

INT. BRANDON'S BEDROOM- MORNING

A loud noise begins to break into BRANDON'S, 19 dream. It sounds like a rock HITTING THE FLOOR over and over again.

Bradon wakes up in fright.

He realizes it's his father CHRISTOPHER, 53 pounding on his door.

CHRISTOPHER

"Let's go Bradon, get up!"

Brandon looks to the right and reads 6:14 am on his alarm, a whole minute before he had to be awake.

Brandon sighs and reluctantly gets out of his worn-down bed.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

The smell of coffee fills the hall as Brandon walks to the kitchen.

CLAUDIA

Here, don't forget to check your email about the Rockets.. today's the day.

His mom CLAUDIA, 51 says while handing him coffee and breakfast in a bag

Brandon looks at his mom and shrugs, grabbing the bag from her and giving her a kiss on the cheek before leaving

CLAUDIA

I mean it!

BRANDON

Yeah yeah, I will.

Brandon walks out the door leaving his mom alone in the kitchen.

INT. CAR- MORNING

Silence fills the car as Brandon and his father are going to work.

Christopher reaches for the radio and plays the daily news.

Brandon stares out of the window, annoyed.

CHRISTOPHER

You got something to say?

BRANDON

No sir.

The tension builds in the car.

CHRISTOPHER

I want those orders out faster today,
stop daydreaming back there, you're
gonna run my business to the ground.

BRANDON

Yes sir.

Brandon continues to stare outside the window.

INT. DINER- MORNING

Brandon unlocks the red worn-out back door to the diner. As he walks in the smell of burgers and fries lingers around the kitchen, hitting him at once. He appears disgusted.

Christopher walks in from the shiny blue front door, coming inside, and turning on all of the neon lights that bring life to the building. He flips the sign from "closed" to "open" on the door.

As Brandon is wiping down the kitchen counter to prepare for today's meals, ELENA, 18 walks through the back door.

ELENA

Early morning?

Elena walks by Brandon smiling and puts her jacket on the hanger. Proceeding to put her long brown hair up in a bun.

Brandon immediately blushes.

BRANDON

Isn't it always.

They both let out a small laugh.

People begin to enter the diner, immediately greeted by Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER

Doug! Long time no see, please have a
seat what can I get started for you.

Brandon watches his father's interactions with Doug. He zones out thinking about it.

The loud sound of a bell quickly snaps him out of it.

ELENA

Orders up!

Elena smiles at Brandon.

Brandon smiles back and grabs the order.

INT. DINER- NIGHT

The once filled-up blue and silver diner is now empty. All of the chairs moved out of place, and the giant silver sink in the back is filled.

Brandon wipes down the tables and chairs.

CHRISTOPHER

I want this place spotless. When I'm done with my call you better be done.

Christopher walks out to his new white truck, placing his phone to his ear, immediately putting on a smile for the person he's speaking to.

Brandon watches his smile grow. He looks to the ground in disappointment, grabs the washcloth, continuing on with the table he was on before, but this time cleaning with more aggression.

-15 MINUTES LATER-

Elena's hand covers Brandons, preventing him from cleaning the kitchen counter. Their eyes lock.

ELENA

Go home Brandon, you're exhausted, I've got this, Ill lock up.

BRANDON

No, it's fin-.

Brandon is cut off

ELENA

Go.

They both look at each other and smile. Brandon puts down the

rag and walks towards his jacket. He brushes his short brown hair back with his fingers.

BRANDON
Thanks, Elena, I owe you.

ELENA
Yeah yeah.

She laughs.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Brandon walks out of the back and leaves the trash in the dumpster. He feels his phone buzzing in his pockets and grabs it. Noticing it's an unknown number he looks confused.

BRANDON (ON PHONE)
Hello?

COACH D'ANTONI (ON PHONE)
Is this Brandon Moore?

BRANDON (ON PHONE)
Yes..

Brandon says nervously.

COACH D'ANTONI (ON PHONE)
This is coach Mike D'Antoni. Listen, kid, we got your application in the mail, and we're impressed, how would you feel about coming down here to Houston and interning for the team.

BRANDON (ON PHONE)
I.. I.. um...

Brandon is in disbelief.

COACH D'ANTONI (ON PHONE)
Alright well, how about you let me know within the next 72 hours. Just give me a call back on this number, let's make this happen, kid.

Coach hangs up.

Brandon stands there lost for words.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brandon walks into his country-style kitchen and smells the food his mom left in the oven for him.

CLAUDIA

Hey! How was your day?

Claudia walks out from the hallway smiling at Brandon.

Brandon gives a small smile back and walks to his room. Still in shock Brandon begins to pace back and forth in his room, attempting to understand what just happened. He sits on his bed covering his face with his hands.

Claudia walks in and appears worried.

CLAUDIA

What's going on?

BRANDON

Nothing mom, just go away.

Brandon says still buried inside of his hands.

Claudia sits next to Brandon on top of his navy blue plaid sheets.

CLAUDIA

Talk to me.

She places her hand on his back.

Brandon takes a deep breath, still buried in his hands he mumbles.

BRANDON

I got a call from the Houston Rockets.

CLAUDIA

Brandon, I'm sorry, there's going to be other opportunities-

BRANDON

They offered me a job.

Claudia shoots up from his bed in shock.

CLAUDIA

What?!

BRANDON
I can't go, mom.

CLAUDIA
What are you talking about?

Claudia crosses her arms.

BRANDON
Dad needs me, the diner won't last if
I leave.

Claudia releases a large sigh, crouching down to Brandon, and moving his hands out of his face.

CLAUDIA
You let me and your father worry about
that. You're going, end of discussion.

BRANDON
Have you even told him I applied?

Brandon's bedroom door opens aggressively and his father walks in.

CHRISTOPHER
Told me what?

Brandon and his mother sit in shock, not knowing what to say they look at one another and back at Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER
Told me what, Claudia?

Christopher's tone begins to sound more aggressive.

Claudia slowly stands up

CLAUDIA
Chris, Brandon has an amazing
opportunity to go intern for the
Houston Rockets.

CHRISTOPHER
What?

Christopher appears betrayed and disappointed.

CLAUDIA
I was going to tell you, but-

CHRISTOPHER
But what Claudia? What about the
diner?

Christopher shifts his focus to Brandon still sitting on his
bed.

CHRISTOPHER
And what about you hotshot? You get a
little internship and forget about
family all of a sudden?

Christopher begins walking towards Brandon in rage.

Brandon quickly stands up.

BRANDON
No-I-I

CHRISTOPHER
I-I- what Brandon? You have never been
grateful for what we give you. You see
this?

Christopher points at the poster on Brandon's wall with the
Houston Rockets team's autographs on it. He rips it off with
force.

CHRISTOPHER
It's a dream, you won't get anywhere
with it, ever. You need to be in the
diner working hard like me and your
mother do.

Brandon rolls his eyes and starts stepping forward.

Christopher blocks him

CHRISTOPHER
Where you going? Huh?

BRANDON
Move.

CHRISTOPHER
Excuse me?

BRANDON
Move!

Brandon shoves Christopher and Christopher slaps him. Claudia

gasps and Brandon appears enraged.

CLAUDIA

Chris! Enough!

Christopher continues to stare at Brandon in anger, and turns around, leaving the room, avoiding eye contact with Claudia.

Claudia wipes a tear from her face and looks at Brandon with sympathy.

CLAUDIA

Go.

Brandon nods. Claudia walks out of the room, and Brandon grabs his blue Nike duffle bag, stuffing it with as much clothing as he can. He walks to his bathroom, grabs a toothbrush from his cabinet, and walks back into his room to grab his charger. Directly to the right of the charger is a polaroid photo of his father, his brother who has passed away, his mom, and himself. He looks at the joy in their eyes and feels a moment of remorse. Brandon snaps out of it, stuffs the polaroid in his pocket, grabbing his duffle bag and barging out of the house.

CHRISTOPHER

Where the hell do you think you're going?

Christopher follows Brandon out of the front door. Claudia quickly follows also.

CLAUDIA

Chris, enough, let him go, come here.

She reaches out her hand to him. Christopher rolls his eyes at Claudia, ignoring her hand, and goes back inside. Claudia looks at Brandon with a faint smile. Brandon gives a faint smile back and begins jogging to the bus stop.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Brandon sits on the scratched-up, rusted silver bench, and waits for his bus. He grabs his phone out of his pocket and dials for Coach D'Antoni's number. He gets sent to voicemail because it's after office hours.

BRANDON (VOICEMAIL)

Hi, um, Coach D'Antoni? This is Brandon, Brandon Moore. I'm not sure when you'll get this but things have

changed, and I'll be in Houston tomorrow. Please give me a call back when you can, thanks.

He hangs up placing the phone back in his pocket just in time for the bus to get there.

INT. HOTEL- MORNING

Brandon wakes up in a squicky old bed with floral sheets, inside of his hotel, hearing this phone ringer going off. He lunges for his phone.

BRANDON (ON PHONE)

Hello?

COACH D'ANTONI (ON PHONE)

Brandon! Great to hear from you kid, you ready to start working?

BRANDON (ON PHONE)

Yes, yes sir.

COACH D'ANTONI (ON PHONE)

I'll see you here at 9:30 then.

Coach hangs up and Brandon smiles, jumping out of bed to get ready

INT. STADIUM- MORNING

Brandon walks up to the huge red doors, pushing them open and walking into the stadium. He gasps and walks up to the court, and in disbelief, he hesitates to put his foot on it but does anyway. He walks to the center of the court looking around he embraces every second.

COACH D'ANTONI

Looks like you found your way here just fine.

Brandon is startled and turns around seeing Coach in the bleachers smiling at him.

INT. NEW APARTMENT- MORNING

-2 YEARS LATER-

Brandon grabs a moving box from the truck and brings it inside of his brand new 2 bedroom apartment. Leaving his phone on top of the box, while telling the movers where to

put his furniture.

Elena walks in with another box, smiling at Brandon he leans in for a quick kiss. She puts the box down while Brandon goes to get another. Before Elena turns around she hears Brandon's phone vibrating on the box. She picks it up and brings it outside.

ELENA

Babe, someone calling.

She passes the phone to Brandon who looks confused, he sees it's a number that's not saved on his phone.

BRANDON (ON PHONE)

Hello?

CHRISTOPHER (ON PHONE)

Brandon? Hey, it's dad.

Brandon freezes in shock, not knowing what to say.

CHRISTOPHER (ON PHONE)

You don't have to say anything. But your mother has been giving me updates and I just wanted to let you know...

Christopher stops talking.

BRANDON (ON PHONE)

Wanted me to know what dad?

CHRISTOPHER (ON PHONE)

I'm proud of you.

A tear falls from Brandon's face.

CHRISTOPHER (ON PHONE)

I'm so sorry Brandon, you did what was right for you, and I was too selfish to see it. Please come home to visit soon, we miss you... I miss you son.

BRANDON (ON PHONE)

I-uh- sure dad, sure.

CHRISTOPHER (ON PHONE)

Give Elena our best wishes also. I'll see you soon son.

Christopher hangs up. Brandon still in shock wipes the tear

away and looks up to see Elena appearing worried.

ELENA

What's wrong? Who was it?

BRANDON

My dad. He, wants us to come visit.

He lets out a small laugh looking down at his phone. Elena walks up to him smiling and grabs him, giving him a hug.

THE END.