

Sundae, Bloody Sundae

by
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FADE IN:

INT. PICKET FARMS NURSING HOME - DAY

MR. HOPKINS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM

CLOSE ON the lower half of a body covered with a white sheet. Follow the sheet-covered body across the legs, torso and finally to --

-- AN ELDERLY MAN'S LIFELESS HEAD TILTED UPWARD. Vanilla ice cream residue surrounds his gaping mouth. This is MR. HOPKINS, very recently deceased.

Standing nearby, his head hung in sorrow, is ALBERT, 70s, tall but stoop-shouldered with age, his pants pulled up just high enough, thank you very much.

NURSE JANICE, a mid-40s Redhead, pulls a sheet over Mr. Hopkins' head. She shakes her head in sympathy, and puts an arm around Albert.

She notices an empty ice cream cup on the night stand.

NURSE JANICE

He sure loved his ice cream. I'm sure there will be plenty where he's going.

Nurse Janice pulls a small walkie-talkie from her belt.

NURSE JANICE (CONT'D)

(quietly into walkie-talkie)

Hazel, can you please page Mr. Tuttle to room 213?

Before Nurse Janice can holster the walkie, HAZEL'S voice on the INTERCOM breaks through, erasing Albert's silent grieving.

INTERCOM

Mr. Tuttle, please report to room 213.

Mr. Tuttle to room 213. LETTUCE AND TOMATOES! THANK YOU.

Albert closes his eyes, shakes his head at the ridiculous intrusion.

NURSE JANICE

(RE: Hazel's announcement)

We really need to get her Tourette's under control if she's gonna do the announcements. Bless her heart.

Nurse Janice gives Albert one last comforting pat on the back then turns, gives a solemn nod to --

-- HERMAN, 40s, the sleazy looking orderly. He's leaned back against a gurney, cigarette behind one ear, a couldn't-give-a-shit look on his face.

He stands upright with a sigh and mosey's over to Hopkins' bed while Nurse Janice leads Albert out into the hallway --

HALLWAY

-- to find WALTER, 70s, short and squat, gripping his WALKER, a bulging fanny pack around his waist.

WALTER

Janice! Why didn't I get a photo?
Everybody else got a photo.

Nurse Janice gives Walter a look of confusion.

NURSE JANICE

Photo?

WALTER

Come on, Janice, don't be like that.
Albert, you got one right?

ALBERT

What are you talking about?

NURSE JANICE

Walter, I think we may need to up your dosage of whatever it is you're taking.

WALTER

Janice, I thought you-

Walter stops as Herman the orderly wheels Mr. Hopkins' sheet-covered corpse out of the room and down the hall.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Aw shit. Is that Hopkins? What happened?

NURSE JANICE

The Lord was just ready for him.

WALTER

Squeaky just went last week. And now him?

Walter hangs his head in sadness, then slowly tilts back up, sniffs, looks around.

WALTER (CONT'D)

What's that smell?

ALBERT

Walter...

NURSE JANICE

Well, unfortunately, Mr. Hopkins soiled himself upon expiration.

WALTER

He shit himself? Aw, Christ...

ALBERT

Walt, please.

NURSE JANICE

It's pretty common at this age, actually.

WALTER

Great. I live in fear of crapping myself on a daily basis and now it's probably gonna be the last thing I do on this earth. Fuckin' ay, man.

ALBERT

Walter, just forget it huh? Look, if it happens, you won't even know. You'll be dead.

WALTER

I know now, Albert. I know now. How would you like it if your epitaph read "Here lies Albert Miller, beloved husband, father, and decorated war hero. He died with a load in his britches."

ALBERT

I'm not a war hero, Walter.

NURSE JANICE

You boys gonna be okay?

ALBERT

Yeah, we'll be fine. All a part of life.

Nurse Janice gives Albert a sympathetic pat on the shoulder then walks off. The two men watch with heavy hearts as Mr. Hopkins is wheeled down the hall.

WALTER
I can't believe it.

ALBERT
(shaking his head)
He was gonna turn ninety this month.

WALTER
(to Albert)
No, not him. Janice! She just stood there
and lied to my face.

ALBERT
What the hell are you talking about?

WALTER
The photos-

A sudden PIERCING SCREAM cuts Walter off. They turn to
see THE WILSON TWINS, 8 years old, scramble past them.

WALTER (CONT'D)
God damn those little Wilson shits.

The boys each rip a handful of flyers from a hallway
bulletin board and fling them aside, never slowing down
as they pass --

-- the nursing home administrator, GIL TUTTLE, 50's,
dumpy with a bad hairpiece.

The Wilson twins dodge Tuttle and disappear down the hall
as he yells after them.

TUTTLE
Hey, slow down you two!

Tuttle continues on, power-walks down the corridor toward
Albert and Walter.

TUTTLE (CONT'D)
Everything OK here? I just got paged-

WALTER
Hopkins just went belly up.

TUTTLE
Hopkins? What happened?

ALBERT
Janice says his heart just gave out.

WALTER

Seems his butthole gave out shortly after.

Albert frowns at Walter.

TUTTLE

Oh, that's terrible. I'm sorry to hear that. Never an easy thing to lose one of our own.

Albert pulls an envelope from his back pocket and hands it to Tuttle.

ALBERT

Oh, this was on Hopkins' night stand. Last Social Security check I believe. Figured you could take care of it for him.

TUTTLE

Yes, yes of course.
 (quickly pockets the envelope)
 So, will we be seeing you all at 'Ice Cream Sunday' later on? It'll be good to get your mind off of...

ALBERT

I suppose so.

WALTER

Albert just has to stop off and pick up his *Mamacita* first.

Albert gives Walter a stern look.

TUTTLE

Okey dokey then. We'll see ya there.

Tuttle continues down the hall, slipping momentarily on one of the flyers scattered on the hallway floor.

TUTTLE (CONT'D)

Dangit!

Tuttle rounds the corner --

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR

-- and heads toward the kitchen. He turns to adjust his hairpiece in a hallway mirror when he CRASHES INTO A METAL UTILITY CART parked outside the kitchen door.

TUTTLE

Son of a...

INT. KITCHEN

Tuttle stumbles through the swinging doors to find --

-- DOUG, 20s, in white kitchen garb. His hair-net rides just above his stoned-out eyes, a lit joint hangs from his lips.

TUTTLE

(re: the metal cart)

Who in the heck put that out there?

DOUG

I did. Right after you said, 'Hey Doug, put that cart right next to the door'. And I was like, 'Bro, somebody's gonna ram right into that thing' and you were all-

TUTTLE

Get smart you hear? Look, did you-
(notices the joint)

Is that...Are you smoking drugs? You can't do that in here.

DOUG

Well, I'd go outside but the back door's broken.

TUTTLE

Well get it fixed, Doug.

DOUG

I tried. You said maintenance wasn't in the budget this month. Or last month.

Tuttle shakes his head, flustered.

TUTTLE

Look...just put that out.

Doug frowns, pinches the joint out and tucks it under his hairnet.

TUTTLE (CONT'D)

Now, did you get the stuff?

Doug turns and leads him to two metal carts piled high with giant tubs of ice cream, most of which are dented and/or stained.

TUTTLE (CONT'D)

Jimminy Crickets, Doug, did you have to buy so much? Wait, this isn't that expensive stuff is it? Tell me you bought the cheap stuff.

DOUG

Yeah man, cheapest I could find. Like, back alley, looking out for cops and shit, Bro.

Tuttle peels back a lid on one of the tubs and peeks inside. He immediately recoils in disgust, quickly closes the lid.

TUTTLE

Good Lord.

DOUG

Stuff is brutal man. Probably illegal in the continental U.S.

TUTTLE

I didn't hear that.

Doug shrugs - couldn't give a shit.

TUTTLE (CONT'D)

Well...go ahead and get this back in the freezer before it goes bad...worse. But we need this in theater *before* the cafeteria. Oh, and don't forget - bear suit at 1 o'clock.

Tuttle turns and waddles briskly away.

Doug tilts his head back, mouths the word "*FUCK*".

HALLWAY - LATER

Albert and Walter shuffle down the hall passing other residents along the way.

ALBERT

Why do you have to say stuff like that?

WALTER

Like what? That you like Isabella?

ALBERT

Yeah, but I don't want it getting around.
You know how everyone here talks.

Walter parks his walker, digs into his fanny pack.

WALTER

Yeah they're all talking about how you're
too big of a chump to make a move.

Albert waves his comment off. Walter pulls a black comb
from his pack.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Now comb your hair, you look like a hobo.

Albert takes the comb, runs it through what little hair
he has left, hands it back to Walter.

Just then a pair of hands reach from behind and cover
Albert's eyes.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(in Spanish)

Guess who?

Albert is caught off guard for a moment, then the woman
removes her hands from his eyes and spins him around. He
smiles in surprise as he sees --

-- ISABELLA, 70s, Latina, still attractive despite her
age. Standing next to her is her granddaughter MIA, 10.

ALBERT

Hey, Isabella! And little Mia.

MIA

(hugs Albert)

Hi, Mr. Albert.

WALTER

(to Isabella)

We were just talking about you-

ALBERT

No we weren't.

Isabella feigns sadness.

ISABELLA
You weren't?

ALBERT
Well, kinda...I don't know-

ISABELLA
I'm just messing with you Albert.

Isabella slips her arm around Albert's arm and pulls him closer.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
So are you boys ready for the ice cream social?

ALBERT
(surprised by her bold move)
Uh, yeah, sure.

Isabella takes Mia's hand then eyes Albert.

ISABELLA
Well, vamos a ir mi amor.

ALBERT
What's that mean?

MIA
It means-

ROSE (O.S.)
AAAALBERRRT! AAAALBERRRT!

They all look down the hall. Albert closes his eyes in silent defeat as Walter scowls.

WALTER
And that's my cue. I'm gonna go take a nap.

Walter hustles his walker away as the others watch --

-- A SILHOUETTE OF A FIGURE ON A MOTORIZED CART approaches. The electric BZZZZZZ of the motor grows louder as the cart nears.

ALBERT
(sotto)
Aw, not now.

Isabella frowns, releases Albert's arm and pulls Mia close.

After what seems like minutes, the motorized cart finally arrives revealing --

-- ROSE, a well to-do octogenarian, bedecked in gaudy jewelry and a velvet tracksuit. She stops inches from Isabella and gives her a nasty look before turning to Albert.

ROSE

Albert, did you forget you were going to move some boxes for me?

ALBERT

Now? Rose, I was just taking Isabella and her grand daughter to the ice cream social.

ROSE

Unh-uh. Ice cream socials do not take precedence over chores. Hard work builds character, Albert.

ALBERT

I'm 78 years old. I think I've built all the character I'm gonna-

Rose looks down at Albert's slight paunch.

ROSE

And ice cream is the *last* thing you need. Let's go, fatty.

Rose turns her cart to leave.

ISABELLA

How dare you talk to him like that? He's a war hero.

ALBERT

Isabella, I'm not-

ISABELLA

He fought for our freedom-

ROSE

(mimicing fake Spanish)
Dorita, chicita, bonita. No habla espanol, Charo.

Rose turns her cart back.

ROSE (CONT'D)
 And was I even talking to you, *Rosarita*?
 (back to Albert)
 We sure didn't let *our* maids smart-mouth
 us like that.

Isabella recoils, offended at Rose's remark.

ALBERT
 Rose!

Isabella pulls Mia away and storms off.

ISABELLA
 Goodbye, Albert!

ALBERT
 Isabella, wait!

Albert looks at Rose with a mixture of anger and frustration but too much of a wimp to say anything.

ROSE
 Well, come on lazy bones. Whoever is
 slack in his work is a brother to him who
 destroys. Proverbs 18:9.

Albert relents and shuffles a few steps when --

ROSE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Albert.

Albert turns to see Rose motionless.

ROSE (CONT'D)
 A little push, please?

Albert slumps even further. Weary and disheartened, he returns to her cart and begins pushing it down the hall.

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER

HERMAN the orderly shoves the sheet-covered Hopkins into the elevator. He presses the button, the doors close. Soft Muzak plays over the elevator speakers.

The elevator moves for a few seconds then Herman pushes another button STOPPING the elevator. He grabs his cigarette, leans back against the wall and lights up.

Herman takes a drag, pockets the lighter then PULLS BACK THE SHEET from Hopkins. He rifles through Hopkins' pants pockets, finds a couple of bucks and takes them.

HERMAN

Well, if you insist.

Herman digs into Hopkins' shirt pocket and pulls out --
-- A PHOTO OF NURSE JANICE IN LINGERIE smiling for the camera.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

You little tramp.

He pockets the photo then covers Hopkins back up.

He leans back and takes another long drag then looks at Hopkins again, this time with an attitude.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

What'd you say?

Herman THROWS BACK THE SHEET.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck did you just say to me?

Hopkins' corpse lies stock-still on the gurney. He obviously didn't say a word.

Herman stares at Hopkins' corpse for a moment then settles down and covers him back up.

HERMAN (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

Herman takes another drag then...

HERMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, I know you didn't just...

Herman pulls the sheet back again when --

-- AN UNDEAD HOPKINS BOLTS UPRIGHT, grabs the orderly by the face and SINKS HIS TEETH INTO HIS NECK.

INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Albert drags a box of files from a closet, hoists it onto another identical box sitting on a hand truck. The stack teeters for a moment then settles.

ROSE
Careful with those.

ALBERT
Don't worry, they aren't going anywhere.

Albert rubs his back, turns for another box and grazes the stack enough to topple the first two boxes, papers spill everywhere.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Aw, cripes...

ROSE
Jesus, I just told you to be careful!

Albert begins to scoop the papers up.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Just get away from there.

Rose wheels her cart over.

ALBERT
Relax, Rose, it's just your social security stubs. I'll put them back in...

Albert takes a closer look. Then shuffles through several more.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Wait a minute. These aren't yours.

ROSE
Gimme those you dolt.

Rose snatches a handful of papers from Albert but he still has the other handful.

ALBERT
(reading from papers)
Max Robinson...Adele Feinberg...John Squeaks...Squeaky? You've been cashing checks of dead residents?!

ROSE
Oh, big deal. They sure don't need it.

Albert heads for the door, stubs in hand.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Where do you think you're going?

ALBERT

This is low, Rose. Even for you. When Tuttle finds out about this...I - I can't even...

ROSE

Tuttle?! Ha. Who do you think covers up the death reports?

Albert pauses for a moment, hand on the doorknob. Shakes his head in disgust and opens the door.

ROSE (CONT'D)

My, but you are absent-minded today, Albert. You seem to have forgotten - I know a little secret about you too, *War Hero*.

Albert freezes at the open doorway. He turns to Rose, glaring.

ROSE (CONT'D)

The Lord detests lying lips, Albert.

ALBERT

I never lied.

ROSE

The sin of omission, Albert.

ALBERT

(raises the check stubs)
What does the Bible say about stealing, Rose?

ROSE

Fuck you, Albert. You just keep your dentures shut and everything will be peaches.

In the hallway, Walter walks by, sees Albert in the doorway.

WALTER

Hey Sarge, I thought you were-

ROSE (O.S.)

(to Walter)
Scram, pee bag!

Walter's smile immediately disintegrates and he hurries off.

Albert stands in the doorway, defeated.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Close the door and come on back inside,
Albert.

Albert turns and shuffles back to the overturned boxes.

ROSE (CONT'D)
That's a good soldier.

INT. MOVIE ROOM - LATER

Tuttle opens the door and peeks into a dimly lit ballroom which doubles as a makeshift movie theater.

A wide smile across his face, he slinks down the aisle so as not to disturb the handful of movie-goers, but ultimately can't help himself.

TUTTLE
(to a woman seated nearby)
Now this. Oh, this is just the greatest
scene ever, wouldn't you say so Mrs.
Bicknell?

Tuttle turns to see Mrs. Bicknell laid back in her chair, head titled upward.

TUTTLE (CONT'D)
Mrs. Bicknell?

He shakes her once and HER HEAD ROLLS LIFELESSLY to the side, a goatee of ice cream around her open mouth.

Tuttle stumbles backward into another chair. Turns to see another lifeless, ice cream-mouthed resident.

He turns again and notices more movie-goers face up with ice cream around their mouths, others lying on the floor.

Tuttle picks up an ice cream cup and sniffs, gags, barely stifles a vomit.

TUTTLE (CONT'D)
Oh no. Oh no no no no no.

He slowly backs up the aisle and closes the door quietly behind him.

EXT. MOVIE ROOM

Tuttle backs against the door, sweating, just shy of freaking the fuck out.

After a pause he power-walks around a corner and --

-- SLAMS INTO DOUG who is wearing THE ICE CREAM BEAR costume, the oversized mascot head cradled in his arm.

TUTTLE

Jiminy-

DOUG

Mr. Tuttle, man, do I really gotta wear this thing? I mean, come on.

TUTTLE

Not now, Doug.

Tuttle shoves Doug aside and beats a hasty retreat down the hall.

Doug mouths another "*FUCK*" to himself and then reluctantly shoves the bear head onto his head.

INT. TUTTLE'S OFFICE

Tuttle frantically tosses things into several boxes, mumbling to himself.

TUTTLE

Oh Jeez. This is bad. Oh Jeez, this is so bad.

The DOOR SWINGS OPEN, followed by a young nurse in obvious distress.

YOUNG NURSE

Mr. Tuttle come quick! They're all dead!

Mr. Tuttle, already on edge, jumps at the sudden entrance, knocking over a box of office junk.

TUTTLE

(feigning surprise)
W-what? Dead? Who?

YOUNG NURSE

Everyone in the movie room. Hurry!

Young Nurse drags Tuttle away from his boxes, they scurry out into the the hall.

INT. HALLWAY

TUTTLE
Alright, alright-

YOUNG NURSE
I think it may have been the ice cream.

TUTTLE
No, no it couldn't have been the ice cream. We paid top dollar for that. Best in the tri-state area. Had to be something else.

EXT. MOVIE ROOM

Tuttle and the Young Nurse arrive at the movie room and open the double doors to find --

INT. MOVIE ROOM

-- SEVERAL FIGURES milling about in the darkness. Tuttle stands in the doorway clearly confused.

TUTTLE
I thought you said they were all dead.

YOUNG NURSE
They are. I mean were. Well...

Tuttle and the young nurse enter the room as one of the figures lumbers toward them in the darkness.

TUTTLE
Mrs. Bicknell is that you? Did you enjoy the movie?

MRS. BICKNELL shuffles toward them. A dim overhead light reveals she is an ICE CREAM-MOUTHED ZOMBIE. She grabs the young nurse and BITES INTO HER NECK. The nurse SCREAMS.

TUTTLE (CONT'D)
Jiminy Crickets!

Another GRAND-ZOMBIE grabs Tuttle from behind, pulling his hairpiece askew.

Tuttle breaks free, presses the hairpiece to his head and spins back through the doors into --

EXT. MOVIE ROOM - SAME

Tuttle slams the double doors shut behind him. He steps back, eyes glued to the doors.

A BANG on the door. Tuttle is officially freaking out now. He takes another step back. Another BANG on the door. Tuttle turns and scampers off.

INT. CAFETERIA

The place is packed with residents. The din of conversation and spoon-on-bowl clinking nearly drowns out the Big Band music playing over the loudspeaker.

A giant banner reading "Ice Cream Sunday" hangs over a long table which is littered with the same SHADY-LOOKING ICE CREAM TUBS from earlier. Only this time they're mostly empty.

The ICE CREAM BEAR (Doug in the bear suit) is hanging around the ice cream table dancing, doing a half-assed job of it.

Nurse Janice is making small talk at one of the tables.

NURSE JANICE

Everyone having a nice time?

TRUDY

Lovely, just lovely.

OLD MAN

Ice cream is kinda crappy.

NURSE JANICE

Well I haven't had mine yet, but I'm sure it can't be that bad. It's ice cream for Pete's sake.

OLD MAN #2

(leans toward Nurse Janice)

Hey Janice, thanks for the photo.

TRUDY

What photo?

Nurse Janice gives him a wink and a knowing smile.

TRUDY (CONT'D)

What photo?

NURSE JANICE

Now you never mind that and you finish
your ice cream.

Nurse Janice surveys the cafeteria with a big smile.
Residents shoveling ice-cream into their mouths.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - NEAR CAFETERIA

Albert, head down, pushes the hand truck of boxes down
the hall, Rose's cart humming along next to him.

Headed their way is Tuttle, in a frenzied speed-walk.

ROSE

Tuttle, we were just coming to see you-

TUTTLE

Not now Rose, I-I've got things.

He attempts to keep walking but Rose grabs his sleeve,
her vice-like grip surprising him.

ROSE

Well you've got *bigger* things now. And
fix your hair, you look like a fool.

Tuttle adjusts his hairpiece but it doesn't help. He
notices the boxes, looks up at Albert, who at this point,
is a sullen bag of bones.

TUTTLE

Rose, did you tell him-

ROSE

He isn't gonna say a word.

Albert looks up at Rose and Tuttle, then past them where
he sees --

INT. CAFETERIA

-- Isabella and Mia at the ice cream social, laughing
along with a small group of other residents. Isabella
wraps a stick with GREEN RIBBON and hands the stick to
Mia.

Mia pulls a blindfold down and swings away at a pinata.

CLOSER ON ISABELLA, SLOW MOTION - she smiles, ties her hair in a ponytail using the remaining GREEN RIBBON.

BACK TO:

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - NEAR CAFETERIA

Albert is lost in Isabella's aged beauty while Rose and Tuttle drone on in the background.

Out of nowhere, the song YAKETY YAK by The Coasters BLARES into Albert's hearing aid.

He winces at the sudden radio interference, quickly reaches up and clicks his hearing aid OFF.

Silence. No song. No Rose and Tuttle arguing. Albert focuses on --

-- Isabella, her smile, her face, hypnotizing him.

Albert releases the hand truck and marches toward the cafeteria.

ROSE

Albert, where are you going?

Albert can't hear her. Or anything. His eyes are on Isabella up ahead. He's on a mission.

TUTTLE

I can't deal with this now, Rose.

Tuttle walks away.

ROSE

Tuttle! You can't just leave this in the hallway, you jackleg!

Tuttle makes a quick U-turn.

TUTTLE

Awww... CRICKETS!

He grabs the hand truck and whisks it away.

Rose looks at Albert.

ROSE

Albert! Goddammit.

She frowns then steers her cart after Tuttle.

INT. CAFETERIA

Isabella laughs along with the others at her table. There's a small radio nearby playing a traditional Mariachi tune.

Mia smashes the pinata, spilling candy onto the floor. She swoops down to collect her winnings along with several of the more youthful residents at the table.

Isabella sees Albert approaching and lights up.

ISABELLA

Albert! Glad you could make it!

ALBERT

Isabella I need to tell you something.

ISABELLA

Sure, what is it?

ALBERT

What?

Isabella responds but Albert just sees her mouth moving - no words are heard.

Albert flicks his hearing aid back ON just as --

-- those shitty WILSON TWINS run by, SCREAMING at the top of their lungs, ice cream all over their faces and hands. They grab handfuls of pinata candy and run off screaming.

Albert winces, fumbles to lower the hearing aid volume.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Sonafabitch!

ISABELLA

Is that what you had to tell me?

Albert leans in, their conversation hushed by the music and laughter.

ALBERT

No. Of course not-

Mia runs up with an armful of candy.

MIA

Nana, I'm gonna bring this up to the room, OK?

ISABELLA
OK, chica. Hurry back.

Isabella offers Albert an ice cream sundae.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Aren't you gonna try some?

ALBERT
No thanks. Isabella, I need to tell you-

ISABELLA
What's the matter? Afraid your *girlfriend*
won't approve?

ALBERT
What? Who, Rose? She's not my girlfriend.
Isabella, please-

ISABELLA
(grabs pinata stick)
Ooh, I'd love to take this stick
and...smash her damn skull in.

ALBERT
Isabella!

Isabella reaches down to a small green oxygen tank, grabs the mask and raises it to her face. After a few breaths, she lowers the mask, her anger gone.

ISABELLA
I'm sorry. I would never do that. She
just makes me so darn-

ALBERT
It's OK. Believe me, I understand.

ISABELLA
Anyway, you said you wanted to tell me
something?

ALBERT
Isabella, you know how everyone calls me
a war hero? Well, the thing is-

A PAINED VOICE SCREAMS OUT above the music and cafeteria chatter. Albert and Isabella turn.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
What the hell was that?

Across the cafeteria, Nurse Janice rushes over to find Ms. Tyson laid back in her chair in obvious discomfort.

NURSE JANICE

What seems to be the problem Ms. Tyson?

MS. TYSON

I don't know. Feels like my insides are on fire. Oooooooooohhhh...

Nurse Janice brings her stethoscope to Ms. Tyson's chest when --

-- ANOTHER WITHERING MOAN from across the cafeteria.

MOANER

UUUNNNHHHHHH...

Nurse Janice looks up, sees several more people in pain, some hunched over. More moans follow.

Random people start rising to their feet then quickly back down again like some geriatric Whack-a-Mole game.

A SCREAM. Nurse Janice turns to see an old man on the floor CONVULSING. She rushes over.

NURSE JANICE

Mr. Hendricks! Mr. Hendricks!

Across the room, DISHES CRASH to the floor. More SCREAMS.

Albert and Isabella rise to see the entire cafeteria is a sea of chaos. The residents are dropping like flies.

One woman clutches her walker, headed toward the exit when SHE'S DRAGGED DOWN by an old man.

Nurse Janice dashes over, freezes when she sees --

-- the OLD MAN BITING INTO THE FLESH of the old woman. Blood begins to pool onto the floor.

The attacker turns to Nurse Janice, his eyes milky white, red-stained ice cream rings his bloody mouth.

Nurse Janice SCREAMS.

Albert grabs Isabella's hand and pulls her toward the exit.

ALBERT

Come on!

They are immediately blocked by two old men GRAPPLING, one GNAWING at the other's neck.

Albert quickly scans the area.

The Ice Cream Buffet table nearby, covered by a low hanging tablecloth.

Albert pulls Isabella down to the floor, they both slide under the table where they are hidden behind the cloth.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Oh, my hip!

ISABELLA

(whispering)

Shhh.

The small space between floor and tablecloth edge reveals a PAIR OF FEET, shuffling by, streaking the tile floor with blood.

Out in the cafeteria, Nurse Janice backs against a wall, her shaking hand brings the walkie-talkie to her mouth.

NURSE JANICE

(softly into walkie)

Hazel. Call the police.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT OFFICE

HAZEL, an overweight country gal, 40s, sits behind the front desk, walkie talkie in hand.

HAZEL

(louder than necessary)

Hey, Janice, how's it going? Ya'll having fun at the Ice Cream doo-dad?

NURSE JANICE (V.O.)

(from walkie)

Hazel, listen to me. I need you to tell everyone to stay in their rooms with the doors locked. Then call the police. Now.

HAZEL

Well what in tarnation is going on down there?

BACK TO:

THE CAFETERIA

Nurse Janice watches wide-eyed as the onslaught unfolds before her.

Across the room, the ICE CREAM BEAR stumbles through throngs of attackers.

Suddenly, two old women LEAP ONTO HIS BACK and drag him to the ground, like some bizarre scene from Wild Kingdom.

Nurse Janice regains her composure...somewhat.

NURSE JANICE
(into walkie)
Hazel just do it!

HAZEL (V.O.)
(from walkie)
Okey dokey!

CLOSE ON NURSE JANICE. She lowers her walkie, her eyes wide with fear.

HAZEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(from walkie)
FRIED GREEN TOMATOES! OVER!

INT. ACTIVITY AREA

The room is quiet, empty. Then...

A BLOOD-SPATTERED OLD WOMAN squeaks through the entrance doors.

She shuffles calmly across the cavernous room to a nearby phone and dials, her hands shaking with terror. Or palsy, hard to say.

BLOOD-SPATTERED OLD WOMAN
(timid)
Hello?

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
911, what is your emergency?

BLOOD-SPATTERED OLD WOMAN
Hello. I'd like to report...an attack, I guess.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
What kind of attack, ma'am?

BLOOD-SPATTERED OLD WOMAN
Well, I'd say a rather violent one if I
was to be more specific.

The entrance doors BURST OPEN as a tangle of elderly and
UNDEAD funnel through the doorway in a chaotic thunder.

BLOOD-SPATTERED OLD WOMAN
(CONT'D)
Oh, dear.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Ma'am, are you still there?

BLOOD-SPATTERED OLD WOMAN
Lordy, now they're inside the activity
area stirring up a huge fuss.

The blood-spattered old woman is suddenly dragged out of
sight with a SQUAWK.

The activity area is a one-sided battlefield, the undead
slaughtering the nearly-dead.

INT. TUTTLE'S OFFICE

Tuttle storms into his office and parks the hand truck.
He turns to the door when Rose rolls her cart into his
office.

ROSE
Tuttle, what the Hell is going on here?

Tuttle lets her in then closes, locks the office door,
drops the blinds on the large window that overlooks the
hallway when --

-- Hazel chimes in on the intercom.

HAZEL
(through intercom)
*Attention residents. Would everyone
please go to your rooms and...Ms.
Pearson, you're not allowed back here.
This is for official...Ms. Pearson, what
are you...let me go...Heavens
to....ugh...aghh...GREEN BEANS!...GREEN
BEANS!*

Rose and Tuttle share a look of horror when Rose notices
some of the packed boxes.

ROSE

Tuttle, were you going to skip out on me?! You son of a bitch, I knew you'd-

Tuttle crouches down to a small safe, begins working the combination.

TUTTLE

I was gonna come for you, Rose, I was gonna come.

Tuttle opens the safe, pulls out small stacks of cash and shoves them in his jacket pockets.

TUTTLE (CONT'D)

Remember our little exit strategy, should things go sideways? Well...there's been a...little hiccup.

ROSE

What the hell are you talking about?

A SCREAM outside in the hallway. Tuttle turns, locks eyes with an alarmed Rose. She rolls to the door.

TUTTLE

Don't open that door, Rose.

Rose bypasses the door and grabs the cord to the blinds. She pulls the blinds open to see --

-- a bloody resident SMASHES against the glass. Rose rolls back a few feet. Two ZOMBIES suddenly attack the bloody resident, dragging him down.

ROSE

Jesus fucking Christ!

In the background, other zombies attack, residents run screaming, chaos abounds.

Rose drops the blinds and turns to Tuttle.

ROSE (CONT'D)

A little hiccup? It's goddamn judgement day out there!

TUTTLE

Whatever it is, we need to get out of here.

The safe now empty, Tuttle rises and peeks out the closed blinds.

ROSE
Not without my jewelry.

Tuttle releases the blinds, turns to Rose.

TUTTLE
Rose, we don't have time for-

ROSE
If you've got time to pocket your meager earnings, we've got time for me. What I have in my drawer can buy and sell you a hundred times over.

Tuttle frowns with a reluctant nod, then takes another peek out the blinds.

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

A BLOODY MESS. Overturned chairs and tables, bodies strewn across the floor. Big Band music still playing over the otherwise silent cafeteria.

Albert and Isabella huddled beneath the table cloth. Albert sits with arms around his knees, obviously tense.

ISABELLA
(teary-eyed)
Albert, what is going on out there?

Albert shakes his head, almost in shock. Isabella brings her hands to her mouth in sudden alarm.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Mia! She went back to my room.

Isabella grabs Albert's hand and moves to leave when Albert pulls back.

ALBERT
Isabella, we can't go out there. It's not safe.

ISABELLA
(pulls her hand away)
I don't care. My chica is out there. I've got to find her.

ALBERT
We...we can't go out there. We need to wait until help-

ISABELLA

I can't wait! That's my baby out there!

ALBERT

Isabella, please.

ISABELLA

Some war hero you turned out to be.

Isabella turns and scrambles out from under the table.

ALBERT

Isabella, wait!

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE WALTER'S APARTMENT

Walter exits his room shuffling his walker ahead of him.

WALTER

...can't even take a goddamn nap around here with all the racket.

He closes the door, looks to his right and sees --

-- TWO FIGURES entangled on the hallway floor, an overturned wheelchair nearby.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Hey! No screwing in the hallway. It's in the brochure. Believe me, I checked.

The two figures ignore Walter.

Walter steers his walker toward the figures, squinting his eyes, unsure what he's seeing.

As he gets closer, his expression turns to horror as he realizes one of the figures is feeding on the other.

The ZOMBIE looks up at him drooling blood. Its victim lay dead in a bloody heap on the floor.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Christ on a cracker!

He makes a U-turn with his walker and gets moving. The FEEDING ZOMBIE abandons its kill and CRAWLS after Walter.

Walter grabs the doorknob to his room and turns it. Locked! Jiggles it again. Still locked.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Shiiiiiiit.

Walter turns his walker and heads down the hall, the ZOMBIE barely keeping up. Both of them moving at a snail's pace in the world's slowest chase scene.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Albert hobbles down the hall, hugging the wall. He stops at a doorway and pulls out his keys. Takes a quick glance down the hall then unlocks the door and enters his apartment.

INT. ALBERT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Albert rushes into the room and throws open the closet doors.

He crouches down near an old army footlocker. He opens it, retrieves an American flag and unfurls it to reveal a COLT M1911 SIDEARM.

Albert reaches for the gun when he notices --

-- AN OLD WAR PHOTO taped to the inside lid of the footlocker. He stares at the young soldiers in the photo, lost in thought.

After a moment, he snaps out of it, picks up the sidearm.

He reaches into the locker and pulls out a BAYONET, blackened with age. He hefts both weapons, feeling the weight of them in his hands when --

-- A SCREAM from out in the hallway.

Weapons raised, Albert turns and wrenches his back.

ALBERT

Sonofa...

He grabs his back and slowly rises, a grimace on his face. He tucks the bayonet into his pants and heads for the door.

EXT. SMALL ROADSIDE CAFE - DAY

A dusty police cruiser is parked out front next to a few pickup trucks.

INT. SMALL ROADSIDE CAFE, MEN'S ROOM - SAME

SHERIFF ROY ROGERS, 50s, a bear of a man, 100% country boy, stands at the urinal "takin' care of bidniss".

He whistles a lonesome tune when a call on his radio comes in.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

(on radio)

Hey Sheriff, we got an oddball call just now. Didn't get the 10-20 or much else cuz the line went dead but I did make out something sounded like "green beans".

Sheriff Roy depresses his shoulder mic with his free hand.

SHERIFF ROY

Green beans?

DISPATCHER

Yes sir.

He thinks a moment then clicks the radio again.

SHERIFF ROY

Aw, Hell, I know where that is. Can Dave or Lou handle it?

DISPATCHER

Dave's still laid up with the gonorrhoea and Lou's down at the elementary school dealing with some uppity kids. It's just you and Wendell, Sheriff.

SHERIFF ROY

Shit.

Sheriff Roy zips up in a huff, turns to the stall next to him and KICKS THE DOOR IN.

Inside the stall is a startled DEPUTY WENDELL, 30s, his pants around his ankles.

SHERIFF ROY (CONT'D)

Put a cork in it, Wendell. We gotta take a ride to the mummy farm.

INT. PICKET FARMS NURSING HOME - LATER

Gun in hand, Albert slinks down a blood-smeared hallway, pausing at an intersection. A large garden area lies in the center. His eyes go wide as he sees --

-- A WALKER lying on its side near the garden area.

ALBERT
(whispering)
Walter!

Albert tip-toes over to the walker to find it smeared with BLOOD.

He runs a hand across his head in dismay when he hears RUSTLING BRANCHES from the garden area. He draws his gun and pulls back some foliage to find --

-- Walter lying on his back, eyes closed.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Walter?

Walter jolts, he looks at Albert in surprise, gets up on his elbows.

WALTER
Albert!

ALBERT
Walter, what are you doing?

WALTER
Waiting for death's sweet embrace.
(re: Albert's pistol)
Is that your old service weapon?

Albert nods, tucks it in his waistband.

ALBERT
Are you ok? Were you bitten?

Walter flops back to a prone position.

WALTER
No, I fell on a goddamn sprinkler head in here and cut my leg all to shit. And now I'm stuck. Help me outta here, will ya?

ALBERT
Can you walk?

WALTER

Well, seeing as I could barely walk before, I don't see this as a plus.

Walter puts weight on his leg, winces in pain.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Christ. So much for that Nike endorsement, huh?

Walter notices the bayonet sticking out of the other side of Albert's pants.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Christ, Albert, is it that bad?

Albert nods, puts his arm around Walter, helps him out of the garden.

ALBERT

How's that?

WALTER

Shitty.

ALBERT

Come on.

Albert turns the walker upright and helps Walter grab on.

WALTER

What the Hell's going on out there, Albert? Folks running around screaming, bleeding. I saw old man Richardson *eating* God knows who in the hallway. I've never seen so much activity around here.

ALBERT

I don't think I'd call cannibalism an *activity*. Walter, Mia's missing and Isabella went to find her. They're not safe out here alone. I've got to find them.

Albert heads out.

WALTER

Hey, are you gonna let me have one of those or am I just gonna follow you around with my dick hanging out?

Albert hesitates for a second then pulls the bayonet and offers it to Walter.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Uh-unh. Gimme the gun. I'm in no
condition for hand-to-hand combat here.

Albert swaps the bayonet for the Colt, Walter accepts it.

ALBERT

I'm not even sure it still fires.

WALTER

I'll take my chances.

Walter shoves it in his pants and the two men head down
the hall on alert.

INT. ROSE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Tuttle is at the door, his eye pressed against the
peephole.

TUTTLE

Rose, it's getting bad out there. We
should get going.

BEDROOM

Rose rifles through her bureau, tossing garments aside.

ROSE

Patience, Gil. You know what the Bible
says about patience?

Rose pulls out three small jewelry boxes and begins
transferring the contents of two into the third box.

ROSE (CONT'D)

It says we'll go when I'm good and
fucking ready.

LIVING ROOM

Tuttle with his eye still on the peephole.

TUTTLE

(to himself)

Yeah well, the Bible doesn't mention
waiting around while everyone tries to
eat you.

A loud BANG against the door outside startles Tuttle, sending him back a few steps.

INT. HALLWAY

Albert and Walter shuffle down the hall, Walter struggling to keep up.

WALTER
Slow down, dammit.

ALBERT
I've got to get to Isabella's.

They turn the corner to find Nurse Janice standing in the hallway, her back to them. They stop fifty paces away.

WALTER
It's Janice.
(loud whisper)
Hey, Janice!

Nurse Janice turns to face them. Her face and white uniform are stained with blood. She opens her mouth and hisses at Albert and Walter. She is UNDEAD.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Aw, Christ.

Walter draws the pistol as Nurse Janice Zombie lumbers toward them, her mouth open.

Albert steps back but Walter is slow to retreat and he trips over Walter's walker, sending them both tumbling to the ground.

The gun falls from Walter's hand, slides a few feet away.

Nurse Janice Zombie approaches quickly.

Albert and Walter are tangled in the walker.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Come on, Goddammit.

ALBERT
I'm trying.

Nurse Janice Zombie is almost on them as Walter reaches for his gun, just out of reach.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Shoot her!

Walter claws the carpet for the gun as Albert tries to get free.

Walter reaches the gun, turns to fire and CLICK.

Walter looks at Albert with wide eyes. Walter pulls the trigger again. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Nurse Janice Zombie is on top of Walter, her mouth open for the kill when THHHPPP! The bayonet is rammed through her skull.

Walter sighs with relief, drops the useless gun.

WALTER

Holy shit, that was close.

Albert tries to pull the bayonet free but it's lodged in the bloody skull. He abandons it and frees his legs and rises.

He reaches out to help Walter to his feet but Walter crawls to Nurse Janice Zombie's dead body, begins patting her pockets.

ALBERT

What the hell are you doing?

Walter reaches a hand in one pocket and pulls out a few small photos. He fans them out like playing cards, then show them to Albert.

CLOSE ON photos of Nurse Janice in various poses, wearing next to nothing.

WALTER

Uh-huh, what'd I tell you?

Albert shakes his head, at a loss.

Walter pockets the photos then looks at Janice's corpse, shakes his head.

WALTER (CONT'D)

What a waste.

INT. ROTUNDA - SECOND FLOOR

One of two elevator doors open and Albert and Walter peek out cautiously. They sneak down the hall, finally stopping at an apartment door.

EXT. APARTMENT 215

Walter casts a quick look left and right as Albert TAPS on the door.

ALBERT
(whispering)
Isabella! Are you in there?

A long moment before

ISABELLA (O.S.)
Who is it?!

ALBERT
Me, Albert. Open up.

ISABELLA (O.S.)
Why should I?

ALBERT
Isabella, I'm sorry. I've got Walter here with me and he's hurt. Please.

ISABELLA
How do you know he's not one of those...things?

WALTER
What's Spanish for "Open the goddamn door"?

The door opens and Albert and Walter stumble into...

INT. ISABELLA'S APARTMENT

Albert closes, locks the door behind them. Walter shuffles to the couch and collapses as Albert approaches Isabella.

Isabella, visibly distraught, holding a handheld oxygen canister/mask over her nose and mouth. Albert reaches for her.

ALBERT

Isabella, thank God you're alright.

Isabella pulls back. It's not lost on Albert but he knows there are more important things.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Is Mia here? Did you find her?

She breathes in deeply, glaring at Albert.

ISABELLA

No I didn't.

(beat)

How could you just sit there, Albert?

While my Mia is-

ALBERT

Isabella, I'm sorry. It wasn't safe-

ISABELLA

But it was safe for her out there?

Isabella takes a breath of oxygen, begins to wheeze. Albert eyes the oxygen canister.

ALBERT

You're running low.

(looks around)

Where's your tank?

ISABELLA

I'll be fine.

Isabella heads for the door.

ALBERT

Where are you going?

ISABELLA

To find my Mia.

Albert grabs her arm stopping her.

ALBERT

You're in no shape to go out there. Look, I don't know why I acted that way-

WALTER

PTSD. Happens to the best of us, Isabella. I still have nightmares about being back there.

Isabella eyes Walter, a hint of empathy maybe?

ALBERT

Doesn't matter. She's right. I'll find Mia.

(to Isabella)

Just do me a favor and call for help while I'm gone.

Albert turns to the door, opens it and peeks out.

ISABELLA

(sarcastic)

Oh, don't put yourself out on my account.

WALTER

Albert!

Albert walks out, closing the door behind him.

Isabella deflates, feeling guilty. She looks to --

-- Walter on the couch, his bloody leg up on an ottoman.

Isabella picks up the phone, begins dialing.

WALTER (CONT'D)

That old bastard's gonna get himself killed.

(winces in pain)

Christ! I lay down for a little nap, wake up and it's like Pittsburgh out there. How long was I asleep?

Isabella, phone to her ear, puts a finger to her lips to shush Walter. A BUSY SIGNAL is heard over the phone. She looks at Walter, shakes her head.

INT. PICKET FARMS NURSING HOME - FRONT OFFICE

The office is a disaster. The BUSY SIGNAL of a telephone pulses endlessly. Streaks of blood across walls, the front desk in disarray.

Behind the front desk is Hazel, laid back in her chair, her THROAT TORN OUT, her torso painted with blood. The phone hangs by its cord dripping with blood.

INT. HALLWAY

Albert peeks around the corner, sees --

-- SEVERAL ZOMBIES milling around the elevator.

Albert tiptoes ever so slowly across the hall when the radio frequency suddenly SQUELCHES to life in his hearing aid - THE SOUND OF SILENCE by Simon and Garfunkel bursts into his ear.

ALBERT

Agh! Dammit!

He grabs his hearing aid, turns it down. He glances to his left.

The zombies are looking at him, mouths hanging open.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Shit.

Albert looks around, sees the FIRE AXE encased in a glass box on the wall across the hall.

He hobbles to the case, about to break the glass when he notices --

-- the AXE is not an axe at all, but a life-like printout pasted to the back of the case, with the words "PLACE AXE HERE" printed on top.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Tuttle! You cheap bastard!

Albert hobbles away from the approaching zombies and disappears around the corner.

INT. HALLWAY

Rose steers her cart down the hall, Tuttle power-walking the hand truck full of boxes behind her. A far off MOAN. Tuttle looks behind them to see --

-- several UNDEAD following at the far end of the hall.

Up ahead, MORE ZOMBIES round the corner, headed their way.

TUTTLE

Jiminy Crickets!

Tuttle pulls a quick 180 with the hand truck, sending the boxes spilling to the floor.

ROSE
Oh, you idiot!

Tuttle begins to pick them up when Rose sees the zombies are closing in.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Forget that, just get me the Hell out of here.

Tuttle abandons the papers, grabs Rose's cart and heads back the other way. The first set of UNDEAD are closing in from the opposite end.

Tuttle stops, tries a nearby door. Locked. Tries another. Locked.

The UNDEAD are closing in from both ends of the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. ISABELLA'S APARTMENT

Isabella's face pressed against the door, eyeing the peephole.

ISABELLA
Oh no.

BACK TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Rose bows her head and begins to pray, while Tuttle frantically checks another door. Locked.

The UNDEAD are almost upon them when --

-- a door swings open, hands grab Rose's cart and yank her backwards into...

INT. ISABELLA'S APARTMENT

ROSE
Praise Jesus!

Rose swings around to see --

-- ISABELLA. Rose's smile quickly dissolves.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Crap.

ISABELLA

You're welcome.

Tuttle leaps inside, slams the door behind him. His shirt sleeve is torn and bloody.

TUTTLE

Oh, thank you, thank you.

The sudden POUNDING on the outside of the door startles him to the center of the room.

Walter limps into the main room, sees Rose.

WALTER

Aw, shit.

ROSE

Hello Walter.

INT. CAFETERIA

Silence save for the Big Band music over the speakers. Albert peeks around the corner, sees --

-- lifeless bodies strewn across the red-stained floor.

Nearby, the ICE CREAM BEAR lay motionless. DOUG'S BLOODY HEAD protruding out of the costume, the mascot head a few feet away.

Albert picks his way around the carnage. He reaches the area where Isabella and her friends were gathered.

One of the friends is face down on the floor, hunched over a GREEN OXYGEN TANK.

Albert wrenches the bloody tank out from beneath the body and sets it upright on its wheels.

He begins to wheel the tank toward the exit when the SQUEAKY WHEELS echo out in the silent room.

Albert freezes, looks around. Nothing.

He rolls on. Another SQUEAK.

He looks around again.

Across the cafeteria, A CLOSET DOOR creaks open to reveal a terrified MIA. Her eyes go wide at the sight of Albert. She opens her mouth to speak when a MOAN echoes nearby.

Albert puts a finger to his lips to quiet Mia. He scans the cafeteria to find --

-- the elderly MS. TRUDY from earlier, now UNDEAD, her gaping maw DRIPPING WITH GORE. She's slothing her way toward the closet where Mia is hiding.

Albert drops behind an overturned table, hugging the tank. He hears a small YELP from Mia, followed by the RATTLING of the closet door.

CLOSE ON ALBERT, his eyes wide, suddenly lost in thought, staring off into space.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK - THE JUNGLES OF VIETNAM - DAY

CLOSE ON A YOUNG ALBERT in soldier's uniform, crouched against a tree. Shouts and gunfire all around him, he peeks around a tree when --

-- KABOOM! An explosion nearby forces him to the ground, dirt and debris raining down on him.

A moment later he raises his head, looks around, disoriented. Muffled shouts around him, his hearing ruined by the blast.

Up ahead, enemy troops approach, in and out of the trees like ragged ghosts.

Albert turns to see --

-- a fellow soldier firing at the approaching enemies. The soldier turns to Albert, yells at him to return fire.

Albert just lays there gripping his rifle, frozen with fear.

The soldier takes a few more shots then turns back to Albert when POP, POP, POP. He takes three rounds to the chest.

The soldier falls to the ground dead, eyes open, facing Albert. The enemy troops march by shouting and firing.

Albert lies motionless in the foliage, hugging his rifle as the Vietcong race past, never noticing him.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CAFETERIA - PRESENT DAY

CLOSE ON ALBERT, as we left him, wide-eyed, hugging the oxygen tank. The RATTLING of the closet door snaps him back to reality.

He periscopes his head over the table to find --

-- TRUDY-ZOMBIE wrestling with the closet doors, trying to get at Mia hidden inside.

ALBERT

Hey, get away from her!

Trudy-zombie turns to Albert and hisses at him. She abandons the closet and heads his way.

Albert drops back down, eyes wide - *what have I done?*

He notices the ICE CREAM BEAR lying on the ground a few feet away. Another MOAN as Trudy-zombie nears.

TRUDY-ZOMBIE inches her way through the upended cafeteria. She's closing in on Albert's hiding spot.

She rounds the edge of the table and finds --

-- the GREEN OXYGEN TANK. No Albert.

CUT TO:

POV FROM THE FLOOR, looking through the wire-mesh eyes of the Ice Cream Bear's mascot head. Heavy breathing. TRUDY-ZOMBIE'S FEET shuffle by.

BACK TO:

The ICE CREAM BEAR lying on the ground stock-still, the mask now attached. We may notice DOUG, the previous occupant of the bear suit is now lying dead NEXT TO THE BEAR SUIT.

TRUDY-ZOMBIE shambles past. Behind her, the ICE CREAM BEAR rises, a metal cafeteria tray in his furry paw.

Trudy-zombie returns to the closet and bangs on the doors. Mia SCREAMS inside.

POV from inside the closet - the space between the doors is widening as the doors give way. Mia screams again.

Trudy-zombie pushes her face into the door opening, HISSES at Mia. The doors are almost open when --

-- THWACK! Trudy-zombie freezes. THWACK! Her eyes roll back in her head and she falls to the floor, revealing --

-- the Ice Cream Bear behind her, metal tray in paw. His oversized eyes stare at Mia inside the closet when A MOAN from below.

Mia watches as the Ice Cream Bear descends on Trudy-zombie, the metal tray raising and descending repeatedly as the bear beats the shit out of the zombie.

A full fifteen seconds pass before the onslaught has ended.

The Ice Cream Bear rises, painted in blood. He drops the metal tray with a CLANG. Furry hands reach up and remove the big mascot head to reveal --

-- ALBERT, panting. He wipes his forehead with his paw.

MIA

Mr. Albert!

Mia rushes forward and hugs him.

MIA (CONT'D)

What's going on around here?

ALBERT

(breathing heavily)

Cardiac arrest...hold on.

She releases him, he takes a moment to catch his breath.

MIA

Have you seen my Nana?

ALBERT

She's fine. Are you OK? Are you hurt?

Albert looks her over.

MIA

I'm fine. Mr. Albert... what's happening to all the residents?

ALBERT

Don't you worry about that right now. Let's just get you back to your grandmother, OK?

Albert looks around, spots a closed-in metal cart nearby, steers Mia toward it.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

You should be safe in here. Climb in and let's get you out of here.

Mia slips into the cart, Albert closes the lid.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

You alright in there?

MIA (V.O.)

Yes.

ALBERT

What?

MIA

YES!

ALBERT

Sssshhhh!

Albert wheels it a few yards, picks up the oxygen tank and lays it on top the cart. He takes one last look around then slips the bear head back on and moves out.

INT. ISABELLA'S APARTMENT

Isabella sits on her couch, oxygen mask over her face, glaring at Rose.

ROSE

Tuttle, how could something like this happen? Aren't you supposed to keep the residents safe? You probably skimped on another round of vaccinations and-

Tuttle sits in a chair, licks his finger and furiously scrubs his bloodstained shirtsleeve.

TUTTLE

Oh no, this isn't my fault. There was no expiration date on that ice cream, so legally I'm not-

ISABELLA

Ice cream? What are you talking about?

ROSE

Thank God I didn't eat any of that crap. For God's temple is holy and you are that temple.

WALTER

Oh, give it a rest, Rose.

Isabella removes her mask and approaches Tuttle.

ISABELLA

Was there something wrong with that ice cream, Mr. Tuttle? My Mia had some at the social earlier. Is that what's making everyone sick?

WALTER

They're a damn sight more than sick.

Tuttle rises from the chair and backs away from Isabella.

TUTTLE

Listen, I told you, I had nothing to do with this mess.

Rose motors over to Tuttle and Isabella.

ROSE

Alright, calm down, Charo. We all know Tuttle's a fool, but it's not like you people are the smartest beans in the burrito either.

ISABELLA

Listen, you. My name is Isabella. Is-A-Bella. And don't you ever talk about *my people* again when *your people* don't even have the decency to come and visit you. But it's probably the fact that they're decent folks who'd prefer not to spend their Saturdays fending off insults from a bitter old shrew.

Walter's jaw drops as Isabella ends her rant with a deep inhale on her oxygen mask.

Rose sits in her cart glaring at Isabella, at a loss for words. She turns to Tuttle.

ROSE

Come on, Tuttle, we're leaving.

TUTTLE

We can't go out there.

ROSE

Well if you want to stay here and figure out what you're going to tell the police when they come to clean up your mess, be my guest. But do you really think these two miscreants are going to stick up for you?

Tuttle ogles Isabella and Walter for a moment then heads for the door.

Rose reverses her cart and bumps into the couch. She switches forward, and bumps into the wall. Reverses and bumps into the couch again.

Walter and Isabella share a small smile.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Tuttle!

Tuttle waddles over to Rose, muscles her cart free and heads for the door.

Without looking back, Rose opens the door and she and Tuttle head out.

Isabella turns to Walter, a pained look on her face.

ISABELLA

I shouldn't have said that.

WALTER

Are you kidding? Someone should have said it years ago. Boy, if Albert could've heard that.

Isabella sulks at the mention of Albert's name.

ISABELLA

Oh, the things I said to him before he left...

Walter shuffles to Isabella.

WALTER

Isabella, don't you worry about Albert.
He thinks the world of you and nothing
you say will change that.

Isabella looks at Walter and smiles.

WALTER (CONT'D)

But let's forget all that happy horse
shit for a minute and go back to how you
gave Rose the business.

Walter turns and heads for the front door, which was left
WIDE OPEN when Tuttle left.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Hands down, that was one of the two
greatest things I've ever witnessed. The
first one being these two whores in
Saigon do this thing with a-

Just as Walter puts his hand on the doorknob, a ZOMBIE
bangs against the door from the outside, pushing its way
in.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Christ!

Startled, Walter quickly recovers and puts all of his
weight against the door, trying to keep what's outside
from coming in.

Isabella rushes to his side, leans against the door. They
struggle but the door keeps inching inward.

EXT. PICKET FARMS NURSING HOME - MAIN ENTRANCE

Sheriff Roy and Deputy Wendell peering through the
windows of the front doors.

The Sheriff tugs on the door. Locked. Peers inside again.

INT. PICKET FARMS NURSING HOME - ATRIUM

Not a soul around. Until..

A MAN IN A BEAR SUIT appears, pushing a metal cart across
the far side of the atrium.

OUTSIDE

Sheriff Roy and Deputy Wendell both watch in silence at the strange spectacle inside.

DEPUTY WENDELL

Sheriff?

SHERIFF ROY

I see it, Wendell. Got no words for it, but I see it.

Deputy Wendell bangs on the glass door.

DEPUTY WENDELL

Hey! Bear! Sheriff's office, open up!

INSIDE

The near-deaf Albert continues on, pushing the cart out of sight, oblivious to the Sheriff and his Deputy.

OUTSIDE, Sheriff Roy pulls his shoulder mic.

SHERIFF ROY

Mary Jo, put me through to Picket Farms front office, would ya?

Sheriff turns to the sidewalk, snorts and spits. Takes a moment to adjust his privates, cuz sometimes you gotta.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Ain't getting anybody to pick up.

SHERIFF ROY

Well, keep trying.

Sheriff peers into the window once more, shakes his head.

INT. HALLWAY

Albert Bear scurries down the hall pushing the cart when he stops. He turns and tilts the bear head for a clear view.

INT. BINGO HALL

A portly nurse with thick glasses holds a bingo ball inches away from her face.

PORTLY NURSE

B-3. B-3.

She looks around at the handful of bingo players marking their cards with their dabbers. A few of them look bored out of their skulls, while a blue haired old woman sleeps the game away.

PORTLY NURSE (CONT'D)

Once again, that's a B. And a 3.

The nurse sets the ball aside and pulls another one from the cage.

PORTLY NURSE (CONT'D)

N-42. N-42. Anyone have a-

BANGING on the glass doors interrupts her bingo calling. She turns to see --

-- Albert in the bear suit, mask off. His big furry paw hammers away at the glass door, while Mia peeks out the cart by his side.

The Portly Nurse puts the ball aside and waddles to the doors and opens one just a bit.

ALBERT

Listen to me. You've got to-

PORTLY NURSE

What in Sam Hell are you wearing?

ALBERT

I don't have time to-

PORTLY NURSE

Do you know you have a little Mexican girl in your ice cream cart?

ALBERT

Yes, I know. Listen, you have to get everybody out of-

PORTLY NURSE

(uppity)

I beg your pardon?

ALBERT

There's a terrible-

PORTLY NURSE

There's a terrible *interruption* is what there is. Now we've already commenced to playin', so if you wanna sit in, you're just gonna have to wait 'til the next-

ALBERT

No, listen to me-

The Portly Nurse then leans her sizable figure into the door, closing it on Albert, cutting him off.

Albert watches helplessly as she walks off.

INSIDE, the Portly Nurse returns to her table and cranks the little ball cage, pulls a ball. She takes one last glance at Albert behind the glass.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Listen to me! Keep. The doors. Locked. No matter what!

The nurse shakes her head in aggravation then turns back to the game.

PORTLY NURSE

OK, then. Looks like we have an...
(holds the ball close)

O-17.

Mia's eyes go wide, she points across the bingo hall.

MIA

Mr. Albert, look!

Albert follows her line of sight to the glass doors at the opposite side of the bingo hall - a lone zombie claws at the glass.

ALBERT

Oh no.

The Portly Nurse squints through her glasses at the new interruption. The bingo players could care less.

PORTLY NURSE CONT'D)

Again, that's O-

The zombie BANGS on the glass.

The Portly Nurse puts down the ball in a huff and turns to Albert.

PORTLY NURSE
Friend of yours?

Albert stares at the zombie across the way, fear in his eyes.

The portly nurse rises and waddles for the second set of doors, her poor vision rendering her ignorant of the danger ahead.

PORTLY NURSE (CONT'D)
I'd sure like to know where some people
get the notion that everyone else is at
their beck and call.

Albert BANGS against his glass in protest.

ALBERT
NO! Don't open that door!

The portly nurse reaches the door, notices the zombie's TORN and BLOODY clothes.

PORTLY NURSE
And this one. Doesn't even have the
decency to clean himself up. Just waltzes
in here like he's-

She opens the door and the zombie ATTACKS. His gaping mouth TEARS INTO her neck, BLOOD SPRAYS from her jugular.

PORTLY NURSE (CONT'D)
Ugh...Agh, you dirty motherfucker!

She quickly falls to the floor in a gurgling heap.

Behind her, an old lady cranes her neck to see what all the fuss is about.

More grand-zombies stumble through the doors and quickly spread through the bingo hall attacking the players.

One player repeatedly smashes her bingo-dabber into the face of her attacker, covering his forehead with small blue ink blots.

Across the room, Albert bangs on the locked glass doors, calling out to several of the players.

ALBERT
Ruth! Get out of there! Clarence!
Clarence!

Behind Albert and Mia, a ZOMBIE sloths toward them, quiet and unnoticed.

Albert BANGS again. His manic expression slowly melts to sadness as the bingo players fall one by one.

Albert deflates, his forehead knocks gently against the glass. He's close to tears when he sees in the reflection of the glass --

-- the zombie behind him, FIVE FEET AWAY.

His eyes bug out. He spins, shoves Mia down into the cart and slams the lid. She SCREAMS.

He spins as the zombie LUNGES. Its open mouth just inches from Albert's bald head, about to take a bite when --

-- its dentures fall from its mouth. The zombie gums Albert's head harmlessly.

Albert wrestles with the gumming zombie.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Get away, you...you...aghh!

Albert stumbles back, BANGS into a large glass trophy case - photos of residents in their younger days, various trophies and awards on display.

The zombie RUSHES Albert. He dodges.

The zombie CRASHES through the glass trophy case and slumps at the waist over shards of broken glass.

Albert pauses to catch his breath, hands on his knees. He wipes the zombie-drool from the top of his head then glances into the case.

THE CASE

A black and white photo and name plate of "GENE PICKET, founder of Picket Farms Nursing Home". Just below the photo is a LARGE URN which holds Gene's ashes.

MIA (O.S.)

Mr. Albert? Are you OK? Is it safe to come out?

Albert nods, takes another gulp of air.

ALBERT

It's safe.

Mia lifts the lid and rises.

The zombie MOANS in the shattered trophy case.

Albert bolts upright, immediately WINCES in pain, grabs his back.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Agh!

The zombie begins to SQUIRM.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Not safe! Not safe!

Mia drops back down into the cart with a YELP.

Albert reaches into the case and grabs the urn and SMASHES it into the zombie's head.

ASHES AND GORE EXPLODE outward and the zombie slumps back down, dead.

Albert drops the bloody urn and looks from the dead zombie to the photo of Gene.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Sorry, Gene.

INT. ISABELLA'S APARTMENT

Isabella and Walter strain against the front door.

WALTER

My leg. I can't put much weight on it.

Isabella doubles her effort but the door slips open a bit more until finally --

-- the DOOR FLIES OPEN. Isabella stumbles back as Walter is thrown to the ground.

Walter scrambles to his feet as the zombie lumbers into the apartment. Walter picks up his walker to fend the zombie off, stepping back as the zombie approaches.

Walter begins a slow retreat around the kitchen island, the zombie following.

Isabella rushes to the door, slams it, throws the lock.

The zombie turns at the sound of the door slamming.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(to zombie)

Hey, over here you old fart!

The zombie turns its attention back to Walter.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(to Isabella)

Hide yourself!

Walter leads it in a slow circle around the kitchen island, the creature lashing out at random.

Isabella limps to the bedroom, closes the door behind her, takes a wheezy breath.

Out in the kitchen she hears the sounds of PLATES CRASHING to the floor, various things being upended.

She opens the door peeks toward the kitchen to see --

-- Walter still circling the kitchen island, zombie still following.

ISABELLA

Walter! Is that Mr. Baker?

Walter shuffling and throwing kitchen utensils at the zombie.

WALTER

What?

ISABELLA

Mr. Baker. Is that him?

Walter manages a quick glance at the zombie's face.

WALTER

Yeah, so what.

ISABELLA

Didn't he have a heart attack a few months ago?"

Walter on the living room side of the island, still circling.

WALTER

If he did, he looks to be getting around pretty good now.

ISA

Next time around, hit the popcorn button on the microwave!

WALTER

I don't really have time for a damn snack, Isabella!

Walter shuffles through the kitchen, passing the microwave.

ISA

Popcorn, Walter!

Walter shakes his head and hits the button, continues hobbling around the island.

MR. BAKER ZOMBIE comes around the island and stops near the microwave. He falters for a moment, begins to shudder.

Walter stops, looks on in confusion.

MR. BAKER ZOMBIE begins to shake violently. He grabs his chest just as the PACEMAKER INSIDE EXPLODES, killing him.

Walter comes around and looks at the motionless zombie on the kitchen floor.

WALTER

I'll be damned.

Isabella appears at Walter's side, looking down at the dead zombie. She raises the oxygen mask to her mouth and inhales.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Pacemaker near a microwave. What's Spanish for "fucking genius"?

Isabella looks at him and manages a smile behind the oxygen mask.

INT. PICKET FARMS NURSING HOME - ATRIUM

Far across the atrium, A HUNCHBACKED OLD MAN hobbles toward the front door. Both arms furiously working forearm crutches, a look of terror on his face.

He sees the Sheriff and Deputy looking through the window, but their attention is directed elsewhere.

OLD HUNCHBACKED MAN
Sheriff! Alarm! Um...M-Mayday!

He approaches the sitting area in the middle of the atrium when an elderly ZOMBIE IN A BATH ROBE leaps out from behind a couch and attacks.

The hunchbacked old man is dragged down behind the couch with no resistance.

The Sheriff and Deputy turn their attention to the sitting area - no sign of the attack. All is calm.

OUTSIDE

Deputy Wendell pulls out a small tool and proceeds to pick the lock.

Sheriff Roy does a double take as Deputy Wendell opens the door, looks at Wendell with a "WTF?"

DEPUTY WENDELL
Brother-in-law is in the lock biz.

SHERIFF ROY
Your brother-in-law is doing time for B&E.

Wendell shrugs it off and they enter.

INT. PICKET FARMS NURSING HOME - ATRIUM

Inside, all seems calm.

SHERIFF ROY
Hello? Anybody home? Gil, where you at, boy?

They continue on, passing the sitting area where they find --

-- TWO BLOODY BODIES laid out on the floor like rag dolls.

SHERIFF ROY (CONT'D)
Holy Hell.

Sheriff Roy draws his sidearm. Deputy Wendell close behind, follows suit, the door closing behind them.

Another BLOODY CORPSE lies nearby, all hidden from view of the front doors.

DEPUTY WENDELL

Got ourselves a real shit-pickle here, huh Sheriff?

SHERIFF ROY

Dang close if it ain't.

The two lawmen approach the nearest body on the floor, the head facing upward, body facing down.

Sheriff Roy crouches beside it.

DEPUTY WENDELL

Should you give him mouth to mouth?

SHERIFF ROY

Me? Hell no. Ain't never known that to fix a broken neck anyhow.

Sheriff Roy stands, takes another look around. Wendell crouches near the third body, inspects it.

DEPUTY WENDELL

What the hell you think happened here?

Sheriff nudges the second body with his boot.

SHERIFF ROY

Hell if I know. End result damn sure was a shit-pickle, just like you declared.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR

Tuttle is hustling Rose's wheelchair down the hall, her jewelry box on her lap.

They stop before a closed sliding glass door that leads to the ROTUNDA and a pair of elevator doors within.

They peer through the glass door to a matching glass door on the opposite side of the rotunda.

Tuttle wheels Rose's cart back and forth a few inches.

TUTTLE

Oh, Jeez.

ROSE
What? What is it?

Tuttle steps to a large "OPEN" button nearby and hits it. Nothing. Hits it again. And again.

TUTTLE
Oh, Jeez.

ROSE
Tuttle, what in Sam Fuck is going on?

TUTTLE
The doors. The auto-sensors are not responding. They must be-

ROSE
Hey! Mouth closed, door open. Now!

Tuttle thinks for a moment. He fumbles for his keys, reaches down and overrides the door lock with a turn of the key.

The doors glide open and they roll into --

INT. ROTUNDA - SECOND FLOOR

-- and stop at the two sets of elevator doors.

Tuttle TAP, TAP TAPS the elevator button. He looks down the hall to his left, does a double take as he sees --

LEFT HALLWAY

-- Albert in the bloody bear suit pushing the metal cart. He stops at the LEFT glass door, tries the handle. LOCKED. He looks at Tuttle and Rose inside the rotunda.

Tuttle looks to Rose, they share a confused look.

Back on Albert - he removes the bear mask, stares at Rose.

ROSE
(to herself)
Oh, that figures. Go ahead and hide in your little bear suit, Albert.

Albert opens the metal cart and pulls out a limp Mia. She's pale, bathed in sweat, breathing heavily.

ALBERT

My God, Mia! I didn't realize it was so hot in-

Mia shakes her head, her hands on her stomach.

MIA

(weakly)

It's my tummy...I don't feel good.

Tuttle watches Albert tend to the girl when

ROSE (O.S.)

TUUUTTTTTLLLE!

Tuttle jumps out of his skin, turns to Rose.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Lock the door.

Tuttle follows Rose's line of sight to see --

RIGHT HALLWAY

-- WALTER AND ISABELLA headed toward the RIGHT door.

ISABELLA

(shouting)

Mr. Tuttle! Wait!

ROSE

Tuttle, you lock that door now!

BANG! Rose and Tuttle turn to see Albert banging on the LEFT door.

ALBERT

(muffled through glass)

Rose! Open the door!

Rose eyes Albert with a wicked stare.

TUTTLE

(to Rose)

There's plenty of room for-

ROSE

Boy, you lock that door or I'll have you deported!

TUTTLE

I'm from South Carolina.

ROSE
You think that'll stop me?

TUTTLE
Rose, I can't just leave them out there.

Rose digs in her jewelry box, produces an expensive looking necklace.

ROSE
You get us, and ONLY us, onto that elevator and you can retire your fat ass on this.

Tuttle is entranced by the lavish jewels. He looks left.

Albert pleads at the LEFT glass door.

Tuttle looks right.

Walter and Isabella twenty feet from the RIGHT glass door.

INT. ATRIUM

Sheriff Roy stands near the dead bodies, depresses his shoulder mic.

SHERIFF ROY
Mary Jo, you get a hold of the office yet?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
(on radio)
Sure didn't, Sheriff.

SHERIFF ROY
Well, go ahead and send over an ambulance.
(looks at the second body)
Better make that two.

A SHUFFLING SOUND. Sheriff Roy and Deputy Wendell turn, guns drawn, to see --

-- the BATH ROBE ZOMBIE rises from behind the couch where the old hunchbacked man was taken down. It hisses at the lawmen then shambles toward them.

DEPUTY WENDELL
Hold it right there, old timer!

Bath robe zombie keeps coming.

SHERIFF ROY

Y'all get down on the floor now, ya hear?

No response from the bath robe zombie.

SHERIFF ROY (CONT'D)

Shit. Wendell, go on and get the cuffs on him.

Deputy Wendell holsters his gun and pulls the handcuffs. Circles behind the bath robe zombie.

SHERIFF ROY (CONT'D)

Easy does it, old timer. Ain't nobody gonna hurt you. This is just til we get everything sorted out here.

DEPUTY WENDELL

And keep that robe closed, will ya? I don't need to see your business.

Bath robe zombie turns on Wendell just before the cuffs are on. They lock arms, the zombie leaning in to bite Wendell.

SHERIFF ROY

Come on Wendell, get them cuffs on him, boy.

Deputy Wendell is struggling to keep the zombie at arms length.

DEPUTY WENDELL

Dangit, Sheriff, this old coot's been eatin' his wheaties.

Sheriff Roy holsters his weapon and steps up to assist the deputy when --

-- the bath robe zombie spins around, lashing out at the Sheriff, ripping his shoulder mic off.

SHERIFF ROY

Hey, that's gov'ment property, boy!

Sheriff Roy reaches for his revolver when the zombie LUNGES, BITES DOWN on Sheriff Roy's arm.

SHERIFF ROY (CONT'D)

AAAGGH!

Sheriff Roy RIPS his bloody arm from the zombie's mouth and falls to the ground.

Deputy Wendell draws his weapon but before he can fire.

BANG! Sheriff Roy drops the elderly zombie with a single shot.

DEPUTY WENDELL

Sheriff!

Deputy Wendell rushes to the sheriff's side.

SHERIFF ROY

Ahh, shit!

DEPUTY WENDELL

Does it hurt bad, Sheriff?

SHERIFF ROY

Surprisingly, it hurts like a sonofabitch, Wendell. What the hell do you think?

(re: zombie)

Check him out.

Deputy Wendell rises, weapon trained on the bath robe zombie. He nudges it with his boot.

DEPUTY WENDELL

I think you kill't him, Sheriff.

SHERIFF ROY

Well make damn sure, cuz if he ain't, get him up so I can finish the job.

Sheriff Roy holsters his gun and gets to his feet. He pulls a handkerchief from his pocket and wraps his arm.

SHERIFF ROY (CONT'D)

Get your dick beaters over here and tie me off.

Deputy Wendell ties the makeshift tourniquet, while the Sheriff scans the area with an apprehensive scowl.

INT. ROTUNDA - SECOND FLOOR

Tuttle waddles to the RIGHT glass door, slides it closed and flips a metal bar, locking it shut just as Walter and Isabella arrive.

Tuttle backs away as they bang on the glass.

WALTER

Tuttle, you idiot! Open the damn doors!

Isabella eyes Tuttle for a moment when she notices Mia and Albert across the rotunda, locked behind the LEFT door.

ISABELLA

Mia! Mr. Tuttle, please!

ROSE

Now if we can just have a little help from the Lord here.

(bows her head)

Dear Lord, please deliver unto us salvation in the form of an elevator. And make it fucking snappy. Amen.

The elevator arrives with a DING.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Hallelujah!

Tuttle turns and pushes Rose toward the doors.

ALBERT

Rose, please!

Rose sneers at Albert then faces the elevator as the doors open.

HERMAN ZOMBIE and HOPKINS ZOMBIE LUNGE TOWARD ROSE from inside the elevator. Rose SCREAMS.

ALBERT's eyes go wide at the attack, then he squints when he recognizes...

ALBERT (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Hopkins?

Tuttle pulls Rose backwards. Herman-zombie and Hopkins-zombie shamle forward, closing the distance.

ROSE

Get me outta here, you dicknose!

Tuttle looks around the rotunda for an escape route. Both glass doors are locked.

Tuttle stops, eyes the two approaching zombies. Then RACES FORWARD WITH ROSE'S CART.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Tuttle, what the hell are you doing!?
Retreat! Retreat!

Tuttle RAMS the cart into the two zombies. They fall onto Rose and immediately TEAR INTO HER.

Albert pulls Mia to his furry chest, hiding her eyes.

Herman and Hopkins-zombies are in a FEEDING FRENZY on Rose.

Rose SCREAMS as Tuttle shoves her cart forward. He releases the cart, sending Herman and Hopkins zombies and Rose CRASHING BACK INTO THE ELEVATOR CAR.

The doors close and the whole bloody mess is gone with the soft DING of the elevator bell.

Tuttle stares ahead at the blood-smearred elevator doors, his hairpiece hanging on valiantly.

Albert stares in shock.

Isabella and Walter equally horrified at what they've just witnessed.

Tuttle turns slowly toward Albert, a blank stare.

ALBERT

Mr. Tuttle, open the damn door!

ISABELLA

(in Spanish)

For the love of God, please!

Tuttle turns, notices ROSE'S BLOODY JEWELRY BOX on the floor near the elevator. He shuffles over, and opens it.

CLOSE ON JEWELRY BOX - the jewels inside SPARKLING in the overheard lights.

Tuttle quickly shuts the lid, cradles it beneath his arm and races off down the fire stairs.

Albert releases Mia and bangs both paws against the locked glass door.

ALBERT

Tuttle! Come back here!

Walter racks his walker against the glass door.

WALTER

Tuttle, you fat bastard!

Isabella slumps to the floor. She places her hand on the glass, holding back tears as she gazes at Mia across the rotunda.

INT. STAIRWELL

Tuttle is racing down the stairwell, jewelry box clutched to his chest.

He comes to a halt at the first floor door, out of breath. He makes the sign of the cross and inches the door open.

He peeks out. Apprehensive at first, his expression changes as he exhales with relief.

ATRIUM

Near the elevator doors, Sheriff Roy adjusts his arm in a makeshift sling while Deputy Wendell attempts to repair the broken shoulder mic.

DEPUTY WENDELL

Sheriff, this ain't workin'.

SHERIFF ROY

Well then go on to the car and call it in from there.

A door closes with a loud KA-CHUNK. The lawmen raise their weapons and see --

-- Tuttle rushing toward them from the stairwell door, jewelry box under one arm.

TUTTLE

Sheriff, thank God-

Sheriff Roy and Deputy Wendell aim their guns at Tuttle.

SHERIFF ROY

Hold it right there, Gil!

Tuttle slows, but keeps moving toward the front door, his free hand holding a ring of keys.

TUTTLE

Sheriff, we need to get outta here, it's not safe-

Sheriff Roy and Deputy Wendell track Tuttle for a moment, their backs to the elevator doors.

SHERIFF ROY

(raised voice)

Now hold it just a goddamn minute!

Tuttle freezes at the sound of Sheriff Roy's command. The sheriff holsters his weapon, steps to Tuttle and swipes the key ring.

SHERIFF ROY (CONT'D)

We walk into a damn...*abattoir* here and you wanna run off into the sunset? I think you better start talking, Gil.

TUTTLE

Sheriff, you don't understand-

The elevator DINGS. Tuttle's eyes go wide.

The lawmen turn just as the doors slide open. HERMAN and HOPKINS ZOMBIES pour out of the elevator car and immediately descend upon the Sheriff and Deputy.

Tuttle backs away, shaking his head in denial.

TUTTLE (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no, no.

He turns and races for the front doors when HUNCHBACK ZOMBIE rises from behind the couch.

Tuttle does a 180 and flees down the hallway. Behind him, the officers SCREAM OUT as they are attacked.

INT. ROTUNDA

Albert shares a look with Isabella and Walter from across the rotunda.

He turns to Mia, curled up against the wall next to him. His eyes drift over to the metal cart.

He places the bear head back on his head, grabs the cart and begins pushing it down the hall.

Isabella and Walter watch him from across the rotunda.

ISABELLA

Albert! Where are you going?

Albert stops halfway down the hall and turns around. He takes a breath and runs as fast as his old legs will carry him - straight for the glass door.

Isabella and Walter's eyes widen with realization.

Mia brings her hands to her face, tries to back into the wall as Albert approaches full speed with the cart.

ALBERT

Aaaahhhhh!

The cart SMACKS into the glass door, stopping it cold, sending Albert backwards where he lands on his butt.

Albert moans in pain but gets up anyway. He raises the bear head, looks at Mia peeking up at him.

He looks to the glass door, a large crack running the length of the glass.

Albert lowers the bear head, grabs the cart and returns down the hall. He turns and goes for it again.

This time the cart and Albert go CRASHING through the glass door.

Albert pulls off the bear mask and pauses to get his bearings. He returns to Mia.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

You still with me, Mia?

Mia nods then doubles over in pain.

WALTER (O.S.)

Albert!

Albert turns to Walter and Isabella. Behind them, a zombie creeps down the hall behind them.

ISABELLA

Hurry, Albert!

Albert scoops Mia up and hobbles over to Isabella and Walter at the RIGHT glass door. He lays Mia to the side, Isabella looks at her, her heart breaking.

ISABELLA (CONT'D.)
(CONT'D)

Oh, Mia

Albert tries to pull the door open but it holds firm.

Down the hall, the zombie is getting closer.

WALTER
It's about to be Kham Duc all over again,
Albert, let's go!

ALBERT
I'm trying!

Isabella steps to the door button and bangs on it furiously.

Albert looks down at Walter's fanny pack.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Your pack!

Walter unzips it, starts rummaging, pulls out THE SMALLEST POCKET KNIFE IN THE WORLD. He holds it up to Albert and shrugs.

Walter opens it and wedges the two inch blade through the door crack. He applies the smallest amount of pressure and SNAP! The blade breaks off.

WALTER
Shit!

The zombie is closing in.

Albert turns to his metal cart. He rushes toward it, uprights it and puts the bear head back on.

He lines up the cart and pushes with all he's got left toward the glass door.

Walter sees him and steps out of the way next to Isabella who is still banging on the door open button.

The zombie is almost on them.

Just as Albert is about to impact the glass, the DOOR OPENS. Albert goes sailing right through the open door and SMACKS into the zombie.

Albert releases the cart, watches as it takes the zombie several more yards until they finally crash into the wall.

Albert hobbles back through the open doors and Walter slides the door shut when everyone is safely inside the rotunda.

Albert removes the bear head, breathing heavily. Walter looks him up and down, seeing him in the bear suit up close for the first time.

Albert turns to --

-- Isabella embracing Mia.

ISABELLA

Oh, my chica. You're burning up!

Mia MOANS in pain.

Isabella turns to Albert, about to speak.

MIA

Nana...

Albert, Isabella and Walter turn to --

-- the CENTER glass door behind them. It's completely covered in SNARLING ZOMBIES. A bloody fist HAMMERS THE GLASS, a crack appears.

WALTER

If that glass is half as strong as my bladder, it won't last much longer.

They retreat to the two sets of elevator doors. The right side, bloody from Rose's attack. The left side, pristine.

Albert is about to press the button when Walter grabs his furry paw.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Hold it. You saw what just went in there. We can't let that car come back up here.

ALBERT

There's two elevators. The other one's got to come next.

WALTER

Are you sure about that?

Behind them, another POUNDING FIST ON THE GLASS, another crack. Albert notices the fire stairs.

ALBERT

The stairs.

Walter looks at him, lifts his walker.

WALTER

Does this say Stair Master to you?

Albert looks at Isabella, Mia in her arms. She responds with a slow shake of her head.

They turn to the glass door and the zombies beyond when --
-- DING! The elevator bell rings.

CLOSE ON both sets of elevator doors. Which set will open?

They all take a step back, prepared for the worst. The LEFT doors open to reveal --

INT. ELEVATOR

-- Deputy Wendell, tattered and bloodied, walking cane in hand, raised and ready to strike.

ALBERT

(paws raised)

Hold it, hold it!

DEPUTY WENDELL

You all ain't one of them things, are you?

WALTER

Does it look like it?

Deputy Wendell looks them over, paying particular attention to Albert in the bloody bear suit.

DEPUTY WENDELL

You do look a bit haggard.

WALTER

We're old, goddammit! Let's see how good you look in fifty years.

Isabella helps Mia into the elevator, followed by Albert and Walter.

DEPUTY WENDELL

Hold on, now. It's not safe down there. I barely made it out alive.

ISABELLA

Well, it's not safe up here either.

ALBERT

(to Deputy Wendell)

On a scale from one to ten, how bad is it down there?

WENDELL

Pretty dang bad.

Albert frowns at the deputy's answer.

WALTER

Look it's *pretty bad* down there and shitty up here.

Walter moves to press the down button.

WALTER (CONT'D)

We're going down.

Deputy Wendell blocks his hand.

DEPUTY WENDELL

Now I'm gonna have to insist that-

Suddenly, the CENTER glass SHATTERS, spilling the zombie horde into the rotunda.

ALBERT

Go, go, go!

Deputy Wendell quickly changes his tune and hammers the down button as the group backs deeper into the elevator.

The horde is almost upon them when the elevator doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR

The moaning and hissing of the horde is quickly replaced by a muzak version of an old bossa nova tune, like *The Girl from Ipanema* or some shit.

INT. HALLWAY

Tuttle scurries around a corner and CRASHES into the same metal cart he crashed into earlier.

TUTTLE

Son of a...

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Tuttle bursts through the swinging doors, slips but rights himself. He looks down to see blood smeared across the tile floor.

TUTTLE

(sotto)

Come on, Gil. Keep it together.

Tuttle slip-slides his way around a corner, stopping at a metal EXIT door. He tries the handle. Locked. He reaches for his keys - NOT THERE.

He jiggles the handle once more. Then again in a five second over-the-top frenzy.

TUTTLE (CONT'D)

JIMINY FUCKING CRICKETS!

He stops, flustered. He turns and leans his back against the broken door clutching the jewelry box, his hair piece a mess, when he hears --

-- THE SQUEAK of the swinging kitchen doors.

He looks up in dread.

TUTTLE (CONT'D)

Doug?

Another SQUEAK. Tuttle hugs the jewelry box tighter. He watches the corner of the kitchen wall.

TUTTLE (CONT'D)

Doug, is that you?

Around the corner of the kitchen wall, one of the WILSON TWINS appears, eyes locked on Tuttle.

TUTTLE (CONT'D)

Shit.

The second WILSON TWIN appears next to the first. Both are UNDEAD and covered in gore.

TUTTLE (CONT'D)

Double shit.

The WILSON TWIN ZOMBIES stand stock still.

TUTTLE (CONT'D)

Y-y-you boys want some ice cream?

The WILSON TWIN ZOMBIES suddenly let out a unified SHRIEK and race toward Tuttle, arms out, teeth bared.

Tuttle melts to the ground with a SCREAM.

INT. ELEVATOR - SECOND FLOOR

Isabella kneels on the elevator floor cradling a sweating Mia. Isabella looks up at Albert.

ISABELLA

She had ice cream earlier. Like most of the others. Tuttle... he acted like there was something wrong with it.

WALTER

Thank God I'm lactose intolerant.

ALBERT

The nurse's office! We can get something for her there.

Walter and Albert nod in agreement - worth a shot.

Albert hits the down button, they stand looking at the number to change.

Just before the doors open, Albert presses and holds the "Door Closed" button.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

The office is just to the left of the elevators. We'll open the doors for just a second, see how it looks out there first.

Everyone nods in agreement.

Albert releases the button, the elevator doors open with a DING.

A few zombies lumber around the dead bodies.

Albert tap-tap-taps the button, the doors close.

DEPUTY WENDELL

Like I said. Pretty dang bad.

ISABELLA

You're not helping.

Albert thinks.

ALBERT

OK, we file out, nice and easy. We keep quiet, I think we can all get in before we draw too much attention.

WALTER

We're really going out there?

ALBERT

We can't stay here.

Albert moves to push the button, when Walter grabs his arm.

WALTER

Wait. You ring that damn chime again, and it's like ringing the dinner bell.

DEPUTY WENDELL

Well, how the hell we gonna get out?

WALTER

Open it manually. That overrides the chime.

Albert looks at him suprised. He nods as they all chip in and muscle the doors open without a sound.

Outside, the same few zombies milling around, oblivious to our heroes.

Albert sneaks out, the others follow single file, hugging the wall, until they come to the nurse's office. Albert grabs the doorknob. Locked.

ALBERT

(whispering)

Locked.

DEPUTY WENDELL

Hold on.

He sneaks to the front, pulls out his lock picking tool and gets to work.

The other stand frozen against the wall, eyes locked on the zombies still unaware. Walter casts a glance to Deputy Wendell, still working on the lock.

WALTER

Well?

DEPUTY WENDELL

(re: the lock)

Ain't letting loose.

Walter shuffles forward to get a look at Wendell when the elevator doors close behind them. DING.

WALTER

(sotto)

Shit.

The chime draws the attention of a wandering zombie. It turns to Walter, he meets its gaze. The zombie MOANS.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(to Wendell)

How we doin' up there?

The other zombies turn to Walter, then the others.

ISABELLA

Deputy...

ALBERT

Now would be a good time.

The zombies begin to close in on the group when Deputy Wendell leaps up.

DEPUTY WENDELL

Bingo!

He opens the door and they all rush inside, shutting the door just in time.

INT. NURSE'S OFFICE

They lock the door behind them. Albert removes the bear head and paws while Isabella lowers Mia to a nearby bed. Mia is sweating, her breathing becoming more labored.

ISABELLA

Oh, chica, we'll get you fixed up, just hold on, baby.

The guys begin opening cabinets and drawers.

DEPUTY WENDELL

Nothing.

ALBERT

I don't see anything.

Walter pulls out a box marked LACTAID.

WALTER

Here we go!

He shakes it, opens it and frowns.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Empty.

ISABELLA

There's got to be some here.

Deputy Wendell opens the last cabinet. Nothing.

Albert and Walter come up empty as well.

Isabella looks to them, her heart breaking. She looks around, sees...

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

The log book!

She rushes to the desk, flips it open, scrolls down the entries.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Ms. Graham! Says here she received a bottle of lactose pills this morning.

She looks up at Albert.

ALBERT

I don't know her.

Walter shakes his head in kind. Isabella returns to the log book.

ISABELLA

Apartment 118.

Everyone looks at Deputy Wendell. He's oblivious to their intent at first, then it dawns on him.

DEPUTY WENDELL

Oh, no. I can't go back out there.

Mia coughs, Isabella rushes back to her side, touches her forehead.

ALBERT

This is a girl's life we're talking about here.

ISABELLA

Please, Deputy.

Deputy Wendell takes a step back, shaking his head.

DEPUTY WENDELL

Look, folks, I appreciate your situation and all, but I just didn't sign on for this kinda thing.

WALTER

And we did? What do we look like, trained assassins?

ALBERT

Deputy, you're young, healthy, fast on your feet. You're the best chance we got.

Walter shuffles his walker a few steps toward the deputy.

WALTER

Come on, son, this is what you're sworn to do. Protect and serve! Look at that uniform. That badge.

Walter smacks him on the bicep. Deputy Wendell looks down at his uniform. He stands a bit taller, letting that sink in.

WALTER (CONT'D)

You are a man among men. You're not gonna let a bunch of dead old farts keep you from achieving the glory that is yours by right, are you?

Walter gives him a hearty pat on the chest. Wendell shakes his head, puffs out his chest a bit, chin out.

Albert and Isabella exchange a curious glance.

WALTER (CONT'D)

You're the goddamn deputy of Picket County, son. But you're more than a cop. Damn straight. You're a...you're a fucking machine!

Wendell raises the walking cane to a ready position and steps to the door, teeth bared, as Walter puts his hand on the door handle.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Now get out there and become the legend you were meant to be.

Walter opens the door, Wendell rushes out and is immediately ATTACKED FROM TWO SIDES. He manages a warbled yelp before being completely overtaken.

Walter slams the door shut as Albert hobbles to the door window next to him. They cringe at the quick and brutal end to Deputy Wendell.

ALBERT

Jesus.

Albert turns to Isabella, lowers his head with a slow shake.

ISABELLA

Oh, that poor young man.

WALTER

Somehow I feel partly responsible for that.

Albert grabs the bear head and steps to the door.

ALBERT

Looks like it's up to me.

ISABELLA

Albert-

WALTER

You can't go out there, you saw what just happened!

ALBERT

Well, who's gonna do it?

Walter looks him in the eye for a moment, then removes his fanny pack, begins loosening the strap.

WALTER
Here, take this.

ALBERT
Walter, I don't need-

WALTER
Just take it!

Albert raises his arms as Walter wraps it around the large bear waistline and buckles it in back.

WALTER (CONT'D)
It's got a few things that might come in handy if you get in a bind.

Walter moves to the window and looks out to the atrium.

Albert shares a last look with Isabella then turns to the door as he lowers the bear mask on his head.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Ok, get ready.
(beat)
Go!

Walter opens the door and Albert dashes out. Walter closes the door and watches through the small window.

WALTER (CONT'D)
So far, so good...watch out for that-

A loud CRASH from out in the atrium. Walter winces.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Shit! Wait, he's ok. He's ok.

INT. MS. GRAHAM'S APARTMENT - LATER

The door creaks open, Albert-Bear peeks his head into complete darkness.

ALBERT
(whispering)
Hello? Ms. Graham?

Albert steps in, flips the light switch. Still dark. He flips it off and on again. Nothing.

He steps inside, closes the door and removes the bear head. He takes a few steps and immediately bumps into a chair.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Jeez...

Albert proceeds slowly, hands outstretched, feeling for obstacles until he arrives at a small end table, knocking into it.

He reaches for a lamp nearby, flips the switch. No light.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

What the heck?

He reaches down, unzips the fanny pack and rummages around. He pulls out a small package and holds it up to a sliver of light. A condom.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Really, Walter?

He shoves it down and rifles through some more until he finds A LIGHTER. He flicks it, a small flame ignites.

CLOSE ON THE LIGHTER - an image of a redheaded pinup girl printed on the side with the caption "*Red on the Head, Fire in the Hole*".

Albert frowns then holds it up high, makes a small arc, getting the lay of the room. He lowers it, stopping on several photographs on the end table.

The first photo shows a large, elderly black woman with oversize sunglasses. She sits smiling between two black children.

The second photo shows the same large black woman in sunglasses posing with a middle-aged black woman. The large black woman is holding a WHITE CANE.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Ah. No wonder you don't need lights, Ms. Graham.

Albert turns and heads toward a closed door. He opens it and waves the lighter high before him. An empty bedroom.

He turns to a second door, opens it.

BATHROOM

Albert steps inside and opens the medicine cabinet to reveal a wide variety of pill containers.

Lighter in one hand, he handles them one after another until he finds one marked LACTAID.

ALBERT

Here we go.

He shoves it into the fanny pack and closes the cabinet door when he sees himself in the mirror.

He takes a long look, the flame dancing on his reflection. He stares back at his face, old and worn, the bear suit bloody and rugged.

Albert snaps out of his reverie, turns to the doorway to find --

-- MS. GRAHAM-ZOMBIE two feet in front of him. Her milky white eyes staring right through him, her ice cream-ringed mouth opens with a ghastly MOAN.

Albert jolts to attention then Ms. Graham-zombie is on him. Albert falls back to the bathroom floor, dropping the lighter in the process.

Big Ms. Graham-zombie and Albert bear wrestle around on the floor, the two behemoths trying to out maneuver each other.

Ms. Graham-zombie rolls on top of Albert, her mouth reaching for him. He struggles to keep her at arm's length.

She MOANS, her head lolling around for access to his flesh.

With one hand, Albert fumbles behind him looking for something, anything. Finds a toilet plunger.

He grabs it, pulls it forward and pushes the rubber end onto Ms. Graham-zombie's face.

He manages to get enough leverage to shift most of her weight off of him. He grabs the plunger with two hands and pushes harder, she pushes back.

Albert grits his teeth and gives a big push.

CLOSE ON MS. GRAHAM-ZOMBIE'S FACE - the wooden plunger stick slides through the rubber end, SKEWERING HER FACE.

Ms. Graham-zombie sits atop him for a moment, plunger sticking out of her face, then she topples to the side.

Albert rests his head back onto the bathroom floor, exhausted. His arms flop down outstretched then his expression changes from relief to curiosity.

He brings one hand up close to his face. He FLICKS THE LIGHTER, a small grin appears on his face.

INT. NURSE'S OFFICE

Walter stands lookout at the window when his eyes light up.

WALTER

There he is!

Isabella rushes over to see --

INT. ATRIUM

-- the giant bear head peeking around the corner toward the nurse's office. He shrugs his furry shoulders as in "is it clear?"

Walter presses his face to the glass, looks left, right, then back to Albert.

WALTER

(waving him in)

Come on.

Albert-bear hobbles across the atrium, around several corpses to reach the nurses's office, where Walter is holding the door open.

Walter closes the door as Albert lowers himself to the floor, exhausted. He raises the bear mask so that it's tilted back on his head, just his face visible.

ALBERT

(breathing heavily)

I found them...I found the pills.

ISABELLA

Oh, Albert-

Albert reaches into the fanny pack and pulls out the small container. He holds it out when he notices --

-- Mia sitting up in the bed smiling weakly. It's obvious her condition has greatly improved.

ALBERT

What the?

He looks to Isabella who returns his confused look with a warm smile. He looks to Walter.

WALTER

Seems there was a shitload of those pills way in the back of the desk drawer.

Walter gives him an apologetic look.

Albert closes his eyes and runs his hand across his forehead.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Sorry 'bout that, Sarge.

Isabella kneels next to him, takes his hand in hers.

ISABELLA

Oh, Albert, I'm sorry too. Not just for that but for earlier. I had no right saying those things to you, when I have no idea what it was like for you over there.

Isabella places a hand on his cheek draws him up to his knees.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

You are the most decent and honorable man I have ever known. And for you to do what you did for me...and my Mia...even after how I treated you. I am forever grateful.

He looks at her, unsure what to think until --

-- she leans in and plants a huge kiss on his lips. He's surprised at first, unsure how to react, then he just goes with it.

CRASH! Mia SCREAMS. The door to the nurse's office FLIES OPEN, sending Albert face first to the floor, the bear mask flipping back down onto his head.

Isabella is flung to the side as A ZOMBIE lunges into the room, bloody hands wrap around Albert's furry bear legs.

WALTER

Albert!

Albert reaches out, grabs Isabella's oxygen tank as the zombie drags him out into the atrium.

Albert turns to face his attacker.

POV THROUGH BEAR MASK - the zombie's bloody mouth open, snaps at the bear costume, tears out a mouthful of fur.

Albert swings the oxygen tank at the zombie, but he's too weak to have much effect. He swings again. The zombie knocks it away.

CLOSE ON OXYGEN TANK - the nozzle breaks off on impact, the gas leaks out with a SSSSSSS.

Isabella, Mia and Walter watch in horror as Albert fights for his life.

POV THROUGH BEAR MASK - the zombie on top of Albert when it suddenly changes to a VIET CONG SOLDIER, as we...

FLASHBACK - VIET NAM WAR

ALBERT'S POV - as he grapples with the Viet Cong soldier, the jungle canopies the background.

Albert wrestles with the enemy soldier from his youth when --

-- the radio frequency BURSTS into his hearing aid - LIGHT MY FIRE by The Doors screams into his ear.

END FLASHBACK

Albert is back to the present.

The zombie on top of him tears into the fur, ripping out another clump of bear suit. Several BLUE BINGO-DABBER BLOTS visible on his forehead.

Albert hears the HISS of the leaking oxygen tank.

Albert reaches down into the fanny pack and pulls THE LIGHTER, the redheaded pinup girl smiling back at him.

Walter sees Albert pull the lighter, his eyes go wide. He slams the door to the nurse's office and pulls Isabella and Mia to the floor.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Get down!

Albert flicks the lighter and buries his bear head in his arms.

KABOOM! The room explodes in a compact fireball.

DISSOLVE TO:

WHITE

Slow dissolve from white to

POV THROUGH BEAR HEAD MESH - the ceiling of the atrium. Isabella suddenly appears, her mouth moving but no sound is heard.

Walter and Mia appear next to Isabella. Voices are beginning to be heard, faint, muffled then growing in volume and clarity.

Walter reaches out and removes the bear mask, changing the POV from mesh to normal. Their voices coming in clearer still.

WALTER

Albert, are you ok?

With help, Albert-bear gets to his knees. The back of the bear suit, bloody and charred. Small wisps of smoke curl from the fur.

ISABELLA

Oh, Albert!

She grabs his face, looks him in the eyes. He gives her a weak smile. She wraps her arms around him then they help him to his feet.

ALBERT

Am I dead?

WALTER

You should be.

ALBERT

What?

Walter smirks and reaches for his hand.

WALTER

Come on, you deaf bastard.

Walter, Isabella and Mia help Albert across the atrium and head toward the blown out exit door when they hear --

-- a familiar MECHANICAL HUMMING emanating from a dark corner.

From the shadows, a SILHOUETTED FIGURE approaches on a motorized cart. ROSE.

As she gets closer, they see her gaping maw and dead eyes reveal SHE IS UNDEAD, her tracksuit burned and bloody.

Albert and crew make a crippled retreat as ROSE-ZOMBIE pursues at a snail's pace.

Isabella stays put, glares at ROSE-ZOMBIE.

Rose-zombie forges ahead.

MIA

Nana!

Isabella reaches behind her head and pulls the GREEN RIBBON from her hair.

ISABELLA

Stay back, Mia.

ALBERT

Isabella! What are you doing?

Isabella ignores them. She picks up a charred cane and begins to wrap the ribbon around the it, creating a make-shift pinata stick.

CUT TO:

ROSE-ZOMBIE rolls on, thirty feet away.

BACK ON:

Isabella secures the knot in the ribbon with a violent tug. Her eyes riveted to Rose-Zombie.

ROSE-ZOMBIE twenty feet away.

ISABELLA puts her oxygen mask to her face and takes a deep breath.

WALTER (O.S.)

Wait, wait, wait.

Walter shuffles over, reaches down his pants leg and removes his PEE-BAG.

He takes aim and hurls it at Rose-zombie. It SPLATTERS UPON IMPACT soaking her in yellow liquid.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Always wanted to do that.

Walter steps back to Albert and Mia as ROSE-ZOMBIE rolls on, ten feet away.

ISABELLA draws the pinata stick back over her shoulder.

ROSE-ZOMBIE five feet away.

ISABELLA

(to Mia)

Cover your eyes, chica.

Albert pulls Mia close and covers her eyes.

ISABELLA grits her teeth and swings.

The pinata stick CRASHES INTO ROSE-ZOMBIE'S SKULL with an explosion of blood and bone.

CLOSE ON Isabella as she raises the stick and swings again. And again. And again. Each blow resulting in another splatter of blood on her face.

Albert and Walter look on in shock.

ALBERT

Isabella!

Albert hands Mia off to Walter and limps toward Isabella.

As Isabella rears back for another swing, Albert grabs the stick, halting her frenzied assault.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Isabella. It's finished.

Isabella steps back, her face peppered with a fine mist of dark blood. A small grin appears at the corners of her mouth.

WALTER

How do you say "fuck that bitch" in Spanish?

ALBERT

Walter!
(nods to Mia)

Walter makes an "oops" face, turns Mia away and covers her ears.

Isabella wipes her forearm across her bloody face, still looking down at her wet work.

ISABELLA

(in Spanish)
Fuck that bitch.

EXT. PICKET FARMS NURSING HOME - AFTERNOON

The four survivors exit the front door and drag themselves toward SHERIFF ROGERS' POLICE CRUISER parked nearby.

Walter climbs into the passenger seat of the cruiser and collapses with a groan.

WALTER

Christ.

Albert helps Mia and Isabella into the back seat then goes around to the driver's side.

Albert looks at Isabella in the rearview mirror, they share a half smile. Albert turns to Walter who is flipping through the photos of Nurse Janice.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Ah, Janice, we hardly knew ye.

The POLICE RADIO crackles to life.

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)

Sheriff? Sheriff, you there?

Albert reaches down and grabs the C.B. mic.

ALBERT

Hello? Can you hear me?

POLICE RADIO(V.O.)

Sheriff, we're gonna be a little late getting that ambulance out to you. There's a holy mess over at Hackberry Elementary. Bunch of sick kids and whatnot.

(MORE)

POLICE RADIO(V.O.)
*Couple of them even bit another one
pretty severely. Some end-of-school ice
cream bonanza, huh?*

Albert and Walter exchange looks of dread.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - SAME

The bloody ruins of the cafeteria onslaught.

CLOSE ON a blood-smearred cup of ice-cream.

EXTREME CLOSE UP on same cup of ice cream.

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END.