

DROP (1)

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A pair of tired eyes flicker open. The eyes belong to FRANK HUTCHINS, mid-thirties, outfitted in a WWII army-issued paratrooper uniform.

Frank lifts his head up and takes in his surroundings. He is lying on his back, his entire body sunken into the shattered windshield of an early 90's sedan. An army-issued parachute is strapped to his back and splayed out over the car.

He pulls himself up off the windshield. He's in the driveway of a modest middle-income tract home.

Frank runs his hand through his hair, examines his blood-stained hands.

FRANK'S POV - The suburban surroundings shift in and out of focus. The hazy shape of a young man leans down toward Frank.

The young man speaks but Frank can only make out his words as long, drawn-out groans.

BACK TO SCENE

Frank panics and staggers to his feet. He stands face-to-face with a YOUNG MAN, 20, staring back at him.

Frank reacts quickly, fumbles for the Springfield .30 caliber slung around his shoulder. He raises it toward the young man.

START

FRANK

Who are you?! You speak English?

YOUNG MAN

Huh?

FRANK

(loudly)

DO-YOU-SPEAK-ENGLISH?

YOUNG MAN

(even louder)

I-CAN'T-UNDERSTAND-YOU. YOU'LL-HAVE-TO-TALK-LOUDER-AND-MORE-CRYPTICALLY.

Frank's wide eyes quickly scan the suburban area around him.

FRANK

Oh, you think that's funny,
Fritzie. I thought you Krauts
didn't have a sense of humor...

YOUNG MAN

What?

Frank steps back and begins unlatching the straps from his parachute, careful not to shift his gaze away from the adjacent houses for too long.

YOUNG MAN

What does that even mean?
(motioning to the car)
And what the fuck did you do to my
car?

Frank pulls his parachute off the front of the vehicle, revealing a significantly damaged hood and windshield.

Frank stares at the windshield, blankly.

FRANK

I don't remember.

YOUNG MAN

Oh, okay. So you just... forgot.
You still realize you're going to
have to pay for this, right?

Frank walks out to the edge of the car. He looks down the road at the row of houses to his left. Then his right.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

...I mean, my insurance doesn't
exactly cover big dumb fuckin'
idiots falling out of the sky on to
my hood--

FRANK

What is this place?

YOUNG MAN

What?

FRANK

What town is this?

A beat.

YOUNG MAN
Seriously?

Frank stares blankly at the young man.

YOUNG MAN
Sacramento.

Frank shoots the young man a confused look.

YOUNG MAN
Sacramento? California?

Frank smiles and steps in toward the young man.

FRANK
Look, kid, I don't want to have to
shoot you but you're not doing
yourself any favors with all these
goddamn jokes...
(a beat)
Now, I'm looking for a place called
Heidelberg. You know where that
is--

Frank's attention immediately shifts across the street, at a
MIDDLE-AGED MAN, raking his lawn. The man is staring
directly back at Frank.

Frank walks outward, onto the lawn, without breaking eye
contact with the old man. They hold each other's gaze for a
short moment.

Frank turns back toward the young man.

FRANK
Who is that?

YOUNG MAN
Who?

FRANK
That stiff dick Nazi prick across
the street?

YOUNG MAN
(looking across the street)
That's Norm Spielman. My neighbor.

Frank turns back toward Mr. Spielman.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
And I'm pretty sure he's not a
Nazi--

Frank turns back toward Mr. Spielman.

FRANK
Then why does he keep looking at
us?

YOUNG MAN
Probably because you're waving that
gun around like an idiot. Look,
obviously you're a little
confused--

Frank turns his attention to the rooftops of the houses,
surveying the peaks and valleys of each roof.

FRANK
(turning back toward the young
man)
We need to get inside, out of the
open--

YOUNG MAN
No, no, I can't let you inside--

FRANK
Why not?

YOUNG MAN
Because you're an insane person
with a gun. Okay? And if my mom
comes home and sees your dumb ass
bleeding all over her carpets,
she's gonna' to shit herself--

FRANK
Unless you want to get picked off
by a sniper, you're mother's the
last thing you should be worried
about.

Frank turns and heads for the front door.

YOUNG MAN
(loudly)
SNIPERS? Really? Snipers?

The young man forces a heavy, labored sigh.

YOUNG MAN
(quietly)
Fuck.

As the young man starts off to the front door, his feet brush up against something on the ground.

The young man reaches down and lifts a WWII issued paratrooper helmet off the grass. He examines it and looks back up in Frank's direction, confused.