

STAY DEAD!

Written by

Stan Evans

stanevans822@gmail.com
(818) 333-6622

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 - 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-natured, 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 slathers the butter on.

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 16 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 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. You were pitchy.

BUDDY

I got you the DJ, for today, right? The guy from Ticky Tok?

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?

BUDDY

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

CRYSTAL

If I'd known being the wife of a--

Buddy waves his hands and "shushes" Crystal.

TIFFANY

The wife of a henchman?

CRYSTAL
Honey, he's an assistant to your
Uncle Lou... who's like your
godfather.

TIFFANY
I know all about godfathers, mom.
We have Paramount plus.

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.

Buddy downs his coffee.

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

BUDDY
Isn't Tiff too old for clown shows?

TIFFANY
I always wanted one and you never
came through!

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

BUDDY
It's only once we get into huge
debt. This party's costing me an
arm and a leg.

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
It's important to me too.

CRYSTAL
Seriously, Dad.

BUDDY
Yeah. Seriously. Happy birthday.

Buddy kisses his daughter on the cheek. She pretends to not like it but can't help but smile.

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
I don't mind smacking the spider around a little bit, I just don't want to end its life. Jeez Louise.

TIFFANY
What kind of Goodfella says, "Jeez, Louise?"

CRYSTAL
Tiff, your father only pretends to be a tough guy. We know better.

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 two 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.

INT. MOB HIDEOUT - DAY

It's a 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 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. His pants are loose fitting, and he occasionally hikes them back up.

CREW MEMBER

Everything come out all right,
Chief?

LOU

Don't be juvenile!

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.

(MORE)

LOU (CONT'D)
 IF I FIND THE SNITCH, I'LL TAKE A
 BALL PEEN HAMMER AND--

Lou's face turns even redder, his eyes bulge more. One young HENCHMAN (23) stands by with an oxygen tank. He holds up the mask. Lou waves it off.

LOU (CONT'D)
 We'll get the snitch later!! Right
 now, we gotta do something about
 crybaby 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 toughest.
 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 breath, waving off the Oxygen Boy. Francis looks down at his lunch.

INSERT - a leaky, brown paper bag.

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. Hitches up his sliding pants.

LOU (CONT'D)
There are moments where you gotta
assert your Donkey Cock superiority
over all the little Marios you're
playing 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 young thug
with the oxygen tank. He 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.

Lou removes the mask. He pulls up his falling pants.

LOU
Before the summit tonight. We're
going to talk about realigning
family markers. I'm going for the
whole megillah.

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.

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
whack 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
No. Wait. Buddy, you whack Marco.

BUDDY
What?

LOU
You're a senior soldier. You're
due.

FRANCIS
You sure, Lou? Buddy's a big guy
but he's a dipshit.

BUDDY
Please, Lou. My wife--

LOU
YOUR WIFE!!!!

FRANCIS
Lou, I can do this. Buddy can take
care of custodial duties.

LOU
Francis, you make sure it's done.
But Buddy, you're doing the
whacking.

FRANCIS
But Lou!

LOU
Think how stupid Marco will look if
a boob like Buddy can kill him!!!

BUDDY
Aw nuts.

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
AND THIS TIME, BUDDY, DON'T PUT UP
A CROSS AND FLOWERS! NO ONE SHOULD
KNOW WE DID THIS! CAPICHE?

BUDDY
Capiche, Lou.

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

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 you two 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.

Lou pulls up his pants again, this time in a motion of triumph! Francis and Buddy leave.

LOU (CONT'D)

Get me my Pepcid AC.

A bunch of henchmen leap up. One hands him a pill.

LOU (CONT'D)

I said Pepcid AC, not Tagamet, YOU GORMLESS FREAK!

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 16 party. Jeez Louise.

FRANCIS

You know, Buddy...

BUDDY

Yeah?

FRANCIS

I could end Marco for you... but this really is for your own good. You can't 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'd like more responsibility, sure.

FRANCIS

Like what? Being in charge of the annual bake sale? Bowling night? You gonna head up the potato sack race at the next godfather and son picnic?

BUDDY

No, that's not what--

FRANCIS

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

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

FRANCIS

Someday you'll change your mind about that.

BUDDY

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

FRANCIS

Look, you're in hock, right?

BUDDY

Are you kidding? Tiff's sweet 16 set me back a few g's.

FRANCIS
You'll make more dough a year when
you're a made guy.

BUDDY
I'd need a lot of extra dough.

FRANCIS
How does fifty grand sound to you?

BUDDY
For my diminished humanity?

FRANCIS
I don't know, maybe a hundred.
Especially after Lou takes over.

BUDDY
A hundred? I sure could use that.

Buddy's phone rings.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Shit, sorry, Francis. Crystal? 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.

I/E. 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 an egg salad sandwich from a lunch bag. It looks gross, oozing mayo.

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.

Francis pulls out a bib. 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 nods. Francis hands him a bib. Buddy 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 tough, old veteran, steps past the DOOR MAN onto the sidewalk where his limo waits. His BODYGUARD appears vigilant at his side.

I/E. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Francis loads his gun. Puts it in his pocket.

BUDDY
We gonna grab him here?

FRANCIS
Might be our only chance.

BUDDY
He's got his bodyguard.

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

BUDDY
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 fuck!

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 kicks to the zombie, the Bodyguard returns.

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! What the fuck?

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.

I/E. 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

Shutting your big mouth before the summit.

MARCO

The bastard is trying to take over 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?

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. And then Lusty 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. Now!

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.

I/E. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Buddy looks at the carnage and shrugs. 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 the 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
What do you mean-- need my help?
You're doing this!

BUDDY
Aw, but Francis, I told you!

FRANCIS
Remember the extra dough?

BUDDY
Yeah, but...

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. Nice place you got here.

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.

Ticklebone 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.

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

Francis pushes Marco behind a dumpster. Marco struggles.

FRANCIS
Stand up, you coward.

Marco struggles more.

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

Marco nods.

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

BUDDY

You sure? He cheesed you off before.

FRANCIS

He's entitled to his famous last words.

Francis 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 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 back from Marco in awe.

BUDDY

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

Marco looks at Buddy with even more contempt.

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
SHOOT HIM, BUDDY!

BUDDY
But, but, I can't!

FRANCIS
AIM YOUR GUN AND SHOOT!

MARCO
Don't! I will come back from the dead!!!

BUDDY
He'll haunt us!

FRANCIS
THINK OF THE MONEY! YOU'RE IN HOCK!
COLLEGE TUITION!

Buddy lifts up his gun, points it at Marco.

MARCO
I will give you all the money you could want!

FRANCIS
NO HE WON'T! LOU WILL! SHOOT!

BUDDY
OH SHIT! I could use the--

Buddy squeezes the trigger. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Then he drops the gun and recoils. Marco collapses, bullets in his chest.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Whoa.

FRANCIS

You okay?

BUDDY

No.

FRANCIS

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

Francis laughs. Buddy looks as if he's going to cry.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Hey, hey! Take it easy! You're gonna be a made guy now. Remember that.

BUDDY

I whacked someone.

FRANCIS

That you did. But nothing happened. You're the same Buddy we all love.

BUDDY

Are you sure?

FRANCIS

Sure, I'm sure.

BUDDY

I don't think so. I feel sick.

FRANCIS

Could be the mayo.

BUDDY

He... looks pretty dead.

FRANCIS

Yeah. I'll check his pulse.

Francis reaches down to Marco's corpse.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

There isn't one.

BUDDY

Oh my God.

FRANCIS

Get a grip.

Buddy walks around in a circle, clutching his sides.

BUDDY

You sure everything's going to be okay?

FRANCIS

Sure, I'm sure. I'll look out for you, kid.

BUDDY

Cause this is new territory for me.

Francis looks down at the corpse.

FRANCIS

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

BUDDY

He made you an offer you might not have refused?

FRANCIS

Ha. There's the old Buddy.

Buddy lifts up the dead mob boss and tosses him over his shoulder.

BUDDY

Sorry, Marco.

They walk toward the Mercedes.

FRANCIS

Let me get the trunk.

Francis pops the trunk.

BUDDY

You believe all that supernatural frabba jabba? 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)
But can you imagine Marco's ghost showing up at the summit? What a scene that would be!

