

The Living & the Dead

Storyboard by Gabby Moreno



GABE: Yo.
LOUIE: Yo, what's up to?
GABE: Meh. Nothing really. You?



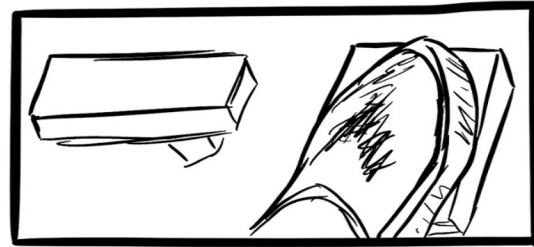
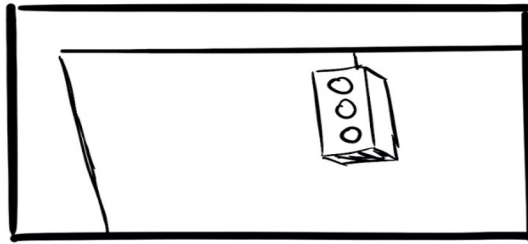
LOUIE: Same. Wanna do something.
GABE: Uh... come to my house?
LOUIE: Aight.



LOUIE: (whispers) Oh god! (normal voice) Hey, sorry man. Haven't got my cash on me.



LOUIE: Oh shit! Dude, sorry! I said no!



LOUIE: Jesus!



LOUIE: So, how you feeling about college?
GABE: Dude, you have NO idea how lucky I wanna get outta here!
LOUIE: You're not nervous or anything?



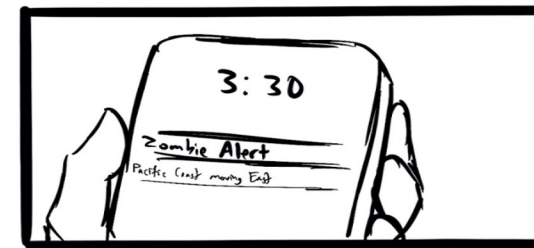
GABE: Nah, can't be worse than staying here. This last summer here SUCKED, man. Can't wait to start fresh. I need that. I feel so lazy & worn out here.



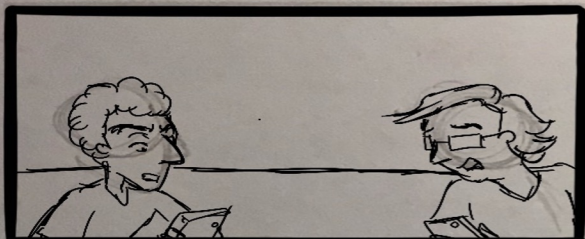
LOUIE: I get ya. Haven't done much here this summer either. Guess I kinda left shit here behind when I left to college last year. I dunno, I just know I'll feel better once I'm back too.



GABE: Well at least it's almost the end of summer vacation. I've... OH! Got an alert on my phone.



GABE: What the fuck? This a joke?
LOUIE: Nah, I got it too. Oh baw! There's some stuff on the news about it too.
GABE: How is this real?!



LOUIE: Come to think of it, I think I saw one of them on the way here. Tried to break into my car.
 GABE: Think there are that many here already?
 LOUIE: The news says there shouldn't be.



GABE: (sighs) Look, man. College was an opportunity to restart my life. To actually live. To have the sun. I didn't have a high school and more. Now, doesn't seem like much of a chance. We watch a lot of movies. We know how this shit turns out. Things will never be the way they were again. We'll only be stuck at home fighting them off on our own until we die one by one.



LOUIE: Gabe, tonight, and for however long we can, we're gonna live the way we can.
 GABE: Hell yeah.



LOUIE: Hey! Where are you going?
 GABE: The hell outside here. I'm not staying to get cornered by zombies when they get here. Fuck this shit. C'mon!



LOUIE: Hate to say it, but I get you & I think you're right. This shit's gonna kill everyone. (pause) You know what? Fuck it! We don't have a lot of time. Why not live the most we can before they get here?



LOUIE: Slide over, I'm driving
 GABE: Where we going?



LOUIE: Okay. Let like, wherever we go, this shit is barely here & the streets are gonna be packed!
 GABE: I don't know.
 LOUIE: Where you going? Is it really better to head...
 GABE: I DON'T KNOW!



GABE: What?
 LOUIE: Gabe, are you willing to accept what's coming?
 GABE: Ugh...
 LOUIE: Are you really?!!
 GABE: ... yeah.

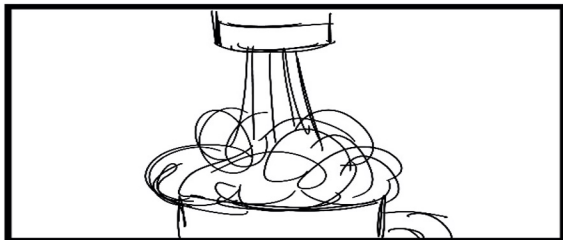
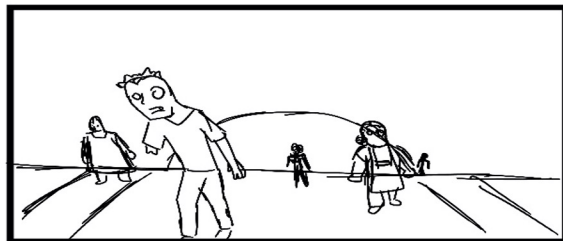
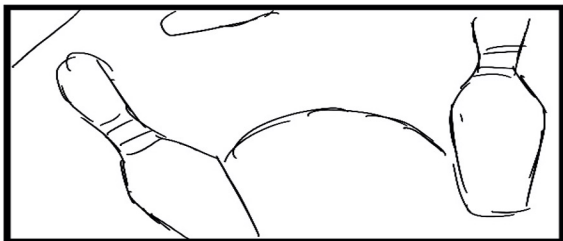
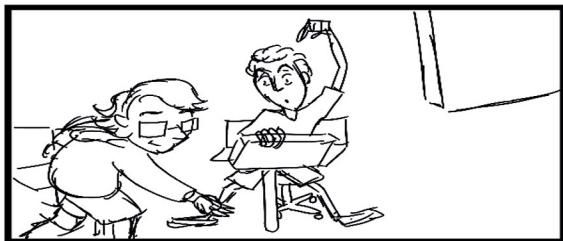
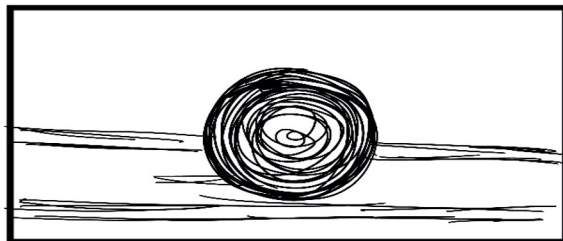
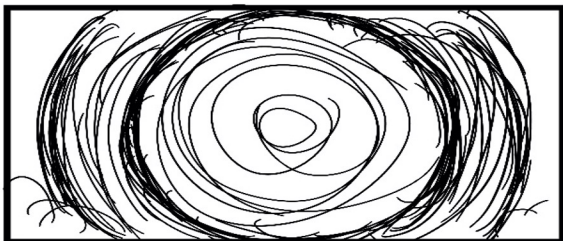
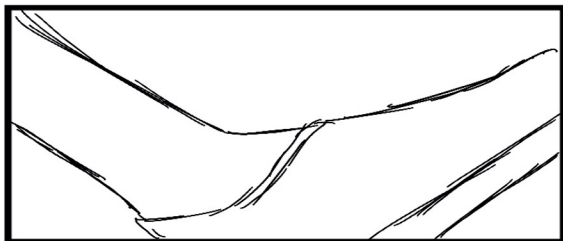


LOUIE: Guess we'll find out.

Title _____

Scene _____

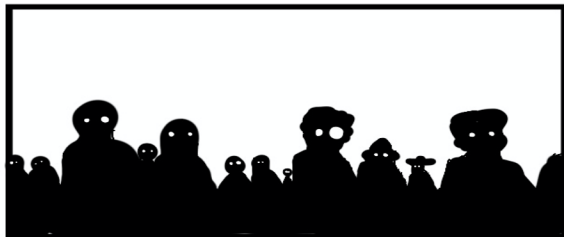
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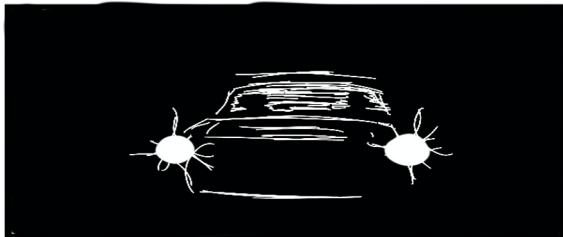
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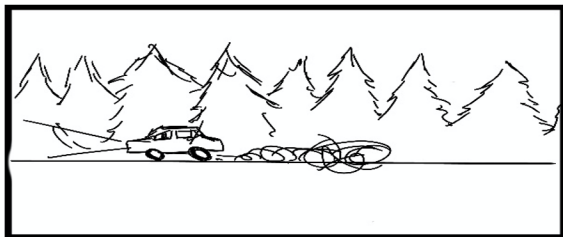
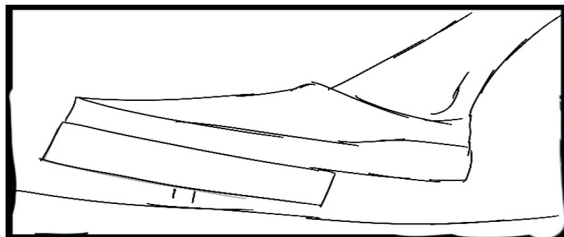
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(Zoom IN TO EYES)



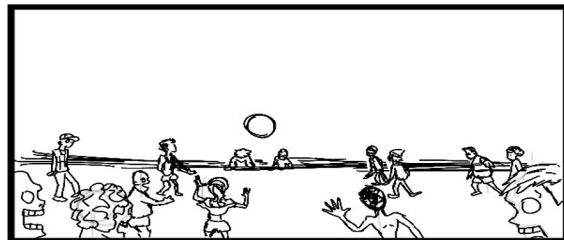
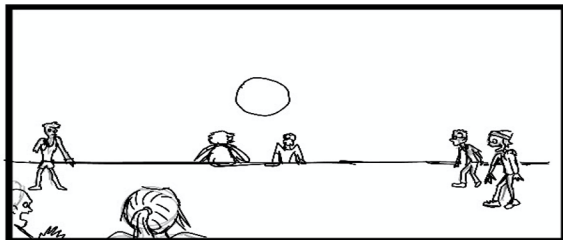
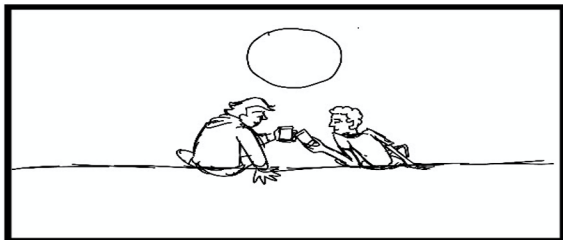
(DRIVES FORWARD TO SCREEN)





GABE: Y'know, ah, I'm getting kinda tired. Car's outta gas too.

LOUIE: Yeah...
LOUIE (cont.): You have a good time?



GABE: Hell yeah. Thanks man.
LOUIE: See you soon, dude.
GABE: See ya

