

Fugetaboutit

written by

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INT. DARK OFFICE

A lonely desk lamp casts deep shadows over a hulking figure. Only the orange glow of his cigar cuts through the dark-flaring with each slow, venomous inhale.

The door creaks open. Two men step inside, eyes darting like they're walking into a trap.

The door slams shut behind them with a heavy, final thud.

They freeze. Every instinct screaming that they've walked into the lion's den.

MAN AT DESK

Sit.

They shuffle into the light— MAGNUS (25M) and LEO (25M) sit. Both fidget in cheap, knockoff suits.

The man at the desk leans into the light. TEDDY ROSSI (55M). A bear of a man. Tony Soprano on steroids. Same temperament.

His gaze could cut steel. He studies them in silence.

He doesn't blink. Allows the terror sink in like poison.

ROSSI

I've got an opportunity for you two numbnuts.

He takes a long, menacing drag from his cigar.

ROSSI (CONT'D)

The kind of opportunity you don't get to say 'no' to.

His stare peels away layers of bravado. They squirm like kids in the principal's office.

ROSSI (CONT'D)

There's an SUV out back. Fully gassed. Good plates. No issues.

He tosses Magnus a set of keys. Hands Leo a map.

ROSSI (CONT'D)

In the back, there's a package--

They look at him, confused. He rubs his face.

ROSSI (CONT'D)
For fuck's sake. Are you new here?
A body. A body that can't be found
near us. Can't be found, period.

Scared shitless but they try to keep it together.

ROSSI (CONT'D)
I need you two to drive him to the
cabin on the map and bury him in
the woods. And then--

MAGNUS LEO
No problem, boss! OK, you can count on--

They stand, but neither looks steady. Awkwardly, they extend
their hands, sweat beads on their foreheads.

ROSSI
Sit! And listen!

Magnus and Leo exchange a panicked glance. They swallow hard
and quickly sit back down.

ROSSI (CONT'D)
In the basement of the cabin,
there's a small, fancy box with a
lock on it. Bring that back to me.

They nod. Wipe their palms on their pants.

ROSSI (CONT'D)
What's in that box is above your
pay grade and none of your
business. So leave it the fuck
alone. Capiche?

Their faces pale. They glance at each other and nod. Capiche.

ROSSI (CONT'D)
Leave your phones here so you can't
be tracked. Follow the map in the
envelope. Now get the fuck outta
here.

Their hands tremble as they place their phones on his desk.
They practically trip over each other on their way out.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The SUV rumbles down a forest road, headlights slicing
through the darkness. It veers onto a dirt path, through
thick, shadowy trees that close in around them. They reach--

EXT. CABIN

Rickety. The moonlight shows every board rotted and sagging.

MAGNUS

Let's take care of the body first.

EXT. WOODS

A small clearing near the cabin. Leo and Magnus waist deep in a hole. A body wrapped in plastic sheeting.

They roll the package into the grave. The plastic sheeting rips open as it lands. Meet--

BILLY 'THE PINKY' D'AGOSTINI (50's M)- a corpse in a maroon suit that looks even worse in death. The pinky ring with a skull face completes the ensemble.

Pinky's face is frozen in a hideous, frozen grimace. Eyes dull and lifeless, but almost seeming to follow their movements.

Blood crusts around the bullet hole in his forehead. The putrid smell rises from the wrapped form. They cover their faces. Wince.

LEO

Whoa! Is that who I fucking think--

MAGNUS

Leo, we didn't see this. Got it?

Leo nods. They fill the hole quickly. Gagging.

Silence is broken by--

A distant moan. A long, breathy, crackling moan.

Magnus grips his shovel. Leo's fumbles for his gun.

Whatever's out there...it's getting closer.

LEO

Let's just get the box outa the basement and get the fuck outa here.

The final tosses of dirt. Branches tossed onto it.

They spike their shovels in the ground. Brush loose dirt off their suits.

INT. BASEMENT

They descend the stairs into an abyss. Magnus yanks a string, and a lone bulb sputters. Light barely reaches the walls.

Furniture and boxes covered in canvas tarps. Creepy.

MAGNUS

Remember, fancy locked box. I'll start on this side. You check over there.

LEO

Yeah, let's fucking hurry.
Something about basements...

They rummage through cabinets and shelves.

EXT. WOODS

Movement under the fresh grave. A low, gurgling groan. Something pushes from below. Plastic sheeting, then--

A decomposing hand. stretches, rips through the sheeting. The pinky ring sparkles in the moonlight.

The hand pushes dirt aside. A second hand emerges. Gurgling sounds from the grave.

INT. BASEMENT

MAGNUS

Hey, I found an old book with pictures of skulls and is maybe written in blood?

Leo freezes. Eyes widen. He slowly turns to Magnus.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)

Looks like...Latin? I'll go ahead and just start reading aloud.

Leo runs and knocks the book out of Magnus' hands. Realizes it's an Italian cookbook when it hits the floor.

Magnus doubles over in laughter. Leo fumes.

LEO

Damn it, Mags! That shit's not funny. You know those movies--

MAGNUS
You're so gullible.

Behind tools on a shelf, Leo finds a box. Freezes. His heart pounding. He takes a deep breath.

The polished wood is smooth. A small brass padlock. His fingers tremble as he lifts it. He gulps.

LEO
Mags!

Magnus smiles. Nods. Pats Leo's back.

MAGNUS
Good job. Let's go.

They turn off the light. Moonlight through a dirt-caked window as the guys jog upstairs. Shadows of slow movement outside break the moonlight. Something walking.

EXT. CABIN

They reach the SUV. As Magnus buckles into the driver's seat--

MAGNUS
Keys?

Leo tilts his head. Fuuuuuuuuuck.

LEO
You drove.

MAGNUS
You took them when you got the shovels out.

Leo pats down every pocket option. Shakes his head.

MAGNUS (CONT'D)
I swear to God, Leo. I can't--

LEO
Uhhhhh, Mags.

Leo points to--

The grave. Empty. Gaping open, dirt piled around it like a gutted wound. Their shovels still parked in the ground.

They exit the SUV. Eyes frozen on the empty grave.

Leo stumbles into Magnus as they approach, eyes wide and wild. They both stare. Chills run up their spines.

LEO (CONT'D)
Where's--where's the guy?

A rustle in the branches. Movement.

They draw their weapons and unload. Something pushes through the bushes. Bullets tear it apart. Guns click empty.

It emerges from the foliage. It's--

The plastic sheeting that was wrapped around the body minutes earlier. Floats in the breeze. Tattered by bullets.

MAGNUS
Ohhhhhhh...what the fuck?

LEO
Let's just find the keys and go.

MAGNUS
And tell Rossi what, exactly?

LEO
That we buried the package, grabbed the box, and drove home!

MAGNUS
Then Pinky shows up at Giovanni's with a fucking bullet in his head. Then we're dead and the families are at war. No!

LEO
Fuck. What then?

MAGNUS
Find Pinky and whoever dug him up. We take care of this.

They holster their empty guns. Each grabs a shovel. They circle the cabin.

A low, gravelly moan snakes through the trees. A rasping, otherworldly death rattle.

LEO
Oh, come on! What is that?

MAGNUS
An animal? Fuck if I know. Come on, we need to check the cabin.

Leo closes his eyes. Was afraid Magnus would say that.

INT. CABIN

The silence is thick. Every floor creak feels deafening.

Magnus and Leo tighten their grips on their shovels, eyes darting to every shadow, bodies coiled to swing at the slightest movement.

Nothing. No one. Just the stale, musty air and the endless, creeping dark.

Something catches Leo's eye—a smudge of dirt on the floor. He nudges Magnus, who stiffens as they follow the trail.

Footprints. Dragging, dirty footprints, smeared and uneven.

The prints snake toward the basement door.

They exchange a terrified glance, every instinct telling them to run, but they press on.

INT. BASEMENT

They descend the narrow steps into the cold, dark room.

Leo fumbles with a string dangling from the ceiling, pulling it. The weak, single bulb casts a weak, sickly glow.

A wall of smell hits them. Their faces sour. Gagging.

LEO

Oh, he's definitely down here.

With trembling hands, they begin pulling off the dusty, heavy canvas tarps covering old furniture. One by one--

A grandfather clock, hands frozen at midnight.

A coat rack, draped in cobwebs, its shadow twisting like a hanging figure.

They pull back the last tarp, and--

A corpse in a maroon suit! It's Fucking Pinky.

Standing. Frozen with that creepy, broken smile.

Breath catches in their throats, then they scream, raw and guttural. They jump.

Leo raises his shovel, his movement wild, desperate, knocking into the light bulb. It swings wildly, casts long, jerky shadows across the walls like the basement scene from Psycho.

The basement plunges into chaos, shadows dance, their fear in a swirling, suffocating panic.

Pinky's eyes snap open, murky and sunken, clouded pale blue.

FUCK, HE'S ALIVE! They scream again.

His mouth stretches in a grotesque, hungry gape.

Blackened teeth snapping together with a sickening click.

He moves with unnatural jerks, like a puppet from hell.

They swing their shovels like their lives depend on it, splatters of bone, blood, and rancid rot with every blow.

Bager's corpse writhes, hisses and snaps at them like a rabid pit bull. Chunks of decaying flesh hanging off as they beat him down.

His gnarly, mangled body finally collapses into--

A puddle of twitchy mass in blood and goop.

They stand frozen over the scene. Covered in blood and gore.

Silence. Only the sound of dripping blood and flopping organs. Feels like forever, then--

LEO (CONT'D)
Hey, the keys!

He grabs them off the shelf. Smiles proudly.

Magnus stares at him. Blinks. Sighs.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Both wiseguys don yellow dishwashing gloves.

They shovel and scoop Pinky parts into a grey garbage can.

Leo grabs a severed hand with a pinky ring. Leo bends it until it's a middle finger extended to Magnus.

Leo laughs. Magnus is less amused.

MAGNUS

You know where I'm gonna stick
that! Toss it!

Leo tosses the hand into the garbage can. A soft, mushy splash as it lands. SPLAT.

EXT. WOODS

Magnus pours the chunky mess into the grave. Tosses the emptied garbage can in as well. Dry heaves.

