The Dead Boy

Ву

Jeffrey Bruno

This screenplaymay not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author

Jeffjb91@gmail.com

©2011

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

A middle to old aged hillbilly shovels dirt into a hole. His wife stands nearby, watching. The dirt lands atop a coffin, which suddenly begins to shake. It slowly opens and a young ghoulish looking boy pops out. The hillbilly pulls a shotgun seemingly from nowhere and aims it at him.

> BOY Wh... where am I?

HILLBILLY Don't move, zombie! I'll blow yer' head off!

The boy holds his arms out, trying to shield himself.

BOY Ah! Please, no!

HILLBILLY I din't say talk! Get back in yer' plot!

The hillbilly motions to his wife, still aiming the shotgun at the boy.

HILLBILLY Marge, get my zombie kit.

She nods and casually shuffles off.

BOY This must be some kind of mistake, I'm not dead!

HILLBILLY Thas' right. Yer' not dead. Yer' undead.

The hillbilly puts his eye to the sight on the shotgun.

BOY No, no! I must have been in a coma or something! The last thing I remember is a car accident.

The hillbilly doesn't move an inch. He says nothing.

BOY I promise, if you'll just let me come out I can show you: I'm alive. The boy starts stepping out of the coffin. The hillbilly jerks the shotgun at him.

HILLBILLY Oh no! I ain't fallin' for that one again. Ya' said the same thing th' last time I killed ya'.

The boy stops moving. He stares at the man in confusion.

BOY Wait... what?

HILLBILLY Yeah, I killed ya' already. Musta' done it three god dang times by now. It's gettin' tiresome.

The boy's mouth hangs open. He is speechless. Marge arrives with a tool chest and places it at the hillbilly's feet.

BOY Is this true, ma'm... Am I a... zombie?

Marge stares at him for a long while. She takes a glance at her husband, who nods.

MARGE

Yeap.

BOY Oh my god, I can't believe this!

The boy collapses to the ground and begins crying. Marge stares at her husband. They exchange a look. He lowers his shotgun and hands it to Marge. He walks over to the boy.

> HILLBILLY Aw, settle down boy... It's not so bad...

He cries.

HILLBILLY Bein' a zombie ain't no worse than bein' a grownup.

The boy looks up at him.

HILLBILLY Ya' get all flubby and tired all tha' time. Ya' work evry day ta' (MORE) HILLBILLY (cont'd) buy yer' kids a buncha' ipods and new age junk. Yer' wife never wants ta' have sex with ya' like she usta'.

He makes a hand motion, gesturing at Marge. She stares at him, not pleased.

HILLBILLY Believe me, ya' really only had fifteen, maybe twenny more good years. Ya' didn't miss much.

The boy brightens up a little. He has stopped crying.

BOYReally...?

HILLBILLY Of course! In fact, I'd say yer' better off bein' a zombie.

The boy smiles, sniffling.

BOY Oh, that's great! I feel a lot better!

The boy stands up. The old man jumps, backing off.

HILLBILLY Woah, woah, woah! Don't be movin' now.

The boy stops, confused.

HILLBILLY I said ya' were better off than mebut ya' can't be roamin' about. Then I'll have ter' go an' shoot yer again.

BOY But... I just want to go and say goodbye to my folks. That's all..

HILLBILLY Hell no, boy. Yer' folks don't love ya' anymore. Yer' a damn zombie.

The boy slumps his shoulders and looks at the ground.

BOY

Oh..

The old man slowly walks back to the boy. He puts a hand on his shoulder and gestures to the coffin.

HILLBILLY Jus' go on back in yer' coffin an' take a nice nap. Stay there forever, if ya' can.

The boy stares at the ground for a while. He finally obliges.

BOY

Okay..

He opens the coffin and slowly climbs inside.

HILLBILLY

Thas' a good boy.

The coffin BANGS shut. The hillbilly smiles. He picks up his shovel and resumes pouring dirt on top the coffin. His wife picks up a nearby shovel and joins him.