

REST IN PIECES

Written by

Lee Bailes

Based on an original idea.

BLACK SCREEN:

Mournful BIRD SONG. A HEAVY OBJECT IS DUMPED ON GRASS COVERED GROUND; and is then DRAGGED across it.

FADE IN:

INT. SHED - EVENING

A gloomy, dank and cobwebbed, garden shed. A grimy window overlooks a small garden, veg patch and rear of a terraced house.

Silhouetted through the window - CHARLIE, a scrawny looking 30 year old - drags a body across the garden to the shed.

The corpses' boots dig furrows.

A PHOTO ON THE WALL - IN THE PICTURE - YOUNG CHARLIE AND HIS FATHER CELEBRATE THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE SHED - "BEST FRIENDS" IS WRITTEN ON IT IN PEN.

The door slams inwards, rattling shelves of jars and hanging tools. Charlie shoulders it aside. Backs in. Lays the body onto some tarp.

Kneeling, he studies his dead FATHER's face. Reaches for it; hesitates.

Charlie, grief-stricken, hands covering his face, sobs.

He takes one last look at the body. Covers it in tarp.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

It's in disarray, with a sink of dirty dishes and broken crockery on the floor. The windows and door are boarded up. A newspaper lies open, next to a large patch of dried blood on the kitchen table.

A RADIO is blaring static (OVER).

Charlie removes a tea cozy and pours a cuppa. He looks at the window, tearfully.

Charlie becomes aware of the radio; the RADIO SIGNAL CLEARS.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER

(OVER)

In more news, the CDC has petitioned the Government to recognize the spread of the epidemic has been of epic proportions; rapidly outstripping recent panic predictions.... During the midnight summit - World leaders cited the rapid spread of the disease to be a major factor in the economic crisis resulting in the stock crash in Japan recently.... A call for Martial law is being considered as we speak...

Charlie takes a sip from his tea and turns a page of his newspaper.

The text and pictures appear to be perfectly normal until Charlie takes a closer look.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

(gradually breaks up into static with occasional distorted words coming through)

...Zombies.....mass disturbance..... cannibalism....

The newsprint blurs, changes. Certain words and letters are highlighted, standing out in lurid, bold relief: "DISEASE", "DEATH", "MAYHEM", "MURDER", "FLESH", "CRISIS" etc.

Charlie concentrates on a picture and it starts to change. He's distracted by a WINDOW SMASHING and a SCREAM (O.S.).

Charlie pauses mid sip. Hears a LOUD BANG on the front door and another SCREAM(O.S.).

He slams his drink down, spilling it. Leaps up. Heads into the hall - the front door is also boarded - and enters the -

INT. FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- Front room. Ordinary, save for boarded windows and red-brown carpet stains. A pitchfork leans against the wall.

A loud EXPLOSION (OS) startles him. Charlie grabs the pitchfork; points it at the windows.

He peers through the gaps in the boards. The SCREAMS AND GROANS (O.S.) get louder.

He starts as he hears a LOUD INHUMAN GROAN, DISTANT SCREAMS and the jumbled NOISES OF CHAOS AND RIOT (O.S.).

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON Charlie's eye peering through wooden boards covering a broken pane.

A shadow races past the window - Charlie bails, to the darkness within - and then is gone from view.

INT. FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlie cautiously approaches the boards, panicked, looking for other signs of life outside.

INT. SHED - DAY

(In total darkness - CORPSE POV)

We hear a faint but IRREGULAR HEARTBEAT; growing slowly but steadily stronger.

Tarpaulin is yanked aside. A bare light bulb swings on it's cable.

Charlie peers down warily. He taps the body with his boot. No reaction.

The HEARTBEAT GROWS LOUDER still.

Charlie bends to listen to his father's chest, cautiously.

He pokes the body with his finger... again no reaction.

Charlie, his eyes wild and distrustful. Thinks back on -

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

- Charlie and his DAD struggling at the kitchen table.

His Dad's skin is green and blistered, he foams at the mouth. Tries to bite Charlie.

In the heat of the moment Charlie stabs him in the chest.

INT. SHED - LATER

Charlie wipes away tears. Grabs the tarp and pulls. Drags the body out into the light of day.

EXT. GARDEN / GRAVE - LATER

Charlie appraises a makeshift grave 3 feet deep in the centre of the garden.

He takes one last look, before covering the body in tarp, rolling it into darkness.

A SPADE SHOVELS SOIL, RAINING IT DOWN ONTO TARP (OVER).

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A sparse, plain bedroom, with faded childish wallpaper, and tatty furnishings. Charlie lies awake, staring unhappily at an alarm clock - It's 3am - it taunts us with LOUD TICKING.

He rolls over to the wall. Tries to sleep.

He hears a TWITCHING AND RUSTLING OF TARP behind him.

His eyes clamp shut. Hands over his ears. Denial.

