INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

The store is completely trashed. Guns, ammo, bows, and pistols litter the entire tile floor. The shattered windows allow the sunlight to pour in.

Two rednecks, NATE (30s) and “JAMMIN” (30s) rummage through the piles of guns and ammunition.

Nate is a skinny man with a full beard and pale complexion. He is dressed in a flannel shirt and long jeans that cover up his snake-hide boots. Nate speaks in a HEAVY SOUTHERN ACCENT.

“Jammin”, short for Benjamin is your typical fat redneck with a beer gut. He wears denim shorts and a tight “Lynyrd Skynard” t-shirt. He also speaks in a HEAVY SOUTHERN ACCENT.

Nate picks up two shotguns and examines each one in his hand.

NATE
Jammin.

Jammin turns around.

JAMMIN
What?

NATE
Did Bill say we needed the 10 or the 12 gauge?

JAMMIN
Hold on...

Jammin shuffles through his pants and takes out a wrinkled ball of paper.

He unwraps the ball and reads from it:

JAMMIN (CONT’D)
“12 gauge”.

We see a list of different guns and ammo written on the piece of paper.

Nate stuffs the shotgun into a black duffel bag.

JAMMIN (CONT’D)
Oh, and see if you can find the (reading) “Winchester Model 70 bolt action rifle, with scope.”

We see the words, “Winchester Model 70” underlined three times in a bold print.
Next to the words is a poorly drawn diagram of a rifle with a giant mounted scope and a huge bayonet attached to it.

   JAMMIN (CONT’D)
   Bill even drew a picture of what it looks like.

Nate starts to go through the pile.

   NATE
   Well, what does it look like?

Jammin examines the drawing.

   JAMMIN
   I don’t know. Kind of like a 30 out 6, but with like a Special Forces inferred tactical scope and a 3 foot bayonet.

Nate CHUCKLES at Jammin’s stupidity.

   NATE
   There’s no such things as 3 foot bayonets. He just didn’t draw it to scale.

The two go back to gathering. Jammin goes through the ammo pile, while Nate searches for the rifle.

Jammin picks up a handful of revolver bullets and stuff them into his pockets.

He takes out the wad of paper and reads the next thing on the list just below “Revolver Bullets”... it reads: “Revolver”.

   JAMMIN
   Nate! Where do they keep the pistols again?

Nate is out of view, going through the gun racks near the back of the store.

   NATE (O.S.)
   Behind the counter.

Jammin gets up and walks toward the counter. He finds a DEAD CORPSE with a bullet hole under his chin, lying against the counter.

   JAMMIN
   Gross.
Jammin kicks the Corpse over and goes through tray full of revolvers.

NATE (O.S.)
You know, it’s a good thing this small town has more guns than people or else we’d be zombie chow by now.

JAMMIN
Well, if we conserved more ammo, Bill wouldn’t have to send us out on these raids.

Jammin finds the revolver, takes it out and stuffs it into his bag.

JAMMIN (CONT’D)
Alright. I got everything on the list, you find that rifle yet?

Nate comes out from behind a shelf, holding an exact replica of the rifle in the diagram. The gun is so big that the bayonet touches the roof.

NATE
Yup.

JAMMIN
Let’s go.

Nate begins to disassemble the rifle, taking apart the bayonet and scope, so it can fit into his bag.

Suddenly, a ZOMBIE staggers his way up to the door, where it stands looking at Jammin and Nate.

Nate and Jammin instantly draw pistols from behind their back.

The Zombie hisses and moans, but shows no indication of aggressiveness.

NATE
(whispering)
Why isn’t attacking?

JAMMIN
(whispering)
Maybe it’s retarded.

NATE
(whispering)
Should we shoot it?
JAMMIN
(whispering)
Naw. I think it's trying to say something.

The Zombie tries to speak, but ends up making "gagging" noises.

NATE
What?

JAMMIN
You trying to say something, zombie?

The Zombie slowly mouths the words:

ZOMBIE
Hel --

BANG! Nate shoots the Zombie in the head, it falls backwards in a mist of it’s own blood.

Jammin and Nate start to LAUGH.

INT. CAR - DAY

Nate and Jammin maneuver through the roads of what looks like a warzone. The streets are trashed with corpses, broken glass, trees, signs, and abandoned cars.

NATE
Have you noticed how easier it’s gotten to killing zombies now?

JAMMIN
Hell, yeah. I remember the first time I shot a zombie. Speedy bastard almost got me, cause I was too afraid to pull the trigger, but I did... and he died. But ever since then, I hunt zombies, like I hunt squirrels.

NATE
Gets easier everytime you kill one.

JAMMIN
Mhm.

NATE
I shot my high school sweetheart the other day.
JAMMIN
Really?

NATE
Yup, shot her in the face.

JAMMIN
Just like that?

NATE
Naw. I tried to reason with her. I was telling her about the good times we used to have, about the time she lost her virginity to me. I even told her that I loved her, cause back then I did.

JAMMIN
What she say?

NATE
Nothing. Just... GRRRRR.

JAMMIN
GRRRR?

Nate starts to nod his head.

NATE
Yeah, GRRRR.

JAMMIN
Then what happened?

NATE
I shot her... In the face.

JAMMIN
Nice.

NATE
Yup, and ever since then, killing zombies hasn’t bothered me more than mosquito bite.

A beat.

JAMMIN
You know who really isn’t bothered by killing zombies?

Nate shakes his head, “no”.
JAMMIN (CONT’D)
Bill. That fucker thinks of it as entertainment.

