

Touchdown

By

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FADE IN:

INT. THE SPORT HUT - DAY

JAKE (13) with a peach-fuzz moustache and pimples, wrapped in a T-shirt over baggy shorts, picks up a hockey stick. He stares at the price tag, "\$35", yanks a ten dollar bill from his pocket, shakes his head.

Across from Jake, MILDRED (70), dressed in a jersey down to her knees, a cap sits backwards over silver curls, plugged to music, leans on a cane as she scoops a football off a shelf.

Jake eyes Mildred as she tucks the football under one arm, limps up to a counter.

Behind the counter, CHUCK (40), droopy abs, beard, polished teeth, nods with a smile.

CHUCK

Heard you going to the game today?

MILDRED

(loud)

Yep. Got a great seat.

CHUCK points to her earbuds.

Mildred smiles, pulls out one earbud, rubs the football.

MILDRED

I might even get lucky.

Chuck raises an eyebrow.

Mildred holds up the football.

MILDRED

Getting it autographed.

Chuck nods, exposes his white pearls, scans the football.

CHUCK

Twenty five even. How's your knee?

Mildred leans the cane against the counter, grabs the football, goes down on one knee.

MILDRED

Hut. Hut. White eighty.

She stumbles to her feet, speed-limps toward a front door, spins, a little unsteady, throws the football.

The football wobbles through the air.

Chuck snatches the football right in front of a counter rack.

He mouths a "wow", exhales, forces a smile.

CHUCK

I take it the knee feels better.

Mildred plugs the earbud.

Chuck drops the football in a plastic bag, hands it to her.

CHUCK

Enjoy the game.

Jake grins as Mildred picks up her cane, shuffles to the front door.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mildred bobs her head, swings the plastic bag as she limps along on a sidewalk.

Behind Mildred, Jake stands up on his bicycle, pedals hard.

As Jake zooms by Mildred, he rips the bag from her hand.

Mildred stumbles, whips her head at Jake, raises her fist as he pedals away.

She yanks out the earbuds, stuff them between her bosoms. With her head down, she paces away on the sidewalk.

Jake gets back on the sidewalk, strips the football from the plastic bag. Lifts it high.

JAKE (O.S.)

You want it? Gonna cost you.

Mildred steps to the side. Her eyes narrow as her grip on the cane tightens.

As Jake speeds by her, Mildred jams the cane through the front wheel of the bicycle.

Jake flies across the handle bars with a scream as the football goes airborne.

He hits a flower bed, face down.

Mildred catches a glimpse of the airborne football.

She rushes toward a crosswalk, waves at cars.

On his butt, Jake spits pieces of flowers, wipes dirt off his face.

Traffic halts in both direction as Mildred hurries into the crosswalk. She turns in time to catch the football.

She pauses to steady herself, throws the football into the ground, lifts both arms, touchdown.

FADE OUT.