

ZOMBIE DETECTIVE

Episode one

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INT. FRED'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Pitch black outside, all the lights are on inside. A large opulent house. A rich mans house.

FRED, 65, dressed in a bathrobe and slippers staggers along the hallway. In great pain and clearly struggles to breathe.

There's a handle stuck in his back. Looks like the handle of a knife.

The back of his bathrobe is stained with blood.

It drips onto the floor. Leaves a trail behind him.

Another 'MAN' dressed all in black, a ski mask hides his face follows closely behind him.

INT. FRED'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

It's huge. Spacious and clean. The surfaces sparkle. A wealthy mans house.

Still with the trail of blood behind him Fred staggers over towards the table. He reaches out for the mobile phone that's there.

The man dressed all in black continues to stay close.

Fred's face sweaty, mouth dry finds it hard to stay upright.

He opens up his phone and brings up the number for ROGER.

The man all in black smacks the phone out of his hands and knocks him to the floor.

Fred hits the floor hard. He lays there still. Eyes closed. He's dead.

EXT. FRED'S HOUSE - DAY

A large police presence, a murder scene. Police tape covers the front door. Two uniformed police officers stand guard.

DIANA, 27, dressed smart in a suit walks with purpose towards the front door. She takes in this massive house with wide excited eyes.

The police offices on duty instantly recognizes her. They stand to attention and lift the tape up so that she can move underneath it.

But ROGER, 41, blading and tanned steps in front of her. Blocks her from going in.

ROGER

Excuse me.

Diana is taken aback.

DIANA

Yes, can I help you?

ROGER

My name is Roger, I handle the estate for the family.

DIANA

The deceased?

ROGER

Yes. I called for zombie detective?

Diana looks across at the police officers, returns to Roger, is he serious?

DIANA

You don't get to make requests. You get me today. And I'd like to see the crime scene and get this wrapped up by the end of the day if I can.

ROGER

But I asked for Zombie.

DIANA

Sir.

ROGER

This is a very sensitive case. I didn't want any visible police presence. Fred O'Neil owns a great deal of controlling shares in a great many important companies.

DIANA

Did have.

ROGER

Please. I asked for...

She cuts him off.

DIANA

Lets not go through this again. You ran his business affairs for him?

ROGER

For fifteen years.

DIANA

Then carry on. And let me do what I'm here to do.

ROGER

One of the most prominent millionaires in this city has just been murdered in his own home. As his Lawyer and adviser I should get some say.

Diana eases him out of the way and moves inside the house, annoyed.

DIANA

Well it's not up to you. It's my investigation now.

INT. FRED'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Forensic teams fill the kitchen. The crime scene is sealed and the hunt for clues begins.

It's sealed off. Everything under lock down.

Roger shows Diana to the spot where Fred's dead body was found.

Diana takes out a note pad and pen. Takes a quick look around the kitchen, obviously impressed.

She finally comes to settle back onto Roger.

DIANA

A few quick questions.

Roger crosses his arms in front of his chest and pouts.

ROGER

Nope.

Diana rolls her eyes and pushes on regardless.

DIANA

Did MR. O'Neil have any obvious enemies that you can think of? Anyone who would directly benefit from his death?

Roger keeps his arms crossed in front of his chest.

ROGER

I'm not answering any of your questions. I want Zombie detective.

DIANA

Well you've got me.

ROGER

He was an old man. For the last few years I did almost everything for him. There's nothing about Fred's life that I don't know about. I can be of great help. But I've asked for Zombie detective and he's who I want.

DIANA

We don't really have time for this. I can assure you I can have this wrapped up all by myself.

Roger shakes his head, serious.

ROGER

No. You can't do everything by yourself.

Diana is about to say something more but is interrupted by a police officer who hands her a mobile phone inside of a plastic evidence bag.

POLICE OFFICER

It's his phone.

DIANA

Thanks.

She takes a quick look at it and sees the last person Fred tried to call was Roger.

She shows this to him.

ROGER

He trusted me more than any other. I was the last person he reached out to save him.

Diana grabs a hold of Roger, quickly and with skill spins him around and places him into handcuffs.

DIANA

You're under arrest.

Roger doesn't seem at all bothered.

ROGER

I think I might know who the killer is.

She spins him back around to face her.

DIANA
And you're going to tell me?

He shakes his head, defiantly.

ROGER
I want Zombie detective.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Diana sits alone inside the office. Photographs of awards on the walls with family pictures all across his desk.

Diana leans back in her chair and spins around. Impatient Doesn't like been made to wait.

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

Captain JONES, 51, walks along with a cup of coffee in one hand and some paperwork in the other.

He reads, a heavy frown.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Captain Jones enters with a bang. He throws the paper work at Diana who catches it.

CAPTAIN JONES
Release him.

She stands up from her chair.

DIANA
No.

Captain Jones sits down behind his desk. He gives her a sideways glance.

CAPTAIN JONES
No? Well this is an order. I'm ordering you to release him and to apologize for arresting him in the first place.

DIANA
He refuses to answer any of my questions.

CAPTAIN JONES
You can't arrest him for that.

DIANA

He's the last known person to have any kind of contact with the victim.

CAPTAIN JONES

You don't know that.

DIANA

Captain.

CAPTAIN

Go and find Zombie detective.

DIANA

He's a fairy tale.

CAPTAIN JONES

He's been out of the game for a very long time, but believe me he's very much real.

DIANA

This thing is a freak. In the good old day we'd all arm ourselves with pitchforks and flaming torches and chase it out of town.

CAPTAIN JONES

You'll go and get him or I'll find someone else who will.

DIANA

Don't take me off this case.

CAPTAIN JONES

Look, I know you care but this is what you've got to do.

She takes a step closer to the desk.

DIANA

I didn't know we took requests.

CAPTAIN

Listen. Roger's a lawyer. But he's also well off and well connected. The family he represents. The O'Neil's. He was a top fund raises not only for the city but for this police department. He's not to be messed with. Especially when there's no evidence to arrest him with. And been difficult isn't a crime.

She turns her back on him.

DIANA

And after I've found this zombie
shall I go look for the tooth
fairy? See if she has any ideas?

CAPTAIN JONES

If you want to stay on this case
you'll do this or I'll find
someone who will.

She shakes her head and storms out. Slams the door shut
behind her.

INT. DIANA'S CAR - DAY

Diana drives alone. She glances down to the front passenger
seat. On it sits lots of detailed paperwork all about
ZOMBIE detective, 35. Short cut hair. Rotten skin. Sunken
eyes. Several missing teeth. He looks like a zombie.

She shudders. Gagged out.

EXT. ZOMBIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Diana parks up outside. A normal looking house, a well kept
lawn. A shiny car parked on the driveway.

Diana approaches nervously. She takes out a small bottle of
hand sanitizer, cleans her hands rigorously.

She approaches the front door. Zombie, dressed in a suit
opens it before she's able to knock on. He waves for her to
come inside.

INT. ZOMBIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Diana watches Zombie with wide unblinking eyes. He moves
around his kitchen. Yet again perfectly normal.

He offers her a seat at the table. She shakes her head.

Zombie goes to his fridge. Opens it up and takes out a slab
of raw meat. He bites in it and chews on it as though he's
chewing on an apple.

DIANA

In school was the first time I
heard about you.

ZOMBIE

Oh yeah?

DIANA

I still find it hard to accept
you're real.

ZOMBIE

You and the rest of the country.
That's why I quit working and
decided to stay here. Out of
sight, out of mind.

DIANA

He's asked for your personally.

ZOMBIE

I don't know him. Really I don't.

DIANA

Murdered in his home. Early
seventies. Knife in his back. No
sign of a break in.

ZOMBIE

Peaceful entry.

DIANA

Yes.

ZOMBIE

No witnesses. Nothing stolen from
the house?

DIANA

No.

ZOMBIE

And Roger. The Lawyer?

DIANA

Would be a great person to talk
to. But he's not talking.

ZOMBIE

Not unless it's to me?

She nods.

DIANA

Right.

Zombie puts the slab of meat into his pocket, save it for
later. He laughs to himself.

ZOMBIE

You know I've not worked for over
a decade. This really has come
out of the blue for me.

DIANA

You interested?

ZOMBIE

There's only so many books you can read. And I've been locked away in here. Of course I'm interested.

DIANA

Alright. Come on, I'll take you.

ZOMBIE

It's OK, I can drive.

DIANA

Well you're working for me.

ZOMBIE

Well it sounds like he's only asked for me.

DIANA

Yeah, but you're still going to do as I say.

ZOMBIE

I can do this myself you know.

Diana shoots him back a smug grin all of her own.

DIANA

Well you're just a civilian.

ZOMBIE

A zombie.

DIANA

A zombie civilian, whatever. I don't need you or anyone.

ZOMBIE

Well it sounds like you do.

DIANA

You talk to the lawyer then I bring you back here.

ZOMBIE

And what if I want to solve this case all on my own?

DIANA

Well you're not going to because it's mine. Now are you coming or not? You can stay here if you like?

They both stare at each other uneasy. Neither like the other. Tense.

EXT. ZOMBIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Outside Diana's car. Zombie watches as she puts down plastic trash bags all over the front passenger seat.

He rolls his eyes. He gets in.

Diana then uses the hand sanitizer to clean off anything he touched on his way in. The handle. The door.

Zombie can't help but laugh.

INT. FRED'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Zombie walks past Diana as she opens the door to the kitchen. The crime scene still alive with other police officers.

Once busy at work they all come to a stop when they see Zombie. Dumbstruck.

Zombie takes a look around. Diana chases after him.

DIANA

What are you doing?

ZOMBIE

Looking for clues. Building up a picture of who this Fred was and what might have happened.

(looks back at her)

What does it look like?

DIANA

Well this is my investigate, but you don't seem to be able to understand this.

He ignores her. On the kitchen counter he sees a couple family pictures. He picks up one of the frames. A picture of ALAN, 22, tall, handsome with tattoos.

He shows it to Diana.

ZOMBIE

Do we know who this is? The Son I'm guessing? Do we have a list of family members?

DIANA

I know what I'm doing. I was forced to waste time getting you.

ZOMBIE

Well what have you found?

Diana takes a quick look around her. She can't see anything. So instead she reaches over and snatches the framed picture from zombie.

DIANA

Well we obviously need to talk to him.

ZOMBIE

Obviously. So why am I here?

DIANA

Because Roger asked for you?

ZOMBIE

Well, you got that framed picture in your hand. And you didn't need him for that did you?

She blushes red.

DIANA

No. Thank you. I'll take it from here.

He gives her a knowing smile.

ZOMBIE

Looks like you do need me after all.

DIANA

Just learn to follow my lead and we'll get on fine.

They both exit together.

INT. POLICE STATION - DIANA'S OFFICE - DAY

Diana sits at her desk, on her computer.

Several awards of commendation hang on the walls around them.

Zombie stands over her. He types on the keyboard.

She leans away from him, scared that he might touch her.

Zombie finds news stories online about Alan. He's got a little bit of fame.

Rich kid, does rich kid things. Likes to spend his money. Zombie clicks through the news stories.

He steps back.

Diana uses antibacterial wipes to clean off the keyboard. She goes through the same news stories and prints off a couple of them.

Diana grabs them from the printer and exits. Zombie hurries out after her. Stays close. Doesn't want to lose her.

INT. DIANA'S CAR - DAY

Zombie shifts about uncomfortably in his front passenger chair.

He looks over at Diana.

ZOMBIE

Are the trash bags really necessary I might be dead but I'm still clean.

DIANA

Look, no offense but my parents brought me this car. It's not even a week old yet. I don't really want it smelling of old dead corpse for the rest of the time that I have it.

ZOMBIE

No offense. No, how could I possibly be offended by that?

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - DAY

A gated house. High walls. Security cameras. Wealthy part of the city. What you would expect for a playboy rich kid.

Diana and zombie approach it. Diana rings the bell.

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY

Alan sits on the edge of his swimming pool. Has his legs in the water.

There's a couple of GIRLS here in bikinis sunbathing nearby.

Diana and Zombie stand over him.

He relaxes back, sunglasses on. Looks up at them.

ALAN

I really am sorry for how my father died. But we hadn't spoken in over two years.

ZOMBIE

Why did you fall out?

ALAN

I didn't want to be a mirror image of him. I much prefer my mother.

Diana gives zombie an annoyed glance.

DIANA

You know how he died?

ALAN

Yes. And I truly am sorry. But he wasn't a nice man. If you want to know who I might think could have done it well he had all kinds of enemies.

ZOMBIE

But only a few that would truly benefit from his death?

Alan laughs, takes off his sunglasses.

ALAN

You mean me. You can check. I'm not in his will. From his death I get nothing. Not a penny. You can check with Roger. I had myself written out.

Diana and zombie share a curious look.

DIANA

You could have inherited millions and you said no?

ALAN

My life is worth more. I get by on what I've got. I have a healthy trust fund. My life is easy. I don't need anymore.

DIANA

Easy for some.

ZOMBIE

Wait, you said your life is worth more. What do you mean by that?

Alan laughs to himself.

ALAN

Thinking about it, there is someone you should talk to. These protesters.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

They threaten to kill me. They're obsessed with my fathers logging business in south America. Save the trees kind of people. Last couple of years they got pretty intense. I wanted no part of it. I asked my father to stop but he wouldn't. The second I wrote myself out of my fathers will. Removed myself from any future business of his they left me alone. Tree huggers aren't to be messed with. They might say peace and love but get in their way and they'll kill you.

Again zombie and Diana share a look. They both smile.

DIANA

Finally we're getting somewhere.

ZOMBIE

You said we.

She clears her throat, corrects herself.

DIANA

I mean me. I'm finally getting somewhere.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Diana and Zombie sit at a booth together. Diana has a normal breakfast, zombie continues to chow down on his slab of meat.

All the cafe workers and other customers stop what they're doing and stare at Zombie.

Diana looks over CCTV footage of Joseph, 35, long hair and in a greenpeace T-shirt.

Diana's radio crackles.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Diana and zombie approach the high rise low rent apartment block.

Zombie suddenly sees Joseph inside a car on the road outside the block.

Zombie points at him. Joseph puts down his foot to speed away.

Zombie steps out into the middle of the road and Joseph runs him over.

Zombie gets hit hard, flies over the top of the car.

Diana yells out.

DIANA

Zombie!

Joseph slams on his breaks.

Diana runs over to Zombie who's face down on the floor. He gives her a thumbs up. Shows her that he's OK.

Diana takes out her gun and hurries over to the drivers side door of the car.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Get out!

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Parked on the side of the road, Joseph sits in the backseat of Diana's car in handcuffs. He's in tears. An emotional wreck.

Diana squats down in front of him. Peers inside the car at him.

DIANA

I'm arresting you on suspicion of murder.

Joseph continues to blubber, tears stream down his face.

JOSEPH

No. No. No.

DIANA

You understand what's going on don't you?

JOSEPH

I'm innocent.

DIANA

You sent death threats to Alan?

Joseph's eyes grow wide.

JOSEPH

I didn't do anything. Talk to my lawyer. He'll explain everything. His name is Roger Billing. His office is...

Diana holds up a hand to Joseph, gets him to stop.

DIANA

You're telling me you're Lawyer
is Roger Billing, the same guy
who works for the family you were
harassing?

JOSEPH

He'll explain everything.

Zombie comes over, stands beside Diana.

ZOMBIE

Everything OK?

Joseph is shocked to see Zombie up on his feet.

JOSEPH

I ran you over?

Zombie shrugs.

ZOMBIE

Yeah. You sure did.

JOSEPH

You stepped in front of my car.

ZOMBIE

It's my own personal technique to
get them to stop. I wouldn't
recommend it to anyone else to
try though.

JOSEPH

But you're OK?

ZOMBIE

I'm undead, but I'm OK.

JOSEPH

How are you real?

ZOMBIE

I don't know.

(deep breath)

You don't seem much of the killer
type to me.

Zombie and Diana share a look, it's obvious she has the
same feeling.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - ELEVATOR - DAY

Diana and Zombie ride the elevator all the way to the top
floor.

Cheesy elevator music plays.

The doors open up on another floor. Office workers stare in at Zombie. They refuse to get on. Too scared.

The doors close and the elevator continues to rise up.

Diana looks across at Zombie and struggles to repress a laugh.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Top floor office that looks out over the city. A glass topped desk. Leather chairs. Lots of money inside this room.

Diana and Zombie enter.

Roger sees them, he instantly locks onto Zombie. Leaps up out of his chair. Rushes over to embrace him with a strong hug.

ROGER

Zombie detective. You're really here.

ZOMBIE

I think. Unless this is a really boring dream I'm yet to wake up from.

ROGER

I'm such a huge fan. I demanded that you be placed on this case.

DIANA

My case.

Roger ignores her, keeps his sole focus onto Zombie.

ROGER

You should be famous. The whole world should know you. You should be a household name.

DIANA

This is why you wanted to meet him? Zombie, give him an autograph and lets get back to work.

ZOMBIE

Never thought about been a celebrity before. People always run away screaming from me. Like a boy-band, but I have the opposite effect.

ROGER

I want to be your agent.

DIANA

Oh please, give me a break.

ROGER

The whole world should know your name.

Zombie nods, impressed.

ZOMBIE

Yeah, why not. I really am kind of unique aren't I?

Diana steps in between them.

DIANA

Enough of this. I want answers. Why do you represent Joseph Oliver?

ROGER

I represent a lot of people, the name doesn't ring a bell.

DIANA

Threatened to kill Alan. Held protests outside the family home?

Roger's face sours.

ROGER

You went to see Alan?

DIANA

Yes. More help than you've been.

Roger shakes his head.

ROGER

I doubt. Lives in a fantasy world. Never had a job. Is a total screw up. Lazy and stupid. And that's me been kind.

ZOMBIE

If that's you been kind I'd hate to hear what you sound like when you're trying to flirt.

Roger grabs a pen and paper, quickly writes a note and hands it over to Zombie.

ROGER

I think I know who the killer is.
Shouldn't have wasted your time
with Alan.

DIANA

You're the one who's been wasting
our time.

Zombie takes the note. Roger puts a hand on his back.

ROGER

We desperately need to talk
business sometime soon. I want to
make you a star.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - ELEVATOR - DAY

Diana and Zombie ride the elevator back down to the ground
floor.

Zombie smiles and giggles to himself. Still on a high from
the meeting with Roger.

He takes the note out of his pocket and gives it a quick
read.

Diana tries to glance over his shoulder and take a peek. Only
for Zombie to close the note back over and slip it back
into his pocket.

INT. POLICE STATION - DIANA'S OFFICE - DAY

Diana's at her desk, on the computer plays CCTV footage of
Joseph outside Fred's house. Holds up a sign.

The next video shows Joseph attacking Alan's car with
rocks.

More CCTV footage of Joseph protesting.

Diana watches it intently.

DIANA

It's hard to believe that the
Joseph in these videos is the
same as the guy I arrested. It's
almost as if he's playing a
different character here. But I
once dated a guy in high school
who had more than one side to
him. Sweet as anything when it
was just the two of us. But
whenever he was around one of his
friends he'd turn into a complete
ass.

She turns to face Zombie. He stands in front of a mirror and admires himself.

ZOMBIE

What do you think?

DIANA

I'm thinking, talking about complete asses and there you stand.

ZOMBIE

I could get used to this idea of been famous. Around here I'm already kind of famous aren't I?

DIANA

Look at these.

Zombie comes over and watches those same CCTV videos.

ZOMBIE

Nasty.

DIANA

He did this for months. Targeted the family because of Fred's business interests.

ZOMBIE

But?

DIANA

He didn't do it. He didn't kill him. There's no evidence.

ZOMBIE

I agree. Look at us. We're agreeing.

DIANA

It had to be someone who could gain entrance into the house without causing any damage.

ZOMBIE

Someone with a key.

Zombie reaches into his pocket, takes out the note from Roger and gives it to Diana.

She reads it.

DIANA

It's from him so I don't know how much I trust it.

ZOMBIE

You don't like him?

Diana gets up out of her chair, puts on her coat ready to leave.

DIANA

No. Not at all. Do you?

ZOMBIE

Yeah, I like him. He's got great tastes in detectives. You have to give him that much.

DIANA

It doesn't take much to win you over does it?

ZOMBIE

A kind word or two.

Diana heads for the door.

DIANA

This should have been my case and my case alone from the start.

Zombie follows on behind her.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Diana and Zombie approach. Party balloons are attached to the mailbox. Loud music plays inside. There's party banners in the windows.

A wild celebration goes on inside.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

It's a party. Music blares. People dance. Lots to drink.

Diana and Zombie make their way through.

As zombie passes the people here they all one after another stop. Stare. A few even drop their drinks in shock, surprise and horror.

MARY, 60, long blonde hair, lots of work has been done to her face. She dances on top of a table. Balloons cover the floor. Banners hang down from the ceiling.

Diana hands on hips looks up at her.

DIANA

Excuse me.

Zombie moves past them, finds the speakers where the music comes from and unplugs them. Brings the whole room into silence.

Mary looks around, annoyed.

MARY

Hey what the hell!

She sees Zombie first, then looks down at Diana.

DIANA

I'm a police detective and we need to talk.

MARY

Can't you see I'm throwing a party?

DIANA

Do you know your husband is dead?

MARY

Ex husband. And yes I know. What do you think this party is for?

ZOMBIE

Not going to miss him then?

MARY

Hell no. I'm celebrating it. Good riddance. I'm getting MY house back. I build that house. Designed and decorated every room. I spent ten miserable years married to that man. I'm finally getting my life back. The only thing good I got from him was my son. The rest, wasn't worth dirt. I'm the one who told him where to invest his money. I'm the one who kept his businesses afloat. But all he ever did was treat me like a bimbo.

ZOMBIE

Now that he's dead everything is looking up for you.

Mary waves a warning finger in front of Zombie.

MARY

Listen here MR. Rotting skin, I didn't kill him. So don't try and put that at my feet.

DIANA

You still have keys to the house?

Mary corrects her.

MARY
My house. Yes. I still have keys
to MY house.

DIANA
May I see them please?

Mary jumps down from the table.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Mary leads Diana and Zombie over to a wall. Several keys hang up in a small wooden box. There's a blank space. One set of keys is missing.

Mary is confused. She taps a finger against the empty space.

MARY
I don't understand. They should
be right here.

DIANA
The night he was killed. Where
were you?

MARY
Here, alone.

ZOMBIE
No alibi.

MARY
No.

ZOMBIE
Reason to kill him?

MARY
I hated him.

ZOMBIE
Could easily get inside the
house.

MARY
Well I did have keys so easily
enough. What are you still trying
to get out.

Zombie turns to Diana.

ZOMBIE
That's a lot of ticked boxes
right there.

Diana gives Mary the once over.

DIANA
I don't know.

ZOMBIE
Surly we've got the right one
this time?

Zombie gets Mary into handcuffs.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Diana and Zombie usher out all of the party guests.
They all look with fear at Zombie and hurry on their way.

INT. DIANA'S CAR - DAY

Diana sits in drivers seat, Zombie beside her with Mary drunk on the backseat. She dry-heaves. As though she tries to make herself sick.

DIANA
Please stop that.

Mary stops, she looks up and switches between the two of them.

MARY
You two married?

Diana and Zombie both laugh.

ZOMBIE
I'm afraid not.

MARY
Good. Don't get married.

DIANA
There's no worry in that.

MARY
Worst thing I ever did. I'm happy
Fred is dead. Not a nice man.
Never surrounded himself with
nice people either. Birds of a
feather, flock together.

DIANA
How much have you had to drink?

MARY
If you're going to marry do it
smart. Not for money.

DIANA
How do you know Roger?

MARY
Love, true love.

DIANA
How close was that lawyer to your
ex husband?

MARY
I was in love once, but he was
poor and I was greedy. I'm not
like that anymore.

DIANA
Is Roger one of those not very
nice people you say your ex
husband surrounded himself with?

Mary suddenly passes out.

Diana punches the headrest of her seat in frustrated.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Damn it.

ZOMBIE
You tried.

DIANA
But now look at her. We can't
interview her like this. We're
going to have to wait until the
morning.

INT. POLICE STATION - JAIL CELL - DAY

Diana and Zombie with an arm each carry Mary inside the
cell.

She's sound asleep. They place her down on the bed.

Diana's out of breath. Zombie covers Mary with a blanket.
She snores.

Now they wait, not much else they can do.

EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE - DAY

A quaint little house on a quiet street Diana carries a
couple bags of food shopping. Comes up to her front door
and searches through her pockets for her keys.

Alan steps away from a sports car and slowly approaches
her.

ALAN

Hi.

Diana spins around to face him, annoyed.

DIANA

What are you doing outside my house? You followed me here?

He shrugs, then nods.

ALAN

I saw you in town. I fought to pick up the courage to talk to you. But you're a little intimidating.

DIANA

What is it that you want?

He steps closer to her.

ALAN

I wanted to know if you were single. And if you were. Could I take you out on a date?

She's stunned.

DIANA

You're serious?

ALAN

Yeah. Why not. People go out on dates. And we're both people. I'd like to take you out someplace.

DIANA

I don't think so.

His face drops, doesn't try to hide his disappointment.

ALAN

I'm not the spoilt rich kid people think I am. I gave it all up. I'm not my father. I knew from an early age. I wanted to be my own person.

DIANA

Do you know about your mom?

He nods.

ALAN

I do. But she didn't kill him either.

DIANA

You angry at me? I'm the one who arrested her.

ALAN

You're a good cop. You'll find out who did it.

She smiles, can't help but he flattered to hear this.

INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Takeout food on the table. A couple empty cups of coffee. The television is off.

Lots of paper work on the empty sofa seats beside her. Diana works on the case and on others.

Makes notes. Reads up on work.

This is her life. Totally focused on her job.

INT. CAFE - DAY

All the workers and other customers here seem to be frozen. Can't help but stare open mouthed at Zombie who sits at a table with Roger.

Both with a cup of coffee each.

ROGER

A crime fighter from beyond the grave. A Zombie who fights the worst of the worst and always comes out on top. You've put away so many dangerous criminals the city owes you a debt. The peace this city has, is down to you.

Zombie smiles from ear to ear, can't get bored of hearing praise like this.

ZOMBIE

Thanks. I like having you as a cheerleader.

ROGER

Then you're going to love having me as your agent.

ZOMBIE

Haven't agreed to it yet.

ROGER

Let me paint the picture for you.
I want you to be a star. A global
star.

ZOMBIE

Nice.

ROGER

You could be anything you want.
And I'll be there all the way to
hold your hand.

ZOMBIE

Don't know if you know, but I'm
pretty indestructible. Got run
over recently. I've been set on
fire. Hung. Stabbed. Shot. Still
here.

ROGER

I'll be there to stop people from
taking advantage of you. A
singer, actor, politician. I can
give you what ever you want.

Zombie's eyes change. His smile melts away.

ZOMBIE

Make me human again? Because
that's all I really want.

Roger doesn't know what to say. Feels awkward.

ROGER

Can't help you with that.

ZOMBIE

How about you help me find the
killer?

ROGER

You arrested her. Mary?

Zombie nods.

ZOMBIE

Yes.

ROGER

And what did she have to say for
herself? Has she admitted to it?
The case is over? We can all
carry on with our lives now
surly?

Zombie gets a phone call. He holds up a finger to Roger,
silences him.

Zombie listens intently. He rises up from the table and makes his exit.

Leaves Roger at the table.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Zombie moves hurried along the street. Keeps a hold of his mobile phone in his hand.

Diana's car suddenly pulls up along side him. Zombie sees it's her and gets in.

INT. DIANA'S CAR - DAY

Diana drives fast. Takes corners hard. Zombie struggles to get his seat belt on.

ZOMBIE

Where are we going?

DIANA

Police station.

ZOMBIE

Don't you ever sleep?

DIANA

Do you?

ZOMBIE

No. But I can't. I still lay in bed from time to time and pretend. I do miss dreaming. I used to have wonderful dreams. There's lots of things you miss when you're no longer human. But it's the things you never really think about that you end up missing the most.

DIANA

Why do you wear a seat belt?

ZOMBIE

Stops me flying out of the window if we have a crash. Has no one ever explained this to you yet? How they work?

DIANA

You can't die?

ZOMBIE

It still hurt.

DIANA

I sleep only when I need to.

ZOMBIE

You sound like a robot. You spent the whole night thinking about this case didn't you? I can smell it on you.

DIANA

Then you should smell yourself. A mix of rotten flesh and smugness.

ZOMBIE

I'm right aren't I?

DIANA

I like my job, is that so bad?

ZOMBIE

We should still wait to speak to Mary. Has she even woken up yet?

Diana shakes her head.

DIANA

I'm not going there for her. They've identified the murder weapon.

ZOMBIE

Yeah?

She glances across at him, smiles excited.

DIANA

And it's not a knife.

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

Diana and Zombie walk through the long echoing corridor together.

Diana has a hold of a clear plastic evidence bag. Inside it is the murder weapon. It's a gardening trowel.

Zombie reaches down and takes the bag from her. She lets him. He holds it up close to his face for a closer look.

This isn't what he was expecting at all.

INT. POLICE STATION - DIANA'S OFFICE - DAY

Diana sits at her desk, leans back in her chair.

Zombie stands. Still has a hold of the evidence bag. Looks down at her.

ZOMBIE

This open it up doesn't it?

DIANA

I thought you were pretty happy with Mary been the murderer?

ZOMBIE

I wanted to talk to her first. But I don't think Mary is the gardening type. Pristine fingernails. And I doubt she even has the strength to stab it into his back. It's not very sharp.

(Diana agrees)

Let her go and start again?

Diana shakes her head, she reaches up and takes the evidence bag back from Zombie.

DIANA

I'm not giving up so easily. It's not over yet. And I won't let it be over. We're going to wake Mary up. Even if I have to splash her with a bucket of water.

Zombie nods along, impressed with her determination.

Diana throws the weapon down on the desk.

INT. POLICE STATION - JAIL CELL - DAY

Mary slowly wakes up, groggy and feeling worse for wear. She holds a hand to her head.

Her mouth dry, eyes bloodshot.

She sits up, looks around the jail cell. It's clear she has no idea how she got here.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

A table, four chairs and a recording device. Diana and Zombie sit together on one side of the table with Mary on the other.

DIANA

It's your right to have a Lawyer in here with you.

MARY

I only know one Lawyer, and I don't want him here.

Zombie slides the evidence bag with the murder weapon in front of her.

DIANA

Do you recognize this?

MARY

Do you mean, do I know what it is or is it mine?

DIANA

You hated your husband?

MARY

Ex husband. And yes I did.

DIANA

You used your keys to let yourself in?

MARY

No.

DIANA

You took your chance and you killed him. All to get your house?

MARY

It's MY house. I shouldn't have to kill to get it back. And I didn't.

ZOMBIE

Then we need the truth. Why was he killed. Why did someone stick a gardening trowel in his back?

Mary shows off her manicured nails.

MARY

I never had nor even will garden. Look at these hands. I wasn't the type of child to play in dirt. I played with dolls. Ask my parents. And I'm certainly not the type of woman to go around digging and playing with worms.

(To zombie)

And I'm sure worms love you.

ZOMBIE

Not as much as you might think.

Mary takes a hold of the evidence bag. Picks it up and waves it at Diana and Zombie.

MARY

But I do know who this belongs to.

Diana and Zombie share an excited smile. Maybe this time, they really are getting somewhere.

EXT. FRED'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

Diana and Zombie make their way around the back of the house. They walk across the lawn of the expensive beautiful gardens.

Bright flowers from all over the world.

Diana points towards a shed and they both head towards it.

INT. SHED - DAY

Diana and Zombie see on the wall space where there's a lot of tools hung up. There's one missing.

The label reads, trowel.

It's the only tool not where it should be.

EXT. LEON'S HOUSE - DAY

Diana and Zombie stand on either side of the front door.

A beautiful garden at the front of the house. Hanging baskets and flowers on the windowsill's.

LEON, 55, short and fat opens the door to them.

Diana shows him her I.D.

DIANA

I'd like to ask you a couple of questions.

Leon's eyes grow wide, he pushes Zombie over and makes a run for it back through his house.

Diana gives chase.

INT. LEON'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

In a panic Leon runs through the hallway. Pumps his legs as fast as he can.

Diana gives chase, she gains on him quickly.

EXT. LEON'S HOUSE - DAY

Zombie slowly picks himself up from the ground. He's not the quickest.

INT. LEON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Leon reaches out for the back door. Diana throws herself through the air and lands on top of him.

She wrestles Leon to the floor and turns him over to face her.

She's got a tight hold of him. He's not going anywhere.

DIANA

I'm arresting you on suspicion of murder.

LEON

No.

Diana flips him over and puts him in handcuffs.

INT. LEON'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

A leather chair, desk and a couple bookcases filled with books all about flowers and gardening.

Diana collects up several letters. Shows them to Zombie.

DIANA

Hate mail. Months and months of it. These were sent back to him.

ZOMBIE

(reading)

Yeah. He's got quiet the potty mouth on him.

DIANA

As the family gardener he had access to the house. Had access to the murder weapon. His prints will be all over it.

Zombie shrugs, not so convinced.

ZOMBIE

Well he is the family gardener.

DIANA

And the reason?

ZOMBIE

Lets ask him.

INT. LEON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Leon sits on a chair, out of breath and hurting. Hands behind his back in handcuffs.

Diana and Zombie stand in front of him.

He looks up, tears in his eyes.

LEON

I didn't do it. I'm innocent.

DIANA

Well Fred is dead. And he had one of your gardening tools buried in his back.

LEON

They're not my tools anymore. I hated Fred.

ZOMBIE

We've heard that a lot on this case.

LEON

He took from me my pride and joy.

DIANA

Excuse me?

LEON

My garden. I spent half my life working for him. I transformed that garden from nothing into something that would inspire. Blood sweat and tears. I missed my own children's birthday over the years to be there. To work. And he sacked me. No reason. No handshake. Nothing. As though I was just dirt on the bottom of his shoe.

DIANA

So you took your revenge?

LEON

No. I lost everything but I'm not a monster.

DIANA

But you had access to the house.
To the murder weapon. Reason to
commit the crime.

LEON

Arrest me if you want. But I
didn't do it. Outside help
weren't allowed inside the house.
You can think it, but I had no
way of getting inside that house
unless I was invited in.

ZOMBIE

Like a vampire.

Leon turns to Zombie.

LEON

Do you know any?

ZOMBIE

No.

LEON

Well I was never invited in. That
garden was my whole world. Now I
have nothing. Arrest me if you
want to.

Diana shrugs.

DIANA

I already have done.

EXT. LEON'S HOUSE - DAY

Leon sits in the back of Diana's car.

Zombie moves in front of her, stops her from climbing into
the drivers side.

ZOMBIE

Does this feel right to you.
Something missing isn't there?

DIANA

With him, everything is lined up
nicely. You've got to admit that?

ZOMBIE

Yeah, it all points to him.

DIANA

But?

ZOMBIE

You've got the same feeling that
I've got don't you?

She considers, nods. Neither is sure, both stuck.

INT. DIANA'S CAR - NIGHT

Diana sits in the drivers seat alone. She checks her mobile phone. No missed calls. No messages. No e-mails, no anything.

She checks her dairy. She's free for the next month. Nothing but work is marked down.

She doesn't really have a life outside it.

EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Diana locks her car and heads towards her house. She has another takeaway meal tucked under her arm.

She approaches the front door. Alan calls over to her. He steps into view.

ALAN

Hey. Fancy meeting you here.

Diana stops dead in her tracks, annoyed.

DIANA

Outside of my house?

Alan drops down a couple of shopping bags by his feet.

ALAN

Thanks for releasing my mom from jail.

DIANA

That's why you're here?

ALAN

Are you sure I can't take you out. Just one date?

DIANA

Listen I was polite the first time but I can be pretty rude if I want to be. I'm not interested. No means no.

Alan holds up his hands, taken aback. Scared.

ALAN

I'm not trying to make you angry. I brought supplies for dinner. I studied cooking for two years in Italy. Back when I thought I wanted to be a chef. It didn't work out but I'm a real good cook. I promise.

DIANA

You're simply not my type. And you couldn't put up with a person like me. I'd drive you crazy, like how you're driving me now.

ALAN

That's OK. But I still want to cook for you. No date. Just professional. You're tougher than I am. And you've got a gun.

DIANA

Why do you want to do this?

He shrugs.

ALAN

I don't know. As a thank you. You're trying to find the person who killed my father. That's a pretty awesome thing to be doing.

DIANA

It's my job. And I'm good at it.

ALAN

Then think of this as my job. And I'm good at this.

She can't help but laugh at him.

INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alan is busy with pots and pans boiling. He's busy with a knife as he chops and slices up the food.

From scratch. A home cooked meal. He moves around confidently. He knows what he's doing.

Diana watches him from the table, a television close by plays a cop drama.

CUT TO:

INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Diana eats the freshly made meal. It looks delicious.

Alan stands nervously beside her. Watches her eat intently.

She scowls at him.

DIANA

Will you sit down. I can't eat
with you standing over me like
this.

Alan does as he's told. He sits down at the table with her.

ALAN

What do you think?

DIANA

It's really nice. Now you can
either eat with me or go. If I'm
eating on my own I don't need you
here.

Alan leaps back up and quickly plates himself up some of
the food. He rejoins Diana at the table.

She turns away from him and watches the television.

He watches it with her.

ALAN

You like this show?

She shrugs.

DIANA

To be honest with you this thing
is hardly ever on. Don't even
know why I've got it. When I was
a kid I was glued to it. I
watched endless hours of TV. The
second I got home from school.
I'd sit myself in front of it
until I fell asleep.

Alan suddenly points at the screen.

ALAN

Isn't that Joseph?

Diana pauses from her meal, watches the television screen
more closely.

It's Joseph. He's a part of the show. With speaking lines.

DIANA

That really is him isn't it?

ALAN

He must be an actor now? After everything he put me through his life has turned out OK. How's that fair?

Diana gets up from the table. She grabs her coat, heads for the door, furious.

DIANA

We've got to put this on hold.

ALAN

Where are you going?

DIANA

You're coming with me.

His face lights up.

INT. DIANA'S CAR - NIGHT

Diana drives with Alan on the front passenger seat. Zombie's in the back.

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Diana, Alan and Zombie move up towards the house. Alan takes his keys out and fumbles with them.

He takes too long. Diana takes them from him. She opens the front door and they all move quickly inside.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Diana makes a decoy out of pillows. Tries her best of make it look like he's asleep underneath the covers.

Alan and Zombie watch on.

ZOMBIE

It's brilliant. I'd be fooled.

Alan shoots Zombie a curious glance.

ALAN

You'd be fooled, how about anyone else?

Diana looks over her shoulder back at them.

DIANA

It will look better when the lights are off.

ZOMBIE

Nice and dark, where you can't
even really see it?

DIANA

It my hunch is right, the really
killer with come here to tonight.

Alan is confused.

ALAN

Why?

She's happy with her work. Stops. Turns to face him. Points
at him.

DIANA

To kill you.

ALAN

Me? Tonight?

DIANA

They've been waiting for us to
arrest Leon. And now we have they
won't want to waste any more
time.

Alan is shocked, mouth hangs open.

ZOMBIE

My money is still on the Leon.

DIANA

No.

ZOMBIE

It's got to be him. Whether you
want it to be him or not, the
evidence is there.

She shakes her head, dismissive.

DIANA

Check on the letter that got Leon
fired.

ZOMBIE

You've seen it?

DIANA

No. It's just a hunch. But I
can't do this without you.

Zombie smiles, touched.

INT. DIANA'S CAR - NIGHT

Dark inside the car. Diana and Alan look out towards the front of the house.

Alan glances across at her, bored. Diana has an unblinking, intensely burning in her eyes. She's totally focused.

INT. LEON'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Zombie looks around the study. He searches and soon finds a letter, worn and tattered.

He reads it.

INT. POLICE STATION - JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Zombie sits down on the bed beside Leon. He shows Leon the letter. Leon nods. Confirms the letter that cost him everything.

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A man, dressed all in black approaches the house. His face is hidden.

He moves fast and with purpose.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Zombie runs, moves as fast as he can. On his phone, calls Diana.

ZOMBIE

You were right. And I know how much you're going to be happy to hear that. But you were right.

INT. DIANA'S CAR - NIGHT

Diana and Alan are still in the front of the car. They watch as the dark dressed man gains access to Alan's house.

DIANA

The real killer is here. It was a hunch. A strong one but I wasn't sure until now.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Zombie keeps running.

ZOMBIE

Stay where you are. Wait for me.

INT. DIANA'S CAR - NIGHT

Diana shakes her head. The man dressed in black disappears inside the house.

She gets out of the car and Alan does the same.

DIANA

I'm sorry, I can't let them get away.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The man in black removes a gun from his jacket and points it down at Diana's decoy under the covers.

He fires off three shots, feathers shoot up into the air.

Diana appears in the doorway behind him, her own gun is drawn at the ready.

DIANA

Freeze. Don't move.

The man in black removes his mask, it's Roger.

He takes aim at Diana and fires. Barley misses her. The bullets hit into the door frame.

Diana dives out of the way, knocks Alan to the floor and away to safety.

Zombie, out of breath appears behind her.

ZOMBIE

(to Roger)

Wait, lets talk.

Roger now takes aim at Zombie and fires. Hits Zombie dead center in the middle of his head.

It has no effect. Roger lowers his gun, stunned.

Diana charges into the room, tackles Roger to the ground, rolls him onto his back and puts him in handcuffs.

DIANA

You're under arrest.

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Diana and Zombie each have a hold of Roger and throw him into the back of a waiting police car.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alan sits on the edge of his bed. Inspects the bullet holes in the bed.

Diana and Zombie stand in front of him.

Alan looks up, locks his eyes onto Diana.

ALAN

How did you know?

She shrugs, lets out a deep breath.

DIANA

When you worked out that the Protester wasn't real. It all unraveled from there. Joseph was a struggling actor. Roger hired him to scare you away and control Fred.

ZOMBIE

Fred signed off control of the company to Roger.

DIANA

Roger used Mary's keys to get into the house without notice.

ZOMBIE

And used the gardening trowel to kill Fred to blame Leon. The letter which fired Leon was written and signed by Roger himself.

Diana points at Alan.

DIANA

He then he kills you and gets control of everything.

Alan turns to Zombie, curious.

ALAN

Why did he ask for you? You were his number one pick. He was desperate to have you on this.

Zombie sighs heavy. Laughs to himself.

ZOMBIE

I'm a failed washed up detective
who wasn't worked for a very long
time.

DIANA

You're not washed up anymore. I
couldn't have done this without
you.

ZOMBIE

Roger was hoping I'd mess up.
That's why he wanted me.

DIANA

Well you didn't.

Zombie smiles.

INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Zombie sits at the table and watches as Diana warms up the
meals that Alan cooked for them in the microwave.

Zombie smiles warmly. Sits back in his chair, relaxes.

CUT TO:

INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Zombie and Diana sit together at the table and eat.

DIANA

You did well.

ZOMBIE

We both did.

DIANA

Can you see yourself doing
something like this again?

He nods.

ZOMBIE

I really did enjoy coming out of
retirement for this.

DIANA

You want to work together again?

Zombie nods.

ZOMBIE

Yes please. I'd like that.

They continue to eat. Both find the food to be delicious.

They share a look and smile.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END