

***Nugs and Kief***  
**an excerpt from the upcoming**  
***Zombie Killing Stoners, Episode 2:***  
***MR. WOODPECKER AND THE ALPHAS***

As far as Nugs and Kief are concerned, the graveyard shift is the best shift to pull. Management is rarely around at this time of night and the residents are more laid back after they ditch their suits and put on their party clothes. The best part about the late shift is that the two of them get to work on their studies without too many interruptions, and even get to take a toke break or two on their door-checking rounds. Throw in the decent paycheck and the tasty tips, and yup, graveyard shift is pretty much perfect for Nugs and Kief. The one and only downside is the impact these particular hours have on their interaction with the fairer sex. There is a scarcity of women ready to party at dawn thirty when the boys hit the sunlight.

Tonight is different because Nugs is enthralled by the images streaming over the Internet, and it isn't some sweet mama with her heavenly plump meat flaps all open and juicy. No, this is the total fucking opposite. He's watching a scene from Hell play out right in front of his eyes. Some news chopper in France is flying and filming over an evacuation center as it is being swarmed by hundreds of rabid Zombies. There is no stopping the wave of monsters as the Zeds continue trudging towards the food.

Hearing a loud thud, Nugs looks up from the horror show to see if he can tell which one of the residents hit the floor to ceiling windows of the lobby. It sounds as though he or she is at the opposite end of the lobby, near the mailboxes. It's going on 3am, prime time for the bar crawlers to come stumbling back to their nice cozy apartments. They are often too trashed to walk more than three steps without veering into some invisible gravity well that sends them face-first into the closest solid object. Nugs just hopes that whoever it is didn't hurt themselves bad enough to involve 911. The paperwork will take forever to fill out, and the bullshit he'll have to put up with will last even longer.

Nugs figures the best course of action is to get some assistance (and a witness just in case anything fucked up happens). He picks up the hand-held radio and reaches out to Kief, his co-worker and best friend who is doing "the rounds" in the receiving area.

Nugs depresses the button on the side of the microphone. “Unit Two come in. This is Central Desk. Come in Kief. What is your location? Over.”

In a second or two a voice blares out of the tiny speaker. “YEEEEEEHAWWW!!!!!! Breaker! Breaker! Agent Double-0 Kief comin’ backatcha’ like a rubber ball, bitches. I got a Smoky on my tailpipe and she’s sucking pretty hard, good buddy! 10-4 and all that convoy shit. Rodger dodger Nugs, my bro. What the fuck can I do for ya?”

Nugs shakes his head in dismay at his best friend’s off the wall behavior. He has no patience tonight for Kief’s antics. “Kief man, come on and stop playing the redneck trucker fool again. Just hurry back to the lobby. I think one of the residents fell into the glass again and it sounds pretty bad. Over.”

“Ok dude. Keep your panties on and I’ll be there in a few. Man, I hope it’s not a goddamn puke machine like last time. That banker motherfucker in 42L spewed chunks all over my shit that night. I had to trash everything man, even my fuckin’ underwear. Don’t know what that dude had inside him, but I could not get that nasty-ass smell out of my clothes.” Kief sounds a bit more normal.

Nugs just grows more impatient with Kief’s rambling. “Whatever, dude. Just hurry up and get out here so we can check this out. Over and out.”

Nugs puts the hand-held radio down on the desk and sits there nervously waiting for Kief to drag his stoned ass from whatever he is really doing. Nugs reaches for the log book when the quiet of the lobby is disturbed once again by the bass drum boom of someone hitting the windows, only this time it is much louder and causes Nugs to flinch in his seat. Anxiously looking in the direction of the mailboxes, Nugs still can’t quite make out who is causing the racket.

“HEY! What’s go...”

Kief is cut off mid-sentence as the decibel level of the lobby is elevated off the scale by one of the longest, loudest, highest-pitched, little-girly screams ever heard anywhere outside of an eight-year-old’s slumber party. Nugs catapults straight up into the air, right out of his chair, sending it jetting into the wall behind his station. Since the chair is only about three feet from the wall, it rebounds

immediately into the back of Nugs' legs, knocking him into the desk's edge. He finally lands in a heap on the cold stone floor. The banshee scream abruptly ends, replaced by a muffled "FUCK" emanating from near the floor.

"NUGS! Nugs! Oh man, Dude, you ok?" Kief looks down with concern written on his face, holding out his hand to help up his bud.

Nugs is breathing so fast it seems he is about to start hyperventilating. He just sits there on the floor for a few seconds, staring daggers into Kief. Finally Nugs reaches up and grasps Kief's hand, slowly getting to his feet.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING SNEAKING UP LIKE SOME DAMN THIRD GRADE ASSHOLE? DUDE, THAT IS SO UTTERLY FUCKED UP! SHIT KEIF! STOP FUCKING AROUND LIKE THAT!"

Smiling like the Cheshire cat, Kief places his left hand over his heart and his right hand in the air topped by his middle finger. "Sorry Nugs. For true I'm not trying to dick around with your head. I just took the short cut through the switch room. Are you ok?"

Nugs rubs his bruised backside before explaining in a calmer voice. "Kief, my brother from another mother, dude, you almost gave me a coronary. Fuckin' seriously, man. There's all kinds of freaky disease shit going on all over the damned place nowadays that just ain't right. I mean think about it, we've been crashing in the seventh floor staff apartment here at work the last few days because it is too iffy to commute.

"The whole world is going down the tubes because of this virus, so we have to look out for each other and not get infected. But for now we still have a job to do so let's go see which one of the residents had a few too many."

Kief solemnly puts his hand on Nugs' shoulder. "You've been watching the news shit again and that has you freaked out all ready to explode. Nugs, my man, we've been bros ever since second grade when you beat the snot out of my scrawny Rican ass, but I have to tell you straight up that you have to take it down a notch and chill some before you DO have a heart attack."

Nugs is about to reply when he is interrupted by another boom. When he can hear himself, he speaks. “Yeah dude, you're right, I'll try to relax more. But first, come on and let's get this over with.” He picks up the walkie-talkie, clips it top his belt, and then grabs the big MAG-Lite before coming around the desk and heading towards the other end of the lobby.

Kief retrieves the First-Aid kit from its cubbyhole and starts to follow his friend. He catches up in a couple of steps. “Honest man, I wasn't fucking with you. I promise. Buuuut, I gotta quiz ya Nugs. Where did that scream come from and what happened to those two tiny little raisinettes you call balls? That was fucking awesome.”

“Bite my ass Kief, ok! And I've been telling you for twenty years that you are not Puerto Rican. Your mom and pops ARE, but not you, because they adopted you. You're fucking whiter than me. At least I can speak Spanish. You're as Yankee as apple pie cause you were born here in New York City, bitch.” Nugs is really pissed off.

The two of them stop in their tracks as a series of heavy booms reverberates through the emptiness of the lobby.

“Dude, this is getting too fucked up. Why did we agree to come to work again?” Kief starts walking and then begins to pick up the pace.

As they get closer and acquire a better angle, the horrific source of the disturbance comes into view. It looks like a combination of a shark feeding frenzy and several bodies turned inside out. The banging sound is coming from the things throwing themselves against the glass as they fumble over each other trying to get a piece of the blood-drenched meat.

The two doormen stop and stand like statues as the Zombies outside the glass tear asunder what must have been some of the residents coming home. The Zombies managed to corner the people in the Porte Cochere before they could reach safety.

Then they see another source of the noise. One of the Zombies has its face in the bloody end of a woman's leg that was ripped off above the knee. As the Zed chews at the shreds of the dismembered

thigh meat, the foot is banging into the glass.

