

SILAS AT THE BAT

Written by

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EXT. GECKO SPORTS COMPLEX - NIGHT

The scoreboard reads "4-4" at the bottom of the 9th. River City Rattler's tall and athletic Catcher SHAWN DONALDSON (19), steps into the batter's box.

Shawn Donaldson knocks the baseball over the fence and touches all bases. He jumps into a group of all his teammates at home plate.

INT. GECKO SPORTS COMPLEX - CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

A line of teammates passes Shawn Donaldson while he packs his gear.

The last teammate leaves the room.

Shawn sits on the wooden bench and looks at his phone.

The door SWINGS open and SLAMS shut.

He looks up from his phone.

Shawn shrugs his shoulders and looks down at his phone.

A baseball bat TAPS three times on the cement floor.

Shawn looks up.

SHAWN DONALDSON
Hey, who's there?

The baseball bat cracks open Shawn Donaldson's skull.

A Shawn Donaldson baseball card with a large "X" is tossed onto his body.

INT. HENDRIX PARK - OFFICE - DAY

SILAS CHAPMAN (47), a bald, pale man with thick wire glasses, sits across from Game Operations Manager CHEWY BANKS (58), an unwashed grizzled fat man.

SUPER: Hendrix Park, one year later.

CHEWY BANKS
You've got impressive
qualifications. tell you what, I'm
gonna offer you the Equipment
Manager position.

Silas smiles.

SILAS CHAPMAN

Thank you, Mr. Banks; I am very grateful for this opportunity.

Chewy smirks.

CHEWY BANKS

You start tomorrow; the Equipment Manager is retiring, so you got one day to train with him, then you're on your own.

INT. HENDRIX PARK - CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Silas and Equipment Manager ALBERT BARONE (70), a skinny and feral older man, stand face-to-face in front of the entranceway.

ALBERT BARONE

I showed you the basics; you should be good. They're not your friends, so don't talk to them.

Silas nods his head.

Albert storms out of the room.

Silas explores the player's lockers and stops at the locker of the suave TRE WILLIAMS (19).

He grabs a picture of Tre next to three beautiful women.

The players return from practice and throw their clothes on the floor.

Silas tosses the dirty clothes in a large hamper.

Silas stares at Tre from the other side of the room.

INT. SILAS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Silas sits at his desk and looks at a stack of baseball cards.

He shuffles the cards and removes a Tre Williams baseball card from the stack. Silas draws a circle around Tre's body.

INT. HENDRIX PARK - CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Silas stacks baseball buckets onto a cart.

Tre walks by Silas.

Silas chases down Tre.

SILAS CHAPMAN

Tre!

Tre stops and turns around.

SILAS CHAPMAN (CONT'D)

Sorry to bother you, but my son is a huge fan of yours, and it would mean the world to him if you could sign this baseball for him.

Tre rolls his eyes.

TRE WILLIAMS

Okay, who should I make it out to? What's your son's name?

Silas smiles.

SILAS CHAPMAN

No need to make it out to any name. Your name is ok.

Tre frowns.

TRE WILLIAMS

Oh, I see; you want my autograph so you can sell it, huh?

Silas clenches his fist into a ball.

TRE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

You're the Equipment Manager, aren't you? You should know better not to harass another player.

Silas smirks.

SILAS CHAPMAN

Okay, that's noted for the future.

Tre walks past Silas.

INT. SILAS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Silas sits at his desk and draws an X over Tre Williams' baseball card.

EXT. HENDRIX PARK - BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Silas watches batting practice.

Large groups of players drop their baseball gloves on the ground and jog into the clubhouse.

Silas cleans up the abandoned equipment.

Tre runs towards him.

TRE WILLIAMS

Who said that you could touch my
equipment? This glove alone costs
more than what you make in a month.

Silas bites his lip until he draws blood.

SILAS CHAPMAN

I was never told anything about not
touching your equipment, but I will
keep that in mind.

EXT. TRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Silas hides behind a bush and looks through binoculars.

Tre sits on his sofa and watches television next to a
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

Silas stands up and lights a cigarette.

He bends over and grabs a baseball bat from the bush.

EXT. TRE'S HOUSE - LATER

Silas picks a window lock and enters Tre's home.

INT. TRE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Silas creeps into the bedroom.

INT. TRE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tre and the women are asleep and have their backs turned away
from each other.

Silas places a chloroform rag over her nose and mouth. Silas
then stabs her with an air-filled needle.

Silas slips back into the dark.

INT. TRE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tre sits on his sofa while he speaks to a clean-cut police officer MITCH ARMSTRONG (33).

TRE WILLIAMS

God, I don't know what happened. We had a few drinks and fooled around. That's it.

Officer Armstrong uses a pen to scratch his head.

OFFICER ARMSTRONG

So you have no idea what could have happened last night?

Tre looks down and covers his face with his hands.

TRE WILLIAMS

I told you, I got no know idea what happened.

Officer Armstrong stands up.

OFFICER ARMSTRONG

Okay, we won't know anything until the toxicology report comes back. Once we receive it, I will follow up with you again. Don't think about going anywhere.

INT. HENDRIX PARK - CLUBHOUSE

Silas watches Tre moves his arms around from a distance while he speaks to the team manager.

Tre walks towards Silas.

SILAS CHAPMAN

Oh, Tre. I already put the pine tar on your bat, just the way you like it.

Tre passes Silas without giving him eye contact.

TRE WILLIAMS

Thanks.

Silas smirks.

EXT. TRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Silas grips a baseball bat while he watches Tre talk on his phone and pace around in his room.

Silas sneaks towards a potted plant and SMASHES it with his baseball bat.

Tre opens his backdoor and discovers a broken pot.

TRE WILLIAMS

Whoever's doing this, please stop.
Do you want money? You can have it.
Just name your price.

INT. HENDRIX PARK - CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Tre sits on the bench and shakes his restless legs.

Silas approaches Tre.

SILAS CHAPMAN

Jesus, man, you look like you
haven't slept in a week.

Tre looks up.

TRE WILLIAMS

I'm fine; I have a lot of stuff on
my mind.

Silas nods his head.

TRE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Please leave me alone. You have a
lot of work to do before the game.

Silas folds his hands together.

SILAS CHAPMAN

Yes, I do. An Equipment Manager's
job never ends. I am sure that
you're going to sleep great
tonight.

Silas walks away.

I/E. HENDRIX PARK - DUGOUT - NIGHT

Tre has one foot on the step and the other on the field.

A baseball bat TAPS three times on the cement.

Tre looks behind him.

SILAS CHAPMAN

(O.S.)

I am not surprised to see you here
at this hour.

He folds his arm and approaches Silas.

TRE WILLIAMS

Listen, dude; I apologize for
acting like a douche toward you.
I'm just under a lot of pressure.

Silas smiles.

SILAS CHAPMAN

Did you know back in my day, I used
to be a Pitcher and Third baseman
in college?

Tre stares at Silas.

SILAS CHAPMAN (CONT'D)

I was pretty good. But, due to my
arm's stress, I had to get career-
ending surgery to repair it.

Tre frowns.

TRE WILLIAMS

I'm sorry to hear that; it's always
a bummer when you can't go out on
your terms.

Silas smirks.

SILAS CHAPMAN

Don't be; I found something else
that I like even more.

Tre squints one eye.

TRE WILLIAMS

What's that? Prepping baseball
equipment?

Silas LAUGHS.

SILAS CHAPMAN

No, not that at all.

Silas CHUCKLES again.

SILAS CHAPMAN (CONT'D)
My passion is beating the piss out
of asshole baseball players who
think they're better than everyone.

Silas STRIKES Tre's knees with the baseball bat.

Tre SCREAMS.

TRE WILLIAMS
You're the one who has been messing
with me.

Silas laughs.

SILAS CHAPMAN
I am the one; you had your chance.
However, you decided to treat me
like crap.

Silas STRIKES Tre's back with the bat.

SILAS CHAPMAN (CONT'D)
Now it's time for you to respect
me.

Silas bludgeons Tre's skull with the baseball bat.

Silas drops a crossed-out baseball card on Tre's corpse.

EXT. HENDRIX PARK - NIGHT

Silas walks outside. He holds a bloody baseball bat over his
shoulder.

A swarm of police cars surrounds him.

Officer Armstrong and a group of POLICE OFFICERS exit their
vehicles.

OFFICER ARMSTRONG
Don't step any closer, or we will
shoot.

Silas walks towards the groups of Officers.

The Officers load Silas' body with bullets.

Silas' lifeless body bleeds out on the ground.