

FISHY BUSINESS

WRITTEN BY

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EXT. WOODS / MAFIA LOCATION

The screen is fuzzing like an old TV with psychedelic, fast paced, and static shots. An unknown group sporting black ties and white shirts disguised in black masks stare down at the camera.

ANTAGONIST (V.O)

Are you in search of a job? One with great pay and great benefits? Come on down to our pond for an offering to watch the beast in the water. He needs to be fed, watched, and most importantly, listened to daily. If he isn't listened to, he'll become very angry. He'll become very, VERY, angry.

We sometimes buy pizza on Friday and offer a comfortable mask for our members. These masks are so comfortable you never want to take them off. You cannot take it off. You can NEVER take this mask off.

We need someone to help us, quickly. Someone willing to hear the beast's prayers. Someone important.

INT. CHARACTER'S ROOM

The screen zooms out to reveal a small teen boy was watching the advertisement. The boy quickly gets up and leaves the scene.

TITLE TEXT APPEARS: FISHY BUSINESS

EXT. TOWN STREET

The character as previously seen confidently walks down the street with a bounce in their step. The character is juggling a football in his hands. Snapping and dancing as if there is no tomorrow, he walks down the steps to the park.

EXT. PARK

Our character approaches a figure waiting for him at a bench.

BOSS

Hey, glad you could make it Mark!

MORT

It's uh, Mort, sir.

BOSS

Yeah sure it is.

Why do you have that football?

Do you play?

MORT

Nope!

BOSS

Then why?

MORT stares at him.

BOSS

Yeah okay so um, we've got some talking to get to here,
so if you could just sit down for me.

MORT awkwardly sits down next to his BOSS.

MORT

Oh, okay.

BOSS

So, Matt, you see you've been a proud worker of McDonald's here for almost your whole life and we are very glad to have you working with us.

MORT

Oh, geez, thanks dude!

BOSS

Pleasures all yours, Mike.

The camera points at MORT's oblivious face as he smiles brightly.

The BOSS stares blankly at MORT.

BOSS

Anyways, you've been great. Um, *laugh*, I, uh, we've got to fire you kid.

MORT

What?

BOSS

Yeah, you see the other day at work, I heard you were trying to steal the deep fryer, or something? That's kind've, uh, why would you do that?

MORT

I thought it would be funny.

The BOSS stares in disbelief at the small, kickable child.

BOSS

You were stealing the whole thing. Like there was grease flooding everywhere. The floors are still covered in it.

MORT

Huh, someone should probably clean that up.

The BOSS stares again.

MORT

Oh! Do you want me to go clean that up?

BOSS

No, Mack, kid, you're fired.

MORT

Aw dude, I am totally fired up
right now! My shift doesn't
start until like, 1 though.

BOSS

You aren't going to work today!

MORT

Is someone else covering my shift then?

BOSS

No! Well, yeah! Yeah, let's say that. Yeah, in fact
your shift is covered, for well, forever!

MORT

Oh.

BOSS

Yeah sorry Morgs. We've got uh, too
many workers actually. Our place is
so popular it's the exact opposite of the
American minimum wage worker shortage
we've got going on right now.

MORT nods his head as if this makes any sense.

The camera zooms out to show the two sitting quietly on the bench.

The BOSS proceeds to stand up and look off into the distance.

BOSS

So, uh, good chat, good chat. See you
around, kid. Hope you find a job!

The BOSS holds out his arm for a handshake.

MORT stands up excitedly.

MORT

Thank you so much, sir!

MORT violently grabs the BOSS's hand.

The camera zooms in on the two's hands.

The camera then points to a look of discomfort on the BOSS's face.

The camera lastly points at MORT's stupid grin.

BOSS

Okay, you can let go now.

MORT

Ah, yeah, yeah.

BOSS

Bye!

The BOSS walks off into the distance.

The camera focuses on MORT with a sad expression.

EXT. TOWN STREET

MORT
This sucks dude. I need a
job, and fast!

Mort mopes down the sidewalk, walking past a sign.
He comes to an abrupt stop, whips his head around, and pounces
on over to the sign.

MORT proceeds to read the sign's wording out loud.

MORT
Now hiring. Full time occupation of
the "Fish Bearer". No interview needed, just
show up for the job! Requirements are
a human soul and positive work ethic.
We offer pizza-

MORT's words start to trail off as he thinks.

MORT
Hey, I've seen these guys before!
They're the ones who posted that video
I saw this morning. I guess they really are
in need, huh?

MORT's fingers trail down the flyer looking for a location.

MORT
Meet at the Forgotten Pond in the
woods beyond town central. Watch your step,
it's very dangerous. Only the strongest
of men will survive?

MORT's voice starts to fluctuate as he reads further and
further.

MORT then stares at the paper in disbelief.

MORT
This is perfect!

MORT looks up and around, trying to map directions in his head.

MORT
I've got some walking to do.

MORT looks dramatically into the distance.

EXT. WOODS

A montage sequence unfolds of MORT making a courageous hike through the woods. MORT is exerting all of his energy and is in clear comedic pain from simply walking. MORT finally reaches what appears to be the location he is looking for.

EXT. THE POND

MORT looks around slowly, cautious but curious.

MORT
Hello? I've, uh, come for the job offering?

Upon MORT's calling, several ominous figures come out from behind the trees. They appear to be the same group from the advertisement.

ANTAGONIST
Hey boys! Looks like we've got some fresh meat!

TONY PIZZA
A new member of the family!

MARIO LASAGNA
An offering to Papa!

MORT

So you guys got pizza?

TONY PIZZA

That is only on Fridays you imbecile!

ANTAGONIST

Boys, boys, quiet now. Let us open our ears
to the heavens and witness our glory.

Boy, what is your name?

MORT

Uh, MORT?

ANTAGONIST

MY dear MORTUS! You have come to us in
a time of peril! Your assistance is greatly
needed. You see, me and the boys here,
we are a family. Over here is TONY PIZZA!

TONY PIZZA

Hello!

ANTAGONIST

And this is MARIO LASAGNA.

MARIO LASAGNA

I'm MARIO!

ANTAGONIST

Yes, yes you are. So MORTUS, are you
willing to join our ranks?

MORT

Sure, whatever dude.

ANTAGONIST

Bring him forward!

The ANTAGONIST's henchmen move over to MORT to bring him forward.

TONY PIZZA points his gun towards MORT, gesturing forward.

TONY PIZZA
Move on kid, let's get this moving.

TONY and MARIO grab MORT.

MORT
Woah watch the hands pal!

MARIO LASAGNA
Don't worry about it, we are family MORT.

MORT
Oh, alright then dude.

TONY PIZZA
Keep it moving.

MORT and the FISHY BUSINESS MEN move closer to the pond. They force MORT towards the inviting pool of water.

ANTAGONIST
Open your ears MORTUS. Father is listening.

The MEN push MORT to the ground.

ANTAGONIST
Can you hear him, MORTUS?

MORT
Uh, not really.

TONY PIZZA
Papa is hungry.

MARIO LASAGNA

He's starting to get very angry.

MORT

So, what do you guys want me to do?

ANTAGONIST

MORT, Father is in need of some, well, assistance for his projects. We need you to stay here with him and listen.

MORT

How much does this pay again?

ANTAGONIST

Pay? Pay my friend? You are a part of the family! We are your pay MORTUS.

TONY PIZZA

We also order pizza!

ANTAGONIST

Would you shut up about the pizza Tony?

TONY PIZZA

Sorry boss.

ANTAGONIST

Now, MORT, you have heard what we offer. Do you accept our blessings? Will you join us for life?

MORT

I mean, I don't have anything else going on, so, sure.

ANTAGONIST

Splendid! Welcome to the family!

The MEN cheer.

ANTAGONIST

There is a present we need to give you.
Bring it forward!

MARIO LASAGNA nimbles forward holding a black mask with both
hands.

It is the same mask as the ones the MEN wear.

MORT

What's this?

ANTAGONIST

As a member of the family MORT,
you must wear the family's badge of
honor! This mask will protect you
from all evil.

MORT grabs the mask from MARIO and stares at it hesitantly.

ANTAGONIST

With this mask MORT, you will be
born anew. Your past life will be
forgotten, and your future remains
with us. We are your family!

TONY, ROBERTO, & MARIO

Join us MORT! Join us MORT!

Join us MORT!

As the chanting continues, the camera points up on MORT's face.
He is deep in thought and confused.

MORT

Wait, are you saying I'll lose my
memories if I put this on?

ANTAGONIST

MORT, dear MORTUS, you must understand.
Everything that has happened in your life

has led up to this moment! We as a family
will build new memories!

MORT

I'm not sure if I like the sound of that.

ANTAGONIST

What do you mean? Do you believe
Father is not important?

MORT glances over to the pond. The pond seems to stare back.

MORT

I'm sure whatever you guys do here
is important and what not but uh,
actually I uh, I've gotta go! Yeah, yeah,
That's right, I've got chores to do, places to be.
You know how it is.

ANTAGONIST

Do you really think you can step down from
your words? You are a part of our family.

The MEN subtly arm their guns.

MORT looks around nervously.

ANTAGONIST

You're paying a small price compared to what she's going
through.
To what we are all going through. Mother, I hope you are
watching.

The ANTAGONIST looks up to the sky.

MORT

Oh! That's great, that's great. Yeah,
but I think I'm just going to RUN AWAY!

MORT sprints off into the WOODS, dropping the mask behind.

The ANTAGONIST points after MORT.

ANTAGONIST
Get him boys!

TONY, ROBERTO, and MARIO run in the direction of MORT.

EXT. WOODS

MORT is running for his life as the three stooges blindly shoot their guns.

The camera is shaky and moving wildly.
Shots consist of following shots of MORT, following shots of the MEN, still-shots further ahead of the characters in the distance, and down low angles of the characters feet.

After a long run, MORT finally reaches a clearing.

EXT. STREET

MORT is breathing heavily, relieved to have escaped.

The camera is zoomed out, showing MORT from behind. It then pans to the left, revealing the ANTAGONIST behind, pointing his gun at MORT. MORT has not noticed him until the ANTAGONIST speaks.

ANTAGONIST
Did you really think you could have bested me and the clan, boy? I have run this valiant organization since before you were even born. I condemned more people than you know to sleeping with the fishes in my lifetime. We control this whole country, let alone this town. We have connections deep around the globe, legitimate and not. And you

thought you could simply walk away? You really thought you could simply leave this brotherhood? How wrong you are. The Fish, The Father, oh he is an ancient being much, much older than you and I. He has existed long before records were kept, and this organization predates any country you could know. We were here before Napoleon.

Before Columbus. Before Jesus himself walked the earth, we have been feeding Father for eons. He grants us a plethora of services and talents for keeping him well fed. Father needs feeding, and when he is not fed, calamity strikes. Surely, you noticed the disappearance rates of this town, no? In all years of this fellowship existing, we have only missed one cycle, back in 1931. That year the Chinese lost over 4 million comrades. If I have to, I will send this whole town to the bottom of the ocean to keep him satisfied. We chose you, and you alone. We thought you were of value, but in reality, you have the least value of anyone in this sad town.

You have nothing, you know nothing, you can do nothing, you have no connections.

You are simply a snack to eat. A mere vessel for Father's plans. You know, we have a saying in Russia: "Word is like sparrow. Once it leaves, you can't catch it" and you, MORT, gave us your word. You showed up here today, and we spread our arms wide. You learned of our secrets.

We let you be a part of our family.

Do you think our words mean nothing?

You think you can simply go back on your word? You think you can walk out, no strings attached and keep going on

about your life? You are dead wrong.
This operation can continue without you,
but you cannot continue without us. MORT,
your life is nothing without a greater
purpose. We simply cannot allow you to
leave knowing as much as you do. I am
holding you to your word, for the
first time in your meager, pathetic life.
The word you gave to me, the word
that you will stay with us until the
end of life. I give you one final
choice: feed the fish or be fed
to the fish. The choice is yours
to make, MORT.

MORT

Wow, that sounds serious. I didn't understand any of it though!

ANTAGONIST

If you can't serve any purpose, then pay with your blood!

The ANTAGONIST cocks the gun.

ANTAGONIST

Lights out.

MORT puts up his arms in defense.

MORT

Hey, wait a minute- woah!

MORT proceeds to slip on the ground comedically, knocking the
ANTAGONIST over. His gun knocks to the ground tumbling away. The
gun is not in arms-length distance.

The ANTAGONIST limps over to grab the gun, MORT rushing over.

The ANTAGONIST stands up pointing the gun at MORT, but MORT grabs his arms violently. The two push against each other, attempting to take the weapon from the other.

MORT slaps the gun away, but is kicked to the ground by the ANTAGONIST.

The ANTAGONIST reaches for the gun, but MORT kicks it far away, then pushing the ANTAGONIST away as well.

The ANTAGONIST reaches for a knife in his pocket. He pulls it out, swinging wildly at MORT.

MORT dodges perfectly.

The ANTAGONIST then throws the knife, MORT ducking in time.

The ANTAGONIST goes in for a punch but is blocked by MORT grabbing his arm. MORT counters by throwing a punch with his free right arm. The ANTAGONIST loses grip and is hit with a hard headbutt by MORT. The ANTAGONIST regains his stance and swings his legs at MORT, but MORT grabs his leg and pushes it away. The ANTAGONIST holds up his arms defensively, blocking a barrage of punches from MORT. He pushes against MORT's arms and swings at MORT's face. MORT grabs the ANTAGONIST's fist, countering with a punch to his face.

THE ANTAGONIST goes flying and lands flat on the ground.

The ANTAGONIST's mask lands inches away from MORT's feet.

MORT stares in disbelief.

MORT
The mask? But-

MORT gasps.

The ANTAGONIST stands up dramatically.

ANTAGONIST

Yes, MORT. The truth. It is me,
your father.

MORT is in shock.

The camera zooms in slowly on MORT's face as he comes to a revelation.

MORT
No you're not.

ANTAGONIST
What?

MORT
Yeah my Dad, he's got a forklift license. You know, like working
in a warehouse?

ANTAGONIST
Really?

MORT
Yeah and my mom works at Chilis.

The ANTAGONIST stares in disbelief.

ANTAGONIST
You know what, I don't want you a part of
this family no more. You're fired MORT.

MORT
Oh.

THE END

