

A NIGHT AT CORBUCCI'S

Written by

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Logline: When Busboy Marco finds the dead body of a mob captain in a private room at Corbucci's Italian restaurant right before close, He is tasked to get rid of the body with another waiter before he is arrested, killed, or worse, fired.

INT. CORBUCCI'S - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

DIMLY LIT PRIVATE ROOM AT AN ITALIAN RESTAURANT. The walls are decorated with tacky Renaissance-style art. A LONG TABLE stands in the middle with tall RED CANDLES on top of a WHITE TABLECLOTH.

Sitting at the edge of the table is VINCENT SALIERI (57), an older, slightly heavysset Italian man in a BROWN SUIT. Salieri lies face down in a plate of VEAL PARMESAN on the table. A half-empty WINE GLASS stands next to a toppled bottle bleeding on the tablecloth.

MARCO (20), A scrawny young man wearing a black busboy uniform with a WHITE RAG on his belt, stands in the doorway across the table with a terrified look on his face. He has a bruise on his forehead. Marco walks over to Salieri.

MARCO

Mr. Salieri? You alright? Mr. Salie-

Marco lifts him from his plate to reveal Salieri's face with a LARGE BULLET WOUND in his forehead. His face is covered in BLOOD AND RED SAUCE with his mouth wide open. MARCO GASPS AND DROPS SALIERI back into his plate. SMASH. MARCO VOMITS.

INT. CORBUCCI'S - HALLWAY TO KITCHEN - NIGHT

A narrow, dimly lit hallway that wraps around the corner. The KITCHEN is seen in the background. The words MOMENTS EARLIER appear on screen.

CONNIE (28), a short woman wearing a black waitress uniform, walks from the kitchen to the other end of the hallway with a LARGE TRAY OF DISHES. Marco comes from around the corner.

MARCO

Cor-

Marco bumps into Connie. CONNIE DROPS THE DISHES. CRASH. The dishes SHATTER on the floor.

CONNIE

Marco! For Christ's sake, say corner!

MARCO

I'm sorry I-

Connie sighs and exits. FRANZIO CORBUCCI (57), an older heavysset man wearing a dress shirt and suspenders, comes around the corner.

His hair is gray and he has a thick mustache. He looks at Marco. Marco squats down and cleans up the dishes.

CORBUCCI

Marco, I don't have time for this!

MARCO

I'm sorry Mr. Corbucci.

GINO (24) a thin, tired-looking young man with slicked-back black hair, turns the corner. He wears a black waiter's uniform. Corbucci notices him and calls him over.

CORBUCCI

Gino! Help Marco here.

Gino nods. Corbucci exits towards the kitchen. Gino grabs a BROOM from around the corner and begins cleaning the shattered dishes with Marco.

GINO

Forgot to say corner again?

MARCO

I said it! I just-

GINO

Don't worry about him; he's in a bad mood tonight.

MARCO

He's always in a bad mood.

Gino smirks at Marco.

GINO

You see Salieri's here?

MARCO

No way!

GINO

Yeah he's in the back room. Sounds like the family's in deep shit. Rico charges I think.

Gino looks around. He gets close to Marco and whispers.

GINO (CONT'D)

Plus, between you and me, Corbucci's in on the whole thing.

MARCO

What?

GINO
Yeah I don't know. Whatever it is,
it's got old man Corbucci all
worked up.

MARCO
No shit.

Gino leans back, chuckles, and pats Marco on the shoulder.

GINO
Yeah. So stop fuckin' up or he's
gonna send the Capo on your ass!

MARCO
I'm more worried about Corbucci
than the mob.

Gino picks up the last of the dishes and walks away.

GINO
Its just a Restaurant, Marco. Don't
get too worked up. And clean the
spill.

MARCO
What?

MARCO SLIPS AND FALLS. THUD.

INT. CORBUCCI'S - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT - HOURS LATER

BACK TO THE ROOM. Gino now stands next to Marco. Salieri is
still dead, face down on the table.

GINO
You sure he's dead?

MARCO
Pretty fuckin' sure.

GINO
We shouldn't be here.

MARCO
What do we do!? W-w-w-we gotta call
someone. The police or-

GINO
We are NOT calling the police! This
isn't our business.

MARCO

You crazy? I'm callin' the cops.

Marco runs out of the room. Gino follows.

GINO

Marco!

INT. CORBUCCI'S - HALLWAY TO KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marco speed walks, and Gino catches up to him. WINSTON (46), a thin middle-aged man with slicked back hair and a gray suit with a Hawaiian shirt under his jacket, turns the corner from the kitchen and stands in their way.

WINSTON

So where's the body?

Gino and Marco jump back with a startled look on their faces.

INT. CORBUCCI'S - PRIVATE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Winston stands in front of Gino and Marco, looking at Salieri's corpse. They stay silent for a minute. Gino tries to exit.

GINO

We'll leave you to it-

Winston lifts his finger up.

WINSTON

Ah-p-p. You're stayin' right here.

GINO

Listen, we didn't see nothin-

WINSTON

You expect me to take care of this fat fuck all by myself?! Whatever happened to customer service?! Ain't you waiters?

MARCO

(under his breath)
I'm a busboy.

WINSTON

I don't give a shit! When does this place close?

Winston walks over to Salieri. He notices the VOMIT on the floor. He looks at Marco, laughs, and turns back to Salieri.

GINO

A half-hour.

WINSTON

Good. Get back to work. You'll be back here at 4 o'clock sharp tomorrow morning.

Winston picks up Salieri by the back of his head and examines the bullet wound. He puts Salieri's head back down.

GINO

Excuse me, Mr-

WINSTON

Call me Winston. I don't wanna hear excuses. As far as Corbucci's concerned, you both are accessories to murder.

GINO

Corbucci?

WINSTON

Who the fuck do you think called me? Quite frankly, a dead body is not good for business. Now, both of you finish your shift, go home. I'll see you at 4 on the dot. Meet me out back. Understand?

Gino and Marco nod.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Good. Now fuck off!

Marco and Gino give each other a concerned look and exit the room.

INT. CORBUCCI'S - KITCHEN - NIGHT - HOURS LATER

THE OUTSIDE DOOR opens, illuminating the dark kitchen. CLOCK is seen reading 4:30 AM. Gino and Marco walk in. WINSTON stands in the middle of the kitchen. A large BODY BAG stands at his feet.

WINSTON

You're late. C'mon, pick him up and follow me.

Winston exits through the outside door. Gino and Marco walk over to the body bag and pick it up. They struggle to lift the body up.

MARCO

God how big is this guy!?

Gino and Marco slowly carry the body out of the kitchen.

EXT. CORBUCCI'S - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dark Alleyway. The NEON CORBUCCI'S SIGN looms over. Marco and Gino Haul out the body bag from the back door.

Winston waits outside, leaning against his RED PRIUS. He notices the boys and unlocks his car. BEEP BEEP. Winston opens the trunk.

MARCO

How the hell is he gonna fit in there?

WINSTON

You think I got a hearse lyin' around? Just shove him in the trunk.

Marco and Gino trudge over and struggle to fit the Body bag into the trunk. Marco pushes the body bag further in and attempts to fold it over. Gino helps him from the other side.

Winston hits a bright colored VAPE and laughs. They finally get him in, and Gino slams the trunk shut. Gino and Marco step back from the car.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Jesus took ya long enough. Let's get movin', we'll be lucky to get there by sunrise. Get in the back.

INT. WINSTON'S PRIUS - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Marco and Gino sit in the backseat of Winston's Prius. Part of the body bag hangs over the backseat. The glovebox is open with a PISTOL WITH A SILENCER. Marco's eyes go wide. He looks over at Gino, who is busy watching Winston.

Winston gets into the car and quickly closes the glovebox. Marco turns to Gino and gestures with his head to the glovebox. Gino looks confused. Winston hands back 2 BLINDFOLDS.

WINSTON

Put these on. You take em' off, you can join our pal in the trunk. If you're lucky, we'll stop for pancakes after.

Gino and Marco put the blindfolds on. Winston begins to drive. BRIGHT MULTI COLORED LIGHTS go over Marcos' face as the car moves. Marco breathes heavily.

EXT. DESERT - MORNING - HOURS LATER

SHOVEL SCOOPS UP DIRT. High desert. A light wind blows dust across the plain. Marco and Gino dig a grave, both holding SHOVELS. The body bag lies next to the hole. Winston leans against his Prius 20 feet away, hitting his VAPE.

MARCO

Just a restaurant huh?

GINO

Ya know it might be time for us to look for a new line of work.

Marco smiles uncomfortably. Gino looks down at the hole and puts his shovel down.

GINO (CONT'D)

I bet this is deep enough. C'mon.

Marco puts his shovel down, he and Gino jump out of the hole. They push the body bag into the grave. THUMP. Dust flies up as the body hits the ground. Marco picks his shovel back up. Gino turns to Marco.

GINO (CONT'D)

You know, you're as much of a fuck up as-

PEW. GINO IS SHOT AND FALLS DOWN INTO THE GRAVE. THUMP. Marco turns around in shock. Right behind him, Winston holds the smoking pistol with a silencer. Marco clutches the shovel tighter, sheer panic on his face.

WINSTON

Like I said, you're both accessories to-

THUMP. MARCO HITS WINSTON OVER THE HEAD WITH THE SHOVEL. Winston falls to the ground and drops the gun. THUMP. Winston's head is now bleeding. Marco jumps back in terror.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
AHHHHHH!!!!!!! YOU SON OF A
BITCH!!!

Marco looks around frantically in distress. He sees the gun and grabs it. He holds it up to Winston. His hands trembling.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
(breathing heavily)
You stupid kid! They'll kill you
for this. They don't give a fuck
about you! I was trying to give you
an easy way-

Marco shuts his eyes. PEW. MARCO SHOOTS WINSTON. He drops the gun on the ground. Marco closes his eyes and takes deep breaths. He opens his eyes and looks at the bodies. MARCO VOMITS.

INT. DINER - MORNING - HOURS LATER

ROADSIDE DINER. The sound of people eating and talking is heard in the background. A dirty and disheveled Marco sits at a booth alone, cutting up a large stack of PANCAKES, he has a blank look of terror on his face. He does not eat his food but fidgets with his silverware. CUT TO BLACK.