

SAMPLE:

A BAG OF HAMMERS (screenplay)

by

BRIAN CRANO AND JAKE SANDVIG

BRIAN CRANO
Brion Manor
1347 Kellam Ave
LA, CA, 90026
213 482 3002
brian@briancrano.com

A BAG OF HAMMERS (screenplay) by BRIAN CRANO and JAKE SANDVIG ©

INT. THE BENZ - CONTINUOUS

Alan drives.

ALAN

Any good CDS?

BEN

Let's see - Kelly Clarkson, Kelly
Clarkson, Kelly Clarkson - Christmas Is A
Time For Giving, Mariah Sings Kelly
Clarkson, and Rammstein.

ALAN

Eclectic mix.

Ben opens the glove box. Takes out the owners manual.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You think Marty will take something this
new?

Ben opens the middle console.

BEN

I don't know. We could always try
someone else. The Russians or Armenian
Frank?

Alan looks down into the console.

ALAN

I don't want to deal with--
(sees something)
What's that?

BEN

What?

Alan pulls out a picture. It's a picture of Ben and a
girl.

ALAN

Oh my god.

BEN

What?

ALAN

Dude.

BEN

Alan, what?

ALAN

This is like - Twilight Zone.

BEN

What the fuck are you--

ALAN

Right - with the Kelly Clark--

BEN

Fuck's sake, give me that.

He hands the picture to Ben. Ben doesn't understand.

BEN (CONT'D)

Amanda?

Ben looks at a charm hanging from the rearview mirror. GASP. He looks in the back seat - a pair of women's shoes. GASP. He grabs them.

BEN (CONT'D)

Oh fuck. Fuck fuck.

Ben looks at the key chain. GASP.

BEN (CONT'D)

Look at the - the--

ALAN

Did we--

BEN

Yeah--

ALAN

Did we steal--

BEN

Yeah - we fucking did!

ALAN

We stole your ex-girlfriend's car?

BEN

We stole my ex-girlfriend's car!

Ben puts his head in his hands.

BEN (CONT'D)

I don't fucking believe this.

ALAN

This has to be some kind of sign.

BEN

What kind of fucking - the one time I don't scout the paper and--

ALAN

(grabbing Ben)

Wait - wait. Does this mean she's dead?

BEN

Amanda?

ALAN

Yeah.

BEN

Why? How could she - why would she be--

ALAN

I don't know car accident or--

BEN

Car accident - dumbass - we're in her fucking car!

ALAN

I know but--

POLICE SIREN. The boys go SILENT.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

BEN

Is it us? Shit is it--

ALAN

Yeah - yeah - yeah. Fuck.

They pull over. Alan turns off the car. Hits the steering wheel. Ben quickly covers up the sign in the backseat with his jacket.

ALAN (CONT'D)

What do we do?

BEN

I don't know, I'll handle it.

A COP knocks on the window.

COP
License and registration, please.

ALAN
Um - what?

COP
License and registration, sir.

ALAN
Sorry. I'm a little deaf in this ear.

Alan takes out his wallet, signals to Ben. Ben opens the glove box, searches.

BEN
Ah-I - What seems to be the trouble officer?

COP
(leaning in)
Do you know at what speed you were driving, just there?

ALAN
Uh - forty-ish.

Alan hands the cop his license and Ben hands over the registration.

COP
Yes sir, *forty-ish* in a twenty-five.

BEN
(turning)
Twenty five?

COP
School zone--
(looking at registration)
Mrs. Beekler. I'll be right back.
(looks at their suits.)
What are you two? Waiters?

The Cop laughs at himself and walks back to the squad car. Alan rolls up the window.

BEN
So, this is not good.

ALAN

Yes, thank you Ben. I thought you said you were going to handle this--

BEN

Well - I - But - "Deaf in this ear."
How'm I supposed to work with "deaf in this ear?"

ALAN

Fuck you - Better think fast, dipshit.

INT. COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Cop enters the registration. AMANDA's information, including a PICTURE comes up on the screen.

INT. THE BENZ - CONTINUOUS

The Cop knocks on the window. Alan rolls it down.

COP

So which one of you is Amanda Beekler?

ALAN

Well. The thing is--

BEN

Um - funny story--

ALAN

Ben!

COP

You alright son?

ALAN

Yeah - uh - deaf in this--

COP

So, I'm pretty sure neither of you is Ms. Amanda Beekler, as I have just seen an I.D. picture of the pretty little lady. And you two waiters don't look a thing like her.

Light bulb.

BEN

Amanda.

COP

Huh?

BEN

Amanda is my girlfriend.

ALAN

Right.

BEN

And this is her car.

COP

Is that so?

BEN

You don't believe me? Fine. Here's a picture of us right here.

Ben hands the Cop the picture of the two of them.

BEN (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's us at Guido's. It was our - uh - second anniversary. I had lobster ravioli, it was delicious. Then we went home and had really acrobatic--

COP

Alright son. Um, well I'll let you off with a warning this time.

ALAN

Yeah honest mistake - about the school zone.

COP

You know for a minute there--

He looks through the back window, Ben and Alan tense up - will he see the sign?

COP (CONT'D)

For a minute there, I thought you boys might've just stolen this car.

(looking at them)

You never know these days - Burbank isn't what it used to be.

BEN

Isn't that the truth?

COP
Yeah it's the truth.

ALAN
Isn't that the truth?

COP
Yeah. That's the truth. Here's your warning.

ALAN
Thanks - sorry about that.

The Cop walks back to his car. Alan and Ben exhale.

FREEZE FRAME.

BEN (V.O.)
This wasn't even the worst part of my day.

ALAN (V.O.)
This is about to get fucking awesome!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BEEKLER'S HOUSE - LATER

Alan and Ben pull up in the Benz. On the house there is a sign, **THE WAKE FOR KENT BEEKLER**. Alan and Ben get out of the car. Alan throws Ben the keys.

ALAN
(reading)
The Wake For Kent Beekler? It was Kent.

BEN
Kent's dead. Her father's - you know - he's dead. He was such a good guy.

ALAN
I love Kent. Loved. He can make a hell of a fritatta. Could - uh, did. Would've. If he were here. But he's dead. That sucks.

Ben stares, silent.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Let's go inside.

They start up the stairs to the door. Ben stops.

BEN

Wait.

ALAN

What?

BEN

Can't we ding-dong-ditch this?

ALAN

A Mercedes?

BEN

Yeah, there's no reason to - in their...
time of need and--

ALAN

You want to ding-dong-ditch a Mercedes
that you stole from your ex on the day
her father was buried?

BEN

We. We stole.

ALAN

Not the point dude.

Alan rings the doorbell. Ben throws the key on the mat,
and turns to run. Alan obstructs, blocking his exit.
The door opens. AUNT HILARY stands there.

AUNT HILARY

Ben? Ben is that you?

ALAN

(quietly)

You're so fucking busted.

AUNT HILARY

Ben Twellman? That is you.

Ben turns to her.

BEN

Uh...yeah. Hi Aunt Hill. I just was
gonna...pay my - you know to Amanda...if
that's not too much trouble.

A BAG OF HAMMERS (screenplay) by BRIAN CRANO and JAKE SANDVIG ©

AUNT HILARY

Oh...well, that's sweet of you. I'll go
get her for you.

BEN

Thanks.

ALAN

Yeah, thanks.

Aunt Hilary goes in the house. Ben picks up the car
keys.

ALAN (CONT'D)

So, this is gonna be weird.

BEN

You think?

ALAN

I do.

The door opens. AMANDA BEEKLER (20s, pretty, astral)
comes out, mascara running. She and Ben look at each
other.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Wow.

Ben looks around, as if for an exit.

AMANDA

Hey Ben.

BEN

Amanda...

ALAN

Hey Amanda.

AMANDA

(bad fish)

Alan.

BEN

Sorry to hear about your dad.

AMANDA

Thanks. I guess. How'd you hear?

ALAN

Funny story--

AMANDA

Is it, Alan?

ALAN

Alright - not talking any more.

BEN

Look, we just wanted to say we we're
sorry about your father.

Silence.

AMANDA

That's all?

BEN

Yeah. Well--

AMANDA

This is *so* like you.

BEN

You don't even know what I'm - What is *so*
like me--

AMANDA

You're a liar. And a coward, Ben. And
one day maybe you'll realize that it's
not some great embarrassment to have
feelings. Or care about someone. You
know? Probably you won't figure it out
until you're some pathetic old man living
in some flophouse downtown trying to
steal enough food from the garbage to
keep your incontinent body from shutting
itself down out of pity and boredom.

ALAN

Geez.

AMANDA

What we had--

BEN

This isn't about me and you, Amanda,
that's over--

AMANDA

You know why it's over, Ben? Do you?

BEN

I have some hypotheses.

AMANDA

A thousand reasons, but mainly--
(earnest)
Because I could never pierce your
emotional exoskeleton. No matter how
hard I tried.

Ben and Alan laugh. Ben tries not to.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What? What's so funny?

BEN

Did you just say, emotional exoskeleton?

ALAN

(to himself)
She did. She did.

AMANDA

Yeah AND?

BEN

Nothing - I could totally say that with a
straight face--

AMANDA

Fuck you. I also...said I loved you but
I was wrong--

They look at each other. They laugh harder.

BEN

Are you serious?

AMANDA

'Cause love could never ever feel--

They laugh even harder.

ALAN

SO STRONG? This just keeps getting
better--

AMANDA

What? What is so god damn funny?!

ALAN

That's a Michael Bolton lyric.

AMANDA

Fuck you Alan. You are ugly and you have a little dick.

ALAN

Hey man...you don't have proof.

BEN

Look. This is too stupid. Amanda. I don't want to talk about us. *US* was a colossal lapse in judgment. There is no us.

AMANDA

Good--

BEN

Listen...We were working today.

AMANDA

Stealing--

BEN

At Forest Lawn, around noon and just coincidentally - on accident--

ALAN

Without any malice--

BEN

Or whatever - uh - we took - uh - we stole your car.

AMANDA

I should have known it was you.

BEN

From the - from the valet.

ALAN

Yeah, we did--

BEN

We did--

ALAN

And we're sorry--

BEN

We are--

ALAN
And I still love you--

BEN
I still love you.

Alan laughs. Amanda's eyes widen.

BEN (CONT'D)
Hey wait! I didn't - I don't. I *don't*.

Amanda bursts into tears. She runs into the house.

BEN (CONT'D)
Asshole.

They turn and walk to the letter box, Ben puts the key inside.

BEN (CONT'D)
(calling to the house)
Key 's in the mailbox...Sorry for you
loss.

ALAN
(calling to the house)
Condolences.

FREEZE FRAME.

BEN (V.O.)
Emotional exoskeleton...

ALAN (V.O.)
I mean...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWBERRY SCHOOL - LATER

KIDS play in the playground. Alan and Ben pass by, walking home, dragging their sign. Kelsey, in the playground is getting picked on by BULLIES. Alan and Ben watch.

BULLY 1
Fuck you dickhead.

BULLY 2
Or what? You're gonna cry, pussy?

KELSEY

Shut up, dude.

BULLY 3

You gonna sit down and pee on me? Pussy mouth!

KELSEY

I said shut up!

BULLY 1

I said fuck you dickhead!

Bully 1 punches Kelsey in the mouth. He falls, bleeding. The Bullies laugh.

ON ALAN AND BEN:

BEN

Kid's got a punch.

ALAN

Just part of growing up.

They walk on.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER

Kelsey walks home, bloody nose. Frustrated, he kicks a trash can with all he's got.

INT. ALAN'S FRONT HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

Kelsey walks into the kitchen. Starts the sink. Cleans his face. He looks out the window.

OUT THE WINDOW, Alan drags their sign into the garage. Ben undoes his bow tie and sits down.

Kelsey hurries to clean off his face to go see the guys.

EXT. ALAN'S BACK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alan and Ben come out of the house. They walk out of the gate. Kelsey comes out of the back door.

SAMPLE PAGES :

15.

A BAG OF HAMMERS (screenplay) by BRIAN CRANO and JAKE SANDVIG ©

Looks around for the boys. They're gone. He's alone.
He goes inside.

CUT TO: