

"The Aggie"

by

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FIRST DRAFT

"THE AGGIE"

FADE IN:

INT. ATTIC - DAY

The attic is dusty and barren. A shaft of sunlight from a lone window illuminates a corner.

Sitting in the light is nine year old TOMMY TAYLOR. He sits Indian style and stares at the floor. A marble, a metallic blue aggie, lies in front of him.

A door in the floor opens and TOMMY'S MOM pokes her head through.

TOMMY'S MOM
Tommy, are you up here?

Tommy doesn't move.

TOMMY'S MOM (cont'd)
Tommy, stop that. Can you hear me?
I said stop that already. I've had
enough of this. Tommy!

Tommy turns.

TOMMY
What?

TOMMY'S MOM
It's a beautiful day, go play
outside.

TOMMY
I don't want to.

TOMMY'S MOM
Tough.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

It is a beautiful spring day. Kids can be heard playing in the distance and a family strolls by walking their dog.

Tommy sits on his front step, his back against the screen door. In his motionless hand, he holds the aggie. He seems transfixed by it.

Tommy's Mom comes to the door.

TOMMY'S MOM
What are you doing?

Tommy doesn't move.

TOMMY
Playing outside.

TOMMY'S MOM
You're not going to meet anybody
sitting on our door step.

TOMMY
I don't want to meet anybody.

TOMMY'S MOM
Get up.

Tommy doesn't. His mom opens the door pushing him in the back.

TOMMY'S MOM (cont'd)
Get up.

Tommy rises begrudgingly.

TOMMY'S MOM (cont'd)
Now go. I don't want to see you in
the house, on the stoop, or in our
yard all afternoon.

Tommy, head hung low, slowly walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIVING ROOM WINDOW - DAY

Tommy's Mom looks disapprovingly out through the window.
Tommy is at the edge of the yard, lying down on the sidewalk,
and staring at his marble.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Tommy is still on the sidewalk. Six inches in front of his
face is the marble. It sparkles in the sunlight.

Two bare feet step onto the sidewalk.

SARAH (9) hovers over Tommy.

SARAH
What are you doing?

Tommy is oblivious.

SARAH (cont'd)
Are you playing marbles?

TOMMY
(without moving)
No.

Sarah kneels down, trying to see what Tommy sees.

SARAH
Is that your marble?

TOMMY
It's an aggie.

SARAH
What are you doing with it?

TOMMY
Trying to move it.

SARAH
With what?

TOMMY
My mind.

Sarah thinks about this.

SARAH
Can I try, too?

TOMMY
It's a free country.

Sarah lies down across from Tommy and mirrors his stare.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIVING ROOM WINDOW - DAY

Tommy's Mom looks out through the window. She sees her son and a girl lying on the sidewalk together on a perfect spring day. She smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

The kids have not moved and neither has the Aggie which is positively brilliant in the sunlight.

They both stare at the marble intensely.

SARAH
I think it moved.

TOMMY
Nope.

SARAH
How do you know?

TOMMY
Because it never moves.

SARAH'S MOM (O.S.)
Sarah!

Sarah perks up.

SARAH
That's my Mom. I have to go have dinner.

Sarah stands up.

SARAH (cont'd)
Will I see you tomorrow?

TOMMY
It's a free country.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Tommy and his PARENTS are eating dinner. Tommy just pokes at his food, swirling peas into mashed potatoes.

TOMMY'S MOM
Tommy made a friend today.

TOMMY'S DAD
Really?

TOMMY
She's not a friend. She's just a
stupid girl.

Tommy's parents exchange smiles.

Tommy reaches into his pocket and pulls out the marble. He
carefully places it on the dining room table.

TOMMY'S DAD
What are you doing?

TOMMY'S MOM
Tommy, what have we said about toys
at the dinner table?

TOMMY'S DAD
Put that away.

Tommy ignores him.

TOMMY'S DAD (cont'd)
If you don't put it away, I'm going
to take it away.

Tommy's Dad reaches for the marble, but Tommy is faster and
slaps his hand down on the marble before his dad can get it.

TOMMY'S DAD (cont'd)
Give me the marble.

Tommy's Dad grabs his son's hand and attempts to pry it open.

TOMMY'S DAD (cont'd)
Give it to me!

The struggle intensifies and Tommy's Mom looks worried.

TOMMY'S MOM
Tommy, stop this!

It is a mortal battle now and as they struggle their hands
slam into Tommy's drink spilling milk across the table.

Tommy's Mom rises and dabs at the milk with her napkin.

Finally Tommy's hand is ripped open.

Tommy's Dad grabs the marble and slams it down at the far end of the table.

TOMMY'S DAD

You are in big trouble, Mister.

Tommy's eyes lock on to the marble.

TOMMY'S DAD (cont'd)

You are going to clean this mess up, finish your dinner, and then go straight to bed. No dessert.

Tommy's mom sits back down.

TOMMY'S MOM

I don't know what to do with him. He's obsessed.

TOMMY'S DAD

He'll be fine. You're just too soft with him.

TOMMY'S MOM

What?

Almost imperceptibly, the marble begins to move.

TOMMY'S DAD

He just needs more discipline.

Slowly it picks up speed, rolling across the table and through the milk spill. Tommy's parents don't notice a thing.

TOMMY'S MOM

Why is that *always* the answer with you?

TOMMY'S DAD

Why is that *never* the answer with you?

The Aggie rolls off the table, plummets downward, and SMACKS the floor.

Tommy's parents hear it, stop arguing, and turn to look at the marble.

It is frozen and all is silent.

They turn and look at Tommy.

His concentration breaks and he smiles for the first time all day.

FADE OUT.