

BOINK!

by

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INT. TOLLENSON SPORTS STADIUM - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

The score board has the Wolverines down a point with six seconds on the clock.

On court, NATE BAYLOR (20s), lost in thought, appears disconnected to the game going on all around him.

NATE (V.O.)
Believe in yourself coach says.
Life is a game, you gotta reach for
the sky.

Nate blinks hard, seemingly snapping out of it.

NATE (V.O.)
He says you'll never win if you're
not open to losing.

Nate reacts just as a teammate passes him the ball -- fast break.

NATE (V.O.)
He says what's held me back...

Nate charges the undefended opponent's half-court.

He glances back over his shoulder to the players behind him, then up at the clock... Two seconds left.

NATE (V.O.)
...wasn't my fear of failing.
(beat)
But my fear of soaring.

He slams his foot down and launches himself into the air.

Time slows as he raises the ball for the dunk.

The buzzer goes -- the crowd ROAR.

He finally lets go for the dagger shot -- and the ball bricks off the rim.

NATE (V.O.)
Maybe he's right.

The crowd fall silent.

Nate holds onto the ring, certain he's scored, savors the moment. A slight smile passes his lips fades but once he sees the fans, some covering their faces, some with their hand hands on the heads in disbelief.

One face is looking back at him, smiling. COACH (50s), smiles. Proud.