

Scissor Pass

by

Sam Shapiro

INT.ANTHONY'S ROOM- MID DAY

We see a picture of SAM KAPLAN (18), a skinny, yet toned looking young man, and ANTHONY FALCONE (18), slightly heavysset with long hockey flow and scruff. They have their arms around each other in their hockey equipment on the ice. The picture is hanging on a wall over Anthony's desk. We shift focus to Anthony, who is more overweight than in the picture, with longer hair and a scruffier beard. There are put out cigarettes in an ash tray next to his bed. Anthony is sleeping. There is a knock on his door. It's Anthony's Dad (Mr. Falcone, 50s). He looks older than his age, unshaved, and slightly withered, as though life hasn't always been kind to him.

MR. FALCONE (O.S.)

Anthony, get up. It's after noon.

Mr. Falcone leaves. Anthony moans and slowly starts rolling out of bed. He checks his phone. It is 12:08 P.M. on October 9th, 2014. We see a missed alarm that was set for 9:30 A.M. labeled "Econ". He throws on a pair of sweats and a sweatshirt that says "Dunkin Donuts University" and walks out of his room.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN- MID DAY

Anthony walks into the kitchen without saying a word to his dad, who is sitting at the kitchen table. He fixes himself a bowl of Honey Nut Cheerios and takes a seat next to him. There is a long silence.

MR. FALCONE

(sarcastically)

So how'd you sleep?

ANTHONY

(not feeling the joke)

Fine.

MR. FALCONE

What time did you get back last night?

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY

I don't know. Late.

MR. FALCONE

Weren't you supposed to have class  
this morning?

ANTHONY

(lying)

It got canceled.

MR. FALCONE

Wow. That's convenient.

ANTHONY

Yupp.

MR. FALCONE

Ant, what are you doing?

ANTHONY

What do you mean?

MR. FALCONE

The passive, not talking to me,  
attitude I can deal with, but  
watching you sleep all day, being  
out all hours of the night, not  
going to class... If you're gonna  
live under my roof, you gotta  
compromise a little bit.

ANTHONY

(looks away, sighs, clearly  
not in the mood for this talk)

Okay.

MR. FALCONE

I'm serious, Ant. You're 18. It's  
time to get your shit together.

ANTHONY

Okay pop. Fine. Compromise.

Anthony starts to walk out. Mr. Falcone catches a picture of  
Anthony and Sam in the corner of his eye on the fridge.

(CONTINUED)

MR. FALCONE

Hey, I've been meaning to ask you.  
How's Sam doing?

ANTHONY

I don't know. Why?

Continues walking.

MR. FALCONE

Well, he hasn't been around here in  
awhile and I was wondering what  
that's all about. I miss the kid.

ANTHONY

I don't know what to tell you Dad.  
He's busy.

MR. FALCONE

Well I'm sure he'd love to hear  
from you.

ANTHONY

No he wouldn't. He's doing his own  
thing.

MR. FALCONE

He's your best friend. Why don't  
you reach out? Did something  
happen?

ANTHONY

No Dad! Nothing happened! We're  
fine. We're just in different  
places right now. That's all it is.  
If he wants to see me, he knows how  
to find me.

MR. FALCONE

Not everything's gonna come to you,  
Ant.

ANTHONY

Whatever.

Walks out. Mr. Falcone calls after him.

MR. FALCONE

I still think you should call him.

Anthony closes the door firmly on his way out.

CUT TO:

INT. GYM- MORNING

Sam, just as skinny and toned from the picture, with a little scruff, is running on the treadmill at a fast and aggressive pace. He's got a fierce and angry look in his eye, as if he's running from something.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER- MORNING

Sam is scrubbing his head with shampoo and washing his body with a similarly aggressive type furiosity that he was running with.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S DORMROOM- MORNING

We see the picture of Sam and Anthony from earlier framed on Sam's desk. Sam is getting dressed, putting on nice jeans, a flannel shirt, and a Canada Goose jacket. He grabs his backpack and heads out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS- MORNING

Sam is walking to class alone, seemingly in a state of contemplation as he takes in his surroundings.

CUT TO:

INT. LECTURE HALL- MORNING

Sam is spacing out as the professor is lecturing.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE LECTURE HALL- MID DAY

Sam walks out of class when he gets a text message. It's from his dad (SAM'S DAD, 50s) and it reads "I know it's hard but I really think that you should reach out to him, today of all days. Love you. Two hearts followed by a thumbs up and a flexing bicep indicating strength-emojis" Sam's about to respond when JOSH (19), a seemingly overly aggressive friendly kid, with hockey flow and his hat turned backwards, taps him on the shoulder. Sam turns back to look at him.

JOSH

Hey. What's up man?

Dabs Sam up. Sam looks a little confused but is still friendly.

JOSH (CONT.)

You're Sam, right?

SAM

Uh yeah.

JOSH

Is it true you play hockey?

SAM

Yeah. Or at least I did in high school. It's hard to play a lot now.

JOSH

Yeah, I feel you. I know this is kinda random but if you're not doing anything later, me and couple guys are playing tonight at the rink around 9. We could use some fresh legs?

SAM

I appreciate the invite but tonight might be tough. I have a lot of work.

JOSH

(seemingly disappointed)

Okay. Well, the invitation's open

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(cont'd)  
if you wanna come. Think about it.

SAM  
Alright, I will.

JOSH  
See you around.

They head off in separate directions.

CUT TO:

EXT. SONIC- AFTERNOON

Anthony goes outside, wearing a Sonic uniform, name tag, and roller blades. He skates food over to a black Jeep. Inside the car is ROBBIE (17), a tall, muscular kid with a white beater. He comes off as a douche, mostly because he is one, but he seems happy to see Anthony.

ROBBIE  
(noticing Anthony)  
Anthony, is that you you fat fuck?  
How you doin'?

ANTHONY  
(as he hands him his food)  
Hey, fuck you pussy.

They both laugh.

ROBBIE  
How you doin man? It's been awhile.

ANTHONY  
(points to his surroundings  
and himself)  
Livin' the dream.

They both laugh again.

ANTHONY (CONT.)  
You?

ROBBIE  
I'm doin' alright. The team sure is  
missing you and Sam this year.

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY

Well, you know I'd play if I could.

Beat. Robbie can see that Anthony is a little down without hockey.

ROBBIE

What time you get off later?

ANTHONY

9 why?

ROBBIE

Well, if you aren't busy, some of us are gonna be chilling in the Woodland lot around then?

ANTHONY

Yeah, maybe.

ROBBIE

We'd all love to see you for sure.

Anthony nods and starts skating back toward the building.

ROBBIE (CONT.)

So am I gonna see you later bitch boy?

Anthony turns back.

ANTHONY

We'll see fuck face.

They both smile. Anthony goes into Sonic and Robbie drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S DORMROOM- EARLY EVENING

Sam is doing schoolwork in his room. He gets a phone call from his dad. He picks up.

SAM

What's up?

(CONTINUED)



SAM'S DAD (V.O..)

How you doin'?

SAM

Hangin in there. How are you?

SAM'S DAD (V.O.)

Good good.

Beat.

SAM'S DAD (O.S.) (CONT.)

Have you reached out to him at all?

SAM

Ughh. Why do I have to Dad?

SAM'S DAD (V.O.)

I never said you had to. I just think it's the right thing to do and I think you'll feel better after you do it.

SAM

It's not so easy. I wish it were. I would in a second if it was. It's hard.

SAM'S DAD (V.O.)

And you think it's easy for him? Think about how he's doing. He's got it a lot worse.

SAM

Dad, I never sai...

SAM'S DAD (V.O.)

I don't care what you meant by it. You sound selfish and unaware either way. This is real world shit Sam. Grow a pair and deal with it...

Beat. Sam is silent.

SAM'S DAD (V.O.) (CONT.)

Or don't. But don't you dare just sit around and mope, feeling sorry for yourself.

SAM

You're right. I'll think about it.

SAM'S DAD (V.O.)

Do the right thing. I love you.  
Call me tomorrow.

SAM

Will do. Bye.

Sam hangs up and pauses to think, staring into space. His eyes catch his hockey sticks in the corner of the room. He stares for a second and then looks at the clock. It says 8:32 P.M. He lightly smirks as he looks at the sticks.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT- NIGHT

Anthony pulls into a parking lot and parks next to Robbie, ADRIAN (17, African American but clearly has a ton of white friends), and CHAD (18, nerdy looking red head), who are standing by their car, drinking beer, smoking weed, and laughing. Anthony gets out of the car.

ROBBIE

So big titties decided to show up.

They all laugh.

ANTHONY

Hey, I'll fuck up all you pussies.

They're all still laughing. Adrian goes over and pats Anthony on the back.

CHAD

Good to see you Ant.

Chad tosses Anthony a beer.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT- NIGHT

They seem like they have been talking for some time now, all seemingly more relaxed and eased in.

ADRIAN

Okay, funniest thing I've ever seen  
on the ice was when Ant got  
(points at Anthony)  
fucked up by that small Asian kid  
from South Brunswick.

They all laugh.

ANTHONY

I'm not embarrassed by that one  
bit. That kid was a fucking tank.

CHAD

Yeah, I remember that kid. His name  
is Jeffrey Wang.

ROBBIE

He made us look silly.

ANTHONY

I heard he goes to Navy now.

CHAD

Where'd you hear that?

ANTHONY

Sam told me. They were on the same  
club team. Remember he warned us  
about him before the game? We  
should've listened.

ADRIAN

Didn't we win that game?

ROBBIE

Yeah but the kid still scored a  
hatty.

CHAD

What was the final score of that  
game?

(CONTINUED)

ROBBIE

I don't know.

Adrian shrugs.

ANTHONY

5-4. I scored the game winner with  
a minute left.

CUT TO:

INT. ICE RINK- NIGHT

Sam is playing hockey with his new college friends.

ADRIAN (V.O.)

Wait, I remember that goal. Didn't  
you go bar down on that scissor  
pass from Sam?

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Yeah but it was more than that. It  
was just such a sexy play.

Similar events occur on the ice in the present as Anthony  
describes the play from the past.

ANTHONY (V.O.) (CONT.)

Sam stole it from Wang in our  
defensive zone. He got it out to me  
on the half wall. I got it back to  
him and he carried it out of the  
zone passed the first defenseman. I  
followed him up the ice. Two on  
one. I cut behind him, he faked the  
shot, and he gave me a scissor pass  
as we crossed the blue line. Boom!  
I ripped it top cheddar! Bar down!

Sam fist bumps his teammate after he scores off his pass,  
similarly to how Anthony described. When he skates off, you  
could see that Sam is sad. He misses Anthony. He knows that  
was their play.

CHAD (V.O.)

Yeah, that scissor pass was sweet.  
You guys had good chemistry.

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY (V.O.)  
Yeah, we did.

Sam is on the bench after that play, separate from his team.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S DORMROOM- NIGHT

Sam gets back to his room and puts his hockey equipment down. He sits on his bed and stares at the picture of him and Anthony in contemplation.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT- NIGHT

Anthony waves goodbye to Robbie, Chad, and Adrian. He gets in his car and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S DORMROOM- NIGHT

Sam picks up his phone, starts dialing, and puts it up to his ear.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTHONY'S CAR- NIGHT

Anthony pulls up to a red light. His phone rings. It's on the floor in front of the passenger seat. It's Sam calling. He smiles and reaches down to pick it up. While he's not looking, the light turns green. A large truck hits Anthony's car from behind. Boom.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S DORMROOM- NIGHT

The phone keeps ringing on the other end of the call. Finally Mr. Falcone answers the phone.

MR. FALCONE (O.S.)  
Hello.

(CONTINUED)

SAM

Hey Mr. Falcone. It's Sam Kaplan.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. FALCONE'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Mr. Falcone is sitting on his couch talking to Sam on his cell phone.

MR. FALCONE

(somber)

Hey Sam. How are you?

SAM (O.S.)

I'm okay...

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

Sam seems sad and uncomfortable.

SAM

I've been thinking about Anthony a lot, especially today.

MR. FALCONE

Yeah, well we all are.

(beat)

How's school?

SAM

It's good. I'm doing okay.

MR. FALCONE

That's good.

Mr. Falcone seems as though he is in too much emotional pain to chit chat. Sam pauses, trying to think of something appropriate to say.

SAM

You know I played hockey today?

(beat)

My team scored a goal that reminded me a lot of the one Ant had off my scissor pass against South Brunswick. The game winner with a minute left. Remember?

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Falcone's eyes well up.

MR. FALCONE  
(with a light chuckle)  
Against the team with that great  
Asian player?

He gets more emotional as he and Sam both laugh. Sam's eyes  
get red as he laughs.

SAM  
Yupp. That's the one.  
(beat)  
I can't believe he's been gone a  
year...

Mr. Falcone is crying listening to Sam.

SAM (CONT.)  
I still miss him so much. I think  
about him every day...  
(beat, choking up)  
You know, when you guys moved to  
our area, and Ant joined the hockey  
team, I always felt a little  
responsible for him. You guys were  
all adjusting and he needed a  
friend to show him the ropes.  
Making sure he was on time  
everywhere he needed to be,  
athletically, socially, and  
academically. We both know he  
wasn't the most organized person in  
the world. He used to call me his  
agent. And then when our Senior  
season ended, that faded. I don't  
know why. Maybe I got lazy. But, I  
regret it every day. I can't help  
but feel that maybe if I stayed on  
top of him...

MR. FALCONE  
(softly)  
Stop.

SAM

(sobbing)

And knowing that I called him right  
before it happened...

MR. FALCONE

(louder)

Stop. No more of that. Don't you  
blame yourself for anything. What  
happened, happened. You were his  
best friend, Sam. You loved him and  
please know that he loved you too.  
That's all that counts in the end.

SAM

Thank you Mr. Falcone.

MR. FALCONE

No. Thank you Sam. Have a good rest  
of the school year.

Mr. Falcone hangs up the phone on his end. Sam puts down his phone. He continues to cry for a minute, then collects himself. He picks his phone back up and sets a 9:30 A.M. alarm labeled "Econ." The date October 9th, 2015 can be seen. He puts his phone down and looks at the picture of him and Anthony on his desk. In the bottom right of the frame there is a small picture of Anthony with typing on the bottom. It reads "In loving memory of Anthony Paul Falcone. February 16th, 1996 - October 9th, 2014."

FADE TO WHITE:

THE END