BUDDY
Jeez Louise, that's some spooky, Blumhouse 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
Sure you will, 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. And get this, boys. Buddy did it!

Shocked MURMURS.

LOU (CONT'D)
Just gotta bury him.

HENCHMAN #1
That was lickety-split.

LOU
Francis knows how to school
newbies. Tosses them right out of
the nest.

Lusty Lou walks to the pool table where he's about to sink
the eight ball. He hikes up his pants first.

HENCHMAN #2
Lou, Papa Giovanni's here!

LOU
Okay, great. Listen boys, we really
need Papa's family on our side for
the summit take-over. He's a pain
in the ass but very wise. So show
him the proper respect!

At this moment, a crusty 82-year-old former mob boss, PAPA
GIOVANNI enters wearing a tuxedo, looking like Marlon Brando
in The Godfather.

LOU (CONT'D)
Papa Giovanni! Thanks so much for
agreeing to the meeting! We
appreciate your support.

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

PAPA GIOVANNI
You ain't got my support yet, antsy
pants. But... I'm open to
discussion.

LOU
That's all I ask. You know this is
a big meeting for me. Our families'
strong alliance would ensure a
smooth transfer of power!

PAPA GIOVANNI
Calm down. I'm here to help.

LOU
We're all happy to listen to your
wise counsel.

There's an awkward pause. Papa takes a moment to think.
Then...

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!!

Lou, trying not to upset Papa, calms down quickly and smiles.

PAPA GIOVANNI
They have a slogan that applies for
this situation.

LOU
And that slogan would be... ?

PAPA GIOVANNI
Have it your way!

A moment of silence.

HENCHMEN #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
So we have your support, Papa
Giovanni?

PAPA GIOVANNI
I didn't say that.

LOU
You didn't?

PAPA GIOVANNI
I gotta make a b.m. I'll be back
with more thoughts.

Papa Giovanni waves Lou off as he scuttles out of the room.

LOU
He always comes here to do that.
Why?

The Henchmen all turn to Lou.

HENCHMAN #1
Every time he's in there, leaves
fall off the ficus tree.

LOU
What can I do? I can't make the
right moves unless he approves. We
need him, damn it!!!!

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, drop it off, and 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, cuddle buddy.

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 16
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 covered with a grey
film.

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 gives?

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

BUDDY
No kidding? Another 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 16!

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. 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 with a horrified
expression. Buddy gives a friendly wave and gets into the
sedan. Francis steps on the gas.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Francis pulls up to Buddy's house. He and Buddy get 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
Yeah. 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.

BUDDY

Don't remind me.

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 the suburban enclave I've been hired to spin discs at?

CRYSTAL

Welcome, Baby J! I'm Crystal, Tiff's mom. Listen, go heavy on Calvin Harris and Skrillex. Their Tiff's favs.

BABY J

Copy that! Tiffany's gonna have the most intense sixteen ever!

CRYSTAL

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

BABY J

Right on. You know, the way the man spoke on the phone, I thought for a moment you were members of the underworld.

Buddy winces.

BABY J (CONT'D)
Which I'm totally down with.

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!

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! You sound different.

BUDDY
Shit, he's supposed to be dead.

CRYSTAL
I told you to never bring your work home with you.

BUDDY
Damn it! You wanted the cake!

CRYSTAL
You didn't-- ?

BUDDY
What?

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 didn't have anything to do with
that?

BUDDY
We just gotta unload him now.

CRYSTAL
Because that changes a man!

BUDDY
We'll talk about all this later.

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 at White Castle.

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, thinking. 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 commandeers the front row with her BESTIES.

TICKLEBONE
Hello, girls and hot 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're
with 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. WOODS - 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.

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 you again. I promised Crystal I wouldn't kill you one time!

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

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Damn you Francis, you shoulda whacked 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 knows. Crystal knows.

Buddy looks up at the sky, searching the heavens.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
And you-know-who knows. Almighty
Creator Guy. The Big Boss Upstairs.
The Godfather of all Godfathers!
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 to comfort Buddy. Buddy stands up immediately.

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

Marco growls now. 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 killed again.

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
I 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. Six feet under.

