

THE SHOOTER

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FADE IN:

EXT. A PLAYGROUND- DAY

CLOSE SHOT of a marble. A gorgeous, cat's eye marble, it takes up the whole screen. The SOUND of children's voices, a playground- giggling, yelling. And now a voice over-

AMOS (V.O.)

I wasn't always a champion. Most people didn't think I had what it took. I ate my vegetables, I cleaned my room, I brushed my teeth. I never tugged on a single pigtail. The other kids said I didn't have the drive, the heart of a champion.

I was an observer. My place was outside the circle.

My transformation occurred exactly one month ago. The day my birthright was stolen from me. The day I was forced to stop watching. To kneel and shoot. For the girl. For my birthright. For my honor.

The marble is KNOCKED from the screen by a larger marble, a shooter.

PULL BACK to reveal a schoolyard. There are a few kids playing marbles, yelling at each other, talking trash. There are other kids gathered around the game, showing their support for the one who seems to be winning a lot. He is SLATER, schoolyard bully to the boys, and schoolyard dreamboat to the girls. He is larger than most of the other children. DAWN is a cute little girl who is jockeying for his attention.

DAWN

Oh Slater, you're the best.

SLATER

Watch this.

With that, Slater kneels down, cocks his thumb, looks at Dawn, and shoots. Naturally, he is right on target. The other kids cheer, Dawn smiles.

PULL BACK even farther until we are now watching the scene from over the shoulders of two boys, AMOS and JASON, both 8 years old.

(CONTINUED)

INT. THE CLASSROOM- DAY

Jason, shy in front of so many people, is finishing up his show and tell presentation. He holds a hermit crab in his hand. The class is disinterested.

JASON

...and I got him in St. Louis before I moved here. And he likes to watch TV, especially Gilligan's Island reruns.

The teacher, MISS MOORE smiles and pats him on the shoulder.

MISS MOORE

Thank you, Jason. What a wonderful companion.

SLATER

(From the back of the room)

It's his only companion! Except for Anus!

The rest of the class laughs. Slater has them all in the palm of his hand.

MISS MOORE

Slater, be nice. Jason, I think he's very cute. Amber, would you like to be next?

AMBER

Okay.

AMBER, a pudgy brunette, shuffles up to the front of the classroom. She is incredibly cute, with cheeks that no self-respecting grandmother would dare pass by without pinching. She carries a carved wooden spoon.

AMBER (CONT'D)

This is my most favorite thing in the whole world. Last summer I went camping with my mommy and daddy and my brother. But I forgot to bring my spoon and I couldn't eat any oatmeal. But it was okay because my brother is a real good carver and he made me this spoon. I like it because when he made it he told me he would always take care of me.

MISS MOORE

Ohhh, I'm sure he will, honey. Now, who's next?

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Three or four kids raise their hands. One of them is Amos.

MISS MOORE (CONT'D)

Amos, how about you?

Amos smiles and walks to the front of the classroom with a quick nod to Jason as he passes by. Amos reaches into his pocket and removes a beautiful shooter. It is the most stunning marble we have ever seen. Instantly, he has everyone's full attention.

AMOS

This was my grandfather's shooter. He used it to win his school championship in 1942...

ANGLE ON DAWN

Impressed. She smiles as Amos speaks. His plan appears to be working.

AMOS (CONT'D)

...It used to belong to his father. It has been in my family for almost one hundred years. And now it's mine.

ANGLE ON SLATER

His wheels are turning. We close in on him as Amos speaks. He has a sly, evil grin. A mischievous glint in his eye.

AMOS (CONT'D)

...My great-grandfather made it especially for him, and he only made one. So it's one of a kind...

We have by now zoomed so close that one of Slater's eyes takes up the entire screen. He stares at the shooter and we know that it has to be his.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAFETERIA- DAY

Jason and Amos are at lunch in the cafeteria, discussing Amos' bold move.

JASON

Did you see how she was looking at you?
It worked! You're a genius.

AMOS

I don't know. Maybe.

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CONTINUED:

JASON

That was awesome.

Dawn is getting her food. She looks over at them and winks.

JASON (CONT'D)

See? Awesome!

Amos takes the shooter out of his pocket and stares at it.

AMOS

Maybe you're right.

Suddenly, Slater appears over Amos' shoulder. He grabs the shooter from his hand.

SLATER

Thanks, Anus. I'll take that.

He turns to another boy, his sidekick ROBERT. They exchange high fives.

ROBERT

You can win the tournament with it next month.

SLATER

That's a good idea.

AMOS

Come on, give it back, and don't call me Anus.

SLATER

What are you going to do? Huh?

Amos stands up, even though we all know he has no chance against a boy of Slater's size.

AMOS

Give it back.

SLATER

Come get it.

The kids sitting around the table all stare at Amos, wondering what he will do. Amos lunges for the shooter, but Slater is just too strong. He hits Amos in the stomach, and Amos falls to the floor, defeated. Jason jumps up to help.

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SLATER (CONT'D)
 (To Jason)
 You want what he got?

Jason lowers his head.

SLATER (CONT'D)
 That's what I thought.
 (Back to Amos)
 Tell your grandfather I said thanks.

And he walks away. Amos doesn't even know what hit him. He is more ashamed than injured as he pulls himself back up to the table. Jason helps him up.

JASON
 Are you okay?

AMOS
 No.

JASON
 Well, you better get okay soon. Here comes Dawn.

Dawn walks up to them with her tray.

DAWN
 Hi guys. Can I sit here?

JASON
 Sure, go right ahead.

He motions for Amos to move over, which he does.

DAWN
 I thought your grandfather's shooter was really cool.

AMOS
 Thanks.

JASON
 Did you like my hermit crab?

DAWN
 (Ignoring Jason)
 Did he really win his school championship with it?

AMOS
 Yeah.

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For the complete script (for production or representation consideration only)
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