

SHUTTLECOCK

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD - DAY

Three LOSERS (20s) dressed in athletic attire, sporting gloomy expressions, and perspiring profusely, sit, crisscross applesauce, on a well groomed lawn, watching a game of badminton.

The two competitors, SOCRATES Balls and MACHISMO Puss (20s) are both agile, fiercely competitive, and laser focused on smacking shuttlecock. Socrates blasts the shuttlecock.

A REFEREE (30) grizzly, uniformed up, and filled with regrets, tracks the shuttlecock as it flies through the air, soaring well past Machismo.

The rogue shuttlecock strikes the Loser in the middle, STEVIE, in the face.

FREEZE FRAME: SHUTTLECOCK STRIKING STEVIE

Stevie's face features a fearful expression at the moment of impact.

STEVIE (V.O.)

Hey, I'm Stevie. That's me, taking a hot shuttlecock to the kisser.

BACK TO SCENE

Stevie falls back, collects himself, collects the shuttlecock, and stands. The ref blows his WHISTLE.

STEVIE (V.O.)

You're probably asking yourself, "What's going on here?". Well, believe it or not, this is the final round of the World Series of Badminton. I lost in the semis.

Stevie walks over to Machismo, and hands him the shuttlecock.

STEVIE (V.O.)

That's Machismo. He won the Peruvian Badminton National Championship... By default. The other Peruvian Badminton player sprained her ankle... He's one of the greats.

The ref blows his WHISTLE. The championship match reignites, with a strong serve from Machismo. Socrates sends it back. A long rally ensues.

STEVIE (V.O.)

Now you're probably thinking, "This kid is full of shit. This ain't the World Series of Badminton". Well, fuck you. You're part of the problem. It's people like you, with no awareness of the badminton community, that confine us to GREG's backyard.

The loser on the left, GREG, waves.

STEVIE (V.O.)

Which truthfully, isn't all bad. Greg's mom makes pretty dope cookies.

INT. SUBURBAN KITCHEN - DAY

Greg's MOM (50s) a very nice lady, wearing an apron, and sporting a smile, pulls a tray of cookies from the oven.

STEVIE (V.O.)

She's a nice lady.

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD - DAY

The epic badminton match continues. Socrates smacks the shuttlecock. Machismo smacks the shuttlecock back.

STEVIE (V.O.)

Now you're definitely thinking, "Those cookies look nice, but this kid is so completely full of shit. Don't blame me for the failures of badminton." Well, you're right. No one is to blame for badminton's failures except for badminton.

The rally rages on, with both players struggling to catch their breath. As Socrates smacks the shuttlecock, a sinister smile cracks across his face.

SOCRATES

Knock. Knock.

Machismo scowls as he strikes the shuttlecock.

SOCRATES (CONT'D)  
I said, "Knock! Knock!".

Socrates blasts the shuttlecock.

MACHISMO  
Who's there?

Machismo returns the shuttlecock.

SOCRATES  
Budweiser.

Socrates sends the shuttlecock high in the air. Machismo tracks it through the air and smacks it back.

MACHISMO  
Budweiser who?

Socrates strikes the shuttlecock, delivering his punchline.

SOCRATES  
Budweiser mom always trying to fuck  
me?

Machismo dives for the shuttlecock. He falls short. The shuttlecock lands. Referee blows his WHISTLE.

REFEREE  
Point Socrates. Score is twenty  
all. Next point wins.

Machismo gathers himself, scoops up the shuttlecock, and prepares to serve.

STEVIE (V.O.)  
Sucks for Machismo. That asshole  
telling old knock knock jokes is  
Socrates, and yeah he's an asshole.  
That's the thing about competitive  
badminton. It doesn't attract the  
nicest people.

The third loser, BRAD, takes off his hat and leans back.

A tattoo on his forehead reads: "THUG"

STEVIE (V.O.)  
Like I said, badminton has  
problems.

Machismo serves. Sunlight glistens off the shuttlecock as it spirals upward.

STEVIE (V.O.)

That thing is a great example. Do you know what that's called?

The shuttlecock turns downward.

STEVIE (V.O.)

That's a shuttlecock. I know. It's ridiculous. Badminton has no balls.

Socrates tracks the falling shuttlecock, sets his feet, swings, and misses. The ref blows his WHISTLE.

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD - DAY (LATER)

The three losers and Socrates sit on the lawn, watching the Referee place a gold medal around Machismo's neck.

STEVIE (V.O.)

Now, I'll bet you're thinking, "What was the point of that? Why did I watch that? I still don't think that was the World Series of Badminton. I'm pretty sure it's in the Olympics."

Tears of joy well up and fall from Machismo's eyes.

STEVIE (V.O.)

Well, I'll answer you're first question. There was no point. Badminton is pointless, and you should just play tennis.

Machismo triumphantly raises his racket in the air, resembling He-Man's iconic pose.

MACHISMO

I did it! I'm the greatest in the world!

The crowd of five CLAPS. A neighbor's dog BARKS.

FADE TO BLACK.

Leah and Scott's  
Siblings