FRANCIS

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

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

With Francis at the wheel 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 with their food.

FRANCIS

This was exactly the move you needed to make.

BUDDY

But Francis, I don't want Lou 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

Why the hell did you even get into the mob with all this baggage?

BUDDY

My pop was a henchman. My uncles, my grandpa -- all goodfellas. I had to!

FRANCIS

Word gets out you were the one who actually killed Marco Zarconi and you can write your own ticket.

BUDDY

That's just it. Then every hot shot'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.

I/E. MERCEDES - DAY

The Mercedes eases onto the road back to the city.

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!

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 (CONT'D)

Hey, I told you to stay dead!

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

MARCO

Must... go.... summit.

BUDDY

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

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.

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

Somebody puke on you, dude?

Marco pulls out a gun and aims it at the Driver.

MARCO

Give... me... your car!

DRIVER

Shit! Car Jacker!

The Driver speeds away. Marco puts his gun back in his pocket.

I/E. 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 him?

FRANCIS

I'm driving. Just shoot him.

BUDDY

No way! I've done enough murder!

FRANCIS

Point your gun out the window and shoot.

BUDDY

You know I don't--

FRANCIS

Hurry before someone else sees him!

BUDDY

You gotta understand. This taints my self-image as a good, moral, family guy. It'll effect my relationship with Crystal and Tiff.

FRANCIS

Come on!

BUDDY

I think Crystal already knows.

FRANCIS

What is she, psychic?

BUDDY

Couldn't you kill him this time?

FRANCIS

No.

BUDDY

Please? We'll be co-killers. You'll get credit, too.

FRANCIS

Okay, damn it. But this the last time I whack someone you already whacked!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Francis stops the car a few yards away behind Marco who is still managing to walk at a speedy clip, but with that jerky gait.

Francis pulls out his gun, gets out of his sedan and approaches Marco. 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
vino.

DRIVER
Why's he carrying a foot?

Francis looks at the foot. Marco gnaws on it.

FRANCIS
It's a gag. You know, like
chattering teeth. See, he put his
foot in his mouth! Get it? He's a
jokester!

DRIVER
Long way to go for a laugh. You
sure you don't want me to call-- ?

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

Francis smiles. The Driver nods.

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 heard me say chattering teeth.

DRIVER
You got him? That foot is bleeding.

FRANCIS
I'm used to this!

Another car pulls up behind this car.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Thanks for checking in! You're a square citizen.

DRIVER
Good luck with that guy. He's pretty obnoxious.

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

FRANCIS
Okay, Marco. Third time's the charm.

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 Marco's hand.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

Francis lights a cigarette.

FRANCIS
That fruit loop was carrying around a severed foot!

BUDDY
Jeez Louise!!

FRANCIS
Probably found it in the woods. Somebody got it caught in a bear trap or something.

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 we dump him in the ocean?
We can 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! Pronto if not sooner!

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

LOU (CONT'D)

What?

PAPA GIOVANNI

You're too emotional, Lou.

LOU

Sorry, 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 alien 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 Papa's neck. He races over to the Oxygen Boy
and inhales copious amounts of O2.

LOU

So... are you backing us?

PAPA GIOVANNI

I don't know yet.

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 strange 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.

FRANCIS

Now you're gonna drown, Marco. No way you swim all the way back to shore with all of those lead bullets weighing you down.

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 sends 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.

FRANCIS
If that's the case, then maybe he
was some kind of supernatural being
from jump street. Is that what
you're implying?

BUDDY
Yeah. Maybe he's a warlock. Or a
demon. Or a vampire!!

FRANCIS
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? I mean if he's already an undead creature?

BUDDY

If he's already dead, then yeah. I never killed him, Francis. You can't kill a dead guy. 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 emerges from the water, quickly moving toward the car. As he does, he lifts up the foot he's been carrying and chews 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

No. You got too much on your mind.

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

BUDDY

Just offerin' is all.

FRANCIS

Get in.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

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

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, Baby J and his Assistant 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.

Tiffany grabs her mom's phone.

TIFFANY
Dad, this is serious! These goons are ruining my Sweet 16!

BUDDY
Okay, honey, I'll try to come home.

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 the revolver.
It would scare the girls.

BUDDY

Maybe you better. Look, I'll be
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 and his
assistant.

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 and puts it on speaker.

FRANCIS
Let me talk to her!

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Ticklebone and the two other HOMELESS ZOMBIES stop, turn and haltingly 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!

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

Francis looks over at Buddy and smiles.

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
Good.

Ticklebone now moves toward her.

FRANCIS
What's happening now, Crystal?

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

BUDDY
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.

BUDDY
Right! We gotta do what we gotta do
... for family.

Francis looks over to Buddy and nods.

CRYSTAL
That's right, hon.

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
You want I should still come?

CRYSTAL
No, it's okay, Buddy. I know you've
got things to do. We're gonna go
inside, call the girls' parents and
wait for the police to show up.

BUDDY
You sure?

CRYSTAL
You still gonna try to come home
early?

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.

EXT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DAY

The car speeds down the road heading toward the freeway.

I/E. 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

We 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 slips into the driver's seat.

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

EXT. STREET - 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 say something.

WOMAN
What? Don't have an EZ pass?

The Zombie Boss stares at her. Then he digs for change in his pocket.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
It's completely cashless now,
gramps. But if you want to use your
credit card, we can accommodate.

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 drops it, screaming. Then she faints, landing on the button to lift the gate.

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. Lou comes into the room also wearing a tuxedo like Papa.

LOU

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

PAPA GIOVANNI

Maybe they got caught in traffic.

LOU

You coming with us, Papa?

Papa shrugs.

PAPA GIOVANNI

I don't know yet.

LOU

Well, it's getting close. You should ride with us. It'll show solidarity.

PAPA GIOVANNI

Why leave so early?

LOU

I want to be the first family there. Looks like we own the joint that way.

HENCHMAN #1

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 DOMICILE, IT'S FILTHY WITH VERMIN! SHE DON'T KNOW HOW TO USE A VACCUM CLEANER! SHE CAN'T EVEN CLEAN THE SHIT STAINS IN YOUR UNDERWEAR!!!

HENCHMAN #1

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.
Capiche?

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.

HENCHMAN #1
Hey, boss. He got it right.

PAPA GIOVANNI
What?

HENCHMAN #1
You're right about Coke, Papa.

PAPA GIOVANNI
So?

HENCHMAN #1
It's the first time you got it
right!

PAPA GIOVANNI

No, no. I'm always very consistent with my factual claims. I speak with metaphysical certitude.

LOU

GET ON WITH IT!

PAPA GIOVANNI

They put cocaine into the Coca-cola and people would get riled up. Like the way you get all riled up. You should stop with the stimulants.

LOU

SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

HENCHMAN #2

The cars are waiting, Lou.

LOU

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

Papa stays seated.

LOU (CONT'D)

You coming with us, Papa?

PAPA GIOVANNI

Yeah. But I'm not sure I'm gonna sit with you at the Summit yet.

LOU

Okay. But we really need you to make this move!!

PAPA GIOVANNI

I'm thinking.

Lou lets out a loud groan and leads everyone 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 isn't drug fiends. Those are 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'd give you a good score on the app but you ain't Uber.

NAOMI

Just the thought is a rare kindness.

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 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 up the sidewalk.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Shit! Marco 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 zombie. You were right. He was dead from the outset.

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. And
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 serious.

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

FRANCIS

Do it.

BUDDY

But this...

FRANCIS

A mercy killing.

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 anything like--

FRANCIS

Aim it at my head.

Buddy points his gun 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 pals.

FRANCIS

Okay, then. Name your price.

BUDDY

What?

FRANCIS

How much to off me?

BUDDY

I'd need a lot of money, Francis.

FRANCIS

How does fifty grand sound to you?

BUDDY

My conscience would still be driving me nuts.

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 Francis' head and
shoots him. 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.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
I'll have to fake the title
transfer, but still.

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. Just to his right, a group of ZOMBIES attack a BUSINESS MAN, throwing his briefcase into the air and ripping his guts out of his business suit.

BUDDY

Wait til Crystal sees this! Baby,
things are gonna change. I'm gonna
choke you with furs!

Buddy gets the receipt and stares at it, oblivious to the
mayhem next to him.

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.

LOU

It's okay. We'll wait.

HOTEL WORKER

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.

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 BOSSES and their CREW sit down.

Papa Giovanni huddles with Lou.

LOU
Thanks for finally joining us.

PAPA GIOVANNI
I... have one last thing to say.

LOU
Okay, okay. Get it out.

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

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

PAPA GIOVANNI
Well, you can leave what they call a "tweet" stating how you're taking over--

LOU
Wait! Who's that? Buddy?

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

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

You mean, "infected," you knuckle
dragger! 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, can't you?

Lou stares wildly at Buddy. Papa puts his hand on Lou's
shoulder to calm him down.

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, dumb shit?

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 beat. A 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 16.

LOU
Get over here, ya louse!

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. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Crystal, Baby J and the Girls have all gathered their things to leave.

CRYSTAL

What is it, Buddy? We're waiting for the girls' parents to arrive.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

BUDDY

I got out early.

CRYSTAL

Finally!

(addresses Tiffany)

Honey, your daddy's on his way home.

TIFFANY

Whatever. It's over.

CRYSTAL

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

BUDDY

You hear about the zombie outbreak?

CRYSTAL

What are you talking about?

BUDDY

On the news.

CRYSTAL

The violent crime outbreaks? I heard 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

Listen honey, you gotta shoot them in the head. That's the only way.

CRYSTAL

Buddy, you're scaring me.

BUDDY

Just do like I say. It's the apocalypse, baby.

CRYSTAL

Oh shit! Get home, honey! I'm serious.

BUDDY

I'm coming!

CRYSTAL

Bye!

Through the window, Crystal sees cars pulling up out front. She puts the phone down.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Your parents are here, girls.

GIRLS (UNISON)

Finally!

They gather their things. Crystal opens the front door and everyone witnesses zombie chaos!

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

The PARENTS opening their car doors are swamped by zombies who have gathered in groups in the neighborhood.

GIRL #1
MOM! WATCH OUT FOR THE ZOMBIES!
NO!!!

Baby J and his Assistant race to their limo but are overwhelmed as well.

BABY J
HELP!!! NOOO!! I'm too young and
insanely talented to die!!!!

TIFFANY
BABY J!

CRYSTAL
You girls, go into the basement!

GIRL #2
But my parents!

GIRL #3
My dad's dead!

CRYSTAL
It's too late! Go!

Crystal reaches into her pocket and pulls out her gun. She steps out and fires at all the Zombies devouring parents.

POP! HEAD EXPLODES!

POP! HEAD EXPLODES!

POP! HEAD EXPLODES!

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
NO ONE GETS AWAY WITH RUINING MY
DAUGHTER'S SWEET SIXTEEN!

POP! ANOTHER HEAD EXPLODES!

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Dead or alive!

One of the MOMS has changed. She races toward Crystal.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Mrs. Russo! Please! Don't make me!

Crystal shoots her friend in the head. Blood and viscera fly onto her dress.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Damn it! This blouse cost two
hundred dollars, bitch!

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. It was a mercy killing.

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.

INSERT - Deposit receipt for \$200,000.00

Buddy smiles a big smile.

BUDDY
What a day!

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

GIRL #2
I can't get the police!

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

GIRL #1
But it sounds like a bunch got in.

GIRL #2
She could get overrun.

GIRL #1
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.

GIRL #1
Did she get them all?

TIFFANY
I don't know.

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

GIRL #1
Where are you going, Tiff?

TIFFANY
Just gonna see what's going on.

GIRL #1
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?

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Buddy hums to a song as he pulls up into the driveway.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The front door has been bashed in.

PARENTS-TURNED-ZOMBIES circle Crystal and her daughter.
Tiffany holds a long ice pick in her hand.

CRYSTAL
You gotta get their heads, honey.

TIFFANY
Mom, I binged Walking Dead, okay?

Crystal reloads her gun as one Zombie lunges for her. Tiffany
slams the ice pick into the top of the Zombie's head! Blood
squirts out but it falls dead.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Wicked!

CRYSTAL
Good girl!

