

A Matter of Possession

By

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1

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

1

A small, old, wooden shack sits in a small woods clearing surrounded by trees. The shack is the size of a trailer home. The wood is rotted and the windows are boarded up. A small horde of ZOMBIES surrounds the shack, clawing at the exterior of the shack from all visible sides. GROANING can be heard from the zombies.

2

INT. SHACK - DUSK

2

A group of seven surviving humans are rushing about SHOUTING at each other and barricading entry ways. The entire house CREAKS with movement. Two people barricade the front door by moving an old couch across it.

The dust in the air and lining every flat surface is thick like snow. Rusty nails stick out from the floor boards and on the sagging ceiling a few hastily put up unlit light bulbs connected by thick black wire are scattered around.

Dave(33), a man with a packet of skittles in his back-pocket who holds himself like he is the most important person in the room despite being the most disheveled, urinates in a moldy corner next to a loose plank.

One of the SURVIVORS, Survivor 1, goes to grab the plank of wood near Dave and glances over.

Survivor 1 pauses, eyes wide and mouth gaping, and quickly hurries off when Dave zips up his pants and whispers something to Survivor 2.

Dave wipes his hands on his pants and takes the skittles from his back pocket.

HEATHER(20), a doe-eyed girl covered in the dirt and grime found commonplace on all surviving humans with a soft physique, gentle aura, and black knife strapped to her hip. She is searching the small area frantically.

HEATHER

Danny? Danny!? Excuse me, has anyone seen Danny?

MARIAH(32), a dark skinned woman with a strong presence that commands attention and eyes as hard and piercing as rocks, walks past shouting commands. A shotgun is slung across Mariah's back.

(CONTINUED)

MARIAH

Alright people we need a plan of attack! Finish barricading each possible exit A-SAP.

Heather walks in the path of Mariah, stopping her.

Behind them Dave can be seen eavesdropping and eating a packet of skittles.

HEATHER

Mariah, have you seen Danny? I can't find him anywhere.

Dave visibly perks up, like a dog hearing the word 'treat' and puts the remaining skittles in his pocket.

MARIAH

I'm sorry Heather, but I don't have time for your relationship troubles. We can mourn or do a headcount or whatever you want when we know we're safe.

HEATHER

But-

Mariah stalks away off screen, shouting out orders. Dave approaches Heather from behind, smiling eagerly. Heather is choking down tears.

DAVE

I'm sorry about Danny. I know how you feel, I lost my hamster when I was eight.

Survivor 3 approaches Mariah and whispers something in her ear. Dave's voice can be heard muffled in the background.

DAVE

(Muffled, O.S)

I left his cage open one day before school and cried for hours until my mom got me a new one.

Mariah's eyebrows raise, eyes wide with surprise.

DAVE

-Actually we found my old one like a week later and the new hamster ended up eating the old hamster which was really crazy you know?

(CONTINUED)

Heather begins to cry, Dave wraps his arms around her in a hug.

DAVE
(panicking)
Hey, hey, it's okay! It's okay!
Apparently it's pretty common for
hamsters to eat each other.

Mariah walks back into frame behind Dave. She takes the shotgun off her back and points it at Dave.

MARIAH
Step away from Heather.

Dave pulls away from the hug and turns to Mariah. Upon noticing the gun directed at him, Dave's hands go up in the air.

DAVE
I'm sorry, I know this is not a
good time but in my defense Heather
is the one distracting me!

Heather wipes away her tears, looking at Mariah fearfully.

Dave angles his body towards Heather.

DAVE
Not that we should kill Heather
just because she's being useless
right now! She's getting over her
dead boyfriend!

Heather MUFFLES a SOB with her hands.

MARIAH
Dave, did a zombie bite you on
your..

Mariah's face contorts with disgust and she SIGHS with disappointment.

MARIAH
Your dick?

Dave's face pales considerably, his eyes wide with fear.

DAVE
I swear on our friendship Mariah, I
have not been bitten anywhere by
anything.

Sweat has formed on Dave's forehead.

(CONTINUED)

Mariah brings her gun forward slightly, the dark circles under her eyes appear more prominent and she gives a small SIGH of annoyance.

MARIAH
Prove it.

DAVE
What?

MARIAH
Prove you didn't get bit. Show us your dick or I will have to shoot you for the good of the group.

DAVE
I don't think that's-

MARIAH
One...

DAVE
I'm not a child that doesn't

MARIAH
Two...

Dave unzips his pants, everyone, except Heather who is behind Dave, reacts.

The three nameless survivors have looks contorting between shock, disgust, and horror.

Mariah, who appears the calmest, merely has a small eye twitch.

DAVE
Now I know what this looks like,
but I have a birth defect that
makes it look like someone bit it.

Mariah takes a deep breath.

MARIAH
You know the rules: if you get bit,
you get a bullet to the head.

DAVE
(Nervous Laughing Voice)
That really sounds like it should
rhyme, doesn't it?

Mariah loads a bullet into her shotgun.

DAVE

(Rushing)

Hold on, hold on please. I-I didn't
get bitten, I've never been bitten!
You guys are making a mistake!

No one speaks for a moment before Mariah readies herself,
aiming her gun.

MARIAH

I'm sorry about this, Dave. Truly.

Dave speedily reaches into his pocket. His eyes glued on
Mariah's gun as he flings a handful of skittles at Mariah as
she begins to pull the trigger of her shotgun. Some skittles
from Dave's pocket fall to the floor as he takes a fistful
out.

A skittle hits Mariah in the eye seconds before the gun goes
off. Dave puts his arms in front of his face.

There is a loud BANG from Mariah's shotgun and some debris
falls from the ceiling. Mariah rubs her eye.

The bullet grazes Dave before hitting the ceiling. Dave
falls to his knees clutching his ear.

When the bullet makes contact with the ceiling there is a
low CREAKING before the section aligned with Dave's shoulder
collapses on top of him.

Dave CRIES out in pain as his body slams against the rotted
floorboard near a few loose skittles, a cloud of debris
descends upon him.

Dave begins to GASP for air, the side of his face pressed
against the floorboards. He inhales a skittle that was
previously near his lips.

Dave curls into himself, clutching his throat.

Choking and GAGGING sounds fill the shack as the survivors
all stare at Dave, bewildered expressions on every face
except Heather's, who stares horrified.

The choking noises end.

After a few seconds Mariah SIGHS as she reloads her gun.

MARIAH

(Mumbling)

He couldn't go quickly and quietly
could he?

(CONTINUED)

Mariah goes up to Dave's corpse, still curled on it's side. Mariah nudges the corpse's front with her foot causing it to splay out on it's back. There is a visible boner sticking up in Dave's pants.

Mariah's eye twitches slightly before she turns away from the corpse towards the group.

MARIAH

Does anyone have a knife? I'm not wasting more ammo on this guy.

A translucent blue mist begins to pour out of Dave's corpse.

Heather GASPS as Dave reforms as a ghost. GHOST DAVE looks around.

Mariah's head snaps back towards Ghost Dave and she points her gun at him.

MARIAH

What the hell?

Ghost Dave examines his ghost body with confusion, before looking at his corpse in confusion.

Ghost Dave looks at Mariah and points towards his rotting corpse, which is beginning to turn yellow.

DAVE-AS-GHOST

Is that me?

Mariah pulls the trigger, a loud BANG echoes through the room and the bullet goes through Ghost Dave into the rotted wall near Heather, the shack shakes slightly and light debris fall over Ghost Dave and his corpse.

Ghost Dave eyebrows furrow and eyes narrow at Mariah.

The lights on the ceiling begin to flicker brightly and violently as the shack seems to vibrate and dust falls from the ceiling.

Everyone but Mariah and Heather flee to the wall opposite Dave's body. Heather remains against the wall closest to Dave's dead body.

Mariah lays down her gun and puts her hands up cautiously.

MARIAH

Dave, stop! I'm sorry I shot at you, but you need to calm down before someone gets hurt. Please!

(CONTINUED)

The lights continue to flicker, but slightly dimmer and slower now and the shack stops shaking.

DAVE-AS-GHOST	HEATHER
Calm down? I'm sorry	(Frightened)
Mariah, am I being	...
over-dramatic about dying?	Hey guys
You know, all I wanted to	...
do was comfort poor Heather	Guys!
who's boyfriend is DEAD!	...
And you just had to throw	Mariah?!
me out like a dead hamster!	...
I could have stayed dead	Dave?!
you know! But RIGHT before-	

Heather SCREAMS, Dave's ZOMBIE BODY has risen. The body looks almost the same as Dave's corpse, only with greenish-yellow skin.

Mariah grabs her gun and shoots at it. Nothing comes out of her gun. Mariah begins to search her jacket for her ammunition.

The lights stop flickering.

DAVE-AS-GHOST
Heather!

Ghost Dave charges the zombie and goes into the zombie's body. The zombie straightens up, moving with fluidity normal zombies lack.

Dave possessing a zombie begins to cough as Mariah finds her bullets and loads the shotgun.

Dave possessing his zombie body spits out a skittle before speaking.

DAVE-AS-DAVE
Where did the zombie go?

Mariah shoots Dave possessing his zombie body. There is a loud BANG.

3 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

3

The zombies continue to swarm around the shack loudly MOANING.

4

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

4

Mariah paces, her face titled downwards and scrunched up, floorboards CREAKING as she steps on them. She stomps on skittles as she walks. In her walking path is Dave's zombie corpse, which is face-up and now has a large bullet hole in its head but retains the boner.

The remaining survivors and Ghost Dave are sitting on the ground. Heather, sitting next to Ghost Dave, is shifting around uncomfortably but remains silent as Ghost Dave repeatedly moves his hand in and out of Heather's body.

Mariah stops pacing and turns towards the group.

MARIAH

Alright, I've got an idea for how we handle this mess.

Mariah turns to Ghost Dave.

MARIAH

Dave you're going outside while we wait in here.

Ghost Dave pauses his hand outside of Heather's body and looks at Mariah, shocked.

DAVE-AS-GHOST

Why me?! Was dying not enough for you people? No one asked Jesus to fight zombies after he came back from the dead!

Mariah stares disbelievingly at Dave for a second, eyes staring blankly and mouth open slightly. She slowly closes her mouth, settling on a small frown.

MARIAH

You are the only one that can get out there and not be injured. You're our best bet.

Ghost Dave stands outraged.

DAVE-AS-GHOST

Even IF I was WILLING, I can't exactly go after those things with my bare hands.

Mariah sighs, she rubs the bridge of her nose with her fingers.

(CONTINUED)

MARIAH
(Aggravated)
Does anyone have a weapon that Dave
can use?

No hands go up. Everyone glances at each other nervously.

Ghost Dave crosses his arms over his chest smugly.

DAVE-AS-GHOST
See, can't do it!

MARIAH
Jesus Christ. None of you have
weapons?

One of the survivors speaks up, annoyed.

SURVIVOR 2
We HAD weapons, but they either got
left behind or used up!

MARIAH
Still, not a single one of you has
a spare bullet or knife? Not ONE?

Heather raises her hand slowly.

HEATHER
I have a knife, but, but it is-I
mean was- Danny's.

Ghost Dave's eyes widen and a smile forms across his face.

MARIAH
Great, hand it to me. Dave, you're
going to use this to kill those
things.

HEATHER
Can't he use your gun?

DAVE-AS-GHOST
I will only go out there if Heather
gives me Danny's knife.

Everyone ignores Ghost Dave.

MARIAH
There aren't enough bullets for all
of them and I'd rather we have the
gun than knife if something were to
happen. Please Heather? You'll get
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARIAH (cont'd)
the knife back from Dave after, I
promise.

Heather nods reluctantly, knees pressed to her chest,
choking back tears.

HEATHER
Okay.

Heather takes out her knife, which is a completely black
SEAL-grade knife with the initials D.S scratched into the
handle.

Ghost Dave tries to grab the knife but his hand passes
through it.

Mariah takes the knife from Heather.

MARIAH
I'll throw this to you once you get
out there. We'll use the backdoor,
easier to re-block.

Mariah stalks off towards the back door and Dave follows.

HEATHER
(Quietly)
Be careful you guys.

5 INT. BACK OF SHACK - NIGHT

5

Mariah and Ghost Dave are in a small, decayed kitchen.
Mariah works on removing three old wooden boards nailed to
the back-door frame with her hands while Ghost Dave watches.

DAVE-AS-GHOST
You think any of those bodies are
fresh enough for me to use with
Heather?

Mariah pries one of the boards off. Chunks of the door frame
come off with it.

MARIAH
You're disgusting.

DAVE-AS-GHOST
You're just jealous of our
blossoming love!

(CONTINUED)

Mariah ignores Ghost Dave and continues working. She pries off another board with extreme force causing her to stagger backwards. Some debris from the ceiling falls to the floor.

DAVE-AS-GHOST

I hope Heather doesn't miss me too much while I'm out saving the day. Like a hero.

MARIAH

I doubt it.

DAVE-AS-GHOST

Ever the nay-Sayer! Just you wait, you'll see.

Mariah pries off the final board, huffing slightly as she catches her breath.

DAVE-AS-GHOST

Alright, open the door on three and I will rush it. One, two...THREE!

Mariah tries to pull handle of the door but the door does not open. Dave flies through the door.

Mariah closes her eyes for a brief moment, head tilted upward as if thinking "why god?".

Mariah pushes the handle and the door opens. She flings the knife out and slams the door shut.

6

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

6

Ghost Dave flies out of the shack and into the nearest ZOMBIE BODY. Seconds later the door of the shack swings out and a knife hits Dave and sticks into his arm.

Zombie Dave curses as takes the knife out of his arm. He notices ZOMBIE 1 a short distance from him. Zombie 1 is standing a few feet from the shack MOANING.

Zombie Dave SCREAMS moving into a fighting stance with the knife pointed at Zombie 1. Zombie 1 does not react.

Zombie Dave's face scrunches up and he moves towards Zombie 1. Zombie 1 does not react as Dave waves a hand in front of it's face.

Zombie Dave stabs Zombie 1 through the skull and the body crumples.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE-AS-ZOMBIE

I really thought this would be more
bad-ass.

In the branches of a near bye tree DANNY(19), an Asian boy
caked in mud, watches in fascination as Zombie Dave GRUMBLES
while stabbing zombies through the head.

As Zombie Dave stabs the last zombie through the head, Danny
climbs down from the tree.

Danny slowly walks over towards Zombie Dave, he has a limp
in one leg. Leaves and sticks CRUNCH under his feet.

Zombie Dave turns towards Danny, shock spreads across his
decayed features upon seeing him.

DAVE-AS-ZOMBIE

Danny, you're not a zombie yet!
It's me, Dave! You would not
believe the day I have had!

Zombie Dave waves around the knife as he talks. Danny stares
at the knife. Danny's eyes widen, his mouth gaping and his
eyebrows arched high.

DANNY

(Worriedly)

Dave, is that my knife? I gave that
to Heather, did something happen to
her?

Zombie Dave flips the blade around into the air, showing off
the knife. The blade embeds into Zombie Dave's palm when he
tries to catch it.

DAVE-AS-ZOMBIE

Oh this old thing? Yeah Heather
gave it to me. Actually, you know
what? It'd be great if you gave
Heather your blessing for moving on
before I have to kill you!

DANNY

Kill me? I'm fine.

DAVE-AS-ZOMBIE

Dan, Danny, you know the rules. You
get bit, you get hit. No
exceptions.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY
(Interrupting)
I didn't get bit though!

Zombie Dave ignores Danny.

DAVE-AS-ZOMBIE
When I got bit I let Mariah put a
bullet through my brain asap for
the good of the group.

Danny lifts his pant leg to reveal a perfectly in-tact but swollen ankle. Zombie Dave's face darkens as his mouth goes flat and his eyes become half-lidded.

DANNY
See! No bite marks! So can we go
inside now? Heather's probably
really worried about me.

Zombie Dave snarls.

DAVE-AS-ZOMBIE
Well, that won't do. You see,
Heather and I are kind of a thing
now, and if you came back you'd
kind of ruin things.

Danny begins to back away from Zombie Dave, who looks at him with murder in his eyes.

DANNY
Hey, that's not very funny.

Danny falls onto his ass and gasps in pain as he clutches his bad leg.

DAVE-AS-ZOMBIE
What am I thinking? We can both be
with Heather. This is going to be
amazing!

Zombie Dave drops the knife, a maniac grin is spread across his face.

7 INT. SHACK - NIGHT

7

The survivors sit around on the floor, Mariah pacing back and forth. Mariah's gun is off to the side near the door next to Heather. There is a KNOCK at the door.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE-AS-DANNY (O.S)
(muffled)
I took care of our little problem!
You may come worship me as your
savior now!

The survivors hurry to move the couch from the front door.

Heather pulls the door open with a smile which falls immediately when she looks outside. She takes a small step back, hands over her mouth.

Dave enters the shack possessing Danny's zombie body.

Danny's body is an off-shade yellow-green, slight bone sticks out of one wrist and on the other arm a sloppy bite mark is visible. One leg is twisted at an odd angle.

DAVE-AS-DANNY
Check the new look! Now you can
still be with Danny! I'm the best
right?

Dave does a small twirl, looking pleased.

All of the survivors gape at Dave, faces resembling fish.

MARIAH
Dave, what the fuck?!

Dave pouts playfully, bottom lip sticking out. Heather's breathing is loud and erratic, hands still over her mouth.

DAVE-AS-DANNY
I found Danny! You're welcome.

Dave does a small bow and winks at Heather.

HEATHER
Dave, I-I would really appreciate
it if you didn't possess Danny
please.

Dave puts his hands on Heather's arms, looking her in the eyes.

DAVE-AS-DANNY
But the other option was murdering
him, Heth. I did this out of
kindness! For us.

Dave smiles once more and leans in for a kiss.

(CONTINUED)

Heather moves her hands away from her face and shoves herself out of Dave's grasp. She takes a deep breath in.

HEATHER

(Shakily)

I really can't do this right now. I can't. This is all too much. I just don't feel the same and would like it if you got out of my boyfriend. Please.

Dave frowns.

DAVE-AS-DANNY

But I did this all for you. You gave me Danny's knife. You choose to be with me.

Heather's chest moves up and down, shaking with large breaths.

HEATHER

(Firmly)

I would prefer if you got out of Danny's body now.

DAVE-AS-DANNY

(Angrily)

You want me out this body, you're going to have to kill him.

The door SLAMS shut and the lights begin to flicker violently like strobe lights.

Mariah steps forward, hands up.

MARIAH

Dave, back off for a sec. Let's take this outside and talk this out.

Heather grabs Mariah's gun and points it at Dave.

MARIAH

Heather, that isn't a good idea.

DAVE

No, shoot him Heather. Come on, you want me outta your beloved dead boyfriend, shoot! What are you, chicken?

Dave begins clucking like a chicken while flapping his folded arms like wings.

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER
Stop it! Just stop!

MARIAH
Heather he's just trying to get to
you, let's just calm-

Dave stops acting like a chicken and turns towards Mariah.

DAVE-AS-DANNY
(Yelling)
SHUT UP!

Heather closes her eyes and pulls the trigger. A loud BANG sounds off.

Heather opens her eyes slowly, eyebrows knit together with an expression of fear. Her face falls and she drops the shotgun, which CLANGS to the floor.

A bullet hole is embedded in the door-frame and Dave possessing Danny's face goes through a wave of emotion.

At first he appears surprised, mouth open in an "O" shape and eyes wide. Than hurt, eyes wide and mouth in between a small "o" and "u" shape, stepping back slightly and looking between Heather and the bullet hole. Finally anger, his eyebrows furrowing and mouth closing, his full attention on Heather.

A light bulb explodes.

8 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 8

SCREAMS come from inside the shack as the lights strobe between bright and off. The SPARK of light bulbs exploding rattle occasionally.

9 INT. SHACK - DAWN 9

The daylight peaks through the cracks of the boarded up windows, dust dances through the beams. Shadow covered bodies and shards of broken glass litter the floor.

A Zombie Heather walks across the room, a soft bounce in her step as shards of glass CRACK under her feet. Heather's skin is a sickly green and bright red bite marks are around her lips and on her neck like hickies.

Heather stops in front of Dave's corpse, which is covered in debris.

(CONTINUED)

Heather begins to undo her jeans.

DAVE-AS-HEATHER

This is such unfortunate timing but
I really can't stop thinking about
my hamsters after I mentioned them
yesterday.

He gets down on his knees and straddles his corpse, hovering
right above the corpse's boner, as he unfastens the pants of
his corpse.

DAVE-AS-HEATHER

I miss them so fucking much, I mean
what owner wouldn't? I think you
mentioned having a cat or fish or
something, you get it.

Dave sighs sitting up, wresting on his heels, still
straddling his corpse.

DAVE-AS-HEATHER

I really shouldn't have brought it
up, it's ruining the mood.
Seriously, let's just try to forget
about it.

Dave pushes his pants and boxers downwards.

Heather and Dave's bodies become silhouettes as a shadow
covered body comes more into focus, revealed to be Mariah's
body on its side.

The silhouette of Dave has a distinctly erect penis. The
silhouette of Heather pushes down her pants and underwear
before beginning to ride Dave's corpse.

DAVE (V.O)

(Gasping in pain)

Ayyyee! Haahha!? Aaaghh.

Mariah's mouth is gaping, eyes open and lifeless. Dry blood
rests at the corner of her forehead, which appears to have
had something smashed against it. A crushed skittle is near
eyeball.

The silhouette of Heather is moving up and down frantically.

DAVE (V.O)

Ahh! Ooo! Haa! Ayyyee! Aa!

An insect lands in Mariah's mouth.

FADE OUT.