

Context:

Earl is new to life as a zombie, and he's finding it hard to fit in. He never adapted to new technology, so he's a bit of fish-out-of-water in an office environment. To make matters worse, now he's dealing with the difficulties of becoming newly undead. The office has no patience for him.

We're looking for a clumsy, slightly insecure performance, from a bumbling, but otherwise harmless older man.

INT. THE OFFICE - THE PIT - CONTINUOUS

Adam is snapped out of his daze by the stench of body odour and the sound of heavy breathing and itching. He turns around and sees Earl. Earl is furiously itching his forearm, causing dead skin to fall on Adam's desk.

EARL
(stammering)
M-morning Adam.

ADAM
(disgusted)
Earl, put your arm away, no one
wants to see that!

EARL
But it's so itchy! You wouldn't
happen to have any cream for
rotting flesh would you?

Adam watches the dead skin pile up on his desk like a mountain of grated parmesan.

ADAM
(frustrated)
It goes away after a few weeks.
It's normal when you first turn.

Adam gets up and walks off.