EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

A middle to old aged hillbilly shovels dirt into a hole. His wife stands nearby, watching. The dirt lands atop a coffin, which suddenly begins to shake. It slowly opens and a young ghoulish looking boy pops out. The hillbilly pulls a shotgun seemingly from nowhere and aims it at him.

    BOY
    Wh... where am I?

    HILLBILLY
    Don’t move, zombie! I’ll blow yer’ head off!

The boy holds his arms out, trying to shield himself.

    BOY
    Ah! Please, no!

    HILLBILLY
    I din’t say talk! Get back in yer’ plot!

The hillbilly motions to his wife, still aiming the shotgun at the boy.

    HILLBILLY
    Marge, get my zombie kit.

She nods and casually shuffles off.

    BOY
    This must be some kind of mistake, I’m not dead!

    HILLBILLY
    Thas’ right. Yer’ not dead. Yer’ undead.

The hillbilly puts his eye to the sight on the shotgun.

    BOY
    No, no! I must have been in a coma or something! The last thing I remember is a car accident.

The hillbilly doesn’t move an inch. He says nothing.

    BOY
    I promise, if you’ll just let me come out I can show you: I’m alive.

(CONTINUED)
The boy starts stepping out of the coffin. The hillbilly jerks the shotgun at him.

**HILLBILLY**
Oh no! I ain’t fallin’ for that one again. Ya’ said the same thing th’ last time I killed ya’.

The boy stops moving. He stares at the man in confusion.

**BOY**
Wait... what?

**HILLBILLY**
Yeah, I killed ya’ already. Musta’ done it three god dang times by now. It’s gettin’ tiresome.

The boy’s mouth hangs open. He is speechless. Marge arrives with a tool chest and places it at the hillbilly’s feet.

**BOY**
Is this true, ma’m... Am I a... zombie?

Marge stares at him for a long while. She takes a glance at her husband, who nods.

**MARGE**
Yeap.

**BOY**
Oh my god, I can’t believe this!

The boy collapses to the ground and begins crying. Marge stares at her husband. They exchange a look. He lowers his shotgun and hands it to Marge. He walks over to the boy.

**HILLBILLY**
Aw, settle down boy... It’s not so bad...

He cries.

**HILLBILLY**
Bein’ a zombie ain’t no worse than bein’ a grownup.

The boy looks up at him.

**HILLBILLY**
Ya’ get all flubby and tired all tha’ time. Ya’ work evry day ta’

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

HILLBILLY (cont’d)
buy yer’ kids a buncha’ ipods and
new age junk. Yer’ wife never wants
ta’ have sex with ya’ like she
usta’.

He makes a hand motion, gesturing at Marge. She stares at
him, not pleased.

HILLBILLY
Believe me, ya’ really only had
fifteen, maybe twenny more good
years. Ya’ didn’t miss much.

The boy brightens up a little. He has stopped crying.

BOY
...Really...?

HILLBILLY
Of course! In fact, I’d say yer’
better off bein’ a zombie.

The boy smiles, sniffling.

BOY
Oh, that’s great! I feel a lot
better!

The boy stands up. The old man jumps, backing off.

HILLBILLY
Woah, woah, woah! Don’t be movin’
now.

The boy stops, confused.

HILLBILLY
I said ya’ were better off than me—
but ya’ can’t be roamin’ about.
Then I’ll have ter’ go an’ shoot
yer again.

BOY
But... I just want to go and say
goodbye to my folks. That’s all..

HILLBILLY
Hell no, boy. Yer’ folks don’t love
ya’ anymore. Yer’ a damn zombie.

The boy slumps his shoulders and looks at the ground.

(CONTINUED)
BOY
Oh..

The old man slowly walks back to the boy. He puts a hand on his shoulder and gestures to the coffin.

HILLBILLY
Jus’ go on back in yer’ coffin an’ take a nice nap. Stay there forever, if ya’ can.

The boy stares at the ground for a while. He finally obliges.

BOY
Okay..

He opens the coffin and slowly climbs inside.

HILLBILLY
Thas’ a good boy.

The coffin BANGS shut. The hillbilly smiles. He picks up his shovel and resumes pouring dirt on top the coffin. His wife picks up a nearby shovel and joins him.