

# ZOMBIELAND



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by

Rhett Reese & Paul Wernick

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April 10, 2008

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

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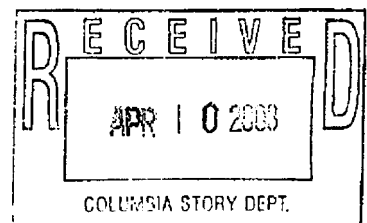
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We begin with a SONG: WOODY GUTHRIE'S 'THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND.' CATCHY. PATRIOTIC. WARM. Recorded in mono, played on a scratchy old phonograph...

The following is shot gritty. Kinetic. Fast. Scary.

FADE UP ON:

An AMERICAN FLAG, filling the screen, flapping. A male voice, belonging to FLAGSTAFF, a witty, anxiety-ridden EVERYMAN, mid-twenties, 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 flying on the hood of a PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE, which itself is upside-down, 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, trying to find their source. The footsteps grow LOUD, like someone running on sheet-metal.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! A ZOMBIE runs UP the other side of the limo and LONG-JUMPS toward the camera. It lands on its STOMACH. The camera backs up quickly. The ZOMBIE regains its footing and sprints spastically, aggressively forward.

The CAMERAMAN turns and RUNS, his P.O.V. bouncing wildly. Then the camera WHIP-PANS to see the zombie WAIL and ATTACK. The zombie engulfs the screen, TACKLING the cameraman.

The camera FALLS to the ground, askew, shooting treetops and sky. Offscreen, the CAMERAMAN SCREAMS and SCREAMS, accompanied by ripping, cracking, CRUNCHING.

Something God-awful is happening to this guy. He gacks and falls SILENT. We hear slurping and distressingly, GARGLING.

The zombie's superbly frightening FACE comes into frame again, staring into the lens as if it's a bathroom mirror.

Our zombies? In a word? Moist. They bleed from basically everywhere. Eyes. Ears. Nose. Mouth. Pores. Scalp follicles. Their brains have swollen terribly with fever, bulging their eyes outward and giving them the unblinking, panicky stare of a person with high altitude cerebral edema.

The zombie bares its bloody TEETH to check for food between them. It notices a piece, scrapes it out with one blackened fingernail, and SWALLOWS it. Then it curiously examines its reflection... twitching, trembling.

At last, 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, only instead of names for countries, one big word stretches across the equator:

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.*

We see 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 ceiling lights SHORT-CIRCUIT, plunging the room into darkness. The man is illuminated only by a sliver of MOONLIGHT. He stands and pulls out a FLASHLIGHT.

*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 on the flashlight, but it doesn't light up. He empties the D-BATTERIES to discover that they've CORRODED.

The man stares into the darkness with a concerned look, then steps 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, holding a pistol with two hands. Rapid FOOTSTEPS approach her.

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

The footsteps belong to a big female ZOMBIE, who RUSHES AT the woman. The woman PLUGS the zombie in the chest with a bullet. The zombie FACE-PLANTS and lies motionless. The woman approaches it 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 NUDGES the zombie's leg. It keeps its eyes CLOSED, like a little girl pretending to sleep when her parents arrive home late.

*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.*

The woman pulls in front of an oncoming TRUCK. Her car is SMACKED in the side. She is THROWN through the window, 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 - NIGHT

*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.

*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 Deuce Bigalow. I'm considering opening that bathroom door. Notice what a huge wuss I am. Seriously, I don't have the spine 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 the following scene, he follows ALL FOUR of rules #1-4. And what he just said is true... we aren't watching a hero, we're watching a COWARD.

Flagstaff starts to turn the knob, then 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. Then 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 chambers empty. Rather than fight, 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 PULLING AWAY from the ZOMBIES as he leads them in a big circle back toward his car. He runs up to the car, pulls out his KEYS, then DROPS THEM as he's going to put them in the lock.

FLAGSTAFF

Shit!

Flagstaff almost reaches down, but the zombies are catching up again. 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 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, then NOTICES that the car wasn't even locked. He rolls his eyes, JUMPS inside, closes the door, and SHOVES the keys into the ignition, stopping only to FASTEN his SEATBELT.

Flagstaff FLOORS the Saab, FISHTAILING, speeding down the street. When all is clear, he takes a huge sigh of relief. The zombies give up the chase as the car 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 adjusts 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 that's 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 MIST are going off, spraying the zombie in the face and tapping it on the head.

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

Flagstaff loads a dry shell into his shotgun, aims, and SHOTS 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.' And we **ROLL CREDITS.**

FADE UP ON:

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

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

A MAN in a casino plays a huge SLOT MACHINE. He WHOOPS and JUMPS when he sees a row of SEVENS. SIRENS and LIGHTS FLASH.

The man sprints to the CASHIER, holding his CHIT. No one is behind the counter. He frowns and peers behind it. A ZOMBIE, dressed in a vest, JUMPS UP from behind the counter and YANKS the man over it.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A homemade BANNER over a 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 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. AERIAL TRAM - DAY

A FAMILY of FOUR stands inside a GONDOLA on an AERIAL TRAM, noses to the glass. The gondola is stranded ABOVE a clamoring CROWD of ZOMBIES. The family takes each other's hands and squeezes their palms tightly, forlornly together.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - WEST COVINA, CALIFORNIA - DAWN

The sun is rising over West Covina. Flagstaff's Saab is still bashed up against the cactus.

*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 - DAWN

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 - DAY

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 - DAY

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 SUV.

The Escalade pulls up near the motorcycle and STOPS. The driver's door opens, 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 bike, 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 and RAISING HIS HANDS, ashamed.

Flagstaff smiles embarrassedly, then STICKS OUT ONE THUMB questioningly in the universal sign for 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. There's an awkward silence, punctuated by Flagstaff's careful look 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 'til 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 - NIGHT - 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. 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 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 tender loving care. He 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 GERMAN SHEPHERD PUPPY, BUCK. Buck sits ON a chair at the table, gobbling the pancakes.

Next, we see ALBUQUERQUE running in and out of frame, zooming Buck around like an AIRPLANE, making machine-gunning noises.

At last, Albuquerque starts ESKIMO KISSING Buck (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 STOPS.

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.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **18. Stretch.**

ALBUQUERQUE

Sorry. 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 a Hostess truck, it's  
gotta be appealing, right?*

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

The music dies. Flagstaff SIGHS with relief. Albuquerque 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 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.

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)  
There's nothing I couldn't find a reason  
to be afraid of. Things like undertow...  
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 down his chin all over the front of his shirt.

*FLAGSTAFF  
Smooth.*

Flagstaff marches into the bathroom, dripping Mountain Dew. He takes off the shirt and DROPS it on the bathroom FLOOR, then 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...*

Flagstaff hears POUNDING at his front door. He nearly jumps, then freezes, listening. The pounding stops, then starts again, LOUDER. Flagstaff TIPTOES toward 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

Heeeelp...

Flagstaff's heartstrings are sufficiently tugged. He chokes  
down his fear and very daintily unlocks and opens the door.

406 BURSTS into the room, SLAMS the door behind her, locks  
the bolt, then HUGS Flagstaff like a long-lost relative. She  
is in her mid-twenties, cute as a button. Tough. Feisty.  
The girl you'd love to spend Armageddon with.

406

(dispensing cheek pecks)

Thank you, thank you, thank you!

Flagstaff suddenly feels good about himself.

FLAGSTAFF

It was nothing!

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER - FLASHBACK

FLAGSTAFF takes a seat beside 406 on his living room SOFA.  
She wears a blanket over her shoulders. He offers her a cup.  
She 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 a 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 on earth. 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 he 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? 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'm afraid of stuff like clowns, and those rags they use to wipe restaurant tables...

406

Really?

FLAGSTAFF

I joke a lot. 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 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 asleep for who knows how long. He's sitting 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, BULGING EYES ALIVE WITH CURIOSITY AND MALICE, GRINNING AT HIM.

FLAGSTAFF  
Ghaaaaa!

FLAGSTAFF leaps BACKWARD off the couch to get away from the ZOMBIEFIED 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 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 wiggled 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, clutching her now diagonally attached foot.

FLAGSTAFF

Shit! Sorry!

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 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 with 406 as she rises to her feet again. She tries to BEND her broken foot into place, CRACKING it from one odd angle to another. No luck, now it's just as twisted 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. She RUN-DRAGS herself TOWARD Flagstaff.

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 HYPERVENTILATING. He's spasming with 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 raging fever where your brain  
 inflames to almost twice its size,  
 leaving you violent, hateful...*

*some insist evil. Zombieism's 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 CORPSE over his 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:

EXT. 10 FREEWAY - DAY

ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF have resumed driving down the freeway. A tangle of BURNED VEHICLES with DEAD, CHARRED DRIVERS BLOCKS the WAY.

CUT TO:

ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF now OUT of the ESCALADE, PUSHING a burned station wagon off the road so they can drive past.

*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. 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, 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. 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 a THIGH BONE, chewing on it like corn-on-  
the-cob, so intent that it doesn't notice the Escalade.

ALBUQUERQUE

It makes you...

FLAGSTAFF

I know, it makes you sick. It makes you  
sad. About...  
(bows his head, then raises it)  
...the way things were. It makes you  
think, if you could go back in time,  
right now... 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)

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

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

ALBUQUERQUE  
 ...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 (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./INT. 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've...

MANAGER

What's it look like?

WOMAN

Big and... beautiful.  
(starts to cry)  
It's just, what'll I tell my fiance? And I'm late for my flight.

MANAGER

(sly)  
Tell you what. Gimme your number. Get on that flight. I'll find your ring, send it Fed Ex. Your fiance'll never know.

WOMAN  
I'll give you a reward.

MANAGER  
Don't be silly.

WOMAN  
Three thousand dollars.  
(off the manager's look)  
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  
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, 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.

CUT TO:

LATER... The MANAGER is sweaty with the effort of sorting the TRASH. Nothing. Then the PHONE RINGS in his office.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER... The MANAGER is 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, a quick study. 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  
Thanks! Been looking all over for it.

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

GIRL  
Your ring?

MANAGER  
 A friend of mine's. She was sad to lose  
 it. I'm gonna send it to her.  
 (off the girl's skeptical look)  
 Look, here's her number!

The manager produces the woman's CARD.

GIRL  
 That could be anyone's number.

MANAGER  
 Kid, I'm not making this up. Santa Claus  
 is watching...

GIRL  
 Do I get a reward?

MANAGER  
 There's candy in the office!

The girl thinks, then turns to leave with a shrug.

GIRL  
 Meh.

MANAGER  
 (panic setting in)  
 You can't sell it, if that's what you're  
 thinking! Take that ring into a store,  
 they're only gonna ask questions.  
 Besides, a big store, it's not worth  
 anything to them.

The girl turns back.

GIRL  
 It is to you.

INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - DAY

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

MANAGER  
 Sixty, eighty... 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

Fine. Nine hundred.

GIRL

And the candy.

MANAGER

One bar.

The girl grabs an Aba Zabba. Then she takes a good, hard look at the RING. The manager was quick to hand over that money. But a deal's a deal. The girl HANDS OVER the ring.

MANAGER

You've made someone very happy.

The girl exits with her cash and a now half-eaten Aba Zabba.

GIRL

(mouth full)

You too.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The GIRL walks AROUND THE CORNER, where the GAS STATION is no longer in sight. She approaches a car parked under 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.

(off the woman's skeptical  
look, hands her more)

OK, eight.

The woman smiles and KISSES her on the forehead lovingly.

WOMAN

Guessing 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 woman lowers the TOP of the CONVERTIBLE. The girl buckles up and pulls out a MAP of the UNITED STATES.

GIRL  
California's far.

WOMAN  
Exactly. Dad won't find us. Ever. He's smart. He sucks. But he's not, like, God. Remind me: How many people will live in California by 2010?

GIRL  
Thirty-nine million.

WOMAN  
Thirty-nine million..?

GIRL  
(smiles)  
...and two.

WOMAN  
Besides. Nothing bad ever happens at Thrillville.

GIRL  
I know. I remember.

WOMAN  
You were four.

GIRL  
I'll always remember.

The girl puts out her fist. The woman looks at it, then SMIRKS and gives her a Tiger-Woods-style FIST POUND. We CRANE UP as the two DRIVE 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 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: **Blaine'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 walk toward the store, guns ready. They peer in the windows, where they see MOVEMENT in the aisles. It can only mean one thing...

FLAGSTAFF  
Uh oh.

Albuquerque doesn't look concerned. In fact, he looks EXCITED. He backs away from Blaine's and spies another store next door: SAWTOOTH HARDWARE.

INT. SAWTOOTH HARDWARE - DAY

Sawtooth Hardware is a rustic store with all sorts of cool sharp implements for sale. FLAGSTAFF watches as ALBUQUERQUE GEARS UP, starting with a pair of wicked HEDGE CLIPPERS.

FLAGSTAFF

You... are dangerous.

(Albuquerque ignores him)

You're gonna risk our lives for a Twinkie?! I've got perfectly good macaroni salad...

Albuquerque STARES Flagstaff down. Then he snags an aluminum BASEBALL BAT and slides two DOUGHNUT WEIGHTS onto the end.

ALBUQUERQUE

There's a box of Twinkies in that grocery store. Not just any box of Twinkies. The last box of Twinkies that anyone will enjoy in the whole universe. Believe it or not, there's an expiration date on Twinkies. And the Hostess factories are gone. Some day very soon, life's little Twinkie gauge is gonna hit Empty.

Albuquerque finds an ACOUSTIC GUITAR and slides it over his shoulder by the strap. He shakes his head at Flagstaff.

ALBUQUERQUE

Fucking macaroni salad.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

We're back in the grocery store parking lot. ALBUQUERQUE marches toward the front doors, FLAGSTAFF in tow.

ALBUQUERQUE

The whole 'zombies only eat human flesh' thing? Total myth. They'll scarf anything. I know 'cause I've seen 'em eat tofu, black licorice, and fourteen of the fifteen offerings from Lean Cuisine. Which one won't they touch? A bit of a head scratcher: Teriyaki Chicken.

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

ALBUQUERQUE

Time to nut up or shut up.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

We're now inside the store, where ALBUQUERQUE strides toward the aisles. FLAGSTAFF stays close 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. Nothing to lose. I wish I didn't feel such a rush watching, but what can I say? It's like... art.*

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.

A second MORBIDLY OBESE ZOMBIE rushes. Albuquerque readies the baseball bat with the doughnut weights. He swings like A-Rod, 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 is half amazed, half nauseated. Albuquerque looks at the three HUGELY FAT DEAD ZOMBIES.

ALBUQUERQUE

These three really let themselves go.

FLAGSTAFF

Being a zombie's gotta be 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, discarding a couple EMPTY TWINKIE BOXES. To add insult to injury, he strolls into the FREEZER AISLE, then plucks out a PACKAGE. He hands it to FLAGSTAFF:

A PRISTINE BOX of Lean Cuisine's TERIYAKI CHICKEN.

ALBUQUERQUE

Got a quarter? I wanna ride the rocket  
ship.

FLAGSTAFF

Which leaves me the pony!

Albuquerque is nearly out the door when he STOPS and motions  
for Flagstaff to be still. We hear MOVEMENT in an aisle.  
Flagstaff RAISES his SHOTGUN.

Slowly, Albuquerque and Flagstaff approach. STANDING in the  
aisle is the WOMAN of FLAGSTAFF'S DREAMS, 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 eharmony, 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...

INT. STORE ROOMS - DAY

The WOMAN leads ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF through the back  
store rooms. FLAGSTAFF looks increasingly nervous. He  
passes an emergency exit, then stops.

FLAGSTAFF

I'll catch up!

Flagstaff doubles back and OPENS the exit door. He looks  
into the ALLEY to see if the coast is clear. Then he drags a  
nearby box over and PROPS the door OPEN.

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)*

*Rule #22. When in Doubt. Know Your Way  
Out.*

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **22. When in Doubt. Know  
Your Way Out.**

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

FLAGSTAFF enters the butcher shop, where ALBUQUERQUE meets him, takes him by the arm, and speaks softly into his ear.

ALBUQUERQUE

(sotto voce)

They're sisters. The young one's been bitten. Act normal. Don't freak her out...

(out loud for everyone to hear)

Flagstaff, meet Wichita... and Stillwater.

WICHITA is the woman from the BMW. And STILLWATER is her little sister. Zombieland has taken its toll on these two.

Stillwater sits languidly against a counter. She looks pale, sweaty. Flagstaff shakes Wichita's hand, then Stillwater's. His eyes dart to a bloody, mouth-shaped WOUND on Stillwater's 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. And she knows.

(gathers her composure)

We're just looking for a way out.

Wichita's eyes go to Flagstaff's SHOTGUN. Flagstaff 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. After a few beats, he strides over and GRABS the shotgun. Flagstaff RESISTS, but he YANKS it away. Flagstaff turns his back, DISGUSTED, as Albuquerque steps toward Stillwater. Wichita bites her lip.

WICHITA

Wait. 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.

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  
Mrs. Renfro's Salsa. Temperature:  
Habanero.

Stillwater LICKS OFF the salsa.

STILLWATER  
Spicy.

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.

Wichita snatches Albuquerque's keys.

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

INT. STORE ROOMS - DAY

WICHITA and STILLWATER walk quickly toward the EMERGENCY EXIT that Flagstaff propped open. FLAGSTAFF and ALBUQUERQUE follow them like wounded puppies. The girls pause at the door, where Stillwater waves a teasingly cheerful GOODBYE.

FLAGSTAFF  
I could not be more bummed.

WICHITA  
Life's a bitch.

Wichita KICKS the BOX away from the door, which SLAMS SHUT behind her and Stillwater as they exit.

ALBUQUERQUE  
Look. Who's. Talking.

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 appearance and flips 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

That's what I'd give for a shower.

WICHITA

Let's just get to where we're headed.

STILLWATER

Think it's true? About Thrillville?

WICHITA

(nods)

Totally zombie free. Only place west of Waco.

STILLWATER

'Cause zombies would make the Log Ride suck.

WICHITA

I heard it. It's true. The Log Ride's too scary even for zombies. No possible way it could suck!

(off Stillwater's skeptical-but-hopeful look)

Log Ride. Not sucking.

Wichita plants the accelerator on the floor.

WICHITA

Trust me.

EXT. LELAND, ARIZONA - DAY

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

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, pauses for effect, and then KICKS the LIVING SHIT out of it. SMASHES in the door. RIPS off a mirror. JUMPS up and down on the HOOD. Then falls back INTO STEP with Flagstaff, who's kept walking.

ALBUQUERQUE  
I pulled something.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **18. Stretch.**

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

Flagstaff eyes Albuquerque and HESITATES.

ALBUQUERQUE  
You hesitated.  
(SEES something in the  
DISTANCE, pauses)  
Wait: 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 new HUMMER H2, in BLACK, parked askew in a  
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.**

On the back seat is a BIG paramilitary CANVAS BAG. Flagstaff  
examines it: You don't think?

He looks at the house, which has a Confederate flag flying. Flagstaff opens the zipper to discover an ARRAY of WICKED-LOOKING PARAMILITARY WEAPONRY.

Flagstaff CLEARS his THROAT to get Albuquerque's attention. Albuquerque 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 in the passenger seat, YAWNING. Visible behind him in the rear window (out of focus due to the long lens, and muffled because he's outside) is ALBUQUERQUE, who fires a BURST with the rifle, then starts whooping, 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 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. 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 skinny-dipping in the Yellowstone River, or 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's no better music for feeling good when you should 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, 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 nearly salivating. The SUV  
 turns onto the FREEWAY, headed WEST. Flagstaff fidgets.

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' plays as the HUMMER ZOOMS down the  
 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 - DAY

We're now into the California 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 down to the valley floor and up the other side. At the bottom sits the ESCALADE, its hood raised. ALBUQUERQUE watches through BINOCULARS. FLAGSTAFF looks on.

Three letters have been added to the number '3' on the side of the SUV. It reads, 'H3LP' (HELP). There is MOVEMENT UNDER THE HOOD, as evidenced by moving CLOTH and a SHADOW.

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 rifle)  
 Let's hope they shoot at me.

EXT./INT. VALLEY/HUMMER - DAY

ALBUQUERQUE walks toward the Escalade in the stealthiest way possible, STEYR AUG RAISED. He looks UNDER the truck. He throws open the tailgate. At last, he peers around the hood.

A BLOUSE is hanging from the 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 away from the Escalade until he's fifty yards off, surrounded by desert. Then he SIGNALS FLAGSTAFF.

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?

STILLWATER

Just me!

STILLWATER pops up in the back seat, pointing Flagstaff's old SHOTGUN at the back of Albuquerque's neck.

FLAGSTAFF

Really sorry.

ALBUQUERQUE

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

Like you'd ever shoot that th-

Before Albuquerque can finish, Stillwater IMMEDIATELY FIRES TWO SHOTGUN BLASTS out the window. Then, before he's recovered from his flinch, she rapidly EJECTS the SHELLS, slides in two new ones, and slaps the GUN closed AGAIN.

ALBUQUERQUE

Jesus H. Christ in low rise jeans!

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. WICHITA emerges from a CLUSTER of ROCKS like she's emerging from thin air.

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 - DAY

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

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

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.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

WICHITA and STILLWATER cruise west on the FREEWAY, LAUGHING as they discuss the guys. Stillwater ADJUSTS her seat with the levers as she talks. Up. Down. Backwards. Forwards.

WICHITA  
 With the muscles and the glasses. And  
 how he sucks in his stomach. I'm  
 guessing eighth grade P.E. teacher. I  
 see powder blue Dolphin shorts.

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  
 Maybe we're underestimating him...

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK

The pre-Zombieland ALBUQUERQUE stands on a STREET, SPINNING one of those BIG CARDBOARD REAL ESTATE ARROW SIGNS. He'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 lame...

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. TOYS-R-US - DAY - FLASHBACK

FLAGSTAFF is wearing a TOYS-R-US shirt. He plays VIRTUAL TENNIS on a NINTENDO WII in the video game department, trying to impress a hot MOM and her TWO little KIDS. Flagstaff SWINGS the controller back to hit a forehand and WHACKS one of the KIDS in the face, dropping him.

QUICK CUT BACK TO:

INT. HUMMER - DAY

STILLWATER

Amazing.

WICHITA

What?

STILLWATER

How they got this far. They should be proud.

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

STILLWATER steals glances at the vast, burning desert, as far as the eye can see. Her last glance is over her shoulder. Then she looks 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  
 Trust no one. 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, like, 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 and Stillwater 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 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 woman 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 Woman 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 seat lever, moving the seat BACKWARD.

STILLWATER

Keep moving my seat, you're riding 'Bitch.'

STILLWATER shifts her shotgun from Flagstaff to Albuquerque. Albuquerque turns and FLINCHES slightly at the sight.

ALBUQUERQUE

Last time I call 'Shotgun!'

Albuquerque rebelliously TWEAKS his HEADREST.

SMASH CUT TO:

ALBUQUERQUE, now sitting 'BITCH' in the BACKSEAT with Stillwater. FLAGSTAFF is now up front, equally uncomfortable.

FLAGSTAFF

He's got a point.

