

THE ZOMBIE PLAGUE

By

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INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SCOTT PLUM, wearing a Hawaiian shirt with the collar unbuttoned and smoking a CIGAR sits in front of the TV, laughing and blowing out rings of SMOKE.

A DOOR to the side bursts open, as an undressed WOMAN covering herself in half her dress runs into the living room towards the front door. She is CHRISTINE.

Scott whistles at her and laughs. She gives him the finger, and immediately catches a lungful of his pungent smoke. She coughs as she puts her dress on and throws a SHOE at him.

SCOTT
(smiling)
Next time, get a room.

A bare-chested MAN jumps out of the bedroom a second later. He is Scott's roommate KYLE.

KYLE
(putting his shirt on)
Yo, fuck is your problem?

SCOTT
(rolls eyes)
Not tonight.

Kyle whips Scott in the face with a large rubber CENTIPEDE.

KYLE
Dammit, bro. One night me and my girl can have some alone time, what do you do? Put this in my bed?

SCOTT
Aw, c'mon! That was for you anyway. Besides, Christine's like a bio major or somethin', right?

Kyle kicks his GYMBAG across the floor, furious.

KYLE
I'm tellin' ya, bro.

SCOTT
Tellin' me what?

The bag slowly unzips on the floor, from the inside. TWO FINGERS poke out.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE

She's here one fuckin' night a week, man, and you gotta hang around here.

SCOTT

(shrugs, clicking the remote)
Guess this was your night. Blew all my money at the Bliss, had to go somewhere.

KYLE

Fuck you. I'm gonna go lift.

A SEVERED HAND pushes its way through the opening in the BAG, and flops to the FLOOR. Kyle stomps in its way and grabs his gymbag. The hand scurries off.

SCOTT

(ashing his cigar)
I'll be here.

Kyle slams the door.

SCOTT

(shakes head)
Damn, my life sucks...

The HAND strides along the floor like a spider, moving towards the COUCH.

Scott accidentally hits it with one of his ASHES, and it creeps under the couch.

SCOTT

(dialing his cell phone)
Hey, yeah, Monica. What's up? Well, who do you think this is? No, I'm not drunk...Hey...

The hand has crept up on top of the couch, as Scott sits up, still unaware of the danger.

SCOTT

Look, can you come back before every guy at Celebrities has their way with you? No, I don't want to talk to him...

The hand leaps onto his back and pinches his NECK.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT
(choking)
The fu...

He struggles as the hand tries to strangle him, almost burning himself with the cigar that he finally drops on the floor.

He reaches around his throat, prying at the fingers, and spins the hand around only to realize it's disembodied.

He tosses it against the wall.

SCOTT
(picking up the phone)
Look, I'll call you back, maybe.
Have fun with Vito.

He clicks off his phone. The hand picks up the glowing cigar BUTT and tries to fend off Scott with it.

SCOTT
(clicking his cigar cutter)
This is gonna be over fast, you
little prick!

The hand leaps onto his leg and delivers a painful burn, just below his crotch.

SCOTT
Fuck!

He snaps the cigar CUTTER and chops off one of its FINGERTIPS. The wounded hand runs off into the kitchen, dropping the butt and leaving a trail of BLOOD.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Scott walks into the dark kitchen, only the cigar butt lighting his way.

SCOTT
(turning the light on)
Come on out, fucker...

He picks up a PLASTIC BAG. The hand, watching him from the counter top, slides down and stabs him in the FOOT with a KITCHEN KNIFE. BLOOD spurts everywhere.

SCOTT
(pulling the knife)
Son of a bitch bastard!

(CONTINUED)

Joyfully, the hand folds itself into a "middle finger" and slides away in a pool of Scott's blood.

He stumbles on the blood, falling on top of the hand. He yanks it up by the middle finger.

SCOTT
(smiling)
Who's givin' me the finger now,
huh?

He shoves it in the bag. The hand is kicking frantically inside. Scott laughs as he shoves it in the sink.

SCOTT
Any last words?

He shoves the bag in the center and turns the disposal on.

SCOTT
(shoving it with a plunger)
Sorry, can't hear ya!

He turns the faucet on and keeps pumping. The disposal turns off.

All is quiet as he pushes the plunger through the gray waters, and finds nothing, only blood and shreds of the bag. The sink gurgles.

Suspicious, Scott opens the sink cabinet underneath only to reveal -

The hand, badly bruised, resting against the drainpipe. It sprays him in the face with a bottle of LYSOL.

SCOTT
Ahhh...my eyes...

He stumbles around, blinded by the hand. He tries to stand and slips again and again, on footprints of his own blood, slamming his head into the pipe.