

TB

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE AND ZOMBIES

by

David O. Russell

TB

EXT. LONGBOURN COUNTRYSIDE - 1817 - OVERCAST DAY

WIDE SHOT: A 19th century British landscape of rolling hills and trees, but gothic, a bit horror, bit monochromatic in feeling, with signs of shell explosions in the earth, blown up trees in some places.

VOICE OF OLD BRITISH NARRATOR (MR. WHITTINGTON) SPEAKS

MR. WHITTINGTON

(OS)

Tw'as springtime, 1817. The Crown has order restored to Longbourne County. War with the unmentionables is over, the countryside free of the disgusting, vile-smelling undead. Fig trees once again flourish and rose bushes - HELP! NO! AHHHH! AHHHHHHH!

HORRIFIC SCREAMS, BLOOD SPLATTERS ACROSS THE SCREEN ON WHITE ROSE BUSHES. SILENCE. A TORN OFF ARM, in a fine velvet coat (Mr. Whittington's) LANDS on the bushes. The only sound: flesh being eaten, bones being broken AND --

LOVELY SINGING HEARD IN THE DISTANCE OF YOUNG WOMEN APPROACHING. After a moment, the EATING SOUNDS STOP. SCAMPERING IS HEARD. THE SINGING GETS CLOSER. CUT TO:

RURAL DIRT ROAD, BUCOLIC ENGLAND

THE BENNETT SISTERS SING a pleasant, yet rhythmic and military, 19th century song, in dulcet tones. LIZ, the toughest, kind of serious as she sings; JANE, the prettiest, smiles as she sings; MARY, plainest, sings out of tune with silly KITTY, given looks by the others; LYDIA, the youngest, babyest, sings most child-like and joyfully, PICKS SOME FLOWERS, THEN SHRIEKS WITH HORROR -- AS SHE HOLDS A FLOWER WITH BLOOD DRIPPING OFF IT -- she flings the flower and it hits MARY's dress, staining it with blood. KITTY SHRIEKS AND CRIES AS SHE HOLDS UP MR. WHITTINGTON'S SEVERED BLEEDING ARM, THE HAND STILL CLUTCHING PAPERS WITH HIS WRITING.

LIZ LOOKS FIERCE AS SHE STARES INTO THE ROSE BUSHES AND PICKS UP, BY THE BACK OF HIS COAT, MR. WHITTINGTON'S LIMP DEAD, RAVAGED BODY - WE GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIS FACE.

LIZ

Mr. Whittington!

JANE

(holds up his bloody papers)

(MORE)

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JANE (CONT'D)
Famously writing the history of the
defeat of the unmentionables!

LIZ
(draws her daggers)
Famously WAS writing --

She scans crouched like a poised warrior. Jane draws her
Brown Bess pistols and stands ready. The younger sisters
continue to cry.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Stop crying and draw your weapons!

LYDIA
(crying)
I left mine at home!

LIZ
(scans area, daggers
drawn)
I told you not to do that, Lydia!

MARY AND KITTY
(crying)
We're grapplers!

KITTY
(crying)
We don't study weapons!

MARY
(crying)
Lydia got blood on my new dress!

SUDDENLY ZOMBIES ATTACK LIKE VICIOUS BABOONS FROM THE BUSHES--
10 OF THEM, half men, half women, some in torn, muddy proper
clothing, some in far greater states of decay, faces half
rotted.

LIZZIE FLIES INTO INTENSE, HARSH, FAST KUNG FU, DAGGERS IN
HER FLYING HANDS AS SHE SLASHES, DECAPITATES, STABS THROUGH
FOUR ZOMBIES LIKE LIGHTENING -- blood splatters all over her
face and dress as she works - a highly skilled butcher
warrior.

JANE FIRES HER BROWN BESS PISTOLS - BLAM-BLAM, BLAM-BLAM -
SHOOTS FOUR ZOMBIES IN A ROW SHOT IN THE HEAD - TWO GET THEIR
HEADS BLOWN APART, ONE SHOT IN THE EYE SMASHES INTO A TREE.

LYDIA SCREAMS AS SHE'S GRABBED FROM BEHIND BY A ZOMBIE AND
ABOUT TO GET HER FACE BIT -- WHEN MARY JUDO THROWS THE ZOMBIE
INTO A TREE, SMASHING IT TO BITS.

TB
KITTY SNAPS ANOTHER ZOMBIE'S ARMS OFF AND SWEEPS HIS LEGS OUT-
WHEN HE HITS THE GROUND, LIZ CHOPS HIS HEAD OFF.

THE SISTERS STAND OUT OF BREATH SPLATTERED WITH BLOOD.

LIZ
History ain't done being written.

JANE
(wipes blood off her face)
Don't say 'ain't,' Liz.

Liz turns, spits, flicks zombie flesh off her shoulder, fixes her collar.

INT. WEAPONS ROOM - BENNETT HOME - NIGHT

A simple farm house. The sisters clean and maintain their weapons: Liz cleans zombie blood and brains from her blades; Jane cleans her pistols; Lydia sharpens her ninja stars; Mary and Kitty practice grappling take downs in a carpeted corner.

MRS. BENNETT rants, red faced.

MRS. BENNETT
The zombie wars are over! It is
time to get these girls married
before we lose our land and home!

MR. BENNETT, calm, firm, wry.

MR. BENNETT
Given the amount of dry zombie
blood on the weapons in this room,
I'd say the Crown did not succeed
in vanquishing the undead. These
girls need to practice their
fighting.

MRS. BENNETT
Put down the knives and guns, we
are going to the village dance!

MR. BENNETT
Daughters can't dance well if their
brains are eaten, darling.

LIZ
Unless we come back and dance as
zombies.

MR. BENNETT
Touche, Liz.

JANE
(LAUGHS)
Disgusting!

MARY
(cries)
I don't want to be a zombie!

MRS. BENNETT
(covers her ears)
STOP IT! A WEALTHY NEW BACHELOR
MOVED INTO NETHERFIELD MANSION! HE
WILL BE AT THE VILLAGE DANCE!

LIZ
I'm not going to the village dance,
I need to sharpen my daggers.

JANE
I want to go!

LIZ
Do go, Jane, you're very lovely and
will have any husband you want.

MRS. BENNETT
Do you understand what happens when
your father gets old and dies?

LIZ
We shall have a beautiful funeral
with excellent music.

MR. BENNETT
Thank you, Liz.

MRS. BENNETT
Your cousin is your father's only
male heir, he will inherit
Longbourne, so one of you had
better marry him!

LIZ
I'm not very fond of Mr. Collins.

MRS. BENNETT
You will have no place to live!

LIZ
That's a stupid law.

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MRS. BENNETT
It is the law of the land!

MR. BENNETT
Mother's right, Liz. You must think
of the future.

LIZ
Mr. Collins will let us live here,
won't he?

MRS. BENNETT
If you marry him.

LIZ
I'm afraid that's out of the
question.

Liz THROWS A DAGGER ACROSS THE ROOM where it STICKS NEATLY
INTO THE CENTER OF A PORTRAIT OF MR. COLLINS in his PARSON
COLLAR.

MRS. BENNETT
That is a valuable portrait!

MR. BENNETT
I never liked it.

PUSH IN ON PORTRAIT OF MR. COLLINS WITH LIZZIE'S DAGGER STUCK
SQUARELY IN THE FOREHEAD and --

INT. LONGBOURN TOWN HALL - NIGHT

MATCH CUT TO THE ACTUAL MR. COLLINS, blushing, befuddled in
his ministerial collar as a silver cake spoon is held in the
exact position in the center of his forehead and THE SISTERS
GIGGLE.

PULL BACK reveals Lizzie holds the cake spoon while her
sisters laugh. Mr. Bennett smiles.

MRS. BENNETT
(irate)
Don't annoy Parson Collins!

MR. COLLINS
(flustered)
They're just having fun, Mrs.
Bennett. Your daughters are very
lovely, indeed.

He zeros in on Jane, stares; she blushes. All around them,
VILLAGERS DANCE, laugh, and chat.

MRS. KENICOT
(older society matron)
Is it true the unmentionables are
back?!

MR. LONG
(gossipy, stuffy society)
Killed Whittington, attacked the
Bennett sisters. The king's army
will squash them.

MR. HAYNESWORTH
(old society)
Rumor says they aim to cut off the
county at Hingham Bridge.

MRS. LONG
Rubbish and tripe! They lack the
cleverness to isolate
Hertfordshire!

Liz looks at her with contempt.

MRS. LONG (CONT'D)
Ooh, look at the lovely Mr.
Bingley!

She points and the sisters all turn to see the handsome,
blond, affably innocent wealthy young man: MR. BINGLEY,
smiling as he is surrounded by the CLIQUE OF THE RICH AND
FASHIONABLE LAUGHING AND CHATTING AROUND HIM.

MRS. LONG (CONT'D)
Quite the handsome new master of
Netherfield.

CHARLOTTE
He's splendid, I fancy him very
much!

CHARLOTTE, Liz's plain, slightly homely, friend, sidles up to
Liz, agog at Mr. Bingley.

LIZ
Charlotte! Don't be a four-flusher
like the others.

CHARLOTTE
With the war over I have to think
about getting married, too.

MRS. KENICOT
Move quickly, girls! He won't last
long.

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MRS. LONG
Looks ready to sire his own foals,
doesn't he?

MRS. BENNETT
(wants him for her girls)
Yes, he does.

MR. COLLINS looks anxious as attention turns to Bingley.

MRS. LONG
Sadly, I don't know if your girls
are impressive enough to coax him
this way, Mrs. Bennett.

Charlotte WAVES to Mr. Bingley.

LIZ
Charlotte! Don't be desperate!

But Bingley's gaze turns toward JANE and he approaches them.

MRS. LONG
(under her breath)
I don't believe it.

MR. BINGLEY
(smiling, warm)
Charles Bingley, pleased to make
your acquaintance.

MRS. BENNETT
(thrusts her hand)
Mrs. Bennett! We've heard so much
about you, Mr. Bingley! My
daughters: all of them available
and of good character!

Bingley looks troubled when Liz makes a disgusted face; Jane
flinches visibly; Lydia frets; Mary and Kitty smile eagerly.

MR. BINGLEY
(zeros in on Jane)
I wonder if I might ask the
pleasure of this dance --

JANE
Jane.

MR. BINGLEY
Jane.

Bingley and Jane share a moment of eye contact. Mrs. Bennett
looks beside herself with excitement.

Liz tilts her head to herself to say 'Of course, he didn't pick me,' and fixes her dress self consciously.

MRS. BENNETT

You picked the loveliest of my girls, Mr. Bingley! She had many proposals by the age of 15!

Mr. Bennett elbows his wife to shush. Bingley takes Jane's hand as they go to the dance floor.

MRS. LONG

(droll)

I'd hardly say 'one' is the same as 'many', Mrs. Bennett.

MRS. BENNETT

Look at them dance! Jane is so beautiful!

Liz curls her lip with contempt.

MRS. KENICOT

The pickings look slim for your other girls, sorry to say.

CHARLOTTE

Perhaps one of those gentlemen will ask us to dance.

She and Liz look to a group of HOMELY BACHELORS, drinking from beer steins, gazing their way.

LIZ

I'd sooner marry a well-rotted unmentionable.

MRS. BENNETT

(to Mr. Bennett)

Make Liz mind her words.

Mr. Bennett merely raises his eyebrows.

CHARLOTTE

We must be realistic, Liz.

MR. COLLINS

I should like to dance!

He smiles gamely at the Bennett sisters. Mrs. Bennett nudges Liz, who looks away. Lydia, Mary, Kitty, start to offer their hands as Mrs. Bennett nods -- WHEN CHARLOTTE GETS IN FRONT OF THEM ALL AND TAKES MR. COLLINS' HAND TO THE DANCE FLOOR.

TB

MRS. BENNETT
Charlotte Lucas! One of YOU should
have danced with the Parson, Liz!

BUT LIZ IS STARING AT MR. DARCY, the darkly handsome
gentleman who ambles by with Bingley's smart set, watching
Jane dance with Bingley.

MR. DARCY
(passing with his clique)
Bingley got the only good looking
one here!

DARCY'S PAL
What about the second oldest?

MR. DARCY
I'd prefer to not lower my
standards. She isn't at all
handsome enough for me to consider,
especially given her lower station.

LIZ LOOKS STRUCK IN THE FACE, HER EYES OPEN WIDE AT THE
INSULT SHE'S OVERHEARD. THE OTHERS AROUND HER -MR. AND MRS.
BENNETT, THE OTHER SISTERS, MRS. LONG ETC. - LOOK SIMILARLY
STRUCK BY DARCY'S REMARK.

LIZ
Liz, you should have worn the other
dress I said!

MR. BENNETT
That's not true, she looks lovely.

MRS. LONG
Poor Liz set her sites implausibly
high.

LIZ
Do shut your bellowing mouth, Mrs.
Long.

MRS. LONG
Don't blame me for what God gave
you, or didn't.

LIZ
Clearly you speak of your own
noxious putrescent visage and odor.

MRS. BENNETT
LIZ!

The sisters gasp.

LIZ
(glares at Darcy)
And damn that mannequin peacock
dung pile named Darcy.

MRS. LONG
Mr. Darcy.

LIZ
God-DAMN Mr. Darcy!

MRS. BENNETT
(eyes bulge)
Ach!

LIZ WALKS OFF, INTO THE PARTY. Mrs. Long chuckles smugly.

MR. BENNETT
She has a right to defend the
dignity of our family, my dear.

MRS. BENNETT
You have no respect for my nerves!

MR. BENNETT
I have nothing but the highest
respect for them; they have been my
constant companion for all these
years.

LIZ WINDS HER WAY THROUGH THE PARTY.

She watches Charlotte dance with Collins -- but Collins
STARES AT JANE as she dances with Bingley. Collins is smitten
with Jane.

AT THE CAKE TABLE --

Liz finds herself alone with elderly MR. COOMBS, who looks
almost like an unmentionable, with drooping left side of his
face, a drooling corner of mouth, shaking, spotted hands as
he tries to pour tea.

LIZ
Let me help you.

She helps pour his tea.

MR. COOMBS
(half drooling)
Sannk - youuu.

Liz looks up to see MR. DARCY STARE, MURMUR TO HIS FRIENDS,
WHO SHAKE THEIR HEADS as they look at elderly Mr. Coombs.

LIZ

Mr. Coombs is not an unmentionable!
He had a stroke last year, you can
stop your whispering!

Darcy, taken aback by Liz's tone, stares before turning away
with his snobbish friends. Liz watches Mr. Coombs totter
away with his tea. SHE TURNS TOWARD THE CAKES AND BUMPS INTO
SOMEONE --

LIZ (CONT'D)

Excuse me--

MR. WHITTINGTON

Beg your pardon.

AS LIZ TURNS AND LOOKS, HER JAW DROPS: IT IS MR. WHITTINGTON,
the narrator/historian KILLED AT THE START, NOW ALIVE AS AN
UNMENTIONABLE. The torn coat shoulder hangs where his missing
arm used to be; open wounds of rotten flesh mark his head,
face, neck.

LIZ

(shocked whisper)

Mr. Whittington!

She reaches for the handle of a dagger concealed in her
dress. He raises a finger to his decaying lips.

MR. WHITTINGTON

(speaks with zombie
difficulty and stammer)

La-Liz, sh-show ma-mercy --

LIZ

(deeply puzzled)

You're undead but you--

He tries to eat a piece of cake but it doesn't quite all make
it into his torn mouth.

LIZ (CONT'D)

-don't behave at all like them, you
don't attack, how is this so?

MR. WHITTINGTON

(trying pathetically to
eat cake with a useless
jaw)

(MORE)

TB

MR. WHITTINGTON (CONT'D)
 I-I h-have learned --important
 things --ca-could make me - ga-
 great ha-historian of our time --
 ca-could be wa-why ga-god cha-chose
 this fate for ma-me--

LIZ
 (horrified, fascinated)
 What things?

MR. WHITTINGTON
 (urgent, confidential)
 Ma-most imp-ortant, Liz -- ma-must
 listen, there are re-f-finements-

LIZ
 What refinements?

MR. WHITTINGTON
 --da-stinctions, pa-possibilities-

LOP! WHITTINGTON'S HEAD IS SLICED OFF WITH A SWORD BY MR.
 DARCY. The head drops into the cake, the body stands, then
 drops, revealing Darcy.

People gasp, a commotion forms. Liz is stunned and FURIOUS.

MR. DARCY
 I narrowly saved her life.

He re-sheaths his sword; some people applaud.

LIZ
 You idiot! He was telling me
 something crucial!

MR. DARCY
 An unmentionable?!

SPOTTED LAUGHTER FROM THE CROWD.

MR. DARCY (CONT'D)
 She sounds delusional, probably
 shock, get her some water!

He turns and disappears into a crowd of backslapping and
 toasts, the brave hero. Bingley and Jane look troubled as
 they watch Liz from afar. Lydia rushes up with a glass of
 water - WHICH LIZ IGNORES AS SHE FUMES AND WALKS LIKE A
 DETERMINED KILLER TOWARD DARCY'S BACK, 15 YARDS AWAY. She has
 vengeance in her eyes as she DRAWS HER DAGGER AND RAISES IT
 TO KILL DARCY WHEN -- HER HAND IS GRABBED BY MR. BENNETT --

TB

MR. BENNETT
(quietly)
Temper, darling.

LIZ
What of the Shao Lin code of family honor? I should have avenged our name when he first spoke ill of us!

MRS. LONG
I told you not to aim too high,
Bitter Liz.

Liz turns sharply to Mrs. Long and squeezes the dagger as her father again strains to control her arm and wrist.

AT JUST THAT MOMENT THE TALL WINDOWS EXPLODE WITH VICIOUS ZOMBIES IN FULL ATTACK, FAST AND FEROCIOUS, 20 OF THEM, HALF MEN, HALF WOMEN, OF ALL AGES, INCLUDING TEENS.

SCREAMS and CHAOS RIP THROUGH THE CROWD OF 70 GUESTS. AN ELDERLY MATRON ZOMBIE EATS MRS. LONG'S NECK AND FACE AS MRS. LONG SCREAMS.

LIZ LAUGHS DERISIVELY.

MRS. BENNETT
ELIZABETH, DEFEND THESE PEOPLE!

LIZ
(laughing)
Not yet.

She kung fu deflects zombies that come at her and points to other elder snobs being ravaged, with a chuckle:

LIZ (CONT'D)
(chuckling)
Mr. Haynesworth, Mrs. Kenicot, too bad.

ACROSS THE ROOM LIZ SEES DARCY ARTFULLY KILLING ZOMBIES WITH HIS SWORD TIL HE PAUSES AND HAS EYE CONTACT WITH LIZ, SHOCKED SHE IS STANDING STILL.

MR. BENNETT
(CLAPS HIS HANDS)
BENNETT SISTERS, PENTAGRAM OF DEATH!

IN AN INSTANT THE FIVE SISTERS FALL INTO A KUNG FU FORMATION AT THE CENTER OF THE ROOM AND EACH FIGHTS HER WAY FORWARD in one of the five directions of the pentagram.

Darcy and Bingley watch in amazement as Liz buzz saws through zombies, hands flying with kung fu daggers; Jane kung fu spins and fires her pistols; Lydia throws ninja stars; Mary and Kitty judo take down unmentionables, smash skulls.

IN MOMENTS LIZ AND DARCY ARE THE ONLY ONES STILL WORKING AS THEY CIRCLE FROM opposite sides, beheading fallen zombies to truly kill them. THEY MEET in the middle, STOP, LOOK UP AT EACH OTHER, SWEATY AND BLOOD SPLATTERED. LIZ GIVES HIM AN INTENSE WARRIOR LOOK, starts to deftly flip his sword from his hand with her dagger -- but he surprises her and they hold their weapons together in a standstill.

MR. BENNETT (CONT'D)

Safe home!

Liz snaps into a formation with her sisters, who march together out of the hall, followed by her parents.

DARCY IS SMITTEN AND STARES, while CAROLINE BINGLEY, sister of Bingley, stands next to him looking jealously from Darcy to Liz.

MR. BINGLEY falls in behind Darcy to watch the sisters go. Charlotte stands behind looking at Mr. Bingley with longing.

MR. COLLINS

(calls after Jane)

Goodbye, Jane! I shall come visit soon!

EXT. BENNETT HOMESTEAD - DAY - A LIGHT RAIN FALLS

INT. BENNETT HOME - CONTINUOUS

MR. BENNETT

To break into the village dance!
How could they be so bold?

CHARLOTTE

It's a new aggression. The county's vulnerable, the army's gone.

LIZ

But Mr. Whittington--

CHARLOTTE

Mr. Whittington was a zombie!

LIZ

He was not aggressive!

TB

MR. BENNETT

He was part of their plan --

LIZ

How?! He was eating cake!

LYDIA

He was a decoy, Liz!

LIZ

You don't know what you're talking about, as usual, Lydia.

MRS. BENNETT

(fussing over laundry)

The important thing is Mr. Bingley noticed Jane.

Jane looks shy and leaves the room.

CHARLOTTE

If Jane is too demure she will not hold the man's attention.

LIZ

You'd like that, wouldn't you, Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE

I'm only being practical!

BANG BANG BANG on the door, EVERYONE FREEZES. Liz draws her daggers; Lydia her stars; Kitty drops into ready position to fight; Mary cautiously flings the door open as LIZ LUNGES and holds her dagger to the throat of -- A MEEK COURIER WITH A LETTER. He shakes with fear.

COURIER

(Liz' dagger at his throat)

Letter for Miss Jane.

MRS. BENNETT

(snatches it)

IT'S AN INVITATION FROM MR. BINGLEY! HOORAY, HOW WONDERFUL!

Liz lowers her dagger. Jane rushes in and takes the letter.

JANE

I am invited to tea this afternoon at Netherfield, weather permitting.

TB

MRS. BENNETT
(puts cloak on Jane)
What a blessing, off you go!

LIZ
In the rain?!

MRS. BENNETT
Perfect! Don't take the carriage,
Bingley will care for the poor
soaked girl!

MR. BENNETT
Have you lost your mind, woman?
There are unmentionables out there!

MRS. BENNETT
She is going to tea with Mr.
Bingley!

MR. BENNETT
Not alone!

CHARLOTTE
I shall join her.

MRS. BENNETT
Out of the question! You fancy Mr.
Bingley as well!

LYDIA
I shall protect her!

She flings TWO NINJA STARS that land on Mr. Collins' already
damaged portrait.

MRS. BENNETT
I just repaired that!

MR. BENNETT
Lydia, you are not a strong enough
fighter. Liz must go.

LYDIA
Liz, Liz, Liz! You always take her
side, what about me? I'm as good as
Liz!

LIZ
You're neither mature nor fast
enough, your katta and footwork
need practice.

Lydia throws a star at Liz, who dodges and kung fu slaps Lydia in the face three times so fast it stunningly throws her back into a chair.

KITTY

Break it up, you two!

MRS. BENNETT

Mr. Bennett, do not send Liz along to Bingleys, she's too negative, she'll spoil everything!

LYDIA

But I won't, send me!

MR. BENNETT

If I accept your manipulative rain-soaked courtship of Jane, Mrs. Bennett, you must accept my choice of the best fighter protection for our girls.

MRS. BENNETT

Fair enough.

LIZ

You're both crazy.

MR. BENNETT

Quite right. Welcome to the Bennetts. Now off you go with your sister Jane and be careful.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE EN ROUTE TO BINGLEY'S NETHERFIELD - DAY

It rains as Liz and Jane ride on horseback.

JANE

Don't be cynical, you must like someone, Liz. I saw how you looked at Mr. Darcy.

LIZ

With hatred?

JANE

Like you like him.

LIZ

Like to smash his face in.

TB
SUDDENLY A WOMAN ZOMBIE jumps from an overhang onto Jane, pulls her from the horse.

JANE

AHHH!

Liz leaps from her horse, stabs the zombie repeatedly in the head, exploding the skull. The zombie rolls off Jane.

JANE (CONT'D)

She cut me --

There is a nasty gash across Jane's collar bone. Liz sees a GARDEN SPADE clenched in the dead zombie's hand.

JANE (CONT'D)

Look out!

Liz throws a back kick, knocking back a BOY ZOMBIE who was creeping up on her; she whips around and snaps his neck, then slashes his throat. Then she helps Jane up.

EXT. NETHERFIELD PARK - A MANSION - DAY

WIDE SHOT: Liz and Jane gallop toward the mansion on horseback.

INT. NETHERFIELD PARK - DAY

BUTLER EDWIN, older, bald, stands, announces:

BUTLER EDWIN

(announces)

Miss Bennett and Miss Bennett!

WIDE SHOT: Liz and Jane stand, wet, bedraggled, solitary figures against the large, spare, white, high ceilinged room.

CLOSE ON: Bingley rushes forward from the opposite door, with warmth and concern; followed by his sister Caroline.

MR. BINGLEY

Jane, you're soaked to the bone!
And you've been cut!

He examines the gash in her collar bone.

MR. DARCY

(OS)

I'd tend to that before --

Liz turns, SURPRISED, to see DARCY.

MR. DARCY (CONT'D)
 -- it turns to something
 unmentionable.

LIZ
 She wasn't bitten; she was gashed,
 with a spade. What are you doing
 here?

Darcy circles the sisters, studies their mud and blood
 splattered dresses.

MR. DARCY
 Mr. Bingley is one of my dearest
 friends, I visit often. I'm
 impressed that you defended
 yourselves very capably again. It
 gives you a certain [he studies
 Liz] glow.

Liz and Darcy sustain eye contact; Bingley's sister Caroline
 is jealous.

CAROLINE BINGLEY
 Most unbecoming for a lady. Look at
 the mud on them.

MR. BINGLEY
 (ever affable)
 My sister prefers men do the
 fighting. I hardly care, as I'm not
 a very good fighter at all.

He chuckles with good natured self deprecation. JANE SNEEZES.

MR. BINGLEY (CONT'D)
 (to Jane)
 Let's get you upstairs by a fire,
 we must dress that wound and give
 you dry clothes. I insist you stay
 the night.

Liz gives Jane a look that says 'Mom's plan worked.'

CAROLINE BINGLEY
 Why?! They can take our carriage
 home! Certainly Liz doesn't need to
 stay.

MR. DARCY
 (to Liz)
 I'm sure Miss Bennett wants to look
 after her injured sister.

He and Liz stare at each other. Caroline watches their eye contact jealously and leaves in a huff.

INT. UPSTAIRS NETHERFIELD CHAMBER BY FIREPLACE - NIGHT

A darkened room, Liz sits by Jane's bed in the light of the fire, redressing Jane's wound.

JANE

You're too good to me. I'm glad Mr. Darcy's here, but I do hope he won't insult you again.

LIZ

That's a bit like hoping father's goat won't wet fart the wall again.

Jane let's out a laugh. Liz draws the curtains around Jane's bed. Liz gets undressed to her corset. Goes to the large window shutters, is about to close them, when she sees something outside in the night.

IT'S MR. DARCY, SHIRTLESS, PRACTICING KUNG FU FORMS WITH HIS SWORD. Sweat glistens as he works out. Lightening flashes in the sky, threatening to rain again. Liz watches Darcy intently, is turned on by it until she looks up and notices, in a window across the courtyard, Bingley's jealous sister Caroline staring darkly at Liz. Caroline closes her shutters. Liz takes a last look at Darcy training shirtless - FADE OUT.

FADE IN - INT. GIANT GOTHIC DRAWING ROOM - MORNING

Caroline Bingley sits playing the piano forte. Liz stands on one side of the piano drinking tea. Darcy on the other side, also drinking tea.

CAROLINE BINGLEY

(provoking, as she plays piano)

What qualities, Mr. Darcy, do you feel an accomplished woman should possess?

MR. DARCY

A thorough knowledge of music.

CAROLINE BINGLEY

Yes.

MR. DARCY

Singing, drawing, dancing, modern languages.

CAROLINE BINGLEY

Indeed.

MR. DARCY

And she must possess a certain something in her air and manner of walking, the tone of her voice, always agreeable, helpful, and unselfish.

Caroline nods and plays a flourish.

LIZ

This is a person we're talking about, right?

MR. DARCY

She must be well trained in the fighting styles of the Kyoto masters --

LIZ

Oh, the Kyoto masters, not the Shao Lin masters? We studied with the Shao Lin, who are the originators --

MR. DARCY

The Chinese style is inferior and only grew refined in Japan.

LIZ

Sounds like a Kyoto-based opinion, in my inferior, Shao Lin opinion.

MR. DARCY

You've heard of Lady Catherine?

LIZ

Reputed to be the most skilled martial artist in all Hertfordshire? Of course I've heard of her.

MR. DARCY

Trained in Kyoto.

LIZ

Sorry, I can't say if she's superior til I've seen her abilities myself.

MR. DARCY

Miss Bennett, what do you feel makes a truly accomplished woman?

LIZ
Shao Lin fighting.

CAROLINE BINGLEY
That's it?

LIZ
That's it. Shao lin, pentagram of death, ten hands of the dragon, iron wing of the crane, no tommyrot, straight Chinese kung fu. With the rhythm and timing of piano forte, the structure and flow of modern languages, the movement and memory of dance, with the focussed precision and confidence that comes from practicing of kattas at night outside, alone, sweating, blood flushing my arms, legs, and chest as I train naked in the dark, which gives the most exuberant feeling of freedom and aliveness wrapped in discipline.

Darcy is riveted, enchanted, stares at Liz; he feels recognized and in turn recognizes Liz.

PLINK - Caroline hits a single piano key as she stares in shock.

MR. DARCY
(staring at Liz)
Do play more, Caroline, I should like to dance with Miss Bennett--

LIZ
That won't be necessary, Caroline. I decline Mr. Darcy's presumptuous invitation.

DARCY STARES, STUNG AND CAPTIVATED.

LIZ (CONT'D)
I'm sure my family's way of dancing would be considered inferior and unrefined by Mr. Darcy's standards.

MR. DARCY
I have never spoken ill of your family.

LIZ
Not directly to my face, no. You're too polite for that.

TB

BUTLER EDWIN

(announces)

Mrs. Bennett, Miss Bennett, Miss
Bennett, and Miss Bennett.

Liz, Darcy, Caroline turn to see Mrs. Bennett and the three
younger sisters like a gaggle of geese clustered together in
the large open space. The Bennetts burst into uncontained
chatter.

MRS. BENNETT & THREE SISTERS

(looking around)

Inside Netherfield! Look at the
wallpaper, is this real gold?

Mrs. Bennett touches the wallpaper.

MR. DARCY

Please don't touch that, it's from
India.

MARY

What a beautiful piano!

MRS. BENNETT

My Mary plays very nicely.

MARY WALKS OVER TO CAROLINE AT THE PIANO.

MARY

Let's try a duet.

Mary plays passionately, but very badly. Liz winces in a
loving way; Darcy looks mortified.

LYDIA

Where do you train?

Kitty hip throws Lydia, accidentally knocking a Japanese
screen, which falls on an end table and tips over a rare vase
Mr. Darcy barely catches before it hits the floor.

MR. DARCY

That's a Kyoto antique!

Liz stifles a vindictive chortle. Darcy looks at her, again
struck by her irreverent freedom.

MR. BINGLEY WALKS IN ESCORTING A RECOVERED JANE.

MRS. BENNETT AND SISTERS

Jane!

They rush over and engulf her as she smiles.

MR. BINGLEY
I believe she is recovered.

MRS. BENNETT
Are you feeling better, dear Jane?

JANE
(nods)
The cut is mending nicely.

MR. BINGLEY
Her cold seems to have leveled off.

MR. DARCY
She must be watched carefully.

LIZ
It's just a cold!

MR. DARCY
It is known to be the **early** symptom
of zombie-ism. She may have been
bitten.

LIZ
She was cut **with a spade**, I was
there!

Bingley steps away from Jane and studies her with worry. Jane
looks down, shy.

MR. DARCY
Caution is **wise** in dangerous times.

LIZ
Nothing is more dangerous than a
closed mind.

MR. DARCY
Fanciful ideas of good hearted
zombies will lead to your demise,
Miss Bennett, I promise you that.

LIZ
Arrogant loss of curiosity will
surely lead to yours.

MRS. BENNETT
A ball at Netherfield would be just
the thing to lift the county's
spirits and break this tension, Mr.
Bingley, don't you think?

Bingley looks at her, flustered. His sister Caroline looks indignant.

MR. BINGLEY

I - uh - haven't quite given a ball serious thought yet--

CAROLINE BINGLEY

That is a decision my brother will make without your help, Mrs. Bennett.

MRS. BENNETT

With such a beautiful place, and so many of our young men and women in need of opportunity to meet, it seems a waste and a pity to--

LIZ

Thank you for coming with the carriage, Mother. We shouldn't impose on Mr. Bingley's graciousness any longer.

Bingley gives a small, embarrassed laugh; Jane looks shy; Darcy looks darkly at Liz; Mrs. Bennett is pinch-faced that she was cut-off mid-gambit; Caroline is happy for them to go.

EXT. NETHERFIELD MANSION - DAY

As Jane readies her pistols, Liz her daggers, their open carriage pulls out from Netherfield, with Mrs. Bennett, Lydia, Mary, Kitty, all packed in together. Mr. Bingley watches from a balcony with his sister and Darcy.

MR. BINGLEY

Do be careful!

He watches them go.

MR. BINGLEY (CONT'D)

I am quite smitten by Jane, but cannot tell if she truly cares for me; she is so demure.

CAROLINE BINGLEY

You can't be serious about any hen in that garish family, my dear brother.

Darcy continues to watch the carriage ride away as Bingley and his sister go back inside.

INT. BENNETT HOME - DAY

Liz whips ninja stars, four in a row, at Mr. Collins' already sadly repaired, increasingly damaged, portrait, causing strips of it to drop like banana peels.

MRS. BENNETT

I give up.

LYDIA

Those are my stars!

LIZ

I can train with them if I like.

LYDIA

No, you can't!

MR. BENNETT

Nice aim, Lizzie.

LYDIA

Why must you encourage her?!

MRS. BENNETT

Mr. Collins **is** here!

She frantically takes the portrait down.

MOMENTS LATER -

Mr. Collins, in ministerial collar, puffs on his long pipe, stirs his tea like a visiting benefactor as the Bennetts sit in polite silence.

MR. COLLINS

Have you moved my portrait?

MRS. BENNETT

Yes, into the girls' room.

Liz squints disdainfully at her mother. Mr. Bennett suppresses a chuckle.

MR. COLLINS

(clears his throat)

You are aware of my sponsorship to pastor my own church?

MRS. BENNETT

Ooh, how nice. And what sponsor is that?

TB

MR. COLLINS
Lady Catherine de Bourgh.

MRS. BENNETT AND YOUNGER SISTERS
Ahhhh.

They gasp with being impressed.

MRS. BENNETT
That is indeed a very fine sponsor.

MR. COLLINS
And I aspire to serve as the finest
Parson in the county. Here is a
sermon I'm crafting:

Liz narrows her eyes with aversion at Collins as he pulls out
his sermon.

MR. COLLINS (CONT'D)
(reads)
'In times such as these, we must
chase the devil from our homes,
sweep the county clean of
unmentionables, renew our bond with
the Lord. The zombie plague is
God's trial for us, an opportunity!
We will pass this test with
stronger faith.'

Mrs. Bennett claps with over eagerness, joined by Lydia,
Mary, and Kitty. Liz gives a sidelong glance of 'Whatever.'

MR. COLLINS (CONT'D)
(puffs his pipe)
A little preview of Sunday.

MRS. BENNETT
It's perfect, Mr. Collins. The only
thing you need now is a good wife.

Liz starts COUGHING theatrically. Her father pats her back.
Mrs. Bennett looks at him sharply.

MR. COLLINS
I must confess the fairest wifely
choices are right here in this
room: my own dear cousins, the
Bennett sisters.

Giggles from Lydia, Mary, Kitty. Liz looks shocked as she
sits with the tea tray on her lap, next to Jane and Mr.
Bennett, wearing worried expressions.

TB

MR. COLLINS (CONT'D)

(looks to Jane)

The good Lord urges us to cherish
life and not waste a moment living
it.

MRS. BENNETT

Amen to that, Mr. Collins.

MR. COLLINS

In that spirit, Mr. and Mrs.
Bennett, [stands and faces the
sisters] I shall declare that I am
enchanted by your daughter, Jane,
and request to speak to her alone,
if I may, about the future.

Jane covers her face, shy and overwhelmed while the sisters
look at Collins with raised eyebrows.

MRS. BENNETT

Oh, dear, Parson, I wish never to
offend you, but I'm afraid Jane is
spoken for. We expect a serious
proposal imminently.

MR. COLLINS

(disappointed, puffs his
pipe)

Oh.

MRS. BENNETT

But Liz is quite available and
almost as fair as Jane.

MR COLLINS

(encouraged, turns to Liz)

Oh, why, yes! She IS almost as
fair!

Liz stands abruptly shattering the tea set to the floor.

LIZ

Tommyrot!

MRS. BENNETT

Liz!

A SHELL EXPLODES OUTSIDE - RATTLING EVERYTHING AS CLOUDS OF
DIRT SMASH THROUGH THE WINDOWS, HIT MR. COLLINS IN THE FACE,
LAND IN HIS TEA, HIT MRS. BENNETT IN THE FACE. Everyone
stands. Liz still looks FURIOUS.

ANOTHER SHELL EXPLODES OUTSIDE. THEY ALL RUSH TO THE DOOR AND STEP OUT --

EXT. BENNETT HOME - CONTINUOUS

25 feet from the house - A PACK OF 15 VICIOUS ZOMBIES RUNS toward the far woods, chased by 4 SOLDIERS FIRING RIFLES. AN OUT OF BREATH SOLDIER PAUSES THE SHOUT TO THE BENNETTS --

OUT OF BREATH SOLDIER
Clear the area! Go to Merryton!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - POV OF FAST MOVING CARRIAGE

Flaming brush and trees, dead bodies on the road as Mr. Bennett drives the open carriage fast; all Bennetts plus Mr. Collins are crammed in together. Collins tries to put his arm around Liz' shoulders comfortingly, but nauseously flicks it off. Her mother sternly puts it back.

THEY PASS BROKEN CRATES OF FOOD, THEN SEVERAL RED BARRELS OF MARKED 'KEROSENE' - SOME OF THEM SPLIT OPEN - THEN see the WRECKAGE OF A CARRIAGE off to the side.

JANE
The Bickfords coach!

KITTY
We must stop and help!

Mr. Bennett brings the carriage to an abrupt halt. They look at the wreck 20 yards away, just before the ground drops down to lower ground beyond.

MRS. BENNETT
Is it safe?

MR. BENNETT
They're our neighbors. We must see
if they can be saved.

The sisters draw their weapons. Liz looks DISGUSTED at Mr. Collins' arm on her shoulders as she readies her daggers.
CUT TO:

LIZ AND JANE LEAD EVERYONE IN CAUTIOUS APPROACH to the carriage wreck. Mr. Collins nervously puffs his pipe as he walks with them. At the wreck they see arms and legs of one CRUSHED WOMAN who is clearly dead.

LIZ
Poor Abigail.

TB

JANE

Where are the others?

THEY CREEP CAUTIOUSLY AROUND THE WRECKED CARRIAGE -- where they see DEAD MEMBERS OF THE BICKFORD FAMILY AMID STREWN SUPPLIES. There are THREE ZOMBIES - picking through the supplies, not eating flesh or brains. The ZOMBIES look up, frightened - as the sisters stand braced to fight. A TEEN BOY ZOMBIE APPEALS TO THEM in halting talk.

TEEN BOY ZOMBIE

(scared)

Pa-please --we -- do not -- fight--

JANE

Perhaps they are deserving mercy --

The Bennetts stare in riveted curiosity when --

LIZ angrily GRABS Collins' pipe from his mouth and FLINGS it to the kerosene soaked wreck WHICH ERUPTS INTO FLAMES - ENGULFING THE DEAD BODIES AND SUPPLIES. THREE FLAMING ZOMBIES RUN PANICKED AND COLLAPSE DEAD IN A FIELD.

LIZ

God has no mercy, why should we?

JANE

But they **seemed** different like Mr. Whittington!

LIZ

(bitterly)

If there is no difference in husbands, there is no difference in zombies.

She looks bitterly from her mother to Mr. Collins, then walks back to the Bennett's coach. Mr. Collins looks stung; Mrs. Bennett deeply troubled.

AT THE COACH - Mr. Bennett climbs into the front seat next to the angry Liz.

MR. BENNETT

The pressures on you are great, Liz. Don't harden your heart. You may yet meet a husband you like before it is too late.

Liz frowns, unconvinced.

TB
EXT. MERRYTON - DAY

A HANDSOME BLOND LIEUTENANT (WICKHAM) BLOWS A WHISTLE LOUD as
The village bustles with SOLDIERS and VILLAGERS. The
Bennetts cover their ears.

WICKHAM
(barks orders)
Take the prisoners to the stables!

He directs SOLDIERS with 15 ZOMBIES in SHACKLES -- ONE OF
THEM AGITATES LIKE A MAD DOG LUNGING TOWARD THE BENNETTS, THE
YOUNGER SISTERS SCREAM -- WICKHAM HITS THE ZOMBIE WITH A
RIDING CROP AND SHOUTS --

WICKHAM (CONT'D)
Do you want to cooperate or do you
want your head cut off?!

Zombie lunges again and Wickham's sword decapitates the
zombie, whose head rolls to the feet of Liz.

Liz BOOTS the head away like a soccer ball.

MRS. BENNETT
Lizzie!

Wickham and Liz stare at each other at close range.

WICKHAM
Can I help you, ma'am?

LIZ
Shells nearly blew us out of
Longbourne.

WICKHAM
I'm so sorry, but ummentionables
are back, and the crown won't send
troops this time, so we are
managing the best we can. (removes
his hat) Lieutenant George Wickham.

LIZ
Elizabeth Bennett.

WICKHAM
Your reputation precedes you.

LIZ
As what?

WICKHAM
A great Shao Lin fighter.

TB

LIZ
Have you trained in China?

WICKHAM
Only England. Couldn't afford
China.

LIZ
I understand; we couldn't afford
Japan.

Mr. Bennett elbows Jane as they watch the flirtation unfold.
Jane and the other sisters smile. Mrs. Bennett looks unhappy.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Why are you taking zombie prisoners
instead of destroying them?

WICKHAM
Very curious. There appears to be a
population of unmentionables that
are different, I'm trying to figure
them out. You probably think I'm
mad.

LIZ
Anyone who doesn't look into it is
mad. I've been trying to figure it
out myself.

A bonding look between them.

WICKHAM
We must not harden our hearts to
what we do not yet understand.

MR. DARCY
(OS)
What rubbish are you talking now,
Wickham?

THEY LOOK UP TO SEE MR. DARCY ON HORSEBACK. WICKHAM STARES AT
DARCY -- THERE IS A HISTORY AND AN ENMITY HERE.

WICKHAM
Things I fear you would never
understand with your superior
attitude.

LIZ
Indeed.

Darcy pointedly glowers at Wickham, then rides off.

TB

LIZ (CONT'D)

You seem to know each other.

WICKHAM

Since childhood. My father worked for his father, if you understand.

LIZ

I think I do.

WICKHAM

His aunt as well. Do you know her?

LIZ

Who is Mr. Darcy's aunt?

WICKHAM

Lady Catherine. She fancies marrying her daughter to Mr. Darcy. They like to keep the riches in the family, not finding others worthy, of course.

LIZ

Of course.

SARGEANT

(runs up)

Northern areas are clear, sir.

WICKHAM

Thank you, Sargeant. (to Liz) Your home is safe again, I'll try to keep the shells away from your door.

He takes her hands and kisses it, which makes her blush. Mr. Bennett watches with pleasure.

SARGEANT

Will I see you at Bingley's ball this week?

LIZ

I don't believe we've been invited -

MR. BENNETT

We will be there, sir. Thank you for protecting us.

He walks Liz back to their carriage.

TB

MR. BENNETT (CONT'D)

What did I tell you about not
giving up?

Liz can't help smiling as her sisters giggle like
schoolgirls.

MRS. BENNETT

That soldier hasn't a penny to his
name!

MR. BENNETT

Be quiet, woman!

EXT. NETHERFIELD MANSION - NIGHT

The mansion is lit up; carriages arrive outside. The Bennetts
step out of their comparatively humble carriage next to the
opulent ones gathering. Liz gets out and looks up at the
mansion. Jane gets very shy and insecure.

JANE

I don't want to go in!

LIZ

(takes Jane's arm)

He likes you, Jane, don't be
intimidated.

BUTLER EDWIN

Welcome back, Miss Bennett and Miss
Bennett.

LIZ

(to Jane)

See?

Liz walks Jane in, followed by the rest of the Bennetts.

INT. NETHERFIELD MANSION - NIGHT

High wide shot of massive dining room lit with chandeliers
and long tables running the length of the room with posh
guests seated on either side of the white linen crystal
glistening tables.

Camera drops down and runs the length of one long table,
slowing down after about 20 people to move slowly on MR.
DARCY CHATTING TO THE ELEGANT, SUPREME, ARCH LADY CATHERINE
DE BOURGH, taller than the others, bejeweled, hair high upon
her head. On right side of Lady Catherine is her very pretty
daughter, ANNE;

then Mr. Bingley himself, who is trying to look across the table to Jane who shyly avoids his gaze - confusing him.

MR. DARCY

The fairest sister --

LADY CATHERINE

The tall pretty one --

MR. DARCY

(nods)

--was scarred by unmentionables
Tuesday and it is unclear what the
status of her health is.

They stare at Jane and continue to mutter under their breath.
ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE TABLE, AND DOWN A LITTLE BIT,
LIZ, seated with her family and Mr. Wickham, Collins,
Charlotte, sees Darcy and Catherine talking.

LIZ

(under her breath)

Jane is NOT a zombie, I wish they'd
stop whispering like that!

MRS. BENNETT

Mind your temper, Elizabeth.

LIZ

Look at them staring! They're
making her more and more
uncomfortable.

Jane looks down at her plate as Mr. Bingley tries to get her
attention from across the table and fails.

WICKHAM

They stand on ceremony, yet their
exclusive society allows them to be
rude.

LIZ

The hypocrisy is nauseating.

She and Wickham tip their wine glasses to each other. Liz is
happy til she turns to COLLINS (seated next to Charlotte)
leering at Liz and Wickham jealously. Collins gives Liz a
creepy 'I really like you, please like me' smile, but she
looks back at Wickham who smiles warmly. BUTLER EDWIN pours
more wine for them.

LYDIA

What are these things?

She picks up from the table a A CIRCLE OF TWIGS, 3 INCHES IN DIAMETER, WITH A ZIG ZAG SYMBOL IN THE CENTER OF TWIGS.

MRS. BENNETT

Put those down!

LYDIA

I want to know what it is!

MRS. BENNETT

Why do you always have to make trouble?

MARY

Nobody else is touching them!

MR. BENNETT

It's a table decoration.

Mr. Bingley picks one up, puzzled.

MR. BINGLEY

(puzzled)

My butler must have made them.
Speaking of Edwin, why haven't the
dinner plates been cleared?

Everyone looks around in awkward tension.

LIZ

You would think Mr. Darcy had
manners to at least introduce us to
Lady Catherine.

MR. BINGLEY

Oh, I can do that. (calls to her)
Lady Catherine!

But Lady Catherine is engrossed in whispering and laughing with her daughter and Mr. Darcy. Bingley seems the well meaning but ineffective rich host again. He looks uncomfortable.

MR. COLLINS

I have heard talk that there may be
a provisional government of
unmentionables. Preposterous, isn't
it?

CHARLOTTE

Quite preposterous.

WICKHAM

We must be very careful not to rule out all offensives from our enemy.

LADY CATHERINE

Only a fool would entertain the most ridiculous scenarios.

MR. DARCY

I agree.

WICKHAM

You think you're safe within your great houses but you will regret the day you have not defended yourselves properly due to your narrow attitudes!

MR. DARCY

If I am not mistaken, you are starting to sound rude, Mr. Wickham.

WICKHAM

I believe you are speaking of yourself, sir.

MR. BINGLEY

(standing)

WHERE in the world are the buttle staff to clear the table for dessert? EDWIN!!

No answer. Bingley throws down his napkin.

MR. BINGLEY (CONT'D)

Excuse me, please.

He leaves. THERE ARE MURMURS THROUGHOUT THE DINING ROOM. Mr. Wickham whispers to Liz - while she has eye contact with Mr. Darcy who looks at her darkly, intensely.

BINGLEY COMES BACK, FLUSTERED.

MR. BINGLEY (CONT'D)

(flustered)

Mr. Darcy, I wonder if you might help me with a possible predicament in the kitchen?

People look uncomfortable.

MR. COLLINS

Are we in danger?

MR. BINGLEY

Everything is fine! Please, stay
for desert and dancing! We'll be
right back!

Liz sees this, sees LADY CATHERINE and daughter Anne STARE,
whisper; Liz stands to join Bingley and Darcy going to the
kitchen.

MR. DARCY

Miss Bennett, I would prefer if you
took your seat. I am quite capable
of attending to Mr. Bingley myself.

LIZ

Of that I have no doubt, Mr. Darcy.
Just as I have no doubt of my
ability to form my own opinions. Do
you wish to cause a stir or shall
we go to the kitchen?

WICKHAM

I shall join you, as well.

LIZ

Please do, Mr. Wickham.

Darcy squints Liz, annoyed, as they walk to the kitchen with
Bingley.

INT. NETHERFIELD KITCHEN - NIGHT

Darcy steps into the large kitchen first, followed by
Bingley, Liz, and Wickham. The kitchen is eerily empty -- the
desserts, dishes, spoons, left mid-service.

BINGLEY

(shouts)

EDWIN! Where are you?

Liz looks to the floor and sees spilled dessert, an apron, a
maid's hat, pans, broken china. Darcy follows the trail of
debris, and there is BLOOD.

They all follow the trail of splattered blood to the basement
stairs. Darcy takes a lantern and leads the way down the
basement stairs, which are smeared with blood. They see a
SEVERED HAND, then a FOOT AND ANKLE.

MR. DARCY

Miss Bennett should go back.

LIZ

Maybe you should go back.

They continue down the stairs. At the bottom, in the low light of the cellar, they see BUTLER EDWIN, LYING ON HIS BACK LOOKING UP AT THEM, his lower half obscured by shadow.

MR. BINGLEY

Edwin! Are you all right?

EDWIN THE BUTLER

I'm afraid not, sir.

He is dragged by someone unseen into the shadows, WHEN DARCY HOLDS UP THE LANTERN they see THREE VICIOUS CHILDREN ZOMBIES, ages 7, 8, 10, eating Edwin's legs. By the LIGHT OF DARCY'S LAMP, the 10 YEAR OLD USES A MEAT Mallet TO SMASH EDWIN'S skull so the 7 and 8 year old eat the brains with spoons.

Bingley cringes with horror back into Darcy, who TURNS UP LARGER LANTERNS ILLUMINATING THE CELLAR.

THEY SEE 12 CHILDREN ZOMBIES, ages 8 to 14, in various states of eating the brains of THE KITCHEN STAFF, WHO ARE SPRAWLED ACROSS THE FLOOR. THEY HISS LIKE RABID ANIMALS AT DARCY, LIZ, ET AL.

LIZ

(draws her daggers)

They're children!

WICKHAM

Deadly children! [draws his sword]
I shall handle this.

He shoves past Darcy and Liz, who look at each other.

MR. DARCY

Be our guest, Mr. Wickham.

Wickham starts with gusto, swinging his sword floridly, decapitating one zombie who lunges at him. Liz raises her eyebrows to Darcy --

LIZ

Mr. Wickham's quite capable, in spite of not training in Japan, isn't he?

But Wickham's sword accidentally fumbles out of his hand, clatters to the floor; Wickham fumbles to pick it up as he's kicked in the ass and head by Child Zombies. A ZOMBIE, age 12, grabs the sword to use against Wickham, hacking his arm.

Wickham clumsily fights hand to hand, slips in a pool of blood, falls, scrambles, falls in greasy blood. LIZ WINCES. DARCY TURNS TO LIZ AND RAISES HIS EYEBROWS.

THE ELDEST ZOMBIE (14) in the corner HISSES INDECIPHERABLE INSTRUCTIONS TO THE OTHERS WHO SURROUND WICKHAM as he struggles to stand in the slippery blood.

MR. DARCY

May I?

LIZ NODS. DARCY FLIES INTO PRECISE, FORCEFUL KUNG FU, SCATTERING ZOMBIES, TWISTING HEADS OFF. LIZ WATCHES, CAPTIVATED.

MR. DARCY (CONT'D)

(as he fights)

Strategic mistake, Mr. Wickham, not to take their leader first --

He zeros in on the Eldest Zombie (14) in the corner, destroying the zombie with a series of amazing kicks.

MR. DARCY (CONT'D)

Next, identify the most vicious of the group --

He pivots on the Most Vicious Child Zombie Girl, 11, his punches shatter her head like a melon. Liz is truly dazzled by Darcy's skill and acumen.

MR. DARCY (CONT'D)

Thereby dividing the room ---

He sweeps the legs from two other zombies and smashes their heads together in an explosion of blood.

When TWO ZOMBIES CREEP UP ON DARCY'S BACK, WICKHAM TRIES TO STOP THEM BUT SLIPS and SLIDES TO THE FLOOR AGAIN.

Liz jumps in with her daggers and slices and kills the two zombies in a flurry of kung fu.

All the zombies are now dead.

LIZ

Sorry, I couldn't help myself.

MR. DARCY

I was handling it.

Darcy picks part of a zombie scalp from Liz's hair as she looks at him. TOGETHER Liz and Darcy help Wickham to his feet, each taking an arm.

MR. WICKHAM

I CHOSE my strategy, it was NOT a mistake.

MR. DARCY

I see, cleverly disguised as a bungled mistake. Well done.

MR. WICKHAM

I left the eldest alone because the eldest was going to help me--

MR. DARCY

Beg your pardon?

MR. WICKHAM

Clearly, the eldest is a hybrid --

MR. DARCY

Hybrid?

MR. WICKHAM

Whatever we wish to call them -- a mysterious group of zombies who can be humanized, spoken to, worked with--

MR. DARCY

Garbage and tommyrot!

MR. WICKHAM

You didn't give him a chance!

LIZ

It is true, Mr. Darcy, I DID speak to Mr. Whittington! He was not at all aggressive!

MR. DARCY

You THOUGHT you spoke to him.

LIZ

It happened! Don't call me a liar!

MR. WICKHAM

Everyone's a liar to the superior Mr. Darcy. I believe you, Elizabeth.

He briskly takes his sword from Mr. Darcy's hand.

MR. WICKHAM (CONT'D)

I would stay for dessert and dancing if I did not have to go back to my own understaffed, underfunded militia, desperate to save our county. We can't afford to NOT deal with the mysteriously approachable unmentionables, they may be our salvation.

MR. DARCY

TOMMYROT!

LIZ

Thank you, Mr. Wickham. Your service will one day be handsomely rewarded.

She gives her hand to Wickham, who kisses it as Darcy watches in disgusted, jealous, dismay. Wickham and LEAVES, accompanied by Mr. Bingley who is in plain SHOCK at all that has transpired in his kitchen.

Liz is now alone in the kitchen with Wickham.

MR. WICKHAM

I must tell you that Mr. Darcy's father loved me as a son and left me an inheritance that Darcy denied me, due to jealousy over his father's affection for me.

LIZ

That is inexcusably venal.

MR. WICKHAM

I am sorry, but I must go now. I hope to see you very soon.

INT. UPSTAIRS BALLROOM - NETHERFIELD - NIGHT

Mr. Bingley, shaken, holds a glass of SHERRY, stands in front of THE MUSICAL BAND while the Many Guests listen.

MR. BINGLEY

(shaken, tearful, holds glass up)

Edwin was [he tears up] a loyal butler, a great butler. Starting from my childhood. He will be sorely, sorely missed. (wipes tears) Fiona was a devoted cook -

He shakes as everyone listens. Jane clasps her hands and tears up, as she feels for Bingley.

MR. BINGLEY (CONT'D)

I know they would want us to go on with our lives in the face of this terrible plague--[chokes back tears]. So, in that spirit, let us continue with our evening. To Edwin and Fiona! [throws back his sherry].

The BAND STRIKES UP A TUNE. Bewildered guests stand, disoriented. Mr. Bingley in grief, forces merriment, as he walks through the crowd.

MR. BINGLEY (CONT'D)

(CLAPS HARD)

ENJOY LIFE! WE ARE NEITHER DEAD NOR UNDEAD! [turns to Darcy] Please help!

Darcy, wishing to help his friend, turns to Liz:

MR. DARCY

(offers his hand)

Let us help my friend by dancing, shall we?

LIZ

No thank you, AGAIN, Mr. Darcy.

MR. DARCY

I thought sympathy was your strong suit, but instead it appears to be pride.

LIZ

You wrote the book on pride, didn't you?

Jane grabs Liz's hand as Jane is pulled to the dance floor by Bingley.

JANE

Please dance! Please!

For her sister's sake, Liz relents as Darcy takes her hand to the dance floor.

TB
INT. BALLROOM DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

DARCY AND LIZ DANCE, gaze into each other's eyes with the sparks of the electric chemistry they always have: one third conflict, one third attraction, one third excitement.

MR. DARCY

(dancing)

Has your sister shown further symptoms of the inner rot?

He watches Jane dance shyly, awkwardly with Bingley.

LIZ

(dancing)

None at all! But your inner rot began when you betrayed your father's legacy to Mr. Wickham.

MR. DARCY

(dancing)

Is that what he said?

LIZ

I suppose he's another liar, like me, in your superior eyes.

IN SPITE OF THE TENSION, they dance fluidly together, lost in movement with hints of their kung fu dexterity. It is intense, connected, romantic. LADY CATHERINE AND HER DAUGHTER, Anne, BRISTLE AS THEY WATCH. THE SONG ENDS.

MR. DARCY

I hope I shall have another opportunity to clarify my past with Mr. Wickham.

Liz says nothing but just looks at him and backs away, swallowed by the crowd applauding their amazing pas de deux.

INT. BENNETT HOME - DAY

CLOSE UP: MRS. BENNETT'S PINCHED, RED FACE.

MRS. BENNETT

(excited)

JANE HURRY IT'S A LETTER FROM MR. BINGLEY!

CUT TO:

JANE NERVOUSLY OPENS THE LETTER AS THE SISTERS WATCH.

MRS. BENNETT

This is a very good sign!

JANE

(unfolding letter)

He could be inviting me back to
Netherfield.

MRS. BENNETT

To propose!

JANE'S SMILE FADES TO BEING STRICKEN as she reads.

JANE

Oh no --

MRS. BENNETT

What is it?

JANE

He is going to London. There is no
mention of ever seeing me again.

MRS. BENNETT

(snatches the letter)

That can't be! [reads] What?! It's
like a farewell! How could this
be?!

JANE BURSTS INTO TEARS. Liz hugs her sister protectively and
looks annoyed on her behalf.

LIZ

It's not right, somehow. People
speak all kinds of ill informed
rumors.

JANE

(crying)

About me?! Like what?!

LIZ

(upset on Jane's behalf)
Nothing, forget I said that.

MR. COLLINS

Good afternoon!

LIZ

Good God! Not this insufferable
frog of a man!

MRS. BENNETT
Mr. Collins! Welcome!

MR. COLLINS
You will be pleased to know I have
come speak to Elizabeth, alone.
About the future.

The sisters gasp and giggle. Mr. Bennett winces.

LIZ
Absolutely not!

MRS. BENNETT
Yes! Into the parlour, Mr. Collins,
you may speak there.

She ushers Collins and Liz, dragging her heels, into the
parlour and slams the door.

INT. PARLOUR - CONTINUOUS

Annoyed, Liz looks at Collins warily as he clears his throat
to propose.

LIZ
Don't even, Mr. Collins.

MR. COLLINS
(launches into prepared
remarks)
Liz, I am an eligible young man, we
both wish to start a fine family --

LIZ
I SHALL SPEAR YOUR HEAD ON AN IRON
PIKE BEFORE I EVER MARRY YOU, IS
THAT CLEAR?!

EXT. BENNETT HOME - DAY

Liz explodes out of the house, storms away, followed by--

MR. BENNETT
ELIZABETH!

MRS. BENNETT
I assure you she will accept!

Mrs. Bennett and Mr. Bennett run after Liz.

TB

4/.

MR. COLLINS

She may need time to contemplate
the proposal. Perfectly normal.

EXT. FIELD NEAR BENNET HOME - DAY

Mr. and Mrs. Bennett catch up to Liz.

LIZ

GET AWAY FROM ME!

MRS. BENNETT

(out of breath)

Explain the practicalities, Mr.
Bennett.

MR. BENNETT

Elizabeth, if you do not marry Mr.
Collins your mother shall never
speak to you again. [Pause] And if
you do marry him, I shall never
speak to you again.

MRS. BENNETT

How is that a solution to the loss
of our farm?!

LIZ PUNCHES AN OLD SHED, SHATTERING AN ENTIRE WALL TO
SPLINTERS, FOLLOWED BY A KUNG FU FLURRY TIL THE SHED IS
COMPLETELY DESTROYED and Liz is out of breath as she turns to
go.

MR. BENNETT

Do not wander into the woods alone!

LIZ STORMS TOWARD CAMERA in close up, leaving her parents
behind.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Liz walks alone on a path next to the woods to the sounds of
HAWKS, birds of prey; creepy. She looks up and sees HAWKS and
BUZZARDS circling above, no doubt over a corpse nearby. She
hears a WILD ZOMBIE SCREAM somewhere in the woods.

It is a frightening environment as she continues to walk,
rattled, but determined. SUDDENLY: THE SOUND OF SOMEONE FAST
APPROACHING FROM THE WOODS. LIZ JUMPS AND TURNS WITH HER
DAGGERS TO SEE --

A PACK OF WILD ZOMBIE BOARS charge around her with WILD EYES
and ROTTING FLESH. A SHRIEK TURNS LIZ AGAIN TO SEE --

TB
A GROUP OF THREE ZOMBIES APPROACH in the near distance.

She holds her daggers in her hands, slightly concealed, as they get closer, she clenches the daggers more tightly. When they are upon her, they stare her down as they pass her: ZOMBIE MOTHER HOLDING A ZOMBIE BABY; ZOMBIE FATHER; ZOMBIE GIRL, 6. A zombie family. Liz has intense eye contact, especially with the mother holding the baby. LIZ TURNS TO WATCH as they GO INTO THE WOODS--

LIZ

Excuse me --

THE ZOMBIE FAMILY STOPS AND LOOKS AT HER.

LIZ (CONT'D)

I am looking for Mr. Wickham!

Zombie family stares. No answer. Zombie mother motions for Liz to follow. Liz swallows her fear and follows.

EXT. DARK WOODS - DAY

Liz walks, warily, following the zombie family; Liz sees the 6 year old girl stare at the daggers in Liz's hands.

They come to a CEMETERY in a clearing. Liz sees: bottomless IRON CAGES, three feet high, three feet wide, four feet long, have been fitted on top of the graves.

Liz sees a ZOMBIE WOMAN operate a CRUDE WATER PUMP attached to a pipe from an OLD STONE WELL and BUCKETS filled with water by OTHER ZOMBIES. TWO SOLDIERS OVERSEE THIS.

SOLDIER 1

Water the graves, go on now.

MRS. LONG

Water the graves.

LIZ

(startled)

Mrs. Long!

It is MRS. LONG, the snobbish gossip killed at the first village dance. Half her face is eaten and rotted, she is a wreck, and she is a zombie.

MRS. LONG

Pardon -- my app--pp--pp--
earance, Liz. I have been -d-dead.

TB
Liz nods to her. Mrs. Kennicot, also civilized zombie, nods to Liz.

WICKHAM

Water the graves, soften the earth!

Zombies water graves under cages with buckets of water.

WICKHAM (CONT'D)

Elizabeth!

LIZ

George!

They run up to each other, EAGER, stand close.

LIZ (CONT'D)

I had to find you.

WICKHAM

Did you come alone?

He looks over her shoulder, worried.

LIZ

Yes.

WICKHAM

But no one knows where this is --

LIZ

No. I asked the unmentionables, they led me here.

WICKHAM

Forgive me, but not everyone accepts my defense plan for the county --

LIZ

Why are they watering the graves?

WICKHAM

As you know, the crown is prepared to lose the county.

Liz observes the WATERED earth SOFTENING AND MOVING over each watered grave.

LIZ

Are you --

THE WET EARTH EXPLODES OPEN OVER A GRAVE. A MALE ZOMBIE, 40, BREAKS OUT OF A GRAVE, INTO THE CAGE ON TOP, RATTLES THE CAGE LIKE AN ANIMAL, LIZ JUMPS BACK, as the same thing happens in the grave/cage behind her, A WOMAN ZOMBIE RATTLES HER CAGE.

LIZ (CONT'D)
--harvesting unmentionables?!

WICKHAM
(strolls a row of graves)
Conscripting an army.

LIZ'S ANKLE IS GRABBED BY A NEWLY UNEARTHED ZOMBIE IN A CAGE. WICKHAM SWINGS HIS SWORD AND LOPS OFF THE ZOMBIE'S HAND.

WICKHAM (CONT'D)
I hate when they lose a hand,
they're so much less useful -- CAN
WE CALM THESE RECRUITS PLEASE?

A FEW SOLDIERS and Mrs. Long, Mrs. Kenicot WAVE FLAMING TORCHES AT ZOMBIES IN CAGES.

SOLDIER 2
(with a torch)
SETTLE!

MRS. LONG
(waves a torch)
PIPE DOWN!

WICKHAM
Zombies from the grave are the most
violent and unmanageable.

LIZ
Then why harvest them?

She sees SOLDIERS TAKING SOME ZOMBIES FROM CAGES AND SHACKLING THEM.

WICKHAM
They come up with the rains and
attack us anyway. If we capture
them first, we can train them for
our army.

A COMMOTION - SHOUTS -- THEY SEE A GRAVE ZOMBIE BREAK AWAY FROM SOLDIERS AND START THRASHING THEM TO THE GROUND SCREAMING. MRS. LONG LIGHTS THE WILD ZOMBIE ON FIRE WHILE ANOTHER SOLDIER BEHEADS THE ZOMBIE. Order is restored.

WICKHAM (CONT'D)

We lose about a third, but that
still leaves a good number
retrained for our forces --

TWO ROWS, 10 ZOMBIES LONG EACH, IN SHACKLES, MARCH IN
FORMATION UNDER THE WATCH OF A SOLDIER GUIDING THEM TO AN
OPEN CARRIAGE. Mrs. Kenicot orders them into the carriage.

MRS. KENICOT

Two --at a-- t-time -- t-two --at a
t-time -

WICKHAM

Unmentionables such as Mrs. Long
and Mrs. Kenicot fall into the
category of the civilized
mysterious ones, or hybrids if you
will.

LIZ

They didn't rise from old graves,
but were recently bitten or killed-

WICKHAM

Exactly, and they do try to resist
the appetite for brains, and can
live nicely on a diet of
sweetbreads and horse livers. Or
raw chicken livers, as the case may
be.

THEY SEE MRS. LONG CRACKING OPEN THE HEAD OF THE NEWLY KILLED
ZOMBIE on the ground with a hammer --

WICKHAM (CONT'D)

Mrs. Long!

Mrs. Long nods and restrains herself, a quivering hand to her
half gone lips, as she steps away from the zombie corpse and
drops the hammer. Mrs. Kenicot reaches down to the zombie
brains, and soldiers pull the zombie corpse away.

WICKHAM (CONT'D)

Give them a bowl of sweetbreads!

IT STARTS TO SNOW LIGHTLY AS LIZ WATCHES.

LIZ

I'm very impressed by your care,
and kindness, George; you rise
above common prejudice with your
forward-thinking views.

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)

Clearly this is our only chance for survival.

WICKHAM

You're very kind to say so, Elizabeth. But I'm only one man, and without funds for my militia even this plan may not save us.

LIZ TAKES WICKHAM'S HANDS AS SNOW GENTLY FALLS ON THEM.

LIZ

Lady Catherine is the wealthiest woman in Hertfordshire, and she will make all your plans possible. Let me take you to her estate.

EXT. BENNETT HOME - NIGHT

Snow falls on the Bennett homestead.

INT. BENNETT HOME - CONTINUOUS

MRS. BENNETT

Stop packing and talk to Mr. Collins!

LIZ

Charlotte seems to be getting along very nicely with the Parson.

They turn to see Charlotte and Mr. Collins hold hands and laugh by the fire while Lydia, Mary, Kitty decorate the Christmas tree.

MRS. BENNETT

Good lord, no.

LIZ

I agree - he's very toady.

MRS. BENNETT

Who cares?! If he marries Charlotte, our land will belong to them! [looks at Jane] Jane! Don't fall into depression! Mr. Bingley shall come back!

JANE

(sullen)

I don't think so.

TB
JANE SITS DEPRESSED, NEEDLE POINTING A BLACK SKULL PILLOW.

MRS. BENNETT

I need a sherry to calm my nerves!

MR. BENNETT

I shall get you one, my dear and
your outlook may brighten.

Liz walks over to stroke Jane's head and comfort her; Liz
then watches Collins go to the eggnog table - and she takes
the chance to speak to Charlotte alone.

LIZ

(hushed tone)

How can you possibly be interested
in Parson Frogisham?

CHARLOTTE

(hushed tone)

Not all women can afford to be
choosy, Liz. Some must find
husbands before we become
unmentionable.

LIZ'S EYES WIDEN AS SHE SEES NEWLY ROTTING FLESH ON
CHARLOTTE'S EXPOSED WRIST. Charlotte wipes the beginnings of
zombie drool from her chin and stares at Liz pointedly.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

If you see my point, Liz.

LIZ

(hushed tone)

When did it happen?!

CHARLOTTE

(hushed tone)

Three days ago. I was riding to
church to hear Mr. Collins' preach.
My coach was attacked. I was bit on
the leg --

She lifts her skirt, shows Liz FESTERING ZOMBIE BITES on her
calf.

LIZ

(hushed)

Oh, Charlotte, I'm so sorry! But,
wait! There is hope for you!

CHARLOTTE

To live with the so-called
'Mysterious Ones'? That's a myth,
Liz.

LIZ

It's not a myth! George has created
a productive society for --

Mr. Collins walks up and hands Charlotte a cup of eggnog.

MRS. COLLINS

Everything all right, my dear?

CHARLOTTE

(takes the egg nogg)
Of course, darling.

ACROSS THE ROOM, MRS. BENNETT YANKS THE NEEDLEPOINT FROM
JANE'S HANDS.

MRS. BENNETT

Decorate the tree with your
sisters!

JANE

I don't feel like it.

MRS. BENNETT

You don't feel like doing anything.

LYDIA

Don't you want to come to Lady
Catherine's with us?

Jane shakes her head.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Will Mr. Wickham be there?

MARY

Lydia just wants to see Wickham!

LYDIA

I'm curious about his plan!

KITTY

She's in love with him!

LYDIA

Shut up! I am not!

MARY

Lizzie loves him!

LYDIA

She doesn't, I can tell!

LIZ

What do you know about my feelings?

MRS. BENNETT

Mr. Wickham has no land and no money, NONE of you should marry him!

LYDIA

He's brave and shall save the county before zombies take Hingham Bridge, I pray, or Bingley shall never return from London.

LIZ

How do you even know that?

MARY

She spies on Liz! She eavesdrops!

MRS. BENNETT

Stop it! Stop it!

MR. BENNETT

Have another sherry, darling.

SUDDENLY CHRISTMAS CAROLLERS ARE HEARD OUTSIDE --

CHRISTMAS CAROLLERS

(OS)

Hark the herald angels sing, glory to the new born king--

KITTY

The Hellfords are back to carol!

MARY

Every Christmas!

MRS. BENNETT

Thank goodness, something reliable and soothing.

JANE

(depressed)

Who cares?

Everyone but Jane rushes to the window to see THE HELLFORD FAMILY OF 5 CAROLING.

HELLFORD FAMILY

(sing)

Peace on earth, and mercy m-mild, G-
God and s-sinners rec-conciled!

BUT THEIR SINGING STARTS TO SOUND A BIT SCREECHY AND WEIRD
LIKE ZOMBIE VOICES. LIZ GIVES A WORRIED LOOK TO HER FATHER.

HELLFORD FAMILY (CONT'D)

(bit screechy zombie)

J-joyful all ye nations r-rise! J-
join the t-triumph of the s-skies!

Mr. Bennett stares at the hand of MRS. HELLFORD, 40: it is
half-skeletal, exposed bone.

MR. BENNETT

(to his family)

Get away from the window!

Too late! THE HELLFORDS EXPLODE THROUGH THE GLASS IN FULL
ZOMBIE ATTACK. Collins and Charlotte are thrown to the side
in the commotion. Mr. Bennett fights skillfully with his
walking stick, smashing zombie skulls. Liz slashes with her
daggers while Lydia grabs ninja star decorations from the
Christmas tree and flings them into zombie faces. Mary and
Kitty hip toss and choke out two of the Hellfords.

Jane sits, watching.

MRS. BENNETT

JANE, help us!

JANE

I can't fight, I'm too depressed!

Jane jumps up and runs from the room crying. Liz finishes off
the Hellfords who lie in a bloody mess under the Christmas
tree.

MRS. BENNETT

(crying)

The poor dead Hellfords!

Lydia, Mary, Kitty cry with her. Liz stares at the bodies and
shakes her head.

KITTY

(crying)

Our neighborhood tradition of
caroling is forever silenced!

TB

57.

MRS. HELLFORD ZOMBIE
(lying on the floor with a
star in her forehead)
AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH--

Liz chops her head off with two swift dagger swipes then
KICKS THE HEAD INTO THE YULE FIRE WHERE IT IGNITES. Everyone
stares in shock.

LIZ
Merry Christmas.

She leaves the room.

EXT. LADY CATHERINE'S ESTATE - DAY

Snow partly covers the ground as the Bennett carriage rolls
toward the MAGNIFICENT MANSION ON A HILL. Lydia throws three
fast ninja stars -thuck thuck thuck - into a large tree as
they approach the mansion.

LIZ
Show off, Wickham can't even see
you.

Lydia stares wide eyed at the mansion, fixing her hair.

INT. GRAND SALON OF LADY CATHERINE'S ESTATE - DAY

CATHERINE'S OLD BUTLER
Miss Bennett, etcetera, etcetera.

Liz steps forward to see LADY CATHERINE DE BOURGH, a grand
dame akin to a queen, stunning in green velvet gown, she
powerful, intimidating. LIZ DOES A SLOW FORMAL KUNG FU KATTA
WITH HER ARMS IN GREETING, FOLLOWED BY A DEEP BOW.

LIZ
Lady Catherine.

Lady Catherine nods as she slowly fans herself with a
Japanese fan.

LADY CATHERINE
(studies her)
So this must be the famous
Elizabeth Bennett.

LIZ
It is you who are famous, your
Ladyship.

LADY CATHERINE

You've met my daughter, Anne --

Liz turns to see Lady Catherine's beautiful but venal daughter, ANNE DE BOURGH... and right behind her is DARCY, who stares at a jealous Liz as she looks from Darcy to Anne and back to Darcy.

LIZ

Why am I not surprised to see you here?

MR. DARCY

Lady Catherine is my aunt.

LIZ

You seem to be visiting her daughter.

Anne stands closer to Mr. Darcy.

CATHERINE'S OLD BUTLER

(OS)

Mr. Wickham!

Darcy raises his eyebrows to Liz as Wickham walks up and stands close to Liz. Wickham bows to Lady Catherine, nods curtly to Mr. Darcy. Tension remains thick between Wickham and Darcy.

LADY CATHERINE

Let us be seated.

INT. LADY CATHERINE'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Lady Catherine sits at the head of an imperious dining table in a grand dining room.

LADY CATHERINE

I regret that due to closed roads to London, I am unable to serve sushi as planned. We will be having duck instead.

Liz looks confused.

JANE

What do you mean the roads to London are closed?!

LYDIA

What's sushi?

TB

MRS. BENNETT

Shhhh!

LADY CATHERINE

(chuckles dryly)

I wouldn't expect your family to know as you did not train in Japan, if I understand correctly.

MR. BENNETT

(unbowed)

That's correct. We could only afford to train our daughters in China.

Lady Catherine tilts her head to say 'too bad.'

LADY CATHERINE

So you would not know that raw fish is the diet of the great fighters of Kyoto.

WAITERS SERVE BOWLS OF SOUP APPETIZER.

JANE

Are people unable to return from London?!

LADY CATHERINE

The bridge at Hingham has fallen to the unmentionables.

JANE LOOKS STRICKEN.

JANE

What of Mr. Bingley?

Darcy looks down, averting his gaze.

LADY CATHERINE

(a bit sadistically)

Mr. Bingley is unable to return to Netherfield. We do not have sufficient forces to retake the bridge. The crown has other priorities.

LIZ

But CAN have sufficient forces. Mr. Wickham has a plan that I dare say is brilliant and could save Hertfordshire.

Lady Catherine and Darcy look at Liz skeptically.

LADY CATHERINE

Pray, tell us your grand plan, Mr. Wickham.

MR. WICKHAM

Surely you have heard of The Mysterious Ones, the so-called Hybrids who exhibit greater human capacities?

Lady Catherine and Darcy narrow their eyes with doubt.

MR. WICKHAM (CONT'D)

I tell you they are real, many are your former aristocratic friends and neighbors, who CAN function without eating brains or flesh and ARE helping to create a militia to can defend our county. I have seen it with my own eyes. We only lack the funds.

MR. DARCY

Of course, Wickham, you always lack the funds.

WICKHAM

I tell you that newer zombies can help; in addition, those from older graves, though more monstrous, CAN be trained to fight for us.

MR. DARCY

Insanity.

LIZ

Why don't you let Lady Catherine form her own opinion in the matter? Do you feel women are incapable?

LADY CATHERINE

Hardly. My opinion is formed: I agree with Mr. Darcy.

Liz and Wickham are deeply disappointed. Mr. Bennett sympathetic; Mrs. Bennett embarrassed.

MRS. BENNETT

I do apologize for my daughter's boldness and --

LIZ

Mother, if you cannot support us, at least remain silent!

LADY CATHERINE

Look after your daughter, won't you Mr. Bennett? She is playing with the childish and dangerous notions of a misguided young soldier.

LIZ

Wickham is twice the man of Mr. Darcy!

DARCY LOOKS STUNG.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Rather than hide behind the walls of a great mansion, Wickham's had the courage to engage the unmentionables and create a force capable of saving us.

LADY CATHERINE

Perhaps your inferior training in China has filled your head with failed strategies of war, Miss Bennett.

LIZ

Our modest circumstances could not provide for Kyoto, but I am proud my father took us to China, and I will put up my skills against any fighter in the world.

LADY CATHERINE

You can't mean that.

LIZ

Oh, but I do.

Liz's eyes blaze with intensity as Lady Catherine stares back with equal fire.

LADY CATHERINE

Would you be willing to prove it against my fighters?

LIZ

Any time, any place.

MR. DARCY

Liz, don't engage in vanity and provocation.

TB

LIZ

Why do you never seem to understand that I am more than capable of making my own decisions, Mr. Darcy?

MR. DARCY

I beg you, do not stoop to such base competition.

LIZ

I think you just insulted your aunt who proposed the competition.

Darcy looks conflicted as he glances at Lady Catherine, then Wickham, who stares Darcy down.

LADY CATHERINE

(smiles at the smell of battle)

Let us repair to the dojo. Franklin keep the soup warm.

The butler nods and leaves. Darcy shakes his head at Liz who defiantly glares at him in return.

INT. LADY CATHERINE'S DOJO - DAY

A beautiful, classic, Japanese dojo, with 19th Century British embellishments. Lady Catherine sits in a kind of throne; her daughter Anne and nephew Darcy by her side. The Bennetts, Wickham, and the butler Franklin, sit to the side.

Liz stands in the center facing FIVE FORMIDABLE MALE FIGHTERS, TWO JAPANESE, THREE ENGLISH. Lady Catherine claps two blocks of Japanese wood together to COMMENCE the fight. Everyone watches, holding their breath.

LIZ

Wait!

Lady Catherine smiles with smug victory.

LADY CATHERINE

Wise choice, Elizabeth! I thought you'd reconsider. Let us return to eat our soup.

Everyone relaxes a bit, starts to go.

LIZ

I would like a blindfold, please.

MR. DARCY

What?!

LADY CATHERINE

(turns from the door)

I'm sorry?

LIZ

A blindfold. Please.

LADY CATHERINE

Do you mock me?

LIZ

Not yet, but maybe after the fight.

Darcy closes his eyes, does not approve at the taunting.

LADY CATHERINE

A blindfold, Franklin!

MR. BENNETT

Liz, no.

But Liz is determined.

CUT TO: FRANKLIN THE BUTLER, WITH SHAKING HANDS, TIES A BLINDFOLD AROUND LIZ'S EYES. Darcy looks at the floor; two sisters cover their eyes in dread.

LADY CATHERINE, SADISM IN HER EYES, CLAPS THE WOOD BLOCKS TOGETHER: ONE CLAP, THEN SLOW MOTION BEGINS THE SECOND CLAP AND --

BEFORE THE BLOCKS ARE DONE BEING CLAPPED -- LIZ - IN SLOW MOTION -- PROPELS FORWARD WITH A HIGH FRONT KICK THAT -now in regular motion - SMASHES the FIRST FIGHTER in the face, propelling his head backward into the SECOND FIGHTER, whose face explodes with blood upon impact of the First Fighter's head hitting. Both FIRST AND SECOND FIGHTERS propel backwards into the wall, smashing the plaster, done.

Liz lands, turns, sweeps her leg back and through the legs of the THIRD FIGHTER, WHOSE FEET FLY OUT from under him; as he lands on his back, Liz SMASHES one foot down on his face, and the other on his crotch - done. But now the FOURTH FIGHTER is upon her back -- Liz throws him over her shoulder, mid-air locking and breaking his arm then smashing his throat before propelling him into a DISPLAY OF KUNG FU TROPHIES which are smashed and scattered. LADY CATHERINE'S EYEBROWS RAISE. DARCY WIPES PERSPIRATION FROM HIS UPPER LIP.

Now it's only LIZ and the LAST FIGHTER; they circle in TENSE SILENCE; Liz remains blindfolded.

Suddenly Liz is knocked back by a lightning flurry of punches by the Fighter, smashing her through a shoji screen and back to a wall, where she miraculously slips around him, lights him up with blindly fast strikes to his side and head, smashes his knee in with a kick, then smashes his head into the wall - finished. The Five Ninjas lay on the ground moaning in pain.

LADY CATHERINE IS STUNNED, AND NOT HAPPY. DARCY IS STIRRED BY LIZ'S DISPLAY, but restrained. WICKHAM CLAPS ROBUSTLY, leading applause by the sisters, Mr. Bennett, and a socially confused and befuddled Mrs. Bennett. DARCY DOES NOT CLAP.

LIZ

Mr. Darcy, why do you not applaud my victory? Were you hoping I'd lose?

MR. DARCY

You reduce yourself for the sake of pride.

LIZ

Pride?! Are you not the most proud blue blood I ever met?! I defeated Lady Catherine's Five Fighters! Yet you can not give me credit!

WICKHAM

Why is it that such a man of means is so miserly with his praise?

MR. DARCY

(pissed, turns to Lady Catherine)

I'm sorry, Aunt Catherine, I don't care to stay for lunch. Please accept my apologies.

LADY CATHERINE

Are you quite sure?

MR. DARCY

Very. Good day.

CATHERINE'S DAUGHTER ANNE

(takes Darcy's hand)

Do come early cubbing with us tomorrow when we ride with the hounds.

HE NODS, KISSES HER HAND. HAS AWKWARD EYE CONTACT WITH LIZ, THEN WICKHAM, AND LEAVES. They all watch Darcy leave.

WICKHAM
(takes Liz)
Come with me, Liz.

He takes Liz by the hand out of end of the room opposite from where Darcy exited.

INT. LARGE EMPTY BALL ROOM - DAY

Wickham walks Liz across an empty ball room to the door leading outside.

EXT. REAR OF LADY CATHERINE'S MANSION - DAY

Liz and Wickham walk into an enormous open field behind Lady Catherine's mansion.

WICKHAM
We have much to discuss! They won't credit your skills just as they won't support my plan, the only plan, to reopen Hingham Bridge.

LIZ
Even with their fellow aristocrat, Mr. Bingley, unable to return! The stupidity is breathtaking.

WICKHAM
For the sake of your family, I feel compelled to tell you why Bingley went to London in the first place.

LIZ
(with trepidation)
Why?

WICKHAM
It was Mr. Darcy's doing.

LIZ
What do you mean?

WICKHAM
Darcy persuaded Bingley to stay clear of your sister.

Liz grows angry as this dawns upon her.

TB

LIZ

Why on earth would he do such a sinister thing to my dear sister, an honest and good woman?

WICKHAM

He feels Jane is hiding her zombie-ism.

LIZ

That's ridiculous! It would have advanced by now! Her flesh would be rotting, her mouth drooling, her words stammering!

WICKHAM

That's not all he said to Bingley.

LIZ

What else?!

WICKHAM

Darcy feels Jane does not truly love Bingley, but is merely after his fortune, as your family's station is so inferior.

LIZ'S FACE TURNS SO RED WITH FIERCENESS AND TEMPER IT LOOKS LIKE SHE'S GOING TO KILL SOMEONE. WICKHAM LOOKS WORRIED.

WICKHAM (CONT'D)

(worried)

Pray, I do not tell you this for you to go to him, Elizabeth!

Liz doesn't hear a word as her temper reaches a rolling boil and she takes out her daggers.

WICKHAM (CONT'D)

Do not show Darcy passion he does not deserve! Disregard the rotter! Come with me to the militia--if you care for me at all!

LIZ

(ferocious)

I will avenge my family's honor!

SMASH CUT TO:

INTENSE MUSIC PLAYS AS LIZ STORMS TOWARD CAMERA - RUNNING

Her daggers are in her hands. Her boots run on dirt. Her face tense with the angry expression of a determined samurai assassin on a murderous mission.

Suddenly as she runs she sees something ON THE HORIZON. She slows to a guarded walk --

LIZ'S POV: IN THE FAR DISTANCE, WHERE THE EMPTY ISOLATED ROAD CRESTS A BARREN HILL, A LONE FIGURE APPROACHES ON HORSEBACK.

Liz stands in the middle of the road and waits to study the APPROACHING HORSEMAN. As he gets closer she sees IT IS DARCY.

Darcy rides up to Liz and stops his horse - they glare at each other, tension so thick you could cut it with a knife. LIZ FLIES AT HIM, STABBING HIS LEG WITH A DAGGER.

DARCY STANDS IN THE STIRRUPS, SWINGS HIS OTHER LEG at Liz's head - she ducks and pulls Darcy from his horse, stabs at him on the ground in a flurry of slashes. He is too fast and dodges her parries, then sweeps Liz's legs out from under her. Liz hits the ground - Darcy goes to pin her, but gets round house kicked in the head. This allows Liz to leap to her feet, spin and powerfully side kicks Darcy in the chest -- he flies backwards, smashing into a large tree. Liz is upon him in a blinding flurry of kung fu dagger slashes - which Darcy amazingly eludes by fast slips and blocks.

BUT his waistcoat and shirt are slashed to shreds, his chest exposed and slashed - and Liz's attack is slowed when one dagger gets stuck in the tree.

Darcy seizes the pause to backhand Liz across the face, yank the dagger out of the tree. Now each of them has a dagger.

Liz stabs at Darcy, who slashes at Liz to save his life -- her dress gets cut and falls from her thighs. The bodice is cut and hangs from her back.

She fights on in a corset as Darcy fights bare-chested. They spin, kick, punch, slash, strike each other in fast expert exchanges. Liz gets a small slash across her cheek before--

Each locks the other's knife hand, they struggle, drop to the ground, grappling, roll several times on top of each other, roll to a stop, EACH WITH A KNIFE HELD TO THE OTHER'S THROAT - - Darcy on top of Liz, her legs locked around his waist, both of them out of breath, dripping sweat, faces inches apart.

LIZ (CONT'D)
(out of breath, knife to
Darcy's throat)
Count your final breath before I
slit your pompous throat.

MR. DARCY

(out of breath, knife to
Liz's throat)

While I slit yours at the same
time.

SUPER TENSE: they stare each other down, each about to slit
the other's throat.

LIZ

(out of breath)

Why were you riding back this way?

MR. DARCY

In spite of your wrong opinions,
poor social judgement, and garish
family, I love you, and would like
you to be my wife.

Liz looks both stunned and further disgusted.

LIZ

In spite of your outrageous
snobbery, stupid opinions, and
pathetically insulting proposal, I
would not marry you if you were the
last two-legged, undecayed man in
all of England.

MR. DARCY

You persist in judging my character
harshly and hastily!

LIZ

Did you or did you not scare
Bingley away from my dear sister
Jane with grotesque lies?

MR. DARCY

Her reticence betrays either lack
of love or festering zombie-ism or
both --

LIZ

She's no zombie, you idiot! She's
extremely shy! Jane is the most
unaffected person I know! Thanks to
you, she's been crippled by loss
and grief since Bingley went to
London! She's unable even to fire
her Brown Besses to defend our
family!

Darcy takes this in, loosens his blade from Liz's throat.

MR. DARCY

Then I allow that an apology may be in order. I will watch Jane more carefully. Your family IS garish, however.

LIZ

My mother and younger sisters are a bit batty, yes, and very insecure in this climate as some must be who cannot rely upon your wealth and privilege.

MR. DARCY

For your information, I DID give Wickham the inheritance my father left; he squandered it. I treated him like a brother, and gave him more funds. He wasted that money as well. On top of it he seduced and abandoned my sister.

Liz studies his face, her eyes soften, she lets the blade go from his throat as Darcy withdraws his knife from hers. He stands and looks down at Liz lying there in her corset. He offers her a hand -- she takes it, stands, elbows him in the face for good measure, which he immediately returns with a slap to her face. They stand looking at each other, calmer.

LIZ

Perhaps Wickham has lied in the past, no one is perfect. But his project with the zombie militia remains worthy and important.

MR. DARCY

I respectfully disagree and again apologize for any way my manner offended you. I know I am too headstrong and too proper; these are my human failings, I struggle against them daily and am by no means proud of them. Good day, Miss Bennett.

He shoots Liz a vulnerable, then defended, look, turns crisply on his heel, mounts his steed, and rides off to the horizon from which he came. Liz is suddenly regretful as she watches Darcy go, doubting her judgements of Darcy's character, not wanting to lose him.

EXT. BENNET HOME - NIGHT

Liz runs up to her family's home, finds Jane standing in the driveway with a torch.

LIZ
(running up)
I've made a terrible mistake, Jane!

JANE
(holding torch)
I must tell you something --

LIZ
I think I love Darcy! He knows his faults and apologizes for them! But I've rejected his proposal!

JANE
Liz, listen--

LIZ
He was kind to Wickham, who abused the generosity! And let's face it, I never truly felt it for Wickham, though I do believe in his militia, but, dear Jane, it was Darcy who dissuaded Bingley from engaging you, and now I've explained that you are NOT turning into a zombie, but are merely shy, Mr. Darcy will tell Mr. Bingley --

JANE
Lydia has gone off with Mr. Wickham, she is in love with him.

Liz takes this in a moment.

LIZ
Good. He's better for her anyway!

JANE
Not good! You just said his character is highly questionable, mother and father are extremely worried, but for very different reasons --

THERE IS A DISTANT SMASHING, CRASHING, HEARD; SHOUTS AND SCREAMS.

LIZ
(puzzled)
Is that Charlotte's voice?

JANE
Yes! She has married Parson Collins
and they now occupy the south
cottage.

MRS. BENNETT
(walks up)
Our land will belong to Charlotte
and Mr. Collins!

MORE INFERNAL RACKET from across the meadow.

LIZ
What on earth is going on down
there?!

MRS. BENNETT
Maybe the marriage will not last!
This is good!

MR. BENNETT
I'm very sorry, Liz, but I have
terrible news: Lydia has gone off
with Wickham.

LIZ
It's fine. I love Mr. Darcy.

MR. BENNETT
What?!

MRS. BENNETT
That's wonderful news!

LIZ
But I have rejected his proposal
and insulted him, so I believe he
now hates me.

MRS. BENNETT
What?!

Mrs. Bennett's face falls as Liz takes Jane's torch and walks
off toward Collins' cottage.

LIZ
Let's see what all the racket is
about.

MRS. BENNETT
No, let that marriage fall apart!

EXT. COLLINS' COTTAGE - NIGHT

TERRIBLE SCREAMING AND RUCKUS inside as Liz approaches. She looks through the windows to see COLLINS WITH AN AXE TRYING TO KILL CHARLOTTE, now a FULL ZOMBIE. He smashes a chunk from the wall narrowly missing Charlotte's head.

INT. COLLINS COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Liz flings open the door just as Collins swings the axe and shatters a lamp.

COLLINS
(swinging the axe)
Satan be gone! I will smash your
brains and win for Jesus!

Zombie Charlotte dodges the axe, which smashes a grandfather clock before Collins brings it down on Charlotte's shoulder, a plume of blood splurts into the air.

LIZ
Stop it!

She grabs the axe, punches Collins in the face, cracks his head with the axe handle; he flies backwards, smacks his head against the wall, drops to the ground with his nose and ears bleeding, dead.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Bloody hell, I've killed your
husband, Charlotte!

Charlotte hisses, drools, flesh peels, bones exposed in her hands, hair now wiry like a fright wig. Liz takes this in.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Oh, dear.

Charlotte takes the axe from Liz's hand, SMASHES MR. COLLINS' SKULL, and commences to eat his brains.

LIZ (CONT'D)
(grabs Charlotte's dress)
No, no, no, darling, you can do
better than this, we don't need to
eat brains --

She pulls Charlotte's bloody face and hands off dead Mr. Collins' smashed skull. Charlotte looks at Liz like a bloody faced, confused, scolded dog who's gotten into the barbecue.

LIZ (CONT'D)

I can take you to Wickham's militia, you'll see Mrs. Long and Mrs. Kenicott living very productively without eating brains. I believe they live on horse liver and mash, or sometimes sweetbreads and raw chicken livers --

As Liz speaks, Mr. Collins rises up behind her, a bloody zombie with a half exposed brain. Charlotte watches, over Liz's shoulder, like a curious dog.

LIZ (CONT'D)

What is it now, Charlotte? What's wrong?

Zombie Mr. Collins grabs Liz's shoulder from behind; she turns and sees him risen as the undead.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Oh, for God's sake, the two of you, calm down and stop trying to eat flesh.

She yanks Collins around so he is next to Charlotte, and puts them in a still spot, as if training dogs.

LIZ (CONT'D)

The good news is: you can stay married as zombies, so kiss and make up, no one's at fault here.

CHARLOTTE AND COLLINS TURN TO EACH OTHER AND EXPOSE THEIR TEETH WHICH THEY MASH TOGETHER IN A HISSING ZOMBIE KISS AS LIZ NODS IN APPROVAL -- TIL

SOMEONE VOMITS BEHIND LIZ; she turns to see Mrs. Bennett throwing up at the sight of the zombie kiss. Jane, Mr. Bennett, Mary, and Kitty are also shocked by the kiss.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Come on, now, love takes all kinds, doesn't it?

SUDDENLY THE WINDOW EXPLODES WITH A FLAMING ZOMBIE WHO FLAILS INTO THE HOUSE, ENVELOPED IN FIRE, SHRIEKING, bouncing off walls AS A SECOND FLAMING ZOMBIE BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR and FLAILS OUT OF CONTROL.

Liz decapitates the first Flaming Zombie while Mary and Kitty take down the Second and wrench off his head -- but now Kitty is on fire and Mr. Bennett smothers her to the floor.

A MILITIA SOLDIER APPEARS IN THE DOOR WITH A FLAMING TORCHE.

MILITIA SOLDIER

(agitated)

We are fighting to Hingham Bridge!
We need all the help we can get!

LIZ

We're on our way!

Zombie Charlotte and Zombie Collins gnaw on the severed leg of a burned zombie, she SLAPS the leg from their hands.

LIZ (CONT'D)

(to Mr. Bennett)

Father, take these two to Oakham Mount. All of you go to Wickham's base there. Find Lydia, see that she is all right. Assure her I bless her marriage to Wickham.

MARY

We want to fight beside you!

LIZ

Father needs you to travel! Brook no truck from these two [Charlotte and Collins], keep the leash short.

She loops a rope around Charlotte and Collins and hands the end to Mary.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Jane, I need you to come with me to the bridge that stands between you and the man you love.

Jane nods and holsters her guns. They all STEP OUTSIDE TO SEE:

EXT. COLLINS' COTTAGE - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Militia Soldiers with torches herding 20 SCATTERED, FLAMING ZOMBIES across the meadow. The family stares at this spectacle.

LIZ

We'll meet you at Wickhams, go!

T B
EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Liz rides the horse with Jane seated behind her holding a torch. Next to them, Mr. Bennett drives the open coach with Mrs. Bennett, Mary holds the leash to rambunctious zombies Charlotte and Collins, whom Kitty helps keep in check.

LIZ AND JANE WAVE AS THEY PEEL OFF THE RIGHT BRANCH OF A FORK while the coach takes the left fork.

MR. BENNETT
BE CAREFUL!

EXT. APPROACH TO HINGHAM BRIDGE - NIGHT

As Liz and Jane ride up to see, hundreds of yards ahead, FIRES BLAZING, ROCKETS FLARING, EXPLOSIONS, GUNFIRE -- A MAJOR BATTLE AT THE BRIDGE. EXPLOSIONS ILLUMINATE THE NIGHT, SHOWING BUILDINGS OF LONDON SUBURBS ON THE FAR SIDE, AND RURAL HERTFORDSHIRE ON THIS SIDE.

ZOMBIES FLY THROUGH THE AIR WITH AN EXPLOSION AND SMASH TO PIECES. LIZ SEES DARCY --

MR. DARCY
CHARGE THE BRIDGE!

MILITIA OFFICER
NOT YET!

MR. DARCY
YES! MORTAR NOW!

MORTARS BLOW FLAMING ZOMBIES INTO THE RIVER.

MR. DARCY (CONT'D)
CHARGE!

DARCY LEADS THE CHARGE ONTO THE BRIDGE; LIZ AND JANE RIDE INTO THE FRAY, JOINING DARCY AS HE FIGHTS ZOMBIES WITH MILITIA SOLDIERS.

DARCY LOOKS UP TO SEE LIZ THROUGH THE HEAT AND SMOKE OF BATTLE --THEY HAVE EYE CONTACT -- WHEN --

MR. BINGLEY
JANE! JANE!

ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE BRIDGE: BINGLEY vainly hacks at a sea of zombies with his sword, trying to cross the bridge.

GUNFIRE SUDDENLY ERUPTS FROM JANE'S PISTOLS AS JANE LEAPS FROM THE HORSE, GUNS BLAZING.

There is renewed fierceness in her eyes as she blasts her way across the bridge, blowing zombies away, til she REACHES AND SAVES BINGLEY - AND THEY EMBRACE AS RAIN FALLS.

Darcy and Liz watch, Darcy nods, Liz smiles.

MR. DARCY

I see your sister's sincerity.

LIZ

I'm surprised you're here at all.

MR. DARCY

You inspired me to leave my mansion to help the county.

THEY HEAR A SCREAM, TURN TO SEE: ZOMBIES ENGULF BINGLEY AND JANE as they hug -- Liz jumps from the horse so that she and DARCY AND CAN SLASH, KICK, PUNCH THEIR WAY TO JANE AND BINGLEY ACROSS THE BRIDGE, THEN DECAPITATE all Six Zombies engulfing Jane and Bingley.

A MILITIA OFFICER takes this chance to UNLEASH A TROOP OF 10 UNIFORMED, RETRAINED ZOMBIE SOLDIERS onto the bridge --

MR. DARCY (CONT'D)

Look out!

LIZ

No, they're fighting for our side!

Darcy and Liz watch in amazement as uniformed Zombie Soldiers tear apart, by hand and teeth, HOSTILE ZOMBIES holding the bridge. THEY ARE THEN difficult to settle down, and the Militia Officer and REGULAR SOLDIERS prod and poke them with rifle butts.

MILITIA OFFICER

Settle down, that's enough!

The Zombie Soldiers settle as Darcy watches, skeptical.

MR. DARCY

That doesn't feel at all safe or proper to me --

MILITIA SOLDIER

The bridge is ours, we won it back!

15 REGULAR MILITIA SOLDIERS

(erupt)

HURRAH!

TB

17.

10 ZOMBIE SOLDIERS
(hiss, shriek, cheer)
HU-U-URRRR-EEEE.

This further weirds Darcy out. BUT LIZ JOINS THE CHEERS.

MILITIA OFFICER
(to regular soldiers)
Take any new zombie prisoners you
can! Take them to the training
base!

Liz, Darcy, Jane, Bingley see to the side: 9 NEW HOSTILE
ZOMBIE PRISONERS TAKEN IN LEG IRONS AND MARCHED IN RAGGEDY
FORMATION by militia soldiers.

MR. DARCY
You can't train unmentionables!

LIZ
You just saw that it **worked!**

MILITIA OFFICER
We can and we are, sir! Troops are
sorely needed -- we could barely
retake the bridge!

LIZ
You won't hold it long!

MR. DARCY
Certainly not in this rain, zombies
will be coming up from the soft
earth in great numbers!

MILITIA OFFICER
Please tell Commander Wickham to
send more troops! It is time to use
still more hybrids!

MR. DARCY
Commander Wickham?! Hybrids?!

LIZ
(pulls Darcy backwards)
We'll do it! Hold the bridge!

MILITIA OFFICER
Thank you, ma'am! We'll do our
best!

LIZ NOTICES FOR THE FIRST TIME THE SYMBOL, on the officer's
shoulder, that everyone mysteriously saw on the dining table
at Bingley's ball: THE CIRCLE WITH THE ZIG ZAG SYMBOL INSIDE.

Liz and Darcy mount her horse, Liz in front holds the reins; Jane and Bingley mount another, Jane holds the reins. The men hold torches they're given by soldiers.

The two horses gallop back across the bridge, side by side, through debris and dead zombies, and into the night.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Liz and Darcy gallop on their horse; Darcy holds Liz tight from behind while holding a torch in the rain.

EXT. WICKHAM'S BASE AT OAKHAM MOUNT - NIGHT

Wickham's complex has a WOODEN GATE, BEARING THE STRANGE SYMBOL above it in wood. Liz, Darcy, Jane, Bingley ride through the gate, allowed in by guards, down a drive leading to A COMPLEX OF OLD BARN STRUCTURES WITH THE BIG CRYPTIC SYMBOL PAINTED ON THEM IN WHITE WASH. MILITIA SOLDIERS, AND ZOMBIE MEMBERS, ALL WEARING SYMBOL ARMBANDS -- ARE SEEN by Liz and a wary Darcy as they ride slowly into the camp.

MR. DARCY

(riding into camp)

This is bad, I don't trust it.

LIZ

(riding into camp)

Open your mind for once!

MRS. LONG

(rehabilitated zombie)

Wel-c-come.

LIZ

(dismounts)

Mrs. Long. You're doing so well.
Have you seen my sister or my family?

MRS. KENICOT

(rehabilitated zombie)

This -- way.

They follow Mrs. Long and Mrs. Kenicot, past zombie soldiers and regular soldiers co-mingling, ALL WEARING THE ARM BANDS. They arrive at a COMMAND CENTER.

TB
INT. WICKHAM'S COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Liz, Darcy, Jane, Bingley walk in to see a kind of imperial court/command center, with a huge symbol on the wall behind Wickham's desk, which is on a slightly elevated platform.

Behind the desk sits Wickham, like the supreme commander of a military coup.

WICKHAM

Welcome! What happened at the bridge?

LIZ

It's been re-taken from the zombies!

CHEERS AND HOOTS ERUPT FROM THE SOLDIERS AND HYBRID SOLDIERS. WICKHAM CHEERS WITH THEM.

WICKHAM

Congratulations! We are already winning our county back! Maybe now Mr. Darcy will finally respect the value of our plan!

MR. DARCY

I acknowledge we recaptured the bridge.

WICKHAM

Still stubborn and judgemental!

MR. DARCY

I don't believe in conscripting unmentionables!

WICKHAM

They're doing quite well, as you can see.

RE-TRAINED ZOMBIE SOLDIERS, MEN AND WOMEN, STAND AT ATTENTION ALONG THE WALL. MORE ZOMBIE SOLDIERS MARCH INTO THE ROOM IMPRESSIVELY, HALT, PART, AND LET INTO THE ROOM:

MR. AND MRS. BENNETT, LYDIA, MARY, KITTY.

WICKHAM (CONT'D)

Let us enjoy civility here in this court. It's time for tea!

ZOMBIE MR. COLLINS STEPS FORWARD, in uniform, wearing the symbol arm band; with a rotten shaking hand, he gives a cup of tea on a saucer to Liz.

TB

LIZ

Thank you, Mr. Collins. Good job.

Now Zombie Charlotte steps forward with a second cup of tea in her shaking, rotting hands for Darcy.

CHARLOTTE

One- one - one - one - one --

WICKHAM

Spit it out, dear.

CHARLOTTE

--lump or two?

Darcy looks away in disapproval.

WICKHAM

Don't be rude, Mr. Darcy. You pride yourself on manners **except** when it suits your superior attitude.

MR. DARCY

Who appointed you Supreme Commander of this army?

WICKHAM

I did. The crown isn't defending us, so it's **fallen** to me. I've prepared a **provisional** government, with cooperation between **unmentionables** and regular citizens.

Mrs. Long, Mrs. Kenicot, and Mr. Collins take places on the dais next to Wickham. Darcy walks close to the raised dais, examines them **all**, stops directly in front of Wickham.

WICKHAM (CONT'D)

Mrs. Long shall be my vice president, in charge of security; Mrs. Kenicot in charge of commerce and road safety; Mr. Collins shall run our churches. If you'd like, I invite you to serve under one of their departments.

DARCY FLINGS HIS TEA CUP AND SAUCER IN WICKHAM'S FACE.

MR. DARCY

I will never serve your dictatorship, Wickham Julius Caesar!

WICKHAM

(stands, bangs the table)

YOU WILL! The rich pigs who looked down on me will obey MY RULE IN MY COUNTY! GET USED TO IT!

Darcy LUNGES, grabs Wickham by the throat -- but is grabbed BY POWERFUL ZOMBIE GUARDS WHO SUBDUE AND RESTRAIN DARCY.

MR. DARCY

(restrained by zombie guards)

You miserable liar, you'll never get away with any of this!

WICKHAM

I already have, due to the indolence and complacence of lazy gentry such as yourself and Lady Catherine! I shall take you prisoner and try you, Mr. Darcy!

LIZ

That's too far, Mr. Wickham!

LYDIA

No, it's not! It's hardly far enough!

Lydia walks up and puts her arms around Wickham.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

You never appreciated George's true genius. You could never love him as I do.

Wickham turns and kisses Lydia deeply. Mr. Bennett lunges from the side --

MR. BENNETT

LYDIA!

GUARDS restrain Mr. Bennett.

MRS. BENNETT

(weepy, confused)

What's happening?!

Liz starts to slide daggers from her sleeves into her hands, her eyes narrow to spring into action when --

WICKHAM

STOP HER!

OVERPOWERING ZOMBIE GUARDS DISARM LIZ BEFORE SHE CAN MOVE.

WICKHAM (CONT'D)

I am very sorry but now I shall have to try you all for treason in the new County of Wickhamshire, a classless society devoid of the arrogant elite.

LIZ

(restrained by zombies)

Lydia - this is evil!

LYDIA

(mimics)

'Lydia - this is evil!' You always lorded over me, but maybe I'm smarter than you after all, Liz!

MR. DARCY

(being dragged out)

I'll spit on your broken bones before I let you try me for treason!

WICKHAM

(bangs a gavel)

Too late! Bailiff read the charges!

LYDIA

(reads)

'Mr. Darcy, you stand accused --'

LIZ

Lydia!

LYDIA

Silence! You are not the lord of me, Elizabeth! Those days are finished! [reads again]

'You stand accused of disrespecting the genius and personhood of Mr. Wickham.' Mr. Wickham would you like to make a statement?

WICKHAM

I would. This man Darcy is guilty not only of disregarding laws of common decency toward unmentionables --

Boos and hisses from the Zombies in the room, some of them bang pikes on the floor in agreement.

WICKHAM (CONT'D)

--but he also judged ME in a most dictatorial manner throughout my life, assuming a vomitous level of privilege and wealth which he holds over everyone.

MR. DARCY

What about my generosity to you? I gave you money, even after you took advantage of my sister, I remained discreet while you curried favor with Liz --

WICKHAM

(bangs gavel)

INADMISSABLE! IRRELEVANT!

Zombies hiss and boo, bang their pikes, thirsty for Darcy's blood. BUT CHARLOTTE AND COLLINS LOOK CONFLICTED, AS DO MRS. LONG, MRS. KENICOT.

LYDIA

(reads)

'Elizabeth Bennett, you are charged with --'

MRS. BENNETT

Please, Lydia!

LYDIA

(shaking)

I have always been the 'silly' sister no one takes seriously, you will be made to regret that!
[reads] 'Elizabeth, you are charged with disregarding Mr. Wickham's emotions and heart when he was devoted to loving you' -- George! I do not like how this charge is phrased! Can we rewrite it?!

WICKHAM

Read the charges!

LYDIA

Do you not love me rather than my sister?!

WICKHAM

Of course, my dear, I love you, are you not by my side, while your sister is put on trial?! Continue the legal proceeding!

LYDIA

(reads)

'In spite of understanding
Wickham's brilliance --'

LIZ

I was your greatest advocate
against the odds! I even took you
to Lady Catherine's!

WICKHAM

Only to abandon me afterwards so
you could seek passionate 'revenge'
on your beloved Darcy --

LIZ

I did not feel he was beloved --

WICKHAM

But you did, and you do! Your
passion was clear: your head wanted
me, while your heart wanted Darcy -
do you deny it?!

Liz looks at Darcy, who stares at her, moved by this; then
Liz looks back at Wickham.

WICKHAM (CONT'D)

How do you think that made me
feel?!

LYDIA

But you feel good now that we are
in love, don't you, George?! Don't
you?!

WICKHAM

Yes, Lydia! Continue!

Lydia shakes with emotion, looks at Wickham.

WICKHAM (CONT'D)

Continue, please, my love.

Lydia goes to Wickham for a reassuring hug and kiss. Liz
SPITS with disgust.

WICKHAM (CONT'D)

(comes out of Lydia kiss)

Who spit? Who did that?

Zombies point to Liz.

LYDIA

(shaking reads)

'You fell under Mr. Darcy's spell,
thus you can only be regarded as an
enemy of the government of
Wickhamshire, never to be trusted.'

WICKHAM

Thank you, darling. I find you both
guilty of treason, sentenced to
death by zombie dismemberment.
(bangs the gavel).

MRS. BENNETT

No!

MR. BENNETT

Lydia, save your sister!

MR. DARCY

(restrained by zombies)

You will rot in hell for this,
Wickham!

WICKHAM

Take them to the execution pit!

Liz and Darcy are dragged out, screaming, by powerful
zombies. LIZ HAS EYE CONTACT WITH CHARLOTTE AND COLLINS AS
SHE'S DRAGGED OUT -- THEY LOOK TROUBLED IN THEIR EYES.

LYDIA

(tearful)

What of my family?

WICKHAM

They shall be held in Wickhamshire
Jail for one week, given the chance
for re-education; if they fail they
face execution. [Bangs gavel]

MRS. BENNETT

Good God, Lydia!

MR. BENNETT

Lydia! How could you?!

LYDIA

All the great estates will be his,
mother! I shall be rich with land
and I will let you visit, I
promise! If you pass re-education.

Mrs. Bennett shakes with tears as Mr. Bennett stares in
shock.

INT. WICKHAM'S SECURITY JAIL - NIGHT

Mrs. Long carries a riding crop as she inspects a line of formidable looking Zombie Guards. She cracks one with her crop and he stands straighter.

In a SUNKEN PIT 12 feet deep, LIZ AND DARCY ARE CHAINED BACK TO BACK ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF AN IRON COLUMN. The family, Jane, Bingley, are chained to iron bars above the pit.

MR. DARCY
(chained to iron column,
back to Liz)
'I don't trust this,' I said. 'Open
your mind for once,' you said.

Liz frowns, chagrined.

MR. DARCY (CONT'D)
'You don't know Wickham,' I said.
'Oh, he's onto something very
brilliant,' you said. 'Maybe he
lied in the past, but he's doing
something very important.' So
important we now wait in chains to
be dismembered.

LIZ
OK, I made a few errors in
judgement.

MR. DARCY
A 'few'?!

LIZ
We opened the bridge, didn't we?!

MR. DARCY
Which is now controlled by
Commander Wickham! We HELPED him
get it! How STUPID was that?!

LIZ
We had to help! We got Bingley
back! He and Jane have reconciled!

MR. DARCY
Oh, joy! Now they can die together!

LIZ
There is a certain romantic justice
and satisfaction in that! You might
also feel that about our own
impending death!

MR. DARCY

Wait, I'm supposed to feel bad for not being romantic enough about the execution you got us into?!

LIZ

Yes.

MR. DARCY

Women! Admit you did not realize you were helping Wickham's dictatorship! Admit it!

LIZ

Before he got evil, he was on to something good!

MR. DARCY

You can't admit a mistake!

LIZ

I DO admit a mistake! But it is ALSO true Wickham's helped the Charlottes and Collinses and Mrs. Longs of the world live decent lives.

MR. DARCY

Yes, and as Minister of Security, Mrs. Long will oversee our dismemberment by zombies. I'm so happy for her! She's leading such a productive life!

LIZ

But she doesn't HAVE to work for evil, she IS humanized --

MR. DARCY

Just quit while you're ahead.

LIZ

You know I have a point!

MR. DARCY

I'll try to comprehend it while I'm being eaten alive by re-humanized zombie soldiers.

LIZ

The reformed won't kill us, it will be the more vicious zombies from older graves!

TB

MR. DARCY

Ah, the more vicious zombies, that distinction is very reassuring.

LIZ

Shut up!

MR. DARCY

The ever elegant 'shut up.'

LIZ

Shut up.

WICKHAM APPEARS in a throne-like chair above the pit, with Mrs. Long and Mrs. Kenicot, and some Soldiers. Lydia sits in a smaller throne next to Wickham.

BEHIND A LARGE METAL DOOR IN THE WALL OF THE PIT, UNSEEN MAD FROTHING ZOMBIES CAN BE HEARD BANGING AND SCREAMING. Liz and Darcy look with dread at the door that holds their doom.

WICKHAM

Last rights! We are civilized here
and believe in eternal redemption
for the souls of all.

He bangs his staff. A LADDER IS LOWERED INTO THE PIT by SOLDIERS: ZOMBIE PARSON COLLINS climbs down the ladder. Collins comes toward them holding a Bible in his shaking, rotten zombie hands. He looks at Liz and Darcy with his split open skull, crouches to where they sit chained back to back to the pole, and opens his Bible.

ZOMBIE PARSON COLLINS

(reads Bible, hissing
halting zombie voice)

'And I-lo, though I w-walk ---
through the v-valley -- of-- of the
shad-ad-ow of -of -of death, I w-
will fear no evil, for you are with
me-'

AS COLLINS READS, HUNCHED WITH HIS BACK TO WICKHAM SEATED ABOVE THE PIT, HE HAS EYE CONTACT WITH LIZ AS ZOMBIE DROOL COMES OUT THE CORNER OF HIS MOUTH. DARCY LOOKS DISGUSTED, TURNS AWAY. BUT LIZ SEES a KEY slide from the open Bible to Collins' hands. He continues to read while RESTING THE BIBLE on the lock of the chains that bind Liz and Darcy -- and works the key into the lock.

TB

ZOMBIE COLLINS
(reads Bible, works key in lock)

'-your rod a-and your st-taff, they ca-ca-comfort me...The Lord is my shep-ep-epherd. He b-brought them out of darkness and the shadow-ow-ow of death an-d broke their bands apart.'

The LOCK UNDONE -- COLLINS continues to read while LIZ elbows the disgusted DARCY to PAY ATTENTION. He sees the chains unlocked, and the TWO OF THEM BEGIN TO SUBTLY WRIGGLE to LOOSEN THE CHAINS.

WICKHAM
HURRY UP, Parson Collins!

ZOMBIE PARSON COLLINS
Yes, ex-x-xcellency. (reads more).
'And through the riv-iv-ivers, they will not overfl-fl-flow you. When you walk through the fire, you will not be scorched, Nor w-will the fl-flame b-burn you.'

He is trying to buy time for Darcy and Liz to loosen themselves a bit more inside the now unlocked chains.

WICKHAM
THAT'S ENOUGH! Leave the pit, Collins!

COLLINS HAS EYE CONTACT WITH LIZ, DROOLS, HIS ROTTED EAR FALLS OFF; HE PICKS IT UP, THEN REPLACES THE KEY IN THE BIBLE, CLOSES IT, AND BACKS AWAY. Above the pit, Charlotte, Mrs. Long, Mrs. Kenicot, the chained family, watch nervously. The sisters are weepy and Mrs. Bennett is in abject despair; Mr. Bennett is enraged.

Collins climbs the ladder out of the pit, his ear drops from his hand back into the pit. He looks down at it ruefully.

WICKHAM (CONT'D)
Leave it!

Soldiers pull up the ladder. Collins frets, touches the hole where his ear used to be in his half rotted zombie head, Charlotte pats his zombie hand to comfort him.

THE UNSEEN EXECUTING ZOMBIES BEHIND THE DOOR INSIDE THE PIT ARE HEARD TO BANG, SCREAM, GO BERSERK.

LIZ and Darcy watch the rusted door. Collins, Charlotte, Jane, Bingley, the Bennetts watch, dreadfully worried. Wickham bangs his staff on the ground. Lydia wears a disassociated regal expression.

THE IRON DOOR IN THE PIT BURSTS OPEN WITH A RUSTY SQUEAL. PUSH IN ON: DARCY AND LIZ WATCH WITH INTENSITY and FEAR:

SEVEN FERAL, FROTHING, CRAZED ZOMBIES EXPLODE THROUGH THE DOOR, INTO THE PIT, THIRSTY FOR BLOOD AND BRAINS.

BUT LIZ AND DARCY LEAP TO THEIR FEET! THEY POWERFULLY KICK AND PUNCH THREE ZOMBIES BACK, THEN WHIP THEIR LOOSE CHAINS LIKE WEAPONS. Wickham and Lydia stare in shock as

LIZ WHIPS HER CHAIN AROUND ONE ZOMBIE'S NECK, PULLS IT FAST LIKE AN OUTBOARD MOTOR, AND THE ZOMBIE IS BEHEADED WITH AN EXPLOSION OF BLOOD when the chain yanks up the head and the spinal column with it. DARCY WHIPS HIS CHAIN ROUND THE WAIST OF ANOTHER ZOMBIE, YANKS AND SEVERS THE ZOMBIE IN TWO, GUTS AND BLOOD EXPLODE. Liz and Darcy kung fu punch, kick, leap, swing chains, with deadly accuracy, KILLING ALL SEVEN FERAL ZOMBIES in the pit. WICKHAM SHAKES WITH RAGE.

WICKHAM (CONT'D)

Shoot them!

THREE SOLDIERS aim RIFLES into the pit at Liz and Darcy but Charlotte KNOCKS one rifle away, Mary HIGH KICKS another, and Liz WHIPS A CHAIN around the third - which fires and takes out a FOURTH SOLDIER.

Darcy whips his chain around a BIG GLASS OIL LAMP which EXPLODES FIRE onto the wall and TWO SOLDIERS. Collins unlocks the shackles binding the family to the wall.

The now unshackled Mary and Kitty judo throw TWO ZOMBIE GUARDS and smash their skulls. LYDIA WHIPS NINJA STARS AT LIZ, who dodges them except for one that sticks in her thigh. She pulls it out, whips it back at Lydia, who ducks it. Liz leaps out of the pit, SNATCHES UP BROKEN GLASS FROM the shattered oil lamp, and WHIPS THE BROKEN GLASS LIKE NINJA STARS INTO THE EYES AND FACES OF TWO ZOMBIE GUARDS, AS WELL AS ACROSS THE COLLAR BONE AND CHEEKS OF HER ESTRANGED SISTER, WITH AN ANGRY LOOK OF CHASTISEMENT.

LYDIA

(hit by glass shards)

AHHHHHH!

LIZ

Time to grow up, little sister!

She KICKS Lydia in the ass HARD, lifting her off the ground, then sweeps Lydia's feet so Lydia lands on her ass, crying like a child with blood dripping from glass shards in her cheeks and shoulders.

Darcy climbs out of the pit, jumps to his feet, and zeros in on Wickham with a wrathful, murderous look of vengeance.

MR. DARCY

Let's settle accounts, you
strutting popinjay.

Wickham, terrified, stumbles backwards as he draws his sword, raises it above his head to strike Darcy, but MRS. LONG, behind him, reaches to stop the blade of Wickham's sword, and HER FOREARM IS CHOPPED OFF, before MRS. KENICOT tries to grab the blade and LOSES HER HAND ALSO, as Wickham's sword then feebly clatters to the stone floor.

MR. DARCY (CONT'D)

Thanks for giving me a hand,
ladies.

Darcy proceeds with blinding, precise kung fu to beat the living shit out of Wickham, taking great pleasure in each strike, toying with him like a cat with a mouse. Wickham is finally flung like a bloody, broken rag doll who, with a bloody smile, laughs insanely.

WICKHAM

(laughs wickedly)

You can't stop the rains! The rains
will bring my army of corpses to
destroy all of you! HA HAAAA!

He laughs wickedly as Darcy delivers a final crippling kick to his spine. Jane and Bingley SHACKLE Wickham and Lydia with chains. JANE TAKES PISTOLS FROM WICKHAM's fallen belt.

EXT. CEMETERY OUTSIDE WICKHAM'S BASE AT OAKHAM MOUNT - DAY

AS THE RAIN COMES DOWN -- ZOMBIES EXPLODE UP FROM THE EARTH, vicious and feral, screaming to the heavens, thirsty for blood.

EXT. QUAD AT CENTER OF WICKHAM'S BASE AT OAKHAM MOUNT - DAY

Liz, Darcy, Jane, Bingley, Kitty, Mary walk in the rain, six across, like the badasses in 'The Magnificent Seven' or 'The Wild Bunch' -- all holding pistols or rifles.

They stop, 15 yards apart, facing each other down in a classic Western face off.

MR. DARCY

I'm telling you right now -- We're telling you now --

LIZ

THEY STOP AND LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

MR. DARCY
I want to tell them their choices --

LIZ
I've been leading this so far --

MR. DARCY
I was just going to -- OK, go ahead. Go ahead.

LIZ

Thanks.

(then to the Hybrid
soldiers they face)

You can join us, and fight to save
the county today --

MR. DARCY
Or you can die --

LIZ
Can I say this? I'm saying this.

MR. DARCY
Sorry, go ahead.

LIZ
Or you can die, and I mean really
die, with your heads ripped off. No
zombie third chances.

Darcy badass nods to that. The two sides stare each other down in the rain.

LIZ (CONT'D)
I pledge we can live peaceably with
a hybrid society and the proper law
and order.

Liz stares down the LARGEST HYBRID SOLDIER, when suddenly A ZOMBIE TO THE SIDE AIMS A RIFLE -- but JANE LIGHTENING FAST WITH PISTOLS BAM-BAM, BAM-BAM--BLOWS THE AIMING ZOMBIE AWAY.

MR. BINGLEY raises his rifle to back her up, several moments too late, of course.

JANE
(to Bingley)
Thank you, darling, I handled it.

Both sides point their guns at each other. The stand off heightens.

MR. DARCY
(shouts to hybrids)
What's it going to be, ladies and gentlemen?

LIZ
(mutters to Darcy)
Ever so polite whilst threatening.

ANOTHER FOOLISH HYBRID MOVES THEIR GUN -- JANE BLOWS HIS HEAD OFF before anyone else moves.

HYBRID LEADER
(halting zombie talk)
Oh-h-h m-m-ercy, we sh-sh-sh--ll, w-
w-we-e-e--

LIZ
You'll join us then.

MR. DARCY
Let the man finish.

Liz rolls her eyes.

MR. DARCY (CONT'D)
Well you're the one who supposedly respects these people.

INT. LARGE STONE CARRIAGE HOUSE AT WICKHAM'S COMPOUND - DAY

Liz addresses the assembled group of fighters.

LIZ
Our task is to clear the county of unmentionables, dead or alive.

Everyone -- the Bennett team and the Hybrid team together -- load up on ammunition and weapons. Darcy, Bingley, and Mr. Bennett attach a LARGE HOSE to a KEROSENE CARRIAGE. Mary and Kitty prepare two cannon on another carriage.

EXT. OPEN FIELDS OUTSIDE WICKHAM'S COMPOUND - DAY

Rain is reduced to light drizzle. Our heroes roll forward in a line 20 across - Liz, Darcy, Jane in the center -- as when troopers and rangers comb fields and woods in a manhunt. Two carriages are in the combing line: Bingley drives one with kerosene, assisted by Mr. Bennett; Mary and Kitty drive the other with cannon. 20 MORE HYBRIDS and MILITIA SOLDIERS bring up the rear with another sweeping line.

Both lines walk directly toward FEROCIOUS ZOMBIES emerging from the ground 100 yards away in a cemetery.

DOZENS OF FERAL ZOMBIES COME TEARING STRAIGHT AT THEM, FAST, claws and teeth gnashing.

LIZ

Bingley!

Bingley aims the KEROSENE HOSE, holds a torch to the end, as Mr. Bennett mans the pump and VOILA: AN INSANELY POWERFUL FLAME THROWER. BINGLEY SHOOTS FIRE at the first wave of 24 Zombies and they are INCINERATED to burning corpses before they reach Liz's advancing line.

The heroes front line continues to march forward.

'CHEST FEVER' by THE BAND, with it's Gothic organ introduction, starts and PLAYS OVER THE ENSUING ACTION MONTAGE OF OUR HEROES sweeping the countryside blowing zombies away and taking Sympathetics (aka hybrids, mysterious ones) into their ranks as confederates.

-LIZ, DARCY, JANE, MARY, KITTY, THE HEART OF THE FRONT LINE, FIGHT FORWARD IN TANDEM LIKE A ROLLING KUNG FU THRESHING machine mowing through zombies by sick kicks and punches (Liz, Darcy), pistol shots (Jane), take downs and neck breaks (Mary, Kitty).

-SYMPATHETICS SURRENDER, HANDS RAISED, some carry children, and fall in behind our heroes, forming an increasingly large army to the rear.

-A DENSE MOB OF 50 ATTACKING ZOMBIES ARE BLOWN INTO THE AIR BY KITTY AND MARY'S CARRIAGE MOUNTED CANNON.

-KID SYMPATHETICS, AGES 5 TO 12, RAISE THEIR HANDS IN SURRENDER AND JOIN THE RANKS BEHIND OUR ARMY.

-DARCY AND LIZ, with daggers, CHASE A PACK OF ZOMBIES, TAKE THEM DOWN, CHOP THEM UP WHILE ANOTHER PACK DISAPPEARS INTO AN OLD STONE FARMHOUSE WHICH IS THEN EXPLODED BY KITTY AND MARY'S CANNON. When the walls come down, a bunch of zombies standing with their hands up are exposed.

-HEROES STAND AND WATCH FRESH ZOMBIES BREAK FROM THE EARTH IN ANOTHER CEMETERY AS JANE PICKS THEM OFF ONE AT A TIME in rapid succession WITH HER BROWN BESSES; BINGLEY APPLAUDS.

-A SMALL VILLAGE OVERRUN WITH ZOMBIES, FLAMING BUILDINGS: LIZ AND DARCY ROLL DOWN THE MAIN STREET STANDING IN A CARRIAGE, LASSOING AGGRO ZOMBIES LIKE CATTLE AND DRAGGING THEM BEHIND WHILE BINGLEY TORCHES THEM WITH THE KEROSENE FLAME HOSE.

-AS SURRENDERING SYMPATHETICS ARE greeted into the heroes' ranks, LIZ HIGH FIVES a ZOMBIE WOMAN whose arm falls off. Liz picks it up, Darcy tries to reattach it to the woman, it drops to the ground. He pats her shoulder with sympathy, the Zombie Woman tries to kiss Darcy on the mouth, grabbing him with her one arm. Darcy pulls away wiping his mouth as Liz cracks up.

-AS the heroes march forward they pass a ZOMBIE COUPLE getting it on in the bushes, pants around the MAN's ankles. Kitty and Mary pull them apart.

EXT. LADY CATHERINE'S ESTATE - DAY

Her mansion sits atop a hill.

MR. DARCY

We must be sure Lady Catherine is safe.

Liz gives him a dead-eyed 'Are you serious?' look.

MR. DARCY (CONT'D)

She's my aunt, Liz, I do love her.

LIZ

What about her daughter? And isn't that a little creepy to consider marrying a first cousin?

MR. DARCY

Catherine is my aunt by marriage and Anne is from her second husband-

LIZ

Mm, still weird--

BINGLEY

LOOK!

They turn to see the HILLSIDE GRAVEYARD adjacent to Lady Catherine's estate BUCKLING AND ROLLING WITH 10 ZOMBIES ABOUT TO COME FROM THE EARTH.

LIZ
It's nothing we haven't seen
before.

BUT THE 10 ZOMBIES THAT COME FROM THE GRAVES THIS TIME ARE
ALMOST TWICE THE SIZE OF A NORMAL PERSON/ZOMBIE. They are
GIANT ZOMBIES.

MR. DARCY
We haven't seen that before.

BINGLEY
What could possibly have created
it?

LIZ
Perhaps richer, meaner people make
bigger, meaner zombies.

JANE
Perhaps.

MR. DARCY
Tommyrot, no correlation exists
between wealth and evil.

Liz starts coughing theatrically to express her disagreement.

JANE
Certainly some rich people could be
said to be evil --

MR. DARCY
Likewise, some poor people could be
said to --

BINGLEY
HELP!!

They turn to see Bingley -- shooting fire as Mr. Bennett
pumps valiantly on the kerosene carriage -- AS IT IS ATTACKED
FROM THE SIDE BY THREE GIANT ZOMBIES, ON FIRE, WHO NOW SMASH
THE CARRIAGE TO SMITHEREENS - CAUSING A KEROSENE EXPLOSION
THAT BLOWS APART THE THREE JUMBO ZOMBIES. MR. BENNETT AND
BINGLEY BARELY DIVE CLEAR OF THE BLAST.

THREE MORE GIANT ZOMBIES CHARGE TOWARD THEM --

Mary and Kitty FIRE CANNON that blow TWO OF THE ZOMBIES'
HEADS OFF. The ZOMBIES run headless, smash into each other,
KNOCK DOWN THE THIRD BIG ZOMBIE; MR. DARCY BEHEADS IT ON THE
GROUND WITH HIS SWORD. THE HEADLESS ZOMBIES TWITCH on the
ground BEFORE EXPIRING.

Liz and Darcy share a look of amazement.

LIZ

The big ones are hard to kill!

KITTY

THEY'RE GOING TO THE HOUSE!

They see the remaining FOUR BIG ZOMBIES charging toward Lady Catherine's.

MR. DARCY

Let's go!

LIZ

Do we have to?

MR. DARCY

Yes!

They run to Lady Catherine's mansion.

INT. LADY CATHERINE'S MANSION - DAY

Darcy, Liz, Bingley, Jane, Kitty, Mary burst into the MAIN SALON where they see GIANT ZOMBIES SMASHING UP LADY CATHERINE'S ART COLLECTION AND STATUES.

LADY CATHERINE

NO! NOT MY ANTIQUITIES! STOP THEM!

LIZ CAN'T HELP CHUCKLING, joined by her sisters. Mr. Darcy turns sharply to them and they stop. Lady Catherine's NINJAS, bandaged from Liz injuring them days before, do their best to fight back the Big Zombies, but are struggling and losing.

Liz turns to A CROWD OF SYMPATHETICS WHO HAVE FOLLOWED BEHIND.

LIZ

Get them!

The Sympathetics SWARM ONTO THE GIANT ZOMBIES, clawing, biting, tearing at their flesh.

THE TWO BIGGEST ZOMBIES shake off all the Sympathetics and charge Liz and Darcy -- who work together in an amazing tandem kung fu, with their backs together, fighting as one. They dismantle the two hugest zombies, splattering blood and guts all over Lady Catherine and her paintings on the walls. Mary and Kitty smash the skulls of the zombies held down by the Sympathetics.

The fight is done. It is quiet. Anne, Catherine's daughter, walks in and surveys the damage, kisses Darcy's cheek. Liz looks jealous.

MR. DARCY
I believe we're done.

LADY CATHERINE
You combed the county?

LIZ
Yes.

LADY CATHERINE
Elizabeth, I confess I underestimated you as a fighter, you are not bad for someone trained in China. However you are still in no way Mr. Darcy's equal and we should clear up this nonsense of any romance so that Darcy and Anne can be married post haste.

Liz's eyes narrow at Lady Catherine.

MR. DARCY
I'm not sure you should have said that, Aunt Catherine.

LADY CATHERINE
Why not? It's true.

Liz BACKHANDS Lady Catherine HARD, knocking her back. She flies at Liz with amazing and intense fighting skill -- striking and kicking Liz back, shattering shelves of precious vases.

Liz picks herself up, counter attacks Lady Catherine with blinding speed -- they fight each other hard -- Liz gets the upper hand, bloodying Lady Catherine's face, smashing her to the floor, and holding a dagger at her throat, poised to end Catherine's life.

Everyone watches in suspense as Liz raises her dagger to strike, then at the last second stands and pulls the dagger away.

MR. DARCY
Well done. And merciful, too.

LIZ
I'm right that your aunt is a snotty bitch.

MR. DARCY
You are.

LIZ
You were right about Wickham.

MR. DARCY
I was.

LIZ
But I was right about the Hybrids.

MR. DARCY
You were.

LIZ
We both must temper our judgements.

MR. DARCY
We shall.

LIZ
Kiss me.

MR. DARCY
I was about to. Don't be such a pushy hothead.

LIZ
I can't help it, but I'll try.
Don't be such a know it all prig.

MR. DARCY
I can't help it, but I'll try.

HE TAKES HER FACE TENDERLY IN HIS HANDS AND THEY KISS
LOVINGLY WITH INCREASING PASSION AND PROMISE THAT BUILDS WHEN-

Liz is YANKED DOWN by the back of her dress by Lady Catherine
on the floor. Liz side kicks Catherine in the forehead while
continuing to kiss Darcy.

CATHERINE'S DAUGHTER ANNE
(crying)
Oh, mother!

Lady Catherine comforts her daughter as they both sob. Liz
looks into Mr. Darcy's eyes -- the sisters smile with Mr.
Bennett as they watch.

EXT. PEMBERLY - DARCY'S MAGNIFICENT ESTATE - DAY

Mrs. Bennett MARVELS at the magnificence of the MANSION. She stands with the sisters, all dressed in black and grey bridesmaid gowns.

MRS. BENNETT
(besotted with happiness)
Tis more palatial than any palatial
palace I've ever placed.

MR. BENNETT
Placed?

Mary and Kitty fix their father's suit.

MR. BENNETT (CONT'D)
Is your mother showing signs of
zombie-ism?

CHARLOTTE
(twitching, drooling)
N-n-not quite - b-bu- but--

MRS. LONG
(half rotted face)
-w-we sh-shall k-keep an eye on it.

MARY
Father must get back there for Liz--

She hustles Mr. Bennett to the mansion behind the seated crowd waiting for the wedding to start. Many HYBRIDS are in the crowd twitching, suppurating, gnawing their own hands, but otherwise maintaining decorum next to WEALTHY PEOPLE such as LADY CATHERINE, bandaged up, BARELY TOLERATING THE HYBRIDS AND LOOKING snotty, with her daughter Anne.

Next to them SITS WICKHAM, BANDAGED AND IN A WHEELCHAIR, holding the hand of LYDIA, ALSO BANDAGED AND CHASTENED.

PARSON COLLINS, the slurpy hybrid, stands at the front altar in his newly designed robes, BLACK, ADORNED WITH SMALL WHITE SKULLS AND ROSES ALONG THE WIDE BIB COLLAR. CHARLOTTE gives him a good luck zombie kiss, then sits.

DARCY STANDS IN AN ENTIRELY BLACK, 'EDWARD SCISSORHANDS'-LIKE MARTIAL ARTS/GROOM SUIT, WITH MULTIPLE LEATHER STRAPS AND A BLACK ORCHID. BINGLEY, stands next to him, the best man, wearing a black orchid in his grey lapel. JANE, the maid of honor, stands across from Bingley, in her black, with slices of grey, gown, joined by Charlotte, and now Kitty and Mary.

MRS. KENICOT the hybrid, plays an outdoor PIPE ORGAN with BOOMING GOTHIC CHORDS.

All heads turn to the rear of the seated crowd, as the father of the bride, Mr. Bennett walks LIZ down the aisle. Her wedding gown is black, with a low cut corseted busty front, leather straps binding the arms in a kind of S and M 'Edward Scissorhands' kung fu gown that cuts tight over her bottom and legs like a black silk kimono, adorned at the bust with a red sacred heart, a grey skull at the top with the cross, black thorns winding around the heart. Her shoes are strappy S and M-ish high heeled boots. In her hair she wears a black and silver tiara of skulls and daggers.

Liz holds a bouquet of 2/3 black and 1/3 red roses. Her mother and sisters cry tears of joy as Mr. Bennett escorts her to the altar.

Everyone marvels at the bride; Lady Catherine looks disapproving at the attire while her daughter gossips in her ear. Zombie Mrs. Long leans in to hear some gossip, but Catherine and Anne, repulsed, recoil and stop whispering.

ZOMBIE PARSON COLLINS

We g-gather tod-day for a j-joyous occasion. The bride and g-groom are esp-pecially resp-ponsible for m-my standing before you at all.

Liz and Darcy stare at each other.

ZOMBIE PARSON COLLINS (CONT'D)

F-for we m-marry n-not j-just a m-man and a w-woman, but also the w-walking dead with the l-living within our c-community, a t-true communion blessing. Liz, D-Darcy, you have proven your l-love with knives, ch-chains, f-fire, and k-k-kung fu from t-t-two countries. These t-trials are indeed w-worthy preparation for the many ch-challenges you f-face in the com-mm-mitment of m-marriage.

Liz and Darcy face each other, hold hands.

LIZ

Darcy, I vow to love you through plagues, zombie-wars, bloody battle, all forms of weaponry, social warfare, snobbery, my family, and our own prides and prejudices, which I promise to try my hardest to see through.

Mrs. Bennett wipes a tear, so does Mr. Bennett, and so does maid of honor Jane. Charlotte's eye falls out; she puts it back with some struggle.

MR DARCY

Liz, I vow to love you through possible loss of the county to another zombie plague, including potential new dictatorships by my crippled in-laws, my own stupid stubbornness and judgements and priggish aunt and cousin, and I look forward to training together in our own dojo with the possibility of rearing beautiful ninja zombie killers of our own.

Liz tears up as she smiles into Darcy's teary eyes. A Friendly Zombie Girl ring bearer, 5 years old, in black, holds the rings on a black pillow. Darcy puts a skull diamond ring on Liz's finger; she puts a black stone diamond ring on his.

ZOMBIE PARSON COLLINS

I p-p-pronounce you m-man and wife.
You m-may k-kisss-ssss.

Liz and Darcy bare their teeth and mash them together in a hissing zombie kiss, like Charlotte and Collins did. They then smile and flow into a loving passionate kiss. END