

Love & Zombies

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

It's the peak of summer. The sun beams down onto the luscious green fields of the English countryside. The sky is a crisp shade of blue, not a cloud in sight.

A VAN speeds towards us.

This isn't a regular van. It's matte black, has make-shift SPIKES mounted to the front and rear bumpers, the windows are re-enforced with thick metal rods.

INT. VAN - MOVING - DAY

"Play that funky music - By Wild Cherry" plays through the van's speakers.

STACY, 29, long messy ponytail, tattered pair of dungarees, drives, hitting the steering wheel to the beat. She's animated, fully involved.

FINN, 36, heavy set, unkempt beard and dirty camo jacket comes in for the chorus with high energy.

FINN
(Singing)
Play that funky music white boy!

STACY
(Singing)
Play that funky music right!

FINN
Play that funky music white boy!

STACY	FINN
Lay down the boogie and play	Lay down the boogie and play
that funky music till you	that funky music till you
die.	die.

The track continues. They both chuckle with glee.

FINN
I'm so glad we found this. What ever
happened to cassette tapes?

Finn enthusiastically air guitars the solo. Stacy suppresses a smile, like she's got bigger things on her mind. The van comes to a stop. Stacy turns off the radio.

FINN
Hey, that was the best part!

STACY
Come on. Get your head in the game.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

A large run down supermarket. Nature is taking over. Moss and various weeds seep into the cracks in the concrete. The windows are smashed, the cars in the car park are burnt out. Plastic bags and various other pieces of debris are scattered everywhere. Silence, uncomfortable silence.

Civilization left here a long time ago.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

A ransacked aisle. The shelves are broken. A barely functioning LIGHT FIXTURE dangles precariously from the ceiling at the end of the aisle, our only source of light.

The floor is littered with debris. Newspapers, toilet roll, various canned goods and plastic containers.

Silence.

We pan to a FIRE EXIT. Two DOUBLE DOORS at the end of what was once the frozen aisle.

Tortured MOANS echo from behind the doors, faint and distant. Then -- FOOTSTEPS from behind the fire exit doors, running, becoming louder.

The doors BURST OPEN.

Finn and Stacy enter, each carrying large red JERRY CANS and military backpacks.

FINN COLLAPSES to the floor in exhaustion.

Stacy sheathes a bloody MACHETE into a holster on her back, SHUTS THE DOORS, pushes a large FREEZER in front of them, barricading them shut.

The pair slump against the freezer, catching their breath.

STACY
We should push on.

FINN
Gimme a sec.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The sound of many hands furiously banging and scratching on the other side of the doors.

Stacy swallows nervously. Finn looks behind at the source of the noise, seemingly unconcerned.

He reaches into his backpack and pulls out a packet of MALTESERS.

FINN

They never stop do they. Relentless bastards. Malteser?

Finn offers her the open packet. Stacy looks at him in disbelief. Gargling SCREAMS intensify from behind the door. Stacy jumps to her feet.

STACY

We should get moving.

FINN

You're always saying that. Go on, have a malteser.

STACY

This isn't the time.

FINN

I just wanna chat, alright, is that such a bad thing?

STACY

Yeah well, you really know how to pick your moments.

FINN

Look, if this is about what happened the other day..

STACY

What happened was a mistake.

The banging on the door, now a hundred sets of hands.

FINN

Really? Are you sure? Cause I don't feel like it was.

STACY

Yes it was! How many times?!

FINN

Four.

STACY

Four? I've definitely told you more than that.

FINN

Oh.. I thought you meant how many times we..

STACY

Yeah I know what you meant. Plus it's three.

FINN

It's four if you count that time in the barn.

STACY

You're counting that?!

THUD! One of the doors shifts open a fraction, the freezer moves forward slightly.

A HAND, a disgusting blood soaked hand, decaying, rotting, desperate, reaches through the gap and swats the air violently.

Finn remains sat down, he looks at it and then back at Stacy who's ready to sprint.

FINN

He's a bit keen.

STACY

Come on!

Stacy grabs Finns hand, drags him to his feet and they flee.

We hold on the door, it pushes open a little further. Several other decaying arms reach through the opening, a thirst for flesh.

EXT. SUPERMARKET CAR PARK - DAY

The pair race across the car park. Stacy leads the way. Finn falls behind, struggling with the weight of the Jerry can.

Finn drops to his knees in exhaustion. He looks down at his LEFT CALF in pain. He rolls up his trouser leg for a moment. A NASTY WOUND, oozing and held together with make-shift stitches.

STACY
We're almost there!

FINN
I'll catch up.

Stacy scoffs and runs towards the van. She pours fuel from the Jerry can into the fuel cap before throwing the can into the back of the van and closing the door.

She looks back to Finn who's still on his knees.

STACY
Hurry up!

FINN
I've got a stitch!

Stacy sighs, runs towards him.

Then -- A ZOMBIE, out of nowhere, POUNCES on Stacy.

Savage and unrelenting, it pins her to the floor, clawing at her throat. The zombie's disgusting mouth attempts to bite her face, it's sharp teeth just inches away from Stacy's eyes.

FINN
(Under his breath)
Fuck.

Finn SPRINTS towards her, limping slightly, abandoning the Jerry can and the backpack.

BACK TO STACY: Blood soaked hands rip at her body in a wild frenzy.

