

Zombies Are People, Too  
(AKA: Zombie Disability PSA)

by

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FADE IN ON:

**INT. PARK - DAY**

An idyllic view: filmed in 1950's shades of grey. Static HISSES. Birds CHIRP.

CHILDREN dart across the yard and play. Behind them: a huge white building. The sign over the door reads "CDC."

A cartoon SUPER slams right in: "ZD Virus PSA."

The kids scramble over monkey bars. A MALE VOICEOVER fills the air.

MALE VOICEOVER

We all know where we were on April 15th, the day the ZD virus was released. That fateful day the Earth Stood Still. Well - *some of us did, anyway.*

**EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING - FLASHBACK**

PEDESTRIANS scream and run. Drooling ZOMBIES stagger after them. Every rotting shape and size.

A COP shoots at one corpse. The zombie bites down, through his cap. The policeman collapses. His hat tumbles to the ground - blood and brains everywhere.

Elsewhere, the screaming continues. It never ends.

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

Back here, it's peaceful. No undead in sight, anywhere.

**INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY**

DOCTORS scurry in long white coats. Medical gizmos on display. The male voice continues his story.

MALE VOICEOVER

It wasn't until May 25th that heroic researchers found a cure. In a blink, humanity was saved! But the process wasn't painless. Even for those who survived.

TWO SCIENTISTS drag a ZOMBIE BOY to a chair, and strap him down. He fights mightily; they dodge his teeth.

Scientist #1 injects the child with glowing liquid. The boy howls - but flushes pink right away.

Scientist #2 hands the boy a lollipop. The ex-zombie child bites down: CRUNCH.

MALE VOICEOVER

(chuckles)

Though some enjoyed it. Here and there.

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

The children continue to play. Look closer: one of them is the ex-zombie boy! A smile cracks his mottled face.

MALE VOICEOVER

We at the CDC want the world to rest assured. Though the ZD virus is now under control, certain symptoms never fade away. Yet, zombification isn't always obvious. And courtesy is an important civil virtue - especially in post-apocalyptic days. So, if you think your neighbor is ZD positive, please treat him with respect...

With that, the montage begins -

**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

A BMW swings into a handicapped spot. The DRIVER stumbles out; walking slow.

A SHOPPER in a baseball hat approaches. He gives the BMW owner major stink-eye.

BASEBALL HAT GUY

Yo, Asshole. Don't park there! You don't look disabled to me. I don't see no wheelchair.

The driver ignores him, keeps walking. "Baseball" grabs and spins him around.

BASEBALL HAT GUY

Wait'll you come back. I'll key your car!

The driver looks up; a road-map of zombie veins on his face. He HISSES at his assailant. "Mr. Baseball" shrieks and backs away.

**INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY**

A PALE WOMAN browses slowly through the aisles. TIFFANY (a Yorkshire Terrier) nestles half-asleep in her arms.

A STORE EMPLOYEE approaches, irate.

STORE EMPLOYEE

Ma'am? Store policy; no pets in here!

The woman looks up, nervous. Healed zombie bites mar her face. She avoids the employee's eyes.

PALE WOMAN

It's okay. Tiffany's a Service Dog.

STORE EMPLOYEE

(sneers)

I don't see no service vest. And for what, ugly-itis?

An OLD LADY squeezes in front of the Pale Woman, reaches for a can on the shelves.

Instinctively, the Pale Woman sniffs the old woman's neck. She leans in, about to bite.

Tiffany WHINES and paws her owner's cheek. It's an effective distraction. The pale woman stops and smiles. Nuzzles the dog to her face.

PALE WOMAN

What a good girl you are!

STORE EMPLOYEE

(gulps)

You gonna eat her next?

The Pale Woman claps manicured/rotting hands over Tiffany's fuzzy ears.

**INT. OFFICE ELEVATOR - DAY**

ZOMBIE DAVE shuffles in, dressed in an Armani suit. TWO COWORKERS are already there.

COWORKER #1

(laughs)

Moving real slow today, Dave. Party too late last night? Again?

He laughs, hi-fives his friend. Dave isn't amused.

ZOMBIE DAVE

(slurred)

I don't feel like myself today.

The elevator opens on a new floor. A BUSINESS MAN struts inside. The doors close. The newcomer takes a sniff. Disgust floods his face.

BUSINESS MAN

Damn, who cut one? Smells like rotted milk and death in here!

Dave's coworkers turn to him, eyes wide.

COWORKER #1

Shhhh!

**INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

GIRLS in skimpy clothes gyrate across the floor. Real smooth; they've got the moves.

An AFRICAN AMERICAN EX-ZOMBIE TEEN tries to join in. He jerks and shuffles - not a pretty sight. One of the girls laughs and points.

DANCE GIRL

Dude, what are you? White?

Her friends chuckle. The ex-zombie continues to groove. But one tear rolls down his face.

**INT. WALMART - DAY**

A BLANK EYED CASHIER rolls items across the belt. She moves irritatingly slow; drools and moans.

Two PUNK ROCKER GIRLS wait in line. Impatience on each teen face. Girl #1 reads the Cashier's nametag: Kylie.

PUNK ROCKER #1

You don't like your job, Kylie?

PUNK ROCKER #2

Slacker. Maybe ya should've gone to college. Bum.

PUNK ROCKER #1

You're so damned slow. What are you, retarded or stoned?

One girl leans in, examines purple marks on Kylie's arm.

PUNK ROCKER #1  
That tattoo looks nasty. Did your mom buy  
it for you in the mall?

Then she notices the "ZD Positive" chain around Kylie's neck. The Punk jumps back, horrified.

Kylie's nose drops off. The cashier doesn't even react. She fumbles on the belt, without looking. Slaps the lump of flesh back on.

The male voiceover returns:

MALE VOICEOVER  
Remember, ex zombies are people too. It  
could have been *your* family.

**INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY**

A BLOND EX-ZOMBIE with styled hair reaches for a sundress. She's too stiff. Every joint CREAKS and GROANS.

A PERKY TEEN GIRL darts over, and grabs the dress. She holds it up, against the woman's rotted chest.

PERKY TEEN GIRL  
You look so beautiful in that! Matching  
earrings would do the trick!

The girl grabs earrings off a rack, and clips them on the woman's lobes.

The Ex-Zombie's ears drop off instantly. But she still smiles and flashes a thumb's up. This Good Samaritan's made her day.

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

Yup, the park from the intro. In the background, those KIDS still play.

Two LOVEBIRD HIPSTERS cuddle on a bench, nibble from Frozen Yogurt cups. Birds CHIRP in the trees. The hipsters' unwashed hair sways in the breeze.

They gaze into each other's eyes.

GIRL  
Doug, I'm so glad we survived the  
apocalypse!

DOUG

Betty - when I'm with you, it's so great  
to be alive!

They toast with their cups, revealing a logo: "Frozen  
Brains 2 Go."

The two kiss passionately. Doug's jaw drops off, bounces  
on the lawn.

But a CARTOON RAINBOW blooms above their heads. The CDC  
logo slams down again.

MALE VOICEOVER

Brought to you by the CDC, and the  
Americans for Disabled Zombies Act.  
Remember, the undead are still people.  
Kind of. In a way.

FINAL FADE OUT: