

"AN EXTREMELY UNPLEASANT PLACE"

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

ZOMBIE BERT's grayish red lips transition to white, as they press together. His thin long tongue pushes them open and close, as the tongue returns. His clinched powerful jaw and Adam's Apple bulge in and out. His neck experiences a swallowing motion.

Devilishly his eyes widen, as he looks down at the freshly smeared blood completely covering a buffets cracked and chipped sneeze guard, making the contents a complete mystery. There is so much blood that it flows onto the floor, saturating into the tile carpet.

A loving stroke of his finger consumes a generous portion of blood. This exposes a bloody smeared menu, displaying the buffets contents.

"ALL A ZOMBIE CAN EAT"

PRISON BARS
ARENA SIZED RIBS
WRESTLING RING WEINERS
FINGER LICKING BEER DONUTS
UNBEERIBLE MEAT
SOUL FOOD

"DRINK SPECIAL"

IRRESISTIBLE STRAWBERRY MILK

Retracting his finger to within inches of his nose causes his eyes to slightly cross. An expression of euphoria overtakes him as he sniffs his finger and sticks it in his mouth. Cheeks implode, then slowly depressurize as his finger exits causing a popping sound.

His pants aide in the process of drying off his finger.

A few bungling steps place him directly in front of the buffet's cutlery and dinnerware. Both hands secure the plate before it is freed from the upside-down pile.

Without turning the plate over, he heads to the buffet. He trips and his arms fling wildly in the air transforming the plate into a flying saucer, violently sending it against the wall.

CRASH!

The plate lies broken in four large pieces, exposing the movie's title.

AN EXTREMELY UNPLEASANT PLACE

Opening credits roll

On the ground grimacing in pain, he begins talking out loud.

BERT

OK! That really hurt. Stay focused. Hi! I'm Bert and I'm always hungry. -- OH! Why was my last meal so heavenly? I don't know why they say zombies hate fast food. I'm good without the chase. -- Let me try again. OK! Try again Bert.

He closes then opens his eyes.

BERT

Hi! I'm Bert and I'm always hungry. My chronic cravings brought me to this fine dining establishment. The food comes in bulk, which translates to excellent in zombie cuisine. Although the floor could use a good cleaning!

A loud disagreeing moan is heard.

BERT

While my mess is getting cleaned up I'm going to step outside and get some fresh air. I think that would be the perfect opportunity to tell you how everything turned undead.

Getting to his feet he heads towards the exit.

He grabs a toothpick from its display on the checkout counter and smiles at MELANIE, the zombie cashier. He dangles the toothpick between his pressed lips and looks at several bags on the counter, labeled PRE.

He snatches a bag.

BERT

What's in our Parts Ready to Eat grab bags this week Melanie?

MELANIE

Well the juice is now juice free. It's 100% pure. This weeks flavor is tropical punch. There are some bone crackers, blood cubes and imitation human nuggets.

BERT

I'm not too big on the imitation human nuggets, taste like chicken.

MELANIE

I'm not a big fan either, but the kids can't get enough.

BERT

Can I take two?

MELANIE

You know the rules. You can only take one.

BERT

Thanks Mel! Have a good one.

Bert exits.

EXT. STREET OF TOWN - DAY

Bert surveys the scene.

Sluggish footsteps are heard as a few zombies walk up and down the street's sidewalks. Abandoned cars and trucks are parked in odd directions, some with doors open and clothed skeletons in or near vehicles. AG, a teenage zombie with a good piece of scalp missing, is wearing a t-shirt that says "TWO-TIMES YOUR ZIP CODE MEANS TWO-TIMES THE FUN. COME GET SOME!!!" approaches Bert.

AG

(Imitates Ernie from Sesame Street)
Hi ho Bert. How's the grub today, Bert?

BERT

(Imitates Bert from Sesame Street)
Ernie!

BERT

(Normal Voice)

Damn it! You got me again and that is still the worst imitation ever. Today the food was fair to middling.

AG

Did you just say there's a bear a whittling? That sounds freaking awesome! One time I played an app on my dead friend's phone called

AG

(CONT.)

chicken tic-tac-toe. That little pecker beat me and cost me a buck. Get it pecker and buck. He cheated though. That was the only reason he beat me. Always pecking the center first. Oh yeah. I did it again, pecking.

BERT

You are one strange agent.

AG

Ouch! That definitely cannot feel good. Is that Donald over there?

Bert turns to the adjacent building to find DONALD, who has a bee bee in his eye, a duct tape belt and duct tape cellphone case, pinned against the door. A long rod is firmly rooted in the center of his chest.

Futilely Donald attempts to free himself by using both hands. He stops.

Donald

A little help here!

AG

Should we go and help? I have my reasons.

AG pats his scalp.

AG

But hey, how many have we turned ourselves?

BERT

I can't believe I didn't see him there. I don't think we should. He looks pretty

BERT
(CONT.)

stuck and the guy won't stop talking about duct tape. The last conversation I had with him went off on some weird tangent about the universe being held together by duct tape.

Blatantly Bert and AG ignore Donald.

AG
I think gorilla tape is way better.

DONALD
I heard that! Seriously, you're not going to help. Assholes!

Bert and AG continue ignoring Donald.

BERT
AG, you have a response for everything, all be it a pretty, let's just say unique response. Why do I even bother talking to you?

Bert swallows and begins choking on his toothpick.

AG
You ok?

AG goes to pat him on the back.

Bert waves him away, as he uses his wickedly sharp and crooked thumb to slice his neck. A two-inch opening is made near his Adam's Apple, exposing the toothpick. He uses a pinching motion and a twist to remove the toothpick.

After a few hacks and coughs he sticks his toothpick back in his mouth.

BERT

I guess that would have hurt
if I were alive.

AG

Right before I was turned I
got to listen to a butt dial
voicemail from my mom. It
was pretty messed up. The
whole time it was my mom
making all these weird
noises and I think she was
trying to eat my dad. While
I don't know what happened
to her after she turned, I
do know that my dad is still
alive. He made some strange
comments the whole time
though.

BERT

What did that have to do
with anything we were
talking about?

AG tears up a little.

AG

I don't know. I guess I just
really miss my mom.

BERT

Well I'm sorry to hear that.
Wait, what about your dad?
Don't you miss him?

AG

No. He's a real dick.

BERT

I think we all have one of
those in our family. Now, I
was just about to...

A distinct laugh interrupts Bert.

AG

(Imitates Ernie from Sesame Street
with Ernie's distinct laugh)

Hehehehe... Bert. Did you get
some wood stuck in your
throat, Bert? It's just a
little prick, Bert.
Hehehehe...

AG

Now we're really not gonna
help you. If I were you I
would worry more about that
dog that's getting close to
your leg. Isn't that right
Bert? Wait, you know would
be awesome.

AG grabs the doggie bag from Bert and scares the
dog off. Walking over to Donald he pushes the
doggie bag onto the very end of the rod. Donald
struggles in vane for the bag.

AG

Look at his hands. Is he
casting a spell on it or
something? I command you to
come to Donald.

DONALD

That's so wrong. I hope you
all die.

AG

Well that's redundant. Is
that the right word Bert?
Bert?

AG pats his head. The wind picks up and Bert
shivers.

AG

Is my scalp oozing again?

BERT

It's here.

Bert points towards a massive dust-like storm, which consumes the distant horizon. The storm's tsunami size and speed is astonishing. AG turns around.

AG

What the hell?

BERT

This was explained to me by Death himself and his lady friend Hel. They spoke of the living embodiment of uncontrollable pure evil. The incinerator, better yet the cremator of human and zombie bodies and souls. You are gazing upon the soul tempest.

AG

Oh man! I don't know what tempest means, but it doesn't sound good, especially the cremation part. One summer I worked with my Uncle at a cemetery and helped with cremations. Did you know it can take up to three hours to cremate someone? All that time for about three, maybe even seven pounds of ashes. It really sucked when the secondary afterburner broke. I had to use a long rod to crush the partially cremated remains. Just the thought of that sucky ass job makes me sick.

The storm crackles with lightning.

AG

Whoa! That lightning is super intense.

BERT

That lightning is actually built up static electricity. You see how it occurs around metal. -- Oh! Looks like the food truck is coming to make a delivery.

Yellow school bus number 531 busts out from the storm. Zooming through the street it weaves around various misplaced minor car crashes.

The bus's brakes make a loud crunch sound, as the bus stops a few feet past AG and Bert.

On each side of the bumper eight-foot chains fire out. Bert stops AG who heads towards the chains.

BERT

That would be ill advised my friend.

The back of the bus opens and a pair of alligator boots comes into view. LOU, an old Creole man, fills out the boots. He heaves three boxes out.

LOU

Damn brakes b' talkin' again!
Oo ye yi! Com' get and bon' apeti' you po' dumb dead zombie bastards. Zeke! Do da' ding' I don' did tell you, boy.

Melanie walks out of the restaurant and heads towards the boxes. She picks up one of the boxes, then drops it and goes for one of the chains. Unable to move her hands, she looks down, but her head whips back as she is pulled towards the bus.

AG

I don't think that's a good sign for Melanie.

Bert has a confused expression.

BERT

Yeah. She knows better than that. It's probably best we go inside and I can tell you of whom the storm really is.

AG

Who?

Melanie growls at Lou, who shoots her in the head with a rifle.

LOU

Got me another one boy! Dat' b' sum' zombie yo-yoin. Used to dat' all d' time wit' dem' der' gators.

He taps his boots with the rifle. She is pulled into the bus.

LOU

Oh yeah. She dead.

The door closes and the bus speeds off.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Entering the restaurant Bert and AG are greeted by the sound of a vacuum, which is silenced as Bert catches the cord with his foot.

BERT

Not again. Phew, caught myself. Man, that was a real close one. At least I didn't fall on my ass again or choke on my damn toothpick.

He flicks the toothpick in the trash.

BERT

Hey! You shouldn't plug your vacuum in so close to the exit.

A loud disagreeing moan is heard.

Bert and AG head to the buffet. Three zombies are ahead of them.

AG

So what were you saying about the storm?

BERT

Right. So...

A male zombie in front interrupts.

MALE ZOMBIE

You're telling the storm story! My favorite is the murder porn. Gotta love the murder porn.

AG

That sounds awesome!

BERT

Yes. I know your favorite part is the milky sexual relations. However, we must not lose the story's premise of how Death literally put what is our current hell on earth. Now seriously, no more interruptions, as I begin with the supporting cast of a King's arena sized problem.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Alone sitting on a bench wearing flashy pants, JOHNNY intently looks at a children's zombie vitamin bottle titled "ZOMBIE AWESOME POSSE".

JOHNNY

Oh yeah! Now I remember. Man, I really loved that show.

He begins moving and shaking his body to his own beat.

JOHNNY

(Singing off-key)

They may or may not have your
back cause you could be their
snack, The Zombie Awesome
Posse. They'll take your
brain if that's the only way,
The Zombie Awesome Posse.
Seriously get out their way
as they can truly save the
day, The Zombie Awesome
Posse. Brains, Brains,
Brains, Brains, all zombies
think the same. GO ZOMBIE
AWESOME POSSE, YEAH!

He punches the air and then a struggle to open
the bottle begins.

JOHNNY

Lefty Loosey. Righty Tightly.
Come on! Open up you stupid
lid. Come on! I hate these
stinking childproof lids.

Frustratingly he slams the bottle down.

JOHNNY

Damn it! It's just a lid.
It's just a stupid, stinking,
no good lid. OK! I can do
this.

Flipping the bottle upside down he bangs the lid
against the bench.

JOHNNY

Yes! Finally! Who's the man?
I'm the man!

He dumps the vitamins out onto the bench and
squeezes the head of about 10 vitamins. Their
candy-coated brains pop out.

He places the brains in the lid and goes into his
locker. He pulls out a syringe, metal spoon and
zippo.

The spoon crushes the brains into powder, which is gently tapped into the spoon. With his free hand he performs a zippo trick "THE THUMB SQUEEZE."

He puts his index and middle fingers on top of the lighter case and his thumb goes down at the bottom. The hinge points towards the outside of his body. He squeezes a bit, just enough pressure for one fast motion, flipping it open and grasping the lighter by the base. His index finger ignites the flint.

The zippo's flame heats the spoon.

SNAP! POP!

He flicks his wrist closing the zippo. The syringe consumes the product.

JOHNNY

What the hell? I hope this
does the trick. Eeny, meeny,
miny, moe, the needle goes
between me toes.

His eyes roll back in his head. He smacks himself in the face several times and adjusts his pants elastic waistband.

JOHNNY

Oh yeah! It's go time!

He shoves his mess into his locker and runs out.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN:

Johnny jumps up and down. A flyer on the ground catches his eye, which is of two eye-dropping young women engaged in a fight.

JOHNNY

Is that a yo-yo and a stick?

He picks up the flyer:

"YOYO!!! Now that I have your attention, come see two sexy sisters use their toys on each other. It's not what you think pervert."

JOHNNY
That's pretty funny.

He throws the paper down, peers through the curtain and finds a half-filled stadium.

INT. WRESTLING RING - NIGHT

ANNOUNCER stands with a microphone.

ANNOUNCER
Ladies and Gentlemen...
From Mechanicsville,
Maryland, weighing in at 450
pounds... The former world
wrestling champion...
The one, the only...

Crowd boos loudly.

ANNOUNCER
Edward "Two-Times Your Zip
Code" Joooooones!

MUSIC: WEIRD AL YANKAVIC - "I'M FAT"

Light flashes towards Two-Times slowly strolling towards the ring.

Halfway to the ring he finds two fans holding uneaten hotdogs. He grabs them and jams in his mouth. They yell obscenities and throw multiple items at him. Ignoring them he finishes his stroll.

He rolls underneath the bottom rope and slowly gets up. He makes his way to the center of the ring and grabs the microphone from announcer.

TWO-TIMES
 HEY! HEY! HEY! Cut that crap
 off! I said I didn't want
 that played anymore. DAMN IT!

Crowd boos even louder.

TWO-TIMES
 SHUUUUUT UUUUUUUP!

FAN
 Your mama!

TWO-TIMES
 No, your mama! Anyways! In
 case you all were wondering
 how my diet is going, it's
 going great, well minus that
 small snack. Which didn't
 count cause it's my bad day.
 Oh and thanks by the way for
 that. In fact in the next few
 minutes I plan on dropping
 even more weight. I'm gonna
 drop it real hard. You hear
 that Johnny?

Two-Times chucks the microphone back to the
 Announcer.

ANNOUNCER
 And his opponent: From
 Jacksonville, North Carolina,
 weighing in at 215 Pounds of
 all sexual appeal..

Crowd cheers, as spotlight shines on Johnny.

ANNOUNCER
 Johnny "Flash in the Pants"
 Daaaay!

MUSIC: AC/DC - "TNT"

Crowd cheers even louder.

Strutting through the curtain Johnny makes several powerful poses, and then kisses his muscles. He winks at a female fan holding up a sign, JOHNNY I WANT TO HAVE YOUR BABY. Johnny provocatively extends out his tongue, and she pretends to faint.

He goes into a full sprint and leaps over the top rope.

In the center of the ring the two are now face-to-face, sizing each other up and staring each other down. Two-times shoves Johnny with such force he is sent flying towards the ropes. He bounces off the ropes and heads directly for Two-Times.

RING ANNOUNCER

OOOH! What a powerful drop kick! Wait, that didn't even faze him. HAAAAHA! He's laughing at him! Oh no, he's going for his famous skull crusher!

Two-Times uses his huge hands, acting like a vice, to engulf and crush Johnny's face. Screaming in excruciating pain he drops to one knee.

CROWD

PANTS! PANTS! PANTS!

Painfully and slowly he begins to raise his hand up high.

CROWD

PANTS! PANTS! PANTS!

He puts his hand on his knee, pushing himself up. Two-Times forces Johnny back down to one knee.

CROWD

PANTS! PANTS! PANTS!

Simultaneously Johnny performs a 360-degree turn and leg sweep, which sets him free. Two-Times is on his ass.

RING ANNOUNCER

We have a fat ass down! I repeat! We have a fat ass down!

Two-Times gets up, grabs Johnny and throws him to the ropes. Bouncing back towards Two-Times, Johnny is about to be leveled with a clothesline. Upon impact, Johnny opens his mouth, chomps down and rips out a chunk of Two-Times arm. Two-Times screams.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The live wrestling match transitions to a TV screen. PAUL, a hard drinking, emotionless, sadistically sarcastic general piece of shit, sits on a recliner watching. Several beer cans have amassed themselves before him.

His wife SABRINA stands a few feet away, leering at Paul. She is dolled up and ready for a night on the town. Her entrance is made as she walks in front of the TV.

SABRINA

I'm getting ready to go! You could at least say bye.

PAUL

Woman! You make a better door, then window. Get the hell out the way. My match is on!

Grunting he leans to the side, allowing for a partially obstructed view of the TV.

RING ANNOUNCER

What the hell just happened? Did he really bite him? Holy shit! There is blood everywhere!

PAUL

Damn it! I'm missing it!

Overdramatically aiming the TV remote at Sabrina, he forcefully jams his thumb down on the power button. The TV turns off.

PAUL

Universal remote my ass.
Where's the universal shut
your cake hole button?

SABRINA

You know what? Oh! My ass is
vibrating.

A full moon eclipses his view, as her ass is
squarely in front of him.

PAUL

Get your ass out my way!

Relieving the pressure from her skintight pants she pulls her cell phone out of her back pocket. It is a text from her son, AG.

AG

MADE IT TO DYLAN'S

She puts her cell phone back in her pocket.

SABRINA

That boy needs to learn to
take the caps off.

PAUL

Sine you ain't moving.

He heads to the kitchen and gets a beer. He opens it and forth pours out. He waves the froth off.

PAUL

This cheap shitty beer you
buy is nasty.

SIP!

She points to the pile of beer cans.

SABRINA

You're so overdramatic. It must not be that bad. That's your 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6th beer tonight! Well, that's not including the ones that may have accidentally found their way into the garbage.

PAUL

Yeah, and you're known to be *underdramatic*. That still doesn't mean they're not shitty.

SIP!

PAUL

Oh that's horrible! What time will you and your little friend be back?

SABRINA

Are we still talking about your issues with Candy? Seriously, let it go. I know you are just trying to pick a fight. I know you don't really cacaca...

PAUL

Come on. Spit it out. Holy Crap! I didn't mean literally. What's wrong with you? Did you just barf up a donut? EW! That still looks fresh. You better clean that up before you leave. What are you doing now? Oh that is just plain sick. Don't eat it!

Kneeling on the floor she greedily picks up and shoves her puke in her mouth. Some escapes to

various parts of her shirt. Paul just watches in disgust and scratches his ass.

SIP!

She begins licking the floor.

SABRINA

Num, num, num, num!

She resembles a slobbering dog, as the mixed bag of crap slowly slides down her face. She turns towards Paul.

SABRINA

BURB!

Furiously he waves his hand in front of his nose.

PAUL

That was freaking horrible. I think you singed my nose hairs. OH! It's in my pores! Where's the Febreze? I'm gonna need to shower. Now you're rolling in it.

She rolls for a second. Now motionless, her skin transforms into a gray color.

SABRINA

More!

PAUL

More what? That was utterly freaking disgusting. What are you doing? Get away from me! I'll knock your flat on your ass out.

Sabrina sprints to eat her husband.

His beer doesn't even move as this former gold glove boxer delivers a beautifully executed jab. Stunned, but not down, she stammers backwards.

SABRINA

More!

He sets his beer on a nearby end table, which is missing its shade. Both of their arms are now fully extended on each other's shoulders. She snaps at each of his arms.

He uses his left arm to go under and around her neck, executing a chokehold. He chokes her out. Still facing her he backs up and bumps into the end table.

PAUL

My beer! Just stay down, will you!

SIP!

Back on her feet, she snarls. Paul puts his beer down.

SABRINA

More!

A sidestep avoids her. As she passes him he grabs her shirt. He throws her to the ground, grabs the lamp and rhythmically beats her.

PAUL

SERIOUSLY! -- WHY? -- WON'T?
 -- YOU -- JUST - STAY-- DOWN!
 -- THIS -- IS -- GETTING --
 REALLY -- OLD!

Her head is pretty well bashed in. The doorbell rings in an annoying, repeated manner.

PAUL

Oh man, I don't need this
 crap now. Fuck! Candy.

He drags her into the bathroom and throws her in the tub.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Candy's finger is permanently attached to the doorbell. Smacking her lips and disgustingly working her gum, she chews like a mad cow. Bubble gum sloses as tiny bubbles are cracked between her teeth.

Candy
HELLO! I texted before I
left! Ya'll know I was
coming! I gotta pee! Come on!
HELLO! I gotta pee!

Paul opens the door. Without acknowledging him she blindly heads towards the bathroom. He, his beer and his lamp follow and wait outside the bathroom.

SIP!

The joyous sensation finally found in the bathroom is short lived, as she looks in the tub. The dead carcass unwelcomingly greets the shrieking Candy from the tub. Paul opens the door, but does not enter.

PAUL
Hello. Goodbye. Candy.

Candy looks at Paul and takes a deep breathe, which causes her to swallow her gum. Endless cat-like hacking begins as her hands grasp her throat. Paul just watches and scratches his ass.

SIP!

Making one last ditch effort she jams her finger down her throat. Her face is blue as she falls off the toilet. Walking over he gives a little sigh and continues to kick her hard a few times.

PAUL
I guess she's dead. I better
make sure.

He kicks her a few more times.

PAUL
Yep, she's dead.

He throws her in the tub.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is not spotless, but the blood-spattered rooms were pretty clean. Paul sits in his recliner and turns on the TV. The VCR shows 9:30 pm.

Sip!

PAUL
Yep! I think Sabrina would have been proud of me. She did always ask who she would have to kill to get me to clean.

He falls asleep. The VCR shows 11:00 pm. Snorting himself awake he turns off the TV.

SIP!

With beer in hand he grunts his way out of the recliner, then heads to the bathroom. He goes through Candy's purse and pulls out her car keys. Exiting the bathroom he heads into the living and peeks outside. He finds no one outside.

SIP!

Pushing the car trunk remote, pops the trunk open. He goes back into the bathroom, begins moving the bodies to the car. He slams the trunk, and then goes back into the house.

Paul exits the house with new attire, a lovely purse and a six-pack of beer. He throws everything in the trunk and gets in the car.

As he starts the car blaring music is heard, which is quickly silenced. Clockwise he begins

spinning, almost throwing the radio dial in search of a particular radio station.

PAUL

Passed it! Shit!

Counterclockwise he slowly finds his station and turns up the volume. Two radio announcer's (RADIO ANNOUNCER 1 is male and RADIO ANNOUNCER 2 is female) are engaged in a conversation.

RADIO ANNOUNCER 1

Oh, come on! What was the name of that thing again? You remember that thing that swung back and forth. It had balls and never stopped moving.

RADIO ANNOUNCER 2

You mean my first husband. Wait, he had no balls.

RADIO ANNOUNCER 1

Meow! Retract those claws pussycat. Remember the time he got those steel balls to put on the back of his car and you put them in your basement.

RADIO ANNOUNCER 2

Classic! I told him I would rent them to him. Let me look it up. Ok, ball-swingy thing. This is funny. I accidentally put in ball-stingy thing.

RADIO ANNOUNCER 1

That would hurt, especially the thingy.

RADIO ANNOUNCER 2

AH HA! Here it is! It is called Newton's Cradle or Executive Ball Clicker. It

RADIO ANNOUNCER 2

(CONT.)

was named after Sir Isaac
Newton.

RADIO ANNOUNCER 1

Don't we all know some
executives whose balls we'd
like to click? Where were we?
Oh yeah! Let's get back to
the top 20 list of sex versus
zombie attacks? This time
let's begin with number one:

1. It looks better on TV.
2. It could happen at any time
or place.
3. A big hoopla equates to a
few minutes.
4. It's not the length or the
size. It's the number of
times.
5. Individuals may or may not
know each other.
6. Rejection may only serve as
encouragement.
7. If rejected, another
selection is made.
8. A fair amount of moaning,
groaning, convulsing, and
biting.
9. Multiple positions.
Missionary is the norm.

Aw man! We have to break for
our very important
commercials. Oh, I'm supposed
to do this one. Alrighty.
Have you tried this amazing
product?

RADIO ANNOUNCER 2

Are you talking to me?

RADIO ANNOUNCER 1

Well I wasn't, but I guess I am now. So, have you tried this amazing new product?

RADIO ANNOUNCER 2

Why no I have not.

RADIO ANNOUNCER 1

Well it is simply put, super awesome and your kids will love it. The Zombie Awesome Posse vitamins will make you say *brains*. No, literally you will say brains. When you squeeze the zombie shaped vitamin a candy coded brain pops out. This comes from the...

PAUL

Why does the radio have to have so many stinking commercials?

Paul turns off the radio, as he reaches a lake.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Woods surround a large lake and a school is seen off in the distance. Paul parks the car and walks to the trunk. He pauses, as he hears a smacking noise. Opening the trunk he finds Sabrina chewing on Candy's fingers.

Candy's finger exits Sabrina's mouth with a pop. Sabrina acknowledges Paul with a low growl. He slams the trunk and steps back from the car.

PAUL

That bitch is a zombie? I'm just gonna leave those two alone. I guess the drive gave her the munchies.

He gets back into the car and bangs his head against the steering wheel.

PAUL
Shit! My beer.

He puts the car in drive, leaps out as the car heads towards the lake. After performing a little roll he dusts himself off and waives goodbye by giving several shooting middle fingers.

PAUL
PHEW! I need a drink.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The hole-in-the-wall bar's lighting is dim, the air is smoky, some people are playing pool, and Paul sits alone at the bar.

PAUL
Hey barkeep! Need a drink over here.

BARTENDER
What's your poison?

Paul's face brightens.

PAUL
Make it a Zombie.

BARTENDER
Brains. Although I don't think zombies limit their diet to just brains and they definitely don't talk. I read that George Romero hates the whole brain-eating thing.

PAUL
I think zombies would have more to say than brains. Who's George Romero? Is he your boyfriend or something?

The Bartender frowns at Paul.

BARTENDER

Here you go pal.

Paul's drink is a cocktail made of fruit juices, liqueurs, and various rums. The colorful drink is served in a tall glass with a small umbrella and slender straw.

PAUL

What the fuck is this? This is a Zombie? What a fruity drink. This must be for George.

Sip!

BARTENDER

If you didn't know what was in it, why'd you order it pal?

Paul

I didn't even know it was a real drink.

SIP!

Paul

It's really horrible.

SIP!

Paul spots a bowl of hard, clumped together candy.

PAUL

Can I get some of that hard candy over there?

SIP!

BARTENDER

I forgot that was there. Help yourself, although it's pretty old and stuck together.

Paul snickers.

PAUL

That's ok. My wife and I like
nibbling on the candy.

The Bartender looks awkwardly at Paul, who breaks
off a piece and plops it in his mouth. He spits
it out.

PAUL

That's horrible, too!

He tosses out the umbrella and straw to gulp down
his drink.

BARTENDER

I need a cab and a beer to
get this taste out my mouth.

The bartender serves the beer, which Paul quickly
downs. He heads to the restroom. After leaving
the restroom he exits.

He leans up against the wall and tears up a
little, while whimpering a couple of verses from:

THE MUPPETS VERSION - "CLOSE TO YOU"

PAUL

Why do birds suddenly appear?
Every time you are near? I
long to be close to you.

He wipes tears.

PAUL

Damn, Kermit the frog!

The cab pulls up.

INT. HOUSE - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

MARY, a pigtailed doe eyed little girl, age 7 is
dressed for school. She sits holding a remote and
watching the Zombie Awesome Posse. JESSICA, her
mother is in the background talking on the phone.

Mary turns up the TV and the shows NARRATOR is heard.

NARRATOR

Oh no! Brains Pain is about to be absorbed by the mother zombie. Can Ultra Z, Princess Z, Switchy, and the Fashion Triplets recharge in time to help their fallen comrade? Find out tomorrow, in our all-new exciting episode, if our heroes can defeat this most evil of all evils.

Shows theme song plays:

They may or may not have your back cause you could be their snack, The Zombie Awesome Posse. They'll take your brain if that's the only way, The Zombie Awesome Posse. Seriously get out their way as they can truly save the day, The Zombie Awesome Posse. Brains, Brains, Brains, Brains, all zombies think the same. GO ZOMBIE AWESOME POSSE, YEAH!

JESSICA

Turn it down. Mommy is on the phone. Actually dearest, you need to turn it off and get your backpack. As I was saying my car is finally back from the shop, after getting hit by that damn deer. Right after Mary goes to school I'm getting my nails done. I need some me time.

Mary licks the remote. She then goes to the kitchen and grabs her Zombie Awesome Posse backpack.

MARY

Mommy, I need lunch money and
I need the new Princess Z
doll with matching pajamas.

JESSICA

I said mommy is on the phone
and no you can't have lunch
money.

Mary stares at her mom.

JESSICA

What are you doing standing
there? Go in my purse and get
your lunch money.

MARY

But mommy, you said I can't
have any lunch money.

JESSICA

I swear you don't listen to a
word I ever say. Just get the
money and get to the bus
stop.

MARY

Do I still get the dolly with
the matching pajamas?

JESSICA

You better get out of this
house right now!

EXT. BUS STOP - MORNING

A loud crunching sound is heard as yellow school
bus 531 stops and the front door opens. Mary
stares at Lou's alligator boots before moving
onto the bus.

LOU

De' b' no lick'n in dis' her'
bus! Now get on d' bus.

This brings in a round of children singing.

CHILDREN

Mary, Mary licking is scary.
How does her licking go? With
a slobbering tongue -- all
day long -- and children
soaked in their clothing.

Lou looks in rear view mirror.

LOU

Ya'll stop dat' her'!

Children wickedly snicker, as Mary's bottom lip quivers. A deep breath and a long sigh accompany her as she seats next to a little boy, LENNY. The bus continues its route.

Lenny crumbles in his seat.

LENNY

AAAAYYYYYYYYY! She's licking
me!

Lou looks in rear view mirror.

LOU

Little Mary you stop dat'
her'.

CHILDREN

EW! -- Mary, Mary licking is
scary. How does her licking
go? With a slobbering tongue
-- all day long -- and
children soaked in their
clothing.

Lou stops the bus and directs two kids to move to the back.

LOU

Mary get on up her'!

The bus reaches the school. Lou slings the door open.

LOU

Mary you sit still! D' rest
of ya'll get d' hell out my
bus!

A nearby teacher hears the shouting and goes over
to investigate.

TEACHER

Mr. Lou. Is that anyway to
talk to children?

Lou throws his finger in Mary's direction.

LOU

Dis' b' Yawl's problem her'.
Dat' little Mary b' sum' bad
juju' and all d' rest of
dose' kids is even worse.

TEACHER

Not again Mary. Come on.
You're going to see the
principal.

While the Teacher marches, Mary trails behind
seemingly without a care in the world.

The glass on the door says MR. WIGGINS,
PRINCIPAL. He is currently standing outside his
office and immediately starts a rant with Mary.

MR. WIGGINS

Why on earth do you continue
to do such a gross thing? --
I'm serious! This is
disgusting! What on earth
could you possibly be
thinking? What are you
thinking?

Mary pulls on her pigtails, as she cowers like a
poor broken animal.

MARY

I don't know?

MR. WIGGINS

This is the third time this month. I am calling your parents.

Mary just stares.

MR. WIGGINS

It doesn't matter! Little girl this is your last day at this school! You sit outside and wait for your parents.

EXT. SCHOOL'S PARKING LOT - MORNING

A silver Mercedes, with its driver side window rolled down and no handicap placard, finds the closest handicap spot. Jessica exits the vehicle blowing on her freshly manicured nails. Her high heels kick the door close as she heads to the principal's office. She uses her palms to push the door open. Mary sits alone, aimlessly and freely swinging her feet.

JESSICA

Mommy's day is ruined! The window to the car just decided on its own not to roll up. Stupid deer. Now this! Ugh! Let's go.

The back and forth motion of Mary's feet ceases, as they both head off to the car.

JESSICA

Darling, do mommy a favor and go into my purse and fetch my keys. I need you to open the door for mommy.

MARY

Where mommy? I can't find them.

JESSICA

Seriously! You never try. Look again.

Mary finds the keys and unlocks the car.

JESSICA

Well. Open the door for
mommy.

MARY

Yes, mommy.

Mary climbs in the back and the car shoots out of the lot. The car heads down a road with a lake view. Jessica glances in the rear view mirror and has to shout over the open window.

JESSICA

Ugh! The school is blowing
this way out of proportion. I
did this as a kid. Your
Father loves when I do it.

The glance lasted a little too long, as her eyes return to the road she slams on the brakes.

Thud!

JESSICA

Stay here darling. Mommy is
going to see what happened.

She curiously looks around and finds a small puddle of water near the new dent in the fender. A trail of water leads from the lake. She leans down, peeks under the car, and finds nothing. She stands back up.

JESSICA

Oh well. At least I didn't
kill Bambi again.

Nonchalantly she gets back in the car.

MART

Mommy what's that?

JESSICA

What's, what darling?

Sabrina attacks Jessica through the driver side window. Still in park the car revs furiously as Jessica presses hard on the gas.

Mary begins rapidly and repeatedly licking her seat belt. Mary's pace slows, although her crying becomes louder, when he mother is removed from within the car.

A once well-manicured hand reaches inside the car.

JESSICA

Are you okay baby? Don't worry. Mommy took care of that bad bitch. I mean lady.

Jessica gets in the car and rolls up her window.

JESSICA

Now it works!

As they drive off, a beat up Sabrina is left moaning on the side of the road and slinks back to the lake.

EXT. LAKE - DAY (DISTANT PAST)

Wildlife hurriedly goes about their business. Ducks dive for food. An otter nibbles on a fish and beavers work diligently on a dam. The god, LOKI hides behind a tree watching beauty's perfection, HELEN. His lustful eyes do not blink as he licks his lips.

Bathing alone in the river, her long silky golden hair hangs down, covering the front of her naked body. Her hands dutifully, yet gently glide over, soaping her body. She finishes bathing and leaves the lake.

A duck cries, as the ogling Loki steps on the animal. Grinding his teeth, he wraps his hand around the duck and begins to squeeze.

While punishing the duck he spots a beaver and an otter. A most devilish look overtakes him. He drops the duck, which waddles away in the opposite direction.

In no means is it required, however he always performs the same routine, which mirrors the magician's trick of pulling something out of thin air.

He whips his right arm to the side and uses his left hand to show that nothing is in his sleeve. Bringing his hands together he shakes his hands from side to side. Like a kid finding the presents under a Christmas tree his eyes grow wide as he opens his hands exposing a golf ball sized, glowing, orange and blue, Orb.

The concentration on his face is intense as he inhales. As he exhales out the orb begins spinning in his hand and the duck, beaver and otter drop dead as a yellow light comes from their bodies. The yellow lights head towards and are absorbed into the Orb, which now displays three lines of yellow.

He again inhales and the three lines merge into a single yellow line. A yellow light shoots out and an awkward creature sits before him.

The duck billed platypus slowly opens its eyes, focusing on what is believed to be his new parent. He pats the creature on the head.

LOKI

Who's my mangled funny
looking buddy? I think you
need a mommy, don't you? I
have one in mind.

EXT. KING'S OUTPOST - NIGHT

A wooden, lightly fortified outpost houses three tents. One tent is for the King's army, a smaller tent is for the King's CAPTAIN, and the last tent is the King and QUEEN's. Outside of the couples

tent the King stands alone. The King's body is cocked back, beet red, and shaking.

KING

Now! --
 You dare defy my right! --
 Worship me --
 Sing my praises!

A blanket covers the naked, sleeping Queen in their tent.

KING

Now! --
 Bestow upon me my right!

Awake, she arches her back and seductively states her case for the King to return to bed.

QUEEN

Please, come to bed. You know your rage makes it all the more fun.

Seductively the Queen says.

QUEEN

You are my god.

KING

And you, my goddess.

The King and Queen make love.

INT. ODIN'S THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

Odin sits on his most ostentatious throne. Loki and Death stand before him. All three are engaged in a very heated debate.

DEATH

How much longer must we tolerate this blasphemy? --
 It is every night now! All because you made his Father, King Eric a god.

ODIN

Watch your place, dear brother. This is my godson you speak of. Also, no one objected at the time of us being under attack. Eric has proven to be quite an effective god of war.

DEATH

My apologies. But something must be done.

ODIN

You act like this is something I don't know. The weight of this is heavy. Any such punishment would cause the heavens to bleed.

Loki calmly lays out his scheme.

LOKI

Make King Eric's son a god.

Death objects in anger.

DEATH

Never!

Odin cracks a curious smile.

ODIN

Oh most devious one, do go on.

LOKI

We start the father. Tell Eric that his son will be a god after a most lengthy punishment.

ODIN

What sort of punishment? Not that it matters, because you already now and want to be

ODIN
(CONT.)
the one to lay the punishment
down.

LOKI
You know me all too well. For
the smallest favor I will
gladly levy punishment.

Death grows even angrier.

DEATH
You cannot have her! She has
been promised to me!

Odin's eyebrows rise.

ODIN
The Helen.

DEATH
You cannot entertain this!

ODIN
Another warning will be a
most unwanted welcome for
you.

LOKI
The King will have his flesh
torn from him. Then returned,
except he will be a living
undead ghoul. This will help
bury his boastfulness and
then after a few centuries a
god, after of course your
permission, he will be made.

ODIN
The prize is yours. After, of
course the King dies.

Death slams two fingers at Odin.

DEATH

This is twice you have
forsaken me! Managing hell is
bad enough, but now I must do
so with a shattered heart.
There will be no third time.
Strike that, there will be
and it shall be mine.

LOKI

Your grandiose dramatics
never cease to astonish.

Death glares at Loki.

DEATH

There is a special place in
hell reserved just for you.

Loki smiles at Death.

LOKI

After tasting Helen there
will be no hell that my
thoughts could not get me
through.

ODIN

I think it wise for you to be
anywhere but here. Now leave,
as Loki and I have unfinished
business.

Death exits.

ODIN

Spread the word about the
King's punishment and
especially the reward.
However, when it comes time
for the deed, just kill him.

LOKI

What about Eric? What if we
turn them both undead and
leave them to wonder for
eternity.

ODIN

No, the heavens have grown
polluted with gods. Losing
one, even of Eric's strength,
will provide a new war I will
be the champion of.

Death bumps into ERIC, who is on his way
to see Odin.

DEATH

Today is the day you and your
family became a mere pawn in
a game that you will not be
able to win.

ERIC

Hold your tongue, as I will
gladly remove and reinsert in
an orifice that requires no
oxygen.

DEATH

After you meet with Odin you
will happily ensure my tongue
stays connected. Beware that
you are not alone, as Loki
lurks in the shadows. Find me
in a few days.

ERIC

I grow weary of all these
games and schemes. But will
play to what favors my family
and me.

Loki hides in the shadows, as Eric walks in.

ERIC

The deed is done and Od is
dead.

ODIN

I thought that to be the case
as his poor Freyrja has
mourned with her tears of

ODIN
(CONT.)

gold. Now I must speak of
other family matters,
specifically your son. I have
deemed him worthy of a god,
but he must first be punished
for his annoyance and you
must stay completely out of
the way.

ERIC
While I do so with a heavy
heart, any chance for my son
to join me would be most
welcome.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

The day is sunny and bright. The mouth of a
lake's surrounding trees hide Loki. Most of the
King's outpost army and villagers unwind by the
lake.

Those who have gathered at the lake busily
horseplay, eat and drink. The burning skin of a
few shows some have been there quite a while.
HACKETT and a few of his buddies are among them,
whose faces are beet red, more from the mass
intact of alcohol, than the sun.

Stumbling forward Hackett beats his chest while
making a proclamation.

HACKETT
I, Hackett have to pee! I say
it and so it shall be. I hope
I will make it and not suffer
an oopsie.

Hackett's buddies chuckle.

HACKETT'S BUDDIES
Oh shut up and go use your
wee-wee!

HACKETT

Do not smite the great and
almighty...

Hackett's buddies interrupt.

HACKETT'S BUDDIES

Go Pee!

He waves off his buddies and goes into the woods,
passing by Helen and some children playing a game
of tag.

A bee flies around the children, and soon finds
Helen. Helen waves her hand uselessly attempting
to shoo the bee away. The bee lands on her right
shoulder and stings. Her hand reacts swiftly.

HELEN

Ouch!

Helen's shoulders can no longer support her head
as it becomes loose, wobbling side to side.

THUMP!

The children scream asking if she is all right,
others soon gather to check on her.

Loki smiles, slithering back further into the
shadow of the trees. As he walks he pulls out a
corked greenish-black vial. He stops about five
feet away from a large tree, which has a beehive
in it. He lifts the vial up to his mouth.

POP!

Smoldering death accompanied by gray smoke is
released. A wickedly quick exhale sends the smoke
towards the hive. Loki corks the bottle and heads
back to the lake.

Any bees that were outside of the tree fall
motionlessly to the ground. The hive is silent.

Hackett comes stumbling out of an area close to
the hive. Each bungling step draws him closer.

Within a few feet he stops and drops his britches.

Off beat, loud whistling begins, as he sways back and forth urinating. Spotting the hive he aims but comes up short. His face crinkles, as he stops swaying and whistling.

Looking down at his feet he finds a dozen bees slowly and awkwardly crawling on his feet. He pulls up his britches, brushes the bees off and makes pounding steps to crush the bees. Satisfied with his actions, he begins walking back to the lake.

HACKETT

What the hell is that
buzzing?

Turning around, his face irons out and his eyes sober up. A massive swarm explodes out of the tree and engulfs him.

Screaming bloody murder, he futilely flails his arms and dances around in a circle. He breaks into a full sprint towards the lake. The swarm stays sticks with him.

Most of the people are still gathered around Helen who remains unconscious. Their heads twist towards the screaming.

No bee comes close to her, as Helen is the only one that escapes the swarm's wrath. The bees sting away. Helplessly they swat away and some trying running into the lake. Within a few minutes only Helen is left alive.

The angry swarm continues their onslaught on the corpses. A few seconds later the swarm begins dying off and fall out of the sky. The lake is no longer buzzing with life.

Loki comes in and swoops up Helen.

LOKI

When I am done with you hell
will never look so welcoming.

A few seconds later Hackett's swollen, no longer red, but gray body begins shaking. Hackett rises and sniffs the air. He begins heading towards a path in the forest.

All who have gathered at the lake rise and follow Hackett's lead. Groaning and moaning begins, eventually becoming so intense that the sounds carry throughout the air.

GUARD 1 patrols the outskirts of the outpost when his ears perk up. Turning towards the disturbance his eyes squint.

GUARD 1

They're coming back already?

Exiting through the outpost is GUARD 2. The doors are not closed all the way as he exits.

GUARD 2

What is that awful noise I
hear? The Captain is asking
why you have not alerted him?

GUARD 1

It's just those who went out
and are coming back. That
ogre Hackett was with them.

Guard 1 tilts his head up.

GUARD 1

See, the noise has stopped.

Both guards turn around and slowly head back.

GUARD 2

Hackett! That drunkard. Did I
tell you the time he ended up
with Olga?

GUARD 1

UH! My stomach turns just picturing it. That's pretty vile. I wonder who regretted it more Olga or Hackett.

GUARD 2

I wager after that night it was Hackett.

A low growl is heard. The men begin speaking only through whispers.

GUARD 1

Wait.

Guard 1 lowers snaps his head towards the woods.

GUARD 1

Over there.

GUARD 2

I don't see anything.

GUARD 1

Here, you made need this.

Guard 1 tosses Guard 2 a spear. Both with spears in hand they slowly approach the sound. A small brown furry creature comes into focus.

Slowly they make their way towards the animal and find a bear cub. Guard 1 puts his spear down and begins petting the cub. The cub returns the favor by snuggling into him.

GUARD 2

You should leave it alone.

GUARD 1

It's a cub. Usually there are two cubs? Where's your mommy, little baby?

Suddenly, guard 1 stops the playful banter, stands up and points behind guard 2. Rearing up

behind guard 2 is a gigantic mother bear, measuring 8 feet tall.

GRRRR!

Her giant paw comes crashing down on Guard 2, who is sent flying to the ground.

GRRRR!

Guard 1 grits his teeth and reaches for his spear that has fallen behind him. As he turns he trips over the cub and a large rock catches his fall.

Guard 1 is temporally knocked out and Guard 2 is dead. Guard 1's panicky eyes adjust to the site before him. Hackett and the undead horde have started to eat him. He tries to scream, but only blood pours out of his mouth. The horde finishes and heads towards the outpost.

INT. KING'S OUTPOST - DAY

From his tent the angry Captain rapidly heads towards the outpost's door.

CAPTAIN

It's been long enough now.
The noise has stopped. I told
him to report back to me. Ten
lashes each will set them
straight.

The Captain passes by some of his men who are preparing a meal. Some seasoning is sprinkled over a young bear cub, which slowly roasts over an open fire.

A rough looking, unkempt man is in the process of dipping his head in a big barrel of water. A handsome fellow busily brushes his hair. The Captain pays them no mind and is only a few feet from the door.

CAPTAIN

What the hell? The door is
open!

The Captain stops. Hackett stumbles through the door.

CAPTAIN

Hackett? Get the hell out of my way.

Hackett pauses as if digesting the Captain's words. The horde barges in snapping Hackett back to life. Ear shattering screams come from the Captain. Some remain to pick the bones of the Captain, while the rest rush in.

A man whipping his head out of the barrel cannot believe his eyes. Quickly dipping his head again did not help, as he drowns while being eaten alive.

Cooking utensils and a brush are the best weapons available, as the Captain's men try to defend themselves. The handsome man swings his heavy brush bashing a few, however his hair is not so pretty after a zombie gets a mouth full then spits it out.

The other's fight with pride, but are no match. Now no one stands in the hordes way as they head towards the King's tent.

In front of his tent the King stands with sword drawn. The queen peeks out behind him. Horror overtakes her. The King only comforts her with an escape plan.

KING

Take hold of yourself. There is no time for that. The back entrance is there. Run! Do it now!

The Queen exits and the King attacks. He slices through a half dozen zombies, when Hackett bites him. Undaunted the King fights on, as a fierce kick frees his arm from Hackett's mouth.

Unnoticed, a child jumps on the King's back, sending him plummeting to the ground. The King's blade is sent between his tormentor's eyes. The child falls.

Bleeding heavily the backs up and bumps into the bloody barrel. He stumbles slowly behind it and swings, striking Hackett's chest. He finishes off the rest of the horde, and then falls dead to the ground.

The King's skin turns gray and his body begins shaking. The King grabs his sword, uses it to rise and heads towards the outpost doors. He drags his sword behind him.

Clapping, Loki enters the outpost.

LOKI
What a mess?

Loki and the King head towards each other.

Loki finds a severed hand still desperately grasping a frying pan. He jerks the pan free. He twirls the pan a few times.

TINK!

A smack upside the head sends the King crumbling down to the ground.

Loki stands at the feet of the King and turns around. Leaning over he grabs the King's leg and begins dragging the King out of the outpost. The King still grips his sword.

With a satisfied smile Loki looks up to the sky.

LOKI
Done.

Now out of the outpost they head towards a horse and a cart full of dirt. As they approach a hole the length of a grave is exposed.

The King's sword is pried free and thrown towards the horse. The King lands flat on his back as he is flung into the hole. Loki looks down into the hole.

LOKI

Hey King? You're in a grave situation. What's that? You think I could make this a little more challenging. Well alright. How about this?

Jumping into the hole he flips the King over, positioning him on his belly.

LOKI

I think you'll find that to be an acceptable challenge.

A thunderous leap sends him out of the hole. He walks over to the cart and releases a lever. The King's unmarked grave is complete as the dirt pours over him.

Loki grabs a lantern from the side of the horse. Lighting the lantern he walks to the outpost and tosses it through the door.

LOKI

Burn, baby, burn.

EXT. KING'S OUTPOST - DAY

After several centuries pass, nothing is left on the surface of the King's outpost. A hot, humid day finds an ALIVE BERT with a metal detector sweeping around the outpost area. Bert lets a loud burp and pounds on his chest.

BERT

That must be the sausage gravy from the breakfast buffet. Boy do I love the buffets.

He reaches in his pocket and takes out an extra strength peppermint antacid chewy. The metal detector beeps.

BERT

This could be pay dirt!

Shifting the detector's headphones around his neck, he places the metal detector on the ground. He excitedly grabs and removes the small garden shovel from his tool belt.

Sitting on the ground he starts to dig. After a few digs, a big push is made into the ground and he lifts up.

PHEW!

He goes for the towel on his tool belt and uses it to wipe his brow, and then returns the towel.

He reaches to his tool belt to get his squeeze bottle of water. A long squirt is injected into his mouth. He returns the bottle.

Going back to the dig he finds the shovel difficult to pull back. A short game of tug-of-war begins.

BERT

Son of a bitch!

Yanking the shovel sends it free.

PHEW!

Looking down his eyes widen. A grayish, half flesh and bone hand penetrates the earth. The newly exposed hand stretches itself out.

The petrified Bert remains stationary. The hand returns into the soil.

Streaming from Bert's pants is a small stream of pee that makes its way to the moving dirt.

The dirt begins moving and two hands breakthrough. A half exposed, decaying body has made it to a position where it is able to push itself free.

The statuesque Bert is greeted by the King with a most unwelcome embrace. Teeth rip through Bert's shirt and remove a generous chunk of flesh from Bert's shoulder.

AWWWWWWWW!

Pulling back from Bert the King lifts up his head. Much like a pelican swallowing a fish, the King chokes down a little bit of Bert. Bert runs away.

The King stumbles deep into the woods, soon finding a cave. Collapsing on the cold damp dirt floor he falls into a deep sleep.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

All white, the décor of Loki's U-shaped bathroom is blindingly beautiful. Silk curtains enclose the bathroom, hanging from ceiling to floor. The centerpiece is a huge marble bathtub filled with warm milk. Helen is the only one that currently occupies it.

Stretching her arms she floats from one end to the other. This causes her breast to move up and down. She removes some of the milk from her face and sighs.

AWWWW!

Her eyes are closed.

His eyes never stray from his prey, as the robed Loki enters and immediately begins circling the tub, escaping at all cost the chance of her finding him.

He takes a chance moving directly in front of her, and finds that her eyes are closed. This affords him the opportunity to sample the milk,

as he probes the surface with his pinky. He then positions himself behind her and the tub.

Her eyes roll as they flutter open. Lazily she begins reaching for a folded towel at the end of the tub. The cutest, tiniest yawn overtakes her as she applies the towel, laying it over her eyes.

Unable to maintain his shark-like approach, he breaks the attack off.

LOKI
Enjoying yourself?

A shocking jolt sends the towel into the milk. She cocks her neck adjusting to find her peeping tom and immediately recognizes her grave misfortune. She sinks a little lower into the milk to somewhat hide herself.

HELEN
Oh! You startled me. The bath? I have never bathed in milk, but it is rather effervescent.

Knowing her predicament could only have one end, she tries a quick escape. Her feminine charm is put on full offensive as she bats her eyes and asks a favor of Loki.

HELEN
My robe is over there. Would you be ever so kind to retrieve it for me?

LOKI
Why of course or better yet, mine is yours for the taking.

The frozen look of terror is not what Loki expected as he disrobed, but it mattered not as it did nothing to discourage him. Twice his eyebrows rise up and down. A single snapping of the teeth is made.

LOKI

Do you think your beauty will
be able to handle my
ferocious beast?

As he enters she playfully moves to the opposite side of the tub, not yet accepting her fate.

Now fully emerged in the tub he waves his index fingers as if she is naughty and then using the same finger recalls her. A sad puppy slowly makes its way.

This concludes the foreplay, as Loki quickly turns her around, puts her in a reverse seated cowgirl position and violently begins penetrating her. He maintains all the control as his hands squeeze down hard on her hips. She bounces up and down.

She can only hope it ends soon, but the thunderous rhythmic thrusts continue for what seems like days.

Finished, he grabs her head and buries it into the milk. She violently thrashes around, but bubbles only surface. Strawberry milk replaces the once all white milk bath.

LOKI

Death may have you know.

EXT. VALHALLA - DAY

The gateway to the dead is a long, enormous hallway. Glasir, a beautiful golden tree, which bears golden apples and leaves, is routed at the entrance. Helen stands next to the entrance and tree. Her eyes are wide open but she is absent of sight. She wonders aimlessly in the place reserved for the dead.

HELEN

I am no longer drowning. I
can breath. But why am I
blind? Anyone? Please why can
I not see?

Death speaks, but remains motionless.

DEATH

The darkness will subside.

She searches for the voice.

HELEN

Who is that speaking? What is happening to me?

DEATH

I go by many names. I prefer Death and what is happening is that your soul is making the transition from life to death.

She stands still and asks.

HELEN

I'm dead?

DEATH

Accept it, as the realization helps bring in the light and your sight.

She grabs her chest.

HELEN

My heart pounds! The light is coming in, but everything is blurry.

Helen is able to make out the shape of two figures. These are Death and Eric.

DEATH

Your heart pounds as this is your soul speaking. All mortals have a soul attached to them and when they die it speaks. The only other time it speaks is when you are born. Where it is placed determines your existence in the afterlife. The heart is reserved for those deemed worthy enough to become a god.

HELEN

I'm a god!

DEATH

I said you have been deemed worthy. I did not say you are a god. A gift with this magnitude usually has strings attached. Yours is only a single string. Be mine for all eternity.

HELEN

Why accept such a deal? My beauty and brains have served me well. I believe even in the afterlife my dual assets will serve me well. I need no mere man or immortal to play father to me.

DEATH

I assume you wish to punish Loki for your demise. This will gladly be arranged.

HELEN

I want that bastard to pay! Hmm... Maybe... My acceptance is based on the condition of not just becoming a god, but queen of the gods, and of course Loki being punished.

Death smiles.

DEATH

Patience is what I ask for in return, as everything you asked for is already in the works. Again, patience is required for a punishment of one so wretched. When the hand of a King rises from the grave it signals the end of that bastard and our reign together may begin.

Helen's tone shifts to a seductive one.

HELEN

You are teasing my thoughts as they run wild in my mind. I believe that you and I will make a most perfect pair. Do go on.

DEATH

Loki plans for a most violent reunion to take place shortly after the King rises. A soulless army of the undead will crash this party. Using a force of this magnitude has been done before, and believe me it is not a pleasant sight. Without a soul one becomes a soul seeker. They tear apart anyone before them, searching for a soul to keep. However, a soul cannot be taken in this manner. Only by way of an Orb can souls be transferred. Your part is to persuade the King to join us.

HELEN

I accept and as the future queen of the gods I will be referred to as HEL.

Her eyes flutter, as her sight fully returns.

ERIC

Intrigued. This I am. How do you plan on silencing the Orb's of the gods?

DEATH

Take the Orb's soul.

Eric's eyes open wide in surprise.

ERIC

This can be done? An Orb has a soul?

DEATH

All things have a soul. Removing a soul is all about ones ability to believe.

INT. KING'S CAVE - MORNING

Hel visits the sleeping King in his dreams.

HEL

Who did this to you?

KING

Please tell me.

HEL

Accept my offer and you shall know.

KING

I accept, just tell me.

HEL

When you wake you will be fully healed and no longer undead. Loki, your tormentor will appear and take you away. Know that he will test you as he struck a deal for

HEL
(CONT.)

your children's soul. They
wrongly believed that by
sacrificing themselves you
would be free from your
current state and will do
Loki's bidding for the rest
of time. So, rest now and
ready yourself for a fight.

Loki interrupts the King's dream.

LOKI
Wakey wakey from your cave
that's cold and achy.

The King turns towards Loki.

KING
Why have you woken me?

LOKI
The reason is too long and
blah, blah. I'll kill you if
you don't and blah, blah,
blah. Let's just skip the
whole back and forth. It's
time for my, I mean your
grand finale!

Loki performs his magic trick to pull out his
Orb. With a bright blue light flash the two
disappear.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

In darkness a heaving, trying to self-calm,
female voice, STAR, continually repeats.

STAR
Just keep twirling..
Just keep twirling..

Shrill, dissonant loud moans of the undead
encroach and drown out her words. As if the
sounds were simply passing by they quickly fade

and are replaced by TWO GUARDS having a conversation.

GUARD 1

Man those things won't shut up.

GUARD 2

Yeah those fuckers are loud.

GUARD 1

Did you see that pretty little thing they just brought in? I could definitely make her scream nice and loud.

GUARD 2

I feel you brother. She is a pretty sweet piece of ass.

GUARD 1

I'll go take care of some business, since it's your turn to feed those things.

GUARD 2

One or two?

GUARD 1

Just one. Loki wants them hungry for more.

The cell door creaks open. Star repeats.

STAR

Just keep twirling..
Just keep twirling..

As Star's hooding is ripped off her head darkness is abandoned, replaced by the bright vision of this brown haired, hazel-eyed, and sweaty bombshell. The foul looking Guard 1 is directly in front, which drowns out the beauty. Unable to speak with the duct tape covering her mouth, she violently mumbles obscenities.

GUARD 1

Do you kiss your mother with
that mouth? I'll teach you a
lesson later. That is, if you
live long enough.

He gently caresses her face, causing her to gag.
She snarls like a mad dog. Chains strapped to her
wrists test their limit, but stop well short of
the desired length to bash the lowlifes head in.

GUARD 1

Hush.

While she jerks her head in objection, his hand
continues stroking.

GUARD 1

Good lassie.

Smirking, he turns towards the exit. He slightly
breaks his stride, taking time to bring the hood
to his nose and inhales. He exits.

The sweat in her eyes makes it difficult to
survey her surroundings. She finds five others
chained to the wall with hoods on. They are of
average stature, have a thick rope individually
tied around their waste and it almost appears all
six are purposely in a sequential order:

Man, woman, man, woman, man, woman.

Looking down she finds a similar rope around her
waist.

Guard 1 and Guard 2 enter.

GUARD 1

I don't want any shit from
any of you. So, mind your p's
and q's.

Star is placed in front, as they are all shackled
together by their ankles. Their hands are chained
individually. The chain gang is lead out, and

then through a hallway. Guard 1 yanks Star's arm causing a train reaction stop.

GUARD 1
Stop right here!

EXT. ARENA - DAY

A crowd fills the stadium seating, which surrounds an ancient wooden arena. A small area designated for VIP's, logistically sits at the arena's halfway point.

THE KING is at the center of the arena. His cuffed, praying like hands lay in front of the shirtless and strikingly intense looking man. A scowl comes over him as a most menacingly figure, Loki, glides into the VIP's podium area.

Surrounding Loki is a collection of gods sitting in order of importance; ODIN (God of all gods, his golden locks sit on a most intimidating, larger than life figure), Odin's two gray pet wolves, GERI and FREKI (Both easily way 200 pounds and on their hind legs stand nearly six feet tall), Death, BALDR, DAGR, EIR, ELLI, LOFN, SOL, and ULLR. A duck billed platypus lays alone in a chair.

Loki raises his arms up to form a V, causing the crowd to erupt. He lowers his arm. The crowd grows silent. He clears his throat.

LOKI
I, Loki, have summoned the finest fighters that have emerged since I personally invoked humanity's worst nightmare. These are my six horseman of the zombie apocalypse. Their unique talents have provided some very interesting methods of zombie mass destruction. For instance, there is the baton twirling, ravishing, Star and

LOKI
(CONT.)

her sister the most lethal
yo-yo slinging, Nevaeh.

He pauses to stare at the King.

LOKI

The one before you is not new
to dealings with the undead.
At one time he even was one.
His perilous plight began as
a result of a most vigorous
smite. NIT, NIT, NIT, NIT.
Blasphemy can only lead to
catastrophe. But your once
seemingly timeless punishment
draws close to its end. A
little test of your mettle
will see if you deserve your
request. Open the gate!

Cranking open from the opposite end of the arena
is a wooden prison door. A naked, dark cell is
exposed.

The crowd erupts, but after a minute the crowd
grows silent.

LOKI

I guess when my zombies' wake
up you will find them
absolutely famished, as I
have completely robbed them
of any human flesh for quite
some time. When denied long
enough even the pickiest of
zombies will dine on their
brethren. This causes two
things. First, their already
insatiable appetite is
amplified. Then much like a
slug that swallowed a salt
packet, their own body
attacks itself, decaying from
the inside. It's not
immediate, but over several

LOKI
(CONT.)

months makes for a
disgusting, unable to peel
your eyes off of
decomposition event.

Chaotically stumbling out are zombies; Edward
"Two-Times Your Zip Code" Jones, Johnny "Flash In
D Pants" Day, Sabrina And Candy.

LOKI
Finally! Thank you! There
they are! Fear them. I guess
they just wanted a dramatic
entrance. You know, build up
suspense. -- Is that zombie
chewing gum? What about the
one that looks like they lost
a fight? That one's big
enough to have an entire zip
code. His derriere should be
postmarked for two. The one
behind him has some flash in
his pants. How exciting!
Those two males should make a
formidable tag team of doom
for our dear King.

The mammoth sized Two-Times is in front, acting
as the alpha male. A rack of bloody ribs sits in
his hands. A lone rib dangles halfway out of his
mouth similar to a toothpick, and then disappears
when it is slurped in.

CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

Covered in bloody drool he opens wide to crush
the rib into bone meal, most of the shredded rib
stays in his mouth. A forceful swallow sends the
bone wad down. He drops the ribs in his hand on
the floor. In a vulture like manner the others
swoop in.

Two-Times cracks a half crooked smile as his head
slightly angles up. Closing his eyes he sniffs
the air. His head turns towards the King.

HHHHMMMMM!

Having devoured the leftovers his followers look to Two-Times, who doesn't acknowledge them. The males are in front and the ladies are in the rear as they charge the king, who does not move, maintaining his defiant stance.

The rapidly approaching, mouth wide open Two-Times is within arms length of the King, who has not turned around. The King throws his chained hands behind his head, filling Two-Times mouth. Two-Times bicuspid experience a 360 degree burn as the King speedily flips behind Two-Times.

The King now faces Johnny, who is a few feet away. Using Two-Times as leverage, the King pushes his body against Two-Times to perform a blasting double leg kick on Johnny's head. Johnny's head flies off.

The chain is still in Two-Times mouth and the King displays superhuman strength separating Two-Times head. The King's body heaves as he finds Sabrina and Candy within a few feet of him.

A flaming arrow slices through the air, striking Sabrina right between her eyes. Another arrow strikes Candy in the throat. The King raises his foot and smashes Candy's head in.

The King's attention turns back towards Loki who has taken a seat and pets his duck billed platypus.

LOKI

Dear King. Remember demanding
oh so boastfully and cursing
your gods that it was a mere
mortals right to become one
of us. Now you stand here
more a peasant than any
resemblance of a real king.
Where are those most
conceited claims now? Will it
be anger or meekness when I

LOKI
(CONT.)

introduce you to my protégés?
These three individuals
pledged their allegiance to
me to save their foolish, I
mean ghoulish father.

The King's teenaged children; BENNY, MOLLY, and
ANDREW, take the stage. The King falls to his
knees sobbing.

KING
This is all my fault.

EXT. ARENA ENTRANCE - DAY

After the King's children were introduced and the
King fell to his knees this was the signal for
the guards to bring out the six.

GUARD 1
That's the signal! You all
better do what is told or you
can be fed to the dead.

Guard 1 yanks down hard on the chain constraining
the six. Star lunges forward and immediately
winces from the bright sun as they are lead into
the arena. The crowd erupts.

GUARD 1
Stop!

The six stand within 10 feet of the King.

LOKI
AW! Wonderful, wonderful,
wonderful! Fun! Fun! Fun!
Formal introductions are
absolutely paramount given
the gravity of this
situation.

Loki motions towards Star.

LOKI

In lead we find the lovely Star. As previously mentioned she wields a baton. A double-edged device that finds a blade on one end and a mallet on the other. What is most interesting is that no modifications were required for its current zombie ass-kicking role. Her staged battles with her sister were epic on their own right.

Guard 1 begins removing the hooding from the person to Star's left. Loki continues introducing the others.

LOKI

Kind words escape me for this deplorable man. I like him though. Still he is the epitome of everything wrong with humanity. Dear King you have already met his wife. I believe it is a safe wager that you did not know that he killed her before you did. If not for a heart murmur he could have been one hell of a boxing sensation. His choose weapon is barbaric in nature. A set of brass knuckles passed on by his father, how lovely. What's even more prime evil is the screw in blades on each side. He definitely prefers to bring the fight up close and personal, as this provides the stamp on your forehead for his guaranty you will be shipped into the afterlife.

The hooding is removed from the person to Paul's left.

LOKI

Equally breathtaking is Star's sister, Nevaeh. Up and down, up and down, up and down, that is how her destruction goes down. A simple toy, only appropriate for those ages 10 and up. Neveah's obsession has lead to the amassing of a most lethal line of yo-yos. Her skills are bar none. A multitude of zombies can attest to that. All her toys are named after the constellations, how droll. My favorite is the prettiest pink yo-yo firing from her hand when suddenly a butterfly-like blade snaps out, then retracts as it returns home with a fresh coat of blood.

The hooding is removed from the person to Nevaeh's left.

LOKI

One does not need to run away to the circus if you were born that way. Breaking generations of tradition he did move on from taming his beastly circus creatures to an even crazier career. Not to worry, he still heard a lot of do do dododo do do dododo do do spending time in a mental facility testing a variety of products. He, HAHAHA, whipped that and has gone looney, cracking his detractors to their knees.

The hooding is removed from the person to Zach's left.

LOKI

It must be said. Crikey!
Throw another shrimp on the
barbie! Although for this
one, maybe a few less shrimp.
Hailing from parts way down
under. An aboriginal tribe
actually found her as she lie
abandoned by her parents.
Oops, I don't think she knew
that she was adopted.
Although if you are the only
Caucasian in a group I think
you should be able to figure
it out. But these are humans
after all. No real name was
even given to her or one that
I could pronounce. So, let's
just call you Barbie.
Although from her looks it
appears that she ate Barbie.
The tribe did teach her well
in the art of hunting with
spears, bow and arrows, blow
darts, and the boomerang.
When Barbie throws her simple
wooden boomerang you best
check your head, as it may
lay on the ground without you
even knowing it.

The hooding is removed from the person to
Barbie's left.

LOKI

If this one goes medieval on
your ass, don't worry it is
his job and he also scrubbed
his hands thoroughly before
returning to work. A brave
knight, slayer of dirty
dishes, battling mans ever
vexing problem of dishpan
hands. Scott's dreams were

LOKI
(CONT.)

realized as he moved slowly up the ladder, from bathroom towel attendant, to busboy, to pot scrubber, to medieval restaurant apprentice. Don't let his lowly status foul you, as a knight in training he has trained in his dreams for many hours with his mace.

Loki's attention turns toward the King.

LOKI
With introductions complete let us know test the group's mettle. Throw the keys to the King.

Guard 1 tosses the King the keys. Both guards quickly depart. The King bends over and picks up the keys. A few keys later he unshackles himself and rubs his wrists.

KING
Now what?

LOKI
That was a most nasty tone. Very feisty, with some attitude. Well then, take the keys and free the others.

Starting with Star, one by one the King frees them all.

LOKI
Let me set the terms of what will transpire next. But first! I love doing this. It just builds the intrigue. But first! You will need something to defend yourself. Bring me the sword.

A servant brings the King's sheathed sword. Loki unsheathes the blade and extends it high up in the air.

LOKI

I do believe you are familiar
with this.

While the blade is in the air he closes one eye and begins examining the blade, rotating clockwise and counterclockwise.

LOKI

It has been a token of mine
for quite some time. But now
I return it as time has worn
off the sentimental value,
making how long it took you
too dig yourself out of that
hole much more valuable. Do
you believe time heals all
wounds?

Loki sends the sword sailing towards the King. It performs several 360-degree spins eventually landing beside the King's feet. By the handle the King picks up the sword and kisses the handle twice.

The six have untied the rope around their waists, freed their weapons and began performing a series of stretches and tricks.

Star breaks out a series of twirls with her baton. A spin of the body combined with a flip of the wrist sends the baton high in the air. Crashing from the heavens the baton is caught while Star spun. She then does a few simple spins with the baton.

Paul goes into a shadowboxing match with himself. He makes a series of noises, pfft, pfft, pfft's, as he works his shadow going body, head, body, head.

Navaeh starts with a simple drop of the yo-yo. Her wrist commands the yo-yo to spin as the blade snaps in and out.

Zach sends the whip high in the air, making a few circles, and then sends the whip cracking down.

Barbie yawns, does a few head rolls. Next she places her hands on her neck. Loud cracking noises are made as she works her neck from left to right.

Scott wraps the leather strap of his mace around his wrist.

LOKI

Can you feel the excitement in the air? Getting back to my terms, as these are absolute. The ten of you. Oh did I forget that your children will be part of this.

Benny, Molly and Andrew, who have been stripped of their weapons, make their entrance through the same tunnel as the six. The King opens his arms and is accepted by his children with a warm embrace.

LOKI

Lovely twists and turns. What am I going to surprise everyone with next? Your father, the god, was here but chose for some reason to leave. Anyways, the King and his family will fight the six. TO THE DEATH! If you choose not to fight I will personally come down and kill you myself. Trust me, I will do it slowly and intentionally painfully. The winners receive the most precious gift of all, life. Now fight!

The six and the King's kids begin to size each other up and slowly make their way towards each other. The King cracks a smile, as Loki turns his head towards one end of the arena.

LOKI

What is that? No!

EXT. ARENA OUTSKIRTS - DAY

At an exit of the arena Eric and Hel are engaged in a conversation.

HEL

There has been a small change to the plan.

ERIC

This ever-evolving plan evolves too much for my liking.

HEL

It's just that Death wants to ensure Loki is handled once and for all.

ERIC

And an army of zombies ripping him into pieces does not do that.

HEL

One would think. However, long before you or I even existed Loki met a similar fate and it did not end well for those that crossed him.

ERIC

That you speak of is mere lore, not fact. I remember Odin weaving that story. I always took it as a cautionary tale to keep those

ERIC
(CONT.)

that are made new gods from
challenging the old gods.
Anyways, it is unbelievable
that any one god could have
done that.

HEL

We don't have much time. I
will show you at another
time. Make Loki burn up into
ashes.

Hel goes back inside, while Eric walks a small
distance from the arena. He stops and his face
shows a deep level of concentration, as he pulls
out his orb and activates it.

The Orb turns moon-gray with an appearance devoid
of life. Gray dust spews out of the Orb falling
onto the ground. This continues until the Orb is
empty.

The ground shakes as the specks of dust take root
and begin to shoot up weeds of the undead. This
crop of the undead look like dehydrated aliens
with cone shaped heads. Their eyes infinitely
bleed dust. They claw at their bodies as if
rejecting them.

Eric points to the arena.

ERIC

As the keeper of your souls,
I, Eric command you! Go
fourth and do my bidding.
Tear all in your way to
pieces, as your souls are
regained through the
destruction of the arena.

The stampeding undead blasts past Eric. Like rats
abandoning a sinking ship the undead find and
fill every exit, eventually flooding into the
arena. They rip apart everything, but do not eat
partake of flesh.

The undead have finished most of the crowd and now make their way to the gods, minus death, who has departed.

The confident gods pull out their Orbs and begin their activation rituals. Confusion and horror abounds, as they give their rituals a second, third, and even fourth try.

Loki awkwardly glances at Odin then inadvertently finds Death and Hel near an exit.

LOKI

No! My sloppy seconds has
come back to haunt me.

Hel looks up and smiles as a brilliant bright blue flash is made from the Orb and they disappear.

Frantically the gods form a defensive circle, minus Odin and Loki. Odin sticks his thumb and middle finger in his mouth and sends out a thunderous whistle. Odin's pets scream off to defend their master and for a while they do it well. The vast numbers prove too many as his pets meet their end.

The gods fight valiantly as their fist fly with mighty strikes, but even their superior strength is waning. Loki stands petting his platypus, which worriedly cuddles up to him.

LOKI

Sh! Not to fret. I have died
before. This, by no means is
the end and I at least I
already know the ones that
will be punished for my
demise.

Body parts litter the arena, which Eric currently walks over to make his way to the final resting place of the gods. He takes out his Orb, collects the undead army and the arena's souls. He saves

the best for last, as he stands over the dismembered Loki.

Eric

I thought a god of your making would be a more worthy opponent. Apparently you are nothing but *dust*.

POOF!

Loki's body parts quickly ignite experiencing a five-alarm fire. Eric whips his head around, backs up a few feet, avoiding the flames intensity. Gray powdery ash replaces the flame.

Eric calls forth Loki's soul and the yellow light makes its way towards him. He grabs it and crushes it in his hand. The light is extinguished as it hits the ground.

Loki's ashes violently shake and rise in the air. Blasting pass Eric the ashes circle back.

Eric's eyes widen as the ash engulfs him, quickly turning the exposed body parts into ash. Eric's attire and orb are the only things left, as Loki's ashes have doubled in size.

Like a tornado the ashes swirl around Eric's orb, causing it to activate. The ashes disappear into the orb.

EXT. FARM - DAY

The doors of an old big red barn open. ZEKE, A large and rather hefty backwater man, dressed as a butcher walks out.

ZEKE

Here piggies! -- Here piggies! -- HEHEHE -- SOOEY!

Nothing comes into view, but moans are heard.

ZEKE

Come on little piggies!
SOOEY!

Zeke walks back inside, and returns with a huge wheelbarrow overflowing with a variety of chopped up body parts. He dumps the wheelbarrow's contents into a wooden pig trough, and then goes back inside the barn.

A few zombies slowly come into view and cautiously move towards the trough. One-by-one they begin to kneel and gorge themselves. More zombies join, except a limping zombie who is about 20 feet away.

The wind picks up. The lone zombie shivers and behind him is a cloud of swirling ash that engulfs the zombie. A few seconds later the zombie's clothes and pacemaker fall to the ground.

The zombies continue to eat, as the cloud picks them off. Nothing but clothing and other non-perishable items remain.

The door to the barn opens and Zeke walks out with a cleaver heading towards the trough.

ZEKE

Here piggies! -- Here
piggies! -- SOOEY!

A puzzled expression overtakes him, especially when he lifts up the trough.

ZEKE

Here piggies! -- Here
piggies! -- SOOEY!

Zeke walks around the entire farm.

ZEKE

Piggies? -- SOOEY! --
Here piggies?

Zeke kicks the clothes, and then returns to the barn.

ZEKE

Hey Momma! There ain't not no piggies! Please don't tell Lou when he gets back Momma.

MOMMA

WHAT! Did you leave the gate open again?

ZEKE

No Momma. I swear I didn't. Please don't tell Mr. Lou.

MOMMA

Oh, I'm not going to tell him. You are going to put on your big boy britches and tell him yourself when you go with him on the next delivery. Now go ahead and pull the ones from the freezer. They should be thawed by the time he gets back.

ZEKE

He's never taken me with him before. He's always dragging the moron twins with him. Is he gonna show me how to do some yo-yoing?

MOMMA

Watch your language. Momma worked her magic and he said he would. Now close the door and do as I said.

Zeke closes the door.

ZEKE

Sorry Momma. I won't say moron again. Oops! Sorry I said it again. I didn't know you knew magic? Can you show me?

On the other side of the barn yellow school bus number 531 starts up with a puff of smoke and heads down the road. The bus soon passes a faded green exit sign, reading:

EXIT 51 (faded white letters)

ZOMBIE (faded, written in smeared blood)

ALIEN GAS (faded, graffiti in white spray paint)

Day becomes night and the exit sign is legible. In bright white letters the green exit sign only reads:

EXIT 51

Off in the not so distant woods and heading towards the sign are ALIVE AG and TYLER. AG has his "TWO-TIMES YOUR ZIP CODE MEANS TWO-TIMES THE FUN. COME GET SOME!!!" t-shirt on. Both have backpacks on. A ringtone is heard that sounds like the teacher from Charlie Brown: WAA, WAA, WAA, WAA.

TYLER

Dude! Someone's calling you on your ancient. You need to mute that bitch. Someone may hear it.

WAA, WAA, WAA, WAA.

AG

I know! I can hear it. It's voicemail's problem now. It's almost midnight and we're in the middle of freaking nowhere. No one can hear us and stop calling my phone that.

TYLER

Seriously man! Who has a flip phone anymore? Can you text your girlfriend again? It took you like half an hour to type I love you sugar bottoms. No I love you more, silky pants.

AG

Shut up! And this is the part where I *flip* you off!

TYLER

I think that thing was made in 1492. Yes! I would like to sign up for the Christopher Columbus, Coming to America Plan! What a value at \$14.92 and it comes in three colors, Pinta, Santa and Maria.

AG

HAHA, very funny. So you were awake one day in school. How long you been waiting to use that one? Wait, it was Pinta, Nina and Santa Maria dumbass.

AG

(CONT.)

I swear you are the only person that finds your shit funny anyways. Why don't you text your girlfriend? Dear Rosie, I can't wait to meet you and your five sisters.

Tyler sings and dances to his own sarcastic version of "GET IT TOGETHER" by Beastie Boys.

TYLER

My loser friends like Ma Bell. He's got the ill communications. Like Ma Bell

TYLER
(CONT.)
my loser friend got some
ancient communication.

AG
Just shut up and let's kick
this pig.

Tyler positions the ladder on the exit sign. AG
climbs up the ladder and retrieves a can of white
spray paint from his backpack. He precedes to
graffiti the sign with ALIEN GAS.

AG
C'est Magnifique!

TYLER
I like when you do Anal
Girdle. You know, it just
fits you better.

AG
You know what would fit you
better...

A faint moan interrupts.

TYLER
Dude! That sounds like a
zombie. I ain't stinking
around for this shit.

Tyler runs off and AG shouts at him.

AG
You yellow bellied chicken
piece of shit. Get back here.
There's no such thing as
zombies. Dumbass. It's
probably just your mom
getting it on with the dude
that makes the donuts. Time
to make the donuts. Oh yeah.

Moans grow louder.

AG

Whoever's out there don't even think about it! I got a glock.

AG pulls a bee bee gun from his backpack. He points the gun towards the moans.

AG

I'm serious man. Don't mess with me. I'm locked and loaded. I'll be hollering 1-8-7 on you ass. That's right, I ain't no punk bitch!

Donald comes running towards AG, who shoots Donald in the eye. Donald bites AG on the head and pulls off a chunk of scalp. A heaving Tyler returns.

TYLER

Looks like I came back in time! Oh maybe not. Get the hell off my friend!

Tyler grabs and throws Donald to the ground.

TYLER

Dude! You're gushing!

Donald crawls over, grabs Tyler's ankle and bites. Screaming Tyler tries to run, but Donald maintains his grip causing Tyler to fall.

TYLER

Help! Anyone! Someone! Help me!

Donald begins eating Tyler. AG begins transforming into a zombie and soon joins Donald. AG chews off one of Tyler's finger and walks over to the exit sign and writes ZOM above ALIEN GAS. AG shakes Tyler's finger with no luck, this causes him to walk back to Tyler.

Donald is still eating and AG first goes for another finger, but then pauses. AG goes into

Tyler's backpack, takes out Tyler's phone, and then gets a few fingers. AG uses these fingers to finish writing ZOMBIE.

The exit sign transitions back and the bus has passed it. About a mile later the bus slows and Lou is shown driving the bus.

LOU

What in d' world dat' b'? At least dem' der' brakes stopped talkin'. What you tink' Innie and Outie?

Sitting directly behind Lou is ANNIE and AUDREY, twin twenty-something year olds.

ANNIE

I guess I'm Innie and you're Outie? (SPEAKING SLOWLY) It's pronounced Annie and Audrey.

Annie and Audrey speak in a fake Cajun accent.

ANNIE

I say lookie' her' you two. Don't you b' gettin' my goat now, her'. I guarantee my gator shoes be goin' where d' sun don't shine.

AUDREY

OH-HOH-HOH-HOH! You two just putin' som' dat' Tabasco in my gumbo makin' my pot boil over.

Annie and Audrey snicker.

LOU

I'm Creole and I said lookie' her' you two.

ANNIE

I just said that.

LOU

I swear I'm gettin' my gator shoes ready to go where d' sun don't shine. I don't need to b' dealin' with you two and whatever d' hell that is in front of us. Her'!

ANNIE

Why isn't there seatbelts on buses?

LOU

Don't you keep it up, her'!
Now hush.

The bus comes to a stop and the door swings open.
Lou points a rifle at the King.

LOU

Who you b' and I know you ain't by yourself? You best get explainin' if you expect to b' boarding dis' her' bus and want to live a little longer.

KING

You see the storm in the distance.

LOU

Hell, ain't no Katrina. But d' Superdome would still lose power from it. Dat' b' a fav' of mine. Boy dos' Ravens kicked dem' Niners ass. But what about d' storm?

KING

We're going to end it.

LOU

Who's ya'll and how in d' hell you gonna fight d' weather?

The King's three children, along with Nevaeh, Paul, Star, Scott, Barbie, and Zach come out of the woods and head towards the bus.

LOU

O' we! Ya'll look lik' you mean some serious business her'. If der' b' one ting' Lou likes, dats' people taken care of some business. I guarantee' I'm excited to see what happens next. *Laissez les bon temps rouler.*

They board the bus, which turns towards the storm.

EXT. FENCED FACILITY - DAY

An ash storm the size of two or three football fields hovers over a large fenced in facility. Heading towards the storm is yellow school bus 531. Inside the bus Annie pinches her nose and turns towards the King.

ANNIE

You smell like death.

The King's serious expression changes to an out of character laugh. Annie crinkles her nose several times.

ANNIE

What? Do I have a booger in my nose or something?

Annie changes topics.

ANNIE

Hey mister. You wanna know what's in the boxes in the back.

Annie doesn't wait for a response.

ANNIE

We call them PRE's, Parts Ready to Eat. You know like the military's MRE's, Meals Ready to Eat. I've never seen an MRE, but I'm pretty sure they didn't have what we put in them. (WHISPERS) Dead donuts and the cream filling is blood jelly.

Annie pulls a bag out and then a donut.

ANNIE

Do you want one?

The King smirks.

ANNIE

I didn't think so.

Annie takes a bite and smiles with red stained teeth. The King gets up and moves to the back of the bus. Annie takes another bite and waves to the King.

The bus's brakes are heard.

LOU

Dis' b' ya'lls stop right her'! Innie and Outie ya'll stay seated and don't you b' eatin' my beignets.

ANNIE AND AUDREY
(GIGGLE IN UNISON)

They're donuts. (CAJUN ACCENT) Oh ha ha ha.

The King is the first to get up. Annie and Audrey bat their eyes at the King. The rest follow the King and then exit.

AUDREY

After they all die in that storm thingy-moddle, whatever it is, can we go into the big

AUDREY
 (CONT.)
 and really scary looking
 building?

LOU
 Now you know your mamma said
 you two are not allowed off
 d' bus her' and we all know
 dat' mamma knows best.

AUDREY
 (MOCKINGLY)
 We all know dat' mamma knows
 best.

Now off the bus the King and his crew are greeted
 by Death, who comes out from the shadows of the
 bus, dressed in Death's signature cloak. Death
 takes the first bite from a golden apple.

KING
 Are you tasting the forbidden
 fruit from the Glasir tree?

DEATH
 It was only forbidden once.
 After it was sampled the
 gates gave way to protecting
 the garden. But I don't think
 fruit is *your* problem at this
 moment.

The storm is over them and a large portion begins
 swirling in a circle, which soon makes a funnel.
 The funnel touches the ground and an ashy Loki
 begins to take shape. Anger whispers are heard.

LOKI
 Death... Death...

Loki approaches Death, who walks towards Loki
 continuing to eat his apple.

DEATH
 No one follow. I don't need
 any of you.

Loki and Death stand only a few feet from each other. Death finishes his apple, chucks the core to the side and spits out an apple seed, which lands a few feet from Loki.

LOKI

I will be the instrument of
your demise and the cloud
that hangs over me will rape
your carcass throughout the
rest of time.

Death pulls out his scythes and performs a few twirls, then nods his head.

DEATH

Come with it now.

MUSIC: RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE - "BULLS ON THE PARADE"

Like a freshly unplugged fire hydrant, dust explodes continuously streaming from Loki's raised arms. The direct hit consumes Death in the ash. Death's cloak provides him complete defilade.

Loki stops. Death throws his hood off, flicks some ash of each of his shoulders and pulls his scythes back out. Loki charges, swinging wildly at Death.

Death bobs and weaves slicing Loki's ash arms off, which regenerate. Loki continues swinging and lands a punch that sends Death hard to the ground.

LOKI

As I previously stated your
death will not be this
simple.

DEATH

The afterlife I have planned
is not that complicated at
all.

LOKI

Hardly.

Death rolls away and throws a small orb at Loki.
Loki catches it.

LOKI

My soul!

Loki freezes, as his ash body begins to transform
back into its' godly form.

DEATH

Not yours! MINE!

Death walks towards Loki, who is still unable to
move.

DEATH

Once you are yourself I will
gladly plant you into your
permit residence of non-
existence.

Loki's body has transformed. Death grabs the orb
and ribs it out. Death's body crumbles. The ash
storm immediately falls to the ground.

Death tosses the orb once in the air then walks
off into the sunset.

FADE OUT.

THE END

ROLL CREDITS

JOHNNY

(Singing off-key)

They may or may not have your
back cause you could be their
snack, The Zombie Awesome
Posse. They'll take your

JOHNNY
(CONT.)

brain if that's the only way,
The Zombie Awesome Posse.
Seriously get out their way
as they can truly save the
day, The Zombie Awesome
Posse. Brains, Brains,
Brains, Brains, all zombies
think the same. GO ZOMBIE
AWESOME POSSE, YEAH!

CREDITS STOP

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The people in the car are not shown, only their
voices are heard. Through a car window an elderly
female zombie slowly walks past the car.

KID
It's grandma.

MOM
How is that possible? She was
cremated.

CREDITS CONTINUE