

DEATHLIFE

by

Rob Barkan

(WEBISODE PILOT)

[robbybarkan@yahoo.com](mailto:robbybarkan@yahoo.com)

Copyright (c) 2014. This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author, Rob Barkan. All rights reserved.

FADE IN:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Sunrise finds an abandoned farm. Weeds everywhere.  
Weathered clapboards. Roof unfit for rain. Closer...

Every tightly shut window crawling with buzzing flies.

AN UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

Flies cover the outside of the window. A solitary fly  
bumps against the inside pane looking for a way out.

SOL BASS, 30s, Iraq war vet, lies unmoving on a bare mattress,  
assault rifle in easy reach. His eyes are open and glazed  
over, his skin gray and decayed like a month old corpse.

Sol bolts upright, senses on high alert. He sees the fly on  
the windowpane. He leaps off the mattress --

-- and swats it dead. Sol stares at his forearm --

Small bumps under the skin. Fly eggs.

Sol quickly grabs his hunting knife. Gouges the eggs out.  
Rubs the skin smooth.

DINING ROOM

Sol comes downstairs toting his rifle. A vagabond group of  
deathlifer men, women, children and teenagers sit conversing  
at a long table. Most of them tote assault rifles. Everyone  
is decomposing to some degree.

KITCHEN

Sol's zombie girlfriend KATE, 30s, former grade school English  
teacher, fries up a four burner stovetop breakfast with the  
help of another ZOMBIE WOMAN.

Sol steps up to Kate. Kisses her on the neck. She welcomes  
his affection.

KATE

How was night watch?

SOL

Quiet as death. I felt right at  
home.

KATE

You're witty today. Hungry?

SOL  
You know it. Venison again?

Kate smiles. She stirs the pans, full of deer brains.

DINING ROOM

The zombies chow down. They wash down their breakfast with mugs of formaldehyde poured from a large lab bottle.

A young girl spoons feeds old HANK. He's just a head and part of a torso. His exposed spine wriggles while he complains.

HANK  
Isn't there ever gonna be anything else to eat around here?

LUCIUS, 30s, muscled-up African-American, turns to him. A former auto mechanic wearing a sleeveless denim shirt.

LUCIUS  
You miss your Denny's, don't you Hank.

HANK  
You're darn right! What I wouldn't give for a Grand Slam right now! And a decent cup of coffee!

LUCIUS  
Wouldn't we all.

Sol eats next to Kate. He finishes quickly and stands.

At the other end of the table TOBY, 15, stares intensely at Sol.

Sol notices the stare. He ignores it.

SOL  
Volunteers! Anybody?

Kate and Lucius finish eating and step up, along with former biologist MALCOLM, 40s, SAM, BILLY AND ED. Toby approaches.

SOL  
No Toby. I need you on guard duty.

TOBY  
It's always guard duty.

SOL  
Let's shoot for sixteen, guy.

TOBY

But I'm ready now. I know I can do it.

SOL

I said no. Not this time. Too dangerous.

TOBY

It's not Iraq. You can't order me around!

Toby snatches up his assault rifle angrily.

Sol comes over to Toby. Grasps his shoulder.

SOL

Tell you what. I'll put you in charge today. Whatever you say goes.

Toby fumes. Calms. Nods.

TOBY

Okay.

The volunteers gather and weapon up. Malcolm shoves his medical bag under one arm. Checks his Glock's ammo clip.

KATE

(to Sol)

Think we'll ever find his parents?

SOL

They're warmbloods, according to him. They already rejected him once. Why bother?

KATE

Because true love never dies. Just like us.

SOL

Spare me. We've got work to do.

Sol heads out the door leading the squad. Kate stares at him a little annoyed. She shakes her head. Follows them.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The squad stealths from tree to tree, rifles ready, on the lookout for hunting parties of warmbloods -- humans immune to zombie plague.

They hunch down at the edge of a field and scope out their target:

EXT. MANSION

A well-appointed mansion surrounded by immaculate grounds.

An SUV approaches. The gates open. The SUV drives through. Pulls up to the front door.

Three armed warmblood SECURITY GUARDS emerge from the SUV. One of them drags an attractive wristbound WOMAN, 30s, out of the back seat. Healthy skin. She is clearly alive.

She struggles. A guard draws his handgun. Presses it to her cheek. They force her inside the mansion.

SOL

Jamey was right. Somebody's kidnapping warmbloods and bringing them here.

LUCIUS

No grid and the place is lit up like Christmas. Gotta be on generator.

MALCOLM

Let's get on with it. I need my sample, and you need your daily dose of mission accomplished.

SECURITY ROOM

The guards drag the woman into the security room. They bind her ankles. Shove her onto a cot.

A security monitor displays the squad climbing the fence.

KITCHEN

Gourmet to the max. A pair of well-preserved zombie hands prepare a generous warmblood meal on a tray. Expensive rings adorn a few fingers. The owner of the hands hums to himself.

OUTSIDE THE MANSION LIBRARY

Sol and his squad move up close to a window. He studies it.

SOL

It's alarmed.

KATE

Seize the moment, love.

Sol breaks the window with his rifle, tripping the alarm.

IN THE LIBRARY

The squad quickly climbs inside. The alarm fills the house.

LUCIUS

Damn. Cold as hell in here!

SOL

Heads up. We got company.

The three guards storm in, handguns drawn. The squad takes cover behind furniture as the guards fire.

Bullets destroy books over Kate's head. One of them falls to the floor next to her, ruined. She stares at the cover.

Dickens. An old, beautifully-bound copy.

KATE

Idiots.

Kate pops up. Fires her handgun twice. Nails guard #1 in the head, finishing him. She drops down next to Malcolm.

MALCOLM

Nice!

KATE

Great Expectations. My favorite.

Sam rises up firing his automatic rifle wildly. Guard #2 fires, nailing him above the heart. Not a problem. Sam peeks at the wound. Looks up. Grins.

Guard #3 emerges from behind a corner. Takes aim...

Sol sees this. Pivots toward Sam.

SOL

Sam! Get down!

Too late. Guard #3 fires three times, popping poor Sam's skull apart. Sam collapses, deader than dead.

Sol jumps up firing furiously. Both guards dodge his bullets. The guards flee the library.

SOL  
Move! Move!

LIVING ROOM

The squad rushes into the lavish living room.

The guards return armed with Uzis. They open fire.

Kate catches a bullet in her leg and falls. Sol grabs her.

The squad drops behind a sofa. Sol pops up. Fires back.

The guards drop behind another sofa. Sol's bullets strafe the cushions there.

Sol leans on the sofa back, rifle poised and ready.

Guard #2 edges his head out from the end of the other sofa.

Sol swings his rifle muzzle over. Lets off a single shot.

Guard #2 recoils with an exploded face.

LUCIUS  
Allow me.

Lucius charges the sofa firing and hollering. Guard #3 panics and bolts.

Lucius aims for Guard #3's legs. Riddles them with so many bullets they can no longer hold him up. Guard #3 grimaces in pain. He rolls over firing at Lucius.

Uzi bullets pummel Lucius' chest to no effect. Lucius fires a volley of bullets into the guard's chest, finishing him.

Lucius kicks the corpse over and over as Sol and the others run up to him. Sol yanks him away. The alarm stops.

SOL  
It's over. Save your goddamn ammo.

LUCIUS  
Scum of the earth.

SOL  
They were paid guards doing their job. But soldiers just the same. Grant them their honor.

LUCIUS

Sure, vet-man. They teach you that  
in the marines?

SOL

They never stopped. Rules apply in  
any war. Now let's find the owner.

ENTRANCE HALL

The squad enters warily. Sol notices a wall console. The  
thermostat reads 40. Kate and Malcolm see it too.

SOL

Sweet.

MALCOLM

Somebody's gonna be around a long  
time.

KATE

Where do they get --

CALHOUN (O.S.)

The fuel? That's your guess and my  
secret, miss.

All rifles swing to the top of the grand stairway.

Mansion owner CALHOUN, 50s, stands there. Finely dressed.  
Remarkably intact for a zombie. He wears the same fancy  
rings on his fingers.

Calhoun starts to descend, arms raised in surrender.

CALHOUN

I'm unarmed, as you can see. May  
I have the pleasure of knowing my  
guests?

LUCIUS

None of your friggin' business.

SOL

(eyes on Calhoun)

I'll handle this, Lucius. Finish  
walking. Hands where we can see 'em.

CALHOUN

I carry no weapons. I leave that  
task to my guards. And where might  
they be? Oh dear. All of them?  
They were my best.



SOL

What are you running here?

CALHOUN

Running? You mean as in -- illicit?  
Heavens no, my friends. I operate  
a solely humanitarian mission.

SOL

I'm sure your latest guest thinks  
otherwise. Where is she?

CALHOUN

Resting comfortably. They all come  
around. Eventually.

KATE

All? How many do you have?

CALHOUN

It varies. I get easily bored.

SOL

Don't make me puke. Tie him up!

Billy and Ed lash Calhoun to a chair with ductape. Billy  
goes to cover Calhoun's mouth with another length of it.

SOL

Hold up, Billy. I need answers.

CALHOUN

And you can try to obtain them.  
Ductape over the mouth only works  
in the movies, by the way.

SOL

You're a movie. Where is she?

CALHOUN

I already told you. Growing quite  
hungry by now I'm sure. Her food's  
gone cold thanks to you.

SOL

I think she's lost her appetite.  
What do you do with the ones you  
tire of?

CALHOUN

Oh, I -- release them.

SOL  
Somehow I'm not believing you.

CALHOUN  
Have you seen my kitchen? It's gourmet. And very well-equipped. I use the term 'release' rather loosely...

SOL  
Murderer.

CALHOUN  
Technically that's not accurate, is it now?

Sol cuffs Calhoun across the face. Lucius grapples Calhoun.

LUCIUS  
In five minutes your brains will be on that table, and I'll be eating them right in front of you!

CALHOUN  
(laughs)  
The Godfather, 1972. Excellent reference, sir! Pacino to Keaton, the wedding scene.

Lucius shoves Calhoun away in disgust.

LUCIUS  
You're sick, man.

CALHOUN  
Aren't we all.

Lucius doubles back to strike Calhoun. Sol restrains him.

SOL  
Leave him. He can't do any harm. We'll find her ourselves.

#### HOME THEATER

The squad searches a luxurious home theater. Empty.

#### KITCHEN

The squad checks out the gourmet kitchen. Deserted. The meal Calhoun prepared, still on the counter.

## SECURITY ROOM

The squad finds the woman sprawled on the cot. Her eyes widen. Her screams are muffled by the cloth gagging her.

Kate yanks it out. Sol quickly unties her. She recoils.

WOMAN

Stay away from me!

KATE

We're not going to hurt you.

WOMAN

Oh God you stink! Listen -- I have some money stashed. It's yours. You can buy preservatives with it or whatever you get for yourselves -- just let me live!

SOL

We're going to let you go. We just need something from you first.

WOMAN

What? What do you need? No -- not *that!*

SOL

Ma'am, you're getting it all wrong. Malcolm just wants a blood sample, that's all. He's a biologist, and he's working on a cure for us.

WOMAN

There's a cure for dead and rotting?

LUCIUS

We certainly hope so, lady. Please help us.

WOMAN

Are you gonna wear gloves at least?

MALCOLM

Thank you. Dear God thank you. Yes.

Malcolm and Kate pull on latex gloves. Kate ties a rubber tourniquet around the woman's arm. Malcolm readies a syringe.

Sol turns to Lucius.

SOL  
Watch over them. The rest of us  
are gonna look upstairs.

UPSTAIRS HALL

Sol exits a guest bedroom. Billy and Ed join him.

BILLY  
Nothing yet.

SOL  
Let's split up. Check out the  
third floor.

The others do so. Sol approaches a closed door at the end of the hall. He opens it slowly.

MASTER BEDROOM

Sumptuous. Sol glances at a wall thermostat. 72.

Sol checks under the bed. Behind the drapes.

He approaches a walk-in closet, rifle poised.

Sol opens it. Quickly steps aside. Empty.

He heads for the bathroom. A thump from the closet.

Sol swings back. Calhoun's warmblood MISTRESS, 30s, emerges from the closet clad in a black bikini. Victoria's Secret body under it. She holds a handgun in front of her with both hands. Fires twice at Sol.

The bullets catch Sol in the chest and shoulder. He rushes in to grab her gun.

She snaps the muzzle up. Fires once at his head.

Sol dodges. Yanks the gun away.

MISTRESS  
Get out!

SOL  
I thought you'd be glad to see me.

MISTRESS  
What are you gonna do? Eat me?

SOL

No, Ma'am. But your host, he's another story.

MISTRESS

What are you talking about? Mr. Calhoun treats me like a queen here! I've never lived better!

SOL

Until he tires of you. Ever heard of necrophilia?

MISTRESS

What's that?

SOL

Didn't think so. This is necrophilia in reverse. This so called life you lead -- it's just as perverted.

MISTRESS

I've got no complaints.

SOL

How the hell do you -- do it, anyway?

She smiles and calms.

MISTRESS

Mr. Calhoun is more preserved than you think. Let me check you out, soldier.

She steps up to him sexily. Pushes her body against him. Reaches for his crotch.

MISTRESS

Anything left, big guy?

Sol stands helpless. She unclips her bikini top. Presses her breasts against Sol's chest. Blows on his neck.

Sol feels her racing heartbeat through his chest. Its pulsations fill the room. He's repulsed, overwhelmed...

Shouts and gunfire downstairs. Sol snaps alert. Shoves Calhoun's mistress away. Bolts out of the room.

MISTRESS

Damn!

## UPSTAIRS HALL

Billy and Ed join Sol. They rush downstairs.

## ENTRANCE HALL

Kate, Malcolm and Lucius are crouched under the front windows, ducking the bullets shattering the panes.

Sol, Billy and Ed drop low and join them.

SOL

Where's the woman?

KATE

We set her free.

Sol inches up the sill. Sneaks a look outside.

## WHAT SOL SEES

A gang of warmbloods aiming and firing assault rifles into the entrance hall.

## ENTRANCE HALL

Lucius swings his gaze over to --

-- the wall console.

LUCIUS

Voice activated phone. We shoulda gagged the bastard!

Malcolm reaches frantically into his medical bag. Grabs the blood sample he's just taken.

Goes to slip the precious vial into his pocket...

Bullets rip right through the wall, shattering the vial.

Malcolm stares in shock at the splattered blood and glass shards covering his hand.

Malcolm goes berserk. Jumps up screaming. Fires his rifle insanely through a jagged gap in the window.

A warmblood's bullet strikes Malcolm in the side of the head.

He collapses. Kate rushes over. Shakes him frantically.

KATE

Malcolm! Malcolm!

## IN FRONT OF THE MANSION

More pickup trucks and SUVs pull up to the mansion. Heavily armed warmbloods climb out and join the rest.

## ENTRANCE HALL

Sol watches this at the edge of the front window. He goes tight-lipped. Mouths a curse.

CALHOUN (O.S.)

You're gonna need a bigger boat.

The final straw. Sol snaps around. Fires a single shot at Calhoun.

Sol's bullet punches through smirking Calhoun's forehead, killing him. The smirk remains there, as preserved as he is.

Kate and Lucius crouch tending to Malcolm. They look up. Stare at Sol for a solution.

Billy and Ed edge up to the windows, rifles poised. Sol turns away from Kate and Lucius. Stares grimly out the window...

FADE OUT.