

Zombie Baby

by

Andy Jones

WGA #: 1429007

Contact:

Daniel Vang
Alan Gasmer & Friends
310-208-7338

BLACK

We hear guttural, labored GRUNTING and a woman SCREAMING. A Zombie ripping apart some hapless victim?

WOMAN (O.S.)
No! No! Nooo!

FADE IN:

To reveal --

EXT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

-- Wait for it --

INT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - NIGHT

No, these are not the sounds of a Zombie attack. They are those of 35-year-old, lanky MIKE PETERS and his unfairly pretty wife SARAH doing the hibbity jibbity.

SARAH
No! No! Yes! Yes! Yes!

We notice a half-finished CANVAS PAINTING and ART SUPPLIES scattered about the room.

A TV plays the news in the background.

CLOSE ON TV: a TV NEWS ANCHOR sits at her desk.

ANCHOR (ON TV)
More controversy on the Hill today
in the wake of the recent
government-mandated quarantine of
Pittsburgh --

BACK TO SCENE

Sarah arches her back.

SARAH
Oh my God! Yes! Yes!

CLOSE ON TV: On the bottom left of the screen are the words "Sen. Albertson R-NC." White-haired, Southern SENATOR ALBERTSON looks into the camera.

SENATOR ALBERTSON (ON TV)
If you ask me, the recent tragedy
in Pittsburgh is a direct result of
all this namby-pamby enforcement
legislation passed by the liberals
in congress...

BACK TO SCENE

Sarah is verging on the point of climax -- clutching the sheets with one hand and digging her nails into Mike's back with the other.

SENATOR ALBERTSON (O.S.)
We need to enact strict, concrete
control measures to ensure this
does not happen elsewhere!

SARAH
Yes! Yes! Mike! Oh my God! Mike!
Don't stop! Yes! Yes!!!

... And there it is.

She catches her breath.

SARAH
Did you...?

MIKE
(clearly lying)
... yes?
(off her look)
No. I didn't -- it's just, you
know, the TV was on, and --

Sarah GROANS and rolls over.

SARAH
Jesus, Mike.

Embarrassed, Mike collapses next to her on the bed.

Sarah's scowl warms into a smile.

SARAH
(teasing him)
I did.

Now, Mike cracks a smile, too.

MIKE
(ironic)
Really?

She playfully pushes him away from her.

THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mike and Sarah sit at the table, along with Sarah's elderly parents HYAM and ESTHER. Esther wears a puffy winter coat. Everyone eats in silence until --

ESTHER
(brightly)
Harriet Rosenberg died today.

HYAM
Oh, come on, Esther, they don't want to hear that. Why do you always have to start every conversation with who died?

ESTHER
(relentlessly upbeat)
Lung cancer. She was a smoker, you know. Poor thing. Is it hot in here?

HYAM
You're still wearing your jacket.

SARAH
I'm sorry. Who is Harriet Rosenberg?

Esther takes off her jacket and drapes it over her chair.

ESTHER
You don't remember? She was your old piano teacher. It broke her heart when you gave it up. She always said you had so much talent.

HYAM
Pump the brakes on the depression-mobile, honey. I feel like I'm in a Tennessee Williams play.

ESTHER
Harriet had eight grandchildren. Another one on the way, too. Isn't that great?

Mike goes for his scotch. Hyam makes a show of throwing his utensils on his plate and slumping back in his chair in exasperation.

ESTHER
We should all be so lucky. To see our grandchildren before we pass on.

HYAM
So how's government work, Mike?

MIKE
I'm afraid that's classified, Hyam.

Hyam pretends this is funny enough to warrant a smile.

ESTHER
(on a mission)
When are you going to give me a
grandson? You're such a cute
couple. I bet you'd make some
beautiful babies.

Sarah blushes.

SARAH
We're working on it, mom.

HYAM
(to Esther)
Lay off it, honey. Let's try and
enjoy our dinner.

Mike pours himself another glass of wine.

ESTHER
I think I need to use the little
girls' room.

Esther leaves, using a WALKER to assist her.

HYAM
(forcing a smile)
Okay, sweetie.

Hyam maintains his fake smile until she's out of earshot --
then drops it abruptly.

HYAM
For real though, when are you two
jagoffs going to give that woman a
grandbaby?

SARAH
Geez, dad. I said we were working
on it.

HYAM
Working on it? What's the hold up?
(to Mike)
Your dick broke or something? You
got a broke dick?

SARAH
(more embarrassed)
His dick works just fine. Okay?

MIKE
Rome wasn't built in a day, you
know.

HYAM

What? Rome? We're not talking about a city, here. Sarah was built during sound-check at a Pearl Jam concert. It doesn't require a huge fucking time commitment.

SARAH

This isn't something you can rush, Dad. It happens when it happens.

HYAM

Okay. Whatever. It would be nice if your mother could see her grandchild while she still has brief episodes of being in her right mind.

(ironic)

But it's no big deal. Take your time.

Mike looks to Sarah for support, but she just stares at her food.

INT. METRO CAR - UNDERGROUND - MOVING - DAY

COMMUTERS read the newspaper, listen to iPods, drink lattes, etc. It's your normal, everyday commute, EXCEPT --

EVERYONE is packing heat. Handguns protrude from waistbands or rest conspicuously in side holsters. A few men nonchalantly carry shotguns and rifles.

SCROLLING TEXT on an ELECTRONIC SIGN reads: "Threat Level raised to orange. Be alert... Free Handgun Voucher Program extended to families earning up to \$30,000/year -- apply today!"

Mike stands next to AMIT (40s), whose greasy beard and bloodshot eyes give the impression he hasn't slept in days.

MIKE

I remember when wearing mesh shorts would make me splooge. Now I can't even splooge inside a woman. What's happening to me?

A WOMAN standing nearby looks disgusted.

AMIT

I guess you're going through early menopause.

Mike declines to dignify this with a response.

AMIT

I just called you a woman.

MIKE

Maybe it's some kind of Freudian hangup. Like I know she quit taking birth control so my subconscious knows what's gonna happen if I...

Mike clenches his hand into a fist, then opens it up with the following sound effect:

MIKE

Sh-shpeww!

The train jerks to a stop, and the sliding doors open. Amit turns to get off.

AMIT

Great. Now I'm going to have that image in my head all day.

Mike follows Amit off the train.

INT. METRO STATION - UNDERGROUND - DAY

Mike and Amit stand at a vending machine. Amit buys a candy bar.

AMIT

What do you have against children?

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals a ZOMBIE climbing out of a nook in the subway tunnel -- crossing the tracks.

MIKE

I don't know. They're always sticky. It's like they have someone who just shows up and pours maple syrup on them twice a day...

AMIT

I have a kid, you know. It's not so bad.

REVERSE ANGLE: The Zombie creeps up behind Mike and Amit. They don't notice.

MIKE

Your kid killed a squirrel with a butter knife last week.

AMIT

Yeah, well, that squirrel had it coming. Probably reincarnated by now, anyway --

Suddenly, Mike notices the REFLECTION of the Zombie standing directly behind them.

MIKE

Oh shit...

ZOMBIE

RAWR!!!!

Mike and Amit each spin around, startled. Mike draws his gun and FIRES wildly in the general direction of the Zombie -- completely missing it three times.

Meanwhile, Amit SHOOTS it twice in the head, killing it.

Amit holsters his gun and reaches for his candy bar -- no big deal; this kind of shit happens all the time.

MIKE

Nice shot.

AMIT

Thanks...

Mike and Amit head toward the exit. Amit looks at his candy bar --

AMIT

A Zombie-Finger?! I pushed the thing for Snickers!

(reading)

"Brain flavor." Hmm.

He takes a bite.

MIKE

What do brains taste like?

AMIT

(eating)

Nougat. So, who told you Aden killed that squirrel?

MIKE

I don't know. One of Sarah's friends. She said your wife threw a shit fit, though.

AMIT

Yeah, she was going on about how that means he's going to be some kind of sociopath. I told her if he can't kill a squirrel now, what good's he going to be when he's an adult?

MIKE

I don't know. I think killing an animal with a butter knife might still qualify you as a sociopath... even today.

AMIT

Just a kid doing stupid kid shit.

MIKE

That's exactly my point! Kids are just like little sociopaths. I don't want one of those in my house!

As they walk up the stairs toward the street, HOLD on a POSTER on the wall. It's an ad for a book titled "Right Between the Eyes" and the cover features an INTENSE-LOOKING MAN in body armor, holding an automatic weapon.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

PUSH to a big government building, with the words "UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF ZOMBIE" etched prominently in the facade.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF ZOMBIE - ELEVATOR - DAY

Amit presses the button for the seventh floor, labeled "Research & Development." We notice the fourth floor is labeled "Zombie Population Control."

The news plays on a FLAT-SCREEN TV on the wall.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

As the "War on Zombie" drags into its fifth year, with no end in sight, citizens are speaking out...

AMIT

Do you even remember what life was like in the "before" times?

MIKE

Yeah. It sucked.

AMIT

... What?

MIKE

Seriously -- I was living in South West, working at a copy store and delivering pizzas on weekends. Then -- BOOM -- Zombies all of a sudden exist. They kill off enough people more qualified than me, and I start getting job offers.

AMIT
Fucking recession.

DING. The doors open.

MIKE
Yeah, the Zombies really turned the economy around. You gotta give 'em that.

Mike and Amit walk out of the elevator. PUSH to the TV.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)
Relatives of the former residents of a Columbia Heights apartment complex are calling for justice after an infected woman being harbored by her non-infected boyfriend escaped Tuesday, killing at least 35 people --

TEST AREA - DAY

A military vehicle ("The Prowler") -- an MRAP modified for Zombie-killing -- is the only thing in the room.

OUTSIDE TEST AREA - SAME TIME

Mike and Amit stand on the other side of one-way glass.

A DV CAM on a tripod films the test area. Mike speaks into a mic connected to the camera.

MIKE (INTO MIC)
Commencing stability test on baited Prowler.

He hits a button on the control board.

TEST AREA - SAME TIME

A mechanized door inside the room opens. Zombies run in and start attacking the vehicle.

OUTSIDE TEST AREA - SAME TIME

KELLY -- a pretty, bespectacled young woman who wouldn't rather be anywhere else in the world right now -- approaches, carrying a gun. On the other side of the glass, Zombies continue attacking the military vehicle.

KELLY
(re: gun)
Check it out. Integrated a Zombie Detection Device with a handgun.
Point it at a Zombie and it just starts shooting.

MIKE

So, it's a gun for really, really
lazy people?

KELLY

The blind, the elderly, you know.
But watch this.

Kelly produces a ROOMBA (one of those self-propelled robot vacuum cleaners), wedges the Zombie-detecting handgun into it, and holds it up.

KELLY

Autonomous Zombie-killing device.

MIKE / AMIT

No way. / That's the most genius
thing since the upside-down tomato
planter.

KELLY

Roger just approved a trial run.
(indicating Zombies)
Want to kill two birds with one
stone?

TEST AREA - MOMENTS LATER

The Roomba rolls around the room, killing Zombies.

INTERCUT WITH:

OUTSIDE TEST AREA - SAME TIME

Mike, Amit, and Kelly watch this.

MIKE

That is so awesome...

KELLY

Yeah, it's pretty badass, huh?

Then, the Roomba SHOOTS the gas line of the vehicle, which EXPLODES.

MIKE / KELLY

Holy shit! / Whoa!

The Zombies that haven't already been shot are all incinerated. So is the Prowler.

AMIT

(scribbling on a pad)
Re-route fuel line.

Mike lets his head fall against the glass.

AMIT
Hey, it's an easy fix.
(standing)
Come on, buddy. I'll buy you a
drink.

EXT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - NIGHT - "ZOMBIE" POV

Someone -- or someTHING -- approaches the building. Cue echo-y, suspenseful SFX.

QUICK CUTS between his/its shaky, weird-VFX-laden POV and his/its feet shuffling awkwardly toward the front door...

INT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Sarah struggles with a painting -- a MAN'S FACE, half of which is smiling and half of which is frowning, surrounded by ANGRY-LOOKING SHAPES (hard edges, jarring colors, etc.).

EXT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - SAME TIME - "ZOMBIE" POV

The "Zombie" hesitates in front of the door.

A HAND grabs the door knob. SFX and MUSIC CUES RAMP UP.

The DOORKNOB turns --

INT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

All SFX and MUSIC drop out as the "Zombie" enters and catches his reflection in a mirror.

It's Mike -- looking very drunk.

THE BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Sarah takes a step back from her weird, discordant painting. Frowns.

THE BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Mike stumbles in and takes a piss. From the way he smacks his mouth, it's clear there is a bad taste in it.

THE BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Frustrated, Sarah SLINGS PAINT all over the canvas.

THE BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Mike reaches for some toothpaste on the sink. As he does, he notices a prescription pill bottle. He picks it up.

CLOSE ON PILL BOTTLE: "Pergonal."

BACK TO SCENE

Mike sets the bottle down. Picks it up again. Then opens the medicine cabinet and pulls out one of those "M/T/W/Th/F" pill-boxes.

THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike changes clothes. Sarah enters, wearing one of his old T-shirts and nothing else. It would be really sexy if she weren't so pissed off.

SARAH

What the hell is wrong with you?!

MIKE

Uh -- I don't -- What?

She holds up a pill bottle.

SARAH

Did you really think I wouldn't notice?

MIKE

Notice what?

SARAH

That you replaced my fertility drugs with birth control pills. They're not even the same color.

MIKE

What? I didn't do that.

SARAH

Okay. I guess it was Jimbo, my imaginary pet dinosaur...
(struggling)
... with anthropomorphic...
opposable thumbs... and a penchant for... mischievous... -- NO ONE ELSE FUCKING LIVES HERE, IF IT WASN'T YOU, WHO WAS IT?!

MIKE

I don't know, maybe you did it. Sleepwalking or something. You've been taking a lot of Ambien --

SARAH

Oh my God.

MIKE

Because, subconsciously you know you're not ready --

SARAH

Jesus. Shut up. You could have talked to me. "Sarah, I'm starting to have second thoughts about trying to get pregnant. Maybe we're not at a place in our lives where we can support a child."

MIKE

That's good. Let's pretend I said that.

SARAH

But you didn't. You flushed, like, \$800 worth of fertility drugs down the toilet. Because, on the Freudian timeline, you never matured past the anal stage.

MIKE

Is that before or after genital?

She crosses her arms.

MIKE

Because I definitely made it to genital.

A staring contest...

SARAH

Are you sure about that?

A beat. Sarah wins.

MIKE

It's called whiskey-dick.

(leaving)

It's a real thing. Look it up on Urban Dictionary.

THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Angry, Mike pours himself another glass of scotch.

He takes a sip. Anger fades into regret...

THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

The alarm clock reads: "1:13."

Sarah and Mike are in bed. Sarah is sound asleep. Mike is staring at her. She looks even more beautiful now that she's not really stressed out. Mike just looks depressed.

Mike gets out of bed and leaves the room -- grabbing a marijuana pipe and a lighter on his way out.

EXT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - NIGHT

Mike sits on the ground, exhaling an impressive plume of smoke -- then remains motionless, staring into space, lost in thought.

He tries to take another hit of pot, but the bowl is cashed. He bangs the ash out on the cement, then goes back inside.

We notice, once he's inside, that he's left the FRONT DOOR SLIGHTLY AJAR.

INT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The alarm clock reads "3:27."

Mike and Sarah both sleep soundly. Until --

A SMALL THUD comes from the other room. Sarah opens her eyes. There's an even SMALLER THUD, followed by RUSTLING. She shakes Mike.

SARAH
Mike... Mike!

Mike doesn't so much as stir. Sarah shakes him as hard as she can.

SARAH
Mike!

Mike SNORES. She shakes him again. Nothing.

SARAH
Goddamnit, you are worthless!

A beat. Now, only the RUSTLING can be heard... Somebody probably just left a window open. Sarah decides to go investigate.

The CAMERA stays on Mike as we hear the bedroom door OPEN and CLOSE... Sarah's FOOTSTEPS getting farther away... then --

SARAH (O.S.)
AHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Mike jolts awake.

SARAH (O.S.)
AHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Mike jumps out of bed. Grabs his gun off the bedside table.

THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mike rushes in. A ZOMBIE MAN and a ZOMBIE WOMAN have Sarah trapped in a corner --

CRACK! Mike shoots Zombie Man in the jaw. He reels, but immediately turns back to Sarah. Zombie Woman charges Mike --

CRACK! Mike takes out Zombie Woman -- easy headshot. She crumples to the floor. Zombie Man LUNGES for Sarah's neck --

CRACK! Mike shoots him in the temple. He collapses on Sarah.

Sarah shoves Zombie Man's body off her, and it THUDS to the floor. As Mike rushes over --

MIKE
Are you okay?!

Mike puts his arm around her. Pushes her hair off her face, her neck -- searching for bite marks -- was he too slow?

Sarah pulls him close to her. For all he knows, she's about to tear open his neck with her teeth, but he doesn't try and stop her --

SARAH
Yeah... I'm okay... I'm okay...

Mike kisses her cheek. Wraps his free arm around her. Squeezes.

SARAH
Can't breathe --

MIKE
Sorry.

He loosens his grip just a little bit.

EXT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - NIGHT

GRUNTING, Mike drags Zombie Man's corpse past a BLACK TRASH BIN and a BLUE "RECYCLABLES ONLY" BIN before arriving at RED BIN that reads "BIOHAZARD: ZOMBIE REMAINS ONLY." He struggles to lift the corpse into the bin -- knocking a FLOWER POT off an adjacent brick wall in the process -- but, finally, he succeeds.

MIKE
(catching his breath)
Whew!

Sarah arrives with Zombie Woman's corpse.

MIKE
I can take it from here.

Sarah nods "thanks," wipes her brow, and heads back inside.

Their neighbor JESSICA opens her window. Shouts --

JESSICA

Mike! You really need to be taking out the trash at quarter of four in the morning?!

MIKE

(shouting up)

Sorry, Jessica. Had a late-night Zombie run-in. Didn't mean to wake you.

JESSICA

(re: bin)

That couldn't have waited until the morning?

MIKE

Well, considering the stomach-churning stench, not really!

Jessica GRUMBLES, then SLAMS her window. Then --

SARAH (O.S.)

Mike, get in here!! There's another one!

Mike turns and bolts toward the house, drawing his gun.

INT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - THE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mike runs in. Sees Sarah leaning against a cabinet.

MIKE

Where?! Where is it?

She gestures at the cabinet --

MIKE

... What?

SARAH

It's just a little one.

Sarah opens the cabinet door, revealing a ZOMBIE BABY, wearing a diaper and nothing else. Closes the cabinet.

SARAH

A little baby one.

Mike puts his hand on the cabinet door.

MIKE

Okay. I'll take care of it.

He throws the door open -- points the gun at Zombie Baby.
Zombie Baby cowers, slinks into the corner.

SARAH
Aww. Look how scared it is.

Mike gives her a look --

SARAH
... Sorry.

Mike looks back to Zombie Baby, adjusts his aim --

SARAH
Wait. I don't want to watch.

MIKE
Okay, don't watch.

SARAH
(closes her eyes)
All right. I'm not watching. Go.

Mike pulls the trigger. CLICK.

MIKE
Okay. Go get me some bullets.

SARAH
'K.

Sarah leaves. As Mike waits for her to come back, Zombie Baby manages to look even more helpless and vulnerable and pathetic.

Sarah arrives with the bullets. Mike loads the gun as --

Zombie Baby gives Sarah the puppy-dog-eyes look.

MIKE
Take a couple steps back. There might be some splatter.

SARAH
(doing so)
Oh... Okay...

Mike points the gun at Zombie Baby...

MIKE
(preparing himself)
Okay.

Zombie Baby WHIMPERS.

SARAH

Wait -- do you have to shoot it?
Isn't there a more, like, humane
way to kill a Zombie?

MIKE

Not that I can think of...

Mike focuses his attention back to Zombie Baby. Steadies his aim --

SARAH

It's just so loud and violent.

Mike lowers his gun slightly.

MIKE

I guess we could stab him in the eye with an ice-pick or something...

SARAH

How is that better?

MIKE

It's quieter...

SARAH

I'm serious, Mike! Don't they say how you die affects how you experience the afterlife?

MIKE

Zombies are already dead, babe.

SARAH

No. They're undead. Look at him!

Zombie Baby shivers -- clearly, on some level, he is "aware."

SARAH

Don't they have some government Zombie Disposal Service or something? What about that hotline?

Resigned, Mike hands her the gun.

MOMENTS LATER

Sarah has the Zombie baby at gunpoint. Mike, pacing, holds a cordless phone to his ear. The OVEN CLOCK reads "3:45."

AUTOMATED VOICE (OVER PHONE)

You are the 86th caller in the queue --

LATER

The oven clock now reads "4:23."

AUTOMATED VOICE (OVER PHONE)
You are next in the queue.

The line starts RINGING.

MIKE
Finally!

AUTOMATED VOICE (OVER PHONE)
Hello. Please select one of the
following options so that we may
direct your call to the appropriate
department.

MIKE
What?!

AUTOMATED VOICE (OVER PHONE)
Press "one" if you have a question
about what to do in the event of a
Zombie attack. Press "two" if you
have a question about the Free
Handgun Voucher Program.

A beat. These are the only options.

Sarah shifts the weight of the gun to her other arm, blows
hair out of her face.

SARAH
My arm's getting tired.

Mike presses "one."

AUTOMATED VOICE (OVER PHONE)
In the event of a Zombie attack,
shoot the Zombie in the head. If
you do not have a firearm, puncture
the brain with a sharp object. As a
last resort, use a blunt object to
bash in its skull. If there's time,
call 911. Goodbye.

DIAL TONE. Seething, Mike hangs up. Slowly sets down the
phone.

SARAH
Can't you find out at work
tomorrow?

MIKE
And just leave him in the cabinet
until then?

SARAH

He doesn't even have his teeth yet.
It's not like he can hurt us.

MIKE

Still...

SARAH

What if we rig it so it can't open?

MIKE

My Frosted Flakes are in there.

She pulls out the Frosted Flakes and hands them to Mike --
"see how easy that was?"

Zombie Baby sneezes in her face, erasing her smug expression.

SARAH

Ew. Gross!

Sarah wipes the snot off her face with her shirt-tail. Mike laughs at the universe punishing her for her momentary lapse of humility.

She closes the cabinet, takes off her hair scrunchie, and wraps it around the knobs of the cabinet doors.

She starts to leave the room. Mike bursts out laughing again.

SARAH

Asshole.

MIKE

Oh, come on. That was funny!

Mike follows her back to the bedroom.

ANGLE ON SCRUNCHIE: Beginning to SLIDE OFF the cabinet doors.

THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

The ALARM CLOCK reads "5:40."

Mike is asleep. He slowly opens his eyes. Zombie Baby is sucking on his head -- trying to eat his brains.

Sarah jolts awake.

SARAH

Oh my God!

Mike realizes what's happening --

MIKE

Bwah!!

-- then violently THROWS Zombie Baby across the room. Zombie Baby huddles in the corner and WHIMPERS.

SARAH

Aw, Mike... You didn't have to
throw him like that.

MIKE

(into pillow, screaming)
ZOMBIE!!!

Mike gets out of bed.

THE NEXT DAY

Zombie Baby is hog-tied with electrical cords to the leg of a chest of drawers. The TV blares in the background --

CONSERVATIVE BLOWHARD (ON TV)
I think it's about time! We don't
draw a line between terrorists and
those who harbor them! Why should
we do that with this threat?!

Mike enters, half-dressed for work, noticeably sleep-deprived, and eating a banana. He puts his shoes on.

LIBERAL BLOWHARD (ON TV)
All I'm saying is: We have more
pressing matters to deal with right
now than Zombies. Like health care
reform. Over-inflation. The war
with Pakistan --

Mike, ready for work, points the banana at Zombie Baby. Tries to make the noise that guns make --

MIKE
P'choo.

Zombie Baby just smiles at him.

EXT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - DAY

Mike walks out in a hurry. He steps over a copy of the Washington Post.

CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER: The front page headline reads "HR 2472 Passes."

INT. DEPARTMENT OF ZOMBIE - ARCHIVES - DAY

Mike scans down the index of a DOZ MANUAL. The letters "A"- "Y" take up about five percent of the page. The letter "Z" takes up the remainder.

MIKE
 (mumbling as he reads)
 Zombie diet, Zombie dirtboarding,
 Zombie Dis...

CLOSE ON: The index -- which reads, "Zombie Discourse, Film and Literature pp. 8, 26-32" --

MIKE (O.S.)
 (disappointed)
 ... course.

The next line reads, "Zombie Doer: See 'Zombie Fucker.'" No evidence of "Zombie Disposal Service."

BACK TO SCENE

Disappointed, Mike closes the manual.

Just then, a cell-phone alarm goes off. Mike turns and sees Amit yawning as he pulls himself off a nearby, empty bookshelf.

AMIT
 (nonchalant)
 Hey.

MIKE
 What are you doing in here?

AMIT
 Where I take my hangover naps...
 What are you doing here?

Mike decides not to show his hand --

MIKE
 Same thing.
 (holds up the manual)
 Pretty good pillow in a pinch.

AMIT
 You don't have to tell me. Put some newspaper on top and oh, man. If you can't fall asleep on that, you didn't drink enough last night.
 (as he walks off)
 You coming?

MIKE
 To what?

AMIT
 Mandatory sensitivity training.
 Read your e-mail like once a week, dude.

A CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ROGER, Mike's boss, wraps up the conference. There are lots of "stuffed-animal" versions of Zombies and dismembered people near him.

ROGER
Are there any questions?

Mike looks around.

MIKE
I have a question... What is the preferred method of disposal for an infected person? You know, other than having to shoot them in the head.

ROGER
I'm not sure I understand the question --

MIKE
Okay. Let's say, hypothetically, you manage to trap a Zombie somewhere in your house. Is there some kind of "Zombie Disposal Service" you could call to take care of it in a humane manner?

ROGER
"Humane manner?"

Everyone LAUGHS.

ROGER
No, there is no Zombie Disposal Service. And, thanks to the bill that passed yesterday -- HR 2472, which made harboring a Zombie a treasonous offence -- if someone did find himself in the situation you just described, he could be sentenced to death by hanging.

Mike REACTS.

R & D FLOOR - DAY

Mike hurries toward the exit. He checks his phone.

CLOSE ON IPHONE -- One missed call from Sarah.

BACK TO SCENE

Mike calls her back.

RING. RING. RING. RING. CLICK.

MIKE
Sarah?

SARAH (OVER PHONE)
Hi, this is Sarah. Leave me a
message!

As Mike nears the door, an exasperated Kelly enters, taking off her hat and gloves. She notices Robert giving her a look.

KELLY
Sorry I'm late, boss. Train on the
red line hit a Roving pack of
Zombies. Three hour delay going
South. No service whatsoever
Northbound. It's a mess out there.

Pissed, Mike spins around and heads back the way he came.

EDDIE'S OFFICE - DAY

EDDIE works at his computer. Mike enters.

MIKE
I need to borrow your car.
(off his hesitation)
Please. It's an emergency. I
wouldn't ask if it weren't.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF ZOMBIE - DAY

It snows. Mike peels out of the parking garage in Eddie's BMW M3 convertible.

INT. / EXT. BMW - DAY

Mike holds his cell phone to his ear. It's ringing.

SARAH (OVER PHONE)
Hi, it's Sarah. Leave a mess--

Mike ends the call. He fumbles with the phone, drops it -- and it lands right on the switch that makes the convertible top go down.

MIKE
Shit.

Mike continues to speed through D.C. as he gropes under the seat for his phone. Meanwhile, the wind catches the convertible top, and there's a horrible METALLIC CRUNCH.

Mike pushes the button to make the top go up again. Nothing. He pushes the button to make it go down. Nothing.

When he looks up, he has to slam on the brakes to avoid a ramming into a slew of vehicles stopped at a red light.

After the BMW skids to a stop, a CRAZED ZOMBIE darts into the intersection, flailing its arms around.

A loud, deep horn BLOWS as, from the cross-street, an 18-wheeler SKIDS through the intersection -- SPLATTERING the Zombie and then CRASHING into a telephone pole.

The light turns green, but the 18-wheeler completely blocks the intersection. Moronically, other cars HONK.

Mike slams his fist on the steering wheel in frustration -- just before he notices a DISFIGURED FACE lunging at him from the other direction!

MIKE

Oh Jesus!

But wait -- it's just a HOMELESS GUY washing Eddie's windshield. Mike catches his breath -- then BLARES the horn and shoos the man away with his arms.

MIKE

Get out of the way!

HOMELESS MAN

(shuffling aside)

Asshole.

Mike makes an illegal U-turn, turns right onto the first side street, and speeds away.

EXT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - DUSK

The BMW SCREECHES to a halt in front of the house. Mike, covered in snow and shivering, jumps out.

INT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Sarah plays with Zombie Baby. Mike enters.

MIKE

Thank God. You're all right.

SARAH

Of course I'm all right. Why wouldn't I be?

MIKE

You didn't hear about the new law?

Sarah continues playing with Zombie Baby.

SARAH
(nonchalant)
HR 2742? Yeah. It was all over the news.

(then; ironic)
What, did you think the gendarmerie was going to storm in here and arrest me on one of their daily Zombie Raids?

MIKE
How can you be so calm about it?! We're literally committing crimes against the state right now. If someone sees us with that --
(whispers)
baby Zombie --

Sarah spins Zombie Baby around so he's facing Mike.

SARAH
You mean with this little cutie? Doesn't look like a Zombie to me.

Mike looks at Zombie Baby. He doesn't really look like a Zombie, anymore.

MIKE
Is he wearing makeup?

SARAH
Yeah. Makes him look more people-y, huh?

MIKE
(begrudgingly)
He is less disgusting than I remember. But, Sarah, this is ridiculous. We can't possibly --

A KNOCK at the door.

FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Mike looks through the peephole as whoever's outside KNOCKS again -- causing the door to hit Mike in the face.

He opens the door, rubbing his eye-socket in pain. Hyam and Esther stand outside.

HYAM
Hey. I think someone forgot her jacket the last time we were here.

ESTHER
"Someone?" I have a name, you know.

Mike grabs Esther's puffy jacket from earlier off the coat rack.

MIKE
Oh. Right. Here you go.
(handing her the jacket)
Well, I'd invite you in but Sarah
and I were just about --

Just then, Zombie Baby scurries in from the living room, with Sarah chasing him.

SARAH
Crap, crap, crap --

She swoops him up and bolts back into the living room -- but not before Esther notices.

ESTHER
Oh my God! Is that what I think it is?!

Hyam puts his hand on Mike's shoulder. Smiles.

HYAM
Son of a bitch. You did it?

Esther forces her way past Mike.

ESTHER
You adopted?

MIKE
(following her)
Well, we're just fostering him,
really --

Hyam follows Mike, following Esther, into the --

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah sits on the couch with Zombie Baby in her lap. Esther leans over them.

ESTHER
What's his name?!

Mike and Sarah look at each other.

MIKE / SARAH
Um... / Well... / It's...

MIKE
(thinking fast)
Colin.

ESTHER

Colin?! Sounds a little goy to
me...

MIKE

(joking)

Well, his middle name is Phlegm, so
we thought it kind of evened out.

Esther laughs, then pinches Mike on the back of his arm.

ESTHER

Oh, this one thinks he's clever --

MIKE

Ow!!

ESTHER

(re: Colin)

Aw. He's too cute.
(pokes his nose)
You're just adorable!

MIKE

Now, don't start researching prep
schools just yet..

ESTHER

Huh? Why do you say that?

MIKE

You know. These things fall apart
all the time. We're just a
temporary home for him.

ESTHER

What? You're just going to abandon
him?!

MIKE

No, but if someone --

ESTHER

I know what "foster" means. At
least give him a chance to warm up
to you, before you throw him away.

Esther reaches for Zombie Baby [Colin].

ESTHER

(to Sarah)

You're holding him wrong. Give him
to me.

Sarah hands Colin to Esther. She tickles his chin. Colin
GIGGLES and COOS. Hyam notices that Mike looks put off. He
feels like they're intruding.

HYAM

Okay, honey. We should probably get a move on. Don't want to be late.

ESTHER

Oh, yes. Of course. We've got to get to -- where are we going again?

HYAM

We've got orchestra seats for *Mars Attacks* at the Kennedy Center --

Esther hands Colin back to Sarah.

ESTHER

Oh, that's right. They say it works much better as a play than a movie, you know. I can't wait.

MIKE

... Really?

ESTHER

(to Sarah, re: Colin)
Promise me you'll give him a chance, okay?

SARAH

(reluctantly)

Okay, mom. I promise.

Mike glares at her. Then hurries Esther and Hyam to the door.

MIKE

Well, we don't want to keep you.
Thanks for stopping by.

FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

ESTHER

Bye, Mike.
(shouts)
Bye, Sarah! Bye, Colin!

Esther and Hyam walk out the front door. Esther has never looked happier.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike storms in the room.

MIKE

(hushed)

What was that?!

SARAH

What?

MIKE

You just let him run into the other room so your parents could see him?!

SARAH

I looked away for like two seconds! He just took off!

Mike pulls out his gun.

MIKE

Well, this has gone on long enough. Put him on that table.

SARAH

Mike! No!

Mike picks up Colin and puts him on the table himself. Sarah gets up and stands between Mike and Colin.

SARAH

What are you doing?!

MIKE

Sarah, we can't keep a goddamn baby Zombie in the house. I was worried sick about you today --

SARAH

Aww. You were?

MIKE

Yes! Why did you call me, by the way?!

SARAH

Oh. That must have been Colin. He likes shiny things... And things that light up. It's pretty cute.

MIKE

Okay, well, before you get any more attached, move out of the way so I can shoot him.

SARAH

We can't kill him now! What are we going to tell my mom?

MIKE

I don't know. We'll figure something out.

SARAH

You saw how happy he made her. She'd be devastated!

MIKE

We really don't have any other options.

SARAH

Mike -- if we don't have this baby tomorrow, no matter what we tell her, she is going to think we're horrible parents. We'll never hear the end of it.

MIKE

Sarah, I really feel like you don't appreciate the gravity of this situation.

SARAH

Please. Let's just wait a couple more days. Then you can kill him and I'll say we gave him back to Child Services. At least she'll think we tried.

A beat. She looks at him pleadingly. Mike turns Colin, who also looks at him pleadingly. Colin's lower lip QUIVERS. Finally, Mike holsters his gun.

MIKE

Fine. Just for a couple of days.

THAT NIGHT

Mike and Sarah are asleep. Colin is tied to the chest of drawers -- and CRYING. Mike sort-of wakes up.

MIKE

(half-asleep)

Sarah... Zombie baby's crying.

SARAH

(half-asleep)

What is?

MIKE

Connor. Collard. What are we calling it again?

SARAH

Colin.

Mike half-heartedly tries to shake Sarah awake without moving his own body.

MIKE

Cotton's making noise. Make him not make noise, okay?

SARAH
You do it.

MIKE
I'll do it next one. Time.

Sarah gets up and sees to Colin. The CAMERA does not.

SARAH (O.S.)
Aw. You've got a dirty diaper.
Except you aren't wearing a diaper,
so you're covered in shit, yes you
are! Ewwwww! Oh my God, Mike, this
is so disgusting. The floor is
slippery. I'm turning on the
light.

CLICK. PAN to reveal: The whole corner of the room that
Colin's chained to is covered in shit.

MIKE
Man, that is gross...
(half-assed sing-song)
Someone hasn't been eating his
vegetables...
(then)
Wait a minute. Didn't he come with
a diaper?

Sarah gestures toward the diaper several feet away on the
floor.

MIKE
Huh. We should probably get him
some more...
(rolling over)
... one day.

SARAH
Mike, you are not going back to
sleep!

MIKE
(falling asleep)
Shit-corner will still be there in
the morning, babe...

SARAH
Mike, it smells horrible... MIKE!!!

MIKE
Okay, okay! I'm up!

EXT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - BACKYARD - DAWN

Colin sits on the concrete, naked, as Mike, yawning, sprays him with a hose. Colin stares at Mike with a big, goofy grin on his face -- despite being so cold his skin is blue.

Mike looks around -- notices his NEIGHBOR staring at them as he lets out his dog. Mike quickly starts pretending that Colin is just having fun playing in the water.

MIKE
Whooo! Don't get wet! Dodge the water!

Mike runs in circles around Colin, spraying him, them missing him, then spraying him again. Colin remains motionless.

Mike's neighbor goes inside. Mike resumes standing in one spot and spraying Colin.

SARAH (O.S.)
Mike!

Sarah walks outside, pissed.

SARAH
What are you doing?

Mike quits spraying Colin.

MIKE
What? He stank!

SARAH
Mike, he's not a wetsuit!

MIKE
Come on. He likes it.

Colin still has the goofy grin, but now he's SHIVERING.

SARAH
He's shivering, Mike.

MIKE
He wasn't doing that before...

Sarah SIGHS, picks up Colin, and walks inside.

MIKE
(following her)
Oh, come on --

INT. GROCERY STORE - DIAPER AISLE - DAY

A sign on a beer display reads "Zombie Apocalypse Day Weekend Sale -- Domestic Beer 30% Off."

Mike pushes a shopping cart with Colin in it. Colin is wearing makeup and looks just like a normal, human baby. He is also wrapped in a SHEET.

A WOMAN walks by. COLIN opens his mouth and leans toward her. He thrashes about, Zombie instincts telling him to eat her brains, but the sheet is wrapped too tightly for him to make any progress.

WOMAN
Aw, aren't you adorable?

Sarah smiles "thanks" as the woman walks away.

SARAH
(to Mike, re: Colin)
Good call on the swaddling clothes.

MIKE
I do what I can.

SARAH
(to Colin)
Look at you, all swaddled up. Just like Baby Jesus.

MIKE
Yeah, I don't know about that analogy.

Sarah picks up a package of diapers.

SARAH
What about these ones? They have wings.

MIKE
Is that good or bad?

SARAH
I think they help keep all the poop inside.

MIKE
Perfect. Get those. God bless America.

Sarah throws the diapers in the cart as Mike notices something else on the shelf.

MIKE
Oh, look at this! Rubber pants!
Jackpot! We could shove him in a pair of these and forget about it.

SARAH
Gross. We're not doing that.

MIKE

Why not? He's a Zombie. He doesn't care if he's sitting in his own poop for a couple days.

SARAH

Eh... I don't know.

MIKE

Okay. We'll get both. Double-bag it.

Mike throws the rubber pants in the shopping cart.

INT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mike sprawls on the couch, flipping through channels on the TV, until he lands on an "Entertainment Tonight"-type celebrity interview. The man being interviewed is the same man we saw in the book ad in the subway.

Throughout this scene, Colin CRIES in the other room.

HOST (ON TV)

I'm here with Military Consultant Jeffrey Peters, author of the book "Right Between the Eyes."

As the TV cuts to Jeffrey, Mike GROANS. Something about this guy really pisses him off.

HOST (ON TV)

Jeffrey, your book has been an inspiration to so many people. Tell us, what was your inspiration.

JEFFREY (ON TV)

Well, Jim, to be honest. I just love killing Zombies.

The Host chuckles.

HOST (ON TV)

It sure seems that way. According to your book, you've killed 2,348 Zombies to date.

JEFFREY (ON TV)

(full of himself)

Those are confirmed kills. The actual number's probably closer to twenty-six hundred.

HOST (ON TV)

What do you think about HR 2471 -- the new federal law about harboring Zombies?

JEFFREY

What do you think I think? Zombies are a threat to civilization as we know it. If you ask me, death by hanging is too light of a punishment for the scum that refuse to see that.

A little freaked out, Mike turns off the TV.

COLIN (O.S.)
WAHHHHH! WAHHHHHH!

BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah jiggles Colin in her arms -- trying to make him stop crying.

COLIN
WAHHHHHH! WAHHHHHH!

Mike enters. Leans over Colin.

MIKE
Shhh...

Colin stops crying.

MIKE
Good work.

Mike stands up straight. Colin starts to cry again.

MIKE
Now what?

Mike takes Colin from Sarah. (NOTE: Mike always holds Colin like a toddler -- hoisted up so Colin's head is over Mike's shoulder. Sarah "cradles" him like an infant.)

MIKE
Did you poop yourself again?

Mike smells Colin's diaper.

MIKE
Yep... No, wait, that's just rotting flesh. Hmm...

Mike spins Colin around and pats him on the back, trying to "burp" him. Colin stops crying.

MIKE
Fixed him.

Mike hands Colin to Sarah. Colin cries.

Mike takes him back. Colin stops crying.

MIKE
(joking)
I guess he just likes me more than
you.

SARAH
Wait a minute.

Sarah takes Colin -- keeping him at arm's length. Colin starts to cry. Then she holds him near Mike's head. Colin stops crying and opens his mouth, leans in toward Mike's head.

SARAH
Or maybe he's just hungry.

EXT. ASIAN MARKET - CHINATOWN - DAY

Mike, Sarah, and Colin -- still swaddled up -- force their way through the crowd. Mike and Sarah do most of the forcing.

Mike approaches an old ASIAN WOMAN selling intestines.

MIKE
Excuse me, where can I find brains?

ASIAN WOMAN
(smiling and nodding)
Yes...

SARAH
I don't think she speaks English.

ASIAN WOMAN
(thick accent)
What you like?

MIKE
(to Asian woman, slowly)
I'm looking for --
(points at head)
Brains --
(pantomiming eating)
To eat...

ASIAN WOMAN
Ah, yes...
(points)
All the way in back. Any kind of
brain you need. They have
everything. All animal brain.

MIKE
Thank you.

Mike and Sarah manage to get a few feet away before a YUPPIE WOMAN approaches them.

YUPPIE WOMAN
Excuse me. Is this your son?

SARAH
(wary)
Yes...

YUPPIE WOMAN
You know you really shouldn't wrap him so tightly. It restricts blood flow. He could have really serious circulatory problems when he gets older.

MIKE
(faking sincerity)
Oh, really? That's good to know.

Mike starts to adjust Colin's swaddling clothes, when --

SARAH
DON'T TELL ME HOW TO RAISE MY CHILD!

The entire place goes quiet.

ASIAN WOMAN
(confused)
No. The back! Brain and sex organ, that way, in back!

MIKE
(sotto to Sarah)
Come on.

They shame-walk toward the back of the market.

ASIAN WOMAN (O.S.)
And rectum! Same place! Rectum, sex organ, and brain. All in back!

ANOTHER PART OF THE MARKET - DAY

Mike and Sarah walk.

MIKE
What the hell was that back there?

SARAH
I don't know. I guess my maternal instincts kicked in. She was questioning my parenting abilities.
(under her breath)
Bitch.

MIKE

Well, try to keep the explosive outbursts to a minimum from now on. The less attention we attract, the better.

They round a corner and find themselves on --

THE BRAIN AISLE - DAY

A row of tables with every kind of brain imaginable -- pig, cow, goat, sheep, etc.

SARAH

There's so many choices. What kind do we get him?

MIKE

Let's just grab some and get out of here. I'm starting to feel nauseous.

SARAH

What if he doesn't like them?

MIKE

(fed up)

Here.

Mike takes Colin, and -- standing so that other shoppers can't see what he's doing -- holds him above the pig brains.

MIKE

Do you like pig brains? Wonderful pig brains?

Colin does not seem the least bit interested in the pig brains.

MIKE

Huh. Guess not.

Next, Mike holds him over the goat brains.

MIKE

What about goat brains?
(off Colin's indifference)
Kind of a picky eater, aren't you?

Mike notices a sign for "monkey brains" and heads that way.

MIKE

What about monkey brains? They're almost people!... Genetically speaking! You like people brains, right?!

Mike holds Colin over the monkey brains.

COLIN
Rawr!

Mike turns to the MONKEY-BRAIN PURVEYOR.

MONKEY-BRAIN PURVEYOR
Monkey brain. Three dollar.

MIKE
Wow.
(reaching for his wallet)
I'm not even going to haggle with
you.

INT. MIKE'S ROWHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sarah tries to spoon-feed monkey brains to Colin. Colin turns his head from side to side to avoid the spoon.

SARAH
Here comes the airplane!
Thbhtbhthhbthbhthhbthbtb...
(trying again)
Here comes the... coroner's wagon!
Vroooooom!
(then)
Here comes the organ-delivery
helicopter! It's brain-delivery
day! Thoomp thoomp thoomp thoomp.

Still no luck. A beat.

MIKE
Let me try --

Mike takes the spoon from Sarah and fake-eats the brains.

MIKE
Mmmmmmmmm!

SARAH
See? Daddy likes it.

Mike starts to fake-eat another spoonful, but Colin WHACKS his arm -- shoving the brains into his mouth. Mike gags, then swallows so he doesn't throw up. Colin seems very pleased with himself.

COLIN
Ba-ba-ba.

SARAH
(stern)
Colin! That was not funny.
(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)
(to Mike)
Are you okay?

Mike stands --

MIKE
(while inhaling)
You take over for a bit.

Sarah scoops up some brains then glides the spoon toward Colin, who turns his face away from her.

SARAH
Why isn't he eating? Did we wait too long to feed him? Has he lost his appetite? Is he going to be okay?

Mike shudders away his gag reflex.

MIKE
Maybe he just knows it's not fresh.

Mike puts the plate of monkey brains in the microwave.

MIKE
I'm doing it for a minute, you think that's good?

SARAH
We don't want him to burn his mouth. Take it out after 30 seconds. See if he'll eat it then.
(to Colin)
Are you okay, honey? You gonna eat for Mommy?

DING! Mike opens the microwave.

SARAH
Wow, that actually smells pretty good.

Mike gags -- then sets the plate in front of Colin.

COLIN
Rawr!

Colin attacks the brains. Then abruptly stops.

SARAH
Why did he stop?

Mike and Sarah stare at Colin for a beat.

MIKE
Try jiggling it, so he thinks it's
alive.

SARAH
What?

MIKE
I had a snake when I was a kid.
Whenever we gave it a dead mouse,
we had to jiggle it around or
Bullwinkle wouldn't eat it.

SARAH
Brains don't jiggle when they're
alive. They aren't animals.

MIKE
Yeah, but you get attacked by a
Zombie, your heart-rate's gonna be
jacked... all this blood's gonna be
pulsating through your head... I...
I bet they jiggle. Just try it.

Sarah jiggles the brain. Colin attacks it.

SARAH
Ah!

Sarah jumps back. Mike stifles a laugh. As Colin continues
devouring the monkey brain, Sarah gives Mike a look --
impressed with his fatherly instincts.

LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mike, Sarah, and Colin watch the news.

REPORTER (ON TV)
-- another protest today on Capitol
Hill in response to the military
barricades set up around Pittsburgh --

The TV cuts to FOOTAGE of Zombies approaching a MILITARY
BARRICADE -- then fleeing as SOLDIERS open fire.

MIKE
How come Zombies in Pittsburgh
always look so... healthy?

SARAH
What?

MIKE
The ones we have here are all
falling apart and blue -- but look
at those...
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
They just look like normal,
inarticulate, flesh-eating crazy
people.

SARAH
Huh.

A KNOCK at the door.

LATER

Mike, Sarah, and Hyam watch as Esther plays with Colin.

ESTHER
Ahhhh-booga-booga-booga.

Colin LAUGHS.

ESTHER
Ahhhh-booga-booga-booga.

Colin LAUGHS.

HYAM
(sotto to Sarah)
How is he not sick of that game?
She's been doing that for like
forty-five minutes.

ESTHER
Ahhhh-booga-booga-booga.

Colin LAUGHS.

SARAH
(to Hyam)
Easily amused.

ESTHER
Ahhhh-booga-booga-booga.

Colin LAUGHS.

HYAM
(to Esther)
Come on, dear, let's get out of
these kids' hair. We've got tickets
to *Miami Vice on Ice*, remember?

ESTHER
Oh, my God! I completely forgot!

MIKE
(re: *Miami Vice*)
You're kidding. Did they really
sink that low?!

HYAM

(sotto to Mike and Sarah)
No! I just can't get her to move
her ass unless she thinks we've got
a show to go to. She'll forget as
soon as we're out of the door.

SARAH

(bummed)
Is it that bad?

HYAM

Depends on what it is.
(re: Colin)
She wouldn't shut up about
homeskillet there last night.
Nearly talked my damn ear off.

Sarah smiles.

ESTHER

(from the doorway)
Come on! I don't want to miss the
opening number!

INT. DEPARTMENT OF ZOMBIE - R & D FLOOR - DAY

Mike, Amit, and Kelly work on the Prowler prototype.

MIKE

It doesn't make sense. Why do they
want to take the prototype out into
the field?

KELLY

We're so over-budget, this thing is
never going to make it past the
prototype stage. I guess they
figured we might as well use the
one we got.

MIKE

Yeah, but why? Why not take a
couple of choppers? Fly in, get the
water sample, and get out.

KELLY

All the choppers got reassigned to
Pakistan.

MIKE

All of them?! All our choppers are
in Pakistan?

AMIT

It's a quagmire, dude.

INT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah dabs paint on a canvas.

REVEAL Colin sits on the floor nearby, without makeup on. Sarah is painting a portrait of him -- in his true Zombie form.

A KNOCK at the door. Sarah furrows her brow.

She picks up her canvas and puts it in the closet. Grabs her makeup kit. Starts gussying up Colin.

Another KNOCK at the door.

SARAH
(shouts)
Just a minute!

EXT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - NIGHT

Mike approaches the house, worn out from work. He opens the door to find JEFFREY PETERS pointing a RIFLE in his face.

JEFFREY
I ought to kill you right where you stand.

Mike freaks out.

MIKE
Uh -- I --

Jeffrey lowers his gun. Throws out his arms. Smiles.

JEFFREY
Not telling me I'm an uncle?!
What's wrong with you? C'mere,
bro'!

Jeff pulls Mike in for a hug. Mike is too scared to breathe.

INT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sarah holds Colin. Mike drinks a glass of scotch, trying to calm down. Jeffrey leans on a counter.

JEFFREY
Hey man, I really appreciate you letting me stay here. You know I can't stand hotels.

MIKE
(still in shock)
Yeah. All the semen.

JEFFREY

Exactly! Have you seen those black light pictures?! There's semen everywhere! Grosses me out, dude.

MIKE

What are you doing in town?

JEFFREY

Got assigned to lead a recon mission into Pittsburgh. It's not till next Wednesday 0-asscrack-of-dawn-thirty, but they wanted me out here ASAP to round up a team and what have you. You know the drill.

MIKE

Next Wednesday, huh? Sarah, can I talk to you in the other room?

BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah holds Colin.

MIKE

You told him he could stay here?!

SARAH

What was I supposed to do? He's your brother!

MIKE

So?!

SARAH

So he put me on the spot. I got flustered. What do you want from me?

MIKE

Okay, here's the plan. Tomorrow, we take Colin out of the house and kill him. We tell Jeffrey he got bit by a Zombie and we had to put him out of his misery.

SARAH

Yeah, we can't do that.

MIKE

Why not?

SARAH

My dad called. He's already made arrangements for the bris. My whole family's coming down from New York.

MIKE
You're kidding me.

Sarah shakes her head "no."

MIKE
(with a sigh)
Okay, when is it?

SARAH
Tuesday night.

MIKE
And you think you can keep him
looking people-y until then?

Sarah nods.

MIKE
Okay. We'll wait until Jeff leaves
at the ass-crack of dawn on
Wednesday because I really don't
want to deal with that either, but
then we're killing the Zombie baby
for real. Okay?

SARAH
Okay.
(then)
Hey, look what I did.

Sarah opens the closet and pulls out the painting of Colin as a Zombie. It's pretty awesome, but Mike says nothing.

SARAH
What do you think?

MIKE
I mean, it's great. It's just...
pretty incriminating.

SARAH
(she knows)
Yeah. I'll get it out of the house.

EXT. DUPONT CIRCLE STREET - DAY

Sarah walks down the street, with Colin in one arm and her painting, covered by a piece of fabric, in the other. Struggling with her awkward burden, she tries switching arms. As she does, the wind catches the painting's cover and whips it down the street.

She glances down at her painting, then looks at Colin. Realizing the painting now serves as an advertisement of her decision to flout HR 2742, she hugs it close to her chest.

The painting is so large, however, that this is only partially effective.

She notices some POLICE OFFICERS headed toward her. She stops at a crosswalk, but the light to cross is red. As the cops get closer, she turns, about to head back the way she came, but sees MORE cops headed toward her from that direction.

She looks at the crosswalk signal again. Still red. Finally, she ducks into a PERFORMANCE STUDIO.

INT. PERFORMANCE STUDIO - DAY

Sarah realizes she has walked into a "Mommy and Me" yoga class.

INSTRUCTOR

Hi there. Thanks for joining us.

(points)

There's a free mat right over here.

Sarah sets her painting down, facing the wall, and nervously walks to the mat.

SARAH

Ah... okay.

All the women in the class are on their backs with their babies on their shins, rocking back and lifting the babies toward their heads. Sarah follows suit.

INSTRUCTOR

Now, rock back. And breathe.

When Sarah does this, and Colin gets close to her head, he GROWLS hungrily.

INSTRUCTOR

And rock. And breathe.

Sarah does as instructed. Colin GROWLS.

SARAH

(quietly)

Shhh, honey.

INSTRUCTOR

And rock. And breathe.

Colin GROWLS again. This time more frustrated than hungry.

SARAH

(quietly)

Be good for Mommy, okay? No growling.

When Sarah's feet touch the mat. Colin angrily lifts her a few inches off the ground with his ZOMBIE STRENGTH. Sarah lands back on the mat with a THUD.

INSTRUCTOR
Is everything okay?

SARAH
(too quick)
Yeah, everything's fine!
(lifting Colin; quietly)
Calm down, baby.

Colin GROWLS.

When Sarah's feet touch the mat again, Colin, more frustrated, lifts her even higher off the ground. She lands with a bigger THUD.

INSTRUCTOR
You sure you're all right?

SARAH
Yeah. We're just getting the hang of it.
(to Colin; quietly)
Don't do that again, honey. We're trying to blend in, okay?

Colin GROWLS.

When Sarah's feet touch the mat this time, Colin throws all his strength into lifting her -- flipping her over himself. She FACE-PLANTS on the wood floor.

INSTRUCTOR
Oh my God! What happened?

SARAH
(standing)
I just don't think I have the balance for this.

Sarah quickly takes Colin by the hand and pulls him with her toward the door, grabbing her painting on the way out.

SARAH
(forced smile)
Thanks for your time.

The instructor and the other women watch wide-eyed as she exits.

EXT. PERFORMANCE STUDIO - DAY

Sarah breaks her brisk stride and starts limping. She purses her lips together and shakes her head at Colin -- bad boy.

Colin smiles at her and COOS.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF ZOMBIE - R&D FLOOR - LAB - DAY

Amit has his head inside the "wall" above one of the rear wheels of the Prowler.

AMIT

Uh, Mike, I don't mean to question your engineering skills but the inside of this "wall" is, like, bigger than my apartment.

KELLY

Crumple space.

REVEAL Mike and Kelly are standing behind Amit, holding the panel that will cover up all the crumple space.

MIKE

Move, dude.

Amit only now realizes he's in the way and steps aside. Mike and Kelly slap the panel in place, and Amit goes about tightening the hex bolts that will hold it there.

DING. Mike reaches in his pocket and pulls out his iPhone.

CLOSE ON IPHONE: a CALENDAR ALERT reads, "Dear Future Mike, Today is our and Sarah's anniversary! Love, Doghouse Mike."

INT. GALLERY - DAY

Sarah enters, with Colin in one arm and her painting in the other. She sees a well-dressed woman, BETHANY, walking around and looking at the installations.

Sarah makes a beeline for the storage area in back. Bethany notices her.

BETHANY

Sarah! What do you have here?!

SARAH

Oh... this is Colin. My husband and I are fostering him.

BETHANY

(sincere)

How charitable of you.

(re: painting)

And what is this?

SARAH

Um, it's a work in progress. I'm not ready to show it.

BETHANY
Oh, nonsense. Give it here.

Bethany takes the painting from her. Sarah turns Colin toward herself so Bethany cannot see his face.

BETHANY
Sarah. This is genius! A baby Zombie!... "The destruction of innocence!" Is that what you're calling it? It should be what you're calling it. I love how the contrasting colors highlight the juxtaposition of mortality and youth. Was that intentional?

SARAH
(it wasn't)
Absolutely.

BETHANY
I think I know someone who might be interested in this. Hold on.

Bethany takes out her cell phone.

BETHANY
He's a politician. He's got more money than he knows what to do with.

INT. D.O.Z. - LOBBY / FLOWER KIOSK - NIGHT

Mike pays for a bouquet of flowers. He turns and heads toward the exit.

Just then, Jeffrey enters.

JEFFREY
Hey bro' --
(noticing the flowers)
Who the flowers for? You workin' a little somethin' on the side?

MIKE
No, these are for Sarah. It's our anniversary.

JEFFREY
Oh yeah? You going out tonight?
Celebrating?

MIKE
I think we're just going to stay in. Take it easy.

JEFFREY
Bullshit!

MIKE
Yeah. You know -- probably too late
to get a sitter...

JEFFREY
What? Fuck that! I'll watch your
kid.

MIKE
(tensing up)
That's all right. I'm sort of
looking forward to a quiet night
in.

JEFFREY
Hell no. You gotta go out and get
her liquored up so you can get that
crazy anniversary fetish sex. You
ain't gonna get that after a "quiet
night in."

MIKE
Jeff, really -- I don't --

JEFFREY
(looks at watch)
Shit. I'm late for the strategy
session.
(walking away)
I'm watching your kid tonight,
though. I won't take no for an
answer. I'll be back in two hours.

Jeffrey bolts toward the elevators.

MIKE
Seriously, man --!

But he's gone.

MIKE
Balls.

INT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Loud GANGSTER RAP music plays as Mike does his best to hide a
bag of brains behind a bunch of cartons of orange juice in
the fridge.

SARAH
You sure this is a good idea?

Mike is satisfied with his handiwork. He turns around to see Sarah facing the opposite direction, waiting for him to zip up her dress. He does so.

MIKE

No. But I think if we push back too hard, he'll figure something's up.

(then, re: Colin)

I gave him the biggest brain we had. With any luck, he'll get a food coma and just sleep the whole time.

REVEAL the gangster rap is coming from a speaker, on top of which is a monkey brain on a plate. Every time the bass thumps, the brain jiggles, and Colin -- in a high chair -- attacks it.

MIKE

Do we have any NyQuil?

Mike opens a cabinet. Sees some Nyquil. Grabs it.

MIKE

Suc-cess!

Mike drizzles NyQuil on the monkey brain.

SARAH

Ew. Now it looks all bloody.

MIKE

This is your brain on... aneurysm.

Colin attacks the brain (intermittently) with even more vigor.

Mike puts the NyQuil back in the cabinet as someone KNOCKS at the door. Mike looks out the window.

MIKE

Shit. He's early.

SARAH

(shouts toward the door)
Just a minute!

MIKE

(to Colin)

Eat faster!

Mike goes to the stereo and hits some buttons. DANCE MUSIC starts to play. Colin's brain-attacks sync up with the music -- about twice as fast as before.

MIKE

Atta boy.

SARAH
Mike! He's gonna get an upset
stomach!

MIKE
He'll be fine.

Another KNOCK at the door. Sarah gives Mike a panICKED look.

MIKE
Don't worry, he doesn't have a key.

SARAH
Did you lock it?

The door OPENS O.S. and we hear FOOTSTEPS pounding up the stairs.

MIKE
Hey, hold up a sec, Jeff. Sarah's naked up here.

The FOOTSTEPS continue up the stairs.

MIKE
There's no way he didn't hear that.

SARAH
Jeff, just wait there a minute!

Colin polishes off the brain. Mike puts away the speaker, then pantomimes zipping up Sarah's dress as Jeff enters.

MIKE
Hey man, you almost got a free show.

JEFFREY
No worries. I wouldn't have complained...
(smiles)
Now, get out of here, kids. Go have fun... I got this.

Sarah wraps up Colin in his swaddling clothes and reluctantly hands him to Jeff.

INT. RESTAURANT - DUPONT CIRCLE - NIGHT

Mike and Sarah have dinner at an upscale place -- delicious-looking food on the table, a bottle of white wine chilling in a bucket, well-dressed wait staff -- the type of place that makes you wish you made more money than you do.

SARAH
God, I'm worn out. Quite the handful, that baby Zombie.

MIKE
You can say that again.

SARAH
To be honest, though, it's kind of weird not having him screaming in my ear... or trying to eat it.

MIKE
(changing the subject)
Uh-huh. How's the fish?

She wouldn't know. She hasn't touched it. A beat, then --

SARAH
I think I'm gonna call.

MIKE
Oh, don't call. Come on. This is supposed to be "us" time.

SARAH
Yeah. You're right. We shouldn't call.

A beat. Mike takes a bite of his meal.

MIKE
This lobster is excellent.

A beat.

SARAH
I think we should call.

MIKE
Come on, sweetie. Do we have to do this all night?

SARAH
No! It's just on my mind and I can't stop thinking about it and I just need to call and make sure everything's all right, and then I'll drop it. Okay?

MIKE
Okay. You're right. We should just check in so we can forget about it and get back to dinner.

SARAH
Right.

Mike hands her his phone. She dials.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Dishes soak in the sink as Colin crawls around on the counter, unsupervised. He knocks a toaster into the dishwater, then slides in himself. He is ELECTROCUTED.

PAN TO:

THE LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

A half-empty bottle of red wine and a tray of gouda cheese are on the table. Jeffrey plays his Zombie-killing video game, tracking down one particularly crafty Zombie.

JEFFREY

Come on, come on -- Yeah!

Jeffrey kills the video-game Zombie. Then, he smells something. He hits "pause" and leaves the room. When he's gone, his phone lights up on the table -- "Mike calling."

THE KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Colin sits on the counter, looking dazed. Smoke rises from his body. Jeff picks him up --

JEFFREY

Hey, little guy. How'd you get in here?

-- then drops him. Colin lands on the floor with a THUD.

JEFFREY

Oops. Slippery little fella.

BACK TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DUPONT CIRCLE - SAME TIME

Sarah hangs up the phone.

MIKE

(trying to convince himself)
I'm sure everything's fine. He's probably just got the TV cranked up or something. Jeff never answers his phone, anyway.

SARAH

(nods)

Okay. Yeah...

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Jeffrey sets Colin down on a couch. The poor, wet Zombie baby shivers as he drips water onto the floor.

Jeff unpauses the video game and SHOOTS a Zombie on the screen.

JEFFREY
Boom! UN-un-dead, biatch!

Colin looks at Jeffrey with hatred and starts to growl softly.

JEFFREY
(to TV)
Oh, you coming back for more? Boom!

BOOM! Jeffery shoots the video-game Zombie again, killing him this time.

COLIN
Grrrr!

BACK TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DUPONT CIRCLE - SAME TIME

Mike and Sarah are right where we left them.

MIKE
So they're gonna use the vehicle
Amit and Kelly and I designed for
that recon trip to Pittsburgh.

SARAH
Oh yeah?

MIKE
Yeah. The --
(affected "sexy" voice)
"Prowler."

A beat.

SARAH
What if something happened?

MIKE
Babe -- what do you want me to do?
We're at this nice place. It's our
anniversary. Let's just enjoy a
night to ourselves.

SARAH
I think we should go check.

MIKE

I haven't even finished my
lobster...

SARAH

Mike, I really want to go home and
check. Please?

Mike knows this is an argument he is not going to win. He
puts some cash on the table and grabs a lobster claw for the
road.

MIKE

Let's rock and roll.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Jeffrey is still killing video-game Zombies. Colin GROWLS
LOUDER.

COLIN

GRRRR!

Jeffrey hits "pause."

JEFFREY

What's the matter with you? Huh?

Jeff stands and walk toward Colin. As he steps in the puddle
of water on the floor, and Colin winds up -- preparing to
attack -- we --

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Mike and Sarah buckle up. Mike turns to the CABBIE --

MIKE

16th and Columbia.

The cab pulls away from the curb, and Mike sees the worry on
Sarah's face. He turns back to the cabbie.

MIKE

There's another \$50 in it for you
if we get there in 10 minutes.

The cab accelerates.

INT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In the dim light, we see two figures on the couch -- Colin
curled up on the sofa, and Jeffrey slumped next to him.

Light gleams off Jeffrey's head and chest -- he's covered in something dark and wet.

A DOOR OPENS O.S.... FOOTSTEPS pound through the kitchen. Then, Mike and Sarah enter. Mike FLIPS on a light, and --

We see Jeffrey is covered in BLOOD -- and notice the little bits of BRAINS oozing out of his scalp!

ON MIKE AND SARAH: Horrified. Colin has Zombie-fied Jeff.

BACK TO SCENE

Mike draws his gun. Slowly approaches Jeffrey. Gets up to point-blank range. All the while keeping an eye on Colin.

Then, something CRUNCHES under Mike's foot. Jeffrey stirs. Opens his eyes.

JEFFREY

Dude, what the fuck are you doing?

Mike jumps back, startled.

MIKE

You're not a Zombie?

JEFFREY

What? Fuck no! I'm Jeffrey Peters!
I kill Zombies for a living!

MIKE

(defensive)

Well, you're sitting here covered in red liquid with -- what is this...

(touches "brains")

Cheese on your head... looks like your brains spilling out...

JEFFREY

Who would have Zombified me?! Huh?!
Do you see any Zombies around here?

Sarah glances at Colin. Catches herself. Looks away.

MIKE

I don't know. What am I supposed to think?! It's 2018. If you see someone covered in blood, with their brains oozing out, you think "Zombie." Okay? No hard feelings.

Mike moves his foot. Another CRUNCH. He looks down.

MIKE

What is this, a wine bottle?

JEFFREY

Yes! I was having some wine, okay?!
You were out of beer...

MIKE

I just bought a twelve pack...

JEFFREY

Well, I drank it all.

Sarah quickly grabs Colin and leaves the room. Mike just stares at his brother, incredulous.

THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah sleeps. Mike stands over Colin's crib, looking down. Colin sleeps soundly.

A smile slowly appears on Mike's face.

Sarah rolls over.

SARAH

(sleepy)

What are you doing?

MIKE

What? Uh --

(fake-coughs)

Uh -- nothing. I was just -- uh --
I thought I heard something. I was
just making sure he didn't
escape...

SARAH

Come back to bed.

He does. Sarah rolls back over.

Now she is the one smiling.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF ZOMBIE - R & D FLOOR - DAY

Mike walks through the lab, sipping a cup of coffee. As he approaches his desk, he sees Sarah standing nearby, holding Colin, and looking around nervously.

Mike nearly does a spit-take. Sarah notices him.

SARAH

Hey.

MIKE

(forced casualness)

Hey... What are you doing here?

(hushed; serious)

With Colin?

For the rest of the scene, Mike and Sarah speak in whispers.

SARAH
I need you to take over for a
while.

Mike looks around then nods toward the exit.

MIKE
Walk with me, talk with me.
(as they walk)
What's going on?

SARAH
Ron Albertson, the crazy senator
from North Carolina, wants to buy
that painting I did of Colin.

MIKE
What? I thought --

SARAH
I know. It's a long story. But I'm
supposed to meet him at his office
in half an hour. Bethany set the
whole thing up.

Sarah notices Eddie approaching. She turns toward Mike so
Eddie can't see Colin. Mike forces a smile and nods "hello."
Once Eddie's out of earshot --

MIKE
You couldn't have, like,
rescheduled?!

They arrive at the elevators. Mike presses the call button.

SARAH
I tried! But --

Elevator doors DING open. Sarah notices several PEOPLE are
already in the elevator and stops talking.

MAN IN ELEVATOR
Going down?

Sarah nods, and she and Mike enter --

THE ELEVATOR - DAY

Mike, Sarah, and the other riders stand in silence.

FIRST FLOOR - DAY

Everyone gets off the elevator. Mike and Sarah loiter until
everyone else is out of earshot, then head toward the exit.

SARAH

I tried! But he said he wants it tonight for a party and why didn't he just have Bethany swing by the gallery and pick it up and then they could meet me at our place and I got scared and said nevermind -- (overwhelmed)

And then Dad wasn't answering his phone and you left yours in the pants you wore yesterday and then I called here but you were out to lunch already and I didn't know what else to do.

Mike feels bad for snapping at her. He takes Colin.

MIKE

It's okay. I can probably knock off early.

SARAH

Yeah?

(as he nods)

Thank you.

(kisses him)

I'm really late. Bye.

She hurries off. Mike trails behind her. Just before he gets to the door, Roger enters, in a rush.

ROGER

Mike! Who is this little guy?

MIKE

Oh, well, this --

ROGER

(realizing)

Hey, you're not leaving, are you? We've got the general briefing to this afternoon. Really need you to be there.

Roger hurries inside. Mike purses his lips together -- "fuck."

THE ELEVATOR - DAY

Mike, holding Colin, nervously drums his fingers on the wall.

The button for the "Zombie Population Control" floor is lit up. It flashes off as the doors DING open.

"ZOMBIE POPULATION CONTROL" FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Colin get off the elevator. Kelly rushes up --

KELLY

Oh my God! Mike! What do you have here? Is he yours?

MIKE

Well, for now. We're fostering him, so...

Suddenly, all of Mike's COWORKERS -- including Eddie and Amit -- surround him, cooing at Colin.

COWORKERS

Look at him! / Awww! / A baby! / Congratulations! / Is that blood?

Colin loves the attention. Mike is overwhelmed.

Suddenly, Colin is gnawing on Eddie's finger. Eddie jerks it away --

EDDIE

Ow! Jesus.

MIKE

Yeah... Don't get too close... He's pretty feisty.

Kelly indicates she wants to hold Colin.

KELLY

May I?

Hesitantly, Mike hands him over --

KELLY

Look at you! You're just as cute as a button!

Colin starts gnawing on her ear.

KELLY

Aww, he gave me kiss...
(to Colin)
You're so sweet.

Kelly hands Colin back to Mike. Colin stretches toward Kelly for another "kiss." Amit LAUGHS.

AMIT

(to Colin)

Can you say "mac daddy?"

COLIN

Ba. Ba. Ba.

COWORKERS
 Aw. / He's so cute. / Got a hell of
 grip, there / I want one! / etc.

Mike actually seems a little bit proud.

INT. SENATOR ALBERTSON'S FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Beautiful young STAFFERS wearing way too many pastels scurry around the office. Sarah enters amid the chaos, with her (covered) painting. She scans the room, wondering whom she should talk to, but is distracted by a MOUNTED ZOMBIE on a wall not far from PROPAGANDA POSTERS reading: "The only good Zombie is a dead Zombie," "Nuke Pittsburgh!" etc.

A GORGEOUS INTERN
 Hi. Can I help you?

SARAH
 Yes. I'm hear to see --

But before she can say his name, Senator Albertson emerges from his private office, flanked by TWO ARMED BODYGUARDS.

SENATOR ALBERTSON
 Sarah. Glad you made it. Come on back.

After the slightest hesitation, she follows him toward his office.

CUT TO:

INT. D.O.Z. - WEAPONS TESTING AREA - SAME TIME

SCIENTISTS from the R&D Department and SOLDIERS from the ZPC Division stand in a room full of deadly-looking equipment.

Roger addresses the crowd. Jeffrey stands next to him. Nearby is a CAGED ZOMBIE, thrashing about in his confines.

Mike, carrying Colin, joins Roger and Jeff.

ROGER
 In just a minute, I'm going to give the floor to Jeff, who's leading the mission to Pittsburgh, and Mike, who helped design the vehicle they'll be taking... But first I have to show you guys this thing Kelly rigged up.

Roger takes Kelly's Zombie-killing Roomba off a table, then turns it on and sets it in the floor. It roams around aimlessly.

Mike REACTS.

ROGER (CONT'D)
It's a Zoomba!

VOICE (O.S.)
What's it do?

The Zoomba approaches the caged Zombie.

ROGER
Just wait... wait...

CRACK! The Zoomba shoots and kills the Zombie. As everyone OOHs and AHHs, Colin twitches violently. Various people in the crowd NOTICE.

ROGER
As soon as we can figure out how to mass-produce these suckers, you ZPC folks just might be out of a job.

A few scientists CHUCKLE.

ROGER
Okay, Jeff, tell us about this recon mission.

The Zoomba hits a wall, goes in a different direction. Mike eyes it nervously.

BACK TO:

INT. SENATOR ALBERTSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE - SAME TIME

Senator Albertson enters, pulling the cover off Sarah's painting and then admiring it as he walks. Sarah and the bodyguards follow.

Sarah takes a seat in front of the senator's desk.

SENATOR ALBERTSON
(re: painting)
This is really fantastic. I mean that.

SARAH
Thank you.

SENATOR ALBERTSON
(to bodyguard)
Close the door please.

Sarah casts a furtive glance over her shoulder as the bodyguard shuts the door -- that was weird.

SENATOR ALBERTSON

(to Sarah)

I know this probably an annoying question, but, if you don't mind me asking: What was your inspiration?

The senator leans the painting against a wall and sits at his desk.

SARAH

(rehearsed)

Well... I wanted to comment on society's fixation on Zombies. And how this fixation turns us into these selfish, brutal, obsessive creatures who --

SENATOR ALBERTSON

(suddenly bored)

Right. The virus makes Zombies out of us all.

SARAH

Exactly. Except instead of thinking "Brains" we think "Zombies." We're becoming --

SARAH

(with conviction)
What we fear most.

SENATOR ALBERTSON

(flat)

What we fear most.

Sarah is starting to get really uncomfortable.

The senator turns back to the painting. Frowns. Then smiles and looks up to the bodyguards.

SENATOR ALBERTSON

Boys, is it just me, or does something smell like bullshit?

The guards laugh -- almost as hard as Senator Albertson himself.

Sarah's face goes WHITE.

CUT TO:

INT. D.O.Z. - WEAPONS TESTING AREA - SAME TIME

Mike struggles to keep an eye on the Zoomba without being conspicuous.

JEFFREY

(stepping forward)

There's been a lot of speculation that the reason Pittsburgh went completely Zombie is that the virus made its way into the water supply. But, of course, the only way to test this theory is to actually go in there and get a sample. And I'm gonna be assembling an elite fighting force to do just that.

The Zoomba bounces off a different wall.

JEFFREY

I haven't made the final decision about the team members for this mission, so if you've got the itch to kill some Zombies --

SOLDIERS

Yeah! / Fuck yeah! / Hoo-rah!

Mike shifts Colin from one arm to the other.

JEFFREY

-- I know I do -- speak to me this afternoon, and I'll see if I can make it happen.

The Zoomba hits a corner, heads back the way it came -- Mike doesn't notice, but it's headed straight for him and Colin!

BACK TO:

INT. SENATOR ALBERTSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE - SAME TIME

The senator leans forward and looks Sarah in the eye.

SENATOR ALBERTSON

Mrs. Peters, when I campaigned for this office, I made a promise to my constituents that I would do everything in my power free this great nation of the Zombie menace. And, to me, that doesn't just mean introducing legislation or getting all riled up on TV to rally support. It means following up on every lead, no matter how small.

Worried where this is going, Sarah glances toward the door. There's no way she's getting past the guards.

SENATOR ALBERTSON

Because one Zombie is liable to become two Zombies.

(MORE)

SENATOR ALBERTSON (CONT'D)
And two Zombies are liable to
become four Zombies. And, frankly,
I don't like how they do that. It
keeps me up at night. I just want
them dead. I want them all dead.

Sarah is terrified.

CUT TO:

INT. D.O.Z. - WEAPONS TESTING AREA - SAME TIME

Mike still doesn't notice the Zoomba heading toward them --

ROGER
Mike, tell us about the Prowler.

-- but now he does. He REACTS.

MIKE
(rapid-fire)
Well, it drives like a truck and
goes through a shit-load of
gasoline. That's about all you need
to know.

ROGER
Really? That's it? How many men can
it carry?

Mike takes a couple of steps to the right to get out of the pathway of the Zoomba -- pretending to be pacing as he thinks.

MIKE
Two in the cab and, depending on
how heavily armed they are, ten to
twelve in the back.

As the Zoomba grazes someone's chair-leg and changes course back toward Mike, we go --

BACK TO:

INT. SENATOR ALBERTSON'S PRIVATE OFFICE - SAME TIME

Sarah is about to shit her pants.

SENATOR ALBERTSON
I am probably the Zombie-hating-est
man you'll ever meet.
(changing gears)
But even I see more in this little
Zombie baby than just a Zombie.
That expression on the boy's face --
confusion and fear and tenderness
all at once.

(MORE)

SENATOR ALBERTSON (CONT'D)
It's just so intimate and
unfiltered.

(with a smile)
Do you really think I'd pay \$20,000
for some post-modern intellectual
"statement" piece? No. Your
painting is much, much more than
that... You must have tapped into
something deep within your soul to
create it.

SARAH
(shell shocked)
Thank you...

CUT TO:

INT. D.O.Z. - WEAPONS TESTING AREA - SAME TIME

Mike notices the Zoomba and "paces" back the other direction.

ROGER
Anything else?

MIKE
No, Roger. That's about it.

The Zoomba glances off the foot of someone in the first row and heads straight toward Mike again. Mike "paces" back the other way. People in the crowd GRUMBLE -- "what the hell is he doing?"

ROGER
Any safety concerns to be aware of?

MIKE
(staring at the Zoomba)
No.

The Zoomba hits Roger's foot, does a 180-degree pivot. Mike ducks just before the gun would have pointed at Colin.

ROGER
Are you okay, Mike?

MIKE
What? Yeah, no.
(fishes coin from pocket)
Found a quarter.
(looks at it)
Nickel.

People LAUGH.

ROGER
(to crowd)
Okay, I guess that about wraps this up. Get back to work, folks.

Everyone stands. Mike can't get out of the room fast enough.

CUT TO:

EXT. SENATE OFFICES - SAME TIME

Sarah walks outside, still wondering exactly what just happened. Slowly, she starts to smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF ZOMBIE - MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Colin emerge into the daylight. Mike breathes a sigh of relief.

BOOM! Mike turns abruptly toward the source of the sound. A BUSINESSMAN has just mortally wounded a Zombie with a PISTOL.

BOOM. The man finishes off the Zombie a shot to the head.

MIKE
(shouting, to businessman)
You good?

The businessman, struggling to regain his composure, gives Mike the thumbs up. Mike, slightly sobered, nods in acknowledgement, then heads toward the street.

BACK TO:

EXT. SENATE OFFICES - SAME TIME

Sarah, now absolutely beaming, hails a cab. Her phone rings. She answers.

SARAH (INTO PHONE)
Hi Dad, I just wanted to see if y--

But he says something on the other end that makes, for the second time today, all the color drain out of her face.

INT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike enters, carrying Colin. Sarah sits on the couch. She looks very sad.

MIKE
(concerned)
Hey. How'd it go?

SARAH
 (glum)
 Really good.

MIKE
 Did you get us some money?

Sarah nods, tearing up.

MIKE
 That's excellent!

Sarah WHIMPERS.

MIKE
 What's wrong?

Sarah looks at him. Starts to CRY.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A funeral. Sarah, Mike, and Hyam sit in the third row. Colin is wrapped up in swaddling clothes on Sarah's lap. Sarah cries.

A RABBI stands near the coffin. It rains.

RABBI
*Yo-shayv b'sayer el-yon, b'tzayl
 sha-dai yis-lonon.*

CLOSE ON COLIN: Freaking out and confused as the rain hits him in the face. Even wrapped tight in his swaddling clothes, he thrashes around spastically.

RABBI (O.S.)
*Omar la-donoy ach-si um'tzudosi,
 elohai ev-tach bo.*

ON MIKE AND SARAH: As they both notice Colin spacing out -- then turn their heads slowly toward each other until they catch each other's eyes.

Sarah, despite her tears, has to stifle a chuckle.

INT. SARAH'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Hyam, Sarah, and Mike sit in the living room. Hyam sucks down a glass of scotch.

Mike changes Colin's diaper.

HYAM
 Ugh -- It smells like my sister's room at the nut house. And she used to make sculptures out of shit.
 (MORE)

HYAM (CONT'D)

Not just her shit, either -- about half the patients in that place gave her their shit to use. Some of the orderlies, too.

(nostalgic)

She was an artist.

Hyam finishes his glass, pours another.

SARAH

Dad, maybe you shouldn't be drinking so much. The doctor said --

HYAM

(ignoring her)

I was supposed to be the first one. I should have been in the ground six years...

SARAH

Please, Dad. Not the life expectancy thing again. It's really depressing...

HYAM

Sorry. Sorry. Listen, I think you two should know -- Esther was just tickled pink with your boy there. And, as far as I could tell, thinking about him made it a lot easier for her to go. He was all she talked about at the end, so --

(takes a sip of scotch)

There you are.

SARAH

Thanks, Dad, that's really nice to hear.

Sarah looks at Mike -- "aren't you glad we didn't kill him?"

INT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Colin's in the tub. Mike rubs shampoo into his scalp. Colin's eyes have the look of someone either getting a really good massage or on heroin. Without his make-up on, Colin looks very ragged. He's getting worse.

SARAH

Not too hard!

MIKE

Look at him -- he likes it.

SARAH

Yeah but he's falling apart, remember?

Mike takes his hands off Colin's head. His fingers have pieces of flesh stuck to them.

SARAH
Oh my God!

Colin still has the same goofy grin on his face.

MIKE
Ewww... I think I just shampooed his brain.

Mike dunks his hands in the bathwater, removing the sticky Zombie flesh from his fingers.

SARAH
(abruptly, to Colin)
Okay, rinse time!

Sarah pours water over Colin's head, putting her hand on his forehead so as not to get water in his eyes. Colin gets water in his eyes anyway.

SARAH
Look down for me, sweetie.

Sarah gently pushes his head to angle it toward the tub. Colin does not cooperate. Sarah pushes harder. Still no luck. She starts to get worried.

SARAH
Mike, give me a hand with this.

Mike helps her. Colin's head still doesn't move.

SARAH
Why isn't he moving? Why does he still have that goofy look on his face? Did you just give him brain damage?

MIKE
Honey I don't think Zombies can get brain damage.

SARAH
What?

MIKE
(also starting to freak)
Doesn't that make sense?

SARAH
No! If the only way to kill them is to puncture their brain, then their brain is the only part of them that matters!

MIKE
Shit, that's a good point --

Colin's head flops forward. The vacant stare remains, but the grin is gone.

SARAH
Oh shit, Mike. I think he's dead. I think we killed him.

Sarah starts to tear up. Mike hangs his head...

Then, all of a sudden, Colin attacks the water!

COLIN
Rawr!

Mike falls backwards.

MIKE
Shit!

On all fours now, Colin stares at his reflection, growls... attacks!

COLIN
Rawr!

SARAH
What the hell is he doing? He's gone crazy!

Colin attacks the water once more. Mike laughs.

SARAH
Mike, what are you laughing at?!
This isn't funny!

MIKE
No, it is. It's really funny. He saw his reflection! He thinks there's another baby in the tub with him and he wants to eat it!

SARAH
... really?

Sarah leans over the tub, watches Colin stare at the water as the ripples die down. When his reflection crystallizes, he attacks again.

SARAH
Oh my God, you're right!

Sarah starts to laugh. Colin attacks again, but with less enthusiasm this time. Mike looks at Sarah as she wipes the tears from her eyes. He holds out his arm.

MIKE
 Baby, come here --
 (as she does)
 It's okay.

She sits down next to him and leans into his shoulder. Colin swats at his reflection once more, then quits growling.

MIKE
 Did you see that look on his face?
 I must give one hell of a brain
 massage.

SARAH
 You give horrible massages.

MIKE
 ("fair enough")
 Okay.

Colin pokes his reflection in the face. As ripples distort his image, he cocks his head to the side.

HOLD on Colin long enough to make us wonder if he has just had a developmental epiphany and now understands the concept of "self."

COLIN (PRELAP)
 WAHHHHHHHHH!

THE BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah bounces Colin. He looks like he's in a lot of pain.

MIKE
 I think he's broken.

SARAH
 (to Colin)
 Shhhhh. Shhhhh.

MIKE
 Why is he still crying? He's not
 dirty. He just ate. He can't be
 tired. All he does is sleep.

SARAH
 Maybe he's sick.

COLIN
 WAHHHHHHHHH!

MIKE
 Whoa. Was that a tooth? I think I
 just saw a tooth poking out there.

Mike grabs Colin's head with one hand and his jaw with the other and pries his mouth open.

SARAH
Geez, Mike. Don't be so rough with him.

Mike gives her a look -- "Still. A fucking. Zombie."

But, yes, there is some kind of white thing sticking out of Colin's gums.

MIKE
Holy shit, he is teething.

SARAH
Can Zombies age?

MIKE
Well, I guess technically his gum flesh is just rotting away and exposing his teeth. I was just simplifying.

SARAH
(freaking)
Shit shit shit shit he's right next to my head what if he gets hungry all of a sudden?

MIKE
Yeah. Give me him.

Mike takes Colin from Sarah, keeping him at arm's length. Re-ties him to the chest of drawers with electrical cords.

THE KITCHEN - DAY

Mike boils water. Sarah enters with a grocery bag, which she empties onto the counter. Out comes a tube of silicon glue, four heavy rubber gloves, a pack of hinge-springs, some Orajel, and two football mouthguards.

THE BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah (wearing a pair of the gloves) is rubbing Orajel on Colin's gums with a pencil eraser. Colin's SOBS have turned to WHIMPERS.

Mike enters (wearing the other pair of gloves), carrying the pot of boiling water. He sets it on a towel near Colin.

MIKE
Let's do this.

He pulls the two mouthguards (now attached at the "molars" with the hinge-springs) out of the boiling water with a spoon.

MIKE
Scootch.

Sarah moves out of the way. Mike slowly puts the spring-loaded mouthguard contraption near Colin's mouth -- which is now inconveniently closed. Mike makes the "baby face" -- raised eyebrows, open mouth, etc. -- you know the one.

MIKE
Ba-Ba-Ba.

Colin opens his mouth, mimicing Mike -- and Mike pops the mouthguard contraption in it.

Colin's mouth flies open -- and stays that way for a beat -- but then he slowly figures out he can close it if he tries really hard. He doesn't seem too bothered by this new situation.

MIKE
(proud of himself)
There.

Sarah looks at Mike with admiration, nods her approval. They hold each other's gaze until Sarah breaks it with:

SARAH
(excited)
So can we untie him now?!

MIKE
Yeah, yeah, go ahead.

SARAH
Yay!

She hurries to Colin.

LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sarah, holding Colin, and the rabbi from the funeral stand at the front of the room. The rabbi prepares for the ceremony. Mike, Hyam, and just about all of Sarah's extended family sit in collapsible chairs.

Jeff arrives and sits next to Mike. They speak in whispers.

MIKE
Hey, man, you don't have to be here on my account. I know you've got to get ready for the Pittsburgh thing.

JEFFREY

Nah. It's cool. I've never been to one of these things. Thought it could be interesting. If somebody's hand slips and your kid's pecker gets chopped off, I want to be here to see it.

MIKE

... Thanks?

Jeffrey nods, focuses on the rabbi.

ON RABBI: Laying out instruments.

CLOSE ON JEFFREY: As he looks at the rabbi. Squints.

BACK TO SCENE

Jeff leans over to Mike.

JEFFREY

I think I know this guy from somewhere... Who is he?

MIKE

Sarah's dad's rabbi.

JEFFREY

What's his name?

MIKE

Finklestein?

Jeff sits up straight, realizing something -- then leans toward Mike again.

JEFFREY

You know what, I am gonna take off.

Jeff pats Mike on the shoulder, then, to Mike's relief, leaves.

LATER

Mike is now up front with Sarah, Colin, and the rabbi. The ceremony is underway. Mike looks out the window. Sees Jeff walking around the back yard, talking into a WALKIE. Mike turns his attention back to the ceremony.

The rabbi holds Colin's foreskin with one hand (O.S.), and a knife with the other. He moves the knife toward Colin's wang, but before it gets completely there, we hear --

RRRIIIIPPP.

ON MIKE AND SARAH: Jaws drop. Eyes bug out.

Mike leans to Sarah. Whispers --

MIKE
Did what I think just happened
really just happen?

SARAH
(quietly)
Oh God I hope not.

MIKE
(still sotto)
Did Colin's foreskin just rip off
in that guy's hand!?

BACK TO SCENE

At first, the rabbi looks just as shocked as Mike and Sarah --
but soon his shock fades into a smirk.

Mike and Sarah share a look -- oh shit. He knows.

They start looking around the room -- does anyone else?

But the rabbi plays it off. He continues to pantomime cutting
off the foreskin that is now already completely detached from
Colin's fandangler.

Mike notices Sarah staring at him -- "now is the time when
you are supposed to say something."

MIKE
(clears his throat)
Blessed are You, Adonai our God,
King of the Universe, who has
sanctified --

LATER

Everyone besides Mike, Sarah, Colin, and the rabbi has left.

Mike wraps Colin in a blanket.

MIKE
(super-friendly)
I just wanted to say thanks again.
It looks like you did a bang-up job
down there.

RABBI
He was very cooperative. No
bleeding whatsoever.

MIKE
My hat goes off to you, sir.

RABBI

I've been doing this 30 years and
I've never seen that before.

MIKE

Oh... Well, there's a first time
for everything, I supp--

RABBI

And I've definitely never had
shmeckle break off on its own.

MIKE

You know... Winter... Dry skin.
Eczema runs in my f--

RABBI

(cutting him off)

I know your boy's a Zombie.

Sarah opens her mouth to speak but says nothing.

RABBI

So... yeah...
(then)
Anyway, I'm proud of you.

MIKE

... Why?

RABBI

(sincere)

You understand! God put them on the
earth for a reason.

Mike scratches his head.

MIKE

He certainly works in mysterious
ways...

RABBI

(evangelistic)

Not this time. Think about it. The
earth has reached capacity. Our
lifestyle isn't sustainable.
Zombies are the solution to both
those problems. On one hand,
they're controlling our
exponentially increasing
population, but, at the same time,
they're causing us to return to a
simpler way of life... all about
survival... It's genius! They're
like a modern plague! --

Colin begins to cry.

RABBI

And everyone thinks we have to
shoot all the Zombies in the head --
they forget the Sixth Commandment:
"Thou shalt not kill." If we don't
let the plague run its course, we
won't be cleansed of the evil...

SARAH

(humoring him)

I see.

RABBI

(re: Colin)

He looks a little jaundiced. What
have you been feeding him?

MIKE

Monkey brains, mostly. Well...
exclusively.

RABBI

That's no good. Monkey brains tear
up their digestive track. I'm gonna
level with you here. I've got a
similar thing going on. My mother's
infected. I keep her chained up in
my basement. Anyway, I've known the
woman 45 years, and the only time I
think I've ever seen her smile is
after I fed her human brains.

MIKE

... Like from a graveyard?

RABBI

Yes, like from a graveyard! What,
do you think I'm going to feed her
live people? Please...

MIKE

Right. Okay. Got it.

RABBI

Well, if there's anything else I
can do -- please, don't hesitate to
call.

(winks)

You're soldiers of the Lord.

SARAH

Thanks again, Rabbi Finklestein. I
wish you and your mother all the
best.

The rabbi exits. Mike and Sarah watch through the window as
he walks out onto the stoop.

SARAH
What a nice man.

Mike puts his arm around her.

Suddenly, Jeffrey pops out from behind a tree as three other SOLDIERS sprint up from the other direction.

JEFFREY
There he is! The Zombie
sympathizer!

MIKE
Oh, fuck.

JEFFREY
FREEZE!

The rabbi realizes what's going on, and bolts.

JEFFREY
Stop, or I'll shoot!

The rabbi keeps running. CRACK! Jeff shoots him.

GANGSTER RAP fades up on the soundtrack.

The rabbi falls to the ground, and begins trying to drag himself away with his arms -- ostensibly paralyzed from the waist down -- leaving a trail of blood.

Jeffry briskly walks over and, without a second thought, shoots him in the head -- the "mercy kill."

Jeffrey -- pumped from the hunt -- notices Mike watching and gets as close as he can to his second-story window.

JEFFREY
Dude! That guy was a fucking Zombie
Sympathizer, man! Can you believe
it?!

(jumps up and down)
A Zombie Sympathizer in your
fucking house!

Mike shakes his head "no."

THE KITCHEN - DUSK

The GANGSTER RAP continues playing.

ON MIKE AND SARAH: sitting at the table, staring into space.

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals: Colin, in a high chair, staring at a brain on top of a vibrating speaker -- completely disinterested. A piece of his ear falls off. Glumly, Mike turns off the stereo.

MIKE

Maybe he's not hungry.

SARAH

He has to be hungry. He hasn't eaten in 18 hours. Babies are supposed to eat like every 25 seconds.

MIKE

Yeah, well, he's made it 18 hours. I think he can make it another six before Jeffrey leaves.

SARAH

(sarcastic)

That's really thoughtful, Mike -- how would you like to be starving your last day on Earth?

MIKE

Babe -- try not to get too attached. We know what we have to do.

SARAH

Don't be so melodramatic.

MIKE

I'm not being melodramatic. I'm being practical!

SARAH

Well, shut up and help me figure out how to make him eat.

MIKE

(after a beat)

You know, after a couple of years, Bullwinkle quit eating dead mice, no matter how much we jiggled them. We had to start feeding him alive ones.

SARAH

A couple years? We've been doing this trick on Colin for five days.

MIKE

Maybe Zombies are smarter than snakes.

SARAH

So what are we supposed to do? Feed him alive brains?

MIKE

No. I think we just need to do a
better job tricking him.

MOMENTS LATER

Mike, now wearing a BIKE HELMET, takes the brain off the speaker and puts it on his head. Colin climbs up on the table.

COLIN

Grrrr.

MIKE

Oh shit. It's working.

SARAH

Mike, be careful.

MIKE

I'll be fine.

Colin crawls deliberately across the table, like a lion stalking its prey.

SARAH

Yeah, but what if he falls off the table or something?

MIKE

Put him on the floor.

She does.

COLIN

Grrr!

MIKE

Atta boy! Look! I'm wounded!

Mike starts limping away from Colin, holding the brain in place with one hand.

SARAH

Go get him! Go get Daddy!

MIKE

My brains are already halfway out of my head!

Colin lunges at him.

COLIN

Rawr!

Mike dives out of the way.

MIKE
Too slow!

Mike laughs and runs into --

THE LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Colin is close behind. Though he's a rugrat, his combination crawling-walking-galloping is enhanced with Zombie-strength.

Mike runs to the other side of the couch.

MIKE
Look! Now I'm over here!

COLIN
Grr!

Colin jumps onto the couch, then lunges at Mike.

COLIN
Rawr!

Mike ducks, and Colin face-plants on a table.

MIKE
Oh! Gotta be faster than that,
little man!

Colin immediately gets up and lunges again. Mike is caught off-guard but jumps out of the way.

MIKE
Ah!

Colin slams into the wall -- with his hands and feet. Sarah -- now in the doorway -- GASPS.

SARAH
Mike!

Colin uses the wall to redirect his momentum toward Mike. He connects -- knocking Mike onto a couch.

MIKE
Ah! You got me!

Mike smiles as Colin violently rips chunks of brain matter off his bike helmet.

He glances toward the door to the kitchen. Sarah is leaning against the doorjamb, smiling.

SARAH
I wish I had a camera.

Mike smiles at her.

THAT NIGHT

"Old Yeller" is playing on the TV in the B.G.

Mike is passed out on the couch with Colin asleep on his chest. It is almost unbearably cute.

Sarah watches from a chair as the light from the TV bounces off her husband and "son."

FADE TO BLACK.

TRAVIS (ON TV) (O.S.)
No, Mama!

MAMA (ON TV) (O.S.)
There's no hope for him now. He's sufferin'. You know we gotta do it.

TRAVIS (ON TV) (O.S.)
I know, Mama... But he was my dog... I'll do it.

FADE IN:

INT. MIKE'S ROWHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike lies awake. The clock reads "3:00." He gets up --
Goes to Colin's crib, watches him sleep.

LATER

The clock reads "3:14." Mike lies awake.

An ALARM CLOCK sounds O.S.

We hear FOOTSTEPS, then a door OPEN and SLAM. Jeffrey has left the building.

LATER

The clock reads "3:35." Mike still lies awake.

He rolls over and shakes Sarah, waking her.

MIKE
Hey. Let's get this over with before I psych myself out. I can't sleep.

SARAH
Okay.

LATER

Mike and Sarah stand over Colin's crib as he sleeps. Mike points the gun at Colin -- changes positions -- points the gun at Colin again.

MIKE
Better do it outside. Less cleanup.

Sarah nods solemnly, then reaches into the crib.

EXT. MIKE AND SARAH'S ROWHOUSE - NIGHT

Colin cries. Sarah, fighting tears, bounces him in her arms.

SARAH
Hushhh... Shhhh... Everything's
going to be okay. Okay? There
now...

Colin stops crying. Sarah puts him on the ground.

SARAH
(to Mike)
Okay, hurry up.

Colin looks at Sarah as Mike takes aim.

SARAH
I can't watch.

She turns around. Colin looks to Mike.

MIKE
Okay... Don't worry, little man.
This probably won't hurt... At
least not for very long...

His hand starts to tremble.

COLIN
Da-da.

MIKE
Ah fuck. Did you hear that? He said
"daddy."

SARAH
He's just making baby noises. He
said "duhdah."
(to Colin)
Right, sweetie? You don't have any
idea what's going on, do you?

COLIN
Ma-ma.

SARAH

(exasperated)

Oh my God. Mike, I can't take this anymore. Just do it. We don't have a choice -- if you don't, either he's going to kill one of us or somebody else or we'll get arrested for crimes against humanity! It's not going to end well!

(then, softly)

Please, let's just get this over with...

Mike steadies the gun... slowly squeezes the trigger -- the hammer cocks back...

His hand won't stop shaking...

Finally, he lowers the gun.

MIKE

Don't you think we should at least give him a last meal?

SARAH

We're out of monkey brains.

MIKE

Well, let's get him something special. Human brains.

SARAH

You want to go grave-robbing at four o'clock in the morning.

MIKE

When else would we go grave-robbing?!

SARAH

Mike, that seems really irresponsible.

MIKE

Yeah. But...

(indicating Colin)

Look at him.

Sarah looks at Colin, smacking his lips around his mouthguard contraption, looking cute.

SARAH

Okay. Fine.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Mike and Sarah, each carrying a FLASHLIGHT, walk past tombstones. Sarah shines her light on a headstone.

SARAH
Oh! This guy died in 2015. You think he's fresh enough?

MIKE
No. I think we need somebody who kicked the bucket within the last year or so if he's going to have any brains left.

Mike shines his light on another headstone.

MIKE
Here we go! 2018.
(reading)
Sang-Mi Cheng...
(to Colin)
You feel like Chinese?

LATER

Mike is waist-deep in the grave, trying to pry the lid of a coffin open with a shovel. Sarah sits on the ground with Colin on her lap, bouncing him on her knee to keep him happy.

SARAH
(to Colin)
Shhh. I know you're sleepy. You're about to have a treat.

MIKE
Almost got it, buddy.

The coffin lid pops open -- revealing a CORPSE.

MIKE
Bingo!

Just then, the corpse JOLTS UPRIGHT.

ZOMBIE SANG-MI
RAAAWWWRRAA!!!

MIKE / SARAH
WHOA!! / Ahhh!!

Mike BASHES Zombie Sang-Mi over the head with the shovel until he collapses back into his grave.

SARAH
Oh my God, Mike! What the hell just happened?

MIKE
(catching his breath)
It's okay. I read about that. Post-mortem infection. It's rare. Let's go try another one.

SARAH
(re: Sang-mi)
What's wrong with him?

Mike starts climbing out of the grave.

MIKE
(re: Colin)
He's not going to eat one of his own kind. He's a Zombie, not a cannibal.

ANOTHER PART OF THE GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Mike is waist deep in a different grave. He struggles to pry open a casket.

SARAH
Are you sure about this one?

CLOSE ON HEADSTONE: The date of death is Dec. 28 2017.

BACK TO SCENE

MIKE
Hey, I said "a year or so." Anyway, this is the best we got.

SARAH
I know. I just don't want him to get food poisoning.

Mike finally gets the casket open. He doubles over, then pulls his shirt over his nose and mouth.

MIKE
Jesus, it smells like Colin down there!

SARAH
How are you not used to it by now?
Oh God --

Sarah gags, then pulls her shirt up to her nose.

SARAH
It just hit me.

At the same instant, Colin catches a whiff, too. He salivates and goes into a frenzy, freeing himself from Sarah, then diving into the grave.

He gnaws on the skull of the corpse, but his mouthguard contraption prevents him from ripping into it.

MIKE
Ah, shit.

MOMENTS LATER

Sarah has Colin's head pinned to the ground. Mike uses a stick to pop the mouthguard contraption out of Colin's mouth.

MIKE
(to Sarah)
Don't let go.

Mike discards the stick and grabs Colin's arms.

MIKE
Okay, let go.

Sarah does so. Mike uses his right hand to pin both of Colin's arms behind his back -- then, with his left hand, Mike picks Colin up by the "waistband" of his diaper.

SARAH
Be careful!

Mike takes Colin into the grave and, with the posture of someone operating a weed-whacker, guides Colin's mouth toward the head of the corpse. Colin digs in.

Sarah watches from above.

SARAH
(to Colin)
How is it, sweetie?

Mike smiles at Sarah, then focuses his attention on Colin.

MIKE
Must have been hungry. I didn't even have to jiggle the dude.

On cue, Colin stops eating.

Mike kicks the casket. The corpse rocks back and forth. The brains jiggle. Colin attacks again.

Colin quits eating. This time, little is left of the man's head -- definitely no brains.

MIKE
(to Colin)
Clean plate club. Good job.

SARAH
Do you think he got enough?

Mike sets Colin on the "ledge" of the grave next to Sarah. Colin -- eyes half-closed, looking stuffed -- belches.

MIKE
Yep.

Mike puts the mouthguard contraption back into Colin's mouth. Pats him on the belly.

All of a sudden, Colin's face is illuminated by a flashlight. Mike turns toward the source of the light -- one pissed-off-looking RENT-A-COP.

RENT-A-COP
All right. Nobody move.

MIKE
Fuck that!

Mike jumps out of the grave, picks up Colin, grabs Sarah by the hand, and takes off -- dragging her behind him.

MIKE
Come on --

The rent-a-cop gives chase.

RENT-A-COP
Hey! Hold it right there!

Mike looks around for an escape route -- the best bet is the WOODS at the edge of the graveyard.

MIKE
This way.

Mike hurdles a headstone, looks back toward the rent-a-cop, then hands Colin to Sarah.

MIKE
Here. I've got an idea.

Just then -- Colin BARFS BRAINS on Sarah.

SARAH
(as they "drip" off her)
Ewwwww.

MIKE
Sorry.

RENT-A-COP
(into walkie talkie)
I need backup in the George Washington Cemetery. Send all State Police in the area.

Mike starts to slow down. So does Sarah.

SARAH

Why are we slowing down?

MIKE

No! I'm slowing down! You keep going!... Go!

Mike pushes her forward.

COLIN'S POV: The rent-a-cop is closing in on Mike.

RENT-A-COP

You're in for a world of hurt,
Zombie lover.

ON COLIN: Stricken with anxiety.

BACK TO SCENE

The rent-a-cop, only feet behind Mike, turns on the afterburners.

Mike makes an abrupt stop, then turns around and PUNCHES the rent-a-cop in the GUT.

RENT-A-COP

Ugh!

The rent-a-cop DOUBLES OVER in pain as Mike takes off again.

Mike catches up with Sarah and Colin, and the trio escapes into the woods.

INT. METRO CAR - UNDERGROUND - MOVING - PRE-DAWN

Mike, Sarah, and Colin ride in silence. The news plays on a flat-screen TV in the car.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

Recent aerial photography has shown
a level of sophistication --

The news cuts to aerial footage of Pittsburgh. There seems to be some sort of IMPROMPTU MARKET where Zombies are busy trading brains and half-eaten corpses for shovels, tarp, twine, and other supplies.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

-- among the Zombie community in Pittsburgh unlike anything experts previously thought possible.

The news cuts to footage of a Zombie man FISHING. Then to a Zombie woman in front of a bunch of Zombie children -- a ZOMBIE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

TALKING HEAD (ON TV)
This "Zombie-based ecosystem" shows
that we, as a society --

Mike sits up straight.

MIKE
Wait a minute. I just figured out
the universe.

SARAH
(deadpan)
Really.

MIKE
Yeah. Okay. If you take a tiger
away from other tigers and put him
in a zoo, he gets depressed. And if
you take a person away from his
community and put him in solitary
confinement, he goes crazy. Right?

SARAH
Right.

MIKE
So, what if the only reason Zombies
fall apart is that they don't get
to hang out with other Zombies
enough? I mean --
(re: TV)
Look how put-together those Zombies
are. They have their own ecosystem!

Sarah looks at the TV. More aerial footage of Pittsburgh. The
Zombies look very healthy. A beat.

SARAH
So you think if we can get Colin to
Pittsburgh, he'll be happy and quit
falling apart and we don't have to
kill him.

Mike nods.

SARAH
Mike, they shoot people for trying
to go to Pittsburgh.

MIKE
(after a beat)
I've got a plan.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF ZOMBIE - BRIEFING ROOM - DAWN

Jeffrey addresses his TEAM.

JEFFREY

We'll take the Prowler as deep into the city as possible, but satellite images confirm the concentration of abandoned civilian vehicles will, at some point, make foot travel a necessity. Don't forget to stay hydrated.

DEPLOYMENT AREA - DAWN

Mike, Sarah, and Colin stand by the Prowler in an otherwise barren room. Mike is unscrewing the last of the hex bolts (on the side panel) with the pliers on his Leatherman tool. The bolt comes out. Mike pops off the panel.

Sarah and Colin get in. It's already a tight squeeze.

Mike gets in, holding the side panel by the edges. He tries to pop it into place, but his fingers are in the way.

SNAP. One side pops in. At this point, all we can see are Mike's fingertips, pinched between the pieces of metal, turning white. He GRUNTS.

SNAP. The other side pops into place.

MIKE (O.S.)

Mmmmm!

INT. PROWLER WALL - CONTINUOUS

Almost pitch black. Just a little light seeping in through the seam shows us the contorted position Mike and Sarah are in. Mike cannot see his own hand.

MIKE

Do I still have all my fingers?

SARAH

(checking)

Uhh -- yes.

MIKE

Awesome.

Sarah shifts her weight, trying to get semi-comfortable.

MIKE

Don't move around too much. This sucker will pop right off.

DEPLOYMENT AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Jeffrey and his team enter the room --

JEFFREY
Head 'em up. Move 'em out!

-- and get in the Prowler.

EXT. I-376 - DAY

The Prowler's engine ROARS as it speeds down the Interstate. Downshifts as it approaches the --

MILITARY CHECKPOINT - MOMENTS LATER

Several young BORDER PATROL OFFICERS loiter by their post. One approaches Jeffrey, who's driving the vehicle.

INT. PROWLER WALL - DAY

Mike and Sarah are even more contorted than they were when we last saw them.

BORDER PATROL OFFICER (O.S.)
You're the recon mission from DC?

JEFFREY (O.S.)
That's right. Authorization number
eight four six.

We hear the GROAN of a MECHANICAL GATE opening.

SARAH
(whispers)
I really have to pee.

MIKE
(whispers)
Shush.

EXT. PROWLER - DAY

The Gate is opened. The Prowler drives through.

INT. PROWLER WALL - DAY

Sarah shifts her weight.

EXT. PROWLER - DAY

The side panel POPS OFF, CLANKING onto the asphalt. Mike and Sarah are exposed, but, thankfully, they are on the opposite side from the Border Patrol officers.

The wind whips Sarah's hair in Mike's face. Mike puts his arm over her and Colin so they don't fall out.

We notice Colin's makeup has rubbed off. He looks like 100% USDA Certified Grade A Zombie.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PITTSBURGH - DAY

The Prowler stops in front of a bunch of abandoned vehicles, which are blocking the road. It makes a U-turn. Drives to a side street -- also blocked.

JEFFREY

All right, boys, this is about as close as we're gonna get in this thing.

The front doors open. A soldier walks RIGHT PAST Mike and Sarah. He doesn't notice them.

The rear hatch OPENS. Soldiers pour out.

JEFFREY

Let's go! Move! Move! Move!

Slowly, the sounds of the soldiers fade into the distance.

SARAH

(whispers)

Are they gone?

MIKE

(whispers)

Hold on.

Silence. A distant ZOMBIE ROAR.

More silence.

MIKE

(whispers)

Okay.

They get out, walk around the vehicle.

MIKE

We need some guns.

INT. PROWLER - DAY

The rear hatch is closed. WALKIE-TALKIES hang from the walls.

Sarah watches as Mike struggles to open the lid of a storage compartment. It POPS open, and Mike's momentum causes him to fall over.

MIKE

Finally.

He stands. Pulls a SHOTGUN from the compartment.

MIKE

Damn. Thought there would be more.

Then a walkie-talkie goes "CHH."

VOICE (OVER WALKIE)
B-team -- Was that one of y'all
running back to the Prowler?

ANOTHER VOICE (OVER WALKIE)
Affirmative. Smith's weapon locked
up. He went to swap it out.

Mike approaches the rear hatch, opens it -- only to see --

One of the soldiers (SMITH) -- vacant eyes, drooling blood --
a Zombie.

MIKE
Oh shit!

SMITH
RAAWWWWRLLLLL!!!!

Sarah SCREAMS as Mike SHOOTS Smith in the head with the
shotgun. Smith's head EXPLODES.

Colin freaks out. Sarah comforts him.

VOICE (OVER WALKIE)
What was that?

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Jeffrey, wearing a walkie headset and holding a RIFLE,
watches two teams of soldiers making their way deeper into
Pittsburgh.

JEFFREY (INTO WALKIE)
Gunfire. I'll loop back and check
it out. You guys keep moving...

He turns toward the fire escape.

EXT. PROWLER - DAY

Mike, Sarah, and Colin have just gotten out of the Prowler.

JEFFREY'S VOICE (OVER WALKIE)
Maintain radio communication.

MIKE
Shit shit shit shit.

SARAH
What do we do?

Mike looks around.

MIKE

Come on.

Mike pulls Sarah and Colin toward a MERCEDES E550, next to which is a well-dressed, recently killed ZOMBIE -- a SERVICE KNIFE in its head. Blood pools on the street.

Mike notices the keys are in the ignition before he notices the ZOMBIE WOMAN in the passenger seat.

ZOMBIE WOMAN

CHHHHHHH!

Mike points the gun at her. Sarah covers Colin's eyes.

The woman lunges out of the car at Mike and --

BOOM! Dead Zombie Woman.

MIKE

Get in! We have to get out of here!

Mike notices Jeffrey sprinting toward them from the distance, yelling something into his radio.

MIKE

Like now.

They jump in. Mike floors it.

ON JEFFREY: As he slows to a jog, perplexed.

INT. / EXT. MERCEDES - MOVING - DAY

SARAH

Now what?

MIKE

I don't know. That wasn't supposed to happen.

SARAH

Was that your brother running toward us? Do you think he saw who we were?

MIKE

(yes, he does)

Dunno...

Colin seems to sense Mike and Sarah's fear. He huddles as close to Sarah as he can.

LATER

Mike and Sarah drive through a different part of downtown Pittsburgh. Mike slows as they pass a ZOMBIE WOMAN.

MIKE

What about her? She seems like
she'd be a good mother.

SARAH

I don't know.

MIKE

Baby, we don't have time to
interview prospective parents.

SARAH

I just don't like the idea of him
growing up in a one-parent home.

MIKE

He's a Zombie!! It's not like we
have to worry about him doing
poorly on standardized tests!

SARAH

Look, there isn't time to argue
about it, okay. Just keep going.

Mike sighs. Steps on the accelerator.

In the distance -- in front of a BLOCKADE -- are a ZOMBIE MAN
and a ZOMBIE WOMAN eating the brains of a CORPSE.

MIKE

Wait a minute. What do we have
here?

Mike pulls the car closer to the Zombies.

MIKE

A two-parent household having a
family dinner. Look at that.
Perfect, right?

SARAH

Yeah.

(perking up)
This looks okay!

All of a sudden, Zombie Man PUNCHES Zombie Woman in the face --
knocking her away so he can eat her share of brains.

SARAH

Ooh. Abusive home environment. No
good.

MIKE

Roger.

Mike turns the car around at the blockade.

But SOMEONE is blocking the road!

It's Jeffrey -- breathing heavily -- and pointing his RIFLE directly at Mike.

JEFFREY
Step out of the vehicle.

MIKE
Shit.

Mike contemplates his options -- looks for an escape route -- the Mercedes is too close to a PARKED CAR for Mike to gun it and swing right -- not enough room to swing left without running over Jeff --

Before Mike can act, Jeffrey has thrown open the driver's side door -- all the while keeping the rifle in his right hand trained on Mike.

Jeffrey grabs Mike by the back of his collar and throws him out of the car.

Sarah opens her door -- hitting the parked car next to the Mercedes. As she and Colin squeeze out, Colin bangs his head.

CLOSE ON: Colin's mouthguard-contraption as it bounces off the sidewalk and into the gutter. No one notices this.

BACK TO SCENE

Jeffrey's gun is still trained on Mike.

JEFFREY
Put your hands behind your back.

Mike does so.

MIKE
Just hear me out. This isn't what it looks like --

Jeffrey notices Sarah and Colin creeping around the car. He points the gun at them.

JEFFREY
Did I tell you to move?!

SARAH
(stammering)
You said get out of the car...

JEFFREY
(re: Mike)
I was talking to him! Just --

He gestures at the ground next to Mike.

JEFFREY
Get over here.

As she does, Colin GROWLS at Jeffrey -- and Jeff realizes what Mike and Sarah are doing in Pittsburgh.

JEFFREY
I knew there was something weird
about that kid.
(into headset)
I've got a pair of traitors at
gunpoint at the corner of 10th and
Railroad. Send two men over.

MIKE
Are you really going to drop a dime
on us, man? We're brothers.

JEFFREY
Oh yeah?! Brothers? Would a
"brother" take Cindy Kellerman to
prom even though he knew I had a
crush on her?

MIKE
Cindy Kellerman hated you. She
thought you were creepy.

JEFFREY
Shut the fuck up!

Sarah looks momentarily jealous.

MIKE
(whispers to Sarah)
She wasn't even cute.

JEFFREY (INTO RADIO)
What's your ETA?

VOICE (OVER RADIO)
One minute.

SARAH
(whispers to Mike)
Okay, what are we doing? What's the
plan?

MIKE
(whispers back)
I don't know.

Jeffrey SMACKS Mike in the head with the butt of his rifle.

JEFFREY
I said shut the fuck up!

Colin freaks. Thrashes. GROWLS.

SARAH
(quietly, to Colin)
Be still, honey. It's okay --

Jeffrey SMACKS SARAH with the gun. Colin ROARS. Mike's eyes narrow.

Sarah's nose is bleeding. Jeff gets in her face --

JEFFREY
Shut. The. Fuck --

Mike takes this opportunity to BUM RUSH Jeff. He tries to wrestle the gun away from him -- but Jeff --

PUNCHES him in the face. Then KNEES him in the gut.

Mike falls to the ground. Jeffrey lowers the gun to Mike's head.

Colin SCREECHES.

JEFFREY
Well, bro, it's been real.

He cocks the gun.

Colin thrashes his way out of the swaddling clothes.

COLIN
Rawr!!!!

Jeffrey turns as Colin LUNGES at him -- and, before Jeff can react -- Colin sinks his ONE TOOTH into his neck.

Jeffrey drops the gun. Falls onto the ground --

Then violently CHUCKS Colin down the CROSS STREET.

Jeffrey stands -- Zombified! He wavers from side to side before getting his balance. His eyes lock on Sarah, and he drops into a dead sprint toward her.

JEFFREY
RAAAWWWWWRRRRR!!!!

Mike rolls over -- grabs the rifle -- and, without the time to aim, takes a shot in Jeffrey's general direction.

BOOM! Complete whiff.

Mike pulls the trigger again.

CLICK.

MIKE
Fuck.

Mike hauls ass toward Jeffrey.

Jeffrey grabs Sarah -- is about to take a bite of her neck, when --

CRACK! Mike whacks Jeff in the side of the head with the butt of the rifle -- knocking him to the ground.

Mike goes apeshit on Jeffrey -- bashing his face in with the gun.

When Jeffrey is clearly dead, Mike, hyperventilating, goes to the Mercedes and gets out the shotgun.

SARAH
Mike...

BOOM! Mike shoots Jeff in the head.

Sarah grabs Mike's shoulder.

SARAH
Mike... He's dead.

BOOM! Mike shoots the bloody pulp where Jeff's head once was.

MIKE
(catching his breath)
You can never be too sure.
(looks around)
Where's Colin?!

Mike and Sarah run toward the side street down which Jeff hurled Colin --

When they round the corner, they see the Zombie woman from before holding Colin. She's bouncing him the same way Sarah was fond of doing to comfort him.

MIKE
Is -- is that the same woman from before? The single mother?

SARAH
I think so. She must have followed us.

Zombie Mom looks at Mike and Sarah warily.

MIKE
I think she'll make a good mom.

Sarah approaches Zombie Mom. Mike follows.

SARAH
You sure?

MIKE
Yeah. I grew up without a dad and I
turned out all right.

Sarah says nothing.

MIKE
Right?

SARAH
(smiling)
More or less.

Mike and Sarah are now dangerously close to Zombie Mom. Sarah bends over. Zombie Mom covers Colin protectively.

SARAH
Bye, sweetie. I hope you like it
here. This is your, home, right?

Mike puts his arm around Sarah.

MIKE
He'll be just fine.

Sarah opens and closes her hand -- the "baby wave." Colin baby-waves back. Zombie Woman gives Sarah a dirty look.

SARAH
Awwww. Bye-bye... Can you say bye-
bye?
(baby-talk)
Bye-bye...

COLIN
(waving)
Bah-bah.

SARAH
(tearful)
Awww.

Sarah reaches toward Colin.

ZOMBIE MOM
RAAAWWWWRRRR!!!!

SARAH
Ahhhhh!

Mike and Sarah drop into a DEAD SPRINT back the way they came.

They round the corner toward the Mercedes. Mike looks over his shoulder. Zombie Mom is hauling ass after them.

MIKE
At least she's a protective parent!

Mike unlocks the Mercedes with the key fob as Zombie Mom rounds the corner after them.

They jump in the car and peel away.

INT. MERCEDES - MOVING - DAY

Sarah wipes the tears from her eyes.

MIKE
Hey, when we get back to D.C., what do you say we get drunk and try to make some babies?

SARAH
Really? You mean that?

MIKE
Yeah...

Sarah lets out a small laugh, puts her hand on his leg.

SARAH
Okay. Let's do it.

She leans over and kisses him. Does this again. Again.

MIKE
(smiling)
When we get back to D.C.

SARAH
(fake-sigh)
Fiiine.
(then)
How are we going to do that again?
Get back to D.C.?

MIKE
I'm still mulling that over.

EXT. I-376 MILITARY CHECKPOINT - DAY

The Prowler idles.

CLOSE ON: The wheels resting on the dirt.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
Smith and Peters ran into a couple
Zombie sympathizers. Both KIA...

PULL UP to: The empty "wall" of the Prowler. DOLLY OVER to --

SOLDIER
If you see anyone, shoot first, ask
questions later.

BORDER PATROL OFFICER
You got it, boss.

The gates open.

The Border Patrol officer salutes. The soldier returns the salute. Puts the Prowler in gear.

BORDER PATROL OFFICER
You heard the man! Everyone at your
posts! Secure the perimeter! NO ONE
GETS OUT OF THIS CITY ALIVE!!

CRANE UP TO REVEAL:

Mike and Sarah lying prone on the roof of the vehicle.

The CAMERA stays with them as the vehicle speeds up.

The wind whips through Sarah's hair. She shivers, huddles closer to Mike.

Mike unzips his jacket and puts half of it over her.

Sarah smiles.

We HOLD on this as the vehicle goes through third, fourth, and then fifth gear. As the engine crescendos to a ROAR in fifth, we --

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.