

BROKEN DIAMOND

**Written by
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Broken Diamond

SCENE 1

FADE IN:

EXT. QUIET SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD – DUSK

The sky glows with deep purple and orange hues as the sun sets over a sleepy suburban street. The neighborhood is calm—well-kept lawns, kids' bicycles abandoned on driveways, and a faint hum of distant sprinklers.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR – CONTINUOUS

TREVOR DANIELS (28) grips the wheel of a sleek sports car. His once-athletic build has begun to soften by booze and powdery substances. His jittery hands rub against the leather steering wheel, betraying his calm facade.

The radio blares the low thump of EDM. On the passenger seat, a crumpled fast-food bag rests next to a small, open flask. Trevor grabs the flask, takes a long swig, and winces.

His phone, mounted on the dashboard, buzzes. A text pops up from **MARK (AGENT)**:

MARK: "CALL ME NOW. THIS IS SERIOUS."

Trevor glances at the text, scoffs, and mutters under his breath.

TREVOR

Serious... yeah, okay, Mark.

He tosses the flask back into the passenger seat and turns the music up. His bloodshot eyes dart to the rearview mirror as he wipes his nose—a subtle, telltale sign of recent cocaine use.

The car swerves slightly, crossing into the next lane. Trevor corrects it with a jerk, cursing under his breath.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET – CONTINUOUS

The car's headlights slice through the dimming light, bouncing off parked cars and houses with glowing windows. It's almost serene—until a sudden movement.

LUCKY, a golden retriever, darts into the street, chasing a bouncing ball.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR – CONTINUOUS

Trevor's eyes widen. He slams the brakes.

SFX: A SICKENING THUD.

Trevor jerks forward, the seatbelt locking him in place. The music continues to pulse, jarringly upbeat against the grim silence that follows.

TREVOR
(whispering)
Oh, God... oh, no...

He grips the wheel, his knuckles white, his breath shallow. He glances in the rearview mirror, the faint outline of the dog's motionless body lying in the street.

TREVOR
(panicked)
No, no, no...

He looks around frantically, checking the sidewalks and driveways. His eyes catch a shadowy figure on a porch. He can't tell if they saw anything. His pulse races.

EXT. STREET – CONTINUOUS

The car idles in the middle of the road. From the porch, **DANNY RIVERS (19)** steps into the doorway, calling out.

DANNY
(softly)
Lucky?

Trevor hears the voice, his panic spiking. He slams the car into gear.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR – CONTINUOUS

TREVOR
(whispering)
I can't stop. I can't stop...

He floors the gas pedal. The car lurches forward, speeding down the street. Trevor's chest heaves as he glances at the rearview mirror, the dog and the shadowy figure growing smaller and smaller behind him.

EXT. INTERSECTION – MOMENTS LATER

Trevor, distracted by his rearview mirror, blows through a red light. The screech of **TIRES** cuts through the quiet.

SFX: A CRUNCHING IMPACT.

Trevor's car sideswipes a small sedan. He slams the brakes, the car skidding to a halt in the middle of the intersection. Steam hisses from the crumpled hood.

EXT. INTERSECTION – CONTINUOUS

A police cruiser pulls up moments later, lights flashing. Two officers step out, approaching Trevor's car cautiously. Trevor sits frozen, staring straight ahead, the weight of the night crashing down on him.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR – CONTINUOUS

One officer taps on the window. Trevor lowers it shakily. The smell of alcohol wafts out.

OFFICER

Sir, step out of the vehicle.

Trevor nods, his face pale. As he moves to unbuckle his seatbelt, the officer's flashlight catches on a **BAGGIE OF COCAINE** in the cupholder.

OFFICER

(snarling)

Now.

Trevor steps out, swaying slightly. The flashing red and blue lights illuminate his face—a mix of fear, guilt, and the first hint of despair.

OFFICER

Hands on the car.

Trevor complies, pressing his palms against the hood. His breaths come short and fast as the officer pats him down. In the distance, faint barking echoes through the quiet neighborhood.

Trevor shuts his eyes, the sound cutting through him like a knife.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone:** The scene sets a tense, chaotic tone that mirrors Trevor's spiraling life. The accident with Lucky and Trevor's decision to flee immediately establish him as flawed and conflicted, setting the stakes for his redemption arc.

- **Character Development:** Trevor's substance abuse, recklessness, and cowardice are revealed in a visceral way. His fear and guilt begin simmering, planting the seeds for his eventual growth.
 - **Visual Storytelling:** The quiet suburban setting contrasts sharply with the violence of the accident and Trevor's erratic behavior, emphasizing the disruption he brings to the world around him.
 - **Pacing:** The rapid sequence of events—from the hit-and-run to the collision and arrest—creates immediate tension while allowing moments of reflection in Trevor's reactions.
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SCENE 2

EXT. INTERSECTION – NIGHT

Trevor's sleek sports car tears through the quiet suburban street, headlights glaring. He's still trembling, sweat glistening on his forehead. The rhythmic thump of EDM blasts through his open windows.

The car jerks as it careens through a STOP SIGN without slowing.

SFX: A LOUD HORN BLARES.

A SMALL SEDAN appears in the intersection. Trevor's car SLAMS into its rear side panel with a sickening CRUNCH.

The impact jolts Trevor forward, his seatbelt catching hard.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR – CONTINUOUS

Trevor gasps, disoriented. The EDM track still blares. His breathing is erratic as he struggles to steady himself. His windshield is cracked, spiderwebbing across his view.

TREVOR

(terrified, muttering)

Oh no, no, no, no...

He grips the wheel tightly, looking over his shoulder. In his rearview mirror, the sedan has spun to the curb, its emergency lights blinking erratically.

Then—RED AND BLUE LIGHTS flood the mirror. A POLICE CRUISER screeches to a halt behind him.

TREVOR
(under his breath)
No, no, no... Shit!

Trevor looks to his passenger seat—an open baggie of cocaine sits in plain view on the console. His bloodshot eyes widen in panic.

EXT. INTERSECTION – CONTINUOUS

The POLICE OFFICER, late 30s, steps out of the cruiser, gun holstered but hand resting on the handle. He approaches Trevor's car cautiously.

SFX: KNOCK-KNOCK on Trevor's driver-side window.

OFFICER
Step out of the vehicle. Hands where I can see them.

Trevor hesitates, his shaking hands gripping the wheel. He forces himself to comply, slowly pushing the door open and stumbling out onto the pavement.

TREVOR
I... I'm sorry. I didn't see— I didn't mean—

OFFICER
(sharply)
Turn around. Hands on the hood.

Trevor hesitates for a moment, then does as instructed, pressing his palms against the hot metal. His eyes dart to the sedan, where the DRIVER—an older man—is on the phone, visibly shaken but seemingly uninjured.

The officer glances through Trevor's open car door and spots the baggie of cocaine. He sighs heavily, already piecing things together.

OFFICER
You been drinking tonight?

TREVOR
(nods weakly)
Just... a little.

The officer leans closer, catching the scent of whiskey and sweat.

OFFICER
(nods to himself)
Right. You're under arrest for driving under the influence.

He grabs Trevor's hands and cuffs him, Trevor wincing at the cold metal.

TREVOR

Wait, wait—can we talk about this? Please— I didn't mean to—

OFFICER

(reading him his rights)

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law...

Trevor's voice fades into a low murmur as the officer guides him to the back of the cruiser. His car sits abandoned, headlights flickering, the cracked windshield a testament to his night unraveling.

As Trevor is loaded into the police car, the camera lingers on his sports car. The baggie of cocaine glints under the dome light.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Pacing & Tension:** This scene is about maintaining the high-stakes tension from Scene 1. The crash and subsequent arrest happen quickly to reflect Trevor's spiraling loss of control.
- **Visuals:** Emphasize the flashing lights, cracked windshield, and Trevor's disheveled appearance to show his unraveling state.
- **Dialogue:** Keep it minimal and utilitarian. The police officer's lines are clipped and professional, contrasting Trevor's panicked rambling.
- **Sound Design:** The EDM music adds a jarring juxtaposition to the chaos, underscoring Trevor's impaired judgment.

Scene 3, transitioning from the chaos of Trevor's arrest to the consequences beginning to take shape:

SCENE 3

INT. LAW OFFICE – MORNING

Sunlight streams through tall windows, falling on a polished wood desk cluttered with papers and tabloids. The headline on one reads: "**DISGRACED STAR IN DUI HIT-AND-RUN**" alongside a photo of Trevor mid-game, the picture of youthful talent.

MARK GREENE (40s), sharp suit, sharper tongue, paces the room, gripping a coffee mug and his phone. His other hand clutches a folder labeled "**CASE FILE: DANIELS, T.**"

MARK

(into phone)

I don't care what spin you're pitching, Janet—he's radioactive right now. Just keep the sponsors on ice. I'll handle it.

(pause)

Yeah, yeah, let's pray he doesn't tank this any further. I'll call you back.

Mark hangs up, sighing as the door opens. **TREVOR DANIELS** shuffles in, pale and visibly hungover. His suit is wrinkled, his tie loosened like an afterthought.

MARK

(gesturing to a chair)

Sit. Now.

Trevor slumps into the seat, rubbing his temples. He winces at the tabloids spread across the desk.

TREVOR

(muttering)

Jesus...

MARK

(leaning in)

No, not even He can fix this one, buddy. Let's recap, shall we? DUI. Cocaine possession. Hit-and-run. Oh, and let's not forget—

(holds up a paper)

—you killed someone's dog, Trevor. A **dog**. You couldn't have hit a tree or a mailbox?

Trevor buries his face in his hands.

TREVOR

It wasn't—I didn't see it coming. It was dusk. It just... it ran out, and I—

MARK

(interrupting)

Save it. The cops have everything: the baggie in plain sight, the dash cam footage of you running the light. You're lucky the guy in the sedan didn't press charges.

TREVOR

(sarcastic)

Oh, lucky me.

MARK

(firm)

No jokes. You're circling the drain here, Trevor. You're staring down jail time. Hard time.

Trevor leans back, rubbing his face, his voice quieter now.

TREVOR

What the hell do I do?

Mark tosses a folder onto the desk in front of him.

MARK

What you do is exactly what I managed to scrape together to keep your ass out of prison. Rehab. Community service. There's a special-needs baseball mentorship program in town. You're gonna coach some kids, smile for the cameras, and maybe—just **maybe**—you come out of this with your career intact.

Trevor stares at the folder, unblinking.

TREVOR

Mentor kids? You're kidding, right? A bunch of fucking retards?

MARK

Do I look like I'm kidding? This is the deal. Take it, or pack a toothbrush and tie your soap on a rope for state lockup.

Trevor hesitates, guilt and frustration warring on his face. He glances at the tabloids again—the smug headlines, the condemning photos.

TREVOR

And if I screw this up?

MARK

(deadpan)

You won't get the chance. This is your last lifeline, Trevor. Use it, or drown.

Mark slides a pen across the desk. Trevor reluctantly picks it up, flipping through the folder's papers. His hand trembles slightly as he signs his name.

TREVOR

(quiet)

What's the program?

MARK

(sipping his coffee)

Some special-needs league. Kids who actually love baseball—not like you. Your social worker will give you the details.

Trevor grimaces, guilt creeping in again. Mark watches him, narrowing his eyes.

MARK

Look. Do the hours. Lay low. And for God's sake, **don't screw up.**

Trevor stands, shoving the folder under his arm.

TREVOR

(sullen)

Yeah. Whatever.

MARK

(leaning back)

That's the spirit.

Trevor turns to leave but pauses at the door, glancing back at Mark.

TREVOR

That dog... you think they'll find out it was me?

Mark stares at him for a long moment.