A black, shadowy, ever-shifting, large specter looms blurrily over the bed. Twitching and thrashing - a body moves within a tarpaulin shroud.

Charlie pulls the duvet over his ears. RUSTLING CONTINUES.

Charlie sighs, silently cursing. He steels himself. Quickly turns over to confront his spectre.

Nothing there.

Charlie flops down, relieved.

The RUSTLING CONTINUES from another direction, out of sight.

He pulls the pillow tight around his ears, muttering.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Charlie's hand wipes across a steamed-up mirror, revealing a sleepless, baggy-eyed and stubbly shadow of a man staring back at him.

He yawns and spies a dark blurry shadow over his shoulder.

He turns. No shadow.

An empty prescription pill bottle falls into the waste bin.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

A peddle-bin lid flips closed on a piece of a bloody rag.

Charlie sits, drinking tea. The newspaper lies ignored. He rubs his eyes. TARPAULIN RUSTLING (O.S.).

CHARLIE

Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

His hand slams down, spilling some tea; he leaps to the kitchen door.

Through the glass he scans the garden; the shed, the trees and spies....

... a hand bursting out of the ground, from the recently filled in grave.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Nooooo!

Another hand claws its way free of the earth.

The hands claw the air, full of imminent menace, in front of a crude, man-made, tree branch crucifix.

Charlie doesn't know what to do first.

He paces this way and that, stops; paces again. Clutches his ears and then covers his eyes - anything to stop seeing the hands scrabbling at the dirt.

He stops, reaching for the door.

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Charlie runs towards the grave.

The soil is undisturbed.

He claws at the earth, digging with his hands.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Hands dig furrows in the soil.

Dirt piles grow by Charlie's kneeling legs.

A spade blade slams into soil.

Charlie digs, like a madman, flinging soil carelessly over his shoulder, high into the air.

Above him - next door - a curtain is pulled aside. The room within is dark. A silhouetted figure at the window.

END OF SERIES

INT. ROOM NEXT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

From behind the curtains, we see Charlie has almost excavated the whole grave.

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Charlie spies a piece of tarp and jumps down. He reveals his dead father's face, looking ashen and bruised.

He grips the spade handle tight. Pokes his father's body with the blade; tensed, ready to strike if need be.

The skin on the body dents, where prodded - elasticity gone due to blood seepage.

Charlie holds the spade over the mouth, checking for breath. Impatiently, he leans in; the metal fogs.

Startled, he leans back. Then realizes it's his own breath fogging-up the metal - he's panting like a racehorse.

He presses an ear to the bodies' chest. No heartbeat.

Satisfied, he covers the face. He stands. Moves to cover the hole up.

A single heartbeat - DUM - then silence.

Charlie pauses. Looks back. Shakes his head.

Another heartbeat - DUM - and another - DUM.

He shakes his head, pulls himself up out of the hole.

Now there is a STEADY BACKBEAT, FAINTLY AUDIBLE but gaining in strength, speed and volume all the time -

DUM-DUM, DUM-DUM, DUM-DUM, DUM-DUM.

Charlie wipes his sweaty brow. Pushes some soil back into the hole. A thin layer covers the body.

DUM-DUM, DUM-DUM, DUM-DUM, DUM-DUM, DUM-DUM, DUM-DUM.

He wipes his mouth. Looks up at the sun, cursing. Heads back to the house for a drink, shaking visibly.

DUM-DUM, DUM-DUM, DUM-DUM, DUM-DUM, DUM-DUM, DUM-DUM.

TARPAULIN RUSTLES AND MOVES (O.S.).

DUM-DUM, DUM-DUM, DUM-DUM, DUM-DUM, DUM-DUM, DUM-DUM (OVER Continued throughout).

A LOW MOAN (O.S.). Charlie stops dead; turns. Sees the body, wrapped in tarp, out of the hole and coming for him; arms outstretched, walking.

The tarp falls away from the face. Its' green decaying flesh is animated. Milky eyed and mouth open wide, spilling mealworms onto the floor, the teeth drip with fetid drool, promising contagion and demented hunger.

It lurches closer, tripping on the tarp but stays upright.

Charlie backs away, heading to the back door. He glances behind him, for a second, checking where the door is.

He's misjudged the distance. Zombie Dad grabs Charlie's jumper.

Charlie pulls away. The jumper stretches with him. He tries to wrestle it from the corpses' grasp. The jumper stays firmly clenched in Zombie Dad's grip.

The door handle bangs Charlie in the small of his back.

He tries to tug the door open. Zombie Dad renews his attack.

Charlie fends off its drool covered teeth, using the spade.

Zombie Dad grabs Charlie's shoulder; pulls closer. His teeth getting dangerously close, eyes dead.

The Spade comes up, between them.

Charlie gives an almighty push, with the spade handle, freeing its grip, spinning the walking corpse around.

Charlie moves with it, staying behind it. He pushes the corpse. It trips, falling headfirst through the glass door.

The zombie pulls back from the window. Glass embedded in its chest. Its hands raise; heads toward Charlie as before.

Charlie backs away to the hole, looking everywhere for some escape or aid; a bright light blinds him as sunlight glints off the spade.

CHARLIE

Please Dad! Don't!

Charlie pokes his Dad in the chest, knocking him back. Sees the glint again. The edge looks sharp.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Please!

His Dad clutches for the spade, trying to grab hold. Charlie whips it back out of reach; curses and swings.

The edge catches the sunlight, before decapitating Zombie Dad. Bloody fluid jets high into the air and the head hits the ground; the mouth still moves.

Charlie doubles-up and dry heaves. His vision pitches at an angle and blurs.

The headless body continues to lurch towards Charlie however, twitching and jerking, hands clawed and reaching.

Charlie hears a step as the body is almost upon him. He ducks under its arms. The body trips on his leg and is felled, thrashing around, trying to push itself up.

Charlie plants a foot in its back and keeps it planted.

He gasps as his Dad's body writhes beneath his foot. The eyes in the head watch him hungrily.

The body reaches around, trying to grab at Charlie's boot. It finds the ankle and squeezes, hard.

Charlie lifts his boot up, but cannot wrestle it free. About to topple, unbalanced by its fierce grip, Charlie chops the hand off with the spade.

Freshly severed, the Zombie hand continues to squeeze.

Charlie levers the edge of the spade between his leg and the fingers and levers the fingers away. It works, albeit with a slip - taking a few fingers off in the process.

The fingers and severed hand continue to writhe.

Charlie is horrified and transfixed.

The one-armed headless body rises, coming for him.

DISMEMBERMENT MONTAGE

Charlie grimaces, raising the spade high into the air.

Charlie severs the other arm.

The spade won't go all the way through a leg and gets stuck.

Charlie opens the shed door.

An axe rises into the air.

Blood sprays across the sky as the axe chops down, repeatedly.

END MONTAGE

EXT. GARDEN - LATER

Charlie kneels amidst a sea of gore, sobbing, exhausted. All around him lay various body parts.

Charlie slowly looks takes in the carnage, wiping vomit from his mouth. A movement catches his eye. A solitary hand twitches.

Disbelieving, he stands shakily and moves over to it.

It twitches again. He prods at it with the spade.

A couple of fingers and an arm nearby also start to twitch, FLAPPING SPASMODICALLY. More chunks join suit in chorus.

Charlie covers his ears.

CHARLIE

Noooooo!

SERIES OF SHOTS

Charlie takes a hammer to a few fingers and a hand, wailing on them, crushing them to bits.

Still the pieces of mangled flesh twitch, despite impossibly broken bones and structureless crushed flesh.

A hand flips him off as Charlie feeds it into a blender. Blood sprays out of the top until he secures the lid.

Charlie pours a bloody cocktail down the loo; flushes.

More blending, more crushing, more flushing.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Charlie sits at the Kitchen table, blood soaked and delirious with exhaustion. His head in his hands, muttering.

He hears a GURGLING from the sink behind him; a STRAINING IN THE PIPES and another suspicious GURGLE.

A lone finger swims frantically, twitching in the blender.

Blood sprays out of the sink. Then stops.

The TOILET LID BANGS (OS over).

The pipes threaten to burst. BULGING, WARPING METAL (over).

Charlie looks at the sink; is distracted by a FAINT KNOCKING SOUND UPSTAIRS.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie stares at the blood filled toilet.

The BANGING / KNOCKING grows steadily.

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A POLICEMAN bangs on the front door. An old and frail CONCERNED NEIGHBOUR stands awkwardly in anticipation of trouble.

A female SOCIAL WORKER tries to calm the neighbour, moving her out of the way of more approaching police equipped with a battering ram.

CONCERNED NEIGHBOUR
You should have seen it!
(beat)
So awful!

SOCIAL WORKER

Don't worry. You did the right thing.

CONCERNED NEIGHBOUR

(Sobbing)

He murdered that sweet man and then did... such awful things ... - to the body! He's a lunatic!

INT. FRONT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie tries to ignore the BANGING AND GURGLING PIPES upstairs, grinning in determined bravery.

CHARLIE

I won't give in to fear. Not anymore.

He hears a BANGING AT THE FRONT DOOR. Picks up the pitchfork.

He glances through the wooden boards and sees a hoard of ZOMBIE POLICE trying to break down the door.

One of the Zombies holds a loud hailer.

ZOMBIE COP

Charlie. Is that you're name?

CHARLIE

(Mutters)

It's a trick. Zombies don't talk.

He clamps his hands over his ears.

ZOMBIE COP

We're concerned for your safety Charlie. If you don't open the door, we're going to have to force entry.

Charlie shakes his head furiously.

The Zombies surge towards the door again, battering ram swinging.

Charlie braces himself for their attack.

The front door begins to splinter.

FADE OUT:

THE END