

PASTOR

written by

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EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - MORNING

A grey Jeep emerges from the dense morning fog and stops along the side of the road. The driver side door opens and PATRICK WYNSTAN (45) steps out. His clothes are ragged and his beard long.

Patrick slowly walks over to the back of the jeep and takes out a shotgun from the trunk.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Patrick walks through the woods, taking care to not make too much noise.

A branch snaps and Patrick looks to the direction of the sound. Patrick leans himself up against a tree and waits.

After a few moments a figure staggers into view. Its clothes are torn and bloody. Coming closer it is apparent the figure is a ZOMBIE. Its skin is waxy and one cheek is torn out, blood covers its neck and chest.

Patrick waits as the Zombie walks by. He walks up behind the zombie and knocks it on the head. The Zombie falls and Patrick stomps on its back. Patrick wraps a line of rope around the zombie and drags it to a tree. He spins the rope around the tree and the Zombie's chest until it cannot move.

Patrick looks over the zombie as it attempts to reach for him. He takes out a pair of gloves and puts them on. As the Zombie swings its arms around Patrick grabs for them. He gets a hold of the right arm and then the left one, tying them together.

Patrick pulls out a bandana and tries to wrap it around the zombie's mouth. The Zombie almost bites Patrick's finger. He jumps back momentarily and tries again, this time he is able to get the bandana around the Zombies head.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - MORNING

Patrick leads the zombie toward the Jeep. Once they are close by Patrick kicks the zombie down and hog ties its legs and arms together. Patrick opens the back of the jeep and puts the zombie inside.

INT. JEEP - MORNING

Patrick drives quickly through the country. The muffled growls of the Zombie come from the back.

## INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

The grey light from outside barely illuminates the bathroom. Patrick takes out a used razor blade from a razor and replaces it with a new one. He looks at his beard in the mirror and begins to cut it with a pair of scissors.

## INT. SHED - MORNING

The Zombie is tied to a beam. It breathes shallowly and doesn't move, almost like it's asleep. The door to the shed opens and the zombie starts growling and moving around.

Patrick walks in, fresh faced, donning a pastor's outfit and holding a bible. Patrick slowly makes his way over to the zombie and places the bible on a work bench next to him. Patrick stares at the zombie for a long time until...

PATRICK

I know you... You're Robert's son,  
Peter.

Patrick kneels down to look at the zombie in the eyes. The zombie tries with all its might to reach Patrick.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I was your pastor...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Do you remember me? I've seen your  
father. I'm sure he's hoping you  
are alright.

The Zombie continues to jolt forward and bite at Patrick. Patrick reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small cross on a chain.

He unfurls the chain and slowly places it over the head of the Zombie. The cross lands with a light thud on the Zombie's chest.

Patrick stands up and opens the bible to a dog-eared page.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'm going to help you.

Patrick takes a moment reading over the bible before starting.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I, Patrick Wynstan, minister of Christ and the Church, in the name of Jesus Christ, command you, unclean spirit, if you lie hid in the body of this man created by God, or if you vex him in any way, that immediately you give me some manifest sign of the certainty of your presence in possessing this man...

The zombie still tries to reach for Patrick.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Lord, have mercy. Christ, have mercy. Lord, have mercy..

Patrick kneels and places his hands on the chest and forehead of the Zombie. He traces a cross on the forehead of the zombie. Rotting flesh from its forehead comes off onto Patrick's thumb.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Holy virgin, pray for us, St. Michael, pray for us, Saint Luke, pray for us, Saint Peter, Pray for us...

Patrick continues with the Rite saying name after name.

FADE OUT.

INT. SHED - DAY

The zombie barely reacts to the holy water being thrown on it by Patrick.

PATRICK

Our Father who are in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil.

Patrick places the water on the work bench and presses his hands against the head and chest of the zombie. He presses the Cross into the chest of the Zombie. The Zombie tries to shake Patrick's hand off its head but Patrick keeps firm.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Holy Lord, almighty Father,  
 everlasting God and Father of our  
 Lord Jesus Christ, who once and for  
 all consigned that fallen and  
 apostate tyrant to the flames of  
 hell, who sent your only-begotten  
 Son into the world to crush that  
 roaring lion; hasten to our call  
 for help and snatch from ruination  
 and from the clutches of the  
 noonday devil this human being made  
 in your image and likeness. Strike  
 terror, Lord, into the beast now  
 laying waste your vineyard. Fill  
 your servants with courage to fight  
 manfully against that reprobate  
 dragon, lest he despise those who  
 put their trust in you!

The Zombie lets out a raspy growl and pushes forward. Patrick pushes the zombie's head back with such force that the sound of the zombie's head making contact with the wall resembles a wet pop.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I command you, unclean spirit,  
 whoever you are, along with all  
 your minions now attacking this  
 servant of God, by the mysteries of  
 the incarnation... the passion, the  
 resurrection, and ascension of our  
 Lord Jesus Christ, by the descent  
 of the Holy Spirit, by the coming  
 of our Lord for judgment, that you  
 tell me by some sign your name, and  
 the day and hour of your departure.

The Zombie shakes its head and loosens Patrick's grip the zombie bites at Patrick's hand, coming inches away from biting him. Patrick stumbles away for a moment, shocked.

Rage grips him and he charges back, firmly grasping the zombie's head and marking the forehead with a cross, digging up more rotted flesh.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I cast you out, unclean spirit!  
 along with every Satanic power of  
 the enemy, every spectre from hell,  
 and all your foul companions; in  
 the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.  
 Begone and stay far from this  
 creature of God!

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

For it is He who commands you, He who flung you headlong from the heights of heaven into the depths of hell. It is He who commands you, Harken, therefore, and tremble in fear, Satan, you enemy of the faith, you foe of the human race, you begetter of death, you robber of life, you root of all evil and vice; seducer of men, betrayer of the nations, instigator of envy, font of avarice, fomenter of discord, author of pain and sorrow. You might delude man, but God you cannot mock.

Patrick Pushes the cross harder onto the Zombies chest.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It is He who casts you out, from whose sight nothing is hidden. It is He who repels you, to whose might all things are subject. It is He who expels you, He who has prepared everlasting hellfire for you and your angels, from whose mouth shall come a sharp sword, who is coming to judge both the living and the dead and the world by **FIRE!**

A squishing sound. Patrick looks down and sees the cross and his fingers sink into the chest of the zombie.

Patrick removes his fingers covered in black blood. He stairs at the hole in the Zombies chest and back up at the zombie who still struggles to bite him.

Patrick sighs as a tear falls down his cheek. He pulls the chain and frees the cross from the Zombies chest.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

With a large wood mallet, Patrick hammers two pieces of wood together by two dowel joints.

JUMP CUT TO.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Patrick digs a hole into the ground.

PATRICK (V.O)  
 Almighty God, we beg you to keep  
 the evil spirit from further  
 molesting this servant of  
 yours, and to keep him far  
 away, never to return.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Patrick nails the Zombie's tied down hands into the crucifix.  
 He looks over at the Zombie, still trying to bite at him.

PATRICK (V.O)  
 At your command, O Lord, may the  
 goodness and peace of  
 our Lord Jesus Christ, our  
 Redeemer, take possession of  
 this man.

EXT. FATERNOON - AFTERNOON

Using a pulley system, Patrick raises the crucifix until it  
 slips into the hole and with a sharp jolt. Patrick takes a  
 step back and looks over his work.

PATRICK (V.O)  
 May we no longer fear any evil  
 since the Lord is with us; who  
 lives and reigns with you, in  
 the unity of the Holy Spirit, God,  
 forever and ever...

Patrick stairs at the Zombie for along time.

PATRICK (V.O) (CONT'D)  
 Amen.

Patrick walks away from the crucifix and into his house. The  
 zombie continues to thrash around, dryly screeching.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

The Zombie continues to thrash and let out raspy breaths.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Rain pours hard from the sky. The Zombie continues to thrash  
 around.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

The zombie seems slower now; it doesn't growl as much as before. Its clothes are soaked and rotting.

EXT. BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

The zombies skin is a pale color, the skin around the wounds from the nails are covered in pus and green rotten flesh.

EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING

The zombie is slumped forward, its breathing shallow. It looks around slow and dumb. Finally the Zombie lets out one last breath and dies.

The door to the house opens and Patrick appears with a full grown beard. He walks over to the crucifix and looks the zombie over.

Patrick takes a shovel and digs around the crucifix. He unties the rope holding up the crucifix and brings it down until it lies on the ground.

Patrick pulls the nails out of the zombies hands and feet.

EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING

Patrick finishes digging a shallow hole. He drags the zombies body into the hole and begins to fill it with dirt.

Patrick packs the dirt with his shovel. He takes the shovel into the garage and returns with a crudely made cross. Patrick sticks the cross into the dirt next to the grave. The Cross displays a name; PETER.

Patrick walks away. We can now see another grave next to the fresh one that has a cross with a name on it as well; ROBERT

Patrick walks into the house. A short time later he walks out of the house and to his jeep, shotgun and rope in hand.

Patrick gets in to the jeep and starts it. He drives away, passing dozens of graves in the dirt that line the front of his house.

THE END.