

CABIN
BY
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Inspired by: "Seven Undeadly Sins"
by Jenn Dlugos and Charlie Hatton

LOCATION: An abandoned cabin in a foreboding forest. A rental SUV is parked down on the gravel road about half a football field away. The cabin is intact, though most surfaces are covered in a layer of dust. Near the front door is a window facing the same direction. Leaves are blowing across the ground and over the badly maimed carcasses of two dead deer. It's chilly and damp.

TIME: Late October, Present Day, 5:00 PM

SIN: Gluttony

CAST: NOTES: All co-workers at Abbott Labs, Chicago
There might need to be zombies too!

WALT: male A program manager. A career man with a huge temper. Very pushy. (think: "Wrath")

GEORGE: male VP of Finance. Numbers guy. Everything comes back to money. (think: "Greed")

PRUDENCE: female VP of Operations. Control Freak. Prim and proper. Very conservative. (think: "Pride")

ESTHER: female Admin. Assistant to GEORGE. Dutiful but wanting. Medium self-esteem. (think: "Envy")

LISA: female Chief Marketing Officer (CMO) Sensual. Flirty. Also gets her way. (think: "Lust")

GRANT: Male Head Chef to the CEO. Loves food. Loves to cook. Very heavy. (think: "Gluttony")

SAM: Male Mail room clerk. Lazy. Bored. Loves TV. Doesn't care. (think: "Sloth")

PRODUCTION NOTE: ((TBD)) but I would love to consider to have the zombie scenes on video so as characters leave the cabin we briefly see the depiction of that. If not, at the very least I think we need daunting and scary light changes and the awful sounds of people being devoured. Also, regarding costuming, I think the cast can be inventive just by the descriptions above.

EXT: All seven characters approach the cabin door. WALT is in the front, with Prudence close behind. Walt is juggling a large keychain in utter panic. Sam is last in line leaning on the shoulder of his good friend, Grant who has his left arm elbow deep in a giant bag of Doritos. Lisa is all over George showing great affection. There are zombies rocking the Abbott team's rented SUV in background and looking their way.

WALT
God Damn it!

The whole cast, except Sam, looks back at the zombies, and show great concern.

PRUDENCE
(with contempt)
It's the large old-fashioned one! I told you we should've stayed in the SUV! But, noooo... does anyone listen to me? Does anyone EVER listen to me!

Walt continues to fumble with the keys.

WALT
(sarcastic and pissed)
Prudence! You insisted on being the keeper of the keys!
(pretending to be Prudence)
"I am the organized one". "What would our CEO say if youuu lost the key to the corporate retreat cabin!"

WALT (continued)
Screw it. Let the zombies eat us...

Walt goes to throw the keys but Prudence stops his arm just in time and grabs the keys. She finds the old-fashion and waves it in Walt's face.

PRUDENCE

The old fashioned one, Walt!

Prudence opens the door and all the co-workers make it inside just before the zombies make it to the front of the cabin. Sam immediately finds the couch and lies down and Grant follows and sits next to, Doritos in hand.

ESTHER

That was close!

WALT

Stupid... mandatory... bond building!

Sam and Grant do a fist-bump.

SAM/GRANT (in unison)

(sarcastic and enthusiastic)

Abbott Labs!

Grant looks deep into his bag of Doritos and realizes he's out, so saunters off the couch and heads the cabins to look for food.

GRANT

(psyched)

pop-tarts!

Prudence walks back over to the door, mumbling to herself and begins to lock the many bolts and chain locks on the interior of the door.

PRUDENCE

(quietly)

So glad I made it. So glad I am safe...
surrounded by idiots... but safe.

The rest of cast begins to start her, roll their eyes, etc. in disgust.

PRUDENCE

(normal volume)

So glad we all made it. Nice job
everyone.

Prudence reaches into her purse, pulls out her compact, and begins to reapply her makeup as she joins the rest of cast in the middle of the cabin. The rest of the cast continues to give her the evil eye.

ESTHER

Oh my, what a beautiful couch. If only
I could afford that.

George is intently paying attention to his cell phone.

GEORGE

Yes! I am going to make a killing.
Amgen is up 5%. Eli Lilly is up 7%.

WALT

You work for Abbott, you asshole!

Esther and Lisa both walk over to George. LISA begins to
show affection.

ESTHER

(to George)

You're so good with numbers

LISA

(seductively)

He sure is... He's got mine on speed
dial.

GEORGE

Buy low, sell high.

LISA

(seductively to George)

I do... when I'm with you.

WALT

(angry and disgusted to Lisa and George)

Jesus, get a room!

Sam begins to snore and Grant continues to look for more
food and find things to eat. Lisa walks over to Walt and
starts to show him affection.

LISA

(seductively to Walt)

Why don't you let me help you relieve
some of that stress.

WALT

(extremely pissed)

NO! Get away from me! Your nether
regions are as dead and tired as the
zombies surrounding the cabin!

Lisa walks seductively over to the window and gazes out at the zombies. She begins to wave at them and makes a sexy pose.

LISA
Oh, they ain't so bad.

Prudence joins her at the window and points.

PRUDENCE
That one has a detached eye.

LISA
I bet that's not all what's detachable.

Lisa opens the window and continues to flirt with the zombies.

PRUDENCE/ESTHER (in unison)
Gross!

Sam and Grant do a fist-bump.

SAM/GRANT (in unison)
Detachable Penis!

Lisa climbs out the window and looks back inside the cabin to address her co-workers.

LISA
Well, beauty is the detachable eye of
the behold...

Just as Lisa is finishing her thought... a zombie grabs her.

LISA
(startled and scared)
Get off me! No!
(slowing down becoming aroused)
... No! ... No! you... filthy...
disgusting...
(even sexier)
... dirty, dirty! ...dirty little
thing!

The zombie drags her off the stage and Prudence closes and latches the window.

GEORGE
Good thing I took a life insurance
policy out on Lisa.

ESTHER
What!?

WALT
(extremely pissed)
You fucking bastard!

PRUDENCE
Are you serious?

Sam and Grant do a fist-bump.

SAM/GRANT (in unison)
Punk. Ass. Bitch!

GEORGE
I took one out on all of you. Say what
you want, but I am 100K richer.

PRUDENCE
(condescending and indignant)
Well it serves her right. Lisa slept
her way to the top. Chief Marketing
Officer! Ha! The only thing she could
market was her willingness to release
her goods on a first date.

ESTHER
She had such a pretty face though.

PRUDENCE
Well, now she has flirted that face all
the way to purgatory.

WALT
(frustrated)
Goddamnit, Lisa!

PRUDENCE/ESTHER (in unison)
You didn't even like her!

WALT
Oh, sure, she had her filthy side, but
love knows no boundries... It doesn't
matter. She's gone now.

ESTHER
Such a pretty face.

PRUDENCE
(annoyed to Walt)
Were you guys going out! ...Did you
sleep with her!
(sarcastic)
... ... {pause} ...our CMO. You slept
with our CMO?!

ESTHER
... and that charming mole on just the
most perfect butt.

WALT
(surprised)
Whoa... Whoa... whoa! What?

ESTHER
... the copy room. Few years back. A
little co-worker bi-curiosity, I guess.

PRUDENCE
Gross.

GEORGE
Ahhhhh. The copy room.

Sam and Grant do a fist-bump.

SAM/GRANT (in unison)
Lisa in the copy room.

Walt looks at them all in disgust.

PRUDENCE
OK. I admit it. I let her touch my knee
during a meeting in conference room
seven-one-nine.

Sam and Grant do a fist-bump.

SAM/GRANT (in unison)
Lisa in the conference room.

WALT
Well, this is bullshit, those zombies
are going down

Walt reopens the window and storms out. Seconds later we hear him cursing up a storm as he gets eaten by a zombie. Esther looks wistfully out the door.

ESTHER

... I wish I had a boyfriend like that.

GEORGE

Man, I only bought a 50K policy on Walt.

Grant continues to forage and eat. Sam continues to lounge on the couch. Prudence goes back to the window and shuts and latches it.

PRUDENCE

Walt can't fight zombies. He can't even operate a set of keys... If you all would just listen to me!

{pause}

We have to focus, people. I have a plan. First give me all your cell phones so we can conserve the batteries. I am already down to 18%.

Grant hands her his phone. Esther hands her her phone.

ESTHER

... mine's already dead. Can't afford a new phone.

SAM

It's probably in my pocket if you want to check.

GEORGE

(to Prudence)

I appreciate your concern, but the markets open in Japan pretty soon. I say go get Dead Lisa's phone that's charging in the SUV.

PRUDENCE

She left her Samsung Galaxy S6 in the SUV! Idiot!

ESTHER

Yeah. It's as pretty as her face and way better than my piece of crap flip phone from 2008.

GEORGE

950 retail. Hmm. She doesn't need it.

Esther and George look at each and then look at the window and then look at each other and then look at the window. They both rush for the window and open it together squeezing through one at a time, George first. We hear George scream as the zombies start to devour him.

GEORGE

No, no! Not my wallet... That's my Rolex!

ESTHER

Are you kidding me! You're eating him first!

Esther starts to get eaten also, and we hear more zombie sounds.

PRUDENCE

Idiots!

GRANT

It's better anyway, fewer mouths to feed.

PRUDENCE

As per usual, I'm left to solve all the problems.

GRANT

Listen, in our haste, we left the cooler in the SUV. It has the venison sausages I need to grill for my late night snack. Give me the keys, I'll go get the van and bring it straight to the front door...

PRUDENCE

(interrupting)

Oh just stop. Stop. Stop. Your lard ass wouldn't make past the edge of the porch. I'll get the SUV as I know how to drive a stick and I ran track in high school.

Sam and Grant do a fist-bump.

SAM/GRANT (in unison)
Track Star!

Prudence goes to the still open window and exits the stage. We hear a car door open and an engine rev, then zombies moaning and the grinding of automotive gears.

PRUDENCE
(offstage)
Dammit. Hey, get out of here! Only I get to work the gearshift!

Soon after, we hear another rev and zombies Lisa, Walt, George and Esther positioned as though they're riding in a SUV, driven by zombie Prudence. Zombie Lisa, Walt, and George are all having a zombie make-out session in the back, while zombie Esther looks at them wanting to be included. The SUV crashes up against the cabin and the zombies come to the window and look in. Grant thinks fast and runs over to the couch where Sam is and starts nibbling on his shoulder.

GRANT
Ooooh. Soooo hungry.

SAM
Mmmm. {mumble}. Tiiiiired.

The zombies look at each other, confused. Grant and Sam continue their moaning while the zombies shrug and wander away offstage.

SAM (continued)
Hey. That was pretty slick, pretending you were eating me to fool the zombies.

Sam and Grant do a fist-bump.

SAM/GRANT (in unison)
Pretending to eat.

Sam stretches and yawns.

SAM
I need a nap.

Sam doses off. The lights slowly dim as Grant ponders his next move. He goes over to lock the window. He returns back to the couch. As the lights are almost all the way off, we slowly see Grant lean in to take a real bite out of Sam. BLACKOUT.