Leo approaches. Peels off his dishwashing gloves.

LEO

Basement's as clean as it's gonna
get.

Leo tosses the gloves into the hole. They throw dirt.

A long, drawn-out moan pierces the silence, an inhuman sound that seems to crawl up their spines.

It's wet and sickly, then--

Moans from every direction. Lots of them.

Leo and Magnus stand back to back. Shovels ready to fly.

At once, from every part of the woods--

Figures shuffle from the trees. Gangsters from another life, suited up in moldy suits and mildewed ties.

Their decayed faces leer, empty eyes locked on Magnus and Leo as they drag themselves forward.

Zombie fucking mobsters.

Flesh dried like old leather. Blackened, broken teeth.

Magnus and Leo sprint to the SUV. They swing shovels wildly, hammering every dead wiseguy in their path. Body parts fly.

Leo and Magnus hop into the SUV. Barrel through zombies as they fly down the dirt driveway. Bodies everywhere.

INT. SUV - LATER

Lit only by the dashboard lights. Magnus drives in silence, knuckles white on the wheel. Both covered in blood and ooze.

Leo stares blankly out the window, blood smeared across his face. They're shell-shocked, crusted in gore.

Leo messes with the radio. *Kars 4 Kids* commercial. Leo bounces along. Death stare from Magnus. Radio off again.

Leo giggles to himself. Magnus stares.

MAGNUS

What could possibly be so fucking funny?

LEO

Paizombies. Can we call them Paizombies?

Leo stifles laughter. Magnus just stares ahead. Leo's eyes widen. Very excited--

LEO (CONT'D)

No, no, no... Gabaghoul's!

Magnus punches Leo's shoulder. No more jokes.

INT. DARK OFFICE - LATER

Knocks at the door.

ROSSI (O.S.)

Yeah?

Magnus and Leo peek through.

Rossi stares. Shrugs.

ROSSI (CONT'D)

Well? Don't fucking stand there.
You got my box?

They enter. Look like hell. Leo sets it on the desk.

Rossi flicks off something bloody. A disgusted look.

ROSSI (CONT'D)

Do I even fucking ask?

They slump in their chairs.

MAGNUS

Boss, we had a crazy night.

ROSSI

Looks like it. That other thing?

LEO
Buried in the woods, boss.

Rossi's eyes narrow, cutting through them like knives. He leans in.

ROSSI
Anything else you wanna tell me?

They close their eyes. Shake their heads.

Rossi smirks. Uses a small key to open the box. Removes--
A single cigar from the box, as if it's some sacred relic.
He smirks. Lights the cigar.
Magnus and Leo stare. Pissed. Confused.

ROSSI (CONT'D)
Every made man's gotta pay his
dues, boys.

Rossi's attention to the open door, just as--

The lights in the office flip on. Men burst through the doorway. They lunge and scream.

Magnus and Leo duck and cover. Expecting gunshots.

The room erupts in cheers and high-fives, mobsters slapping Magnus and Leo on the back like they've just won a heavyweight fight.

The group yells '*Welcome to the family!*' with that twisted mix of pride and sadism only mobsters can muster.

Thoroughly confused. They uncover their heads.

Magnus and Leo stand, dazed, covered in dried blood, looking like the punchline of a joke they never wanted to be in.

Rossi grins, holding the cigar aloft like a trophy. The casual confidence of a man who just sent two poor bastards to hell and back.

He aims a remote and a TV on the wall fires up.

Night vision surveillance footage of--

The woods. The cabin. The basement. Their whole fucking night.

ROSSI (CONT'D)
 Congratulations, numbnuts. You're
 both in. You did good.

The group laughs. Screams. Cheers and laughter at each shovel
 blow to a zombie.

Rossi points at a row of grimy, framed photos on the wall--

ROSSI (V.O.)
 Each one of us went through it,
 just like the two's of two. Our
 cabin's been crawling with the dead
 for years, all of 'em mobsters too
 dumb to stay down.

- A younger, leaner Rossi holding a prized zombie head.
- Three shiny-suited mobsters laughing and holding an undead
 body that is snapping at them.
- A mobster with a perfect DiMaggio swing with a bat against
 a zombie's head.

One no-necked mobster slaps Magnus on the back, chuckling.

MOBSTER
 Hey, some families have initiation
 barbecues. We've got grave-digging
 and zombies. Welcome to the Rossi
 family, boys!

Magnus and Leo collapse into a sofa. They are handed drinks.
 They manage smiles, then Magnus raises his glass.

MAGNUS
 To family.

Leo clanks his glass. The mobsters dive in for a group toast.

The group laughs and replays the night's most vicious blows
 on the screen.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The parked SUV. Muddy rear tires and fenders. The back of the
 vehicle. On the trailer hitch--

A severed, decomposed hand grips the trailer hitch. A pinky
 ring sparkles under the street light.

It releases its grip, falls to the asphalt with a thud.

The fingers stretch. Tap one at a time as if contemplating.

A finger points. It begins to scoot the direction of the point. A slow crawl towards a sign--

NEW YORK CITY 4 MILES.

FADE TO BLACK