

FLESHY THINGS

by

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FADE IN:

INT. CORPORATE HIGH-RISE - ACCOUNTS FLOOR - NIGHT

A banner - "Halloween Spectacular".

COSTUMED EMPLOYEES dancing, laughing, drinking.

Except for -- NED, 40's, his work clothes immaculate, posture rigid, head shaven.

He's focused intently on ZOMBIE RONNIE, 30's, who in turns follows VAMPIRE JESSICA, 30's, as she slips into--

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jessica is unperturbed by Ronnie's entrance.

JESSICA
Someone's gonna see you in here.

Ronnie shambles towards her.

RONNIE
(zombie-like)
Need... boobies...

JESSICA
God, I'm dating a five-year old.

RONNIE
Whoa, dating? Kinda thought we said
keep it casual.

JESSICA
Make that a three-year old.

Ronnie starts to say something - Jessica cuts him off with a sultry glare, hops up on the sink counter.

JESSICA
Just shut up and take off your
pants.

INT. ACCOUNTS FLOOR - NIGHT

LUMBERJACK BRAD, 40's, and FAIRY AMANDA, 30's, approach Ned from across the room.

BRAD
Just look at him, he's a walking
hallway monitor. I know it was him.

AMANDA
Then don't let him off the hook.

BRAD
I got this.

Amanda grabs his arm, firmly in charge.

AMANDA
Do not pussy out.

Ned notices them, stands with his arms folded out front like a funeral director.

NED
How are we this evening?

BRAD
Doin' good, bro. That's a mighty proper introduction.

NED
Just the way I was raised.

BRAD
Oh yeah, which test tube?

Ned blinks, no reaction.

AMANDA
Ned, aren't you like an expert on zombies. Shouldn't you be worried...

He follows her gaze - numerous employees in zombie costumes, writhing and grinding about the makeshift dance floor.

NED
Those aren't real zombies.

BRAD
Oh, they're not *real* zombies.

Brad snatches something from under Ned's desk -- plunks down a DUFFEL BAG.

BRAD
That's what this is for, right?
Zombie survival kit.

NED
Please don't touch that.

BRAD

Just a peek. We've all been wondering.

(riffles through)

Compass. Poncho. What is that... walkie-talkie?

Ned yanks the bag away before Brad can finish.

AMANDA

Don't you think you take this stuff a little seriously?

NED

I regard the potential for an airborne rabies virus with the utmost severity. Given our sanitation standards, there'd be no stopping it. People never wash their hands.

(increasing discomfort)

Always sneezing. Touching. Groping. Transmitting bodily fluids...

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jessica MOANS out a ragged breath, legs cinched around Ronnie's waist as he pumps into her.

Saliva quivers under Ronnie's lip, his skin deathly pale, sweat pouring down his brow.

RONNIE

Babe... I don't feel good...

JESSICA

(eyes closed)

Shut up!

Ronnie slows his thrusts, then stops entirely. Hovering over her, motionless, head bowed.

Annoyed, Jessica yanks him up by the scalp--

A very real ZOMBIFIED Ronnie CHOMPS DOWN on her face.

INT. ACCOUNTS FLOOR - NIGHT

BRAD

You mean like bumpin' uglies, Ned? That something you're not a fan of.

NED

What people do in their personal time is not my concern.

BRAD

What if someone just wanted to have a little fun. Huh? Would you report them to HR.

NED

Company policy says... you're not supposed to...

BRAD

Get balls deep in a girl? But have you tried it. Huh, Ned?

NED

I... I don't...

BRAD

Hey, I just thought of the perfect costume for you - a Narc.

Ned quivers in shame, fists clenched, on the verge of tears.

NED

I didn't mean to get anyone in trouble.

Brad seems to waver - Amanda gives him a stern look.

BRAD

You need to start dealing with reality, bro. There's no zombie apocalypse coming. Nothing's gonna change. You're always gonna be a sad, pathetic, little freak--

ZOMBIFIED JESSICA comes out of nowhere and BITES A CHUNK out of Brad's jugular.

Blood GUSHES forth -- spatters Amanda's look of frozen -- dapples Ned's blank non-reaction.

Dark gunk dribbles down Jessica's chin as she turns towards fresh meat.

Ned very calmly begins to sift through his duffle bag.

NED

He was wrong about this too.

Amanda stares in shock, uncomprehending.

NED

It's not a walkie-talkie.

He yanks out a GLOCK 9MM as Jessica LUNGES--

BOOM!

Blood and brains rope ceiling high.

SCREAMS from the dance floor -- The Undead suddenly everywhere -- pandemonium.

Employees mistake costumed zombies for real ones. Can't see the DARK SHAPES lumbering towards them through the moil.

Ned does--

His finger caresses the trigger. The slide DRILLS back.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Zombie skulls ERUPT like grapefruits.

He ejects the spent cartridge. Fishes through his kit for a fresh clip.

Amanda lets out a YELP.

ZOMBIE RONNIE charges from the side--

Ned tries to get his hand around something, anything...

Ronnie closes the gap - jaws distended - WHMMFP! - a TAC KNIFE plunges through his forehead.

Ned rips the blade out, turns, hurls a bull's-eye into a second zombie. Slams a fresh clip into his 9MM.

UNLEASHES FURY--

Bullet RIP through the remaining zombies, limbs fly, baroque patterns spill across the wall.

Till there's only the living. Employees walking towards him in a daze. Staring up at their hero, desperate, hopeful.

Ned slings the duffle bag over his shoulder. Turns to them.

NED

Come with me if you want to live.

CUT TO BLACK.