

ZOMBIE NATION

"Refried Dog Toss"

Written by

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FADE IN:

TEASER

EXT. ZZ'S HOUSE - YARD - DAY

In a chain-linked fenced yard, cramped with bare trees and extraneous junk, bushes, a small make-shift leaning doghouse, and patches of grass and dirt, ZZ, a partly skeletal lanky zombie with bed-head dark hair and big dark eyes, is bent over his latest ball-tossing machine, which is about knee high, made of scavenged metal parts from toasters, lawn mowers, dishwashers, etc., with large spoon protrusions, and a car battery engine.

ZZ makes some final adjustments and places a few RED BALLS in the spoon-like tossers.

INT. ZZ'S HOUSE - WINDOWSILL

ZZ house is neat and sparsely furnished with a single Lazyboy recliner, a kitchen table with 2 wooden chairs, a small end table with a foo-foo pink lamp that has a giant white shade, and a single painting on the wall above fire place that looks painted by a young child. He has a flat-screen TV mounted on a stand. The television controller sits on the arm of the recliner. The walls are white and the floor is wood.

LEGS POV

LEGS, a zombie black and white Chihuahua, tongue lolling, sits on a windowsill. His legs and tail shake. He WHIMPERS.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOSED AFB - FENCE AREA

Legs sits and looks up at the tall metal fence with it spiral wire at the top. The ruins of a soft drink machine and stove lay close by. Legs WHIMPERS and looks out towards the town in the distance, his eyes bulging.

Sherwood ZOMBIE RESERVATIONS 2.

TO THE CAMERA

LEGS (V.O.)

Humans. That took a long time to stack. Weeks! I just want a bone! Mason's... boy I remember when I was alive. ZZ used to bring bones home from that shop. I've got to get one!

(pause)

What'd ya expect? I *am* a dog after all.

CLOSE ON BLINKING SIGN

MASON'S BUTCHER SHOP

Legs digs for a bit then touches the fence. ZZZZZZ POP! Legs body straightens out and his short smokes. He drops to the ground very still for a few moments. His tail and legs twitch, then his ears and nose. He opens his eyes.

LEGS (V.O.)

Sometimes, it's good to be dead.

BACK TO SCENE

Legs paws the window as ZZ turns on the machine. Three balls fly straight up and then straight down.

LEGS (V.O.)

Up and over, eh? That'd work. But how to get that machine? Hmm.

ZZ makes another adjustment, reloads the balls, and turns the machine on. Those three fly straight up and fall, bopping ZZ's head as they do.

ZZ

Really? Really? That's just epic!  
What next? Straight down?

ZZ throws his arms up and his left arm detaches from the elbow and lands near a bush. ZZ stares at it for a moment, then tromps to pick it up, GRUMBLING as he goes. He picks up and brushes it off.

Sherwood ZOMBIE RESERVATIONS 3.

ZZ (CONT'D)

Legs! Fetch the thread!

Legs jumps off the windowsill and disappears into the back room. He returns a moment later with a spool of black thread that has a big needle poked in it. He goes out the doggy door.

END TEASER

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

EXT. ZZ'S HOUSE - YARD

LEGS POV

Legs bounces around ZZ's feet, eyes bulging, tongue lolling out the side of his mouth. ZZ takes the end of the thread and pulls. The spool whizzes around between Legs' teeth. ZZ cuts the thread on one of Legs' teeth.

He threads the needle while it's still on the spool and then pulls the needle out. ZZ sits down. Legs drops the spool and takes the needle in his teeth and sews ZZ's forearm back on. ZZ tightens this.

He stands and looks at the tools scattered near his machine. He chooses a wrench and set back to work. Moments later he loads balls into all the spoons. He turns on the machine and steps back.

The first ball shoots just over Legs' head and watches it go. The next ball shoots straight up and lands behind the dog house. The machine SPUTTERS, CLANKS, and smoke begins to rise. Then KABOOM!

Parts fly off and the remaining balls shoot full speed out the back and right into ZZ's face. His head spins and ends up backwards, his face is blackened and red with rage. Legs SNICKERS.

ZZ grabs his head with both hands and forcefully twists it back in place.

ZZ

Really? Really? That's just epic!

He thrusts his arms up and his right arm detaches at the elbow, flies over Legs' head and lands in the dirt. Legs GRUNTS and grabs the arm. Legs flees under the closest bush and begins to gnaw -- SLOSH, SLAP, GRIND.

Sherwood ZOMBIE RESERVATIONS 4.

ZZ stomps over. Bend down and peers under the bush at Legs.

ZZ (CONT'D)  
What is wrong with you? Really?  
Give me that.

ZZ grabs at his arm. Legs GROWLS; his eyes bulge. A short tug-of-war ensues. ZZ crawls in further, low twigs slap at his face.

ZZ (CONT'D)  
Give. Me. That. Bone.

ZZ yanks his arm from Legs' mouth and stands up. Legs, head low, tail down, follows. ZZ dusts the drool and dirt off his arm.

ZZ (CONT'D)  
Just look at this. Gnaw marks.

He looks down at a complacent Legs.

ZZ (CONT'D)  
Get the thread.

Legs trots low towards the thread spool he dropped in the grass. He SNICKERS.

TO THE CAMERA

LEGS (V.O.)  
What'd you expect? I *am* a dog after  
all.

Legs gets the thread and the two of them put ZZ's arm back in place.

ZZ  
Now, sit over there and don't move.

ZZ sits with the machine between his lanky legs and begins to work.

LEGS POV

Visible wires. Bolts and screws in the grass. Loose piping.

Legs sneaks, close to the ground, near the machine and begins chewing the exposed wires: CRUNCH, CRUNCH. ZZ looks up. He pushes Legs back.

Sherwood ZOMBIE RESERVATIONS 5.

ZZ (CONT'D)

Stop that. Stay.

ZZ goes back to work. Legs sneaks over again and this time grabs a pipe and begins a tug-of-war: SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAL. ZZ looks up. He shoves Legs back. Legs goes about five feet back on his feet, dirt flying.

ZZ (CONT'D)

Really? Cut it out! Stay there or I'll lock you in the house!

TO THE CAMERA

LEGS (V.O.)

Okay, so I'm the quietest. Well you try sabotaging something without hands! I am a dog after all!

Legs sits for moment, eyeing the pile of bolts and screws. He sneaks up and starts eating them: CHRACK, CRUNCH, CHOMP. ZZ looks up and his face goes red. He snatches Legs off the ground and shakes him. The bolts and screws hit the ground.

ZZ

Really? That's it! You go inside until I'm done.

ZZ drops legs at the door, shuts the doggy door, and slams the door closed. Legs jumps up onto the windowsill. ZZ stomps off and resume his work on the machine.

INT. ZZ'S HOUSE - WINDOWSILL

Legs shivers and shakes, eyes bulging.

LEGS POV

ZZ works fast and hard, dust flying up around him. He loads the balls back into the machine and turns it on. The balls shoot straight up.

ZZ kicks the machine and topples over. Legs SNICKERS.

ZZ has a full blown tantrum and comes into the house.

ZZ

Really? The living must have something against zombies who invent! Nothing ever works right!

Sherwood ZOMBIE RESERVATIONS 6.

His arms go up. His left hand flies off and lands near a lamp. ZZ rolls his eyes. Legs SNICKERS.

ZZ  
Fetch the thread.

LEGS (V.O.)  
Fetch the thread.

Legs wags his tail, eyes bulging, and runs down the hall to get more thread. He returns and the two sew ZZ's hand back on.

ZZ (CONT'D)  
Well, boy, I guess I'm going out to see if I can find some better parts.

He rubs Legs' head.

Legs looks up with large doe eyes and WHIMPERS.

ZZ (CONT'D)  
Oh, all right. I'll let you out.

ZZ opens the doggy door. Legs gets so excited that his tail flies off and slams into the wall. Legs looks back, then down, and WHIMPERS loudly.

TO THE CAMERA

LEGS (V.O.)  
Yeah, you got it. Fetch the thread.

ZZ sews Legs' tail back on and ruffles his ears.

ZZ  
I'll be back in while. Be a good boy.

Legs follows ZZ out the door.

EXT. ZZ'S HOUSE - YARD

LEGS POV

Legs watches ZZ disappear down the road. Legs runs over to the downed machine and begins to struggle to get it upright. He shoves his back-end and gets it off the ground. Then he edges under it to set it up right. GRUNT, PANT, GRUNT.

Once upright, Legs alternately shoves and tugs until he gets the machine to the big tear in the chain link fence. He shoves with his face, then his butt, and back and forth.

Sherwood ZOMBIE RESERVATIONS 7.

The machine with it's spoons out, gets stuck in the chain linking: GRRR, GRUNT, PANT.

Legs collapses and stares at the machine, his eyes bulging. He jumps up and slobbers all over the machine and shoves. It moves, but bounces back, knocking Legs backward into the doghouse. Legs shakes this off.

He stares some more.

LEGS (V.O.)

Let's see. Spoons are stuck. The spoons go to the ... hinges! It has hinges!

He runs into the yard and gets a long stick. He pokes the hinges, but the stick is too long to get control of. He drops it and gets another, stronger, shorter stick. He pokes again. As soon as the first spoon folds in the others very quickly follow suit. Legs is suck into the folded spoons, his eyes bulging.

He struggles and machine, now free of the spoons, begins to roll forward. Legs eyes grow even wider as the machine heads for a thorny, branchy bush.

The machine jams into the bush. The short branches trigger the spoon hinges and Legs is shot out like toothpaste onto the sidewalk.

He stands, his body a bit like swiss cheese without the holes. He wobbles back through the fence and into the shed where he finds a bicycle pump. He picks up the hose in his mouth and jumps up to the hand and begins to pump: SQUEAK, SQUEAK, WHOOSH, WHOOSH. Slowly his body reinflates. He SIGHS.

TO THE CAMERA

LEGS (V.O.)

Sometimes, it's good to be dead.

He heads back to the bush and struggles to free the machine, which is now stuck in the bush. He hears FOOT PATTERS and looks up.

A big sleek Doberman zombie dog with a torn ear, foaming at the mouth and red eyed, sniffs the air and trots low towards the bush.

Legs jumps out of the bush and pounces in and out of the big dog's bite range. Legs nips at the big dogs' feet, eyes bulging: WHIMPER, WHINE, GROWL.

Sherwood ZOMBIE RESERVATIONS 8.

The big down looks down and bares his big yellow teeth. Legs begins to shake all over and his tail falls.

TO THE CAMERA

LEGS (V.O.)

I am a *small* dog after all.

Legs' bulging eyes grow wider and he high-tales it away towards the break in the chain link fence, WHIMPERING and WHINING.

The big dog gives the machine a single sniff, looks in Legs' direction, BARKS, turns, and gives chase.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE.