

Rivers To Crosse

By
Doug Trettin

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Registered, WGAe

FADE IN:

EXT. MARYLAND NEIGHBORHOOD -- MORNING

Spring approaches. Along a subdivision street, beyond mailbox after mailbox, houses are unkempt and far less than modest...

SUPER: Anne Arundel County, Maryland

...then comes a mailbox, fabricated from lacrosse sticks, having a small sign reading, "The Badwell Residence". In the front yard, VINCENT (9), his dad, STEPHEN, and his little brother, DREW (6), wearing coke bottle glasses, happily play a game of catch with a lacrosse ball - Vincent and his Dad play with lacrosse sticks while Drew plays with a baseball mitt.

Vincent catches the ball from his dad and begins to play against an imaginary Johns Hopkins team...

VINCENT

Ten seconds left! University of Maryland 10, Johns Hopkins 10! Maryland's Vincent Badwell has the ball behind the goal...he makes his move...

Vincent pretends to dodge practically the entire imaginary Hopkins lacrosse team...

VINCENT (CONT'D)

...past one defenseman! Five seconds left! Past another! And another! The freshman sensation has a clear shot on goal!

KATHERINE, mother & wife, pokes her head out of the front door.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Three seconds! He winds up! He--

KATHERINE

Load 'em up!

Play freezes.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

It's time for Vincent's game!

DREW

Aww, Mom! Vincent was gonna win! He was gonna win it, Mom!

STEPHEN

Yeah, Mom! Maryland was gonna win!

Katherine smiles and shakes her head.

KATHERINE

Vincent always scores that winning goal! Now let's go!

INT. THE BADWELL STATION WAGON -- DAY (LATER)

Stephen drives with Katherine sitting next to him. In the back seat are Vincent, wearing his game jersey, and Drew. The station wagon crosses a bridge, and, as it goes over the span, the car passes a sign reading, "Severn River". At the apex there is a bang and thwacking of a blown tire. All passengers are startled, and Stephen struggles to keep the car under control.

STEPHEN

Crap! Just got a flat!

KATHERINE

Can you make it over the bridge?

STEPHEN

Gonna have to.

Stephen maneuvers the car just over the bridge, pulls over to the right shoulder, and puts the car in park. He looks to Katherine.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I may need your help.

KATHERINE

Okay, honey.

Katherine looks to the rear seat, where Vincent and Drew remain strapped in.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

You boys stay put. I'm going to help your father.

EXT. THE BADWELL STATION WAGON -- CONTINUOUS

Cars zoom by as Stephen and Katherine exit the car to look at the rear left flat tire.

STEPHEN

Shit. You better watch for traffic while I get the spare and the tools.

KATHERINE

You know where all that stuff is?

STEPHEN

Honey. Please.

Stephen opens the rear door, leans in, and searches the floor compartment for the tire changing kit. He looks back over his shoulder to find Katherine watching his every move.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Honey. Please. The traffic.

KATHERINE
Right. Sorry, hon.

Katherine turns to face the zooming vehicles and waves them off as Stephen continues to rummage through the compartment.

INT. THE BADWELL STATION WAGON -- CONTINUOUS

Vincent and Drew play rock/paper/scissors - they hold out their fists ready for the game.

VINCENT
Okay. Ready? One, two, three -
shoot.

Their fists go up and down in unison three times. Drew shoots scissors and then pretends to cut Vincent's flattened hand.

DREW
Got ya!

EXT. THE BADWELL STATION WAGON -- CONTINUOUS

Katherine continues to wave off traffic as Stephen works on the flat tire. The tire iron slips from a lug nut, and Stephen scrapes his knuckles against the road.

STEPHEN
Ouch!

Katherine stops waving and concerns herself with Stephen.

KATHERINE
You okay, hon?

STEPHEN
(licks knuckles)
Yeah. I just--

INT. THE BADWELL STATION WAGON -- CONTINUOUS

Vincent and Drew continue to play rock/paper/scissors as Vincent wraps his hand around Drew's fist.

VINCENT
Paper beats ro--

A continuous truck horn deeply blares and locked tires scream as they try to grab hold the asphalt. Vincent and Drew stare in awe as a jackknifed eighteen-wheeler comes within inches of the station wagon, clips the side-view mirror, and finally comes to rest fifty feet in front them.

Vincent quickly reaches over to hug Drew, covering his eyes.

EXT. WOODED AREA, A.A.CO. MARYLAND -- MORNING

Vincent repeatedly smashes his lacrosse stick against a small Oak tree. Stick annihilated and tree scarred, Vincent collapses to the ground exhausted and sobbing.

EXT. WOODED AREA, A.A.CO. MARYLAND -- DAY

The same scarred Oak tree, though more mature.

SUPER: 8 Years Later

Far right of the tree, Vincent (now 17), LUKE PARKER (17), and SMITH "SMITHY" WILLIAMS, JR. (a very big 17) sit on logs surrounding a makeshift fire-pit. Smithy takes a hit from a stub-size joint.

SMITHY

If we're gonna crash the party tonight, we need more weed.

VINCENT

Is that all you think about, young man?

Smithy exhales and hands the joint to Luke.

SMITHY

No. I also think about getting laid.

Luke takes a drag.

LUKE

Get your priorities straight, boy.

Luke exhales, then offers the joint to Vincent. Vincent accepts the joint and takes a hit.

SMITHY

Okay. Getting laid. Then party.

They chuckle. Vincent exhales and hands the joint to Smithy.

VINCENT

G-ma's got bridge night. I may have to look after Drew. I mean, I will have to look after Drew.

Smithy takes the last possible hit.

SMITHY

You gotta trade him in for a better model.

Smithy places the tiny roach on his tongue and eats it.

LUKE

It's just a bullshit private-school party anyway, Smithy.

SMITHY
I'm just sayin' that--

VINCENT
Dudes, It's all right. Sometimes
even I think about--

LUKE
(straightens up)
C'mon let's beat it.

SMITHY
Where to?

LUKE
How the hell do I know?

SMITHY
(stands)
All right - I'll kick your asses at
fooseball or somethin'.

Luke stands, followed by Vincent. As all three traipse off
through the woods...

VINCENT
An ass whipping. Great.

INT. THE BADWELL RESIDENCE -- EVENING (LATER)

Donning an apron, G-MA, Vincent's and Drew's grandmother,
washes dishes and places them in a rack by the kitchen sink.
Vincent dries them and puts them in an open cabinet on a
stack of other plates.

G-MA
I saw your final grades. Two A's,
three B's with an overall G.P.A. of
3.2. Very good.

VINCENT
Thanks. Good enough for a four year
school?

G-MA
Vincent. We've talked about this.
Our cookie jar will pay for a two
year degree, then you transfer with
student loans.

VINCENT
I know, G-ma. It's just that four
years away at college would be
like...I don't know...like coming up
for air.

G-MA
Coming up for air?

VINCENT

You know what I mean.

G-MA

I know sweetie.

(sighs)

I don't feel much like playing bridge tonight.

VINCENT

What? C'mon! You'll have fun, G-ma! Wait...

Vincent puts his hand to his ear.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

...you hear that?

G-MA

Hear what?

VINCENT

That.

G-MA

What?

VINCENT

It sounds like...like...your friends saying they miss you and want to play cards tonight.

Vincent and G-ma smile. Then, with ice cream covering his nose and surrounding his mouth, Drew (now 14) enters the kitchen holding the last bite of a sugar cone. It's now obvious Drew has signs of being mentally challenged, perhaps autistic.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

G-ma said you could have that?

DREW

G-ma said five bites. Five bites of pasgetti, and I get this. Some?

Drew offers the cone to Vincent.

VINCENT

No thanks. But I think she meant get it in your mouth, not over your face. It's you and me tonight, buddy. G-Ma's goin' to play cards.

DREW

You said it, Vincent.

Vincent dries a plate and puts it in the open cabinet on a stack of others.

G-MA

No, I'm just gonna stay home.

VINCENT

No. You're goin'. So the first thing we gotta do...

G-ma reluctantly lets Vincent remove the apron from her.

G-MA

What are you--

VINCENT

...is get rid of this person named G-ma.

Vincent then wipes the face and hands of Drew, who struggles against the cleaning. He tosses the apron onto the counter.

DREW

Can I help?

VINCENT

Yep.

Vincent begins to prod G-ma out of the room and Drew pitches in. They pursue G-ma as she defensively retreats out of the kitchen.

G-MA

I'm goin'! I'm goin'!

INT. THE BADWELL RESIDENCE -- EVENING (LATER)

In the living room is a blanket mansion. A yellow-orange glow filters through one of the blankets that forms the east wing.

INT. BLANKET MANSION -- CONTINUOUS

Vincent holds a flashlight to a homemade scroll - he and Drew intently study the unfurled paper.

VINCENT

These symbols mean the treasure was stolen by bandits and taken through a tunnel to a deep cave. And if we follow this map, it will take us there. But there will be danger. Are you ready?

DREW

Yes!

Vincent points the flashlight to a blanket passage.

VINCENT

This way.

They start to crawl when the doorbell rings.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Timeout, buddy. Be right back.

Vincent hands the scroll and flashlight to Drew.

DREW
'kay.

EXT. BLANKET MANSION -- CONTINUOUS

Vincent slips out from under a blanket and walks to the front door. He opens it to find Luke holding a twelve-pack of beer and Smithy taking a drag from his cigarette.

SMITHY
(exhales. flicks butt)
Is the man of the house in? How
'bout it?

VINCENT
I said I would call you guys.

LUKE
Is she gone?

VINCENT
Yep. She's--

Luke and Smithy push their way in. Luke pulls a beer from the twelve-pack.

LUKE
Beer?

VINCENT
No thanks.

DREW (O.S.)
Who is that, Vincent?

Luke cracks the beer and sips from it.

VINCENT
(to Drew)
It's just Luke and Smithy checkin'
on us!
(to the guys)
Look, Drew and I are playing. I
can't go. And you can't stay.

DREW (O.S.)
Do they know where the treasure is?

SMITHY
Isn't it Slow-Mo's beddy-bye time?

LUKE

Easy, Smithy.

(to Vincent)

So there's no way you can break away?

VINCENT

Not tonight.

DREW (O.S.)

Viiincent...I miiiss yooou!

SMITHY

Awww. How freakin' cute is that?

LUKE

(to Smithy)

Don't be such an ass.

VINCENT

(to Drew)

Be right there, buddy.

LUKE

Can't we just hang for a little while before we head out?

VINCENT

Whatever. Go to the stupid basement and don't leave a mess.

SMITHY

You're a sweetheart, Betty.

Smithy displays and brushes a joint under Vincent's nose as he and Luke make their way to the basement. Vincent rolls his eyes.

SMITHY (CONT'D)

I hooked up with Wes.

VINCENT

Obviously.

(to Drew)

Hey Drew. Luke and Smithy are gonna check the basement for bandits before they go.

DREW (O.S.)

Be careful!

Vincent heads back to the east wing.

VINCENT

They will.

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD, A.A.CO. MARYLAND -- DAY

On the field, lacrosse campers have a water break - equipment is scattered on the ground as the fifty or so boys either rest, take water, or play catch with their lacrosse sticks. Retrievers are leash-free and scamper about fetching stray lacrosse balls. Vincent, Luke, and Smithy horse around as they emerge from the woods and stumble onto a running track that surrounds the field. They walk the track, observing the camp scene.

SMITHY

Do they ever stop?

LUKE

Looks like they've stopped to me.

SMITHY

You know what I mean. It's summer.
Give it a break.

As the guys walk the track, they get closer to the campers. Vincent cradles an imaginary lacrosse stick.

VINCENT

Once upon a time. In a land far-far
away, I could play la--

SMITHY

You could play: "Let's Jerk-off Into
Socks"...until you ran out...of
socks...and sperm.

Vincent pushes Smithy, who stumbles a bit.

LUKE

I remember when you played lacrosse.

The guys now stand before strewn lacrosse equipment.

SMITHY

Not no more.

Vincent glances down to a nearby stick and ball. He grabs the stick, scoops the ball, and starts to cradle.

Luke looks to a lacrosse goal that stands 20 yards away.

LUKE

(to Smithy)

Top left corner. Twenty bucks says
Vince can hit it from here.

SMITHY

You know I don't got twenty bucks.

VINCENT

C'mon guys! I haven't touched a stick in--

LUKE

Vince hits the corner, you kiss my bare white ass!

VINCENT

I'd like to see that.

SMITHY

Vince hits the corner, I'll frickin' floss my teeth with your butt hair! C'mon Vinny. We don't got all day!

Vincent cradles the stick as he gets a bead on...

...the waiting goal.

From the distance, GROVER NOONAN (early 60s), the camp head coach, sips from his water cup as he watches the boys banter.

VINCENT

Don't rush me, Smithy.

Grover watches as Vincent gets a better bead on the goal.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Can I move? I do better when I move.

LUKE

Let'em move, Smithy.

SMITHY

Move? Do what you want. Shoot the ga'damn ball!

Vincent places the ball on the ground.

VINCENT

Say "go".

SMITHY

Say wha--

LUKE

Go.

With his stick, Vincent picks up the ball 'Indian Style' and flows into a brief, but incredible routine of tricks and ball fakes. The stick-work is amazing before he glances to the waiting lacrosse goal. Vincent steps in and fires a shot.

The lacrosse ball rockets through the air. And as far into a top vertex the ball can go, it stings the left corner, snapping the twine, busting a hole right through the net.

Vincent straightens-up from the follow-through and is happily stunned by his athletic feat. The campers briefly applaud the shot. Vincent humbly 'golf waves' to the crowd.

LUKE (CONT'D)
 (points to his teeth)
 Come 'ere Smithy. You got a little somethin' right here.

Grover dumps his remaining water and walks over to the boys.

GROVER
 Excuse me, gentlemen. This is private property and a private camp.

Vincent places the stick back from where it came.

VINCENT
 Sorry about that. My friends were--

GROVER
 (to Vincent)
 You ripped my net, son.

LUKE
 We put him up to it, sir. My boy Smithy here...

Smithy innocently shrugs like he can't explain it.

LUKE (CONT'D)
 ...didn't think--

GROVER
 (to Vincent)
 You need to fix that net and chase your ball.

From his back pocket, Grover produces a roll of twine and tosses it to Vincent. Vincent watches the twine into his hands and then looks back to Grover.

GROVER (CONT'D)
 (to campers)
 All right fellas! Strap 'em on!
 Break's over! Gimme four lines!

The resting campers start to gather themselves and secure their equipment. One camper, TREY WORTHINGTON (17), approaches the three amigos and grabs his stick - the one borrowed by Vincent.

TREY
 (to Vincent)
 Get your own stick, boss.

Trey snaps his helmet and walks toward an ongoing drill.

VINCENT

Why? When I've got yours!

Trey stops and turns back.

TREY

Come and get it, tough guy.

Trey joins the drill.

Vincent forcibly smiles and tosses the twine to himself.

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD, A.A.CO. MARYLAND -- DAY (LATER)

Vincent finishes his last knot, repairing the torn net.

On the sideline, Grover studies a clipboard as Vincent, holding the twine, approaches him.

VINCENT

All done. Here's your string. Again,
I'm really sorry.

Grover looks up to Vincent and takes the string.

GROVER

Don't be sorry. Nets are meant to
be ripped. I'm Grover Noonan. What's
your name, son?

VINCENT

Vincent.

Grover tosses the clipboard onto a nearby duffel bag.

GROVER

And the last?

VINCENT

Badwell.

Grover knows this name.

GROVER

Well, Mr. Badwell, with stick-work
and a shot like that, how come I
haven't seen you on the field?

VINCENT

(he knows)
I don't know. It's been a while.

