

**CAN I PICK YOUR BRAIN?**

Written by

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**Relationships, Monsters and Aliens "Can I Pick Up Your Brain?"**

**SEGMENT TWO "CAN I PICK UP YOUR BRAIN?"**

EXT. ANY TOWN - ANY PARK - DAY

A beautiful sunny day. COUPLES are walking, holding hands, having picnics.

JOGGERS are using the path around the park. DOGS are playing fetch with their owners.

Amongst this, we find

EVE

Early twenties, beautiful, innocent, pure.

She sits Indian style, on a blanket, reading a BOOK and listening to HEADPHONES. She occasionally takes bites from a BAGEL.

POV FROM ACROSS THE PARK:

Eve is being watched. Every move she makes.

ANGLE ON her delicate hands as she picks up the bagel and takes a bite.

ANGLE ON her mouth watering lips and perfect teeth, as she smiles at something in the book.

After a couple beats, her sixth sense kicks in and she feels that she's being watched.

EVE'S POV

Across the park, A FIGURE'S HEAD quickly disappears behind a tree. She stares for a moment, then convinces herself it's nothing -- putting her head back down in the book.

A COUPLE OF JOGGERS catch the MAN spying on Eve from behind a tree. As they approach, he hears them coming and turns.

The man is not really a man, its a...

(ZOMBIE,) the un-dead.

Zombie looks at the joggers strangely. He seems to be embarrassed about being caught. He smiles at them. A seemingly harmless zombie, but in their eyes -- he's about to eat them.

The JOGGERS scream in terror and run in the opposite direction.

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Zombie is oddly offended. His smile turns into melancholy. (A Zombie with emotions)

BACK TO EVE

With her head buried in the book and chewing the last bit of bagel, she doesn't see Zombie coming straight for her.

He moves in the typical slow zombie staggered pace.

OTHER PARK GOERS see Zombie. Panic begins.

He doesn't seem to be out for blood, but his appearance is shocking enough to scare the pants off of everyone outside.

Despite the hysteria, he continues to grunt and stagger his way towards Eve.

A SCARED PARK GOER runs by and almost trips over Eve. This prompts her to look up and see...

Zombie, almost on top of her.

She jumps up and SCREAMS. Frozen in her tracks, unable to move.

Just when it seems like he's about to jump on her and chomp on her brains -- he stops and smiles. Then, he shoots her a *wink*.

For a moment, Eve doesn't know how to take this gesture. Then, she quickly comes to her senses and RUNS away screaming.

ANGLE ON Zombie's face. Something we don't usually see from Zombies. Emotion. A hint of loneliness.

MAN VOICE (V.O.)

You're a hunter. You're on the top  
of the food chain. You're a man.  
No, you're a CAVE MAN!

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

ANGLE ON

MR. SEX (His name is written on the chalk board,) late thirties, self proclaimed ladies man and master pick up artist.

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He's speaking to a classroom full of eager STUDENTS and DISCIPLES.

MR. SEX

You don't feel emotions. Cave men don't have emotions. Cave men, have clubs. Some have big clubs, like myself, and others aren't so luck, and have very small clubs.

One of the STUDENTS hangs his head low. He has a small club.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)

But we all have clubs, nonetheless.

(pause)

Now you all have come to me because, you're not getting much use out of your clubs. And that's a shame. It's very sad, and if I had emotions, I'd be crying right now.

(then)

And, I'm gonna be honest. You guys don't look like much.

Surveying the room, he's right. They don't look like much.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)

Especially you, Zombie guy.

ANGLE ON The ZOMBIE

He's sitting in the back of the classroom. Off the teacher's reference, everyone looks at him. They don't seem to be scared. They're more afraid of girls.

BACK TO THE LESSON

MR. SEX (CONT'D)

But that's okay, you don't have to be as good looking as me to get chicks.

He's not good looking, jusy okay.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)

I'm gonna teach you how to get any girl that you want. Any girl. I'm going to show you how to pick up hot bitches. How to get the number. How to get the booty.

One STUDENT speaks up...

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STUDENT

Treasure?

MR. SEX

No you idiot. Booty. Tail. Ass.  
Shut up.

LESSON ONE

TODD, one of the younger students, skinny and wimpy looking, sits in front of the class wearing a blonde wig.

