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Feast 3: The Happy Finish

By Unknown

This is fucking bullshit.
All right. Let's fucking do this.
We're gonna be fucking downstairs,
you don't fucking stop.
You fucking assholes!
Hey, should we turn this off?
- Get the fuck out of here!
- Fuck you.
You fucking little goddamn
slippery midget.
Little midget. Little tiny people.
Special delivery, Tattoo.
Well, then fuck you.
Fuck you, motherfucker.
Lord.
They're getting in.
I'm out of here.
It's Geronimo time.
Aah! Don't touch the dick.
Get your ass back here,
Geronimo. Come on.
We can fucking hold him off.
Get your ass back over here.
Die!
Bleed!
Bleed!
Die!
Bleed!
Bleed it all out,
you fucking bastard.
Bleed it all out!
Damn,
that's some Pam Grier-type shit.
Shit.
Any of you limp dicks
wanna pitch in...
...be my guest.
Thanks for the pep talk, Hoss.
I'm out of here.
Fucking rally the troops.
Wait, wait. Wait!
Fuck.
Ow. Ow.
I know a lot of you don't

believe what I believe.
But you gotta believe.
We need to ask for help.
We gotta believe it's coming.
I don't know how, what shape,
what size, where,
but we gotta believe.
When we believe, we will receive.
If we don't believe,
we're already dead.
Join with me, people.
Fuck.
Join with me.
Shut up.
Join with me.
I'm sick and tired of that shit.
Stop it.
Just fucking stop it.
Stop it!
Secrets,
we're being fucking exterminated.
No amount of hoping,
begging or praying
is gonna fucking fix it.
No fucking bullshit book
of the month is gonna save us.
We're on the fucking
chopping block here.
It's fucking Armageddon outside.
So wake the fuck up,
you little floozy.
And all we got is jack and shit.
We're what's left
of what's left behind.
And nobody's fucking
coming to save us.
Oh, fuck.
Shit, what the fuck is that?
Israel.
I told you all.
Move your asses, dipshits.
If you ain't living on the edge,
you're taking up too much space.
Shh.

Come on. Come on. Go, go.
Come on. Get in.
What the fuck?
Fuck off.
Hold it right there.
Who are you people?
We're just people
trying to save our asses, hotshot.
Okay?
Been waiting
all night for the cavalry.
- You it?
- No.
They're all dead.
Ain't nobody else coming here?
I've been driving all night.
There's no Army,
no militia,
no soldiers and only bits
and pieces of Boy Scouts left.
Ain't no one of substance coming.
What the heck happened to him?
He was fucking stupid,
that's what happened.
There are weapons here.
This ain't a place to stay.
I'm mounting an offensive.
Who's game?
Look out!
Remember me, motherfucker, huh?
Oh, shit.
Y'all literally
kicked the shit out of him.
He's a piece of shit.
He's been holed up in here,
wouldn't let anyone in.
Just watched them die.
You didn't say the magic word.
Where's your nephew, huh?
I haven't seen him
since the invasion.
He is out there,
where the fuck is he?
- Where is he?

- I ain't seen him.
- I ain't seen him. I swear.
- Asshole!
I swear, I ain't seen him. I swear.
What's all this offensive shit,
partner?
I'm taking the fight to them.
I heard all that shit in the war
and I gotta tell you, cowboy,
it never turned out well.
I'm talking about a good
old-fashioned street fight, old-timer.
They'll keep coming till we
figure out how to stomp them down.
Hell, we're not safe out here.
Let's get back to the cell.
Come on.
How are you gonna do that?
Stomp them out.
Well, with sweat, firepower and...
And a little something
called courage.
You people wanna wait here
and die?
Or you wanna take the fight
to these devil dogs?
Yeah.
Yeah, we should fight,
shouldn't we?
As soon as we find
the keys for that gun cabinet,
grab some guns,
throw your chambers
in your pockets.
We'll have enough "fuck you" in this
place to really hurt some feelings.
I knew you'd come.
I knew you'd save us.
Well, I'll do my best.
How are we gonna fight?
I mean, your fucking truck, man,
it's a piece of shit.
Gotta be some other vehicles
nearby.

Keys?

- They're in the safe.

Shut up.

I know the combination.

- Fuck you, Greg.

You take my wife,

now you want my cars?

This is my livelihood.

It's for

the greater good, so...

- Listen to the man.

- Oh, yeah.

- I do not like him.

Shut up, buddy.

He's the one.

You believe.

GREG:

Greg, roughly around the time

you fed a baby

to those things out there,

the magic between us disappeared,

okay?

We're taking a break.

How does that feel?

We break into four groups of two.

If we're separated,

they can't bunch up.

Our chances for survival

increase dramatically.

You two, Rent-a-Wreck and Jor-El,

we're alpha team.

We're drawing them out.

We form a triangle, guard each other's

backs and protect the women.

And once we've breached

that front door,

follow us out.

Stay in your groups,

head for that car lot.

You. You must make it.

Get those keys fast.

Those things will be coming.

What about me?

- You're staying, shitpants.
I'll have no more of that.
Nobody's left behind,
everybody's coming.
Fuck that. He's half brain-dead.
It doesn't matter, you hear?
The rest of you hear me?
No one is left behind.
Now, share the credo.
You ever used one of these before?
Whoa, whoa, whoa.
Hold on. Let me show you.
Now, you take Mr. Bullet here
and you load him
right...
Right into the chamber there.
And you cock the trigger,
all right?
Take your time when you aim.
All right, now.
You gently squeeze the trigger.
Hammer hits the pin,
there's an explosion,
and Mr. Bullet
travels down the barrel.
He pops out.
And if your aim is true...
Whew...
You gonna be able to handle that,
little lady?
Oh, I can handle it.
All right.
I like what I see.
What the fuck?
It was just an accident.
It just went off.
It just went off.
Way to go.
Oh, shit.
Go in the cell. Go in the cell.
Get in the cell.
This way, killer.
Oh, Jesus.
Come on.

So, what the fuck do we do now?

- We gotta get the guns.

- We don't have a key.

Nobody asked me.

So who's going, then, huh?

Because I sure as shit ain't going.

Fuck that.

- All right, go. Go.

- This is really some fucked-up shit.

This is fucked up.

You know this is fucked up.

This is the part where the brother usually dies. Listen.

If you hear anything, pull me back.

Fuck. I can't stand that bitch.

Okay, okay, okay.

Okay, okay.

This is really fucked up.

- Oh, shit.

- Did you hear something?

What was that?

- Wait, wait.

Pull.

- Jesus.

- Pull. Pull. Pull. Pull him in.

Oh, Jesus!

Stay down!

Stand up.

Fuck.

Pull!

What the fuck!

- You fucking asshole!

GREG:

Oh, shit.

Shit.

What the fuck is that sound?

It's a goddamn monster alarm.

It's drawing them away.

They're chasing the fucking sound.

What the fuck happened

with the guns?

- Where are the keys?

- Fuck if I know.

Get this shit off me.
Get me out of this fucking thing.
Get me out of this shit.
We gotta get out of this town.
- Hurry. Come on, come on.
Go. Go.
- Go.
- Ladies first.
Go ahead.
L... I know what you're up to.
- I know what you're up to.
- Shut up.
I can use a shield.
Hey.
Where the hell are you going,
motherfucker?
Come on, little guy.

LIGHTNING:

Last stop, shitbag.
Don't taste so good.
- Double-crossing sleazebag.
- Listen. No, no, no.
You don't understand.
I wasn't trying to screw you.
- Shut up. They'll hear you.
Jesus.
God.
- Jesus.
All right, listen.
Listen, I... I...
Listen,
would you stop fucking hitting me?
I'm not fucking with you.
I didn't know how to tell you this.
I do not have enough cars.
Be quiet! Shh!
I don't have enough cars for
everyone, okay? But if we stay...
Be quiet! Shut up.
Listen. Listen. No, no, no.
We can do this, okay?
All we gotta do
is stick together, okay?

Fuck your boss.
I can't stand that bitch.
But you, you and me, if we stick
together, if we stick together...
Somebody!
Oh, no. Somebody.
Help!
Please, help me.
Oh, my God. Oh, my God.
Oh, my God.
Hurry up and open the safe, pipehead,
and let's get the fuck out of here.
Oh, God. Oh, God.
Okay.
Oh, yeah.
You will remember.
Visualize.
Okay, okay.
Visualize.
Okay.
Let's go.
My leg!
- What is this thing?
- This is my house.
And you're trespassing.
Meth lab. - We're buried.
We're safe down here.
Safe, my ass.
Let's get the hell out of here.
Come on, let's go!
Goddamn it.
Come on,
let's get the hell out of here!
What the fuck are you doing?
I'm glad that still works.
- Get out of there.
- Just a sec.
Help!
Die.
Help! Help!
Fuck you.
Hey.
Wait a minute. Wait!
- Wait.

Wait for us.
Hey. Wait. Hey.
No!
Hey!
Fuck.
Begone, foul beasts. Begone.
Back, I say. Back, demon.
Back.
Get back.
Back. Back.
Back.
Begone.
I did it again.
Come out, everyone.
Don't be afraid.
- Who are you?
- Stand back and be amazed.

GREG:

Yes, I am he.
The Prophet.
I got the gift, faggots. Ha-ha.
I control the monsters.
I wish them to leave
and they leave.
You must go underground
through the sewers.
The way to the big city.
You want us to take these storm drains
all the way back to the big city?
- Don't talk to the Prophet that way.
- Bitch, I will fuck you up.
Hey, hey, hey, dipshit.
Listen, this guy just
saved our asses, okay?
If he says take the storm drain,
we better sure as shit
take the storm drain.
Be cool.
Let's play this thing out.
Come, we must act quickly.
I'll bring up the rear.
What the fuck was that, old man?
Shut the fuck up,

you dimwitted cunt.
We can slow down.
I feel the monsters' presence
dissipating.
You saved our ass, Moses.
We're much obliged.
I can't see nothing down here.
You okay, sweetie?
We're not alone.
You hear that?
- No, I hear it too.
Hold up.
What?
It's your head.
Coming from your head.
- Get off me. Get off me.
- Ringing like a fucking tea kettle.
You're gonna give us away.
I have it turned up
so I can hear better.
Is that better?
Holy fucking shit.
Oh, shit.
They're tracking us.
Language, please.
Oh, boy.
Yeah, yeah.
Watch it.
Which way do we go?
- I don't know.
Ask Jesus back there.
Hold on.
I gotta feel this one.
We're clear.
Come on, let's go.
Get out of my way.
What?
- Get out of my way.
Slide under. Go.
I got it.
Fuck. This is heavy.
Wait, wait, wait.
The Puker!
Blood makes it feel good.

Help her, goddamn it! Help her!
Get off her, motherfucker!

LIGHTNING:

No!
Those motherfuckers are dead!
Oh, yeah!
Who are you?
A few days ago,
I was my parents' son.
Two days ago,
I was just another victim.
Yesterday,
I was born again.
And today,
I'm a wasteland warrior.
How can I die
when I'm a registered
lethal weapon?
Badass motherfucker.
Karate.
Way to go, Merlin.
My gift only works on monsters.
Sure it does.
Well, maybe if you hadn't have
had me turn down my ears,
I could have at least heard them.
I've been tracking you guys
for a little while.
I had to make sure
you weren't infected.
I'm sorry for your loss.
She looked to be quite the fighter.
Save your sorry for someone else,
macho.
We're looking for the right way to go.
Will you help us?
Well, there's too many of us
to run topside.
They're picking off survivors
left and right.
It's not for that.
I've been using it to see.
Baking soda, peroxide and pop.

That manhole up there,
we ought to close it.
We don't want nobody
coming down here.
Good thinking.
- Yeah.
- I got it, Pops.
You must be a military man.
Oh, yeah. Marines?
Yup.
Intuition like that
only comes from battle experience.
Fuck, man!
Get up. Lift him up.
Hey.
Back, demon.
Foul beast, I command you.
Back. Back, I say.
Back. Back.
Let's go, man.
We'll catch up
with your little friends.
What was that?
I don't reckon we're alone here,
partner.
You in any shape to fight, son?
I just got my arm bitten off.
Yeah, well,
you better walk it off.
Because one of them suckers
are in here with us right now.
Come on, motherfucker!
I'm not gonna make it.
You gotta keep fighting, son.
I'm with you.
Look.
Oh...
Ow, that really hurt.
Fuck.
Oh, man.
Piece of shit.
What?
Oh, fuck!
Take it easy. Come on, take it easy.

You're okay.
Yeah, speak for yourself.
- Shit.
We gotta stop that bleeding.
It's too fucking dark in here.
I can't see.
Lean over, lean over.
I got an idea.
You ain't a smart hombre.
This is going to sting.
Just a little bit.
Mother of Mary. God.
I got a bullet from
a hunting trip here, son.
You're not doing
what I think you're doing.
Well, we gotta close that wound,
son.
Somehow we gotta
pour it in deep here.
Real deep.
That's a lot, dude.
Hey, listen,
this is battlefield surgery, son.
It's very delicate.
I mean, you're the fucking patient,
I'm the goddamn doctor.
Just let me do my fucking thing,
will you?
One more, that's all.
All right, now,
I need a match.
I got one, I got one.
- Did you learn this in the Marines?
- No.
- Rambo III.
- What?
Oh, my God!
Oh, fuck!
Whoa, what the fuck?
What the fuck?

GREG:

LIGHTNING:

GREG, THEN LIGHTNING:

GREG, THEN LIGHTNING:

Greg, he's not a baby.

LIGHTNING:

He's not the baby.

GREG, THEN LIGHTNING:

LIGHTNING:

GREG:

LIGHTNING:

GREG, THEN LIGHTNING:

Greg, stop it.

LIGHTNING:

LIGHTNING:

We gotta keep moving, son.

I look like a goddamn
foosball player.

I know it looks bad right now, son.

Yeah, it looks real bad, all right?

Why don't you just chew off
my dick?

We'll call it a day.

Look,

you keep fighting until the end.

You suck it up and you fight.

Stay with me, fuckers.

Who knows what the fuck

is out there.

I like your skin.

So soft.

- So colorful.

Get back!

- I like it.

- Get fucking back!

Can I touch it?

I will fucking break
your fucking cunt head!

- I wanna touch it.

- Get back!
There's your power.
There's your power.
You hear that?
What...?
What are you doing?
We go in hard, we go in fast,
we'll kill them all.
What? How?
I don't have any arms.
You only need legs to kick ass,
baby boy.
- Kill them fucking baboons.
- Shit.
All right, come on, baby, come on.
Yeah!
That's how you gut a bitch, bitch.
Back, demon. Back, I say.
That's right, demon.

GREG:

I said jump high, baby boy.
Now!
Goddamn freaks!
You shithead. Come on.
Let's get out of here.
Come on. They're coming. This way.
Come on.
Check your ass, baby boy.
They're coming.
Go to the ladder. The ladder.
Come on.
Come on,
get up the goddamn ladder.
All right.
Fucking shit.
What do we do?
What the fuck do we do?
Come on, come on,
come on. On my back.
Let's go, jump on. Get up there.
Come on, get up.
You guys wait here.
I'm fucked.

You can make it.
You can.
Get up there.
Give me your hand.
Give me your hand.
Come on, you can make it.
Help. Help me, woman.
Help me.
Up.
Up.
Give me your hand.
Come on, give me your hand.
Oh, my God.
Dead end.
What the fuck do we do now?
Open it.
Open it.
Oh, shit.

GREG:

I got this.
I'm about to dazzle
the shit out of you.
Back, demon. Back, I say.
That's right, demon. Back. Back.
- Oh, shit.
- Get back, demon.
Back.
Feel my power. Back.
Oh, you dumb shit.
It's your hearing aid
that's keeping him back, not you.
What?
Oh, shit!
Lift it. Lift it.

LIGHTNING:

I'm stuck.
The pipe is stuck.
Pull it.
The pipe, pull it through.
The pipe, pull it through.
Slasher?
Oh, no.

No!
That's it.
Come on back.
Fucking dirt bike.
I'm already dead.
You won't get far.
I'll take him away as far as I can.
Thank you.
Shit.
We're the only ones left.
The world has gone to hell.
We have to...
We gotta do something.
I'll tell you what we gotta do.
We gotta repopulate the Earth,
that's what we gotta do.
We gotta start fucking.
Right now.
Goddamn it.