

ZOMBIELAND

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We begin with a SONG: WOODY GUTHRIE'S 'THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND.' CATCHY. PATRIOTIC. WARM. Recorded in mono, played on a scratchy old phonograph...

The following is shot gritty. Kinetic. Fast. Scary. Very '28 Days Later,' 'Saving Private Ryan,' 'Children of Men.'

FADE UP ON:

An AMERICAN FLAG, filling the screen, flapping. A male voice, belonging to FLAGSTAFF, a witty, anxiety-ridden EVERYMAN, late-twenties (THINK SETH GREEN), narrates:

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
This land is your land.

The camera rotates on its axis until the flag is UPSIDE DOWN, then pulls back to reveal that it is one of those flags flying on the hood of a PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE, which itself is upside-down, crashed and overturned ON TOP of another car.

The further we pull back, the more we see of a destroyed, burning Washington D.C.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
This land is my land.

Suddenly, rapid FOOTSTEPS! The camera jiggles nervously, trying to find their source. Rapidly, the footsteps become LOUD, like someone running on sheet-metal.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! A ZOMBIE, bleeding from the eyes, runs UP the other side of the tangled mess of automobiles, plants a foot on the underside of the limo, and LONG-JUMPS, arms flailing, down onto the ground in the direction of the camera.

It lands on its STOMACH, then scrambles up to its hands and knees.

The camera jiggles, backing up quickly. The ZOMBIE regains its footing and sprints spastically, aggressively toward the lens.

The CAMERAMAN has seen enough. He turns and RUNS, his P.O.V. bouncing wildly. Then the camera WHIP-PANS to face the Zombie as it WAILS and ATTACKS.

The zombie engulfs the screen, TACKLING the Cameraman.

The camera FALLS to the ground, askew, shooting nothing but treetops and sky. Offscreen, the CAMERAMAN SCREAMS and SCREAMS and SCREAMS, accompanied by ripping, cracking, CRUNCHING.

Something just God-awful is happening to this guy. Then he gacks and falls SILENT.

We hear munching.

The zombie's superbly frightening FACE comes into frame again, at an angle, staring into the camera lens as though it's a bathroom mirror. The zombie curiously looks at its reflection, twitching, trembling, smacking its lips.

The zombie BELCHES, long, loud, and animal-like, FOGGING the LENS with its breath.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
OK, that was pretty unnecessary. Welcome
to Zombieland. This land was made for
you and me...

DISSOLVE TO:

A GLOBE, SLOWLY TURNING CLOCKWISE

It looks like a normal globe for a bit... all the familiar oceans, continents... only instead of names for countries, one big word stretches all the way across the equator, applying to everything on earth:

Z O M B I E L A N D

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
Zombieland is like a greatest hits
collection of nightmares, where the only
ones they forgot to include are the one
where you're naked and the one where you
haven't studied for your final exam.
Casualty rates have been astronomical.
I'm one of the few non-zombies left. And
that's only thanks to a little list I
call 'The Forty-Seven Rules for Surviving
Zombieland'...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

BAM! A GUY is sprinting like mad toward a high school football field. BOOM! A truly frightening, snarling male ZOMBIE is right on his heels, sprinting after him.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
Rule #1 - Cardio.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: 1. **Cardio**

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
Pretty self-explanatory, um... do a lot
of cardio. There'll be times when you
have to run for your life. Literally.
So get in shape.*

The GUY is still running, but every breath is now searingly painful. His body is obviously SHUTTING DOWN on him.

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
Zombies lead a very active lifestyle.*

The ZOMBIE, by contrast, is breathing nicely.

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
So should you.*

A wide master shot (a la a football broadcast) of the GUY running down the football field like a running back, and the zombie, like a linebacker, DRAGGING him down from behind.

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
Rule #2 - Zip-Loc Bags.*

A MAN sits alone in a school CAFETERIA at night, eating from a big jar of pickles.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: 2. **Zip-Loc Bags**

Suddenly, the fluorescent ceiling lights SHORT-CIRCUIT, SPARK, and go OUT, plunging the room into darkness. The man is illuminated only by a sliver of MOONLIGHT from a nearby WINDOW.

The man stands up and pulls a FLASHLIGHT from his backpack.

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
Always pack wisely. This should go
without saying, but you'd be surprised.
I'm a big fan of Zip-Loc bags. You've
got enough problems, moisture shouldn't
be one of them.*

The man flicks the switch on the flashlight, but it doesn't turn on. He empties the D-BATTERIES onto his palm to discover that they've CORRODED.

The man stares into the darkness with a concerned look, gathers his courage, then takes a step forward out of the moonbeam and into the dark...

...and is yanked the rest of the way and EVISCERATED.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
Rule #3 - Double Tap.

A WOMAN stands on a city street, steely-eyed, resolute, holding a pistol with two hands. We hear rapid FOOTFALLS approaching her.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **3. Double Tap**

The footsteps belong to a big female ZOMBIE, who RUSHES straight AT the woman. The woman PLUGS the zombie in the chest with a bullet. The zombie FACE-PLANTS and lies motionless.

Gun still raised, the woman approaches the zombie to test with her foot whether it's dead.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
You've just shot a zombie. You think it's dead, you're trying to save bullets... unh-uh. Two more shots. One to the head makes ninety-nine percent sure. One more to the head makes a hundred. It's known as a Double Tap.

The woman doesn't follow Flagstaff's advice. She NUDGES the zombie's leg. It keeps its eyes CLOSED, like a little girl who's pretending to be asleep when her parents arrive home after a night out.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
There's no use saving for the next zombie when this one's about to...

The woman turns away, and the zombie slyly PEEKS at her. It LUNGES and BITES VICIOUSLY into her ACHILLES TENDON.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
...give you a season-ending injury.

INT./EXT. CAR/STREET - DAY

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
Rule #4 - Seatbelts.

A panicky WOMAN turns the ignition in her CAR and SLAMS it into gear. She does not, however, put on her SEATBELT.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **4. Seatbelts**

The woman swings her car in a wide arc, CLIPPING one ZOMBIE and narrowly avoiding ANOTHER.

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
Look, I know you're in a rush. But it
only takes two seconds. Call me a goody-
two-shoes, but if you're in this much of
a hurry, chances are you're about to get
in a wreck.*

No sooner does Flagstaff say this than the woman pulls in front of an oncoming TRUCK. Her car is SMACKED in the side.

The woman is THROWN through the side window of her car, and lands on the asphalt, deader than dead.

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
The pavement facial. Slightly worse than
being a goody-two-shoes. Same ballpark.
But slightly worse.*

EXT. GAS STATION - OUTSIDE MEN'S ROOM - DAY

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
OK, let's put these rules together. That
guy there is me, probably about, what, a
month after the zombie disease took off.
I'm in West Covina, California. It may
look like zombies destroyed it.
Actually, that's just West Covina.*

FLAGSTAFF, a pale, unshaven, borderline good-looking NERD, is standing outside a gas station men's room in West Covina, California, the arm-pit of the Golden State.

Flagstaff holds a SHOTGUN. He's trying to decide whether to open the door. God knows what's in there...

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
I've just filled up at a strange gas
station. I've gotta go number two. If
caring too much about hygiene is an
offense, then I'm a smooth criminal, I
enjoy a clean place to go number two.
I'm considering opening that bathroom
door. Notice what a huge wuss I am.*

*Seriously, I don't have the guts God gave
one of those trembly toy poodles, the
kind that pees on eye contact. But I've
survived so far, 'cause I play it safe.
Always by the rules. My rules...*

As Flagstaff navigates his way through the following action scene, he follows ALL FOUR of rules #1-4. And what he just said is the truth... we aren't watching a hero here...

...we're watching a COWARD.

Flagstaff reaches for the bathroom DOOR, then stops, thinks, and decides AGAINST it. He backs away slowly, to discover he made the RIGHT CALL: A male ZOMBIE BURSTS out the door, SCREECHING horribly.

Flagstaff FLINCHES and fires the shotgun wildly, missing. Instead of fighting, he turns and RUNS. The ZOMBIE CHASES HIM, the end of a roll of TOILET PAPER stuck to its SHOE. The roll trails out behind as it runs.

Flagstaff runs around the corner toward his SAAB, only to discover a FEMALE ZOMBIE in between him and the car. It SCREAMS and beelines for him.

He FIRES at the new zombie but only hits it in the ARM. The shotgun pops open, its two chambers empty of shells. Rather than fight hand-to-hand, Flagstaff makes a wide-eyed DASH for an adjoining dirt FIELD.

We're with Flagstaff as he runs through the field, the two zombies close behind. His lungs are in good shape. The zombies aren't gaining. (The title: **1. Cardio** reappears)

A HIGH, WIDE SHOT reveals Flagstaff beginning to PULL AWAY from the ZOMBIES as he leads them in a big circle back toward the station and his car.

Flagstaff runs up to the car, pulls out his KEYS, then spastically DROPS THEM as he's going to put them in the lock.

FLAGSTAFF

Shit!

Flagstaff almost reaches down, but the zombies are catching back up again. A wise decision: Flagstaff runs again for the FIELD.

We're back watching the HIGH, WIDE SHOT. It's comically exactly the same as the last one, with Flagstaff buying some time, pulling away from the ZOMBIES as he leads them in the big circle. (The title: **1. Cardio** reappears, BLINKING ON AND OFF FOR EMPHASIS)

This time, Flagstaff reaches the car, successfully picks up his keys, goes to put them in the lock, and then NOTICES that the car wasn't even locked anyway. He rolls his eyes, opens the door, JUMPS inside, closes the door, and SHOVES the keys into the ignition, stopping only to...

...FASTEN his SEATBELT.

Flagstaff FLOORS the car, FISHTAILING, putting distance between himself and the ZOMBIES, speeding down the street. When all is clear, he takes a huge sigh of relief.

The zombies give up the chase as Flagstaff's Saab disappears.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

*And now, we're about to be reminded why I
was such a moron for forgetting to lock
my car...*

Flagstaff goes to adjust his REAR-VIEW MIRROR, and in it, sees a ZOMBIE SIT UP in the BACK SEAT, a big, bloody grin on its face.

Flagstaff SCREAMS, SLAMS on the brakes, swerves, and BASHES into a SAGUARO CACTUS, which is decorating a man's lawn.

The ZOMBIE launches from the back seat of the car, SMASHES through the windshield, THUMPS its head against the cactus, and ends up SPRAWLED on the hood.

Flagstaff, by contrast, is SAVED by his SEATBELT, which TUGS hard against his chest. (Title: **4. Seatbelts**)

Suddenly, the ZOMBIE, a PIECE of CACTUS stuck in its forehead, spins around on the hood and tries to get back through the hole in the cracked windshield.

The WINDSHIELD WIPERS and WINDSHIELD CLEANING MIST are going off indiscriminately, spraying the zombie in the face and tapping it on the head.

In the front seat, a terrified Flagstaff hurriedly pops open his SHOTGUN and grabs a ZIP-LOC BAG (Title: **2. Zip-Loc Bags**) off the floor next to him. It's wet on the outside from the windshield fluid, but nice and DRY on the inside, and full of SHOTGUN SHELLS.

Flagstaff loads a dry shell into his shotgun, aims, and SHOOTS the zombie off the hood of the car.

Without pause, he pops the Shotgun open, loads TWO MORE SHELLS inside, climbs out, and STANDS OVER the fallen ZOMBIE.

Flagstaff closes one eye and AIMS at the head. (Title: 3.
Double Tap) KA-BLAM! KA-BLAM! Silence.

Physically and emotionally spent, Flagstaff leans back against his car and SLIDES to the ground. He sniffs the air, looks down, and gets a forlorn expression on his face.

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
 On the bright side, I'd found a place to
 go number two.*

FADE OUT.

We hear the first notes of PATSY CLINE'S classic BALLAD, 'I FALL TO PIECES.'

FADE UP ON:

A MONTAGE of people succumbing to zombies as the world comes to an end and the American Dream is lost...

EXT./INT. STREET / CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

A MAN on a street scratches off a LOTTERY TICKET. He WHOOPS and JUMPS when he sees three CHERRIES.

The man sprints inside a CONVENIENCE STORE with his ticket. No one is behind the counter. He frowns and peers behind it. Without warning, a snarling ZOMBIE, dressed in a vest, JUMPS UP from behind the counter and YANKS the man over it.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A homemade BANNER over an idyllic children's PARK reads, 'FATHER SON SCOUT PICNIC!' A FATHER and his eight-year-old SON, dressed in SCOUT UNIFORMS, run awkwardly toward camera. Their LEGS are BOUND TOGETHER as part of a THREE-LEGGED RACE.

LURCHING after them are FOUR MORE FATHER-SON scout pairs, also tied at the leg, but foaming at the mouth. These four pairs aren't trying to beat the first place team, they're trying to EAT the first place team.

INT. MALL PHOTO BOOTH - NIGHT

Two young LOVERS at the MALL enter one of those gimmicky FOUR-PHOTO booths, sit down, and pull the curtain. A HUNGRY ZOMBIE sneaks up, THROWS BACK THE CURTAIN, and DIVES INSIDE.

The booth SHAKES with the attack, then falls silent.

A FOUR-PHOTO STRIP emerges into the pick-up slot. In the first photo, the couple is LAUGHING.

In the second, they're REACTING to the LUNGING zombie, in third they're FIGHTING the zombie, and in the FOURTH, the bloody-mouthed zombie is looking happily into camera, as if it remembers how to pose.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY

A FAMILY of FOUR sits in a seat at the top of a FERRIS WHEEL, stranded by a clamoring CROWD of ZOMBIES below. They take each other's hands and squeeze their palms tightly, forlornly together.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - WEST COVINA, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Flagstaff's Saab is still bashed up against the cactus, STEAM pouring from under its hood.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

They say you can't go home again. Me, I'm trying to prove 'em wrong, making my way from my LA apartment to the only place I've ever felt safe, Flagstaff, Arizona. On even the slightest chance Mom and Dad might still be alive.

FLAGSTAFF himself has abandoned the car. He is walking up the street, everything but his shotgun stuffed into a ROLLING SUITCASE, which he tugs behind him.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

Moments like these made me glad... glad I chose that suitcase with the little rollers. I was done being the idiot with the duffel bag.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY ON-RAMP, WEST COVINA, CALIFORNIA - DAY

FLAGSTAFF hikes up the on-ramp onto the freeway, shotgun under one arm, suitcase-on-wheels pulled behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. 10 FREEWAY, WEST COVINA, CALIFORNIA - LATER

FLAGSTAFF walks from abandoned VEHICLE to abandoned VEHICLE, looking carefully for a new ride. Nothing suits his purpose.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. 10 FREEWAY, WEST COVINA, CALIFORNIA - LATER

An exhausted FLAGSTAFF trudges on, more slowly now. Then, as if by magic, he hears the distant rumble of an ENGINE.

On the western horizon, a black CADILLAC ESCALADE threads its way through the abandoned freeway traffic, heading EAST. On each side and hood of the Escalade, written in WHITE SOAP, is the number 3 (in memory of the late great DALE EARNHARDT).

As the ESCALADE approaches, a nervous FLAGSTAFF grabs a TOPPLED MOTORCYCLE, props it up on its kickstand, kneels behind it, and aims his shotgun warily at the nearing SUV.

The Escalade pulls up to within a few yards of the motorcycle and STOPS. The driver's side door swings open, and a square-jawed, broad-shouldered bad ass, ALBUQUERQUE, steps onto the running board.

Albuquerque is in his mid-thirties. He wears ironic thick librarian-appropriate eyeglasses. He stares at the motorcycle with curiosity.

Flagstaff stands up from behind the motorcycle with his shotgun AIMED at Albuquerque.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

*Here's the thing about scared people.
They're great at hiding it. Imagine an
apple: nice and shiny on the outside, a
greedy little worm chewing up the inside.
That's me.*

Albuquerque raises an eyebrow, then shrugs matter-of-factly, as if to say, 'If that's how you want to do it...'

Albuquerque calmly reaches into his car, pulls out a no-shitting-you AK-47 AUTOMATIC RIFLE, lifts it to his shoulder, and points it RIGHT BACK AT Flagstaff.

Flagstaff's eyes widen. Uh-oh. Albuquerque's finger goes from the trigger guard to the TRIGGER.

Flagstaff quickly wipes sweat from his temple with his sleeve, starts to tremble, then all at once GIVES UP, lowering his shotgun, setting it against the motorcycle, and RAISING HIS HANDS, ashamed.

Flagstaff smiles embarrassedly, then STICKS OUT ONE THUMB questioningly in the universal signal of HITCH-HIKING.

Albuquerque rolls his eyes, lowers his gun, and motions to Flagstaff with his head: 'Get in.'

INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - DAY

Inside the SUV, ALBUQUERQUE sits behind the wheel. FLAGSTAFF sits in the passenger seat next to him. There's an awkward silence, punctuated by Flagstaff's careful look OVER HIS SHOULDER INTO THE BACK SEAT.

ALBUQUERQUE
Whatcha looking for?

FLAGSTAFF
Nothing. I have this list...

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **31. Check the Back Seat**

ALBUQUERQUE
No one back there but my duffel bag.

Flagstaff blinks.

FLAGSTAFF
What's your name?

ALBUQUERQUE
Stop. No names. Where you from?

FLAGSTAFF
Arizona. Flagstaff.

ALBUQUERQUE
Hullo, Flagstaff. I'm Albuquerque.

The two SHAKE HANDS.

FLAGSTAFF
You're from Albuquerque?

ALBUQUERQUE
I am.

FLAGSTAFF
You don't want me to call you by your name? You want me to call you Albuquerque?

ALBUQUERQUE
I do.

FLAGSTAFF
May I ask why.

ALBUQUERQUE
Keeps us from getting too familiar.

FLAGSTAFF

So if I'm calling you Albuquerque, what happens if we meet someone else from Albuquerque.

ALBUQUERQUE

Haven't thought that far ahead.

FLAGSTAFF

(smiles)

If I knew I was gonna be Flagstaff, I'd have said I was from a cooler sounding place. Like, Pocatello. Or Winnemucca.

ALBUQUERQUE

You can switch to Winnemucca.

FLAGSTAFF

No, I'm Flagstaff.

ALBUQUERQUE

Sure?

FLAGSTAFF

(nods)

Flagstaff.

ALBUQUERQUE

Flagstaff and Albuquerque almost had a gunfight.

FLAGSTAFF

Yeah.

ALBUQUERQUE

Where you headed?

FLAGSTAFF

Flagstaff. You?

ALBUQUERQUE

Albuquerque.

FLAGSTAFF

(nods knowingly)

Going home?

ALBUQUERQUE

Nah, home's back there.

(indicates West Covina)

They say you know home by the way it makes you feel when you leave. I'm over it. Further I get, the better.

(shrugs)
Albuquerque's just my birthplace. Not a destination. More like a... direction. Anywhere but here.

FLAGSTAFF
 Y'know, Flagstaff's on the way to Albuquerque.

ALBUQUERQUE
 Yeah.

FLAGSTAFF
 So... Albuquerque... wanna stick together? Least as far as Flagstaff?

ALBUQUERQUE
 Here's the thing, Flagstaff. I'm not easy to get along with. And I'm sensing you're a bit of a bitch. I give this relationship until Quartzsite.

FLAGSTAFF
 So you'll take me as far as Quartzsite!

ALBUQUERQUE
 If you lose the excited face.

Flagstaff loses the face. Albuquerque turns on the ignition.

FLAGSTAFF
 I have a small bladder.

ALBUQUERQUE
 Clench and hold.

The Escalade's tires CRUNCH the gravel as it pulls away.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*If I was stupid enough to hitch-hike,
 might as well have been with Albuquerque.
 Turns out... don't let the glasses fool
 you...*

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK

A SONG: RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE'S 'KNOW YOUR ENEMY.'

A hungry ZOMBIE SPRINTS toward an office building and DISAPPEARS around the corner. Suddenly, we hear a loud MECHANICAL BUZZING from around that corner.

After a beat, the SAME ZOMBIE comes SPRINTING back the way it came, with ALBUQUERQUE CHASING it from behind. At the moment, he is wearing a welder's helmet and wielding two BUZZING CHAINSAWS, one in each hand.

The zombie hightails it around a building. Albuquerque slows to a stop. He SNAPS his head back so that the shield of his welder's mask lifts, and his FACE is fully revealed.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*Albuquerque's in the ass-kicking
 business. And...*

Albuquerque SMIRKS.

ALBUQUERQUE
 (to the now-gone zombie)
 Business is good.

The 'Rage' song fades.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*Don't get the wrong impression,
 Albuquerque's got a soft side. Look a
 month before the zombies showed up...*

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - FLASHBACK

ALBUQUERQUE is in a modest KITCHEN, pre-Zombieland, cooking ANIMAL-SHAPED PANCAKES (pancakes with mouse ears, etc.) with a lot of tender loving care. Albuquerque spatulas the pancakes onto a PLATE and carries it to the kitchen table.

We REVERSE ANGLE to see the recipient of the pancakes: not a child, but Albuquerque's DOG, BUCK, a GERMAN SHEPHERD PUPPY. Buck is sitting ON a chair at the table. Albuquerque WATCHES HAPPILY as Buck gobbles up the pancakes.

Next, we see ALBUQUERQUE running in and out of frame, carrying Buck up in the air, zooming him around like an AIRPLANE, making machine-gunning and dive-bombing noises.

At last, he falls to the ground with Buck and starts ESKIMO KISSING him (Buck licks him on the mouth) and blowing RASPBERRIES on his fuzzy BELLY.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
Yeah. That's the grossest thing yet.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY, OUTSIDE QUARTZSITE, ARIZONA - DAY - PRESENT

A sign on the 10 freeway reads 'QUARTZSITE - 89 MI.'
 FLAGSTAFF and ALBUQUERQUE are driving down the freeway
 through a MOUNTAINOUS DESERT PASS when Albuquerque notices a
 BROKEN GUARD RAIL and SLOWS to a STOP.

CUT TO:

FLAGSTAFF and ALBUQUERQUE STANDING over the broken guard
 rail, each holding a SHOTGUN. There is an overturned HOSTESS
 DELIVERY TRUCK at the bottom of a GORGE.

FLAGSTAFF

That's a Hostess truck.

ALBUQUERQUE

New plan. I could use a Twinkie.
 (laces up his boot)
 Coming?

Flagstaff BLINKS. Does he really have to?

FLAGSTAFF

Hold on.

Flagstaff starts doing some old-fashioned old-man TORSO
 TWISTS, ANKLE TOUCHES, and DEEP KNEE BENDS. He looks like
 one of those ridiculous yesteryear bodybuilders.

ALBUQUERQUE

(watches)
 You're serious.

FLAGSTAFF

Stretching's important. You should
 stretch.

ALBUQUERQUE

Don't believe in it.

Albuquerque starts down the gorge WITHOUT Flagstaff.

ALBUQUERQUE

You never see a lion stretch before it
 kills a gazelle!

Flagstaff furrows his brow. An interesting point.

EXT. HOSTESS TRUCK - DAY

FLAGSTAFF and ALBUQUERQUE carefully approach the overturned
 Hostess truck. The back delivery door is slightly AJAR.

Albuquerque and Flagstaff RAISE their GUNS. Flagstaff bites his lip. Albuquerque slowly REACHES for the door handle. Ominous violins swell...

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

Whatever's inside an overturned Hostess truck, it can't be good for your health.

All at once, Albuquerque THROWS BACK the door, and an AVALANCHE of BOXES of SNO-BALLS (those white, coconut-covered PUFFS) POURS out onto the ground. Nothing more dangerous than that.

The music dies. Flagstaff SIGHS with relief. Albuquerque, however, isn't nearly so happy:

There's not a TWINKIE in sight.

ALBUQUERQUE

What self-respecting Hostess truck is full of two thousand boxes of Sno-Balls?

FLAGSTAFF

I like Sno-Balls.

ALBUQUERQUE

Coconut's gross. Not the taste. The consistency.

Flagstaff opens a package and starts CHOWING DOWN on a Sno-Ball. A perturbed Albuquerque STARES. Flagstaff stops chewing and gives a guilty shrug, as if to say, 'What?!'

Albuquerque heads back UP the steep slope.

ALBUQUERQUE

This Twinkie thing? Not over yet.

FLAGSTAFF

Um. This may be a bad time. But I gotta take the Browns to the Superbowl.

ALBUQUERQUE

Really?

FLAGSTAFF

Really.

EXT. REST AREA - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

The ESCALADE is parked outside a roadside REST AREA MEN'S ROOM, where ALBUQUERQUE stands, checking his watch.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

We're now inside the restroom. FLAGSTAFF has just entered, holding his shotgun.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*I know, I know... again so soon? What
 can I say? A case of chronic... anxiety.
 Ever since I was born, I've been ruled by
 irrational fears.*

Flagstaff nudges each stall door open with his foot, his nervousness plain to see.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*There's nothing I couldn't find a reason
 to be afraid of. Things like...
 Department Store Santas... quicksand...
 being held down and tickled...*

ANGLE ON: Flagstaff, now SITTING on one of the toilets.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*For example, guess what I'm scared of
 right now. I mean, other than toilet
 seat herpes.*

Flagstaff pauses, then RAISES HIS FEET off the tile.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
Something crawling under the stall!

Flagstaff holds his feet up, keeping a sharp eye out for anything that might slither toward him.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*What crawls under a stall? I don't know,
 a roach... a rat... a really thorough
 janitor? Use your imagination.*

CUT TO:

An ALLIGATOR poking its head under the stall. Flagstaff BLINKS, and it DISAPPEARS.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
I sure do.

EXT. REST AREA - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

FLAGSTAFF emerges from the restroom to join ALBUQUERQUE.

FLAGSTAFF
(smiles)
My work here is done.

As Flagstaff and Albuquerque walk away, we hear a growing CACOPHONOUS SOUND (TRAFFIC, HORNS HONKING, THE DIN OF PEOPLE TALKING, ETC.), and we SMASH CUT TO:

AN INSERT: A SATELLITE PHOTO OF THE PLANET EARTH. THE CAMERA PUSHES IN, ROTATING. WE HEAR THE GRIDLOCK OF THE POPULATION BELOW: TRAFFIC, HORNS, PEOPLE, ETC.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
Nowadays, I'm always wishing life could go back to 'normal.' Which is weird. 'Cause life was never really 'normal' for me. Long before there were ever zombies, phobias started boxing me in. I avoided more and more things. My world got smaller...

We ZOOM IN instantly. The PHOTO is now only of one CITY, its streets forming a grid. The traffic noise subsides a little.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
...and smaller...

We ZOOM IN AGAIN. The PHOTO is now only of one NEIGHBORHOOD. The traffic noise subsides again.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
...and smaller.

We ZOOM IN AGAIN. The PHOTO is now only of one APARTMENT BUILDING. The traffic noise is GONE. We're in SILENCE. We push in on the roof, appearing to DISSOLVE THROUGH IT.

INT. BEDROOM - DUSK - FLASHBACK

We push in on a bird's eye view of FLAGSTAFF lying in bed, curled up in the FETAL POSITION, his eyes WET with TEARS.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
'Til a few months back... when all that was left... was me.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **Then one Friday night...**

FLAGSTAFF is at his computer, lit by the pale glow of the screen, one hand under his waistband. His desk is a mess: Soda-can forest. Star Trek Voyager DVDs. Sticky keyboard.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*Friday night, third straight week
 indoors. Leaning Tower of Pizza Boxes.
 Code Red Mountain Dew. Jessica Alba
 mouse pad. World of Warcraft. Right
 hand on Jessica. Left hand in pants.
 Pride - nowhere. Dignity - loooong gone.
 Virginity - totally justifiable to
 speculate on.*

His hands OCCUPIED, Flagstaff tries to take a DRINK from his Code Red Mountain Dew cup by BITING the lip of it and TIPPING it back into his mouth. The Mountain Dew SPILLS all down his chin and the front of his shirt.

FLAGSTAFF
 Smooth.

An annoyed Flagstaff marches into the bathroom, dripping Mountain Dew. He bends over the faucet and gets the shirt as wet as can be to try to take out the stain.

At last, he gives up, takes off the shirt, and DROPS it on the bathroom FLOOR.

Flagstaff ducks into his closet to CHANGE shirts.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*My whole life, all I'd ever really wanted
 was to find a girl. Fall in love. Bring
 her home to meet the folks. That was my
 biggest fear of all. Dying alone. Mom
 didn't know where I would meet a, quote,
 'marriageable woman,' but Dad knew where
 I wouldn't: my locked apartment. And
 he'd always been right. 'Til now...*

Just as Flagstaff is heading back to his computer, he hears POUNDING at his front door. He nearly jumps a foot in the air, then freezes, listening.

The pounding stops for a second, then starts again, LOUDER. Flagstaff TIPTOES down the hall and approaches his front door as if it were the edge of the Grand Canyon.

FEMALE VOICE
 (muffled, distressed)
 408, you in there?! Please!

Flagstaff looks gingerly through the peep hole.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*Omigod. My adorable next door neighbor.
 406. I'd dreamed of this girl. But I'd
 never said hi, 'cause I was busy making
 ground-breaking advances in the exciting
 new field of lame.*

FEMALE VOICE
 (now crying)
 Please, it's an emergency! No one's
 answering! Please?!

Flagstaff is clearly TORN. He goes to open the door. Then
 CHICKENS OUT. Then listens to more resigned CRYING.

FEMALE VOICE
 Heeeeelp...

Flagstaff finally can't take it any more, his heartstrings
 sufficiently tugged. He chokes down his fear and very
 daintily opens the latch and turns the KNOB.

406 BURSTS into the room, SLAMS the door behind her, bolts
 the latch, then HUGS Flagstaff like a long-lost relative.

She is cuter than a button. Tough. Feisty. The kind of
 girl you'd love to spend Armageddon with.

406
 (dispensing cheek pecks)
 Thank you, thank you, thank you!

This showering of thanks can't help but make Flagstaff feel
 good about himself. He puts on faux confidence:

FLAGSTAFF
 It was nothing!

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

FLAGSTAFF takes a seat beside 406 on his living room SOFA.
 She wears a blanket over her shoulders. He offers her a cup.
 She thankfully takes it in both hands and DRINKS.

406
 Mountain Dew?

FLAGSTAFF

(nods)
Code Red. And some Golden Grahams.
(hands her a plastic bag of
Golden Grahams)
The Zip-Loc Bag keeps 'em crisp.

406

Hm.

FLAGSTAFF

Why don't you start from the beginning?

406

Not 'til we've called the police.

FLAGSTAFF

Right, sorry!

Flagstaff is already clutching CORDLESS PHONE. He hits the green 'talk' button. He doesn't hear a dial tone. Instead, it's that fast 'the phone's been off the hook too long' TONE.

406

(hearing the tone)
What's wrong?! Mine was off, too. And I
dropped my cell when... you got a cell?

FLAGSTAFF

(shakes his head... an
embarrassing 'no')
Probably the last guy in L.A. Wanna try
down the hall?

406

In a bit. Right now I feel safe. Here.

FLAGSTAFF

Great.

406

He was homeless. And sick. I was
walking home from a bar, talking on the
phone. And this homeless guy came
sprinting toward me. Not running.
Sprinting. I thought he was, like,
running after someone, or from someone,
'til... 'til...

Her hands are shaking.

FLAGSTAFF

Here.

Flagstaff sets down her Mountain Dew and takes her hands
BETWEEN his own, warming and stilling them.

406

(smiles through tears)
Thanks.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

*OK, the confidence? Coming out of
nowhere... seriously, maybe even my ass.*

FLAGSTAFF

Go on.

406

He ran right for me. Just totally wild.
Violent. He grabbed me. And I dropped
my phone and pulled away. And ran. So
did he. He must have slipped, 'cause I
made it inside the gate. Last I saw, he
was still out there, going crazy.

FLAGSTAFF

Drugs, maybe? Bad trip?

406

I guess.

FLAGSTAFF

He'll just need time to come down. We'll
stay here 'til the phones come back on.
Then we'll call the police.

406

I didn't mention the worst part.

FLAGSTAFF

Yeah?

406

He tried to bite me.

A BEAT while Flagstaff stares, grossed out.

FLAGSTAFF

You're right. That's the worst part.

406

Sorry I'm so scared.

FLAGSTAFF

Quit it! Some homeless guy tries to eat
you?!

That's, like, the right kind of scared, reasonable scared. Me, I get scared of stuff like ventriloquist dummies, and those rags they use to wipe restaurant tables...

406

Really?

FLAGSTAFF

I joke a lot. The point is, I'm here for you. And as long as you're by my side, I'm not leaving this apartment.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

Playing to my strengths.

406

(sincere smile)

Mind if I close my eyes?

406 KISSES Flagstaff on the forehead, then pulls the blanket to her chin, leans back, and closes her eyes. Flagstaff can barely contain his jittery EXCITEMENT.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

Set aside the feverish, homeless cannibal, I'm living the dream! I'd always... my whole life... wanted to brush a girl's hair over her ear.

Flagstaff reaches out with his hand and brushes 406's hair over her ear. She opens her eyes and smiles, then nestles back against the sofa cushion.

406

Night.

FLAGSTAFF

Night.

Mountain Dew notwithstanding, sleepiness is contagious. Flagstaff watches 406 breathe peacefully for a few moments, then props up a sofa pillow and closes his eyes HIMSELF.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON:

INT. APARTMENT - HOURS LATER

FLAGSTAFF has been sound asleep for who knows how long. He's sitting up on the couch, mouth open, head tilted to the left.

We're on his FACE as he stirs. His eyelids flutter. He twitches, then opens his eyes, shaking off sleep.

Where is he? Oh, right, on the couch. His kitchen is on the left. And 406 must still be on the couch.

Flagstaff turns to the right, expecting to find 406 asleep next to him. Instead...

...SHE IS SITTING A FOOT FROM HIS FACE, HER FACE A BLOODY, BLACK MESS OF ZOMBIE DISEASE, YELLOW EYES ALIVE WITH CURIOSITY AND MALICE, GRINNING AT HIM.

FLAGSTAFF

Ghaaaaa!

FLAGSTAFF leaps BACKWARD off the couch to get away from the ZOMBIFIED 406.

FLAGSTAFF

Oh my God! Are you alright?!

406 stays where she is, SNIFFS the air longingly, and opens her mouth as if to say something. Instead, she HISSES/HOCKS UP PHLEGM, and then SPRINGS at Flagstaff with ABANDON.

FLAGSTAFF

Ahhh!

Flagstaff backs up as fast as humanly possible, then turns to run. He SPRINTS MADLY into his tiny dining room with 406 right on his heels. Flagstaff overturns two DINING CHAIRS behind him to try to slow 406. She gets TANGLED and SLIPS.

406 gets to her feet and lurches into the KITCHEN. Flagstaff has turned to face her, holding a BLENDER over his head.

FLAGSTAFF

Stay back! I don't wanna hurt you!

Zombies don't generally stay back. She BUM-RUSHES him. Still wigged out by the idea of injuring his neighbor (however zombie-ish), Flagstaff DITCHES the blender and RUNS.

406 is right behind him when he reaches the BEDROOM and tries to SLAM the door SHUT. She STICKS OUT her foot as if she's about to slide into third base and tries to STOP it.

The door SMASHES 406's ANKLE, bending her foot SIDEWAYS with a sickening CRACK. She falls to the ground, screaming, in a daze, clutching her now diagonally attached foot.

FLAGSTAFF

Shit! Sorry!

But nice as he may be, Flagstaff doesn't waste a moment; he tries to SLAM the door shut again. 406 LUNGES and gets her ARMS and SHOULDERS through.

This time, the door has no chance whatsoever of closing. The broken ankle has HOBbled her, but she's still coming...

Flagstaff can't retreat anywhere but the closet or the bathroom. He chooses the BATHROOM, dashing, reaching it.

Unfortunately, he SLIPS on the WET, MOUNTAIN-DEW-COVERED SHIRT from earlier. He CRASHES to the TILE FLOOR, pulling the SHOWER CURTAIN out of its rings to try to break his fall.

Now she's reached his feet, biting, clawing. He KICKS frantically and haphazardly, but she's got him by the ankle. He opens the CABINET under the sink for a weapon...

Kleenex? No. Cotton Balls? No. Toilet Paper? Not happening. Flagstaff rolls his eyes. His arsenal is exclusively soft and fluffy.

406 rises up to jump on Flagstaff, and he just manages to pull the SHOWER CURTAIN over himself. She lands on top of him, and now THEY'RE WRESTLING, GRABBING, PUNCHING, with only the CURTAIN in between them.

Flagstaff falls back to the tile, WHACKING his HEAD. Now he and the zombie are literally FACE to FACE, as if kissing, but with the shower curtain still BETWEEN them.

406's bloody features PRESS gruesomely against the PLASTIC. Flagstaff uses the moment to reach up and WRAP the curtain around the back of her head, trying to cut off her AIR.

It's WORKING... she gasps, wheezes, chokes, and at last starts to go LIMP. We think it's about to be OVER...

...until she CHEWS through the plastic, which allows her to take a DEEP, raspy BREATH. Her gangrenous tongue PROTRUDES through the hole, ALMOST LICKING Flagstaff on the mouth...

Flagstaff GROPEs in the cabinet under the sink again, grabs an aerosol can of LYSOL, AIMS it into her mouth, and FIRES.

406 CHOKES and rolls off Flagstaff. He gains his feet, SLIPS back against the TOILET, and knocks the PORCELAIN LID on the back of the toilet basin ASKEW.

This gives him an idea. He grabs the heavy LID and steps over 406, SWATTING her hand with it as he runs from the room.

Flagstaff SHUTS the bathroom door behind him, and the bedroom door behind him after that. Unfortunately, he's on the wrong side of the locks now, so he can't lock her out of anywhere.

We're now with 406 as she rises to her feet again. She instinctively tries to BEND her broken foot back into place, CRACKING it from one odd angle to another. No luck, now it's just as twisted, only in the other direction.

406 gives up on her foot and opens the bathroom door. Then she limps to the bedroom door and opens it, too. Flagstaff is standing in the living room, chest heaving.

FLAGSTAFF

Please listen to me, 406. Listen. If you're in there. You're just sick. Stop. Don't...

But 406's expression is one of pure, blinded hate. She throws back her head and HOWLS with rage. The sound is beyond scary, like that of a trapped, infuriated animal.

And she RUN-DRAGS herself TOWARD him.

FLAGSTAFF

(under his breath)
Forgive me.

With all his might, he rears back and BELTS her in the head with the TOILET BASIN LID. At the EXACT MOMENT of jarring IMPACT, we FREEZE FRAME.

We see a STILL SHOT of Flagstaff connecting perfectly, violently with 406's temple.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

WATER. Running from the faucet... eddying in the sink with blood and grime... splashing on walls and mirror.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

*You tell yourself over and over, this...
this... did not just happen. It did not.
It did not. It did not. It couldn't
have. It couldn't have.*

INTERCUT, we see QUICK IMAGES of FLAGSTAFF's pain, fear, and grief: He's washing his hands feverishly in the sink. He's nearly HYPERVENTILATING. He's spasming in a near FIT of panting and groans.

He's sitting still against his bathroom wall and TREMBLING.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*But it did. In the face of every sane
 thing that came before it, and all I'd
 come to know and expect about the
 world... it did.*

DISSOLVE TO:

FLAGSTAFF, with a phone to his ear, still hearing the not-in-service TONE. He sets down the receiver. In tears, he carries his SHOWER CURTAIN into the living room.

He stands over 406's dead body, chokes back the smell, then starts to wrap her in the SHOWER CURTAIN, DUCT-TAPING the edges. As he goes to move her arm, something makes him stop.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*A 'zombie' isn't a dead person who's come
 back to life. It's someone who's been
 infected with the plague of the 21st
 century - a terrible disease that leaves
 its victims irrationally violent and
 hateful, some insist evil. Zombieism is
 carried in bodily fluid.*

Near 406's wrist is a severe BITE MARK that bears the unmistakable imprint of human teeth. Flagstaff examines the bite mark, his mind racing with the implications.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*These fluids are highly contagious and
 fast-acting when they mix with your
 fluids. So if you're thinking of going
 tongue-to-tonsil with your suddenly less-
 cute neighbor...*

A QUICK CUT of 406 trying to stick her TONGUE into Flagstaff's mouth through the shower curtain.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
...try something more innocent.

Flagstaff sadly BRUSHES 406's HAIR over her EAR, then RESUMES wrapping her up.

EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY - DAY

From across the street, we watch in a MASTER SHOT as FLAGSTAFF struggles to push 406's shrouded CORPSE over his apartment balcony.

We're BELOW the balcony, looking UP as the wrapped body rolls over and PLUMMETS INTO LENS. ALL IS BLACK.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
Mom and Dad would have to wait.

FADE UP ON:

INT. ESCALADE - DAY - PRESENT

ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF have resumed driving down the freeway. Flagstaff is staring at DEAD, CHARRED DRIVERS in BURNED VEHICLES.

FLAGSTAFF
I've heard there's still a place
untouched by all this crap.

ALBUQUERQUE
Back east, right?

FLAGSTAFF
You heard the same thing?!

ALBUQUERQUE
Sure. Out west, we've heard it's back
east. Back east, they've heard it's out
west. There's no such place. Get over
it. You're like the penguin at the north
pole who's heard the south pole's really
nice this time of year.

FLAGSTAFF
There are no penguins at the north pole.

A moment passes. Albuquerque ponders.

ALBUQUERQUE
Wanna see how hard I can punch?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT./INT. 10 FREEWAY/ESCALADE - DAY

ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF are driving through a new section of the 10 FREEWAY, weaving through abandoned cars, in MID-CONVERSATION.

FLAGSTAFF

The last time I 'laid some pipe?'

ALBUQUERQUE

Yeah. The last time you went twenty
toes... put Percy in the playpen...
stormed the trenches...

Flagstaff stares.

FLAGSTAFF

Sex?

ALBUQUERQUE

Sex.

Flagstaff's eyes drift to a BILLBOARD for UPS. He begins a
tentative lie that gets more confident with every word:

FLAGSTAFF

Three weeks ago. The back of an
abandoned UPS truck.

ALBUQUERQUE

Shut. Up.

FLAGSTAFF

I was headed east. She was headed west.
We took shelter in the truck. Full of
undelivered packages. High-powered
binoculars. Case of apple butter. Phone
shaped like a football. We started to
open 'em up. And... y'know... work 'em
in.

ALBUQUERQUE

What was her name?!

FLAGSTAFF

Beverly.
(smiles)
Hills.

ALBUQUERQUE

You dog.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

He's dumber than I thought.

FLAGSTAFF

How 'bout you?

ALBUQUERQUE
 Me? I... I...
 (sees trouble ahead, grimaces)
 ...Aye-yay-yay...

Albuquerque STOPS the ESCALADE. A female ZOMBIE is on the road ahead, perched over a dead BUSINESSMAN, eating him.

FLAGSTAFF
 Oh, God.

The zombie holds up the businessman's THIGH BONE, chewing on it like a piece of corn-on-the-cob, so intent on the meal that it doesn't notice Flagstaff and Albuquerque.

ALBUQUERQUE
 It makes you...

FLAGSTAFF
 I know, it makes you sick. It makes you...
 (bows his head, then raises it)
 ...sad. About... I don't know, the way things were. It makes you think, if you could go back in time, right now...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - FLASHBACK

We're watching a HOME VIDEO of FLAGSTAFF as an eight-year-old KID. A nerd-in-waiting. With his loving PARENTS.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*...you'd be eating Mom's tuna surprise...
 or playing Ants in the Pants with Dad...
 not knowing how things would end up. It
 makes you think your home is so close you
 could touch it. But so far away. And
 instead, this... this...
 (can't think of the word)*

SMASH CUT BACK TO:

EXT./INT. 10 FREEWAY/ESCALADE - DAY

The zombie BREAKS the bone in TWO and SUCKS OUT the MARROW.

FLAGSTAFF
 ...this. It makes you... sad.

A beat.

ALBUQUERQUE

I was gonna say it makes you hungry.
That's exactly how I eat a Twinkie.
Break it open and eat the inside out.
We need to find some. Fast.

A long pause. Flagstaff stares at Albuquerque.

FLAGSTAFF

I'm worried about you.

ALBUQUERQUE

You're the one playing Ants in the Pants
with Dad. Look, I hate to poop on the
parade, but whatever's waiting for you in
Flagstaff, it ain't any prettier than our
friend eating her manwich here. Best do
like me and put home sweet home in your
rear view.

(raises his arm)

Hold on...

ALBUQUERQUE reaches UP and hits the ON-STAR button (GM's
roadside assistance service). After two rings, a young
AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN'S VOICE comes over the car SPEAKERS.

DETROIT (V.O.)

On-Star. How can I help you?

Flagstaff is SHOCKED to hear a voice on the line.

ALBUQUERQUE

Detroit! It's Albuquerque!

DETROIT (V.O.)

Albuquerque! You don't call, you don't
write! How you doing?

ALBUQUERQUE

Better now, Beautiful...

DETROIT (V.O.)

Quit.

ALBUQUERQUE

Detroit, say hello to my new best friend:
Flagstaff.

DETROIT (V.O.)

Flagstaff, I'm so sorry for you.

FLAGSTAFF

On-Star still works?!

DETROIT (V.O.)
I'm the last one here. But the system's
still up. And I'm not ready for
retirement.

ALBUQUERQUE
Detroit was just another On-Star
operator. Now she's the Guardian Angel
of Zombieland. Our eye in the sky...

DETROIT (V.O.)
How can I help?

ALBUQUERQUE
We're looking for the nearest grocery
store...

DETROIT
Grocery? Let's see. Little town of
Leland. Sixteen miles, second light,
take a right. Good luck. God bless.
(a pause)
And thank you for using On-Star...

CLICK.

ALBUQUERQUE
Does she sound hot to you?

FLAGSTAFF
People in the telecommunications industry
usually are.

ALBUQUERQUE
She's got a sister...

The Escalade ACCELERATES. Flagstaff looks forlornly OVER his
SHOULDER. The ZOMBIE and the CORPSE FADE into the DISTANCE.
Flagstaff has that three-mile stare.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*It does make you wonder. What it is
about me and Albuquerque that we're still
around to make grocery lists, while those
two souls ended up on either end of a mid-
afternoon snack? You never know...*

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY - FLASHBACK

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

For instance, here's a little drinking game: Take a look at the following pre-Zombieland scene and try to predict who's gonna survive post-Zombieland...

We're outside a PRE-ZOMBIELAND gas station, on the outskirts of a busy city. Hustle. Bustle. Cars whizzing by.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **One month earlier**

We crane all the way to the ASPHALT, where a well-dressed, put-upon young WOMAN, mid-twenties, is kneeling down, frantically searching on the ground next to some gas pumps.

The woman is GORGEOUS, but an emotional wreck. Her search is totally FRUITLESS, and she fights back tears.

The MANAGER of the gas station, a shifty-eyed GREASE-BALL, sees her and comes out to help.

MANAGER

Whatcha looking for?

WOMAN

My engagement ring. I took it off to pump my gas. Thought I put it in my purse, but it must have...

MANAGER

(peeks around)

What's it look like?

WOMAN

Big and...

(starts to cry)

...beautiful.

(re: crying)

Sorry. It's just, what will I tell my fiance? And I'm late for my flight.

MANAGER

(sly)

Tell you what. Gas is on me. Gimme your number. You get on that flight. I'm gonna turn this place upside down. I'll find your ring. Send it Fed-Ex. Your fiance will never know.

WOMAN

I'll give you a reward.

MANAGER
Don't be silly.

WOMAN
Three thousand dollars.
(off the manager's raised
eyebrow, sotto voce)
You don't understand. It's worth more
than my car.

The manager steals a furtive glance at the woman's car: a
cute RED BMW CONVERTIBLE. He deftly conceals his excitement.

MANAGER
(smiles)
I'm not taking your three thousand
dollars. But I will take your number.

The woman's face says it all: Can she trust him? At last:

WOMAN
Thank you so much...

She gives him her card.

CUT TO:

THE BMW PULLING AWAY... The MANAGER waves, watching the car
disappear, then TURNS QUICKLY and SCOURS THE PAVEMENT.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER... The MANAGER is sweaty with the effort of searching.
He's sorting the TRASH. Nothing. A PHONE RINGS inside. He
tosses aside a gross BANANA PEEL and jogs into his OFFICE.

DISSOLVE TO:

A BIT LATER... The MANAGER is still on the phone in the
office, his back turned to the window.

MANAGER
(into phone)
I told you, she's on a plane! That's the
beauty of it!

He turns around and SPIES an ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL bending
over something SHINY on the sidewalk. The girl is sharp,
tomboyish, wise beyond her years, hair tousled, a quick
study.

MANAGER
Crap!

Like LIGHTNING, the manager HANGS up and SPRINTS OUTSIDE.
The girl is standing up, examining a HUGE, SPARKLING RING.

MANAGER
You found my ring!

The girl looks up. The manager reaches out with a grin.

MANAGER
Thank you. I've been looking all over
for it.

The girl looks WARY. She speaks with a SOUTHERN ACCENT:

GIRL
Your ring?

MANAGER
(thinks)
Not exactly mine. A friend of mine's. A
nice lady. She was sad to lose it. I'm
gonna send it to her.

GIRL
Really?

MANAGER
Look, here's her phone number!

The manager produces the woman's CARD. A long pause while
the girl considers it.

GIRL
That could be anyone's number.

MANAGER
Look, kid, I'm not making this up. The
lady's getting married. She needs her
ring.

But the girl is still RELUCTANT.

MANAGER
Santa Claus is watching...

GIRL
Do I get a reward?

MANAGER
There's candy in the office.

GIRL
I don't think so.

He turns to LEAVE.

MANAGER

(panic setting in)

You can't sell it, if that's what you're thinking. A kid like you takes that ring into a store, they're only gonna ask a bunch of questions. Besides, a big store, it's not worth anything to them.

The girl turns back.

GIRL

It is to you.

The manager stares daggers into the kid. He's at the END of his ROPE.

INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - DAY

The MANAGER is standing at the CASH REGISTER, COUNTING OFF TWENTY dollar BILLS into the GIRL's HAND.

MANAGER

Forty, sixty, eighty... four hundred.
That's four hundred dollars. The whole register.

He tilts the register tray toward the girl to show her that it's empty. The girl TILTS the tray in the OTHER DIRECTION, revealing another stack of TWENTIES UNDER THE TRAY.

The manager sags, scoops them up, and hands them over.

MANAGER

OK, five hundred more. For a total of nine.

GIRL

And the candy.

MANAGER

(gaze narrows)
One bar.

The girl grabs an Aba Zabba. Then she takes a good, hard look at the RING. The manager was pretty quick to hand out that nine hundred dollars. Nevertheless, a deal's a deal. The girl HANDS OVER the ring.

MANAGER

You've made someone very happy.

The girl marches out of the office with her cash and her now half-eaten Aba Zabba.

GIRL
(mouth full)
You too.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The GIRL walks AROUND THE CORNER, to where the GAS STATION is no longer in sight.

She walks up to a car parked in the shade of a tree. It's the SHINY RED BMW CONVERTIBLE. The girl climbs into the passenger seat and shuts the door. The beautiful WOMAN smirks at her from the driver's seat.

WOMAN
Well?

GIRL
(forks over the cash)
Seven hundred.

WOMAN
Uh, uh, uh...

The girl produces five more twenties.

GIRL
OK, eight.

The woman smiles and KISSES her on the forehead lovingly.

WOMAN
I'm guessing at least nine. But keep the difference. You earned it. How many left?

The girl opens the GLOVE COMPARTMENT, takes out a manila ENVELOPE, and dumps fifteen fat identical costume engagement RINGS into her LAP. She holds one up to the light.

GIRL
Someday, I want a ring this big.

WOMAN
For the low price of thirty bucks, sold.

GIRL
(offers her candy)
Aba Zabba?

WOMAN
 (shakes her head)
 Nine grams Trans Fat. Seatbelt.

The girl puts on her SEATBELT and pulls out a ROAD MAP of the UNITED STATES.

GIRL
 California's far.

WOMAN
 Exactly.

The woman lowers the TOP of the CONVERTIBLE. We CRANE UP as the two DRIVE AWAY.

EXT./INT. FREEWAY/BMW - DAY

The WOMAN and the GIRL speed down the freeway in the red BMW. The girl has the window down and her arm out the window. With her hand, she adjusts the SIDE VIEW MIRROR.

She creaks the mirror out a bit. Then creaks it back in. Then OUT AGAIN. All the while, her EYES remain fixated on what she can see in the mirror. The woman NOTICES.

WOMAN
 Stop looking.

GIRL
 (nonchalant)
 What?

WOMAN
 He's not following us.

GIRL
 I know, just making sure.
 (off the woman's intense look,
 covering:)
 About the gas station guy!

The woman's not buying it. The girl insists:

GIRL
 I think he was onto us!

The woman has heard enough.

WOMAN
 Listen. Dad's not following us. He's
not.

GIRL

I know.

WOMAN

Say it: He's not following us.

GIRL

He's not following us.

WOMAN

Good. You and I are safe. I promise.
Dad won't find us. Ever. He's smart.
He sucks. But he's not, like, God.
We're going all the way to California.
And how many people will live in
California by the year 2009?

GIRL

Thirty-nine million.

WOMAN

Thirty-nine million..?

GIRL

(smiles)
...and two.

WOMAN

Besides. Remember. Nothing bad ever
happens at Disneyland.

GIRL

Promise?

WOMAN

(nods)
It's the happiest. Place.

The woman puts out her fist. The girl looks at it, then
SMIRKS and gives her a Tiger-Woods-style FIST POUND.

WOMAN

On earth.

The car finds a lower gear and ACCELERATES away.

INT. GAS STATION MEN'S ROOM - DAY

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

Fast forward to Zombieland. Any guesses
who's gonna survive? If you said this
guy... take a drink...

The MANAGER is sitting in a stall on the TOILET. He hears the main DOOR to the bathroom swing OPEN.

MANAGER

Can a guy take a growler in peace?!

The manager GASPS. A ZOMBIE has poked its HEAD under the stall door, and is STARING at him with a RAVENOUS SMILE.

The manager SCREAMS, and the stall SHUDDERS with the violence of the attack.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

See?! Crawling under the stall!

Crawling under the stall!

FADE OUT.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY - PRESENT

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **Leland, Arizona**

Another TITLE: **Ralph's Grocery**

FADE UP ON:

The ESCALADE, parked by a GROCERY STORE in the desert town of Leland.

Another TITLE: **Double Coupon Sunday**

FLAGSTAFF and ALBUQUERQUE are standing by the open tailgate of the Escalade, where Albuquerque gathers some EQUIPMENT.

He grabs a pair of wicked-looking HEDGE CLIPPERS. He snags an aluminum BASEBALL BAT and slides two DOUGHNUT SHAPED WEIGHTS onto the end. And he takes out an ACOUSTIC GUITAR and slides it over his shoulder by the strap.

Flagstaff watches, bemused, then looks up at the store.

FLAGSTAFF

I used to love grocery shopping.

ALBUQUERQUE

No one loved grocery shopping.

Albuquerque SLAMS the tailgate SHUT with a flourish and marches toward the front doors, Flagstaff in tow.

ALBUQUERQUE

The whole 'zombies only eat human flesh' thing? Total myth.

They'll eat anything. I know 'cause I've seen 'em eat tofu, black licorice, and fourteen of the fifteen offerings from Lean Cuisine.

Albuquerque steps on the door pad, and the doors slide open.

ALBUQUERQUE

Which one won't they touch? A bit of a head scratcher: Teriyaki Chicken.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

We're now inside the grocery store, where ALBUQUERQUE strides toward the aisles. FLAGSTAFF slinks behind, holding his SHOTGUN. The place is a MESS, food strewn everywhere.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

When Albuquerque goes Hulk on a zombie, he sets the standard for not-to-be-fucked-with. Intensely violent. Creatively violent. No fear. Like he's got nothing to lose. I wish I didn't feel such a rush watching it, but what can I say? It's like... art.

As if on cue, a hugely OBESE ZOMBIE jumps out from behind a counter. Albuquerque unslings the GUITAR, spins, and BRAINS the zombie with it.

Then Albuquerque makes like a member of The Clash, RAISING the guitar over his head and bringing it down on the zombie again and again.

Suddenly, a second MORBIDLY OBESE ZOMBIE rushes on. This time, Albuquerque readies the baseball bat with the doughnut weights. He cocks and swings like Alex Rodriguez, CRUSHING its head into a display of snacks.

At last, one final FAT ZOMBIE waddles toward Albuquerque. He faces it with a smile, holding up the big HEDGE CLIPPERS. He SNAPS them a couple times. The zombie PAUSES, concerned.

CUT TO:

The NOW-BLOODY HEDGE CLIPPERS sliding across the floor, tossed aside. FLAGSTAFF's mouth is open. He's half amazed, half nauseated.

Albuquerque looks at the three HUGELY FAT DEAD ZOMBIES.

ALBUQUERQUE

These three really let themselves go.

FLAGSTAFF

Being a zombie is depressing. And what
cures depression? Dessert food.

Albuquerque's EYES WIDEN as he considers this. All at once,
he DASHES into the DESSERT FOOD AISLE.

A couple beats. Albuquerque walks out slowly, angrily,
discarding a couple EMPTY TWINKIE BOXES. To add insult to
injury, he strolls into the FREEZER AISLE, looks, then plucks
out a PACKAGE. He walks over and hands it to FLAGSTAFF:

A PRISTINE BOX of Lean Cuisine's TERIYAKI CHICKEN.

ALBUQUERQUE

(sighs)
Got a quarter? I wanna ride the rocket
ship.

FLAGSTAFF

Which leaves me the pony!

Albuquerque is nearly out the door when he suddenly STOPS.
He motions for Flagstaff to be still.

ALBUQUERQUE

Hear that?

We hear the sound of MOVEMENT in an aisle. Flagstaff RAISES
his SHOTGUN. Slowly, Albuquerque and Flagstaff inch around
the corner of the aisle to see what's making the noise.

STANDING in the aisle is the WOMAN of FLAGSTAFF's DREAMS,
twenty-something, bedraggled, but naturally GORGEOUS, who
also just happens to be...

...THE CON-WOMAN FROM THE RED BMW.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

*All I could think, all I could think, was
what are the odds: another 'marriageable
woman' to bring home to the folks.
Zombieland's like eharmoney, only fewer
gruesome surprises! Someone's ear's in
danger of having hair brushed over it...*

But Flagstaff's excited, expectant expression fades as the
woman's face contorts into ANGUISH and TERROR.

WOMAN

Come quick...

The woman turns toward the back of the store. Albuquerque and Flagstaff share an anxious look.

ALBUQUERQUE
Guard the front door.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

FLAGSTAFF is planted outside the store, standing guard, nervously shifting his weight from foot to foot.

ALBUQUERQUE (O.S.)
Flagstaff!

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

ALBUQUERQUE has FLAGSTAFF by the arm, leading him to the back of the store.

ALBUQUERQUE
(voice lowered)
They're sisters. The young one's been bitten. Act normal. Don't freak her out...

Albuquerque throws open the doors to the BUTCHER SHOP.

ALBUQUERQUE
Flagstaff... Meet Wichita... and Stillwater.

WICHITA is the woman from the red BMW. And yes, STILLWATER is her 11-year-old sister. Zombieland has clearly taken its toll on these two, but they're still alive, which is all that counts.

Stillwater sits languidly against a counter. She looks pale, sweaty. Flagstaff shakes Wichita's hand, then Stillwater's. As he shakes with Stillwater, his eyes dart to a bloody, mouth-shaped WOUND on her WRIST. Stillwater closes, then OPENS her eyes.

STILLWATER
You did all this... for a Twinkie?

FLAGSTAFF
He did, actually. I'm more of a... second banana.

Wichita pulls Albuquerque and Flagstaff aside. The three talk in hushed tones.

FLAGSTAFF

She doesn't have long.

WICHITA

I know.

(gathers her composure)

And she knows. We're just looking for a way out.

Wichita's eyes go to Flagstaff's SHOTGUN. Flagstaff's follows her gaze, then SHAKES his HEAD.

FLAGSTAFF

Oh no you don't. She's just a girl.

STILLWATER

Don't talk about me like I'm not here!

FLAGSTAFF

(crosses to Stillwater)

I know you're sick, but, she wants me to...

STILLWATER

It's not her decision. It's mine. I made her promise. I made her promise. We already said goodbye. But we didn't have a gun.

FLAGSTAFF

This may sound crazy, but we're still not sure there's no cure! You never know...

STILLWATER

You're just gutless. Give him the gun.

She motions toward ALBUQUERQUE, who's currently lost in the ethical dilemma of the moment. But he hears Stillwater's wish. After a few beats, he strides over and GRABS HOLD of the shotgun. Flagstaff RESISTS, but he YANKS it away.

Flagstaff turns his back, DISGUSTED, as Albuquerque steps tentatively toward Stillwater. Wichita bites her lip.

WICHITA

Wait.

Wichita holds out her hand.

WICHITA

I'll do it.

Albuquerque hesitates, then HANDS the SHOTGUN to Wichita.
She musters her poise and walks over to her sister.

Stillwater and Wichita share a poignant glance, then take
each other's hand. Wichita squeezes Stillwater's palm. She
checks the gun for shells (they're there), then closes it.

ALBUQUERQUE
Is there anything we can do?

WICHITA
Since you mention it...

Wichita turns the SHOTGUN AWAY from Stillwater and POINTS IT
RIGHT AT Albuquerque.

WICHITA
...we'll take your car keys, weapons,
ammunition...

Stillwater POPS OFF the floor with a burst of energy and a
SMIRK.

STILLWATER
...and if you've got it, sugarless gum.

Flagstaff turns around. What the hell?! Albuquerque
swallows his surprise. He points to Stillwater's 'bite':

ALBUQUERQUE
What's that?

STILLWATER
(As in, 'You're such a dummy...
anyone in there?')
Hello?
(gestures to the room in which
they're standing)
Butcher shop.

Stillwater RUBS OFF the COW BLOOD. There's no wound at all.
Flagstaff looks stunned.

FLAGSTAFF
Why would you do this?

WICHITA
(taking ammo from Flagstaff)
Better you make the mistake of trusting
us. Than us make the mistake of trusting
you.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
And my folks would've been so pleased.

FLAGSTAFF
 I could not be more bummed.

WICHITA
 Life's a bitch.

ALBUQUERQUE
 Look. Who's. Talking.

Wichita SNATCHES Albuquerque's keys.

EXT./INT. 10 FREEWAY/ESCALADE - DAY

WICHITA drives Albuquerque's ESCALADE west down the freeway.
 STILLWATER sits in the passenger seat.

Wichita flips down the visor and looks in the vanity mirror.
 She WINCES at her close-up appearance, immediately flipping
 the visor back up.

WICHITA
 Avoid the vanity mirror.

STILLWATER
 Relax. I just passed for a zombie!

Stillwater flips down her own mirror and frowns.

STILLWATER
 I'm having a bad hair month.

WICHITA
 (smiles)
 If there were an Olympics for greasy?
 (points to Stillwater)
 Gold.

Stillwater smiles, too. But the smile fades. Wichita tries
 to drum up a little spirit:

WICHITA
 Remind me what we heard about the Magic
 Kingdom.

STILLWATER
 Zombie-free.

WICHITA
 Good enough for me...

Wichita plants the accelerator on the floor.

EXT. LELAND, ARIZONA - DAY

ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF are trolling through Leland, looking for a replacement for the ESCALADE. Flagstaff is carrying Albuquerque's DUFFEL BAG ON TOP of his ROLLING SUITCASE like a Sherpa.

FLAGSTAFF
What I'm gonna miss most?

ALBUQUERQUE
Uh-huh.

FLAGSTAFF
Sure?

Albuquerque STARES impatiently at Flagstaff.

FLAGSTAFF
The twenty-inch wheels. Followed by the bucket seats. With the lumbar.
(looks at Albuquerque)
And the rich... premium... audio. Is this really helping?

ALBUQUERQUE
Do what you want to a guy. But do not fuck with his Cadillac.

FLAGSTAFF
(points)
There's a nice minivan.

ALBUQUERQUE
(brightens)
Yeah, nice!

Albuquerque approaches the MINIVAN in question, pauses for effect, and then KICKS the LIVING SHIT out of it. SMASHES in the door panel. RIPS off the side-view mirror. JUMPS up and down on the HOOD. Then falls right back INTO STEP with Flagstaff, who has kept on walking.

A few beats pass. Then:

ALBUQUERQUE
I pulled something.

FLAGSTAFF
Stretch...

ALBUQUERQUE

Are the two of us smart enough to come up
with a con like that?

Flagstaff eyes Albuquerque and HESITATES.

ALBUQUERQUE

Oh, man. You hesitated.

(SEES something in the

DISTANCE, pauses)

Question: Is it better to be smart?

Or... lucky?

Albuquerque breaks into a SPRINT. Flagstaff FOLLOWS.

EXT. HUMMER H2 - DAY

FLAGSTAFF finishes his jog, where he finds ALBUQUERQUE
already circling his new DISCOVERY...

...a brand spanking new HUMMER H2, in BLACK, parked askew in
some guy's driveway, smacked into a wooden garage support.
Albuquerque throws open the driver's door and finds a KEY in
the ignition. He turns it, and the Hummer ROARS to LIFE.

Albuquerque CACKLES. Flagstaff opens the passenger door and
dutifully, cautiously peers into the BACK SEAT.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **31. Check the Back Seat**

Sitting on the back seat is a BIG paramilitary-style CANVAS
BAG. Flagstaff examines the bag: You don't think..? He
looks up at the house, which has a Confederate flag flying.
Flagstaff slowly pulls back the zipper to discover an ARRAY
of WICKED-LOOKING PARAMILITARY WEAPONRY.

Flagstaff gently CLEARS his THROAT to get Albuquerque's
attention. Albuquerque turns and looks into the bag.

ALBUQUERQUE

No. Way.

Twin .50 Caliber DESERT EAGLE PISTOLS. Two COMBAT SHOTGUNS.
BOXES of AMMUNITION. And the crowning glory... an absolutely
pristine, deadly, monstrous STEYR AUG AUTOMATIC RIFLE.

Albuquerque is a twelve-year-old boy again:

ALBUQUERQUE

This is a really big truck.

(deep breath)

And these are really big guns.

Flagstaff claps him on the shoulder.

FLAGSTAFF
Take your time.

INT. HUMMER H2 - DAY

FLAGSTAFF sits patiently in the passenger seat of the Hummer, YAWNING. Visible behind Flagstaff in the rear window (out of focus due to the long lens, and muffled because he's outside the closed truck) is ALBUQUERQUE, who fires a BURST with the automatic rifle to test it, then starts whooping like an idiot, dancing, and punching the air in CELEBRATION (inspired by a famous shot from 'Ferris Bueller's Day Off').

At last, Albuquerque opens the driver's door and HOPS in.

FLAGSTAFF
Done?

ALBUQUERQUE
Maayybe.

Albuquerque FLOORS the Hummer, splintering the rest of the garage support and bouncing onto the street.

EXT./INT. 10 FREEWAY/HUMMER - DAY

The HUMMER heads down the freeway, ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF in the front seats.

FLAGSTAFF
You're scary happy.

ALBUQUERQUE
You get sentimental, you talk about home.
For me, home was a dog named Buck...

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

In flashback, the PRE-ZOMBIELAND ALBUQUERQUE is giving his German Shepherd puppy BUCK a BATH. Albuquerque shapes the fur on Buck's head into a MOHAWK and laughs at the sight.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HUMMER - DAY

Back in the Hummer, ALBUQUERQUE continues his story.

ALBUQUERQUE

There's no getting him back. So I'm looking for a new home. And by home I don't mean Mom's tuna surprise, or some bullshit place with no zombies. I mean something... anything... that makes me feel one one-thousandth of the way I did around Buck. Tomorrow, maybe that's skinny-dipping in the Yellowstone River... the next day, maybe swinging from the chandeliers in the Lincoln Bedroom. But today? A Vortec 6 liter V-8. A boxful of .50 cal. And lord willing, a G.D. twinkie. Gotta enjoy the little things...

Albuquerque turns on the CD player. A SONG begins: BILLY JOEL'S 'KEEPING THE FAITH.' There is no better music for feeling good when you should otherwise be feeling bad.

Albuquerque sticks his HEAD out the SUN ROOF, singing into the wind:

ALBUQUERQUE

Gonna listen to my forty-fives! Ain't it wonderful to be alive, when the rock-n-roll plays!

Albuquerque inadvertently catches a BUG in the MOUTH. He HACKS. Flagstaff pulls out a tiny NOTEBOOK and WRITES in it.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

*I hate to give credit to anyone who eats bugs. But I'm even writing it down.
Rule #32 For Surviving Zombieland - Enjoy
the Little Things.*

Albuquerque considers something, momentarily lowers the volume on the stereo, and hits the ON-STAR BUTTON.

DETROIT (V.O.)

On-Star. How can I help you?

ALBUQUERQUE

Detroit, Albuquerque.

DETROIT (V.O.)

Handsome!

ALBUQUERQUE

We need another grocery store. And before I forget, we found a new ride.

DETROIT (V.O.)
 A Hummer! You stud. I'm so relieved!
 After what happened to the Caddy...

Albuquerque starts to nod, then STOPS with a FROWN.

ALBUQUERQUE
 You know what happened to the Escalade?

DETROIT (V.O.)
 Just it's been dead for an hour. Mile
 marker two-ten. 'Check Engine' light on.
 I was worried. But you found a new ride.
 So it's all good.

Albuquerque and Flagstaff share a look.

ALBUQUERQUE
 It's allllll good.

Albuquerque hits the GAS. He is practically salivating. The
 Hummer turns onto the 10 FREEWAY, headed WEST. FLAGSTAFF
 fidgets in his seat UNCOMFORTABLY.

FLAGSTAFF
 They say 'He who seeks revenge should
 remember to dig two graves...'

ALBUQUERQUE
 Right. Two graves. One for the big
 chick. And one for the little chick.

Albuquerque turns the volume back up, and 'KEEPING THE FAITH'
 resumes at FULL BLAST.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY - DAY

'KEEPING THE FAITH' keeps playing as the HUMMER ZOOMS down
 the 10 FREEWAY... through a FOREST OF JOSHUA TREES... under
 a BLOOD-RED SUN...

A gorgeous HAWK flies overhead.

FLAGSTAFF can't help but admire the fiery landscape.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **32. Enjoy the Little
 Things**

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT./INT. VALLEY/HUMMER - LATER

The SUN is LOW in the sky over the Arizona desert. The Hummer is parked at the top of a valley, about a mile across, high on one side, high on the other, depressed in the middle.

The freeway runs right down to the valley floor and up the other side. And at the exact bottom sits Albuquerque's ESCALADE, its hood popped. ALBUQUERQUE watches through HIGH-POWERED BINOCULARS. FLAGSTAFF looks on.

Three letters have been added to Albuquerque's big number '3' on the side of the SUV. It now reads, 'H3LP' (HELP).

There looks to be MOVEMENT UNDER THE HOOD, as evidenced by some moving CLOTH and a SHADOW on the ground.

ALBUQUERQUE
(grabs his STEYR AUG rifle)
Knowing them? It's a trap. Stay here.
Drive down if I signal.

FLAGSTAFF
You're not gonna shoot them?

ALBUQUERQUE
Not unless they shoot at me.
(slaps a clip into the Steyr
Aug)
Let's hope they shoot at me.

EXT./INT. VALLEY/HUMMER - DAY

ALBUQUERQUE walks toward the Escalade in the smartest, stealthiest way possible, using all available cover, STEYR AUG RAISED. He looks UNDER the truck. No one there. He throws open the tailgate. No one there. At last, he peers around the hood.

A BLOUSE is hanging from the raised hood ornament on a HANGER, ostensibly to provide SHADE for whoever was working under the hood. That's what was causing the moving SHADOW...

Albuquerque steps carefully away from the Escalade until he's safely fifty yards off, surrounded by flat, empty desert. Then he SIGNALS FLAGSTAFF to drive down.

CUT TO:

FLAGSTAFF pulling up to ALBUQUERQUE in the HUMMER.
Albuquerque clambers into the PASSENGER SEAT.

ALBUQUERQUE
They must've hoofed it.

Flagstaff smiles TIMIDLY at Albuquerque, but DOESN'T ANSWER.

ALBUQUERQUE
Probably west.

Flagstaff cocks his head... that would be logical.

ALBUQUERQUE
Drive slowly, eyes open.

Flagstaff bites his lip but doesn't hit the gas. Albuquerque stares for a moment, then faces forward.

ALBUQUERQUE
They're in the back seat, huh?

Flagstaff NODS apologetically.

STILLWATER
Just me!

STILLWATER pops up in the back seat, pointing Flagstaff's old SHOTGUN at the back of Albuquerque's neck. Its BARREL has been SAWED OFF.

ALBUQUERQUE
(glimpses Stillwater, then
stares at Flagstaff)
You got taken hostage. By an eleven-year-old.

FLAGSTAFF
She's way ahead of where I was at that age.

STILLWATER
Eleven's the new seventeen!
(to Albuquerque)
Gun, please.

ALBUQUERQUE
(eyes Stillwater's shotgun)
Sawed off the barrel?

STILLWATER
(nods)
Barely have to aim.

ALBUQUERQUE
Like you'd ever shoot that th-

Before Albuquerque can even finish his sentence, Stillwater IMMEDIATELY, without hesitation, FIRES TWO SHOTGUN BLASTS out the window. Then, before Albuquerque's even recovered from his flinch, she rapidly EJECTS the SHELLS, slides in two new ones, and slaps the GUN closed AGAIN.

ALBUQUERQUE
Jesus! A little agro!

STILLWATER
All those violent video games...

Albuquerque quickly hands his rifle into the BACK SEAT.

STILLWATER
(to Flagstaff)
Drive.

Flagstaff drives up the far side of the valley.

STILLWATER
Now flash your brights.

Flagstaff FLASHES the BRIGHTS. Immediately, WICHITA emerges from a CLUSTER of ROCKS, so WELL HIDDEN it's like she's emerging from thin air. Albuquerque raises an eyebrow.

FLAGSTAFF
(to Albuquerque, gesturing
toward Stillwater)
She was hidden even better.
(off Albuquerque's GLARE)
'Cause she's smaller.

Wichita aims the AK-47 at Flagstaff and opens his door.

WICHITA
I'm the first to admit. This is a little
awkward. Step away from the vehicle...

EXT. VALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF stand by their duffel bag and roller suitcase, respectively. They stare helplessly as WICHITA and STILLWATER load the last of their own GEAR into the HUMMER, shut the doors, and PULL AWAY.

ALBUQUERQUE
Assholes. Joke's on them. Look what I
swiped from under the seat!

A SELF-SATISFIED Albuquerque holds open the manila ENVELOPE from earlier, full of COSTUME JEWELRY RINGS. Flagstaff rolls his eyes. Albuquerque and Flagstaff watch as their nemeses head WEST, literally DRIVING OFF into the SUNSET.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HUMMER - DAY

WICHITA and STILLWATER cruise west on the 10 FREEWAY, LAUGHING as they discuss the guys.

WICHITA

With the muscles and the glasses. And how he sucks in his stomach. I'm guessing high school football trainer. Probably taped a lotta ankles. Smelled like BenGay.

STILLWATER

(shakes head)

Pool guy. Or concert security. With the yellow jacket. And the metal detector stick. 'Kid, gotta ask you to open that backpack!'

WICHITA

Now we'll never know.

(shrugs)

Maybe we're underestimating him...

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK

A FLASHBACK of the pre-Zombieland ALBUQUERQUE working his most recent JOB. He's not taping ankles. He's on a STREET, SPINNING one of those BIG CARDBOARD REAL ESTATE ARROW SIGNS.

Albuquerque's a DISASTER. The sign keeps DROPPING. WHACKING him in the face. LAUNCHING off his finger into traffic. A DRIVER of a CONVERTIBLE gets NAILED in the head and SWERVES.

QUICK CUT BACK TO:

INT. HUMMER - DAY

STILLWATER

Nah.

WICHITA

And the skinny one?

STILLWATER
 (rolls eyes)
 Get some sun!

WICHITA
 He kinda screamed... Kinko's.

STILLWATER
Something geeky...

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. BEST BUY - DAY - FLASHBACK

FLAGSTAFF is wearing a BLUE 'BEST BUY' SHIRT, playing VIRTUAL TENNIS on a NINTENDO WII in the video game department, trying hard to impress a hot FEMALE CUSTOMER. He SWINGS the controller back to hit a forehand and WIPES OUT an entire DISPLAY CASE.

QUICK CUT BACK TO:

INT. HUMMER - DAY

STILLWATER
 Amazing.

WICHITA
 What?

STILLWATER
 How they got this far. Made it way out here. They should be proud.

WICHITA
 They can die happy.
 (realizes her ominous word
 choice)
 I mean...

Stillwater hears this and steals a few glances at the vast, burning, empty desert... as far as the eye can see. Wichita keeps looking determinedly ahead down the road.

Stillwater's last glance is over her shoulder. Then she looks over at Wichita, who slowly returns the stare.

WICHITA
 No.

STILLWATER
 OK.

A beat.

WICHITA
No!

STILLWATER
OK!

WICHITA
We're not going back! They're dangerous!

STILLWATER
Right.

WICHITA
O.K., not dangerous. Pathetic. But what did we say?

STILLWATER
Just you and me.

WICHITA
You and me. Even if it means leaving behind the slow or the weak.

STILLWATER
Or one slow. And one weak.

WICHITA
Right.

A couple beats.

STILLWATER
I saw this Discovery Channel show. On wildebeest herds. They always wait for the slow and the weak. That way, when the lions show up... they only eat the slow and the weak.

Wichita, who had turned back to the road, slowly turns back to look at Stillwater again. They share a sly look.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY/HUMMER - DAY

We see the HUMMER from behind. Its BRAKE LIGHTS come on.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT./INT. 10 FREEWAY/HUMMER - DAY

The Hummer is now FULL. WICHITA is driving. ALBUQUERQUE sits in the passenger seat.

STILLWATER is sitting 'bitch' (backseat middle), aiming her SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN at FLAGSTAFF, who sits beside her to her left, looking GIDDY.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

That face? That's me realizing... A) I just got picked up by the girl of my dreams... B) She can't use the 'boyfriend' shield... and C) My lone competition's only life goal is eating a sponge cake with creamy filling.

Superimposed Onscreen: 3 TITLES, displayed consecutively as Flagstaff talks about them:

A) Picked up by Girl of Dreams

B) 'Boyfriend' Excuse Out of Date

C) Competition Weak

FLAGSTAFF

Thanks, guys. You have really big hearts.

ALBUQUERQUE's knees are nearly up to his chest.

ALBUQUERQUE

And really short legs.

Albuquerque hits the electric seat lever, moving the seat BACKWARD.

STILLWATER

Make one more adjustment to my seat, and you're riding 'Bitch.'

STILLWATER shifts her shotgun from Flagstaff to the back of Albuquerque's head. Albuquerque turns and flinches slightly at the sight of the barrel.

ALBUQUERQUE

Last time I call 'Shotgun!'

Albuquerque makes a little face at Stillwater, then rebelliously TWEAKS his HEADREST.

SMASH CUT TO:

ALBUQUERQUE, now sitting 'BITCH' in the BACKSEAT with Stillwater. FLAGSTAFF is now riding up front, equally uncomfortable with the seat position of an 11-year-old girl.

FLAGSTAFF
He's got a point.

STILLWATER
It's like an 8-position seat! It took me
forever to find the perfect spot!

CUT TO:

INT. HUMMER - DAY - FLASHBACK

STILLWATER is perched in the passenger seat, ADJUSTING it with the levers. Up. Down. Backwards. Forwards. Back down. Up again. Desperately struggling to find a comfortable position. She seems to get cozy. Then makes one more adjustment.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HUMMER - DAY

ALBUQUERQUE
You must be exhausted.

STILLWATER
Kinda. Yeah.

Awkward silence. At last, FLAGSTAFF looks for an opening, anything to engage WICHITA.

FLAGSTAFF
Keep it under 75 and you can eke out a
few extra miles a gallon.

WICHITA
Not so worried about global warming,
Tipper. Apocalypse and all.

Flagstaff stares... this girl is a spitfire!

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*Oh, and D) Cupid just shot me in the
heel with an arrow.
(reaches down, grimacing)
That or my foot's pinned under the
seat...*

Superimposed onscreen, a fourth TITLE:

D) Love Hurts

EXT./INT. 10 FREEWAY/HUMMER - LATER

It's a little while later. The HUMMER ZOOMS to the WEST at a pretty good clip. FLAGSTAFF and WICHITA sit in silence. In back, ALBUQUERQUE and STILLWATER battle like Ali and Frasier.

ALBUQUERQUE

You guys gotta sleep sometime.

Albuquerque DRAGS his finger from one ear, across his NECK, to the other ear. Yep. The old slice-the-throat symbol.

Stillwater smirks, takes her index finger that's NOT on the shotgun trigger, SUCKS on it... and then twirls it into Albuquerque's EAR. Yep. The old WET WILLY.

ALBUQUERQUE

(ballistic)

You did not!

FLAGSTAFF

(to Wichita)

He grows on you.

WICHITA

Really?

FLAGSTAFF

Nope.

WICHITA

How 'bout we play the quiet game?
Starting now.

FLAGSTAFF

I've been meaning to ask. You were
coming from the direction of Flagstaff.
You didn't happen to..?

WICHITA

Never played the quiet game before?

(off Flagstaff's lip-bite)

Well they're playing it in Flagstaff.

Total ghost town. Burned to the ground.

(turns to Albuquerque)

Wait. You're... 'Albuquerque?'

(off Albuquerque's nod, turns
back to Flagstaff, wincing)

And you're... 'Flagstaff?'

Flagstaff nods. The silence is deafening. He's been hit square in the gut.

WICHITA
I'm so sorry. I didn't realize it was...

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
...home.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - FLASHBACK

We see the same HOME VIDEOS from earlier of FLAGSTAFF as a boy, with MOM and DAD. Dad hugs Flagstaff.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*Where my family was supposed to be
waiting. In my heart of hearts, I knew
this day would come. The day home left
me. For good.*

CUT BACK TO:

EXT./INT. 10 FREEWAY/HUMMER - DAY

FLAGSTAFF slowly sits back in his seat, his eyes misting over with TEARS.

WICHITA
We'll take you as far as civilization.
You can get a new car. Go see for
yourself. Or else maybe... settle
somewhere new.

At last, STILLWATER reaches over and moves Flagstaff's seat BACK so his knees aren't up in his face. As gestures go, it's the best she can do...

Flagstaff gives her an appreciative look.

EXT./INT. ABANDONED HOMESTEAD / HUMMER - SUNSET

The sun is about to go down over the desert. The HUMMER pulls OFF the freeway and into the driveway of an old, abandoned HOMESTEAD. FLAGSTAFF sits up, shaking off the cobwebs.

WICHITA
Just for the night...

INT. HOMESTEAD - NIGHT

WICHITA, FLAGSTAFF, ALBUQUERQUE, and STILLWATER busy the homestead for a night's sleep.

Flagstaff finishes snooping from room to room and enters the kitchen, where WICHITA is poking around.

FLAGSTAFF
Zombie-free...

WICHITA
Cool. You... OK?

Flagstaff shrugs, but gives her an optimistic smile: 'under the circumstances...'

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
Pretend you're Albuquerque. And she's a zombie. No fear. Nothing to lose.

Wichita tries the faucet (there's NO WATER). Then she starts going through cupboards, plucking out foodstuffs.

FLAGSTAFF
So where you guys headed?

WICHITA
Disneyland. She's never been.

FLAGSTAFF
Think this counts as off-season! Space Mountain will have a very manageable line. If you want, I can go with. Protect you from Tigger, case he's gone zombie.

WICHITA
Tigger? No chance. He's got crazy hops.
(goes to that happy place)
I always wanted to play Tigger. Imagine just standing there... and inspiring pure, adoring love.

Angle on Flagstaff STARING at Wichita purely, adoringly, lovingly. She suddenly notices and looks uncomfortable, and he realizes.

FLAGSTAFF
(covers)
Yeah. Imagine...

INT. HOMESTEAD LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ALBUQUERQUE places down BLANKETS and PILLOWS in the living room, all in front of STILLWATER's carefully aimed SHOTGUN.

ALBUQUERQUE
It's like a 'jama party!

STILLWATER
 (dripping sarcasm)
 Yay!

ALBUQUERQUE
 A 'jama party where if somebody falls
 asleep, they're getting stabbed in the
 back between the ribs so the knife point
 enters their lung instead of their heart.
 That way they can't draw breath to
 scream.
 (off Stillwater's unconcerned
 stare)
 It's OK to show fear.

Wichita and Flagstaff enter the living room. Wichita tosses
 CANS of FOOD to Albuquerque and Flagstaff.

WICHITA
 When your tongue says 'beets,' make your
 brain hear 'Twinkies!'
 (to Stillwater)
 You take first watch.

INT. HOMESTEAD LIVING ROOM - LATER

It's later in the living room. WICHITA lies asleep on the
 couch. FLAGSTAFF is konked out on the floor. ALBUQUERQUE
 sits in a chair eating canned BEETS with a spoon. STILLWATER
 sits in the next chair, vigilantly WATCHING with her SHOTGUN.

STILLWATER
 Can't believe you like beets.

ALBUQUERQUE
 They're a natural stimulant. Keep a man
 awake. Whoa. Check this spoon. It's
 so...

Albuquerque holds his spoon in front of Stillwater's face,
 SWINGING it SLOWLY from SIDE to SIDE to hypnotize her.

ALBUQUERQUE
 ...shiiiny.

STILLWATER
 Horse's ass.

Albuquerque immediately chucks the spoon over his shoulder.

ALBUQUERQUE
 Fine. But I'm crafty. Once I close my
 eyes?

(points to his face)
 You won't be able to tell the difference.
 Between 'sleepy time.' And 'go time.'

CUT TO:

ALBUQUERQUE, in the EXACT SAME spot, except now HILARIOUSLY,
 OBVIOUSLY ASLEEP. Head bowed. Mouth ridiculously open.
 Drool forming. Gruesome SNORING NOISES. Stillwater smiles.

STILLWATER
 Gonna go with 'sleepy time.'

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOMESTEAD LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The SUN comes in the window of the living room. WICHITA now
 sits in one of the chairs with the shotgun, guarding a
 sleeping STILLWATER, ALBUQUERQUE, and FLAGSTAFF.

At the sight of the sunbeam, she walks to the window and
 looks at her reflection in the glass. Grimy skin. Stringy
 hair. She smells something unpleasant, then realizes it's
 simply HERSELF, sniffing under her arm with a GRIMACE.

Wichita is examining her reflection again when her eyes
 WIDEN. We RACK FOCUS from the pane of glass to the VIEW
 beyond, BEHIND the homestead. There, elevated about five
 feet off the ground, is a big WATER DRUM.

EXT. HOMESTEAD BACK YARD - MORNING

WICHITA MARCHES across the yard, holding some SUPPLIES. She
 KNOCKS on the side of the drum and hears a watery ECHO. Then
 she stacks the supplies next to the drum. A HOSE... a small
 HACK-SAW... some DUCT-TAPE.. A HAMMER... a big DRILL BIT...

...and a BAR of SOAP and BOTTLE of SHAMPOO.

Wichita goes to work. In close-up, we see her SAWING the
 HOSE. Using the BIT and HAMMER to punch a HOLE in the side
 of the drum. Inserting the hose piece. Taping it tight.
 KINKING the hose. Then UNKINKING it for a moment to see the
 water SPILL OUT onto her hand. Crystal clear. But COLD.

Wichita KINKS the hose again just in time for STILLWATER to
 walk outside. Wichita shows off her handiwork.

WICHITA
 Shower?

STILLWATER
 Nuh-uh!

WICHITA

We'll let the sun heat the water.
Meantime, you guard the truck. I'm
searching the storage shed.

(pauses)

What's wrong?

STILLWATER

(overcome with giddiness)

I love you very much.

WICHITA

Society? Collapsed. Population?
Destroyed. Hair? Bouncy.

INT. HOMESTEAD LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FLAGSTAFF stirs awake on the floor next to a still-sleeping
ALBUQUERQUE.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

*There are two moments familiar to anyone
who's lived in Zombieland: the moment
you wake up in the morning, right before
you remember about zombies.*

Flagstaff opens his eyes, obliviously happy.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

And then the moment you remember.

Flagstaff's expression immediately grows anxious. He takes a
deep breath, then gathers his courage to face the day.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

*It's a scary world out there, but
someone's gotta poop their pants in it.
Might as well be me.*

Flagstaff stands up and strides outside.

INT. HOMESTEAD STORAGE SHED - CONTINUOUS

FLAGSTAFF walks into the storage shed, where he hears a bit
of BANGING. He discovers WICHITA, back turned to him, BENT
OVER, looking through some BOXES.

He stands perfectly still, silently, mesmerized by the sight
of her ASS.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*I've kept quiet in some tight spots. But
 never this quiet. And never that...
 tight.*

Suddenly, Wichita catches a GLIMPSE of Flagstaff ogling her from under her arm. She SPINS around.

WICHITA
 Creepy.

FLAGSTAFF
 I can explain. Mm. No. I can't.
 (indicating 'bye')
 I'll just be...

WICHITA
 ...helping me look through boxes?

FLAGSTAFF
 Yes'm!
 (can't believe that came out)
 'Yes'm?' What is this, civil war
 Atlanta?! Yes ma'am. Even though you
 don't seem like a... ma'am.
 (shuffles toward boxes)
 I am a good... helper... of... looking
 through... boxes...

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
If anyone gets a clean shot, take me out.

Flagstaff and Wichita go through boxes side-by-side.

WICHITA
 Don't take this wrong. But I will never,
 ever sleep with you.

FLAGSTAFF
 Totally fine!
 (thinks)
 Even if we were the last two..?

WICHITA
 ...people on earth?
 (shakes head)
 Actual danger of that.

FLAGSTAFF
 (thinks, smirks)
 I get handsomer by the death!

The two start to chuckle.

WICHITA
So how's my ass? Tiggerific?

FLAGSTAFF
Right, I'm going there.

EXT. HOMESTEAD BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Now ALBUQUERQUE saunters out into the back yard, yawning and stretching, rubbing crumbs from his eyes. He stops. Frowns. Puts on his GLASSES. Spies the jury-rigged SHOWER.

CUT TO:

Albuquerque, now NAKED, under the hose, letting the water POUR all over him. He luxuriates in it, picks up the SOAP, SCRUB-A-DUB-DUBS...

Next he starts GARGLING with the water... SPRAYING it out of his mouth like a GARGOYLE... vigorously SLAPPING his CHEST. Then SHAMPOOING... reaching for the shampoo bottle AGAIN...

ALBUQUERQUE
Lather... rinse... repeat...
(sings from the old ad)
Gonna wash that gray right outta my hair!

INT. HOMESTEAD STORAGE SHED - CONTINUOUS

WICHITA and FLAGSTAFF stop what they're doing and LISTEN to the sound of distant SINGING.

EXT. HOMESTEAD DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

STILLWATER turns. She, too, can hear the singing, even LOUDER. She strains to hear the words.

ALBUQUERQUE (O.S.)
(soft, distant)
Gonna wash that gray right outta my hair!

EXT. HOMESTEAD BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

We're on ALBUQUERQUE in medium shot, back turned to the homestead, still showering, when we see three blurry FIGURES enter the frame BEHIND him. He kneads his muscles, tosses back his head like a supermodel, then freezes, opening his eyes.

We RACK FOCUS to WICHITA, STILLWATER, and FLAGSTAFF standing behind the homestead, watching. Albuquerque turns around and faces them.

ALBUQUERQUE
Come on in! The water's...

The shower suddenly SLOWS to a TRICKLE. Albuquerque frowns.

ALBUQUERQUE
...fine?

Albuquerque checks the hose, which has begun merely to DRIP. Could it be? He bangs on the tub. The water is GONE!

We pan slowly from Flagstaff to Wichita to Stillwater... each one looking grimier and grosser than the one before... each one looking more MURDEROUS than the one before.

Albuquerque's gaze narrows.

ALBUQUERQUE
That's my bad right there.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HOMESTEAD DRIVEWAY - MORNING

The HUMMER literally SPRAYS DUST as it LAUNCHES out of the driveway... leaving ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF BEHIND yet AGAIN.

Albuquerque and Flagstaff watch the girls drive off in silence. Albuquerque knocks a little water out of his ear. Flagstaff slowly turns to stare daggers into him.

ALBUQUERQUE
I'm just as disappointed as you are.

FLAGSTAFF
(all business)
'Bout a mile back. We passed a car...
behind some bushes. We gotta catch her!
(covers)
Uhh... them.

EXT./INT. 10 FREEWAY/CAR - DAY

We're now in a TWO-SHOT of ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF, DRIVING down the freeway again. They're covered in flop sweat from the car hunt. Albuquerque's in a foul mood.

ALBUQUERQUE
Bitches! Fool me once, shame on me.
Fool me twice, shame on you. Fool me
three... Wait, it's once, you. Twice,
me. Three..?

(bewildered)
Who's the shame on?

FLAGSTAFF
You.

ALBUQUERQUE
Go fuck yourself. And the same to the
pussy who drove this P.O.S.

The CAMERA immediately PULLS BACK to REVEAL Albuquerque and
Flagstaff, backs HUNCHED, heads BOWED in an tiny old GEO
METRO.

ALBUQUERQUE
Once I work out this neck crick. Payback
time.

Albuquerque FLOORS the METRO, WITHOUT CONSEQUENCE. Beyond
frustrated, he pulls back on the steering wheel over and over
as though trying to rip it out of the car.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT./INT. 10 FREEWAY/GEO METRO - DAY

WHITE LANE MARKERS hypnotically zoom past as Grandmaster
Flash's 'WHITE LINES' thumps, albeit distortedly, from the
Metro's blown, tinny tweeters.

We're on the outskirts of Los Angeles. We see a SIGN:
'Entering Los Angeles County.' A spray-painted 't'
punctuating 'Los.'

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
(repeating the famous lyrics)
'Ticket to ride the white line highway.'
I know what you're thinking. The white
lines are moving in the wrong
direction... back where I started.

The music dips.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
But Zombieland has a way of messing with
your sense of direction. Now I'm after
the girl. Until I find her, I could do a
lot worse than my old friend Beverly...
Hills.

L.A. looks EERILY EMPTY.

FLAGSTAFF
 (nervous)
 Honest? I kinda miss the traffic.

EXT./INT. BEVERLY HILLS/CAR - DAY

The GEO METRO coasts past the mansions of Beverly Hills. ALBUQUERQUE is driving. FLAGSTAFF is looking around anxiously. 'White Lines' has been replaced by an creepy, suspenseful cue. Flagstaff sees MOVEMENT in some Oleander bushes, but whatever caused it is quickly gone.

FLAGSTAFF
 We gotta find somewhere safe. Now.
 Trust me, L.A.'s messed up.

ALBUQUERQUE
 Yeah? Me too.
 (looks, frowns)
 Not gonna lie. I pictured Tom Cruise living somewhere nicer. Wanna try Jay Leno's?

FLAGSTAFF raises a MAP in front of his FACE... but not just any map, a STAR MAP. He and Albuquerque have been trolling the neighborhood for a pad to set up shop.

FLAGSTAFF
 (eyes light up)
 Slow-slow-slow!

Albuquerque slows down, and Flagstaff points out a MONSTROUS, GORGEOUS 5-ACRE COMPOUND, surrounded by a FENCE, dense FOLIAGE, and a massive wrought-iron GATE with an 'S' in the center. He looks back toward the Oleander bushes across the street, where a CREEPY ZOMBIE parts the bushes and STARES.

FLAGSTAFF
 (points)
 Fast-fast-fast!

Albuquerque PEELS OUT, SWINGS a DOUGHNUT in front of the gate, and PARKS. Flagstaff FUMBLES with his DOOR HANDLE.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

THUD! Albuquerque's DUFFEL BAG lands in a clump of foliage, followed by... THUNK... Flagstaff's ROLLER SUITCASE. WHACK! FLAGSTAFF and ALBUQUERQUE JUMP DOWN from the FENCE and into the back yard of the compound.

Then... BOOM! The ZOMBIE who was watching them SMASHES into the fence on the other side, SHAKING it angrily, REACHING futilely through the bars from mere feet away.

Albuquerque ignores the zombie and sets off through THICK UNDERBRUSH to make it into the yard itself. Flagstaff fearfully gathers their stuff and follows him, still playing the role of the Sherpa.

Albuquerque emerges from the foliage, followed by Flagstaff, who STOPS to carefully examine his own clothes, limbs, and hair.

Albuquerque looks back at Flagstaff questioningly.

FLAGSTAFF

Tick check.

Albuquerque rolls his eyes and continues toward the MANSION.

INT. MANSION REC ROOM - DAY

A FRENCH DOOR opens onto a downstairs REC ROOM. ALBUQUERQUE walks quietly into the house, followed by FLAGSTAFF.

There's a POOL TABLE in the middle of the room. Albuquerque grabs a POOL STICK and TOSSES it to Flagstaff. Then he takes one for himself. Not the most deadly of weapons, but they'll have to do for now...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

FLAGSTAFF and ALBUQUERQUE, pool sticks at the ready, climb the stairs to the main floor, dominated by a gorgeous LIVING ROOM.

There, spread all around the room, are monuments to the career of a certain Hollywood actor:

POSTERS of 'The Outsiders.' 'Road House.' 'Red Dawn.' A SURFBOARD from 'Point Break' (sitting on a saw-horse). A RICKSHAW from 'City of Joy.'

Albuquerque stops in front of the posters. He looks giddy, maybe even a little overwhelmed.

FLAGSTAFF

Welcome to La Casa De Swayze.

ALBUQUERQUE

Confession? Patrick Swayze was my hero.
I can say that, right?

FLAGSTAFF
You can. You shouldn't...

ALBUQUERQUE
I was just a kid. My Dad was outta the picture. And that's when I saw 'The Outsiders.' Cruise. Macchio. Lowe. Thomas-Howell.

FLAGSTAFF
Think it's just 'Howell.'

ALBUQUERQUE
(completely ignores this)
Estevez. Dillon. And Patrick Swayze.
Rest of 'em weren't fit to hold his jock.
And after 'Outsiders?' 'Renegades.'
'Red Dawn.' 'Road House.'

Albuquerque executes a KARATE MOVE from the movie.

FLAGSTAFF
Quite a run.

ALBUQUERQUE
I modeled my life after Swayze's. Then just like that, it ended. My sis brought home a Betamax of Swayze's latest movie. I sat and watched my hero slip on a tank top. And dance the Pachanga.
(snaps out of it)
You imagine what that was like?

FLAGSTAFF
(nods)
I saw the movie.

ALBUQUERQUE
Dirty. Fucking. Dancing. Never has a man who kicked so much ass... shaken... so much ass.
(angry far-off stare)
I never forgave the son-of-a-bitch.

INT. PATRICK SWAYZE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Albuquerque finishes throwing open a series of CUPBOARDS.

ALBUQUERQUE
And no Twinkies either!

Albuquerque SLAMS shut the nearest cupboard ANGRILY.

ALBUQUERQUE
I knew we shoulda gone to Travolta's!

FLAGSTAFF
(whispers... 'be quiet!')
Hello... 'inside voice!' 'Til we make
sure we're alone. You take upstairs...

INT. MASTER SUITE - DAY

ALBUQUERQUE makes sure the coast is clear in the master suite, confidently striding around the room, pausing to admire the WIDE-SCREEN TV.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

By contrast, a trepidant FLAGSTAFF uses his POOL STICK to flip a light switch in the downstairs laundry room.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM - DAY

ALBUQUERQUE searches an exercise room, pausing to do a couple CABLE-PULLEY CROSSOVER chest exercises in the mirror. Still got it...

INT. POWDER ROOM - DAY

FLAGSTAFF peers into a powder room, scrunches up his face in disgust, and uses his pool stick to FLUSH the TOILET.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Albuquerque searches a guest bedroom, nearly STEPPING ON (but FAILING to NOTICE) a GRIMY HAND protruding from under the bed. The hand remains still, and Albuquerque exits the room.

INT. FOYER - DAY

FLAGSTAFF and ALBUQUERQUE spot each other... Albuquerque at the top of the stairs, Flagstaff at the bottom.

FLAGSTAFF
All clear?

ALBUQUERQUE
Crystal!

INT. MASTER SUITE - DAY

ALBUQUERQUE is back in the master suite, where he opens the DVD PLAYER to find 'Road House' already sitting in it.

ALBUQUERQUE

Excellent...

Albuquerque plops onto the master bed and watches 'Road House' on the wide screen TV. He's cued up the scene where the bad guy wields a POOL STICK in the bar, swinging it around like a martial arts STAFF.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Downstairs, FLAGSTAFF finds a STEREO and flips it on. He checks the CD inside. No way...

FLAGSTAFF

What were the chances.

(thinks)

Actually probably pretty good.

For fun, he cues up the right track, CRANKS up the volume... and hits 'play.'

We hear the first, distinctive notes of Bill Medley's and Jennifer Warnes's '(I'VE HAD) THE TIME OF MY LIFE' from the 'Dirty Dancing' soundtrack. As Flagstaff walks back across the living room, a little ashamed, he can't suppress the TINIEST of dance moves.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

We're back upstairs, where we can now hear the music BLASTING from downstairs. Still motionless underneath the bed that Albuquerque forgot to look under... is the HAND.

And protruding from another side of the bed... a BARE FOOT.

In time to the music, the foot starts to involuntarily TAP.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FLAGSTAFF emerges from the kitchen with a tall glass of ICE WATER, embarrassedly mouthing the words to the song.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The BODY under the bed CRAWLS OUT and STANDS UP. We only get a good glimpse of the LEGS and bare FEET, blood-spattered, but none the worse for wear. They walk out of the room gracefully, as if belonging to a dancer, IN TIME TO THE MUSIC.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FLAGSTAFF spies another treasure in the living room: The POTTER'S WHEEL from 'Ghost.' This is just too much of a guilty pleasure. He embarrassedly sashays over to it and pops the lid on a BUCKET next to the wheel.

There's still CLAY inside! Flagstaff sits at the wheel, grabs a chunk of clay, and uses some of his glass of WATER to WET it DOWN.

Then he turns ON the machine, lets the wheel get up to speed, and starts to make a POT.

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

As '(I'VE HAD) THE TIME OF MY LIFE' continues to play, the ZOMBIFIED LEGS/FEET start walking down the stairs. Very gracefully. And still in time to the beat.

INT. MASTER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, ALBUQUERQUE can't really hear the music downstairs. He's still way too engrossed in 'Road House.' Swayze is lighting up the screen in a knock-down drag-out fight with the villain.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FLAGSTAFF is shaping his CLAY into a cylinder, making it rise, totally into it...

...when a figure approaches him from behind, still out of focus, still oddly graceful somehow.

The figure lowers into frame, wrapping its arms AROUND Flagstaff, then finally closing its hands around Flagstaff's hands on the spinning CLAY.

It's as though Flagstaff has been ELECTRIFIED. He YELPS and LEAPS into the air, STEPPING onto the SPINNING wheel. He immediately loses his balance and FALLS back onto the wheel. Its momentum SHOOTs him to one side, clear of the ominous figure.

Flagstaff rolls to his knees and STARES up into the face of the one... the only...

...PATRICK SWAYZE. Now zombified. Horrifying. And not just because of the bleeding eyes. Tight jeans. Tank top. And early-stages MULLET.

For so many reasons... Flagstaff SCREAMS.

INT. MASTER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Simultaneously, Kelly Lynch SCREAMS at the sight of the fight in 'Road House,' MASKING Flagstaff's scream downstairs. ALBUQUERQUE couldn't be more entranced.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Still set to the bouncy, upbeat song, FLAGSTAFF SPRINTS around the living room with SWAYZE in hot pursuit.

It's a totally frenetic CHASE-TO-THE-DEATH. Over counter-tops. Coffee tables. Across the clay-spattered marble, which causes both Flagstaff and Swayze to SLIP and FALL.

Flagstaff's feet struggle to gain traction on the wet clay, but he manages to dive UNDER the 'Point Break' surf board and then bounces back to his FEET, keeping it between him and Swayze.

FLAGSTAFF

Please! I actually kinda liked you in
'Point Break!'

Swayze BULL-RUSHES, knocking the surf board AND Flagstaff to the ground. He manages to grab hold of Flagstaff's shoe.

Flagstaff, desperate for any advantage, grabs the SURF BOARD's LEASH and tethers it to Swayze's ANKLE. Then his CLAY-SPATTERED shoe SLIPS from Swayze's grasp, but not before it POPS OFF at the HEEL. Flagstaff scurries away, trying to unsuccessfully to stomp his heel back down into the shoe.

Swayze SPRINTS after Flagstaff again. The SURF BOARD drags behind his ankle, TUGGED by its leash. It SWINGS in a WIDE ARC and CRUSHES the potter's wheel. The spinning wheel ENTANGLES the leash and YANKS Swayze back to the floor.

Flagstaff finally stoops to pull his shoe back over his heel. Like lightning, Swayze undoes the leash from his ankle and KIPS UP to his FEET.

An awed Flagstaff dashes toward the far side of the room again, rolling the 'City of Joy' RICKSHAW between himself and Swayze. Swayze merely BALLET-LEAPS over it.

At last, Swayze HORSE-COLLARS Flagstaff and spins him around. From our vantage point across the room, it looks like they very well MIGHT be DANCING!

Flagstaff raises an arm to protect himself, but Swayze grabs it and TWIRLS him closer. As Swayze finally pulls him into his clutches, a VOICE rings out.

ALBUQUERQUE (O.S.)
May I cut in?

Swayze, holding Flagstaff like a dance partner, looks up to see ALBUQUERQUE, standing at the bottom of the stairs, holding the POOL STICK menacingly at his side.

Albuquerque slowly steps forward. For effect, he tries to SPIN and TWIRL the pool stick around like the villain in the movie. Only he's terrible at it. He hilariously BANGS the stick off a lamp, then off the marble floor, which SNAPS it nearly in half.

Albuquerque spends a couple seconds trying to force the two halves back together, then CHUCKS it ASIDE. Gonna rely on the fists. He POINTS his index finger at Swayze, then turns it around and BECKONS him, as if to say, 'Come and get it.'

ALBUQUERQUE
Let's dance.

Swayze stares at Albuquerque, uncomprehending behind the rage.

FLAGSTAFF
Um. By 'dance,' he means 'fight.'

The Swayze zombie has heard enough. He TOSSES Flagstaff ASIDE and SPRINTS across the room toward Albuquerque.

Swayze snarls. Albuquerque bellows back.

At last, when he is within a couple feet of Albuquerque, Swayze LEAPS FORWARD at him!

Albuquerque CATCHES Swayze at the WAIST with BOTH HANDS and LIFTS him UP in the air until they are forming a 'T,' Albuquerque with his hands straight overhead and Swayze doing a swan dive parallel to the ground.

That's right, it's the classic 'LIFT' performed by Swayze and Grey at the end of 'Dirty Dancing.'

Except this lift sees SWAYZE's momentum carry him HEAD-FIRST into a PILLAR in the living room.

There is a sickening CRUNCH, and Albuquerque DROPS a suddenly lifeless Swayze - KER-THUNK - to the ground. As if on cue, Flagstaff picks up the stereo remote and KILLS the MUSIC.

ALBUQUERQUE
 (repeats the classic line from
 'Dirty Dancing')
 Nobody puts Baby in a corner.

Flagstaff's heel finally PLOPS down into his shoe. He walks over to Albuquerque, who angrily KICKS the motionless SWAYZE, once for each career misstep.

ALBUQUERQUE
 That's for 'Dirty Dancing!' That's for
 'City of Joy!' That's for 'Father Hood!'

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **3. Double Tap.** The title FLASHES once for each of Albuquerque's kicks.

FLAGSTAFF
 And that's for 'Havana Nights!'

Flagstaff dispenses a KICK of his own, then allows himself a little SMILE.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **32. Enjoy the Little Things**

ALBUQUERQUE
 So whaddya think? 'Zombie Kill of the
 Week?' Brought to you by... Mrs.
 Renfro's Black Bean Salsa?

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
*Close, but no cigar. Zombie Kill of the
 Week honors already went out to Cynthia
 Newsome of Monroe, Louisiana...*

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY - DAY

We suddenly find ourselves in a sweet southern suburban neighborhood.

A sixty-something woman, CYNTHIA NEWSOME, drives recklessly into her driveway, SCREAMING. There is a ZOMBIE CRAWLING through the SUNROOF of her Chevy Malibu as she drives, trying to BITE her. Its waist and legs PROTRUDE out the top of the car.

Cynthia hits the BUTTON of her GARAGE DOOR REMOTE. The garage DOOR starts to open, slowly rising up.

Instead of waiting for the door to rise all the way, Cynthia guns the accelerator. The door CUTS the ZOMBIE in HALF at the waist.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)
Impressive.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

With comical difficulty, FLAGSTAFF and ALBUQUERQUE try to lift PATRICK SWAYZE, now SHROUDED in a sheet, UP and OVER the fence surrounding the compound and into the YARD next door.

FLAGSTAFF
(straining under the weight)
Actually glad... we're not... at...
Travolta's...

After some slapsticky moments, they finally manage to heave the body over the fence. Swayze's corpse TUMBLES down the slope into the YARD on the other side, ROLLING out of its sheet in the process. Flagstaff bites his lip.

FLAGSTAFF
He deserved better. Wrapping, I mean.

The pair looks at one another. Should we bother? Nah. They TURN and walk back toward the house. Flagstaff takes out a small plastic BOTTLE and SQUIRTS some solution on his HANDS.

FLAGSTAFF
Purell?

ALBUQUERQUE
Please.

Flagstaff TOSSES Albuquerque the bottle. Albuquerque uses some Purell, then tosses it back.

FLAGSTAFF
Think Sigourney Weaver will get pissed
when she finds Swayze in her yard?

ALBUQUERQUE
Ripley can deal.

INT. STEAM ROOM - DAY

ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF are living it up, Swayze style. They're having a SCHVITZ in Patrick's STEAM ROOM. We pan from Albuquerque to Flagstaff. Albuquerque is wrapped in a 'HIS' towel, Flagstaff stuck with 'HERS.'

INT. MASTER SUITE - LATER

ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF lounge in two big plush CHAIRS in Swayze's bedroom. Albuquerque is now in Swayze's SILK ROBE... and COWBOY BOOTS. Flagstaff, by contrast, is sporting high-waisted SLACKS and a big-collared shirt, straight from Swayze's 'Road House' days. They're both looking and feeling refreshed. Relaxed.

In the master suite is a huge OIL PAINTING of Patrick bare-backing a HORSE, his mullet blowing in the wind.

On the table to Flagstaff's right is a BOX: 'Conversation Starters.' Why not? Flagstaff reaches in and picks a card.

FLAGSTAFF

You're throwing a dinner party. You can invite five people, dead or alive...

ALBUQUERQUE

First two... easy. Elvis. Brando. This is where it gets interesting. Kylie Minogue. Don't ask. Cuatro? Mother Theresa.

(pauses, contemplative)

And last but not least. Buck.

FLAGSTAFF

Says people. Not pets. You get one more.

ALBUQUERQUE

(angry)

It's my God Damn dinner party. I want Buck. End of fucking discussion.

An awkward silence.

FLAGSTAFF

(reads off box, faux excited)

'Conversation Starters!'

Flagstaff tosses the game across the room.

ALBUQUERQUE

(far off look)

Never thought I could love anything like Buck. Day he was born, I lost my mind. He was just like me. 'Cept littler. Had my personality. My laugh. My appetite...

Flagstaff is nodding as he listens, right to the point where he stops nodding, looking puzzled.

FLAGSTAFF

'Laugh?'

Suddenly, Flagstaff's expression freezes with recognition.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

*And just like that, I knew. I felt so
ashamed. That it had taken me this long.
Me, with the best cardio in the business,
to realize: I wasn't the only one
running from something...*

FLAGSTAFF looks sympathetically at ALBUQUERQUE, who's got mist in his eyes.

FLAGSTAFF

(almost whispered)

We still talking about a dog?

Albuquerque's face reveals untold pain...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN/BATHROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

We see ALBUQUERQUE, pre-Zombieland, cooking PANCAKES. It is the SAME flashback from earlier in the story...

...only THIS TIME, Albuquerque isn't cooking for a dog, but a BOY. Albuquerque's SON. BUCK. Two years old. Sandy blond hair. Sporting a Janikowski Raiders jersey.

We see a series of quick FLASHES - the very same scenes we saw earlier, only now with the BOY instead of the dog...

Glimpses of Albuquerque WATCHING HAPPILY as his SON gobbles up the pancakes...

Albuquerque running in and out of frame, carrying Buck up in the air, zooming him around like an AIRPLANE...

Albuquerque, falling to the ground with Buck, blowing RASPBERRIES on his BELLY and ESKIMO-KISSING him...

ALBUQUERQUE, giving BUCK a BATH. The little boy wearing swim goggles. And a baby SPEEDO.

Albuquerque shapes Buck's hair into a MOHAWK. Buck giggles infectiously. Albuquerque melts...

SMASH CUT BACK TO:

INT. MASTER SUITE - DAY

ALBUQUERQUE turns to meet FLAGSTAFF's stare.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

*Take away a man's son, you've truly given
him nothing left to lose.*

A single tear trickles from behind Albuquerque's glasses down his cheek.

FLAGSTAFF

Got any... pictures?

Albuquerque nods, reaches for his WALLET, and hands it to Flagstaff. The very act of admitting the truth causes Albuquerque to break down weeping.

Flagstaff looks at the cute wallet PHOTOS of Albuquerque's LOST BOY BUCK... then at last reaches across and puts one hand on Albuquerque's SHOULDER.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MASTER SUITE - LATER

HONK! ALBUQUERQUE comes out of the master bathroom back into the master suite, BLOWING his NOSE loudly into some KLEENEX.

ALBUQUERQUE

Jesus. Haven't cried like that since...
well... 'Ghost.' Sorry if I got kinda
gay.

FLAGSTAFF

Blame me.

ALBUQUERQUE

(smirks)
If the high-waisted slacks fit...

FLAGSTAFF

Says the man in the paisley silk robe and
cowboy boots.

Albuquerque smiles more fully and looks pensively at the painting of Patrick and his stallion, trying to reestablish an atmosphere of heterosexuality.

ALBUQUERQUE

Man. If I was Swayze back in the day...
I woulda pulled down so much ass.

FLAGSTAFF

Me too. Me too.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MASTER BATH - DAY

It's later in the day, and we're now in the MASTER BATH. FLAGSTAFF, dressed in his own clothes again, is rifling through Swayze's MEDICINE CABINET. Not as much for supplies as to satisfy his curiosity...

FLAGSTAFF

(to himself)
People Magazine's Sexiest Man Alive,
1991... what's your secret?

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

ALBUQUERQUE, also dressed in his regular clothes again (and holding a couple sets of CAR KEYS), tours Swayze's garage. There sits a gorgeous black YUKON DENALI SUV. He unlocks the Denali, looks around inside, and lights up at the sight of a BUTTON on the DASH. He jabs the button and waits.

DETROIT (V.O.)

On-Star, how can I help you... Mr...
(a beat)
...Swayze?

ALBUQUERQUE

(disguises voice)
Hey, baby. Please, call me Pat.

DETROIT (V.O.)

Thought we'd been through this, Mr.
Swayze. Make one more inappropriate
pass, and I lock you out of your car.
Again.

Albuquerque can't help CRACKING UP. CLICK. Detroit HANGS UP. Albuquerque frowns and hits the On-Star button several more times. At last...

DETROIT (V.O.)

(dispensing with the usual
politeness)
I told you..!

ALBUQUERQUE

Detroit, it's me! Albuquerque! You
don't hafta worry about Swayze any more!
(a moment of silence)
He's Sigourney Weaver's problem now.

DETROIT (V.O.)

Albie, sweetheart! Praise Jesus. Been
worried about ya! You guys OK? The
Hummer's totaled!

Albuquerque perks up and assumes a look of smug SATISFACTION.

ALBUQUERQUE

You just saved me my next question.

INT. FOYER - DAY

FLAGSTAFF and ALBUQUERQUE ARGUE in the FOYER. Flagstaff's
hair is slicked back. He's obviously partaken of some of
Swayze's styling 'products.'

FLAGSTAFF

But we have to try to help! Rollover
alert, crumple zone alert, airbags
deployed?! They're probably lying out
there right now, bleeding... trapped...

ALBUQUERQUE

(enjoying the sound)
I'm painting a mental picture.

FLAGSTAFF

You don't mean that!

Albuquerque hears the pain in Flagstaff's voice. REALIZES:

ALBUQUERQUE

Oh. My. God. You like Wichita!

FLAGSTAFF

Get outta here!

ALBUQUERQUE

You've been thinking of fucking her?
Wish granted! She's spent the last
twenty-four hours fucking you! I ain't
helping. Those two deserve what they
get.

FLAGSTAFF

Suit yourself.

(off Albuquerque's inquisitive
look)

But their pictures were once in someone's
wallet, too.

Flagstaff walks out. Albuquerque stands silently, knowing
he's suddenly and completely LOST the debate. He sighs.

ALBUQUERQUE

Starting to hate that skinny little
douche.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY - DAY

The DENALI ZOOMS EAST on the 10 FREEWAY, another big WHITE
NUMBER '3' scrawled on both sides and the hood. ALBUQUERQUE
is driving. FLAGSTAFF is in the passenger seat.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY OFF-RAMP - DAY

The DENALI pulls onto an OFF-RAMP that overlooks a GAS
STATION MINI-MART. It comes to a STOP.

EXT./INT. MINI-MART/YUKON DENALI - DAY

ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF crane their necks to look down.

They SPOT the HUMMER, OVERTURNED on the street outside the
Mini-Mart, SMASHED into a TELEPHONE POLE. It is SWARMING
with SIX or so ZOMBIES, inside and out. There are various
other zombies perched around the Mini-Mart parking lot. Plus
some OTHERS lurching down nearby streets.

WICHITA and STILLWATER are obviously TOAST.

ALBUQUERQUE

Rest their souls.

Flagstaff looks DEVASTATED. He opens the door and jumps out
of the Denali to TOSS his COOKIES.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY OFF-RAMP, OUTSIDE MINI-MART - LATER

FLAGSTAFF and ALBUQUERQUE, are now in a heated discussion in
the DENALI, at the top of the off-ramp.

FLAGSTAFF

Are your glasses foggy?! It's over! I'm
not driving down there! They're crawling
all over the place...

ALBUQUERQUE
With or without you, I'm going.

FLAGSTAFF
Look. I was the one who wanted to save
the girls. But they're gone!

ALBUQUERQUE
It's not the girls I'm after.

Flagstaff stares, uncomprehending. Then he REALIZES.

FLAGSTAFF
Ohhhh no. You'd risk our lives for a...
(off Albuquerque's nod)
...Twinkie?! Nice logic, smart guy!
Won't stick out your neck for a person!
But a Twinkie! Did I mention I made
perfectly good macaroni salad...

Albuquerque STARES Flagstaff down, LIVID. A few beats pass.
Albuquerque is on the verge of creaming someone. Flagstaff
is on the verge of BEING CREAMED by someone.

ALBUQUERQUE
'Smart guy'?

FLAGSTAFF
(realizes he's on thin, thin
ice)
Let me begin my three-part apology by
saying...

ALBUQUERQUE
No, it's OK.

Albuquerque takes a deep, relaxing breath. All is good.

ALBUQUERQUE
But FYI... I've beat wholesale ass for
less than that.

Flagstaff almost says something, then thinks better of it.

ALBUQUERQUE
I'm gonna explain. And then this United
States Citizen is driving Pat Swayze's
Yukon Denali to the local Mini-Mart for
some Twinkies. With or without the kind
of pussy who eats macaroni salad.

FLAGSTAFF
I unreservedly apologize.

ALBUQUERQUE

(not listening)

There's a box of Twinkies down in that Mini-Mart. Not just any box of Twinkies. The last box of Twinkies... that I... or anyone... will enjoy... for all of time... in the whole universe. 'Cause there's an expiration date on Twinkies. And the Hostess factories are gone. So some day very soon, life's little Twinkie gauge is gonna hit Empty.

Albuquerque reaches into the back seat and grabs his DUFFEL BAG, which he holds on his LAP.

ALBUQUERQUE

Now, true... you probably won't survive the next ten minutes. But if you do, you'll be one of the last two guys in the universe to enjoy the spongy outside and creamy inside of a delicious Twinkie. Worth it, right?

FLAGSTAFF

No. And I'm so scared, I'm about to shit my pants. For which there's precedent.

Flagstaff picks up one of the new SHOTGUNS, grabs his roller suitcase, and opens the passenger door.

FLAGSTAFF

So this is goodbye.

ALBUQUERQUE

Fair enough. As a couple... we were pretty...

FLAGSTAFF

Odd?

ALBUQUERQUE

I was gonna say crappy. One favor?

FLAGSTAFF

Yeah?

ALBUQUERQUE

(conspiratorial, as in 'your secret's safe with me')
Got a last known address for Ms. Beverly... Hills?

FLAGSTAFF

Like I would give that to you!

ALBUQUERQUE

(beat)

Well, I'm no good at goodbyes, so...

(stumped)

...that'll do, pig.

FLAGSTAFF

That's the worst goodbye I've ever heard.

And you stole it from a movie.

ALBUQUERQUE

Totally embarrassing. Get outta the truck.

Flagstaff steps out onto the running board. But he can't quite bring himself to jump from the DENALI. Instead, he LINGERS, standing on the running board, looking at the horizon.

ALBUQUERQUE

Go on...

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

Albuquerque once said: You know home by the way it makes you feel when you leave. That face? That's me realizing that at least for now, this stupid big truck in this silly little neighborhood, and that stupid big guy in those silly little glasses? They were as close as I was gonna get... to home.

Flagstaff tosses his suitcase BACK INTO THE SUV. He plops down in the PASSENGER SEAT, FASTENS HIS SEATBELT, and COCKS HIS SHOTGUN.

FLAGSTAFF

Let's fuck us up some Twinkies.

Albuquerque nods and slings the duffel bag over his SHOULDER.

ALBUQUERQUE

Buckle up.

FLAGSTAFF

Way ahead of you.

Albuquerque goes to PUNCH Flagstaff in the ARM hard, but slows down at the last second, barely TAPPING him.

ALBUQUERQUE
Almost forgot...

Albuquerque reaches up and hits the ON-STAR BUTTON again.

DETROIT (V.O.)
On-Star. How can I help you?

ALBUQUERQUE
Detroit, Albuquerque. Bad news. Really
bad.

DETROIT (V.O.)
(long pause)
Rest their souls.

ALBUQUERQUE
That's exactly what I said! We're about
to stir some shit up anyway.

DETROIT (V.O.)
No way I can talk you out of it?

ALBUQUERQUE
Nah. But if we go silent, send a posse.

DETROIT (V.O.)
You realize I have, like, five total
clients.

ALBUQUERQUE
Six if Flagstaff makes it through.

DETROIT (V.O.)
The nearest friendly car is in... Provo,
Utah, so don't expect a rescue party.
(repeats her signature line)
Good luck. God bless.
(pause)
And thank you for using On-Star...

CLICK.

FLAGSTAFF
Can we go back to the part where I don't
survive the next ten minutes?

Albuquerque smirks and slides on a pair of prescription blue
SUNGLASSES.

ALBUQUERQUE
Gonna be a hairy ten minutes.

We're high above the DENALI at the top of the OFF-RAMP,
poised for the greatest orgy of gun-powder in zombie history.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE CARD: **Twinkies**

The engine RUMBLES. We're back inside...

ALBUQUERQUE

Ready?

FLAGSTAFF

Ready-ish.

Albuquerque reaches down and turns ON his HIGHLY AMPLIFIED
CAR STEREO.

There's only one SONG in the world that could accompany
Albuquerque as he does what he's about to do:

CYPRESS HILL'S '(ROCK) SUPERSTAR.'

The equalizer starts to JUMP. The song begins its BUILD.
We're in SLOW MOTION, getting ready for some violence:

Flagstaff STRETCHES his triceps... Albuquerque TURNS OFF the
AIR CONDITIONING and REVS the ACCELERATOR... the ENGINE
GROWLS behind the GRILLE...

One of the MANY ZOMBIES in the PARKING LOT and around the
HUMMER looks up to locate the source of the ENGINE...

Albuquerque GRABS the GEAR SHIFT and PULLS IT DOWN from 'P'
to 'N' to 'D.' Flagstaff grabs the JESUS STRIP (that little
handle above the car door)... the back tires SPIN, throwing
off BLUE SMOKE...

The DENALI BUCKS and GALLOPS down the off-ramp...

All the ZOMBIES perk up, drawn to the noise. Suddenly, we're
back at REGULAR SPEED...

Albuquerque drives with one hand, screaming down the ramp,
gaining speed... faster... FASTER...

...then cuts the wheel at the bottom and AIMS for the PARKING
LOT. The Denali nearly goes up on TWO WHEELS.

The music is POUNDING.

FLAGSTAFF

They'll run!

ALBUQUERQUE

I know.

The zombies start to move en masse toward the oncoming truck. Albuquerque aims slightly to the RIGHT of their cluster.

The zombies start to step to Albuquerque's LEFT to get out of the way. Albuquerque holds his course.

The zombies BAIL OUT to the LEFT. Will Albuquerque MISS ALTOGETHER?

At the last possible moment, Albuquerque PULLS the EMERGENCY BRAKE and YANKS the WHEEL to the RIGHT. The SUV's back end starts SKIDDING around to the LEFT...

...it's the beginning of that classic ROCKFORD FILES fast 180 DEGREE TURN. The zombies are still BAILING LEFT when...

..The long BACK END of the DENALI SWINGS the REST of the way around, SWATTING them all down.

BANG, BANG, BANG... they all DROP like BOWLING PINS.

Albuquerque completes the maneuver, sliding backwards past the tangled MESS of FALLEN ZOMBIES.

Flagstaff is awestruck. That was unbelievable.

Albuquerque hits the FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE button. Then drives OVER the zombies as if they were SPEED-BUMPS.

Then he jams it into REVERSE and BACKS OVER them again.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **3. Double Tap**

Flagstaff has his head out the window, watching the zombie bodies get MUSHED under the truck. He pulls his head back into the cab and looks at Albuquerque, majorly impressed.

Without pause, Albuquerque PARKS the DENALI next to some GAS PUMPS, steps out onto the RUNNING BOARD, and yanks something from his DUFFEL BAG:

An AIR-HORN. He aims it into the air and BLASTS three times in succession, in perfect beat to the MUSIC.

Flagstaff's EYES WIDEN in fear.

We see THREE QUICK-CUTS of groups of ZOMBIES in nearby areas, PERKING UP at the sound of the HORN: a VACANT LOT, a VIDEO STORE, a TACO STAND.

ALBUQUERQUE
Flagstaff?

FLAGSTAFF
Albuquerque.

ALBUQUERQUE
Get on the roof. The hood's twelve
o'clock. The trunk's six. You're my
eyes.

Flagstaff NODS and tries to CLAMBER onto the ROOF of the
Denali. He slips and BANGS his KNEE in the attempt.

Flagstaff shakes off the pain, makes it onto the roof, and
begins searching for zombies. We take his P.O.V. as he
spins, looking for movement.

He spies a TRIO on the move toward the DENALI at the EIGHT
O'CLOCK POSITION.

FLAGSTAFF
Uh, two o'clock! Wait, the hood was
twelve? Crap! Eight o'clock!

Ever see the gunfight in the movie 'Heat'? That's the kind
of intensity Albuquerque is about to deliver. He plucks his
STEYR AUG OUT of his BAG and walks around the SUV to the
eight o'clock position.

Albuquerque leans against the SUV to steady his aim, then
FIRES.

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM! We didn't know guns could be this loud.
FIRE spitting out of the muzzle. SHELLS stinging the
pavement. Zombies FACE-PLANTING.

Flagstaff pauses to watch, then snaps out of it and continues
to scan the horizon for fast-approaching zombies.

FLAGSTAFF
Eleven!

Albuquerque CIRCLES the SUV, kneels against the front bumper
to steady himself, and starts FIRING AGAIN. ZOMBIES DROP.
One tries to get back up. BAM! Another shot.

FLAGSTAFF
Six!

RUN, RUN, BAM-BAM-BAM!

FLAGSTAFF

Nine!

JOG, JOG, BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!

We're HIGH ABOVE the DENALI, looking from a BIRD'S-EYE-VIEW as ZOMBIES run from distant locations toward the truck, from virtually EVERY angle.

SLAP! Another BANANA CLIP goes into the GUN.

FLAGSTAFF

Four!

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM! BAM-BAM! BAM!

FLAGSTAFF

Two!

BAM-BAM-JAM-CLICK.

The gun has JAMMED. Albuquerque wrestles with it for a second, trying to un-jam it.

FLAGSTAFF

Two!

Flagstaff gets rattled by the fact there are still three zombies COMING. But Albuquerque doesn't ever get rattled. He DITCHES the STEYR AUG and digs in his duffel bag.

We take the ZOMBIES' P.O.V. as they RUSH toward a GUY who is kneeling with his back turned. They're almost upon him when he STANDS and TURNS, holding TWO HUGE .50 CALIBER DESERT EAGLE PISTOLS, palms facing the ground, like a GANGSTA.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! The zombies have nowhere to go but down.

FLAGSTAFF

Eleven! And... three!

Albuquerque moves to the front corner of the truck, takes aim at both eleven and three, and fires in BOTH DIRECTIONS, one with EACH pistol. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!

Two CLIPS fall. Two NEW clips go in. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!

Zombies drop. But Flagstaff is ALARMED. There are a lot of ZOMBIES with a head start, headed for the BACK of the truck.

FLAGSTAFF

Nine! Six! Five! Basically, nine to five!

Albuquerque finishes shooting, JAMS in new clips, and runs UP the DENALI from front bumper to windshield to roof, past Flagstaff, JUMPING off the back.

He LANDS with a THUD, boots on concrete. There are EIGHT zombies bearing down on him.

What happens next is the stuff of legend: Albuquerque shifts his weight from one foot to the other like a BOXER, and then starts fighting HAND to HAND... only he's using the pistols as extensions of his fists, shooting at the MOMENT he delivers each PUNCH.

In other words, it looks like Albuquerque is fighting in a Rocky movie, but every punch carries with it the extra oomph of a discharged .50 caliber BULLET.

The zombies arrive ONE-BY-ONE. Boom! A right CROSS to the TEMPLE.

Now vicious BODY-SHOTS to the stomach. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

BOOM-BOOM! A one-two combination to the JAW.

UPPERCUTS to the CHIN. BOOM! BOOM!

More BODY-SHOTS. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!

Cypress Hill is still SLAMMING over the speakers. Zombies FLY and FLOP in every direction.

The last ZOMBIE trips before he can get punched. So ALBUQUERQUE PUNCHES him on the GROUND. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

By the end, Albuquerque is just venting RAGE.

Flagstaff is SO ENTRANCED that he hasn't remembered to keep looking out, specifically behind him. ALBUQUERQUE looks in Flagstaff's direction, and his expression narrows:

ALBUQUERQUE

Twelve...

Flagstaff SPINS around to see ONE ZOMBIE running right up the HOOD of the SUV at him, and about FIFTEEN ZOMBIES about SEVENTY YARDS BEHIND. His expression is one of sheer TERROR.

Flagstaff FLINCHES and DUCKS, taking out the feet of the zombie, which TRIPS right over him, sliding to the back of the roof. It looks up...

...right into the BARREL of ALBUQUERQUE's .50 CAL. BOOM!

A SHELL-SHOCKED Flagstaff looks off the hood to where the oncoming zombies are no more than FIFTY YARDS AWAY.

ALBUQUERQUE
Got a lighter?

Flagstaff shakes off his shock long enough to register Albuquerque's question. He digs into his pants pocket, produces a small ZIP-LOC BAG, fishes out a BIC LIGHTER, and tosses it to ALBUQUERQUE.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **2. Zip-Loc Bags**

Albuquerque catches the lighter. He whips out his WALLET, flips out his VISA CARD, slides it through the GAS PUMP SLOT, chooses '87' octane, and yanks out the forward-most NOZZLE.

Then Albuquerque JUMPS onto the HOOD. He holds the lighter in front of the NOZZLE.

He flicks on a FLAME, and clamps down the lever to start PUMPING GAS. Only one problem:

NOTHING COMES OUT.

Back on the pump, the little LCD screen reads, 'Waiting for Approval.' Flagstaff and Albuquerque share a look.

FLAGSTAFF
How's your credit?

ALBUQUERQUE
(a little embarrassed)
Not terrible.

The sprinting ZOMBIES reach the SUV and START TO CLIMB ONTO THE HOOD.

Back on the PUMP, there's a BEEP, and the SCREEN reads, 'Begin Fueling.'

At that INSTANT, a JET of FLAME SHOOTS OUT of the front of the NOZZLE, and ALBUQUERQUE is suddenly behind the greatest FLAME THROWER EVER.

Zombies clamber up the car, then peel away as they catch fire and COMBUST.

He SPRAYS the stream of flame LEFT and RIGHT, in long arcs, like he's watering the lawn.

Then he starts to wield it like that FIRE WHIP of the BALROG in 'Lord of the Rings.'

Then he starts using it like a gun, a shot here and there...

At long last, the final zombie falls in a burning heap. Flagstaff turns in a full circle. Not a zombie in sight. Anywhere.

It's over.

Cypress Hill's song finishes playing with a flourish. ALBUQUERQUE lets out an ADRENALIZED PRIMAL VICTORY SCREAM.

Albuquerque strolls over and nonchalantly GASSES UP his Denali. Flagstaff and Albuquerque look at one another. A beat.

FLAGSTAFF

It's a pleasure watching you work.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MINI-MART - DAY

WHACK! ALBUQUERQUE kicks open the front door of the MINI-MART. He and FLAGSTAFF each carry SHOTGUNS. They move around the store, searching for zombies, making sure they cover every nook and cranny.

FLAGSTAFF

If you don't mind, how'd you become such a, uh...

ALBUQUERQUE

...rock-star?

FLAGSTAFF

Yeah.

ALBUQUERQUE

My Mom used to tell me: Don't worry; someday you'll be good at something.

When they're satisfied that they're alone, the two meet in the middle of the store, their BACKS to the HOSTESS RACK.

Suddenly, they hear the sound of CRINKLING PLASTIC. What exactly is that noise, and WHERE is it coming from?

Albuquerque SHUSHES Flagstaff. The CRINKLING is coming from right BEHIND them, and it's getting LOUDER.

Without wasting another moment, a JUMPY Flagstaff SPINS and opens fire MERCILESSLY with his SHOTGUN. THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! Stuff CRASHES and SPLATTERS everywhere.

Flagstaff stops shooting, breathing hard with fear.

A RAT emerges from an open DORITO'S BAG on the floor, then scurries away. Albuquerque looks from the Dorito's bag, to Flagstaff, to the now-DESTROYED HOSTESS RACK.

Every TWINKIE BOX has been blasted into SMITHEREENS.

The pair realizes Flagstaff's mistake simultaneously. The only box that somehow got spared? SNO-BALLS.

ALBUQUERQUE

Eat a Sno-Ball, I'll kill you myself.

FLAGSTAFF

Words can't begin to express...

ALBUQUERQUE

(wipes at his eye)

No. Don't. It's too soon.

The two bow their heads. Then:

FLAGSTAFF

You'll want a moment alone.

Flagstaff heads out the FRONT.

ALBUQUERQUE

Guard the door. I'm checking the back room. For survivors.

(to himself)

Golden, spongy, creamy survivors.

Albuquerque is ALONE, doing the kind of thing Flagstaff likes to warn against. He REACHES behind the counter...

Is it possible that his arm is about to get CHOMPED ON by a ravenous hidden zombie? The music SWELLS...

Nope.

Albuquerque snags some KEYS and walks BACK to the LOCKED STORE ROOM DOOR.

Albuquerque unlocks the door, then steps back and NUDGES it open with his boot. It creaks aside ominously. Then...

...CRASH! An impatient Albuquerque KICKS it open the rest of the way. We almost have a HEART ATTACK.

Next, Albuquerque uses the BARREL of his SHOTGUN to FLICK the LIGHT SWITCH inside the door. We're suddenly INSIDE the room, looking back out at ALBUQUERQUE in the open door. He lowers his shotgun, his expression one of complete SHOCK:

ALBUQUERQUE
Holy. Shit.

EXT. MINI-MART - DAY

FLAGSTAFF is about twenty feet in front of the Mini-Mart, kneeling, carefully reloading his SHOTGUN with shells from his trusty ZIP-LOC BAG.

He HEARS the door of the Mini-Mart OPEN behind him. Footsteps approach. Flagstaff snaps the SHOTGUN closed and turns around to see...

...ALBUQUERQUE standing with his hands over his head, FLANKED by WICHITA and STILLWATER, who have two SHOTGUNS at the ready. Flagstaff is STUNNED and secretly THRILLED to see the girls.

FLAGSTAFF
No!

ALBUQUERQUE
Yes.

FLAGSTAFF
(to Stillwater, re: shotguns)
No.

STILLWATER
Yes.

Wichita holds her hand out in front of Albuquerque. Without even questioning it this time, he pulls out the KEYS to the YUKON and places them on her palm.

Armed with the keys, Wichita and Stillwater walk past Flagstaff on either side.

FLAGSTAFF
(to Wichita)
Nooooo...

She pauses, smiles, and KISSES him on the CHEEK.

WICHITA

Yes...

As the girls walk off, Flagstaff shakes his head, smirks, and calls over their shoulders.

FLAGSTAFF

You've just survived an attack by vicious, vomiting monsters! Where you gonna go?

STILLWATER

I'm going to Disneyland!

EXT. MINI-MART - MOMENTS LATER

ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF stand by their duffel bag and roller suitcase, respectively. They stare helplessly as WICHITA and STILLWATER load the last of their own GEAR into the DENALI, shut the doors, and PULL AWAY. Deja Vu all over again!

Albuquerque and Flagstaff watch as their new nemeses literally drive off into the SUNSET.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

This land is your land. This land is my land. This land is Zombieland. Full of death and disappointment. But never despair. 'Cause when life gives you flesh-eating monsters...

Suddenly, when the DENALI is forty yards away, its BRAKE LIGHTS come on, and it STOPS. The passenger door OPENS. Stillwater gets out, cocks her arm like Tom Brady, and THROWS a small pellet-shaped object at Albuquerque, in a high ARC.

A PERFECT STRIKE. Albuquerque makes a one-handed CATCH and LOOKS to see what he's holding: A TWINKIE.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

...sometimes a little hope is all you need.

Stillwater climbs into the Escalade, and it drives off. Albuquerque unwraps his Twinkie, smells it adoringly, and takes a BITE. Flagstaff watches, staring into the sunset.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

That face? That's me making plans to go ride the Matterhorn.

*In the meantime, remember, cardio,
seatbelts, and - this has nothing to do
with anything - but a little sunscreen
never hurt anyone. I'm Flagstaff,
Arizona, from Zombieland, saying...
goodnight.*

FADE TO BLACK.

The music over the END CREDITS is 'THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND,'
sung not by Woody Guthrie, but by the MORMON TABERNACLE
CHOIR.