

WHAT A DAY

Written by

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1 INT. JOHN'S ROOM MORNING**1**

We open to see John sitting on the edge of his bed, with the golden light of the rising sun streaking through his open window blinds. He is well dressed in an expensive suit, his tie, tied too tight, causing his face to flush ever so slightly.

In the near distance, we can hear the neighbors yelling, and the faint noise of glass crashing.

Unphased by this disturbance, John takes a deep breath in through his nose, he exhales nervousness as he walks slowly towards his dresser.

He takes out a small glass bottle with a shiny gold spray top on it. He holds it in his hands, and we see it reads CLIVE CHRISTIAN NO. 1. He sprays two sprays on his neck and one on each of his wrists. He carefully puts the ornate bottle back into his drawer, making sure everything is organized perfectly.

We see John cross over to the other side of his room and carefully put on a nicely ironed jacket. He takes a brief glance at the calendar on his wall. We see a big red circle around the date Monday, May 19, with the word **INTERVIEW** in bolded letters.

John takes one more deep breath, smiles, and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

2 INT. JOHN'S ROOM NIGHT**2**

Moonlight washes over the interior of John's quiet room. It is completely neat and orderly.

Suddenly, John quickly opens his door, slamming it closed, and throwing himself against the closed door, letting his body slide to the floor.

We see John's clothes are in tatters, with bloody gouges all over his body. His hair is wildly disheveled, and he is covered in dirt and sweat, completely in contrast with the neat and orderly rest of his room.

In the distance, we hear the same sound of neighbors yelling and glass crashing. This time, however, the soft sounds of a siren follow.

John jolts his head up, eyes wide, pupils dilated. He frantically looks around his room and out his window.

Right as his eyes meet the window pane,

The horrible sound of breaking glass followed by the screeching of an alarm explodes in his room and throughout his house.

We see four mangled arms flailing about, reaching through John's broken bedroom window. Slowly, a rotted and green-tinged corpse emerges headfirst through the window, falling into John's room.

John jumps up, pushing back against his door, jaw, wide open, with a look of absolute fear and horror on his face. All the while, the undead corpse is slowly crawling toward John with its peeling hands outstretched.

John's eyes catch on something on the left side of the room.

John lunges toward his dresser, pulling out the heavy ornate bottle of CLIVE CHRISTIAN NO 1, messing up the perfectly organized drawer, causing him to grimace. He organizes the drawer before turning his attention back to the bottle of cologne.

He admires it for a second before looking at the zombie thrashing about on the floor. A small sigh is released as he closes his eyes and hurls it at the zombie's head.

The bottle hits the zombie square in the face, splitting it skull open and splattering brain matter all around the room.

Opening his eyes, John lets out a snort in amazement, as he sees that the bottle is still intact.

He rushes over to pick it up, using his shirt to wipe off the gooey mess of blood and brain from the exploded cranial cavity of the zombie, letting out a small "eww," as he works, a look of disgust on his face.

THUD!

His next target crawls through his bedroom window. Smiling, John once again takes aim and heaves it.

The scene cuts to black as we hear the grotesque sound of the bottle blowing up the second zombie's head.