

La Pistola  
Episode 2

by  
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Second Draft  
August 23rd, 2008

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EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Two pairs of dirty boots stand at the edge of a very small WATERING HOLE. In the background we can see a small hand cart, cobbled together from old automobile parts.

Standing above the watering hole are RADU and ZONGO (male, large, muscular, 40s), itinerant mechanics from the Bolivian Necromancy. Radu wears suspended overalls; Zongo wears a jumpsuit. They look desolately down at the water.

A SOUND OF RUSTLING in the bushes draws Radu's attention.

RADU

What was that? Did you hear that?

ZONGO

Some little critter out scrounging for food. No need to get all twitchy.

They look back down at the oily water.

ZONGO (cont'd)

Is this on the map?

Still looking at the water, Radu blindly pulls a DIRTY RAG from his pocket. He unfolds it, and turns it until he sees what he's looking for.

RADU

Yep. This piss pot is the last bit of water until Oasis City.

ZONGO

Last water until tomorrow night.

RADU

(indicating on the map)

Yep. If this road is still intact.

(beat)

Hell, if this line is even a road.

Is that a line, or a crease?

Zongo looks closer. He shrugs, nonchalantly noncommittal.

RADU (cont'd)

Well, anyhow. We'll be somewhere.

ZONGO

Oasis City.

Zongo bends down, and cups some water in his hands to drink.

Radu looks around.

RADU  
 Yep. We'll be done with Rough Side.  
 Hook up with Prester John...get a  
 job...

Something has caught Radu's attention.

CUT TO:

EXT. POV OF HORIZON - CONTINUOUS

In the distance, a hazy, silhouetted figure approaches.

BACK TO:

EXT. WOODED AREA - CONTINUOUS

Zongo stands up, wiping his mouth.

ZONGO  
 You gonna drink?

Radu stares into the distance, and nods.

RADU  
 Zongo. Someone's comin'.

Zongo follows Radu's stare.

BACK TO:

EXT. POV OF HORIZON - CONTINUOUS

The figure in the distance is now closer, and clearly our heroine, LA PISTOLA. She is carrying something large over her shoulder.

BACK TO:

EXT. WOODED AREA - CONTINUOUS

They continue to stare.

ZONGO  
 She a Star Head?

RADU  
Can't tell.

Radu turns, and stalks toward the cart.

RADU (cont'd)  
But Rough Side rule number one in  
effect: Best to be safe.

Zongo mutely mouths the same words: "Best to be safe."

Radu pulls a GOLF CLUB from the cart, and tosses it to Zongo.

Zongo takes a few deft swipes at the air, then brings the head of the club to his lips and kisses it.

Radu arms himself with a LARGE WRENCH, and also pulls a CROSSBOW and a SHOTGUN from the cart.

ZONGO  
Can I hold the shooter, this time?

Radu offers him the crossbow.

RADU  
Only two shots left. Can't have you  
wasting them, again, like last  
time.

Zongo frowns, testily snatching the crossbow from Radu's hand.

The two take a firm stance.

Pistola is now within one hundred feet, and continues walking towards them.

PISTOLA  
(shouting)  
Truce!

ZONGO  
No truce for Star Heads!

RADU  
What say you, Lady? You a Mendes  
Knight coming to claim our souls?

Pistola stops twenty feet from the men. Silent.

Zongo and Radu inspect her.

ZONGO  
Her forehead's clean.

RADU  
No brand.

PISTOLA  
I haven't seen any of those Mendes  
bitches in weeks. Didn't know they  
roamed this far. Had some trouble  
with a ghoul and some coyotes a  
couple days back, but been lonesome  
since.

ZONGO  
You alone?

PISTOLA  
Just me. Got an old engine a ways  
back, but out of fuel. Gathering  
fodder for the still.

ZONGO  
Engine?

RADU  
A real engine? Ticket to ride?

PISTOLA  
Verdad. I just need to get a few  
more good plants, and I'll be out  
of your dust.

Zongo and Radu look at each other, then back to Pistola.

RADU  
Truce, then. Water and shade's to  
share.

Pistola nods, and walks to the water, drops her bag, and  
stoops to drink some water.

ZONGO  
You headed to Oasis?

CUT TO:

EXT. POV FROM THE BUSHES - CONTINUOUS

A pair of slimy, thin TENTACLES pushes through the bushes,  
allowing us to see the three people standing around the water  
hole.

PISTOLA

Maybe. Looking for a Fat Man I'm told might be able to help me.

RADU

The Fat Man? Then you ain't going to Oasis. He's three days walk that way. Opposite direction. We just come from there.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED AREA - CONTINUOUS

PISTOLA

Yeah?

RADU

Done some work for him.

Pistola looks at the weapons they hold.

PISTOLA

Work?

RADU

Oh. Not that.

ZONGO

We're mechanics. Up from Bol Neck.

PISTOLA

Mechanics? You ever work on an engine?

RADU

Some. Yours need work?

The leaves of the bushes RUSTLE slightly, and the three look over.

ZONGO

Don't worry. Just a critter.

PISTOLA

Sorry. I'm spooked since my tussle with the coyotes.

RADU

You were saying your engine needs work?

PISTOLA

The still output has dropped off.  
Needs more fuel per measure, now.

Radu nods.

ZONGO

We can fix that. Radu's worked on  
tons of stills.

PISTOLA

Yeah?

RADU

Yep. Might trade you the work for a  
ride.

PISTOLA

Sounds fair.

The bushes SHAKE FURIOUSLY.

The three grab nervously at their weapons. Zongo and Radu stare bemusedly at the gleaming .50 CALIBER PISTOL that Pistola has pulled out. There's obviously something very large in those bushes...

ZONGO

Radu, that ain't no critter.

A FLURRY OF TENTACLES shoot out from the bushes, and impale themselves in Zongo's chest and abdomen, showering Pistola and Radu in a spray of BLOOD.

BLOOD spills from the TENTACLES sticking out of Zongo's back.

Pistola and Radu look on for a moment in horror, as the tentacles slowly RETRACT from Zongo's body. Zongo's lifeless body falls to the ground.

The tentacles whip back into the bush, and Pistola and Radu FIRE a couple of shots into it.

Silence.

The tentacles again ERUPT from the bushes, lashing out and grabbing Radu. Some entrap his legs, and pull him to the ground; another wraps his arms to his side; and another wraps around his neck. He struggles as they tighten and choke him.

Pistola hops on top of him, trying to pull the tentacles free. Her hips on top of his, she grinds, grunts, and pulls at the tentacle wrapped around his neck.

She arches her back, pulling with all her might. Radu writhes beneath her, the tentacles tightening to the point that blood is spraying from his pores. He then goes limp. She slumps over him, sweat dripping from her brow onto him, and breathlessly entones:

PISTOLA

I'm so sorry.

More tentacles lash out and grab Pistola, pulling her roughly to the ground.

Her pistol lies nearby, but she can't reach it.

She pulls a knife with her free hand, and cuts one of the tentacles holding her other arm, but another tentacle grabs her free arm, and she's fully pinned.

She struggles, but the tentacles swarm over her, carressing her writhing body.

In a single burst of movement, the tentacles pull her toward the bushes about three feet. The tentacles go slack. More struggling, and the tentacles go taught, again.

Another burst of movement, and again she's pulled another three feet. Pistola stops struggling as she sees that in the path that the tentacles are pulling her, she's being pulled closer to her fallen PISTOL. The tentacles go slack for a moment, then taught.

Another burst of movement, and she's now inches from her pistol. Slack tentacles, then taught.

In the middle of the next burst of movement, Pistola is able to snatch up the gun. As the tentacles slacken, she gently and smoothly raises the weapon toward the bushes. She SEES the GIANT EYE behind the tentacles, and aims directly for it.

As it pulls her, again, she FIRES.

The Giant Eye EXPLODES in a shower of goo, splattering all over Pistola's exposed body parts and face.

The tentacles go completely slack, and Pistola pulls herself up from amongst them.

Her pistol hanging limply by her side, she surveys the surrounding carnage.

She checks her weapon, to make sure it's clean.

She slowly walks over to the WATER HOLE, and kneels down within it.



She slowly washes the blood and goo from her body, face, and hair.

TO BE CONTINUED...