

WAKING UP THE DEAD

by

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INT. SHACK - EARLY MORNING HOURS

WILMA sips her tea.

WILMA  
My mind is racing.

BUGLEY  
Feels like snow...

Wilma rises and looks out the window. A couch blanket is wrapped around her shoulders. She sips her tea.

A murmur is heard from a cot . This is MOSS.

Wilma and BUGLEY remain motionless.

Wilma sits back at the table.

BUGLEY (CONT'D)  
When he comes---

WILMA  
When he comes I don't wanna be here.

BUGLEY  
...When he comes it's best you and I step back to the shed.

WILMA  
I can't see his face.

BUGLEY  
We can't go out now, we'll freeze to death.

Moss motions and lets out a whimper. 'Mmmaamma'.

Wilma stares at him.  
You need to get focused.

WILMA  
I am focused.

BUGLEY  
You don't look focused.

WILMA  
I'm as focused as a heart attack.

BUGLEY  
Good. It's the only way this is gonna get done...it's been long enough.

WILMA  
It's a selfish act.

BUGLEY  
We've been through this before.  
Just like a woman, always waking  
up the dead. Never allowing the  
words that were spoken to rest.

Murmur from Moss.  
It's been long enough. Quit it.

WILMA  
He's still our boy. Ain't nothin'  
changin' that.

Bugley rises and gives a stern look at Wilma. Bugley looks  
out the window.

BUGLEY  
Now wait a second...I think I...is  
that---I think I see 'em.

WILMA  
Where?

Wilma joins Bugley at the window.

BUGLEY (POINTING)  
Right there. Just past them trees  
closest to the river. Is that  
right?

WILMA  
Looks like it then.

BUGLEY  
Must be moments off.

WILMA  
Hmmm.

BUGLEY  
Can't be exactly sure though.  
Could be a deer.

WILMA  
Can't tell.

Bugley sits back at table. Wilma remains staring out  
window.

BUGLEY  
Peace of mind.

WILMA

I ain't ever gonna have peace of mind.

BUGLEY

Damn it woman. This was our decision. We can't go back on our word, especially to Bronx. He doesn't mess around.

WILMA

It's not too late.

BUGLEY

Are you out of your gorge? I've already paid the man.

Wilma comes back to the table.

WILMA

He can keep the money. What difference does it make?

BUGLEY

One more word outta you about this and I'm likely to ask him to take you too.

WILMA

You would, wouldn't ya?

BUGLEY

I'm just sayin'. When things get rowdy in life, all options should be on the table.

Wilma sits.

Light knock - front door.

Wilma and Bugley look at one another.

Bugley opens the door.

There stands Bronx Leel Rudenbacher who prefers to go by his middle name Leel.

BUGLEY (CONT'D)

Jes'. Howdy, Bronx.

LEEL

Call me Leel.

BUGLEY

Leel?

LEEL

I prefer to go by my middle name.

BUGLEY

Okay then. Leel, come on inside.

LEEL

No. I'm gonna finish my smoke.  
When I'm through I'm coming in for  
the boy and I'll be gone. Leave  
the door unlocked.

BUGLEY

Okay. You want tea or anything I  
can get ya?

LEEL

This a restaurant?

BUGLEY

Uh...no, just being---

LEEL

Then shut the hell up and mind the  
door...

Leel spits out a large lungie.

When Leel looks up he notices Wilma. They lock eyes. Bugley  
closes door.

BUGLEY

Alright. That's that then. You ah,  
you wanna head out to the shed  
this way we're not here for it?

WILMA

I'm not going.

BUGLEY

What's that you said?

WILMA

You heard me. I ain't going to the  
shed. Gonna stay right here. Ain't  
nothin' worse than waking up from  
a dead sleep and not recognizing  
your world.

BUGLEY

Woman have you lost your mind?  
You've pushed me past my patience.  
I've been tolerating your ass all  
day long. This is it. He is here.

(MORE)

BUGLEY (CONT'D)

It is happening. There is no last minute changes. It's now. Forever and ever.

WILMA

Can't I just hold tight right here, till he's gone?

BUGLEY

Hell, no. We ain't gonna make a scene. You had a nice soft goodbye and it don't get better than that.

In comes Leel.

Leel heads straight for the boy.

BUGLEY (CONT'D)

Now, now Leel. Hold up one second for us, please. We just about to leave. We don't wanna be here.

Leel observes Wilma who is flushed and fighting back tears.

Moss motions another murmur. Wilma places her hand over her mouth, eyes bulging.

BUGLEY (CONT'D)

Go on. We just gonna slip on out the back.

Bugley grabs hold of Wilma and pulls her in his direction. Wilma resists and Bugley grabs her violently by the neck and forces her to exit the backdoor.

Wilma is heard crying out in the distance.

LEEL (TO HIMSELF)

I don't care one way or the other.  
Hey! (Leel taps the head of Moss)  
Wake up half man.

Moss stirs.

I said---(gun shot is heard)

In comes Wilma holding a shotgun and aiming it at Leel.

WILMA

Don't go near my boy.

Leel raises both his hands.

Plans have changed. You've been paid, correct?

LEEL  
That's right.

WILMA  
You've now been hired to bury Mr.  
Bugley. The boy stays with me.

LEEL  
That right?

WILMA  
That's right.

LEEL  
I had a hunch but I'll be damned,  
I didn't think you had the nerve.

WILMA  
Go on. Please leave. Do whatever  
it is you do and be gone.

LEEL  
You got me mixed up in a wrong bag  
of tricks.

WILMA  
You've been paid.

LEEL  
But I've been paid to do a  
specific duty. A deal is a deal. I  
go back on it, word gets around  
that Bugley is dead and his son  
still alive and kicking, well,  
that makes me look bad. I don't  
like looking bad...to no one.

WILMA  
Seems like we have a problem.

LEEL  
Seems like we do.

WILMA  
What do you suggest?

LEEL  
Let me take the boy and do my  
duty.

WILMA  
You damn well know that ain't  
gonna happen.

LEEL

I see you with that gun but I'm  
not so convinced.

WILMA

Sir, please don't make me blast a  
giant hole through your tiny  
brain. I caught the bug.

Wilma and Leel stare into one another.

LEEL

I'll head my way.

WILMA

You sure will.

LEEL

Bury your own problem.

WILMA

Leave now.

Leel leaves out of the front doorway.  
You come back around these parts  
I'll be waiting for ya.