

CRANK

Written by

Matthew T. Himlin

7790 E Via Del Sol Dr.  
Scottsdale, AZ 85255  
(480) 659-0763  
mhimlin@yahoo.com

FADE IN:

EXT. OLD HOUSE - DAY

A squat house, desperate for a fresh coat of paint. LOU, 70's, locks the door then shuffles down the walk towards a waiting car.

He struggles to unbutton a suit jacket that is far too tight.

GABE, a scrawny teen, rolls down the window and leans out.

GABE

You look fine grandpa, just get in.

LOU

This suit is too god-damned small!

GABE

So you've put on a few pounds.

LOU

It's that gook dry cleaner,  
everything I send there comes back  
small.

GABE

If you're gonna be racist can you  
at least do it in the car so the  
neighbors don't hear it.

LOU

What the hell do I care what they  
hear? Besides, they shouldn't be  
listening to a  
(shouting)  
private god-damned conversation!

GABE

Will you just get in the car!

Lou opens the door and slides into the back seat.

INT. CAR - DAY

Gabe watches Lou settle in.

LOU

Well, get on with it.

GABE

I'm not going until you buckle your seat belt.

LOU

I've survived seventy three years without one, I'm sure I'll survive the twenty minutes this'll take.

GABE

Yeah, well if I get pulled over I have to pay a fine.

LOU

Jesus Christ I'll pay the fine then. You want gas money too?

GABE

It's not safe.

LOU

Keep bugging me about it and you'll see what's not safe.

Lou crosses his arms and stares Gabe down.

LOU (CONT'D)

I can wait all afternoon. He ain't going anywhere, he's dead.

Gabe relents, starts the car and pulls away.

GABE

So how'd you know this guy?

LOU

He bit off my ear cause he said I took his last cigarette.

Gabe glances back at Lou.

GABE

You've got both ears.

LOU

Yeah, well he was a miserable failure at everything he'd ever tried.

GABE

So did you take his last cigarette?

LOU

That ain't the point. You don't try to bite off another man's ear- especially not the ear of a fellow soldier during wartime.

GABE

Army buddy?

LOU

Buddy- hell no. I liked him a little more than the pricks shooting at me, but that's cause I didn't really know him yet.

GABE

I don't know if this is such a good idea. If you hated this guy so much, why are you going to his wake?

LOU

Cause the son of a bitch died before I had a chance to tell him how I felt.

GABE

Jesus Grandpa, he's dead, can't you drop it?

Lou stares out the window, ignoring Gabe.

GABE (CONT'D)

How about we head to the VFW and grab a couple beers? I'll buy.

LOU

On the way back.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Gabe pulls up to the curb. Lou gets out then knocks on Gabe's window. Gabe rolls it down and leans out.

LOU

Wait here. It don't take too long to pay your respects to a man you got no respect for.

GABE

OK, but if I see you getting escorted out, you can walk home.

LOU

You're worse than your mother.

Lou turns, slowly climbs the steps and enters

INT. FUNERAL HOME REPOSING ROOM - DAY

The room is bare. Empty chairs line the wall where the family would sit and a table usually overflowing with flowers holds a single small bouquet.

The open casket rests at the front of the room.

Lou meanders towards the casket then stops to read the bouquet card - "with sympathy from Kroner's Deli"

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Welcome.

Lou starts and almost knocks over the flowers.

The FUNERAL DIRECTOR stands by the entrance.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

I'm terribly sorry. Didn't mean to startle you.

LOU

I'm jumpier than usual.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Are you family?

Lou looks around confused then realizes his meaning.

LOU

His? No, no, I'm just- an old army buddy.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Do you know if any family members  
will be attending?

LOU

Couldn't tell you.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

If you need anything I'll be in the  
back.

Lou nods and watches as the funeral director leaves.  
Satisfied that he's alone, he places the bouquet card back  
with reverence, adjusts his suit, then lumbers to the casket.

AL, 70's, lies in the casket, the heavy makeup caked on his  
face lending his cheeks an unnaturally rosy glow. Lou leans  
over the casket with disgust.

LOU

You rotten, lying, son of a bitch.  
You swore up and down that you'd  
outlive me. Well now look at you-  
Christ you got more makeup on than  
that French whore that gave you  
crabs. Listen asshole, who am I  
gonna watch the game with now?  
It's the Bears and Packers for  
Christ's sake - that wasn't worth  
living for? And I got a fridge  
full of that piss you call beer.

Lou checks once more to make sure the room is empty.

LOU (CONT'D)

Kroner's sent flowers. Least they  
could do, I think we single-  
handedly kept that place in  
business. And you were right, no  
one showed up- bet your son doesn't  
even hear about this for years.

Lou reaches for Al's hands but hesitates.

LOU (CONT'D)

Well look you know I'm no good at  
this shit, so I just wanna say- if  
you're in heaven, you'd better show  
me around when I get there.

(MORE)

LOU (CONT'D)

And if you're in hell, well, when I get to heaven I'll send you a post card- it'll be a picture of me with my head buried so far in Jane Russel's tits that you won't be able to tell who it is- but you'll still know it's me cause I'll be flipping you the bird.

Lou leans over and kisses Al's forehead.

He turns and heads for the exit. The Funeral Director stands in the hall adjusting his tie in the mirror. Lou shuffles past him.

LOU (CONT'D)

He looks shit-faced.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Pardon?

LOU

His cheeks, they're too red. They were only that red when he was shit-faced.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

I'm sorry you feel that way, we didn't have a recent picture to go on.

LOU

Ah fuck it, it makes sense- he'd wanna be drunk for this if he could anyways.

The Funeral Director starts a reply but thinks better of it.

Lou heads through the door to

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Muffled music blares from the car as Gabe drums furiously with the tune.

He is startled out of his drum solo by Lou scowling through the window. He composes himself and rolls down the window.

LOU

Let's go.

Gabe unlocks the door and Lou climbs in.

INT. CAR - DAY

GABE

How'd it go?

LOU

He looked like a god-damned circus clown. You tell your mother I want a closed casket, I don't care what she says.

GABE

Will do, captain sunshine. So did you tell that dead guy what for?

LOU

I said what had to be said.

GABE

And his family was OK with that? I'm not a get-away driver right?

Lou grunts in reply.

GABE (CONT'D)

I mean we're not gonna get pulled over and the cops aren't going to drag you away for corpse abuse or anything?

LOU

I didn't hear anyone complain.

Gabe shrugs then drives away.

GABE

VFW then?

LOU

Sure.

Lou stares out the window as they drive.

LOU (CONT'D)

The Bears are playing the Packers tomorrow.

GABE

Yeah?

LOU

You wanna come over and watch the game?

GABE

Me?

LOU

I got a fridge full of beer and I know a place that makes a killer pastrami on rye.

GABE

Yeeesh, can they make anything normal?

LOU

Like what?

GABE

I don't know, a BLT?

LOU

I'm sure they can manage.

GABE

OK yeah, sounds good.

FADE TO BLACK.