

NIGHT OF THE UNWED

Written by

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OVER BLACK

A HALF DOZEN GUYS  
Speech! Speech! Speech! Speech!

INT. HOSPITALITY SUITE -- NIGHT

EUGENE, late 20s, reluctantly stands up-- wobbly-- and uses his hand and his large beaker of ethanol to try to calm the room. He wears a lab coat covered in magic marker messages from his friends.

EUGENE  
Alright. I'd like to start by  
thanking Stan, for making this  
night very, very... drunk.

Eugene's friends, SASHA, BRUCE, DIETER, LAB MONKEY, and best man STAN, motley nerds try to get their college frat on, cheers. They all drink ethanol fruit tonics from a variety of glass beakers.

LAB MONKEY  
To ethanol!

STAN  
Lab Monkey.

EUGENE  
You're all rational men, so I have  
a problem for you: I've never told  
Bernice I love her. I've just--

BRUCE  
Then what's with the matrimony?

DIETER  
(German Accent throughout)  
She observed his love empirically.  
Quod erat demonstrandum, bitches.

EUGENE  
I've just never found the moment to  
tell her. Should I call it off?

Stan struggles up and stumbles past Eugene.

STAN  
Shut up, idiot. You're getting  
married. Okay, keep talking.

EUGENE

Sasha, you're a lousy chess player.  
Go back to Russia. Bruce, I regret  
having fornicated with your sister.

Eugene holds out his empty beaker for Lab Monkey.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Lab Monkey, make me a drink.

Lab Monkey takes Eugene's beaker to the kitchenette.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Dieter, you son of a bitch--

Distracted, Eugene grins like a goof-- Stan wheels in a large  
fake cake.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Aww, guys...

Bruce hits the stereo and sexy music plays. The guys start  
to clap with it. Eugene eyes up the cake.

STAN

Cut the cake, big guy.  
(off Eugene's glance)  
With your brains.

From inside cake, there's THUMP. The cake shakes. THUMP.

EUGENE

Is she alright?

A ZOMBIE bursts out of the cake - a topless exotic dancer  
zombie. Eugene jumps away as she tries to eat him. The  
zombie is chained to the cake platform, and tries to step way  
from it in futility.

The guys go nuts with laughter. Eugene recovers.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

You got a zombie.

STAN

We got a hot zombie.

Bruce's jaw drops in nerdy awe, watching the zombie writhe.

EUGENE

She's from the program?

SASHA  
 (sexually interested)  
 What else she do?

EUGENE  
 Bernice would kill me.

STAN  
 Dance!

EUGENE  
 What?

DIETER  
 You gotta dance with it!

BRUCE  
 Come on, you zombiphobe.

EUGENE  
 Serves me right for being a  
 government scientist.

The guys cheer him on. Lab Monkey mixes drinks from straight ethanol, tonic water, and various cut fruit and fruit juices. Eugene's not sure how to dance with the zombie. The zombie lunges for him as he gets close. He lunges back, Thriller style. The zombie tries again. Eugene gets closer, and mimics the zombie again, awkwardly dancing with no rhythm. The guys cheer as Dieter aims his camera, and we cut to--

Dieter'S SNAP SHOT: Eugene dancing with the zombie.

Lab Monkey dances in the kitchenette, mixing and slinging drinks like a mad doctor throughout this SNAP SHOT SEQUENCE.

The zombie watches the guys in front of her as Stan approaches from behind her, gyrating his hips, as there's a--

SNAP SHOT: Stan mid-thrust, behind the zombie.

Bruce and Sasha dance on either side of the zombie, the zombie not sure which to lunge at, as--

SNAP SHOT: Sasha and Bruce drink, zombie in the middle.

Dieter, holds the camera out for a self-portrait, and shimmyes backward toward the zombie. He gets a little too close-- the zombie lunges--

SNAP SHOT: The zombie BITING deep into Dieter's neck, blood already pumping out.

The guys scream with delight and laughter. Dieter screams, pulls away from the zombie, and then laughs with the rest of them and takes a swig of his cooler.

Eugene leaps up, pouring his drink onto Dieter's wound.

EUGENE (CONT'D)  
Disinfectant, disinfectant!

Eugene runs away from Dieter, as Dieter begins to chase Eugene with his drink, looking for revenge. The guys are all making screams and zombie sounds between fits of laughter, and Eugene runs into the bathroom and closes the door.

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Eugene splashes water on his face. He smiles, and unleashes his own scream. Splashes some more water on his face.

Outside the room, the guys continue to scream and shriek and have a riot. The screams soon sound more authentic, & begin to drop out, until there is silence. Even the music is off.

He looks at the door. Idiots.

EUGENE  
(shouting)  
You're such a bunch of nerds.

Silence. He dries his face.

EUGENE (CONT'D)  
Yeah right.

He stares at the door. THUMP. That's unnerving. THUMP THUMP.

EUGENE (CONT'D)  
I know you're all out there  
watching Stan dry hump the zombie.

Silence.

EUGENE (CONT'D)  
Guys?

He leans his ear to the door, expecting giggles. Nothing. A loud THUMP makes him jump back, and something SCRATCHES the door, tests the handle. Very funny. Eugene opens the door.

EUGENE (CONT'D)  
Aww, eat me you--

THE ZOMBIE!

Eugene SLAMS the door. Locks it. Steps back.

The door RATTLES some more. He throws his back against it.

He does a quick survey of the room. Is there a weapon? He checks the drawers. Looks under the sink-- a bucket, some bottles and sprayers of various cleaning supplies. Another cupboard-- towels, toilet paper. The THUMPS continue.

Eugene backs into the shower stall, and tests holding the glass door closed. It's flimsy at best. He fumbles for his cell phone, and makes a call.

BERNICE (V.O.)  
(over phone)  
Geek of my heart!

EUGENE  
Bernice, you gotta--

More THUMPS. Jesus, are there two of them at the door now? The GROANS confirm it.

BERNICE (V.O.)  
Are you having a good time? What are you guys doing?

EUGENE  
You know I can't tell you that.

BERNICE (V.O.)  
Yeah, my staggette was a real face melter.

EUGENE  
Face melter?

Something twigs in Eugene's mind. He races out of the shower stall and looks under the sink again. Pulls out the bottles. Lots of chemicals and cleaners, many of them toxic. He can work with this. He grabs the bucket.

BERNICE (V.O.)  
My staggette was great. How's the stripper?

EUGENE  
We don't have a stripper.

BERNICE (V.O.)  
Eugene, it's okay. Just no touching.

A beat.

EUGENE

Yeah, that won't be a problem.

He mixes careful amounts of various chemicals together, mixing, shaking, adding them in combinations to the bucket.

BERNICE (V.O.)

The only thing I told Stan was no zombies.

EUGENE

Why would Stan get a zombie?

BERNICE (V.O.)

It's sweet you called. You're sure everything's okay?

The thumping and groaning have reached a crescendo-- there's at least a half dozen zombies outside that door. A dark red pool of blood begins to seep under the door.

BERNICE (V.O.)

Genie?

EUGENE

Yeah, I'm at a night club. Hold on.

He covers the receiver.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

(shouting, voice breaks)

If you're screwing with me, it's time to stop! I'm a mad fucking scientist!

Silence. Is it safe? Then the THUMPING and GROANING resume, louder than before. Eugene pumps a lot of liquid hand soap into the bucket. The concoction complete-- it bubbles and steams. He dips the very tip of his pinky into it-- the acid hisses. He holds up his pinky. The first few layers of skin are melted off.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Perfect.

(to Bernice)

Okay bumble muffin, I've gotta go.

BERNICE (V.O.)

Play safe. I'll talk to you later.

Eugene can barely choke back the lump in his throat. He might never get to speak to Bernice again.

EUGENE

Bye.

BERNICE (V.O.)

Good-bye, geek of my heart.

EUGENE

Bernice. (a beat) I love you.

BERNICE (V.O.)

I love you too.

A beat. He risks a smile.

He hangs up the phone. Steels himself.

He picks up the bucket of chemicals gingerly. This could kill him.

He breathes deeply.

He flings open the door--

INT. HOSPITALITY SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

The GUYS pounce. Stan, Bruce, Sasha, and Lab Monkey.

ALL THE GUYS

Pussy!! (Overlapping) Pussy! Such a pussy. Biggest pussy. You were so scared.

Eugene's relieved-- they got him.

LAB MONKEY

Did you like the chocolate syrup and grenadine?

The guys are all oblivious to Dieter, leaning against the far wall, covered in his own blood. The zombie, still chained to the cake but now under her own power, begins ripping big strips of flesh out of the prone Dieter.

ALL THE GUYS

(overlapping)  
(mocking) I love you. Aww, so sweet. My little bumble-muffin.  
(one makes a whip cracking noise)

Eugene holds up the bucket of flesh-eating acid.

EUGENE

I made a flesh-eating acid! I was  
going to melt your faces!

They laugh about it.

SASHA

This is best bachelor party ever.

FADE TO BLACK.