

SEAGAL THE SWIFT

Written by

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From Mother Russia With RAGE

FADE IN:

INT. FUN BURGER - DINING ROOM - DAY

Cramped and poorly lit. Messy. A few Christmas decorations are lazily strewn throughout.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC plays through ceiling speakers.

Leaning on the counter is the cashier, LEWIS, (20), a total loser. Scrawny and disheveled, with blood shot eyes. He stares blankly out the dining room window at the snowfall outside, lost in thought. Bored as shit.

Just then, the dining room door swings open and a hefty fellow steps through. The one. The only...

STEVEN SEAGAL. At least, he used to be. Now he looks like he ate Steven Seagal. His gut fights to escape from his pants.

He just stands at the entrance, stares daggers at Lewis.

LEWIS
(without looking)
Hey, welcome to Fun Burger. How can
I --

Lewis looks over, immediately recognizes Steven. His red eyes go wide as a huge grin spreads across his greasy face. He rushes out from behind the counter, runs right up to Steven.

LEWIS
Holy shit! You're him! You're
Steven Seagal! Oh man, this is so
awesome! Dude... I fuckin' loved
Under Siege! The way you...
(poorly mimics aikido)
HYAH! So cool! You're the man! And
when you kicked that bitch out of
the helicopter in the sequel! Fuck,
man! Shit was tight!

Steven frowns and grunts. He speaks in his signature quiet, raspy voice.

STEVEN
I'm the man, huh? Thought you said
I was a... "Tub of lard who runs
like a sissy girl."

Lewis takes a step back, throws his hands up like they were white flags.

LEWIS

What!? No! Man, you've got the wrong guy! I'd never --

Steven pulls out an Iphone, flashes Lewis' social media profile picture.

STEVEN

You use the online handle LewisBigNutz420, right?

Lewis' face turns as red as his bloodshot eyes.

LEWIS

Uh... No...

Steven growls.

STEVEN

You know, the last asshole who lied to my face... I killed him... With a pencil.

Lewis can't help but scoff.

LEWIS

(under his breath)
Okay, John Thick.

STEVEN

What was that?

LEWIS

Nothing... Alright, yeah. I'm LewisBigNutz420. But fuck, Dude. I'm just another idiot on the internet. Why do you care what I --

Steven stuffs his Iphone back in his pocket, crosses his arms and postures before the clearly intimidated Lewis.

STEVEN

So, which is it? Am I "the man?" Or am I a "Tub of lard who runs like a sissy girl?"

He leans in closer to Lewis, glares at him.

STEVEN

Choose your next words wisely. But before you do, know this... I'll have 300 agents up here, into this little hick town, and crawl up every orifice you got.

(MORE)

STEVEN (CONT'D)

When it's over, you can go to your favorite proctologist and get a nice soothing ointment, and rub it on the hole that hurts most.

Lewis steps back, lets out a nervous laugh.

LEWIS

Wow. That's super weird. Look... Dude. Like, both can be true at the same time. You know what I mean?

Steven's jaw drops. He wasn't expecting that.

LEWIS

You're an action icon, man! That's fuckin' awesome! So you've gained some weight and you've got a funny running style? Who gives a shit when you're an aikido master!? So, yeah... It's both.

STEVEN

Listen, ass clown. I'll have you know that back on the schoolyard I was known as "Seagal the Swift!"

Lewis looks Steven up and down, takes in all three-hundred and fifty pounds of him.

LEWIS

Yeah, that was a looong time ago.

A wave of anger washes over Steven. He steps forward in a threatening manner.

LEWIS

Whoa, Dude! Chill out!

STEVEN

I'd like to make something very clear. I don't have rage. I'm a happy guy. You see this face? This is a happy face. You all would be lucky to be as happy as I am!

Lewis cocks his head to the side, curious.

LEWIS

Did you just quote your own character from Exit Wounds?

Steven grabs Lewis up by his shirt, looks down at him.

STEVEN

That's enough. You and me. Outside.
Right now.

Lewis waves his arms, clearly doesn't want the heat.

LEWIS

Oh shit! Fuck! Look, Dude.
Honestly, I'm a giant pussy! You'd
beat my --

Steven leans so close that his nose pushes up against Lewis'.

STEVEN

We're gonna have a foot race!

Lewis frowns, taken aback.

LEWIS

The fuck?

Steven pushes Lewis backwards, throws his hand in the air,
SNAPS his fingers.

Right on cue, the dining room door swings open and DONNY,
(25), steps inside. The dude's incredibly lean and athletic,
with an uncanny resemblance to Seagal... Well, maybe thirty
years ago.

Steven smirks and nods, confident.

Lewis looks at the Donny, then turns back to Steven.

LEWIS

What's that? Your pre-race snack?

Steven's smug smirk grows wider on his fat face.

STEVEN

Nope. That's my stunt double.

SMASH TO BLACK

FADE OUT.