

PLEASE THINK OF OTHERS

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EXT. MALL - DUSK

The world is quiet, VACANT OF LIFE. Everything is BLACK AND WHITE.

GEORGE (20s) exits the mall with a few bags in hand while focused on his phone. He is dressed in a LONG SLEEVE T-SHIRT and wearing a FACE MASK.

George walks through the parking lot, oblivious to the ZOMBIES scattered throughout!

These Zombies, pale skin Romero-type walkers, shuffle towards George. He looks up from his phone and finally sees the Zombies!

GEORGE

Oh...my...God. I forgot the milk.

George heads back to the mall, unconcerned by the zombies.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(to audience)

What? Milk was the whole reason I came here. You think I'd be this upset about the zombies? I'm used to them. They're more annoying than terrifying.

A Zombie goes to bite George! George easily side-steps and TRIPS THE ZOMBIE.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

See? They're like a rat problem. I'll admit when this first started everyone freaked out and rightfully so. Imagine waking up and seeing this on TV.

The crackle of television static takes us into B-Roll of the early days of COVID (empty grocery shelves, civilians decked out in militia gear) mixed with zombie footage.

GEORGE (V.O.)

MOBID; The Mobile Dead Disease. A bite from someone fully infected is deadly, but it can also spread through respiratory droplets.

We return to George walking back to the mall.

GEORGE

Symptoms show between 5 to 14 days, meaning you could unwittingly be a carrier. Still no cure yet, but life kinda goes on. Except now you gotta avoid being bit, open carry laws are a bit more relaxed and everyone wears a mask.

A MASKLESS MAN (18-20s) exits the mall as George heads in.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Or they're supposed to. Excuse me, you need to wear a mask inside.

The Man flips George off while continuing on his way. George let's out an exasperated sigh.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

But, like in most zombie stories, it's not the dead you gotta worry about. It's the jerks.

George enters the mall. We focus on a BLOODY SIGN at the mall entrance providing safety tips. The last tip we end on is...

TITLE: *Please, Think of Others.*

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

George walks up to his house. From next door, he sees bright lights and party music BLARING.

GEORGE

You can't be serious.

George goes and knocks on the door. It swings open to reveal happy-go-lucky ZACH (20s-30s) in a toga drinking from a chalice. George stands six feet away from him.

ZACH

Hey-Hey, George! I'm making Drunken Deads. Invented it myself. It's Moonshine, cream, cinnamon, and honey with red food coloring. Doesn't taste great, but boy it makes you feel alive! Come on in.

GEORGE

Yeah...no. Got a lotta people in there, Zach. Not worried someone might have MOBID?

Zach turns back to the party.

ZACH
Yo! Any of you got MOBID?

PARTY
No!

ZACH
Any of you a zombie?

PARTY
No!

Zach looks at George with pride like he did a big event.

GEORGE
Really? You know we're not supposed to be having parties right now. All this stimuli could draw a horde in so I'd really appreciate it if you'd just stop all of this.

ZACH
You want me to cancel my own party?

GEORGE
No, no. You can still have your party. Just turn off all the lights, no loud music and keep conversation to a whisper. Okay?

Zach's friendly tone becomes agitated by George's apparently outrageous request.

ZACH
Look, I tried to be neighborly. I invited you to my kick-ass party, offered you home-made cocktails, even checked no one had the virus.

GEORGE
Check?! All you did was ask--

ZACH
But you want to treat me like a child and tell me what to do like I can't take care of myself.

GEORGE
Well who else but a child would consider having a party in the middle of a zombie epidemic?!

Silence between them. George has crossed a line with Zach.

ZACH

It's pretty dark out, George. Be a shame if someone thought you were a zombie. Best stay off my property.

Zach SLAMS THE DOOR. The door is quickly opened back up.

ZACH (CONT'D)

BT-Dubs; that mask makes you look like a bitch.

The door is slammed shut again.

GEORGE

I wear it for safety, not fashion!
(to audience)
All those stories of disaster bringing people closer together are total B.S.

The party music becomes LOUDER, much to George's chagrin.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

George steps out of the house, a home-made sign in hand.

GEORGE

Hey, let's do some quick math.

Numbers pop into frame as George says...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

\$40,000 in student loans minus
\$1,200 every two weeks from
unemployment equals what for me?

Answer: **BONED.**

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Exactly. I had a job lined up, but I can't work until the threat of zombies has gone significantly down. Essential worker I am not. Until our numbers go down I'm screwed and as long as people aren't wearing their masks they're pretty much screwing me. So...

George points to his sign: **USE YOUR BRAIN, WEAR A MASK!**

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Am I worried? Nah. What's the worse
they can do? Yell at me? Say no?

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

George is shoved against the wall of an alleyway by MASKLESS
BEACH JERKS. JOSH (20s-30s) rips George's mask off and laugh.

GEORGE
What is wrong with you?! All I'm
asking is for you to wear a mask.

A Beach Jerk punches George in the stomach.

JOSH
You've been brainwashed, friend.
Honestly, who has ever heard of
someone becoming a zombie because
of a cough? Being bit, yeah, we've
all seen movies, but not a cough.

GEORGE
If you people watched the news more
than the sun you'd know it's--

JOSH
Blown outta proportion. Here, I'll
prove it to ya.

Josh approaches George in a threatening manner. George tries
to break free to no avail. Another Beach Jerk holds George's
nose close. George gasps for breath...

And Josh COUGHS IN GEORGE'S OPEN MOUTH!

The others release George. George is shook. He can't believe
what happened. He runs away from the Mask-less Men.

JOSH (CONT'D)
What a Snowflake. Honestly, what
else would you call someone like
that, overreacting over nothing.

BEACH JERK
Some people just have poor reaction
skills.

Beach Jerk SMASHES George's sign repeatedly with great anger.

INT. MEDICAL TENT - DAY

George sits on a folding chair while a DOCTOR (30s-40s) performs a check up. The doctor takes a sample of George's blood and puts it in a PETRI DISH. The doctor then takes out an EGG TIMER and a NAIL. They wind the timer up.

George looks concerned.

DOCTOR

Don't worry. All part of the test. After exposure to air we heat the blood. If it steams, everything is normal. Bubbling means you're infected, but there's still a chance to pull through. If it jumps then I shoot you in the head.

The doctor LAUGHS IT OFF as a joke. George begins to relax and, hesitantly, starts laughing too.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

So what happened? Go to a party?
Grocery run and forgot your mask?

GEORGE

I wear my mask. Unfortunately that upset some people and they coughed in my mouth. Who does that even when we're not in a pandemic? All I did was tell them to wear a mask. Truly a Herculean task!

The Doctor chuckles.

DOCTOR

As a doctor, I've given plenty of advice. Some patients listen, others don't. So you know what I do? Nothing. I told them how to stay healthy. If they don't listen then that's on them. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make them drink.

The doctor's words seem to resonate with George as he ponders the advice. DING! The egg timer has gone off.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

All right. Time to see if you're walking out or walking dead.

The doctor heats the nail with a lighter before stirring it in the blood.

GEORGE
How long does this usually take?

DOCTOR
Not too long. Usually something
like this takes about 5 to 12--Gah!

The BLOOD JUMPS OUT of the petri dish; it's a positive case!
The Doctor looks horrified, as does George.

GEORGE
It...It jumped. Does that mean...

DOCTOR
Oh my. It looks like I have no
choice, but to give you this.

The Doctor reaches into their coat pocket. George closes his
eyes, bracing for the end.

Instead of a gun, however, a LOLLIPOP SLOWLY COMES INTO
FRAME. The Doctor gently taps the lollipop on George's head.
George opens his eyes and starts to calm down.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Your lollipop.

George hesitantly takes the lollipop.

GEORGE
But...the blood...it--

The Doctor jokingly jerks the petri dish, playfully acting
surprised. George is stunned, but starts to laugh too.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You got me, doc. For a moment, I
thought you shot patients here.

George and the Doctor laugh heartily with each other. George
wipes his forehead in relief. His eyes go wide when he sees a
PISTOL STICKING OUT OF THE DOCTOR'S COAT POCKET.

George, now gallowing laughing, slowly backs out of the tent.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

George arrives back home in a more positive mood. He no
longer has his sign or mask, but he does have his lollipop.

GEORGE
Maybe the doc was right. It's not
like I changed minds with my sign.
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Honestly, when was the last time
you ever saw someone swayed by a
sign? After all--

George stops when he hears...FIGHTING. He looks over and sees
Zach keeping away a ZOMBIE away with a BROOM.

ZACH

Hey! You mind lending a hand? Had a
party crasher and...look,
background isn't important.

George stands by as the zombie tries to eat Zach.

ZACH (CONT'D)

Amigo?

GEORGE

(to audience)

Why should I? I warned Zach not to
have a party and he threatened me.
I tried to help those people at the
beach and they coughed in my face.
Every time I try to help I'm
punished. I led the horse to water.
Now he's going to die of thirst.

ZACH

Who are you talking to?! Help!

The Zombie grabs onto Zach and they both fall to the ground.
Zach keeps the zombie at bay with the broom handle.

GEORGE

Maybe I should help. If I was in
this situation wouldn't he help me?

(pause)

No. He wouldn't.

George heads back inside, ignoring Zach's cries for help.

ZACH

Dude! Hombre! Muchacho! Help!

The zombie lurches at Zach. He tries to keep it off, but his
strength starts to wain. It looks to be the end for him.

All of a sudden, the ZOMBIE IS PULLED OFF Zach. Who rescued
him? Why it's GEORGE armed with a BASEBALL BAT. George
quickly kills the zombie with the bat.

GEORGE

Next time...host your party online.

George heads home, bat over his shoulder like an action hero. George stops at his front door. He turns around and speaks to the audience one last time.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Zach's a jerk, but I'd be a bigger jerk if I didn't help. Came up with a new sign idea. "Brains: Use 'em or lose 'em." What do you think? Too aggressive? It's not going to be easy, but I can't just give up on people. If I did then I'd be no different than the zombies. All they care about is serving their own mindless desires. After all, zombies don't care about other zombies. So don't be a zombie and please think of others. Good night.

George heads inside his house. The sound of the shower being turned on is heard as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END