TODD

(to Mr. Sex)

Why do I have to be the girl?

MR. SEX

You gotta be the girl, to get the girl.

TODD

What does that mean?

MR. SEX

It means shut up and be the girl.

Mr. Sex points at -- RAY, unsure, not a great dresser, and short. He's standing off to the side.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)

Okay, go.

RAY

Go what?

MR. SEX

Get his number. Her number. Him-her.

Ray doesn't budge, just looks at Mr. Sex with confusion.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)

Go!

Ray hesitantly begins to walk up to Todd.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)

No. No. No.

(then)

Go back and do it again.

RAY

I didn't do anything yet.

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MR. SEX

Let me tell you something.

(re: the class)

All of you listen. The battle is won or lost before you even get close enough to speak to them. When she sees you walking towards her, she makes a decision right away, whether she's going to talk to you or not.

(re: Ray)

And this guy...

RAY

Ray.

MR. SEX

This guy lost the battle, after only a couple steps.

RAY

What did I do wrong?

MR. SEX

Everything Ray, everything. Sit down.

(to the class)

Who wants to tell Ray what he did wrong?

Ray goes back to his seat. Student #2 raises his hand.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)

(off student #2)

You.

STUDENT #2

No eye contact?

MR. SEX

That's right, eye contact. You have to be a master of eye contact. Never let a woman beat you in a staring contest. If a woman beats you in a staring contest, you might as well put on a wig like Todd over here, because you're woman.

Todd is still wearing the blonde wig.

TODD

(raises his hand)

Can I take off the wig?

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MR. SEX  
(firmly)  
No.

Mr. Sex approaches one of the STUDENTS sitting in the front row. He leans forward on the desk, challenging the student to a stare down. After a few beats, the student looks away.

The class APPLAUDS.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)  
You see that? I'm clearly better  
at being a man than this guy.  
(then)  
But that's okay, that's why he's  
here.

Mr. Sex looks around for his next victim. He spots Zombie.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)  
(approaching Zombie)  
Zombie Guy. Let's see what you got.

Mr. Sex leans in and the challenge begins. An extremely long time passes before the Zombie's dead stare is too much for him. He folds.

After the initial embarrassment, Mr. Sex tries to save face.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)  
Wow! That's what I'm talking about.  
(then)  
Class, give him a round of  
applause.

The class APPLAUDS again.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)  
You see that Ray? Zombie Guy  
obviously doesn't have a problem  
with eye contact.

Ray lowers his head. Zombie Guy looks at Mr. Sex with his dead eyes, letting out a dry Zombie heave.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)  
That's a real man.

STUDENT #1  
Does that mean Zombie Guy is better  
at being a man than you?

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MR. SEX

No. It means that I looked away out of courtesy, because I'm a good teacher and I don't wanna show up my students. Smart ass.

Mr. Sex walks back up to the front of the class.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)

Okay. Tonight, I'm taking a few select students on a field trip.

EXT. BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Establishing shot of a bar. Parked out front is Mr. Sex's "Love Machine" van. Yes, it actually says Love Machine on the sides.

INT. BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

MR. SEX enters the bar with a group of STUDENTS, including ZOMBIE, RAY and TODD.

MR. SEX

Okay.

(then)

I want each of you to leave here with at least one phone number.

RAY

How do we do that? We've only had one class.

MR. SEX

(checking out the room)

Shut up. Learn from doing.

Some pretty girls scattered in the bar, along with some not-so-pretty girls. Mr. Sex spots a LONELY WOMAN at the bar.

BETH, certified milf, cleavage for the world to see.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)

(eyeing Beth)

Todd, get up here.

Todd steps up. Zombie Guy's eyes wander, blood dripping from his mouth.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)

(re: Beth)

I want you to go up to that woman.

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TODD  
And do what?

He pushes Todd forward.

MR. SEX  
Show her your club.

TODD  
What does that mean?

MR. SEX  
Just go.

Todd hesitantly starts walking.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)  
Remember, eye contact. Don't let  
her turn you into a woman.

Todd approaches Beth, she's semi-interested -- or desperate.

BETH  
(smiling)  
Hi.

Todd doesn't speak, he just stares her down.

BETH (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

Still staring.

BETH (CONT'D)  
What's wrong with you?

She finally looks away.

TODD  
(looking to his teacher  
and classmates)  
I won!

The classmates cheer, save Zombie.

BETH  
What?

TODD  
I won.  
(pause)  
I don't know what to do now.

Todd fixes his eyes on her cleavage.

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BETH  
How old are you?

TODD  
(to cleavage)  
Twenty-two.

Beth lights up. She likes 'em young.

ANGLE ON MR. SEX AND THE GROUP

They watch Todd work. He spends the entire conversation staring at Beth's cleavage.

BACK TO TODD AND BETH

BETH  
Do you want to get out of here?

TODD  
No. I just got here.

BETH  
Let's go back to my place. It's not  
as loud.

TODD  
(getting it)  
Oh... Okay.

Mr. Sex and company watch Todd exit the bar with Beth.

MR. SEX  
(to his disciples)  
And that gentlemen, is why I  
collect all dues up front.  
(then)  
I feel like a proud father.

Mr. Sex looks for his next victim.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)  
Zombie Guy. You're up next.

Zombie staggers his way to the front of the group. Mr. Sex scans the room, then finds a TABLE...

TWO ATTRACTIVE WOMEN, and ANOTHER not-so-attractive one.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)  
(to Zombie)  
Come on. You'll be my wing man.  
I'll go for the ugly one.

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Mr. Sex walks forward, Zombie follows slowly behind.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)  
(approaching the table)  
Hello ladies!  
(then, to the ugly woman)  
I saw you looking at me from across  
the room and ---

WOMAN #1 sees Zombie Guy staggering towards them. She  
SCREAMS.

WOMAN #1  
(pointing)  
Zombie!

The other women SCREAM. Then, everyone in the bar begins  
screaming once they lay eyes on Zombie.

The bar patrons scatter, running out of the bar.

Only Mr. Sex and his students remain.

MR. SEX  
(grimacing)  
What the hell was that Zombie Guy?!

Zombie heaves, blood dripping from his mouth.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)  
Class, gather around.

The class approaches Mr. Sex and Zombie Guy.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)  
Rule number one, when approaching a  
table full of mostly good looking  
ladies.  
(re: Zombie)  
Make sure there's no blood dripping  
from your mouth. Okay?  
(then)  
So, if you have to eat something or  
someone on the way to the bar --  
I'm talking to you, Zombie. Make  
sure you brush your teeth  
afterwards.  
(then)  
Number two, don't walk like a  
fucking Zombie. Got it? You put a  
little more flavor in your step and  
maybe people won't make assumptions  
like "Oh my God, he's gonna eat my  
brains!"

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Mr. Sex looks at Zombie Guy and sees that he's genuinely hurt.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)  
(sincere)  
Don't worry Zombie Guy. I'll teach you how to pick up women, if it's the last thing I do. I promise.

Zombie stares back with his dead eyes, smiles a bit. Ray raises his hand.

MR. SEX (CONT'D)  
What?

RAY  
Will this be on tomorrow's quiz?

MR. SEX  
Shut up.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPER: 28 1/2 DAYS LATER

INT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD PARK - DAY

Another beautiful day at the park. EVE is back at her picnic spot, reading a book.

ANGLE ON ZOMBIE

He's watching her again. Sensing a presence, she looks up and sees him.

Still a hideous Zombie, but now with fresh clothing, a nice hat, and a chain around his neck.

He walks towards her. This time his walk is more fluid. A flavorful strut, mixed with the stiffness of his dead legs. It's kind of cute.

EVE is miraculously receptive to his new behavior. She stands up, but doesn't scream. She smiles as he approaches.

EVE  
(to Zombie)  
Hi.

He grunts, then smiles. His TEETH are still bloody. Eve doesn't seem to mind.

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ACROSS THE PARK

MR. SEX is watching like a proud teacher. He smiles.

BACK TO EVE AND ZOMBIE GUY

EVE (CONT'D)

How about lunch? You hungry?

Zombie Guy nods "yes" and then BITES into her neck ferociously.

After all, he is a Zombie.

MR. SEX

Oops.

Mr. Sex's pride turns into nervous guilt. He looks around for witnesses, then flees the scene.

THE END.