

LOVE IS UNDEAD

"Pilot"

written by

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PITCH DRAFT
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EXT. MIA'S HOUSE - DAY

IT'S A BRIGHT, SUNNY MORNING AT A TWO STORY SUBURBAN HOME.

INT. MIA'S ROOM - DAY

MIA (16), A BEAUTIFUL AND FIT BLACK GIRL, SITS AT A VANITY TABLE LOOKING INTO A LARGE MIRROR AND DOING HER MAKEUP.

HER PHONE IS PROPPED UP ON THE TABLE WITH A VIDEO PLAYING.

INTERCUT - PHONE VIDEO FEED

HAILEY (16) A CUTE, PERKY, BLONDE, WHITE GIRL SPEAKS DIRECTLY TO HER AUDIENCE, VLOG STYLE. SHE IS WEARING A T-SHIRT WITH A CARTOON ZOMBIE FACE WITH HEART EYES.

HAILEY

Happy Undead-Integration Day, Hailey-
Hearts!

HEARTS WITH HAILEY'S FACE ON THEM FLOAT AROUND THE SCREEN TO NOISY APPLAUSE AND THEN DISSOLVE.

MIA PAUSES APPLYING HER MAKEUP TO SILENTLY CLAP.

HAILEY (CONT'D)

We will all have the opportunity to
welcome the inoculated undead back
into society today, now that they are
no longer contagious.

SYRINGES WITH HAILEY'S FACE ON THEM FLOAT AROUND TO NOISY APPLAUSE AND THEN DISSOLVE.

HAILEY (CONT'D)

I will be welcoming some special
undead classmates at school today by
inviting them to join a school club.
How will you welcome the undead today?

QUESTION MARKS FLASH AROUND THE SCREEN.

HAILEY (CONT'D)

However you choose to welcome them,
just remember a few very important
things. First, don't ever, EVER
(suddenly turns angry)
use the z-word.
(switches back to perky)

Second, their culture is unique,
including their style choices...

MIA'S INTEREST IS PIQUED AS PICTURES OF ZOMBIES IN RATTY,
BLOODY CLOTHING ARE SHOWN ON THE SCREEN.

HAILEY (CONT'D)

...body types...

PICTURES OF SKINNY AND DECAYED ZOMBIES, FAT, BLOATED AND
ROTTING ZOMBIES, AND ZOMBIES MISSING LIMBS ARE SHOWN.

HAILEY (CONT'D)

...and culinary preferences.

A PICTURE OF SEVERAL ZOMBIES FEEDING ON A WRITHING HUMAN IS
HELD UP FOR AN EXTENDED MOMENT.

HAILEY (CONT'D)

And remember that they speak
differently than us, too.

HAILEY LEANS TOWARD THE CAMERA WITH A DERANGED SMILE.

HAILEY (CONT'D)

So no judging, ok?

MIA STARES AT HAILEY, CONCERNED, AND RETURNS TO HER MAKEUP.

HAILEY (CONT'D)

And I bet you Hailey-Hearts are
wondering where I got this cute shirt
to show that I'm an undead ally.

HAILEY STRETCHES OUT THE CARTOON FACE ON HER SHIRT WITH HER HANDS AND LEANS INTO THE CAMERA FOR A CLOSER LOOK.

HAILEY (CONT'D)

You can find this t-shirt and more at
the Hailey-Heart store on my website.
The link is in the description below!

HAILEY PAUSES WITH A BIG SMILE AND BOTH HANDS POINTING DOWN.

INT. MIA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

MIA'S MOTHER, ROSE (40S), PRETTY AND DRESSED CASUALLY, KNEELS ON THE FLOOR WITH A FEW TODDLERS WHO ARE PLAYING TOYS.

THE LIVING ROOM IS CORDONED OFF INTO A PLAYPEN, AND THE HOUSE HAS AN OPEN FLOORPLAN LOOKING INTO THE DINING AREA.

MIA'S FATHER, MARCUS (40S), HANDSOME AND DRESSED IN KHAKIS AND A POLO SHIRT, SITS AT A TABLE IN THE DINING AREA SIPPING A COFFEE MUG AND EATING TOAST.

THE DOORBELL RINGS AND MARCUS RISES QUICKLY TO ANSWER IT.

MARCUS

I'll get it. It's probably my carpool.

MARCUS OPENS THE DOOR TO SEE HAILEY AND HER MOTHER HELEN (40S), WHO IS AN OLDER VERSION OF HAILEY.

HAILEY

Happy Undead-Integration Day, Mr.
Jackson.

MARCUS

Uh, good morning Hailey and Helen.

HELEN

Happy Undead-Integration Day, Marcus.

MARCUS

Right. Happy Undead-Inte...yeah, that.
(turns and shouts)

Mia! Hailey's here!

MIA BOUNDS DOWN THE STAIRS, GRABS THE TOAST OUT OF MARCUS' HAND, KISSES HIS CHEEK, THEN SKIPS OUT THE DOOR WITH HAILEY.

MIA

Later, Dad, Mom! Love you!

MARCUS SHUTS THE DOOR AND HE AND HELEN STAND AWKWARDLY, AVOIDING EYE-CONTACT FOR A MOMENT.

ROSE

C'mon in, Helen. I'd love some help
with the children if you're willing.

HELEN STEPS OVER THE PLAYPEN GATE AND KNEELS DOWN.

HELEN

You have the cutest daycare, Rose.

THE DOORBELL RINGS AND MARCUS ANSWERS TO FIND A ZOMBIE, ETHAN (40S), DRESSED IN RATTY KHAKIS AND POLO SHIRT, WITH A ZOMBIE TODDLER BOY AT HIS FEET, HOLDING HIS HAND.

MARCUS

Ethan, so glad you made it.

ETHAN

Uuuuuuuuh.

MARCUS

Yes, it is a beautiful one out there.
(turns to Rose)

Rose, dear. Your newest child is here.

ROSE HOPS UP WITH ENTHUSIASM, HURRIES TO THE DOOR AND PICKS UP THE ZOMBIE CHILD, GIVING HIM A HUG.

THE TODDLER HUGS HER BACK, THEN GNAWS ON HER SHOULDER.

ROSE IS STARTLED AND PULLS THE CHILD OFF, LOOKING DOWN AT HER SHOULDER, RELIEVED TO SEE NO DAMAGE DONE.

ROSE

Oh, you little undead-angel. I
anticipated your oversized appetite.

ROSE PULLS A CHICKEN LEG FROM HER POCKET AND HANDS IT TO THE CHILD, WHO IMMEDIATELY GRABS IT AND STARTS TEETHING ON IT.

MARCUS
(to Ethan)

Well, should I drive?

ETHAN STANDS STILL WITH NO RESPONSE. DROOL SPILLS FROM THE SIDE OF HIS MOUTH AND HANGS A FEW INCHES OFF HIS CHIN.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(chuckles)

Just kidding. Of course I'll drive.

What kind of boss would I be if I made
my newest employee drive me to work.

MARCUS PATS ETHAN'S SHOULDER AND THEY WALK OUTSIDE.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

MIA AND HAILEY STROLL QUICKLY ALONG THE SIDEWALK TO SCHOOL.

HAILEY

I am soooo excited to meet the undead
today. They're so mysteriously cool.

MIA
You've probably met them before, I
mean, some of them used to go here
before they were infected.

HAILEY
(disgusted)

Infected? Who are you? No one uses
that term anymore. It's so degrading.

MIA

My point was just that--

HAILEY STOPS IN FRONT OF A GROUP OF BOYS (16), GRAYSON, KYLE,
AND ROWAN. EACH IS WEARING TORN AND BLOODY CLOTHES.

HAILEY

Hey! You can't dress like that!

GRAYSON

(smugly)

Dress like what, Hailey-Heart?

HAILEY

That's cultural appropriation! The
undead are coming to school today, and-

GRAYSON

That's why we're wearing this, to make
them feel more at home.

HAILEY

At home, as in the quarantine camp
they just came from?

MIA STEPS IN-BETWEEN HAILEY AND GRAYSON.

MIA

Relax, you two. Clearly you're both
allies to the undead.

HAILEY

I am not the same as these posers.

MIA

It's just a style, Hailey. You said so
on your show this morning.

KYLE

Judge much? You have a zombie on your
t-shirt.

HAILEY

Don't use that word.

ROWAN

Everyone on the news used that word
for a year and a half after the
outbreak.

GRAYSON

Even you used it on your vlog, Hailey.

HAILEY TACKLES GRAYSON AND STARTS SLAPPING AT HIS FACE.

HAILEY

You know I didn't use it out of hate!
I hope the undead bite your ugly face
off when they get here!

MIA GRABS HAILEY AND PULLS HER OFF OF GRAYSON.

MIA

Hailey! Calm yourself down before a
teacher sees you.

HAILEY SQUIRMS IN MIA'S ARMS AS GRAYSON SLOWLY STANDS UP.

EVERYONE STOPS MOVING AS A LARGE WHITE VAN PULLS UP TO THE
BUS DROP-OFF ZONE NEARBY. LETTERS ON THE SIDE OF THE VAN
READ: "UUH: UNDEAD UNIFICATION HELPERS"

HAILEY
(with reverence)

It's UUH. They're here.

SEVERAL TEENAGE ZOMBIES STEP OUT OF THE VAN AND SLOWLY HOBBLE
IN A LINE TOWARDS THE SCHOOL ENTRANCE.

MIA FREEZES IN AWE AS A BOY ZOMBIE, ERIC (16), EXITS THE VAN.

ERIC HAS BROWN HAIR STICKING UP AS IF GELLED BY A
PROFESSIONAL STYLIST. HE HAS GREEN, DECAYED SKIN, A TORN T-
SHIRT AND JEANS, AND AN UNHEALED BITE TAKEN OUT OF HIS ARM.

MIA

It's Eric. He's back.

HAILEY

You totally have a crush on a zom-- I
mean, an undead person?!

MIA

He wasn't undead when I...yeah, I
guess I still have feelings for him.

ERIC GLANCES AT MIA AND THEY LOCK EYES FOR A MOMENT. TEARS GATHER IN MIA'S EYES, BUT ERIC'S WEAK NECK GIVES OUT. HIS HEAD DROOPS AND A STREAM OF DROOL POURS ONTO THE SIDEWALK.

JUDY (50), THE SCHOOL'S HEAD GUIDANCE COUNSELOR, SPEAKS OVER A LOUDSPEAKER WHICH PROJECTS OUTSIDE.

JUDY (O.S.)

Following home-room, all students will
attend a mandatory assembly in the
auditorium.

THE STUDENTS START FILING INSIDE.

HAILEY

(to Mia)

You better pick your jaw up off the
floor and get inside before the bell.

MIA SHAKES HER HEAD OUT OF HER TRANCE.

MIA

Oh, Eric. I hope you're still in
there.

EXT. GOLF CLUBHOUSE - DAY

SMALL GROUPS OF GOLFERS CARRYING BAGS FILE INTO A LARGE AND FANCY GOLF CLUBHOUSE. A BEAUTIFUL COURSE SPRAWLS AROUND IT.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

MARCUS, ETHAN, AND SEVERAL MEN AND WOMEN IN GOLF ATTIRE STAND IN FOURSOMES NEXT TO GOLF CARTS, HAPPY AND ATTENTIVE AS MARCUS ADDRESSES THEM.

MARCUS

I am very pleased to introduce everyone to Ethan, our new hire from the undead community, who will be joining the accounting team.

THE EMPLOYEES GIVE A POLITE ROUND OF APPLAUSE. ETHAN ATTEMPTS TO BOW, BUT GETS STUCK BENT OVER.

MARCUS STRAIGHTENS ETHAN UP AND KEEPS HIS ARM AROUND HIM.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(to Ethan)

I hope you find a friendly atmosphere amongst our wonderful crew, now that you are part of team Phamanetics. And it gives me great pleasure to welcome you back to society as a result of our firm's medical breakthrough.

A MORE ENTHUSIASTIC ROUND OF APPLAUSE ERUPTS.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Let's get to it, then! Ethan will join my foursome, and we'll meet back at the nineteenth hole for drinks!

THE GROUP CHEERS AND DISPERSES.

EXT. GOLF CART PATH - DAY

MARCUS STEERS THE GOLF CART WITH ONE HAND AND KEEPS HIS OTHER ARM ALONG THE BACK OF ETHAN'S SEAT NEXT TO HIM.

MARCUS

Drink in that wonderful breeze of freedom, Ethan.

THE PATH TURNS SHARPLY AND ETHAN NEARLY FALLS OFF THE CART.

MARCUS QUICKLY GRABS THE COLLAR OF HIS SHIRT, HOLDING HIM IN, AND TEARS HIS ALREADY RATTY SHIRT FURTHER.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Whoa, my boy. You need a seat belt.

EXT. TEE BOX - DAY

MARCUS TEES OFF, SMASHING THE BALL STRAIGHT DOWN THE FAIRWAY WHILE MARCUS AND THE OTHER TWO EMPLOYEES WATCH.

MARCUS

Ah, no pressure after that shot,

Ethan. Since we're a team, we can all

play the best ball, so just have fun!

MARCUS TEES UP A BALL FOR ETHAN, WHO HOBBLES SLOWLY OVER, DRAGGING HIS CLUB BEHIND. THE OTHERS WATCH WITH CONCERN.

ETHAN SETS UP TO SWING AND HIS RIGHT LEG FALLS OFF AT THE KNEE, CAUSING THE OTHERS TO GASP, BUT ETHAN BARELY REACTS.

ETHAN BENDS OVER TO PICK IT UP, DROPPING HIS CLUB NEXT TO IT. HE HANGS OVER THE LEG FOR A MOMENT, APPEARING TO STRUGGLE.

ONE OF THE EMPLOYEES MAKES A MOVE TO HELP HIM, BUT IS HELD BACK BY MARCUS, WHO IS NODDING 'NO.'

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Give him a chance. He's lived like

this for quite some time.

ETHAN PICKS UP HIS LEG AND STRAIGHTENS UP, THEN GRIPS THE END OF THE SHIN BONE LIKE A GOLF CLUB AND LINES THE DANGLING FOOT AT THE END OF IT NEXT TO THE BALL, PREPARING TO SWING.

THE OTHERS WATCH IN FROZEN AWE AS ETHAN SWINGS THE LEG PERFECTLY, SMASHING THE BALL PAST MARCUS' DRIVE.

ETHAN WATCHES THE BALL SAIL THROUGH THE AIR, THEN HE COLLAPSES TO THE GROUND IN A HEAP.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

THE AUDITORIUM IS FILLED, AND THE NEW ZOMBIE STUDENTS ARE SEATED ON THE STAGE.

JUDY, A SLIGHTLY OVERWEIGHT WOMAN IN A LADIES' SUIT, ADDRESSES THE STUDENT BODY FROM THE PODIUM.

JUDY

We have called everyone here to introduce our new students, who come to us directly from the undead community, now that--

HAILEY INTERRUPTS WITH AN EXCITED SHOUT.

HAILEY

Woo! Happy Undead-Integration Day!

JUDY

Umm, that's not a thing, Hailey. It's just another Thursday, but we do have some unique students joining us.

HAILEY FROWNS WITH DISAPPOINTMENT.

JUDY (CONT'D)

As I was saying, now that these fine students have been fully inoculated, you have my complete assurance that they are no longer able to spread the infection to others.

A RANDOM MALE VOICE

What about their appetites?

JUDY

Ah, a great question. We have added a special menu in the cafeteria to accommodate their dietary preferences.

NODS AND MURMERS OF APPROVAL SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE CROWD.

JUDY (CONT'D)

So to completely embrace our newest additions to the student body, I strongly encourage each of you to invite them into your various clubs and teams to make them feel welcome.

MIA AND HAILEY SMILE AT EACH OTHER WITH EXCITEMENT.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

MIA AND HAILEY EAGERLY WAIT BY THE DOOR AS STUDENTS FILE OUT, AND NEARLY POUNCE ON ERIC AS HE LIMPS THROUGH THE DOORWAY.

MIA

Eric, it's so incredible to have you back. I would be thrilled if you would join me on the debate team. We desperately need more boys.

ERIC

Uuuuuuuuh...uh...uh..uhhh.

MIA

I guess you're right. Not everyone would understand you.

THE GIRLS LOOK AT ERIC WITH SADNESS, THINKING.

HAILEY

I know! The glee club could really use your amazing baritone voice.

ERIC

Uuuuh...

ERIC LOOKS UP AT A BULLETIN BOARD WITH A FOOTBALL SCHEDULE PINNED UP AND SLOWLY RAISES A HAND TO POINT.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Fuuuuuugh...

THE GIRLS SHOOT EACH OTHER A LOOK OF WORRY.

MIA

Football? Are you sure you're still up
for that?

HAILEY PUTS HER HAND ON HIS SHOULDER AND LEANS IN.

HAILEY

You can try out for anything you want.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

AN EMPLOYEE TEES OFF AND SLICES THE BALL INTO THE WOODS, THEN SLAMS HIS CLUB ONTO THE GROUND.

EMPLOYEE #1

Another slice! I can't stand it.

THE EMPLOYEE TURNS TO ETHAN AND THEY LOCK EYES. THE EMPLOYEE LOOKS AT HIM HOPEFULLY.

ETHAN LIFTS HIS LEG UP, POINTING IT AT THE EMPLOYEE, WHO SMILES, THEN DETACHES THE LOWER PART OF HIS LEG.

THE EMPLOYEE HOLDS THE LEG LIKE A CLUB AND TEES OFF AGAIN, REPEATING HIS TERRIBLE FIRST SHOT INTO THE TREES.

EMPLOYEE #1 (CONT'D)

Arrgh! How?!

THE EMPLOYEE SADLY CARRIES THE LEG BACK OVER TO ETHAN, WHO IS STILL HOLDING THE OTHER HALF OF HIS LEG OUT, AND REATTACHES THE LEG WITH A SINEWY CLICK.

EXT. FOOTBALL PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

ERIC STANDS ON THE SIDELINE SUITED UP, WITH HIS HELMET WEIGHING DOWN HIS HEAD.

MIA AND HAILEY SIT IN THE BLEACHERS BEHIND HIM. THE FOOTBALL COACH IS NEARBY ERIC, SHOUTING COMMANDS TO THE FIELD.

COACH

Block the blitz! Block the blitz! You
know it's coming! Come on!

THE COACH WATCHES ANOTHER PLAY WITH FRUSTRATION.

COACH (CONT'D)

You let them through again?!

MIA

Hey, Coach? When is Eric going in?

THE COACH TURNS HIS HEAD AND ANSWERS WITH ANNOYANCE.

COACH

When you're my assistant coach, you
can ask me stupid questions.

HAILEY

Hey! You have to give him a shot. Are
you prejudiced?

THE COACH TURNS AROUND COMPLETELY AND GIVES HAILEY A COLD
STARE, THEN SLOWLY CRACKS A SLY SMILE.

IN THE FIELD:

ERIC STANDS NEXT TO THE CENTER, WHO IS ABOUT TO SNAP THE
BALL. THE COACH IS NEXT TO ERIC, WITH HIS HAND ON HIS BACK.

COACH

Okay, all you gotta do is get in the
way of those guys,
(points to the defensemen)

And make sure they don't touch him.
(points to the quarterback)

It's that simple. You got it?

ERIC

Uuuuuuh...

COACH

Great.

(chuckles nefariously)

I have complete faith in you.

THE COACH RETREATS TO THE SIDELINE AND BLOWS HIS WHISTLE.

THE DEFENSIVE LINEMEN QUICKLY TRAMPLES OVER ERIC, WHO REMAINS FLAT ON THE GROUND AFTER THE WHISTLE SOUNDS AGAIN.

THE COACH JOGS OVER TO ERIC AND HELPS HIM UP.

COACH (CONT'D)

Well, you did a good job getting in
the way of those guys, but you gotta
stand your ground so they don't get
through. Can you do that?

ERIC POINTS TO THE SIDE OF THE FIELD, AT THE WIDE RECEIVER.

ERIC

Wiiiiiiide.

COACH

What? You can't be serious.

MIA

Give him a try!

COACH

Fine. You get one route. That's it.

THE COACH JOGS BACK TO THE SIDELINE AND ERIC SLOWLY LIMPS TO THE WIDE RECEIVER POSITION.

COACH (CONT'D)

Just run straight ahead, kid.

THE COACH BLOWS THE WHISTLE AND ERIC TAKES OFF SPRINTING DOWN THE FIELD, LEAVING THE DEFENSEMAN IN THE DUST.

EVERYONE WATCHES IN SHOCK AS THE QUARTERBACK LAUNCHES THE BALL TOWARD ERIC, WHO CATCHES IT AND SCORES A TOUCHDOWN.

THE COACH'S JAW DROPS AND MIA AND HAILEY ERUPT INTO CHEERS.

INT. GOLF CLUBHOUSE - DAY

SEVERAL EMPLOYEES ARE ALREADY SEATED AT THE BAR AND A FEW TABLES, DRINKING, WHEN MARCUS BURSTS INTO THE ROOM.

MARCUS

We've got an all-star in our midst!

ETHAN FOLLOWS HIM THROUGH THE DOOR, SLIGHTLY SLUMPED OVER.

MARCUS PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HIM IN A FRIENDLY HEADLOCK AND DROOL SPLATTERS ON THE FLOOR.

MARCUS PUTS HIS HAND ON THE SHOULDER OF A NEARBY SERVER.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Double shots of your best Scotch.
(leans over to whisper)

And maybe a large hunk of raw meat, if
you have any.

THE SERVER IS GROSSED OUT AND SCURRIES AWAY.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(to Ethan)

You know, if there are more undead
like you, I'm glad we discovered that
inoculation. And we plan to bring more
of your friends over each week!

THE SERVER RETURNS WITH A TRAY OF DRINKS. MARCUS GRABS ONE AND RAISES IT IN THE AIR FOR A TOAST.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

To the inoculation!

MARCUS' EMPLOYEES RAISE THEIR GLASSES AND CHEER.

EXT. MIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

THE MOON HANGS LOW OVER THE HOUSE AS MARCUS PULLS HIS CAR INTO THE DRIVEWAY AND HOPS AND SKIPS TO THE FRONT DOOR.

INT. MIA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MARCUS THROWS OPEN THE FRONT DOOR WITH EXCITEMENT. MIA AND ROSE ARE SITTING AT THE TABLE, STARTING DINNER.

MARCUS

What a great day at the golf cou--

MARCUS FREEZES AT THE SIGHT OF THE LIVING ROOM. THE PLAY PEN HAS GAPING HOLES CHEWED THROUGH IT. TOYS AND CHICKEN BONES ARE BROKEN AND SCATTERED ACROSS THE FLOOR.

ROSE LOOKS AT MARCUS AND LAUGHS.

ROSE

Oh, we may need a stronger playpen for
the new kid. But the good news is, no
one was eaten.

MARCUS

Uhh...good, I guess.

MARCUS SITS TO THE TABLE AND GRABS SOME FOOD.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Did you meet any undead today, Mia?

MIA

Oh, yes, Daddy! I met an old friend,
Eric Eastman, and he's going to play
in the big game tomorrow night.

MARCUS

Eastman? I played golf today with his
father. He was strangely good. He
couldn't hold his liquor, though. We
had to rush him to the hospital.

(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

The doctors said he was dehydrated and
that zombies shouldn't drink alcohol,
since they're half rotted already.

ROSE

Honey, I don't think anyone's using
the z-word anymore.

MARCUS

Just repeating what the doctors said.
It must be an accepted medical term.

MIA

Will he be ok?

MARCUS

They pumped him full of fluids and
sent him home already.

MARCUS TAKES A BITE OF FOOD AND LOOKS UP, REFLECTING.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Zombies playing sports. I love it.

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

MIA AND HAILEY SIT WITH MIA'S PARENTS IN THE BLEACHERS.

THE STADIUM IS FILLED WITH PEOPLE, AND ERIC IS SUITED UP AND WAITING ON THE SIDELINES FOR A CHANCE TO GO IN.

THE SCOREBOARD SHOWS THAT THERE IS FIVE MINUTES LEFT IN THE FOURTH QUARTER AND THE HOME TEAM IS LOSING 14-21.

BLEACHERS:

MARCUS

It's been a good game, but I was
really looking forward to seeing the
zom--uh, your undead friend play, Mia.

MIA

They sure could use his help.

HAILEY

The coaches are racist.

MARCUS

Racist? The quarterback is black and
the running-back's last name is Lopez.

HAILEY

But none of the, uh, jersey people, or
whatever, has green skin.

SIDELINES:

THE COACH IS PACING AND SHUFFLING THROUGH HIS PLAYBOOK.

ERIC CREEPS UP BEHIND HIM, GROANING AND DROOLING.

THE COACH TURNS HIS HEAD, STARES AT HIM FOR A MOMENT, THEN
LOWERS HIS HEAD AND RUBS HIS BROW.

COACH

Alright Eastman, get in there.

ERIC LETS OUT A MORE UPBEAT GROAN AND HOBBLES ONTO THE FIELD.

BLEACHERS:

MIA

Oh, that's him! Number 27!

MARCUS

The one limping onto the field?

MIA

That's not his top speed, Daddy.

MARCUS

I sure hope not.

ON THE FIELD:

THE DEFENSIVE BACK LOOKS AT ERIC, INCREDULOUSLY, WHILE ERIC STRUGGLES TO HOLD HIS HEAVY HELMET UP.

THE QUARTERBACK SNAPS THE BALL AND ERIC BLOWS PAST THE DEFENSIVE BACK.

BLEACHERS:

THE CROWD ERUPTS AS THEY WATCH ERIC CATCH A TOUCHDOWN PASS.

MIA

I knew he could do it!

MARCUS

That was incredible!

HAILEY

See, coach! Green skin is just as good
as any other!

THE CROWD AROUND HAILEY SILENCES AND STARES IN DISBELIEF.

HAILEY (CONT'D)
(confused)

What?

EVERYONE TURNS THEIR ATTENTION BACK TO THE FIELD AS THEY WATCH THE OPPOSING TEAM RETURN THE KICKOFF FOR A TOUCHDOWN, AND LET OUT A COLLECTIVE SIGH OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

SIDELINES:

THE COACH HOLDS ONTO ERIC'S FACEMASK, PULLING HIM IN CLOSE TO GIVE HIM ADVICE.

COACH

Listen, son. They've seen your speed
now, so they'll adjust their defense
to compensate. So, I need you to run a
post route this time.

(MORE)

COACH (CONT'D)

When you get close to the defensive back, turn hard to the right and the ball will be there for you. Got it?

ERIC

Uuuuuh, huuuuh.

COACH

Excellent! Go get 'em!

THE COACH HEADBUTTS ERIC AND SENDS HIM BACK ONTO THE FIELD.

BLEACHERS:

MIA AND HAILEY ANXIOUSLY WATCH THE FIELD WITH HANDS COVERING THEIR MOUTHS AND EYES WIDE OPEN.

MARCUS

Less than a minute left, but with legs like Eric's, we might have a chance.

ON THE FIELD:

THE DEFENSIVE BACK STARES ERIC DOWN AS HE BACKPEDALS, WHILE ERIC AGAIN STRUGGLES TO HOLD HIS HEAD UP.

THE QUARTERBACK SNAPS THE BALL AND ERIC TURNS ON THE SPEED.

WHEN ERIC REACHES THE DEFENSIVE BACK, HE TURNS HARD TO THE RIGHT, BUT HIS LEGS GIVE OUT AND HE TUMBLES TO THE GROUND, ROLLING VIOLENTLY, OVER AND OVER.

THE PASS IS INTERCEPTED AND RUN BACK FOR ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN.

THE CROWD BOOS WHILE ERIC LAYS IN A HEAP IN THE GRASS.

BLEACHERS:

MIA AND HER PARENTS LOOK ON IN SADNESS AND SHOCK.

MIA

Poor Eric. It's not his fault.

MARCUS

That kid can run like a cheetah, but
he turns like a bear down a mountain.

HAILEY

Are you calling him an animal, Mr.
Jackson?

MARCUS LOOKS AT HAILEY AS IF SHE'S AN IDIOT.

MARCUS

What is the matter with you, child?

EXT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

MIA AND HAILEY WAIT OUTSIDE A DOOR WITH A SIGN ON IT THAT
READS: "HOME TEAM LOCKERS." NO ONE ELSE IS AROUND.

ERIC SLOWLY PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN, STANDS STILL IN-BETWEEN THE
TWO GIRLS, AND LOWERS HIS HEAD IN SADNESS.

MIA

I loved watching you score that
touchdown, Eric. It was really great
for your first time since coming back.

ERIC

Uuuuh...fuuuuuun.

HAILEY

He said 'fun!'
(flustered)

Oh, I'm sorry. Who am I to assume that
our words are better than your words?

MIA

I'm glad you had fun, Eric. Um...would
you like a ride home?

ERIC

Uh, huuuuuuh.

MIA
(excitedly)

Great! Um...do you, um...I have to
ask. Do you remember me, Eric?

ERIC STRUGGLES FOR A MOMENT, BUT IS ABLE TO LIFT UP HIS HEAD
AND VAGUELY LOOK INTO MIA'S EYES.

ERIC

Mmmmmmiuuuuuuuhhh.

MIA LIGHTS UP WITH A SMILE, TAKES HIM BY HIS ARM AND THE
THREE TEENAGERS WALK OFF TOGETHER.

FADE TO BLACK.