

The Zombotard

The greatest screenplay in the world (a tribute to)

Written by Murphy

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LET'S GET THIS THING FADED IN:

EXT. ABANDONED RUNDOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

It is a DARK and STORMY night.

The MOON is full, it illuminates a large, rundown old house which is conveniently stepped back from the road.

The WIND blows chunks...of rotten timber and old garbage across the yard...like confetti at a mad old wedding.

A flickering JACK 'O' LANTERN in a window suggests someone is HOME as well as making it clear what the night is.

A flight of worn and rickety old STEPS lead up to the HUGE and SCARY front door.

INT. ABANDONED RUNDOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

In the...

HALLWAY:

We are low down, a wooden floor, a RAT scurries into view.

We follow him closely as he sniffs and pokes his nose into every nook and cranny, every stain, every pile of dust.

He scampers across the hallway and into the...

DINING ROOM:

A dirty, worn carpet. A hundred years of wine stains, cigarette burns and bodily fluids. The smell is insane.

The rat stops...sniffs the air...nearly pukes...holds it in.

He makes his way along the skirting board until something large stops him in his tracks...

...A black canvas BAG. He scuttles over the bag, across the piles of USED \$100 BILLS inside it and back onto carpet.

A SHOTGUN leans against the wall. The rat sniffs this as well then carries on.

A HAND now blocks his path...Gray...motionless...dead.

The rat climbs onto the hand, positions himself over the knuckles and begins to HUMP it.

Building up a rhythm now, getting fast, tiny, just audible PANTS from the rat.

He stops, we hear a small SIGH, and what might be a FART.

Finished now he scampers back out of the dining room and into the...

KITCHEN:

White tiles, dirty and cracked. The RAT pauses and scratches at a loose tile.

A LOUD CRACK from somewhere close. The RAT jumps then hurriedly leaves the scene.

Don't forget him though, he's a sly little bastard this rat.

Another CRACK, something SPLINTERS. The sound of BONES being broken...FLESH being ripped apart.

Still on the floor...a stream of dark red blood seeps along the gaps in the tiles.

A loud THUMP from the hallway.

Another THUMP, then another...the sound of someone or something knocking on the front door.

A pair of bare feet enter our view, crusty, yellowing feet. Boils and blisters decorate the hard leathery skin, moss grows between the stubby, cracked toes.

FOOTSTEPS on the cold tiles. They leave our view though we can still hear them moving to another part of the house.

Pulling back we now see the kitchen for the first time. Old fashioned, dirty cupboards and a wood fired stove.

The Moonlight is bright enough so that the house is light, The JACK 'O' LANTERN near the window provides a warm glow across an otherwise cold and damp room.

In the center of the kitchen is a wooden island, laying on a large chopping block is a pile of bloody FLESH and BONE.

WE HEAR the front door pulled open...

MAGGIE [O.S.]
Fuck off you little bastards!
There's no candy here.

The door SLAMS closed and we hear the footsteps that return MAGGIE to the kitchen.

Maggie, in her 50's, well worn, like an antique piano stool and so ugly that a single glance would turn milk into puss. She wears a dirty t-shirt over old sweat pants, think of Madonna with no Photoshop...bit of an old dog to be honest.

The old dog picks up a butchers knife and plunges it deep into the mound of flesh in front of her.

CRACK.

She twists the flesh...uses both hands to split a bone. more BLOOD splatters onto the floor. From the mess she lifts up a chunk of flesh, blood drips down her arms.

She grabs a piece of STRING from the counter top, twirls it expertly around her hands and then quickly, with great skill, wraps it around the flesh.

Now we see that what she has is actually a rather gorgeous and bloody prime RIB ROAST.

She smiles as tosses it into a waiting frying pan.

It SIZZLES and SPITS as the meat browns, she flips it over with a fork, it sears on all sides. Hot fat POPS, BLOOD oozes from the joint turning the fat dark maroon.

SLAP. She tips the joint into a roasting pan.

The oven door opens, the roasting pan is thrown inside. She kicks the door closed and wipes her hands on her pants.

She takes a look at her WATCH and turns her attention to a pan of potatoes on the stove top...water boiling and frothing like a witches cauldron.

She lifts the pan from the stove and tips the hot water into the sink...a splash of water catches her arm...

MAGGIE
Fuck!

She lets go. The pan drops into the sink...her hand instinctively goes to her arm. Her elbow catches the Jack 'o' Lantern, knocks it over, the CANDLE, now set free, rolls across the worktop and comes to rest against the window...

WHOOOOOOOOOSH!!

The drapes are quickly ABLAZE...The FLAMES lick the wall and threaten worse. Maggie PANICS...nearly SHITS herself. The house is so old it will be devoured by flames in an moment.

CRASH!

The FRONT DOOR BLOWS OPEN, a sharp blast of WIND shoots through the house. Strong enough to extinguish the flames.

The house is saved.

Note- in many other scripts this would be viewed as a 'deus ex machina' But seen as I am such a fucking genius and brilliant screenwriter I set this up earlier by telling you it was a stormy night. - See? That's how I roll baby, yeah.

Relieved, Maggie lifts the pan from the sink and the potatoes now join the meat in the sizzling hot fat.

Back into the oven...the door KICKED closed.

She checks her watch again, stares blankly out into the empty hallway....

...WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU? ...She does not speak these words, but we know what she is thinking. She telegraphs every thought onto every single chubby feature.

A NOISE from outside. METAL SCRAPING, something HEAVY being DRAGGED? BOUNCED? THROWN? up the steps outside.

With a caution she makes her way out into the...

HALLWAY:

...and stands...watches the door...waits.

The door BURSTS open and in steps JACK, 50's, a toothless, idiotic grin beaming from his big ugly face.

Maggie...seems relieved to see him.

MAGGIE

About fucking time! Was beginning to think you had been nabbed by the cops.

Something hidden behind him... Metallic, with wheels. Maggie sees it...

MAGGIE (cont'd)
 What in Sam Hill's name have you
 got there?

Jack turns and grabs it, and maybe just a tad too pleased
 with himself, pushes it into view...

No fucking way!

In the middle of the hallway, sat in a wheelchair with a
 frozen look of dread on his face is none other than...

...STEPHEN Mother Fucking HAWKING. Theoretical Physicist,
 Cosmologist and the brainiest son of a bitch ever to live.

Maggie looks down at STEPHEN HAWKING with a look of
 puzzlement. No need to move her horrible, hairy lips, we
 know what she is saying...What the fuck is happening?

Jack sees her face, he too understands the question.

JACK
 Don't worry, it's okay, I have got
 three more in the van.

Maggie BLINKS.

MAGGIE
 Three more?

JACK
 Three more...of these. You know. I
 got em'. In the van.

Maggie looks even more confused as ever.

MAGGIE
 I don't understand.

Jack...a little lost...not so cocksure anymore...

JACK
 You told me to go out and get--

MAGGIE
 I told you to go out and get me
 some vegetables.

Silence.

You could literally hear a pin drop.

A gust of wind BLOWS through the house.

Jack scratches his chin stubble.

Then, a tiny CHINK...

...the sound of a penny dropping.

Maggie looks up at Jack.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Oh. My. God.

INT. ABANDONED RUNDOWN HOUSE - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

In the...

DINING ROOM:

The table is set for dinner.

Three places, two chairs.

STEPHEN HAWKING sat in the middle, a bored look on his face.

Maggie enters with two plates of food, Jack behind her with his own dinner piled high on a plate.

Maggie places a plate in front of STEPHEN HAWKING and sits down in her chair, opposite Jack.

JACK
What about the others?

MAGGIE
I don't care, leave them out there.
This one is lucky there is plenty
of meat.

They both begin to eat.

STEPHEN HAWKING is not touching his plate.

He just sits there, emotionless, expressionless.

Maggie takes this in...

MAGGIE (cont'd)
You see! Do someone a kind turn and
they spit it back in your face. Not
even touched his plate.

...and picks up his plate.

His HAND flies out from his chair and SMACKS HER in the FACE...pretty hard...it hurts.

STEPHEN HAWKING [ELECTRONIC VOICE]
Get off my food bitch!

Maggie jumps from her chair, cowers at the end of the room.

Jack slowly creeps backwards towards her.

JACK
He's a robot. He's a fucking robot!

They both sneak towards the door.

STEPHEN HAWKING is now sat UPRIGHT in his chair. His upper body works fine...The SHOTGUN now in his hands.

STEPHEN HAWKING [ELECTRONIC VOICE]
Stay where you are maggots.

Jack's face drips with fear. STEPHEN HAWKING's eyes bore right into his dark and tortured soul.

JACK
Who the fuck are you man?

Then, the house SHAKES...CREAKS, the WIND picks up.

A bolt of LIGHTENING crashes to earth outside the window.

STEPHEN HAWKING [ELECTRONIC VOICE]
I am a time lord. Black holes are my freeway, this chair my Delorean. I move through the ages ridding the world of scum like you. For the sake of the world's future, tonight you shall come with me...to...HELL. MWAAAHHH! MWAAAHHH!

Jack drops to his knees...begs...

JACK
You got us all wrong Mr., we ain't no scum. We just petty thieves, we only robbed a bank. We just hiding here until the storm clears and then we'll be on our way.

STEPHEN HAWKING [ELECTRONIC VOICE]
And the dead man under the table?

Jack looks under the table, we can't see it... but we do remember the hand from earlier....dont we?

JACK

Awww, that was an accident, that's all. He shouldna be there, my trigger finger slipped.

(To Maggie)

Ain't that right Mags?

She nods her head, furiously...

MAGGIE

That's right, just an accident.

STEPHEN HAWKING thinks this over.

He SMILES.

Jack and Maggie relax...relieved...safe.

BLAM!

BLAM!

Just two shots takes away their lives...

Her STOMACH explodes with a shower of internal organs, blood and slime.

...He gets it in the face, half of his HEAD ripped away, only one eye left hanging from it's grisly socket.

The WIND dies down, the storm abates.

STEPHEN HAWKING drops the gun, his limbs lifeless again.

He bites onto the tube that pokes out beside him and with an electrical WHINE the chair leaves the room.

We look down at what is left of Jack and Maggie on the floor. It is a bloody mess.

Our friend the RAT is back and sniffs the dark patch that now spreads across the front of Maggie's sweat pants.

He climbs over her exposed ribs, and bites down hard on her nose. The rat GNAWS, GNASHES and GCHEWS on her ugly face.

Meanwhile...

IN THE HALLWAY:

STEPHEN HAWKING wheels his way unsteadily, and not exactly straight, towards the front door.

He BUMPS into things, hits the wall... It reminds us of a radio controlled car being driven by Lindsay Lohan.

Suddenly, the WHINE that is the electric motor of his wheelchair rises in pitch.

It sounds like my cat did when the vet shoved a finger up her ARSE. It SCREECHES...the motor wearing out...until....

The wheelchair STOPS dead in its tracks.

STEPHEN HAWKING [ELECTRONIC VOICE]
Oh, fuck my life.

Could things ever get any worse than this?

The answer is of course a resounding YES - there is still a page to go...we need some kind of ACT III climax here.

From behind STEPHEN HAWKING appears Jack and Maggie, their arms stretched out in front of them, hands limp at the wrist, mouths open and EYES POPPING out.

Did you see that coming?...Jack and Maggie are now ZOMBIES!

Oh yeah baby, what did I tell you about that Rat?

They both BITE down onto STEPHEN HAWKING'S shoulders,

He throws his head back...SCREAMS and HOWLS in PAIN...

BLOOD flies and SPRAYS like a garden sprinkler.

STEPHEN HAWKING flops down...DEAD...AS...A...DODO.

It is very quiet.

Until...

Wait for it...

It Starts.

D DUM DUM DUM DE DUM....TSH!
D DUM DUM DUM DE DUM....TSH!

STEPHEN HAWKING lifts his head and BREAKS THE FOURTH WALL with a WICKED SMILE...

D DUM DUM DUM DE DUM....TSH!
 D DUM DUM DUM DE DUM....TSH!

...BUT he's not STEPHEN HAWKING any more. No Sir. Now he's a mad and horrible mash-up of STEPHEN HAWKING and MICHAEL JACKSON....In a wheel chair...without the sleeping with kids stuff...and the other general weirdness.

THIS....IS....ZOMBOTARD!

...And he SINGS!

ZOMBOTARD [ELECTRONIC VOICE STILL]

It's close to midnight, and
 something Evils lurking in the
 dark. Under the moonlight, your
 seeing things that almost stop your
 heart...

Jack and Maggie both slide into place behind the ZOMBOTARD and start to dance in time with each other.

ZOMBOTARD

You close your eyes, and hope that
 this is just imagination. But all
 the time, you're hearing creatures
 creeping up behind. Co's You're
 paraly-ly-ly-ly-zed! OOOOH!!

All three now wave their hands in the air...like they just don't care. Back to the 80's and ZOMBOTARD is in full swing.

The RAT, also here, dances on the arm of the wheelchair... like Justin Timberlake - another Jackson wannabe.

ZOMBOTARD (cont'd)

Co's this is THRILLER. THRILLER
 NIGHT. And no-one's gonna save yer
 from the beast about to strike.

ZOMBOTARD grabs his crotch, SQUEALS like a bitch.

ZOMBOTARD (cont'd)

THRILLER. THRILLER NIGHT. Your
 fighting for your life, you've got
 to GET UP! GET UP! Toni-i-i-night.

The song it ends, the house explodes, our hero changed, the arc is closed. And as we reach the end of page ten, it's time to put me down again. Thanks for reading, that's really swell, It's time that ZOMBOTARD rots in hell. So until we meet, another day, why don't you all....

F-F-F-F-F-FADE AWAY: