

STAY DEAD

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SKIES OVER NEW YORK - DAY

A China Air jet prepares its descent into JFK.

INT. CHINA AIR JET - DAY

A PASSENGER apparently asleep opens his eyes when the FLIGHT ATTENDANT walks up to him.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Please buckle up for landing.

The Passenger's eyes turn grey, his skin turns purple. His face contorts into the visage of a zombie.

The Passenger smiles at the stunned Flight Attendant as he lunges forward with his mouth open.

SCREAMS FILL THE CABIN

EXT. QUEENS, NY - SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

There are patches of melting snow on sidewalk and yard.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The dining room has Birthday decorations strewn about. A banner reads "Happy Sweet Sixteen Tiffany!!!"

BUDDY GRAZZI (39), big frame, chubby, sweet, round face, has trouble buttering his piece of toast. He drops the knife a couple of times.

His wife CRYSTAL (36), full-bodied, stern but caring face, takes the knife from him and butters the toast.

CRYSTAL
I swear, Buddy. Such a bumbler.

BUDDY
I got a lot on my mind.

CRYSTAL
You got a lot on your mind? What about Tiffany? It's her Sweet Sixteen party today! Why you gotta work Saturday when I need your help?

BUDDY

I gotta!

TIFFANY (16), wearing thick fake eyelashes and trendy top and jeans, smacks gum, ignoring her breakfast plate with arms folded.

TIFFANY

Yeah, dad! You're never around for any of my big life moments.

BUDDY

You're sixteen. What big life moments? The drama over here.

TIFFANY

Like my confirmation! Or my dance recital. Or my American Idol audition. Lack of parental support was probably why they passed.

CRYSTAL

I was there, sweetie.

BUDDY

I got you the Ticky Tok DJ, for today, right? Baby J?

TIFFANY

Seriously, Dad. It's Tik Tok.

BUDDY

I had to pull a lot of strings to get that weirdo.

CRYSTAL

You gettin' off work early or what? This gonna be one of those around-the-clock deals? If I'd known being a mob wife meant--

BUDDY

I can't guarantee nothing! You know my job is unpredictable.

CRYSTAL

It's the big summit tonight, ain't it?

BUDDY

Jeez Louise, how the hell do you know about that?

CRYSTAL
Roz told me at the Salon.

BUDDY
I gotta get to work.

CRYSTAL
You find an excuse to leave early
and come help me. I got that party
clown showing up at three.

BUDDY
Oh yeah. What's his name again?

CRYSTAL
Ticklebone. They said he was the
only one available. You waited
until the last minute as usual.

BUDDY
Look, I'll tried. Isn't Tiff too
old for clown shows?

TIFFANY
I always wanted one and you never
came through!

BUDDY
I tried.

CRYSTAL
You can't keep denying your
precious daughter. It's only once
she turns sixteen.

TIFFANY
Seriously, dad.

BUDDY
I can't vouch for this clown. He
was the bottom of the barrel.

CRYSTAL
Smooth move, ex-lax.

BUDDY
Look, it's late.

Buddy stands up and puts on his coat.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
You mind reaching in your purse and
handing me my balls so's I can go
to work?

Crystal smiles and gives him a hug.

CRYSTAL
It's important to your daughter.

BUDDY
I know. It's important to me too.

CRYSTAL
Seriously, Dad.

BUDDY
Yeah. Seriously. Happy birthday,
Tiff.

Buddy kisses his daughter on the cheek. She pretends to not like it but can't help but smile. Buddy reaches in his pocket and gives his daughter a couple hundred dollar bills.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
There. Buy some Carvel for your
pals.

TIFFANY
Thanks.

CRYSTA
And remember your promise, Buddy.

BUDDY
Are you kidding me? I can't even
whack a bug.

CRYSTAL
Tell me about it. I'm the only wife
in the family who has to kill her
own spiders.

BUDDY
So I got a conscience.

CRYSTAL
I'm glad, honey. I don't want you
to ever change.

BUDDY
No chance. And what would I say to
Father Ambrose in the confession
booth? See youse later.

He winks at Crystal and leaves.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - DAY

A CREW MEMBER opens the hatch to the China Air jet. Immediately, a ZOMBIE lurches forward and tears into him with flailing fingers.

Other ZOMBIES pile down the stairs of the plane.

EXT. MONKEY WRENCH CAR REPAIR/ MOB HIDEOUT - DAY

Buddy pulls his SUV behind the car repair shop to a large building that's attached behind it.

INT. MOB HIDEOUT - DAY

It's a large clubhouse environment with couches, a pool table, a card table, arcade game, etc.

Buddy slides into the room unnoticed. By the looks of all the FAMILY MEMBERS sitting around the clubhouse in quiet anticipation, a meeting's taking place. Everyone waits. Then there's a FLUSH.

Mob boss LOU BANATELLO (44), red face, bulging eyes, barges into the room like an angry gorilla.

CREW MEMBER

Everything come out all right,
Chief?

LOU

Don't get cute!

CREW MEMBER #2

Sometimes I wonder if I like it
more coming out than going in.

LOU

Shut up, cretin! Now where the hell
was I?

CREW MEMBER #1

Marco's people found out.

LOU

That's right! That's what's caused
this beef. One city block! So we
swiped a few of the precious
Zarconi customers away. IF I FIND
THE SNITCH, I'LL PERSONALLY TAKE A
BALL PEEN HAMMER AND--

Lou's face turns even redder, his eyes bulge more. One of the henchman stands by with an oxygen tank. He holds up the oxygen mask. Lou waves it off.

LOU (CONT'D)

We'll get the snitch later!! Right now, we gotta do something about crybaby, loudmouth Marco Zarconi!

FRANCIS VINCENZO (54), patient face, dressed sharply, exuding class among the slobs, stands up.

FRANCIS

Lou, you have to get a hold of yourself.

LOU

GET A HOLD OF MYSELF? GET A HOLD OF MYSELF?

There's a moment of tension. Then Francis continues.

FRANCIS

Marco Zarconi's the most respected boss in NYC. Some say the wisest. Everyone likes him. He just doesn't like you encroaching on his--

LOU

Sit down, Francis! There's something you have to get a hold of! There are rare moments in one's life where if you don't make a move, you end up sucking hind tit. And the milk ain't sweet there on the hind tit, Francis! IT'S SOUR LIKE RANCID MAYO! LIKE THE KIND YOUR WIFE PUTS ON YOUR DISGUSTING EGG SALAD SANDWICHES!!!!!!!

Lou's face almost explodes, it's so red. He takes a deep breath, waving off the Oxygen Boy.

Lou walks by the pool table, tosses a ball into a pocket.

LOU (CONT'D)

There are moments when you gotta put a little English on the ball so's you don't end up in Dutch.

He walks by the foosball table, twirls the players.

LOU (CONT'D)
 When you gotta kick the ball or YOU
 get kicked... in the NARDS!

He walks by an arcade game.

LOU (CONT'D)
 There are moments where you gotta
 assert your Donkey Kong superiority
 over all the little Marios you're
 elbowing in the arcade.

One of the Crew Members yawns. Lou GROWLS at him.

LOU (CONT'D)
 George Washington crosses the
 Potomac. Patton invades Casablanca.
 And now Lusty Lou Banatello takes
 over Times Square and becomes head
 of the biggest crime family in the
 Big Apple!!! YOU REACH INTO MY
 PANTS AND GET A HOLD OF THAT,
 FRANCIS!!

Lou's worked up himself so much he nods at the Henchman with
 the oxygen tank. The Henchman races over and snaps the oxygen
 mask onto Lou's face. He breathes deeply. Then calms down.

FRANCIS
 Okay, so we take Marco out before
 he exposes your overreach to the
 other families.

Lou removes the mask.

LOU
 Before the summit tonight. We're
 going to talk about realigning
 family markers. I'm going for a
 bigger piece of the pie.

There are MURMURS among the crew.

LOU (CONT'D)
 Hey! No murmuring!

Everyone's quiet.

FRANCIS
 That's a super tight window, Lou. I
 mean, we're talking hours.

Francis checks his Rolex.

LOU
 Think you can handle that? Francis
 Vincenzo the sharpest fixer in the
 tri-state area?

Francis nods.

LOU (CONT'D)
 Take somebody with you.

Buddy tries to duck behind another crew member.

LOU (CONT'D)
 You! Back there, hiding! Buddy!

The other Crew Members push Buddy toward Lou.

BUDDY
 Aw, Lou, you know I don't like to
 kill no one.

The Crew Members laugh.

LOU
 Look. We got a conscientious
 objector in our troops.

BUDDY
 But I can dispose of the body if
 Francis does the--

LOU
 Does the dirty work your delicate
 constitution can't handle? Look at
 this sensitive tub of guts.

More laughter.

BUDDY
 I got his back if Marco returns
 fire. You know that, Francis. But
 the cold blooded act of--

FRANCIS
 It's okay. Let's roll, Buddy.

LOU
 You sure, Francis? Buddy's a big
 guy but he's a dipshit.

FRANCIS
 I can do this. Buddy can take of...
 custodial duties.

LOU

Take him to our spot out in the woods and then bury him. Everyone will think he disappeared. That'll give me time to make my moves.

BUDDY

Okay, Lou.

LOU

NO ONE SHOULD KNOW WE DID THIS!
CAPICHE?

FRANCIS

Capiche, Lou.

LOU

I want him to vanish but not be dead. Like a kidnapping. Confusion will be good for the summit.

FRANCIS

Right.

LOU

Because if they knew we took out Marco Zarconi without consulting with the families first, then--

FRANCIS

Yes, full on war.

LOU

That's right, Mensa man. Now hurry up and get back for the summit. I'm going to need all the muscle I can get tonight, even you and the baby hippo.

Francis and Buddy leave.

LOU (CONT'D)

Get me my Pepcid AC.

A Henchman leaps up with the antacid.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - DAY

The Undead lurch away from the airport toward the city.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Francis' black Mercedes sedan navigates traffic.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Francis smokes a cigarette while Buddy texts Crystal.

BUDDY

My wife is on my ass about this
Sweet Sixteen party. Jeez Louise.

FRANCIS

You know, Buddy...

BUDDY

Yeah?

FRANCIS

You aren't ever going to be a made
man unless you whack somebody.

BUDDY

I know. But I can't. I got a
conscience. Besides I promised
Crystal.

FRANCIS

What's the matter, kid? No
ambition?

BUDDY

I don't know. I'd like more
responsibility, but I don't want to
end some guy's life.

FRANCIS

Like what? Being in charge of the
annual bake sale? Lou's not going
to give you any more responsibility
until you show your loyalty and
that means taking out someone. So,
what gives?

BUDDY

I just know things about myself.

FRANCIS

Like what?

BUDDY

Like I'm better at taking orders
than giving them.

FRANCIS

Ah.

BUDDY

Steady job. Couple extra potatoes.
That's all I want.

FRANCIS

Okay, Buddy. But someday you'll
change your mind about that.

BUDDY

I... don't think so, Francis.
Killing changes a person.

FRANCIS

Yeah but Lou keeps you around for
your muscle, not your mind. You
gotta flex those--

Buddy's phone rings.

BUDDY

Shit, sorry, Francis. Hello, honey?
I'm working! So, I told you before,
no calling when I'm working. You
already got everything you need for
the sauce. It's in the cupboard. It
is! Just a pinch of it. Don't call
me no more. I'm workin'!!

Francis looks at Buddy and sighs.

FRANCIS

She gonna roast your balls for the
spaghetti?

BUDDY

Probably.

EXT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Francis parks his Mercedes sedan across from the front door
entrance of a high end apartment complex.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Francis kills the engine.

FRANCIS

Luckily, our boy Marco is a
creature of habit.

BUDDY

Oh yeah?

FRANCIS

Has lunch at the same time every day. Like clockwork. Very punctilious.

BUDDY

Punk-till-is. Word of the day. You're probably good at Scrabble.

Francis pulls out a lunch bag.

FRANCIS

You want a sandwich? My wife made extra. Egg salad.

BUDDY

That's okay. I'm gonna grab some take-out later.

FRANCIS

We may be busy for a while.

Buddy sniffs at the other egg salad sandwich as Francis chomps into his.

BUDDY

I guess I will.

FRANCIS

Lou's never actually had one. My wife's a gourmet chef.

Buddy laughs. Takes a bite.

BUDDY

Yeah. He don't know what he's missing. This is pretty damn good.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Marco ZARCONI (55), slicked back, grey hair, looking every bit the part of the wise, old veteran, steps past the DOOR MAN onto the sidewalk where his limo waits. His BODYGUARD appears vigilant at his side.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Francis loads his gun. Puts it in his pocket.

BUDDY
You gonna grab him here?

FRANCIS
Might be my only chance.

BUDDY
He's got his bodyguard.

FRANCIS
I should just plug Marco. But Lou
wants him to disappear. No evidence
of murder.

BUDDY
It'll look like a kidnapping, I
guess.

FRANCIS
We'll take him out to the woods.

Francis pulls a ski mask over his face.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Be ready to get us the hell out of
here.

Francis climbs out; Buddy slides over to the driver's seat,
starts backing up.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Francis walks across the street.

Marco's about to enter the limo when a HOMELESS MAN lurches
toward him, his clothes tattered, shaking and gyrating as he
goes. Marco steps backward.

MARCO
Look at this junkie. You need money
for a fix?

But the Homeless Man is really a zombie. He growls at Marco.

MARCO (CONT'D)
We probably got him hooked.

Marco laughs at the Bodyguard who smiles.

Francis stops and hides behind a telephone pole, waiting for
his moment.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Here, I'm a soft touch, ya tweaker.

Marco hands a twenty spot toward the Zombie. But instead of taking the money, the zombie leans forward and bites the Capo's hand.

MARCO (CONT'D)

HEY!!! What the hell!

The Bodyguard punches the zombie to the sidewalk. Then he kicks him into the gutter.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Little shit bit me.

BODYGUARD

I'll take care of 'em.

Marco pulls a handkerchief out of his front pocket and wraps up his bite wound.

As the Bodyguard deals with the Zombie, Francis seizes the moment. He grabs Marco, puts his hand over Marco's mouth and drags him to his waiting Mercedes in the street.

Buddy hits the pedal and the sedan takes off.

After a few more beatdowns on the zombie, the Bodyguard turns around.

BODYGUARD (CONT'D)

You okay, sir?

THE LIMO DRIVER climbs out.

LIMO DRIVER

Hey!

BODYGUARD

Where's the boss?

LIMO DRIVER

I think someone nabbed him. I was watching you, so I didn't see--

The Zombie gets up and races at the Bodyguard biting him in the neck. Blood squirts onto the sidewalk.

BODYGUARD

Hey!

LIMO DRIVER

Holy shit! He's... a psycho!

The Limo Driver hops back into his rig and takes off, leaving the Bodyguard on the ground, wrestling with the zombie.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Buddy drives as Francis ties up Marco in the backseat.

MARCO

So this order came from Lou.

FRANCIS

That's right.

MARCO

What the hell does he think he's doing?

FRANCIS

Silencing your big mouth before the summit.

MARCO

The bastard is trying to take over a negotiated territory! He's the aggressor!

FRANCIS

You and I know that. But the other families don't.

MARCO

Look. If you boys want to flip. I can promise you great jobs. Great pay. Benefits and--

BUDDY

You think we're snitches? Traitors? Turncoats?

FRANCIS

Not going to happen, Marco. Lou's going to be the top banana. You're the peel he's throwing away.

MARCO

That's not how the other families will see this. They'll know it's the work of Lou Banatello. They'll smell the rat. They'll see his fingerprints. And then Lou and you and fat boy will be--

Francis ties a gag over Marco's mouth.

FRANCIS

Find the nearest alley. He needs to be dead.

BUDDY

But I thought were taking him to our spot-- ?

FRANCIS

I need him dead.

BUDDY

Okay. Just making sure we aren't being tailed.

FRANCIS

The nearest one.

BUDDY

This'll all be over in record time, Francis.

FRANCIS

Yeah. Lou values efficiency.

Francis pulls out his gun. Points it at Marco. Marco's eyes turn red with anger.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The Mercedes sedan speeds by a group of frenzied ZOMBIES attacking PEOPLE on the street. There are screams. Blood and guts fly into the air.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

The sound of Marco's muffled entreaties fill the car. Buddy turns on the radio.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We're just getting word of a strange outbreak of violence in the city. The Mayor is calling for additional---

FRANCIS

Turn that radio off!

BUDDY

I was just trying to drown out Marco. It's getting to me.

Francis punches Marco in the mouth.

FRANCIS
That'll shut him up.

BUDDY
Yeah, that's better.

FRANCIS
How about that alley ahead?

BUDDY
You got it, Francis.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Buddy turns quickly into the alley. Parks the Mercedes sedan.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Francis lights a cigarette. Marco continues to struggle.
Buddy looks into the alley.

BUDDY
You need my help?

FRANCIS
Yeah. Just in case he gets squirrel-
ly

BUDDY
You sure?

FRANCIS
You don't have to pull the trigger.

BUDDY
Alright.

Buddy climbs out. Francis grabs Marco and pushes him out the door.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

An UBER driver pulls up the driveway. TICKLEBONE the clown (45), tall, skinny, climbs out of the car holding a suitcase of props. He looks like a typical clown except there's a cheap look to his costume and makeup.

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ticklebone sits on a nice couch eyeing the antiques then eyeing Crystal.

CRYSTAL

So... you were the only clown available this Saturday?

TICKLEBONE

I was going to do a stag party but my boss said you people were important.

CRYSTAL

You do kids shows?

TICKLEBONE

Not really. Sixteen year old kids have heard it all anyway, am I right?

Ticklebone honks his toy horn.

CRYSTAL

Just watch yourself.

TICKLEBONE

You have good taste, Mrs. Grazziosa.

CRYSTAL

It's Grazzi.

TICKLEBONE

Good taste and good style. I like how you fill out that blouse.

He honks his toy horn again.

CRYSTAL

Easy, clown.

TICKLEBONE

Sorry. Can't help myself.

CRYSTAL

How about a little information about you and your act?

TICKLEBONE

Let's see, I went to clown college and got a bachelor of farts!

Ticklebone makes a fart sound.

TICKLEBONE (CONT'D)
 Got a clean record, although PETA
 tried to shut me down because of
 how I handled the balloon animals.

Another honk noise. Then he makes a quick balloon animal and
 "strangles" it until it pops.

CRYSTAL
 Guess you'll have to do. Tiff's
 always wanted a clown. Let me take
 you to the backyard where you can
 set up. We have a little stage for
 you.

Crystal gets up and Ticklebone eyes her lasciviously. He
 takes a long thin, balloon out and expands it quickly,
 holding it crotch level.

TICKLEBONE
 I'd follow you anywhere.

CRYSTAL
 Keep your ticklebone in your pants
 or you're gonna be out on your ass.

TICKLEBONE
 Sorry, sorry. I'm an admirer of the
 female form.

CRYSTAL
 I'm serious. Can the crap!

Ticklebone mock cries as they walk out.

TICKLEBONE
 Oh no, she don't like Ticklebone!

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Buddy pushes Marco behind a dumpster.

FRANCIS
 Stand up, you coward.

Marco struggles. Buddy restrains him.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 What? You have something to say?
 Famous last words?

Marco nods.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Okay, dispense with the wisdom.

BUDDY
You sure? He cheesed you off
before.

FRANCIS
It'll be good for a laugh.

Buddy pulls down Marco's gag.

MARCO
I just wanted you to know that if
you shoot me, I'll come back and
haunt you!

BUDDY
Whoa.

Francis laughs.

FRANCIS
Sorry, Marco. You should know I
don't believe in the paranormal.

MARCO
I'll come back from the grave and
go to the summit! Somehow, I will!!

BUDDY
Holy moley!

FRANCIS
Listen to yourself, Marco. You
sound like an old EC Comic. The
Vault of Horror or something. My
dad had all those vintage funny-
books.

BUDDY
Horror movies scare the shit out of
me!

MARCO
I'll show up at the summit and tell
everyone what a lousy coward Lusty
Lou is. And how his crew refused to
listen to reason. Then I'll kill
you all!!!

Buddy steps away from Marco.

BUDDY

Jeez Marco, no reason to get all
Eddie Allen Poe on us. We're just
doing our jobs.

MARCO

A curse on you both.

BUDDY

Holy shit!

FRANCIS

You done?

MARCO

NO! I'm going to make you a final
offer!

FRANCIS

Ha ha, you just don't stop, do ya?

MARCO

I know how Lou treats you. Like an
underling. But you can be head of
the--

Francis points the gun at Marco and shoots him in the chest
twice. BLAM! BLAM!

Buddy recoils.

BUDDY

Whoa.

FRANCIS

He was getting ready to promise us
the moon. But I know Lusty Lou
already has dibs on it.

Francis laughs.

BUDDY

He looks pretty dead.

FRANCIS

Yeah. Check his pulse.

BUDDY

Ain't one.

FRANCIS

Marco sure can talk some shit. He was actually starting to make some sense. That was why I had to whack him right away.

BUDDY

He made you an offer you might not have refused?

Francis smirks. Buddy lifts up the dead mob boss and tosses him over his shoulder. They walk toward the Mercedes.

FRANCIS

Let me get the trunk.

They approach the Mercedes sedan. Francis pops the trunk.

BUDDY

You believe all that supernatural stuff? About coming back from the dead?

FRANCIS

Hell no.

Buddy wraps the mob boss into some plastic already laid out in the trunk.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Can you imagine his ghost showing up at the summit?

BUDDY

Jeez Louise, that's some spooky shit.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

As Francis drives, Buddy talks on the phone.

BUDDY

He said, what?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Crystal stands in front of a window to the backyard. Ticklebone can be seen in the background setting up a makeshift stage with a large sign that reads: TICKLEBONE TICKLES YOUR FUNNY BONE!

CRYSTAL

It was a minor flirtation, but his eyes were all over me! This clown is a boob man.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

BUDDY

I'll kill the bastard!

CRYSTAL

Easy, Buddy. I told him to knock it off and now he's setting up.

BUDDY

I don't like you alone with a horny clown.

CRYSTAL

Buddy, I can handle myself! Besides, he's kinda funny.

BUDDY

Oh, so now you like the passes? I swear, Crystal. You're always getting fresh with the help.

CRYSTAL

What?

BUDDY

Remember when we remodeled the kitchen? You were always laughing it up with Jorge.

CRYSTAL

I was trying to get us a cheaper rate.

BUDDY

No, no. You loved the attention from those slobbering steak-heads.

CRYSTAL

What's going on? The news said there was an outbreak of violence. Is that you and your mob friends? Some pre-summit shenanigans?

BUDDY

I gotta go.

CRYSTAL

Oh sure, leave me with the party clown and his hilarious hard-on.

BUDDY

You said you can handle yourself!

CRYSTAL

Listen, Buddy, I need you to pick up the cake at--

BUDDY

Gotta run.

INT. MOB HIDEOUT - DAY

Lusty Lou puts down his phone.

LOU

It's done. Just gotta bury him.

HENCHMAN #1

That was lickety-split.

LOU

That college boy don't fool around.

Lusty Lou walks to the pool table where he's about to sink the eight ball.

At this moment, a crusty 82-year-old former mob boss, PAPA GIOVANNI enters wearing a tuxedo.

LOU (CONT'D)

Papa! To what do we owe this visit? You should be at the Shady Meadows.

Crew members get off the couch and help Papa sit down.

PAPA GIOVANNI

Word gets out. Thought I'd offer some advice on this Summit and your takeover.

LOU

Sounds like we got some loose lips in the crew.

Lou growls at them, his face turning red.

PAPA GIOVANNI

Calm down. I'm here to help.

Lou grimaces.

LOU

So... ?

PAPA GIOVANNI

I don't know if you've ever heard of this fast food restaurant. It's called McDonald's. They have a sandwich they call... a 'Big Mac.'

LOU

OF COURSE WE HAVE!!

PAPA GIOVANNI

They have a slogan that applies for this situation.

LOU

Okay...?

PAPA GIOVANNI

Have it your way!

HENCHMAN #1

Uh, that's Burger King's motto.

PAPA GIOVANNI

What?

HENCHMAN #1

Burger King. McDonald's rival.

PAPA GIOVANNI

Never heard of it.

HENCHMAN #1

That's their slogan.

LOU

GET ON WITH IT!!

PAPA GIOVANNI

I'm not sure what this King Burger has to say but I think this is your time. You should be the big boss, Lou. Have it... your way.

HENCHMAN #1

He's right, boss! You rule!

LOU

Thank you, Papa. That all?

PAPA GIOVANNI
I gotta make a b.m.

LOU
You always come here to do that.
Why?

Papa Giovanni waves Lou off as he scuttles out of the room.
The Henchmen all look at Lou.

LOU (CONT'D)
What can I do? He's my father-in-law?

EXT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

As Francis heads for the freeway on-ramp, Buddy's phone buzzes.

BUDDY
Crystal, I told you-- no calling
when I'm working!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Crystal stirs sauce in a pot as she speaks.

CRYSTAL
You know I'm doing this all by
myself, right?

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

BUDDY
You shoulda got your ma to help.

CRYSTAL
Her joints are killing her, Buddy.

BUDDY
Look, we gotta make a run.

CRYSTAL
You can't stop on your way to get
the cake?

BUDDY
I can't keep a cake in the car all
day.

CRYSTAL

Pick it up and drop it off, then
make your run.

BUDDY

Crystal, you're really busting my
chops here.

CRYSTAL

Please, honey? I'm sorry I worked
you up about Ticklebone. I love
you.

Buddy melts a little. He sighs.

BUDDY

I'll have to ask Francis if we can
take a quick detour. But then you
gotta promise to leave me alone
today. We got the summit, for
crying out loud!

CRYSTAL

I love you so much, Buddy.

BUDDY

Yeah, you said. Bye, honey.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Buddy looks pleadingly at Francis who shakes his head.

FRANCIS

We don't have time.

BUDDY

It'll take five minutes. My
daughter. She's having her Sweet
Sixteen party.

FRANCIS

You gotta learn to say no.

BUDDY

I do say no, but since I ain't
bein' there for the celebration I
thought maybe--

FRANCIS

Okay, damn it. But you're digging
the grave alone while I snooze.

BUDDY

Deal.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The Mercedes sedan takes the next exit off the freeway.

EXT. QUEENS - BAKERY - DAY

Francis pulls the Mercedes up to the Bakery. Buddy steps out. The streets are empty.

INT. TRUNK OF CAR - DAY

Even though he's wrapped in plastic, Marco's head pokes through. Suddenly, his eyes open. They're completely grey.

INT. BAKERY - DAY

Buddy notices no one's inside the bakery. A CLERK steps out from the back. She's elderly and nervous looking.

CLERK

May I help you?

BUDDY

Usually, I come in here on a Saturday and this place is hopping. What's up?

CLERK

The news said something about a lockdown. Urged citizens off the streets.

BUDDY

No kidding? Covid outbreak?

CLERK

I'm not sure.

BUDDY

I don't give a shit what they say-- I ain't wearing no mask. I end up smelling garlic from last night's supper, ya know?

CLERK

Understandable.

BUDDY

We ordered a birthday cake.

He hands the Clerk his receipt.

CLERK

Oh yes! The Sweet Sixteen!

BUDDY

Yep.

CLERK

One moment.

Buddy looks out the window of the bakery and sees a skinny WOMAN walking jerkily down the sidewalk, blood falling out of her mouth.

BUDDY

What the... ?

The Clerk returns with the cake.

CLERK

Oh, that strange woman. She's been out there all day.

BUDDY

These fentanyl cases are really something. The city's gotta do something about that.

CLERK

Poor thing.

Buddy opens the cake and examines it.

BUDDY

Say, that's terrific. You guys always do great work.

CLERK

Thank you, sir.

BUDDY

No, I mean it. I know Tiff's gonna shit her pants. She loves that frosting with the glitter and all.

Buddy produces a twenty. Hands it to the Clerk.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Here. For you.

CLERK

That's not necessary.

BUDDY

No, I wanna. It's a slow day for
youse guys.

CLERK

Thank you! Give your daughter our
best regards.

The strange Woman bangs her head on the window.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Oh my!

BUDDY

Don't worry. I'll take care of
that. You have a good one, alright?

Buddy exits.

EXT. BAKERY - DAY

Buddy, holding the cake tightly, expertly kicks the Woman who
is obviously a Zombie, in the legs. The living corpse tumbles
to the ground. Then he kicks her into the gutter.

BUDDY

Leave that nice bakery lady alone!

The Zombie growls.

The Clerk watches from inside the bakery. Buddy waves and
gets into the sedan. Francis steps on the gas.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Francis pulls up to the house. He and Buddy gets out of the
car. Young girls can be seen in the window and there's music
playing. Crystal comes out to get the cake.

CRYSTAL

Hey Francis!

FRANCIS

Hello, Crystal.

CRYSTAL

Thank you so much, honey!

Crystal kisses Buddy.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

I know you guys got big doin's but
a girl only turns sixteen once, am
I right, Francis?

FRANCIS

May I use the facilities?

CRYSTAL

Sure thing.

Francis goes into the house.

BUDDY

Tell Tiffany I did this, okay? Her
old man knows this is a special day
and all that.

CRYSTAL

I will. Is that Francis' car?

BUDDY

He wanted us to take care of
business in his rig.

CRYSTAL

2025 model. Flashy.

BUDDY

How's the clown? Keeping it in his
pants?

CRYSTAL

He's preparing. He goes on in about
ten minutes. Tiffany's so excited.

BUDDY

The girls having a good time so
far?

CRYSTAL

It really is going great. All my
hard work is paying off.

BUDDY

I helped, too.

At this moment, the DJ pulls up in his limo.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Look, it's that Baby J freak.

CRYSTAL
Shut up, buddy. He cost us a
bundle.

BABY J, (24) long blue hair and blue shades exits the limo.
His ASSISTANT gets out, carrying two cases full of vinyl.

BABY J
Is this... ?

CRYSTAL
Welcome, Baby J! I'm Crystal and
this is my husband, Buddy.

BABY J
Nice to meet the 'rents! Tiffany's
gonna have the sweetest sixteen
ever!

CRYSTAL
We have a dance space set up in the
garage. Just go on through the side
there.

BABY J
Right on.

As Baby J proceeds to walk by, there's a THUMPING SOUND from
the trunk of the Mercedes. Baby J stops. Everyone stands
still.

BABY J (CONT'D)
Hey... ?

BUDDY
Never mind. Just go spin your
records, disc jockey!

Baby J looks up. His face suggests that he's wondering if he
should be offended. The THUMPING happens again.

Sweat breaks out on Buddy's forehead.

BABY J
You got someone in-- ?

BUDDY
Get your candy ass in the garage!
Now!

Baby J, noting the intensity in Buddy's gaze, shuffles along
quickly.

CRYSTAL

Buddy!

BUDDY

Shit, he's supposed to be dead.

CRYSTAL

You didn't--?

BUDDY

NO!

CRYSTAL

I told you to never bring your work home with--

BUDDY

Damn it! You wanted the cake!

Buddy walks over to the trunk. He looks around the neighborhood then seeing no one, pops it.

Undead Marco's hand shakes as he reaches for Buddy. Buddy punches him in the face. The hands fall back.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Nothing. Just a death rattle. I seen it before.

Buddy slams the trunk shut.

CRYSTAL

You sure you didn't... ?

BUDDY

Nah, I'm just in charge of disposing.

CRYSTAL

Because that changes a man--

BUDDY

We been through this. That's why I told the boss I never--

CRYSTAL

I couldn't live with a man who...

BUDDY

Dropping him off at... the funeral parlor is all.

Crystal sighs in relief.

CRYSTAL

I've heard of those death rattles.
They call them the Lazarus effect.
Dead person shakes in a final
reflex. Some blood flows and it
looks like they're alive again. Dr.
Phil talked about it.

BUDDY

Yeah. That's all.

Buddy hugs Crystal. Francis comes back out.

FRANCIS

Still as much in love as the day
they met.

BUDDY

That's us.

FRANCIS

Let's roll.

BUDDY

Bye now.

The men get into the Mercedes and speed away.

Crystal stares, dazed for a moment. Then she snaps out of it
and runs toward the front door.

CRYSTAL

Girls, it's time for the clown
show!!!

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Francis drives back onto the freeway.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Buddy checks the GPS as they head into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Inside the sedan, Francis snoozes.

Buddy pops the trunk and takes out the shovel. Buddy's in
such a big hurry, he doesn't notice Undead Marco struggling
with the plastic wrap. He just slams the hood down, knocking
the zombie in the head.

Buddy walks over to a clearing, checks for hunters or hikers and then plunges the shovel into the ground.

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

Ticklebone takes the stage! The TEENAGE GIRLS all dressed in party outfits sit in white chairs and applaud. TIFFANY sits in the front row with her BESTIES.

TICKLEBONE
Hello, girls and mom! Anybody here
like to laugh?

GIRLS
YES!!!

TICKLEBONE
Anybody like a silly song?

GIRLS
YES!

Ticklebone turns on a backing recording and sings as he tosses confetti at Tiffany!

TICKLEBONE
If it's laughter you're after, from
rafter to rafter, I'm a comedy
crafter, a clever joke drafter! You
will never feel down. When you
welcome Ticklebone the clown!

Then he pulls out a spritzer bottle and sprays it at Crystal's top.

CRYSTAL
Hey!

TICKLEBONE
Time for the wet t-shirt contest!

Ticklebone makes a honking noise. The teenage girls stop laughing and look at each other.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Buddy tosses the shovel out of the six feet hole he's dug. He climbs out and wipes his head.

BUDDY
Earned my money today, that's for
sure.

He pops open the trunk and pulls out a cooler that's wedged in next to the wrapped up zombie. He takes out a Coke and looks into the sky. The zombie's eyes flash at him.

Francis climbs out of the car.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Done with your snooze?

FRANCIS
Yeah. Listen, I'm gonna take a walk and give a ring to Lou. Let him know we're about to head back.

BUDDY
Sure, sure. Take your time.

Francis walks into the woods.

Buddy finishes the Coke and tosses the can into the cooler. Then he quickly lifts up the wrapped up zombie, walks over to the hole and tosses him in.

The undead Marco works his way out of the plastic wrapping. Oblivious to this activity, Buddy quickly tosses dirt back into the hole.

Then he notices the zombie mob boss standing up in the hole.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
What the hell?

The zombie mobster glares at Buddy.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Shit! You came back alive! Like you said you would!

Buddy trembles, drops his shovel.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
FRANCIS! FRANCIS, HE CAME BACK LIKE HE SAID!

Buddy looks towards the woods but there's no sign of Francis. Then he looks back at undead Marco.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
You can't be alive, Marco! Shit.

Marco tries to climb out of the hole. Buddy steps on his fingers as they reach for the side. The zombie falls back.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
 I can't kill nobody. I promised
 myself. I promised Crystal.

Buddy sits on the edge of the hole looking down at Undead
 Marco.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
 Damn you Francis, you were supposed
 to whack him. FRANCIS!!!

Birds fly overhead but no Francis.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
 I'll just wait for him to get back.

Buddy sits rubbing his forehead, deep in thought. Undead
 Marco climbs out and sits next to him. Watching Buddy. Almost
 as if he sympathizes.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
 She'll know. Crystal will know.
 Father Ambrose will know.

Buddy looks up at the sky, searching the heavens.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
 And you-know-who will know.
 Almighty Creator Guy. The Big Boss
 Upstairs. And when he gets mad,
 forget it! Eternal damnation ain't
 a twenty stretch.

Buddy turns and sees Undead Marco looking at him with as much
 empathy as a zombie can muster. He reaches out with a
 shriveled hand and Buddy stands up immediately.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
 What the hell!!!

Marco growls, his arms reaching for Buddy. Buddy
 instinctively takes the shovel and smacks him in the head.
 The zombie falls back into the hole.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
 STAY DEAD!

With tears in his eyes, Buddy continues tossing dirt into the
 grave.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
 Jeez Louise! I really did it.

Buddy makes speedy work and the grave is covered. At this moment, Francis returns, putting his phone away.

FRANCIS

You talking to yourself, Buddy?

BUDDY

Francis! Didn't you hear me screaming?

FRANCIS

No. All I could hear was Lou screaming on my phone.

Buddy wipes his forehead with a handkerchief, still trembling.

BUDDY

Look, are we sure Marco was dead? I mean, after-- ?

FRANCIS

You checked his pulse. What the hell happened?

BUDDY

I don't know. I thought it was a death rattle at first. But then he stood up in the grave. Got out.

FRANCIS

What?

BUDDY

Yeah, so I smacked him with the shovel. I don't like killing-- you know that.

FRANCIS

Come on. You're hallucinating. All his ghoulish talk got to you.

BUDDY

Maybe you're right. Crystal's got me nuts with this party. But I swore--

FRANCIS

You're like a little kid, Buddy. Dreaming up shit.

BUDDY

No. I know what I saw.

Francis walks over to the grave. The dirt covers it completely. It's smooth and level.

FRANCIS

What's the diff? He's under all that dirt, ain't he?

BUDDY

Yeah. He's down there, buried six feet deep.

FRANCIS

So maybe he wasn't completely dead? So what? You finished the job. I'm proud of you! Wait'll Lou hears this!

BUDDY

Yeah but--

FRANCIS

Let's roll.

Francis pats Buddy on the back. Buddy appears stunned. Then he puts the shovel in the trunk and gets in with Francis.

The Mercedes tears off down the dirt path.

As his car heads out of the woods, fingers dig through the top of the grave. Then, the undead head of former mob boss Marco Zarconi pushes its way up.

After some effort, Undead Marco climbs completely out of the dirt. He crawls away from it and slowly stands up.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The Mercedes sedan pulls onto a two lane paved road.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Undead Marco heads quickly down the dirt path, moving at a speedy, albeit jerky pace.

EXT. BURGER STAND - DAY

The Mercedes pulls into the one, lone burger stand in the wooded area.

Buddy and Francis walk up to the counter. A TEENAGER takes his order.

FRANCIS

I'll have a piece of pie and a
Lemonade.

BUDDY

I could do with a couple burgers
and a large Coke.

TEENAGE

You're all sweaty!

BUDDY

Yeah, I've been working hard.

TEENAGE

You with the forestry service?

BUDDY

Nah. We was just... doing some yard
work. At our uh, cabin.

FRANCIS

Just shut up and get us our food,
dipshit. You don't need our life
stories.

TEENAGE

Yes sir.

FRANCIS

Nosey little pissant.

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

As Ticklebone works his way through the crowd of Teenage
Girls, he holds a selfie stick and takes pics of the girls
from below their skirts.

TICKLEBONE

You little cuties want to sit on
Uncle Ticklebone's lap?

TEENAGE GIRL

Get away, creep!!

Crystal comes out with a tray of hors d'oeuvre and sees him
harassing the girls. She sets the tray down, walks over to
Ticklebone and levels him with a hard punch to the head.

TICKLEBONE

Hey!

Crystal grabs his phone. She quickly erases the pics and throws it back at Ticklebone.

CRYSTAL
You get the hell out of here!

TICKLEBONE
Wait, I'm not done with my performance.

CRYSTAL
You damn sure are done! Leave now or I'll call the cops!

TICKLEBONE
But you paid for a full show!

CRYSTAL
I don't give a shit!

Crystal grabs him by the back of his jumper and drags him out of the backyard.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Crystal pushes Ticklebone to the front sidewalk. Tiffany shows up behind her mom with the clown's suitcase full of props.

Ticklebone falls onto the sidewalk. Tiffany tosses the suitcase on his head.

TICKLEBONE
OUCH!

CRYSTAL
Don't you ever come near this house again!!! And I will be alerting all the moms in the neighborhood about what a pervert you are!

TICKLEBONE
I was just having fun, you stupid bitch.

Crystal kicks him in the crotch.

CRYSTAL
Have it somewhere else, pedo!

TICKLEBONE
Ooo, not in my ticklebone.

Crystal and Tiffany walk back.

CRYSTAL

I hope he didn't ruin the party for you, honey.

TIFFANY

Seriously, mom? Watching you kick ass was the best part of the show!

Crystal kisses and hugs Tiffany as they go around the back of the house.

Ticklebone pulls out his phone to call Uber. Then, what appears to be a HOMELESS PERSON, lumbers toward him.

TICKLEBONE

Don't come looking for handouts from me, lady.

The Homeless Person suddenly lunges at Ticklebone and starts ripping him apart. There is clown blood and viscera all over the sidewalk.

Ticklebone falls onto his horn which makes a plaintive honk sound.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Undead Marco walks past a HIKER (42) who's come out of the woods. The Hiker stares at the zombie for a minute and then tries to run back into the woods.

HIKER

No, stay away from me!!!

But it's too late. Marco savagely rips the Hiker apart, tearing his foot off his leg, chewing on it like a drumstick.

EXT. BURGER SHACK - DAY

Buddy and Francis finish up their food.

BUDDY

I'd just rather you didn't tell him.

FRANCIS

But this is exactly the move you need to make.

BUDDY

But Francis, I don't want him asking me to whack more people. That can't be my thing. I'm the guy who does the small jobs. The guy no one notices.

FRANCIS

I'll never understand you. Word gets out you were the one who actually killed Marco Zarconi and you can write your own--

BUDDY

That's just it. Then everyone's gonna come after the new gunslinger.

FRANCIS

You'd rather just be Lou's stooge? A flunky?

BUDDY

Sure. Flunkies live longer.

They get up and leave.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The Mercedes eases onto the road back to the city.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

As they drive along, Francis hums to himself. Then his eyes grow big. He nudges Buddy. Then slows the car.

FRANCIS

I don't freakin' believe it!!!!

BUDDY

NO! It can't be!!

FRANCIS

I thought you killed him?

BUDDY

I did. And he was buried!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Walking along the right shoulder of the two lane road is Undead Marco, lumbering his way quickly toward the city, chomping on the hiker's foot.

Francis slows his car down and drives next to him. Buddy rolls down his window.

BUDDY

Hey, I told you to stay dead!

The Zombie looks at Buddy and then back toward the destination looming far ahead.

MARCO

Must... go.... summit.

BUDDY

Damn it. I don't want to have to kill you again!

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Francis drives slowly alongside Undead Marco who's a strange sight in his suit with blood on the front and dirt falling off his shoulders.

FRANCIS

Somehow that feisty old dog got out of the grave and now he's walking along the road.

BUDDY

You don't think he's come back from the dead, do you? Like he said he would?

FRANCIS

Don't be a moron! He's not a ghost. Just a tough old bastard. They don't build 'em like Marco Zarconi anymore, that's for sure.

A car honks behind them. Buddy waves him on.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The other car's DRIVER slows to look at Undead Marco walking on the side of the road.

DRIVER

You lost or something, dude?

The Driver laughs and speeds on.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Francis continues following alongside Undead Marco.

FRANCIS

You have to take care of it quickly. We can't have people recognizing Marco Zarconi now.

BUDDY

What? Why can't you kill hm?

FRANCIS

I'm driving. Just shoot him.

BUDDY

No way!

FRANCIS

Point your gun out the window and shoot.

BUDDY

You know I don't--

FRANCIS

Hurry before someone else sees him!

BUDDY

This is going to effect me, Francis. I mean, my humanity and all. You gotta understand. If it taints my self-image as a good, moral family guy, it'll effect my relationship with my wife and daughter. Crystal will know.

FRANCIS

What is she psychic? Shoot him now!

BUDDY

When I hit him with the shovel, I thought he just having death rattles or last minute reflexes and such. Lazarus effect, Crystal calls it. And I was defending myself. But cold-blooded murder? I don't know, Francis.

FRANCIS

Okay, damn it. I'll pull up behind him.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Francis stops the car a few yards away behind Marco who is still managing to walk at a speedy clip, albeit jerkily.

Francis pulls out his gun, gets out of the car and walks to where Marco's walking. Then he notices a car speeding down the road.

Francis quickly catches up to Marco and puts his arm around him.

The car slows down, the DRIVER (55), conscientious, square citizen type, rolls down his window.

DRIVER

You guys okay?

FRANCIS

Oh yeah. My friend... had too much to drink.

DRIVER

He's covered in blood.

FRANCIS

Nah, that's Chianti. He loves the red vino.

DRIVER

If you're sure you're okay? I can call--

FRANCIS

No need to call anybody. I'll get him home. It was a wedding.

Francis smiles. The Driver nods.

DRIVER

I've been there. You guys from the city?

FRANCIS

Yeah. The bride wanted to be in nature.

DRIVER

I hear things are out of control in the city. Some kind of viral outbreak.

FRANCIS

That's why we came out here. To escape all that noise.

Marco growls and tries to bite Francis. Francis leaps back. Then he grabs the back of Marco's suit and pulls him along.

DRIVER

Wow, he's feisty.

FRANCIS

He's an ugly drunk.

DRIVER

You got him?

FRANCIS

I'm used to this!

Another car pulls up behind this car.

DRIVER

I'm holding up traffic.

FRANCIS

Thanks for checking in! You're a fine man.

DRIVER

Good luck with that guy. He looks awful.

The two cars speed away. Now the road is empty. Francis takes his gun out.

FRANCIS

Okay, Marco. Third time's the charm.

Francis pulls Undead Marco toward the trunk. He pops it open. Marco struggles to get free and trots away, still holding the foot.

Francis shoots Marco in the back three times. BLAM, BLAM, BLAM! The Zombie falls. Francis drags the mobster to the trunk.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Stay dead, Marco! I mean it!

Francis tosses Marco inside and slams the trunk closed. The foot, caught in a death grip stays in his hand.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Francis lights a cigarette.

FRANCIS
That should do it.

BUDDY
Where do we take him now?

FRANCIS
Can't you put him back in the grave?

BUDDY
He'll just crawl out of it.

FRANCIS
How about the ocean? Let's take him to Lou's cabin in Brighton Beach. There's a boat.

BUDDY
Yeah. Even if he wakes up again, he'll drown. Good thinking, Francis.

FRANCIS
I have to inform, Lou. He'll know we've been at his cabin.

INT. HIDEOUT - DAY

Lou paces the room, screaming on his phone as all his crew watch in fear. Papa Giovanni chews on a carrot.

LOU
You what? My cabin? I don't get it. Why not just bury him in our spot? What? Too many hikers? Are you bullshitting me, college boy? Okay, then toss him in the ocean. What do I care? Just do it and get back here!

Lou throws his phone against the wall. Papa Giovanni shakes his head.

LOU (CONT'D)

What?

PAPA GIOVANNI

You're too emotional, Lou.

LOU

I swear, Papa!

PAPA GIOVANNI

There's this show. I don't now if ever you've heard of it. It's called Star Wars.

LOU

WE'VE ALL HEARD OF FUCKIN' STAR WARS!!!

PAPA GIOVANNI

Well, they have this character on there named Mr. Spock. He's what they call a "Vulcan."

HENCHMAN #1

That's Star Trek.

PAPA GIOVANNI

What? Star Track? No, this isn't about celebrities racing cars. Anyway, this fellow, Mr. Spock, I don't know if you've heard of him--

LOU

WE'VE ALL HEARD OF MR. FUCKING SPOCK!

PAPA GIOVANNI

This alien is very logical. And that's how you have to be about this summit. Logical. Control your emotions.

Lou, his eyes bulging, appears as if he's doing everything he can to not wring his father-in-law's neck. He races over to the Oxygen Boy and inhales copious amounts of O2.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The Mercedes sedan pulls up to the cabin and then takes the dirt road to the dock where the boat is tied up. Francis parks it.

The men get out. They check the shore for anyone watching. The coast is clear.

Buddy pops the hood and he and Francis drag Marco onto the dock and into a little speed boat. Marco drops the foot as they pull him along. Francis starts up the motor.

EXT. SEA - DAY

The speed boat stops a couple miles from shore. Francis kills the engine. Then Buddy steps over to Marco's limp body. He starts to pick it up when Marco comes to life again!

BUDDY

Holy shit, not again!!

Marco tears at Buddy's jacket, ripping it with his finger nails. Buddy pushes him back just as Marco tries to bite his arm.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Why the hell can't you stay dead?

Francis picks up an oar on the side of the boat and smacks Marco in the head. Undead Marco falls back.

A wave passes under the boat and Buddy loses his footing. He falls down next to Marco. Again, Marco tries to bite him but Buddy rolls away.

FRANCIS

Something weird about him!

BUDDY

Ya think?

Francis pulls out his gun and shoots Undead Marco two more times in the chest, sending him into the ocean.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Now you're gonna drown, Marco. No way you swim all the way back to shore with all them bullets.

FRANCIS

Something isn't right here.

BUDDY

He's come back from the dead like he said!

FRANCIS

Let's get back to the hideout.

Undead Marco's head surfaces. He hisses at Buddy.

MARCO

Summit!

Francis starts up the motor. But just as he's about to leave, Undead Marco grabs a rope dangling off the side of the boat.

Francis steers the boat toward shore, while Marco rides behind him, clinging to the rope.

Buddy looks toward the cabin.

BUDDY

That was close!

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Buddy leans on the hood of the car, catching his breath. Francis smokes a cigarette.

BUDDY

You know, you can't kill a ghost, Francis. They're already dead.

FRANCIS

He isn't a ghost. I mean, could you put your hand through him?

BUDDY

No.

FRANCIS

Ghosts are formless.

BUDDY

But he's dead, that's for sure. You saw his eyes. His decaying body.

FRANCIS

If that's the case, then maybe you haven't really been doing any real whacking? Is that your angle?

BUDDY

I'm just sayin'.

FRANCIS

Gets you off the hook, right? Your conscience and all?

BUDDY

If he's already dead, then yeah. I never killed him, Francis. You can't kill a dead man. It only stands to reason.

FRANCIS

No, he's just a tough old bastard. Everyone said so. Doesn't matter. He's gone now.

BUDDY

Yeah. No way he's gonna swim back.

Buddy laughs.

As he does, Marco walks out of the water, quickly moving toward the car. He picks up the foot and chomps on it.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I mean, the old bastard went right down. I never saw him come up.

FRANCIS

Down in Davey Jones' locker.

BUDDY

Whose locker? The guy from the Monkees?

FRANCIS

Never mind.

BUDDY

You want me to drive?

FRANCIS

You think I trust you with my Mercedes? Sorry, pal.

Undead Marco opens the door to the back seat of the Mercedes sedan and holding the foot, slides into the car.

BUDDY

Just offerin' is all.

FRANCIS

Get in.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

The two men get into the car. Francis starts it up. Buddy sniffs a few times, smelling Marco's rotting flesh.

FRANCIS

We'll be back in plenty of time to
get ready.

BUDDY

Something smells in the car,
Francis.

FRANCIS

What?

BUDDY

Must be one of your wife's egg
salad sandwiches.

FRANCIS

You're a regular Seinfeld, you know
that?

BUDDY

Can't you smell it?

FRANCIS

It's probably your own b.o. You
don't exactly smell like a fresh
summer breeze.

Francis drives up the trail to the main road.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Ticklebone, now a zombie, and two other HOMELESS
PEOPLE/ZOMBIES bang on the doors and the windows of the
Grazzi residence, trying to get in.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Francis drives along, humming with a song on the radio.
Undead Marco lies down in the back seat, waiting.

Buddy's phone rings.

BUDDY

Crystal, how many times I gotta
tell ya? No calling when I'm
working.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Crystal, holding a baseball bat, huddles with the girls and Baby J who look out the window at the zombies in the front yard.

CRYSTAL
You gotta come home.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

BUDDY
Now what?

CRYSTAL
That clown. He's turned psycho! And he got a couple of homeless creeps with him. They're trying to attack us.

BUDDY
Call the cops.

CRYSTAL
I did but all circuits are jammed. It's this crime wave you guys started!

BUDDY
I thought you said you could handle the clown!

CRYSTAL
I thought I could, too. But something's changed. You gotta come home, Buddy.

Tiffany grabs her mom's phone.

TIFFANY
Dad, this is serious! These goons are ruining my Sweet Sixteen!

BUDDY
Okay, honey, I'm coming.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Francis shakes his head no. Buddy pleads with his eyebrows raised high. Still no.

BUDDY
Put your mother on.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

CRYSTAL

Buddy, you coming or what?

BUDDY

You know where the gun is, right?

CRYSTAL

I didn't want to get it out. It would scare the girls.

BUDDY

Maybe you better. Look, I'll get there as soon as I can.

CRYSTAL

Don't you care about your family?

BUDDY

Of course I do! Go get the gun!

CRYSTAL

Stay on the phone with me.

Crystal races out of the living room.

THE HALLWAY

Crystal runs into:

THE STUDY

Crystal enters the study and walks to the safe.

BUDDY

You know the combo, right?

CRYSTAL

Yeah. It's my measurements.

BUDDY

Good girl. Now stay calm.

CRYSTAL

Don't tell me what to do, Buddy. You should be here protecting your family.

BUDDY

I said I'm coming. I can't transport myself magically.

Crystal opens the safe and pulls out the revolver.

CRYSTAL
I got it.

BUDDY
Is it loaded?

Crystal checks it.

CRYSTAL
Yeah.

BUDDY
Okay, now go flash it in front of
the clown and his friends and I
guarantee they'll run like the
pussies they are.

CRYSTAL
Okay. Stay on the phone with me.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The girls now crouch behind the couch with Baby J.

BABY J
I didn't sign up for this, yo.

TIFFANY
You can leave any time you want.
But you won't get paid!

Baby J frowns.

Ticklebone smashes a window. The girls scream. Crystal runs
into the room waving her gun.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Whoa, mom!

CRYSTAL
You girls stay down on the floor.
Baby J, you too. Buddy, I'm putting
you on speaker.

Crystal walks to the front door and flings it open.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Francis grabs the phone.

FRANCIS
Let me talk to her!

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Ticklebone and the two other HOMELESS ZOMBIES stop, turn and jerkily move toward her.

CRYSTAL
Leave right now! I got this gun!

Crystal points the gun at them. Her other hand holds the phone.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

FRANCIS
Crystal, it's Francis. Tell him to leave or you'll shoot.

CRYSTAL
Leave or I'll shoot.

FRANCIS
You're doing good.

CRYSTAL
They keep coming at me, Francis.

FRANCIS
You may have to kill them.

CRYSTAL
What? Buddy are you there?

BUDDY
I know, honey. Killing ain't good. It changes you in a really deep way, robs you of some part of your humanity--

FRANCIS
Buddy, shut up!

One of the Homeless Zombies lurches a few feet from her.

CRYSTAL
Oh hell no!

FRANCIS
Shoot if you have to! Squeeze the trigger hard!

CRYSTAL
Stay where you are! I'll kill you, bastard!

The Zombie keeps heading toward her and Crystal shoots it in the head. It falls to the ground.

BUDDY

Honey?

CRYSTAL

I got him!

BUDDY

Oh. Wow.

Ticklebone now moves toward her.

FRANCIS

What's happening now, Crystal?

CRYSTAL

The clown's still coming. And the other bum.

FRANCIS

Then shoot, shoot!

CRYSTAL

I'm warning you! You don't want to end up like your friend.

TICKLEBONE

You're... my ... thweetie!

Ticklebone honks his little horn. Then he juts his jaw toward Crystal, trying to bite her. Crystal fires! Hits him in the throat. He falls to the ground.

CRYSTAL

Got him! The freak!

The girls watch from the window and cheer Crystal! Stressed, but in control, Crystal winks at Tiffany.

Now the final Zombie lurches toward her and Crystal fires again, blowing a hole in his head. He falls to the ground.

Then, there's silence. The neighborhood is eerily quiet. Crystal puts the gun into her pants pocket.

BUDDY

Crystal? Crystal, are you okay, honey?

CRYSTAL

No prob, Buddy.

FRANCIS
You're a pro, Crystal.

CRYSTAL
I do kick ass. When I have to
protect my family.

FRANCIS
Glad someone can step up to the
plate.

BUDDY
Hey!

The front door swings opens and the teenage girls all stream
out, cheering Crystal.

TIFFANY
Mom, you're radical!

TEENAGE GIRL
This wasn't, like, part of the
clown show, was it? I mean, that
was so singular!

CRYSTAL
No.

BUDDY
Is everything all right?

CRYSTAL
Don't bother coming, Buddy. We're
gonna go inside, resume the party
and wait for the police to show up.

BUDDY
You sure?

CRYSTAL
No need. I've got everything under
control and nothing's gonna stop
Tiff's Sweet Sixteen celebration.
Right, girls?

The Girls cheer Crystal again.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Francis, thanks for your help.

FRANCIS
Anytime.

BUDDY

Honey, I'm a little worried about you.

CRYSTAL

Don't be. It's all right.

Baby J sticks his head out.

BABY J

Maybe it's time for some tasty jams?

CRYSTAL

Everyone into the garage for the dance party.

The Girls head into the garage. Baby J cranks up a tune. Crystal sits on the front stoop and looks at the dead zombies.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

You gonna try to come home early? I could still use some backup.

BUDDY

I'll make an appearance at the summit and then slip out the back door, okay?

CRYSTAL

Okay, honey.

BUDDY

I love you guys.

CRYSTAL

We love you, too.

BUDDY

Call me if you need me.

CRYSTAL

Need you. Ha.

BUDDY

Don't get too cocky, Crystal.

CRYSTAL

I'm just hazing you, Buddy.

BUDDY

I'll check in later.

EXT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

The car speeds down the road heading toward the freeway.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

As Francis drives through an intersection, Undead Marco pops up in the backseat. Francis stares at him in disbelief in the rear view mirror.

FRANCIS
Buddy, Marco's still alive!

BUDDY
Holy shit! How did he get out of
the water????

Undead Marco grabs Francis who swerves on the road. Buddy pulls the zombie off him just as Francis slams on his brakes and ends up on the sidewalk, almost killing a pedestrian.

FRANCIS
I have to kill that bastard again!

Francis hops out of the sedan. Buddy jumps out too.

But as they move to the back seat, Undead Marco, following some kind of instinctual memory slides into the front and climbs into the driver's seat.

Marco finally lets go of the hiker's foot. It falls on the passenger seat.

EXT. SEDAN - DAY

Francis pulls out his gun and shoots at the window but Undead Marco has managed to put the car in gear and races off the sidewalk.

BUDDY
He's got your car!!!

Francis continues to shoot at the car.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Now what do we do?

FRANCIS
Call Uber!

BUDDY
Wait, there's a taxi!

Buddy flags down a taxi. The two men open the doors.

FRANCIS

Follow that Mercedes! He's headed
for the freeway.

The taxi speeds after Francis' sedan.

INT. TAXI - DAY

The driver, NAOMI (72), has her grey hair in a bun. She looks like a grade school teacher who might hit you with a ruler.

NAOMI

Big day for you boys?

BUDDY

We're just chasing a guy who came
back from the grave is all.

NAOMI

He the one driving that Mercedes?

BUDDY

Yeah. We shot him a bunch of times
but he won't stay dead.

NAOMI

Sounds like another case of the
living dead messing about in
society.

FRANCIS

Come on, lady, go faster!

NAOMI

Hold on. This isn't my first zombie
chase, honey.

She hits the gas and Buddy and Francis fall back.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Undead Marco drives expertly checking the mirrors and zipping through traffic. He slows when he reaches a toll gate before continuing on the freeway.

EXT. TOLL GATE - DAY

Undead Marco pulls up to the toll booth where a WOMAN (24) waits for him to throw in the change.

WOMAN

Well? Put in the toll!

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Undead Marco looks around and then reaches for the foot. He hands it to the woman.

EXT. TOLL GATE - DAY

The woman looks at the foot and then drops it, screaming. The Mercedes speeds away.

INT. HIDEOUT - DAY

The TV in the corner of the room plays news reports of zombie attacks. The headline reads: COULD THIS BE THE ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE? But no one is paying attention.

The Crew are all duded up, sitting on couches and chairs, checking their phones. Papa is still in his tuxedo looking like Marlon Brando in "The Godfather." Lou comes into the room also wearing a tuxedo.

LOU

Where's Francis and Buddy? Shoulda been back hours ago.

PAPA GIOVANNI

Maybe they got caught in traffic.

LOU

We can't wait for him. Gotta get to the Crowne Plaza. I want to be the first family there. Looks like we own the joint that way.

CREW MEMBER

Won't that make us look too eager, boss? My wife says always show up late 'cause then everyone's waiting for you.

LOU

I don't give a rat's ass what your wife thinks, Frankie! YOU THINK I SHOULD RUN MY CREW LIKE YOUR WIFE RUNS YOUR HOUSE OUT THERE IN QUEENS? I SEEN YOUR HOUSE, IT'S FILTHY WITH VERMIN! SHE DON'T KNOW HOW TO USE A VACCUM CLEANER!

(MORE)

LOU (CONT'D)
SHE CAN'T EVEN CLEAN THE SHIT
STAINS IN YOUR UNDERWEAR!!!

CREW MEMBER
Sorry, Lou. Just sayin'.

LOU
YOU AIN'T SAYING SHIT TODAY!
BREATHING THAT CLAM SAUCE FROM
LUNCH ALL OVER THE ROOM! OXYGEN!
OXYGEN!

The Oxygen Boy slides the tank over. Lou inhales.

LOU (CONT'D)
Nobody say nothing to me. No
unsolicited advice from your
dumbass wives who are busy screwing
the Amazon drivers anyway. Got it?
I will talk and give orders. Follow
me?

The Crew nod.

PAPA GIOVANNI
Lou, I don't know if you've ever
heard of this soft drink. It's
called Coca-cola. Some people refer
to it simply as "Coke."

LOU
WE'VE ALL HEARD OF COKE, YOU SENILE
OLD BASTARD!!!

PAPA GIOVANNI
Well, this Coca-cola beverage
already has caffeine in it which is
enough to stimulate anyone. But
they also used to put actual
cocaine into the mixture and that
would rile people up. Like the way
you get all--

LOU
SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

HENCHMAN #1
We should be going, Lou.

LOU
I'll text those clowns to meet us
at the Plaza. Let's move out!

EXT. HIDEOUT - DAY

The mob crew get into the SUVs and luxury Mercedes sedans.
Lou gets into his limo.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Naomi keeps right behind the Mercedes.

BUDDY

Shit, there are black and whites
everywhere.

FRANCIS

Maybe there's a terrorist attack
going on.

NAOMI

I told you. It's the zombie
apocalypse.

FRANCIS

You weren't joking?

NAOMI

Nope. Wouldn't joke about
reanimated flesh preying on living
human beings. It's not something I
find particularly amusing.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Undead Marco notices a flashing red icon showing he's out of
gas. He looks around for a gas station.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Naomi follows the Mercedes as it turns down another street.

BUDDY

Look at those addicts on the
corner.

FRANCIS

Scum.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The taxi passes a scene of zombie mayhem on a corner. But it
just looks like DRUGGIES on tranq. They speed by.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Naomi shakes her head.

NAOMI

That group isn't addicts. Those are the zombies.

FRANCIS

I didn't want to believe it was true.

NAOMI

Haven't you been watching the news? China lab leaked a zombie virus. Some contaminated people ended up at JFK. And now there are zombie outbreaks everywhere.

BUDDY

It makes sense...

NAOMI

He's heading into that gas station.

FRANCIS

We got him now!

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Buddy and Francis get out of the taxi. Francis tosses her some bills.

NAOMI

Good luck, gentleman.

BUDDY

Thanks, lady. We'll give you a good score on the app.

FRANCIS

There he is! Pump Two.

Marco is already pumping gas into the Mercedes. Buddy and Francis slowly approach him, giving him a thorough once-over for the first time.

Marco's eyes are still clouded over, his skin purple, his suit battered but the blood stains are less prominent since his ocean trek.

And despite all of the marks of zombie-ism, Marco still, somehow looks regal, the old, wise mob boss. He slowly turns to face Francis.

MARCO

You... tried... to kill... me.

BUDDY

Oh shit! He's a zombie all right.

MARCO

I will... get to... the summit!

Undead Marco grabs for Francis.

FRANCIS

Hey! Don't.

Undead Marco attacks Francis who pulls out his gun but can't seem to aim it. Buddy tries to pull Undead Marco off him. Finally, after a tussle, Marco bites Francis on his shoulder. Blood oozes out.

Buddy steps away.

Undead Marco lurches now up the sidewalk and up ahead, toward the Crowne Plaza.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Shit! He bit me!

BUDDY

Oh no.

FRANCIS

That means--

BUDDY

You're gonna change into one of them.

FRANCIS

Yeah.

BUDDY

Let's get you to urgent care!

FRANCIS

No. I'll be... turning soon.

BUDDY

What?

FRANCIS

That's what happens. Marco must've been bit too. Somehow, today, he was bit by a member of the living dead.

BUDDY

So what do we do, Francis? Marco can't show up to the summit.

FRANCIS

You'll have to get him.

BUDDY

Okay, let's roll.

FRANCIS

But first. Take me to an alley. Hurry!

BUDDY

What?

FRANCIS

Drive!

Buddy takes the keys from Francis. They both hop into the car.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Buddy drives the Mercedes around a corner into an alley. He parks.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Buddy looks over at Francis who is sweating huge drops.

FRANCIS

This is it. I can feel things changing. Deep inside.

BUDDY

It's happening?

FRANCIS

I'm gonna be a zombie in a few moments. Unless you kill me.

BUD

I gotta kill again? Jeez Louise,
Francis! Ain't I killed enough for
one day?

FRANCIS

Let's get out.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Buddy and Francis get out.

FRANCIS

Get your gun out.

BUDDY

Why do you want to die?

FRANCIS

Didn't you hear what I said? I'm
gonna turn into an undead creature.
I don't want to continue my
existence as a monster mobster!!
It's not fair to my wife. All those
sandwiches she made me.

BUDDY

So what? I gotta kill you? But it
didn't work with Marco. He wouldn't
stay dead.

FRANCIS

We didn't shoot him in the head.

BUDDY

So?

FRANCIS

So, you have to shoot zombies in
the head. That's how they do it on
the Walking Dead. That's the only
way you can kill them.

BUDDY

Oh. I never watched that. Would've
given me nightmares. Tiff and her
friends liked it. They would binge--

FRANCIS

Get your gun out, Buddy.

BUDDY

Seriously?

FRANCIS
Dead seriously.

BUDDY
But I can't kill you, Francis.
You're my friend.

FRANCIS
Do it.

Buddy digs into his pocket. Pulls out his gun.

BUDDY
It was different with Marco. I
mean, I met him a couple times but
I never felt--

FRANCIS
Aim it at my head.

Points it at Francis. Closes his eyes. Then, opens them and
drops the gun.

BUDDY
No I can't.

FRANCIS
You have to!

BUDDY
No, I can't. We're good friends.

FRANCIS
Okay, then. Name your price.

BUDDY
No. I'd need a lot of money,
Francis.

FRANCIS
How does fifty grand sound to you?

BUDDY
For my diminished humanity?

FRANCIS
Okay a hundred.

BUDDY
Nah. I can't.

FRANCIS
Two hundred grand.

BUDDY

Two fifty.

FRANCIS

Okay, okay. Do it!

BUDDY

Hold on.

FRANCIS

I'm going to be dead in a second,
Buddy. Or undead.

BUDDY

How will I get the moolah?

Francis digs into his coat pocket.

FRANCIS

I think I may have my checkbook in
here.

BUDDY

Great!

Francis starts writing out a check.

FRANCIS

But there's only a few thousand in
that account.

BUDDY

Can't you transfer some funds over
from another account?

FRANCIS

Buddy, I'm about to change.

BUDDY

Call your bank and do it over the
phone.

FRANCIS

Wait. I have the app.

Francis pulls out his phone. Clicks on the app. As he taps on
the buttons, his skin starts to turn purple.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Okay, I put a couple hundred thou
in there.

BUDDY
Hurry and write the check. You're
turning purple.

Francis writes the check. Buddy takes it and shoves it into
his pocket.

FRANCIS
Shoot! Shoot me, Buddy!

Buddy aims the gun.

BUDDY
Wait! Can I have your car?

FRANCIS
What?

Francis' eyes start to cloud over.

BUDDY
My wife likes it.

FRANCIS
Yes, yes! Take it. Now shoot.

BUDDY
But you have to sign over the
title.

Now Francis has fully changed into a zombie. He growls and
lunges for Buddy who steps back.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Francis?

Francis is now a monster. He lunges again. Buddy dodges him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Francis.

Buddy, with tears in his eyes, aims at the head and shoots
Francis. BLAMMO!!! Blood sprays everywhere and Francis falls
to the ground.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Thanks for the check!

Buddy walks toward the car, sniffing.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
And the car.

Buddy looks again at Francis crumpled on the ground, emotion filling him now. He wipes away a tear.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I had to shoot you,
friend. Ah nuts!

Suddenly, the alley is filled with more ZOMBIES.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Holy shit! It's the apocalypse!

Buddy aims and fires at their heads. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Three Zombies fall back. But more storm him.

Buddy manages to get into the Mercedes. He puts it into reverse and hits the gas.

He slams it into the mob of undead, sending them flying. Then he backs onto the street and roars away.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Undead Marco, walking with a slight jerk to his gait, moves with determination down the street toward the Crowne Plaza.

ZOMBIES attack a few foolish HUMANS who didn't get the word on the lockdown near a storefront.

Marco walks by them.

MARCO
Must... kill... Lou!

EXT. BANK - DAY

Buddy deposits Francis' check into the ATM. He gets the receipt and stares at it.

BUDDY
Wait til Crystal sees this! Baby,
things are gonna change. You'll
see!

EXT. CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

Lou's limo and the other cars descend into the parking garage.

INT. CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Lou and his Crew stroll into the room like they own it. They're super early. A HOTEL WORKER who observes them with a smirk, sets up chairs for the long table.

HOTEL WORKER
You can't be in here yet.

LOU
What?

HOTEL WORKER
I'm still setting up the tables,
yo.

LOU
It's okay. We'll wait.

HOTEL WORKER
Shit. You guys must be desperate or
something.

LOU
What did you say?

HOTEL WORKER
You're lucky we're even going
through with this booking. There's
a zombie outbreak in the city.

LOU
Are you trying to be cute?

HOTEL WORKER
You didn't hear? What are you
living under a rock?

LOU
Didn't hear what? And watch that
smart talk!

HOTEL WORKER
Wow, you gangsters aren't plugged
in at all, are you?

LOU
I could have you killed right now,
you little Gen Z punk!

HOTEL WORKER
Hold on. I'll turn on the TV.

The Hotel Worker turns a TV on near the bar setup.

HOTEL WORKER (CONT'D)
Check it out, hothead.

LOU
You got a mouth on you.

HOTEL WORKER
Just trying to clue you in, pops.

Lou and the crew surround the TV.

ON TV - A reporter reports on a zombie attack from a distance.

REPORTER
As you can see, the zombies that escaped from JFK International have infiltrated the city. Mayor Johnson has ordered an immediate lockdown! The President has warned China that this viral attack constitutes an act of war.

Screams ensue from the crowd where the ZOMBIES feast on HUMANS.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
Be warned that when the zombies attack and bite, they spread the virus, turning humans into the undead.

One of the Zombies races toward the Reporter.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
He's coming this way! Everyone into the van!

Another zombie knocks the camera out of the CAMERAMAN'S hands. The picture goes out.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
We've lost the signal from our remote team.

Lou and his Crew watch in amazement.

LOU
You weren't shitting me, kid.

HOTEL WORKER
I wouldn't kid a mob boss.

LOU
But you stayed here on the job?

HOTEL WORKER
I'm getting paid double time, so
what do I care?

LOU
How's the security in this joint?

The Hotel Worker shrugs.

HOTEL WORKER
You still want to go through with
this summit?

LOU
You bet we do. We been planning
this meeting for weeks.

HOTEL WORKER
Okay, pops. Give me five more
minutes.

The Hotel Worker continues setting things up. Lou watches him
with a smile.

LOU
I like his moxie. We may have use
for a ballsy, little prick like
him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Buddy drives Francis' Mercedes through the streets slowly.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

It's dusk. The sun is starting to go down. Buddy checks out
all the zombies on the street, searching for Marco.

Finally, he spies Marco marching along in his halting manner.

BUDDY
It's you!

Buddy pulls the car up next to Marco. Parks it and gets out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Buddy walks up to Marco.

BUDDY
Marco! Stop!

MARCO
Can't... stop....

Marco keeps walking. Buddy pulls out his gun.

BUDDY
Marco, I gotta shoot you in the
head. Stand still.

Marco continues, oblivious. A couple of other ZOMBIES approach Buddy from behind. They grab his shoulder.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Damn you zombies! I gotta shoot
Marco!

Buddy turns and shoots both of the zombies in the head. They stagger and fall to the ground. But the ruckus draws other ZOMBIES toward Buddy.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
This time, you will stay dead. I
got the scoop on you undead types.

Buddy aims his gun at Marco's head as the undead mob boss continues walking.

Buddy squeezes the trigger. CLICK! He's out of bullets!

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Oh, shit! No more bullets. Dang!

Buddy checks his pockets. Marco continues on; the Crowne Plaza is only a few blocks away now.

The Zombies on the street advance toward Buddy quickly.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Shit, shit, shit!

Buddy hops into the Mercedes sedan and races away.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - NIGHT

Buddy's phone rings.

BUDDY
Hey, Crystal. You okay?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Crystal's getting dinner ready. She stirs the sauce.

CRYSTAL

Buddy, where did you hide the
garlic bread?

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

BUDDY

What do you mean, where did I hide
the garlic bread? It's where it
always was.

Crystal checks the fridge.

CRYSTAL

Sorry. It was sandwiched behind the
leftover cannoli.

She pulls out the garlic bread.

BUDDY

Everything okay? The cops ever show
up?

CRYSTAL

No, the cops must be at the donut
shop. The girls are dancing up a
storm in the garage. Baby J has
them worked up into a frenzy. Heavy
on the Skrillex and Calvin Harris.

BUDDY

You hear about the zombie outbreak?

CRYSTAL

What are you talking about?

BUDDY

On the news.

CRYSTAL

The violent crime outbreaks? I head
there was a lock-down. What are you
guys up to?

BUDDY

It's not us. It's some viral thing
from China. Turns people into
zombies and now they're attacking
everyone in the city.

CRYSTAL

Are you trying to be funny, Buddy?
Because after the day I've had...

BUDDY

Crystal, baby, I wouldn't joke
about it. That guy in the trunk
today. That was a zombie.

CRYSTAL

The thumper?

BUDDY

Yeah. And I think that clown and
the homeless guys you killed were
zombies too.

CRYSTAL

Ha ha. Everyone's a ghoul now.
Sure, Buddy. Listen, when you
getting off? It's dark.

BUDDY

I just gotta make an appearance at
the Crowne Plaza and then slip out
the back door.

CRYSTAL

Because I want you to be here
before you daughter goes to bed.

BUDDY

I will be.

CRYSTAL

At least say good night on her
sixteenth birthday!

BUDDY

Okay, okay.

CRYSTAL

At least do that!

BUDDY

I will.

CRYSTAL

You missed another important day in
your daughter's life.

BUDDY

Don't climb on me about that now.
I'm fighting zombies.

CRYSTAL
Just get home at a decent time.

BUDDY
I will. Jeez Louise!

CRYSTAL
All right, honey. I love you.

BUDDY
Love you too.

A zombie slams into his car. BANG!!

CRYSTAL
What was that?

BUDDY
Undead guy got hit by the car. Oh,
I forgot to tell you. Francis gave
you his Mercedes.

CRYSTAL
What?

BUDDY
The one I was driving today.

CRYSTAL
I love it. 2025 model Benz.

BUDDY
And I got a bonus.

CRYSTAL
What?

BUDDY
Two hundred thousand dollars!

CRYSTAL
No way. Buddy!

BUDDY
I told you, I take care of you and
my daughter.

CRYSTAL
I'm so excited! Wait, why did
Francis give me his car?

BUDDY
He's dead.

CRYSTAL
What?

BUDDY
Yeah.

CRYSTAL
Well, that was nice of him.

BUDDY
Right before he changed, he-- look,
I'll tell you later.

CRYSTAL
Get home!

BUDDY
As soon as I can. Don't bust my
balls.

CRYSTAL
Bye, Buddy.

Buddy puts his phone down.

EXT. CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Buddy pulls the Mercedes behind other limos and cars all entering the parking garage for the Summit.

INT. CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Marco lumbers into the lobby. A BELL HOP approaches.

BELL HOP
Are you okay, mister?

Marco growls at him. Flashes his teeth. The Bell Hop jumps away.

At this moment, MEMBERS of Marco's crime family spot him as they emerge from the elevator.

CREW MEMBER #1
Hey, it's the boss!

Marco's face almost smiles when he sees his CREW gathering around him.

CREW MEMBER #2
What happened to you, Marco? You
look terrible.

CREW MEMBER #3
He's been shot! Look!

CREW MEMBER #2
Oh my God! Are you okay?

Marco slowly nods.

MARCO
I'm... here. The summit.

CREW MEMBER #2
Wow. He was almost assassinated and
he still made it to the summit!

CREW MEMBER #1
He's invincible.

Marco raises his fist in the air.

MARCO
Fight! Fight! Fight!

Undead Marco leads his crew down the hallway.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Lou and his boys sit at the head of the table. Other CRIME
BOSES and their CREW sit down at the long table.

Papa Giovanni has Lou's ear.

PAPA GIOVANNI
I don't know if you heard of this
thing called Facebook. It's what
they all a social networking
website and--

LOU
Yes, yes, we've all heard of
Facebook. What's the point?

Buddy enters and races toward Lou.

LOU (CONT'D)
You finally made it.

BUDDY
Yeah. But Francis--

LOU
What?

BUDDY

He's dead.

LOU

What? How?

BUDDY

I shot him. In the head.

Lou looks at a HENCHMAN to his right.

LOU

What the hell, Buddy? He's one of my top guys.

BUDDY

He asked me to. He was turning into a zombie.

LOU

Yeah. We saw on the TV.

BUDDY

Marco bit him. At the gas station.

LOU

Marco? But you said you buried him!!

BUDDY

I did. But he kept climbing out of the grave. He must've been infested with this monster virus.

LOU

I should kill you for lying to me.

BUDDY

I didn't lie. I said he was gone. I never said he was dead. Francis--

LOU

AND YOU KILLED MY NUMBER TWO!

The Oxygen boy comes over, opens up the tank and puts the mask on Lou. Lou breathes in.

BUDDY

He didn't want to turn into a zombie, Lou! You can understand that.

Lou stares wildly at Buddy.

LOU

I guess so.

BUDDY

You gotta shoot the zombies in the head. That's how they do it on the TV show.

LOU

But what about Marco?

BUDDY

I tried to kill Marco. A bunch of times. He wouldn't stay dead! I didn't know you had to shoot him in the head.

LOU

Son of a bitch!

As they talk, Marco and his crew walk in. Lou drops his drink. The room gets quiet!

LOU (CONT'D)

OH MY EVER LOVIN' GOD!

The other family members gasp at his appearance. Marco raises his hands.

MARCO

I am... HERE!

Another MOB BOSS, ALBERTO MAUCERI stands up.

ALBERTO

Marco Zarconi. What happened to you, my esteemed friend? You look like you've been shot!

MURMURING breaks out.

MARCO

Lou... tried... to KILL ME!!!

Everyone in the room turns to face Lou.

LOU

It's not true! Marco's a zombie!

ALBERTO

What? Marco is many things, the head of one of the largest crime families in New York City, a wise friend, a talented strategist, and cold-blooded murderer, but he is not a monster!

LOU

I mean a literal zombie. Haven't you seen the news?

All the other MOBSTERS look at each other, confused. Their reactions indicate they haven't heard the news at all.

ALBERTO

You tried to take out the head of a family without consulting!

LOU

I didn't! He's lying!

ALBERTO

Clearly, the man has been shot.

ZARCONI CREW MEMBER #1

Lusty Lou Banatello has been moving in Zarconi territory! He's starting selling drugs on Broadway Avenue.

MARCO

He's... trying to... take over!!!

LOU

There's the snitch! I'll get you when the time's right.

Marco snarls at Lou!

ALBERTO

We always knew you were greedy for power, Lou, but we never thought you'd try assassinating the head of a family.

Alberto pulls his gun out and points it at Lou and his crew. Lou and his henchmen immediately pull out their guns.

LOU

Is this how you want it?

There's a tense moment for this Mexican standoff.

Then Marco, unable to resist, bites into one of his Crew Members.

ZARCONI CREW MEMBER #1
OW! Hey, boss!

Then he starts biting into other members of his crew. Everyone lowers their guns when they see the zombie chaos.

ZARCONI CREW MEMBER #2
What are you doing?

MARCO
You must... become like me! All of you!!!!

LOU
See? He's a zombie! And... he wants an army of the undead to take over all the crime in the city.

Alberto reels from this shocking display.

ALBERTO
I don't understand.

LOU
I'm telling you the truth, Alberto! Get your head out of your ass!

HOTEL WORKER
He is telling the truth. The news is reporting a zombie apocalypse.

The Hotel Worker turns up the volume on the TV. Everyone watches for a moment.

ON TV - Footage of ZOMBIES attacking PEOPLE in downtown Manhattan.

ALBERTO
Oh my God! Monsters are invading!!

LOU
That's what I've been trying to tell you, Alberto Mauceri!

HENCHMAN #1
Look at Marco's crew!!

Marco's crew slowly turn into zombies. Their eyes cloud over and their skin turns purple.

MARCO
MY FAMILY WILL... NEVER DIE!!!!!!

ALBERTO
Oh my God!!! They're all creatures
of the night!

MARCO
ATTACK!!!!

Marco leads his zombie family in an attack on the other crime families.

ALBERTO
Stop them! Kill them!

BUDDY
You have to shoot them in the
head!!!

LOU
He's right! Aim for the heads, you
cretins!

Chaos breaks out as Marco's Zombies bite and dismember other mobsters. Lou and his crew start shooting them, exploding heads left and right.

Alberto and his family also battle the monsters. Some are thrashed, their insides ripped out of them.

THE TITLE OF OUR MOVIE FLASHES ON THE SCREEN: STAY DEAD. THEN A LINE CROSSES THROUGH THIS TITLE.

A NEW TITLE NOW FLASHES: DON OF THE DEAD

The room is now engulfed in total mayhem with bullets flying, zombies biting and chewing, blood squirting and tables overturning.

The Hotel Worker runs for the exit. Buddy notices him leaving and slowly makes his way to the door himself.

Lou, fighting off a zombie henchmen, spots Buddy leaving.

LOU (CONT'D)
Buddy, come back! We need you!

BUDDY
Sorry, Lou! It's my daughter's
Sweet Sixteen.

LOU
Get over here, ya pussy!

BUDDY
No! Francis said I need to say no
more.

LOU
What?

BUDDY
He was right! Good luck, boss! I'm
going home to my family!

Buddy exits. Lou resumes shooting zombies.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Buddy runs down the hallway.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Buddy dodges ZOMBIES in the parking lot.

BUDDY
Gotta get more bullets!

He manages to make it to Marco's Mercedes. Knocking over more
ghouls as he drives, Buddy races out of the parking
structure.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Buddy flies through the city. He zooms by Ticklebone
attacking A POLICE OFFICER on one street corner.

EXT. MONKEY WRENCH CAR REPAIR/ MOB HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Buddy races into the hideout.

INT. HIDEOUT - DAY

Buddy runs to a closet and opens it. Inside are rifles, a
machine gun, pistols and bullets.

BUDDY
Sorry, Lou. Family's first.

Buddy throws the weapons and ammo into a large gym bag. He
dashes from the room.

EXT. HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Buddy tosses the bag into his own SUV, gets in and darts off.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Buddy picks up his phone as he navigates the city streets.

BUDDY

Crystal?

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Crystal, Baby J and the Girls are all eating the big dinner she's been making.

CRYSTAL

What is it, Buddy? We're eating.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

BUDDY

I got out early.

CRYSTAL

Finally!

(addresses Tiffany)

Honey, your daddy's on his way home.

TIFFANY

Whatever. It's almost nine.

CRYSTAL

You hear Tiff? How upset she is? You've got some damage control to do when you get home, mister.

BUDDY

Yeah. Should I pick anything up for later?

CRYSTAL

I can't think of anything.

BUDDY

How about some champagne? For you and me? For some frisky time.

CRYSTAL

Oh you're a devil!

BUDDY

The girls get to sleep, we can have a little party of our own. I can get out those feather ticklers.

CRYSTAL

Don't get me started!

BUDDY

So that's a yes, on the champagne?

CRYSTAL

Yes! But what about the zombies?

BUDDY

I got some weapons and ammo from the hideout. They shouldn't be a problem. Just gotta shoot 'em in the head is all.

CRYSTAL

Okay. Get home safe.

BUDDY

The girls like the sauce?

CRYSTAL

It was a big hit. Now let me go. I gotta light the birthday cake.

BUDDY

Okay, okay.

CRYSTAL

Get home, Buddy.

BUDDY

Be there in twenty. Love you guys.

CRYSTAL

We love you too.

Crystal puts the phone down.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Room for some birthday cake?

GIRLS (UNISON)

Yes!

Crystal brings the cake into the room and lights the candles.

CRYSTAL
Okay, Tiff honey. Come over here
and make a wish.

The girls give Tiffany room as she walks to the cake.

TIFFANY
Hm. Let me think.

One of the girls, JANICE (16) smiles.

JANICE
I know what she wants.

TIFFANY
What?

JANICE
More like who. Ronnie Bachelor.

TIFFANY
Shut up, Janice!

CRYSTAL
Who is this young man?

TIFFANY
Nobody.

JANICE
Hot influencer.

CRYSTAL
Hurry up and make your wish. The
candles are dripping wax on the
cake!

Tiffany thinks for a moment and then blows out the candles.

There's a WINDOW SMASHING NOISE from the living room. BANGING
on the front door.

TIFFANY
Mom?

CRYSTAL
You guys go into the basement!

Crystal reaches into her pocket and pulls out her gun.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

ZOMBIES huddle in front of the store, devouring a LUSH who moans.

Buddy pulls his SUV up to the front. He gets out holding a machine gun from the hideout. He fires it into the air.

The Zombies scatter about. Buddy walks into the store.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

It's empty. There's a CLERK but he's lying in a pool of his own blood and guts.

BUDDY

Anyone there? Just getting a bottle of champagne.

Buddy checks out the wine aisle. Finds some champagne. Just then an OLD MAN, the owner, comes out from the back pointing a rifle.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa. I'm a paying customer.

OLD MAN

You ain't been bit?

BUDDY

Nah. I'm packing heat.

Buddy raises his machine gun.

OLD MAN

I've been overrun by those freaks.

BUDDY

Let me pay for this and I'm on my way.

OLD MAN

Come on over.

The Old Man steps over the Clerk and rings up Buddy. Buddy hands him the money.

BUDDY

You got any jerky?

OLD MAN

Over by the chips. I'll get it for you.

As the Old Man walks to the snack aisle, ZOMBIES bust through the door.

BUDDY
Shit! It's a blitz.

Before he can be overwhelmed, Buddy aims his machine gun and shoots several undead creatures in the head. POW! POW! POW!

OLD MAN
Found your jerky!

BUDDY
Thanks.

More zombies rush Buddy and he rattles off another round of bullets.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
I don't feel bad killing youse.
Cause you're already dead!

He shoots another in the head. The zombie bodies pile up.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
I can sleep like a baby tonight.
Oh, except for Francis.

The Old Man returns.

OLD MAN
You say something?

BUDDY
But then Francis was gonna turn
dead anyway.

OLD MAN
What's that?

BUDDY
Nothing. Just wrestling with my
conscience.

Buddy hands the Old Man a couple twenties.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Keep it.

Then he steps over the pile of bodies and walks out with his champagne and jerky.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

As he steps out, he's ambushed by even more ZOMBIES. He's lost in the mob for a minute and then emerges spraying shots with his machine gun.

BUDDY
Get offa me!

Covered in blood, he makes his way to the SUV.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
What a pain in the ass.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Mercedes sedan turns into the freeway exit to Queens.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - NIGHT

Buddy hums a song for a minute and then looks at his bank receipt. He smiles a big smile.

BUDDY
What a day!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Crystal stands with her gun pointed at a group of ZOMBIES who have bashed through the front door. The wooden shards of the door are on the floor.

The Zombies leer at Crystal with open mouths, saliva dripping.

CRYSTAL
I'll shoot your asses!

Crystal aims and expertly pops the Zombies in the head. But they're soon replaced by more UNDEAD.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Sorry, there's no cake left.

She smirks and shoots a few more before her bullets run out. CLICK. CLICK.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Oh shit. The bullets. In the safe.

The Zombies pour through the door now. Crystal races from the living room into the hallway.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Crystal rushes to open the safe.

CRYSTAL
Shoulda kept them out. Stupid,
Crystal. Really stupid.

Crystal opens the safe and grabs the box of bullets. She loads the guns but can hear the Zombies knocking about in the hallway.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Damn it, Buddy. Get your ass home!

She races out of the study. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Then, THUD, THUD THUD.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The teenagers all huddle near the staircase. One girl tries her cell phone but no signal.

JANICE
I gotta call my mom to pick me up.

GIRL #2
This zombie shit is getting crazy.

TIFFANY
It's okay. My mom's got this.

JANICE
But it sounds like a bunch got in.

GIRL #2
She could get overrun.

JANICE
Maybe we should help her, Tiff?

TIFFANY
My Dad will be home any minute.

A few more gunshots can be heard. Then it gets quiet.

JANICE
Did she get them all?

TIFFANY
I don't know.

Tiffany looks at the frightened faces and then starts up the staircase.

JANICE
Where are you going, Tiff?

TIFFANY
Just gonna see what's going on.

JANICE
Be careful.

TIFFANY
It's okay. I'm sixteen. I know what I'm doing.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tiffany sticks her head out. She sees a bunch of zombie corpses lying on the floor in their own blood and guts. But no sign of Crystal.

Tiffany steps out into the hallway, closing the door quietly behind her.

TIFFANY
Mom?

Tiffany walks into:

THE LIVING ROOM

There are more zombie bodies strewn about. But no Crystal. Tiffany steps toward the foyer where the front door is still open.

Tiffany looks outside and closes the door. As she does, she's surprised by Janice who's come up the stairs following her.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
YOU SCARED ME!

JANICE
I thought you could use some help.

TIFFANY
I can't find my mom.

JANICE
Looks at these creatures. So gross.

TIFFANY

Mom?

No answer.

THE DINING ROOM

Tiffany steps over more zombie bodies and then notices a female body by the table.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Mom!!

Tiffany races toward Crystal who's bloodied.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Mom, are you all right?

JANICE

She looks like she's been beaten up.

Crystal sits up.

CRYSTAL

I don't feel right. You guys should go back to the basement.

TIFFANY

You're bleeding. Did one of them--?

CRYSTAL

Go to the basement!

TIFFANY

But mom!

CRYSTAL

Lock the door! I'm... changing!

Tiffany starts to cry. Crystal's complexion starts to turn purple. Her eyes cloud over. Then she sits up and growls.

TIFFANY

Run!!!!

Tiffany and Janice run into the hallway.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The two girls slam the basement door and race down the staircase.

TIFFANY
OH MY GOD. OH MY GOD.

JANICE
Tiffany's mom. She's...

TIFFANY
Oh my God.

The Girls surround Tiffany for a group hug. They start to freak out.

There's a knock on the door.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)
OPEN! OPEN!

TIFFANY
Mom, no!

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Buddy hums the same song as he pulls up into the driveway.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Buddy climbs out of the SUV with his bag. He notices the front door open. But the lights are all on.

BUDDY
Honey? I'm home. You left the front door open.

Buddy strolls inside.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Buddy sets the champagne down. He dips some bread into the pot of sauce.

BUDDY
That's good sauce.

Buddy looks about the room. What's left of the birthday cake is on the counter. He jams a piece into his mouth.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Sorry I'm late. There was a bit of a commotion at the liquor store. Had to pretend I was Rambo. But I'm here now. And don't worry.
(MORE)

BUDDY (CONT'D)
 I'll make it up to Tiff. Take her
 to Disney World on summer break.
 Hey, where is everybody?

THE HALLWAY

Buddy steps past the bodies.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
 Looks like you had your own zombie
 apocalypse here, Crystal. HEY!
 ANYBODY HERE?

Buddy runs into the bedrooms. And then out.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
 Where is everybody? I didn't hear
 no music in the garage.

Then he spies the door to the basement ajar.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
 Are you guys playing spin the
 bottle down in the basement?

Buddy smiles.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
 I knew it.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Buddy steps down the steps of the basement.

BUDDY
 So this is where everybody is.
 Crystal! I'm a little surprised.
 The girls should be asleep by now.

Buddy approaches the silhouettes of Tiffany, Crystal and the
 Girls.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
 Crystal? Tiff? Why's you all in the
 shadows?

Suddenly Crystal lunges forward, fully zombie-fied.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
 Oh no!

Buddy backs away. Tiffany and the girls have also turned.
 They all come at him with their hands and mouths.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Shit, you changed!

Buddy scrambles to get up the stairs, but he slips and falls backwards.

The mob of newly undead females swarm him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
No! No! STOP!

There's nothing Buddy can do. He's completely engulfed.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Buddy and Tiffany sit quietly at the table as Crystal prepares dinner.

She brings over a large platter of internal organs and guts.

Buddy takes serving spoons and places some on his, Tiffany's and Crystal's plates.

They start chewing on the organs.

Buddy looks at the CAMERA.

BUDDY
Anh. Whaddaya gonna do? Could be worse.

They continue their meal.

FADE OUT.

THE END