

TRANSACTION

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INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING WIDE SHOT OF GAS STATION

MEDIUM CLOSEUP OF CASHIER MID FRAME/WAIST UP

The store is quiet except for the sound of a baseball game playing on a small radio behind the counter, and the sound of the door opening and closing as the CASHIER, and older-middle-aged man reads a magazine - Seventeen. The door chimes as a customer walks in, drawing the CASHIER'S eye, which turns to a confused stare. The sound of the customer shopping can be heard as the camera remains on the CASHIER. The customer brings several items to the register where a dumbfounded cashier waits.

CASHIER

(Hesitantly)

This uh... This gonna be all for you,  
bud?

CUSTOMER

Yes, I thiink so- oh wait, can I  
get a pack of Pirate 100s? Non-  
menthol, please.

The CASHIER pauses bagging and turns to grab the cigarettes from the shelf behind him.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

(Pointing at the shelf)

Is that- is that pot? That's legal  
here now?

CASHIER

Yeah, you want some?

CUSTOMER

(condescendingly)

Heh, uh, no thanks. I might be  
degenerating, but I'm no  
degenerate.

CASHIER

Okay then...

(Finishes ringing up items)

I'm going to need to see your-

CUSTOMER

Got my ID right here.

A grotesque hand holds up a license; the CASHIER cringes at seeing it.

CASHIER

Uh, that's fine but I need to see  
your face— how do I know that's  
actually you?

CUSTOMER

You think someone would really try  
this if it wasn't them?

CASHIER

I think YOU might; how could I  
know?

CUSTOMER

Because I'm telling you.

CASHIER

No cigarettes without ID.  
(Points at the items on  
the counter)  
Or alcohol.

The CASHIER turns to put the cigarettes back on the shelf.

CUSTOMER

Alright, alright, wait. You sure  
you wanna see my face? Just to be  
clear, you understand what I am,  
right?

CASHIER

(confused, incredulous)  
"What you are?" Bro, no, I actually  
want to kick you out of my store  
but I have a mortgage. Hurry up  
already man, I'm getting a line.

REAR MEDIUM/WAIST SHOT OF CUSTOMER

From behind, the CUSTOMER can be seen opening a flap on the  
front of the hooded robe that they're wearing. Wet sounds -  
e.g. worms coiling together, spaghetti, etc. can be heard.

CUSTOMER

(confused, smug)  
What, it doesn't look like me?

The CASHIER points at the CUSTOMER'S exposed face in sheer  
horror, struggling to gasp out words.

CASHIER

(Horrified)  
You— You're...

CUSTOMER  
What? I got a booger?

CASHIER  
(Horrified, near  
speechless)  
Your face... What...

The CUSTOMER puts the ID on the counter, leaving a slimy red-brown residue and dirt in its wake, and touches their face.

CUSTOMER  
Oh. Worm! That's embarrassing.

A dirty eyeball and a worm covered in dirt and viscera is in their hand, and they place it on the counter, picking up their ID, then pauses to pick up the eyeball.

CUSTOMER  
Oh, sorry— Don't mean to litter. Do you have a like, a little wastebasket or something like that back there?

The CASHIER, dumbfounded, raises a small wastebasket with one hand, and the CUSTOMER's grotesque hand can be seen dropping the worm into the bucket.

CASHIER  
Man— do you— Do you need a doctor?

CUSTOMER  
Why? I'm fine.

MEDIUM CLOSEUP OF CUSTOMER

The customer is revealed to be a zombie; gray-green skin covered in sores, dirt and viscera— the face is rotting and an eye, once missing, is being popped back in by them.

CUSTOMER  
What's wrong bud, never seen a zombie before?

CASHIER  
A what?

CUSTOMER  
Zombie. You know, walking undead? Well, dead. Because walking "undead", well that's just normal people right? Anyway. We get a bad rap in the media so uh...  
(Gestures to ghost outfit)  
(MORE)

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Yeah. Modern solutions. Also, why would anyone eat just someone's brain? Thats such a waste of the rest of the body.

(pauses)

That was a joke.

(Exhales, sputters lips)

Woof. What can ya do?

The CASHIER remains silent, dumbfounded.

CUSTOMER

Right... Well if you could just ring me up, I'll be on my way. And uh, just keep the change I guess.

They finish the transaction, the CASHIER keeping a look of horror and uncertainty on the CUSTOMER throughout, who places a handful of cash in the cashier's hand.

CUSTOMER

Alright, well. Thanks!

The customer drops the ghost-face flap back over their face and leaves the store. The CASHIER looks down at the cash in his hand, moving a \$1 bill out of the way to see a handful of Monopoly Money.

CASHIER

(Indignant)

That dead motherf--! He- he just robbed me!

CUT TO BLACK.