

AMERICAN RECKLESS

Written by

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FADE IN -

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Mowed grass. Trimmed bushes. A metal fence surrounds it.

FRANK (32), athletic, in a red shirt and blue jeans, places boxes on a table. Inside one box, TEN BEANIE BABIES, with multiple designs and different sizes, overlap each other. He studies them and smiles.

FRANK

As a kid, I loved the hell outta these little guys, but you were right, man. It's time to move on. Uh, Robert?

He looks at ROBERT (43), gruff, in a wrinkled, dark suit, who paces around, holding a gun in his hand.

FRANK

What in the hell are you doing?

Robert glances at the gun, then at him.

ROBERT

You know, back in Iraq, I saw thieves get their hands chopped off because --

FRANK

What the hell does that have to do with the fact you're showing off a gun at a yard sale? Now, put it away!

Robert mock-salutes him.

ROBERT

Yes, sir!

He tucks the gun away, sits down beside Frank.

ROBERT

(nods at the Beanie Babies)
So, you're really going through with this, huh?

FRANK

Uh, yeah, they're collectin' dust. Besides, grown men shouldn't collect or play with Beanie Babies. It's weird.

Robert shrugs.

ROBERT

Trust me, I've seen weirder. Like fetishes or dedicated shrines weird.

Frank glares at him.

FRANK

Normally, I'd question what kinda shit you're researching, but maybe it's best I don't know.

ROBERT

Hey, I'm just saying there are weird people in this world. Ever seen contortionists on TV? Creeps me the hell out.

FRANK

Everything you do in *our* house creeps *me* the hell out.

Robert nods his head.

ROBERT

Hmm. Good point.

A few CUSTOMERS arrive, surveying the 'for sale' boxes. JONATHAN KRAMER (35), fit, black shirt and jeans, slips past them, eyes the Beanie Babies.

JONATHAN

Jonathan Kramer, owner of Kramer's Thrift Palace. It's as sexy as these little guys. Woo-wee!

The customers study him, whispering among themselves. Frank and Robert exchange a look, then focus on him.

FRANK

Not to be rude, but there's a Narcotics Anonymous a few blocks from here. Maybe you can get some --

Jonathan squints his eyes at him.

JONATHAN

Been there. Done that. Still marrying the drugs!

FRANK

I have no idea what that means, but
--

JONATHAN

Irrelevant. Now, hand over these
sexy bastards or I'll --

Robert shoves him away.

ROBERT

The hell you think you are,
demanding for shit? You better get
going before I give you a yummy ass
lead sandwich!

He flashes his gun. Jonathan smirks.

FRANK

Christ, Rob, come on. The last
thing that needs to happen is --

ROBERT

I don't wanna hear it! This junkie
prick isn't gonna come in here,
demanding anything from us!

Jonathan lunges at Robert's gun. Panic ensues from the
customers. Robert punches him, kicks him down.

ROBERT

You better crawl outta here while
you still can, junkie!

Frank stands up, moves past Robert, and extends his hand
towards Jonathan.

FRANK

Sorry 'bout that. You should go
before --

Jonathan pepper-sprays them, snatches up the Beanie Babies,
and bolts. Robert opens up a moist toilette, wipes his eyes,
and screams.

ROBERT

Oh god, that was a bad idea!

Frank pulls out some eye drops.

FRANK

I'm gonna kill that sonuvabitch!

ROBERT
Not if I do it first!

Robert grabs a water bottle, splashes water into his eyes. He exits the yard and heads towards...

EXT. SIDEWALK/STREET - DAY

PEOPLE crowd the sidewalk. Jonathan runs past them, knocks some down. Robert pursues him, avoids the people.

Jonathan dashes across the street, evades speeding cars. Robert follows him, weaves through more cars. He aims his gun, fires. Jonathan screams, stumbles into an alley.

Frank arrives. Robert hands him a gun.

FRANK
We're really doing this? Over some Beanie Babies?

ROBERT
That he stole from you. Don't even act like I'm the irrational one here!

Frank nods, inspects the gun.

FRANK
Fair enough...

ALLEY

Loose trash everywhere. Jonathan stands up, tosses the Beanie Babies over a fence. He jumps, grabs the fence, and flips over it. A crash resonates and a feminine scream echoes.

Frank and Robert enter the alley, eyeing a plush lion on the ground.

ROBERT
Cut that jackass off!

Frank exits. Robert approaches the fence.

Jonathan stands up, stuffs the Beanie Babies down his pants.

JONATHAN
Whew, that was yabba dabba close!

Frank arrives, pistol-whips him.

FRANK
Got your thieving ass!

He pistol-whips him again.

Jonathan grabs him by the ears, headbutts him.

JONATHAN
Got me? Right meow?! Please!

Frank shoots him in the shoulder, looms over him.

FRANK
You really wanna die for some
Beanie Babies? Huh?!

Jonathan smashes a bottle over Frank's head.

Frank stumbles, fires more shots. Jonathan jerks, screams,
and limps out.

FRANK
Get back here, you mother --

Frank stumbles, gets back up, and chases after Jonathan.

FRANK
That's right, keep running away
'cause when I get my hands on you,
you're a dead man!

He tackles him, crashes through...

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

Dusty. Cobwebs everywhere. The front door explodes open.
Frank and Jonathan tumble and slam into the wall.

JONATHAN
Jesus Christ, you're insane! All
this for some Beanie --

Frank punches him. He swings again, but Jonathan evades,
grabs a glass shard, and stabs him in the leg. Frank screams,
punches him again. Jonathan gets up, kicks Frank's wounded
leg.

Robert enters, fires several shots. Jonathan jerks back.
Bullets crash into a rusty cylinder. An explosion throws them
against the wall. Robert punches Jonathan. Frank also punches
him. They beat him down, then stop.

ROBERT
Wanna do the honors?

FRANK
Sure...

Frank takes the gun from Robert, aims it at Jonathan.
Jonathan grins.

JONATHAN
You...can't kill me...This cat man
has...infinite lives...meow!

Frank shoots him once, shoots him again.

FRANK
I highly doubt that...

Robert grabs the gun, shoots Jonathan three more times.

ROBERT
Fuck this guy...

They lean against the wall, sighing.

FRANK
'Bout time we got the hell outta
here.

ROBERT
I think you're right, though I do
wonder what jail's like...

FRANK
Uh, probably a living hell, one I
don't plan on dealing with. Now,
let's go.

ROBERT
Right behind ya.

They jog towards the back entrance. Frank glances at the
burnt Beanie Babies.

FRANK
Goodbye, old friends...

INT. GOLDEN CORRAL - AFTERNOON

Busy. Beautiful. CHEFS cook and serve up some food. FAMILIES
enter, grabbing plates and piling them with different food
combinations.

Frank and Robert sit down, pigging out on their delicious meals.

ROBERT
Somethin' I've been thinkin'
about...

FRANK
What's that?

ROBERT
We did all of that shit and still
didn't retrieve those little
guys...

Frank shrugs.

FRANK
True, but what can you do? This
whole thing taught me nothing but
sacrifice and moving on.

Robert nods.

ROBERT
Right, but I gotta ask you
something.

FRANK
What?

ROBERT
Do you plan on collecting anything
else?

Frank smiles.

FRANK
Yeah.

ROBERT
Like what?

Frank scratches his chin.

FRANK
I was thinking baseball cards...

Robert smiles back, eats some more food.

ROBERT
Sure sounds good to me.

They toast and resume their meals.

FADE OUT.

THE END.