

Marigold Manor

Hour-Length Drama

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WGA

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Logline

After forcefully coming to terms that they're in the middle of a zombie apocalypse, a group of the elderly residing in an assisted living facility band together in order to save their family members. These residents will do anything, including the unethical and the unorthodox, to fight off zombies, save their families, and live to see another day.

Synopsis

A group of eclectic residents and employees of an assisted living facility find themselves thrust into a zombie apocalypse. Armed with genre-appropriate violence and a touch of heart, *Marigold Manor* is a dark comedy that explores what would happen if the elderly were the main characters in a zombie apocalypse.

In order to save their fellow residents and family members, the characters must put aside their unique differences and work together. They will use comically improvised weapons, eccentric skill sets, and their elderly wisdom to fight zombies and make their way across the assisted living facility campus. Along the way, they will discover friendship in each other, and come to the realization that just because someone is old – it doesn't mean they're not alive.

Narrative Context

In a time before the smartphone was central to modern life, in a time before 4G, before Siri, before facial and fingerprint recognition, seven individuals find themselves yearning for the past. Being stuck in an assisted living facility feels like a death sentence to their social life and independence -- employees and family members don't feel much different. Life continues to move forward, and for each of these individuals, that is something they must quickly come to terms with.

Located in the middle of a suburban town on the outskirts of a large midwestern city in the United States is the assisted living facility Marigold Manor. Though the Manor is considered an assisted living facility due to the number of caretakers and nurses required, the residents have autonomy and choices. Marigold Manor boasts a wide variety of community lifestyles: *independent living*, *assisted living*, and *long-term 24-hour care*.

Refurbished from an old university, the assisted living facility has many buildings spread out on its campus. Community buildings, such as the main building, the dining commons, and the entertainment center, are centrally located. The residential halls closely surround them, and those requiring more care are situated closer to the nurse's center and the community buildings. The more independent a resident is, the less centrally located their room is. The campus is completely accessible, with abundance of elevators, wheelchair ramps, and scheduled transportation, as well as a multitude of parking lots surrounding most of the buildings.

Marigold Manor is the host to many community functions, including the monthly Family Day. There is something for anyone – arts and crafts? Check! Going to see a movie? Check! Want to go to a café or a restaurant? Check! It's perfect – until it's not.

Disaster strikes. During one of Marigold Manor's Family Days, a zombie apocalypse breaks out, quickly spreading throughout the entire facility campus. There is no clear, obvious reason for the zombie virus, but our seven individuals find themselves in the middle of it. They must fight the zombies to save their family members. The seven individuals are a mixture of residents, employees, and even family members.

Max [early 70s] is a retired firefighter, choosing to spend the rest of his life at Marigold Manor after his wife (and most of his family) died, while his only child moved away. He holds a grudge against his daughter for running off and marrying a technical engineer and essentially leaving him behind. He doesn't like to be alone, and his house only reminded him of his wife. Marigold Manor seemed like the obvious choice.

Sally [mid 40s] is the head nurse of Snapdragon Hall. She has worked at the facility for over ten years, slowly making her way from the entry level nurse to head nurse. She has access to all parts of the building, knows every nook and cranny of the facility, hands out medication, and understands her patients. She also has medical experience, though she never got her doctorate. She has a fantastic memory, is well liked, is extremely kind, and has befriended most of the residents.

Ruth [early 80s] is a resident of Marigold Manor who is stuck in the past. She was a famous baseball player in the 1940s, when the men went off to war, and she has a poster of herself hanging up in her room. Ruth is kind and seems harmless, but she's got a cocky and irritating streak. She isn't afraid of saying what needs to be said. She's in great shape, despite her use of a cane, and goes to the gym when she can. Ruth has been at Marigold Manor for over five years. She moved in after her beloved grandson saw her take a slight tumble down a flight of stairs, leaving her with multiple broken bones.

James [early 70s] is a retired chemistry professor, new to the facility. He rarely comes out of his room but keeps his door open in an attempt to be friendly. He can often be seen writing formulas on his whiteboard and conducting experiments with chemicals that quickly get confiscated. He misses being a teacher and tries to wrangle other residents into a chemistry class in his room, but often only ends up being rudely snubbed. The way he talks, and his oblivious personality, makes him a prime target for bullying at the facility.

Ross [mid 70s] is a long-time resident of the facility, dumped there by his son – against his will. He's estranged from most of his family due to his paranoia, though his brother still visits him time to time. He is a conspiracy theorist, and many of the residents think he is crazy. Almost his whole life, he has been determined to prove the existence of aliens and other nonhuman lifeforms. His room at Marigold Manor has been renovated into a disaster-day bunker.

Hazel [mid 80s] is also a long-time resident of the facility. She moved into Marigold Manor after a particularly nasty run-in with a stranger, who threatened her with a restraining order. She is prone to getting into trouble, most of the time on accident, due to her unwavering curiosity and her complete inability to recognize danger. Hazel came to Marigold Manor after swearing off trouble and isolating herself from potential issues. She does not have any family, but she's friends with most of the Marigold Manor staff, and is polite with all of the other residents.

Lawrence [late 40s] is not a resident, nor an employee, but a family member of one of the residents. His father lives at Marigold Manor, and they have a strained relationship. Lawrence has never liked – or been liked by – his father, and the only one he's ever truly loved is his dead grandmother. Lawrence has gone broke from gambling and has creditors after him, but his father has decided to write him out of the will.

The day of the zombie apocalypse, families have gathered to have fun and chat with their family members. Max's daughter is there, hoping to reconcile with her father. Ruth's grandson is also there, wearing a baseball uniform. James' son has brought a big box of chemicals, while Ross' brother is hiding a weapon from the nurses.

Lawrence is also at Family Day, confronting his father. Sally is doing her rounds, Max is debating whether or not to go see his daughter, and James is late, working on chemical equations. Ruth is rummaging through her closet while Ross is also late to meet his brother. Hazel is in her room reading a detective novel.

This is where we begin.

Maps & Locations

The story takes place in the universe as we know it – there are no aliens or fantasy worlds. The story follows a group of humans on the planet Earth, specifically in a midwestern suburban city of the United States.

The only location the story utilizes is the Marigold Manor and its campus. The Marigold Manor is an assisted living facility that was refurbished from an old, defunct university. It is in a central neighborhood, mere blocks from the busy downtown hub and a is division line between residential and commercial zones.

Within Marigold Manor are more important locations – specific buildings such as Snapdragon Hall, the Main Building, Olive Hall, Rose Hall, and others. There are also dining halls, restaurants, and maintenance buildings. Within each building are other locations utilized, such as the bedrooms of residents and the grand ballroom in the Main Building.



BUILDING AMENITIES

RESIDENTIAL HALLS -- PRIVATE ROOMS, 2 BEDROOM SUITES, COMMUNITY ROOM

MAIN BUILDING -- NURSE'S STATION, RECEPTION, GRAND BALLROOM, SECURITY, DOCTOR'S OFFICE

DINING COMMONS -- OPEN PLAN FOOD COURT

MARIGOLD CENTER -- FITNESS CENTER, ACTIVITY & ENTERTAINMENT CENTER, POOL, GYM

DOUBLE TROUBLE BUILDING -- CAFE/RESTAURANT, GENERAL STORE

MAINTENANCE & STAFF BUILDING -- FOR STAFF ONLY

Key Characters

MAX GRAY

Max is a dedicated family man, and he has spent his entire adult life as a firefighter, keeping busy, staying in shape, and helping people. As a firefighter, there are many rules and regulations to follow. Max is a rule-follower and dislikes it when people break rules. When he retired, he felt lost and realized he needed to *be needed*, and focused all his attention on his wife and daughter. All was good, but a mere four years later, his daughter married a technical engineer and moved across the country, to return only for her mother's sudden funeral. Now, at 70 years old, Max finds himself desperately alone with no purpose in life. With his inherent dislike of being alone and the fact that his house only reminds him of his wife, he decides to move to Marigold Manor. However, depressed from the death of his wife and lack of purpose, he isolates himself in his room and only furthers his loneliness. Even after a few weeks, he knows none of the residents and is only vaguely familiar with Sally – because he has to be.

Stuck in the past, Max wishes he could go back in time, when everything was good. Max has had difficulty accepting change all his life, starting when his parents got their first family television in the 1950s. As a teenager, he should have welcomed change and evolved with the technology boom, but he found himself quickly left behind. In 2000, he found himself completely lost in the technology age, only to see his daughter run away with a technical engineer. Max has only seen his daughter once since she moved cross-country – for his wife's funeral. He blamed his daughter for leaving him alone – and behind – and ignored all chances for a reconciliation. That is, until his granddaughter was born. Now, as he prepares to meet his daughter for the first time in years, he is going to the gym and keeping in shape. He has even come out of his room a few times, though he still has not made any friends. All he needs now is a purpose in his life.

SALLY TORRES

Sally is the head nurse of the right-hand wing at Marigold Manor. She is 44 years old and has worked at the facility for over ten years, slowly moving her way up the corporate ladder. She has access to all parts of the building, knows every nook and cranny of the area, hands out medication, and understands her patients. Sally has plenty of medical experience, though she never followed through to complete her doctorate. With a fantastic memory and great attention to detail, she is very good about knowing what her residents need, and she often catalogs random factoids about the residents in her mind. Sally is charismatic and a pleasure to be around, and on the surface, looks like the perfect person.

However, she is not as perfect as she seems. Struggling with low self-esteem, two kids going through puberty, and an impending divorce, her life is slowly falling apart around her. More and more, she finds herself being judgmental, rude, and petty to those around her – only in her mind, of course. She is far too kind and meek to let her true thoughts shine through. With

strict medication times, unbending rules, and a structured day for the residents, her work is the only thing she feels she has control over. She enjoys going to work most days, but far too often she lets her frustration and silenced thoughts build up. Sally needs to learn to speak her mind and let people know what she's truly thinking.

RUTH HERMAN

Ruth is an 83-year-old woman who has been a resident of the facility for more than five years. Built small and delicate, it is a surprise to find out she is somehow both athletic and diabetic. She continues to utilize the facility's gym despite her age and her use of a cane. While Ruth is kind and seems harmless, she can be cocky, arrogant, and quite irritating. However, her main personality trait is being nostalgic for the "old days." In the 1940s, when the men went off to World War II, she was a relatively famous baseball player, and she has a poster of herself mid-swing hanging up in her room. Her arrogance comes from the brief fame that followed. Once upon a time, Ruth Herman was a household name. Alas, time continues its march forward and she can only reminisce about what once was – and dye her gray hair back to brown.

Ruth is not afraid of saying what needs to be said, even if it is the elephant in the room. She believes everyone should have open communication and strives to be direct at all times. Ruth has a history of rebelling against authority, beginning with the start of the women's baseball league in the 40s and continuing with the civil rights movement. Estranged from her daughter, her grandson is the only family member she truly loves. Ruth moved into Marigold Manor after that grandson witnessed her take a tumble down some stairs which left her with multiple broken bones. Her rebellious streak currently manifests in her refusal to take medicine or accept help from any nurse. She has found an unlikely friend in James -- who compliments her every time she attends his chemistry lectures – and Ross – who is just as crazy as she is. Ruth has garnered the reputation for being rude and a rough person, but in reality, she is much more complicated. She aims to be a good person and make the world a better place for everyone, no matter how unorthodox her means are or how rebellious she must be.

JAMES LIN

James is a 71-year-old resident, new to Marigold Manor. He is a recently retired chemistry professor, pushed out of the university due to his age. Obviously well-versed in chemistry, he is also a genius in most matters – excluding how to talk to people. James tends to rub people the wrong way due to his genius and his inability to speak in a normal, easily understandable way. He is oblivious to what goes on around him, and this makes him a prime target for bullying. Some residents go out of their way to be rude – or even racist – to him, but his close friendship with Ruth often protects him from them. At Marigold Manor, he rarely comes out of his room, but he keeps his door open. He can often be seen writing formulas on the whiteboard and conducting minor experiments with chemicals that quickly get confiscated. He misses being a teacher and tries to wrangle other residents to join a chemistry class in his room.

James has spent his life keeping to himself and avoiding making waves. He has a tendency to turn the other cheek, especially when it comes to injustice regarding himself. He is quite meek, and it wasn't until his son came out as gay that James ever considered speaking out against injustice. When his son came out, most of his family disowned him and expected James to do the same, but he refused. James may not be brave enough to speak out at all times, but he is open minded. As a single father, he cares about his son more than anything, and the people he cares about are the ones who give him courage. James has been attempting to be less timid and say what he really thinks. With Ruth's help, he is slowly learning how to communicate and be direct. He will try to no longer tolerate slights towards him, or those he cares about.

ROSS ROMERO

Ross is a 74-year-old long-time resident of Marigold Manor, dumped at the facility against his will by his son. Estranged from most of his family due to his paranoia, his brother is the only one who continually stays by his side. Labeled as "crazy," his status as a conspiracy theorist begins all the way back in 1947, when he witnessed some sort of crash in Roswell, New Mexico with his sister – who promptly disappeared and was presumed dead. He has been determined to prove the existence of aliens ever since and subscribes to many doomsday theories. Ross has never forgiven himself for the loss of his sister, and vows to protect the people around him – from whatever farfetched thing he's focused on at that moment. His protection manifests in extreme clinginess and being overprepared, as is evident by his room at Marigold Manor. The entire room reflects a disaster-day bunker, with dried long-lasting food, battery operated communication devices, and various weapons stashed in hiding places.

Ross is a walking paradox and has trouble making decisions. He tends to have a cynical view of life, automatically assuming the worst of organizations and the government. On the other hand, he has a positive view of individual people and think that in general, the human race is inherently good. Though he is stubborn on his conspiracy theories, he is open minded about practically everything else and has a soft spot for the "underdogs." He is a good listener and is a frequent visit for Ruth whenever she's feeling particularly nostalgic. Ross has begun a wary friendship with James, as Ross is interested in chemistry but finds it difficult to fully befriend James. It takes a lot to get through to Ross, but once he opens up, he becomes quite charismatic and funny. He would do *anything* for the few friends that he does have.

HAZEL BAKER

Hazel is a relatively new resident to Marigold Manor, and is 85 years old. She is very frail, and despite using a wheelchair, she lives in the building furthest from the center of the campus. Hazel moved herself into Marigold Manor due to her biggest flaws – her inability to recognize danger, and extreme curiosity. Together, these flaws make a dangerous combination, and her whole life she has been getting into trouble. After a specifically awful confrontation with a stranger, ending with a restraining order, she finally realized that she can't be left to her own

devices. At Marigold Manor, she isolates herself from any potential problems by staying in her room and reading. She particularly loves detective novels, and any book with a “fantastical” element to it.

She has no family, but she is friends with the entirety of the Marigold Manor staff, and is polite and friendly with the other residents. Hazel is incredibly quick at analyzing things, and looking at the big picture – she’s a big fan of mental puzzles. However, since moving into Marigold Manor, the only puzzles she has solved are her detective novels, and she has lost most of her motivation. She often feels like she is just wasting time doing various hobbies before she dies, so her final wish before she dies is to go on an exceptional adventure -- something good enough to be in a novel. While Hazel values peace over justice, she prefers “fun” over anything else, and her curiosity wins over logical thought. The phrase “curiosity killed the cat” comes to mind...

LAWRENCE HENRY

Lawrence Henry is not a resident; he is actually a family member visiting his father for Family Day. He is 47 years old, and after years of gambling and accumulating debt, he finds himself being targeted by loan sharks and creditors. He didn’t used to be that way – he used to be a kind and caring child, taking care of his sick grandmother. They would watch *who dun it?* movies and play poker, gambling with cheez-its. When she died, and he seemed to be the only one who cared, he began to hold a grudge against his family. He started drinking and gambling, with real money. As those years went on, he became less and less kind to his family, his greed and addiction consuming him. His debt had never been an issue until his incredibly rich mother died, leaving all her money to his father and not him. Out of anger, he refused to go to the funeral. The refusal became the last straw for his father, and he wrote Lawrence out of his will entirely.

Lawrence is attending Family Day in order to convince his father to put him back into the will. He hates his father, but he cares more about his own wellbeing than his pride. He is not above kneeling down. There’s nothing won’t do to get what he wants, and he values his life far above everyone else’s, but he does have a soft spot for certain types of people – such as those that remind him of his grandmother. He has been hurt enough that he is rude to everyone else first, before they can be rude to him. Underneath a tough, nasty, and evil exterior is just a kid who wants to be loved.

Key Concepts

The only concept that is different from the world we currently live in would be the addition of zombies and the zombie virus.

The zombie virus is transmitted only by bacteria entering the bloodstream. For example, getting zombie blood into a wound of your own would mean you'd turn into a zombie. However, if you got bit by a zombie wearing dentures, unless it was on an already-open wound, you would not be turned. The time it takes to turn varies, as well, depending on how much bacteria you got into your body, and how quick your metabolism is.

The only way to kill a zombie is to cause a brain injury. It does not need to be a gunshot or an arrow to the head; any brain injury would do, even minor ones.

Zombies only have one goal: trying to eat living flesh. Not just brains, and an emphasis on "living" flesh. The second someone died, and their cells began to die as well, they would no longer be appetizing to zombies. From there, that is when they turn into a zombie – they must die first.

The ability of zombies all depends on what their abilities were when they were alive. Vision, hearing, movement, speed all reflects what the zombie was like when they were alive. For example, if someone who can't run is turned into a zombie, their zombie can't run either. Same with being able to hear and/or see. Also, as a zombie, hearing aids and glasses don't work, since their cells are no longer alive and therefore no longer working correctly.

Season Outline

7 episodes; ~45min TRT

EPISODE ONE

Family Day begins at the community ballroom, with visitors and residents conversing happily. Lawrence is at Family Day, confronting his father. A sickly-looking doctor stumbles into the ballroom and the zombie apocalypse begins, chaos ensues, and the zombie virus spreads. Lawrence escapes. Max and Sally meet up and run into zombies. On their way to Ross, Ruth and James also run into several zombies. Later, Max, Sally, Ruth, and James group up and head to Ross' room. On the way, they pick up Hazel, and at Ross' room, they have a discussion on what is going on.

EPISODE 2

The group discuss important information. Meanwhile, Lawrence has found a hiding spot. At Ross' room, Ruth has an insulin attack. Ross and Hazel connect. Then, the group formulates a game plan, and they leave Olive Hall. The group ducks into the cafe for a rest, but are met face-to-face with zombies. Sally and Ross argue, until Max separates them and Sally gives up. Lawrence emerges from his hiding spot and begs them to let him join. He and Hazel have a sincere moment. With much trouble, the group leaves the café and makes it to the building next door – the Marigold Center.

EPISODE 3

In the Marigold Center, the group has run ins with zombies in the fitness center, the gym, and even the pool. With only a little time to rest, they save another resident, who dies mere minutes later from a heart attack. The Marigold Center's elevators have stopped working, and they must take the stairs. Lawrence carries Hazel, while Max carries (and drops) the wheelchair, rendering it ineffective. The group makes its way to the neighboring building, Iris Hall. Lawrence continues to carry Hazel. They take a rest and get to know each other better, having heartfelt conversations.

EPISODE 4

As they leave Iris Hall, they spend a moment making wishes at the fountain. Ross needs to go to the bathroom multiple times. However, they're driven back into Iris Hall by a hoard of zombies. Eventually, they make it next door to Devil's Ivy Hall. They have another heart-to-heart

conversation, and steal a wheelchair for Hazel from a zombie. Ruth and James put their skills to good use, while Hazel, Ross, and Lawrence all bond.

EPISODE 5

A particularly aggressive bunch of zombies corners the group, and they're too slow to escape. Hazel sacrifices herself, and the group is torn between if they should have saved her or not. The fighting gets physical, and Max steps up as a leader and mediator. He gives a speech, and everyone cools down. The group decides to have a memorial, and they all come to realizations about themselves, and the lives they have been leading. They all vow to be better. They arrive at the Main Building, but are blocked by a hoard of zombies. They devise a plan.

EPISODE 6

The plan goes horribly wrong, and the group is in real danger. Lawrence has an epiphany and sacrifices himself, leading all of the zombies away. The group is barely able to get into the Main Building. They take a moment to mourn Lawrence and figure out their next steps. They try to skirt around some old zombies, but a resident's cat leads the zombies to them. James sacrifices himself for Ruth, and gets bitten. They fight the zombies off and escape to a closet, waiting for James to turn. Ruth cries.

EPISODE 7

James never turns – his skin was never broken. They make it to the Grand Ballroom, defeating the zombies there, including: James' son, Max's daughter, and a bunch of familiar nurses and residents. Survivors slowly emerge as the ballroom is cleared of zombies, but some people are not accounted for. Ross and his brother have a heartfelt reunion. The group visits the doctor's office and discovers important information that only James understands. They visit the nurse's center as well and discover that the entire city has been affected. The group returns to the ballroom and the survivors, announcing that "they need to get this info to the CDC."

Series Outline

Subsequent seasons of Marigold Manor would revolve around the original group and their added survivors from the ballroom. The series would take place outside of Marigold Manor, focusing on the group trying to get important information to the CDC. Many more characters would come and go, including Arthur as a surprise.

Marigold Manor

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MARIGOLD MANOR EPISODE 1: PILOT

EXT. MARIGOLD MANOR -- DAY

A bird's eye view gives the audience a brief understanding of the campus. There are multiple buildings, spreading out in two rows.

Some of the buildings include the Dining Commons, the Main Building, and the residential halls Snapdragon Hall, Rose hall, and Olive Hall.

Zooming into the wheelchair accessible Main Building, OTIS BURR, 80s, is helped up to the building entrance by a much younger man.

MARIGOLD MANOR is written in giant, flowing letters on the side of the building, above the automatic doors. Just underneath it is a banner, with the words NAMED 1997's TOP 15 SENIOR LIVING FACILITIES IN THE US.

Otis looks up at the banner before entering the building.

INT. MARIGOLD MANOR MAIN BUILDING -- RECEPTION -- CONTINUOUS

He briefly glances around the reception area. Otis heads over to the desk, and the young man helping him excuses himself with a kind smile.

Otis checks in at the reception desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Hi there, how can I help you?

He smiles at her and takes his wallet out of his pocket, showing her his ID.

OTIS

I'm here for my tour.

The receptionist takes the ID and checks it against her computer system. She nods and hands it back to him.

RECEPTIONIST

Of course. Welcome to Marigold Manor, Mr. Burr!

She turns and gestures to a young female nurse heading towards them.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
This is Jessica, she'll be helping
with your tour.

OTIS
(to the receptionist)
Thank you.

Jessica comes to stand by Otis' side. She looks him up and
down before smiling at him.

JESSICA
Hi, Mr. Burr. I'm going to be your
tour guide. Do you need any help
getting around?

Otis glances down at his cane.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
If you need a wheelchair --

He cuts her off.

OTIS
I'm okay, as long as you don't mind
taking your time.

She nods.

JESSICA
Of course. First, let's check out
our main building.

INT. MARIGOLD MANOR MAIN BUILDING -- HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

They head down an open hallway.

JESSICA
This building is home to the
nurse's center, the doctor's
office, and plenty of community
rooms.

As they walk past a small room, she gestures to a few elderly
people watching TV.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
That is one of the many community
rooms. However, our biggest room is
the Grand Ballroom.

OTIS
The Grand Ballroom?

They continue down the hallway, slowly.

JESSICA

Yes. As I'm sure you know, Marigold Manor is not your typical facility.

Otis nods.

OTIS

In your brochure, it said Marigold Manor was refurbished from a university campus.

JESSICA

Exactly! So the Grand Ballroom was originally a banquet hall.

Jessica slows down to point to an unassuming wooden door. It is labeled DOCTOR'S OFFICE.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

This is the doctor's office. If you ever need any serious medical help, that is where you'd go.

They pass the open door. Inside is a tired-looking doctor with blood on his lab coat, but no patients. Jessica winces.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Someone must've needed stitches...

Jessica continues walking, and Otis follows her. A mere few feet away, she points to a giant doorway, with two open wooden doors.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

This is the Grand Ballroom, centrally located for community events.

Past the doors is a giant ballroom.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

All throughout Marigold Manor, residents can find little hints of what this place used to be.

Otis stops in front of the open door, staring inside. There are giant tables spread out equally, with a mixture of young and old people milling about.

He glances at Jessica.

OTIS
What's the occasion?

JESSICA
Oh, it's Family Day!

Otis nods and they continue down the hallway, turning a corner.

INT. MARIGOLD MANOR MAIN BUILDING -- GRAND BALLROOM -- DAY

The ballroom is filled with round tables. On one of the walls, a huge banner labeled FAMILY DAY is hanging.

Family members and residents alike chat with each other happily. A few nurses are off to the side, observing.

There's a long table with a wide variety of food, including mac and cheese, mashed potatoes -- a lot of easily chewed foods.

LAWRENCE, 47, is sitting alone at a table, arms crossed, glaring at the happy families and residents. A nurse tries to converse with him, but he ignores her.

ARTHUR, 75, approaches Lawrence, who straightens up in response. Arthur notices this, and shakes his head.

ARTHUR
What do you want?

Lawrence stands. His angry posture and facial expressions melt easily into a charismatic smile.

LAWRENCE
Dad, it's good to see you.

Arthur waves him off.

ARTHUR
Get to the point, will you?

Lawrence's eye twitches, but his charming smile remains. He wrings his hands to appear humble. He takes a deep breath.

LAWRENCE
It's about the will.

Arthur scoffs.

ARTHUR
Of course it is. What, you want to be written back into the will?

Lawrence hesitates, but nods.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Even after you didn't go to your
mother's funeral?

Lawrence grimaces.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
You think you're worthy to be in my
will? After all the shit you've
pulled? There's a reason your
mother left *me* the money, and not
you.

LAWRENCE
Dad, I --

ARTHUR
No, no, let me remind you... You
got addicted to drugs and alcohol.
You continually disrespect me and
every other member of this family.

Arthur gets progressively louder as he continues to rip into
Lawrence.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Not to mention you lost all your
money gambling. And now you want to
be put back in the will?

Arthur eyes Lawrence, a sneer forming on Arthur's face.
Dramatically sighing, he enunciates his next words very
carefully.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
What would your grandmother say?

Lawrence's façade snaps.

He grabs Arthur's collar, ignoring the attention they receive
from residents and nurses. Lawrence's jaw clenches as he
lowers his voice.

LAWRENCE
(evenly)
Don't you fucking *dare* bring Grammy
into this, you piece of shit.

INT. SNAPDRAGON HALL -- 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY -- DAY

SALLY, 44, exits the resident's room 305, writing something on her clipboard. Her ID hangs around her neck, reading SALLY TORRES. Underneath her name is SNAPDRAGON HALL -- HEAD NURSE. She taps her pen and nods a few times.

She pushes a cart filled with medication and other small items, heading towards the neighboring room.

Before she enters, Grace, 87, waves at her with a smile. Sally returns the smile as Grace hobbles over to her.

GRACE

Hey, Sally! Beautiful day, huh?

Sally politely nods.

SALLY

Absolutely gorgeous. Are you going to Family Day?

She checks her watch.

SALLY (CONT'D)

It just started, I doubt you missed much!

Grace shakes her head.

GRACE

No, I don't have anyone visiting. Besides, I just had lunch, and you know how sleepy that makes me.

Sally chuckles.

SALLY

Of course.

(pause)

Hey, do you need any help to your room?

Grace shakes her head again.

GRACE

Not today, sweetheart. I'm feeling pretty nimble.

Sally smiles.

SALLY

No wonder they put you in Snapdragon Hall!

(MORE)

SALLY (CONT'D)
(joking)
You're more in shape than me!

Grace snorts. She playfully does an awful jumping jack, before looking around them, checking for other residents. She leans towards Sally conspiratorially.

GRACE
Did you hear? Samuel, over in room
305, has a crush on you.

Sally laughs, waving her hand in the air dismissively.

SALLY
I think the age difference would be
a little much, don't you?

Grace ponders this.

GRACE
That may be true, but some of us
old-farts still have life in us.
But between you and me --

She leans forward again.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I think you and your husband can
still make it.

Sally's smile falters. She opens her mouth, but Grace beats her to it.

GRACE (CONT'D)
No, no, I know it's not my
business. I'm sorry.

There's an awkward pause between the two.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Are you done with your rounds?

Sally sighs.

SALLY
Yes, I am. I just have to take the
cart back, and then I'm heading
over to the Grand Ballroom.

GRACE
Great, sounds like fun!
(pauses)
Are you seeing your husband?

Sally glares at her, and Grace raises her hands in defeat.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Sorry, sorry.

(pauses)

I'll take that as a yes! See you
later, sweetheart.

Grace waves and hobbles away.

Sally watches her leave, before lightly hitting her head on the cart. She stays there momentarily and groans.

SALLY

These people are so fucking nosy...

Sally sighs again, grabbing the cart. She begins to push it down the hallway, coming to a door at the corner. She unlocks it, and pushes the cart inside.

INT. SNAPDRAGON HALL -- ROOM 303 -- DAY

MAX, 70, paces back and forth in his room. His room is pristine, a mirror image of his own clean-shaven look.

There are hardly any decorations: Only a few pieces of firefighter memorabilia, some framed photos of him and his family, and a medal of bravery framed and hanging from the wall. The room is suspiciously absent of anything technological.

There's not even a TV.

A photo frame is missing from its spot. Max clutches the frame tightly, staring at the picture as he paces. His daughter, LAYLA, 36, is posing happily with Max.

Someone knocks on his door. Max stops pacing and carefully replaces the picture frame.

He opens the door to a MALE NURSE holding two pieces of paper. He's staring at one, before glancing to the number on the door, then to Max.

MALE NURSE

Hey, you're Max, right? You got a
message.

Max's eyebrow quirks.

MAX

From who?

The male nurse hands the note to Max.

MALE NURSE
Your daughter.

Max takes the note, waiting for the nurse to elaborate. When he doesn't, Max asks another question.

MAX
Are you new here?
(pause)
You didn't know who I was.

The male nurse rolls his eyes.

MALE NURSE
No, I'm sure I've been here longer
than you have.

He looks Max up and down, before smiling sarcastically.

MALE NURSE (CONT'D)
You're just a hermit, that's all.

Max scoffs and laughs in order to keep his anger down. He opens his mouth to retort but the male nurse interrupts him.

MALE NURSE (CONT'D)
Anyway, like I said: your daughter
called the front desk and asked me
to give you this message.

He turns to leave, and throws some advice over his shoulder.

MALE NURSE (CONT'D)
You know, it would be easier for
her to contact you if you had a
cellphone. I wouldn't have had to
come all this way.

MAX
(sarcastically)
I am so sorry you had to go out of
your way just for me.

Max slams the door behind him.

MAX (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Don't let the door hit you on your
way out.

Max turns back to face his empty room. He sits down on the bed with a sigh, steeling himself to open the note. It takes him a few seconds, but he manages to finally open it.

The message reads: **I'M HERE FOR FAMILY DAY. YOU TOLD ME NOT TO, BUT I BROUGHT PAUL. I ALSO BROUGHT YOUR GRANDDAUGHTER. SHE WANTS TO SEE YOU. I WANT TO SEE YOU, TOO.**

Max sits on his bed quietly for a moment, before standing suddenly. He carefully folds the note and tucks it into his front shirt pocket.

He takes a deep breath and leaves his room.

INT. SNAPDRAGON HALL -- 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Max locks the door behind him before heading down the hallway. He notices Sally and smiles politely at her.

SALLY

Hey, Max. You going to Family Day?

MAX

Yeah, I don't think I can put it off any longer.

SALLY

Well, it's nice to see you out of your room.

(pauses)

I'm going there as well, can I keep you company?

MAX

Sure.

They turn the corner together.

INT. ROSE HALL -- ROOM 205 -- DAY

ROCK MUSIC blares from a stereo teetering unevenly on a table.

Walls are decorated with posters and pictures of important events in history.

Hung front and center is a yellowing poster of a young woman playing baseball. The female player has light brown hair and is in mid-swing. The poster, in big and loopy font, reads **RUTH DOES IT AGAIN!**

On a messy, unmade bed, there are tons of clothes tossed haphazardly. Another article of clothing is tossed from the closet onto the pile.

A groan.

Another piece of clothing is thrown out of the closet, onto the ground.

RUTH, 83, emerges from the closet, frowning. Her cane thumps heavily across the floor with every footstep.

She glances across the room, to the open door. In the adjacent room, another woman, JERI, 77, can be seen lazing across an expensive-looking velvet chair.

RUTH

I could have sworn I had it!

Jerry stretches like a cat in the sunlight. She lazily looks up at Ruth.

JERI

I'm sure you do. There's no way you would have thrown it away.

Ruth nods in agreement. As she turns to head back into the closet, Jeri stops her.

JERI (CONT'D)

Hey, wait. Ruthie, I see some gray hair.

Ruth gasps and rushes over to the giant mirror over her vanity. She turns her head left and right trying to see the gray hair.

She sees it.

RUTH

Fuck! God, you're right... But I just dyed it a week ago...

Jeri waves her hand in the air dismissively.

JERI

I really don't think your grandson is going to notice a single gray hair.

She jerks her chin in the direction of the closet.

JERI (CONT'D)
At least, not if you find the
jersey.

Ruth pauses, considering this.

She sighs.

RUTH
No, Jer, you're right. Shit, I *have*
to find that jersey.

She takes a deep breath. With renewed vigor, she dives back into the closet, continuing her search for the jersey. Jerry watches with mild interest before curling up for a nap.

Mere moments later, Ruth emerges from her closet, victorious, wearing her old baseball jersey. HERMAN is written on the back, along with her jersey number.

JERI (O.S.)
You better hurry! You're almost
late, and you still have to pick up
your boy-toy.

Ruth admires herself in the mirror and gives Jeri the finger.

RUTH
James is not my boy-toy.

She fixes her hair and grabs her keys, heading to leave.

RUTH (CONT'D)
But he is fun to mess with.

They laugh.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Bye, Jer! I'm out of here. Try not
to get into any trouble while I'm
gone.

JERI (O.S.)
I'll try not to!

Ruth laughs. She hobbles out the room, leaning heavily on her cane.

INT. ROSE HALL -- ROOM 214 -- DAY

JAMES, 71, sits in an office chair, staring at the whiteboard in front of him. His posture is impeccable.

The whiteboard is full of chemistry and math equations, many of them completely unintelligible.

He crosses and uncrosses his legs and continues to stare. James taps his leg in an even rhythm before suddenly jolting into a standing position.

He readjusts his glasses on his face, grabs the marker and furiously scribbles on the whiteboard, adding equations and solving some of the others.

After a moment, he stops writing and takes a step backwards. He releases a deep breath and admires his handiwork.

James nods to himself a couple of times, before heading over to a locked cupboard. He opens it and reaches for a suspiciously labeled chemical, but his watch catches his eye.

In disbelief, he brings his watch closer to his face. He looks around the room. His clock tells the same time. James quickly replaces the chemical in the cupboard.

Breathing hard, James runs a hand through his hair. On the verge of a panic attack, he stretches his hands out and tries to calm his breath.

One breath in. One breath out.

JAMES
(to himself)
It's okay. It's okay. It's okay.

Another few breaths.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(mumbling)
What did Ruth say?

He opens his eyes.

JAMES (CONT'D)
"It's okay. And if it's not okay,
then fix it."

A deep exhale.

James quickly cleans up his room, locking the cupboard and takes out an old-fashioned camera. He quickly takes a picture of his whiteboard.

He erases the whiteboard, washes his hands, and find his cellphone -- an 2007-era NOKIA.

There's a missed call from his son. James takes another breath before calling him back. As it rings, he puts on a jacket and finds his wallet.

His son doesn't pick up.

James pauses.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Huh. That's weird.

The voicemail box beeps, catching James off guard. He scrambles to apologize.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Hey! I am so sorry I'm going to be late! I got really engrossed in my work and -- I'm leaving right now.

He opens his door.

Ruth is outside, leaning on the opposite wall, waiting for him. He jumps, startled.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(out of breath)
Just wait for me, I'll be there, I swear.

James hangs up and stuffs his wallet into his pocket.

RUTH
I knew you'd be late.

James sighs. He leaves his cellphone on the table right inside his door before exiting.

INT. ROSE HALL -- 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

JAMES
I lost --

RUTH
Track of time. I know.

They walk together down the hallway. James matches his pace with Ruth and her cane.

JAMES
You came to pick me up?

RUTH

Yeah, I knew you'd lose track of time. I'm also going to go get Ross. God knows he's late, too.

James shifts uncomfortably.

JAMES

I really need to get to the ballroom...

Ruth glances at him, and shrugs.

RUTH

Would you rather go alone, or with me and Ross? You're already late. What's a few minutes more?

JAMES

That's -- a good point.

She scoffs.

RUTH

As if there's even a point to arguing with me, James. I always win.

James frowns, but keeps pace with her, anyway.

INT. OLIVE HALL -- ROOM 410 -- DAY

The room is a conspiracy theorist's fantasy. The windows are not only blacked out, but there is furniture blocking it off as well.

On one of the walls is a huge mural and collage of different conspiracy theories, including aliens.

There are long lines of canned goods and dried food, and an ancient looking radio sits on a table.

ROSS, 74, bursts out of his closet door, sporting a tin foil hat and holding a wire clothes hanger bent into a pseudo-weapon. He glances around his room anxiously, but relaxes.

He picks up an old framed photo of a young woman.

ROSS

(to the picture)

I think they're gone. We're safe.

He bends the hanger back into its original form and hangs his tin foil hat up with it. He stretches and his back (and other bones) crack loudly.

A baseball bat catches his eye. He picks it up, nodding to himself.

ROSS (CONT'D)
So this is where it was.

He rotates the bat in his hands. In big, bold letters is **RUTH'S PROPERTY: DO NOT TOUCH** written along the side of the bat. Ross laughs.

ROSS (CONT'D)
(to the picture)
Hey, sis. Do you think if Ruth knew what I am going to do with this bat, would she still have given it to me?

He watches the air, and nods.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Yeah, me neither. Good thing she doesn't know.

He's quiet for a moment. Another nod.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Well, it's not my fault I haven't used it yet! The aliens are getting craftier and I can't pin them down.

He fake swings the bat. His stance is terrible, and his shoulder cracks, too. He pretends he's beating something up, before staring at the bat again.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Do you think James could concoct something that would get rid of alien goo?

Silence.

ROSS (CONT'D)
No, I just wouldn't want the goo to soak into the bat. What if she asks for it back, and it's been eaten, by, like, alien termites?

He shudders.

ROSS (CONT'D)
She's scary when she's mad.

Silence, again. Ross cocks his head. He jerks his head towards the battery powered clock on the wall.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Shit, you're right! I'm late!
Really late!

He waves his hand in the air.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Yeah, yeah. I know our brother is a stickler about being punctual.

Ross stuffs his feet into mismatching shoes and shuffles to the door. He groans and hits his head against the door. Ross turns and glares at nothing.

ROSS (CONT'D)
God, why did you have to bring that up? Fuck, I'm going, okay!

He opens the door, and his eyes go wide.

INT. OLIVE HALL -- ROOM 119 -- DAY

The room is dark. The only light is coming from an old-fashioned lamp in the corner.

It illuminates a figure in a chair, reading a book labeled GREY, GREY SKIES.

The book slams shut with a satisfying thump. The figure hits the light switch behind her and the overhead light turns on. HAZEL, 85, is illuminated fully and we see it is not a chair, but a wheelchair.

HAZEL
I knew it was him. Jacques, that bastard!

Hazel rolls herself to a small whiteboard resting on a low bookshelf. There are two columns, one labeled SOLVED and the other UNSOLVED.

There are far more tally marks under the SOLVED column, and she adds another one.

She grins to herself and carefully re-shelves the completed book.

A large section of the bookshelf is dedicated to '*who dun it?*' books, while a couple of the other sections are mystery, alien, zombies, etc.

Hazel spends a couple moments organizing her bookshelf before rolling over to her clunky computer. She doesn't use the internet, of course, but opens up solitaire instead.

She sighs.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
God, I'm so bored...

Her fingers crack as she uses the mouse. Frustrated, she pushes off from the desk and stares at her room.

From there, she picks up her knitting needles and knits for a moment. That, too, frustrates her. She throws down the needles in her lap, and promptly forgets about them.

She goes over to the door and glances at the empty mail holder. She sighs again.

Besides the books, there are no other signs of decoration. No picture frames, nothing to reveal Hazel's personality.

Hazel taps the side table a couple of times, before her clock catches her eye. She picks it up. She glances at the wall, focusing on yet another whiteboard. This one is filled with her daily schedule.

It's medication time. Past medication time.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
That's weird...
(pauses)
Is it because they're busy with
Family Day?

She rolls over to her door and peeks outside.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
No nurses...

She opens the door the entire way. A couple of residents are chatting down the hallway.

Hazel glances at her daily whiteboard again. She hesitates before nodding to herself and wheeling herself out of the room.

INT. OLIVE HALL -- 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Hazel faces the two residents. They are talking very animatedly, looking extremely excited, but their eyes are dark. Hazel turns on her hearing aid in order to eavesdrop.

However, she only hears bizarre, alien chattering noises. Confused, she takes her hearing aid out, and inspects it for damage.

INT. MAIN BUILDING -- GRAND BALLROOM -- DAY

A crowd has gathered. Lawrence shakes his father by the collar and throws him to the ground. A few of the nurses gasp.

Lawrence laughs without humor. He looks around him, seeing the crowd that has formed while he was arguing with his dad. He sneers, opening his arms as a sarcastic welcome.

LAWRENCE

What? *What?* Do you have something to say?

A nurse helps Arthur up, but when no one says anything, he scoffs. His father looks at him with disbelief.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's what I thought.

Lawrence turns to leave and begins to stalk off. A doctor enters the ballroom and staggers towards him. Lawrence immediately notices the bloody lab coat, his pale skin, a large scratch on his arm, and his limp.

Lawrence tenses and backs away.

He finds himself next to his father again, who watches him carefully. Arthur follows Lawrence's gaze to the doctor. Arthur laughs.

ARTHUR

God, you're just like your grandmother.

Lawrence turns to Arthur. His expression is unreadable.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Always liked to play the detective... Always liked to follow her little clues. *What*, Lawrence?

Arthur gestures to the still stumbling doctor. The doctor's head is down and his face is difficult to read, but he's heading towards the crowd.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Is he secretly a serial killer? Is
that *blood* on his lab coat?

Arthur laughs sarcastically. Lawrence carefully watches both Arthur and the doctor. He's no longer angry. Instead, he's wary.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Lawrence, you can't keep seeing the
mystery in things when *there is no
mystery!*

He gestures to the doctor again.

The doctor trips.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
He's probably just drunk, okay?
There is no big conspiracy! But
sure...

A nurse helps the doctor up.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
...throw your life away, searching
for clues.

The doctor raises his head.

His teeth are bared.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Just like your grandmother.

Lawrence watches with terror as the doctor bites into the nurse's neck, ripping flesh off.

Hell breaks loose.

People scream, people run, but not everyone reacts fast enough. It is mere moments before the bitten nurse utters a low growl and beginning to attack a fellow nurse.

Lawrence is frozen. He watches as people drop like flies, only to stand up again and rip others to shreds.

Arthur is dumbfounded, staring back and forth between the violent scene and Lawrence.

The violence continues to spread, faster than most people can run. Some of the younger, agile family members escape. A huge portion of the residents are eaten right away.

And Lawrence is right in the middle of it.

A young man covered in blood dives at Lawrence, who dodges at the last moment, finally unfreezing. Lawrence makes a last ditch effort to grab his father and pull him to safety.

Arthur protests, shoving Lawrence off of him.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Get off me, you bastard! This is
your fault, somehow, I just know
it!

A trio of half-eaten and heavily bleeding nurses hear Arthur yelling, and sprint towards them. Lawrence reaches to pull Arthur out of the way.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
You and your bitch of a
grandmother!

Lawrence stops pulling.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
My life would have been so much
better --

The trio descend upon them.

Lawrence lets go.

He turns and runs away without looking back, leaving his father to fend for himself.

He successfully dodges residents, family members, and nurses. He sprints out of the ballroom, heading towards the main entrance. Others follow.

A few young nurses chase the remaining residents. The residents that had been bitten slowly make their way outside -- just as fast as they would have been when they were alive.

The automatic doors still sense them as living, and open up for them. Several zombies use walkers or canes.

Several survivors make it out of the main building, but the violence follows them, spreading through the entirety of Marigold Manor -- albeit slowly.

INT. SNAPDRAGON HALL -- 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY -- DAY

Max and Sally make their way to the residential hall's front entrance. There's no one around, except for a slow-moving resident.

Max politely greets them as he walks by. The resident, an elderly lady, turns to him. Her eyes are dark, sunken. She has several bite marks on her arm.

MAX

Hey, are you okay? Your arm...

The resident suddenly reaches for him. Instinctively, he backs away.

SALLY

Annie, what are you doing?

She keeps trying to grab him, but she is far, far slower than he is.

MAX

Lady, come on, this isn't funny. I have to go.

She doesn't respond.

She bares her teeth and chatters at him, her teeth making clicking noises. Max gasps in disgust, while Sally only stares at her.

As he turns away, Annie grasps his arm. Just as she is about to bite into his arm, he rips it away from her.

SALLY

Annie!

She rushes to Annie's side, holding her arm. Inspecting the cuts, she sighs. However, Annie tries to bite her, too.

Sally jerks away.

Max shakes his head.

MAX

I'm sure you're off some medication, so I won't hold this against you.

(turning to Sally)

Are you going to help her?

Sally glances away, considering this.

SALLY

No, I need to get to Family Day.
Besides, I don't have her chart.

Sally begins walking, scooting around Annie. She looks at her sadly and continues past her.

SALLY (CONT'D)

We'll stop by the nurse's station,
and let them know.

Max nods and does the same, following Sally.

Annie continues to shuffle in pursuit of them, but she is quickly left behind.

EXT. MARIGOLD MANOR -- OUTSIDE OF ROSE HALL -- DAY

Ruth and James exit their residential hall and continue their way to see Ross. Ruth glances around. There is no one around.

RUTH

Isn't this a little weird? Where is
everyone? It's a beautiful day.

James looks around as well.

JAMES

Maybe everyone's at Family Day? We
are late, after all.

Ruth doesn't seem convinced.

They walk slowly for a few moments, until they hear a chattering noise from behind them. Ruth and James turn to see a resident run into Rose Hall, chased by a fast, young girl.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Aw, they must be playing tag!

RUTH

Are you sure that's what it was...?

They turn away, heading further away from the hall. Ruth glances back, but the area is quiet.

JAMES

What else could it have been?

The noise can be heard again, from the side. Ruth turns and sees a nurse chase another nurse into the next residential hall.

James gestures to that.

JAMES (CONT'D)
See, even the nurses are getting in
the fun!

RUTH
Yeah, but what's that noise?

James pauses, before shrugging.

JAMES
Maybe it's a new version of tag.
You know how many variations there
are. My favorite is banana tag. Or
toilet tag! It's where --

RUTH
(cutting him off)
I know what toilet tag is. I have a
grandson.

She scoffs.

RUTH (CONT'D)
What, you think they invented a new
tag? "Creepy Noise Tag"?

JAMES
(sighing)
When you say it like that... Why
can't you let me have any fun?

Ruth laughs, hard enough that she has to stop walking and
holding a hand to her abdomen.

RUTH
You think I don't let you have fun?
Who would you rather be friends
with? Me -- or *Janice*?

He winces.

JAMES
You...

RUTH
Yeah, that's what I thought. Come
on.

She hobbles away with her cane, a few feet in front of James.
He sighs again and follows obediently.

INT. SNAPDRAGON HALL -- 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY -- DAY

Sally and Max are at the nurse's station, next to the front entrance, talking to the on-duty nurse for Snapdragon Hall.

NURSE

Okay, got it. I'll grab her chart
and go see if I can't figure out
what's going on.

Sally exhales and smiles at the nurse.

SALLY

Thank you so much. Normally, I
would do it --

The nurse shakes their head.

NURSE

No worries. Go enjoy your time at
Family Day.

SALLY

Thank you!
(turning to Max)
Ready?

Max takes a step forward, before stopping.

MAX

There's something I need to do.
I'll be right back.

Sally shakes her head as Max rushes off. He enters the men's bathroom in the hallway.

SALLY

Getting old must be a pain in the
ass.

The nurse comes from around the front desk and quickly turns the corner to check on Annie.

Sally meanders over, curious. The nurse talks briefly to Annie, glancing at a clipboard.

When the nurse puts their hand on Annie's arm, she raises her head and glares at the nurse.

Annie lunges.

NURSE

What -- what are you doing? Annie?!

Sally watches with horror as Annie bites into the nurse's neck. A small piece of flesh is ripped out, and Annie continues to snack on the nurse.

As the nurse's blood drains, they fall to the floor, and Annie faces Sally.

She gasps, backing slowly away.

Annie rushes towards Sally, who turns and flees. The nurse stands up and chases Sally as well.

She runs past the bathroom.

Max emerges, and she quickly grabs his hand, but the nurse is too fast. Max immediately defends himself, throwing the nurse to the ground.

Annie catches up, and Sally does the same thing to her.

Max and Sally sprint away from the momentarily downed zombies. They escape out a side entrance, closing the doors behind them.

EXT. MARIGOLD MANOR -- OUTSIDE OF SNAPDRAGON HALL --
CONTINUOUS

Sally stops, turning back. The two zombies are unable to open the door -- it's not an automatic door.

SALLY

I think we're okay...

Max huffs.

MAX

What the fuck was that?

Sally shakes her head, beginning to walk along the wall.

SALLY

I have a pretty good idea, but I
really don't want to say it.

Max follows her, glancing at her.

MAX

Is it something crazy?

She nods.

MAX (CONT'D)
I was thinking the same thing. But
let's not get ahead of ourselves.

SALLY
Right. It's not like we just almost
died, or anything.

Sally stops in her tracks.

MAX
What is it?

She sighs and rubs her face anxiously.

SALLY
I think we have to take a pit-stop.

MAX
A pit-stop?

She turns to him, staring at him.

SALLY
I need to know what just happened.
We should talk to an expert.

MAX
(scoffing)
An expert? You think there's an --
an expert, on those things?

Sally sighs again. She continues to walk in the same
direction. Max hesitates before jogging to catch up to her.

SALLY
Well, he's the closest thing we
have.

MAX
Who are we going to see?

SALLY
(exhaling slowly)
Ross Romero.

EXT. MARIGOLD MANOR -- OUTSIDE OF ROSE HALL -- DAY

Ruth and James have not made much progress. They slowly make
their way down the sidewalk, and pass a resident with a
walker.

James nods politely at them, without response. He stops, and faces the resident. They look sickly and have blood dripping down their leg.

JAMES
Are you okay?

Ruth rolls her eyes.

James stands next to the resident in order to help them, but they lunge at him. He yelps, jumping out of the way.

RUTH
(laughing)
Someone woke up on the wrong side
of the bed.

James tries again, holding his hand out. However, the resident quickly tries to bite him. James is quicker, pulling his hand back.

He glances anxiously at Ruth.

JAMES
We'll, um, send a nurse for you.

The resident with the walker shuffles after him. Luckily, even with Ruth's cane, they're slightly faster.

JAMES (CONT'D)
That was weird.

RUTH
Not as weird as "Creepy Sound Tag."

James just sighs.

They continue their walk, passing the entrance to Snapdragon Hall.

A young girl runs by them, smirking at them. Two adults chase after her at varying speeds.

The girl salutes them.

YOUNG GIRL
Good luck, suckers!

JAMES
What?

The zombies stop chasing the girl, and focus their attention on James and Ruth.

RUTH

Oh for fuck's sake. Janice!

One of the adults is Janice. Ruth glares at her, until realizing something's wrong. They each have bloody clothes, missing flesh, and various scrapes, scratches, and wounds on them.

Ruth slowly backs away, holding onto James' arm.

The zombies rush at them. James turns and runs, but Ruth is too slow to out-run them. She faces the zombies and holds back the faster one with her cane.

RUTH (CONT'D)

What the fuck is going on?!

James comes by her side, and gets promptly attacked by Janice. The zombie pushes him up against the wall, biting at his face. He holds it back with his forearm.

Ruth hits the zombie in the head with her cane, and it falls to the ground. She turns to James, who is begging Janice to let him go.

JAMES

I'm sorry! Whatever I did, I'm sorry! Please let me go!

Janice snarls, dripping blood onto his arm.

RUTH

Still a bitch, huh?

The zombie makes the creepy chattering noise, and James looks at Ruth.

JAMES

Ruth, help! I don't know what I did wrong! She -- she just started trying to bite me!

Ruth hobbles over to James, taking a tennis ball off of her cane. She shoves the tennis ball into Janice's mouth, and pushes the cane in between James and the zombie.

RUTH

I've been wanting to shut this bitch up forever. Looks like I got my chance.

He lets go, allowing Ruth to push Janice further away from James. Ruth stands in front of him, arm extended.

RUTH (CONT'D)
James, did you think she was
harassing you?

James cocks his head.

JAMES
Was she not? I thought maybe she
had a bad combination of pills.
Maybe she had a bad day. I don't
know.

Ruth tries to suppress a laugh.

RUTH
James, only you would think a
zombie was being a bitch.

Still holding Janice back, she pauses, looking at him.

RUTH (CONT'D)
She was trying to eat you. And I
don't mean in the fun way.

James's nose scrunches in disgust. He thinks this over for a
moment.

JAMES
Wait, what do you mean, *zombie*?
Surely you don't mean like the
stuff Ross is always saying.

