

HUMANS VS. ZOMBIES: DESCENT

by

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INT. A BASEMENT - EVENING

JESSICA and LAUREN are on a couch in front of a television. LAUREN holds a controller, and is staring intently at the screen (on which she is playing THE WALKING DEAD by TELLTALE GAMES). JESSICA is lying on the couch reading her textbook, not paying attention.

LAUREN notices that JESSICA isn't watching.

LAUREN
(Disapprovingly)
Jessica.

JESSICA
(Deadpan, still reading)
Lauren.

After seeing JESSICA isn't going to change her behavior, LAUREN shakes her head and sighs.

LAUREN
Okay, time to sit up.

JESSICA
Oh, goodness-

JESSICA covers her face with the textbook.

LAUREN
Come on, up up up.

JESSICA
(Whining, still has her
face in the textbook)
What do you want from me?

LAUREN
I want you to understand.

JESSICA removes the textbook from her face.

JESSICA
(Whining)
I played for like twenty minutes
already.

LAUREN
And clearly that wasn't enough.

JESSICA
So, what?

JESSICA slams her textbook shut.

JESSICA
I'm stuck here?

LAUREN
Until either you like it, or you
starve to death in this dreary
unlit basement.

JESSICA sighs.

JESSICA
(Resigned)
Fine.

JESSICA puts the textbook aside and sits up, crossing her arms.

JESSICA
Educate me in how incorrect my
personal preference is.

JESSICA watches LAURA play the game.

JESSICA
(Unwillingly indulging)
So what's happening now?

LAUREN
(Focused)
Two characters are about to die, I
can only save one.

JESSICA
So in the midst of a zombie
apocalypse the game asks "Who do
you save, the geek with good
intentions or the WOMAN WHO KNOWS
HOW TO USE A GUN."

LAUREN looks disapprovingly at JESSICA.

JESSICA
Very profound.

LAUREN
They're not just tools, Jessica,
they're *people*.

JESSICA looks at LAUREN, looks back at the screen, then at LAUREN again.

JESSICA
(Deadpan)
Lauren, in real life... people
aren't toon-shaded.

LAUREN
(Unamused)
What about all those fantasy books
you read, do you not care about
those "people"?

JESSICA chuckles.

JESSICA
Look, I love political intrigue,
but I don't think the players are
real. You're bawling over dots on a
screen while millions of real
people suffer everyday. Am I really
the sociopath here?

LAUREN
All I'm saying is that, for me,
this,

LAUREN points at the screen.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Creating life where there is none,
turning pixels into people, making
you feel about what isn't real...
that's what makes fiction amazing.
To be immersed, to care, to cry.

LAUREN stares at JESSICA, her heart on her sleeve. JESSICA
stares at LAUREN, containing a laugh and unable to believe
her friend's actually being serious. The stare is broken
when JESSICA starts chuckling.

JESSICA
(Amused, Ironic)
Okay.

LAUREN shakes her head and looks back at the screen,
JESSICA rolls her eyes and goes back to studying from her
textbook. A few moments later she realizes something.

JESSICA
I think I've figured out your
problem.

LAUREN doesn't bother looking away, and appears to only be
half paying attention to her friend.

LAUREN

Uh-huh.

JESSICA

You're a masochist.

LAUREN raises an eyebrow.

JESSICA

(Smiling)

Yup, you're a masochist. I mean look at you. You've completely convinced yourself of a lie, willingly, for the sole purpose of feeling like shit. You choose to fall in love with a character just so you can watch them die and cry about it. You practically get off on the feeling of it. It excites you, doesn't it?

LAUREN glares at JESSICA

JESSICA

(Deadpan, hint of a smile)

You're sick.

LAUREN nods a few times sarcastically to JESSICA, then looks back to the screen and rolls her eyes. JESSICA smiles and is about to go back to her textbook, but they are interrupted by MARK coming down the staircase holding a piece of paper. LAUREN pays no mind and is completely engrossed in the game. She is still at the same choice, and has yet to hit any buttons.

MARK

(Punctuated)

H-V-Zed.

He drops the piece of paper (a Humans Vs. Zombies poster) onto the open textbook on JESSICA's lap. She picks it up, examining it.

MARK

Humans vs. Zombies. Two teams. One week. All day; everyday.

He moves his finger in a circle to indicate "everyone."

MARK (CONT'D)

We're all playing.

JESSICA
I don't understand.

MARK
A whole bunch of people are in the game - like 500 people - and then a couple of them start out as "zombies." The zombies try to catch people by touching them, and when they do, that person's dead and turns into another zombie.

JESSICA
Right, well,
She taps her textbook a few times with her finger.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I'm going to be busy.

MARK
Yeah, yeah, yeah, but wait - I haven't gotten to the best part. Zombies tag people to make them zombies, but the humans can shoot the zombies with Nerf guns. Nerf guns, Jessica, Nerf guns!

JESSICA
Mark.

MARK
Jess.

JESSICA
Mark.

MARK
Jess.

JESSICA
Mark.

MARK looks at her somberly, pleadingly.

JESSICA
You have fun; I'll watch.

MARK
(Pleading)
Oh, come on! I don't want to play alone.

JESSICA

Mark, I-

MARK

Please? Please? Please, please,
please?

JESSICA sighs.

JESSICA

(Begrudging)

What do I have to do?

MARK

We'll go NERF gun shopping
tomorrow, but otherwise you just
need to find an armband. Lauren,
you're in right?

LAUREN

(Still focused on the
screen)

Huh?

MARK

Cool.

JESSICA closes her textbook and stands up.

JESSICA

Well, now that you're here, how
about you give me a ride home so I
can get some uninterrupted studying
done.

MARK

But I just got here-

JESSICA

Do you want me to play your game?

MARK

(Disappointed)

Yeah...

JESSICA motions to the stairs.

JESSICA

Then let's go.

MARK sighs and goes upstairs. JESSICA collects her stuff
around the room and walks around the couch to get to the
stairs. As she comes behind LAUREN, JESSICA looks back to

the TV.

JESSICA

So... you chose the geek, huh? Care to explain the deep emotionally fraught decision making process you used there?

LAUREN pauses and bites her lip.

LAUREN

Well... he's kinda cute...

JESSICA

(Amused)

Uh-huh.

JESSICA pats LAUREN on the head, then rushes upstairs to follow MARK. LAUREN yells up the stairs after JESSICA.

LAUREN

(Trying to be convincing)

It's a very riveting game, okay?

INT. A CLASSROOM - DAY

JESSICA and LAUREN are sitting at the back of a classroom with a bunch of students. A TEACHER is speaking to the class, but her voice is in the background. JESSICA rubs her eyes as if tired, and the sound of her stomach rumbling is heard.

LAUREN

You okay?

JESSICA

Yeah, kinda.

LAUREN

Sleep okay?

JESSICA

Stayed up too late; missed breakfast.

LAUREN

Oh, that's not good. You've gotta stay strong in light of the zombie apocalypse.

LAUREN taps JESSICA on the shoulder and directs her attention to two students wearing bandannas at the other

end of the classroom.

JESSICA

Ugh, why did I agree to sign-up for this thing?

LAUREN

It's great. I mean, they didn't make a game, they turned your life *into* a game. Suddenly everything you normally do becomes an objective. And it's not like some arbitrary objective that's only meaningful because they say so. You *want* to meet your friends, you *want* to not fail. Your life is the game.

JESSICA

Fun. You know how much studying I've gotten done over the last five days because of this?

LAUREN

Calm down, it's the last day.

JESSICA sighs.

JESSICA

Sometimes I feel like the only sane one around here. Can we at least get food before we-

LAUREN frantically taps JESSICA on the shoulder and directs her attention once more to the two zombies. One of them is looking toward LAUREN and JESSICA and the other is texting someone on their phone. LAUREN pulls out her own cell phone and starts typing.

LAUREN

We need to get MARK.

JESSICA

Jeez.

LAUREN

We'll be surrounded in minutes.

JESSICA

(Fed up)

Can I just die already?

TEACHER

And that is how you invert non-square matrices. Have a nice weekend everyone.

All the students stand and begin to pack away their things and head out.

LAUREN

Hurry up.

LAUREN rushes JESSICA to get her stuff together, then pulls her into exiting crowd as the two zombies begin moving toward them.

INT. A HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

LAUREN pulls JESSICA out of the classroom and into the hallway filled with students just exiting class. As they rush down the corridor the two zombies exit the classroom and attempt to pursue. LAUREN shoots them both with her NERF gun, and continues rushing JESSICA along. They run into MARK who is also firing on a few zombies, who become stunned (move their head bands to their neck) and leave, frustrated.

MARK

Thank God you made it, I almost-

A zombie comes around the corner and is about to tag an unaware MARK. At the last moment he is shot by a NERF dart, fired by JESSICA.

JESSICA

Are we done here now, I'm really starved-

Another zombie jumps out right in front of JESSICA. She jumps back startled and the zombie is shot by LAUREN and MARK.

LAUREN

(To JESSICA)

You okay?

JESSICA

(Impatient, rubbing her eyes)

I just need to eat.

JESSICA shakes her head to regain composure.

LAUREN

We need to get out of here.

MARK

Agreed.

He motions for them to follow, they begin navigating to an exit.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF WATERLOO CAMPUS, ARTS QUAD - DAY

MARK, JESSICA, and LAUREN are walking with NERF weapons ready, keeping an eye out for zombies. MARK and LAUREN are obviously more into it than JESSICA, who just seems fatigued and doesn't care. MARK feels his phone vibrate and checks it.

MARK

(While reading)

I just got a text that there are some humans trapped in DC.

JESSICA groans.

LAUREN

I think Jess is kinda hungry.

MARK

These people don't have time for hunger, Lauren!

JESSICA

God.

LAUREN

How about we drop her off at the cafe?

LAUREN points to the nearby ML building.

LAUREN

It's a safe zone, at least until its closed.

JESSICA

Whatever, fine.

MARK

(Looking to LAUREN)

We got this.

LAUREN

You know it.

JESSICA waves goodbye and heads into ML. The other two turn around toward DC.

LAUREN
So what's the situation?

MARK
Not sure. All I got was "Need help
- DC second floor washroom."

LAUREN
Let's check it out.

INT. MODERN LANGUAGES CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

JESSICA rushes up to the coffee shop where a CASHIER greets her.

CASHIER
What can I get you?

JESSICA looks up at the menu

JESSICA
(While reaching into her
pocket for her wallet)
Uh, I'll have a BLT with mustard
and a-

JESSICA realizes her wallet isn't where it's supposed to be, so she tries her other pocket.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
A, uh-

JESSICA pulls her empty hand from her pocket, stares at it with held back rage, then turns it into a fist while turning back to the CASHIER.

JESSICA
(Attempted pleasantry)
You know what I'll have to get back
to you.

JESSICA walks over to an empty table and sits down. Her stomach rumbles, but is silenced by her hand clenching it. She checks the time: 2pm.

WOMAN
(About to take a seat at
JESSICA's table)
Mind if I sit-

JESSICA
(Blowing up)
Yes!

The WOMAN recoils, gives JESSICA a disapproving look, and moves on to another table. JESSICA sighs, clearly feeling slightly better now that she had a short chance to vent, but now realizing how much of an idiot it made her and regretting it. She checks her watch again.

JESSICA
(Desperate)
Mark, why did you have to be my
ride?

She puts an arm on the table and rests her head.

INT. DAVIS CENTER - AFTERNOON

MARK and LAUREN carefully approach the corridor with the washrooms. MARK peers at them around the corner, and PETER pokes his head out of the male washroom. He silently and frantically points to the corner at the other end of the hall, then signals the number four. MARK moves back behind cover.

MARK
(Whispering)
Ready?

LAUREN nods.

The two begin creeping up to the washroom, then two zombies run out from the other side of the hall directly toward them.

ZOMBIE
(To the others)
Now, now!

As he yells three more zombies rush up from behind, boxing them in. LAUREN and MARK fire a few shots but are forced into the bathroom.

INT. A BATHROOM - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

PETER, LAUREN, and MARK and three other humans are in a washroom.

PETER

Whelp.

A zombie laughs outside.

PETER

Welcome to the washroom.

MARK surveys the room.

MARK

At least we're in a safe zone?

PETER

One we're not allowed to shoot out of, yeah.

LAUREN

Well, we can just wait them out. They have to leave eventually.

PETER

They already have.

MARK

(Surprised)

They have?

PETER

Yeah, they work in shifts.

MARK and LAUREN look at each other.

PETER

Well, if you're going to be here a while, you might as well share the rations.

PETER pulls out some energy bars and passes them to LAUREN and MARK who open them up.

PETER

Prepare for the long haul.

INT. MODERN LANGUAGES CAFETERIA - EVENING

JESSICA is still sitting at the table, trying to read her textbook despite the hunger headache. The cafeteria is now empty, and the stores have closed. She's having trouble focusing and keeping still. She checks her watch.

JESSICA

(Strained, exhausted)
I can't take it. I have to get out
of this room.

Suddenly something moves outside one of the windows in the darkness, but what it was isn't clear. JESSICA stares at the spot of the disturbance and slowly begins to close her textbook and put it into her bag, not taking her eyes off the spot.

She shakes her head.

JESSICA
I'm going crazy.

Figuring it was her imagination she becomes calm again and starts heading for the door. Something slams against the glass wall, and for a split second it looks like a REAL ZOMBIE is leaning against it, watching her. JESSICA is startled and blinks, then the REAL ZOMBIE is replaced by a person wearing a headband. The ZOMBIE smiles at her, and then walks off into the darkness. Her stomach begins to rumble and she quickly presses against it with one hand trying to keep it quiet. She slowly backs away from the door and begins heading for another exit.

Another REAL ZOMBIE turns around the corner and begins running at her. JESSICA freaks out and pulls out a REAL GUN and fires rapidly while closing her eyes. When she opens them the REAL ZOMBIE is replaced by the same guy wearing a headband. A bunch of NERF darts are lying on the floor in front of the ZOMBIE, and JESSICA is holding an empty NERF gun.

ZOMBIE
(Smiling, confused)
Woah,

The ZOMBIE starts picking up her darts.

ZOMBIE (CONT'D)
You only needed to fire one.

The ZOMBIE looks up and notices JESSICA is still pointing the NERF gun at them, slowly backing away.

ZOMBIE
Oh, sorry.

The ZOMBIE pulls his headband down around his neck.

ZOMBIE
(Pointing to his neck)

I'm stunned.

The ZOMBIE holds her darts out to her.

ZOMBIE

You want your darts?

JESSICA just looks at them apprehensively for a few moments, then slowly walks forward.

JESSICA

Yeah...

She grabs the darts from the ZOMBIE's hand, then begins to back away slowly toward the exit while still pointing her gun at the ZOMBIE.

JESSICA

Sure... Cool... Thanks...

She turns around and runs out the door.

INT. A BATHROOM - EVENING

MARK, LAUREN, PETER, and the other humans are in the bathroom discussing a plan.

MARK

I'm telling you, we rush 'em like bulls, hit 'em while they're confused, then run like all hell.

PETER

No, no, no, you don't understand. They're smart and they're organized - whatever we do we're walking into a trap.

LAUREN

Maybe we send out one person as bait.

PETER

Bait?

MARK

Bait!?!

PETER

That's crazy, and suicide.

While describing her plan, LAUREN speaks with her hands.

LAUREN

No, no, no, hear me out. They know we only have one option: walking out that door. But we're in the dark, we have no idea what we're walking into. We'd have act under pressure and improvise. If, however, we make it so they're the ones having to react to an unknown, we can be the ones in control. All we need is something for make them prematurely show their hand: bait.

The room is quiet.

PETER

(To MARK)

You look like you can run really fast.

MARK

What, me?

PETER

Yeah. You've got a certain quality like you can spring yourself through the air with each step. A bit of a lankiness.

MARK begins self-consciously examining himself.

LAUREN

A nimbleness.

PETER

A lanky nimbleness.

LAUREN

With grace.

PETER

Lots and lots of grace.

MARK looks unimpressed.

MARK

Fine. I'll do it, but win or lose there better be songs sung in my honor.

PETER

I practice in the shower every morning.

MARK
And I'll be labeled a hero.

LAUREN
(Sarcastic sincerity,
with one hand on her
heart)
You've always been my hero.

MARK
And I better never be forgotten.

PETER
I never actually got your name.

MARK flexes his shoulders and does a quick stretch. Then he nods to his companions and heads out the door. The moment he steps outside the washroom he's anti-climatically caught by a ZOMBIE who had been hiding just up against the wall beside the door.

MARK
Son of a b-

LAUREN
(Yelling, commanding,
frantic)
EVERYONE BOOK IT NOW!

Everyone in the washroom haphazardly attempts to funnel out of the washroom screaming and shooting. A myriad of zombies come from all over the place attempting to grab the humans. In the confusion all the humans except PETER and LAUREN end up tagged, and a few zombies have been stunned by NERF guns. LAUREN and PETER escape the building and run outside.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF WATERLOO CAMPUS

PETER and LAUREN stop running, breathing heavily.

PETER
I think we're good.

LAUREN looks around.

LAUREN
Yeah, for now. But what next?

PETER
Well, I've still have some friends
at St. Paul's, so I think I'll head
there and round up survivors.

Maybe, with enough of us, we can
make a difference.

LAUREN

Yeah, I've got a friend too, and

LAUREN pulls out her cell phone and checks her messages,
then looks really surprised.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Oh my god she's been texting me.

PETER pulls out his cell phone too.

PETER

How about we exchange numbers, meet
up afterward with whoever we have?

LAUREN

(Smiling)

I'd like that. I'm Lauren, by the
way.

LAUREN hands him her phone.

PETER

Peter.

PETER extends his. They take each others phone and enter
their numbers, then return them. PETER nods, smiles, and
departs. LAUREN begins to write a text.

LAUREN

(To herself)

Jessica, where are you.

She hits send. A few seconds later her phone beeps.

LAUREN

(Reading)

Outside EIT.

She looks around.

LAUREN

Alright.

LAUREN runs off toward EIT.

EXT. OUTSIDE EIT - NIGHT

LAUREN walks up the steps in front of EIT and peers inside.

She begins to look around for JESSICA, confused that she isn't immediately visible.

LAUREN
(Very quietly)
Jessica?

She looks around a bit more.

LAUREN
(Very quietly, slightly
more urgently)
Jessica?

She finally approaches the front door and reaches for the handle, but before she can open it someone grabs her from behind. LAUREN gasps and turns around to find JESSICA. JESSICA pulls her behind some cover. Throughout the conversation JESSICA is obsessively checking around, checking her phone, her watch, and ensuring her NERF weapons are loaded. She appears frantic and frazzled.

LAUREN
You said you were going to be just
outside EIT!

JESSICA
Couldn't be sure you were human.

LAUREN
What? I just texted you. How could
I not be human?

JESSICA
Where's Mark?

LAUREN
What, oh-

JESSICA
Where's Mark?

LAUREN
Unfortunately he-

JESSICA pulls out her phone, opens a text, and puts it in LAUREN's face.

JESSICA
And yet here he is, texting me.

LAUREN takes the phone to examine the message more closely. She looks surprised and betrayed.

LAUREN
How could he...

LAUREN then looks at JESSICA as if noticing her frantic state for the first time.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Um, are you okay?

JESSICA doesn't answer and just keeps checking around.

LAUREN
Did you ever manage to get food,
or-

JESSICA
(Frustrated)
I have more important things on my
mind.

LAUREN's phone beeps, she takes it out and reads a text.

LAUREN
Look there's a guy Mark and I met
in the washroom who says he's found
some people. If we meet him he has
food and-

JESSICA grabs the phone from her hand.

JESSICA
Didn't I just show you exactly how
trustworthy a text is? Are you
about to throw away both our lives
over the chance this guy's
legitimately offering help?

LAUREN is somewhat baffled by JESSICA's shift in behavior,
but answers regardless.

LAUREN
Well... he is kinda cute...

JESSICA disapprovingly thrusts the phone back into LAUREN's
hand, then looks around the corner toward Grad House Green.

LAUREN
And to be honest you're the one
who's starting to look like a
zombie. Your eyes are all-

JESSICA taps LAUREN on the shoulder, interrupting her, and
motions in the direction of Grad House Green. A large horde

of zombies is coming up the hill, and a single HUMAN holding a Vulcan is stepping backward facing them.

HUMAN

Take this you bastards!

He opens fire and shoots a massive spray of bullets into the horde. They try to spread out but many are hit. The HUMAN laughs, but a zombie ends up looping around behind and tags him in the back, causing him to fall over and drop the Vulcan.

LAUREN

We really should get out of here.

LAUREN looks around and notices that some zombies have started to appear on the in other directions as well. JESSICA, noticing this as well, begins rubbing her hands through her hair and pacing frantically.

JESSICA

(Somewhat crazily)

No, no, no, there's got to be a way. Got to be a way, got to be a way.

LAUREN

(Concerned)

Jess, are you-

JESSICA

(Frustrated)

Can you quiet your nonsense for one minute while I think!

LAUREN is baffled and just looks at JESSICA. JESSICA rubs her face in an attempt to calm down and breathes hastily.

LAUREN

Look, the bus stop home's just past that field.

JESSICA

I lost my wallet.

LAUREN

Either way we'll be safely off campus and Mark can give us a ride.

JESSICA barely seems like she's paying attention. She's just looking at the field. LAUREN points past Grad House Green.

LAUREN

I say we make a run for it. Is that okay with you?

JESSICA thinks for a moment. She eyes the Vulcan, then the horde, then LAUREN, then the horde. She speaks while staring in that direction.

JESSICA

(Pensively)

Yeah... sure.

LAUREN

Alright. On three, okay? One, two... three!

They both turn the corner and run at the horde. As they do, all the zombies suddenly become real zombies, and the two women's NERF guns become real guns. The Vulcan lying on the floor becomes a machine gun.

LAUREN and JESSICA run at the horde firing, and the zombies begin to rush at them even as some of their fellow undead are shot and fall over dead. As the two friends near the machine gun, JESSICA's perception of time slows down. JESSICA, like the protagonist from THE WALKING DEAD game, is faced with a choice. She can run with LAUREN or likely die, or push her friend into the zombies distracting them enough to grab the machine gun. She chooses the latter.

LAUREN

What the hell!?!

As they all grab at her trying to tear her apart and JESSICA grabs the machine gun. She mows down zombies in her path, screaming, and turns around and runs backward while fighting off the rest of the horde. She runs straight into a zombie and blacks out.

INT. INSIDE EIT - NIGHT

JESSICA wakes up lying down ground inside EIT. A CRT VOLUNTEER and the MODERATOR stand over her.

CRT VOLUNTEER

How are you feeling?

JESSICA

Huh?

CRT VOLUNTEER

(To MODERATOR)

Seems like just a case of being
over-tired, over-exerted, and low
blood sugar.

CRT VOLUNTEER
(To JESSICA)
When was the last time you ate?

JESSICA
(Disoriented)
Uh...

The CRT VOLUNTEER pulls out an energy bar from their bag.

CRT VOLUNTEER
(Passing the bar to
JESSICA)
Here you go. Now how many fingers
am I holding up?

The CRT VOLUNTEER holds up three fingers.

JESSICA
Three?

CRT VOLUNTEER
Excellent. Don't try to get up,
I'll be back in a moment with some
water.

The CRT VOLUNTEER steps away, and the MODERATOR kneels down
beside JESSICA.

MODERATOR
Hey, I'm the one in charge of this
of this game. I just wanted to
congratulate you on being the last
surviving human player. Yay!

They pat her on the shoulder.

MODERATOR
Did you have fun?

JESSICA
(Confused)
Fun?

MODERATOR
Yeah, you know, fun?

The MODERATOR waits a few moments for an answer, but upon
getting none they continue.

MODERATOR

Well if you did or you didn't it's
your lucky day. You win a prize!

They grab a box containing a new NERF gun and put it beside
JESSICA.

MODERATOR

A nice new toy for you.

JESSICA looks at the box still somewhat disorientated and
confused.

MODERATOR

You know, for playing with?

They make the hand motion of holding a gun and shooting.

MODERATOR (CONT'D)

Pew, pewww.

JESSICA gives MODERATOR a really confused look.

MODERATOR

Anyway, two last notes. In the
future please don't shove anyone or
we will ban you from the game, and
secondly, your friend outside said
not to talk to her ever again.

JESSICA

What?

MODERATOR

Whelp, see ya.

The MODERATOR leaves.

JESSICA looks completely baffled and just lies on the
ground. The CRT VOLUNTEER puts a glass of water beside her,
which she doesn't touch. After a few moments she picks up
the NERF box and examines it. She looks on the back and
sees a small label which reads:

"Not a real weapon. For entertainment purposes only."

She drops the box exhaustedly at her side.

JESSICA

(Resigned)

Fuck.

THE END