STILLWATER

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

Stillwater REACHES to move the headrest. Albuquerque WATCHES her INTENTLY, paying particular attention to the SHOTGUN.

When Stillwater's focus is fully on the headrest, Albuquerque USES the OPPORTUNITY to LUNGE and GRAB the gun!

Stillwater is NO MATCH for Albuquerque's size and strength. He WRENCHES the gun from her. Wichita SLAMS on the BRAKES. The Hummer SCREECHES to a STOP. Albuquerque POINTS the SHOTGUN AT Stillwater...

...but WICHITA draws a PISTOL and POINTS it RIGHT AT FLAGSTAFF's FOREHEAD. It's a classic STANDOFF. Flagstaff stares down a barrel.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)

*That face? Scared shitless, but secretly turned on. Which must mean, 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.**

WICHITA

(to Albuquerque)  
Drop it.

ALBUQUERQUE

One prob. You care about her more than I care about him.

Flagstaff finally LOSES IT.

FLAGSTAFF

For fuck's sake, enough already! This isn't 'Lock, Stock, and Two Smoking Barrels!' We're being chased by hungry freaks! We don't have enough problems?!

(whiny voice, to Albuquerque)

'They stole my Hummer!'

(whiny voice, to Wichita and Stillwater)

'We got trust issues!' Get over it! We can't drive down the highway for two hours, playing 'I Spy' or some shit, like four normal-ass Americans?! Fuck me!

The car goes dead silent for a long pregnant moment.

ALBUQUERQUE

(impressed)

Whoa.

FLAGSTAFF

I know.

Albuquerque and Wichita share a CHASTISED look. Albuquerque sheepishly PLACES the SHOTGUN on the FLOOR. Wichita follows suit with the PISTOL, then brings the Hummer UP to SPEED.

The tiniest of SMILES sneaks onto Flagstaff's face.

FLAGSTAFF

So... where you guys headed?

STILLWATER

Thrillville.

ALBUQUERQUE

The amusement park? Outside L.A.?!

STILLWATER

(nods)

We went there as kids.

ALBUQUERQUE

When was the last time you went back? That place totally blows...

(off Wichita's ANGRY STARE)

...my mind! It's awesome.

FLAGSTAFF

I went there as a kid, too. This probably counts as off-season. The Doggie-Go-Round will have a very manageable line.

STILLWATER

You remember the Doggie-Go-Round?!

FLAGSTAFF

Who forgets their first puke.

STILLWATER

Didja hear? There are no zombies there.

Albuquerque is about to dispel this theory with his 'There's no such place' speech, but Flagstaff STARES HIM DOWN.

ALBUQUERQUE

We heard. Yeah.

(can't stand being nice to  
Stillwater)

Look, I may not try to shoot you. But  
you still royally piss me off. I ain't  
sticking around for no Thrillville.

Stillwater smirks, takes her index finger, SUCKS on it... and  
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?  
(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. He's been hit square in the gut.

WICHITA  
I didn't realize it was...

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

FLAGSTAFF sits back, his eyes misting over with TEARS.

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

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 in his face. As gestures go, it's  
all she can do. Flagstaff gives her an appreciative look.

INT./EXT. HUMMER - DAY

The HUMMER continues west across the desert. A melancholy  
FLAGSTAFF has that three-mile stare. Cacti fly by.

EXT. 10 FREEWAY - DAY

The HUMMER passes a wide desert SIGN: 'KEMO SABE'S TRADING  
POST - SEPARATING YOU FROM YOUR WAMPUM... IN 100 MILES!'

The Hummer passes a SECOND SIGN: 'KEMO SABE'S TRADING POST -  
WE WANTUM YOUR WAMPUM... IN 50 MILES!'

The Hummer passes a THIRD SIGN: 'KEMO SABE'S TRADING POST -  
WAMPUM?! I BARELY KNOW HIM... IN 10 MILES!'

At last, Wichita PULLS into the deserted PARKING LOT of KEMO  
SABE'S TRADING POST - a HUGE Native-American themed GIFT  
SHOP, complete with an enormous CHIEF on the roof.

WICHITA  
Sorry. Been waiting for this for, like,  
a hundred miles. Hold onto your wampum.

Albuquerque bats his eyelids and takes his hand out of his waistband.

ALBUQUERQUE

I think I just was.

EXT. KEMO SABE'S TRADING POST - DAY

WICHITA, STILLWATER, FLAGSTAFF, and ALBUQUERQUE quietly approach the open front doors of Kemo Sabe's.

Albuquerque puts a finger to his lips and motions for the others to stop. They stand twenty feet from the front doors. Albuquerque takes Stillwater's SHOTGUN and approaches.

Albuquerque stands against the wall of the building next to the front doors. ABOVE the nearer door sits one of those miniature BELLS that rings whenever the door opens.

We're in a wide master shot, looking into the store over Stillwater's, Wichita's, and Flagstaff's shoulders. Albuquerque uses the BARREL of his GUN to RING the little BELL. Then he raises the gun to head height.

All in one take, beginning as a speck and getting BIGGER and BIGGER as it nears the camera, a ZOMBIE RUNS from the back of the store toward the front doors AT FULL SPEED.

It runs OUT the front doors and - BOOM! - Albuquerque blows its head clean OFF. The entire zombie goes FLYING. Albuquerque waves the others in like a casino GREETER.

INT. KEMO SABE'S TRADING POST - DAY

WICHITA, STILLWATER, FLAGSTAFF, and ALBUQUERQUE search the aisles of the massive souvenir shop. It's full of God-awful antiques and tchotchkes... Elvis stained-glass table lamps, Greek statues, crystal chandeliers, cuckoo clocks, etc.

Flagstaff moves down an aisle with an APPALLED look.

FLAGSTAFF

I keep thinking I can't get more disgusted.

Flagstaff turns and mistakenly BUMPS a ceramic STATUETTE off a counter. He tries to catch it, but it BREAKS on the floor.

Flagstaff's first instinct is to wince and try to pick up the pieces. Then he catches himself. Thinks. Smirks. And subtly PUSHES a SECOND STATUETTE onto the floor. CRASH.

WICHITA watches this with a sly smile. She 'accidentally' elbows a faux MING VASE onto the ground. SMASH.

STILLWATER walks along a counter featuring PIGGY BANKS, nudging them off. SMASH! SMASH! SMASH! SMASH!

ALBUQUERQUE clucks in mock disapproval. He walks up to a suit of armor and lifts the visor of the helmet oh-so-gently. He starts to turn away, then SPINS and GRABS the knight by the throat and crotch, lifts it over his head, and BODY-SLAMs it THROUGH a GLASS COFFEE TABLE.

A SONG BEGINS: MOZART'S OVERTURE TO 'THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO,' ushering in a MONTAGE. Everyone indulges in the fantasy of BREAKING fragile stuff. It's one part screw-the-crappy-world catharsis, one part giddy destructive joy:

Stillwater picks up DOLLS and tosses them ONE-BY-ONE into a SPINNING OVERHEAD CEILING FAN. They get dismembered.

Wichita grabs a SWORD and HACKS DOWN CHANDELIERS.

Albuquerque puts on the knight's HELMET and rips off one of the ARMS. Then he tugs at his crotch, spits, and holds the arm like a baseball bat. Flagstaff picks up one of a basketful of GLASS SNOW GLOBES. He makes like a pitcher, shaking off signs, winding up, and pitching snow globes.

Albuquerque SWINGS and SMACKS globes across the room. Then Flagstaff throws a WILD PITCH. Albuquerque DUCKS, throws his 'bat' and helmet, and charges the 'mound.' Flagstaff runs.

Wichita shoots ARROWS into MANNEQUINS, toppling them.

Albuquerque grabs Stillwater by the wrists and spins her in big CIRCLES, knocking over every fragile thing in sight.

Flagstaff and Wichita BOWL with the glass TOPS of GUMBALL MACHINES, smashing them and scattering gumballs everywhere.

Albuquerque throws TORCHIERE LAMPS like JAVELINS.

Stillwater sits on a saddle, LASSOES a CIGAR STORE INDIAN, and TUGS IT OVER.

At last, Flagstaff and Wichita PUSH OVER a SHELF, toppling it onto a SERIES of shelves. They drop like DOMINOES.

As the final shelf falls, the room has been reduced to a pile of DEBRIS. The music comes to a glorious end. The four admire the sight, a little awestruck, then head for the door.

One tiny GLASS BALLERINA remains upright on the counter. Stillwater takes it as if to cherish it, then nonchalantly KICKS IT behind her back, HACKY-SACK style, into the pile.

Everyone exits. We remain in the empty room. Then FLAGSTAFF sneaks back in and sheepishly leaves some CASH on the counter to compensate for the mess.

EXT./INT. 10 FREEWAY/HUMMER - DUSK

WHITE LANE MARKERS hypnotically zoom past as GRANDMASTER FLASH's 'WHITE LINES' thumps on the HUMMER's speakers. WICHITA drives. EVERYONE's back in their usual seats.

We're on the outskirts of L.A. We see a SIGN: 'Entering Los Angeles County.' A spray-painted 't' punctuates '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.  
 But ZombieLand has a way of messing with  
 your sense of direction. Now I just  
 wanna spend time with the girl. It's  
 been a long time since Beverly... Hills.

L.A. looks EERILY EMPTY.

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

EXT./INT. BEVERLY HILLS/HUMMER - NIGHT

The HUMMER coasts past the mansions of Beverly Hills. EVERYONE looks around anxiously. 'White Lines' is replaced by a creepy, suspenseful cue. Flagstaff sees MOVEMENT in some Oleander bushes, but whatever caused it VANISHES.

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

ALBUQUERQUE  
 (looks, frowns)  
 Not gonna lie. I pictured Tom Cruise  
 living somewhere nicer.

STILLWATER  
 How 'bout Jay Leno's?

STILLWATER is holding a MAP in front of her FACE... not just any map, a STAR MAP. Everyone's in desperate need of a big, safe pad to spend the night.

STILLWATER  
 (eyes light up)  
 Wait! Slow-slow-slow!

Stillwater points out a GORGEOUS 5-ACRE COMPOUND, surrounded by a FENCE, dense FOLIAGE, and a massive wrought-iron GATE with an 'S' in the center. Suddenly, Flagstaff spies a CREEPY ZOMBIE pop up out of a MANHOLE on the street.

FLAGSTAFF  
 (points)  
 Fast-fast-fast!

Wichita PEELS OUT, SWINGS a DOUGHNUT in front of the gate, and PARKS. Everyone fumbles for the DOOR HANDLES.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

THUD! Albuquerque's DUFFEL BAG lands in a clump of foliage, followed by... THUNK... Stillwater's AMERICAN IDOL BACKPACK, Wichita's CARRY-ON, and Flagstaff's ROLLING SUITCASE. WHACK! FLAGSTAFF and ALBUQUERQUE, WICHITA and STILLWATER JUMP DOWN from the FENCE and into the back yard of the compound.

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

As if the zombie didn't even exist, Albuquerque, Wichita, and Stillwater casually pull out their SHOTGUNS, checking the chambers for shells, etc. Meanwhile, Flagstaff stacks the other bags on top of his rolling suitcase.

The zombie continues to rant outside the fence. Wichita stops what she's doing for the barest of moments, nonchalantly shoots it in the face (almost without looking), then goes back to what she was doing.

At last, Wichita, Albuquerque, and Stillwater set off through THICK UNDERBRUSH toward the yard. Flagstaff gathers their stuff and follows, still playing the role of Sherpa.

A winded Flagstaff emerges from the foliage. He STOPS to carefully examine his own clothes, limbs, and hair. Albuquerque looks back at Flagstaff questioningly.

FLAGSTAFF  
 Tick check.

