
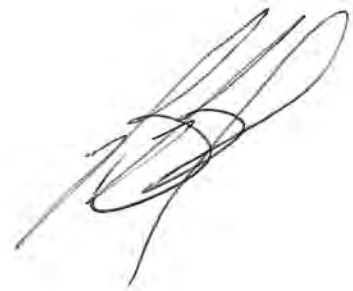
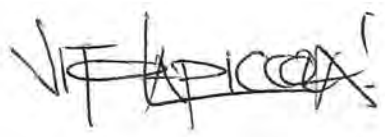
A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, featuring a prominent loop at the top and a long, sweeping tail that curves to the right.A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of several overlapping loops and a sharp, upward-pointing tail.

A ZOMBIE'S LIFE

Written by

Baron Brady

A handwritten signature in black ink, featuring a large, circular loop on the left side and a smaller loop on the right.A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of several overlapping loops and a sharp, upward-pointing tail.A handwritten signature in black ink, featuring a large, circular loop on the left side and a smaller loop on the right.A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of several overlapping loops and a sharp, upward-pointing tail.A handwritten signature in black ink, featuring a large, circular loop on the left side and a smaller loop on the right.A handwritten signature in black ink, featuring a large, circular loop on the left side and a smaller loop on the right.A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of several overlapping loops and a sharp, upward-pointing tail.

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

1

It's a cramped office, unread scripts and DVDs stacked high atop a cluttered desk. An agent by the name of TODD SCHWENK (35) - a sporty guy in a clean white shirt - sits hunched over a laptop, admiring images of lingerie-clad models. He takes a casual puff on a marijuana pipe.

The phone intercom BEEPS.

SCHWENK
(still viewing the proof sheet)
What now?

A young man's voice BLARES on the other line.

ASSISTANT (O.S.)
(through intercom)
Dave Suggit's here to see you, Mr. Schwenk.

SCHWENK
(musing)
Dave?
(remembering)
Oh ... shit.

He looks around his desk as if searching for something.

SCHWENK (CONT'D)
Alright. Send him in.

Schwenk closes the browser on the laptop and opens the top drawer of his desk, carefully placing the marijuana pipe inside, along with the proof sheets. He closes the drawer before remembering something else. Opening it, he retrieves a fly swatter and slams it on the desk.

Schwenk leaps from his chair, almost tripping over scripts piled on the floor.

The door opens. At the door stands DAVE SUGGIT. Once a young man of around twenty-five, he is now a zombie, his face and neck black with rot, flaps of skin hung loose in strips from his cheek. Despite his ghastly appearance, he's tidily dressed in a hooded sweatshirt, jeans and Converse sneakers.

Schwenk crouches down, fists raised as if for a mock fight.

SCHWENK (CONT'D)
Buddy.

It's an awkward moment as Schwenk shadow boxes Dave while Dave stiffens at the unexpected familiarity.

Schwenk finishes off with a good natured SLAP to Dave's back.

SCHWENK (CONT'D)
How's it hanging, man?

DAVE
(dryly)
All over my face.

Dave SNIFFS, smelling marijuana fumes. Schwenk CHORTLES.

SCHWENK
(with a wink and a
finger)
You're dead funny. Did I tell you
that before?
(a beat)
My favorite client. Hand's down.

DAVE
(believing)
Really?

Schwenk, still CHUCKLING, ignores the question as he tosses scripts from a chair. Leaping behind the desk, he reclaims his chair.

Dave takes a seat.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I know you're busy.

SCHWENK
(cheery)
Never been busier.

DAVE
I haven't heard from you in a while
and I thought ...

SCHWENK
You know there's nothing I'd like
better than to call you with an
audition. One day they want
zombies. Next day, they tell you
zombies are so yesterday. Keep it
fresh. So no zombies. Tomorrow? Who
knows. Could be a different story.

DAVE
Tomorrow?

SCHWENK

Maybe. Maybe not. You never know.
That's the biz.

(swatting at flies)

And what makes it tough is you're
so talented. I tell them all the
time. They know. I know.

DAVE

And still. Nothing, huh?

SCHWENK

It's a funny business.

DAVE

(to himself)

Joke's on me.

Schwenk cocks an eyebrow.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I shouldn't be playing zombies
anyway. It's demeaning. Sure, they
like my look. But I'm more than
this, you know? I can sing. Dance.
People tell me I've got great
comedic timing. All I need is a few
good jokes, you know.

SCHWENK

You're good at playing a zombie.

DAVE

'Cause I'm a zombie. But I can do
better. I'm an actor first, right?
Time I started acting.

SCHWENK

(shaking his head)

No.

DAVE

What?

SCHWENK

You're so talented. It's just.

DAVE

I don't understand.

SCHWENK

You're a nice guy and ...

DAVE

And?

SCHWENK
Well, you're a nice guy. I said it.
That's the problem.

DAVE
The problem?

Schwenk swats at Dave with the flyswatter.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(aggrieved)
Hey. That hurt.

SCHWENK
There was a fly. Look. The reason
you're not getting zombie work is
they think you're too nice.

DAVE
What? But I'm a zombie. A zombie's
a zombie. How can I be too nice to
be a zombie? I'm a zombie. And I
don't need to be reminded, thank
you very much.

Dave gestures to his rotting face.

SCHWENK
They don't see it.

DAVE
They don't ... What? Do they think
we're all flesh eating monsters? I
mean, come on. It's the 21st
century. No one honestly believes
that.

(off Schwenk's blank
face)
They don't believe it, do they?

SCHWENK
You're a zombie. So be a zombie.
They want scary. Give 'em scary.

Dave troubles over this.

SCHWENK (CONT'D)
(swatting at flies)
You're talented. I really wish I
could do more, bro.

DAVE
(tensed)
Too nice, huh?

Schwenk shrugs.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 How's this for nice, bro?
 (knocking papers from
 Schwenk's desk)

Schwenk is at a loss.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 And this.

Dave upends Schwenk's skull paperweight, bearing a note that reads: "TO THE BEST ZOMBIE AGENT IN TOWN. LOVE DAVE."

DAVE (CONT'D)
 And what about this?

Dave stands, reaches for a tray of paper clips and begins tossing them at Schwenk, the agent shielding his face under the merciless barrage.

Dave studies the cowering Schwenk.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 And you think you want scary?

Dave shakes his head before turning to the door.

EXT. STREET - LATER

2

Dave does not stagger like the walking dead but, rather, struts briskly to a parking lot.

A woman in a suit, head to the ground, returns car keys to her purse.

Dave contemplates her before SNARLING and raising his bony fingers. Stooped over, he looks more like an elderly person than a zombie.

The woman smiles, nodding a silent greeting, before walking leisurely to a nearby building.

Dave puzzles over her reaction before pulling a hood over his head and storming off.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

3

Dave, toothbrush in hand and toothpaste smeared over his blackened lips, scowls and grimaces. He bares his teeth.

DAVE
 You talkin' to me? You talkin' to
 me? You are, aren't you? Well,
 listen to me, Todd Schwenk. You, my
 friend, can go to hell.

Dave spits into the sink.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

4

It's a tidy apartment, furnished perhaps by Ikea catalog.

Dave sits on a sofa, opening a letter opener with one hand while holding a cellphone to his ear with the other. On the radio plays "Stuck in the Middle with You."

DAVE

I mean what's to stop me from going
over there now and slitting your
throat?

Dave flinches as the cellphone RINGS in his ear. Overcoming his surprise, he presses a button.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Yes?

(a beat)

No. He ... ah ... passed away.

(angrily)

How's he gonna pay you when he's
dead?

Dave SLAMS the phone down.

INT. CAR - DAY

5

Dave cradles the steering wheel of his economy car, his face contorting in what looks more like pain than anger.

DAVE

You want scary? How 'bout I feed on
you with a side of fava beans and a
nice ... glass of milk?

A HORN blares and Dave raises his arms before hitting the accelerator.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(enraged)

Fuck you. And fuck you Todd
Schwenk.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

6

Schwenk sits at his desk, CLIPPING his fingernails.

The intercom BEEPS and, after Schwenk's silence, BEEPS again.

ASSISTANT (O.S.)
 (panicked)
 He just barged in. He said he's
 gonna ... bash your brains in?
 (muffled conversation)
 Um. Right the fuck in?

Schwenk SIGHS before leaping to the door and turning the lock.

DAVE (O.S.)
 (roaring)
 SCHWENK.

Turning to return to his desk, Schwenk flinches as DAVE BANGS at the door, and BANGS again and again.

Schwenk races to his desk and grabs his skull paperweight.

The BANGING is fierce enough to break open the door, so Schwenk grabs a chair and props it against the door handle.

The door weathers one BLOW after another until the door CRACKS open, splinters of wood thrown through the air.

Dave's crazed face peers through the open door, still blocked by the chair.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 (grinning fiercely)
 HERE'S ZOMBIE.

Schwenk nervously readies himself with the paperweight.

Smiling, Dave pushes the door wide open, knocking the chair to the floor.

Schwenk retreats, visibly frightened.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 (pleased with himself)
 You're scared.

No longer alarmed, Schwenk gestures to the door.

SCHWENK
 OK. I'm impressed. But I'm taking
 the door out of your next paycheck,
 buddy.

DAVE
 (no longer smiling)
 From the fortune you pay me?

SCHWENK
 Hey, it's a tough biz and I gotta
 make a living too.

DAVE
 And me? What about me? You think I
 can just go off somewhere and die?
 No. I'm not going anywhere. I'm
 here to stay, like it or not.

SCHWENK
 You've made your point. Now go.

Schwenk grabs Dave and begins pushing him to the door.

DAVE
 Then get me a job.

SCHWENK
 (stone-faced)
 That's not up to me.

DAVE
 (menacing)
 YES, IT IS.

Dave grabs Schwenk and spins him around up against a wall,
 his hand up against Schwenk's neck.

SCHWENK
 (incensed)
 Get your hands off me you damn
 dirty corpse.

Dave tightens his grip.

SCHWENK (CONT'D)
 I can't help you.

Dave snarls.

SCHWENK (CONT'D)
 (through his teeth)
 You stink. You don't photograph
 well and ... you can't act worth
 shit.

As Schwenk struggles to free himself, Dave SNARLS and sinks
 his teeth into Schwenk's forearm. Schwenk HOWLS with pain.

Dave recoils in horror at what he's done.

Schwenk is in shock, not so much at the pain but at the
 realization of what the bite means.

DAVE
 (contrite)
 Sorry?

EXT. FILM SET - DAY

7

A craft service table features chips and soda.

Dave contemplates the unimpressive spread with disgust. Next to him stands zombie Schwenk, his face showing signs of rot.

DAVE

Look at the bright side. At least we don't have to eat this crap anymore.

Schwenk seethes. He doesn't want to hear it.

DAVE (CONT'D)

We're gonna be fine. They love zombie duos. You should have told me.

P.A. (O.S.)

Everyone on set.

DAVE

I've been thinking. What better time to try out a little comedy. I'll tell the jokes. You can be the straight man.

(musing)

You hear the one about the Vegan Zombie?

Schwenk turns expectantly.

DAVE (CONT'D)

No? I was hoping you did. I figured there was a funny joke there.

Schwenk SNARLS disapprovingly before staggering off.

Impressed by Schwenk's display of aggression, Dave follows.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You're good.

Off screen, SCHWENK MOANS angrily.

FADE OUT: