

Edward the Sentient Zombie

by  
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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A classically decorated taste of high-society. In the corner, a record player spins *Vesti la giubba*, from the opera *Pagliacci*. In the center is an oversized, Victorian chair, which sits a man in monogrammed silk pajamas, opposite a crackling fireplace. The figure in the chair occasionally sips an aged glass of scotch as he peruses a rather thick leather-bound book. After he flips a page or two, he puts the book down thoughtfully to enjoy the famous climax of the song, revealing that he is, in fact, a ZOMBIE. This coherent, undead man is EDWARD, and he stares reflectively at the ceiling through his one good eye as Pavarotti pours his heart out.

A sudden, quick rapping on the door startles him, and he rises quickly to the record player and removes the needle. Instead of silence we are overwhelmed by the wails of the living dead, who are apparently just outside. As Edward limps to the front door, he passes several grand windows which are completely BOARDED up. Beside The front door, two large boards lean against the wall. Edward cautiously turns the door knob and peeks out. No one is there. He opens the door wider for a better look.

EDWARD

Hello?

Puzzled, Edward turns around to return to his chair. His girlfriend, JANET, blonde, late 20s, is standing behind him. Edward YELPS in surprise.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Jesus, Janet, you startled me.

JANET

What did I tell you about boarding up the front door behind me?

EDWARD

I forgot.

JANET

You *always* forget. You know what would happen if a zombie got in here while I was out? You'd get eaten, and then you'd eat me.

Edward rolls his eye, and starts his way towards the kitchen.

EDWARD  
Speaking of eating, are you hungry yet?

JANET  
You haven't cooked supper yet?

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Edward opens the drawer underneath the oven and pulls out a large pot.

EDWARD  
Well, I wasn't exactly sure when you'd be back. I didn't want your food to get cold.

JANET  
What is with you today? You know Thursday is girls night out. I never cook on Thursday.

Edward adjusts the burner and puts the pot of water on it.

EDWARD  
Well last week you all went to Benihana's, and I sat here by myself for an hour staring at your plate while your food got cold.

JANET  
We went to Benihana's for shelter, Edward.

EDWARD  
For shelter and half-priced Mai-Tais, you mean.  
(beat)  
Can you hand me a couple of carrots?

He grabs a knife out of the drawer as she hands him a carrot from the fridge.

JANET  
So it was happy hour, big deal. Next time I guess we'll just all be eaten by the ravenous dead in front of the Benihana's. Is that what you'd prefer?

EDWARD

You always take everything to such extremes. Why does the choice in your argument have to be that you ditch me to get drunk with your friends or you are eaten alive by undead?

Edward chops the carrots quickly, as he becomes more agitated.

JANET

Let's just forget it.

Another long beat. Janet changed the subject.

JANET (CONT'D)

What are you making?

EDWARD

I was going to make Duck L'Orange.

JANET

I'm not really in the mood for duck stuff. Do we have any more of the box macaroni? I just want to whip up some mac and cheese.

Edward stops chopping and hangs his head to sigh deeply.

EDWARD

It's not "Duck stuff", it's Duck L'Orange. Mac and cheese? Really? Why don't we just go get you a happy meal?

JANET

Could we?

EDWARD

Janet, do you know Pavarotti?

JANET

The Italian sports car?

Edward smirks for a moment and laughs.

EDWARD

Pavarotti is an opera singer, Janet.

Janet is hurt.

JANET

Oh, you're making fun of my intelligence again. That's hilarious. Just because I don't spend my free time reading dusty old books by dead guys doesn't mean I'm an idiot.

Edward turns from the counter to face her.

EDWARD

How long have we been dating, Janet?

JANET

Why?

EDWARD

How long?

JANET

Since just after the outbreak.

EDWARD

So what? Three months?

JANET

Maybe four.

EDWARD

Okay, four.

JANET

What's your point?

EDWARD

Maybe this, maybe you and I, are a mistake.

JANET

Oh, suddenly I'm just not smart enough for you? Is that it? Well, you know what? Enrique said-

EDWARD

(interrupting)

Enrique? Enrique the Zombie Hunter? Was he at Benihana's?

JANET

I don't know why you say his name with such disdain; he's doing the community a favor.

EDWARD

A favor? He tried to kill me,  
Janet.

JANET

Oh, come on, he was aiming at  
something else.

EDWARD

He shot me through the eye with a  
crossbow bolt!

JANET

(smirking)  
Something behind your eye.

A long beat. Edward is unamused.

EDWARD

Do you think that's funny?

JANET

Yes.

Edward exits the kitchen as Janet follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Edward grabs his coat and scarf off the hat rack, and makes  
for the door. Janet yells at him as he reaches for the door.

JANET

I'll tell you what else is funny,  
Edward. Enrique told me *everything*.  
I know your dirty little secret.

Edward pauses, with his hand on the knob.

EDWARD

So he told you.

JANET

Yeah, he told me. It's obvious when  
you think about it. Guess you don't  
have to be that smart after all.

EDWARD

How long have you known?

JANET

What? That you're a...

EDWARD
JANET  
*Zombie?!*
*Republican?!*

Edward's shoulders fall in relief.

EDWARD  
 Oh, he told you I was a Republican?  
 Who cares?! Enrique is such an  
 Obama-bot. It's sickening.

JANET  
 Wait, you're a zombie?

EDWARD  
 Well, yes.

With a sudden CRASH a decomposing hand thrusts through the door and grabs Edward's shoulder. Janet screams.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
 Oh!

Edward pushes off the door and scoots backwards on his butt as the door is reduced to splinters by a horde of zombies.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
 Looks like you're the one that  
 forgot to board the door this time!

JANET  
 Is this really the time to place  
 blame?

EDWARD  
 Yes, if we're going to die, then I  
 want you to know it's your fault!

Edward grabs a large, slender piece of the door and swings at a zombie. Janet follows suit.

JANET  
 You're impossible! How could you  
 not tell me you were a Zombie?

EDWARD  
 It never came up, okay? Can we just  
 drop this?!

JANET

It never came up? That you're the walking damned, an undead hubris who skulks the earth with an insatiable hunger for the flesh of the innocent?

EDWARD

(genuinely pleased)

That was very well said. Hubris? That's a big word, Janet.

JANET

It was on my word-of-the-day calendar.

EDWARD

I'm impressed.

JANET

Thanks, it's really helped me grow my vocabu- Wait a minute! Don't change the subject!

Janet thrusts a long splinter into a zombie's gaping maw, causing it to collapse. More undead pour through the door.

EDWARD

So, now you know.

Janet gasps at the flood of realizations.

JANET

This explains so much! Your limp! That's not an old football injury at all, is it?

Edward swings his board like a baseball bat, knocking the jaw off one approaching zombie.

EDWARD

Well, technically. I mean, I played football in high-school but the onset of rigor mortis probably isn't helping matters.

A loud crash from the living room is followed by growing moans. The zombies are coming from behind now.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Well, they're behind us now. This is it.



They continue to fight as more zombies flank them.

JANET

And that's not really psoriasis is it? It's rotting, decayed flesh!

They backpedal as the hordes from the front approach, in their retreat, they both TRIP over a coffee table, collapsing on their backs.

EDWARD

Oh! Now we're getting personal. Low blow, Janet, low blow. Let me ask you a question: Are you a natural blonde?

JANET

Not the same thing, Edward, not the same thing!

Just as a zombie reaches out to grab, Janet, a crash from above sends glass everywhere as ENRIQUE drops from the broken skylight above.

JANET (CONT'D)

Enrique!

ENRIQUE

I've come to save you my sweet!

Enrique unsheathes a sword from his back and begins thrusting and decapitating throngs of the zombie onslaught. Once he has made enough space he picks Janet up over his shoulder and fires a pressurized grappling hook through the hole he entered from.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Orevwa, Edward!

ENRIQUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Obama, 2012!

EDWARD

I'll get you Enrique! Janet! Hang on! I'll come for you!

Enrique and Janet are gone. The zombies turn their attention to Edward. They seem disinterested. One of them takes a tentative bite of Edward's arm.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I'm already dead you idiot!