you're right. Hey guys, what do ya say we *all* go to Austin's mansion and party it up?

SUZY  
Sounds like a plan!

JIM  
You in, Larry?

LARRY  
 (sarcastic)  
 Yeah, definitely.

AUSTIN  
 It's true! My parents have a big  
 house- I'm sure we'd be safe there!  
 No zombies or land mines, or scary  
 bikers-

The barricade in front of CostCo blows up. Fernando and the bikers enter, with dead zombie carcasses surrounding them.

Larry drops his shotgun in fear. He backs away and stumbles over several boxes.

JIM  
 I knew he was bluffin'!

FERNANDO  
 Larry. I trusted you, son. And you  
 stabbed me in the nuts.

LARRY  
 Listen, I know I said there was  
 nothing here, but I, uh, *didn't*  
*look hard enough?*

Randy smirks.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
 Randy, you asshole! You ratted me  
 out?!

RANDY  
 Why do you think they call me Randy  
*the Rat?*

LARRY  
*Dammit!*

Fernando glances at Jim and Suzy, and then at the bottle of alcohol behind Larry.

FERNANDO  
 Hoarding alcohol to yourself? Lying  
 about trespassers? You fucked up,  
 Larry.

LARRY  
*Livid* Larry!

Jim and Suzy laugh.

FERNANDO

Let's go for a ride. It's almost  
*dinner time.*

Fernando snaps his fingers. The bikers tie Larry up and throw him, Jim, Austin and Suzy on the back of their bikes.

Austin's phone starts ringing. Austin lights up.

AUSTIN

*Wait!* Give me that phone!

Austin vigorously shakes and tries to get off the bike.

The bikers look at each other and laugh. Fernando cancels the call and then breaks the phone in half. Austin is mortified.

SUZY

Why don't they just kill us here?

LARRY

The same reason I tried ditching them... They're gonna feed us-

AUSTIN

To zombies?

LARRY

No... *To each other.*

JIM

These guys are cannibals?

LARRY

Yeah, and they're complete assholes, too.

JIM

*I know the feel.*

The bikers ride away with Austin, Jim, Suzy and Larry tied up.

**EXT. PARK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Austin struggles and falls off of the motorcycle as they ride into the thick fog.

He lays on the ground, bleeding. After several seconds of struggling, he unties himself. The world around him is dark and quiet.

AUSTIN

I have to find them. I have to find them. *I have to find them.*

Austin hears the sound of his phone ringing in his head. He hears sounds of his parents and his childhood.

He closes his eyes and thinks about his past memories.

The memories end abruptly, as he trips and falls into a large puddle of blood. His shoes and socks get soaked.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

No. *No!* God dammit.

Austin sighs.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

...Is it worth it?

NEIL (O.S.)

Nothing is worth it, slick.

Austin is surprised. He sees Neil, sitting on a bench behind him.

Austin gets ready to run. Neil throws a pair of socks to him.

AUSTIN

How did? What the- *who are you?*

NEIL

I'm Neil. I saw you run through this park not too long ago. Pretty pathetic.

Austin puts on the pair of socks.

AUSTIN

So are you, like, a zombie?

Neil takes his hat off and bows. His brain is visible.

NEIL

Does that answer your question, slick?

Austin is disgusted.

AUSTIN

I mean, like, a yes or no would've sufficed- *suffic- been okay.*

NEIL  
What are you doing, exactly?

AUSTIN  
Trying to find my phone, my  
parents, get my life back together.  
Fix the world, you know-

NEIL  
Alright. Listen. Just give up,  
slick.

AUSTIN  
Wha-

NEIL  
If you're gonna die anyway, why  
even put in the effort?

AUSTIN  
Because... *I want to?*

NEIL  
Even though your life means  
*nothing?*

Austin gets up. He has an irritated look on his face. He walks past Neil.

AUSTIN  
What are you trying to do?

NEIL  
Enlighten you. But I understand  
that not everyone is capable of  
waking up.

AUSTIN  
Everything will work out. It always  
does.

Austin steps in another puddle of blood. He sighs. Neil laughs hysterically.

NEIL  
(laughing)  
Maybe this is a sign. Just give up.  
It's easy.

AUSTIN  
I can't... I won't. I *will* find my  
parents.

Neil sighs. He motions toward the thick fog behind him. Two silhouettes approach. The silhouettes appear to be a mother and father.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
M-mom? D-d-dad?!

The two zombies walk aimlessly.

NEIL  
(unenthusiastically)  
You did it, kid! *Wooo!*

Austin falls to his knees. His eyes fill with tears.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
Like I said. Nothing is worth your time. Because nothing matters. We all die in the end.

Beat.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
So what are you gonna do now?

AUSTIN  
*I don't care...*

NEIL  
That's the spirit! Although you might want to do something about those bikers.

AUSTIN  
...How do you know about them?

NEIL  
My eyes wander. I see everything come and go.

Beat.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
Plus, they're right behind us.

Austin looks around. He and Neil are surrounded by some of Fernando's goons.

Austin is in shock. Neil smiles.

**EXT. THE JUNK YARD - LATER**

The bikers have a campfire set up. Jim, Suzy and Larry are all tied upside down against a wall.

JIM  
No! Please! Anything but that!

Fernando takes a shot of the alcohol.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Nooooooooo!

Jim starts crying.

LARRY  
Shut up, asshole.

SUZY  
You're the one that got us into this!

LARRY  
You shut up, too, bitch!

JIM  
*Yeah!*

SUZY  
What the hell, Jim, I'm on your side!

JIM  
Oh, right.

Several bikers return to the campsite. The bikers tie Austin and Neil upside down alongside Jim, Suzy and Larry.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Hey Austin! What's the haps?

Austin is quiet. Tears roll down his face.

JIM (CONT'D)  
C'mon, kid! We met in the junkyard and now we're gonna die in the junkyard! It's like poetry or something!

Suzy notices Neil next to Austin.

SUZY  
Wait? *Is that a zombie?*

Suzy's loud gasp alerts all the bikers.

NEIL  
Oh, *fuck off.*

The bikers approach Neil with weapons in hand. Fernando holds a shotgun up to Neil.

FERNANDO  
Hah! A talkin' zombie!? You got anything else to say to us, punk?

NEIL  
*I'd really prefer if you'd be quiet.*

FERNANDO  
*What?*

NEIL  
Aim for the my ears. Or don't. Do I look like I give a fuck? Just shoot me.

JIM  
Yeesh.

NEIL  
You'd be-

AUSTIN  
(to Fernando)  
You'd be doing us a service.

Beat. Everyone looks at Austin. Fernando points his gun at Austin.

FERNANDO  
Got something to say, pussy?

AUSIN  
Killing us would be doing us a service.

FERNANDO  
You really think you can psych me out?

AUSTIN  
Psych you out? No. I just want you to know that I spent every ounce of my being *trying*... And what did that equate to? Nothing.  
(MORE)

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

That's because all life is meaningless and anything you say or do will never matter. Even shooting someone as insignificant as me impacts the world in no way whatsoever.

FERNANDO

And why's that?

AUSTIN

Because you, me and every other asshole around us are nothing but specks- no, bacteria, compared to the universe. Anything you care about means nothing. Because everything comes to an end. So why not end my life as soon as possible?

FERNANDO

What is the point you're trying to make-

AUSTIN

Kill me. End my fucking suffering. I didn't ask to be conceived, nor does it matter that I was. Because you and I are both worthless. Any desires we have, whether it be losing sobriety, material goods, or even knowing if one's family is alive means nothing. And when I'm dead, I'll be happy to know that I won't coexist with a sad and incompetent worm such as yourself. You'll be here, alone, pretending that anything you do will have purpose... Even though in a hundred years, no one will know you ever existed. So what's the point? The point is, there is no point. So pull the fucking trigger, *pussy*.

The shotgun fires.

Beat. After several seconds everyone realizes that Fernando has shot himself.

NEIL

Holy shit, *LOL*.

The bikers back away from Fernando's body in shock.

ALVIN

Oh my God! *Fernando!*

A faint beeping noise is heard and gets louder.

SUZY

*The hell is that?*

Austin and Jim look at each other. Jim is ecstatic.

AUSTIN AND JIM

*Land mines!*

The bikers accidentally set off the land mines, killing themselves. Austin, Jim, Suzy, Larry and Neil continue to hang upside down with blank expressions to the carnage.

CUT TO:

**DIXIELAND JAZZ THEME & CREDITS**

FADE TO BLACK.