

Terminal Z

By

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FADE IN:

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE

DARREN (18) pale, almost grey in colour. He wears a black woolen hat that matches the dark circles under his eyes.

He is dressed in a pale blue hospital gown and sitting in a wheelchair.

Darren coughs - repeatedly, body wracked with pain, clearly very ill.

MR CONRAN (50s) sits behind an ultra modern desk waiting for Darren to stop coughing.

Everything about him is smart and neat, including the position of his blotter, pens, computer, stapler and files on his desk.

MR CONRAN

Okay to continue Darren?

DARREN

Yes, sorry Doc.

MR CONRAN

No need to apologise, I know it's very hard.

DARREN

Worse every day, that's why it has to be now Doc.

MR CONRAN

Hmm, well, I'm still not sure this is, well you know, the right choice.

DARREN

But my other choices are?

Mr Conran looks very uncomfortable and distractedly picks up a pen, twirling it in his hand like a baton.

MR CONRAN

Well everyday there's new piece of research, a new avenue to explore.

DARREN

Any that I can start tomorrow, next week, next month even?

The forthright question throws Mr Conran and he drops his pen with a clatter.

MR CONRAN  
Well no, possibly - probably - not.

DARREN  
So as extreme as it might seem, it  
is an option available right now!

MR CONRAN  
(testily)  
Well yes but if it were up to me we  
wouldn't offer it at all.

Darren leans forward and begins another bout of wracking coughs.

He continues when they subside.

DARREN  
But if I ask about it? Which I  
am...

MR CONRAN  
(exasperated)  
Then as your consultant I am  
obliged, **legally**, to discuss it  
with you.

DARREN  
I know, I Googled it.

Mr Conran retrieves the pen, places it neatly back in place and quickly adjusts the stapler too.

There is an element of ritual to his actions.

MR CONRAN  
(resigned)  
Okay, what do you want to know  
Darren?

Darren reaches into the pocket of his gown and pulls out a small piece of paper with scribbles on all visible surfaces.

Darren unfolds the paper and clears his throat.

DARREN  
Motor function, how impaired is it?

MR CONRAN

Well this treatment reflects where you are now... so you'd be able to walk though not so much run, pick up medium and large items, do simple things really.

DARREN

(smiling)

But no knitting?

MR CONRAN

Ha, no, no knitting, or Xbox either I'm afraid.

DARREN

And er the what about the diet I'd have to adopt?

MR CONRAN

Yes, not a lot you can do there I'm afraid but synthetic options are in research, so you never know.

DARREN

And the process?

MR CONRAN

No doubt Google will have given you all the gory details.

DARREN

It did but it all seems a lot more real now.

MR CONRAN

And it is Darren, it's very real, no Hollywood now.

DARREN

(quietly)

I know...

MR CONRAN

Any other questions?

DARREN

After, do I stay here for a while?

MR CONRAN

No, straight to your designated carers so you can get settled. Is that your parents?

DARREN  
Yes, they only live about twenty  
minutes away.

MR CONRAN  
And are they prepared for this?

DARREN  
Well they said they are.

MR CONRAN  
And what do you think?

DARREN  
That they aren't ready, how could  
they be, but I'm their son.

MR CONRAN  
I understand. So anymore questions?

DARREN  
No, I'm good.

MR CONRAN  
And you still wish to proceed?

DARREN  
Yes, I do.

MR CONRAN  
(resigned)  
Then come with me Darren.

Mr Conran comes round the side of the desk and wheels Darren  
to the office door.

MR CONRAN  
Get that for me would you.

INT. CORRIDOR

Mr Conran pushes Darren down a long white corridor, doors at  
regular intervals on either side.

Mr Conran stops pushing and brings the wheelchair to a halt.

MR CONRAN  
We have selected a suitable  
'donor', it's a few steps further.

DARREN  
So why are we stopping?

MR CONRAN

You can change your mind here and now and I'll take you back to the office.

Darren shakes his head.

MR CONRAN

Okay, it's time then...

Mr Conran begins to push the wheelchair again.

In a few short steps they are in front of a door marked with a 'Z'

MR CONRAN

So this is it Darren.

DARREN

Thanks Doc, I know you don't agree but I think it's the only option for me.

MR CONRAN

I do understand Darren, I do, I just don't agree.

Mr Conran helps Darren to his feet.

MR CONRAN

When you are ready just walk forward.

DARREN

Okay.

Mr Conran opens the door to the room.

INT. SMALL ROOM

Inside a bald middle aged man sits on a chair.

The chair is bolted to the floor and the man is chained by the neck to the wall behind.

MR POULTER is nearly intact, a couple of fingers seem to be missing and there is the inevitable dead stare and bloody rictus grin on his face.

He stands up and strains against his chains when he see's the doctor and his patient.

For a zombie he seems fairly fresh.

MR CONRAN  
So this is it.

DARREN  
(gulping)  
Yeah, guess it is.

MR CONRAN  
I'd offer your neck up if I were  
you, try get him to bite here.

Mr Conran arches his neck pushing his jugular forward.

MR CONRAN  
Quicker that way.

DARREN  
Thanks for the tip, and... well  
thanks...

With that Darren shuffles forward into the room, still out  
of reach of Mr Poulter.

Mr Conran let's the door swing shut, and then slides a bolt  
across.

There is silence for a few moments.

A blood curdling scream rings out from behind the door to be  
replaced by the sounds of enthusiastic and very wet  
munching.

The scream trails off and takes on a wet sound too, as if  
screaming under water.

Mr Conran reaches into his suit and pulls out a sheet of  
stickers.

The stickers are all the letter Z.

He peels one off and places it on the door, next to the  
other Z.

ZZ.

FADE OUT:

THE END