

AMENDMENT TWO

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EXT. OPEN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

TWO CAMERAS ARE CAPTURING THE EVENTS - SWITCHING BACK AND FORTH - IN BEATS.

GUY

Howdy folks. Guess what?

(BEAT)

I've got two cameras, now. I'm better at editing, too.

(BEAT) (cont'd)

But please don't think I'm trying to copy that retard that thinks surviving in swamps and shit is cool. I'm not here to show you how to campfire cook and eat some fucking turtles.

The Guy laughs his twisted way.

GUY

No...this is all about further proving the worth of our grand Constitution...

(BEAT)

...it's time to tackle the second amendment - the right to bear arms!

(BEAT) (cont'd)

Arms can mean knives...or swords.

The Guy brandishes a few choices knives and swords.

GUY

Or...arms can mean one of these motherfuckers!!!

The Guy brandishes a BIG ASS gun.

GUY (cont'd)

Hell, yeah!

The Guy laughs very manically.

GUY (cont'd)

Now, of course, I know I don't exactly match the part where the second amendment states how it **prohibits** the unlawful search and seizure of any citizen or their property, personal items, etc.

(BEAT)

But even though you'd be well within legal guidelines to come into my house, should you find me...do you really think I'm **not** going to stab, slice or fucking shoot you as many times as I want to?

The Guy starts giggling.

(BEAT) (cont'd)

Hell, I'll unload some shells on you just to hear the perfect blend of BANG!...and...OH FUCK, MY ARM'S GONE!

The Guy laughs even more.

CLOSE UP ON ONE CAMERA.

GUY

You know, there's also a part of the second amendment that states no one can prevent the necessary right to form a militia. Well, I don't necessarily feel like I'm as safe in America as I used to be, so I've necessarily posted internet ads that would appeal to fans of Charleton Heston. That's right... I'm necessarily starting a gun club!

(MORE)

GUY (cont'd)

It's my New Year's Resolution,  
actually...you know, to be more  
proactive in society. Hell, we can  
all hang out at my house...a bunch  
of crazy bastards and our guns. We  
can shoot turkeys, beer cans,  
Sasquatch, FBI and ATF  
agents...whatever.

CAMERA SHIFTS - CHOPPY SPLICING - STILL DAYTIME

The Guy is now holding up, loading and checking the  
mechanisms of a handgun.

GUY (cont'd)

Now, don't think I'm not one to  
preach about certain aspects of gun  
control, though. Gun control is  
pretty important...

(BEAT)

...controlling gun cleanliness and  
your aim, that is! Hell, who wants  
a misfire or your gun exploding in  
your hand? Pffft...not me.

The Guy starts to take careful aim with his handgun. It's  
clear in his actions that he's got a focused target already,  
though WE CAN'T YET SEE IT.

GUY

Yessir...control...is...important.

BANG!!! THE GUN FIRES and -

JUMP CUT TO:

WE IMMEDIATELY SEE THE BULLET FROM THE GUNSHOT PORTRAYED AS A  
HUGE, NASTY BLAST THAT MAKES A GROSS SPLATTER FROM THE GREEN,  
DECAYING HEAD OF THE " VICTIM " FROM AMENDMENT ONE.

The Victim ( Monica ) is stiff, propped up against a tree and  
pretty horrid looking - somewhat sewn together in a brutal  
fashion from the axe hits she endured in Amendment One.

GUY (cont'd)

Oh, Snap! I am definitely getting better at this! Hell, that's a bullseye or something. Geez, I hope we can watch this in slow-mo.

WE SEE CHOPPY SPLICING AGAIN AND THEN BEGIN TO SEE SEVERAL SLOW INSTANT REPLAY-ISH TAKES ON THE SAME SHOT TO THE VICTIM'S HEAD.

GUY (V.O.) (cont'd)

Look at that direct hit! And listen to me...I feel like John Madden....BOOM...hahahaha.

CUT TO:

INT. SITTING INSIDE - NIGHT

The Guy is sitting inside resting in a recliner.

GUY

Alright, folks, that's all I've got for the second amendment. I wanted to work in a chat with my buddy, Ted Nugent, but he went and got a damned job at the hardware store and couldn't make it.

The guy giggles.

GUY (cont'd)

Oh, well...until next time, when we can tackle the third amendment: quartering soldiers.

The guy smile evilly.

GUY (cont'd)

You ever seen somebody get quartered? I'm just kidding. It don't mean that.

The guy starts laughing.

END.....