

Just What Does a Zombie Do in the Woods?  
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FADE IN ON:

**EXT. FOREST - GATED SEWER ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON**

A GROWL. Splintered CRUNCH. Followed by a putrid SPLAT. The CRACK of metal piercing a skull.

Sheltered by a wooden FENCE with open slats.

Through one of those very slats, WARREN SANDERS (40s) kicks a limp ZOMBIE away. His thick leg shoves the monster back far.

SCHLLIIP. Warren withdraws his IRON ROD.

The creature drops. More ZOMBIES trample the bloated corpse. Gas and the pressure of feet cause it to explode.

Rotted flesh splatters JEFFREY DOGGIT'S teen face.

An awkward youth, Jeffrey spastically wipes the gunk away. Like it's a Spider. Jizz. Spider Jizz. Or worse.

JEFFREY

Fuck! Get it offa me!

Warren spears more ZOMBIES through the fence.

JEFFREY

Does the virus go through skin?

WARREN

Not the unbroken kind. You pop any zits today?

JEFFREY

Blarghyyy! I think I swallowed some!

WARREN

Stomach acid neutralizes that. I guess.

Warren eyes Jeffrey's "cootie dance".

WARREN

Stop acting like a kid that's gotta pee.

JEFFREY

Don't talk to me like that. I'm sixteen!

Jeffrey shrinks against the wall behind him. Thirty feet high, and smooth. The only feature on it:

An open SEWER PIPE. Brown sludge trickles out.

Given the cliff, fence and zombies, the two are caught between a rock and a hard place. Literally.

A ZOMBIE grabs Warren's hair. He twists around to Jeff.

WARREN

Wanna give me a hand, Princess?

Jeffrey giggles hysterically.

JEFFREY

Looks like you've got one there!

Warren pulps the zombie's face. More CADAVERS take its place. He pulls Jeffrey forward.

Jeffrey stabs a ZOMBIE head. Warren nods, impressed.

WARREN

Nice move. Finally, you've got this down.

Wood wobbles. The number of Dead increase. The two humans ominous looks.

JEFFREY

Someone's gotta say it. We're trapped!

WARREN

Brilliant observation, Einstein.

JEFFREY

This fence is gonna crack!

Warren spears a CHILD ZOMBIE and tosses the body aside.

WARREN

When it does - we charge forward.

Jeffrey rolls his eyes; pure teen attitude.

JEFFREY

There's too many of them. Duh.

The fence SPLINTERS. Warren snatches up a plank: tosses it to Jeffrey as a weapon.

Piercing a ZOMBIE through the eye, he eyes the wall.

WARREN

*There's* one alternative.

JEFFREY

What?

WARREN

Over there.

He points at the pipe. Jeff wrinkles a splattered nose.

JEFFREY

You know what that is?

WARREN

A sewer pipe, of course.

JEFFREY

And where it leads?

WARREN

(shrugs)  
Straight down.

JEFFREY

Into piles of crap? No way!

A ZOMBIE crawls over the fence. Warren stomps its head.

WARREN

Who cares? Choose your poison. We're in  
plenty of shit right now.

A FAT ZOMBIE shuffles forward - chomps on a human ARM. A  
RING shines from the bloody hand.

JEFFREY

Fuck. That's gotta be...

WARREN

Larry. Watch your language, kid. And  
don't think about it too much. We take  
our chances, roll the dice. Consider this  
an easy choice. Suck it up and dive in  
that pipe. Or join Larry as zombie chow.

JEFFREY

Some choice! Either way, we land in shit.

WARREN

In the pipe, no doubt. But otherwise -

JEFFREY

We slide through Shambler poop. Gross.

Warren blinks - surprised by the thought.

WARREN

Who says there's shit in *them*?

JEFFREY

There's got to be. Isn't it obvious?

WARREN

No. I've got other things to think about.

JEFFREY

Like what?

WARREN

Survival, for one.

Warren decapitates a ZOMBIE. The Dead keep coming.

One ZOMBIE writhes on the ground. Warren rips its stomach open, pokes around.

WARREN

See? These intestines are empty.

JEFFREY

Maybe it hasn't eaten for awhile.

WARREN

Then it wouldn't have energy to fight.

Jeffrey slams his plank down on the zombie's head.

JEFFREY

Everybody poops.

WARREN

Tell that to Kim Jong Un.

JEFFREY

Him, too. If he's still alive.

WARREN

*Zombie's* aren't alive. They can't digest.

Warren grabs Jeff's knife, stabs three UnDead in a row.

WARREN

Maybe what they eat gets absorbed some other way? Like through cell walls?

JEFFREY

Zombies can't defy biology.

WARREN

Why not? They're Walking Corpses now!

JEFFREY

They've got to poop: otherwise their  
stomachs would explode!

The fence shifts. Warren and Jeffrey shove it back.

WARREN

Have you ever seen a zombie squat?

JEFFREY

In the woods? Like a bear?

Warren waits for his answer, eyes bugging out.

WARREN

Have you seen *any* zombie do that?

JEFFREY

Um, no. Maybe they go in their pants?

WARREN

So: these things walk around with a full  
load; until it slides down their leg?

A zombie ROARS at Jeff. He recoils at the stench.

JEFFREY

Maybe that's why they smell so bad.

CRACK! That's it. The fence is toast.

Hungry zombies rush forward. The time for decision is  
now. Warren darts to the pipe.

WARREN

Hold your nose. Dive in - you first!

Jeffrey hesitates, grossed out.

WARREN

Come on. It's do or die. Either that, or  
you test out your wacky zombie theory  
first hand. I ain't coming along for that  
ride. But if you do, you better come back  
and tell me what you find.

Warren holds out his hand.

WARREN

I may bust your chops lots of times, but  
you're a good kid when it counts. Come  
with me, Jeff. And survive.

A ZOMBIE lunges at the teen. Jeffrey pushes the corpse aside. It stumbles forward -

- and tumbles headfirst into the pipe!

Seconds later, Warren and Jeff hear a SPLASH.

The ZOMBIES advance. The humans calculate their odds.

JEFFREY

I'm gonna regret it, but fine. Let's go.

The two dive into the pipe.

The zombies rush after them, bump against the wall. They're not smart enough to follow. Thank God.

SPLASH. The humans reach the bottom. Jeffrey's voice echoes from the hole.

JEFFREY (O.S.)

Wow, this place stinks!

WARREN (O.S.)

So does the entire world. But consider the bright side. We're safe for now!

Footsteps SLOSH. The survivors continue to debate. Unseen but alive, they walk away.

JEFFREY (O.S.)

Have you ever seen this much shit?

WARREN

Traveling with you, kid? All the time.

FINAL FADE OUT: