

AS SEEN ON T.V.

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BLACK SCREEN

Zombies groan.

A TELEVISION PICTURE flicks on. The TITLES on the screen read "Z-TV".

The TITLES are replaced with a CRAZY HOST, who defies description...

CRAZY HOST

Greetings humans. I am your host of the new television station that is sweeping the nation. Z-TV is here! It has some of the best zombie films of all time. Including, Night of the Living Dead, The Dead Next Door, Dawn of the Dead, Day of the dead, and Zombi 2! This is the only channel on TV that shows zombie flicks and specials 24/7! The zombie craze is sweeping the nation. You can also get zombie merchandise at the greatest store ever, Hot Topic! Only the hard in ass shop at that store. When there is no more room in Hot Topic, the Goths will walk the earth!

INT. WOLFGANG'S HOUSE - DAY

Three young men who, based on their apparel, appear to be horror geeks sit in front of the TV watching the Crazy Host. They are TODD, WOLFGANG, and LARS. They also appear to be quite angry.

TODD

Give me a damn break! I can't believe this is happening. I mean the station seems okay and all, but they just have to put in that little thing about Hot Topic. I hate those fucking Emo-loving bastards!

LARS

Yeah man we are the real fans! I mean we have been into horror since we were little kids.

TODD

And not just your average slasher flicks like Freddy and Jason either. Remember that weekend we watched the three Ringu's and Rasen?

WOLFGANG

That was awesome.

LARS

Now they're giving mindless Abercrombie wearing teenagers the right to watch zombie films on TV? It's bullshit!

WOLFGANG

I know, since when do they just decide that zombies are the cool thing for these freaking teenagers?! Now, everyone will be wearing horror shirts from that bullshit store Hot Topic. Instead of Abercrombie and Hollister the preps will be wearing Zombi 2 and Re-Animator shirts. This sucks! What are they going to decide is the hip thing next?

LARS

What else do we do?

TODD

You know what? I say we boycott this so called Z-TV!

LARS

But... but why Todd? They are playing all the movies that we love.

TODD

So... so what? We all have them on DVD, right Wolfgang?

WOLFGANG

Yeah! You have them don't you Lars?

LARS

Yeah, so what?

TODD

So what's the need to watch them on TV when we have them on DVD already?

LARS

Yeah I never thought of it like that. I guess it makes sense.

TODD

Okay so its set! We are boycotting this money grubbing, Hot Topic loving Z-TV!

Todd picks up the TV remote control and turns off the TV. He sits back down. They all three sit silently for a moment. Lars finally looks between the other two.

LARS

So what do you suggest we do?

TODD

I don't know, but whatever we do we ain't watching that freakin' Z-TV!

The three sit silently again.

WOLFGANG

Do you guys want to go over to the coffee shop?

TODD

FUCK YEAH! I could use a good cup of Joe.

LARS

Alright fuckers! Let's Roll.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Three Emo kids (REEBOK, CONVERSE, and SAUCONY) sit at a table drinking coffee.

As they talk, they occasionally glance away from the others and squint, as if reading something. At times, their banter goes from natural speech to sounding like a third grader reading a book.

REEBOK

Hey, did you guys hear the new All American Rejects song?

CONVERSE

Yeah, I have to say it is amazing. I love them so much.

SAUCONY

I know.... they are so innovative and original. There is nothing else like them out there.

CONVERSE

Totally bro!

Reebok takes a sip of the coffee. He screws up his face into a disgusted look.

REEBOK

That is some good Joe.

SAUCONY

Yeah I know.

He takes a drink and also looks disgusted.

SAUCONY

We are so Emo because we drink coffee.

REEBOK

Oh yes! I just bought these new chucks from Hot Topic today.

SAUCONY

Wow dude those are so funky fresh.

CONVERSE

Hot Topic is the greatest store in history. I saw they have shirts for some band called Re-Animator.

SAUCONY

Never heard of em'.

CONVERSE

Me neither. They are probably so punk-rock. Their lead singer is a guy named Dr. Herbert West. I think they have a song called "Herbert West has a very good head on his shoulder and another one in a dish on his desk!" Sounds like it could be a pretty good song.

REEBOK

Sounds cool. Hey did you guys hear about the new TV station Z-TV. It just came on a couple of hours ago.

CONVERSE

That's so Emo.

SAUCONY

What do they show?

REEBOK

Scary movies. I hope they show The Grudge and The Ring 2. Those movies scared the shit out of me.

SAUCONY

Me too.

Crazy Host walks by them and lays some money on the table. The Emo kids each take a third and pocket it. Crazy Host disappears O.S. like he was never there.

Wolfgang, Lars and Todd walk into the Coffee House. They sit at a table. All three stare at the Emo kids.

LARS

Look at those Emo fuckers over there. Acting like they know stuff about horror movies.

TODD

Yeah, it's something that they don't know shit about.

WOLFGANG

That pisses me off. I want to kick their asses.

TODD

Dude, it won't prove anything if you beat the hell out of them. I mean, I am not saying you can't. Clearly, you can. Their vegan diet has effectively ruined their muscle tone. All I am saying is that it won't prove anything.

LARS

Just let it go dude. It won't solve anything. Hell I hate the assholes too, but I am not going to go beat them to a pulp.

WOLFGANG

I hate them. Those are the kind of kids that are probably watching that Z-TV! I am tired of it. It is time we put an end to this shit!

Lars snickers.

TODD

What are you laughing at?

LARS

That just sounded really stupid.
Like he's some kind of hero that's
going to save the world by getting
rid of the Emo kids.

WOLFGANG

Shut up, Lars.

The three Emo kids look at Wolfgang, Lars and Todd.

REEBOK

What the fuck are you looking at?

WOLFGANG

What did you say to me?

REEBOK

Look at you. You probably don't
even shop at Hot Topic. Were did
you get your clothes. The Good
Will?

All the Emo kids laugh.

WOLFGANG

Hey bitch, you're about to get
hurt.

REEBOK

Ohhhh, I'm shaking in my Converse.

Wolfgang goes over to the Emo kids. He punches Reebok in the
nose. Reebok's nose bleeds.

WOLFGANG

Fuck with me again. I tell you
right now! Quit fucking acting
like you know horror movies you
piece shit. Or next time I will
take a chainsaw to your fucking
head.

A waiter comes up to Wolfgang and grabs him.

WAITER

Hey you and your fucking posse get out of here now! You kids with your Pac-Man and Z-TV! Ruining the world.

WOLFGANG

Hey asshole.

(turns around)

For your information I don't watch Z-TV!

WAITER

Oh, you sure showed me.

Wolfgang turns toward Lars and Todd.

WOLFGANG

Let's get out of this place. Its a dump anyways.

The three walk out of the coffee shop.

WAITER

FUCKING PRICKS!

CONVERSE

Totally.

REEBOK

Am I really the bitch?

SAUCONY

You are now.

INT. LINDSAY'S HOUSE - DAY

An attractive young female, Lindsay, watches Z-TV. She wears the hippest clothes from Hollister and Limited Too. She gets out her cell phone and dials a number.

LINDSAY

Hey Stepinnie what's up? ... Oh yeah I am watching Z-TV! Isn't it like the best ever! ... Oh it is just so cool! I can't wait to read all the gossip about it in the new J-14! ... I know. It's almost as good as Laguna Beach. ... I said ALMOST! ... Heck yeah I am going to the Hawthorne Heights concert on Sunday! ... Oh hey I got to go. They are showing a movie called Zombi 2. Ever heard of it? ... Yeah me neither ... Well, I will talk to you later. ... Bye Bye!

Lindsay then hangs up the phone and she turns to watch Z-TV. Suddenly, the TV screen goes completely black.

LINDSAY

W-T-F! My cable must be going out again. Stupid Direct TV.

INSERT TV SCREEN

Crazy Host comes again.

CRAZY HOST

Okay we are back and about to go into our next creature feature!

The Crazy Host laughs maniacally.

CRAZY HOST

Are you ready my children? Are you ready? You want human flesh!

END INSERT

LINDSAY

Yeah!

INSERT TV SCREEN

Colors and patterns flash on the screen around Crazy Host, as if trying to bring the audience into a trance.

CRAZY HOST

You want the living to suffer. You
want to torture the living my
children.

The Crazy Host laughs maniacally again. The screen goes
completely black.

Subliminal messages FLASH:

Shop at Hot Topic
Turn Into A Zombie
Dance Like Michael Jackson!

END INSERT

Lindsay falls off the couch flat onto the ground! She turns on
her back and spits up neon green vomit. She opens her eyes and
they are crossed. She rolls back on her stomach, and then rolls
all over the floor!

When she turns around again, she is a FLESH-EATING ZOMBIE! She
gets of the floor and walks toward her door!

LINDSAY

(long zombie groan)
Hot Topic!

CORNY 80'S ROCK MUSIC begins. (Possibly Michael Jackson's
"Thriller", if dirty Mike needs money for the lawsuits...ah, he
probably wouldn't care anyway.)

MONTAGE

A) Other kids watching Z-TV turn into zombies in various ways.
Once changed, they all drawl out "Hot Topic."

B) Zombies roam the city.

C) A zombie tries on hats outside a clothing store.

D) Zombies roam through a video store, oddly gathering at the
horror section. Two zombies in the store compare videos.

E) Zombies dance right in the middle of the street.

END MONTAGE

INT. WOLFGANG'S HOUSE - DAY

The three just sit around looking bored to death.

WOLFGANG

So.... what do you guys want to do?

LARS

We could play chess?

TODD

Oh, fuck me.

WOLFGANG

No.... that's okay. Do you have any other ideas Todd?

TODD

No, not really.

LARS

Would Candy Land be better?

TODD

No...

LARS

Shoots and Ladders

TODD

Lars...

LARS

Yeah?

TODD

Shut Up!

LARS

Okay, sorry!

WOLFGANG

I am tired of this. Why don't we just see what is on the shit screen?

LARS

But Wolfgang, you agreed not to watch Z-TV.

WOLFGANG

Yeah but maybe there is something good on. Maybe if there is something good on we like... I could go get my DVD copy of it. If we watch it for just a minute it won't boost their ratings sky high. Right?

LARS

Why don't we just pick something we want to watch?

WOLFGANG

Because I don't know what to watch.

LARS

Oh, okay. That makes sense.

WOLFGANG

Is that okay with you Todd?

TODD

Yeah ... whatever. I mean I would rather do that than play chess.

LARS

What about checkers though? You guys have to love checkers.

Todd shows Lars his middle finger.

LARS

Why does everyone hate board games?

Wolfgang goes over to the TV and turns it on.

INSERT TV SCREEN

The Crazy Host is on surrounded by the hypnotic patterns and colors.

CRAZY HOST

Go now my children... Eat the human flesh. The dead hate the living. You hate the living. Kill them and then go get some clothes at Hot Topic... Buy the new Hawthorne Heights album and eat at Taco Bell!

END INSERT

Wolfgang turns off the TV.

WOLFGANG

What the hell was that?

LARS

I don't know.

WOLFGANG

Probably just some gimmick.

LARS

Probably just some plug for Orange Julius or something.

WOLFGANG

Yeah ... or even Hot Topic.

Todd is kneeling, facing the corner and rocking back and forth.

WOLFGANG

(whisper)

Dude what's wrong with Todd.

LARS

(whisper)

I don't know.

WOLFGANG
(whisper)
Me neither.

LARS
(whisper)
Want to poke him with sticks?

WOLFGANG
(whisper)
Did you even need to ask?

Wolfgang and Lars creep up on Todd with sticks in their hands.

WOLFGANG
(whisper)
You want to go first?

LARS
(whisper)
Sure.

Lars pokes Todd with a stick. Wolfgang and Lars laugh hysterically. Todd turns around, and he is a ZOMBIE!

WOLFGANG
Oh my God, dude!

LARS
Wow! Umm... Todd don't take this the wrong way, but man you need some zits-b-gone!

WOLFGANG
Yeah, man you're a little broken out. Your complexion is a little bit more than bad.

LARS
Almost scary, actually.

WOLFGANG
Yeah!

Todd grunts at them.

LARS

It's nothing to get bent out of shape about.

WOLFGANG

Yeah we were just trying to help you out.

LARS

Now, just calm down.

Todd Zombie walks toward Lars and pukes the green vomit all over him.

WOLFGANG

Oh my god!

LARS

Great. You have acne and you're puking. On me none the less! Was it those twinkie-weiner sandwiches?

Todd Zombie walks toward Lars and tries to bite him.

LARS

Help! Wolfgang! Help!

WOLFGANG

Shit!

Wolfgang runs over to Todd and throws Todd on the ground.

WOLFGANG

What am I suppose to do?

LARS

HIT HIM IN THE HEAD! JUST HIT HIM IN THE HEAD!

WOLFGANG

WHAT! THIS ISN'T A ROMERO FLICK DUDE!

LARS

NO JUST TRUST ME ON THIS MAN!

Todd then tries to bite Wolfgang on the ankle but Wolfgang shakes him off. Wolfgang then takes the stick and hits Todd Zombie in the head with it over and over and over.

Bit by bit, pieces of Todd Zombie's head goes everywhere. Wolfgang stops beating as Todd Zombie slumps to the ground.

LARS

Wow! It does really happen like in the movies.

WOLFGANG

I didn't think that his head would just smash like that.

LARS

I think there are some of his brains in the next room.

WOLFGANG

This is crazy. I mean, what is going on?

LARS

I dunno.

They sit silently for a moment looking at Todd Zombie's remains.

WOLFGANG

You wanna watch something non-horror?

LARS

Sure.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Two kids stand near a brick building. They look like horror fans as well. They both seem bored out of their minds.

CHRISTIAN

Hey Louis, have you seen that new Z-TV station?

Crazy Host walks toward them with cash in hand.

LOUIS

Yeah it pisses me off. I can't believe the thing we love is going mainstream!

Crazy Host and turns away, angry. Again, he disappears O.S. as if he were never there.

CHRISTIAN

Dude, that was easy money. What are you doing?

LOUIS

I got dignity.

CHRISTIAN

Good point. It used to be you were a fucking psycho if you watched horror movies. Now, you are an outcast if you don't watch them. It's like we're in a fucking hypocritical society anyway!

LOUIS

I know! It's complete bullshit. I hope it doesn't get too big. I couldn't stand seeing kids that used to wear Abercrombie wearing Night of The Living Dead shirts. It makes me sick!

They walk along a few steps.

LOUIS

So, Christian... you want to go by the waffle house and get some waffles with the works. Oh and we can get some decaffeinated soda.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, but only if we can get some CHEESE CAKE!

LOUIS

Sweet deal dog.

CHRISTIAN

Louis, I told you never to use that expression again.

LOUIS

Sorry.

They approach a corner when two zombies walk around the corner.

LOUIS

(whisper)

Wow, what's the dealy-o with these guys.

CHRISTIAN

(whisper)

I think they're druggies, Louis.

LOUIS

(whisper)

I'll take care of them.

A zombie grunts at Louis.

LOUIS

Hey Waistoid, we don't have any weed or happy crack. So get out of here right now or we may have to rough you up.

He raises his fist.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah boy!

The zombies approach Christian and Louis and they bite their necks. They both scream. Blood squirts on the brick wall.

LOUIS

Oh my god! I mean this sucks. There is blood coming out of my neck.

CHRISTIAN

Ouch.... my jugular vein.

LOUIS
Cheesy line, dude.

CHRISTIAN
It really hurts, man.

A zombie pulls out Louis' heart.

LOUIS
HOLY SHIT! That's my heart!

The zombie shoves it in his mouth, chewing.

LOUIS
Come on man! Why are you eating my heart? Are you that stoned? I mean I could see an eyeball or a kidney! But, oh no you just had to eat my heart!

CHRISTIAN
Why are you still alive?

LOUIS
I'm not questioning that right now.

A zombie rips Christian's head off. Blood squirts out of the stump of his neck. His headless corpse falls to the ground. More blood sprays on the wall.

LOUIS
Oh great.... now I can't get any waffles!

The zombies rip open Louis' stomach. He spits up blood.

LOUIS
Where will I digest my waffles?

He falls to the ground. The zombies take Christian's head and play soccer with it.

INT. WOLFGANG'S HOUSE - DAY

Wolfgang looks through the DVD collection. Lars paces.

WOLFGANG

Well, do you think that we should lock the door?

LARS

Yeah.

Lars goes over and locks the door. He comes back over to Wolfgang.

WOLFGANG

Glad that's over... Let's watch some Seinfeld. I just go the complete first season on DVD.

LARS

WOW!

WOLFGANG

Yeah it was like 3,000 dollars at Sam Goody, but it is a 3 disc set.

LARS

Totally worth it though.

WOLFGANG

Oh yeah!

Wolfgang puts one of the discs into the DVD player. Wolfgang and Lars sit down on the couch.

Lars opens the Seinfeld DVD case and reads the inserts. A zombie bursts in the door of the house.

LARS

HOLY FUCK!

WOLFGANG

I thought you locked it!

LARS

I did lock it!

WOLFGANG

Worthless lock anyway. I've half a mind to write a nasty letter about this, but they'd never believe it. Do something, man, do something!

LARS

Okay, hold on!

Lars takes a DVD and throws it at the zombie. It hits the zombie on the head and the zombie falls down. Lars goes over and locks the door again.

WOLFGANG

Hey, he busted the door open. How'd you shut it again?

Lars looks at the undamaged door and back to Wolfgang.

LARS

I dunno. I'm not going to complain about the continuity error if you don't.

WOLFGANG

I'm jiggy with that.

LARS

Okay, man, this is serious. I think that Z-TV is getting to those teenagers minds.

WOLFGANG

Okay, but what are we dealing with here?

LARS

I don't know... aliens?

WOLFGANG

I don't know either, but we have to-

LARS

I said "aliens."

WOLFGANG

I don't know either, but we have-

LARS

I said-

WOLFGANG

Stop fucking around!

Two more zombies bust in the door. One tackles Lars to the ground.

LARS

Get off me man! Help me, Wolfgang!
Help me.

WOLFGANG

Okay, man, I am going to go get
some pie.

LARS

What the fuck?

WOLFGANG

Fine.... fine I'll go get you some
too. Jesus Christ, you're always
bitchin'.

LARS

Do you have cherry?

WOLFGANG

Beggars can't be choosers.

LARS

Fine!

Lars holds the Zombie at bay on top of him as Wolfgang runs and the kitchen and comes back out with two pies. He hands one to Lars as he cuts the other pie with a KNIFE.

Lars takes the pie and hits the zombie with it in the face. The zombie goes flying backwards. Lars gets off the ground and looks at Wolfgang, who has a stunned look on his face.

WOLFGANG

You wasted the last pie.... God,
what an asshole!

A zombie runs toward Wolfgang. Wolfgang takes the knife that he is cutting the pie with and shoves it toward the zombie's heart. The knife bends -- it's fake.

Wolfgang throws the knife, and it hits the Pie Zombie in the face. Wolfgang takes the zombie and punches him the face. He takes the two zombies and throws them out the door. He shuts the door and locks it.

LARS

Did you just shut and lock the
door again?

Wolfgang looks at the door and back to Lars.

WOLFGANG

Still not complaining.

LARS

Word.

A LOUD POUNDING sounds from the other side of the door.

WOLFGANG

God they never give up. Do they?
(whisper)
Bastard wasted my last pie.

LARS

Man we got to board this bizatch
up before more of these things get
in here.

WOLFGANG

Great idea.

They walk away for just a moment. They return with an ironing board. They set it up on its legs in front of the door.

LARS

Okay we're good.

WOLFGANG

Yeah man. For sure.

LARS

Do you think we should go in the
cellar?

WOLFGANG

Fo shizzle my nizzle.

INT. WOLFGANG'S BASEMENT - DAY

Wolfgang and Lars walk down into the basement, and they shut the door behind them.

INT. WOLFGANG'S HOUSE - DAY

A bunch of zombies burst into the house (busting the door again) and roam around.

INT. WOLFGANG'S BASEMENT - DAY

Wolfgang and Lars sit in the dark basement. Wolfgang paces around while Lars sits on a box.

WOLFGANG

Damn it man! What were those
things?

LARS

Well, truth be told I think...
Well, I think they were zombies.

WOLFGANG

I was thinking the same thing man.
I just didn't want to say it
'cause I thought you would think I
was crazy.

LARS

We just killed our friend, the
Zombie, who tried to eat us. I
doubt I would think you were
crazy.

WOLFGANG

We have to get out of here. 'Cause
I say that those things will be in
here in about an hour. That door
can't hold much.

They look at the cellar door which has no doorknob, but the stub
of a pencil holds it closed.

LARS

How are we going to get out
though? We have no weapons or any
way to defend ourselves.

WOLFGANG

I don't know man. I mean I have
seen dozens of zombie movies.

LARS

Yeah so...

WOLFGANG

And some zombie movies have
different ways of killing the
living dead. We could go Night of
the Living dead style and aim for
the heads.

LARS

Yeah, but then we'd have to decide
which of us would become a zombie,
and which of us would survive
until morning only to be shot by
the National Guard. We could go
Return of the Living Dead style
and destroy the bodies completely.

WOLFGANG

I just say let's aim for the head
and hope it works.

LARS

Sounds good, but I don't want to be the zombie.

WOLFGANG

Now, all we have to do is find something to damage their blood-loving brains with.

LARS

We could just find something sharp and stick it in their heads.

WOLFGANG

No... no that just won't work. There... there has to be something we can use. In the movies, something always comes up very conveniently.

Lars falls through the box that he is sitting on.

LARS

OH SHIT!

Lars rolls off and looks down into the box.

WOLFGANG

Are you okay?

LARS

Come over here man...

WOLFGANG

Why?

LARS

Just do it!

Wolfgang walks towards the box.

WOLFGANG

What?

LARS

Look.

Lars points in the box. In the box are a rifle, a pistol, and ammo.

WOLFGANG

How convenient!

INT. WOLFGANG'S HOUSE - DAY

Zombies sit on the floor and on the couch. A zombie walks in front of them with a microphone.

ZOMBIE HOST

Hello Zombies and undead alike. We have a special treat for you while we wait for those living mother fuckers to get out of the basement! It is a talent show! That's right a talent show!

The zombies clap.

ZOMBIE HOST

Thank you! Thank you! Well first up we have a great musical guest! He comes all the way from six feet under! He is Z Diddy Combs The Rapping Zombie!

Zombie Host walks out of frame and Z Diddy Combs comes up with a microphone.

Z DIDDY COMBS

*Yo Check 1.....2! Check 1.....2!
Yo!
I came from the grave for some
lunch
I don't want no Captain Crunch!
I want blood and flesh
This ain't no test
Come on y'all don't make me shoot
up your face*

(MORE)

Z DIDDY COMBS (CONT'D)

*It just ain't the time or place
Just give me some feet and a
bucket of guts
Then I wont have to put a cap in
all y'all's butts
Word Up Yo!*

ZOMBIE HOST

Let's see what the judges say.

Three zombie judges hold up signs. They all have numbers on them: 7 ... 8 ... 7.

ZOMBIE HOST

Wow! Let's see if it is strong
enough to beat the competition.
Next up we have Bob the Zombie
with his stand up comedy.

Bob the Zombie walks up to the stage holding a microphone.

BOB THE ZOMBIE

Wow! I can't believe you guys.
This crowd is DEAD!

The zombies all laugh.

BOB THE ZOMBIE

Ha Ha.... But seriously! What is
the difference between humans and
a warthog? Humans walk on two
legs!

The zombies all laugh again.

BOB THE ZOMBIE

Did any of you see the race
between the zombies in hell last
weekend? It was dead even.

The zombies laugh again.

BOB THE ZOMBIE

Thank you everybody and goodnight!

The judges hold up signs once again. This time they say: 9 ...
10 ... 8!

ZOMBIE HOST

Oh and it looks like Bob the
Zombie is our winner hear today!
That's how it goes sometimes.
Maybe Z Diddy Combs was a bit
STIFF!

Z Diddy Combs pouts.

Z DIDDY COMBS

Son of a bitch.

INT. WOLFGANG'S BASEMENT - DAY

Wolfgang and Lars stare at the ceiling.

LARS

I wonder what is going on up
there.

WOLFGANG

I don't know but those
motherfuckers are about to get
blown away. Here you take the
pistol.

Wolfgang hands the pistol to Lars.

WOLFGANG

Now, watch out it is loaded and
ready to fire. Here is a box of
ammo.

Wolfgang hands Lars the box of ammo.

WOLFGANG

Use it sparingly because we don't
have many bullets.

LARS

Okay.

WOLFGANG

I am going to take the rifle.

Wolfgang puts an impossible amount of ammo in his pockets with no bulge.

WOLFGANG

Lars, have you ever shot a gun before?

LARS

Oh, sure, I mean, of course I've really, um, no, no I haven't.

WOLFGANG

Me neither. We'll have to just try our best, or we will be eaten like a fucking cupcake. You understand?

LARS

Yeah, got that. Just aim for the head right?

WOLFGANG

Yeah! If you miss just try again. I mean I don't know what else to do.

LARS

Yeah!

WOLFGANG

Okay you ready to kick some undead ass?

LARS

Yeah!

They stare at each other for a moment.

BOTH

Yeah!

WOLFGANG

We need a new word.

LARS

Yeah.

Lars holds his pistol up to his face.

WOLFGANG

Okay, then let's blow these mother fuckers away.

LARS

Yeah.

Lars and Wolfgang walk up the stairs that lead to the exit of the basement.

Wolfgang puts his ear to the door.

WOLFGANG

Okay let's do this fast. Just remember aim for the head.

LARS

I know... I know.

WOLFGANG

If something goes wrong just go to the bathroom and lock the door.

LARS

Okay. Which one? Upstairs or downstairs.

WOLFGANG

Upstairs. That's part of the rules. You have to go upstairs so you can get trapped before making a daring escape. That, and we just replaced the door to the upstairs bathroom. Oh, and the downstairs stool leaks. It's disgusting. If you hear me pound on the door, you better let me in.

LARS

Okay.

WOLFGANG

Come on.

Wolfgang busts open the door. A zombie stands right in front of him. He shoots it in the face. Blood hits the floor.

The recoil throws Wolfgang back down the cellar stairs. Lars shuts the door and run down to him.

WOLFGANG

Ouch!

LARS

What happened?

WOLFGANG

That's a hell of a kick.

LARS

The zombie?

WOLFGANG

No, the gun.

Wolfgang gets to his feet.

WOLFGANG

Well, I was right about shooting them in the head.

A zombie charges down the stairs and tackles Wolfgang onto the floor. There is a knife sitting right next to him.

WOLFGANG

That's convenient.

Wolfgang reaches for it, but the zombie clobbers him. He struggles to reach the knife without being bitten.

He finally grabs it and stabs the zombie in the stomach with it. Blood splatters all over his face. He flings the zombie off of himself. He gets up and stabs the zombie in the head.

WOLFGANG

Shit!

They run up the stairs and out the basement exit and look around.

A crowd of zombies comes toward Lars and Wolfgang. They shoot repeatedly until they all go down. There is now a puddle of blood on the floor not to mention a mound of re-dead zombies. An even larger group comes toward them.

LARS

Oh shit!

WOLFGANG

Upstairs! The bathroom! Come on!

Lars and Wolfgang run up the stairs.

INT. WOLFGANG'S BATHROOM - DAY

Wolfgang and Lars run in the bathroom, and Lars locks the door behind them. Wolfgang kicks the wall.

WOLFGANG

Motherfucker! We need to get out of here.

LARS

I know. I say we just go at them with everything we got!

WOLFGANG

Well, what we got isn't much.

LARS

Yeah but we can't stay in this house too long. We will be eaten alive!

WOLFGANG

You think I don't know that. We need to get out of here. Wait... do you have your cell phone?

LARS

Oh shit! Yeah hold on.

Lars picks up his cell phone and dials a number. He then puts the phone up to his ear.

WOLFGANG
Who are you calling?

LARS
911. Who did you want me to call?

WOLFGANG
911.

LARS
I am calling 911.

WOLFGANG
I know.

LARS
Then why did you ask?

WOLFGANG
I didn't know.

LARS
How could you not know? Hang on.

Lars then gets a shocked look on his face. He then hangs up the phone.

WOLFGANG
What is it?

LARS
A weird buzzing noise.

WOLFGANG
Just like Night of the Living Dead! GOD DAMN IT!

LARS
There has to be some help in town.

WOLFGANG

Yeah, if we go to town, then we could get to the police station. I'm sure someone will be able to help us out there. I mean they aren't just going to sit there while we get ripped apart Day of the Dead style. I mean they're cops. It's their duty to Protect, Honor and Serve. Or something like that. I don't remember how it goes. So I say we try to make it in town.

LARS

Okay, now we need to get out of this hell hole. I wonder how many of those things are down there. When we were down there I only saw about six or seven, but there has got to be more than that.

WOLFGANG

There are only two doors that exit out of this house. Do you think we should try a window?

LARS

No... no that won't work! I say we just run right by these things!

WOLFGANG

What the hell are you talking about? I don't know about you but I definitely don't want to die. So if you want to die it's your own life pal.

LARS

Wait! Just hear me out! Those things are slow and we can run right by them!

WOLFGANG

Okay but if I die-

LARS

-It's my fault! I know.

WOLFGANG

Alright man, let's do this.

LARS

Hey, that's cool. Very action flick-ish. "Let's do this."

WOLFGANG

You really like it?

LARS

You should keep it and use it.

WOLFGANG

Well, my genius is underrated.

LARS

Say it again.

WOLFGANG

Let's do this.

Wolfgang and Lars walk out the door.

INT. WOLFGANG'S KITCHEN - DUSK

A few zombies roam around the kitchen aimlessly. They seem to not know how to do anything but eat flesh. Wolfgang peeks around the corner that leads into the kitchen. He turns back around to Lars standing in the next room.

WOLFGANG

(whisper)

Okay there are only two of those things in there. Do you think we can make it?

LARS

(whisper)

Yeah, the door is right there, but do you know if it is locked?

WOLFGANG

(whisper)

No it's not. I never keep it
locked.

LARS

(whisper)

Well, know would have been the
perfect time for it to be locked.

WOLFGANG

Okay, smart ass, are you ready to
do this?

LARS

Fucking A!

Lars and Wolfgang turn the corner, and the two zombies notice
them right away! Lars runs up to one of them.

LARS

Goodnight Blood Sucker!

Lars punches the zombie in the face and the zombie goes down.
Wolfgang opens the backdoor.

WOLFGANG

Come on mother fuck!

Lars and Wolfgang run out the door and shut it. Two zombies come
up to the door and claw at it!

EXT. TOWN - DUSK

Two flights of stairs lead to the main street of town. The town
is dead; no one seems to have stuck around. Lars and Wolfgang
run up the two flights of stairs. They both appear to be out of
breath and tired.

LARS

Where are we going to go?

WOLFGANG

I don't know, but we can't stick around here very long. I definitely know that for sure.

LARS

How many of those things do you think we saw back there?

WOLFGANG

I don't know. Thirty, maybe more.

LARS

We just need to find some place to hide out. FAST!

WOLFGANG

What about that place?

He points to a video store in the distance.

WOLFGANG

What about over there?

LARS

Dude, don't repeat yourself. It's annoying.

WOLFGANG

Sorry.

LARS

I don't know. Do you think it's safe?

WOLFGANG

It's in the clear. It doesn't look like it is being swarmed by zombies. If there are just one or two in there, we can take them.

LARS

Okay.

WOLFGANG

How are you on ammo?

LARS

All set. I think that I have only fired about six rounds so far.

WOLFGANG

Yeah, then you should reload anyway.

LARS

What about you?

WOLFGANG

What about me?

LARS

How are you on ammo?

WOLFGANG

Okay, I might as well reload this son of a bitch. You never know what will come at us next.

LARS

Okay, well let's worry about this shit when we get inside. We are more likely to get ripped to shreds out here than in there.

Lars and Wolfgang run towards the store.

INT. VIDEO SHOP - DUSK

Lars and Wolfgang enter the abandoned video shop. Wolfgang shuts the door behind them. They have their guns drawn. They inspect the room a little at a time through the dim light.

WOLFGANG

Now what the fuck do we do?

LARS

I don't know.... wait for help to come?

WOLFGANG

News flash fucker! I don't think there is any help coming anytime soon.

LARS

Why not?

WOLFGANG

Cause they are either ripped apart or walking around aimlessly now!

LARS

Okay, then hopefully will hold up for a couple of hours.

WOLFGANG

Then where? Then where do we go Lars? There is no other place. I am telling you this thing is spreading like a plague. Like some sort of fucking disease!

LARS

And your point is?

WOLFGANG

Then it is taking over America. The world maybe.... it has to be something with that fucking Z-TV!

LARS

Yeah, ever since that douche of a show came on the air waves this shit started happening.

WOLFGANG

But why didn't we turn into zombies?

LARS

We didn't watch it.....

WOLFGANG

Yeah, we did. For a second.

LARS

We couldn't have.

WOLFGANG

Yeah, I turned it on, and he had all this trippin' acid background stuff going on. Remember?

LARS

Hey, you're right, I do remember that. Why weren't we changed?

WOLFGANG

I don't know. It doesn't make a lot of sense, if you ask me.

LARS

Maybe it only affects those wannabe Abercrombie wearing Emo-loving fake horror enthusiasts.

WOLFGANG

I don't know, but that has to be it. What could be any other explanation?

LARS

There is none. I'm telling you right now that is it.

WOLFGANG

What makes you so sure?

LARS

I don't know really. I've always thought I was a lot like Ryuji from Ringu.

WOLFGANG

You are not psychic.

LARS

Well, something about that show just creeped me out from the very begging. Plus, look what it did to Todd when we turned it on.

WOLFGANG

Yeah that is true. Todd was a wannabe.

LARS

I always suspected, you know.

WOLFGANG

The psychic thing?

LARS

Nah, I found an Emo-core CD in his bag.

WOLFGANG

You think you know a guy. So that's gotta be it then.

LARS

Fuck yeah its god damn true.

WOLFGANG

So what should we do? We can't just wait in here to be eaten alive!

LARS

You think I don't know this dip shit! I don't know either... There has to be something. Somewhere to go.

WOLFGANG

In ... in Night they had rescue stations. Places you could go to be ... safe.

LARS

And...?

WOLFGANG

Well, maybe they have those now. Maybe there is some place we could go to get help.

LARS

This isn't like the movies.
Zombies are never what I expected
them to be. There more vicious,
violent and hungry than I could
have ever imagined!

WOLFGANG

Uglier too...

LARS

Let's just hole up in here for a
while until we figure out a plan.
Those doors will hold.

WOLFGANG

Okay, but we better come up with
something fast. Or we will be a
late night snack to these bitches.

A quiet noise sounds in the background. Something like moaning
or someone's voice.

WOLFGANG

Hey... Do you hear that?

LARS

Yeah, what is it?

WOLFGANG

I don't know. It sounds like it is
coming from below us.

LARS

Have you ever been in this place,
because I am beginning to wonder
if they have a basement.

WOLFGANG

First timer here.

LARS

So do you think it is one of the
things?

WOLFGANG

Possibly, but if it is there is only one. Otherwise it would be a lot louder. If it is a zombie, then we can take it.

LARS

Yeah.

WOLFGANG

Just keep your guns drawn and your finger tight on that trigger and there will not be a problem.

LARS

How do you know much?

WOLFGANG

Just go with me on this.

LARS

Right, so do you say we go down there or what.

WOLFGANG

Sure.

LARS

Okay let's do this.

WOLFGANG

Hey, you used my line.

LARS

I think it's cool.

Lars and Wolfgang go through the video store. They reach the steps that lead to the basement.

The once quiet sound is much louder. It is someone's voice.

LARS

(whisper)

Do you think that there is someone down there?

WOLFGANG

(whisper)

I don't know. Who is he talking
to?

LARS

(whisper)

I don't know. Maybe there is more
than one.

WOLFGANG

(whisper)

It's possible.

LARS

(whisper)

So do you say we go down there or
what?

WOLFGANG

(whisper)

That's what we came here for,
right?

Lars nods. They go down the stairs to the basement as quietly as possible. Their guns are drawn -- ready to shoot at any time.

INT. VIDEO STORE BASEMENT - NIGHT

They enter the basement right behind some guy. He is merely a shadow before them. A camera on a tripod sits on the other end of the room. They puts their backs to the wall, unseen to the camera.

LARS

(whisper)

I think there is some creepy shit
going on down here that we do not
want to mess with!

WOLFGANG

(whisper)

Hey man, don't puss out on me now.

LARS

(whisper)

I am not pussing out. I just don't want to get myself fucking killed.

WOLFGANG

(whisper)

Don't worry! I got your back. If you go down, I am going down with you.

LARS

(whisper)

Alright!

WOLFGANG

(whisper)

Ready?

LARS

(whisper)

Ready.

Lars and Wolfgang go around the corner of the basement. A look of shock and terror go over their face as if they had just seen a ghost.

A 180 Rotation reveals the Crazy Host standing right in front of them! It is the home of Z-TV!

CRAZY HOST

Hello!

LARS

You sick fuck! Do you realize what you have done?

CRAZY HOST

I have done my job.

WOLFGANG

Listen, I don't know what the fuck you are talking about. But you better start telling us what you did or your viewers are going to get to see what your brains look like.

CRAZY HOST

I was sent here from hell.

LARS

We don't need your anti-Christ bullshit. Now, tell us what you really did or a bullet is going to be in your fucking head!

CRAZY HOST

No, no, I am not lying. My children are what I needed. My children...

WOLFGANG

Okay, what about your fucking children? Did you want to end the world or just fuck with a bunch of Abercrombie wearing teenagers minds?

CRAZY HOST

Listen...

Crazy Host slams his fist on the table. He shakes his hand as he speaks as if that hurt.

CRAZY HOST

...you don't even know what you have gotten your self into. This is something you can't imagine. This is something you couldn't even think in your wildest dreams!

LARS

Try me!

CRAZY HOST

Yuck!

LARS

That's not what I meant! I mean,
tell me and see what I think.

CRAZY HOST

Well, I am the Antichrist. My
children are like my "disciples",
and you may think of them like
that. They do all my deeds. This
is pure hell on earth.

WOLFGANG

BULLSHIT!

CRAZY HOST

You may say it's bullshit, but you
just wait! Wait till you get
ripped apart by my children. Then
you will feel the pain! You will
feel the pain on hell on earth.
This is the end of the line and
you are at it! You will all be
dead soon and it will be the end
of MANKIND!

He laughs maniacally...and laughs...and laughs. Finally, he
stops and looks at Wolfgang and Lars.

CRAZY HOST

Well?

LARS

That's the most convoluted crock
of shit I have ever heard in my
life. It doesn't even begin to
make sense.

CRAZY HOST

Course it makes sense. It does
because I say it does.

WOLFGANG

No, you can't just expect anyone to just believe it does 'cause you say so. It's got to have some thread of believability to it or no one will buy it.

CRAZY HOST

I really don't care if you believe it or not. You can't deny what your eyes have seen.

LARS

You've got us there, but I have found one flaw in your reasoning!

CRAZY HOST

Oh really, and whets that?

LARS

It's the end for you not us.

Lars aims his gun at the Crazy Host head and he shoots the Crazy Host! We see green blood splatter all over the wall and then we see the Crazy Host's dead body lying on the floor.

WOLFGANG

You idiot! You're not supposed to shoot him!

LARS

Well, he pissed me off.

WOLFGANG

What the hell are we going to do for a villain now? Defeating the Antichrist is not supposed to be that easy. I didn't think so anyway.

LARS

Yeah me neither.

They both look at the Crazy Host.

WOLFGANG

You weren't supposed to kill him yet.

LARS

Says who?

WOLFGANG

Says the script, that's who.

LARS

Come on, I've got a gun. Why wouldn't I shoot him?

WOLFGANG

Look.

Wolfgang walks O.S. and returns with a copy of the SCRIPT.

WOLFGANG

It's right here on page fifty. Lars decks the Crazy Host in the face. Right there!

LARS

That's stupid.

WOLFGANG

That's not your decision! Shit!

Wolfgang sits on the floor. He looks O.S.

WOLFGANG

What do we do?

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Hold right there for a moment.

Wolfgang nods. Wolfgang sits with his head down. Lars continues standing with his arms folded.

WOLFGANG

You are so dead, dude.

LARS

Shut up.

Two MEDICS walk in and kneel next to Crazy Host. Lars and Wolfgang watch. Wolfgang stands. The Medics bandage Crazy Host's head. They give the thumbs up O.S. and exit.

Crazy Host comes to his feet and shakes it off. He smacks Lars in the back of the head.

CRAZY HOST

Idiot!

LARS

I got caught up in the moment.

Crazy Host pushes both of them down and charges out of the basement, laughing maniacally.

WOLFGANG

Get him!

LARS

I can kill him now, right?

WOLFGANG

Next chance you get.

LARS

Wait, wait, wait!

WOLFGANG

What?

LARS

I gotta smash that fucking camera!

Lars trains his gun on the camera on the tripod. He shoots it. He heads for the basement exit when he notices the other camera (the one the audience never sees). He aims his gun directly into it.

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

Lars and Wolfgang run across the store to the front windows. Outside, Crazy Host is running in the direction of the backwoods.

LARS

Shit, he's heading for the backwoods.

WOLFGANG

How many zombies are out there?

LARS

Six, maybe seven. What do you suggest we do?

WOLFGANG

I don't know. We've got to catch him, so we need to take the back woods that lead out of town. We can see if there are any of those back wood hicks alive out there.

LARS

There might be someone alive. There has to be some guns or weapons in those rednecks houses. I mean all they do is hunt and fuck.

WOLFGANG

Alright do you want to go for it?

LARS

Yeah looks like I have no other choice. We've got to stop him, so I can either stay here or die or die while on the move!

WOLFGANG

Okay are you good on ammo?

LARS

Yeah I have a few more rounds left.

WOLFGANG

Yeah me too. Don't be trigger happy or your going to die real quick, real soon.

LARS

I know. I know. Come on, we got a
Ju-On to settle.

Wolfgang and Lars run off towards the backwoods.

WOLFGANG

(fading into the distance)
Nice obscure movie reference.

LARS

You like that?

WOLFGANG

I would use it again. A lot.

LARS

Like "Let's do it."

WOLFGANG

That was so much better than
"Let's do it."

Wolfgang and Lars completely disappear into the background.
Several ZOMBIES give a slow chase after them. The number grows
little by little until an entire crowd of moaning zombies
disappear into the backwoods.

EXT. BACKWOODS - NIGHT

Lars and Wolfgang fight their way through the dense forest.
SOUNDS OF CONGO DRUMS AND TRIBAL MUSIC sound in the background
as they battle through the dense underbrush.

LARS

Is it just me, or is this stuff
getting thicker?

WOLFGANG

Hang on a moment.

Wolfgang turns around.

WOLFGANG
(to someone behind them)
Guys? Uh, guys. Hey!

The music suddenly stops and several TRIBAL DRUMMERS look at them.

WOLFGANG
You're stirring up the
undergrowth.

TRIBAL GUY
Sorry.

LARS
Go on. Buzz off. We're doing
fine.

The Tribal Drummers leave looking downtrodden. Wolfgang and Lars continue onward in silence.

EXT. BACKWOODS HOUSE - NIGHT

They pull back the brush to find a run down house in the middle of nowhere. Some dead bodies lie around it.

LARS
I think he's here.

WOLFGANG
That Ryuji sense again?

LARS
No. He left a calling card.

Lars points to one of the bodies. Hanging from a spike through the corpse's gut reads a sign:

"Crazy Host was here. He's hip. He's
hot. He's the Antichrist for all
your entertainment needs.

Call 555-2663 for more information."

Sounds of touch tones permeate the silence.

Wolfgang looks at Lars who is entering the number into his cell phone.

WOLFGANG
What are you doing?

LARS
My birthday is coming up.

WOLFGANG
We're going to kill him.

LARS
Well, it's not for a couple months anyway.

Lars pockets his phone.

LARS
You ready?

WOLFGANG
Let's do it.

LARS
That's still cool.

The two sneak across the lawn of the house past the corpses. Maniacal laughter sounds from within the house.

LARS
(whispers)
That's him alright.

They creep up onto the door, one on either side.

LARS
(whisper)
You ready?

WOLFGANG
(whisper)
Let's settle this Ju-on.

LARS
(whisper)
Ok, don't ever do that one again.

WOLFGANG
(whisper)
Sorry.

Wolfgang turns and kicks the door in. Lars and Wolfgang charge through the doorway as one to find-

INT. BACKWOODS HOUSE - NIGHT

-Nothing! The place is dark and covered in ancient (but dust free) furniture. Ashes from a fire smoulder in the fireplace. No lights anywhere.

Lars and Wolfgang step carefully inside the house, swinging their weapons in the directions of their gaze.

EXT. BACKWOODS HOUSE - NIGHT

Zombies emerge from the backwoods and lumber towards the house.

INT. BACKWOODS HOUSE - NIGHT

Wolfgang steps back and closes the door. He locks it. Lars looks at him.

WOLFGANG
Just in case.

Lars nods. They walk through the one room house and it sure seems to be a lot larger on the inside than the outside.

After quite a bit of walking through the house towards the back and never getting there, they pause for a moment and look back to the door. It's only a few feet away. The pair looks at each other with confusion.

LARS
How in the...?

CRAZY HOST (O.S.)

Wild, huh?

Wolfgang and Lars spin and let fly with the bullets. They stop. Crazy Host is not behind them.

Suddenly, he leaps down behind them and knocks them both off their feet, sending their weapons skittering across the floor.

CRAZY HOST

Now we're on level ground. Come on.

Wolfgang and Lars leap to their feet and begin to battle Crazy Host, hand-to-hand. Like a well-choreographed Jackie Chan flick, their moves are all flawless and well-placed. No one gets an upper hand.

Crazy delivers a crushing blow to Wolfgang's gut and another to Lars. They both go skidding across the floor in opposite directions, crashing into the far wall.

Crazy Host walks up to them smugly.

CRAZY HOST

Hold them, my children.

Hands break through the exterior wall and hold Lars and Wolfgang by their necks. Crazy Host kneels to them.

CRAZY HOST

And now, you will listen to me,
and join my zombie host.

Wolfgang puts his hand out to his side and feels his weapon right there.

WOLFGANG

Convenient again.

Crazy Host snaps his head in Wolfgang's direction.

CRAZY HOST

What?

WOLFGANG

Nothing.

Lars looks at Wolfgang who indicates the floor with his eyes. Lars reaches to his side, and his weapon is right there too.

LARS

Yes, very convenient.

CRAZY HOST

You want the living to suffer.
You want to torture the living.

WOLFGANG

I want to torture you. Now!

Together, Wolfgang and Lars raise their weapons and blast Crazy Host in the face, sending bits of his head flying all over the room. Together, they aim at the wall behind them and fire again.

Shrieks sound from outside and the grip on their necks is released. Wolfgang and Lars leap to their feet.

Wolfgang inches to a window and looks out.

LARS

Well? Is it over now?

WOLFGANG

I don't know. There are a lot
of zombies out there.

LARS

Do they look hungry?

Wolfgang gives Lars a worried look. A pounding begins at the door. They train their weapons on it.

WOLFGANG

As easily as they broke through
the wall earlier, you'd think
the door wouldn't be a problem.

LARS

Shut up!

The door frame splinters under the pressure.

LARS
How are you on ammo?

WOLFGANG
Not good.

LARS
Me either.

WOLFGANG
Didn't we leave with plenty?

LARS
Yeah. I think the writers got upset when we killed the villain early.

WOLFGANG
That was your fault. Why should I lose all my ammo?

LARS
All for one?

WOLFGANG
Fuck that.

The door frame splinters even more. Holes are punched in the door itself. Wolfgang and Lars sit down.

WOLFGANG
That is one strong door.

LARS
I know. Why didn't the door at home hold that well. I know it was better.

WOLFGANG
That's another angry letter I'm writing.

A piece of the frame falls to the ground. More holes are knocked in the door, but it continues to hold.

Wolfgang and Lars now have a table between them. Each holds cards in his hand. The deck sits between them.

WOLFGANG

Do you have any 4's?

LARS

Go fish. Any Ace's?

Wolfgang scoffs. He hands an ace to Lars.

LARS

Any 7's?

WOLFGANG

Go fish.

The door finally smashes open. Lars and Wolfgang spring to their feet, guns at the ready. Zombies flood the house.

Lars and Wolfgang crack off a few shots before they run out of ammo. The zombies completely surround them in a large circle. Four zombies grab and hold Lars and Wolfgang, two per guy.

Zombie Host walks through the door with his microphone.

ZOMBIE HOST

Good evening, young humans! Are you ready for dinner?

He sniffs them.

ZOMBIE HOST

I think so!

The zombies laugh and sit around the host and their prey.

ZOMBIE HOST

Now, for some entertainment. Since Bob was shot earlier-

Everyone looks to Lars and Wolfgang with evil looks.

LARS

What? I hated his jokes.

ZOMBIE HOST

-we have to settle for our
runner-up, Z Diddy Combs.

The zombie applaud as Z Diddy Combs raps to the center of the room.

Z DIDDY COMBS

Yo, yo, eat 'em up. Eat 'em up!
Yo, yo, eat 'em up!

He tears off Wolfgang's arm and holds it over his head. Wolfgang screams in pain as blood goes everywhere.

Z DIDDY COMBS

Yeah!
I'm a hungry little mother, and
I cannot eat my brothers.
'Cause only from the living can
I get what I am craving!

Z Diddy takes a huge bite out of Wolfgang's arm.

Z DIDDY COMBS

Your sticky sweet flesh is the
thing I like best,
And I don't mind sharin' with
my fellow zombie brethren!
Get it while it's hot!

WOLFGANG

Oh, this sucks.

LARS

I regret nothing!

The zombies get off the floor and charge Wolfgang and Lars who scream.

Before they know what's going on, their limbs are torn off, their heads are ripped open, and meat and flesh and blood fly everywhere.

EXT. BACKWOODS - NIGHT

As the hip beat continues, a disturbing crunching sound permeates the air. A river of blood flows out of the broken doorway and onto the ground.

THE END