

YOU CAN'T BEAT ME

Written by

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INT. ARCHIBALD GYMNASIUM, 3RD COURT - NIGHT

The GYM is filled with kids and adults playing basketball.

On the first court, two games are going on.

The middle court is filled with kids playing an intense game of 5 on 5.

On the third court, all the way at the back of the gymnasium are a small group of boys, looking like they are just friends having a good time, some are shooting half court shots.

MARCUS and TIM, standing on the 3rd court, are hunched over sweating. Tim passes Marcus the ball, and Marcus shoots a three pointer, which goes straight into the hoop.

Marcus's friends run over from the side of the court and lift him up. Marcus signals for them to put him down, and walks over to Tim, who is still slouched, dripping with sweat.

MARCUS

Just face it. You can't beat me in anything. I just destroyed you three times in a row, and I'm not even tired. Look at you, you're breathing harder than my dad on the elliptical machine. He's like infinity years old.

MARCUS looks over at his friends on the side of the court smirking. Justin, one of the kids on the sideline raises his hands up.

JUSTIN

(Shouting)

Marcus, you rock. Tim, guess what? You suck at life. Get off the court loser.

The group of kids all start laughing, and Marcus joins the fun.

MARCUS

Look, ever since high school, you know I am the best at everything. It's not my fault I was born with such talent. I am the golden child. Remember gym class? They wouldn't even let me play volleyball after winning all of those games. Well, I also hit a kid in the face with the ball by accident...Good times.

(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I had to help coach with the basketball drills in practice, and I started in every game.

(Pointing to his friends)

These kids here are just here because of me. They don't mean to make fun of you. Especially Justin, he's an asshole to everyone. It just comes with the MARCUS package. I'm like Kobe Bryant, and you are...Tony Snell.

TIM

Who?

MARCUS

Exactly. It's OK champ, maybe I could give you a lesson or two sometimes. I would invite you to a workout with me and my boys, but you won't be able to keep up. Oh well, I'm going to go and get pizza with my friends. See you later roommate.

Tim stays in the gym, watching the other kids leave. Tim grabs a basketball and starts shooting free throws. After making 5 in a row, he grabs his bag, leaves the court, and walks out of the gym.

EXT. TIM AND MARCUS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tim looks in the window, and see's all of Marcus's friends getting up as if to leave the house. He watches as they walk towards the front door, and ducks behind a bush. The friends walk out of the house to their car and back out of the driveway.

TIM

(To himself)

No way I'm dealing with them again.
Assholes.

Tim walks out of the bush, and up to the front steps to the front door. Reaching in his pocket he searches for his key, when the door suddenly opens, and Justin runs out, knocking Tim back.

Tim CRINGES WITH ANGER, and walks inside the house, slamming the door shut.

Outside, Justin is shouting at the other kids in the car, as they leave him behind. Justin runs up the block to try and catch them.

INT. TIM AND MARCUS'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM

Marcus is playing video games in the living room. Tim walks to the kitchen, grabs a bag of chips, and sits next to Marcus.

TIM

Why do you always try and embarrass me when we are at the gym? It's not cool dude. Every time I come with you to Archibald, you have to show off for your friends. They think I'm a total loser.

MARCUS

Hey, I know it's hard to be the one who doesn't have it all, but I can't do anything to change that. I was born with amazing talent, and I am here on this earth to spread my ways, and defeat others. You happen to just be a victim of mine at all times because we have known each other a long time.

TIM

Why are you so obnoxious? At the end of the day, does picking on me really make you feel better about yourself?

MARCUS

Kind of. Yes, in fact it does. I never thought of it like that.

TIM

You have issues dude.

INT. TIM AND MARCUS'S HOUSE KITCHEN

Tim, walks to the kitchen, and pours himself a glass of water. He begins drinking the water, before walking back out to the living room.

INT. TIM AND MARCUS HOUSE LIVING ROOM

Marcus is now playing a video game online with his friend, when Tim walks over and shuts his video game system off. He stands in front of the TV, so that Marcus cannot see the screen.

MARCUS

Hey! What was that for? I was in the middle of a game.

TIM

I challenge you to a free throw challenge tomorrow.

MARCUS

Excuse me?

TIM

A free throw challenge. If I can make 30 free throws in a row tomorrow in the gym, with you and your friends watching, you have to run around the school yelling Tim is better than me at basketball.

Marcus stands up walking back and forth pacing.

TIM (CONT'D)

You have a record of 25 free throws in a row, so this would be 5 more than your record.

MARCUS

There is no shot that you are beating that record bro. I'm not going to let you embarrass yourself

TIM

If you are so confident that you are going to win, why not accept my challenge?

MARCUS

It's a waste of my time. I have better things to do.

Marcus walks out of the living room, and to the back of the house.

INT. TIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tim walks into his bedroom, and takes his shirt off, throwing it onto the floor. He grabs his towel, which is on his bed, and walks out to the bathroom.

Before walking to the bathroom, he glances at the clock in the hallway which reads 11:30 PM.

INT. TIM AND MARCUS'S HOUSE HALLWAY

Zoom into the clock, which reads 11:30.

FADE TO: BLACK

INT. TIM AND MARCUS'S HOUSE HALLWAY - MORNING

Clock reads 10:30 AM. Sun shines through the window of the house.

INT. TIM'S BEDROOM

Loud music is playing from another room in the house. Tim, slowly wakes up frustrated. He sits up, puts on his slippers, and SLOWLY AND GROGGILY makes his way to the door.

INT. TIM AND MARCUS'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM

TIM, slowly walks into the living room. The room is a MESS. Cups are everywhere, and there is a half eaten sandwich sitting on the floor, mostly off the plate. Marcus is sitting on the couch watching TV, and adjusting his portable speaker.

TIM

Shut Up. I'm trying to sleep...Well, I was, no thanks to you.

MARCUS

What did you say? I can't hear you over this new Ace Slayer album I've been playing all morning.

Tim stares at him with disgust.

TIM

(Yelling)
I said, turn the fucking music down!

Marcus reaches over to his iPhone, and hits the pause button.

MARCUS

Gosh. You don't have to be so rude dude. This is art that is blessing your ears right now. Not just some random music.

TIM

Whatever. I'll see you at the gym today. If you don't show up, I'll tell people you wouldn't even compete with me in a free throw contest.

MARCUS

You were serious? I thought you would have backed off this challenge by this morning.

TIM

Bring all of you're friends too. Bring all of them. I really don't care. I'm tired of being humiliated time and time again by you. Be there at 7PM sharp. I have a study session at 10.

Tim walks away to his bedroom.

EXT. TIM AND MARCUS'S HOUSE

It's a bright, warm day. A few people are walking along the street, waving, and one walking a dog.

Tim's mom, Leslie pulls up to the house in a Honda Civic. She gets out of the car, and walks through the driveway up to Tim's bedroom window. She knocks

LESLIE

Timmy!

INT. TIM'S BEDROOM

Tim, STARTLED, jumps up and looks over at his mother in the window. He walks out of his bedroom, and walks out of the house.

EXT. TIM AND MARCUS'S HOUSE

TIM

Stop doing that. I hate when you knock on my window. Hello Mom.

LESLIE

Hey, you know I don't want anything in particular. Just saying hi.

TIM

I challenged Marcus to a free throw shooting contest today. He continues to embarrass me, and humiliate me in front of his friends.

LESLIE

Still? I thought that bickering between you two would have stopped in high school. He was always so rude...

(Whispering)

Just like his Momma.

TIM

Mom, you don't have to whisper. Nobody can hear you. Marcus is in the living room playing video games.

TIM (CONT'D)

Do you happen to still know if my basketball coach still lives in the area? Coach Thompson? From High School. I was wondering if he could give me a quick workout, and lesson today. I haven't seen him in years, but I really need to beat Marcus today.

LESLIE

I could look. I don't know. I delete things everyday with this new stupid device I have. Hold on.

TIM

Ok.

Tim paces back and forth outside the house for a few moments, as his mom flips through her phone.

LESLIE

Got it. What time?

TIM
3:00 PM would be...

LESLIE
Hold on! Shit. I have to go, I will
text the coach for 3:00. Breaking
news at work came up. Stay out of
trouble.

Tim's mom rushes to the car, and drives off.

Tim sits down on the steps, before walking back inside the
house.

INT. TIM'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tim walks into his bedroom, and puts his basketball shorts
and hoodie on. He opens up his closet door to reveal a duffle
bag with a basketball in it.

Tim's phone rings.

TIM
Hey Mom.

LESLIE
Go to St. Mary's! He's there now
waiting for his team's practice. He
says he has a few hours to work
with you.

TIM
Great! I was about to go to the gym
anyway and get some shots up. I'm
on my way. Thanks!

Tim pockets his phone, and walks out to the living room.

TIM (CONT'D)
Hey, can I use your car to drive to
the High School? I'm meeting coach
for a workout.

MARCUS
No.

TIM
Why?

MARCUS
You know what? I actually forgot I
need to go and get some groceries!
(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Thanks for reminding me bro. What a good friend.

Marcus walks past Tim, grabs his car keys, and walks out of the house.

TIM

Ok. I guess I will walk.

