

CEMETERY GABE

Written by

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EXT. CEMETERY ENTRANCE - DUSK

JENNY (50s, zombie) looks through the cemetery fence, one hand on the picket. Her front drowns in long beaded necklaces.

A ZOMBIE ARM crawls to the fence. Its fingers reach through the gaps. Jenny clicks her tongue at it.

JENNY

Wait.

The arm crawls back into the cemetery.

A truck pulls into the parking lot. Jenny smiles. She steps back, but the broken hoops of her skirt are caught in the fence. She disentangles herself, smooths down her dress, and glides away.

EXT. CEMETERY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

GABE PRICE (40s) nods to the GATE GUARD as he walks through the gate to the church.

Gabe exits the church with the tools of the job: Walkie-talkie and flashlight on his belt, water bucket and rag in hand. Nametag sewn into his uniform over his heart: Gabriel Price.

Gabe walks on the cemetery path. A zombie shuffles past Gabe. Gabe stops and grabs his shoulders. Zombie does not react to the heavy bucket.

GABE

No you don't.

Gabe turns the zombie around. The zombie walks deeper into the cemetery. Gabe follows behind.

EXT. CEMETERY PROPER - NIGHT

Gabe wipes a gravestone with a wet rag. A zombie foot smears dirt on the gravestone. Gabe throws the foot far away. He wipes the dirt.

Gravestone clean, Gabe stands, grabs his bucket, and continues deeper in. He passes a family plot: ADRIAN PRICE, MEREDITH PRICE, MICHAEL PRICE. There is an open space next to them. Gabe pauses at the empty plot.

Jenny approaches Gabe from behind and places a rotting hand on his shoulder. They sag.

JENNY

Hello Gabe.

GABE

Hey Jenny. I'm busy. Bye.

Jenny titters.

JENNY

I think it's customary to pay your respects to the graves with someone in it.

Gabe shakes off her hand, eyes still fixed on the family plot.

GABE

Like you're a fan of bodies staying in graves. I'm working.

Zombie Arm latches onto Gabe's ankle as he speaks. He tries to kick it off, but it holds fast. Jenny snaps her fingers, and the arm skitters away.

JENNY

Ugh, such a handful, that one.

Gabe snorts. Jenny smirks.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I won't stop you from working. Walk with me?

Jenny holds her hand out at elbow height. Gabe offers his elbow, and Jenny holds his sleeve. They follow the path deeper into the cemetery.

EXT. CEMETERY PATH - NIGHT

JENNY

I wish we could skip this whole routine every night. I didn't do this to myself to avoid conversation, you know.

GABE

You made plenty of company for yourself. Look, you've even got a suitor.

A headless zombie stands in the path. It holds a bouquet. Jenny clicks her tongue, and it moves out of the way.

JENNY

There's hardly a point when they're not talkative.

GABE

So you ask me for company?

JENNY

You're pleasant company.

Jenny releases Gabe's elbow and slows down so she falls behind him. The path has reached the back of the cemetery.

EXT. BACK OF CEMETERY - NIGHT (CONT)

GABE

Sure, that's why my phone has been blowing up this whole time.

JENNY

I hardly mind monopolizing your social life, but you shouldn't feel lonely.

GABE

I'm not--

He sighs. Bends down to an old tombstone and wipes it down. It reads GENEVERE CREPUS. Death date 1866. Jenny looks pleased.

GABE (CONT'D)

A lot of people make work their life and get on fine. Not so different just because I work at the creepiest cemetery ever built.

JENNY

I've always wondered why you started working here. Were you close with your family?

Gabe's hand stills on the stone.

GABE

Yeah.

JENNY

You must miss them.

GABE

Could be worse. Mom n' Dad lived to be old enough. Michael-- We knew it was coming.

JENNY

But it must still hurt.

GABE

Yeah. Sometimes.

Gabe stands. He leaves the bucket and rag on the ground. He walks to the back fence and looks at the traffic.

JENNY

I'll never get over all the lights rushing by.

Jenny looks over her shoulder--There are zombies moving all in a group. She runs her hand down the beads of her necklaces. She moves in to hover behind Gabe.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Could never have imagined it in my day. It's beautiful.

GABE

Better than daytime traffic.

JENNY

Do you ever think about joining them?

Gabe rests his head on the fence.

GABE

Sometimes. One of those things you think about but never do. Like starting a YouTube, or getting a dog.

Jenny takes off one of her necklaces. She lifts it in the air.

JENNY

But there's nothing stopping you. You can do anything you put your mind to. I'm not quite living proof.

GABE

Maybe...

Gabe looks to the sky. Jenny takes the chance to bring the necklace down on him. Gabe jerks away. The necklace snaps around his neck. His jeans are caught on her crinoline.

GABE (CONT'D)

What are you DOING, Jenny?!

JENNY

You spend all your time here! Why not stay?!

Jenny takes off another necklace. Gabe's jeans rip as he breaks free.

Jenny holds the necklace in one hand and grabs him with the other. Gabe runs despite it. Jenny's shoulder detaches. Her arm falls to the ground.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You won't have much to go back to, anyways!

Jenny's arm crawls back up her body and reattaches. She brandishes the necklace at Gabe and whistles with the other hand.

Zombies from all over the cemetery emerge from the darkness to chase Gabe. Gabe runs slow, but the zombies are slower.

EXT. CEMETERY PATH - NIGHT

Gabe fumbles for his walkie-talkie. He grabs it and holds it to his mouth.

GABE

(panting)

Hey, uh, we've got a situation. Over.

GATE GUARD (RADIO)

Like, a bad situation?

A zombie throws its head at Gabe, teeth gnashing. Gabe ducks.

GABE

Yeah. Over.

GATE GUARD (RADIO)

Oh, that's bad. Like a lockdown situation?

GABE

Yeah, lockdown sounds good. Over.

GATE GUARD (RADIO)
 Okay, I'll stop letting 'em through
 the gates.

GABE
 You let them--? You have one job,
 man! One damn job! Over.

Gabe stumbles over a pile of limbs. One of the arms grabs
 him.

GATE GUARD (RADIO)
 Ah. Yeah, thought it was weird they
 were leaving. You probably need to
 go clean that up, huh? I'll cover
 things here while you do that.

GABE
 Great. Just great.

Gabe punches the arm off of himself.

GABE (CONT'D)
 Uh. Over.

GATE GUARD (RADIO)
 You say somethin', bud? Didn't
 catch it. Were you holding the
 button?

EXT. CEMETERY ENTRANCE - NIGHT (CONT)

Gabe jogs to the cemetery gate. The Gate Guard gently bats
 away the zombies with a broom handle. It's working.

Gate Guard holds the zombies behind the broom like paparazzi
 behind a velvet rope. He opens the gate for Gabe. Gabe rushes
 through.

The gate locks behind Gabe. The zombies reach trough the to
 swipe at Gabe. Gabe stumbles back. He falls on his ass.

GATE GUARD
 Hey! Git!

Gate Guard sweeps the zombies away.

Gabe stands up and staggers to his truck. He peels out of the
 parking lot.

Jenny walks up to the gate. She holds onto the fence as she
 watches Gabe go.

The zombies walk back into the cemetery. Gate Gaurd holds the broom at his side with a hand on his hip.

GATE GUARD (CONT'D)
Back to your plots y'all.

Gate Guard notices Jenny at the fence.

GATE GUARD (CONT'D)
You too, lady.

Jenny glares at the Gate Guard. She stays at the fence.

GATE GUARD (CONT'D)
Sheesh. Who do you think you are?

INT./EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Gabe drives quickly towards town.

GABE
Where'd they get to?

He runs over a zombie. Gabe stops the car and gets out to check the body.

Gabe looks further down the road. There are more zombies in the middle of the asphalt.

GABE (CONT'D)
I hate my job.

Gabe gets back in the truck and starts running over the trail of zombies.

EXT. TRUCKER BAR PARKING - NIGHT

Various TRUCKERS fend off zombies with bar furniture. TRENT (late 30s) holds up half a table and rambles to the guy holding the other side.

TRENT
--I told them they aughta be respectful at a funeral, of all places, but did they listen? No! And now here we are, facing Ma Marigold's wrath when it ain't even our fault!

The other trucker does not pay attention to Trent. The zombies force them back against the bar wall.

Gabe's pickup skids into the lot. A zombie falls off the hood when the truck stops. Gabe steps down. He wields his flashlight.

Gabe starts hitting zombies in the back of the neck with the flashlight. They fall like sandbags. The truckers watch, bemused.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Hey, you're from the cemetery,
ain'tcha?

GABE

Yup.

Gabe works through the zombies attacking Trent as he speaks.

TRENT

Look, I'm real sorry about last
week, man. Big family, y'know how
it is. I did my best.

GABE

Sorry, what?

TRENT

Marigold West's funeral. Ma lived a
good long time, no one was all that
mournful. Got carried away with
everyone in one place. Again, I'm
real sorry about how out of hand
things--

GABE

Wait, what? No, don't apologize,
that was the best funeral all year.

Gabe has systematically incapacitated every zombie. The truckers look embarrassed at how few there are.

TRENT

How's an out of control mess the
best funeral?

GABE

Least no one was sad. I gotta sit
through all the sad ones, and I
don't even know the people. It's
rough.

Gabe bends down to pick up one of the zombies.

GABE (CONT'D)
 You got a uh, tarp I could borrow?
 Or some rope or something? I gotta
 get these guys back.

Trent hurries to pick up another body. They walk to the truck.

TRENT
 Yeah, 'course, I'm sure there's
 something in there we can use.

Gabe tosses his zombie into the truck bed. Trent hefts his in.

GABE
 Could you grab it for me? Got my
 hands full out here.

Gabe finds a new zombie and flings it over his shoulders.

TRENT
 I mean, sure you don't want help
 with--

GABE
 Nah, I got it. Need something to
 keep 'em from falling out though.

TRENT
 Oh, yeah, right. Don't want 'em
 turning into roadkill, that'd be a
 mess.

GABE
 ... Yeah, right. It would be.

A trucker drops several ratchet straps into Trent's hands.

TRUCKER
 Overheard.

TRENT
 Oh, thanks man! Hey, uh... Gabriel,
 my man--

GABE
 Gabe.

TRENT
 --Do you want me to come with?

Gabe briefly pauses his cleanup work.

(MORE)

TRENT (CONT'D)

Seems like a lotta work for just two hands, you did kinda save us 'n all.

GABE

Are... Are you sure? It's a cemetery, it's pretty creepy at night.

TRENT

Can't be that much worse than daytime.

GABE

... With zombies?

TRENT

Ehhhhh... You got that flashlight of yours! It'll all be fine.

Gabe shoves the last body into the truck bed. Trent lashes them down.

GABE

Alright then, yeah. 'Preciate it.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT (CONT)

Gabe and Trent get into the truck and pull out of the parking lot.

TRENT

Hey, is that another one in the road? They got everywhere! Wonder who hit 'em?

GABE

Ha, yeah...

EXT. CEMETERY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Jenny still stands at the gate. She wears a rogue arm like a boa and pets it like a cat. She watches Gabe gets out of the truck.

GABE

Real nice, Jenny. Reeel nice.

JENNY

I can't exactly go and manage them myself, now can I?

(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)
Everything under my direct control
went exactly as I had planned.

GABE
Almost everything.

Jenny huffs. Trent gets out of the truck.

TRENT
Woah, what is that, cousin Thing
from the Addams Family?

GABE
Just Thing. You're thinking of
Cousin Itt.

TRENT
Well, it's a family, why can't
Thing be a cousin? Just plain rude.
Plus it rolls off the tongue--

Jenny coughs.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Well hello, ma'am.

GABE
Unhooked everything?

TRENT
Yup! One of 'em almost fell out but
I caught it.

GABE
Jenny?

JENNY
What should I listen to you for?
Just because you made a friend? How
long until he's gone too? He could
die in any myriad of ways, any
moment from now.

Trent hides behind Gabe.

TRENT
Now you just shut up, lady, ol'
Gabe here's an expert with that
flashlight of his. You seen how
fast he handled that hoarde? Bet
you haven't. I have, and trust me,
you don't wanna mess with him.

Gabe hits his palm with his flashlight. Jenny steps away from the gate. She tilts her chin to stare down her nose at them.

JENNY

Fine.

Gabe opens the gate. Jenny snaps, and the zombies get up from the truck and walk in. Trent scrambles away from the procession.

Gabe picks up his walkie-talkie and speaks into it:

GABE

I'm taking the rest of the night
off. Over.

GATE GUARD (RADIO)

Sure, yeah, you got it! You deserve
it after tonight. Promise I'll
watch the gate this time, ha.

GABE

You'd better. Over.

Gabe closes the gate. He walks to his truck and climbs in. Trent trails after him.

TRENT

Wanna head back to the bar? I'll
buy you a drink.

GABE

Yeah. Think I could use it.

Gabe drives down the hill, away from the cemetery.

THE END