

Buck Action: *King of Action*

by
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WGA REGISTERED

EXT. NEAR A VERDANT BUSH - DAY

A deer, serene and dewy-eyed, is gently eating leaves off of a bush.

Slowly, it turns out that the bush is on a **helipad**.

As soon as this becomes clear, a helicopter crashes onto the helipad, the blades of the helicopter tearing the deer to pieces. The deer pieces fly in all directions.

A motorcycle rips out of the flames of the explosion, upon which is BUCK ACTION (40's), Buck has ghost white hair, a 5 o' clock shadow, is worked out as hell, covered head to toe in leather. He's chomping down hard on a cigar, and his stark white hair is cropped into a buzz cut. He is holding a shotgun in one hand, and a chain saw is slung on his back. His motorcycle has two shotgun holsters, both of which have shotguns in them.

He skids to a halt right before the edge of the building the helipad is on. Turns around, sees the carnage behind him, and licks his lips. The face of the deer explodes from the heat.

BUCK ACTION

I guess I won't have to tip the valet.

Buck then aims his shotgun at the tip of his cigar, blasts the tip of his cigar, relighting it. Then revs his bike and drives it straight off the roof.

He falls dozens of stories, without blinking, leaps off the bike, grabs a flag pole, swings around it three times, getting wrapped in the American flag, just before he would have made impact with the concrete, and lands acrobatically on the sidewalk below the building. Which turns out to be an outdoor restaurant.

At the outdoor restaurant are many diners, all of whom turn toward the sound of Buck's powerful motorcycle booted feet, which land hard on the concrete, cracking it slightly.

They slowly roll their eyes up Buck's frame, noting his tight denim jeans, covering powerful legs, with knife holsters lined up and down them, and that the American flag, torn, dirty, but still beautiful is wrapped around Buck like a dress, shimmering in the hazy day. Buck is holding a shotgun and a crossbow, and staring hard at something in the restaurant.

That something is DR. KARNAGE. A debonair looking Latin man (30's), with slicked back hair, wearing a white tuxedo and a black tie.

He has an eye patch with a skull and cross bones on it, a scar the shape of a swastika on his cheek, and a tiny dog wearing a kaiser helmet.

Dr. Karnage stands, getting up from the table at which he is sitting with a meal in front of him, and a beautiful woman across from him.

DR. KARNAGE

Buck Action! But, but how did you know I was here!

Buck stands solemnly, he inhales deeply on his cigar. Somewhere, somehow, **An Eagle's shriek pierces the day.**

BUCK ACTION

This is the only restaurant in town that serves evil machiattos.

Dr. Karnage looks down at his evil macchiato, which is bubbling- evilly. It cackles evil-ly.

The maitre d' walks up to Buck Action.

MAITRE D'

I'm sorry sir, but we don't allow smoking in this restaurant.

Buck looks at the Maitre D', then casually, without turning his head, spits the cigar, it hits Dr. Karnage's date in her forehead and lands in her champagne, sizzling out.

BUCK ACTION

Hey, Dr. Karnage- I think you dropped something.

DR. KARNAGE

What, what did I drop?

Dr. Karnage looks around.

Buck Action fires a crossbow bolt that severs his arm, which falls from his torso. Blood sprays the guests.

BUCK ACTION

What's the matter, you seem-disarmed?

DR. KARNAGE

You haven't seen the last of me
Buck Action, you haven't seen the
last of meeeeeeeeeee!

Dr. Karnage faints, more blood splashes up onto the guests.

There is silence as the whole restaurant stares at Buck Action.

Slowly, starting with one of the people covered in Dr. Karnage's blood, the restaurant, one at a time and then more at a time, gives Buck Action a standing ovation.

He nods at the people, his ghost white hair gleaming in the golden setting sun.

MAITRE D'

Thank you Mr. Action, for defeating the nefarious Dr. Karnage, is there anything we can do to repay you?

BUCK ACTION

Yeah-

Buck pulls out another cigar, he shoots the tip off with a crossbow and puts it in his mouth.

BUCK ACTION (CONT'D)

Ya got a light?

MAITRE D'

I... I don't smoke.

An eagle flies by, screeching, dropping a Zippo lighter, already open to a flame, in Buck's hand.

BUCK ACTION

Thanks again, old friend.

The eagle flies off, cawing proudly, into the setting sun.

INT. AN APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is very well decorated, popular old Italian advertisements are framed and line the walls. The drapes are simple, yet elegant, and there are tasteful knick knacks lining the simple, clean wood tables and bookcases. This apartment has obviously thrived under the care of a woman with a knowledge of interior decoration.

There is a knock on the door.

MARIGOLD (30's), a raven-haired beauty, calls from the kitchen.

MARIGOLD (O.S.)

Buck, honey, let yourself in, I'm making dinner.

There is a pause.

MARIGOLD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Oh, shit, wait, Buck!

Marigold rushes into the room, holding a pot full of noodles, but it is too late.

The door EXPLODES open, sending dust and broken timber everywhere.

Buck is standing there, holding a smoking shotgun.

BUCK ACTION
Honey-

Buck blinks door dust out of his eyes.

BUCK ACTION (CONT'D)
I'm home.

Marigold stomps her foot.

MARIGOLD
Buck! That's the third door this week! What did I tell you!

Buck looks down, his shotgun is still smoking.

MARIGOLD (CONT'D)
Buck Action, what did I say?

Marigold crosses her arms.

BUCK ACTION
(Whispering.)
To be polite and not blow up your door.

MARIGOLD
What was that?

BUCK ACTION
To be polite and not blow up your door!

MARIGOLD
That's right!

BUCK ACTION
May I come in?

MARIGOLD
Yes.

Buck tries to step through the door.

MARIGOLD (CONT'D)

No! You open the door.

Buck nods, sheepishly, and turns the knob on the blown apart door, he opens it.

It opens most of the way and then falls completely apart.

MARIGOLD (CONT'D)

Buck!

BUCK ACTION

The postman always rings once.

MARIGOLD

Stop talking in one liners!

BUCK ACTION

Yes ma'am.

INT. MARIGOLD'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The table is laid out with two candles, a salad in front of each of them, and a main course waiting to be served. Buck is way too big for the little table. His knees are up above his lap. Buck is reading a pamphlet.

He scratches his chin thoughtfully.

BUCK ACTION

There's something about this new politician-

The pamphlet says "Elect The Hellish Crab, Mayor" The picture is of a man whose lower half is that of a King Crab. He has a nice grey business suit on and is smiling and waving from a podium.

BUCK ACTION (CONT'D)

I just don't trust.

MARIGOLD

Buck, don't read that the table.

Buck puts the pamphlet down.

He looks down at his salad, he pushes it with his finger.

Marigold shakes her head no.

Buck clears his throat.

Buck looks around.

Buck slowly reaches down and picks up a shotgun.

MARIGOLD (CONT'D)

No, Buck, the fork, use a fork.

Buck looks sad, and puts down his shotgun. He picks up the fork, which is a bit too little for his hand.

He snaps it in half.

Marigold, sighing, puts down her fork and looks up at Buck.

MARIGOLD (CONT'D)

Buck, I've been thinking. I don't think this relationship is working out. Let's face it, action is all you know, you eat breath and sleep action. I mean, you only speak in one liners.

BUCK ACTION

The Buck stops here.

MARIGOLD

Stop it!

BUCK ACTION

Yes ma'am.

MARIGOLD

Ever since you moved into my apartment it's been nothing but trouble. You leave the toilet seat up-

BUCK ACTION

All guys do that.

MARIGOLD

But you leave crossbow bolts in the toilet!

BUCK ACTION

To thwart villainy!

MARIGOLD

Villainy, doesn't sit down on the toilet in the middle of the night, I do!

BUCK ACTION

Babe!

MARIGOLD
Where's your rocket launcher?

Buck looks down.

MARIGOLD (CONT'D)
Where's your rocket launcher, right now? It's on the coffee table again, isn't it?

BUCK ACTION
...mayhap.

MARIGOLD
Buck, I need you to pack up your stuff and go!

BUCK ACTION
But baby I can change!

Buck stands up, his knees shatter the glass table.

MARIGOLD
Buck!

BUCK ACTION
(Addressing his knees)
Sorry knees, it seems you've displeased.

Buck aims his shotgun at his knees.

MARIGOLD
Buck Action, don't you shoot off your knees!

BUCK ACTION
Yes, ma'am.

Buck points his shotgun down.

MARIGOLD
Alright Buck, I'll tell you what. You can stay, if you can go thirty seconds without saying a catchphrase.

BUCK ACTION
Easy.

MARIGOLD
Good, then do it.

Marigold sits, her head on her crossed hands, watching Buck.

Buck smiles winningly at Marigold. Then winks.
 Then after two or three seconds, he starts to sweat.
 He opens his mouth, then closes it.
 He swallows, his giant adam's apple bobbing.
 He licks his dry, dry lips.

BUCK ACTION
 How long has it been?

Marigold looks at her watch.

MARIGOLD
 Four seconds.

BUCK ACTION
 I-

MARIGOLD
 What was that?

BUCK ACTION
 I-

MARIGOLD
 You what?

BUCK ACTION
 I got this.

There is a knock on the wall near where the door used to be.
 MRS. DEAKINS (70's), thick glasses, a walker, and a flower
 print mumu is standing there.

MRS. DEAKINS
 Hello, Marigold? I was wondering if
 I could-

She looks at the shattered remnants of the door.

MRS. DEAKINS (CONT'D)
 Borrow some sugar?

BUCK ACTION
 I've got some sugar for you, I hope
 you don't mind it powdered.

Buck aims the shotgun at Mrs. Deakins.

MARIGOLD
 Buck, get out!

BUCK ACTION
I was so close!

MARIGOLD
Just get out!

EXCERPT OVER