

- AMERICAN VALUES -

A true story Film Short

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1. EXT. DAYTIME SUNNY. ARIZONA BORDER TOWN

US/Mexican border scene. We hear light chatter and Mexican folk music. From overhead we hover on a sign "You are leaving Mexico" then on a well groomed Latin wearing a cap making his way through the line and into America. He exits the turnstiles to the street and into the back of a non-descript car. TINO knows the driver and they exchange pleasantries as they drive away.

2. EXT. EVENING DUSK. ARIZONA HWY 83

Tino and MARTINE are sitting on a truck tailgate in a desert café parking lot. Tino's driver is leaning on the side of the truck smoking. All three are comfortable with each other but keep a sharp eye out. We notice Tino and Martine are wearing caps with official logo's on them.

MARTINE

One hundred, in two crates, just like you asked, in the numbers you asked. AR's, Glocks, Uzi. The whole list... Area 7c is clear tomorrow night.

TINO

Sweet as rain brother. If we keep this up, we'll be set in no time.

MARTINE

It will be nice Bro. Tell Lucia and the baby, Maria and I will be down to visit in two weeks.

Both stand and fist bump lightly. Raising the tailgate, Tino swings around and gets in the passenger side of the truck.

Martine turns and with a gang sign, takes a backpack from Tino's driver as he heads for the car. Both drive away in opposite directions

3. EXT. NIGHT. SEEING THRU NIGHT VISION GOGGLES

A small boat with three men landing on a riverbank hand over two packages to Tino and he puts them in the truck. The crates are dragged from the truck to the boat.

(CONTINUED)

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Exchange finished, the truck drives away.  
Pulling back from the goggles, Martine lights a  
cigarette then gets into a US Border Patrol vehicle and  
Drives away.

4. EXT. MORNING. LOS ANGELES

Tino and his driver drove all night. They round an alley  
in a run down neighborhood and stop beside a gate where  
PACO, a Mexican with an eye tattoo greets them gang  
style. The truck is parked in the yard. Tino and his  
driver disappear thru the back door of the house.  
Another latin appears and helps Paco remove the trucks  
contents to the garage.

CUT TO: INT.

Gang members looking out windows. Gang members are  
hovering around a living room table full of contraband.  
JUAN is sitting in a tattered overstuffed chair across  
from Tino. Guns are visible. With a door slam, Paco  
enters the room and motions all is good.

JUAN

(Speaks in Spanish)

Its all there?

PACO

(Speaks in Spanish)

Yes, enough for the whole route to  
Chicago.

Juan smiles and nods his head then looks around to the  
others in the room. Smiles all around as Juan addresses  
Tino. Paco leaves the room again with another door slam.

JUAN

(Speaking in Spanish)

Sit meho. Very good. Tomorrow we go.  
Sooner the better, Eh?

TINO

(Speaking in English)

Like a clock Bro. But hey, next time  
We gonna need a different cross. My  
boy says US side been eye'n our spot.  
Its gonna get hot there soon.

JUAN

(Speaking in English)

Yeah I been hearin' that. Some are  
thinkin' there's noise from inside

TINO

Nah. Just how it works bro. You know  
the second I see a problem the birds  
are gonna eat.

JUAN

That's right, me too bro. We gotta  
keep it clean.

The door slams again with a bang as Paco comes into the  
room again nodding at Juan. Juan motions to the same  
door.

JUAN

Go ahead, Paco has your cheese in  
back. Be careful leaving. Take care.

Tino gives his driver the high sign. The driver stays in  
the corner smoking a joint with his gang friends. Tino  
leaves the room.

FADE TO BLACK:

We hear two loud bangs. They could be door slams or.....

5. INT. DAYTIME. HOSPITAL FACILITY.

A Patient dressed in a jumpsuit is being led down a  
clinical hallway by a large intern dressed in scrubs.

CUT TO: OFFICE

A middle aged male doctor in glasses is sitting at his  
desk reviewing papers and files. Window shades are three  
quarters shut creating bright lines across the murky  
room. A knock at the door and the door opens.  
The doctor nods at the intern standing in the doorway  
and the PATIENT is ushered in.  
Glancing up with a practiced smile the doctor motions to  
a chair.

DOCTOR

Please, sit. How are you today?

The door closes and the intern waits outside. Without answering the patient stares icily at the doctor and sits while muttering under his breath. Suddenly...

PATIENT

I didn't do anything! The nurse wouldn't..

Crossing his arms and looking down his glasses, the doctor interrupts.

DOCTOR

No, No. its not that. Do you remember the talk we all had in the lunch room last week?

PATIENT

What? Taking spoons. NO. I DIDN'T!  
THEY ARE LYI...

DOCTOR

(interrupts)

No, no. When we mentioned that Funding is being cut back and we may need to consider transferring a few tenants to outpatient status.

The patients face changes and he calms

PATIENT

(stuttering)

M-m-me. I'm out?

Pushing paperwork towards the patient and with a smirk to his grin.

DOCTOR

Yes, you. I just need to read these to you and have you sign a few places and we can have you out tomorrow. Ok?

Incredulous, the patient nods with a twitch.

DOCTOR

Ok then, I need to read this to you. "You have been diagnosed with Paranoid Schizophrenia and have been prescribed...

The doctors voice fades to background and we look at the patient wearing an obtuse facial expression. The doctors voice fades back in as he finishes, pointing and handing the patient a pen.

DOCTOR

..now if you feel that you may be a harm to yourself or others you need to call this number here. Do you understand all of this?

PATIENT

(Nodding shortly)

Yeah sure.

The doctor pulls back the paperwork after the patient has signed

6. EXT. MORNING. BRIGHT SUNNY

The doors of the facility open and the patient walks out with a bag over his shoulder and down the walkway. We see a sign revealing the institution as a Utah Mental Hospital.

7. INT. MORNING. GANG HOUSE GARAGE

Gang members are loading packages into separate backpacks and place them in the trunk of a car. We see into the trunk. There is Tino. Juan reaches into the trunk and pulls out Tinos Hat. We see it reads, Sonoran Mexicali Policia.

JUAN

(Speaking Spanish)

The birds will eat tonight  
eh, Tino?

Looking at the two others

JUAN  
(Speaking English)  
We ready?

Gang member #2 and Member #3, muttering, check their guns and put them in the car.

CUT TO: EXT.

A garage door opens and a car with three Gang members emerges.

CUT TO: HIGHWAY

We see the car on the road as it down the road past a US-15 north sign.

8. EXT. DAYTIME. SUNNY. RIVER SCENE

DAD and his SON are wading in the river fishing.

DAD  
(In sign language)  
You must jerk back quick when you feel a tug.

SON  
(Sign language)  
Like this? YES! Got one!

Dad goes to the son with a net and helps land a fish. They both are obviously happy.

9. FADE IN. EXT. DAYTIME. SUNNY

Dad and son are traveling down the highway in a truck pulling an RV.

10. FADE IN. EXT. DAYTIME. SUNNY.

The patient is riding the bus staring blankly out the window.

11. FADE IN. EXT. DAYTIME. SUNNY. FALL CORNFIELD

Dad and son are walking next to the cornfield. Both are carrying long guns

SON  
(Sign language)  
When will we see them?

DAD  
(Sign language)  
Pay attention in front of you.  
They are up there.

Suddenly birds jump from the ground to flight. Both Dad and Son are startled. Dad raises his gun and shoots twice. Both look at each other with surprised smiles.

12. FADE IN: EXT. DAYTIME. SUNNY.

Looking through a rifle scope at cans lined up far away. We hear a "BANG" and see dirt fly up next to a can. The son pulls back from the scope and with a thumb motion asks his Dad "up or down?"

DAD  
(Sign Language)  
Try up two clicks and left one.

Doing so, and trying again we see a can hit. Looking up with a smile the son then shoots the other cans. While the son reloads, the Dad smiles and explains.

DAD  
(Sign Language)  
This .22 magnum rifle your Grandpa gave you is really the best to have for hunting food at a little distance. Good Shooting!

Dad gives his son a shoulder hug and they look at each other with a satisfied aire.

12. FADE IN: EXT. EVENING.

Outdoor cooking next to their RV. Dad and son sitting at a picnic table. Dad tapping on an open laptop computer. Son thumbs thru a magazine. Looking up and getting fathers attention.

SON  
(Sign Language)  
What story are you working on now?

Looking up, Dad answers.

DAD  
(Sign language)  
From last month when we were  
prospecting gold in the Desert.

SON  
(Sign Language)  
That was fun. This last article you  
wrote is short but the pictures are  
real good.

Son looking down at the magazine

DAD  
(Sign Language)  
Short or long they pay the bills.

Both nod and Dad lovingly shakes his Son's shoulder.

13. INT. DAYTIME. PATIENTS MOTHERS HOME.

Hearing a car door shut, the patient hurriedly fumbling to hide something, looks out the window. His MOTHER is talking with a neighbor. The neighbor looks concerned and their voices raise. His Mother comes in the house, and straight to the room he is in. She is agitated and nervously confronts her son.

MOTHER  
Didn't I tell you to get out and look  
for work? How long are you going to  
sit here and watch TV all Day?

The Patient looks away and mutters under his breath.

MOTHER  
(raising her voice)  
Look at me dammit! You better get  
going, that hospital crap isn't gonna  
cut it here. Mrs Ingles says she saw  
you jumping all over the yard and  
yelling this morning. She thinks you  
were talking to yourself.

Looking sideways at his mother and with a twitch, his mouth barely open.

PATIENT

That stupid Bitch don't know nothin' and you don't know nothin'. There aint nothin' to do around here. I got no car.

MOTHER

I told you "one month" and now its three weeks...

Patient turns and flails his arms at his mother.

PATIENT

Fuck Off!!

Mother stands her ground and yells back.

MOTHER

Its that "shit" isn't it? You got Money for that shit but none for Food? I better not see that shit around here! I better not....

Looking sideways and in an even tone answers someone not there.

PATIENT

Yeah, that's what I'll do.

Looking back at his mother and with spittle in the corners of his mouth.

PATIENT

You touch anything of mine and I'll fucking kill you. What I do aint..

MOTHER

(interrupting and starting to cry)

That's it then, you're out of here! You hear me? You wont threaten me. Demented punk! All I do is try to help..

She raises her purse and swings it at him as she leaves the room.

MOTHER

(yelling)

You can go to your Fathers and see  
how he likes it!

14. EXT. DAYTIME. GANG MEMBERS IN A CAR

The gang members stop in Las Vegas to make a delivery to other gang members. Then back on highway US-15.

CUT TO: EXT.

Passing into Utah and stop at a house in St. George for a delivery. We notice the house, and when finished, as Juan Pulls out of the driveway he looks at his gang member friend in the backseat.

JUAN

(Smiling and Speaking  
in English)

Two down, 8 more and we got 40 G's  
clear. It's the dream Bro...it's the  
dream. We gotta do this alot.

The car pulls out of the local area, passing another car driven by DANIEL. He drives to the same house where he goes in and soon is back in his car and on the road again. US-15

15. EXT. DAYTIME. HIGHWAY.

The Patient is riding a bus as it enters a highway on ramp and past a US-15 South sign

16. EXT. DAYTIME. SUNNY. HIGHWAY.

Dad and son are pulling their RV down the road. They are smiling and enjoying vivid scenery. They pass a US Highway 15 south road sign.

17. INT. MORNING. PATIENTS FATHERS RV

On his way out the door to work, the Patients FATHER looks at his son with a perplexed and worried look.

FATHER  
(Talking furtively)  
Get into town and be there on time.  
You cant expect a job to find you.

Looking up at his Father he nods and waves without speaking.

FATHER  
(Turning away and out  
the door)  
Alright, I'll see you tonight.

18. EXT. DAYTIME. DANIELS APARTMENT.

We see an apartment door and a hand is nervously knocking. The door opens and inside, Daniel is standing there with an uneasy look.

DANIEL  
Whoa! Dude, I haven't seen you in a  
while, where you been?

The Patient is nervously twitching and looking around.

PATIENT  
I just been at families up in Provo.  
That shits old now so Im over at my  
Dads. So you on?

Daniel has a worried look noticing the Patients appearance.

DANIEL  
Yeah, yeah, come in and sit. How  
Much you lookin' for?

The Patient comes inside and closes the door but doesn't sit.

PATIENT  
Three bumps is good.

19. INT. DAYTIME. FATHERS RV.

Wearing only shorts and sandals, the patient smokes meth thru a glass pipe on his Fathers sofa. He Picks up an empty cigarette pack and scoffs throwing it down. Quickly he is up and out the door.

Cut to: EXT.

PATIENT

(Over and over with  
changing tone)

Who's got a cigarette?

Looking around wildly with sun strained eyes he sees an older neighbor. He half skips over and the neighbor recoils into his RV with a scared and disgusted look.

PATIENT

Fuck! Don't freak old man, I just want  
a cigarette!

He picks up a piece of wood and smacks the side of the neighbors RV. Looking away he see's a younger boy and he starts over to him dropping the wood.

PATIENT

Hey, you got a cigarette?

The boy answers with only a wave.

SON

(Sign language)

What? I'm deaf. What's the matter?

The patient is very agitated by now and sees the boy's pack of cigarettes in his shirt pocket. Reaching out, he smacks the pack while looking at the boy with disgust.

PATIENT

A cigarette I said. Lemme get one.  
What, you stupid? Lemme get a cig,  
I'll get it back to ya tomorrow...  
come on!

The Son quickly understands and with a hurried reluctance gives him one, then fumbling, lights it for him.

PATIENT

Yeah, you better, why don't you say  
something? You stupid?

Son pulls out his smart phone and starts to write in a note pad app while showing the patient.

SON

Im deaf. I dont talk but...

Patient interrupts with a confused look, a dismissive scoff and arm flail.

PATIENT

What a dumbass. Whatever. Get outa my face dummy.

The patient turns and walks away smoking, then looks back.

PATIENT

Hey, maybe I can get one later. I'll see ya. Thanks.

20. EXT. DAYTIME. SUNNY.

Father and Son driving in their truck come back to their RV. Rounding the corner they see the patient sitting outside his Fathers RV. Son explains that this person is weird and he thinks, on drugs. The Patient sees them as they pull in and glares.

CUT TO: INT.

Walking into the RV, Dad turns and looks at Son.

DAD

(Sign language)

I don't have to tell you to stay far away from that guy.

SON

(Sign language)

He just asked me for a cigarette today and was mean and his face was twitching. He was strange. I don't like him.

DAD

(Sign language)

Whatever his problem, we don't want it, so avoid him till we leave after Christmas. You're going to Seattle tomorrow anyway so no big deal. Did you clean the pistol yet? Part of shooting it is cleaning it. Get on it!

Dad pulls out his guitar. Lightly & professionally he  
Plays a few bars.

SON

(Sign language)

You going to play tonight?

DAD

(Sign language)

Yeah, down at the clubhouse after  
dinner. The park is pretty full today  
so I should make a hundred or so.

They look at each other smiling.

21. INT. DAYTIME. RV PARK CLUBHOUSE.

RV park manager CHRISTY is straightening up. The  
Patient has been looking for cigarettes again and now  
enters the clubhouse. Looking around, he see's an older  
couple talking on a couch and turns away as they both  
look up startled. He's a disheveled mess still in a pair  
of old cutoffs and cheap flip-flops, face twitching.  
Walking over to the service window from the kitchen he  
sees Christy inside and slaps on the counter a bit too  
hard. Leaning in.

PATIENT

Hey hey hi hi hey...you smoke? You  
got a cigarette I can get I just  
need to wait till my dads gets...

He sees her startled look and reads the answer from her  
face. She recoils.

CHRISTY

I, I, I don't smo...

Interrupting, he explodes flailing his arms

PATIENT

OF COURSE fucking not! All you  
MOTHERFUCKERS...Lame ASS...Shit...

With one motion he knocks a flower vase off the counter  
and shoves the cash register towards her. Christy emits  
a low groaning scream as she bolts out the door on her  
side of the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Across the parking lot and into the office in a flash, she locks the door and pulls the curtains closed. Sitting there in the dark Christy keeps her eye out the crack in the curtains and then to the phone. Never calling the police, She closes the office early, gets in her car and leaves.

22. EXT. LATE AFTERNOON. RV PARK

At the picnic table next to his RV, Dad has his laptop open and notices everyone around as he taps away. The "Drunk sisters" are sitting not 40 feet away reminiscing and quarreling. Four twenty-somethings are stoking a grill to his right and are intent on dinner and the older gentleman puttering around his rig right across the lane loves to wave. Looking up, dad sees the patient at the end of the lane walking his way. Then, abruptly getting his things together, Dad goes inside.

CUT TO: INT.

Inside sitting sideways on the couch while using his laptop. He hears a light commotion going on outside and strains his ears to hear what's going on. Then a noise outside his RV and in a second comes a sharp rap at the door.

Startled, dad gets up and looks out the opposite window. Outside is the Patient nervously moving around. Then quickly he turns and hammers on the door.

PATIENT

HEY! Davin in there? Davin Home?  
DAVIN!

Knocking harder.

Dad quickly moves to the door and opens it.  
Staring shortly at the Patient.

DAD

Gavin isn't here, he left this morning on the bus to Seattle.  
He will be back in two weeks.

The Patient, struggling to listen, suddenly understands and starts back in on the short rapid addled movements.

PATIENT

Oh..Ok.. Christmas huh? So then...  
Hey, you got a cigarette I can get?

Dad has recoiled a bit noticing the Patients drug abused appearance.

DAD

No, no I don't smoke. Gavin will  
be back then. Bye.

With a short motion, Dad closes the door and thinks for a second. The Patient is irate. He smacks Dads RV hard as he leaves and yells. He hears the Patient storm off and start to harass others nearby.

PATIENT

FUCK! What are you looking at!!!..

Dad picks up his phone and dials 911. The OPERATOR answers shortly.

OPERATOR

911 Whats your Emergency?

DAD

Hello, yes, hi, Im at...

Dad explains the situation to the Operator and is told that a Sherrif's unit is on its way. Sitting down on the couch Dad strains to hear what is going on outside.

23. EXT. DAYTIME . OUTSIDE DADS RV

As Dad closes the RV door, the Patient turns and see's others nearby watching him and he gets irate. He smacks Dads RV hard as he leaves and yells

PATIENT

FUCK! What are you looking at!!!..

The patient slowly walks back to his Fathers RV. He is twitching and talking to himself under his breath. He gets stares from other tenants. He mutters and yells at them with violent motions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He enters his fathers RV and retrieves his Fathers shotgun. He loads it. He goes outside with the shotgun retracing his last steps challenging all as they flee. No-one yells.

CUT TO: INT.

Dad is sitting on the couch pondering the situation. He hears commotion outside and peeks through the curtain.

DAD

(Thinking to himself  
in narrative)

What in the hell is his problem...

30. INTENSE DIRECTIONAL CHANGE

The RV door is thrown open and the patient bounds in quickly, holding a shotgun. He racks the shotgun. Noticing it's a pump action field gun Dad jumps for the gun.

Dad grabs the barrel as its shoved in his eye and barely pushes it away as the gun explodes, taking with it a piece of Dads skull. Dad is thrown backwards and the gun racks again. Dad yells.

DAD

What are you doing!!

The gun explodes again and Dads right arm is torn apart at the elbow.

The patient yells

PATIENT

Aaah... Devil!

The gun racks again. Dad rolls to avoid all but the spray of the next shot then tries to stand. Looking in the direction of his pistol, he hears the gun rack again and dives onto the dinette to have the fourth shot tear pieces of his clothing off his body.

Dad is lying on the dinette, and in the millisecond before the next shot, thought the next was surely the kill shot.

Dads mind yells.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAD  
(Narrating to himself)  
JUMP TO YOUR GUN !!!

He rolls and reaches his body over as the click of an empty chamber lets him know he has a last chance. Reaching, he realized his right arm was destroyed, then reaches into the void behind the couch to the pistol with his left. Secured in its holster, he pulls it free with his teeth. Quickly, he swings around for a left handed shot.

DAD  
(narrating)  
Things seemed clear and concise. I noticed he was standing in the same place he started but this time when our eyes met, mine were failing steel and his were wide as saucers.

In this time frame, the attacker suddenly realizes *He* is now in danger.

Dad  
(narrating)  
I had such a clean bead on his head as he leaped and I pulled the trigger and felt myself falling to the floor listless.

With a drug induced nimble, the patient leaps back out the door as 2 shots ring out BANG, BANG! into the face of a group of neighbors with cocked guns. The Police arrive on the scene. Blood everywhere, and with only enough energy for a faint utterance. Choking and sputtering.

DAD  
Why did he do this..  
Help Me...Help  
Call 911.....Help.....Why did.....

FADE TO BLACK THROUGH THE EYES OF THE FALLEN DAD.

THE END