

**The Red Book: Action Assignment**  
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## *Setting*

New York 1981, Dad's shitty apartment.

## *Characters*

Daniel Walker – Drunk abusive father, dead beat cop. Age 44.

Frank Walker – Teenager, photographer, high school dropout. Age 17.

## *Notes*

Domestic abuse can cause a person to become a serial killer. Either though it has been proven that some individuals who suffer from abuse don't become serial killers. But there is a low percentage a person can become a serial killer by an abusive family. Victims will have episodes of depression, anger problems, messed up thoughts, abuse towards animals, and so much more. I believe mental health isn't talked about more, and people aren't getting the help they need. Hopefully, this is my first step to contribute to society in a different format.

*(Frank walks out of his room from stage left. Frank is covered in blood. The apartment is messy as hell. Dirty clothes everywhere, dirty dishes on the tables and in the sink. Some of the wallpaper is torn from the wall and with the disgusting smell permeates the room. Frank put his camera on the table. He grabs his photo album and opens it. Frank puts his new photo in the book and writes on it. He grabs clean cloths and changes and wipes his camera down but still has a red tint on it. Danial bursts through the door and enters. Frank closes his photo album and throws it towards the couch. Danial is already drunk and it's 2 pm.)*

DANIAL

What the fuck did you just throw?

FRANK

*(Hesitates)*

Pants...

*(Danial is staring at Frank for a bit, Danial notices the camera placed on the kitchen table.)*

DANIAL

You know, your mom loved taking pictures. Have you seen them?

FRANK

Seen what?

DANIAL

Your mom's pictures. I think we still have one of her photo albums.

FRANK

I haven't seen anything that belonged to mom since she left.

DANIAL

Right, I think we got a few photos here maybe... Do-do you still remember your Mom?

FRANK

Yeah, before you lost your job.

DANIAL

Frank, don't even go there.

FRANK

I'm not, but it's the reason why she hates you. You got mad at your boss, nearly killed him because he had the hots for mom.

DANIAL

Well he can keep her, she's nothing but a whore anyways.

FRANK

Don't say that.

DANIAL

Say, what?

FRANK

My mom is not a whore.

DANIAL

And what if I said it again? What are you going to do?

*(Frank is silent and backs off.)*

DANIAL

You have some blood on your face. Did you get into a fight?

FRANK

Yeah, some guys wanted to steal my camera.

DANIAL

My boy is finally a fighter. I'm proud of you, son.

*(Beat)*

DANIAL

Do we have any beer?

FRANK

I think you have two more bottles.

*(Danial heads toward the fridge and stumbles a bit, Danial throws a refrigerator rack towards Frank and stands up. Frank grabs a dirty kitchen knife from the table and puts it in his pocket.)*

DANIAL

I told you, every day at 2 pm, on my lunch break, I want a beer ready. What do you not understand?!

FRANK

I'm 17!! I'm not allowed to buy alcohol till I'm 21!

DANIAL

I don't care, Franky-

*(Danial fast walks towards Frank and punches him in the stomach. Frank stumbles on the floor)*

Danial

I don't care if you have to ask a stranger, the neighbors, your friends or calling your goddamn miserable piece of shit uncle up. When I tell you to do something, YOU FUCKING DO IT!

*(Frank coughs in pain and spits out his saliva and tries to take a deep breath.)*

Danial

You know my job is hard enough as it is. So why don't you, *fucking*, listen for once in your god damn life.

*(Frank starts to tremble and starts to cry. He sniffles. The room is quiet with a dog bark next door.)*

DANIAL

Nelson need to make up his mind to either to keep the dog or fucking sell the fucking thing! HEY ASSHOLE HOW ABOUT YOU KEEP IT DOWN!! OR I' LL SHUT THEM UP FOR YOU!

*(The dog continues to bark, then Danial starts to tear up a bit. Daniel sits on the floor.)*

DANIAL

Franky, I'm sorry. I-I never meant to hurt you. Ever since your mom left, I-I-promise I'll change.

FRANK

You say that every week, every Christmas, every year... You promise me every *FUCKING DAY*-

DANIAL

*(Pissed and frustrated)*

Well, you know what Franky? How about you move out like your fucking mother. Like the slut she is-

*(Frank gets up and heads towards his room and locks it. Danial is Infront of Franks door.)*

DANIAL

-and, where are you going to go?! You're always here! Sitting, in the god damn room of yours listen to your god damn music! You dropped out of high school! You don't have any friends left, so go ahead, and leave, see how far you get. I'll find you, or you'll come back to me. Because mommy isn't coming back to save you. Not anymore.

*(Danial got all of his anger out from his job and the booze is starting to wear off. Danial knocks on Frank's bedroom door.)*

DANIAL

Frank, Frank can we talk for a minute.

*(Frank doesn't answer, and turns on his music.)*

DANIAL

Look, I'm sorry okay.

*(Beat)*

DANIAL

I know, we've never got along. I... I didn't mean to hurt you. I'm just stressed out, you know how being a cop is hard and...I miss your mom... I miss everyone.. I promise I'm going to get help. This time, things are going to change. You hear me buddy?

*(No response)*

DANIAL

Frank?

*(Danial walks toward the couch and sits. He notices Franks photo album.)*

DANIAL

Hey franky, I found one of your mom's photo albums. If you want we can look...

*(No response)*

DANIAL

*(Danial opens the photo album, he turns each page and realizes how much happier they were in the past. Family get togethers, vacation. A simple life. Then the last 25 pages shows an unforgiving truth. Pictures of cut body parts of the animal from dogs, cats, pigeons, some human fingers and toes, and rats as a sculpture. The entire photo album is full of Frank's dark, sick, passion for photography. Frank slowly comes out of his room and snatches the book out of his father's hands. Danial gets up furiously, music stops)*

DANIAL

Frank Washington Walker, what did you do?

FRANK

You told me to get out of the house and do something. So, I did something.

DANIAL

Give me the book, Frank.

FRANK

Dad, I can explain-

DANIAL

Give me the fucking book or I'll drag you all the way to the police!

FRANK

You never understood me! Anything I do, you never accepted me for WHO I AM!!

*(the room is silent)*

DANIAL

I don't give a flying turkey butt what you're feeling! All I know is that you're a crazy psychopath that deserve to rot in a cell! GIVE ME THE GOD DAMN BOOK!!!

FRANK

FUCK YOU!!

*(Danial tries to reach for his gun but stumbles a bit and drop his gun. Frank run toward his father and tackles him. As Danial beats his son to death Frank slowly brings out his knife. Frank swins his knife at Danial and manages to cut him. Danial grunts in pain and kick Frank to the ground. Danial repeatable to beat Frank to a pulp. Frank manages to reach for his knife again, and stabs him in the neck. Slits. Danial stumbles backward with the knife still in his neck. Frank grabs Danial and repeatably stabs him. Until Danial's heart stops beating. Frank gathers his thing, his camera, cloths, knife, Danial's gun, walkie talkie, Danial's wallet. And Frank's new trophy. Frank head toward the door. Frank looks out toward the audience. Franks exist, to begin his serial masquerade.)*