

ROCKSTARS VS ZOMBIES

SERIES 1

- EPISODE 1

END OF THE WORLD (I FEEL FINE)

WRITTEN BY

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FADE IN:

EXT. UNKNOWN CITY - DAY

A man (Damien - White, early-to-mid 20's, messy black hair, dressed in 'skater' clothes (baggy jeans, black hoodie, trainers) and several silver rings sprints around the corner, toward the viewer. He is terrified.

As he runs, he periodically looks behind him.

A female zombie appears from around the same corner, chasing Damien.

Damien screams and tries to run faster.

The newly-turned female zombie screams, uncharacteristically for a zombie and more like a groupie.

Dozens more female zombies (at various stages of decomposition) emerge from around the corner, chasing Damien. The more recently turned scream like groupies, the more rotten, the more zombified the scream.

Pause on Damien's scared face.

DAMIEN (VO)

Hi. I'm Damien Albright, lead singer of the band Devil Child and I have a problem. I am currently being chased by fucking zombies! Real life, back from the dead, brain-eating zombies.

INT. SMALL PUB/CLUB - NIGHT

Montage of Damien's band members being killed

by zombies in the pub/club as he escapes and
he/voiceover speaks.

DAMIEN (VO)

Last night, my band mates were
all eaten. Actually fucking
eaten, right in front of my
face. Talking of faces, our
bassist, Dom had his ripped
from his skull by the
zombies--

EXT. UNKNOWN CITY - DAY

Damien and his terrified face are still freeze-framed,
with female zombies just behind.

DAMIEN (VO)

So now I am running through
the streets, looking for a
place to hide from the dead.

Unfreeze-framing, Damien and the zombies are sprinting
again. Other (male or female) appear from around a
corner in front of him to the right. Damien veers left
down another street. Now chased by more zombies.

DAMIEN

This is the worst birthday ever!

EXT. UNKNOWN CITY - DAY

Damien decides to try getting into some of the houses.
The first two are locked, he opens the third and goes
inside. He slams and locks the door.

INT. CITY HOUSE/APARTMENT - DAY

Damien looks around, but the property is dark very dark for the day. The curtains and blinds are drawn over the windows and the lights off. The house seems creepy, like the sort of place a zombie would be found in a horror film. The zombies are still at the door banging and growling.

DAMIEN (weakly)
Hello?

There was no response.

Damien takes out his phone to use as a torch, as he scans his surroundings. The zombies are still banging at the door, but in lesser numbers and more quietly.

This place was a mess. There is a deep red liquid on the kitchen floor.

INT. CITY HOUSE/APARTMENT - DAY

Damien goes upstairs, slowly.

INT. CITY HOUSE/APARTMENT (UPSTAIRS) - DAY

He opens a door, it is a bedroom. It looks like there is someone in the bed.

INT. CITY HOUSE/APARTMENT (UPSTAIRS BEDROOM) - DAY

DAMIEN (weakly)
Hello?

No answer.

He sees a handgun on the bedside table at the other side of the room.

Looking around the room, as he carefully creeps toward the gun. He sees torn clothes on the floor, a guitar lent near the window and lines of cocaine next to the gun on what appears to be a bible.

He reaches out for the gun--

BODY IN BED (Leslie/Christian
Blackheart)

Groan

Damien is scared.

The body starts to move.

A man (Leslie/Christian Blackheart - White, 30's, average build, long black hair with a purple streak, tattoos, some black make-up & lace 'gauntlet' on one arm) emerges from under the covers.

Leslie looks at Damien who still looks scared.

LESLIE
I feel like death--

Leslie looks around the room, before spotting the cocaine.

He leans over to the cocaine, snorting a line.

Leslie looks up at Damien and offers him cocaine.

LESLIE
You alright? You want some?

Damien looks baffled.

DAMIEN
No, I'm good thanks--Are you
Christian Blackheart?

Leslie bursts out laughing whilst coughing and lighting

a cigarette.

LESLIE
Yeah, but only at weekends.
Call me Leslie.

Leslie lies back against the wall still sitting in bed,
looking relaxed.

DAMIEN
Do you know?

LESLIE
Know what, sunshine?

Damien opens the curtains and the sun is blinding.

LESLIE
SHOUT OF PAIN Natural light!

Damien indicates out the window.

DAMIEN
Sorry--but look.

They both look out of the window. Leslie gets out of
bed, wearing only socks and underwear. Zombies can be
seen all around.

LESLIE
Shit!

DAMIEN
I know--

LESLIE
They are so wasted! What is it? The
Queen's birthday, or something?

DAMIEN

Are you serious?--They are zombies.

Leslie looks shocked/almost disgusted with Damien at how insane he sounds.

