

GHOST OF ZOMBIE
Pilot (in 4 parts)

Written by
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Part 1:

SUPER: Zombies Creed 12: On the Thursday he Rose Again from the Dead.. Twice.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - DAY (001)

GHOST zips down from the bridge and enters the city. He stops at the intersection and squints down Main Street. He spots himself (ZOMBIE) bringing up the rear of a pack of undead. The dead don't growl, but their rotting corpses do expel gas with every step they take. Ghost zoomed down the street towards the pack.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY (002)

Ghost floats beside Zombie. Zombie stares forward not seeming to notice.

GHOST

Oh, hey. So, I, uh, I rose
from our grave today.
Can you guess what I learned?

ZOMBIE

Grunt

GHOST

That you did too! Before me!

ZOMBIE

Grunt

GHOST

Really? Because the only
moving you should be
doing right now is in tiny
digested bits through the
a-ni of worms and maggots.

ZOMBIE
Grunt

GHOST
Speaking of buttoholes, why are
you in the ass-haust of these
only slightly devolved morons?

ZOMBIE
Grunt

GHOST
You almost stepped on his
brain when it fell out of
his jockstrap back there.

The disembodied penis of one of the zombies sits on the street.

UNDEAD GROUP
Brains!

GHOST
Shut up!

ZOMBIE
Grunt

GHOST
Her? Her chin took so many
hits in life it's fallen off.
I'm amazed her knees are
still holding up.

ZOMBIE
Grunt

GHOST
What about you? You're
boners and breakouts.
I'm the one keeping you from
whipping out a weapon or your wang.

ZOMBIE
Brains?

UNDEAD GROUP
Brains!

GHOST
God, help me – Shut up!
(to Zombie)
That's what I'm saying. We came
back as a ghost *and* a zombie.
We have the advantage out here –
thoughts, ideas...

UNDEAD GROUP
Brains!

GHOST
Shut up you mother...

The sound of metal scraping along the pavement, following by an ear-piercing screech interrupts his curse.

GHOST
What the...?

Cars drop from the sky and squash the pack of zombies Zombie was following. The cars create a Stonehenge-like structure in the street.

GHOST
You see. Together we can
avoid these...

Zombie directs Ghost's attention to something above them.

ZOMBIE
Grunt

A van launches off the top of a parking garage and drops.

GHOST
What...

The van crushes Ghost, but misses Zombie.

SUPER: GHOST of ZOMBIE (title graphic) Created by Patrick H.T. Doyle

003 Ghost emerges from the van with his arms out to his side and floats over to Zombie.

01

GHOST
Ugh!

02

ZOMBIE
Grunt

GHOST

The van coming down was nothing,
but going head first up the
dead driver lady's crotch canyon
will leave a scar.

ZOMBIE

Grunt?

GHOST

It doesn't count. We're still
a virgin. You see anything?

ZOMBIE

Grunt.

ZOMBIE

No shit, zombie hunters, but
these aren't bindgers living
out cosplay fantasies with
collectable katanas and
crossbows. Better hold back.

ZOMBIE

Grunt

03 A teenaged boy and girl step from the shadows of the parking garage attendant's booth and survey the damage. Both wear respirator masks, decorated to match their zombie hunter persona.

LYNN is a hunter in survival goddess body armor. She's one half wasteland slayer from the fantasies of hardcore gamers, the other half the girl who sits in the corner of the cafeterias with her face hidden behind a book.

MICHAEL is well groomed and dressed to get people's attention. He's missing his right arm from the elbow down. The arm, now zombied, follows Michael around like a dog.

The two teens survey their work.

04

MICHAEL

You missed one, LYNN.

LYNN

It's Devil Lynn when we're
out here, and where?

05

06a-b

MICHAEL

Over there, *Devil Lynn*,
next to the Tipper's van.

LYNN

I'm pretty sure it's just
The Tip: Another evil corporation
trying to convince us they're
not gonna give us the shaft.

MICHAEL

Still, you boned the kill.

07

LYNN

What's my one rule, MICHAEL?

Lynn holds up her signature weapon, a sledge hammer handle lined with zombie teeth. (08) Close-up on the inscription along the wooden handle. It reads: *You must be this tall to ride this homicide.*

MICHAEL

No kids.

Lynn slams the head of the weapon on the ground beside her, showing Michael its height. Michael's undead zombie arm jumps out of the way.

LYNN

No kids.

MICHAEL

You know, I heard the baby's venom
is deadlier than the adult's.

LYNN

I'm pretty sure that's
scorpions.

MICHAEL

But zombie kids are an easy kill.
And babies, with that soft spot
on the back of their skulls..
Squish. Dead.

LYNN

Leave the kid alone.

MICHAEL

Maybe it's a little person.
And it's something-ist not to
treat them like everyone else.

LYNN

Just leave it.

Ghost recognizes Michael and Lynn.

GHOST

That's Michael and Lynn.

ZOMBIE

Grunt

GHOST

We need to follow them.
Maybe Mom and Dad survived too.

Lynn takes a can of spray paint from her belt and tags one of the cars
in her Stonehenge recreation.

MICHAEL

You know, I've been thinking
about what you said yesterday,
about no one liking you.

LYNN

I was talking about my kills,
not me personally.

MICHAEL

Yeah, but you know the face you
said everyone makes when they see you;
As if you smell like you scissored
the bloating carcass of a manatee
in crotchless panties.

LYNN

What the hell, Michael?

MICHAEL

Not your words, I know,
but I feel it's important to
remember nature's majestic
creatures during our current
state of dismay.

Lynn picks up Michael's zombie arm as is drags itself past her feet. She raises the middle finger and flashes it at Michael.

MICHAEL

Ugh! Traitor! Get back to
your rock.

The arm drops, scurries over, leaps up and grabs onto a rock attached to Michael's belt.

MICHAEL

You'd better Ash to
Addams real quick or I will
pimp you out to that old
perv on our block.

004 Lynn and Michael leave the scene of the kill and head into the ruins of the city. Ghost and Zombie follow from a safe distance.

LYNN

Don't you have more important
things to worry about than me?

MICHAEL

I don't worry because of you,
and its time I repay you by
transform you into someone –
something bigger.

LYNN

Transform me how?

MICHAEL

From an *Average Nobody* to
an *Apocalyptic Legend*.

LYNN

I could be bent over naked on
the roof of that car, butt-belching
through a clenched bullhorn and
still only get three likes on
this kill.

MICHAEL

Nudity will never be in your
contract, but whoever the fanboy
fantasize you doing in their
quadruple-your-current-bra-size hentai
is totally out of my control.

LYNN
Gross!

MICHAEL
But I am going to go hardcore
when it comes to your brand.

LYNN
I have no brand.

MICHAEL
You will after today, and when
the Rimmers of Rim City see you go
from an AN to an AL, they'll risk
death and dismemberment to get
into your inner circle.

LYNN
Maybe you should think
about the name a bit more.

MICHAEL
Why? The name is tight.

LYNN
And tight is how I'm hoping
to keep it.

MICHAEL
Keep what? Your circle?

LYNN
Please drop it.

MICHAEL
No. I want to know. What
needs to be tight?

LYNN
I'm walking away now.

Fade to black.

End Part 1

SUPER: Continued in Part 2: The Threat of Deathstar Dildos

Part 2:

SUPER: *Zombie 6:33 For the Death Star Dildos are those which come down out of heaven, and give life to the world.*

EXT. INNER-CITY HOME OF GHOST/ZOMBIE'S FAMILY - DAY

Wide shot of the street. Storefronts line the left side and the rim of the crater defines the right. An OLD WOMAN ZOMBIE leans over the handle bars of an electric scooter perched precariously on top of a light pole. Her boobs droop down like socks filled with sand.

Ghost and Zombie approach on the sidewalk.

GHOST

Hey, does my tail thing smell
weird to you?

ZOMBIE

Grunt.

GHOST

I think it might have pinkied into
the stink back there at the van.

Zombie points ups at the lady.

ZOMBBIE

I'm not gonna let those be
the first real boobs I see.
And it's not necessary to send
me everything you're sensing.

ZOMBIE

Grunt.

Zombie looks to where Zombie is pointing. It's their house - a three story building, which stands out from those around it. Its well maintained and clean. The sign above the ground level storefront reads: ANNE'S SALON: MEN WELCOME. NO APPOINTMENT NECESSARY!

Steps lead up to the door to the apartment on the second and third floors. The front door and all the windows on the second floor are boarded up. The windows on the third floor are free from obstruction.

ZOMBIE

Grunt

GHOST

Better let me check it out
first. This isn't a face that
screams hug me.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF GHOST/ZOMBIE'S HOME - DAY

Ghost floats in. Michael enters holding up a shirt so Lynn can see the logo he's created for her.

MICHAEL

Here it is! Your first merch
with the brand new Average
Nobody, Apocalyptic Legend logo.

LYNN

Could I make a suggestion?

The sound of a door opening turns their attention to the adjoining kitchen.

DAD (VO)

Kids, I'm home.

Dad enters the Living room and drops a shopping bag filled with supplies onto the coffee table.

LYNN

Where've you been?

DAD

Out getting us breakfast.

He shows them the zebra leg strapped to his back.

MICHAEL

Is it cage-free?

DAD

Well, I got it at the zoo, so no.

MICHAEL

I'll get something on the street.

DAD

Do you know how many gassers,
rippers, tooters, silent-and-deadlies
I needed to kill to get this?

MICHAEL

Stop trying to give them a name as if we live in a world where zombies aren't a thing, Dad.

DAD

Fine, but if you go out forget about the oyster at the Smith house. I opened it.

MICHAEL

Just junk? No food at all?

DAD

The only ending the old man was prepping for was a happy one. And the only things edible; were the only things securing *his* junk.

LYNN

I heard he did experiments on his grandson.

MICHAEL

"Experiments."

DAD

You know what thought popped in my head while I was rooting around in there?

MICHAEL

In that shelter? No.

DAD

How many women do you think lived on the Deathstar?

LYNN

Oh, my God.

MICHAEL

I don't know, thousands?

DAD

Tens of thousands, and using pre-zomb-pocalypse statistics, no fewer than 75% of them owned a dildo or dildos.

LYNN

What's wrong with you?

DAD

What really peaked my curiosity was this: When the Deathstar exploded some of those dildos...

MICHAEL

Please stop saying dildos.

DAD

Probably survived the blast, and right now thousands of vibrating, alien dil... Sorry – Raging rubber ramrods...

MICHAEL

Yeah, that's better.

DAD

...Could be wiggling their way through space at speeds so fast they would rip a man in two.

LYNN

A man you say?

The Zombie Arm tugs Ghosts tail.

Ghost jumps and bumps into the bag Dad brought in. The bag tips over and a ball gag falls out.

Lynn picks up the gag and holds it out in front of her, the leather strap pinched between her thumb and forefinger.

LYNN

I don't remember seeing this on the supply run list?

MICHAEL

Um, what's that for?

DAD

Your mom has been getting a bit more aggressive lately, and I thought it might... You know.

LYNN

Looks like your arm made Dad think about other appendages that could be lost to zombie bites.

Lynn lets the gag fall to the floor. It lands beside Zombie Arm.

DAD

Hey, I get it. It's gross to think about your parents that way, but your mother is a beautiful woman and I...

MICHAEL

That's not the gross part, Dad.

LYNN

Let me put it this way; the serum Mom created went against nature, but the "lab work" you two are doing goes against everything natural.

DAD

I swore until death do us part.

MICHAEL

Um, observation.

DAD

I dare you to find another marriage as strong as ours out there, and I only hope you find a love as lasting as ours in the future.

MICHAEL

Just so you know, I lost the love of my this week just yesterday?

DAD

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that son.

MICHAEL
He died on his knees right
in front of me.

LYNN
Sounds about right.

MICHAEL
I had to stab him in the head.

LYNN
Multiple times, I'm guessing.

MICHAEL
It's not funny, Lynn.

LYNN
Whatever, I need to go out and
grab a few things. I have a
couple of gerbils in headlocks
that need taming.

DAD
I thought we could spend the
day together and catch up.

MICHAEL
Can't. Have to go make Lynn a star.

LYNN
Hey, Michael, could you make
it a chocolate star?

MICHAEL
I'm not sure how flavors would
work, but sure I guess.

DAD
Keep an eye on each other
out there.

Dad picks up Michael's shirt from the couch and looks at the graphic.

DAD
Ah, the highways never traveled.
(gives a look as if to say, or are they?)
Honey!

INT. MOM'S BASEMENT LABORATORY - DAY

What looks to have been a convenience store in better times has been converted into a chemist's laboratory.

Coffins have been stacked in the corner, and notes detailing serum trials are scribbled on a blackboard.

They read: *The "GAGE SERUM" fails until #7 when the "Test subjects reacting well," "Alive, but not," Primal traits emerging," and ending with "What have I done?"*

EASTER EGGS:

- * The phrase, "Ego obitum fiet Pestifer Mundi" (I am become death destroyer of worlds) is written somewhere in the lab.*
- * The novels, "Pet Sematary" and "Frankenstein" are either in the trash or being used as something (toilet paper)*
- * Dad is researching the "Zombie Fungus," cordyceps and Rabies (Toxoplasma Gondii)*

Ghost and Zombie enter through a door from the back alley of the building.

GHOST

You're sure Dad came in here?

ZOMBIE

Grunt

GHOST

I don't see him or Mom.

They hear thumping from the room above. Zombie locates a staircase leading up to a door.

ZOMBIE

Grunt

GHOST

I heard it too.

Ghost floats up the steps to the door.

GHOST

I'll check it out.
Wait here.

Ghost phases through the door.

INT. FIRST FLOOR ROOM - DAY

Ghost's change of expression shows us the horror he sees: His parents in the middle of doing an unspeakable act.

GHOST
(screams)

He rips his eyeballs off his face and throws them back through the door.

INT. MOM'S BASEMENT LABORATORY - DAY

The black eyeballs bounce down the steps and land at Zombie's feet. Zombie bends down and picks up Ghost's eyes.

Ghost falls back out from the door at the top of the stairs and feels his way down to Zombie.

He takes his eyes from Zombie, puts them back on his face, sits on a stool and crosses his tail over his lap. He fixes his hair, looks around the room and takes a deep breath.

GHOST
So, the good news: Mom is here.
She looks, well unfortunately Mom
is like you; a zombie. The bad news:
Dad... well Dad doesn't seem to mind
that Mom is a zombie, at all!

ZOMBIE
Grunt

GHOST
Do not, go, look... But yes, that.
And Dad will continue to, that
with Mom unless we do something.

ZOMBIE
Grunt

Moans and groans, followed by a rhythmic banging echo down from the first floor.

DAD
(Moans and groans)

GHOST
Now!