

DEATH AND HIS BROTHER

Written by

Justin Dunlap

912 S. Longwood Ave.
Los Angeles, C.A. 90019
213-247-0015
Jdunlap48@gmail.com

INT. APARTMENT #1A - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

In their college town apartment, Terry (25) sits in the middle of the couch on his laptop. Rob (26) and Natalie(28) sit on either side of him watching him type.

TERRY
It's not working.

ROB
Did the entire internet just go down?

Terry looks to the table beside the couch. The router flashes red.

TERRY
It's the router again.

He reaches over Natalie and grabs it.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Does anyone have a pen or a fork?

Natalie takes a hair pin from her pony tail and tosses it at him as she stands.

NATALIE
Doesn't Austin study immunology or something?

ROB
Something like that.

NATALIE
I'm going to go talk to him. See if he knows something.

ROB
Just knock on the wall. See if he's even in.

NATALIE
That just seems kind of rude.

ROB
I think he'll understand.

She knocks. They lean in to listen. GROANING and SCRATCHING sounds come from the next apartment. Deadish sounds.

NATALIE
Aww, I liked him.

They stay silent an appropriate amount of time after finding out an acquaintance has died.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Is the internet back?

ROB
Two reds and a green. Wait, it's back. It's linking straight to the C.D.C.

NATALIE
What's it say?

Terry points to Natalie.

TERRY
Don't go outside.

Natalie rolls her eyes.

NATALIE
What else.

TERRY
Umm, disaster stuff, evacuations. Don't come in contact, kind of like rabies.

ROB
It says kind of like rabies?

TERRY
Symptoms are lethargy, aggression, biting, death. They're calling it Snapping Turtle Flu. It says not zombies. Well that joke came back to bite you didn't it C.D.C.

NATALIE
Not zombies? That just makes me think they are zombies. That's just dumb. Why would they include that if it wasn't zombies.

The power cuts out.

ROB
Do we have a disaster kit for earthquakes and stuff?

NATALIE
Yeah, it's right next to the gun safe and the C.B. Radio.

Natalie sits back down. Terry closes the computer as the no connectivity screen pops up. Austin is still scratching on the wall. They look a bit hopeless.

ROB
Well. This isn't great.

TERRY
Board game? I think we have some
flashlights.

Natalie bolts up from the couch.

NATALIE
I'm going to fill up the bathtub.

ROB
Right now?

NATALIE
For drinking water.

She goes into the bathroom. Rob stands up and walks towards the back of the apartment.

TERRY
Where are you going then?

ROB
The roof. See what I can see.

TERRY
(Sarcastically)
Oh well that's fun. Much better
than my idea.

EXT. BACK PORCH/FIRE ESCAPE -- DAY

Terry and Rob make their way up to the roof as sneakily as possible on the rickety wood fire escape of their old apartment building. Terry whispers.

TERRY
Did I say this was a much better
idea than mine? Cause it's much
better.

Terry miming.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Water. My idea. Blew it right out
of there. Stratospherical.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ENTRANCE -- SAME

Ben (35) keeps his daughter, Quinn (7), in front of him as they approach the front door. He bends his key trying to unlock it.

Quinn plays with a large band-aid on her stomach.

BEN
Don't do that.

He takes out his phone and dials.

BEN (CONT'D)
My keys bent. Can you let us in?
Yeah, I've got her.

Adam (32) runs down the stairs unlocking the door. He hugs Quinn. Ben quickly nudges them inside. He sticks an old phone book in the door jam.

INT. APARTMENT #2A - KITCHEN -- DAY

Ben takes off his jacket tossing it on the islands separating the kitchen from the living room.

BEN
Quinn, go to your room. I'll be in there in a minute. You can watch what ever you want.

ADAM
The powers out.

BEN
Fantastic. I'll be in in a minute.

Quinn pouts all the way into her room.

BEN (CONT'D)
She's sick.

ADAM
I thought-- How? I thought they were doing a quarantine.

BEN
They couldn't take anymore.

ADAM
So what are we supposed to do? What do they expect us to do?

BEN
They said we can make her
comfortable.

ADAM
Comfortable?

Adam sits down.

ADAM (CONT'D)
They can't honestly expect us to
just sit here and let our daughter
die. What's happening? This doesn't
happen.

BEN
I heard people talking about
barricading their homes. I think
it's the smart thing to do if we
block off the stair well and take
out the fire escape.

ADAM
What are we supposed to do?

BEN
Don't think.

Adam looks to Ben resigned. Ben walks out of the kitchen.

INT. APARTMENT #2A - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUED

Ben opens a closet. He takes down a tool kit and goes out the
back door of their second floor apartment.

EXT. ROOF -- DAY

Terry and Rob sit looking over the neighborhood.

TERRY
Honestly, I expected more.

ROB
Thank god there's not more. Not
really how I want to start my
marriage.

TERRY
Silver lining, could be a bonding
experience.

ROB
We're already bonded. We did the bonding. This is supposed to be the good part.

TERRY
It's probably nothing. I mean, where's all the burning stuff? The car alarms? I don't hear a single car alarm.

A group of zombie type people hobble out of a back yard down the street.

ROB
What's that?

TERRY
That's it! That's the thing.

ROB
Are you sure? They don't look all that menacing.

TERRY
Look, they're walking all wonky.

The zombies see them and start walking in their direction.

ROB
So we shouldn't be up here, right?

TERRY
Nope.

They crawl across the roof back to the fire escape.

Quinn SCREAMS from inside their building.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE -- CONTINUED

Rob and Terry hop down from the roof in time to see Ben drop the steps he's pried from the stair case, a gaping hole in their place. He bolts back into his apartment. Rob and Terry follow.

INT. APARTMENT #2A - KITCHEN -- CONTINUED

Adam feverishly rinses a tiny bite wound on his hand.

INT. APARTMENT #2A - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUED

Ben B-lines for Quinn's bedroom

ADAM
Don't go in there.

BEN
Is she gone?

Terry and Rob stand at the door sheepishly.

ROB
Can we help?

Ben comes out of his daughters room holding a pillow with blood on it.

BEN
Did you try to smother our child?

Nat comes in through the back door quietly. She stands next to Rob and Terry.

BEN (CONT'D)
She's crying. What did you do?

ADAM
I'm so sorry.

BEN
You need to leave while you can.

Nat turns on a dime to leave. Rob, looking wide eyed, puts his hand on her arm with out glancing to stop her.

TERRY
Hey guys? We're just gonna head out, okay?

Ben and Adam don't flinch.

BEN
That doesn't get to be her last thought. People die and it hurts but that doesn't get to be her last thought.
(To himself)
My families dead.

Ben leaps across the room taking Adam to the ground. With Ben's hands around his throat, Adam tries to push Bens face away. Ben bites Adams hand on top of their daughters bite mark.

Rob, Terry, and Natalie try to pry them apart. Rob jumps on Bens back.

ROB
Are you done? Calm down. Are you calm?

Ben slams him into the oven.

ROB (CONT'D)
Help. Help please.

INT. APARTMENT #2A - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Ben and Adams hands and feet are bound with knotted cardigans. They're leaned against the t.v. Wall facing the couch.

INT. APARTMENT #2A - KITCHEN -- SAME

Natalie, Rob, and Terry stand in a huddle.

NATALIE
Does it even work that way though?

ROB
I don't see why not.

TERRY
Suicide by reverse zombie bite during incubation. It's possible.

ROB
It's definitely plausible.

INTERCUT BETWEEN KITCHEN AND LIVING ROOM

ADAM
Zombies?

BEN
They're insane.

TERRY
We're graduate students.

ROB
Looks guys, I feel guilty here but I'm pretty sure we just stopped a murder so I'm feel pretty justified right about now.

TERRY

Devils advocate. Are we doing the right thing here?

NATALIE

I'm going to check on the girl.

ADAM

Tell her I'm sorry.

Not particularly caring about their conversation, Natalie leaves the room.

ROB

I don't understand.

TERRY

He was going to kill him for trying to kill the kid right? Look, Is it horrible? Yes. Is it illegal? Probably. Is it our place to step in? I don't know.

ROB

It's absolutely our place.

TERRY

I think I'm right, you think you're right. We can disagree. It's fine.

ROB

Is it?

BEN

I agree with you, guy.

TERRY

See?

INT. APARTMENT #2A - BEDROOM HALLWAY -- SAME

Natalie opens the bedroom door, pauses for a moment, closes it, and walks back into the kitchen.

INT. APARTMENT #2A - KITCHEN -- CONTINUED

Natalies face is pale.

ROB

You okay?

NATALIE
No.

ROB
Is she okay?

NATALIE
Nope.

ROB
Oh. Jeez. So, she's--

NATALIE
Yes.

Terry pops his head out of the kitchen into the living room.

TERRY
Hey guys, when was your daughter
bit?

ADAM
Is she okay?

BEN
You care all of a sudden?

NATALIE
She's fine. We're fine. Fine like
turpentine.

ROB
What?

TERRY
She's fine. She's reading. Just
wanted a time line.

BEN
This morning at school.

Terry leans back into the kitchen. He takes out his phone to
check the time.

TERRY
So yeah, we'll just hang out here
for a few hours and then pop them
onto the balcony.

ROB
What about the girl.

TERRY

I mean, we just leave that whole situation alone, right?

NATALIE

Agreed.

ROB

So are we just stealing this apartment?

TERRY

Yeah.

NATALIE

If I'm being honest, I don't want to be on the first floor.

ROB

What are we supposed to do, kill them? I hope I don't have to say this, but I will absolutely not kill anyone. I'm not like you.

NATALIE

What's that supposed to mean?

ROB

Please. You tried to poison the cat.

NATALIE

How many times do I have to say I didn't kill the cat.

ROB

You put the bleach disks in the toilet.

NATALIE

And you still wouldn't put the lid down.

TERRY

Whole things mute any ways. If we wait long enough they'll just kill each other.

ROB

Huh?

TERRY

Ones going to turn first and he'll just eat the other one.

INT. APARTMENT #2A - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Rob, Natalie, and Terry stand uncomfortably in a line in front of Ben and Adam.

ROB
Hey guys.

BEN
Hi.

ROB
So for your own safety, we're going to separate you.

BEN
Put him in the trunk of my car.

TERRY
Fair enough.

NATALIE
You have a car?

ADAM
Don't you dare.

NATALIE
What kind of car.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

Rob and Natalie walk a tied up Adam across the mostly empty lot.

ADAM
You're not going to get five miles.
It's electric. You have to charge it.

ROB
There's something I never understood about electric cars.
What's the measure of distance?

NATALIE
I never thought about that.

ROB
It's not mile per gallon because there isn't a gallon anymore. Is it Mile per watt?

NATALIE
Gigawatt maybe.

ROB
Is that a real thing?

ADAM
It's miles per charge.

ROB
Well that makes sense.

They reach the car.

INT. APARTMENT #2A - LIVING ROOM -- SAME

Terry sits on the couch staring at Ben in silence. Ben breaks it.

BEN
So what are you writing your
dissertation on?

TERRY
Student Debt. I'm studying
economics.

BEN
Well that's a little ironic.

TERRY
How?

EXT. PARKING LOT -- SAME

Natalie shuts the trunk door on Adam.

NATALIE
I'm really sorry about this.

Natalie and Rob turn to walk away when the trunk pops back open.

ADAM
You can't control me!

Adam tries to scoot his way out of the trunk.

ROB
Oh, Jesus.

Rob slams the trunk closed. He takes his hands off the trunk hovering them above it waiting to see if it will open again.. The trunk pops open. Rob instantly slams it shut again.

ROB (CONT'D)
How are you doing that?

Natalie has a sudden realization.

NATALIE
Oh. It's the button. Because of mobs and the kidnappings.

ROB
What?

NATALIE
The mob used lock people in trunks. There's a button in the trunk.

ROB
Is that true? Is there a button in there?

ADAM
Yes.

ROB
Do we take him back upstairs?

A STRANGER rounds a blind corner into the parking lot and is suddenly face to face with Rob and Natalie. The strangers shirt is blood splattered. He's carrying a gas can in one hand and a tattered cloth in the other.

STRANGER
Woah, are you infected?

NATALIE
Are you?

STRANGER
Why would I ask if you were infected if I was infected?

NATALIE
Well the same goes for me.

STRANGER
So none of us are infected?

NATALIE
You tell me.

ROB
We're not infected.

STRANGER
Car trouble?

ADAM
Help!

Silence for a Beat.

ROB
Yes.

Rob looks at the gas canister in the strangers hand.

ROB (CONT'D)
You?

STRANGER
(obviously lying)
Yes.

ROB
Well we wish you the best of luck.

NATALIE
The best of luck.

STRANGER
You as well.

ADAM
Are you kidding me?

The stranger turns around and walks back the way he came.

EXT. BACK PORCH/FIRE ESCAPE -- DAY

Rob and Natalie escort Adam back up the stairs.

They approach the gap in the stairs.

ROB
Just a hop, skip, and a jump.

They hoist him up and over.

INT. APARTMENT #2A - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUES

Terry still sits on the couch looking frustrated.

TERRY
I still don't understand.

NATALIE
What'd we miss?

Rob and Natalie enter through the back door unaware that they are now escorting a zombie Adam. Terry screams. Ben starts laughing. Natalie and Rob, looking confused, turn to Adam. They erupt in screams.

Rob impulsively shove him away. Adam falls onto Ben whose laughter turns screams as Adam takes a big bite out of him.

Terry Jumps up from the couch to stand beside Rob and Natalie. They watch in silent horror as Ben dies.

Terry turns to the group about to say something but is cut off by Natalie pointing at the men on the floor.

Ben has turned into a zombie. Zombie Adam instantly loses interest in eating him.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
I think it's over.

ROB
Well -- could have gone better.

NATALIE
Pretty much the worst possible outcome.

TERRY
So do we just pop them out back?

ROB
I guess?

Natalie grabs Adam and pulls him to his feet.

NATALIE
I'm not doing this by my self.

Neither Rob or Terry step forward at first.

ROB
Sure, okay.

He pulls Ben up from the floor.

TERRY
It's probably just a two man job right?

ROB
Sure, okay.

They walk the zombies out the back door with out issue, leaving them on the fire escape. They close and lock the door behind them.

ROB (CONT'D)
Is this is far as our plan went?
Why --

Zombie Ben and Adam have their faces pressed against the back apartment window. Rob draws the blinds.

ROB (CONT'D)
Why did we stop planning beyond
this point?

NATALIE
Seems like a trend.

ROB
Oh, What's that supposed to mean.

NATALIE
Just saying I wish someone had
explained the ending of the
graduate to me three months ago.

ROB
Everything's my fault. You're the
one who said yes.

NATALIE
All I know is that the divorce
rates fifty-fifty so my next ones a
lock.

ROB
I love you.

NATALIE
I love you too.

TERRY
Why don't we just go out the front?

ROB
That'll work.

Terry opens the front door. The three zombies that saw them on the roof are standing in the hallway. They all look up at him. Terry slams the door.

TERRY
Is that our fault?

ROB
I don't see how it couldn't be.

NATALIE
What'd you do?

ROB
Honestly, almost nothing.

TERRY
What were we saying before about
feeling safer on the second floor?
Maybe we should just stay here.

ROB
Zombie things.

He points to the back door.

ROB (CONT'D)
Zombie child Snapping Turtle Flu
thing.

He points towards the bedrooms.

ROB (CONT'D)
More Zombie things.

He points to the front door.

ROB (CONT'D)
I feel so much safer. You're an
idiot. Are we all some what to
blame for our current situation?
Yes. Will anger help this
situation? No. But, I'm scared and
I'm angry and I regret calling you
an idiot. I'm sorry.

TERRY
You did a whole little circle
there. Why would you pick this one?

NATALIE
He's cute.

ROB
We shouldn't stay here. Lets find
what we can and get out of here.
Lets just rush the front door.

INT. APARTMENT #2A - KITCHEN -- DAY

Rob picks up a large knife. He puts it back in favor of a frying pan.

Natalie grabs a collapsible umbrella from a junk drawer. She opens it.

Rob takes a tote bag from above the fridge and begins filling it with quinoa salad, hummus, and pre-packaged salads.

INT. APARTMENT #2A - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Terry opens the closet. He sees a hand gun case on the top shelf. He takes it down. He feels around the shelf blindly and takes down a loose key.

TERRY

Guys.

NATALIE

Yeah?

TERRY

Gun.

NATALIE

What?

ROB

What?

TERRY

Gun.

Natalie and Rob leave the kitchen carrying their make shift weapons and tote bag.

Terry puts the case on the coffee table and unlocks it. Rob and Natalie gather around. The pistol sits. Finally Rob picks it up.

ROB

I have the most experience.

He puts down his frying pan.

TERRY

From when?

ROB

From camp.

TERRY

When we were ten?

ROB
It counts.

TERRY.
No, no, no. I went back the summer
after you quit.

ROB
Oh come on. That's like stretching
your foreskin till it rips and
telling everyone you have a five
inch ding-a-ling.

TERRY
You mean Dong?

NATALIE
Trust me, it's a ding.

ROB
Dong.

The neighbor from Apartment 2B KNOCKS on the wall.

NEIGHBOR
Hello?

Rob startles. The gun goes off and shoots the wall. The
neighbor falls over dead with a THUD.

ROB
Oh my God. Hello?

Silence.

ROB (CONT'D)
I mean he's-- right?

Nat and Terry nod in shock.

Rob puts the gun back into the case. He takes the key from
Terrys hand, locks it, opens the closet, and puts it back on
the top shelf.

TERRY
(Whispering to Natalie)
We didn't know him right?

NATALIE
No.

Terry picks up the frying pan and hands it to Rob.

ROB
So, lets go?

NATALIE
Uhuh.

TERRY
Yup.

They line up at the front door.

NATALIE
Everyone ready?

ROB
I might need a second to compose myself.

NATALIE
I'm so sorry honey.

Behind them Ben and Adam have wandered away from the back window. Their shadows cast against the curtains.

ROB
This one might take some time.

One falls through the steps Ben had removed from the fire escape. The CRASH of his body falling gets the groups attention. They watch the second shadow fall through gap in the stairs.

ROB (CONT'D)
Oh thank God for that.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE -- CONTINUED

They exit the back door. As they take turns jumping over the stair gap, Terry catches a glimpse of a house the next block over. A house with its front porch light on.

INT. APARTMENT #1A -- CONTINUED

They stand in the back entry of their apartment. The apartment is flooded with the bathtub still running.

NATALIE
Whoops.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Natalie, Rob, and Terry are all crouched behind a hedge armed with frying pans, umbrellas, tote bags, and back packs. They're looking at the house with the front porch light on.

NATALIE

What if somebodies home?

ROB

Maybe they're nice.

NATALIE

What if it's the guy with the gas.

ROB

He seemed alright.

NATALIE

You thought the guy covered in blood was "alright"?

TERRY

What's this now?

ROB

It's not important. Let's just head over there.

They cross the street.

EXT. FRONT PORCH -- CONTINUED

Rob knocks on the front door. Terry keeps a look out.

ROB

Hello?

NATALIE

Ring the bell.

She presses the buzzer.

A zombie spots them from down the street. He starts staggering towards them.

ROB

Check the windows.

Terry goes down the side of the house.

The front door has a three digit key lock around the door knob with a dog walker logo on it.

ROB (CONT'D)
I don't hear a dog. I don't think
they're home.

NATALIE
Or they're all dead.

Terry starts trying different combinations on the dog walker
key.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
We don't have time for that.

ROB
Please, it's going to take him an
hour to get over here.

He glances over his shoulder at the far off zombie.

Terry runs back from the side of the house.

TERRY
We have to go.

Rob keeps trying combinations.

ROB
Why?

TERRY
They were having a barbecue.

ROB
Did you see anyone inside?

A group of zombies flood out of the back yard.

TERRY
It doesn't look like it.

NATALIE
Smush the keys.

TERRY
Hurry.

They start to come up the front steps.

NATALIE
Smush faster.

The key pops out. He opens the door. They rush in locking it
behind them.

INT. HOUSE - ENTRY WAY -- CONTINUED

ROB
Check the house. Lock all of the
doors.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUED

Terry checks the windows and draws the blinds. Rob and
Natalie come in setting down their bags.

ROB
We're good.

Rob takes out his phone.

ROB (CONT'D)
What's the wifi password?

TERRY
I don't know these people.

Natalie points to a computer on the couch.

NATALIE
Laptop.

Terry picks it up and sits down. Natalie and Rob sit down on
either side of him.

TERRY
It's locked. He's got a password.
Who don't you trust guy?

He slams it shut.

ROB
Cable. They have cable.

He picks up a remote for the T.V. And turns on the news. They
sit in stunned silence.

ON TV: B-ROLL of U.F.Os. The news banner reads "First
contact: Biological Warfare or Accident?"

REPORTER
Biological Warfare or Accident?
After first contact was established
the aliens sent delegates to most
major nations to discuss today's
catastrophe. Why Canada isn't so
happy about that after these
messages.

They look confused. The shadow of a zombie wearing a chefs hat approaches a window behind them. It scratches on the glass.

FADE OUT.