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# Night of the Living Deb

By Andy Selsor

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..Sheds His grace on thee...

Hey, Dad.

Man, "F" this wannabe holiday!

What!??

The Fourth of July?

You hate the Fourth of July?

- Yes.

- It's America's birthday!

- You don't like birthdays?

- After the bottle-rocket smoke clears,  
day after tomorrow, all these  
mouth-breathers are gonna be in my store  
buying half-off Christmas ornaments.

You know it and I know it.

- I don't know if I know it.

- Oh?

What are you looking at'? Oh, wow!

Fifty Shades of He-e-ey!

Go talk to him!

- No. He's... He's busy.

- He should be gettin' busy with you.

I... I can't go over there. What if he...

What if he slaps me'?

What? What if'? What if instead of writing  
the Declaration of Independence,  
George Washington Wrote the  
Declaration of Suffering in Silence  
with Your Raging Lady-boner'?

- Okay.

- What if instead of freeing the slaves,  
Abraham Lincoln said,  
"Ye shall not pass!"

Okay, well, that's was Gandalf,  
but I know where you're going.

Go talk to him.

I can't go over to that guy. He's like an  
angel that's come down from outer space.

Yeah, so ask him to probe you. Miaow!

- I can't... I can't do it.

- Yes, you can!

Look. Mister Pretty's off the phone.

Come on, do it.

How many of those have you had'?

You seem drunk.  
I'm drunk. Deb, I haven't had dinner.  
Deb! Deb! Deb!  
Deb! Deb! Deb! Deb! Deb!  
- Okay! Here goes nothing!  
- Deb! Deb! Deb! Do it!  
Deb! Deb! Deb! Deb!  
- Oh, sorry.  
- Deb...  
Deb, do it now. Go.  
See you.  
Oh, fuck me!  
Uh!  
Oh!  
Ah!  
Oh!  
What the...'?  
Well, I think... I noticed that  
she had red hair and that's about it.  
Stacy and I had this fight,  
then this person and I started drinking  
and talking and drinking.  
And the rest is kind of a blur.  
No, now she's here. She's still here. Yeah.  
And I don't know how to get rid of her.  
No, I can't force her out.  
I'm not gonna pull the fire alarm.  
- White Russian and a whisky neat.  
- Thanks, Billy.  
Oh, by gosh!  
You know my drink? Woah!  
Well, here's to the long,  
straight piece in Tetris. Clink!  
So, er...  
I'm upset, too.  
What are you doing in this gin joint'?  
Let me talk some sense into him.  
Uh-huh. He looks drunk and ready to explain  
himself. Yeah. We'll get back to you. Okay.  
Ryan, that was your dad.  
Please explain to me why you told  
him to take that job and shove it'?  
- No, I never said...  
- He said you did.

I told him I thought long and hard,  
but I had to turn him down.

- I was gonna tell you tonight.

- I am your fiance, all right'?

You tell me before you make  
any stupid decisions.

And What exactly can we  
do for you, Fraggie'?

I...I'm sorry. This gentleman bought me  
a drink and we were having a conversation.

Are you drinking his White Russian?

I told you that was a girl's drink.

This is your drink?

Well, it was.

I'm sorry. I drink them, too.

I just thought you were  
being amazingly intuitive.

Oh, good for you, sweetie. Why don't you just  
take it with our compliments, all right'?

- Billy! Another Russian and a Bird over here.

- Coming up.

Ryan, you need to call your dad  
right now. You can still get this job...

Stacy, I'm not Working  
for my father's company.

We have this all figured out!

You and I are gonna get married, your dad  
is gonna get old, we're gonna take over.

What is going on with you'? Are you  
still into this "helping" people thing?

I am done talking about this. Okay'? Like  
she said, we were having a conversation.

Really? What's her name then?

- Estelle.

- Deborah.

What!?? You... you know my name'?!

No, I... You looked like a Deborah,  
so obviously I was wrong.

No, my name is Deborah. You were right!

I just said Estelle because I wanted  
to get you out of the doghouse.

- How would that have helped me'?

- You know what'?

You two enjoy each other.

Happy Independence Day.

- Because we're through.

- Stacy, this doesn't have to mean...

Yes, it does, Ryan! This is a package deal.

So you can say goodbye to these.

Trixie and Mayberry.

- I loved those cats.

- You'll see them again.

She seems like a...

sweet girl.

Kev, come on, focus. Help me.

That is a solid move. No, man!

- I'm not gonna... Yeah, but that's your move.

- So?

Not everybody can pull that off.

Kev, you're breaking up

or something. Go back to...

- Kev, are you there?

- Ryan!

Excuse me'?

Mmmm!

Mmm, morning!

Uh! I slept in, didn't I'?

Yeah, you sure did.

So, What's on the agend'? Brunch'?

Ah, no.

Ooh! A black-coffee man. I like it.

"I'm John Wayne, I don't  
need no breakfast."

Ah, I actually already  
had my coffee, but...

Anyway, it's the Fourth, so I'm gonna go  
spend some time with my family.

- And maybe you should, too, right'?

- Oh, my God!

Oh, God! I must look terrible,  
but... so soon.

But I... I guess I could meet your family.

No, no, I actually meant your family.

- Oh'?

- But either way, I have to go right now, so...

Okay, well just... do what

you gotta do, Mr Magoo.

I've got a book and I'll just, er...

stay here.

I'll see you in a couple of hours.

Oh, erm... Hey, er, look,

I don't exactly remember

What happened last night...

Oh'? Well, do you want

the slow-motion instant replay?

Oh, great Okay. Hey!

- That's a...

- Oh, no!

That was a family heirloom, but, er, you know what'? Don't worry about it, please.

Er, please.

Okay. Well, er...

As you wish.

Erm... Well, look, I think we can agree that this was a mistake.

Oh, yeah. Of course, a mistake!

What? I'm glad you said it before I said it.

Cos I was gonna say it.

There's a load off!

Great! Okay. So we can leave. Now.

Now?

Yes, now is... now is...

is even, er, too late for me.

Like I wish we could go in a time machine and go back five minutes, and then leave then.

But we don't, we don't have that, so we just have to Walk. So here we go.

Where's the DeLorean when you need one, right'?

- Okay.

- Yeah! Hello!

McFly? Anybody home?

- Okay, there you go.

- Much obliged.

So, you know, if we run into each other around town, it doesn't need to be weird.

We can just say hello or wave...

What a nice morning. It's...

Holidays are so peaceful, don't you think?

- I guess I never really...

- Listen, my children.

And you will hear

of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.

A voice in the darkness,

a knock at the door.

And a word that will echo forever more.

Wow, that was actually nice.

- Erm...

- Thank you.

- Have a good one.

- Oh...

It's Longfellow.

He's from here. Portland, Maine.

- Yeah, I know where we live.

- I used to recite it for my mom every Fourth.

She's in a better place now.

Oh, I'm sorry.

Virginia Beach. They have

a lot of activities for seniors there.

I try to go, but I'm so busy

with work at the TV station.

Hence, alone for the holiday!

Okay, well, er...

God bless... America!

Hey, God mess you!

Whoever you are.

Deb, it's Rubes.

Call me as soon as you drag yourself out  
of that fine man's bed, you complete whore.

Did you ever know that you're my hero...?

Great! Somebody's coming in the store and  
they look drunk and I feel like ass today.

Hey! You break it, you buy it, bucks!

Shit! Aaah!

Happy holidays.

You've reached Yule Mart.

We'll be open July 4th until noon  
and all day on the 5th.

You'll love our frankincense  
and myrrh-chandise! Get it?

Hi, I don't know if I should be your hero.

Homeboy didn't want to  
see me again after last night.

I guess, in the light of day,

I seemed like some sort of monster.  
Rubes, you gotta tell me  
What happened last night,  
cos I don't remember bupkis.  
- Was I some sort of jackhole or something?  
- Why Won't she leave?  
Hello'?  
Piece of kaka phone!  
Really?!  
Uh!  
Hello'?  
Joe?  
Anybody?  
Don't!  
Don't make me!  
The parade's really gone  
downhill this year.  
Come on! Get off!  
All right, Joe...  
I got a large Casco Bay blend here.  
Joe?  
All right.  
Oh, hey, man.  
There you are. What's going on'?  
Dude, Why are you eating afoot?  
Joe!  
Joe!  
Help! God!  
Aagh! Aagh!  
Oh, my God!  
What is that?! This is horrible!  
Joe!  
Sorry, Joe.  
Uh!  
Come on, come on, come on!  
- No, wait, wait! My place, my place!  
- Okay.  
What is this...?  
Well, I've never seen one before, but it  
seems, son of, like a zombie apocalypse.  
Oh! You know, at least  
they're not the sprinter type.  
They re more of the old-school,  
cerebral palsy variety.



Hey, that's Manny, from up the street.

He really does have OP.

Oh, I'm sorry! I was just trying to...

Wooah!

Okay, some of them run!

So sorry.

- So What are we gonna do'?!

- I don't know!

I don't have a whole lot of experience with this type of thing!

- Why are you taking off your shoes?!

- Because it's filthy outside!

Okay, okay, calm down.

Okay.

We need information. We need to figure out if it's affecting everyone.

Okay. TV.

Okay.

Where's CNN'?

I don't have it. I got rid of cable a couple of months ago.

Oh, that's cool. I have some friends that did that and it sounded so liberating. Though not actually that helpful right now! I still get the local stuff.

The annual event drew famished foodies from Bangor to Brunswick to support the fire department's annual pancake breakfast...

Good! It hasn't spread across town.

No, not necessarily.

This is yesterdays broadcast.

Which you know because you were running the camera.

Are you being weirdly sarcastic or how do you know that'?

You told me last night that you work at the news station.

Now Why would they rerun a news broadcast?

That's What I don't understand.

Radio! Do you have one'?

..Area and wait for help.

Repeat message 5-B.

- Couldn't we have taken the radio out of the...

- Sssh!

- Stay in your homes with the doors locked.

- This is it!

The Governor has declared a state of emergency and alerted the National Guard.

Symptoms of the ailment include slurred speech, wild movement, an appetite for human flesh, and both slow and fast walking.

If loved ones display these traits, isolate them in a secure area and wait for help.

"Loved ones". I gotta call Stacy.

- Repeat message 5-B.

- Wait!

You guys broke up, right'?

I think I left my phone at the coffeshop.

You Went to a coffeeshop'?

I thought that you already had your coffee?

- That's very interesting.

- Can I use yours?

Oh, boy! I think that I should conserve battery power.

Please.

Oh!

Okay. Make it snappy.

Wait. Seriously, this is

What you use to call people?

- Okay, listen, if you don't want to use it...

- No, no. It's fine.

I just, er...

- Er...

- You don't know her number'?

No! I... Ssh! All right'?

I'm trying to think.

The prospects for your relationship are not looking good.

I always just use speed dial, all right'?

Everybody does that.

Listen, no one is judging you.

I'm just saying that when I care about someone, I commit their phone number to memory.

Like my mom.

Oh, shark, my mom!

Gimme-gimme-gimme-gimme-gimme!

- Hello?

- Mom'..!

- Are there zombies there?

- Gotcha! You've reached my voicemail.

- Please leave a message.

- Jesus, Mom, I hate this gag.

Just kidding, it's actually me.

Oh, oh... Mom, are you really there?

Well, of course, little Miss Magoo.

Happy Fourth of July!

Er, have you been outside yet today?

Why, yes, I was just down

at the Pick 'n Save.

And are there people

eating other people's flesh?

I'm in Virginia Beach, honey, not Florida.

Mom, listen to me. The people here

are infected with something.

I'm trying to get down there,

but if I don't make it...

take care of yourself.

- Deb?

- I love you.

- Are you there?

- Ma'?

- Can you hear me?

- Still using that janky old phon...?

- Dammit!

Mm.

Okay, let's take stock of

What we have and, er...

Oooh!

Board up the windows. Way ahead

of you, chief. Pee corner's over there.

That end table was a matching set! And we

don't need a pee corner, I've got a bathr...

You know what? We're getting out of here.

Help me!

Ooh!

All right, they're drawn to the noise.

We'll have to leave quietly.

But... you heard the radio.

They said to hunker down and wait for  
the National Guard or, you know, whatever.  
And, just some food for thought,  
we might want to start bonding  
in case we have to repopulate the world.

- Just thinking out loud here.

- No, please don't, all right'?

Look, my fiancée, brother and father  
are out there. They'll be expecting me.

Breaking news - people are kind of  
foregoing their holiday plans right now.

You'll be no help to them  
if you get infected.

I'd rather take that risk than be  
without the people I care about.

- Okay, whatever you want. I'm staying put.

- But I need you!

It's weird. I know that we've only known each  
other a short time, but I kind of feel...

- You have a car.

- Oh?

What happened to yours, player?

It's in the shop'?

- I don't have one. I ride my bicycle everywhere.

- Huh!

Everywhere except across town in  
the middle of a zombie apocalypse, huh'?

- Is that your one exception?!

- Look...

Help me collect my people,  
then we can all leave town together,  
and then you can get  
to your mom in Virginia.

Oh, I can't stay mad at you!

We're gonna need some road snacks.

Oh! I foolishly thought  
that you kept food in here.

- Hey, we can survive on this stuff!

- Oh, for an hour, if we were rabbits.

Why do you have coconut water'?

Is this Maine or Gilligan's Island?

It's very hydrating.

Okay, once we get in that car,  
I am not stopping till we get to VA.

There's gotta be some place  
around here that we can get food.  
I check in on Mrs Jones,  
get her groceries once in a while.  
Oh, that's so sweet!  
Oh, no!  
Oh, my God! Is she...'?  
So sad!  
To die alone on the Fourth.  
Shadows are trailing.  
My heart is bewailing.  
And tolling within like a funeral bell.  
Rest in peace, Mrs Jones.  
What are you doing?  
Oh, I was just reciting some Longfellow.  
I think it's nice to say...  
No, no. Why did you open her eyes'?  
That's what you do when someone dies,  
to let their soul rise up to heaven.  
What? No, no. You close their eyes.  
Er, okay, trust me on this one!  
No. Trust me. Okay?  
Nobody does it that Way.  
Er, you're gonna feel pretty silly  
when the Internets back up.  
Please! This was a sweet old lady,  
all right'? Don't be weird.  
Just leave her in peace.  
- Stop it!  
Ooh, taking control!  
Yeah, I dig it!  
But I've gotta do right by her.  
Let your soul be free!  
- You're being ridiculous.  
- No, you're being ridiculous!  
And let go of my Wrist, you're hurting me.  
- I'm not touching your... Wooah!  
- What is happening?!  
- A little help here, chief!  
- I'm working on it!  
I'm sorry, Mrs Jones.  
- I'm really sorry to do this to you.  
- Forget the lamp, Martha Stewart!  
Okay! Okay, okay! Jump away!

All right! Now, and...

- Clear!

- What are you doing?

What? Why isn't it working?

Deb, do something!

Please don't struggle, Mrs Jones!

Oh! She's old!

' Yeah!!

- All right!!

I mean, that was a terrible, actually,  
cos she was my neighbour.

But that's, er... Let's get the food.

These are the crappiest snacks.

Didn't this lady eat any solids?

These are the crappiest snacks.

Didn't this lady eat any solids?

Sssh!

Woah!

At least they re three floors down.

Aah! Fire escape! Fire escape!

Wait! Slow down!

What are you doing?

You should've left all that stuff!

- Sorry. Fine!

- No, no, no, don't just...

Sorry.

Shit!

Great! Now look What you made me do.

Well, that's it. We're toast.

It's stupid for us both to die.

- I'm gonna give you a chance.

- What are you talking about?

Ssh!

Earn this. Huh'?

- Come on.

- When the moment is right,  
you grab your bike and go!

Who wants a piece of this'?

Wooah! Woah!

Woooh!

Wooh-hoo!

Why are you hitting yourself?

Why are you hitting yourself?

Why are you hitting yourself?

Here, guys. I'm right here.  
Come on, you guys, get over here.  
Come on, you guys. I'm just right here.  
Hey!  
Wooah!  
Aah!  
That was awesome! You were awesome!  
I feel so alive!  
- Tell me you have your keys.  
- Yes!  
Woooh!  
You saved me, Ryan! You effing saved me!  
I think we can be pretty sure  
that you like me.  
Good, God! Do you live in here'?  
No!  
Not any more.  
Maybe there's something more  
about this on the radio.  
Don't you ever touch a black man's radio!  
It's Chris Tucker, Rush Hour.  
Radio's busted. Tape player works, though.  
Oh, well, that's completely useless.  
- Ten points!  
- Aaah! Aaah!  
W-w-what are you doing?  
I know! Low hanging fruit, right'?  
Aah! No, no! Stop that.  
Don't worry about it! This is like  
swatting mosquitoes for little Otis.  
No, no! You can't just murder  
these zombies. These are people.  
Erm... maybe they were once.  
No. For all we know, some chemist  
could be working on a cure right now.  
- They could be turned normal again.  
- Sure!  
And maybe we can all hold hands  
and skip to Yum-Yum Town,  
where rainbows shoot  
out of the butts of unicorns.  
I'm serious.  
Ryan, even if you're right,  
would they really want to come back'?

How would you deal with the fact that you just ate your roommate's lower intestine? Okay, okay. I wasn't looking on that one. Please, Deb.

Enjoy your life, zombies.

I always knew this town was dead, but this is ridiculous.

Cha-cha-cha!

How many miles does this boat get'?

Oh, you're gonna bust on my oar now'?

No, no, I was just thinking about when we need to fill up the gas again.

No, no, I hear it in your voice.

"Otis is offensive. Otis is unclean."

Do you know, like, what the emissions from this oar actually do to the environment?

I'm sorry, I must have missed that page in Ryan's Guide To Being - A Completely Perfect Humanoid.

- No, no!

It's not about being perfect.

Clean energy is just the right thing to do.

Energy is messy, okay.

I mean, it's really cute to eat organic millet and drive around in a hovercraft or whatever, but look around you, dude.

We lost. We tried to save the planet and this is where it got us.

- God, you sound just like my dad.

- Really?

The guy sounds awesome.

What are you, adopted'?

That's good. Nice one. That's actually the family joke.

My brother makes it all the time.

It's a good one.

Look, I'm sorry.

My family is not a Hallmark card either.

I remember every Fourth, my dad would bring us all up to the roof to Watch fireworks over the eastern prom. And then, one year, around dusk, the guys nowhere to be found.



So we go up to the roof  
and that's when we saw him.  
He was lying there in the backyard,  
right by the barbecue.  
He almost looked like he was asleep.  
He was changing out the propane tank.  
It was the best cookout ever.  
- That's the end of the story'?

- Mm-hm.

That's a ridiculous... That was so strange.

- It's all going one direction and then...

- But that was a good memory.

It's not all like that.  
It's a mixed bag.  
Okay, well, anyway, erm...  
My dad is pissed because  
I won't work for the family business.  
Really? What's Wrong with it'?

It's rated the most environmentally  
unsound business in the state.  
Waverly Water Treatment?  
You're a Waverly? Oh, my God!

- How did you put that together?

- Because I work in the news, remember?

Don't get me wrong, that company seems like  
pure evil but the buckage must be pretty good.  
Yeah, well, not for me. I'm not gonna work  
there, so my brother's gonna get it all.  
Mm, tough break.

Where the fuck are we'?

Wait. What are you doing?  
Just gotta stop in here.  
Yule Mart'? No, no, we agreed.  
No more stopping. My dad's place  
is just a couple of miles up the road.  
Yeah, and we' re gonna get there. But my  
friend's inside. I have to see if she's okay.  
Fine. Five minutes.  
Do we have anything deadlier  
than a bike chain?  
Er...  
This... thing.  
No.  
Oh, check the glove box.

Maybe that?  
You've had a gun this entire time?  
Yeah, it was in there when I  
bought the car.  
It's mostly for show, though,  
it only has two bullets.  
If it comes down to it,  
We'll use it to tap out.  
- "Tap out"?  
- Yeah.  
You know, if we get infected.  
Tap. Poof!  
And then tap. Poof!  
You just shot yourself first.  
Oh, I'm sorry, Ryan! I haven't worked out  
the math on our murder-suicide yet!  
Okay, let me be really clear about this.  
I do not want to be tapped out.  
Right, you say that now!  
No, seriously, if I get infected, just let  
me run off into the woods or something.  
You'll feel differently when you get  
infected. I don't want you to suffer.  
No, I could not be more sure about this.  
I do not want you to shoot me in the head.  
Sure, sure, sure. Okay, okay.  
We'll see, though.  
Okay?  
Stay alert.  
Jingle bells, jingle bells...  
- Aaaaah!  
- Aaaaah!  
Oh, What fun it is to play...  
- Aaah!  
- Aaah!  
- Aaah!  
- Aaah!  
Oh!  
Deck the halls with...  
- Look at all this crap.  
- You don't like Christmas?  
Are you kidding, me'?  
I freakin' love Christmas.  
Which is why I think these plastic trees

are for Tyre stores and...

communists.

When I have kids, I'm gonna take them every year to out down a real tree.

You realise it takes ten years for one of those trees to grow and only seconds to saw the life out of it'?

If there's a bigger buzz-kill than you, sir, I do not know What that looks like. I'm just saying that we should celebrate planting a tree with the children, rather than destroying one.

"We"?

- Yeah, you know. I mean, people, Earth.

- A-huh.

But you said "the children".

If you meant children in general, you Would've said something like...

Oh, my God!

That sweater!

Ruby?

Honey, are you okay?

Look out!

Well, it looks like she's full-on zombie, let's jet.

- Wait! We can't leave her like that.

- What do you suggest?

Tap, tap.

Use our bullets on her'?

It's the right thing to do. Besides, you said you don't want to use them.

But the gun's in the car.

Here.

You distract her and lead her outside.

I'll do the rest.

Hey!

Sale on flesh over here!

Ruby?

Deb!

- What's going on'?!

- Get on the roof! Trust me!

I don't trust you!

Aah! Ooh! Uh!

Yahtzee!

Did I hurt you in a past life or something?

I just thought maybe you're right. Maybe they'll find a cure for this some day.

- Well, if I can change one mind.

- Hey...

You saved a zombie, kid, you didn't undo apartheid.

Okay, let's go find your peeps.

Hang in there, Rubs.

It's up here on the right.

Good. That's Stacy's oar.

I'm glad she knew to come here.

Yay! So glad Stacy isn't dead.

Look, Deb, I hope this isn't going to be...

Are you out of your mind?!

What? We both agreed we're not going to leave this car again.

Until we get here, yeah! Obviously, we have to get out to collect them.

- We don't even know if they're in there.

- Trust me, they are.

We always get together on the Fourth.

It's my dad's favourite holiday.

Well, prepare yourself.

They may not be the people you remember.

Oh, I have no doubt they'll be unrelenting flesh-eating monsters, but I bet they won't be zombies. Okay.

I deserve the things I want.

My needs are worthwhile.

I'm not hurting anyone by being myself.

What are you doing, Rain Man'?

I like to take a second to centre myself every time I come here.

I deserve the things I want.

My needs are worthwhile.

- I'm not hurting anyone by being myself.

- Er, er... I want to be supportive, an' all, but is this mantra much longer?

Oh, man! What is it again?

Well, why don't you try

Stacy's phone number.

Will you just give it a rest, all right'?

You're like the Terminator of sarcasm.  
I drove you here, in my car,  
and you've been treating me like I'm just a bag  
of wet diapers that you have to lug around.  
Well, that actually sounds less shitty  
than whatever we've got going on now.  
Oh, wow! You know, I thought that  
you were a cool guy back at the bar,  
but now I find out you're  
some spoiled pretty boy.  
Excuse me, "pretty boy"? I have  
a very masculine set of features, okay?  
If anything, my look is "burnished rugged".  
Nobody who is that says that!  
- I do.  
- Your hair has not moved this entire time!  
It's thick, it requires maintenance.  
You have no idea!  
You haven't taken a shower since  
yesterday and yet you still smell  
like sandalwood and lilac!  
Oh, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to distract you  
from being the weirdest person in the world!  
Uh!  
God, Chaz!  
- Did you change the gate code?  
- Depends.  
- How do I know you're not... one of them?  
- Because I'm speaking in words.  
- What about her'?'  
- Gimme a break, Chaz!  
Hi, I'm Deb.  
- Will you knock it off'?!  
- You're Ryan's big brother?  
- You're so... different.  
- Thanks. We think he's adopted.  
Oh, that never gets old.  
Can we please come in'?'  
We've had really a long day.  
So, wait, excuse me, wait.  
What are you'?' Are you the rebound'?'  
Oh, busted!  
How did you know, dude'?'  
You're probably an uncle now.

No!

- I knew it!

- No, no, that's not...

- Stacy/s here, right'?

- Oh!

She told me all about  
your big breakup, stud.

Looks like you didn't waste  
much time moving on now, did you'?

No, that's not...

We're just helping each other.

I'm sure you are. Huh!

Deb, I'm Chaz.

Clearly the more masculine  
of the two Waverly brothers.

Good shot.

- I aim to please.

- Okay!

Open the gate!

- You need the code, man.

- Okay.

- Do you want it'?

- Yes!!

Okay, it's five, eight, zero, zero eight.

That's... It's "BOOBS" upside down.

- Wow!

- Yeah.

A gentleman, too! Ooh-la-la!

Thank you, Chaz.

Oh! Shoot!

Dad';

Woah! This is, like,  
straight out of Mitchell Black!

Ryan! Oh, my Rye-bread, you're all right.

- We thought for sure...

- No, no, I'm... I'm okay.

Hey, Stacy, did you meet Deb'?

She came here with Ryan, together.

- Where did you creep up from'?

- Oh, I just... came with Rye-bread.

They helped each other get across town.

God knows What they had to do  
to survive. Isn't that swell?

So helpful.

- Do we tip her or...?'

- It was nothing.

It was just one hand stroking the other.

Friends with benefits, as they say.

- I'm glad you made it.

- Oh!

Dad! Dad, look...

I've been thinking, I'm really sorry for

What I said on the phone last night.

I've been thinking all day

and I was worried

those would be the last Words

we ever said to each other.

Could I see you in the kitchen for a moment?

I need a little help with my brownies.

Mr Waverly? Hi.

Hi.

I always help him with the brownies.

- Hey, Deb, how much you bench'?

- Right now'?

- Yeah.

- Forty?

How could you be so boneheaded'?

- Stacy/s here. She's not family.

- Stacy/s inner circle.

She's been here since last night,

for God's sake.

- She has'?

- The point is,

I spoke with the Governor on the shortwave.

He's arranged a chopper evac at

the county line at 0900 hours tomorrow.

- For the four of us, not five.

- I'm sure Deb can squeeze in.

Oh! You're a big man

now all of a sudden, huh'?

Why did I not get the memo?

Well, this is bigger

than you are, smart guy!

And you'd know that if you'd

listened on the phone last night,

instead of blathering on

about your principles.

Wait, so you knew fast night that

people were gonna turn into zombies'?

NO, no, no, no.

These people aren't... what you said.

They re just ordinary citizens,  
who happen to have contracted  
a parasite-borne virus that makes  
their corporal bodies decompose  
and gives them an insatiable  
appetite for human flesh.

Oh, my God! The water.

Now, Ryan, come on,  
it's just a very complicated situation.

All right'? We haven't got our arms  
around all the details yet.

Well, get your arms around this,  
Deb's coming with us!

- That's not an option.

- If you leave her out, I go too.

I promised her I would get her out of town  
and I'm keeping that promise.

Mm!

- You can't talk, Stacy, While I'm shooting.

- I didn't.

So you're saying people became zombies  
last night if they drank the city water'?

Or bathed in it,

which explains how you were spared.

Stacy, Deb is my guest. Please!

I'm not trying to be mean, I'm just going by  
the look of her hair and face and clothes.

But, Ryan, you take a shower, like,  
every ten minutes. Why didn't you turn'?

Unless...

I think I'm gonna be sick.

Hi-ooh!

- Longest walk of shame EVER!

- No, no! That's not...

Nothing happened,

we both just passed out.

- I mean, something happened.

- I'm sure it did!

While you two were getting  
gross with each other,  
I took care of Stacy



and her pussy... cats.

Ryan...

You were right and I was wrong.

I have decided to keep the nutmeg in.

- Oh, I'm glad you see it that way.

- Mm-hm.

Nutmeg can be a bit much at times,  
but that's no reason to abandon it.

You guys are what, trading recipes now'?

And when did that start happening?

Chaz, will you just give  
your ears a rest, please?

- Okay, yeah.

- The important thing is, we're safe.

We're all safe!

Oh! Holyfrijoles!

Oh, man!

Topper'? You still have that  
giant boozehound on the payroll?

Hi, Ryan.

That giant boozehound saved your privileged  
little ass numerous times when you were a boy.

Topper, just keep walking the  
perimeter or no brownie for you.

Yeah, like when Leah Schiffer  
discovered me at hide-and-seek  
and got put in the hospital?

She didn't walk right ever again.

Leah didn't play by the rules.

Society crumbles without rules.

- Amen, Pop.

- And speaking of crumbling...

I'm pretty sure my brownies  
must be cool enough by now.

Shall we all adjourn to the living room'?

Leah Schiffer!

Easy does it there. Mmm!

Will you look at that, huh'?

Sorry, I...

I'm still stuck on this Water thing.

It's boring stuff, dear, a  
little bit too technical.

Does it have to do with the ultraviolet treatment  
process that you're testing at Waverly Water'?

What?! No. Not according to public record.  
Where did you ever hear  
such a preposterous fabrication?  
I keep my ear to the ground for my job.  
Deb Clarington, News Channel Seven.  
Your system is supposed to out the cost  
of purifying our Water by half, right'?'  
That's... brilliant and ambitious.  
Well, yes, it was supposed to be  
a boon for the entire town.  
And we could sell the surplus  
to the bottling companies.  
But Weren't you supposed  
to still be in beta on the process?  
We... we were.  
Then... why the rush, Frank?  
I told the Governor that  
we needed more time,  
that the pre-filters weren't  
catching all of the bio-pathogens yet.  
But he... he insisted that we  
roll it out before the holidays,  
so he could squeeze it into the Q2 budget.  
And by "insisted," I'm sure you  
mean he gave you a huge kickback.  
How were we supposed to know it was going  
to be a banner year for the Ichabod virus?  
The same thing that wiped out  
the indigenous Wabanaki Indians?  
- Wobanaki Indians, Pop.  
- Wobanaki Indians.  
I'm supposed to be proud of you that you wiped  
out the entire population of our town'?!  
You see that?  
You always go to the negative.  
- I'm proud of you. Pop.  
- Always!  
Population or no population.  
Oh, come on, relax now, babe.  
We've got some catching up to do! Hm-hm!  
Okay. Well, jeez, it's been a hoot.  
- But I think I need to skedaddle down the road.  
- No, Deb, wait!  
- Why, right'?'

- You can't go back out there.

My dad arranged a helicopter  
for us in the morning.

Plus, you must be exhausted.

We hardly slept last night.

You know those times when you can taste your  
own stomach acid? I have that right now.

- I know what you mean.

- I'm going to be just fine, chief.

This was the deal. We got you here,  
now I'm going to get on to my own family.

So... thanks for the mammaries.

Nobody's going anywhere!

Till they taste one of my freedom brownies!

Chaz.

- Give this to Topper.

- I got it, Pop.

For close-range kills.

Stay.

The brownies are a Fourth of July tradition  
that we started when Ryan's mother was alive.

- You remind me of her, in a way.

- I think we did that, like, twice.

Well, if it means that  
much to you, of course.

Yes.

Oh!

Mm'?

Gosh! That is...

so good.

I'm surprised Chaz hasn't added  
creatine to his brownie yet.

Hey! I'm just trying  
to stay strong for all of us.

What are you gonna do when the shit  
hits the fan'? Huh, little brother?

Are you going to come outwith your  
hair-dryer, is that What you're gonna do'?

- Huh, little brother?

- Woah!

- Stop m

- Hey, hey!

Stop it! Get off me!

Get off me!

You guys are acting Worse  
than those things out there.  
Oh, I thought they were just ordinary  
citizens who got a little Wet.  
- Oh, shut up, you little piss-ant.  
- Pop, I got it!  
Come on, you numbskulls, you idiots!  
- If your mother... Stop it!  
- I got him!  
' ' Can't get up!  
" ' got him!  
- He's trapped!  
- Through the night rode Paul Revere.  
And so through the night  
Went his cry of alarm.  
Through every Middlesex village and farm  
a cry of defiance  
and not of fear.  
- What the bejeezus was that?  
- That was Longfellow. Deb's favourite.  
Ah, Longfellow. You know,  
he's from here. Maine. Portland.  
You know, maybe it's not my place, but...  
you guys are with family.  
We're lucky we're even alive.  
You see that, boys'?'  
The little redheads right.  
It's the Fourth of July, for God's sake.  
You're right. Yeah.  
Let's blow some shit up. Yeah?  
Yeah?  
Wait for n.  
- Wait for it.  
- Yeah.  
- Here comes the good part. There it is.  
- Oh, wow!  
Check that out'!.!  
- That's great.  
- Sweet!  
Up next, I got a big  
aerial display.  
It explodes and then a  
roaring bear face comes out.  
No, no, no. That's enough. We don't

want to attract too much attention.

What? Dad, I got, like, all these M80's.

- You don't want to see the bear face'?

- No! No, I do not.

I shouldn't let you do this one.

Okay, everybody, drink up.

I'm gonna turn in.

We have to have our wits  
about us in the morning, so...

- Ooh, quick question.

- Yeah.

Where's everybody sleeping?

Well, Ryan and Stacy  
will stay in Ryan's old room,  
and Deborah over there...

How you doing there, hon'?

- I'm fine.

- Okay!

She's going to be in your room, all right'?

And you're going to  
stand Watch with Topper.

- Come on, walk with me.

- Hm!

- Walk with me, Chaz. Come!

- Hm!

Come on.

- I'm so glad that you're safe, babe.

- Yeah.

Thanks.

I'm gonna need your help  
with Ryan in the morning.

I'm gonna need your help  
with Ryan in the morning.

- How do you mean?

- His new friend isn't coming with us.

- The adorable little ginger girl?

- I'm sure he'll throw a hissy fit.

How are we gonna sneak out without her'?

I put enough horse tranquilizer in that  
brownie to kept her asleep through August.

I'm surprised she's even still on her feet!

I'm sure she'll be going down  
for the count soon.

Hey, don't go soft on me now, boy!

She works for the news. We don't want her doing some story on the water supply.

Uh-uh.

Sometimes... you gotta put your own oxygen mask on first.

Put my oxygen mask on first.

- Right, first.

- Ow!

All right.

- Er, Chaz...

- Yeah, Pop.

Stop trying to bang Stacy.

- Once was enough.

- If only it was!

Oh! Don't you tell me

you're falling in love with her'?

Ryan's back. Be realistic.

What? is it totally unrealistic to think that I could be the special one for once?

I mean, what's he got that I don't got'?

Besides your great eyes.

- We gotta stay focused, boy.

- A-ha.

- You hear me'? Stay focused.

- Okay!

We got to keep our shit straight if we're gonna make it through this thing.

- Yeah, keep our shit straight.

- Keep it straight.

Keep it straight. Thanks, Pop!

- Thanks for the rap.

- Okay.

Okay.

Okay! All right, you'd better get back to your post.

Okay.

"Portland's Water runs through him."

Oh! Gross!

I think you can forgo your sit-ups tonight.

I'll give you a Workout.

Wow!

Er, Stacy...

I'm talking about sex.

No, I know. Erm...  
I'm going to sleep here on floor,  
all right'? You take the bed.  
A let's happened since  
you broke up with me.  
Are you gonna keep  
throwing that in my face'?  
No. Hey, look, we need to talk, all right'?  
I think you were right to dump me.  
Ryan, you need to  
stop being a martyr, okay?  
This is a sure thing. Just relax.  
No, wait! I... I... I'm...  
I'm saying we want different things.  
Oh, really? And What do you want'?  
That nerd'?  
- Could you keep your voice down'?  
- Well, What does she do for you, Ryan?  
She ride you like this? Like...  
Oh, yeah! Oh, Ryan, you're the best!  
Oh, yes! Oh, Ryan! Oh, yes!  
- Out it out!  
- Oh, yeah, Ryan! Oh! Oh, yeah!  
Oh, yeah!  
Oh, yes! Oh, Ryan!  
- Oh, yes, you're the best!  
- Cut it out, please!  
Oh... Oh, yeah!  
Oh, Ryan! Oh, yeah!  
- Yeah, Ryan! I shop at Target!  
- Cut it out. Ssh!  
Oh, yeah, Ryan! Oh, my gosh!  
Oh, yes! Oh, Ryan! Oh, yes!  
- Out it out, please!  
- Oh, yeah, Ryan! Oh, my God! Oh, yeah!  
- Oh, Ryan! Oh, yes!  
- Cut it out!  
- Stacy, stop!  
' Oh, yeah!  
- Stacy, stop! Stop!  
- Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah!  
- Stop! Hey!  
' Oh, yeah!  
Oh, yeah! Oh, Ryan!

Stacy, you're acting insane!  
What the...'?  
If that cooz let out my cats, so help me!  
Trixie?  
Mayhem?  
Trixie?  
Oh! Chaz!  
Oh, my God!  
Ryan! The bastards have  
surrounded the house.  
Time to put on your big-boy pants, son.  
Dad, you don't have to talk to me  
like I'm some kind of kid.  
Aim high, and I'm not  
talking about life goals.  
Shoot 'em in the head. Let's move!  
Stacy, how could you do that to me'?  
- Didn't last night mean anything to you'?  
- Well, of course it did.  
I think.  
But, you know, Ryan's just so  
good-looking, you know'? It's...  
That one's coming fast, Chaz. Chaz'?  
Chaz, that one's coming pretty fast.  
Heeelp! God, help me!  
Please, God! Don't let me die!  
Commie bastard!  
Attaboy! Good job!  
Chaz! Look out behind...!  
Aaagh!  
- He's been bit.  
- Oh, no, Chaz!  
He's been bit. Get him on the couch!  
I'll take care of the door.  
Chew-a-dent!  
Oh! Oh, God! Ruby!  
Honey, lam so sorry.  
I completely forgot you were in there.  
What the...'?  
I must be the most  
selfish person in the world.  
Here I am, acting like I'm doing you  
some kind of favour by keeping you alive.  
Deluding myself that there might



actually be a cure for this.  
But really I just...  
I can't bring myself to end it for you.  
I never would have talked  
to Ryan without you.  
And though I deeply regret  
meeting that...  
elitist man-whore,  
for one night, damn it,  
I lived, Ruby.  
I lived.  
What the ding-dong'?  
Hi! Would you shut it off, please?  
- Shut it down. Thank you.  
- Hi.  
- Good morning.  
- Good morning!  
So I... I guess you guys have heard  
about the zombies in town'?  
Zombies!? Zombies!  
Guys, she said there's zombies!  
- Yeah, we heard about the zombies.  
- That's why we're here.  
So if you wouldn't mind taking the keys out  
and coming inside that tent,  
we've got a little bit of coffee  
and a whole lot of questions for you.  
If we're going to be honest here,  
I was really looking forward to putting  
some distance between me and this town.  
I get it! I get it!  
You're like, "Who's this powerful  
muckity-mucktrying to cramp my style,  
when all I wanna do is try on  
some lipstick and chase guys,  
and get as far as I can from those  
gosh-darn flesh-eaters?" Am I right'?  
If I say yes, will you let me go'?  
Let me put it this Way...  
That's a no.  
Hey, I've got some John Cougar Mellencamp.  
That always used to cheer you up.  
It's just John  
Mellencamp now, Dad.

I haven't listened to him  
on purpose in 20 years.

Son, I liked Stacy.

Although I'm not sure she was the girl your  
mother would have wanted you to marry,  
I am sorry that she got her brains eaten.

- Don't do this, Dad.

- Do what?

- I'm just being real here.

- I'm not ready to be cool with you.

Oh, good, good.

What, you think I wanted any of this, huh'?

Look at Chaz back there.

When he turns, who do you thinks  
gonna have to put him down'?

For all of his faults, I loved that boy  
like he was my own son.

What do you mean?

Well, Chaz was adopted.

You knew that, right'?

- Son-of-a-bitch. He was adopted'?

- Bottom line is...

you and I have to stay positive,  
remember how fortunate we are to be  
in the Governor's good graces.

- Fortunate'?

- Yes.

If you Weren't so deep in the Governor's  
good graces, we Wouldn't be in this mess.

Well, we're almost out of it, okay.

Ow! Gaa!

- Buy a girl a drink first, will you'?

- I'm sorry about that business there.

- Sincerely!

- I'm not infected.

- I wasn't bitten.

- I know, Deb, I know.

We just have protocols we have to follow.

You guys aren't real military, are you'?

What is "real"?

Is "real" like a construct  
of our own subconscious or...'

Is this real'?

Is this real'?

- Are any of us real'?

- Yeah.

The rest of us are real.

All right, we're a private security firm  
hired to handle this situation.

Woah! You guys are doing a bang-up job!

- Thank you.

- I'm being sarcastic.

- What are you gonna do now, kill me'?

- Kill you'? Deb...

That hurts me. Come on!

I am a father, all right'?

Look, look at these.

Look at these little... Two little boys.

Those are my kids. They  
are adorable, right'?

Yeah.

Could I go back and look at these little  
angels in their eyes with murder on my brain?

I don't think so, Deb.

No, your test was negative.

You are free to go.

Oh!

Awesome sauce!

Okay, great! Erm...

Oh, if you could just, er, get rid  
of that road block, I'll be... on my Way.

Er... sorry.

I might have been a little confusing there.

You're free to go back.

- Wait, I'm sorry, back'?

- Yeah, back to where you came from.

You can't ever leave that town on,  
kind of, a forever-type basis.

Forever'?

So you're just gonna... you're gonna  
wall us in with those things?

That's a fate Worse than death.

You're gonna tell that  
to your two lamo kids'?

They re four and six, Deb.

They wouldn't understand  
the moral complexity of that situation.

Portland may be a small town, but people

are going to notice if we disappear.  
The official story is radiation leak.  
I don't think people are going  
to be champing at the bit  
to go check it out for themselves,  
believe you me.  
You're not going to get away with this.  
They re...  
People... people are going to talk. There's  
social media, there's... there's like...  
Twerking, My Face.  
I don't think you've noticed, but  
the internet's shutdown and cellphones.  
Deb, you would have had a better chance of  
getting out of here if you were infected.  
They re looking for case studies  
out there right now,  
trying to figure out how  
to stop this thing.  
Wait.  
Wait! I know Frank Waverly.  
The Governor is sending him a helicopter.  
- And I'm supposed to be on it.  
- You know Frank Waverly?  
Yeah.  
Yeah! I do.  
The rendezvous point's right up ahead here.  
The rendezvous point's right up ahead here.  
Throw a blanket over your brother,  
we don't want to scare anybody.  
- Oh, God! He looks terrible.  
- Oh, jeez!  
God!  
Woah! Deb's car.  
She's here. I hope she's okay.  
Was that girl ever okay?  
Now let me do the talking.  
Some say shooting a gun's like an organism.  
That must be Why it's harder  
for Women to shoot g...  
- What the hell is going on here'?!  
- Oh!  
- Well, if it isn't Don Juan Demarco.  
- No, no, that Wasn't What it sounded like.

Prop a squat here,

One Direction.

I have very classic  
masculine features, sir.

- Why is she restrained?

- Oh, you must be Frank Waverly.

And you must be fond of digging ditches,  
cos that's what you're gonna be doing  
if I don't get some goddamn answers!

- You know, the Governor...

- Ls sending a helicopter, yeah?

- I know.

- Hello, Frank.

I thought lowed it to you  
to do this face to face.

- You're not going anywhere.

- Governor.

- Why?

- We screwed the pooch, Frank.

Well, you did. At least, that's how  
history is going to show it.

I have volumes of documentation.

This whole thing was on your demand.

My people are at your home  
and your office right now.

I don't think documentation is going  
to be much of a problem.

Why, self-serving son-of-a...! Aaagh!

Let the young ones go.

They had no part in this.

I wish I could, Frank.

Colonel Newton, I think you saw  
these three try to rush the border.

I think you had to use some  
extreme measures to stop them.

And I think you succeeded.

Sir.

Goodbye, Frank.

Wait!

My dad has more than enough motivation  
to keep quiet and I'm his son.

- So'?

- So...

the only wild card here is her.

She's a reporter.  
What? I'm not a reporter!  
I mean, I would like to be a reporter.  
I'm trying to be a reporter.  
She films everything.  
She's documented this whole disaster  
with this tiny little hidden camera.  
Somebody/s gonna find  
that footage one day.  
Wouldn't you like to get  
your hands on it right now'?  
I patted her down myself.  
I did not find a camera.  
Deb, just give it up.  
They re going to search Otis eventually.  
Otis'? That's her car.  
The footage is in her car.  
Let's go! You, with me.  
The car!  
I got the glove box.  
Dekker, you pop the hood.  
- Try the trunk.  
- What? No! Not the trunk!  
Pop it.  
Governor, sir. Mr Governor...  
What the...'? Damn thing...  
Aaagh!  
What? Holy... Oh, man!  
Get that... get that... get that...  
Hey, man, that was an accident.  
That was a mistake, man.  
Don't do it. Put your gun down.  
I didn't mean to shoot him.  
Come on, we know each other!  
That was just a... Aaagh! Aaagh!  
- Oh, this is all my fault.  
- Ugh!  
It's customary to say something like,  
"No, no, no, don't beat yourself up."  
- Words to that effect.  
- Don't beat yourself...  
Never mind. It really is my fault.  
But I'm going to make it right  
for the two of you.

- What are you talking about'?

- Frank?

Come on!

Aaagh!

Ruby, no!

Huh?

Go, go! Let's go.

Dad!

Ryan. Ryan, I should have been there more for you when you were growing up. I could have helped you be a little more rugged. Why are you talking like that? You're coming with us. No! Like this'?

I'm gone, son.

Bit by a zombie in a God-awful sweater.

Now listen up. You stay with that girl Deb, all right'? She's good for you. She's got moxie. Head back into Portland and stay alive till this blows over. I'm gonna buy you some time. You go take care of her.

Go on! Go!

Go!

All right, come on!

End it for me, you piss-ants!

My dad...

Chaz, Stacy.

I can't believe they're all gone. Nobody left to tell me what to think or what to say. It's kinda scary, actually. That time my family was up on the roof, that Fourth of July, and saw my dad. Yeah?

He Wasn't fixing the barbecue. He was in my neighbour's backyard... with no pants. He was exposing himself to their family dog.

Whoa!

Apparently, he'd been doing it for months.

Basset hound.

He moved out after that.

I've never told that story to anyone.

We've never going to get  
out of here, are we'?

Does not look like it.

All the roads will be blocked  
just like that one.

- They'll be looking for us especially.

- Hmm.

On the bright side, no  
more lines at the DMV.

Yeah.

I bet some of those workers  
will be more lively as zombies.

Mmmm! Rrrgh!

Organ donor!

Delicious!

- What was that? Is that...

- My zombie.

- I didn't know zombies sounded like that.

- Yeah. You've heard them, right'?

No, I haven't heard them talk.

Oh, my God!

Only you could make me laugh  
at a time like this.

That's mostly what I remember  
about the night that we hung out.

Was you just cracking me up.

No one thinks I'm funny.

They just think I'm strange or...  
awkward or...

I say the Wrong thing.

I'm so dumb to think

that I could be an on-air anchor.

I think you'd make a great news anchor.

Plus I've always wanted to slap the tan  
right off of Brent Masters' face.

Oh!

Oh, my God, Ryan!

Ryan, we have to go, now.

Woah, woah, woah!

Where's the fire'?

You mentioning Brent Masters back there.



If the outside world could see  
What was actually going on here,  
the government would have to do something.  
The people would demand it.  
We'd have a chance.  
Yeah, but how'? All communications  
have been shut down.  
Phone, cable, internet, cell towers.  
Not satellite.  
Get the lead out.  
Our signal goes out to most  
of the outlying counties,  
sometimes as far as Canada.  
- Where is everyone though?  
- I don't know.  
It would be a skeleton crew  
because of the holiday, but...  
The morning staff briefing.  
Livelier than usual.  
Hey, that's Misty Raines.  
Ah, they/re still smiling.  
She's got so much Botox in her face I don't  
know if she's ever going to decompose.  
And that's Jerry Chavez, sports.  
Oh, and he brought his wife's  
famous cupcakes.  
Oh! Brent Masters.  
Even as a zombie, his  
hair is camera perfect!  
- Oh, is he coming'?  
- Uh-huh.  
He was always mean to me,  
but I'm going to do him proud.  
- Aaaaaaagh!  
- Okay, let's... let's go.  
Control room's in here. Oh'?  
We have to turn the signal back on.  
- Wow, you really know what you're doing.  
- Yeah, I have my moments.  
- Despite my track record.  
- Yeah, what does this do'?  
Okay, don't touch that.  
And that's it! You just look the camera off  
on the anchor desk.

On you, right?

Ah, yeah.

Yeah, I guess.

- What's Wrong?

- Er...

I'm just, er...

so used to Working the camera.

Maybe I should do that and  
you can do the announcement.

- Deb.

- What?

Listen to me.

Not only is this an insanely perfect  
opportunity for you to live your dream,  
but people need to know  
What's happening here.

What about you, Ryan Waverly?

Are you living your dream?

I want to be a personal life coach.

So, yes.

Well played, sir.

Okay!

You know, I'm going to clean up.

I can't make my broadcast debut  
with a scrunchie in my hair.

- Okay. I'll be here. Hurry.

- Okay.

Deb, are you all...

..right?

What do you think?

Is this okay for camera?

It's... er...

You're perfect.

I raided the Weather girl's locker.

Are you ready?

- Yeah.

- Okay.

This is how I always see them do it.

In five, four...

Three...

Good afternoon. I'm Deb Clarington.

It was an Independence Day for the ages,  
as a bizarre disease ran ram pant  
through this normally peaceful

seaside community yesterday.  
Homes were destroyed,  
countless family members lost  
and thousands left to wander,  
in search of the only thing that would  
quench their now insatiable appetites -  
live human flesh.  
Unbelievable? Maybe.  
It certainly would be easier to swallow  
the cover-up story about a radiation leak.  
Indeed, for all we know, there are only two souls  
left uninfected in this once-happy hamlet.  
Is it worth sending people in to save a fledgling  
newscaster and her cameraman life coach?  
Two days ago, I might have said no.  
But then another story broke.  
This one easier to believe for most,  
but for this reporter,  
it's the headline of the decade -  
woman falls in love.  
Sure it happens every day,  
all over the world, but not to me.  
Maybe a crisis like we have here  
speeds things up a bit, but...  
I don't think it can create  
something from nothing.  
And even though this person  
may not return my affections -  
and... I am really not fishing here -  
it's okay.  
I'll always know, deep down,  
that he felt something too.  
So I'm Deb Clarrington, saying yes,  
I think these two are worth saving.  
So if you're watching out there, please tell the  
authorities to send help to Portland, Maine...  
- Aagh! Aaagh!  
- No! '  
No!  
Deb.  
Deb, I'm here. Hey!  
Listen to me, that's the greatest newscast  
anyone's ever seen.  
Seriously, you'll probably win

a Peabody or something.

Am I...

better than Brent Masters?

Crazy better.

Wait, crazy,

like I was, like, a crazy person?

Sssh!

Can we get, like, two seconds!

I don't know how long I have left.

Yeah, I guess we've never seen  
anyone turn before.

- Listen, Deb.

- Yes.

If you want me to, I could, erm...

I mean, if you Want.

You would shoot me in the head?

Well, I... What?! I thought...

I guess it would be one tap now'?

It was your idea first!

Tonights top story, a bizarre twist regarding  
a reported radiation leak in Portland, Maine.

Tonights top story, a bizarre twist regarding  
a reported radiation leak in Portland, Maine.

A broadcast, apparently originating  
from within the quarantine zone,

went viral on the internet just hours ago,  
promoting a lot of people to wonder  
what exactly is going on there?

I'm Deb Clarington saying yes,

I think these two are worth saving.

So if you're watching out there, please tell the  
authorities to send help to Portland, Maine...

No! No!

911 emergency centre's in several  
states report being flooded with calls  
in response to the alleged zombie attack,  
with some calling to ask

if the video's real,

while many others are concerned  
for the safety of these two people.

A background check on Deb Clarington  
revealed that she is employed at the station  
from which she's broadcasting,  
but as a camera-person, not an anchor.

Prior to that, she was employed  
at a Lady Footlocker,  
until she was let go for staging  
an unauthorized sock-puppet production  
of Jesus Christ Superstar.  
A lot has been said about videos going viral  
but, for Deb Clarington, it's like an outbreak.  
The hits on her zombie-attack clip  
is impressive enough,  
but it's the number of her viewers weighing  
in and creating their own online videos  
that's truly staggering.  
As the chairman of the Zombie  
Outbreak Authentication Society  
I happen to know zombies  
and that is not real. H's too tan.  
I can tell bad effects work  
from a mile away.  
This is the real deal, man. It's not bogus.  
Oh, that girl is my new hero.  
What is going on right now?  
Deb, if you're still alive out there,  
I want you to know, you are so hot!  
They say they're in Maine?  
That's not even a real state.  
Deb, honey, encouraged by your example, I told  
a cc-worker that he is the love of my life.  
He's my boss, he's happily married.  
So we both agreed it best  
that I lack for another job.  
Originally, I planned to debunk this vid  
using basic physics.  
Then I thought about recreating  
part of it with some friends.  
Those idiots actually  
think this thing is real.  
Is the video real in your own opinion?  
I believe that the woman in the video  
believes it's real.  
Now, how sure are you?  
She exhibits all five signs of a person  
who's speaking the truth.  
I expound more on this, of course, in my book  
The Five Signs Of Truth, which is available...

What the fudge'?!

As night falls on Portland, Maine,  
more questions than answers.

Repeated calls to the Governors office from  
this station and many others around the country  
have gone unanswered, but we will not rest  
until we get to the bottom of this situation.

Now how about this hilarious cat video?

Yes, Deb!

You did it! They'll have to investigate  
now, they'll just have to.

Well, I'm really happy for you, Ryan.

Let's get real here. We both know in a few  
minutes I'll be trying to eat your brains.

Well, the joke's on you then,  
cos it will be a small meal.

Really? You are starting to look  
so delicious right now.

And you're starting to look like  
you've lost a lot of blood.

Does it matter at this point'?

It matters to me. Where's  
the first-aid kit'?

I think it's in the break room, but it's  
too far unless we go through the studio.

- Then let's go.

- Okay.

No! No, no, no, no.

I have an idea.

Hear me, undead!

This man is a friend to us.

He means us no...

Oh, God! Oh, I regret that.

Ooh!

Oh, that was awesome!

Ladies first.

Oh, wrong Way!

Come on!

Here!

Deb, Deb! Come on, come on,  
we've gotta get going.

No! Ryan, it's the end of the line for me.

- Okay, I... I... I'll carry you. Come on.

- Where'?

Listen.

We've had a good run.

But I'm starting to get hungry.

I can really see myself

going to town on your liver.

Your spleen, maybe a couple of pancreas.

Your pancreas is actually singular.

Oh, thank you, Bill Nye.

Ooh! Hey, hey! Stay with me, stay with me!

Ryan, What are you still doing here'?

You could outrun Misty Raines easily.

And now you're bound to end up

like one of us or die a horrible death.

I'd rather take that risk than be

without the people I care about.

The people you...

Oh, you mean me'?! Duh!

I'm the people you care about?

I really wish we'd gotten to watch

the fireworks together on your roof.

That would have been awesome.

But now I'm starving.

Okay, he)'-

Here.

Do What you gotta do.

Thank you.

Got him!

- Hey.

- What's up'?

Deb, right'? We are huge fans.

- Are you good to go'?

- Oh! Wait. What?

You have a bite wound there. Just keep it clean and change that bandage daily.

No, she was bitten by a Zombie.

Are you talking about what

those people back there have'?

- Yeah!

- You can't get that from biting.

Yeah, that is really

an archaic way of thinking.

I mean, a biter would have to have an open wound in his mouth literally gushing blood.

Even then, it's like a thousand to one.

What are you, some kind of zombie-phobe'?

No, no. A lot of my best friends are zombies.

Probably.

We're just messing with you.

These things are hideous.

- Yeah, filthy!

- But you can't get it from a bite, so...

Turns out it was in the Water or something.

Who knew?

- You said you wanted to eat me.

- Yeah, that's embarrassing.

You talked about internal organs.

I mean, it got really specific.

- Well, I was delirious, okay.

- You sure you don't want to now'?

- Mm, you said some things, too.

- I know I did.

So...

It's safe to assume that you like me.

Hey!

How did you guys figure out this virus so fast?

- Oh, we had a little help.

- Dad!

Ryan!

Hey, Deb. What a night, huh'?

- Turns out biting doesn't turn you.

- Yeah, we heard!

But how did you escape the troops?

Well, like I said, biting doesn't turn you.

Come on! What are you Waiting for'?

I'm already bit, you dumb pansies!

- Drop the weapon!

- Come on, finish me!

- My head is killing me.

- We are approaching.

- Put it down!

- Make me, you dumb-ass!

Dale! Chowder! Mad Dog!

Chaz.

Jazzy Chazzy. That's my Pop.



Be careful with him, okay?

- Oh?

- Son!

Pops, we play billiards.

Be cool! That's my Pops!

- That's my boy!

- Yep.

Came to save you. I wonder where Ryan is'?

Off with his new girlfriend probably.

I don't see him.

What's up, douche?

- We're alive and we're under arrest.

- That's my boy!

Yeah!

Now, come on.

Hurry up and kiss the girl.

- Oh...

- I've got a date with the Feds.

The towns overrun with zombies so they'll  
be bombing the hell out of Portland soon.

Wooo!

Come on!

I'm sorry I tried to eat you.

You don't have to kiss me.

No, I was going to anyway.