

**WE LIVE!**

Pilot

"The Podcast"

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EXT. PACIFIC NORTHWESTERN FOREST - SUNSET

A zombie named CHUCK is tightly tied to a Douglas fir when a flying axe smashes directly into his chest. He does not seem to notice. DOUG looks on at his toss in frustration.

DOUG

Fuck!

Dressed in camo and sporting red stubble with shaggy hair, Doug is not a pleasant fellow. Angrily, he turns to face the small crowd that has assembled to watch and cheer in support of his failed kill shot. He shoots a pissed off look over at DEEZ while he heads down to pull his axe from Chuck's body. As he sulks back, Deez picks up his own axe lodged in a tree stump and starts lining it up with Chuck from a distance.

DOUG (CONT'D)

How did they even know we were here? Did you tell them?

Deez is middle aged. He's in his early forties with brown skin and tired eyes. But Deez is the kind of middle aged that refuses to accept the passing of years. By pretending that his bald head is a choice, Deez can tell himself that he still has time to do something with his life and believe it. Deez lobs his axe at Chuck with a direct shot to the zombie's balls. Deez grimaces but, again, Chuck does not respond. He just bites around aimlessly at the air.

DEEZ

Sorry, Chuck.

The small crowd cheers. Deez turns around to give them a wave. More positive response. Doug shoves a startled Deez to the side.

DOUG

Get out of my way, asshole!

DEEZ

Hey! Easy, Doug. It's not my fault I've been in town for one day and I'm already more popular than you are.

DOUG

Oh. Don't worry, dickhead.

While Deez retrieves his axe from Chuck's nuts, Doug takes his time and lines up his second shot.

DOUG (CONT'D)

After I beat you and you leave this island everything will go back to normal.

Doug lobes his axe at full force and lands it directly in Chuck's forehead, killing him instantly. Doug claps his hands and squeals victoriously. The small crowd, however, is dejected and gives out a collective groan.

DOUG (CONT'D)

And then you. You can go back to whatever hell hole you crawled out of.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. INNER CITY BACK ALLEY - DAWN

Deez is startled awake by a pair of dirty urban TEENAGERS who sprint by, banging against the rusty dumpster he's been sleeping next to.

MALE TEENAGER

Wake up, fam. Zombies in pursuit.

FEMALE TEENAGER

Probably not a good time to be doing that, dude.

In a rush, Deez looks down to find his right hand has been resting in his unbuttoned jeans. Terrifying zombie screeches come from around the corner as Deez quickly rolls off his bed of trash bags and zips himself up. All he has time to do is pick up his backpack and take to running. A pile of zombies appear from around the corner, hungry for flesh and in just as much of a hurry as Deez and his retro Air Jordan kicks.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAWN

Deez flees from outside the back alley and steps into a downtown that is literally on fire. Every type of chaos imaginable is unfolding before his eyes. Riots. Looting. Police in full gear beating back a horde of zombies with batons and pepper spray. A panicked man wanders into the street only to get blasted by a speeding armored police bus that does not stop. Zombies are falling from buildings. People are falling from buildings. Gunshots are ringing. Sirens are blaring. Helicopters are circling, raining down bullets and magazine shells like it's Vietnam. This is some real Armageddon shit.

Deez is frozen in place as the world spins and his ears begin to ring. He's in shock. A muffled voice shouts at him from what feels like a hundred yards away. Deez shakes off the fog and sees a SOLDIER from the back of an armored truck gripping tightly to a bolted down HMG.

SOLDIER

Sir! Get down! Now! Get down, sir!

Deez falls to the ground and the soldier starts emptying belts into the oncoming mob. They splatter back by the dozens. The female teenager is back crouched on the ground in front of Deez. She grabs his shaking arm.

FEMALE TEENAGER

Come with me!

Deez follows. His mind is empty as the two duck and run, heading into a door between two small businesses that lead to a tight stairway.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAWN

The female teenager slams the heavy door shut.

FEMALE TEENAGER

Help me! Hurry up!

Deez joins her in barricading the doorway with anything they can find. Chairs. Tables. Plywood. Even old stereo equipment.

FEMALE TEENAGER (CONT'D)

Come on! Let's go!

The female teenager climbs the stairs up to a second-story apartment. Deez follows briefly but turns to face the incessant banging on the door from outside.

FEMALE TEENAGER (CONT'D)

Hurry up, bro!

Deez continues his climb.

INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - MORNING

DEEZ

Fuck out there! We're better off dead! Give me a gun so I can blow my own brains out right now!

Deez is standing in the center of a torn to shreds living room. Encircling him are a handful of seated survivors in various and makeshift chairs. Some survivors are energized. Some dejected. The banging outside is difficult to ignore when the female teenager picks up a joint and breathes it in.

FEMALE TEENAGER

Dead ass.

A MALE SURVIVOR is seated on a milk crate. He's rocking and shaking his head in strenuous disagreement.

MALE SURVIVOR

No. No. You're wrong. We've gotta stay in here and stay calm until the police come and they will rescue us. And everybody will be fine. We'll all be fine. It'll all be fine.

MALE TEENAGER

Stay calm, fam? You over there twitching like you itching. Nah. Nah, we need to fight these zombie assholes. No cap. It's World War Z out there and ain't no police gonna come and save us. They can't even save they own selves. For real, though.

There is a loud bang form outside and rapid thumping begins rushing up towards the apartment door. Deez grows concerned.

DEEZ

Uh... is there another way out of here?

A CHILL GIRL SURVIVOR looks up from rolling a new joint on the coffee table in front of her.

CHILL GIRL SURVIVOR

No clue. None of us live here. Just chillin' til we all die.

MALE SURVIVOR

Until the police come!

The chill girl survivor and the female teenager giggle.

CHILL GIRL

Yeah. What he said.

Deez looks around hopelessly.

DEEZ

Jesus fucking Christ. Fuck me!

A coterie of zombies crash through the apartment door and go to town on everybody's necks.

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - MORNING

Deez rushes into the bathroom and locks the door behind him. In a searching panic, Deez briefly catches his own reflection in the bathroom mirror.

A beat.

For the first time, Deez recognizes his mortality. His once tight skin is drooping and loose. His brown complexion is now speckled with dark blotches. He flashes his teeth. Aged and stained. His facial stubble is more gray than black. But most noticeably, his eyes are sunken and ashamed.

Crashing furniture and screams of torment permeate in. Deez snaps back to life and quickly tears down the shower curtain. Crawling into the bathtub, he cloaks himself with it the way a paramedic covers a dead body. He zips open his back pack and pulls out a photograph of a beautiful light-skinned, smiling young teenage girl. He touches it with his fingertips before resting it against his chest. He closes his eyes and breathes deeply.

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Deez remains motionless in the bathtub. It's quiet except for the metallic ting of a dropping kitchen pot. He moves. Pauses. Then moves again. Mustering the strength, Deez stiffly rises as though he himself has reanimated. He's careful and quiet as he makes his way to the door and cautiously opens it.

INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Deez tiptoes into the living room. It's a horror show. All the survivors are either dead or missing. Bloody handprints and sloppy guts are everywhere. Deez covers his mouth in repulsion and moves to the front door. He turns the knob and pulls, making an insanelly quiet click.

The male survivor rises with undead eyes that twist to meet Deez. The male survivor hisses, darting towards him.

DEEZ

Fucking kidding me?

## INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Deez rushes down the stairs, hopping over and discarding the same items he earlier used to barricade himself in. Kicking the door open he emerges outside.

## EXT. DOWNTOWN - AFTERNOON

It's the same scene as the living room. Gory silence. Some zombie torsos are moaning and crawling across the pavement but for the most part everything is dead. The sun is beginning to set on a hellscape.

The male survivor appears from out of the hallway. He hisses and lunges towards Deez. Deez fights him off and darts down the street. The activity has attracted the attention of a few more bullet-ridden zombies who give chase - albeit, not as meaningfully.

## EXT. DOWNTOWN PARK - AFTERNOON

Deez is running through what would normally be a beautiful public park but - given the circumstances - it's more akin to the apocalypse. He's lost the randoms but the male survivor is still in hot pursuit. Deez pushes over recycling cans and tosses some piles of trash at him in an effort to trip him up but it's no use. Gazing backwards, Deez is unaware that he's reached the top of a very steep hill. He starts falling painfully down and lands along a filthy, littered shoreline.

Deez rises and watches perplexed as the male survivor seems to intentionally throw himself down the hill in some sort of effort to continue his hunt. He falls for what seems like an awkwardly uncomfortable amount of time before, mercifully, bashing his own skull onto a row of cinder blocks. The male survivor shakes a little and then dies... again. Deez stands over him in amazed wonder before walking away.

## EXT. CITY BRIDGE - SUNSET

Deez walks somberly along a two-lane bridge with no direction in mind. There is no traffic. Instead, abandoned vehicles are strewn in a zig-zag fashion around the bridge; their passengers having left in a hurry. Deez passes a crying OLD WOMAN who reaches out to him.

OLD WOMAN

Please. Please. Help me. I can't  
find my husband. Please. Help me  
find my husband.

Deez mutters a weak apology and shuffles on. This is a bleak bridge. Clinging to his back pack, Deez begins to contemplate hopelessness. He passes dead bodies, dead zombies, stuffed animals ripped apart and other tragedies of the human experience. Midway across, Deez breaks down in tears. The calamity of it all is too much for him and he collapses to the ground. Whimpering and apologizing to no one in particular, Deez rises. He climbs the railing to the bridge and stares into the abyss. He's going to jump.

But just before he does - off in the distance - there is a flash. It's the flash of a cottage lighthouse. And it blinds him. Deez is startled at first but soon a sense of significance rushes through him. This is a sign. He's not supposed to die here. He has a mission now. He is supposed to head to that beacon. That bright, beautiful beacon. That beacon of hope.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. PACIFIC NORTHWESTERN FOREST - SUNSET

A male zombie is crawling painfully through large piles of leaves in the forest. His legs are severed and the loose meat drags behind him.

Suddenly, an arrow whooshes directly into his right cheek. The zombie continues his crawl undisturbed. The small crowd cheers.

DOUG

Oh, fuck off, people!

Doug marches over to the zombie and puts his boot on its shoulder. After pulling the arrow from out of its cheek Doug returns to his position beside DEEZ.

DEEZ

Don't let 'em get to you, Doug.  
They're just excited to see a real  
celebrity for once.

Doug scoffs.

DOUG

You? A celebrity? I looked you up  
online. What's the biggest thing  
you've ever done? Cocaine with  
Dennis Rodman at Mardi Gras in '99?  
Wow. Can I get your autograph? Can  
you sign my Fugees CD, Mr. Deez?

Deez lines up his bow and pulls back his arrow as he takes aim at the zombie still rustling through the wet leaves.

DEEZ

It's just Deez. Mr. Deez was my father and I never met him. And, besides. The Fugees broke up in ninety-seven, you idiot.

Deez lets go and just as the zombie rises out of a leaf pile his arrow is a direct shot into its left eye. The zombie thumps over onto the cold, hard ground. Deez flashes Doug a grin and the small crowd applauds in the distance.

DEEZ (CONT'D)

But I'll sign your Wyclef CD if you've got one on you.

Deez looks over to the crowd and we see REGINA for the first time. A beautiful and leggy brunette, Regina gives Deez a grin and a thumbs up. He shyly smiles back before heading to retrieve his arrow.

Doug notices.

DOUG

You think you have a chance with her? You'd be doing her a favor by leaving before she gets to know the real you. The court cases. The cover-ups. The jail time.

Deez is unfazed by Doug's mind games. Instead, crouched down near the dead zombie, he continues to look over at Regina who is now in joyful conversation with excited members of the small crowd.

DEEZ

I don't know, Doug. Don't ladies like a man with convictions?

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. PACIFIC NORTHWESTERN COASTLINE - DAWN

Waves crash along the rocky beach as we move in on a beautiful coastal cottage home attached to a candy striped lighthouse. The scene is something you would find on a postcard or a billboard for tourism. Tall grass sways freely in the breeze. The sun's reflection beads off of the fire engine red lighthouse dome. And an inviting picket fence casually enwraps this peaceful property.

## INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - DAWN

Regina is sleeping like a baby in a comfortable queen-sized bed. Her long, slender legs have stretched out, half exposing her olive skin from under her high thread count sheets. Her radiant brown hair flows out and around her like bronzed rays of illumination. Her bedroom window is open and its curtains dance in the morning sun. Without intrusion, her telephone alarm gradually begins to give a warm and welcoming tone that awakens her from her satisfying slumber. It's six AM. Her green eyes slowly open and Regina sits up. Giving a wide stretch, she is eager for what this new day may bring.

## INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN - MORNING

Regina has just finished making her morning green tea. The kitchen TV is on - news of zombie outbreaks all over the world. She has the volume off. She gazes out the window and breathes in the fresh air before making her way to a closed door off of the dining room. She opens it.

## INT. PODCAST ROOM - MORNING

We enter a small room with earthy tones decorated with several plants. In it is a table outfitted with all the state of the art A/V equipment one could ever need. Cute, inspirational décor is sprinkled around the room. Regina sits down and loads up her sleek, purple laptop. As she waits, she peacefully sips her green tea. She adjusts her hanging microphone closer to her mouth and presses record on a video camera. Behind her is a framed poster of a zombie hand reaching up and out from the ground as a human hand reaches down for it. It reads: "We Live. Life After Reanimation." Regina puts on her headphones and fixes her hair. The clock on her laptop reads seven AM and she presses the "Start Streaming" button on her podcast's platform website. She begins to speak.

## REGINA

It's a beautiful morning along  
Rosario Strait. And I am thankful  
for all of you. All of you fighters  
who are still out there. All of you  
lovers of life who refuse to give  
up. And refuse to give in. The  
world around you is falling apart  
but you will not go quietly into  
that undead. You go on. You stand  
firm. You are not alone. I am with  
you. And together... we live.

INT. PODCAST ROOM - LATER

PHONE CALLER

Thanks a lot, Regina. I think I really needed to hear that. I think it's finally time to let dad go.

REGINA

I think so, too. Remember, don't let the shackles in your basement he's bound to be the chains that keep you from being free yourself. What did you say you always wanted to do with him? Go hiking together?

PHONE CALLER

Yeah. In the Grand Canyon. But... he never had the time.

REGINA

Well, now he does. In your heart. And in your mind. It's time you two go hiking.

We hear the phone caller fighting off tears.

PHONE CALLER

I love you, dad.

Angry and empty groaning is heard coming in on the line. Followed by clinking chains and aggressive hissing.

The phone caller is now clearly crying.

PHONE CALLER (CONT'D)

Wanna... Wanna go hiking?

A shotgun blast. Regina closes her eyes for a moment. She breathes in and out.

REGINA

I think he's very proud of his little boy, right now.

The phone caller is balling his eyes out.

PHONE CALLER

Thank you, Regina. Thank you so much. God bless you. God bless your heart. God bless your damn golden heart.

REGINA

Namaste, phone caller. Namaste and  
Godspeed.

A beat.

REGINA (CONT'D)

Well everyone, it is time for my  
day to begin. Enjoy this beautiful  
world that we share. And remember  
those we've lost to it. There is  
life after reanimation. There is  
hope and there is love. And we will  
discover it together. Because,  
together... we live. Until  
tomorrow.

Regina signs off. Removing her headphones she breathes a  
sigh. She spins her chair to face her window outside. And she  
smiles. It is a beautiful day.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN - MIDDAY

With a warm smile, Regina greets a fluffy gray cat that has  
leaped onto her kitchen counter.

REGINA

Well, hey there you. You hungry?

The cat meows. Regina opens the kitchen cabinet and pulls out  
a can of wet cat food. It purrs as she feeds it, gently  
stroking its soft fur.

EXT. COTTAGE HOME - AFTERNOON

Regina coats the white fence with a fresh can of paint. She  
wipes her forehead as she takes in the scenic Pacific Ocean  
shoreline down below.

EXT. COASTLINE - AFTERNOON

Regina descends a wooden boardwalk down to the rocky beach.  
Removing her canvas shoes, she walks towards the tide. The  
cold water washes over her bare feet. She jumps back and  
squeaks. Then begins to laugh a little. And then a lot.

## EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - SUNSET

Regina stands atop the lighthouse lantern room. She holds the rail with outstretched hands as she watches the sun slowly set around a dazzling evening sky. She feels the wind on her face as it dances with her hair. Peacefully, she moves inside and down the spiral staircase. At its base, she lifts the lever that activates the Fresnel lens. It's as if the entire ocean lights up. Regina exits the large metal door and takes the path back towards the cottage home.

END FLASHBACK

## EXT. PACIFIC NORTHWESTERN COASTLINE - EVENING

Another zombie has been strategically placed. Only this time he is buried to his neck in the sand. The tide washes up over him and briefly covers him whole. But, like the others, he is not bothered. Instead, he is interested in biting at but never catching the tiny crab that is intrigued by his presence. Without warning, an atlatl spear lands directly in the top of his skull and he instantly dies.

DOUG

Fuck yes! First shot, motherfucker!

Doug taunts Deez who disappointingly drops his atlatl to the soft sand. The crowd is visibly dejected as Doug takes a victory lap around them. One young man had made a sign supporting Deez that Doug rips from his hands and shreds.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Two to one, Deez. One more kill and I win. And you're leaving this island. Tonight, bitch.

Deez defeatedly looks up and over at Regina. This time her eyes move away and a sense of disappointment washes over him. Doug again notices this as he aggressively withdraws his spear from the dead zombie's skull.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Deez. Nobody's going to miss you when you're gone. You know why? Because you don't belong here. This is a peaceful community. And we like it that way.

Deez stands alone and lonely. The small crowd is worried and it shows. Still among them but distant, Regina is staring off into the Pacific Ocean as though to separate herself from the situation.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Oh. What's wrong, Deez? Finally  
starting to realize that this just  
isn't the place for a ghetto  
superstar like you?

Deez gives Doug a glare.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
What? Is the truth killing you  
softly?

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Regina reaches a stopping point to a hardback novel and inserts a bookmark. She's sitting in a comfortable club chair, legs up and tucked under her. Placing the book on the table beside her, she rises and twists the switch of a warm night lamp to off. She makes her way to her bedroom.

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Regina changes into comfortable sleepwear, fluffs her pillow and crawls underneath her covers. She reaches for her cell phone resting on the night stand. With sorrow, she swipes away an alert for a "Horde Warning" and another of the daily infection statistics. She sets her alarm - six AM tomorrow morning - and turns out her bedroom light. Regina rolls over to fall peacefully asleep.

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

A loud thud.

Regina snaps up in bed. Her telephone shows us that it's after three AM. Without hesitation she reaches over and grips a hard, wooden cricket bat. She's up and heads toward the sound.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

We see Deez pathetically try to squeeze his body through the tiny kitchen window. He swears a lot and crumbles to the floor. Regina watches on from the doorway. She is not amused. Regina flips the switch and illuminates the kitchen, forcing Deez to straighten up quickly and put his hands in the air. He flinches, expecting to be shot.

DEEZ  
Blue lives matter!

Regina makes an aggressive stance with her bat.

REGINA  
Who... Who are you? What do you  
think you're doing breaking in  
here? Are you trying to die  
tonight?

DEEZ  
No. Actually, I'm just trying to  
survive. Wait. Is that a cricket  
bat?

Regina is puzzled.

REGINA  
What?

DEEZ  
Where do you find a cricket bat in  
America?

Regina inspects her bat.

REGINA  
I don't know. It's not mine.

DEEZ  
Well. Whose is it then?

Regina doesn't respond while Deez puts two and two together.

DEEZ (CONT'D)  
This isn't your house, is it?

Regina becomes defensive.

REGINA  
It's not yours, either.

DEEZ  
Yeah, but can you actually accuse  
me of breaking in if you also broke  
in yourself.

REGINA  
What makes you think I broke in?  
Maybe I'm housesitting.

DEEZ  
Well, did you?

REGINA

Of course not. I knocked. And the door was open.

DEEZ

Oh, and the owner just handed you a cricket bat and said, "Thank God you're here. I can go die now."

REGINA

No. I performed a wellness check. And when I discovered it was vacant I felt it would be best to take care of the place until the rightful owner returned.

DEEZ

So you're a squatter.

REGINA

Eat brains! You're a cat burglar.

DEEZ

I'm not trying to steal royal diamonds. I'm trying to hide from a hundred thousand zombies out there gunnin' for my flesh.

REGINA

Well, you can't stay here.

DEEZ

Why not? You can.

REGINA

I'm not having this conversation with a cat burglar. You need to leave. Now.

Regina moves confidently toward Deez and then past him to the back door. She unlocks it, opens it and gestures for him to remove himself.

DEEZ

Look. Real talk. Can I just stay here for one night. I haven't had a good night's sleep in weeks. I'd just like one night to refresh and I'll be gone first thing tomorrow morning.

REGINA

I'm sorry. I can't help you. I've seen enough zombie movies to know whenever somebody new shows up to a safe place they're always followed by a swarm. And everything good gets ruined. And I just can't have that. I'm happy here.

DEEZ

Well, if you've seen zombie movies then you know the black guy is always cool and helpful.

REGINA

Oh, you mean like Ben in *Night of the Living Dead*?

DEEZ

Yes. Exactly like Ben.

REGINA

Like when he slapped Barbara?

Deez mutters and backpedals.

DEEZ

That was a different time. People weren't...

Before Deez can finish his sentence, Regina smacks him hard across the face. Shocked and scared, Deez rubs his cheek.

REGINA

You can stay ONE night. And you leave as soon as the sun comes up. Understood?

DEEZ

Yes, ma'am.

INT. COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Deez is resting on the couch. Regina angrily tosses a pillow and blanket at him. He catches them with a smile.

DEEZ

So how does this work? Do we sleep in shifts since you don't board up your windows - or even lock them, for that matter?

REGINA

We don't need to. I haven't seen one zombie since the day I showed up to this island. It's like a dream come true.

DEEZ

No shit? Why's that?

REGINA

They can't handle the waves. Their muscles aren't strong enough to push past them. I've watched them just give up and float away - and get lost at sea. Forever.

DEEZ

Like Wilson.

Regina stares at Deez like he's an idiot.

DEEZ (CONT'D)

Man, that's heavy. So as long as no one gets infected on the island... then everyone on it is safe.

REGINA

Exactly. Which is why I can't have random strangers like you just showing up and breaking into people's homes. What made you come here, anyway?

DEEZ

I was about to kill myself and then I saw the light and just followed it here. How'd you end up here?

REGINA

I'm not telling you that.

DEEZ

No. I get it. Your whole family turned and now you're bitter about it. I would be, too.

REGINA

Nobody "turned." And even if they did, why would you say something like that? What's wrong with you?

DEEZ

I can sense these things. Like you came home from a long shift and your fiancé is there - but he's turned - and he just goes for your neck. But you escape.

Regina stares.

REGINA

You sense this?

DEEZ

Absolutely. It's written all over your face. But you're a survivor. And you filled up, what, like a retro Winnebago? And you drove back to the Midwest to check in on your folks. But they turned, too. And your little brother. God. It was awful, wasn't it?

REGINA

You know you're just taking plot points from zombie movies, right?

DEEZ

Hey. You don't have a build a wall around me. I'm not the zombie.

Regina heads for the bedroom. She stops by the light switch.

REGINA

Enjoy your ONE night of sleep. I can't wait to forget you.

Deez settles in on the couch.

DEEZ

I hope you letting me stay here doesn't come back and *bite* you. Get it?

Regina flips off the switch and exits the room. Deez rolls over.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. PACIFIC NORTHWESTERN COASTLINE - EVENING

Two spectators each cut ropes tied to trees and attached to a very angry zombie's ankles.

That zombie, known as GUNNAR THE RUNNER and dressed in short shorts and a tank top, immediately sets off to a sprint.

Deez and Doug have been waiting in position a few yards ahead of Gunnar until the ropes are cut. When they are, the two also take off in a mad dash towards a single handgun resting on the sand 100 meters away. As Gunnar pursues, the two childishly slap at each other while struggling to run in the sand.

DEEZ

How the hell is he so fast?

DOUG

Who? Gunnar? He used to be a high school track and field star before the apocalypse. The town called him Gunnar the Runner.

DEEZ

And you kept him as a zombie?

DOUG

Why wouldn't I? He's fast.

DEEZ

You're fucking insane.

Deez trips after checking the distance between himself and Gunnar. Doug gives a smirk and a chuckle but it doesn't last as Deez grabs his leg causing him to also fall. Gunnar gains ground now as the two desperately crawl to the hand gun just a few feet away.

Once they reach it there is a struggle until Deez lands a stiff cross directly to Doug's nose that causes him to grab at it with his hands. Deez, now having full possession of the handgun, fires a single shot that lands directly in Gunnar's skull and he falls to his knees before flopping over on his side. Relieved after some heavy breathing, Deez drops the hand gun and falls back. Closing his eyes.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. COTTAGE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Deez is snoring loudly, a leg dangling off of the couch. His mouth is wide open. Regina stands over him in contempt.

REGINA

Dude.

No response. Regina repeats herself.

REGINA (CONT'D)  
Dude. Dude, get up.

No movement. Regina kicks Deez in the shoulder.

REGINA (CONT'D)  
Come on, man.

Deez begins to stir. After a few irritating smacking sounds from his lips he's finally roused.

DEEZ  
Is it sunrise already?

REGINA  
If sunrise is nine forty-five then yes, I suppose it is.

DEEZ  
Alright. Well... I guess I'll start getting on, then.

Regina is unmoved by his sympathetic plea. Deez sits up and reaches for his back pack. He purposely knocks it over, spilling some of its contents - contents that include his photo of that teenage girl. Deez quickly reaches for it but not until after he's ensured Regina has gotten a good look. Her features soften. Deez plays up this opportunity.

DEEZ (CONT'D)  
Oh, gosh. I'm so sorry. That's... that's a picture of my daughter. It's the only think I have to remember what she looks like.

Regina expresses her remorse.

REGINA  
I'm sorry. Did you lose her to the pandemic?

DEEZ  
Oh, no. She's with her mother. Well, at least I think she is. We're divorced. And I haven't had a reliable cell signal anywhere since I've been running so... I can't call her and she can't call me.

Regina looks on in empathy. Her natural desire to help is kicking in.

DEEZ (CONT'D)  
 It's... it's just torture, you  
 know. Worse than anything those  
 monsters out there can do, that's  
 for damn sure.

Conveniently among the back pack items sprawled on the floor  
 is a cell phone. Deez solemnly picks it up but is immediately  
 elated to see that it has service bars. Overjoyed, he shows  
 this to Regina. She gives him a promising smile.

DEEZ (CONT'D)  
 Oh my God! This is the first time  
 that I've had service in weeks! Do  
 you mind if I try calling her,  
 miss?

REGINA  
 My name's Regina. And it's nice to  
 meet you...

DEEZ  
 Deez.

Regina is taken aback by the name but continues.

REGINA  
 It's nice to meet you... Deez. And,  
 no. I do not mind.

Deez eagerly dials a phone number and waits, leg shaking. We  
 hear a disconnection tone and message that the number he has  
 dialed is no longer in service. Deez looks dejected. He  
 sighs. Then rises.

DEEZ  
 Well. I guess it's time for me to  
 go. I've appreciated your  
 hospitality, Regina. I hope you  
 find happiness here. I truly do.

Deez looks around memorably and then begins to leave. Regina  
 hesitantly starts biting her fingernail.

REGINA  
 Wait. Deez. Maybe she's okay. And  
 she's just somewhere else.  
 Somewhere else but safe.

Deez shrugs.

DEEZ  
 Maybe.

REGINA

And you know, maybe she'll try  
calling you in a couple of days.

Deez feigns optimism.

DEEZ

Yeah. If I get a signal I suppose  
it's possible. But who knows when  
the next time that'll be. Anyway.  
Thanks again, Regina. Enjoy your  
life.

Deez moves closer towards the door, tapping twice on the  
living room wall with his knuckle and contemplates things as  
though he's saying goodbye to a longtime family home.

REGINA

Deez, stop. Don't be that way. If  
you get service here then why don't  
you just stay for a few days. See  
what happens.

Deez turns back to Regina with a large smile.

DEEZ

Seriously? You mean that? Because  
don't play games with me. I can't  
take much more of this life of  
mine, you know.

REGINA

No. I mean it. Besides. I could  
actually use your help with  
something.

DEEZ

Me? You name it, man. Anything. I  
got you. What do you need?

INT. PODCAST ROOM - MORNING

Regina opens the podcast room door and ushers Deez in. He is  
in awe of the vast array of equipment before him. His jaw  
drops while he absorbs it all.

DEEZ

How did you get all of this?

REGINA

It came with the house. All set up.  
Everything works.

DEEZ

This has got to be hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of equipment here. Maybe even millions.

REGINA

I'm sure it's not that much but it's pretty amazing, isn't it?

DEEZ

Yeah. You're telling me.

Deez notices an open magazine laying on a side table in the room. In it is an article about a young teenage entrepreneur whose photograph is the exact same photograph that Deez carries around with him. He quickly and nervously closes the magazine.

DEEZ (CONT'D)

So, what do you do with it all? Like do you produce records or something?

Regina appears concerned.

REGINA

No. I actually host a podcast.

DEEZ

Podcast. That's like an internet radio show, right?

REGINA

Kind of. You know, before all of this happened I always wanted to be a blogger. And help people get through their problems. What's funny is here - and now - I can.

DEEZ

Wow. That's tits. You know, I used to be a radio DJ in the nineties.

REGINA

You don't say?

DEEZ

Yeah. "Deez Nuts in the Morning." It was the number three morning show in Bloomington, Indiana.

REGINA

Oh, wow.

DEEZ

That's a college town. And when we'd give away Dave Matthews Band tickets I was usually number two... in the five to six AM slot. It was pretty cool. I had a lot of fun.

REGINA

I bet.

DEEZ

We had this midget intern named "Trunk" because we'd always stuff him in trunks, you know. And he had just this massive dick, too. And we'd send him off to, like, jump out and scare people downtown, you know. And chase the college girls around campus with a raging hard on. It was good ratings. I think you'd like it.

REGINA

I doubt it.

DEEZ

But, yeah. So what'd you need my help with? Like co-host and stuff?

Regina laughs.

REGINA

Absolutely not. My last guest for today, Dr. Ricci. He never called in. And so, to fill time, I figured I could interview you instead.

Deez opens his mouth in shock and touches his heart.

DEEZ

Me? You want to interview me?

REGINA

I wouldn't say I want to. But you'd help me fill time. So... that.

Deez invites himself to sit down at one end of the table, puts on a headset and is ready to go in no time.

DEEZ

Let's go. I was born for this shit.

REGINA

It's just a podcast. You're not saving the world.

DEEZ

I beg to differ. Ever hear the song "Last Night a DJ Saved My Life"?

Deez makes a finger gun.

DEEZ (CONT'D)

So what's the name of this show?

Regina sits down opposite Deez.

REGINA

Podcast. It's called "We Live. Life After Reanimation." And I should warn you in advance, it's a support podcast. So I'd like to keep it within that realm. If possible.

DEEZ

No. I feel it. I've had plenty of run ins with the FCC. I can keep it PG when I need to.

Regina immediately begins to regret this as she wraps her own headphones around her ears.

REGINA

Can you?

Deez nods confidently. Regina begins streaming.

REGINA (CONT'D)

Welcome back. And I'm afraid I have some concerning news. Dr. Ricci who is a regular caller to this podcast, unfortunately, has not checked in this morning. But, in the interim, I have an... unique guest here in the studio with me to help fill Dr. Ricci's normal allotted time. Deez, who broke into my home in the middle of the night last night, is here with me now.

Deez turns on like a light switch.

REGINA (CONT'D)

Deez. How are you?

He's amped and suddenly has a raspy, nineties shock jock delivery to his tone.

DEEZ

Well, hey there Regina! It's a beautiful morning here at the "We Live... Zombie... Carnival"!

Deez utters the "Entrance of the Gladiators" tune with his mouth very, very awkwardly.

REGINA

No. Stop. Seriously.

Deez sinks back.

REGINA (CONT'D)

So, Deez. If you don't mind. You told me some very private information this morning. Maybe it would be helpful if we discussed it here on this platform.

DEEZ

Are you sure?

REGINA

Absolutely. That's what we do here. We're a community. A support group.

DEEZ

Okay. Well... Yesterday I tried to kill myself. Twice. And before that a couple of teenagers caught me with my hand down my pants. But I don't think I told you any of that.

REGINA

Okay! I think we've - I don't normally do this but - I think we've got a CALLER waiting. Let's go ahead and take a call. Caller, are you there?

DISTURBED CALLER

Yes, Regina, I'm here. How are you this morning?

REGINA

It's been a strange day so far. How are you?

DISTURBED CALLER

Not too good, I guess.

REGINA

I'm sorry to hear that. What's going on?

DISTURBED CALLER

It's my neighbor. She turned last night and tried attacking me this morning. And I had to... I had to kill her.

Deez jumps in.

DEEZ

Was she hot?

An uncomfortable pause.

DISTURBED CALLER

I'm sorry? Did you ask if she was...

DEEZ

Hot. Like, was she hot? Like would you bang her?

REGINA

Excuse me?

DEEZ

Did she have big jugs? Like a tight ass? No, here's a better question. And be honest. If you had the chance, would you bang her after she turned? Cuz I've thought about that. Like banging a hot zombie. Wouldn't that be nuts? Like just...

REGINA

Caller. I apologize. This... my guest is having a hard time adjusting.

CALLER TWO

I... I have to go. Good... goodbye.

REGINA

What the hell was that?

DEEZ

Entertaining programming. The stuff people really want to hear.

REGINA

Nobody wants to hear that garbage.  
Get yourself in line, man.  
Seriously. This is important stuff.

Deez throws his hands back.

DEEZ

Okay. Understood. My apologies.  
Your phone's ringing.

Regina shows signs of frustration.

REGINA

I am aware. Thank you.

She composes herself and answers.

REGINA (CONT'D)

Hello.

DUDE CALLER

Hey. Long time listener. First time  
caller. Dude, Deez. I totally want  
to bang my zombie neighbor. Swear  
to God.

Deez gets excited.

DEEZ

I know, right! It's crazy but like  
because it's taboo, you know, you  
just wanna like try it.

DUDE CALLER

No doubt. No doubt.

DEEZ

Hey, thanks for calling, my guy.  
Regina. I think it's survey time.

REGINA

What? No. No.

DEEZ

Okay, everybody. Where do you stand  
on banging your zombie neighbors.  
We're taking calls right now at...  
Regina, what's the hit line digits?

REGINA

There's no hit line. Okay. We're  
done here. Everybody, I apologize  
for this last segment.

Deez shrugs in confusion.

REGINA (CONT'D)

It's been a challenging few hours.  
Just remember that we live. Until  
tomorrow.

Regina rips off her headphones and begins berating Deez. She looks down at the switchboard. It is lit up with calls on hold. Surprised, Regina taps on them. One by one, these callers give their opinions on banging their dead neighbors. Regina hangs up without a response for any of them.

DEEZ

Why did you say that we live until  
tomorrow?

REGINA

What are you talking about?

DEEZ

At the end. You said, "we live  
until tomorrow."

REGINA

No, you idiot. We live. It's the  
name of the show. Period. Until  
tomorrow. As in I'll talk to you  
all tomorrow.

DEEZ

Well, it kind of sounds like you're  
saying that we all will live UNTIL  
tomorrow. Besides. This is good  
anyway, right? Like it'll help you  
with your ratings. And maybe get  
some sponsors.

REGINA

No! This isn't a drive to work  
show. Who... who's driving to work,  
Deez? Nobody. Because there are  
zombies! This is a support podcast.  
To help people deal with life...  
AFTER reanimation! This isn't shock  
radio! My God. Just... just leave.

DEEZ

Well. If it's worth anything I've  
got some ideas for tomorrow.

REGINA

I don't want any of your ideas,  
Deez. Just please leave. Now.

Deez rises and slowly removes his headphones.

DEEZ

I was just trying to help.

Regina shakes her head and raises her hand. Deez leaves but not until after he swipes the magazine with the photo.

EXT. SOME DISTANCE BEYOND THE COTTAGE PROPERTY - MORNING

Doug is crouched down in camo gear spying on Deez and Regina with binoculars, catching their heated exchange. He lowers the binoculars from his face, exposing his sinister eyes. He ponders quizzically at them while rubbing the red stubble along his cheeks and jaw. He spits.

EXT. COTTAGE HOME - MORNING

Deez exits through the front door a little confused by everything. Doug approaches in a friendly manner from the distance, waving his arms. He has a shotgun strapped to his back.

DOUG

Hey. Excuse me. Hey, friend. How are you.

Doug extends his hand but Deez only looks at him coldly.

DOUG (CONT'D)

No worries. Hi. I just wanted to introduce myself. The name's Doug. And you are?

Deez continues to stare.

DEEZ

Deez.

DOUG

Well, hello there, Mr. Deez. I just haven't seen you around here before. Are you... do you know Regina?

Deez is offended now.

DEEZ

Is there a problem here, Doug?

DOUG

Oh, no. No. No. No. No problem at all. Well. I guess maybe there's a slight problem. You see, we don't really like to let new people onto the island. You know, for safety purposes. Just gotta keep the infection rates down, you know. Nothing personal. So. How do you know Regina?

Deez continues to glare.

Regina exits the front door.

REGINA

No, Doug. No. Get out of here.

DOUG

Well, hey there, Regina. What's the problem? Are you okay? Are you in danger?

Deez shrugs, hands open and palms out. Like, "WTF?"

DEEZ

Why would she be in danger?

REGINA

I know what you're trying to do, Doug. And I'm not in the mood today.

DOUG

What do you mean what I'm trying to do? Unless you mean my screening strangers to keep the island safe? You don't want me to protect our community, Regina? Is that it?

DEEZ

Isn't that what the police do?

REGINA

The sheriff and the deputy and, actually, the entire force were all killed in the first wave.

DEEZ

The entire police force?

REGINA

It was a small force. But, anyway.  
This is my good friend Deez, Doug.  
So thank you. Have a wonderful day.

Regina attempts to push Doug along but he drags his feet.

DOUG

So he's planning on staying with  
you then?

Regina continues to shove Doug along.

REGINA

You betcha, Doug. You got it. So,  
like I said. Have a wonderful rest  
of your day there, Doug.

DOUG

Well, the thing is Regina. If he  
wants to stay you know he's got to  
get approval.

REGINA

Fine, Doug. I'll bring it up at  
town hall on Sunday.

DOUG

But today's Tuesday. Sunday's a  
long time from now. And we don't  
even know if he can protect  
himself. Or others, for that  
matter.

Deez has had enough.

DEEZ

Okay, Doug. What are you getting at  
here. Just cut to the chase.

DOUG

Oh, no chase to cut to, Mr. Deez. I  
just have to challenge you to a  
ghoul off, is all. You know, to see  
if you belong here.

DEEZ

A ghou! off?

DOUG

A ghou! off.

Regina rolls her eyes.

DEEZ

What the fuck is a ghou off.

DOUG

Regina. Do you mind explaining a ghou off to your good friend here. If he even is actually your friend.

Regina sighs.

REGINA

If somebody doesn't want you in the community for some reason or another they can challenge you to a ghou off.

DEEZ

I don't understand. Why wouldn't you want me in your community, Doug?

DOUG

I never said that, Mr. Deez. All I'm saying is I don't know if you are capable of keeping all of us safe here.

Regina continues.

REGINA

Anyway. It's a best of five series of zombie kills. If you kill more zombies than Doug then you can stay.

DOUG

And *when* I kill more zombies than you then you have to leave and it's no more free ride for Mr. Deez.

DEEZ

Fine. You're on. Doug.

Regina throws her hands up in frustration.

DEEZ (CONT'D)

Where do we do this?

DOUG

In the forest. Right over there. Sunset.

DEEZ

How old west. Fine. Sunset.

Doug grins and tips his hat.

DOUG

Great. See you then, Mr. Deez.  
Regina.

Regina gives a sarcastic smirk as Doug walks away.

REGINA

You shouldn't have agreed to a  
ghoul off, Deez. Doug's a prepper.  
He lives for the kill.

DEEZ

You don't think I can beat a loner  
like him? I've killed before,  
Regina. And I'm not afraid to do it  
again. Well, I've never killed  
anyone before. But I did a post-  
concert Q & A once with DMX. So I'm  
basically thug life.

REGINA

Whatever. Good luck, Deez. Nice  
knowing you.

Frustrated, Regina walks back into the house and latches the  
door from the inside.

DEEZ

Did you just lock me out? So I  
can't even come back in now? Like,  
really?

REGINA (O.S.)

Good luck, Deez!

Deez squints off into the distance. Two FANS are standing  
across the way and begin to wave.

FAN ONE

We love you, Deez!

FAN TWO

Deez nuts!

Deez looks on puzzled.

DEEZ

I have fans already?

END FLASHBACK

EXT. PACIFIC NORTHWESTERN COASTLINE - NIGHT

Deez and Doug are standing side-by-side at the edge of the shoreline and staring off into the ocean. Quite some distance away tied to a flashing buoy in the water is BOB, the fifth and final zombie of the ghoul off challenge.

DEEZ  
So that's Bob?

Bob bounces in the moonlight as the waves lift him up and down in the water.

DOUG  
That's Bob.

DEEZ  
And whoever gets to him first and kills him wins? And that's it?

DOUG  
That's it.

The small crowd is still in attendance and cheering Deez on. Regina is among them but emotionless.

DEEZ  
Okay. Let's do this.

Deez pulls a switchblade from his pocket and removes his shoes. A spectator named NEIL is between Deez and Doug with a whistle in his hand and his arm raised straight into the air. The competitors take their positions.

DOUG  
Get ready to pack your bags.

DEEZ  
Get ready to pack your attitude.

Neil lowers his arm and blows his whistle and the two dive into the dark, cold ocean water.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Swimming like their lives depend on it, Deez and Doug are neck and neck. Ignorant to the race for his demise, Bob tries eating the water that splashes up towards his undead mouth.

Deez reaches Bob first and raises his blade. Doug bashes Deez on the top of the head with the butt of his switchblade and momentarily knocks Deez out. Deez sinks under the water as Doug smiles sinisterly in the moonlight.

DOUG  
Suck on these, Deez.

Doug raises his switchblade and victoriously slams it into Bob's forehead. Only it doesn't pierce his skull. Instead, the blade breaks off and falls into the water. Doug is confused.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?

Doug looks at Bob who looks back at him and hisses. Left with no other option, Doug pulls back and punches Bob in the face. Bob hisses again. Doug punches again. Bob hisses.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Shut up!

Doug grabs the sides of Bob's head with both hands and stuffs his thumbs into each of the zombie's eyes. Again, Bob hisses.

Suddenly, Deez rises out of the water with a gust of pressure and floating on Bob's removed left leg. Shaking off his disorientation Deez pulls back with Bob's stump and blasts Doug directly across the face. He falls back into the water.

DEEZ  
Now who's kicked out, bitch?

Deez raises his switchblade up to Bob for the second time.

DEEZ (CONT'D)  
Nothing personal, Bob.

He inserts the blade into the side of the blind Bob's ear and pushes it in with the palm of his hand until the zombie's head drops limp. In the distance, the small crowd cheers. Deez smiles and lunges down into the water to retrieve Doug.

EXT. PACIFIC NORTHWESTERN COASTLINE - NIGHT

Deez swims safely to shore, dragging Doug's limp body with him and drops it down onto the beach. Neil arrives and works to empty Doug's lungs with chest compressions. The small crowd rushes over to Deez in celebration with hugs and high fives all around.

Neil successfully revives Doug who coughs out a stream of cold salt water. After verifying that Doug is fine, Neil uses Doug's chest to lift himself off of the ground and over to the victorious celebration. Doug is enraged by all of it.

DOUG  
This isn't over, Deez.

Deez stops celebrating and shoots Doug a puzzled glance.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
I've got the number one morning  
show on the island. And I'm letting  
everybody know who you really are!

DEEZ  
What's he talking about?

NEIL  
He operates a ham radio out of his  
basement. It's mostly crazy  
conspiracy theories and doomsday  
prepper garbage. Until Regina  
showed up it was the only morning  
radio show we had.

Deez now nods in understanding.

DEEZ  
So that's what this is all about.

Regina appears from the crowd beside Deez.

REGINA  
That's exactly what this is about.  
A ratings war. You made a mistake,  
Doug. You stuck your nose where it  
didn't belong. And now, ready or  
not. Here we come.

DEEZ  
Wait. So does this mean I get to be  
your co-host?

REGINA  
What can I say, Deez. We make a  
killer morning show.

DEEZ  
Oh, that's great. Because I have  
some ideas I wanted to run by you.

REGINA  
Just hold off on the ideas, okay.

Deez nods in understanding while Doug exits forebodingly and  
everyone celebrates in the night.

END.