

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

YOUNG JOHN and his MOTHER are lounging in the room. JOHN sits on the floor playing with his toys (preferably toy soldiers), MOTHER sits on the couch reading a magazine. JOHN tosses a toy across the room.

YOUNG JOHN

Ka-pow!

MOTHER

John! You know better not to throw things in *this* house!

YOUNG JOHN

Sorry, mom.

Young John hangs his head and drops the toys in his hand.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Guests are mingling in the yard during a barbecue. FRIEND is sitting in a lawn chair by the house talking to a couple of other lawn chair enthusiasts. John runs around playing tag with a couple kids his age. Young John runs past friend.

FRIEND

Hey, John! Toss me a soda from the cooler, would ya?

Young John sighs in annoyance and rolls his eyes.

YOUNG JOHN

Sure.

Young John sulks to the cooler and pulls out a can. He waits for a person to pass and then tosses the soda to friend. Friend fails to catch the soda, and the soda flies past him towards mother. The can hits mother's leg, and she turns to see Young John looking pale with guilt.

MOTHER

What have I told you! Why do I have to say it over and over again! You better stop throwing things, boy, or I'm gonna have to whoop you in front of all these people! Is that what you want?

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Young John quickly shakes his head, and friend looks sheepish but doesn't say anything to mother.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Now go on.

YOUNG JOHN

Sorry, mom.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

TEENAGE JOHN is standing on the pitcher's mound. BASEBALL PLAYER #1 is standing at home plate, COACH is standing in the pit, and the crowd is cheering and hollering.

COACH

Come on, John! Just like we practiced!

Teenage John looks around at the crowd and the other players. He spots his mom in the crowd, and looks down in embarrassment.

TEENAGE JOHN

(barely audible) Um...

BASEBALL PLAYER #1

Throw the ball already!

Teenage John takes a deep breath and gets ready to throw the ball - a look of determination on his face. The crowd sighs in relief and gets quiet with anticipation. Baseball Player #1 gets ready to hit the ball. Teenage John freezes in his pitching stance. After a few awkward seconds, he loosens his arms and looks at the ball. He sighs and walks the ball to Baseball Player #1.

TEENAGE JOHN

Here you go.

The crowd moans collectively. Baseball Player #1 straightens in disbelief. He tosses the bat toward Teenage John -- hitting him in the stomach -- and walks off the field. Teenage John falls to the ground in pain. Coach is kicking the dirt and yelling back at angry crowd members. The crowd begins throwing insults at Teenage John, who is laying face up on the dirt at home plate.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

JOHN and SOLDIER are crouching behind a blockade while people are firing in the background. Soldier throws two grenades and

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then peers over the blockade.

SOLDIER

That was my last one! You got anymore?

JOHN

(Pulling a grenade out of a bag slowly) Yeah...

SOLDIER

Do it!

JOHN

Um, do you want to do it?

SOLDIER

Just throw it now!

John looks over the blockade.

JOHN

Okay.

John pulls the needle and rolls the the grenade on the ground towards the enemy, but it doesn't go far. Soldier watches John in utter horror.

SOLDIER

What th-

The grenade explodes.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

A welcome home banner hangs in the living room. John's friends and family fill the house. John and WIFE walk through the door, and everyone yells "surprise!" John hugs a few people.

JOHN

It's so good to see you guys again!

John turns and kisses his wife with a smile on his face.

INT JOHN'S HOUSE - LATER

John is standing in the kitchen and FRIEND is sitting on couch.

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FRIEND

Hey, John! Toss me a soda, would ya?

John flashes back to that moment at the barbecue so long ago. He shakes the memory away and finally gets a soda for the friend out of the fridge. He walks over and hands it to the friend.

JOHN

Here you go.

FRIEND

You know, John, it's okay to throw things sometimes. You don't have to freak out about it all the time.

JOHN

(Embarrassed) I know it's kind of weird, but mom always --

FRIEND

I know what your mom always said. She was always hard on you and a bit short-tempered. But you're a grown man now, kid. You don't need that kind of thing haunting you your whole life.

JOHN

(Thinks for a minute) Yeah. Yeah, I guess you're right.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

Wife is sitting on the couch. LITTLE GIRL prances up to her with a toy in a box.

LITTLE GIRL

Can you open this for me?

WIFE

Of course!

Wife tries to open it but can't. JOHN walks through the living room, heading toward the next room.

WIFE (CONT'D)

Hey, John Can you get me the scissors, please?

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JOHN

Yeah, sure.

John walks into the kitchen and grabs the scissors from their location in a drawer. He pops his head back into the living room.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Here you go! (He tosses the scissors from the doorway toward his wife and kid)

Wife tries her best to brace for the impact. The scissors hit her face, and she leans forward, moaning.

WIFE

Ouch. Why the *hell* would you do that?!

JOHN

Oh my god! Are you okay?

John runs over to help Wife. Little girl is standing there with a look of horror on her face. She begins screaming as Wife takes the scissors out of her eye.

WIFE

No, I am not!

Her eye is bleeding profusely, and John is frozen in shock. The voice of his mother plays in his head: *You know better not to throw things inside this house!*

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.