

ARE YOU F\*\*\*ING KIDDING ME?

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INT. SURGERY ROOM - MORNING

NINA SLACK (20s), wears a blue surgical gown, face mask, and hair net. In a gloved hand, she brandishes a SHARP SCALPEL. Her hand shakes.

NINA  
Come on, Nina. Pull yourself  
together.

She stands before a hospital bed. The patient is covered in a blue cloth. OTHER SURGEONS stand around the bed - a clock TICKS loudly over the sound of a heart PUMPING.

Nina presses the scalpel against the skin of the patient. Blood pours. Her eyes are fixated on the scalpel, as beads of sweat drip off her face.

INT. SURGERY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The clock TICKS louder. A large, tumorous, grotesque lump of matter is pulled out from the patient. It is placed into a silver metal tray. More blood pours as she stitches up the patient with meticulous care and precision.

INT. SURGERY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Other Surgeons watch her every move intently.

DR. JENKINS (60s), short gray hair, stands proud, observing from the distance, applauds Nina.

The Other Surgeons, all male, turn and smile with delight.

DR. JENKINS  
Oh, Miss Shufflebottom will be so  
pleased that the work was a  
success!

The blue sheet is removed to reveal that the patient is MISSY (7), a golden retriever dog.

INT. VETERINARY WAITING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

MISS SHUFFLEBOTTOM (70s), sits with Missy, who is wearing a dog cone.

MISS SHUFFLEBOTTOM  
Oh Missy-poo! You beautiful little  
thing you. Oh yes, you are. Yes,  
you are beautiful!  
(MORE)

MISS SHUFFLEBOTTOM (CONT'D)  
 We will be getting you home very  
 soon, my little squishypuff.

Nina walks out of the surgery room, still wearing a blue surgical gown, but with all other surgery attire removed.

DR. JENKINS  
 Marvelous work today Nina.

NINA  
 It's just my job, Dr. Jenkins.

DR. JENKINS  
 Have you thought any more about  
 that drink sometime?

NINA  
 I've thought about it. And the  
 answer is still no.

DR. JENKINS  
 Okay! Maybe you just need longer to  
 think about it. I'll ask another  
 time.

Nina lets out a big sigh.

NINA  
 (to the camera)  
 You know, if this was a zombie  
 apocalypse situation, Dr. Jenkins  
 would be the first person I'd love  
 to see go.

EXT. MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO - EVENING

The sun is just beginning to set. The shops are decorated with HALLOWEEN DECORATIONS. Coffee shops are bustling with activity and adorned with an orange glow of PUMPKINS.

Music representing the power of the women's resistance (such as "W.I.T.C.H." by Devon Cole or similar is playing).

BEGIN MONTAGE:

-Nina strides confidently down the sidewalk. Now wearing a black animal rights t-shirt with the text: "IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY TO SAVE ANIMALS".

-Her BLACK BOOTS - CLICK against the ground as she makes strong, purposeful steps.

-Over Nina's shoulder, a group of YOUNG GUYS (20s), gawp and WOLF WHISTLE. Nina turns and sticks her middle finger up in their direction.

-Nina walks past a wall covered in empowering street art. Including a cartoon drawing with the text: "YOU ARE A WONDER WOMAN"

-A WOMAN (40s), walks by with a CHIHUAHUA (3). Nina takes out and feeds the Chihuahua a dog treat.

-Nina enters a crosswalk. A stream of BUSINESS MEN (30s) cross her path. They don't give her a second glance.

-Nina approaches a retro cinema. Above the entrance, films are advertised, including: "DAY OF THE DEAD".

END MONTAGE

INT. RETRO CINEMA - SCREEN 8 - NIGHT

Rows of velvety red seats lined before a large screen. On the back row sits Nina and TREVOR TAILOR (20s). They are separated by a large tub of popcorn and soda. Her arms are crossed. Trevor is texting on his phone.

INSERT: CINEMA SCREEN that is showing a particularly gruesome zombie scene.

NINA

Are you even paying attention to the movie?

TREVOR

Yeah totally. It's just a bit of a slow start.

He looks up in the direction of the screen. On seeing the gore, he looks away fast with a grimace.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Oh wow. That escalated fast.

NINA

Hardly Trevor. We have been sitting here for nearly an hour, and you haven't put that phone down once.

OTHER MOVIEGOERS turn and SHUSH them.

TREVOR  
(whispering)  
Well. Zombie movies are more of  
your thing than mine.

INT. RETRO CINEMA FOYER - LATER

Nina, Trevor, and Other Moviegoers enter from doors that lead  
to the cinema screens.

TREVOR  
So, you want to come back to mine?  
Maybe we could. You know.

NINA  
Not happening. I only agreed to go  
on this date with you tonight to  
see if we still had a spark. And it  
is clear to me that you are still  
the same old disingenuous jerk I  
know and hate.

TREVOR  
Nina. Please don't be like that.  
I'm trying. I'm really trying.

NINA  
Yes. I know you are trying. Trying  
my damn patience.

TREVOR  
I know how much you love zombie  
movies. That's why I made sure-

NINA  
What's my favorite zombie movie?

TREVOR  
It's. It's-

NINA  
If you actually paid any attention  
to me. You should know it's World  
War Z.

INT./EXT. RETRO CINEMA - MOMENTS LATER

Nina climbs into a taxi. She slams the door shut. Trevor  
stands on the street in the rain. He looks around like a sad  
puppy, with wide eyes and a drooping gaze.

NINA  
(to the driver)  
Drive!

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Nina fastens her seatbelt.

NINA  
(to the camera)  
You know the real reason why we  
love zombie films? All the annoying  
pricks you hated at school...

BEGIN FLASHBACK: SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

YOUNG NINA (16), walks down the corridor. It is lined with lockers adorned with stickers and posters. Fluorescent overhead lighting with OTHER STUDENTS walking down the corridor.

YOUNG LEO BLAKE (17), with a charismatic blend of boyish charm and rugged allure, casually leans against a bay of lockers. He is surrounded by SPORTY GUYS who are laughing as they watch a video on his phone.

As Young Nina passes Young Leo, she looks over in his direction. They make brief eye contact, and she blushes.

Opposite Young Leo is TEENAGE BULLY (16), who sniggers at Young Nina. Teenage Bully throws an OVERSIZED FLOPPY DILDO at Young Nina. A suction cup at the base of the dildo briefly sticks to her head with a loud, embarrassingly loud SPLAT.

Teenage Bully and Other Students LAUGH as Young Nina runs down the corridor, arms flailing around in panic.

END FLASHBACK

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Nina rides in the back of the taxi as rain continues to lash against the windows in the dark.

NINA  
(to the camera)  
Yes. Those dumb bitches. Probably  
dead. That annoying job you need to  
go to. Yeah, fuck that. In a zombie  
apocalypse, why do you need to work  
anymore? It's every man for  
themselves.

INT. GYM LOCKER ROOM - DAY

There are endless rows of lockers with brown wooden doors. Nina stands at an open locker filled with her belongings. She wears gym attire consisting of all-black garments.

A FITNESS ENTHUSIAST (40s), wears bright pink spandex and whistles obnoxiously next to her.

NINA

(to the camera)

And the fact that we all have this feral beast inside of us. You know which one. The beast that tells us we want to punch that annoying bitch who keeps whistling in the gym right in the-

Fitness Enthusiast turns to Nina, mouth wide in shock.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Warm and inviting atmosphere, wooden furniture, and comfy seating. A long queue of PEOPLE, including Nina, wait in line to be served.

KAREN MALANEY (30s) is at the counter, she wears a designer jacket and hot pants. She speaks inaudibly to a BARISTA (20s).

NINA

(to the camera)

And I don't know about you. But I have a strong dislike of other humans. They are so, whiney, annoying, well, human. Life is one of the most remarkable things to have happened on this ball of earth that we call, well, earth. And you Karen Malaney, want to complain about how long you have had to wait for your stupid fucking specialty coffee, with your twenty gazillion customizations.

Karen waves her arms in the air mid-complaint as the Barista has their arms folded, eyebrow raised.

NINA (CONT'D)

This poor barista. He only moved to California because he wanted to break into Hollywood. Give the poor guy some slack.

INT. TAXI - MOMENTS LATER

DEREK (60s), drives the taxi with Nina in the back seat. He glances into the rearview mirror.

DEREK  
Slack?

NINA  
Huh?

DEREK  
Nina Slack? Is that you?

Nina hunches forward.

NINA  
Hold on, wait. Derek?

Derek coughs into his hand while tightening his other hand on the steering wheel. The car jerks to the side as he grabs a handkerchief and wipes phlegm from his hand into it.

NINA (CONT'D)  
Ew. Are you okay?

Derek continues to cough and stutter. He drives erratically.

DEREK  
Sorry about that. Just a bit of a cough, nothing serious.

NINA  
Well, it will be serious if you crash and kill us both. Can you keep your eyes on the road please?

DEREK  
Is the annual Slack Halloween soirée still going ahead?

NINA  
Sure is. So, if you aren't round tomorrow, you are definitely square.

Nina shrugs.

NINA (CONT'D)  
Or something like that.



EXT. TAXI/NINA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The taxi pulls up to a large white house on the corner of a quiet street. The streets are wet from earlier rain. It is a modern, well-maintained, affluent area.

Nina climbs out of the car.

NINA

See you tomorrow Derek.

Nina slams the car door shut. The taxi drives off. The street is eerily quiet as the sound of the taxi disappears into the distance. There is a loud SCREAM from inside of the house.

NINA (CONT'D)

Mom?

Nina runs to a porched front door. Bangs on the front door as she fumbled for her keys. She puts the key in the door just as the screaming stops.

NINA (CONT'D)

Shit.

She backs away from the door. Shuffling slowly and carefully to the window at the side of the front porch. She peers into a dark front room.

The front door flies open. AMANDA SLACK (50s), runs out and makes a loud SHRIEK.

AMANDA

Nigel, get rid of it!

NIGEL SLACK (50s), follows out of the front door. Holding a glass over a piece of card.

NIGEL

Hunny. It's only a spider. It's not going to kill you.

Amanda notices Nina and walks over to her.

AMANDA

Nina? What are you doing over there?

INT. SPERM BANK DONATION ROOM, CALIFORNIA - DAY

A sterile medical room, dim lighting, with a blue leather sofa, a TV on the wall, and a selection of pornographic magazines scattered across a desk.

ERIC ANDERSON (24), athletic build, well-groomed, wearing stylish/trendy attire, is sprawled across the sofa in the process of making a donation. A film plays on the TV in front of him with a FEMALE PORNSTAR AND MALE PORNSTAR.

FEMALE PORNSTAR

Oh yes baby! Do you like that?

MALE PORNSTAR

Oh yes baby. You're going to be so slack when I finish with you.

MOANS from the screen continue as Eric furiously continues to pleasure himself. There is a loud KNOCK on the door.

ERIC

Shit!

Eric jumps up. Moans in pleasure.

A voice from outside the door of a FEMALE NURSE (20s)

FEMALE NURSE

Mr. Anderson, you forgot to take in your collection pot.

ERIC

A bit late now!

Eric rushes to redress his lower half. Red-faced, out of breath. Tissues in his hand, which he throws into a bin.

ERIC (CONT'D)

What a waste.

He opens the door. Female Nurse dressed in a tight nurse uniform hands him a SPECIMEN POT.

FEMALE NURSE

Problem? Anything I can help with?

ERIC

I may need to come back tomorrow.

Eric looks down at the floor.

INT. SPERM BANK RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

Female Nurse is behind a reception desk adjoining a waiting room with various empty chairs and sexual health posters plastered across the walls. She types into a computer. She looks up at Eric, who stands opposite her.

## FEMALE NURSE

You are rebooked for a in few weeks. Sorry to give you a hard time, but we can't pay you for today. No deposit, no withdrawal from us. You'll get a text reminder before the appointment. Hopefully, you will get your soldiers in a pot next time.

Eric blushes and fidgets as he walks away from the desk. Nina walks out of the consultation room to the side of the reception desk.

## NINA

Eric Anderson? Is that you?

## ERIC

Nina Slack?

## NINA

The one and only you big dork. What are you doing here?

She glances over to a poster at the side of the reception desk where he stands.

INSERT: EMBARRASSING POSTER with the text "Be a helping hand in the miracle of life".

Eric notices where Nina has looked, and his cheeks turn a deeper shade of red.

## ERIC

Just. You know. Making some extra money.

## NINA

Oh right. The acting stuff not taken off yet?

## ERIC

Slow progress. And the Greenpeace stuff?

## NINA

I'm a vet now. Turns out that even if I can't save the entire world, I can save one animal at a time, which is the same thing right?

## ERIC

How's Trevor?

Eric looks down to the floor and avoids making eye contact with Nina.

NINA  
We broke up.

ERIC  
I'm sorry to hear that.

NINA  
I'm not.

ERIC  
You want my number?

Eric looks up at Nina.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Not like that. Just, I haven't seen you in so long. It would be nice to hang out again. I miss the good old film club days.

NINA  
Yeah, of course, that's cool. Give me your phone then.

Eric hands Nina his phone. She enters her number and passes it back.

NINA (CONT'D)  
There. No excuse not to keep in touch with me now. Maybe next time we can meet somewhere less sexual and clinical.

Nina glances at the sexual health posters.

INT. NINA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

The dining room is spacious, high ceiling, light gray walls with dark laminate flooring. The room is decorated with Halloween decorations.

At the dining table sits AMBER SLACK (29), she wears an elegant black gown, her wide eyes glaring at her phone as she writes an email, her face devoid of emotion. The dining table is filled with FESTIVE HALLOWEEN TREATS.

Nina, Amanda, and Nigel enter.

NINA

I wasn't to know that you had fallen out with Derek! He mentioned the Halloween gathering first.

NIGEL

I don't think your mother has quite forgiven him for what happened at the anniversary party.

AMANDA

How can one man eat that much cake?

Amber stands and puts her phone into a DESIGNER HANDBAG.

NINA

What is she doing here?

AMBER

Greetings to you too sis.

NINA

Didn't think you would be good enough to join us now that you have your big swanky new job.

AMANDA

Girls! Can you just try to be civil with each other for once?

Nina and Amber glare into each other's eyes.

INT. NINA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

GUESTS, dressed in various Halloween fancy dress costumes, fill the dining room. PARTY MUSIC plays over the flickering of candlelight from carved pumpkins.

INT. NINA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Nina sits at the bottom of a flight of stairs on her phone, she wears a witch's hat and is in all-black clothing.

PING. A new notification: UNKNOWN NUMBER: "Hey, it's Eric :)"

The doorbell rings with a loud DING. Nina looks around.

NINA

Is anybody gonna get that?

INT. NINA'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Nina opens the door to reveal Derek, his skin is pale, dark shadows around his eyes, he glares vacantly as he makes an incoherent groan.

NINA  
Nice costume Derek.

Nina steps back from her door as her phone RINGS. On the screen: "MAYBE: Eric Anderson".

NINA (CONT'D)  
(to Derek)  
Make yourself at home.

She turns and begins to walk down the corridor. Derek slowly creeps into the house through the door behind her. She answers the phone.

NINA (CONT'D)  
Hey. So you know I gave you my  
number. It doesn't mean you can  
just call me out of the blue  
whenever you like.

ERIC (V.O.)  
(panicking)  
Nina! I'm sorry to call you like  
this. I just didn't know who else  
to call.

NINA  
Woah. What's up Eric?

ERIC (V.O.)  
Have you not seen the news?

Derek continues to creep slowly down the corridor towards Nina with an unsteady sway.

NINA  
Why would I watch the news? It's  
just full of mindless curated  
stories of rich idiots and  
violence.

ERIC (V.O.)  
I'm freaking out Nina.

NINA  
Just calm down. Where are you now?

ERIC (V.O.)  
Just off Alta Plaza. Some crazies  
tried to attack me.

NINA  
Crazies? Shit! Head towards  
Lafayette Park. I'll find you.

Nina hangs up. She looks over her shoulder. Derek is no longer there. The front door remains wide open. She runs towards it.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET, CALIFORNIA - MOMENTS LATER

Affluent residential area. Eric walks at a brisk speed, looking around cautiously as he proceeds. There are Halloween decorations on some of the houses. A few open front doors, with candy scattered across the ground.

From inside one of the houses, there is a loud SCREAM. Karen runs out, stumbling in her oversized designer heels.

KAREN  
Help me! Help me!

Stumbling out behind her is an OLD WOMAN (70s), she has blood down the front of her, and her eyes are white. She stumbles forward grabbing at the air in front of her.

Karen trips and one of her heels breaks.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
(shrieking)  
My limited edition Lou Bous!

The Old Woman quickly approaches Karen. Grabbing at her violently.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Oh no you don't.

Karen takes off her heels and launches them at the Old Woman.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Take that! You fashionably-  
challenged monster!

The Old Woman lunges forward taking Karen to the floor.

ERIC  
Shit!

The Old Woman looks up at Eric.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Double Shit!

Eric begins to sprint down the road, past OTHERS who are running and screaming. He turns a corner onto another street. It is quiet and empty. There are houses on one side and park gates on the other.

Breathing heavily and deeply he leans against the park gates. Another SCREAM in the distance. He looks around, the park is lit only by a flickering lamp. There is a CRUNCHING of sticks, he stares into the darkness, squinting his eyes.

A beat... and a hand grabs Eric's shoulder. It is Nina's hand.

NINA  
Eric!

Eric jumps. His eyes are wide with terror.

ERIC  
Nina!

NINA  
What is going on?

ERIC  
I don't know. It's some form of deadly virus or something. People have gone crazy.

NINA  
Like a fucking zombie apocalypse type of thing?

ERIC  
No Nina. It's much worse than that.

NINA  
How can it be worse than that?

ERIC  
Aliens! Aliens are real Nina.

NINA  
Are you fucking kidding me?



INT. NINA'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - LATER

Nina and Eric stand in the doorway. The house is a mess, with scattered furniture, belongings across the hallway, and a trail of blood up the stairs. There is a wooden cabinet to the side of the entrance.

Nina opens a drawer and takes out a SCALPEL.

NINA

Stay here. Shout if you see anything.

She holds the scalpel close to her as she moves slowly down the hall. There is a BANG from upstairs. She looks up the stairs and the trail of blood as she edges towards the entrance leading to the dining room.

INT. NINA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She looks into the dining room. Amanda and Nigel are on the floor. Nigel's stomach is torn open. Derek is eating his insides. Blood is everywhere.

NINA

Derek? Fucking Derek is the cause of my parent's death? Are you fucking kidding me?

Derek looks up at Nina. His eyes are white and lifeless. Blood drips from his mouth.

NINA (CONT'D)

(to the camera)

In normal circumstances, the death of my parents would be considered the most traumatic thing that I could ever experience, however, given the fact that Derek is now a lifeless monster and about to try and off me. I'm going to repress these dark, painful emotions until a later time.

INT. NINA'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Nina runs out of the dining room towards Eric who stands at the entrance.

NINA

Eric run!

Derek follows closely behind Nina. From upstairs Amber SCREAMS and runs down the stairs, slipping on the blood as she does, her leg CRUNCHES as she falls. Derek turns towards Amber as she SHRIEKS.

Nina stops in her tracks, hesitates, then goes back. She throws the scalpel at Derek - it misses. She looks around. Grabs a nearby COAT STAND, swings, and smashes it into the side of Derek's head. It throws him sideways.

Amber looks at Nina her mouth open, her body frozen.

NINA (CONT'D)  
Well, fucking run then!

AMBER  
I think my leg is broken.

NINA  
Get up wimp!

Nina and Eric grab Amber and carry her outside. OTHER INFECTED are roaming the streets.

ERIC  
Shit! These things are everywhere.

AMBER  
My car is over there.

Amber gestures over to a Black Ford Expedition.

NINA  
Fuck. That's your car? How much are they paying you in that new job?

ERIC  
Nina! This is not the time for comparing cock sizes. We need to move. Now!

Eric and Nina guide Amber to the driver's side of the car.

AMBER  
Wait. I can't drive like this.

ERIC  
Well, I can't drive.

NINA  
I will drive!

INT. FORD EXPEDITION - MOMENTS LATER

Amber is sprawled across the back seats. Nina in the driver's seat, Eric in the passenger seat.

AMBER

Since when did you pass your driving test?

NINA

I didn't.

ERIC

Wait hold on-

NINA

This is a zombie apocalypse situation. There are no rules anymore!

INT./EXT. FORD EXPEDITION - MOMENTS LATER

Nina erratically drives the car down the street. Swerving to avoid some Other Infected in the road. Karen runs into the road, clutching her broken high heels. She throws one at the car.

KAREN

Help me you bitch!

Nina brakes sharply.

NINA

What did she just call me?

Nina looks at Eric. He shrugs his shoulders.

NINA (CONT'D)

Fuck you Karen Malaney!

Nina slams her foot down on the accelerator. The car shoots forward. Karen dives away from the car.

As the car drives at speed down the road, Eric looks over his shoulder.

NINA (CONT'D)

Don't worry about her. She's got nine lives. She'll probably reappear again at some inopportune moment.

Amber, in the backseat, moans loudly.

AMBER

I think my leg is broken. Can you drive a bit more carefully please!

NINA

Oh yeah Amber. I'll just shift the car into delicate zombie avoidance mode. Just for you!

ERIC

(to Nina)

Where are we headed?

NINA

Why are you asking me? I'm only the driver.

AMBER

Head east on Jackson Street. I know where we can go!

Nina swerves the car sharply and changes direction. Amber pulls out her phone. Makes a call.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Please pick up. Please pick up.

Other Infected are in the street. Nina drives through them, knocking some out of their way.

AMBER (CONT'D)

(speaking into the phone)

What's the code for the door at your rich boyfriend's house? This is an emergency! No, I'm not going to rob him. Have you seen the streets? Where are you? Get yourself to safety. We are driving there now. Sixty-nine sixty-nine? Are you fucking kidding me? Okay thank you. You are a freaking lifesaver.

Nina throws her phone down and continues to caress her leg.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Sis. Drive two blocks down and pull into the big house on the right.

NINA

Where are we going?

AMBER

Just drive!

EXT. JACKSON STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The black Ford Expedition speeds around a corner screeching, pulling into a driveway with a large oversized metal gate. A bright floodlight lights up the drive.

INT./EXT. FORD EXPEDITION - CONTINUOUS

Nina and Eric stare at the large gates dumbstruck.

NINA

Now, this is where you want to be  
in a zombie apocalypse.

AMBER

The code is six nine six nine.

Eric chuckles.

NINA

Remove your mind from the gutter  
Eric.

Eric covers his mouth and looks away from Nina as she winds down the car window and enters the code on a keypad. The large gates slide open. The car skids through the gates. Other Infected approach towards the driveway.

Nina looks over her shoulder at the Other Infected.

NINA (CONT'D)

Shit! They are gonna get in.

Eric jumps out of the car. He picks up and throws a CERAMIC FLOWER POT in the direction of the Other Infected. As the gate closes, INFECTED BARISTA (20s) gets through the gate. Eric cowers to the floor and whimpers.

NINA (CONT'D)

So much for my knight in shining  
armor.

She has a HEAVY DUTY GARDEN FORK in her hands. She launches it at Infected Barista. The prongs go through his neck with a loud unpleasant SQUELCH. Eric gasps and looks away. Infected Barista falls to the floor with a THUD.

NINA (CONT'D)

What a waste. That guy made a  
killer flat white.

ERIC  
You could say it was a Brew-tal  
ending.

NINA  
Eric no.

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Nina and Eric support Amber through the entrance. The hallway is large and spacious. Dark wooden floors contrast with white walls and a white ceiling. The furniture, fixtures, and fittings are a dark shade of luxurious blue.

ERIC  
Hello?

NINA  
Eric! You were in film club with me. You should know that you never shout hello into a creepy large house when there are swarms of undead outside. Get with the script.

Nina looks around the hallway. Some golf clubs are hung up on a stand. She takes the largest out and holds it as a weapon in front of her ready to swing.

NINA (CONT'D)  
You guys stay here. I'm going to scope this place out.

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Nina flicks on the light. The room is lit by a gold LED chandelier and spotlights. The worktops are marble, appliances are gold and dark blue. Nina looks around examines the room, and brandishes the golf club in front of her.

Leaving the light on she walks out into the hallway and up a flight of stairs. She creeps slowly and carefully.

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Nina creeps cautiously forward, looking behind her as she goes. There is water running in the distance. She proceeds towards it, looking into each room as she passes. Stopping outside the door where water SPLASHES inside.

Nina kicks the door with a loud THUD. It doesn't open.

NINA  
Fucks sake.

The water stops inside.

NINA (CONT'D)  
This better be a zombie. I need to  
let off some steam right now.

She carefully turns the door handle. It opens slightly. Steam comes out of the room. She kicks the door.

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bathroom door smacks into LEO BLAKE (now 24), as he stands there in only a towel. Nina enters. Water drips off his body as he rubs his head where the door hit him.

Nina's eyes widen, and her eyes pan up and down Leo's body. She gulps and looks away awkwardly.

LEO  
Ow! Fuck fuck fuck!

NINA  
Oh my God. I'm so sorry.

Nina drops the golf club to the floor.

LEO  
Nina Slack?

BEGIN FLASHBACK: SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

Leo leans against a bay of lockers, laughing. Nina runs off. The OVERSIZED FLOPPY DILDO is on the floor.

END FLASHBACK

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

NINA  
Leo?

NINA (CONT'D)  
(to the camera)  
Seriously. Is this like one big  
reunion show or something?

A drip of blood falls from the top of Leo's head. He sways slightly

NINA (CONT'D)  
Oh shit. Let me have a look at that.

Nina examines his head.

NINA (CONT'D)  
Just a gash. You'll live.

LEO  
Are you a doctor now or something?

NINA  
No. Just a surgeon. A veterinary surgeon.

LEO  
Anyway. Why are you in my house?

NINA  
This is your house?

LEO  
Erm. Yeah.

NINA  
Have you not seen what has been going on outside?

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - HALLWAY - LATER

Nina sits on a blue leather chair. Amber lies on another blue leather sofa, bandages around her leg. Leo is on another sofa with a bandage around his head. Eric is scrolling mindlessly on his phone.

NINA  
(to the Camera)  
So, let's recap. My parents are dead. Aliens have somehow infected the world with a strange zombie virus. I'm now trapped with my childhood crush, who I nearly gave concussion, and my evil horrible wench of a sister, who I did not give a broken leg, might I add. We are all in this big mansion house, and worst of all, I have to deal with other people right now. Why can't I have been a sole survivor?

(MORE)



NINA (CONT'D)

Will Smith doesn't know how easy he got it.

ERIC

This virus is spreading like wildfire. A lot of the social media apps have already gone offline. All the news sites are just stuck in limbo. This is nothing like how they show it in films. Like, what are we even meant to do in this situation? There should be a handbook for these sorts of things.

Eric throws down his phone and begins pacing up and down.

ERIC (CONT'D)

What if we are all infected already, and we are going to all turn into these lifeless creatures in our sleep? What if we can never go outside again and we starve in this place? What if the aliens just abduct everyone and we are the only people left?

NINA

Eric! At this exact moment, we only have control over our thoughts and our actions. Stop your thoughts, and we can work out our actions later. And will you please just sit down.

Eric stops pacing. Sits down. His leg anxiously shakes. He stands back up. Nina glares at him. He sits back down again.

NINA (CONT'D)

Let's think about this logically. What is the first thing that everyone does in a zombie apocalypse film?

ERIC

Runs or dies?

NINA

No. Well, yeah. But no. What is the first thing that they need to work out?

ERIC

What type of zombies they are dealing with?

NINA  
Okay. Yes. That is another good point. But no.

ERIC  
I don't know.

NINA  
The first thing is to work out how they became infected. And does the infection spread if they bite us, or if we just need to avoid becoming zombie food for the foreseeable. You have to think about the outcomes here, if you don't survive you are either infected or dead.

ERIC  
I know which of those I prefer.

NINA  
(to Leo)  
How safe is this house?

LEO  
Safe?

NINA  
How zombie-proof is it?

Leo grins and laughs.

LEO  
Pretty. Damn. Zombie-proof.

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - PANIC ROOM - MOMENTS LATER.

The room is a hybrid of luxury and high-tech. Rich plush leather sofas, sophisticated gold and brown trimmings, pristine architecture, with panels of screens linked to security camera feeds.

NINA  
Yeah. Pretty zombie-proof to me. Who even has a panic room like this?

Leo stands with his arm folder, smugly grinning, with a proud head nod.

NINA (CONT'D)  
That was not a rhetorical question.

LEO  
 Sorry. My dad is, well let's just say, my dad needs it.

NINA  
 Where is your dad?

LEO  
 Not seen him in months. Been on a business trip. Tried calling him just before. Line is dead.

NINA  
 I'm sure he will be fine.

Nina looks away, her face scrunches, eyes are slightly watery with a distant gaze.

LEO  
 I'm sorry by the way.

Nina looks up. Frowns slightly.

LEO (CONT'D)  
 The oversized floppy dildo thing. That was cruel. I'm sorry that happened to you.

NINA  
 Oh.

Her expression changes, she inhales deeply and gives a slight forced smile.

NINA (CONT'D)  
 Yeah. You had some cruel friends at school. The amount of emotional trauma that I've brought into adulthood. You practically made me hate everyone. Well not, you, school in general. And life, I guess.

Nina looks over Leo's shoulder at one of the security camera screens.

NINA (CONT'D)  
 Erm Leo. Where is that?

She points up at the security camera screen.

INSERT: SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE of a large group Other Infected on a tennis court.

Leo spins around. Looks up at the camera and gasps.

LEO  
Those are the tennis courts at the  
back of the house. Shit. They got  
through the fence.

NINA  
We need to get the others!

Nina sprints to the entrance of the panic room. Leo goes over to a control panel and presses some buttons.

EXT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - TENNIS COURTS - CONTINUOUS

Other Infected are on the tennis court, staggering towards the back of the house. Metal shutters begin to close blocking off all the windows and doors. There is an open door at the side of the house.

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - HALLWAY

Nina, closely followed by Leo, rushes down the stairs into the hallway.

NINA  
Where have they gone?

There is a CRASH of pans in the kitchen.

NINA (CONT'D)  
Oh shit. Not again.

Nina looks around for something to grab. She picks up a nearby umbrella. From a nearby wall, Leo grabs a medieval flail weapon - a spiked ball attached to a wooden stick by a chain.

NINA (CONT'D)  
(muttering)  
Maybe my knight in shining armor  
has arrived.

LEO  
What was that?

NINA  
Oh, nothing!

Leo and Nina both stare forward at the entrance to the kitchen. The light is off. There is some more CRASHING of things being knocked over.



NINA (CONT'D)

Oh, nothing.

She makes an awkward smile. Leo and Braden continue to kiss.

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM - MORNING

A king-sized canopy bed is draped in sumptuous silk sheets. Hanging from the ceiling is a crystal chandelier, sparkling from the light from the light entering from a nearby window.

Nina is wrapped in a luxurious fluffy duvet. She rolls over and lets out a big yawn. Her eyes flicker as she slowly gains consciousness. She has a slight smile on her face as she slowly opens her eyes.

Her eyes flick from side to side as she takes in her surroundings. She jumps up.

NINA

Oh fuck. This whole zombie apocalypse thing is going to take a bit of getting used to.

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - KITCHEN - MORNING

Braden stands wearing tight short-shorts and a black-and-white striped apron over a large gas cooker. He is cooking eggs, bacon, and sausage in various pans. Nina, Leo, Amber, and Eric are sitting around a large marble dining table.

"Zombie" by The Cranberries or other similar zombie-related song plays on a smart speaker.

NINA

(to the camera)

This is my worst nightmare. And I'm not talking about the infected creatures out there.

BRADEN

So, how does everyone know each other?

NINA

(to the camera)

I hate all this social small talk. It's so unnecessary.

NINA (CONT'D)

Well. You already have met my wonderful delight of a sister.

Nina glares at Amber.

BRADEN  
Amber is one of my favorite  
clients.

NINA  
(muttering)  
She must tip you well.

BRADEN  
I can't believe that she travels  
all the way back here just to get  
her hair cut.

Amber gives Braden a smile.

NINA  
Oh, so that is the real reason why  
you came to visit? You just wanted  
to get your luscious locks trimmed?

ERIC  
Is it always this tense between you  
two?

BRADEN  
On that note - breakfast!

Braden serves breakfast. Nina glares at Amber and rolls her  
eyes.

LEO  
So what is the plan after  
breakfast? Who's up for some ping  
pong?

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - PANIC ROOM - DAY

Nina and Eric are holding bottles of MINERAL WATER as they  
review the security camera feeds. Other Infected are on the  
street outside. The tennis courts are empty.

ERIC  
So what do you think?

NINA  
I think I need to get out of this  
place before I kill my sister.

ERIC  
And what about the little zombie  
and aliens thing?

Nina scoffs. Places her hand against her chin and takes a deep breath.

NINA  
Well, my dream has come true. We  
are in a zombie apocalypse now.

She makes a fist pump into the air.

NINA (CONT'D)  
(sarcastically)  
Woo!

ERIC  
You always were a lover of zombie  
films.

NINA  
Right! Just didn't think it would  
actually happen. Be careful what  
you wish for ey.

A knock on the door. Leo enters.

LEO  
I think you guys need to see this.

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - CINEMA ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rows of plush leather recliners face toward a large projection screen. Amber and Braden lounge comfortably in two of the recliners. Amber has a tub of popcorn in front of her.

Nina, Eric, and Leo stare hypnotically at the screen. A BBC World News broadcast is on the screen.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Sleek modern studio with a large video screen backdrop. The video screens are displaying NEWS FOOTAGE. An announcement is read aloud by a NEWSREADER (30s).

NEWSREADER  
Our studios are in lockdown. We do  
not yet know how the virus is  
spreading globally. We only know  
that it is spreading fast, and  
nobody is safe. The origin of the  
virus has been confirmed as Area  
51, where government officials are  
being held hostage by unknown alien  
lifeforms.

(MORE)



NEWSREADER (CONT'D)  
 Stay safe and remember the official  
 safety advice: "Don't be a snack,  
 watch your back".

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - CINEMA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nina turns to Eric. Leo, Braden, and Amber are all sprawled  
 back on recliners. Braden is holding a bottle of MINERAL  
 WATER. Amber continues to graze on popcorn.

NINA  
 Fancy a trip to Area 51?

ERIC  
 Are you insane?

LEO  
 I'm staying here.

AMBER  
 Yeah me too.

BRADEN  
 Here sounds good.

NINA  
 Just me then.

AMBER  
 Little sis. You have always wanted  
 to be the hero. But the world  
 doesn't need one.

NINA  
 I don't want to be a hero. I just  
 want answers.

AMBER  
 What good are answers if you are  
 dead? Besides, if humans were so  
 important to the world, they  
 wouldn't have been wiped out so  
 easily.

Nina folds her arms and ponders in silence.

NINA  
 (to Leo)  
 How much food and water do you have  
 in this place?

LEO  
 Enough. We have a water and food  
 store.

ERIC

What's wrong with tap water?

BRADEN

Everyone knows tap water is filled with disgusting chemicals.

NINA

Wait, so you don't drink tap water?

AMBER

Tap water is for poor people.

NINA

Amber! Could you be any more rude?

ERIC

I've been drinking bottled water all week. My apartment had a leak so haven't had a choice.

NINA

Hold on. So you're telling me that everyone in this room has only been drinking bottled water? Shit!

ERIC

What is it?

NINA

Don't you think that is how the infection has been spreading? Not like a normal virus, but in the water?

Braden shrieks and throws his bottle of mineral water onto the floor.

LEO

Oh, sweetie. That's bottled water. You're so cute.

Leo leans over and kisses Braden.

NINA

Can you two get a room?

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - FOOD STORE - DAY

Rows and rows of tins, pasta, and other packaged food on endless shelves. Nina and Eric stand gawping at the sight. There is no natural light, and the walls are made up of bricks, giving nuclear bunker vibes.

NINA

Leo wasn't kidding. There is plenty of food to go around.

ERIC

But I'm not sure about water.

Eric and Nina turn to face another side of the store that is filled with countless bottles of mineral water.

NINA

Zombie-free water. Just what we need.

ERIC

What is up with you? You have been off with everyone since we got here.

NINA

Off? What do you mean? I'm just my usual people-hating self.

ERIC

Exactly. Surely, the fact that we are part of a small number of survivors in a global crisis should make you value-

NINA

Value what? Value the fact that humans have been fucking up this world for far too long, and now that there is a crisis we are all meant to come together and love each other like we never did before?

ERIC

You could at least give your sister a chance?

NINA

You don't know what she is like!

ERIC

Try me.

Nina storms across the food store away from Eric.

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - HALLWAY - MORNING

Nina pulls a small suitcase across the hall. She is wearing brightly colored clothes, a pink hoody and blue jeans. Leo walks out into the hallway.

LEO

Are they my mom's clothes?

NINA

Huh? Yeah.

LEO

And what are you doing? You can't go out there it's not safe.

NINA

What if we are the only ones who potentially could find a cure for this?

LEO

I'm not going to stop you from going and being a hero. But maybe just think for a moment. You have literally landed on your feet ending up here. Unlimited supplies of food and water-

NINA

Which will eventually run out.

LEO

I'd like to think, some nice company-

NINA

I prefer to be alone.

LEO

A pretty decent panic room and underground bunker for when the shit hits the fan.

NINA

Okay, that is a perk.

LEO

Stay for me?

NINA

Stay for my gay crush?

LEO  
Crush? See I knew you had a thing  
for me!

NINA  
Oh, fuck off. You know you were the  
school hottie.

LEO  
Oh, stop. My ego won't be able to  
take it.

NINA  
Jerk.

LEO  
I think if things were different,  
we could have been great friends.

NINA  
Doubt it.

Nina gives Leo a smile, then quickly stops and looks away  
from him.

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - CINEMA ROOM - EVENING

SUPER: TWO MONTHS LATER

The room is decorated with tinsel and other Christmas  
decorations. Braden, Leo, and Amber sit on the front row,  
giggling at each other. Nina and Eric on the back row;  
nothing but an armrest separates them.

INSERT: CINEMA SCREEN that is showing Gremlins or another  
traditional Christmas film.

NINA  
This is so unrealistic, I know it's  
a Christmas film, but it would  
never happen like that.

Braden, Leo, and Amber turn and SHUSH them.

Eric throws popcorn at them.

ERIC  
(whispering)  
Coming from a girl that is actually  
living in a real-life zombie  
apocalypse.

Nina looks over at him, then looks back at the screen.

She reaches over to grab some popcorn. Accidentally brushes past Eric's hand. She looks down, quickly retracts her hand, and slides away from him in the chair. Eric briefly looks over to her, a slight smile on his face.

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - PANIC ROOM - EVENING

The sofas are covered in throws and comfy duvets. Bottles of wine and glasses are scattered across the tables, along with some plates with party food remnants. Nina, Eric, and Braden are on one sofa. Amber across the room is on another.

Leo stands in front of the camera system. On one of the screens is the tennis court. Other Infected are grouped together occasionally fighting with each other.

LEO

Watch this.

Leo has his phone plugged into the security system. He begins to play Christmas songs through a speaker system.

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - TENNIS COURTS - CONTINUOUS

Other Infected continue to groan and move around the courts. A speaker above them begins to play the Christmas music. Other Infected stare up at the speakers hypnotically.

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - PANIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nina stands and walks forward towards the screen

NINA

What are they doing?

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - TENNIS COURTS - CONTINUOUS

Other Infected sway from side to side to the rhythm of the music. As the music beat changes, they start to make dance-like moves to the music.

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - PANIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nina looks over to Leo. Leo is smiling and laughing with joy. He begins to dance whilst watching the Other Infected. Braden jumps up from the sofa to join.

NINA

Dancing zombies? Are you f-

Nina turns to see Eric doing some horrendous dad dancing. She immediately begins to laugh.

ERIC  
Join us for a dance?

NINA  
You gotta be kidding me.

Eric grabs her arm. Braden and Amber join in the dancing. Nina pauses for a moment and then starts swaying to the music with the rest of the group.

INSERT: SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE showing Other Infected dancing as it now begins to snow.

ERIC  
Now, that is what you call  
Christmas.

Nina freezes and looks at the security camera footage.

NINA  
Guys. Do you not know what this  
means?

Leo and Eric look at Nina with blank expressions.

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - KITCHEN - FOLLOWING DAY

Nina stands before the kitchen table which is filled with speakers and radios. Eric is observing from a distance.

NINA  
This is totally going to work.

ERIC  
Are you sure you want to test that  
theory?

Leo and Braden enter carrying wrapped presents.

LEO  
Merry Christmas everyone!

NINA  
What the fuck guys? Where did you  
even get gifts from? Actually, I  
don't wanna know.

Amber enters with a smug grin on her face, she carries a large present wrapped in a bow.

LEO  
(to Nina)  
This one is for you.

Leo hands her a medium-sized perfectly wrapped box.

NINA  
Me? But I- You didn't need to.

LEO  
Just open it Miss Cheerful.

Nina pauses looks at Eric with a smile then opens the gift.  
It is a HANDGUN.

NINA  
What the fuck?

AMBER  
Told you she wouldn't like it.

LEO  
It's a zombie apocalypse world now.  
Thought you would want to protect  
yourself.

AMBER  
Can't save the world if you are  
afraid of killing one little zombie  
can you sis?

NINA  
Will you shut the fuck up? What is  
your problem? You have always been  
like this.

AMBER  
Like what?

NINA  
Always berating me over anything  
and everything. I've never been  
good enough for our family, have I?

Nina storms across the room away from the group.

NINA (CONT'D)  
You think you have it so easy with  
your fancy job, your wonderful  
life. You were always their  
favorite.

AMBER  
Nina! Don't say that!



NINA

It's true. I was never good enough. You judged me for everything. You never were happy with anything that I did. I tried to make our parents proud, but apparently being a qualified veterinary surgeon isn't good enough for the Slacks. You know what. Fuck this. Fuck you all.

Nina storms out of the room. Eric goes to follow.

AMBER

Leave her.

Eric looks around. His eyes dart from where Nina has departed across to the rest of the group.

Nina reenters, walks over to the table, and grabs the gun.

NINA

You know what. I think I will take this after all.

A loud SIREN sounds from various phones in the room.

ERIC

What the fuck?

Nina takes out her phone. It shows an emergency broadcast system announcement: "ATTENTION: Drinking water contaminated. Do not consume tap water. Only consume bottled water."

NINA

Told you so!

Another loud SIREN. Another emergency broadcast: "Do NOT approach Area 51."

NINA (CONT'D)

Hm. That sounds like reverse psychology.

ERIC

What? You think we should go?

AMBER

Are you stupid?

LEO

What is wrong with us all staying here?

NINA

How can we trust these messages?  
For all we know Area 51 might be  
the only real safe haven out there.

AMBER

It could also be a trap.

NINA

Come on. Government officials are  
held hostage at Area 51 and then  
all of a sudden we get this message  
telling us not to go there. That  
sounds very strange to me.

ERIC

But what if it is real? What if it  
is a real warning? Surely it is not  
worth the risk?

NINA

Why are these messages only coming  
through now? Surely, these should  
have been sent months ago? There is  
something else going on here. Which  
is the reason why I said we should  
be going there in the first place.

LEO

How about we just play some  
charades?

AMBER

(chuckling)

Oh, Nina is great at that game.

NINA

Shut up you sarcastic bitch.

BRADEN

Can we all just learn to be nice to  
each other please? This is sending  
my anxiety through the roof.

Another loud SIREN. Another emergency broadcast: "Sound  
attracts the infected. Silence is golden."

BRADEN (CONT'D)

Why are these messages so cryptic?

LEO

Maybe charades would be a good way  
for us to all just chill out.

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - CINEMA ROOM

Braden and Leo stand opposite each other in front of the cinema screen. Nina, Eric, and Amber are on the leather recliners. There are empty seats between Amber and the others.

Braden mimes out actions in front of Leo. He has his hand loosely clenched as he blows into it whilst moving his hand forward and backward, gesturing "blowing up a balloon".

Leo chuckles.

LEO  
Blowing a trumpet?

Braden shakes his head, then continues to gesture.

LEO (CONT'D)  
Er- Er-

Amber and Eric laugh loudly.

LEO (CONT'D)  
Cooling food? On a spoon? Or something?

Braden shakes his head more aggressively and throws his hands down in frustration.

AMBER  
Skip?

LEO  
Yes.

BRADEN  
Blowing up a balloon. How did you not get that?

Leo takes a piece of paper from a table nearby. He reads it.

LEO  
Oh no.

Leo mimes milking a cow, rhythmically squeezing imaginary udders with both hands.

BRADEN  
Climbing a rope?

Leo shakes his head furiously, then continues to grab the air in front of him.

BRADEN (CONT'D)  
Cleaning a broomstick?

A timer rings.

AMBER  
Time!

BRADEN  
Fuck Leo.

LEO  
Go on, what was it?

BRADEN  
Milking a cow! Come on, that was obvious.

Everyone laughs hysterically.

INT. JACKSON STREET MANSION - KITCHEN - LATER

Nina stands in the kitchen, holding a large glass of red wine in one hand and a phone in the other. Eric is scoffing a mince pie from a tray of leftover Christmas snacks.

ERIC  
Still plotting how to save the world?

NINA  
Er, what?

ERIC  
You know! The whole, getting out, saving the world.

NINA  
Yeah, sorry. Was miles away.

Nina looks over the Eric. He gestures towards the remaining mince pies.

ERIC  
Want one?

Nina shakes her head.

NINA  
To save the world, we would need to get rid of the zombies and aliens first. But even doing that won't help.

ERIC  
Won't help? Why's that?

Nina locks her phone and places down on the side.

NINA  
Okay, so, the major flaw in all these zombie apocalypse films is the principle of repopulation.

ERIC  
Hmm.

NINA  
Everyone always thinks that if you can find a cure, kill the zombies then automatically you have saved the world. But, they always forget the principles of repopulation.

ERIC  
Which are?

NINA  
For any civilization to survive you need at least 200-ish people to-

ERIC  
Get it on?

NINA  
Yes! And that is just the tip of the iceberg. If there is only a small handful of people left in the world, then the human race is screwed if the zombies are conquered or not.

ERIC  
Damn that's dark.

NINA  
I'm just trying to be realistic here. Living in a lawless world does have its disadvantages.

Nina paces across the kitchen, glances over at the stack of radios on the table, reaches out to pick one up, and switches it on. There is a loud BUZZ of static. Nina turns the dial.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)  
This is an automated broadcast.

Nina turns the dial again. The radio transitions from static to music to static and stops on "Zombie" by The Cranberries or another similar zombie-related song.

ERIC

It's so weird that these radio stations are still running.

NINA

That's what you get when it's all automated playlists. The irony that there is a radio station playing Zombie by The Cranberries on repeat all day, every day, is just-

ERIC

Yeah. The sick irony of the universe ey.

Nina turns the dial again back to static, stops briefly on Trevor speaking, continues to turn the dial to static

ERIC (CONT'D)

Wait. What was that?

Nina turns the dial back to the voice of Trevor.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Together we can forge our own community, away from the lies of the government, from the safety of these alien creatures. A sanctuary that will pave the future for mankind. You are not alone.

NINA

Trevor?

ERIC

Huh?

NINA

That is fucking Trevor. The Trevor. Trevor fucking Tailor.

ERIC

Not your ex Trevor?

A loud BANG echoes throughout the mansion as the lights flicker. Nina and Trevor spin around.

NINA

Are you fucking kidding me?