

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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Based on, If Any

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INT. CAR - DUSK

ANGELA, CYNTHIA, and MARCO just get back into the car. Angela gets in the back seat while Marco and Cynthia sit in the front. A blizzard is raging outside. They try to start the engine. It sputters and dies.

ANGELA
We're out of gas!

CYNTHIA
We'll never survive out here like this!

MARCO
Guys, we'll be fine. The Walmart is right there.

Marco points to across the parking lot where a bright Walmart sign shines through the blizzard. Marco starts to open the car door.

CYNTHIA
No!

Angela restrains Marco while Cynthia reaches across the car and slams the door back closed.

ANGELA
Its getting too dark to risk the trek back across the parking lot.

CYNTHIA
We'll have to prepare if we're to survive the night. I'll take first watch.

MARCO
You two have been binging survival movies again.

ANGELA
You've all got your hunting knives right?

CYNTHIA
Of course.

Cynthia pulls out a 6 inch hunting knife.

MARCO
Whoa! You guys just walk around with those?

Angela is rummaging amongst the items that they just bought.
Cynthia is sharpening her knife against a whetstone.

CYNTHIA

We live in a dangerous environment,
you have to be prepared.

MARCO

You live on Long Island. We're
like, 30 minutes from Queens.

Angela breaks a beer bottle and tapes it to her fist.

CYNTHIA

Look.

Cynthia points to a group of brown droppings on the ground
close to the car.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Cart boy scat.

MARCO

Scat? What's scat?

ANGELA

They never travel alone. Where
there's one, there'll be many.

MARCO

Wait, is that shit? Are you saying
that there's a cart boy just
shitting all over this parking lot?

Angela breaks some broom handles in half.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I don't know what reality y'all are
living in. That's probably just
from someone's dog.

Angela is wrapping the broom handles in strips of cloth.

A distant howl emerges from the raging blizzard.

MARCO (CONT'D)

B-Besides, we're in a locked car.

CYNTHIA

I've seen a pack of cart boys break
open a car like it was a poorly
wrapped Christmas present.

Cynthia gives a thousand yard stare.

ANGELA
Fire will keep them at bay.

Angela passes her broom handle torches to Marco and Cynthia.
She lights hers on fire.

MARCO
This is ridiculous! We're in a
Walmart parking lot! There's a gas
station across the street. I can
see the light of the signs from
here! Look - there's one of your
cart boys right there. He's just
pushing carts.

Marco points out the window. There's a person pushing a cart
outside in the blizzard.

ANGELA
They're here.

Another person pushing a cart emerges from the blizzard. Then
another and another. Soon, pack of a dozen cart boys pushing
carts are circling the car, growling and howling. Cynthia and
Angela raise their weapons.

MARCO
Man, I'm never visiting the suburbs
again.

Blackout.