

TOMMY AND THE BEAST

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

A pleasant home. The decor suggests it's the late 70's.

The sound of VOMITING emanates from behind the closed door of a bathroom.

EDWARD HIMMEL, a worried-looking man in his forties, stands outside of the bathroom, listening at the door.

The sound of a BOUNCING BASKETBALL comes from somewhere outside the house.

EDWARD
(through the door, to the
vomiting person within)
You need something, Alice!

WOMAN/ALICE (O.S.)
(through door)
Don't you dare!

She RETCHES again.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

In the backyard of the same house, gangly 12-year-old TOMMY HIMMEL bounces a basketball inexpertly. He narrates an imaginary game.

TOMMY
The game is down to its final
seconds, Dr. J can't seem to
penetrate. Passes to Himmel in
double coverage.

He shoots with all his might: BANG! An ugly brick that bounces back at Tommy's face. He ducks just in time to prevent decapitation.

EDWARD (O.S.)
Tommy!

TOMMY
Yeah, Dad?

Edward approaches.

EDWARD
Listen, I need you to do me a big
favor. It's for your mother. She
needs some special medicine for her
pain and her nausea. I need you...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes a breath. This makes Tommy nervous.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
...I need you to go to Mr. Strom's
house to buy it.

TOMMY
(panic)
What?!

Edward pulls two twenties from his wallet.

EDWARD
Just tell him you need to make a
purchase. Whatever forty dollars
will get you.

TOMMY
I'll take my bike all the way into
town, Dad!

EDWARD
The drugstore's no help. We have
to try this.

He's still holding out the money. Nearby, the bathroom
window opens and ALICE sticks her head out. She is gaunt,
with the grey complexion and BALDING SCALP of a cancer-
treatment patient.

ALICE
Edward! What the hell are you
doing?!

EDWARD
He's not going to sell it to me!

ALICE
You're not sending Tommy over to
that monster's house!

EDWARD
He wasn't always a monster, Alice.

Another wave of nausea takes her away from the window.
Another RETCH is heard.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I'm sorry to do this to you, Tommy.
But Mr. Strom and I have some bad
history from way back when. You've
got to do this. For your mother.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

You'll be all right. He's not so bad.

INT. HIMMEL GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Tommy gets his bike out of the garage. Edward follows him.

EDWARD

Try not to engage him in conversation. And don't talk to him about his leg, whatever you do.

Nearby is a washing machine with a basketful of dirty clothes on top. Edward grabs a white shirt out of the basket.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Here, bring this to wrap the around the drugs.

TOMMY

Won't they come in a bag?

EDWARD

Just bring this.

EXT. RATTY RURAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Tommy rides a banana-seat Schwinn over some train tracks and into a run-down, semi-rural area. Mangy, ferocious dogs chained to stakes in the ground snarl at him as he passes various dumpy houses and trailers. Tattooed, long-haired men look up at him from under the hoods of rusted cars or from their front stoops, where they drink malt liquor.

In order to steel his courage, Tommy narrates to himself.

TOMMY

Agent Himmel on special assignment.
He's crossed the border. He's deep
into...Stankalvania.

EXT. MR. STROM'S TRAILER - DAY

Tommy stops his bike, having arrived at his destination: the scariest looking piece of property in the neighborhood.

Strom's lawn is in desperate need of mowing. There is a full-scale flagpole erected on the front lawn with an American flag, a U.S. Marine Corps flag, and a black P.O.W.-M.I.A. flag.

A beaten-up, rusty Nova with mag wheels sits on the lawn. It has a Marine Corps sticker and a HANDICAPPED STICKER on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From within the trailer, Tommy hears a television, a dog barking and a man shouting.

MAN/STROM (O.S.)
YOU'RE BOTH MORONS! SHUT THE FUCK
UP!

INT. STROM'S TRAILER - DAY

STROM, a shirtless, filthy, tattooed, ornery-looking man with long hair and a beard sits in a wheel chair watching television and drinking beer.

He is missing half of one leg. His stump is covered by his trousers.

ON THE TV, President Jimmy Carter is debating presidential candidate Ronald Reagan.

Strom throws his not-quite-empty beer can at the t.v.

STROM
You're both jackasses!

His MANGY DOG wags his tail at this display of violence.

There are beer cans and pizza rinds and cigarette butts everywhere. A shotgun leans in the corner, and a .45 hangs in a holster on the wall. There are also books strewn everywhere and newspapers stacked high.

CREEK! Strom hears the screen door open. He pulls the handgun from its holster.

There's a KNOCK at the wooden, inner door.

STROM (CONT'D)
Who's there?

OUTSIDE, Tommy gathers his nerve.

TOMMY
It's Tommy Himmel from Willow
Street. My dad sent me to buy some
medication.

INSIDE, Strom seems shocked and suspicious. He conceals the .45.

STROM
Come in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tommy enters. He looks around nervously: at the dog, the mess, the shotgun and Strom's leg-stump.

Strom holsters the handgun.

The dog growls at Tommy.

Strom's manner is gruff, confrontational.

STROM (CONT'D)
Come on in. Don't look tentative.
(re. dog) Macnamara doesn't like
it. Mack!

The dog stops growling.

STROM (CONT'D)
What's this about your dad?

TOMMY
He sent me to make a purchase.

Tommy pulls out the money.

STROM
Well I'll be damned. Turn the t.v.
off.

Tommy complies.

Strom pulls out a cigarette and tries to light it with a lighter. The lighter is out of gas.

STROM (CONT'D)
Toss me that lighter.

Tommy picks up another lighter near the television and tosses it to Strom. The toss is wildly off the mark. It hits the ceiling and lands close enough to Strom that he can pick it up.

STROM (CONT'D)
Jesus. I see you share your
father's athletic prowess.

He lights his cigarette, inhales and stares at Tommy a moment.

STROM (CONT'D)
Get me another beer out of the
fridge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

IN THE KITCHEN,

which is a mess, Tommy looks around and sees several photos taped to the wall: various pictures of Strom (with both legs) with marine corps buddies.

There's also a photo of a large-breasted, college-age blonde girl in a swimsuit, standing on a beach and smiling at the camera. Someone has drawn onto her face a Hitler mustache and an eye-patch; and a dialogue bubble from her mouth reads, "I'M A HEARTLESS BITCH!"

IN THE LIVING ROOM,

Tommy returns. He hands Strom the beer at arm's length, then retreats a few steps.

STROM

You know what Viet Nam is?

TOMMY

Yeah.

STROM

What?

TOMMY

It's where you...(trails off).

STROM

Where I what?

TOMMY

Where you...lost your leg.

STROM

Where I lost my leg. That's about the best fucking definition of Viet Nam I ever heard, pal. You know why I went to Viet Nam?

TOMMY

No.

STROM

Because of your dad.

Tommy stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

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For the complete script (for production or representation consideration only)
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