LESLIE

Good thing you didn't partake in my drugs, I think you're already on something, mate.

Damien is shocked by this.

DAMIEN

What? No, I'm not!

LESLIE

Well maybe you should be. Have you heard the bollocks you're talking? Zombies?

As they talk, a person (human) outside can be seen in the background using a flame-thrower on zombies, before being eaten.

DAMIEN

It's true! Where have you been?

LESLIE

Depends. What day is it?

DAMIEN

Monday, the eleventh of September.

LESLIE

Monday? September?! Fuck.

DAMIEN

What's wrong?

LESLIE

I missed my little girl's birthday.

DAMIEN
When was it?

LESLIE
June--

Damien shakes his head.

DAMIEN (mutters)
Unbelievable.

Leslie is a little shocked/put out.

LESLIE
What?

DAMIEN
Well--I've wanted to meet
you my whole life. I've listened to
every album, been to see you
a couple of times. You are one of
the main reasons I formed a band--

LESLIE (interrupting)
Thank you very much.

DAMIEN
--but then I meet you and you
turn out to be such a--loser.

Leslie is shocked and angry.

LESLIE
Listen to me, you little snot-nosed
pussy! I wasn't just handed a
record deal, I worked fucking hard!

You think awesome fucking songs
just write themselves?

DAMIEN

I--

LESLIE

Shut your mouth! Yeah,
I'm not the best dad in the world,
or even a good role model, but
my little girl loves me and
I love her. The only reason you
know about me is because
I probably slept with your mother
in the nineties--
I'm probably your dad!

DAMIEN

Firstly, my dad is alive,
well and called Keith. Secondly,
I am sorry for calling you that,
it is a pretty tough day.

LESLIE

Tough? ***laughs***
You don't know tough!

Leslie indicates to the cocaine.

LESLIE

Snort that shit.

DAMIEN

No, thank you.

Leslie picks up the gun and points it at Damien.

LESLIE

It wasn't a request.

Damien looks scared and moves slowly over to the line of cocaine.

Damien snorts the cocaine.

LESLIE
There you go!
You're less of a bitch already!

Leslie looks around in the drawers and under the bed.

DAMIEN
What are you looking for?

Leslie looks at Damien as though he has asked a very stupid question.

LESLIE
More.
We're gonna need some for the road!

DAMIEN
More? We just did some.

LESLIE (patronising)
Yes, and now I want some more--

Leslie finds an unopened kilo package of cocaine. He offers it to Damien to carry.

LESLIE
Here--

Damien is very against the idea.

DAMIEN
No, no, no. What if we get caught?

Leslie puts the package on the bed and looks at Damien as though he is a moron.

LESLIE
You have just told me that
it is the zombie apocalypse.
I think the filth are more
concerned about not being eaten--

Leslie reaches out of sight from the viewer.

LESLIE
Besides--If you don't, you
can carry these.

Leslie dangles three very dirty tied condoms filled
with cocaine.

LESLIE
I like the best quality,
delivered directly to me.

Leslie sniffs the condoms.

LESLIE
Doesn't smell too fresh though
laughs

Damien is almost sick at this. Then he picks up the
kilo package.

DAMIEN
I'll look after this--

LESLIE
Good lad.

EXT. UNKNOWN CITY (OUTSIDE LESLIE'S HOUSE) - DAY

Leslie and Damien are peeking out of the window at the
remaining zombies outside. Many that chased Damien have
now left and those still there are idly walking around.

INT. LESLIE'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

LESLIE
It looks alright out there.

DAMIEN (SHOCKED)
What do you mean? There must be a dozen zombies out there!

LESLIE
Yeah, but I once fought my way through a thousand angry fans in Hull when we stopped a gig after one song because we couldn't be arsed. They're rough up north.

DAMIEN
They'll bite us!

LESLIE (deadpan)
I said rough--

Leslie stops looking through the window.

LESLIE (CONT.)
Alright, fine. I'll call someone.

DAMIEN
What? Who? Do you have connections?

LESLIE
Of course I do, I'm a rockstar.

Leslie finds the landline telephone buried under some junk and makes a call.

LESLIE (ON TELEPHONE)
Alright mate. I'm in a bit of a pickle--Yeah--*LAUGHS*--You too, eh?--What are we like?--Uh huh--Yep--Yeah--Really?

Damien is looking disapprovingly at Leslie.

LESLIE (ON TELEPHONE CONT.)
--Sorry mate, I'm gonna have to
stop you there. I'm getting looks--
Just some little runt who found
me--*laughs* Yeah! I should--Anyway,
you should come over here. Hold on.

Leslie covers the phone and looks to Damien.

LESLIE
Where are we?

DAMIEN (BAFFLED)
What do you mean?
Isn't this your house?

LESLIE
No, it's not mine.
At least I don't think it is.

LESLIE (INTO TELEPHONE)
Hold on, mate.

Leslie rummages in the rubbish all around and finds a letter.

LESLIE (ON TELEPHONE)
Right, I'll get this one to text
you it, I know what your memory is
like--*laughs* -- Yeah, yeah.
Touché--Oh! Bring some medicine,
we're running low here--
See you soon.

Leslie takes a pen from a nearby table and writes on the letter, before handing the letter to Damien.

LESLIE
Text that address to that number,
please, sweet-cheeks.

DAMIEN (DISTURBED)

Okay.

Damien texts the address.

DAMIEN (CONT.)

So who is this? A Doctor? A
microbiologist?

LESLIE

LAUGHS You really are daft--I'm
going to put some clothes on--

Leslie goes upstairs, leaving Damien downstairs.

Time Transition

INT. (NOT) LESLIE'S HOUSE (Ground floor) - DAY

Leslie (now in tight black jeans, though still
topless) is sat casually tuning his guitar on a chair in
the living room. Damien is looking in drawers,
cupboards etc in the kitchen.

LESLIE (shouting)

What are you doing in there?

Damien rushes through to the living room, carrying some
paracetamol, breakfast bars and a tenderiser.

DAMIEN (panicked whisper)

Will you not shout when there
are undead outside, trying to
find us?

LESLIE

What have you got?

DAMIEN

Well, I was looking for supplies
and--you know, weapons.

LESLIE

Is that a tenderiser?

DAMIEN

It can fend them off--

LESLIE

Yeah because everyone knows zombies
hate being tenderised--Are they
breakfast bars?

DAMIEN

Yeah, in case we get low on food.

LESLIE

Chuck me one.

DAMIEN

Go get a sandwich, there's bread in
there.

LESLIE

I can't be bothered with a
sandwich--Go on, just one. You've
got, like, six there.

DAMIEN

Fine.

Damien throws Leslie a breakfast bar.

LESLIE

Cheers.

There are a loud bang as the back door comes crashing open. Leslie looks curious, Damien is terrified.

DAMIEN

SCREAMS

Damien slowly brings himself to peek around toward the back door which is battered and the lock broken. There is a man (Pete - White, mid-twenties, straight just above shoulder-length hair dyed red, ripped baggy stonewash jeans, slightly torn jumper, stubble, trainers)

PETE (ignoring Damien)

Hello. The Doctor is here!

LESLIE (OUT OF SHOT)

Hello, Doctor! I'm real sick!

Damien is still shocked as another rockstar has turned up and they are shouting.

DAMIEN (panicked whisper)

What are you two doing? There are zombies out there!

LESLIE (calm)

They don't know we're here.

Pete looks sheepish.

PETE

They might in a minute, mate.

INT./EXT. (NOT) LESLIE'S HOUSE (KITCHEN/BACK DOOR) - DAY

The back door is still wide open and there are two lit fireworks about to go off.

DAMIEN
Oh shit--

EXT. (NOT) LESLIE'S HOUSE (OUTSIDE BACK DOOR) - DAY

The fireworks set off.

EXT. ABOVE (NOT) LESLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

The fireworks draw the attention of hundreds of
zombies.

INT. (NOT) LESLIE'S HOUSE (Kitchen/back door) - DAY

DAMIEN (PANICKED)
Shut the door!

Pete makes a half-arsed attempt at closing the back
door.

DAMIEN (MANIC)
Lock it!

PETE (CALM)
It won't.

Leslie comes through from the living room and examines
the door.

LESLIE (impressed)
You really battered that, mate.

PETE
I know. I saw it on a cop show
once--

DAMIEN (INTERRUPTING)
We don't care. Barricade the door!

Pete and Leslie look at Damien disgusted.

PETE
How fucking rude.

LESLIE
I know. He's been moaning all day.

PETE
About the zombies?

LESLIE
Yeah, yeah.

PETE
Tuts No respect anymore, these
young 'uns--

DAMIEN
You're not much older than me.

PETE
No, but I am wiser--

DAMIEN
You have, literally, just set off
fireworks at our hiding place
during the zombie apocalypse--

LESLIE
So imagine how stupid you are--

DAMIEN
Can we please just barricade the
door?

Damien looks for a toolkit, while Leslie and Pete look
at him as though he is stupid.

Damien notices them looking at him.

DAMIEN
What are you doing? Help me.

LESLIE
What the hell are you doing?

DAMIEN
Looking for a toolkit to nail some
wood across the door.

Leslie and Pete look at each other in disbelief.

DAMIEN
What?

PETE
First of all, how many people keep
their toolkit in the house?
Secondly, do you see many planks of
wood lying around?

Leslie points to the washing machine and Pete nods.
Leslie and Pete manoeuvre the washing machine in front
of the closed back door.

INT. (NOT) LESLIE'S HOUSE (KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM)- DAY

Leslie and Pete go into the living room rummage around
and come back with dumbbells and kettle bells.

Leslie and Pete put the weights into the washing
machine.

Leslie and Pete continue to rummage and wedge things
under the washing machine. Damien watches dumbfounded.

DAMIEN
Okay, I think that should do, guys.

PETE

One more thing.

Pete collects deodorant/hairspray cans and throws them into the washing machine. He then fetches a towel and cooking oil. He pours the oil over the towel and shuts it in the washing machine with a small part hanging out.

PETE

If we need to escape, there's our distraction.

DAMIEN

A bomb?

LESLIE

Yeah!

Leslie high-fives Pete.

INT. (NOT) LESLIE'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM)- DAY

Leslie, Pete and Damien are stood around in the living room, which is still a mess. Damien looks concerned.

DAMIEN

What about the front door?

PETE

What?

LESLIE

Yeah, this house is one of them fancy houses with two doors--

PETE (impressed)

Oh--Fancy.

Pete looks around at the mess.

Pete turns to Leslie, smiling.

PETE

I don't know about you, but I think it's time for some chores.

LESLIE

You read my mind.

Leslie and Pete sit down on the sofa, Damien looking confused.

DAMIEN

I really don't think now is the time--

Pete pulls out a bag of cocaine and lays it on the coffee table.

Pete begins cutting the cocaine into lines.

LESLIE (to Pete)

May I help you Hoover up, Sir?

PETE

Be my guest, squire.

Leslie snorts a line of cocaine from the table.

The groaning from the zombies outside the front door is getting louder and there is some banging on the door.

DAMIEN

Guys? I think we need to get out of here.

The noise from the zombies at the back door is picking up now, as they try to enter. Damien sees this and is horrified.

Damien puts the package of cocaine he was carrying on the table.

DAMIEN
We need to get out.

Leslie is not happy that he put the cocaine down.

LESLIE
What are you doing? You need to carry that!

The zombies at the back door are numerous and they are almost moving the washing machine/bomb.

DAMIEN
They're nearly in!

PETE
Go and distract them then.

Damien looks scared, but heads into the kitchen.

INT. (NOT) LESLIE'S HOUSE (KITCHEN)- DAY

Damien takes a lighter out of his pocket. The zombies are now slowly pushing the washing machine (just). Damien lights the towel in the washing machine, pauses to watch it, before realising it might be dangerous and running back to the living room.

INT. (NOT) LESLIE'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM)- DAY

Damien stands where he was, near the kitchen door. Leslie and Pete are still doing drugs. Pete has a cigarette in his mouth.

DAMIEN
What now?

Pete picks up the cocaine package and looks cheekily at Damien.

PETE

Duck!

Pete throws the cocaine package at Damien who ducks in time for it not to hit his head. At the same time, the washing machine explodes and a chunk of metal flies over Damien's (now ducking) head and hits the cocaine.

The cocaine then covers Damien.

The whole group are stunned.

PETE

Holy shit!

Damien stood covered in cocaine.

LESLIE

I had a dream like that, once.

Damien sniffs sharply and seemingly cannot control his eyes/eyelids.

PETE

You alright, chief?

Damien (covered) looks annoyed.

DAMIEN

We should go.

Leslie and Pete look to each other a little scared of Damien.

LESLIE
Yeah. Yeah, sure.

PETE
We should probably makes tracks.

Leslie and Pete stand, sniffing as they do.

It is very quiet all of a sudden.

LESLIE (to Damien)
After you.

They all go into the kitchen, lead by Damien.

INT. (NOT) LESLIE'S HOUSE (KITCHEN)- DAY

The door and washing machine have been completely obliterated and there are the remains of a few blown-up zombies. There are no "live" zombies, trying to eat them, or even within sight.

Damien looks very confused. Leslie and Pete look happy.

DAMIEN
What the--?

PETE
I knew that bomb would work.

DAMIEN
But there are hardly any here--

LESLIE
They probably ran away, scared.

Pete looks in agreement. Damien looks at them as though

they are idiots.

DAMIEN

Are you joking? They are zombies. The undead. They have already died. They are not frightened of a washing machine!

Damien approaches the back door, for a better view of the outside world. There are no zombies in sight.

PETE

Maybe they are, because they're not here, are they?

DAMIEN (confused)

No, they're not. Where are they?

FADE OUT

THE END

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