

Porn of the Dead

By

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EXT. ESTABLISHING. VARIOUS SHOTS OF POST-APOCALYPSE ZOMBIE WASTELAND

INT. PEOPLE LIVING UNDERGROUND IN CORRIDORS AND ROOMS

INT. LIVING QUARTERS.

The room is a crude living space, containing a bed and a desk. Suddenly the door is flung open. A haggard looking man wearing a big coat stumbles in and closes the door behind him. Sitting at the desk the man pulls down the collar of his coat to reveal a bite mark on his neck. He touches the mark and looks at the blood on his hands, his vision blurs and refocuses and the man, named VICTOR, begins to weep in fear.

INT. MARKET HALL. TWO DAYS LATER

VICTOR walks through a market hall. There are people bartering, trading and some just lurking.

INT. CORRIDOR.

VICTOR walks up to a door and walks in.

INT. LIVING QUARTERS.

VICTOR walks into the room and pulls a box from beneath his bed and pours the contents out onto the bed, pages and scraps of pornographic material spill out onto the bed. He takes a bag out of his coat and pulls more porn out. Leafing through the pages of smut VICTOR comes across a Polaroid depicting a zombie woman. He looks guiltily at the door, then sits down at his desk and studies the picture.

INT. FOOD HALL.

A woman sits at a table, before her is a bowl of some unidentifiable goop, she plays idly with her 'food'. VICTOR enters the food hall and spots her; he walks over to the table and takes a seat on the opposite side.

VICTOR
Steph....

(CONTINUED)

STEPH

Victor! How lovely to see you,
please have some grub, on me.

STEPH pushes the bowl across the table to VICTOR

VICTOR

Seph, that bag of smut you sold me
yesterday, where did you get it
from?

STEPH

Supplying information, that's
providing a service that is.

VICTOR rolls his eyes and reaches into his coat. He produces
a bag of white powder and pushes it across the table. STEPH
goes to take the bag and VICTOR pulls away.

STEPH

There's a guy, owns a linen stall
in 4B. He actually came by here
yesterday to see if I still had it.

VICTOR

Does he have a name?

STEPH

Pacey, he's twitchy, you better be
careful if you're going to see him.

VICTOR reflects for a moment over STEPH'S warning, he gets
up to leave. STEPH calls after him and VICTOR throws the bag
on the table, STEPH quickly grabs it and conceals it,
looking around guiltily.

INT. MARKET HALL

VICTOR enters the market hall, he walks around asking for
the the linen store and PACEY. Eventually he comes to the
right stall.

VICTOR

I'm looking for Pacey.

PACEY

And why, exactly, are you looking
for Pacey?

VICTOR

I recently came into possession of
some pictures...

(CONTINUED)

PACEY Looks around and tilts his head, signaling to VICTOR to follow. The pair walk behind the stall.

PACEY
What do you want?

VICTOR
Where did you get the picture?

PACEY
Which one?

VICTOR
Did you take it?

PACEY stares at VICTOR, saying nothing.

VICTOR
(Continued)
You have a camera? That's a pretty rare find, funny the person who finds it should use it in this manner. I guess we're just predictable, us humans, even in the face of the apocalypse we're still finding things to get off to.

PACEY
I was researching them.

VICTOR
I bet you were, do you always file your research with your porn?

PACEY shuffles uneasily.

VICTOR
(Continued)
It's OK, I just wanted to ask...

PACEY watches expectantly as VICTOR suddenly looks sheepish, he nervously smiles.

VICTOR
(Continued)
Do you have any more?

INT. CORRIDOR.

VICTOR hurriedly walks home. It appears everyone is watching him, he clutches defensively to his coat pocket. In his rush he accidentally bumps into someone, after the initial scare he realises he has bumped into STEPH

STEPH
Woah, slow down there mate.

VICTOR tries not to make eye contact with STEPH

STEPH
Did you find your man?

VICTOR
No...

STEPH
No? It's not a big place, are you sure you were in the right hall?

VICTOR

STEPH puts her hands up defensively

STEPH
OK man, you know where to find me.

STEPH eyes VICTOR suspiciously and walks away, VICTOR looks around then rushes on.

INT. LIVING QUARTERS.

VICTOR enters his living quarters and stands with his back to the door, he breathes heavily and closes his eyes.

PACEY (V.O.)
I can't help you mate

INT. MARKET STALL

Flashback to the previous conversation between VICTOR and PACEY.

VICTOR
C'mon man, you want to trade? I can get you aspirin, I can even get hold of some hooch.

(CONTINUED)

PACEY
(Scoffs)
I have enough vices thank you.

VICTOR
Still, I'm sure we can come to some
sort of arrangement. It's not every
day you come across like minded
individuals, I bet

PACEY
How like minded?

VICTOR
What?

PACEY
Truth is, I can't take anymore
pictures; I used all the film.

VICTOR looks down rejectedly

PACEY
There's always the real thing
though...

VICTOR
(Scoffs)
The real thing?

PACEY looks meaningfully at VICTOR

VICTOR
(In disbelief)
No...

PACEY
Why not?

VICTOR
Because it's crazy, that's why!

PACEY
well, yeah. But compared to what?
We live underground jacking off to
pictures of women from the past.
They don't exist anymore, shit, I'm
not sure they existed then.

VICTOR shakes his head, trying to process what he's being
told.

(CONTINUED)

PACEY
(Continued)

These are strange times my friend,
so let's go and get ourselves some
strange.

PACEY walks over to a bag and pulls out more Polaroids and hands them to VICTOR.

PACEY
(Continued)

Take these, they're all I have
left. You think about what I said.

PACEY and VICTOR stare at each other for a moment, finally VICTOR snatches the pictures from his hand.

INT. LIVING QUARTERS.

VICTOR is sat at his desk, he has the various pictures laid out before him. He is engrossed with them all, periodically picking one up for closer inspection. Each one depicts a different zombie, finally VICTOR leans back and gazes up at the ceiling

INT. DELIVERY BAY.

A metal shutter bulges back and forth as the bodies of of the walking dead press against it. Enter VICTOR and PACEY, armed with a fire axe and catch pole respectively. They stand either side of the shutter and look at each other nervously.

PACEY
Ready?

VICTOR swallows hard, after a moment he nods. PACEY gets ready with the catch pole and VICTOR begins raising the shutter. After a few inches the shutter stops, the two men wait on edge. Eventually zombie hands begin to emerge from beneath the shutter. VICTOR looks to PACEY, who is studying the hands intently. VICTOR looks down and spots a feminine hand, the remnants of red nail polish on the fingers.

VICTOR
(Shouting)
There!

PACEY hooks the catch pole around the hand.

(CONTINUED)

PACEY
(Shouting)

Now!

Acting simultaneously, VICTOR pulls the shutter up further as PACEY pulls on the catch pole. A ZOMBIE GIRL comes sliding out from beneath the shutter. ZOMBIE GIRL thrashes around as PACEY struggles with the catch pole. VICTOR quickly closes the shutter onto the remaining hands, he takes his axe and begins chopping off the hands until he is able to close the shutter fully. Once finished, VICTOR turns to PACEY and ZOMBIE GIRL. ZOMBIE GIRL turns her attention to VICTOR, the two stare at each other for a moment.

PACEY
(Shouting)

Do it!

VICTOR flips the axe and hits ZOMBIE GIRL in the face, knocking her unconscious. The two men stand for a moment, struggling to catch their breath. They drag the body away.

INT. ABANDONED DISABLED TOILET,

PACEY and VICTOR stand side by side as they look upon the kneeling figure of ZOMBIE GIRL, who glowers back hungrily.

VICTOR

So what-

ZOMBIE GIRL lunges forward at the sound of VICTOR'S voice but is held back, her hands cable tied to a pipe. The two men step back.

ZOMBIE GIRL

Welcome to Bernie's, can I take
your order? Can I take your order!?

VICTOR

So what do we do now?

ZOMBIE GIRL continues to pull against the pipe. PACEY, now having what he wants, is uneasy and has no answer. VICTOR begins edging closer, ZOMBIE GIRL continues to press forward, the pipe strains, she bites at the air. They are now face-to-face, VICTOR tilts his head as if he is going to kiss her, he sees her mouth turned sideways, teeth gnashing. ZOMBIE GIRL thrashes wildly and snaps the pipe, falling forward onto VICTOR and biting his neck. PACEY runs over and kicks ZOMBIE GIRL off VICTOR, he tries to pin her down but is overpowered and ZOMBIE GIRL starts eating his face. VICTOR panics and leaves the room.

INT. CORRIDOR.

VICTOR stumbles home, he is sweating and trying to conceal his wound. It appears people are looking at him suspiciously. The virus slowly begins to take hold as his vision becomes blurry and sound becomes distorted.

INT. LIVING QUARTERS.

We have now come full circle, repeating the previous scene on page one.

The end.

FADE OUT