

WIDE RIGHT KNIGHT

Written by

Zack R. Smith

WGA REGISTERED

EXT. BRENDON'S HOUSE. FRONT YARD - AFTERNOON

A 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BRENDON' banner over the front door.

Brendon's hair is combed. It has gel in it.

Mr. Perfect, Tatum Lance plays catch with his BALLER BUDDIES.

CRISPIN (O.C.)

Why did you invite that guy?

Brendon is with Crispin, Fred, and SONIA.

BRENDON

Mom made me. Her boyfriend's kid.

MICHELE, the cute girl, sits with her FRIEND across the lawn.

SONIA

He is pretty amazing.

BRENDON

Sure, if you go for chiseled features and freakish athleticism.

FRED

Why don't you try talking to her?

BRENDON

We have nothing in common.

CRISPIN

So.

BRENDON

So. What are we gonna talk about?

FRED

Talk about the Bills. Her grandfather owns the Bills. Your dad used to play for the Bills.

BRENDON

My dad is the most hated player in team history.

SONIA

Pretend you want a soda. Go.

Brendon makes that long, long walk across the lawn. Awkward.

BRENDON

Hi.

She smiles.

BRENDON (CONT'D)
Do you know the difference between
Santa Claus and the Buffalo Bills?

Nothing.

BRENDON (CONT'D)
Some people still believe in Santa.

Nothing.

TATUM LANCE
Hey, Knight, nice game today.

BRENDON
You know his name is a verb?

That makes her laugh.

TATUM LANCE
Hey, Knight! Go long!

Brendon takes off. Runs with purpose.

Tatum Lance throws a long, high, tight spiral.

Brendon's friends cheer. Michele looks on nervously.

Brendon's arms are outstretched.

The ball looks to be falling perfectly into his hands.

THUD. Runs into the side of his neighbor's 1995 GMC VANDURA,
tricked out for Bills tailgating.

FRED
Is that pass interference?

CRISPIN
Or unnecessary roughness.

Brendon holds his hand over his right eye.

INT. LIVING ROOM - 2 HOURS LATER

Brendon and pals on the couch. The light from the TV
flickers on their faces. Brendon's eye is swollen.

Room is littered with cups, plates, and remnants of cupcakes.

A COUPLE makes out in the corner. Crispin and Fred gawk at TIFFANY.

FRED
Tiffany "Free" Samples.

They giggle and nudge and elbow.

Brendon opens a drawer on the end table. A picture frame is face down. Picks it up. A photo of Brendon, Audrey, and Hank, from happier times.

MICHELE (O.C.)
I liked your joke.

Michele in the doorway. The boys get quiet.

BRENDON
Yeah. Santa's pretty great. But I still believe in the Bills.

MICHELE
The verb thing, I meant.

BRENDON
Oh, Lance. Have you ever lanced anything? Don't answer. Gross.

MICHELE
Did you blow out your candles?

BRENDON
I had a big cookie. But I had to scrape the icing off. The cupcakes were for everyone else.

MICHELE
What did you wish for?

Through the window is ZAK LANCE. A blinking bluetooth in his ear. Fastening a necklace on Audrey. She has shorter hair than in the photos, but still sexy in her 40's.

Brendon looks disgusted.

The toilet in the hallway flushes. Tatum Lance walks out.

TATUM LANCE
Let's get outta here.

She takes his hand. Stands. Brendon stands, too.

MICHELE
I hope it comes true.

Tatum Lance and Michele leave.

Brendon picks up a cupcake. Jams a candle in it.

INT. ANCHOR BAR (RESTAURANT) - AFTERNOON

Hank sits alone at a booth. Milk shakes and Buffalo wings.

Bills game on all the TVs. Losing to the Jets 17-3.

Brendon plops down. Slurps his shake.

HANK

How was your game?

Brendon shrugs and ughs.

HANK (CONT'D)

That good, huh? And the party?

Brendon takes off his shades. Black eye.

HANK (CONT'D)

Ouch. Not your baby browns. Looks like you've been hit by a truck.

BRENDON

A van, actually. And I hit it.

On the TV, the Jets line up in the shotgun. The snap.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Sanchez drops back. First down.

12 yard pass on the screen. Brendon sucks his shake.

BRENDON

Why don't we go to Bills' games?

HANK

They don't exactly love me here.

Brendon has a sudden ice cream headache. Squints in pain.

HANK (CONT'D)

Got the ponies?

BRENDON

Why do you call it the ponies?

HANK

Because it's like a million tiny horses running across your brain.

Brendon slides his shake to the side.

BRENDON
Dad, are you bitter about football?

HANK
No, I'm not bitter. Not at all.

BRENDON
Because I'm feeling pretty freakin'
bitter about football, right now.

Hank reconsiders. Waves his chicken bone as he talks.

HANK
Sure, maybe I wish I was known for
something besides missing one kick.

BRENDON
Everyone's so much bigger than me.
On the TV, Jets in the shotgun. The play.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
For the bomb. Caught! Davis!
Touchdown, Jets!

Bills' FANS groan in familiar pain.

HANK
Maybe I wish I had one big play on
the highlight reel.

BRENDON
I get my butt kicked every day.

HANK
And your mom, I wish I'd treated
her better after the game was over.

BRENDON
And the best player on the team is
my secret girlfriend's boyfriend.

HANK
Amazing she stuck around while she
did.

BRENDON
Why'd you come back?

HANK
You shouldn't slink away after
pouring your heart into something.

BRENDON
You talking about Buffalo or mom?

Hank purses his lips around his straw. Gives a cold stare.

BRENDON (CONT'D)
At least you're not bitter.

HANK
How is your mom?

BRENDON
She's dating a new guy. Zak.
Without a "C". I think he flat-
irons his douchey, spiked-up hair.

HANK
How does he like my house?

BRENDON
Way too much and way too often.

Hank pulls a gift from under the table. Gets sauce on it.

HANK
I'm gonna be on the road during
your actual birthday. So...

Slides the bag across the table. Brendon opens it.

HANK (CONT'D)
You said we needed a new game.

A fancy video game - console, controller, and helmet.

HANK (CONT'D)
You can hook into the TV or take it
with you, like on a long car trip.

BRENDON
All right, dad!

Exploding fist bump.