Crystal shoots two more parents turned Zombies! POP! POP!
They fall dead.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
The PTA meetings are gonna be
smaller, that's for sure.

More Zombies off the street enter and surround the girls.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The Girls gather in a group, holding each other and crying.
Suddenly, a window to the basement breaks. Zombies scramble
inside. The Girls SCREAM.

GIRL #1
Oh shit!

They scramble to the stairs, but trip over each other and
fall back down. The Zombies overwhelm them.

GIRL #2
(crying)
I'll never be an influencer now!

They scream as they are overcome and devoured.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Buddy climbs out of the SUV with his bag. He spots the open front door and the Zombies trying to get in.

BUDDY
Crystal? Tiff?

Buddy pulls out his machine gun and takes out all of the Zombies on the front yard with a rapid torrent of bullets.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Buddy enters just as the Zombies are overwhelming Crystal and Tiffany.

BUDDY
Honey, I'm home!

CRYSTAL
I'm out of bullets, Buddy!

BUDDY
No prob.

Buddy aims the machine gun and shoots the heads of the remaining zombies. BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!!!

Crystal and Tiffany race to Buddy and hug him.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Sorry about not making your party,
Tiff.

TIFFANY
You're here now.

CRYSTAL
Nice weaponry, honey.

BUDDY
Yeah, I'm making like Rambo.

CRYSTAL
Have you eaten?

BUDDY
Not since lunch.

CRYSTAL
I still have dinner waiting.

TIFFANY
Mom, the girls?

CRYSTAL
Go check on them.

Tiffany runs into:

THE HALLWAY

She opens the door and sees the Zombies and the girls. She closes it quickly and locks it.

TIFFANY
There go half of my 'likes'.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Buddy sets the champagne down. Crystal heats the pasta and sauce.

BUDDY
Got some bubbly, Crystal.

CRYSTAL
So thoughtful.

Buddy dips some bread into the pot of sauce.

BUDDY
That's good sauce.

CRYSTAL
Just the way my mom made it.

Crystal piles pasta on some plates and sets them on a table.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Sit down, Buddy.

Buddy sits down. Picks up his fork. Tiffany enters.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
How's it going down there?

TIFFANY
Zombies got 'em.

CRYSTAL
Oh. That's a shame. Such nice girls!

BUDDY
I'll take care of the critters
after we eat.

CRYSTAL
Sit down, Tiff.

Buddy bows his head.

BUDDY
Dear God, thanks for keeping this
humble little family together, safe
from the evil dead. And for this
great dinner Crystal made. Amen.

They start eating.

CRYSTAL
You're gonna have to call a guy to
fix the front door.

BUDDY
I'll get on it. Don't bust my balls
right now. Been dealing with ghouls
all day.

One zombie has made it into the kitchen. Buddy picks up his
machine gun and quickly shoots it in the head. It falls back.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Come on, we're eating!

CRYSTAL
Don't let the food get cold, honey.

TIFFANY
Good sauce, mom.

CRYSTAL
Thanks, Tiff. And happy sweet
sixteen!

BUDDY
Yeah, happy sweet sixteen!

TIFFANY
Thanks, you guys.

CRYSTAL
The cake!

Crystal pulls the birthday cake out of the fridge. She lights
the candles.

TIFFANY
Awesome cake, mom.

BUDDY
That baker lady's something else.

CRYSTAL
Okay, Buddy, let's sing. "Happy
birthday to you, happy birthday to
you..."

BUDDY
"You look like a zombie and you
smell like one too!"

TIFFANY
Dad!

CRYSTAL
Buddy, you rascal!

BUDDY
Just goofin', Tiff.

CRYSTAL
Whatever, dad.

Tiffany smiles at her parents as they laugh, then looks at
the sixteen candles.

CAMERA PULLS OUT THROUGH THE KITCHEN TO THE FRONT DOOR...

TO THE FRONT YARD WHERE ZOMBIES HOBBLE ABOUT...

HIGHER NOW TO THE SKY SHOWING THE ZOMBIES SWARMING ABOUT THE
NEIGHBORHOOD...

EVEN HIGHER SO WE CAN SEE THE FULL ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE
ENGULFING THE CITY.

FADE OUT.

THE END