

DISPOSSESSIONS

Written by

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INT. LAB - DAY

A young MAN lays on a metal table in the middle of a large dark room, illuminated by a round fluroescent light.

His under developed voice lets out raspy breaths as his eyes struggle to scour the room around him. His gaze falls on window where onlookers dressed up stare at him.

A door opens behind the Man. A SCIENTIST walks in with a clipboard in hand. Vials of different colors rest on top.

The Scientist turns to the window and brings a walkie to his mouth.

SCIENTIST

This is test number forty three.

He inserts a syringe needle into one of the liquids and sucks some in. Then inserts it into the other vial. He squirts the air out.

Both Men share a look. One of fear, the other of sadness. The Scientist injects the needle into the Mans arm and pushes the liquid in.

The Scientist takes a few steps from the patient. After a moment the Man starts to convulse, his undeveloped voice breaks as his screams shatter off the walls.

The People in the window and the Scientist watch on as the Mans convulses continue.

Slowly as time passes the Mans convulsions get weaker and weaker. His screams quieter and quieter. Until nothing.

The Scientist doesn't look away from the failure.

INT. JONATHON HOUSE - DAY

Jonathon, 63, stares at his bed leg, in a trance. Shaking it off he ties a knot of rope around his bed leg.

Then runs the line over a hook that's tightly screwed into the ceiling. He drags a chair over and steps onto it.

A noose lightly sways in front of him. Calmy with a sense of having done this before, he puts his head through and steps off the chair.

The bed grunts with his weight. His body barely moves. Not fighting the coming death.

SHUNK! The nail rips out. Jonathon falls into the chair breaking a leg off as he crashes to the ground. Wincing in pain he grips his arm.

After a moment he stares up at his ceiling, pock marks from previous attempts litter it. Dissappointment fills his eyes.

INT. STORE - DAY

Arm in a sling Jonathon pushes a cart down various aisles grabbing different things. He stops at the meat section. His eyes peruse the different meats, not seeing what he wants.

MEAT WORKER

How may I help you today sir?

JONATHON

Do you have any honey ham?

MEAT WORKER

No, that doesn't come till tomorrow.

JONATHON

(dissappointed)

Oh.

MEAT WORKER

I do have some black forest.  
(looks back)  
A lot bayonne.

JONATHON

No. Thank you though.

MEAT WORKER

Sorry.

JONATHON

It's fine.

Jonathon nods and walks away.

EXT./INT. JONATHON HOUSE - DAY/NIGHT

Jonathon opens his back car door and pulls out a single bag of groceries. In the background a black sedan slows to a stop across the street. He shuts the door.

Jonathon stands in front of a microwave, he watches his meal turn in the orange glow.

He peels the plastic film off the hot meal and begins to eat. Next to his plate sits a picture of a woman and child, happy.

In his bathroom he gurgles rinse, then spits. He climbs under the covers bed and turns to his bedside table.

On it: The same picture of the woman and child. He stares at it with a longing and then closes his eyes.

EXT. MARY HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

A pink stuffed rabbit sits slumped on the ground next to a baseball glove. Across EMMA, 13, stands bat in hand, ball in the other.

EMMA

The pitcher gives the stink eye to Sanchez who stands ready to hit.

(a different voice)

You can see a feud already beginning between these two.

(another voice)

Maybe this will become the new hot rivalry of the season.

(back to another voice)

Alright the pitcher is winding up. Throws a lightning fast ball down the stretch.

Emma tosses the ball up. She brings her bat back as the ball starts to fall.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(middle of the swing)

Sanchez swings.

CRACK. Emma watches as the ball goes flying over the fence. Emmas smile disappears as she watches the ball go over the fence.

SMASH.

MARY (O.C.)

(concerned)

What was that?

Emma looks to the backdoor as MARY, 25, stops in the doorway. She looks to Emma, notices the bat. Her concerned expression changes to anger.

INT. JONATHON HOUSE - DAY

Emma brushes shards of glass into a dustpan. Mary and Jonathon sit at the table.

MARY

Again I'm very sorry. She has been told countless times to do this at the park.

Emma dumps the glass into the trashbin.

EMMA

You've only told me twice.

Mary gives her the crazy eyes. Looking away Emma goes back to dusting. Mary rolls her eyes as she looks to Jonathon.

MARY

(mouthes)

I don't understand.

JONATHON

(chuckles)

My son was the same way.

Mary shakes her head.

MARY

Is it okay if I get you the money next week?

JONATHON

(shakes his head)

No need.

Mary looks to him surprised.

MARY

I have it. It's just--

JONATHON

Don't worry about it. It was an accident, they happen.

MARY

Are you sure about this?

JONATHON

One hundred percent.

Jonathon opens the front door. Mary follows Emma out and turns.

MARY  
You're sure about the money.

JONATHON  
Yes.

Okay. They start to head off.

JONATHON (CONT'D)  
(realizes something)  
Hold on a second.

He reaches for something behind the door.

JONATHON (CONT'D)  
This is yours.

He tosses Emma her baseball. Surprised she barely catches it. Its quiet a short moment. Mary gives her small nudge.

EMMA  
Thank you.

As they walk across the yard to their house. Jonathons smile disappears as he looks across the street. Two MEN, dressed in casual clothes walk up to his front door.

As Emma and her Mom get to their front door. Emma looks back to Jonathons house. She sees the Men enter the house followed by Jonathon.

MARY (O.S.)  
Emma.

Emma enters the house.

INT. MARY HOUSE - MORNING

Mary cracks eggs two eggs into a pan. A minute later she flips over two slices of bacon and pushes the toaster down.

Slightly later: Mary exits her room a mechanic onesie on. She clicks a bracelet on her wrist. As she get to the kitchen she notices the now cold breakfast.

MARY  
(frustrated mumble)  
Seriously.

She heads up the stairs. Emma lays in deep sleep half the covers on the floor. KNOCK. KNOCK.

MARY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Emma.

Emma snores a little. Harder KNOCKS.

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

(annoyed)

Emma! Get up!

She bolts awake.

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

Are you up?

EMMA

(groggy)

Yes.

Mary opens the door. Emma holds her hands up like duh.

MARY

No more morning breakfasts.

EMMA

(begging/groggy)

Mom.

MARY

(over it)

Nope.

EMMA

When school starts I wo--

MARY

--Go to bed earlier.

(looks at her)

But I'm done.

She exits the room. Annoyed Emma throws the covers off with a defeated sigh.

Mary pours coffee into a travel mug. Emma grabs the plate and puts it in the microwave, starts it.

EMMA

I'm sorry for waking up late again.

MARY

Mhmmm.

The Microwave beeps. She grabs her breakfast and sits at the table.

MARY (CONT'D)

You need to be prepared for when school starts next week. Stop doing these late nights. Or tiring yourself out with softball.

EMMA

(mouthful)

You didn't have to sign me up for summer school.

Mary heads to the entry hallway, slides her shoes on, and grabs a backpack from a wallhook.

MARY

Your teachers suggested it.--

EMMA

--Their like supposed to or something.

MARY

Well since they are the professionalys I am going to listen to them. Now later today I want you to take some cookies I baked over to Mr. Jonathon. It's an added apology for the other day.

(emphasizes with a look)

Okay?

EMMA

I will.

MARY

(turns)

Also I took your bat.

EMMA

What? Mom?

MARY (O.S.)

I love you goodbye.

EMMA

No mom!

The door closes. She slams her fist on the table.

EXT. MARY HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Emma sits on her porch steps, throws a ball up, and catches it. She throws it up and catches it again.

EMMA  
 (sarcastic)  
 So fun.

The sound of something CRASHING comes from behind the fence.

She looks worried/confused to the fence. Sliding a step stool over, Emma steps up and looks over the fence.

Her eyes scan the empty yard then fall on the back patio. Jonathon lays among broken pots and flowers.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
 (very worried)  
 Oh no.

She climbs over the fence and walks over to him.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
 (nudges him)  
 Mr. Jonathon?  
 (no answer, nudges more)  
 Mr. Jonathon?

His eyes slowly open. He looks around getting his surroundings.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
 You okay?

He shifts slightly propping himself up. She notices a knot of rope around his neck.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
 You want me to get some bandaids?

JONATHON  
 There's one in my bathroom.

EMMA  
 Okay.

She gets up and enters the house. Jonathon looks at the area around him, disappointment fills his eyes.

Both sit on the back porch steps, Jonathons arms and hands are covered in band aids.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
 Lift your arm again.

JONATHON  
 Pretty sure you got everything.

EMMA  
Your old. Can't an infection can  
kill you?

JONATHON  
(chuckles)  
I'm not that old.

She stares at him. He lifts his arm. She rubs an alcohol wipe  
under his arm. He winces. She puts a final bandaid on.

EMMA  
Done.

JONATHON  
(takes the first aid kit)  
Thanks for your help.

Both sit there a moment. She looks out to his yard.

EMMA  
(points to something)  
What is that?

Jonathon follows her finger. To a metal stake and beach  
chair.

JONATHON  
Horseshoes. It's a game.

Jonathon sits in the beach chair, Emma stands next to him.  
Both have horseshoes in their hand.

JONATHON (CONT'D)  
To get a point you have to get  
close to it.

EMMA  
What if I get it around it?

JONATHON  
Extra points.

EMMA  
(understanding)  
Alright.

She stands ready, brings the horseshoe back like throwing a  
ball.

JONATHON  
No.

She looks to him.

JONATHON (CONT'D)  
(demonstrates)  
You wanna toss it.

Emma changes her stance. She focuses on the stake and tosses her horseshoe. CLINK. It lands perfectly around the stake.

Both stare at it jaws dropped.

JONATHON (CONT'D)  
Well...  
(looks to her)  
That's three points.

She smiles. He turns his attention to the stake, tosses a horseshoe. As it lands, its a little later in the day.

Jonathon now standing, clicks his tongue with dissappointment. Emma holds a clipboard.

EMMA  
(proud, marks on a paper)  
That's my fifth win. Wanna play again?

JONATHON  
No I think I'm done for today.  
(holds up an arm)  
Can only take so much pain.

She laughs. He heads for his backdoor.

JONATHON (CONT'D)  
You want some lemonade?

EMMA  
Sure.

INT. JONATHON HOUSE - DAY

Jonathon squeezes a lemon over a filled pitcher. Tosses the lemon in the sink. He pours some sugar in, mixes it.

Emma walks in sets the plate of cookies covered with plastic wrapping on the counter.

JONATHON  
You made cookies?

EMMA  
My mom did. It's for the other day.

Ah. He grabs two glasses from a cabinet, then pours the lemonade.

JONATHON  
(hands her a glass)  
Tell her thank you.

She sits at the dining table, looks around at the bare room.

EMMA  
Is it just you?

JONATHON  
(walks over, takes a seat)  
Yeah. I have a wife and son but,  
they live elsewhere.

EMMA  
(understanding)  
My mom and dad are the same way.

She takes a sip.

JONATHON  
(empathetic)  
I'm sorry to hear that.

EMMA  
It's okay.  
(looks to the window)  
Oh you got your window fixed?

JONATHON  
Yeah, it got installed the other  
day.

EMMA  
Thats good.

JONATHON  
Should I prepare for another window  
to get broken?

EMMA  
(shakes her head, slight  
smile)  
My mom took my bat.

JONATHON  
Why not go to the park?

EMMA  
I would have to chase my own balls.

Oh.

JONATHON

Are you wanting to join a team or just...

EMMA

Join a team. I wanted to join my shools team but my grades weren't great. So now the plan is to join the summer team, hopefully.

Jonathon nods understanding.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Not really sure how that will go though since I don't have my bat.

JONATHON

You don't really need to be able to bat to join a team.

EMMA

Yeah you do. They won't accept just a good catcher.

JONATHON

Are you a good catcher?

EMMA

Yeah.

(little self doubt)

I think so. I don't have anyone to practice with so it's hard to tell.

JONATHON

(understanding nod)

Well... I'd be willing to practice with you to test it if you want?

She finishes her glass of lemonade and looks at him surprised.

EMMA

Are you sure? Like you could handle it?--

JONATHON

--Is that a old comment.--

EMMA

--No it's just like--

JONATHON

I mean I can easily just enjoy my retirement instead.--

EMMA

(quick)

No.

(quiet a moment, thinks)

If you are willing to. Then, yes I would love it.

JONATHON

(making sure)

Alright, but we talk to your mom first.

EMMA

(nods with a smile)

Okay.

EXT./INT. MARY HOUSE - NIGHT

Crickets play their song in the background as stars light up the night sky. Lamp light shines behind the front door window.

After a beat headlights pull into the driveway. The car stands idle for a minute. Then the headlights cut out.

Emma sits on the couch zoned in to the tv. Mary enters the house.

MARY

Hey.

EMMA

How was work?

Mary hangs up her backpack and slides her shoes off.

MARY

A lot of the customers could learn patience.

She looks to the tv.

MARY (CONT'D)

Isn't this a rerun?

EMMA

Yeah it's to prepare everyone for the season finale.

Mary nods her head, she holds up a plastic baggie.

MARY

I got takeout if you want some.

Plastic lids from tupperware containers sit on the coffee table. Both sit on the couch slurping ramen noodles.

MARY (CONT'D)

Has this been your day today?

EMMA

No. Actually I had an interesting day. I learned horseshoes.

MARY

(confused)

Horseshoes? Where did you play that?

EMMA

Mr. Jonathons house.

MARY

(concerned)

Did you do something else?

EMMA

(defensive)

No. You took my bat.

Mary holds her concerned look.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

He fell.

Marys face softens.

EMMA (CONT'D)

If you want to ask him we can.

MARY

No. It's okay.

Both go back to eating. After a moment.

EMMA

Ummm... Could I practice with him?

MARY

(worried/confused)

What?

EMMA  
He offered to practice with me.

MARY  
No.

EMMA  
Mom.

MARY  
No. You don't need to hangout with  
a man forty to fifty years older  
than you.

EMMA  
I'm not hanging out with him.

MARY  
By going over to him yes, yes you  
are.

Emma frustrated puts her bowl on the table.

EMMA  
(stands up)  
You are so infuriating.

MARY  
--By protecting you?--

EMMA  
--From who?--

MARY  
--A stranger.--

EMMA  
He's nice.

MARY  
You don't know that.

EMMA  
Your dumb.

MARY  
Excuse me?

EMMA  
What you said is dumb. You are  
never here to practice with me. I  
finally have someone to practice  
with and you say no.

MARY

I am busy keeping a roof over your head.

EMMA

You suck.

Emma heads up the stairs slams her door. Mary sits there and lets out a frustrated huff.

Mary bedroom: An alarm clock goes off at 6:00 AM. After a moment Mary shuts the annoying device up.

Kitchen: Mary, dressed in a waitress outfit, takes a final sip from her coffee mug. She dumps the rest in the sink.

As she washes it out she looks out her kitchen window. Jonathon stands at the window, focused on something not seen.

After a moment he looks up, both meet their gaze. He smiles and gives her a wave. Smiling back she also waves. Mary watches as he dries his hands and heads in the direction of the backyard.

She stands there thinking, then heads to her backyard.

EXT./EXT. JONATHON HOUSE/MARY HOUSE - SAME

Mary moves the step stool over to the fence and steps up. Joanthon stands on his patio and waters his few flowers.

MARY

Do you need help with that?

JONATHON

(turns to her)

No but thank you.

MARY

I heard you fell yesterday.

JONATHON

I did take a tumble but thankfully your daughter was around. Helped me quite a bit.

MARY

(slight forced smile)

Good.

As he turns his attention back to her. Mary stands there watching him, she wants to say something.

MARY (CONT'D)

She mentioned you wanting to help  
her practice baseball?

JONATHON

(sets his water pail down)  
I did.

MARY

I want to trust you.

Jonathon thinks then enters his house.

INT. MARY HOUSE - DAY

Some bagels pop out of the toaster. Emma plates them and then pours a cup of juice. As she sets her plate of breakfast down. She notices a paper with her name on it.

She takes a bite of her breakfast and then looks at the paper. She smirks a smile as she reads.

EXT. JONATHON HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Jonathon walks out of his house, in his hand a basket of balls and on top a glove.

JONATHON

She did tell you the rules right?

EMMA

(asked before)  
Yess.

JONATHON

(sets the basket down)  
What were they?

EMMA

When summer school starts, it comes first. And I have to be home before eight.

He nods and grabs a ball, tosses it to himself.

JONATHON

Have you decided what position you want to play?

EMMA

Outfielder.

JONATHON

A good position. Alright ready?

Nodding, she crouches down. Jonathon brings his arm back and throws the ball high. She watches it as it goes into the sun.

EMMA

(quickly looks away)

Ahhhh!

The ball lands behind her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What was that?

JONATHON

A pop fly.

EMMA

(squints at him)

Why?

JONATHON

You want to be an outfielder, that is what you're going to catch.

EMMA

You couldn't start with a regular throw?

JONATHON

You can catch those.

EMMA

You don't know that.

Really? He picks up a ball. Throws it to her. She puts up her glove catching it. See.

EMMA (CONT'D)

That one was straight to me. So it was easy.

Jonathon grabs another ball. Throws it. Emma moves back and jumps a little catching it. Jonathon emphasizes his look.

INT. EMMA HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma enters the house, the lights still dark. As she heads across the house, her mom is still not home. She heads upstairs.

Behind the bathroom door we hear the sound of shower water running.

Later: Emma lays asleep on the couch, bathing in the tv glow. Her mom comes home, takes a blanket and lays it over her.

Morning: Mary holds out a sacked lunch for Emma. She reaches for it. She pulls it away.

EMMA

Mom.

MARY

Give me what I want.

EMMA

Mom.

I'm waiting. Giving in, Emma moves her head close to her mom. Mary gives her a kiss on the head.

MARY

(holds out the lunch,  
happy)

Thank you.

Emma swivels her backpack around to the front of her body. Unzips it. Puts her lunchbox in. School bus doors slide open.

INT. BUS - MORNING

Emma walks to the back of the bus and stops for a moment. She looks at a black car that sits in front of a house for sale.

BUS DRIVER

Have a seat please.

Emma takes a seat, still looking out the window. She notices one of the guys from before. After a short beat. He turns and looks at her. Embarrassed she looks away as the bus pulls forward.

EXT. JONATHON HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Emma attempts at catching different fly balls. Sometimes the ball almost hits her. Other times Emma struggles to see past the bright sunlight.

Both sit on the backporch steps, sweat drips down Emmas cheek as she takes a sip from her water bottle.

EMMA

Maybe I should be a baseman.

JONATHON

Occasionally you would still have to catch a fly ball.

EMMA

Yeah, just not as much.

Both sit quiet for a moment. Jonathons face lights up with an idea.

JONATHON

I have an idea.

Sunglasses sit on Emmas face. Jonathon rips a piece of tape off and places it around one of the temples.

EMMA

This feels sooo dumb.

JONATHON

That's okay. No one can see you.

He rips another piece off and puts it on the other side.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

Shake your head.

She shakes it.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

(proud of his work)

Perfect.

They stand across from each other. Jonathon holds a ball.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

You ready.

EMMA

(not ready)

Yeah.

JONATHON

Be happy this might work.

Emma crouches down. Jonathon throws the ball high. Emma watches it. Takes a couple steps back. Puts her glove up.

The ball tips off the edge falls behind her. Her jaw drops as she looks from her glove to the ball. Then look to Jonathon.

EMMA  
Did you see that?

JONATHON  
(excited)  
Yeah.

EMMA  
I was so close to catching it.  
(swipes it up, throws it)  
Do it again.

Jonathon throws the ball. Emma watches it, brings her glove up and jumps. The ball just misses her glove.

Jonathon throws another. Emma runs after it, she trips over her feet. The ball lands near her head.

JONATHON  
(worried)  
You okay?

EMMA  
Yup.

She throws the ball to him while lying on the ground.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Do it again.

Jonathon throws another ball. As the ball goes up in the air, the time of day changes around it. Emma gets under it, catching it perfectly. She throws it to him.

JONATHON (O.S.)  
(drops ball in basket)  
That makes thirty out of thirty.  
Nice job.

She picks up the basket and heads to the backporch.

EMMA  
I didn't even hesitate on one.

JONATHON  
Yeah your confidence has grown.

She sets the basket down on the backporch. Jonathon takes a seat on the porch steps.

EMMA  
(takes a sip of water)  
What's next?

JONATHON

You go home and get your schoolwork done.

EMMA

No with practice.

JONATHON

Oh, I'm not sure yet.

He takes a sip of water.

EMMA

Batting?

JONATHON

(looks at her)

That's funny.

EMMA

I've nailed the catching part.  
That's like half of what I need to know.

JONATHON

Baseball is not just catching and hitting. Plus I wouldn't say you have nailed catching.

EMMA

What about the thirty for thirty.

JONATHON

You did good. But this was only practice and not during a game.

Emma dissappointed with what she's hearing.

EMMA

Well then what else is there to do?

JONATHON

I'm not sure but it will not be batting.

EMMA

(little deflated)

Okay. Well I'm fine with whatever's next.

She picks up her water bottle with her glove.

EMMA (CONT'D)

See ya later old man.

She heads to the fence.

JONATHON  
Do well on your schoolwork.

INT. MARY HOUSE - EVENING

Emma enters, she slides her shoes off and walks into the kitchen. Mary sits on the couch.

MARY  
How was it?

Emma fills a glass with water from the sink.

EMMA  
It was good. I caught thirty balls today.

MARY  
(impressed)  
You've gotten better.

Emma heads up the stairs to her room.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Tired?

EMMA  
Nope. Going to do my schoolwork.

MARY  
(taken back a little)  
Oh.

Emma turns and heads up the stairs. Mary sits back with a little smile, proud.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Students talk to each other in the hallways, some walking while others stand outside of classrooms.

The bell RINGS. Some of the STAFF guide students to their classes. MR. HOLT, opens his door.

MR. HOLT  
Good morning learners. Leave your homework on the desk as you enter your class.

STUDENT  
What if I forgot mine.

MR. HOLT  
Then it's late.

STUDENT  
Awww.

STUDENT (CONT'D)  
(as they enter the  
classroom)  
I thought it was due tomorrow.

MR. HOLT  
I gave numerous reminders.

Emma walks up, pulling her homework out of her backpack.

MR. HOLT (CONT'D)  
Good morning Emma.

EMMA  
Morning.

She enters the classroom and places her paper on a small stack of papers.

EXT. JONATHON HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Jonathon presses play on a small tv, a picture moves back and forth as if it's glitched.

JONATHON  
(annoyed grumble)  
Come on.

He unplugs the tv and plugs it back in.

EMMA (O.S.)  
What are we practicing?

JONATHON  
Nothing yet.

He presses the eject button and holds up the tape.

EMMA  
Why?

JONATHON  
I recorded last night's game and this doesn't want to work.

Emma takes it and looks at the tv. It's plugged into a long exterior extension chord that leads into the house.

EMMA  
(wondering)  
Are you sure everything's set up correctly?

JONATHON  
(short)  
Yes.

EMMA  
(surprised by the attitude)  
Okay.

JONATHON  
(calmer)  
I've unplugged it all and checked everything.

She looks the tape over and then notices the film misaligned.

EMMA  
This is your reason.

She realigns it and hands it back.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Try that.

He puts the tape into the VCR slot, after a moment a baseball game starts to play.

JONATHON  
(happy)  
You got it.

They high five.

EMMA  
So, what are we practicing?

JONATHON  
Let me find it.

Pressing the fastforward button both watch the tv as the footage plays.

JONATHON (CONT'D)  
How's your mom?

EMMA

Exhausted and annoyed all the time.

JONATHON

Comes with working two jobs.

EMMA

I know.

(bats a mosquito away)

Just would be nice if there was a calm day or a day to practice with me.

JONATHON

Yeah it does suck. But if that happened more then you wouldn't be getting to practice with the greatest baseball coach.

EMMA

I don't think everyone agrees with that.

JONATHON

(smiles to her)

If they knew me they would.

Emma rolls her eyes with a slight smile.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

Almost there.

Emma looks at the tv. A player hits the ball and then runs to first. As he gets close to first he drops to a slide. Jonathon pauses it.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

And that's it.

Emmas face scrunches with confusion as she looks at Jonathon and then back to the tape.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

Want me to play it again?

EMMA

(realizes)

Wait you're not serious.

Jonathon rewinds the tape.

JONATHON

I am.

EMMA  
This is not important.

JONATHON  
It is just as important as hitting  
and catching.

EMMA  
It isn't.

JONATHON  
If you can't slide then you can't  
steal a base.

EMMA  
I don't want to steal a base. It's  
risky.

JONATHON  
Still important.

She stands there unsure what to say anything.

EMMA  
(slight stutter)  
I'm not dressed for it.

JONATHON  
This is what we're practicing.

She stands there, still unsure what to say.

EMMA  
Well I don't want to.

Jonathon just shrugs his shoulders.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Let's just throw the ball then.

JONATHON  
I don't want to.

Emma stares at him frustration in her eyes. He holds her  
gaze.

EMMA  
You are just like her.

Turning around she heads through the fence causing the fence  
stakes to SLAM behind her.

INT. MARY HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma sits on the couch illuminated by lamplight. She works on her homework. In the background a baseball game plays on the tv.

After some scribbling, she looks at her work with a hint of confusion. After some more scribbling, she has the same look.

A CRACK comes from the tv as Announcers loudly yell over a players hit. She stands and walks to the kitchen, grabs a calculator from a drawer.

She calculates as she walks back.

ANNOUNCERS (O.S.)

After a look at the replay. It looks like they are going to award the Marrequiz with the point for his steal.

EMMA

(gets her answer)

There has to be a mistake on the paper.

Emma looks to the tv. In slow mo she watches as the player slides his hand touching the base as the catchers hand comes down on him.

ANNOUNCERS (O.S.)

With that the Seagulls go up another point.

The scoreboard shows nine to zero. Letting out a dissappointed sigh, she roughly writes: None of the answers are right!

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Holt walks around the desks passing out graded work.

MR. HOLT

I was quite surprised when I looked over all of ya'lls homework.

He drops Emmas work on her desk. A 70 sits in bolded red on the top of the page. Little red marks go down the page.

MR. HOLT (CONT'D)

The problem on the back seemed to have tripped quite a few of you up.

She turns the paper over. He written answer is circled and above it: This is not an answer.

She looks to her scratch paper. Red corrections sit on top of her mistakes. She rolls her eyes.

Mr. Holt makes his way to the front of the classroom.

MR. HOLT (CONT'D)

I want you all to know that there are a couple of problems just like that one on the upcoming test. So, study my corrections.

He reaches behind on his desk, grabs a book.

MR. HOLT (CONT'D)

Now get out your reading book.

INT. SCHOOL - GYM - DAY

Students sit on dots spread out across the small basketball gym, COACH stands in front of them.

COACH

Before we go out for kickball. I wanted to give an announcement.

He holds up a stack of papers.

COACH (CONT'D)

Summer sports start soonish. If you want to try out then you will need to bring this paper back with a check next to the sport you want to play.

He hands the stack to student.

COACH (CONT'D)

(to the student)

Give one to each student please.

(to the rest)

I suggest picking a second sport to play so that your classmates can compete with other schools. I know some of you wanted to play but couldn't because of what reason?

A Student raises their hand.

COACH (CONT'D)

Morgan.

MORGAN

They didn't have the grades.

COACH

Correct. Same rule applies even for summer school.

The Student hands Emma a paper, she looks it over and pulls a pencil from her pocket.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Emma hands the paper to the Coach.

COACH

(little surprised)  
You checked a second sport?

EMMA

No.

COACH

(hands the paper back)  
Pick another.

EMMA

I just want to play baseball.

COACH

It's not fair to a student who wants to do track and can't cause there are not enough people.

Emma takes the paper, turns it over, and checks it. Hands it back to him. He looks over the paper and takes it.

COACH (CONT'D)

Alright go over and have a seat.

As Emma takes a seat and looks out to the field. The Pitcher rolls the ball to the hitter. The Hitter steps back.

SLAMS the ball, it goes high. The Pitcher jumps, accidentally sending it off course. Students scramble to pick it up. The Player on first zooms to second.

Emmas eyes light up with excitement as she watches the Player on first base zooms past second base.

The Third Baseman picks up the ball away from the base and quickly turns around as the Player zooms to third.

As the Third Baseman reaches out with the ball to touch the plate, the Player brings their head down as they get closer.

CRASH. The Player slams into the Third Baseman sending them to the ground. The ball rolls to third base touching it. A whistle BLOWS off to the side.

EXT. JONATHON HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Emma knocks on the door. After a moment the door opens.

EMMA

I have an idea.

Jonathon sits on his porchsteps, he looks at his watch.

JONATHON

Go.

Emma runs from one side of the yard to the other. She touches the fence. Her breathes are heavy.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

Ten seconds.

EMMA

(looks to him)

How am I slower?

JONATHON

You've been running full speed the last thirty minutes.

She walks over and he hands her a water bottle.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

You are fast, but not fast enough. It will take you five seconds to get to first. The ball will get there in five. I know you don't want to slide. But sliding could be the thing that wins the game or, keeps you on base.

Emma stands there not wanting to hear it. She takes in a deep breath.

EMMA

(exhales)

Fine.

Slight Bit Later: So he would start off with sliding and then injure himself and then they can have that moment. Or we have her do some sliding and he is like let me show you.

Emma stands behind a line, a cone with a stick figure painted on it sits in front of her a good distance away.

JONATHON

You sure you don't want to watch the video.

EMMA

Yes.

She runs and then falls into a slide, she lands about half way to the cone.

Then she does a few more slides, each one landing her in a different position and a different distance away from the cone.

Emma does one final slide where she somehow ends up backwards and on her belly.

EMMA (CONT'D)

None of this is working.

JONATHON

(rewinds the tape)  
Come watch how he does it.

EMMA

(not wanting to)  
I have an idea.

JONATHON

Wha--

EMMA

Wet the grass.

Jonathon still not understanding just stares at her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

It'll help with sliding.

Emma covered in mud runs down the yard and loses her balance. She slides quickly towards the cone.

EMMA (CONT'D)

AAAHHH.

She SLAMS into it. Dirt now covers her chin.

JONATHON

What are you doing at this point?

Emma sits up.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

Trying to prove some point? You are sucking pretty badly at it.

She walks over to him and sits next to him. He hands her a towel, after a small moment she takes it to clean her face.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

Will you listen to me?

Emma doesn't say anything but complies.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

Watch how his body moves and when he drops to a slide.

He hits play, Emma watches as the Player hits the ball and then runs to first. She watches with his slide. He pauses it.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

Do you understand it?

EMMA

No.

He hits rewind and then plays the clip. She watches again.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I don't get it. I feel like I'm doing what he is doing.

JONATHON

Okay.

He stands and walks to the starting point.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

When you start running you always want to

(moves to a dented spot)

Slide here. The Player doesn't slide here.

(moves over a little)

He starts sliding here.

A light starts to click in Emmas head.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

If you started sliding here. You don't have to have as much of a good looking slide. It also can get you to the plate quicker.

(checking)

You understand?

EMMA

Yeah, I think so.

She starts to get up.

JONATHON

No you stay there.

EMMA

What?

JONATHON

I'm going to try to show you an example.

EMMA

(very confused)

I don't think you can.

JONATHON

(walks to the starting line)

Again I am not that old. Plus I have been practicing. And I can say my slides are a little better I think.

Taken aback, Emma sits back a little. Jonathon looks to the cone and takes in a breath.

EMMA

Don't break a hip.

Ignoring it. Jonathon takes a couple steps then his face scrunches up with pain and he crashes to the ground.

INT. JONATHON HOUSE - DAY

A small drop of condensation rolls down a bag of peas, Jonathon lays on the couch, the bag on his ankle.

Emma walks in, two glasses of water in hand.

JONATHON  
 (slight pain)  
 Thanks. Could you close the blinds  
 too?

EMMA  
 Sure.

She walks over to the blinds and notices the black car across  
 the street. She looks to the Men in the car.

Jonathon takes a sip of his drink and notices the light still  
 coming through.

JONATHON  
 (a little tense)  
 Can you close them?

She starts to close them as she does the one of the Men looks  
 to the house. Interested he looks closer as the blinds twist  
 closed.

EMMA  
 Who are those guys?

She walks over and has a seat in a chair.

JONATHON  
 Not important.

EMMA  
 But they don't leave that spot.

JONATHON  
 (not wanting to talk)  
 Could be they are checking  
 something.

Emma takes a sip, thinks.

EMMA  
 I've seen them not let a lady put a  
 sale sign in the yard.

He looks to her as if concealing something.

JONATHON  
 Emma--

KNOCKS come from the front door. Both look to the door.

JONATHON (CONT'D)  
 (worry)  
 You need to go.

He struggles to get up.

EMMA  
I can get it.

JONATHON  
(very worried)  
No! Leave now.

He gets to a sitting position as another KNOCK comes from the door. Emma sets the drink down.

JONATHON (CONT'D)  
(calling)  
Coming.

EMMA  
Let me get it and then I'll leave.

As she heads for the door. Jonathon reaches out grabbing her arm. She looks at him stunned and slightly worried.

JONATHON  
(begging)  
Please go.

EMMA  
(seeing the worry in his  
eyes)  
You need to explain this later.

Sitting in a prepared position, he lets her go. She heads to the backdoor and leaves. A tenser KNOCK comes from the door. He looks to the coffee table noticing the glass.

EXT. JONATHON HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Emma looks through the frosted glass door window. Jonathon walks into view, then two Men. They walk around looking through the living room.

INT. JONATHON HOUSE - SAME

As the Men look Jonathon follows slightly. One of the Men looks at the peas, then to him.

JONATHON  
I hurt my ankle earlier, fell down  
the stairs.

The Man takes a note in a pad while the other Man starts to head towards the backdoor. Jonathon follows over doing his limp.

As the Man looks around the dining room and kitchen. He looks to the frosted glass window. She's gone. He relaxes.

Later: Jonathon sees the Men out his front door.

MAN

We will get some medicine for you.

JONATHON

I swear I'm fine. The Chief shouldn't worry.

MAN

You will get some.

Jonathon nods and closes the door. He writes on a paper and tapes it on the outside wall next to the backdoor.

Emma walks up the porch steps and reads the paper. Taking a break from practice for a few days. I will explain. Jonathon.

Dissappointed Emma heads off.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The only sound is of pencil on paper scribbling away. On the board in big letters: GOOD LUCK ON TEST 1!

As the Teacher passes Emma. She flips her test over.

EMMA

(barely audible/whisper)

If Mary keeps twenty four eggs how many will she have? Write the expression.

She then starts scribbling on her paper. She turns in her test to the Teacher and then heads out of the classroom.

She walks down the hall and passes a busy bulletin board. After a short beat she walks back and looks at it.

Among the different ads for clubs and older school announcements. She focuses on the tryout paper. TRYOUTS IN TWO WEEKS. Taking it in she walks off.

INT. MARY HOUSE - DAY

Emma sits on the couch, bored. She watches televangelist on the screen. A call now number pops on the tv.

Getting an idea Emma takes the phone and presses the numbers. As a Caller answers the front door opens. Mary steps in.

MARY

Hey.

Emma waves to her.

EMMA

Hi could I speak to the pastor?

Mary sets her stuff down, confused by what she is hearing. She walks over to the couch.

MARY

(mouthes)

What are you doing?

Emma holds her finger up.

EMMA

He should know that what he and all of you are doing is wrong. And the lord would not be happy with you.

Mary rolls her eyes as she waits for the call to be done.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Just wanted to let you know the lord will not be happy.

Emma puts the phone on the reciever. Mary just gives her a what was that look?

EMMA (CONT'D)

Telling scammers it's wrong to scam.

MARY

(slight chuckle)

What happened to practice?

EMMA

He hurt his ankle so taking a few days.

Ahhh.

MARY

So this is what you are choosing to do with your time?

EMMA

Not much else is on.

MARY

Your schoolwork?

EMMA

It was test day. So had none.

MARY

Oh yeah.

EMMA

It went well by the way.

MARY

Good.

Emma gets up and heads to the kitchen, opens the pantry.

EMMA

Why are you home early?

MARY

Managers accidentally overstaffed.  
So they didn't need me.

Emma pulls out a bag of chips, holds them to her Mom. She nods her head. Emma tosses her a bag, then grabs ones herself.

MARY (CONT'D)

(middle of chewing)

When are tryouts?

EMMA

Two weeks. I hope I'll be ready.

MARY

I think you will be.

It goes quiet a moment.

MARY (CONT'D)

Well since I'm off early, maybe we could practice.

EMMA

(not understanding)

What?

MARY  
How about we practice?

As they both head to the backdoor. Mary stops and looks to Emma.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Go easy on me okay?

EMMA  
(nods)  
I will.

They head out to the backyard.

EXT. MARY HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

They throw the ball to each other. Mary misses it at times but both smile.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Rain pours down from dark grey clouds as thunder echoes in the distance.

A school bus stops at an intersection and then turns down a street.

INT. BUS - SAME

Emma looks out the rain drop covered window. As the bus passes a house she notices no black car.

She looks out the back bus windows as it continues down her street. Excited she grabs her backpack and runs down the middle of the bus.

BUS DRIVER  
(puts bus in park)  
What is that?

Emma slips and crashes before the stairs.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Oh my goodness. Are you okay?

EMMA  
(stands up, fixes her  
hair)  
Yup.

BUS DRIVER  
Your nose is bleeding let me grab  
you a bandaid.

EMMA  
It's fine.  
(wipes her nose)  
See.

BUS DRIVER  
(shakes her head)  
I can't let you leave without a  
bandaid.  
(mumbles)  
Don't want to get in trouble.

The Bus Driver shifts through her purse a little longer than a moment. Emma shifts impatiently, she looks to the back bus windows.

Then back to the Bus Driver, mouths Come On. The Bus Driver hands her a small circular bandaid.

EMMA  
Thank you.

BUS DRIVER  
Put it on.

Slightly peeved Emma takes the wrapper off and puts the small band aid over her nostril.

INT. JONATHON HOUSE - DAY

Jonathon opens the door, Emma stands there drenched and some blood seeps through.

JONATHON  
Hey.  
(concerned)  
Oh, what happend to your nose?

EMMA  
Slipped on the bus.

She wipes her nose with her sleeve.

JONATHON  
Don't do that.  
(waves her in)  
I'll get you another one.

In the bathroom, he unwraps a bandaid.

JONATHON (CONT'D)  
Alright lean back.

She puts her headback and removes the tissue from her nose.  
He puts a bigger bandaid over the nostril.

JONATHON (CONT'D)  
That should hold.  
(puts medkit in drawer)  
Want some tea?

EMMA  
Sure.

Jonathon pours tea from a kettle into two mugs.

JONATHON  
Have you had it before?

EMMA  
My mom had me try it when I was  
really little.

JONATHON  
Did you like it?

EMMA  
(slight smirk)  
Not really.

JONATHON  
My wife felt the same way.

He opens a cabinet door and pulls out a bottle of honey.

JONATHON (CONT'D)  
(remembers the memories)  
She said helped a bit.

He squeezes some into her mug and stirs it. He walks over,  
hands her a mug, and sits next to her. Ha takes a sip.

EMMA  
Are they gone?

He shakes his head.

JONATHON  
I wish.

She takes a sip, doesn't taste much better.

EMMA  
Who are they?

He looks to her not wanting to speak. She waits for an answer.

JONATHON

They are government agents.

EMMA

(jaw drops)

Woah.

(realizes, whispers)

Wait is the house bugged?

JONATHON

No.

EMMA

Are you sure?

JONATHON

There's no point in bugging this house. Nothing illegal is being sold here.

Emma sits back not fully relaxed.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

(nervous)

No, they're here for me. Because I'm not a good guy.

Emma looks to him questioning it.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

Years ago a civil war broke in this country. I worked as a scientist at university. When the government started to lose they recruited us. A lot of us hated the war. But they didn't care, our job was to help win the war. Any means necessary. A lot of my colleagues refused. I regret that I didn't.

It's quiet as Jonathon thinks on the dreadful memories.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

When the war ended the new government jailed me here. With one restriction. I live out the rest of my days alone.

Emma can't say anything. Jonathons shoulders slump the weight off but not feeling light.

JONATHON (CONT'D)  
If after all of this, this is it. I understand.

EMMA  
(after a moment)  
I don't want it to be it. You've been nice to me.

Jonathon looks to her a slight surprise in his eye.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Plus if it were to be it then I would have to practice with my mom. That didn't really work out last time. Does it work for you?

JONATHON  
(holding back emotion)  
Yeah.

She nods with a warm smile and then stands up and gives him a side hug. As she heads to the backdoor she turns around.

EMMA  
Practice tomorrow?

JONATHON  
(nods)  
Yes.

She walks out. Jonathon watches, happy.

INT. GYM - DAY

Students sit on the bleachers all eyes on the Coach. Occassionally he looks over a paper and makes a check. He then signs the bottom of the paper.

COACH  
Antonio come take the attendance.

Antonio runs over and takes the paper. The Coach stares at the students a short beat.

COACH (CONT'D)  
Sophia and Noel, team captains.

A couple Kids groan as the two stand in front of the bleachers. They pick for their teams.

Noel chooses Emma last. She joins the mostly group of Boys.

COACH (CONT'D)  
 Alright head to the field.

As the Students walk to the double doors, Emma catches up to Noel.

EMMA  
 Can I be outfield this time?

NOEL  
 No.

ANOTHER BOY  
 You're second baseman.

NOEL (CONT'D)  
 Yeah.

EMMA  
 You guys always play outfield.

NOEL  
 When you are team captain then you can choose.

He pushes out the double doors she follows dissappointed.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

A tennis racket swings SLAMMING a tennis ball high and far. Emma follows it as it flies over her head to the outfield.

Noel and his Friends struggle to decide who picks up the ball. A Student runs home scoring a point.

Noel throws the ball to the Student on third base.

COACH  
 Outfielders you guys keep giving the other team easy runs. Pick the ball.

Emma looks out at Noel. He makes her a face. She sticks her tongue back out and then turns back towards the batter. The Coach looks to his watch.

COACH (CONT'D)  
 This is the last hit. If its out then defense wins. If Roman makes it safe on a plate then offense wins.

ROMAN, stands at the base taps his racket on the homebase. His team cheers him on. The Pitcher throws the ball, it bounces off the ground. Roman swings HITTING it.

He takes off to first as the outfield scrambles to pick up the ball. Emma looks as Roman touches first and heads toward second.

EMMA  
 (foot on base, hands up)  
 Throw it! Me! Me! Me!

The boy throws it to her, she jumps, catching the ball in one hand. She looks as a surprised Roman DROPS to a slide.

She falls on the plate her lands in front of the plate like a barrier. Roman's foot slides into her wrist, CRACK.

CUT TO:

INT. NURSE OFFICE - DAY

Ice cubes MOVE in a plastic baggy. The Nurse holds out the baggy to Emma.

NURSE  
 It's gonna hurt to hold but keep it  
 still on your wrist.

EMMA  
 Okay.

NURSE  
 I'm going to call your mom.

The Nurse exits the room. Emma looks around at the room, spotting an eye chart. Holding the bag still she covers one eye with her bad wrist hand.

Completely focused a dull KNOCK causes her to JUMP and wince with pain. She looks to the doorway, Roman stands with a hall pass.

ROMAN  
 Sorry.

EMMA  
 (relaxes)  
 I thought you were the nurse.

ROMAN  
 Is it broken?

EMMA  
 She doesn't think so. Going to the  
 doctors anyways.



ROMAN

It's not an excuse.

TEACHER (O.S.)

No more bathroom for you.

He enters the classroom, the Teacher follows slightly  
slamming the door behind her.