Other Zombies are picking through and eating unidentifiable bits of the poor victims bodies. Muscle, eyes, tongue, skin, organs, and bone - it doesn't seem to matter. All of it ends up in the Zombie's mouths. Some falls right back out because the either throat or the abdomen of the Zombie doing the eating is ripped out, leaving just a gaping hole.

Without moving a muscle Nugs quietly whispers, "What the fuck do we do now?"

Kief replies, "We back up really slow and head..."

About that time one of the Zombies feasting outside the windows raises its blood-covered face from the anatomy buffet and notices the two doormen. Excited by the fresh meat, it stands up snarling and charges headlong into the glass with its arms extended and hands twisted into claws to grab the new food. This is, of course, followed by a thunderous boom as the flailing Zombie bounces back into its undead eating companions. The sounds makes Nugs cringe and Kief jump back a pace.

It is like someone fired a starting pistol at a track meet (or meat considering the condition of the participants). All of the Zombies charge the glass, following the first one as it goes for the succulent food. The effect is frightening as hell and funny as hell, all at the same time.

Nugs and Kief watch as the Zeds hit the shatterproof glass going full tilt boogie at roughly the same time, making it sound like the lobby is under an artillery barrage. And then they keep watching as the Zombies all bounce off just like the first intrepid pus sack, leaving splashes and starbursts of black ichor every time they connect with the glass, along with teeth and other unidentifiable bits of decomposing flesh, sliding and tumbling down the glass to land at the bottom like some bizarre offering.

A few of the Zombies stay down after being hit with enough force to shatter their skulls and muddle the contents. Most just get up and come at the tempting morsels again. And these are joined by other Zombies coming from the little park by the Porte Cochere attracted by the moans and commotion caused by their brethren.

“FUCK US! FRONT DESK NOW! HIT THE PANIC BUTTON!!! MOVE IT! NOW BRO!!!”

Kief shouts as he turns left and takes off running for the Emergency Security Lock Down keypad by the Valet entrance. Activating the ESLD will first surround the Porte Cochere with crisscrossing, one-inch, hardened steel bars that descend from the ceiling and rise out of the roadway. Then a mesh screen of the same size will drop in front of the lobby windows, which are already one-and-a-half-inch, bullet resistant, shatter proof Lexan. Finally, if this still isn't enough, they can activate a half-inch steel shutter inside the glass with one more key stroke.

While Kief is hitting the ESLD, Nugs shoots for the front desk and the Panic Button, which sends a prerecorded code to NYPD and NYFD while alerting all staff on duty to stand-by for emergency instructions. Nugs also stops to secure the revolving door, the weak spot in the lock-down because sometimes the locking mechanism won't line up correctly to engage.

Just as he gets there to hit the over-ride for the lock, a Zombie slams into the edge of the outside door and tries to push its way in. As Nugs watches, the screen drops down and obliterates the Zombie. Nugs re-aligns the door and engages the lock. As he finishes, Kief comes running back from the Valet area.

“Excellent dude!” Kief is out of breath and scared. “Now, let's get our shit and head up to the seventh floor so these things will calm down. Dude, aren't you glad we brought Eleanor and Excalibur to work with us?”

“I wish we hadn't left 'em on seven, though. I'd feel better with my Crovel in my hands right now. Dumb-ass move like that could get us eaten from now on. We don't go anywhere without something to protect us. Better yet, we don't go anywhere alone. I guess Five-O'll contact us when they get here. Meanwhile, my brother, since we're hanging out let's spark one up real quick. My shit just got shook all to hell, Nugs.”

Nugs smiles and puts his arm around Kief's shoulder. “I'm totally with you on that my Rican friend, and I know just the place. Let's hit it. Did you see the tits on that Zombie chick?”

Little does anyone know at this time, but the NYPD or the NYFD are not going to show that

morning or any morning ever again. And it will be some time before the rest of the survivors realize it, but the ZKS owes everything to a couple of stoners working the graveyard shift.

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