Ruth gestures to Janice and the fallen zombie.

She thrusts the cane further into Janice, who falls
backwards. Ruth makes a point to hit her in the stomach with
her cane.

Hard.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Ruth! You --

James goes silent as the zombie starts to stand up again,
trying again to go after him.

RUTH
She's no longer human.

She hits the woman again.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Normally, an 80-year-old would not
be able to get up after that,
right?

James slowly nods.

Ruth uses the cane to lift the resident's blood-stained shirt
up, showing a large piece of flesh missing.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Look at how much blood she's lost.

Ruth points out the blood on her shirt, running down her
pants, and the multiple blood stains on the ground.

RUTH (CONT'D)
What other explanation is there?
She's a zombie.

James looks between Ruth and the zombies. He picks anxiously
at his fingernails. Ruth takes his hands, stopping him.

RUTH (CONT'D)
You should know better than anyone
that bio-terrorism can take many
forms. Just because we don't
understand something yet doesn't
mean it can't exist.

Ruth hits Janice in the head with her cane, killing the
zombie. She turns away.

RUTH (CONT'D)
Besides, my grandson has shown me a
lot of zombie movies. What we need
now is information.

Ruth continues to walk away, following the wall next to her.
James stares at the zombies, closes his eyes for a moment,
before rushing to catch up to Ruth.

JAMES
We're still going to see Ross?

RUTH
Do you have a better idea?

James shakes his head.

They're quiet for a while, just walking together. The pair
come to the corner of Snapdragon Hall, mere feet from Olive
Hall.

Ruth stops in her tracks.

JAMES
What is it?

RUTH
I hear something.

They hug close to the wall, preparing to turn the corner.
Ruth holds her cane up as a weapon.

Max steps out from around the building's corner. Just as Ruth swings at him, he puts his hands up.

JAMES
Ruth, stop!

She does.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I think he's okay...

Ruth glances at him, unsure.

Ruth slowly lowers her cane back to the ground, and leans heavily on it. She exhales loudly.

RUTH
You guys scared the shit out of us.

Max stares at the blood on Ruth's cane.

MAX
Have you also --

Ruth sees Max staring at her cane. She sighs and nods, pointing over her shoulder to the downed zombies behind them.

MAX (CONT'D)
Ah. Us, too.

Sally looks at Ruth and James.

SALLY
Where are you two headed?

JAMES
Originally, Family Day. But we're going to check on Ross, first.

Sally brightens up.

SALLY

Ross? So are we! We figured we needed more --

RUTH

Information. Yeah, same. If anyone would know what to do, it's him.

Ruth begins walking again, with James following closely behind. Max and Sally glance at each other, before walking with them.

MAX

I think it would be smart if we stayed together.

Sally nods.

RUTH

Sounds good. If you can keep up.

MAX

(scoffing)

I don't think that'll be an issue.

Ruth glares at him. Max and Sally quickly overtake Ruth, but politely slow down and match their pace.

MAX (CONT'D)

So where is Ross' room?

Sally points to the residential hall, just in front of them.

SALLY

He lives on the fourth floor of Olive Hall, in the corner room.

RUTH

He has a two-bedroom suite to himself, that bastard.

James chuckles.

They arrive at the front entrance to Olive Hall, another automatic door.

JAMES

We should be careful...

RUTH

(nodding)

We saw a couple of them go through the automatic door.

MAX

Good to know, but we discovered
they can't open manual doors.

RUTH

Interesting.
(stepping forward)
Let's go!

The group warily walks up to the automatic door, which opens for them. Max and James peek in, side to side. Seeing nothing, they enter, and gesture for the two women to follow.

INT. OLIVE HALL -- 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The four adults creep forward, keeping an eye out for any potential zombies.

They begin head down the hallway, passing an empty nurse's station, before Sally stops.

SALLY

One second.

She quickly goes around the desk, picking up the landline. Facing the others, she shakes her head.

SALLY (CONT'D)

It's dead.

She begins digging around for something. Sally smiles and comes back around the desk with several medicinal needles.

Sally hands James and Max a couple of the needles.

JAMES

Thank you.

SALLY

You're welcome.
(glancing at Ruth)
Should we take the elevator?

RUTH

(shaking her head)
No. Just knowing our luck, that
door would open and we'd be
swarmed.

They start to walk down the hallway again, passing the elevators and going towards the stairwell.

Max chuckles.

MAX

I take it you've seen a lot of
horror movies.

RUTH

(grinning)

Of course. I've been scarring my
grandson with horror movies since
he was four.

James pauses, staring at Ruth.

JAMES

I don't know if that's something to
be proud of.

SALLY

James, have you never had a
grandparent let you do everything
your parents never would?

MAX

Like watch scary movies. Or eat a
lot of candy.

RUTH

Or stay up late! Or wear pants,
because women aren't supposed to --

James groans, effectively shutting Ruth up. She scoffs,
rolling her eyes.

Just as they're about to turn the corner...

A chattering noise.

They all freeze.

Max peeks around the corner.

INT. OLIVE HALL -- 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY -- DAY

After hearing the bizarre chattering, Hazel is inspecting her
hearing aid for damage, turning it over in her hands.

It slips out of her fingers, hitting the ground, and bouncing
away.

Leaning over, she tries to reach it, but her arms are not
quite long enough.

HAZEL

Shit.

She begins to maneuver her wheelchair in order to get closer. A sudden movement catches her eye, and she glances up.

The two residents she was trying to eavesdrop on begin rushing at her. With them facing her, Hazel notices bits of blood on them.

One is limping.

They both start chattering.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Hazel quickly tries to wheel away, but her hands fumble with the chair. In a futile effort to escape, she only turns her wheelchair around.

With her body facing the wall, the back of the wheelchair saves her for a brief moment. Hazel jerks forward, leaning out of the reach of the two zombies.

The two residents are short enough that Hazel's wheelchair keeps her safe from their mouths.

Hazel twists in her chair to see the zombies better.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
What the hell is wrong --

She's cut off when she sees one of the zombies is missing an ear. The other is continually bleeding from their neck, a puddle forming on the floor.

Hazel glances back up.

The two zombies chatter at her again, baring their teeth and lunging at her, mouths first. Hazel watches in fascination.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
Zombies...?

Out of curiosity, she holds a hand closer to them -- but still out of reach. One of the zombies immediately tries to bite her.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
Interesting.

Hazel continues to watch them, observing their reactions and the multiple wounds each of them have.

Her observations are cut short when one of the zombies' foot gets stuck in one of the wheels.

As they try to free their foot, they accidentally pull the wheel back, effectively pulling the backside of the wheelchair upwards.

Hazel, in turn, is pushed forward. She yelps, loudly, but catches herself with a hand on the wall. This diminishes the space separating her and the zombies.

Her eyes go wide, and she starts to panic.

Hazel glances around for something to protect herself with. Her gaze lands on the forgotten knitting needles in her lap.

INT. OLIVE HALL -- 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The group of four watch from around the corner as Hazel deals with the zombies. When her wheelchair is overturned and she yelps, Max steps forward to help her.

He rushes over to Hazel, only to see her quickly, and without hesitation, drives the knitting needle into the advancing zombie's head.

He slows to a stop.

She lets go.

The zombie stumbles backward before crumpling to the floor, the needle still sticking out of its head. With morbid fascination, Max watches as she does the same thing to the other zombie.

With the death of the zombies, her wheelchair evens out again, and she relaxes. She picks up her hearing aid and puts it back in her ear.

Max finally makes his way over to Hazel, forcing a smile.

INT. OLIVE HALL -- 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Glancing up at Max, she politely greets him.

HAZEL

Hello.

MAX

Uh, hello.

The rest of the group stand next to Max. All four are dumbfounded.

RUTH
That was quite something. You
really went for it.

HAZEL
(shrugging)
Well, once I figured out they were
zombies, it wasn't hard.

JAMES
You... came to that conclusion
really quickly.

HAZEL
(smiling)
When you have eliminated the
impossible, whatever left, no
matter how improbable, must be the
answer.

The four adults just stare at her.

Hazel wheels herself back and forth.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
Hey, where are you guys going? Can
I come?

Max glances at her wheelchair.

MAX
It'd be best if you stayed in your
room.

HAZEL
I'd slow you guys down, right?

Sally stands up, and puts a comforting hand on Hazel's
shoulder.

Max, instead, nods, as Sally answers.

SALLY
No, it's not that.

Hazel quickly points at Max nodding.

HAZEL
He sure thinks it is!
(sighing)
I don't care if I die... BUT! I
refuse to sit in a boring room, by
myself, waiting to die.
(MORE)

HAZEL (CONT'D)
If I'm going to die, I'm going to
do it on an adventure.

MAX
An adventure? I'd hardly call this
--

Ruth shoves Max.

RUTH
Sounds like she has more balls than
you, Max.

Max scoffs.

JAMES
I think it would be fun to have
another person! 5 is such a nice
number.

MAX
(sighing)
Fine. Let's go, then.

Hazel beams. She rolls herself to grab her needles out of the
zombies.

Max begins to continue to walk towards the stairwell. Ruth
rolls her eyes and clears her throat.

RUTH
Wrong way, idiot.

Max turns, stiff.

MAX
This is the way to the stairwell.

Ruth crosses her arms.

RUTH
Yeah, but we have Hazel. We need to
take the elevator. And the elevator
is back *this* way.

She stalks away from Max, with James trailing behind her.
Sally pushes Hazel in their direction, as well. Max groans,
but follows.

JAMES
Ruth, you said we shouldn't take
the elevator. Remember?

RUTH

I know. But I don't exactly see us
getting up four flights of stairs
all that easily.

James doesn't respond, just nods thoughtfully. Ruth leads the way, down the hallway.

MAX

(to Hazel)

You're not going to ask where we're
going?

HAZEL

Nope. I'm just glad to come along.

Max stares at her.

Moments later, they face a singular elevator. Hazel glances up and down the hallway.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

I have a bad feeling about this.

James presses the UP button.

RUTH

This is our only option. We just
have to be ready for whatever is on
the other side.

The elevator arrives at their floor. Ruth brandishes her cane, while the others hold the needles up defensively.

The doors open -- and nothing is inside.

A collective exhale.

Hazel and Sally enter first, then James. Hazel pushes the 4TH FLOOR button. Ruth steps forward just as a trio of young zombies stumble into view, down the hallway.

The zombies spot them, and rush towards them. Ruth jumps in the elevator, quickly followed by Max.

INT. OLIVE HALL -- ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

The group can hear the heavy footsteps and the unnerving chattering of the zombies. Ruth is furiously pressing the CLOSE DOORS button, but it doesn't respond immediately.

Finally, the doors begin to close.

The doors close with a thump, and the elevator jerks into upward motion.

MAX

We should be ready for what we find
on the outside of this, too.

Ruth nods. They both ready themselves as the elevator goes to the fourth floor.

The elevator comes to a jerky stop, indicating they have arrived, and the doors slowly open.

A single zombie lunges at them, and Ruth holds it back with her cane, kicking its shins. The zombie collapses to the floor and Hazel impales it with her needles before Max can do anything.

He chuckles as Sally holds the elevator door open.

MAX (CONT'D)

You two might be slow at moving,
but your reaction time is great.

Ruth huffs, ignoring him. She grabs James and pulls him out of the elevator with her. Max follows her.

INT. OLIVE HALL -- 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Ruth glances up and down the hallway.

RUTH

It's clear.

Hazel and Sally exit the elevator.

MAX

His room is the corner one?

Ruth nods.

HAZEL

Whose room?

The group heads down the hallway, as quick as they can, since there are no zombies in the hallway.

RUTH

Ross Romero.

HAZEL
(humming)
That name sounds familiar. Who is
he?

SALLY
You ever see a guy with a tin foil
hat? That's him.

Moments later, they arrive at the corner.

HAZEL
Interesting.

Ross' door is on the other side.

Max peeks around the corner, and exhales. He gestures for
everyone to follow him as he knocks heavily on the door.

Ruth glances at James.

RUTH
(mouthing)
Idiot.

There's no answer.

Max knocks harder, again and again, but no answer. He turns
to Ruth and James.

MAX
Are you sure he's even here?

JAMES
He could be at Family Day.

Max slaps a hand to his forehead.

MAX
WHAT?

RUTH
(rolling her eyes)
He could -- if he were anyone else.
But he's perpetually late to
everything. That's why James and I
were coming to get him.

SALLY
How does being late mean he's here?

Ruth pushes Max out of the way to stand in front of the door.

RUTH
By the time he was actually ready
to leave for Family Day, this whole
thing would've happened already.

James nods in agreement, while Ruth knocks on the door in a
series of uneven knocks. Hazel perks up.

HAZEL
Is that morse code?!

RUTH
Yeah.

She finishes her knocking.

RUTH (CONT'D)
(to Hazel)
You know your stuff.

A loud, deep voice comes from the other side of the door.

ROSS
WHO IS IT?

Ruth sighs.

RUTH
It's Ruth, dumb-fuck!

A pause.

ROSS
How am I supposed to know it's
you?!

Ruth groans, hitting her head on the door.

RUTH
I used the stupid knock you made me
memorize. You said, and I quote,
"This knock is unique to you."

James nods.

JAMES
You made me memorize one, too!

ROSS
James? Is that you --

Ruth slams her fist against the door.

RUTH

Let us in, you stupid asshole, it's
a fucking zombie apocalypse out
here!

Another pause.

A bunch of different types of locks begin clicking and unlocking. The door opens, but gets caught on the chain. Ross quickly closes it, undoes the chain, and opens the door again.

ROSS

Come on, quickly.

Ruth glares at him as she shoves past him. James is right behind her. Ross stops the other three from entering.

ROSS (CONT'D)

Who are these guys?

RUTH

Does it matter? They're not
zombies.

Ross hums.

He looks them up and down.

ROSS

That's a good point. But they don't
know a secret knock... Are they
cool?

JAMES

Ross, just let them in.

ROSS

Fine.

Max enters first. Hazel is pushed inside by Sally, but she stares at Ross as she passes him. Ross tilts his head and stares back at her.

HAZEL

Fascinating.

INT. OLIVE HALL -- ROOM 410 -- CONTINUOUS

Ross continues to stare at Hazel, before turning back to the door. He closes it, and carefully locks each lock.

Hazel glances around the room, taking in everything.

HAZEL

This is so cool. I've never met a
real conspiracy theorist before.

Max comes to stand next to Hazel.

MAX

That's because there's nothing
"real" about them.

James shushes Max.

JAMES

Don't let him hear you say anything
like that.

(pause)

Besides, look where we are...

Max just grumbles and turns away. He finds a chair and
collapses in it. The rest of the group, excluding Ruth, does
the same, subconsciously forming a circle.

Ruth is scouring the bedroom, searching corners and
underneath the bed.

RUTH

Ross, where is my bat?

Ross scoots his chair to even the circle out more. He looks
up at his friend.

ROSS

Is that what you're worried about
right now?

Ruth glares at him again, but doesn't say anything. James
stands up and pulls up a chair for Ruth, who sits in it.

Ross leans forward.

ROSS (CONT'D)

First things first. "The undead,"
yes?

The group nods.

SALLY

That's what we're thinking. But we
don't know the extent of it.

James turns to Ross.

JAMES
Speaking of... Ross, how did you
survive?

Ross shrugs.

ROSS
I opened the door and saw a zombie.
(pause)
Then I closed my door.

Hazel and Sally stare at him, dumbfounded. James covers his face in embarrassment as Max laughs.

RUTH
Well, that was certainly anti-
climatic.

HAZEL
But awesome!

Ross smiles at Hazel and produces a heavy notebook with a lock on the front. He unlocks it and begins writing something down.

JAMES
Ross, what should we do? We came
here because we thought you'd know.

He taps the notebook with his pen, thinking.

ROSS
We should go over information,
first.

MAX
(scoffing)
We don't have time for that: we
need to get to the Main Building.

Ross casually raises an eyebrow at him.

ROSS
To check on your family?

MAX
Exactly!

Ross' casual expression morphs into a serious one, and he glares at Max. He slams his notebook closed, the loud thump startling James.

ROSS

Don't you dare think you're the
only one with family you want to
save.

He turns away from Max, facing Ruth and James instead. His expression relaxes again. Hazel and Sally watch him carefully.

HAZEL

Why haven't you left? If you have
family, I mean.

Ross gestures to his room.

ROSS

Can't you tell? I'm preparing. I'd
rather take my time, gather
information, and be prepared...

He faces Max again.

ROSS (CONT'D)

Than run full-on into a zombie
apocalypse with no idea what to do.

(pause)

We have to make it there alive
first, if we want any chance to
save our loved ones.

Hazel nods. Max crosses his arms and leans back in his chair, resigned. Sally glances between Max and Ross, before scooting her chair closer to Ross.

SALLY

We also want to go to the main
building to call for help. The
landlines are cut.

James suddenly stands up, turning to the group.

JAMES

I have a cell-phone! We can call
for help!

Sally brightens.

SALLY

Really?

James immediately deflates.

JAMES

I left it in my room.

Ross laughs.

MAX

And you didn't think about going
back to get it?

James slinks back down into his seat, avoiding eye contact.
Ruth comfortingly pats his knee.

JAMES

No, I... I forgot...

Ross claps James on the shoulder playfully.

ROSS

You know, for a bona fide genius,
you're quite stupid.

Ruth glares at him and leans over James to smack Ross. Hazel
observes the groups' interaction before clearing her throat.

HAZEL

Don't you think we should get back
to our original conversation? The
more information we have, the
better we can prepare.

ROSS

Yes, that's a good point...

He leaves open a pause at the end of his sentence while
looking pointedly at Hazel. She blushes.

HAZEL

Hazel. My name is Hazel.

ROSS

That's a good point, Hazel.

Max groans, thumping his head back against the wall. Ruth and
James exchange an amused look.

Ross settles down in his chair and opens his notebook again.
He looks up at the group, ready to write.

ROSS (CONT'D)

So... what do we know?

END OF PILOT