A Day in the Life of a Ginger Mexican Named Zach Lopez.

By

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FADE IN

INT. ZACH'S ROOM—MORNING
Shaky, hand-held camera.

Grey room, ZACH LOPEZ (20’s), tall and gangly, with fire-red hair and a concave chest sleeps peacefully.

A hand reaches out and shakes Zach Lopez lightly.

CAMERAMAN
Lopez, ZACH LOPEZ!

He rubs his eyes groggily into the camera.

ZACH
What is this shit? It’s my day off.

CAMERAMAN
It’s 11.30.

ZACH
It’s 11.30 on my day off. It could be 11:30 in the PM. I wouldn’t want you to wake me up.

CAMERAMAN
Sorry. I thought, we could get film of you doing something interesting for once. Since it’s your day off and all.

ZACH
Shit. Well it’s my day off not yours, so I’ll give you a pass. Jesus Jeremiah Johnson.

Zach sits up agitated.

CAMERAMAN
Sorry.

ZACH
See this?

He points to his concave chest.

ZACH
That’s where my soul should be, if I had one. this is where it would (MORE)
ZACH (cont’d)
be. But I don’t. This is where I put all my fucks. Its empty. Don’t ever wake me up on my day off.

IMPOSE: A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A GINGER MEXICAN NAMED ZACH LOPEZ...AKA THE BALLAD OF Z-LO.

INT. BATHROOM-MORNING
Zach walks out of the shower with a towel that reads face/balls.
He accidentally dries his face with the "balls" portion of the towel.

INT. ZACHS ROOM-MORNING
Zach gets dressed, he goes over to the mirror and sees no reflection.
He sighs

INT. KITCHEN-DAY
Zach stands with a muffin. He takes a full bite and slowly chews.
He stares stone-faced ahead.
with his lower hand he raises a full gallon of milk into view and takes a swig straight from the carton.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY
He grabs a bottle of sunscreen lotion and squirts a mound into his hand.
He speaks as he applies the lotion.

ZACH
There was one time this one girl said she was into 6’0 tall gingers.
She was called the Gingerslayer, it was scary and exciting, you know?... But the deal was broken when she found out I was also a Mexican.
He Finishes with the sunscreen and grabs a sombrero.

EXT. DOWNTOWN-STREET-DAY

Zach watches over the town.

ZACH
I used to have eight friends. But six bailed when they found out my Dad had no affiliation with...

A sign reads: CASA LOPEZ: BEST MEXICAN FOOD IN TOWN.

ZACH
Casa Lopez. Now I’m down to two friends. ANNIE and DEAN.

Zach walks past and flips the restaurant the bird.

INT. COFFEESHOP-DAY

Zach sits with a cup of coffee.

ANNIE (20’s) another out of place, awkward ginger takes a seat across from him with her coffee.

ANNIE
Hey.

ZACH
Hola. Annie, you look a little sunburned.

ANNIE
Yeah. I fell asleep with the light on.

ZACH
Tanning light?

ANNIE
No. Desk lamp.

Annie and Zach take simultaneous sips of their coffees.

A stranger walks past them.

STRANGER
Hey! Are you guys related?
ZACH
Yeah we share the same pubic hair.

ANNIE
No! No we are not.

STRANGER
Oh, I’ve always wondered...are both your parents gingers, or how does that work?

ZACH
No. Mexican father. Albino mother.

She nods and leaves.

Annie and Zach shake their head.

ANNIE
A day in the life of a Ginger Mexican.

ZACH
Fuck off.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Zach sits in his living room with his other friend DEAN (20’s) pimply, with greasy black hair and glasses.

DEAN
So...do you people have reflections?

ZACH
Huh. What?

DEAN
Like can you see yourself in the mirror?

ZACH
"can we see ourselves in mirrors?" we aren’t fucking vampires... so not all the time. Depends if the sun is up and how close we are to St. Paddy’s day.
EXT. BAR-NIGHT

Zach and Dean walk fully immersed in conversation.

    DEAN
    No, I’m just saying it’s awkward you get either Cherry Beer or a
    Shirley Temple.

    ZACH
    What? They taste great, they’re reasonably priced and they get you
    pretty drunk.

    DEAN
    I’m pretty sure both of those are non-alcoholic.

They reach the Bouncer.

    BOUNCER
    Woah, woah. I need to see some ID.

Dean hands the bouncer the ID and enters without question.

Zach holds the ID out to the bouncer.

Arms crossed the Bouncer doesn’t take Zachs ID.

    BOUNCER
    I’m sorry, but new policy. It’s our religious freedom to deny you
    access into our bar.

    ZACH
    That’s bullshitachen.

    BOUNCER
    Sorry. Policy. I hear the bar Wanderers down the road still
    accepts your kind.

EXT. DOWNTOWN-CURB-NIGHT

Zach sits on the curb alone. A few people walk by. Dean comes back out.

    DEAN
    Hey, what’s wrong man?
ZACH
Just having a bad day.

DEAN
Hair cut?

ZACH
What, no. its just the whole Ginger Mexican thing. Its finally getting to me.

DEAN
Well, I’m headed to a party. You should come, man.

ZACH
No, I can’t handle any more hardship today. I’ve been through too much.

DEAN
Come on.

ZACH
I really am on edge, I don’t want to snap.

CAMERAMAN
Come on, Zach. You should go, it’ll be fun.

Zach turns on the Cameraman.

ZACH
Hey! I don’t pay you to speak.

CAMERAMAN
You’re not paying me at all.

ZACH
If I was you’d be fired. Okay, I’ll go.

EXT. PARTY–NIGHT

A few people are out at a party. Before Zach can enter, a drunk Belligerent PHIL yells from the steps.

PHIL
WOAH! Who invited the Ginger-Mexican?

Some kids stop and look around.
DEAN
It’s cool man.

Phil ignores him.

PHIL
Sorry, fire crotch. Take your sorry carcass someplace else.

ZACH
Look, I really don’t want to get into it right now. I’ve had a rough day.

Phil cackles condescendingly.

He places a hand on Zach and pushes him back.

PHIL
What are you going to do about it? Pull out some Ginger-chi? Steal my wallet you Mexi? Suck my soul you Ging...

Before he can finish, Zach makes a loud SOUL SUCKING SOUND.

TABLEAU FREEZE FRAME

THE END