NATE
I bet he wasn’t ever scared of killing zombies.

JAMMIN
No sir.

The car comes to an abrupt stop.

NATE
Man! Why’d you stop!?

Jammin points to something up the road.

JAMMIN
There’s something up there.

NATE
Wut?

Nate peers his head out of the window to get a better view. We see ZOMBIES gathered around in a huge cluster, blocking the road.

NATE (CONT’D)
How are we going to get out now?

JAMMIN
Do me a favor and count how many of them motherfuckers are up there.

Nate starts to count each zombie with his finger. Jammin goes through the duffel bags and pulls out an array of guns and begins to load them up with ammo.

Nate points to the last zombie and stops counting.

NATE
About twenty two.

Jammin picks up a REVOLVER and hands it to Nate.

JAMMIN
That has eight rounds.

Jammin picks up another REVOLVER and hands it to Nate.

JAMMIN (CONT’D)
This has seven.
Jammin takes out a PUMP SHOTGUN and lays it in his lap, he begins to feed shells into the gun.

JAMMIN (CONT’D)
This has 5, but will kill more.
Now, all you have to do is kill about 10 on your side, I’ll kill 10 on my side and we’ll ram the other two.

NATE
How am I suppose to take down 10 zombies with 15 bullets?

JAMMIN
You’ll be at point blank. You have 1 bullet for every zombie, plus an extra 5 just in case.

NATE
Fine.

JAMMIN
Alright. You ready?

Nate’s face transitions into a look of thirst... for blood.

NATE
Oh, I’m ready.

A beat.

Nothing happens. The car doesn’t move.

JAMMIN
You want a cigarette?

NATE
What!?

Nate’s animalistic rage fades away.

Jammin waves a box of cigarettes in Nate’s face.

JAMMIN
Look, if we’re gonna do something reckless and dangerous then we have to do something to make us appear... that way. You can’t walk the walk if you don’t smoke the cigarette.

NATE
Just go.
JAMMIN
You’ve smoked a pack a day for the entire time I have known you and your quitting now?

NATE
Cause you keep giving them to me whenever we go out on these raids.

JAMMIN
Cmon, it’s a zombie apocalypse, pretty much the end of the world.

NATE
Fine.

Nate reaches over and grabs a cigarette, places it into his mouth, takes out a lighter, and ignites the cigarette.

NATE (CONT’D)
Smoking these things are gonna make it harder for me to run away from zombies.

Jammin looks over at Nate and grows a Smile that makes Arnold Schwarzenegger look like a cabbage patch kid.

JAMMIN
Don’t run.

The wheels begin to screech as the car takes off top speed down the road, swerving out of the way of debris and other cars.

The windows begins to row down, Nate brings the revolver to his ears, closes his eyes, and takes a huge drag from his cigarette.

Jammin aims his shotgun out the window with one hand and drives with the other.

The Zombies begin to notice the car coming at them, they all start to get in stance and prepare to attack.

The car comes crashing into a small group of zombies, who are either thrown behind the car or impaled against a side of the building that car collides with.

Zombies begin to storm the car. Jammin and Nate unload all their clips into the groups of zombies crowding around the car.

NATE
Ahhh! Die you motherfuckers!
The smoke from the gunfire begins to clear, revealing dozens of Zombie corpses scattered around the car. The ones that are wounded and alive, moan with pain.

Nate kicks open his door and fires a shot at a Zombie crawling away from him.

Jammin opens the door and stomps on one of the Zombie corpses, he falls out of the car, his body covered with cuts and bruises.

Nate steps out of the car, still smoking his cigarette. He puts it out on the face of a Zombie corpse.

JAMMIN (CONT’D)
Well, we’ve killed them... all.

Nate looks off to something in the distance. We see Hordes of Zombies, sprinting into their direction.

NATE
Shit. They must of heard the gunshots.

Jammin takes off sprinting down the street.

NATE (CONT’D)
Hey! You traitor!

Nate takes off running behind him.

The two take off down the road, Jammin constantly looks back at Nate to see where he is.

Miraculously, Nate starts to catch up till where he is only a few yards behind Jammin. Nate coughs and wheezes with each strut.

Jammin starts to get worried. Suddenly, he draws a revolver and aims it at Nate BANG! BANG! Jammin shoots two shots, one misses and the other clips Nate on the leg, causing him to fumble onto the ground.

Nate desperately tries to crawl the rest of the way.

Jammin doesn’t even make a move to go back and help Nate.

The Zombies finally catch up to Nate and shred him into pieces, devouring every part of his body.
With food in front of them, the Zombies don’t worry about Jammin who has managed to gain a good distance away from them.

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Jammin stops in front of an alley, shooting rounds at Zombies (O.S.)

Jammin backs up into an alley and keeps walking back until he reaches a dead end. He puts his back against the wall and puts another clip into his pistol.

We hear the Zombies growling with excitement as they approach the alley, where their prey is cornered.

FIVE ZOMBIES stop in front of the alley, they sniff and smell a stench that draws their attention.

The Zombies start to enter the alley and find Jammin pinned against at wall. They stop just a couple of yards away from Jammin.

Jammin begins to count the Zombies, pointing to each one individually.

    JAMMIN
    7 rounds, 5 zombies. 1 for each and
    2 to spare.

Jammin aims his revolver into the group and fires 7 rounds.

He lowers the gun and the smoke starts to clear. All Five Zombies are still standing.

Suddenly, one Zombie at the front of the line drops to the floor, with 7 bullet holes in him.

The rest charge.

    FADE OUT.