

BK

Written by

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Based on the True Story

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EXT. BURGER KING DUMPSTERS - MORNING OF A WORK DAY

A barrel chested man in his fifties, BENJAMAN KYLE, sprawls between two dumpsters. Exceedingly ordinary, he looks like he could be your dentist, if your dentist was naked and covered in blood.

Benjaman's arm slowly moves, but stops midway, as if it forgot what it was doing. His eyes open, and his neck turns.

With great effort, he sits up, and stares straight ahead. Covered in dried blood and sunburns, he's only wearing a pair of briefs.

A young Burger King employee rounds the corner with a bag of trash. She SCREAMS. The trash falls to the ground and bursts.

Benjaman looks ahead, oddly tranquil, with an expression that looks vaguely like concern.

**SUPER: RICHMOND HILL, GEORGIA. AUGUST 2004**

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Benjaman, cloudy and dazed, is framed by NURSES and WARD CLERKS. A pair watches from the doorframe.

WARD CLERK

--he doesn't recollect a thing?

TIRED NURSE

No memory, no cards, nothing.

WARD CLERK

Like a big stray dog.

TIRED NURSE

Can't list him as John Doe, we've already got two in intensive.

WARD CLERK

They found him next to a Cracker Barrel, right? Arby's or something?

TIRED NURSE

Burger King.

The ward clerk writes something on the door's whiteboard.

WARD CLERK

Someone will come. They always do.

The door closes, revealing 'BK DOE' on the whiteboard.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)  
A brutal attack left him with a  
form of amnesia--

Voices from local news anchors echo over the following--

EXT. BURGER KING DUMPSTERS

Someone in a HAZMAT SUIT cleans up the blood.

FEMALE ANCHOR (O.S.)  
--A blank slate, without the  
slightest idea of who he was--

A garbage truck removes the trash from the dumpster.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)  
--Who is the man who woke up?

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Suburban corner store. DAWN, 16, drops a newspaper, revealing  
a young, round face.

DAWN  
You see the article about this  
amnesia guy?

TAYLOR  
Yeah. Crazy.

Taylor is a familiar-looking 16 year old whose easygoing  
hoodie and sneakers conceal a powerful and unpredictable  
resolve. He wouldn't describe himself as anxious, but people  
notice he doesn't like to sit down.

He plops quarters into a metal newspaper dispenser for the  
SAVANNAH GAZETTE.

DAWN  
Like he fell from the sky.

TAYLOR  
Sounds like some X-Files shit.  
(then)  
Isn't that a little *unrealistic*?

Taylor opens the dispenser, snatching the entire stack of  
papers.

DAWN  
What are you doing?

TAYLOR

I told you, the article is in this issue.

DAWN

Are you making a quilt? Keep two.

Taylor shoves the paper in Dawn's hands, and jabs at an article.

TAYLOR

Look.

ANGLE ON the article. *Local High School student starts internet uproar to get his phone back.* It's a small blurb in the "News of the Weird" section.

DAWN

Oh. You were hoping for a full piece.

TAYLOR

They could have at least mentioned my name.

DAWN

So what, you're going to take them all and send them back?

TAYLOR

I'm not going to send them back. If the first batch all gets taken, they'll have to do a reprint.

(then)

And, maybe they can add my name.

DAWN

Isn't that a little *unrealistic*?

RING. Dawn takes out a clunky flip phone. A minivan pulls up. Dawn's ride. She pockets the phone.

DAWN (CONT'D)

I know it was you.

She kisses him on the cheek, and runs off into her mom's minivan.

Still holding the stack of papers, Taylor opens the trunk to his car. It's filled with multiple stacks of the same newspaper, fresh from different dispensers. He plops it next to the others.