Albuquerque rolls his eyes and they continue toward the MANSION.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ALBUQUERQUE walks quietly into the house, followed by WICHITA, STILLWATER, and finally, FLAGSTAFF. They find themselves in a gorgeous LIVING ROOM. There, spread all around the room, are monuments to the career of a certain Hollywood actor:

POSTERS of 'First Blood.' 'Over the Top.' 'Lock Up.' The BOXING ROBE and GLOVES from 'Rocky.'

STILLWATER

Welcome to La Casa De Stallone.

Albuquerque looks OVERWHELMED. He sets down his gun and reverently puts on the GLOVES. Flagstaff pulls on the ROBE.

ALBUQUERQUE

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

WICHITA

You can. You shouldn't...

ALBUQUERQUE

I was just a kid. My Dad was outta the picture. And that's when I saw 'First Blood.' One War Against One Man. I could totally relate.

FLAGSTAFF

You were, what, nine?

ALBUQUERQUE

(completely ignores this)  
And after 'First Blood?' 'Rocky IV.'  
'Rambo.' 'Cobra.' 'Over the Top.'

Albuquerque executes 'The Hook' and 'Top Roll' from the famous arm wrestling movie.

WICHITA

Quite a run.

ALBUQUERQUE

I modeled my life after the man. Then just like that, it ended. I went to a matinee. Got elbow deep in some Dots. And watched my hero call Estelle Getty... to help him clean up the streets... and launder his sheets.

(snaps out of it)

You imagine what that was like?

FLAGSTAFF

(nods)

I saw the movie.

ALBUQUERQUE

Stop. Or. My. Mom. Will. Fucking.  
Shoot. Never has a man who kicked so  
much ass... licked so much ass.

(angry far-off stare)

I never forgave the son-of-a-bitch.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

FLAGSTAFF, ALBUQUERQUE, WICHITA, and STILLWATER search the kitchen. Flagstaff is holding his own shotgun now. WICHITA tries the FAUCET. NOTHING.

WICHITA

No water.

STILLWATER finishes throwing open a series of CUPBOARDS.

STILLWATER

And no Twinkies.

ALBUQUERQUE

I knew we shoulda gone to Travolta's!

FLAGSTAFF

(whispers... 'be quiet!')

Hello... 'inside voice!' 'Til we make  
sure we're alone. Albuquerque, you and  
Stillwater take upstairs...

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Upstairs, Albuquerque awkwardly flicks a light switch in a GUEST BEDROOM with one boxing glove. He slowly searches the room. As he leaves, he nearly STEPS ON (but FAILS to NOTICE) a GRIMY HAND protruding from under the bed.

The hand remains still, and Albuquerque exits into the hall. STILLWATER comes out of another bedroom.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

FLAGSTAFF and WICHITA come out of two separate rooms on the ground floor, their search complete. They reach the bottom of the stairs. ALBUQUERQUE and STILLWATER appear at the top.

FLAGSTAFF

All clear?

ALBUQUERQUE  
Crystal!

INT. MASTER SUITE - NIGHT

ALBUQUERQUE and STILLWATER are in the master suite. Stillwater opens the DVD PLAYER. 'Over the Top' sits inside.

ALBUQUERQUE  
Excellent...

Albuquerque awkwardly picks up the REMOTE with his boxing gloves, realizes he won't be able to work it, and hands it to Stillwater. They sit on the edge of the bed and watch 'Over the Top' on the wide screen TV.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Downstairs, FLAGSTAFF and WICHITA find a STEREO and flip it on. They check the CD inside. No way...

FLAGSTAFF  
What were the chances.

WICHITA  
Actually probably pretty good.

For fun, Flagstaff cues up the right track, CRANKS up the volume... and hits 'play.' We hear the first, distinctive notes of SURVIVOR'S 'EYE OF THE TIGER' from the 'Rocky III' soundtrack. Wichita shakes her head. Flagstaff sets DOWN his shotgun, unable to suppress the TINNIEST of uppercuts.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

We're back upstairs, where we can hear the music downstairs. Still motionless beneath the bed that Albuquerque forgot to look under... is the HAND. The hand MOVES.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Still decked out in the robe, FLAGSTAFF runs happily on a TREADMILL in front of a mirror. Then he spies another treasure: the little SPEED BAG from 'Rocky.'

Flagstaff jumps OFF the treadmill and gives the bag a few JABS. His timing is awful. The bag caroms haphazardly. WICHITA shakes her head and walks toward the stairs.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

The BODY under the bed CRAWLS OUT and STANDS UP. We only see the LEGS and bare, blood-spattered FEET. They walk out of the room confidently, IN TIME TO THE MUSIC.

INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

Wichita's legs/feet reach the top of the stairs and turn RIGHT, heading toward the master. After a few moments of an empty frame, the ZOMBIFIED LEGS/FEET enter from the LEFT and walk DOWN the stairs. Still in time to the beat.

INT. MASTER SUITE - NIGHT

WICHITA joins ALBUQUERQUE and STILLWATER and immediately becomes engrossed in 'Over the Top.' Sly is driving headlong toward the biggest fight of his life.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

FLAGSTAFF is now trying hard to JUMP ROPE. He's tangling his feet, tripping, tangling, tripping. Then he drops to the ground and tries ONE-ARMED PUSHUPS. Not happening. He rests for a moment, cheek to the floor. Then he looks UP to do a regular pushup, and...

...finds himself staring at TWO FEET. He FREEZES and looks up. We TILT from TOE to HEAD to reveal the one and only...

...SYLVESTER STALLONE. Stallone looms over Flagstaff. Zombiefied. Horrifying. Shirtless. Early-stages MULLET. For so many reasons... Flagstaff SCREAMS.

INT. MASTER SUITE - NIGHT

Simultaneously, movie Sly lets out a victorious SCREAM during the final match in 'Over The Top,' masking Flagstaff's scream. ALBUQUERQUE, STILLWATER, and WICHITA are entranced.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Still set to the music, FLAGSTAFF SPRINTS around the living room with STALLONE in hot pursuit. It's a totally frenetic CHASE-TO-THE-DEATH. Over counter-tops. Coffee tables.

FLAGSTAFF

Please! I actually kinda liked you in  
'Tango & Cash.'

Flagstaff spies his SHOTGUN on the far side of the treadmill and beelines for it. But his foot LANDS on the still-moving treadmill, and he SLIPS and FACE-PLANTS. Stallone does the exact same. He reaches out and grabs Flagstaff's shoe.

Flagstaff's shoe SLIPS from Stallone's grasp, but not before it POPS OFF at the HEEL. Flagstaff scurries away, trying unsuccessfully to stomp his heel back down into the shoe.

Like lightning, Stallone KIPS to his FEET. An awed Flagstaff hop-stomps toward his gun. Too late. Stallone BULL-RUSHES, snagging Flagstaff's ROBE and spinning him around. Stallone lunges. Flagstaff DUCKS. From across the room, it looks as if they're BOXING. Stallone swings. Flagstaff feints. The two CLINCH. Then, out of nowhere...

...a BELL (the kind that signals the end of a boxing round) starts CLANGING.

Stallone stops and looks up to see ALBUQUERQUE across the living room, banging a 'Rocky' commemorative BELL. He steps forward menacingly, still wearing BOXING GLOVES.

ALBUQUERQUE

Round two.

WICHITA and STILLWATER reach the top of the stairs behind Albuquerque. He motions for them to stay back, then faces Stallone and pounds his gloves together.

ALBUQUERQUE

I must break you.

Stallone bellows, pushes Flagstaff away, and SPRINTS across the room toward Albuquerque. Stallone LEAPS FORWARD!

Albuquerque makes as if to BOX Stallone, but at the last second, SURPRISES him by GRABBING him by throat and crotch (the same move he pulled on the suit of armor at Kemo Sabe's). He lifts Stallone like Thunderlips did in 'Rocky III'... and plows him HEAD-FIRST into a PILLAR.

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

ALBUQUERQUE

I pity the fool.

Wichita and Stillwater descend the stairs, speechless. Albuquerque uses his TEETH to PULL off his GLOVES triumphantly. Flagstaff's heel finally PLOPS down into his shoe. He walks over to the others, who KICK the dead STALLONE, once for each career move.

ALBUQUERQUE

That's for 'Stop! Or My Mom Will Shoot!'

WICHITA

That's for 'Oscar!'

STILLWATER

That's for 'Spy Kids 3D!'

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

FLAGSTAFF

And that's for your brother Frank.

Flagstaff KICKS, then allows himself a little SMILE.

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

ALBUQUERQUE

Whaddya think? 'Zombie Kill of the Week?'

*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 suburban neighborhood.

A sixty-ish 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 - NIGHT

With comical difficulty, FLAGSTAFF and WICHITA try to lift SLY STALLONE, 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. Stallone's corpse TUMBLES down the slope into the YARD on the other side, ROLLING out of its sheet in the process.

FLAGSTAFF

He deserved better. Wrapping, I mean.

The two can't help but LAUGH. Flagstaff looks buoyed. It's an adrenaline rush to make Wichita smile.

FLAGSTAFF

Purell?

WICHITA

Please.

Flagstaff SQUIRTS some Purell into her PALM.

FLAGSTAFF

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

WICHITA

Ripley can deal.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

WICHITA, FLAGSTAFF, ALBUQUERQUE, and STILLWATER sit on the living room floor, propped up on some cushions. Behind them is a huge OIL PAINTING of Sly bare-backing a HORSE.

Flagstaff is still decked out in Rocky's ROBE, now with its hood up. Wichita is wearing Rocky's CHAMPIONSHIP BELT. Stillwater has Rambo's BANDOLIER draped across her chest. Albuquerque is sporting Rocky's signature BLACK HAT. He is eating from a CAN of BEETS, chasing each brutal bite with a swig from a BOTTLE of JACK.

STILLWATER

When your tongue says 'beets,' make your brain hear 'Twinkies!'

FLAGSTAFF

And when your tongue and brain are done fooling each other, deposit two large into the Bank of Flagstaff. Thanks so much. Enjoy your stay.

ALBUQUERQUE

One guess where I'm gonna shove that thimble.

Albuquerque peels off twenty HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS and THROWS them at Flagstaff. CUT to REVEAL they're playing a GAME of MONOPOLY, with REAL U.S. CURRENCY. Albuquerque's piece - the DOG - sits on Boardwalk. He tilts it to one side.

ALBUQUERQUE

That's me taking a piss on your hotel. I  
can't hit Luxury Tax once or fucking  
twice?!

Wichita rolls the DICE. She lands on FREE PARKING and  
collects the PILE of BILLS there.

WICHITA

Free Parking! Which is also the best  
thing about Zombieland.

FLAGSTAFF

(thinks)  
Best thing about Z-land..?  
(brightens)  
No more online winks from single women  
over forty.

STILLWATER

No more detention after school.  
(realizes)  
No more school!

ALBUQUERQUE

How 'bout no more flushing? Epic.

FLAGSTAFF

Um. What?

STILLWATER

Seriously. Flush.

Wichita shivers the thought away.

WICHITA

And worst thing about Z-land?

ALBUQUERQUE

Easy. No Buck.

FLAGSTAFF

(to Wichita and Stillwater, by  
way of explanation)  
His puppy.

STILLWATER

(can't let it go, to  
Albuquerque)  
So you're not a flusher.

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, then suddenly stops.

FLAGSTAFF

'Laugh?'

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's the SAME flashback from earlier, only Albuquerque isn't cooking for a dog, but a BOY. His SON BUCK. Two years old. Blond hair. Sporting a Janikowski Raiders jersey.

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

Albuquerque WATCHING his SON gobble pancakes...

Albuquerque running in and out of frame, zooming Buck around like an AIRPLANE...

Albuquerque ESKIMO-KISSING Buck and blowing RASPBERRIES on his BELLY...

SMASH CUT BACK TO:

INT. MASTER SUITE - NIGHT

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 tear trickles down Albuquerque's cheek. He hands over his WALLET. Flagstaff, WICHITA, and STILLWATER look at cute wallet PHOTOS of Albuquerque's boy.

Flagstaff puts a hand on Albuquerque's SHOULDER.

ALBUQUERQUE  
Jesus. Haven't cried like this since  
Apollo Creed died.

Albuquerque tries to laugh, but the effort's still too great. He thumbs away another tear.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

In close-up, we see a PEOPLE'S CHOICE AWARD, 'SYLVESTER STALLONE' stenciled in front. BANG! It flies out of frame. We pan to see a GOLDEN APPLE AWARD, also Stallone's. BANG! It caroms away. Next, a SHO WEST AWARD. We cut to REVEAL...

...ALBUQUERQUE, prone on the grass ACROSS the back yard, taking TARGET PRACTICE with a RIFLE. Another RIFLE lies next to him. He has lined up awards on the FENCE of the COMPOUND.

BANG! The Sho West Award BREAKS in half. Then STILLWATER crawls into frame next to Albuquerque, also on her belly. He eyes her, slightly dismissive, and SHOOTS again. BANG!

Stillwater picks up the other rifle and AIMS at one of STALLONE'S NINE RAZZIES. BANG! BANG! BANG! Three MISSES. She looks at Albuquerque. Little help? He gives her a can't-be-bothered-look, then spies the placement of her elbow. He moves his OWN elbow outward to show her the proper position.

Stillwater MIMICS Albuquerque. Next, he sees her hand out of place. He moves his hand. She does the same.

What follows is a poignant pantomime, Albuquerque demonstrating, Stillwater dutifully copying. Cheek against the stock. Knuckle crease on the trigger. Close one eye...

At last, it's time: Stillwater FIRES AGAIN. MISSES AGAIN. Albuquerque frowns, then realizes:

ALBUQUERQUE  
Hold your breath.

Stillwater INHALES. HOLDS. And FIRES. The RAZZIE goes FLYING! The subtlest of smiles appears on Albuquerque's face. It quickly disappears when Stillwater glances his way. Her own smile vanishes just as fast. All business again.

STILLWATER  
Thanks.

ALBUQUERQUE  
Don't mention it.

BANG! BANG! BANG! The shots echo through the night.

INT. WINE CELLAR - NIGHT

WICHITA and FLAGSTAFF are in Stallone's WINE CELLAR. Wichita sits against the wall opposite the wine racks, surrounded by a miniature forest of OPENED BOTTLES. Flagstaff is going through UNOPENED bottles, handing them to her.

WICHITA  
(takes a swig)  
I know this Thrillville thing's nuts.  
But she needs it. We need it.

FLAGSTAFF  
How 'bout a... '94 Harlan Estate red?

WICHITA  
(very tipsy)  
Oo... '94!

FLAGSTAFF  
Good year?

WICHITA  
(uncorks the bottle, swigs)  
Great year. My first movie in the theater! 'The Next Karate Kid.' First tattoo. Porpoise. Fake. First kiss. Scotty Lynch.

Flagstaff sits down next to her.

FLAGSTAFF  
Tongue?

WICHITA  
Maybe. Jealous of Scotty Lynch?  
(conspiratorial)  
He had ringworm.

(cracks up)  
 C'mon, get drunk with me!  
 (sotto voce)  
 Between you, me, and the Italian  
 Stallion, you're actually kinda cute.

FLAGSTAFF  
 Really?

WICHITA  
 I mean, ya got the guts of a guppy. But  
 I could hit that. In a last-two-people-  
 on-earth, Katherine Heigl, Seth Rogen  
 kinda way.

FLAGSTAFF  
Really.

WICHITA  
 Or at least give ya the intentional walk  
 to first.

Flagstaff's and Wichita's faces are only a foot apart. He desperately wants to kiss her. And she actually wants him to kiss her.

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)  
 Even in a world of zombies, I'd never,  
ever been more afraid. I'd traveled  
 hundreds of miles. But none as far as  
 this final foot.*

Wichita waits for Flagstaff to cross that last foot and kiss her. But he's just too painfully paralyzed. At last, she totally drops out of the moment. And he knows it's too late.

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

WICHITA  
 Probably for the best. I like you,  
 Flagstaff. But my sister and I are gonna  
 do whatever we need to survive. Really  
 sorry, but beyond a day? Maybe two? I  
 don't see us needing you.

Flagstaff is staring reality square in the face. He looks defeated, depressed... but RESIGNED.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MASTER SUITE - AFTERNOON

The SUN is now HIGH in the Beverly Hills sky. It comes in the window of Stallone's master suite - a laser strike on FLAGSTAFF. He and ALBUQUERQUE are sprawled on the floor, each wrapped in a separate BLANKET, asleep.

STILLWATER is snoring on Stallone's KING BED. WICHITA is nowhere to be seen. FLAGSTAFF stirs awake.

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)*

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

Flagstaff opens his eyes, obliviously content.

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)*

*And then the moment you remember.*

Flagstaff's expression grows anxious. He takes a deep breath, then stands to face the day. He walks to the window, pausing to look at his grimy reflection in the glass.

We RACK FOCUS from the glass to the VIEW beyond: the BACK YARD. WICHITA is finishing rolling a big EMERGENCY WATER DRUM - one of the staples of Earthquake-prepared Los Angeles - to the edge of Stallone's EMPTY POOL.

EXT. BACK YARD - AFTERNOON

Wichita hops INTO the dry pool and goes to work. She has stacked SUPPLIES next to the water drum: a HOSE, a small HACK-SAW, some DUCT-TAPE, a HAMMER, a big DRILL BIT, a BAR of SOAP, and a BOTTLE of SHAMPOO.

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 not yet WARM.

Wichita KINKS the hose again in time for FLAGSTAFF and STILLWATER to join her outside. Wichita and Flagstaff share a quick, AWKWARD look. Wichita addresses Stillwater:

WICHITA

Afternoon, sleeping beauties. Shower?

STILLWATER

Nuh-uh!

WICHITA

We'll let the sun heat the water.  
Meantime, help me make breakfast. Er,  
lunch.

(pauses)

What's wrong?

STILLWATER

(giddy)

I love you very much.

WICHITA

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

INT. KITCHEN/PANTRY - AFTERNOON

FLAGSTAFF, WICHITA and STILLWATER go through the last few cans in a very sparse pantry.

WICHITA

Hearts of palm and chicken stock  
casserole?

FLAGSTAFF AND STILLWATER

Ew.

EXT. BACK YARD - AFTERNOON

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

CUT TO:

Albuquerque, now standing in the pool, 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 gary right outta my hair!

INT. PANTRY - AFTERNOON

WICHITA, STILLWATER, and FLAGSTAFF stop what they're doing and LISTEN to the sound of Albuquerque's distant SINGING. They look at one another, PUZZLED.

EXT. BACK YARD - AFTERNOON

We're on ALBUQUERQUE in medium shot, back turned to the house, 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.

We RACK FOCUS to WICHITA, STILLWATER, and FLAGSTAFF standing, 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 looking grimmer than the one before... each looking more MURDEROUS than the one before. Albuquerque's gaze narrows.

ALBUQUERQUE  
That's my bad right there.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

The HUMMER literally BURNS RUBBER as it LAUNCHES out of Stallone's driveway and out the front gate, leaving ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF BEHIND yet AGAIN.

The gate closes. The guys watch the GIRLS drive off in silence.

FLAGSTAFF  
Knew it.

Albuquerque knocks water out of his ear. Flagstaff slowly turns to stare daggers into him.

ALBUQUERQUE  
I'm just as disappointed as you are.

EXT./INT. BEVERLY HILLS/HUMMER - AFTERNOON

WICHITA and STILLWATER drive through Beverly Hills. Stillwater looks over her shoulder, then forward glumly.

WICHITA  
Say it with me...

WICHITA AND STILLWATER  
Screw 'em.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

WICHITA and STILLWATER drive through Ventura County, negotiating their way past left-over vehicles on the 101.

INT./EXT. HUMMER/VENTURA COUNTY - SUNSET

The SUN SETS over the CALIFORNIA MOUNTAINS. WICHITA and STILLWATER crest a ridge and finally see... spread out before them in a suburban valley... the THRILLVILLE AMUSEMENT PARK.

A SONG kicks in: CHICAGO'S jaunty 'SATURDAY IN THE PARK.'

Not exactly Disneyland. But it's got its charms. Quaint streets. Big rides. Wichita uses a pair of BINOCULARS and scans the park. Not a zombie in sight.

WICHITA  
(a la Disneyland's Super Bowl ads)  
You've just survived a bunch of vicious, vomiting monsters! Where you gonna go?

STILLWATER  
I'm going to Thrillville!

INT./EXT. HUMMER/THRILLVILLE - DUSK

WICHITA and STILLWATER drive to the front gate, GUNS READY. The gate is LOCKED. The park looks deserted, PRISTINE.

Wichita flips on the Hummer's HEADLIGHTS and HONKS the horn repeatedly. Nothing. She puts the Hummer in gear and pushes it against the FRONT GATE until the lock BUSTS.

ANGLE ON:

WICHITA and STILLWATER driving through the park... slowly, cautiously, systematically... BLINKING the LIGHTS and HONKING like crazy to attract attention. Not a ZOMBIE ANYWHERE. At last, Wichita PARKS the Hummer with a SMILE.

WICHITA  
Toldja...

INT. PARK POWER PLANT - NIGHT

WICHITA throws a series of BIG ELECTRICAL SWITCHES in the PARK POWER PLANT.

EXT. THRILLVILLE - NIGHT

STILLWATER WATCHES as the LIGHTS and RIDES come on all over the park. It's a RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE for her. The entire place comes to BRILLIANT LIFE, one ride at a time. But...

EXT. VENTURA COUNTY - NIGHT

We're in the distant CITY HILLS above the park. The lights look gorgeous from afar. But the camera pulls BACK to reveal that it has attracted the attention of a curious ZOMBIE.

CUT TO:

THREE SHOTS of ZOMBIES in nearby areas: a TACO STAND... a VIDEO STORE... a CAR WASH... each looking at the distant AMUSEMENT PARK. They're attracted by the light like MOTHS. One by one, they SET OFF in the direction of the PARK.

EXT. THRILLVILLE - NIGHT

WICHITA and STILLWATER have boarded the DOGGIE-GO-ROUND, which isn't nearly as impressive as Stillwater remembered. They find themselves SQUISHED into a little DOGGIE car, going around in circles, SHOTGUNS on their LAPS.

WICHITA

Thrilled?

STILLWATER

Flagstaff puked on this?!

EXT. VENTURA COUNTY - NIGHT

An extreme aerial shot of the park reveals probably a HUNDRED ZOMBIES converging on the grounds from every direction.

EXT. PIRATE SHIP - NIGHT

WICHITA and STILLWATER (now holding a huge STUFFED DOG and LOLLIPOP along with her SHOTGUN) reach the PIRATE SHIP RIDE. They pull some levers to set it into motion and jump on board. The huge ship SWINGS back and forth like a pendulum.

EXT. VENTURA COUNTY - NIGHT

The ZOMBIES RUN like HELL toward the PARK.

EXT. PIRATE SHIP - NIGHT

The PIRATE SHIP nears its highest point. WICHITA and STILLWATER sit in front, facing the middle, ALL SMILES, until they turn AROUND to look out over the BOW.

