

POSTHUMOUS

written by

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EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The threat of the morning sun sends a gradient of red light over a well-kept cemetery.

A beat-up hatchback idles off a dirt road next to a patch of tombstones.

FRANK (56), a bumbling businessman, exits the car holding a sad bouquet. His eyes meet one grave in particular.

He paces. Pulls out a flask. A seasoned swig.

A deep breath. He reluctantly approaches the headstone in his eye-line. Kneels before the grave.

He pats his bald forehead dry from the unnatural amount of sweat. Tears stream from his eyes - although it could just be sweat.

He bows his head and places a hand on the tombstone. "R.I.P LISA MADDOX 1996 - 2005"

FRANK
(whimpering)
I-I'm so sorry.

He slowly lowers the bouquet to the grass, his tremble causing premature petal loss.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Please. Forgive me.

An opaque dark goo begins to rupture through the soil. Frank studies the bizarre sight, alarmed.

Suddenly, two decomposing hands come BURSTING from the wet dirt. Flesh-torn fingers grip the back of Frank's head. He attempts to SCREAM before his face is SLAMMED into the mud. Desperate dirt bubble GURGLES.

A decayed ZOMBIE face with white soulless eyes emerges at the head of the tombstone.

Her mouth unhinges like some festering PEZ dispenser. She flings her upper jaw over his crown, puncturing her teeth into his skull. Deeper. Deeper. CRACK.

Putrefied fingers slither to the rupture in the back of Frank's scalp. Digs them in the wound, and just as she's about to RIP OPEN HIS FUCKING HEAD:

INT. GROCERY STORE - MEAT SECTION - DAY

A brain-like cluster of reddish gray strands sits under harsh florescent lighting: a package of ground beef.

LUCY MULLER (31), a once "cool girl" who's since fully submitted to mom-hood, stares at the saran-wrapped meat display.

Her eyes dart from two packages of ground beef of varying price points. She picks up the cheaper option.

VOICE (O.S.)
(judging)
Do you know how that's made?

Lucy looks down to MASON (7), a bookish kid bound to be bully bait. She subtly rolls her eyes and smirks at him.

LUCY
Do you know how you were made?

Mason grimaces.

MASON
Gross.

Lucy kneels down to his level.

LUCY
Yet, you're still so delicious!

Lucy hugs him close, fake gnawing on his cheek with love. He tries to recoil - too old for this shit. She doesn't back down until she hears a MURMUR of a laugh.

Lucy stands back up and reviews the grocery list on her phone. An emergency alert pops up. She exits out of it as if it were spam.

MASON
(blankly)
Grandpa's basement recliner.

Lucy's eyes dart up from her phone.

LUCY
What did you just say?

MASON
How I was made.

Lucy does an embarrassment surround-check before lowering herself back down to Mason.

LUCY
Where did you hear that?

MASON
Uncle Dave.

Lucy grits her teeth.

LUCY
Okay, first of all, you know he's
not actually your uncle, right?
Just for your own identity
purposes, he is not related to us.

MASON
Does he live with us now?

Lucy sighs.

LUCY
No. He doesn't - he'll be leaving.
Soon. Very soon.

Mason looks slightly upset by this news. Lucy studies his
expression.

LUCY (CONT'D)
I know you like Dave. Dave's fun, I
get it. But he's not exactly, ah,
how do I put this?

Mason grows distracted by a decrepit MAN hobbling toward them
from an intersecting aisle. His skin rotted, jaw loose, eyes
hollow.

Customers stare in shock while rampantly distancing
themselves.

MASON
(nervous)
Mom?

LUCY
Whatever he tells you, whether it
be about me or your dad -

The bedraggled man looms closer. CLOSER.

MASON
Mom!

Lucy senses the unusual urgency in Mason's voice.

She stands up. Spins around.

Suddenly, the man violently LUNGES at an unsuspecting WOMAN (37) surveying nacho dips.

The man viciously gnaws at the woman's throat causing blood to spray all over the place like a punctured water balloon.

Customers SCREAM and nearly trample over themselves, dispersing from the scene.

Lucy stands wide-eyed, blood-soaked, awe struck at the horrific scene. Mason shields himself behind her coat.

The woman's limp body falls to the floor. The man hovers over her like a rabid animal.

The grocery store alarm system WAILS.

The man looks up to Lucy, blood spilling from his mouth. The woman's head: a mere egg shell. He smiles ominously, satisfied.

Lucy remains motionless. Her eye fear-twitches.

The man makes his way to a rickety stand. He sways for a moment. Walks down an aisle.

Lucy GASPS in relief. She holds Mason close to her.

LUCY
(urgent)
Come on!

The two dart with their grocery cart down an opposing aisle, but not without exchanging the ground beef for several of the expensive ones.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - PARKING LOT - DAY

The grocery store parking lot is Black Friday chaotic. Shopping carts recklessly overturned. People running to their cars.

Lucy and Mason bolt out of the store, pushing their cart as fast as the wheels allow. She definitely didn't pay.

Mason trips. Lucy picks him up, notes the large scrape on his knee.

They quickly veer toward a station wagon. Lucy unlocks the vehicle mid-way. Be-BEEP.

Lucy continuously speed-checks her surroundings.

LUCY

Mason, I want you to get in the back of the car and duck beneath the windows, okay, sweetie?

MASON

(spooked)

What's going on?

LUCY

I-I don't know yet.

Lucy opens the back door of the car and shuffles Mason into the seat.

She shuts the door and walks to the trunk with her eyes peeled.

She starts shot-putting unbagged grocery items into the trunk.

A few police cars go WAILING down the street past the grocery store. This isn't an isolated incident.

A distant SCREAM.

Lucy looks back to the store entrance where a few other patrons are backing away, terrified.

The undead man limps out of the grocery store. The sun glistening in his blood beard.

Lucy freezes. She watches him, tense.

He moves with pace, BUT hobbles past the fear-stricken people.

A communal wave of fear turned confusion.

Lucy finishes putting in the groceries and slams the trunk shut. Runs to the driver's seat.

INT. CAR

The car REVS. She looks in her rearview mirror. The man limps past aimless, uninterested.

MASON (O.S.)

Can I come up mom?

LUCY

(disguised panic)

Not yet, hon.

Lucy throws the gear into drive. Hits the gas.

A pick-up truck blaring music speeds in front of Lucy's car.
A trio of rifle armed meatheads YELL cries of war.

LUCY (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Fuck.

She quickly dials a number.

RING. RING. RING.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
(through speaker)
Hey babe, me and Dave are just in
the middle of a game right now -

LUCY
CHARLIE! WAI---

CHARLIE (O.S.)
(quickly)
I'll call you right back.

CLICK.

Smooth rock starts playing over the radio by default. Lucy
sends eye daggers at her phone.

LUCY
Are you fucking kidding me?!

Lucy adjusts the radio tuner.

MASON (O.S.)
Mom??

RADIO HOST (O.S.)
(static-y)
- Are advising everyone to remain
in their homes until further
notice. Borders are in the process
of being closed.

Lucy drives with a new found sense of terrified
determination.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

A quaint start-up home. Well manicured garden, a wagon
toppled over on the lawn, hose still sprawled out on the
driveway.

The garage door barely opens in time for Lucy's station wagon to come ripping into it.

INT. GARAGE

Fuck the groceries. Lucy runs to the door and holds the garage door button until the mechanical sounds submit.

She runs back to the car, opens the back door, guides Mason out like he's a child star. She slams the car door shut with her foot.

CRASH! A wall of skin care products goes toppling over with the bang of the door. A weird amount. Unsold product. Fuel to the frustration fire.

Lucy bolts to the house connecting door with grit teeth.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER

Instant door lock. Lucy takes a moment to collect herself, resting against the wall.

She looks up across to her reflection in a "before you go" mirror next to a key hanger. Still bloody. That *did* just happen.

LUCY

Charlie?!

Muffled CHATTER in the distance. Lucy storms toward the source of the sound.

LIVING ROOM

A sectional couch with one area still shamelessly a makeshift bed despite being late afternoon. A coffee table full of empty beer bottles.

CHARLIE (34), a guy who looks like he's seriously contemplated opening a microbrewery, sits next to DAVE (33), perpetually draped in a sports jersey.

The two stare intently at the screen while thumbing around their controllers.

A white ferret starts zooming around the carpet below the television.

CHARLIE

Limousine squirrel, behave!

Dave looks down to it for a split moment.

DAVE
 Didn't that thing used to be brown?

Lucy walks up behind them, waiting for any acknowledgement.

CHARLIE
 (casually)
 Lucy killed it.

Dave nearly chokes on his beer.

DAVE
 WHAT?

CHARLIE
 Dude, it crawled into one of her
 sweater sleeves on the ground, and
 she accidentally washed it. It was
 gnarly.

DAVE
 Jesus! Mason didn't notice?

Mason, standing a foot behind his mom, listens in absolute
 horror. This is news to him.

CHARLIE
 We told him it was postponed
 albinism.

Dave and Charlie break into laughter.

Lucy stands there quaking in rage.

LUCY
 CHARLIE!

Dave turns to see Lucy covered in blood.

DAVE
 Uh -

CHARLIE
 (begrudgingly)
 Be there in a sec, hon -

DAVE
 Buddy.

Charlie looks to Dave's serious eye. Turns to see Lucy
 covered in blood and whatever else.

He instantly stands, though still side-eyeing the active video game.

CHARLIE
Uh, Mason, go upstairs for a second, would you?

Mason runs upstairs crying.

He pauses the game.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Wha-

Wait. Didn't pause. He turns back to the screen. PAUSED.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
What happened?!

A distant FLUSH.

A bathroom door opens. Out spills SLOANE (26), permanently glazed expression, thinks music festivals are a religious experience.

SLOANE
(apologetically)
I think I got a little makeup on your hand towel.

Lucy cranks her head in rage.

SLOANE (CONT'D)
Sorry.

LUCY
WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?

SLOANE
(unfazed)
I'm Sloane.

Sloane waves halfheartedly.

DAVE
Charlie said I could have a friend over.

CHARLIE
(concern)
Luce, what happened?! Did you get into an accident?

Charlie moves closer to comfort yet doesn't touch her upon closer analysis.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 (further concern)
 How's the car?

LUCY
 (in shock)
 No! I was at the g-grocery store.
 A-and this man. He just came up to
 this woman and just started biting
 her neck -

DAVE
 Like a vampire?

LUCY
 Like fucking corn on the cob.

CHARLIE
 Who? Wait. What man? Who was he?

Lucy tries to control her breathing.

LUCY
 (distressed)
 I think it's happening - like
 everywhere.

CHARLIE
 Did you call the cops? What's
 happening everywhere?

Lucy runs over to the television. She tries to figure out how to change the settings to go from video games to cable. Her frustration truly piques here.

She wraps her hand around the console cables connected to the television.

DAVE
 (instinctively)
 Uh -

Lucy looks to Dave enough spite to shut him up mid-sentence. She rips out the cords.

Charlie watches Lucy, her fear growing contagious.

CHARLIE
 Did he follow you?

Charlie runs over to a window, surveying the front yard: it's a beautiful day.

DAVE

I told you guys you should have never left the city. Even the suburbs are full of freaks.

LUCY

(pissed)

Dave, didn't a girl just get murdered in your building? Isn't that why you've been staying here?

CHARLIE

(correcting)

She fell from the balcony. It wasn't murder.

DAVE

(defensive)

That's not what the Facebook building group chat is saying.

CHARLIE

What?

SLOANE

I thought you were in town looking at real estate?

Charlie distraction-COUGHES.

DAVE

Uh -

Lucy starts fiddling with the remote. She's almost got it.

CLICK.

Constant tornado warning SOUNDS as a news banner flashes across the bottom of the television screen.

A frazzled NEWS ANCHOR (40's) reads from a prompter unable to mask his own shock.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

(through television)

- Thousands of graves across the country have been reported empty as it appears the residing corpses have somehow managed to re-animate.

(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The first attack was reported at 6:42 AM this morning in Wichita, Kansas. However, the woman who witnessed the assault stated the "zombie" had no intention of harming her. No word yet on whether this threat is of a viral nature or something else entirely. People are being asked to stay inside at all costs, and to secure their homes, while police do what they can to control the situation. At this point, over four hundred--sorry, six hundred attacks have been reported nationwide. More on this after the break.

Lucy, Charlie, Dave, and Sloane all stare horrified at the television, mouths agape.

A pleasant JINGLE comes through the television, a hard transition from the warning tones.

COMMERCIAL VOICE (O.S.)

(gleefully)

People thought I was too young for Botox, but that's because they didn't know I was already using it.

(giggles)

With Dr. Strachan's new at home kit, you too can -

CLICK.

Charlie mutes the television.

A firetruck siren SHRIEKS in the distance. The group looks to one another in a state of panic and confusion.

DAVE

I should go grab my bags.

LUCY

(fast)

AGREED.

Dave grabs his keys. He nervously opens the front door. Outside couldn't look less threatening. A couple jog by. He slinks out. Running to his car in the driveway.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Wait. What?

CHARLIE
Oh, he *was* going to leave today.
Packed up his car this morning.

LUCY
He what?

CHARLIE
He means grabbing his bags to stay.

Lucy grits her teeth.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT - DRIVEWAY

Takeout containers barrel out of Dave's last-legs Subaru. He frantically collects duffle bags from the backseat.

He looks down in the crease of the passenger seat to see a half-drunk bottle of bourbon. He studies it, confused.

DAVE
(to himself)
What the fuck?

CHARLIE (O.S.)
(yelling)
DAVE! LOOK!

Dave looks up to the door. Charlie and Lucy peek out of an open sliver, pointing dramatically.

He spins around, one leg out of the vehicle, to a ZOMBIE staggering down the middle of the street.

The couple previously jogging are now in a full-on SCREAM sprint.

Dave instantly shuts the car door. Locks it.

The zombie shuffles down the street, slowly. Blood spilling onto the pavement from its pendant jaw.

Dave peers back through the slot between the headrest, terrified.

The zombie walks past the house. Continues down the street out of sight.

Dave hugs a cluster of baggage. He runs to the front door.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Dave slams his body against the front door to shut it. Locks it instinctively.

Charlie, Lucy, and Sloane watch him catch his breath.

He plops his baggage down.

Lucy cringes.

DAVE
That was close.

SLOANE
Was it?

Dave looks up to an unimpressed Lucy.

DAVE
You're lucky you have us two guys here to protect you and Mason.

Lucy bites her tongue.

CHARLIE
Why didn't you just run it over?

Lucy and Sloane look to him in a "true" kind of way.

DAVE
(distracting)
I think we should board up the house before it gets dark.

Dave switches gears to brave.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

The sun starts to set behind Lucy and Charlie's humble abode.

Dave finishes drilling in a sheet of plywood in front of a bay window. A wheelbarrow of tools next to him.

Charlie carries a few more sheets of wood from the side of the house.

CHARLIE
I'm starting to think this may have been for nothing.

Charlie nods to the barren street.

Dave sifts through screws, distracted.

DAVE

Hey. Did you by any chance put the bottle we were drinking last night in my car?

Charlie looks to him, odd.

CHARLIE

(jokingly)

It was a present for later.

Dave doesn't find it that funny.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Listen, Lucy's been monitoring my drinking lately. It's this whole thing. I just hid it. I don't know. I wasn't thinking.

Dave nods, understood.

BART (55), a flannel wrapped meatball of a man, sits on a lawn chair on his roof next door, armed with a shotgun. He flicks a cigarette butt down below, nearly missing Charlie. He COUGHS rampantly.

Charlie looks up to Bart.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Crazy times, huh Bart?

BART

(raspy)

Ah, nothing surprises me anymore.

Dave looks up to Bart, just noticing him now after all this time. Takes a sip of his beer.

DAVE

You see anything up there yet?

BART

Nah. Just a bunch of pigs. Startin' ta think this whole thing is all a bunch of hooey.

CHARLIE

Yeah, can't be too safe, though.

BART

Why do ya think I let my wife sleep window-side?

DAVE
 (under his breath)
 Jesus.

Bart belly-laughs to himself.

Charlie smirks with hesitation. He diverts from the conversation and holds up another sheet to a window while Dave drills it in place.

Dave sets up another screw on the drill. He leans in slightly closer to Charlie.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 So do you have any... weapons?

CHARLIE
 There's an ax in the shed? I've got
 a couple of baseball bats.

DAVE
 No, I mean, like -

Dave charades a machine gun.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 In case things get... You know.

CHARLIE
 No? What? Who the hell do you think
 I am?

DAVE
 I don't know? You wear a GoPro when
 we go paint-balling. You just seem
 like the type.

CHARLIE
 Well, sorry to disappoint. *You're*
 the one who hunts.

Dave rolls his eyes.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 (teasing)
 What's wrong Deerstalker Dave?

This annoys Dave.

Charlie looks around: The streets truly don't look all that threatening still. Only the sounds of distant SIRENS unsettle the otherwise beautiful early evening.

DAVE
Guess we'll have to get creative.

Charlie wields the drill with a cartoon-y, maniacal smile.

INT. HOUSE - MASON'S BEDROOM - DAY

The exiting daylight casts shadows over Mason's superhero-themed bedroom. Action figures' elongated silhouettes ominously creeping up the walls.

Mason sits in bed weeping while holding a raggedy, one-eyed stuffed dog.

Lucy, freshly showered and still donning a robe, applies a healing cream on Mason's knee.

LUCY
Does that feel better?

Mason nods.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Well, good because we have a lot of it.

Lucy studies Mason's unease.

LUCY (CONT'D)
I know today was a big day, and you might have some questions about what you saw, or what's happening -

Mason jolts up to sit and stares at Lucy with streaming eyes.

MASON
(hysterical)
YOU KILLED SLINKY!

Lucy gives a "oh, that" look. She struggles to find an appropriate response. It takes a little too long.

LUCY
I didn't mean to -

MASON
You're a monster! You hurt him on purpose! I know it!

LUCY
I didn't. I promise. It was a good... *clean* death.

Lucy cringes at her own wording.

Mason looks to his boarded up window. Some kind of understanding with a flash of hope.

MASON

Does this mean he's going to come back?

LUCY

Uh, no. Mace, I know this might all seem confusing with what I taught you about death last week. You know, after crossing guard Clarence wasn't there to hold your hand every morning on the way to school anymore, but -

BANG!!

A shotgun fire. Too close. The sound makes Lucy and Mason immediately shutter.

BART (O.S.)

(yelling)

Sorry Mrs. Harlan! Was just making sure.

Mason can read the worry on his mom's face.

MASON

Is everything going to be okay?

Lucy hates to have to lie.

LUCY

(unconvincing)

Yes, of course!

Mason fiddles with his stuffed dog's ears.

LUCY (CONT'D)

But you know what? As a fun thing, I think we're gonna have dinner in the basement tonight.

Mason stares at her blankly.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

An unfinished basement turned unused game room. A weathered dart board with surrounding scars of bad aim. A lone computer chair and exercise ball in a concrete corner.

The pool table in the center of the basement has been converted into a makeshift dinner table. A giant bowl of spaghetti with a set of tongs sit in the middle. A few lit candlesticks help ever-so-slightly elevate the elegance.

Lucy, Mason, Charlie, Dave, and Sloane all sit in silence. They all silently fork at their pasta.

DAVE
(cynically)
Do you guys think this is it?

LUCY
(re: Mason's presence)
Dave, really? Right now?

CHARLIE
(comforting)
You know what? We've done everything we can do. Look at it this way: everyone we know is safe and they are all at home doing the same thing as we are. At least we can be thankful for that.

Lucy smiles to Charlie.

LUCY
Agreed.

Sloane, who has been shooting daggers with her eyes at Dave the entire time, SLAMS her fork down in her plate.

CLANG!

She garners the room's attention.

SLOANE
I can't believe you actually tried to kick me out on the streets to DIE. You know I'm not over that still, right? That I'm not going to just let that go?

Dave GROANS.

DAVE
(tired)
You're being SO overdramatic.

SLOANE
(angry)
You asked me if I was going to "stick around" for dinner.

Charlie withholds laughter. Lucy starts awkwardly twirling her noodles.

SLOANE (CONT'D)
During a zombie apocalypse.

DAVE
(defensively)
I figured you might want to be with your family? There's hardly anything even happening outside.

Sounds of a helicopter floating by from outside.

SLOANE
You're such a dick.

Charlie nervously scrolls through his phone. Lucy notices.

LUCY
Have they reported anything new?

CHARLIE
Not really. More attacks, but they're completely random. City seems like a mess. Not much activity around our area, though.

Mason tugs at Lucy's sleeve.

MASON
(quietly)
Mom, can you sleep with me tonight?

Lucy looks to Charlie in assurance.

LUCY
Sure.

CHARLIE
Don't worry, bud. Me and uncle Dave will be on night watch. We won't let anything bad happen.

Dave waves his empty beer bottle.

DAVE
Yeah, "night watch."

Lucy rolls her eyes. Sloane chugs her glass of wine.

EXT. BART'S HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

The moon glows behind the clouds over the deserted suburban streets.

The surrounding homes have been boarded up to the best of people's abilities.

Bart sits on a plastic chair flimsily secured over the ridge of the roof. He leans back to grab another beer out of a ice-less cooler. Cracks it open. His eyes visibly fight fatigue. He closes them for a second.

CLICK.

Bart's eyes jolt open.

He searches for the source of the sound. Looks backward, leaning his weight on the back of his already warped chair.

The house behind his, sharing a backyard, has a motion detector light beaming on the side of the house.

Bart watches the area.

The motion detector light goes off after a moment. Bart's stare lingers before turning back toward the street. Another sip of beer.

CLICK.

Bart looks back again, this time really studying the perimeter. He reaches behind him for his shotgun. Grabs it.

BART
(projecting)
Anyone out there?

RUSTLING.

A second before the security light turns off, a disheveled figure comes into view, startling Bart.

His chair leg SNAPS.

Bart goes tumbling down the shingled slant like a sack of potatoes.

He desperately claws at the asphalt but goes barreling over the rain gutter.

EXT. BART'S HOUSE - BACKYARD

THUD.

SNAP.

Bart lands HARD on the grass below.

He WINCES in agony. Attempts a sit up to see his legs, but stops in pain. Definitely broken.

RUSTLING in the distance.

A gravelly MOAN.

Bart re-enters panic mode. He throws his body onto his stomach and scans the darkness.

More RUSTLING.

Closer.

BART
(yelling)
HELP!!!

Bart eyes his gun lying in the grass. He grips clumps of the ground to pull his body towards it.

RUSTLING.

Bart manages to grasp the gun JUST as a disheveled ZOMBIE trudges through the backyard towards him.

A ratty dress hangs off of the zombie's rotting limbs. Her head swings purposelessly, patches of long grimy hair swaying in the evening breeze.

BART (CONT'D)
GET BACK! I'M WARNIN' YOU!

Bart struggles to position the gun. He aims at the approaching zombie.

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

The bullets do nothing but blast chunks of foul skin into the night.

Bart looks on in horror.

The zombie continues to approach.

BANG!

Head shot.

The bullet only sends the zombie's head swaying backward, jaw hanging loose, rancid saliva dripping off of grey lips.

CLINK.

Out of bullets.

The zombie makes its way to a completely defenseless Bart. He shudders, tries rolling away, but gets stuck on his back. He looks up to see the zombie overhead.

He SCREAMS.

The zombie walks directly over him, but not without stepping a decaying zombie foot right onto his open mouth, covering the scream.

Bart GAGS and spits dirt and slime out of his mouth. He watches the zombie in a sense of relief yet confusion.

The zombie continues to trudge over to Charlie and Lucy's house.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The muted television shows drone footage of zombie attacks on the news.

A collection of could-be weapons sit aside a coffee table littered empty beer cans.

Charlie and Dave lay fast asleep on couches, each holding a respective baseball bat.

BANG!

A sheet of plywood shielding one of the windows RATTLES sending echoes throughout the house.

Charlie jerks awake. His eyes meet the television screen. Panic sets in.

BANG!

Dave groggily lifts an eyelid.

CHARLIE
 (whispering)
 Dave! Wake up!

DAVE
 (half asleep)
 Wh-what? What was that?

BANG!

A different window. Aggressive THUDS of limp body checking.
 Dave GULPS into full consciousness.

Sloane creeps up from the basement.

SLOANE
 Did you guys hear that?

They nod quietly.

Charlie warily approaches one of the windows. A few drill
 holes have been made in the wood to allow a vantage point.
 Charlie looks through.

CHARLIE
 I don't see anything.

BANG!

Another window. Dave peers through the makeshift peephole.

BANG!

The sight and sound sends Dave jumping backward.

DAVE
 What the fuck!?

CHARLIE
 What's it doing?

DAVE
 It's trying to get in.

SLOANE
 There's no way it can, though.
 Right?

CRACK!

SNAP!

The sounds from behind the board grow quizzical yet slightly
 more distant.

Muffled YELLING.

Dave leans his ear in to try and decipher the hollering.

BART (O.S.)
 (muffled yelling)
 IT'S CLIMBING ONTO THE ROOF!

Dave backs up. He understood. He looks to Charlie warily.

INT. HOUSE - MASON'S BEDROOM

Mason's bedroom glows from a nearby nightlight. The board barricading his window slightly RATTLES.

Lucy lies wide awake in fear as she holds Mason close to her, covering his ears.

SCRATCHING claws on the wood outside the window. Mason looks up to Lucy, scared.

MASON
 Mom?

LUCY
 Shhh-

RATTLING then sudden silence.

THUMP.

THUMP.

THUMP.

Lucy's eyes follow the sounds to the roof above them. She doesn't blink.

MASON
 I'm scared.

LUCY
 Don't worry. Nothing can get in here.

THUMP.

THUMP.

MASON
 But... Santa....

It takes a second for Lucy to realize what Mason means. Her eyes go wide in sudden dread.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Lucy runs down stairs into the living room.

Dave and Sloane are already rampantly running around collecting flammable items and throwing them into the fireplace.

Charlie sits by the fire, fanning it, trying to grow it as large as possible.

Lucy runs to assist.

The fire alarm starts going off. BWEEP. BWEEP. BWEEP. Charlie rips it off the ceiling.

The fire ROARS in the stone fireplace. Charlie takes a step back from it.

CHARLIE

Guys, wait.

Lucy, Dave, and Sloane comply. They all watch the fire. Waiting.

The fire CRACKLES wildly.

They collectively cough from the smoke and lack of airflow.

Suddenly, the zombie PLUNGES down into the flames face first, sending embers erupting into the living room.

The zombie's face, almost melting off in the blaze, cocks its head while looking at the group. It starts crawling out of the fireplace onto the floor. It makes its way to a stand despite being on fucking fire.

The group backs away in disbelief.

Sloane looks at the ablaze zombie closer. She suddenly SCREAMS. The zombie lunges at Sloane sending her toppling onto the floor.

Charlie starts whacking the zombie with a baseball bat to no avail.

The zombie grabs Sloane's head and starts BASHING it against the coffee table corner like it was trying to open a coconut.

Lucy comes running back to the scene with a fire extinguisher. It takes her a moment to figure out the mechanics.

CRACK!

SPLAT!

Sloane's head splits open. The zombie starts feverishly feasting on her slightly charred brain.

PSHHHHWWWWW. Lucy sprays the fire extinguisher over the scene. White cloud fills the room.

A baseball bat drops. CLANG.

COUGHING.

As the cloud diminishes to a light fog the group all look to Sloane's torn apart face, which now looks like it erupted from extreme frostbite.

The zombie makes its way to a stand.

Lucy, Dave, and Charlie all stand there nervously. Weaponless. Dave eyes for something nearby to grab.

The zombie walks towards them but moves right past. They look at each other in confusion.

The zombie continues walking to the front door.

It just stands there. Pieces of charred rotten flesh plop onto the welcome mat.

Dave cautiously grabs a baseball bat. He creeps up behind the zombie, ready to strike. The zombie remains motionless. He stalls in a pre-head swing. He looks back to Charlie and Lucy.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Fuck! Do it!

Dave looks at the zombie just standing there.

He circles the zombie to meet it face to face. It stares blankly ahead like a glitching Sim.

Dave unlocks the door behind him and casually opens it as if he were letting a guest exit.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

DAVE, WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU
DOING?!?!?

The zombie exits. Dave rushes to shut the front door. Just before it closes, he notices another zombie in the distance, looking like it's walking directly towards them.

Dave locks the door in panic. He grabs more random furniture to slide in front of the door just in case.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that? Why didn't you kill that thing?!

DAVE

I-I don't know. It didn't look like it was going to hurt us?

CHARLIE

It just made a pineapple drink from your fuck toy's skull!

Dave looks down to the carnage. He GULPS.

Charlie looks to Lucy, she looks incredibly distraught.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Luce, go check on Mason. Me and Dave will clean this, okay?

Lucy looks to Charlie in disbelief. She nods. Walks up the staircase in shock.

Charlie looks to Dave in a "no fucking around" kind of way.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Okay, let's just get this body out of here. Okay?

DING. DING. DING. D-DING.

Charlie's phone lights up through his pocket. He pulls it out and starts reading, captivated

DAVE

Where do you keep cleaning shit?

Charlie ignores Dave and walks right past him.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Lucy walks to Mason's bedroom door, evident by the super hero stickers plastered all over the wood.

She opens it a crack.

Mason's sound asleep. Noise canceling headphones on.

She sighs in relief. Quietly closes the door and takes a moment to process what she just witnessed.

INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Lucy walks over to the front of her bed. Sits on an upholstered bench. She stares ahead, a moment to process. She grabs the remote.

CLICK. The same urgent warning BEEPS pulse through the television.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
(through television)
So if you have nothing to hide -

CO-ANCHOR (O.S.)
(through television)
You have nothing to fear - Or so it seems. Again, for those of you just tuning in -

Lucy stares bewildered at the television. The energy is unusually chipper.

INT. NEWS STUDIO

The voices carry to CARSON (50) and HARMONY (42), classic small town news anchors whose fake laughs have become as ritual to them as breathing.

HARMONY
A theory concocted on popular user-generated content sharing platform, Reddit, has been proving to be true with each new case by true crime fans. User, disco-underscore-tits, posted their findings in relation to all of the attacks, which quickly made the front page.

The screen fills with detective work of an infographic. The upvotes and comments pouring in. Faces of victims flashing on a carousel.

CARSON (V.O.)
According to his findings, the only "zombies" that have reanimated were all either victims of manslaughter or had deaths of unknown causes.

HARMONY (V.O.)

Yes, it appears that theses
"zombies" have an agenda: revenge.

CARSON (V.O.)

The attacks reported so far seem to
be backing up disco_tit's theory
and are actually helping illuminate
unsolved cases.

HARMONY (V.O.)

We love a picky eater, don't we
Carson?

CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

EXT. JAIL - FRONT - DAY

Complete chaos. Hordes of zombies crawl over barriers and walk past gun blazing security as they try to gain access to the perimeter.

JONATHAN (35), well groomed, comfortably reports from the scene.

JONATHAN

It's eye for an eye, or "brain for a brain," you could say. People are calling it the "Great Cleanse" as these zombies appear to be no threat to anyone other than their targets.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A helicopter aerial view of a cemetery. A few of the graves have holes of zombies that had emerged.

JONATHAN (V.O.)

Drone footage has shown the undead, after their intended attack, going back to peacefully lay back in their graves.

A zombie walks up back to his grave and falls back into it like an old Nestea Iced Tea commercial.

CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

A news CREW interviews a tobacco-chewing HICK (40s) sitting out on a lawn chair with a bunch of other GUYS drinking cheap beers on the front lawn. Guns lay scattered on the grass.

They watch the chaos on the street like a sporting event.

HICK
(through burp)
The only people scared right now
deserve to be! These zombies are
doing God's work!

HICK #2
(yelling)
COME OUT HERE YOU FUCKING COWARD!!!

The hicks all watch a house that has two zombies trying to get in.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Who are you guys waiting for to
come out?

HICK
Deputy Jones! I new that fucker was
up to some shady shit!

BANG!

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Oh shit!

The bang comes from down the street. A door goes FLYING OPEN. A very cosmetically-altered bleach blonde WOMAN (36) comes running out of the house SCREAMING in a nightie.

The group looks towards her.

WOMAN
SOMEONE HELP ME!!

A very old zombified man follows hot on her trail.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Uh- keep filming?

The woman trips in the middle of the street and the old zombie comes up and starts eating her until her screams dissipate to GURGLES.

It's gruesome.

The hicks all CHEER.

HICK
 Fuckin' gold digger! Did I not say
 she was a gold digger?! I knew
 Winston didn't have no heart 'tack.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Lucy stares at the screen trying her best to soak in all of this wild information. She thinks to herself for a moment.

Suddenly, the power goes OUT. Television screen black. Lights throughout the entire house OFF.

Lucy stands up wearily.

LUCY
 Charlie?!

No response.

A CREAK throughout the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Dave does his best to clean the fire extinguisher coated carnage in the living room. He's stuffed most of Sloane's remains into a garbage bag.

He pulls out his cell phone flashlight to scan the perimeter.

DAVE
 Yo? What happened to the lights?

Dave starts looking through his phone, distracted. He starts reading the news updates.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 Hey, Charlie, you see this?

CREAAAAAAK. Close. Too close.

Dave lets his mop plop to the ground. The flashlight surveys the room. The charred fireplace has been sealed off with a set bear trap underneath just in case.

CREAK. He walks towards the sound. SHUFFLING.

Dave does his best to navigate in the dark. He brings his flashlight up to some rubble and boards on the ground. He follows it up to see an opening in a window.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Shit.

Dave does his best to board it back up quickly. He peeks outside. Nothing.

CREAAK. The sounds are coming from behind him. Dave spins to the sound but just sees a hallway of darkness.

He walks towards the hallway. His phone flashes low battery. He ignores it, using the beam of light to guide him.

He surveys the area until he spots sludgy dirt leading up the staircase.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Lucy?

No response.

Dave cautiously creeps up the staircase. The light follows the trail of fresh mud.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Dave slowly makes his way through the poorly lit hallway.

CREAAAK. Closer than ever.

Dave stops. Gulps. He lifts his light to a closet at the end. Door ominously ajar.

DAVE

(whispering)

Lucy?