MARK

If they do, this deal's dead. So don't give them a reason to look. Got it?

Trevor nods faintly, then exits. The door clicks shut. Mark exhales, rubbing his temples as he reaches for his phone.

MARK

(into phone)

Yeah, Janet? Call the press team. We're gonna need a miracle spin on this one.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone and Stakes:** This scene sets up the central conflict—Trevor's court-mandated redemption path and the stakes if he fails. It also hints at the emotional weight of the dog's death, which will haunt him later.
- **Dialogue:** Mark's dialogue is sharp and fast-paced, contrasting Trevor's slower, regretful tone. It reflects Mark's no-nonsense attitude and Trevor's growing guilt.

- **Character Development:** This scene begins Trevor's reluctant journey toward accountability. His hesitation to commit shows his resistance to change, while the mention of the dog deepens his guilt.

Scene 4, where we shift focus to Danny's grief and the audience begins to feel the full weight of the emotional stakes:

SCENE 4

EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE – MORNING

A small, tidy suburban home sits on a quiet street. A simple MEMORIAL rests near the curb: Lucky's collar draped over a framed PHOTO of the dog, surrounded by a few flowers. A well-worn baseball sits nearby.

DANNY RIVERS (19) sits on the porch steps, his shoulders hunched, clutching his baseball glove like it's a lifeline. His eyes are red and puffy, fixed on the memorial. He wipes his nose with his sleeve.

The door creaks open behind him. **ANGIE WATSON (30s)**, a no-nonsense yet warm social worker, steps out, holding a coffee mug. She pauses, watching Danny quietly.

ANGIE

(softly)

Hey, champ. How're you holding up?

Danny shrugs without looking up, his gaze glued to Lucky's collar.

DANNY

(flat)

He was my best friend.

Angie sits beside him on the step, giving him space.

ANGIE

I know he was. I'm so sorry, Danny. Lucky was... special.

Danny nods, but his face crumples slightly. He quickly rubs his eyes.

DANNY

He always waited for me after practice. Right by the gate. Every time. Even if I was late.

Angie's heart breaks for him. She places a hand gently on his shoulder.

ANGIE

(sincerely)

Lucky knew how much you loved him. And he loved you just as much.

Danny snuffles, clutching his glove tighter. Angie hesitates, then takes a breath.

ANGIE

Hey, listen... there's this new volunteer coming to the league. A big-time baseball player. Someone who knows the game inside and out.

Danny glances at her, curiosity flickering in his teary eyes.

ANGIE

I thought maybe... it'd be good for you to meet him. You know, get back into practice, focus on something you love.

DANNY

(quiet)

What's his name?

ANGIE

Trevor Daniels. You ever heard of him?

Danny shakes his head, wiping his eyes again.

DANNY

No. Is he nice?

Angie hesitates. She's only read about Trevor in the tabloids but forces a reassuring smile.

ANGIE

I think he's got a lot to offer. And you've got so much talent, Danny. I don't want you to forget that.

Danny looks back at the memorial, conflicted.

DANNY

I don't know... I don't feel like playing anymore.

ANGIE

That's okay. But maybe just meet him, see what he's like. No pressure. Lucky would want you to keep going, don't you think?

Danny considers this, then gives a small, tentative nod.

DANNY

Maybe.

Angie squeezes his shoulder gently, standing.

ANGIE

That's my guy. I'll see you at the field later, okay?

Danny doesn't respond, his gaze drifting back to Lucky's picture. Angie watches him for a moment before heading to her car, her face heavy with concern.

As her car pulls away, Danny picks up the baseball from the memorial. He examines it for a long beat, then tosses it lightly into the air, catching it in his glove.

He looks toward the horizon where the field is, his expression softening ever so slightly.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone:** This scene is quieter and more emotional, letting the audience connect with Danny's grief. It contrasts with the chaotic energy of Trevor's scenes and sets the stage for their eventual meeting.
- **Character Development:** Danny's love for Lucky and his hesitation to play baseball again show his vulnerability and need for healing. Angie's encouragement plants the seed for his eventual bond with Trevor.
- **Visual Storytelling:** The small memorial and Danny's subdued behavior speak volumes about his loss without needing excessive dialogue.
- **Connection to the Plot:** Mentioning Trevor as the new volunteer sets up the tension for their first meeting and builds audience anticipation, as they know Trevor's role in Lucky's death.

Scene 5, where Trevor and Danny meet for the first time, setting the stage for their complex relationship:

SCENE 5

EXT. RUN-DOWN BASEBALL FIELD – LATE AFTERNOON

The sun dips low, casting long shadows over a worn baseball field. The chain-link backstop is rusted, and the grass is patchy. A small group of kids and young adults with varying special needs practice throwing and catching under the watchful eye of **COACH MILLER (50s)**.

TREVOR DANIELS steps out of his car in the gravel lot, pulling on sunglasses to shield his bloodshot, baggy eyes. His posture screams hangover, but he tries to play it cool. He slings a worn duffle bag over his shoulder, surveying the field with a mix of disdain and disinterest.

At the edge of the field, **ANGIE WATSON** waits, clipboard in hand, her expression skeptical as she watches Trevor approach.

ANGIE
(flat)
You're late.

TREVOR
(smirking)
Traffic.

Angie eyes him, unimpressed, then gestures toward the field.

ANGIE
That's Coach Miller. He runs the program. Follow his lead, and don't screw this up.

TREVOR
(mocking)
Yes, ma'am.

Angie narrows her eyes but doesn't respond. Trevor trudges toward the field, where **COACH MILLER** greets him with a firm handshake and a hard look.

COACH MILLER
Trevor Daniels, huh? Thought you'd be taller.

TREVOR
(half-smiling)
Guess I'm taller in the tabloids.

Miller doesn't laugh. He hands Trevor a clipboard.

COACH MILLER
You're here to help, not be a distraction. Got it? This means everything to these kids.

Trevor gives a mock salute. Miller shakes his head and blows his whistle.

COACH MILLER
Alright, everyone, bring it in! We've got a new volunteer today. Some of you might recognize him. Played for the Majors. Big shot. Let's give him a warm welcome.

The group murmurs, some smiling shyly, others oblivious to who Trevor is. **DANNY RIVERS** hangs back slightly, clutching his glove. His usual bright energy is muted, his eyes downcast.

Trevor offers a lazy wave, looking out at the group.

TREVOR

Hey. Uh, glad to be here.

Miller claps his hands, breaking the awkward silence.

COACH MILLER

Alright, let's pair up for drills! Trevor, you're with Danny. Danny, come on over.

Danny steps forward hesitantly. Trevor sizes him up, noticing his awkward shuffle and the sadness in his eyes. Danny looks up at him, clutching his glove nervously.

DANNY

(quiet)

Hi. I'm Danny.

TREVOR

(forced enthusiasm)

Hey, Danny. You like baseball?

Danny nods earnestly.

DANNY

Yeah. My dog used to help me practice. Lucky... he was really good at fetch.

Trevor stiffens slightly at the name but quickly masks his reaction.

TREVOR

(clearing his throat)

Sounds like a cool dog. Alright, let's see what you got.

Trevor crouches into a catcher's position, motioning for Danny to throw the ball. Danny hesitates, then winds up and tosses it—it's wobbly but makes it to Trevor's glove.

TREVOR

Not bad. You've got a good arm. Again.

Danny's face lights up just a little, but it quickly fades.

DANNY

I miss him. Lucky. He always cheered for me, even when I was bad.

Trevor avoids Danny's gaze, the guilt starting to creep in. He stands, brushing dirt off his pants.

TREVOR

Alright, let's focus on your throw. Keep your elbow up. Like this.

Trevor demonstrates, trying to shift the conversation. Danny watches intently, mimicking the motion.

ANGIE, observing from the sidelines, notices Danny's slight smile and nods approvingly. It's a glimmer of the old Danny, however faint.

As the practice continues, Trevor's attitude softens slightly. He starts to engage more, offering real tips, though his guilt simmers beneath the surface.

The sun dips lower, bathing the field in golden light. Trevor hands Danny the ball, his voice quieter now.

TREVOR

Alright, one more throw. Make it count.

Danny winds up, throws harder this time. The ball flies straighter, smacking into Trevor's glove with a satisfying **THWACK**.

DANNY

(excited)

I did it!

Trevor can't help but smile—a real, unguarded smile. For a moment, his usual bravado fades.

TREVOR

You sure did, kid.

Miller blows his whistle, signaling the end of practice. Kids scatter to their parents or caregivers. Danny lingers near Trevor.

DANNY

Will you be here next time?

Trevor hesitates, the question hitting him harder than it should. He nods.

TREVOR

Yeah, I'll be here.

Danny grins faintly, then jogs off to Angie, who gives Trevor a small, cautious nod.

Trevor stands alone on the field, watching Danny. The weight of Lucky's name still hangs heavy in his mind.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone:** This scene balances Danny's quiet grief with Trevor's reluctant participation. There's an underlying tension as Trevor begins to connect with Danny without realizing the full emotional stakes.
- **Character Development:** This is Trevor's first real step toward forming a bond with Danny. His initial disinterest starts to crack as he notices Danny's vulnerability and talent.
- **Foreshadowing:** Danny's mention of Lucky is a subtle clue for Trevor, planting the seeds of his eventual guilt and realization.
- **Visual Storytelling:** The run-down field, Trevor's hungover demeanor, and Danny's cautious optimism contrast with the hopefulness of the golden hour lighting, symbolizing the possibility of redemption.

Scene 6, where Trevor's reluctant mentorship begins, and the seeds of connection and guilt start to grow:

SCENE 6

EXT. RUN-DOWN BASEBALL FIELD – MIDDAY

The midday sun beats down on the cracked, uneven field. A light breeze rustles the nearby chain-link fence. The sounds of laughter and chatter from the other participants drift through the air.

Trevor stands near home plate, leaning lazily on a bat, sunglasses on. His body language screams "I don't want to be here." **COACH MILLER** adjusts bases in the distance while **ANGIE** monitors the other kids.

DANNY jogs over, baseball glove in hand, his movements a bit more energized than before. He stops a few feet from Trevor, smiling tentatively.

DANNY
Hi, Trevor.

Trevor straightens, forcing a casual grin.

TREVOR
Hey, kid. Ready to knock some balls outta the park?

Danny nods enthusiastically, then hesitates, lowering his voice.

DANNY
Is it okay if we start with throwing? Lucky and I always practiced throwing first.

Trevor's grin falters for a moment. He quickly recovers, nodding.

TREVOR

Yeah. Sure. Let's see what you got.

Trevor takes a ball from his duffle bag, tossing it to Danny. Danny catches it, his grip a little awkward. Trevor steps back, putting distance between them.

TREVOR

Alright. Big step, elbow up. Aim right for my chest.

Danny nods, concentrating hard. He steps forward and throws. The ball arcs high, missing Trevor entirely and bouncing in the dirt behind him.

DANNY

(sheepish)

Sorry.

Trevor jogs after the ball, scooping it up.

TREVOR

(relaxed)

Don't sweat it. Let's tweak your grip. Here.

Trevor walks over, gently adjusting Danny's fingers on the ball.

TREVOR

Hold it like this. And when you throw, think about snapping your wrist. Like this.

Trevor demonstrates, flicking the ball back into Danny's glove. Danny watches intently, nodding.

DANNY

Like snapping a rubber band?

Trevor chuckles, genuinely amused.

TREVOR

Exactly. Now try again.

Danny steps back, adjusts his stance, and throws. This time, the ball sails straighter, landing squarely in Trevor's glove. Trevor nods in approval.

TREVOR

There you go. You've got a cannon in there, Danny.

Danny beams at the praise.

DANNY
Really?

TREVOR
Sure do. Keep practicing, and you'll be throwing smoke in no time.

Danny throws again, a little stronger this time. Trevor catches it, though the force surprises him slightly. He grins, tossing it back.

ANGIE, standing near the fence, watches the interaction. She notes Danny's small smile and the visible tension leaving his shoulders. Her expression softens.

Danny pauses after another throw, looking down at his glove. His face grows more serious.

DANNY
Trevor... do you miss anyone?

Trevor hesitates, thrown off by the question.

TREVOR
What do you mean?

DANNY
Like, someone you loved. Someone who's... not here anymore.

Trevor stiffens, the weight of Lucky's death creeping into his thoughts. He forces a casual shrug.

TREVOR
Yeah. I guess so. Don't we all?

Danny nods solemnly, holding the ball tightly.

DANNY
I miss Lucky. He was my best friend. We did everything together. Now... it's just me.

Trevor shifts uncomfortably, looking away for a beat. He clears his throat, trying to steer the conversation back to baseball.

TREVOR
Well, sounds like Lucky was a great teammate. Bet he'd want you to keep playing, right?

Danny considers this, his lips pressing together. He nods, though his eyes still glisten with sadness.

DANNY
Yeah. I think so.

Trevor watches him, guilt flickering in his eyes. He claps his hands, forcing a smile.

TREVOR

Alright, let's take a few more throws. Then we'll work on your swing. Deal?

Danny nods, his spirits lifting slightly. He winds up and throws again, this time with more precision.

COACH MILLER walks by, watching for a moment.

COACH MILLER

(to Trevor)

Not bad. Maybe you're good for more than just headlines after all.

Trevor smirks, masking his unease.

TREVOR

Thanks, Coach.

Miller nods, moving on to help another group. Trevor catches Danny's next throw, holding the ball for a beat as he watches Danny smile faintly. Trevor's grip tightens.

TREVOR

(softly, to himself)

What the hell am I doing?

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone:** This scene builds on the tentative bond between Trevor and Danny, with glimpses of Trevor's guilt starting to surface. It strikes a balance between hope and unease.
- **Character Development:** Danny's openness contrasts with Trevor's guarded, guilt-ridden demeanor. This scene reinforces Danny's innocence and emotional resilience, while Trevor starts to face the reality of his actions.
- **Foreshadowing:** Danny's question about loss subtly pushes Trevor closer to connecting the dots about Lucky.
- **Pacing:** Keep the dialogue snappy but authentic. Allow moments of silence or physical action (throwing, catching) to emphasize the emotional beats.

Scene 7, where Trevor grapples with mounting pressure and guilt, providing a deeper glimpse into his unraveling:

SCENE 7

INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

The apartment is dimly lit, cluttered with empty takeout boxes, discarded clothes, and bottles scattered across the coffee table. A muted sports channel flickers on the TV, the commentator's voice droning in the background.

Trevor sits slouched on the couch, a beer in hand, staring blankly at his phone. The screen shows a string of **MISSED CALLS** and unread texts from **MARK**:

MARK: Pick up. We need to talk strategy.

MARK: You have to clean this up, Trevor. NOW.

MARK: I'm not kidding. Call me.

Trevor sighs, tossing the phone aside. He leans forward, grabbing a whiskey bottle from the table, pouring a shot into a grimy glass. He downs it in one go, grimacing.

His eyes wander to a local **NEWS CLIP** playing on the muted TV. The headline reads: **"COMMUNITY GRIEVES BELOVED DOG KILLED IN HIT-AND-RUN."**

Trevor freezes, staring at the screen. The segment shows a photo of Lucky, a happy golden retriever with a wagging tail. Beneath it, text reads: **"Remembering Lucky – A Symbol of Love and Joy."**

TREVOR
(quietly)
No... no way.

He grabs the remote, turning up the volume mid-segment.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

...the tragic accident occurred in the quiet Rivers neighborhood last week. Lucky was a companion to Danny Rivers, a local teen with Down syndrome. Friends and family describe the dog as Danny's closest companion, often seen playing together at the local baseball field...

Trevor's breathing quickens. He sets the whiskey glass down, staring at the screen in disbelief. He mutters to himself, shaking his head.

TREVOR
No. It's just a coincidence. There are... a million dogs out there. It can't be—

His thoughts are interrupted by his phone buzzing again. He grabs it angrily, answering without looking at the screen.

TREVOR
(irritated)
What?

MARK (V.O.)
(glowering through the phone)
Finally. You've got some nerve ignoring me right now.

TREVOR
(sinking back)
Not in the mood, Mark.

MARK (V.O.)
Not in the mood? Are you serious? The kid's dog you killed has down syndrome. He had it hard enough as it was. You're hanging by a thread, Trevor. You need to get your act together, starting yesterday.

Trevor rubs his temple, frustration boiling.

TREVOR
I'm doing the damn hours, alright? What more do you want?

MARK (V.O.)
What I want is for you to stop acting like a victim. Do the hours. Smile for the cameras. And don't give anyone another reason to hate you. They're calling you DUI Daniels.

Trevor lets out a bitter laugh.

TREVOR
(smugly)
Oh, is that all? Should I wave a magic wand too? Poof—model citizen.

MARK (V.O.)
You're impossible. Look, I'll handle the sponsors, but you've got to stay clean and keep your head down. No more screw-ups. Understand?

Trevor doesn't answer, staring at Lucky's photo on the screen. His grip tightens on the phone.

MARK (V.O.)
Trevor? Do you understand me?

TREVOR
(quietly)
Yeah. I get it.

Trevor hangs up abruptly, tossing the phone onto the couch. He stands, pacing the room, his hands running through his hair. The image of Lucky on the TV burns into his mind.

He grabs the whiskey bottle, but pauses. His hand shakes slightly. For a moment, it seems like he might set it down... but then he takes another long swig straight from the bottle.

The camera lingers as Trevor slumps back into the couch, staring at the ceiling, the weight of his guilt and self-loathing pressing down on him.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone:** This scene leans into Trevor's internal struggle, setting a darker, more introspective tone. It contrasts with the lighter moments of connection he has with Danny on the field, showing how haunted he truly is.
- **Character Development:** Trevor's avoidance of responsibility and his self-destructive tendencies are on full display here. His denial about Lucky being Danny's dog introduces more tension for when the truth becomes undeniable.
- **Visual Storytelling:** Use the muted TV segment and Trevor's surroundings (cluttered apartment, liquor bottles) to visually depict his deteriorating mental state.
- **Dialogue vs. Silence:** Let Trevor's quiet muttering and the loud TV fill the space, emphasizing his isolation. His phone conversation with Mark builds on his external pressures, adding stakes to his internal guilt.

Scene 8, where Trevor and Danny's relationship deepens slightly, setting the stage for future conflict and emotional stakes:

SCENE 8

EXT. RUN-DOWN BASEBALL FIELD – AFTERNOON

The field basks in warm sunlight. Kids scatter across the diamond, some tossing balls back and forth, others practicing swings. The mood is light, filled with the occasional laughter and the sounds of bats cracking.

Trevor stands near the pitcher's mound, arms crossed, sunglasses on, watching **DANNY** struggle to hit off a tee. Danny lines up his bat awkwardly, eyes narrowing in concentration.

He swings. The bat clips the top of the ball, sending it rolling off the tee and dribbling a few feet away.

DANNY
(frustrated)
Ugh. I suck.

Trevor pushes off the mound and walks over, picking up the ball.

TREVOR
Nah. You just need a little tweak. Here, let me show you.

He crouches next to Danny, placing the ball back on the tee.

TREVOR
Alright. Feet shoulder-width apart. Hands up.

Danny adjusts, trying to mimic Trevor's stance.

TREVOR
Now, when you swing, don't just use your arms. Twist your hips—put your whole body into it. Like this.

Trevor grabs the bat lightly, guiding Danny through a smooth practice swing.

DANNY
(laughing)
You're really good at this.

Trevor smirks, standing.

TREVOR
Well, I was a pro, remember? They don't put just anyone in the big leagues.

DANNY
(innocently)
Then why aren't you playing anymore?

The question lands hard. Trevor blinks, his smirk faltering. He shoves his hands in his pockets, forcing a casual shrug.

TREVOR
(long beat)
I made some... bad choices.

Danny nods, as if understanding more than Trevor expected.

DANNY
Sometimes I make bad choices too. Angie says it's okay if you try to fix them.

Trevor stares at him, the words hitting deeper than he lets on. He clears his throat, nodding toward the tee.

TREVOR

Alright, kid. Let's try it again.

Danny steps up, his confidence slightly renewed. He grips the bat tighter, lines up the shot, and swings.

CRACK. The ball soars into the outfield.

DANNY

(excitedly)

I did it! I did it!

Trevor grins, clapping Danny on the shoulder.

TREVOR

Now that's what I'm talking about! Way to go.

Danny beams, his previous frustrations forgotten. Nearby, **ANGIE** and **COACH MILLER** watch the interaction. Angie leans toward Miller, speaking quietly.

ANGIE

He's good with Danny. Better than I expected.

COACH MILLER

(gruff)

We'll see if it lasts. A guy like him doesn't change overnight.

Back on the field, Danny jogs to pick up the ball. Trevor watches him with a faint smile, but his expression darkens as the guilt creeps back in.

DANNY returns, holding the ball proudly.

DANNY

Hey, Trevor... Lucky used to catch balls just like this.

Trevor stiffens but forces a nod, his voice uneasy.

TREVOR

Yeah? Sounds like a pretty awesome dog.

DANNY

He was. The best. I wish you could've met him.

Trevor swallows hard, his guilt almost visible. Danny doesn't notice, happily setting the ball back on the tee.

DANNY

Do you think we can play catch next time?

TREVOR

(quietly)

Yeah. Sure.

Danny smiles brightly and takes another swing, missing completely this time. Trevor forces himself to focus, shaking off the weight of the moment.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone:** This scene introduces a lighter moment of bonding between Trevor and Danny, juxtaposed with Trevor's growing guilt and emotional conflict.
 - **Character Development:** Danny's openness and innocence contrast sharply with Trevor's internal struggle. Trevor's discomfort when Danny mentions Lucky adds layers of tension.
 - **Visual Storytelling:** Use the warm sunlight and field activity to set a hopeful tone, which contrasts with Trevor's darkening internal state.
 - **Dialogue vs. Action:** Keep the dialogue simple and natural, focusing on the budding mentor-student relationship. Use Danny's joy to highlight the stakes of Trevor's eventual confession.
-

SCENE 9

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD – LATE AFTERNOON

The sun hangs low in the sky, casting long shadows across the field. Practice is winding down. Most of the kids have left, their laughter fading as cars pull out of the gravel lot.

Trevor sits on the bench in the dugout, a baseball in one hand and a cold beer in the other. The aluminum can sweats in the heat as Trevor takes a long swig, visibly tense. His usual cool demeanor is starting to fray.

DANNY jogs over from the field, carrying his glove. He notices Trevor sipping the beer and hesitates, curious but cautious.

DANNY

What's that?

Trevor glances at the can, then back at Danny.

TREVOR

(shrugging)

Just a drink. Helps me... unwind after practice.

Danny inches closer, sitting on the bench beside him.

DANNY

Can I try?

Trevor blinks, caught off guard.

TREVOR

Uh... I don't think Angie or Coach Miller would be too happy about that.

DANNY

(earnest)

They don't have to know. I just wanna see what it tastes like.

Trevor hesitates, the conflict visible on his face. He looks at Danny, who's staring at the can with genuine curiosity, and then down at his own hand, the guilt gnawing at him.

TREVOR

(sighing)

Alright. Just one sip. But don't tell anyone, okay?

Danny nods eagerly. Trevor hands him the can, watching as Danny takes a cautious sip. He grimaces immediately, handing it back.

DANNY

(eyes wide)

Yuck! That tastes gross.

Trevor chuckles, some of the tension easing.

TREVOR

Yeah, well, it's an acquired taste.

Danny wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, still processing the bitterness.

DANNY

Why do you drink it if it's gross?

Trevor leans back against the bench, staring at the field.

TREVOR

I guess... it makes me feel like things aren't so bad. Even when they are.

Danny tilts his head, studying Trevor.

DANNY

Does it work?

Trevor pauses, the weight of the question hitting him. He takes another swig, avoiding Danny's gaze.

TREVOR

Not really.

Danny considers this for a moment, then smiles softly.

DANNY

Maybe baseball works better. When I'm playing, I don't feel so sad about Lucky.

Trevor flinches at the mention of Lucky's name. He quickly downs the rest of his beer and crushes the can, shoving it under the bench.

TREVOR

Alright, kid. Time to call it a day. Go grab your stuff.

Danny hops up, nodding.

DANNY

Okay. See you tomorrow?

TREVOR

Yeah. Tomorrow.

Danny jogs off toward Angie, who's loading equipment into her car. Trevor watches him for a long moment, the guilt weighing heavier than before. He pulls another beer from a small cooler beside him, popping it open with a sigh.

As Danny waves goodbye, Trevor lifts the beer to his lips, his hand shaking slightly.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone:** This scene is a darker turning point for Trevor, as he crosses a significant moral line by offering Danny alcohol. It showcases his selfishness and growing recklessness, even as he struggles internally.
- **Character Development:** Danny's innocence shines here, contrasting with Trevor's increasingly poor decisions. The mention of Lucky deepens Trevor's guilt, pushing him closer to a breaking point.
- **Visual Storytelling:** Use the fading sunlight and empty field to emphasize Trevor's isolation and the moral ambiguity of the moment.
- **Pacing:** Let the scene linger on Trevor's hesitation and Danny's curiosity to heighten the tension. The beer's presence serves as a metaphor for Trevor's inability to cope.

Scene 10, where Trevor begins to piece together the truth about Lucky, amplifying his guilt and inner conflict:

SCENE 10

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER – DAY

A modest hallway lined with bulletin boards and community flyers. The fluorescent lights flicker faintly, casting a sterile glow. Trevor walks in, duffle bag slung over his shoulder, his sunglasses perched on his head. He looks tired, his movements slower than usual.

As he makes his way toward the gymnasium, he passes a bulletin board and slows. His eyes land on a **FLYER** taped to the corkboard. It's simple: a photo of Lucky, a golden retriever, with the text:

“IN LOVING MEMORY OF LUCKY (DOG).” “Taken too soon. Forever in our hearts.”

Trevor freezes, staring at the flyer. The date and time of the accident match the night of his DUI. A sickening realization washes over him.

TREVOR
(under his breath)
No... no way. Shit.

He steps closer, swallowing hard. His eyes dart to the bottom of the flyer, where it reads:

“In honor of Danny Rivers' beloved companion.”

Trevor staggers back, nearly bumping into a parent walking past. He mutters an apology, his breathing unsteady. He glances toward the gymnasium, where the faint sound of laughter and chatter echoes.

ANGIE WATSON steps into the hallway, catching sight of Trevor. Her warm smile fades as she notices his pale face.

ANGIE

Trevor? You alright?

Trevor quickly straightens, forcing a weak smile.

TREVOR

Yeah. Fine. Just... need a minute.

Angie tilts her head, unconvinced, but nods.

ANGIE

Danny really loved him, you know, pointing at the dog. Some asshole just hit and ran. Anyways, Danny's in the gym when you're ready. He's been looking forward to practice all day.

She walks off, leaving Trevor alone. He looks back at the flyer, his jaw tightening. His hands tremble slightly as he tears his gaze away and heads toward the gym.

INT. GYMNASIUM – CONTINUOUS

The gym buzzes with activity. Danny tosses a baseball against the wall, catching it in his glove. He turns as Trevor enters, grinning.

DANNY

Hi, Trevor!

Trevor forces a smile, though his eyes are haunted.

TREVOR

Hey, kid. You ready to get to work?

Danny nods eagerly, jogging over. Trevor grabs a ball from his bag, tossing it to Danny. The two begin an easy game of catch, though Trevor's throws lack focus.

DANNY

(innocently)

Lucky used to catch like this. He was so good at it. He'd bring the ball right back every time.

Trevor falters mid-throw, the ball slipping from his fingers and rolling across the floor. Danny tilts his head, confused.

DANNY

Are you okay?

Trevor quickly picks up the ball, his hands shaking slightly.

TREVOR

Yeah. Just... thinking about something.

Danny smiles, unbothered, and throws the ball back. Trevor catches it, his movements mechanical.

DANNY

Do you have a dog?

Trevor hesitates, the guilt choking him.

TREVOR

No. I... I don't think I'd be very good at taking care of one.

Danny frowns, puzzled.

DANNY

Why not? Dogs are easy. You just have to love them.

Trevor's face crumples for a moment, but he quickly looks away, hiding his emotions.

TREVOR

You're probably right, kid.

He tosses the ball back, trying to focus, but the weight of Danny's words—and the flyer—hangs heavily over him.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone:** This scene shifts from a calm, everyday moment to a simmering undercurrent of guilt and realization. It builds the emotional tension without a major confrontation yet.
- **Character Development:** Trevor begins to connect the dots about Lucky and grapples with the weight of his actions. His guilt grows stronger, setting the stage for future revelations.
- **Foreshadowing:** Danny's innocence and casual mention of Lucky reinforce the emotional stakes and make Trevor's guilt more tangible.
- **Visual Storytelling:** The flyer serves as a stark visual trigger, juxtaposing the warmth of the gym with the heaviness in Trevor's mind.
- **Pacing:** Let the scene linger on Trevor's reaction to the flyer, emphasizing his internal struggle without rushing to resolve it.

Scene 11, where Trevor's guilt drives him into deeper self-destruction and poor decision-making:

SCENE 11

INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Trevor's apartment is dim, the glow from the TV casting shifting shadows across the room. The clutter has grown worse: empty beer cans, fast food wrappers, and a few shirts tossed haphazardly onto furniture.

Trevor sits slouched on the couch, a baggie of cocaine on the coffee table in front of him. His hands shake as he pours whiskey into a glass, spilling some onto the table. He wipes it half-heartedly with his sleeve.

The TV plays a news report about community events. Trevor doesn't seem to notice until a segment catches his attention.

ON THE TV:

A cheerful reporter stands in front of the **RIVERS COMMUNITY CENTER**, where a group of children plays baseball in the background. The headline reads: "**Charity Game to Honor Lucky the Dog.**"

REPORTER (V.O.)

This weekend's charity game will raise funds for special-needs sports programs in honor of Lucky, a beloved companion to local teen Danny Rivers. Lucky's tragic death in a hit-and-run has inspired a community to come together...

Trevor stares at the screen, frozen. A clip shows Danny holding a framed photo of Lucky, smiling faintly despite his visible grief.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Danny's courage and love for baseball have captured the hearts of many, making this game a celebration of resilience and community spirit.

Trevor exhales sharply, muting the TV. His chest heaves as he grabs the whiskey glass and downs it in one gulp. He leans forward, gripping his head with both hands.

KNOCK KNOCK.

Trevor flinches, startled. He looks toward the door, his breathing uneven. The knocking continues, more insistent this time.

TREVO
Who is it?

DANNY (O.S.)

It's me—Danny! Can I come in?

Trevor freezes, panic flashing across his face. He quickly grabs the baggie of cocaine and stuffs it into the couch cushions. He sweeps the whiskey glass and bottle onto the floor, shoving them out of sight.

TREVOR
Uh... yeah. Just a sec.

He wipes his face with his hands, trying to appear composed. After stuffing some of his clutting into a nearby closet, He opens the door, revealing **DANNY**, standing with his baseball glove in hand, wearing a hopeful smile.

DANNY
Hi! Angie said I could stop by. You said we could practice extra, remember?

Trevor stares at him, caught off guard.

TREVOR
(awkwardly)
Uh... yeah. Sure. Come in.

Danny steps inside, glancing around. He wrinkles his nose slightly at the mess but says nothing.

DANNY
Your place is kinda... messy.

TREVOR
(gruffly)
Yeah, well... it's a work in progress.

Danny notices the baseball on the coffee table and picks it up.

DANNY
I brought my glove. I thought maybe we could play catch.

Trevor hesitates, guilt gnawing at him. His hands shake slightly as he scratches the back of his neck.

TREVOR
(quietly)
I don't know, kid. It's... kinda late.

Danny's face falls, disappointment creeping in.

DANNY

Oh. I just thought... you said...

Trevor sighs, the weight of Danny's trust pressing down on him. He forces a weak smile.

TREVOR

Alright. A few throws. But we gotta keep it quiet, okay?

Danny brightens immediately, nodding enthusiastically.

DANNY

Okay!

Trevor grabs a nearby ball and tosses it lightly. Danny catches it with ease, his smile widening. They continue for a few throws, the tension in the room easing slightly.

Danny suddenly stops, looking at Trevor curiously.

DANNY

Trevor... why do you look sad all the time?

Trevor's breath catches. He forces a chuckle, deflecting.

TREVOR

Do I? Guess I'm just tired.

Danny nods thoughtfully, then steps closer, lowering his voice.

DANNY

When I feel sad, I think about Lucky. He always made me happy. Do you have someone like that?

Trevor stiffens, the words cutting deep. He looks away, pretending to adjust his grip on the ball.

TREVOR

I, uh... I don't know, kid.

Danny studies him for a moment, then smiles.

DANNY

Maybe I can be that for you.

Trevor's eyes widen, caught completely off guard. He laughs nervously, ruffling Danny's hair.

TREVOR

You're something else, you know that?

Danny grins, clearly pleased. Trevor forces a smile, but as Danny looks away, Trevor's expression darkens, the guilt and self-loathing threatening to consume him.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone:** This scene starts with Trevor spiraling further into self-destruction, then transitions to a bittersweet moment of connection with Danny, underscored by Trevor's guilt.
- **Character Development:** Danny's innocence and trust are contrasted with Trevor's deepening self-loathing and guilt. This builds emotional tension as Trevor continues to hide the truth.
- **Foreshadowing:** Danny's questions and offer to be a source of happiness for Trevor further highlight the emotional stakes of Trevor's inevitable confession.
- **Pacing:** Allow quiet moments to linger—Danny's innocence and Trevor's internal struggle are key to the scene's emotional weight.

Scene 12, written in greater depth to capture the tension and moral descent of Trevor and Danny's interactions:

SCENE 12

INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

The apartment is dim, lit only by the flickering TV and a weak desk lamp. The mess from earlier has grown worse—empty beer cans, crumpled fast-food wrappers, and discarded clothes litter the room. A faint haze of cigarette smoke hangs in the air.

Trevor sits at the coffee table, slumped over. A baggie of cocaine lies open in front of him, next to a half-empty bottle of whiskey. His hands shake as he lines up another bump on the edge of a credit card. He pauses, staring at the powder, then glances toward the door as if expecting someone to barge in. His breath is shallow.

A soft **KNOCK** at the door snaps him out of his haze. He stiffens, glancing at the clock. It's late—far too late for visitors.

TREVO

(half-whisper)

What the hell...?

He stands unsteadily, shoving the baggie into the couch cushions and swiping the whiskey bottle under the coffee table. He stumbles to the door, cracking it open cautiously.

DANNY stands outside, his baseball glove tucked under his arm, his face lit with nervous excitement.

DANNY

Hi, Trevor! Can I come in?

Trevor's jaw tightens. He hesitates, looking back at the disheveled state of his apartment. Then he forces a weak smile.

TREVOR

Kid, it's... kinda late, don't you think?

Danny shifts his weight, fidgeting with the glove.

DANNY

I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking about baseball. And you said we could do extra practice.

Trevor sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose. He's too tired and too high to argue. After a beat, he steps aside.

TREVOR

(softly)

Yeah, alright. Come on in.

Danny beams, stepping inside and setting his glove on the couch. His nose wrinkles slightly at the smell of whiskey and smoke, but he doesn't comment. He picks up a baseball from the coffee table, turning it over in his hands.

DANNY

Your place is kinda messy.

Trevor chuckles darkly, sinking back into the couch.

TREVOR

Yeah, well... it's not exactly the Ritz.

Danny sits beside him, still examining the baseball. His eyes flick to the corner of the coffee table, where a small pile of white powder remains faintly visible. He tilts his head, curious.

DANNY

What's that?

Trevor stiffens, quickly brushing the powder away with his hand.

TREVOR

Nothing. Just... dust.

Danny nods, oblivious. He places the baseball on the table and looks at Trevor eagerly.

DANNY

Can we practice throwing?

Trevor leans back, rubbing his face. His head is pounding, and the room feels stifling. He glances at the whiskey bottle peeking out from under the table, then back at Danny.

TREVOR

(slowly)

You ever... tried this?

He reaches under the table, pulling out the bottle. Danny's eyes widen slightly.

DANNY

That's... beer?

TREVOR

Whiskey. It's stronger. Makes you feel... relaxed. You wanna try?

Danny hesitates, his brow furrowing. He looks at Trevor, unsure.

DANNY

I don't think Angie would like that.

Trevor lets out a low laugh, shaking his head.

TREVOR

Angie's not here, is she? Just one sip. It won't hurt. But you can't tell anyone okay? I'll get in trouble and we won't be able to practice anymore

Danny fidgets, but the prospect of bonding with Trevor is too tempting. After a moment, he nods.

Trevor pours a small amount into a glass, handing it to Danny. Danny sniffs it, his nose wrinkling, but he takes a tiny sip. He immediately coughs, his face scrunching up in disgust.

DANNY

That's awful!

Trevor laughs, harder this time, clapping Danny on the shoulder.

TREVOR

Yeah, it's an acquired taste.

Danny sets the glass down quickly, still grimacing.

DANNY

Why do you drink it if it's so bad?

Trevor's laughter fades. He stares at the glass, his face darkening.

TREVOR

(quietly)

Because sometimes... it helps you forget. Even just for a little while.

Danny tilts his head, studying Trevor with quiet curiosity.

DANNY

What do you wanna forget?

Trevor tenses, the weight of the question pressing down on him. He grabs the whiskey bottle, pouring himself a larger glass and downing it in one gulp.

TREVOR

(avoiding the question)

Let's not get into that, alright?

Danny frowns but doesn't press further. He looks at Trevor, then back at the glass, his voice soft.

DANNY

Do you think Lucky would've liked you?

Trevor freezes, the glass halfway to his lips. His hands tremble slightly, and he sets it down before he can spill. He forces a weak smile.

TREVOR

Yeah... I think so. I like dogs.

Danny smiles faintly, comforted by the thought.

DANNY

He was the best. He'd bring me the ball, every time. He never got tired of playing.

Trevor looks away, his guilt nearly overwhelming him.

TREVOR

(hoarse)

Sounds like a great dog, kid.

Danny nods, picking up the baseball again.

DANNY

He was. I think he'd like that you're helping me.

Trevor stares at Danny, the weight of his words sinking in. For a moment, he looks like he might say something, but the guilt and fear hold him back.

TREVOR

(softly)

Yeah. Maybe.

Danny tosses the ball lightly, catching it in his glove. He grins.

DANNY

Can we play catch now?

Trevor forces a smile, his voice tight.

TREVOR

Sure, kid. Let's play catch.

Danny hops up, excited. Trevor watches him for a long moment before grabbing the ball and standing. His steps are unsteady as he follows Danny to the other side of the room, his mind consumed by guilt.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone:** This scene dives deep into Trevor's unraveling guilt and his moral failure as he introduces Danny to whiskey, knowing full well how vulnerable Danny is. The tension is thick, with moments of levity quickly undercut by the weight of Trevor's actions.
- **Character Development:** Trevor's self-destructive tendencies reach a new low here, as his desperation for connection leads him to make terrible choices. Danny's innocence continues to shine, heightening the emotional stakes.
- **Foreshadowing:** Danny's mention of Lucky and his trust in Trevor build toward the eventual confrontation of the truth. Trevor's inability to confess shows his emotional paralysis.
- **Visual Storytelling:** The cluttered apartment, dim lighting, and subtle haze underscore Trevor's spiraling mental state, while Danny's bright, hopeful demeanor stands in stark contrast.
- **Pacing:** The scene builds slowly, allowing the tension to simmer. Trevor's hesitation and Danny's innocence create a deeply unsettling dynamic.

Scene 13, where the tension peaks as Danny suffers the consequences of Trevor's negligence, marking a significant turning point in the story.

SCENE 13

INT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

The apartment is dimly lit, cluttered, and stifling. A faint haze of smoke lingers in the air. Trevor and Danny sit on the floor, a mess of empty beer bottles and snack wrappers scattered around them. A small line of **cocaine** sits on the edge of the coffee table, untouched but visible.

Trevor leans back, his eyes bloodshot, the whiskey bottle in his hand almost empty. Danny is cross-legged, his baseball glove beside him, giggling at a joke Trevor just told. His cheeks are flushed, and his words are slightly slurred—a mix of alcohol and exhaustion.

DANNY

(laughing)

You're funny, Trevor. I didn't know you were funny.

TREVOR

(grinning, drunk)

Yeah, well... don't tell Angie. She thinks I'm all serious and stuff.

Danny nods solemnly, trying to mimic Trevor's tone but stumbling over his words.

DANNY

I won't. It's our secret.

Trevor watches him, his grin fading slightly. He glances at the untouched line of cocaine, his guilt flickering.

TREVOR

(softly)

You're a good kid, Danny.

Danny picks up a baseball from the table, tossing it lightly between his hands.

DANNY

I like hanging out with you. It makes me feel... less sad.

Trevor's jaw tightens. He downs the last of his whiskey, avoiding Danny's gaze.

TREVOR

(quietly)

Yeah... me too.

Danny's attention shifts to the line of cocaine on the table. He tilts his head, curious.

DANNY

What's that stuff?

Trevor freezes, his heart pounding. He stares at Danny, unsure how to answer.

TREVOR

It's... nothing. Just something stupid.

Danny's curiosity doesn't waver. He leans closer, examining the powder.

DANNY

Does it help you not feel sad?

Trevor hesitates, his internal conflict raging. He finally exhales, his voice soft and shaky.

TREVOR

Sometimes. But it's not good for you, kid. It's not good for anyone.

Danny looks at him, his innocent eyes searching Trevor's face.

DANNY

Can I try it?

Trevor's stomach drops. He sits up straighter, panic flashing across his face.

TREVOR

No. No way.

Danny frowns, confused.

DANNY

But you do it. And you said it helps.

Trevor runs a hand through his hair, shaking his head.

TREVOR

(urgent)

Danny, listen to me. This... this isn't for you. It's not for anyone. Trust me, okay?

Danny looks hurt but nods slowly. He picks up his glove, holding it tightly.

DANNY

(quietly)

I just wanted to help you feel better.

Trevor's guilt crushes him. He reaches out, placing a hand on Danny's shoulder.

TREVOR

(softly)

You do, kid. You do.

Danny looks up, offering a small smile. But as he sets his glove down, he suddenly sways slightly, his expression shifting. He presses a hand to his forehead.

DANNY

I feel... funny.

Trevor's smile fades instantly. He sits up, alarmed.

TREVOR

Danny? You okay?

Danny doesn't respond. He sways again, his breathing growing shallow. Trevor scrambles forward, grabbing his shoulders.

TREVOR

Danny! Hey, look at me!

Danny's eyes roll back, and he collapses forward, convulsing violently. Trevor panics, his heart racing.

TREVOR

(shouting)

No! Danny! Wake up!

Trevor fumbles for his phone, knocking over bottles and wrappers in his frantic search. He dials **911** with trembling hands.

TREVOR

(into phone)

I need an ambulance! A kid's having a seizure—he's not breathing right! Please, hurry!

The operator's voice crackles through the phone, calm but firm. Trevor barely hears it, his focus locked on Danny, who shakes uncontrollably on the floor.

TREVOR

(pleading)

Come on, kid... stay with me...

The sound of SIRENS grows louder in the distance. Trevor cradles Danny's head, his hands shaking uncontrollably.

EXT. TREVOR'S APARTMENT – LATER

Red and blue lights flash against the apartment building as **PARAMEDICS** load Danny onto a stretcher. Trevor stands nearby, his face pale, his body trembling. He looks completely broken.

Angie arrives, rushing toward the ambulance. She stops when she sees Trevor, her expression shifting from concern to fury.

ANGIE

What the hell happened?

Trevor opens his mouth, but no words come out. Angie storms past him, climbing into the ambulance with Danny as the doors slam shut.

Trevor stumbles back, leaning against the wall. He watches the ambulance speed away, the weight of his guilt and failure crushing him.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone:** This scene is the emotional low point for Trevor, marking a pivotal moment where his reckless behavior leads to a near-tragic consequence for Danny.
- **Character Development:** Trevor's inability to set proper boundaries with Danny—and his self-destructive tendencies—come to a head here. Danny's vulnerability and trust in Trevor make the outcome even more devastating.
- **Visual Storytelling:** The cluttered, dim apartment mirrors Trevor's mental state. Danny's seizure is a stark contrast to the earlier moments of levity, driving home the gravity of Trevor's choices.
- **Pacing:** The scene builds slowly, letting the tension simmer before erupting into chaos during Danny's collapse.
- **Foreshadowing:** This incident sets the stage for Trevor's eventual confrontation with Angie, Danny's family, and the truth about Lucky.

Scene 14, where Trevor faces a heated confrontation at the hospital, marking a critical moment of reckoning:

SCENE 14

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM – NIGHT

The fluorescent lights are harsh, and the sterile smell of antiseptic lingers in the air. The waiting room is sparse—rows of hard plastic chairs, a coffee vending machine humming in the corner. Trevor sits alone in a chair, hunched forward, elbows on his knees, hands clasped tightly. His face is pale, his eyes hollow, and his shirt is rumpled from the chaos of the night.

The double doors to the ER burst open, and **ANGIE WATSON** storms in, her face a mix of panic and fury. Behind her, **COACH MILLER** follows, his jaw set, his presence grave.

Angie spots Trevor and marches toward him, her voice low but laced with venom.

ANGIE

What happened?

Trevor looks up, his mouth opening, but no words come out. He rubs his hands over his face, trying to pull himself together.

ANGIE

(raising her voice)

I said, what happened? How is Danny in the ER right now?

Trevor looks away, unable to meet her eyes. Angie leans in closer, her anger bubbling over.

ANGIE

Don't you dare shut down on me, Trevor. You were supposed to take care of him. You were supposed to—

(stopping herself, voice breaking)

What did you do?

COACH MILLER

(stepping in, quietly)

Angie.

She raises a hand, silencing him, her eyes locked on Trevor.

ANGIE

(softly, dangerously)

Start talking.

Trevor exhales shakily, his voice barely above a whisper.

TREVOR

We were... at my place. Just hanging out. He said he wanted to come over, and I thought—
(stopping himself)

I don't know. I should've said no.

ANGIE

(hissing)

You think? Jesus Christ, Trevor! He's a kid! A kid who trusted you!

Trevor's face crumples, the guilt overtaking him.

TREVOR

I didn't mean for this to happen. He just... he drank a little, okay? Just a sip. And then he started acting weird, and he—

ANGIE

(cutting him off, shocked)

You gave him alcohol? Are you out of your mind?

COACH MILLER

(stepping in)

What the hell were you thinking, Daniels? You're supposed to be his mentor, not his drinking buddy.

Trevor stands abruptly, pacing, his movements frantic.

TREVOR

I know! I know, alright? I screwed up. I didn't mean for it to go this far. I just—

(stopping, voice breaking)

I didn't know how to say no. He wanted to help me. He trusted me, and I—

ANGIE

(voice rising)

And you betrayed that trust. You almost killed him.

The words hang heavy in the air. Trevor collapses back into the chair, burying his face in his hands.

ANGIE

And what's worse? I should've known. I should've seen this coming.

She steps back, shaking her head, tears in her eyes.

ANGIE

Do you even know what he means to me? What he means to this team? To his family?

Trevor stiffens at the mention of Danny's family. Angie notices his reaction and narrows her eyes.

ANGIE

What? What aren't you telling me?

Trevor hesitates, his throat tightening. He finally looks up at Angie, his voice trembling.

TREVOR

The dog. Lucky. The one that died... it was me. I hit him. I panicked, and I drove off.

Silence. Angie's face goes slack, disbelief washing over her.

ANGIE

(whispering)

You... you killed Lucky?

Trevor nods, his head hanging low.

TREVOR

I didn't know. Not until I saw the flyer. I swear, Angie, I didn't know.

Angie's hands ball into fists at her sides, her breathing ragged. Coach Miller steps forward, placing a steadying hand on her shoulder, but she shakes it off.

ANGIE

(quiet, venomous)

Get out.

Trevor looks up, startled.

TREVOR

What?

ANGIE

I said get out. I don't want to see your face. I don't want you anywhere near Danny, or this program, or me.

Trevor hesitates, his body trembling. He nods slowly, his voice barely audible.

TREVOR

I'm sorry.

ANGIE

(voice cracking)

Sorry doesn't fix this.

Trevor stands, his legs unsteady. He glances toward the double doors leading to Danny's room, then back at Angie, who looks away, tears streaking her face.

Without another word, Trevor turns and walks toward the exit, the heavy doors swinging shut behind him.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

Trevor stumbles into the hallway, leaning against the wall. He breathes heavily, his chest tight, the weight of everything crushing him.

He pulls his phone from his pocket, scrolling to **Mark's** number. His finger hovers over the call button, but he can't bring himself to press it. Instead, he lets the phone fall back into his pocket.

Trevor looks up at the ceiling, his eyes brimming with tears.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone:** This scene is emotionally charged, forcing Trevor to face the full weight of his actions. Angie's fury and Danny's vulnerability collide with Trevor's guilt, creating a raw and confrontational atmosphere.
- **Character Development:** Trevor's confession about Lucky raises the stakes, deepening his shame and isolation. Angie's protective anger and sense of betrayal ground the scene emotionally, while Coach Miller provides a steady counterbalance.
- **Visual Storytelling:** The sterile hospital setting amplifies the tension, with harsh lighting and stark surroundings reflecting the gravity of the situation. The waiting room and hallway serve as neutral yet emotionally charged spaces.
- **Dialogue:** The dialogue is sharp, cutting, and emotional. Angie's lines carry the brunt of the confrontation, while Trevor's broken responses highlight his inner turmoil.
- **Pacing:** Allow pauses and silences to let the tension breathe. The confrontation should feel like a slow unraveling, building to Trevor's confession and ultimate dismissal.

Scene 15, where Trevor begins facing the legal and personal consequences of his actions, setting the stage for his eventual redemption arc:

SCENE 15

INT. LAW OFFICE – DAY

Trevor sits slouched in a leather chair in **MARK GREENE'S** sleek office. The room is all dark wood and glass, immaculate and professional—a stark contrast to Trevor's disheveled appearance. His shirt is wrinkled, his hair unkempt, and his face pale and drawn.

Mark paces behind his desk, a stack of legal documents in his hand. He's agitated, his tone sharp and biting.

MARK

(sarcastic)

Drunk driving, cocaine possession, contributing to the delinquency of a minor... and now, we're adding reckless endangerment. Congratulations, Trevor. You've hit the legal jackpot.

Trevor doesn't respond, staring blankly at the desk in front of him. Mark slams the stack of papers onto the desk, snapping Trevor out of his daze.

MARK

(angry)

Are you even listening to me?

Trevor looks up, his voice flat.

TREVOR

Yeah. I heard you.

Mark sighs, rubbing his temples.

MARK

(sighing)

Do you have any idea how lucky you are that Danny's parents aren't pressing criminal charges? If that kid had died...

Mark trails off, letting the implication hang heavy in the air. Trevor's jaw tightens, guilt washing over him.

TREVOR

(quietly)

How is he?

MARK

(glancing up)

Stable. But it's gonna take time for him to recover—physically and emotionally. You've done enough damage, Trevor.

Trevor nods faintly, his gaze dropping to the papers on the desk.

TREVOR

What happens now?

Mark pulls up a chair, sitting across from Trevor. His tone softens, though his frustration remains.

MARK

You violated your plea deal. Rehab wasn't optional, Trevor. And mentoring kids? That was supposed to be a chance to rebuild your reputation, not torch it.

Trevor winces, running a hand through his hair.

TREVOR

So, what? I go to jail now?

Mark leans forward, steepling his fingers.

MARK

Not necessarily. The DA's willing to offer an extension to your probation, but only if you check yourself into an **intensive rehab program**. Residential, 90 days minimum. No more excuses.

Trevor nods slowly, absorbing the information. Mark studies him for a moment, his voice softening further.

MARK

Look, I'm not saying it'll fix everything. But if you don't take this seriously, you're done. Your career, your freedom—it's all gone.

Trevor leans back in his chair, his eyes glazed with exhaustion.

TREVOR

(softly)

Maybe I deserve it.

Mark slams his hand on the desk, startling Trevor.

MARK

No. You don't get to spiral out of control and call it justice. You want to make this right? Then fix yourself. Go to rehab. Apologize to Danny's family. Start acting like a man instead of a goddamn victim.

Trevor's chest tightens, the weight of Mark's words sinking in. He nods faintly, his voice barely audible.

TREVOR

Alright. I'll do it.

Mark exhales, sitting back in his chair.

MARK

Good. Because if you don't, I'm done too. I've stuck my neck out for you more times than I can count. This is it, Trevor. No more second chances.

Trevor doesn't respond, staring out the window at the city skyline. The distant sound of traffic hums faintly, the weight of his decision pressing down on him.

INT. COURTHOUSE – LATER

Trevor stands before a **JUDGE** in a small, sterile courtroom. His lawyer stands beside him, flipping through papers. The judge, an older woman with a sharp gaze, addresses him sternly.

JUDGE

Mr. Daniels, it's clear you've made a series of reckless and dangerous decisions. However, in light of the victim's family choosing not to pursue criminal charges, and your willingness to enter intensive rehabilitation, I'm prepared to extend your probation.

Trevor nods, his voice hoarse.

TREVOR

Thank you, Your Honor.

JUDGE

You'll serve ninety days in a residential treatment program. Any violation of this agreement will result in immediate incarceration. Do you understand?

TREVOR

Yes, ma'am.

The judge eyes him for a long moment before turning to the bailiff.

JUDGE

The defendant is remanded to the custody of the treatment center. Court is adjourned.

The sound of the gavel echoes in the small room. Trevor exhales shakily, relief and dread mingling.

INT. REHAB FACILITY – DAY

A plain, sterile room with bare walls and a single bed. Trevor stands in the doorway, holding a small duffle bag. A counselor gestures him inside, offering a warm but firm smile.

COUNSELOR

Welcome, Trevor. Let's get started.

Trevor steps inside, the door closing behind him with a soft click. He sets his bag down and sits on the edge of the bed, staring at the floor.

The silence is deafening, but it's different—weighted with the possibility of change. Trevor's hands shake slightly as he exhales, his expression unreadable.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone:** This scene captures the legal and emotional fallout of Trevor's actions, signaling the start of his attempt at redemption. The tone is heavy but hopeful, with an undercurrent of accountability.
- **Character Development:** Trevor's passive acceptance of his guilt begins to shift toward taking responsibility. Mark's tough love pushes him to confront his role in the chaos and choose to take steps toward change.
- **Visual Storytelling:** The sterile environments of the law office, courtroom, and rehab facility mirror the cold, hard reality of Trevor's situation. Each setting strips away layers of Trevor's defenses.
- **Dialogue:** The exchanges with Mark and the judge are direct and consequential, driving home the gravity of Trevor's decisions. Mark's frustration and the judge's sternness underscore the stakes.

Scene 16, focusing on Trevor's early days in rehab and the beginning of his self-reflection journey:

SCENE 16

INT. REHAB FACILITY – DAY

The facility is clean and quiet, with muted tones and soft lighting. The common area is furnished simply, with worn couches, a bookshelf, and a large corkboard filled with flyers for group meetings and activities. The air carries a faint smell of coffee and cleaning supplies.

Trevor sits in a circle of mismatched chairs with a small group of patients. His body is stiff, his posture defensive. He's dressed in plain sweatpants and a t-shirt, his eyes downcast. Around him, others speak, their voices steady but tinged with vulnerability.

GROUP LEADER (40s), a kind but firm woman, sits at the head of the circle. Her eyes are sharp, scanning the room with quiet authority.

GROUP LEADER

(to the group)

Alright, let's welcome Trevor to his first session. Trevor, do you want to share why you're here?

The group turns to him, waiting. Trevor shifts in his seat, his jaw tightening. He shakes his head, muttering.

TREVOR
Not really.

The leader gives him a small smile, unbothered by his reluctance.

GROUP LEADER
That's okay. You don't have to talk today. Just listen.

Trevor nods faintly, his gaze fixed on the floor.

GROUP LEADER
(to the group)
Let's continue. Who'd like to share?

SARAH (30s), a young woman with tired eyes and a nervous energy, raises her hand. The group leader nods to her.

SARAH
(tentatively)
I... I hurt a lot of people. My husband, my family... even people I didn't know. I just... I couldn't stop. And the more I hurt them, the more I hated myself.

Trevor glances up, his expression tightening as her words hit closer to home than he'd like to admit.

SARAH
(voice breaking)
But I'm trying. I don't know if I deserve forgiveness, but... I'm here. That's all I can do right now.

The room is silent for a beat. A few nod in quiet agreement. Trevor shifts uncomfortably, staring at his hands.

GROUP LEADER
(to Sarah)
Thank you for sharing, Sarah. That's brave. Remember, forgiveness isn't just about others—it's about yourself too.

The leader's words hang in the air, heavy and pointed. Trevor exhales sharply, crossing his arms over his chest.

INT. REHAB FACILITY – TREVOR'S ROOM – NIGHT

Trevor lies on the small twin bed, staring at the ceiling. The room is sparse, with just a bedside table and a small dresser. A faint hum from the air conditioning fills the silence.

He picks up a notebook from the bedside table, its cover plain and unmarked. Opening it, he flips past blank pages until he reaches the first entry. He hesitates, then begins to write.

CLOSE ON NOTEBOOK:

Trevor's handwriting is messy, the words jagged and uneven.

"I don't even know where to start. I'm not sure if I'm here because I want to change, or because I have to. Maybe it's both. Maybe it doesn't matter. All I know is, I can't stop thinking about Danny. And Lucky. And how much I've screwed up everything."

Trevor stops, staring at the words, his pen hovering over the page. His hand shakes slightly as he exhales and continues.

"I don't deserve forgiveness. Not from Danny, not from Angie, not from anyone. But if there's even a chance I can make this right... I have to try."

INT. REHAB FACILITY – GROUP ROOM – DAY

A few days later, Trevor sits in the same chair, his posture slightly less defensive. The group is smaller today, the circle feeling more intimate. The leader looks to Trevor, her gaze encouraging.

GROUP LEADER

Trevor? Feeling up to sharing today?

Trevor hesitates. The room is silent, waiting. After a beat, he nods slowly, his voice quiet.

TREVOR

Yeah... I'll try.

He leans forward, clasping his hands tightly as he speaks.

TREVOR

I... I used to be someone people looked up to. A guy who had it all. Money, fame, talent. But I blew it. All of it.

He glances around the room, his throat tightening.

TREVOR

I hurt a kid. Someone who trusted me. Someone I should've protected. And I... I killed his dog. I didn't mean to, but that doesn't change what happened.

The words come out in a rush, his voice breaking.

TREVOR

I've spent so much time trying to drown it out—with booze, drugs, whatever. But it's still there. That feeling, like no matter what I do, I can't undo what I've done.

The group listens intently. Some nod in quiet understanding.

GROUP LEADER

(softly)

What do you want to do, Trevor?

Trevor looks up, his eyes red-rimmed but steady.

TREVOR

I want to fix it. I don't know how, but... I have to try.

The leader smiles gently, her voice calm.

GROUP LEADER

That's a good place to start.

Trevor exhales, a flicker of relief passing over his face.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone:** This scene focuses on introspection and the beginning of Trevor's emotional journey. It's heavy but laced with the first glimmers of hope.
- **Character Development:** Trevor's reluctance to participate gives way to his first genuine moment of vulnerability, marking a crucial turning point in his arc.
- **Dialogue:** The group session provides a natural space for exposition and emotional depth. Trevor's confession about Danny and Lucky is raw and direct, underscoring the weight of his guilt.
- **Visual Storytelling:** The sterile simplicity of the rehab facility contrasts with the emotional complexity of Trevor's inner turmoil. The notebook serves as a visual and narrative device to show his private thoughts.

Scene 17, where Danny begins his recovery in the hospital, and Trevor's absence leaves a lingering tension in the relationships surrounding him:

SCENE 17

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM – DAY

Sunlight streams through partially drawn blinds, casting soft lines across the sterile room. Danny lies in a hospital bed, hooked up to an IV. His face is pale, but his eyes are open, watching the muted TV mounted on the wall. A baseball game plays silently.

Sitting by his bedside is **ANGIE WATSON**, a notebook and pen in her lap. She's writing something but pauses every so often to glance at Danny. She smiles faintly when she sees him watching the game.

ANGIE

(softly)

You feeling up to watching the game?

Danny nods slowly, his voice weak but steady.

DANNY

I like when they run... the bases. It's like they're flying.

Angie's smile widens, though her eyes betray her lingering worry.

ANGIE

Yeah, it's a good game. You're getting stronger, Danny. Pretty soon, you'll be out there running the bases again.

Danny doesn't respond immediately. He shifts slightly, his fingers fidgeting with the edge of his blanket.

DANNY

Do you think... Trevor's watching too?

Angie stiffens slightly, her face hardening. She sets the notebook down, choosing her words carefully.

ANGIE

I don't know, Danny.

DANNY

(quietly)

I miss him.

Angie's expression softens, the anger in her eyes giving way to sadness. She leans closer, resting a hand gently on Danny's.

ANGIE

I know, sweetie. But right now, Trevor's got a lot of things he needs to figure out.

DANNY

Is he mad at me?

ANGIE

(shaking her head firmly)

No. Not at all. None of this is your fault.

Danny looks down at his hands, frowning.

DANNY

I thought we were friends.

Angie exhales, her voice thick with emotion.

ANGIE

(softly)

Sometimes... people make mistakes, Danny. Big ones. And they need time to make them right.

Danny nods faintly, though he doesn't seem entirely convinced. He turns his attention back to the TV, watching as a batter smacks a ball into the outfield.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY – LATER

Angie steps into the lobby, rubbing her temples. **COACH MILLER** waits near the coffee machine, his arms crossed. He glances up as Angie approaches.

COACH MILLER

How's he doing?

ANGIE

Better. Physically, at least. But emotionally... he keeps asking about Trevor.

Coach nods grimly, his jaw tightening.

COACH MILLER

Kid's got a big heart. Too big for someone like Daniels.

Angie leans against the wall, crossing her arms.

ANGIE

(sighing)

I don't know. I mean, yeah, Trevor screwed up. Big time. But there were moments... you could

see he cared. He just... he's so broken, Miller. I don't know if he can fix himself, let alone make things right with Danny.

COACH MILLER

(quietly)

Maybe he doesn't deserve to.

Angie looks at him, her expression conflicted.

ANGIE

Maybe. But Danny deserves closure. And if Trevor doesn't step up... I don't know how we're supposed to give him that.

Coach doesn't respond immediately. He pulls a crumpled flyer from his pocket—the one for the charity baseball game. He smooths it out and hands it to Angie.

COACH MILLER

This game is for Danny. Not Daniels. Not anyone else. We focus on that, and if Trevor ever decides to show his face again... we'll deal with it then.

Angie looks at the flyer, her eyes lingering on the picture of Danny holding Lucky's collar. She nods slowly.

ANGIE

You're right. Danny needs to feel like he's got a team behind him. People who won't let him down.

COACH MILLER

Exactly.

Angie folds the flyer carefully, slipping it into her pocket. She straightens, determination replacing the weariness in her expression.

ANGIE

Alright. Let's make this game something special.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM – EVENING

The room is quiet now. The TV is off, and Danny is dozing lightly, his breathing steady. The door creaks open, and his mother peeks in, smiling softly at the sight of him resting. She steps inside, sitting beside his bed and brushing a stray hair from his forehead.

DANNY

(half-asleep)

Lucky... caught the ball.

His mother freezes for a moment, then smiles, her eyes glistening.

MOTHER

(softly)

That's right, sweetheart. Lucky always caught the ball.

Danny sighs contentedly, drifting back into a peaceful sleep.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone:** This scene provides a bittersweet moment of calm, focusing on Danny's recovery and the emotional weight of Trevor's absence. It emphasizes the relationships Danny has with Angie and others who care for him.
- **Character Development:** Danny's longing for Trevor highlights the bond they formed, while Angie and Coach Miller wrestle with their anger toward Trevor and their desire to support Danny.
- **Visual Storytelling:** The hospital's sterile, quiet environment contrasts with Danny's innocence and the emotional undercurrent of the conversations.
- **Pacing:** The slower pace allows the audience to sit with Danny's emotions and see how his recovery impacts those around him.

Scene 18, where the charity game begins to take shape, focusing on the community's support for Danny and the lingering tension surrounding Trevor's absence:

SCENE 18

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD – DAY

The once run-down field is transformed. Banners and balloons in bright blues and whites decorate the fences, and a modest crowd fills the bleachers. Families chat and cheer, children run along the sidelines, and volunteers set up tables selling snacks and raffle tickets. A large banner stretches across the backstop:

“CHARITY GAME – HONORING LUCKY AND SUPPORTING SPECIAL-NEEDS ATHLETES”

Near the dugout, **DANNY RIVERS** stands with **ANGIE WATSON** and **COACH MILLER**, dressed in his baseball uniform. He fidgets with his glove, glancing around at the bustling crowd. His face is calm but subdued.

DANNY

(nervously)

Do you think people will cheer for me?

Angie crouches beside him, adjusting his hat with a warm smile.

ANGIE

Are you kidding? Everyone's here for you, Danny. You're the star today.

Danny looks at the bleachers, where his **MOTHER** waves at him with a proud smile. He waves back hesitantly.

DANNY

I wish Trevor was here.

Angie's smile falters briefly, but she recovers quickly.

ANGIE

I know, sweetie. But you've got all these people here, cheering you on. And Lucky, too. He's with you in spirit.

Danny nods, though his gaze lingers on the parking lot as if expecting Trevor to appear.

EXT. PARKING LOT – CONTINUOUS

In the distance, a sleek but battered car pulls into the gravel lot. The driver parks far from the main entrance, hesitating before cutting the engine. The door creaks open, and **TREVOR DANIELS** steps out, dressed in a plain hoodie and jeans, a baseball cap pulled low over his face.

Trevor watches the scene from afar, the crowd's energy almost palpable. He stuffs his hands into his pockets, his face a mixture of hesitation and regret. He takes a step forward, but freezes when he sees Angie glance toward the parking lot.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD – CONTINUOUS

Angie's eyes narrow as she spots Trevor lingering at the edge of the lot. Her jaw tightens, but she doesn't move. Instead, she focuses on Danny, who is now chatting with a few of his teammates.

COACH MILLER

(low voice)

You see him?

Angie nods, her expression unreadable.

COACH MILLER

You want me to handle it?

ANGIE

No. Let's see if he's got the guts to come over here.

EXT. CONCESSION STAND – CONTINUOUS

Trevor walks slowly along the perimeter of the field, staying out of sight of the crowd. He stops near the concession stand, watching as Danny picks up a bat and takes a few practice swings.

Danny's movements are awkward but determined. Trevor's expression softens, the weight of his guilt etched into every line of his face.

A VOLUNTEER approaches, handing Trevor a program for the event. Trevor takes it reluctantly, glancing at the cover: a photo of Danny holding Lucky's collar, smiling brightly. The words beneath read:

“In Loving Memory of Lucky – A Game for Danny.”

Trevor's throat tightens. He folds the program carefully, tucking it into his pocket.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD – GAME TIME

The game begins. Danny's team takes the field first, with **COACH MILLER** directing them from the sidelines. The opposing team, a local youth league, steps up to bat.

Danny stands nervously in right field, glancing back toward the parking lot. His teammates call out words of encouragement, but Danny's focus wavers.

From his spot near the concession stand, Trevor watches intently, gripping the chain-link fence. He flinches slightly every time Danny hesitates or misses a play, the guilt eating at him.

EXT. DUGOUT – LATER

Danny's team returns to the dugout after the inning. Angie kneels beside Danny, offering him a bottle of water.

ANGIE

You're doing great, Danny. Just focus on having fun, okay?

Danny nods but doesn't respond. His eyes drift back to the parking lot.

DANNY

(quietly)

Do you think Trevor's mad at me?

Angie freezes for a beat, her heart breaking. She places a hand on Danny's shoulder.

ANGIE

No, Danny. Trevor's not mad at you. He's... he's just figuring some things out.

Danny nods again, though his face remains clouded with doubt. Angie glances toward the concession stand, where Trevor lingers. Their eyes meet briefly before Trevor looks away, retreating further into the shadows.

EXT. PARKING LOT – SUNSET

The game winds down as the sun sets, casting a warm glow over the field. Families and players gather near the bleachers, clapping and cheering for both teams. Danny is surrounded by his teammates, their chatter lifting his spirits slightly.

Trevor stands by his car, watching from a distance. He pulls the program from his pocket, smoothing out the creases. His fingers linger over Danny's picture.

He exhales shakily, then steps forward, his pace slow but determined.

EXT. FIELD – CONTINUOUS

Danny looks up, spotting Trevor approaching from the parking lot. His face lights up, a wide grin spreading across his cheeks.

DANNY

Trevor!

The crowd's chatter fades as heads turn toward Trevor. Angie's expression hardens, but she doesn't move. Coach Miller folds his arms, his gaze steely.

Trevor stops a few feet from Danny, his cap still pulled low. He forces a small smile.

TREVOR
Hey, kid.

Danny runs up to him, throwing his arms around Trevor in an awkward but heartfelt hug. Trevor hesitates, then slowly hugs him back, his face a mix of relief and shame.

DANNY
You came! I thought you weren't gonna come.

TREVOR
(softly)
Yeah... I almost didn't.

Danny pulls back, beaming.

DANNY
Did you see me play? I was pretty good, right?

Trevor nods, his voice thick.

TREVOR
You were great, Danny.

Behind them, Angie and Coach Miller watch. Angie's expression remains guarded, but there's a flicker of understanding in her eyes.

ANGIE
(to Miller)
Let's see if he means it.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone:** This scene balances community warmth and Trevor's guilt, creating a charged emotional atmosphere. The charity game serves as a backdrop for Danny's resilience and Trevor's tentative steps toward redemption.
- **Character Development:** Danny's longing for Trevor's presence highlights his forgiving nature, while Trevor's initial hesitation and eventual arrival reflect his struggle to face the consequences of his actions.
- **Visual Storytelling:** The transformed baseball field and crowd contrast with Trevor's isolated presence, emphasizing his outsider status until the final moments.

- **Dialogue:** Danny's innocence and Angie's guarded responses underscore the emotional stakes. Trevor's few lines are heavy with guilt, showing his internal conflict.

Scene 19, where Trevor takes a step toward redemption, beginning to rebuild trust with Danny and the community during the charity game:

SCENE 19

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD – EARLY EVENING

The game has ended, and the crowd gathers near the dugout for the post-game ceremony. A small podium is set up, flanked by folding chairs. Families clap and cheer as **COACH MILLER** steps up to the microphone.

COACH MILLER

(booming voice)

Alright, let's give a big hand to all our players today. They left it all out on the field!

The crowd erupts into applause. Danny stands with his teammates, a shy but proud smile on his face. Angie stands nearby, her watchful eyes flicking to Trevor, who lingers at the edge of the group.

COACH MILLER

Today wasn't just about baseball. It was about coming together as a community to celebrate the spirit of teamwork, resilience, and...

(glancing at Danny)

...the memory of a very special friend.

Danny's smile falters slightly, his gaze dropping to the ground. Coach Miller looks to Angie, who nods. He steps aside, motioning for her to take the microphone.

ANGIE

(stepping up)

Lucky wasn't just a dog. He was a teammate, a best friend, and a source of unconditional love for Danny and everyone who knew him. Today, we honor that love by building something that lasts—a program where kids like Danny can thrive, on and off the field.

More applause ripples through the crowd. Angie steps back, handing the microphone to Danny. He hesitates, gripping his baseball glove tightly, then steps forward.

EXT. PODIUM – CONTINUOUS

DANNY
(quietly, into the mic)
Um... hi.

The crowd falls silent, leaning in to hear him. Danny swallows hard, glancing at Angie for reassurance. She nods encouragingly.

DANNY
I just want to say thank you. To everyone who came today. And to my team... you guys are the best.

He pauses, his voice trembling slightly.

DANNY
I... I miss Lucky a lot. But I know he'd be happy we're all here together. So... thank you.

The crowd claps warmly, a few people wiping away tears. Danny steps back, and Angie gives his shoulder a reassuring squeeze.

EXT. FIELD – CONTINUOUS

As the crowd disperses, Trevor steps forward, approaching Danny. He's still hesitant, his hands jammed into his pockets. Angie watches him closely but doesn't intervene.

TREVOR
(softly)
Hey, kid. That was a nice speech.

Danny looks up at him, his face lighting up.

DANNY
You think so?

TREVOR
(smiling faintly)
Yeah. I think Lucky would be proud.

Danny beams, then notices Trevor's nervous posture.

DANNY
You okay?

Trevor hesitates, glancing toward Angie, who meets his gaze with quiet warning. He takes a deep breath, kneeling to Danny's level.

TREVOR

Look, Danny... I need to tell you something. Something I should've told you a long time ago.

Danny tilts his head, curious but unbothered.

DANNY

What is it?

Trevor's voice trembles slightly, the weight of his confession evident.

TREVOR

That night... the night Lucky died... it was me. I was the one who hit him. I didn't mean to. It was an accident, but... I panicked. I didn't stop.

Danny's face shifts, his smile fading as the words sink in. He looks down, clutching his glove tightly.

TREVOR

(pleading)

I'm so sorry, Danny. I can't change what happened, but I want to try to make it right. If you'll let me.

Silence stretches between them. Trevor's chest tightens, fearing the worst. Danny finally looks up, his eyes glassy but calm.

DANNY

(softly)

Lucky wouldn't want me to be mad at you.

Trevor's breath catches, his eyes filling with tears. He nods, his voice cracking.

TREVOR

Thank you, kid. That means more than you know.

Danny steps forward, wrapping Trevor in a hesitant hug. Trevor freezes for a moment, then hugs him back tightly, his face crumpling with relief and guilt.

EXT. FIELD – LATER

The sun dips below the horizon, casting the field in a warm golden glow. Families pack up their chairs and coolers, chatting as they head to the parking lot. Danny walks with his mother, waving to his teammates.

Trevor stands near the dugout, watching him go. Angie approaches, her arms crossed. She stops beside him, her tone sharp but quieter than before.

ANGIE

That was a long time coming.

Trevor nods, his gaze still on Danny.

TREVOR

I didn't think he'd forgive me.

ANGIE

(softly)

He's better at it than most of us.

Trevor looks at her, the weight of her words settling on him. She exhales, uncrossing her arms.

ANGIE

If you want to stick around, prove you're serious. Not just for Danny, but for this program. For the kids.

Trevor nods, his voice steady.

TREVOR

I will.

Angie studies him for a moment, then nods.

ANGIE

We'll see.

She walks away, leaving Trevor alone. He turns back to the field, watching as Danny disappears into the parking lot, his laughter carrying on the breeze.

Trevor exhales deeply, the first glimmer of hope breaking through his guilt.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone:** This scene balances the warmth of the community with the tension and vulnerability of Trevor's confession. It marks a pivotal moment in his redemption arc.
- **Character Development:** Trevor's confession to Danny demonstrates his growth and willingness to take responsibility. Danny's forgiveness highlights his innocence and resilience, while Angie's guarded acceptance sets up the conditions for Trevor's ongoing redemption.

- **Visual Storytelling:** The golden hour lighting emphasizes hope and healing, contrasting with Trevor's earlier isolation. The crowd's warmth reflects the supportive community around Danny.
- **Dialogue:** Trevor's confession is raw and heartfelt, while Danny's response underscores his capacity for empathy and growth.

Scene 20, the emotional resolution of the story, where the charity game concludes, and Trevor begins his new chapter with Danny and the program:

SCENE 20

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD – DUSK

The field is quiet now, the crowd long gone. The banners flutter gently in the breeze, and the warm hues of dusk cast long shadows over the empty bleachers. Trevor stands near home plate, a baseball in his hand, staring out at the field. His shoulders are relaxed, though his face carries the weight of the day.

Behind him, footsteps crunch on the gravel. He turns to see **DANNY RIVERS** jogging toward him, still wearing his baseball cap and clutching his glove.

DANNY
(smiling)
You didn't leave.

Trevor chuckles softly, shaking his head.

TREVOR
Nah. Figured I'd stick around, take in the view.

Danny stops beside him, glancing at the field.

DANNY
It looks different without everyone here.

TREVOR
Yeah. Quieter. Peaceful.

They stand in silence for a moment. Trevor tosses the baseball lightly into the air, catching it in his palm.

TREVOR
You played a hell of a game today, kid.

Danny beams, his eyes lighting up.

DANNY

Thanks. I was nervous, but once I started, it felt... good. Like Lucky was helping me.

Trevor's expression softens, the sincerity in Danny's voice hitting him deeply.

TREVOR

He'd be proud of you. I know I am.

Danny grins, then tilts his head, watching Trevor toss the ball again.

DANNY

Do you still play?

Trevor exhales, the question lingering in the air.

TREVOR

Not for a while. But... maybe it's time I started again.

Danny's eyes brighten, and he holds up his glove.

DANNY

Wanna play catch?

Trevor hesitates, then nods, a small smile tugging at his lips.

TREVOR

Yeah. Let's do it.

EXT. FIELD – CONTINUOUS

Trevor and Danny stand a few feet apart, tossing the ball back and forth. The rhythm is slow and steady, the only sounds the soft thwack of the ball hitting leather and the occasional laugh from Danny when he makes a particularly good throw.

As the light fades, Trevor steps closer, holding the ball.

TREVOR

Alright, one more. Make it count.

Danny nods, his face serious. He winds up and throws, the ball flying straight and true into Trevor's glove. Danny throws his arms up, cheering.

DANNY

I did it!

TREVOR
(grinning)
That's what I'm talking about!

Trevor jogs over, handing Danny the ball. He crouches down to Danny's level, his tone sincere.

TREVOR
You've got something special, Danny. Don't ever let anyone tell you otherwise.

Danny nods, his smile unwavering.

DANNY
You'll come back, right? To practice with me?

Trevor hesitates, the weight of the promise clear in his expression. Then he nods firmly.

TREVOR
Yeah. I'll be here. Every step of the way.

Danny's grin widens, and he looks down at the ball in his hand.

DANNY
Maybe one day, I'll play in the big leagues. Like you.

Trevor smiles, ruffling Danny's hair.

TREVOR
You keep working hard, and anything's possible.

Danny looks out at the field, his eyes filled with quiet determination. Trevor stands, watching him, a sense of peace settling over him for the first time in a long while.

EXT. PARKING LOT – NIGHT

The lights of the field flicker on, casting a warm glow over the parking lot. Trevor and Danny walk side by side toward their cars. Danny's mother waits by her car, waving at them.

DANNY
(to Trevor)
You should come over sometime. My mom makes really good spaghetti.

Trevor laughs softly, nodding.

TREVOR
I'll hold you to that.

Danny jogs ahead, waving as he climbs into the car with his mother. Trevor watches them drive off, a faint smile lingering on his face.

As he turns toward his own car, he notices **ANGIE WATSON** standing by the fence, watching him. She steps closer, her arms crossed.

ANGIE

You sticking to your word this time?

Trevor meets her gaze, his voice steady.

TREVOR

Yeah. I am.

Angie studies him for a long moment, then nods.

ANGIE

Good. Because Danny deserves someone who shows up.

Trevor nods, understanding the weight of her words.

TREVOR

He's got that now.

Angie's expression softens slightly, though her tone remains firm.

ANGIE

We'll see.

She turns, walking toward her car. Trevor watches her go, then looks back at the field, the lights illuminating the empty diamond. He exhales deeply, the promise of a new chapter ahead of him.

EXT. FIELD – FINAL SHOT

Trevor walks back to the field, picking up a bat leaning against the fence. He steps to home plate, gripping the bat tightly, and stares out at the darkened field. He swings slowly, the sound of the bat cutting through the air echoing faintly.

The camera pulls back, showing Trevor silhouetted against the glowing field, a solitary figure finally ready to rebuild.

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT NOTES:

- **Tone:** This scene provides a heartfelt conclusion, balancing Danny's optimism and Trevor's determination to make amends. It's a quiet but powerful resolution that sets up hope for the future.
- **Character Development:** Trevor's promise to Danny and his quiet moment on the field symbolize his acceptance of responsibility and his commitment to change.
- **Visual Storytelling:** The warm glow of the field lights contrasts with the earlier, darker tones of Trevor's story, representing a new beginning.
- **Dialogue:** Simple and sincere, the dialogue reflects Trevor's growth and Danny's unwavering faith in him.