Finn arrives, unsure what to do.

The zombie CLAWS at Stacy's throat with savage intent.

STACY
Do something!

Finn reaches to his waistband -- Nothing.

FINN
I... I left the gun in the van.

Clueless and desperate, Finn picks up a small STONE from the ground and hurls it at the zombies face.

FINN

Fuck off!

The zombie SNARLS at him but quickly resumes its feral attack. Finn picks up another stone, slightly larger this time.

FINN

I said fuck... off!

Finn throws the stone again but it has little effect.

STACY

Help me!

Stacy is losing the battle, Finn hopelessly looks around for a weapon. The zombie gets closer to Stacy's neck, foaming at the mouth and about to overpower her.

STACY

Now!

It's now or never. Finn marches up to the zombie and delivers a hard RIGHT CROSS to the zombie's jaw -- OUT COLD.

The zombie lays LIMP on top of Stacy.

Finn looks at his hand, shocked at his own strength. Stacy jumps to her feet.

STACY

What the hell was that?!

FINN

I was waiting for the right moment.

The zombie abruptly AWAKENS, sits bolt upright and snarls.

Stacy, with the speed and grace of a ninja, unsheathes her MACHETE and SLICES THE TOP OF ITS HEAD CLEAN OFF.

Blood and brain matter spurt out in every direction.

The zombie's eyes roll back into the missing part of its head as it slumps to the floor -- DEAD.

Finn looks at his hands and clothes in shock, covered in blood. Stacy non-nonchalantly twirls her machete back into the sheathe like a boss.

STACY

Right.... We should probably head off.

Stacy smirks at her own terrible pun. Finn pauses, unimpressed.

FINN

Oh HA-HA. You know I don't like blood.

Groans from afar. ZOMBIES. Lots of zombies. Easily twenty plus tumble out of a smashed window and run towards them.

Finn runs back, picks up his Jerry can and backpack. He chucks both into the back of the van, jumps in the back and closes the doors. Stacy drives away just in time, barely escaping the hoard.

INT. VAN - MOVING - DAY

LATER. Stacy drives, stone faced, still covered in blood and mucus. Finn sits in the passenger seat, topless and childlike, washing himself down with a hand towel. He non-nonchalantly pulls a bag of POTATO CHIPS from under his seat and begins eating them.

Stacy looks at him in disgust. Finn notices.

FINN

What?

STACY

You know if you could not eat all our food that would be great.

FINN

Hey, we almost died. I deserve a treat.

STACY

No, I almost died. You just stood there and watched like a scared little boy as per usual.

FINN

(Mouth full)

Hey, I punched it in the face.

Stacy contemplates what he's just said.

STACY

You're saying that like I haven't saved your life about a thousand times before.

FINN

I never said you didn't.

STACY

You know, just once I'd appreciate it if you could just be a little more...

FINN

A little more what?

STACY

Aware? Concerned?

FINN

Concerned with what?

STACY

With this, with what's going on!

FINN

And what is going on exactly?

Stacy shakes her head.

STACY

This... this whole fucking situation, like what just happened back there.

BEAT.

FINN

Oh, I thought you meant like.... the situation with us.

Stacy scoffs. Finn puts his t-shirt back on.

STACY

There is no situation with us.

FINN

Come on, we both know that's not true.

STACY

You're unbelievable, you know that?

FINN

(Smiling)

Thank you.

STACY

No seriously you can be a real
arsehole sometimes.

FINN

I'm the asshole?

STACY

Yes, you're a massive asshole.

FINN

Go on then, enlighten me. How am I an
arsehole?

STACY

Well... you never take anything
seriously. You never listen, I'm
always saving you when you do stupid
shit and to be honest, I can't
believe I'm stuck with you, under
normal circumstances there's no way
we'd ever hang out.

FINN

So you keep telling me, because
you're so high and mighty right?

Stacy scoffs and shakes her head, eyes on the road.

STACY

Just don't speak to me until we get
back.

Awkward silence, Finn ties up the bag of potato chips and
leans closer.

FINN

You know if we're calling each other
names, two can play at that game.

STACY

I don't care.

FINN

Well you should.... titmuncher.

STACY

Titmuncher?

FINN

Yeah. There you go, I finally said
it. I hope that stung.

STACY
That doesn't even make any sense.

FINN
It makes perfect sense to me.

STACY
Ahh yes, you and your infinite
wisdom.

FINN
I know. Genius aren't I?

Stacy scoffs, trying to suppress a smile.

STACY
I was thinking more along the lines
of dickhead actually.

They both smile, Stacy is still trying to save face. Finn
smiles back and looks at her longingly.

EXT. A COUNTRY COTTAGE - DAY

A gravel driveway, an old Tudor style cottage. The windows
are boarded up with thick wooden panels and metal bars. The
van pulls in and comes to a stop.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is dark, bare but for a few basic pieces of
furniture. It's illuminated only by the warm glow of the
WOOD FIRE and CANDLES on the windowsill.

Stacy sits on a battered leather sofa, operating a small HAM
RADIO which sits on the table.

She adjusts the dial on the radio. Sounds of static and
white noise. Finn approaches, offers her an open can of
PEACHES with a fork stuck in the top.

FINN
Peaches?

Stacy's fixated on the radio.

END OF EXTRACT