

BAD SUSHI

Written by

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INT. MAIN HALLWAY, SHOPPING MALL - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

Clouds of smoke drift under flickering mall lights.

Fish monsters, human shaped, gills, facial features half melted, covered by scales, lips fleshy and flapping, lurch among the fog blindly.

DOLLY (V.O.)

They say be careful what you wish
for, and boy were they right.

DOLLY SWAN, (30 curvy and casually dressed), holds a video camera pointed at **FLETCHER WILSON, (25 handsome, casually dressed, a young Kurt Russell-type)** who wades through the smoke, a water gun in each hand firing at fish monsters.

DOLLY (V.O.)

I wished for monsters for my indie
movie shoot.

TAMMY DOYLE (35 to 40 short, stocky, an aging gymnast) joins Fletcher, continuously lobs smoke bombs into the pool in the center of the hallway.

DOLLY (V.O.)

This isn't what I expected.

Fish Monsters continue to fall as Fletcher shoots them with his water guns.

DOLLY (V.O.)

I know you want to know how we got
to this scene.

He suddenly turns, sees a gang of Fish Monsters coming up on his flank. Tammy scrambles to hit them.

Out of the smoke comes **WAYNE DOYLE (30 to 35 red hair, short, stocky, aging gymnast)** and **PAM DOUCETTE (35 dark, frizzy hair and skinny),** also brandishing water guns.

DOLLY (V.O.)

Let me back up, but no more voice
over, movies are "show don't tell".

The foursome blast the Fish Monsters, Tammy throws smoke bomb after smoke bomb, Dolly films it all.

DOLLY (V.O.)

So buckle up, buttercups. Here. We.
Go!

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - EVENING

Dolly directs Fletcher in a scene against the back drop of the dumpsters.

DOLLY
Fletch, your girlfriend was just
found ripped to shreds.

Fletcher nods, pushing his shoulders back.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Now Fletch, just really sell it.

Dolly puts the camera to her eye, stops, runs to Fletcher, unbuttons his shirt so his chest is exposed.

FLETCHER
Hey. Why did you do that?

Dolly grins as she returns to her position.

DOLLY
Relax babe, just setting the scene.

FLETCHER
With my bare chest? That's sexist.

DOLLY
No, it's sexy.

FLETCHER
It's sexist.

They exchange glares, he looks away first, defeated.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
What's my line again?

Dolly aims the camera, squinting with her other eye.

DOLLY
Your line is "No, not my girl."
Except, draw it out, like you are
totally agonized and traumatized
and stuff. Okay babe?

He huffs at her, paces, shakes his shoulders and arms around, inhales/exhales rapidly a few times, spouts a few "Energy, energy plus's" under his breath, turns, gives her a nod.

She turns on the camera.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Okay, and ... action!

Fletcher's face suddenly looks pained, an overly dramatic look of horror.

He grabs the side of the nearest dumpster, grimaces and pulls his hand away.

He then staggers forward, falls to his knees and raises his fists to the air, his face a picture of misery.

FLETCHER
Nooooooooooooooooo, not my girl!

Dolly films him as he puts his face in his hands.

Tammy, in full security uniform, walks into the frame. Dolly stops filming.

DOLLY
Dammit, Tammy.

Tammy looks annoyed.

TAMMY
What the hell kind of maneuvers are you two doing?

Fletcher sighs dramatically and stands up, confronting her.

FLETCHER
Thanks Tammy, you totally stepped on my line!

Tammy frowns at both of them.

TAMMY
What did you say to me, soldier?

Dolly points to the camera.

DOLLY
We're filming, Tammy.

FLETCHER
And not a soldier.

Fletcher paces.

TAMMY
Again, what kind of mission is this?

DOLLY
My indie horror, Mall Monsters.
It's the story-

Tammy holds up a hand.

TAMMY
(interrupting)
Stop, don't fucking tell me one of
your long drawn out craptacular
stories.

DOLLY
(angry)
Craptacular? That implies it's
spectacular crap.

TAMMY
Shut it! You can't film here.

Fletcher turns on Tammy.

FLETCHER
Wait, what? Why not? We're filming
here, at the dumpsters, not bugging
anyone.

TAMMY
Doesn't matter, soldier.

She looks him up and down; his costume reminiscent of Rambo
or John Mclane.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
Or should I say Rambo.

DOLLY
Hey, how did you know it's Rambo
meets Dawn of the Dead meets Die
Hard?

She looks at Dolly, disgusted.

TAMMY
Dear god, where do you get these
rancid fucking ideas?

DOLLY
Hey, don't see you writing
anything?

TAMMY

And you won't, except maybe to write you two up.

DOLLY

Write us up?

TAMMY

Yeah, can't put you in the stockade, mostly because we don't have one. Now stop filming.

Fletcher glares belligerently.

FLETCHER

Enough of the military jargon, Tammy. Now why can't we film here?

TAMMY

Because, moron, insurance, for one. Permission is two.

Fletcher turns to stare at Dolly. Dolly looks chagrined.

FLETCHER

You said we have permission.

DOLLY

Uh, well, not permission as such.

TAMMY

Why would I ever give you permission to do this?

FLETCHER

Doesn't Wayne run the mall? He would be giving permission.

TAMMY

(laughing)

Wayne does nothing but run his mouth. Anything you ask him actually goes through me.

Fletcher glares at Dolly, who smiles uncomfortably at him.

FLETCHER

So, we DON'T have permission?

TAMMY

No, now beat it.

Fletcher throws his hands up and walks away. Tammy grins at Dolly, who grabs her camera bag and chases after Fletcher.

EXT. FOOD COURT MALL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Dolly catches Fletcher at the doors.

DOLLY
Hey, come on, don't be mad.

He stops, glaring at her.

FLETCHER
You were supposed to get permission this time.

DOLLY
I know, but it costs money and I don't have it.

FLETCHER
Great.

DOLLY
So, you could pay for it, you ARE an executive producer.

FLETCHER
What does that even mean?

DOLLY
Well, babe, it means you get an equal share of any ROI.

FLETCHER
What return on investment? Fifty percent of zero is still zero. This ain't Hollywood 'babe'.

He turns away, storming into the mall.

Dolly's shoulder's slump as she yanks the door open and follows.

INT. MALL FOOD COURT - MOMENTS LATER

Dolly and Fletcher stand away from the moving crowds, and study the various restaurants.

DOLLY
So, what are you in the mood for?

FLETCHER

Same choices as always, burgers,
subs, pizza, fries, Chinese buffet,
Greek, soup and salad or Sushi.

Dolly shudders.

DOLLY

Not sushi, it always
looks...rainbow coloured, if you
know what I mean?

FLETCHER

I do.

They stare a few more minutes.

DOLLY

Well, I'm getting a hot dog and
poutine from the fries place.

Fletcher makes a face.

FLETCHER

How can you eat hot dogs and
poutine?

She grins.

DOLLY

Because both are delicious.

FLETCHER

There is nothing delicious about
animal remnants in a skin tube, or
cheese curds and gravy on top of
perfectly good French fries.

She nudges him.

DOLLY

Well, what you getting, babe?

FLETCHER

My usual.

DOLLY

(laughing)

Double cheeseburger, large fries
and a root beer?

FLETCHER

Why mess with perfection.

DOLLY
Fair enough. I'll meet you at the
table.

INT. FOOD COURT - MOMENTS LATER

Dolly and Fletcher arrive at an empty table opposite the
sushi place, at the same time.

Fletcher stares at Dolly's tray in disgust, she grins.

DOLLY
Hungry?

FLETCHER
Not for that.

She starts to eat very aggressively. He does the same. After
a few seconds, he licks his lips.

DOLLY
Ew. Are you trying to be sexy?

FLETCHER
What do you mean? I AM sexy.

DOLLY
Save it for the screen, babe.

FLETCHER
(laughing)
Okay, okay. So, what's the plan for
this movie?

DOLLY
We finish it, and we can either
take it to film festivals or-

FLETCHER
(interrupting)
Or what? What else is there?

DOLLY
Distribute it ourselves.

FLETCHER
How?! With what money? You got a
trust fund I don't know about?

DOLLY
No. Sugar daddy.

He stops eating, staring.

FLETCHER

You ARE kidding, right? Right?

She shrugs, grabs a few fries, jams them into her mouth.

Yelling startles them both and they turn towards it.

Wayne is standing at the counter of the Super Sushi restaurant. He is red faced, leaning on the counter, yelling at the customers and the staff.

WAYNE

(yelling)

No no no, stop serving food. You are shut down. SHUT DOWN!

A customer reaches for a tray on the top counter that has his food on it. Wayne slaps his hand.

The customer slaps back. They tussle for the tray.

Sushi flies everywhere, splattering bystanders, detonating on the floor like wet bombs.

The crowd steps away in a widening circle as fishy shrapnel hits everywhere.

Wayne shakes fish and condiments off his head, grabs his walkie talkie from his belt.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

(into the walkie)

Can I get maintenance to the food court, we've got spilled sushi all over the floor.

Fletcher and Dolly smirk as they share a look.

DOLLY

Yeah, spilled because he spilled it.

FLETCHER

Shhh, don't let him hear you. He might come over here. And I want to see how this plays out.

DOLLY

Good point. I think I'll film it.

She pulls out her camera, aims in Wayne's direction, filming Wayne, the sushi explosion aftermath..

Wayne starts waving his hands at the staff behind the counter, who have retreated away from him.

WAYNE

Stop making sushi. I mean honestly,
I can see the rainbow oil slick
from here.

Wayne points an oily looking sheen on the prep surface.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

And I'm pretty sure that fish isn't
supposed to be green!

The manager comes from the back, **LILITH, (40s petite)**, she looks furious as she steps up to the counter.

LILITH

Hey, Doyle, why are you harassing
my employees?

Wayne glares at her over the glass sneeze guard.

WAYNE

I just got the report from the food
inspector. You're food is rancid,
failed every test.

The customers back away just far enough to still hear. A larger crowd has formed in a circle.

Dolly's view is blocked, she stands on her seat to get a better view.

Lilith picks up a sushi knife and brandishes it.

LILITH

That food inspector is racist. He
hates Japanese people.

Wayne looks confused.

WAYNE

What are you even talking about?
You're not Japanese.

LILITH

No, but the food is and my husband
is. You bring that inspector to me
and I'll show him.

Wayne back away from the counter, eyeing the knife.

WAYNE

I will do no such thing and put that knife down. This is ridiculous.

LILITH

You can't shut me down!

WAYNE

You are shut down, for serving bad sushi.

Lilith furiously stabs the knife point first into the cutting board on the counter and storms into the back, yelling as she goes.

LILITH (O.C.)

Asshole! That's it, we're shut down. Everyone go home.

The sign shuts off and the employees file into the back room. Lilith slams the door shut behind them.

Wayne stands staring and shaking his head. Maintenance arrives to clean the floor.

They start to clean as he waves his hands at the crowd.

WAYNE

Okay, show's over, everyone can go now. No more sushi today. Bye bye!

The crowd disperses as he spots Dolly filming him and charges over.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, Dolly, put that away. I don't want to see this end up on the internet.

Fletcher snickers.

FLETCHER

Really, Wayne?

Wayne shoots Fletcher a withering look.

Dolly gets off the chair, turns the camera off and tucks it away in her back.

DOLLY

Sorry, Wayne, I promise, it will not end up on the INTERNET.

(to Fletcher)

But it might make him Hollywood famous when I put it in the movie and become a famous director like Spielberg.

Fletcher stares at her.

FLETCHER

Does that mean I'm famous like Harrison Ford?

She shrugs, noticing Wayne glaring at her. She flashes him a grin.

DOLLY

Hey, Wayne!

Wayne harrumphs at her when his walkie crackles to life. It's Tammy.

TAMMY (O.C.)

Wayne, we got a situation over here near the main entrance. I need you now.

He huffs.

WAYNE

(into the walkie)

Okay, okay, on my way. Bye bye!

He shakes his head at Dolly and Fletcher, glaring, then charges away.

Dolly and Fletcher chuckle, sitting back down to eat.

The door to the sushi back room opens and Lilith comes out with a couple of employees.

LILITH

Start cleaning, and throw all that away.

One employee turns to object. She holds up a finger.

LILITH (CONT'D)

Don't talk back, I know I said you should all go home, but do this first, then clean and then go home.

(MORE)

LILITH (CONT'D)

And no, you aren't getting paid,
because we're shut down.

The employees look angry as they start clearing out all the spoiled sushi and throwing it into clear trash bags.

Dolly chews, watching as Fletcher hums over his burger.

Dolly turns back to Fletcher.

DOLLY

You know, we could do something
with all that spoiled sushi.

Fletcher stops eating, swallows hard, staring.

FLETCHER

What..do you want me to... I don't
have to eat it, do I?

DOLLY

(laughing)

No. Touch it maybe, but I have an
idea.

FLETCHER

Okay. As long as I don't have to
eat it.

DOLLY

You won't have to eat it, okay
babe?

He grins and finishes his burger.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

We'll come back tonight, after the
mall is closed. I mean, they don't
have enough security to do much of
anything, so long as we don't stay
in one spot too long.

They "clink" their drink cups together and smile.

EXT. DUMPSTER, FOOD COURT ENTRANCE

The Super Sushi employees file out the back door, each carrying two large black garbage bags.

Lilith follows them out as they throw the bags away.

LILITH

Dump it in, dump it all in, then
get back inside and start scrubbing
everything. Fridges, prep tables,
everything.

She shoos the employees back inside.

The door closes.

INT. THE DUMPSTER - OVER THE NEXT FOUR HOURS

The hot sun beats down on the open dumpster and the plastic
bags, until the sun starts to set.

EXT. DUMPSTER - EVENING

BOB (50s homeless, hairy, hungry looking) hides out of sight
behind the farthest dumpster, watching.

He watches and sees no movement, then emerges, climbs into
the dumpster, tosses a couple of bags out and climbs back
out.

He grabs the bags, runs away, cackling.

EXT. MALL, BACK PARKING LOT - EVENING

A jeep pulls up, shuts off it's lights, Dolly and Fletcher
get out. Dolly with her camera gear, Fletcher in costume.

They sneak over to the dumpster area, surprising Bob from his
hiding place, slivers of sushi dangling from his lips.

DOLLY

(gagging)

Oh god, gross, is that what I think
it is?

Bob jumps up, runs away.

Fletcher peers into the bag, gags.

FLETCHER

Garbage sushi.

Dolly retches.

A back door slams open and a uniformed Tammy strides over.

TAMMY

What the hell do you two think
you're doing?

DOLLY

Nothing, but did your cameras catch
the homeless guy eating the garbage
sushi?

TAMMY

(sighing)

Yeah, that's actually why I'm here.

She peers around the dumpsters, stops when she finds Bob.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Hey, Bob. What are you doing?

Bob creeps from his hiding place, head hanging.

BOB

I was hungry.

TAMMY

I know but eating garbage isn't a
great idea. It's garbage for a
reason, dude.

BOB

I don't got no money to buy
nothing.

TAMMY

Still-

DOLLY

(interrupting)

I'll buy you dinner, buddy. Just
please don't eat gross garbage,
okay.

Tammy eyeballs Dolly, Dolly holds out a twenty dollar bill.
Tammy grabs it, hands it to Bob.

BOB

Thanks.

DOLLY

No problem.

TAMMY

Come on Bob, let's go inside and see what the food court has left, then I might let you take a nap on one of the benches for a while after the mall closes, okay? Just don't tell my brother.

She leads Bob away, pausing to whisper to Dolly and Fletcher.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

That was nice, but don't let me catch you filming around here. Being nice doesn't mean you get a free pass.

Dolly and Fletcher share a look, nodding at Tammy.

The door slams behind Tammy and Bob.

Dolly turns to Fletcher, grinning.

DOLLY

Right, so, take up position near the dumpster and get into character, okay?

FLETCHER

Right. What's my motivation?

DOLLY

We've been over this, dead girlfriend, pulled to pieces, in the dumpster. You're sad and angry. Think you can do that?

FLETCHER

(sarcastically)

No, I don't think I can do that at all.

Fletcher starts pacing, shaking his hands, rolling his head on his neck as Dolly sets up her camera.

INT. MALL MAIN ENTRANCE - MORNING

Tammy sashays from the security office, stops at a bench where Bob is twitching in his sleep. She pokes him with her a foot.

He jumps, sits up.

TAMMY

Okay, Bob, you had a meal, you had some sleep. Time to go or I could get fired.

Bob grunts, rubbing his face.

BOB

Okay, can I have a minute.

TAMMY

Not really. Wayne's always on time.

BOB

I don't feel so great.

TAMMY

Yeah, well, you did eat four burgers, two large poutines, three donuts, a popcorn and a large root beer. So, not surprised, now come on. Move along.

Bob staggers to his feet, follows Tammy to the main doors.

She unlocks them, follows him outside.

He groans at the bright morning sun. Wayne jogs up, frowning.

WAYNE

Hey Tammy, what's he doing here this early?

TAMMY

He was sleeping on one of the outside benches. I'm just moving him along.

Wayne frowns at Bob, who staggers away.

WAYNE

What's wrong with him? He drunk?

TAMMY

Naw, someone gave him money for food last night and he must have gorged. Probably just needs a shit!

Wayne grunts at her, shakes his head, charges inside.

Tammy watches Bob tottering unsteadily away before following Wayne.

EXT. MALL MAIN ENTRANCE - NOON

Dolly sits in her beat up soft top Jeep, Fletcher arrives, jumping in the passenger side.

FLETCHER
Hey, got your lunch.

She catches the fast food bag he tosses her, peeks inside, smiles.

DOLLY
Yum, tacos. What did you get?

FLETCHER
Burrito and spicy fries.

He opens his own bag, they start eating.

After a moment.

DOLLY
I think we should actually ask
Wayne if we can film at the mall.

Fletcher stops, burrito in his face.

FLETCHER
Okay. How do we spin this?

DOLLY
What do you mean?

FLETCHER
Well, Wayne isn't exactly a nice
guy who does favours.

DOLLY
True, true. You could always flirt
with him.

FLETCHER
What? No! That's not nice.

DOLLY
Yeah, I know, I'm just desperate.

FLETCHER
This ain't Hollywood, Dolly.

DOLLY
I know. I know! I just really need
this footage Fletch.

(MORE)

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Rebel filmmaking is really hard and sometimes, sometimes you just gotta do what you gotta do.

FLETCHER

But not that.

DOLLY

No, I know. Sorry.

FLETCHER

Okay.

She takes a bite of her food, swallows, stops at stares at him, an idea dawning.

DOLLY

I can offer him a part in the movie?

FLETCHER

(grinning)

Now you're talking.

They resume eating.

INT. MALL - LATER

Dolly and Fletcher navigate the midday crowds outside the movie theater.

Pam stands at the glass doors, smiling at customers.

PAM

Hi, thanks for coming. Lots of room in that line there, plenty of time for you to get your popcorn.

An elderly couple pass her, she stops them.

PAM (CONT'D)

Hey folks, which movie are you here for?

They show her their tickets.

PAM (CONT'D)

Awesome, that's a great one. But you don't have to stand in line for concessions.

(MORE)

PAM (CONT'D)

Just go right over there to the end of the counter and you tell them I said they should serve you right away.

The couple nod. As they move off to the concession stand. Pam waves at the employee manning the end of the counter, points to the senior couple, then at her watch.

The employee nods and greets the couple as they arrive at the counter.

With a nod, she turns back to the crowds entering and spots Fletcher and Dolly, runs over.

Dolly steps quickly out of Pam's beeline towards Fletcher.

Pam grabs Fletcher's arm.

PAM (CONT'D)

Hey, handsome.

Fletcher grins painfully.

FLETCHER

(dully)

Hey, Pam.

Dolly pops up from behind Fletcher.

DOLLY

Hi Pam, what's going on?

PAM

(annoyed)

You're on the schedule for tonight.

DOLLY

Oh, we are? Yeah, forgot, okay. Where are we tonight?

PAM

I have you on theater watch, making sure nobody is having sex in the back row, kicking people out, whatever. You know the rules.

DOLLY

Oh, ew. Can't I work tickets?

PAM

No.

DOLLY

Okay, thanks.

Dolly rolls her eyes at Fletcher, who glares at her as Pam grips his arm.

FLETCHER

And where am I, boss?

She strokes his arm, pulling back suddenly.

PAM

You're with me, manager training.

She smiles coyly at him. He gives her a sickly smile.

FLETCHER

Awesome.

Dolly hides a grin.

DOLLY

Well, Pam, this has been great and thanks for the reminder but we have an appointment with Wayne.

PAM

(disappointed)

Oh? What about?

FLETCHER

Filming permission.

Pam looks excited, squeezes Fletcher's arm hard enough so he winces.

PAM

That's exciting! Can I be in your movie?

DOLLY

Sure. I'll get you script.

PAM

(giggling)

Yay! Am I the smoldering leading lady to Fletcher's steamy sexy leading man?

DOLLY

Uhm, we'll see. But we gotta go.

Dolly pulls Fletcher away from the beaming Pam.

They hurry away, Dolly holding in laughter as Fletcher glares at her.

INT. MALL OFFICE - LATER

Dolly and Fletcher sit opposite Wayne, the fluorescent overheads beating down on them.

Dolly sits straight, smiling broadly. Fletcher sits back, expression neutral.

Wayne fidgets behind his desk, looking over the sheet of paper in front of him.

He looks up at Dolly and Fletcher.

WAYNE

So, what's this thing about?

DOLLY

Okay, so the main character is a famous actor who comes back to town to find the girl he left behind but she's been taken captive by the evil sentient zombie king, who wants to create his own zombie harem.

Wayne stares at her, starts laughing.

WAYNE

He, wait, what? Zombie King? Zombie Harem?

FLETCHER

What? What's wrong with that?

WAYNE

It's just, I don't know. This doesn't sound like something Tammy would let - that the mall should be involved in.

Dolly and Fletcher share a look. Dolly grins wider.

DOLLY

Really? But we were hoping you would take the part of the main antagonist.

Wayne eyes her suspiciously.

WAYNE
You mean the Zombie King?

DOLLY
Yes, totally.

Wayne thinks a moment, a smile spreads across his lips.

WAYNE
Well, I did do a lot of...emoting,
when I was in gymnastics. I
could..I could totally do this.

FLETCHER
Awesome. So, can we use the mall to
film?

WAYNE
(grinning)
Of course. Now, do I look like a
rotting zombie or am I just very
sort of tan?

Dolly reaches into her bag and pulls out the script, handing
it over.

DOLLY
Have a look and see how you
interpret the character.

He grabs the script.

WAYNE
I will! You won't regret this.

He starts reading.

FLETCHER
Wayne, we need you to say we can
use the mall to film.

Dolly whips out a one page contract, yellow sticky arrows
pointing to the signature lines.

DOLLY
And sign this permission waiver.

Wayne grabs the sheet, glances it over, signs and shoves it
back at her.

WAYNE

Yes, yes, you have permission. Now get out so I can start learning my lines.

Dolly and Fletcher share a look, gather their things and slip out.

Wayne opens the script, flipping through the pages, stops, reads moving his finger along.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

This is pretty good, just hope Tammy doesn't get too pissed off about it.

INT. MALL OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dolly closes the door behind her as she and Fletcher hug.

DOLLY

(whispering)
Yes! We got it!

FLETCHER

(whispering)
Yes, we do, but we also now have Wayne and Pam.

They start to hurry away.

DOLLY

I know Fletch, but your talent and my skills as director, writer, producer and screenwriter, and later on editor, will still make this the best indie creature feature ever made. Hollywood won't be able to ignore us!

She grabs him as they gleefully race away.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - MUCH LATER

Dolly and Fletcher arrive in uniform for work to find a huge crowd.

Fletcher points the marquee, which reads **"PREMIERE; TWILIGHT OF THE ZOMBIES"**.

Dolly groans.

DOLLY

Oh, great, it sounds great.

FLETCHER

Yeah, but maybe we can use some of the crowds as extras.

She shrugs.

They spot Pam through the glass doors, waving them in.

They fight their way to the doors, Pam lets them in, locks up again.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - MONTAGE

Crowds of people stream into the theater, the concession stand is busy, tickets are shown, theater doors close.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - LATER

Fletcher joins Dolly as she stands at the door of theater for **TWILIGHT OF THE ZOMBIES**, the faint sound of "coming soon's" can be heard through the door.

The lobby is quiet, except for a few patrons getting last minute snacks and employees.

DOLLY

How was management training?

Fletcher makes a face.

FLETCHER

Fine.

DOLLY

Good.

FLETCHER

Don't say anything else, please.

DOLLY

Okay. Should we go inside. Make sure nobody is having sex or whatever?

FLETCHER

(heavy sigh)

Yes, please.

She grabs his arm, squeezing hard like Pam did.

DOLLY
Oh gosh, Fletcher, that's just so
awesome. Thanks!

He yanks his arm away, pulls open the theater door, walking through, not holding it for her.

She laughs, follows him.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

The theater is full as Dolly and Fletcher move down the side aisle in the dark.

The movie starts, no empty seats.

Dolly stands just inside the closed doors, Fletcher moving along the front towards the opposite aisle.

When he reaches the other side, he nods at her, they start to slowly make their way up the aisle towards the back, scanning the rows in the dark.

The "coming soon" ends, the movie starts.

INT. MOVIE THEATER, LOBBY - SIMULTANEOUS

Bob emerges from the bathroom; his skin tinged green, looking scaly, weird marks on either side of his neck, lips swollen, definitely worse for wear.

He shuffles along, mumbling to himself.

Pam spots him, hurries over, standing in his way.

PAM
Uh, hey, you need to go. Theater
bathrooms are for patrons. You can
use the mall bathrooms.

Bob gazes at her with glazed eyes, lurches forward, stumbling, grabbing on to her.

She jumps back as he stumbles forward, catching himself on a nearby chair.

PAM (CONT'D)
Gross.

She snags her walkie talkie from her belt, presses the button.

PAM (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Dolly, Fletcher, come in.

The radio crackles, then a quiet reply.

DOLLY (O.S.)
(over the radio)
Just finishing the first check Pam,
what's up?

PAM
I need help in the lobby, that
gross homeless guy is here and
acting weird.

The radio crackles again, silence a moment, then...

DOLLY (O.S.)
Fine, okay. We're on our way.

Pam hooks the radio back onto her belt, turns to find Bob sitting in the chair, rubbing his face, sticking his fingers into his mouth.

She recoils, seconds later Dolly and Fletcher arrive.

FLETCHER
What's up, Pam?

Pam points at Bob.

PAM
Look at him. He's just, acting
weird. Weirder, I guess. And
something is wrong with him. He
might be sick. He's so gross.

Dolly frowns at Pam.

DOLLY
Sheesh, Pam. You're such a pill.
He's still person.

Dolly crouches down to speak to Bob.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Bob, hey Bob. You okay buddy? You
need some help?

Bob tries to focus, starts to draw in breath for a sneeze.

Dolly is on her feet, out of range in seconds.

Bob lets loose a huge sneeze, snot and saliva spraying everywhere.

Bob looks up at her.

BOB
Bad...sushi.

Pam makes a disgusted face.

Fletcher pulls Dolly back.

Pam pulls her radio free again, pressing the button.

PAM
Security, we got a problem here in
the movie theater lobby. I need
back up, now!

She releases the button, stands with Dolly and Fletcher.

PAM (CONT'D)
Did he say "bad sushi"?

FLETCHER
Yeah.

Fletcher shares a concerned look with Dolly.

DOLLY
He was eating the dumpster sushi.

FLETCHER
Yeah, guess it made him sick.

Tammy yanks open the glass door behind them, charging up to the scene like a gunslinger.

TAMMY
What's the problem here Pam?

PAM
He's acting weird, using our
bathroom and spewing fluids
everywhere.

Tammy shakes her head.

TAMMY
That's not good.

Tammy turns to Dolly and Fletcher.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

What do you two have to say?

DOLLY

He said "bad sushi" and then sneezed huge gobs of snot and spit everywhere.

TAMMY

Get any on ya?

DOLLY

Thankfully, no.

Bob tries to focus on Tammy.

BOB

Bad sushi!

Tammy shakes her head.

TAMMY

Okay Bob, well, told ya before don't eat food from the dumpster, okay?

BOB

Sushi?

TAMMY

No, Bob, no more dumpster sushi.

She takes him by the arm, helps him to his feet, leading him away.

As Tammy takes Bob through the glass doors, Pam shudders and grabs onto Fletcher.

PAM

Right, go grab the bleach spray and spray everything he may have touched from here to the men's room.

FLETCHER

Sure.

Fletcher jogs off.

PAM

And you can go back to the theater. Keep an eye on all the horny teenagers.

Pam shudders, rushes off to her office.

Dolly stares after her.

DOLLY

Yeah, but what about horny movie theater managers.

She shrugs, jogs back to her post, going inside.

INT. BACK HALLWAYS - SHORT TIME LATER

Tammy opens the doors to the hallway that runs behind the movie theater, leading Bob by the arm.

She walks him a few feet inside, gently pushes him down the hall.

TAMMY

Okay Bob, buddy, it's cooler back here and until I finish my shift and can take you to the hospital, stay back here to rest and try not to die or anything. Okay?

Bob gazes at her confused then shuffles down the hall.

With a shake of her head, she leaves.

INT. BACK HALLWAYS - A SHORT TIME LATER

Bob shuffles along the back hallway, drooling.

He stumbles on a couple of teens making out, **SAM**, (17, **dude bro**) and **KORTNEY**, (17, **Kardashian wannabe**). They don't notice him.

He sneezes on them twice, drenching them.

Kortney makes a face as Sam jumps out of the way.

KORTNEY

Oh gross. Sam, he sneezed on me.

SAM

Me too. Fuck! Gross old man!

They run off.

Bob mindlessly turns to follow, ending up outside the back exit of the movie theater where the zombie movie is playing.

He stops, leaning against the wall, staring at the door.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - AN HOUR LATER

The movie is winding down, Dolly & Fletcher stand transfixed at the doors.

The credits roll, people begin filing out, some going out the bottom exit.

Kortney and Sam move with the crowd towards Dolly & Fletcher.

DOLLY

Hey, where did those two come from?

FLETCHER

Looks like they snuck in halfway.
Want me to bust them?

DOLLY

Naw. They're leaving anyway.

Kortney looks a little greenish in the dim light. She stumbles and grabs Sam's arm, just as they reach Dolly and Fletcher.

KORTNEY

Sam, I don't feel good.

Sam looks green too as he holds onto Kortney.

SAM

Same. Feel like I'm gonna hurl.

Sam sneezes on a couple of people ahead of him, earning him a glare.

Dolly makes a face.

DOLLY

Gross. Don't people have any sense
of hygiene these days?

Fletcher shakes his head as the last of the patrons, including the young couple, file out.

INT. MOVIE THEATER EXIT, BACK HALLWAYS - SIMULTANEOUS

Movie goers stream out the back entrance to be met by Bob.

He sneezes and drools on a bunch of them before they shove him down the hallway.

Almost immediately sneezes start to pass from person to person, like a game of telephone.

EXT. MALL OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Wayne sits behind his desk wearing a zombie costume, turns on his radio to hear chatter.

BRENDAN, (deep, resonant voice) comes on the radio with a crackle.

BRENDAN (O.C.)

Hey Tammy, we got a sick homeless guy in the hallway outside the movie theater.

TAMMY (O.C.)

Oh shit! Keep your eyes on him and I'll be there as soon as I can.

The radio goes silent.

Wayne stares at it, frowning.

WAYNE

Holy Mother of God, these people are incompetent.

He stands up, hurries from the office.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - SIMULTANEOUS

Pam is sweeping the carpet, dodging movie goers, when her radio crackles to life with chatter.

She listens to Brendan and Tammy talk.

Making a face, she puts the sweeper and broom aside, grabs her radio.

PAM

Dolly, Fletcher, did you hear that? Where are you guys?

FLETCHER (O.C.)

No. We're cleaning the theatre. Why?

PAM

We got some trouble in the back hallway outside your theater.

(MORE)

PAM (CONT'D)
We've got to go help Tammy.
Meet me there.

FLETCHER (O.C.)
Roger that!

Pam storms towards the exit that leads to the back hallway.

INT. MOVIE THEATER EXIT, BACK HALLWAYS

Tammy, Wayne, Pam, Dolly and Fletcher all arrive at the same time.

Bob is in the center of a mob of movie goers.

He is hacking and spewing all over them as they yell at him.

Tammy nods at the others.

TAMMY
You guys stay back, let a
professional take care of this.

Wayne glares.

WAYNE
You better Tammy, this looks bad
and I can't have this at my mall.

PAM
Your mall, Wayne?

WAYNE
Yes Pamela, I run the mall, so it's
mine!

PAM
(under her breath)
Not what Tammy says!

Tammy wades through the crowd, grabs Bob pulls him away from the crowd.

The crowd parts as he hacks and coughs on them.

TAMMY
Move aside folks, I'm here to
acquire the target.

She drags him past Pam and Wayne.

WAYNE
Disgusting.

PAM
Have to agree.

Tammy shakes her head, pulls Bob down the hall to the exit.

As they reach the doors, he turns, lunges at her, mouth open to bite.

Dolly reacts by pulling her mini DV camera out, filming it.

FLETCHER
Oh shit! He just tried to bite her.

Tammy struggles with Bob as he continues his attempted chomping.

Wayne runs to his sister, grabbing Bob's other arm.

WAYNE
Come on sicko, you are out of here!

Bob turns wild, yanking himself from their grasp, lurches off down the hall at a run.

Tammy slams into the floor as Wayne stops to help her.

Dolly films the whole thing.

Pam turns to the crowd, most with their cell phones out.

PAM
Okay, shows over, move along folks.

She herds them away as Fletcher sidles up to Dolly.

FLETCHER
What the hell is going on?

DOLLY
I don't know, Fletch, but I'm
guessing it's going to be gold for
my movie.

They all stand and watch as Bob lurches at full speed around a corner, out of sight.

INT. MALL MAIN ENTRANCE - SHORT TIME LATER

Wayne leads Tammy from the back hallway to a bench. Her face is distraught as she sits.

TAMMY

What the fuck was that? I mean, I do a lot to help him and he just goes crazy on me?

Wayne sits with her.

WAYNE

I know sis, but are you okay?

Tammy shoots him an annoyed glance.

TAMMY

Yeah, I'm five by five little brother. You don't need to worry about me. I worry about you.

Wayne looks surprised and annoyed.

Pam joins them.

PAM

Did you see him spewing his germs all over everyone?

WAYNE

Yes, gross.

Dolly and Fletcher roll up, Dolly filming the others.

DOLLY

That was wild. I couldn't write anything this crazy.

Tammy glares at her.

TAMMY

Stop filming me.

Dolly drops the camera from her eye.

DOLLY

Sorry, can't help it.

FLETCHER

Yeah, Tammy, she's a filmmaker, she can't just turn it off.

Wayne stands up, gets in Dolly's face. Fletcher stands between them.

Tammy yanks Wayne back down to sit.

TAMMY

Leave it Wayne. Now where's my radio, I think it fell off when he knocked me down.

Wayne hands her his radio.

WAYNE

Use mine, but what for?

TAMMY

I'm calling the cops.

Dolly has started filming again, doing close ups of Tammy's uniform shirt. Tammy glares at her.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing now?

DOLLY

Sorry Tammy, but uh, I think Bob got you with some of his...uh...spew.

Tammy looks down at her uniform and the glistening, greenish, goop. She sniffs, makes a face.

TAMMY

Oh god, it stinks. Smells like rotten seafood.

She reaches down to touch it, Fletcher grabs her wrist.

FLETCHER

Don't touch it. You don't know what he's infected with. Could be Ebola or something.

Dolly turns the camera on Fletcher.

DOLLY

Ohhh, that's a good line Fletch. Say it again, but ominous this time.

Fletcher squares up, looks at the camera, takes a deep breath, looks serious.

FLETCHER

(ominous)

Wait Tammy, don't touch it. You don't know what he's infected with.

(MORE)

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Could be...Ebola...or something worse.

He grins at the camera, Dolly shoots him a thumbs up.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

How was that?

DOLLY

Gold baby, pure gold!

Wayne, Pam and Tammy are staring at them both.

Wayne's radio crackles to life. It's Brendan again.

BRENDAN (O.S.)

Hey Boss, we got a huge food fight going on over here at the food court. I can't get Tammy on her radio.

Wayne presses the button, speaks.

WAYNE

It's fine Brendan, Tammy's radio is MIA, but she's here with me. We got you covered.

He turns to Tammy.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

You okay now, sis?

TAMMY

Yeah, fine.

WAYNE

Cool. Let's go to the food court and hopefully we'll spot Bob on the way.

Tammy nods, jogs off towards the food court. Wayne follows.

Pam turns to Dolly and Fletcher.

PAM

You two are coming with me. We got second showings.

Fletcher grins. Dolly sighs. They follow Pam back towards the movie theater.

INT. FOOD COURT - SHORT TIME LATER

Tammy and Wayne arrive at the food court to find a group of teens having a ketchup fight.

They wade into things, pulling the kids away.

WAYNE

Oh my gawd, this is going to be a nightmare to clean up.

Tammy pulls two girls apart, who then sneeze on each other. She thrusts them away from her.

TAMMY

Gross. Why is everyone sick all of a sudden?

She retreats to side, Wayne joining her.

WAYNE

(shouting)

Okay kids, that's enough. Just move on.

The teens start to disperse, several are drooling and sneezing.

Wayne recoils.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Good lord, these kids are disgusting.

Suddenly, a teen girl lunges at Wayne.

He throws an arm up to protect himself, she bites his forearm.

He screams as Tammy karate chops the girl in the neck.

The girl releases him, lurches away.

Wayne stares at the bleeding bite mark on his arm, turning to his sister.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

She bit me! The little savage bit me!

Tammy makes a face, grabs him by the arm, pulling him away.

TAMMY

Come on, I'll get you fixed up. We have first aid in the security office.

WAYNE

Yeah, but what if she's infected with something. You know what a germaphobe I am.

TAMMY

Yeah, yeah, you've had your shots, right? Now calm down and I'll get you squared away. I always take care of my little brother.

He glares at her as she drags him away.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - LATER

Pam, Dolly and Fletcher arrive back at the theater.

Pam's radio crackles, a garbled voice speaks.

GARBLED VOICE

Tam-y, we ne- you at the -ox offi-.

She grabs the radio, presses the send button.

PAM

I didn't get that, except for box office. I'm on my way.

Pam charges off as Dolly pulls Fletcher aside.

DOLLY

Okay, she's gone. We need to get some film footage. Let's go to the staff room.

They sneak away to the back hallways of theater.

INT. MOVIE THEATER BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dolly sneaks towards the staff room, looking around as Fletcher follows, his expression skeptical.

FLETCHER

Why are you sneaking and watching like you're in a spy movie?

She stops, stares at him.

DOLLY

Do YOU want to get caught?

FLETCHER

Doing what? We're employees going to the staff room.

DOLLY

Yeah, but we're supposed to be working, right babe?

FLETCHER

Okay, but there's cameras everywhere so sneaking doesn't do anything.

Dolly stops, stares up at the security cameras pointing at the staff room door. With a sigh, she shrugs and opens the door.

She slips inside, Fletcher follows, shaking his head.

INT. STAFF ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dolly hurries to her locker, opens it, pulls out a black gym bag. She tosses it to Fletcher.

He catches it.

FLETCHER

What's this?

DOLLY

(grinning)

Open it.

He opens the bag, grins, pulls out a large super soaker.

FLETCHER

Awww, you know what I like.

DOLLY

I sure do. There's a bunch of smaller water guns in there too. And some baking soda.

He slings the huge super soaker over his shoulder by it's strap, pulls a couple of smaller water guns from the bag, shoving them in his waistband.

FLETCHER

Why do I need the baking soda?

DOLLY
Special effects?

He nods, grabs the baggie of baking soda, tosses the bag back to her.

She pulls her camera out of her pocket, pointing it at him.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Okay, strike a pose!

He puts on a serious expression, holds the super soaker like a soldier, gazes at it longingly. He sneaks a glance at her.

FLETCHER
Should I improvise a line here,
like "You and me baby, saving the
world."?

She grins at him.

DOLLY
Yeah.

She points at him.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Okay now, action! Just improvise.

He caresses the super soaker.

FLETCHER
You and me baby, saving the world
one squirt at a time!

Dolly grins as Fletcher strides towards the camera.

INT. BACK HALLWAYS - LATER

Dolly stands partway down the hall, camera in hand.

DOLLY
Okay Fletch, just go around the
corner and then come racing towards
me.

He walks away, looks back.

FLETCHER
And what's my line?

DOLLY

You're terrified of the monsters chasing you and furious they killed your girlfriend. Think if John McLane was in a zombie movie.

He shrugs, walks around the corner.

She reaches for a nearby light switch and starts to flicker it on and off, pointing the camera in his direction.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

And...action.

Fletcher comes around the corner looking terrified.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

That's awesome Fletch, keep coming. Don't worry about sound, we can fix it in post! You really look scared.

He races down the hall towards her, eyes wide.

FLETCHER

Doll, Dolly...I am scared.

She laughs, as he reaches her, he hides behind her.

Bob comes around the corner and he's barely human anymore; decaying scales flake off him, one side of his neck has gills, his eyes are bugged out and his lips are huge like a fish.

Dolly and Fletcher stare, horrified.

DOLLY

What the hell?

FLETCHER

Right? What is that thing?

Bob charges towards them, blooping at them.

DOLLY

Oh hell no! Run, Fletcher, run!

They turn tail and run, as Bob slithers towards them.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Wayne sits as Tammy cleans his injury.

Movement on the back hallway security monitor catches his attention.

On the screen, Dolly and Fletcher run down the hall, pursued by Bob the Monster.

He nudges Tammy, points at the screen.

She peers at the monitor, confused.

TAMMY
What the fuck?

WAYNE
Exactly.

TAMMY
Uh, I think we need to go.

Tammy slaps a bandage onto Wayne's arm, they charge out of the office.

INT. BACK HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Dolly and Fletcher barely ahead of Bob the Fish Monster.

They hit a dead end.

Bob advances.

Dolly shoves Fletcher's shoulder.

DOLLY
Use your weapon, dude!

Fletcher scrambles, shoots Bob with the water from the gun.

Bob gloops, looking happy.

FLETCHER
I don't think that had the effect
you were hoping for.

DOLLY
Shit!

Bob lurches towards them.

Dolly hands Fletcher her camera.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Don't drop it and for god's sake,
turn it on and film this. If we
survive, great footage.

Fletcher nods, points the camera at Bob.

Dolly digs in her pockets, pulls out a package of vinegar.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Okay, let's see what this does to
Fish Man.

She tears the package carefully with her teeth, squirts the
contents into Bob's face.

Bob hisses, covering his eyes, falls to the floor, flopping
and hissing.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Holy shit! That worked.

She turns, grabs Fletcher, who is still filming, drags him
away.

They race down the hallway.

Bob flounders behind them.

INT. BACK HALLWAYS - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Dolly and Fletcher run around a corner and slam directly into
Wayne and Tammy, knocking everyone sideways.

They recover quickly, Tammy grabbing both Dolly and Fletcher
by their arms.

TAMMY
What the hell is going on?

DOLLY
Fish monster!

TAMMY
What?

WAYNE
Make sense female!

Fletcher frowns, shoves Wayne.

FLETCHER
Don't call her that, that's
insulting.

WAYNE
What?!

Tammy elbows Wayne.

TAMMY
Try again. We saw you two on the
monitors in the security office.
Who was chasing you?

DOLLY
Not who, what? It was some sort of
fish monster.

FLETCHER
Yeah, looked a little like Bob,
that homeless guy too.

Wayne wrinkles his nose, sniffing.

WAYNE
What's that smell?

The others sniff too, Dolly makes a face, Fletcher gags,
Tammy looks confused.

DOLLY
Smells like rotting fish.

TAMMY
Yeah, but where's it coming from.

Tammy leans in, sniffs both Dolly and Fletcher, both pull
away.

FLETCHER
Hey, it's not us.

DOLLY
Yeah, Tammy. Sheesh.

She shoves both of them out of the way, sniffs towards the
corner and recoils.

TAMMY
Oh god, it's coming from around
there.

The four of them step to the corner, peer around.

INT. AROUND THE CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Bob, blinded, is glooping, shuffling, hissing towards them from a few feet away. It's eyes are clouded over, oozing.

They all pull back, retreating a few feet from the corner.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They gather a few feet away in a huddle.

Wayne fights his gag reflex.

WAYNE

Okay, what the hell is that and what is wrong with it?

DOLLY

Fish zombie.

FLETCHER

Yup, fish zombie that looks like Bob.

TAMMY

I admit it looks like Bob, if Bob was a fish zombie but how did he get that way and what's wrong with it now?

WAYNE

Did you see its' eyes? It's eyes were all gross, oozing.

Dolly and Fletcher share a look.

DOLLY

That must be the vinegar I squirted in his eyes.

Tammy winces.

TAMMY

That'll do it.

FLETCHER

So what do we do now?

WAYNE

Kill it. Kill it with fire!

Tammy stares at him.

TAMMY

Fire? Really Wayne? Dolly just said she hurt it with vinegar. And if he's actually a fish zombie, that makes sense.

Fletcher stares at Tammy.

FLETCHER

It...it does? That actually makes sense to you?

TAMMY

Vinegar is acid, numb nuts. So, yeah, makes sense.

FLETCHER

If you say so.

Dolly glares at him.

DOLLY

Haven't you learned anything from all the monster movies I've made you watch over the years?

Fletcher shrugs, Dolly rolls her eyes at him.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Whatever, dude! So, are we...killing him?

TAMMY

He's a monster, not human anymore, so yeah. Isn't that what you would do in a monster movie?

DOLLY

Yeah.

WAYNE

Then we're going to need more vinegar.

Dolly grins.

DOLLY

I know where there's loads of vinegar. Come on Tammy.

Dolly drags Tammy away, yelling over her shoulder to Fletcher.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Fletch, you stay here with Wayne,
guard the hallway and film
everything!

FLETCHER
Uh, right, okay. Sure, Doll.

Fletcher aims the camera at the corner.

Wayne beside him, his expression disgusted.

WAYNE
What am I supposed to do?

FLETCHER
Don't throw up, because if that
smell is any indication, Bob is
coming.

Wayne wrinkles his nose. The sound of glooping comes closer.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY

Tammy and Dolly enter the theatre lobby, it's packed, Pam hustles back and forth helping box office, ticket takers, the concession stand.

Dolly points to Pam, Tammy pushes her way through the crowd, Dolly right behind her.

Tammy grabs Pam as she sails past.

PAM
Hey!

TAMMY
Sorry Pam, but we got an emergency.

PAM
How is that my problem? I'm busy
here.

Dolly leans close, Pam annoyed.

DOLLY
Relax Pam, this won't take but a
minute. We need all the vinegar you
got.

Pam makes a face, stares, customers jostle her, popcorn spilling down her back.

PAM

Why?

TAMMY

That's on a need to know basis, and you don't really need to know. Now hand it over.

PAM

No. This ain't the military, Tammy. I'm going back to work. And Dolly, you are needed in theater number three.

Dolly shakes her head, a kid with a hot dog brushes past, smears ketchup on her sleeve.

DOLLY

No can do. We got a situation and Tammy needs me more.

Tammy stares Pam down, a kid with a huge drink bumps Tammy, soda squirting onto her, she glares.

Pam shakes her head, shoves her way to the concession stand, grabs a handful of packets of vinegar, tosses them at Tammy.

PAM

There, that's what you can have.

DOLLY

No, Pam, you don't understand. We need the jugs you keep in the supply room.

Pam's face goes blank, a man opening a bag of candy spills it over Dolly's shoulder, down her shirt. She absently picks the candy out, tossing it aside.

PAM

What jugs? Why would I have jugs of vinegar in the supply room?

DOLLY

Because you're a hoarder. Now, give me the key.

Pam shakes her head, avoids Tammy's glare, the great unwashed crowd of patrons parting around their standoff.

PAM

Not giving you the key, but you can come with me.

Pam leads them to the back hall, pushing aside movie goers like a battering ram.

INT. MALL BACK HALLWAYS - SHORT TIME LATER

Fletcher films as he keeps tabs on the slowly shuffling Fish Zombie Bob, babbling to Wayne.

Wayne stays behind him.

FLETCHER

And then see, eventually Dolly and I will be able to make bigger and bigger movies, like action movies and hey, maybe I'll even get to work with some big action stars, like The Rock.

Fletcher bumps into Wayne.

WAYNE

Watch it! And you know, you aren't the only one who has acting experience.

They back up as Bob shuffles closer.

FLETCHER

Really?

WAYNE

Really. I have some stage experience. I was the lead in several community theater productions. They told me I could be a star.

Fletcher spares him a disbelieving glance.

FLETCHER

Right. Well, me and Dolly are going to Hollywood and I'm going to be a real star.

WAYNE

You think YOU can be a star? Because why? You have abs and big biceps and good hair and .. a handsome face?

Fletcher stops, stares directly at Wayne, looking him up and down.

FLETCHER

Yes.

WAYNE

Well, that's a rather shallow attitude.

FLETCHER

Hey, I don't make the rules.

Fletcher turns back, resumes filming, finds Bob right in his face, breathing in his face.

Fletcher gags, dancing back.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm done. I can't take this anymore. I'm out!

He turns, runs away. Wayne looks terrified.

WAYNE

Wait for me!

Wayne races after Fletcher.

Bob the Fish Zombie shuffles in their wake.

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The door to the supply room opens, Pam leading, flicks on the light.

Tammy and Dolly follow.

Pam points to several large jugs of vinegar on the shelves.

PAM

There, ten jugs, that's all I got.

Dolly grabs a couple, spotting the lost and found box. Two large super soakers on top.

DOLLY

Hey, Pam, are those super soakers?

PAM

Where?

DOLLY

Lost and found box.

PAM

Oh yeah, had a couple of kids thinking it was funny to soak people last weekend.

DOLLY

Perfect, babe.

PAM

Why do you need super soakers?

Dolly grabs the super soakers, tosses one to Tammy.

DOLLY

Because, we have to kill a Fish Zombie with vinegar and the best way to do that is to soak him with these things.

Tammy grabs a jug of vinegar.

TAMMY

Got a funnel, Pam?

Pam looks confused.

PAM

No, and you guys sound crazy.

TAMMY

Yeah, we know.

Tammy spins off the cap and starts carefully filling the super soaker reservoir with vinegar. Dolly does the same.

INT. MOVIE THEATER HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Tammy and Dolly exit the supply room, Pam on their heels.

PAM

Now, where are you going?

Tammy carries her super soaker like a soldier, pushing people out of the way, Dolly following.

DOLLY

We told you, to kill a Fish Zombie.

Pam glares.

PAM

Are you guys pranking me or is this some stupid movie stunt you're pulling?

Dolly stops.

DOLLY

Neither, it's real. Come with us if you wanna see for yourself.

Pam looks around at the busy movie theater lobby.

PAM

(shrugging)

Yeah, you know what. They got this under control. I'm coming with you.

Tammy reaches the doors, Dolly and Pam run to catch up.

INT. ANOTHER BACK HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Wayne and Fletcher race around a corner, huffing and puffing.

They pause a minute to catch their breath.

Wayne points to a darker hallway.

WAYNE

Light burnt out there. We could hide there.

They turn their heads to the faint glooping coming up behind them.

FLETCHER

No time to decide. Let's go.

They both hurry to the darkened hallway.

INT. DARKENED HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They enter the hallway, retreat to the far end.

Wayne scowls at the burnt out light.

WAYNE

Damn maintenance.

Fletcher puts a hand over his mouth.

FLETCHER
(whispering)
Dude, shh.

Wayne carefully removes Fletcher's hand.

WAYNE
(whispering)
That was not cool.

FLETCHER
(whispering)
Sorry, I'm just a little scared,
okay?

WAYNE
(whispering)
You're scared?! I feel like I'm
gonna puke and pee my pants. What
the hell is wrong with those
people, anyway.

FLETCHER
(whisper)
I have no idea.

A loud gloop near the mouth of the hallway, they go quiet.

Their faces suddenly go white, they gag.

A Fish Monster appears at the mouth of the hall, they go
quiet as it sniffs and gloops.

Wayne's walkie crackles to life. Wayne grabs it.

TAMMY (O.S.)
(over the walkie)
Wayne, this is Tammy, what's your
location?

He holds the walkie to his ear.

The fish monster turns towards them.

WAYNE
Trapped in a dark hallway, cornered
by one of these fishy monsters.

TAMMY (O.S.)
Gotcha. Hang tight. We're on our
way. I can hear your radio from
here. Over and out.

Wayne shakes his head, holsters the walkie.

The fish monster lurches towards them.

Fletcher grabs Wayne, pulling him as far back as they can go.

FLETCHER

Oh shit!

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Tammy & Dolly, brandishing vinegar filled water blasters, race down the hallway.

Pam struggles to keep up, they leave her behind as they round a corner.

DOLLY

We almost there Tammy?

TAMMY

Yeah yeah, I could hear Wayne's radio from here. Should be close.

Dolly glances behind.

DOLLY

Looks like we lost Pam.

TAMMY

No loss, actually. She'll catch up.

They run faster.

INT. ANOTHER BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Fletcher and Wayne are squeezed into a corner.

The Fish Monster a foot away.

Dolly and Tammy enter, stop halfway, take a stance and aim.

DOLLY

Hey, fish face! Gloop this!

Tammy eyeballs her.

TAMMY

Gloop this?

DOLLY
I'm trying pithy catchphrases out.
That might not be it.

Fletcher waves for their attention.

FLETCHER
(yelling)
Just shoot it!

DOLLY
Oh, right.

Dolly and Tammy open fire, soaking the fish zombie.

The monster goes down, becomes a chunky puddle of stinky slime.

The boys inch past the growing pool of goo, joining Dolly and Tammy to watch the monster melt.

FLETCHER
That, that's just gross.

WAYNE
Yeah, and will be a bitch to clean up.

Tammy rolls her eyes at him.

Dolly moves forward, opens the bag of baking soda, sprinkles the puddle, steps back as it starts to fizz.

She wrinkles her nose at the smell, retreats.

The puddle fizzes to slime and foam.

DOLLY
That's better.

FLETCHER
Still stinks.

Fletcher gags.

TAMMY
Yeah, but we can't stick around here all night. We got more of these things to kill.

Dolly hands Fletcher her super soaker.

DOLLY
Here, you shoot, I'll film. Okay?

He grins, they leave.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Pam leans against a wall, breathing heavy.

Kortney and Sam shamble around a corner towards her.

She stares at their appearance; gills, green face, scales.

Kortney reaches for her, glooping.

Pam dances away.

PAM

Hey, what the hell are you?

She grabs her walkie.

PAM (CONT'D)

Tammy, Dolly? Where are you guys.

Got some fishy things after me.

Back the way you came.

She retreats as the couple follow. The walkie crackles.

TAMMY (O.S.)

On our way. Just stay away from them.

She holsters her walkie.

PAM

No problem.

She inches along the wall, the couple following.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tammy holsters her walkie, breaks into a jog. Dolly, Wayne and Fletcher run to catch up.

WAYNE

Tammy! Wait!

TAMMY

Can't wait. Pam's in danger. Get your ass in gear.

WAYNE

I'm not 15 anymore Tammy.

TAMMY

Not my fault you didn't stay in
shape after you left gymnastics.

Tammy jogs around a corner.

Dolly and Fletcher run past Wayne.

FLETCHER

Come on old man!

Wayne glowers.

Dolly and Fletcher round the corner.

WAYNE

I hate you guys and I hope a fish
zombie eats you!

He puts on some speed, rounds the corner.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - PAM

Pam is backing away from the shambling couple.

PAM

Oh hey, hey you .. two.. fishy
friends, we're friends here. You
don't want to eat me or whatever it
is you do.

She gets stuck in a recessed doorway. Kortney and Sam
advance.

She cowers, they reach for her.

A rebel yell stops them.

Tammy, Dolly and Fletcher appear behind the couple, Tammy and
Fletcher with super soakers at the ready, Dolly behind them
with her camera out, aimed at the action.

FLETCHER

Hey fish creeps, thirsty?

Fletcher opens fire, Tammy joins in.

Wayne arrives, panting, leaning on Dolly as she films.

DOLLY

Damn, this is great footage.

Fletcher grins back at her, squirts Pam accidentally.

PAM

Hey! Watch it. That stuff stings.

FLETCHER

Oops, sorry Pam.

He adjusts his aim.

Kortney and Sam screech, shamle towards Fletcher and Tammy.

They avoid the fishy monster couple, who quickly slither to the floor, glooping and dissolving.

Pam watches, horrified, until the couple are bubbling slime.

PAM

Jesus, fucking, Christ!

Dolly moves in for a close up, is overwhelmed by the stench, backs away.

DOLLY

Oh god, forgot about the smell.

Tammy sprinkles the slime puddle with baking soda, shoulders her soaker, turns to the others.

TAMMY

Two more down. Hundreds more to go.

She charges off down the hallway. Dolly and Fletcher follow.

WAYNE

Hundreds? Did she say hundreds?

PAM

Yeah. So, let's go help them, Wayne.

Wayne groans as Pam grabs him, following the others.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

The five emerge into the main hallway, last minute shoppers staring as they make for the exits.

Dolly perches on a bench, motioning the others over.

They huddle.

DOLLY

Okay, so, vinegar kills these things.

PAM

Yeah, turns them into goo, which is gross.

WAYNE

And will be a bitch to clean up.

TAMMY

You said that already.

WAYNE

It's worth repeating, Tammy.

TAMMY

Whatever, Wayne, ya big crybaby.

FLETCHER

Are you guys going to fight?

TAMMY

No, but if we did, I'd kick his ass.

Wayne glares.

DOLLY

Okay, shut up, all of you. Back to our situation.

PAM

Yeah, like, where did these things come from?

TAMMY

I think they're mall customers.

FLETCHER

What makes you say that?

TAMMY

Bob, the homeless guy? He was the first one, was sneezing and spewing all over people.

WAYNE

That's right, he was. Now we're infested.

DOLLY

Oh. My. God. Fletcher, you know what this is, right?

Fletcher grins.

FLETCHER
Zombie apocalypse!

DOLLY
FISH zombie apocalypse!!

WAYNE
What?! In my mall?

Wayne starts to pace, pulling at his hair. Fletcher grabs him.

FLETCHER
Calm down dude, we got this.

DOLLY
He's right, we do.

WAYNE
How do you figure?

DOLLY
Do you know how many zombie
apocalypse movies we've seen?

Dolly and Fletcher grin, bouncing up and down.

Tammy's walkie crackles. She answers.

TAMMY
Go for Tammy.

DAN THE SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
Tammy, we need back up. Getting
reports from all over the mall of
fish monsters terrorizing people.

Tammy glances at the others, answers Dan.

TAMMY
Heard, Dan. We're on our way.

She holsters her walkie, pulls the others closer.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
Okay, so we got a major infestation-

She stops as she notices Dolly has the camera pointed right at her.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

DOLLY

It's okay, keep going, I'm getting some great footage here Tammy.

Tammy stares at her a moment, continues.

TAMMY

As I said, major infestation. These two super soakers are not going to finish the job.

Everyone nods.

PAM

Then we get more super soakers, right?

FLETCHER

And vinegar, lots of vinegar.

TAMMY

From where?

PAM

Dollar store has more super soakers of all kinds of sizes. And I have more vinegar in the storage room.

TAMMY

Okay. Wayne, you take Dolly and Fletch to get the super soakers. I'll go with Pam to storage to get the vinegar jugs.

FLETCHER

Won't the dollar store have vinegar too?

WAYNE

Probably, but more is better than not enough.

TAMMY

Good point. Grab more vinegar from there too. I have a feeling we'll need it all.

DOLLY

That's the plan?

TAMMY

For now. Move out.

She grabs Pam, heads for the movie theater.

Wayne sighs, waves for Dolly and Fletcher to follow him.

INT. DOLLAR STORE, BACK ROOM - LATER

Wayne lets himself, Dolly and Fletcher into the Dollar store back room.

WAYNE

Okay, so, look for a box of super soakers, water guns, whatever you can find.

He heads for the store.

DOLLY

Where are you going?

WAYNE

To leave a note for the manager to see me about payment in the morning.

He yanks the door open, leaves them alone.

They start searching boxes, climbing shelves.

FLETCHER

Can you believe this, Doll?

DOLLY

No, but then again, we watch enough horror movies that nothing seems impossible.

Fletcher opens a box, grins.

FLETCHER

Here we go, must have just got these in.

He pulls water guns of every size from the box, turns to find Dolly filming him.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

You going to keep filming everything?

DOLLY

Fletch, I'm a filmmaker, how can I pass up the perfect opportunity to get some great monster movie footage?

FLETCHER

I'm not a monster.

DOLLY

No, you're the hero.

He grins, grabs a huge soaker, poses with it as she films him.

She stop suddenly.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Wait, we need baking soda too. You think they have a supply?

Fletcher puts down his soaker, searches, finds a box marked baking soda, opens it.

FLETCHER

Bingo. But all these little boxes are not really practical.

DOLLY

No, but if we make little baking soda bombs with sandwich bags...right?

He chuckles.

FLETCHER

You're a genius!

She tosses him a couple of boxes of sandwich bags, starts filming again.

DOLLY

Let's hope Hollywood agrees with you.

He rips open a box of baking soda, starts filling a bag.

INT. MOVIE THEATER, SUPPLY ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Pam lets herself and Tammy into the supply room.

PAM

And honestly Tammy, I'm not really an indoors girl. I dream of someday owning my own drive in theater, making a real revival of things.

Tammy follows her inside, closing the door behind her.

TAMMY

And how are you going to pay for this?

PAM

Lottery winnings.

TAMMY

You're kidding, right?

PAM

No, why?

TAMMY

Gambling isn't a sure thing, especially that kind of gambling.

PAM

It could happen.

Pam angrily grabs the rest of her jugs of vinegar, two funnels. She shoves three jugs at Tammy, takes the other two.

TAMMY

Thanks. This all the vinegar?

PAM

Yes!

TAMMY

Awesome.

Tammy yanks the door open, steps out, followed by Pam.

Tammy turns to find a couple of fish zombies a few feet away.

PAM

Oh shit!

TAMMY

No shit!

They take off running, the fish zombies chase them.

INT. MALL BASEMENT, STORAGE AREA - SHORT TIME LATER

Wayne, Dolly and Fletch are waiting for Tammy and Pam.

DOLLY

Okay, so, this movie is about our
hero, which is Fletcher-

WAYNE

(interrupting)

Wait, why can't I be the hero?

DOLLY

Wayne, Wayne, Wayne baby. You are
the main villain, the sentient fish
zombie.

Wayne grins as Pam and Tammy run in.

They are pursued by three fast moving fish monsters.

TAMMY

Incoming!

Dolly, Wayne and Fletcher spring into action, pushing boxes
and furniture into a makeshift barricade.

Tammy and Pam join the others behind the barricade. Wayne and
Fletcher close it behind them as the women catch their
breath.

PAM

Holy shit, those things are fast.

The fish zombies come up against the barrier, the human group
gag at the smell.

Dolly spots a box of Christmas decorations, including several
scarves. She grabs five scarves and tosses one to each of the
others.

DOLLY

Cover your faces or the smell will
get you.

Everyone follows her example by wrapping the scarves around
their faces.

The monsters hiss and gloop.

Tammy pushes Pam to the back of the group, shoving the jugs
of vinegar at her.

TAMMY

You guys got the guns?

Wayne shows her. She nods.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Get filling Pam, Wayne help her.

Pam does, Wayne joins her.

FLETCHER

Good haul ladies.

TAMMY

Yeah, but it's all we got so, shoot carefully.

She and Fletcher take a stand at the barrier.

FLETCHER

I don't know how long we can hold them off without those guns.

Dolly spots another box of Christmas decorations, finds glass ornaments inside.

DOLLY

Here, this might at least distract them for a few minutes.

Dolly tosses ornaments to Tammy and Fletcher, who bombard the fish zombies.

Wayne and Pam finish filling the water guns, shove a full super soaker each at Tammy and Fletcher.

Dolly pulls back, films as they open fire.

In seconds, the fish zombies are foamy slime.

Fletcher peers over the barrier.

FLETCHER

Got 'em.

Dolly slings an arm over his shoulder, grinning.

DOLLY

And great footage too.

Tammy grabs Fletcher's gun, hands both weapons back to Pam to refill again.

WAYNE

Uh, so when do I come in, Dolly?

DOLLY

Well, later. Don't worry, you'll get your moment.

WAYNE

Okay, good because you know, this is kind of a dream of mine.

FLETCHER

Really? Aren't you like, middle aged now?

WAYNE

(defensively)

So? A dream is a dream at any age.

FLETCHER

Oh, right!

Tammy glares at him.

TAMMY

Pam, grab the baking soda and sprinkle it on the remains.

Pam hands the full weapons to Tammy and Fletcher, then grabs the baking soda, shaking it over the slime.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Okay, we need to get to the security office.

DOLLY

Why?

TAMMY

The cameras will give us the lay of the land, see how many of these things we're dealing with.

DOLLY

I guess that makes sense. Giddy up!

TAMMY

Right, Fletcher is on point with me. Pam and Wayne in the middle with the rest of our supplies. Dolly you bring up the rear.

Dolly grabs a smaller water pistol then lifts her camera to her eye, the others take position and they set out from the storage area.

INT. MALL, BACK HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS MONTAGE

The group encounter a few stray fish zombies, shooting as they go.

They reach the main hallway, are spotted by a huge group of still transforming monsters.

WAYNE

Oh my god. Look at them all.

TAMMY

Stop gawking Wayne, everyone retreat, pronto! Go, go, go!

The monsters chase them to the security office, Tammy and Fletcher take a stance on either side of the hallway, waving the other three forward.

Dolly runs backwards, her face filled with glee.

DOLLY

Oh man this is such awesome footage!

Dolly is steps ahead of the lead monster, she trips, landing on her back, breath knocked out of her.

Fletcher spots her, jumps to stand over her.

FLETCHER

Dolly? Doll? You okay?

She struggles to sit up.

DOLLY

Yeah, yeah, just got the breath knocked out of me.

Tammy reaches Dolly, yanks her to her feet, shoving her towards the security office door where Wayne and Pam are waiting.

TAMMY

Get going!

Dolly staggers, puts her camera to her face, filming over Fletcher's shoulder as he blasts fish zombies.

DOLLY

Yeah, yeah, I just need to get this shot.

Tammy grabs her, shoots a fish zombie that is inches away, and shoves Dolly towards the door.

TAMMY

No more Dolly, get to safety, now!

Dolly staggers to the door, pauses film, Tammy grabs Fletcher, they both continue firing as they make for the security office door.

A single fish zombie is almost on them, Fletcher stumbles into the office, Tammy blasts the fish zombie in the face, it goes down.

Tammy jumps inside, slams the door.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They take perches at various points around the empty office.

WAYNE

Place looks deserted. Where is everyone?

Pam notices the abandoned lunches and paperwork.

PAM

This seems bad.

Tammy looks around, notices the monitors are off. She flips the switch, they come to life.

Each monitor shows a scene of mayhem; fish zombies rampaging and attacking normals.

The group gather, watching, their faces shocked, appalled.

DOLLY

Holy shit!

FLETCHER

Yeah.

WAYNE

Bedlam, sheer bedlam.

PAM

Fuck!

Pam leans close, watching the image of the lottery booth being attacked, **DICK, 40s**, valiantly fighting off the monsters.

PAM (CONT'D)
Oh hell no! Not Dick's Lottery
Emporium, no way!

She charges towards the door, grabbing a water gun.

Tammy stops her.

TAMMY
Where the hell are you going?

PAM
Did you see? Dick is under siege. I
have to save him! He's my lottery
guy!

TAMMY
No, nobody is going out there, yet.

Pam turns to Dolly, Fletcher and Wayne.

PAM
You guys are with me, right?

Wayne shakes his head, retreating across the room.

Dolly and Fletcher share a look. Tammy glares at them.

TAMMY
You guys know you can't go out
there.

Dolly grabs her camera and a couple of smaller water guns,
shoving them in her waistband.

DOLLY
Pam's right, Tammy. We can't save
everyone, but Dick's one of us, a
mall employee.

TAMMY
I'm not going with you.

DOLLY
That's okay. Fletcher and I will go
with Pam. We'll take care of it.
Right Fletch?

Fletcher looks startled.

FLETCHER

Uhhhh, well...

Dolly grabs him, dragging him to the door.

DOLLY

We're going with Pam. Now get your
panties out of your ass and let's
go.

She steps past Tammy, looks to Pam and Fletcher, then grabs
the door knob.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Okay you two, when I hope this
door, we start blasting and make a
run for Dick's Lottery.

Pam and Fletcher nod.

She yanks the door open, charges out, Pam and Fletcher right
behind her.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Pam races ahead of Dolly and Fletcher, down the hall past
groups of fish monsters.

She spots Dick's Lottery in the distance, surrounded by fish
monsters.

Dick is in the center of the kiosk, hitting the monsters as
they attack.

Pam runs faster.

PAM

Hang on Dick! I'm coming!

As she nears the horde of monsters, she starts blasting.

FLETCHER

I guess I better help her.

Dolly smirks.

DOLLY

Yeah. I'm going to film everything.

FLETCHER

You're not going to shoot those
things?

DOLLY

Shoot with a camera first, then a gun if I need to, I am woman, hear me roar. Roar!

Fletcher rolls his eyes, joining Pam in the carnage.

Fish zombies falling left and right, the threesome slipping and sliding in the goo left behind.

Dolly dances around the outskirts, filming, occasionally shooting with her water gun.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Tammy and Wayne stare the monitors, watching.

Wayne chews his nails, wincing as Fletcher narrowly avoids a spewing fish zombie.

Tammy pokes his shoulder.

TAMMY

What's with you?

WAYNE

Nothing. Just, Fletcher almost got turned.

TAMMY

So did Pam, but you didn't wince then.

WAYNE

Yeah, well...

TAMMY

Well what?

WAYNE

Nothing.

TAMMY

You got a crush on Fletcher or something?

Wayne ignores her, then glances her way.

WAYNE

So what if I do?

On the monitor, Fletcher slips, falls.

Wayne shoves his fist into his mouth, whimpering.

Fletcher scrambles to his feet, keeps fighting. Wayne sighs heavily.

Fletcher falls again, Pam shakes her weapon, throws it at a fish monster.

Wayne turns to Tammy, frantic.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Tammy, they're losing. We can't let
them lose! Help them!! Please!!!

Tammy sighs heavily.

TAMMY
Ugh, fine.

She grabs her weapon, charges out the door.

Wayne turns back to the monitor, terrified, gnawing on a knuckle.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Pam's gun runs out of vinegar. She tosses it at a fish monster.

PAM
Guys, I'm out of juice.

Fish monster's have breached Dick's kiosk, he is dragged from it.

DICK
Help! Pam help me!

Pam starts grabbing monsters and flinging them aside.

Dolly and Fletcher regroup.

FLETCHER
Doll, I'm almost out of juice too.

DOLLY
Dammit!

The fish zombie sneezes directly into Dick's mouth. Dick gags.

Pam grabs the monster holding Dick and shoves it out of the way. Fletcher squirts it.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Fletch, just grab Pam and Dick and
get out of there.

Fletcher reaches Pam and Dick, grabs them both, Pam pulling
away.

PAM

Get him out of here. I have to grab
something.

FLETCHER

No Pam, let's go!

PAM

Just wait.

Fletcher drags Dick to Dolly's position, blasting fish
monsters as they reach for Pam.

She reaches down, grabs a huge stack of scratch tickets.

She shoves her way through the fish monsters, reaches the
others.

PAM (CONT'D)

Okay, now we can go.

Pam holds onto Dick, running back towards the security
office.

Fletcher and Dolly follow, blasting and filming as they
retreat.

Tammy meets them halfway, just as Fletcher's weapon runs dry.
She shoves them towards the security office.

TAMMY

Get going. I'll hold them off long
enough so you can get to safety.

Dolly stays behind, walking slowly backwards, filming Tammy
as she blasts the monsters.

Fletcher helps Pam with Dick

Tammy glances behind her, sees that Pam, Fletcher and Dick
have reached the security office. She nods at Dolly, who
stops filming, turns and runs.

Tammy takes one last blast, turns tail, races after them.

Wayne stands at the open doorway of the security office, waving them forward.

WAYNE

Hurry, hurry up you guys.

Pam reaches the door with Dick, shoving Wayne aside. He stumbles into Fletcher, who shoves him backwards.

FLETCHER

Get out of the way Wayne.

Tammy and Dolly have reached the doorway, shoving the distraught Wayne out of the way..

WAYNE

I'm sorry Fletcher, I love you!

The entire group stops a moment, ignoring the approaching horde of fish zombies.

Wayne turns beet red.

Fish zombies arrive. Tammy turns slowly, blasts them, pushes Wayne and Dolly through the door, slamming it behind her.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Wayne, still beet red, retreats to the far side of the room.

Pam helps Dick sit, Tammy glaring at Wayne, stands at the monitors.

Dolly checks footage as Fletcher grabs a bottle of water, drinking deeply.

Nobody speaks as the fish monsters hammer on the door.

Dick leans over, suddenly vomiting.

Pam jumps out of the way.

PAM

Jesus Dick, you okay?

Dick looks at her, his face pale, tinged green.

DICK

Sorry Pammy, I-

Dick starts to choke, so hard he doubles over.

Everyone watches him.

He sits up, a single gloop escaping his lips, then sneezes directly into Pam's face.

She gags.

Tammy grabs a full weapon, shoots Dick in the mouth with a long stream of vinegar, until the weapon is empty.

Dick gurgles, his eyes roll into his head and he falls over dead, starting to dissolve.

PAM
(whimpering)
Dick? Aw man.

Pam pulls out a baggie of baking soda, sprinkles it over Dick.

Fletcher wrinkles his nose at the fumes.

FLETCHER
Damn. RIP Dick.

Pam glares.

Dolly hands her a jug of vinegar.

Pam stares at her.

DOLLY
Drink it Pam. He sneezed right in your face. So, unless you want to be a fish zombie.

TAMMY
Dead fish zombie.

FLETCHER
Puddle of foamy slime.

Pam looks around at all of them.

DOLLY
You better drink. And I would chug it because it clearly doesn't take long to transform.

Pam looks disgusted.

PAM
Gross. You ever drink this stuff?

WAYNE
Once, on a dare.

Everyone stares at him.

TAMMY

Ignore him. Drink Pam, tick tock,
time is running out.

She chugs it, pukes into a trash can.

A minute passes while the others watch her.

DOLLY

Well? How do you feel?

PAM

Nauseous. Probably won't ever use
vinegar again.

FLETCHER

You sure?

Fletcher half raises a weapon in her direction.

PAM

I'm sure.

Wayne leans over the trash can, a baggie of baking soda in
his hand, recoils at what he sees.

WAYNE

Uh, you guys should probably see
this.

DOLLY

Ew, no. I don't want to look at
puke.

WAYNE

Yeah, it's not just puke.

They all gather around the trash can, peering inside.

POV TRASH CAN

A puddle of puke and vinegar, in the center a little wiggly
white thing, writhing.

After a second, it goes still, shrivels up.

POV ENDS

They all pull back, stare at each other. Pam retreats to a
corner, looking morose, clinging to her scratch tickets.

WAYNE

What the hell was that?

FLETCHER

Whatever it is, it's what turning normal humans into fish zombies.

DOLLY

Yeah, but where did it come from?

Tammy shoves the trash can aside, perching on the monitor counter.

TAMMY

More important, I've discovered these fish zombies can't see very well.

FLETCHER

Huh?

She taps one of the monitor screens, showing fish zombies wandering aimlessly in the dimly lit movie theater lobby, bumping into each other and things.

She points to another monitor of the brightly lit food court, showing the monsters rushing around chasing people.

DOLLY

Whoa. Would ya look at that.

WAYNE

So, how does this help us?

TAMMY

All we have to do is flush them to one area, turn down the lights and give them a vinegar shower.

WAYNE

Okay but if we turn the lights down, then we can't see.

DOLLY

Has to be a happy medium, Tammy.

She grins, walks over to the row of employee lockers, opens one to reveal several bags marked "smoke bombs".

TAMMY

All we do is smoke them out.

Fletcher starts laughing, stares at Dolly. She looks confused a minute. Fletcher makes fish face, holding a pretend cigarette to his lips.

Dolly starts laughing.

Pam notices and glares at them.

PAM

What's so funny, you guys? I mean, why are you laughing about killing off the things that killed Dick?

Dolly sobers.

DOLLY

Sorry, Pam, it's just..smoke bombs and fish zombies.

Pam shrugs.

PAM

Yeah, and?

Fletcher chuckles.

FLETCHER

Come on Pam, smoked fish? It's like a really fancy party.

DOLLY

(laughing)
Smoked fish sushi?!

Dolly and Fletcher collapse in giggles.

Pam glares at them both.

PAM

You two are weird.

Tammy squirts a little vinegar at both Dolly and Fletcher.

FLETCHER

Hey!

Dolly shies away.

DOLLY

Ew!

TAMMY

Just cut it. Now pay attention.

She taps the monitors, pointing to the main hallway.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

We herd the fish zombies here with smoke bombs and the vinegar blasters. But all of us have to do this together. All except the bait.

DOLLY

Bait? Who's that going to be?

Tammy stares at her. Dolly shakes her head.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Why me?

TAMMY

Think of all the great footage you can get as you're running away.

DOLLY

Fine, but can we call it leading them away. The other sounds like I'm just a big baby coward.

WAYNE

(laughing)

Yeah, it does.

DOLLY

Shut up Wayne, or I'm going to bring up the fact that not that long ago you shouted that you love Fletcher.

Wayne turns red again, sulks.

TAMMY

Anyway, Dolly, you lead them towards the main hallway.

PAM

And what happens when we get there?

Tammy taps the monitor again.

TAMMY

We make a big lake of vinegar and drive them into it. Where they all melt into foamy slime.

Wayne groans.

WAYNE

Great, the clean up is going to cost a fortune. Don't know how I'm going to explain all this to the shareholders.

Tammy claps him on the shoulder.

TAMMY

You'll think of something. But we are going to need more vinegar. Did the dollar store have any?

Fletcher and Dolly shrug. Wayne shakes his head.

WAYNE

No. But the food court has tons.

Tammy grins at them all.

TAMMY

Then we use what supply we have left to get to the food court storage.

She grabs her weapon and a few others.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Everyone gear up.

The rest of them grab weapons. Fletcher grabs a couple of bags of smoke bombs. Wayne grabs another.

Tammy stands by the door, hand on the knob.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Ready?

DOLLY

Ready!

WAYNE

I guess I'm ready.

FLETCHER

Totally!

WAYNE

Whatever, let's go.

Tammy yanks the door open, charges through, the others follow.

INT. MALL HALLWAYS AND FOOD COURT - MONTAGE

The team racing through the halls towards the food court, blasting monsters as they run, Dolly filming.

Forming a circle around Wayne as he unlocks the food court storage cage.

Filling every water gun, big and small.

Dolly shoving smoke bombs into her pockets, the others doing the same.

Tying bandanas around their noses.

Tammy leading them to the exit, turning to give them a pep talk.

TAMMY

Okay you maggots.

DOLLY

Maggots? Ew.

FLETCHER

Yeah, give the military movie speak a rest Tammy.

TAMMY

Fine. When I open this door, we move as a group to the main hallway. Try not to waste too much vinegar before we get there.

DOLLY

And then when we get there?

TAMMY

I'll give you the plan. Let's go.

She opens the door, runs out with a rebel yell.

The others follow.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

They arrive at the main hallway, a few stray fish monsters linger, they shoot them, then cover in baking soda.

They gather at a nearby bench. Tammy stands on the bench.

TAMMY

Now. Everyone grab two jugs of vinegar and start pouring it out onto the floor.

Pam makes a face.

PAM

It's going to reek.

DOLLY

Better the reek of vinegar than turning into a fish zombie, Pam.

PAM

Yeah, yeah, I know.

WAYNE

Can we just get this over with? What do we do after that, Tammy?

TAMMY

You each go to one of the pre-assigned check points, while Dolly here starts teasing them to follow her.

Dolly exhales slowly.

DOLLY

Yeah, teasing. I feel like a fish on a hook.

Fletcher snickers at her, she elbows him.

TAMMY

Okay, everyone start pouring. And Wayne, get to the utility closet and turn main lights off.

Wayne looks horrified.

WAYNE

Do I have to go alone?

TAMMY

Yes. Big baby!

Wayne looks morose, takes off at a jog.

The others start pouring a lake of vinegar. The main lights go out, and seconds later the safety lights come on, reflecting across the growing pool.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - LATER

Dolly sits quietly on the bench, alone in the dim light, holding a walkie talkie, nervously fiddling with her camera.

The walkie crackles to life, she presses the send button.

DOLLY

Hello?

FLETCHER (O.S.)

Hey Doll.

Dolly grins.

DOLLY

Hey! You in position?

FLETCHER (O.S.)

Yeah. Just waiting for the go signal.

DOLLY

Right.

FLETCHER (O.S.)

You okay? Like nervous?

Dolly sighs heavily before pressing the button.

DOLLY

I'm, okay. And yeah, a little nervous. I mean, I don't want to be a fish zombie. I just want make my movies, get famous, meet Spielberg.

She chuckles.

FLETCHER (O.S.)

(chuckling)

Yeah. You will. It'll be okay, okay kid?

DOLLY

Don't call me kid!

FLETCHER (O.S.)

Better than calling you Shirley.

Dolly laughs.

DOLLY
Especially since Shirley's not my
name.

The walkie crackles.

PAM (O.S.)
Are you guys going to profess your
undying love now or something?

DOLLY
Pam! No, jeez.

FLETCHER (O.S.)
Eavesdrop much, Pam?

The walkie crackles again.

WAYNE (O.S.)
Yeah, Pam, shut up!

The walkie crackles.

TAMMY (O.S.)
Everybody shut up. Unless you are
telling me you are in position and
ready to go.

DOLLY
I'm ready and waiting.

FLETCHER (O.S.)
Ready boss.

PAM (O.S.)
Ready mon Capitan!

WAYNE (O.S.)
As ready as I'll get.

TAMMY (O.S.)
Good. Dolly get to the back hallway
and get started. Okay?

DOLLY
Roger that!

Dolly sighs heavily, puts the walkie back on her belt, stands
and jogs to the door leading to the back hallway, pushing it
open.

She pauses, the sound of glooping faintly coming closer. She takes a deep breath, goes through the door, it slams shut behind her.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Dolly stands in front of a wall, looking nervous, the camera pointed at herself.

DOLLY

Okay in case I don't come through this, alive or human. The safety lights are on so, there's just enough light to see.

She glances at the exit next to her, turns the camera briefly in that direction, back to herself.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

That's the exit to the food court. I feel... a lot of things, mostly like a fish on a hook, or fish out of water, some sort of fishy comparison. I guess here goes nothing.

She turns the camera away from her, shoves the doors open, emerges into the food court.

INT. FOOD COURT - MOMENTS LATER

Dolly stops, staring at the huge horde of fish monsters hanging around the dimly lit food court.

They don't notice her at first. She points her camera towards them, slowly walking forward.

She stops a few feet short of the outliers, takes a deep breath.

DOLLY

(shouting)

Hey, fish faces. Wanna play?

As one entity, the fish zombies turn towards the sound of her voice, shuffling towards her.

She dances back, filming, pulls a smoke bomb from her pocket.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
That's right, I'm over here, ya
stinky walking sushi. Come get me!

She cackles loudly as they pick up speed. She moves faster away from them, tosses the smoke bomb.

Cackles loudly, grabs the walkie, pressing the button.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
I'm on my way, Wayne.

She races down the hall, pursued by the fish zombies.

INT. HALLWAY JUNCTURE, FIRST CHECKPOINT - MINUTES LATER

Dolly reaches the checkpoint, the monsters right on her heels.

She tosses another smoke bomb.

DOLLY
WAYNE! Where the hell are you?

Wayne jumps out from behind a bench as Dolly races past. He starts blasting the fish zombies as they follow her.

Monsters start to fall, turning to slime.

The last of the horde passes Wayne, he steps out, follows, blasting randomly to keep them moving.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY JUNCTURE, SECOND CHECKPOINT - A LITTLE LATER

Pam waits nervously at her barricaded position.

She hears Dolly and the fish monsters before they reach her.

She peers from her hiding place to see Dolly running fast towards her, several monsters close on her heels.

DOLLY
Paammmmm! Shoot the front runners.
Shoot them now!

Dolly races past. Pam jumps out, starts blasting, herding the monsters away from her.

Pam aims for the front runners, who go down. The monsters behind slip a little on their now dead friends.

Dolly pulls up, breathing heavy, stops to film a little.

Wayne arrives at the rear of the horde. He and Pam join forces, heaving smoke bombs, shooting fish zombies.

Pam runs out of smoke bombs, tosses aside her now empty blaster, grabs her second one, resumes firing.

The monsters start to turn towards Pam and Wayne.

Dolly wipes her forehead, approaches the horde.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Hey! Yeah, you, bad sushi, I'm over here, assholes.

The horde turn back towards Dolly, who takes off at a fast jog.

Wayne starts screaming, the horde splits. Pam punches him on the shoulder.

PAM

Shut up, moron. Dolly's got this.

Wayne nods. The horde turns back to the screaming Dolly, taking off after her.

As the horde moves away, Pam and Wayne follow, blasting the stragglers to keep them moving.

INT. HALLWAY JUNCTURE, THIRD CHECKPOINT - A LITTLE LATER

Dolly reaches the next juncture, very out of breath.

She glances behind her, the horde too far away. She looks around, spots Fletcher on a bench.

DOLLY

Fletcher, I can't scream anymore.
My voice is going.

He jogs over, giving her a one armed hug, faces the horde.

FLETCHER

(screaming)

Here fishy fishy fishy. Be good
little fishies and come and get me!

The horde spot him, pick up speed, race towards him.

Fletcher shoves Dolly towards the bench.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
Go on Doll, catch your breath.

Dolly limps over, puts the camera to her eye and films as Fletcher stands waiting.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
(laughing maniacally)
That's right, fishy in a barrel.
Come to Daddy Fletcher.

The horde are just a few feet away, Pam and Wayne bringing up the rear.

Wayne's blaster runs dry, he shakes it, tosses it aside, grabs a smaller spare from his shoulder, starts blasting again.

Pam's blaster runs dry, she looks to Wayne, he shrugs, she dashes around the horde to stick with Dolly.

Fletcher's big soaker runs out of ammo, he pulls a couple of smaller water guns from his waistband, starts shooting.

A few moments pass as the horde is reduced to just a few.

Wayne's soaker goes empty, he runs to join Dolly on the bench.

Fletcher's guns go empty with a dribble and hiss of air, he runs to the bench.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
I'm out. Now what?

Dolly grabs the walkie, presses the button.

DOLLY
Tammy? You there? You better be there.

The walkie crackles.

TAMMY (O.S.)
Here! Where are you?

DOLLY
Third checkpoint, Fletcher, Wayne and Pam are all out of ammo. The horde are smaller but still too many. What now?

TAMMY (O.S.)
Retreat. It's time to fry these
fish!

Dolly shakes her head.

DOLLY
Roger that, nice catch phrase too.

She puts the walkie on her belt, nods to the others.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
We're going to have to book it.
Nobody gets left behind, right?

The others nod.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Okay then. Here we go.

She charges from the bench barricade, the others hot on her heels.

The horde spot them, race after.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY

Tammy paces back and forth beside the vinegar lake, the walkie in her hand.

In the distance, growing louder and closer, she can hear the yelling of the others and the shuffling glooping horde.

She sets out several traffic cones around the vinegar lake.

She then grabs her two giant super soakers, walks to the locked doors of the mall where she has placed her six final jugs of vinegar.

Dolly, Wayne, Pam and Fletcher come racing around the corner and head towards her location. They are stopped short by the traffic cones.

TAMMY
(yelling)
Avoid the cones, go around, to me!

They race around the lake to her position, stop, panting.

Tammy tosses smoke bombs to Wayne and Pam. Tosses her second soaker to Fletcher.

Dolly moves behind Tammy, filming over her shoulder.

Tammy nods to the other three.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
On three, toss the bombs at them.
Got it?

Pam and Wayne nod.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
Fletcher, as soon they get close
enough, start blasting them towards
the lake.

FLETCHER
Oh Captain, my Captain!

TAMMY
What the hell does that mean?

FLETCHER
I don't know, it sounded good in my
head.

TAMMY
Just get ready. Dude!

They wait, the horde comes closer.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
One, two, three!!!

Pam and Wayne lob smoke bombs. The fish zombies retreat
towards the vinegar lake.

TAMMY (CONT'D)
Now Fletcher, shoot your load man!

The frantic glooping of the fish zombies rises.

Tammy and Fletcher start blasting.

Smoke fills the air.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

There is one final wailing gloop and the smoke starts to
clear.

The five warriors emerge from the cloud, approaching the
vinegar lake as the smoke finally clears, to find a spreading
pool of slime.

Wayne gags, Pam turns away, Dolly films.

Tammy turns to Fletcher and with a nod, they start tossing handfuls of baking soda onto the slime.

It bubbles and squeaks but the slime slowly dissipates.

They stand there, watching, until a sharp knocking on the main mall doors startles them.

All five turn, to find a senior yelling at them through the doors and the sunrise in the background.

DOLLY

When did last night turn into this morning?

FLETCHER

Damn.

The senior knocks again, looking annoyed.

TAMMY

You're up, Wayne.

With a heavy sigh, Wayne goes to the doors and leans out, argues a bit, then comes back inside.

Dolly, Fletcher, Tammy and Pam stand in a tense group as Wayne exchanges words with the senior.

The senior laughs, claps Wayne on the shoulder, goes away looking satisfied.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

So, what did he want?

WAYNE

He's a mall walker.

PAM

What did you tell him?

WAYNE

Said we had some maintenance, broken water pipe. Won't be opening early.

He looks at the mess in the main hallway, turns to Tammy.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I need to get clean up started.

Tammy glances at the mess.

TAMMY

I'll help.

WAYNE

Thanks sis.

She turns to Pam, Dolly and Fletcher.

TAMMY

See you three later. Get some rest.

She grabs the super soaker from Fletcher, grabs Wayne and they trail off down the hallway.

Pam yawns suddenly.

PAM

Well, that's me for a nap. The couch in my office is waiting for me. That and my scratchers. Better get them from the security office.

FLETCHER

You mean, the scratch tickets that you stole from a dying man.

Pam looks irritated.

PAM

I was trying to save his life, and I've spent enough money there over the years. I feel no shame.

DOLLY

Clearly.

PAM

Whatever.

She storms off towards the security office.

Fletcher and Dolly watch her go.

FLETCHER

Well, I'm exhausted.

DOLLY

I feel that.

Fletcher stares at the sunrise through the glass doors.

FLETCHER

Wanna get some fresh air?

DOLLY
Yeah. Yeah, because it smells like
rotting fish in here.

He laughs, slinging an arm around her, leading her to the doors.

EXT. MAIN MALL ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Fletch collapses onto a bench outside the doors, Dolly sitting beside him.

Dolly fiddles with her camera as they sit.

FLETCHER
So, you get enough footage?

DOLLY
(grinning)
Enough? More like too much! But
it's awesome.

FLETCHER
Enough to make a feature?

DOLLY
Oh yeah. Look.

She leans over, showing him some of the footage from the final battle.

FLETCHER
That looks amazing!

DOLLY
Right?

FLETCHER
You know what though, I'm starving.

DOLLY
Hey me too.

FLETCHER
I want bacon.

DOLLY
Not fish?

He gags, she laughs.

She stands up and walks towards the curb.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Come on, you're paying because I have no idea where my bag is and frankly, don't give a damn right now.

He chuckles as he joins her.

They walk down the center of the parking lot, towards the diner across the street.

As they step off the curb, a sad little gloop comes from a street drain.

They stop, peer into the drain, fishy eyes look back at them, Dolly grabs Fletcher's remaining pistol from his belt, shoots into the fishy eyes until the gun is empty.

The gloop turns to a wail. With a grin, she tosses the gun into a nearby garbage and the head off for the diner across the street.

FADE TO BLACK.