Tim walks out the door.

EXT. ST MARY'S HIGH SCHOOL GYM - MORNING

The building is in the middle of nowhere. Surrounded by trees, it is a big brown building that stands alone.

Tim walks into the gym, looking very frustrated.

INT. ST MARY'S HIGH SCHOOL GYM

Tim walks in the door, revealing an older man, with SWEATPANTS on shooting jump shots on the far side of the court.

TIM

Coach Thompson!

COACH THOMPSON

Long time no see Tim. Your mom called me just about 20 minutes ago. You must be eager for these suicides you are about to run!...just playing, those were the good old days.

TIM

I remember those practices, after we lost a game. I used to always be in first place though.

MARCUS

Actually, I used to be in first place all the time.

Marcus, standing behind Coach and Tim walks up to the both of them.

Startled, Tim and Coach Thompson jump back.

COACH THOMPSON

Marcus! Back again. I haven't been in the gym with you two in 3 years. Good to see you guys are still friends.

TIM

Why are you here? Please leave. Friends? Coach, you have no idea what he does to me.

MARCUS

Tim. I'm offended.
(sarcastically)
I would never do anything to hurt you.

COACH THOMPSON

You both used to be in the middle of the pack, I'll give you that. You definitely did hustle. So what can I do for you Tim?

TIM

I need to hit 30 free throws today in a row.

COACH THOMPSON

You know why they call it a free throw?

TIM

Why?

COACH THOMPSON

Because it's free. There ain't nobody stopping you from hitting free throws, but yourself. It's mental. You gotta tell yourself, I can hit all of these. Go over to the free throw line and shoot some right now.

MARCUS

I'm just gonna watch. I'll be on the sideline.

TIM

Why? Go home. You know what? I'm not gonna let you get to me. Do as you wish.

MONTAGE

- Tim and Coach Thompson walk over to the free throw line. Coach Thompson is rebounding and passing the ball to Tim. Tim makes a few in a row before missing.

BACK TO SCENE

COACH THOMPSON

Remember. The only person stopping you from hitting free throws is yourself.

MARCUS

(yelling)

Coach!! How was the teams game yesterday!

TIM

Marcus, can't you see we are busy?

MARCUS

I just came by to talk to my old basketball coach. Gosh. Don't be rude Tim.

Coach Thompson passes Tim the ball.

After one more shot, Tim grabs KNEES, hunching over with the ball in between his arm and side.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(Laughing)

Tim! Wow. You really needed a whole basketball workout for this free throw challenge?

Sweat drips from Tim's face.

TIM

Please, just leave.

Tim starts to shoot another free throw.

MARCUS

You can do it. You can do it. I believe in you.

Tim brings the ball back down to his side.

TIM

You know what? I'm not doing this anymore. I can't deal with you. Fuck you Marcus.

MARCUS

Do I sense somebody quitting?

Marcus brings out his phone, and starts recording Tim.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Tim challenged me to a basketball
shootout, and now he's backing...

TIM

Just meet me at the gym at 7. I
fucking hate you.

MARCUS

Ok. See you there. I'm going to go
pick up my gear. I left it here
when I was working out yesterday.
Isn't alone time great?

TIM, cringing with ANGER, walks back to sideline of the court
and grabs his water bottle out of his bag.

TIM

Yo! Marcus, I really don't
understand how this makes you feel
better about yourself.

COACH THOMPSON

Alright guys. I'll be in my office.
Haha the bickering between you two
has been the same since high
school. Good old days.

MARCUS

See you coach. Tim, how about a
game of one on one before I leave?

TIM

I guess I have no choice? Otherwise
you are just gonna tell everybody
and their mom that I'm a punk or
something.

MARCUS

You finally get it Tim! I'm proud
of you.

Tim passes Marcus the ball, and they start playing.

Tim shoots the ball, and makes the first shot. Marcus, on his
turn, runs past Tim, and scores. On Tim's next play, Tim runs
to the basket, and gets HIT IN THE BACK, falling to the
ground.

Tim grabs his arm.

TIM

Yo! Are you serious? Dude. You completely just flagrant fouled me. I think I might have broken my arm.

MARCUS

What? No way. I don't see any referees. Oh shit, I'm late to put my laundry in the dryer. I'll see you later Tim.

Tim, laying down on the floor, looks at Marcus with disgust. He grabs his arm, and closes his eyes, face full of pain.

Coach Thompson, walks through the gym doors, and walks over to Tim.

COACH THOMPSON

What happened?

TIM

Marcus fouled me. I fell on my arm. He pushed me from behind. He had no chance of touching the ball.

COACH THOMPSON

Come on. I'll drive you home.

