

Zombies at Four O'Clock!!
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FADE IN:

EXT. WAREHOUSE COMPLEX - DAY

A series of large buildings rise above the desert floor, like a prison.

Chain link fence surrounds the property, overgrown with desert weeds and dry brush.

The place appears vacant.

VICTORIA DEANE, (30), dangerously sexy in a tight, latex body suit, kneels down outside of the fence.

Her shiny gloved hands grasp a large, black laser.

Zap. She fires one shot and makes a big hole in the fence.

Victoria types in a code on the lasers keypad as wisps of her long, black hair fall in front of her fierce green eyes.

She enters the compound.

INT. METALLIC CORRIDOR

Her high heeled boots clink against the steel grated floor as she walks cautiously down the corridor.

Weapon drawn, she approaches each corner with stealth and practiced skill.

Her back against the wall, she slowly approaches a large, reinforced metal door.

A red button is positioned next to it.

Victoria takes a deep breath.

She readies her weapon.

She slams the button with the side of her fist.

The door opens from the top and bottom.

Victoria leaps in, finger on the trigger.

INT. WAREHOUSE

A vast room, like an aircraft hanger. Narrow windows that line the roof line have been painted black.

Wooden crates, stacked high to the ceiling, create a deadly maze within the massive warehouse.

Victoria surveys her surroundings as she moves slowly through the labyrinth.

A noise from behind a crate.

Victoria freezes.

A faint scratching sound.

She takes aim.

She holds her fire as a rat scampers by.

The rat seems interested in one particular crate, set off to the side.

"DANGER - PELIGRO" is stenciled on the side in huge letters.

She watches as the small animal bites, scratches and claws as it tries desperately to get inside.

Two other rats appear on top of the crate, equally obsessed with gaining entry.

A smaller rat joins in the activity and disappears into a tiny crack in the wood.

Victoria pauses.

From within the crate, fists pound with absolute fury.

Victoria jumps back as a rotten fist punches through the wood.

She is taken aback as fierce ZOMBIE DAVE rips away the wood.

Victoria smiles.

VICTORIA
Hi, handsome...Wanna play?

She quickly types in a different setting on her laser.

Zombie Dave turns...He is in moderate decay, his skin dried and torn. Yellow eyes sink deep within his skull.

He leaps out of the crate and stands.

He is huge and immediately lunges towards Victoria.

Laughing, Victoria spins out of his way.

The zombie lands face down on the floor.

VICTORIA
Come on, Handsome...You gotta show
me more than that...

Zombie Dave rises, leaving a vile stain of fluid and blood on the floor. He swings at Victoria, which she easily dodges.

He continues to swing at Victoria, smashing holes in crates as she ducks and weaves.

VICTORIA
Are there more of you, Big Fella?
Or did you come to this party
alone?

Victoria runs ahead and ducks behind a corner.

The zombie chases after her, but is caught by surprise as Victoria levels him with a vicious leg sweep.

His lower leg separates from the knee and slides across the warehouse floor.

Zombie Dave collapses and tries in vain to regain balance.

He struggles to pull himself up on other crates, but can't.

Victoria stands and takes aim.

VICTORIA
Sorry, Big guy. You were fun while
you lasted...

Blam.

Zombie Dave's head explodes in a mist of brain matter and coagulated blood that spatters on the surrounding crates.

Victoria takes a deep breath and resets the laser keypad.

She cautiously works her way towards another large door.

A soft woman's cough is heard O.S.

Victoria ducks behind a crate and slowly turns towards the sound.

A side office, built into the wall with a big window and a door. A goofy printout taped to the door reads "Abandon all hope, ye who enter here."

Through the window, ALYSSA MARS, (20's), attractive and professionally dressed, sits at a lonely desk.

A coffee maker bubbles on a small table next to the desk.

VICTORIA

If she's the bait, then where...?

Victoria stands outside of the office and readies her weapon. Alyssa takes notice and opens the door.

ALYSSA

Oh hi, Victoria. Come on in. I'm Alyssa Mars, Level Six Adventure Coordinator. Do you want some coffee? It's a fresh pot...

VICTORIA

What?

ALYSSA

Yeah, well, pretty fresh. I just made it a half an hour ago.

VICTORIA

Are you...alright?

INT. ALYSSA'S OFFICE

Victoria approaches the desk carefully, weapon still drawn.

ALYSSA

Oh, I'm fine. Still have a bit of that stomach bug that was flying around here last week..

VICTORIA

No..No..I mean, you're not hurt?

ALYSSA

Nope.

VICTORIA

Strapped to a bomb?

ALYSSA

Not that I know of...

VICTORIA
Mind controlled?

Victoria lowers her laser as Alyssa shakes her head.

ALYSSA
None of the above. Just working the
nine to five. Or six, sometimes
seven.

VICTORIA
I see. So...Where IS everybody? I
was expecting ninjas and all I got
was one clumsy zombie.

ALYSSA
Zombie? What zombie?

VICTORIA
I don't know...Didn't get his name.
Big one. Nasty. He was in one of
the crates out there.

Victoria pours coffee into a "I HATE MONDAYS" Garfield mug.

ALYSSA
Ah. That would be Dave. He was a
return for credit. Is he...intact?

Victoria shakes her head.

ALYSSA
Oh well. No matter. Danielle owes
me a favor. We'll work it out.

Victoria stirs in sugar with a used spoon.

VICTORIA
What happened to the ninjas?

ALYSSA
You didn't get the memo?

VICTORIA
What?

ALYSSA
The memo. Gee whiz. Hold on.

Alyssa rummages through some paperwork on her desk.

ALYSSA

I can't seem to find it. Basically, we have no ninjas today. Union issues. They want new use compensation to account for internet sales, but, as usual, the big man upstairs doesn't want to cough up the extra dough.

VICTORIA

Ain't that always the case. What the hell does that have to do with you?

ALYSSA

Well, someone has to set up these shoot' em up adventures so you can run around in an exciting manner and look gorgeous doing it.

VICTORIA

Guilty.

ALYSSA

Unfortunately, the ninjas are a no go for today. However, I have five truckloads of zombies coming in around four-ish though...depending on traffic. Mostly amblers, but with some scramblers thrown in here and there to keep it interesting.

VICTORIA

How about vampires? Don't you have any vampires?

ALYSSA

Not right now. Real hard to come by after that thing in Alaska. It's more zombies or...

Alyssa buries her nose in the computer.

ALYSSA

I might be able to get you some killer techno robots, but it'll be a while. The way things are going overseas, I don't see that happening for at least a week.

Victoria takes a sip and adds even more sugar. She sighs.

VICTORIA
I was really looking forward to
those ninjas.

Alyssa shrugs.

She types into a blueberry IMac, wearing a modest diamond ring on her left hand.

Victoria drinks her coffee. She leans against the desk.

She notices a photo of Alyssa and a handsome man in a gold, heart shaped frame.

Victoria picks up the picture and looks at it closely.

VICTORIA
That guy looks familiar.

ALYSSA
Yeah, he should. That's Kyle Manning. You fought him back on Alpha Epsilon, remember? We're getting married in June...

Alyssa shows off her small diamond ring. Victoria is slightly impressed.

VICTORIA
I thought I fried him in that nuclear explosion.

ALYSSA
Nope. Got away.

VICTORIA
Did not!

ALYSSA
Did so! He slipped into that Freon vent and slid to safety. He still laughs about that sometimes.

VICTORIA
Not funny to me...

ALYSSA
Regardless, he's not a super villain anymore. He's working on becoming a useful and productive member of society...Law school.

Victoria sighs.

VICTORIA

I'll take the zombies at four
o'clock. Six hours from now. What
am I gonna do for six hours?

ALYSSA

Well, we do have some visitors from
Eros Twelve in bay AO twenty one...

VICTORIA

Eros Twelve? Isn't that where the
men have those enormous...

Alyssa blushes and nods.

Victoria smiles and powers down her laser.

She unzips half way the front of her body suit to reveal a
little skin and some glorious cleavage.

VICTORIA

Well then. I'll see ya at four.

Victoria exits. Alyssa waits a moment, then picks up the
phone. She taps a button on the console as she laughs softly.

ALYSSA

She's on her way, hon...You were
right...Piece of cake.

FADE OUT