

Because I Love You  
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January 12, 2008

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

An intersection on a quiet street. Nice, upper middle class neighborhood. White picket fences and all.

Suddenly a newer model sedan drifts around the corner at high speed. It starts to lose control, then straightens.

The left rear tire blows, sending tread flying, and the rear starts to slide out again.

INT. SEDAN

Brian, mid to late 30's, grips the wheel, trying to keep it steady. Blood runs from a gash over his eye. There's a shotgun on the passenger side floor propped against the seat.

BRIAN  
Shit! Not now!

EXT. SEDAN

Most of the rubber is gone and it's riding on the wheel, sending up sparks.

INT. SEDAN

Brian watches the speedometer shake wildly between 30 and 40 M.P.H. He pounds the steering wheel with his open fist.

BRIAN  
Damn! Almost there, I can make it.

EXT. STREET

The car continues its erratic path down the street, still sparking.

A group of ZOMBIES stumble down the center of the road about 50 feet ahead.

INT. SEDAN

Brian sees the zombies ahead and adjusts his path to aim straight for them.

BRIAN  
Oh, yeah, you little fuckers. Stay right there. Don't move...

He gets closer...

BRIAN  
...don't move...

He nails the zombies. Body parts and blood splatter the windshield and hood. Brian lets go of the wheel and raises his arms in victory.

BRIAN  
Score! That's for Don and Janet  
back in the office, you fuckers!

With his hands off the wheel, it begins to spin. The car shakes violently.

BRIAN  
Oh, sh--

EXT. STREET

The car loses control, flips and rolls, landing on it's roof. Zombies all around start converging on the car.

INT. SEDAN

Brian , upside down, shakes his head trying to stay conscious. More cuts and scrapes all over. He unhooks the seatbelt and falls to the roof.

Zombie feet appear at the side window. Brian grabs the shotgun, but it's stuck under the dash.

A zombie peers in the window, just inches from Brian's head. Brian pulls harder on the shotgun.

The zombie opens its mouth wide and lets out a hiss/screech/growl sound. Brian pulls harder, backing as far as he can from the window.

Brian gets the gun loose and rams it into the zombies mouth. He pulls the trigger and the zombie's head explodes.

EXT. STREET

Brian crawls out of the car window. He stands and shoots several zombies right around him, but many more are coming. He runs down the street, limping slightly, firing at any zombies that get too close.

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE

Brian, still carrying the shotgun, runs across the yard and pounds on the front door.

BRIAN  
It's me! Open the door! Let me in!

The door cracks open, held by a chain. 5 year old JENNY peeks out at her father.

Again, the zombies start closing in on Brian.

JENNY  
Are you one of the ugly people now?

BRIAN  
Jenny? Oh, sweetie, it's daddy,  
open the door.

JENNY  
How do I know you're not one of the  
ugly people?

The zombies are getting closer.

BRIAN  
Jenny, it's daddy. You have to let  
me in. I'm not one of them, now  
open the door!

JENNY  
But how do I--

BRIAN  
Do you still want that pony for  
your birthday?

The doors closes. Sound of the chain unhooking, then the door opens again. Brian pushes his way through and slams it behind him.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jenny jumps down from a stool next to the door. Brian leans the shotgun against the wall. Locks all the locks and hooks the chain.

He grabs Jenny and hugs her tight.

BRIAN  
Are you okay? Where's your mother?  
What are you doing here by  
yourself?

Jenny picks up a doll, sits on the floor and plays. She's clearly upset and scared, but trying to hide it.

JENNY  
Mommy left.

BRIAN  
She left? Where did she go? Is she  
okay?

JENNY  
The ugly people were trying to get  
inside. Mommy stopped them, then  
she started feeling sick. Then she  
went outside.

Brian goes to the window and looks to the front yard. Leans his head against the glass, quiet tears running from his eyes.

Zombies press their faces to the window. Pounding starts at the front door.

Jenny jumps up scared and runs to her father. Brian holds her tight.

JENNY  
Daddy, I'm scared.

BRIAN  
It's okay, sweetie, everything's  
going to be okay.

JENNY  
I don't feel so good, daddy.

BRIAN  
I know you're scared, but we'll get  
through this.

JENNY  
It's starting to hurt real bad  
where mommy bit me.

Brian freezes and pulls back.

BRIAN  
Where did she bite you, honey?

Jenny pulls her shirt down on the back of her neck. There's a small bite, not deep, but turning green and pus oozing.

BRIAN

Oh, that doesn't look bad at all. I think you're going to be just fine. Why don't you go back and play? Daddy has to think about getting us out of here.

Brian paces back and forth across the room. Biting his nails, throwing glances at Jenny and the shotgun propped against the wall.

Jenny, playing again, is starting to get very pale and sweating.

Brian walks over and picks up the shotgun. He sticks the barrel under his chin, trying it out.

Jenny has stopped playing. She wraps her arms around her knees and starts shivering and crying.

JENNY

Daddy, it really, really hurts.

Brian begins crying. He slowly walks over to Jenny.

JENNY

Daddy, can you make it stop?

He lowers the shotgun to Jenny's head. Jenny looks up at him, sad and confused.

JENNY

Daddy? Why are you pointing your gun at me?

BRIAN

Because I love you, sweetie.  
Because I love you.

FADE TO BLACK.