

EXT. FOREST CAMP - NIGHT

It's a foggy evening in the deep forest, and there are a dozen men, women, and children crowded together in fear. Many are crying, but doing their best to cry quietly. Some have blood on their clothes. Off on his own a couple of yards away, we say RAY, a man in his twenties sitting against a tree. He is jotting things down in a journal.

JOURNAL ENTRY

My name is Ray, one of a few survivors fighting to breathe just one more night on what's left of planet earth. Zombies reached our small mountain town earlier today, and destroyed it faster than the wildfire we just rebuilt from two summers ago. Anybody still alive gathered together and fled to the wilderness, following some optimistic yahoo who rambled on that the tactic would save us all. Problem was, the large crowd attracted even more flesh eaters. So as it turns out, his brilliant monologuing was just the equivalent of ringing the dinner bell. I'm falling one step shy of calling those lemmings that followed him idiots, mainly because yours truly is one of those fellow lemmings who ended up at the undead buffet. What can I say, he made an impressive speech, like the ones you see in movies. However the Hollywood ending eluded us, as we suffered countless casualties. A baker's dozen of us most likely only survived the initial onslaught because the zombies were simply full... but I'm sure they'll be back for the free desert. There's no time to rest, and I've decided I am NOT going to go out as a zombie hot fudge Sunday. I've heard radio calls about a group in the city that has given people hope... so I'm going for one more Hollywood ending, even if it kills me. Heading out now. More later. P.S. I hope.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - NIGHT

Ray is roaming a deserted city street in the middle of the night. Fog hangs heavy in the air, and visibility is twenty feet, at best. Ray is walking nervously, constantly looking over his shoulder. While not looking where he is walking, Ray suddenly trips over something and falls hard to the concrete. He lets out a painful scream.

RAY
(to himself)
What the hell was that?

He looks back and the blood drains from his face. We see a severed arm lying on the street.

RAY (CONT'D)
(sarcastically to himself)
Oh thank goodness, it's only a
severed limb.

Just then he hears a noise and looks forward. We see a shadowy figure slowly emerging from the fog. It seems as Ray is frozen in suspended animation, unable to move a muscle.

RAY (CONT'D)
Who's there?

Ray stares as the figure comes closer. It has a definite limp and is leaning to one side.

RAY (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Way to go Ray. Like a zombie is
going to start up a conversation
about swapping human brain recipes.

The figure finally emerges from the fog and it turns out to be a man in his 30's, named SIMON.

SIMON
You alright there, buddy?

Ray let's out a sigh of relief.

RAY
A lot better now. That's a hell of
a zombie limp you have there.

Ray snickers a little bit.

SIMON
Yeah, sorry about that. Earlier
tonight I tripped over a human
speedbump, just like you apparently
did.

RAY
Was your speedbump just an arm?

SIMON
Naw, it was an entire guy...
mostly. Maybe hollowed out a bit.

Simon looks at the arm.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Hey that sleeve and watch look
familiar. I think I had a drink
with that guy last night.
(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

You obviously need to be more careful out here. Name's Simon.

Simon reaches out his arm and helps Ray to his feet.

RAY

I'm Ray. Probably not wise wondering a deserted street in the middle of the night.

SIMON

Oh on the contrary. Before this zombie nightmare got rolling, you would get mugged on a regular basis wandering this very street, day OR night. These days though, deserted streets are a blessing. Turns out mugging the undead doesn't turn much of a profit. Are you heading anywhere in particular?

RAY

Yes actually. I've been hearing good things about something called the Angel Squad. Have you heard of them?

SIMON

(snickers)

Oh yeah, most everyone here has.

RAY

It seems like you are not a fan.

SIMON

Oh they're OK I guess, just not for me. Most people around here call them Zuber.

RAY

Zuber?

SIMON

You know, like Uber. Despite their good intentions, you'll still end causing indigestion. They basically deliver you to a zombie's front door and ring the bell. Uber for zombies. Zuber.

RAY

So obviously you don't think they can protect you?

SIMON

I'm sure they can to a degree, but a little too boy scoutish for my taste. Me, I'm heading to the bandits.

RAY

There's a group called the bandits?

SIMON

No group... they're just a bunch of bandits.

RAY

Ah.

SIMON

I've come to the conclusion I'll be safer with a bunch a bad asses that may stab me in the back than I would be doing needlepoint with a bunch of goody-two-shoes.

RAY

Makes sense... I guess.

SIMON

My mother wouldn't approve, but she's part of some zombie casserole right now, so what the hell.

RAY

She'd be proud.

SIMON

But don't take my word for it. Go talk to them. Second right and the first door on the left.

RAY

Can't hurt to listen. Good luck in your life of crime.

SIMON

Good luck to you buddy, see you on the other side.

They both turn to walk in separate directions. Simon steps over the severed arm, then looks back. He kneels down.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Well Joe, since the drinks were on me last night...

He slips the watch off the arm and slips it on his wrist. He gets up and walks away. We see Ray looking back.

RAY

Now there's the heart of a bandit.

Ray turns and starts walking.

CUT TO:

INT. RAVEN SQUAD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

LANG, ANISA, CRUNCH, and VINCENT are scurrying about with some urgency. Lang and Vincent are packing up weapons, while Anisa is quickly packing up medical supplies. Crunch is packing up some personal supplies, and we see a framed photo of him, his wife, and daughter thrown into the case. They are interrupted by a knock at the door. They all quickly go quiet while Lang grabs his crossbow. Crunch grabs a sawed-off shotgun from a pile of weapons.

ANISA

Do you think those bandits are here all ready?

CRUNCH

I highly doubt they would knock, sweetheart.

LANG

Calm down everyone, at last report those bandits are still hours away. Open the door Vincent, it's probably Kris and Morgan.

Crunch still has not lowered his weapon as Vincent slowly opens the door. It is Ray, who finds himself on the business side of a shotgun.

RAY

I can come back if this is a bad time.

Crunch lowers his weapon.

VINCENT

It's always a bad time, kid. Come on in.

Ray takes a gulp and slowly walks inside. Vincent takes a quick look outside then closes and locks the door.

RAY

Are you guys the Angel Squad? Some guy named Simon told me they'd be here.

ANISA

Do we know a Simon?

CRUNCH

Yeah, the Zuber asshole.

ANISA

(sarcastic)

Of course, Simon. Funny guy.

Anisa notices Ray's bloody knee.

ANISA (CONT'D)

You're hurt. Let me patch that up for you.

Ray looks at Anisa and smiles.

RAY

Oh it's fine. I'm a tough guy.

LANG

You could be Chuck fucking Norris, but if that gets infected with any zombie juice, we don't want to end up on your menu. Get it?

Ray suddenly looks worried.

RAY

Yeah, get it. Patch away.

Anisa grabs some alcohol and bandages and starts working on Ray's bloody knee. The other go back to packing.

VINCENT

As you may have noticed we're in the middle of packing. We need to hightail it out of here before they arrive.

RAY

Shit! Zombies!

CRUNCH

Worse. Bandits. Though I'm sure you aren't a fan of zombies either.

RAY
Are you kidding? Those bastards ate
my dog.

Crunch shoots an evil stare at Ray, grunts, and walks away.
Ray looks to Anisa.

RAY (CONT'D)
Did I say something wrong? Does he
not like dogs.

ANISA
Oh he loves dogs. He just loved his
wife and daughter more.

Ray realizes what he said.

RAY
Oh shit.

He looks to Crunch.

RAY (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. I didn't know.

Crunch just growls and waves his hand at Ray.

RAY (CONT'D)
He's gonna shoot me, isn't he?

LANG
Don't worry about Crunch, he's a
softie on the inside.

RAY
It's the outside I'm worried about.

VINCENT
Now bandits, they'll shoot you on
sight. And they got wind of where
we are.

RAY
I take it these bandits don't like
you guys.

VINCENT
Oh they love us. We always have
supplies they can pry from our cold
dead hands.

Just then KRISTINE and MORGAN burst in the door, rifles at
the ready.

MORGAN
They're here. Time to go.

KRISTINE
Head out the rear window, I got
your backs.

She points her rifle at the door as the others grab everything they can. Anisa finishes her quick patch job. She looks up and smiles at Ray.

ANISA
That should hold you for awhile.

VINCENT
We could use your help. Grab something and I'll give you our famous recruitment speech on the way.

Ray is not sure what to do.

ANISA
Yeah, come with us.

Ray smiles.

RAY
Of course, I'd love to help.

Ray gets up and grabs some stuff as Crunch looks at him suspiciously.

CRUNCH
If you're thinking any of that Florence Nightingale bullshit, keep dreaming asshole.

Crunch sneers at Ray then walks away. Ray looks worried.

RAY
Oh yeah, his outside is definitely going to shoot me.

Ray grabs what he can and they all head out the back window.

FADE OUT.