

Peaking (short)

By

Brandon Mishawn H.

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404-207-7036

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Bmibreall@gmail.com

bhall22@student.gsu.edu

EXT. EMPTY SOCCER FIELD- SUNRISE

JAMIE is an athletically built 19 year old white female. She wears blue Jean capri pants and a designer T-shirt and various accessories. Her night has been tumultuous and she looks like it.

LISA is a athletic female (slightly bigger than Jamie). She wears generic blue jean pants and a generic/ modest top. No accessories / jewelry.

Jamie Stares down the soccer field from across the street with a wild look in her eyes.

Lisa watches Jamie, tired of Jamie's antics.

Jamie suddenly marches her way to the field without regard for traffic.

LISA
(Exhausted)
Jamie.

Jamie does not respond.

LISA
(Reluctantly following)
Jamie wait.

Jamie does not respond.

Jamie marches her way to the center of the field.

Lisa follows, exhausted.

At center field, Jamie stops to take in the aura of the empty stadium as if it were sacred ground.

LISA
(Exhausted)
It's time to go home, Jamie.

Jamie does not respond.

LISA
Jamie.

Jamie does not respond.

LISA (CONT'D)
(Boiling over)
Jamie! it's time to go home!

Jamie tilts her head to meet Lisa's.

(CONTINUED)

Slowly at first, then with purpose; Jamie goes directly past Lisa toward the bleachers.

Lisa does not follow, she only watches.

Jamie searches for something that she knows should be underneath the bleachers.

Lisa watches, unamused.

Jamie finds the item she is looking for; it is an old soccer ball.

Jamie marches her way back to Lisa and stops inches away from her face.

JAMIE
(Confrontational)
Do you remember Glendale?

LISA
(Passive)
What.

JAMIE
The Glendale game, do you remember it?

Lisa does not respond.

JAMIE
(Intense)
Do you?!?

LISA
(Reluctantly)
We play them every year...

JAMIE
(Rambling)
Don't play dumb... You know which one I am talking about... 101 strikes on goal and not a single goal allowed. That game... Your greatest moment... The greatest moment in your life! That game... Do you remember it?

No response.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
DO YOU!

(CONTINUED)

LISA
(After a pause of reluctance /
passive)
Yes.

JAMIE
(Challenging)
Show me.

Jamie kicks the ball toward one of the goal posts and
marches behind it.

Lisa watches Jamie with a concerned glare.

EXT. EMPTY SOCCER FIELD (GOAL POST)- SUNRISE

Lisa stands on the goal line as Jamie circles her like a
buzzard.

JAMIE
(Intense)
You were unbelievable, unstoppable,
they kept coming and you kept
stopping them. Do you remember?

LISA
(Passive)
What are we doing here.

JAMIE
(Chastising tone)
Do you remember.

LISA
(Reluctant)
Yes.

JAMIE
Do you remember how it felt... To
be unstoppable?

Lisa does not respond.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
DO YOU!

Lisa does not respond.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(Domineering)
Lisa, do you or do you not
remember?

(CONTINUED)

LISA
(Reluctant to speak)
We need to go home now, Jamie...

Jamie stops circling and stands less than an inch away from Lisa's face.

JAMIE
(Harshly)
That wasn't the question. I asked you if you remember what it felt like. Now do you remember?

LISA
(hiding her Intimidation)
Yes.

Circling Lisa less intensely.

JAMIE
(Nostalgic)
You were talk of the town... You were in the papers... all the papers!

Lisa begins to fear what's about to happen.

LISA
(Fearful)
So what...

JAMIE
(After a quick thought)
So... so show me.

Jamie grabs the ball and marches to the penalty line.

LISA
(Unwilling)
What are you doing.

JAMIE
(Getting herself in just the right position)
You are going to show me.

Lisa does not play along.

Jamie sizes Lisa up.

Lisa does not move, unwilling to participate.

Jamie sizes up Lisa one last time and slowly moves on the ball and then slams it right at Lisa, just missing her.

LISA
(Mad as hell)
WHAT THE FUCK!

JAMIE
(full of adrenaline)
Send it back.

LISA
WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU!

JAMIE
Send it back.

Lisa does not respond.

Jamie marches past Lisa and collects the ball herself.

Lisa Stares Jamie down confrontationally.

Jamie sets up another shot.

LISA
(Fighting words)
Jamie, you better stop this.

Jamie sizes Lisa up.

Jamie slams another one right at Lisa's head.

Lisa slaps this shot down, becoming angered.

JAMIE
Give it back.

LISA
(Seething)
No.

JAMIE
GIVE IT BACK!

Lisa does not respond.

Jamie retrieves the ball herself and places it for another shot.

JAMIE
(Sizing up her shot)
Show me.

LISA
(In a reasonable tone)
Jamie...

JAMIE
SHOW ME!

Jamie and Lisa stare each other down.

Lisa finally, reluctantly, decides to play along and takes her stance in the goal.

Jamie sizes Lisa up.

JAMIE
(Under her breath)
Show me.

Lisa fires shot after shot at Lisa and Lisa stops each one and tosses it back at Jamie with a "take that" demeanor.

Jamie finally gets one past Lisa.

JAMIE
That's not your best! Show me
you're best!

Jamie resumes the barrage, each shot more intense than the last. Lisa stops them all.

LISA
(Exhausted after stopping
another shot.)
That's enough Jamie!

JAMIE
(Exhausted but still into it)
Throw it back.

LISA
No.

JAMIE
throw it back.

No response.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
NOW!

Jamie marches over to Lisa and tries to snatch the ball from her. Lisa does not give it up.

(CONTINUED)

LISA
What are you trying to prove?

Jamie does not respond.

Jamie tries to snatch the ball away again. She is successful this time.

LISA
(Fed-up)
I'm done.

Lisa begins to walk away.

JAMIE
(Frantic)
Do not walk away from this.

Lisa continues to walk.

JAMIE
Lisa!

LISA
(In an outburst)
from what! Don't walk away from what, Jamie!.. Bullshit... This is bullshit... This whole night has been bullshit... This is bullshit Jamie!

Jamie's expression begins to sour.

LISA (CONT'D)
I... I don't know what you are dealing with... what brand of demons are eating you up but I am done. I am done tagging along.

Lisa begins to walk away again.

Lisa throws the ball at Lisa and it hits her in the head.

Full of disbelief and rage, Lisa takes the time to compress her anger and then marches over to Jamie.

Jamie stands her ground apparently ready to fight.

Lisa marches up to Jamie and slaps her violently in her face and immediately starts walking away again.

Jamie is shocked and is frozen in her disbelief.

Watching Lisa walk away Jamie begins to cry.

(CONTINUED)

Lisa does not look back.

JAMIE
(Through cries)
I'm scarred.

Lisa hears her words but does not stop.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(Desperate / through tears)
I'm scarred, Lisa!

Jamie begins to really break down: crying hysterically.

Lisa reluctantly stops walking away and after some contemplation she intensely marches back to Jamie.

LISA
(Authoritative / confessional)
You done put me through hell
tonight. You scarred... I've been
scarred!

Jamie does not respond.

LISA (CONT'D)
The drugs... the car... The damn
gas station! What the Fuck, Jamie!

No response.

LISA (CONT'D)
(Realizing the severity of the
night)
My god, we shouldn't even be out
here! we should be hiding! we
should be asleep... we should be
home.

A silence falls.

Jamie composes herself and dries her face.

LISA (CONT'D)
You're scarred! I'm scarred... I'm
scarred of you!

No response.

A silence falls.

LISA (CONT'D)
(After a slight pause /
harshly)
What is it, huh? what are you so
god damn scarred of?

No response.

LISA (CONT'D)
Come on! What is it? What got you
so damn scarred that you gotta drag
me along while you terrorizing the
whole god damn town!

JAMIE
(After a slight pause /
introspectively)
Everything.

LISA
(Confused)
What?

JAMIE
(After a slight pause /
introspectively)
I'm afraid of everything. I... I'm
afraid of it all, Lisa.

LISA
(Confused)
You ain't making no sense, Jamie.

JAMIE
(Gradually breaking down)
I'm afraid of everything, Lisa.
I... I peaked. Jesus fucking
Christ. I peaked in High School,
Lisa.

Lisa can only look on in horror at Jamie's confession.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I... I have nothing, Lisa... I have
nothing to look forward to...
There's nothing better for me... in
my future... There is nothing but
the downhill slide, Lisa.

Lisa closes distance, and tries to console Jamie. Jamie
shrugs her off.

(CONTINUED)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(Crying now)
What do I do now Lisa? Get
married... Get pregnant... Start a
family... start a fucking
business... sell drugs... rob a
bank... marry a rich fucking
corpse! what the fuck do I do,
Lisa!

Jamie cries again.

Lisa cannot reply.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(Disgusted / after composing
herself)
I'm an artist who cannot even get
into art school.

LISA
(Patronizing)
You only applied to the best
schools Jamie...what did you
expect...

Lisa regrets her last words and reconsiders.

LISA
There are other options...

JAMIE
(Aggressively)
There are only great artists and
pretenders, Lisa.

A silence falls.

Lisa searches for words of comfort. She can find none.

LISA
(consoling)
Who are you quotting that said
that, huh?

No response.

LISA (CONT'D)
Huh?

JAMIE
(After a slight pause)
Jamie S. 2011.

LISA
(Consoling / joking / with a
warm smile)
And why do you choose to listen to
her... we all know she is a
asshole.

Jamie lets out an exhausted laugh.

LISA
(Picking up Jamie)
Come on.

Lisa gives Jamie a big comforting hug. Jamie begins to cry
into Lisa.

FADE OUT/FADE IN:

Lisa puts the ball into play.

Lisa joins her.

They forget their fears and frustrations as they play the
sun into the sky.

END.