

(Name of Project)

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FADE IN ON:

INT. DARK ATTIC.

The attic is filled with old boxes and dust. Spiderwebs drape in the corners.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
Are you sure? I mean really really  
really sure?

MIKEY (O.S.)  
I'm really really really sure.

BOBBY WALSH and MIKEY BAKER (both 10) sit at the end of the attic, on an old steamer trunk. Bobby is dressed like a cowboy and Mikey, like a 1950's spaceman.

They peer through the slats of a small vent window.

MIKEY  
Mister Schultz's been bringing all  
these boxes into his basement since  
he moved in last month.

A pristine 1950's black sedan is parked in the driveway of the adjacent house. The front yard is perfectly manicured. A US flag, with 48 stars, hangs from a porch bracket.

MIKEY (O.S.)  
He brings in all these boxes and  
stuff into his basement.

MISTER Schultz (60), a tall grey-haired man with a goatee and mustache, carries boxes from his car and down the cellar doorway. He wears a black fedora and black trench coat.

MIKEY (O.S.)  
Stuff that I seen in the movies.  
Test tubes and chemicals and stuff--

Mikey turns to Bobby.

MIKEY  
I seen in that movie, *Doctor  
Zombie's Army of the Living Dead*.

BOBBY  
(amazed)  
You saw *Doctor Zombie's Army of the  
Living Dead*?

The two return to spying through the slats.

MIKEY

That's how I know he's building a laboratory in his basement--

BOBBY

Gosh.

MIKEY

And once he builds his laboratory, he's going to make an army of ten thousand zombies and--

MRS. BAKER (O.S.)

Michael Thomas Baker!

The boys spin around, startled.

MRS. BAKER stands on the attic ladder, wearing a simple dress and apron, like your stereotypical 1950's housewife.

MRS. BAKER

How many times have I told you not to play in this dusty attic?

MIKEY

M-mom?

Mrs. Baker climbs up the ladder.

BOBBY

H-hi Missus Maker.

MRS. BAKER

Bobby, your mother called. She said supper will be on the table in five minutes.

BOBBY

Yes, Missus Baker. Bye Mikey.

Bobby walks by Mrs. Baker and climbs down the ladder. He and Mikey look at each other while he disappears from sight.

Mrs. Baker looks sternly at Bobby.

MRS. BAKER

And you, little Mister, shouldn't be spying on Mister Schultz. Now, downstairs and wash up for supper.

MIKEY

But Mom, Mister Schultz is making an army of zombies and he's--

MRS. BAKER  
 You will stop that nonsense talk.  
 Mister Schultz is no such thing.

She gestures down the ladder.

MRS. BAKER  
 Now, downstairs and wash up for  
 supper.

Bobby drags himself to the ladder and climbs down.

MRS. BAKER  
 And I told you not to wear your  
 costume until Halloween. If you  
 get it dirty--

MIKEY (O.S.)  
 Mo-o-o-om....

INT. KITCHEN. -NIGHT.

Mikey sits at the dinner table, wearing regular clothing.  
 MR. BAKER sits at the table, behind a newspaper.

MR. BAKER (O.S.)  
 Dinner smells terrific, honey.

Mrs. Baker places pork chops on each of the three plates,  
 next to the mashed potatoes and peas.

MRS. BAKER  
 Thanks you, dear. It's a recipe I  
 found in a magazine.

MR. BAKER  
 Says here that they're going to  
 build a new hardware store in town.

MRS. BAKER  
 Dear, please put that paper down.

MR. BAKER  
 I will dear.

Mikey pushes his food around the plate

MR. BAKER  
 Here's an interesting article.  
 Says here that wild dogs are in the  
 cemetery.

MRS. BAKER  
Wild dogs?

Mikey looks up at his father, curious.

MR. BAKER  
That's what it says. They've been  
digging holes all over the place.

Mikey's expression turns to fear.

MR. BAKER  
Actually digging up some of the  
bodies.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. -NIGHT.

Mister Schultz carries more items from his car into his  
basement. Bright lights are seen from his basement windows,  
flashing intermittently.

A jack-o-lantern glows from the porch of the Baker house.

MIKEY (O.S.)  
(hushed)  
I was watching him after dinner,  
from the bathroom window. He went  
out and came back with more stuff.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
What kind of stuff?

MIKEY (O.S.)  
Big stuff--

INT. MIKEY'S BEDROOM.

The room is filled with children's furniture and decorated  
with model airplanes and dinosaurs.

Mikey sits at his window, looking at Bobby, sitting at his  
bedroom window, ten feet away.

MIKEY  
Computers and machines and large  
metal boxes. Probably filled with  
body parts to make his zombies.

BOBBY  
Really? What do we do?

MIKEY

I don't know. My Mom and Dad don't believe me.

BOBBY

I told my Mom and Dad. They said I read too many comic books.

MIKEY

We need proof. Mister Schultz is probably gonna set his army of zombies loose on Halloween night.

BOBBY

Halloween? Can't we just go to the police? Or the army?

MIKEY

Not without proof.

The two look at each other, thinking.

MIKEY

I got it! We'll use my Dad's camera. We'll sneak into Mister Schultz's house and take pictures and show our Dads.

BOBBY

Sneak into his house?

MIKEY

We have to get pictures. Of his laboratory. Of his equipment.

Bobby looks at the sidewalk. Terror grows on his face.

MIKEY

And any zombies he already made!

Bobby steps back from his window, pointing toward the front of the house.

MIKEY

What? What's the matter?

Mikey sticks his head out the window and looks around. Horror grows on his face.

A lone figure stands on the sidewalk, in front of the two houses, wearing a dark coat and a fedora.

IT'S MISTER SCHULTZ!

Mikey ducks beneath his window, bugged-eyed.

EXT. BAKER HOUSE BACKYARD. -DAY.

A treehouse rests in the yard's only tree.

A lens peeks from underneath a raggedy curtain

BOBBY (O.S.)  
What do you see? What do you see?

MIKEY (O.S.)  
Shhhhh! He'll hear you.

INSERT:

EXT. SCHULTZ'S DRIVEWAY.

Wearing his trench coat, Mister Schultz pulls sheets of metal from his trunk and slowly carries them into his basement.

Seen through a distorted single lens.

BACK TO:

INT. TREEHOUSE.

Mikey spies through the window with a telescope. A camera hangs around his neck. Bobby watches on, behind him.

The walls of the treehouse are covered with Lone Ranger posters and pages from comic books.

BOBBY  
(whisper)  
What's he doing?

MIKEY  
He's taking the last of the stuff  
from his car to his basement...  
Now he's back out.

INSERT:

EXT. SCHULTZ'S DRIVEWAY.

Mister Schultz steps from the basement, fedora in hand. He puts it on as he closes his trunk.

He climbs in his car and drives off.

BACK TO:

INT. TREEHOUSE.

Mikey lowers the telescope and heads to the treehouse entrance.

MIKEY  
He's gone. Let's go.

He starts climbing down the ladder.

BOBBY  
Hey Mikey...?

Mikey looks at him.

BOBBY  
(nervous)  
Do you think maybe we shouldn't do this? If my Mom finds out, she won't let me go trick or treating tomorrow night.

MIKEY  
Bobby, if Mister Schultz raises his zombie army, none of us will be going trick or treating. Ever!

The two look at each other.

MIKEY  
If you ain't coming with me, then I'm going alone.

He disappears down the ladder.

INT. SCHULTZ'S BASEMENT.

Light floods the cluttered basement as the outside door quickly opens and closes. Mikey and Billy scurry down the stairs.

Mikey turns on a ceiling light from a pull string.

The two are amazed by what they see.

The basement runs the length of the house and is filled with electronic equipment, throwing lights and sparks around like Frankenstein's lab.

Large metal cylinders line the walls and rest on table tops, each big enough to hide a body.

BOBBY

Gosh!

Mikey takes a picture. The flash briefly lights the room.

He pops the bulb out and quickly places it in his pocket. He blows his breath in his hand, cooling his fingers.

MIKEY

Let's go find some zombie stuff...

EXT. STREET. -DAY.

Mister Schultz's sedan drives down the street, passing by houses decorated for Halloween.

MIKEY (O.S.)

We don't have much time.

Mister Schultz drives along. His train of thought is interrupted and he starts patting his breast pockets.

He lets out a SIGH and cuts the wheel.

The car does a u-turn.

INT. SCHULTZ'S BASEMENT.

The boys wander about the basement, looking at the various pieces of equipment.

BOBBY

Did you find anything?

MIKEY

Not yet.

He aims the camera at another piece of equipment.

BOBBY

This place looks like Doctor Frankenstein's lab, don't it?

MIKEY

Yeah.

He takes a picture of the equipment.

As he pops the spent flashbulb from the camera, the sound of a CAR ENGINE is heard.

Mikey and Bobby look at each other, frightened.

Mikey drop the flashbulb, with a look of pain on his face.

The cellar door opens as the flashbulb breaks on the floor with a POP.

Mikey pulls the light switch. The two scurry into the darkness as Mister Schultz enters the cellar. He turns on the light.

He looks around and eyes an envelope on table, amidst several pieces of electronics. He steps over to it and picks it up. Mikey and Bobby are hiding underneath this table.

Mister Schultz walks toward the cellar door. The boys breath sighs of relief--

Until Mister Schultz steps on the broken flashbulb with a grinding CRUNCH.

Mikey and Bobby's eyes bug out.

Mister Schultz looks at the broken glass and looks around.

Slowly.

Methodically.

MISTER SCHULTZ

(faint accent)

Who is here? Come out.

The boys sit in their spot, motionless.

MISTER SCHULTZ

I know you are here. You can't  
hide from me.

Bobby starts trembling. He opens his mouth, about to say something only to have Mike cover it with his hand.

Mister Schultz slowly walks around. Bobby tries pulling Mikey's hand away. The two start struggling. Squirming.

MISTER SCHULTZ  
I will call the police if you do  
not show yourself.

Bobby kicks a table leg. Items on the table knock over.

Mister Schultz steps over to the table.

MISTER SCHULTZ  
Come out, now! From under there.

Bobby and Mikey come out. The three look at each other.

MISTER SCHULTZ  
You are the boys next store. What  
are you doing in my basement?

MIKEY  
We're proving that you're a mad  
scientist, Mister Schultz! And  
this is your lab where you're  
making your zombie army!

Mister Schultz stares at the boys, slightly confused.

MISTER SCHULTZ  
Zombie lab? I have no zombie lab.

MIKEY  
Then what're you doing with all  
this lab stuff?

He points all around.

MISTER SCHULTZ  
I work at the university. Some of  
my work I'll be doing at home.

BOBBY  
Mikey said you were making zombies.

Mikey looks at Bobby, shocked.

MISTER SCHULTZ  
Boys, there are no such things as  
zombies. They are monsters you  
only see in the movies.

MIKEY  
What about the cemeteries being dug  
up? It was in the papers.

MISTER SCHULTZ

(beat)

Wild dogs, from what I hear. Wild  
like your imagination.

Schultz walks away from the boys, toward the entrance.

MISTER SCHULTZ

But your wild imagination is no  
reason to break into a man home.

He picks up a handheld control device, consisting of a single  
joystick and button.

MISTER SCHULTZ

Saying I'm creating an army of  
zombies is ridiculous.

He presses the button the remote.

MISTER SCHULTZ

Raising the dead is impossible. I  
wouldn't waste my time with such  
silly fantasies.

Appendages extend from the large cylinders in the room. Arms  
and legs. Pincher claws for hands. Heads rise from the top  
with sinister red lights for eyes.

They lumber toward the boys.

MISTER SCHULTZ

Especially when I have an army of  
robots!

The robots surround the boys, their claws SNAP each time they  
open and close.

The boys scream as they are surrounded. Mister Schultz's  
maniacal laughter is heard in the background.

FINAL FADE OUT.