

AMPUTEE

WRITTEN BY

ERIC D. STUMPF

Over black a WHITE TITLE CARD appears.

TITLE CARD: "Everyone wants to change something about themselves, no matter how little."

FADE IN ON:

The OCEAN.

A BEACH.

Sitting on the beach, knees pulled to chest, back to us, is a MAN. We don't see his face.

The Beach is completely void of people.

MAN (V.O.)
When I look out at the ocean all I
see is emptiness and
loneliness...and it's where I want
to be.

He stands up.

MAN (V.O.)
Are things worth less when they are
without perfection? The answer,
simply, is yes.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

On the bed several items are laid down by a hand from off screen.

A wallet...

A note with a message scribbled...

Finally, a ROPE....

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The hands come into frame again, tying the ROPE securely on the shower curtain, making a NOOSE.

For the first time we see MICK, 25, as he looks in the mirror.

Eyes sunken.

Shoulders curled.

No expression.

He steps onto the edge of the tub.

Stands on his tiptoes, slides his head into the noose.

Feet slide off the edge...

Gurgling...choking....

The shower curtain SNAPS.

Mick falls into the bathtub heavily onto his back, covered by the curtain.

Uncovers his face.

Loosens the rope.

Gasps for breath.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK THE MAIN TITLE APPEARS:

AMPUTEE

FADE IN:

INT. RETAIL CLOTHING STORE - DAY

The place is bustling with business.

The line for the register, like a snake, wraps itself around the metal poles connected by nylon straps as if the people waiting to get on a theme park attraction ride.

Clothes lay on the floor.

On the wrong shelves.

On top of clothes that don't belong together.

MICK (V.O.)
The world is full of
plans..everyone's got one,
everyone's made one.

We see Mick, he looks as if he's in the middle of a clothing snowstorm.

Wearing the designer clothing that is the product and the uniform of the store at the same time, he stands out from the customers only because of the headset wired to the walkie talkie attached to his belt.

Dark scraggly hair frames his face where scowling, 'Don't fuck with me eyes', scan the endless array of foreigners and low income scum.

MICK (V.O.)
This. Wasn't my plan.

A HORRIBLY DRESSED FRENCHMAN approaches Mick.

FRENCHMAN
Do you know what size this is in
France.

Mick's head turns slowly to the Frenchman and SNATCHES the pair of jeans out of his hands.

Mick looks at the tag.

It reads '36/30'.

He hands the jeans back to the Frenchman.

MICK
No.

FRENCHMAN
Don't you have some kind of
conversion tool?

MICK
Why don't you try them on and see
if they fit?

FRENCHMAN
I don't try on clothes.

A baseball bat SMASHES THE FRENCHMAN'S FACE.

He falls to the ground.

Mick stands over him.

Smacking him.

Again...

..and again....

....and again.

Turning him into a BLOODY PULP.

Blood SPLATTERS....

Across clothes on racks.

Customers walking by.

An infant in a stroller.

No one pays any mind.

CUT TO:

Mick turns to the Frenchman.

MICK
(smiling)
Here, why don't you give me these
and I'll check in back.

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

Mick walks into the dressing room.

Tosses the pair of jeans into a pile.

Locks himself into a dressing room.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Out of breath from the complexities outside.

He slowly turns and is greeted by his reflection staring back.

MICK (V.O.)
I have an odd relationship with
god. I'm kind of his punching bag.
His pincushion if you will. He
knocks me down and no matter how
many times I try to get up he holds
me there. I went to school and no
matter what, he's got it out for
me.

From the back room comes a voice.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Mick?

He turns his head.

His reflection doesn't follow.

It keeps staring at him.

MICK

Yeah?

WOMAN (O.S.)

I need your help out back with the
consignment guy.

MICK

Ok.

Mick leaves the dressing room, his reflection's gaze follows
as he goes.

CUT TO:

EXT. RETAIL CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Mick walks outside.

Shields his eyes from the blinding sun.

To his left he sees an OLD MAN struggling with a box he's
trying to put into his GREEN PICKUP TRUCK.

The Old Man motions to Mick.

OLD MAN

Help me out?

Mick nods and walks over, helping him push the box full of
clothes into the truck's bed.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Thanks. Not getting any younger,
you know?

MICK

Yeah.

The Old Man motions to another box on the ground.

OLD MAN

Throw that in the cab for me?

Mick nods and picks it up.

He opens the passenger door and slides the box onto the seat.

He knocks over some papers which fall onto the pavement.

Bending over, he picks them up, reading them.

They're all INTERNET INVOICES of sold items, electronics, clothes, CD'S and DVD's.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
(from behind Mick)
You didn't think I sold them at the
flea market, did you?

Mick, startled, slides the invoices into the box of clothes.

MICK
Sorry, they fell.

OLD MAN
Don't worry about it. I make a good
living selling this stuff online.

He shuts the door.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Ensures I don't have to bag
groceries, know what I mean?

The Old Man laughs at his joke.

MICK
Yeah.

The Old Man slaps Mick on the back.

OLD MAN
Take it easy buddy.

MICK
Yeah, you too.

The Old Man gets in his pickup.

Drives away, waving his hand out the window to Mick as he goes.

Mick watches, thinking.

INT. RETAIL CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Mick walks back inside and nearly runs into his manager,
SHARON.

She's carrying a box frantically to the back door.

SHARON

Did he leave?

MICK

Yeah.

SHARON

Shit. He forgot this. Tell you
what. If I let you leave an hour
early would you drop these off at
his house?

CUT TO:

INT. MICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Mick's driving through a suburban neighborhood.

Holds up a piece of paper with directions.

Squinting, trying to read the addresses on the house at the
same time.

Sees the Old Man's Green Pickup Truck parked in front of a
brown house.

Pulls his car into the driveway next to the truck and gets
out, carrying the box with him.

He stops and stares at the house.

FADE TO BLACK:

Over black a WHITE TITLE CARD appears:

TITLE CARD: The Parents

EXT. MICK'S PARENTS HOUSE - DAY

Mick stands outside of his parents house, all grown up but
the fear and confusion of a child still inside him.

CUT TO:

INT. MICK'S PARENTS HOUSE - DAY

Mick closes the door behind him.

Puts the keys back in his pocket.

Walking around he sees pictures of his PARENTS, SISTER and him.

Happy pictures.

Fake pictures.

CUT TO:

INT. PARENT'S KITCHEN - DAY

Mick walks into the kitchen.

Sees an OLD WOMAN standing at the counter, staring at a plate of crackers.

MICK
Grandma?

She jumps, realizing who it is, she laughs.

GRANDMA
Oh Richard, you scared me!

MICK
I'm not Richard Grandma, It's me
Mick. You don't know a Richard.

GRANDMA
You're not Mick.

MICK
I'm Mick.

GRANDMA
You're not Mick.

She gets in his face.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)
Mick's better looking. And smarter.

MICK

Grandma, you can't tell how smart I am by looking at me.

She stares at him for a few seconds.

GRANDMA

Yep. I can.

She doesn't budge from his face.

MICK

Grandma. I'm going to kill myself.

She still doesn't budge.

Slowly her face softens.

Her head tilts.

She raises her hand and pats him gently on the cheek.

Just as fast as she recognized what he was talking about, she forgets.

GRANDMA

I could have sworn I had more crackers on this plate.

She goes back to the counter staring at the plate, daring it to tell her that it lied.

CUT TO:

Mick is sitting at the kitchen table.

Looking through a photo album.

His grandma is gone from the counter, the plate of crackers remains.

We hear a door open in another room.

His PARENTS come in carrying grocery bags.

His Mother sees him.

MOTHER

Oh good Mick, you're here already.

FATHER

Help us with these bags, will ya?

Mick grabs them out of his hands.

Places them on the counter.

Crushes the crackers.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Thought we'd have some barbecue,
wha do you say?

MICK

Sure. Sounds good.

FATHER

Good, I'll go put the steaks on the
grill, help your mother with the
rest of the groceries.

Without another word Mick's father grabs the bag of steaks
and brings them onto the patio.

Mick's mother hands him a package of fresh green beans.

MOTHER

Could you crack these for me?

He takes them.

MICK

Sure.

Mick rinses off the beans under the faucet.

Starts cracking them.

From where he's standing he can see his father at the
barbecue.

His mother catches him staring.

MOTHER

Mick.

MICK

Yes?

MOTHER

When are you going to start
treating him like your father?

MICK

I don't know what you're talking
about.