

FADE IN:

EXT. MAIN STREET, GAS STATION - DAY

A CONFEDERATE FLAG gets run over by a HEARSE skidding on its own roof.

It grates to a grinding halt next to a RED GAS CAN that overflows with fuel emanating from an unattended pump.

Soon after, a pair of SHINY BLACK SHOES quickly move toward the accident as smoke fills the air.

FADE TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET, STATION WAGON - DAY

Parked by the curb is an avocado green STATION WAGON with luggage stacked atop the roof. Its NEW YORK license plates are slathered with splattered bugs and a gas cap dangles from its open tank.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

On the dashboard, the fuel gauge sits on EMPTY.

In the passenger seat sits a woman in her 20's. She has white skin, blue eyes and blonde hair tied in a ponytail. Across her face is a smile stretching ear to ear. This is the MOM.

In the back seat is a 5 year old girl. She has light caramel skin, brown eyes and curly black hair wrapped in two buns. A PLUSHY BAT sits in her lap. This is the DAUGHTER.

Together the Mom and the Daughter laugh as they play patty cake, their speed grows faster with every successive turn.

DAUGHTER

(laughing)

Faster, faster.

MOM

(laughing)

I'm trying.

The fun quickly ends when the song "Jump Jim Crow" begins to discharge from the car speakers. Without hesitation the Mom shuts off the radio.

Suddenly, a man in his 20's, jumps into the driver's seat. He has black skin, brown eyes and short black hair. Great concern covers his face. This is the DAD.

MOM (CONT'D)
Did you get the gas--

DAD
(rolls up drivers side)
Roll up your window.

MOM
What?--

Wasting no time, the Dad reaches over the Mom and urgently rolls up the passenger window.

DAD
(to Daughter)
We're gonna play a game.

MOM
(concerned)
Honey?--

The Dad grabs the Mom's hands to place them over her eyes.

DAD
Mommy's gonna cover her eyes and
count down from ten.
(to Daughter)
While you go and hide.

He squeezes and shakes the Mom's knee.

MOM
(nervously)
Ten. Nine. Eight...

DAD
Better go hide.

The Daughter grabs her plushy bat before crawling underneath the pile of clothes, toys and blankets stacked in the back of the wagon.

MOM (O.S.)
Seven. Six...

DAD
And don't come out until Mommy
finds you. Okay?

DAUGHTER
 (muffled under clutter)
 Okay, Daddy.

From her hiding spot, the Daughter pokes her head out. She puts her finger up to her mouth "Shhh" and smiles. Nervously the Dad returns the gesture.

MOM
 Five. Four. Three...

Once the Daughter returns to hiding, the Dad removes the Mom's hands from her eyes.

MOM (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 What's happening?

DAD
 (whispers)
 There's--

SLAM!

Violently, the station wagon rocks back and forth.

EXT. CEMETERY, OFFICE - MORNING

A pair of pudgy, pale hands hold up a Sunday newspaper. Its headline reads "CIVIL RIGHTS ACT TO PASS". From behind the pages, smoke plumes out.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)
 Do you believe this shit?!

The newspaper is slammed down onto a table, revealing a morbidly obese man sitting in front of an open window. He has pasty white skin, blue tinged lips, receding black hair and a big smoky CIGAR sticking from his mouth. This is the BOSS.

BOSS
 (to open window)
 They're gonna let them eat and
 shit. Where we eat and shit.

From the open window, a female arm places a glass of sweet tea in front of the Boss.

BOSS (CONT'D)
 (grabs glass)
 My daddy must be spinning in his
 grave.

The eyes of the Boss turn away from the newspaper and focus on the sound of grinding gravel.

Down on the ground, a human's shadow is partially engulfed within the shade of the Boss's umbrella.

BOSS (CONT'D)
(clearing throat)
Ahem.

The shadow backs away from the shade.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Now what do you want?

Standing in front of the Boss is a black man in his late 40's. He has brown eyes and a head shaved bald. His body is draped with functional muscles and an undershirt soaking in sweat. This is the GRAVE DIGGER.

In his left hand is a milk bottle half filled with water.

Slung over his right shoulder is a shovel. Its spade is rusted and the wooden handle is wrapped in duct tape.

GRAVE DIGGER
I'm--

From out the window, a female arm hands the Boss a ringing, red rotary phone.

BOSS
(to phone)
Hello?
(pause)
What do you mean you lost a body?
(pause)
Well the dead, don't get up and
walk away, God damn it. Find him!

With frustrated anger, the Boss incessantly slams the phone on the table's edge. When he stops, his deep struggling breaths wheeze in the air.

The Boss grabs his chest before urgently pulling a medicine bottle from his coat pocket. Straight from the bottle, he dumps RED PILLS into his mouth until they spill from his jaw. He closes his eyes and swallows hard.

GRAVE DIGGER
You all right Boss?

After calm returns, the Boss places the cigar back into his mouth. A single drag brings it to a nub.

BOSS
 Here's another dig.
 (pulls out slip of paper)
 It's a dear husband joining his
 beloved wife.

The Boss waves the piece of paper at the face of the unresponsive Grave Digger.

BOSS (CONT'D)
 Hey!

He catches the Grave Digger staring at the glass of sweet tea sitting on the table.

GRAVE DIGGER
 (broken from trance)
 Sorry, Boss.
 (grabs slip of paper)
 Can I take my break first?

The Boss grabs the sweet tea and gulps it down with a knowing sneer on his face.

BOSS
 (refreshed)
 Ahh.
 (slams down glass)
 No.

GRAVE DIGGER
 (disappointed)
 Okay.

The Grave Digger turns to walk away.

BOSS
 Oh, I almost forgot.

GRAVE DIGGER
 (faces the Boss)
 Yes, sir?

The Boss tilts to a side, lifting just high enough to grab the hearse key from under a massive butt cheek.

BOSS
 (shaking key in hand)
 You also got a rotting corpse
 waiting in the hearse.

He gleefully notices the Grave Digger rubbing his lower back and wincing.

With no remorse, the Boss places the key on the ground next to his fancy white shoes.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Here's the key.

The Grave Digger walks back to the table.

Using his shovel as a crutch, he kneels down to grab the hearse key from the ground.

From his throne, the Boss leans in close and glares downward at his employee.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Now get.

GRAVE DIGGER
(stands)
Yes, sir.

As the Grave Digger walks away, he places the hearse key in his shirt pocket and secures it with a button.

EXT. CEMETERY, PLOTS - MORNING

Marble headstones, ornate statues, lavish flower arrangements and a funeral service with all white attendants dressed in fancy clothes, the Grave Digger walks pass them all.

He arrives at a white picket fence. The cemetery's halfway point. A dividing line.

The Grave Digger steps through a gate, leaving the lush green grass and shady trees for a dirt path, bordered by a barbed wire barrier.

He leans his shovel against the barb wire. It bows down, creating a safe space to step over. Once on the other side, the Grave Digger grabs the shovel and treks forward.

In this section, there is no green grass, ornate headstones or elaborate statues. In their place is cracked uneven dirt, makeshift markers and rickety wooden crosses.

He passes an older black woman as she hysterically cries over an unmarked grave.

The Grave Digger stops.

He gently puts his half filled bottle of water down, clasps his shovel with both hands and stabs at the stubborn ground.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CEMETERY, OPEN GRAVE - AFTERNOON

The bottle of water is near empty and the Grave Digger now stands inside a hole several feet deep. He stabs the shovel into the ground before climbing out of the freshly dug hole.

EXT. CEMETERY, PLOTS - AFTERNOON

The parched Grave Digger grabs his bottle and takes a long drink before pouring the remaining water over his face.

GRAVE DIGGER
(satisfying)
Ah.

The Grave Digger opens his eyes, he observes the gathering of dark clouds above and a person awkwardly walking towards him.

The person is a tall lanky man with white skin and a fancy grey suite with shoes to match. This is the LOST BODY.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
Sir.
(waves at Lost Body)
Excuse me sir. Are you lost?

The Lost Body glances up at the Grave Digger.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
If you're looking for a specific plot, I can help you out. Why, I know this place better than anyone.

The Lost Body gives no reaction to the mighty roar released from the sky, while the Grave Digger flinches at the boom.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
Sounds like we'll be getting some rain soon.
(pause)
It sure will be a nice change from all the heat we've been having.

Still no verbal answer.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Won't it?

The Lost Body suddenly drops to its knees and starts digging next to the Grave Digger's freshly dug hole.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
Hey you can't be doing that.

Drizzle begins to fall.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
Come on now, stop.

He places a stern hand on the Lost Body's shoulder. The hand is slapped away and the burrowing continues.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
Stop.

Drizzle becomes rain.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
A man's wife is down there.

The Grave Digger aggressively attempts to pull the Lost Body away from the grave. In retaliation the Lost Body bites him on the hand.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
(pulls back hand)
Ah!

He observes his bleeding hand, the rain rinses away the blood revealing a deep bite mark underneath.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
What the hell's wrong with you?!

The Grave Digger kicks the Lost Body in the ribs.

CRACK!

Displaying no signs of pain, the Lost Body leaps onto the Grave Digger, pinning him to the ground.

Now face to face, the Grave Digger gets a clear look at the Lost Body's white, lifeless eyes.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

He shoves the Lost Body off and scrambles up the mound of dirt excavated from the open grave. But the Lost Body catches him at the top of the dirt pile.

The Grave Digger reaches for the shovel that stands at the bottom of the grave as he kicks at his attacker's face, breaking its nose and cracking its teeth.

Despite the physical damage, the Lost Body remains un-fazed and straddles the Grave Digger.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

Shit.

The Grave Digger flips to his back, elbowing the Lost Body's jaw in the process. In retaliation, the Lost Body bites toward the Grave Digger's face.

At the last moment, the Grave Digger wedges his forearms underneath the Lost Body's mandible to keep its snapping jaw at bay. With his right arm, the Grave Digger reaches again for his shovel.

Their combined weight causes the muddy pile of dirt to shift down, bringing the Grave Digger closer to reaching his goal.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

(reaching)

Come on.

The Grave Digger stretches toward the shovel as the Lost Body's mouth pushes closer to his face.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

(stretching)

Come on.

The Grave Digger's fingers tickle the tip of the shovel's handle as spit spills from the Lost Body's opening mouth.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

(straining)

Come on.

The Grave Digger grabs hold of the shovel but the success is short lived as the ground shifts again, causing both combatants to fall into the grave.

INT. CEMETERY, OPEN GRAVE - AFTERNOON

The Grave Digger gets engulfed with water as he hits the bottom of the grave.

SPLASH!

He quickly sits up from the water and finds the Lost Body, face down, hovering inches above him with the shovel handle speared through its stomach.

GRAVE DIGGER

Jesus.

EXT. CEMETERY, PLOTS - AFTERNOON

The Grave Digger pulls himself to the surface. He hunches over, resting his arms on shaky knees. He takes deep heavy breathes to hold back tears.

GRAVE DIGGER

(to self)

Oh, Jesus.

He looks down at the impaled Lost Body. The Grave Digger retches back and pukes on his work boots.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

(to Lost Body)

I'm sorry.

The Grave Digger draws a crucifix over his chest as he struggles to regain composure.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

Behind the Grave Digger's back, a hand ever so slowly rises out of the grave, grabbing the edge of the hole.

The Lost Body's eyes peek over the surface. Its other hand reaches out and grazes the Grave Digger's ankle.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

Ah!

The spooked Grave Digger falls to the ground, he scoots back on his butt, creating distance.

Lightning strikes.

KRA-KOOM!

For a split second the sky brightens. The Grave Digger's eyes widen at the sight of the Lost Body standing before him with the shovel still embedded in its gut.

It's at this moment the Grave Digger realizes the Lost Body is neither living nor dead but something in between.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
 (scoots further back)
 It can't be.

A pair of female hands burst from the earth.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
 (looking at hands)
 Shit!

The Lost Body pushes the Grave Digger away and immediately starts digging around the female hands.

KRA-KOOM!

Another flash of lightening reveal more corpses leaving their former resting places.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
 Jesus.

BONG!

A church bell rings.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
 Oh, Jesus.

The Grave Digger looks at the path leading to the Church.

BONG!

He scrambles to his feet and sprints down the dirt path. As he disappears into the distance, more corpses fill the area. They knock over the white picket fence and trample over the barbed wire barrier.

FADE TO:

INT. CHURCH, PULPIT - AFTERNOON

Organ music plays as an elderly white male with grey hair and a holier than thou look etched on his face enters. This is the PASTOR.

The song ends in parallel with the Pastor reaching a podium.

PASTOR
 (to Organ Player)
 Thank you.
 (MORE)

PASTOR (CONT'D)

(pause)

That was a lovely piece.

With the pomp of a television evangelist and a heavy southern drawl, the Pastor addresses the all white congregation.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

You may all be seated.

The Pastor waits until the sounds of sitting fall silent.

THUD!

When all is quite the Pastor slams his Bible onto the wooden lectern. He opens the book to a marked page and waits a long uncomfortable moment before speaking.

All eyes on him.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

Book of Genesis...

The sound of rifling paper quickly fills the room.

PASTOR (CONT'D)

...Chapter 9. Section 20.

(pause)

The Curse of Ham.

EXT. CHURCH, MORTUARY OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The Grave Digger returns to the Boss's unattended table. He scavenges through the clutter of papers before running to the office window.

He cups his hands to the glass and peers into the dark and empty room.

INT. CHURCH, MORTUARY OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The Grave Digger's eyes dart back and forth before spotting the rotary phone hanging inside. He tries to open the window before noticing its lock is set.

He disappears from view.

GRAVE DIGGER (O.S.)

(muffled by door)

Boss?

KNOCK, KNOCK.

GRAVE DIGGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (muffled by door)
 You in there Boss?

EXT. CHURCH, MORTUARY OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Just outside the office, the Grave Digger patiently waits for a reply.

No answer.

He reaches for the doorknob but retreats at the very last moment. The sign nailed to the door reading "NO COLORED ALLOWED" still doing its job.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

The Grave Digger holds his ear to the door.

Nothing.

Ever so cautiously, the Grave Digger grabs the doorknob and turns. He opens the door just a crack and pokes his head in.

GRAVE DIGGER
 (meekly)
 Hello?

The door is opened wider.

From outside, a faint light enters, creating a path to the waiting phone.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
 Anybody here?

No response.

The Grave Digger enters and heads for the phone. He quickly dials 9-1-1.

No dial tone.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
 Don't be dead.

The Grave Digger hits the switch hook and his shaky hands dial again.

Silence.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
(slams handset)
Fuck.

The Grave Digger follows the phone line. It leads him to a desk in the darkest corner of the room.

To get under the desk, the Grave Digger gets on all fours, his knee smashes a RED PILL in the process.

CRUNCH!

The phone line is found firmly connected into the wall jack.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
Hmm.

In his haste, the Grave Digger knocks his head against the wooden desk.

BAM!

From atop the desk, blue pills and a lit cigar fall and scatter across the floor.

The Grave Digger stares at the stogy and its dying embers.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
(softly, to self)
Boss?

Another pill falls from above.

Cautiously, the Grave Digger peeks over the desk. He finds the Boss sitting face down, right arm clutching the chest.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
(scared)
I'm sorry Boss.

The Grave Digger gets out from under the desk.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
I know I'm not allowed in here but--

Without warning the Boss's head snaps up. He stares at the Grave Digger with his beady white eyes.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
(disbelief)
Shit.

The Grave Digger shoves the desk into the gut of the Boss before running for the door.

SLAM!

With unrestrained strength, the Boss tosses the desk aside and charges forward. His right arm swings back and forth, while his left dangles lifelessly.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
 (looking back)
 Shit!

EXT. CHURCH, MORTUARY OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The Grave Digger shuts the door and leans against it. He braces for impact.

BAM!

The Grave Digger is knocked to his back.

GRAVE DIGGER
 Ooof!

INT. CHURCH, MORTUARY OFFICE - AFTERNOON

BAM!

A hole is punched through the door. Through the breach, the Grave Digger is seen running.

BAM!

Wood buckles, the door won't hold much longer.

INT. CHURCH, PULPIT - AFTERNOON

The Pastor paces while reading the Bible.

PASTOR
 ...And for his sins, Ham was
 punished by God. A punishment that
 "darkened" his skin...

Most members of the congregation nod their head in agreement. While a brave few disagree with folded arms and rolling eyes.

INT. CHURCH, BACK ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

The Grave Digger enters.

PASTOR (O.S.)
 ...To let the whole world know...

The Grave Digger locks the dead bolt and starts to shove a heavy storage unit in front of the door.

SCREEECH!

PASTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ...that he has done wrong.

The storage unit is in place.

INT. CHURCH, PULPIT - AFTERNOON

The Pastor rubs the skin of his arm.

PASTOR
 And he is to forever bare this
 irremovable mark.

From the back, the Grave Digger walks in.

GRAVE DIGGER
 (to the crowd)
 The dead are--

PASTOR
 (anger, disgust)
 You're not allowed in here--

The Grave Digger grabs the Pastor by the shoulders.

GRAVE DIGGER
 I know I'm not. But listen.
 (to the crowd)
 The dead are coming back, we need
 to warn everybody in--

POW!

A giant, soup bone of a fist clubs the Grave Digger from behind. He falls off the raised pulpit, landing with a splat.

Standing next to the Pastor is an imposing man, flexing his fist. He has a bald spot growing on his head and sweat stains growing under his pits. This is the STOCKY MAN.

STOCKY MAN
 Time for you to leave.

GRAVE DIGGER

Please.

(pause)

I know it sounds crazy. They
attacked me but--

STOCKY MAN

Not another word.

GRAVE DIGGER

I'm telling the truth--

The Stocky Man takes an aggressive step forward.

The Grave Digger looks around at the people. Some are angry,
others show worry, while a few look away.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

(eyes begging)

I'm telling...

The Grave Digger has trouble getting back to his feet. A
woman with strawberry blond hair, pale skin and a frail frame
grabs his arm and places a helping hand under his shoulder.
This is STOCKY WIFE.

STOCKY MAN

Get away from him!

Stocky Wife freezes. She reads her husband's face and
releases the Grave Digger.

STOCKY MAN (CONT'D)

And you.

(pointing at Grave Digger)

Get out of my Church.

GRAVE DIGGER

(softly to Stocky Wife)

Thank you.

The Grave Digger reluctantly exits through the double doors,
leaving a trail of muddy footprints behind. The room watches
in a stunned silence.

INT. CHURCH, FRONT ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

The Grave Digger slowly pulls open the door. He cautiously
peeks his head out and spots the hearse amongst several dozen
parked cars.

To the right, he sees a few undead reaching the top of the
hill. They're getting close.

PASTOR (O.S.)
Now let us continue...

The Grave Digger takes a step out of the doorway, before another step is taken he looks back at the sermon area.

PASTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...as we were...

GRAVE DIGGER
(to self)
Shit.

INT. CHURCH, PULPIT - AFTERNOON

The Stocky Man grabs his wife from the aisle, squeezing her arm unreasonably hard as he drags her to a seat.

PASTOR
...before the interruption--

SCREEECH!

A shoving sound echoes through the double doors.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
(to Stocky Man)
Would you please handle that.

The Stocky Man sits his wife down next to a 12 year old boy. He has a freckled face and mop top hair. This is STOCKY SON.

STOCKY MAN
(smacks son's shoulder)
Come on.

STOCKY WIFE
(to Stocky Man)
No--

The Stocky Man glares into his Wife's eyes until she sheepishly looks away.

STOCKY MAN
(more forceful)
I said, come on.

The boy reluctantly stands.

STOCKY MAN (CONT'D)
(looking around room)
Any other men want to join us?

INT. CHURCH, FRONT ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

The Stocky Man, Stocky Son and three other men enter. They find a heavy table barricading the Church's front doors and the Grave Digger in the process of wedging another behind it.

STOCKY MAN
I told you to leave.

GRAVE DIGGER
I--

From behind, the Stocky Man slams the Grave Digger's gut into the table's edge, knocking his wind.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
Ooof!

The Grave Digger throws a wild right punch that the Stocky Man ducks under and answers with a crushing uppercut to the chin. Quickly the Stocky Man locks the dazed Grave Digger into a full nelson headlock.

STOCKY MAN
(to Man #1 and Man #2)
You two. Move that shit from the door.

Man #1 and Man #2 start moving the tables out of the way.

GRAVE DIGGER
(struggling)
No. Don't.

The Grave Digger fails to power his way out of the Stocky Man's vice-like grip.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
We need to keep them out.

STOCKY MAN
(to Man #3)
Grab his legs.

Man #3 tries to grab the Grave Digger's legs but instead is kicked in the nose, drawing blood.

STOCKY MAN (CONT'D)
God damn it! I said grab his legs.

MAN #3
(feels nose)
Fucker.

Infuriated and embarrassed, Man #3 lays in several strikes to the ribs and face of the defenseless Grave Digger.

STOCKY MAN

You got the door cleared?

Finally, Man #3 stops his attacks and grabs hold of the Grave Digger's left leg. He still continues to fight.

MAN #2 (O.S.)

Yeah.

STOCKY MAN

Then come over here and grab the other leg.

Man #2 grabs the other leg and together the three men lift the Grave Digger off the ground.

GRAVE DIGGER

No!

As they carry the Grave Digger toward the exit, "WHEN WE ALL GET TO HEAVEN" plays on the organ. The congregation sings.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

Just look out the window. Past the hill. You'll see'em.

Stocky Son goes to a window and starts to lift the curtain.

STOCKY MAN

(to Stocky Son)

Don't be fucking stupid. Go stand by the door.

STOCKY SON

(pointing towards window)

Shouldn't we--

STOCKY MAN

What the fuck did I say?!

Stocky Son does as he's told.

KRA-KOOM!

Just as Stocky Son walks away, lightening strikes. A shadow of a human is revealed behind the curtained window that only the Grave Digger sees.

GRAVE DIGGER

They're here.

(pause)

Just look.

STOCKY MAN

(to Stocky Son)

Open the door.

The Grave Digger battles with great desperation, refusing to be tossed outside.

GRAVE DIGGER

No.

(more struggling)

Just look!

EXT. CHURCH, PARKING AREA - AFTERNOON

The Grave Digger is thrown out. His body splashes into a puddle of blinding mud.

STOCKY MAN (O.S.)

Keep your ass away--

(pause)

Oh, shit!

The Grave Digger wipes the mud from his eyes. With cleared vision, he witnesses several undead funnel into the Church.

INT. CHURCH, FRONT ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

The undead walk pass the tables formally used as barricades.

PASTOR (O.S.)

...And here is my promise to you...

INT. CHURCH, SERMON AREA - AFTERNOON

The preaching continues.

PASTOR

...No matter what "laws" might pass.

(pause)

I will never allow a descendant of Ham to worship within--

Through the double doors, the undead enter.

EXT. CHURCH, PARKING AREA - DAY

The Grave Digger slowly shakes his head as screams of fear emanate from the Church.

GRAVE DIGGER
(to self, softly)
Fuck.

The Grave Digger turns around and is caught by surprise by an undead calmly standing behind him. This is CALM BODY.

Unprovoked, the Grave Digger shoulder tackles Calm Body into a car window, shattering the glass and setting off its horn.

HOONNKKK!

As the Grave Digger pulls himself away, the trapped Calm Body slashes at the Grave Digger's shirt pocket, tearing it open.

The Calm Body ignores the fact that its own body is nearly torn in half at the waist and continues reaching for the leaving Grave Digger with outstretched arms.

EXT. CHURCH, HEARSE - DAY

The Grave Digger arrives at the hearse. He reaches for his shirt pocket only to find it torn open.

GRAVE DIGGER
No.

Praying his memory is incorrect, the Grave Digger checks every pocket he has, hoping to find the hearse key inside.

He does not.

The Grave Digger feels the claw marks across his shirt. Looking in the distance, he squints his eyes and spots two undead approaching the car with its horn still blaring.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
Shit.

EXT. CHURCH, UNDER CARS - DAY

On his belly, the Grave Digger crawls under cars on his way toward the sound of the horn.

HOONNKKK!

He stops within arm's lengths of the hearse key laying on the muddy ground.

EXT. CHURCH, PARKING AREA - DAY

From out under a car, the Grave Digger recklessly reaches between a pair of undead feet. When he grabs the key, his hand gets stepped on.

GRAVE DIGGER

Ah!--

EXT. CHURCH, UNDER CARS - DAY

With his other hand, the Grave Digger covers his mouth to snuff out his wail of pain. Blood begins to fall onto the trapped hand.

Confusion washes over his face.

EXT. CHURCH, PARKING AREA - DAY

Cautiously the Grave Digger looks out from under the car.

GRAVE DIGGER

What the fuck?

He watches as the undead grab the Calm Body's outstretched arms and start helping it get free from the car window.

EXT. CHURCH, UNDER CARS - DAY

The Grave Digger winces from the pain of his mashed hand.

At last, the undead foot moves away, freeing the key holding hand. The Grave Digger recoils his arm back under the car.

He kisses the hearse key and breathes a sigh of relief.

SPLAT!

The upper half of the Calm Body falls to the ground and immediately squirms for the Grave Digger.

As quickly as space allows, the Grave Digger starts wriggling out from under the car with the Calm Body close behind.

EXT. CHURCH, PARKING AREA - DAY

As the Grave Digger gets out from under the car, the Calm Body grabs him by the ankle.

GRAVE DIGGER

Ah!

He kicks at the Calm Body's hand but it refuses to let go.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

You fucker.

He starts stomping the top of the Calm Body's head. In return, the undead bites and snaps at its attackers boot.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

Just die already!

One final kick caves in the Calm Body's skull, it goes limp and its grip is released.

Once free, the Grave Digger runs for the hearse.

INT. HEARSE - DAY

The Grave Digger enters. He turns the key in the ignition but the engine refuses to turnover.

EEIIRK!

GRAVE DIGGER

Fuck!

(smacks steering wheel)

Is everything in this town dead?!

EXT. CHURCH, PARKING AREA - DAY

EEIIRK!

The sound of the failing engine grabs the attention of numerous undead.

INT. HEARSE - DAY

Through the window, the undead Boss is seen waddling towards the hearse.

GRAVE DIGGER

(looking out window)

Come on.

EEIIRK!

Another failed turn.

SLAM!

The Boss rams the passenger side door, causing the hearse to violently rock back and forth.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

Come on.

EEIIRK!

With his right arm, the undead Boss punches a hole through the passenger window. His bloody hand grabs at the air.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

Come on!

VROOM!

The engine starts.

The Grave Digger hits the brakes and shifts the gear toward drive but is unknowingly stopped on neutral when the Lost Body rams into the driver's side window.

CRASH!

The shovel stuck through the Lost Body gut, breaks through the glass. The spade cuts across the Grave Digger's cheek.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

(in pain)

Fuck!

He hits the gas.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A hoard of undead surround the hearse, they climb over and crawl under each other trying to get inside.

The engine continues to rev.

INT. HEARSE - DAY

The Grave Digger's eyes dart around. Gaunt faces of the undead obstruct all windows.

He checks the dashboard and realizes the car set in neutral.

GRAVE DIGGER

Shit!

The Grave Digger shifts into drive and hits the gas.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Spinning tires splatter mud before gaining traction.

Finally, the hearse takes off, running over several undead and leaving all but the Boss and Lost Body behind.

INT. HEARSE - DAY

The Lost Body continues kicking the door and banging on the roof, while the Boss keeps grabbing at the Grave Digger even as its arm begins to tear from the shoulder.

A swipe from the Boss gets dangerously close to the Grave Digger's face.

GRAVE DIGGER

Fuck.

The Grave Digger takes the steering wheel with his left hand and grabs the shovel stuck in the Lost Body with his right.

EXT. HEARSE - DAY

The shovel's handle slowly recedes from the Lost Body's back.

INT. HEARSE - DAY

The Grave Digger continues pulling at the shovel. He gags from the stench of bodily fluids exiting the gaping wound.

EXT. HEARSE - DAY

The Lost Body smashes face first onto the ground, painting a path with blood.

INT. HEARSE - DAY

With his shovel, the Grave Digger stabs at the Boss's tearing right shoulder. He pushes the spade deep into the meat, slicing through layers of fat and tendon.

EXT. MAIN STREET, TOWNLIMITS - DAY

The hearse passes and the Boss, minus an arm, hits the ground. His rotund body rolls along the dirt path that gradually transitions into a paved road.

A road that runs straight through the middle of a small town.

The rain stops, but gloomy skies remain.

FADE TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET, MARKET - DAY

Delicately stepping off a curb is an elderly woman. Her skin is black, wrinkled. Her back is hunched and thick glasses magnify her eyes. This is the OLD LADY.

Her elderly legs shake with every step as she struggles to hold her groceries and umbrella.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)

Let me help with that...

In runs a young white man in his late 30's. He has short blonde hair and blue eyes. He wears SHINY BLACK SHOES and a blue jacket with a gold star pinned above his chest. This is the POLICE OFFICER.

POLICE OFFICER

...It looks heavy.

The Police Officer cradles her bag of groceries and helps keep the umbrella steady.

OLD LADY

(very grateful)

Oh, thank you.

POLICE OFFICER

(warm smile)

It's my pleasure.

EXT. MAIN STREET, TOWNLIMITS - DAY

The hearse travels at its max speed.

Its metal exterior is heavily dented, the windshield is cracked and its rear bumper bounces against the street.

THUMP! THUMP!

INT. HEARSE - DAY

Through the side mirror, the Grave Digger watches the rear bumper hit the street one last time before ripping off.

THUMP!

GRAVE DIGGER
Good riddance.

His eyes return to the road. Buildings draw near.

THUMP!

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

The Grave Digger looks back at the dividing wall between the main cabin and cargo bed.

THUMP! THUMP!

It palpitates from impact.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
Shit.

HONK! HONK!

The Grave Digger looks ahead, a truck barrels toward him.

EXT. MAINSTREET, TOWNLIMITS - DAY

The hearse swerves back into the correct lane, narrowly avoiding a head on collision.

The drastic change in direction causes the hearse to bottom out to a side, popping off a hubcap and blowing out a tire.

SCUUURT!

EXT. MAIN STREET, APARTMENT - DAY

The echoes of screeching tires draw the attention of both the Old Lady and the Police Officer.

OLD LADY
Sounds like a race.

POLICE OFFICER
It sure does. We better get you
inside.

(MORE)

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 (stops walking)
 Unless you have the checkered flag?

OLD LADY
 Oh, I'm afraid I don't have the
 flag.

The Police Officer helps the Old Lady up the curb leading to her apartment building.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)
 (exerting effort)
 Or the body to be doing that
 anymore.

POLICE OFFICER
 (smiling)
 Okay.
 (opens door)
 I guess I'll have to take your word
 for it.

He hands back the Old Lady's belongings.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 Here's your things.

OLD LADY
 Thank you, again.

The Old Lady enters the stairwell.

POLICE OFFICER
 Have a nice day now.

OLD LADY (O.S.)
 You too and I will.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The hearse banks hard left, sparks fly as metal clashes with concrete. Its rear smacks into a telephone pole. Another tire bursts, causing an uncontrollable spin. The hearse mounts the sidewalk, running over a fire hydrant. The hearse catches air and rolls onto its roof.

EXT. MAIN STREET, GAS STATION - DAY

A CONFEDERATE FLAG gets run over by the HEARSE skidding on its own roof.

It grates to a grinding halt next to a RED GAS CAN that overflows with fuel emanating from an unattended pump.

Sitting upside down in the hearse is the unconscious Grave Digger, his face splattered with blood and glass. His body vised between the chair and the hearses mangled interior.

Moments later, a pair of SHINY BLACK SHOES lurch toward the accident as smoke fills the air.

A fire begins.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

The Mom and Dad are huddled together as the station wagon violently rocks back and forth.

 DAUGHTER (O.S.)
 (from hiding spot)
 Daddy?

The Dad looks out at the surrounding madness. Hands and feet pound against metal while spit plasters the fogged windows.

 DAD
 (lying)
 It's part of the game honey. You
 just stay hidden.

Glass shatters.

An arm reaches through the broken window, wrapping around the Dad's neck pulling him out.

The Mom grabs her husband's hand, their ring hands clasp together. They desperately try to hold on but their attackers prove too much.

 DAD (CONT'D)
 (softly)
 I love you--

Their hands are forced apart as the Dad is yanked out of the station wagon.

 MOM
 No!

Another window shatters.

INT. HEARSE - DAY

The heat of the growing fire snaps the Grave Digger awake.
From his lungs, black smoke is expelled.

Painfully, the Grave Digger reaches for his seat belt release
but his broken ribs refuse to cooperate.

GRAVE DIGGER

Shit.

Flames grow larger.

The Grave Digger reaches again for the seat belt release,
stretching and bending his body past comfortable limitations.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

(through gritted teeth)

Come on.

A rib pierces through his skin and an inhuman wail pierces
through the air.

The Grave Digger looks out of the shattered window and is
horrified by what he sees.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

No.

EXT. MAIN STREET, GAS STATION - DAY

Slowly walking towards the Grave Digger is an undead wearing
SHINY BLACK SHOES.

GRAVE DIGGER

No.

In a great panic, the Grave Digger pulls at the unwavering
seat belt.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

No!

The undead rips off the drivers side door and immediately
starts pulling at the Grave Digger's arm.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

Get away from me!

Blood sprays out of the Grave Digger's punctured rib cage and
the undead releases the arm.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
(clutching ribs)
Get the fuck away!

INT. HEARSE - DAY

The undead corpse kneels and reaches inside the hearse; ignoring the flames, gnarled metal and broken glass.

With the undead's snapping mouth looming near, the trapped Grave Digger shuts his eyes and awaits his fate.

CLICK.

The seat belt is unlocked. The Grave Digger is free.

GRAVE DIGGER
Wha?

The undead starts dragging the Grave Digger out onto the street. On his way out of the hearse, the Grave Digger manages to grab hold of his shovel.

EXT. MAIN STREET, GAS STATION - DAY

Clear of the fiery wreckage, the undead releases the Grave Digger's body.

GRAVE DIGGER
(in disbelief)
Thank you.

The living corpse stares at the burning hearse and then at the Grave Digger. Suddenly a giant wave of hellish fire appears behind the undead.

Maggots fall from its mouth as it lunges on top of the Grave Digger, enveloping his body.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
Noo!

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET, GAS STATION - DAY

The Police Officer lays over the Grave Digger, protecting him from the powerful burst of flames caused by an explosion.

Black smoke fills the air.

Both the Grave Digger and Police Officer cough, trying to expel the soot settling within their lungs.

POLICE OFFICER
(through coughs)
Are you alright?

GRAVE DIGGER
I'm--

Instead of seeing the Police Officer, the Grave Digger sees an undead pinning him down. The Grave Digger struggles to free himself but the Police Officer has him well restrained.

POLICE OFFICER
(between coughs)
Please calm down sir.
(pause)
Please calm down.

Gradually the struggling stops as the undead visage melts away and the Police Officer's true appearance is revealed.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

The Grave Digger touches the Police Officer's face.

GRAVE DIGGER
(wheezing)
Yeah.

POLICE OFFICER
What happened--

THUMP!

The trunk of the burning hearse pops open and a body engulfed in flames casually crawls out.

Without hesitation, the Police Officer sprints toward the flaming body while removing his jacket.

GRAVE DIGGER
(weakly to Police Officer)
No.

Using his shovel as leverage, the Grave Digger gets back on his feet. He wobbles and limps after the Police Officer.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
(cough)
Don't.

The Police Officer tackles the flaming body as he wraps it up with his jacket, smothering out the fire.

He removes the jacket, revealing a woman underneath. Her skin and hair is charred. The remnants of her clothes look like Sunday's best. This is the ROTTING CORPSE.

The Police Officer checks for a pulse, nothing.

POLICE OFFICER

Shit.

He initiates CPR. Upon the first chest pump, the Police Officer's hand plunge into her chest, puss excretes from the broken flesh.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

(panic)

Oh God!

The Rotting Corpse's blank white eyes open. Her hands clasp the Police Officer by the neck, pulling his face toward her waiting mouth. His attempt to push away cause his hands to sink deeper into her chest cavity.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

(choking)

Stop.

The Police Officer manages to free his right hand and reaches for his gun. The Rotting Corpse's grip tightens and the Police Officer's eyes begin to roll behind his head.

The Grave Digger arrives, he wildly swings his shovel, slicing off the Rotting Corpse's arm at the joint.

The still dizzy Grave Digger falls to the ground as the Police Officer is released.

Like a walrus, the Rotting Corpse rolls to her belly and begins to wriggle toward the Police Officer.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Freeze!

The Police Officer removes the hand from his throat and pulls his gun. He fires a warning shot.

BANG!

The Rotting Corpse continues her pursuit.

GRAVE DIGGER
(struggling to get up)
Shoot it!

POLICE OFFICER
I said freeze!

BANG!

The Police Officer shoots the shoulder of the Rotting Corpse, she shows no sign of pain.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
What the fuck?!

The panicked Police Officer looks to the hobbling Grave Digger for answers.

GRAVE DIGGER
I said shoot it!

The Grave Digger starts wildly smashing the Rotting Corpse's head and spine with his shovel. She remains undeterred.

POLICE OFFICER
(reluctant)
But--

GRAVE DIGGER
(continuing attack)
Shoot it. God damn it!

BANG!

The Rotting Corpse is shot in the face, but continues forward, her blank eyes stare into the Police Officer's.

BANG! BANG! BANG! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

The Police Officer unloads on the Rotting Corpse, firing his weapon until empty.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

Finally the Rotting Corpse ceases movement. Together the Grave Digger and Police Officer gather their breath.

POLICE OFFICER
(between breaths)
Did we kill her?

GRAVE DIGGER
(between breaths)
She was already dead.

POLICE OFFICER

What?

With his shovel, the Grave Digger points at the radio hanging off of the Police Officer's belt.

GRAVE DIGGER

Does that work?

POLICE OFFICER

(grabs radio)

No. Radios been dead since morning.

GRAVE DIGGER

Of course.

POLICE OFFICER

(deep breath)

Why?

GRAVE DIGGER

Cause there's more coming--

DAUGHTER (O.S.)

(terrified)

Help!

With shovel in hand, the Grave Digger staggers toward the Daughter's scream.

The Police Officer takes one last look at the Rotting Corpse. He tosses his empty gun, pulls out his nightstick and follows the Grave Digger.

EXT. MAIN STREET, STATION WAGON - DAY

Busted luggage is tossed aside. Personal belongings lay in the gutter. Blood coats the street.

A hoard surrounds the station wagon, they mindlessly climb over and crawl under each other trying to get inside.

DAUGHTER (O.S.)

(crying)

Help!

Together the Grave Digger and the Police Officer arrive.

GRAVE DIGGER

(to Police Officer)

Come on.

The Police Officer with his injured leg falls behind as the Grave Digger rushes into the herd. He wildly swings his shovel at anything that stands between him and the screams.

DAUGHTER

Help!

The Grave Digger reaches the station wagon just as the Daughter is violently yanked out. She's held up high for all to see.

DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

(tears falling)

Daddy!

She reaches for her Dad who lays lifeless on the street.

Without hesitation, the Grave Digger raises his shovel overhead, ready to strike down the Daughter's attacker.

ATTACKER

(referring to Daughter)

Look at this fucking mutt.

CLANG!

Mid-swing the shovel falls.

The Grave Digger is stunned by the sight of the middle aged, well dressed, white, LIVING male that clutches the Daughter in his grasp. This is the ATTACKER.

ATTACKER (CONT'D)

(sees Grave Digger)

You're caught in the wrong place.

The Grave Digger looks around, he's surrounded.

GRAVE DIGGER

Now this is gonna sound crazy but
please listen--

PING!

From behind, the Grave Digger is struck by his own shovel. He grabs the back of his bleeding skull.

SHOVEL SWINGER

Shut the fuck up spook!

With confused wonder, the Grave Digger stares at his blood coated hand before collapsing back first to the floor.

The horde swarms.

GRAVE DIGGER
The dead are--

A fist connects with his jaw.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)
(through bloodied mouth)
The dead are coming--

A kick to the face busts his nose.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
Get away!

The Grave Digger lifts his head off the ground. For a moment he sees the Police Officer fighting towards him before another kick connects to his face.

GRAVE DIGGER
Stop--

The Police Officer stands next to the fallen Grave Digger.

POLICE OFFICER
Stay back!

With blood covering his face like a crimson mask, the Police Officer blindly swings his nightstick in every direction.

ATTACKER (O.S.)
Get out of our way!

POLICE OFFICER
What?

The Police Officer wipes his eyes free of blood, giving him his first clear view of the attackers. He's surrounded.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
What is this?

SHOVEL SWINGER
Looks like another nigger lover
boys.

POLICE OFFICER
(choking)
Listen--

The Police Officer is grabbed from behind, his own nightstick is pressed against his throat.

On the Shovel Swinger's gesture, the crowd parts.

Now in clear view of the Police Officer is the Mom splayed atop the station wagon. Her top is torn open and her dress is pulled up to her waist. Choke marks brand her neck.

GRAVE DIGGER

Tell them--

The Grave Digger reaches for the Police Officer. A kick to the ribs brings him to fetal position. He clutches his gut while gasping for air.

Next to the Grave Digger, the Police Officer falls. He's quickly elbowed in the face, punched in the head and spat on.

GRAVE DIGGER (CONT'D)

The dead are--

Punch.

POLICE OFFICER

Get out of here--

Kick.

DAUGHTER

Stop hurting them!

ATTACKER

Shut up.

The Attacker places a hand over the Daughter's mouth, muffling her screams.

DAUGHTER

(muffled)

Stop.

Between punches and kicks the Grave Digger and the Police Officer continue their warnings of impending danger but their words fall on deaf ears.

ATTACKER

Ow!

The Daughter bites the hand of her attacker. She tries to run but the Attacker quickly grabs her by the waistband.

ATTACKER (CONT'D)

Fucking bitch.

Both the Grave Digger and the Police Officer lay near motionless. The occasional gasp for air or cringe of pain escapes their body with every successive attack.

SLAP!

DAUGHTER (O.S.)

Ow!

Suddenly the eyes of the dead Dad open, revealing their milky white consistency.

ATTACKER (O.S.)

I told you to shut the fuck up.

As he nears blacking out, the Grave Digger witnesses the dead Dad and the dead Mom rise up off the ground. With mouths agape, they walk towards their Daughter's screams.

FADE TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET, STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Tires are punctured, metal is dented and windows are shattered. The station wagon is destroyed.

The Daughter's plushy bat lays trampled on the street.

EXT. MAIN STREET, TOWNLIMITS - NIGHT

The Boss and the Lost Body worm across the street.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The undead Pastor and his congregation shamble shoulder to shoulder with those inflicted with the "Curse of Ham".

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Headstones have fallen. Dividing fences lay trampled. Graves are empty.

EXT. MAIN STREET, GAS STATION - NIGHT

In silhouette, the undead Grave Digger slowly walks by dragging his shovel across the ground. Following behind is the undead Police Officer.

The smoldering hearse wreckage illuminates the "NO COLOREDS" sign pegged in front of the gas station entrance.

DING, DING

