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Zombieland

By Rhett Reese

Oh, America.
I wish I could tell you
that this was still America...
...but I've come to realize that you
can't have a country without people.
And there are no people here.
No! No!
Go back... Fuck!
No, my friends.
This is now
the United States of Zombieland.
It's amazing how quickly things
can go from bad to total shit storm.
And why am I alive when everyone
around me has turned to meat?
It's because of my list of rules.
Rule number one
for surviving Zombieland: Cardio.
Fuck!
When the virus struck,
for obvious reasons...
...the first ones to go
were the fatties.
Poor fat bastard.
But as the infection spread
and the chaos grew...
...it wasn't enough
to just be fast on your feet.
You had to get a gun
and learn how to use it.
Which leads me to my second rule:
The Double Tap.
In those moments when you're not sure
the undead are really "dead" dead...
...don't get all stingy
with your bullets.
I mean, one more clean shot
to the head...
...and this lady could have avoided
becoming a human Happy Meal.
Woulda, coulda, shoulda.
Wasn't long before the zombies
began to get clever.
When you're at your most vulnerable,

somehow they could just smell it.
Can't a guy take a dumper in peace?
Don't let them catch you pants down.
Beware of bathrooms.
As zombies
began to outnumber humans...
...well, that's when you had to cut
all emotional ties.
If the girls in your neighborhood
are now fucked-up little monsters...
...well, maybe it's time
to stop driving carpool.
You had to focus
on your own survival...
...which leads to rule number four.
Pretty basic.
Fasten your seat belts.
It's gonna be a bumpy ride.
That guy down there is me.
I'm in Garland, Texas.
And it may look like zombies destroyed
it, but that's actually just Garland.
Two months since patient zero
took a bite of a contaminated burger...
...at a Gas N' Gulp.
Just two months, and I might be the
last non-cannibal freak in the country.
I may seem like
an unlikely survivor...
...with all my phobias
and irritable-bowel syndrome...
...but I had the advantage of never
having any friends or any close family.
I survive because I play it safe
and follow the rules.
My rules.
Shit.
Of course.
Motherfucker.
On the bright side, I had found
a place to go number two.
Another rule to surviving

Zombieland:

And I don't mean just luggage.
I've always been kind of a loner.
I avoided people
like they were zombies...
...even before they were zombies.
Now that they are all zombies,
I kind of miss people.
So I'm on my way from
my college dorm in Austin, Texas...
...to Columbus, Ohio, where I'm
hoping my parents are still alive.
Even though we were never
really close...
...it would be nice to see
a familiar face, or any face...
...that doesn't have blood dripping from
its lips and flesh between its teeth.
Thank you.
- What are you looking for?
- Nothing. I just have this list.
No one back there but my duffel bag.
- What's your name?
- Stop. No names.
Keeps us from getting too familiar.
You almost knocked over your alcohol
with your knife.
- That's okay, you don't have to...
- So where you headed?
Columbus. You?
Tallahassee.
No, one for me. One and done,
I always say. I said that once.
You know, Tallahassee and Columbus
are both east.
So?
So, Tallahassee,
you wanna stick together?
- Least for a while?
- Here's the deal, Columbus.
I'm not easy to get along with...
...and I'm sensing
you're a bit of a bitch...
...so I give this relationship
to about Texarkana.

Really? Yeah.
You'll take me as far as Texarkana.
You're a peppy little spit-fuck,
aren't you?
You might wanna buckle up
for safety.
I can tell already
you are gonna get on my nerves.
Even though teaming up
wasn't my style...
...I figured I'd be safer
with Tallahassee.
You see, he was in
the ass-kicking business, and...
Business is good.
It became quickly apparent, however,
that he did have one weakness.
What are we doing here?
Well, take a look.
It's a goddamn Hostess truck.
Yeah, I see that, a Hostess truck.
So what?
I could use a Twinkie.
- You coming?
- Yes. Yeah. One second.
- Are you fucking with me?
- No.
You should actually limber up
as well.
Especially if we are going down
that hill.
It is very important.
I don't believe in it.
You ever see a lion limber up
before it takes down a gazelle?
- Sno Balls?
- Yeah.
Sno Balls?
Where's the fucking Twinkies?
I like Sno Balls.
I hate coconut.
Not the taste, consistency.
Fresh.
Oh, this Twinkie thing,

it ain't over yet.
Hey, this may be a bad time...
...but I gotta take the Browns
to the Super Bowl.
- Really?
- Really.
I know, again, so soon?
What can I say?
I have a case of chronic anxiety.
Truth is, I was always kind of phobic.
I found lots of things disturbing.
Like undertow
or department store Santas.
Being alone with a baby.
But the thing I fear more than anything,
yes, even more than zombies...
...fucking clowns.
When you're afraid of everything
that's out there...
...you quit going out there...
...which is what happened to me
before Zombieland.
Friday night,
third straight week indoors.
"World of Warcraft"...
...leaning tower of pizza boxes...
...Code Red Mountain Dew.
Pride, nowhere.
Dignity, long gone.
Virginity, totally justifiable
to speculate on.
Smooth.
My whole life, all I'd ever wanted
was to find a girl...
...and fall in love, bring her home
to meet the folks.
Then again, since my folks
are paranoid shut-ins like me...
...maybe this girl could
bring me home to her folks.
And then I'd finally be a member
of a cool, functional family.
Please, is anyone home?
Please, it's an emergency.

I don't usually unlock my door
to the sounds of panic...
...but my neighbor 406
is insanelly hot.
Okay, okay.
Thank you, thank you,
thank you, thank you.
Nice to meet you.
Here.
There you go.
- Mountain Dew?
- Yeah. Code Red.
And here's some Golden Grahams.
The Ziploc bag keeps them crisp.
Okay. Keep that there.
So tell me what happened.
He was homeless and sick.
And I was walking home from the bar,
talking on my phone...
...and then he just came sprinting
towards me.
I mean, not running, sprinting.
And I thought, you know, like, maybe
he was running from someone...
...or after someone, but last time I saw
he was still out there going crazy.
Drugs, maybe?
I didn't even tell you the worst part.
Yeah?
He tried to bite me.
- You're right, that's the worst part.
- I'm sorry. I'm just so scared.
No, no, no, you should be scared.
A homeless man just tried to eat you.
That's the right kind of scared.
That's reasonable.
I get scared for things that don't make
sense, like clowns with red noses...
...or the rags they use to wipe tables
when you finish eating at a restaurant.
Really?
Look, the point is
I am here for you, okay?
And as long as you are by my side,

I am not leaving this apartment.

Do you mind if I just close my eyes
for a minute?

No, of course. Of course.

- Thank you.

- Okay.

Set aside the feverish,
homeless cannibal...

...I'm living the dream.

I had always, my whole life...

...wanted to brush a girl's hair
over her ear.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Oh, my God.

Are you okay?

Okay, okay, okay. Stop, stop, stop.

What are you doing?

Look, stay back, 406, okay?

I don't wanna hurt you, but...

Shit.

Oh, my God, I'm so fucking sorry.

You see, you just can't trust anyone.

The first time I let a girl into my life
and she tries to eat me.

Please. Listen to me.

If you're in there...

...you're just sick. Okay?

That was my first brush
with the plague of the 21 st century.

Remember mad cow disease?

Well, mad cow became mad person
became mad zombie.

It's a fast-acting virus that left you
with a swollen brain, a raging fever...

...that made you hateful, violent...

...and gave you a really, really bad
case of the munchies.

All right, you steer, I'll push.

Okay.

I've heard there's a place
that's untouched by this crap.

- Back east, yeah?

- Yeah. You heard the same thing?

Out west, we hear it's back east.
Back east, they hear it's out west.
It's all just nonsense.
You know, you're like a penguin
on the North Pole...
...who hears the South Pole
is really nice this time of year.
There are no penguins
on the North Pole.
You wanna feel how hard
I can punch?
So, what do you think?
Wait, the last time I laid some pipe?
Last time you went 20 toes,
put Percy in the playpen?
Who's Percy?
Wallpapered the closet,
passed the gravy.
- Went heels to Jesus.
- Oh, made love.
Well, just sex.
Three weeks ago. Yeah.
In the back
of an abandoned FedEx truck.
- Shut up.
- No, no, I was headed east.
She, west.
And we took shelter
in the back of the truck.
- It was full of undelivered packages.
- What was her name?
Beverly.
Beverly Hills.
You dog.
So, what about you?
Me? I...
Aye, aye, aye.
Oh, my God. It makes you sick.
You know, it makes you sad,
it makes you...
It makes you think if you can go back
to the way things were right now...
...you know, you'd be...
You'd be out in the backyard,

you know, trying to catch fireflies.

And instead this.

- I mean, it makes you...

- Hungry.

I'm worried about you.

Look, whatever you have

waiting for you in Columbus...

...I promise you it ain't prettier than
our friend here enjoying her Manwich.

Tallahassee had a sick sense

of humor when it came to zombies.

Zombies aren't the most lovable
creatures, but he really hated them.

The only thing he was more
obsessed with than killing zombies...

...was finding a Twinkie.

Something about a Twinkie reminded
him of a time not so long ago...

...when things were simple
and not so fucking psychotic.

It was like if he got a taste
of that comforting childhood treat...

...the world would become innocent,
and everything would return to normal.

What, are you prospecting?

Jesus Christ.

You are a dangerous man.

You're gonna risk our lives
for a Twinkie?

There is a box of Twinkies
in that grocery store.

Not just any box of Twinkies.

The last box of Twinkies that anyone
will enjoy in the whole universe.

Believe it or not,

Twinkies have an expiration date.

Someday very soon, life's little
Twinkie gauge is gonna go empty.

Time to nut up or shut up.

When Tallahassee

goes Hulk on a zombie...

...he sets the standard
for not-to-be-fucked-with.

No fear, nothing to lose.

What can I say? It's like...

It's like art.

You got a pretty mouth.

Don't swing, don't swing.

Swing.

- Thank you.

- You owe me.

Yeah.

You're incredible.

- I know.

- Yeah.

Twinkie, Twinkie, Twinkie, Twinkie.

Big Hoss.

Come here, big fella.

Just gonna take a little off the top.

Wow, these fellas

really let themselves go.

And they're so fat.

I think we should probably

just keep going.

All I could think of was,

what are the odds?

Another marriageable woman

to bring home to the folks.

Come quick.

Someone's ear is in danger

of having hair brushed over it.

Hey.

I'll catch up.

Rule number 22:

When in doubt, know your way out.

They're sisters.

The little one's been bitten.

Act normal. Try not to freak her out.

Yeah.

Columbus, Wichita, Little Rock.

So you did all this for a Twinkie?

No, no, no, he did. I'm just kind of

like a Sancho Panza character.

Look, I don't think she has long.

Yeah, I know. I know, and she knows.

We're just looking for a way out.

No, no, no, no. She's just a little girl.

Don't talk about me like I'm not here.
Right, sorry.
Look, I know that you're really sick.
But your sister wants me to...
It's not her decision, okay? It's mine.
I made her promise.
We already said goodbye,
but we didn't have a gun.
- We don't know that there's no cure.
- You're just gutless!
Give him the gun.
Wait, wait, wait.
I'll do it.
- I love you.
- I love you too.
You need some help?
Now that you mention it...
...we'll take your weapons,
car keys, your ammunition.
- And if you've got it, sugarless gum.
- What the fuck?
Wait, why are you guys doing this?
Better you make the mistake
of trusting us...
...than us make the mistake
of trusting you.
The first hot girl in 1000 miles shows
up, makes me feel like an idiot...
...steals my double-barrel and then
says I'm the one that can't be trusted.
Nice going, genius.
You're the one that gave her the gun.
Those guys were dumb.
Avoid the vanity mirror.
Relax, okay?
I just passed for a zombie.
- What I'd give for a shower...
- Do not say S-H-O-W-E-R, okay?
Let's just get where we're going.
- So do you think it's true?
- Is what true?
You know, about Pacific Playland?
Totally zombie-free.
Only place west of Waco.

Trust me.

He's on one of these serious

Tour de France bikes...

You know, with, like,
the toeholds, right?

- and he's pedaling, and the zombie's
head is, like, caught in the gear.

You know, with the hair in the chain
just, like, going around.

Very cool.

But zombie kill of the week?

No, sir.

I saw this construction worker.

I shit you not...

...he is on a steamroller, and a zombie
goes down in front of him.

You ever roll a tube of toothpaste up
from the bottom?

- I always roll it up from the bottom.

- Well, the zombie's head is the cap.

Are you one of these guys that tries
to one-up everybody else's story?

No. I knew a guy way worse
at that than me.

All right, let's just try to find a car.

Which reminds me...

...I never had headaches like this
till your ass came onboard.

I mean, do what you want with a man,
but do not fuck with his Cadillac.

Hey, there's a nice minivan.

Oh, you know something?

That is nice.

That's a beautiful van.

Tallahassee believes you have to
blow off steam in Zombieland...

...or else you lose what's left
of your mind.

If it makes him happy and keeps him
from using that crowbar on me...

...then I say, "Hey, go ape shit."

I want my Caddy back!

Stupid little bitches!

Oh, I think I pulled something.

Think the two of us are smart enough
to come up with a con like that?
You hesitated.
Is it better to be smart or lucky?
Look at what we got here.
Come on.
- That's nice.
- Smell the finger?
Yes.
Thank God for rednecks.
This is a really big truck...
...and these are really big guns.
Take your time.
You know, they say,
"He who seeks revenge...
...should remember
to dig two graves."
Right. Two graves. One for
the big chick, one for the little chick.
You are scary happy.
Come on, why don't we just forget
about those girls and head home?
Oh, you want to talk about home?
For me, home was a puppy
named Buck.
Cutest dog ever.
All those fucking zombies.
I lost him.
And there ain't no getting him back,
so I'm looking for a new home.
Tomorrow, I may be skinny-dipping
in the Yellowstone River...
...or swinging from the chandeliers
in the Playboy Mansion...
...but today,
a Vortec six-fucking-liter V8...
...a box full of hollow points,
and, Lord willing, a GD Twinkie.
Gotta enjoy the little things.
I hate to give credit to anyone
who looks like Yosemite Sam...
...but I'm writing it down.

Rule number 32:

Enjoy the little things.
Knowing them, it's a trap.
Wait here. Drive down if I signal.
You're not gonna shoot them,
are you?
Not unless they shoot at me.
Oh, let's hope they shoot at me.
Looks like they hoofed it.
Probably headed west.
Just drive slow,
keep your eyes peeled.
Sure.
- They're in the back, aren't they?
- Just me.
I'm really sorry.
She was like a crouching tiger.
You got taken hostage
by a 12-year-old?
Girls mature faster than boys. She's
way ahead of where I was at that age.
Twelve's the new 20. Gun, please.
Like you would ever use that thing.
Don't kill me with my own gun!
All those violent video games.
- Yeah.
- Thank you.
- Now honk your horn.
- What?
Honk it.
It's your sister, with my gun. Hello.
Bummer.
Now step away from the vehicle.
You get to ride shotgun.
I kind of like this girl.
She's not your typical hot,
stuck-up bitch.
Even before Zombieland, Wichita was
running the table on guys like us.
- What are you looking for?
- My engagement ring.
I took it off to pump my gas,
and I thought that I put it in my purse...
...but it must've fallen out,
and I'm late for my flight and...

Well, listen, I'll find your ring,
and I'll FedEx it to you.

I'll give you a reward.

Don't be silly.

Three thousand dollars.

It's worth more than my car.

Just give me your number.

Yeah. I'll find it.

Yeah, I'll start looking for it
right now.

Because I got nothing else to do.

I was engaged once...

...but I'm single now.

Bye-bye.

Hope you make your flight.

No, but I know it's
around here somewhere.

She's on a plane,
that's the beauty of it.

Let me call you back.

Hey, you found my ring.

Thanks. I've been looking all over
for it.

- Your ring?

- Well, it's my friend's, you know.

- I'm gonna send it to her.

- Do I get a reward?

Forty, 60, 80, 400.

That's it. That's the whole register.

You made someone very happy.

You too.

Nice.

How many left?

Let me see.

Enough for us to get to California.

Someday, I want a ring this big.

For the low price of 30 bucks, sold.

It's amazing how far you can get
with some costume jewelry...

...and a cutthroat attitude.

I guess we're just lucky they didn't
leave us by the side of the road.

Thank you, Wichita.

Thanks, Little Rock.

For fuck's sake, enough! We're being chased by ravenous freaks!
We don't have enough problems?
"They stole my Hummer.
We have trust issues."
We can't just fucking drive down the road...
...playing I Spy or some shit for hours like four normal-ass Americans?
Fuck me!
I know.
Let me be the mature one.
Good.
So where are you guys headed?
Pacific Playland.
The amusement park?
- Wait, outside L.A.?
- Yeah. We went there as kids.
That place totally blows.
My mind. It's so fun.
Just good entertainment for the whole family.
Yeah, I went there as a kid too. In fact, this probably counts as off-season.
Well, did you guys hear?
There are no zombies there.
Yeah, we heard.
You know, I may not shoot you, but you have still royally pissed me off...
...and I'm not going to play with you at Pacific Playland.
- Don't worry, he grows on you.
- Really?
No. It gets worse.
Okay. How about we play the quiet game?
Yeah? Starting now.
Oh, I've actually been meaning to ask you:
Did you hear anything about Columbus, Ohio?
- You never played the quiet game?
- Sorry.
No? Well, they're playing it

in Columbus.
It's a total ghost town.
It's burned to the ground.
You're Columbus.
I'm sorry.
I didn't realize it was...
I'm not sure what's more tragic:
that my family is gone...
...or the realization that I never really
had much of a family to begin with.
Either way, I can't pretend that what
I'm looking for I'll find by going home.
I have no home.
We can get you a ride.
You know,
you can go see for yourself...
...or settle somewhere new.
Okay.
I could tell she knew
what I was feeling.
We were all orphans in Zombieland.
I know this Pacific Playland thing
is nuts...
...but it's just been so long
since she got to be a kid.
Yeah, it's tough growing up
in Zombieland.
It's tough growing up.
There.
You could take that truck.
Well, I hope you find
whoever it is you're looking for.
And don't let go, once you do.
It wasn't just because
I had nowhere else to go.
It was because, in that moment,
it became clear.
Wherever this girl was,
that's where I wanted to be.
Man, we're gonna have to pull
over soon. I'm feeling cooped up.
"Wantum your wampum."
Yeah. That'll work.
- Okay, but what the hell are we doing?

- Just humor him. Trust me.
Hold up.
Who wants to go first?
I really,
really wanna impress Wichita...
...but it would be in violation
of rule 17...
...maybe the most important rule

of all:

- Why don't you take this one?
- Don't mind if I do.
What do you think?
Zombie kill of the week?
Close, but no cigar.
Kill of the week...
...goes to
Sister Cynthia Knickerbocker.
Poor flat bastard.
- Perfume?
- What?
Is that perfume?
It's cologne.
I'm thinking...
...Lancme Magnifique.
Why don't you speak up a little?
I think they might have
missed it in Santa Fe.
- Oh, my God.
- All right. Okay.
You're thinking about
fucking Wichita.
Wish granted. She spent
the last 24 hours fucking us both.
Hey.
Good luck now, Petunia.
Okay.
Let me begin by saying you're a
wonderful human with great potential.
It's okay, but FYI, I beat wholesale
ass for a lot less than that.
- I'm sure.
- You get 45 percent power.
Thank you.

Yeah. Come on, break another one.

Nice.

Doesn't that feel good?

Tallahassee's right.

You gotta enjoy the little things...

...even if that means destroying
a whole lot of little things.

Smells like perfume.

- You don't know who Willie Nelson is?

- No.

Willie Nelson?

Yeah, no, I don't.

I shave every morning, but sometimes

by, like, 4:

It's called 5:

but sometimes I'll get it prematurely.

Since it's a freeway, you can get it up
to, like, 65, but don't go more than 75.

- You don't wanna go more than 20.

- Don't worry about a blind spot.

Blind spots are for other drivers.

It's like the first time
that I've ever driven.

So do you never strap in

or it's just on long road trips?

It's just there's zombies everywhere.

I think the least of my worries...

- Yeah, that's true.

...is seat belts.

Yes, but, no, she's not.

She's only famous when she's Hannah
Montana, when she's wearing the wig.

- Right. Only wig.

- So...

It's kind of freeing.

Yeah.

For the first time in a long time,
we were having fun.

So even though it ran counter
to our strategies...

...we decided to stay together
as far as Pacific Playland.

I think sleep deprivation is the number one health problem in America.

Well, now I think it might be number two.

- Number two.

- That's adorable.

- I think we should find a place to crash.

- Oh, I got an idea.

We're in Hollywood,
let's sleep in style.

Grab a map.

Come on.

Hurry! Hurry!

Good job.

Looks like anyone who's ever been in a movie lives on this block.

What exactly you think we're doing in the 90210, Sally?

I pictured Tom Cruise living somewhere nicer.

B- lister compared

to who I got in mind, folks.

We're going to the tippy-top of the A-list.

- Who?

- You'll see.

Hey. There's a big BM.

And it ain't Bob Marley.

This place is incredible.

Ladies and gentlemen,
welcome to la manion de Murray.

- Bill Murray.

- God, no way.

This guy has a direct line to my funny bone.

- Everything...

- Wait. Who's Bill Murray?

Hey, I've never hit a kid before.

All right? I mean,
that's like asking who Gandhi is.

Who's Gandhi?

She's 12.

- No Twinkies.

- Shit, fuck!

See? I told you we should've gone
to Russell Crowe's.
- No one listens to me.
- Hello, inside voices. Okay?
At least until we know we're alone.
Tallahassee, Wichita, take that way.
Little Rock, come here.
Why do I get stuck with her?
It doesn't seem to end.
Hey, come here.
He has his own movie theater?
Okay, I'm gonna teach you
something about Bill Murray.
A king slept right here.
Dibs on the bed.
Too soft for me, anyway.
Oh, this is so exciting. You're about
to learn who you gonna call.
It's Ghostbusters.
This is pretty catchy.
Come on.
Help me with the boots. Come on.
Help me with the boots.
Okay. I'll get them myself.
Shit.
Bill Murray, you're a zombie?
I'm on fire!
You're not a zombie,
you're talking, and...
- You're okay?
- The hell I am!
I'm sorry. I didn't know
that it was "you" you.
Are you...? What's with the get-up?
Oh, I do it to blend in. You know.
Zombies don't mess
with other zombies.
Buddy of mine
showed me how to do this.
Cornstarch. You know, some berries,
a little licorice for the ladies.
Suits my lifestyle, you know.
I like to get out and do stuff.
Just played nine holes on the Riviera.

Just walked on. Nobody there.
Goddamn it, Bill fucking Murray!
I had to get that out.
I don't mean to gush.
This is so surreal. I mean,
you probably get this all the time.
Maybe not lately,
but I'm such a huge fan of yours.
I mean, I swear, you know...
...I've seen every one of your movies
a million times.
I even love your dramatic roles
and just everything.
Six people left in the world,
one of them is Bill fucking Murray!
I know that's not your middle name.
I been watching you since I was like...
Since I could masturbate.
I mean, not that they're connected.
"A former greenskeeper about
to become the Masters champion."
Well, that's why we do it.
I love you, Bill. I love you.
I thank you.
Thank you.
You are staring at me.
It's a hairpiece.
I'm sorry. No, it was just that you look
remarkably like Eddie Van Halen.
I just saw Eddie Van Halen.
- Really?
- Yeah.
- Where? How was that?
- At the Hollywood Bowl.
He's a zombie.
That's a tough break.
So how about
a little West Coast hospitality?
Can I get you something?
What would you like?
Smooth, isn't it?
Oh, hurry.
Hurry, he's on the ceiling.
- Come get him. Avoid the chandelier.

- Light him up, Ray.
- See you on the other side, Pete.
- Oh, he's so disgusting.
- Looks like Slimer.
- Don't cross the streams!
- I don't wanna cross...
- Oh, no, he's awful.

Don't cross the streams!

Thirty-five feet long,
weighing approximately 600 pounds.

That's a big Twinkie.

Your sister is single, right?

There's nothing long distance
or anything?

- No.
- Oh, good, good.

And if she had, like, a type,
you know...

...if you can have a type,
what would that be, you think?

She kind of goes for, like, bad boys.

- Really?
- Yeah.

That's cool.

What?

- So Columbus is the scared one?
- Yeah. He's like a little bunny.

I'll get him.

Watch this.

No.

No, no, it's okay, it's okay.

I got him.

Is that how you say hello
where you come from?

Oh, my God.

Oh, my God,

I can't believe I shot Bill Murray.

- Mr. Murray?
- I'm just Bill, I think, now.
- Bill?
- Yeah?

I don't think we're gonna be able
to stitch this.

That's still tender.

You think you might pull through?

No.

If it means anything now,

I am so sorry.

It was just instinctive.

It was my bad.

I was never a very good
practical joker.

So do you have any regrets?

Garfield, maybe.

I'm sorry, he just gets me.

- But it still is sad.

- Yeah.

- Okay.

- Oh, shit.

Okay. Okay.

Okay. Shit. Okay.

Sorry. One second.

It's a double-barrel. Sorry.

Okay.

Three, two, one.

- You guys want some Purell?

- Yes.

- Please.

- Yeah.

Around the world.

Yes.

- Oh, free parking.

- Yeah.

Which is the best thing
about Zombieland.

No, best thing about Z-land,
no Facebook status updates.

You know, "Rob Curtis
is gearing up for Friday."

- Who cares?

- The best thing is no more flushing.

- Epic.

- And the worst thing about Z-land?

You mean, other than the fact
that I shot Bill Murray?

That's easy. Losing Buck.

That's his puppy.

I'm gonna tell you, I never thought

I could love anything like Buck.
He was just... The day he was born,
I just lost my mind.
Sorry.
We were two peas.
He had my personality, my laugh,
my appetite.
Laugh?
That's when it hit me. I felt ashamed
that it had taken me this long...
Me, with the best cardio
in the business.
- to realize I wasn't the only one
running from something.
Oh, there it is. There you go.
Oh, you like the syrup. Yes.
Okay.
We made this wallet together
out of duct tape.
Take away a man's son...
...you've truly given him
nothing left to lose.
I haven't cried like that since Titanic.
Hi.
A hint.
Why don't you exhale slowly,
squeeze the trigger?
Don't make me drink alone.
Okay.
It's a 1997 Georges?
I never took French.
Georges de Latour? I don't know.
- Oh, it's a '97?
- Yeah.
- Was that a good year?
- Oh, my God.
It was great.
Are you kidding me?
I saw my first R-rated movie
that year.
- Yeah, Anaconda.
- Anaconda.
First tattoo, porpoise.
- Really?

- Fake.
First kiss.
Scotty Lynch.
You guys used tongue?
Maybe.
You jealous of Scotty Lynch?
Yes, I am.
Actually, I think I'm jealous
of your whole 1997.
Let's see.
Mine, first orthodontist.
The bastard gave me headgear.
Yeah. I got my first B.
Oh, no.
Frightening as Anaconda.
In wood shop, which doesn't really
count as a class anyway.
No.
Had my first school dance.
Oh, thank you.
It was a Sadie Hawkins,
so girls' choice, you know.
- What, and nobody picked you?
- It was girls' choice.
- Those bitches.
- I know.
No, I will not stand for this.
No. You know what?
On behalf of all the eighth-grade girls,
I would like to make it up to you.
Relax.
Scotty's old news.
I don't even know your name,
but this is actually really nice.
You know, between you, me
and What About Bob?
...you're actually kind of cute.
You think so?
Yeah.
I mean, you got the guts of a guppy...
...but I could hit that.
Really?
Or at least give you
the intentional walk to first.

Hey, a little help moving the couch?

We're making a fort.

- Yeah.

- Yeah, that's probably for the best.

- Right.

- Because...

...I like you...

...Columbus, but my sister and I...

...are gonna do

whatever it takes to survive, so...

I was hoping

Wichita was just playing hard to get...

...but I realized she had

more trust issues than I...

...when I woke up the next day

and she was leaving.

You are like a giant

cock-blocking robot...

...like, developed in a secret

fucking government lab.

Hey.

I can't believe I almost kissed him.

What's our rule?

- Trust no one, just you and me.

- Just you and me.

Yeah. You and me.

You have just survived

the zombie apocalypse...

...and drove halfway across

the country.

Where are you gonna go?

I'm going to Pacific Playland.

Open sesame.

This is the problem

with getting attached to someone.

When they leave you,

you just feel lost.

Having Tallahassee around

didn't comfort me...

...it just made me feel more alone.

Hey. You weren't exactly

gonna score, anyway.

You know, you weren't storming

the trenches before I came along.

That's why I don't let people close.

You only get burned.

You don't say.

Mexico.

You know what they call Twinkies
in Mexico?

- That's where I'm headed, amigo.

- Whatever.

- Oh, my God.

- I know.

- This is really fun. Oh, my God.

- Yeah.

Oh, no.

I'm going after Wichita.

Look, you ever read that book

She's Just Not That Into You?

You can't make yourself
too available.

I don't care, all right?

I wanna be with her.

Have fun in Mexico.

Come on. Hurry.

Get in.

Come on, go.

Go, go.

On the count of three.

One, two, three.

You okay? Come on.

Hurry, get up.

- Come on, let's go.

- Yeah.

There.

I'm not great at farewells, so...

...that'll do, pig.

That's the worst goodbye

I've ever heard...

...and you stole it from a movie.

Tell the ladies I said hey.

You know, their pictures

were in someone's wallet too.

Hop in the car, Evel Knievel.

- Let's go ride the roller coaster.

- Thanks.

Go!

Not as fun as I remember.

Shoot the control box.

- Columbus?

- Tallahassee?

I think they might actually
require our assistance this time.

- Buckle up.

- Yeah. I'm way ahead of you.

Time to nut up or shut up.

Holy shit.

My mama always told me
someday I'd be good at something.

Who'd have guessed
that would be zombie killing?

Probably nobody.

Look.

We better start working
on our apology.

Oh, no. No.

- Hey!

- Hey!

- Hey! Ohio!

- Over here!

- Hey! Help!

- Help!

- Oh, my God.

- Help!

Hey!

Help!

- Hey, they're up there. They're okay.

- What are you waiting for?

That's your gal.

- Over here!

- Help!

Come on!

Come get a piece of Tallahassee!

Anybody hungry?

Tallahassee's nice this time of year!

Come on!

Come on, you ugly bastards!

Holy shit.

Hey!

Motherfucker!

Shit. I'm out of shells.

Bingo.
Yeah!
Oh, yeah.
Here we go.
Oh, shit.
- Wichita! Little Rock!
- Hurry!
Oh, my God.
Look at this fucking clown.
Of course. It had to be a clown.
Fuck.
No, it had to be a clown,
and it had to be Wichita...
...for me to finally understand...
...that some rules
are made to be broken.
Time to nut up or shut up.
Fuck this clown.
- Thanks.
- Hey.
Get your gun. Here you go. Hi.
Okay.
Krista.
Okay. We should probably
head out now.
Finally got to first base.
Not bad for that scrawny
little spit-fuck.
Where's Florida?
I have a little hunch.
Where are you, you spongy,
yellow, delicious bastards?
- Where are you?
- Yo.
False advertising.
Jesus Christ.
You want a Sno Ball or something?
Oh, God.
Words cannot express.
It's too soon.
Do you think you could maybe just pick
out the buckshot and eat around it?
Okay, yeah.
No!

- No!

- No!

That face?

That's me realizing that those smart girls in that big black truck...

...and that big guy

in that snakeskin jacket...

...they were the closest to something I'd always wanted...

...but never really had.

A family.

I trusted them and they trusted me.

Rule number 32:

Enjoy the little things.

Tallahassee got his Twinkie.

And even though life would never be simple or innocent again...

...as he savored that spongy, yellow log of cream...

...we had hope. We had each other.

And without other people, well, you might as well be a zombie.

- Thank you so much.

- You had us going.

Yeah.

That was very funny.

So until next time, remember:

Cardio, seat belts, and this has nothing to do with anything...

...but a little sunscreen never hurt anybody.

I'm Columbus, Ohio, from

Zombieland, saying good night.