

LAST SHOT
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Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/STANDS - NIGHT

A girl's fist with dirty fingernails pounds a baseball glove. SAM, 7, wears a #1 Yellow Jackets shirt, a hat, pigtails, and eye black, her favorite outfit and only outfit she wears.

Sam jumps up and down in front of her grandpa, WADE, 55, a stern Japanese man in a StanWade Auto Body shop work shirt and hat, in the first row above the third base dugout.

SAM

Come on Monster!

EXT. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Sam's dad TAILOR KUSOKA, 27, a half Japanese player, wears a dirt stained #1 Yellow Jackets jersey. He gnarls his teeth (his monster face) at Sam, winks, turns to the field.

ON SCOREBOARD: "Yellow Jackets 6 - Visitors 6"

Two leathery, callused hands grip a bat. The bat knocks dirt off beat-up cleats. Tailor steps in the lefthand batter's box.

INTERCUT with Sam in the Stands - she copies Tailor's every move.

Tailor holds the bat in front of him with his right arm.

Tailor tugs at his right jersey sleeve with his left hand, breathes in, exhales, pulls the bat back.

Tailor wiggles his fingers, grips the bat, squints, smirks.

The ball whizzes through the air. The bat connects -- CRACK!

EXT. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/STANDS - NIGHT

The ball flies at Sam -- she moves her glove to catch it -- misses -- gets hit in the face -- falls lifeless on top of the dugout. Wade sits, emotionless...

EXT. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Flashing ambulance lights reflect in Tailor's bloodshot eyes.

EMTs put a stretcher with Sam in an ambulance parked on the field. A FEMALE EMT motions for Tailor to get in.

...Tailor shakes his head no...holds up his bat...

Sound OF SANDPAPER grows through the end of the scene.

Wade pushes the EMT -- sticks his finger in Tailor's face.

WADE
(thick Japanese accent)
Win it son!

Wade pounds Tailor's shoulders. Tailor grits his teeth -- SCREAMS. His scream overtakes the sandpaper sound.

INT. YELLOW JACKETS BUS - DAY

Tailor SCRUBS his calluses with sandpaper, blinks, **WAKES FROM HIS DAYDREAM**. He puts the sandpaper down, wipes sweat from his face, grabs his cell phone, checks the time.

ON SCREEN: "12:12 pm"

A hammock hanging from the overhead storage compartment holds a case of cheap beer and a cheaper blow-up sex doll. PLAYERS drink, party, PLAY GUITAR, stick their heads out windows and SCREAM at cars, etc.

Tailor glances at a photo of Sam behind the sweatband in his hat. He puts his hat on, walks to the back of the bus, steps over MOONIE, 20, a long-haired pitcher sprawled in the aisle taping a player's ankles together.

That player is BRASKA, 21, a well-groomed, husky farm boy. Braska sleeps with a bottle of whiskey in one hand, a protein shake in the other, and tobacco in his lip.

Moonie gestures for Tailor not to wake him.

Tailor pulls up "WIFEY" on his cell phone, calls. He enters the...

INT. YELLOW JACKETS BUS/BATHROOM - DAY

Toilet paper hangs from the inside of the toilet over the seat. Tailor covers his nose, leans against the wall.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD/BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Sam's tiny hands scoop up dirt. She rubs them together, steps in the batter's box in her favorite outfit. DOZENS OF KIDS position themselves on the baseball diamond. A cell phone RINGS in the bleachers.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD/BLEACHERS - DAY

LACY, 25, Tailor's wife, sits on the top row of the bleachers with an open nursing textbook on her lap.

She studies and watches kids practice on the field. She answers her cell phone.

LACY
 (into cell phone)
 Hey... Another?... Was he in it?...

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD/BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

A PARENT, 35, Caucasian man pitches underhand from the mound. Sam hits each ball too hard for the other kids to catch. They chase the balls, trip over themselves, run into each other.

LACY (O.S.)
 I'm sorry... She's crushing the tryouts... Yeah, that's today... Me too... You'd be a proud Monster.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD/BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

The parent holds up a ball.

PARENT
 Last one, run it out.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD/BLEACHERS - DAY

Lacy closes her book, stands up, watches Sam hit.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD/BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Sam pulls the bat back, wiggles her fingers, squints her eyes. Swings -- CRACK!

The ball sails over MIGUEL, 7, Latino kid playing second. He spins mouth agape, places his glove on top of his head, watches the outfielders chase after the ball.

Sam rounds first -- heads to second. Miguel stands in her way. She runs into him -- knocks him over -- touches second --

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD/BLEACHERS - DAY

Lacy shakes her head, sighs.

LACY
 (into cell phone)
 I got to go.

Lacy hangs up. She watches--

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD/BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Sam rounds third and runs home. The Parent helps a crying Miguel up.

INT. YELLOW JACKETS BUS - DAY

Tailor exits the bathroom. Players watch and record Moonie draw on Braska's face.

Braska wakes -- Moonie SHRIEKS -- bolts. Braska sits up, the players LAUGH. Braska stops Tailor, points to the half drawn mustache on his face.

BRASKA

Is there something on my face?

Tailor smirks, shakes his head no. Braska grumbles -- gets up -- trips over his taped feet -- FALLS -- curses --

Tailor navigates the chaotic party, to the front of the bus. Someone tosses a beer, he catches it, leans over the seat in front of him, and hands the beer to DUNCAN, 25, an African American man with large headphones and short dreads.

Duncan plays a first-person shooter game on a flatscreen strapped to the back of the seat in front of him. He takes the beer without looking up.

Tailor plops down, pulls his hood up, rubs a surgery scar on his left wrist. He grabs a bag from the floor labeled: *HANDS*, unzips it, rummages through hand/wrist strengthening tools.

TAILOR

J-Reed.

Tailor tosses a classic hand grip to J-REED, 20, a baby-faced African American man across the aisle watching his cell phone. J-Reed catches it, drops his cell. Tailor picks it up.

INT. SPORTS NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Tailor watches a poor quality live sports news stream on J-Reed's cell phone.

ON SCREEN, CHYRON: "Ronald Woodbury, 13 Time All Star, HOF '06, Owner"

Behind a table full of microphones, RONALD WOODBURY, 54, plump Caucasian man, holds up a jersey and hat.

J-REED (O.S.)

Your pop's favorite player.

Ronald puts the jersey and hat on FERNAN CLEMENTE, 22, a giant Cuban player. Fernan greets DOC, 32, a large Caucasian personal trainer, they SLAP and grip each other's big arms.

Fernan picks them both up, they pose, LAUGH, flashes go off. Fernan puts them down, collapses in his chair, grabs a pendant around his neck, kisses it, cries, lifts his head.

FERNAN

Donde esta mi tio? Mi tio?
(Where is my uncle? My uncle?)

Fernan kisses the forehead of SANTIAGO, 58, his short round uncle. Fernan puts his hat on him, smiles at the cameras.

EDGERRIN (O.S.)

That big Latin mother fucker is why
I'm heading home.

A bag hits the floor behind Tailor with a THUD.

INT. YELLOW JACKETS BUS - DAY

Tailor turns to EDGERRIN (Edge), 33, a player with a grayish beard. He sips a fifth of whiskey, slides a small red bag with his foot under the seat across from Duncan. Tailor gives J-Reed his cell phone back.

DUNCAN

Sorry brother.

EDGERRIN

Nah, you da sorry ones. While y'all
be beating each other off, Imma be
beating up my wife's pussy.

Edgerrin takes a sip, laughs. No one else does. His smile hides tears. He turns to the back of the bus.

EDGERRIN

Who wants to get fucked up with the
Edge one more time?

All the players, except Tailor, CHEER.

THE PLAYERS

Edge! Edge! Edge! Edge!

Edgerrin chugs and struts down the aisle. Duncan puts his headphones on and returns to his game. Tailor takes out a pumice stone and rubs his calluses.

INT. YELLOW JACKETS BUS - EVENING

Duncan carries a bag and his flatscreen under his arm. He wakes Moonie, who is asleep in the hammock, covered in crushed beer cans and strategically placed blow-up doll. Moonie sits up, tosses the doll, knocks off cans, curses. Players laugh.

EXT. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/PARKING LOT - EVENING

Players grab bags from storage compartment beneath the bus and head into the clubhouse. Tailor heads toward the batting cages.

EXT. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/BATTING CAGE - EVENING

Tailor wears a hoodie, helmet, eye black, and wrist brace. He bats left-handed and does not wear batting gloves. He closes his eyes, breathes, visualizes. Balls from the pitching machine ZIP by him. He opens his eyes, HITS. The sun sets.

EXT. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/BATTING CAGE - NIGHT

Tailor rips off his hoodie, wipes off sweat, blinks, gets set, HITS. He shakes his head, gets set, HITS, stops -- runs out of the cage -- THROWS UP in a garbage can.

The pitching machine continues to SHOOT BALLS in the empty batting cage. Tailor looks around the dark empty baseball complex, one truck sits alone in the parking lot.

I/E. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/TAILOR'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Hands insert keys with a baseball keychain into the ignition, starts the truck. Tailor drives to the curb, looks around, drives up the curb to the cage. He turns his brights on.

EXT. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/BATTING CAGE - NIGHT

He grabs a bat, crosses the plate, bats right-handed, HITS.

EXT. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/PARKING LOT - MORNING

Coach parks his truck, climbs out, hears the CRACK of the bat. He notices tire tracks on the curb, chuckles.

EXT. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/BATTING CAGE - MORNING

Tailor wears different sweaty workout gear. He swings -- CRACK. He hits a line drive, resets.

TAILOR

Morning Coach, you're up early.

COACH
New kid coming in today. Figured
I'd prep for the shit show.

Tailor HITS.

COACH
(continuing)
He's raw. Basic fundamentals.

Tailor continues to HIT balls as he and Coach talk.

TAILOR
Been asking for a lot lately.

COACH
Don't worry, I got you.

Coach hobbles away. Tailor swings -- CRACK.

EXT. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/BATTING CAGE - DAY

Tailor faces J-Reed, tosses him two balls at a time, J-Reed catches one with his left hand, drops the other, curses.

TAILOR
Close your eyes, relax, visualize --

J-REED
Quit your voodoo ninja bullshit.
Just throw the damn balls.

Tailor tosses two balls. Same result. Tailor hides a laugh.

J-REED
Let's see you do it old man.

Tailor takes off his brace, hands J-Reed a bucket of balls, gets set in front of him, gestures for J-Reed to wait.

He sets a balance ball down, puts one foot on it, closes his eyes, breathes, opens them, steps his other foot on it. Nods.

J-Reed tosses balls. Tailor catches them, drops them behind.

EXT. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

The Players stretch and practice on the field. Duncan and Moonie stretch with TheraBands. Braska taps them on the shoulder, spits chewing tobacco juice. They turn towards the batting cages.

BRASKA
Come on Cap'n!

PLAYERS
Cap'n! Cap'n! Cap'n!

EXT. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/BATTING CAGE - DAY

J-Reed tosses two more. Tailor catches them, two more, catch, two more, catch. Player's CHANTS crescendo.

J-Reed throws harder and quicker between throws -- catch. Three balls -- Tailor catches them all.

J-Reed picks up the bucket -- throws the rest of the balls at Tailor. The balls HIT him -- he jumps off. Everyone LAUGHS.

J-REED
Fine, you good, you good.

J-Reed gives him a hug. Their heads jerk toward the SOUND OF REPORTERS who follow...

EXT. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Fernan, Santiago, Coach, and Doc exit the clubhouse. Fernan pushes past the REPORTERS, beelines to the...

EXT. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Fernan falls to his knees, lifts dirt, smells dirt, CRIES.

Reporters snap photos.

EXT. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/BATTING CAGE - DAY

Tailor stares in admiration and understanding. Braska strolls up behind Tailor.

BRASKA
What the...?

An envious Tailor realizes the team has stopped practicing. He pushes Braska and J-Reed.

TAILOR
Hey this is practice.

Tailor slips his brace on, pulls a deck of cards from his pocket. He sees J-Reed stare at Fernan in awe. Tailor flicks a card, hits J-Reed's head.

J-REED
The fuck?!

J-Reed notices Doc, high fives him.

J-REED

Yo, sup Doc? Never seen a big ass motherfucker like that cry.

DOC

Trust me...you'd cry too.

EXT. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Santiago lifts Fernan. They walk to the clubhouse arm in arm.

TAILOR (O.S.)

J-Reed.

EXT. YELLOW JACKETS STADIUM/BATTING CAGE - DAY

J-Reed and Doc turn. J-Reed throws up a peace sign to Doc, gets set. Doc nods toward Tailor, heads to the clubhouse. Braska returns to the field.

Tailor grits his teeth, flicks a card, J-Reed catches it.