

Zombie With a Gun

By

Paul Yoshida

2515 Griffith Park Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90039
(562) 761-1973
paullyoshi@gmail.com

EXT. ROYAL HAWAIIAN MOTEL - HOLLYWOOD, CA - NIGHT

A pair of NEON PALM TREES flickers in the sky. Below, a red-neck PICKUP is parked in front of one of the rooms.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The owner of the truck, a scum-bag with "WHITE POWER" tattooed on his neck, INHALES a line of coke off a hand-mirror. This is LOU (30s).

An ASIAN HOOKER emerges from the bathroom.

ASIAN HOOKER

You save me some?

LOU

This is comin' out of your pay,
you know...

He hands her the mirror, walks over to the mini-fridge, and grabs a beer.

ASIAN HOOKER

(to herself)

...Prick.

She snorts a line. Lou shotguns his beer and throws the can across the room.

LOU

Alright, let's fuck.

He takes a seat on the edge of the bed and kicks off his cowboy boots. The hooker climbs onto his lap and opens her blouse.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A BLACK 1978 PONTIAC TRANS-AM pulls into the lot and parks next to the pickup. The driver, a HOODED MAN, steps out and stuffs a GLOCK PISTOL into the back of his jeans.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lou and the hooker are now grinding away on the bed, the hooker on top. Suddenly, there's a LOUD POUNDING at the door.

ASIAN HOOKER

(freaked)

Who's that?

LOU
Fuckin' christ...

Lou tosses the hooker aside, grabs his REVOLVER from the dresser, and goes to the door.

He looks through the PEEPHOLE and sees the Hooded Man standing in front of the door, his face hidden in shadow.

ASIAN HOOKER
Is it the cops?

LOU
(through the door)
Wrong room, asshole!

Lou watches through the peephole as the Hooded Man turns and walks away. Satisfied, he tosses his gun onto the dresser and climbs back into bed.

LOU
Now, where were we?

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Outside, the Trans-Am reverses into the middle of the parking lot. It's pointed directly at the motel room.

The Hooded Man puts it into neutral and REVS the engine. The car RUMBLES with power.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lou and the hooker are at it again, this time doggy-style.

ASIAN HOOKER
Yeah! Yeah! Right there!

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Hooded Man put the car into gear and STOMPS ON THE GAS. The Trans-Am PEELS OUT, laying rubber. It flies straight towards the motel room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Inside, Lou and the hooker are totally oblivious to what's coming.

ASIAN HOOKER
Don't stop! Don't--!

BOOM! The Trans-Am comes CRASHING through the wall. Broken glass and debris fly everywhere.

Lou and the hooker dive behind the bed for cover as the car comes to rest halfway inside the room.

As the dust settles, Lou and the hooker poke their heads up from behind the bed.

The car door opens. The Hooded Man steps out. He walks towards them, gun in hand, his face still hidden in shadow.

ASIAN HOOKER
P-please, don't hurt me!

The Hooded Man raises his gun and points it at Lou.

HOODED MAN
(to the hooker)
Leave.

She scrambles to her feet, collects her clothes, and tiptoes past the car and exits through the giant hole in the wall.

Meanwhile, Lou looks down and spots his revolver lying close by underneath the bed.

Still pointing his gun, the Hooded Man takes a PHOTOGRAPH out of his pocket and tosses it at Lou.

It's of a YOUNG COUPLE with a BABY GIRL in their arms.

LOU
What the fuck is this?

HOODED MAN
You pigs murdered them. Shot 'em dead in their home.

LOU
Bullshit. I didn't murder nobody.

HOODED MAN
Yeah, you did, Lou...

He pulls back his hood, revealing the GREY AND ROTTING FACE OF SEAN WALKER (30s), the young man in the photo.

Lou can't believe his eyes.