

BL  **DLIST**



FRESH BLOOD SELECTS

"Tenant Zero"

written by

Kirk Anderson

kirk@iamkirk.com
415.216.4643

1 INTERIOR LIVING ROOM

OPEN ON a vintage flower print sofa. Plastic houseplants and old salvation army paintings decorate the wood paneled walls. An early 1990's framed photo of an African American family is featured prominently among the decorations.

An early 20's blonde hair, blue eyed girl steps into the space, sits down, and starts talking to camera.

JESSICA

Cool! Yea! I've always wanted to live south of 57th. My dad always said this was a bad neighborhood but that was like 4 years ago.

MONTAGE - DIFFERENT PEOPLE INTERVIEWING TO CAMERA

TRENT

Hey I'm Trent. I love ball. You guys like ball? This guy LOVES ball.
(Trent points to forward to the right.)

CUT.

BOBBY

Yea, I've been with my girlfriend for 2 years now, we're pretty serious.

CUT.

TRENT

You see that buzzer beater last night?
I mean Oh ***clap*** My ***clap*** God.

CUT.

BRITNEY

I wouldn't say I'm religious, but I am pretty spiritual. I believe you can worship anywhere. Even like right here, right now!

CUT.

TRENT

Baseball, basketball, football, FUTball, you guys watch the world cup?!?! 5AM FUTball! This guy loves soccer, am i right?
(Trent points forward to the left.)

CUT.

Bobby pulls out his cell phone and starts scrolling through pictures.

BOBBY

This is her. She's the best thing that ever happened to me. You guys are going to love her.

CUT.

BRITNEY

This house has good bones. I can really feel it's bones. Can you feel it's bones?

CUT.

ANNA, a 23 year old wearing an all black outfit sits down. She's tall and lanky with short brown hair done in a modern style.

ANNA

I'm a bartender. Oh, and I cook every meal, so if you're around I usually have leftovers. I pretty much keep to myself, work nights, sleep days.

CUT.

JESSICA

I love the diversity of this area. It really calls to me.

CUT.

Anna pulls a wad of cash out of her purse.

ANNA

I usually have cash because of tips, so if you want a deposit I can just give you it right now.

CUT.

DENNIS sits down. He's a muscular late twenty-something in military-ish clothing and is sporting a clean haircut.

DENNIS

It was tough being stationed in a
(MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)
remote village, but the people treat
you like you're a hero. I mean, it's
good to be back though. I figure it's
time to get back to civilian life.
Maybe be a history teacher, or a chef!

REVEAL the other side of the sofa is occupied by two early
twenty-something guys.

TAYLOR and PHIL look unimpressed.

Taylor is African American and 15lbs overweight. He's the
better dresser of the two wearing jeans and a polo. He saw
the roughness of the neighborhood from a young age, but
survived by just passively letting things happen. He's like a
mama's boy raised by Grandma.

Phil is Hispanic with hipster skinny jeans and patchy facial
hair. He got his quick wit and impulsive mouth from growing
up a latchkey kid in the urban city. Phil carries his rough
upbringing as a chip on his shoulder.

These two look like kids that grew up in the city, but not
the cool kids. They just kind of got left behind.

TAYLOR
Dennis. You live across the street.

PHIL
Don't you own the house?

DENNIS
Yea, I just thought if I rented the
room we could hang out more. Doc says
I need to stay social and make some
lasting friendships. I have the money.

TAYLOR
Sorry man, the landlord said no pets.

DENNIS
Aren't you the landlord?

TAYLOR
Yea, no pets.

REVEAL Duke, an 85lb German Sheppard, laying on the couch
next to Dennis.

DENNIS

Duke is my service animal, he's not a pet. He's highly trained.

TAYLOR
Just get him off the sofa.

2 INTERIOR LIVING ROOM - LATER

The three boys start spreading out all the roommate applications on the coffee table. There must be 10-20 applicants for the open room.

TAYLOR
You notice anything strange about all these people?

The three men look closely. Pouring over the information.

PHIL
I should have seen it sooner. I can't believe I missed it.

TAYLOR
Yea. Me too.

DENNIS
What are you guys talking about?

Camera fast zooms to hard hits. "WILLIAMS" "DAVIS" "MARTIN" "WINSTON" "ADAMS".

TAYLOR AND PHIL TOGETHER
They're ALL white.

DENNIS
You two can't be serious.

Taylor picks up an application and gives it a good look.

TAYLOR
Every single one of them. Weird.

PHIL
Gentrification man. We should raise the price. You see the house on Jefferson? Just sold for like \$400,000. This whole neighborhood is getting expensive.

DENNIS
My family lived in this neighborhood
(MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)
for over 40 years. We're white.

PHIL
Yea, but your family was poor white people. Now non-poor white people are moving in.

TAYLOR
This affects you too man. It starts slow, but in the end we all end up on the street.

Dennis takes a moment to ponder this.

DENNIS
Doesn't it just make our houses worth more?

PHIL
Houses worth more. Bodegas cost more.

TAYLOR
Rent costs more.

Phil picks up an application and then tosses it down.

PHIL
Not one black guy, not one Latino girl. Damn. Not even a nerdy Asian kid! This is ridiculous.

Dennis shrugs. Taylor continues to look through the applications.

TAYLOR
We need to make a decision. I think we should go with Trent. I'd rather have a sports bro than a guy with a live-in girlfriend.

PHIL
If we're letting one of these people into the neighborhood we need to get something out of it. I vote Anna. She's works at a cool bar. That means free drinks.

TAYLOR
Good point. She also had her deposit on her.

DENNIS

I say Britney. She's wicked hot.

TAYLOR

Dennis, you don't get a vote...and don't try to date whoever we decide on.

DENNIS

Fine, go Anna then.

PHIL

Free drinks and she cooks. Win/Win to me.

TAYLOR

You think we should keep looking? Do one more weekend of interviews?

PHIL

Nah, Just boost the price \$400. I bet she'll pay it.

TAYLOR

If she pays another \$400 a month we're set.

Phil and Taylor look over to Dennis. They realize they probably shouldn't have had this conversation with him around. Taylor turns to Dennis.

TAYLOR

This is confidential. Don't go ratting us out.

PHIL

Dennis, don't fuck this up.

DENNIS

Guys. I'm solid!

TAYLOR

I just want a normal roommate we can live with.

Camera zooms in closer on Anna's application, then smash cuts to BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSE: "TENANT ZERO" - working title

FADE IN on a rundown suburban street.

SUPERIMPOSE: 2 MONTHS LATER

The streets are lined with beat up cars and most the houses are dilapidated and surrounded by chain-link fences. A few houses on the block have the hipster horizontal slat fences. This is a neighborhood in transition. We follow a mailman delivering packages.

Dennis steps outside his house, one of the older beat-up ones, and raises the American flag in his front yard. His German Shepard, Duke, sniffs around and pees on the fence. Dennis finishes with the flag and salutes.

The mailman parks his truck and grabs a package from the back. He strolls up to the house across the street from Dennis. The camera settles on the oldest, most beat up house on the block, Taylor and Phil's house.

4 INTERIOR KITCHEN

Phil and Taylor sit at a messy kitchen breakfast nook. The house looks like it belonged to a grandma, and never stopped being hers. We look past the nook and see a sink that is piled with dirty dishes and stagnant water. The stove has three dirty pans full of sludge stacked on it. We push past the filth and into Phil and Taylor goofing around in a breakfast nook.

PHIL

You're just supposed to take a picture
and then throw them away.

TAYLOR

Then what do I do with the photo?

PHIL

Anytime you miss the thing you're
supposed to look at the photo.

TAYLOR

That's stupid. Why would I look at
photos of all this stuff?

Reveal a table covered in Magic the Gathering playing cards, Dungeons and Dragons manuals, and misc nerdy board games.

PHIL

That's the point. You're never going
to look at the photo, but you're free
(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)
of the stuff.

The two take a second and stare at all the stuff on the table.

PHIL
How'd you get into all this nerdy stuff anyways? You're supposed to play basketball.

Phil shrugs. Taylor starts looking through the stuff on the table.

TAYLOR
My dad was a big sci-fi nerd. He loved comics and what not. He used to love playing all these with his buddies and I got to tag along and play. After he died, I never really got back into it.

PHIL
So what are you going to do with all of it?

TAYLOR
It's just stuff. I don't really want to keep storing it.

PHIL
My uncle used to say, "Your stuff is just shit that follows you around".

TAYLOR
That doesn't make sense.

PHIL
He was always pretty angry and usually drunk. He's dead.

Phil picks up one of the board games and puts it in Taylor's hands.

PHIL
Does it bring you joy right now? Hold it. Feel it.

Taylor takes a moment and closes his eyes. We stay with him as his mind slows and he feels his surroundings. Time slows down for a moment.

JUMP SCARE NOISE: BANG! BANG! BANG! It's the front door.

Taylor opens his eyes and looks to the door.

TAYLOR
I can't say it does.

PHIL
Then it's time to let it go.

Taylor goes to a cabinet and pulls out a garbage bag. He starts tossing things in the bag. Phil starts to walk to the front door as he's talking.

PHIL
Wait wait wait! Here's an idea. Let's put it all in a wagon, take it down a comic book shop and first guy who talks to you gets to take the wagon home.

TAYLOR
We don't have a wagon.

PHIL
A metaphorical wagon.

TAYLOR
You're a metaphorical wagon.

PHIL
That's deep man.

TAYLOR
You gonna get the door?

Taylor grabs a deck of cards and tosses them in a trash bag.

PHIL
Hey! Don't forget to take a picture!
It doesn't work if you don't take a picture!

Phil steps away and walks to the door.

5 EXTERIOR HOUSE PORCH

Phil opens the door and sees a small, beat up cardboard package. It's wrapped in a dozen layers of packing tape. It looks like it's seen a couple of states before landing on this doorstep. He grabs the package with one hand and closes

the door. He flips it around and sees "Anna Winston" on the address label.

PHIL

Anna! A package came for you!
(Yelling down the hall)

6 INTERIOR KITCHEN

Phil walks back into the kitchen and sees Taylor throwing everything in a trash bag.

PHIL

Just don't throw all that away. We can figure something out.

Taylor shrugs and keeps throwing games in the bag.

TAYLOR

What's on the books for your Saturday?

Phil pulls a blunt out of his shirt pocket and drags it below his nose with a sniff.

TAYLOR

It's like 10am.

PHIL

Yea. You're right! I should eat first.

Phil walks over the fridge and pulls out an apple and takes a bite. He's still got the package under one arm.

Anna comes walking confidently into the kitchen. She's dressed in all black work attire and has her short hair made up to match.

An air of conceitedness comes in the kitchen with her. It's instantly evident that one of these things is not like the others.

Phil looks up.

PHIL

Hey, package.

Phil tosses the small package 8 feet across the whole kitchen. It sails right to her, but she wasn't expecting him to throw it.

Anna's face tenses as she catches. She's pissed already.

ANNA
What the fuck are you doing? Don't
throw my stuff.

TAYLOR
Easy. Easy.

PHIL
Yea, easy Anna. Whoa girl.

ANNA
Don't throw my property and we won't
have a problem. Maybe I should throw
your shit?

Taylor holds his breath. It's barely 10AM and they're already
fighting.

Anna opens a drawer and pulls out a large chef knife. She
goes to work on opening the package.

PHIL
Hey Anna, you think you can clean up
some of your mess? I think your food
is growing food.

ANNA
My mess?!? Here's the thing. I cook,
you eat, you clean up.

PHIL
Yea, but I eat like 1/10th of what you
eat and if you would have told us that
you cook every meal at home because
you're vegan we probably would have
thought a little differently about
this whole situation.

ANNA
You still eat it. That means you still
clean it up.

TAYLOR
You gotta at least clean your dishes
Anna. We'll clean the pans and stuff
but you can't just dump all your bowls
in the sink and make us do them.

ANNA
How about you get off my back and make
your own damn food from now on?

The room goes tense.

Phil glares at Taylor.

Taylor shrugs.

Anna gets through the first layer of the box and now pulls out a wad of bubble wrap and way too much packing tape. She SLIPS with the knife. The knife juts out from the wad of tape and STABS the side of the box. She wags the knife so the box flies off the blade.

Taylor GASPS at the knife slip.

The two guys freeze and look over. Anna looks over at them watching her and gives them some attitude.

The two quickly act like they're looking at all the board games. Phil takes another bite of his apple. They're clearly intimidated by Anna. It feels as if she runs the house as soon as she enters any room.

Anna begins again. She keeps digging deeper into the wad of bubble wrap. She looks possessed to get to the center.

TAYLOR
What'd ya get?

PHIL
Box was pretty beat up.

Anna keeps digging.

ANNA
Something I've been wanting for a long time and it just popped up at the right time. So I bought it.

She finishes unwrapping and reveals it's a jar. A vintage glass medical jar with a glass lid.

PHIL
Sometimes the best gifts are the ones you give yourself.

TAYLOR
Thanks fortune cookie.

ANNA
Check it. My latest.

Anna sets down the jar on the table for all to see. It's a FINGER. An old and wrinkled finger floating in formaldehyde. You can see ligaments and tissue from where it once connected to hand. The nail is black, the stringy ligaments float around.

PHIL
Jesus Christ.

TAYLOR
Is that a finger? That's not real right?

ANNA
This is far more than just a finger, it's a human oddity.

PHIL
But it is a finger right?

ANNA
You know how hard it is to get human stuff? Anyone can get a monkey skull or a snake skeleton, but this, this is a piece.

Phil tosses his apple in the trash. He's grossed out and done eating. It makes a loud "THWANG" as it hits the rusty metal trash can.

