



UNTITLED TEEN-PREGNANCY ROAD MOVIE (WITH ZOMBIES)

By

Steve Barr & Casey Whelan

Los Angeles

8931 Ellis Avenue
Los Angeles, CA 90034

New York

270 Lafayette St. Suite 402
New York, NY 10012

FADE IN:

EXT. POST-APOCALYPTIC PORTLAND - DAY

JULES (18) - small, dark and sassy - longboards down the ravaged streets of downtown PORTLAND.

Posters warning against the signs of "ADV" or "ADVANCED DIMORPHIC VIRUS" flick past as she slaloms down a hill.

JULES (V.O.)

I know what you're thinking.
Another fucking zombie movie?
Haven't we done this genre to death?

(sarcastic)

"Oh no, a virus broke out. Who will survive the insurmountable odds and rebuild civilization?"

Torn jeans, A BAGGY ICONIC ROCK AND ROLL BAND HOODIE, Converse sneakers and a backpack... if she weren't packing a gun, she would look like a totally normal, disgruntled teen.

JULES (V.O.)

In my experience it's usually assholes.

She grinds to a halt and takes in the wasteland that is now Portland.

JULES (V.O.)

It's safe to say Portland was not prepared for the zombie apocalypse.

CUT TO:

INT. VEGAN CAFE - DAY (FANTASY SEQUENCE)

A HIPSTER ZOMBIE devours a BUSINESSWOMAN in a gruesome, bloody mess.

Blood spatters against the Hipster Zombie's "I only eat organic free-range vegetables" tee shirt.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORTLAND STREET - DAY (FANTASY SEQUENCE)

People desperately cycle away from a pack of running zombies. Their vintage single-speed bikes aren't up to the task.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNAL VEGETABLE GARDEN - DAY (FANTASY SEQUENCE)

A GREENIE GARDENER is savagely killed in his back yard vegetable patch. The zombie has a deathgrip on the gardener's hipster lumberjack beard.

FREEZE FRAME ON THE GORY YET COMICAL DEATH.

JULES (V.O.)

As funny as this is to imagine,
it's not entirely true.

(beat)

ADV leads to extreme UV
sensitivity. Which means zombies
hate sunlight. So realistically all
zombie related deaths look a little
more like this...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT (FANTASY SEQUENCE)

Comedy gives way to HORROR as a WILD-EYED ZOMBIE graphically
and terrifyingly rips someone to death under FLICKERING
FLUORESCENT LIGHTS.

JULES (V.O.)

Death by zom is a fucking awful way
to go.

CUT TO:

EXT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Jules grinds to a halt in the parking lot of LINCOLN HIGH
SCHOOL - or what's left of it.

Moments later DA (18, able bodied yet visibly nerdy) skids up
behind her on his own longboard.

D.A.

I'm pretty sure the recon teams
emptied this place months ago.

JULES

Yeah, but they were looking for
supplies.

D.A.

So...

JULES

So... people with a singular vision
tend to overlook gold.

D.A.
Define gold?

JULES
Well, for starters my iPod is
probably still locked in Mr
Morrison's desk.

She heads onto campus.

D.A.
Your iPod? What is this, 2006?

Despite his protest, he follows her through the school gates.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

D.A. joins Jules at the broken doors of their old high
school. He's about to head in when Jules stops him.

JULES
Whoa dude, we're about to go wreck our
old high school. Surely that deserves
some sort of dramatic entrance.

D.A.
What are you thinking?

With a twinkle in her eye and a smirk on her face...

PRELAP: BEASTIE BOYS - FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT (OR SIMILAR)

CUT TO:

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Jules skates the abandoned halls, middle fingers in the air.

D.A. skates behind her - a small set of home-modified
speakers in his hands blaring the soundtrack to teenage angst
from an MP3 player in his backpack.

As they near the end of the hall, D.A. clips the speakers to
his belt, and the pair kick their boards up.

JULES
Let's go shopping.

What follows is the post-apocalyptic "Breakfast Club" montage
of which rebellious teen wet dreams are made.

- They break into Mr Morrison's desk and rifle through the
confiscated goods to find Jules' iPod.

JULES (CONT'D)
Hello, baby.

She places a kiss on the battered iPod before dropping it in her backpack.

- They crowbar their way into locker after locker, looking for anything they can trade or keep.

This is a key insight into what is considered valuable in the post-ADV world. Smartphones are useless - but clothes, batteries, cosmetics (and of course drugs) have street value.

- D.A. cracks a locker and behind a few textbooks and scrunched up papers they find a stash of PRESCRIPTION DRUGS (ADDERALL, XANAX, AMBIEN, etc.)

D.A.

Jackpot.

As D.A. loads the pills into his bag.

JULES

What else has he got?

Jules finds a tee shirt scrunched up in the back.

JULES (CONT'D)

Don't ever let it be said that drug dealers have bad taste in tee shirts.

She takes off her backpack and pulls off her hoodie to try it on. She has a sensible sports bra underneath.

D.A.

Whoa.

He spins around, trying to be a gentleman.

JULES

Relax nerdo, they're just tits.

That doesn't stop him blushing a little at the idea.

New tee-shirt now on...

JULES (CONT'D)

What do you think?

D.A. turns back round to see her strike a "sexy" pose.

He has to smile at her - there's no hiding that he kind of likes her. Enough to put up with her bad attitude, anyway.

D.A.

It's cool.

Something behind her catches his eye. Suddenly he isn't smiling anymore.

D.A. (CONT'D)

Shit.

From a dark classroom down the hall shamble THREE CHEERLEADERS. But their days of pep rallies and social sadism are behind them. Their leader SNIFFS the air, growling.

JULES

Run!

They run from the cheerleaders and hop on their longboards.

As soon as the cheerleaders see them they RUN in pursuit. They have a HUNTING SCREECH that sounds like a velociraptor fucked a rusty chainsaw.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAYS - DAY

Jules and D.A. roll around the corner, pushing hard.

As they skate desperately toward the front doors, more CHEERLEADER ZOMBIES emerge from dark areas. There must be a dozen of them. Blood stains on short skirts.

Jules is in the lead. A cheerleader reaches for her - she ducks under while D.A. swerves around the other side.

They turn another corner to see FOUR MORE CHEERLEADERS blocking the hall.

JULES

Fuck!

Jules skids to a halt, but D.A. isn't as good a skater. He eats shit, lands near the undead mean girls.

The zoms pounce. D.A. scrambles backward, trying to shake a cheerleader's hold on him.

JULES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey Britney.

Britney-zombie looks up. Jules swings her longboard and SMASHES her in the face.

D.A. kicks the others away, gets to his feet with panicky speed. WHAM - suddenly he's hit from the side by the ALPHA CHEER BITCH. She sinks her teeth into the meat of his thigh. He SCREAMS.

Jules sees more cheer-zoms coming.

Jules drops the longboard and pulls the small pistol from her belt. She aims, shoots. It takes a few shots to put each down, but eventually she gets headshots.

She turns to D.A., who is still struggling to pull Alpha Cheer Bitch off of his leg.

He pulls her by the hair, which makes a chunk of his thigh come away in her teeth. He YELLS with pain and despair as he grabs her throat and holds her up so Jules can shoot her in the head. BANG.

Alpha Cheer Bitch's body slumps to the floor. But there's no time to celebrate - more SCREECHES are approaching.

Jules looks at the bloody bite on D.A.'s thigh, then into his eyes. He's barely conscious.

She desperately looks around for somewhere to hide. There - the library in the center of the building.

She grabs D.A. by the shirt, drags him toward the doors.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL (LIBRARY) - NIGHT

Jules drags D.A.'s unconscious body in and slams the doors shut. She pulls off her belt and wraps it around the handles to keep the zoms out. For now at least.

She rips off her backpack and digs through the day's spoils to find a thin emergency UV light.

JULES
Please be charged.

She flicks the switch and, much to her relief, the bright blue light flickers on.

As the ever-nearing screeches in the corridor are joined by thuds and crashes, Jules pushes the light hard against the bottom crack on the door, and scrambles backward.

The screeches turn to screams - Jules clenches her eyes closed, too scared to breathe.

Then suddenly... silence.

Slowly she opens her eyes, lets herself breathe again.

She shakes off the terror and crawls to D.A. as she checks for and finds a pulse...

JULES (CONT'D)
(relieved)
Oh thank god.

... then she looks at the grisly bite mark on his leg.

JULES (CONT'D)
Shit.

What does she do now?

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL (LIBRARY) - MOMENTS LATER

From her backpack Jules produces a small CONTAMINATION PACK with a cheery logo from ASSURANCE INSURANCE.

She clicks it open and sorts through zip-ties, med kit, etc to find printed instructions.

JULES

"Welcome to your Assurance Insurance Basic Contamination Kit. Thank you for choosing to protect yourself and your loved ones with Assurance Insurance. We accept no liability..."

With a grunt of frustration she flips past a few pages of small type, scanning for anything useful.

JULES (CONT'D)

Okay: "To ensure help reaches you as soon as possible, turn on your Assurance Insurance GPS."

(beat)

GPS, GPS, GPS...

She rummages through the kit and pulls out a small GPS beacon. With the flick of a switch a red light starts blinking.

JULES (CONT'D)

'Kay. GPS done.

Back to the instructions...

JULES (CONT'D)

"Secure the patient."

She up-turns a nearby desk, drags D.A. to it and props him in a seated position against its base.

From the kit she pulls zip-ties. She checks the instructions as she secures him by the wrists to the legs of the desk.

Done. Now what. She reads aloud to herself...

JULES (CONT'D)

"Administer anti-viral to slow infection."

She pulls out the pre-packed anti-viral shot. She pulls the cap off the HUGE NEEDLE, and shoots an apologetic look to D.A.'s unconscious body.

JULES (CONT'D)

Sorry, bro.

She "Pulp Fiction" style stabs him in the leg.

D.A. rouses with a start - shocked to find himself zip-tied to a desk.

D.A.
What the hell?!

Off the giant ADV needle sticking out of his leg...

D.A. (CONT'D)
Did you just stab me?

Jules leaps back and pulls her gun on him.

D.A. (CONT'D)
Whoa!

JULES
What's your name?

D.A.
What?

JULES
The first sign of ADV exposure is memory loss. So answer the question. What's your name?

D.A.
Dominic Anderson.

JULES
And what's my name?

D.A.
Julia McManus. Jules, it's me.

She lowers the gun and they both let out sighs of relief.

D.A. (CONT'D)
Would you mind pulling this huge fucking needle out of me?

As she obliges...

JULES
How are you feeling?

D.A.
Like a chunk of my leg has been bitten off.

As the reality of what being bitten sinks in...

D.A. (CONT'D)
How long have I got?

Reading the label of the anti-viral syringe...

JULES
About two hours.

D.A. casts an eye to the blinking GPS light as Jules sets an alarm on her watch.

D.A.
If they don't get here in time,
you'll-

JULES
They'll get here.

D.A.
But if they don't... you'll take
care of things?

JULES
(light)
That's what friends are for, right?

But she sets the gun aside. Not even wanting to think about shooting her best friend.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL (LIBRARY) - AFTERNOON

The alarm on Jules' watch goes off. As she silences it...

JULES
What's your name?

D.A.
Seriously?

JULES
ADV protocol - "If awake, check
memory every fifteen minutes."

D.A.
So you're going to ask me the same
question over and over until I beg
you to put me out of my misery?

All too aware that she may have to shoot him, she relents.
They could both use a distraction.

JULES
What do you want me to ask?

D.A.
Anything.

JULES

Okay.

(beat)

How big is your dick?

D.A.

What?

JULES

You said ask anything.

D.A.

And that's the first thing that
came to your mind?

JULES

I'm a twisted bitch, you know that.

(beat)

So...

He blushes as he relents and answers...

D.A.

It's average, I guess.

JULES

Define average.

D.A.

JULES!!

D.A. laughs, beet red and embarrassed. But the laughter is
all that matters to Jules.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL (LIBRARY) - AFTERNOON

Jules' alarm rings. The air is more jovial as Jules scrolls
through D.A.'s MP3 player.

JULES

Limp Bizkit? Seriously.

D.A.

Those guys are solid.

JULES

Yeah, let's pretend Rap Metal is
music.

D.A.

Like your "grease monkey, nothing
after the 90's is real music" stuff
is any better.

JULES

Classic rock is pretty much all classics, that's why it's called classic rock.

(beat)

Linkin Park, Korn... oh my god.

D.A.

What?

JULES

Kid Rock. So much Kid Rock. You even have his slow jams.

She hits play on Kid Rock and Sheryl Crow's - PICTURE.

D.A.

Hey, I love this song.

JULES

I bet you do.

The vocals kick in.

JULES (CONT'D)

Mmmm, sing it Kid.

D.A. sings along, doing his best Kid Rock impression.

D.A.

(singing)

Been fuelin' up on cocaine and whisky. Wish I had a good girl to miss me. Lord I wonder if I'll ever change my ways...

He snaps his fingers along with the music. It's a ridiculous sight given he is still tied to a table.

Jules can't help but laugh along with her dork of a friend.

He listens for a few more beats before saying...

D.A. (CONT'D)

My brother gave me that player. It's all his music.

JULES

I didn't know you had a brother.

D.A.

He was way older. He was always real nice to me though.

JULES

Is he...

Dead.

D.A.
Yeah. First wave.

JULES
What was his name?

D.A. opens his mouth to answer. Blinks.

D.A.
Ummmm....

He closes his eyes to think harder, but the information just isn't there.

D.A. (CONT'D)
Oh shit. I can see what he looks like, I just can't...

He does his best to cover how worried he is.

D.A. (CONT'D)
It was bound to happen at some point.

JULES
Do you want me to change the music?

D.A.
No, it's nice.

JULES
Kid Rock has never been, nor will it ever be, "nice."

But she leaves the track on, and places a reassuring smile on her face and a reassuring hand on his unbitten leg.

He smiles back, thankful to have a friend right now.

She does her best not to let her smile slip as she notices the whites of his eyes are starting to hemorrhage red.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL (LIBRARY) - EVENING

Jules' alarm goes off.

The light is starting to affect D.A. His skin, now pale blue, is cracking under the UV. He opens his eyes - they are almost all red now.

D.A.
No one's coming. You should go before it gets dark.

JULES

I'm not just gonna ditch you.
You're the only reasonably normal
person left. Who am I going to hang
out with if you're gone?

D.A.

I don't know.

He looks her over and then asks...

D.A. (CONT'D)

Are you still a virgin?

JULES

Wow, that came out of nowhere.

D.A.

Answer the question.

JULES

No.

(beat)

A couple years ago, I kind of...
used to sleep with Jimmy sometimes.

D.A.

Jimmy Donnelly Jimmy?

JULES

Yes.

D.A.

That dude defined Columbine chic.

JULES

Oh, cause you lost it to someone
totally awesome?

D.A. goes silent and it's Jules' turn to laugh.

JULES (CONT'D)

No way.

D.A.

Way.

(beat)

I'm going to die a virgin.

He laughs at himself - for being one, and for thinking about
it right now. Laughing hurts.

D.A. (CONT'D)

Fuck.

He looks up to see her studying his face intently.

D.A. (CONT'D)

What?

She answers by leaning in and kissing him. It's soft, short - it's almost a question.

She pulls back a little to study his reaction. Understandably he is a mix of emotions, but he doesn't push her away.

She kisses him again. He kisses back. Then sense kicks in...

D.A. (CONT'D)

Wait, stop. Stop.

She goes to kiss him again, but he moves his face away.

D.A. (CONT'D)

Don't pity-fuck me cause you might
have to kill me.

Feelings and pride hurt, Jules moves away.

JULES

With lines like that, no wonder
you're still a virgin.

D.A.

Am I wrong?

JULES

Yes, actually, you're very fucking
wrong.

(beat)

I don't pity you. So you can get
that stupid fucking idea out of
your head right now.

(beat)

You're my friend, and I...

Don't want to let you die a virgin.

Jules looks into his eyes - her determined jaw softens and she climbs to her feet and begins to pull off her boots.

D.A.

Don't.

She peels off her jeans.

JULES

Don't tell me you don't want to, I
can see the boner in your pants.

(beat)

It looks way bigger than average,
by the way.

He awkwardly shuffles, but there is no hiding it.

D.A.
I don't want to hurt you.

JULES
Then don't hurt me.

She straddles him and puts a hand on either side of his face.

She kisses him again. He kisses her back, softly at first but then more passionately as he pulls against his restraints.

Her hands drop to deal with the remaining items of clothing between them.

With a few deliberate moves and a sharp inhale of breath from them both - contact. He closes his eyes instinctively.

JULES (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

He opens his eyes - though blood-red, they are tender. Human.

D.A.
Yeah.

He is much better than okay.

JULES
Good.

She kisses him, and the passion resumes.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL (LIBRARY) - NIGHT

The alarm beeps.

Jules is curled into D.A.'s chest. Deep, dark veins and cracks now run down his exposed skin.

JULES
If you tell anyone...

D.A.
Who am I going to tell?

His speech is starting to take on the ADV screech. He places a kiss on the top of her head.

D.A. (CONT'D)
We both know I'm not going home.

She turns to look at him - lecture him, pep talk him. Instead she is silenced as she sees the last vestiges of humanity fight to keep him with her as long as possible.

In that moment she knows she will have to kill him.

D.A. (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

D.A.'s animal side is growing stronger by the second.

JULES
Hey, it's fine. You're fine.

She reaches over to soothe him, but he pulls away.

D.A.
Get away from me!

He screams as the fight within him rips him in two.

She scurries back, watching in horror as he strains and contorts against his restraints.

D.A. (CONT'D)
Just do it.

Paralyzed with fear and shock, she can't move. Tears start to roll down her cheeks.

D.A. (CONT'D)
PLEASE!

His screams have undertones of the telltale screech.

D.A. (CONT'D)
DO IT!

She grabs the gun from its resting place on the carpet, and with only a moment's hesitation, she fires.

The first few bullets only make the screeches louder, but the final thunder clap is followed by silence.

In the flickering blue light, blood drips from D.A.'s bullet-riddled body - three in the chest, one in the head.

Jules drops the gun and chokes on the riptide of emotions surging through her.

She rams her palms into her eye sockets, as if to force them not to cry.

JULES
Stop it. STOP IT!

With a big breath in, she opens her eyes and looks again to D.A. - he almost looks human again now that he's dead.

JULES (CONT'D)
Fuck.

EXT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

A new day starts as the sun rises over Lincoln High school.

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL (LIBRARY) - MORNING

Jules packs up to head out.

She secures D.A.'s body and their two packs to the two longboards.

She pulls her belt off the door, puts it on and clips D.A.'S speakers and the still blinking GPS to it.

She scrolls through his MP3 player looking for the right song to start the day.

She smiles to herself before she casts a look to D.A.'S body.

JULES
This one's for you.

PRELAP: LIMP BIZKIT - BREAK STUFF (or similar).

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

MUSIC blares from D.A.'s speakers as Jules drags the longboards strapped with D.A. and the packs through the halls.

Eyes peeled and finger on trigger - if any cheer-zoms return she's ready.

JULES (V.O.)
I'd like to think that the old me,
the pre-ADV me, would have handled
this with a little more class.
(beat)
Not only was this guy my friend,
but I had just taken his virginity
the night before. And here I was,
dragging his body around on a
skateboard like a serial killer.

She hurries through the doors into the safety of sunlight.

EXT. POST-APOCALYPTIC PORTLAND - MORNING

Jules drags D.A. through the city, up the hill, down the motorway...

JULES (V.O.)
Eighteen months ago we mourned the
dead. And now...

One of D.A.'s feet has fallen off the boards and drags on the ground.

JULES (V.O.)

We do anything we can to make sure
they stay dead.

In the distance she spots a TRUCK headed her way. She waves it down.

She turns off her music as the Assurance Insurance branded truck pulls up.

The DRIVER, a gruff man in an Assurance Insurance uniform, rolls down a window.

DRIVER

You the distress call?

JULES

Yeah. Where the hell have you guys
been?

The driver sighs, pulls out a laminated card with the approved corporate-speak:

DRIVER

"At Assurance Insurance, we strive
to provide our valued customers
with the best possible service."

Jules un-clips and holds up her Assurance branded GPS.

JULES

See previous question.

The driver finds the right part of the scripted response.

DRIVER

"While we value all of our customers
equally, our primary duty of care is
to those customers with Premium
Policies."

JULES

(sarcastic)

It's Armageddon and I'm still too
poor to get proper coverage.

(muttering to herself)

It's nice to know some things never
change.

Ignoring her sass, the driver motions to D.A....

DRIVER

He neutralized?

Too tired to argue, all she can manage is...

JULES

Yeah.

The Driver nods to another UNIFORMED MAN in the front seat.

DRIVER

Help her with the body.

With a few QUICK CUTS we see D.A.'S body dumped in the flatbed in the back of the truck.

Jules goes to climb into the cab.

UNIFORMED MAN

You're in the back too.

The door closes in her face.

With a deep sigh she climbs into the back of the pick-up and sits beside D.A.'s corpse.

The morning sun has done him no favours.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE COMPOUND - DAY

The truck rumbles up to a HUGE WALL made of old cars and random detritus. 60 feet tall, topped with sentry stations and UV spotlights. It isn't pretty but it looks strong.

JULES (V.O.)

Home shit home.

The truck hits its HORN. A reinforced gate trundles open. The truck drives in.

EXT. INSIDE THE COMPOUND - DAY

The truck pulls to a stop just inside the gate, which closes behind it. They're now in a HOLDING AREA surrounded by layers of chainlink fence and men with guns - any zombies that made it this far would be fish in a barrel.

Now that we're inside, we can see that the compound used to be a SHOPPING MALL. The parking lot has been enclosed by the giant wall and converted into terraced gardens growing food.

In the distance is the mall itself. The ground-floor entry points have been barricaded, but it's still recognizable as a former consumerist mecca.

The entire interior of the massive security wall has been hidden by plywood and painted with bright happy colors. Gigantic, amateurish murals of green hills and bright blue sky. Persistent, cloying Muzak plays from a PA system.

Jules jumps out of the truck-bed as the insurance team put D.A.'s body on a stretcher.

DRIVER
(to Jules)
Don't forget your shit.

They carry the stretcher through a chainlink tunnel to a MEDICAL BUILDING made out of converted storage containers.

Jules grabs the packs and boards and heads through a different tunnel to...

INT. THE MALL - DAY

Jules skates through what appears to be a suburban mall.

Starbucks, American Apparel, Bed Bath and Beyond - all the stores are stocked with goods and full of people just going about their business.

JULES (V.O.)
Before you ask... no, this isn't a flashback. And yes... that is a Starbucks.
(beat)
They ran out of coffee three months ago, so fuck knows what's in those cups.

Though the people who work outside and at the gate seem to have a grudging understanding that the world has gone to shit, these mall-walkers seem determined to pretend everything is hunky dory.

JULES (V.O.)
Beaverton Mall - proof that nothing can kill the Great American Art of pretending everything is just fine.

It's obvious now why Jules doesn't fit in - she's the only one who doesn't have her head up her ass. She pushes through doors leading to the parking garage.

INT. PARKING GARAGE (JULES' PLACE) - DAY

Jules' "place" is a ramshackle collection of cars in the underground parking garage.

Some are in the process of being stripped for parts, others are in the process of being fixed. In the midst of all the mess is a makeshift bedroom.

Jules enters, dumps her things and starts unpacking.

She pulls out a few things taken from the lockers and sets them with her other collection of scavenged goods.

When she gets to her iPod, plugs it into a homemade charger.

JULES
Come on, baby.

The little charging icon blinks onto the screen.

JULES (CONT'D)
Yes.

MRS ANDERSON (O.S.)
I see you made it back in one piece.

JULES
(jumps)
FUCK!

She spins to find MRS ANDERSON, 50, weathered and tear-stained, standing behind her.

JULES (CONT'D)
Mrs Anderson, I'm so sorry-

MRS ANDERSON
Don't.
(beat)
He was all I had left.

She trails off as the tears start again.

Not sure what else to do, Jules picks up D.A.'s backpack and holds it out to Mrs Anderson.

JULES
I brought his stuff back for you.

Mrs Anderson snatches the bag and holds it close to her chest.

JULES (CONT'D)
I did everything I could, I waited as long as I could.

With the stone-cold desolation of a mother who has lost everything, she looks Jules in the eyes...

MRS ANDERSON
You killed my son.

JULES
I had to.

MRS ANDERSON
No. You took him into the city. You let him get bit. You killed my son.

Nothing else to say. Clutching the backpack tightly, she leaves.

Once alone, Jules drags her guilty, tired body across the "room" and collapses on the bed.

She looks to a photo collage beside her bed. They are mostly photos of Jules and her DAD - in that instant we get a snapshot of her childhood. A young tomboy raised by a single mechanic father.

JULES

At least you're happy I'm home,
right?

Her eye drifts to a photo of a grumpy teenage BOY (JIMMY) wearing her ICONIC ROCK AND ROLL BAND HOODIE. Not baggy at all on him, it clearly once belonged to him.

JULES (CONT'D)

Jimmy fucking Donnelly.

She pulls the photo down, but before she throws it away... she stops, looks it over, and puts it back up signalling to us all there are some seriously unresolved feelings there.

Feeling utterly alone, Jules sinks into the bed.

PRELAP: The cheery "bong bong bong" of the mall P.A. system.

INT. PARKING GARAGE (JULES' PLACE) - DAY

Jules groans awake as a disgustingly peppy voice crackles out of a nearby P.A. speaker.

P.A. VOICE (O.S.)

Good morning, Beaverton Mall
Residents! Welcome to day 567 of
ADV survival. The current time is
8:32 AM and the weather is expected
to hit a balmy sixty five degrees.

As soon as her eyes are open it's clear - something isn't right. She pulls herself upright and out of bed.

Unsteady on her feet, Jules stumbles over to a drain and pukes her life out.

P.A. VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We wish you a productive day, and
don't forget. Stay vigilant, and
stay positive.

Puking done, she tries to stand up but she's unsteady on her feet.

JULES (V.O.)
You saw the trailer, right? I think
you get where this is going.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL - DAY

Sweaty, nauseous and attached to an IV drip, Jules blinks...

JULES
Pregnant?

A stern DOCTOR (FRANK), confirms in deadpan...

FRANK
Pregnant.

JULES
How? What?

FRANK
You let some dude blow his load in,
on, or around your ladyparts. Maybe
you were reckless, maybe he said
he'd pull out and he didn't. Either
way... congratulations, you are
going to be a mother.

Job done, Frank exits, leaving a shell-shocked Jules with the
sympathetic nurse GINA.

GINA
We'll have a little more information
when your blood tests come back, but
for now it seems like both you and
baby are doing just fine.

JULES
Great.

Not.

GINA
I'm sure it seems a little
overwhelming right now, but-

JULES
But what? Zombie apocalypse
aside... I'm 19 and I live in a
parking garage. I can barely keep
myself alive, how am I going to
raise a kid?

GINA
Can the father help?

JULES

The father is dead.

The scale of the situation starts to sink in and Jules slumps deeper into her chair.

JULES (CONT'D)

I can't have a baby.

Feeling for the girl, Gina checks that the coast is clear before softly saying...

GINA

Unfortunately I'm not equipped to give you another option.

(beat)

But if you were to go to Madam Hung's and get a full mani-pedi...

Thinking of the best way to put it...

GINA (CONT'D)

She might be able to help you. With your situation.

JULES

Might?

GINA

While I would never pressure you to get your nails done... That particular cuticle treatment isn't cheap. If you decide to make an appointment I would suggest you find something valuable to trade.

In Jules' mind there is no other option.

JULES

Okay.

She's on her feet and trying to pull the IV out of her arm. Madam Hung's here we come!

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE (JULES' PLACE)

Jules ransacks her things looking for anything to trade.

Cosmetics, prescription drugs, chargers - she stuffs everything she can find into her backpack.

JULES (V.O.)

What is the value of a human life?

(beat)

(MORE)

JULES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Even before the breakout nobody
could settle on an answer.

CUT TO:

NEWS FOOTAGE:

JULES (V.O.)
We used to debate when someone
became a real person.

Anti-abortion rallies. Church groups. Feminists argue on air
with politicians.

JULES (V.O.)
Then we debated when someone
stopped being one.

The media transitions into news footage about ADV. Those who
were once pro-choice are now pro-life. "They're still people".

The same politician who was arguing against abortion now
argues for killing people at the first sign of ADV.

JULES (V.O.)
And then a fuckload of people died
and TV stopped being a thing.

Footage of mass ADV victim killings. Footage of attacks.
Footage of cities falling.

A final broadcast - a BLONDE NEWS ANCHOR delivers the latest
disastrous news about the epidemic, not realizing that the
blandly handsome male anchor next to her is turning into a
monster. He leaps at her and we CUT TO STATIC.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL (MADAM HUNG'S NAIL SALON) - AFTERNOON

Even the unflappable Jules is a little nervous as she stands
in front of a pink and perky nail salon.

Big breath in, big breath out - she pushes through the glass
door.

INT. MADAM HUNG'S NAIL SALON - AFTERNOON

A little bell jingles and announces Jules' arrival.

Thankfully the salon is empty. In addition to the salon
chairs and tables, there are also racks and boxes of
hoarded/scavenged goods.

The collection has a clear theme - women's needs. From bras to butterfingers, shampoo to sanitary pads... Madam Hung has the monopoly over everything a postapocalyptic woman could need.

MADAM HUNG (thin, crooked, and the wrong side of 50) appears through a beaded curtain. Fully made up and dressed to the nines - she is a woman who has done very well out of the world ending.

Her accent is perfectly American.

MADAM HUNG

Hello! Welcome to Madam Hung's Feminine Emporium, where all of your pretty pink dreams can come true. How can I help you, my dear?

JULES

Uh... I was told I could get a, uh, "full mani-pedi" here.

Madam Hung's eyes dart to Jules' belly, expertly diagnosing. She drops the Stepford Wife act, becomes direct and businesslike.

MADAM HUNG

A full mani-pedi is pretty pricey. What do you have to trade?

Jules piles the cosmetics and meds from her bag onto the counter, stands hopefully.

Madam Hung inspects the goods with a long lacquered fingernail. She nods.

MADAM HUNG (CONT'D)

Follow me.

Jules does as she's told and follows the older woman through the beaded curtain and into a back room.

INT. MADAM HUNG'S NAIL SALON (BACK ROOM) - DAY

The back room is clearly where Madam Hung keeps her more valuable goods - drugs, guns, sex toys.

In a back corner, beneath racks of dildos and vibrators, is a modified salon chair.

MADAM HUNG

Take off your pants and have a seat.

As the Madam heads across the room to slip on kitchen gloves and a cooking apron, Jules pulls off her backpack and jeans and heads for the chair.

MADAM HUNG (CONT'D)

Panties too.

A little more reluctantly, Jules takes off her panties and pads to the chair in nothing more than tee-shirt and mismatched socks.

Madam Hung pours two glasses of wine.

MADAM HUNG (CONT'D)

You're the mechanic girl, aren't you.

Jules awkwardly sits on the edge of the chair, doing her best to keep her knees together.

JULES

Yeah.

Madam Hung pushes one of the glasses into Jules' hands.

MADAM HUNG

Here, this will help with the nerves.

JULES

I don't really think I'm supposed to be drinking.

Madam Hung takes a big slug of her drink, laughs.

MADAM HUNG

You know you're here for an abortion, right?

There it is out loud for the first time: abortion. Jules does her best not to flinch at the sound of it.

JULES

Maybe I'll save it for after.

Jules sets the wine down on a steel table of scary looking, crudely fashioned medical tools.

MADAM HUNG

Sit back and put your legs in the stirrups.

Shaking with nerves, Jules shuffles back doing her best to get "comfortable".

MADAM HUNG (CONT'D)

You are cutting it fine. Another week and I wouldn't be able to help you.

JULES
I thought three months was the
limit?

MADAM HUNG
It is. You're at least ten weeks
along.

JULES
What?

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL - DAY

The blood lab is tucked in a back corner of the medical
containers. Frank sits surrounded by kludged-together
computers and lab equipment, looking at Jules' results.

FRANK
Gina!

CUT TO:

INT. MADAM HUNG'S NAIL SALON - DAY

Madam Hung puts a plastic mop bucket on the floor between
Jules' legs.

JULES
What do you mean ten weeks?

MADAM HUNG
I may not have a fancy medical
degree, but let me tell you... that
bump ain't gas, honey.

Madam Hung finishes her own wine, starts drinking Jules' as
the P.A. "BONG BONG BONG"S to life.

P.A. VOICE (O.S.)
Good afternoon Beaverton Mall
Residents, this is a contamination
announcement. Julia McManus is
showing unusual signs of ADV
infection and must be neutralized
for examination.

The two women lock eyes - and then Madam Hung runs for the
pink shotgun across the room.

JULES
Shit.

Still pantless, Jules kicks free of the chair and grabs the nearest weapon: A GIGANTIC DILDO from the rack behind her. She throws it at Madam Hung's feet, tripping her up.

Madam Hung lands hard, knocking the breath out of her. She starts crawling for the shotgun.

All the while the P.A. continues...

P.A. VOICE (O.S.)
 Anyone who has had physical contact
 with her must initiate safety
 precautions and report to Medical.
 We thank you for your attention and
 ask you remember... stay vigilant
 and stay positive.

Jules grabs her backpack, panties and jeans, but can't take the time to put her clothes on. Holding them awkwardly to cover her "bits", she runs from the room.

INT. MALL - DAY

Jules peeks out the front door of the nail salon, sees that the coast is clear. She darts out, still covering her fore and aft with her bundled clothes and backpack, ducks into a door to the service corridors.

INT. MALL SERVICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Panicked and paranoid, Jules quickly puts on her clothes.

JULES
 Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit,
 shit, shit, shit, shit, shit.

CUT TO:

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

As Jules' mind puts the pieces together, we see flashes of that fateful afternoon.

- D.A. yells out as he is bitten by the zombie cheerleader.
- D.A. yells out as he shoots his ADV-infected load into Jules.
- D.A yells out as he is shot by Jules.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL SERVICE CORRIDOR - DAY

Jules can't button up her jeans - because there's a small but definite baby bump in the way.

JULES
(quietly enraged)
Stupid zombie nerd sperm.

Jules hurries down the deserted corridor toward the parking garage.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Jules slips from shadow to shadow, heading for the accumulation of stuff that she calls a home. She scuttles inside--

INT. JULES' PLACE - DAY

--to find Mrs Anderson waiting with a gun.

JULES
Please don't shoot me, I can explain.

MRS ANDERSON
Are you pregnant?

Jules lifts her shirt to reveal the bump.

MRS ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Is it Dominic's?

JULES
Yes.

Mrs Anderson takes a few moments to process this. When she finally finds her voice she lowers her gun...

MRS ANDERSON
Start packing.
(beat)
And for God's sake put a sweater on,
we don't need to advertise you've got
a bun in the oven.

JULES
Why are you helping me?

Off the bump...

MRS ANDERSON
This is all that is left of my son -
I'll be damned if I let it become a
science experiment.

Off the sound of an angry mob headed their way...

MRS ANDERSON (CONT'D)
We have to go now! Please tell me
at least one of these cars works.

Jules blinks as she gets herself under control.

JULES
It doesn't have a lot of gas,
but...

She gets up and whips a car cover off a CLASSIC RED MINI.

INT. MALL - DAY

Several residents have gathered at the entrance to the parking garage, readying their weapons. Madam Hung (now with a glorious black eye) cocks her stylish pink shotgun.

Suddenly - MEEP MEEP! - the little red Mini bursts through the doors and past the residents. They leap out of the way and FIRE.

IN THE MINI, bullets zip through the back window. Mrs Anderson cringes. Jules, now dressed again in Jimmy's hoodie, SWERVES.

WILD CLASSIC ROCK blares from the car speakers.

MRS ANDERSON
Is the music necessary?

JULES
Music is always necessary.

Jules does another wild swerve.

MRS ANDERSON
Where are you going? We'll never
make it through the gate.

JULES
Just hold on.
(beat)
I've got an idea.

Jules hits the gas and powers through the mall. Spinning, skidding, careening through shop windows with abandon.

Bystanders dive out of the way before firing at the car.

Finally Jules skids to a halt, gunning the engine and staring at her destination--

HUGE BAY WINDOWS. There's a walkway up to them from the inside, but since they're elevated above the ground from the outside they haven't been barricaded.

Jules holds the handbrake while gunning the engine, spinning the wheels. Madam Hung leads a mob around the corner, FIRING WILDLY, as Jules drops the brake and the tiny car ROCKETS forward-

- up the narrow walkway -
- and THROUGH THE WINDOW.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

The car lands hard, sending sparks flying. It fishtails, speeds away. By going through the window at the end of the mall, they've escaped outside the compound wall.

INT. MINI - DAY

Jules SHOUTS with exuberance, adrenaline pumping.

JULES
Eat a dick, Beaverton Mall!
(beat)
I gotta tell you Mrs A, you know how
to handle yourself in a car chase.

When she doesn't get an answer Jules turns to look at Mrs Anderson. She coughs - blood colors her lips.

JULES (CONT'D)
Holy shit, you're shot.

Instinctively she eases off the gas.

MRS ANDERSON
Don't slow down. I'll be fine, just
keep driving.

Jules isn't sure, but with no other choice...

EXT. BEAVERTON - DAY

The little red Mini motors away, bullet holes all around.

INT. COMPOUND - DAY

Frank is on a shortwave radio on the roof of the mall. As he watches the little car putter away...

FRANK

This is an emergency broadcast.
Julia McManus - a pregnant, ADV
infected teen - is on the run.

(beat)

She left the Beaverton settlement
heading south in an early model red
Mini.

(beat)

The danger she and her baby present
is as yet unknown. For your own
safety do not engage her - shoot on
sight, I repeat, shoot on sight.

He looks out over the forests surrounding Beaverton.

EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

The little car coughs and splutters as it slowly but surely
runs out gas.

INT. MINI - DAY

Evening is falling as Jules tries to milk another mile out of
the tank with gentle persuasion.

JULES

Come on, Fruity Rudy... just a
little further.

The car shudders and dies.

JULES (CONT'D)

Shit.

She looks over to Mrs Anderson. Pale and bloodstained, she is
looking very worse for wear.

JULES (CONT'D)

How you doing?

Mrs Anderson shoots her an "are you fucking kidding?" look.

JULES (CONT'D)

Right. Stupid question.

Jules looks out the windshield, wracks her brain for a plan.

JULES (CONT'D)

We're still a couple miles out of
Salem, but I could probably make it
on foot. Search the place, find us
a new ride.

MRS ANDERSON

It'll take too long. You need to find somewhere safe for you to spend the night. At first sun, find a car and get to Long Creek. There's a settlement there, they'll have a medic.

JULES

I can make it back before dark.

MRS ANDERSON

Why? I'm bleeding out. If you want to help, get out that pistol and put me out of my misery.

(beat)

You do it, or they do it. I don't want to turn into one of them. You have to shoot me.

Great, another Anderson begging for death.

JULES

Deja vu.

MRS ANDERSON

You're losing sunlight.

Jules can see that Mrs Anderson won't take no for an answer.

JULES

I don't know if I can do this by myself.

MRS ANDERSON

Just get to Long Creek.

Knowing she has no other choice, Jules grabs her backpack and gets her gun out.

JULES

I'm sorry.

Mrs Anderson can see the girl really means it. She softens...

MRS ANDERSON

Take care of my grandchild.

Everything now said, Jules aims the gun point blank at Mrs Anderson's head.

Mrs Anderson closes her eyes. So does Jules.

Bang. Blood. Mrs Anderson's body slumps against the window. It's done.

Jules slumps back in her own seat. What a fucking day.

She gathers herself, hauls herself out of the tiny car.

EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

Jules closes the Mini's door and looks ahead to the outline of Salem a couple miles up the highway.

As the sun sinks in the afternoon sky, she heads off on foot.

EXT. SALEM - EVENING

Night is about to fall when a hot, sweating, swearing Jules arrives at the edge of the formerly picturesque town of Salem.

JULES
Fucking baby, fucking boobs,
Fucking... fuck.

In the distance she hears the distinctive sound of waking zombie howls.

JULES (CONT'D)
Fucking great.

She looks for a place to set up for the night, scanning the abandoned houses...

JULES (CONT'D)
Deathtrap, deathtrap, haunted...
Jackpot.

A few blocks up the road is a gas station.

JULES (CONT'D)
Please have food.

INT. SALEM GAS STATION - EVENING

Jules smashes her way into the boarded up gas station and awkwardly climbs through what used to be a door.

While the shelves have been ransacked, Jules finds a few rejected packets of HO-HOs.

As the hunt continues she also finds a few 7-11 Chili Cheese packs on the ground. The big gallon-sized sacks that feed the squirter machines.

Arms full of "food", she wrestles her way into...

INT. SALEM GAS STATION (BACK OFFICE) - EVENING

The tiny office has been ransacked, but it's everything she needs - no windows, strong door, one way in and out.

She drops her supplies, shoves the desk against the door, and gets her UV light set up.

Convinced she's safe she wrestles her pants off, audibly relieved to be freed from the denim waistband.

JULES

Yes, yes, yes... oh my god, yes.

She drops to the floor and sets about getting her makeshift dinner into her mouth as quickly as possible.

She starts by shovelling the Ho-Hos, but soon she is squeezing the chili/cheese goop onto the cakes and moaning loudly as she chows down.

She is in the process of squeezing liquid "cheese" straight into her mouth when she suddenly becomes aware of what she's doing: sitting in the back office of a small town service station cramming cake and cheese into her pregnant body.

JULES (CONT'D)

(muffled by food)

What the hell is happening to me?

As if the day's events wasn't overwhelming enough... the sound of screeching in the streets lets her know - the zombies are out and about in Salem.

Jules can feel the emotions welling up so she tries softly talk herself back down...

JULES (CONT'D)

I know you're alone, and it's very scary - but you are not going to cry. Crying is for bitches.

A zombie howls again, this time closer. It makes her flinch.

She grabs the gun and a Ho-Ho, curls up against the far wall.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SALEM GAS-STATION - NIGHT

A small pack of ZOMBIES make their way into the gas station.

The LEADER approaches slowly, sniffing the air. Wearing biker leathers, he doesn't seem as mindless as the rest.

IN THE BACK OFFICE, Jules stops breathing as she hears the telltale sound of feet approaching.

The small, blue half circle cast by Jules' UV light is spread like a mat in front of the office door.

The leader steps into the light, squints down at it. Though barely visible to us, for him it's like staring into the sun.

He howls and growls at the door.

Jules trembles but her finger never leaves the trigger.

And then the leader turns, grunts to his pack. They leave.

BACK IN THE OFFICE:

Jules can hear that the shop has gone silent... She gives it a few seconds before she lets herself breathe again.

She relaxes her grip in the gun and looks down at her bump...

JULES

Whatever you are... I hope you're worth it.

EXT. SALEM - MORNING

A peaceful day starts in Salem as the sun rises over the historic, zombie-destroyed downtown.

Birds are singing, the wind rustles the trees and from somewhere in the gas station is heard...

JULES (O.S.)

You've got to be fucking kidding me!

INT. SALEM GAS-STATION (BACK OFFICE) - MORNING

Jules stands and furiously swears at her now noticeably larger baby bump. After only 4 days she's somehow in her second trimester.

JULES

What the fuck, zombie fetus! I'm trying so hard not to hate you, but you are making it so difficult.

She descends into unintelligible, frustrated yelling as she flips the double bird to the bump.

The fetus responds by wriggling.

JULES (CONT'D)

Ah, ah that feels weird. Stop, stop, stop moving...

She takes a moment to calm herself, before addressing the bump in a very forced and measured voice.

JULES (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to yell.
I'm just frustrated, and none of my
clothes fit, and life as I know it
is over... please don't kill me.

She takes another moment to calm down before she digs through her bag looking for something to wear.

Buried at the bottom she finds her dad's old coveralls.

JULES (CONT'D)
(to the bump)
You're lucky I'm nostalgic.

EXT. SALEM - MORNING

On the street, Jules tries car after car to no avail - anything worth salvaging has already been taken.

Jules slams closed the hood of an SUV.

JULES
Why you gotta do me like this,
Salem?

Ready to give up, she spots a bicycle.

JULES (CONT'D)
Oh, this day just keeps getting
better and better.

She crosses to the bike and after a few awkward, failed attempts she finally gets herself on the bike and very unsteadily cycles out of town.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

Jules has her headphones in and her iPod on as she rocks out and cycles south.

She takes in the beautiful Oregon landscape.

She's a few miles out of Salem when she spots a broken down rainbow painted HIPPIE VAN up ahead. There are a THREE HIPPIE WOMEN milling around the vehicle.

JULES (V.O.)
To hippie or not to hippie...

One woman with long dreadlocks waves colorful scarves in Jules' direction. Her name is MOONGASM. Seriously.

MOONGASM
(yelling)
Hello! HELLO!!

JULES (V.O.)

Too late.

Jules cycles over and awkwardly dismounts (read: falls off the bike).

MOONGASM

Are you okay, new friend?

Jules groans as she pulls herself to her feet.

JULES

Yeah, I'm just getting used to-

She is cut off by a dramatic hippie gasp as Moongasm points to her baby bump.

MOONGASM

Star Sisters! We found her!

The other women gather - eyes wide as they look Jules over.

JULES

What?

Moongasm recites the radio broadcast like it's a prayer to the gods.

MOONGASM

"This is an emergency broadcast.
Julia McManus - a pregnant, ADV
infected teen - is on the run."

One by one the other Hippies join in..

MOONGASM/HIPPIES

"She left the Beaverton settlement
heading south in an early model red
Mini. The danger she and her baby
present is as yet unknown. For your
own safety do not engage her -
shoot on sight, I repeat, shoot on
sight."

Creeped out, Jules starts to back away...

JULES

I think you've got the wrong
pregnant teen.

Suddenly a hippie has her hands on the baby bump - she
writhes and moans in hippie delight. We'll call her
NIGHTRIDER.

NIGHTRIDER

This is the child. I can feel it,
this is the child!

(MORE)

NIGHTRIDER (CONT'D)

(beat)

She brought you to us.

Removing herself from this crazy woman's grasp...

JULES

Look, I really don't know who you think I am...

NIGHTRIDER

You are the mother of the night.

(beat)

A man's voice came from the sky and spoke to us through the Renegade Rainbow.

She motions to the broken down van.

NIGHTRIDER (CONT'D)

This is an emergency broadcast -
Julia McManus - a pregnant, ADV
infected teen - is on the run.

Not sure what to do, Jules grabs her bike and runs.

She tires to climb on, but the belly keeps preventing her, she just ends up pushing the bike and jogging.

The hippies catch up with ease, and jog alongside her. The third hippy, KAREN, smiles at Jules.

KAREN

Why are we running, night mother?

JULES

We're not running, I'm running.

The hippies try to wrap scarves around her as they run...

JULES (CONT'D)

Stop it!

MOONGASM

Have we angered you?

JULES

Yeah, call me crazy but I really don't want you to kill me.

NIGHTRIDER

Why would be we kill you?

JULES

Because the man in the sky, also known as Doctor Frank the biggest asshole in Beaverton, told you to.

KAREN

We don't serve the man in the sky, we
serve Our Lady of the Night, and she
brought you to us to keep you safe.

Jules stops.

JULES

Wait, what?

MOONGASM

Our Lady of the Night has sent us
to protect you.

Jules skeptically eyes the hippie dippie whackjobs.

JULES

Seriously?

NIGHTRIDER

Super seriously, she came to sister
Moongasm in a dream.

JULES

Sister Moongasm?

The dreadlocked Moongasm waves a scarf.

NIGHTRIDER

I am Sister Nightrider, and this is
Sister Karen.

One of these names really doesn't fit, but whatever, Jules is
still stuck trying to process what's happening.

KAREN

We left Star City as soon as we
heard you were in trouble.

JULES

Star City? Is that like a camp or
something?

MOONGASM

Star City is more than a camp, it's
a way of life.

NIGHTRIDER

DOWN WITH THE PATRIARCHY!

KAREN/MOONGASM

DOWN WITH THE PATRIARCHY!

JULES

Down with the patriarchy. Cool.
So... not being killed sounds
awesome. How about we head on down
to Star City.

KAREN
We'd love to, but...

JULES
But...

MOONGASM
The Renegade Rainbow is our only means of transport, and she gave her life for us to meet you.

Jules casts a look to the old van.

JULES
Let me take a look.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The hippies watch as Jules works on the van's engine.

JULES
Jesus, when was the last time you gave this girl an oil change?

MOONGASM
Like patchouli oil?

Jules wants to fire back a bitchy jibe, but she needs these dumb hippies, so she just puts on a tight smile and turns back to the engine.

JULES
Alright, try the keys...

Nightrider turns the keys...

JULES (CONT'D)
(to the van)
I'm going to love you forever if...

The engine splutters to life.

JULES (CONT'D)
Fuck yes.

The Hippies squeal in celebration.

MOONGASM
It's a miracle! She truly is the mother of the night!

Jules rolls her eyes. She hates people like this, but she has to paste on another smile when Karen drapes a scarf around her neck.

KAREN

Come, Mother, paradise awaits.

JULES

Super. Can we call me Jules? Mother is weird.

KAREN

Anything you want, Mother Jules.

Sensing she can't win, Jules just shakes her head and climbs in to the van.

EXT. OREGON BACK ROADS - MORNING

The Renegade Rainbow trundles down the back roads and into the Oregon forest.

INT. RENEGADE RAINBOW - MORNING

Jules looks very out of place in the glittering, rainbow vomit of colors in the van.

Nightrider drives as Karen and Moongasm provide a little roadtrip music in the form of a live acoustic guitar/bongo HIPPIY ANTHEM.

Jules tries desperately not to cringe as they close their eyes and sing with passion.

JULES (V.O.)

No, the ridiculousness of these women was not lost on me.

(beat)

But I was desperate. And well-meaning hippies certainly seemed like the lesser of two evils at the time.

Jules turns her attention from the Star Sisters to the lush, green wilderness rolling past the window.

NIGHTRIDER

Clear your mind and open your heart, Mother Jules.

(beat)

We're almost home.

Up ahead Jules spots the "bad art installation" gates of what can only be described as a commune.

NIGHTRIDER (CONT'D)

Welcome to Star City.

EXT. STAR CITY - DAY

Renegade Rainbow's door opens and Jules steps out into Star City.

What once used to be a small farmstead has been turned into an eco-feminist paradise. A water-powered mill sends power to large UV lights lining the parameter.

WOMEN of all ages seemingly frolic through the camp, and more surprisingly there are TODDLERS running and playing in the open air.

JULES

Where the hell am I?

SISTER SKYSONG (O.S.)

You're in the future.

Jules turns to see SISTER SKYSONG - an aging mother-earth type with the real Good Witch of the North feel.

SISTER SKYSONG (CONT'D)

You must be the Mother of the Night.

Before Jules can say anything, Karen corrects the older woman...

KAREN

She'd like to be called Mother Jules.

SISTER SKYSONG

Well, Mother Jules... may I have the privilege of showing you around our little slice of heaven.

JULES

Sure.

She goes to grab her backpack, but Skysong stops her.

SISTER SKYSONG

Your belongings will be safe in the Renegade Rainbow.

Though not super keen to let her things and her gun out of her sight, she gets the sense that Sister Skysong isn't going to take no for an answer.

JULES

Okay.

She lets herself be ushered off for a walk-and-talk tour of the "city".

SISTER SKYSONG

We established Star City in the early days of the liberation.

JULES

Liberation?

SISTER SKYSONG

You probably refer to it as the outbreak. Many see the others as infected, they see their transition as a virus; we prefer to see it as the next step.

(beat)

The children of the night have so much to teach us about living a simpler existence.

JULES

I guess that's one way to look at a mindless drive to tear us limb from limb.

SISTER SKYSONG

Yes, they eat, they infect, but that is their nature. Who are we to say that our way of life is any better?

(beat)

More humans have died at the hands of other humans than will ever be killed by our evolved brothers and sisters.

JULES

So you've just accepted that we are their food and that's that.

Skysong laughs at the folly of Jules' youth.

SISTER SKYSONG

Of course not. We believe that we are destined to transition as a species.

JULES

You know that's crazy, right?

SISTER SKYSONG

Is it? Are you not proof that something bigger is at work?

JULES

The only thing I'm proof of is that people make bad choices.

Skysong lays her hands dramatically on Jules' bump.

SISTER SKYSONG
Those choices led to this miracle.
And this miracle led you here.

Again, uncomfortable being touched without invitation, Jules politely takes Skysong's hands off her.

JULES
Yeah, speaking of miracles... there
are a lot of children here.

SISTER SKYSONG
Yes.

JULES
I haven't seen any dudes.

SISTER SKYSONG
We have a relationship with a...

She thinks very hard about how to phrase it.

SISTER SKYSONG (CONT'D)
...collective based a few miles
south of here.
(beat)
They are not usually the sort we
would engage with, but... needs must.

Jules looks around the camp - it's not her style, but the sight of women helping raise their children together is enough to sway her.

JULES
I'm going to be real with you... I
don't know what this baby is.

SISTER SKYSONG
Then we will find out together.
(beat)
You look exhausted, when was the
last time you ate?

JULES
I don't know if it counts as
eating, but I had some Ho-Hos and
chili cheese last night.

SISTER SKYSONG
It certainly does not count. I'll
have the kitchen prepare you
something a little more nutritious.
(beat)
In the meantime I'll have the
sisters draw you a bath.

JULES
I'm sorry, did you say bath?

CUT TO:

INT. STAR CITY (BATHHOUSE) - DAY

Jules soaks blissfully in a large fire-warmed copper tub. Her round belly rises above the water like an island.

Moongasm knocks on the wooden wall before pushing through a bead curtain.

MOONGASM
How are you feeling, Mother Jules?

JULES
Can't speak. Too relaxed.

Moongasm giggles as she sets down a plate of beautifully cooked vegetables and a cup of warm tea.

MOONGASM
You're funny.

JULES
That's not a popular view, but I'm glad you think so.

Moongasm places a large towel beside the bath.

MOONGASM
Don't worry, I won't look.

True to her word she turns to face away as Jules climbs out of the bath and sets about drying herself.

JULES
Moongasm?

MOONGASM
Yes, Mother Jules.

JULES
Are you happy here?

MOONGASM
Oh yes, I can't imagine what my life would be like if the Sisters hadn't found me.

JULES
I can.

Jules slips back into her clothes. Sits down and starts eating.

Moongasm sits with her...

MOONGASM

Is the city really as bad as they say?

JULES

Yes and no. I mean, sure, people die... like, all the time. But... I don't know, I guess I'm just used to people leaving.

She takes a big swig of the tea.

JULES (CONT'D)

Oh my god, this shit is amazing.

She takes another gulp before continuing to stuff her face.

MOONGASM

Your appreciation of simple pleasures is truly inspiring.

JULES

I was raised in a one-bedroom apartment above a garage by a mechanic who considered heating a can of spaghetti to be fine dining. The simple pleasures were few and far between.

Moongasm looks flabbergasted...

MOONGASM

Your mother was happy for her daughter to grow up in such a masculine environment?

JULES

My mom split when I was five. Having a kid wasn't really in her plan, so when it got a little too hard she cut her losses.

Suddenly aware that she is uncharacteristically dumping out her purse to a stranger...

JULES (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I don't know why I'm telling you this.

She takes another big sip of the tea.

MOONGASM

Being among friends has a way of breaking down defenses.

JULES

Yeah, I guess...

Feeling very weird, she tries to shake her head clear.

JULES (CONT'D)
Whoa, what the hell...

The room starts to spin.

JULES (CONT'D)
Did you fucking roofie me?

MOONGASM
Everything is fine, don't fight it.
You're safe.

Jules tries to keep her eyes open, but everything goes black.

EXT. STAR CITY - EVENING

A groggy Jules wakes and the scene around her slowly becomes clear.

She is gagged and tied to a makeshift altar in the centre of Star City. Her coveralls have been unzipped and Sister Skysong rubs oils into her belly as the sisterhood sings a moving acapella rendition of WHITNEY HOUSTON'S I'M EVERY WOMAN.

Thankfully the UV lights are on - they are all safe for now.

SISTER SKYSONG
Good evening, Mother Jules.

Jules fights the restraints, to no avail.

SISTER SKYSONG (CONT'D)
Please don't fight, we'd hate for
you to hurt yourself.

Skysong turns her attention back to the sisterhood, and ushers the singing down to a low hum.

SISTER SKYSONG (CONT'D)
Sisters - we are here tonight to
raise our voices to the Lady of the
Night.
(beat)
She created our brothers and sisters
to show us a better way to live.

Jules cranes her neck to find some sort of escape - all she can see is a mass of euphoric women in varying states of undress. Fucking great.

SISTER SKYSONG (CONT'D)
As if that wasn't gift enough, today
she sent us the Mother of the Night.
And for that we say thank you! Thank
you for choosing us!
(MORE)

SISTER SKYSONG (CONT'D)
Thank you for guiding us! Thank you
for giving humanity a second chance.

The crowd of hippies erupt, raising their voices and holding their hands in praise to the night sky.

Jules looks back to Skysong, begging her for release. Of course it just comes out a garbled mess.

Her garbled, muffled pleads become more desperate when Skysong produces a knife.

Thankfully, Skysong uses the knife to cut her own hand.

SISTER SKYSONG (CONT'D)
I make this blood sacrifice to call
out the children of the Night.

Jules squirms as drops of blood fall on her bump.

Fear turns to being seriously grossed out when Skysong rubs her bloody hand over Jules' belly.

SISTER SKYSONG (CONT'D)
This baby belongs to us both. This
baby is of us both! Come out and
meet our future!

Disgust is now panic - Jules screams into her gag.

Her scream is joined by howls from the forest around them.

SISTER SKYSONG (CONT'D)
They hear us sisters. THEY HEAR US!

Sister Skysong falls silent, a look of pure awe and happiness on her face. She absently sets the knife on the altar as she walks toward the woods.

All eyes follow her.

Jules desperately uses the distraction to maneuver the knife and try to cut herself free.

SISTER SKYSONG (CONT'D)
Don't be afraid, sisters. Show love
and your love will be returned.
(beat)
TURN OFF THE LIGHTS!

The UV lights shut down one by one.

The zombies howl again. The hippie gathering erupts in celebration.

Oblivious to the teenage girl trying to get free, Sister Skysong calls out to the zombies in the woods...

SISTER SKYSONG (CONT'D)
Thank you for answering our call!
Can I be the first to say, we wish
you no harm! Please accept this
girl and her child as a token of
our willingness to forge a future
between our peoples-

WHAM! From out of nowhere a sprinting zombie TACKLES Sister Skysong, bashing her out of frame.

She lands hard, the zombie on top of her. Now we can see that it's the same leather-clad leader zombie from Salem. It stares down at her, bloody drool dripping from its jaws.

Skysong shows a moment of fear, then makes herself smile.

SISTER SKYSONG (CONT'D)
Can't we all just get along-

The leader zombie bites her face off.

AT THE ALTAR, Jules' eyes go wide.

She madly saws the ropes as a HIPPIE MASSACRE ensues.

Zombies pour out of the woods, attacking the defenseless hippies who belatedly try to run. You can almost smell the terror and patchouli.

On the altar, Jules frantically cuts the last bits of rope.

Now free, she pulls the gag out of her mouth, drops to hide behind the altar and searches for her next move.

At the far side of the yard she spots--

The Renegade Rainbow.

She sprint/waddles as fast as she can toward it, dodging blood spurts and flying tie-dye.

Sister Nightrider brains a zombie with a statue of the Mother Goddess, but three other zombies quickly drag her down.

Jules finally makes it to the old van, jumps inside. The engine starts on the first try - music to her ears.

The van squeals into gear and tears towards the gates.

The leader zombie looks up from his meal of Skysong to clock the van getting away. He growls, bares his bloody teeth.

INT. RENEGADE RAINBOW - NIGHT

Bongos and guitars go flying as Jules takes the corners hard and fast.

She wrestles the wheel with one hand as she grabs a nearby scarf to wipe the oil and blood off her belly.

JULES

Ugh, great, I'm going to smell like organic insanity for days.

She tosses the scarf out the window and hits the gas.

EXT. OREGON BACK ROADS - NIGHT

The van races round the winding roads like a bat out of hell.

JULES (V.O.)

I know I should feel bad for bailing on the hippie sisters, but in my defense...

EXT. STAR CITY - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION SHOTS of Zombie-on-Hippie violence.

JULES (V.O.)

...they did Cosby me and try to sacrifice me to the night.

Ignoring the massacre around him, the leader zombie continues looking toward where the van disappeared. ZOMBIE SKYSONG sits up, looks in the same direction.

INT. RENEGADE RAINBOW - MORNING

The next morning. A groaning, tired Jules is sprawled out, gun in hand in the back of the van.

She now looks about 6 months pregnant and "beauty of motherhood" this ain't.

JULES

Fuck... I gotta pee so bad.

She pokes the baby bump.

JULES (CONT'D)

Stop kicking my bladder.

The kicking doesn't stop.

JULES (CONT'D)

Right, why would you start listening now.

Trying to talk herself into moving...

JULES (CONT'D)
I gotta get up.

And yet, lying down feels so nice.

JULES (CONT'D)
No, I need to start the day...

She looks down at the belly - getting up is going to be hard.

JULES (CONT'D)
Alright.... Motivation... people
are trying to kill me.

Even that doesn't work, but she knows what will...

JULES (CONT'D)
Whitesnake.

She gropes around for her iPod and wakes up the tired little gadget. It flicks a low battery warning.

JULES (CONT'D)
Fuck your low battery. Give me
Whitesnake.

She plugs the headphones in and hits play on the morning motivation classic - HERE WE GO AGAIN by WHITESNAKE.

She passionately lip syncs her way through the opening - it would be an incredible performance if she weren't lying in the back of a hippie van.

Slowly but surely she pulls herself up, grabs a scarf for toilet paper, and building up to a dramatic...

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

Jules throws the van door open in time to belt the chorus out at the landscape.

JULES
(singing)
Here I go again on my own, going
down the only road I've ever known!
Like a drifter I was born to walk
alone. I've made up my mind, I
ain't wasting no more time.

Jules jumps onto the dirt, whips down her coveralls and leans against the van as she awkwardly squats to pee.

Lost in the music, the bliss of peeing, and the beautiful landscape she doesn't notice two 4X4'S speeding towards her.

Jules obliviously rocks out as she wipes with the scarf. Once done she releases the scarf. It is caught by a breeze and she watches it dance off into the wilderness.

Moments later the 4X4s screech to a halt, and YOUNG MEN armed with a mix of sports equipment and guns pile out.

Jules is in the process of pulling her coveralls back on when her iPod dies and the music cuts out.

JULES (CONT'D)

Dammit.

She pulls the headphones out, turns around and jumps out of her skin to find herself surrounded.

JULES (CONT'D)

Jesus.

The leader, BOOMER, a wild-eyed man in his early 20's, pushes the barrel of his shotgun at her face.

BOOMER

Who the fuck are you, and what the fuck are you doing with the Renegade Rainbow?

Thinking on her feet she puts on her best "Star Sister" impression.

JULES

Uh, I'm Sister, uh, Darkside of the Moon? And this late model van is my chariot to the stars.

BOOMER

Oh really, if you're a Star Sister how come I've never seen you before?

JULES

Uh, I'm new.

Boomer thinks it through for a second - it seems legit enough. He lowers his gun.

BOOMER

Darkside of the Moon, huh? That's a solid album.

He puts out a fist to be bumped. She bumps it, letting the dumb hippie act slip.

JULES

So you guys are...

BOOMER

The Last Brothers. University of Oregon.

He and the rest of the guys raise their weapons and yell...

FRAT GUYS
GO DUCKS!

Frat guys... awesome. Not. Time to make an exit.

JULES
Right... well, it was great to meet
you, but-

She is cut off by Boomer raising his gun again.

BOOMER
Whoa, easy there, chubster.

JULES
Chubster?

BOOMER
Now I may not have passed freshman
math, but ten dudes and one girl...

He thinks it through...

BOOMER (CONT'D)
I'm not going to lie to you, I've
made that work before, but that's
not the point...

He cocks his gun...

BOOMER (CONT'D)
Horny earth-children. Where are
they?

Suddenly it dawns on her - these FRAT BOYS are the
"collective" Sister Skysong spoke of.

JULES
Holy shit, you guys were fucking
the hippies?

There's a gun in her face, but she has to laugh.

Worried that she is laughing because she's heard something
about their/his performance...

BOOMER
Why are you laughing? Whatever
Moongasm said, she's fucking lying.
I gave her my A game and she
fucking loved it.

Again, the weapons are raised the FRAT GUYS yell...

FRAT GUYS
GO DUCKS!

JULES

Look, I hate to be the bearer of bad news but the camp was attacked last night.

Outrage, shock and awe spread through the group.

BOOMER

No more crazy hippie strange? No, it can't be true.

He turns to the closest frat boy.

BOOMER (CONT'D)

Get JD on comms. Tell him to get his best guys out there. Recon mission to Star City. Code P for Pussy.

FRAT GUY 1

On it, B-Dawg.

As he marches off, Boomer turns back to Jules.

BOOMER

Get your shit Darkside, you're coming with us. We usually have a strict "no fat girl" policy, but... I'm gonna have to let that slide. I know times are tough but we can not go back to fucking Steve-O.

JULES

Uh... One - I'm not fat, I'm pregnant. Two - I'm not fucking anyone. And three...

The Frat Boys point their guns at her.

JULES (CONT'D)

I'll get my stuff.

CUT TO:

INT. FRAT BOY 4X4 - MORNING

Jules is squashed in the back of the 4X4 between two enormous frat boys.

The crew in her car jam out to the FRAT PARTY DOOF DOOF music which booms out of the sound system.

One of the guys catches her eye and shoots her a "how you doing?" look.

Jules shudders in disgust and makes a point of looking dead ahead for the rest of the ride.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

The music pounds out of the cars as they speed past a sign that reads "WELCOME TO EUGENE."

EXT. THE DUCK HOUSE - MORNING

The Delta Upsilon Kappa fraternity house is an imposing old brick building with barricaded windows all around. Dangling from a ragged chainlink perimeter are condoms, Duck pennants, and letter sweatshirts.

Discarded Greek signage show that several fraternities have joined like Voltron to create this superfrat.

INT. THE DUCK HOUSE (ENTRANCE) - MORNING

The returning frat boys file through the doors, hang up their weapons on hooks under FRAT DUDE nameplates - i.e. their nicknames written on pieces of masking tape. BOOMER, WEEVIL, TINY, ALBACORE, DIPSTICK, ROOFIE, etc.

Jules barely makes it one step through the door before she is stopped by FRAT GUY 2.

FRAT GUY 2

Hey, whoa, who do you know here?

BOOMER

Chill Weevil, she's with me.

Jules takes in the details of the FRAT HOUSE TO END ALL FRAT HOUSES. Her eye is particularly caught by the list of "DUCK HOUSE RULES."

JULES

"Bros before hoes."

BOOMER

Words to live by, Darkside. Words to live by.

JULES

"A man has needs, no homo"?

BOOMER

Hey, I didn't create this zombie virus shit, I'm just a man trying to get by.

(beat)

Now hang on to your panties, we're going on tour.

Boomer proudly leads Jules down a corridor...

BOOMER (CONT'D)

Unlike your unshaven homegirls who are down to live in the woods like dirty sex-animals, the Last Bros still give a shit about electricity and staying in shape. Now, I know what you're thinking...

He stops at the next door...

BOOMER (CONT'D)

If only there was a way combine these two basic necessities into one simple roster-based display of bro-genuity.

He throws the door open...

BOOMER (CONT'D)

Boom! The Duck House Power Room.

Jules peers in to see a gym full of Frat Dudes working out hard. Wires from the machines go to generators - the frat house literally runs on muscle power.

BOOMER (CONT'D)

Drink it in, soul sister. All natural, carbon neutral Bro-Power.
(beat)
It's with this clean, green energy source that we power...

JUMP CUT TO:

THE GAME ROOM

Boomer opens the door to a screen with a giant TV on which TWO FRAT GUYS play a FIGHT GAME.

BOOMER (CONT'D)

The Duck House Game Room.

The walls lined with games, consoles, accessories... anything the gaming frat could need.

FRAT GUY 3

Yeah, take it you little bitch!

JUMP CUT TO:

THE PORN ROOM

Boomer opens a door to a near-identical room, except this time there is PIXILATED VIDEO that is CLEARLY PORN playing in the big screen to which TWO FRAT GUYS jack off.

BOOMER

The Duck House Porn Room.

The games are replaced with porn dvds, magazines, Fleshlights... anything the masturbating frat could need.

FRAT GUY 4
Yeah, take it you little bitch.

JUMP CUT TO:

THE FIGHT ROOM

Boomer opens a door to a homemade MMA CAGE FIGHTING SET UP.

BOOMER
And the Duck House Fight Room.

TWO FRAT GUYS wail into each other in the ring, as other Frat Guys cheer them on.

FRAT GUY 5
Yeah, take it you little bitch!

BACK IN THE HALL...

Boomer closes the last door and verbally finishes the tour.

BOOMER
Sexrooms are upstairs, shitters are in the yard.
(beat)
Any questions?

JULES
Uh yeah... why is there a machete duct-taped to that rabbit?

She motions to exactly that... a rabbit with a machete duct-taped to its body. It can barely hop from the weight.

BOOMER
That's Jack Bauer, and he's ready for anything.

As he shoots her a "duh" look and picks up Jack Bauer, FRAT GUY 1 rushes over to them.

FRAT GUY 1
The recon team is back. Should I have them meet you in your room?

BOOMER
No, we all need to hear this.
(beat)
Meeting in the Hall of Game!

The word travels like wildfire as FRAT GUYS call from bro to bro: "Meeting in the Hall of Game". What seems like a tidal wave of FRAT BOYS swarm the halls.

Jules tries desperately to get out of the way...

JULES

Wait... Hang on... Excuse me...

But it's little help - she just gets swept up in the current. She is only able to break free in the...

INT. THE DUCK HOUSE (HALL OF GAME) - DAY

Once through the door, Jules pins herself to the nearest wall and pulls herself to safety. Now able to actually see where she is...

JULES

Go Ducks...

Even packed with dudes, the Hall of Game is majestic. Beautiful woodwork, hanging chandeliers - lush as fuck.

Jules takes in the gold framed portraits lining the walls. They pay homage to the fallen as they track the patchwork history of how all the University of Oregon fraternities became one Duck brotherhood.

JULES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Yeah, don't be too impressed... I later learned that this great hall was originally built to celebrate the sexual conquests of Delta Upsilon Kappa, hence the name.

Above the stage hangs a beautiful, gold painted, hand engraved sign that reads "HALL OF GAME" - under this hangs the official "score board".

The RECON TEAM have arrived at the door and have immediately been swamped with booming frat boys asking panicked pussy-related questions.

A foot or two shorter than the men surrounding her, Jules can only catch fleeting glimpses of the recon team.

She doesn't see any faces, but she can see that they are dressed head-to-toe in black and packing serious heat.

Boomer takes to the stage to calm the masses.

BOOMER

Calm your tits, bros. Calm your tits and let the man through.

The room quiets down and the team make their way to Boomer.

Jules stands on her tippy toes, but it doesn't help - she's stuck at the back and can't see shit.

Their leader JD takes centre stage.

21, average height and almost handsome, JD's dark hair hangs shaggily to his shoulders. While physically smaller than his Duck brothers, JD is still clearly in great shape.

JD
Thanks, Boomer.
(beat)
Ducks... I wish I had better news...
the intel was correct, Star City took
a big hit. As far as we could tell...
there were no survivors.

The room descends into angry, testosterone driven sadness.

Jules freezes - she knows that voice.

JULES
No fucking way...

As she pushes her way forward...

JD
We didn't find any evidence of the
Zees responsible at the site, but a
few things were pretty clear... one:
this is a big pack. And two: they are
on the move. I recommend we double
security for the next few days.

Jules nears the front and locks eyes on his face.

JULES
Jimmy?

It's out of her mouth before she can stop it.

He recognizes her instantly.

JD
Jules?

Totally caught off guard, he flounders.

Suddenly overwhelmed with old emotions - Jules turns and
pushes her way back toward the door.

JD (CONT'D)
(to Boomer)
Can you...

JD doesn't even finish the sentence, he just jumps off stage
and follows her out.

Boomer doesn't miss a beat...

BOOMER
Questions?

FRAT GUY 3
Does this mean we have to go back
to fucking Steve-O?

BOOMER
I can't say for certain that we
won't be fucking Steve-O at some
point, but I promise that it will
be a temporary solution.
(beat)
Next question.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DUCK HOUSE (ENTRANCE WAY) - DAY

JD catches up with Jules in the hallway.

JD
Jules, wait. Jules.

He spins her around and for the first time sees the baby bump.

JD (CONT'D)
Holy shit. You're pregnant.

JULES
Great observation skills.

JD
It's not mine, is it?

JULES
Yeah. I've been pregnant for three
years; I've just been waiting for
the right way to tell you.

Fucking idiot.

JD
Wait, you're the pregnant Julia
everyone's looking for?

She shushes him, looks around to make sure no one heard.

JULES
Just tell the whole world, why
don't you?

Luckily all the fratties are still busy in the Hall of Game.

JD
The broadcast said you were
dangerous.

JULES

Do I look fucking dangerous to you?

No, but she looks pissed.

FRAT GUY 5 (O.S.)

JD?

They both turn to see FRAT GUY 5 leaning out the door, serious expression on his face...

JD

Yeah?

FRAT GUY 5

Do you have dibs on banging this girl first? We're putting a roster together.

JULES

For the last time... no one is fucking me!!!

Outraged, Jules storms off.

INT. THE DUCK HOUSE (GAME ROOM) - EVENING

Jules sits alone in the game room, angrily charging her electronics (iPod and UV light) and playing Mortal Kombat (or similar). She takes out her frustrations by beating the shit out of the programmed opponent.

JD knocks and enters...

JD

You in here, Jules?

JULES

Why do you care?

He closes the door and takes a seat on the couch beside her.

As an act of defiance she keeps her eyes on the screen and keeps gaming.

JD

You'll be happy to know that the bang roster is off.

JULES

A victory for women everywhere.

(beat)

How did you manage that?

JD

Duck House rule number 5 - a bro never bangs another bro's ex.

JULES

When did I get promoted to ex-girlfriend? You always made it pretty clear that we weren't dating.

JD

You know, you could say thank you.

She pauses the game to look at him...

JULES

Thank you so much for convincing your friends not to rape me. You're my hero.

There is some residual chemistry in their locked eyes. JD has enough of a sense of normalcy left to be embarrassed. He looks away, tries to frame an apology.

JULES (CONT'D)

What are you even doing here?

JD

I came to college. What are you doing here?

JULES

Before your "bros" abducted me, I was on my way to Long Creek.

JD

Long Creek...?

He's about to fill her in on the place, but-

-an ALARM rings through the house.

JULES

Seriously? What now?

And then ANOTHER ALARM from a different direction.

JD

Oh shit.

AND THEN ANOTHER.

JD (CONT'D)

Shit.

He leaps to his feet and heads for the door...

JULES

What's going on?

JD

Perimeter alarms. Lots of 'em. Stay here.

He exits.

Jules does as she's told... for about three seconds.

She gets to her feet and crosses to the heavy curtains. She inches them back and stops short at the sight of the now larger Salem zombie pack waiting around the Duck House's chainlink perimeter.

Unlike every time we've seen them before, they aren't in motion. They're standing, waiting. Creepy as fuck.

JULES
What the fuck.

She has to get out of here.

She unplugs her stuff, shoves it in her backpack and exits to...

INT. THE DUCK HOUSE (ENTRANCE WAY) - NIGHT

Jules opens the door to find the hall filled with Ducks preparing for battle.

She makes it a few steps before she finds herself pinned against the wall by the mass of bromanity. She spots Jack Bauer at her feet.

JULES
Fine. Come here...

She scoops up the cute rabbit (and the stupid machete) and pushes her way slowly down the hall.

She is halfway to the front door when...

JD (O.S.)
Jules!

She turns to see an armed and dangerous JD behind her. She tries not to swoon too hard as he pushes his way to her.

JD (CONT'D)
What are you doing? I told you to wait in the game room.

JULES
I've gotta get out of here.

JD
Jules-

JULES
That's the pack from last night.
They must have tracked me here.

JD
(disbelieving)
Why would zombies be tracking you?

JULES
I don't know, and I'm not going to
stick around to find out.
(beat)
Where do you keep the wheels?

JD frowns at her. Jules loses patience.

JULES (CONT'D)
Whatever. I'll find them myself.

She turns and returns to her fight against the current of
Frat Boys.

JD makes a decision he knows won't go over well. He grabs
Jules and manhandles her down the hall.

JULES (CONT'D)
Get your fucking hands off me!

JD
Just shut up for a minute and let
me think.

Thinking on his feet, he drags her (and Jack Bauer) into the
fight room...

INT. DUCK HOUSE (FIGHT ROOM) - NIGHT

He hauls the struggling Jules into the fight cage and locks
her in.

JULES
Are you trying to get me killed?

JD
No, I'm trying to save your life.

JULES
Jimmy, don't you dare leave me in
here. Jimmy?

But he's gone.

Alone in the grim, blood/sweat soaked cage.

JULES (CONT'D)
JIMMY!!!

She screams in frustration and throws herself at the door.
While it doesn't move much, it's enough to give her hope that
she could break out...

She gathers herself and addresses the bump...

JULES (CONT'D)

Hold on, things are going to get a little rough.

She takes a big breath in, and steels herself to throw her shoulder at the cage door until they are free.

EXT. DUCK HOUSE - NIGHT

Every corner of the house is manned by teams of defenders. Whatever the frat boys lack in hygiene and basic civility, they make up for with aggression and warlike ability.

But holy shit there are a lot of zombies.

ON THE ROOF, JD pushes his way forward to stand next to Boomer. He scans the mass of zombies. All perfectly still, looking at the house.

JD

What are they doing?

Boomer frowns, shrugs. He doesn't know.

But he does know what to do with zombies.

BOOMER

Fuck 'em.

He raises a HUNTING RIFLE to his shoulder, FIRES.

A zombie's head explodes.

And the rest of them go batshit.

Countless zombies scale the rickety chainlink, which collapses at several points.

Fratties open fire with rifles, pistols, bows, slingshots. A few throw footballs with blades taped to the front.

But the zombies keep coming.

JD can see it's hopeless. The zombies are scaling the walls, pulling at the barricades.

JD

We gotta go!

BOOMER

No retreat! Go Ducks!

FRAT GUYS

GO DUCKS!

Everyone keeps firing.

JD

Shit.

JD doesn't suffer from as much testosterone poisoning as the others. He runs for the hatch into the house.

INT. DUCK HOUSE (FIGHT ROOM) - NIGHT

JD rushes in.

JD

Jules, we gotta bail-

He stops short at the sight of the empty cage and a busted door.

JD (CONT'D)

Dammit!

He runs back out the door.

INT. DUCK HOUSE (GARAGE) - NIGHT

The Duck House has a workshop and garage that hasn't been overrun by zombies. Yet. From outside comes the constant sounds of gunfire, zombie screeches, and fratboys screaming in pain.

Dust rains down as something hits the ceiling. A couple more hits and Jules' Converse shoe bashes through.

And gets caught.

JULES

Ow! Fuck!

She manages to pull free, kicks a large enough hole to awkwardly drop down onto a workbench.

She stands on her tiptoes to reach back into the hole, pulls out Jack Bauer.

JULES (CONT'D)

Don't worry, buddy, I got you.

GUNFIRE APPROACHING. The door smashes open, revealing JD with pistols in each hand, methodically shooting zoms. Headshots each time. He's a badass.

JD

Jules?

JULES

If you're here to lock me up again,
you got another think coming.

JD

Just shut up, and grab the keys.

He points. Jules tucks Jack Bauer under her arm, runs to a key rack. There are lots of keys.

JULES

Which ones??

JD

Truck nuts!

One of the keychains is BIG BRASS TESTICLES. She grabs them and hurries to the only vehicle they could belong to-

- A GIANT PICKUP TRUCK with its own set of brass trucknuts. A DIRTBIKE is strapped into the truck bed behind the crew cab.

JULES

Come on!

She opens the door, climbs behind the wheel. The truck starts with a throaty ROAR. FRAT DOOF DOOF MUSIC bursts out of the speakers.

JD

GO GO GO! Ram the door!

He fires his last round, leaps into the bed of the pickup.

Jules floors it and the truck smashes through the garage door. Zombies are flattened at it barrels through.

EXT. DUCK HOUSE - NIGHT

The house has been completely overrun. Zombie fratboys are attacking their erstwhile brothers-from-other-mothers.

JD finishes reloading, stands in the bed of the speeding truck and blows away zombies on both sides. He never misses.

INT. TRUCKNUTS CAB - NIGHT

With every swerve, Jack Bauer and his machete slide across the seat.

Jules watches JD in the rearview mirror. He's fucking magnificent.

JULES

Jimmy fucking Donnelly.

She shakes her head, focuses on getting away.

EXT. DUCK HOUSE - NIGHT

Jules aims at one of the downed sections of fence, drives over it and away from the last bastion of delayed male adolescence.

The truck speeds away, swerving to flatten a zombie.

INT. FRAT BOY 4X4 - NIGHT

Hours later, Jules drives as JD sits in the passenger seat. Jack Bauer is in the back seat of the crew cab, still with the machete duct taped to him.

Desperate to fill the silence...

JULES

When did you become a zombie killing machine?

JD

I play a lot of first person shooters.

JULES

I can't believe you joined a frat.
(beat)
You know those guys were fucking tools, right?

JD

A lot of people just died, Jules.

JULES

A few hours ago those "people" were putting my rape roster together.

JD

I told you I took care of that.

JULES

Given your track record, I'm sure you can understand why that didn't fill me with confidence.

JD

What is that supposed to mean?

JULES

It means...

(beat)

How long have you been back in Oregon?

JD
...Two years.

JULES
And it never crossed your mind to
let me know.

JD
It crossed my mind.

But he didn't do anything about it.

JULES
Wow, you really know how to make a
girl feel special.

Seriously over her attitude...

JD
Oh please, do you seriously think
you are fooling anyone with this
"jilted lover" act?

JULES
Excuse me?

JD
You heard me.
(beat)
I have done nothing but help you,
and you have the sack to get at me
about "making you feel special"?
(beat)
New flash, Jules. You are carrying
another dude's baby. Clearly you
didn't miss me that much.

Jules slams in the brakes - JD slams against the dash, Jack
Bauer rolls off the back seat with a small thud.

Jules is too angry to notice.

JULES
Get out.

JD
What?!

She leans over him to dramatically open his door.

JULES
Get out.

JD
You can't kick me out. This is my
frat brother's car.

Fair point.

JULES

Fine.

She opens her door and eases herself out as gracefully as the bump will allow. Which isn't much.

As she reaches into the back for her bag and Jack Bauer...

JD

What are you doing?

JULES

I'm leaving.

She slams the door and heads for the woods, rabbit in arms.

JD knows he has to go after her, even if just to win the argument.

JD

For fuck's sake.

He climbs out to...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

JD chases Jules as she power walks away from the 4X4 into thick green bushes.

JD

Jules, get back in the car.

JULES

Stop telling me what to do!

JD

No. I'm not going to die out here because you can't handle a reality check!

At her wits end, she turns to face him...

JULES

What reality check is that, Jimmy? I'm pregnant so I must have spent the last three years just whoring it up?

JD

That's not what I said.

JULES

It's what you meant.

JD

Can you blame me?

JULES

Yes.

JD

Why?

JULES

Because you're supposed to know me
better than that!

They're cut short by the sound of a shotgun being cocked.

They turn to see a SHADOWY FIGURE pointing a double-barrelled
shotgun at them. We'll call him BRUCE.

Instinctively, JD's hand goes for his guns.

BRUCE

Easy there, Greedo. I'm not here for
a shootout, I just want to know who
you are and why you're in my pot
field.

Suddenly aware that the leafy green bushes around them are in
fact marijuana plants, JD takes his hand off his guns and
raises the "innocent" hands.

JD

It's not what it looks like.

BRUCE

Really? Cause it looks an awful lot
like two kids lost in the woods
arguing about who fucked who.

The silhouetted figure breaks the shotgun over his arm before
producing a joint from his pocket.

JD

Okay, it's pretty much exactly what
it looks like.

(beat)

We aren't here to steal anything,
we'll just head back to the car...

Bruce lights up, and in the flickering flame Jules can
finally see his face.

JULES

Wait. Are you... Bruce Campbell?

BRUCE

Yep.

Off Jack Bauer...

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Why is there a machete taped to
that rabbit?

JULES
His name is Jack Bauer and he's
ready for anything.

BRUCE
Solid.

Bruce takes a big drag, holds and on the exhale...

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Is anyone else hungry?

INT. BRUCE CAMPBELL'S CABIN IN THE WOODS (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

There is no denying the *Evil Dead-ness* of the cabin. It would
be hella scary, if Bruce wasn't jiving round the kitchen to
classic rock.

Jules sits at the table and works on freeing Jack Bauer from
the machete, doing her best to ignore JD who stands guard by
the front door. They are clearly still mad at each other.

Bruce smokes and chatters, seemingly oblivious.

BRUCE
I had just wrapped the last season of
Ash vs Evil Dead when the news broke
about the virus. I remember thinking
to myself, this is it, this is the
end. Apocalypse now, baby.

(beat)
The next day I bought all the guns,
hot pockets and Faygo I could get
my hands on, stole a Delta and took
myself off the grid.

JD
I'm going to run a perimeter check.

BRUCE
Knock yourself out.

JD reaches into his jacket and produces a small UV light. He
tries it a few times, but the batteries are dead.

JD
Shit.
(to Bruce)
Any chance you've got a few spare
batteries?

JULES
There's a charged UV in my backpack.

He accepts the olive branch with a brusque...

JD

Thanks.

JD goes to Jules's bag and digs through the mess.

BRUCE

I don't know what you're checking for. I've never seen a zombie this far from the city. Nobody to eat out here except me.

Under this, JD finds the UV light but something else catches his attention - his old HOODIE.

JULES

Did you find it?

Suddenly aware that someone is talking to him...

JD

Hm?

JULES

Did you find the UV light?

He puts the hoodie back in her bag, and holds up the UV light.

JD

Yeah.

A mix of emotions, JD flicks on the light, draws a gun and heads out.

Bruce studies the exhausted girl's face as she watches JD disappear into the darkness.

BRUCE

I'm not going to pretend I know what's gone down between you two. I only heard snippets, and to be honest I'm pretty baked. But...

He sits down and looks her in the eyes...

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Boys are dumb. You tell them you're fine and they accept it at face value and then are totally confused when it turns out that you're not fine.

JULES

I am fine.

BRUCE

Kid, you're so far away from fine
that you've forgotten what fine
looks like.

He pulls a classic "Bruce Campbell" smile.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

It looks like this, by the way.

Jules shoots him an unimpressed look.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Having a baby is some scary-ass
shit. It is hard. It never stops
being hard.

JULES

If this is meant to be a pep talk,
it's going really badly.

Getting himself back on topic....

BRUCE

This baby is going to need your
love. Unconditionally. Every day.
All of this other shit that you're
carrying around...

He scrunches his hand over her heart.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

It's going to get in the way. You
gotta let it out, little homie.
Shout. Scream. Cry.

JULES

Crying is for bitches.

BRUCE

Ah, correction. Crying is for
everyone with a beating heart and a
beautiful soul.

Jules looks out the window and sees JD's UV light, a beacon
in the darkness.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

There is nothing wrong with needing
a little help to get back to fine.

JULES

I don't need to get to fine, I need
to get to Long Creek.

BRUCE

Long Creek?

JULES
Yeah, apparently there is a medic
there, or something.

BRUCE
Kiddo, that town was overrun months
ago.

The bad news hits like a sledge hammer.

JULES
What? It's-

BRUCE
Sorry, girly. It's gone like Donkey
Kong.

Jules blinks as she tries to absorb this. Then laughs because
it beats crying.

JULES
Of course it is.
(beat)
Well there goes the only plan I
had.

Determined not to break, especially not in front of Bruce...

JULES (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

She grabs Jack Bauer and heads for the bedrooms, crossing
with a returning JD.

JD
(to Bruce)
What did I miss?

INT. BRUCE CAMPBELL'S CABIN IN THE WOODS (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Coveralls off and bed covers up, Jules lies sad and solitary
in bed grumbling to a now machete-free Jack Bauer.

JULES
Go to Long Creek. Great fucking
advice.
(to Jack Bauer)
If you're going to tell someone
something important before making
them shoot you in the head, make
sure it's correct first.

There is a knock at the door.

JD (O.S.)
You decent?

She pulls herself upright, self-consciously tidying her hair.

JULES
Yeah. Come in.

JD enters, UV light in hand.

JD
Still no sign of the pack, but...
you should probably keep this in
here, just in case.

JULES
Okay.

He sets the light on the bed, enveloping Jules in a safe little bubble of UV light.

He goes to leave, but before he's out the door...

JULES (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about what happened at
the Duck house. I promise I had no
idea they were tracking me.

JD
What is going on, Jules? The
emergency broadcast says you're
infected. The zombies are hunting
you. I am trying to give you the
benefit of the doubt, but...

I need answers.

With Bruce's advice in mind, Jules decides to come clean...

JULES
The baby has ADV.
(beat)
D.A. was infected when we...

