

"The Living Dead of Beverly Hills"

Shaun Davis and William S. Major

Episode one: "Meet the Riley's"

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FADE IN:

INT/EXT. 2ND FLOOR LUXURY BEDROOM/BALCONY - MORNING

DARRYL RILEY, mid 40's white male, clad only in a diamond tufted purple velvet robe with gold trim and matching slippers is pushed across the polished white marble floor by a ZOMBIE.

The Zombie's mouth snaps at Darryl's fingers as Darryl uses a brass curtain rod to hold the Zombie back, but Darryl's slippers gave him no traction, forcing Darryl to moonwalk backwards across the shiny marble floor.

1 DARRYL RILEY(V.O.) 1
Now...I know what yer thinkin'...this
fancy dressed dude is screwed."

The Zombie pushes Darryl out onto the balcony.

2 DARRYL RILEY(V.O.) 2
But what y'all don't know about Darryl
is...

Darryl's feet catch traction on the balcony.

Darryl shifts his weight and twists the brass rod.

The ZOMBIE leans in, gnashing at Darryl's face.

3 DARRYL RILEY(V.O.) 3
...Darryl is...if anything...

Darryl spins the curtain rod like a baton and swings the thick rod like a baseball bat hitting the ZOMBIE at the back of its head.

The Zombie is knocked off the balcony and falls to the ground floor and is crushed.

4 DARRYL RILEY(V.O.) 4
...a very resourceful man.

A breathless Darryl takes a seat on the balcony, closing his robe while fumbling for a pack of Marlboro reds in the robe's pocket.

5 DARRYL RILEY(V.O.) 5
I have always been a resourceful man.

That's me. Darryl D. Riley. The new owner of this palatial estate high in the heart of Beverly Hills.

Darryl lights a cigarette and takes a long drag, then exhales.

6	Now you might not think that a guy like me could afford such a prestigious domicile like this here...and you'd be right! (beat) Now I own a Beverly Hills mansion complete with cars, guns, motorcycles and all kinds of fun toys.	6
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EXT. FRONT OF MANSION - DAY

	DARRYL RILEY(V.O.)	
7	That there's my autographed Dale Earnhardt painting...	7

INT. POSTER OVER FIREPLACE - DAY

	DARRYL RILEY(V.O.)	
8	...my Browning over/under shotgun complete with gold trigger...	8

INT: SHOTGUN MOUNTED ON WALL - DAY

	DARRYL RILEY(V.O.)	
9	...my original Garth Brooks on a rope...	9

EXT: MANSION BACKYARD - DAY

A ZOMBIE GARTH BROOKS is in the backyard, tied to a tree by a rope around his waist.

	DARRYL RILEY(V.O.)	
10	...and my collection of John Wayne commemorative plates...I was not going to pass on these babies! You want to know how I got all this?! Well its a	10

long story. I'd rather tell you about my newly acquired original 1977 black Trans-Am four speed from the Smokey and the Bandit movies...complete with the decapitated head of Burt Reynolds in the trunk...but i'm willing to indulge you on my amazing journey from rags to riches...but first we gotta go back a few weeks.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 58 EASTBOUND - DAY

A desert roadside sign reads "THANK YOU FOR VISITING TEHACHAPI - COME AGAIN SOON!" White spray paint covers the word "come" with the word "cum".

TITLE OVER: BOTTOM CENTER "TWO WEEKS EARLIER..."

An older RV speeds past the sign with white smoke billowing out of it's windows, followed by several police cars in hot pursuit.

The police chase ends as the RV rolls to a stop and it's wheels spin in the sand. The police cars stop behind the RV and the OFFICERS approach, waving off the horrible smelling smoke from their noses.

The sound of breaking glassware is heard as Darryl, wearing only white boxer-brief underwear, white socks, work boots and a full face gas mask staggers out of the RV's door, rests his hands on his knees and attempts to catch his breath.

OFFICER REDDING

11	(beat, mix of familiarity and irritation)	11
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12	...Darryl...	12
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DARRYL RILEY

13	(beat, mix of exhaustion, repentance and excuses) ...Randy...now this is not what it looks like -	13
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Darryl suddenly drops to his hands and knees and vomits, filling the gas mask with orange puke. Officer Redding pulls the gas mask off of Darryl's face while the other OFFICER helps Darryl to his feet.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A strobe light flashes on Darryl's face and briefly freezes on the frontal and side views of Darryl's new mug shot.

TITLE OVER: RILEY, DARRYL D D.O.B. 04/29/81 CHARGE: THE MANUFACTURE OF A CONTROLLED SUBSTANCE.)

EXT - POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Darryl exits the police station with his wallet and other possessions in a small clear baggie.

Darryl climbs into an old Chevy Blazer at the curb and the vehicle drives off.

Darryl and the driver, a young man don't say a word.

Finally Darryl breaks the uncomfortable silence.

	DARRYL RILEY	
14	Now I know what you're thinking, Junior...	14
	BUD RILEY	
15	You have no idea how much trouble you're into. Ma says this is your third strike.	15
	DARRYL RILEY	
16	Naw...That whole supermarket thing was reduced to a misdemeanor.	16
	BUD RILEY	
17	But you punched a cop during your arrest, Pop. Do you know that's a felony all day long.	17
	DARRYL RILEY	
18	How's your mom taking the news?"	18
	BUD RILEY	
19	She's been out in the front yard, chatting up the biker next door all afternoon. I guess she's planning on auditioning your replacement later this evening.	19

20 DARRYL RILEY 20
Ha! How's that working out for her?

The truck turns into the rundown PLAYA AZUL TRAILER PARK skidding to a stop in front of a weathered double wide mobile home.

21 BUD RILEY 21
You can see for yourself.

Darryl's wife CINDY RILEY is outside. Cindy is a short, chubby blonde dressed in small pink shorts and a shirt tied in a knot just above her round belly.

22 DARRYL RILEY 22
What in the whole pork belly is going on here?

Cindy is watering the brown and long dead lawn in a sexy manner, as their leather clad Biker neighbor is sitting on his porch drinking a beer and watching Cindy show.

Cindy turns to see Darryl and their son BUD RILEY hop down from the Blazer.

23 DARRYL RILEY 23
Hey Cal...

24 BIKER ON PORCH 24
Hey Darryl...

25 CINDY RILEY 25
Hey dumbass! I can't believe they released you.

26 DARRYL RILEY 26
Well, your brother is a jackass.

27 CINDY RILEY 27
That's officer jackass to you, soon convict-to-be.

Darryl was about to offer a cynical reply, but he hesitated, shakes his tired head in disgust and drags his exhausted body into his mobile home.

INT - DARRYL'S TRAILER - DAY

From the black and white squares of the linoleum floor to the posters of Elvis, Brooks and Dunn and a muscular Jesus on the walls, everything about this home screams country poverty.

28 DARRYL RILEY 28
Ahhh...home, sweet shit-hole.

Darryl grabs two cans of beer out of the refrigerator and drops himself into a yellow crushed velvet armchair and turns on the 65" flat screen TV that is barely six feet away from his chair.

29 CINDY RILEY 29
I've had it with you Darryl!

Cindy storms into the trailer, slamming the screen door so hard the entire trailer shakes.

30 CINDY RILEY (CONT'D) 30
You got busted...again?!?

Cindy stomps across the hollow floor to the refrigerator. She grabs a can of beer and chugs the entire can. "

31 DARRYL RILEY 31
Now look hunnybunny...Imma make this right, I promise you.

32 CINDY RILEY 32
(MOCKING)
Imma make this right...ah promise yew...

33 33

Cindy tosses the empty beer can into a kitchen trash can overflowing with garbage.

34 CINDY RILEY (CONT'D) 34
You're going to jail Darryl. Right now, the only thing you're doing is cock blocking me from getting a new daddy for our little babies.

Just then, a teen redhead holding a cellphone enters the living room wearing a tank top and cut off denim shorts.

35 CHERRY RAE RILEY 35
Daddy, you got busted...again?

36 DARRYL RILEY 36
Now Cherry Rae, that's not exactly what happened...

CHERRY RAE RILEY
 37 That's not what they're saying on the 37
 gram...

CHERRY RAE RILEY holds her smart phone in front of Darryl's face as he watches a grainy police dash cam video of himself wearing only a gas mask and underwear, filling his gas mask with orange vomit...and his subsequent arrest.

CHERRY RAE RILEY (CONT'D)
 38 You're already at thirty thousand 38
 views...

DARRYL RILEY
 39 Thirty thousand views...dammit, that 39
 was just four hours ago.

CHERRY RAE RILEY
 (dimly astonished)
 40 I know...right?! 40

A pissed off Cindy stands in between Darryl and the T.V., blocking a breaking news report. She hands Darryl a yellow sheet of paper.

CINDY RILEY
 41 Do you know what that is? 41

Darryl takes the yellow paper, adjusting the distance from his face to the page to focus on the bold lettering at the top of the page.

YELLOW LETTER - DAY

at the tp of the page: NOTICE OF EVICTION.

INT - TRAILER - DAY

CINDY RILEY
 42 Well dummy...what are you gonna do 42
 about this?

DARRYL RILEY
 43 Hunnybunny...Imma make this right, I 43
 promise you. I'm gonna fix this. I
 swear on-

44 CINDY RILEY 44
 On what? We don't have shit, and you
 got less than shit! I swear, I coulda
 ran off with my 2nd cousin but
 instead...I got knocked up by the
 biggest dummy in the high desert.

Cindy's complaints continue down the hall as she storms off
 to her bedroom, slamming the door behind her, shaking the
 whole trailer.

45 CHERRY RAE RILEY 45
 Daddy, is this a good time to ask you
 for a tiny little favor?

46 DARRYL RILEY 46
 Anything for my little angel.

47 CHERRY RAE RILEY 47
 Can I have \$127.00?

48 DARRYL RILEY 48
 (shocked)
 For what?!?

49 CHERRY RAE RILEY 49
 Some friends are going to a concert in
 L.A. and I wanna go.

50 DARRYL RILEY 50
 When is the concert?

51 CHERRY RAE RILEY 51
 Tonight.

52 DARRYL RILEY 52
 ...what in the hell?! Who you going to
 see, Shania Twain slap boxing against
 Celine Dion?
 (pause while Darryl calms down)
 ...Sweetie, daddy doesn't have that
 sorta cash right now on account
 of...well...

(Beat...Cherry Rae smiles)

53 CHERRY RAE RILEY 53
 You know Mom's right. You are as
 worthless as taste buds in a butthole.

Cherry Rae storms off to her bedroom, slamming the door and

shaking the trailer. Darryl buries his face in his hands as he feels the weight of the world as he witnesses the fall of the Riley family.

(AUDIO FROM THE TELEVISION) "...followed by massive evacuations due to the pandemic. Now, we're going live to Channel 7 action reporter Sandy Takashi-Ramos at Cedar Sinai Medical Center."

INT. - CLOSE UP ON TELEVISION

The Channel 7 news reporter Sandy Takashi-Ramos stands in front of the medical center.

SANDY TAKASHI-RAMOS:

54

Rand, it's utter chaos down here. The hospital is already full to capacity as people still flock to this hospital with flu-like symptoms, followed by...what most are saying is a taste...for human flesh. We were in the hospital earlier and here is what we saw.

54

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

A news cameraman films doctors and nurses running back and forth down the hallway trying to treat the dozens of sick people who fill this space.

A woman, whose eyes were full of blood, is strapped to a gurney. She tries to bite anyone near her.

Screams can be heard in the distance as a couple walk past the camera, both nursing bleeding arm bites.

Screams grow closer as a man in a blood stained shirt staggers into the hallway and bites the throat of the first person within reach.

Blood from the bite sprays the camera lens, but through the red liquid, we see a woman fighting off an infected cannibal as they both fall to the floor.

A stampede ensues and the cameraman is knocked to the floor.

The bloody eyed woman breaks free from the gurney and bites a

man in the stampede.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

An emotionally shaken Sandy Takashi-Ramos in front of the medical center.

SANDY TAKASHI-RAMOS

55	The lack of decent medical attention is only complicated by the fact that many of the doctors and nurses have abandoned their posts to gather their own families to evacuate the greater Los Angeles area. (beat) Back to you Rand.	55
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INT. - CLOSE UP ON TELEVISION

The Channel 7 news room and anchor RAND DAHL

RAND DAHL

56	And now, we're going to check in on Channel 7's action reporter Herbert Morrison who is reporting live from Beverly Hills.	56
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EXT. - BEVERLY HILLS RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The Channel 7 news reporter HERBERT MORRISON on a street corned in Beverly Hills.

Behind him in the distance we see rich people trying to load personal belongings and valueables into small sports cars and assorted luxury vehicles

HERBERT MORRISON

57	Rand, it's a madhouse in what is usually a serene Beverly Hills neighborhood as the elite of Los Angeles are abandoning their beautiful multi-million dollar mansions to escape what people are now calling The Zombie Apocalypse. We interviewed a few people as they were leaving to see what they were thinking and why they	57
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