

TALES OF THE DAMNED:

Episode 5. " BURIED THINGS "

By
Duane P. Craig

Conflict Scripts
Willy10speed@hotmail.com
662-781-4939
Duane P. Craig

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" BURIED THINGS "

TEASER

INT. A FUNERAL HOME - DAY

A wake for a huge Italian man is underway in the funeral home. There are many Italian family members, dressed high class, yet accordingly, there to pay their last respects.

WALTER and HAROLD are dressed in their dark, three piece suits and ties watching things at random from behind the last pew in the back of the room. They are older men in their FIFTIES with greying hair.

Walter seems to be paying much attention to the entire scenario.

Harold is trading glances between various people and the floor. He seems a little uneasy.

MANDRAKE enters the room just behind Walter and Harold. He is holding a small arrangement of Orchids and Baby's Breath.

Walter notices Mandrake and nods politely to him.

Mandrake lends a slight smile and squints his eyes a bit.

Harold notices Mandrake and seems apprehensive towards him immediately. Harold looks back down to the floor not wanting to make eye contact again.

Mandrake leans over to Walter.

MANDRAKE

(softly)

I wonder, would you be so kind as to make sure this arrangement is placed at the burial site?

Walter looks just a little confused.

WALTER

(softly)

I see...can't stay?

MANDRAKE

(softly)

I'm afraid not. I have a horrid schedule today. He has such a huge, loving family for him here anyway, and I never like getting in the middle of such things. I feel a gesture with these Orchids should show ample respect. I truly will miss him.

Walter reaches and takes the arrangement of Orchids as Mandrake hands them over.

MANDRAKE (CONT'D)

(softly)

I thank you...And you two seem to have done a lovely service here today.

WALTER

(softly)

Sure thing. We're always committed to fond farewells. We try to glorify one's symbol of life here one, special last time. It's only fitting.

MANDRAKE

(softly)

With the man's reputation, his family wouldn't expect anything less of you either, I imagine. Again, thank you. I bid you farewell, now.

Mandrake lends a creepy sort of look to Walter.

Harold glances up and notices the creepy look also. Harold immediately looks back down at the ground.

Walter keeps a poker face about himself. He looks almost concerned with Mandrake's creepiness, but also seemingly unintimidated. Walter watches as Mandrake paces away out of sight.

Harold looks up and leans to Walter.

HAROLD

(softly)

That guy looked like a Fed.

Walter's face drops in sarcastic disgust.

WALTER

(softly)

Will you please...?

HAROLD

(softly)

What? That guy had a creepy look on his face...like he knew something. I know that look.

WALTER

(softly)

I know it better than you. That guy was probably just one of a bunch of the corporate types on the take. Look around closer, Harold. I don't think any Feds would like the heat in this place.

Harold takes long glances at the Italian men in the room. He begins to notice quick glimpses of handles to handguns inside suit jackets or tucked away behind waistbands. Harold's face sinks. He swallows hard.

HAROLD

(softly)

Oh.

Harold raises his eyes a little at Walter.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
(softly and worried)
And we're still going to do the
usual...for paying our debts?

Walter takes a quick glance at Harold. Walter then focuses on the others in the room.

WALTER
(softly)
Not quite...This will be a bit
different. They want the casket
open at the burial site one last
time, so cleaning him in the hearse
isn't going to work so well. We're
looking at a night job.

Harold groans softly and looks back at the ground.

HAROLD
(softly)
We're goners this time. I can feel
it. It's not right anyway.

WALTER
(softly sarcastic)
It'll be no different digging up
buried treasure. If their loved
ones wanted the stuff they wouldn't
bury 'em with it, or they'd take it
with them from the hospitals.

Walter focuses in on the hands of the deceased Italian man in the coffin at the front of the room.

Each of the hands has a gold ring on the pinky fingers.

Walter looks very deep in thought.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(softly)

We'll do as we always do...just a
little more work this time.

Harold begins looking quite uneasy.

MANDRAKE (V.O.)

The damned...they often mistake
their greed in the place of
necessity. They'll plead that
necessity warranted their every
evil deed... and then Hell will
rejoice in knowing their
cries...are too late.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. A HUGE CEMETERY - NIGHT

Walter and Harold are both looking down and standing at the edge of a six foot deep, freshly dug grave. The grave looks obviously dug by a backhoe. A huge pile of dirt sets just behind them. One plot below the grave is another grave - one freshly refilled - a burial with many flower arrangements surrounding it and a very exquisite headstone in place. It's obviously the grave of the Italian man.

A backhoe can be seen parked yards away on a paved road that seems to wind through the cemetery. Behind the backhoe is an old pick up truck.

As well as very dark out, it's seemingly cold as Walter and Harold are dressed in pants, long sleeved, button up shirts and with sweaters on.

HAROLD

Tell me again why we have to get
dirty this time.

Walter looks annoyed.

WALTER

Because we need the money, that's
why!

HAROLD

We should have just snatched the
rings before the wake and replaced
them with some out of a gumball
machine.

WALTER

I'm telling you it never would have
worked. You saw the line of people
at the man's wake. Those Mafia
types see all and know all. Hell,
I saw some of them even kiss his
rings as their goodbye to him.

HAROLD
(not convinced)
I didn't see that!

WALTER
You don't see a lot of things.

Walter immediately points to Harold's pants being unzipped.

Harold hurriedly zips up his pants while looking a bit embarrassed and angered. Harold also mumbles a few indecipherable phrases.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Just trust me. We simply get to the coffin by digging from one plot above it.

HAROLD
You know I hate digging, though. My arthritis is going to kick in, and I'm going to be sore for two weeks.

WALTER
You'll be worse off if we don't pay our debts at the Casino...and you know it.

Harold sighs with annoyed grief.

HAROLD
(mumbling)
I hate you.

Walter leans over in Harold's face.

WALTER
Hey, I never made you take any bets, and if you know a faster way to get the money we need, then speak up.

Harold's face looks stern.

HAROLD

Yeah, well, you introduced me to
the lifestyle.

Walter backs away some.

WALTER

Just...let's get in the hole and
get this over with.

Walter looks at his left wrist - at his watch - it's 7:46 PM.

WALTER (CONT'D)

We're seriously running out of time
here.

Walter takes off his sweater as does Harold.

WALTER (CONT'D)

And to be fair, Harold, you've seen
the casino ads on TV just like
everybody else, and you know it.

Walter and Harold then slowly make their way into the freshly
dug, six foot deep grave.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE THE SIX FOOT DEEP GRAVE - CONTINUOUS

Two shovels, a big crowbar and a sledgehammer are now visible
on the dirt floor of the grave.

Walter and Harold each pick up a shovel, grip them firm each
with one hand close to the spayed shovel heads and begin to
stab at downward angles about waist high into the foot of the
grave.

The dirt begins to fall in clumps at their feet.

HAROLD

Okay. So we dig far enough to
reach the head of the concrete...

WALTER

(interrupts)

Then we bust that up with the sledgehammer, use the crowbar and the sledgehammer to bust out the head of the coffin, then get the rings and then we get out of here and fill the dirt back in here with the backhoe.

HAROLD

We should have just dug up the old grave.

WALTER

Never would've worked, Harold! I'm telling you, some of those Mob folks will be right back out here tomorrow at his grave. They'll see that things have been moved, and the first people they're going to come down on would be us.

HAROLD

Okay, so say they do come back out tomorrow? How do we explain this fresh new grave?

WALTER

There won't be one. We're going to leave a little dirt off the top of this plot and put some sod perfectly over the dirt. No one will be the wiser.

HAROLD

Where are we getting sod?

WALTER

This afternoon, while you went home, I took my truck and got sod from the landscaping store down off of the highway.

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

I've got it in the back of my truck. You didn't think I would just sit here at home all day did you?

HAROLD

Well you do have one hell of a fine caretaker's home. I wouldn't have put it past you. In fact, I was hoping you'd have let me stay around. I swear I've been followed the past few days. Us getting later and later on payments has probably got their brutes after us.

WALTER

Well, luckily I took the afternoon to devise a plan for us.

Harold stops digging and looks at Walter in amazement.

HAROLD

You incredible bastard.

Walter stops digging.

WALTER

(confused)

What?

HAROLD

You thought of all this just since this morning and put it to action.

WALTER

(sarcastic)

Yeah, I know...only if I could think this well when we're always out gambling, right?

HAROLD

Well, yeah, that's what I was thinking...and your drinking.

WALTER

(angry)

I guess it just takes something more motivating, like saving our ass. Digging, now is part of that plan, too. Please!?

Walter and Harold resume digging.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INSIDE THE SIX FOOT DEEP GRAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Walter and Harold are looking sweaty, dirty and spent while still digging with their shovels. The both of them are breathing a bit heavier, but it can be clearly seen that they have dug a good three feet away from the original foot of the grave.

Harold stops digging and plops backwards on his behind. He falls onto a small mound of dirt - the dirt they have removed thus far.

Walter keeps digging, stabbing away at the dirt.

HAROLD

(out of breath)

Okay...I'm so worn out...I should probably buy this plot...because I'm probably going to have a heart attack.

Walter stops digging and turns to Harold. Walter smiles.

WALTER

(slightly short of breath)

Come on, old man. We're almost there.

Harold frowns a bit while regaining his breath.

Walter turns back to begin digging. He takes only one stab at the dirt, and a huge clump falls to his feet revealing the concrete tomb that usually covers a coffin - BUT THERE IS A HOLE TORN THROUGH THE CONCRETE.

Walter looks confused.

Harold looks impressed.

HAROLD

Damn. You either have a good jab with that shovel, or that tomb wasn't very sturdy.

Walter uses his shovel to push through the dirt clump that had just fallen to his feet. He can't find a piece of concrete in the dirt like there should be. Walter then studies the hole, which is about fist size and how it looks very rough with scratches all around it.

WALTER

No. I think something...chewed through this.

HAROLD

Are you kidding?

Harold gets back to his feet and reaches for his shovel. Harold doesn't see that his shovel's wooden handle has splintered some, and as he goes to grab it, the splinter of wood tears into Harold's hand opening a nasty cut that instantly begins bleeding.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

(loud)

Ah, son of a...oh, God!

Walter immediately turns, drops his shovel and attempts to aid Harold.

Harold shakes his hand several times slinging blood, some of which hits the concrete tomb.

WALTER

Be still, dang it!

Walter grabs Harold's hand and grips his wrist firmly.
Walter frowns at the site of the wound.

A CHATTERING SOUND comes from inside the concrete tomb, but
it's dark and nothing can be seen.

Walter and Harold stop everything except only to look at the
concrete tomb.

HAROLD

What-the-hell-is-that?

WALTER

It...sounds almost like a
rattlesnake.

HAROLD

They knew we'd dig him up, Walter.
They set a trap for us.

THE CHATTERING SOUND comes again.

WALTER

Shh, shut up will you!?

They pause again, still looking at the concrete tomb.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Whatever it is, it chewed its way
in there. Snakes don't do that.

HAROLD

(whispering)

I'm telling you they put a snake in
there and broke the tomb purposely
in case someone dug him up.
They're on to us.

WALTER

(whispering)

That doesn't make sense. A snake
would suffocate after so long.

HAROLD

(whispering)

So they knew we'd do it tonight.
Big deal!

THE CHATTERING SOUND comes again.

WALTER

(whispering)

Okay, forget this for now. We need
to get you out of here anyway.

Walter and Harold slowly make their way on top of the dirt pile they have built up. It is just high enough that they can reach up and pull themselves out of the grave.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BESIDE THE SIX FOOT DEEP GRAVE - CONTINUOUS

Walter and Harold pull themselves up from out of the grave. They both get to their feet and immediately stare down into the grave.

Harold is holding his wounded hand firmly.

THE CHATTERING SOUND comes again, and A SHADOW of a small creature darts from the concrete tomb into another dark corner of the grave.

WALTER

(quickly)

Whoa!

HAROLD

(quickly)

Oh, that's not a snake!

Walter and Harold both jump a bit and both breathe out in fear. They just as soon lean forward some to try and see the creature below.

Walter turns his attention back to Harold's wound.

WALTER

Forget that thing. We need to
bandage you up.

Walter begins to walk away towards the pick up truck.

Harold kneels down a bit, still gazing into the grave.

SUDDENLY the creature climbs out of the grave and QUICKLY
finds its way to Harold's right leg and BEGINS BITING him.

Harold CRIES OUT IN PAIN.

THE CHATTERING SOUND IS LOUDER.

Walter quickly turns and begins pacing over to Harold's aid.

Harold loses his balance and falls into the grave taking the
creature with him as it is still attacking Harold's leg.

Walter dives to the ground beside the grave trying to reach
out and grab Harold, though falling short. Walter is
breathing heavy.

Harold's cries of pain have ceased.

Two of the creatures pop their ferocious looking heads full
of teeth above the edge of the grave where Walter's hands are
outstretched.

Walter looks at them with SHEER TERROR about his face.

The two creatures mildly make the chattering sound and look
to be sniffing at Walter's hands.

Walter SPRINGS UP to his feet and makes a run for his truck.

The two creatures disappear back down into the grave.

Walter reaches his truck in only seconds, slings open the
driver's side door, jumps into the seat behind the steering
wheel and then slams the door shut - all in one quick motion.

Walter's every heavy breath can be seen fogging up the driver's side window just a little at a time.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. WALTER'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Walter is staring without blinking at the grave. He looks speechless.

At the grave, a handful of the creatures climb out onto the grass and are sniffing around.

Their CHATTERING SOUNDS, although a bit muffled can still be heard in Walter's truck.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. WALTER'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Walter's glovebox is open, and its contents of several papers are strewn about - some on the floorboard - others on the seat. Walter is busy with what he was searching for, though. He has a handgun, a revolver and is loading it, all six bullets full from a box of bullets that is sitting in his lap.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. WALTER'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Walter cautiously gets out of his truck. He doesn't shut the door closed behind him. He just barely pushes it to. Walter then looks at his right hand, full of bullets and places them in his pants pocket. He then tucks his revolver into his front pants waistband with the handle still showing.

Suddenly Walter's eyes are caught by a hand and arm reaching out from the open grave.

Then another hand and arm reach out of the open grave followed by a head. It's Harold - all bloody and having horrible bites into his flesh. He looks beyond what any man could have happened to him and still be moving.

Walter is stuck standing his ground out of shock. He watches in horror as Harold gets completely out of the grave and then stands up nice and straight despite a ton of horrible bloody wounds.

Harold seems to be more than different, though. He is looking around in awe and then focuses squarely on Walter. Harold's mouth opens and THE CHATTERING SOUND comes out.

Walter is scared badly. He about falls down, but manages to stay on his feet. Walter quickly jumps back into his truck and shuts and locks his door. He quickly locks the other door.

Harold continues to randomly make THE CHATTERING NOISE and begins approaching Walter's truck.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. WALTER'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Walter pulls his revolver from his waistband and places it in the seat next to him. He is struggling with his own reflexes to simply turn the ignition key and crank his truck.

Harold picks up speed, yet stumbling, he makes his way to Walter's truck and runs into the driver's side door. Harold's chest and face slam against the driver's side window.

Walter is startled so much that it worsens his attempt to simply crank up his truck.

WALTER

(scared)

Oh, God! Harold, what did those things do to you?

Harold MAKES THE CHATTERING SOUND VERY LOUD as he opens his mouth.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(scared)

You're not Harold! You can't fool me!

Walter grabs his revolver and then thrusts open his door sending Harold's body back onto the ground. Walter slams shut his door and rolls down the manual, driver's side window.

Harold's body is on its back and seems to be flopping about trying to get up. The creatures inside of Harold's body haven't much coordination to make him move appropriately.

Walter aims his revolver with his left hand at Harold's body.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(angry)

You're not Harold!

Walter FIRES HIS REVOLVER three times.

The bullet holes TEAR into Harold's body.

A SCREECHING IS HEARD followed by LOUDER CHATTERING.

Harold's body keeps moving despite some nasty bullet wounds on top of his many nasty bite wounds. Harold's head looks up and focuses on Walter.

Walter is shocked. He looks to be ready to fire some more shots.

HAROLD

Sss...stop.

Harold's voice is now strangely different. The creatures inside of him are definitely in control of his lifeless body.

Walter swallows hard and looks almost sick.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

We...are...hungry....only.

Walter FIRES THREE MORE SHOTS into Harold's body which is followed by another short sound of SCREECHING.

Harold's body falls limp and lifeless.

Walter is shaking his head in disbelief.

WALTER

No more....no more.

Walter rolls his window back up and then finally manages to crank the ignition of his truck. He drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALTER'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Walter's truck is going fast following the winding road inside the cemetery. It finally comes to a stop just in front of his caretaker's home on the property.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE CARETAKER'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Walter quickly exits his truck and rushes up to the front door of his caretaker's home. He is stopped dead in his tracks as he sees a horrible sight on his front door.

A dead, black cat is impaled with a long nail through the neck stuck to Walter's front door. The cat's blood is running all the way down the door and pooling on the ground below. Also a note addressed to Walter is impaled by the nail.

Walter reads the note: **You're late. I thought after so long you would learn to respect our system of installments. I would expect a visit again later.**

Walter looks more than stressed.

SUDDENLY THE CHATTERING NOISE IS HEARD.

Walter turns around with his back to his front door.

There are many of the creatures surrounding Walter. They are all sniffing the air as they slowly approach Walter.

WALTER

(scared)

No. No!

Walter immediately tries to reload his revolver.

THE CHATTERING NOISE GROWS EVEN LOUDER AS THE CREATURES CLOSE IN AND BEGIN TO LUNGE AT WALTER.

CUT TO:

INT. WALTER'S CARETAKER'S HOME - NIGHT

Two Italian men in nice suits are inside the first room of Walter's home. The front door is wide open, and these men have already tied Walter to a recliner using a thin, white rope.

GRILLO is the main henchman, and he's standing just a few feet in front of Walter.

The other Italian man, LENNY, is taking random punches at Walter's face.

GRILLO

One more time I'm gonna ask you,
Pops. Where's my payment? No more
games old timer! If you only knew
how often we have to do this type
of thing. We'll remove any part of
you it takes to warrant the cash!

Lenny pauses from punching Walter.

Walter looks up and only smiles at Grillo. Walter has blood coming from his mouth.

WALTER

(talking funny)
This...building...is quite...old.

GRILLO

(angry)
I don't need a history lesson,
Pops! I don't wanna hear more
about the Civil War hospital, this
cemetery or how the whole damn town
got started! I just want my money,
you old fart!

LENNY

Yeah!

Lenny swings hard and punches Walter.

Walter's head is knocked aside and a LOUD BREAKING OF BONES SOUND is heard.

Lenny and Grillo both grimace as if they actually felt the pain of the breaking bones sound.

Walter smiles wide and at the SOUND OF MORE BREAKING BONES, he raises his head up looking at Grillo.

THE CHATTERING SOUND CAN BE HEARD VERY LOUD.

LENNY (CONT'D)

What the hell?

GRILLO

Is that your teeth chattering,
Pops?

Lenny and Grillo start laughing.

THE CHATTERING GETS LOUDER.

Three of the creatures rip themselves out from inside of Walter's chest and stomach area. They immediately catch Grillo and Lenny off guard, take them to the ground and begin ravenously eating away at their flesh.

Grillo and Lenny scream. Their screaming is quickly drowned out by LOUDER AND LOUDER CHATTERING NOISES, as many of the creatures are in the cemetery approaching the caretaker's home.

FADE TO:

INT. INSIDE MANDRAKE'S SEDAN - DAY

Mandrake is driving his sedan. He has the radio on to a news station.

NEWS RADIO ANCHOR

...and seemingly a Mafia related
exchange between four men came to a
fatal end last night in Greater
Havens Cemetery.

(MORE)

NEWS RADIO ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Police speculate that when the bodies are identified it could snap an underground gambling ring in the city. The twist to the crime, though, is that all four victims were badly mauled, possibly by an abundance of opossum living in the nearby woods to the cemetery. Opossum in the area have been a nuisance before and have been known to feed on dead animals. Police say the victims should be identified through dental records by the end of the week...Now to sports with...

Mandrake turns off the radio. He starts to laugh a little. He then tapers his laughter down to only his creepy, evil smile. Mandrake then looks over to his empty passenger seat which has a little journal laying open. On one page is a lot of writing. On the other page are four pictures: Walter, Harold, Lenny and Grillo.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GREATER HAVENS CEMETERY - DAY

There are still several police and FBI in the area investigating the whole ordeal.

On the grave of the Italian mobster sits Mandrake's arrangement of Orchids, but just a few feet above on the edge of the six foot deep, open grave are four wilted Orchid blooms.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE