

ACCIDENTAL AWAKENING

Written By
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FADE IN:

INT. GWINDLE PARK CEMETERY – NIGHT

A small dark and ominous cemetery with scattered graves and few patches of grass. Woods surround the cemetery.

Two young kids, TOMMY and CRAIG run through the cemetery grounds laughing feeling rebellious. Tommy drinks a soda and disrespectfully pours some in a pot of flowers beside a tombstone. They sneak through the graves giggling immaturely at some of the readings.

TOMMY

Craig, look! His name was
Dickie Harding!

The boys laugh to each other. Craig is clearly uncomfortable being in the cemetery at night but is trying to laugh it off in front of Tommy.

CRAIG

Ha! Okay Tommy, it's past
ten, we should start heading
back now.

TOMMY

No! Stop being a coward! We
just got here!

Craig looks frustrated but doesn't want to show any sign of fear.

TOMMY

What, are you scared?

CRAIG

No.

TOMMY

(Teasing)

Scared some ghosts or
goblins going to come?

CRAIG

Shut up!

Tommy laughs, starts walking through the cemetery further. Craig rolls his eyes and despite his will, follows Tommy.

After a moment of silence, Tommy spins back to scare Craig.

TOMMY
(Loudly)
BOO!!!!

Craig jumps back with a face of pure terror sending Tommy bursting into gut wrenching laughter.

Craig catches his breath.

CRAIG
(Angrily)
You are such a moron! That
is it! I am going back.

Suddenly, trees are heard rustling in the far distance with sounds of quiet chanting.

The boys look at each other.

TOMMY
(Quietly)
Did you hear that?

CRAIG
Yeah, let's get out of here!

TOMMY
Wait...

Tommy tries to listen clearer; he starts walking slowly towards the wooded area. The two stop in their tracks as they see a group of people dressed in cloaks, leaving.

CRAIG
(Panicking)
Hurry! Let's go!

TOMMY
Wait... they're gone! Let's go
see what they were doing.

CRAIG
(Sarcastically)
Yeah that's is a great idea
Tommy. They could come back,
lets go!

Tommy holds a finger up to silence Craig and then creeps towards the woods slowly. Craig follows but at a far distance, constantly checking his surroundings.

Tommy comes to a large tree and peeks around it to see an area with a large cauldron filled with a bubbling bright blue substance.

TOMMY
(Whispering)
What do you think that is?

Craig tip toes over and squints his eyes to see.

CRAIG
I don't know, some sort of
stew or something?

Tommy's curiosity takes a hold of him and he runs over to the cauldron and observes it.

Craig stays behind the tree, growing more concerned.

CRAIG
(Whispering)
Tommy, this isn't a good
idea, come on!

Tommy doesn't listen at all, grabs his soda can and empties it onto the ground to make room to scoop up some of the liquid in the cauldron.

CRAIG
(Whispering)
What are you doing?

TOMMY
Hold on! I want to see what
this stuff is..

Tommy fills his can with the substance being careful not to touch any as the steam arising from it appears for it to be hot.

Tommy shakes around the can looking inside and smiles, running back to Craig.

TOMMY
Okay, let's go!

Craig sighs in relief and they start walking through the graves to the exit of the cemetery.

Tommy suddenly hits Craig and starts running.

TOMMY
(Playfully)
You're IT!

Craig grunts and chases after him. The two chase each other around the cemetery frivolously.

Suddenly, as Craig gets close to tagging Tommy, he trips over some sticks sending him falling to his face in the dirt. The substance he was holding in the pop can goes spilling all over the ground, making a sizzling sound as it seeps through the dirt.

They both gasp.

TOMMY
Ah, gross! I think I got
some on me!

Tommy shakes off some of the substance that is dripping from his arm.

Craig lends a hand out to help Tommy up.

ABRUPTLY, two decayed arms of a corpse come shooting out of the ground sending dirt flying!

Craig screams as he falls backwards.

The arms fold and grab Tommy and pulling him into the ground. Tommy screams for his life trying to fight the arms but his strength is no comparison.

Craig pulls and pulls at Tommy trying to unleash him but with a sudden abrupt force the arms pull Tommy completely under the ground leaving the ground looking exactly as it had before.

Craig gasps horrified, he digs at the dirt with his fingers but it appears to be getting him nowhere. Craig looks around panicking, then starts running out of the cemetery.

CUT TO:

Black Screen.

TITLE APPEARS with a bang:
"ACCIDENTAL AWAKENING"

CUTS TO:

FADE IN:

EXT. ZOO — DAY

The front gate of the Zoo is filled with kids and their parents meandering the park.

JANE (O.S.)
 And to your left you'll see
 one of our newest editions
 to the park, the mountain
 lion!

INT. ZOO — EXHIBIT

JANE, an averagely tall, cute blonde tour-guide stands in front of an exhibit that contains a slowly venturing mountain lion. A group of park visitors that are part of Jane's tour speculate in awe.

JANE (Cont'd)
This big cat, more commonly
referred to as a jaguar or
puma are actually sadly
facing extinction -

One tubby little boy immediately raises his hand in
curiosity, waving around in attention. Jane turns to him.

JANE (Cont'd)
Yes, question?

BOY
Extinction, that means their
all dying right?

JANE
Well, because of hunters and
such there are less and less
of them meaning that their
species is becoming a lot
more -

The boy getting to a point interrupts Jane's explanation.

BOY
But I don't understand, I
thought cats had nine lives?
How can they be becoming
extinct?

The boy looks puzzled, Jane smiles.

JANE
Well, unfortunately, the
saying that 'cats have nine
lives' is actually just a
saying! It's a metaphor that
refers to their agility and
how they are known to always
land on their feet... it's
really just -

The boy again interrupts Jane in her explaining.

BOY

But my cat Jimmy's died four times because I've forgotten to feed him, my parents just take him to the vet and he always comes back alive just a little different. But my mom says that's just because sometimes they can't find matching fur after surgery sometimes...

Jane's immediately shocked, she looks up to the boy's mother who's panicked and signaling Jane to not say the obvious truth behind the boy's pet. Jane rushes to change the subject.

JANE

Well. Uh. That only applies for domestic cats... Moving on, if you keep following me we're going to come across another rare animal, I'll give you a clue to what it is...

Jane walks down the exhibit path, the group follows her, and the mother and the boy venture into a different direction as the mom forces him away from the crowd.

JANE (Cont'd)

Okay, it's a creature you could find in your backyard that can't fly, but this one can!

The group looks puzzled.

JANE

Any guesses?

Jane looks for an answer.

A young girl yells from the crowd.

GIRL
Is it a mouse?

JANE
Nope, not a mouse! I'll give
you a hint; it starts with
an S, any ideas?

An older, clueless looking lady with a deep voice blurts an answer.

OLD LADY
Sasquatch?

Jane stares at the old lady in confusion for the question wasn't directed to her but towards the kids.

Everyone ignores the old lady's answer and eagerly awaits the real answer but no one else cares to throw out a guess.

JANE
Okay, well this rare animal
is actually my pet, but I
show her at the zoo! Her
name is Zoë, and she's
actually a Northern flying
squirrel!

The crowd gets rowdy and excited. Jane brings them over to the big glass cage where the sign reads, "Northern Flying Squirrel" only to find a dead flying squirrel lying on the cage's floor covered with swarming and buzzing flies.

The group of visitors is shocked and disgusted, the parents cover their children's eyes and Jane looks completely mortified.

CUTS TO:

INT. ZOO — MAIN GATE — LATE AFTERNOON

The park's population has died down a lot since earlier;

Jane sits on the bench in front of the main entrances water fountain, beside her sits FRED, a mid-thirties, rough looking zookeeper with untamed hair and sideburns eating a big sub sandwich. He continuously wipes his dirty, food-stained hands on his raggedy work uniform.

Jane looks melancholic, kicking around small pebbles on the ground. She looks up from the ground to see the large picture of her flying squirrel at the front gate reading "New! Flying Squirrel Zoë! See Her Now!". An employee at the sign disrespectfully, without second thought covers the poster ad and staples on a sign that reads: "Hot Dogs at the next left!".

Jane sighs.

FRED

I'm sorry Jane; I know it's hard losing a pet.

(Beat)

But Richard really didn't think that that little snake would eat Zoë.

Jane looks at Fred in disgust and confusion.

There's a long pause of awkward silence.

Fred hands Jane a ten-dollar bill and Jane examines it in confusion.

JANE

Why are you giving me this?

FRED

Well. I did bet Richard ten dollars that the snake would eat Zoë, and, well I was right...

(Beat)

I just feel too bad keeping the money.

Jane looks at Fred in further disgust. Fred hands her his sandwich.

FRED
Want a bite?

JANE
No! No, I do not want a
bite.

Jane shakes her head at Fred in frustration.

JANE
GOD!

Jane puts her head in her lap and sobs.

After a few seconds, looking up she sees a young and in love couple almost too affectionate for their own good. Jane sinks in her place further, she stares at the couple in a daze imagining what that must feel like.

Breaking Jane from her dreamlike state, Fred sticks his gross, dirty hand in her face with a slight gnaw mark on it.

FRED
Look, one of the llama's bit
me! Do you think I could sue
the company? I'm saving up
for an exotic frog.

Jane grunts to herself and turns to Fred, looking at him in an "are you for real?" expression.

JANE
Fred, the llama's would not
hurt a fly, how did you
possibly get one to try to
bite you?

Fred giggles to himself, then turns to Jane to explain.

FRED
Well, we wanted to see if
the cherry bomb mixed with
the rattled can of fire ants
would ...

Reading Jane's expression, Fred stops mid-sentence.

FRED

You know, you probably won't
get the humor in it.

JANE

No... your right, I probably
wouldn't.

Jane rolls her eyes; She grabs a grocery bag of her clothes,
gets up and walks away.

Fred adjusts his overly large glasses and then continues
eating his sandwich unaffected by Jane's anger.

CUTS TO:

EXT. ZOO — PARKING LOT — MINUTES LATER

The large parking lot has cars scattered scarcely.

Jane walks out of the zoo, to the middle of the parking lot
where her little beat up red car is sitting.

Jane struggles with the key unlocking the door, gives it a
kick and then eventually gets in.

INT. JANE'S CAR

Jane sits in her car still in her eye-soar light brown
uniform; she lays her head back, swoops off her work hat and
rests.

JANE

(To Herself)

I need a new job.

Suddenly, a fat and blatantly mentally unstable man,
RICHARD, comes rapidly knocking on Jane's car window,
startling Jane.

Jane jumps back and her emotion swings to unhappy as she
sees Richard. She rolls down the window with wariness.

JANE
(Unenthusiastically)
Hi Richard...

RICHARD
Hi Jane, thought you might
want this!

Richard abruptly hands her a shoebox and claps to himself and waddles away. Jane looks puzzled and immediately rolls back up her window, watching Richard walk away completely confounded.

Jane looks down to the shoebox sitting on her lap to see "ZOE" messily written on the lid.

Jane soon after looks nauseated in thought of what might be in the box, she slowly opens the lid to confirm her suspicion and sees the carcass of the flying squirrel followed by a heavy terrible odor. She promptly closes the box and quickly sits it on the passenger seat. Jane looks away.

JANE
Oh my god!!!

EXT. ZOO — PARKING LOT

Jane zips out of her car; she walks over to the passenger door staring at the box through the window and debates what to do.

She eventually shakes off her fear and opens the door and grabs the box.

Jane carries the shoebox holding it as far as possible from herself, she brings it to the large trashcan a few parking spots over and as she's about to drop the box in she stops in remorse.

Jane tries to bring herself again to drop the shoebox in the trash but cant bring herself to leaving Zoë in the garbage.

Jane rolls her eyes back and breathes deeply.

CUTS TO:

EXT. ROAD – MINUTES LATER

Jane's little red car cruises down a long, fairly deserted road passing by fair-sized houses and outlet stores in an apparent small town.

INT. JANE'S CAR – MINUTES LATER

Jane sits uncomfortably with the shoebox in the passenger seat; in unease, Jane looks to the box every now and then and has her windows open to the fullest extent.

Jane soon after spots a small isolated cemetery sign in the distance. As Jane switches lanes to turn into the cemetery, the flying squirrels corpse slides in the box making gruesome, unsettling sounds.

JANE

Ah!

The beeping of her car signals the gas is running low.

JANE

(To Herself)

Not one thing can go right
for me, can it?

Jane sighs and speeds up pulling into a gas station.

EXT. GAS STATION – GAS PUMPS

Jane parks her car, gets out in an obvious unpleasant mood and slams her door as she exits.

She sticks the nozzle in her car and starts filling up, tapping her toes in boredom.

A ding of another car entering causes Jane to turn to see a charming, good looking young guy, OLIVER come park at the pump across from hers.

She watches him as he pumps his gas, admiring him.

He looks at her and gives a smile before passing her to go pay for his gas.

Jane's moods changed to completely giddy now. She fiddles with gas pump and replaces the nozzle, checking her appearance in her car window.

She begins reassuring herself.

JANE
(To Herself)
Okay Jane, just strike up
simple conversation!
(Practicing)
Hi, I'm Jane...

Jane sighs feeling like an idiot. She looks into the gas station window seeing that he's almost coming out.

JANE
(To Herself)
All I need is another
rejection to really top off
this day... Maybe I shouldn't
even bother... but if this
does work out, I could have
a date... or face humiliation.
Ugh, but either way if I do
just get into my car and
drive away right now, then...

Jane imagines the consequences.

FLASH TO:

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jane sits alone on her couch with her dead pets corpse beside her, eating a store made chicken by herself with her hands, crying away crazily.

JANE
(Hysterically)
WHYYY!!!

Suddenly through the front door, a gas station attendant comes storming in angrily followed by police officers. The man points to Jane with rage.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
(Dramatically)
THERE SHE IS! SHE JUST DROVE
OFF! DIDN'T PAY FOR HER GAS!

FLASH BACK:

EXT. GAS STATION – GAS PUMPS

Jane shakes her head to erase the idea. She is distracted with nervousness as Oliver comes walking out of the gas station. She approaches.

JANE
Uh, Hi.

OLIVER
Hi there...

JANE
I'm sorry, I haven't seen
you around here, thought I'd
introduce myself.

OLIVER
Oh, well that's nice. You
must not come by here too
often though, because I
actually work here part
time...

JANE
(Embarrassed)
Oh... I guess not.

Beat.

JANE
I'm Jane.

OLIVER
Oliver! Nice to meet you.

Oliver shakes her hand.

OLIVER
Well I'm sort of in a rush
Jane, I'd like to stay and
make small talk but –

Oliver sees the disappointment in her face.

OLIVER
– it's a weird thing because
usually I have nothing to
do. If you want to maybe
leave me your number or
something we could maybe
meet up sometime.

Jane smiles.

JANE
Yeah, sure! That sounds
great! One second I've got
my –

Jane turns to her car swinging open the passenger seat door, searching around for a piece of paper. She finds one and quickly jots something down. As she turns back to him she slightly catches the shoebox containing Zoë and sends it flying onto the cement sending Zoë tumbling out of the box followed by a swarm of flies.

Oliver looks completely repulsed.

Jane cringes in embarrassment and shock. There's a long space of uncomfortable silence.

OLIVER
Well I'm going to –

He points to his car.

Jane stops him by forcing her paper into his hand. He looks at it for a second.

OLIVER
Okay, great... I'll call you.

Oliver is well on his way to his car.

JANE
(Sighing)
It's my email address...

Oliver's car tire skids before zooming out of the gas station.

Jane looks down at Zoë and picks her up, puts her in her box and places it back in the passengers seat. She shuts the door, falls forward onto the car and starts banging her head against the window.

She gathers herself together and grabs some cash out of her pocket.

The gas station attendant comes swinging out the door, trying to keep a straight face but with obvious restraint from laughter.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
Uh, don't worry about it!
Gas will be on me today...

JANE
(Unenthusiastically)
Thanks...

Jane steps back into her car, sighs and then starts it up leaving the gas station.

CUTS TO:

INT. JANE'S CAR – MINUTES LATER

Jane flips through radio stations as she drives. She stops on one that interests her.

RADIO SPEAKER (O.S.)
Are you feeling alone in the
world? Need some compassion?
(MORE)

RADIO SPEAKER (O.S.)

(CONT'D)

Someone to love you and let
you know every little thing
is going to be okay?

Jane looks aroused by the questions and listens intently
with hope.

RADIO SPEAKER (O.S.)

(Enthusiastically)

Then our neutered blind cats
are FOR YOU! You aren't the
only one with serious
problems that needs a loving

—

Jane quickly slams the radio off in pity. She sees a sign
for the cemetery in the distance sighs, speeds up and puts
on her blinker turning into the cemetery.

INT. GWINDLE PARK CEMETERY — DUSK

Jane's car drives under a big rusty sign that reads "Gwindle
Park Cemetery". The cemetery is very small and quiet, the
few tombstones are little and spaced close together.

Jane gets out of her car and gets the box from the passenger
door. She looks around the cemetery in approval.

Jane wanders around the graves looking at some of the
tombstones, she spots a small grassy area and grabs a shovel
that lies against a gate.

Jane heads to the grassy spot and begins digging; she digs a
large enough hole and carefully places the box in the hole.

Jane takes a deep mournful breath.

JANE

Well Zoë, I really feel
terrible. You were a great
pet! It's really my fault
this happened, I should of
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)
never decided to show you at
the zoo. I really hope you
can forgive me and that you
rest in peace.

A raccoon that's tearing at the shoebox interrupts Jane's
speech.

JANE
Hey! GET OUT OF HERE!

The raccoon, careless of Jane continues trying to get into
the box.

Jane grabs the shovel trying to scare the raccoon away.

JANE
GET LOST! SCAT!

The raccoon finally gets the box open and drags the dead
flying squirrel out with its teeth. The raccoon starts to
run with it. Disgusted, Jane chases after the raccoon.

JANE
(Distressed)
OH, COME ON!!

The raccoon leaps into a heavy bushed area. Jane slows her
pace and squeezes her way past bush and branches.

A humming is heard.

Through the bush a group of cloaked people from some sort of
cult are sitting around what looks to be a boiling cauldron.

Jane, too late to turn back, stumbles out of the bush into
the cult session. Jane still clumsily slowing down hits one
of the logs holding up the cauldron and after seconds of
wobbling, the worshiped cauldron tips over spilling
everywhere. The steaming light blue substance inside rapidly
pours out and seeps through the bush into the cemetery
grounds.

Jane quickly pulls herself up from the hot substance.

JANE
AH! That's hot!

Jane overlooks the cloaked people who now look petrified; they start quickly panicking speaking to each other in some cult language.

JANE
I'm so sorry!

The cult still looks panicked and ignores Jane's apology.

JANE
Well, uh, I'm just going to go... so...

Awkwardly Jane starts to back away. One of the members stands up to Jane.

CULT MEMBER
Do you know what you've DONE?!

JANE
Spilt your water? I'm sorry, I truly am! I can fill it back up, I've got some water bottles in my car I can-

CULT MEMBER
NO! AH!

The member turns to the others.

CULT MEMBER
We must leave! NOW! Get out hurry!

The cult members begin dropping all of their tribal items and running out of sight in apparent fear.

Jane, in great disarray, stands brushing herself off. She yells off to the people who are now not visible.

JANE
Again, SORRY!

Jane looks at all the stuff they left behind; a big tribal book catches her eye. She picks up the book and flips through it but doesn't understand, she looks up and then yells again in hopes the cult can hear her.

JANE
YOU FORGOT YOUR BOOK!!

There's no reaction, just silence. Jane shrugs her shoulders.

JANE
Oh... okay, well.

Jane puts the book in her bag.

JANE
(To Herself)
Freaks

Jane looks around and then is alarmed by a rustling in the bushes. She turns to see movement of the leaves and scattering; she walks over in curiosity and then sees the raccoon she was once chasing fly out dead and bloody onto the gravel.

Jane's scared, she cautiously looks into the bush removing branches to see a decayed but fully alive Zoë.

JANE
WHAT! Zoë? But! How?

In utter amazement, Jane stands motionless.

Zoë, who looks evil and bloody, seems to not be any threat to Jane and just scurries over to her.

Jane walks backwards through the bush watching Zoë in confusion as the zombie version of her pet flying squirrel follows her.

JANE
(To Zoë)
We're going to have to book an appointment at the Groomer's aren't we now?

She backs out of the bush into the cemetery area and looks down to see the ground drenched in the cauldron substance; she stomps around trying to get the substance off of her feet.

Jane's suddenly alarmed by the sound of ominous moans coming from behind her.

She spins around to see the graveyard in ruins with dirt piles holes everywhere and a group of twenty or so expressionless, rotting zombies standing aimlessly.

The zombies focus on Jane and begin to sluggishly and clumsily limp towards her.

Jane screams in fear and begins to run, the zombies follow her at a steady pace.

Jane keeps looking back, terrified, as she grows tired of running.

She sees she's a fair bit ahead of the zombies and takes a few seconds to catch her breath. She breathes heavily as she's very out of shape and then looks back and as they get closer she returns to running.

Eventually, Jane comes to a long, high and clearly inescapable brick wall fencing off the cemetery.

With no possible way back around the zombies, Jane gives up and crouches against the wall squinting in horror as the zombies come closer and closer awaiting her death.

With her eyes now fully closed, Jane trembles as she can hear the zombies stop and stand right in front of her.

Jane, expecting to be torn to bits, is confused as after waiting a minute and still nothing has happened and the zombies still stand there.

She slowly opens one eye to see the zombies looking glazed over just calmly waiting.

Growing less scared, She opens both eyes full and then slowly makes her way to stand.

She stands there completely confused in what to do, whether to be scared for her life or what to think at all.

JANE

Hi?

The zombies just stand there swaying.

Jane fakes an attempt to run through them but they don't react.

Jane leisurely walks through the clan of zombies trying to remain as naturally calm as possible, she continues walking and once she gets a safe distance away she turns back to the zombies who are just standing, staring at her looking lost.

Jane keeps walking and the zombies slowly follow her. She finally gets to her car, the zombies still persistently behind her. She opens the door and tensely gets in.

INT. JANE'S CAR

Jane sits in her car nervously, she looks out the door and the zombies still look at her. Jane does not know what to do. She tries to communicate with the zombies again.

JANE

(Slowly)

Uh, well there won't be enough room in here for everyone so... guess I'll be leaving.

Jane slams the door shut and starts the engine of her rickety car and then begins to drive out of the cemetery until suddenly after a large bang of her engine the car dies.

She skittishly tries over and over again to restart the car but nothing works, the zombies again follow the car.

Jane stays in her car with the doors locked and she rolls up the slightly opened windows.

Jane searches through her bag, pulls out a cell phone, then searches through her glove compartment to find a torn off piece of paper with a number written on it. She dials the number and holds the phone to her ear.

VOICE (O.S.)

Auto Emergencies, how may I help you?

JANE

Hi, can I please speak to Bob?

VOICE (O.S.)

Yep, just hold for a minute please.

JANE

Okay, thanks!

Jane wait anxiously as annoying elevator music plays through the phone. She checks out the window to check if the zombies are still there and they are, not threatening just standing around.

BOB (O.S.)

Hello this is Bob speaking, how may I help you?

JANE

Hey Bob!

BOB (O.S.)

Jane, Is that you? You're not stuck again are you?

JANE

Uh, kind of..

BOB (O.S.)

Come on Jane, your better off riding a bike then that piece of crap your driving around. Where are you now?

JANE
Uh, Gwindle Park Cemetery

BOB (O.S.)
What in god's name are you
doing there?

JANE
It's a really weird story,
just come now, you are never
going to believe this over
the phone.

BOB (O.S.)
Believe what? Jane, this is
the last time I'll do this
for free, the next time you
get stuck you are going to
have to pay! I can't just
keep giving out free
repairs. Do you know what
the car needs? Other than
well... everything!

Jane gets fidgety, as she just wants Bob to get going.

JANE
(Anxiously)
No! Just come! Please!

A slight giggling is heard from Bob.

JANE
(Frustrated)
Yeah, yeah, "that's what she
said"... I know, hilarious.

BOB (O.S.)
Fine, fine, calm down,
lighten up! I wont be able
to repair it in the dark
there though, we'll bring it
back here! But, we don't
even have the tow truck,
(MORE)

BOB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
it's out, it's going to be
another 45-minute wait at
least!

JANE
BOB! It's really kind of an
emergency!

BOB (O.S.)
Fine! I guess I can bring
the truck but you know what?
You're paying!

JANE
Okay, okay!

Jane hangs up the phone.

Jane looks back at the zombies who haven't moved, she looks around her car and finds a tennis ball, then opens the door and shows it off trying to get them interested. The zombies don't look amused. She throws it as if to play fetch. The zombies watch the ball go but don't leave.

JANE
No, eh?
(Beat)
Okay.

Jane shuts her door and relocks it. She reclines her seat and waits eagerly.

CUTS TO:

EXT. CEMETERY — MINUTES LATER

Soon after the sound of faint tacky country music, the dark cemetery is lit by the high beams of Bob's box truck, which comes in making lots of noise on the rough gravel.

INT. JANE'S CAR

Jane looks up in excitement as her car fills with light. She jumps out of her car.

EXT. CEMETERY

Jane walks over to Bob's truck and BOB, a southern hick, jumps down from the driver seat and meets Jane at the front of the truck.

JANE
Bob, thank god!

BOB
Jane, your car breaks down every week, what's peeking you out?

Jane swings her finger at the group of zombies who are now coming closer to Jane and Bob. Bob's heart drops as he sees the zombies and looks more terrified than Jane did.

BOB
(Trembling)
J-J-J-Jane... Are th-those z-z
-?

JANE
Zombies? Yes! They seem harmless but I don't know what to do! I could call the cops but who's going to believe that I'm being followed by a group of vegetarian zombies? So what I'm thinking is -

The terrorized look in Bob's eyes as he stares, motionless and horrified at the approaching zombies distracts Jane. She puts her hand on his shoulder.

JANE
Don't worry, I don't think they are like "flesh-eating zombies" like in the movies, I think they're just confused or -

As Jane calms Bob, she's immediately interrupted as the zombies pummel Bob, taking him to the ground, rabidly tearing away at his flesh. With blood spraying everywhere, Jane stands watching in terror. She tries to break it up.

JANE
STOP! STOP! BOB? OH MY GOD!
SHIT!

The zombies ignore Jane but seconds later finish. The zombies part to show Bob dead and brutally disfigured, drenched in his own blood.

Jane bends down.

JANE
(Screaming)
BOB??

Bob's eyes roll back in his head and he has a brief violent shake and then his mouth opens wide and as drool falls he pulls himself off the ground but is now a zombie and completely soulless.

JANE
(Distressed)
Oh, that's just fucking
great!

Bob floppily walks over to the zombie pact and joins them as they stand around.

Jane stares at the zombies in confusion and disbelief. She walks over to the truck and jumps in.

INT. BOB'S TRUCK

Jane starts the truck. She watches the zombies gaze at her. She starts to back out but sees a woman walking her dog far down the street.

In fear that the zombies will eat the innocent woman, Jane strikes up a plan and she pulls out and then backs back into the cemetery.

She gets out of the truck.

EXT. CEMETERY

Jane walks over to the back of the box truck, which faces the zombies. She opens the big doors, which show a big open space.

JANE
Okay, get in!

Jane points into the box with enthusiasm trying to get the zombies in.

JANE
Come on...

The zombies tilt their heads at her, she sighs.

JANE
Okay.

Jane walks into the back of the box and then after a few seconds the zombies follow her and now everyone's in the box.

Jane slips her way through the zombies and then swiftly closes and locks the door, trapping all the zombies in back. She stands back and takes a deep breathe and wipes her hands together still stressed.

JANE
(To Herself)
What am I going to do now?

Jane gets back into the car and the truck slowly pulls out of the cemetery and back onto the road.

CUTS TO:

INT. BOB'S TRUCK – MINUTES LATER

Jane drives having her eyes on her rear view mirror more than the road, scared of what she's driving. She turns on the radio to ease her, "Don't Stop Believin'" comes on and she takes deep breaths, humming the tune.

EXT. ROAD

Bob's truck going faster than normal nervously cruises down the road. Unexpectedly, off the side of the road a cop car suddenly lights up in sirens and starts driving signaling for Jane to pull over.

INT. BOB'S TRUCK

Jane sees the lights out the side mirror and grits her teeth. The policewoman starts to speak out her speakerphone

POLICEWOMAN (O.S.)
Please, pull over! I repeat
please pull over!

Jane tries to ignore the cop but then caves and pulls over. The sound of the policewoman's feet against the pavement grows closer until the POLICEWOMAN a very butch dark skinned woman with braided back black hair comes over to the window. She means business.

Jane timidly unrolls the window.

The Policewoman gives Jane a dirty look and then licks her teeth as she has a toothpick flinging around in her mouth.

POLICEWOMAN
(Sternly)
Ma'am, I suppose you think
you're better than everyone
else and that you can drive
forty over the speed limit,
dontchya?

JANE

I'm sorry Ms., I didn't realize and there were no other cars! I'm just really in a rush.

POLICEWOMAN

Please, don't call me Ms.

Jane looks at her weirdly.

POLICEWOMAN

I'm going to need you to come down to the station little lady.

JANE

But shouldn't I just get a ticket, I mean I really need to get to the hospital, my father, his pelvic bone..

POLICEWOMAN

The hospitals in the other direction sweetheart, nice try... now GET OUT OF THE CAR!

Jane's startled by her change in pitch and gets out.

JANE

Okay, okay. But I mean there's no chance you could just let me off with a warning?

POLICEWOMAN

Oh hell no, you seriously think I would bend the rules of the law... THE LAW, for some tarty little blonde girl who can't follow a friggin' speed sign. Give me a break.

JANE

I don't think you understand
what I've been going through
lately... my pet just died,
I'm having a real hard time
right now.

The policewoman looks sympathetic.

POLICEWOMAN

Your pet? Hunny, I'm so
sorry, my cat died last
Tuesday too, but you know
what I did?

JANE

What?

The policewoman turns back to her angry self.

POLICEWOMAN

GOT OVER IT!

Jane looks shocked and gets out of the car.

EXT. ROAD

The police officer forces Jane over to the police car, until
Jane bursts out with an excuse.

JANE

WAIT!

Jane fidgets on whether to go through with the plan she has
cooked up or not.

The policewoman taps her toes, staring down Jane.

JANE

I know I can get in a lot of
trouble for this, but I have
people in the back!

POLICEWOMAN

More people?

Jane slyly plans for the policewoman to get into the back of the truck.

JANE
Yeah, more people!

Jane pretends to break out in confession.

JANE
I guess I was going to get
busted sooner or later but I
have illegal immigrants in
the back...

The policewoman grows a furious look on her face, pulls out her taser, cracks her neck and clenches her fists.

POLICEWOMAN
Open that back door; no one
messes with the law when I'm
working! No one!

Jane grabs her keys and unlocks the back door; the policewoman looks like a child on Christmas morning.

POLICEWOMAN
(Excited)
Ooo-wee! My law enforcement
boner's gonna get some
service tonight!

Jane looks disturbed as she opens the door.

The policewoman rampages in ready to arrest people.

POLICEWOMAN
(Angrily)
YOU BITCHES ARE GOING DOWN!

Jane slams the door shut on the police officer and re-locks it.

The gruesome sounds of the policewoman being attacked by the zombies make Jane cringe and then she heads back to the driver seat feeling somewhat guilty.

Bob's truck goes driving away as an empty cop car with lights still flashing remains on the road.

CUTS TO:

EXT. TRAILVIEW ROAD — MINUTES LATER

Bob's truck goes down a small street with small houses and finally backs into a little brown house's driveway.

The neighbor, ANNE an older very religious lady grabbing her cat off of the porch speculates Bob's truck suspiciously and then heads into her home, which has crosses everywhere.

Jane gets out of the car and cautiously walks over to her garage and opens the big door. She looks around to see if anyone's looking and then opens the truck door and gathers all the zombies from the truck into the garage and then quickly shuts the garage door.

ANNE is visible from her window peeking through the blinds looking very curious.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE — GARAGE

Jane stands amongst the zombies, all is silent except for the odd moan of a zombie.

Jane taps her fingers trying to figure out what to do next.

She looks at them all and then decides to count them for future reference. She starts silently counting using her finger to point to each zombie.

JANE

Twenty-four, twenty-five,
twenty-six... okay! Twenty-
six!

Jane looks around the garage and notices too many possible exits.

Jane then walks to the door to enter her house and signals the zombies to come.

JANE
Okay, lets go, come on...

The zombies follow her into the house.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM

Jane keeps the zombies following and then opens a door, which stairs lead to the basement. She holds the door open and just as she planned the zombies go through it, only the first zombie brutally wipes out tumbling down all the stairs as does every following zombie. Jane bites her lip to the sound of the loud banging.

JANE
(To Herself)
Guess I should of warned
them about the stairs.
Hmmm!

Jane shuts the basement door and moves couches and everything she can find to lock the basement door shut. She finally secures it and suddenly, the DOORBELL RINGS.

Jane very confused and tense, slowly heads over to the door and peeks through the window to see Anne standing on the porch.

Jane slowly opens the door.

JANE
Sister Anne, hi!

ANNE
Jane, how are you?

JANE
I'm good!

ANNE
You look a bit worried!

JANE
Oh no, I'm fine! One hundred
percent okay!

Jane tries to laugh it off.

ANNE

I'm over here because I was just looking out my window when you were coming home and I swear I saw you unloading people into your garage.

JANE

Heh?

ANNE

People, not just any people, they looked like the living dead, absolutely devilish creatures, I don't know if it was my eyes playing tricks on me but you've always been into some weird
-

JANE

(Interrupting)

Oh! That! Well, I'm glad it worked.

ANNE

I'm sorry? What worked?

JANE

The zombie's makeup! Their supposed to look like the living dead! We're putting together a haunted house here for this, uh, charity organization I got involved in!

ANNE

Oh, that's so sweet dear! A haunted house? Well best of luck raising money. What charity?

JANE
(Thinking)
Uh, the... united... children's...

ANNE
Fund? UNICEF? Oh, how
lovely! I donate to them
every year! I'll be able to
help out if you need me!
Actually...

Anne searches through her pocket to pull out a twenty-dollar bill covered in lint. She hands it over to Jane.

ANNE
Here's to get you started!

JANE
Oh, thank you! You know I'm
really busy though so I'll
talk to you later, thanks
for stopping by.

ANNE
It was nice talking and
remember, god loves you
whether you like it or not.

Jane awkwardly smiles and shuts the door and then quickly locks it.

JANE
What?

She stands against the door stressed out and looks down at all the dirty zombie tracks that were made through her house and she sighs.

Jane walks back and forth pacing through her house.

She notices her bag on an end table and scavenges through it to pull out the tribal book from the cult.

CUTS TO:

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Jane sits at the kitchen table frantically searching through the book for an answer.

The book is written in an unreadable language to Jane. Finally, at the end of the book sees a list of names from the cult, one she recognizes, Fred.

JANE
(Shocked)
Fred! Co-Worker Fred?

Jane gets up promptly and grabs the phone book from a drawer and flips through it to find Fred's number. As soon as she finds it she grabs her phone and dials.

An older woman answers.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Hello?

JANE
Hi, is uh Fred there?

WOMAN (O.S.)
Yes, why yes he is one
second. Fred! Fred, sweetie,
the phones for you!

FRED
Yo?

JANE
Hi, Fred. I really need -

FRED (O.S.)
(Interrupting)
Jane? What are you doing
calling me!

JANE
Well, I really need your
help!

WOMAN (O.S.)
Oh, Fred, this is your
chance! Now remember just
like we practiced -

FRED (O.S.)
MOM! What the hell? Hang up!

WOMAN (O.S.)
Okay fine, you're going to
die alone you know that! Bye
Jane.

The click of a phone hanging up is heard.

JANE
Uhm, anyways... I found this
book and well it says your
part of this cult that I
need help with!

FRED (O.S.)
(Shocked)
You found out about the
cult?

JANE
Yeah, could you come over?
It's urgent!

FRED (O.S.)
(Excited)
Yeah, yeah for sure! I'll be
there in two point two!

JANE
Okay, I live on -

FRED (O.S.)
341 Trail view, I know.

JANE
How did you?

Fred hangs up the phone.

Jane, crept out, hangs up the phone.

Jane slides her laptop on the table over to her and flips it open, turning it on.

After the computer is fully on, Jane opens an Internet browser and goes to Google, she types in, "How to kill a zombie".

Suddenly a "You've Got Mail!" message box pops up at the side of the screen. Jane opens it to read a message from Oliver that diminishes her fears. The message reads:

*"Hey, I'm sorry about how I acted Jane, if your still willing, do you think you want to do something tonight?
- Oliver"*

Jane bites her lips in excitement and writes a response. She types:

"Hi, yeah I'm completely free, just have to deal with a few things but I live at 341 Trail View, can't wait ;)"

Jane sits back in her chair in happiness until a loud zombie moan from the basement brings her back to reality.

JANE

Ah!

Jane reopens her search and scans through a bunch of pages that all have different ways to kill zombies, but most commonly to shoot or brutally damage the head. She finds a quote reading, "Kill the brain, and you kill the ghoul."

JANE

Kill the brain, and you kill
the ghoul... Well, okay.
Sounds simple enough.

Jane looks around her kitchen for various things to kill the zombies.

She runs into her garage and after some sounds of crashing around she comes back into the house carrying a metal baseball bat.

JANE
(Motivating herself)
All right, Jane! You can do
this! Time to put an end to
this!

Jane cracks her neck back and forth and grips the baseball bat and then heads to the basement door.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

After sounds of Jane moving objects blocking the basement door, Jane comes creeping down the stairs, timidly holding her future weapon.

The zombies all stand around aimlessly.

Jane circles them slowly, but the brain-dead zombies are completely oblivious to Jane's intentions.

Jane finally builds up the courage and raises her bat, closes her eyes and goes up behind one of zombies and slams the bat down on his head having the zombie collapse.

Jane repeatedly beats the zombie aiming for the head.

The other zombies don't seem to notice.

Jane eventually manages to crack the skull and she then jumps on the head sending brain-goop everywhere and flattening the zombie's head. Blood and goop covers Jane.

Jane then opens her eyes, disturbed of what she just did and slowly walks backwards watching the zombie.

The zombie lies there motionless for a few seconds but then pops right back up, standing with a head that's unrecognizably squished.

The disfigured zombie looks at Jane for a moment but then continues into aimless wondering.

With great confusion, Jane looks around the room at all the zombies and just drops the bat and sighs. She then, runs back upstairs.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jane comes through the basement door looking hopeless and sighs as she relocks the door.

The doorbell rings.

JANE
Fred, thank god!

Jane hurries over to the front door and swings it open.

Fred stares down a blood splattered Jane.

FRED
What happened to you?
(Beat)
Jane... are you becoming a
woman?

JANE
I just attempted -

Jane realizes what he just said.

JANE (CONT'D)
(Annoyed)
What? No! Ugh...

Fred stands outside and as the door opens he walks in carrying a big box and puts it down near Jane.

JANE
(Panicked)
Fred I really hope you can
help me, you don't even know
what I've had to endure!

Fred throws on a creepy smile and winks at Jane.

FRED
Well, I think I have every
solution for your problem
here in my big ol' box.

JANE

(Relieved)

Thank god! I didn't know where to bring them! They are all here, all of them, in my basement! I was getting so sick of their moaning...

FRED

Yeah they like to be dramatic... It's going on here though?

JANE

(Confused)

Yeah, here! Where else would I bring them? They are a threat to society!

FRED

You bet, baby.

Jane looks at Fred confused at what he said but ignores it and pulls at the tape of the box, trying to open it.

JANE

I'm so happy your part of this cult, what would I have done?

Fred's smile grows.

FRED

I'm happy you found out! I really didn't think you were the type of girl, Jane.

Again Jane's confused but ignores Fred.

JANE

Maybe you can start by translating some of this text, I really want to know
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)
if there's anything else I
should be worried of or get
ready for.

Jane hands Fred the tribal book.

In the sight of the book Fred's smile disappears and his
emotion becomes really nervous and fidgety.

FRED
Oh, this cult...

Jane opens the box, looking addled as she pulls out random
weird and creepy S&M costumes and questionable sex toys.

Jane looks at Fred, sickened.

FRED
Yeah, wow, this is awkward...
(Beat)
Hm, well you see... I thought
you we're talking about a
different cult...

JANE
You're part of more than one
cult?

FRED
Yeah.

Fred quickly re-shuts the box.

There's a long awkward pause.

FRED
So. What did you want to
know about this cult?

JANE
Well, I don't really know
how to put this... Come here,
I'll show you.

Jane leads Fred to the basement door and slowly unlocks it.

As she opens the door they both peek down to the zombies below.

Fred immediately backs away in fear.

FRED
(Tensely)
CLOSE THAT! CLOSE THAT!

Jane follows his orders and shuts the door.

JANE
Yeah, I know!

FRED
Oh my god, oh my god!

Fred paces around in circles.

JANE
That's what the hooded
people said too! Well...?

Fred begins taking deep breaths to calm himself, he turns back to Jane with a much more tranquil approach.

FRED
How, how did this happen?

JANE
Well it all started on my
way home from work, I
thought I'd take Zoë to the
cemetery and bury her
respectfully rather than
throwing her out but when I
was there I ran in on one of
your cults meetings and I
spilled that pot of blue
shit and next thing you know
they are all freaking out
and I'm alone with a bunch
of zombies!

FRED
This isn't good.

JANE
You're telling me!

CUTS TO:

INT. JANE'S HOUSE — KITCHEN — MINUTES LATER

Jane and Fred both sit at the kitchen table, Fred flipping frantically through the book.

JANE
So, I don't understand, I mean the zombies, they ate my friend Bob..

FRED
(Interrupting)
Well, zombies... what did you expect? Did you think they'd play around with him, tell stories, and braid each other's hair? Have you ever seen a zombie movie? A George Romero film? Fuck, even Uwe Boll's "House of the Dead" would give you something..

JANE
Yeah, but they didn't ever threaten me at all? That's what I don't get! I figured if they haven't eaten me, then why Bob?

FRED
Hm!

Fred looks through the book and lays his finger on a paragraph.

FRED
Here! Kay, awakening the dead, it says that the
(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)
person who does the actual
awakening are thought of as
a god to the living dead.

JANE
A god?

FRED
Yeah! They are not going to
hurt you! You brought them
life! But anyone else on the
other hand...

JANE
Yeah, yeah, got it! Well
what if we call the police?
Armed forces? Anyone?

FRED
You dumb bitch, they are
zombies! If they infect them
this could be a lot bigger
than a few zombies it could
become a world invasion!
Like, duh!

JANE
Hey! Okay, okay, sorry I'm
not informed on all things
zombie!
(Pause)
Well, is there a way to kill
them? If they wont harm me I
can go down there and do it,
I tried the head thing but
it doesn't work.

FRED
Let me see...

Fred flips back a few pages.

FRED

Hmmm, well apparently they
can't be killed, they'll
just come back alive.

JANE

Well that's just great...

Fred looks back at the book and then looks up with a face of hope.

FRED

Oh no, wait! Here it is,
there is a way!

JANE

(Excited)
What! Tell me!

FRED

It says here, the zombies
will all die if the one who
awoke them is slowly roasted
over a fire of burning
babies.

Jane's hope is completely gone.

JANE

(Sarcastically)
Wow... well why don't we just
run over to the nearest
nursery.

FRED

None are really open at this
time, at least not the
Gwindle Park one anyways.

Jane shakes her head at Fred and then slams her head down on the table losing all faith.

A big bang is heard from downstairs followed by more rustling.

Jane flings up.

JANE

What's going on down there?

They both look at each other puzzled. They walk over to the basement door.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM

Jane unlocks and opens the door. The zombies are acting restless.

JANE

What's happening?

FRED

Well, it looks like their hungry!

JANE

I have to feed them? Why?
Won't they die? Can't I
starve them?

FRED

They will not die, they will
just become weak and will
moan louder and get more
angsty! You'll need to feed
them, if you want to keep
the town from figuring out
about your little secret.

Jane and Fred look at each other.

Fred looks back to the zombies and Jane still looks at Fred thinking about pushing him in.

Jane then shoves him but his large solid body doesn't budge

Jane embarrassed, shuffles backwards in a now very awkward situation.

Fred looks at Jane in shock that she'd try to push him.

JANE
Just kidding..

Awkward pause.

FRED
Well, we have to get
something for the zombies to
eat..

JANE
I have some flying squirrel
food upstairs?

FRED
No, no, that won't do
anything, they need meat,
flesh!

Fred takes a moment and thinks.

FRED
Hey, I could go to the zoo.
I have the night key! I
could grab one of the lambs!

JANE
But they'll realize one is
missing!

FRED
Their lambs, no one even
goes to see them! If anyone
gives us a problem then,
well, we'll take them to
your basement..

JANE
Wow, that's ominous.
(Beat)
Alright, well let's go get a
lamb! I have the box truck
so it shouldn't be too hard.

FRED
Kay, let's go. You sure the
zombies are secure?

JANE
Yeah, they're good!

A faint crying is heard.

JANE
Hey do you hear that?

FRED
Hear what?

The crying continues.

JANE
Listen, it's like a crying..

FRED
It sounds more like it's a
moan.

JANE
Shhh!

Jane gets up and follows the sound to the basement door.

Jane leans her ear against the door.

The sound puzzles her; she opens the door and walks
downstairs.

Fred completely uncurious, opens a bag of chips and starts
flipping through channels on the TV.

Seconds later Jane comes back through the door panicked.

JANE
Oh my god!

Fred responds looking at the TV.

FRED
What?

JANE
This is what!!

Fred looks over to see Jane holding a fidgeting, feisty zombie baby rapidly trying to attack at Fred.

FRED
Holy Shit!

JANE
Yeah and there's like ten more downstairs!

FRED
Wow... Uh...

JANE
Zombies can have sex?
Zombies can have babies??
How is it even possible for them to reproduce in hours?
It's not even possible! It is not natural!

FRED
Well, they are zombies, first of all they're not supposed to exist. If they are already breaking the rules of life and death then who says they cant have zombie babies in under an hour.

JANE
I guess so!

Jane throws the baby back down the stairs and relocks the door. She paces back in forth in dismay;

The doorbell is heard. Jane remembers Oliver and begins freaking out.

JANE
Oh my god, that's Oliver!

FRED
Oliver?

Jane responds as she relocks the door more than ever.

JANE
Yeah! My date tonight! Shit!
You need to go, I'll call
you when its done, then
we'll head to the zoo.

FRED
Okay but I'm telling you
these zombies will get
restless.

JANE
I wont be long!

FRED
Okay...

Fred exits the house through the garage.

Jane runs over to the mirror fixing herself up as fast as she can. The constant ringing of the doorbell heightens her nervousness.

Jane runs over to the door and opens it to reveal Oliver.

JANE
Hi!

OLIVER
I hope now is okay, I know
we didn't really set a time.

JANE
Oh no, now is perfect!

OLIVER
Okay great...

JANE
Let me just get my coat.

Oliver stops her in her tracks and reveals a bag of groceries.

OLIVER
Actually, I hope you don't mind but I wasn't really feeling like going out anywhere, I picked up some food. I'll cook don't worry!

JANE
Oh staying here...

OLIVER
Yeah!

JANE
In my house...

OLIVER
Is that a problem?

JANE
(Nervous)
No, no. No problem!

Jane invites him in. Oliver walks in looking around in approval.

Groans are heard faintly from downstairs, Oliver hardly notices but Jane's eyes grow wide in fear.

JANE
You'll have to excuse my tenants downstairs. They are so noisy, one of them is really sick.

OLIVER

Really? Tenants? This
doesn't really look like a
house that would be a
duplex?

JANE

(On the spot)
Uh, its not really... but they
are an old couple... thought
I'd help out.

OLIVER

(Jokingly)
Are you by any chance
keeping them hostage?

JANE

(Quizzically)
Huh?

Oliver points to the basement door that appears to be bolted
up.

JANE

Oh, uh, there's a basement
exit to the backyard, had to
bolt up this one because
they are so old they forget...
you know, old people... come
upstairs and there's another
floor, they start tripping
out and get lost.

OLIVER

Oh... That's sweet of you! So
want to show me to the
kitchen?

Jane leads him to the Kitchen

CUTS TO:

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Oliver cooks something up in a pan as Jane sits at the kitchen table excited, as things seem to be going well.

JANE
Smells good!

OLIVER
(Laughing)
I'd be lying if I said I
knew how to cook a lot, I
really only know this recipe
but hey, I do it well!

Jane smiles flirtatiously.

JANE
Don't worry. I'm not too
much of a cook either!

Oliver goes on telling a story.

Jane smiles looking around until she notices a small hole in the basement door looking as if it was bit open. Jane is overcome by fear, scanning around the house for any zombies.

Jane continues looking around frantically until she's caught by Oliver directing a question at her, a question to a conversation she's been zoned out of.

OLIVER
Now would you Jane?

JANE
Uh, yeah...

OLIVER
(Concerned)
You'd get plastic surgery to
look like man?

JANE

(Embarrassed)

OH. Uh, well some features
men have are nice, I guess.

Oliver smiles.

OLIVER

You're really honest. I like
that.

They smile at each other.

He goes back to cooking and Jane looks around the kitchen
once again.

She suddenly spots small zombie legs in the corner of her
eye to see a baby zombie that escaped crawling behind her.

She gasps and looks around for a solution.

Jane finally spots a possible solution, spotting a box on
the counter and walks up to it and starts emptying
everything in it.

She quickly throws the box on top of the baby.

Oliver turns to Jane again, Jane jolts up to his attention.

OLIVER

It's almost done, I promise.

JANE

Oh, no hurry!

He turns back to the stove. The box starts moving as the
zombie baby crawls underneath it. Jane looks around for
another solution.

Oliver turns back and Jane is awkwardly sitting on the box
in the middle of the kitchen.

Oliver raises an eyebrow.

Jane fishes for an excuse.

JANE

Sometimes I like to be low
to the ground... makes me feel
cultural.

(Beat)

I once visited Japan.

The mention of Japan distracts Oliver from Jane's address.

OLIVER

Oh really! I've always
wanted to travel...

He turns back to cooking and Jane slides the box over to the
basement door.

Jane drop kicks the zombie baby back through the hole being
cautious that Oliver doesn't turn around.

She re-blocks off the hole created but it is clear by the
sounds of the basement that the zombies are only growing
more hungry.

Wiping off her hands, Jane walks back over to Oliver only to
notice another zombie baby crawling downwards on the wall in
front of Oliver with its eyes fixated on Oliver in hunger.
Oliver completely oblivious has his eyes on the cooking
food.

JANE

OLIVER!

Oliver turns to her.

OLIVER

Yeah?

JANE

Uh, do you want to go grab
me some... uh, plates!

OLIVER

There's plates on the table?
I'm cooking...

JANE

I'll take over! They are plates I got from Japan, you'll really like them. Just go straight behind me, keep looking straight you will see them.

Oliver looks very puzzled.

OLIVER

Okay?

He hands her the spatchula, and walks past Jane. Jane has her eyes on the baby and starts trying to knock it down with the spatchula.

Suddenly, a scream of pain is heard from Oliver. Jane looks shocked, turns to see Oliver getting up off the floor zombified with his ankle covered in blood and another zombie baby by his feet.

JANE

For FUCKS SAKE!

CUTS TO:

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Jane and Fred sit on the couch eating the food Oliver had cooked. Jane looks saddened and Fred just enjoying the meal.

JANE

You sure there is no way out now?

FRED

There's no way any zombie is getting through that basement door now.

Jane looks to the newly sealed basement door that is basically a bunch of wooden planks nailed messily to the door. One falls off.

Jane sighs.

Fred puts down his plate satisfied.

FRED

Well that was delicious if I
do say so myself... he didn't
happen to leave the recipe
did he?

Jane looks to him and just shakes her head.

JANE

Are we going to get this
lamb or not? I don't feel
like spending the rest of my
night playing capture the
mutant zombie babies.

FRED

I'm ready, let's go!

CUTS TO:

INT. BOB'S TRUCK

Jane and Fred drive in the truck, Fred drives as Jane doses
off, she awakens to Fred.

FRED

It's almost morning!

JANE

Yeah, I haven't slept at
all!

FRED

Well I can't have you
sleeping! I need help with
the lamb.

JANE

Yeah, no I'll be up!

CUTS TO:

EXT. BOB'S TRUCK - ZOO PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Bob's truck comes zipping into the empty parking lot of the zoo, two entrance lights of the zoo are on but the rest remains in darkness.

Fred backs the truck up so the box faces the entrance to make the snatch easier.

Jane and Fred jump out of the truck. Fred grabs his box of S&M chain objects.

JANE

What are you using that for?

FRED

To leash the lamb..

JANE

Oh. Well, I guess it's good you brought that stuff then.

Fred winks.

Jane pretends to ignore it.

CUTS TO:

INT. ZOO - MINUTES LATER

Fred and Jane look at the sleeping lambs.

FRED

Which one?

JANE

I guess that one!

Jane points to the one closest to the gate entry, it happens to be a black lamb.

Fred looks at Jane in disgust.

FRED
Racist.

JANE
What? Are you serious? It's
the closest one!

Fred just shakes his head and enters the gate creeping up
the lamb.

Jane follows approaching the lamb and then carefully holds
it down.

Fred chains up the lamb so it works as a leash.

JANE
Okay, good work!

Jane wipes her hands on her shirt and then high-fives Fred.

EXT. ZOO — PARKING LOT — MINUTES LATER

Jane and Fred walk the lamb as a dog towards the box truck.
Fred examines the lamb.

FRED
You know, if the zombies
don't eat all of it, maybe
we could have the remains ...

Jane looks at Fred, disgusted.

JANE
No! We're not eating the
lamb Fred! My god.

FRED
Whatever. I'm just saying.
(Pause)
People do eat lamb..

JANE

So, we just bring it back to my house, feed the zombies... How long is it going to last until their hungry again?

FRED

Probably a few hours...

JANE

A few hours? Well we can't keep doing this! What are we supposed to do?

FRED

We'll have to figure something else out or they'll do whatever it takes to eat.

JANE

Even sacrificing their god?

FRED

No...

JANE

Thank god.

The morning light starts to appear.

Jane and Fred load the lamb into the truck and then shut and lock the door.

Jane, looking really tired walks over to the bench in the parking lot and has a sit.

JANE

(Yawning)

Just give me a minute.

Fred walks over and sits beside her also tired.

After a few seconds both of them fall flat asleep.

CUTS TO:

EXT. ZOO — PARKING LOT — HOURS LATER

Jane and Fred still sit sleeping on the bench, Jane's head on Fred's fat gut.

Jane slowly awakes, then notices her surroundings and jolts up.

JANE
FRED!

Jane slaps Fred awake.

FRED
What?!

JANE
WE have to get back to my
house the zombies!

FRED
What time is it?

Jane looks to the Zoo clock.

JANE
Almost 10 A.M.!

FRED
Ah! Good thing we don't go
to church.

They both get up and load into Bob's truck again.

CUTS TO:

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE — DRIVEWAY — MORNING

Bobs truck backs into the driveway.

Jane and Fred both jump out of the truck. Fred opens the garage and enters.

Jane begins unlocking the back of the truck until she's interrupted by the voice of an old man.

GERALD (O.S.)
Good morning, Jane!

Jane swings around to see GERALD, her very old next-door neighbor, Anne's father who looks near death and is barely walking on his own with the support of his cane.

Jane immediately stops and relocks the truck.

JANE
Gerald, hi, I didn't see you there!

Jane walks over to Gerald.

GERALD
What's the big truck for?

JANE
Oh, furniture... I, uh, just bought a whole new set for my living room. Just a bunch of renovating!

GERALD
Oh, furniture, how nice! Can I have a peeksie? Me and Anne were thinking about redoing our living room, might get some ideas!

Jane looks back at the truck in stress.

JANE
Uh, well I'd prefer you to see it when it's all set up! Actually, when I'm done I could invite you and Sister Anne for a tea or lunch!

GERALD
Oh, that's a lovely idea. I'm sure Anne would love to do that as well!

JANE
Yeah? Okay, great! Well,
I'll let you know when! For
now I'm gunna -

GERALD
(Interrupting)
I thought the truck was more
Halloween decorations, you
know, for you're haunted
house! I think it's a great
idea and for a great cause!

JANE
Oh, right, my haunted house
for charity!

Jane looks around trying to get out of the conversation and
on with the plan.

JANE
Anne must have told you!
Yeah it's going great,
getting lots of people and
lots of funding!

GERALD
I bet! Sister Anne took the
Sunday school children
through it earlier this
morning! I haven't seen them
sense, they must be having a
good time.

Jane looks shocked.

JANE
What! They went in the
house?

GERALD
Oh yeah sure, everyone was
so excited!

JANE
OH FUCK!

Gerald is shocked at Jane's profanity.

Jane storms to the house front door.

Gerald shakes his head at Jane and then goes back to gardening.

Fred comes out of the garage running and screaming with a shovel held over his head and runs to Gerald whacking him dead on the ground.

Jane swings back.

JANE
FRED!!!

FRED
Jane, one escaped, no
worries I got it before it...

JANE
(Yelling)
Fred, that wasn't a zombie!
That was my neighbor; he's
just really old!

FRED
Oh... Really...

They both stare at Gerald's corpse in silence.

FRED
Well this is awkward...

Long silence.

FRED
You go inside... I'll take
care of this!

Jane shakes her head in distraught, pulls at her hair and out of complete stress she runs into the house fast.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jane busts through the door to a bunch of zombies scattered throughout her house, the basement door open.

Sister Anne and a dozen of kids are now zombies.

JANE
(To Herself)
Honestly...

Jane sighs; she walks over to the door that enters the garage and exits.

The zombies stare at it in confusion.

After a minute or so, Jane comes back through the door parading a lamb.

The zombies drool and start slugging over quickly.

Jane leads the zombies to the basement door and brings the lamb downstairs.

The zombies tumble down after.

Moments later, the zombies are tearing away at the lamb as Jane turns away covering her ears from the gruesome sounds.

Jane makes her way back upstairs.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jane, huffing and puffing comes through the basement door, shuts it and locks it.

She puts her hands on her knees taking deep breaths.

She walks backwards and suddenly turns to see a frightening disfigured Gerald placed on the sofa.

Jane screams.

JANE
What the hell!

Fred walks in from the kitchen eating a burrito looking at Gerald.

FRED
What?

JANE
This is taking care of it?

FRED
Well what am I supposed to do? I brought him inside..

JANE
What if the cops came here or something? Since we've now committed manslaughter we'd be screwed. You should have hid the body, demolish it!

FRED
Okay, first of all when someone is *that* old it shouldn't be called murder, it should be called euthanasia.

JANE
What! Anyways, what should we do about this!

Jane and Fred both look at the basement door.

Jane rolls her eyes.

JANE
Whatever, I'm already going hell at this point and since we've got sister Anne and the rest of the bible huggers down there..

Jane and Fred grab Gerald at different ends.

The old man cracks uncomfortably as they try to carry him.

Finally, they get a good hold and bring him to the basement door. Jane unlocks the door with her elbow and swings it open with her foot. They both swing and throw Gerald down the stairs and the zombies go nuts.

Jane closes the door and flops down on a sofa.

Fred sits on a chair beside her.

JANE

I don't know, this might sound crazy but it might not be so bad being a zombie...

FRED

What?

JANE

Well, I mean look at them, they have no emotions really, all they need is to eat, I just don't think it'd be that bad! Imagine never having to be depressed or hurt just completely carefree. They look like they are having a great time.

FRED

Yeah, too bad they won't infect you...

JANE

I guess.

Jane looks at the roof in a daydream, she soon after snaps out of it.

JANE

What am I saying, this is just too much to handle, it's messing with my head!

Jane starts tapping her feet in stress.

The moaning sounds louder now.

JANE

Listen... they're louder now!
I don't get it I just fed
them.

FRED

Perhaps it's because they're
having children... there's a
few more of them.

JANE

What are we supposed to do
about this? They're
multiplying! My basement is
only going to work for so
long!

FRED

I don't know maybe we could
find a warehouse or
something.

JANE

Yeah I was thinking that
earlier, I don't think
there's any around!

They both sit, thinking hard.

Jane looks over to Fred who's still wearing his work badge,
she's struck with an idea.

JANE

I've got it! The zoo! We
have full access to it!
There's that whole new
section that's been under
construction forever.

FRED

The new exhibits for dangerous creatures of south Asia? I can't wait for that, it feels like they announced that it was going to happen next summer, seven summers ago.

Jane gets more and more convinced with her idea.

JANE

Yeah, it's supposed to be done next year but I never see anyone working on it! I think it's a distraction so they can keep selling season passes for the next season. Plus, if it's supposed to keep dangerous animals' contained then who says it can't keep flesh-eating zombies contained.

FRED

Yeah, it's a pretty big exhibit that might work!

JANE

Yeah!

FRED

But eventually, the exhibit is going to get worked on, not to shit on your face or anything..

Jane rolls her eyes.

JANE

Yeah, obviously I know that but still this will buy us time to figure out how to end this because right now I
(MORE)

JANE
really can't think of any
other better solution to try
and prevent the end of
humanity with a zombie
apocalypse!

FRED
Okay, I guess we should get
going then!

JANE
Will anyone be there right
now?

FRED
No, it's closed Sunday and
if anyone would be there
it'd be Bruce but he'd be
gone by now.

JANE
Okay perfect; let's get a
move on!

FRED
How are we going to get them
up here and into the truck?

JANE
We could use some sort of
bait!

FRED
Like some food, like another
lamb?

JANE
Yeah, you know, or another
human...

Jane smiles at Fred.

Fred looks timid at what she's suggesting.

CUTS TO:

INT. JANE'S HOUSE — BASEMENT

The zombies are all limping around randomly until the door from the living room swings open and Fred stands there.

The zombies all look up to him.

Fred nervously walks down a step.

FRED

Yeah, you want some of this?
Come and get it.

The zombies begin to walk towards Fred.

Fred gulps.

Suddenly, the zombies' limp quicker and quicker towards Fred, he begins to run.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE — GARAGE

Fred comes running into the garage the zombies chasing him. The trucks box end is set up for them to all run in.

Fred looks at Jane scared.

FRED

What do I do now?

Jane stands by the opening and points into the truck.

JANE

Run in!

Fred runs into the back of the truck and the zombies follow. As Fred reaches the end of the box he yells.

FRED (O.S.)

But Jane, how am I going to
get out of here...

Fred's interrupted by the zombies attacking him, viciously tearing away.

Jane looks shocked.

JANE
I really didn't think that
through...

She closes the back of the truck.

JANE
Sorry, Fred...

Jane looks a bit upset but snaps herself out of it and gets into the driver seat of the truck.

CUTS TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE — PARKING LOT — MINUTES LATER

Jane drives the truck into the grocery store parking lot; the small grocery store has a few customers but is far from busy.

Jane parks and jumps out of the car grabbing the nearest grocery cart and heads in.

CUTS TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE — DELI — SECONDS LATER

Jane walks to the deli counter, keeping her eye on the truck outside through the window. She makes it to the deli to be greeted by a creepy fat man.

MAN
Hello Miss Woman, How may I
help you today?

JANE
Hi! What's the rarest meat
you have?

MAN
Like red? The bloody stuff?

JANE
Yeah, that!

MAN
Mmmmm a girl who likes to
eat bloody meat. I like
that.

Jane looks disturbed.

JANE
It's for friends. I don't
really like it...

MAN
Well we've got Red Angus
rare roast beef... that is
pretty much as rare as it
gets.

JANE
Okay I'll -

MAN
(Interrupting)
But for you I can go see if
I can get some real rare
meat from the butcher...

The man winks giving Jane the chills.

JANE
Thanks but I'll just have
the Red Angus, I don't think
my friends are too picky.

MAN
Okay dokay, how much do you
want?

JANE
All of it!

The man looks at Jane confused but then starts grabbing the
meat.

CUTS TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE — PARKING LOT — MINUTES LATER

Jane comes bolting out of the grocery store pushing a grocery cart full of bags of slabs of rare, bloody meat. Blood dripping from the cart leaves a little trail from her cart.

Other people in the parking lot walking into the grocery store look at her puzzled.

She makes it to the truck and loads it and hops it and jets off.

CUTS TO:

INT. ZOO — MAIN ENTRANCE — MINUTES LATER

Jane is visible through the gated entrance; she takes a big circle of jingling keys and finally finds the one that opens the big gate entrance.

Jane gets back in the truck and backs into the Zoo passing by a bunch of exhibits and finally getting to the "Under Construction" area.

INT. ZOO — CONSTRUCTION AREA

The construction area is a half constructed exhibit, a few labels are up but it's mainly a bunch of large steel cages. Jane walks out of her truck looking at the cages in approval.

JANE
(To Herself)
All right!

Jane walks back to the truck and grabs the big bag that contains the slabs of meat inside.

She stands at the back of the truck about to unleash the zombies; she first takes a long deep breath reassuring her self.

Jane opens the door and the zombies one by one come stumbling out.

Jane guides them in groups to certain cages, then throws a slab in and as the zombies jump at it she locks them in.

Jane continues this until all the zombies are completely caged.

Feeling a nudge at her foot, Jane looks down to see Zoë standing at her feet.

Jane smiles.

JANE
Hey Zoë!

Jane looks back up to her work and feels accomplished; she cracks her back and her neck and nods to herself.

JANE
(To Herself)
Nice work Jane, very nice!

Jane then walks back to a little construction shack and grabs a few signs.

She places, "CAUTION" and "DO NOT ENTER" signs everywhere around the area and blocks it off.

Jane then grabs a piece of whiteboard and writes a note reading: *"Do not enter, area is off limits to everyone due to a pipe problem that could lead to death if activated. - Jane"*.

JANE
(To Herself)
That's pretty believable, I think...

Jane props the sign in an obvious place.

Jane dusts off her hands and covers the zombie cages with various objects to try and hide them from the outside.

After, she walks out of the exhibit and back into her truck driving out of the zoo.

EXT. ZOO – PARKING LOT – SECONDS LATER

Jane's truck comes pulling out of the open gate.

After momentarily parking, Jane gets out of the truck and walks over to the gate to relock it.

As Jane is fiddling with the lock she's startled by a voice from behind.

VOICE (O.S.)
HEY!

Jane jumps and turns to see her boss, BRUCE WILSHIRE, a tall bald businessman walking towards her.

JANE
Oh, Mr. Wilshire! What are you doing here?

BRUCE
I could ask you the same question! I just had to do a maintenance call; I got a call about a curious looking truck coming into the zoo late at night... Everything seems intact though!

JANE
Really? That's so weird!
Well I haven't seen anything, but I'm off so –

BRUCE
(Interrupting)
But what are you doing here
(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Jane? You're not booked for anything? No one should be here!

JANE

(Nervous)

Uh, well, you know, I was just really bored and I remembered how I might have forgotten to feed the peacocks and you know how the peacocks get so I just came to check if -

BRUCE

(Interrupting)

The peacocks died from that food we gave them because the peacock food order didn't come in...

JANE

Yeah, so I noticed...

Awkward pause.

BRUCE

Well I've seen your truck here for the past hour and a bit, what else were you doing?

JANE

Oh, well I thought I'd renovate a few things, I cleaned out some stuff, you know, might as well put my energy to good use.

Bruce smiles.

BRUCE

You know, I couldn't ask for a better employee, thanks a lot Jane.

JANE
No really, it's not a
problem! I do what I can!

Jane smiles then walks to the truck, waving goodbye.

BRUCE
See you next time you're in
Jane!

JANE
Yep!

Jane jumps into the truck.

BRUCE
(To Himself)
What a sweet young lady!

INT. JANE'S TRUCK

Jane releases tension as she gets in the truck, she adjusts her mirror and then waves again to Bruce and backs out driving away.

JANE
(To Herself)
Phew! Close call. What a
weird old man.

CUTS TO:

INT. JANE'S HOUSE — LIVING ROOM — DAWN

Jane comes fumbling into her house with a sense of relief. She collapses on the couch taking a deep breath.

She looks around at the mess that is her house, with dirt and footprints everywhere leading from the basement door.

Deciding to not deal with any of it, she grabs the remote from beside her and flicks on the TV.

Dawn of the Dead is playing.

Jane sighs and turns it off and rests back with a pillow over her head.

Jane slowly drifts off into sleep beginning to snore.

CUTS TO:

INT. JANE'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – MORNING

Morning comes and Jane still lies asleep in the same position appearing to not have moved.

The text message ring of her cell phone suddenly awakens her.

Jane sleepily pats around for the phone and finally grabs a hold of it and she flips it open.

Squinty-eyed and mid yawn, she reads the message.

The text message reads: *"Jane! I can't believe you did this, what an excellent idea for Halloween, get down here, people love it! – Sincerely, Bruce!"*

Jane shakes off her tiredness and re-reads the message looking really confused at the text.

JANE
What is he talking about
now?

Jane sluggishly gets off her couch waking herself up. She changes her clothes quickly and heads out the door yawning.

EXT. JANE'S HOUSE — DRIVEWAY

Jane comes out of the house and unlocks her car. As she's getting in her car she overhears a little kid talking to his mother next door.

KID

It's supposed to be really scary, Jimmy's going, can we go? Can we go? We never go to the zoo!

MOM

We'll see! Go see what your daddy says.

Jane looks puzzled, she continues into her car and shuts the door and backs out.

CUTS TO:

EXT. JANE'S CAR — ROAD — MINTUES LATER

Jane's little red car drives down the town's main road, she passes Gwindle Park Cemetery, there's a bunch of reporters and cops investigating the missing corpses.

Jane's car speeds up as it passes.

Jane starts to approach the Zoo but there's a long line of cars waiting to get in.

INT. JANE'S CAR

Jane looks surprised at all the traffic at the Zoo.

JANE

What is going on here?

(Pause)

What is Bruce up to?

CUTS TO:

EXT. ZOO — PARKING LOT — MINUTES LATER

The zoo is completely packed; Jane's car finally makes its way into the outskirts of the parking lot.

Cars are jam packed in the parking lot, there is no parking anywhere.

Jane stands in complete confusion to the parks random popularity. Intrigued by the mass amount of people, she parks illegally on a curb and jumps out of her car.

Jane walks to the park entry hearing reporters and absolute frenzy followed by screaming and moaning.

A flyer being pushed around by the wind, falls at Jane's feet, she picks it up to see a picture of a cartoon zombie.

The flyer reads: **"ZOO HALLOWE'EN SPECIAL! WITH REAL LIFE LOOKING MAKEUP ZOMBIE EXHIBITS FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY!!"**

Jane looks up to utter mayhem, a zombified penguin waddles out of the park entrance followed by a woman running out screaming, who's then taken down by a zombie that feeds at her neck.

Zombies, people and animals are running everywhere in chaos.

Jane sees Zoë in all the frenzy attack Richard and other animals eating people alive.

Gruesome blood curdling screams are heard all around, the zombies are outnumbering the people and are seen for miles even beyond the zoo.

Jane drops the flyer staring at the situation.

A contrasting mellow, upbeat piano tune is playing over the zoo speakers.

Jane looks over to one of the bulletin boards near her to see her picture (somewhat unflattering at that) framed with "employee of the month" branded on a tag underneath.

Blood from a fat kid being eaten away at by a zombie monkey goes splattering on her picture.

Jane rolls her eyes and turns back to her car.

JANE
Fuck my life.

CUT TO:

BLACK.