

ZOMBIELAND 2: DOUBLE TAP

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Columbia Pictures
Pariah

A bright LIGHT. PULL BACK to reveal a TORCH, held by...

...COLUMBIA's CLASSY LADY, BLUE SASH wrapped around her GOWN.

Suddenly, the sound of SLOBBERING. Ms. Columbia COCKS her HEAD. Looks left. Right. BAM! A ZOMBIE RUSHES ON-SCREEN and SAVAGELY ATTACKS.

But Ms. C is no pushover! She GRAPPLES with the ZOMBIE, then WHIPS OFF her BLUE SASH and THROWS it OVER the zombie's head.

She brutally BEATS the ZOMBIE over the head with her TORCH... then SETS IT ON FIRE... and KICKS it OFF-SCREEN. Ms. C climbs back on the pedestal, adjusts her sash, flicks dirt off her shoulder, and reassumes her REGAL STANCE.

The Columbia theme music CRESCENDOS. Stings. BLACK.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Welcome... to Zombieland.

FADE UP ON:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A wide view of a ravaged, abandoned CITY. DILAPIDATED buildings. BURNED-OUT vehicles. It's SNOWING.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Back for seconds? After all this time? What can I say but thanks. You have a lot of choices when it comes to zombie entertainment, and we appreciate you picking us. In fairness, we did kinda start the trend.

A TERRIFIED WOMAN turns a corner and sprints toward a HOTEL.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Things here are still mostly shitty, with a sixty percent chance of completely fucked up. The only reason we've survived is we've gotten to know our bloodthirsty enemies better than we know ourselves.

Superimposed on-screen: the following TITLES, falling like snowflakes: APUT. PIQSIRPOG. OIMUQSUQ.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*Y'know how Eskimos have a bunch of
 words for snow? Aput. Pigsirpoq.
 Qimuqsuq.*

WHOOSH! A pot-bellied ZOMBIE, slightly resembling Homer Simpson, flies by on her heels, kicking up fresh POWDER.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*Well, we have a bunch of words for
 zombies. See, not all zombies were
 created equal.*

The woman runs INTO the hotel via a big REVOLVING DOOR.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*This lady here's getting chased by
 the dumbest type of Z there is,
 what we call...*

The zombie runs into the same revolving door, but rides it ALL THE WAY AROUND, right OUT onto the street again.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
...a Homer.

The zombie looks around stupidly, CONFUSED: Where'd she go?

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*In a world without YouTube, who
 isn't entertained by a Homer?*

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

A BLONDE FEMALE ZOMBIE in a department store stands opposite one of those angled, three-paneled CHANGING MIRRORS.

It spies its reflection in the middle MIRROR and ATTACKS...

...BRAINING itself on the glass. Then it spots its reflection in the LEFT mirror. It BRAINS itself again. GFX: HOMER

At last, the RIGHT mirror. It BRAINS itself one final time, then totters, dazed, and FACE-PLANTS on the floor.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Unfortunately, for every Homer...

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*...there's a Hawking. As in
 Stephen. Or maybe his far less
 accomplished brother Eddie.
 (MORE)*

COLUMBUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*No genius. But sorta, kinda able
to figure shit out.*

A MAN runs up to an old COUPE, chased by a female ZOMBIE. He OPENS the DOOR and DIVES in the passenger side, then SLAMS the DOOR in the ZOMBIE's FACE and PUSHES down the LOCK.

The Zombie BASHES its head into the GLASS, spies the depressed lock, then looks across to the DRIVER's DOOR, whose lock is still UP.

The zombie quickly RACES AROUND to the driver's side. The man LUNGES and LOCKS that door, TOO, JUST in TIME. The zombie WHACKS that window, too. Then slowly stands up to notice that the SUNROOF is OPEN.

GFX: HAWKING. It immediately DIVES in and DEVOURS the MAN.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Clever girl.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
OK, this time... name that zombie.

A MAN stands in front of a REFRIGERATOR. He opens the FREEZER DOOR on top, pulls out a POPSICLE, and takes a LICK.

The man closes the door and turns away, when the lower REFRIGERATOR DOOR BURSTS OPEN. A cold, blue-tinged ZOMBIE LEAPS onto the MAN's BACK.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*The Ninja. (GFX: NINJA) The first
thing you hear... is your scream.*

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*Last but not least, there's the
Jabba.*

An old WOMAN is pursued by an OBESE zombie. The woman's not moving too quickly, but the JABBA isn't moving much faster.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*Someone had to eat all the Pop
Tarts, Cheez Whiz, and Funyons we
left behind.*

The old woman spies an OPEN MANHOLE COVER and CLIMBS DOWN the LADDER, disappearing. GFX: JABBA

The JABBA dives HEAD-FIRST into the OPEN MANHOLE and gets STUCK at the WAIST, FEET BICYCLING HELPLESSLY in the AIR.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
No room for even one more bite.

We see the boots and shoes of FOUR UNSEEN URBAN WARRIORS, walking side-by-side in lock-step, toward:

EXT. 1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - DAY

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*Despite the thrill of cracking the
zombie code... life is about more
than just survival.*

The camera slowly tilts from toe to head of our narrator and hero... COLUMBUS, inspiring to all of us who've ever worried about whether we'd survive a zombie apocalypse.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*Ever since we were evicted from our
normal lives, I'd been searching
for a place to put down roots.*

Columbus looks to his left to see... TALLAHASSEE, in all his TIMELESS GLORY.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*My old pal Tallahassee has this
saying: go big or go home...*

Tallahassee then looks to his LEFT to REVEAL the inimitable LITTLE ROCK, now 18 YEARS OLD... and SHE to HER LEFT to reveal WICHITA, no-nonsense and nail-sharp as ever. Our heroes are marveling at SOMETHING in front of them.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*Not his signature phrase, but it
gave me an idea: Why not go big
and go home? And let's be real...
there's no bigger home:*

REVERSE ANGLE:

THE WHITE HOUSE. Not as white as it used to be, but remarkably PRESERVED given all the mayhem around it... and all the ZOMBIES aimlessly crisscrossing the SOUTH LAWN.

Our heroes take it all in, READYING their RESPECTIVE WEAPONS: Columbus, a UTAS 12 Gauge SHOTGUN. Wichita, a MOLOT VEPR. Little Rock, a TDI KRISS SUPER-V SUBMACHINE GUN, small, light, zero recoil, accurate as the kid behind it. And Tallahassee, a good old fashioned TIRE IRON.

Tallahassee OPENS the FRONT GATE, as we crank down to SLO MO, pump CYPRESS HILL's 'ROCK SUPERSTAR,' and ROLL OPENING CREDITS over our guys WREAKING UNHOLY FUCKING HELL ON THE ZOMBIE HORDE.

FIRE BELCHES. SMOKE TENDRILS RISE. CASINGS SPIT OUT. BLOOD SPATTERS. ZOMBIES FACE-PLANT. 'Rock Superstar' CRESCENDOS.

Tallahassee dispatches the last Z with a LUMBERJACK's OVERHEAD SWING, strides to the front door, and KICKS IT IN.

Our foursome stands in the doorway, back-lit, their weapons smoking and dripping with zombie blood. END CREDITS.

FADE OUT/UP ON:

A bird's eye view of the creme colored, crested EAGLE. The camera pulls up from the carpet, tilts to reveal:

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The chair spins from behind the DESK. TALLAHASSEE smiles wide, a CIGAR in his mouth.

TALLAHASSEE

La Casa Blanca.

(plants BOOTS on desk)

What?

COLUMBUS

Nothing. Just you in that chair.

TALLAHASSEE

I would have made a fine president.
Kissed a few babies. Signed a few
treaties.

(digs around under desk)

COLUMBUS

Whatcha looking for?

TALLAHASSEE

The nuclear football.

(raised eyebrow)

Zombie Kill of the Year?

COLUMBUS (V.O.)

*Like a junkie in search of a higher
high, Tallahassee is no longer
happy with Zombie Kill of the Week.
But he's gonna face stiff
competition for the annual prize,
starting with Dave Sanderman of
Prescott, Arizona.*

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

DAVE SANDERMAN, a burly CONSTRUCTION WORKER, brings an honest-to-God JACKHAMMER down on the chest of a ZOMBIE.

GFX: ZOMBIE KILL OF THE WEEK

Dave TURNS ON the jackhammer. Just picture that for a moment.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - DAY

LITTLE ROCK works to zombie-proof the GROUNDS.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*A house is built of wood and
 beams...*

A ZOMBIE lurches into the fence, tangling in barbed wire.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*And barbed wire. And land mines.
 But mostly wood and beams.*

L.R. puts a BULLET in its head, then a second to its chest. TALLAHASSEE watches out the window, smiling proudly.

INT. LINCOLN BEDROOM - DAY

A PRESIDENTIAL PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN on the wall. Tilt down to WICHITA in BED, COLUMBUS getting ready for it.

COLUMBUS
 A home... a home is built of love
 and dreams.

WICHITA
 (uncomfortable)
 Such sunny little sayings...

COLUMBUS
 It's from an inspirational poster
 at my ex-dentist. R.I.P D.D.S.

WICHITA
 You seem like a four visits a year
 guy, given your O.C.D.

COLUMBUS
 (climbs into bed)
 Actually once every four years,
 given my irrational fears. But
 that was the old me. Now I go once
 every never.

WICHITA

Ew.

He playfully whips the covers up over their heads.

TALLAHASSEE (O.S.)

I love you, baby.

INT. WHITE HOUSE MOTOR POOL - DAY

TALLAHASSEE rubs his hands LUSTILY over the PRESIDENTIAL LIMO. Eighteen feet of military-grade armor plating. Kevlar tires. Tal has turned this room into a MACHINE SHOP. LITTLE ROCK watches as he drops his welding mask.

TALLAHASSEE

You are so gorgeous. Now, to give you a little bite.

Tal begins to WELD a 50-cal. MACHINE GUN to the roof.

LITTLE ROCK

We seriously need to find you someone.

TALLAHASSEE

That's where you're wrong. Any romance left in me belongs to the Beast here. True love died with Hallmark.

EXT./INT. LINCOLN BEDROOM / KITCHEN - NIGHT

A gibbous MOON is now high over D.C.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)

Cynic. For the first time since the virus, we'd finally found somewhere truly safe, making every day feel like... well, like Christmas morning.

WICHITA stirs and WAKES UP. She slips out of bed, not waking COLUMBUS, and trudges to the KITCHEN for a glass of water...

...where she finds TALLAHASSEE, stirring a HUGE POT on the STOVE. Wichita peers inside the pot.

TALLAHASSEE

Instant mashed potatoes.

WICHITA
 It's three AM.
 (off Tal's nod)
 Easy on the marijuana.

Wichita trudges out of the room. Tallahassee watches 'til she's gone. Then quickly CLOSES and LOCKS the KITCHEN DOOR.

INT. LINCOLN BEDROOM - DAWN

A cock CROWS. COLUMBUS and WICHITA get a face full of SUN. They wake up, then freeze at the SOUND of BANGING downstairs.

INT. HALL - DAWN

LITTLE ROCK, carrying her SUBMACHINE GUN, joins WICHITA and COLUMBUS in the hall. They TIPTOE downstairs.

INT. RED ROOM - DAWN

The TRIO enters the famed RED ROOM to the sight of a huge MAN in RED, facing the other direction, bent over at the waist.

COLUMBUS
 H-hello?

The man stands up, turns around, and throws out his arms:

TALLAHASSEE
 Hello-ho-ho! Merry Christmas!

It's TALLAHASSEE in a HILARIOUS MAKESHIFT SANTA CLAUS OUTFIT:

A RED WHITE HOUSE PAGE JACKET, stuffed with PILLOWS... and an enormous BEARD made entirely of MASHED POTATOES.

LITTLE ROCK
 Bummer. Santa's not real.

INT. RED ROOM - LATER

JINGLE BELLS on the stereo. FIRE in the fireplace. COCOA in every mug. The CREW crowded around a jury-rigged tree.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*Not to sound too sentimental, but
 those early days at 1600
 Pennsylvania Ave may have been the
 best of my life. And that's
 counting Pre-Z.*

Columbus opens a present from Wichita. It's a first edition of the novel 'THE LORD OF THE RINGS.' He's amazed.

COLUMBUS
A first edition?! How did you-

WICHITA
Library of Congress. It's due
back, oh, never.

COLUMBUS
I love it. Except the part with
Tom Bombadil. Thank God they left
that out of the movie.

Tal hands Little Rock a box wrapped in WILLIAM TAFT's
official PRESIDENTIAL PORTRAIT. She's afraid to unwrap it.

TALLAHASSEE
I couldn't find wrapping paper.
Just tear it open. Seriously, it's
only Taft.

ANGLE ON L.R.: She unwraps the gift. Inside, a Colt .45
pistol mounted in a display case.

LITTLE ROCK
(trying to act excited)
Just what a teenage girl wants!
Another... gun.

TALLAHASSEE
Not just any gun. A Colt .45. And
not just any Colt .45. The King's.

COLUMBUS
The King of... England? Denmark?
Liechtenstein?

Tallahassee scoops mashed potatoes off his face and eats.

TALLAHASSEE
Just the King. Elvis Fucking
Presley. Greatest man who ever
lived.

Tal opens the display case. Gingerly takes out the gun. And
bestows it upon Little Rock like it's a newborn child.

TALLAHASSEE
He gave it as a gift to Nixon when
he visited the White House.
Plucked it right off the wall at
Graceland.

LITTLE ROCK
Graceland?

TALLAHASSEE

(furious)

I know it's Christmas and all,
but... The King's Palace. Memphis,
Tennessee. Elvis used to shoot
that Colt in his back yard. I'm
gonna take you there someday. Me
and you. That's a promise.

LITTLE ROCK

I'm holding my breath.

TALLAHASSEE

Just like I taught you. Hey,
something wrong?

LITTLE ROCK

Wrong? No. Y'know what? I'm
gonna go shoot it right now. I saw
some Z's down by the Reflecting
Pool.

(pops up)

TALLAHASSEE

I'll go with you.

LITTLE ROCK

That's OK.

TALLAHASSEE

(stung)

But it's Christmas. And it's
dangerous. I'm not letting you go
out there and-

LITTLE ROCK

Not letting me?

Little Rock turns heel, starts to exit.

TALLAHASSEE

Hey. Get back here. Sit down.

LITTLE ROCK

Now I'm not allowed to go upstairs?
Maybe I will go hunt. For people
my age.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)

*And they were probably still out
there. Survivors still dotted the
landscape. Young and old. On
streets. In camps. Even small
communities. We'd just made it a
point to keep our distance.*

Little Rock STOMPS upstairs to her room, SLAMS the door.

WICHITA
(winces, recovers)
Eggnog?

INT. LINCOLN BEDROOM - NIGHT

COLUMBUS is reading 'The WALKING DEAD' in bed next to WICHITA while snacking.

COLUMBUS
This is pretty terrifying. Sad.
It woulda made a great TV show.

He looks up from his comic. Wichita's attention is elsewhere.

COLUMBUS
She'll be OK.

WICHITA
I wish she didn't remind me so much
of me.
(long beat)
The last time I ever saw our dad
was on Christmas.

COLUMBUS
I'm sorry.

WICHITA
It's not what you think. I was
fourteen. I'd never even met
Little Rock. She was still in
diapers at some foster home. Me
and Dad were on the road on
Christmas Eve. Scraping by.
People were out doing last-minute
shopping. So we conned this old
couple outta three hundred bucks.
Me playing the innocent kid. Then
Dad got us a motel room with the
cash. And for me? This little
snow globe. With a house inside.
And a teeny family. I saw it, and
I started to cry. It was right
then I knew. I told Dad I was
running out...

COLUMBUS
...and kept on running?

WICHITA
(nods)
But that wasn't the last Christmas
I saw him.
(MORE)

WICHITA (CONT'D)

Years later, I was getting by,
doing what I could, when I heard a
rumor. Dad was grifting with my
little sister now. I caught up to
'em on Christmas Day. Mighta
planned it that way. Different
motel. Same story. I waited 'til
he got cheek-down drunk. Then
knocked on the door. The last day
I saw him... was the first day I
saw her.

(misty eyes)

We swore we'd be the only people
we'd ever need.

Columbus brushes a strand of hair from Wichita's forehead.

COLUMBUS

Need me too.

He opens the night-stand, retrieves a small box, and opens it
to reveal a gold RING... atop which sits THE HOPE DIAMOND.

COLUMBUS

Merry Christmas.

(off her stunned face)

There's more.

Columbus gets down on one knee. Wichita tenses.

WICHITA

Before you-

COLUMBUS

You say I always play it safe. And
I know we've been in a bit of a
rut. So I thought, what better way
to spice things up than to-

WICHITA

-get married?

COLUMBUS

You know how I feel about you. And
a lotta the time I know how you
feel about me.

WICHITA

It's just, in my limited but
absurdly painful experience,
married people only do one thing.

COLUMBUS

Fight? We already do that.

WICHITA

Get divorced.

COLUMBUS

Yeah, I don't see us going that route.

WICHITA

But no one gets married thinking they'll end up divorced. Maybe Larry King. Or Liza Minelli.

COLUMBUS

See, this is why we're so great together. Every nice thing I have to say, you have a peppy little zinger all loaded and ready.

WICHITA

It's not that-

COLUMBUS

Don't answer. Yet. Sleep on it. That's all I ask.

INT. WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

A sleepy COLUMBUS shuffles downstairs in his POTUS robe to find TALLAHASSEE, pacing back and forth, shaking his head.

COLUMBUS

Mad you're missing the day after Christmas sales?

TALLAHASSEE

What the hell did you do?!

COLUMBUS

Me? I didn't do anyth-

Tallahassee turns and hands Columbus a note with the Hope-Diamond-ring DUCT-TAPED to it.

COLUMBUS

(reads note)

Dear C and T. We feel like total shit about leaving.

COLUMBUS

Sorry, not good at notes. W and LR.

TALLAHASSEE
 (by heart:)
 Sorry, not good at notes. W and
 LR.

COLUMBUS
 (stunned, beat)
 'Not good at notes' is a pretty
 huge understatement.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE MOTOR POOL - MORNING

TALLAHASSEE walks into the motor pool, COLUMBUS on his heels.

TALLAHASSEE
 If they made a horror movie about
 you, it would be called 'The
 Suffocator.' 'Cause that's what
 you are. You find what you love
 and slowly strangle it. I swear-
 (stares, quietly:)
 Um. Where's the Beast?

COLUMBUS
 Uh-oh.

Tallahassee sweeps an arm across his tool table and knocks
 everything on the floor. He falls to his knees, distraught.

TALLAHASSEE
They took the Beast!

INT./EXT. THE BEAST - MORNING

WICHITA and LITTLE ROCK roll WEST in the BEAST. Wichita
 drives.

LITTLE ROCK
 He's gonna take this Beast thing
 pretty hard.

WICHITA
 He should learn not to get so
 attached. Never. Get. Attached.

LITTLE ROCK
Never.

WICHITA
 So... where to? How 'bout Chuck E.
 Cheese? They have pizza ovens.
 The majority of their rodents are
 Animatronic.

(MORE)

WICHITA (CONT'D)

And who knows, we might find a girl like Newt from 'Aliens.' We could coax her out of her shell and raise her on our own.

LITTLE ROCK

Stop.

Little Rock quickly opens the sunroof. Pops her head out.

WICHITA (O.S.)

Fine. It's just-

LITTLE ROCK

No, stop!

The camera turns. On the side of the road stands a YOUNG MAN, maybe twenty. With a young-man-BUN. Thumb out on one hand, GUITAR CASE in the other.

INT. WHOLE FOODS - NIGHT

COLUMBUS and TALLAHASSEE wander Whole Foods, gathering food.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)

Here's the thing... we all process grief differently.

Tal is working his way through a bottle of J&B WHISKY.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)

Some of us like to drown ourselves in J&B. Others, B&J. As in Ben and Jerry's. Non-dairy. Goes down smooth from stem to stern. If I could only find some...

COLUMBUS

I mean, it's not like I wanted to immediately start wedding planning. Who wants to get married in the winter anyway? Spring, sure, even summer. Though, crap, the humidity-

TALLAHASSEE

Oh my God, man. I'm sick of listening to this shit. It's been almost three weeks. You got one more day. One more day to mope around. Then you better snap the fuck out of it. Hear me?

COLUMBUS

Don't tell me you don't miss them too. I saw you in Little Rock's room last night.

TALLAHASSEE

She don't need me. I don't need her. End of story.

COLUMBUS

You had wet eyes.

TALLAHASSEE

(rattles lips)

In your dreams! I haven't had wet eyes since 'Twilight.'

COLUMBUS

Why would I dream about you crying?

TALLAHASSEE

Y'know what I think? I think those girls did us a favor, leaving us for the - whatever - seventh time.

COLUMBUS

Eleventh.

TALLAHASSEE

That whole 'find a home' idea of yours has made us soft. And by 'us' I mean 'you.' It's high time I nut up and hit the road again. Where I belong. You can tag along if you like.

COLUMBUS

But when they come back, we won't be here!

TALLAHASSEE

(guzzles J&B)

They ain't coming back.

On cue, a JABBA strolls into view. GFX: JABBA. Tal tosses the J&B bottle, then DRAWS and FIRES TWO BULLETS, SMASHING the BOTTLE and DROPPING the JABBA.

TALLAHASSEE

Answer me this. Who were the freest men in history?

(C rolls his eyes)

The Blackfoot Indians. Mid-1800's, roaming the plains.

(MORE)

TALLAHASSEE (CONT'D)

They had no houses. Laws.
Possessions. No chief to report
to. No wife to listen to. They
only answered the call of the
buffalo. And they hunted by
herding those big suckers from
horseback. Over cliffs to their
deaths. They called it 'The
Buffalo Jump.' I need to get back
in touch with my Blackfoot In-

Tallahassee looks around. Columbus is LONG GONE.

TALLAHASSEE

Columbus? Columbus?!

INT. STOCKROOM - DAY

COLUMBUS digs though the STOCKROOM to get to the FREEZER for
some ice cream.

COLUMBUS

Must stop eating feelings.

He flings open the FREEZER door, shotgun at the ready. A
SCREAM from inside startles Columbus. He pulls the trigger.

BOOM! The buckshot lodges right above the head of a
beautiful BLONDE in her twenties, wearing a faux fur-lined
DOWN COAT.

BLONDE

Don't worry, it's faux fur.

The freezer has been fully furnished to resemble a bedroom.
On the bed is a thick layer of sleeping bags.

COLUMBUS

Sorry. I thought you were a, uh...

BLONDE

A zombie? Ha. I don't even eat
meat. I'm a vegetarian. Vegan,
actually.

COLUMBUS

(extends hand)

Columbus.

The blonde pulls him in for a HUG.

BLONDE

Madison.

TALLAHASSEE comes running into the freezer, gun drawn. Finds Madison and Columbus HUGGING.

TALLAHASSEE
Don't mind me.

Columbus extricates himself from the hug.

COLUMBUS
Tallahassee! Madison. Madison,
Tallahassee.

MADISON
Is this your dad?

TALLAHASSEE
Jesus K. Rist. Slightly older
friend.
(looks around)
You live in here?

MADISON
It keeps the zombies out. Though
it is awfully chilly.

TALLAHASSEE
Ever consider... turning it off?

MADISON
Couldn't find the switch. I was
hoping the electricity would run
out.

COLUMBUS
So long as it keeps raining, the
dams will keep giving us power.

TALLAHASSEE
Apparently not brain power.

MADISON
I feel like you're being super
judgey. Like, I'm getting a real
anti-me vibe off you.
(off Tal's eye roll)
There it was again. That's
hurtful. If you must know, I also
have a can of mace. And I can run
really fast. I used to do a lot of
Soulcycle and Crossfit and...

COLUMBUS

Cardio! Sorry. Cardio is my number one rule. I've got a list of Zombieland Rules for Survival.

MADISON

Really? So do I! Well actually, it's mostly just 'Stay in the Freezer.' Oh and 'Don't Eat Nuts.' 'Cause I'm allergic. To nuts.

COLUMBUS

(smiles, charmed)

We've, uh, set up camp just down the road.

Tallahassee tries to catch Columbus's eye: what the hell?!

COLUMBUS

At the White House, care to join?

MADISON

The White House?! I've always wanted to visit the seat of government!

Tallahassee shoots Columbus a look.

MADISON

How many rules do you have? I wanna hear all of them.

COLUMBUS

Really? Yeah? Okay, there are a lot, but since you're interested.

(they exit the freezer)

Rule number three is, uh, beware of bathrooms. And four is seat-belts.

MADISON

Seat-belts! So smart!

(beat)

How come seat-belts?

TALLAHASSEE

Remind me not to wear one.

INT. WHITE HOUSE DINING ROOM - DAY

COLUMBUS, and MADISON eat dinner as TALLAHASSEE PACKS UP.

COLUMBUS

And rule fifty-three - 'Wet-naps.'
Not really zombie-related, just a
good thing to have around.

MADISON

I can't believe you keep all this
stuff in your head. It's amazing.

TALLAHASSEE

(sarcastic)

Isn't it, though?

MADISON

It is. You're really lucky you
found someone so smart to take care
of you. Most people your age get
left all by themselves, and that
can be so hard.

Tallahassee closes his eyes, the vein by his temple pulsing.

MADISON

You guys, I can't believe we're in
the White House! This is gonna be
so much fun.

Tallahassee can't take it. He gives Columbus a glare.

TALLAHASSEE

Can I see you in the kitchen?

INT. WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

TALLAHASSEE berates COLUMBUS.

TALLAHASSEE

You need to broom this girl.

COLUMBUS

What? She's... nice. You like
positivity.

TALLAHASSEE

You know why she's still alive,
right? Zombies eat brains. She
don't got one. Fuck it. Don't
matter, I'm hitting the road come
sun-up.

MADISON (O.S.)

Columbus? Is there a bathroom I
can use?

TALLAHASSEE

It's the White House, honey, there are like thirty-five of them.

MADISON (O.S.)

Right, but rule number three...

TALLAHASSEE

I'm gonna rule-number-two her.

COLUMBUS

(to Madison)

Coming!

INT. LINCOLN BEDROOM - NIGHT

MADISON leads COLUMBUS into the bedroom.

COLUMBUS

There really are bathrooms all over the place.

MADISON

I didn't actually have to go to the bathroom.

Madison launches herself at Columbus, kissing him and rubbing her body against his. But Columbus isn't too responsive.

MADISON

What's the matter? Don't you think I'm pretty?

COLUMBUS

Yes, I think you're very pretty. You're girl in apartment 406 pretty. It's just, I feel a little guilty.

MADISON

About your ex?

Columbus hesitates. Madison takes off the cross that hangs around her neck and drops it into a night-stand drawer.

MADISON

Look, I've been alone in a freezer for six years, either we're doing this, right now, or I'm biting the bullet and doing the old guy.

INT. TALLAHASSEE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

TALLAHASSEE is in bed, reading the PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF ULYSSES S. GRANT, IRRITATED beyond belief. He can HEAR Madison down the hall, SHRIEKING with pleasure.

TALLAHASSEE
They're nutting up. Definitely not
shutting up.

He turns over, desperate to hear no more, when a LOUD CRASH comes from another part of the house.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

TALLAHASSEE, carrying a MUSKET with BAYONET, creeps down a hallway toward the MOTOR POOL. As he turns a corner, he runs into Columbus wielding a SAMURAI SWORD.

COLUMBUS
(re: sword)
Gift to Dwight Eisenhower by the
Emperor of Japan. I heard a
strange noise.

TALLAHASSEE
Yeah? I've been hearing some
noises, too.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - ARMORY - NIGHT

COLUMBUS and TALLAHASSEE EXPLODE into the building's expansive ARMORY... and IMMEDIATELY LOWER THEIR WEAPONS. Standing in the room... is a sheepish WICHITA.

WICHITA
Hi, hello, hey, what's up?

COLUMBUS
You're back. They're back.

Tallahassee reluctantly pulls out his wallet. Gives Columbus a dollar. They had some sort of bet on it.

WICHITA
Now that that's settled. I'm not
staying long. I just needed some
weapons.

TALLAHASSEE
At three in the morning.

COLUMBUS
After three months missing.

A long beat. Wichita hates owning up to this:

WICHITA
She's gone.

Tallahassee looks alarmed, ANGRY. He GRABS his DOLLAR back.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

COLUMBUS pours three glasses of MOUNTAIN DEW CODE RED:

WICHITA
Everything was great. It was so
good to be on the move again.

COLUMBUS
(hurt/angry)
I'm sure it was.

TALLAHASSEE
See? On the move!

WICHITA
We even picked up someone new.
(off their shock)
Just a boy. A few years older than
Little Rock. He's from Berkeley.

TALLAHASSEE
Are you fucking with me? You're
fucking with me.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY - FLASHBACK

In a general store, WICHITA brews a cup of coffee. LITTLE ROCK eats beef jerky, ENRAPTURED. 'BERKELEY' plays and sings for her from where he sits by a SLUSHIE MACHINE.

BERKELEY
Bad news on the doorstep... I
couldn't take one more step...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

TALLAHASSEE
A guitar?! Noooooo!

WICHITA
And a pretty good singing voice.

TALLAHASSEE
Shut the fuck up. You shut the
fuck up right now.
(MORE)

TALLAHASSEE (CONT'D)
 I already know where this is going.
 She's seeing a fucking musician!

COLUMBUS
 Is it possible you're overreacting?

TALLAHASSEE
 How's he gonna provide for her?!
 And the lifestyle! The lifestyle!
 You think those guys are faithful
 to-?! Out on tour?! The groupies-

WICHITA
 And he's a pacifist. He's survived
 on a strict policy of conflict
 avoidance.

A quiet beat. Then Tallahassee goes BALLISTIC, THROWING SHIT
 AROUND THE ROOM. EXPLORING the SPACE with CREATIVE VIOLENCE.
 He only stops when he's tired himself out. Then raises his
 palms as if to say, 'I'm not as crazy as I look.'

TALLAHASSEE
 Got nothing against pacifists. I
 just wanna beat the shit outta 'em.

INT. GAS STATION GENERAL STORE - DAY - FLASHBACK

BERKELEY finishes his song, cooing the last line:

BERKELEY
 The day... the music died.

Little Rock is now holding a lit BIC LIGHTER. Then she
 starts CLAPPING. A suspicious Wichita reluctantly JOINS IN.

LITTLE ROCK
 You've got a beautiful voice.

BERKELEY
 Momma said I was kissed by an
 angel.

WICHITA
 (shoots a look at L.R.)
 Hopefully the only thing you'll be
 kissed by.

LITTLE ROCK
 Hey, have you ever heard of this
 place? Grace... Town?

BERKELEY

Graceland? Fuck yeah. I've always wanted to go to the King's Palace. I feel like he and I share a lot of... spiritual DNA.

INT. WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

TALLAHASSEE is THROWING SHIT AGAIN.

WICHITA

(waits for him to stop:)
I was adamant it was a dumb idea.
So I did what I never do with her.
I told her no. And whaddya think happened next?

INT./EXT. GAS STATION GENERAL STORE - DAY - FLASHBACK

WICHITA wakes up in her sleeping bag to ENGINE RUMBLE. She quickly RUNS OUTSIDE to the sight of BERKELEY and LITTLE ROCK DRIVING OFF in the BEAST without her.

Wichita, CRESTFALLEN, has been ABANDONED in a cloud of dust.

TALLAHASSEE (O.S.)

Is anyone else getting the irony?

INT. WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

WICHITA

I'm so worried, you guys. They're driving all that way, and all he has is a fucking guitar.

TALLAHASSEE

And no intention of ever swinging it at anything.

COLUMBUS

I'm sure she's fine. You two trained her well.

WICHITA

That's just it. There's something going on out there.

(off Columbus's frown)
Berkeley told us about a new kind of zombie. One we don't have a name for yet. Stronger. Faster. Deadlier. Not biologically different. Just... better adapted to the hunt.

COLUMBUS

Oh, c'mon. You just want us to help you find Little Rock so you can ditch us again.

TALLAHASSEE

Excuse me, you're the one who got ditched.

WICHITA

I wouldn't say that. Honestly, I just came back to get some guns and ammun-

COLUMBUS

Look, if you want us to come that badly, OK! You don't have to make up a story about-

WICHITA

Seriously, it's not your problem.

COLUMBUS

God, stop begging! We'll do it.

TALLAHASSEE

Wait. What did you mean he wasn't the one who got ditched?

WICHITA

I wasn't the reason we left. I didn't run away from him. She ran away from you.

(off Tal's shocked face)

I know you mean well. But you're really overbearing. She's not a kid anymore. But you still treat her like one.

Columbus's smug look vanishes when Tallahassee looks at him.

TALLAHASSEE

I gave that girl years of my life. And she runs off with a dirtbag peace-loving musician? Fuck this. Fuck all this.

Tal throws a last few things into a moving box.

COLUMBUS

So what - you're just gonna abandon her?

TALLAHASSEE

No. I'm going with you. Despite that little voice in my head screaming at me to be a Blackfoot Indian. Which I still plan to do. Just as soon as we know she's safe.
(turns heel, exits)
I must be outta my mind...

COLUMBUS

What if he actually is.

WICHITA

He mentioned voices.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

COLUMBUS and WICHITA walk through the house together.

COLUMBUS

So... no good-bye? Just a lame note?

WICHITA

I'm terrible at notes.

COLUMBUS

So you said.

WICHITA

Little Rock wanted out. And I was going a little stir crazy. Not because I wasn't happy with you - I'm just not a homebody type.

COLUMBUS

I get that. I-

WICHITA

And then when you proposed, it kinda spooked me. I mean, let's be real, circumstance brought us together. And frankly, a lack of options kept us together.

COLUMBUS

(gut punched)

You really think that? You were only with me 'cause I was the last one around?

WICHITA

No. I don't know. The point is, I might've, you know, overreacted. You know what I'm trying to say.

COLUMBUS

I do? 'Cause... I don't.

WICHITA

Uch. What I'm trying to say is...
(groans a little)

I'm sorry... and you know how hard that is for me to say, because I hate women who are always saying sorry for things they have no reason to feel sorry about, but in this particular instance...

(beat)

...I really am sorry.

COLUMBUS

That means a lot. Maybe this could be a turning point for us.

WICHITA

Maybe so.

Wichita smiles, until... MADISON pops out into the hall from the bedroom wearing the skimpiest of nighties.

MADISON

Columbus? You coming back to bed?

Columbus is at a loss for words. Wichita shakes her head.

WICHITA

Wow. I mean, wow. Glad we had this little talk. Real turning point.

She gives him a last look and walks off.

COLUMBUS

Fuuuuck.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

TALLAHASSEE, COLUMBUS, and WICHITA are exiting the WHITE HOUSE with all their belongings, ready for the mission.

Wichita tosses TALLAHASSEE the keys.

TALLAHASSEE

(smiles)

The Beast is back, and there's
gonna be some trouble, hey nah, hey-

Tallahassee stops short. He stares, slack-jawed, at the
VEHICLE Wichita drove to get here. Not the BEAST, but...

TALLAHASSEE

Nah. Nah. Nah. Nah.

...a white 1990 PONTIAC TRANS SPORT, history's most PATHETIC
MINIVAN. Tallahassee regards it with horror.

TALLAHASSEE

Uh-uh. No way I'm driving to
Graceland, the house of the King,
lover of the finest American
automobiles, in a G.D. minivan.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)

*But even Tallahassee knows, beggars
can't be choosers. Working
vehicles are scarcer nowadays,
thanks to years of neglect and
deterioration. We can't be as
picky as we used to...*

COLUMBUS

Just get in.

TALLAHASSEE

You say just get in, but that's how
it starts. The moment I accept
that... thing as a legitimate mode
of transportation is the day a
piece of my soul shrivels up. Also
perhaps my balls.

WICHITA

You wanna save Little Rock or not?

TALLAHASSEE

No, you don't get to say that. I
mean, how do you let her scam with
a hippie who won't step on a bug?

WICHITA

I told you, the only reason she
wanted to leave was you!

COLUMBUS

Guys!

WICHITA
Oh, good Lord...

MADISON exits the house with a number of fancy suitcases.
Trailing behind her, having been rolled over by a piece of
luggage and then snagged by the heel of one of her shoes, is:

RULE #7 TRAVEL LIGHT

TALLAHASSEE
Where the hell does she think she's
going?

WICHITA
She looks like she's auditioning
for a soon-to-never-come-out Wes
Anderson movie.

TALLAHASSEE
Are we dropping her off at a no-
kill shelter or something?

COLUMBUS
Hey. She's a human being. We're
not gonna just leave her here.

WICHITA
Yeah, we can't just leave his
girlfriend.

COLUMBUS
Look, I'm not gonna feel guilty
about this. You left me. In the
harshest way possible.

WICHITA
Well, you recovered pretty fast.

TALLAHASSEE
(rubs temples)
Makkapitew. Askuwheteau.
Sunukkuhkau...

Madison climbs into the van.

MADISON
Is he having a seizure?

TALLAHASSEE
Shut it or you're going back to
Whole Foods!
(to everyone)
Just trying out Blackfoot names.

WICHITA

Whole Foods? Was she in with the
eighteen dollar organic hummus?

TALLAHASSEE

(correct Levantine
pronunciation)

It's pronounced hummus.

MADISON

I lived in the freezer.

Wichita rolls her eyes as she, Madison, and Columbus get in.

COLUMBUS

Hey, Madison, when we first met,
did you point a gun at me and steal
my car?

MADISON

What? No, when we first met I told
you you were really smart, and then
I slept with you.

COLUMBUS

Yes. Yes you did.
(small triumphant smile)

Everyone's in now except Tallahassee. Tal STEELS HIMSELF,
then climbs behind the wheel, shuddering at the indignity.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATE MORNING

THE BEAST flies down the road. LITTLE ROCK mans the roof-
mounted MACHINE GUN, BLASTING cars that litter the road. She
pops down through the sun-roof. BERKELEY is shocked.

LITTLE ROCK

I love the smell of gunpowder in
the morning.

BERKELEY

I'm more of a patchouli oil guy.

LR leans in, seductively smells Berkeley's neck. Winces.

BERKELEY

You should really try giving up
guns. Non-violence can be such a
rush.

LITTLE ROCK

But what about the zombies?

BERKELEY
They're people, too.

LITTLE ROCK
Kinda not really.
(beat)
Hey, do you have any weed? I wanna
smoke some weed. Like way too much
weed.

BERKELEY
Do I look like a guy who's got
weed?
(pulls out a huge ziploc)
Boom. Yes!

INT. PONTIAC TRANS SPORT - DAY

TALLAHASSEE is behind the wheel of the TRANS SPORT. COLUMBUS
sits next to him. WICHITA and MADISON sit behind.

WICHITA
(to Tallahassee)
Did you put a 3 on the side?

TALLAHASSEE
And dishonor the Intimidator? Fuck
no.
(again rubs temples)
I got a splitting headache.
There's a first-aid kit back there
with some aspirin.

WICHITA
Anything to lessen the pain.

MADISON
I got it!

Madison UNBUCKLES. Climbs back. Can't figure out how to
gain access to the first-aid kit.

TALLAHASSEE
Behind you. On the left. There's
a little red latch.

COLUMBUS
(to Tal)
Wait. How did you know about the
red latch?

WICHITA
Or for that matter the first-aid
kit.

COLUMBUS
(realizes)
You actually... owned one of these!

TALLAHASSEE
What?!

COLUMBUS
You did! Pre-Zombieland! You
owned a Pontiac... Trans Sport!

TALLAHASSEE
Yeah, if it were opposite day!

EXT. MCDONALD'S DRIVE-THRU - DAY - FLASHBACK

TALLAHASSEE is sitting at a McDonald's Drive-Thru in a beige
PONTIAC TRANS SPORT. The snarky TEEN behind the counter goes
to hand him a Happy Meal and snickers at the van.

SNARKY TEEN
You talk your husband into that?

Tallahassee LUNGES and PULLS the kid THROUGH the DRIVE-THRU
WINDOW.

INT. MINIVAN - PRESENT

TALLAHASSEE continues to drive. A BEAT.

WICHITA
(tiny smile)
In Dark Teal Metallic?

Tallahassee finally EXPLODES with the truth:

TALLAHASSEE
Sanddrift Beige! It was very
convenient for a single Dad. Easy
access to the child seat. No-stain
cloth. A plethora of safety
features.

MADISON
Ya sold me.

Tallahassee catches Columbus looking at him.

TALLAHASSEE
Thin ice, motherfucker. Thin.
Fucking. Ice.
(POPS aspirin, CHEWS)

MADISON
You chew aspirin?

TALLAHASSEE
It enters the bloodstream faster.
Any more questions?

INT. PONTIAC TRANS SPORT - LATER

TALLAHASSEE still drives, with COLUMBUS beside him. MADISON and WICHITA remain in back.

MADISON
It's nice to have another woman around. Let the men talk about cars. Us girls can talk about relationships.

WICHITA
Terrific! Speaking of, that's some ring ya got there.

Columbus looks back to see Madison is wearing Wichita's engagement Hope Diamond ring. His face says... Goddamnit.

MADISON
I know, right? I found it in the bedside drawer. I think it might have belonged to the First Lady.

WICHITA
I think you're right. It did belong to the first lady.

COLUMBUS
Actually it was given to the first lady, but she rejected it.

MADISON
What?! What kind of idiot would turn down a ring like this?

WICHITA
Maybe one that didn't want to be weighed down. Anchored. Chained to something immobile.

The van suddenly SKIDS to a stop. Madison soars into the front seat, ass over teakettle.

MADISON

Shoot. Sorry. Forgot the seat-belt rule.

WICHITA

Oh, so she already knows the rules.

COLUMBUS

I just told her a few of 'em, yeah.

MADISON

Seventy-three. Are there more?

COLUMBUS

No, that's all.

WICHITA

You guys have really gotten to know each other. That's sweet. You're cute together. I like it. Awww.

Columbus gives Wichita a withering look. Madison, still upside down, looks up at Tallahassee.

MADISON

Can I ask why we stopped?

TALLAHASSEE

I don't know, can you? You may...

MADISON

Why did we-

TALLAHASSEE

...not. May not.

EXT. OFF-RAMP - DAY

Our HEROES kneel BEHIND the RAILING of a freeway OFF-RAMP, looking at a CONVENIENCE STORE below, about a half mile away.

TALLAHASSEE looks through BINOCULARS while blowing a huge GUM BUBBLE. It pops, momentarily obscuring his P.O.V. with PINK.

WICHITA cleans the barrel of her SHOTGUN. MADISON MOISTURIZES. COLUMBUS STRETCHES. He's very flexible.

MADISON

(nudges Wichita)

He's so flexible.

WICHITA

Yeah, that's what's so great about him. Very bendy.

TALLAHASSEE

Yo, Ohio. When you're done with...
that.

Columbus peers through Tallahassee's BINOCULARS. We take his
MAGNIFIED P.O.V. of the CONVENIENCE STORE. The view drifts
to an ICE CREAM truck with a CLOWN painted on its side.

COLUMBUS

Oh, no.

TALLAHASSEE

Not that.

Tallahassee steers Columbus' P.O.V. to an amazing MOTOR HOME.
A 43' PREVOST. Quite the coach.

COLUMBUS

Ah. Much better.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

COLUMBUS and WICHITA are halfway down the hill. TALLAHASSEE
lags behind with MADISON, whose heels are slowing her down.

COLUMBUS

I think you've got the wrong idea
here. Madison - she's just a
fling, it's not a big deal.
Circumstance. Lack of options.

WICHITA

I was just about to say the
opposite. Seeing you two, it's
obvious I was right. You and I
were just kind of thrown together.
It was a random relationship.

COLUMBUS

It was not random.

WICHITA

Now, you and Honeysuckle...

COLUMBUS

Madison.

WICHITA

...you two seem like destiny.
Soulmates who were fated to share
deep intellectual thoughts like,
'Honey, 'The Bachelorette's' on!'

Columbus and Wichita reach the bottom of the hill and look up at a disgusted Tallahassee and a very wobbly Madison.

COLUMBUS

Actually, maybe you're right.
 Maybe she and I are soulmates.
 Cause, you know what, she's nice.
 And I'm nice. She's a good person.
 And I'm a good person. You, on the
 other hand. You're mean.

WICHITA

Whatever. I'm not mean.

COLUMBUS

You're pretty mean.

WICHITA

Well, you know what, my sister's
 missing. She could be dead for all
 I know. And you're screwing some
 sophomore from Cal-State-Spread-
 Your-Legs. So if I wanna be mean,
 I'll be fucking mean. I wonder if
 there's a Home Depot around here.
 Maybe I'll find a guy in the lumber
 department who's really flexible
 and knows when to shut up.

COLUMBUS

I'm pretty flexible.

Tallahassee and Madison finally reach the bottom of the hill.

MADISON

I don't have the right heels for
 this.

WICHITA

Don't worry, you can borrow a pair
 of mine.

MADISON

Really? But you don't have any
 luggag- Oh. You were kidding. You
 guys are all very sarcastic.

COLUMBUS

They're not nice people, Madison.
 Ignore them.

TALLAHASSEE

Yeah, ignore us. Please. Time to
 nut up or-

WICHITA

Shut up. Let's try shut up.

COLUMBUS

Mean!

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

TALLAHASSEE, WICHITA, COLUMBUS, and MADISON walk the perimeter of the MOTOR HOME with caution. ALL CLEAR.

TALLAHASSEE

See? Nothing to worry about.

Madison climbs the mini-steps and pulls the DOOR HANDLE...

MADISON

Jewel used to have one of theee-
eek!

...SETTING OFF AN OUTRAGEOUSLY LOUD ALARM. Every light on the R.V. FLASHES. The HORN HONKS. A SIREN WAILS.

Screech! Every ZOMBIE within a thousand yards comes RUNNING.

WICHITA

God we're good at this kind of
thing.

TALLAHASSEE

Columbus?

COLUMBUS

Tallahassee.

TALLAHASSEE

The hood's twelve o'clock. The
trunk's six. You're our eyes.

Tallahassee interlaces his fingers and 'boosts' Columbus onto the roof of the motor home. The BUS ALARM dies all too late.

MADISON

What do I do?

TALLAHASSEE

I don't mean to be rude,
sweetheart, but nobody cares what
you do.

We take Columbus's P.O.V. as he stands on top of the R.V., spinning, looking for zombies. He spies a TRIO on the move toward the BUS at the EIGHT O'CLOCK POSITION.

COLUMBUS

Uh, two o'clock! Wait, the front's
twelve?! Crap! Eight o'clock!

Tallahassee plucks a STEYR AUG AUTOMATIC RIFLE OUT of his BAG. WICHITA grabs her SHOTGUN. They stride to EIGHT O'CLOCK. A beat of SILENCE.

TALLAHASSEE
Let's shoot some shit.

Madison gives her cross a KISS. And Tallahassee and Wichita start pulling triggers. BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!

We didn't know guns could be this LOUD. FIRE spits out of muzzles. SHELLS bounce on the pavement. Zombies FACE-PLANT.

Columbus scans the horizon for fast-approaching zombies.

COLUMBUS
Eleven?

Our heroes run around the bus, FIRE AGAIN. ZOMBIES DROP.

COLUMBUS
Six!

RUN, RUN, BAM-BAM-BAM!

COLUMBUS
One fifteen-ish.

JOG, JOG, BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM! We're HIGH ABOVE the R.V., watching as ZOMBIES sprint from virtually EVERY angle.

COLUMBUS
Eleven! Jabbas!

BAM-BAM! Two FAT ZOMBIES splat.

COLUMBUS
Shit... Nine! Six! Five! Nine
to five!

TALLAHASSEE
What a way to make a livin'.

Cue DOLLY PARTON's 'NINE TO FIVE' as... BAM-BAM-BAM! BAM-BAM-JAM-CLICK. Wichita's gun has JAMMED.

COLUMBUS
Two!

A rogue zombie is nearly on top of Wichita when - FFFFT! - Madison MACES it in the EYES. Wichita gives Madison a look of genuine thanks, then UNJAMS her gun and SHOOTS the zombie.

COLUMBUS

Ten!

At ten o'clock, a DUMB ZOMBIE is pawing happily at the air as if trying to catch butterflies.

COLUMBUS

Never mind. Homer. Twelve!
Three!

Tallahassee drops the Aug. Pulls out TWO .45 BERETTA 92s.

Tal takes aim between twelve and three, turns the pistols palm-down like a GANGSTA, and fires in BOTH DIRECTIONS.

Both zombies drop. Columbus is SO ENTRANCED, he's forgotten to look BEHIND him. Wichita stares and points.

WICHITA

Hawking!

A HAWKING has climbed up the ladder onto the R.V.'s ROOF. It ducks behind an A.C. unit, then sneaks up on Columbus.

WICHITA

Hawking!

Columbus SPINS just in time... FLINCHES... and DUCKS.

The zombie TRIPS over him... flies HEAD-FIRST off the front of the R.V. and is... KABLAMMED... by both WICHITA and TALLAHASSEE. It spins in the CROSSFIRE like a MEXICAN JUMPING BEAN. Then FALLS STILL.

MADISON

(impressed, claps)
Oooh!

TALLAHASSEE

(eyes WIDEN)
Ninja!

A NINJA reaches out from UNDER the R.V. to GRAB MADISON's LEG and go for a BITE. Only to be PUMPKIN-HEADED from ABOVE...

...by COLUMBUS, who holds a .44 MAGNUM bigger than he is. He puts one more bullet in the zombie's HEAD for good measure.

MADISON

You saved me!

Wichita rolls her eyes. Tallahassee looks past Madison's shoulder and taps her with the barrel of one of his pistols.

TALLAHASSEE

Pardon me, miss. One last item of business.

Madison moves to reveal a ZOMBIE heading their way. It's not running, but WALKING. And it's strangely QUIET and INTENSE.

COLUMBUS

Um, is it me, or is-?

Tallahassee walks TOWARD the zombie, raises a pistol, and FIRES. But the zombie DODGES the BLOW. He FIRES AGAIN. Another DODGE. Then the zombie SPRINTS with SILENT PURPOSE.

Frustrated, Tallahassee OPENS FIRE with both PISTOLS, finally WINGING the ZOMBIE in the arm and spinning it before planting a second SHOT in its chest. The ZOMBIE DROPS and lays still.

RULE #2 DOUBLE-TAP

TALLAHASSEE

(chuckles)

Try to dodge me.

Tallahassee turns around, victorious. Only BEHIND HIM, the zombie slowly SITS UP, the holes in its PEC and BICEP visible from here.

COLUMBUS

Uh, Tallahassee?

Tallahassee turns back around to see, surprisingly... problematically... the zombie rise to its feet again. Tal does the math on his fingers: One, two.

TALLAHASSEE

One plus one is still two, right?

The zombie RUNS at TALLAHASSEE, who hits it AGAIN.

RULE #2 TRIPLE-TAP

The 'zombie' stumbles, falls... then keeps CRAWLING FORWARD.

Tallahassee, anxiety rising, empties his clips, cycling through 'tap' modifiers like reels on a slot machine:

RULE #2 QUADRUPLE-TAP

RULE #2 QUINTUPLE-TAP

RULE #2 WHATEVER THE SIX-UPLE WORD IS-TAP

COLUMBUS (V.O.)

This... was our first T-800. Named for the Terminator it-fucking-self. T-800s were still the same species as other zombies.

(MORE)

COLUMBUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*But a slightly new variety, worthy
 of a new name. They came from the
 plains, where prey was scarce and
 still had to be hunted on foot -
 nothing pre-packaged... meaning
 people, animals, stuff that runs
 away.*

The zombie, bleeding out, finally reaches Tallahassee's feet.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*All that hunting made T-800s better
 adapted to survive than their city-
 boy cousins. But also cleared out
 the plains. Sending the T-800s
 east - in search of new food.
 Like, well, us.*

The T-800 gets its fingers feebly around Tal's boot, but he delivers the coup de gras with a gruesome STOMP, crushing the zombie's head with an awful SKLURCH.

TALLAHASSEE
 Zombie Kill of the Year?

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Sorry.

EXT. RANDY'S DONUTS - DAY

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*Not with the performance just
 turned in by Jay Styperk of
 Inglewood, California.*

JAY STYPERK has weakened the SUPPORTS under the famed massive DOUGHNUT-SHAPED 'RANDY'S DONUTS' SIGN. He USES a LEVER to get the huge DOUGHNUT ROLLING... OFF the ROOF and ONTO an UNSUSPECTING ZOMBIE. SQUISH!

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The Beast drives down the freeway, weaving in and out of cars, but at a much, much slower speed. Pot smoke drifts through the sun-roof. We hear BERKELEY SINGING.

BERKELEY (O.S.)
 You're invisible now, you got no
 secrets to conceal.

LITTLE ROCK is at the wheel, BAKED. BERKELEY sits next to her, bare feet propped on the dash, strumming his guitar.

BERKELEY

How does it feel... to be on your own... with no direction home... Like a complete unknown... like a rolling stone?

LITTLE ROCK

That song is amazing. Did you write it?

(off his chuckle)

Was that a dumb question? I was eleven when the zombies took over.

BERKELEY

No, babe... not dumb at all. I'm just laughing cause you thought I'd play you some stupid cover song. Of course I wrote it.

Little Rock nods, her crush on him blowing up.

BERKELEY

Okay, this one's still a work in progress, so be gentle.

Berkeley tunes his guitar, strums a few chords, then sings...

BERKELEY

In the day we sweat it out on the streets of a runaway American dream. At night we ride through the mansions of glory in suicide machines...

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

We transition to the real BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN as TALLAHASSEE paints a huge '3' on the side of the R.V., then hops behind the WHEEL. The R.V. drives off.

SPRINGSTEEN

*Sprung from cages out on highway 9,
Chrome wheeled, fuel injected, and
steppin' out over the line...*

We pass a sign: MEMPHIS - 260 MILES

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Springsteen blares. This really is a SWEET RIG. CAPTAIN'S CHAIRS. BATHTUB. QUEEN-SIZED BED. TALLAHASSEE drives like the cat who ate the canary. COLUMBUS sits beside him.

TALLAHASSEE

So picture you've been dead a long time.

COLUMBUS

Yeah?

TALLAHASSEE

And God comes to you. And says, son. I'm gonna let you go back down to earth and live. For one hour. But only one.

COLUMBUS

Uh-huh?

Tallahassee runs his hands over the wheel like it's a woman, sways his head to the music, LOVING the shit out of life.

TALLAHASSEE

Then picture that one hour. Is right... now.

Columbus stares out at a sky so beautiful, he could cry.

WICHITA and MADISON talk in the back, eating TRAIL MIX.

WICHITA

Jeans? You want to sell... blue jeans?

MADISON

Yes, but Genes. Spelled like the name. G-E-N-E. That's the brand. And each style has its own 'Gene' name, get it? So for example we'd have a Western style, like maybe a boot cut? And then we'd come up with a famous 'Gene' who would represent that style. Like a cowboy, or-

WICHITA

Autry. Gene Autry. He was a famous singing cowboy.

MADISON

OK, perfect, right! So those would be the Autrys. And then we'd have a real slim, sleek cut? For a guy who can really dance.

WICHITA

Gene Kelly.

MADISON

And then like a darker wash, kind
of a rock star vibe.

COLUMBUS arrives from the front of the R.V.

COLUMBUS

Gene Simmons.

WICHITA

How about mom jeans? The
Stapletons.

COLUMBUS

Or silly jeans? The Wilders.

MADISON

Oh my gosh, you guys are so good at
this! You're blowing my mind!

WICHITA

Don't take this the wrong way, but
I'm not sure we'll sell a lot of
jeans in Z-land.

MADISON

(deflates)

We could do khakis?

WICHITA AND COLUMBUS

The Siskels.

Wichita and Columbus both laugh. They look at each other and
for a moment it's so damn obvious they're not together
because of convenience or lack of options. Then - BLURP.

Wichita and Columbus turn to Madison, who's making weird
gastrointestinal noises and suddenly doesn't look so great.

COLUMBUS

Are you okay?

MADISON

I think I'm just hot. I'm so used
to being in that freezer.

Madison takes off her shirt - busting out of her tank top.

WICHITA

Oh, c'mon...

Madison rubs her own face. She seems disoriented.

MADISON
I have a funny taste on my... My
thung feels tick. My thung?

Madison's eyes lose focus.

WICHITA
(yells to Tallahassee)
Hey Boss, I think you might wanna
pull over.

TALLAHASSEE
(belting 'Born to Run')
Hunh? Why?

WICHITA
Just trust me on this.

Columbus stares at Madison's strange expression.

COLUMBUS
Maybe she's just car sick? We
should open a window.

Madison turns and looks at him, her eyes vacant. Then YELLOW
VOMIT pours from her mouth, all over him.

WICHITA	COLUMBUS
Yes. Open a window!	<u>Pull over!</u>

EXT./INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

The R.V. is now PARKED on the SHOULDER next to a CORN FIELD.
MADISON staggers across the shoulder and into the corn.
Inside, TALLAHASSEE, WICHITA, and COLUMBUS confer.

COLUMBUS
Maybe it's not-

WICHITA
Please. You're the one who says
don't take chances.

RULE #62 DON'T TAKE CHANCES

TALLAHASSEE
She's right. So, who wants the
honors? Personally, I wouldn't
mind - but I don't want you guys
calling me selfish...

COLUMBUS
Hey! She's a living, thinking
being.

WICHITA

Is she though?

(off Columbus's look)

Look, I know you guys are in love,
but in two minutes, she's gonna be
all... guhhhhhhhr!

COLUMBUS (V.O.)

*When something bad happens, you
have three choices. Let it define
you, destroy you, or strengthen
you...*

Columbus reluctantly grabs Wichita's shotgun.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)

*Another of my dentist's
inspirational posters. It was so
uplifting in there.*

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

COLUMBUS, gun in hand, follows MADISON into the cornfield.

COLUMBUS

Madison, wait. Madison!

She finally stops and turns and good lord, she looks...

MONSTROUS. Her face is completely swollen, her shirt covered
in puke. Columbus stifles a gulp.

MADISON

I'm a monsther. A monsther!

Columbus raises the gun... but can't go through with it.

COLUMBUS

I realize we don't know each other
that well. And God knows, we
woulda been a hot mess together.
But I do care about you. Maybe
you'll turn into a tough T-800 and
lead a long life, hunting on the
plains.

When Madison finally lifts her head, her eyes are yellow, out
of focus. She staggers toward Columbus. He turns and RUNS.

COLUMBUS

Just not yet!

EXT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

Columbus explodes from the corn and races towards the R.V.

COLUMBUS
Start it up! Start it up!

INT./EXT. MOTOR HOME / ROADSIDE - DAY

TALLAHASSEE and WICHITA sit on the couch, playing SCRABBLE.

TALLAHASSEE
Triple word score, motherfucker.

WICHITA
SKYNYRD isn't a word, it's a name.
And it's a fake name.

COLUMBUS (O.S.)
Start it up!

TALLAHASSEE
I didn't hear a shot.

WICHITA
Told you he liked her.

TALLAHASSEE
Eighteen times three is... let's
call it sixty.

WICHITA
Let's not. And it's still not a
word.

COLUMBUS bounds up the steps. Sees Tal and Wichita occupied.

COLUMBUS
Fine, I'll drive.

Columbus starts the R.V. Madison emerges from the corn, her
body so swollen her walk is more of a shuffle.

MADISON
Corumbush! Corumbush!

Madison reaches the back of the R.V. just when Columbus
FLOORS it. He watches Madison recede in a cloud of dust in
the side-view mirror. And feels truly terrible about it.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*That counts as one that's gonna
strengthen me.
(looks Wichita's way)
Maybe even strengthen us.*

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The MOTOR HOME is now parked at a GAS STATION. A still SHELL-SHOCKED COLUMBUS SIPHONS DIESEL from the ground tanks into the RV tank. He gets a little in his mouth, grimaces, coughs, spits it out. TAL approaches.

COLUMBUS
That should kill anything a dentist
woulda found.

TALLAHASSEE
I just wanted to say. Madison was
annoying, but you cared about her.
She didn't deserve that. Neither
did you.

COLUMBUS
I'm trying your whole 'God gave me
one hour' thing.

TALLAHASSEE
(proud)
Is it helping?

COLUMBUS
I woulda chosen a different hour.
But yeah. Thanks.

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

TALLAHASSEE hops in the driver's side and starts the R.V.
COLUMBUS enters and takes a seat on the couch with WICHITA.

COLUMBUS
(looks at Scrabble board)
Pumba?

WICHITA
That was actually mine.
Retaliation for Skynyrd.

TALLAHASSEE
Let's see what this thing's got.

Tallahassee depresses the BRAKE, then jams the ACCELERATOR to the floor. Then LETS OFF the brake. The R.V. LURCHES FORWARD. Immediately, SCREECH-CRUNCH...

...the wedge-shaped AIR CONDITIONING UNIT on the roof of the R.V. LODGES under the concrete OVERHANG of the gas station.

TALLAHASSEE
Shit. On. Me.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

COLUMBUS stands outside the bus, surveying the situation, directing TALLAHASSEE, who's still behind the wheel.

COLUMBUS
Reverse? Forward?

TALLAHASSEE tries reverse. Then forward. The R.V. goes nowhere. STRAIN-RIP-SCREECH.

Columbus enters, sits down. All without saying a word. Tallahassee grinds gears. Sits back. Fights the slow burn.

COLUMBUS
Where are you right now?

TALLAHASSEE
Not far enough away from here.

Columbus pops the glove box and grabs a TIRE GAUGE.

COLUMBUS
I've got an idea.

EXT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

HISSESSSS. COLUMBUS is kneeling at one of the tires, using the gauge to let out the air.

INT. MOTOR HOME - DAY

COLUMBUS climbs back in, and TALLAHASSEE re-starts the R.V.

COLUMBUS
Should give us the room we need to
drive away!

WICHITA
I'll admit, I'm impressed.

Columbus looks really pleased with himself.

TALLAHASSEE
Hold on to your Stetsons.

Tallahassee DRIVES successfully out from under the OVERHANG. But as the R.V. continues to move, a peculiar SOUND reaches our heroes' ears. Kind of a... TEARING.

ANGLE ON TALLAHASSEE, COLUMBUS, and WICHITA, frowning.

TALLAHASSEE
 Lemme guess. You let all the air
 out of the tires.

ANGLE ON the R.V. Indeed, COLUMBUS has let ALMOST ALL the
 air out. And the RIMS are SHREDDING the rubber to SHIT.

COLUMBUS
 That's possible, yes.

EXT. FREEWAY - MAGIC HOUR

Our HEROES trudge back the way they came in the fading light.

TALLAHASSEE
 (to Columbus)
 As we walk, I'm picturing all the
 things I like about you.
 (claps his shoulder)
 So I don't murder you.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

We're now back where we started, at the convenience store.
 Our CREW, tired, bedraggled, walks out of the pitch black
 into the spill of fluorescent light. They STOP. And frown.

WICHITA
 At least we know where to find the
 first-aid kit.

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal their old PONTIAC TRANS SPORT
 MINIVAN, right where they left it.

TALLAHASSEE
 In moments of great dishonor - such
 as this - ancient Samurai warriors
 were required to commit Seppuku, or
 ritual suicide by disembowelment.

WICHITA
 (sotto voce, to Columbus)
 Where did he learn all this shit?

TALLAHASSEE
 So as to avoid such a violent end,
 I say we take the clown truck.

ANGLE ON the ICE CREAM TRUCK with the CLOWN on the side.

COLUMBUS
 No fucking way. Deal-breaker. Non-
 negotiable.

A SERIES OF SHOTS as the TRANS SPORT travels through the night toward Memphis, the cotton turns to tall trees and Appalachian MOUNTAINS.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*Look, I'm no happier than
 Tallahassee to be seen in a white
 1990 Pontiac Trans Sport. But we
 have a mission here. To find
 Little Rock and bring her back
 home. Nothing else matters.*

We see a road sign saying NEXT EXIT: GRACELAND. The minivan pulls off the highway.

INT. TRANS SPORT - NIGHT

WICHITA is now driving. COLUMBUS sits next to her in silence. TALLAHASSEE saws logs in back.

WICHITA
 I should probably say. It sucks
 about what's-her-name.

COLUMBUS
 Madison. Her name is- was Madison.

WICHITA
 I know. Madison. I'm just saying,
 it blows you lost your girlfriend.
 That obviously wasn't what I
 wanted.

COLUMBUS
 For the fiftieth time. She wasn't
 my girlfriend.

WICHITA
 But she was nice. Which I get I'm
 still working on.

COLUMBUS
 (gestures to Tallahassee)
 Five hours ago... you were beaten
 to your apology... by him.

WICHITA
 Pretty sure I didn't apologize.

The minivan pulls into a long DRIVEWAY.

INT./EXT. PONTIAC TRANS SPORT / GRACELAND - NIGHT

The MINIVAN reaches the end of the driveway and stops by...

COLUMBUS (O.S.)
3764 Elvis Presley Boulevard.

...THE BEAST, parked in front of the stately colonial.
TALLAHASSEE wakes up. Rubs his eyes. Is he DREAMING?!

TALLAHASSEE
The Beast! Ha-ha-ha!

WICHITA
(overwhelmed with relief)
Little Rock!

TALLAHASSEE
She's here! She's safe! I'm gonna
kill her.

Everyone PILES OUT of the minivan.

WICHITA
No one kills my sister but me.

COLUMBUS
God I hope I find her before you
two.

Tallahassee eyes the back of the Presidential Limo, which has
the tiniest of DINGS in the SILVER BUMPER.

TALLAHASSEE
Goddamnit. Someone's getting
grounded.

Tallahassee hustles after Wichita to the front door.

WICHITA
It's locked.

Tallahassee THROWS HIMSELF against the door, which FLIES OPEN
from the force of his weight, but also takes its toll on his
shoulder.

TALLAHASSEE
Motherf-owwoooooowwu!

WICHITA
Another Blackfoot Indian name?

INT. GRACELAND - NIGHT

TALLAHASSEE
Little Rock?!

TALLAHASSEE, COLUMBUS, AND WICHITA, SHOTGUNS at the ready, walk through the ENTRANCE HALL into the LIVING ROOM. Tal is awestruck, almost breathless.

The room is adorned by white plush carpet, blue velvet, gold-trimmed curtains, and stained-glass windows.

TALLAHASSEE
Holy. Fucking. Shit.

WICHITA
Little Rock? Little Rock!

TALLAHASSEE
(overwhelmed)
The aura in here. You can taste it.

WICHITA
Uh. The one thing missing in here is taste.

Columbus picks up a pair of BLUE SUEDE SHOES off a display. Looks, realizes:

COLUMBUS
Elvis and I have the same shoe size!

On a whim, Columbus tries on the shoes. They fit perfectly.

WICHITA
They really set off your eyes.

TALLAHASSEE
Sacrilege! There was only one King... and this was his castle.

Tal passes through an open doorway framed by stained glass depicting two vivid, large, blue PEACOCKS.

INT. GRACELAND - MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

Our HEROES move into the MUSIC ROOM.

TALLAHASSEE
Little Rock!
(intake of breath)
The Music Room.

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal a black BABY GRAND PIANO.

TALLAHASSEE

He wrote 'Don't Be Cruel' on that
baby grand.

Tal opens the fallboard. Gently strikes a key.

COLUMBUS

We're, uh... gonna go look around.

Columbus and Wichita exit. TALLAHASSEE looks around as if
afraid to dishonor a spiritual presence. At last he gingerly
sits at the piano and begins reverently PLAYING.

Tallahassee completes his first delicate FLOURISH, tapping
the first five NOTES of 'DON'T BE CRUEL.'

...when SOMEONE SMASHES the FALLBOARD down on his FINGERS
from BEHIND! Before Tal can react, that SAME SOMEONE elbows
away the LID PROP, and SLAMS the big LID down on his head.
Tallahassee falls and lands on his BACK, dazed.

The camera finds its FOCUS and TILTS UP to reveal a SEXY
WOMAN, early 40s. Short blond hair. Black leather jacket.
White T-shirt. Faded blue-jeans. And cowboy boots.

This chick's a modern-day VALKYRIE. And she's pointing an
ITHACA 37 PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUN at Tallahassee's NOGGIN.

VALKYRIE

Shit's about to get cruel.

QUICK as a CAT, Tal DRAWS a PISTOL and AIMS right back. It's
suddenly a MEXICAN STANDOFF.

TALLAHASSEE

I got some cruel in me too.

He COCKS the HAMMER of his PISTOL. She PUMPS a ROUND. They
STARE each other DOWN. Who will BLINK FIRST?

TALLAHASSEE

Nice piece. Ithaca?

VALKYRIE

37. 'Stakeout.' Thank you. Thank
you very much. Now what the fuck
are you doin' in my house?!

TALLAHASSEE

(innocent smile)
Uh, friends of the King?

INT. GRACELAND - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TALLAHASSEE, WICHITA, COLUMBUS, and the VALKYRIE sit on the furniture, eating Elvis's favorite sandwich: peanut butter on white bread, but MINUS the requisite BANANA.

WICHITA

That car in your driveway? The girl who was driving it, is she-

VALKYRIE

Gone. She and her loser pussy peace guy took off a few days ago. And trust me, they shouldn't have. It's not safe out there.

WICHITA

(gut-punched)
Goddamn it.

TALLAHASSEE

Fucking Berkeley!
(off Valkyrie's confusion)
That's the name of the loser pussy peace guy. We call each other where we're from.

COLUMBUS

It keeps us from getting too close. Tallahassee's idea.

VALKYRIE

Tallahassee?! What a dump. But that's an idea I can get behind. I'm... Nevada.

TALLAHASSEE

No, not the state, the city.
(points)
Wichita. Columbus.

NEVADA

Sorry. Nevada's as close as you get.

COLUMBUS

(re: sandwiches)
These just aren't the same without bananas.

NEVADA

(seems genuine at first)
Sorry, I'll go get you some. In Hawaii.

TALLAHASSEE

I like her style.

NEVADA

I shoulda shot you when I had the chance. Seriously, do you have any idea how close I came to Murray-ing you guys?

WICHITA

To what-ing us?

NEVADA

Murray-ing you. It's when you kill someone 'cause you think they're a zombie. Apparently that's how Bill Murray died.

COLUMBUS

Sounds like an urban legend.

NEVADA

No, it happened.

COLUMBUS

I doubt it.

As we push in on Columbus's guilty visage:

COLUMBUS (V.O.)

What? What do you want me to say? 'Yeah, that was me. My bad. Blew a hole through the finest comic actor of our generation.' I still feel terrible about it. In fact, I'd love to make it up to you. All of you. Buy you one last ticket to Billville.

EXT. RIVIERA COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

COLUMBUS (V.O.)

And for that, we gotta go back to the very first Z-day...

The ninth tee at RIVIERA COUNTRY CLUB. A sun-kissed ocean breeze blows at the backs of a well-dressed TWOSOME. A TALL MAN waits impatiently to TEE OFF, impeded by a faraway GOLFER in a FEDORA on the FAIRWAY, taking his SWEET-ASS time.

VOICE (O.S.)

Should I hit into him? I got no problem hitting into him.

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal the one-and-only BILL MURRAY.

MURRAY
Move those little legs, Pesci!

ANGLE ON MURRAY'S PLAYING PARTNER:

DAN AYKROYD
Wanna make this more interesting?

Two CADDIES stand behind. Murray hits a DRIVE toward Pesci.
We hear some ranting and raving ahead.

MURRAY
Always.

Murray pulls his wallet out of his checked-linen golf pants.

AYKROYD
If I par out, you're in for GB3.

MURRAY
Can we please not have this
conversation again? They should
just reboot it. New cast. Switch
it up. Women. Can't lose.

AYKROYD
Very progressive. But where do we
fit in?

MURRAY
We don't. It's been too long.
I'll tell you the worst. Where the
guy dies in the original, but he's
back for the sequel. They figure
out some clever way.

Aykroyd SHANKS his drive EIGHTY YARDS into the bushes.

AYKROYD
Bite!
(rubs chest, in pain)
Speaking of dying. My Gerd's
kicking up. Anyone have a Tums?

MURRAY
While we're on it, got another
reboot idea. 'Annie.' But urban.

Out of nowhere, Aykroyd spits up vomit into his hand. Then
VOMITS all over his caddie.

MURRAY
You're right. Terrible idea.

Aykroyd looks UP, eyes suddenly full of HATE, and LUNGES at Murray.

Out of instinctual self-defense, Murray BELTS him across the face with his DRIVER. Then stares, stunned.

Murray looks at his caddie, covered in goo, who leers, then suddenly bites the crap out of the other CADDIE.

CUT TO:

MURRAY, SPRINTING, with ZOMBIE AYKROYD and the TWO ZOMBIE CADDIES in hot pursuit.

MURRAY

Fine. I'll do the damn movie!

Murray runs for a SAND TRAP. Grabs a RAKE. BRAINS of the caddies with the flat side. And AGAIN. Then turns and SWINGS the POINTED side at the other CADDIE, BURYING it in his NECK. Blood sprays.

AYKROYD is still coming. Murray JUMPS in their GOLF CART and FLOORS it. Aykroyd jumps on back. Aykroyd reaches for Murray. They GRAPPLE.

Murray floors the cart straight toward a LAKE, frantically WRAPS a GOLF BAG STRAP around the AYKROYD's LEG, and JUMPS OUT.

The cart SPLASHES into the lake and SINKS with the Aykroyd still attached. Cement shoes, Riviera style.

At last, Murray stands alone, AMPED as shit. He adjusts his collar.

MURRAY

I came. I saw. I kicked its ass.

INT. GRACELAND - LIVING ROOM

WICHITA, TALLAHASSEE, COLUMBUS and NEVADA are still talking:

NEVADA

I'll say this about Murray. If I ever find out who did him, I'ma do him.

COLUMBUS

I am so with you.

WICHITA

And he means it. He's killed more celebrities than cocaine.

(MORE)

WICHITA (CONT'D)

The girl who was here. Did she say
where she was going?

NEVADA

No, but the boy did.

EXT./INT. FREEWAY / CAR - NIGHT

NEVADA (O.S.)

He wanted to surprise her.

LITTLE ROCK and BERKELEY drive down a freeway together in a convertible (we don't see the whole car, for reasons that will become clear later).

LITTLE ROCK

Tell me more about it.

BERKELEY

It's like a commune. A safe haven.
Protected on all sides. And
completely pacifist. No guns. Or
violence of any kind.

LITTLE ROCK

Wow.

BERKELEY

And it's a lot of young people,
too. 'Generation Z.' Living in
peace and harmony.

LITTLE ROCK

(angsty)
Sounds cool.

BERKELEY

What's the matter?

LITTLE ROCK

I dunno. Maybe I shoulda left her
a note. Though I suck at notes.
We both do.

BERKELEY

I keep telling you, she's fine.
She gets it.

LITTLE ROCK

She didn't seem to get it. And
trust me, Tallahassee didn't. You
shoulda seen that note.

BERKELEY

You yourself said it, those old
folks were cramping your style!
You'll be much better off in New
Woodstock. Don't worry. Be happy.
(whistles Bobby McFarren)
Hmmm. Infectious. I may be onto
something there.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Only the car's taillights are visible as it disappears into
the night. But...

...spilling onto the highway BEHIND are a large group of T-
800 ZOMBIES. There must be TWO-HUNDRED of them, heading
menacingly in the same direction as Little Rock and Berkeley.

INT. GRACELAND - JUNGLE ROOM - LATER

Floor-to-ceiling green shag carpet. Indoor waterfall of cut
field stone. Polynesian carvings. Exotic plants. Animal
prints. This was Elvis's MAN CAVE.

TALLAHASSEE is in awe. NEVADA is intrigued by his reaction.

TALLAHASSEE

He recorded his last two albums
here. 'From Elvis Presley
Boulevard, Memphis, Tennessee' and-

NEVADA

'Moody Blue.'

TALLAHASSEE

You know your Elvis.

NEVADA

What's your story?
(hands him a bourbon)
Every lover of the King's got a
reason.

Tallahassee smiles. They ease back into TIKI THRONE CHAIRS.

TALLAHASSEE

Sixth grade. I'd taken to the
King. The style. The attitude.
The music.

NEVADA

(wistful)
Yeah.

TALLAHASSEE

So I'm in the library for study hall. It's quiet as a tomb. But me, I can't help humming 'All Shook Up.' Anything not to be studying. Then my buddy Ethan starts tapping his pencil to the beat, going, 'Do it, do it, do it!' And something comes over me. I pop up on the table. Mind you, I was a shy kid. And the whole library's staring at me.

NEVADA

Amazing.

TALLAHASSEE

I start singing. Soft at first. Then louder and louder. And the whole crowd gets clapping. And I just murder it. Harder than a thousand zombies. And when I finish, the whole place goes mental. So I pop down off the table. And the cutest girl in school. Robin Rogers. Now she never gave me the time of day. She comes up to me. And gives me a kiss on the cheek. And for one moment. Just one. I was the King.

NEVADA

Suddenly jealous of Robin Rogers. You know, when this place was a museum, the upstairs was closed to the public.

TALLAHASSEE

Is that so?

NEVADA

Not many people ever been up there.

Tallahassee throws back his drink. Pours another.

TALLAHASSEE

You don't say...

EXT. GRACELAND - MEDITATION GARDEN - NIGHT

Grecian columns, Italian statues, special lighting, and elaborate fountains.

WICHITA

(examines PLAQUE)

This is where Elvis used to come to reflect on his problems. Like fitting into those pleather jumpsuits in the deep-fried fritter years.

COLUMBUS

Listen, I've been thinking a lot about what you said, about why we were together... and I want to apologize-

There's a beat of silence, and then... the sound of two grown-ass adults FUCKING like teenagers coming from the ceiling.

COLUMBUS

Oh my God.

We hear what sounds like a HYENA and an ELEPHANT fighting over a watering hole.

WICHITA

Oh my God.

COLUMBUS

What is that?

WICHITA

Don't. Don't ask questions you don't want the answer to.

Things above CRESCENDO and abruptly back down to SILENCE. Columbus and Wichita shudder.

COLUMBUS

What I meant was I'm sorry about Madison.

WICHITA

Please, you have nothing to apologize for.

COLUMBUS

No, I do. I shouldn't have doubted us... stopped believing so quickly. Do you really think the only reason we were together was circumstance?

WICHITA

Well, if Zombieland had never happened, we'd have had very different lives.

(MORE)

WICHITA (CONT'D)
 I mean, what do you think you'd be
 doing?
 (thinks)
 I could see you doing something...

INT. VIDEO GAME ARCADE BAR - DAY

WICHITA (O.S.)
 ...half nerdy, half cool.

The sing-song 8-bit music of VINTAGE VIDEO GAMES: PACMAN,
 DONKEY KONG JR., DEFENDER, etc.

But it's not the eighties and it's not kids playing. It's
 ADULTS. Beers in hands. This is a RETRO video arcade BAR.

COLUMBUS is playing TEMPEST. His hands crossed. There is a
 CROWD behind him, watching in awe. An EMPLOYEE shoulders his
 way through the crowd.

EMPLOYEE
 Hey boss man, someone needs you to
 make change for a hundred.

Columbus leaves his game to an ONLOOKER, who quickly gets
 crushed by the fast-flying pixels. The crowd GROANS.
 Columbus hops the bar and opens the REGISTER to make change.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
 I can't really see you working
 anywhere.

WICHITA (V.O.)
 So I'd be unemployed? Thanks.

INT. PRIVATE POKER GAME - NIGHT

WICHITA sits at a high-stakes PRIVATE POKER GAME with a TABLE
 FULL of NE'ER-DO-WELLS.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
 Not unemployed, self-employed.

Wichita goes ALL IN, then turns over her HOLE CARDS to rake
 in a massive pot.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
 But in a no-need-to-file-a-tax-
 return kind of way.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. GRACELAND - MEDITATION GARDEN - NIGHT

WICHITA and COLUMBUS finish their conversation:

WICHITA

I could see that. But you're kinda
proving my point. We were two very
different people.

Columbus lets this sink in.

INT. GRACELAND - BEDROOM - NIGHT

TALLAHASSEE and NEVADA lie in a massive KING BED, RAVAGED.

NEVADA

Hmm, that was nice.

TALLAHASSEE

Lady, that was better than nice.

NEVADA

Been awhile, huh?

TALLAHASSEE

Nah, not that long.
(off her look)
Yeah. That long. Longer.

NEVADA

Well, you still got it, brother.

TALLAHASSEE

It's all about the little things.

NEVADA

And the not-so-little things.
(beat)
This girl you're following. She
means a lot to you, huh?

TALLAHASSEE

Nah. Kinda.

NEVADA

She your kid?

TALLAHASSEE

She wouldn't see it that way. I
just want to make sure she's safe.

NEVADA

Good for you. I wouldn't stick my
neck out for nobody.

TALLAHASSEE

That's a double negative. Meaning you would stick your neck out for somebody. You just ain't found the right somebody.

NEVADA

Nah. Those days are behind me now. Me and you are different.

TALLAHASSEE

You got me all wrong, Nevada. Ever heard of the Blackfoot Indians?

NEVADA

Of course. A matriarchal tribe. The women owned their homes and were subservient to no one...

TALLAHASSEE

Hmmm. That didn't show up on my Wikipedia search.

NEVADA

The point is, I don't wanna be tied down. It only means trouble.

TALLAHASSEE

(secretly bummed, almost too quick to agree)
Trouble. Right. My middle name.

NEVADA

Just shut the fuck up and put Percy back in the playpen.

TALLAHASSEE

You use that phrase, too?!

Tallahassee smiles ear to ear, rolls left, and dives back in.

EXT. 'NEW WOODSTOCK' COMMUNE - DAWN

The first rays of SUNSHINE fall across a sleeping ROOSTER, whose eyes bat open. The rooster ruffles his feathers, struts, and COCK-A-DOODLE-DOOS right on cue.

ANGLE on early-morning FARMWORK:

HANDS sowing SEEDS. CROPS being tended to. HENS' EGGS being collected.

Rows of VEGETABLES, CORN, TOMATOES, etc., are being worked by YOUNG PEOPLE dressed half-hipster/half-hippie.

One COLLEGE-AGED STUDENT waters crops with a FIREHOSE. The camera travels the length of the hose to reveal that it's connected to a metallic spool you'd expect to find somewhere other than a farm.

The camera pulls back further to reveal that the spool is attached to a concrete outbuilding...

...which stands PERCHED on the massive ROOF of an...

...FIFTY STORY OFFICE HIGH-RISE in DOWNTOWN ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI!

That's right. 'NEW WOODSTOCK' is just like a traditional commune, except it's been transported, soil and all, FIVE HUNDRED FEET above an URBAN ENVIRONMENT. This pastoral farm covers the entire roof of this office building...

...which provides it perfect SAFETY from the streets below.

EXT. 'NEW WOODSTOCK' - STREET LEVEL - DAWN

At street level, LITTLE ROCK and BERKELEY's convertible (again, we don't catch the entire car) stops outside the LOBBY of the high-rise.

The building's first floor ATRIUM has thick glass on all sides. A 'wall' of furniture/wood/etc. has been pressed up against the glass on the inside to a height of TEN FEET, creating a barrier to any ZOMBIE who might encroach.

Berkeley and Little Rock approach the FRONT DOORS of the lobby. They knock on the glass. A dolly of wood/furniture rolls to one side, revealing TWO COLLEGE-AGED KIDS, a TALL GIRL and a SKINNY GUY, behind the glass.

TALL GIRL
(through glass)
Freeze. What's the password?

LITTLE ROCK
Uh... password?

SKINNY GUY
(how did she guess that?)
Whoa.

The two guards look at each other and unlock the glass doors.

LITTLE ROCK
(to Berkeley:)
They may need to change that.

The tall girl steps out.

TALL GIRL
 Welcome to New Woodstock! Guns.
 We need your guns.
 (off Little Rock's
 hesitation)
 It's our one rule.

Little Rock reluctantly hands over THREE DIFFERENT GUNS, which Tall Girl promptly, nonchalantly, puts into a huge METAL URN with an INDUSTRIAL-STRENGTH BURNER UNDERNEATH.

The URN contains MOLTEN METAL, into which the GUNS are immediately MELTED DOWN. WTF. Berkeley chuckles. They follow the tall girl into the BUILDING.

EXT. 'NEW WOODSTOCK' COMMUNE - MORNING

LITTLE ROCK and BERKELEY are now digging into a GLORIOUS ORGANIC BREAKFAST on the roof of the high-rise, in a beautiful little communal rustic dining area overlooking the city. They are surrounded by a SEMI-CIRCLE of COLLEGE-AGED KIDS curious to know more about them.

LITTLE ROCK
 Omigod. Delicious.

TALL GIRL
 It's totally farm-to-table.
 Organic. Sustainable. And cruelty-free.

BEARDED KID
 Hey, you wanna join us for a little foot-bag later?

SKINNY GUY
 And then maybe hash and bongoes?

LITTLE ROCK
 Um. Yeah.
 (to tall girl)
 Is it always this great here?

TALL GIRL
 (laughs)
 Almost always. Just kidding.
 Always.

SKINNY GUY
 Make yourself at home!

There's that h-word. Little Rock shares a look with Berkeley. This place isn't so bad after all...

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

The first rays of SUNSHINE wake NEVADA up. She opens her eyes to the sound of rustling in the closet. Perks up.

TALLAHASSEE (O.S.)
Whaddya think? Be honest.

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal a showered TALLAHASSEE, fresh as a daisy... WEARING one of ELVIS's SEQUIN-STUDED JUMPSUITS.

NEVADA
(smiles)
I can't... help... fallin' in lo-

Suddenly: BABAAAAMMMMMM!!!! We hear one MASSIVE METAL MACHINE colliding with another MASSIVE METAL MACHINE.

TALLAHASSEE
What the fuck?!

EXT. GRACELAND - MORNING

TALLAHASSEE (still in Elvis's jumpsuit) races out the front door, followed by WICHITA and COLUMBUS.

A massive, BLACK MONSTER TRUCK with an ironically CHUBBY GRIM REAPER and the words 'BIG FAT DEATH' emblazoned on its side sits RIGHT ON TOP of the FLATTENED BEAST.

TALLAHASSEE
No. Oh God, no. This is not happening. This did not just happen.

A MAN climbs down from the truck. We TILT UP past his steel-toed Fries, Wranglers, bandoliers, the .50-Cal in his hand. He's a great-looking guy in his 40's, wearing a cowboy hat.

This... is ALBUQUERQUE.

TALLAHASSEE
Motherfucker, that was my ride!

ALBUQUERQUE
(re: jumpsuit)
Apologies, Tiny E. Didn't expect anything to be parked in my driveway.

TALLAHASSEE
Your driveway?

ALBUQUERQUE
That's right.

TALLAHASSEE
Funny... when I parked in it,
nobody told me to pull out.

NEVADA
Actually it's my driveway.

ALBUQUERQUE
But I use it whenever I'm in town.

TALLAHASSEE
Well I'm in town, and now I'm using
it.

NEVADA
Keep talking like this, I can
arrange so neither of you ever uses
it again.

COLUMBUS
I don't think they're talking about
the actual driveway.

WICHITA
No, I don't think so.

TALLAHASSEE and ALBUQUERQUE stare each other down.

COLUMBUS
Is it me, or does he kind of remind
you of-?

WICHITA
Yeah. It's weird. Not weird.
Creepy.

COLUMBUS
Like an un-funhouse mirror.

From the passenger side, a YOUNGER GUY climbs down with more
caution. He's cerebral, alert. This is FLAGSTAFF. If
Albuquerque reminds us of Tallahassee, Flagstaff reminds us
even more of Columbus.

WICHITA
Whoa. What's going on here?

COLUMBUS
What?

WICHITA

What do you mean what? He doesn't
remind you of-?

COLUMBUS

Oh... No. Really? Noooo.

Flagstaff approaches Columbus and extends a hand.

FLAGSTAFF

Hi everyone. This is Albuquerque.
I'm Flagstaff.

COLUMBUS

Hey. Columbus. Wichita.
Tallahassee. And you know Nevada.

ALBUQUERQUE

Yes I do.

FLAGSTAFF

So sorry about your ex-car. I
guess, as I like to say, Expect the
Unexpected. In fact, that's one of
my commandments.

COMMANDMENT #6 EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED

The title behind Flagstaff is bigger and flashier than
Columbus's titles. It's shiny. It looks expensive.

WICHITA

(perks up)
'Commandments?'

FLAGSTAFF

You know, like, guidelines for
getting by in this fucked-up world.
I got a bunch of 'em.

WICHITA

Interesting.

FLAGSTAFF

Number one's Teamwork. Always
think of the team first.

COMMANDMENT #1 TEAMWORK

Now Flagstaff has TWO shiny commandments piled up behind him.

COLUMBUS

Teamwork. Huh, that's pretty good,
actually.

TALLAHASSEE
I've heard better. No offense.
Columbus has some rules, too.

FLAGSTAFF
Really?! Wow. Such as?

TALLAHASSEE
Number one. Most important of all.
Cardio.

Columbus's bland *RULE #1* *CARDIO* lands with a thud.

ALBUQUERQUE
Number one, eh?

TALLAHASSEE
What?

ALBUQUERQUE
Nothing. Cardiovascular fitness is
his number twenty-nine.

COMMANDMENT #29 *CARDIOVASCULAR FITNESS*

ALBUQUERQUE
Meaning, he has twenty-eight more
important commandments than that.
Like, say, twelve: the world is
your bathroom. And I'm about to
make it mine...

COMMANDMENT #12 *THE WORLD IS YOUR BATHROOM*

TALLAHASSEE
So you just go to the bathroom
anywhere? A little uncouth.

WICHITA
You're the one who doesn't flush.

TALLAHASSEE
(to Wichita)
Not now.

COLUMBUS
I actually have 'Beware of
Bathrooms.'

RULE #3 *BEWARE OF BATHROOMS*

COLUMBUS

I'm just very judicious about them.
Look, we don't have to keep
comparing. It's not a competition.

NEVADA

(turns to Albuquerque)

What are you two doing back here so
soon? I thought you were heading
to Colorado.

ALBUQUERQUE

We were. Goddamn Bolts.

WICHITA

Bolts?

FLAGSTAFF

The zombies out on the plains.
They're tougher than what we're
used to. We call them Bolts. As
in Usain.

ALBUQUERQUE

As in they're pretty fucking
athletic.

COLUMBUS

Makes sense. We call them T-800s.

FLAGSTAFF

Terminators. Nice.

ALBUQUERQUE

Anyway, the Bolts-

TALLAHASSEE

(corrects him)

T-800s.

ALBUQUERQUE

Their food sources are running out,
so they're pushing east. We hit a
whole thicket crossing Missouri.

WICHITA

Missouri? That's where my sister's
going.

ALBUQUERQUE

Then your sister's f-

COLUMBUS

Fine. She's fine.

INT. DINING ROOM - GRACELAND - MORNING

EVERYONE sits around the table having an awkward BREAKFAST.

TALLAHASSEE
Interesting vehicle ya got.

ALBUQUERQUE
Yessir. Dallas had a monster truck
show the night the zombies first
hit. 'Big Fat Death' was just
sitting there! Sixty-six-inch
tires. Two-axle steering. Bitch-
and-a-half to drive, but a real in
kick once you get the hang.

TALLAHASSEE
You carrying a lot of weaponry?

ALBUQUERQUE
You name it - I got it.

TALLAHASSEE	ALBUQUERQUE
Grenades?	Got it.

TALLAHASSEE	ALBUQUERQUE
Bazooka?	Got it.

TALLAHASSEE
Nuclear football?
(off Albuquerque's frown)
So he's your... sidekick?

ALBUQUERQUE
My partner. Flagstaff may not look
it, but he's a beast in battle.

Flagstaff looks very 'aw, shucks.'

TALLAHASSEE
Can we not use the word Beast.
Tubbs to my Crockett over here is
an animal, too. Eats zombies for
breakfast and shits 'em out by
lunch.

WICHITA
He shits out everything by lunch.

Suddenly there's a loud SCREECH from outside.

TALLAHASSEE
What the hell was that?

Everyone runs to the window. 'BIG FAT DEATH' has THREE very athletic-looking T-800s CRAWLING on it.

ALBUQUERQUE

They musta fucking followed us.

WICHITA

They do look very T-800-like. At the very least T-700.

FLAGSTAFF

There actually was no T-700.

COLUMBUS

He's right. The T-800 was the first model.

WICHITA

This is great having two of you.

Tallahassee pulls out a PISTOL.

TALLAHASSEE

Time to nut up or shut up. What?

ALBUQUERQUE

Nothing. Just, that saying is a bit 2009.

Wichita CHUCKLES. Tallahassee glares at her.

TALLAHASSEE

Really? The knife in my back feels very 2018.

One of the T-800s rears back and SMASHES its FIST THROUGH the truck's BACK WINDOW.

TALLAHASSEE

We got this. What?!

ALBUQUERQUE

(chuckles)

Sorry. I can't take you serious in that onesie. Ya want a peanut butter and 'nana sandwich?

COLUMBUS

Do I.

ALBUQUERQUE

Look, we brought 'em here. We'll take care of it. Come on, Flag. Let's show these fuckers how we do.

Albuquerque and Flagstaff grab their gear and rush out. Tallahassee and Columbus, bummed out, slump down in opposite chairs. Nevada and Wichita remain by the windows.

TALLAHASSEE
Anybody else find those two...
uniquely annoying?

WICHITA
Uniquely? No.

Outside we start to hear sporadic SNARLS and GUNFIRE.

TALLAHASSEE
I don't love their chances.

COLUMBUS
They did ignore rule fifty-two.
'Don't be afraid to ask for help.'

RULE #52 DON'T BE AFRAID TO ASK FOR HELP

We hear a HUGE EXPLOSION! GUNFIRE! A BIGGER EXPLOSION! Off-screen, Albuquerque and Flagstaff cheer and laugh.

The girls share a smirk as the FRONT DOOR opens and ALBUQUERQUE and FLAGSTAFF strut inside.

They're covered in GORE, looking like heroes from an 80's war movie. Albuquerque shakes a Polaroid, giddy.

ALBUQUERQUE
Oh man, this is gonna be a good one.

ALBUQUERQUE holds up the pic and uh-oh... there's a BLOODY BITE MARK on his bicep.

NEVADA
Uh, Albuquerque, you got a little something on your arm.

ALBUQUERQUE becomes visibly nervous.

ALBUQUERQUE
What that? That's just...
(covering it)
...one of my tattoos.

COLUMBUS
You have a tattoo of a zombie bite?

ALBUQUERQUE

I'm fine, guys. Hey Nevada, how about you whip up some of your signaturrrrrrr...

(his word becomes a bit of a groan)

Sorry, that was weird. How about a drink? We should celebrrrrrrr!

FLAGSTAFF

Oh man...

(steps away)

Guys, I think Albuquerque might be infected.

ALBUQUERQUE

Me? I'm infected? You got bit twice!

FLAGSTAFF

What?! Don't listen to him.

Flagstaff's eyes start turning yellow.

FLAGSTAFF

I'm fine. Trust me.

Behind him a new *INSTINCT* falls to the floor...

INSTINCT #1 EAT

FLAGSTAFF

Totally fine.

The *INSTINCT* is joined by #2, #3, #4, all the same: *EAT*.

FLAGSTAFF

Ah, nuts.

COLUMBUS

(picks up GUN, AIMS:)

Sorry, Flagstaff, you seem like a real-

But before he can fire, Flagstaff and Albuquerque LUNGE at Columbus and Tallahassee.

COLUMBUS

(eyes widen)

-T-800!

TALLAHASSEE and ZOMBIE ALBUQUERQUE go down in a heap.

ZOMBIE FLAGSTAFF knocks the SHOTGUN from COLUMBUS's hand and CHASES him out of the room.

Tallahassee reaches his feet. Zombie Albuquerque tackles him into a wall. Framed pictures and lamps SHATTER.

WICHITA and NEVADA try to draw a bead on Zombie Albuquerque with a SHOTGUN and SIX-SHOOTER, respectively, but can't fire without risking killing Tallahassee.

Columbus runs LAPS around the first floor of the house, Zombie Flagstaff right behind him. Front Room... Jungle Room... Billiard Room. Over COFFEE TABLES. VELVET COUCHES. The going is difficult on those SLIPPERY BLUE SUEDE SHOES.

RULE #1 *CARDIO* battles onscreen with *COMMANDMENT #29: CARDIOVASCULAR FITNESS*.

Columbus jumps up on a BILLIARD TABLE, but SLIPS and FALLS on the BILLIARD BALLS. Zombie Flagstaff leaps up after him and ALSO slips and falls. Zombie Flagstaff grabs one of Columbus's BLUE SUEDE SHOES, popping it off at the heel.

Columbus KICKS FREE, jumps off the table, and HOP-SKIPS away to try to STOMPS the shoe back onto his foot. Zombie Flagstaff hustles behind, gaining ground.

ANGLE ON Zombie ALBUQUERQUE, who tosses Tallahassee to the floor, then LOOMS over him. Tal YANKS a BEARSKIN RUG out from under the zombie's FEET. Zombie Albuquerque falls. Tallahassee drives a BOOT into its face...

...then watches as NEVADA approaches to help.

TALLAHASSEE

Wait! Leave this to the King.

Tallahassee GRABS Albuquerque by the scruff of the collar and SMASHES his head through the face of a BASS DRUM.

Then Tal grabs a BRONZE BUST of ELVIS. Zombie Albuquerque pulls his head OUT of the drum. TALLAHASSEE BRAINS him mercilessly with the BUST. Zombie Albuquerque goes down again, but still has a tiny bit of fight left.

Tallahassee spies an ELECTRIC GUITAR on display. His eyes LIGHT UP. He GRABS the instrument by the neck.

TALLAHASSEE

Guitars ain't just for pacifists.

Tallahassee SWINGS the guitar like a BAT, CRUSHING ZOMBIE ALBUQUERQUE's SKULL with a SATISFYING CLANG!

TALLAHASSEE
 (to Albuquerque)
 Be thankful it wasn't a nuclear
 warhead.

Suddenly, a panicked voice approaches, growing louder:

COLUMBUS (O.S.)
 Swing-swing-swing-swing...

COLUMBUS clip-clops into the room in his blue shoes.

COLUMBUS
 ...swing!

Exactly as he did in the first 'Zombieland,' Columbus SLIDES on his knees just as Tallahassee SWINGS his guitar. Only THIS TIME... Tallahassee WHIFFS HIGH.

TALLAHASSEE
 Shit!

ROARRRRR! Zombie Flagstaff LANDS on Columbus and is about to deliver a devastating BITE when...

NEVADA (O.S.)
 (to Flagstaff)
 Sorry, kid.

Flagstaff LOOKS UP to discover NEVADA's SIX-SHOOTER jammed straight into the center of his FOREHEAD. BOOOOM! Blood SPATTERS! Zombie FLAGSTAFF drops to the floor, still.

TALLAHASSEE grimaces. Zombie Flagstaff's former HEAD has sprayed ALL OVER ELVIS's JUMPSUIT.

TALLAHASSEE
 I'll be taking this off now.

COLUMBUS
 Bet he didn't have Stain-Stick on
his list. Oh, and I got a new one.

Columbus takes out a tiny note-pad and SCRIBBLES:

RULE #74 - NON-SLIP FOOTWEAR

Columbus CHUCKS the BLUE SUEDE SHOES.

EXT./INT. BIG FAT DEATH - DAY

TALLAHASSEE hoists himself into the driver's seat of BIG FAT DEATH. COLUMBUS and WICHITA comically struggle to climb in.

TALLAHASSEE

(rubs the steering wheel)
I ain't been this excited since
Coors sold those bottles where the
mountains turn blue.

WICHITA

(monster truck announcer
voice)
Sunday! Sunday! Sunday!

COLUMBUS

I think it's actually Tuesday.
(looks around)
'Big Fat Death' is right. These
trucks are a huge rollover risk.

Tallahassee starts the engine - liking the deep rumble.

REVERSE ANGLE to NEVADA, who's leaning up against the GRECIAN
COLUMNS of GRACELAND's entrance.

NEVADA

Stay safe, Sunshine State.

TALLAHASSEE

Stay dangerous, Nevada.

COLUMBUS

(to Tal, sotto voce)
You should ask her to come.
(off Wichita's sigh)
What? They seem like a match.

TALLAHASSEE

(sotto voce)
What do I keep telling you? I'm
looking to shed baggage, not pick
it up. Besides, she wouldn't say
yes.
(admiring/sad)
She ain't the type.

WICHITA

No offense. My sister's still out
there. Hit it.

NEVADA

If by some miracle you don't die,
there's always room in my driveway.

WICHITA
 (to herself)
 Starting to sound more like a
 freeway.

TALLAHASSEE
 And if for some reason, you go
 looking for trouble...

NEVADA
 Your middle name.

Nevada gives Tallahassee a wink and saunters back into the house. Tal takes a breath and exhales slowly.

TALLAHASSEE
 I'd best not die.

Tal drops Big Fat Death into DRIVE. Tries gamely to control the COMPLEX DOUBLE AXLE STEERING. The truck instantly SPINS.

COLUMBUS
 You know how to drive one of these,
 right?

TALLAHASSEE
 Please.

QUICK CUTS of BIG FAT DEATH doing EVERYTHING but what Tallahassee WANTS it to DO. BUCKING. JUMPING. REVERSING IN A CIRCLE. SPINNING DONUTS. It takes out a SAPLING. SMASHES a LAMPPOST. Ends up CRUSHING a GRECIAN COLUMN.

Nevada comes back out the front door to see why the racket.

WICHITA
 Heartbreak. Hotel.

INT./EXT. TRANS SPORT - DAY

TALLAHASSEE is back behind the wheel of... (we cut wide)... the TRANS SPORT. He's as angry as he's ever been.

TALLAHASSEE
 Fuck me with a fucking-

COLUMBUS
 I'll drive.

INT. TRANS SPORT - TRAVELING - DAY

COLUMBUS drives. WICHITA sits beside, TALLAHASSEE in back.

COLUMBUS

'Teamwork - always put the team first.' I can't believe I didn't have that.

WICHITA

I dunno. It's not like teamwork's so deep.

COLUMBUS

Flagstaff just seemed cool.

WICHITA

If he was so cool, where was the gorgeous but emotionally inaccessible Kansas City?

COLUMBUS

Maybe she split because she thought they had a random relationship?

WICHITA

And maybe she was about to come back under the thinly veiled cover of needing guns and ammo.

COLUMBUS

What are you getting at?

WICHITA

I think you're smart enough to figure it ou-ch...

Wichita stops MID-SENTENCE. On the road, ahead, traveling at about 35 miles an hour... is the CLOWN ICE CREAM TRUCK.

COLUMBUS

You gotta be kidding me.

Tallahassee pulls up next to the truck.

WICHITA

You gotta be kidding me.

We whip around to see... MADISON behind the wheel! Hopping up and down in her seat, clapping with glee.

MADISON

(excited, screechy:)
You gotta be kidding me!

With her hands off the wheel, the ice cream truck VEERS into Tal's lane, nearly clipping the Trans Sport.

INT. TRANSPORT - TRAVELING - DAY

A bouncy MADISON is now in back with WICHITA. COLUMBUS and TALLAHASSEE are up front. Everyone is eating ICE CREAM.

COLUMBUS

Last time I saw you... you were a zombie.

MADISON

I wish! Stupid nut allergy. I think it was the trail mix Wichita gave me.

WICHITA

Whoops.

(offers her ice cream)

Mocha Almond Fudge? It's delicious.

Columbus shoots Wichita a look.

MADISON

I kept trying to tell you it was only an allergic reaction, but I guess you thought I was trying to eat you.

(smiles)

Not that you minded it last time.

Tallahassee suppresses a gag reflex.

COLUMBUS

Listen. Madison. About that. Wichita and I were just talking-

MADISON

Anyway. There I was. Hiding in the corn. Then I figured, I used to live in a freezer. Why not a-

COLUMBUS

-freezer on wheels?

MADISON

OMG. We're still finishing each other's-

WICHITA

Sandwiches.

MADISON

(to Wichita)

I've really missed this.

WICHITA

Hey look at that! She's getting the whole sarcasm thing. Soon you won't need me for anything.

TALLAHASSEE

Whoa, whoa, heads up - check it out!

Columbus stops the TRANS SPORT. Ahead is the HIGH RISE with the WALLED ATRIUM and ROOFTOP FARM!

COLUMBUS

We made it! New Woodstock!

TALLAHASSEE

Damn hippies.

Columbus hits the accelerator to drive the last few hundred yards, but suddenly hears mechanical GRINDING. SMOKE POURS from out from under the Trans Sport's HOOD. The minivan gradually slows to a HALT again.

TALLAHASSEE

And not a moment too soon.

Everyone gets out of the van and heads for the building. But something is itching Tallahassee's brain. He looks back over his shoulder at the Trans Sport.

TALLAHASSEE

Hold up.

Tallahassee turns back and thoroughly DESTROYS the Transport in a cathartic outburst of vengeful, joyous violence.

He KICKS DENTS in the side. Rips off one of the SIDEVIEW MIRRORS. Chucks it through the WINDSHIELD. SHOOTS the car to shit with a COMBAT SHOTGUN. Pulls out the pin on a GRENADE and drops it inside. Walks away.

The WHOLE CAR EXPLODES behind him.

Tallahassee rejoins the others with a tiny, satisfied smile.

TALLAHASSEE

Enjoy the little things.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH-RISE - DAY

TALLAHASSEE, COLUMBUS, WICHITA, and MADISON walk the last few yards to the high-rise.

TALL GIRL
Password?

TALLAHASSEE
Uh, password?

The dolly moves the furniture aside. The front door opens.

TALL GIRL
Damn it, no one changed it?!

TALL GIRL emerges.

TALL GIRL
Guns.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY/ELEVATOR - DAY

TALLAHASSEE watches, angst coursing through him, as his GUNS are MELTED DOWN.

TALL GIRL
Not to worry, zombies are pretty harmless.

TALL GIRL shows TALLAHASSEE, COLUMBUS, WICHITA, and MADISON toward (and into) an elevator.

COLUMBUS
Technically, not a hundred percent true.

WICHITA
More like zero.

TALL GIRL
Well, they can't kill what they can't reach.

The elevator doors close.

EXT. NEW WOODSTOCK - ROOFTOP FARM - DAY

LITTLE ROCK sits with a few STUDENTS, SHUCKING CORN and SMOKING WEED. She could not look more content.

BEARDED KID
Best thing about Zombieland... no more Monsanto.

LITTLE ROCK
Yeah, the food is so much fresher.

SKINNY GUY

I wouldn't know. I'm still on my
forty day fast.

BEARDED KID

Yeah. I'm considering becoming a
breatharian.

LITTLE ROCK

Breatharian?

BEARDED KID

No food. No water. Just air...
Surviving off the universe's
energy.

Bearded kid takes a big deep BREATH.

TALLAHASSEE

(O.S.)

I may not have my guns. But I
still have my bare hands.

Everyone turns to see TALLAHASSEE, arms crossed, standing
outside the corn-husking circle. Little Rock's face falls.

EXT. NEW WOODSTOCK - ROOFTOP TENTS - DAY

Inside a nearby tent, LITTLE ROCK is sharing HEATED WORDS
with TALLAHASSEE, COLUMBUS, and WICHITA.

LITTLE ROCK

Lemme get this straight! You're
suggesting I just... leave?!

COLUMBUS

I'm with Little Rock. This would
be a perfect home.

On Wichita's face: 'Not again.'

TALLAHASSEE

It most certainly would not. No
one's safe here with these wusses!

WICHITA

He's right. These kids couldn't
fight off a herd of Schnauzers.

LITTLE ROCK

Wouldn't fight off a herd of
Schnauzers. 'Cause it's against
their values.

TALLAHASSEE

That's adorable. Pack your things.
You're sticking with your sister.

Little Rock's face burns with embarrassment.

LITTLE ROCK

(whispering:)

Can you please keep your voice
down?

TALLAHASSEE

We've been worried sick about you!

LITTLE ROCK

Which is exactly why I left.
You're sad, I'm sorry. But I'm
happy here. I'm not going
anywhere.

MADISON (O.S.)

I think I know where she gets the
attitude.

Little Rock spies MADISON standing behind the other three.

MADISON

But she's right. This place seems
nice. I vote stay.

LITTLE ROCK

Who the hell's that?

COLUMBUS

(to Wichita)

Don't you dare.

WICHITA

Columbus's girlfriend.

COLUMBUS

(through gritted teeth)

Oh. My God.

LITTLE ROCK

Wow. You really didn't waste any
time, huh?

(to Madison)

But thanks for the vote.

(to the others)

I'm late for my drum circle.

Little Rock turns heel and exits.

TALLAHASSEE
Drum circle. This is why our
economy's in the shitter.

WICHITA
That's in no way the reason.

TALLAHASSEE
Please let me complain as if it
were.

EXT. NEW WOODSTOCK - ROOFTOP DRUM CIRCLE - LATER

TALLAHASSEE walks off toward the sound of BEATING BONGOES.
We take Tal's P.O.V. of the KIDS in the drum circle: LITTLE
ROCK is having a great time. Everyone is all smiles and
laughs. She is in her element. Among people her age.

Tal is suddenly forced to confront this fact. With more than
a bit of melancholy. Little Rock is fine without him. Not
only fine, THRIVING.

Just then, Little Rock catches sight of Tallahassee. They
lock eyes. The hostility in their gazes melts. No amount of
distance/conflict can erase their history.

EXT. NEW WOODSTOCK - FARM - LATER

LITTLE ROCK is giving TALLAHASSEE a tour of the FARM.

LITTLE ROCK
Apricots, pears, plums. Egg-laying
hens. All the water we need from
those fire hoses. And 'cause we're
in the city, no pests...

TALLAHASSEE
Pretty cool.

LITTLE ROCK
There's also a fish pond... an
infirmary with its own
dispensary...

TALLAHASSEE
They got it all figured out.
Except that breatharian thing...

LITTLE ROCK
Yeah, I'm not so sure about that.

TALLAHASSEE
Hey. I owe you an apology. I'm
sorry.

LITTLE ROCK

(beat)

Me too.

TALLAHASSEE

I was too damn overbearing.

LITTLE ROCK

Graceland wasn't the same without you. And you were right. It's pretty awesome.

TALLAHASSEE

A little less now, unfortunately.

They pass a group of older girls BRAIDING young girls' hair.

TALLAHASSEE

Hey, if you fit in here, then here's where you should be. You... do... fit in here?

LITTLE ROCK

Well... not completely.

Little Rock gives Tallahassee a peek inside her inner jacket pocket, where she has - duct-taped in hiding - a GUN. And not just ANY GUN... ELVIS's COLT .45.

TALLAHASSEE

That's my girl.

LITTLE ROCK

There's a party tonight...

EXT. NEW WOODSTOCK 'CLEARING' - NIGHT

A FESTIVE NIGHT. YOUNG PEOPLE and our CREW all enjoy themselves. BERKELEY plays guitar by a fire for LITTLE ROCK.

BERKELEY

When you coming home, son, I don't know when, we'll get together then...

Columbus and Tallahassee try to play FOOT-BAG as WICHITA and MADISON look on. Tallahassee kicks the foot-bag to Columbus, who MISSES TERRIBLY.

WICHITA

You know you're supposed to kick it back to him?

MADISON
(to Columbus)
I think you're awesome.

Wichita clocks this. Throws a beer down the hatch. Then lets her gaze travel to a group of GOOD-LOOKING LATE-TWENTIES GUYS not far off.

Columbus spots her eyeing the guys. Then she SPOTS him SPOTTING her. They lock eyes. Wichita decides something:

WICHITA
Hey, Ohio. Can I talk to you a sec?

EXT. NEW WOODSTOCK - BENCH - NIGHT

COLUMBUS and WICHITA sit on a bench, a ways off from everyone.

COLUMBUS
What's wrong?

Columbus leans in and kisses her. She pulls back awkwardly.

COLUMBUS
Sorry. I'm pretty buzzed. You can get high here from breathing.

WICHITA
May be the earth's energy.

COLUMBUS
Whatever it is, it feels good. To be all back together. At least for tonight.

WICHITA
Sorry. It's just... I don't know.

COLUMBUS
Don't know what?

WICHITA
If we're... right for each other.

Columbus's gaze travels to the good-looking GUYS across the roof.

COLUMBUS
(bitter)
Lotta new options.

WICHITA

Shut up.

(off C's distressed face)

Look. You're great. And we have so much fun. The problem is - we're just different. I saw you light up when you got here. You're a homebody, Columbus. Deep down. You like to read a book under a blanket by the fire. And I get it. You should want that. It's just... for me, home is a four-letter word.

Wichita wipes a tear from her cheek.

WICHITA

Which sucks. But seeing you and Madison-

COLUMBUS

Forget Madison.

WICHITA

No. Don't. She's a real person, and she's a lot like you. She wants to settle down, build a nest. She could give you things you want. A home-cooked meal, garbage cans to take out, a boy and girl who need to get into the right school.

COLUMBUS

I don't want those things with Madison. I want them with you.

WICHITA

But I don't want them at all.

(beat)

We had a good run. But I just can't be what you want me to be.

Wichita gets up, leaving Columbus forlorn on the bench.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)

Why is it, it's only when you lose something, you know: It's what you want most of all...

EXT. NEW WOODSTOCK - TENTS - MORNING

DAYLIGHT has RISEN over the high-rise roof. Everyone's nursing a collective HANGOVER. A morose COLUMBUS, LITTLE ROCK, WICHITA, and MADISON watch TALLAHASSEE rearranging the BELONGINGS in his DUFFEL BAG.

COLUMBUS
You're just gonna split?

TALLAHASSEE
It's time. To set out on my own
adventures. Little Rock's safe.
Lone wolf's gotta hunt.

COLUMBUS
Where will you go?

TALLAHASSEE
The direction's the destination.
West.

(off everyone's morose
looks)
C'mon, now. You'll all be very
happy here. In the words of the
immortal Gordon Matthew Thomas
Sumner, 'If you love someone, set
them free.' As you know, I'm no
good at goodbyes. So...

COLUMBUS
Please not the pig thing.

TALLAHASSEE
Keep your tits dry. Bet you didn't
see that coming...

COLUMBUS
Did not. No.

Tallahassee shakes Columbus's hand. Then Wichita's. Then
turns to L.R.

TALLAHASSEE
Don't do nothing I wouldn't... not
do.
(pulls L.R. into a HUG)
That's a quadruple negative, I'm
confused too.

Tallahassee tips his hat. Everyone's gotten a tiny bit
misty. Except Madison, who's openly WEEPING.

TALLAHASSEE
See ya, pals.

EXT. CITY LIMITS - DAY

TALLAHASSEE
(sings)
Let's go to Luckenbach, Texas...
(MORE)

TALLAHASSEE (CONT'D)
 with Waylon and Willie and the
 boys...

TALLAHASSEE, on the road in a beat-up old FORD EXPLORER, a good FIVE MILES West of NEW WOODSTOCK. He is singing Waylon Jennings's 'Luckenbach, Texas' along with the S.U.V.'s CD player:

TALLAHASSEE
 This successful life we're living,
 got us feuding like Hatfields and
 McCo-

Tallahassee stomps the brakes and stops singing mid-sentence, shocked and terrified by what he sees through the windshield:

TALLAHASSEE
 -cksucking... T-800s.

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal Tal's P.O.V.: a VERITABLE ARMY of T-800 ZOMBIES - HUNDREDS and HUNDREDS STRONG - off to the left, entering the city from the west, moving QUICKLY, PURPOSEFULLY, DANGEROUSLY.

Tallahassee swings his gaze to check out the direction they're headed in: NEW WOODSTOCK. His face falls.

TALLAHASSEE
 Shiiiiit...

EXT. NEW WOODSTOCK ROOFTOP - DAY

TALL GIRL is doing YOGA on the EDGE of the ROOFTOP when she hears the DISTANT RUMBLE of an engine below.

She grabs a PAIR of BINOCULARS and looks down.

Her MAGNIFIED GAZE falls on TALLAHASSEE's S.U.V., bearing down on the building... then rises to the HORIZON, where she SPIES the DISTANT ARMY of ZOMBIES headed across the city toward New Woodstock. She lowers the binoculars, EYES WIDE.

SMASH CUT TO:

A RED SWITCH BEING THROWN... BY TALL GIRL. A PIERCING SIREN STARTS TO BLARE.

EXT. NEW WOODSTOCK - ROOFTOP - DAY

The SIREN continues to WAIL as LITTLE ROCK, WICHITA, BERKELEY, SKINNY GUY, and a bunch of OTHERS stand at the top of the tower, looking out at both TALLAHASSEE and the HUNDREDS OF T-800s approaching in the distance.

LITTLE ROCK
 Ever think a super loud alarm isn't
 the best idea in the world? Jesus!

BERKELEY
 Babe, chill pill. Be cool.

Little Rock turns again, reaches the red switch, and TURNS
 OFF the SIREN.

LITTLE ROCK
 Maybe it's the non-pacifist in me,
 but I hope you have a better
 solution than 'chill pill.'

BERKELEY
 I'm thinking. Wait. Nope.

LITTLE ROCK
 Listen, Berkeley, it's been fun,
 but I don't think this is working
 out.

Little Rock turns away. Wichita follows, smiling. Then
 Little Rock stops and doubles back.

LITTLE ROCK
 Even twelve-year-olds know who Bob
 Dylan is, you poser asshole.

ANGLE ON WICHITA. This is one of the best moments she's ever
 witnessed.

SKINNY GUY
 Dude, what's her problem?

WICHITA
 (faux helpful)
 Maybe it's the zombies.

SKINNY GUY
 Fuck, right, the zombies.

INT. ATRIUM - DAY

LITTLE ROCK, COLUMBUS, WICHITA, MADISON, BERKELEY, the SKINNY
 GUY, the BEARDED KID, and the TALL GIRL emerge from the
 elevator into the lobby. They hear BANGING on the FRONT
 DOOR:

TALLAHASSEE
 I forgot the password!

SKINNY GUY

No you didn't!

The dolly is pushed back, and the door OPENED. TALLAHASSEE bursts in. The kids immediately reset the 'wall' behind him.

TALLAHASSEE

T-800s. Headed right for us. A swarm of 'em.

COLUMBUS

Hey.

(beat)

Thanks.

TALLAHASSEE

For what?

COLUMBUS

Coming back.

TALLAHASSEE

I should have my head checked.

LITTLE ROCK

So what's the plan?

BERKELEY

How should I know? I'm a songwriter.

LITTLE ROCK

Song-transcriber. And I wasn't asking you.

Little Rock turns to the ONE MAN who actually might be able to solve this. One by one, EVERYONE ELSE DOES TOO. He's the one in the COWBOY HAT and BOOTS.

TALLAHASSEE

(points to Bearded Kid)

Civil War beard here must know how to fight.

BEARDED KID

Sure. Poverty. Social injust-

SKINNY GUY

(interjects)

We could try running. We might be able to find enough vehicles bef-

COLUMBUS

No.

TALLAHASSEE

I'm sorry?

COLUMBUS

No. I'm done running. I've been running my whole life. What good's a home if you can't stay?

Tallahassee is impressed... WICHITA even MORE so.

TALLAHASSEE

Columbus, you're gonna make me cry right now.

WICHITA

(covers)

Not me.

TALLAHASSEE

From where I stand, we got one way outta this.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE MAMAS AND THE PAPAS' 'MAKE YOUR OWN KIND OF MUSIC.'

And... a MONTAGE of our TEAM, led by TALLAHASSEE, making RAPID PREPARATIONS for the onslaught...

...only it's tough for us to ascertain exactly what they have in mind based on all the cryptic moments:

An industrial-sized PROPANE TANK is dismantled and TIED to a MAIL CART with ELECTRICAL CORDS.

The ATRIUM ESCALATORS are TURNED ON at DOUBLE SPEED.

DRY WALL is SMASHED, and THICK, EXPOSED ELECTRICAL CABLE is pulled out.

A DRILL is used to unscrew FLOOR GRATING SCREWS.

EMERGENCY GLASS covering a FIRE ALARM LEVER is BROKEN.

A LADDER allows TALLAHASSEE to reach the HANGING SCULPTURES in the ATRIUM, where he uses BOLT CUTTERS to SEVER various CABLES, and tie new ones that extend to the floor.

HAND-TO-HAND WEAPONS are tossed into a growing PILE: FIRE AXES, TABLE LEGS, NAIL GUNS, DESK LAMPS, FIRE EXTINGUISHERS, etc.

XEROX MACHINES, LASER PRINTERS, OFFICE DESKS, SOFAS, and the URN full of MOLTEN METAL are shoved onto elevators and WHEELED onto the ROOF.

At last, the music drops down...

...and we find our HEROES standing on the ROOFTOP EDGE, all around its edges, at about TEN FOOT INTERVALS. They look down over the city.

Suddenly... below, a NOISE. Like a distant rumble. Growing. GROWING...

Everyone exchanges nervous-but-determined looks. Then, right on cue...

...the whole fucking ARMY of T-800's COMES AROUND A CORNER a FEW HUNDRED YARDS OFF and BEELINES right for NEW WOODSTOCK!

TALLAHASSEE

On your marks!

The ZOMBIES race at the building. Everyone tenses.

TALLAHASSEE

Get set!

The first T-800s reach the edge of the building when...

TALLAHASSEE

(beat)

Kick some dicks.

COLUMBUS

Just because it rhymes doesn't automatically make it a great catch phrase.

Everyone proceeds to START PUSHING SHIT off the ROOF.

What follows is a wonderfully GORY, DESTRUCTIVE SEQUENCE in which XEROX MACHINES, PRINTERS, SOFAS, DESKS, OFFICE CHAIRS, BIG, FULL ARROWHEAD WATER BOTTLES, etc. plummet 500 FEET DOWN, picking up insane speed on the way...

...and then LANDING on ZOMBIES' HEADS with GLORIOUS, OBLITERATIVE, 'EXPLOSIVE' SMASHES.

BOOM! KER-BLAM! CRUNCH!

Zombies ARE FLATTENED into SPRAYS of RED MIST. We see it from ABOVE. We see it from street-level. We see it from the P.O.V. of the T-800s and even the OFFICE FURNITURE ITSELF.

Then our heroes dump the MOLTEN METAL over the side. It splashes down on the zombies, DISSOLVING them into PUDDLES.

And it is fucking GLORIOUS.

Right up to the point the T-800s REALIZE what is happening and start collectively DODGING the INCOMING SHIT. They move left. They move right. The furniture starts landing HARMLESSLY. The liquid metal splashes down onto NOTHING. It is eerie and TERRIFYING to watch...

COLUMBUS

These guys definitely have some
Hawking in them.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ATRIUM - DAY

The ELEVATOR DOORS open. TALLAHASSEE, WICHITA, COLUMBUS and LITTLE ROCK pour into the ATRIUM, MADISON and BERKELEY clipping at their heels.

Outside, the T-800s attack the LOBBY GLASS, SMACKING INTO it, PRESSING against it with all their might. The massive window-panes begin to shake and bow inward from the stress.

The pile of weapons awaits. WICHITA grabs a NAIL GUN. TALLAHASSEE, a FIRE AXE. LITTLE ROCK, a DRILL. COLUMBUS, a FIRE EXTINGUISHER. MADISON and BERKELEY, an ineffectual TABLE LEG and DESK LAMP.

At last, the T-800s SPIDERWEB and SHATTER the GLASS, SMASHING into the BARRIERS of FURNITURE. They immediately start to PUNCH, CRAWL THROUGH the 'walls.'

Our heroes RUSH FORWARD and START BEATING the shit out of them with their weapons. CHOP! SMACK! WHACK! DRILL!

A zombie grabs Wichita's ARM. She is nearly bitten when...

....COLUMBUS brains it with fire extinguisher! She looks at him. 'THANK YOU.'

TALLAHASSEE whirls and swings like he's felling lumber. Finally, when the fur is flying too fast, he yells:

TALLAHASSEE

Fall back!

T-800s burst/stream into the room. Our heroes run to the walls and PULL CABLES that dangle from above...

...which RELEASE the HUGE ABSTRACT SCULPTURES on the ceiling, SWINGING them across the room like PENDULUMS / WRECKING BALLS... SMASHING ZOMBIES BETWEEN them. THUMP! CRACK!

The T-800s begin DODGING... CLIMBING, then scaling the sculptures as they swing past.

LITTLE ROCK races to a wall and PULLS a FIRE ALARM. The LOBBY's OVERHEAD SPRINKLERS TURN ON... FORMING a massive PUDDLE of WATER on the floor.

BERKELEY

Uh, we're in a drought.

On cue... WICHITA and COLUMBUS yank out the EXPOSED ELECTRICAL CABLE protruding from the dry wall...

...and drop it into the growing PUDDLE.

ZZZZAAAAP! The whole front row of zombies is ELECTROCUTED in a brilliant BLUE SIZZLE of ENERGY and SMOKE.

The ZOMBIES in the rear climb unharmed over the fallen zombies' bodies now CARPETING the FLOOR.

This mess of T-800s includes a zombie in a HOSPITAL-GOWN, a COP and PRISONER ZOMBIE HANDCUFFED TOGETHER at the WRIST, a CROSSING GUARD ZOMBIE still clutching a STOP SIGN... and a ZOMBIE in a FOOTBALL UNIFORM (no helmet).

COLUMBUS

More proof football's bad for the brain.

Our heroes fall back again, forming a semi-circle, but before they can retreat further, the ZOMBIES are on TOP of them.

COLUMBUS is TACKLED by the FOOTBALL PLAYER ZOMBIE. He BLASTS the FIRE EXTINGUISHER FOAM into its face, BLINDING it long enough for TALLAHASSEE to split its skull with his AXE.

TALLAHASSEE

Not as bad as an axe.

LITTLE ROCK FALLS and nearly gets CHOMPED by the hospital-gown zombie, its bare ass to the sky. WICHITA leaps on top of the zombie and delivers a NAIL from the NAIL GUN to the base of its skull.

Our heroes suddenly realize they are now fully SURROUNDED on three SIDES by the T-800s. COMPLETELY FUCKED.

Then, in a moment of divine deliverance, we hear a GROWL... which turns into a RUMBLE...

...which turns into BIG FAT DEATH, in all its 15-foot-tall, 10,000 lb., 1,500 horsepower GLORY, SMASHING into the LOBBY.

WICHITA
(announcer voice)
Sunday, Sunday, Sunday!

The MONSTER TRUCK SCREAMS RIGHT THROUGH THE LOBBY, CHURNING ZOMBIES under its MASSIVE TIRES.

It PLOWS into the T-800s in the semi-circle, sending them FLYING scattershot across the room.

The truck maneuvers in AWESOME DONUTS around the lobby, crushing zombies at every turn.

The truck surges forward OVER a MOUND of ZOMBIES. LANDS on some. Then REVERSES over the mound. Then JUMPS it again.

RULE #2A TRIPLE-TAP

At last, the TRUCK SKIDS and SMASHES into a PILLAR, just missing TALLAHASSEE, TOTALING its engine COMPARTMENT.

The driver's DOOR OPENS, and who steps out onto the RUNNING BOARD... but: NEVADA, holding an honest-to-God SLEDGEHAMMER over her shoulder. Tallahassee beams.

TALLAHASSEE
Thank God for rednecks.

NEVADA
I got to thinking. 'Bout your middle name. And how I should go find some.

She smiles wide, jumps down from the running board and right into the action, HAMMER-CRUSHING a crawling ZOMBIE's SKULL. She spins and WHACKS another in the MIDRIF. And another in the BACK of the NECK. But they're not staying DOWN.

TALLAHASSEE
Follow me!

The group follows TALLAHASSEE up a double-speed UP ESCALATOR. They SPRINT up the moving stairs.

The group reaches the SECOND FLOOR of the atrium. T-800s CHARGE UP the ESCALATOR after them, led by the CROSSING GUARD zombie with its STOP SIGN.

Little Rock is last to reach the top of the escalator. She TOSSES Tallahassee her DRILL.

Tal drops to one knee and USES it to unscrew the FINAL SCREW of a FLOOR GRATING at the top of the ESCALATOR.

The CROSSING GUARD spies this and tries to STOP at the top of the escalator, still holding its 'STOP' SIGN. Minus its screws, the floor grating COLLAPSES.

The CROSSING GUARD and the other zombies FALL DOWN into the ESCALATOR MACHINERY, where they GROUND UP into HAMBURGER by the GEARS/MECHANISM.

COLUMBUS

Stairs!

Our group enters the BUILDING's EMERGENCY STAIRWELLS and starts CLIMBING.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

WICHITA and COLUMBUS lead the pack, chugging up the EMERGENCY STAIRWELL.

RULE #1 CARDIO

Wichita grabs Columbus's hand. On the screen, Rule #32 replaces Rule #1.

RULE #32 ENJOY THE LITTLE THINGS

MADISON

Are you upset as I am by all this
loss of life?

BERKELEY

I may write a song about it:
Seasons don't fear the reaper...

MADISON

Oo, nice.

NEVADA, LITTLE ROCK, TALLAHASSEE bring up the rear:

NEVADA

I thought you wanted to be a
Blackfoot.

TALLAHASSEE

You know what they say. The family
that slays together, stays
together.

INT. ATRIUM - DAY

The T-800s... still a HUNDRED STRONG... follow our HEROES into the STAIRWELL and begin climbing after them.

These zombies are extraordinarily ATHLETIC, surpassing even our cardio-habituated heroes. They start to GAIN.

TALLAHASSEE
Light the candle!

CUT TO:

COLUMBUS and WICHITA on a LANDING ABOVE. Waiting there is a MAIL CART with a huge TANK of PROPANE strapped on top. At the neck of the tank is a MAKESHIFT FUSE created from a RAG soaked in LIGHTER FLUID.

Wichita whips out a LIGHTER and lights the jury-rigged FUSE. Then Columbus pushes the cart to the EDGE of the top stair and leaves it there.

Columbus, Wichita, Madison, and Berkeley continue UP the stairwell. Little Rock stops by the cart.

Tallahassee and Nevada round the corner of the staircase with ZOMBIES fast on their tail.

TALLAHASSEE
Now!

Little Rock SHOVES the MAIL CART, which ROLLS, BUMPING, down the stairs, careening right BETWEEN Tallahassee and Nevada...

...and STRIKING the first T-800s just as the FLAMING FUSE reaches the NECK of the PROPANE TANK.

KABLAMMM! The tank EXPLODES in a WAVE of BLUE FAME and PRESSURE, OBLITERATING the ZOMBIES in front.

Tallahassee, Nevada, and Little Rock are nearly KNOCKED off their feet by the blast wave, but continue UPWARD with some combination of GLEE and TERROR.

NEVADA
Are you as turned on as me?

MORE T-800s emerge from the smoke and flames in MAD PURSUIT.

Columbus, Wichita, Madison, and Berkeley push upward... shoving their way through the ROOF DOOR and DISAPPEAR.

LITTLE ROCK huffs and puffs and EXITS through the same door.

Which leaves NEVADA and TALLAHASSEE. It becomes OBVIOUS they WON'T REACH the door BEFORE the ZOMBIES REACH THEM.

TALLAHASSEE

Run. Run! I'm right behind you.

NEVADA

No chance.

The two go hand-to-hand, beating the zombies back. But it's a LOSING BATTLE.

TALLAHASSEE

Let's both run.

NEVADA

Fine.

Nevada turns and runs upstairs. Tal doesn't immediately follow. He heroically takes on one more zombie, causing it to TEETER backward into its BRETHREN. At last, he bolts.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

The door on the rooftop BLASTS OPEN, and TALLAHASSEE runs through. We enter SLOW-MOTION.

Like General Custer pursued by the Sioux nation, Tallahassee has reached the TOP OF THE PROVERBIAL MOUNTAIN. There's NOWHERE left to run...

...but FORWARD, ARMS CHURNING, LEGS PUMPING.

Behind him, BOOM! The ZOMBIES SMASH through the same door and LURCH after him.

Suddenly, we realize that the NEW WOODSTOCK COMMUNITY has LINED UP on either side of Tallahassee, forming a 'TUNNEL' - roughly forty feet across - for him to sprint through.

The zombies enter this 'tunnel' of bodies, realize there's PREY on EITHER SIDE of them, and start to FAN OUT.

ANGLE on WICHITA and COLUMBUS, one on either side of the human tunnel, staring at the zombies with DETERMINATION. They are each HOLDING something, AIMING it from the HIP.

We TILT down their bodies to reveal what that something is:

A FIREHOSE.

WICHITA

Fuck 'em up.

Wichita and Columbus throw back the LEVERS on their respective FIREHOSES.

WHOOOOOOOSH HHHHHHH!

The hoses BLAST WATER into the ZOMBIES behind TALLAHASSEE, forcing them AWAY from the community on either side and back into a SINGLE FILE LINE behind him.

REGULAR SPEED as the ZOMBIES are buffeted by the incredibly powerful streams of water. We've all seen riot control footage. It's that crazy.

Like a PIED PIPER, TALLAHASSEE runs across the roof through the human tunnel. The ZOMBIES have been forced into a now SINGLE-FILE LINE on his TAIL.

PAIRS of COMMUNITY MEMBERS on either side of him turn on FIREHOSES to CONTINUE GUIDING the ZOMBIES FORWARD:

NEVADA and LITTLE ROCK. WHOOOOOSH!

MADISON and BERKELEY. WHOOOOOSH!

And now random members of the COMMUNITY: the TALL GIRL, the SKINNY GUY, the BEARDED KID and OTHERS, no one officially VIOLATING his her pacifist credo, but still FORCING the ZOMBIES TOGETHER and AHEAD after Tallahassee.

We ramp back DOWN to SLO-MO.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)

*You can't write a history of
Zombieland without telling the
story of one momentous day. The
day one free man paid respect to
the Blackfoot ancestors he never
had.*

A HIGH CAMERA in front of Tallahassee LOOKS BACK at the entire HORDE MOVING behind him. It tracks BACKWARD...

COLUMBUS (V.O.)

*The day he led the first, the last,
the only... Great Missouri Zombie
Jump.*

...toward the EDGE of the ROOF ahead, FIVE HUNDRED FEET UP.

The ZOMBIES are HERDED right for it. When the last zombie reaches the roof, COLUMBUS and WICHITA close the CIRCLE with their FIREHOSES. The T-800s can't turn back at all.

REGULAR SPEED as Columbus and Wichita charge forward, DRIVING the ZOMBIES before them.

Tallahassee BEE-LINES bravely for the ROOF's EDGE, takes a deep BREATH... and JUMPS!

SLO-MO again for a moment as Tallahassee FALLS, arms and legs flailing through space...

...then REGULAR SPEED as BOOM! He LANDS on a WINDOW-WASHING PLATFORM hanging TWENTY FEET BELOW on the side of the ROOF. He DUCKS and COVERS...

The zombies PLUNGE toward the roof's edge, then TRY to STOP... only to have WICHITA and COLUMBUS 'HERD' them over the edge from behind!

Like BUFFALO, the T-800s PLUMMET to their DEATH EN MASSE, falling all the way to the CONCRETE FIVE HUNDRED FEET BELOW.

KER-SPLAT-SPLAT-SPLAT! Zombies SMACK DOWN again and again.

At last, the final few zombies go over. In his WILD-EYED EXUBERANCE, COLUMBUS nearly PLUNGES after them...

...until WICHITA catches him by his BACK BELT-LOOP and PULLS him BACK from the EDGE of the ROOF. PHEWWWW.

From his perch on the WINDOW-WASHING PLATFORM, Tallahassee looks down on the ZOMBIE PILE FAR BELOW.

TALLAHASSEE
Zombie Kill of the Year?!

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
Century.

Tallahassee stands up and PUMPS his FIST with JOY.

WICHITA and COLUMBUS beam down from the roof's edge when...

...a HAND GRABS TALLAHASSEE's BOOT! It belongs to the COP ZOMBIE, who is clinging to the side of the PLATFORM... with the PRISONER ZOMBIE still dangling from his HANDCUFFED WRIST!

Tallahassee falls onto his butt. The COP ZOMBIE PULLS itself onto the SCAFFOLD until the PRISONER ZOMBIE can reach it, too. Together, they CLIMB UP on TOP and gain their feet.

Tallahassee kips up and rushes at THEM with a REBEL YELL.

Wichita and Columbus look for a chance to shoot their FIRE-HOSES, but it's too dangerous. Tallahassee's on his own...

What follows is a TITANIC MANO-A-MANO-A-MANO between Tal and the two handcuffed zombies.

It's like a perverse, violent game of TWISTER where two party-goers are trying to bite/strangle the third. Tallahassee tries to use the handcuff chain to his advantage, DUCKING under it, GRABBING it and SWINGING the other two by it, trying to CHOKE them with it...

...all to no avail.

The trio spills/flops all over the platform in a balletic battle. But Tallahassee is fighting a LOSING BATTLE. He finally ends up on his BACK with the ZOMBIES on top of him, ready to deliver a DOUBLE BITE.

Tal grimaces... strains... then finally relaxes, ready to meet his maker. His gaze turns toward the ROOF ABOVE...

...on which stands LITTLE ROCK.

Without an instant to spare, she UNDER-HAND-THROWS him ELVIS's PEARL-HANDLED COLT .45 PISTOL!

SLO-MO as the pistol FALLS and LANDS on the PLATFORM, then TUMBLES to just outside TALLAHASSEE's reach.

Tallahassee strains for... and GRABS the gun. AIMS. And is about to SHOOT the COP ZOMBIE in the FACE when...

...he spies the whole COMMUNITY gazing down from above.

RULE #59 WHEN IN ROME

Tallahassee flips the gun in his hand... and in REGULAR SPEED... uses it to PISTOL-WHIP the COP instead.. followed by the PRISONER.

Then Tallahassee STANDS and delivers ONE MIGHTY BOOT-STOMP to the COP's CHEST. The pair of zombies totters, spins, and PINWHEELS off the platform... to their DOOM!

TALLAHASSEE

Baby steps.

He and Little Rock lock eyes... and SMILE.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)

The things you do for love...

Above, Wichita and Columbus drop their respective fire-hoses and HUG LONG and HARD, as though they might never let go. At last Wichita pulls back and looks Columbus in the eyes.

WICHITA

Yes.

Columbus's heart jumps into his throat. A BEAT while he searches for the truth in her gaze. Then:

COLUMBUS

Yes yes?

WICHITA

Yes yes.

They both take this in for a few seconds. Anxiety and joy commingling. Joy fast winning out. They hug again.

COLUMBUS

What changed your mind?

FLASH TO:

ALT UNIVERSE COLUMBUS & WICHITA. WICHITA CASHES in her CHIPS at the POKER GAME... and is given a FAT STACK of HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

WICHITA (O.S.)

We are different people.

We then REPLAY the scene we last saw in the ARCADE BAR. Columbus dominating at TEMPEST. His EMPLOYEE nudging him:

EMPLOYEE

Hey boss man, someone needs you to make change for a hundred.

Columbus leaves the game, hops the bar, opens the register.

WICHITA (O.S.)

But I don't think our being together is random at all.

Columbus TURNS with the change... to find WICHITA at the BAR with a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

WICHITA

Nice place you got here.

COLUMBUS

Thanks.

WICHITA

Just the right mix of cool...

Columbus goes to make change for the hundred and KNOCKS over a BEER on the bar, splashing it all over.

WICHITA
...and uncool.

COLUMBUS
Shit. You've got some... on
your...

He pulls a small sleeve of WET-NAPS from his back pocket.
Reaches out and dabs her cheek.

WICHITA
You had wet-naps in your pocket?

COLUMBUS
Like you said. Cool and uncool.

Wichita laughs. This guy's kind of funny. Odd, but funny.

COLUMBUS
I don't normally... I mean I
never... but for some reason I...

WICHITA
You wanna grab a drink or
something?

COLUMBUS
Yeah.
(re: spilled beer)
Though I kinda suck at grabbing
drinks.
(off her laugh)
We close at two.

WICHITA
I'll be back.

COLUMBUS
I'll be here.

EXT. NEW WOODSTOCK - ROOFTOP - DAY

WICHITA
Zombieland or not, we were meant to
be together.

MADISON
She's right.

MADISON TOSSES something to COLUMBUS. He CATCHES it: The
HOPE DIAMOND. Columbus places the ring on WICHITA's FINGER.
Then they KISS and KISS.

ANGLE ON: TALLAHASSEE, who has raised the platform. He
STEPS onto the roof and HUGS it OUT with LITTLE ROCK.

TALLAHASSEE
Chip off the old block.

The KIDS from NEW WOODSTOCK watch, full of relief and gratitude. Then Tallahassee turns to NEVADA, rather SHYLY.

TALLAHASSEE
So. Um. How ya doin'?

NEVADA
Washoe County.

TALLAHASSEE
Sorry?

NEVADA
Washoe County, Nevada.

TALLAHASSEE
Holy shit. Holy shit, right! I know Washoe County! Omigod, you're from Reno! Reno's the only city worth a fuck in Wash- oh, hell, you're not from Gerlach? Tell me you're not from Gerlach. It would suck to have to call you Gerlach.

NEVADA
Says the guy from Tallahassee.

She pulls him into a KISS of THEIR OWN.

ANGLE on LITTLE ROCK, BERKELEY, and MADISON, watching. It's a little AWKWARD. Little Rock cuts the tension with a smirk.

LITTLE ROCK
Go on.

BERKELEY and MADISON immediately start kissing PASSIONATELY. Little Rock shakes her head. Those two deserve each other.

Then, without warning... SCREEEECH!

Everyone SPINS AROUND to spy one last ZOMBIE running from the stairwell, shrieking. Little rock instinctively reaches for her pistol, but Tallahassee STAYS her HAND.

TALLAHASSEE
Wait.

No one does anything. The zombie RUNS right PAST EVERYONE... and DIRECTLY OFF THE ROOFTOP.

TALLAHASSEE

Homer.

DISSOLVE TO:

TALLAHASSEE behind the wheel of the CONVERTIBLE Little Rock and Berkeley once drove. For the first time, we pull out to REVEAL the ENTIRE CAR:

INT. ELVIS'S PINK CADILLAC - DAY

A VINTAGE 1955 FLEETWOOD SERIES 60. The coolest ride on God's great earth. TALLAHASSEE, awestruck, CARESSES the steering wheel and REVS the engine. LITTLE ROCK and WASHOE are beside him, WICHITA and COLUMBUS in back.

TALLAHASSEE

Elvis's 1955 Fleetwood Series 60.
Every hair on my body feels like a
little wang. What?

NEVADA

Where to?

COLUMBUS

How 'bout home?

TALLAHASSEE

Home? Sure. Fine.
(frowns)
Where's home?

WICHITA

I think we're already there.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)

*'Cause if our adventures had taught
us about anything, it was home.
Wichita didn't need to be afraid of
it. And I didn't need to keep
looking for it. 'Cause home isn't
a place. It's the people you share
it with. The four of us? We'd
been there all along.*

Tallahassee puts the car in gear. BURNS RUBBER. The KIDS
from NEW WOODSTOCK WAVE GOODBYE.

COLUMBUS (V.O.)

*A wise man once said: Picture
you've been dead a long time. And
God comes to you. And says, I'm
gonna let you go back down to earth
and live. For one hour. But only
one. Which hour would you choose?
Here's a hint.*

(MORE)

COLUMBUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Don't think about the where. Or
 the when. Think about the who.*

The PINK CADDY ROLLS out of St. Louis into the SUNSET...

COLUMBUS (V.O.)
*This land is your land. This land
 is my land. This land is
 Zombieland. While I have you here,
 make sure to eat a lot of fiber.
 'Cause if you're good to your
 colon, your colon'll be good to
 you. 'Til next time, this is
 Columbus, Ohio, saying...
 goodnight.*

...as we FADE TO BLACK... and over a punk cover of Elvis's
 'Suspicious Minds,' ROLL CREDITS.