

BOB
Put them out for trash pickup?

ERICA
No.

BOB
In case the garbage service ever resumes.

EXT. ERICA'S PORCH - DAY

Chihuahua Girl lies wrapped in black bags and duct tape.

Bob drags Carlos's corpse onto the porch. He and Erica maneuver him into black trash bags, and wrap him about with duct tape. Erica is looking around, terrified.

ERICA
I don't like it.

BOB
Meh. What's not to like?

ERICA
Zombies. Dead bodies in trash bags. Not being in the house?!

BOB
You really need to get your priorities straight.

He hoists Carlos onto his shoulder, and dumps him in a garbage container.

Start----->

ERICA
Maybe we should say a few words.

BOB
Fuck. That fucker was heavy.

ERICA
Bob? How hard did you hit Carlos?

The garbage container is shaking. A moaning comes from within.

BOB
Hard enough to break his neck. But I guess not hard enough to kill the head.

The garbage container topples over. Zombie Carlos, thrashing like a fish in the trash bags, slides out. He sits up, struggles to stand.

ERICA
He's still alive!

BOB
Nerr. He's undead.

Zombie Carlos gets to his feet, staggers.

ERICA
Are you sure?

Zombie Carlos walks forward, can't see through the trash bag, bumps blindly into the wall. Groans. Bumps into the wall again.

BOB
Holy shit. He's a trash bag zombie.

ERICA
Oh God, this is awful.

She clutches onto Bob for support. Zombie Carlos bumps into the fence this time.

ERICA (CONT'D)
Do something.

BOB
Why don't you do something? Go on, go out there and put him down.

ERICA
I can't.

BOB
Your sweet and sensitive approach is not gonna work for this situation. You have a dangerous trash bag zombie, stumbling around out there. He could eat the neighbors. Then what will the neighbors say? Maybe:
(he groans like a zombie)

ERICA
Bob, don't.

BOB
Go on, just mash him in the head.

ERICA
You're not helping!

BOB
Well, *Goddamn!* And fuck-fuck-fucky-fuck!

Erica puts her fingers in her ears.

ERICA
Lalalalalala!

BOB
Did you ever ponder, in that analytical little mind of yours, what your coping skills would be in the event that society got irretrievably munched on by zombies? Or what you're going to do now it's happened?!

ERICA
I don't feel very safe right now.

BOB
They're coming to get you, Barbara...

End----->

Erica is hyperventilating. She runs inside.

INT. ERICA'S HALLWAY - DAY

Erica runs into the bathroom, slams the door behind her.

INT. ERICA'S BATHROOM - DAY

She starts to wash her hands. With shampoo. Very thoroughly and foamily.

BOB (O.S.)
Ah, don't slam the door. You'll attract zombies.

She scrubs the blood from under her nails, crying quietly. Bob rattles at the door handle.

BOB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Erica? Open up, babe.

Erica wipes tears. Opens the door.

INT. ERICA'S HALLWAY - DAY

Erica sidesteps Bob, goes into her office.

INT. ERICA'S OFFICE - DAY

Erica heads to her desk, bundles up on her computer chair. Bob knocks on the door.