

One More Time

screenplay

by

Andrew M.A. Spear

(andyfilm24@gmail.com)

BLACK

SDFX A WOMAN SOBBING

FADE IN:

INT. MCLEAN HOUSE-OUTSIDE DANNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

DANNY, 20, good looking, athletic, leans his head outside the door to his bedroom. Though it is late, he looks wide awake.

DANNY'S P.O.V.

Dark hallway. A dim light comes from downstairs.

SDFX A WOMAN SOBBING

Danny leaves his room and walks down the hallway.

INT. MCLEAN HOUSE-STAIRS - NIGHT

Danny slowly walks down the stairs towards the sound of the crying.

INT. MCLEAN HOUSE-BOTTOM OF STAIRS - NIGHT

Danny can now see into the living room.

DANNY'S P.O.V.

Danny's mother, MARY sits on the couch in the living room, crying.

INT. MCLEAN HOUSE-HALLWAY - NIGHT

Danny walks closer to the light and his mother and stops before entering the living room. He feels bad for his mother but is unsure of what to do.

DANNY

Mum?

INT. MCLEAN HOUSE-LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MARY

(startled)

Danny.

Mary reaches for a box of Kleenex and tries to dry her eyes.

MARY
You can't sleep either?

INT. MCLEAN HOUSE-HALLWAY - NIGHT

Danny slightly nods.

INT. MCLEAN HOUSE-LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mary taps the cushion beside her.

MARY
Come here and sit with me.

Danny walks into the living room and sits beside his mother.
Mary kisses his cheek.

AWKWARD SILENCE

Danny needs time to work up the courage to say something to his mother.

DANNY
I should have been there, Mum.

MARY
(confused)
What are you talking about?

DANNY
The day Dad died. He asked me if I could help him take the boat out of the water. I told him that...the team had a practice. But, we didn't. Instead, I went to the beach with Dale and Ray. And Dad died.

Danny loses control of his emotions and start to cry.

Mary puts her arm around her son and draws him towards her, in an effort to comfort him.

MARY
Danny. It wasn't your fault.

Danny tries to compose himself and finally looks at his mother.

DANNY
I should have been there. Okay, maybe I could have...

MARY
What? Stop him from dying? Listen to me.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

The doctor told me, your father had a massive heart attack. You know what? That heart attack could have happened anywhere, anytime. Were you going to be... everywhere? Now, I don't want you to think about that any more. Your father was always so proud of you. I still remember the morning you were born. He walked into my room in the hospital, sat down beside me and he looked at me with tears in his eyes and said, 'Thank you for giving me a son.' Your father had so many joys in his life. He adored his family. He loved running his own business and his involvement in politics. But, I know that you being born, was his greatest joy of all.

DANNY

I felt like I was leaving him behind, this afternoon, at the cemetery.

MARY

Your father isn't lying in the ground. I don't believe that. He's in a much better place. In fact, he might even be with us here, right now. Listening. Trying to tell us that he's just fine and that we'll see him again. And do you know what? I wouldn't doubt it that he's going to be at your game tomorrow.

DANNY

I'm not going to play.

MARY

What?

DANNY

I'm not going to play in the game, Mom. I don't have it in me.

MARY

You can't believe that. Let Me tell you a story. When my father died, part of me felt that my life was over. Here I was this grown woman with a husband and two young children, and yet, I thought that I would never be happy again. But I was. And it started with you.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

You probably don't remember, but when you were only five years old, you made me a card. You drew a picture of you and me holding hands, and you printed, 'I love my Mummy'. That card brought a smile to my face. It was the first time I smiled after my father died. Something like that will happen for you. When you least expect it, a smile will come to your face, and even if it is for just a brief moment, all the sadness that you're feeling will be gone. And I think that baseball will be that something. You get such joy from playing. Just like your father did. You know, even before we started dating, I'd go watch him play. Oh, my, did he love to play baseball. And he was good. You've seen all his clippings. And let me tell something else. With you playing baseball, and especially because you play it so well, you gave your father a very special gift. The opportunity to relive his youth. In fact when you come up to bat, hit a home run and run those bases. Your father would be running right along side of you. Just like he had all those years ago.

DANNY

But that's just it. I mean, I was playing for him. He was the baseball in me.

MARY

No, no. You've got it wrong. He wasn't the baseball in you. You were all that was left of the baseball in him.

Mary gets off the couch and kneels in front of Danny.

MARY

So, if you want my opinion, I think you should play tomorrow. If not for yourself or your teammates, then do it for your father. Give him the chance to run those bases one more time?

Mary smiles and looks up at Danny who nods.

Mary stands and reaches for Danny and he leans forward to bury his face in his mother's embrace. They hold each other.

FADE TO BLACK.