GROVER

How'd you like to come to camp for a
week? No charge.

VINCENT

Mr. Noonan--

GROVER
Call me coach.

VINCENT
Right. Look, Coach Noonan. My
friends are waiting.

Luke and Smithy impatiently wait in the distance.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
I gotta go. But thanks for the invite.

Vincent offers his hand.

GROVER
If you change your mind...

Grover shakes Vincent's hand.

GROVER (CONT'D)
...we have all the stuff you need.
Just bring a snack.

Vincent walks backward toward Luke and Smithy.

VINCENT
Right. Thanks again.

Vincent turns and trots to his friends.

Grover puts his hands on his hips as he watches Vincent leave -
he sighs and looks to the kids practicing.

GROVER
Two hands on that ground ball!

INT. THE BADWELL RESIDENCE -- MORNING

G-ma sits at the kitchen table drinking a cup of coffee and
reading the newspaper. She notices Vincent as he shuffles
in and pours himself a cup of joe.

G-MA
Good morning. What wakes you up so
early?

VINCENT
I don't know. Just thought I'd get
up. How'd you sleep?

G-MA
Pretty good. Woke up a few times.

Vincent sits next to G-ma. They sip and talk...

VINCENT
Me too.

G-MA
Drew's still sleepin'?

VINCENT
Yep. Hey, can I go to lacrosse camp
this week? It's at the legion field.

G-MA
Lacrosse? When was the last time
you played?

VINCENT
It's been a while.

G-MA
So why now? What about the sub shop?

VINCENT
I got the rest of the week before I
start back. The coach said I could
go for free.

G-MA
For free? That was my next question.
And who is this coach?

VINCENT
Coach Grover Noonan. He seems like a
good man.

G-MA
I know that name. You miss lacrosse?

VINCENT
I'm not-- I mean...is it possible to
miss something and hate it at the same
time?

G-MA
Anything's possible.

VINCENT
I don't know, G-ma. I think so.

G-MA
Maybe it's time, Vincent.

VINCENT
Time.

Vincent glances at the wall clock.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
So can I go? I should probably get
going if--

G-MA
I don't see why not.

VINCENT

Thanks, G-ma.

G-MA

Drew and I may come watch. What time does it end?

Vincent stands from the table and stretches.

VINCENT

Not real sure. 'bout 2:30 p.m. or 3:00 p.m.?

G-MA

I'll make you a quick breakfast.

VINCENT

I'll grab something later.

Vincent starts to leave the kitchen. G-ma grabs an orange and a banana from a fruit bowl resting on the table.

G-MA

No you won't. Catch!

G-ma tosses the pieces of fruit and Vincent catches them.

VINCENT

Thanks G-ma.

G-MA

Vincent. Wait. Before you go, I want to show you something. Follow me.

G-ma stands and walks into the living room. Vincent follows.

INT. THE BADWELL LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

They enter the living room and G-ma walks over to the mantle above the fireplace. She grabs a wooden box on top and turns to Vincent.

G-MA

Look at this.

She opens the box, revealing a silver, signet-style ring. G-ma plucks the ring from the box and inspects it.

The ring has a large "3" engraved on it.

G-MA (CONT'D)

I had this made for your father. It was his high school number. See if it fits.

She hands it to Vincent.

VINCENT

Wow, G-ma. This is pretty cool.

Vincent puts it on his right ring finger.

G-MA

Does it fit?

Vincent admires the ring.

VINCENT

Perfectly.

G-MA

It's yours.

VINCENT

What? Seriously?

G-MA

Seriously. It's time you have it.

VINCENT

Thanks G-ma - I love it!

Vincent gives her a big hug.

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD, A.A.CO. MARYLAND -- MORNING (LATER)

Vincent hesitantly shows up as other campers are dressed and getting warmed-up. He looks around to find Grover with his clipboard, preparing for the day. Vincent wades through other campers toward Grover.

VINCENT

Hi coach.

Grover looks up from his clipboard.

GROVER

Well. Good morning Mr. Badwell.
Have you decided to join us?

VINCENT

If it's still okay with you.

GROVER

Of course it's okay. I invited you,
didn't I?

VINCENT

Yes sir.

GROVER

Let's get you suited up. Follow me.

Vincent follows Grover to a nearby duffel bag.

GROVER (CONT'D)

You have cleats?

Grover tosses his clipboard to the ground and starts to rummage through the equipment bag.

VINCENT

No sir.

GROVER

Your sneakers 'll work for now. Let me see. Let's get you some good stuff.

Vincent patiently watches as Grover pulls out and tosses: an arm pad...a glove...then another glove...then another arm pad...and, finally, a helmet.

GROVER (CONT'D)

There you go, put 'em on. You need help?

Vincent tentatively starts to put on the equipment. Grover puts his hands on his hips and watches Vincent get ready.

VINCENT

Thanks. I can handle it. Um...I need a stick.

GROVER

Oh yeah. I forgot to tell you. How good are you with your hands?

Vincent looks skeptical.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Just kiddin'. Here, use mine.

Grover reaches next to the duffel bag, grabs his stick, and hands it to Vincent.

VINCENT

Thanks.

Vincent is now fully equipped.

GROVER

Feel good?

VINCENT

(looks awkward)
Pretty good.

Grover grabs the whistle around his neck.

GROVER

Do what you can and just have fun. Okay?

VINCENT

Yes si--

Grover blows the whistle.

GROVER

(to all campers)

Bring it in! Let's get started!

Players stop warming up and run to Grover.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Take a knee! Listen up! Take a knee!

The campers, including Vincent, take a knee.

GROVER (CONT'D)

All right, fellas. Yesterday was good for the first day. Everybody gettin' to know each other a little bit?

The campers agree.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Good. We're gonna pick it up a little today. After we stretch, we got line drills - ground balls, passing, and shooting.

The campers moan & groan.

GROVER (CONT'D)

I know. I know. It's camp and line drills are boring. But fundamentals make us better lacrosse players. Okay. Now after line drills we're gonna do some one-on-ones. We'll break for snack, then we'll finish up with...with...more line drills!

The campers moan & groan again. Grover smiles.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Just kiddin'! We're goin' full field scrimmage!

The campers applaud and cheer. Vincent appears lost.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Okay! Listen up! Listen up!

The applauding and cheering stops.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Let's go. Hands in.

Grover extends his hand for others to follow suit. The campers stand, gather around Grover, and put their hands in.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Okay. Be The Best - on three. Ready?

The campers hoot and holler and pump their sticks. Vincent is still lost.

GROVER (CONT'D)

One-two-three!

CAMPERS

Be The Best!

The campers break from the huddle, ready to play.

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD, A.A.CO. MARYLAND -- MORNING (LATER)

Vincent shakes off the rust, plays well in the line drills, and starts to be comfortable being part of the camp.

Grover observes the action, then blows his whistle.

GROVER

One-on-ones! Middies up top - two lines! Attack & D behind! Gimme a goalie in there!

Midfield players run and form two lines above the goal, attack & defensive players form two lines behind the goal, and a goalie hops in the net. Vincent trots to Grover.

VINCENT

What am I, coach?

Grover looks Vincent up and down.

GROVER

Are you shifty?

VINCENT

What?

GROVER

Nevermind. Let's try you at attack.

VINCENT

Behind the goal?

GROVER

Behind the goal.

VINCENT

Yes sir.

Vincent runs to the attack line behind the goal. Grover blows his whistle again.

GROVER

Middies first, then attack. Stay
out of the drill and chase your ball!
Let's go!

Middies, attackmen, and defensemen start alternating going one-on-one against each other and shooting on goal. Vincent looks apprehensive as his turn gets nearer.

A deer in the headlights, it's Vincent's turn. His DEFENSIVE OPPONENT is big and fierce with a long stick ready to wield.

DEFENSIVE OPPONENT

C'mon big boy. Let's see what you
got!

Vincent gulps. He starts to make his move, but it's almost over before it begins - Vincent slips to the ground, allowing the defenseman to easily check the ball out of his stick. He still lies on the ground as the defenseman stands over him and scoops up the loose ball in victory.

Trey Worthington stands in the attack line basking in Vincent's failure.

TREY

What do you call that move? The
"Gift Wrap"?

Players chuckle at Trey's comment.

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD, A.A.CO. MARYLAND -- CONTINUOUS

The one-on-one drill is ongoing. Unable to keep his footing, Vincent repeatedly gets abused by defensmen who strip the ball from him using every technique possible.

Trey continues to gloat at Vincent's repeated lack of success.

Grover observes this abuse, then blows his whistle.

GROVER

Break time! Take a break!

The drill stops as players walk to the sideline unstrapping their equipment.

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD, A.A.CO. MARYLAND -- NOON (LATER)

Players take a break - lounging, snacking, and sipping water. Dejected, Vincent sits and picks blades of grass. Grover approaches, and Vincent looks up.

GROVER

You can't be shifty falling all over
the place. What size shoe do you
wear?

Grover produces a pair of cleats and hands them to Vincent.

VINCENT

'Bout eleven.

GROVER

They should fit. Try 'em on.

VINCENT

Coach, maybe this wasn't such a good idea. If it's okay with you, I'm just gonna head home.

GROVER

I tell you what. We scrimmage next and then finish for the day. After that, you can do what you want. It's up to you.

VINCENT

All right. I guess so.

Grover motions to the cleats Vincent holds.

GROVER

Good. Now put those on.

Grover grabs the whistle around his neck and blows it.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Strap 'em on fellas! Full field. Let's go!

Campers, including Vincent, put their equipment back on.

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD, A.A.CO. MARYLAND -- AFTERNOON (LATER)

Both teams take the field - one wears blue pinnies, the other wears white. Vincent, wearing blue, trots to his attack position adjacent to a goal.

The lime center "X" at mid-field.

GROVER (O.S.)

Bring it down.

Simultaneously, two lacrosse sticks come down horizontally to rest on the ground and straddle the "X" - they are in face-off position as Grover's hand places a lacrosse ball on the ground, between both lacrosse sticks' pockets.

GROVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ready. On my whistle.

Grover, the referee for the tilt, blows his whistle.

The two crouching middies spring into action as they rake and clamp at the ball, trying to gain possession.

Grover intently looks at the action.

GROVER (CONT'D)
Play the ball!

A white wing-middle swoops in and scoops up the ground ball that just popped out from the scrum at mid-field. He sprints down the field to the blue's goal - it's a fast break, but before he can execute it, a blue defender slides to him and collides with him, checking the ball to the ground.

GROVER (CONT'D)
Pass the ball!

As the ball trickles on the ground, a blue middle scoops it up and runs the other way, toward the white's goal.

Vincent looks uncomfortable as the action heads his way.

The blue middle advances the ball, passing it to a running teammate up field.

Vincent is nervous as the ball makes its way toward him.

GROVER (CONT'D)
Call for the ball!

Vincent is stiff as a board. The ball is passed to him, and Vincent awkwardly catches it.

Vincent notices a huge defensive opponent coming on him.

Just then, Grover blows the whistle.

GROVER (CONT'D)
My time! Equipment!

Play stops. Vincent looks relieved. Grover trots over to Vincent, unsnaps his chin-strap and begins to adjust it.

VINCENT
What's wrong?

GROVER
Equipment timeout. Your chin-strap isn't right.

VINCENT
Oh. Thanks.

GROVER
When I say call for the ball, I mean open your mouth and call for the ball.

VINCENT
Yes, sir.

GROVER

You can't be shifty and make a move
when you can't stay on your feet.

(to Vincent's shoes)

Those cleats will make a world of
difference.

VINCENT

(glances to his feet)

Yes, sir.

GROVER

Your dad ever teach you any moves?

VINCENT

My dad's dead.

GROVER

I knew your dad. I coached him in
the Hornet Little League. Years
ago.

VINCENT

You what?

GROVER

Did your dad teach you any moves?

Grover finishes adjusting the strap, re-snaps it, and looks
Vincent in the eye.

VINCENT

I remember a couple.

GROVER

Which ones?

VINCENT

Bull. Split. Inside roll. Swim.

GROVER

Swim? Okay. Look, it's your ball
when play resumes. If I yell, "Iso",
that means isolation - the player
with the ball goes one-on-one. If
you have the ball, take it to the
goal; if you don't, get the hell out
of the way of the player that does.

(pats helmet)

Got it? You ready?

VINCENT

Yes, coach.

Vincent turns his attention to the field.

GROVER

Look at me.

Vincent looks back to Grover.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Trust yourself. Including your feet.
Here we go.

Vincent turns his attention back to the field. Grover steps back and blows the whistle.

GROVER (CONT'D)

'round the horn. Everybody touches
the ball!

Vincent throws the ball to an open attackman behind the goal, who in turn throws it to a waiting wing-middie in front of the goal. The ball continues around the goal - to the center middie, to the other wing-middie, and back to Vincent. Vincent is about to continue sending the ball on its path...

GROVER (CONT'D)

Iso! From behind! Take the ball
behind!

Vincent has a momentary lapse in confidence. He looks to the looming defensive opponent, recaptures some confidence, and jogs behind the goal. The defenseman mirrors his every move.

G-ma and Drew, carrying his baseball mitt, arrive and watch from the sideline.

Vincent reaches center behind.

The defenseman looks excited because he knows what's coming.

Vincent takes a deep breath...

VINCENT

(to himself)
Here we go.

Vincent runs at the defenseman and does a quick split dodge, but is pushed backward. He stumbles, but keeps possession.

Vincent is undaunted and resets.

The defenseman smiles at the failed attempt.

DEFENSIVE OPPONENT

You got nothin'!

VINCENT

(to himself)
Let's go for a swim.

Vincent runs at the defenseman again and does another split dodge, but then reverses direction with a 'Swim Move'.

The defenseman is completely faked-out and dives in a last ditch, failed attempt at stripping the ball from behind Vincent. Vincent comes around the goal, face-dodges around a sliding defender, and meets the goalie face to face. Vincent fakes a shot high, fakes a shot low, and then shoots the ball into the upper left hand corner for a score.

Vincent smiles and celebrates as he is briefly mobbed by congratulating teammates.

Grover signals a score as he blows and then smiles through his whistle.

G-ma applauds, and Drew slaps his baseball mitt.

G-MA

Nice shot!

DREW

(shoots with his finger)

Nice shootin' Tex!

Trey Worthington, an opposing, white-pinnied attackman, gives a look of disdain.

TREY

(to himself)

Lucky.

The celebration dies down as Grover toots his whistle.

GROVER

One nothin', blue. First one to five wins. Let's face it off!

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD, A.A.CO. MARYLAND -- MOMENTS LATER

Another face-off at mid-field. The game continues as Vincent now plays with a new found graceful ease and confidence.

Grover referees and gains pleasure out of Vincent's success.

G-ma and Drew look on...

G-MA

(to herself)

You'd be proud.

DREW

What G-ma?

G-MA

Nothing Drew. Vincent's playin' good, isn't he?

DREW

Real good, G-ma. Vincent can reeeally do it!

EXT. SUBDIVISION STREET -- AFTERNOON

Vincent kicks a rock as he walks home from camp - slung over his shoulder is a lacrosse stick skewering a helmet, gloves, and arm-pads. Before he realizes, Vincent comes face to face with Luke and Smithy.

SMITHY

So how's the preppy jock?

LUKE

(like Thurston Howell)

The trifecta is totally incomplete.
C'mon, Smithy, we're late for a very important engagement.

Luke and Smithy raise their noses and continue past Vincent.

SMITHY

Ta-Ta for now, Mr. Badwell.

VINCENT

Funny, assholes. Camp's over Friday.
Let's hang-out after!

LUKE

(like Thurston Howell)

Have your people call my people!

Luke and Smithy chuckle as they walk on, leaving a dumbfounded Vincent standing in the middle of the street.

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD, A.A.CO. MARYLAND -- AFTERNOON

Camp is over. In a semicircle, kids sit among themselves and their unoccupied equipment. Holding two small plaques, Grover stands in front of them and has their attention.

GROVER

Okay. The last two awards. This next one goes to the outstanding attackman of the camp. This should come as no surprise. He's had a great camp and this past season made the all-state team for me at River School. Please congratulate...Trey Worthington!

Campers applaud. After Trey receives his award and sits back down, the applause stops.

GROVER (CONT'D)

This last award goes to the most improved player. A relative newcomer to the sport. This young man not only showed natural ability, but the willingness to learn. So congratulations...Vincent Badwell!

Campers applaud as Vincent bashfully stands to accept his award. Vincent shakes Grover's hand, takes the plaque, turns to his fellow campers, and smiles.

EXT. THE BADWELL RESIDENCE -- DAY

Grover pulls up in his classic pick-up truck, puts it in park, and looks to the front door.

EXT. THE BADWELL RESIDENCE -- DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Holding his lacrosse stick, Grover stands on the front stoop and knocks on the door. G-ma opens the door and warmly greets him into the house.

INT. THE BADWELL RESIDENCE -- CONTINUOUS

GROVER

Mrs. Badwell, I don't know if you remember me, but I coached your son, Stephen, in little league years ago. I'm Grover Noonan. You were kind enough to let Vincent come to my camp.

G-MA

Of course I remember you Mr. Noonan. Thank you for having him. It's a pleasure to see you again.

G-ma offers her hand and Grover accepts it.

GROVER

The pleasure's mine. I'd like Vincent to have this.

He presents the stick to G-ma.

G-MA

What's this for?

GROVER

It's the stick he used in camp. He played well with it. Very well.

She hesitantly accepts the stick.

G-MA

Why...thank you, but you've already done enough. Vincent said lacrosse is fun. Again. He said he's gonna try out his senior year.

GROVER

He told me. One year of high school lacrosse is better than none.

G-MA

I totally agree. Can I offer you some tea?

GROVER

That would be nice. Thank you.

Grover follows G-ma toward the kitchen.

G-MA

Vincent! Coach Noonan's here!
(to Grover)

I have some local honey Mrs. Sutter gave me the other day. It's simply delicious...

INT. THE BADWELL RESIDENCE -- DAY (LATER)

Holding cups of steaming tea, G-ma and Grover sit at the kitchen table. In the background, seen through the kitchen window, Vincent and Drew are in the front yard and play a game of catch with a lacrosse ball. Vincent uses his new lacrosse stick and Drew uses his baseball mitt.

G-MA

It was sweet of you to give him that award.

GROVER

Nothing sweet about it. He deserved it. If he's anything like his father, Vincent's a natural athlete.

G-MA

Stephen was gifted.

GROVER

He was a star when I coached him. I remember reading about the accident. Tragic.

G-MA

Stephen and Katherine were a lovely couple. It hasn't been easy for the boys.

GROVER

I can only imagine your pain. About Vincent.

Grover briefly turns his attention out the kitchen window to see Vincent and Drew play catch.

EXT. THE BADWELL RESIDENCE, FRONT YARD -- CONTINUOUS

At the moment, Drew's natural ability to catch and throw the ball overshadows all else.

DREW

Throw me hard ones, Vincent! Hard ones!

VINCENT

You asked for it, Drew.

Drew makes incredibly difficult, diving catches all over the place - he catches balls thrown to his left, right, over his head, and at his feet.

INT. THE BADWELL KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Grover pries his attention back to G-ma.

GROVER

Um...I now coach at River School. And if you are interested, I can try to get Vincent in. There's no guarantee, but it could be an opportunity for a whole new world for him.

G-MA

What exactly are you saying?

Grover again turns his attention out the kitchen window to see Vincent and Drew play catch. Drew continues to make incredibly hard catches.

GROVER

Can I change the subject for a minute? Vincent's little brother is...special, right?

G-MA

(looks outside)
Drew is autistic.

GROVER

Well, he hasn't missed a ball yet. In fact, I would say he's making catches a big-leaguer would have trouble with.

G-MA

(chuckles)
Yep. Seems God gave him this ability to catch a ball with that mitt - thrown anywhere, any way. Our little savant.

GROVER

Incredible.

G-MA

Isn't it? Now, what's this about River School?

GROVER

Right.

Grover and G-ma turn their attention back to each other.

GROVER (CONT'D)

River School has a program in place where kids like Vincent can play sports and get a very good high school education.

G-MA

Are you saying you want Vincent to play lacrosse for River School? You've only known the boy a week?

GROVER

That's what I'm saying. I know talent and character when I see it. And like I said, if he's anything like his father, Vincent's a natural. How are his grades?

G-MA

His grades are decent. Look, Mr. Noonan--

GROVER

Please, call me Grover.

G-MA

Grover. I know River School has a fine reputation as a prep school. And with that reputation comes many burdens...some financial in nature.

GROVER

Mrs. Badwell--

G-MA

Please, call me Maggie.

GROVER

Maggie, these programs I mentioned do everything possible to not only assist with the high school experience, but to help get these student-athletes into some pretty fine college institutions.

G-ma looks out the kitchen window and ponders as she watches Vincent and Drew play.

G-MA

Are you talking about an athletic scholarship? To River School or College?

G-ma looks back to Grover.

GROVER

Both. But I'll be honest, a college scholarship after one year of varsity lacrosse would be extremely rare. However, there's lots of Federal and State money out there for people with talent and need. And River School has the academic reputation and Staff to get it done.

G-MA

So far, we've only talked about community college.

GROVER

Like I said, Maggie. There are no guarantees, but I will approach the Head Master about Vincent. With your permission.

G-MA

Grover, I think Vincent would like that. Please.

GROVER

Will do. You won't regret it.

EXT. THE BADWELL RESIDENCE, FRONT YARD -- CONTINUOUS

Vincent displays nice stickwork playing catch.

VINCENT

Five more catches, buddy.

DREW

Ten! Ten more!

VINCENT

Okay. You win. Ten more.

DREW

Yea!

INT. GAME ARCADE -- DAY

Vincent watches Luke and Smithy play a game of fooseball.

LUKE

Do you want to go to River School?

VINCENT

I think so. But it's just an interview. Coach Noonan set it up.

LUKE

So Noonan is your coach now? Sounds like they got you by the balls.

VINCENT

He's not my coach. He said there could be a place for me in the school and on his team.

SMITHY

Great. Surrounded by filthy rich kids spending mommy's and daddy's money. You'd fit in perfectly, Mr. Food Stamp.

LUKE

But wait. Mr. Food Stamp would play lacrosse. Oooh! A preppy lacrosse player!

The game continues as the ball slams around the table.

VINCENT

You guys got me mixed up with someone else. I'm not Mr. Food Stamp. I'm Vincent Secondhand, III. Gimme a break!

SMITHY

You're breakin' up the trifecta. The fearsome threesome.

LUKE

Yeah, breakin' us up.

VINCENT

I'm not breakin' up shit.

LUKE

Vincent, remember, during the interview, G.P.A. stands for 'Grade Point Average'.

VINCENT

Speak for yourself, Einstein.

The fooseball game pauses as Smithy gains control of the tiny soccer ball. With a flick of the wrist, Smithy spins the handle smacking the ball the length of the table and into the back of Luke's goal.

SMITHY

You both suck.

EXT. RIVER SCHOOL -- MORNING

A lush campus, smothered with sprawling oak trees. River School's majestic buildings and athletic fields overlook the scenic Severn River.

River School's manicured lacrosse field - hovering mist, empty, peaceful.

The lacrosse field's scoreboard with rows of championship plaques announcing River School's past lacrosse dominance.

Orange goals - sturdy, new nets strung tight.

Plush turfgrass - dew covered, begging for cleats to be planted. Lime field lines - white, clean and true...the center faceoff "X" at mid-field.

INT. RIVER SCHOOL OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Awkwardly wearing older business attire, Vincent sits in a chair at the front of a worn wooden desk. Across from Vincent sits the HEAD OF ADMISSIONS for River School, who shuffles through papers within a folder.

HEAD OF ADMISSIONS

(glances up to Vincent)

River School is a college preparatory school. You think you can handle it?

VINCENT

I think so, sir. But, I know this place is not cheap.

HEAD OF ADMISSIONS

Coach Noonan said you're gaining quite the reputation as a lacrosse player. Would you play here?

VINCENT

Play for coach Noonan? Absolutely.

HEAD OF ADMISSIONS

Congratulations Mr. Badwell...you're in.

VINCENT

But what about...

HEAD OF ADMISSIONS

Financial aid will be made available.

Vincent, looking surprised, smiles broadly.

EXT. WOODED AREA, A.A.CO. MARYLAND -- DAY

At their stoner hide-out, Vincent and Luke sit around the fire-pit smoking a joint.

LUKE

So you're goin'. I knew it.

VINCENT

Dude, you live three houses down from me.

LUKE

Who am I going to copy off of? Have you thought about that? Smithy is useless.

VINCENT

Maybe you'll have to break down and actually study.

LUKE

Right. Are you sure about this? Your last year of high school?

VINCENT

If I'm gonna make it to college, a good college, it makes sense. There will be a bunch of people there to help with that.

LUKE

So you gotta play lacrosse.

VINCENT

I want to play lacrosse. And it's kinda part of my deal, if you know what I mean.

LUKE

So who's gonna look after your little bro after school?

VINCENT

Lacrosse is only in the Spring. And coach Noonan said he's got some ideas. You're not goin' to disown me are ya?

LUKE

Naw. I may shoot you in the knee cap, but that's it.

VINCENT

That's a relief.

EXT. RIVER SCHOOL -- MORNING

Students wander the campus.

INT. RIVER SCHOOL -- CONTINUOUS

The locker hallway bustles with excited students anticipating the first day of school. At his open locker, Vincent is alone and awkwardly dressed in a hand-me-down coat and tie.

All other students are impeccably clothed and chat in small groups. Vincent looks self-conscious as he puts his crumpled class schedule in his mouth and organizes his locker and backpack. Vincent closes his locker to find a smug Trey Worthington on the other side of the once opened door.

TREY

(gives elevator look)

Well. Well. It's Vincent Badwell.
Coach said you got in. Welcome to
River School.

Trey adjusts Vincent's tie, brushes off his shoulder, and then removes the schedule from his mouth.

VINCENT

Trey Worthington as warm and friendly
as ever. So how you doin', Spoon?

TREY

Spoon?

VINCENT

As in silver. Born with. In the
mouth.

TREY

(reads schedule)

That's funny, Vince. Real funny.
Let's have a look at that schedule,
shall we? A.P. English and Science.
Smart peasant, aren't we?

VINCENT

Spoon, don't be an ass. We're gonna
be teammates. I might even take
your position.

TREY

Take my position? You're not even
on the team yet.

VINCENT

Get ready. Spring is just around
the corner.

TREY

Look, Vincent, let's start over.
 (glances at schedule)
 First period Math. You know where
 the Bishop Building is?

VINCENT

Not yet.

TREY

It's across campus. Let me show
 you.

Trey plucks a pencil from behind his ear and starts to draw a map on the back of the schedule. Vincent leans in to look at the drawing.

TREY (CONT'D)

You. Are here. And the Bishop
 Building is way over here...

EXT. RIVER SCHOOL -- MORNING (LATER)

From a distance, the campus is quiet and lifeless as a school bell rings. Vincent bursts through the front door of the Bishop Building. As he sprints across the grounds, Vincent fumbles his backpack, books, and papers.

VINCENT

Asshole!!!

INT. RIVER SCHOOL CAFETERIA -- DAY

Vincent somberly eats alone, while others eat in groups. Nobody attempts to approach him, but, at the same time, he is not that approachable.

Trey eats with his CLIQUE. Some in the clique occasionally glance over at Vincent because he is the topic of conversation...

TREY

He thinks we all wipe our asses with
 dollar bills. I tell you what though,
 I'm glad I live in Hunters Glen and
 not his piece of shit neighborhood.

CLIQUE MEMBER #1

Where does he live?

TREY

Bloomfield.

CLIQUE MEMBER #2

Bloomfield? I'd only go over there
 if I got lost!

The clique laughs and glances over at a lonesome Vincent, who sees he's the brunt of a joke.

Fuming, Vincent stands and, as he walks over to the clique, Trey also stands to face him as he quickly approaches.

They are nose to nose...

VINCENT

You got a problem with me? You can tell me to my face, asshole.

TREY

My problem is I don't like all dick-heads...you include--

VINCENT

Fuck you!

They bump chests...

TREY

No, fuck you!

They shove each other and are about to brawl when a gathering crowd pulls them apart to break it up.

INT. THE BADWELL KITCHEN -- EVENING

At the table, G-ma and Vincent somberly eat their dinner while Drew is pretty enthused.

DREW

Yum! Yummy meat-loaf! I love you G-ma!

Drew eats and a ketchup ring starts to form around his mouth.

G-MA

I love you too...it's just the way you like it, with ketchup.

Drew smiles - the ketchup ring is larger.

VINCENT

With ketchup, huh? You'd never know from lookin' at Drew's face. C'mon, buddy, get the food in your mouth, would ya?

Drew continues to enjoy his food. G-ma turns to Vincent.

G-MA

I take it school isn't any better.

VINCENT

What makes you say that?

G-MA

Oh, I don't know. The fact I haven't seen you smile since it started might be an indicator.

VINCENT

I'm sorry, G-ma. I'm just not happy there.

G-MA

Why do you think that is?

VINCENT

I don't know...maybe the fact that we're poor might have something to do with it. I'm sorry. I didn't mean that.

G-MA

We're not poor. Look around you. We have what we need.

VINCENT

I know. I'm sorry.

G-MA

Don't be sorry. Be yourself.

Impossibly, Drew's ketchup ring is even bigger.

DREW

Yourself, Vincent. Yourself is good.

G-MA

That's right, Drew. We're all good here.

VINCENT

I know. I know. It's just that ...I don't fit in.

G-MA

Give it some time, Vincent. You're still new.

(Drew burps loudly)

Say excuse me, Drew.

DREW

Scuse me!

VINCENT

How much time?

G-MA

Enough time.

VINCENT

What?

G-MA
At least until winter break.
Christmas time.

DREW
Santa Claus!

VINCENT
Not yet, Drew. Is that a deal, G-
ma?

G-MA
We'll talk at the break. Promise.

VINCENT
Deal. Hey, can I hang-out with Luke
and Smithy after dinner?

G-MA
Is your work done?

VINCENT
Yes.

Drew is now messier than ever.

G-MA
Give your brother a bath and then
you can go.

DREW
I can do it! Do it myself!

G-MA
Okay, Drew.
(to Vincent)
Just make sure he washes his hair
good.
(winks)

VINCENT
Okay. May I be excused?

DREW
May I be excused?

G-MA
You both may. Clear the table.

Holding their plates, the boys stand to clear.

INT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- EVENING (LATER)

Smithy drives with Luke and Vincent as passengers. As usual,
Luke rides shotgun.

On the "wrong" side of the street, the van pulls up to the front of a tattered house having a Camaro parked in the driveway.

SMITHY

Here we are.

Smithy puts the van in park, turns it off, and leaves the keys in the ignition.

LUKE

Takin' us with you to Wes's. I feel honored.

VINCENT

Are you sure about this?

SMITHY

It's cool. Trust me. Plus an introduction means you don't always need me to hook up.

LUKE

That's cool.

SMITHY

Stay here until I give the high sign.

EXT. WES'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Smithy cautiously climbs out of the van, walks to the front door and knocks on it. WES answers.

WES

You're fucking early, dude.

SMITHY

Sorry. Is it okay I brought a couple friends?

Smithy motions to the van. Wes cranes his neck around Smithy to see...

...Luke waves from the passenger seat.

WES

Who's the goober?

SMITHY

My buddy, Luke. Vincent's in the back. They're cool.

WES

They better be.

SMITHY

So can they come in?

INT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Luke sees Smithy motion to come in.

LUKE
(to Vincent)
It's cool. Let's go.

VINCENT
I'm stayin' here. You go.

LUKE
Are you sure?

VINCENT
I'm sure. But don't get too stoned
and forget about me.

Luke smiles as he climbs out of the van and heads to the house.

INT. WES'S LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

A small balance scale rests on a coffee table. Wes's hand places and spreads a plastic sandwich baggie on one of the pans.

Smithy, Luke, and Wes sit around the table.

WES
If you weren't early, this would
have been ready for you. Quarter
ounce, right?

Wes grabs a few buds from a nearby Frisbee piled with pot and plops them in the baggie - the pan wavers with the added weight.

EXT. WES'S NEIGHBORHOOD -- CONTINUOUS

A few blocks away from Smithy's van, an ominous cop car quietly roams Wes's street.

INT. WES'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

SMITHY
We made good time. Quarter ounce is
good.

He plops in a few more buds, and the pans level out.

INT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Red and blue lights strobe on Vincent's face as he glances and squints out of the rear windows of the van. The cop car, with lights flashing, slowly approaches. It stops behind the van, and the flashing lights cease.

VINCENT

Shit. Shit!

He scrambles into the driver's seat, looks into the side-view mirror, rolls down the window, and gathers himself for the approaching OFFICER.

INT. WES'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

WES

So Luke, how do you guys know each other? And what about the third guy?

Satisfied, Wes snatches the bag from the scale and, between his fingers, rolls it up like a big plastic joint.

LUKE

Vince is waiting in the van. We've all known each other since elementary school.

INT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- CONTINUOUS

The policeman stands next to the driver's side door.

VINCENT

Can I help you, officer?

The cop pulls an elongated flashlight from a strap on his thick black belt and turns it on, aiming it directly into Vincent's eyes.

INT. WES'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

WES

So you guys are like brothers.

SMITHY

You could say that.

INT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- CONTINUOUS

OFFICER

Driver's license and registration, please.

Vincent simultaneously reaches into his back pocket with his left hand and into the glove box with his right.

VINCENT

Is something wrong, officer?

After briefly rummaging, Vincent finds the registration and hands the requested items to the cop, who shines his light on the two cards and compares them.

OFFICER

The names don't match, son.

INT. WES'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Wes hands the pot to Smithy.

WES

Here you go.

SMITHY

Thanks.

WES

Fifty.

Smithy digs out some cash from his front pocket and counts it.

SMITHY

(to Luke)

Gimme fifteen.

Luke points to himself like: Who, me?

SMITHY (CONT'D)

Yeah you. Fork it over.

Luke reluctantly produces fifteen dollars and hands them to Smithy, who consolidates the cash and hands it over to Wes.

WES

Thanks. So, you guys wanna get high before you go?

Smithy and Luke look to each other for an affirmative response.

INT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- CONTINUOUS

VINCENT

This is my buddy's van. He loaned his chemistry notes to a guy that lives right there.

(motions to Wes's house)

He's just pickin' up his notebook.

OFFICER

Is that so?

(points to Wes's place)

That house right there?

INT. WES'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Smithy and Luke stand by the front door and Wes remains lounging in the living room.

LUKE
 (to Smithy)
 C'mon, Vincent's waiting.

SMITHY
 (to Luke)
 How long would it take to smoke a
 few hits?
 (to Wes)
 Thanks again, dude.

Luke opens the door.

WES
 See ya next time. Lock the door
 would ya?

Luke steps outside, and Smithy grabs the doorknob.

SMITHY
 Sure.

He presses the doorknob's lock button, and...

EXT. WES'S FRONT STOOP -- CONTINUOUS

...Smithy steps outside and pulls the door shut behind him.
 Luke and Smithy turn to leave and see...

...across the street, the cop still stands by the driver's
 side window talking to Vincent.

SMITHY
 (whispers)
 Over here!

Smithy grabs Luke by the arm, and the guys scramble for cover
 behind a nearby bush. They peer through the shrub trying to
 get a view of Vincent's situation.

They see the cop walk back to his car. He climbs in, starts
 it, and turns on his headlights. Vincent turns on the van
 and headlights, drives sharply into Wes's driveway, and parks
 the van. Then the cop car pulls in behind the van, blocking
 it.

SMITHY (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 What the fuck?

LUKE
 (whispers)
 Let's get the fuck out of here!

SMITHY
 (whispers)
 Hold on. Look.

The cop car backs out of the driveway, completes its 3-point turn, and drives off in the opposite direction.

Relieved, Smithy and Luke glance at each other.

INT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- NIGHT (LATER)

Smithy drives with Luke and Vincent as passengers. As usual, Luke rides shotgun.

SMITHY

(to Vincent)

What do you mean I was parked illegally?

VINCENT

What do you mean, what do I mean? You parked on the wrong side of the street, anus. He was gonna knock on Wes's door to find you. Lucky you left the keys in the car and he let me move it.

LUKE

No shit. That was a close one.

VINCENT

I should be an actor.

Smithy reaches into his pocket, grabs the new bag of weed, and tosses it to Vincent.

SMITHY

Here. Act on this. Roll us a doobie.

Vincent smiles and shakes his head.

INT. RIVER SCHOOL CLASSROOM -- DAY

A HISTORY TEACHER stands before his class, and his students, including Vincent and Trey, are attentive.

HISTORY TEACHER

And leading up to the French Revolution, socioeconomic conditions were becoming more and more disparate. The differences between the social classes came to a boil. Can anybody name and describe the main classes of French people during the 1800s?

Nobody raises their hand.

HISTORY TEACHER (CONT'D)

Mr. Badwell?

Vincent straightens up.

Trey raises his hand.

TREY

May I use the restroom?

HISTORY TEACHER

Can it wait Trey? Class is almost over.

TREY

No sir.

HISTORY TEACHER

Go ahead. Vincent, can you answer the question?

With his backpack, Trey stands and, as he walks by Vincent, bumps into him and slaps him on the back.

TREY

(to Vincent)

Excuse me.

VINCENT

No problem, Spoon.

The class chuckles a moment; some withhold laughter. Vincent is distracted.

HISTORY TEACHER

Vincent?

VINCENT

Uh. Yes sir. The different classes. Right. First you got your Clergy, the religious leaders. Then Royalty and Nobility, the upper class - people mostly born into power and money. Kinda like everybody here.

Students stir at the side comment.

HISTORY TEACHER

Excuse me?

VINCENT

Then you got your bourgeoisie - the middle class merchants. Then comes the peasants who would essentially beg for money.

HISTORY TEACHER

Vincent. Peasants were mostly farmers. But yes, some were destitute.

The bell rings. Students rustle as they pack their book-bags. The teacher exits.

As students leave, they pass Vincent from both sides. They snicker and sneer as they toss dollar bills and coins onto his desk as they go. Vincent remains seated and looks around in confusion. One LAST STUDENT approaches Vincent, reaches to his back, pulls off a taped, hand-written sign, and slaps it down on his desk.

The sign reads, "SPARE CHANGE?".

Vincent stares at the sign. The last student smiles and tosses a quarter on top of the sign as he leaves the class. Pissed, Vincent shoves the sign and money off his desk.

INT. RIVER SCHOOL BUILDING -- DAY

The sign plate on the old wooden door reads, "Grover Noonan, Guidance Counselor/Head Lacrosse Coach". A hand reaches and knocks on the door.

GROVER (O.S.)

Come in.

The door opens.

INT. GROVER'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Across the room, Grover sits behind a desk and a stack of legal size manilla folders. He studies the contents of one of the folders. He looks up toward the doorway.

GROVER

(gestures to come in)

Mr. Badwell. Come in, come in.

Have a seat.

Grover points to a wooden chair at the foot of his desk.

Vincent scuffs across the room and cautiously takes a seat.

GROVER (CONT'D)

I'm sure you've noticed practically every teacher here pulls double duty.

I'm not only your lacrosse coach,

I'm also your guidance counselor.

Let's have a look, shall we?

Grover looks back down at the manilla folder - he begins to leaf through the documents within it.

GROVER (CONT'D)

So far, not too bad. With your A.P. classes, you've got a 3.2 G.P.A.

Your C in history is the only red flag.

Grover looks up at Vincent.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Well, Vincent, how do you feel about things?

VINCENT

I hate it here.

GROVER

Hate is a strong word. Can you explain why you feel this way?

VINCENT

I don't belong here. At all.

GROVER

Because of your family situation?

VINCENT

Situation? We're flippin' poor coach. That's our situation. And people here are far from poor and don't like people far from rich. How's that for the situation?

GROVER

Vincent, I was in your shoes years ago and wish I had the opportunity you have now. You have to be patient. Do you think it would be different if you were new anywhere else?

VINCENT

Um...yeah. I do.

GROVER

Maybe you are right. Your grandmother told me we have until the new year to figure this out.

VINCENT

That's right, coach. Then I'm out-a-here.

GROVER

That's fair. Unless you have something else, you can be excused.

Vincent stands and turns to leave the office.

GROVER (CONT'D)

One other thing.

Vincent pauses and turns back.

GROVER (CONT'D)

I need you to be at my house this Saturday at 1:00 p.m. sharp.

(MORE)

GROVER (CONT'D)

I've got some things I want to show you...you should find them very interesting.

VINCENT

I've got plans.

GROVER

Cancel them. Please.

Vincent senses Grover's sincerity and commitment.

VINCENT

Okay. I'll be there, coach.

Vincent backs out of the office, and, in front of him, slowly closes the door.

EXT. FRONT OF NOONAN RESIDENCE -- AFTERNOON

Vincent shields the rain with his hand as he sprints from his grandmother's parked sedan to the house. He arrives at the front door, under cover of the porch. Vincent brushes off some rain and then attempts to knock, but before he can, the door swings open. ANNA NOONAN (early 60s), Grover's wife, welcomes him.

ANNA

You must be Vincent Badwell. Come in! Please come in!
(ushers Vincent inside)

INT. NOONAN RESIDENCE -- CONTINUOUS

They stand in the foyer.

VINCENT

Yes ma'am. Thank you.

ANNA

I'm Grover's wife, Anna.

She offers her hand to Vincent, and he accepts the greeting.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Grover's told me all about you. I'm sure not all, but you know what I mean.

VINCENT

Yes, ma'am. It's a pleasure to meet you.

Grover strolls up dressed in sweats and a sleeveless shirt.

ANNA

Can I get you something to drink?
Juice? Soda? Water?

VINCENT

No thank you.

GROVER

Right on time.

ANNA

For goodness sakes, Grover Noonan,
at least put something over your
undershirt!

GROVER

I take it you've met my lovely wife
and better half, Anna?

Vincent and Grover smile. Anna wants results.

GROVER (CONT'D)

I'm fine darlin'. We'll be up in a
little bit.

ANNA

My stubborn man. If you catch cold,
I'm gonna say I warned ya so!

Grover lovingly kisses his wife.

GROVER

(grabs Vincent's arm)
C'mon. Let's go downstairs.

ANNA

Take it easy on him, Vincent.

INT. GROVER'S BASEMENT -- AFTERNOON (MOMENTS LATER)

Grover and Vincent make their way into the basement. It is unfinished except for the green, turf-like shag carpet. With mouth agape, Vincent circles as he looks around in amazement - like The Lacrosse Hall of Fame Museum, the place is packed full of lacrosse memorabilia and relics...some items are neatly placed and organized and some are strewn.

INT. GROVER'S BASEMENT -- AFTERNOON (LATER)

Grover shows and hands lacrosse item, after lacrosse item to Vincent - all the while, explaining each item's significance. Vincent intently soaks it all in.

INT. GROVER'S BASEMENT -- AFTERNOON (LATER)

Grover displays an old team photo.

*

GROVER

Guess who's in this photo.

Blending in, a young Stephen Badwell stands in the back row of an All-State team photo.

GROVER (CONT'D)

All-State, first team. Your Dad.
(points)
Right there.

There Stephen is, clearly in the photo. He wears number 3.

VINCENT

That's my Dad?
(looks closer)
That is my Dad. He was All-State?

GROVER

After I coached your dad, he became a special high school lacrosse player, but college was not for him.

Vincent contemplates, then turns to other nearby relics.

VINCENT

How 'bout this?

Vincent grabs and puts on a huge, old leather helmet; he wiggles his head so that it wobbles like a bobble head doll. Vincent glances left and right.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(Tex Avery's cartoon)
Which way did he go? Which way did he go?

Grover smiles as Vincent returns the helmet.

GROVER

Here, look at these.

Grover gingerly hands Vincent a couple of three foot long wooden lacrosse sticks having circular heads.

GROVER (CONT'D)

These are authentic Indian game sticks. Probably Iroquois or Cherokee.

Vincent carefully grabs the sticks with each hand and begins to dodge around the room - he gracefully maneuvers the sticks like nunchucks, pretending to play the original game.

INT. GROVER'S BASEMENT -- AFTERNOON (LATER)

Vincent and Grover sit on wooden stools, facing each other.

GROVER

I showed you all this for a reason.
To impress something upon you.

VINCENT

What's that?

GROVER

You can get a great college education and become a member of the lacrosse family. But you have to love it. Love the teamwork. The competition and dedication. You have to love to win, and you have to love the fact you hate to lose. Vincent, it's about love of lacrosse. And it's about love of life.

Vincent is skeptical.

GROVER (CONT'D)

But it all starts, like it or not,
in the River School community.

VINCENT

What do you mean?

GROVER

In the same way they have to respect you and your family, you have to respect their way of life. Most importantly, you have to respect yourself. So who cast the first stone, Vincent?

VINCENT

I don't remember. It could have been me.

GROVER

Regardless, rise above it. Look, Vincent, you can turn this whole thing around. So what's it gonna be?

Vincent sits motionless, staring at the green shag carpet. He raises his head until his eyes meet Grover's.

VINCENT

Coach, I really appreciate all this and all you've done...but if things don't get better, I'm leavin'.

Grover shrugs, shakes his head, and hands Vincent the team photo of his dad.

GROVER

This is yours. Thanks for coming.

EXT. WOODED AREA, A.A.CO. MARYLAND -- EARLY EVENING (LATER)

At their stoner hideout, Vincent, Luke, and Smithy sit around the fire pit. They toss wood-chips into the dead ashes.

SMITHY

We got to celebrate my new job!

VINCENT

I heard the talent at that place is...shall we say...limited.

LUKE

Suckish.

SMITHY

Workin' the door. Gettin' paid to be surrounded by naked chicks is cause for celebration.

LUKE

Surrounded by Baltimore strippers with tits down to their ankles. Celebrate away, mi amigo.

Smithy grabs Vincent around the back of the neck.

SMITHY

At least we got an excuse to party!

Vincent playfully knocks Smithy's hand away from his neck.

VINCENT

(smiles)

We have to party. It's all your fault.

SMITHY

Pick you guys up at eight.

Smithy tosses a wood-chip and it bounces off Vincent's forehead. Vincent smiles and tosses one back.

EXT. IN FRONT OF VINCENT'S & LUKE'S HOUSES -- NIGHT (LATER)

Smithy's van waits curbside as Vincent and Luke pile in.

INT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- NIGHT (LATER)

All three guys party and drink beer in the van. They've all had a couple too many.

LUKE

(to Vincent)

I'm real proud of you for givin' this lacrosse thing a shot.

VINCENT

Oh yeah? Don't be too proud...it ain't workin' so good.

LUKE

Seriously, dude. You got the balls to--

VINCENT

Have another beer, Luke.

LUKE

All I'm sayin' is that--

SMITHY

If you guys hug each other, I will puke. That's it. We need pot.

Smithy does an abrupt u-turn.

INT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- NIGHT (LATER)

Smithy pulls up to Wes's house and parks the van. Wes's Camaro is parked in the driveway. The guys are even more boozed up.

SMITHY

Let's go see Wes.

VINCENT

All of us?

SMITHY

Yeah all of us.

VINCENT

I'll just wait here. You and Luke go.

LUKE

Wes is a very hospitable dealer of drugs.

SMITHY

C'mon, dude. Let's go. All of us.

Vincent gives in...

VINCENT

All right.

...and all three exit the van.

EXT. WES'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

They approach Wes's house and wind up on the front stoop. Smithy knocks on the door. No answer. He knocks again. No answer. Knocks. No answer.

SMITHY
 (glances at the Camaro)
 That's his car. You guys stay here.
 He may be on the back deck.

Smithy wanders around the house where a detached garage sits at the back corner of the yard. He stumbles up the deck stairs that leads to the back door. Nobody is on the deck and Smithy notices the door is ajar.

INT. WES'S DETACHED GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Holding a flashlight, Wes rummages through canned goods in an old cabinet.

INT. BACK OF WES'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Smithy pushes the door and slowly enters the kitchen.

SMITHY
 Hellooo! Brother Wes. It's me,
 Smithy.

Smithy walks through the kitchen, looks around, and realizes the house is vacant. He goes to the front door, unlocks it, and greets Vincent and Luke into the house.

SMITHY (CONT'D)
 Nobody's here.

VINCENT
 We should go.

LUKE
 We can come back later.

SMITHY
 Hold on. Let me look around.

Smithy starts to inspect the place closer. Vincent and Luke are uncomfortable.

SMITHY (CONT'D)
 Grab some beers. Kitchen's over
 there.
 (gestures)

LUKE
 Are you sure? I mean--

SMITHY
 I'll buy him a six-pack later. Go
 on!

Vincent and Luke reluctantly agree and make their way to the kitchen as Smithy enters Wes's bedroom.

INT. WES'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Smithy enters and immediately sees an open safe. He creeps to the safe and looks inside to find...

...a stack of cash and a few small bundles of cocaine.

SMITHY

Sweet Jesus.

INT. WES'S DETACHED GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Wes finishes putting some cans in a paper bag.

WES

That'll do.

Wes picks up the bag and walks to the door. He opens it, steps out, and kicks it shut.

EXT. WES'S DETACHED GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

The flashlight shows the way as Wes walks toward the back deck.

INT. WES'S KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

The fridge contains two lone beers. Luke grabs one and cracks it.

LUKE

Can't drink the man's last beer.
We'll split it.

SMITHY (O.S.)

You guys! Come 'ere!

Luke leaves the beer on the counter and they go to Smithy.

INT. WES'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Smithy instinctively grabs a pillowcase and starts to load it with the cash and cocaine. Vincent and Luke enter to find Smithy stuffing away.

LUKE

Whoa!

VINCENT

Holy shit! What are you doin'?

SMITHY

What's it look like I'm fuckin' doin'?

EXT. WES'S BACK DECK -- CONTINUOUS

Wes makes it up the deck stairs, pushes his way through the door into the kitchen. He turns and kicks the door...

INT. WES'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

SLAM!

Smithy, Luke, and Vincent are startled by the noise.

SMITHY

(whispers)

Oh fuck!

LUKE

(whispers)

What can we--

SMITHY

(whispers)

Hide!

The three guys frantically look for places to hide.

INT. WES'S KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Wes notices the opened beer on the counter and calmly places the bag next to it. He walks to a nearby shelf, reaches to the top of it, and grabs a revolver.

INT. WES'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Smithy hides in the closet, Luke scrambles under the bed, and Vincent goes into the master bath.

Gun at the ready, Wes eases his way into the bedroom. He notices the empty safe. He quickly turns and points the gun behind the bedroom door. Nobody. Wes glances to the master bath and inches toward it. He stops, looks to the closet and approaches it.

From under the bed, Luke sees Wes's footsteps.

From the bathroom door hinge crack, Vincent sees Wes's attention to the closet.

Through slats of the closet door, Smithy see Wes's shadow approaching.

Wes reaches for the closet door knob. He swings the door open...Smithy is helpless, standing with face covered by hanging clothes and legs and feet fully exposed. He's the target of Wes's gun.

WES

Whoever you are, you're a fucking
dead-man!

Vincent springs from the bathroom and, from behind, cold-cocks Wes across the face with his right hand. Wes collapses, knocked-out cold. The gun tumbles to the floor. Vincent stands there astonished.

Smithy emerges from behind the clothes. Luke crawls from under the bed. Relieved, Smithy gives a look of gratitude to Vincent.

SMITHY
(still holds pillowcase)
Let's go!

All three scramble toward the front door.

EXT. WES'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

They stumble out of the front door and pile into Smithy's van. The van speeds off.

INT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- MOMENTS LATER

Smithy drives and is pumped up. Luke can't believe what just happened, and Vincent just gazes out of the side window.

SMITHY
That was fucking crazy!

LUKE
That was fucking stupid, dude. Really stupid.

SMITHY
(glances at Vincent)
Did he see your face?

VINCENT
No. He never saw it comin'.

SMITHY
My boy Vinny! One and done!

VINCENT
Fuck you Smithy.

INT. WES'S BATHROOM -- MORNING

Head buried in the sink, Wes splashes cold water on his face. He lifts his head, looks into the mirror, and inspects the result of Vincent's punch. On his swollen right cheek is broken skin in the distinct imprint of "3". It's as if Vincent's ring branded Wes's face.

WES
Three? What the hell is that? Mother fucker.

EXT. FRONT OF NOONAN RESIDENCE -- MORNING (LATER)

Vincent is at the front door. He knocks, puts his hands in his pockets and waits. Grover opens the door.

VINCENT

Coach. I've changed my mind. I love it. I love it all. The opportunity. The game. Everything.

Grover smiles.

GROVER

That's great, Vincent. Really great. Come in, I want to talk with you about your brother...

Grover welcomes Vincent into his home and closes the door.

INT. RIVER SCHOOL LOCKER ROOM -- AFTERNOON

The first practice of the new season. Grover stands before the team, which is dressed in full gear and warm sweats.

GROVER

You fellas have a good winter break?

The team grumbles a bit, then settles down.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Good. Glad to hear you all are excited to be back in school. I'm real excited for this new lacrosse season. Now I've coached most of you before, but some of you guys are pulled up from J.V. and some are completely new to this school. Let me get you acquainted with what's gonna happen the next few weeks before we get into the schedule. We're gonna run. Then we're gonna run some more. Why are we gonna run Worthington?

TREY

Because nobody out hustles River School lacrosse, sir!

GROVER

Very good, Trey. At least you remembered something from last season.

TREY

Yes, sir.

GROVER

You all are gonna be in the best shape of your lives. You can believe that, gentlemen. And before we even have scrimmage one, we're gonna work on fundamentals: catching, throwing, ground-balls, body position, and so on. Fundamentals do what Curtis?

CURTIS

Win games.

GROVER

What, Curtis?!

CURTIS

Win games, Sir!

GROVER

Thank you, son! Now I want to introduce my staff. Coach Thatcher, please step forward.

COACH THATCHER steps forward and briefly waves to the team.

GROVER (CONT'D)

I will run the offense, and coach Thatcher here will run the defense. Coach, you want to add anything?

COACH THATCHER

Our goal this year is to have a 5 goals allowed per game average. And to accomplish this, our defensive package will include not only shut-down man-to-man, but two different zone defenses...so you better have your thinkin' caps on gentlemen...and you better be ready to slide and hit hard.

Coach Thatcher takes a step back.

GROVER

Thanks coach. Now this whole operation wouldn't happen if it weren't for our student managers. Cindy? Where are ya Cindy? Step forward and say 'hi' would ya?

CINDY

(steps forward)

Hi.

(steps back)

GROVER

Cindy's our equipment manager and score keeper. Now we have a new manager who will assist Cindy. Drew Badwell, step forward would ya, son?

Out of the crowd, Drew jumps forward and lands next to Grover. He's so excited he can hardly contain himself. Grover puts his arm around Drew.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Say 'hi' Drew.

DREW

Hello! Team!

GROVER

This is Drew Badwell and as you can tell from the name, he's Vincent's little brother.

The team briefly looks at Vincent, and he nods in recognition of being acknowledged.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Drew will be in charge of hydration and backing-up the goals. Keeping our inventory of lacrosse balls steady and making sure there's no down time looking for balls. Very important position.

Managers and their duties are nothing new to the team. Business as usual.

GROVER (CONT'D)

This should go without saying, but I want you all to treat Cindy and Drew with respect. If it weren't for them, the show would not go on. You guys got it?

The team agrees.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Good. Now let's have a great year and win this thing!

The team applauds and cheers and then settles a bit.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Let's go! Hands in!

Grover extends his hand for others to follow suit. The team gathers around Grover, and puts hands in the middle.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Okay. Be The Best - on three. Ready?

The team hoots and hollers and pump sticks.

GROVER (CONT'D)

One-two-three!

TEAM

Be The Best!

The team breaks from the huddle, ready to play.

EXT. RIVER SCHOOL LACROSSE FIELD -- AFTERNOON (LATER)

An informal warm-up. Players joke around playing catch and shooting on goal.

INT. RIVER SCHOOL LOCKER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The theme from *Rocky* can almost be heard as...

...a person's hands work efficiently to: strap on one catcher's shin pad at a time and wiggle them making sure they're secure; put on one elbow pad at a time and swat them making sure they work; and then attach a chest protector and pat it to ensure proper fit.

...a lacrosse helmet lifts high in the air. It lowers into place, and, through the metal mask, Drew's spectacled face beams.

Grover snaps the chin-strap.

GROVER

You ready?

DREW

Let's rock!

EXT. RIVER SCHOOL LAX FIELD -- AFTERNOON (MOMENTS LATER)

And now, perhaps, we hear *Bad To The Bone*...

Players still joke around playing catch and shooting on goal. From the nearby locker-room, wearing his baseball mitt and protective gear, Drew bursts through the door and runs/waddles onto the field. Players stop in their tracks and stare as Drew trots by.

TREY

Well would ya look at that.

Drew makes it to the end-line and takes his position to back up the goal. TWO PLAYERS who were shooting on goal don't know what to do.

DREW

Let's go! Throw hard ones, team!
Hard ones!

Player #1 looks to Player #2.

PLAYER #1

Miss one. Let's see what he's got.

Player #2 shrugs, turns to the goal, and starts his windup to crank a shot.

Drew readies himself.

Player #2 fires a shot and the ball whistles through the air, just over the top cross bar. Drew leaps to his left. And, SWACK, he envelopes the speeding ball into his mitt and then barrel rolls to his feet, smiling.

DREW

Yep! Againnn!

Drew tosses the ball back to player #2, and Player #1 smiles.

PLAYER #1

Yep. Again.

Player #1 fires a shot that also misses. Drew leaps to his right. And, SWACK, he envelopes the speeding ball into his mitt and then barrel rolls to his feet, smiling.

PLAYERS #1 & #2

Wow.

Grover blows his whistle.

GROVER

Enough horsin' around! Gimme five lines! Calisthenics! Let's go!

As the team jogs in to form the lines, a couple of players run by Drew and give him a high-five. Vincent is proud of his little brother; he catches Trey's eye, and the two have a moment of understanding.

EXT. RIVER SCHOOL LACROSSE FIELD -- AFTERNOON (LATER)

Practice is ongoing and Drew does his thing. Grover blows the whistle.

GROVER

Bring it in! That's it!

The team brings it in around Grover. Vincent and Trey happen to stand next to each other.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Not bad today. Not great, but not bad. We can build on this. We got a two mile timed run tomorrow...

The team groans.

GROVER (CONT'D)

Enough fellas, that's enough. Let's hear it - all together now...we run because...

TEAM

Nobody out hustles River School lacrosse!

GROVER
All right! Bring it in!

Grover extends his hand for others to follow suit.

GROVER (CONT'D)
One-two-three!

TEAM
Be The Best!

The team breaks from the huddle and starts to leave the field.

GROVER
Drew, gather the balls, please!

DREW
You said it, coach!

Drew starts to gather balls. Trey and Vincent happen to walk together.

TREY
Drew's quite a character.

VINCENT
Yeah. He's a good kid.

TREY
Can I tell you something?

VINCENT
What?

TREY
Not many people know this. Around here, I mean.

VINCENT
What, Trey?

TREY
I have two sisters. One older and one younger, about Drew's age.

VINCENT
That's nice.

TREY
The younger, Mandy. Is mentally challenged.

VINCENT
It takes all kinds, Trey.

TREY
I guess you could say that.
(MORE)

TREY (CONT'D)

Like Drew, she's highly functioning.
Thank God.

VINCENT

I have a thought. Maybe we could
hook-up Mandy and Drew!

The two laugh. Drew runs up holding a bag full of balls.
The three walk off into the distance...

TREY

And possibly have you as a brother
in law? I'd kill you!

Vincent puts his arm around Drew as they continue on...

VINCENT

Not if I killed you first!

INT. RIVER SCHOOL CLASSROOM -- DAY

The History Teacher lectures his class.

HISTORY TEACHER

...so in 1974 Richard Nixon resigned
amid talk of impeachment. But what
happened later to excuse him of any
wrong doing?

Vincent raises his hand and the teacher acknowledges it.

VINCENT

He was pardoned. By the very next
president, Gerald Ford.

HISTORY TEACHER

Do you think Nixon asked to be
pardoned?

VINCENT

No. I think he was too proud.

Vincent looks around the room. All eyes are on him.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

But I'm not. I would say: Please
pardon me for being a presumptuous
jerk.

Seated, Trey also looks around the room.

TREY

And I would respond: You're pardoned,
but only if you pardon us. Nobody
is perfect.

The bell rings. As students leave, they pass Vincent from both sides. They are nice to him; most smile and pat him on the back as they go. The teacher is about to leave...

VINCENT

Excuse me, sir!

The history teacher stops and faces Vincent. Vincent stands and exposes his graffiti-less back to the teacher.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(points to his back)

Is there anything back here?

HISTORY TEACHER

Nope.

Vincent smiles.

INT. RIVER SCHOOL CAFETERIA -- DAY

Vincent has been welcomed into Trey's clique. They sit in a group having lunch.

CLIQUE MEMBER #2

...I was like, dude, get your dog off my leg!

They all chuckle.

VINCENT

What? You can't get humped and talk at the same time? What's wrong with you?

They all chuckle.

CLIQUE MEMBER #3

It could have been worse.

TREY

How's that?

CLIQUE MEMBER #3

It could have been a Great Dane!

They all chuckle.

VINCENT

Too funny!

Vincent glances at his watch.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(to Trey)

We should go see Mr. Carter about our history project.

TREY

Yeah. I guess you're right.

Trey and Vincent gather their trash.

TREY (CONT'D)

(to #2 & #3)

Check you guys later.

VINCENT

See you guys.

Vincent and Trey start to leave the cafeteria.

CLIQUE MEMBERS #2 & #3

Later. Later on.

CLIQUE MEMBER #2

Hey! Be careful. I heard Mr.
Carter's Chihuahua is in heat!

As they exit, Vincent and Trey turn back and smile.

EXT. THE BADWELL RESIDENCE -- MORNING

On a bike, the paper boy rides by and tosses the Saturday rag onto the front lawn. From his house, Luke walks across a few front yards, snatches the paper off the ground and continues to the front door.

INT. THE BADWELL RESIDENCE -- CONTINUOUS

Luke enters through the front door.

LUKE

Hello! Good morning!

In the kitchen, Drew helps G-ma cook eggs and bacon.

G-MA

Who's there?

Dressed in night-clothes, Vincent groggily comes down the stairs. At the foot of the stairs, Luke waits for Vincent and, from his breast pocket, produces a joint to inspect.

LUKE

Wake and bake?

Vincent yawns as he comes off the last step of stairs.

VINCENT

Naw, man.

LUKE

C'mon, dude.

VINCENT

No thanks.

Disappointed, Luke puts the joint back in his pocket and whiffs the air.

LUKE

Smells good. I'm starving.

Luke follows Vincent toward the kitchen.

VINCENT

Of course you are.

They enter the kitchen where G-ma and Drew are still at the stove.

DREW

Luke! Did you see the paper boy?

LUKE

Good morning, G-ma. Good morning Drew. I sure did. Here you go.

Luke hands Drew the paper, snatches a piece of bacon and takes a bite.

G-MA

You here for breakfast?

Vincent and Drew read the paper together.

LUKE

And the wonderful company. I want to hear all about young Vincent's travails at the renowned River School.

G-MA

Travails. That's a good word. Vincent?

Vincent and Drew look up from the paper.

DREW

Vincent is getting happy.

Vincent smiles and shrugs like he can't explain it.

DREW (CONT'D)

He told me.

VINCENT

Thanks, buddy. More like, I am happy.

G-ma starts plating food.

G-MA

Music to my ears.

LUKE

Do you have a fever or somethin'?

VINCENT

Really. School is actually going great. And lacrosse is going really great. We made the state semifinals. The game is next Tuesday. You should come.

LUKE

Maybe I will.

G-MA

Time to eat. Luke, pour some juice.

Luke does as he is told.

DREW

Hey, G-ma, eggs and ketchup. Do we have ketchup?

VINCENT

God, I hope not.

EXT. RIVER SCHOOL LACROSSE FIELD -- AFTERNOON

The scoreboard shows the game is in the 4th quarter with River School winning 15 to 7.

The game is heated and the River School team plays unselfishly well. The team chemistry and fine play of Vincent, wearing #3, and Trey is obvious as they play attack together. The team mobs each other after goals are scored.

G-ma and Luke watch with approval.

The ball moves around nicely between River School players, when Vincent finds an open middle up top. The middle fires a shot that misses the goal. Drew, standing on the end-line and fully protected, backs up the goal and makes an incredible snag. Vincent, Trey, and the two opposing defensemen run to Drew where the ball went out of bounds.

Vincent and Trey win the race, so the referee awards the ball back to River School.

Drew excitedly displays the ball as Vincent, Trey, and the opposing defensemen quickly catch their breath.

DREW

Who gets the ball? Tell me who.

OPPOSING DEFENSEMAN

(gestures to Drew)

Where'd you get the blind retard?

TREY
Excuse me, prick?

Vincent can't believe what he just heard.

OPPOSING DEFENSEMAN
The stupid coke bottle 'tard. Where'd
you get him?

VINCENT
Asshole!

Vincent drops his stick and shoves the defenseman. Drew watches as a brief scuffle ensues, pitting Vincent and Trey against the two opposing defensemen. Blowing the whistle and tossing the flag, the referee steps in to stop the fight.

Grover signals time-out as he runs onto the field to help diffuse the situation. Tension is high.

GROVER
Time out! Time out! Settle down
fellas!

Grover grabs the two boys by the jerseys and then gestures to the rest of the team.

GROVER (CONT'D)
Get in here! I said time out! Circle
up!

Luke and G-ma look on with concern.

LUKE
Are they messin' with Drew?

Drew stands on the end-line playing catch with himself as the team gathers around Grover.

GROVER
(to Trey & Vincent)
What are you guys doin'? The game's
almost over and we're killin' these
guys. And the championship game is
next week! C'mon fellas!

TREY
They were mean to Drew.

GROVER
What are you talkin' about?

TREY
They called him something terrible.
I can't even say it.

VINCENT
A stupid retard.

GROVER
Are you kidding me?

TREY
No.

GROVER
All right. I want you two to run
play number one. And Vincent.

VINCENT
Yes, sir.

GROVER
I would not be terribly upset if you
put a hard pick on that asshole.

VINCENT
Yes, sir!

GROVER
All right fellas. Hands in.

The team puts hands in.

GROVER (CONT'D)
One-two-three!

TEAM
Be The Best!

The team breaks from the huddle to finish the game.

EXT. RIVER SCHOOL LACROSSE FIELD -- MOMENTS LATER

Behind the goal, Vincent, Trey, and the two defensemen set
up for the start of play. With the lacrosse ball in hand,
Drew stands at the ready on the end-line.

TREY
Here you go, Drew.

Drew tosses Trey the ball.

DREW
Play hard, Trey! Hard!

TREY
Will do, Drew. Will do.

Trey turns to face his opponent and, with his index finger,
signals play number one.

TREY (CONT'D)
Number one! Number one!

The referee blows the whistle. Trey maneuvers behind the
goal as Vincent sets a pick at center behind.

The defensemen stick to Trey and Vincent like glue. Just as Trey approaches Vincent to brush by the pick, Vincent steps in and holds his ground as Trey's defenseman slams into him. The collision creates a "yard sale" as the defenseman lands on his back and his equipment goes flying.

VINCENT

Drew! His name is Drew!

Both benches immediately clear and a huge brawl ensues. It's complete mayhem.

Luke looks to G-ma.

LUKE

I'm goin' in!

Luke sprints onto the field and joins the fray.

With a lacrosse ball, Drew plays catch with himself again, surrounded by the chaos.

INT. RIVER SCHOOL GYMNASIUM -- DAY

A school assembly. Grover is at a podium addressing the student body...

GROVER

...and it's not often you win championships. It's been six years, but this varsity lacrosse team did it!

Grover motions to...a championship banner on the gym wall is unfurled. Grover turns back to the bleachers.

GROVER (CONT'D)

And thanks to the River School Booster Club, we all have championship hats to commemorate this accomplishment.

Grover displays a championship baseball cap to the crowd.

GROVER (CONT'D)

The whole student body gets these...so please give a round of applause to your champion lacrosse team!

The assembly gives a rousing applause as Grover smiles and raises the hat higher in the air.

EXT. RIVER SCHOOL LACROSSE FIELD -- DAY (LATER)

The field is empty. Drew and Vincent sit on the bench and admire their championship hats.

VINCENT

Pretty cool, huh?

DREW
 (puts hat on)
 Way cool.

Vincent puts his hat on and then looks to his Dad's old ring he wears on his right hand.

"3". Sunlight reflects off it - the flash of glint is blinding...

INT. GROVER'S OFFICE -- DAY

G-ma and Vincent sit across the desk from Grover. In front of Grover rests a manilla folder and a fountain pen.

GROVER
 Are you sure about this, Vincent?
 This all has happened pretty quickly.
 You could wait a few more months.

VINCENT
 Coach, I know you've been lobbying hard for me, and I appreciate that. I fell in love with the place my first visit. And it's a full ride.

GROVER
 Lincoln College is a great school with great lacrosse. Coach Thompson is a good man. But in a few more months, you might have other options to weigh. Maggie?

G-MA
 Lincoln is a wonderful liberal arts school. Close to home. If this is what Vincent wants to do, I'm behind him 100%.

GROVER
 Very well. I've reviewed the letter.

Grover opens the manilla folder, exposing a letter.

GROVER (CONT'D)
 Pretty standard. You ready to sign?

Vincent and G-ma look to each other and smile.

VINCENT
 Yes, sir.

Grover rotates the folder 180 degrees and slides it, along with the pen, toward Vincent.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
 Division I lacrosse, pretty friggin' awesome!

Vincent picks up the pen and studies the letter.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Am I the first one to go, G-ma?

G-MA

You are.

Grover points to the signature part of the letter.

GROVER

Sign right here, Vincent.

The bold heading of the document reads, "Lincoln College Letter of Intent". At the bottom of the sheet, Vincent signs.

Grover and G-ma look on with anticipation as Vincent finishes signing. Vincent lifts his head from the letter. All three smile at each other.

VINCENT

Lincoln College. Here I come!

INT. THE WILLIAMS HOUSE -- MORNING

Smithy's dad, MR. WILLIAMS, shuffles into his dark bathroom. Shielding his eyes with one hand, with the other, he pulls the string that turns on the bulb over the dated medicine cabinet and porcelain sink. He uncovers his eyes, looks into the mirror, and pulls his cheeks down, fully exposing the bloodshot whites of his eyes.

MR. WILLIAMS

Nasty.

Mr. Williams opens the medicine cabinet and fumbles a bottle of aspirin as he opens it and pours more than two pills into the palm of his hand.

He turns to a nearby linen nook and begins to rummage under a pile of sheets and towels.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Where the fuck are you?

Nothing. Mr. Williams turns back and kneels to the cabinet under the sink. He opens the door and reaches to the back of it, knocking over various containers of bathroom items. He finds what he's looking for.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

There you are!

Mr. Williams stands as he pulls a fifth of cheap vodka from the cabinet. He looks at the bottle, satisfied it has about 1/2 left.

He pops the aspirin and chugs the vodka, draining the bottle.

INT. THE WILLIAMS KITCHEN -- MORNING (LATER)

Smithy eats a bowl of cereal at the breakfast table when Mr. Williams stumbles into the room.

MR. WILLIAMS
(drunken slurring)
Mornin', boy. Where's your mom.

Smithy looks at his dad with disgust.

SMITHY
Good morning, dad. She's...at the store.

MR. WILLIAMS
What you lookin' at boy?

SMITHY
Nothin', dad. Nothin'. Can I get you some coffee?

MR. WILLIAMS
I tell ya what you can get me. You can get me a Ga-damn son who isn't a piece of shit. That's what you can get me.

Mr. Williams walks over to Smithy and towers over him.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Did you clean the gutters like I told ya, piece of shit?

SMITHY
Dad, you were supposed to borrow a ladder from work so I could get up there.

MR. WILLIAMS
Don't you...

Cereal and milk go flying as Mr. Williams shoves Smithy making him tip backward and fall to the floor in his chair.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
...say a fuckin' word!

With fists clenched, Mr. Williams straddles his son. Smithy is emotionless staring up at his dad.

SMITHY
Have another fuckin' drink, dad.

Smithy calmly looks on because he knows what's next. Mr. Williams throws a punch that SMACKS squarely on his son's face.

EXT. "THE BLOCK", BALTIMORE -- AFTERNOON (LATER)

From a distance, Smithy works the door at the Pink Pussy Cat. Business picks up as he checks I.D.s and takes the cover charge in a half-ass, assembly line kind of way. Smithy doesn't see Luke approach and stand in the small line.

It's Luke's turn to have his I.D. checked and pay the cover. Smithy has a fresh black eye.

SMITHY

Dude! You made it!

LUKE

I told ya I was comin' up here!
What happened to your face?

Smithy lightly touches his black eye.

SMITHY

I fell out of bed - it's nothin'.

Luke looks at him with skepticism.

SMITHY (CONT'D)

Well. Welcome to my humble titty establishment. I hope you got a lot of singles 'cause this next set of chicks is pretty damn good.

LUKE

Don't worry about me. Vincent told me to tell you, he signed with Lincoln College. Full ride.

SMITHY

Awesome! We gotta take that boy out later. Get in there, tiger...Luscious Lola is comin' on. She'll burn a freakin' hole in your pockets!

LUKE

Thanks man. Later!

Luke strolls in as Smithy turns to the next person in line.

INT. THE BADWELL KITCHEN -- MORNING

G-ma and Drew sit at the table doing a crossword puzzle and notice a hung-over Vincent stagger in.

DREW

Brother!

VINCENT

Yeah, Drew.

G-MA

Good morning, Vincent, You hungry
for breakfast or would you like some
lunch?

VINCENT

Not hungry. Thanks.

DREW

Brother!

VINCENT

What, Drew!

Drew points to the crossword puzzle as Vincent pours himself
a cup of coffee.

G-MA

Oh! Four letter word for 'buddy'!
Nice try Drew, but 'brother' has
seven letters and this word needs to
end with an 'M'.

Vincent sits at the table.

G-MA (CONT'D)

Let's try 'chum'.

DREW

Chum?

G-MA

Chum is another word for--

VINCENT

Please, it's a little early to be
talkin' about fish guts.

The phone rings.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I got it.

Vincent stands and answers the wall phone.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

This is Vincent. Oh, hi Mrs. Noonan.
What is it?

(listens)

Oh my God! Wha--

(listens)

Vincent slumps onto the counter, burying his head in his
arm. G-ma and Drew look on with concern.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Aneurysm? I'm so sorry.

(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Is there anything we--
 (listens)
 Yes ma'am. Of course.

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY -- DAY

Vincent stands at the podium and looks out upon the gathering seated in the pews.

VINCENT

Grover Noonan was beyond a great coach. He was a mentor. A motivator. A friend with a boundless good soul.

In the audience, Trey, G-ma, and Drew look upon Vincent as he speaks.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Grover would not want us to mourn his death, but rather celebrate his life. I think I can say on behalf of his family, friends, and ex-players that as we are blessed with love and with lacrosse, Grover Noonan was both.

In the front row, Anna also watches Vincent speak.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Please everyone, look around you and take your neighbor's hand.

The audience looks around and all clasp hands...Anna, Trey, G-ma, and Drew...everyone.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

This one's for Grover...all together...Be The Best - on three. One-two-three!

THE AUDIENCE

Be The Best!

Vincent is in tears as he steps down from the podium. Anna stands and they briefly hug.

ANNA

Very nice. Thank you.

Vincent can't speak, so he nods yes. He then walks back to sit with G-ma and Drew, who both console him.

The Reverend has taken Vincent's place at the podium and makes final remarks as Vincent gets G-ma's attention.

VINCENT

I feel sick. I don't think I can stay. I need some air.

G-MA

Go ahead. See you at the reception.

VINCENT

Maybe.

Vincent stands and then ducks out of a side door to the sanctuary. The door closes behind him.

EXT. LINCOLN COLLEGE CAMPUS, BALTIMORE -- MORNING

A brick monument sign reads, "Lincoln College of Baltimore, Maryland". Students roam the campus between classes.

INT. COACH THOMPSON'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Vincent sits in a chair at the front of a small desk. Across the desk from him sits the head lacrosse coach for Lincoln College, COACH THOMPSON.

COACH THOMPSON

Grover was a great man and a great coach. He will be missed by many. You okay?

VINCENT

Not really.

COACH THOMPSON

Hang in there. You'll be all right.

VINCENT

I guess so. Coach Thompson, I don't think I'm ready for college.

COACH THOMPSON

Vincent, trust me. You are ready. Have you talked with your grandmother about this?

VINCENT

No. Not yet.

COACH THOMPSON

Vincent, don't rush this. Sleep on it. A lot.

VINCENT

Okay, coach. I will.

EXT. "THE BLOCK", BALTIMORE -- DAY

Smithy works the door at the Pink Pussy Cat. From inside, a COWORKER approaches him.

COWORKER

Yo, Smithy. Mr. Jack wants to see you.

SMITHY

Me?

COWORKER

Yeah you, douche bag! Go ahead. I got the door.

INT. PINK PUSSY CAT -- CONTINUOUS

The bar is practically empty, but still smoke filled. Smithy weaves around the few drunk patrons and naked strippers. At the back of the bar, he opens a private door to a hallway. At the end of the hallway, Smithy comes to another door. He knocks. The door opens and a bodyguard, FRANK, answers and blocks the door.

FRANK

What do you want?

SMITHY

Mr. Jack sent for me.

MR. JACK (O.S.)

Who is it?

Frank turns to face inside the room.

FRANK

The bouncer.

MR. JACK (O.S.)

Let 'em in.

Frank turns back and lets Smithy pass into the room.

INT. MR. JACK'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Smithy approaches MR. JACK, who lounges behind a huge desk and overhead monitors.

MR. JACK

Mr. Smith Williams, Jr. How's the front, young man? Busy?

SMITHY

Not really, sir.

MR. JACK

Ya know...I knew I recognized the name when I hired you. How's your old man?

SMITHY

You friends with my dad?

MR. JACK

Let's just say he was a good customer
back in the day.

SMITHY

Really. Small world.

MR. JACK

So how is he?

SMITHY

Drunk.

MR. JACK

(smiles)

Look. I need you to run an errand
for me. Normally, I would have Tommy
do it, but we had a misunderstanding.

INT. PINK PUSSY CAT BASEMENT -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

With Frank in the background, Mr. Jack stands before TOMMY,
who is lashed to a wooden chair, and smacks him across the
face with a scrap piece of 2"x4".

MR. JACK

You fuck with me, Tommy, I fuck with
you.

TOMMY

Please! It won't happen again!

Mr. Jack is emotionless as he raises the 2"x4" to strike
again. Tommy is completely terrified.

INT. BACK TO MR. JACK'S OFFICE -- DAY

SMITHY

Did you fire him?

Mr. Jack smiles.

INT. PINK PUSSY CAT BASEMENT -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Tommy is still lashed to the chair, beaten to a pulp. Frank
looks on as Mr. Jack flips a long phillips-head screwdriver
in the air, catches it by the handle, and then presses the
metal tip against Tommy's forehead.

Tommy's eyes roll up, cross-eyed, as he tries to look at the
hand-tool. With the scrap piece of 2"x4", Mr. Jack swiftly
clobbers the handle, plunging the shank through Tommy's skull.

INT. BACK TO MR. JACK'S OFFICE -- DAY

MR. JACK

Fired. Terminated. It's all the
same thing.

Mr. Jack reaches behind the desk and pulls out a large package, places it on the desk, and slides it toward Smithy.

MR. JACK (CONT'D)

You know where the Port of Baltimore is?

Smithy grabs the package.

SMITHY

Yep.

MR. JACK

Good. Go to the Locust Point Terminal and you'll see the Cafe Colombian warehouse. Beside the main entrance will be a steel lock box. There will be a sealed envelope in there. Swap the package for the envelope, lock the box, and you're done. Any questions?

SMITHY

Can I have a couple of bucks for gas?

Mr. Jack smiles and reaches into the desk drawer. He pulls out two hundred dollar bills.

MR. JACK

When you get back. Don't fuck around.

SMITHY

(smiles)
Got it.

After Smithy leaves the office, Mr. Jack turns to Frank.

MR. JACK

Tail him.

Frank nods yes and exits the office.

EXT. PORT OF BALTIMORE -- DAY (LATER)

Behind the "North Locust Point Terminal" monument sign, huge cargo ships occupy piers. By towering cranes, large containers, having "Cafe Colombian, Inc." painted on the side, are lifted off a cargo ship and placed on a bulkhead.

A sign on a pier warehouse reads, "Cafe Colombian, Inc.".

INT. CAFE COLOMBIAN WAREHOUSE -- DAY (LATER)

Pallets of burlap sacks, containing whole coffee beans, have "Cafe Colombian, Inc." stenciled on them.

A WORKER cuts open a bag and plunges his hand deep into the bean contents...he rummages for a second, pulls out a brick of compressed cocaine, and smiles.

EXT. CAFE COLOMBIAN WAREHOUSE -- AFTERNOON (LATER)

With package in hand, Smithy walks from his parked van toward the main entrance.

INT. FRANK'S PARKED CAR -- CONTINUOUS

From a distance, Frank watches Smithy work.

EXT. CAFE COLOMBIAN WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Smithy gets to the steel box, opens it, pulls out a white envelope, and then puts the package in. Smithy locks the lock and looks around. It's surprisingly quiet. He goes back to his van and drives off.

Moments later, the worker comes out of the main entrance and empties the package from the steel box. He walks back inside.

INT. CAFE COLOMBIAN WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Behind the counter, DIEGO sits at his desk doing paper work as the worker enters.

WORKER

Senor Jack.

DIEGO

(acknowledges)

Good. Let's have it.

The worker brings the package to Diego. Diego opens the package and smiles as stacks of money are revealed.

INT. MR. JACK'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON (LATER)

Mr. Jack lounges watching TV and camera monitors when there is a knock at the door. Frank enters.

MR. JACK

How'd he do?

FRANK

Fine. He did good.

There is another knock at the door. Frank answers it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Mr. Jack)

It's Smithy.

MR. JACK

Let 'em in.

Smithy approaches Mr. Jack offering the sealed envelope.

SMITHY

Here you go.

Mr. Jack accepts the envelope.

MR. JACK

(opens envelope)

Any problems?

SMITHY

Nope.

Mr. Jack removes a slip of paper from the envelope and looks at it.

The slip reads, "11:00 p.m. delivery".

Mr. Jack produces the two hundred dollars from the desk drawer and hands them over to Smithy.

MR. JACK

Good job. There will be more deliveries like this. You mind your own business and the cash will keep comin'.

SMITHY

Yes, sir. Thank you.

INT. MARYLAND GROCERY STORE -- DAY

G-ma inspects two oranges from a huge bin of others. Satisfied, she tosses them, one at a time, over her shoulders.

Drew stands behind her with a clear plastic bag at the ready. He concentrates on the flying oranges as they, one after another, plop into the bag. Drew looks to and follows G-ma, who pushes her cart and continues to shop.

DREW

How come Vincent's so mad?

G-MA

He's not mad. He's sad. Maybe a little confused. He loved Coach Noonan. And now he's gone.

DREW

Oh. I miss coach Noonan too. Do you still love Vincent?

G-MA

Of course I love Vincent.

DREW

I know that.

G-ma stops shopping and turns to Drew.

G-MA
And I love you.

DREW
I love my family. Anytime.

G-ma plucks a can from a nearby shelf and looks at the label.

The label reads, "Anytime Stew - Always Good!"

She turns to Drew and gives a small grin.

G-MA
Me too, Drew. Anytime.

EXT. THE BADWELL RESIDENCE -- DAY (LATER)

Vincent sits on the front stoop and reads a book. He looks up to see G-ma's sedan pull down the driveway. G-ma drives and Drew rides shotgun as the vehicle slows to a stop. G-ma and Drew hop out of the car.

DREW
Hi Vincent!

VINCENT
Hi Drew.

G-ma opens the rear door, exposing bags of groceries.

G-MA
Help us with these?

Vincent puts the book down on the stoop.

VINCENT
Sure.

G-ma, Drew, and Vincent start to unload the groceries.

EXT. THE BADWELL RESIDENCE -- DAY (LATER)

Vincent and Drew play a game of catch with a lacrosse ball. Like usual, Vincent plays with his lacrosse stick while Drew plays with his baseball mitt.

DREW
Do you ever think about dead people?

VINCENT
Dead people? Do you have someone in mind?

DREW
Our dead people. Like Mom and Dad.
Coach Noonan.

VINCENT
Of course. All the time. Why?

DREW
I wonder if they see us from heaven.
Like right now.

They stop playing. Drew looks to the sky followed by Vincent.
Both are transfixed on the puffy clouds.

VINCENT
Maybe.

DREW
Do you think they play catch in
Heaven, Vincent?

VINCENT
I hope so.

Vincent snaps out of it.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
I gotta go, buddy. Submarine
sandwiches don't make themselves ya
know.

Drew looks to Vincent and smiles.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Five more catches, buddy.

DREW
Ten! Ten more!

VINCENT
Okay. You win. Ten more.

EXT. PINK PUSSY CAT -- NIGHT

Smithy works the door. From inside, his coworker approaches
him.

COWORKER
Mr. Jack wants you in the basement.

Smithy leaves his post and enters the building.

INT. PINK PUSSY CAT BASEMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Smithy steps down into the basement to find Frank and Mr.
Jack standing next to two duffel bags, one red and one blue.

MR. JACK
Delivery time. You have two stops.
You better write this down.

Mr. Jack hands Smithy a pad of paper and a pen.

MR. JACK (CONT'D)
 (points to red bag)
 The red one goes to the Pristine Cab
 Company at 405 West Lombard Street.

Smithy jots down the info.

MR. JACK (CONT'D)
 (points to blue bag)
 The blue one goes to Glen Burnie.
 302 Lennox Avenue.

Smithy stops jotting and looks a bit startled.

SMITHY
 (to himself)
 Shit.

MR. JACK
 What?

SMITHY
 Nothin'. Got it. No problem.

MR. JACK
 Remember, Smithy. Don't fuck this
 up and mind your own business and
 there's five hundred dollars waiting
 for you.

SMITHY
 Yes, sir.

MR. JACK
 Go to the dispatch office of the cab
 company and tell them you're
 delivering a "bundle of joy" and
 they will take it from there. When
 you get to Lennox Avenue, knock on
 the door and say, "I have a bundle
 of joy.", and it will be cool. Bundle
 of joy...got it?

SMITHY
 (still rattled)
 Got it.

MR. JACK
 Smithy, I think you know what's in
 these bags don't you?

SMITHY
 (nervous)
 A bundle of joy?

MR. JACK
 (smiles)
 Good. See you when you get back.

Frank slides the duffel bags over to Smithy. Smithy grabs the bags and leaves by the rear cellar door. Frank turns to Mr. Jack.

FRANK

You want me to follow him?

MR. JACK

Na. I gotta good feeling about this one. He's a lifer.

EXT. BALTIMORE CONVENIENCE STORE -- NIGHT (LATER)

Smithy is on a pay phone.

SMITHY

Luke, I know it's drugs. A lot of drugs. One of the bags goes to Wes! I'm nervous as shit - you gotta come with me!

INT. LUKE'S KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

LUKE

I don't know man. Can't you just not deliver them?

SMITHY (over phone)

I think Mr. Jack would kill me if I don't come through. Literally. Look, grab Vincent...I will pay you guys each a hundred bucks. Please!

EXT. BALTIMORE CONVENIENCE STORE -- CONTINUOUS

SMITHY

Please, Luke!

LUKE (over phone)

All right, you owe me more than money, dude.

SMITHY

Thank you. See you in thirty.

EXT. THE BADWELL RESIDENCE -- MOMENTS LATER

Luke frantically knocks on the front door. Wearing a plain baseball cap, Vincent opens the door.

VINCENT

What--

LUKE

Don't say a word. You're comin' with me!

Luke grabs Vincent by the collar and yanks him out of the house. Vincent struggles back to close the door, then follows Luke.

LUKE (CONT'D)

C'mon!

VINCENT

What's goin' on?

INT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- NIGHT (LATER)

Smithy drives and Vincent and Luke are passengers.

LUKE

(to Smithy)

A crumby five hundred bucks? You need a raise.

SMITHY

I need to quit is what I need to do.

VINCENT

Let's get this over with. Where to first?

SMITHY

We're closest to Wes's. We'll go there, then to the cab company.

LUKE

You're the one drivin'.

SMITHY

Fuck! I just thought of something! Wes knows Luke and me. If he knows we're in with Jack and he gets busted, we get busted. Big time.

LUKE

You got a point.

VINCENT

Don't look at me!

SMITHY

C'mon Vinny! Just this once! You knock on the door, say you got a bundle of joy, hand him the shit, and then ya leave. Piece of cake!

VINCENT

You quittin' after this?

SMITHY

I'm done.

VINCENT

All right. This once.

SMITHY

My boy Vinny! Thanks man!

EXT. DOWN THE STREET FROM WES'S HOUSE -- NIGHT (LATER)

Smithy parks the van and turns it off.

INT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Smithy reaches back and hands Vincent the blue duffel bag.

SMITHY

Here you go. Just knock. Bundle of joy. Hand the bag over. Leave.

EXT. WES'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Holding the duffel bag by his right side, Vincent stands on the front stoop and knocks on the front door. He lowers the brim of his cap and looks downward so his face is somewhat concealed.

WES (O.S.)

Who is it?

VINCENT

I've got a bundle of joy.

The door swings open and Wes stands there. From Vincent's punch, there is a discernable scar on Wes's right cheek.

From his posture and his hat, Vincent's face is still mostly concealed.

WES

Thanks. I'll take that.

With his right hand, Vincent lifts the bag and presents it to Wes.

In doing so, he fully exposes his #3 ring to Wes.

As Wes grabs the bag, he can't help but notice Vincent's ring. Wes looks from the ring, glares at Vincent and tries to get a good glimpse of his face, but to no avail as Vincent turns and begins to walk away.

VINCENT

Thank you.

WES

(still glares)

Hey come back!

Vincent runs away.

WES (CONT'D)

Mother fucker works for Jack.

EXT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- MOMENTS LATER

Vincent approaches the van and...

INT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- CONTINUOUS

...climbs in and closes the door.

VINCENT

That was a breeze. Where's my hundred bucks!

SMITHY

Easy big boy. When I get paid, you get paid.

INT. WES'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Wes is on the phone.

WES

I'm not accusing you of anything. I just tellin' you, your delivery boy was the mother fucker that robbed me!

MR. JACK (over phone)

Are you sure?

INT. MR. JACK'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

WES (over phone)

Of course I'm sure.

MR. JACK

You said you didn't see their faces. How?

WES (over phone)

I've got the damn scar to prove it!

INT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Smithy starts the van.

SMITHY

Next stop, Pristine Cab Company.

Smithy smiles to himself and turns off the van.

SMITHY (CONT'D)

Might as well buy some pot while we're here!

LUKE
C'mon let's just go!

Smithy climbs out before anybody can do anything.

LUKE (CONT'D)
You're freakin' nuts!

INT. WES'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Wes is still on the phone.

MR. JACK (over phone)
Maybe I didn't pay attention, but I
never noticed any ring on him.

WES
I thought you should know. So what's
his name?

MR. JACK (over phone)
Don't worry about that. If he robbed
you, he'll rob me. I'll handle it.
A message has to be sent.

There is a knock at the door.

WES
I gotta go. Thanks. Let me know.

Wes hangs up the phone and walks over to the door.

WES (CONT'D)
Who is it?

SMITHY (O.S.)
It's me, Smithy.

Wes opens the door and greets him into the house.

SMITHY (CONT'D)
Thanks. Hey, I'm kinda in a hurry,
but could you hook me with a quarter
ounce?

WES
You're supposed to call, dude.
(sighs)
Hold on, I'll be right back.

SMITHY
Thanks, man.

Wes disappears into his bedroom.

WES (O.S.)
Remember I got robbed a while ago?

SMITHY

Yeah, I remember.

Wes emerges from his room holding a quarter ounce bag of pot.

WES

(points to cheek)

I got this scar.

SMITHY

Yeah I was gonna ask you about that.
What happened?

WES

One of the bastards hit me with a
big fuckin' ring on. It has the
number 3 on it.

(point to scar again)

Seriously, look at it!

SMITHY

Is that what that is?

Wes hands the pot to Smithy.

WES

Yes. That's what that is. That'll
be fifty.

Smithy forks over \$50.00

WES (CONT'D)

Thanks. Anyway...

Wes raises his hand and makes an 'inch' sign.

WES (CONT'D)

I'm this close to findin' out who
the 'number three' asshole is.

SMITHY

Great. Sure hope you find the guy.

EXT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- MOMENTS LATER

Smithy approaches the van and...

INT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- CONTINUOUS

...climbs in and closes the door.

SMITHY

Got it. We're outa here.

Smithy starts the van.

EXT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- CONTINUOUS

The van drives off.

EXT. BALTIMORE CONVENIENCE STORE -- NIGHT (LATER)

Holding an armful of munchies, Smithy struggles out of the store and makes his way to the van's passenger side. Through the window, he hands the food to Vincent and Luke.

SMITHY

I'll be right back. I gotta make a call.

EXT. BALTIMORE CONVENIENCE STORE -- MOMENTS LATER

Smithy is on the pay-phone.

SMITHY

Yep, just like you said. No problems.

MR. JACK (over phone)

So where are you? Your cash is waiting.

SMITHY

Near the Inner Harbor. I'm exhausted.

INT. MR. JACK'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Frank looks on with concern as Mr. Jack is on the phone.

MR. JACK

I'd rather we finish the deal tonight. How long before you get here?

SMITHY (over phone)

Can it wait until tomorrow?

MR. JACK

Hold on.

Mr. Jack puts his hand over the mouthpiece and turns to Frank.

MR. JACK (CONT'D)

(to Frank)
Tomorrow?

FRANK

Before we open?

Mr. Jack nods yes and removes his hand from the mouthpiece.

MR. JACK

(to Smithy)
Can you get here by 10:00 a.m.?

EXT. BALTIMORE CONVENIENCE STORE -- CONTINUOUS

SMITHY
10:00 a.m. is fine. See you then.

Smithy hangs up the phone and walks back to the van.

INT. SMITHY'S CHEVY VAN -- NIGHT (LATER)

Smithy pulls up between Vincent's and Luke's houses and parks the van.

SMITHY
Thanks you guys. I'll get you the
hundred bucks tomorrow morning.

LUKE
No problem.

VINCENT
No sweat. See you tomorrow.

LUKE
Later.

Luke and Vincent climb out of the van and close the doors. They begin to go their separate ways. Smithy rolls down the window...

SMITHY
Vincent.

Vincent stops and turns back.

SMITHY (CONT'D)
C'mere a second.

Vincent walks back to Smithy.

SMITHY (CONT'D)
Leme see your ring.

VINCENT
What?

SMITHY
Your Dad's ring. Leme hold it.

Vincent takes off the ring.

VINCENT
Why?

SMITHY
Uh. My mom is thinkin' about buyin'
her dad somethin' like it. She wanted
to see it up close.

VINCENT

Sure.

Vincent hands the ring to Smithy.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Don't lose it.

SMITHY

I won't. Watch.

Smithy puts it on his right ring finger.

SMITHY (CONT'D)

See.

Smithy admires the ring on his finger.

SMITHY (CONT'D)

Fits pretty good. Thanks, dude.
See you tomorrow.

Vincent walks backward.

VINCENT

See you tomorrow.

EXT. PINK PUSSY CAT BACK ALLEY -- MORNING

Smithy pulls up and parks his van. He gets out, puts his hands in his pockets, walks down the stairs to the cellar door, and knocks with his left hand. Moments later, Frank unlocks the door and lets Smithy in.

INT. PINK PUSSY CAT BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

SMITHY

Thanks.

Frank re-locks the door. Smithy, hands still in pockets, walks over to Mr. Jack, who waits calmly.

MR. JACK

Good job last night.

SMITHY

Thanks. Like I said...easy breezy.

Smithy senses tension in the air and looks back and forth between Mr. Jack and Frank.

SMITHY (CONT'D)

I got some stuff to do, so can we wrap this up?

Mr. Jack reaches into his breast pocket and produces five hundred dollar bills.

MR. JACK

Sure. Just one question. Did you rob the house you delivered to last night?

Smithy sees Frank draw a gun and point it at him. Mr. Jack pockets the money and then also draws a gun.

SMITHY

What? Me? Are you kidding? I would never--

MR. JACK

Show me your hands. Put 'em up.

Smithy slowly removes his hands from his pockets and raises them in the air. Frank steps forward and inspects Smithy's hands closer...no ring.

FRANK

Nothin'.

MR. JACK

Do you wear jewelry of any kind, Smithy?

SMITHY

Why do you--

MR. JACK

Answer the question!

Smithy ponders hard...

INT. PARK ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

A small menu-board reads, "Ms. Stenson's 3rd Grade".

The menu-board rests in front of children who gather in the auditorium for a class picture. The PHOTOGRAPHER organizes the kids into three even rows: one sitting cross-legged on the floor, one sitting in miniature chairs, and the third standing in the back row. He slowly backs up with palms facing the children - it's as if he's telling sitting dogs to stay.

PHOTOGRAPHER

There we go! Now don't move!

Smithy (now 8) stands in the back row and looks preoccupied.

SMITHY

(whispers)

Yo Vinny! Psst, Vincent!

Vincent (also 8) sits in the second row and turns back toward Smithy.

VINCENT

(whispers)

What? What do you want?

SMITHY

Come back here! Next to me!

VINCENT

What?

SMITHY

Now!

The photographer turns to adjust his camera, and MS. STENSON is oblivious as Vincent abandons his seat and clamors through classmates to take his place next to Smithy.

SMITHY (CONT'D)

That's better. Stick with me kid.
Look at Luke up front.

Vincent turns to see Luke (8) sitting in the front row.

Like Alfalfa, Luke's hair is sticking straight up at the crown.

SMITHY (CONT'D)

(puts arm around Vince)
Amazing what a little Elmer's Glue
can do!
(grins)

The photographer is ready.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Say cheese!

The class reluctantly agrees. Arms draped over each other's shoulders, Vincent and Smithy turn to the camera with beaming smiles.

A flashbulb ignites...

INT. BACK TO PINK PUSSY CAT BASEMENT -- MORNING

MR. JACK

Answer the fucking question!

SMITHY

A ring.

MR. JACK

What kind? Where is it?

SMITHY

Silver. It's in my pocket.

MR. JACK

Dig it out. Slowly.

Smithy carefully reaches into his front pocket and pulls out a fist. Mr. Jack holds out his hand.

MR. JACK (CONT'D)

Give it to me.

Smithy empties the contents of his fist into Mr. Jack's hand. Vincent's ring. Mr. Jack holds it up to the light to inspect.

There it is. Plain as day - #3.

Mr. Jack nods to Frank. Frank abruptly pistol whips Smithy, who collapses to one knee on the floor with blood streaming from his mouth.

MR. JACK (CONT'D)

Tell us who else was with you.

Smithy contemplates as he spits blood.

SMITHY

I can't do that.

Frank kicks Smithy in the abdomen, crumpling him fully to the floor.

MR. JACK

Frank's gonna beat the shit out of you until you tell us.

Frank kicks again and Smithy groans and gasps for air.

SMITHY

(struggles to speak)

Something tells me. No matter what.
I'm not gonna make it outa here.
Breathing.

FRANK

Try us.

SMITHY

Try you?

MR. JACK

Don't be difficult, Smithy. Frank just polished his shoes, so brass knuckles and maybe a water board are next.

As Smithy pushes himself up to one knee...

SMITHY

All right. All right. I'll tell you.

MR. JACK

See. How hard was that?

Smithy struggles to his feet. Though still pointing their guns at Smithy, Frank and Mr. Jack seem to relax a little. Mr. Jack offers Smithy a handkerchief.

MR. JACK (CONT'D)

Here.

Smithy takes the handkerchief and wipes his mouth.

MR. JACK (CONT'D)

Well?

SMITHY

Two other guys.

MR. JACK

Yeah.

SMITHY

One goes by Fuck. The other goes by You.

Smithy suddenly turns, grabs the barrel of Frank's pistol, shoves it in his own mouth, and presses Frank's finger into the trigger.

BANG!

Smithy collapses. Frank and Mr. Jack look around at the bloody mess.

MR. JACK

That was easy. Let's clean this shit up.

INT. BADWELL KITCHEN -- EVENING (LATER)

Vincent is on the phone.

VINCENT

Have you seen him today?

(listens)

Me either. He's usually good about--

(listens)

I know. We have to. You and me.

(listens)

See you later.

Vincent hangs up the phone.

EXT. WES'S HOUSE -- DAY

Sunny and peaceful. Wes opens the front door, retrieves the mail, and goes back inside.

INT. WES'S LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Wes thumbs through the mail and comes across an envelope of interest. He opens it and into his hand slides Vincent's ring. Wes smiles as he holds it up to inspect.

WES
Gotcha mother fucker!

Just then the front door slams open and POLICEMEN rush in.

POLICEMAN
Don't move! You're under arrest!
Hands up!

Wes slowly raises his hands.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
You have the right to remain silent...

EXT. PINK PUSSY CAT -- DAY (LATER)

With roof lights flashing, police cars have blocked the street entirely. A few policemen crouch behind their vehicles with guns drawn, pointed at the front entrance.

EXT. PINK PUSSY CAT BACK ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

The back alley is also secured by waiting cops and their vehicles.

EXT. PINK PUSSY CAT -- CONTINUOUS

The front doors swing open...roughly escorted by four policemen are Mr. Jack and Frank with their arms tightly handcuffed behind their backs. They are led to nearby, separate police cruisers. After officers open the rear doors of the cop cars, Mr. Jack and Frank are shoved in their respective vehicles, and the doors slam shut.

EXT. CAFE COLOMBIAN WAREHOUSE -- AFTERNOON (LATER)

With lights flashing, a dozen police cars swarm the warehouse. Surrounding the building, they skid to a halt.

EXT. ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND -- LATE AFTERNOON

Shafts of sunlight strain through swaying Loblolly Pines growing adjacent to a lonely Rt. 450, and, in the distance, G-ma's sedan approaches.

INT. G-MA'S SEDAN -- MOMENTS LATER

Alone, Vincent drives in somewhat of a trance when he approaches a faraway bridge.

EXT. ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND -- MOMENTS LATER

The sedan nears the same bridge where Vincent's parents were killed. As the vehicle goes over the span, it passes the sign reading, "Severn River". Just beyond the sign, Vincent screeches to a halt, then backs up to where he can read the sign. After studying the sign for a moment, Vincent speeds over the bridge, turns left at an arrowed sign reading, "Hatton Beach", and heads down a secluded road.

Vincent parks the car in front of a chained entrance. Beyond the entrance is a barren community beach.

He gets out and hops over the chain. In the distance, a long pier juts out into the river. Vincent begins to walk toward the pier.

He nears the pier and begins to shed his clothes in a trail.

Vincent, now naked, strides down the planks. He stops at the end and ponders a moment. Vincent bends at the knees and begins to jump...

EXT. A SEVERN RIVER BEACH -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Surrounded by his Dad, his Mom, and Drew playing and enjoying a community beach, an 8 year old Vincent bends at the knees and begins to jump off the end of a pier...

Vincent leaps high and then dives into the cloudy water.

INT. UNDER WATER -- CONTINUOUS

Vincent, still a kid, swims deep under water. He closes his eyes and pauses to drift and hover.

EXT. BACK TO HATTON BEACH -- SUNSET

The water is calm, and Vincent, an adult, bursts through it, gasping for air. He smiles joyfully.

EXT. RIVER SCHOOL -- MORNING

The peaceful, majestic campus with a view of the Severn River.

SUPER: 5 Years Later

INT. RIVER SCHOOL CLASSROOM -- DAY (LATER)

Seated students take notes as the bell rings.

The back of a maroon baseball cap adorned with embroidered crossing lacrosse sticks. The teacher, wearing the cap, faces and completes writing on the black board, "Theme vs. Plot: Chapter 5 Test on Monday!!!"

Kids rustle as the class packs to leave, and ONE STUDENT stops and turns back.

ONE STUDENT

Good luck, coach.

The student smiles, turns, and exits the classroom.

EXT. RIVER SCHOOL LACROSSE FIELD -- AFTERNOON (LATER)

Lacrosse players do line drills, warming up for the impending game. The coach, we now see, is Vincent Badwell (now 24), wearing the same maroon baseball cap when he was teaching English Literature. He claps his hands.

VINCENT

(to his team)

Bring it in!

The players stop what they are doing and trot toward Vincent. The team gathers and circles around their coach.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Listen up...play smart and take care
of the ball. You guys ready!

The team excitedly jumps up and down, pumping their sticks.

TEAM

Yea!

VINCENT

Coach Worthington you want to add
anything?

Trey (now 24) emerges from the perimeter of the huddle and stands next to Vincent.

TREY

All right fellas. Be ready for a
zone defense and possibly a ten-man
ride if it's close in the fourth.
Now stay hungry! Vacuum every ground-
ball!

VINCENT

Okay. Hands in.

The team enthusiastically puts their hands in the middle.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

On three. One-two-three!

TEAM

Be The Best!

The team breaks from the huddle, ready to play.

EXT. RIVER SCHOOL LACROSSE FIELD -- GAMETIME (MOMENTS LATER)

The game starts with a face-off at mid-field.

River School plays well.

Vincent and Trey enthusiastically coach.

In the crowd we see Luke (now 24) rooting.

High-fives and hugs are given after points are scored.

The clock winds down, a whistle blows, and the score board shows River School as victorious at 13 to 4.

The two teams form lines and shake each others' hands.

INT. THE BADWELL RESIDENCE -- EVENING (LATER)

Vincent enters the home. He sets his briefcase down by the door and takes off his cap, tossing it onto a nearby table. Rubbing his flattened hair, Vincent looks across the room, into the kitchen, and smiles.

VINCENT

Smells good!

With her back facing Vincent, G-ma cuts a loaf of bread at the kitchen counter, next to steaming pots on the nearby stove. She turns to greet Vincent. A big smile appears on her older face.

G-MA

Hey! Glad you could make it. How'd you do?

Vincent makes his way into the kitchen.

VINCENT

In the classroom or on the field?

G-MA

Both.

VINCENT

The kids are writing and playing really well. We beat Potomac Prep. pretty handily.

G-MA

Oh yeah, what was the score?

VINCENT

13 to 4. So, how was your day?

G-MA

It was good - I'm a little tired though.

VINCENT

I'll do the dishes. Where's Drew?

Behind Vincent, Drew (now 21) arrives in the kitchen.

DREW
Right here, Vincent!

Vincent turns and greets Drew - they give each other a high five, then briefly hug.

VINCENT
How was your day, buddy?

DREW
Great. Got an 'A' on my galaxy project. Did you guys win?

VINCENT
Yep. We crushed 'em.

They give each other another high five.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Hey, you wanna show me your 'A'?

DREW
Sure. It's upstairs. I'll go get it.

Drew starts to leave the kitchen...

VINCENT
Hold on Drew.

Drew pauses in his tracks.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Do we have time G-ma?

With a wooden spoon, she stirs the contents of one of the pots.

G-MA
We have time.

Drew happily exits the kitchen.

G-MA (CONT'D)
Here, keep stirring this. I'll go help Drew - I'm pretty sure it's impossible for one person to carry the Milky Way.

Vincent walks over to G-ma and gives her a big hug while she continues to stir.

VINCENT
Drew's probably told you a thousand time just today, but I haven't told you in a while.

Vincent kisses G-ma on the cheek.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I love you Maggie. And thank you.

He relieves G-ma from her stirring duty.

G-MA

I love you too Vincent. Drew's project's a dandy. I'll be right back.

Vincent stirs as she leaves to help Drew...

VINCENT

I'm sure it is.

(beat)

Hey Drew!

DREW (O.S.)

Yeah!

VINCENT

You wanna play catch after dinner?!

DREW (O.S.)

No thanks, Vincent! I'm fine just like this!

Vincent contemplates as he continues to stir...

VINCENT

Fine. Just like this.

A subtle smile comes to his face.

FADE OUT.