

Meet Mark
By
Anthony Iannaccio

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MEET MARK

EXT. JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It is a dark and stormy night. We see a normal looking house, darkly lit as foreboding music plays. A CRACK of thunder is heard.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An older looking man, JILL'S DAD, sits back in chair, smoking his pipe and reading a newspaper titled, "MEL GIBSON MONTHLY." Loud BANGING is suddenly heard from the door. Jill's dad immediately lowers his newspaper. JILL comes running down the stairs towards the door.

JILL

Dad, Mark's here. We're going out.
See you later.

DAD

Whoa, whoa, whoa. You're not going
anywhere until I meet this kid.

JILL

Ugh, Dad... we've been going out
for a while now. He's a really good
guy, I swear!

DAD

Well, if he's such a good guy, then
there shouldn't be a problem. I
just wanna say "hi."

JILL

Okay but, before you meet Mark,
there's something I need to tell
you about him.

DAD

What is it, Jill? Tattoos? A nose
ring?

JILL

No, none of that. He's, well...

DAD

A dopehead? A meth dealer? Don't
tell me he's a banker.

(CONTINUED)

JILL
God, Dad! It's not drugs or
anything like that. He's...

MARK loudly knocks on the door.

JILL
(nervously whispers)
He's a...

DAD
For the love of God, Jill, what is
he?

The door loudly CREAKS open. Mark comes limping into the room and making a low, moaning sound. His clothes are ripped up and dirty.

DAD
A Zombie? Goddammit, Jill, how many
times have I told you? I don't want
you going out with "those kind" of
people.

JILL
Oh my God, Dad. He's standing right
in front of you! You can't just
call him that. It's not like when
you were a kid and it was okay to
use that word.

DAD
What word? Zombie? So what? He
can't understand a word we say.

JILL
Dad, you're so embarrassing!
They're called the, "Living Dead."

Mark acknowledges them with a zombie moan.

JILL (CONT'D)
See! He could understand you. He
may be a "Zombie," but he's not
retarded.

DAD
(angrily)
You know what Jill, when your
sister, Alice wanted to go out with
that vampire, I let it slide.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CORNER

We SEE a picture of ALICE and her BOYFRIEND.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DAD (CONT'D)

But this? I thought you'd have slightly better judgment by this age, Jilly.

JILL

But Dad, you don't understand!

DAD

Oh, I understand completely. You undermine my authority as your father by bringing the "blue-lipped special" into my house and I'm supposed to be understanding?

JILL

If you won't say "Living Dead," you can at least try, "Undead-American."

DAD

A zombie is a zombie and I won't have any of their kind dating any daughter of mine!

JILL

But I...

DAD

You what?

JILL

...I love him!

Mark lets out a moan.

DAD

You love him? How could you love him? Can't you date someone normal? Someone more like us?

(CONTINUED)

JILL
We're soul mates.

DAD
Soul mates, she says. How can he
have a soul? He's a corpse!

Mark lets out another moan.

DAD (CONT'D)
Jesus, Jilly! C'mon, what are you
gonna do with him? Do you just plan
on living your life, eating brains
every night for dinner and taking
care of all his "zom-babies" while
he's out roaming the streets doing
God knows what? (beat). How do I
know that one day he's not gonna
turn around and start gnawing your
face off? I see it on the news
every night.

Mark tries to gnaw on Jill. She pushes him away.

JILL
Dad, you don't understand. The news
is run by anti-undead propagandists
who want you to think that all
Undead-Americans are violent and
uncontrollable.

Mark moans in agreement. Dad pushes Jill out of the way.

DAD
(getting in Mark's face)
What was that? You don't think I
could understand that Zombie-talk?
I know your type. I've been to Nam,
pal. I've seen things that would
make your fuckin' undead mouth
water!

Dad starts sweating profusely as he stares off into the
distance. Screams, gunfire and helicopter sounds can be
heard.

DAD (CONT'D)
Blood and gore... blood and gore!
Everybody get down!

Mark lets out a confused moan. Jill tries to snap her dad
out of his Vietnam flashback.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

Dad, dad! Snap out of it!

Dad ignores her. He gets even closer to Mark's face.

DAD

Now you just listen to me, and I pray to God you can understand this. If anything, and I mean anything happens to my little Jilly, you're gonna wish you never died!

Jill starts sobbing.

JILL

How could you be so mean, Dad?! You don't get it, do you? Mark is the greatest guy I've ever met. (beat). He's smart, he's kind, he's funny and he's the only guy whose ever loved me, just for my brains!

Mark lets out a satisfied moan. ("Brains!")

DAD

Alright, "Mark." I love my daughter more than life itself, something you obviously can't relate to.

JILL

Dad!

Mark lets out another moan. ("Dad!")

DAD

But for whatever sick, twisted reason, my daughter really loves you. And as much as it sickens me to look into your ugly, rotting, puke-smelling zombie face...

Mark moans again.

DAD (CONT'D)

... you make her happy. (beat). You son of a bitch.

Dad pats Mark roughly on the back.

JILL

Aww, Dad! That was so sweet.

DAD

I want you to have her back by eleven. No excuses. If you're even a minute late, your head's going up on my mantle. (beat). And believe me, pal, I want you to be late.

Mark lets out a concerned moan.

DAD

Have a good night, Jilly!

JILL

Bye, Dad!

Jill and her Dad hug. Dad angrily stares at Mark. Mark lets out a moan as he and Jill exit.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

JILL

That was a close one.

Mark wipes the zombie make-up off of his face and suddenly starts acting like a normal person.

MARK

I still don't understand why you couldn't just tell him the truth.

Mark takes a yarmulke out of his pocket and places it on his head.

JILL

Are you kidding me? My Dad would never let me date a Jew.

As we fade out, Mark can be heard talking to Jill.

MARK

Why does he even think zombies are real though? I don't understand...

THE END