Their P.O.V. rises to the HORIZON, where they SEE, for one creepy, fleeting moment, a WAVE of ZOMBIES running toward the park. Stillwater and Wichita clamber to the side of the ship and see, in surrealistic, tilting fashion, HORDES of ZOMBIES.

Stillwater drops her LOLLIPOP and STUFFED DOG, which slide across the floor of the swinging ship into CAMERA.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF are in Stallone's foyer, preparing for their departure, PACKING UP various odds and ends.

Flagstaff is moping, shoulders slumped, as he boxes up the PRACTICAL: DUCT TAPE, BATTERIES, a FIRST AID KIT...

Conversely, Albuquerque's spoils are ridiculously IMPRACTICAL... a SURFBOARD, one of those BATTING HELMETS with the two CUP-HOLDERS and SILLY STRAWS attached to the sides, an ICE CREAM MAKER...

ALBUQUERQUE

So you were thinking of fuckin' her, huh? Well, wish granted. She's spent the last twenty-four hours fuckin' us both.

FLAGSTAFF

Interesting apology. But I only have myself to blame.

ALBUQUERQUE

It's why I don't let people close. You only get burned.

FLAGSTAFF

Y'don't say.

ALBUQUERQUE

Let's deep-six Thrillville. Know what they call Twinkies in Mexico? Los Submarinos. Want in?

FLAGSTAFF

(beyond even caring)  
Whatever.

(a beat, blinks)  
Really gonna need the ice cream maker?

SMASH CUT BACK TO:

EXT. THRILLVILLE - NIGHT

ZOMBIES pour through the front gate and CLIMB the FENCES around the park, dropping onto the premises.

WICHITA and STILLWATER fire up the Hummer, only to be SWARMED from all angles. WICHITA cuts the wheel, and the HUMMER climbs up a concrete BENCH. The SUV FLIPS UPSIDE DOWN and SLIDES on its ROOF into a LAMPPOST. The AIRBAGS DEPLOY.

The girls COME TO, in a state of shock. Wichita crawls out the driver's window. Stillwater starts to crawl after her. A ZOMBIE BURSTS through the passenger window.

WICHITA

Ankles!

The ZOMBIE grabs at Stillwater's ANKLES, but she KICKS it AWAY. The girls clamber to their feet and RUN, still clutching their guns.

Like two shepherds being herded by their flock instead of the other way around, WICHITA and STILLWATER sprint through the park, chased point-blank by ZOMBIES. Frantic, Wichita looks for any possible escape. She spies the CLIFFHANGER.

The CLIFFHANGER is the tallest ride in the park - a ten story TOWER encircled by a RING of SEATS that climbs all the way to the top, then free-falls back down to the launch platform.

Wichita tugs Stillwater toward the Cliffhanger. They leap the chain and reach the platform. The ZOMBIE closest behind isn't so bright and gets caught at the HIPS by the CHAIN, SOMERSAULTING over it. The others swarm past.

Wichita hits the BUTTON that starts the ride, and she and Stillwater JUMP onto the ring of seats. In the nick of time, it starts to rise, JUST OUT OF REACH of the grasping ZOMBIES.

Wichita and Stillwater gasp for breath, desperately relieved. The rising ring reveals at least a HUNDRED ZOMBIES converging on the base of the tower.

The girls rise higher and higher. At last, the ring reaches the TOP of the TOWER. Wichita and Stillwater suddenly realize what is about to happen and HOLD on for DEAR LIFE...

...as the RING PLUMMETS BACK DOWN to the BOTTOM! The zombies SCATTER as it lands, then try to CLAMBER on again.

The ring starts to RISE a second time. Wichita and Stillwater FIRE their SHOTGUNS, BLASTING one ZOMBIE off the side, then TWO. They think they're safe for a moment, until...

WICHITA  
(eyes widen)  
Ankles!

...a THIRD zombie GRABS STILLWATER by the ANKLE. It is CLINGING to the SIDE of the RING, legs dangling in mid-air.

Stillwater STOMPS on the zombie's right hand. It lets go, grabbing on with its left. Stillwater STOMPS on THAT hand. Again it lets go, grabbing on with its RIGHT.

Stillwater and Wichita EACH stomp on a hand. The zombie PLUMMETS, BELLOWING, and SPLATS in the crowd. Unfortunately, the ring is nearing the top of the tower again. Stillwater is suddenly STRUCK by an IDEA.

She aims her shotgun OVER THE EDGE of the ring at the BUTTON below. STILLWATER ASSUMES THE EXACT FIRING POSITION ALBUQUERQUE TAUGHT HER, then HOLDS HER BREATH and SHOTS.

The first shot MISSES. The ring reaches the TOP. The second shot MISSES. Wichita grabs Stillwater's COLLAR. They're about to drop until...

...Stillwater's THIRD SHOT finds the mark! The button SHORTS OUT, and the ride SHUTS DOWN. The ring is now safely FROZEN at the TOP of the TOWER. The girls collapse into two seats.

STILLWATER  
Now I'm thrilled.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

ALBUQUERQUE, holding a couple sets of CAR KEYS, tours Stallone's garage. There sits a black YUKON DENALI SUV. He unlocks it 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...  
Stallone?

ALBUQUERQUE  
(disguises voice)  
Hey, baby. Call me Sly.

DETROIT (V.O.)  
Thought we'd been through this, Mr.  
Stallone. One more inappropriate pass, I  
lock you out of your car. Again.

Albuquerque laughs. CLICK. Detroit HANGS UP. Albuquerque  
frowns and hits the button several more times. At last...

DETROIT (V.O.)  
(dispensing with politeness)  
I told you..!

ALBUQUERQUE  
Detroit, it's me! Albuquerque! You  
don't hafta worry about Stallone 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!

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

FLAGSTAFF and ALBUQUERQUE ARGUE in the FOYER.

FLAGSTAFF  
But we have to try to help! Rollover  
alert, crumple zone alert, airbags  
deployed?!

ALBUQUERQUE  
Haven't you read The Rules? Don't make  
yourself too available.

FLAGSTAFF  
They need us!

ALBUQUERQUE  
Shoulda thought of that before they  
peeled outta here. They're on their own.

FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)  
*I'm about to strangle this horse's ass.  
But maybe, just maybe, he's giving me  
something more important than a helping  
hand...*

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)*  
...a second chance.

THE WHITE STRIPES' 'ICKY THUMP' kicks in. STALLONE'S GARAGE DOOR opens, REVEALING, from toe to head...

...FLAGSTAFF, mounted on Stallone's HARLEY DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLE. Flagstaff couldn't be more full of himself. Looking the part of the bad ass. FEELING the part of the bad ass. His SUITCASE and SHOTGUN are strapped to the back. Stallone's HELMET, three sizes too BIG, sits on his HEAD.

ALBUQUERQUE stands watching this spectacle. He can only shake his head.

ALBUQUERQUE  
I'm no good at farewells, 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. Give my best to  
the ladies.

FLAGSTAFF  
Their pictures were once in someone's  
wallet, too.

That one hits Albuquerque pretty hard.

Flagstaff IGNITES the engine, which ROARS to life. He pulls out of the garage and onto the driveway, where he GUNS the CHOPPER. He accelerates confidently, then wobbles LEFT, RIGHT, and TOPPLES ignominiously into a TREE.

'Icky Thump' stops cold as Flagstaff HITS the DECK, his fall cushioned only by his rolling suitcase. He finally stirs and comes to, the world coalescing into focus. He sees stars, the moon, and...

...HEADLIGHTS? That's right. The DENALI has pulled out of the garage. The window rolls down. Flagstaff finds himself staring at a familiar mug.

ALBUQUERQUE  
Get in, you skinny little douche.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - NIGHT

The DENALI ZOOMS NORTH on the 101 FREEWAY, another big WHITE NUMBER '3' scrawled on both sides and the hood. ALBUQUERQUE drives. FLAGSTAFF sits in the passenger seat.

EXT./INT. THRILLVILLE/DENALI - NIGHT

The sky over Thrillville is smeared with stars. The DENALI sits on the hill overlooking the front gate. Albuquerque scans the park with BINOCULARS... from the OVERTURNED HUMMER, to the CROWD of ZOMBIES below the CLIFFHANGER, to WICHITA and STILLWATER WAVING frantically on top of the tower.

ALBUQUERQUE

This time. They may actually require our assistance.

Flagstaff manages a terrified NOD. Albuquerque grabs his DUFFEL BAG, which he places on his LAP.

ALBUQUERQUE

I like my chances. You... probably won't survive the next ten minutes.

FLAGSTAFF

I'm so scared, I'm about to shit my pants. For which there's precedent.

ALBUQUERQUE

Sad part: She's just not that into you.

FLAGSTAFF

I aim to change that.

ALBUQUERQUE

I aim to help.

Albuquerque opens the duffel and views the ASSORTED GUNS inside. He shivers with anticipatory energy.

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. About to nut up or shut up.

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

ALBUQUERQUE  
Nah. But if we go dark, 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 flips up the truck's visor.

ALBUQUERQUE  
Gonna be a hairy ten minutes.

We're high above the DENALI, poised for the greatest orgy of gun-powder in zombie history. The engine RUMBLES. We're back inside...

ALBUQUERQUE  
Ready?

FLAGSTAFF  
Ready-ish.

Albuquerque turns ON the STEREO. There's only one SONG in the world that could accompany what's about to go down:

CYPRESS HILL'S '(ROCK) SUPERSTAR.'

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

Flagstaff STRETCHES his triceps. Albuquerque REVS the ACCELERATOR. The ENGINE GROWLS behind the GRILLE. One of the MANY ZOMBIES looks up to locate the source of the ENGINE.

Albuquerque pulls the GEAR SHIFT 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 hill...

EXT. CLIFFHANGER - NIGHT

WICHITA and STILLWATER watch with amazement.

WICHITA

He's dumber than I thought.

EXT./INT. THRILLVILLE/DENALI - NIGHT

All the ZOMBIES perk up, drawn to the noise. ALBUQUERQUE drives with one hand, screaming down the hill, faster, FASTER...

...then cuts the wheel and FLIES THROUGH the FRONT GATE. The Denali nearly goes up on TWO WHEELS. The music POUNDS.

Zombies abandon the base of the Cliffhanger. The first seven are already running en masse toward the truck. Albuquerque aims just to the RIGHT of the cluster.

The zombies BAIL OUT to the LEFT. Will Albuquerque MISS? At the last moment, he PULLS the EMERGENCY BRAKE and YANKS the WHEEL to the RIGHT. The SUV's back end SKIDS to the LEFT.

It's that classic ROCKFORD FILES 180 DEGREE TURN. The zombies are still BAILING LEFT when the BACK END of the DENALI SWINGS the REST of the way around, SWATTING them down. BANG-BANG-BANG, they DROP like BOWLING PINS.

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

Albuquerque hits the FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE button. Then drives OVER the zombies as if they were SPEED-BUMPS. Then finds REVERSE and BACKS OVER them again.

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

FLAGSTAFF looks out the window, majorly impressed. More zombies CONVERGE on the Denali. Albuquerque starts RUNNING THEM OVER. SQUEAL-BAM-SQUISH-THUMP-THUMP.

A zombie grabs a SIDE MIRROR and holds on, then gets DRAGGED UNDER the wheels. THUMP-THUMP.

Albuquerque is about to miss a zombie, but SHOVES the driver's door OPEN. It swings out and CRUSHES the zombie.

Albuquerque LINES UP another zombie, but it DIVES away.

ALBUQUERQUE

Hold. Fucking. Still.

The zombie RUNS in a SERPENTINE fashion. Albuquerque spins the wheel in HOT PURSUIT. By the time he sees the TILT-O-WHIRL RIDE swing dangerously into view, it's TOO LATE.

The Denail SMASHES into the TILT-O-WHIRL station, CRUSHING the fleeing zombie between the CONTROLS and the GRILLE. The whole ride comes to life and starts to SPIN.

The Tilt-O-Whirl is like Disneyland's Teacup ride. A large round platform rotates in a circle. Interspersed on top are smaller round platforms with bucket seats on top. These, too, rotate. A pole anchors the ride in the middle.

It's too late to get the truck moving again. Albuquerque grabs his duffel and JUMPS OUT onto the Tilt-O-Whirl. Flagstaff follows suit. They start to turn in a big circle. Zombies are approaching from every position on the clock.

ALBUQUERQUE

Flagstaff?

FLAGSTAFF

Albuquerque.

ALBUQUERQUE

(points out the pole at the center of the Tilt-O-Whirl)  
Get in the middle. The roller coaster's twelve o'clock. The Yukon's six. You're my eyes.

Flagstaff NODS and runs toward the center of the Tilt-O-Whirl. But it's SPINNING now, so it's not an easy proposition. He SLIPS and BANGS a KNEE.

Flagstaff shakes off the pain, grabs the center pole, climbs on the non-spinning ring from which it protrudes, and begins searching for zombies. He spies three at EIGHT O'CLOCK.

FLAGSTAFF

Uh, two o'clock! Wait, roller coaster's twelve? Crap! Eight o'clock!

Ever see the gunfight in the movie 'Heat'? Albuquerque plucks his STEYR AUG OUT of his DUFFEL BAG, tosses the bag near Flagstaff's feet and walks/uses the momentum of the Tilt-O-Whirl to reach the eight o'clock position.

Albuquerque FIRES. BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM! We didn't know guns could be this loud. FIRE spits out of the muzzle. SHELLS scatter, spinning everywhere. Zombies FACE-PLANT.

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

FLAGSTAFF

Eleven!

Albuquerque hops onto one of the BUCKET SEATS, rides it to the eleven o'clock position, jumps out and FIRES AGAIN. ZOMBIES DROP. One tries to get back up. BAM!

FLAGSTAFF

Six!

Albuquerque runs/spins into a new position. BAM-BAM-BAM!

FLAGSTAFF

Nine!

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

EXT. CLIFFHANGER - NIGHT

We're HIGH ABOVE the DENALI, watching from WICHITA and STILLWATER's P.O.V. as ZOMBIES converge on the Tilt-O-Whirl.

EXT. TILT-O-WHIRL - NIGHT

SLAP! Another BANANA CLIP goes into ALBUQUERQUE'S GUN. FLAGSTAFF POINTS:

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 at two o'clock. But Albuquerque doesn't ever rattle. He DITCHES the STEYR AUG and digs into his duffel.

We take the ZOMBIES' P.O.V. as they RUSH toward Albuquerque, who is kneeling with his back turned. They make it onto the ride and are spinning/running toward him when he TURNS AROUND, holding TWO HUGE .50 CALIBER DESERT EAGLE PISTOLS, palms facing the ground, like a GANGSTA.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! The zombies go down. One SKIDS around the platform, one get BASHED by a moving seat, a third FLIES OFF the ride due to centrifugal force.

FLAGSTAFF

Nine! Six! Five! Basically, nine to five!

The zombies are closing in, weaving through the spinning seats toward Albuquerque. He takes aim at both nine and five, firing in BOTH DIRECTIONS, one with EACH pistol. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! Zombies drop and spin.

CLIPS fall. NEW clips go in. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! As Albuquerque moves among the zombies, deftly negotiating all the spinning platforms, it's almost balletic. He uses the bucket seats, grabbing them, spinning with them, leaping OFF them, SHOOTING. At last, the FINAL zombie on the ride FALLS.

Flagstaff is SO ENTRANCED that he's forgotten to keep watching, specifically BEHIND him. ALBUQUERQUE looks in Flagstaff's direction, and his expression narrows:

ALBUQUERQUE

Twelve!

Flagstaff turns to see a ZOMBIE jump OUT of a bucket seat as if it had been riding the ride. It LEAPS toward the pole.

Flagstaff FLINCHES and DUCKS, taking out the FEET of the zombie, which TRIPS over him, face-planting on the spinning platform. It looks up...

...right into the BARREL of ALBUQUERQUE's .50 CAL. BOOM!

Cypress Hill finishes with a flourish. Albuquerque WHOOPS. Flagstaff and Albuquerque stare. A beat.

FLAGSTAFF

It's a pleasure watching you work.

Albuquerque smiles, then frowns at the sight of a virtual TRAIN of ZOMBIES running toward the far side of the Tilt-O-Whirl. Still too many to count.

Albuquerque snatches his DUFFEL BAG, and he and Flagstaff SPRINT OFF THE TILT-O-WHIRL in the opposite direction. They talk through HEAVY BREATHS as they run:

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.

Albuquerque spins and BRAIN-SHOTS the closest zombie.

EXT. CLIFFHANGER - NIGHT

From above, WICHITA and STILLWATER watch ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF run away from the parade of ZOMBIES. There are NO zombies left at the tower's base.

WICHITA

Try to divert some!

Stillwater and Wichita WAVE and HOLLER to try to get the zombies' attention. THREE ZOMBIES are successfully distracted. They TURN BACK toward the tower.

To the girls' chagrin, when the zombies reach the BASE of the tower, one of them examines it and starts CLIMBING. The two others follow suit.

EXT. THRILLVILLE - NIGHT

ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF turn a corner and press themselves against the side of a building, momentarily safe, catching their breath. They SEE the THREE ZOMBIES CLIMBING the Cliffhanger. Flagstaff wants to help, but he's PARALYZED.

ALBUQUERQUE

Whatcha waiting for?! That's your gal!

FLAGSTAFF

I'll never make it!

ALBUQUERQUE  
 You're forgetting.  
 (off Flagstaff's quizzical  
 look)  
 Your wingman.

Albuquerque SMILES and yanks something from his DUFFEL:

An AIR-HORN. He runs into the street and BLASTS it three times. Every zombie within sight turns to look.

Albuquerque throws back his shoulders and BEATS his CHEST and HOLLERS like TARZAN. The zombies hesitate... unsure what to make of this guy. Then all at once...

...they CHARGE. Albuquerque locks eyes with Flagstaff and wags his head in the direction of Wichita and Stillwater.

ALBUQUERQUE  
 Go!

Albuquerque grabs his DUFFEL and RUNS in the OPPOSITE DIRECTION, WAVING his ARMS over his head and HOLLERING to get every zombie left in the park to CHASE him.

FLAGSTAFF  
 (in awe at the sacrifice)  
 Holy shit.

FLAGSTAFF sees his opportunity and bolts for the CLIFFHANGER. Albuquerque's distraction works. Sort of. SIX ZOMBIES peel off from the main body... and follow FLAGSTAFF...

FLAGSTAFF  
 (rolls eyes)  
 Holy shit.

EXT. CLIFFHANGER - NIGHT

WICHITA and STILLWATER circle the ring of seats, trying to get a clean look at the THREE ZOMBIES climbing to meet them.

EXT. THRILLVILLE - NIGHT

ALBUQUERQUE leads the crowd of zombies through the CARNIVAL GAMES. He approaches the game where you try to climb an angled TWITCHY ROPE LADDER over a soft pit to win prizes.

Albuquerque runs, plants one foot on the rope ladder, and LEAPS to the winner's platform. He HOISTS himself UP.

Zombies try to CLIMB the rope ladder. But there's a reason it's hard to win those stuffed animals. The twitchy ladder starts to DUMP them, one by one, into the soft pit.

Albuquerque watches for a few moments with an amused, knowing smile. Then he OPENS fire with a PISTOL on the zombies in the pit. It's like shooting fish in a barrel.

Suddenly, zombies start to CLIMB the sides of the platform. Albuquerque abandons it and keeps RUNNING.

EXT. THRILLVILLE - NIGHT

FLAGSTAFF is getting run down by his SIX ZOMBIES. He runs past a building, only to be CORNERED and forced toward the ENTRANCE. He looks up to discover that it isn't just any building, but Thrillville's HAUNTED HOUSE.

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)  
Really, really ironic.*

Flagstaff has nowhere to run... no choice but to FLEE INSIDE. The zombies CHASE him in.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT

A trembling FLAGSTAFF navigates the dark haunted house, his SHOTGUN trained in front of him. The rooms are dressed to look like mausoleums, dungeons, graveyards. Flagstaff is practically jumping out of his skin.

A MUMMY leaps UP from a COFFIN. Flagstaff BLASTS it with his shotgun. Stuffing bursts out of the 'wound.'

A SCARECROW FALLS from a trap door on a noose. Flagstaff shoots again. Straw flies.

Three zombies JUMP out of THREE CONSECUTIVE CRYPTS leaning against a wall. Flagstaff blasts the first... fake... blasts the second... fake... doesn't bother shooting the third... REAL! It LUNGES, and Flagstaff recovers just in time to BLAST it too. Reflexively, he backs into the arms of...

...ANOTHER real zombie. He ducks and yanks away, firing indiscriminately into the darkness. The zombie DROPS.

Flagstaff rounds a corner and SHOOTS a big, WARPED zombie, who turns out to be the REFLECTION of a zombie in a FUNHOUSE MIRROR. The mirror cracks, and Flagstaff realizes that the real zombie is BEHIND him. He spins and blasts it, too.

Flagstaff enters a long, dark hall. He inches his way down one wall. A ZOMBIE appears at the end of the hall BEHIND him. It very stealthily SNEAKS UP on him FROM BEHIND. It's about to lunge when a PANEL in the WALL opposite Flagstaff OPENS, and a FAKE CORPSE LEAPS OUT.

The ZOMBIE looks from Flagstaff to the fake corpse and chooses to attack the CORPSE! Flagstaff falls, SHOOTING. He hits the zombie twice, and it lands on TOP of him.

Flagstaff SCURRIES AWAY, makes sure he hasn't been wounded, then closes his eyes and breathes a huge SIGH of RELIEF.

EXT. CLIFFHANGER - NIGHT

The first of the three CLIMBING ZOMBIES is nearing the top of the Cliffhanger. STILLWATER and WICHITA lean over to shoot it, but can't get a good angle.

Wichita MISSES and MISSES... then, CLICK... runs out of SHELLS. Stillwater MISSES, then BLASTS it off the tower.

EXT. FALLING STAR RIDE - NIGHT

What remains of the horde of zombies on the ground is still following ALBUQUERQUE, who wears a smirk as he deliberately leads them up the LINE to the FALLING STAR RIDE.

The Falling Star resembles a huge bicycle pedal attached to an enormous bicycle gear. A horizontal platform swings in a HUGE CIRCLE, from its initial point, where it's on the ground, to its highest point, where it's forty feet up.

Albuquerque stops shy of the platform and turns to face the zombies, which now must come at him SINGLE-FILE up the line. He raises his PISTOLS, shifting his weight from one foot to the other like a BOXER.

Albuquerque fights HAND-to-HAND, but uses the pistols as extensions of his fists, shooting at the MOMENT he delivers each PUNCH.

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. 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!

The nearest ZOMBIE trips before he can get punched. So ALBUQUERQUE PUNCHES him on the GROUND. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT

FLAGSTAFF inches through a dark room that's illuminated by a STROBE LIGHT. The effect is very herky-jerky-scary. Another SCREAMING ZOMBIE springs DOWN from ABOVE.

The ZOMBIE grabs FLAGSTAFF'S SHOTGUN, and the two WRESTLE for the gun under the STROBE. Flagstaff is no match for the zombie. It shoves him to the ground, taking his gun.

The zombie grabs the gun by the end of the barrel, lifts it up over its head like a lumberjack with an axe, and tries to SWING it down on Flagstaff.

Flagstaff ROLLS to one side. The STOCK of the GUN SLAMS into the ground, causing the GUN to GO OFF. The unlucky zombie is still gripping the barrel. The buckshot CUTS IT IN HALF.

Flagstaff grabs and RELOADS the gun. Then he spies a SMOKE DETECTOR. An idea strikes. He digs into his pants pocket, produces a small ZIP-LOC BAG, and fishes out a BIC LIGHTER.

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

Flagstaff holds the lighter up to the SMOKE DETECTOR. A FIRE ALARM GOES OFF. Instantly, the room is illuminated with EMERGENCY LIGHTING. Flagstaff spies the EMERGENCY EXIT.

The sixth ZOMBIE races around the corner into the room. It spies the EXIT. Flagstaff is already DARTING OUT. The zombie viciously FOLLOWS.

EXT. CLIFFHANGER - NIGHT

STILLWATER turns to face WICHITA. Standing on the ring BEHIND her older sister is the SECOND CLIMBING ZOMBIE!

Stillwater SHOOTS, but MISSES, and the ZOMBIE ducks around the other side of the ring. She shoots again... CLICK... no more shells. Wichita and Stillwater grab their shotguns like baseball bats and stand back-to-back, prepared to FIGHT.

EXT. THRILLVILLE - NIGHT

ALBUQUERQUE is continuing to throw gunshot-punches at the onslaught of zombies when... CLICK, CLICK, he runs out of bullets, and DIG, DIG, realizes he has no more clips.

There are still TEN or so more zombies heading up the line. Albuquerque knew this moment was coming. He hits the controls for the Falling Star to set it INTO MOTION, and steps back onto the platform.

The horizontal platform starts to swing in increasing arcs. Albuquerque uses his index finger to beckon the zombies. They dive onto the platform, one-by-one, as it swings past.

Albuquerque squares off to fight them with his bare hands, and as he throws his first punch, we enter SLOW MOTION.

A SONG FADES UP, the ironic 'I WANT TO LIVE,' by JOHN DENVER... a cheesy inspirational ballad about how wonderful life is, and how desperately people want to live it.

WE STAY in SLOW MOTION and watch ALL OUR CHARACTERS REACHING DOWN DEEP and FIGHTING LIKE HELL TO SURVIVE.

In SLO-MO, FLAGSTAFF RUNS like a TRACK STAR toward the Cliffhanger, the SIXTH ZOMBIE grasping at his shirt tail.

In SLO-MO, WICHITA and STILLWATER team up to swing their guns like bats at the zombie on top of the ring.

In SLO-MO, ALBUQUERQUE PUNCHES, KICKS, and SHOVES ZOMBIES off the top of the FALLING STAR as it arcs over the park.

In SLO-MO, FLAGSTAFF rounds a CORNER and SHOOTS over his shoulder at the zombie behind him, clipping its shoulder.

In SLO-MO, WICHITA and STILLWATER CONNECT with the zombie and stand over it, whacking away with their guns.

In SLO-MO, a ZOMBIE tries to climb onto the platform of the FALLING STAR. ALBUQUERQUE KICKS its head like a football.

In SLO-MO, FLAGSTAFF shoots again, smashing the zombie's head back into a COTTON CANDY MACHINE.

In SLO-MO, WICHITA and STILLWATER use their guns to GOLF the zombie off the ring. It hurtles toward the ground.

In SLO-MO, ALBUQUERQUE squares off against his final ZOMBIE. It lunges, and he grabs it THE WAY HE GRABBED STALLONE - by the collar and the crotch. Albuquerque holds the ZOMBIE triumphantly over his head. Then he THROWS it over the EDGE of the FALLING STAR.

John Denver's song finishes playing with a flourish. ALBUQUERQUE lets out an ADRENALIZED PRIMAL VICTORY SCREAM.

EXT. CLIFFHANGER - NIGHT

We're back in REGULAR MOTION again. FLAGSTAFF nears the Cliffhanger. He looks up to see the last climbing zombie about to reach the ring. WICHITA and Flagstaff lock eyes. He spies the ride's controls and knows what he has to do.

But, as he approaches the line... out springs ONE FINAL ZOMBIE... and not just any ZOMBIE, but the most hideous zombie of all... drooling, bleeding, gnashing its teeth...

...and oh yeah, DRESSED like a CLOWN.

The zombie is BLOCKING the path to the Cliffhanger controls.

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)  
It had to be a clown.*

Flagstaff tries to reload his shotgun, but in the heat of the moment, SPILLS his last ZIP-LOC BAG of SHELLS onto the ground. They ROLL down the HILL and away.

The zombie takes a step toward Flagstaff. Classic stimulus-response: Flagstaff instinctively backs up and looks for an EXIT. There it is: an EXIT SIGN at the edge of the park.

Superimposed onscreen: A TITLE: **22. When in Doubt. Know Your Way Out.**

But this time, something's different. Flagstaff looks slowly from the exit to Wichita, the girl of his dreams. He takes a DEEP BREATH. STOPS backing up. STRAIGHTENS his shoulders. STANDS UP TALL.

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)  
It had to be a clown. And it had to be Wichita. For me to finally understand: some rules... are made to be broken.*

Onscreen: A line passes through #22, CROSSING IT OUT.

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)  
Time to nut up or shut up.*

Superimposed onscreen: A new TITLE: **22. Nut Up or Shut Up.**

Flagstaff looks to his LEFT. ADJACENT to the CLIFFHANGER is the classic GAME where you try to RING a BELL by hitting a PAD with a HUGE SLEDGEHAMMER. The sledgehammer is sitting there, waiting for him.

Flagstaff ditches his shotgun, strides over, and GRABS the SLEDGEHAMMER. It looks as heavy as he is, but he gathers it up without much difficulty, feeling its heft in his hands...

...then turns and marches TOWARD the CLOWN ZOMBIE.

The ZOMBIE lets out a blood-curdling WAIL and RUSHES! Flagstaff COCKS BACK THE HAMMER, and...

...BOOM! CRUSHES THE ZOMBIE in the midsection! BOOM!  
BRINGS the hammer DOWN on its BACK! And finally... BOOM!  
CRUSHES its HEAD like a Faberge egg!

ANGLE ON: WICHITA and STILLWATER watching from above.

STILLWATER

People change.

Below, FLAGSTAFF looks UP to see the final climbing zombie  
GRAB the UNDERSIDE of the ring and try to pull itself UP.  
Flagstaff locates the busted CONTROLS.

ABOVE, WICHITA and STILLWATER hold on TIGHT.

Flagstaff finds two SEVERED WIRES, looks up at the girls one  
last time, and then touches the wires TOGETHER.

The RING SCREAMS to the ground, CRUSHING the final zombie  
UNDERNEATH! Wichita and Stillwater are SAFE. Flagstaff  
approaches the ring and lays his JACKET on top of the CRUSHED  
ZOMBIE like a KNIGHT laying his cloak over a puddle.

Flagstaff offers his hand and helps first Stillwater, and  
then Wichita, off the ride. Once Wichita is back on solid  
ground, she HESITATES, then HUGS Flagstaff, long and hard.

Then she puts her lips close to his ear... and WHISPERS:

WICHITA

Alison.

Flagstaff pulls out of the hug and looks her in the eye.  
Really? She gives him a little nod: That's her NAME.  
Flagstaff smiles... BRUSHES HER HAIR OVER HER EAR... and  
KISSES her lightly on the LIPS.

As they turn to leave the Cliffhanger, Stillwater gives  
Flagstaff a FOOTBALL-STYLE SLAP on the BUTT.

EXT. FALLING STAR - NIGHT

A contented ALBUQUERQUE watches this scene play out from a  
distance as the FALLING STAR lowers him safely to the ground.

ALBUQUERQUE

Warms the heart. He can beat off to that  
for six months.

He jumps down.

EXT. THRILLVILLE - NIGHT

FLAGSTAFF has picked up his SHOTGUN. He bends down to collect the stray SHOTGUN SHELLS that rolled away from him earlier. He, WICHITA, and STILLWATER survey the park.

WICHITA  
Where's New Mexico?

Flagstaff looks toward the Falling Star. No sign. His eyes scan the other attractions until, suddenly, he STOPS.

FLAGSTAFF  
Little hunch...

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal what he's looking at: A SNACK SHACK. EMBLAZONED across its side is a sign: DEEP FRIED TWINKIES

INT. SNACK SHACK - NIGHT

SMACK! ALBUQUERQUE throws aside boxes, looking for Twinkies, but coming up empty. He spies a COUNTER and REACHES behind it. Is it possible that his arm is about to get CHOMPED by a hidden zombie? The music SWELLS... and then SUDDENLY...

FLAGSTAFF (O.S.)  
You!

Albuquerque FLINCHES. But there's NOTHING menacing behind the counter. The noise came from FLAGSTAFF, who is standing in the front door, holding his shotgun.

FLAGSTAFF  
(a la Val Kilmer in 'Top Gun')  
You're still dangerous. But you can be my wingman anytime.

ALBUQUERQUE  
(a la Tom Cruise)  
Bullshit. You can be mine. Checking for survivors. Golden, spongy, creamy survivors. I aim to find one.

FLAGSTAFF  
I aim to help.

Together, the two search the room. Look through boxes. Open drawers. Paw through snacks. NO LUCK. At last, they meet in the middle of the shack...

...when they hear the sound of CRINKLING PLASTIC. Albuquerque SHUSHES Flagstaff. The CRINKLING is coming from right BEHIND them, and it's getting LOUDER.

Without warning, Flagstaff SPINS and opens fire MERCILESSLY with his SHOTGUN. THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! Stuff CRASHES and SPLATTERS everywhere. Flagstaff stops shooting.

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 SHELF.

There were boxes on that shelf, but not just any boxes... TWINKIE BOXES, which Flagstaff has COMPLETELY DISINTEGRATED into a mess of cardboard, buckshot, and cream.

The pair realizes Flagstaff's mistake simultaneously. The only box on the shelf that somehow got spared? SNO-BALLS.

ALBUQUERQUE

Eat a Sno-Ball, I'll kill you myself.

FLAGSTAFF

Words can't 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.

EXT. THRILLVILLE - NIGHT

FLAGSTAFF is in front of the shack, walking, when he hears an ENGINE. The DENALI swings past. WICHITA drives. STILLWATER is wearing the BASEBALL HELMET with the CUP-HOLDERS/STRAWS attached. She WAVES GOODBYE out the open passenger window.

FLAGSTAFF

No.

STILLWATER

Yes.

ALBUQUERQUE (O.S.)

No!

ALBUQUERQUE has RUN OUTSIDE at the noise. He holds out his hands, trying to stop the girls from driving off in his SUV.

STILLWATER

Yes!

FLAGSTAFF  
 (to Wichita)  
 Noooo...

*FLAGSTAFF (V.O.)  
 That face? That's me realizing: Those  
 smart girls in that silly big truck? And  
 that stupid guy in those silly little  
 glasses? They were as close as I was  
 gonna get... to home.*

Wichita smiles at Flagstaff. She and Stillwater share a look: would it be OK to let these guys hang with us?

*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...*

The passenger door OPENS. Stillwater steps onto the running board, cocks her arm like Tom Brady, and THROWS a small pellet-shaped object at Albuquerque in a nice 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.*

Albuquerque unwraps his Twinkie, smells it adoringly, and takes a savory BITE. Stillwater motions with her head to the guys: 'Get in.'

FLAGSTAFF  
*Until next time, 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.*

Flagstaff and Albuquerque approach the Denali and climb in, and it drives off into the NIGHT.

FADE TO BLACK.

The music over the **CREDITS** is 'THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND,' sung not by Woody Guthrie, but by the MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR.