

COCKNEYS VS. ZOMBIES

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Written by

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Based on an original idea by Matthias Hoene

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A gleaming, high tech skyscraper. The sun shines in a bright blue sky, London is magnificent and ultra modern.

Sadly, it's just an artist's impression of the future building, on a billboard in front of the actual site.

It's a dog's dinner. Mud, filthy digging machines, portakabins, men standing around smoking, muddy puddles, and over it all the sky is overcast and miserable. Several vultures circle overhead, waiting for something.

"Heartman Construction" signs are on all the equipment.

A JCB operator (DAVVERS) lowers the yellow bucket. There's a horrible, loud, grinding, scraping noise. A worker (GREG) runs over, waving at Davvers to stop. He looks at what the digger has uncovered. Davvers climbs out to join him.

It's an ancient stone door, a tomb, with an inscription: "Sealed by order of the King." The digger has caved in a section, leaving a hole.

DAVVERS

What is it? Roman stuff?

GREG

Can't be. Romans didn't have Kings, they had Emperors, and shit.

DAVVERS

Got to shut down if it's Roman, says so in the thingy.

GREG

Yeah, but it's not Roman.

Davvers kicks at the brickwork, widening the hole.

DAVVERS

My mate Baz was on a site last year. Said they found a load of Roman coins. They were worth tons.

GREG

It's not fucking Roman, you muppet!

DAVVERS

I know. But it might have other stuff. Gold, and stuff.

They look at each other.

Davvers and Greg step in cautiously, shining torches. It's a stone tomb, narrow, but goes back a long way.

They walk in further. The thick dust in the air makes it hard to see. The ceiling is caked with mould.

GREG  
Ugh, it stinks in here.

Davvers grins, then farts.

DAVVERS  
It does now.

GREG  
Aw, Davvers!

He punches his arm. They're startled by a CRACK, and look down. Greg's stepped on a skeleton's arm. They see the remains of the skeleton, and a few others.

DAVVERS  
Bloody hell. Is it a graveyard?

They go through into a huge vault. There are HUNDREDS more skeletons, all piled up in the centre. Some have scraps of flesh, some are dried out husks. It creeps the two men out.

GREG  
A plague pit, more like.

DAVVERS  
Shit. We can't nick stuff from a graveyard... Can we?

GREG  
They don't care - they're dead.

As soon as the words are out of his mouth, there's a faint rustling noise, and an ever so faint groan. They freeze.

DAVVERS  
What was that?

GREG  
Probably just the wind.

Davvers grabs Greg to make him jump. Greg yelps and staggers, knocking over a few skeletons with a clatter.

DAVVERS  
Oh, that was classic! Your face!

GREG  
Jesus, don't do that!

Behind them, one dried out husk turns its head. It slowly sits up. There's just enough flesh on it to move the bones. Neither of the men notices.

GREG (cont'd)  
 We'd better go. Tell the boss what we've found.

DAVVERS  
 What's the matter? Scared of a few skellingtons?? Whoooo! I'm a ghooooost! Whooooooo! God, you are SUCH a big pansy!

The husk grabs him from behind, biting his neck. Davvers screeches in agony, blood fountaining from the wound. The husk chews his flesh, hungrily.

DAVVERS (cont'd)  
 AAAAGHHH! Get it off! Get it off!

Greg screams like an 8 year old girl. He grabs a loose brick, and smacks the husk in the head, getting it off Davvers, who is bleeding severely.

Greg drags Davvers towards the exit, but comes face to face with another dried out husk. It grabs him, and BITES HIS LIPS OFF, stretching them out like pizza cheese. He screams a gurgling scream.

3

**EXT. LONDON BUILDING SITE - DAY**

3

EDDIE, the contractor, a greasy chancer, walks across the site, speed-dialling a number on his phone. A BANK MANAGER, BOB, with a bad combover appears in split-screen.

BANK MANAGER BOB  
 Eddie? I told you not to call this number, it'll leave a record.

EDDIE  
 They're onto us. I need to move the cash. Can you get it ready? I'll send someone over to pick it up.

BANK MANAGER BOB  
 What, all of it? But there's two--

EDDIE  
 Yes! They're sending inspectors over, I want it well out the way.

BANK MANAGER BOB  
 You'll have the forms ready?

EDDIE  
 Yeah yeah. Just hurry!

He hangs up, and stops by the broken tomb and abandoned JCB.

EDDIE (cont'd)  
 Davvers. Greg. Got a job for you.

No answer. He peers into the hole, sees torchlight moving.

4

**INT. TOMB - DAY**

4

Eddie climbs in, using his phone as a torch.

EDDIE

Davvers? Greg? Where are you, you  
pair of tits?

He wanders further in. Still no sign of them, but a faint light from a moving torch up ahead. He walks further in.

And then sees Davvers lying flat on the ground, deathly pale. Eddie runs over to him.

EDDIE (cont'd)

Jesus Christ.

But Davvers is dead. Eddie checks his pulse at the neck, but can't seem to find one.

Hears a noise from his left. It's Greg, his back to us. Torch hanging limply from one hand.

EDDIE (cont'd)

Greg? What happened?

Greg slowly turns around. He has turned into a zombie. Milky eyes, exposed teeth from his lips being torn off.

Now Davvers opens his eyes and sits up. He's a zombie too. Grabs Eddie's hand. And sinks his teeth into it. Eddie screams, and pulls his hand away.

Eddie stands, and is grabbed by Greg, who rips his throat open with his teeth. Eddie howls in agony, gurgling as the blood erupts from his neck, and splashes all over the screen.

5

**OPENING CREDITS**

5

The title track plays over a montage of East End life - the streets, pubs, cafes, pie and mash shops, Bow Bells. All the vibrancy that make it such a great place to live, the place the characters are fighting for.

Title card: COCKNEYS VS ZOMBIES

6

**EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - DAY**

6

A deserted industrial estate, with business units and warehouses. A white van is parked by the nearest warehouse. The van has large patches of rust, dirt, and holes. A finger pokes a hole in one rust patch.

The finger belongs to TERRY MACGUIRE, late 20s, sensible, but streetwise.

Terry looks over at ANDY MACGUIRE, in his early 20s, cocky, always up to something. Andy grins at Terry, thumbs aloft, as if the van is the bargain of the century.

TERRY  
You paid cash? Used a false name?

ANDY  
Yeah, just like you said.

TERRY  
It's falling to pieces.

ANDY  
It'll do for today, won't it?

TERRY  
Where'd you get it from? A demolition derby?

ANDY  
No. Steve-O.

TERRY  
Steve-O. Steve-O who sold us a car that exploded? That Steve-O?

ANDY  
It didn't explode. It fell apart. Very quickly. And went on fire.

TERRY  
Oh, that makes it okay...

ANDY  
Why can't we use our car?

He points at their car which sits in the road nearby.

TERRY  
Because they'll run the number plates, you plum.

ANDY  
Oh, right.

TERRY  
This one can't be traced to us. Assuming it starts, of course.

Terry leans into the van.

7

**INT. WHITE VAN - DAY**

7

Terry turns the key. The engine coughs once, then dies. He looks at Andy, and turns the key again. The engine starts this time. Andy grins triumphantly. Terry shuts it off, and they lock the van.

8      **EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - DAY**

8

They head to their parked car. Andy goes around the side - Terry grabs his shirt and pulls him back. Andy looks down to realise he was about to fall into an open manhole. He grins.

TERRY

Watch where you're going!

9      **INT. TERRY'S CAR - DAY**

9

Terry drives, while Andy drums on the dashboard. In the back seat are loads of meals on wheels.

TERRY

I just don't want it to conk out in the middle of the job.

ANDY

We'll be fine. It started, didn't it?

TERRY

Yeah, luckily for us, you're jammy.

ANDY

I'm not jammy.

TERRY

You bloody are. If you fell into a bucket of shit, you'd come out smelling of roses, and with three birds on your arm.

ANDY

That's cause I'm a geezer. That's talent, that is.

TERRY

Yeah, a talent for getting into trouble.

ANDY

When have I EVER got us into trouble??

10      **INT. PUB - DAY**

10

Flashback: Andy, shitfaced, squares up to a huge THUG at one end of the bar.

ANDY

Oh yeah? Well I'll beat the shit out of you. And so will my brother!

Terry, standing by the bar innocently having a drink, is horrified. He shakes his head quickly, trying to calm the Thug down.





MENTAL MICKEY

Why wouldn't I be all right? You saying I'm some sort of nutter?

TERRY

No, course not. Just saying hello.

MENTAL MICKEY

We still on for 2 o'clock? We'd fucking better be. Are we??

TERRY

Yeah, course, we're still on.

MENTAL MICKEY

Good. You don't want to mess me about. You know what happens to people who mess me about??

16     **EXT. GARDEN - DAY**

16

Quick flashback: Mental Mickey is screaming and repeatedly headbutting some poor bastard. He's got him by the lapels, and just headbutts him over and over, rapidly.

MENTAL MICKEY

I'll fucking kill you! I'll fucking kill you! Fucking kill youuuuuuu!

The other guy's face is just a red, raw mess.

17     **INT/EXT. VARIOUS - DAY**

17

Quick flashbacks of Mental Mickey in various locations headbutting different people: a police officer, a charity street collector, a little old lady opening her front door after Mental rings the bell.

18     **INT. TERRY'S CAR - DAY**

18

Terry smiles nervously.

TERRY

I heard something about it, yeah.

MENTAL MICKEY

Good. So don't you mess me about.

He points at them both, meaningfully. Then walks off.

19     **EXT. STREET - DAY**

19

Mental Mickey walks past the front of the car. He headbutts the bonnet, with a CLANG, leaving a dent. He grins.

MENTAL MICKEY

Nice car. Be lucky!

**INT. TERRY'S CAR - DAY**

Terry and Andy can finally breathe.

TERRY

Bloody hell. He actually dented the car. With his head.

ANDY

He's got a steel plate in there. Iraq War injury. Apparently, they had to remove part of his brain.

TERRY

What, the part that stops you being a nutter?

Andy does an impression of Mickey. Terry joins in.

ANDY

"Don't you mess me abaaaaht!"

TERRY

"Don't you mess ME abaaht! Or I'll mess YOU abaaht!"

**EXT. CARE HOME - DAY**

A care home for the elderly. A faded brass plaque reads: "BOW BELLS CARE HOME". Nearby is a pile of rubble.

It stands alone in a desolate area, the skyscraper building site in the distance. A signpost by the home: "Coming soon: Luxury apartments! Modern living in the heart of London!"

Two vultures circle over the area, high in the sky.

A gang of hoodie teenagers hang around on the corner nearby, smoking. Terry and Andy's car pulls up.

Suddenly, an old man, RAY MACGUIRE (their grandfather) comes storming out of the care home. He's about 80 years old, but still hard as nails, sharp as a razor, a force to be reckoned with. He heads straight for the hoodies.

RAY MACGUIRE

Oi! Get the fuck out of it, you two-bob toerags!

The hoodies stare at him.

RAY MACGUIRE (cont'd)

I told you, if you come round here again, I'll slap the shit out of you. Well now it's time to pay the fucking piper.

He starts rolling up his sleeves.

RAY MACGUIRE (cont'd)  
 Come on. Who's first? One at a  
 time, or altogether, I ain't fussy.  
 Or are you gonna clear off??

The lead HOODIE swaggers forward, pulling a knife.

HOODIE 1  
 Listen, you wanna behave yourself,  
 old man. Me and my boys'll fuck you  
 up, you understand? We run this  
 place now. So respect that.

Ray punches the hoodie in the face, laying him out cold.

RAY MACGUIRE  
 Bosh! Down like a bag of shit.  
 Who's next? You?? You ain't got the  
 minerals for it, son. Come on!

The hoodies back away, genuinely in fear of him now. Another  
 old man, DARRYL, comes out, with gelled back hair and shades.

DARRYL  
 Leave it out, Ray. You're scaring  
 off my customers.

RAY MACGUIRE  
 You're supposed to take your pills,  
 not sell 'em to these mugs.

DARRYL  
 Got to earn a living, haven't I?

He heads to the hoodies, pulling out a large bag of pills.

DARRYL (cont'd)  
 All right boys, here we go, we got  
 sleeping tablets, codeine, valium,  
 temazepam, morphine, bish bash  
 bosh, show us your dosh.

Meanwhile, Terry and Andy have been unloading the car - meals  
 on wheels for the old folks. Ray spots them.

RAY MACGUIRE  
 Oh look, it's Laurel and fucking  
 Hardy.

TERRY  
 All right, granddad.

RAY MACGUIRE  
 Don't call me granddad, makes me  
 sound old.

ANDY  
 But you are old.

Ray clips him round the ear.

ANDY (cont'd)

Ow!

RAY MACGUIRE

How's that for old? Eh?

ANDY

Leave it out!

RAY MACGUIRE

You're late again. The MacGuire genes must have skipped you two. Your mum and dad must be spinning in their graves, God rest 'em.

TERRY

They were cremated.

RAY MACGUIRE

Don't you backchat me. Come on! People want their lunch!

He pushes over the "Luxury apartments" signpost.

22

**INT. CARE HOME, HALLWAY - DAY**

22

Terry and Andy bring the trays in, followed by Ray.

RAY MACGUIRE

It's high time you two muppets got a proper job.

TERRY

This is a proper job.

RAY MACGUIRE

Listen mush, when I was 15, I lied about my age so I could join up to fight the fucking Nazis.

23

**INT. NAZI BUNKER - NIGHT**

23

Flashback: Several Nazi officers are inside the bunker, staring at a battlefield map. Then, shouts and screams come from outside the door. The door is kicked open. 15 year old Ray is there, holding a rifle with a bayonet.

YOUNG RAY

Come on you Nazi muppets!

One Nazi pulls a handgun, but Ray shoots him, blowing him out of shot. He aims his gun at the others.

YOUNG RAY (cont'd)

That's right, I'll teach you all not to start shit you can't finish!

(MORE)

YOUNG RAY (cont'd)  
 And then I'm gonna find that Adolf  
 Hitler, and give him a slap!

24

INT. CARE HOME, HALLWAY - DAY

24

Ray stares at Terry and Andy.

RAY MACGUIRE  
 Nazis! What are you fighting??  
 Traffic?

ANDY  
 We do okay.

RAY MACGUIRE  
 "Okay"? Let me mark your card,  
 sunshine: bringing meals on wheels  
 to pensioners is not exactly a  
 lifelong career. Look at you.  
 You're about as much use as an  
 ashtray on a motorbike.

DOREEN, an old lady, leans out of a doorway, smiling  
 seductively at Terry and Andy. She's dressed to the nines.

DOREEN  
 Leave them alone, Ray, they're  
 doing their best. Aren't you boys?

The boys try not to encourage her.

TERRY  
 Yes, Doreen.

ANDY  
 Hello Doreen.

DOREEN  
 The window catch in my bedroom  
 keeps sticking. I was wondering if  
 one of you big strong boys could  
 come and... force it open?

Terry and Andy look at each other. Terry gets a mischievous  
 gleam in his eye.

TERRY  
 Andy'll have a look after lunch.

Andy is surprised and worried.

ANDY  
 You what??

DOREEN  
 Oh, thank you Andy! I don't know  
 what I'd do without you.

Andy smiles nervously at her, and they keep going. Terry whispers to him.

TERRY  
Think you've pulled, mate.

ANDY  
Don't you leave me alone with her!

25

**INT. CARE HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY**

25

A room with other pensioners (HAMISH, ERIC, and PEGGY). There's a ratty, dusty old piano in one corner. Glass patio doors lead to a nice garden, where two men are gardening.

A man in a suit, GRAINGER, writes on a clipboard. He wears a high-viz jacket with "GRAINGER'S DEMOLITION" on the back. Terry and Andy bring the meals in, followed by Ray, who spots Grainger. He storms over.

RAY MACGUIRE  
Do you fucking mind?

GRAINGER  
Pardon me?

RAY MACGUIRE  
I know you're knocking the place down in two weeks, but do you have to rub it in? We're having our lunch, you yuppie twat.

GRAINGER  
I need to take these measurements.

RAY MACGUIRE  
If you don't sling your hook in five seconds, I'll ram that fucking clipboard so far up your Aris, you'll have to shove a pen up your nose to write on it. Five! Four!

GRAINGER  
All right, all right!

Grainger hurries out of the room. Several pensioners applaud Ray, who nods in acknowledgement. Darryl comes back in, his business concluded, counting his money.

Terry and Andy hand out the meals. Ray takes one and sits down. PEGGY takes the next, then shyly approaches Ray.

PEGGY  
All right, Ray? Is it okay if I sit with you?

RAY MACGUIRE  
Sit where you like, sweetheart.

Ray eats his lunch and reads the sports section of his paper.

PEGGY

So where are they sending you when  
this place closes?

RAY MACGUIRE

Some shithole up North. Bradford.  
Probably full of Northern monkeys.

PEGGY

It's nice up North.

RAY MACGUIRE

It's too cold. And brown. And  
everything's uphill.

PEGGY

They're sending me to Halifax.  
That's not far from Bradford.

RAY MACGUIRE

I wouldn't know. I've never been  
further than Walthamstow dog track.  
And that was far enough.

Ray's managing to miss every single hint Peggy drops.

PEGGY

You going to the concert today?

RAY MACGUIRE

Ain't exactly Sinatra at the  
Palladium, is it?

PEGGY

But will you be going?

RAY MACGUIRE

What else am I gonna do, in here?  
Apart from sit around and wonder  
when the grim fucking reaper's  
going to put us out of our misery.

And there's a note of bitterness suddenly, a man who still  
has a sharp mind relegated to sitting in an old folks' home  
doing nothing all day. But then the defences come back up.

He looks around the room, at the pensioners quietly eating.  
One keeps losing his false teeth as he bites into the food.

PEGGY

So... I'll see you here, then?

RAY MACGUIRE

Suppose.

She nods, pleased. Ray has no idea what just happened, but to  
Peggy, it's as good as a date.

The head nurse, JENNY, walks in with a tray full of pills and a notebook, followed by another nurse, NATASHA.

JENNY

Ray, can you stop shouting at the surveyors? That's the fifth one this week, they're too scared to come back once you've had a go.

RAY MACGUIRE

Well they should send one with a pair of bollocks, then, shouldn't they?

Jenny notes down the pills on her notebook, and gives them to Natasha, who starts handing them out.

Binocular POV: a pretty girl walks down the street. The person watching mutters "phwoarrrr" to himself.

Standing by the window with a walking frame, HAMISH stares into the distance through a massive pair of binoculars. He turns as Natasha comes over to pass out the pills.

HAMISH

Hello, Natasha. You're looking lovely, as usual.

NATASHA

Going to behave today, are we?

HAMISH

Maybe.

Natasha sighs. Hands him his pills cautiously. But Hamish leans forward and tries to get a kiss. Natasha pushes him back - she's clearly done this a hundred times before.

NATASHA

Leave it out, Hamish.

Andy and Terry are still giving out the meals. Next in line is Darryl, the old drug dealer with gelled hair and shades.

DARRYL

Got any fillet steak?

TERRY

Just what you see, mate.

DARRYL

MATE?? You disrespecting me, boy?

TERRY

No, Darryl.

DARRYL

It's Mr Cooper. You want to watch yourself. I could have you killed.



Terry's not in the least bit scared, but humours him.

TERRY  
Sorry Mr Cooper.

Hamish shouts over from the window.

HAMISH  
Darryl, all your old gangster mates  
are dead, how could you have people  
killed? Advertise in Exchange &  
Mart?

DARRYL  
Shut up! Or I'll have you done, and  
all! I know people, I do.

Jenny finishes up making her notes, and starts to head out.

JENNY  
Darryl. Stop threatening to have  
people killed. I've told you about  
that before.

Next up for food is ERIC in a wheelchair, he's the oldest  
one. Another wheelchair pensioner cuts past him, jumping the  
queue, grabbing a meal. Eric glares at him as he wheels away.  
Eric rolls up to Terry, reaching for the meal.

ERIC  
Hurry up! Me stomach thinks me  
apples and pears have been cut.

TERRY  
Your stairs have been cut?

ERIC  
Apples and pears! Throat!

ANDY  
Apples and pears means stairs.

DARRYL  
Don't waste your time. He gets 'em  
all mixed up.

ERIC  
No I don't! Apples and pears -  
Russian bears, Russian coat -  
throat. Don't you understand  
fucking English??

He grabs the meal. Andy and Terry watch him go, baffled. At  
the window, Hamish stares through his binoculars.

HAMISH  
Here. There's something funny going  
on at the building site.



DAD MACGUIRE  
That's right. Good lads. Now, we'll  
be back in a minute. Keep your  
heads down. Ready, Shirl?

MUM MACGUIRE  
Ready.

They both pick up HUGE shotguns, and head for the front door.  
They disappear out of shot, and we hear the door open.

MUM MACGUIRE (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Come on you fucking pigs!

DAD MACGUIRE (O.S.)  
You'll never take us alive!

Intense gunfire erupts from outside, screams, shouting,  
sirens, and breaking glass. Eventually it dies down, and a  
uniformed, armed police officer walks into the room. He spots  
the two little boys, and does a double take.

27 B **EXT. CARE HOME - DAY**

27 B

Terry tries to put it delicately.

TERRY  
I don't think they're the best role  
models for this situation.

ANDY  
No, they just fell in with a bad  
crowd, like granddad said.

TERRY  
I think they'd be okay with it. And  
we don't have much choice.

They see Grainger outside, taking more measurements. That  
settles it. The brothers nod at each other and drive off.

28 **EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - DAY**

28

Terry and Andy park the car, lock it, and get into the dodgy  
white van. They drive away, with a sense of purpose.

29 **EXT. BUS STOP - DAY**

29

DAVEY TUPPENCE sits at the bus stop. He tries rolling a  
cigarette, but it gets blown away by the wind. Also, he's  
rubbish at rolling. Terry and Andy pull up. Davey nods.

TERRY  
You getting in, then?

DAVEY TUPPENCE  
Yeah, yeah. Just trying to keep a  
low profile, you know?

TERRY

We haven't done anything yet.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

Just. You know. Tricks of the trade  
and all that.

He taps his nose, knowingly. He stands, but has trouble picking up his bag - the strap has got tangled in the bus stop seat. He struggles with it for a while. Terry and Andy try not to laugh.

30

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

30

KATY ELLIS waits outside a cafe, carrying a rucksack. The van pulls up, and she walks to Terry's window. Before she can speak, a chunk of rusty metal falls off the side of the van.

KATY

Nice van. Did Andy choose it, by  
any chance?

TERRY

Got it in one.

KATY

Well, it hasn't exploded yet,  
that's a good sign.

Andy leans forward, waving.

ANDY

All right, Kate?

KATY

Katy. Not Kate. Katy.

ANDY

All right, keep your Alans on.

KATY

Oh, excuse me for expecting someone  
in my own fucking family to  
remember my fucking name. Somehow I  
manage to remember yours.

She opens the side door, and sees Davey Tuppence inside. He waves. Katy turns to Andy and Terry, trying to stay calm.

KATY (cont'd)

Why is Davey Tuppence here? Are we  
dropping him off somewhere? Please  
tell me we are.

Andy grins at her, proudly.

ANDY

He's our expert.

KATY

"Expert"? He got caught. What sort of an expert gets caught?

31 **INT. PUB - DAY**

31

Quick flashback:

Davey holds a shotgun, halfway through an armed robbery, chatting up the barmaid as she fills his bag with cash from the till. The customers are on the floor.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

I mean, you've got to be pretty tough to do this sort of thing. You want to see my scars??

The barmaid nods, smiles, flirting back. Davey puts his shotgun on the bar, and starts to open his jacket. Quick as a flash, the girl grabs the gun, and smacks him in the face with it. He's out for the count.

32 **EXT. STREET - DAY**

32

Back to Terry in the van.

TERRY

Best we could do at short notice.

KATY

We don't need anyone else, we can do it, just the three of us. Short and sweet, in and out, no complications.

TERRY

It can't hurt to have an extra pair of hands, and eyes, can it?

KATY

Fine. But if he messes up, I'll punch his face off.

She points at her own eyes, then at Davey's eyes - I'm watching you, fucko.

33 **EXT. LOCKUP ALLEY - DAY**

33

An alley full of lockups - single garage units used for cars, goods, stolen items. The van pulls into the alley.

ANDY

Which one is Mental's?

TERRY

Which one do you think?

They pull up outside the lockup that has a load of head-shaped dents in it. Katy shakes her head.

KATY

I just want to go on record as saying this is a spectacularly bad idea. Mental Mickey's a nutter. The clue is in the nickname.

TERRY

He's the only person we know with access to guns.

KATY

You said no shooting. I'm not shooting anyone. Except maybe Andy.

TERRY

They're just for show.

ANDY

And he's not a nutter. He's got a few problems, that's all.

KATY

Problems?? He's a fucking psycho.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

I heard he pulled a geezer's spine out. Right out, mind. Wore it as a belt until it went mouldy.

KATY

Is that even possible?

ANDY

He'll be fine, don't worry.

KATY

I'm already worrying. Look at him.

Mental Mickey comes out of the lockup, grinning like a lunatic, with a large rucksack. He climbs into the van.

34

**INT. WHITE VAN - DAY**

34

Mental Mickey sits down, and sees Katy and Davey.

MENTAL MICKEY

Oy oy, saveloy. Who's the bird?

KATY

"Bird"?? Who the fuck are you calling a bird, you shitter?

MENTAL MICKEY

Oi! Watch your fucking mouth!

ANDY

Whoa! Easy!

Terry interrupts before there's a diplomatic incident.

TERRY

This is Katy. Our cousin. Used to work at a locksmith's. She can unlock anything.

MENTAL MICKEY

She always this moody?

35

**EXT. BUS STOP - DAY**

35

Quick flashback: Katy walks along the street. A ROBBER runs up behind her to steal her bag - as he passes, he grabs the bag, but Katy refuses to let go, yanking him backwards.

The Robber staggers towards her, to be met by a vicious punch in the face. He hits the ground, unconscious, as Katy continues punching and kicking him.

KATY

You like picking on defenceless women, do you? Do you? You fucking thieving scumbag! Say you're sorry! Say you're sorry!

36

**INT. WHITE VAN - DAY**

36

Back to the van. Terry nods.

TERRY

Just don't wind her up. We don't say "bird", we say "young lady", all right?

KATY

Wanker...

She mutters it quietly, but Mental suspects she said something. Andy quickly jumps in to distract him.

ANDY

And this is Davey Tuppence.

MENTAL MICKEY

I've heard of you.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

Well, I do have a reputation.

MENTAL MICKEY

Heard you're a bit of a muppet.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

Eh?

MENTAL MICKEY

Good job I'm sorting out the shooters. Cop a load of these.

He gives them a handgun each, and pulls out a large shotgun for himself. He displays it to the others, proudly.

MENTAL MICKEY (cont'd)

This is my baby. A Remington 870 Express 12-gauge pump-action shotgun, with a tactical pistol-grip, that takes eight 3-inch Magnum shells. Her name's Tracy.  
(nobody speaks)  
Say hello, don't be rude.

He's not kidding. Everyone mumbles a "hello". Katy stares at Terry, raising her eyebrows, questioningly. Terry shrugs, this is a new one to him as well.

Andy holds up his tiny handgun.

ANDY

Is this all we get?

TERRY

It's fine. We're not doing any shooting anyway, it's just for show. Right, Mental?

MENTAL MICKEY

Yeah, course. Just for show.

He pumps the shotgun, and loads it with large shells, until it's full. He holds it over one shoulder.

MENTAL MICKEY (cont'd)

Let's go and fuck up some fuckers!

37

**INT. CARE HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY**

37

The pensioners relax. The gardeners work outside, using an alligator lopper (scissor-chainsaw) to trim branches.

The band for that day's concert walk in. It's CHAS & DAVE. The pensioners turn their heads and their faces light up.

DAVE

You never said they were pensioners.

CHAS

We'll just have to play a bit louder then, won't we?

38

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

38

The white van drives along.



39      **INT. WHITE VAN - DAY**

39

Terry and Andy in the front, Katy, Davey Tuppence and Mental Mickey in the back. Terry sees Katy's face as she gives him a filthy look.

TERRY

I'm sorry, I should have told you about the guns. We can drop you off if you want.

KATY

No chance. I'm not leaving you two alone with these fuckwits. Someone's got to keep you alive.

ANDY

Don't worry, I'm on the case, I can sort anything out.

He grins. Katy's not filled with confidence.

Terry slams on the brakes.

MENTAL MICKEY

What the fuck?

TERRY

Rats. Lots of rats.

40      **EXT. STREET - DAY**

40

The entire street is blocked by a stream of rats crossing from left to right. They swarm out of drains, sewer grates, fences. All in one direction, together. A migration.

41      **INT. WHITE VAN - DAY**

41

The gang stare at the rats.

ANDY

I wonder where they're going?

MENTAL MICKEY

Down the fucking pub, who cares? Just drive through them.

TERRY

They'll clog up the wheels. It's okay, we've got time. Everyone remember their bit?

They all nod.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

They're upgrading their security today, so no emergency shutters. But the alarms will still work.

TERRY

No shooting. If it takes more than 3 minutes, we just walk away, before the Old Bill turns up.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

5 minutes would do, seeing as we're not in central London.

TERRY

Tuppence. Need I remind you that you got caught?

DAVEY TUPPENCE

3 minutes then...

KATY

Shouldn't we be wearing disguises?

DAVEY TUPPENCE

Sorted. Here you go.

He pulls some fake moustaches out of his bag, and eye protectors for building work. Katie points at a moustache.

KATY

What's that?

DAVEY TUPPENCE

It's a moustache.

KATY

I can see it's a fucking moustache. Am I supposed to wear one?

DAVEY TUPPENCE

Why not? Pull your hat down, put the glasses on, nobody will know.

KATY

And you wonder how you ever got caught... I've got tits, you tit! It's a bit obvious I'm not a bloke.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

In fairness, they're not THAT big, so you should be all right.

Terry and Andy shake their heads, wincing. Katy stares at Davey, speechless for a moment.

KATY

Davey. I have a gun. Just bear that in mind before you say anything ever again.

The rats finish crossing, and disappear. Terry drives on.

High up, two vultures lazily circle over the street. The van pulls up outside a bank, parking on the pavement. The gang climb out, in yellow high-vis jackets and hard hats.

They place a plastic cone and a "Road Work" sign at the back of the van. Terry looks at Andy.

TERRY

Still time to call it off.

ANDY

No way. We can do this. Together.  
Right? You and me.

The two brothers take a moment, always there for each other no matter what happens. Terry nods at Andy.

Katy comes over and talks quietly, earnestly.

KATY

If anything goes wrong, just run  
for it. Don't wait for me, or them.  
I can't have you going to prison.

She looks slightly awkward at being seen to open up, and quickly brushes it off, all businesslike again.

KATY (cont'd)

Come on then, we haven't got all  
day. Chop chop.

Davey passes out the fake moustaches and eye protectors. Everyone puts them on, even Katy, with a sigh. Together with the hard hats and jackets, they look completely anonymous.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

Now, when we go in, I'll make the  
announcement, then everyone make as  
much noise as possible. Put the  
frighteners on them.

MENTAL MICKEY

Good. I'm up for a bit of bother.

He grins, and checks his shotgun, which hangs on a loop of string inside his coat. The gang psyche themselves up, and enter the bank, Davey rehearsing under his breath.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

Everybody get down, this is a  
robbery... Everybody get down, this  
is a robbery...

EMMA, early 30s, argues with customer services rep CLIVE, showing him a cheque made out to her.

EMMA

It's my money! I just want to lodge  
it in my account! Here!

CLIVE

You need your own deposit slips, or  
we can't take it. I'm sorry. It's  
bank policy.

EMMA

But you know me. You know my  
account. Why is this difficult? I  
need to pay my rent!

CLIVE

I wish I could help, but my hands  
are tied.

The gang strides in, Davey Tuppence still muttering his  
rehearsed phrase. He opens his mouth to shout it, as the gang  
reach into their jackets, when--

BANK MANAGER BOB pops up, smiling at them. He's the one Eddie  
spoke to on the phone in the opening sequence.

BANK MANAGER BOB

Hello! You're here for the money,  
then?

They all freeze, staring at him. He's cheerful, relaxed.  
Davey closes his mouth. Terry glances at the others.

TERRY

Yeah, that's right. And we don't  
want any trouble, right?

BANK MANAGER BOB

Oh, no trouble at all, I assure  
you. Please, come this way.

He walks to a staff door. The gang whisper to each other.

ANDY

What's going on?

TERRY

Maybe he knows what's up? Wants to  
play it quiet?

MENTAL MICKEY

Let's just fucking shoot everyone.

KATY

Okay, good idea, let's start with  
you.

TERRY

Let's see what he does. If he gets  
iffy, we'll come on strong.

44

**INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY**

44

Bob the bank manager brings them into his office.

BANK MANAGER BOB

Now, if I could just have your forms, we can get you that money.

TERRY

Our forms?

BANK MANAGER BOB

The C114 and the 27B-stroke-6. You are from Heartman Construction??

Nobody speaks. Terry glances at their jackets - "Heartman Construction" printed on them.

TERRY

Yeah, course we are.

BANK MANAGER BOB

Eddie said you'd have the forms.

Pause. The manager stares at Davey, whose moustache is peeling off. Davey presses it back on. Katy keeps her head down, avoiding the manager's gaze. Under the desk, the manager presses a silent alarm button.

BANK MANAGER BOB (cont'd)

I'm afraid I can't release the money without them.

Mental grabs his shotgun, aims it at the manager's head.

MENTAL MICKEY

All right bruv, we ain't got the fucking forms. But I've got this. Now where's the cocking money?

45

**INT. BANK CORRIDOR - DAY**

45

The manager leads them along to the vault.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

Look for about ten grey security bags, should be a good few hundred grand in total.

46

**INT. BANK VAULT - DAY**

46

He continues talking as the manager opens the vault. They all stand outside looking in.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

If we take two bags each, then...

He trails off, as he sees what's inside: Two HUGE stacks of banknotes. The gang stare. Terry points, taken aback.

TERRY  
What's all this?

BANK MANAGER  
2.5 million. All of Heartman  
Construction's payroll and profit.

ANDY  
Fuck... Me... Grandad's going to  
kill us.

KATY  
It's too much. Old Bill won't ever  
stop chasing us. Just leave it.

MENTAL MICKEY  
Too much?? You're having a giraffe.  
We could retire on this.

KATY  
Retire? From doing what? You don't  
even have a fucking job!

MENTAL MICKEY  
So? I can have retirement money.

TERRY  
Shut up! Look, we're here now.  
We're taking it.

They get their holdalls out, ready to transfer the cash.

47

**INT. CARE HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY**

47

The band get ready. Ray reads his paper. Peggy comes in and  
sits next to him, smiling. Ray nods politely at her. Outside,  
at the back of the garden, Hamish snoozes in a deckchair,  
behind a tree, his walking frame next to him.

Inside, the TV has a news report about the Tower of London.

NEWS REPORTER  
Tourists were surprised today when  
the ravens left the Tower of  
London. According to popular  
legend, this is a sign of impending  
disaster, but birdwatchers say it's  
more likely the recent increase of  
vultures in the area--

Natasha turns the TV off, and addresses everyone.

NATASHA  
Now, we've got a special treat  
today. Here to sing their hits, the  
one and only Chas & Dave!

Darryl claps, slowly. Ray folds his paper, and waits.

RAY MACGUIRE  
Get on with it, then.

Chas & Dave glance at each other, shrug, and start playing. Outside, one the gardeners hears a noise coming from behind the fence. He looks confused.

48      **INT. BANK MAIN AREA - DAY**      48

The gang of robbers re-enter the bank main area with their heavy bags, and head for the door.

DAVEY TUPPENCE  
Textbook! We'll go down in history -  
easiest armed robbery ever.

49      **EXT. BANK - DAY**      49

They open the doors and step out. Immediately, sirens blare, and a loudhailer shouts at them.

LOUDHAILER (O.S.)  
Armed police! Drop your weapons and  
get down on the ground!

There are several police and police cars in the street.

MENTAL MICKEY  
Come on then you fucking slags!

He starts firing his shotgun. The police duck behind their cars. The gang scatters, dropping the bags and running back inside the doors, Mental still shooting.

50      **INT. BANK MAIN AREA - DAY**      50

Mental fires more rounds out the doorway. Customers scream. Terry pulls Mental inside and slams the door shut.

TERRY  
Stop fucking shooting!

MENTAL MICKEY  
They were going to nick us, I  
wasn't having that.

DAVEY TUPPENCE  
Shit, it's all gone tits up, I knew  
we shouldn't do a bank this big.

KATY  
You knew?? You're our fucking  
expert! Why didn't you say?

DAVEY TUPPENCE  
Thought it might be all right.

ANDY

Can't we just tell them we didn't mean it? No hard feelings?

TERRY

It doesn't really work like that.

KATY

What about the back door?

DAVEY TUPPENCE

There isn't one. We're trapped.

MENTAL MICKEY

We're not mugged off yet. Everybody get down! This is a robbery!

DAVEY TUPPENCE

I'm supposed to say that.

Mental heads to the cashier and grabs a customer.

MENTAL MICKEY

Throw out them security bags, or I'll blow his fucking head off.

The bags are piled up behind the counter. The cashier starts passing them through a drawer slot to Mental.

KATY

You want more? There's two and a half million quid outside.

MENTAL MICKEY

Forget it, we'll have to run. These are easier to carry.

He doesn't notice, but the cashier slips a small electronic device into one of the bags before passing it out. Mental takes the bags, and shoves them into his rucksack.

MENTAL MICKEY (cont'd)

Right. I'm getting us out of here.

He whips out a hand grenade. Terry's eyes nearly pop out of his head in horror.

TERRY

You're shitting me.

Terry grabs the grenade off him, and pops it in his pocket.

MENTAL MICKEY

Oi, what the fuck are you playing at? Give it back!

TERRY

If we set that off, we're dead. Now shut up and let me think.



He paces, thinking. Outside, the loudhailer goes again.

LOUDHAILER (O.S.)  
Come out with your hands on your  
head, and you won't be harmed.

Mental reloads his shotgun, and shouts through the door.

MENTAL MICKEY  
You can suck my chocolate stick,  
mate!

LOUDHAILER (O.S.)  
Final warning. If you don't come  
out, we'll AAAARRRRGGGGGHHHHHH--

And the loudhailer cuts off. Everybody stares.

MENTAL MICKEY  
Is he having a laugh?

ANDY  
Maybe he had a heart attack.

KATY  
Could be a trick to make us come  
out.

Sounds of shooting, screaming and cars crashing come from  
outside. They get louder. The gang listens, confused.

TERRY  
Sounds like a riot.

51 **EXT. CARE HOME, GARDEN - DAY**

51

A shuffle and a groaning noise come from the other side of  
the fence. Both gardeners can hear it now.

The two gardeners walk over to the fence, straining to hear  
over the sounds of Chas and Dave in the care home. Something  
is going on out there.

One gardener spots a gap in the fence. He looks through it,  
and is shocked at what he sees.

GARDENER  
Jesus...

52 **INT. BANK MAIN AREA - DAY**

52

The gang are still in a holding pattern. Outside, the shouts  
and screams die away. The gang listen - it's all gone quiet.

Terry peers through a crack between the doors. A few  
terrified people run past, but he can't see anything else.

TERRY  
Can't see much from here.

ANDY

If he DID have a heart attack,  
maybe they took him to hospital.  
Maybe it's safe.

KATY

Sounds a bit worse than that. Car  
crash or something?

MENTAL MICKEY

Fuck it. I'll sort this out.

Mental grabs some hostages - the closest are Emma the  
customer and Clive the customer rep.

EMMA

Get off me, you troglodyte!

MENTAL MICKEY

Shut your gob! Move. Don't try any  
funny shit.

TERRY

Hey! We're not taking hostages.

MENTAL MICKEY

Fine, you're not. But I am.

Terry dithers. Andy, Katy and Davey look at him. This has  
gone so spectacularly wrong, they can't believe it.

CLIVE

Please. I have a heart condition.  
I'm no use as a hostage, I could  
drop dead if I get stressed.

MENTAL MICKEY

Well stay calm then, you muppet.

He pushes the hostages to the door. More shots are heard, but  
much further away now. Mental shouts.

MENTAL MICKEY (cont'd)

We're coming out! With hostages!

KATY

We'd better go with him. Even if we  
stay here, legally we're still  
responsible for those hostages.

TERRY

Shit. Okay.

The gang get behind Mental and the hostages.

MENTAL MICKEY

Ready? One, two, three... FOUR!

He pushes the hostages out. The rest of the gang follow.

53

EXT. BANK - DAY

53

They all rush out, and stop dead.

It's absolute fucking carnage.

The entire street is deserted, apart from some abandoned cars. Some cars are upside down. Two cars are on fire.

The street is caked with body parts, blood, fleshy chunks.

A zombie sits on top of a car, chewing on a severed leg. It stares at the robbers, seeing new flesh to eat. Nearby, two more zombies shuffle towards them.

TERRY

What. The. Fuck?

54

INT. CARE HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

54

Chas & Dave are in full flow, singing away. The pensioners are enjoying themselves. Hamish is still asleep at the back of the garden, still half hidden from view.

Peggy smiles at Ray, enjoying herself. He looks away, not really into the show, rolling his eyes. Peggy looks a bit crestfallen, wishing Ray was having fun with her.

PEGGY

I might be tempted to have a dance,  
if someone would ask me...

Ray finally gets the hint, and doesn't know what to say.

RAY MACGUIRE

Oh. Right. Er...

But before he manages to say any more, three zombies lurch in from the garden - the two gardeners, one still holding the alligator lopper loosely in his hand, and a Heartman Construction builder, with an arm missing.

DARRYL

Faaaaaackin' 'ell!

One zombie grabs Chas at the piano, bites his throat out, then attacks Dave. Chas falls. The zombies turn to face the pensioners. Chas stands up, now a zombie. He paws at the piano keyboard, mindlessly.

Jenny comes in to see what the noise is. She piles in to try and fight off the zombies, but is overcome by them. Natasha tries to help as well, protecting the pensioners, putting herself between them and the zombies.

Two zombies attack Natasha, and tear her neck open. She screams, gurgling, as she dies. And then becomes a zombie. The snarling zombies shuffle towards the others.

RAY MACGUIRE  
Everybody back up! Don't take your  
eyes off 'em!

Ray and Peggy stand. Ray instinctively shoves Peggy behind him, protecting her. The zombies shuffle towards them.

55

**EXT. BANK - DAY**

55

The gang watch the zombie carnage for a moment. A zombie shambles towards them, holding a severed arm. It reaches out for Mental, blood-stained mouth open wide.

MENTAL MICKEY  
Fuck RIGHT off, mate.

BOOM! He fires at it, flinging it backwards.

DAVEY TUPPENCE  
What's going on?

KATY  
Zombies.

DAVEY TUPPENCE  
Are you sure?

The shot zombie slowly stands up, entrails falling out of its ruined stomach. It snarls, and keeps coming for them.

KATY  
Pretty sure.

Two more zombies shuffle towards them.

TERRY  
Bollocks to this. Get the money.

They grab the bags and run to the van. Mental fires at zombies in a frenzy, taking chunks out of them, blowing an arm off.

A zombie Traffic Warden gets close. Mental headbutts it. It mashes the zombie's face right in, making it concave. Mental stares in surprise, then shoots it.

They get to the van, and pile in through the back doors, hostages and bags and everything. An injured woman lying near the van reaches out, bleeding from the neck.

DYING WOMAN  
Please! Don't leave me here with  
these things! Please!

Andy hesitates, but can't leave her there, he's too nice.

ANDY  
All right, hurry up!

Andy bundles her into the back.

56

**INT. WHITE VAN - DAY**

56

Terry turns the key in the ignition.

TERRY

Please let the van start, please  
let the van start--

It doesn't start. Andy leans over and tries. It starts.

TERRY (cont'd)

Oh, thank fuck.

He and Andy high five each other. Terry slams the pedal down.

In the back, the injured woman has bled to death. Her eyes open. She's now a zombie. She makes a grab for Emma.

EMMA

Shit! Get off!

The zombie stands up.

57

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

57

The van speeds off, the back doors flapping open.

58

**INT. WHITE VAN - DAY**

58

Terry drives, panicking.

TERRY

What's happening?

The van is lurching all over the road, flinging them all around the van. The zombie clings to the open doorway.

ANDY

She's turned! She was all right a  
minute ago!

TERRY

Get rid of her then!

KATY

We're trying to! Slow down a bit!

Everyone rolls around, trying to regain their footing.

Mental grabs his shotgun, and aims at the zombie.

MENTAL MICKEY

Oi! Say hello to Tracy, you fucked  
up shitsack.

BOOM! He blows a hole in its chest, sending it flying out of the back of the van.



PEGGY (cont'd)  
Get out of it!

All of the pensioners are out now. Ray and Peggy follow.

63

**INT. WHITE VAN - DAY**

63

The blue dust is starting to clear a bit. Terry sticks his head out the side window so he can see to steer. Everyone is still coughing and spluttering.

KATY  
Why didn't you check to make sure they didn't put a dye pack in?

MENTAL MICKEY  
What's a dye pack?

KATY  
The thing that just fucking exploded! That's a dye pack!

TERRY  
Calm down, we're nearly there.

KATY  
We must stick out a mile.

TERRY  
Don't think it really matters. We're on our own.

64

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

64

The streets are deserted, apart from the blue dust-shedding white van. It picks its way through a few abandoned cars, until it finds the entrance to the industrial estate.

It passes a parked black cab with its For Hire light on. Grainger, the guy who was measuring the care home earlier, runs over and jumps in. He still has his clipboard.

65

**INT. BLACK CAB - DAY**

65

Grainger shuts the door, terrified and out of breath.

GRAINGER  
Oh thank God! How quickly can you get me to Kensington??

The driver doesn't answer. Grainger leans forward to the payment hatch.

GRAINGER (cont'd)  
Hello? Your light was on. If you won't drive me, I'll report you.

The driver turns around. He is a zombie.





TERRY

They're dead, they're hardly gonna start doing the 100 metre sprint, are they?

Mental taunts the zombie, amused at it.

MENTAL MICKEY

Oi! Over here, you muppet!

The zombie sees him, and starts shuffling towards him.

KATY

Careful, don't let it get close.

MENTAL MICKEY

Ooh, I'm terrified. Come on!

Mental shoots the zombie in the leg. It staggers, but keeps coming. He shoots it in the other leg. It falls, gets up, and keeps coming.

MENTAL MICKEY (cont'd)

Oh yeah? Have some of this, then!

He shoots its arms off. It keeps coming.

Frustrated, he shoots it in the chest. It keeps coming. Mental headbutts it, and it falls. But then gets up again, and keeps coming. Mental reloads, getting worried.

MENTAL MICKEY (cont'd)

For fuck's sake! Go down!

TERRY

Is this the best use of our time?

It's very close now. The others back off, worried. It reaches Mental before he finishes reloading. The zombie bites him on the arm, just below the elbow.

MENTAL MICKEY

Ow! Fucker bit me!

EMMA

You've got to get them in the head.

MENTAL MICKEY

Shut up! How'd you know that?

EMMA

Everyone knows that.

MENTAL MICKEY

Well I didn't. I haven't been to fucking Zombie School, have I?

The zombie still has its teeth sunk into Mental's arm. He tries to aim the shotgun at its head, and not his arm.

MENTAL MICKEY (cont'd)  
Shitting hell.

KATY  
Come here, butterfingers.

She grabs the gun off him, and places the barrel against the zombie's neck, pointing away from Mental. Everyone flinches as she pulls the trigger. BOOM!

The gunsmoke clears. The zombie's body is on the ground. But the front half of the head is clamped to Mental's arm, in a death grip. Mental tries to shake it off, but it's stuck.

MENTAL MICKEY  
Get the fuck off!

He headbutts the head. Davey grabs it, and tries pulling.

MENTAL MICKEY (cont'd)  
Stop! You'll tear my skin off!

TERRY  
You can't just leave it there.

ANDY  
I dunno, I think it looks cool.

DAVEY TUPPENCE  
The eyes sort of follow you around,  
don't they?

Unnerved, Mental closes the eyes on the head.

MENTAL MICKEY  
Has anyone got a crowbar?

They head towards the warehouse with the bags and hostages.

DAVEY TUPPENCE  
Shit, there's another one!

They all look over. It's a female chav zombie, listlessly pulling on a buggy - containing a zombie baby.

Mental shoots the female zombie in the head. BOOM! Mental picks up the baby, to get a closer look at it.

Instead of a rattle, the zombie baby is holding an adult human hand. It shakes the hand like a rattle, mindlessly. It snarls, and tries to bite Mental in the face.

MENTAL MICKEY  
Oi! You little shit.

He drop-kicks it over the fence.

MENTAL MICKEY (cont'd)  
Never liked kids anyway.

KATY

Can we please go inside now? We're attracting attention.

Outside the gates, three zombies are pawing at the fence, trying to get through. More are approaching.

69

**INT. CARE HOME, KITCHEN - DAY**

69

The pensioners get into the kitchen, and head for the back door, which leads to the garden. But when they look out, they see a zombie standing in the garden near the shed. More zombies are just outside a gap in the fence.

DARRYL

Shit, look. We can't go that way.

Ray shuts and locks the back door, and heads back to the door into the hallway. But when he looks into the hallway, he sees the zombies from the living room approaching.

RAY MACGUIRE

Fuck. They're coming.

70

**INT. WAREHOUSE MAIN AREA - DAY**

70

The bags of money are dumped on the floor. Terry stares at Mental's arm wound, which is starting to turn black and look decidedly worrying. Almost as if the disease from the zombie head is seeping into his flesh.

TERRY

You all right? That arm looks a bit dodgy.

MENTAL MICKEY

Good as gold, mate, good as gold.

Mental flexes his arm and gives the thumbs up. He spots a crowbar on a packing crate. He grabs it and jams it into the zombie head's mouth, breaking some teeth, and tries to yank the head off.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

Food! If the world is ending, we should probably ration our food. Just in case.

TERRY

Has anyone actually got any food?

Everyone shakes their head.

TERRY (cont'd)

There you go, then.

With a crunch, Mental finally yanks the head off. The bite wound looks really nasty, blackened and diseased.

KATY

So. No shooting, and no hostages.  
Job well done.

MENTAL MICKEY

Don't blame me, treacle. Pigs  
turned up, I had to improvise.

KATY

Yeah, thank fuck you're here.

ANDY

So what do we do now? Get in the  
car and head off?

TERRY

We can't just go running off until  
we figure out what's happened. This  
wasn't part of the plan.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

Wish I'd known the world was going  
to end. I'd have got some booze.

ANDY

World isn't ending yet, mate, just  
a bit of bother. It'll get sorted.

Katy is pacing up and down trying to use her mobile.

KATY

Nothing. Everyone's trying to call  
everyone else, it's worse than New  
Year's Eve.

EMMA

Have you tried the radio?

ANDY

We haven't got a radio.

EMMA

The radio in your van...?

ANDY

Oh, yeah...

TERRY

I'll go and check.

KATY

I'll come with you.

They head out. Davey sidles up to Emma.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

So what are you up to, after this?  
You fancy a drink or something?

EMMA

Are you out of your mind? You kidnapped me. Threatened me with guns. Put me in danger.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

Yeah, sorry. Hey, some birds are into that though.

Emma gives him a look. Davey instantly backs down.

DAVEY TUPPENCE (cont'd)

I mean, not you, obviously, was just saying, SOME birds... Anyway, I'm just gonna check the, er...

He wanders off, vaguely pointing at something.

71

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

71

Terry and Katy head to the van. Eight zombies are at the gate now, pushing against it.

KATY

Mental's been bitten. He's going to turn into one of those things.

TERRY

But he's still alive.

KATY

Doesn't matter. His arm's turning black, it's going to happen. He's a fucking liability.

TERRY

What are you saying?

KATY

We need to shoot him.

TERRY

Jesus, Katy. You're a bit quick to shoot people, after all that talk.

KATY

I don't want to shoot people. But I'll happily shoot someone who's already dead.

TERRY

He's not dead yet!

KATY

Fine. Don't say I didn't warn you when he turns.

They get to the van. Terry turns on the radio.

ANNOUNCER

--In your homes, until we understand the full extent of the situation. Message repeats. This is an emergency broadcast. We--

72

INT. CARE HOME, KITCHEN - DAY

72

Ray shuts the hallway door, bolting it. The zombies pound on the door, but can't break through. The windows have steel bars on the outside. Ray, Peggy, Doreen, Darryl, and Eric are the only ones who made it inside.

RAY MACGUIRE

Right. They can't get in. But we can't get out. Looks like we're stuck here, until we think of something.

DARRYL

Or until they break down the door.

PEGGY

Don't say that, we'll work something out, sooner or later.

ERIC

Shit. I need to have a Gregory Peck, I'm bursting.

They all look at Eric, baffled.

DARRYL

What the bloody hell are they?

ERIC

Obvious. Fucking vampires, innit. Right, we need crucifixes, silver, garlic, and some running water.

RAY MACGUIRE

Shut up, you tart. They're zombies.

DOREEN

Zombies? There's no such thing.

RAY MACGUIRE

Oh, good, well you jog on out there and explain that to all those fucking ZOMBIES.

Ray sits down, trying to think. Peggy notices.

PEGGY

You all right, Ray?

RAY MACGUIRE

Yeah. Here, nice work with that lamp. You're a right little goer, aintcha?

PEGGY

Cheers. I do me best.

And she's delighted. He's noticed her, AND paid her a compliment. Not a huge compliment, but she'll take it.

The zombies continue to pound at the locked door, shaking it. Ray tips a table over, and shoves it up against the door.

Darryl pops a few pills. He offers the bottle to the others.

DARRYL

Jack and Jills, anyone?

They decline, apart from Doreen who takes one.

Peggy looks at Ray, worried. She comes closer, so the others can't hear.

PEGGY

Ray. We're going to be all right, aren't we?

RAY MACGUIRE

Course we are, sweetheart.

PEGGY

Listen. If one of them bites me. You'll sort me out, won't you?

RAY MACGUIRE

How'd you mean?

PEGGY

You saw what happened in there. I don't want to turn into one of those things. Don't let me. Please. Promise me.

He looks at her. Realises how serious she is.

RAY MACGUIRE

Okay. I promise. But it won't come to that, all right?

PEGGY

Thanks, Ray.

She kisses him on the cheek. He looks surprised, and not sure how to react. He thinks.

RAY MACGUIRE

Same goes for me. If any of them fuckers bites me. Finish me off.

PEGGY  
 You joking?? I'll kill you stone  
 fucking dead.

Ray double takes.

PEGGY (cont'd)  
 We're in enough trouble without you  
 turning into one of them as well.

She winks at him, and he grins.

73

**INT. WAREHOUSE MAIN AREA - DAY**

73

Andy, Davey, and Mental watch the hostages. Mental paces,  
 itching to shoot something. Andy sidles over to Emma.

ANDY  
 Hey. How are you doing?

EMMA  
 Pretty shit, as it goes.

ANDY  
 Yeah, sorry about that. Still,  
 should all sort itself out, and at  
 least we're safe in here, eh?

EMMA  
 You trying to chat me up as well?

Andy's caught red handed, and knows it.

ANDY  
 Well... Yeah, sort of.

EMMA  
 Well forget it.

ANDY  
 Right, fair enough.

CLIVE  
 I'm keeping track of all this, so I  
 can write a report for the police.  
 I'm memorising your faces.

EMMA  
 Oh put a sock in it, you cretin.

CLIVE  
 Hey! I'm doing this for your  
 benefit, too, you know.

EMMA  
 Yeah, and if you'd let me lodge my  
 money, I wouldn't be here, you  
 jobsworth little twat.



CLIVE

Right. I'll make a note of your unhelpful attitude, too.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

Maybe we should let them go.

MENTAL MICKEY

Shut it, Davey.

CLIVE

"Davey"? Is that your name? Right, I've made a note of that.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

Fuck's sake, Mickey! Thanks!

CLIVE

"Mickey"? Right, another name.

MENTAL MICKEY

You remembering everything?

CLIVE

Yes, every tiny detail.

MENTAL MICKEY

Don't forget this, then.

WHACK! He headbutts Clive. Clive howls in agony, dazed, clutching his face. Mental chuckles. Looks at Emma.

MENTAL MICKEY (cont'd)

All right?

EMMA

No, I won't go out with you.

MENTAL MICKEY

Pfff. Not my type, anyway.

EMMA

You should get that arm looked at. You know what happens if they bite you.

MENTAL MICKEY

It's fine. So shut up. Anyway, maybe they're not zombies. Maybe they're just nutters, or something.

Terry and Katy walk back inside, ashen-faced.

ANDY

Well? What is it?

TERRY

Zombies.

KATY  
Shitloads of them.

Mental starts to look worried.

TERRY  
Some sort of mutated virus. They're not sure how it started, but it's spreading, fast.

ANDY  
Fuck. Hey! Maybe it's something in the water?

Davey, who is in the middle of drinking from a bottle of water, immediately SPRAYS his mouthful of water out, and drops the bottle in a panic, spitting it all out.

DAVEY TUPPENCE  
Christ, Andy!

TERRY  
It's not the water.

KATY  
They're going to seal off the East End, try to contain it. Said everyone should just stay indoors.

TERRY  
And whatever you do, do NOT let them bite you. That's how it spreads.

Everyone swivels their heads to look at Mental.

MENTAL MICKEY  
It won't get me. I'm hard as nails, mate. I'm a geezer.

KATY  
Good argument. I'm convinced.

Davey has wandered over to Katy.

DAVEY TUPPENCE  
So what are you up to, after this?

Katy just looks at him in disbelief.

74     **INT. CARE HOME, HALLWAY - DAY**     74

Five zombies are pounding on the kitchen door.

75     **INT. CARE HOME, KITCHEN - DAY**     75

The pensioners are still in the kitchen.

PEGGY

Can't believe they got Hamish. He was only 83.

DOREEN

I'm just glad I didn't see it.

DARRYL

Yeah, me too.

Ray stops pacing.

RAY MACGUIRE

Did anyone actually see Hamish in the room? When it happened?

Nobody answers.

DOREEN

He went outside to have a kip. I thought he came back in.

Everyone realises. Then hurries over to the windows. Right down the back of the garden, Hamish is still asleep in his deckchair, behind the tree. A saucy magazine lies on his chest, called "Lesbian Nuns With Big Jugs".

RAY MACGUIRE

Fucking hell. He must have slept right through it.

The zombie in the garden is on the other side of the shed. It can't see Hamish from where it is.

DARRYL

It hasn't spotted him yet.

Other zombies are still walking past the hole in the fence. Ray goes to open the back door, but Peggy stops him.

PEGGY

Don't go out, it'll see you.

RAY MACGUIRE

Well how do we get him, then?

76

**EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - DAY**

76

Terry, Andy, and Katy stand on the roof, looking out over London. Hordes of zombies shamle around, aimlessly. Fifteen zombies are outside the gates of the industrial estate. There are zombies EVERYWHERE. It looks horrendous.

ANDY

We should be all right. It's probably not as bad as it looks.

TERRY

I think it probably is.

KATY

I think we're probably fucked.

77

INT. WAREHOUSE MAIN AREA - DAY

77

Terry, Andy, and Katy come back in. Mental checks his arm wound, which looks even worse.

MENTAL MICKEY

Just a little bite, that's all. Not going to kill me. I'm fine.

He grins at them all. But he's pale, and looking ill.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

Maybe you should get to a hospital.

MENTAL MICKEY

Maybe you should shut your mouth. I ain't going nowhere, pal.

EMMA

Please. We've done as you asked. You don't need us any more.

ANDY

She's right, we could let them go.

MENTAL MICKEY

Fuck off, we just half-inched two million quid! Soon as we let them go they'll bubble us.

EMMA

We won't say a word.

CLIVE

I will. I'll tell them everything.

EMMA

Shut up! Just me, then. The world is going to shit, do you think I care about your poxy robbery?

MENTAL MICKEY

Yes!

EMMA

My sister's ill, I need to check on her. I don't expect you lot to understand, you clearly don't care about anyone other than yourselves.

Andy looks like a kicked puppy.

ANDY

Hey, that's not fair. Why'd you have to go and say that for? We never said anything bad about you.

EMMA  
You kidnapped me!

Katy stands up.

KATY  
Do you know why we're doing this?

EMMA  
No, and I don't care.

KATY  
They're knocking down our  
granddad's old folk's home. He's  
lived in the East End all his life,  
we're doing this so he can stay  
with all his friends.

It's a touching moment. Which Davey is about to ruin.

DAVEY TUPPENCE  
I just needed to pay off me debts.  
Lost my rent money on a horse race.

They all turn to look at him.

DAVEY TUPPENCE (cont'd)  
Sorry. Just thought we were all  
sharing, you know.

TERRY  
We've never stolen before. Our  
parents died when we were kids,  
granddad raised us. We owe him.

EMMA  
Why didn't you just save up?

Terry and Andy look sheepish.

ANDY  
We did. For 6 months. Then someone  
broke into our flat and nicked it.

TERRY  
Thieving bastards.

Emma can't help but laugh at how rubbish they are.

MENTAL MICKEY  
Look, maybe you're all getting  
lovey dovey, but someone's got to  
keep their head straight. You're  
telling them too much about us.

He spots a small office at the side of the warehouse.

MENTAL MICKEY (cont'd)  
I'm going to stick them in there.  
Keep them out of the way.

TERRY  
Fine. We'll load up the car.

He gets the car keys out. Mental grabs them.

TERRY (cont'd)  
Oi! What are you doing?

Mental clicks the button. Outside, the car beeps and unlocks.  
Mental pops the keys into his pocket.

TERRY (cont'd)  
Give me my keys back.

MENTAL MICKEY  
Nah. I'll hang on to them, just in  
case you decide to run off with the  
cash. Not that I don't trust you,  
but... I don't fucking trust you.

He grins at Terry, then turns to the hostages.

MENTAL MICKEY (cont'd)  
Come on then, on your toes.

He opens the office door, and comes face to face with a  
zombie. It lurches at him, making him drop his gun.

MENTAL MICKEY (cont'd)  
Get off!

The zombie grabs Mental's shirt. Mental grabs it by the head,  
and breaks its neck, twisting the head all the way around.  
It's still alive though, so he grabs the head again and  
twists it around further. It's still alive.

MENTAL MICKEY (cont'd)  
Right, you fucker.

Mental starts twisting the head around and around, the skin  
tearing and twisting, the breaking neck bones making the most  
horrendous crunching and crackling sounds. Everyone winces.

Mental keeps twisting the zombie's head even further. The  
skin is completely torn at the neck. He gives it another  
twist, then strains, and PULLS THE HEAD RIGHT OFF.

The body collapses. Mental tosses the head aside, and picks  
up his gun, satisfied. He nods at the hostages.

MENTAL MICKEY (cont'd)  
In you go. It's all right, it's  
safe now. Probably.

78

**INT. CARE HOME, KITCHEN - DAY**

78

The pensioners stare at Hamish, still asleep.

RAY MACGUIRE

I could make a run for it.

PEGGY

It's too far. It'd get to you  
before you got to Hamish.

RAY MACGUIRE

We'll have to call him over, then.

DARRYL

Got to wake him up first.

DOREEN

Good luck with that.

PEGGY

If he's chucked his pills again, he  
might just be half asleep.

Ray opens the window (bars on the outside) and shouts.

RAY MACGUIRE

HAMISH! WAKE UP! WAKE UP, YOU SILLY  
OLD FUCKER!

The others join in, shouting at Hamish.

79

**INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY**

79

The two hostages are now tied to chairs. Mental sits on  
another chair, holding his shotgun, staring at them. He looks  
ill. Dark blood seeps out from his arm wound. The hostages  
watch him, nervously.

EMMA

You don't look very well. How do  
you feel?

MENTAL MICKEY

Come over here and I'll show you.

EMMA

I'm serious. You need to go to a  
hospital.

CLIVE

If you die, you'll turn. Then  
you'll eat us. I don't think  
anybody really wants that.

MENTAL MICKEY

I said I'm fine.

Terry paces up and down.

TERRY  
We have a problem.

KATY  
Apart from the outbreak, and the hostages, and that nutcase who's about to become undead?

TERRY  
Yeah.

KATY  
Great, let's hear it. The more the merrier.

TERRY  
Look. We've survived this long cause we've got guns, and we're strong. What about granddad and the others at the old folks' home?

KATY  
Shit. Yeah.

ANDY  
He'll be all right. He fought in the war, he can handle anything.

Andy's so proud of his granddad, it's really sweet. Terry tries to break it to him gently.

TERRY  
I know he can, mate, but this is a bit different. Even granddad might have a bit of trouble with this.

KATY  
We have to go there. Keep them safe until all this gets sorted.

DAVEY TUPPENCE  
Sorted?? You saw what it was like out there. The world's ending.

TERRY  
The world is NOT fucking ending! I said it'll be sorted. Okay?

Davey nods. Terry needs to believe in this.

TERRY (cont'd)  
Andy. Load up the car. We're leaving.



The pensioners shout at Hamish. The zombies by the shed hear the shouting, but can't figure out where it's coming from. Finally, Hamish wakes up, stretching, and yawning.

RAY MACGUIRE

Hamish! Come here! The back door!

Hamish looks over, and sees them at the window. He calls out to them loudly, confused.

HAMISH

What are you all doing in there?

They all frantically shush him.

PEGGY

Don't talk! They'll hear you!

HAMISH

What? CAN'T HEAR YOU! YOU'LL HAVE TO SPEAK UP A BIT!

The pensioners shush him more. Ray shouts.

RAY MACGUIRE

SHUT! UP! There's zombies everywhere! Come to the back door, we'll let you in!

HAMISH

PARDON??

RAY MACGUIRE

ZOMBIES! COME TO THE BACK DOOR! NOW! RUN!

Hamish struggles to his feet, grabbing his walking frame.

HAMISH

IT'S NO GOOD, I CAN'T HEAR YOU - HOLD ON, I'LL COME OVER THERE!

RAY MACGUIRE

Deaf old fucker...

PEGGY

He'd move a bit quicker if it was dinner time.

Hamish shuffles away from the tree, but the zombie by the shed spots him.

RAY MACGUIRE

Oh, shit. HAMISH! RUN! THERE'S A ZOMBIE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

HAMISH  
A ZOMBIE? WHAT YOU ON ABOUT?

He stops walking, and turns to look. The zombie is about five feet away, shuffling towards him.

HAMISH (cont'd)  
FUCKING HELL! IT'S A ZOMBIE!

RAY MACGUIRE  
RUUUUUUUUUUN!

They open the back door, and beckon to Hamish. Hamish grips his walking frame, and heads for the door as fast as he can. Which isn't very fast. At all.

Dramatic chase music plays, as he slowly shuffles along with his walking frame. Behind him, the zombie gives chase, shambling along at around the same speed.

It's the slowest chase in the world.

82      **EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**      82

Andy finishes loading the money holdalls into the car. He closes the boot, and goes back to the warehouse door.

He knocks on the door, and waits. But doesn't realise that a zombie is slowly shambling towards him, from behind.

83      **INT. WAREHOUSE MAIN AREA - DAY**      83

Andy knocks on the door from the outside. Terry opens it.

ANDY  
Took your time. I've been knocking  
for ages.

He doesn't realise there's a zombie RIGHT BEHIND HIM.

TERRY  
Jesus Christ!

He grabs Andy and yanks him inside.

ANDY  
What are you playing at- AAARGH!

He's seen it now. It lurches forward. They try to slam the door, but the zombie is halfway inside.

DAVEY TUPPENCE  
Get it! Get it!

TERRY  
Shovel!

Katy tosses him a nearby shovel, and he whacks the zombie in the face with it.

It collapses, and Terry puts the shovel edge on its neck, kicking down with his foot to decapitate it (off screen). Terry quickly checks Andy for bites, worried.

TERRY (cont'd)  
Jesus, you could have been killed!

ANDY  
I'm fine, aren't I?

TERRY  
Just be careful, you mug.

Terry's too relieved to be angry. Another bloodstained zombie climbs through an open window.

KATY  
Oh good, another one.

The zombie shambles towards them.

DAVEY TUPPENCE  
God, they're really slow.

84 **EXT. CARE HOME, GARDEN - DAY**

84

Hamish is "running" away from the chasing zombie.

HAMISH  
CHRIST! THEY'RE REALLY FAST!

He's not even halfway down the garden. The pensioners urge him on, but the zombie is getting closer. Very slowly.

85 **INT. WAREHOUSE MAIN AREA - DAY**

85

Terry, Andy, Katy and Davey now face two zombies, swiping at them with shovels. One zombie has an arm hanging off by a loose sinew - it falls off with a wet plop.

ANDY  
Shitting hell, that's just wrong,  
that is.

KATY  
You don't have to fuck it, just  
kill it! Use your gun.

TERRY  
No, we should save our bullets  
unless we really need them.

DAVEY TUPPENCE  
Maybe if we just wait, he'll fall  
apart by himself.

86      **EXT. CARE HOME, GARDEN - DAY**

86

The zombie is gaining on Hamish. Two more zombies have come through the hole in the fence to investigate. They join the chase, slowly.

DARRYL

He's not going to make it!

PEGGY

We have to help him somehow!

87      **INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY**

87

Mental is quite far gone, but still holding the gun.

EMMA

Please. Don't keep us in here.  
You're dying. You know it. Let us  
go home, to our families.

MENTAL MICKEY

You... just shut up... shut up...

He leans to one side and shuts his eyes. Emma struggles against her ropes, and turns to Clive.

EMMA

Can you reach my ropes?

CLIVE

I don't think so. Is he dead?

They stare at Mental, who has stopped moving.

EMMA

I hope not, or we're dead too.  
Maybe he's just passed out.

CLIVE

Hold on - I might be able to get  
loose. Keep an eye on him.

His ropes are a bit looser. He struggles with them, but still can't get out. He rubs the rope against his chair, trying to saw through them.

88      **EXT. CARE HOME, GARDEN - DAY**

88

Hamish is closer to the kitchen back door, but the zombie is almost on him.

More zombies come through the back fence. And now one has come out of the living room, and is blocking Hamish's path to the back door. Hamish isn't going to make it.

89      **INT. CARE HOME, KITCHEN - DAY**

89

Ray grabs a fire extinguisher from the wall.

RAY MACGUIRE

Fuck's sake. You want something done, do it yourself.

PEGGY

Want me to come with you?

RAY MACGUIRE

Nah, it's okay - you keep an eye on this lot for me.

He heads for Eric.

RAY MACGUIRE (cont'd)

Sorry mate, got to borrow your wheels.

He tips Eric out unceremoniously.

ERIC

Here! You could have broken my trouble and strife!

But Ray's already outside with the wheelchair.

90

**INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY**

90

Emma and Clive are still trying to escape their ropes. They all stop struggling when they hear a groan.

They look at Mental, who is still holding the shotgun limply. He looks up.

He is now a zombie.

EMMA

Oh, shit. HELP! HE'S TURNED!

CLIVE

Let us out! For God's sake!

Mental slowly stands up, and drops the shotgun. He looks at Clive. Animal hunger on his face.

Clive scrambles his feet trying to back up, the chair scraping against the floor.

91

**INT. WAREHOUSE MAIN AREA - DAY**

91

Terry, Andy, Katy and Davey have killed one of the zombies, but the second isn't going down. They hear the hostages screaming from behind the closed door of the office.

TERRY

Oh what the fuck now?

KATY

Just shoot it! We haven't got time to piss about!

ANDY

Right. I've always wanted to have a go on one of these. Say goodbye, fuckface.

Andy aims his gun, excitedly, but the trigger won't pull. He looks at the gun, confused.

ANDY (cont'd)

How'd you turn it on?

KATY

Safety catch!

ANDY

Where?

KATY

Oh for fuck's sake.

She fires with her own gun, without even looking, killing the zombie (it falls out of shot, the wound not shown). She looks at Andy, annoyed. She points at the safety.

KATY (cont'd)

Safety catch. There. Otherwise, no bang-bang.

ANDY

Well I've never used a gun before, have I?

The hostages are still screaming.

TERRY

Mental. Quick!

They run to the office door, but it's locked. Davey shouts to the hostages inside.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

Unlock the door!

EMMA (O.S.)

We're tied to the chairs, you fucking idiot!

DAVEY TUPPENCE

Oh, shit, yeah.

Another zombie climbs in the window. Terry takes charge.

TERRY

Right! Davey, put something in front of that fucking window. You two, help me kick this in.

He starts kicking at the door.

92

EXT. CARE HOME, GARDEN - DAY

92

Ray runs out with the wheelchair, swerving around the living room zombie. He runs to Hamish with the wheelchair.

He sprays the fire extinguisher foam at the zombie which is just about to grab Hamish. He sprays the other two chasing zombies in the face. They're temporarily blinded.

RAY MACGUIRE

Get in! Grab your frame!

Hamish sits in the chair, lifting his walking frame into his lap. Ray wheels Hamish off, heading for the back door.

The living room zombie is blocking the back door, so Ray just has to ram into it, pushing it inside the kitchen so he and Hamish can get in.

93

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

93

The door shakes as Terry, Andy and Katy kick at it.

Mental shambles towards the tied up hostages, as they scream and try to get away, scraping their chairs along.

Clive's chair tips over. Emma backs up as far as she can. Crash! The door bursts open. Terry shoves Mental back.

TERRY

Right, Andy, Katy - untie them.

Andy and Katy run to free the hostages. Mental tries to bite Terry, but he shoves him back again.

KATY

He's turned. Shoot him!

ANDY

Hang about! You can't shoot him, he's a war hero. It's not right.

TERRY

Oh, shit, I forgot about that. Great, now I feel guilty.

KATY

What are you on about?

ANDY

He was wounded in the war in Iraq.

KATY

No he wasn't, you sappy twat. He got run over by a car when he was drunk. It was the day the war in Iraq started, that's why he says he was injured "during the war".

Terry stares at her a moment.

TERRY

Oh. Yeah, that makes more sense,  
now I think about it.

KATY

Well done, have a chocolate  
biscuit. Now shoot him!

ANDY

I'll shoot the lying bastard.

Andy aims at Mental's head, and fires at point blank range.

CLANGGGG!

Mental staggers back, but stays standing. There's a ragged  
hole in Mental's forehead, bloodied metal shining through.

TERRY

Oh fuck, the steel plate!

KATY

What?

Terry shoots at Mental's head this time. CLANG! Everyone  
ducks as the bullet ricochets into the ceiling.

TERRY

The steel plate in his head! We  
can't blow his brains out!

KATY

Better think of something else  
then, and quickly!

Andy and Katy manage to untie the hostages.

94

**INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY**

94

Mental shuffles towards Terry, as the others watch. Terry  
thinks fast. Then remembers. He pulls out the hand grenade he  
took from Mental at the bank.

TERRY

You can have this back, now.

The others all run out, as Terry shoves it in Mental's mouth.  
He pulls the pin, shoves Mental back against the wall, then  
runs out. Mental touches the grenade in his mouth, confused.

95

**INT. CARE HOME, KITCHEN - DAY**

95

Ray wheels Hamish in, pushing the zombie ahead of them,  
knocking it to the floor.

RAY MACGUIRE

Mind your backs!



The pensioners slam the door shut, bolting it, and attack the zombie with knives and forks.

PEGGY  
Get it in the head!

Darryl grabs a hand blender off the counter, presses the button, and jams it into the side of the zombie's head. The end of the blender starts eating into the zombie's head, squirting out bone, blood and brain tissue.

The zombie staggers around as its brain is pureed, until it collapses, dead.

96

**INT. WAREHOUSE MAIN AREA - DAY**

96

Everyone runs from the office. Davey finishes blocking the open window with a filing cabinet, and joins them.

KABOOM!

The grenade explodes, sending Terry flying.

Pieces of Mental come splattering out of the office. His steel plate flies out at high speed, embedding itself into a wall. The shotgun is blown into the main warehouse area too, stopping near Clive.

The smoke clears, and they all stand. Terry's a bit battered, cut, and shaken, but not too badly injured. Katy checks him for injuries, inspecting his head.

KATY  
Is everybody okay? Apart from  
Mental, obviously.

Everybody seems to be okay. Davey points.

DAVEY TUPPENCE  
We're safe now, I blocked up the  
window. They can't get in anymore.

Inside the office, there's a lot of blood and flesh. And a large hole in the wall. Through which, two zombies are now staring at them.

DAVEY TUPPENCE (cont'd)  
Oh, bollocks.

CLIVE  
Get back! Put your hands up!

They turn to look. Clive has the shotgun aimed at them.

TERRY  
Oh, leave it out, mate.

CLIVE

Shut up! I'm in charge now. And we're all going to the police.

He's circling so they don't surround him, and has his back to the ruined office. He doesn't see that three zombies have wandered in through the new hole in the wall.

EMMA

Don't be stupid, we've got bigger problems now.

KATY

Yeah, this really isn't the time for heroics.

CLIVE

I don't care. You're all going to prison.

The zombies are getting closer.

ANDY

Mate, you might want to move, there's a few zombies plotting up behind you.

CLIVE

Oh, really. Do you honestly think I'm that stupid?

ANDY

Well, yeah.

And the zombies grab Clive, biting into his neck. He shrieks, and the gun goes off, blasting Davey in the chest. He staggers backwards, falling into Andy.

TERRY

Shit!

CLIVE

Help! Get them off me!

He tries to turn the gun on the zombies, but one of them takes it off him, trying to bite it. The others continue biting into Clive. They bring him to the ground.

KATY

Can't help you now. You've been bitten.

CLIVE

Please! Help me! I've got a heart condition!

But nobody will. The zombies start to feast on him. They tear his stomach open, and start eating his intestines.

CLIVE (cont'd)

AAAGGHHH!

The zombies PULL HIM INTO THREE PIECES - torso, left leg, right leg - and keep eating.

Andy tends to Davey, holding his head off the ground.

ANDY

It's all right mate, you'll make it, we just need to get you to a hospital, get you fixed up.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

Nah, I'm fucked. I can feel it.

He's bleeding heavily from the wound in his chest. He's done for, and everybody except Andy knows it.

ANDY

Don't be daft, you'll be on your feet in no time.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

We didn't do too bad, did we? The robbery?

He looks up at Terry for approval. Terry nods, smiles.

TERRY

We did great. Like you said, it was textbook.

DAVEY TUPPENCE

At least I got something right.

TERRY

Yeah, Davey. You did.

ANDY

And once we've got you sorted, we can all get down the pub and have a right old laugh about all this--

But Davey's gone. Shockingly fast, like a light was just turned off.

ANDY (cont'd)

Davey?

KATY

He's gone, Andy. I'm sorry.

Katy gently helps Andy put Davey on the ground. Andy still can't quite believe it.

Terry looks at the others.

TERRY

I didn't even know his last name.  
His real last name. Did you?

Nobody knows.

Terry walks over to the zombies that are eating the bits of Clive. The one with the shotgun is still trying to eat the end of the barrel. Terry grabs the handle, and pulls the trigger, blowing the zombie's head off.

The zombie slumps down, losing its grip on the gun. Terry pulls it away. He shoots the others in the head, one by one. More are coming through the hole in the wall.

Terry thinks for a moment, shaking dust out of his hair. Then faces Emma, and gives her Davey's handgun.

TERRY (cont'd)

Right. Here's the score. We're going to get our granddad and his friends from the care home. You can either come with us, or we'll drop you off somewhere on the way. Up to you. But decide now. You've got five seconds.

Emma's taken aback. But recovers quickly.

EMMA

I need to get to Mile End. How close can you get me there?

TERRY

We're going to Bow, we can drop you off on the way.

97

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

97

Terry, Andy, Katy, and Emma head for the car. Several zombies shuffle around inside the estate now.

TERRY

Shit! Mental had the car keys.

Andy runs off.

ANDY

I'll get them. Keep the car clear!

TERRY

Wait! It's too dangerous!

ANDY

I'll be fine.

KATY

Hold on you muppet! We don't need the keys!

But Andy has already run into the warehouse. Terry, Katy, and Emma start pushing zombies away from the car, trying to kill them with shovels, conserving ammo.

98

**INT. WAREHOUSE MAIN AREA - DAY**

98

Andy runs in, spots the remains of Mental's legs by the office. He reaches for one ragged, severed leg. It's covered in blood and bits of gore. He wrinkles his nose at the smell.

ANDY

Oh, lovely...

He picks the leg up. Two more zombies come in behind him. He checks the blood-splattered pocket, putting his hand in and getting smeared in blood and flesh. No keys.

Andy checks the other leg. He pulls two sets of keys out, which have blood and gobbets of flesh attached to them. He stands up, and a zombie grabs him from behind.

ANDY (cont'd)

Shit! Get off!

It reaches down to bite him.

Terry appears out of nowhere, grabs the zombie off Andy, and shoves it to the ground.

TERRY

Come on! Stop fannyng around!

ANDY

What are you doing here?

TERRY

Saving your arse, as per fucking usual. What am I supposed to do, leave you to die? Come on!

They run for the exit, dodging the other zombie. Another one has come in through the hole.

ANDY

Get off, you fuckers! I'll take you all on. And so will my brother.

TERRY

Would you stop saying that??

99

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

99

Terry and Andy race for the car, still arguing. Katy and Emma are already inside. Zombies swarm around the car.

TERRY

You can't just make things up as you go along. You could have been killed.

ANDY

It's fine, it worked out okay.

TERRY

This time! Just barely!

Andy hands Katy the keys, but realises the car has already been started, as Katy revs the engine. The steering column is open - she has hotwired the car.

KATY

This is why you brought me along,  
remember?

Katy drives off.

100

**INT. CARE HOME, KITCHEN - DAY**

100

Hamish is relieved to be alive. Eric's back in his chair.

HAMISH

Thanks, Ray. You saved my life.

He hugs him, tightly, awkwardly, Ray trying to get out of it.

RAY MACGUIRE

All right, all right, Jesus. Mind  
the jacket.

The zombies still pound on the hall door, which loosens a bit. And now several zombies from the garden are battering at the back door, which starts to splinter. Ray stares, worried. Peggy comes over, seeing that he's not happy.

PEGGY

We'll be okay. We'll make it.

RAY MACGUIRE

No bloody thanks to me. Look at me.  
Useless. Can't do anything.

PEGGY

Don't talk bollocks, Ray.

Ray looks at her, surprised.

PEGGY (cont'd)

You took care of business, got us  
here, rescued Hamish. We wouldn't  
have made it without you.

RAY MACGUIRE

I didn't rescue Hamish, just got  
him stuck in here with us. Now  
they're coming at us from both  
sides. If those things get in...

PEGGY

Then we'll fucking give 'em as good  
as we get. Count on it.

They look at the door, still worried. A zombie hand smashes  
through the glass, grabbing at the bars.

101

**INT. TERRY'S CAR - DAY**

101

Terry drives. The streets are deserted, apart from piles of  
rubbish and abandoned cars.

EMMA

They'll sort this out, won't they?  
The army?

ANDY

Course they will. They have to.

TERRY

I dunno, they've already sealed off  
the East End, they might just let  
it rot.

KATY

They'd love that. Keep it in the  
East End, burn it down. Typical.

EMMA

Same old story. Get rid of the  
lovely old buildings, put up lots  
of ugly steel and glass things.

ANDY

We'll be out of here before that.  
And we'll have granddad with us  
too. It's all going to work out,  
you'll see.

Nobody's convinced. And Andy only half believes it now.

102

**EXT. STREET IN MILE END - DAY**

102

The street is deserted. Terry's car screeches to a halt  
outside a small house.

Emma runs up to the front door. Every door in the street has  
a note pinned to it. The others get out of the car and come  
over to her.

EMMA

Everyone's been evacuated, to  
Hinzman RAF Base. If she's alive,  
she'll be there. I'll check inside.

103

**INT. EMMA'S SISTER'S HOUSE - DAY**

103

They all walk in, and wait in the hallway while Emma checks  
the downstairs rooms.

EMMA

Be back in a second.

She heads upstairs.

TERRY

Hold on. I'll go with you.

He follows her up.

104

**INT. EMMA'S SISTER'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY**

104

Emma and Terry check the rooms upstairs. As they get closer to the bedroom, they notice a discarded bandage on the floor. There's blood on it. Oh no. Terry looks at Emma.

TERRY

Maybe she got out okay.

Next to it is a hockey stick, covered in blood and chunks of skull. Emma gets her gun out, and approaches the bedroom. Terry follows, keeping an eye out, watching her back.

105

**INT. EMMA'S SISTER'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY**

105

Emma looks around the door into the room, brandishing the gun. Terry stands behind her.

In the corner is a female zombie, shuffling around. Emma steps on a creaky floorboard. The zombie turns around, and stares at her. Emma is heartbroken.

EMMA

Oh, no...

The zombie snarls, and walks towards her. Emma lifts the gun, ready to shoot. But can't go through with it. It's her sister, after all.

TERRY

You okay? Do you want me to...?

EMMA

No! They might find a cure.

She's fooling herself, but Terry nods, going along with it. Emma and Terry step outside, Emma looking one last time.

She shuts the door.

106

**INT. EMMA'S SISTER'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY**

106

Emma locks the door using the key that was in the lock. She leans against the wall, fighting back the tears. Gets herself together. She has to look after herself now, focus on getting through this alive. Terry waits patiently.

Terry glances out the landing window, and sees lots of fires and smoke in the distance. It's not looking good.



Now Emma is ready. They both go downstairs.

107

**INT. EMMA'S SISTER'S HOUSE - DAY**

107

Emma and Terry come back downstairs.

ANDY  
Any sign of her?

And Emma can't even bear to say it. Terry jumps in.

TERRY  
No. She's not here.

And it's true. Emma's sister isn't here anymore. She looks at Terry gratefully.

TERRY (cont'd)  
You know where Hinzman RAF Base is?  
Can you get there yourself?

EMMA  
Yeah. But I'm coming with you  
first. We'll leave town together.

ANDY  
Eh?

EMMA  
Safety in numbers. Is that okay?

ANDY  
It's just... the robbery, you know.  
You could bubble us.

EMMA  
Look, you seem like nice people. I  
don't care about the robbery. I  
just want to survive.

Katy is looking through the spyhole in the door.

KATY  
Shit.

ANDY  
What's up?

KATY  
Leprechauns, what do you think?

They all take turns looking. The car is surrounded by zombies, all wearing blue football scarves.

TERRY  
Fuck. We can't leave the car.

KATY

What if one of us lures them away?  
We can outrun them.

EMMA

Wait, something's happening.

108 **EXT. STREET IN MILE END - DAY**

108

Another football fan group of zombies are approaching, groaning and shuffling. They're all wearing red scarves, instead of blue.

The blue scarf zombies hear the groans, and turn to look. They start shuffling towards the red scarf zombies.

109 **INT. EMMA'S SISTER'S HOUSE - DAY**

109

The gang take turns looking through the spyhole.

TERRY

Even when they're zombified, they  
still can't stand each other.

They watch as the two groups of footie fan zombies start pushing and shoving at each other. They're not even fighting, it's just a lot of ineffective lurching. They're slowly moving away from the car.

KATY

This must be the weirdest day of my  
entire life.

110 **EXT. STREET IN MILE END - DAY**

110

The gang emerge from the house, and sneak towards the car. The two groups of zombies are still pushing and shoving each other, slowly, moaning and shuffling, some falling over. It's like a slow motion playground fight.

The gang pile into the car, and close the doors.

111 **INT. TERRY'S CAR - DAY**

111

Terry just sits there. He looks like he's given up.

KATY

Terry? You all right?

TERRY

For fuck's sake. This is pointless.  
If they've overrun this area, they  
must be at the care home by now.

KATY

We can't just give up.

ANDY

Yeah, we'll be all right. So will granddad.

TERRY

Really? How does that work, in Lucky Fucking Andy World? Grow up. Look at the place. It's all gone to shit.

112 **EXT. LONDON SKYLINE - DAY**

112

The East End.

Smoke and flames belch out from several buildings. Zombies roam the streets. It's a disaster area.

It looks hopeless.

113 **INT. TERRY'S CAR - DAY**

113

Terry still hasn't started the car. The football zombies are slowly starting to realise there is fresh meat nearby.

KATY

Terry, can we just go?

TERRY

Why? There's too many, we can't fight all of them. I can't do this.

Andy's never seen Terry like this.

ANDY

Yes, you can. Course you can. Look, I'd have died about ten times today if it wasn't for you. I'm only jammy because you're always there to sort me out. You're the sensible one, the brave one. You have to try, otherwise we're all fucked.

Zombies surround the car, trying to get in. Terry's touched by Andy's speech, and we now realise he's really scared.

TERRY

I'm not brave. I'm shitting myself.

ANDY

It's okay. We can do this. Together.

EMMA

Listen. You got me to my sister's house, just like you said. So if you give me another gun, I'll help you get to your granddad.

Terry looks at her, gratefully.

TERRY

Thank you, that means a lot. But we haven't got any more guns.

Katy stares at him. She's had an idea.

KATY

We go past Mental's lockup on the way there, don't we?

TERRY

Yeah? So?

Katy rolls her eyes, impatiently.

KATY

His lockup where he keeps all his guns...?

Ding! The penny drops. Terry slams the car into gear, and stamps on the accelerator.

114     **EXT. STREET - DAY**     114

Terry's car backs up, spins around, and peels out, leaving smoking rubber tyre trails as it zooms off.

115     **EXT. LOCKUP ALLEY - DAY**     115

The car pulls into the alley, and screeches to a stop outside Mental's battered lockup.

116     **INT. LOCKUP - DAY**     116

The shutter rolls up, revealing Terry, Andy, Katy, and Emma standing outside. They walk in. Emma's eyes widen.

EMMA

Bloody hell.

Guns, guns, guns. Everywhere. Handguns, shotguns, machine guns, ammo, grenades, knives, machetes, chainsaws, and a large samurai sword.

ANDY

Fucking hell!

They launch themselves into the stacks of weaponry, picking and choosing the best stuff.

Katy takes twin Mp5 machine guns (standard armed-police issue), one in each hand. Andy grabs a riot shotgun and the samurai sword. Emma takes two pistols, and an AK-47.

Terry takes an Mp5 machine gun, a Glock handgun, a Magnum .357, and nods in satisfaction.

TERRY

Sweet as a nut.

117 **EXT. LOCKUP ALLEY - DAY**

117

The gang come out with several bags of weapons, and load them into the car, more weapons than they'll ever need.

EMMA

I think we've got enough now.

KATY

There's a lot of pensioners to rescue. If we can give them all guns, it'll go easier.

TERRY

Shit, that's a point. We can't get them all in the car, can we?

ANDY

We should get another van.

Terry wanders to the opening of the alley. Sees something.

TERRY

Katy. Can you hotwire ANYTHING?

KATY

Course I can. Why?

They all see what Terry's looking at. And they smile.

118 **INT. CARE HOME, KITCHEN - DAY**

118

Both doors splinter, as the zombies keep up their relentless attack on them. Hamish panics.

HAMISH

What are we going to do? They're going to get in.

RAY MACGUIRE

Oi! Stop panicking.

PEGGY

He's right though, Ray. Those doors won't last for long.

RAY MACGUIRE

I know. So why don't we stop waiting around to die?

DOREEN

How'd you mean?

RAY MACGUIRE

Let's get tooled up, open the doors, and take some of them dirty bastards with us.

DARRYL  
 You're seriously suggesting we just  
 let them in and fight? With a few  
 kitchen knives?

RAY MACGUIRE  
 Yeah. And this.

He holds up the alligator lopper.

ERIC  
 We've only got one. And there's a  
 lot of Trafalgars out there.

DARRYL  
 Eric. What the fuck are you on  
 about? What is a Trafalgar?

ERIC  
 Trafalgar - zombie. It's rhyming  
 slang, innit.

DARRYL  
 How? How is it?

Eric rolls his eyes, and explains:

ERIC  
 Trafalgar! Trafalgar Square - fox  
 and hare. Hairy greek - five day  
 week. Weak and feeble - pins and  
 needles. Needle and stitch -  
 Abercrombie and Fitch. Abercrombie -  
 fackin' zombie.

They all stare at him, baffled. Eric shrugs.

The doors continue to splinter.

RAY MACGUIRE  
 Well? How about it?

PEGGY  
 I'm up for it if you are.

DARRYL  
 They'll kill us.

RAY MACGUIRE  
 We're as good as dead anyway. But  
 we'll give them a good going over  
 first. What do you think?

They all think about it. The doors keep splintering.

PEGGY  
 We've had a good innings. I'd  
 rather go out fighting, on me feet.

DOREEN  
 Somebody might come. Somebody might  
 rescue us.

And Ray speaks gently now, knowing it's hard to bear.

RAY MACGUIRE  
 Nobody's coming. Face it. We're on  
 our own. We're always on our own.

119 **EXT. STREET - DAY**

119

Something is coming. Something big. There's a roaring sound,  
 a large, powerful engine going at full throttle.

Two zombies shuffle around in the street. They can hear it  
 coming, but aren't sure where to look.

And then it turns the corner.

A big, red, Routemaster bus.

Terry drives, the rest of the gang in the seats near him. The  
 bus roars forward, and heads for the two zombies.

120 **INT. ROUTEMASTER BUS - DAY**

120

Terry cheers as he drives - there are two solid thumps, and  
 blood splashes on the windscreen, the wipers wiping it off.

Then the bus slows down, and stops. Everyone looks at Terry.

KATY  
 Why've we stopped?

TERRY  
 Red light.

They look out the windows. The streets are deserted.

KATY  
 There's no other fucking traffic,  
 you plum. Just drive!

ANDY  
 Yeah, be a rebel for once in your  
 life! You know you want to!

Now that the bus has stopped, a zombie grabs the pole on the  
 open entrance at the back. It pulls itself on to the bus, and  
 shuffles forward.

TERRY  
 All right, all right.

He tries to get it into gear, the gearbox clanking and  
 grinding in protest. At the back of the bus, the zombie  
 approaches. Nobody notices it, except for...

KATY

Oi!

It looks up at Katy, who is aiming both of her machine guns at it.

KATY (cont'd)

Get off our fucking bus, you mug.

She fires both guns at the zombie, riddling it with bullets. It staggers backwards, and falls off the back of the bus, landing in a heap in the road.

The others see the end of what just happened, and look at Katy, impressed. She shrugs, and explains:

KATY (cont'd)

No ticket.

Terry starts the engine, but still can't get it into gear, the gears grinding painfully. Emma winces.

EMMA

Has he driven a bus before?

KATY

Once. Stole it when the driver went for a piss. Crashed it, too.

EMMA

Oh. Good.

ANDY

In fairness, he was only 12.

The gears grind again, then the bus starts moving.

121 **EXT. STREET - DAY**

121

The bus pulls up.

Over the road is the entrance to the care home. The front door is off its hinges. Windows are smashed. Zombies wander in and out of the building. A large group of zombies shuffles around outside the entrance.

122 **INT. ROUTEMASTER BUS - DAY**

122

The gang stare. The care home looks like a lost cause.

ANDY

Don't panic, they should be okay. They could have locked themselves into the basement, or something.

TERRY

Don't think it's got a basement.

Andy looks at him, worried. Terry covers quickly.



TERRY (cont'd)  
They might be locked away somewhere else, though.

KATY  
So how do we get in?

TERRY  
The fire escape. We'll need a diversion.

EMMA  
Leave that to me.

TERRY  
Are you sure?

EMMA  
Let me know when you're coming out, and I'll come back around.

TERRY  
Thanks. And if we're not back in ten minutes...

KATY  
Then fucking wait longer.

EMMA  
Will do.

Terry throws a walkie talkie to Emma.

123

**EXT. CARE HOME - DAY**

123

The bus drives up to the entrance gate. Emma sticks two fingers in her mouth, and does an ear-splitting whistle.

EMMA  
Oi! Dinner time! Come and get me, you bastards!

She beeps the horn. The zombies by the front entrance turn to face her, and shuffle away from the building.

As soon as the zombies are distracted, Terry, Andy and Katy sneak past to the side of the building and climb up the fire escape. They have a bag of guns with them.

124

**INT. CARE HOME, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY**

124

Using a crowbar, the gang climb in through the fire escape entrance, and sneak along the hallway, quietly.

Suddenly, a zombie comes out of one room, but Katy knocks it over with the crowbar, before battering it to death.

Terry points to a window leading to the roof.

TERRY

We can climb down and get to the  
back door from there.

125

**EXT. CARE HOME, ROOF - DAY**

125

Terry, Andy and Katy climb out on to the roof. They reach the  
edge, and see the zombies in the garden.

KATY

Fuck, there's too many of them. Is  
there a safer way in?

ANDY

Skylight, here. Granddad's always  
banging on about it leaking when it  
rains. "We'll all fucking drown in  
our beds one of these days..."

TERRY

Give us a hand.

They all pull at the skylight cover until it is yanked off.  
Terry leans in to see if the coast is clear.

And is nearly slashed in the face by a kitchen knife.

RAY MACGUIRE

Get the fuck out of it, you fucking  
zombie bastard!

TERRY

Jesus!

Ray's standing on a kitchen chair, under the skylight. The  
other pensioners stand around him, with their own cutlery.

RAY MACGUIRE

Terry?? What are you doing here?

126

**INT. CARE HOME, KITCHEN - DAY**

126

Terry, Andy and Katy climb down into the kitchen.

TERRY

What are you playing at? You nearly  
cut my face off!

RAY MACGUIRE

Thought you was a zombie, didn't I?  
(to Katy)  
Hello sweetheart, they dragged you  
into this too?

He hugs Katy, giving her a kiss on the cheek.

KATY

I volunteered. More fool me, eh?

Hamish spots Katy, and is suddenly interested in the new arrival. He waves at her, flashing a dirty grin.

DOREEN

Hello Andy!

She waves at Andy, suggestively, who nervously waves back.

ANDY

Hi Doreen...

TERRY

We've come to rescue you all.  
Right, everyone up on to the roof,  
and we'll go down the fire escape.

He realises how stupid that is, as soon as the words are out of his mouth. He looks at Eric in the wheelchair, and the other old folks.

RAY MACGUIRE

You're having a tin bath, ain't you? Eric's a raspberry ripple, Darryl's got his leg, and Hamish is on his third hip replacement.

TERRY

Shit. Anybody here NOT had a hip replacement?

The pensioners look at each other. None of their hands go up. Only Ray and the gang put their hands up.

RAY MACGUIRE

I fucking ain't.

ANDY

Never mind, it's okay. We'll just go out the front.

He points at the splintering door. Ray rolls his eyes.

RAY MACGUIRE

Well thank fuck for that. We're saved, everyone! Laurel and fucking Hardy are here to rescue us. Shouldn't you be trying to get a piano up the stairs or something??

PEGGY

You haven't seen the hallway. There's tons of zombies out there.

TERRY

We've got a bus out in front. If we can get to that, we're laughing.

Ray holds his kitchen knife up.

RAY MACGUIRE  
With a few knives and forks??

Andy opens the bag of guns.

ANDY  
Leave it out. Did you honestly  
think we wouldn't bring you some  
decent gear?

Ray's eyes light up at the guns. He chucks the alligator  
lopper aside, and goes for the guns.

RAY MACGUIRE  
Boys, boys, boys. Now you're  
talking my language.

PEGGY  
That's cheered you up, hasn't it?

HAMISH  
I don't know. I'm not as quick as I  
used to be.

DOREEN  
He's right. There's too many of  
them, guns or no guns.

Ray stares at them. Glances at Peggy - who subtly nods at  
him, as if to say "go for it". He smiles at her.

RAY MACGUIRE  
Now look. I know we're all scared.  
But if we stay here, we definitely  
won't make it.

HAMISH  
I've never fired a gun before.

DARRYL  
It's easy. You just point the  
fucker and pull the trigger.

Peggy takes a handgun, pops out the ammo clip, checks it,  
slams it back in, and racks the slide. The others look at  
her, impressed. She winks at Terry and Andy.

PEGGY  
Well I haven't been a pensioner all  
my life, have I?

Terry opens his mouth to ask, but Ray interrupts.

RAY MACGUIRE  
You want to die in here with no  
dignity, or out there with pride?

Hamish hesitates. Ray grabs a shotgun and a handgun, and  
cocks them both.

RAY MACGUIRE (cont'd)

Fuck this. I've lived round here all my life. And I'm not letting some fucked up, undead, zombie slags get the better of me. The biggest fucking mistake they made was starting shit in my fucking East End, on my fucking manor. So let's get fucking tooled up, get the fuck out there, and fucking kick their fucking heads in!

The pensioners cheer - not the loudest cheer in the world, but as loud as they can manage. It descends into coughing after a few seconds, but they still mean business.

Katy looks at Terry.

KATY

Swears a lot, doesn't he?

TERRY

He must be upset. Normally he's a lot worse.

127

**INT. CARE HOME, KITCHEN - DAY**

127

Montage: the pensioners get tooled up. They take their pick of weapons from the bag, and have the workings of the guns explained to them by Ray, Peggy, and Katy.

Machetes are duct-taped to the side of the wheelchair, sticking out, so they'll cut anything they pass.

Two guns are duct-taped to Hamish's walking frame, so that he can pull the trigger and walk at the same time.

Eric, in his wheelchair, is given a shotgun and a handgun.

Peggy and Doreen both reach for the biggest machine gun at the same time. They both pull at it, fighting over it. Peggy wins when she threatens to slap Doreen.

Darryl grabs a baseball bat, machete and shotgun.

Terry and Andy turn the kitchen table on its side, and bring it over to the wall furthest away from the splintering door.

Finally, the montage ends, and the pensioners all turn to face the gang with their weapons aloft.

PEGGY

Let's kick some arse.

RAY MACGUIRE

Too bloody right.

KATY

Nice.

ANDY

Armed to the false teeth. Get it?

KATY

No, it was way too clever for me.

BOOM! Eric's shotgun goes off, blowing a chunk out of the ceiling. Dust and rubble rain down.

ERIC

Sorry.

TERRY

It's all right. Just be careful.

ERIC

Yeah, course. Health and safety.

BOOM! It goes off again, causing more dust and rubble to fall from the ceiling. Eric looks embarrassed.

128 **INT. CARE HOME, KITCHEN - DAY**

128

Terry's on the walkie talkie to Emma.

TERRY

We're coming out the front. Give us two minutes.

EMMA (O.S.)

The front? There's tons of them out here.

TERRY

I know. But we'll have to manage.

Terry faces the others.

TERRY (cont'd)

Ready?

He walks to the splintering hall door, which has got a grenade taped to it. He pulls the pin, and runs, joining the others who are crouching down behind the kitchen table on its side. Everyone blocks their ears.

129 **INT. CARE HOME, HALLWAY - DAY**

129

The zombies batter on the splintering kitchen door.

Suddenly, it EXPLODES, tearing through the hallway and splattering several zombies, blasting the rest backwards into the living room.

130 **INT. CARE HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY**

130

The surviving zombies pick themselves up.

And then with a mighty war cry, the gang and the pensioners come out of the kitchen, armed to the false teeth. More zombies have come in through the broken patio doors.

A zombie turns to face Ray, who aims his gun at it.

RAY MACGUIRE

Fuck off, zombie!

Boom! He blows its head off. The pensioners push through into the living room, forcing the zombies back. They keep firing, taking zombies down. Terry, Andy and Katy join in.

Everyone takes different paths, to weave their way around the scattered furniture and debris.

TERRY

Shoot them in the head!

RAY MACGUIRE

We fucking know that!

BOOM! Ray takes one down. Andy heaves his samurai sword down, chopping right through the side of a zombie's head, taking a diagonal slice out of its forehead.

ANDY

Ohhhh, you like that? You like that? You want some more?

He glances over at Doreen, who is shooting at some other zombies. She sees what Andy just did, and gives him an admiring look. She blows a kiss at him, seductively. Andy half-smiles back, uncertainly.

Hamish shuffles along on his walking frame, firing the guns attached to the frame, felling zombies as he goes.

Zombie Chas and Dave approach, Dave half strumming his bass, out of instinct. Darryl faces them.

DARRYL

Sorry lads. But that was your farewell concert.

He raises his gun and takes them out with two head shots.

A zombie with no legs crawls up behind Darryl. Katy spots it.

KATY

Look out, behind you!

But Darryl doesn't hear. The zombie grabs his leg, and bites into it.

KATY (cont'd)

Shit, no!

CRUNCH. The zombie's teeth shatter, and it looks confused. Darryl looks down, and laughs.

DARRYL  
Wrong fucking leg, sunshine.

He pulls up his trousers - he's got a wooden leg. He unstraps it, then uses it to beat the zombie to death, smashing his leg into its head.

When he's done, he straps the leg back on. He wipes his hands together, job done.

Terry and Peggy fight side by side. A pensioner zombie grabs Peggy, and tries to bite her. But before it can, its false teeth fall out.

PEGGY  
Chew on this instead, you mug.

She rams the barrel of her handgun into its mouth, and pulls the trigger. BOOM! Brains explodes out of the back of its head, and it collapses.

Another zombie is now blocking the door, but Peggy lifts up her HUGE machine gun, and starts firing. The zombie is riddled with bullets, as Peggy fires away, demolishing it. The zombie falls to the floor, dead.

PEGGY (cont'd)  
And STAY down!

Peggy lifts the smoking machine gun barrel up, and blows the smoke off it.

KATY  
Keep moving to the front!

They fight their way through the zombies.

There are several framed photos and medals on the table. Ray grabs one before he leaves - it's him, aged 15, in his soldier's uniform. He shoves it inside his shirt. And grabs one of the medals.

131 **INT. CARE HOME, HALLWAY - DAY**

131

The fight progresses into the hallway, everyone taking down zombies with gun headshots.

The hallway turns several times as they go, revealing new zombie threats every time they turn a corner.

Natasha the nurse is a zombie, and snarls at Hamish. Hamish lifts his gun up, sadly, then fires.

HAMISH  
Sorry love. But I don't think I fancy you any more.



They turn another corner into a long stretch of hallway.

Eric finds himself in front. Up ahead of him, he sees another pensioner zombie - in a wheelchair. It's the one who jumped the queue at lunch that day. Eric narrows his eyes. The zombie pushes lifelessly at its own wheels. Eric yells.

ERIC

Give us a push! This queue-jumping fucker is mine!

ANDY

Let's do it!

Andy grabs the handles, and starts pushing Eric down the hall, towards the wheelchair zombie.

Eric gets closer to the wheelchair zombie, and lowers his shotgun like a jousting pole.

As he passes by, he pulls the trigger. BOOM! The wheelchair zombie's head explodes, and Eric is the winner.

ERIC

Next time, wait your fucking turn!

They turn another corner. The open front door is in sight. Outside, a huge crowd of zombies approaches.

DARRYL

Gordon Bennett! There's tons of 'em!

TERRY

Don't worry, hold on!

132     **EXT. CARE HOME - DAY**     132

HONK HOOOONK! The bus approaches at speed, Emma driving. She aims for the zombies.

133     **INT. CARE HOME, HALLWAY - DAY**     133

The gang see the bus smacking the zombies away from the door.

TERRY

Let's go!

134     **EXT. CARE HOME - DAY**     134

The bus skids to a halt. The gang and the pensioners come out, heading for the bus.

Behind them, the gang of hoodies are now zombies, and approach stealthily. The pensioners and our gang don't immediately notice the hoodies approaching.

Emma spots them. She gets out of the cab, and shoots at them, taking three down. Ray squares up to the last one.

RAY MACGUIRE  
Fucking have some of this! Bosh!

He grabs two bricks from the nearby rubble, and SLAMS them together against the side of the zombie's head, crushing it. The zombie collapses, and Ray tosses the bricks aside, rubbing the dust off his hands.

RAY MACGUIRE (cont'd)  
Off we go, then.

135

**INT. ROUTEMASTER BUS - DAY**

135

Everyone is on board, settling in. Ray spots all the bags.

RAY MACGUIRE  
How many bags do you need? Are these all guns too? Oh, hello, I'm Ray, are you friends with the boys?

He's just seen Emma. They shake hands.

EMMA  
I'm Emma. We just met, at the robbery. But I don't hold it against them.

RAY MACGUIRE  
"Robbery"?

Terry and Andy glance at each other. Uh oh. Ray opens one of the bags, and sees the money. He stares at the boys. Emma realises what she's said, and goes quiet, worried.

TERRY  
The thing is... we knew that they were closing down the care home. And we didn't want you getting sent away up North.

RAY MACGUIRE  
And?

ANDY  
Well... we sort of robbed a bank. To save the care home.

Deadly silence.

RAY MACGUIRE  
You robbed a bank? After everything I've tried to teach you about working for a living? After what happened to your mum and dad, God rest 'em? And you dragged your cousin into it, too?

ANDY  
Yeah. Pretty much.

KATY

I volunteered. Wanted to make sure there was at least ONE sensible person involved.

RAY MACGUIRE

How much did you get?

TERRY

Two and a half million. Roughly.

The other pensioners stare at the bags, amazed. Ray raises an eyebrow. They await his reaction, terrified. When he finally speaks, he's actually pretty calm.

RAY MACGUIRE

That was really stupid, irresponsible, and wrong. But you've definitely got the MacGuire genes in you.

ANDY

You're not angry?

RAY MACGUIRE

You risked prison to make sure me and this lot were looked after. Then you risked your lives to come and get us out. I'm impressed.

TERRY

Cheers.

RAY MACGUIRE

But if you EVER do it again, I shall knock seven shades of shit out of you.

ANDY

We won't, granddad.

RAY MACGUIRE

And stop fucking calling me granddad!

Peggy pipes up from her seat.

PEGGY

Blimey, two and a half million. I never managed to blag that much when I was active.

Terry and Andy stare at her.

TERRY

What exactly did she do in the old days?

RAY MACGUIRE

Best not to ask. Come on then,  
let's get moving.

Terry jumps into the driver's seat, and starts the engine,  
the gears grinding yet again.

136     **EXT. STREET - DAY**     136

The bus speeds along. They've made it.

137     **INT. ROUTEMASTER BUS - DAY/DUSK**     137

It's starting to get dark outside.

The gang are ecstatic, cheering and excited. Terry's got his  
driver window down so he can hear what's going on in the rest  
of the bus.

RAY MACGUIRE

Maybe I was wrong about you two.  
You're not as useless as I thought.

Terry and Andy grin.

Everybody's happy.

Triumphant music plays. It looks like it's all over.

Terry changes gear. Suddenly, there's a horrible grinding  
CRUNCH, a CLANG, and the bus slowly coasts to a halt. The  
music stops.

TERRY

Shit. I've fucked up the gearbox.

138     **EXT. STREET - DAY/DUSK**     138

The bus just sits in the road, smoke pouring from the engine.

There's silence for a moment.

RAY MACGUIRE (O.S.)

I take it back. You're a pair of  
fucking idiots.

139     **INT. ROUTEMASTER BUS - DAY/DUSK**     139

Terry climbs in from the driver's cab.

TERRY

Sorry, it's those gears, they're  
really wonky.

RAY MACGUIRE

I knew one of you would nause it  
up. Unbelievable.

ANDY

At least we're out of the care home. That's something.

RAY MACGUIRE

You're about as much use as a back pocket on a vest.

KATY

We need to keep moving.

PEGGY

We're near the river. Maybe we can find a boat? I can operate it if we find one.

TERRY

Good plan, let's go.

140

**EXT. STREET - DAY/DUSK**

140

Everyone piles out of the bus. Zombies are approaching from all sides.

EMMA

Run!

They all go as fast as they can, which isn't very fast. They head up a side street.

141

**EXT. DOCKS - DUSK**

141

The gang approach the docks, a huge crowd of zombies behind them. The pensioners aren't that much faster than the zombies. Hamish is the slowest, with his walking frame.

ANDY

Fuck's sake. Good job the zombies aren't too quick on their toes. This lot are almost as slow.

HAMISH

Oi! We're old! Leave it out.

TERRY

Come on, we're almost there.

The lead zombie is Grainger, still holding his clipboard, shuffling ahead. Ray spots him when he glances back.

RAY MACGUIRE

Fuck's sake, not you again.

142

**EXT. BOAT - DUSK**

142

They all get onto a tourist boat, and Peggy heads for the cabin. She starts the engine, but notices that a large rope is still tying the boat to the dock.

PEGGY

We can't go, we didn't untie the rope!

The zombies are on the dock now, heading for the boat. Nobody wants to go and untie the rope, if they go they'll probably get taken by the zombies.

They all stare at it, helplessly.

RAY MACGUIRE

Oh fucking hell. You want something done, do it yourself.

Calmly, Ray takes out the medal he rescued from the care home, and pins it on himself. He turns to Terry and Andy.

RAY MACGUIRE (cont'd)

Look after Katy, and Peggy. And get a fucking job, or I'll come back and fucking haunt you.

TERRY

What are you doing? Wait!

PEGGY

Ray, don't!

But before anyone can react, Ray jumps on to the dock, machine gun hanging from his shoulder by a strap.

The boat is swinging away from the dock, so nobody can jump to follow Ray, it's too far.

143

**EXT. DOCKS - DUSK**

143

Ray runs towards the rope.

The others watch, powerless to help, as Ray reaches the rope on the bollard. The zombies approach, led by Grainger.

TERRY

Peggy, turn the boat, get us close, so we can go and help.

Peggy gets in the cabin and starts turning the boat. It moves painfully slowly.

KATY

He's not going to make it.

ANDY

He'll be okay, he can handle himself, don't worry--

The zombies are almost on Ray. He struggles with the rope. But the zombies surround him, just as he gets the rope off, freeing the boat. Everyone stares in horror. Ray just gave his own life to make sure they got away.

ANDY (cont'd)  
Granddad! No!

Peggy's in tears. And so are Terry, Andy and Katy. Andy is heartbroken - he kept saying everything would be okay, but now his granddad is dead.

The boat is closer now, and Andy jumps over to the dock. He raises his guns and walks towards the zombies, furiously.

ANDY (cont'd)  
You half-dead fuckers! I'm going to  
kill every single one of you!

He's so upset, he forgets to add what he usually says. Terry jumps to the dock and walks next to him. He says it for him.

TERRY  
And so will his brother!

Andy smiles, gratefully. Katy jumps over to join them.

KATY  
And so will their cousin.

They stride forwards together, reloading their guns.

TERRY  
This is for our granddad!

But then, they hear the roar of a machine gun. Bloody chunks erupt out of the backs of the zombies, as they're pushed back by machine gun fire.

Ray's lying on the ground, spraying them with machine gun fire, pushing them back with the bullets. He stands up, shooting several of them in the head before they can bite him. He shouts at Terry as he shoots.

RAY MACGUIRE  
I told you...  
(bang!)  
Not to call me...  
(bang!)  
Granddad!

Terry, Andy and Katy run over to him, and start dispatching zombies as they go. Ray shoots two more, Terry kicks one into the water, Katy shoots another in the face, and Andy slices the legs out from another.

The Grainger zombie, clipboard and all, lurches towards them, but all four of them shoot it down.

It's a beautiful sight - the MacGuire family working together, as a team, at last. They run for the boat.

Ray, Terry, Andy and Katy jump across the ever-widening gap between the dock and the boat. They just make it.

Emma's relieved to see that Terry and the others made it, and she almost has a little moment with Terry - before they're both shoved aside by Peggy, who runs to Ray.

Peggy grabs Ray in relief, kissing him on the mouth quickly. They're both as surprised as each other.

RAY MACGUIRE

Steady on, girl. Not in front of the zombies.

PEGGY

Sorry.

RAY MACGUIRE

Only joking. Any more where that come from??

PEGGY

As much as you like, you handsome bastard.

She kisses him again, tenderly, and he responds. Terry and Andy look away, happy for them, but not wanting to watch their granddad snogging someone. The other pensioners cheer them on.

DARRYL

Get in, Ray! Fill your boots!

Doreen comes over to Andy.

DOREEN

Well done, Andy. That was VERY impressive.

ANDY

Oh, cheers, yeah.

Doreen grabs him, hugging him tightly, before Andy can dodge her. He hugs her back, politely. Doreen's hand sneaks down to Andy's arse, and starts squeezing. Andy struggles.

ANDY (cont'd)

Yeah, okay, there we go, all right.

He manages to escape, but Doreen's happy enough. Peggy heads back to the cabin to steer the boat.

Ray pulls out four cigars, and tosses one to Terry, Andy and Katy. He lights his own.

RAY MACGUIRE

You done good. I'm proud of you, all of you. Terry, Andy - your mum and dad would have been proud, too.



Terry and Andy smile at each other, happy.

ANDY

So what are you going to do after this? You and Peggy going to do up the care home, make it all fancy?

RAY MACGUIRE

Fuck that. We'll take our share of the cash, and travel round the world, causing fucking trouble.

PEGGY

Too right. I'm well up for that. I'm not sitting around doing nothing after all this.

DARRYL

I am, I'm exhausted.

They all look at him.

DARRYL (cont'd)

What?? I'm 86, I can sit around doing fuck all if I want!

ERIC

Yeah, me and all.

HAMISH

Not me. I'm going to go and pull some birds with big knockers.

Helicopter gunships pass over, heading into the East End.

EMMA

You think they'll sort it all out?

ANDY

Yeah, I reckon. Probably seal it all off and pump it full of weedkiller or some shit.

EMMA

Weedkiller?

ANDY

Well I dunno, whatever kills zombies. Hope so, anyway. I grew up here.

KATY

They can't just leave it. It's part of our history.

Terry stares at the zombies on the bank, smoking his cigar.

TERRY

The East End has been through worse than this. It'll bounce back. It always does. Cause we're strong. We're clever. And we look after each other.

Ray nods sombrely, patting Terry's shoulder.

RAY MACGUIRE

Well said. And if it comes to it, I'll round up every nutter from Bermondsey to Canning Town, and we'll go and fucking sort it out, Cockney-style.

Ray lifts a machine gun, and shouts at the group of zombies on the nearby river bank.

RAY MACGUIRE (cont'd)

OI! ZOMBIES! GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY EAST END!

With a war cry, he fires point blank at the screen, bullet casings flying everywhere, as the others cheer him on.

BLACK SCREEN

THE END