JD
D.A.?

JULES
Dominic Anderson. He's the father.
He got bit, and help wasn't going
to make it.

Much needed tears start to well up in her eyes as she tells the real story for the first time...

JULES (CONT'D)
He was my best friend. My only
friend left. I just wanted him to
know that he mattered, that he
wasn't going to die alone.

JD goes to her side, pulls her into his arms and holds her.

It's the first hug she's had in this whole ordeal, and it just makes her cry harder.

JULES (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I've been such a bitch. I'm just trying to pretend I can do this, and I'm so scared that I can't.

JD

Of course you can. You're going to be an amazing mom.

JULES

How? I'm a terrible person.

JD

Terrible people don't care if their friends die feeling loved. They don't save bunnies from frat houses. They don't find new ways every day to make a dumb teenage boy feel like everything is going to be okay.

He reaches into her backpack and produces the hoodie.

JD (CONT'D)

I found this when I was looking for your UV light.

JULES

Before you accuse me of stealing it, technically you left it at my house.

Touched that she's kept it all this time...

JD

I'm sorry I disappeared on you. When it was just me and Mom, shit got heavy, and I didn't know how to deal. I came back for college and I wanted to call you, but... it was hard. It was too hard. By the time I realized I'd screwed up, it was too late and I didn't know how to say... Jules, I am so sorry.

Determined to not start ugly-crying again: Jules wipes her eyes, and deflects with humour.

JULES

Better late than never, I guess.

JD

And she's back.

They both laugh, the anger between them finally gone.

JD (CONT'D)

Bruce told me about Long Creek.

(beat)

Don't worry, we'll think of something.

JULES

I'm not trying to make this your problem. If you want to bail, I get it. This is my mess, and-

JD

I'm not going anywhere.

JULES

Jimmy, I don't even know if this baby is human. What if it eats its way out of me "Alien"-style, and kills you with its bare zombie baby hands?

JD

First of all, I think I can handle myself in a fight against a zombaby. And second...

(beat)

What else have I got going on right now? It's not like I'm going back to finish my degree anytime soon.

JULES

Everyone is trying to kill me.

JD

I know. You need all the help you can get.

Before she can argue further, he gets up.

JD (CONT'D)

Come on, we're back on the road tomorrow. You should get some sleep while you can. I'm bunking in the living room if you need anything.

JULES

Jimmy...

She holds out the hoodie.

JULES (CONT'D)

Here. I don't really fit it anymore.

He accepts it and pulls it on.

And like magic - gone is the macho "Duck House" douche: he's back to looking like the Jimmy she fell in love with all those years ago.

JD

What do you think?

JULES

It always looked better on you.

JD

See you in the morning.

Moved, he shoots her a smile and exits.

Once alone, Jules shuffles down in the bed, smiling to herself. She locks eyes with a roused Jack Bauer.

JULES

What?

JACK BAUER

You're still in love with him.

JULES

What? No.

FREEZE FRAME on Jack Bauer as he shoots her the bunny equivalent of an "oh really" look.

JULES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

For the record, Jack Bauer didn't actually talk to me. I figured the depraved content of my sexed up psyche would sound cuter coming from him.

(beat)

Turns out pregnancy makes me super horny.

UN FREEZE.

JULES (CONT'D)

Okay, maybe I have a few lingering feelings for him.

JACK BAUER

Please. If you weren't pregnant with a mutant child, you guys would be banging on top of me right now.

JULES

I'm not saying you're wrong, I'm just saying...

(mock defensive)

You know my swag, not my story.

JACK BAUER

Hey. An zom-pocalypse is on, pickings are slim. Who knows, maybe he won't mind the giant baby bump. Besides, you got a great rack right now. Go out there, kiss him. If you let him hit it doggy style he won't even see the-

JULES

You're such a furry little creep.

JACK BAUER

I'm just calling it how I see it.

JULES

Yeah, well... don't. I've got bigger things to worry about right now than getting laid. Like getting some sleep...

(to the bump)

I hope you like Procol Harum cause it's a Bobby McManus classic.

As she tucks back down in the covers, she sings Procol Harum's WHITER SHADE OF PALE to the bump.

Jack Bauer makes his way up the bed to nestle in beside her.

JULES (CONT'D)

(singing)

We skipped the light fandango.
Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor.
I was feeling kinda seasick, but
the crowd called out for more...

Despite everything that's happened, Jules can't keep the smile off her face as she serenades her bump to sleep.

INT. BRUCE CAMPBELL'S CABIN IN THE WOODS (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

JD lies in a makeshift bed on the couch listening to Jules's soft singing, enjoying the familiarity of the hoodie (and Jules's smell on it).

In an armchair near-by Bruce sings absentmindedly along...

BRUCE

(singing)

The room was humming harder, as the ceiling flew away. When we called out for another drink, the waiter brought a tray...

EXT. THE DUCK HOUSE - NIGHT

The pack help the last of their new zombie FRAT BROS rise.

The leader closes his eyes and "listens" out in to the silent night. He begins to hum a melody, and then one by one the zombies around him begin to sing a zombie cover of Whiter Shade of Pale.

ZOMBIE PACK

(singing)

And so it was that later, as the
miller told his tale. That her
face, at first just ghostly, turned
a whiter shade of pale.

Target acquired, they head off towards the woods, and of course towards Jules all the while singing Procol Harum.

It would be beautiful if it wasn't so terrifying.

EXT. BRUCE CAMPBELL'S CABIN IN THE WOODS - DAY

The next morning, JD packs up the truck as Jules puts Jack Bauer in Bruce's hands.

JULES

Are you sure you don't mind taking
care of him?

BRUCE

Are you kidding? I've been hanging
out for a homie for a million years.

(beat)

You sure I can't convince you guys
to stay a few more days?

JULES

Yeah. I can justify a lot of
things, but knowingly leading a
pack of zombies to Bruce Campbell's
secret lair is not one of them.

Clutching Jack Bauer to his chest, Bruce opens his other arm wide.

BRUCE

Come on, lil mama. Come get a
little sugar for the road.

Smiling despite herself, she steps forward and accepts a short but warm hug.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You gonna take better care of
yourself?

JULES

I'm gonna try.

Holding Jack Bauer out...

BRUCE

Place a hand on this rabbit and
swear it to me.

She places a hand on the rabbit.

JULES

I swear, I will take better care of
myself. Sometimes.

All packed, JD makes his way over.

JD

Alright. Let's do this.

As he and Bruce shake hands.

JD (CONT'D)

Thank you for your hospitality.

BRUCE

You kids be safe.

As he watches the heavily pregnant girl and gun-toting young
man climb into the car he calls...

BRUCE (CONT'D)

It's never too late to start making
good choices.

They drive off.

Once alone, Bruce mutters to the rabbit in his arms...

BRUCE (CONT'D)

They're the future, Jack Bauer...
God help us.

INT. FRAT BOY 4X4 - MORNING

Jules buckles up as JD fiddles with the stereo.

JULES

So what's the game plan? Hit the
gas and outrun these zombie fucks
'til the day we die?

JD

Actually, I thought we could head
to Enterprise.

JULES

Enterprise? That is deep Redneck country.

JD

I know a doctor at the prepper camp there.

(beat)

We don't have to go, but I figure it couldn't hurt to get a professional opinion on how you're doing.

Expecting some sort of kick back, he is surprised when Jules looks down at her huge belly and simply says...

JULES

Okay.

JD

That's it. No argument. Just "Okay"?

JULES

I don't have any better ideas, and if you trust this guy... then... okay.

JD is about to say something, but thinks better of it.

JD

Okay.

Decision made, they hit the road.

EXT. OREGON BACK ROAD - DAY

The 4X4 speeds deeper into central Oregon.

JULES (V.O.)

Wait. I gotta pee.

The brake lights go red.

What follows is a small MONTAGE of the truck stopped and Jules peeing in progressively more ridiculous locations.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

They're now passing through a one-stoplight town.

JULES (V.O.)

(frustrated at herself)

JD...

The brake lights go red. The truck pulls over.

INT. TRUCKNUTS CAB - DAY

JD
Seriously.

JULES
Oh, you're frustrated? You wanna
take a turn having your bladder
used as a damn trampoline?

JD sighs, nods. Jules opens the door, awkwardly leverages herself out. She looks ready to pop.

We can just see a bit of her shoulder as leans her back against the side of the truck so she can squat and pee. As she lets loose, she GROANS with pleasure.

JULES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You will never know how good this
feels.

Bored and frustrated, JD turns on the shortwave radio, scans channels. He listens in disbelief when he hears a voice:

GRAND WIZARD
(filtered)
-abomination must be located and
destroyed. This land has already
been ravaged by the ills of those
who want to see America fall. We
have fought too hard, lost too many
brothers and sisters to let the
Zombie Whore of Beaverton kill the
last of us-

JD angrily turns off the radio, looks toward Julia.

She heard the whole thing. But she tries to shake it off with her old fuck-it-all attitude.

JULES
'Zombie Whore of Beaverton' has
kind of a ring to it...

She sees JD's grim expression.

JULES (CONT'D)
What?

JD
That was the leader of the
Enterprise compound.

JULES
Well shit.

There goes the idea of sanctuary. Jules thinks hard.

JULES (CONT'D)
Maybe you could smuggle me in?

JD
No. Security is too tight. We'll
both be dead in seconds.

JULES
Well, we need another option and
soon. I'm no expert, but... I think
this bun is pretty much cooked.

She's trying to joke, but she's terrified. It's all too real.

JD clenches his teeth, thinking hard.

JD
You stay here. I'll take the bike and
get the doctor, come back for you.

Not super keen to be left alone...

JULES
How long do you think you'll be?

JD
An hour, two tops.

JULES
Before dark?

JD
Long before dark.

Despite attempts to hide how scared she is, JD can see right
through her. He takes her hand.

JD (CONT'D)
I'm coming back. I promise.

JULES
I know.

There is that chemistry again.

JULES (CONT'D)
Jimmy, I...

JULES (V.O.)
Don't you dare admit you love him.
Don't be lame. Don't scare him
off...

JULES
Good luck out there. Rednecks are
crazy.

He gives her hand another squeeze before he gets out.

As Jules watches him unstrap the dirtbike from the back of the truck...

JULES (CONT'D)
McManus, you're a goddamned mess.

Jules watches JD climb on. He gives her a little wave before he kicks the bike into gear and speeds away.

Jules looks down at her distended belly pressed against the steering wheel.

JULES (CONT'D)
Just you and me, kid.

EXT. ENTERPRISE - DAY

The sun is a couple hours closer to the horizon.

JD skids to a stop within sight of the township of Enterprise. The Oregon militias might have been wrong about Obama's death panels and FEMA camps, but all that prepping turned out to be useful against the ravenous undead.

There's a tall wall, much more regular and military than the junkyard wall of Beaverton.

JD scans the big signage around the security gate:
NO ZOMBIES, MUSLIMS, or LIBERALS ALLOWED.

JD sighs, motors forward. He stops 50 yards out, raises his hands.

JD
Hello the gate!

A SQUAD OF GUARDS reveal themselves, aiming all manner of deadly weapons at him from the top of the wall.

MILITIA CAPTAIN
State your name and business.

JD
James Donnelly. I'm a friend of Dr Gilvary.

MILITIA CAPTAIN
What's the password?

JD tries not to show his disdain as he calls out...

JD
"The dead walk the earth. Thanks, Obama!"

The Militia Captain nods. The gate trundles open.

INT. TRUCKNUTS CAB - EVENING

Jules is asleep, her head resting against the driver's window. She jerks awake from a nightmare, looks around fearfully.

All clear. But it'll be dark soon.

JULES
C'mon Jimmy...

She shifts uncomfortably - her belly has gotten even bigger in the last few hours, trapping her behind the wheel.

JULES (CONT'D)
Ow. Ow ow ow ow.

She manages to slip sideways on the bench seat, freeing herself with a sigh of release.

She looks through the windshield, willing Jimmy to appear.

JULES (CONT'D)
Shit. Where are you, Jimmy?

Movement in the corner of her eye. She turns, looks into the shopfront windows. Are there figures moving in the darkness?

Her hand finds the keys in the ignition. Should she drive away? But how would JD find her?

Suddenly, light glints in her eyes. The setting sun reflects off a windshield coming from the direction Jimmy went.

JULES (CONT'D)
Oh thank god.

Jules opens the door, awkwardly climbs out.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - EVENING

A WHITE PANEL VAN pulls up, a poor man's ambulance.

JD jumps out of the passenger seat, hurries to Jules.

JD
You okay?

JULES
Yes. No. Maybe. Did you bring the doctor?

The driver's door opens, and DOCTOR MICHELLE GILVARY steps out. A tall, beautiful, leggy blond - classically attractive in every way. She strides forward to join them.

JD

Jules, this is Dr Gilvary. I knew her when she was in med school.

MICHELLE

Hi, call me Michelle. Wow, you're ready to pop. Let's get you in the back.

The beautiful doctor leads them around the back of the van. Jules and JD follow.

JULES

(whispers)

Michelle?

JD

What?

Jules doesn't need to say anything else - he knows.

JD (CONT'D)

We used to kind of date, okay.

JULES

Jesus Christ, Jimmy. You tell me that now?

JD

She was a straight A student.

JULES

That doesn't make it any easier to show your ex-girlfriend my vagina.

They've reached the back of the van. Dr Michelle has opened the back to reveal a narrow gurney and racks of supplies.

MICHELLE

Let's get you comfortable.

INT. SMALL TOWN STORE - EVENING

Through the front window of an antiques shop, we can see JD and Michelle helping Jules climb into the back of the van.

SEVERAL ZOMBIES inch forward, watching. Waiting for dark.

INT. AMBULANCE - EVENING

Jules is on the bed, legs up, overalls rolled down to her waist.

MICHELLE

Okay, let's start with a few basic questions. Any pain?

JULES

Not right now, but if you've got any drugs for D day I wouldn't say no.

MICHELLE

Labour can be scary, but you just need to remember... your body is built for this. We all wouldn't be here if us girls couldn't handle it.

(beat)

Alright. Please excuse the cold hands.

Michelle sets her hands on the bump, running a few basic touch tests.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

The good news is, the baby is fully turned so we're all facing the right direction for the big exit.

JULES

And the bad news...

MICHELLE

I don't want to say anything before I've done a few more tests.

(to JD)

I think it might be best to get her back to the camp.

JD

Chelle, she can't... she's...

Thinking on his feet...

JD (CONT'D)

She's Muslim.

Thankfully Michelle's back is turned so Jules can shoot him a "WTF" look. He replies with his own "just go with it."

As Michelle turns back, Jules pastes on a smile...

JULES

As-salamu alaykum.

Michelle pauses for just a second before continuing.

MICHELLE

Oh. I'm sorry, I didn't... You don't look very Islamic is all.

JULES

Well, we're all just people, right?

Not sold, but...

MICHELLE

Right.

(beat)

I'm going to need to do a full examination, so...

Michelle looks to JD.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I think a little privacy might be nice.

JD

Oh, right. I'll be right outside.

Pretty sure she doesn't want to be left alone with this woman...

JULES

Actually, I'd rather he stayed.

(to JD)

If that's okay?

JD

Uh...

JULES

I'm mean, it's nothing you haven't already seen.

Feeling Michelle's eyes on him now...

JD

Uh...

MICHELLE

James. Can I talk to you for a minute please? Outside.

His face says it all - oh, shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL TOWN - EVENING

The door is barely closed behind them when JD barrels into defensive banter.

JD

What she said. That was way before you and me. And, yeah, some stuff is kind going on now between us, but its not cause it's weird. And, technically you broke up with me.

MICHELLE

What are you talking about?

JD

Uh... nothing. What are you talking about?

Michelle puts on her worried doctor face.

MICHELLE

That girl needs more than a straight-out-of-med-school doctor and a van, okay? She is malnourished, dehydrated - the chance of her dying in delivery is very high. The longer we stay out here, the more that chance goes up.

JD

Do you know anywhere else we can go?

MICHELLE

Yes, but it's a week's drive. You'd never make it.

JD

I can't take her into that camp.

MICHELLE

James-

JD

She's not going.

To underscore his point he steps in front of the van doors.

She can see that he is serious. She processes this for a few moments before she trades "concern" for cold and callous.

MICHELLE

Whatever. She's dead either way.

She pulls a gun from her belt and points it at him.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Move.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

In the van. Jules can hear raised voices.

JULES

Jimmy?

She tries to sit up out of the stretcher bed. After a few comical attempts she makes it to her feet.

As she lands, the look on her face says something is wrong.

JULES (CONT'D)

Oh no.

Jules looks down at now wet crotch of her overalls.

JULES (CONT'D)

Guys, either I just peed myself
or...

She doesn't finish the sentence - she's cut off by a first contraction.

She falls on the floor of the van, in serious pain.

JULES (CONT'D)

Jimmy!

EXT. SMALL TOWN - EVENING

Back outside. Michelle cocks her gun.

MICHELLE

I will shoot you.

Doing his best to talk her down...

JD

Whatever you think is going on
right now, I promise you, you've
got it all wrong.

MICHELLE

So she's not carrying a zombie
baby?

Off JD's "how did you know?" look.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Come on, James. Do you really think
I didn't know who she was the
moment you arrived and asked me to
help your pregnant friend?

JD

She doesn't want to hurt anybody,
she just wants to have her baby and
be left alone.

MICHELLE

That's just not possible.

The distant sound of helicopters sets JD on edge.

JD

What's that?

MICHELLE

That's the cavalry. We are going to kill this monster, and if you aren't with us, then you're in our way.

She aims her gun at his head...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You've got three seconds to move.

JD

You don't want to do that...

MICHELLE

One, Two...

BANG. In the time it takes her to think about saying three, JD has already pulled out his gun, aimed and fired.

Michelle looks down at the blood now pouring from her chest.

JD

FYI, Michelle, you're the monster.

He aims, this time at her head, and without hesitation he BLOWS HER AWAY.

He takes a moment to wipe her blood of his face, and hears the faint sound of...

JULES (O.S.)

Jimmy!!

He wrenches open the ambulance doors and is shocked to see Jules on the floor, clearly in pain.

JULES (CONT'D)

Did you just shoot that doctor?

JD

She tried to kill you.

JULES

That's really sweet.

In its own way it is.

The moment is ruined, however, by another contraction. Jules cries out in pain.

JD lunges into...

INT. AMBULANCE - EVENING

JD drops to Jules's side and holds her close.

JD

Hey, hey... I'm right here.

As the pain subsides she manages to open her eyes and see his loving face.

JULES

Hi.

Again, it's a sweet moment - this one is ruined by Jules spotting helicopters over JD's shoulder.

JULES (CONT'D)

Uh, why are there helicopters coming this way?

JD turns to see them.

JD

Yeah, about that... Do you feel up to running?

Jules's face says it all: "Are you fucking serious?"

EXT. THE SKY ABOVE OREGON - NIGHT

As night falls, TWO HELICOPTERS skim over the Oregon forest. They're crowded with well-armed REDNECK KILL TEAMS.

They come over a rise and see the small town with the white van in the middle of it.

PILOT (FILTER)

Target spotted.

Everyone locks and loads. The side doors of the choppers are thrown open and assault rifle barrels bristle forth.

Before you know it, they're hovering near the white van.

TEAM LEADER (FILTER)

Let 'em have it.

Everyone opens fire. The white van is shredded by flying lead. Nothing inside could survive.

INT. MECHANIC GARAGE - NIGHT

JD watches the destruction through a small window in the roll-up door of this abandoned mechanic's garage. The gunfire stops and the helicopters start the process of landing.

He leaves the window, hurries to Jules' side. They've moved the ambulance bed from the van into this garage. Jules has taken off her overalls, and has a blanket pulled over her legs to preserve what little modesty she has left.

Jules is sweating, exhausted - but she's not in an active contraction.

He takes her hand.

JD
How you doing?

JULES
Jesus Christ... this sucks. This
sucks so much.

JD
You're doing great. Everything's
going to be fine.

She can't help but smile at his attempts to make her feel better.

JULES
That was good. I almost believed
it.

Outside, the sound of the helicopters changes pitch as they finish landing. JD shoots a worried glance toward the door. He runs a soothing palm over Jules' sweating forehead.

JD
I want to stay and help...

JULES
Urgh... Go, get out there. Kill
some hillbillies.

She clenches her jaw, in the worst pain of her life.

The last thing JD wants to do is leave her. But if the bad guys find them here, they'll all die.

Doing what is in his heart, he leans in close and kisses her fiercely. She kisses back.

JD
For the record I think I'm still in
love with you.

JULES
Ditto.

Another sweet moment - this time ruined by the sound of gunfire.

JD
God dammit, I can not get a break.

JD gives her a last, quick kiss as pulls his guns, runs out the door.

Alone with the worst pain she could ever imagine...

JULES
Fuck, this SUUUUUUUUCKS!

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

The kill team approach the van from two directions, guns up and ready. Their movements are practiced, efficient.

TEAM LEADER
Check it.

A kill team member glides forward, grabs the handle of the door as others prepare. After a nod from the team leader, he throws the door open and gets out of the way.

A dozen sharpshooters aim inside-

-at an empty shot-up van.

The team leader doesn't hesitate.

TEAM LEADER (CONT'D)
Door-to-doors. Stonewall Squad, start
at the north end; General Lee Squad,
you're with me from the south.

They split up, move out.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

JD is at the north end of town, in a dark corner, watching one of the squads come his way.

He quietly opens a side door into a small diner, sneaks in.

INT. SMALL TOWN DINER - NIGHT

It's very dark in here; curtains across most of the windows.

JD hurries back to the kitchen, which is visible through the pass-through window. He goes to the stove, blows out the one remaining pilot light, opens the gas nozzles to full.

As he's doing this a silhouetted ZOMBIE passes through the diner's front room into the side room. Neither notices the other.

JD hurries to the supply closet, pulls out a rancid tub of shortening. He wads up a cloth napkin, stuffs it into the lard, lights it with a lighter from his pocket. The makeshift candle will burn for days.

He sneaks a glance through the front window, sees that the KILL SQUAD is nearly here.

He hurries to the back door. Just before he sneaks out the back, he picks up a heavy pot and THROWS IT into the front.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

The six men of Stonewall Jackson Squad hear the CLANG and rattle of the pot coming from the diner. They hurry in that direction, stack at the front door.

A slap on the leader's shoulder and they barrel in.

INT. SMALL TOWN DINER - NIGHT

The squad smoothly enters, covering every angle. The front room is empty.

Using hand signals, the leader of the squad sends three men toward the side room, while he and two others check the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN, the leader smells GAS, sees the burning flame. Thinking quickly, he pulls the burning napkin from the tub and stomps on it, putting it out.

ALPHA LEADER
Don't fire your weapon! Muzzle
flash. Go back, back.

They hurry to rejoin the other three-

-who are just clearing the side room. One kill team member pushes aside a curtain-

-and the ZOMBIE leaps out at him! He SCREAMS.

The other two raise their guns just as the squad leader comes around the corner to see them-

STONEWALL LEADER
Don't-!

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

JD is crouched behind a car on the other side of the street, watching the diner. He sees a brief FLASH from gunfire and then the diner EXPLODES.

He stands to aim, to take out anyone running outside-

But in the light of the burning diner he's now visible to the squad at the other end of the main street.

TEAM LEADER
Hostile!

The TEAM leader raises his assault rifle and fires a three-shot burst at JD, barely missing him.

JD

SHIT!

JD ducks, runs around a corner.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

JD runs to stay behind cover from the advancing kill team. He pops off a few shots to make them duck, ducks around a corner-

-straight into ZOMBIE-BOOMER from the frat house.

JD

Shit!

He pushes away before Zombie-Boomer can attack, jukes around him to keep running. Two kill team members come around the corner behind him, SHOOTING.

Bullets hit Zombie-BOOMER. He GROWLS and leaps to attack the militia members.

KILL TEAM MEMBER

CONTACT! TANGO CONTACT!

They open fire.

ELSEWHERE IN TOWN, as if on cue - zombies swarm out of the buildings and surrounding woods to rush the kill team.

The rednecks won't go down easy - they're hardbitten veterans of the zombie wars.

It's a battle royale in small town Oregon.

INT. MECHANIC GARAGE - NIGHT

Jules is deep into labor, her legs up and pushing hard. Her face a dangerous red as her blood pressure skyrockets.

She hears the gunfire outside, hears yelling as people maneuver to find and murder JD. She's terrified for him, terrified for herself, terrified for her baby.

She does her best to muffle her cries into her shoulder, but between the pain and the effort of pushing there is too much to silence.

There's a SHUFFLING SCRAPE of a boot on concrete from near the back entrance of the garage. Breathing hard, she cranes her neck to look.

The leather-clad leader of the Salem zombie pack enters, dried blood caked around his mouth.

Jules SCREAMS.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

JD is surrounded by enemies, living and undead. He finds a dark alcove to catch his breath and reload his guns...

...and hears JULES screaming from the mechanic garage.

JD
Oh god. Jules.

Ignoring his fear and exhaustion, he sprints toward her.

INT. MECHANIC OFFICE - NIGHT

In the reception area that leads to the mechanic garage, the Team Leader and another militia (TURNER) creep forward.

Three zombies rush them-

BOOM BOOM BOOM - headshots on all three. These guys are serious badasses.

TURNER
Reloading.

He pops the clip on his rifle, grabs a fresh one.

ZOMBIE-MOONGASM rushes him from the side.

Turner holds her off with a gloved hand in her face as he drops his useless rifle and smoothly pulls a dagger from his harness. He stabs her in the side of the neck, the heavy blade cutting her spinal cord. She drops into the final death.

Turner looks at his gloved hand, smarting from the pain.

The Team Leader raises his rifle to aim at Turner's head.

TEAM LEADER
Check it, Turner.

TURNER
It's fine, it didn't break the leather.

TEAM LEADER
Check it.

Turner hesitantly pulls off the glove, turns his hand to look.

There's a drop of blood. Zombie-Moongasm broke the skin.

TURNER

Oh shi-

The Team Leader shoots Turner in the head. Without pausing, he heads for the garage.

INT. MECHANIC GARAGE - NIGHT

The leader zombie has gotten nearer to Jules, who is too weak to run.

JULES

Stay away from me, you dead fuck!
Aah!

She screams again, this time with pain from the labor.

She doesn't want to have the baby in front of this zombie, but there is very little she can do to stop it.

JD runs in from the back to see a zombie approaching the screaming Jules. He pulls his pistols -

- at the same time the Team Leader enters from the office area. He sees the hugely-pregnant girl on the gurney, raises his rifle to sight on her belly-

- JD's pistol shots hit the leader zombie, driving him backward -

- into the path of the Team Leader's bullets. BANG BANG BANG, but none of the rounds make it through the zombie to hit Jules.

The roll-up door is yanked upward and MORE ZOMBIES RUSH INTO THE GARAGE as the leader zombie attacks the Team Leader. Bullet after bullet smashes into him.

JD rushes to Jules, ready to die protecting her.

But a zombie rushes past him to help the leader zombie take on the Team Leader. Zombies SWARM over the militia man.

Jules grabs JD's wrist with panicky strength, making him drop his pistol.

JULES (CONT'D)

Help me!

JD gets between Jules' legs.

JD

I can see the head! Oh god that's gross!

He reaches forward to help guide the baby out.

For Jules and JD, everything in the world narrows down. Jules gives a last tremendous push, SCREAMING.

JD pulls the baby free, whips out a butterfly knife to slice the umbilical before cradling the baby in his arms.

He smiles down at it, speaks softly to Jules.

JD (CONT'D)
It's a girl...

Jules is almost afraid to ask.

JULES
Is she ... alive? Or...?

JD touches soft fingertips to the baby girl's chest.

JD
I can feel her heartbeat-

JULES
Oh thank Christ.

The tiny creature opens her eyes - they're the color of rubies. She takes a DEEP BREATH and SCREAMS LIKE A NEWBORN BABY SHOULD.

And the screams have a definite tinge of the ADV shriek. But somehow from her it sounds melodious, strong.

Only now do Jules and JD look up to realize that they are SURROUNDED BY ZOMBIES. But the undead horde are subdued, passive. Adoring.

JULES (CONT'D)
(sarcastic)
This isn't weird at all.

With a smile...

JD
Wanna hold her?

JULES
Totally, yes.

JD wraps the baby in Jules's coveralls and carries her to Jules' side, lays her on the sweating mother's chest before adjusting the bed so Jules can sit up.

The baby calms immediately in her mother's touch.

Jules gets weepy as she looks into her daughter's eyes for the first time.

JULES (CONT'D)
 She's so beautiful.
 (to JD)
 Thank you.

JD
 I can't take all the credit.

He motions to the assembled zombies. Among them are the leather-clad leader, Zombie-Skysong, and Zombie-Boomer, serving as the Three Wise Men.

JD (CONT'D)
 You maybe just gave birth to the
 Zombie Messiah.

Jules snuggles the baby, totally smitten with the little bundle of red-eyed joy.

She smiles when she notices her father's name-tag wrapped across the tiny girl's chest.

JULES
 I think we just found a name for
 you.

She places a kiss on the little girl's head.

JULES (CONT'D)
 Welcome to the world, Bobby.

We PULL BACK through the open garage door until the shot resembles a NATIVITY SCENE. Albeit a Nativity with several dead bodies, all lit by the flames of a burning building.

As we pull away, looking over a world that is about to go through a hell of a change...

JULES (V.O.)
 I know what you were thinking.
 Another fucking zombie movie with a
 pregnant single mom who gives birth
 to the Queen of the Zombies. It's
 been done to death.
 (beat)
 And no, this isn't the end of the
 story. Everyone still kinda wanted
 us dead, and raising a half zombie
 baby had its difficulties... But
 having our own zombie army was
 cool. And when my daughter grew up,
 well, let's just say she changed
 the world.
 (beat)
 But I'll save that part of the
 story for the sequel.

A star blazes in the night sky, as a zombie chorus starts singing the credits song SWEET CHILD OF MINE by GUNS N ROSES.

FADE THE FUCK OUT.