Tim slowly gets up, grabs his bag, and he and Coach Thomposn walk out of the gym.

EXT. ST MARRY'S HIGH SCHOOL GYM - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

The two walk to the car.

INT. COACH THOMPOSN'S CAR

The car is pretty messy. Coach removes some papers from the passenger seat, before Tim climbs in. The two drive off.

Coach Thompson looks over at Tim, who is HUNCHED OVER, GRABBING HIS ARM.

COACH THOMPSON

You might have to use the underhand shot if you want to win today. Like Wilt back in the day. Embarrassing as hell, but it gets the job done. Especially if your arm continues to hurt.

TIM

No way. I would rather lose.

COACH THOMPSON

Hey! Snap out of it. Never say that again. Losing is not an option. That's what I told you boys in High School. Remember? If you want to win more than you're opponent, then you will probably win.

Tim looks over at the coach in silence, the two make eye contact, and he looks forward again.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TIM AND MARCUS'S HOUSE

Tim gets out of the car, and pauses before walking up to the house.

COACH THOMPSON

Remember what I said champ.

Tim walks into the house.

INT. TIM AND MARCUS'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tim walks in the door, and Marcus is sitting down in the living room with SHORTS on and a basketball tank top.

MARCUS

What's wrong? You look hurt. Guess you can't play today huh?

TIM

I'm fine, I'll see you at the gym in an hour.

MARCUS

Ok. I'm about to head there now a little early. I'll see you in a bit.

Marcus grabs a bag from the floor between his legs, and walks out of the house.

Tim sits down on the couch and looks down at his phone. Grabbing his arm, Tim looks up and slouches down into the couch.

He walks to his room, grabs his gym bag, and heads out the door.

INT. ARCHIBALD GYMNASIUM

The court all the way at the back of the gym is full of kids all standing around in different places.

Tim walks into the gym, and walks to the back court.

JUSTIN

Hey everybody look at who it is.
It's loser TIM!

Everybody starts laughing, as Tim puts his sneakers on and walks to the free throw line, where Marcus is standing.

MARCUS

(Sarcastically)

Here you go. Your time to shine. Do your best sweetheart. That's what your mom would say to you right now probably.

MONTAGE

- TIM grabs the basketball begins shooting free throws. After making 28 shots in a row, he grabs his arm, cringing.

- The kids on the sideline, including Justin are speechless, just staring in shock at Tim shooting free throws.

- Tim starts shooting again, and another 8 shots go straight in. After grabbing a water bottle out of his bag, Tim walks back to the court.

BACK TO SCENE

A kid on the sideline holds up a notepad which has the number 28 on it.

MILES

He's getting close to thirty
Marcus.

MARCUS

Shut up. I know this.

TIM

Marcus. Why are you raising you're voice. You seem a bit nervous.

MARCUS

No! You aren't going to hit 2 more
so, I'm not even worried.

Marcus, TREMBLING, looks around the gym.

Tim goes to shoot another free throw, but grabs his arm mid
shot.

TIM

(whispering)
It hurts.

MARCUS

(yelling)
I'm still the champion guys! You
all know it!

TIM

I already beat your record. So even
if I don't, I'm still the champion
of this contest.

Coach Thompson walks into the gym, and stands behind all of
the other kids. Only Tim can see him. He and Tim make eye
contact, and Tim smiles.

JUSTIN

Why don't you just quit now? You
aren't going to make these two.

Tim looks at Justin and SMIRKS. He shoots the last two free
throws underhanded and makes them both. The whole gym stares
in silence, then they start to clap slowly.

Coach Thompson puts a thumbs up, and walks out of the gym.

MARCUS

You actually did it. Oh shit. Those
underhanded shots were ugly...

TIM

But they got the job done. Looks
like you aren't head honcho today
buddy.

Tim grabs the ball, SHOVES it into Marcus's chest and walks
out of the gym. The crowd of kids on the sideline look at
Marcus with disgust, and walk out as well.

EXT. ARCHIBALD GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Tim is standing outside with his phone out, as Marcus walks out of the two doors of the gym with Justin and Miles.

TIM

Showtime.

MARCUS

Really? Now?

TIM

It's a perfect time. Everybody is either at dinner, or walking back to their dorms, so we can definitely film this now.

MARCUS

Tim, that's...

TIM

Wait. I won the challenge I thought.

MARCUS

(Looking down)
You did.

TIM

Exactly. So let's go.

JUSTIN

You have to Marcus, it's only right. Fuck you Tim, you're still a loser.

TIM

Yeah whatever.

Tim pulls out his phone, and Marcus starts running.

FADE TO BLACK.

