

SCRIPT TITLE

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SCENE II

SCENE: ONE WEEK EARLIER. A MANICURED PARK WHERE THE EDGE OF THE BASKETBALL COURT MEETS THE GRASS. THIS IS PART OF MILFORD, CALIFORNIA. IT'S A SEEMINGLY IDYLIC ORANGE COUNTY SUBURB, A PLACE VERY NOT FAMILIAR WITH OUTWARD STRUGGLE. IT'S EARLY AUGUST AND QUITE WARM.

AT RISE: DUSK. THE BASKETBALL COURT IS EMPTY.

(BOBBY LINCOLN and LANCE VAN MEER, enter with a basketball and all the swagger two recent grads can project. They're young, good-looking kids, tall and lean. Their confidence is checked by their age. They have no real expectations apart from what they've been told, and what they've been told is that they'll achieve much in their lifetime. BOBBY is the slightly taller of the two, blond and cocksure. LANCE is more robust and better-looking. They've played on this court many times in the past but they're not the kind who revel in nostalgia.)

BOBBY

Skins or shirts?

LANCE

Shirts.

(BOBBY strips down. HE does a lay-up.
LANCE recovers the ball.)

LANCE (CONT'D)

You been working out?

BOBBY

Hell to the yes, bra. Pass it.

(LANCE passes the ball to BOBBY. Throughout the scene, until noted, they warm up.)

LANCE

You lookin' forward to getting outta here?

BOBBY

Totally.

LANCE

Me too. We'll so totally get laid at college.

BOBBY

Yeah, and might even attend classes.

LANCE

How you getting up there?

BOBBY

My dad bought me a car.

LANCE

Your dad bought you a car?

BOBBY

Yeah.

LANCE

Seriously? What kind?

BOBBY

K5.

LANCE

Cool.

BOBBY

For now. I slammed it. Neon lights underneath and Mitchell's getting me this dope nitrous for it.

LANCE

Cool. Pass it here.

(LANCE breaks, and BOBBY bounce-passes.
LANCE lays it in. BOBBY recovers the ball.)

BOBBY

Awesome shot. Yeah, it's totally bitched out. Picking it up the end of the week.

LANCE

Cool.

BOBBY

You going out for basketball in college?

LANCE

Not sure. Probable. You?

BOBBY

Not sure. Maybe.

(breaking for the rim)

Pass!

(LANCE spins and passes; BOBBY posts and shoots. HE misses. LANCE recovers the ball and takes it back.)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Maybe not.

LANCE

You don't suck that bad.

BOBBY

I could suck worse.

LANCE

Bet you could, homo.

(THEY laugh. LANCE burns BOBBY to the hoop, lays it in.)

LANCE (CONT'D)

You ready?

BOBBY

Let's warm up more.

LANCE

Whatever. You're gonna get burned either way.

Oh, yeah? Pass!

BOBBY

(LANCE passes. BOBBY sets up; he dribbles; he feints left, then dodges past LANCE to the right and lays the ball in.)

You hit my arm!

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Dude, you suck, I did not!

LANCE

(LANCE retrieves the ball. He walks it back.)

All right, let's do this.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Whatever, bitch. You're on.

BOBBY

(Beat. They start a one-on-one that lasts until noted.)

LANCE
(train-of thought)
"Lance Van Meer, aged 18, a varsity player in high school, destined to play for UCLA, is about to teach Bobby Lincoln the meaning of frustration!"

(LANCE blasts BOBBY to the hoop.)

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen, this is how legends are born!"

LANCE (CONT'D)

Dude, you suck. You totally traveled!

BOBBY

Just play, bee-atch.

LANCE
(passes the ball)

Not only that. You double-dribbled.

BOBBY

It's part of the game.

LANCE

BOBBY

Maybe in your league.

(BOBBY sets up. HE eyes the rim, then something catches his attention. OPPOSITE STAGE: lights come up to the Wellman house, back deck. Lounge chairs and a grill. ROBIN WELLMAN enters in a bikini and sunglasses, towel draped over her arm. SHE glances around then settles into sunbathing.)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(pointing)

Check it out.

LANCE

(not biting)

Don't even, Tattersall.

BOBBY

No, check it out. It's Mrs. Wellman. What's his name's mom.

LANCE

Alex Wellman?

(LANCE glances, and BOBBY whisks past him to the hoop. LANCE catches him, but BOBBY lays it in. HE HOWLS triumphantly.)

(OPPOSITE STAGE: ROBIN looks up, notices the boys playing. ALEX WELLMAN enters in shorts and tee. They exchange niceties. ALEX notices the boys on the court.)

BOBBY

Can't believe you fell for that one!

LANCE

You cheated, you fuck!

(LANCE shoves BOBBY playfully. HE grabs the ball and sets up.)

LANCE (CONT'D)

I can accept that one since you're gonna get assed anyway.

(pause)

You ready?

BOBBY

Bring it.

(LANCE weaves, and BOBBY plays him well. They play toward the basket. LANCE drops back, looking O.S.)

LANCE

(distractedly)

What the hell?!

(BOBBY steals the ball and takes it back. HE deftly sweeps past LANCE to the rim and nails a shot. HE recovers the ball and notices LANCE staring O.S.)

BOBBY

Dude, you gotta get back on defense.

LANCE

(pointing)

Dude, you weren't kidding. Mrs. Wellman, on porch there.

(They stare.)

BOBBY

She's hot.

LANCE

She is.

BOBBY

She's--how old do you think she is?

LANCE

Dude, she's hot. Total MILF.

BOBBY

No, yeah, for sure.

LANCE

She's staring right at you.

BOBBY

(draws back his hair; flexes)

Is she? I'd nail that. How old do you think she is? Fifties?

LANCE

Oh, I would so totally work that thing out!

(calling)

Hey, Mrs. Wellman! How're you doing there?!

BOBBY

Dude, shut up!

LANCE

She doesn't care.

(OPPOSITE STAGE: ROBIN stands, watching the boys on the court. SHE starts to exit, but turns back one before doing so.)

BOBBY

She went it. You shouldn't've said anything. She went in. You totally blew it for me.

LANCE

Shit. This is what I'm talking about. This fuckin' Milford. This is why we gotta get out of here--

(OPPOSITE STAGE: In the second floor window, ROBIN appears, watching them. ALEX looks up at her, then follows her eyes toward the court.)

BOBBY

Whoa!

(pointing)

Second floor window!

LANCE

I see her, I see her!

(THEY watch, breathless, pointedly.)

BOBBY

(distantly)

Dude, didn't you used to mow her lawn?

LANCE

(enthused)

Oh, I wish!

BOBBY

Seriously. Didn't you?

(LANCE dribbles then takes a shot. HE misses.
BOBBY recovers the ball and takes it out.)

LANCE

Yeah, I had that gig when I was a kid. Ten bucks a week, before all those Mexicans took those jobs away.

BOBBY

Don't blame Mexicans. Maybe you just sucked at it. Chrissy's Mexican, fool. You're dissin' my squeeze.

LANCE

The old man, Mr. Wellman, sold my dad a boat once. They got another boat. Moored down in Dana Point.

BOBBY

Aw, man, can you imagine nailing that MILF on a boat? Fuckin' drinks and everything?

LANCE

That'd be sweet. You should see the fuckin' boat. Take a shot.

(BOBBY dribbles and posts-up. LANCE
recovers the ball)

LANCE (CONT'D)

Nice one.

(Beat. THEY glance O.S.)

LANCE (CONT'D)

She there?

BOBBY

Ah, who knows. Take it out.

(LANCE sets up. BOBBY guards.)

LANCE

Seriously. What if she came out here and called you over?

BOBBY

I don't know. Play, Lance.

(LANCE spins past BOBBY, but is cut off. HE fades back and takes a shot. BOBBY recovers the ball and sets up)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Dude, you're getting shittier as we go along. Come on.

LANCE

Bobby, who cares about basketball when Mrs. Wellman's walking around in turquoise panties and bra? She's friggin' hot, man!

BOBBY

Yeah, well, Chrissy's hot too, and she's, like, half her age or something.

LANCE

Ain't you nailed that yet?

BOBBY

Not yet.

LANCE

Seriously?

BOBBY

Yeah. Gimme the rock or put it up.

LANCE

Guard me.

(BOBBY guards. LANCE blasts past and lays it in.)

BOBBY

That was too easy.

(LANCE recovers.)

LANCE

No shit. Get me someone out here that can play.
(dribbling around)

Let's do shoot-around.

BOBBY

Whatever.

(OPPOSITE STAGE: ALEX answers his phone.
HE crosses to the railing and leans, dropped into
a conversation.)

LANCE

I can play! I just fuckin' schooled you, man!

BOBBY

Not when Alex Wellman's mom's in her undies.

LANCE

Well, you saw her. What, you fag or something?

BOBBY

No, just playin', man.

LANCE

(grabs his crotch)

She wants a piece of this.

BOBBY

I should go over there. What time is it?

LANCE

Half past five.

BOBBY

Should I go over there?

LANCE

If you want to.

BOBBY

Come with me.

LANCE

What the hell for?

(OPPOSITE STAGE: ALEX is in a heated conversation, pacing around. HARRY WELLMAN enters, shrugs at his son: “What’s up?” ALEX turns away. HARRY glances across the park toward the courts, then exits.)

BOBBY

Maybe she’s horny. We’ve been out here a while, and I ain’t wearing a shirt.

LANCE

So?

BOBBY

So maybe she’s horny.

LANCE

What’re you gonna do? Go over there and nail that? Check it out: the old man’s home and so’s Alex. He came home for the summer.

BOBBY

I could take that kid. He’s total pussy. Put it up.

(LANCE shoots and the ball goes in.)

LANCE

(shouting)

That one’s for you, Mrs. Wellman!

BOBBY

Dude, shut the hell up! She can hear!

LANCE

They know who I am.

(OPPOSITE STAGE: ROBIN appears in the window, looks down at ALEX. SHE sees the boys playing basketball, transfixed.)

BOBBY

Yeah, the kid who mows lawns.

LANCE

She’s probably waxed.

BOBBY

Or got a landing strip.

(gestures O.S.)

Shit, dude. Alex Wellman's on the porch.

LANCE

Shit.

(THEY stare.)

LANCE (CONT'D)

(calling)

Yo, Alex! What up, dog?

(aside)

Think he knows who we are?

(OPPOSITE STAGE: ALEX hangs up the phone quickly, pockets it. HE waves toward BOBBY and LANCE, then goes down the steps, exiting.)

BOBBY

Probably.

LANCE

Crap, he's coming over.

BOBBY

Who cares? Let him. We can play horse.

(OPPOSITE STAGE: ROBIN enters onto the porch in workout attire, sipping a protein shake. SHE doom-scrolls as she drinks. SHE looks toward the courts.)

LANCE

Crap. There's Mrs. Wellman. She's wearing workout clothes. Dude, she's got on Berkeley sweats.

BOBBY

That's where Alex plays, isn't it?

LANCE

Yeah. Dude, Mrs. Wellman's checking us out again.

BOBBY

She checking me out. You missed your chance.