Pia's Package

by

Sean Elwood

Based on the fake April 2008 OWC genre and theme

elwoodsean@gmail.com

© 2008 Sean Elwood
OVER BLACK: “Disclaimer: The following events were recorded by hidden cameras and following camera crews. The following people are not actors. Everything is real.”

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is enormous. Shelves filled with thousands of books line the walls. A fire glows inside the fireplace. Chandeliers hang delicately from the ceiling.

Eight men mingle and converse in a nearby corner of the living room. A snack table is set out with dozens of snacks. Ten chairs are set out on the floor and face one direction.

On each chair is a note with a name on it.

ZACK AKERS talks to ROBERT NEWCOMER. They eat snacks off of plastic plates.

   ZACK
   ...And so this guy goes on a killing spree and there’s going to be a lot of gore and guts and action——

   ROBERT
   Again?

Zack stares at Robert for a moment.

   ZACK
   Well, yeah, I mean, it’s cool...

   ROBERT
   Yeah, but where’s the pizzazz?

   ZACK
   (Stutters)
   Well...It has a really good twist. It turns out that the guy is getting revenge because the people he’s killing killed one of his loved ones.

Robert stares at Zack, unamused.

CUT TO:

MIKE SHELTON and PHIL CLARKE JR. sit in two comfy leather chairs. Shelton has a nice, thin beard coming along and sips from a cup of tea.
MIKE
And I’m getting my seventh script produced and directed, I just have to wait for everything to come together.

PHIL
Damn, Mike, how about rubbing a little luck on me, eh?

Phil gives Mike a playful punch to the arm. Mike spills some tea on him. He casually tries to wipe it away. Phil leans in.

PHIL
You think you can, you know, give me some of your contacts to help an old friend out?

MIKE
Phil, you’ve had some of your scripts filmed, right?

PHIL
Well, yeah, but you know, the more scripts I get produced, the more I’m going to write. The more I write, the more scripts I’m going to produce. It’s all about the money. I mean, isn’t that what all screenwriters do?

Mike looks at Phil for a moment.

MIKE
Well, I like writing them just because I like writing screenplays. I’m sure that goes the same for everyone else here.

PHIL
So you don’t do it for the money.

MIKE
No...Dude, that’s just selfish...

Phil gulps.

PHIL
...I like your beard...

Mike pulls out his phone.
MIKE
Hold on, I have to make a quick call.

Mike walks away. Phil clears his throat and gets more comfortable in the chair.

CUT TO:

SEAN ELWOOD and JAMES MCCLUNG talk quietly to each other when JORDAN WIEBE walks up to them.

SEAN
Hey! Look who’s here!

JAMES
Dude, how’s it going?

JORDAN
Whoa, hey guys!

They all shake hands, give brotherly hugs, etc.

JAMES
It’s like a Buckets of Blood reunion.

JORDAN
Oh, yeah! Well, more like a Buckets of Blood Part 2 reunion. Pia’s not here...But, I guess we still have Shelton...

The three look at Shelton, who talks on the phone in the corner of the room.

SEAN
Well, he was new, come on you guys, give him a break...But I think Part 2 was better than the first. James’ Egypt script, Jordan’s gruesome blaxploitation script...

(Proudly)

My zombie script...

Sean smiles and walks away. James turns to Jordan.

JAMES
Every time I talk to him, it’s zombies this, zombies that! You know how much I don’t like zombie movies...
JORDAN
Ignore it. Just hope you don’t get stuck with him for some reason.

CUT TO:

Mike still stands in the corner and talks on the phone. His beard has mysteriously disappeared.

MIKE
(Into phone)
Yeah, Don, I know...God just because you’re the leader of Simply Scripts doesn’t mean you have to be an ass to me...Yeah, eight of them are here, we’re still waiting for Robert and Tyler.

CUT TO:

The doors to the living room open up. TYLER HIGGINS and ROBERT SKOTTE stand at the doorway.

A BUTLER walks up to them.

BUTLER
Names, please.

SKOTTE
Sniper.

The butler’s eyes grow wide.

BUTLER
Security! We have a sniper on house grounds!

