

BENTON & BENTON

Written by

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FADE IN:

We open on a black screen. The sound of a film camera's SHUTTER in the background.

MALCOLM

(V.O.)

Aaaaaaaand...

BEN

(V.O.)

ACTION!

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE

Nick Lowe's "Cruel To Be Kind" runs through a MONTAGE of:

As babies in the 1940s, MALCOLM BENTON and BENTON "BEN" BENTON pee into the face of a nanny trying to change their diapers. The babies look at each other and giggle. Their father films the scene with an antiquated crank film camera.

As kids in the '50s, the Benton brothers drop a bucket of live squid from the massive staircase of their parent's mansion, down onto the head of a maid. Father films with a large Super-8 camera.

As teens in the '60s, they stand in the front room of their mansion. Malcolm places a light to shine behind them so that, from outside, their silhouette is seen against the curtains. Benton stands-up a department store mannequin and hands Malcolm an ax. A mailman delivers a package and sees the shadows of the Benton brothers chopping the head off the mannequin. He runs away, horrified. Father squats behind a bush and films with a small Super-8 camera.

As college students in the '70s, they lead a blindfolded frat buddy into a room to meet a lingerie-clad woman whom we only see from behind. Birthday decorations litter the room, the frat buddy wears a party hat. He takes off his blindfold mid-coitus and sees it's a transvestite. Father springs from the closet with a clunky video camera.

As grown men in the '80s, they stand at the casket of their father. They pay their respects and lean in, tears flowing. The eyes in the corpse open and the mouth of the animatron gapes hideously. The Benton brothers fall back, their own screams chasing them as they run out. Father films with a new video camera from behind a curtain.

As middle-aged men in the '90s, they stand at their father's sickbed. They make him sign a will, then pull his plug.

Malcolm and Benton lean in on either side of their father while he twitches through death throes. Malcolm records the gruesome scene with a small video camera.

END TITLE SEQUENCE.

MUSIC FADES INTO:

EXT. OREGON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A large hospital sits at the edge of a mountain road, surrounded by massive trees.

INT. OREGON HOSPITAL, ROOM 112 - CONTINUOUS

Nurse KATHY WINTERS (32) checks on her patient TERRY WUTHERS (79). She looks at his chart. A Muzak version of "Cruel To Be Kind" echoes from the hallway.

KATHY  
Doing good, Mr. Wuthers.

TERRY  
Fuck you.

KATHY  
Come now, Mr. Wuthers. It's not  
that bad. You'll be out of here in  
no time.

Terry ignores her and turns up the TV in defiance. Kathy glances up and sees a commercial.

ON TV

Two old men stand next to each other, a giant American flag fills the background.

MALCOLM  
Hi. I'm Malcolm Benton, and this is  
my brother, Benton Benton, but you  
can call him Ben. Our family has  
been in Topegaw for generations and  
it's this devotion to city and  
state that we hope you'll take into  
consideration in this week's  
election. Remember, it's Benton and  
Benton for senator and governor of  
Oregon. We'd love your support.

Kathy grabs the remote from Terry's hand.

TERRY  
Goddammit, you filthy shit  
collector! Gimme back my goddam  
dick!

Kathy lowers the TV volume to a reasonable level, then sets the remote at the edge of Terry's nightstand.

Terry reaches for it, but it's just out of reach. He strains and his heart monitor begins to BEEP faster.

Kathy gets a call on her cellphone. She digs in a pocket and retrieves her phone. She looks at the caller ID, sees "DICKHEAD" is calling and answers.

WINTERS  
(annoyed)  
What is it?

Kathy listens, then suddenly looks worried. She dashes out of the room.

INT. OREGON HOSPITAL, NURSES' STATION

Kathy hastily gathers her coat and purse. NURSE WILHELM (32) and NURSE HAUTBAWDY (58) watch.

KATHY  
Thanks so much. He usually doesn't  
call like this. My husband can't  
calm him down.

NURSE WILHELM  
We understand. When your son needs  
you, no one else will do.

NURSE HAUTBAWDY  
You get home to your little one.  
We'll be fine here. Looks like a  
slow night, anyway.

NURSE WILHELM  
(singsong)  
As usual.

KATHY  
Thanks, ladies.

They hug and Kathy departs. Their mood immediately sours.

NURSE HAUTBAWDY  
Fucking little brat. Now I have to  
work a double.

NURSE WILHELM  
I hate that bitch.

EXT. OREGON HOSPITAL, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Kathy makes her way across the parking lot to her car and walks up to the driver-side door only to find a pair of trousered legs sticking out from underneath the vehicle. She looks around the nearly empty lot. She's alone, no one to call for help.

She backs up, frightened, reaches into her purse and pulls out a taser pistol.

KATHY  
I don't know who you are, but come  
out slowly.

The legs slide out to reveal MAXIMUS DOLETRAM, stretched-out on a mechanics wheel-board. He gets up and straightens his tuxedo, pulls a flat, black disc from his jacket, pops it open into a top hat and places it on his head. He pulls out a boa constrictor from another jacket pocket and snaps it into a cane.

He sports a heavy, grey beard. It is obviously fake and sits uncomfortably on his face.

His voice booms like a shopping mall Santa Claus.

MAXIMUS  
My apologies, madam. I was merely  
answering a distress call from the  
nether regions of the spirit world.  
My name is Maximus... Maximus  
Doletram.

He bows.

Kathy lowers her taser to point at his crotch. Maximus noticeably winces.

KATHY  
Your nether regions will be in a  
bit of distress if you don't back  
off right now and tell me what you  
did to my car.

MAXIMUS  
I assure you, my dear. My  
intentions are profoundly  
honorable. I merely removed *this*  
from the undercarriage.

From behind his back, Maximus produces four sticks of dynamite wrapped in wire with an alarm clock attached, a bomb worthy of Acme.

MAXIMUS

I don't think your insurance covers this.

Maximus lets loose a booming laugh.

MAXIMUS

Unfortunately, I wasn't able to finish my examination of your automobile.

KATHY

Well, let's see what the police think.

Kathy fishes in her purse, glancing at Maximus every few seconds. She finally pulls her cell phone out.

MAXIMUS

No need for an official thank you, madam. I see my work here is done.

Maximus throws the bomb straight up into the air. His hand remains open, palm up as a small, purple marble drops onto it.

MAXIMUS

And now, fair lady, I bid you adieu.

Maximus throws the marble down on the ground. It explodes in a massive cloud of purple smoke.

When it clears, he is gone.

OPERATOR

(from phone)  
9-1-1. What is the emergency?

KATHY

Some guy was messing with my car.

OPERATOR

Are you hurt?

KATHY

No. He was just creepy.

OPERATOR

I can send an officer. Might take a little while. There's a four-alarm at the Lookout.

KATHY

No, that's fine. I need to get home to my son.

OPERATOR

Ok, ma'am.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - (FOLLOWING)

Kathy races down the mountain road, taking curves at a breakneck speed. The right side of the road hugs the edge of a cliff.

INT. KATHY'S PORSCHE - (DRIVING)

Kathy is on the phone.

KATHY

Listen, Brad. I'm going as fast as I can. I was lucky to even get off of work. You think your cop's hours are worse than mine? (BEAT) Of course I care about our son. (BEAT) Fuck you, Brad. I'm not the one who lobbied for the abortion. Don't get all high and mighty with me.

She closes her phone and takes another curve at high-speed.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD, REST STOP - (CONTINUOUS)

Malcolm and Ben stand behind the bathroom of a scenic rest stop, several yards from the mountain road. Malcolm is struggling with what seems to be a large, fur coat.

BEN

Hurry up, Malcolm.

MALCOLM

I'm trying, Ben, you fuck.

BEN

Get it on, the car's coming.

Ben drags a zipper up the back of the fur coat. He places a full mask over Malcolm's head, the exaggerated features of Bigfoot leer into the night.

MALCOLM  
Is it on straight?

BEN  
Yes. Now get next to the road and  
wait for the command.

Ben leads his brother to the side of the highway.

BEN  
Now, when I say 'GO!', run straight  
across and don't stop 'til you hit  
the trees.

MALCOLM  
I know what I have to do, you  
cocksucker.

Malcolm readies himself to sprint across the dark and lonely  
highway. He turns his head to the left and watches for the  
car.

A moment later, the car's headlights begin to illuminate the  
mist.

BEN (O.S.)  
Get ready, Malcolm. Here-

MOUNTAIN ROAD

Kathy's car speeds around a curve.

REST STOP

Ben adjusts the focus on a video camera. He raises the height  
of the tripod.

BEN  
-it-

MOUNTAIN ROAD

The Porsche takes another turn at breakneck speed.

REST STOP

Ben looks through the viewfinder and frames Malcolm.

BEN  
-comes-

MOUNTAIN ROAD

The Porsche comes to a straightaway and surges forward.

REST STOP

Malcolm sees the headlights getting brighter. He crouches into a runner's stance.

BEN (O.S.)

GO!

Malcolm stands, his knees POP from the exertion as he lumbers into the road.

INT. KATHY'S PORSCHE - (DRIVING)

Kathy is trying to light a cigarette while she drives with her knee. Her Zippo flames.

KATHY

Bastard making me smoke again. I'm gonna kick him in the-

Kathy glances up and sees Bigfoot walk out in front of her car.

Her cigarettes and Zippo go flying as she grabs the steering wheel.

The Zippo falls under the passenger seat, still lit.

Her feet mash the brake pedal to the floor.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD

The Porsche barely misses Malcolm as he runs to the other side of the road and disappears into the trees.

Her car makes several fishtails before smashing sideways into a barricade. The car teeters on the edge of the cliff.

PORSCHE

The Zippo ignites a fast-food wrapper.

REST STOP

Ben runs over to Malcolm, camera in hand. He looks over at Kathy's car, a fire erupts inside.

MALCOLM

How was it?

BEN

You looked like a sick goat trying to lick its own balls.

MALCOLM  
You would know, cocksucker.

INT. KATHY'S PORSCHE

Blood streams from a cut on her forehead.

She struggles to get her door open. The handle is bent and the door sticks.

Her clothes catch on fire as she finally opens her door.

The sudden movement causes the car to shift further over the edge.

Her purse turns over and its contents pour out. The taser pistol falls against her stick shift and catches on the trigger. The gun is discharged and two electrodes shoot into Kathy's side.

She goes into convulsions. The car trembles and finally falls off the edge of the cliff.

REST STOP

Ben has taken the camera off the tripod and runs with it toward the roadside.

MALCOLM  
By Jimminy, did you see that? Right over.

BEN  
I'm getting every second of it.  
Can't wait to put that Beethoven track over it.

The Benton's hear SCREAMING.

MALCOLM  
She's still alive.

CLIFF EDGE

Kathy hangs for dear life from a piece of crumpled railing. The flames that consume her clothes are climbing to her face.

She SCREAMS continuously.

Bigfoot appears at the edge of the cliff. It stares down at her.

Kathy goes into hysterics, loses her grip on the railing and plunges into the abyss.

Ben runs up with the camera and films her fall.

BEN

Aaaaaaaand, cut! Beautiful.

MALCOLM

Should I have scared her or something? I didn't really do anything.

BEN

Nonsense. What do you have to do? You're fucking Bigfoot, for chris'sake.

MALCOLM

True.

BEN

Papa would have been proud.

Malcolm and Ben walk back toward the rest stop.

MALCOLM

You really think Beethoven? How about Sergio Mendes?

BEN

You really have no sense of the cinematic, do you? This is a masterpiece, you cocksucker.

MALCOLM

What about the 2001 theme?

BEN

Yeah, I believe that was used in a movie called 2001. And it's called Also Spake Zarathustra, you fucking philistine.

MALCOLM

Oh, fuck you, Benton.

BEN

Don't fucking call me that. It's Ben!

MALCOLM

Benton Benton. How stupid is that?

Ben sets the camera down and jumps on Malcolm.

BEN  
How stupid is it now? Huh? HUH?!

Ben and Malcolm grapple in the middle of the mountain road.

Their wrestling match is interrupted by the BLAST of an 18-wheeler's air horn. They look up just in time to see its headlights blind them.

The 18-wheeler runs them over and continues on.

INT. 18-WHEELER - (DRIVING)

Maximus Doletram is at the wheel. He rips the beard off, it's FATHER BENTON! He lovingly pats a video camera taped to the dashboard.

FATHER BENTON  
That's a wrap.

FADE OUT.

THE END