

THE RED DOT RESILIANCE

by

Jesus Diez Perez

UNAPPROVED

(C) 2015 Pictures Plus Productions
jesus@picturesplusproductions.com
jdiezperez@gmail.com
Registered LOC: 1-4442137201

Last minutes of a crucial 5-a-side football game. It's night and the strong flood lights create long and sharp shadows. A ball is deposited slowly on top of the corner mark by a 15 year old football player. The blue t-shirt reads MARK and he is ready to kick. He looks at one side of the pitch.

MARK's POV - the score: blue team loses 1-2 to the red team. Time is nearly over.

The audience is screaming, waving red and blue flags. One old man in the audience is a bit separated from the rest, wearing a blue cap, hands in his pockets, watching the game.

MARK is very focused. He looks to the adversary area, where the blue team tries to get positions against the red team. MARK looks at two of his blue teammates: SAM, who looks back, waiting for orders, and ANDREW, who tries to get in position but a red player blocks him. MARK puts two fingers on his shoulder. SAM nods and changes position.

A WHISTLE is heard. MARK kicks the ball with great precision. HAFIZ, blue team, receives the ball with the ball and passes the ball.

SLOW MOTION UNTIL THE END OF THE SEQUENCE.

The ball goes from HAFIZ's head to SAM's feet. It's the perfect opportunity. SAM looks up and prepares to kick. ANDREW gets rid of the defender. The RED GOALKEEPER knows it's going to be a goal.

MARK
(muffled, slow motion)
Do it, SAM!

SAM kicks the ball with all his might. The RED GOALKEEPER jumps, but the ball is too far from him. Unfortunately, the ball hits on ANDREW's back who is not fast enough to stay away from the ball's trajectory and the ball grazes the goal post on the outside. SAM falls to his knees, he covers his mouth with his hands, he cannot believe it: he failed the easiest of kicks. MARK puts his hands on his head. ANDREW freezes.

MARK (CONT'D)
(muffled, slow motion)
Nooo!

SAM
(muffled, slow motion)
Nooo!

A WHISTLE marks the end of the game. SAM's teammates, instead of acting as a team, start blaming each other. SAM and ANDREW start to fight.

We don't hear what they say but they are clearly insulting each other. MARK runs to SAM and yells at him. He finally pushes SAM and ANDREW and walks out between them. The RED GOALKEEPER looks at them, a bit surprised and ashamed of their behavior. The man with the blue cap in the audience shakes his head, stands up and leaves. MARK leaves the field without looking back, while the rest of the team look at each other, starting to understand what they have just lost.

2. EXT. STREET - NIGHT

2.

The kids walk down the street carrying their sport bags, hands in their pockets, looking at the ground. They are not talking. MARK is walking a bit faster, ahead of them, he doesn't want to talk to them, to anyone. After the shock, it seems that the blue team starts to admit the defeat. SAM's gathers some courage and speaks.

SAM

Hey, Mark!

MARK stops but doesn't turn around. He clenches his fists.

SAM (CONT'D)

Mark, please, I'm sorry.

ANDREW says nothing. MARK turns around slowly, keeping the distance. He grabs the sports bag handle fiercely.

MARK

(yelling)

Do you know what you've done? We've lost the chance to go to the finals, after all we trained. Loser!

SAM doesn't know what to say. The rest of the blue team, HAFIZ, VIJAY, ANDREW and SAYRUL, remains silent. It's not the first time they see MARK like this and it's better not to say anything.

HAFIZ

Come on, Mark, it's just a game!

HAFIZ's teammates try to shut him up a bit too late. MARK grabs his sport bag and throws it at them. They barely miss it. We hear SOMETHING BREAKING inside the bag when it falls.

MARK

(barely containing tears)

What are you looking at? You are all losers! Losers!

3. EXT. STREET - NIGHT/LATER

3.

MARK is on another part of the street, he is alone, no sign of his team. He has his sports bag open and checking his phone. It's not turning on.

MARK

Shit!

MARK hears the sound of TYRES SCREECHING and a BIG IMPACT. He looks in the direction of the sound. People start walking in that direction, some are running. MARK puts his phone on the bag, turns around and keeps walking, kicking a trash bin with violence.

4. INT. MARK'S GRAMPA'S GARAGE - LATE NIGHT

4.

Mark's GRAMPA is at his garage, located at the basement of the house. He is 72 years old, wrinkles of experience and wisdom cross his face. He is wearing a dirty jumpsuit and his blue cap. His face and hands are dirty with oil. He is sitting on a small table, fixing his Kawasaki, and old but in great condition vintage motorbike. MARK gets in the garage silently from the street, trying not be heard, carrying his sports bag. GRAMPA doesn't notice. He walks towards the other side of the house, trying to get to the kitchen.

GRAMPA

(without looking at him)

Hey!

MARK throws the bag to the ground and looks at his Grampa as if he was looking for a fight. MARK looks a little bit drunk.

MARK

(defiant)

What, Grampa, what?

GRAMPA

(still busy at the motorbike)

What took you so long, Mark? It's nearly midnight.

MARK

Having a drink with the friends.

GRAMPA

(chuckles)

Friends? I guess you don't mean your teammates.

MARK grabs his sports bag and starts walking again.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

Bring me that wrench over there will you?

MARK stops again and sighs heavily, he's used to obey his Grampa. He grabs the wrench and walks to him. He offers the tool to his Grampa. He takes it.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

Sit down just a little. You see? I got a buyer for this beauty. I love this thing but I cannot use it and we can use the money. Tomorrow it will be gone.

MARK sits down and looks at the motorbike. It's really beautiful. GRAMPA looks at him for the first time. MARK has bruises in his face.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

(while twisting a bolt)

You know? I saw the game.

MARK

We lost. Stupid guys screwed it.

GRAMPA

I think you never had a chance to win.

(MARK looks at him,
annoyed)

Don't get me wrong, son. You are good players, but you are not a team, you are not united.

MARK doesn't want to listen and stands up. He starts walking out of the room, to the kitchen, he is very angry.

MARK

What do you know about being a team or being united? You are just an old man, you know nothing.

GRAMPA looks at his grandson as he leaves the room, sadness on his face. He actually knows about teams and unity.

GRAMPA

(strong voice)

Mark!

After a few seconds, MARK appears at the door frame, enraged but obedient.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

I want you to do something for me.

MARK crosses his arms across his chest and shakes his head "no". GRAMPA stands up and opens a drawer on the little table he was sitting on. He grabs a bag and opens it. There are three packages inside. He puts them on top the table. They are all carefully wrapped up.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

I want you to deliver these to someone very special to me.

MARK

I'm not doing anything, Grampa, I'm not in the moo...

GRAMPA

Shut up and listen! You'll do as I say. If you do it...

(he looks at the motorbike)

It's yours.

MARK doesn't understand at first. Then his eyes grow big with surprise.

MARK

You mean your...?

GRAMPA

Yes, but you have to do it before the buyer comes tomorrow, 8 o'clock, evening.

MARK

(more humble now)

Yes, yes, of course.

GRAMPA

And you have to take your team with you.

MARK

What? The team? Why?

GRAMPA

You take it or leave it. Will you do it?

MARK

(looking at the motorbike)

Yes... yes... but where should I go to deliver the packages?

GRAMPA

You'll know. It's late now. I have to go.

GRAMPA tosses one of the packages to MARK as he leaves the garage through another door. He turns off the lights. MARK, lit only by the light coming from the kitchen looks at the package, not knowing what to think. The package has a big "1" written on it and a hand written text:

[a verse including "Manusia Besi", "Life Style", "water" and saving lives]

-- END OF SAMPLE --

-- Please, contact me --

-- if you are interested in the full script --

SAMPLE