

Zombie Corps
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. VIETNAMESE JUNGLE - DAY

Morning sunlight filters down through the trees, shafts of light piercing a thin fog that is part mist, part cordite.

Bullets WHINE through the air, occasionally IMPACTING trees with a small cloud of dust and bark.

Four soldiers take cover behind a fallen tree as the firefight intensifies around them. They are SERGEANT POLK (30s); PRIVATE JONES (20s); CORPORAL KURTZ (20s), the radio man; and "DOC" WINSTON (30s), the company medic.

POLK (SHOUTING INTO RADIO)
Bravo squad leader to Delta base, Bravo squad leader to Delta base. We need air support now! Dammit, we're dying out here! We-

An EXPLOSION nearby causes the soldiers to duck down, until the dust settles.

In the aftermath of the blast, the sounds of gunfire have lessened dramatically.

POLK (CONT'D)
Bravo squad leader...

Noticing the radio has gone SILENT, Sergeant Polk turns to Kurtz.

POLK (CONT'D)
Kurtz! Kurtz, goddammit! Get that set going!

Polk grabs Kurtz by the shoulder, and as Kurtz turns over, he sees the gaping hole in his midsection that goes completely through the radio pack.

POLK (CONT'D)
Aw no, Kurtz.

Polk drops the handset and looks at his dead friend for a second.

Then, taking Kurtz's dog tags, he crawls over the corpse to the remaining two soldiers.

POLK (CONT'D)
Doc! Are you hit?

DOC

No, I'm good, but Jones ain't never going to square dance again.

Jones's legs end in ragged stumps at about the knees.

Doc finishes tying off the second tourniquet, slowing the blood flow to a trickle.

POLK

How bad is he?

Doc looks at him for a second, considering.

DOC

He's lost a lot of blood, he's in shock, and even if he was conscious, he certainly couldn't walk.

Polk takes this in, noticing that the jungle has suddenly gotten QUIET.

POLK

Can we move him? There's going to be V.C. climbing up our asses any second.

DOC

No, he's fucked.

Doc thinks for a moment, then grabs his pack.

DOC (CONT'D)

Hold on...

Doc rummages through his pack, comes up with a plastic case, which he SNAPS open, exposing a wicked looking needle. Without any explanation, he plunges the needle deep into Jones's chest.

POLK

Shit! What the hell was that?

DOC

New drug. Supposed to revive and stabilize cases like this.

POLK

How long does it take?

DOC

Don't know, it's experimental.

POLK
Charlie's almost on top of us, we can't
wait.

They quickly gather what equipment they can, and Doc takes
Jones's tags.

DOC
Sorry, Jonesy.

They quietly leave the clearing as cautious FOOTSTEPS
approach.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

A North Vietnamese patrol slowly enters the clearing,
checking the dead for loot and signs of life.

One fighter sees that Jones is still alive, and raises his
rifle. His commanding officer signals for silence, so he
lowers the rifle, and then slits Jones's throat.

Satisfied, the patrol quietly disappears into the jungle.

EXT: JUNGLE CLEARING - MIDNIGHT

Jones sits up, his head lolling slightly backward from the
gaping gash in his throat.

He looks around for a moment, then drags himself forward with
clawing hands to the rotting corpse of Corporal Kurtz.

Pulling a tangled mass of entrails from the exit wound, the
thing that was Jones begins to feed NOISILY.

FADE TO BLACK.