

GROWTH

Written by

Kerry Kazmierowicztrimm

CLOSE ON A BLOODY LEFT FOOT

It's unnaturally silent as we see congealed blood hanging from the foot's wound: a human bite-mark. The skin directly surrounding the wound is green. Decomposing.

ANGLE ON the face of ADAM, mid-20's. He looks at his wounded foot with more clinical curiosity than fear.

PULL BACK to reveal Adam, wearing a blue button-down and khakis, is sitting, leaning against a bolted door in:

ADAM'S BEDROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

A large bedroom lacking that "personal touch." The room is very neat and very clean and not very welcoming. Antiseptic.

The only stain on the perfect cleanliness is a streak of blood starting several feet into the room and stopping at the far end of the room - where a machete lies, abandoned.

A bloody seashell necklace is tangled around the machete.

We HEAR FOR THE FIRST TIME as the SCRAPES and GROANS of zombies come from the other side of the door.

Adam removes the shoe from his right foot. Then his sock. He puts the sock in the shoe. Places them in the nearby corner.

ANGLE ON CORNER: Adam's right shoe sits next to the left shoe, which has a large hole in it and blood on it. A torn, bloody sock sticks out of the left shoe. Adam shifts the right shoe so it's perfectly parallel to the left.

BACK TO SCENE

Adam moves his legs so his feet are pressed up next to each other.

ANGLE ON ADAM'S FEET: starting with his right foot, Adam flexes all ten of his toes, one at a time.
Onetwothreefourfivesixseveneightnineten.

ANGLE ON ADAM as he slowly stands. Looks toward the machete.

He puts weight on the left foot. Takes one step.

Beat.

A second step. A third. A fou-

THUD! His foot giving out, Adam falls.

CUT TO:

SHING! The same machete cuts something in half on a kitchen counter.

HEATHER (O.S.)

Jesus!

PULL BACK to reveal HEATHER, early 20's and tomboy-cute, recoiling from the counter. We are in:

ADAM'S KITCHEN - LATE MORNING

Nothing fancy, but nice, and again - very clean.

Adam, shoes and feet intact but otherwise the same, stands at the kitchen counter, holding the machete. He uses the blade to slide something into the counter's sink. THUD.

He sets the machete down. Picks up something else:

The top-half of a dead rat, its mouth and eyes hanging open. Adam holds a large wad of paper towel in his other hand to absorb the blood pouring from the rat's severed mid-section.

Heather puts her hand over her mouth to keep from vomiting.

Adam walks toward Heather - and past her - to the trash can.

He uses the foot-pedal to open the can. The bag is empty. He drops the top-half of the dead rat into the bag. THUNK.

He pulls the bag from the can. Ties it shut.

He opens the freezer door to the kitchen's refrigerator. Places the bag inside. Closes the freezer.

Adam turns back to Heather.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

The hell, Adam?! What are-

SHING! SHING-SHING! The sound of something scraping against metal.

Heather turns toward the sink, alarmed. Adam doesn't move.

Slowly, she walks toward the sink. Looks inside...

HEATHER'S POINT-OF-VIEW: the bottom-half of the rat, with a large bite mark in its lower-back, attempts to walk. However, with only two legs left and no center of balance, the feet simply scrape against the bottom of the sink.

BACK TO SCENE

Heather, stunned, looks at Adam to see he's watching her.

Beat.

Adam turns his gaze back to the sink.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

Adam, having just fallen, lies on the floor. He looks toward the machete, twelve feet away. He looks at his left foot.

ADAM'S POINT-OF VIEW: It hangs motionless. Pressing his legs against each other again and starting with his right foot, Adam flexes his toes one at a time. *Onetwothreefourfive...*

The left foot doesn't move.

Adam starts with the right foot again. *Onetwothreefourfive...*

Nothing. Lifeless.

HEATHER (V.O.)
How is it still alive?

ADAM (V.O.)
Not "it."

CUT TO:

PLOP. Adam sets the zombified lower-half of the rat back on the counter. From the gaping wound the blood hangs, congealed. The two legs continue to flail.

SHING!

SHING! Adam cuts off the zombified rat legs.

HEATHER
(annoyed)
Will you stop doing that? *Fuck.*

Using paper towels, Adam places the two zombified rat legs back in the sink.

Adam talks to Heather without turning his gaze from the sink.

ADAM
Watch.