

INT. RHODES HILL CHRONIC CARE CENTER - KITCHEN - NIGHT

We open with the ROAR of a shambling zombie - The Zombie Chef. He brandishes a giant knife. Grace Ashcroft VOCALIZES IN TERROR, NARROWLY AVOIDING DEATH AS SHE DODGES INSTINCTIVELY.

ZOMBIE CHEF
(droning, guttural)
Neeeeext!

GRACE
(terror, pleading)
STAY THE FUCK BACK!!

ZOMBIE CHEF
(winding up to attack)
Next... IIIIIIIIS--

Grace VOCALIZES, A MIXTURE OF PANIC AND FEROCITY as she fires off a Requiem magnum shot. The Zombie Chef explodes into gore. Grace HYPERVENTILATES, ADRENALINE WANING AND TERROR RISING.

GRACE
(to herself, terrified)
JESUS CHRIST....
(a beat, then self-soothing)
You're okay... you're okay... Just breathe, before you give yourself a flare-up.

Grace's BREATHING STEADIES. Suddenly, she SHRIEKS, STARTLED BY A LOUD NOISE - crashing silverware and tins.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(shrieking)
DON'T HURT ME!

We hear scurrying rats make their way across the kitchen tile, squeaking. Grace HYPERVENTILATES, NERVES FRAYING ALL OVER AGAIN. Grace's stomach bubbles furiously. She VOCALIZES, STARTLED AND PAIN MID-PANT, WHICH TURNS INTO A PAINED WAIL as she wraps her arms around her abdomen in a wince.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(pained, panic rising)
Nonononono, N-n-not here. Not now!

She belts out a QUIVERING MOAN as she lets loose a long wet fart.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 (to herself, pained)
 Oooooough this is gonna be a bad
 one!
 (moans out a fart, then
 panicked)
 I-I-I-I gotta find the toileeeeet!

Grace breaks out into a jog, PANTING WITH RAGGED BREATH. Every few breaths (2-4) she MOANS IN PAIN as she farts. She suffers a severe stomach ache, stopping in place with a PAINED GROAN.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 (pained, pleading to
 herself)
 Come on Grace... You're too old to
 have an accident--

Grace bellows out a wet fart with a STRAINED MOAN. She GRITS HER TEETH AND VOCALIZES, DETERMINED. She trudges forward with LABORED, HAGGARD EFFORTS (3-4) then GROANS IN AGONY.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 (pained)
 Pleasepleaseplease--
 (moans out a fart, then)
 --let me make it!

With an EFFORT, GRACE PUSHES THE BATHROOM DOOR OPEN.

INT. RHODES HILL CHRONIC CARE CENTER - BATHROOM

Grace rushes into the bathroom with hurried footsteps and RAGGED PANTING. She dashes into the nearest stall. We hear her pull down her fly with an audible zip. She GROANS THROUGH a raging stomach ache. She lets out a QUIVERING, PAINED MOAN as she belts out another wet fart.

GRACE
 (pained, to herself)
 Almooooost--!

Suddenly, the bathroom door creaks open.

ZOMBIE MAID
 (to herself, guttural)
 A mess... A mess! So... messy!

Grace STARTLES, TERRIFIED.

GRACE
 (terrified whimper)
 N-no... d-d-don't tell me--

She slowly opens the stall. A Zombie Maid shambles in with a GUTTURAL GROAN.

ZOMBIE CHEF
 (groaning)
 Clean... cleaaaaan!

Grace GASPS IN FEAR and closes the stall door.

GRACE
 (hushed, distress)
 Not another one!

Grace's stomach bubbles furiously. She GROANS IN PAIN, STRAINING TO KEEP HER VOICE DOWN. As the pain subsides, she takes a few RAGGED BREATHS, CALMING HERSELF.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 (hushed)
 I don't wanna do this, but--

Grace clicks the safety on the Requiem magnum.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 (hushed)
 Desperate times...

She slowly creaks the stall door open. She aims the gun at the Zombie Maid, who is vigorously scrubbing the floor. The Zombie Maid lets out a FRUSTRATED, MONSTROUS GROAN.

ZOMBIE MAID
 (guttural, with effort)
 Out... damned... spot!

GRACE
 (to herself, hushed)
 Ready... Aim--

Grace PANTS SOFTLY THROUGH GRITTED TEETH, BREATHING RAGGED WITH ANXIETY. She pulls the trigger, only for the gun to click harmlessly. Grace STARTLES.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 (panicked, hushed)
 Shit shit shit!

The ZOMBIE MAID utters a SHORT, SUDDEN SNARL. Grace VOCALIZES IN QUIET TERROR as she shuts the stall door again.

She HYPERVENTILATES, trying to calm her fraying nerves, but her BREATHING DERAILS INTO A LONG, GRIT-TOOTHED GROAN as her stomach roars. When it subsides-

GRACE (CONT'D)
(hushed, to herself)
W-w-what'do I do? I c-can't hold
this one in much longer--

Grace is hit by a sharp, sudden stomach ache, causing her to GROAN IN PAIN.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(to herself, strained)
Oooooof, I-I-I-I gotta fart...

Grace's STRAINED VOCALS RISE IN PITCH, BUT NOT IN VOLUME as she lets her asshole hiss out a whiny, airy fart. She MOANS, RELIEVED AND BREATHY as the pressure on her abdomen deflates.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(hushed, relieved and
calming down)
That's it... that's better.
(a beat, then)
I-I-If if I keep the pressure off,
m-maybe I can wait it out.

Grace's stomach flares up again, pulling a QUIVERING, BREATHY GROAN from her lips. Grace lets out a series of BREATHY, SHAKY MOANS as she lets out airy tufts (4x: 2 mid length, 2 long). She STARTLES.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(hushed, disgusted)
Ew... they're so wet.

Grace lets out three SHORT, BREATHY MOANS IN RAPID SUCCESSION, puffing out a series of hot farts.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(hushed, strained)
It buuuurns...

All the while, the Zombie Maid GROANS and GROWLS FEROCIOUSLY.

Grace GROANS IN PAIN as a fierce gurgle rips through her abdomen. She STRAINS TO KEEP HER VOICE DOWN, SUPPRESSING A LOUD, PAINED MOAN. HER VOICE RISES IN PITCH UNTIL SHE RELEASES IT WITH A LOUD STARTLE, cutting an audible wet fart.

The Zombie Maid SNARLS, SHORT AND SHARP - ALERTED.

ZOMBIE MAID
(unsure, rage building)
Vermin?

GRACE
(hushed, to herself)
O-ohhh no! I-I-I gotta get outta
this stall--

With a SOFT EFFORT she goes prone - flat on her stomach, and crawls under the partition with SOFT PHYSICAL EFFORTS. She reaches it safely, EXHALING IN RELIEF. The stall next to her creaks open, the zombie maid GROANS MENACINGLY as she investigates. She SNARLS IN DISGUST.

ZOMBIE MAID
(snarling, incredulous)
Skidmarks? Disgusting!

She picks up a toilet brush with a SOFT SNARL and GROWLS WITH EFFORT as she scrubs the toilet. Grace suffers a bubbling stomach ache. She STRAINS TO KEEP HER VOICE DOWN, INHALING AND EXHALING THROUGH GRITTED TEETH as though she's in labor.

GRACE
(hushed, panicking)
Go away... P-p-p-please--

Her VOICE TRAILS OFF INTO A STRAINED GROAN, TRYING NOT TO MOAN OUT LOUD, as she cuts a flappy wet fart.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(hushed, pained)
I'm gonna shit my pants...

Grace begins to WHIMPER, SOBBING LIGHTLY from the pain. However, she calms herself down. Her SOB BECOMING SOFT PANTS.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(hushed, to herself)
W-wait.
(noticing)
Infected blood?
(a beat, then)
A-a-a-and scrap, too!

She VOCALIZES, REALIZING.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(pronunciation:
"hee·muh·li·tuhk")
O-one jab of a hemolytic injector
should take care of that monster.

With a SOFT PHYSICAL EFFORT, she collects the blood in her syringe and crafts it into a hemolytic injector.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(hushed, to herself)
Bingo.

We hear the stall door creak open. Grace trudges out from the stall, clutching the injector tightly.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(whispering, self-soothing)
Be brave... be brave...

She approaches the Zombie Maid slowly.

The Zombie Maid SNARLS AND GRUNTS WITH EFFORT, still cleaning.

Grace BUILDS POWER IN HER VOICE - STILL HUSHED, preparing to strike the Zombie Maid. She RELEASES HER VOICE in a BREATHY STARTLE as her stomach rages. Grace STRAINS LONG THROUGH THE ACHE, VOICE GROWING SHAKIER.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(whimpering, pleading)
No... I-I-I'm gonna--

Grace MOANS OUT LOUD, VOICE SHAKY as she cuts a massive wet fart.

The Zombie Maid SNARLS, NOTICING. She lets out a VICIOUS, FERAL SHRIEK.

ZOMBIE MAID
(raging)
YOU FILTH!!

Grace SCREAMS IN TERROR, falling onto her back. She drops the Hemolytic Injector - it skids across the tile audibly.

GRACE
(panicking)
The injector!

Grace scrambles for the injector with a PANICKED EFFORTS. The Zombie Maid grabs her ankle with a FIERCE PHYSICAL EFFORT. Grace YELPS, TERRIFIED. Grace fights back, shaking her leg with PANICKED PHYSICAL EFFORTS.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(panicked, with effort)
L-l-l-let go of my ankle!

Grace's panicked efforts turn into a HARSH, STRAINED GROAN as her stomach bubbles - a fart is coming. She RELEASES HER VOICE into a SHARP GRUNT, TRAILING INTO SHAKY MOAN. The Zombie Maid GROANS IN DISGUST, downwind of the gas.

ZOMBIE MAID
(disgust, snarling)
IT... STIIIIINKS!

GRACE
(building courage)
If you think that's bad... you're gonna hate this!

Grace gives a FIERCE PHYSICAL EFFORT as she jabs the Zombie Maid with the injector. It swells, GROANING IN PAIN until it SHRIEKS, exploding into gore. Grace PANTS, BREATHING LIGHTENING AS HER ADRENALINE WANES.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(hushed, one liner)
Sorry for the mess...

Grace is struck with a sloshing stomach ache. She LETS OUT A STARTLED MOAN, WHICH TURNS INTO A MOAN OF PAIN as a wet fart bursts out.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(panicking)
Fuck, h-here it comes!

Grace PANTS RAPIDLY as she unzips her fly and unbuttons her jeans. BETWEEN TWO PANTS she MOANS, SHORT AND PAINED from a fart. SHE GROANS LONG as spins on her heel and sits on the toilet. The moment she hits the seat, she MOANS OUT LONG - VOICE FRYING THE LONGER IT GOES ON. She lets out HARSH, STRAINED, UNFLATTERING GRUNTS (3x), ending on a WAILING MOAN.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(pained, mid-poop)
Ohhhhhh it huuuuurts!

Grace GROANS LONG AND SHAKY until she lets loose with a HARSH & UNFLATTERING GRUNT. She GRUNTS ONCE, TWICE, THREE TIMES - LONG ON THE THIRD, TRANSITIONING INTO A VOCAL FRIED MOAN ("Ohhhhhhhh.") She then GRUNTS REPEATEDLY (3x) THROUGH a massive, percussive wave.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(pained, mid-poop)
Nnnngh! G-god--NNNGH! DAMMIT! This is the worst its ever been!

Grace lets out STRAINED GROAN, WHICH TURNS TO AN UNLADYLIKE GRUNT. Grace keeps GROANING and GRUNTING in an UNFLATTERING MANNER - SOME SHORT, SOME LONG. Grace's voice starts to settle down, pulling WEAK, TIRED GROANS from her lips. After a beat, her stomach bubbles suddenly. She VOCALIZED, STARTLED. As she wraps her hands around her stomach and folds forward, she suffers a second wave of sickness. A deep, sickly groan rolls through her guts, pulling a SICKLY, QUAVERING GROAN through her lips, CLIMBING IN PITCH AS IT TRAILS ON AND REACHES A CRESCENDO. AT THE TOP, SHE GRUNTS LOUD as violent waves fall out of her.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(pained, sobbing, mid-poop)
What'd I do to deserve this?!

Grace's dump starts up again with a vengeance, making her GRUNT AND MOAN, UNLADYLIKE AND WILD, SOME SHORT, SOME LONG. She lets out a final LOUD, PAINED GRUNT, after which her VOLUME AND INTENSITY DESCEND, going from a TOP OF HER LUNGS GRUNT to LOW, VOCAL FRIED RELIEVED MOAN.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(weak, tired)
That was Hell on Earth...

She lets out one last torrent with a WEAK MOAN. She SIGHS.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(relief)
But I made it.
(a beat, then)
I better get a move on.

She reaches for the toilet paper, only to be met with an empty roll. She VOCALIZES, STARTLED

GRACE (CONT'D)
(disbelief, whining)
Y-y-you gotta be kidding meeee!

Grace SIGHS to herself, DISAPPOINTED. She stands up with a SOFT GROAN, and hikes up her pants with a SOFT PHYSICAL EFFORT.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(groaning, disgust)
Ewwwww...

She opens the stall door.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Ah well... it's just a stain.
(slight confidence)
Nothing I can't handle... Not after
what I just went through.

After a beat, Grace GROANS, STARTLED, then lets out a LONG,
STRAINED GROAN.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(groaning, desperation
rising)
No, nonononono! Please no more--

Grace GRUNTS IN PAIN as she cuts a wet fart. She slams the
stall door and sits on the toilet again. We end on grace
GRUNTING and SOBBING through percussive diarrhea splatters as
we fade out.

THE END