SKOTTE
What?

Skotte sees Phil towards the back of the living room.

SKOTTE
Phil! I thought you said our Simply Scripts names were the names on the guest list!

Phil gives Skotte an evil grin and waves goodbye.

Two muscular security guards tackle Skotte to the ground. Bones crackle as they put all their weight on him. Skotte vomits.

They drag Skotte’s broken body away.
Tyler turns to the butler.

TYLER
Tyler Higgins.

BUTLER
I’m sorry, Mr. Phil Clarke Jr. has advised me that Pia will not allow you to enter.

TYLER
You’re going to listen to him?

The Butler begins to shut the door. Tyler peeks through the narrowing crack.

TYLER
Phil, you’re going to get it you mother——

The doors slams shut.

INT. MANSION - LARGE HALLWAY - DAY

Tyler catches up with the two muscular security guards who carry Skotte away. He looks at Skotte and laughs.

TYLER
Dude, Robert, you just got owned.

MUSCULAR GUARD
Wait until you see what’s in store for you...

He points up ahead.

A large, very large...Extremely enormous guard filled with nothing BUT muscle stands at the doors. He grins; the handlebar mustache on his face stretches across.

Tattoos run down his bulging arms.

Tyler stops walking and stands there in fear.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

MICHAEL CORNETTO sits in one of the chairs and looks bored as hell. People walk by him and say hi, and he nods to them. Sean sits behind him.

Sean leans in.
SEAN
You’re signature’s too long.

He quickly walks away. Michael looks behind him and searches for whoever talked to him.

CUT TO:

Shelton continues to talk on his phone. His beard has grown back.

SHELTON
I know, Don...Look, I switched the name cards around so the people who are together will do anything to get away from each other...Or kill each other. I have it all under control.

He looks behind him.

SHELTON
Hey, I have to go. It’s starting.

CUT TO:

Everyone sits in a chair. Phil and Michael sit next to each other. Shelton and Bert sit with each other. Zack and Jordan sit together. And James and Sean sit next to each other.

The butler rolls a television in front of the eight men. He slips in a tape and presses the ‘Play’ button.

INSERT: Television screen

A very attractive PIA, dressed in a white, silk gown, sits in a large, leather chair. She pours beer into a glass mug and sips from it. A fire burns behind her in a fireplace.

PIA
Good evening, gentlemen.

INTERCUT: television screen/living room

All the men have grins on their faces.

PIA
You’re probably wondering why you’re all here. Well, I have called for the most trustworthy...

Sean smiles and looks around.
PIA
...Smartest...
Shelton, his beard back...again...Smiles to himself.

PIA
...Sexiest...
Everyone adjusts their positions in the chairs and smile.

PIA
...Ten men from Simply Scripts.

ZACK
Uh, there are only eight of us.

PIA
What?

JAMES
Yeah, two never showed up.

Phil snickers to himself.

PIA
God damn it!
(Beat)
Anyway... I’ve picked ten men from Simply Scripts to go on a quest so adventurous, so dangerous, that you will have to make the most drastic decisions to get to the goal. Whoever is the first one to get here, at my summer house, will get to spend the rest of their lives with a million dollars...

Everyone perks up.

PIA
...And with me.

Not only is everyone perked up, but their mouths drop open, too.

PIA
Beneath every other chair are directions to my summer home.

Every other person reaches beneath their chair and pulls out a piece of paper.
Before the games begin, I need you to say one thing, very loud, at the same time. “Hey, Pia sent me a package.”

“Hey, Pia sent me a package.”

Suddenly, cuffs pop out of some of the armrests of the chairs. Everybody soon has one wrist cuffed. A heavy-duty cord sprouts from some of the cuffs and connect to the cuffs next to them.

Soon, Phil and Michael are cuffed together, as well as Shelton and Robert, Zack and Jordan, and James and Sean.

The cuffs pop off the armrests and become portable.

ROBERT
What the heck?

PIA
I can assure you that two of you will not be able to make it past this first room.
(Winks)
Let the games begin.

The television turns to static.

James looks over at his wrist, and then follows the cord, and realizes who he’s cuffed to: Sean.

SEAN
You know how much it would suck if I were a zombie right now? You’d have no chance.

JAMES
Aw shit!

The mansion begins to rumble. Everyone looks around. One of the chandeliers falls to the floor. The walls begin to close in.

JORDAN
What the hell is going on?

The books fall off their shelves. The food and drinks on the table fall over as the walls tip the table over.
SHELTON
(To Robert)
Come on, let’s get out of here!

They run towards the doors of the living room. Jordan points to another exit.

JORDAN
Let’s go that way!

ZACK
No, I think we should follow Shelton and Bert.

JORDAN
Fuck that! I know that that’s the way out. It has to be.

ZACK
Haven’t you ever seen what happens in horror movies when people split up?

JORDAN
This isn’t a fucking horror movie, stupid-ass!

ZACK
But I can make it into one! Yes! I’d call it “Crazy Woman” and she’s getting her revenge—

JORDAN
Shut the fuck up.

Zack stares at him for a moment.

ZACK
Do you have Tourette Syndrome?

JORDAN
Let’s just fucking leave, damn it!

Jordan yanks Zack in his direction. They run to the doors.

Sean and James run through the living room. They crash into Phil and Michael and the four of them fall to the ground. Their handcuffs get tangled together.

Another chandelier falls to the floor and the walls continue to close in. Everything begins to pile up and the room becomes more claustrophobic.

The four finally get untangled.
JAMES
Let’s go!

James and Sean run towards the room.

MICHAEL
Come on, we can’t be the last ones out!

Phil and Michael stand up and begin running. There’s a small bark (O.S.). Phil stops and turns around.

There, in the very back of the living room, is a small, very adorable Pug. It’s eyes bulge out, it’s tongue hangs out, and when it sees Phil, it cocks its head.

Phil’s eyes water. He sees the walls slowly closing towards the Pug.

MICHAEL
Phil! Let’s go!

Michael tugs on the cord.

SLOW MOTION: Phil roars out—

PHIL
Nooooo!

—And runs for the Pug.

NORMAL SPEED:

Michael tugs on the cord as hard as he can. The walls are unbearably close now. Chairs, books, and other household objects pile up around them. They’re about to be crushed.

MICHAEL
Phil you idiot!!!

The camera cuts to static.

INT. MANSION - LARGE HALLWAY - DAY

Sean and James make it out of the living room just in time. The walls close together and dust sprays from the gap between the two walls.

James stands up.

JAMES
Come on.
They run to the entrance of the mansion. Skotte sits at the entrance in a fetal position. His clothes are almost torn to pieces, his eyes are wide with fear, his whole body shakes.

**JAMES**

Rob? Oh my God! Dude, where’s Tyler? Wasn’t he supposed to be here?

Skotte points over at the corner.

**SKOTTE**

That’s what’s left of him.

Only a pile of clothes sit in the corner. Blood stains some of the clothes.

**SKOTTE**

He was...Obliterated...

Sean looks at James.

**SEAN**

What if you were raped by a zombie?

James sighs in irritation and pulls Sean out of the mansion.

**EXT. STREET – DAY**

Jordan and Zack run down the sidewalk. They both run around a street pole on opposite sides. The pole catches the cord, and they both twist around it and smack into each other.

**EXT. ANOTHER STREET – DAY**

Mike and Robert run around a corner and stop to catch their breath. Mike’s beard is, once again, gone.

**MIKE**

Okay, dude, we have to try and get there first. Think about it, a million dollars. We could make the best movie we’ve made so far, even write the script to it.

**ROBERT**

And use Pia as the hot damsel in distress, and I as the hero!

Mike looks at him for a moment.
MIKE
Yeah, sure. So, you’re with me?

Robert holds up his cuff.

ROBERT
I have no choice.

Mike looks down the street. A bus drives down the street.

Robert looks over at a little kid with a Bert doll.

ROBERT
Hey, kid! Where’d ya get that?

The bus drives around the corner. Mike jumps onto it.

The bus yanks Robert to the ground, which yanks Mike off the bus. They groan in pain and Mike looks over at Robert.

MIKE
Robert?! What the fuck!?

ROBERT
What are you getting mad at me for? What were you thinking?

MIKE
You son of a bitch, I was trying to get on the God damn bus and your dumb ass was just standing there like a fucking idiot!

ROBERT
Stop yelling at me!

MIKE
Jerk.

They stop yelling at each other and look at the sidewalk. The kid with the Bert doll, along with other adults and elderly couples, stare at the two on the street in shock.

Mike and Robert casually get up, brush themselves off.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Sorry.

ROBERT
We were...Acting...

MIKE
Let’s just go...

CUT TO:

They walk down the sidewalk in the direction the bus heads.
ROBERT
You’re the jerk...

INT. JAMES’ CAR – DAY

James drives the car while Sean sits in the passenger seat.

SEAN
Did you know that the first zombie movie made was in 1968?

JAMES (Unenthusiastic)
Wow, interesting...

SEAN
Yeah, but the first actual zombie movie made was, like, in the 30s when zombies were made with voodoo.

James doesn’t say anything.

SEAN
Did you know the first zombie movie I saw was Return of the Living Dead Part 2?

JAMES
Where do I turn?

SEAN
Take a left here. Anyway, it scared the crap out of me. But the one that got me started with my obsession with zombies was the Dawn of the Dead remake.

JAMES
Sean—

SEAN
You know, I really don’t know why people have a problem with running zombies.

JAMES
Sean, please—

SEAN
Seriously, I could take a nap in the middle of a crowd of walking zombies before they would be able to get to—
JAMES
Sean! SHUT UP.

Sean shuts his mouth and looks at James. James does not look back. Sean looks out the window and sighs. They’re silent for a moment.

JAMES
Look, sorry I yelled...

SEAN
(Smiling)
It’s okay, zombies don’t have emotions.

James slams his forehead on the steering wheel.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jordan and Zack run down the sidewalk. Again, they take opposite directions around a pole, but Jordan stops this time.

The cord yanks Zack back.

JORDAN
You’ve got to be fucking kidding me...

ZACK
Huh?

JORDAN
I mean, how, in God’s name, did He give you a fucking brain? Has your ass not gone through the process of evolution? Do you have no learning capabilities, or even a God damn frontal lobe?

ZACK
Wait, what did I do?

JORDAN
You were about to do it again! Go around the wrong side of the pole! (Under his breath)
Stupid bastard...

ZACK
I was just trying to keep up with you...
JORDAN
God, why did Pia decide to pair us together? It’s stupid! I mean, we don’t even like each other!

Zack shrugs.

ZACK
I like you...

Jordan stares at him for a moment, then rubs his eyes.

JORDAN
Let’s just go.

They continue walking. Zack goes around the wrong side of the pole...Again. Jordan stops and yanks him back.

ZACK
Sorry.

JORDAN
Where are the directions?

ZACK
I don’t have them.

Jordan pats himself down. He looks back at Zack with wide eyes.

JORDAN
Mother fu—!

EXT. ANOTHER STREET – DAY

Shelton and Mike stand on the sidewalk. A bicyclist rides down the street.

ROBERT
Okay, get ready...

The bicyclist gets nearer. Robert jumps out on the street, as does Mike. They hold their cuffs up at head level. The bicyclist tries to swerve out of the way, but it’s too late.

The cord catches the bicyclist by the neck and throws him off the bike and onto the ground. Mike and Robert run to the bike.

MIKE
Go, go!

Mike gets on the seat, but Robert stops.
ROBERT
I’m not getting on the handlebars.

MIKE
Just get on!

Robert looks back at the bicyclist. He doesn’t move.

ROBERT
I think he’s hurt.

MIKE
Hurry up!

Robert gets on the handlebars. Mike tries his best to steer the bike in a straight line.

CUT TO:

Mike and Robert are further down the street. Their wireless microphones pick up their voices.

ROBERT
I’m slipping...

MIKE
Shut up.

ROBERT
Mike!

MIKE
Don’t be a pussy, just hang on!

Robert slips off the bike. He tries to run, but trips and falls on his stomach. Mike runs over Robert, and the cord yanks on Mike’s arm.

Mike flies over the handlebars and the entire bike flips over the two.

The cameraman runs up to Mike and Robert. Robert lies face down, and doesn’t move. Mike rolls over onto his back.

MIKE
(Out of breath)
Don’t worry! I’m okay...!
(Beat)
My beard broke my fall.
INT. JAMES’ CAR - DAY

James looks around the street. He pulls to the side of the road and sighs in frustration.

JAMES
Where are we?

SEAN
Oh, we’re lost? This wouldn’t be good if—

JAMES
Sean, don’t. Where are the directions?

SEAN
Zombies never get lost—

JAMES
Just give me the fucking directions.

Sean hands him the sheet of paper. It’s folded in half. James opens it up.

CLOSE UP: the paper has drawn on it, with a sharpie marker, two sort-of-stick figures. One stick figure’s head is open with his brains exposed. The other has his hands outstretched. They’re both saying “Brains.”

Beneath the stick figures is written: JAMES and SEAN

The directions are unreadable with the marker drawings covering them.

JAMES
What’s this?

Sean smiles proudly.

SEAN
Just a drawing.

JAMES
Are these the directions?

Sean looks over at them.

SEAN
Oh, hey, there they are! I tried looking for them.

James crumples the directions and takes deep breaths.
Suddenly, he screams out in anger. He yanks on the cord and Sean’s hand flails around like a rag doll’s hand. James chews on the cord, but nothing breaks it.

SEAN
Oh my God, you have it!

JAMES
Have what?

SEAN
The Rage virus! From 28 Days Later!

James looks out in front of him. It’s over.

SEAN
Well, technically that’s not a zombie movie...I really don’t see why people think it is...

JAMES
It’s not worth. It just isn’t...

Sean continues his small conversation to himself as James puts the car in drive. He slams his foot on the accelerator and the car zooms forward.

The car races towards the end of a street. A building lies ahead.

The car smashes into the wall. Sean and James’ bodies fly out, but then the car interior cameras go static.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The car smashes into the building. Sean and James’ bodies fly out through the windshield and hit the wall. They fall back on the hood of the car.

Jordan and Zack look on.

ZACK
Whoa...

JORDAN
No, we can’t have any more distractions. Let’s get going.

ZACK
But what if they’re hurt?
JORDAN
We probably don’t even know them.
Come on.

They walk down the sidewalk.

CUT TO:


ZACK
Where are we going?

JORDAN
I don’t know! I think we’re lost!

ZACK
Oh great. That’s how it starts.

JORDAN
What?

ZACK
That’s how all slasher films start. Jordan...
   (Tears up)
   ...I think someone’s going to kill us.

JORDAN
Shut up! Just...Shut up! We have to find a way out of here.

ZACK
My feet hurt.

JORDAN
Let’s just get a taxi.

ZACK
I’m tired.

JORDAN
Do you at least remember the address?

ZACK
We’re never going to make it out of here...

Jordan opens his mouth to yell again, but stops and rubs his eyes. He turns around and squats a bit.
Get on my back.

What?

Just...Get on.

Zack shrugs. He hops on to Jordan’s back.

Hang on.

What are we doing?

What did you think my Simply Scripts screen name meant?

Jordan jumps up into the air and flaps his arms. He levitates off the ground, then ascends higher and higher.

Oh my God!

Just don’t do anything stupid...

Wow!

Jordan and Zack are higher in the sky.

Please tell me that’s a mini flashlight in your pocket...

Do you want to just pretend it is?

Mike and Robert run across the street and up to a giant driveway with a large iron gate. Robert holds a bloody Kleenix to his nose.

We’re here! We made it!
ROBERT
This highway looks familiar...

MIKE
No it doesn’t, you’re just out of it from the accident.

ROBERT
No...

He looks down the highway.

ROBERT
Oh my God, Mike...

MIKE
What?

ROBERT
Look! Look, there’s the other driveway!

They look down the highway and see the butler taking the trash to the end of the driveway.

ROBERT
It’s the mansion we were just at! Her summer house was just across the street!

Two screams slowly fade in from...Somewhere. Mike and Robert look around, and then up.

Jordan and Zack fall to the ground and into a bush. They spit out leaves and crawl out from the bush. They stand up and walk over to Mike and Robert.

JORDAN
Finally, we found you guys!
(To Mike)
Oh my God, I do not envy you being with Bert, Mike. I would so rather be with him than with his stupid fucking dumbass. First we got lost, then we got in fights, and then we had to find you guys---

MIKE
Wait, wait, wait...Did you just... Fly here?

JORDAN
Well...Yeah...Why are you guys so surprised about that?
(MORE)
JORDAN (CONT'D)
I thought my screen name was the biggest hint I could give?

ROBERT
Forget about that, look...

He points at the other mansion.

MIKE
...The other mansion was just across the fucking road from this one.

Zack looks at the summer house.

ZACK
This is the summer house?

ROBERT
Yeah. Can you believe that?

They chuckle for a moment, and then it grows quiet.

Jordan shoots forward and yanks Zack behind him. Mike and Robert run after them.

Jordan jumps up into the air and flaps his arms. Zack gets lifted off the ground as Jordan flies into the air.

Mike leaps through the air and grabs Zack’s foot, and Robert hangs onto Mike’s feet.

The weight pulls Jordan lower, but he flaps his arms hard to fly higher. He grunts in pain, but doesn’t let it stop him. He then yells in pain.

Mike looks in front of him. They head straight for a window.

MIKE
Robert, hold on!

INT. SUMMER HOME MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

The two crash through a window and roll onto the floor.

EXT. SUMMER HOME MANSION - DAY

With the extra weight now gone, Jordan increases altitude rapidly, and just in time as Zack comes very close to hitting the roof.
Suddenly, Zack’s body gets caught in a weather vane. It slices through his body.

The sudden jerk of Zack’s body stopping rips Jordan’s arm off completely. Jordan screams in agony and loses flight concentration.

He nose dives and hits the roof, rolls off, and fall into the garden in the backyard.

INT. SUMMER HOME MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

Mike and Robert stand up. They brush pieces of glass off of them.

MIKE
We did it! We made it!

ROBERT
We did it man!

They embrace.

VOICE (O.S.)
Oh boooys...

The two turn their heads with twinkling eyes. They know what to expect.

There, in the doorway, is a fat, dry-skinned, OLD PIA. Her hair is almost completely gone, thinned out with patches of it missing. She smokes a cigarette and has a glass of wine. When she talks, she sounds a bit like Beatrice Arthur.

Even worse, she’s still wearing the used-to-be sexy silk gown. That’s almost see-through.

Mike and Robert’s mouths drop in horror.

OLD PIA
It’s about time. Look what all that waiting has done to me!

She shows off her...Not-so-attractive body and laughs obnoxiously.

OLD PIA
Kidding!

ROBERT
Pia! What happened to you?
OLD PIA
Oh! Well, I forgot to tell you, the camera I used for the tape takes of about thirty pounds...And years...

Mike covers his mouth.

MIKE
I think I’m going to vomit.

Pia walks over to Mike and gets too close for comfort.

OLD PIA
Oh yeah, I love it when a man talks dirty...

Mike tries his best not to look away, but only to be polite.

OLD PIA
And that mysterious beard that appears and disappears is just so fascinating...I’d just want to touch your face all day and night...

She runs her fingers along his face. Her nails are yellow, dirty, long...

Mike leans away in disgust, but she continues to touch his face.

Robert snickers at Mike. Pia looks over at him.

OLD PIA
Oh, don’t worry, I haven’t forgotten about you, Bert. Oh boy, whenever I even hear the name Bert, it just sends chills up my body and I can’t control myself. And the thought of Sesame Street just makes me so hot for you.

ROBERT
What?

Pia pushes her large, fatty boobs together.

OLD PIA
Tell me, baby: what two letters form these round ones?

Robert throws up a bit in his mouth. Sticky, yellow vomit seeps through the cracks of his mouth, but he forces himself to swallow it back down.
Pia pretends to faint onto the bed.

OLD PIA
Oh, it’s just so hot in here. This gown is just too much for me. I think I’ll have to take it off...

MIKE
No!

ROBERT
Oh God no!

OLD PIA
Oh yes, that’s right. Only one of you can have me. Time for a...DUEL!
Have at it!

She laughs, but then lets out a nasty, wheezy, long smoker’s cough.

ROBERT
Fuck that!

Robert looks behind him. A knife sits on a stand on a table. He grabs the knife and begins to stab himself in the stomach.

Blood soaks into his shirt and drips onto the floor. He grits his teeth and keeps himself from yelling out in pain.

After one last stab, he falls to the ground and doesn’t move.

It’s quiet for a moment. Mike stares at Robert’s body in horror. But his shocked face soon turns into a smiling one as he looks over at Pia.

MIKE
(Overly dramatic)
Oh no! He’s DEAD!

Mike laughs, and so does Pia. She stands up and walks over to Mike.

MIKE
That was fantastic!

Pia grabs the bottom of her neck and peels off her face?! Only to reveal...

...DON!?

DON
Was it really that good?

MIKE
It couldn’t have been any better.
How did you do the voice?
Don slips out of the fat suit, then peels off a clear, plastic sticker from his neck.

DON
I got them from the people from Mission Impossible 2.

MIKE
Nice.

DON
Pia! You can come out now!

The real Pia walks into the bedroom. She’s still dressed in the sexy silk outfit and looks just as beautiful as she did in the video.

PIA
That was a fantastic performance, you guys!

MIKE
Thanks!

(To Don)
See, I told you I could kill them all off.

DON
I’m actually quite surprised. But man, were they annoying. The boards will be much better now.

They all laugh together. Don and Pia look at each other and quiet their laughter. Mike notices and quietly stops laughing.

MIKE
What?

For a moment, they’re all quiet. Pia points up at the ceiling.

PIA
What’s that?!

Mike turns away from her and looks up. Suddenly, his back arches and his face becomes distorted with pain.

He falls to the ground. Pia holds up a knife. Both her and Don watch Mike until he stops moving. Then...

PIA
Okay, Bert, you can get up now...
Robert opens his eyes and he stands up. He sighs in relief and scratches at his groin.

ROBERT
God, I didn’t think I was ever going to be able to scratch that itch.

He lifts up his shirt and rips off broken fake blood packets taped to his stomach. He throws them to the ground and wipes his hands on his pants.

PIA
You know, that death scene was really well done.

ROBERT
Aw, thanks, Pia. You always know the right things to say.

They smile and give each other a quick, but passionate, kiss on the lips.

Pia claps her hands.

PIA
Okay! Why doesn’t Bert change clothes and clean up, and we can hit the bars. The drinks are on me!

They all walk out of the room, arms around each other, laughing.

PIA
You know, if Phil lived, I’m sure he would have made this a One Week Challenge theme.

They laugh.

ROBERT
Ah, yes. A million dollars, a beautiful girl...What more can one have to make him happy?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sean and James groan as they sit up on the hood. They’re pale and bloody.

Sean gets on his feet, but stumbles backwards. He catches himself, and then looks at James, then himself.
SEAN
Poor balance...An insatiable hunger...

He looks at a piece of glass stuck in his arm. He pulls the glass out. Nothing.

SEAN
...And feeling no pain? That means...OH MY GOD! HOORAY! James! Guess what?! We’re ZOMBIES!!!

James’ eyes grow wider than ever with fear.

SEAN
What should we do first? Stumble around? Eat a brain? Moan for no reason?

James grabs a large piece of glass and begins to stab himself in the stomach. It does nothing, he doesn’t even feel it. He drops the piece of glass.

SEAN
Come on! Let’s go eat someone!

Sean runs off. The cord pulls on James’ arm, and it rips right off.

James watches his arm leave and trail behind Sean. He softly cries to himself.

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK: “Nobody was hurt in the making of this film.”

“This film is dedicated to Dave, the camera man crushed in the living room of Pia’s mansion.”

THE END