PHIL
So, you bought a human finger?

ANNA
Yea, and this finger has a some kind of history.

PHIL
Please. Enlighten us. Jesus Christ.

ANNA
You ever hear of Stanford?

TAYLOR
Yea...we know what Stanford is... The college right?

ANNA
It came from Stanford University. It has a label that says research subject G, 1959.

She pauses for a moment and relishes in her purchase.

ANNA

This finger is from a lab at Stanford.
Someone must've stolen it like 20-30
years ago. Things like this don't just
come up for sale.

Phil comes in close and gets his face right up next to Anna's
face as they stare into the jar.

PHIL

It's fucking gross.

Anna ignores him and continues.

ANNA

Not only is it incredibly hard to find
a human oddity. It's even more rare to
find one preserved, especially with a
date. Most labs would incinerate
specimens at the end of the
experiment. This one must've been
special.

They all pause for a second and look at the JAR on the table.

TAYLOR

I thought I saw some crazy shit
growing up around here, but...

PHIL

It's fucking gross.

Anna can't ignore him. She picks up the jar and almost
retreats. As if to say, "how dare you!"

ANNA

Fuck you man. I don't shit all over
whatever game you play with 10 year
olds in the back of the comic book
store.

Anna motions to all the board games on the table.

TAYLOR

These are all mine...but I'm throwing
them away.

PHIL

I know you like weird stuff, but this
(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)
really takes the cake. You won't eat meat. You don't wear leather, but you collect dead animals and NOW human digits. All your hipster vegan friends know how freaky your dead animal fetish is?

TAYLOR
Dude, Phil.

PHIL
What are you going to do with a stolen finger?

ANNA
I didn't steal it. I paid for it. It's my finger now.

Anna cold shoulders him and begins to walk away leaving the mess of packaging and the knife on the counter.

TAYLOR
Hey Anna, are you still working tonight?

Anna continues to walk away, not responding. She's long gone by the time Taylor finishes his sentence.

TAYLOR
We wanted to come out...

Anna SLAMS her bedroom door shut.

PHIL
You think that's crazy too, right man? Like, That is not OK. THAT is too much. What a mistake. She should go.

TAYLOR
Why'd you have to give her shit about being vegan AGAIN?! I just wanted to go out tonight.

PHIL
She's never once given us free drinks and her bar is full of snobs. I don't even want to go to her bar. Probably filled with some freaky ass people...and not in a good way.

TAYLOR

I can't go back to the VFW with Dennis. I barely like the guy. Neither one of us are veterans. The guys there are crazier than Anna.

PHIL

You think people who collect shit like that are still decent people? Is that what you do when you have too much money? Like, "What do I do with all this cash?" "I know I'll buy human body parts!"

TAYLOR

I don't really care what she collects, I just don't want you two fighting and I don't want our kitchen covered in vegan slop.

PHIL

Jesus man. Open your eyes. She's taken over this whole house! We've lived together for almost 2 years and the house has never been this gross! She just purchased some dead guy's finger. Don't get me wrong, a few animal skeletons and bug dissections are weird as shit, but WHAT THE FUCK?!? She needs to go man! You need to do something about this! This is your house! Take control!

TAYLOR

(whispers through his teeth)
The only way I make this whole mortgage thing work is by her paying most of it, and we both get to pay next to nothing. You want to go back to how it was? I'm not screwing this up.

Anna walks down the hall, overhearing the conversation in the kitchen.

PHIL

Taylor, she's like the worst kind of vegan. A self-hating vegan. That isn't someone with a healthy psyche. I think we gotta start looking for a new roommate. I was telling you about my
(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)
buddy Raul. He doesn't have a ton of cash, but he grew up in the hood. He was looking for a spot. We could just tell her...

Anna walks back into the room. The two instantly go back to looking at the games. She obviously heard everything.

PHIL
So, yea the art of a clean house says...

Anna walks over to the mess she left earlier and picks up the knife and waves it around as she talks.

ANNA
You two want to kick me out?
Seriously?!? That's bullshit.

Anna begins to clean up the mess of packaging. She opens the drawer and drops the knife inside and slams it.

Taylor tries to lie to avoid the conflict.

TAYLOR
We were talking about a different friend who is looking for a spot.

ANNA
I heard both of you. You two want to kick me out? Don't lie to me. I'm not stupid.

Taylor retracts as Phil stands his ground.

PHIL
Maybe it would be for the best? You could find a spot with more space for your hobbies. You could expand your collection into a museum. Charge \$5 a person to look at the magical floating index finger of doom.

ANNA
Fuck you. I'm not moving. I have a lease. This is a rent controlled neighborhood. This whole area is cool now! I'm here to stay. Tenant's rights.

TAYLOR
What are you talking about?

ANNA
I signed a 24 month lease with you. I checked it all out before I moved in. If you want to force me out early it's 90 days AND \$6,000. That's housing code. Could be more with all the legal time. I know lawyers. I can drag this out for months. So fuck you both and enjoy the dishes bitch.

Anna storms out of the room and you can hear her slam her bedroom door.

TAYLOR
Noooooooooooooooooooo!

PHIL
Is that true man?

TAYLOR
How would I know?!?

PHIL
You're the landlord! This is your house! A 24 month lease? Are you stupid?!?

TAYLOR
We needed to lock her in! 24 months at what she's paying makes life easy for you and me.

PHIL
You should really study up on being a landlord. You can't just start renting if you don't know what you're doing. You'll end up with a crazy person.

TAYLOR
Go apologize and fix this now. You two are the ones with the issue.

PHIL
I think we're all in this together...landlord.

TAYLOR
Go. Now.

Phil begins to walk down the hall.

PHIL
She's not going to listen to me.
(sing-songy to Taylor)

7 INTERIOR HALLWAY

Phil creeps down the hall toward Anna's room. The door is shut, but he can hear her throwing stuff around inside. He tilts his head to the side and hears something he wasn't expecting. A SQUEEEEAACK!. It sounds like some kind of animal.

Phil gets closer to the door and hears the SQUEAK again. He knocks on the door.

PHIL
Heeeeey Annnnna? It's me...
Phil.....Did you get a cat?

There's a brief pause as Phil hears the closet door slide close and the SNAP of a lid closing. A moment later the door flies open. Anna is standing squared up to the Phil, but you can see inside her room behind her skinny frame.

Phil peeks over her shoulder. He can see all sorts of weird skeletons and jars on multiple shelves.

PHIL
I'm sorry. I uhhh.

Phil looks even closer.

PHIL
Taylor and I are super, is that a giraffe skull? Can you even own one of those? I mean-Taylor really wants to..you know Taylor said we couldn't have any pets..I just thought I heard a...

ANNA
Fuck off.

Anna picks up her purse and pushes past Phil. She turns and shuts the door behind her. She pulls on the handle to verify it's locked.

PHIL

You put a lock on your bedroom door?
When?

Anna ignores Phil and walks down the hall. She pauses and yells at Taylor.

ANNA
I can't stand your fuckhead best friend.

TAYLOR
He's not my best friend! Why does everyone think he's my best friend?!?
(FROM THE KITCHEN)

She puts on her coat, and heads out the front door. The door slams.

8 INTERIOR KITCHEN

TAYLOR
Fuuuuuuuuuuck!

Phil walks back in and takes a seat.

PHIL
I tried man! I apologized and everything. She wouldn't even listen AND I think she got a cat. You know she put a lock on her door? Also, you're not my best friend either.

Taylor is completely confused at the last three things to come out of Phil's mouth.

TAYLOR
Wait. wait...What? A cat? A living one?

PHIL
I heard a meow squeak thing.

TAYLOR
Did you see the cat?

PHIL
I definitely heard a cat. You can't just leave a cat in one room it's entire life. That's not cool!

TAYLOR

But you didn't see the cat?

Phil takes a moment and thinks to himself.

PHIL

I'm gonna break that little guy out.

TAYLOR

Whoa whoa whoa. We can talk to her when she gets back from work. Don't do anything. She's pissed enough without a breaking and entering. I don't want a repeat of 4th of July.

Phil nods and takes a moment to remember.

PHIL

You should have made her move out then! She broke every glass in the house.

TAYLOR

She *did* replace them with nicer ones.

Taylor holds up a glass of water as if to show Phil the nice glass.

PHIL

You really will do anything to avoid paying rent.

TAYLOR

It's called house hacking. What's the point of dealing with all the new people moving in the neighborhood if we can't profit a little bit? Life has been so much easier since she moved in! I can't charge you more money, you barely make rent as it is.

PHIL

Not cool. I pay my share.

TAYLOR

You know you're getting the homie discount.

Phil ignores Taylor and gets fixated back on his mission. Phil walks over to a junk drawer and pulls it open. It's filled with scissors, trash, matches, string, candles, etc.

He pulls out a paper clip and starts unfolding it.

PHIL

First, all these people move into our neighborhood and take control. THEN they move into OUR HOUSE and take control?

TAYLOR

I know man, it'll figure itself out.

Phil finishes unfolding paper clip bends it into a lock pick.

PHIL

Well, I'm not waiting around and leaving a perfectly good cat in there with all that crazy voodoo. That's messed up. I like cats and that room is gonna mess up a cat and I don't want a screwed up cat.

TAYLOR

Dude, it's not your cat. You probably just heard something. There's no way she smuggled a cat in here without us knowing. Just leave it alone.

Taylor pauses for a moment.

TAYLOR

Wait, did you say she put a lock on her door?!?

9 INTERIOR HALLWAY

The pair walk down the hallway, towards Anna's room.

Phil puts the wire in the door knob and wiggles it for a second and SNAP. It unlocks.

Phil pushes the door open.

TAYLOR

Jesus Christ.

PHIL

Whoa.

The room is FILLED with weird shit. Dozens of animal skeletons sit on shelves. Medical scalpels and butterfly dissection pins lay on a table. There's a shocking amount of

sharp objects littering the tops of desks and furniture. Jars of formaldehyde sit on a shelf. It looks like if Damien Hurst had a storage unit.

The boys enter the room.

10 INTERIOR ANNA'S ROOM

PHIL

Yea, I'm pretty sure this would fuck up a cat. I heard her close the closet. You can't hide a cat in a closet!

TAYLOR

This is so much crazier than it was last month. I feel like she's expanding her collection.

Taylor looks over to a table of dissection gear. Pins and Scalpels litter the surface. He looks to the ground and sees a couple of reddish brown stains on the yellow shag carpet. He gently kicks a jar of reddish brown liquid to make it slosh.

TAYLOR

This is coming out of her deposit.

PHIL

This carpet was 20 years old before you were born it's...

As Phil is talking he slides opens the closet door and is stopped dead in his tracks. There's a COOLER in the closet. A RED AND WHITE IGLUO COOLER. Both the boys freeze and stare.

A split second later the cooler JUMPS a quarter inch. There's something inside. Something alive.

TAYLOR

Let's get out of here man.

PHIL

I think her cat got stuck in that cooler.

Phil reaches out and the cooler JUMPS again. He reaches down and opens it slowly.

As the cooler opens we see it. A small rabbit. More or less dead. It's panting for breath, it's leg kicks for a second.

It's inside with 6 cotton balls, obviously soaked in something meant to kill it.

TAYLOR

No no no no no.

PHIL

This bitch. This fucking bitch.

JUMP SCARE - The camera pans up to the left to reveal ANNA in the door way. She walks in and sets down her purse.

ANNA

What the fuck are you doing? What are you doing in my room?

TAYLOR

You killed all these animals?!?

Taylor motions to the giraffe skull catches himself and redirects his motion to a smaller animal skull.

ANNA

You don't get to break into my room.
THIS IS MY ROOM!

PHIL

You're fucking insane. You're a rabbit killer. Look what you're doing!

Phil holds up the cooler to her. Anna is steaming with anger.

TAYLOR

I think we need to call a vet.

PHIL

We're going to call the fucking cops.
That's what we're going to do!

Anna picks up a SCALPEL from dissection tray and starts walking towards Phil.

ANNA

Get out of my room. This is my room. I locked it.

TAYLOR

Phil. Lets go man. Put down the rabbit.

PHIL

Fuck that! What the hell are you going to do? Stab me?

Anna continues walking and gets closer.

ANNA
Yea, Phil. Put down the rabbit.

PHIL
I'm going to call the cops. They're going to arrest you and everyone is going to know what a sick freak you are.

Anna stops and leans in toward Phil and gets real close.

ANNA
Do it. I fucking dare you. Call the cops. They won't do shit.

11 EXTERIOR RUNDOWN SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

HARD CUT to two police officers walking back to their cruisers from Phil and Taylor's front door. They open the car doors and get in and drive away.

12 INTERIOR LIVING ROOM

Phil and Taylor sit on the couch staring in a daze. Phil is holding and petting the rabbit from earlier. The rabbit seems to have regained it's life.

TAYLOR
I can't believe it. She was right. They didn't do shit.

PHIL
Rabbits are considered vermin by the city council. She can kill as many as she wants.

TAYLOR
What the fuck is wrong with this legislature?

Anna strolls past the two and takes a seat across from them. She has the RED COOLER in hand.

ANNA
I told you not to call the cops. I told you they wouldn't do anything.
(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

And you made me miss my shift. You two owe me \$200.

PHIL

You're a monster. Why are you killing animals?

ANNA

It's a hobby.

TAYLOR

Sewing is a hobby, motorcycles are a hobby. I don't know what to call what you do.

ANNA

Amateur Oddity Taxidermy and Collection.

PHIL

That's really what it's called isn't it?

ANNA

It's still pretty small, but it's a lively community.

TAYLOR

I think I'm going to be sick.

ANNA

Here's how it's going to work from here on out. This is all going to go back to normal. Just stay out of my way and move on.

PHIL

You still want to live here? With us?

ANNA

Oh yea! For sure! I couldn't find another rent controlled situation like this if I tried. I looked for a spot in this neighborhood for months. There's supposed to be a Whole Foods being built next month! I'm in it for the long haul.

TAYLOR

And you're going to keep killing

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
rabbits in your bedroom?

ANNA
I mean, I guess I'll do what I want in
my room and you two can do whatever
you want in yours. No judgements.

TAYLOR
That was my father's childhood
bedroom.

ANNA
And now it's my grown up Anna bedroom.

Anna stands up and walks over to Phil.

ANNA
So...the rabbit?

Anna opens the top of the cooler and motions to Phil. Phil
kisses the rabbit on the head, then reaches out and drops the
rabbit in the cooler.

Anna SNAPS the top closed and smiles.

ANNA
It's probably better this is now out
in the open.

She motions to the cooler.

ANNA
Now we can move on to a new day, a
fresh start for all.

Phil and Taylor continue to stare off as Anna walks out of
the living room.

PHIL
Except for Mr Hops in there. It's not
a new day for him.

Anna pokes her head back in.

ANNA
Did you say something?

TAYLOR
Goodnight, he said goodnight.

ANNA
Goodnight boys.

Anna leaves the room.

PHIL
Jesus.

TAYLOR
What the fuck are we going to do?

PHIL
I can't believe you can kill your own
pets as long as you don't torture them
and asphyxiation isn't considered
torture.

TAYLOR
Not in our county evidently.

PHIL
I told you man. A self hating vegan.
Psychopath.

Anna walks down the hall and past the boys on the couch and into the kitchen. They straighten up and quiet down. We can hear her rummage around in a drawer.

Anna walks back towards the direction of her room and past the boys again.

ANNA
I almost forgot.

She pauses and smiles at Phil and Taylor on her way back to her room. A CHEF'S KNIFE is in her hand and the blade catches the light as she walks back to her room.

TAYLOR
Oh god.

PHIL
I didn't think people like her
existed. I mean, sure, people kill
each other for money and drugs and
girls, but why would you start
murdering innocent animals...then keep
the bodies?

TAYLOR
She's legit crazy and evidently she's
(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
smarter than us. She kills stuff..for
fun. Plus, for some reason she likes
it here. What's so great about being
south of 57th street?!?! I've been
told my whole life that I live in a
bad neighborhood and now others want
in?!?

PHIL
God damn wierdos moving into OUR
neighborhood. Living in OUR homes! She
may not want to leave, but we can make
her want to leave. We can make her
life hell.

TAYLOR
We need to play nice. We play nice and
we find her a better place for her to
live. Or we pay her. We pay her to
leave.

PHIL
You have a spare \$6000 laying around?

TAYLOR
I can't live with whatever is
happening in that room over there. I
have \$1470 in savings. What do you
got?

PHIL
I'm not giving her a fucking dime.
She's going to pay us when she leaves.

TAYLOR
You don't have anything saved do you?

PHIL
Literally nothing.

13 INTERIOR KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Phil strolls in and fills up a dirty stove-top percolator
coffee pot with water. He moves around some dirty dishes on
the stove turns on the gas burner. As it's heating up he
turns around to get some milk out of the fridge. As he opens
up the fridge.

JUMP SCARE - A BLOODY RABBIT HEAD sits in a plastic bag on
the refrigerator shelf.

Phil jumps back and SCREAMS like a 10 year old girl.

14 EXTERIOR RUNDOWN SUBURBAN STREET

The scream echos through the neighborhood. Morning birds ruffle their feathers and fly away.

15 INTERIOR KITCHEN - CONTINUED

Phil looks into the fridge as if he's going to cry.

PHIL
WHAT THE FUCK? Mr. Hops.

Anna rounds the corner in workout gear non-nonchalantly. She's patting her face with a towel and removing her headphones.

PHIL
Did you cut off Mr Hop's head?!?!

ANNA
You named the rabbit? Big mistake. You don't name things you're going to kill.

PHIL
How many times have you done this?!?!

Anna shrugs and doesn't answer his question.

ANNA
I was going to make it into a skull mount, but I got tired last night. Figure since it's out in the open now I can use all the common spaces.

Taylor rounds the corner with just a towel around his waist. He rushed out of the shower after hearing the commotion.

TAYLOR
Everything ok? You two...JESUS CHRIST!

Taylor sees Phil holding the bag of rabbit head. He jumps back and almost drops his towel.

TAYLOR
What the fuck PHIL?!?

ANNA
It's mine. I figure since you guys
(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)
were cool with having meat in the
fridge this wouldn't bother you.

Phil raises his hand.

PHIL
Me. It bothers me.

ANNA
I don't give a fuck what bothers you.

TAYLOR
Get the rabbit head out of the fridge!
I have food in there!

Anna pauses and walks up to Taylor and gets real close. She puts her hand down on the top of his towel. Her long black fingernails glimmer.

ANNA
No. You keep dead animals in the
fridge for food, I keep dead animals
in the fridge too. Deal with it.
There's no difference your meat and my
meat.

PHIL
My meat doesn't look at me when I open
the fridge.

ANNA
Maybe it should.

Anna turns and walks away. Taylor is totally stunned.

TAYLOR
I just bought groceries.

16 EXTERIOR RUNDOWN SUBURBAN STREET

Phil and Taylor are walking down the street pulling an old radio flyer wagon in silence. It's loaded with all the board games and the initial garbage bag. The old wagon wheel squeaks every couple seconds.

They journey in silence as they pass though a neighborhood in gentrification. One nice house with a new car in the driveway then one beat up house with a couch on the lawn.

They pass by a house where a new horizontal slat fence is

halfway built.

TAYLOR

I didn't know the Montgomerys left.

PHIL

Foreclosed. I heard they hadn't paid property tax for like 6 years.

TAYLOR

Shitty man. They were nice.

PHIL

Lived here since I was a kid. Used to yell at me for lighting fireworks.

They continue to walk in silence. They're obviously avoiding the bigger conversation.

TAYLOR

What are we going to do man? I can't wait around for Anna to start butchering coyotes in the breakfast nook. That was my Grandma's house. She would die if she knew this was happening in her house!

PHIL

We need to destroy her. We need to make her life hell. We need her to run away.

TAYLOR

How are we supposed to make her do anything man? It's like she knows how scary she is. She lives for it!

PHIL

What if we just go crazy ex-girl and put all her stuff outside and change the locks?

TAYLOR

She'd call the cops and she has the lease. What if we fake a drive-by when she's getting home from work?

PHIL

Closer...

A younger hoodrat kid approaches them on the same sidewalk.

Phil sees his moment.

PHIL
Hey Kid. You like games?

KID
Stay the fuck away from me with your
gay ass games.

The kid steps on the grass and walks around Phil and Taylor.
They stop in front of one of the nicer houses.

PHIL
Well, the hoodrats haven't got pushed
out yet.

TAYLOR
God damn it. I can't believe this is
happening!

Taylor takes a moment and looks at the wagon. In a moment of
impulse he swiftly kicks the wagon over. The games spill and
make a mess all over the sidewalk.

TAYLOR
Let's go.

Taylor turns around to leave the mess.

At that moment an African American woman pulls over her
shitty 1980's Cadillac and rolls down the window. She snaps a
photo with her cell phone, then yells at the two.

AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN
HEY! I know you're not going to leave
that trash in my neighborhood. You two
better clean that up. I don't want to
see one god damn piece of Candyland on
my street or I'm going to post your
faces all over the neighborhood watch
app.

TAYLOR
Yes M'am. Sorry M'am. Just an
accident.

The boys quickly snap-to and start picking up their mess as
the woman watches. The woman yells again over to them.

AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN
I thought so. Don't mess up my nest
(MORE)

AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

egg.

At that moment a white woman woman in her thirties steps out on front porch of the nice house they're all out in front of.

WHITE WOMAN

Can you people keep it down out here?!? My baby is sleeping!

Phil looks over at the African American woman. The African American woman springs into action. She opens her car door and stands up yelling over the hood of the shitty car.

AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN

WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY TO US?

The white woman is terrified. She quickly turns around and runs back inside the house. She SLAMS the fancy red door.

PHIL

People...man fuck that lady.

The African American woman shakes her head and gets back into her car. She yells out the window again.

AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN

Clean this up!

She hits the gas and drives away. Phil pushes Taylor's shoulder.

PHIL

You all good?

Taylor is lost in thought as he places the last game piece back in the wagon.

TAYLOR

I think I have an idea.

17 EXTERIOR RUNDOWN SUBURBAN STREET

The wagon of board games now sits out front of the house.

18 INTERIOR KITCHEN

Phil rummages through the fridge while Taylor is scrubbing dishes in the sink.

TAYLOR

How long do we got?

PHIL

It's 1:30 now, she works the Sunday brunch shift so she should be home in an hour.

TAYLOR

You think this is too extreme?

PHIL

It's pretty fucked up, but she's pretty fucked up.

Phil opens the fridge. He almost wretches as he reaches, avoids the rabbit head, and starts pulling out veggies.

Reveal the entire kitchen has been scrubbed to cleanly perfection. Every surface sparkles as Phil and Taylor continue to prep for cooking a meal.

TAYLOR

You think this will make her leave?

PHIL

She's going to hate us so much.

TAYLOR

I don't know. Maybe we should see if she'll take the \$1400?

PHIL

This is your idea. Don't welch on this.

TAYLOR

Yea, but maybe it was a bad idea.

PHIL

It's a good idea. This is happening. I'm going to make damn sure we do this. She came into our house and she thinks she's in control?!? We're in control. She thinks she's scary. WE'RE THE SCARY ONES!

TAYLOR

She IS scary! I just wonder if we're going too far.

Taylor hands over a sauce pan as Phil lights the burner on

the stove. Phil dumps in a can of beans and chopped onion.

TAYLOR

Maybe we should just take photos of her room and stuff and post them online?

PHIL

We want her terrified of us, not worried about what her weird ass friends think of her. We want her to go back to wherever she came from. We don't want her holed up in her room depressed and scared to show her face. We want her face out of here. We're the scary ones!

Phil is getting more and more amped-up. He ignores Taylor's pleas and adds sliced celery, bell peppers, etc.

Everything is ready for a nice vegetarian chili.

TAYLOR

You really think she'll leave?

PHIL

She'll probably puke first. Then panic, but honestly I don't give a fuck.

Taylor stands to the side of the pot, still hesitant.

TAYLOR

I just want my house back. I just want her gone and we can find someone else.

PHIL

Well, this is going to do the trick.

Phil reaches into his pocket and pulls out the FINGER SPECIMEN JAR.

TAYLOR

What about the yellow stuff?

PHIL

It's probably just water.

Phil breaks the seal on the jar. It releases a rancid smelling gas with a PSHHHHH. Phil quickly dumps it in the chili. They both try to restrain gagging.

The FINGER bobs for a second then finds it's place floating in the chili.

TAYLOR
We're going to need to cover that up
with more stuff.

PHIL
Add some carrots.

Taylor shakes some sliced carrots out of a bag and they cover up the finger.

PHIL
Fuck this bitch.

Taylor leans down and takes a whiff.

TAYLOR
Woof. That stinks man.

PHIL
Cumin. Cumin covers up everything.

Taylor hands Phil a shaker. Phil adds in twenty shakes of cumin powder.

Phil and Taylor reflect on what they're about to do.

The finger chili simmers.

19 EXTERIOR RUNDOWN SUBURBAN STREET

Anna walks to the front door. Dennis is out front walking his dog, Duke, down the street.

ANNA
Hey Dennis.

DENNIS
Hey Anna. You look really pretty
today.

ANNA
Bye Dennis.

Anna walks in the house. Dennis starts chastising himself quietly as he walks away.

DENNIS
You look pretty today. Stupid. Stupid.
(MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Stupid.

20 INTERIOR KITCHEN

Phil and Taylor have finished setting the table. Anna walks into the kitchen and pours herself a glass of water.

ANNA

Since when do you guys cook?

TAYLOR

Can we talk to you for a second?

Anna cautiously walks over.

PHIL

We decided you're right.

TAYLOR

If we don't want dead animals in the fridge, that goes for all kinds.

PHIL

We threw away all the meat and have decided to try eating vegan full time.

ANNA

You're shitting me right?!? You guys are putting me on.

TAYLOR

Listen, I'm gonna level with you. You got us. The lease and terms are legit. If we're all going to live together we need to set some rules. We made veggie chili. I followed the recipe you had on the fridge. A peace offering.

PHIL

If we're going to do this for the next two years you gotta do some things for us. Rule 1 is no dead animals in the fridge. I'll grab you a bowl.

ANNA

This is quite a 180 in 24 hours. You guys feeling OK?

Anna is a little confused, but goes with it.

Phil steps over to the stove and opens the lid. He spots the FINGER. He pushes it around with the spoon. It's floating again.

Phil almost gags but holds it in. He scoops up three bowls. The last bowl is the lucky one. The FINGER falls right into it. Phil quickly pokes it with the spoon to make it fall to the bottom and covers it with more veggies.

TAYLOR

We just want to find a middle ground
where we can all live together.

Phil sets down the bowls and takes a seat.

PHIL

I don't think you know this, but Phil
and I used to HATE each other. I knew
him because we grew up in this
neighborhood, but we've only really
been friends for the last year or so.
Before that we used talk mad shit
about each other.

TAYLOR

Yea, then Phil's Mom moved to El
Salvador. My Grandma left me with this
house and a mortgage to deal with.
Somehow we started chatting in the
liquor store and now we're roommates.

Taylor looks over and smiles at Phil. Phil remains cool and composed.

ANNA

Whoa. You guys are so fricken lame. I
mean, you guys kiss right?

PHIL

You're impossible.

ANNA

Listen. I don't give a fuck if you two
cuddle at night. I' don't care if you
want to go vegan, but with all this
talk of rules, I have some rules I'd
like to add to the list. And I was
thinking about using the garage for a
bigger project. You'll need to move
all those old boxes out of there. It
said on the lease I get access to all

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)
common areas.

Phil almost breaks his composure in anger. Taylor gives him the eyes to signal to relax.

TAYLOR
Sure. I'm sure we can work something out.

ANNA
Well shit guys. I'll eat to that.

Taylor raises his spoon of veggies. Phil raises his as well. Anna pushes her spoon into the bowl. She meets some resistance, but then her spoon SNAPS to the bottom. She pauses and starts to look deeper into the bowl.

PHIL
Crunchy carrots. My secret ingredient.

ANNA
I prefer cooked carrots, but whatever.

Anna picks up a spoon full of chili. The FINGER TIP hides behind a chunk of vegetables.

Phil and Taylor hold their breath.

ANNA
Is is hot?

Anna blows on the spoonful of chili.

PHIL
Should be good.

Anna blows again, then scoops the chili and fingertip into her mouth.

ANNA
Mmm. It's good.
(With her mouth still full.)
()

She crunches down. Somethings weird. She swallows 90% of what's in her mouth and pulls out a small bone.

Anna's eyes dilate and open wide.

ANNA
What is this?

PHIL

Payback.

Anna is still confused. She picks up the bone and wiggles it.

ANNA

What. the. fuck?

Phil reaches over and high fives Taylor. Anna looks down and it all clicks.

She screams at the top of her lungs.

ANNA

AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

21 EXTERIOR RUNDOWN SUBURBAN STREET

Dennis and Duke are walking around the neighborhood and hear the scream. Duke tilts his head at Dennis as dogs do.

DENNIS

Let's go Duke.

They start walking towards the house.

22 INTERIOR KITCHEN

Anna runs over to the pot and lifts the lid. She looks into the chili and pokes around in anger, but it's still hot. She throws the pot lid at Phil. He ducks as it crashes into the fridge.

ANNA

What the fuck did you two feed me?!?
DID YOU FEED ME MEAT?!?

Phil and Taylor just continue to laugh.

PHIL

Consider this your eviction notice!
You should probably pack up all your
freaky skeletons and get the fuck out
of the hood!

ANNA

I haven't eaten meat in 2 and a half
years! What the fuck is that???

Anna points down to the table and in her vision she see's her index finger line up with the finger chunk on the table.

Phil shrugs back at her. Then smiles.

ANNA
No. no. NO. NO! NO!

Anna runs out of the kitchen, down the hall and into her bedroom. She's trying to gag herself.

ANNA
N0000000000000000000!

PHIL
That's for Mr. Hops!

TAYLOR
Nice man!

The boys laugh for a second as they hear her take a HUGE FALL. They pause, look confused. It sounds like she collapsed while holding a tray of silverware.

Something is wrong. They look at each other then get up and rush over to the hall.

23 INTERIOR HALLWAY

Phil and Taylor walk down the hallway as they see Anna's feet sticking out from the door to the room. She's face down on the floor. She hit the dissection trays on her way down. Trays and scalpels litter the floor. The two panic and run to her.

TAYLOR
Anna! Hey! Are you OK?

They flip her over and pull her body upright. She's in a daze. Her eyes are turning yellowish, she's drooling foam.

ANNA
I'm..going...to fucking...kill you.

JUMP SCARE - Anna swings her arm down and STABS a SCALPEL down into the meaty part of Taylor's thigh. Taylor gasps and screams.

TAYLOR
AHHHHHHHHHHH!

24 EXTERIOR - FRONT YARD OF PHIL AND TAYLOR'S HOUSE

Dennis and Duke walk up to the front of the house just in

time to hear Taylor scream at the top of his lungs. Dennis looks at Duke and tilts his head the way Duke did to him earlier. He pounds on the front door.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

DENNIS

Hey Guys! It's Dennis! Everything OK
in there?

25 INTERIOR ANNA'S ROOM

Anna collapses backward.

Taylor pulls the scalpel out of his thigh and throws it like a sissy. Blood begins to soak through the fabric of his pants.

Phil looks to the POUNDING on the door. He can hear Dennis yelling.

TAYLOR

What the fuck, what the fucking fuck?

Taylor pulls out his cell phone and starts to dial 911.

PHIL

Give me the phone. Apply pressure with
something.

Taylor hands Phil his phone. Taylor grabs one of Anna's pink t-shirts off the ground and wraps it around his leg wound. He continues to sit on the ground nursing his wound.

PHIL

OK ok ok. Just take a second you're
going to be OK.

TAYLOR

We were supposed to scare her, not
kill her! Look at her!

The POUNDING at the door isn't stopping.

PHIL

She's not dead. She just had a panic
attack and passed out or something.
She's still breathing.

They both look over and see her chest rising and falling.

BANG! BANG! BANG! The front door rattles again.

TAYLOR

We're in so much trouble. We're so fucked. The cops are already here!

PHIL

I got it. It's going to be fine. We're going to figure this out. Keep pressure on your leg. It's probably just the mailman.

TAYLOR

The mailman doesn't keep knocking! They leave!

PHIL

Just hang on.

26 INTERIOR HALLWAY

Phil slides Taylor's phone into his pocket as he leaves the room and wipes his hands on his pants. He walks to the door, composes himself and cracks it open.

27 EXTERIOR HOUSE PORCH

Dennis is standing on the front porch. He's holding Duke, the German Shepard, by the collar. The dog is jumping from excitement.

DENNIS

Are you guys ok? I heard screaming from outside. I was just out walking Duke and it sounded like there might be an intruder.

PHIL

Hey Dennis, yea everything is fine, just.. playing games..

Dennis looks over to the wagon full of games in the front yard.

PHIL

Not those games, other games. You cool if I bring that back later?

Dennis takes a second and recomposes.

DENNIS

Oh yea, OK. Hey, is Anna home? I wanted to ask her if she wanted to...

PHIL
Nah, man, she just headed to work.

DENNIS
I just saw her come in like 20 minutes ago. Isn't that her car?

Dennis points over to a beat up car parked on the street.

PHIL
Yea, she took an Uber to work. They called her back in.

DENNIS
OK...You sure you're OK? You look a little...

PHIL
Yea man, all good.

Dennis turns around and starts to walk away. Then pauses and turns back.

DENNIS
Hey! We should all go out for Karaoke night at the VFW! I can get you guys in!

Off screen we hear Taylor.

TAYLOR
(off screen)
FUCK!!! FUCK!!

PHIL
Yea, sounds great. Gotta get back.

DENNIS
You sure you're ok? I thought I heard Anna yelling.

PHIL
Yea yea, all good man!

Phil shuts the door mid sentence. Dennis and Duke pause for second then turn and walk away.

Phil rounds the corner to see Taylor on the ground and Anna's body THRASHING back and fourth.

TAYLOR

She just started freaking out. I think she's dying man! We need to call an ambulance!

PHIL

No one is calling anyone! She's just having a panic attack or something.

TAYLOR

This isn't what a panic attack looks like! She's spewing foam!

At that moment, Anna's body goes completely tense, then completely loose, then a second later, completely tight and she sits straight up, Exorcist style. She turns her head, and starts biting the air. Yellow foam covers her chin and neck. Her jaw jerks in sharp biting movements. Her skin looks like it's aged 40 years in 5 minutes.

PHIL

What the fuck is going on?

TAYLOR

Jesus Christ.

Anna has transformed in an instant. She is now a full blown zombie. Her skin is loose and yellowed, her hair is wet and stringy. Her eyes are blood red.

Anna flips her head around and starts biting at Taylor. She's starting to regain movement. Her back is jerky as she attempts to whip into an attack position.

TAYLOR

Anna, HEY ANNA!

PHIL

See man, she's going to be OK.

TAYLOR

She is not OK!

Anna is gaining momentum. She starts moving toward Taylor.

PHIL

Dude dude dude dude. Get up, get up get up get up!

Phil helps Taylor get to his feet. Anna gets to her knees, then to her feet. Her arms shoot out like claws and she grabs for Taylor. Her fingers make connection with his shoulder as she jerks him in for a bite.

29 EXTERIOR BACKYARD ALLEY BEHIND HOUSE

Dennis is walking duke and looks over toward the house. He can kind of see into the window of Anna's room. He can kind of make out a scuffle happening. He squints looking closer, but he's still 20 yards away.

30 INTERIOR ANNA'S ROOM

Taylor is sloppy with his defense. It's obvious he's always run away from any opportunity to fight.

His hand slips up to her face and he pushes on Anna's forehead. The thin yellow skin SPLITS. The top of her head slides back revealing skull. BLOOD oozes.

Phil comes around the side and pushes her down to the ground so Taylor can back up. Phil struggles with her as she tries to get to her feet again.

PHIL

Get something man. Get anything!

Taylor starts pulling open drawers. He pulls the top one open and it's jean and t-shirts. Another, it's more jeans and t-shirts. The third he pulls open is panties and bras. He sees the FLASH of METAL and pushes the undies aside. It's a full BDSM Kit. It's a ball bag, handcuffs, a whip, ropes, etc.

He grabs the ball gag and throws it to Phil. Phil catches it.

PHIL

What the fuck?

Very quickly Phil swings the ball gag into her mouth and latches it.

31 EXTERIOR BACKYARD ALLEY BEHIND HOUSE

Dennis keeps staring at the window. He can kind of make out the sounds of a SCUFFLE. He squints to focus his vision.

32 INTERIOR ANNA'S ROOM

TAYLOR

Here!

Taylor also throws a set of black Velcro handcuffs with tassels of fur. Phil catches them mid air and makes short work of getting her hands behind her back. He slams her down in a crappy metal chair and wraps the rope around her like an old western.

PHIL

If she killed whatever these are made of, I'm going to be so pissed.

Phil squats behind her and gives her hand a tug to get them secured in the handcuffs. As Phil tugs he pulls off Anna's finger. He looks down as he has Anna's bloody index FINGER in his hand.

PHIL

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

(screaming high pitch like a little girl)

33 EXTERIOR BACKYARD ALLEY BEHIND HOUSE

Dukes ears perk straight up at the muffled scream and he starts barking. Dennis hears it and is certain something bad is going on inside. Duke BARKS and BARKS.

34 INTERIOR ANNA'S ROOM

Phil scrambles to his feet and puts the finger on Anna's shelf next to all the other skulls and jars.

Phil hears Duke barking and looks out the window. He sees Dennis and Duke in the alley.

Dennis spots Phil and waves hello. Phil quickly drops the window shades.

Taylor is frozen staring at Anna. He looks down at his wound. He pulls the pink T-shirt away. More blood pulses out of this leg. He wraps the pink T-shirt tighter.

Zombie Anna is struggling and wiggling in jerky motions.

TAYLOR

When are the cops going to get here?!?!

PHIL

I ripped off her finger.

TAYLOR
The Police! Did you call the cops?!?

PHIL
It just kind of pulled off. Like I
didn't mean to do it.

TAYLOR
Phil!

PHIL
Like super easy, it basically fell off
on it's own. It wasn't my fault.

TAYLOR
Phil! Focus!

PHIL
What?

TAYLOR
The police! Did you call them?

PHIL
I didn't call anyone yet.

TAYLOR
What the...YOU TOOK MY PHONE! Call the
cops Phil! She needs a doctor. I NEED
A DOCTOR!

PHIL
We're fucked. We're so fucked. The
cops are going to take one look at
this and we're fucked. No one is going
to believe she just went nuts. Dennis
is going to say we attacked her.
They're going to say we...

TAYLOR
Give me my phone I'm calling the cops.

Phil takes Taylor's phone out of his pocket and holds it
tight.

PHIL
We poisoned her man! A neighbor just
came by thinking he heard a girl
screaming. We're not calling the cops
(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

yet!

TAYLOR

Give me my phone man!

PHIL

Just one second, before we start
calling anyone...

BANG! BANG! BANG! Someone is banging on the front door.

PHIL

Fuck. It's Dennis. Again.

TAYLOR

What?

PHIL

I just saw Dennis outside. I think he
saw us tying her up.

TAYLOR

Fuck fuck fuck. He's going to think...

PHIL

Yea, he's definitely going to think...

BANG! BANG! BANG!

TAYLOR

We need to get rid of him. Give me my
phone.

PHIL

We'll deal with him, then I'll give
you your phone.

TAYLOR

Stop fucking around man.

BANG! BANG BANG!

PHIL

Do this first. We do this. Then I give
you your phone.

Phil throws a blanket on top of Zombie Anna and walks out the door. Phil comes back a second later and motions to Taylor to leave the room and go to the front door. He has to coax him.

PHIL
C'mon, Let's go!

35 INTERIOR HALLWAY

Taylor and Phil groom each other as they walk toward the front door.

TAYLOR
We'll tell him to go away.

PHIL
We got this.

36 EXTERIOR HOUSE PORCH

Dennis stands on the porch with Duke. The door opens to Phil and Taylor smiling. They both look like they've been through a hurricane.

PHIL & TAYLOR TOGETHER
Hi Dennis!

PHIL
Hey, we still on the that VFW karaoke tonight?

DENNIS
I want to speak to Anna. I want to know what you two were doing to her.
AAANNNNAAAAA!

Dennis starts to push into the house. They push the door back on him.

PHIL
She's not here man. I told you, she went to work like an hour ago.

DENNIS
ANNA! Are you OK? YELL IF YOU NEED HELP OR ARE IN DANGER!

TAYLOR
That's really not necessary man, she's fine, she's probably at work downtown by now.

Dennis looks them both up and down to size them up for a fight. He spots a pink T-Shirt tied around Taylor's leg. He sees a blood spot seeping through the pink T-shirt. Dennis

takes a moment, steps back, and pauses.

DENNIS

My mistake. I'm sorry guys. I know I
can get a little wound up.

Phil and Taylor look confused.

TAYLOR

Totally fine man.

PHIL

Yea, don't sweat it.

DENNIS

OK. Cool. See ya later. Let's go Duke.

Dennis turns and walks away. The whole situation feels like
it turned odd.

TAYLOR

Well, that was easy.

PHIL

Weird.

The two shut the door. Dennis looks back over his shoulder
and quickly walks home.

37 INTERIOR HALLWAY

Phil and Taylor turn around to see the BLANKET they used to
cover Anna laying on the ground behind them.

TAYLOR

Oh shit.

PHIL

Where did she go?

The two begin to slowly creep into the house. They approach
the hallway and look down toward Anna's room. Anna's bedroom
door is open. They continue to creep as tension rises.

JUMP SCARE - a CRASH of DISHES startle the pair.

They creep towards the kitchen and they spot her.

Her hands are still handcuffed behind her back sans one
finger. The ball gag is in place, but she's trying to eat
what's left of the "vegan" chili. The ball gag isn't doing

her any favors as she struggles to smash her face into the pot on the stove. The pot falls and crashes with a splatter of chili.

Phil and Taylor look on in shock. Zombie Anna is focused on the food in the kitchen, ignoring all else. Food splatter begins to cover the previously spotless kitchen.

PHIL

What the fuck did we do?

TAYLOR

What is she?

PHIL

She looks like a fucking zombie man.

TAYLOR

What the fuck? Why did I let you talk me into this?!?

PHIL

Remember that movie with the soccer team? They ate people. They didn't turn into zombies. African cannibals, they don't turn into zombies either, right?

Taylor shakes his head at the African cannibals reference, but holds his tongue. Anna looks at them with her RED EYES, then goes back to the chili.

TAYLOR

Oh god. Oh god.

PHIL

But that finger. That finger must've been bad. Look at her.

The two continue to stare in awe at the Zombie in the kitchen.

TAYLOR

You always talk me into this shit! I just wanted to take some pictures and shame her online.

PHIL

You're not blaming this on me. This was your idea! You can go fuck yourself.

TAYLOR

This is bad. This is really bad.

PHIL

Is it though? I mean like fuck this bitch. We don't care about her. She was the problem.

TAYLOR

She's still the problem. She's our problem.

PHIL

She's her own problem.

TAYLOR

That god damn finger. YOU had to go for the full 9 yards. YOU HAD to to huh?

Anna walks over to the table and starts to bash her ball gagged face into the bowls. The chili splatters everywhere.

TAYLOR

I didn't think zombies ate food, I thought they only eat humans.

PHIL

I don't think she's eating.

TAYLOR

What?

PHIL

She's looking for the rest of that finger.

Anna knocks one of the bowls and it flips upside down on the table. She pauses and starts to look closer. She moves onto another bowl and begins the process again.

TAYLOR

Jesus Christ. I'm spinning out. We just created a zombie?!? I thought all that stuff was sci-fi bullshit.

PHIL

The finger was probably some kind of medical experiment or something. Some government conspiracy.

TAYLOR

What are we supposed to do?

PHIL

Well as long as she's looking for that finger and can't get it she's occupied.

TAYLOR

We need to call someone. We need help man. We need to call the CDC. That's what you're supposed to do. Call the CDC or the FBI or the CIA or some other three letter agency.

PHIL

Fuck that. I'm not going out like that. I'd rather join her in eating that chili than end up in some secret prison off the coast of Madagascar.

TAYLOR

Then what the fuck do you want to do Phil? What the fuck do you do in this situation? We need a god damned game plan.

PHIL

Shit.

TAYLOR

What?

PHIL

What if it's spreading? What if we both got it? What if it was in the air when I opened the jar? What if we're already turning. Give me your hand.

TAYLOR

What? Why?

Phil grabs Taylor's hand and yanks on his finger. Nothing happens. He pulls harder.

TAYLOR

That hurts!

He grabs his own finger and yanks it.

PHIL

OK, I think we're OK for now.

They both look in at Anna.

TAYLOR
We are far from OK.

38 INTERIOR DENNIS'S BEDROOM

Dennis is standing in front of his mirror. He's been waiting for an opportunity like this. An opportunity to be a hero again. He's decked out in full military fatigues. His green cargo pants are tucked into his black boots.

He adjusts his green top and walks over to his nightstand. He opens the drawer and pulls out a giant desert eagle handgun. This gun is double the size of an ordinary handgun. It's almost comically large, but it fits with his style.

He holsters it on his hip and whistles.

DENNIS
Let's go duke!

39 INTERIOR KITCHEN

Anna is getting increasingly frustrated with the ball gag as she smashes her face into the table. The boys look on. They're now both wearing oversized parka coats, Phil's has a furry hood.

TAYLOR
She's getting angrier.

PHIL
We just need to get her back in the room. The coats will keep us from getting bitten, plus she's handcuffed.

Anna starts bashing her face in to the table, hands still handcuffed behind her back.

Anna flips the third bowl and the finger spills out on the table with the chili.

TAYLOR
We just cleaned man.

Anna spots the finger starts to freak out. She starts to struggle harder.

PHIL
Check it. She's going nuts!

Anna focuses on the finger. She stops and tweaks her shoulder.

It CRACKS.

Anna pulls hard on her handcuffs. The thin yellowing skin begins to peel off as it slides through the handcuff. Her skeletal and ligaments are revealed as her hand slides out of the cuff.

TAYLOR
Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck.

Blood and skin ooze. The handcuffs only hang from her left hand now. She reaches up with her skeletal hand and pulls the ball gag down around her neck. Success. She reaches out and picks up the rest of the FINGER and jams it into her mouth.

PHIL
We're so fucked.

Anna now having accomplished her goal starts to come out of her focus. She sniffs, then tweaks her head straight back. Her red eyes focus dead on Phil and Taylor.

TAYLOR
Run.

The pair take off down the hall. They both take a left back into Anna's room. They're puffy jackets flop along as they run.

Anna totters after them at a modest pace.

40 INTERIOR ANNA'S ROOM

TAYLOR
Why did you run back into her room?!?!

PHIL
I WAS FOLLOWING YOU!

TAYLOR
I WAS FOLLOWING YOU!

Phil looks to the closet. They both think the same thing. They slide open the door and climb inside among the clothes and accessories. They slide the door closed right as Zombie

Anna steps into the room.

41 INTERIOR CLOSET

The two hold their breath as they see Anna's ratty black canvas sneakers enter. STEP. STEP. STEP. She sniffs the air and scans the room. Phil and Taylor slide gaps in each side of the closet. They each have their own side of the double sliding door closet.

Taylor taps Phil on the shoulder. He points over to the side. Phil looks.

JUMP SCARE. There is a stuffed cat head hanging from a clothes hanger. The rest of the cat body is spread out as if to dry the skin into a hide.

Anna did have a cat, and she killed it. Phil gets super animated with Taylor, but still remains as quiet as possible. He points to the dead cat carcass.

PHIL
(through his teeth)
I told you!

42 INTERIOR ANNA'S ROOM

Anna spots the FINGER on the shelf. It's her finger. She stumbles over. She gets her face right up close and sniffs it again.

43 INTERIOR CLOSET

Phil and Taylor watch through the gaps as Anna continues to be infatuated with her own finger on the shelf.

TAYLOR
(whispering)
We need to go. On the count of three
we rush the door.

Phil nods.

TAYLOR
One....Two....

44 INTERIOR ANNA'S ROOM

Anna decides against eating her own finger. Zombies don't eat their own flesh. She turns around from the shelf and faces the room, just in time to see the sliding closet doors open.

45 INTERIOR CLOSET

TAYLOR

THREE!

Phil and Taylor decide to exit on their different sides. The two sliders hit and pinch the other person between the door and wall. Instead of working together they muscle their way out. Taylor squeezes his pudgy body out from the now half size closet sliding door.

46 INTERIOR ANNA'S ROOM

Anna lunges for Phil and gets two hands on his shoulders. She pulls him in for a bite. Taylor turns around and sees the struggle.

Taylor grabs a monkey skull off the shelf and smashes it into Anna's face. Anna is knocked back as Phil is able to get away. The two run out into the hallway and slam the door with Anna inside.

47 INTERIOR HALLWAY

The two land on the ground and pant for breath. No words are spoken, they just look at each other.

JUMP SCARE - BANG! BANG! BANG!

Someone is at the front door.

Taylor stands up dusts himself off, then reaches down to Phil. Phil ignores Taylor's hand and gets himself to his feet. Phil is angry at almost getting bitten.

PHIL

She almost got me because of that bullshit door move you pulled back there.

TAYLOR

Dude. Phil.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

PHIL

We've had more people knock on our door today than in the last 3 years. Does nobody text anymore?!?

TAYLOR

You're not seriously going to answer
that are you?

BANG! BANG! BANG!

PHIL
Well they're not going anywhere.

DENNIS
(though the door)
I'm not going anywhere...C'mon open
up!

TAYLOR
(To Phil quietly)
(Hold up one sec.)

Taylor reaches out to Phil and tries to help dust him off.
Phil slaps him away and adjusts himself.

PHIL
Just get rid of him. Whatever it
takes.

48 EXTERIOR HOUSE PORCH

Phil and Taylor open the door with a smile. They both look
even more haggard. Phil puts on a fake face as they start
their act.

Dennis stands at the door with Duke. Dennis is about to open
his mouth when he's interrupted.

TAYLOR
Hey Man! Karaoke already?

PHIL
What the fuck are you wearing?

Dennis stands cold in his green khaki outfit.

Taylor elbows Phil and looks down at his watch.

TAYLOR
Would you look at that? You're early!
It's only 5pm! We don't need to leave
until at least 7:30!

PHIL
You just walk around the neighborhood
(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)
like that?

Taylor elbows Phil again. This time harder. Phil grunts in pain.

TAYLOR
Actually, I don't feel so well.

PHIL
Oh really? Maybe we should take a rain check on Karaoke?

TAYLOR
Dennis, does that work for you? Rain check for Karaoke another time?

Dennis stands cold and serious.

DENNIS
Guys, I know we're friends and you guys have been like brothers to me.

Taylor and Phil look at each other confused. This guy really over values their relationship. Phil is getting annoyed.

DENNIS
I know what you guys are doing. I need you to let Anna go.

TAYLOR
What are you talking about? We're just hanging out!

DENNIS
I know what you're doing to her and I'm here to stop you.

PHIL
I think you have the wrong idea here.

DENNIS
I don't want this to affect our friendship.

TAYLOR
Uhhh...nothing could...ever affect how we feel about you.

DENNIS
I'm asking you now to step aside and
(MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)

let her go. We can deal with the
authorities later, but this has gone
far enough.

Phil is breaking from the act and getting more serious and
intimidating.

PHIL

You got the wrong idea man. I think
maybe you should go.

Dennis shakes his head and takes a big *SIGH*.

DENNIS

I didn't want to have to do this, but
you leave me no choice.

Dennis pulls back his jacket and reveals the desert eagle
handgun on his hip.

DENNIS

Duke and I are entering the premises.
We believe Anna's life is in peril and
I am enacting my right to enter.

Taylor and Phil step back at the sight of the gun. They both
rapidly put their hands up in the air almost comically fast.

TAYLOR

Jesus Christ man. You're going to kill
somebody.

PHIL

Right to enter isn't a thing man.

Dennis takes the gun out of the holster and points it toward
them.

DENNIS

I never picked you two for molesters
but I guess you never know your
neighbors.

PHIL

FUCK YOU. You have no clue what's
happening here. You're just another
crazy vigilante with a gun.

This comment really gets to Dennis.

DENNIS
SHUT UP! I'M THE GOOD GUY HERE!

Dennis throws the barrel of the gun into Phil's chest.

DENNIS
MOVE IT!

TAYLOR
OK OK OK. But you gotta leave the dog
out here.

DENNIS
Duke is my partner. He does NOT get
left behind. THIS IS NOT A DISCUSSION!
MOVE IT!

The three men and the dog enter the old beat up house.

49 INTERIOR HALLWAY

Dennis keeps the two at gun point as they close the front
door. Dennis and Duke's noses start to perk up.

DENNIS
What's that smell?

PHIL
Vegan Chili.

DENNIS
Any good?

TAYLOR
No.

Dennis looks to his left and sees the kitchen. It's covered
in chili slop and broken dishes.

DENNIS
Wow. I guess not.

Phil and Dennis shake their heads and start walking down the
hall towards Anna's room.

TAYLOR
She's not well man. We didn't do
anything wrong. She ate something and
it messed her up. She's like a zombie.
Just like the movies.

Dennis points the gun at Taylor.

DENNIS
I saw all the freaky sex stuff you
were doing to her.

PHIL
Those were HER freaky sex things!

DENNIS
Shut up! Just take me to her!

The three end up outside the door. They can hear Zombie Anna struggling inside.

DENNIS
ANNA! IT'S ME, DENNIS! I'M HERE TO
SAVE YOU!

Dennis tries to open the door. It's locked.

DENNIS
ANNA! I AM BREAKING DOWN THE DOOR.

TAYLOR
Don't do that man. Phil can open it if
you let him get a paperclip.

PHIL
Yea just let me run down to the
kitchen real quick.

Dennis points the gun back at Phil.

DENNIS
Don't move.

Dennis resets his position.

DENNIS
ANNA! STEP BACK FROM THE DOOR! IT WILL
ALL BE OK! I'M HERE NOW.

Dennis takes one swift kick and the cheap plywood door flies open.

Zombie Anna has her head in the closet. Her hands rummaging through the junk, looking for something to eat. She almost looks normal from the back.

Dennis walks over to Anna as she has her head stuck in the closet. He holsters his gun.

DENNIS

Thank goodness you're alright. I
thought these monsters had...

Anna turns and reveals she's chewing on the flesh of the taxidermy cat that Phil and Taylor saw in the closet.

DUKE bolts for the cat carcass. The leash goes tight and pulls Dennis even closer to Zombie Anna.

Zombie Anna looks up and spots Dennis. She drops the cat carcass.

Duke grabs the cat and runs back out of the room. The leash goes tight in the other direction and yanks Dennis backward. He loses his balance in shock and releases the leash.

Anna instinctively LUNGES and bites Dennis's lip. He SCREAMS. Anna pulls a hunk of his lip clean off with her rotting mouth, blood pours.

She lunges again and sinks her foaming mouth into his neck. Blood pulses from his neck. Dennis jumps backward and puts his hand to his wound.

Anna jumps onto his large upper body and wraps her arms and legs around him.

Dennis is screaming and running around the room with the 110lb girl spider monkey'd to his chest. Anna bites and bites and bites at his face, shoulder and neck.

Phil and Taylor just stare paralyzed in complete fear. It's like watching a hood brawl they know they can't break up.

PHIL

Holy shit.

Dennis SLAMS into the shelf of oddities and knocks everything to the ground including Anna's missing FINGER. Zombie Anna's body takes the force of the attack and she releases.

Dennis stands up but sways with instability. Every pulse of his heart, pulses more blood out of his neck and down the front of his shirt. He mumbles speech through this mutilated lip. He's losing his balance.

DENNIS

I 'as 'elping you! I 'as saving your
li'e. 'at are you 'oing?!?

This words start to gargle more as more blood pours.

Anna stands up, ready to finish Dennis. Phil and Taylor see their moment.

Taylor grabs a blanket off the bed, Phil grabs the rope. Phil throws the blanket over the top of her and Phil ties the rope around it. She is contained like an old school ghost costume. Taylor makes a tight knot and releases her.

Dennis begins to seizure out. Blood is pouring from his neck.

TAYLOR
Dennis! Dennis! Stay with me man!

Phil reaches down and grabs Dennis's GUN. He stuffs it in the front of his pants.

Zombie Anna is bumbling around the room like a blind dog.

PHIL
He's fucking done man, now we're
double fucked. Fuck me.

TAYLOR
Dennis you're going to be OK, stay
with me.

Phil pulls Taylor up off the ground leaving Dennis. They're both pretty covered in blood and grossness.

PHIL
He's done man. You don't come back
from something like that.

Anna gets closer. Bumbling like a harmless bumble bee. Taylor gently pushes her away from him.

TAYLOR
What the fuck is happening man? That
old finger really turned her into a
god damn flesh eating zombie?!?

PHIL
I've seen as many movies as you have
man. This doesn't end well for anyone.

Anna's back, bumbling close. Like a moth to a light bulb.

Taylor pushes her back again.

TAYLOR
Movies aren't real man. This is real.
This is really real.

He pushes Anna back again.

PHIL
All I know is that whatever she has,
he's got it by now and it's only a
matter of time. He's like double her
size too. We gotta shoot him in the
brain. We gotta shoot both of them in
the brain.

TAYLOR
What.

Dennis's body starts to convulse just like Anna's did.

PHIL
Holy fuck, it's happening.

TAYLOR
DOES THIS LOOK LIKE A PANIC ATTACK TO
YOU?!?

PHIL
Just had to take a jab didn't you?

TAYLOR
Hold on. I need to think. I need a
second to figure this shit out.

PHIL
We don't have time! We have to cut off
their heads or something. This isn't
some fantasy, this is science. We
could shoot them in the brain, but...

TAYLOR
No one is shooting anyone! NO ONE IS
CUTTING OFF ANYONE'S HEADS! Take off
your jacket!

51 INTERIOR ANNA'S ROOM - LATER

Hard cut to Anna and Dennis both bumbling around Anna's
bedroom. Anna is still wrapped in the blanket. Dennis is
wearing Phil's oversized hooded parka backwards. The hood up

over his face. A long rope wraps around both of them and ties them to the 8-drawer dresser.

The two repeatedly pull toward the shattered bedroom door that Dennis kicked in.

They're tethered but slowly pulling the large dresser 1/2 inch at a time. Luckily the dresser will never be able to be pulled out the door. They're anchored.

52 INTERIOR KITCHEN

Phil is standing at the counter. The kitchen is still covered in Chili. The two have found the only two spots that are clean. Taylor is sitting in a chair. They're both covered in a fair amount of blood. They're passing a bottle of Bacardi 151 back and fourth and taking swigs.

The sun is going down through the window. The desert eagle gun is laying on the table. Duke is laying under the table chewing on what's left of the taxidermy cat.

PHIL

How's your leg?

Taylor finishes cleaning it with a paper towel and starts to tape on a bandage.

TAYLOR

Stopped bleeding finally. I actually thought it would hurt worse than it does.

PHIL

Must've been sharp. You think she ever cleaned those things?

TAYLOR

I hate you.

Taylor finishes taping up the wound. He hands the bottle of Bacardi back to Phil. Phil wipes the bottle with his shirt before taking a swig.

PHIL

There's no getting out of this. We can't just get drunk and pass out. We have to take action.

TAYLOR

I'd be very impressed if anyone could
(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
get any sleep with those two in the house.

Taylor points to the hall. Dennis has pulled the dresser far enough to make it into the hallway on his tether.

TAYLOR
Dennis is out of the room now. He's strong. She's fast, but he's strong.

Phil takes a look down the hall.

PHIL
If this thing wasn't practically a bazooka I'd blow his brains out right now. This thing is massive! Everyone in the whole hood would go outside thinking there was fireworks. Who owns a gun this big?!?

TAYLOR
We need to call someone. I don't know if we call the cops or the fucking Ghostbusters, but we need to call someone.

Taylor pats down his pocket.

TAYLOR
You still have my phone. Give me my phone.

PHIL
Let's play a game.

Phil pulls an imaginary phone out of his pocket and pantomimes dialing a call then holding it up to his ear.

PHIL
Um yes, Hello Police is it? Yes My roommate and I had a terrible accident. You see we had a cute white girl roommate and you see, we poisoned her with some antique human flesh and you're never going to believe it, but we're pretty sure she's dead alive.

Taylor rolls his eyes.

TAYLOR

YOU poisoned her with human flesh...

Phil ignores him and keeps going.

PHIL

Oh yes, we're definitely both brown. I see. I should also really quickly tell you that the woman we were responsible for poisoning, well it's the darndest thing, she killed our war hero veteran neighbor, what's that? Oh yes, he's white, ah yes everyone at the VFW DID love him...and we're in a house playing with his gun right now. Oh you'll send a full swat team? Just put our hands on our heads now you say? Fuck that.

TAYLOR

Well then what the fuck are we going to do Phil? We can't shoot them. We can't call the cops.

Phil opens the silverware drawer.

TAYLOR

I'm not cutting off anyone's fucking head! What the fuck is wrong with you?

Phil slams the drawer closed.

PHIL

Well then I'm shit out of ideas!

They both pause for a moment and look down the hall. Dennis has made way another foot and Anna is starting to peak out from the room.

Duke stands up from the table and starts to whine.

PHIL

What, that cat skin not filling you up?

Duke whines again.

TAYLOR

Do you know if Dennis had any family?

PHIL

He didn't talk about them if he did.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

Never saw anyone else go in or out of that house.

TAYLOR

So what's going to happen to Duke?

Duke whines again. Taylor gets up and walks over the fridge. He pulls out a pack of hot dogs. He tosses one to Duke and he gobbles it up.

PHIL

I thought you threw out all the meat stuff?

TAYLOR

I had JUST bought these.

Taylor takes out another hotdog and throws it to the dog.

TAYLOR

I guess they'll take him to the pound. Probably put him to sleep. No one is going to adopt a half trained full grown German Shepard.

Taylor looks out the window.

PHIL

Shitty.

Taylor takes a deep breath.

TAYLOR

Fuck that.

PHIL

You hate dogs man. You're not thinking of keeping him?

TAYLOR

I don't HATE dogs...and we're probably going to jail anyways.

Taylor pulls out another hot dog.

TAYLOR

Let's go Duke.

Taylor leads the dog to the front door and opens it. The sun is setting. It's a beautiful golden hour.

TAYLOR
Sorry Duke. This is the best I can do
for you. Good luck.

Taylor throws the packet of hot dogs out the front door and Duke Chases after them. Taylor takes a long look and then shuts the door.

54 INTERIOR KITCHEN

Taylor walks back in to Phil pacing back and fourth. Phil is holding the gun, he looks as if he's thinking a mile a minute.

TAYLOR
Easy with that thing man.

PHIL
Holy shit.

TAYLOR
What?

PHIL
It's so simple.

TAYLOR
What?

PHIL
I should have figured this out hours
ago.

TAYLOR
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

PHIL
We cut the cord.

TAYLOR
Speak English.

PHIL
We cut the cord, we cut the rope. We
fucking let them go. We open the door
and we let them go.

TAYLOR

Dude. You're not serious.

PHIL

I'm dead serious. We let them go and we get a head start. It's so simple.

TAYLOR

If we let them go they're going to kill a ton of people. Then they're going to multiply man. You see how fast she spider monkey'd Dennis? You see how fast he turned into another one? They'd go on a killing spree. There would be 100 of them by tomorrow!

PHIL

Maybe yes, maybe no.

TAYLOR

We can't do that man.

PHIL

We can and we should. We let them go. They become somebody else's problem. Most likely some cop will blow both their brains out in the line of duty and be hailed a hero.

TAYLOR

They're both white.

Phil takes a moment to consider the point.

PHIL

I still say we let them go.

TAYLOR

You want those things walking through the neighborhood? Just murdering and infecting everyone they come across?

PHIL

This neighborhood isn't even ours anymore. It used to be ghetto families. Now it's tall fences and \$800 strollers. At least back then we all lived in poverty together! They might as well all be zombies anyways man! FUCK THEM!

TAYLOR

I know man, I know, But if they multiply not just this neighborhood would go down in flames. THIS would go down in history as the moment that destroyed the world...or at least a good chunk of it.

55 INTERIOR HALLWAY

Zombie Dennis is now further down the hall and Anna is in the hall with him. The dresser has wedged itself in the room so they can't go any further. The ROPE is rubbing on the metal plate on the door frame. The two zombies continue to pull. The rope begins to fray.

56 INTERIOR KITCHEN

PHIL

Our world is destroyed already. ME AND YOU! OUR world is fucked. OUR WORLD is already the apocalypse.

Phil puts the gun back down on the table.

PHIL

Think about it man. What is really important here? If we call the cops we both go to jail and our world is now the inside of a cell and canned fruit on Saturday's. Maybe a snuggle buddy named Butch. OR We get a head start. We pack up our shit. We gather up supplies and we get a head start on all of this. Best case scenario some cop kills these fuckers and we come home and deal with the consequences.

TAYLOR

There has to be another way. There has to be a way where we don't kill anyone else and the two of us walk away.

Phil shakes his head in defeat man.

PHIL

There isn't man. YOU'RE NOT GETTING IT! Those two things don't exist in the same world! This is how it has to be. THIS IS HOW IT HAS TO BE!

TAYLOR
God damn it. Give me my phone.

Phil pulls out Taylor's phone again. He holds it in his hand.

PHIL
I'll give you your phone, but you're
not calling anyone. Not until we
finish this.

TAYLOR
Give me my phone. I'm not fucking
around man.

PHIL
Neither am I.

Phil holds the phone out over the top of a glass of water on
the table.

TAYLOR
Don't you fucking...

DROP. PLUNK.

Phil drops the phone submerging it in a glass of water.
Sparks Short out on the screen. Phil looks up at Taylor.

PHIL
If we can't make the tough decisions
together I will make them for us.
()

TAYLOR
You piece of shit.

PHIL
I'm not letting YOU fuck ME over.

TAYLOR
I'm out man! I'm done. This is all
your fucking fault! I should have
never let YOU move in, in the first
place!

Phil snaps. This comment just sent him over the edge.
Everything that's been building in him has finally come to a
tipping point. He needs to be in control of his own life.
He's not going to let any thing or anyone dictate his life.

Phil looks over at the GUN.

Taylor sees Phil look at the gun.

Taylor can't believe this is about to go down. He realizes Phil may not be who he thought her was for the last almost two years.

They're eyes connect as they both know what's about to go down.

Taylor and Phil both lunge at the gun on the table. They COLLIDE and the gun spins like a top. They wrestle to get to the gun on the disgusting kitchen table. Taylor is trying to bear hug Phil into submission, but Phil is squirming and getting closer to victory.

Phil throws an elbow hard into Taylor's chin, his teeth CRACK. Taylor's bear hug breaks and one of his flailing arms hits the gun a second time. The gun spins off the side of the table and falls in slow motion to the ground. The barrel lines right up with the hall.

BANG! The gun goes off.

57 EXTERIOR RUNDOWN SUBURBAN STREET - TWILIGHT

A late 60's African American woman sits on her front porch reading a book. She's hears the BANG! and looks up slowly. She observes for a second, then goes back to her book.

58 INTERIOR KITCHEN

Phil and Taylor instantly stop and cover their ears. The gunshot is deafening. So much louder than either one of them anticipated.

Neither one can hear and the ringing sets in. They individually cower for a moment and then begin to reset.

59 INTERIOR HALLWAY

REVEAL The bullet from the loose gun sailed down the hallway and right into Zombie Dennis's gut. Blood is splattered on the wall.

On closer inspection the bullet shot right into the rope that was tied around him. Zombie Dennis is free and begins walking towards the kitchen in his reverse parka. Dennis is 30 feet away and stumbling slowly.

Anna is still tied to the bedroom.

60 INTERIOR KITCHEN

The gun lays on the floor between Phil and Taylor. Phil lunges for the gun and gets to it easily. He points it at Taylor.

PHIL

I'm not going to let you fuck this up.
I'm not going down for this.

TAYLOR

You are pointing a gun at me. Fuck
you.

PHIL

I'm doing what needs to be done.

Taylor stands up back to the hallway. Phil continues pointing the gun at him.

PHIL

You were going to play the martyr man.
No one needs to die for anyone else
man. We can let them go. We can go.
Here I'll put this away.

Phil puts the gun in the back of his pants.

PHIL

See man. We're all good.

TAYLOR

You're a coward.

The SILHOUETTE of Zombie Dennis appears in the door frame.

Phil knows Taylor isn't going to let this go. Taylor is literally standing in his way.

Phil sees his moment and takes it. He lunges at Taylor and PUSHES him backwards into the puffy coat arms of Zombie Dennis.

Zombie Dennis arms wrap around Taylor. He pulls Taylor backward into the hall feet bashing on the ground in struggle. Taylor screams at the top of his lungs.

Phil watches as the Zombie wearing the backward parka pulls him back into the darkness. The zombie's face is still covered by the furry hood.

PHIL
Fuck this.

Phil bolts for the door and passes Taylor wrestling with Zombie Dennis in the living room.

61 EXTERIOR HOUSE PORCH - DUSK

Phil looks around. He hears Taylor SCREAM again. He winces at the sound.

Phil looks up and sees Duke laying on the front porch of Dennis's house across the street.

62 EXTERIOR DENNIS'S HOUSE - DUSK

Phil looks both ways to see if anyone is around and crosses the street. He walks up to Dennis's front door and pulls on the handle. Locked.

He looks over the driveway and see's Dennis's truck. It's a lifted 4X4 with a camper shell. A perfect zombie apocalypse vehicle.

Phil walks back to the front door, picks up a rock and smashes the glass on the front house door. He reaches inside and unlocks the door and heads inside.

63 INTERIOR DENNIS'S HOUSE

Phil quickly walks through the run down house. There's veteran memorabilia on the wall along with some ratty furniture. Phil starts ransacking. Opening and closing closets and drawers. Grabbing any cash or valuables he can find.

Phil looks around and heads into Dennis's bedroom.

64 INTERIOR DENNIS'S BEDROOM

Phil pulls open some drawers and goes through the closet. He takes a look at the bed and instantly figures it out. Phil jumps on the ground and looks under the bed.

Jackpot. He pulls out a RIFLE CASE.

REVEAL on the rifle case is covered in dumb pro-gun stickers. The main feature is a Hot Topic-esque bumper sticker that reads, "LOCKED, LOADED, AND READY FOR THE ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE."

Phil reads the sticker to himself.

PHIL
Motherfucking white people. Sometimes
they're right.

He opens the case. It's loaded with two AR15 RIFLES and
enough ammunition to sustain a small village.

Phil smiles.

PHIL
But when you're right, you're right.

65 EXTERIOR DENNIS'S HOUSE - DUSK

CUT TO Phil loading up the back of Dennis's truck. He loads
in the gun case as well as a military sleeping bag and a few
other pieces of surplus gear.

He's looking around nervously as a few cars drive by.

Duke is bouncing around at his heels.

PHIL
Move it.

Phil KICKS the dog out of the way. Duke whines in pain.

Phil walks up to the door of the truck and pulls on the
handle. Locked.

PHIL
God damn it! I'm a fucking idiot.

Phil knows exactly where the keys are. He looks back at his
house. The worst house on the block.

Phil takes a big breath. Checks the desert eagle HANDGUN in
the waistband of his pants and walks back to his own house.

66 INTERIOR LIVING ROOM

Taylor struggles to get away from the clawing arms of Zombie
Dennis. Luckily between him and this flesh eating monster is
4 inches of a down-filled puffy coat. He SPINS as the
slippery fabric gives him slight wiggle room.

Taylor comes face to face with the hood and in his panic
trying to escape, he grabs the hood and pulls it down.

He is face to face with full blown Zombie Dennis. Dennis's
rotten face starts biting millimeters from Taylor's face.

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

Taylor does the only thing he can think of. He rears his head back and headbutts Zombie Dennis. Zombie Dennis's forehead splits as Taylor finally gets the upper hand.

Zombie Dennis is pushed back a step but remains on his feet. Taylor sees an opportunity.

He steps on Zombie Dennis's left foot with all his weight and pushes him back as hard as he can.

Taylor stands on Dennis's foot as Dennis begins to fall. Taylor uses his other foot to kick Zombie Dennis's knee as hard as he can. CRUNCH! SNAP!

Zombie Dennis's ankle SNAPS and he goes over backward. He struggles on the ground as we can see his foot flopping around. Ankle completely broken.

Taylor quickly stomps on Zombie Dennis's other foot and kicks the other knee. SNAP! The other ankle is broken as well.

Taylor quickly looks around and spots a HEAVY OAK COFFEE TABLE. He struggles to pick it up and slams it down on top of Dennis's chest upside down, the table legs in the air. Taylor then begins piling stuff on top of it. He flips the FLOWER PRINT SOFA over on top of Dennis's upper half. He sees an old wooden lamp and picks it up and rips the cord out of the wall. He BASHES Zombie Dennis's legs twice, then uses the cord to tie them together.

Taylor hears someone walking up the porch steps. Fear of Phil presents itself on Taylor's face.

Taylor bolts down the hallway and narrowly avoids Zombie Anna who is still anchored by the rope and dresser. He runs into a side bedroom and cracks the door open to peak out.

67 INTERIOR HALLWAY

Phil steps inside the house and carefully looks around. He looks down the hall and sees Zombie Anna still tied up.

Phil reaches into his pants and pulls out the GUN. He steps into the living room.

68 INTERIOR LIVING ROOM

Phil slowly approaches the struggling body of Zombie Dennis. He looks around, but doesn't see any sign of Taylor.

PHIL

Shit.

Phil quickly kicks Zombie Dennis's feet testing the waters. Zombie Dennis's arms flail under the weight of the heavy table and Sofa, but he appears secure.

Phil quickly jumps down and starts going through Dennis's eight cargo pant pockets. He pulls out a wallet, some scratch tickets. He pauses and looks around. There's only silence, other than a couple struggling zombies.

He starts going through pockets again. He finds a cell phone and finally a set of CAR KEYS. Phil holds the keys up to relish in the moment, forgetting all else.

REVEAL Taylor has entered the room using Zombie Anna as a living dead shield. Zombie Anna is still wrapped over the head in a blanket. Taylor has one hand on the rope tied around her and marches her forward in front of him.

PHIL

You OK? He grabbed you so fast! I went to get help, but didn't know what to do!

TAYLOR

You just tried to kill me. You pushed me.

PHIL

No, we're all good. It was an accident!

Phil holds the KEYS in one hand and picks up the GUN with the other. He points the gun at Zombie Anna and Taylor.

TAYLOR

Don't fucking move or the next finger she eats is going to be yours.

Phil cycles the gun to make a point.

CHA-CHECK.

Taylor reaches up and rips the blanket and pulls it down. Anna's face in all it's zombie glory is exposed.

She's wearing the blanket as a poncho. Anna starts to snap bite at the air. Her bloody face and teeth make her a spine chilling weapon. Her arms are still contained in the blanket.

It's a high-noon standoff. Phil with his handgun and Taylor with a flesh eating Zombie.

PHIL

We don't have to do this. Just walk her to the door and push her outside. I already got Dennis's truck loaded to go. All we got to do is grab a sleeping bag for you and we drive. We drive and don't look back until this whole thing figures itself out. It's gonna be what it's gonna be.

TAYLOR

We have to take responsibility for this. We can't create what we created and then just leave it for someone else to clean up. This is our mess.

PHIL

Do you seriously want to do this right now? You seriously want to fall on the sword for... for who? Who the fuck are you saving?!?

TAYLOR

If everyone in the world only cared about themselves..

PHIL

Everyone in the world DOES only care about themselves! Have you looked at all these assholes who infiltrated our neighborhood? What, you want to be one of them?!? Maybe you already are one of them! You certainly were quick to start cashing in!

Phil starts to stand up and back away pointing the gun at Taylor, one hand with the GUN, the other still holds the KEYS. Taylor pivots with the Zombie Anna Shield.

TAYLOR

You're not going to win here. No one is going to win.

PHIL

This isn't about winning. It's about surviving.

Phil points the gun at Zombie Anna and Taylor. Phil doesn't

hesitate. He makes the decision.

Phil pulls the trigger.

BANG.

The bullet zings through Zombie Anna's shoulder in slow motion. BLOOD splatters back on Taylor. The bullet continues into Taylor's shoulder and speckles the wall with blood.

69 EXTERIOR RUNDOWN SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A white woman with an infant in her arms open's the window. She heard something. It sounded like fireworks.

She looks at her cell phone. Then sets it down. Closes the window and goes back to soothing her child.

70 INTERIOR LIVING ROOM

Phil is pushed back by the recoil of the massive handgun.

Taylor throws Zombie Anna forward into Phil and releases the rope constraining her and her arms.

Zombie Anna reaches for Phil and connects.

Phil points the gun at Zombie Anna but she's faster. Zombie Anna grabs his wrist and pulls it in for a bite. She CRUNCHES down on Phil's inner wrist. Phil drops the GUN and the KEYS. Both items land on the messy living room floor.

PHIL
AGGGGGHHHHHHH!

Zombie Anna spider monkey jumps on Phil and starts furiously biting and eating his neck and face. Phil is much smaller than Dennis and immediately topples over onto the ground.

Taylor looks down at his left shoulder. Blood has soaked through his shirt. Sweat beads on his brow. He's going to pass out.

TAYLOR
OhfuckohfuckOhfuck.

Taylor stumbles back into the hall and totters into the bathroom.

71 INTERIOR BATHROOM

Taylor slams through the bathroom door and gets it closed behind him. He's starting to see stars. He's having a panic attack. His breathing is rapid, he can't catch his breath. It's starting to go dark. He's getting more and more wobbly.

Taylor passes out. He collapses on the bathroom floor. He face slams down onto the tile floor.

Everything goes black.

72 INTERIOR BATHROOM - LATER

Taylor starts to come to. His vision begins to lighten as we reveal his POV is the bottom of a toilet. He blinks a couple of times.

His mind is starting to race as if this has all been a fever dream. Taylor slowly gets to his feet and looks in the mirror.

TAYLOR

Fuck.

This is real.

Taylor looks to the door and opens it a crack. He can see the Zombie Anna bumbling around in the kitchen. Her face and hands are free and unconstrained. He closes the door.

TAYLOR

Fuck me.

Taylor looks at his shoulder. It's soaked in blood. He carefully pulls off his shirt.

TAYLOR

Fuck. fuck. fuck. fuck.

There is no bullet hole, just a deep 3/4 inch graze. It hurts but it's not a hole or a broken bone. There's still plenty of blood. He feels relieved.

TAYLOR

Fuck yea.

Taylor thinks for a second. He starts pointing his fingers around as if he's recalling how it all went down. Point forward at Phil, then back at his shoulder, through Anna. THROUGH ANNA! His face turns to sheer panic. The bullet went THROUGH Zombie Anna before him. He could be infected. He's in panic again.

TAYLOR
FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

Taylor opens the medicine cabinet and grabs a bottle of peroxide. It's empty. He tosses it to the floor. There's only one other bottle in the cabinet.

A bottle of green Listerine.

Taylor opens the bottle and dumps the entire contents on his open wound.

TAYLOR
FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!

73 INTERIOR HALLWAY - LATER

Taylor cracks the door open. He now has his bloody shirt back on. He sticks his head out further.

REVEAL he's holding a make-shift spear made out of a corner shower shelf.

He starts walking down the hall spear in hand.

Taylor passes by Anna's bedroom and peers inside. Something catches his eye. In the middle of the completely trashed room there is a FINGER laying on top of a heap of wrecked oddities. It's Anna's finger from earlier.

Taylor looks again, he knows what he has to do.

74 INTERIOR ANNA'S ROOM

Taylor steps lightly into the room and bends down to look at the finger. He takes a deep breath and picks it up. The finger has turned into the rotting flesh he recognizes from the Stanford finger.

Taylor rifles through the messy floor and sees a SPECIMEN JAR on the ground. He picks it up, it's filled with formaldehyde and a baby mouse. Taylor unscrews the top and pulls out the baby mouse by the tail. He gently places it on the ground and drops the finger in it's place in the jar. He puts on the lid, slides it in his pocket. Taylor looks up.

75 INTERIOR HALLWAY

JUMP SCARE - ANNA is in the doorway.

Anna attacks forward at full speed.

Taylor grabs the shower shelf pole and runs it straight into her belly. The metal pipe cuts through her shirt and plunges into her stomach.

The force pushes her out into the hall and SLAMS her body into the wall. Taylor pauses for a moment and then gives the rod a final thrust.

The rod plunges out the back of Anna and into the drywall. Taylor sees his moment. He maneuvers the free end of the rod across the hall and thrusts it back into the opposing wall. The drywall breaks and the rod is now supported on both sides, with a flailing Zombie Anna skewered in the middle.

She's stuck, but so is his weapon. Anna claws and bites as Taylor leans away. Her hands miss his face by millimeters. Taylor takes another step back to reset and take a breath.

Taylor turns away to make his way down the hall.

JUMP SCARE REVEAL Zombie Phil is standing at the end of the hall and Taylor has been spotted.

Zombie Phil's face has been all but eaten away. What's left of his cheeks are scarred with teeth scrapes. His right hand flops sideways as Anna must've broken his wrist while attacking him earlier.

TAYLOR
Shit man. Sorry bud.

Phil begins the descent down the hall. Slowly at first, but quickly gaining speed.

Taylor looks behind him.

Zombie Anna is the monster behind him.

Zombie Phil is the monster in front of him.

Zombie Dennis is still stuck in the living room.

Taylor is stuck in the middle of the hall.

There's only one way out of this and it's through Phil.

Zombie Phil is almost at a jog now as Taylor begins his approach to Phil.

The two are attracted like magnets, slow at first, but a fury of speed as they CLASH together.

At the last moment Taylor goes low as Zombie Phil stays up right. Zombie Phil's body whip-bends over Taylor's back. Taylor stands up with all his force to throw Phil over the top of his back. Phil's rag-doll body flies ass over elbow as Taylor continues to push forward.

Phil does a full somersault in the air and slams to the ground on his back. Phil's body slides to Zombie Anna's feet.

Taylor's face is in full comedic terror as he can't believe he just pulled off this maneuver. Taylor sprints toward the kitchen.

Taylor flies past the living room, but looks to his right just in time. He can identify the situation.

Taylor's eyes dance around the room. He sees Zombie Dennis is still incapacitated by his broken ankles. He's no longer under the heavy table, but is now army crawling at a snail's pace.

Dennis raises his bloody face up and SCREAMS at Taylor.

Taylor sees the KEYS glisten. They were dropped on the floor, next to the desert eagle handgun.

Taylor has too much speed to stop as he passes the living room and crashes into the kitchen.

76 INTERIOR KITCHEN

Taylor rounds the corner into the kitchen. His shoes slide over the mess of chili as he turns back behind him.

Zombie Phil is sprinting down the hall with his red eyes locked on Taylor.

Taylor panics and slips as he tries to back up and get out of arms length.

His feet spin as he backs up right into the side by side door refrigerator. Taylor turns around and opens the two doors and attempts to squeeze between them in the tiny triangle of safety. His pudgy body is doing him no favors.

Zombie Phil crashes into the kitchen and slides through the mess.

Zombie Phil knows Taylor is in here.

He spots the refrigerator and the ratty sneakers poking out

the bottom. Zombie Phil approaches and gets right up to the crack between the doors and starts biting. Zombie Phil's raspy breath is heavy with effort.

Taylor is face to face, millimeters away from Phil's bite. Phil claws at the doors as Taylor sucks in his pudgy gut and turns his face to try and compress even more.

Taylor knows this isn't going to work for long. He sucks in a breath again, but Phil isn't giving up.

Taylor takes a deep breath. He looks up and spots the rabbit head still in a ziplock bag on the door shelf. Taylor summons all that remains of his strength.

Taylor throws the doors open as hard as he can. The doors explode with force and knocks back zombie Phil five feet. Taylor looks around at anything he can grab.

There's still some glasses, bowls, and silverware on the table. Taylor grabs them and starts throwing them at Phil.

Each one connects.

Bowl to face. BAM! Knocks him back.

Glass to face. CRASH! Knocks him back.

Silverware. TWANG! Bounces off his chest.

Taylor moves to the side and pulls open the kitchen drawer.

TING! There's a worn, but shiny, 10 INCH CHEF'S KNIFE laying in the drawer.

Taylor grabs it and looks up. His eyes connect with Phil. Phil lunges at him.

In slow motion Taylor leans to the side and slices the knife horizontally at Phil's neck.

SHUNK! THWACK! GARGLE!

The knife cuts through 65% of Phil's neck. Blood splatters back onto Taylor's face as he stands motionless. Phil's head bends backward 180 vertical degrees. The back of Phil's head hitting the middle of Phil's back, exposing his windpipe and arteries.

Zombie Phil's body collapses and as it begins to pulse rotten blood out of his neck.

Taylor is appalled at what he's just done. He's numb. He's frozen. He just stands blank for a moment taking everything in.

Suddenly, Phil leans forward and his head snaps back in place. Zombie Phil begins to find balance and get back up.

Taylor knows he has to finish it. He lunges at Phil and starts hacking at the last 35% of his neck.

After 3-4 hacks Phil's head falls to the ground along side his body.

Taylor falls to the ground next to his decapitated friend. His body heaves with breath and emotion. Taylor YELLS with emotion.

TAYLOR
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Taylor stops screaming and starts to come out of the daze as he reaches down into Phil's pant pocket. Taylor pulls out the remaining cell phone. He looks at it. It's 5:05AM. Sunrise is coming soon.

77 INTERIOR HALLWAY

Taylor walks down the hallway and surveys the damage.

Anna still struggles to get him, but is stuck between the walls with the shower rod.

Dennis has moved out from under the sofa, but the parka and furniture have kept him more or less in the same place.

78 INTERIOR LIVING ROOM

Taylor wobbles in. Still shell shocked. Knife firmly gripped in his hand. He walks over to the GUN and KEYS and picks them up. He looks down at Dennis.

Dennis lifts his face out of the hood and bites the air toward Taylor. Taylor shakes his head in shame.

Taylor then shuffles his way back towards the kitchen.

79 INTERIOR KITCHEN

Taylor walks over to the counter and sets down the gun, keys, and phone. So much is running through his mind. First light is just starting to peak in the window.

TAYLOR
What the fuck are you going to do?

Taylor looks down and at the body and severed head of his roommate. He knows what he has to do, but doesn't know if he has the guts.

Taylor picks up the CELL PHONE and slides it into his pocket.

He grabs Phil's torso by the ankles and drags his heavy body into the living room. The body leaves a massive red streak of blood across the ground.

80 INTERIOR LIVING ROOM

Taylor drags Phil's body next to Dennis and drops him.

THUD.

Dennis is more interested in Taylor than Phil's torso.

Taylor walks away and then comes back a moment later with Phil's head. He gently sets it down.

Taylor drops the KNIFE next to Dennis. Then puts the GUN in Phil's waistband. The scene is staged.

Taylor wipes his hands on his face. He's not good at this.

81 INTERIOR KITCHEN

Taylor is now pacing. Pacing back and fourth in the kitchen. His blood pressure is starting to rise as he looks out the window and the dawn begin to peak into the neighborhood more prominently.

The kitchen is destroyed. The house is destroyed. His life is destroyed and it's all just starting to weigh in.

The BOTTLE OF BACARDI 151 is hit by the first tiny ray of light coming in the house.

Taylor walks over to the sink and begins washing his hands. The remnants of blood and gore wash down the sink.

Taylor continues to wash his face and then looks down at his blood soaked shirt and pants. Taylor shakes his head. Taylor picks up the bottle of Bacardi 151 and walks out of the kitchen.

82 INTERIOR HALLWAY

Taylor walks down the hallway and peels off into the door right in front of struggling Zombie Anna. It's his bedroom.

83 EXTERIOR HOUSE PORCH - SUNRISE

The sun is half way up as Duke now lays on the porch of Taylor's house.

84 INTERIOR HALLWAY

Taylor exits the room in fresh clothes, with the bottle of 151 in one hand and his old bloody clothes in the other.

Taylor walks up to Zombie Anna and begins dousing her with the alcohol. He's angry. This is all her fault.

He uses the alcohol to draw a line down the hall and into the living room.

85 INTERIOR LIVING ROOM

Taylor continues the line of alcohol and walks over to Zombie Dennis and Phil's decapitated body.

He drops his bloody clothes in a pile and dumps the rest of the alcohol on them and the surrounding furniture.

86 INTERIOR KITCHEN

Taylor walks into the kitchen and puts the empty bottle in the trash. He walks over the cupboard and pulls out a mug and ground coffee. He fills the crappy percolator coffee pot with water and coffee grounds. He puts it on the stove.

A moment later the water begins to bubble as Taylor stares out the window. He takes the coffee pot off the stove, but leaves the burner running.

Taylor pours himself a cup of coffee, takes a drink, then sets it on the counter.

With the BURNER on, he jerks the stove out from the wall, exposing the GAS LINE. He reaches onto the messy counter and grabs some old junk mail. He tosses the junk mail on the burner and it begins to light on fire.

Taylor steps to the side and swiftly kicks the gas line. NATURAL GAS begins to flood out.

87 INTERIOR HALLWAY

Taylor puts his hand on the front door handle and looks back into the mess. Anna in the hall, the bodies in the living room.

His face winces with the realization that his world really is over.

88 EXTERIOR HOUSE PORCH

Taylor steps out into the sunrise with his coffee cup in hand. Duke stands up excited to greet him. Taylor pets him and makes his way off the porch and into the yard.

TAYLOR
Come on Duke, let's go boy.

Taylor stops by the wagon full of board games, still sitting the front yard. He looks for a second and becomes nostalgic. He picks up a PAIR OF DICE and slides them into his pocket.

89 EXTERIOR RUNDOWN SUBURBAN STREET - SUNRISE

Taylor crosses the street with Duke in tow and opens the gate to Dennis's house. He takes a seat on the front porch facing his house. The worst house on the block is set to blow.

90 EXTERIOR DENNIS'S HOUSE

Taylor sits leaning his back on the house. Duke plops down beside him.

BOOM! CRASH!

Across the street, the windows explode.

Flames lick the roof. The front door flies open with the explosion. Car alarms start going off in the street.

Taylor takes a big drink of coffee and uses his other hand to pet Duke.

Taylor pulls the jarred finger out from his pocket and sets it down in front of him. He then pulls out the CELL PHONE and pushes 9-1-1, but before he can press send, something catches his eye.

TAYLOR
Fuck

Taylor's eyes go wide as he sees movement in the flames.

TAYLOR
No no no no no

The movement in the flames become more clear.

Neighbors are starting to gather outside their houses. Taking photos on their cell phones and calling the authorities.

In the flames he can see a body moving from side to side.

Taylor stands up and squints to get a better look.

91 EXT RUNDOWN SUBURBAN STREET

The neighbors are getting closer and closer.

MALE NEIGHBOR
THERE'S SOMEONE INSIDE!

FEMALE ON LOOKER
SOMEONE! HELP! THERE'S PEOPLE INSIDE.

Taylor's heart begins to race as he looks on helplessly.

The concerned neighbor approaches the burning front door.

Taylor tries to yell out, but he's frozen in fear.

The concerned neighbor runs inside of the burning house.

Taylor can't believe what he's seeing.

The neighbor emerges from the burning doorway a moment later with a limp body in his arms. Taylor could identify the body without even needing to look.

The neighbor is carrying the lifeless body of Anna.

MALE NEIGHBOR
SOMEONE CALL 9-1-1! SHE NEEDS HELP!
SHE HAD SOMETHING STUCK THROUGH HER
STOMACH!

CONCERNED NEIGHBOR
I CALLED! THEY'RE ON THE WAY! THEY
SHOULD BE HERE ANY SECOND.

MALE NEIGHBOR
DOES ANYONE KNOW CPR?

Taylor snaps out of his daze and runs off the porch and

towards the action.

TAYLOR
N00000000000000000!

All the neighbors stop and look at him.

The moment is frozen in time. Everyone is starring at him, no longer looking at Anna.

Anna's body springs back into life. Her hands turn into claws, her face springs forward.

Anna grabs the neighbor and pulls him down for a bite. Her hands wrap around his back and tear into his flesh. Blood begins to become visible.

Taylor knows it's too late. He begins to back up trying to get away. He trips on the rocks decorating Dennis's front yard.

Duke starts barking.

FEMALE ON LOOKER
She's going into shock! She's hurting
him! Someone do something!

Taylor continues to back up until he can't back up anymore. He looks around and sees the truck.

He turns back to the porch and sees the FINGER in the jar sitting on the wooden deck. Taylor grabs the jar and then turns and runs to Dennis's truck.

TAYLOR
C'mon Duke!

Taylor piles into the truck along with the German Shepard.

A firetruck and a multiple police cars round the corner and park out front of the burning house.

92 INTERIOR DENNIS'S TRUCK

Taylor reverses the truck and then puts it in drive.

As he pulls forward he comes face to face with a police car. The policeman looks right at him, then motions for him to get out of the way.

Taylor reverses. The cop passes and parks out in front of the

burning house.

Taylor slams on the gas and almost peels out as he leaves the urban street. Duke settles in on the passenger seat and stares out into the sun.

Taylor looks in the rear view mirror at the chaos as he drives into the sunrise.

A familiar song plays on the radio. Taylor's eyes are wide and his hands are strongly gripped on the wheel.

Sun pours in the cab of the truck as Taylor drives away and leaves his neighborhood.

FADE OUT.