He creeps toward the closet past Mason's room. Opens it. Nothing but more stuffed away skin care product.

THUD.

Dave spins around to the source of the sound. His light beam whips back toward the staircase. Nothing.

THUD.

Dave lowers his light.

The severed torso of a ZOMBIE army-crawling toward him with rampant pace.

Dave SCREAMS.

Mason's door flies open.

Dave falls backward.

Lucy comes charging into the hallway with a clear plastic Rubbermaid bin over her head. She SLAMS it down over the Zombie torso like she were trapping a giant spider.

She throws her weight on the top. Karate kicks Mason's door back shut.

The bin RUMBLES below Lucy. Blood-soaked hands slapping against the plastic.

Dave stares at her with newfound hero appreciation. Snaps into reality. Runs over and helps hold down the Rubbermaid bin.

Charlie comes running in from behind Dave. He looks down at the bin in horror: the zombie's decrepit face sliding against it.

LUCY
CAN YOU HELP?!?!

Charlie looks back to the open closet. He runs over and helps hold it down. The trio slide it with force toward the closet.

The plastic SCRAPES against the hardwood.

The bin wedges into the closet clutter. Charlie, Lucy, and Dave look to each other. A telepathic "one, two, THREE!"

The trio leap off the bin. It immediately flips over. Dave SLAMS the door shut, holding it with force.

INT. CLOSET

The zombie uses its arms to climb its intestine-flailing torso upwards.

It grabs hold of the empty closet clothing rack. Starts swinging its mangled body, BANGING against the door like a rabid ape.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

CHHHHHRRGGG. Charlie slides a heavy hutch cabinet in front of the closet door. Dave makes way and grabs more miscellaneous items to barricade.

Lucy watches the two, out of breath, collapsed in the middle of the hallway.

LUCY
How did it get in??

DAVE
I don't know. A window downstairs?
I fixed it.

BANG! BANG!

CHARLIE
Let's get some weapons and kill
this fucking thing.

DAVE
Have you seen the news?! These
things are fucking indestructible.

LUCY
So you heard?

DAVE
"The Great Cleanse"?

Lucy nods.

Charlie sighs in acknowledgement.

LUCY
Then we should have nothing to
worry about. *Right?*

Charlie and Dave look at each other.

DAVE
I don't have anything to hide?

LUCY
Did you - recognize the zombie?

DAVE
No? What the fuck? Do you honestly
think I killed someone!?

LUCY
Well, I know I haven't!

CHARLIE

Obviously, none of us are fucking killers.

LUCY

Then why the fuck is there a zombie in our house?! It was heading towards you.

Lucy points to Dave.

DAVE

(defensive)

Charlie came from that way too! Maybe it was on route!

Charlie looks to Dave, offended.

CHARLIE

Wait, guys. Calm down. We don't know if any of this is real yet. Why did one kill Sloane?! Do you really think she's a killer?

Dave scratches his head.

DAVE

(hesitantly)

Actually -

LUCY

WHAT?

DAVE

I mean- fuck. One time, she was really drunk, and told me how during spring break once, she *miiiight* have left a friend passed out on the beach to go to some guy's room. Apparently she wasn't on the flight home.

LUCY

Are you serious?

DAVE

When I was cleaning, uh, the zombie was wearing a VIP all-you-can-drink bracelet.

LUCY

Jesus.

CHARLIE
 Okay, maybe this one's after her
 too?

Dave and Lucy look to Charlie in disbelief.

LUCY
 Why don't we open the door and find
 out?

Lucy, Charlie, and Dave all look at each other. She's right
 but they all appear nervous.

CHARLIE
 Be my guest.

They all stare at the door.

DAVE
 Come on Lucy, thought you didn't
 have anything to hide.

LUCY
 (annoyed)
 I fucking don't.

DAVE
 Well, me either! Why don't we just
 walk out of here then?

BANG! This time from the back of the house.

CHARLIE
 What if the news is wrong? Do you
 really want to make that mistake?

DAVE
 What the hell else do you suggest
 we do?

Dave looks to the door, implying he should leave.

CHARLIE
 I know for a fact me and Lucy don't
 have any blood on our hands.

Dave scoffs.

DAVE
 Wow. How long have we known each
 other for?

Charlie rolls his eyes.

CHARLIE
Dave, I'm not saying -

DAVE
What are you saying?

Dave, pissed, walks up to Charlie, slightly nudges him in a macho-empowerment way.

Charlie SIGHS in a way that says, "Don't."

CHARLIE
I'm saying that if you didn't invite over the spring break slayer than maybe we wouldn't be in this fucking mess.

DAVE
Oh, *fuuuuck* you!

CHARLIE
Fuck me?! I'm the one letting you stay here! Because you were too scared to stay in your little apartment alone -

DAVE
You offered!

Charlie pushes Dave back.

DAVE (CONT'D)
What are you going to do?! KILL ME?! I'll come back from the dead and EAT YOUR FUCKING FACE OFF!

Charlie thinks about that for a moment. All things considered, he's right.

CREAK. Mason stands looking through his open bedroom door.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(forced friendly)
Heeyyy buddy.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Helicopter sounds from above.

The group looks up. A flood of light fills the cracks of the boarded up windows like an extra terrestrial beam.

LUCY
What the hell?

Charlie peers through one of the wood slats boarding up the window. He immediately goes white. They each take turns looking out. Same reaction.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

MASON

What's happening?

CHARLIE

Let's go to the basement. Now.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

Zombies have completely enveloped Charlie and Lucy's quaint home. The ONLY home this is happening to. Neighbors all gawk from the safety of their properties.

A helicopter hovers over the home. Various news crews filming from the outside.

Several other zombies walk down the street towards the home from various directions in a magnetized manner.

INT. PANTRY/LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy holds a tiny flashlight in her mouth, using both hands to pack together various items as if she were preparing for a camping trip.

CREAK. Lucy spins to see Charlie sneaking into the room.

LUCY

Where's Dave?

CHARLIE

Cooling off.

LUCY

Did you find batteries?

CHARLIE

Listen, I wanted to talk to you quickly. In private.

Charlie closes the door behind him quietly.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I was thinking about Dave, and it's kind of weird that he randomly came to stay with us for a week.

LUCY
Oh, so now you think it's weird?

CHARLIE
No, it's not just that.

Lucy stops panic-packing. Listens.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
It was after that girl died in his building. Get what I'm saying?

LUCY
You really think Dave killed her?
That he's on the run?

CHARLIE
He hunts, Lucy. That's got to desensitize a guy eventually, no?

Lucy thinks to herself. Shit.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Don't say anything yet, okay? I'm gonna go try and find more weapons. I have a plan. Trust me.

Lucy nods.

Charlie nods back. Heads out of the pantry on a mission.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Lucy hugs a pile of items carefully making her way down each unforgiving step of the unfinished basement staircase.

Mason GIGGLES in the distance.

Lucy stops. Listens. More GIGGLING. A can of beans slips and goes TUMBLING down the wooden stairs.

MASON (O.S.)
Mom?

LUCY
Yeah, hon?

MASON (O.S.)
(excitedly)
Come see!

Lucy walks down the stairs, her vision obstructed by the rolls of sleeping bags in her arms. She places them down on the concrete.

She turns to see Mason and Dave giddily sitting in an adorable fort around his makeshift bed. String lights, stuffed animals, couch cushion walls.

Lucy can't help but smile.

MASON (CONT'D)
Come in! Come in!

Lucy hesitates for a moment but can't deny Mason's beaming smile. She crawls into the fort with Mason and Dave.

Mason closes a bedsheet door.

MASON (CONT'D)
(reassuring)
This is the Zom-buster zone. No one can get us here.

DAVE
No zombies allowed!

Dave and Mason high-five.

Lucy smiles to Dave.

LUCY
(mouthing)
Thank you.

Dave nods.

Lucy becomes distracted by Mason's scraped knee. It's bad. Like really bad. Worse. He's itching it.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Oh, let me see that.

DAVE
Looks a little infected?

LUCY
(confused)
It was barely a scrape to begin with.

Mason swaps her hand away. He jumps up, excitedly.

MASON
I want to show dad!

LUCY
Mace, wait!

No luck. Mason is already barreling up the staircase.

Lucy turns to Dave awkwardly. He smirks.

She notices a box of skin care product holding up one end of the fort. She studies it.

LUCY (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Maybe he's allergic. We did get a lot of complaints from that stuff.

DAVE
(re: the box)
Forgot you used to be in marketing before Mason.

LUCY
(embarrassed)
It was a multi-level marketing thing. It wasn't really -

DAVE
(supportive)
Don't discredit yourself. I remember seeing on Facebook that you were one of state's best sellers. What's that like hundreds of sales?

Lucy smirks.

LUCY
Thousands.

DAVE
See? What happened?

LUCY
The product got recalled for some -

Shit. Lucy thinks about that for a second. She goes white.
"Did I accidentally kill thousands of people?"

DAVE
You okay? Listen, Lucy, I don't think I ever got a chance to thank you for every-

BANG!

Mason comes running downstairs. Charlie locks the basement door, running down after him.

MASON

Dad, look!

Charlie doesn't.

CHARLIE

That's great, Mace.

He remains staring at the door.

Dave and Lucy get out of the fort. Charlie looks over to Lucy, sweating.

LUCY

(mouthing)

What's going on?

CHARLIE

We're just going to stay in the basement for now. Okay?

Mason runs into his fort.

BANG! BANG! The activity outside the house is getting more aggressive by the second.

Dave looks at his phone.

DAVE

My phone's dead. Anyone else?

LUCY

Flashlight ate my battery.

They look to Charlie.

CHARLIE

Same.

DAVE

There's gotta be some sort of update. Wait. I have an idea.

Dave starts looking around in various desks. Aha! He pulls out an old iPod.

CHARLIE

The power's out. That thing isn't going to connect to data.

Dave turns it on.

DAVE

Wait. WAIT! Robinson Router?

LUCY

Our neighbors are the Robinsons?

DAVE

It's working.

LUCY

How do they have power?

Charlie looks at Dave, unsure.

DAVE

Pass me that speaker.

Lucy hands Dave a Blu-tooth portable speaker. Bu-BUP. Connection. Dave types away frantically.

Lucy and Charlie look to one another before huddling around Dave's miniature screen.

The footage: their zombie-covered home from an aerial point of view.

LUCY

What the fuck?

A low battery warning.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

(through iPod)

Another home being targeted is owned by Lucy and Charlie Muller in Swindmore.

A photo of Lucy drunkenly riding a mechanical bull fills the screen as well as Charlie's LinkedIn headshot with info blurbs about them both.

LUCY

Why the fuck would they choose that photo?

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

(through iPod)

No indication so far on what the connection is to this couple and the raid, but we'll continue to update you as we get more information. Oh, this just in.

(MORE)

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 We've gotten more information on a
 potential third person in the
 residence from the driveway car's
 license plate.

Dave starts to sweat.

A photo of him holding a large fish fills the screen.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (through iPod)
 Dave Bennet. Who was apparently
 reported missing by his landlord
 since early last -

The iPod dies.

Dave, Charlie, and Lucy look to one another.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Mason SNORES fast asleep in his fort despite the muffled
 CHAOS from the basement windows.

In a tarped off area, Dave, Charlie, and Lucy sit in a circle
 with a half-finished bottle of whisky in the center.

The walls SHAKE with the constant BANGING. A picture frame
 falls and SHATTERS.

Dave fills everyone's empty glass.

DAVE
 "Never Have I Ever"?

Lucy looks to Dave blankly as she sips her glass of whisky.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 I'll start easy. Never have I ever
 murdered someone.

BANG! BANG!

Charlie and Lucy sit there, unamused.

No one drinks.

LUCY
 Well, unless there's an actual
 serial killer hiding out in our
 basement then someone has some
 serious explaining to do.

CHARLIE

I mean, Luce. Like Dave said, maybe it's not always as on the nose as straight up murder. Maybe it's death caused, I don't know, second-handedly? Unintentionally?

Lucy COUGHS on her own spit. It takes a while to recover.

DAVE

You okay?

LUCY

Mhm.

Charlie studies her reaction.

DAVE

You don't think -

Dave looks to Mason. Charlie and Lucy follow his eyeline.

LUCY

(offended)

Think what? Our son moonlights as some sort of Chucky doll?

DAVE

I don't know, okay? I'm confused as you guys are.

Lucy studies him.

LUCY

(testing)

Never have I ever shot a living thing.

Charlie darts his eyes at Lucy to stop her.

DAVE

I haven't.

Charlie looks to Dave.

CHARLIE

(correcting)

You hunt, Dave.

DAVE

Not people.

LUCY

Are animals not living things?

DAVE

Okay, well the question was a little mislea- Fuck it.

Dave chugs his drink.

LUCY

So you have weapons at home then?

DAVE

No, I don't hunt for sport. I haven't for years - Charlie, what the fuck have you been telling her?

Charlie silently sips his drink. Dave looks to Lucy, a little emotional.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I guess, yeah. I used to go hunting with my dad. I always hated it. But it's the only thing my dad did with me when he was around. It's hard to look back at something as a positive memory when you spent nights crying about it as a kid, but Charlie you've always loved to poke a stick at that soft spot, haven't you?

Lucy looks at Dave a little differently.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I couldn't even kill a zombie that ate my girlfriend.

Lucy thinks about it for a moment. She raises a glass.

LUCY

(drunkenly)
To Shelby.

DAVE

(correcting)
Sloane.

Charlie looks to them like their psychos. Raises a glass anyway. The group drink.

LUCY

I have to pee.

She gets up.

CHARLIE

Do you want me to come with you?

LUCY

At this point. Fuck it.

Lucy walks up the stairs alone.

The BANGING has become ambient sound at this point.

Dave pours the remainder of the bottle in his glass. Charlie looks to him. Dave pours half into his.

CHARLIE

Another bottle?

DAVE

Arr-arr, Captain!

Charlie gets up and walks over to some bottles of booze on a desk, the drawer still open from Dave's iPod hunt.

He grabs a bottle. A folder sticking out from the drawer catches his eye. It's a welcome pack from the skin care line. He opens a folder under it: a list of all of the names Lucy sold to.

He looks to the box in the fort. He thinks to himself for a moment.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A fountain-pee session. Lucy sits there, bobble-heading, staring at the parallel wall in the darkness.

BANG! A burst of LIGHT comes PIERCING through the frosted window to the side of Lucy. She JUMPS on the toilet.

VOICE (O.S.)

(muffled through window)

Hello?!

LUCY

(drunkenly)

Hi?

VOICE (O.S.)

(muffled through window)

Please. Talk to me.

LUCY

Uh?

VOICE (O.S.)
 (muffled through window)
 Lucy, is that you? Lucy Muller?

She looks around. Kicks the bathroom door for privacy. The light fills the powder room.

She slightly budes the lower sliding section of the bottom window open.

An expertly lit and make-up heavy EYE comes right up to the screen, looking around desperately. A camera lens above her.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Are you being held hostage?

LUCY
 (whispering)
 What? No. Who are you? What do you want?

VOICE (O.S.)
 It's Harmony Reed. From Swindmore Sentinel.

EXT. HOUSE - SIDE

An unlit alley way between Lucy's home and the neighbors. Harmony, dressed for set, presses her body up to the window, standing on a kid's plastic picnic table.

A CAMERAMAN stands over her.

Zombies are trying to get in all around her, not paying any attention to her presence.

HARMONY
 Please! You have to tell me why you aren't leaving the house. We can get you safety. I just want to know what happened.

LUCY (O.S.)
 We're innocent. I promise.

HARMONY
 Honey, there are thirt-

A zombie's hand unintentionally pushes Harmony's face against the screen, corpse fingers entering her mouth. She GAGS. Back to business.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

Thirty-eight zombies humping the fuck out of your house right now. You have to give us the scoop. Please. Vanity Fair is offering to do a piece. This could be HUGE.

The toilet FLUSHES.

LUCY (O.S.)

I don't - I don't know what to tell you.

HARMONY

(desperate)

This town has the lowest death rate in tri-state area. PLEASE!!!!

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lucy backs away from the window.

HARMONY (O.S.)

Does the name Stella Kingsley mean anything to you?

Lucy goes to re-shut the window.

LUCY

No, sorry.

HARMONY (O.S.)

Cedar Ridge Apartments?

Lucy stops mid-shut. Recognition.

HARMONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

She died last week. Supposedly from falling from her balcony.

Lucy gulps.

LUCY

I don't know her.

HARMONY (O.S.)

Last name doesn't sound familiar? She's the daughter of one the biggest gang leaders in the city.

Lucy tilts her head in contemplation.

LUCY
Why are you telling me this?

HARMONY (O.S.)
Because she's crawling on your
fucking roof, sweetie.

Lucy shuts the window.

She backs away, rattled.

LUCY
(to herself)
Fuck.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Lucy stands in the middle of the unlit living room. Nowhere feels safe anymore. The occasional wood plank RATTLE jolts her back into reality.

She eyes Dave's discarded baggage at the front door. Quietly approaches. Zzzzzzzzzzip.

She sifts through the contents: odd amount of deodorant, band tees, mismatched socks, condoms.

Lucy continually checks her peripheral.

She checks the side pockets. Feels something. A wallet. She folds it open: a picture of Dave when he was a kid hunting with his father. He's mall Santa-crying.

She fiddles through the flaps. Nothing suspicious. She feels around further. A JINGLE. She pulls out a pair of keys with a branded "CEDAR RIDGE APARTMENTS" key chain. Lucy's eyes widen.

CREAK.

Lucy scurries to throw the keys back into the bag. Spins to a stand as if nothing happened.

MASON
(quietly)
Mom?

Mason peeks out from the basement stairwell, half-asleep.

LUCY
Mason. What are you doing up here?

MASON
I have to go potty.

LUCY
Right. Okay. Let's go.

Lucy guides Mason from the stairs to the bathroom. She looks around, devising a plan.

She opens the bathroom door: reporter's gone. Mason sleepily sits on the toilet.

Lucy stands outside eyeing the perimeter. She spots a loose plank of wood guarding a doggie door.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Why didn't dad bring you up?

MASON
(groggy)
He said he needed to talk to Dave.

LUCY
(suspicious)
Hmm.

Lucy squints in contemplation.

A zombie hand SPLATS against the bathroom window. Neither Lucy nor Mason budge. Desensitized. Mason yawns.

LUCY (CONT'D)
You done?

Mason nods. Gets up.

Lucy runs off for a moment.

MASON
Mom?

She comes jolting back holding a hammer with a "quiet" finger up to her mouth.

She kneels down to his level.

LUCY
You know the Zom-buster zone? Well, guess what? It turns out, you don't need it!

MASON
I don't?

LUCY
No. Apparently, they don't like the
taste of kids.

Mason seems almost offended.

MASON
Why not?

LUCY
Underdone? That's not real-

MASON
But -

LUCY
Mace, listen. I'm gonna sneak you
out of here, okay? I know it might
seem scary, but nothing is going to
hurt you. I promise.

Mason's awake now.

MASON
What about you guys?

LUCY
We'll be out right after.
Everyone's going to be so excited
to see you for how brave you've
been.

Lucy studies Mason, it's not working.

LUCY (CONT'D)
How heroic.

This works.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lucy kneels with Mason, wearing a tea towel as a makeshift
cape, at a backdoor. A panel of wood RATTLING with the noise
outside against a flimsy screen door.

Lucy brings the backend of the hammer to the panel. She looks
to Mason for another debrief.

LUCY
Okay, I just want you to run as
fast as you can. Got it?

Mason nods.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 Find the police. And stay with them
 until we come out, okay?

Lucy cracks open the panel guarding the doggie door.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 Ready?

MASON
 (confident)
 Fuck yeah.

Lucy's eyes widen. No time to deal with that. She takes a deep breath. Quickly pushes Mason crawling through the doggie door.

She holds up the flap, looking outside. Not as much activity in the backyard.

Through the flap: Mason runs. Media notice and start running around the side of the house. Cameras flash. Mason stops, poses in the middle of it all sassily.

HARMONY (O.S.)
 (shrieking)
 PETE, ARE YOU FUCKING GETTING
 THIS?!!

Lucy smiles to herself - WAIT. She looks around and notices all of the other surrounding houses have electricity.

GRRAWWWRRRGHHH!!! A female zombie face: eyeball dangling, jaw-less, tongue wagging freely. Putrid fingers with sharp pink nails CLAW through the doggie door.

Lucy jumps back.

She throws the wooden panel back over the door. A rotten finger SEVERES from the zombie's hand mid-clamp. It writhes on the linoleum floor.

She knees the panel against the force of the zombie. Puts some nails in her mouth, and starts hammering them back in.

BANG! BANG! Secured.

Lucy falls backward, catching her breath.

SQUEAK. SQUEAK.

Lucy looks to the sound. The severed zombie finger is crawling by itself like an inch worm using its nearly speared nail tip -- toward the basement.

Lucy makes her way to a stand.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Faint shadows of Charlie in Dave, still sitting in position in the drinking quarters of the basement, against the blue hung tarp.

Lucy quietly as possible makes her way down the staircase. The odd subtle CREAK.

DAVE (O.S.)
(whispering)
You can't really think that?

Lucy's ears perk up.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
(whispering)
All I'm saying is that the product was recalled. She didn't tell me why.

DAVE (O.S.)
(whispering)
I feel like that would have been a lot bigger of news. You're telling me no one would have connected the dots that that many people died from some skincare product?

Lucy looks over to the desk. She recognizes the folder out on the surface.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
(whispering)
The cops wouldn't come for her... but *THEY* might if you know what I'm saying.

Lucy's jaw drops. What the fuck?

DAVE (O.S.)
(whispering)
I don't know, man. I think we're all innocent. There's got to be some other explanation.

The control panel catches Lucy's eye. She tip toes over to it, trying not to make a sound.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
 (whispering)
 Who's really at fault? The maker or
 the dealer? Think about it.

She bites her lip in rage at the discussion but changes her focus. She opens the panel door. Heart immediately sinks. She grabs a lever.

HMMMZZ-CLICK! The lights in the basement instantly come on.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT

The media frenzy outside the front of the house has doubled in size.

Multiple neighbors onlook in rowed lawn chairs.

An on-camera elderly woman, EVELYN (81), holds a mug of hot cocoa. She leans her ear piece up to a camera man, nods, then back.

EVELYN
 (into microphone)
 I drove in four hours to see this.
 We didn't get any zombies in our
 area-

CAMERAMAN
 (directing)
 Back to the question, ma'am.
 Please.

EVELYN
 (into the microphone)
 My money is on the wife.

REVEAL: a makeshift betting board behind Evelyn. Several bets are already in play for "WHO IS THE KLILER?". Most are for Dave.

The lights on the house behind then come on. A collective GASP. Quiet. Everyone's tuned in once again.

INT. BASEMENT

Lucy stares at the control panel, squinting in frustration.

DAVE (O.S.)
 (excitedly)
 THE LIGHTS ARE BACK? IS IT OVER?

CHARLIE (O.S.)

What? Lucy?

Charlie and Dave emerge from behind the tarp.

Lucy slowly turns around, unimpressed.

LUCY

The power wasn't out. It was off.

CHARLIE

What?

DAVE

What do you mean?

Lucy studies them both.

LUCY

I mean someone shut it off.

She looks to Dave.

DAVE

Why would they do that?

She stares at him, waiting for a crack.

LUCY

(accusatory)

Maybe because they didn't want us
to know what's really going on out
there.

Dave cocks his head. Notices Mason's empty fort.

DAVE

Wait. Where's Mason?

Charlie looks down.

CHARLIE

SHIT!

Charlie instantly starts bolting upstairs.

LUCY

No, wait!

Charlie doesn't listen. Footsteps OVERHEAD.

Dave slowly approaches Lucy. She backs up. He notices this.
Stops.

DAVE

Luce?

She courts him. Walks over to the desk where an open bottle of bourbon sits. She grabs the bottle neck.

LUCY

(yelling)

CHARLIE!

No response.

DAVE

(quietly)

Lucy. I have to tell you something.

Lucy eyes the staircase. No sign of Charlie.

Dave moves closer.

Lucy grips the bottle neck.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I've known Charlie a lot longer than you, okay?

LUCY

Stop.

DAVE

(whispering)

HE invited me here this week. He almost begged me.

LUCY

What? Why?

DAVE

(whispering)

I don't know? I mean I'm always happy to see you guys, but you don't think I know you hate having me here?

LUCY

Who's Stella Kingsley, Dave?

DAVE

What?

Lucy gulps.

Dave looks at her quizzically.

FOOTSTEPS.

Dave backs away, still staring at Lucy.

Charlie runs down the stairs.

CHARLIE
(worried)
I can't find him.

LUCY
I let him out, okay?

CHARLIE
YOU WHAT?!!

LUCY
He's fine.

CHARLIE
What the hell do you mean you let
him out?

LUCY
Through the doggie door. I didn't
want him to see what might happen
next.

DAVE
What's going to happen?

Lucy grabs the bottle. Unscrews the lid. Takes a big swig.

LUCY
We're letting out the closet zombie
and find out.

Dave and Charlie look at each other. Back to Lucy.

CHARLIE
Lucy? What do you know?

DAVE
Fine.

LUCY
Really?

Charlie studies both of them. Serious.

CHARLIE
Let's do it.

Lucy eyes them both, scornful.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I don't have anything to hide.

LUCY
Me either.

DAVE
(re: the basement)
Well, we can't keep doing this for
forever, can we?

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

BANG! BANG! BANG! The hutch cabinet vibrates against each closet door thud.

Lucy, still holding the bottle of bourbon, Charlie, and Dave all stand staring at it.

DAVE
(nervous)
Who's going to move the cabinet?

They look at one another.

CHARLIE
Fuck it. I'll do it.

Charlie walks over to the cabinet. Stretches.

Lucy takes a deep breath.

BANG! BANG!

Charlie gets into position.

DAVE
W-WAIT! WAIT! WAIT!

They look to him.

Dave gets into a more secure stance like he's surfing against a giant incoming wave.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Okay.

Charlie gets into position again.

CHARLIE
Fuck. Can we do a shot first?

Charlie nods to the bottle.

Lucy and Dave shrug.

Charlie opens the rattling cabinet doors. Grabs some shot glasses. He grabs the bottle from Lucy. Walks them over to a side table. Starts pouring.

DAVE

I guess, at the end of the day.

Lucy looks to Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Being a zombie can't be that bad, right?

LUCY

What?

DAVE

(lost in thought)

I mean. You don't have to think.
Just eat.

Lucy considers that.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I'm just saying. Could be worse.
Not that I'm confessing anything.
I'm just gonna shut up now.

Charlie walks over. Hands them their shots.

CHARLIE

All right. Bottoms up.

The trio cheers. They down their shots. Collective cringe faces. Back into action.

Charlie walks over to the cabinet side once more. He anchors both hands on the side.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You guys ready?

Dave squints with his eyes shut.

Lucy deep exhales.

BANG! BANG!

They both nod.

Charlie leans into the push. The cabinet doesn't move. Stuck.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

DAVE
(eyes closed)
What's happening?

CHARLIE
The cabinet's stuck. It won't
budge.

LUCY
Stuck on what?

CHARLIE
I don't know I'm trying to figure
that out.

Charlie looks down at the bottom of the cabinet.

DAVE
Guys, I'm kind of fucked up.

Lucy start waddling, suddenly unable to keep balance.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I-I can't fee-

Lucy's eyes widen then go cross-eyed.

LUCY
(slurred)
Whaaaaat's happ-

BOOM. Lucy and Dave both fall to the ground.

Charlie stops pretending to have issues moving the cabinet.
Brushes off his hands. Looks down at Dave and Lucy passed
out.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Block party turned slumber party. Despite a horde of zombies
scratching against one of the suburban homes, everyone is
camping outside.

A few morning birds sip coffee, watching. Some people pack up
out of boredom.

Harmony's cameraman SNORES in a lawn chair with his equipment
dangling from his loosening grip.

Harmony parades around the house trying to use the morning light to help identify zombies' faces to a file folder of victim photos. She jots down notes.

Two COPS lean against their car off to the side sipping coffee.

COP #1
Let's just say -

COP #2
I'm listening.

COP #1
If one were to break down one of the doors.

COP #2
Mhmm.

COP #1
Give the zombies some access.

COP #2
Speed things up a bit?

COP #1
Sure. *Wooooould* that person then be the target of said freshly zombified murderer?

Cop #2 thinks for a moment. He raises a finger in a "good point" kind of way.

TEENAGERS in the background are standing trying to get selfies with the zombies clawing at the house.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The morning light pierces through the splintered wood panels like the aftermath of an old western shootout.

THUD. THUD. CRACK.

THUD. THUD. THUD. CRACK.

Lucy and Dave have been duct taped back to back against a support beam in the middle of the basement.

THUD. THUD. CRACK.

Charlie anxiously WHACKS a sledgehammer at the ground below. A pile of rubble between cracked concrete.

A shovel leans against the wall. A fair sized dent of a hole already puncturing the basement floor.

THUD. THUD.

Lucy's eye groggily peels open from the sound. She dizzily focuses on Charlie mid-slug. She writhes in spot, noting the duct tape.

LUCY
(slurred)
What?

Her shifting brings Dave to a SNORE-wake.

DAVE
(half asleep)
No more cabbage, plea-

Dave COUGHS to consciousness.

Charlie turns toward the sounds. He lowers the sledgehammer. Dave and Lucy look at him in confusion.

LUCY
Charlie?

Charlie looks at them both, sweaty and extremely stressed. No response.

LUCY (CONT'D)
CHARLIE!

DAVE
What the fuck is going on?

LUCY
CHARLIE?!

Charlie's lower lip trembles.

LUCY (CONT'D)
(demanding)
UNTIE US! WHAT THE HELL?

Charlie slumps into a computer chair. SIGHS. He uses the sledgehammer almost as an oar to scoot himself closer to Dave and Lucy.

CHARLIE
I can't do that.

LUCY
 (angry)
 What do you mean "you can't do that"?

Dave tries to wriggle himself free. A growing panic. No luck.

CHARLIE
 (whiney)
 I don't want to die.

DAVE
 (supportive)
 Charlie. Whatever happened. We can figure this out.

CHARLIE
 You don't understand -

LUCY
 Figure what out? What aren't you telling us?

Charlie stands up. Paces back and forth. Fidgeting. He sits back down. Can barely look at the two of them.

CHARLIE
 I can't risk it.

LUCY
 Risk WHAT?

CHARLIE
 You guys letting them in.

DAVE
 (comforting)
 Maybe they aren't after you, Charlie? Stop jumping to conclusions. You even said we can't just trust the news.

CHARLIE
 (scared)
 They are. I know they are.

Lucy studies Charlie as he spirals.

LUCY
 What did you do?

CHARLIE

Listen, Luce. I haven't always been
- I haven't been the most faithful
to you.

Dave SCOFFS in a "NO SHIT" kind of way.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(defensive)

I was trying to make things better!
I swear!

LUCY

What are you talking about?

DAVE

(under his breath)

I don't know maybe his bi-monthly
"work trips"?

Lucy's eyes laser-focused on Charlie.

DAVE (CONT'D)

To my fucking apartment.

LUCY

Excuse me?

Charlie holds the sledgehammer up to Dave, threateningly.

CHARLIE

Shut the fuck up, Dave!

LUCY

I know that's not true. You always
bring back a souvenir?

Charlie cringes.

CHARLIE

(cringing)

It is true. Dave lives next to a
thrift store with a really
expansive trinket section.

Lucy WRITHES hard in her duct tape cocoon, pissed.

LUCY

I swear to God Charlie if you don't
untie me right this fucking second

-

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I made a mistake. It ruined my life, okay? I was just so overwhelmed with this whole kid thing. It was a lot.

LUCY

(disbelief)

IT WAS A LOT?! MASON WAS A LOT...
FOR YOU???

Dave leans his head back to Lucy.

DAVE

I always told him he was an asshole, Luce. I would have done anything to have a girl like you care about me.

LUCY

Shut the fuck up, Dave!

CHARLIE

That's not the kid thing I'm talking about. I - fuck. I was seeing this girl in Dave's building.

Lucy GRITS her teeth.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It didn't mean anyth-

LUCY

(blankly)

Stella Kingsley?

Charlie cocks his head, surprised.

CHARLIE

What? How do you know that?

LUCY

Daughter of a fucking crime lord?

CHARLIE

(defensively)

I DIDN'T FUCKING KNOW THAT AT THE TIME!

DAVE

DAUGHTER OF WHO?!

CHARLIE

There's a lot of sketchy people in your building, Dave.

DAVE

Clearly the visitors being the sketchiest! You NEVER told me that. You said you worked with her!

CHARLIE

I don't have a fucking job! I tried to get out of it with her. I did. But then... she got pregnant -

LUCY

WHAT?!

CHARLIE

I said I wouldn't have any part of it, okay? That I had a family already -

DAVE

(under his breath)
Father of the fucking year.

CHARLIE

She didn't end up having it, okay? But her dad did not take that news well. And he threatened me. And my family. You and Mason.

Lucy looks at Charlie in complete shock and disdain.

LUCY

Is this why you spent over a grand on security cameras last year?

CHARLIE

I didn't want anything to happen to you guys. I did what I had to do.

LUCY

Which is what?

CHARLIE

Get out of "debt" with him. It started with small jobs. Passing shit along kind of stuff. Then the jobs got more extreme. There's nothing I could do about it.

LUCY

How extreme?

CHARLIE

Murder.

DAVE

Jesus fucking Christ.

CHARLIE

It's not like I was strangling people with my bare hands. It was things like poison. Or staged ODs. Lacing a bottle, you know?

DAVE

IS THAT WHY THAT BOTTLE WAS IN MY CAR? WERE YOU PLANTING THAT?

Charlie cringes.

CHARLIE

Listen, I got good at it. Or so I thought. That's why I thought I could get away with it. Killing her and getting out of this whole fucking thing. I knew it was never going to end. She'd always make him come up with a new job in spite of me. I tried everything else I could. You have to believe me.

DAVE

You fucking idiot. After everything I've done for you? THIS is why you invited me to stay for the week? FUCK YOU!

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, okay? I didn't have another choice. You have no idea what this stress has been like. It's been YEARS.

Lucy stares at him in disgust.

LUCY

What was your plan?

Charlie looks to the hole.

CHARLIE

To dig my way out I guess.

LUCY
No, you fucking idiot. After
framing Dave. What the fuck were
you going to do?

CHARLIE
I was going to leave.

LUCY
Me and Mason?

CHARLIE
The country.

Lucy takes a moment to process that punch to the stomach.

DAVE
So, we could have left at any time
then?

CHARLIE
You guys didn't seem so sure of
yourselves either.

LUCY
You shut off the power?

CHARLIE
I was trying to buy time.

Lucy and Dave sit there in silence. A few struggle WIGGLES
but to no avail.

Charlie stands.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I'm not going to kill you guys.

They look to him in a "Oh, thanks so much" kind of way.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
As long as you stay put.

Charlie duct tapes their mouths, gluing their heads to the
pole. Muffled MUMRURS.

BANG! BANG! The boarded windows continue to RATTLE.

Charlie wipes tears from his eyes. He goes back to digging.
Harder. Faster. Time is running out.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

The block party has resumed. A food truck serves a line-up across the street. A GUY walks by with a wagon full of ice-bedded beers.

Harmony enthusiastically works the camera as she backs through the people. She's loving it.

HARMONY

Aaand that's when death came
knocking -

Harmony looks back at the house. Back to the camera, proud of her wit.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

Literally!

She laughs to herself.

The cameraman rolls his eyes.

EVELYN (52), reeks of hairspray and bad advice, tries to get into frame. Harmony side-eyes her. It's clear this isn't their first interaction.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

And like flies to a corpse -

Harmony looks Evelyn dead in the eye. Back to the camera.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

The town of Swindmore has gathered here to try and uncover the mystery of how one unsuspecting couple ended up with an orgy of the dead trying to penetrate their home.

Evelyn aggressively CLEARS her throat.

Harmony sighs.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

I am here with part-time Walmart photo center associate Evelyn. Evelyn, what can you tell us about Lucy and Charlie Muller?

Evelyn looks at the camera lens. Pats her slicked side bang. Moves the wad of gum in her mouth to the side.

EVELYN

Now I'm not one to snoop, but people ain't printin' like they used to, so sue me if watching self checkout has become my shifertainment. It's like a more depressing casino. Anyway, one time I saw Mrs. Muller scan, or should I say SCAM -

BRAAPPPPP. VRRRMMMM.

Harmony, alongside the rest of the townspeople, jerk their heads toward the growing sound.

A GANG OF MOTORCYCLISTS in formation speed down the street. SCREEEECH. The leading Harley SKIDS to a stop in front of the Muller's house.

BLAZE KINGSLEY (60), face of a pitbull, lets his bike CRASH to the ground. He clenches his fists, eyes wildly surveying the home. His gang stays idling from a distance.

Harmony's eyes widen.

HARMONY

HOLY FUCK THAT'S BLAZE KINGSLEY!

Harmony pushes Evelyn out of the way like some sort of intrusive branch. She runs her mic to him.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

BLAZE! BLAZE!

Blaze doesn't acknowledge. He squints at the home, focusing.

The cops across the way look to each other.

COP #1

Uh-

Harmony airplanes the mic around Blaze's mouth like she's trying to get a kid to eat broccoli.

HARMONY

Are you here for your daughter?

BLAZE

(disgruntled)

Where is she?

HARMONY

Oh. She's uh-

Harmony looks at the house. The cameraman zooms up to the top of the roof: STELLA KINGSLEY (26), bad tattoos blending in with protruding blue veins. She GNAWS wildly at shingles. A rotten tit hanging out of a tank top.

Blaze meets eyes with her lack of them. Tears well.

BLAZE
(remorse)
My baby.

HARMONY
We are on live right now! Blaze,
you have to tell us -

Blaze acknowledges the live filming. Immediately disguises the tears. Back to macho mode.

BLAZE
(through grit teeth)
I drove 18 hours here. No stopping.
As soon as I saw my girl on the
Applebee's big screen.

Harmony looks behind Blaze. Taps the cameraman.

HARMONY
PETE! GET THIS!

Pete spins to a zombie trudging toward them.

HARMONY (CONT'D)
We are now at forty-two. I repeat
forty-two zombies -

Blaze looks over curiously to Harmony's report when suddenly a face-tattooed ZOMBIE leaps and BITES into Blaze's neck HARD.

Harmony SCREAMS.

Blaze WAILS as he tries to spin the zombie off of him to no avail. Blood FIREWORKS from Blaze's neck all over Harmony. The camera lens instantly crimson-coated.

Harmony looks at the camera still pointed at her.

HARMONY (CONT'D)
And no-

BLOOD-GURGLES from Blaze's crimson-foaming mouth as he desperately grasps at Harmony's sleeves for help.

HARMONY (CONT'D)
I -

More gruesome blood-GURGLING.

Harmony pushes Blaze's hand off of her as he falls to the ground unwilling submitting to the feasting.

Harmony stares at the camera. A loss of words.

A symphony of SCREAMS.

A motorcycle gang buffet. The seated bikers all HOWL in pain as a horde of ZOMBIE tear away at their flesh. Blood VOLCANOES from the mosh pit of carnage. Drenched passerby FLEE in disgust.

A group of poncho-ready onlookers sitting front row in the splash zone of the house look back to the scene.

ONLOOKER
(disappointed)
Seriously?!

INT. BASEMENT

The SCREAMS of the chaos outside echo into the basement.

Charlie PANTS on his back, lying on the concrete, out of breath. The hole notably deeper.

He struggles to keep his eyes open. Each lid-close holds a moment longer. Mouth agape. A reluctant sleep.

More SCREAMS from outside.

Lucy stares at the ceiling, blankly. Her mouth twitches under the duct tape.

SNORES.

She side-eyes Charlie to confirm his passed out state. She surveys the room for potential escape options.

PLOP.

Lucy cocks her head at the sound.

PLOP. P-PLOP. P-PLOP.

Lucy's eyes scan to find the source of the sound.

PLOP.

The sound registers: the staircase. She looks but sees nothing. She notes the door to upstairs has been boarded shut.

PLOP. SOMETHING is ON the stairs.

Lucy focuses on the stairs. Closer.

PLOP.

Recognition: the severed zombie finger from the kitchen has made its way downstairs. The finger curls to use its nail to inches itself over one of the stairs.

PLOP.

It falls to the concrete ground of the basement floor.

Lucy subtly nudges Dave's back with her elbow. He snaps out of a daze. Looks to see Charlie asleep.

The finger edges closer toward Lucy and Dave.

Lucy keeps her eye on it with a look of determination.

Closer.

Lucy WINCES as she squeezes her arm down from duct tape confinement to extend her reach.

DAVE
(through duct tape)
What are you doing?

LUCY
(through duct tape)
Shh.

She extends her arm further.

The finger moves closer.

Lucy spreads her hand as wide as possible. Closer. Closer. SUCCESS. She grabs the finger. It wriggles wildly in her grip.

Dave has no idea what's going on.

Lucy uses the sharp fingernail of the severed digit to pierce into the duct tape. It's working.

The nail protrudes through the duct tape, tearing. It's enough. Lucy frees her hand. Drops the finger.

The finger continues inching in its original path. Dave finally notices it. He GASPS through his duct tape.

Lucy rips the tape off her mouth with a free hand. She starts quietly freeing the rest of her body and Dave in the process.

A SHUFFLE.

Lucy and Dave freeze.

SNORE.

Lucy continues to unravel herself. She makes it to a stand.

Dave looks at her wide-eyed, impressed. She crouches down, helping untie his arms.

Lucy lends Dave a hand. Pulls him up. The two look to Charlie, then to the boarded up basement door. They nod to each other.

Lucy cautiously tip toes up each step. Dave follows.

CREAK.

Freeze. A safety confirmation SNORE.

Lucy makes it to the top of the staircase. She starts feverishly feeling around for a way to open the door.

Dave continuously looks back to check on Charlie. SNORES. The sledgehammer leaning between his crotch.

LUCY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
It's not budging.

A nailed panel cements the door shut.

DAVE
(whispering)
What if we grab the sledgehammer?

LUCY
(whispering)
It's gonna wake him.

Dave thinks for a moment.

Behind Dave and Lucy: the severed finger inching its way up Charlie's pant leg.

DAVE
 (whispering)
 I'll hold him off until you get
 out.

Lucy looks at Dave, lovingly.

LUCY
 (whispering)
 No. He'll kill you.

DAVE
 (whispering)
 Let them in before he does.

Lucy nods.

Behind Dave and Lucy: the severed finger is clawing up
 Charlie's neck. His mouth agape mid-sleep.

Dave is about to turn to go down the stairs. Lucy grabs his
 sleeve.

LUCY
 (whispering)
 Wait, Dave.

Dave looks to Lucy, he's clearly nervous.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 I'm really happy you're here.

Dave smiles. New instilled confidence.

Behind Dave and Lucy: the severed finger crawls into
 Charlie's open mouth.

CHARLIE
 (gurgling)
 BWUUUUUUURRRRR-UuURrrr-urrr-
 AAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRP!!!!

Charlie CHOKES up the finger onto the concrete. GASPS for
 air. Dave and Lucy SPIN to the sound.

Immediate eye contact. Charlie FLINGS the sledgehammer over
 his shoulder in rage.

LUCY
 SHIT! DAVE!

Lucy starts BANGING on the basement door to open it.

Dave steps down a step, guarding Lucy, defenseless.

Charlie looks at them both with a crazed look.

DAVE
(calming)
Charlie. Let's take a second and
talk this out.

CRASH! Charlie SLAMS the sledge hammer down on the bottom steps, sending them SHATTERING into splinters.

DAVE (CONT'D)
FUCK!

Dave hops up a step, hands out toward Charlie in defense.

Lucy is pulling backward at one of the panels with all of her might.

CHARLIE
No one is going anywhere.

Charlie raises the sledgehammer again.

DAVE
Wait! Wait! If you kill us that's
two more zombies in this house
trying to kill you. You'll be
outnumbered.

Charlie does consider that for a moment.

CHARLIE
Then I won't kill you.

Dave's tilts his head.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I'll just make it *really* hard for
you both to MOVE.

CRACK! Charlie swings the sledgehammer at Dave's foot. BONES SHATTER as well as the step he's standing on. His whole leg goes crashing through the splintered wood. Stuck.

Dave WAILS in pain. He tries to lift his body out to no avail.

Charlie struggles to dislodge the sledgehammer head from the wood.

Lucy JUMPS and throws her weight on the door panel. A side SNAPS off. Two exposed nails swinging in the air from the detached piece of wood.

She continues to SLAM her body against the door. It SWINGS open. She falls onto the main floor with the door burst.

Charlie anxiously RIPS the sledgehammer free.

Dave notices the severed finger crawling on Charlie's leg. He reaches, wincing in pain, toward the hanging panel piece. JUST in reach. SNAPS it off.

Charlie looks down to him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What the fuck do you think you're going to do with that?

Dave holds it up. Half his body still stuck in the staircase. It looks like the set up for the worst sword fight of all time.

Charlie scoffs at him. Steps over his body to the next step.

Dave SLASHES the nails against his calf. DEEP.

Charlie WINCES.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What the?

Charlie KICKS Dave right in the face. A tooth flies.

CLATTERING from upstairs.

Charlie regains focus. Bolts up the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN

The house has been further boarded since Dave and Lucy were put under. Ample precaution taken.

Lucy frantically uses various kitchen utensils trying to pop open the door she let Mason escape out of.

THUD.

Charlie stands ominously behind Lucy at the top of the staircase, gripping the sledgehammer.

Lucy turns to him, terrified.

Charlie walks quickly toward her.

LUCY
(pleading)
Charlie! Think about Mason.

Charlie grits his teeth.

LUCY (CONT'D)
He's alone out there. Just let me
go. Please.

BANGING from all around the house. Muffled zombie MOANS.

CHARLIE
You know I can't do that.

The BANGING growing more aggressive.

LUCY
You're a coward.

This pisses Charlie off. He raises his sledgehammer.
Suddenly, his leg nearly gives out.

CHARLIE
AHHHH!!!!

Lucy looks at him, confused.

The severed finger WIGGLES its way into the wound Dave made.
The shape of the finger writhing under his skin, moving up
his leg.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
WHAT THE FUCK?!

Lucy look at him in shock.

He runs over to the overturned utensil drawer on the ground.
He desperately looks for knives.

INT. BASEMENT

Charlie's pain WAILS and CLANGING of dishware from upstairs.
Dave tries to remain silent as he PULLS himself from the wood
wreckage.

His leg bleeds down the what's left of the staircase. He
GRUNTS to hold in a scream.

He starts army-crawling up the staircase.

INT. KITCHEN

Lucy repeatedly tries to break through the back door.

Charlie, grabs a steak knife, watching horrified as the finger slithers under his skin up his thigh.

Lucy's making no progress. She looks back to Charlie, distracted. Eyes the sledgehammer. She LUNGES for it.

Charlie KICKS it to the side, he holds the steak knife up to her throat.

Lucy backs up until she hits the door.

Charlie can barely make eye contact from the pain. He takes his other hand and holds Lucy's neck against the door. She struggles to breathe.

Charlie takes his other hand and CUTS OPEN his leg, SCREAMING in pain. The finger falls out with a blood SPLAT onto the floor.

Behind Charlie: Dave pulls his body from the stairs into the living room, leaving a streak of blood. He sees the unmanned sledgehammer. He slides himself into the kitchen. Grabs it. Army-crawls back into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Dave slides behind the couch, out of sight from the kitchen. He notes the blood trail.

He looks around. Spots the bear trap in the fireplace.

INT. KITCHEN

Charlie lets go of Lucy's neck. She collapses onto the floor. Desperate inhales.

Charlie holds his leg in pain. The finger still splashing around in a puddle of blood like a fish out of water below him.

Lucy collects herself.

Charlie wraps a tea towel around his leg as a makeshift tourniquet. He goes to grab the sledgehammer. Nothing is there. He spots the blood trail.

LUCY

DAVE!

Charlie looks up to the front door: Dave is standing to the best of his ability, holding a sledgehammer up to the wood.

Charlie grabs the steak knife. STORMS toward him.

LUCY (CONT'D)
DAVE!!!!!!

Dave spins back, a face of faux terror.

CLINK!! CRUNCH!!

CHARLIE
AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

SNAP! The bear trap consumes Charlie's ankle. Rusted metal teeth gripping his bones. He falls to the floor in pain, trying to free his ankle.

DAVE
(casual)
What?

Lucy smiles.

CHARLIE
(screeching)
YOU FUCKER!!!

Charlie grips his steak knife and LUNGES to stab at Dave's leg. SLIIIINK!!! Charlie goes flying backward. Another WAIL of pain.

Lucy stands behind him. Holding the chain attached to the bear trap. One more TUG just for fun.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Lucy ties the end to the second floor staircase banister.

She walks past Charlie and gives Dave a giant hug. Dave GRUNTS in pain. She looks down to his leg. He presents her the sledgehammer. Nods to Charlie.

DAVE
You want to go first?

Lucy looks to Charlie, writhing around on the ground in pain.

LUCY
Nah.

Dave looks to her, surprised.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Let's let them have him.

Dave smiles.

Lucy grabs the sledgehammer. BANG! She crashes a hole into the front door. A zombie arm SHOOTS through almost immediately.

CRASH! Another hole into the door. It's enough.

Lucy looks to Dave. They nod to each other. Lucy looks back to Charlie, staring at the two of them, horrified.

Lucy SWINGS open the door.

ZOMBIES come FLOODING into the home, nearly stampeding over Lucy and Dave.

Lucy holds Dave up. They look into each other's eyes. They KISS. What the fuck?

In the background: a full-on Charlie BUFFET. Flesh THROWN around the room like confetti. Desperate SCREAMS. Bones fly.

Lucy and Dave look into each other's eyes. The zombie chaos still erupting everywhere around them.

Finally, the doorway clears. Cameras are FLASHING wildly. Uproarious CHATTER outside.

Lucy and Dave look out at their audience. Lucy spots Mason sitting with a cop, eating ice cream. She RUNS out of the house.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT

People look at the aftermath of Charlie's annihilation in horror. They signed up for this, but at the same time, it's still fucking horrific.

Zombies inside are licking Charlie's skeleton clean.

MASON
MOM!!!!

Mason drops his ice cream cone. Cape still intact.

Lucy RUNS up toward Mason, grabbing him from the ground and spinning him into a big hug.

LUCY
 (relief)
 Honey, I'm so glad you're okay!

MASON
 I wasn't scared for one second.

LUCY
 I know you weren't.

Mason SCREAMS, scared as shit, when he looks past Lucy to see Dave's mangled leg as paramedics desperately work to treat him. Dave waves to Mason.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 Everything's gonna be okay, Mace.

She puts him down. Lowers to his level.

MASON
 Where's dad?

LUCY
 Uhhhhh -

Mason tries to peer toward the house. She spins him away from it, back to her.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 He's, uh, you know what? I'll explain everything to you when I know to, okay?

MASON
 What do you mean?

LUCY
 One day, okay?

Mason nods.

Microphone JUMP SCARE. Harmony's face nearly pressed up against Lucy.

HARMONY
 (frantic)
 How does it feel to discover you were married to a serial killing psychopath who claimed the lives of more than forty innocent people?!?!?

Mason's eyes widen.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT - LATER

The crowd has died down. An ambulance sits idling in the driveway. Crimson-stained street from the biker buffet.

HARMONY (V.O.)

A husband at home, a hitman on the streets: Charles Muller, a former salesman and Swindmore local, was discovered to have murdered over forty people in the past four years in part of an organized crime ring. But it turns out, revenge is a dish best served... expired.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Charlie's bones scattered around the room. Blood is everywhere: the floor, walls, dripping from the ceiling.

Harmony walks through carnage, chipper. Cameraman following.

HARMONY

I'm here in the Muller's home, and no, this isn't just bad decorating, it's the aftermath of what you could call a Charles chow down.

A zombie licks blood off the walls.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

A graphic scene... Yet, a symbol of justice for a horde of the undead who can now truly rest in peace.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Two of the previous zombies, mouths dripping in blood, hobble back to their graves, satisfied.

They re-enter the dug up holes like they were tucking themselves into a night's sleep.

HARMONY (V.O.)

While it may have been a grisly couple of nights across the globe, the world and the dead can now sleep a little easier.

The zombies de-animate.

EXT. STREET

A "You Are Now Leaving Swindmore" road sign. A zombie hobbles down the middle of the street.

HARMONY (V.O.)
 And for the town of Swindmore?
 Well, it took one man to be torn
 apart to really bring this
 community together.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT - FLASHBACK

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Neighbors reuniting, hugging outside of the Muller's house.
- Kids with a lemonade stand, joyously counting their loot.
- The lawn chair audience cheering in unison as the zombies finally break into the Muller's home.

HARMONY (V.O.)
 The past few nights have been
 filled with bonding, conspiracy
 theories, patience, and of course,
 Phyllis Greenwood's endless cups of
 hot cocoa.

- Phyllis winks at the camera holding a steaming mug.

INT. AMBULANCE - BACK - DAY

PARAMEDICS finish securing Dave on a stretcher in the back of the ambulance. His foot heavily bandaged.

Dave looks out at the boarded up house through the open back doors.

Lucy and Mason walk by. They stop, meeting eyes. Lucy smiles.

DAVE
 You guys want a ride?

Mason looks up to Lucy, excited.

MASON
 Can we, mom? Can we?

Lucy thinks for a moment.

LUCY

Sure.

Lucy and Mason jump into the back of the ambulance. A paramedic interrupts.

PARAMEDIC

Are you guys family?

Lucy and Dave look to each other. Lucy nods. Dave smiles.

MASON

(mile-a-minute)

Dave, you should'a seen me. I got out first and everyone was so excited.

Lucy looks back out at her house.

Zombies are still hobbling out. One slurps up the end of an intestine. She CRINGES.

HARMONY (V.O.)

(laughing in memory)

What a night.

The ambulance doors shut.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Harmony walks over to an accent chair and sits down, posed to the camera.

The cameraman, exhausted by all of this, takes the moment to kneel as he films.

Harmony grazes her ear piece.

HARMONY

But that's enough spoilers from me. I don't want to give you too much FOMO, Carson.

CARSON (V.O.)

I promise you I have none.

INT. BART'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bart sits watching the news unfold on television, despite living next door, eating a tub of chicken.

A photo of Charlie pops up on the screen.

HARMONY (V.O.)
 You can watch this entire story
 unfold in episodic format on my new
 subscription based -

CLICK.

The television shuts off.

BART
 Knew it.

Bart spits a bone out.

BART.
 Ass hole.

The ambulance peels off out the window.

DAVE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - MONTHS LATER

Dave's quaint apartment has been invaded by a few of Lucy's items. A few unpacked boxes stacked in the corner of the room.

Dave and Lucy lay cozily underneath a quilted blanket post-coital. They look into each other's eyes lovingly.

Lucy's phone RINGS on the nightstand. She reaches for it. Dave stops her, rolling her back over to him.

DAVE
 Not now.

LUCY
 It could be the real estate agent.

Dave sleepily cozies into her, ignoring.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 Are you trying to sabotage my house
 hunt?

DAVE
 I would never.

LUCY
 (flirting)
 That'd be pretty low.

DAVE
 Not compared to what I did to your
 credit score.

Lucy smirks. They kiss.

Lucy suddenly recoils.

LUCY
Ow, Dave!

DAVE
(concerned)
What?

Lucy looks down. Back to Dave.

LUCY
OW! What the fuck?

DAVE
I'm not doing anything!

Dave raises both hands from under the cover. Another wince.

Lucy throws the blanket off of her. ZOMBIE SLINKY, the festering white ferret, gnaws at Lucy's leg. It looks up with one white eye with a GROWL.

Lucy KICKS the ferret to the wall. It smacks against the wall. Sounds of SCURRYING below. The hung hunting photo of Dave and his Dad tilts, nearly falling to the ground.

Lucy balls up in protection.

LUCY
What the fuck?

RING! RING! VRRRRRR!

Both Lucy and Dave's phones BUZZ with activity on their respective nightstands.

DAVE
What the hell is going on?

Lucy speed-reads through her notifications.

Dave grabs a remote. Flicks on the TV. A familiar WARNING BEEP.

Lucy and Dave's eyes dart to the television.

HARMONY (O.S.)
(through television)
Appears there's been a second wave
of what was collectively deemed
"The Great Cleanse" of last year.

LUCY
No -

DAVE
Not again.

HARMONY (O.S.)
(through television)
This time, only affecting animals -

Dave thinks for a moment. He looks to a childhood hunting trophy under the television. To the photo of him and his dad.

Dave and Lucy look to one another.

SMMAAASSHHH!!

A ZOMBIE DEER HEAD COMES CRASHING THROUGH THE WINDOW: ROTTEN SKIN HANGING OFF IT'S CONVULSING, SCREAMING OPEN JAW.

CUT TO BLACK.