

SET FREE

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PREVIEW ONLY

FADE IN:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

As the sun sets, a beat-up, GTO drives.

INT/EXT. GTO - DAY

MASON (40s) worn-out, unkept, beer-belly, drives. CONNOR (13), bright-eyed, inquisitive, in a high school football jersey, sits in the passenger seat.

Mason looks around at the vast farm fields.

MASON

Haven't been on this road in years.

CONNOR

Why'd you bring this clunker, anyways?

MASON

She's a classic, boy. Finally got the motor running again.

He picks up a beer bottle from a cup holder, takes a swig.

CONNOR

Thought you were gonna quit.

MASON

Sound like your mother.

CONNOR

Thought you were trying to work things out too.

MASON

I'm trying, Connor.

Connor rolls his eyes.

MASON (CONT'D)

Please, don't give me shit. I had drive you all the way out here for your game.

CONNOR

Sorry to inconvenience you.

Conner upset, stares out the window.

MASON
Came out wrong. Not what I meant.

CONNOR
It's okay.

MASON
I love watching you play.

CONNOR
Who were we playing against?

MASON
What?

CONNOR
Who were we playing against?

MASON
Uh, I... I don't know. They had
black jerseys.

CONNOR
They were dark green. Ashville
Titans.

MASON
Goddamnit! I was paying attention.

Connor glances at the beer bottle.

MASON (CONT'D)
This how we gonna start the
weekend? You sassing me like your
mother?

They pass a GIRL hitchhiking on the side of the road. Connor
looks back at her.

CONNOR
Hey! Stop!