

Shut Up and Be Devoured Like a Man

By

That One Guy

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

A large, ominous full moon covers an ancient graveyard with an eerie glow. Two young guys, each holding onto a large shovel, stand in a recently dug up grave. Both are completely out of breath.

Obviously they've been digging for quite some time. The kid who resembles a young Buddy Holly is named REGGIE. On the other side of the coffin stands his tall and lanky friend OSWALD.

Reggie straightens his thick black glasses and then looks over towards Oswald.

REGGIE

All right, wait a minute. We've got to stop this.

Oswald throws his shovel down and sighs in frustration.

OSWALD

For the record, this was your idea. Do you think I want to spend Halloween night in a graveyard, bothering dead people?

REGGIE

I know and I take full responsibility for our current predicament but--

OSWALD

Predicament? Reggie, failing an algebra test is a predicament. Being rejected by the girl of your dreams is a predicament. But standing knee-deep in a muddy hole of God-knows-what, with a decomposing corpse lying next to you is a goddamn catastrophe.

His words echo throughout the empty cemetery.

REGGIE

Maybe it's just actually seeing the body-- I can't do this.

OSWALD

Okay, fine. Give up. I'm used to it and you should be too. But let me ask you this. How else do you expect to get back at Tyson and the rest of his douchebag jock friends?

Clueless, Reggie simply shrugs and stares at his friend.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

I mean, look at us. We had a good idea going. Framing him for murder. That one was brilliant. You don't come up with ideas like that everyday.

REGGIE

I know, but there has to be another way to do this sort of thing.

OSWALD

Maybe there is, I wouldn't know myself, since there isn't exactly a self-help book on framing people for murder--

Oswald stops talking. He looks confused.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

Did you hear that? Dude, are you moaning over there?

Reggie shakes his head.

REGGIE

Moaning? I didn't hear anything.

The guys look at each other, keeping quiet and then they hear it. A muted moan can be heard. The rotting corpse is slowly trying to stand up.

OSWALD

No way, this isn't happening.

Oswald stumbles backward and tries to climb out of the hole. Now standing, the zombie lumbers towards him. Grey, wrinkled fingers grab the terrified teen's shoulder.

The zombie lowers his decayed jaw and lurches towards Oswald's throat. Reggie seems to suddenly remember that he's holding onto a rather large shovel.

With a sickening crack the shovel smashes against the zombie's head, thoroughly crushing the skull. The monster slumps to the ground and the friends sigh with relief.

REGGIE

Did I kill it?

OSWALD

I think so. That was a close one,
just imagine if there had been more
of those--

All around them, reanimated corpses begin to punch their way through dark, muddy soil. Surrounded, panic grips the two friends.

Reggie swings the shovel wildly before breaking it in half over an approaching zombie. With their last defense gone, the friends just stand there as the undead trudge ever closer.

OSWALD

It figures. Out of my entire
miserable existence, my death would
be the most noteworthy event.

REGGIE

I'm so sorry Oswald. I can't help
but feel like this is my fault.

OSWALD

That's 'cause it is your fault. Now
shut up and be devoured like a man.

REGGIE

But I'm not a man! I don't even
have my driver's license.

Oswald sighs and then glances towards the nearest zombie. The overweight ghoul is wearing a white suit reminiscent of Colonel Sanders, except with rotting flesh and a desire to consume brain matter.

Moments from death, the two young guys suddenly witness something quite peculiar. The heads of nearby zombies begin to explode, one by one.

OSWALD

(terrified)

What in the fiery hell is going on?

It takes them a few moments to realize that someone is picking off the undead with a very large rifle. They cover their own heads and dive to the ground.

After what seems like several minutes the graveyard is finally silent. No more moans and no more gunshots.

REGGIE
Is it over?

JASPER (O.S.)
Far from it I'm afraid. This is
just the beginning.

Both friends look up. Before them stands an elderly man wearing dirty overalls and clinging onto an antique shotgun.

This man is JASPER, the alcoholic gravedigger. Oswald quickly stands up and then pulls Reggie to his feet.

REGGIE
(speaking to Jasper)
Do you know what's causing them to
come back from the dead?

The old gravedigger takes a quick swig from a small flask.

JASPER
Well, some religiously inclined
folk say it's because there's no
more room in Hell. Others, mostly
folks with too much time on their
hands claim that its a secret
government project gone terribly
awry.

OSWALD
But what do you think?

JASPER
Me? Personally, I think those other
people are simply ignorant or maybe
just downright retarded.

OSWALD
No, I meant what do you think is
causing the dead to rise.

JASPER
Oh, well that's easy enough. It's
the goddamn nuclear power plant.

Jasper points past the friends who both spin around. A massive nuclear power plant dominates the dark horizon.

Smoke billows out of three twin cooling towers while green sludge is ejected into a nearby river from large water discharge pipes.

OSWALD

Huh, how'd we miss that?

JASPER

Anyway, with all that toxic shit their pumping out something like this was bound to happen.

REGGIE

Excuse me sir, you said that you weren't sure if we could stop them. But didn't you just kill all the dead people? I mean isn't it over?

JASPER

That river runs through the entire town. The town's drinking supply is probably contaminated.

OSWALD

This filthy drunk is right. We have to warn everyone before it's too late.

REGGIE

But how do we warn everyone?

OSWALD

Simple. It's half past ten. We'll just head over to the television station and hijack the nightly news.

REGGIE

Do you really think their going to let a couple of kids and an old man who reeks of booze into a news studio?

OSWALD

They will if we point Jasper's shotgun at them.

JASPER

Sounds like a plan to me kid, but first let me take care of this scratch.

Jasper motions towards his arm. A large chunk of flesh has been torn away, revealing muscle and even a white patch of bone. The friends recoil with disgust.

REGGIE

A scratch? That looks kind of serious. Maybe we should take you to the hospital.

The old gravedigger looks down at his arm.

JASPER

(whispering to himself)

Actually, now that you mentioned it. I am feeling kind of light-headed and woozy. Not to mention thirsty.

Jasper slowly kneels down, bracing himself against a nearby tree. The antique shotgun falls from his hand but he doesn't seem to notice.

JASPER (CONT'D)

That is weird. I have a strange craving for some steak. You boys wouldn't happen to have a nice ribeye by any chance? God, I feel so sleepy.

Jasper closes his eyes and his head slumps down. Oswald and Reggie both take a step back.

REGGIE

Uh, is Jasper dead?

OSWALD

Maybe. I don't know. Probably.

REGGIE

Is he going to stay that way?

Before Oswald can answer, Jasper lets out a quiet moan. Reggie quickly snatches up the antique shotgun and points it at Jasper's head.

OSWALD

He could just be sleepin--

Jasper's eyes suddenly blink open. He now has the same dead, milky white eyes as every other zombie.

With frightening speed, the old man lunges towards Reggie who pulls the trigger without hesitation. The blow-back covers the two friends in blood and brain matter.

REGGIE
Try not to get it in your mouth.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG/ MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Now on bikes, the two friends ride down the deserted main street of a small suburban commuter town. The lack of people seems to startle Reg and Oswald.

In fact, if each house and business wasn't plastered with an obscene amount of Halloween decorations, no one would probably realize that this was the last day of October.

REGGIE
Where is everyone? Shouldn't there be trick-or-treaters and bored parents that would rather be home drinking?

OSWALD
Hopefully their are at home, in front of the idiot box. Look, we're almost there.

Up ahead lies an old brick building, easily the largest structure in town. A steel lattice transmitter tower stands adjacent to the station. After skidding to a stop in the parking lot, the guys throw their bikes under the tower and run inside.

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION STATION/ HALLWAY - NIGHT

The two friends sprint down an empty hallway. Reg clings to the shotgun and Oswald has somehow acquired a handgun.

OSWALD
That whole 'shoving the gun into peoples faces' idea really worked, huh?

REGGIE
Totally, although I kind of regret making that security guard cry like a small child.

(CONTINUED)

OSWALD
No worries, he'll get over it.
Quick, turn here.

They veer right and crash through a pair of double doors.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN STUDIO/ TELEVISION STATION

The two friends burst into the main studio. They're ready for anything, Reg even pumps another shell into the breach. But no one seems to notice them.

OSWALD
Can we please have everyone's
attention?

No one acknowledges them. Oswald elbows Reg, who puts a round into the ceiling. Everyone screams and hits the floor.

OSWALD (CONT'D)
Alright, if everyone just
cooperates then maybe we can save
some lives.

Someone suddenly stands up from behind the main news desk. This would be the main anchorman, JONAS WAKEFIELD.

WAKEFIELD
What in the hell do you little
punks want with us?

OSWALD
We just need to get on television.
So we can warn everyone about the
zombies.

Wakefield just raises a recently waxed eyebrow.

OSWALD (CONT'D)
We were in a graveyard earlier
tonight and--

WAKEFIELD
Why were you in a graveyard?

OSWALD
Ah, we were they to steal a dead
body, so we could frame someone
for murder, but thats not really
important.

(CONTINUED)

REGGIE

After we dug up the body, it came back to life. There were hundreds of them. Luckily, Jasper the alcoholic gravedigger was there to save us.

OSWALD

Unfortunately, Jasper turned into one of the undead so Reg had to blow his head off.

At first the room is completely silent and then everyone erupts with laughter, some are actually rolling around on the ground. Some point, some raise their arms and moan like zombies and others simply give Oswald and Reg the bird.

After wiping a few tears away and sitting down, Wakefield motions for security to remove Oswald and Reg.

WAKEFIELD

Oh dear, where was I? Oh yes, in other news, a local school bus driver was charged today with five felony counts of rape, two felony counts of forcible sodomy, two felony counts of sodomy in concert by force, seven felony counts of forcible oral copulation, and one felony count of sexual penetration by a foreign object by force. Now for sports, we turn it over to Todd Johnson.

The room goes silent again.

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEVISION STATION - NIGHT

Oswald and Reg are thrown outside by two very burly security guards. The guys just sit there, completely dejected. After a few moments of silence both friends look up at the same time.

The sound of several hundred people quickly approaching echoes through the streets. The guys stand and ready their weapons but as the mob comes closer, it becomes obvious that they're not the undead.

The crowd is lead by the local priest, FATHER COUGHLAN. He doesn't seem surprised to see the guys standing outside the station.

(CONTINUED)

COUGHLAN

Oh, Oswald and Reg. I heard your story on the news.

For a brief moment, the friends look optimistic.

OSWALD

So you believed us? You brought all these people to help?

COUGHLAN

Oh dear God no. Sorry kids, but it sounds like you two have been pranked.

OSWALD

Wait, we're covered in blood and you seriously think this was a prank?

Coughlan doesn't seem convinced by the dried blood.

COUGHLAN

Yup. A very elaborate prank.

OSWALD

Reg has an actual working shotgun. Show him that its real.

Reggie pumps a round into the breach and takes aim at a nearby car, which happens to be a police cruiser. He pulls the trigger and blasts the rear end of the car. The gas tank suddenly erupts and engulfs the car in a massive fireball.

COUGHLAN

(yelling over the fire)

Like I said, it looks like a very elaborate prank. Now please excuse me, I'm leading a protest against the liberal controlled media.

OSWALD

Hold on a minute! Maybe you've been hitting the communal wine a little too often but if we don't act now, we could be looking at a full-blown zombie apocalypse!

COUGHLAN

A zombie apocalypse? I mean, c'mon! And for all this to happen on Halloween? Isn't that a little cliché and predictable?

(CONTINUED)

OSWALD

Padre, I don't think originality is
a top priority on God's to-do-list.

The crowd grows uneasy, whispers about a zombie apocalypse
can be heard. The priest tries to calm the mob.

COUGHLAN

It's alright everyone. Nothing to
worry about. These two youngsters
are just a little confused. Looks
like the Quick-Shop needs to start
carding people again, if you know
what I mean.

Coughlan acts as if he is holding a imaginary beer bottle
and takes a few sips. The crowd seems reassured.

The priest then pushes the guys aside and leads the crowd
inside the station, slamming the doors closed behind him.

OSWALD

Remind me again why we're trying to
save these peoples lives?

Having no answer, Oswald just shakes his head. Just then, a
chorus of hungry moans can be heard a short distance away.

A pack of rotting corpses shuffles down the street, heading
right for the television station.

REGGIE

Shouldn't we do something?

Oswald casually walks over to the main entrance and props
the door open by jamming the handgun underneath the door
frame.

OSWALD

C'mon. I heard the Quick-Shop
hasn't been carding lately.

As the guys walk away, the zombies flood into the station.
Screams and moans of hunger being satisfied can be heard
from inside the station.

THE END