

THE LAST YARD HOME

Written by

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THE LAST YARD HOME

FADE IN:
EXT.

IN THE SOUTH. A 5A HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD THAT IS RUNNING DOWN. THE FIELD IS WORN AS WELL AS THE BEACHERS NEED TO BE REPAINTED. A FOOTBALL TEAM IS PRACTICING.

JACK WALKS WITH A LIMB PASS THE FOOTBALL FIELD. JACK HAS ON A LETTERMAN'S JACKET. AS HE IS WALKING, JACK LOOKS AT THE LETTER ON HIS JACKET. HE STOPS AND TOUCHES THE LETTER. SMILES THEN HE LOOKS AT THE GROUND THEN SLOWLY LOOKS AT HIS KNEE AND STOPS. JACK STANDS UP AND LOOKS AT THE SKY. A BIG FUFLY CLOUD BLOWS BY. JACK SHAKES HIS HEAD AS HE LOOKS AT THE TEAM PRACTICING. HE SEES THE QUARTERBACK GET SACKED. THEN JACK WALKS AWAY. HE IS NO LONGER SMILING.

JACK
It wasn't meant to be.

FADE OUT:
INT.

FOCUS IN ON A COMPUTER SCREEN WITH A SPEADSHEET OPEN. PULL OUT TO A COMPUTER LAB WITH TWENTY COMPUTERS IN FOUR ROWS. FOCUS IN ON THE BACK OF ANOTHER COMPUTER. PULL OUT AND JACK IS IN A SUIT WITH A TIE AND A WHITE SHIRT WITH A POCKET PROTECTOR, SITTING IN FRONT OF THE COMPUTER TYPING. ON HIS DESK THERE IS A PICTURE FRAME. THE PHOTO IS JACK A FEW YEARS YOUNGER IN HIS FOOTBALL UNIFORM. ON HIS UNIFORM THERE IS A NUMBER SEVEN AND JACK IS HOLDING A FOOTBALL IN AN ACTION POSE LIKE HE IS THROWING A FOOTBALL. JACK STOPS TYPING AND LOOKS AT THE CLOCK TICK BY THEN LOOKS AT THE PHOTO. JACK LOOKS BACK AT THE CLOCK THEN THE COMPUTER SCREEN THEN HE SHAKES HIS HEAD AND STARTS TO TYPE AGAIN. MIKE CATCHES JACK LOOKING AT THE PHOTO. MIKE IS DRESS IN A SUIT WALKS INTO THE COMPUTER LAB. MIKE WALKS OVER TO JACK'S DESK AND PICKS UP THE PHOTO.

MIKE
Those were good times Jack.

JACK
Yeah.

JACK TAKES THE PHOTO BACK FROM MIKE AND LOOKS AT IT AGAIN.

MIKE

Yeah.

JACK

Were we ever that age?

MIKE

Maybe. (beat) I'm still that young Jack.

JACK

I still have my hair Mike.

MIKE

Yeah. I always had your back then. Well except that last...

JACK

Don't worry about it Mike. It wasn't your meant to be.

MIKE

Yeah I guess. But hey buddy we both have good paying jobs! We both buy a new car every two years and have a nice house in the suburbs. What else could we ask for? (beat) And of course we have out wives and children. (laughs)

JACK

(laughs) Yeah. But don't you ever think what could've been? If this didn't happen.

JACK POINTS TO HIS KNEE.

MIKE

Sometimes. All of the time. I try not to think about it too much.

JACK

Man, Mike we were going to the NFL. The NFL buddy! I was going to get you're a spot wherever I got drafted!

MIKE

That was the plan. A great plan too.

JACK

It was one day. Only one day
before the draft. One day!

MIKE

I know Jack. I do wonder what
our lives would've been like if
we went home that night instead
of hanging out with Bonnie. If
we didn't run into Bonnie. Man!

JACK

Yeah. But Bonnie was so hot.
Too hot for her own good.

A FLASHBACK TO THAT NIGHT AND TO BONNIE. BONNIE IS WEARING A
WIFE BEATER TEE SHIRT AND A PAIR OF TIGHT BLUE JEANS AND
HIGHHILLS.

MIKE

She was hot.

JACK

I never thought her boyfriend
was going to be there.

A FLASHBACK TO BONNIE AND TIM ARGUING.

MIKE

Her ex-boyfriend. She was like
us that night, a free agent.

JACK

Bonnie had those big brown eyes
and that perfect body. I wanted
her so badly.

A FLASHBACK TO JACK HITTING ON BONNIE.

MIKE

We all did. Who didn't want
her?

JACK

Mike, I would've taking the hit
for you if I could've. You know
that? Right?

A FLASHBACK TO TIM WALKING FROM HIS CAR WITH A BAT.

MIKE

I know.

JACK

How bad did it hurt? That night
you didn't scream at all.

A FLASHBACK TO JACK LYING ON THE FLOOR IN PAIN HOLDING HIS
KNEE.

MIKE

I was in shock! I couldn't
believe what just happen. My
entire football career flashed
before my eyes. The NFL dream
was gone, with one hit to my
knee. All of those workouts,
all the time I put into that
stupid game and with one hit it
was over. And for what?

JACK

Well Tim was in the joint for a
while, right?

MIKE

Three to Five for aggravated
assault with a deadly object.
He got five years, I got the
rest of my life to limb around
like an old man! Some justice
system we have. It ani't fair.
It ani't fair!

JACK

You know Mike, maybe it was
fair.

MIKE

What?

JACK PICKS UP THE PHOTO AND POINT TO IT.

JACK

Well, the way that we partied
back then, we were on the road
to the morgue. We both needed a
wake up call. Looking back, I'm
glad that happened.

MIKE

I can't believe what you are
saying to me! The NFL was your
dream too!

JACK

Yeah, but with all the partying

we did, we would've washed out in a few weeks. Or someone's ex-boyfriend would've shot you instead of only taking a bat to your knee.

JACK PUTS THE PHOTO BACK ON THE DESK.

MIKE

Maybe. (beat) Hey we wouldn't have a job working with computers either.

JACK

I still would've love to have the money, but not at the cost to our souls.

MIKE

Well, I better get back to work.

JACK

Me too. Think about what I said Mike. You can't live in the past. Be happy at what you've done in your life since High School football. And who really wants to work on Sundays anyways?

MIKE

Bye Mike.

JACK

See you. Drop by the house and I'll show you the Jet Ski.

JACK LEAVES THE LAB.

MIKE

Great. (beat) I still wanted to have it all. I still do. If I could've only finished that last yard home.

CUT TO THE PHOTO AND DISSOLVE ON MIKE TYPING ON HIS COMPUTER.

FADE OUT.

THE END.

