

ROCKIN' ROBY

Written by

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EXT. CHURCH - EVENING

A sign reads "Saint Patricks Catholic Church."

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

A sign on the door reads "AA meeting 8pm." People laugh.

Inside the room, ROBBIE ROBISON, a late fifties burnout in a rock n' roll t-shirt, speaks to a small AA GROUP. His hand shakes.

ROBBIE

So there I was. Face to face with Jake Leinenkugel. President of Leinenkugel Brewing, and he says to me. "My brother tells me you were a pretty good foosball player."

The AA GROUP laughs.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Was? Yeah--yeah that was a long time ago I says. I don't play anymore... and ahh, anyway... so he offers me a beer... and I'm like... okay, It's Jake Fucking--

Robbie covers his mouth.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Sorry. It's Jake Fucking Leinenkugel.

Everyone laughs.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

I mean the guy has a canoe in almost every bar in Northern Wisconsin. How could I say no... anyway... that was one year ago... and that was the last time I had a drink.

The AA GROUP claps. SIMMY, A large jolly man in his early seventies, stands up and hugs Robbie.

SIMMY

I'm so proud of you Robbie.

AA GROUP

Great story Robbie!/Now that's
temptation./Proud of you Robbie.

Simmy hands Robbie a coin that reads "One day at a time,
unity, service, recovery."

SIMMY

Thank you for sharing. Excellent
story telling Robbie, and yes--
temptation is all around us. We are
not perfect. You are not alone.

Robbie sits down and takes a sip of coffee. His hand
twitches. He spills.

ROBBIE

Shit.

A woman, CASSIE, late forties, touches his hand.

CASSIE

Easy Robbie.

Robbie clears his throat.

ROBBIE

Well, I might as well come clean
about that.

The room goes silent.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

I have Parkinson's.

AA GROUP

Oh no!/Sorry Robbie./Yeah, sorry
Robbie.

ROBBIE

I just found out this week.

GARY, a late-forties deadhead, blurts out.

GARY

My mom has Parkinson's.

SIMMY

See. You're never alone.

ROBBIE

I haven't even started taking my
medication yet.

GARY
 (laughs)
 Well, you're definitely gonna wanna
 start taking it.

The AA GROUP sighs.

CASSIE
 Jesus Gary!

SIMMY
 It's not that obvious.

GARY
 What?... He's gonna need it!

EXT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Robbie leans up against the stone church. He lights a
 cigarette.

AA members shuffle by.

AA MAN
 Great story Robbie. Congrats man.

ROBBIE
 Thanks man.

Cassie gives Robbie a smile.

CASSIE
 Congratulations Robbie. I'm so
 proud of you. I'm nearing my one
 year!

ROBBIE
 I know you are Cassie. Keep it
 going.

CASSIE
 I will.

GARY
 Hey Robbie, sorry--I didn't mean --

ROBBIE
 Don't worry about it. No big deal.
 I know you mean well.

GARY
 Thanks man. Sometimes I just don't
 know what to say.

Robbie giggles.

ROBBIE
Me too man. Me too.

GARY
Hey man, you wanna hit the Up Down
and play some pinball?

Robbie's phone rings. He pulls it out of his pocket.

INSERT - ROBBIE'S SMART PHONE

The screen reads "Winter Robison."

BACK TO SCENE

ROBBIE
Maybe next time. I gotta take this.

GARY
Okay, have a good night Robbie. See
ya next time.

Robbie answers the call.

ROBBIE
Hi peanut.

WINTER (V.O.)
(filtered)
Ughh Dad, why do you still call me
that?

ROBBIE
Sorry. Old habits are hard to
break.

WINTER (V.O.)
Yes they are. Hey, congrats on your
one year of sobriety dad. I'm happy
for you.

ROBBIE
Thanks peanut.

WINTER (V.O.)
You did it again.

ROBBIE
Ope--sorry.

WINTER (V.O.)

That's okay. I'm just giving you a hard time. I actually still kind of like it.

ROBBIE

That's comforting.

Robbie takes a drag of his cigarette.

WINTER (V.O.)

So what's next dad? You gonna quit smoking?

Robbie exhales.

ROBBIE

But they taste so good with coffee.

Winter giggles.

WINTER (V.O.)

Seriously dad... you need to quit. I know you can do it.

ROBBIE

Baby steps. Baby steps Winter.

WINTER (V.O.)

I guess so.

ROBBIE

Winter, are you available to meet for coffee Saturday morning? I have some things I need to discuss.

WINTER (V.O.)

Is everything okay?

ROBBIE

Yeah--no--no--yeah. Look, can we just meet up? I miss you. I want to see you.

WINTER (V.O.)

I can meet you. Where you wanna go?

ROBBIE

Hmmm... How about that place you like, the place where the waitresses treat you like shit.

WINTER (V.O.)

Oh--The Bad Waitress.

ROBBIE
Yeah that's the place. Let's meet
there. Ten o'clock.

WINTER (V.O.)
Sounds good dad. See you then.

ROBBIE
Love you peanut --

Winter hangs up the phone.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
See you soon.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Robbie drives. Heavy metal music plays on the radio. He
sings.

Robbie drives by a homeless man on the side of the road. He
pays no attention to him.

Robbie pulls into a Kwik Trip gas station.

EXT. KWIK TRIP - CONTINUOUS

Robbie pumps gas.

After a beat: Robbie goes inside.

INT. KWIK TRIP

Robbie picks up bananas and glazer donuts. He approaches the
register.

CLERK
Did you have any gas today?

ROBBIE
I did earlier, but I'm feeling much
better now.

The clerk giggles. Robbie snickers.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Pump six... and a pack of Winston
lights please.

CLERK
Anything else?

ROBBIE
Uhhh... gimme twenty bucks on those
scratch offs.

Robbie points to the Minnesota Viking scratch offs.

CLERK
Are you a rewards member?

ROBBIE
You betcha.

CLERK
\$64.60 please.

Robbie swipes his kwik trip card and pays cash.

ROBBIE
Here ya go.

The Clerk hands him change. Robbie dumps it in the donation bucket.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Robbie eats pizza and watches Seinfeld reruns. He laughs at Kramer.

Robbie's phone buzzes. He picks it up.

INSERT - ROBBIE'S SMART PHONE

The screen reads "Congrats Roby. One year sober?"

Robbie replies "Yup."

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie's phone buzzes again. He picks it up.

INSERT - ROBBIE'S SMART PHONE

The screen shows a flyer for the Minnesota State Foosball Championships.

Someone types "Wanna play foosball? - Tom."

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie smirks.

INSERT - ROBBIE'S SMART PHONE

Robbie types "I'm not sure I can even play anymore."

Tom replies "It's like riding a bike. You never forget."

Robbie types "It's more complicated than that."

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie's phone rings. He groans, but picks it up.

ROBBIE
Hey Tom, how ya doing?

TOM (V.O.)
(filtered)
I'm doing well. How you doing
partner?

ROBBIE
I've been okay I guess.

TOM (V.O.)
I see someone is bringing a state
tournament back to Minnesota.

ROBBIE
I saw that.

TOM (V.O.)
You should dust off that table
downstairs and practice up.

ROBBIE
I don't know Tom. It's been a long
time. I'm not sure I can play
anymore.

Robbie's hand shakes.

TOM (V.O.)
Oh come on! It will be good for
you. Keeps yer mind off other
things.

ROBBIE
Yeah... I get that.

TOM (V.O.)

Why don't you come on down to Jimmy's Saturday. They have a monthly byp. I know you can play with these guys.

ROBBIE

Let me think about it. I have to meet up with my daughter on Saturday.

TOM (V.O.)

Okay, no problem, no worries, just let me know.

ROBBIE

Will do.

TOM (V.O.)

Oh, and Roby... Congrats again man. One year sober is a big step. Keep it going man.

ROBBIE

Thanks Tom.

TOM (V.O.)

You betcha.

Robbie hangs up the phone.

INT. BASEMENT - LATE NIGHT

Robbie's basement is littered with foosball trophies and plaques. Another area has military pictures and medals. An American flag covers a Tornado foosball table. Robbie stares at a picture of some old army pals.

Robbie removes the flag and properly folds it into a triangle. He dusts off the table.

After a beat: Robbie notices some vhs tapes on a bookshelf.

Robbie grabs one. It reads "Super Doubles 1996." He places it in an old vhs player.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL 1996

-- Robbie passes to his three bar.

-- Robbie scores a pull shot. He flashes devil horns.

-- His opponents shake their heads.

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie laughs. He fast forwards the tape a bit.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL 1996

-- Robbie rocks the table.

-- His opponent calls a jar.

-- Robbie argues.

-- Robbie slams a beer.

-- His opponents shake their heads.

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie shakes his head. He ejects the tape and grabs another one. It reads "WI State 1998." He puts it in the vhs player.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL 1998

-- Robbie hammers a five bar shot. He scores.

-- Robbie flashes devil horns.

-- Robbie spills beer on the table.

-- His opponent yells at him.

-- Robbie flips him off.

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie shakes his head.

ROBBIE

Oh shit, I forgot about that part.

Robbie fast forwards the tape a bit.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL 1998

- Robbie plays goalie.
- Robbie gets scored on and throws his rod in anger.
- The rod hits his opponents arm.
- His opponent yells at him.
- Robbie slams his beer.
- His opponent grabs him.
- Robbie punches him in the face.

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie shakes his head in disappointment.

ROBBIE

Man, I was such an asshole.

Robbie ejects the tape and grabs another one. It reads "MN State 2000." He puts it in the vhs player.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL 2000

- Robbie passes to his three bar.
- Robbie scores a pull shot. He flashes devil horns.
- Robbie sips whiskey.
- His opponents switch positions.

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie laughs.

ROBBIE

Man, I had those guys flustered.

Robbie fast forwards the tape a bit.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN - FOOSBALL 2000

Robbie appears drunk.

JIM STEVENS (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Jim Stevens back with you here at
 Minnesota State with more fantastic
 foosball.

Robbie rocks the table.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Ohh! Roby rocks the table there
 Jim! He's getting very aggressive!

JIM STEVENS (V.O.)
 Indeed he is.

His opponent stops and calls a jar.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Yeah, he's gonna call a jar there
 Jim! Very shaky business.

JIM STEVENS (V.O.)
 It appears Roby doesn't agree. He
 wants it on the five rod. Jon
 should get it on the three rod.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Yeah, he's not happy. Roby reaches
 for the whiskey. He pounds it!

JIM STEVENS (V.O.)
 This is ridiculous. Jon's now
 getting in Roby's face.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Roby does not look well Jim.

Robbie throws up on the foosball table.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Oh snap! Roby threw up on the
 table!

JIM STEVENS (V.O.)
 Oh no! That's disgusting.

Robbie pukes on his opponent.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Oh shit! He puked all over that
guy! What is happening here?

JIM STEVENS (V.O.)
Yeah, and now he's going after
Roby.

His opponent punches Robbie in the face.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Oh snap! Roby is down for the count
Jim! Oh no, here comes security.

JIM STEVENS (V.O.)
What a day here at Minnesota State
Foosball. Is this how you guys play
foosball up here?

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(laughs)
That's not normally how we do it
Jim.

JIM STEVENS (V.O.)
That's embarrassing. I'm disgusted.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Clean up! Table 1!

JIM STEVENS (V.O.)
It's really sad was has become of
the great Rockin' Roby Robison. A
once rising star on the foosball
circuit, now a town drunk no one
wants to play with. Yeah, they're
gonna need someone to clean that
up.

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie ejects the tape. He's disgusted.

ROBBIE
Man, that was so embarrassing.

Robbie sighs. He lights a cigarette.

EXT. INTERACT CENTER - DAY

A sign reads "Interact Center for Visual and Performing Arts." Robbie rolls a cart stacked with bins. He enters the building.

INT. INTERACT CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Robbie greets a gal at the front desk.

ROBBIE
Hello there.

RECEPTIONIST
Hello Robbie.

Robbie squirts sanitizer on his hands and rubs them together.

ROBBIE
How ya doing today?

RECEPTIONIST
(smiles)
Doing well.

ROBBIE
Good to hear.

Robbie signs the log book. Robbie walks through the art room.

ART ROOM

Excited Art students welcome Robbie.

ART STUDENTS
Hi Robbie!/Is that Robbie?/Hey,
Robbie's here./Snack guy's here.

Robbie waves.

ROBBIE
Hey Guys, good to see ya.

ART STUDENTS
Free snacks?/Hey, get over
here./Hey, I'm gonna rob you. Just
kidding.

Robbie approaches the lunch room. He enters.

LUNCH ROOM

The lunch room is packed with hungry students.

STUDENTS

Free snacks?/Hi
Robbie./Cookies!/Hey, I'll get
something tomorrow.

ROBBIE

No worries.

Robbie approaches the vending machine.

VENDING MACHINE

Robbie unlocks the machine and opens it. Some coins fall on the floor.

ROBBIE

Oh no.

Robbie picks up the coins and resets the machine.

After a beat: Some students approach.

STUDENT 1

Hey, you got more cookies?

ROBBIE

I do--just for you.

STUDENT 2

Hey Robbie, how--how ya doing
Robbie?

ROBBIE

Good, good.

STUDENT 2

I like yer lanyard Robbie.

ROBBIE

Thanks.

STUDENT 2

It's cool. Where did you get that --

STUDENT 3

Hey, I'm gonna rob you.

Student 3 gives Robbie a finger gun. Robbie puts his hands up.

STUDENT 3 (CONT'D)
Just kidding, I kid--I kid.

ROBBIE
Ope. Watch out for this guy.

STUDENT 3
I kid you, I kid--I kid.

Robbie and Student 3 laugh.

TEACHER (O.S.)
Hey guys, give him some space,
okay?

ROBBIE
It's okay--it's fine.

Student 3 puts his arm around Robbie.

STUDENT 3
Good to see you. How you doing?

ROBBIE
I'm doing good man. How about you?

STUDENT 3
Good, good, good.

TEACHER (O.S.)
Guys, let him get his work done!

STUDENT 3
I'll see you--I'll see you, I'm
gonna rob you. Just kidding.

Robbie and Student 3 laugh. Robbie stocks the vending machine.

EXT. INTERACT CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Robbie exits the building. He approaches his vehicle. Robbie opens the hatchback. He loads the cart and bins.

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Heavy metal music plays on the radio. Robbie bangs his head. He approaches a stop light.

A homeless man walks by with a sign that reads "Homeless Veteran, anything helps." Robbie looks at him. He looks familiar.

The light turns green. Cars honk.

ROBBIE
Shit. I'm going already!

Robbie looks in the rearview mirror. The man in the car behind him gives the middle finger. Robbie gives him the middle finger back.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Jesus guy! What the fuck man.

Robbie drives.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Robbie practices foosball. His hand shakes.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL

- Robbie dribbles the ball.
- Robbie passes to his three bar.
- Robbie fires a pull shot. He scores.
- Robbie passes from the two bar.
- Robbie shoots from the two bar.

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie stops and see's his medication on the table. He reads the label. Robbie takes the pills.

EXT. RESTAURANT - MORNING

A sign reads "The Bad Waitress."

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

A girl, WINTER, mid 20's, sits in a booth. She sips her coffee.

A salty WAITRESS fills her water cup.

WAITRESS
Hey, what's the hold up hun? You ready to order or what?

Winter laughs.

WINTER

Oh, no thank you. I'm still waiting for someone.

WAITRESS

Well, call him and tell him to hurry up! I don't have all day. I got a lot of people waitin' so get goin'!

Winter giggles again.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

No one should leave a pretty dame like you waiting. That's a crime.

WINTER

(whispers)

Hey, psst, can I ask you something?

WAITRESS

Shoot.

WINTER

(quietly)

Can I tell you to fuck off or something?

The waitress looks around. No children in sight.

WAITRESS

For you hun, I suppose.

WINTER

(english accent)

Oui, fuck off then!

The waitress smiles and walks away.

Winter sips her coffee. The door chimes. In walks Robbie.

WINTER (CONT'D)

Over here dad.

Robbie approaches.

ROBBIE

Hi there peanut, how goes it?

Robbie gives Winter a hug.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
It's so good to see you Winter.

WINTER
You too. I'm so happy for you.

ROBBIE
Thank you.

Robbie sits down.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
You look great kid.

WINTER
Dad! I'm not a kid anymore.

ROBBIE
Yeah, I know--it's just... Old
habits I guess.

Robbie nervously laughs.

WINTER
I'll be twenty five in May.

ROBBIE
Yeah, I know--I just can't believe
it.

After a beat.

WINTER
How have you been dad?

ROBBIE
I've been better.

WINTER
What's up?

Robbie looks up. The waitress approaches.

WAITRESS
(to Winter)
Is this the jerk face you were you
talking about?

The waitress points her thumb at Robbie. Winter smirks.

ROBBIE

Yes, yes I have been a jerk face.
Most of my life actually, but I'm
working on it. I'm--I'm turning
things around so to speak --

WAITRESS

Nobody cares. You want a coffee or
what?

Robbie laughs.

ROBBIE

Yes. Coffee please--with cream!

WAITRESS

Okay. I'll bring it over next week.

The waitress walks away.

ROBBIE

Now she's funny.

WINTER

She's the best... So, dad.

ROBBIE

Yeah.

WINTER

What's going on? You seem agitated.

Robbie's hand trembles. He sighs.

ROBBIE

I--I just don't know how to break
this to you, so I'll just say it.

WINTER

Say what?

ROBBIE

I have Parkinson's.

Winter stares at Robbie.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

There... I said it.

Robbie shakes his head.

After a beat.

WINTER
Have you told mom?

A tear runs down Winter's cheek.

ROBBIE
No. She doesn't want to talk with me.

WINTER
How do you know that?

ROBBIE
She never returns my text messages.

WINTER
Have you tried calling her?

Winter sniffles.

ROBBIE
Yeah... Well, not for a long time.
I haven't even told her about my
one year sobriety.

WINTER
Dad, you should call her.

Winter wipes a tear.

ROBBIE
Don't cry peanut.

WINTER
I can't help it.

ROBBIE
It's early. I just started taking
medication.

WINTER
I know how this ends.

The waitress comes over. She pours coffee.

WAITRESS
Save those tears hun. We can open a
new restaurant. We'll call it "The
Salty Waitress."

Winter sniffles and smiles at the waitress. Robbie wipes a
tear and smirks.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
I'll come back in a bit and take
yer order.

The waitress walks away.

After a beat.

ROBBIE
It was Wolf's birthday yesterday. I
sure do miss him.

Winter grabs Robbie's hands.

WINTER
I know. I miss him too dad.

ROBBIE
He would have been twenty-one.

Robbie wipes another tear.

WINTER
Remember the good times?

ROBBIE
I try.

WINTER
Dad, don't beat yourself up over
this again.

ROBBIE
I try... Every day.

Robbie jokingly punches himself in the face. Winter smiles.

WINTER
I always think of the good times.

ROBBIE
It's so hard.

WINTER
I know.

ROBBIE
I think your mother still blames
me.

WINTER
You guys need to talk.

The waitress comes back.

Customers are startled.

EXT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

A sign reads "Jimmy's Billiards."

INT. POOL HALL - CONTINUOUS

People play pool. In the corner sits four foosball tables with a dozen or more players.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

-- A player dribbles the ball on his five bar.

-- A player brushes to his three bar.

-- A player scores a snake shot.

-- A player blocks a shot.

-- A player scores from the two bar.

BACK TO SCENE

In walks Robbie.

PLAYER 1
Holy shit is that Roby?

Players look over at Robbie. JON, late fifties, turns his head.

JON
Roby? The drunk?

PLAYER 2
Is that the guy who threw up all
over the foosball table one-time?

TOM, early sixties, approaches.

TOM
Yup. That's him. I invited him
down.

PLAYER 1
That guy is a legend!

Robbie approaches. Tom greets him.

TOM
Roby, glad you could make it.

ROBBIE
Hi Tom.

Jon approaches.

JON
Well, well, well, look what the cat
dragged in. If it isn't World
Champion Rockin' "Roby" Robison. I
never thought I would see you
again.

Robbie smirks.

ROBBIE
Good to see you too Jon.

Jon laughs.

JON
I thought they banned you from the
game?

ROBBIE
That was over twenty years ago Jon.

JON
Yeah, well try not to throw up on
anyone.

Robbie shakes his head.

TOM
Let it go Jon. Roby is sober now.
He deserves a second chance. He
just earned his one year chip.

JON
Oh, that's good to hear... You come
to play or watch?

Robbie's hand twitches.

PLAYER 2 (O.S.)
Last call for the byp!

ROBBIE
I can play.

JON
You playing with Tom?

ROBBIE

Yeah.

JON

Well, let's get you on a table.

Robbie and Tom approach a foosball table. They practice.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

-- Robbie hammers a five bar shot.

-- A player passes.

-- A player scores a snake shot.

-- Tom blocks a shot.

-- Robbie scores a pull shot.

-- Robbie flashes devil horns.

INSERT - 16 TEAM PLAYER BRACKET

The screen reads "Roby/Tom vs. Jared/Jordan."

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie and Tom play foosball.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

-- Robbie passes to his three bar.

-- Robbie scores a pull shot. He flashes devil horns.

-- Jordan scores a snake shot.

-- Tom blocks a shot.

-- Tom scores a shot from the two bar.

-- Tom resets the scoreboard.

-- Robbie and Tom fist bump.

INSERT - 16 TEAM PLAYER BRACKET

The screen reads "Roby/Tom vs. Bill/Deb."

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie and Tom play foosball.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

-- Bill passes to his three bar.

-- Bill scores a pull shot.

-- Tom scores from the two bar.

-- Deb blocks a shot.

-- Robbie hammers a wall pass.

-- Robbie scores a bad goal. He knocks on the table.

-- Robbie scores again. He flashes devil horns.

-- Tom resets the scoreboard.

-- Robbie and Tom fist bump.

INSERT - 16 TEAM PLAYER BRACKET

The screen reads "Roby/Tom vs. Jon/Mike."

BACK TO SCENE

Jon and Mike approach the table.

JON

Well, you made it this far Roby,
but this is where it ends.

Jon and Mike laugh.

ROBBIE

Yeah, we'll see about that.

Robbie squeezes the handles on his rods. He throws his three rod.

JON

Hey, let's keep it clean now--no
jarring!

TOM

Hey, can we just play Jon?

Jon puts the ball in play.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

-- Robbie passes to his three bar.

-- Robbie scores a pull shot. He flashes devil horns.

-- Tom slides the bead.

-- Mike scores from the two bar.

-- Tom blocks a shot.

-- Jon hammers a wall pass.

-- Robbie rocks the table. Jon complains.

-- Jon scores.

-- Mike slides the bead.

-- Robbie scores.

-- Jon scores again.

-- Tom throws his rods.

-- Mike resets the scoreboard.

-- Jon and Mike fist bump.

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie fist bumps Jon.

ROBBIE

Good shot. Good playing.

TOM

Sorry Roby. That one is on me.

ROBBIE

No worries. You played great. We just needed one more possession.

TOM

Hey, good luck guys.

MIKE

Thanks Tom.

JON

Yup.

Robbie and Tom walk away from the table.

ROBBIE

(to Tom)

Yeah, I never liked that fucking
guy.

Tom smirks.

TOM

Don't worry about Jon. He's alright
once you get to know him.

Robbie smirks.

EXT. RETIREMENT COMMUNITY - AFTERNOON

A sign reads "Bethany Home."

INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

An old lady sits in a wheelchair surrounded by friends and
family. She wears a birthday crown.

Robbie enters with a big cake. He sets it on the table. The
cake reads "Happy Birthday Linda!"

ROBBIE

Happy birthday Mom!

FRIENDS

Happy birthday Linda!/Oh yeah,
cake!/Yummy!

LINDA

Oh Robbie, you didn't have to bring
me cake.

ROBBIE

But it's your favorite.

Robbie lights the candles which show the number seventy-nine.

LINDA

Oh my, that's way too much cake. I
can't eat all that.

Winter giggles.

WINTER

It's not all for you grandma. You can share it with your friends.

FRIENDS

I'll take a piece./Me too./Me three.

An old guy across the room yells.

OLD GUY

Is this a birthday party? How did I get in here?

ROBBIE

Nobody gets any until she makes a wish and blows out the candles.

Robbie presents the cake to his mother. She beams with joy.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday dear Mom. Happy birthday to you.

FRIENDS

Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday dear Linda. Happy birthday to you. Cha cha cha.

Linda takes a deep breath and blows out the candles. Everyone claps. The old guy approaches. Robbie cuts the cake.

OLD GUY

Hey didn't you turn seventy-nine last year?

LINDA

Hey, you shut yer trap old fella. Don't go spreading any rumors.

Everyone laughs. Robbie hands out cake. Linda eats hers.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I don't think I will have room for ice cream tonight.

FRIENDS

Oh gosh no./You'll bloat./Not today.

WINTER

So grandma, what else you have planned today?

LINDA

Oh, I don't know... a little bridge perhaps. Maybe a Golden Girls marathon after dinner.

FRIENDS

Ohh!/Sounds Nice./Oh that Rue is the devil.

OLD GUY

Throw in a showing of Cocoon and you got a date.

Everyone laughs. The old guy touches Linda's shoulders.

EXT. RETIREMENT COMMUNITY - EVENING

Robbie loads extra cake in his car. He shuts the hatchback.

Robbie hugs Winter.

ROBBIE

See ya later peanut. Thanks again for coming.

WINTER

No problem. It was great seeing grandma. She's so funny.

ROBBIE

Yeah.

WINTER

Hey, do you think that old guy is her boyfriend?

Robbie laughs.

ROBBIE

Ahh. I don't know. Maybe.

Robbie gets in his car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Robbie waves goodbye to Winter. He waves until he cannot see her.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Heavy metal music plays on the radio. Robbie bangs his head. He approaches a stop light.

A homeless man walks by with a sign that reads "Homeless Veteran, anything helps." Robbie looks at him. He looks familiar.

ROBBIE

Trap?

Robbie gets out of his car. Cars honk.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

ROBBIE

Trap! Yo Trap!

GUY IN CAR (O.S.)

Hey pal, move yer piece of shit!

Robbie flips him off. The homeless man turns his head. Robbie approaches.

TRAPPER

Robbie?

ROBBIE

Trap, what the hell are you doing here?

TRAPPER

Robbie! It's so good to see you. I haven't seen you since the Gulf war.

Trapper hugs Robbie.

TRAPPER (CONT'D)

Got any spare change brother?

ROBBIE

Trap, please don't tell me you're homeless.

TRAPPER

I'm afraid so Robbie. This is how I live now.

Robbie sighs.

ROBBIE
Aw man... How did this happen?

TRAPPER
That's a long story Robbie.

ROBBIE
Cake... I have cake!

Robbie opens his hatchback. Cars honk.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Fuck off already! Sorry, not you
Trap.

Trapper giggles.

TRAPPER
You always funny Robbie.

Robbie grabs some cake.

ROBBIE
Here. Have some cake.

Robbie looks into Trapper's eyes.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
You don't need cake. You need a
warm bowl of soup. Let's get you
some soup.

Trapper smiles. He takes the cake.

TRAPPER
Oh, I'll take some cake too.

Robbie closes his hatchback.

ROBBIE
Get in. Let's get out of the cold.

TRAPPER
It's still better than that damn
desert.

EXT. BAR - LATER

Robbie and Trapper sit at the bar inside. They clink glasses
and take a shot.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Robbie lays passed out in bed. His phone buzzes.

INSERT - ROBBIE'S SMART PHONE

The screen reads "I'm outside. Can you buzz me in?"

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie moans.

After a beat. Robbie's phone buzzes again. He picks it up.

INSERT - ROBBIE'S SMART PHONE

The screen reads "Hey, hurry up already. I'm going to keep buzzing until you pickup."

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie pushes some buttons on his phone. The door buzzes.

After a beat.

A knock on the bedroom door. Simmy enters. The door hits an empty bottle of booze. Silence.

Robbie lays in bed. Simmy sighs.

SIMMY

What happened Robbie?

Robbie opens his eyes. They are blood red.

Robbie says nothing. He rolls over and rubs his face.

After a beat.

ROBBIE

(drunk)

Who let you in?

SIMMY

You did Robbie.

ROBBIE

Oh... yeah.

Simmy stands at the foot of the bed. Robbie is parched.

SIMMY

Let me get you some water.

Simmy exits the bedroom. Robbie sits up.

ROBBIE

Hey, everyone calls you Simmy, but what's your real name?

SIMMY (O.S.)

I never tell anyone that.

ROBBIE

Yeah, I know. It's annoying. You running from the law or something Sim?

Simmy laughs.

SIMMY (O.S.)

No. You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

ROBBIE

Hit me with yer best shot doc.

Robbie giggles.

Simmy returns with water. He hands it to Robbie. Robbie takes a drink.

SIMMY

My name is Father Simmons. I'm a former Catholic Priest --

Robbie slams his hand on the mattress.

ROBBIE

I know that!

Simmy sits down on the bed. Robbie takes another drink of water.

SIMMY

Gene... Father Gene Simmons.

Robbie spits water!

ROBBIE

No way!

SIMMY

Told ya.

ROBBIE
Get the fuck outta here.

Robbie covers his mouth.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Sorry Gene.

Simmy giggles.

SIMMY
It's okay Robbie.

ROBBIE
Your name is Father Gene Simmons?
Like from Kiss?

SIMMY
Former Father.

ROBBIE
Holy shit! God sent Gene Simmons to
save my life.

SIMMY
I'm not that Gene Simmons.

ROBBIE
Right... he totally fucked that
part up.

They both smile and laugh.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Sorry about the mess.

SIMMY
It's okay Robbie. I'm just glad
you're okay.

ROBBIE
Hey, how come you ain't a priest no
more?

Simmy stares at Robbie. After a beat.

SIMMY
Robbie... This is also something I
never tell anyone.

ROBBIE
Yeah, I know. It's annoying.

Robbie stares at Simmy. After a beat.

SIMMY

Robbie, very few people in our AA GROUP know this about me... But, you are at your weakest, so I will tell you.

Robbie lights a cigarette.

SIMMY (CONT'D)

Do you have to smoke in here?

Robbie rolls his eyes.

ROBBIE

It's my house!

Robbie inhales. Simmy winces.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Fine. I only need one drag anyway.

Robbie puts the cigarette out. Simmy continues.

SIMMY

Robbie, When I was a young priest, In my early thirties. I met a woman. She was part of my congregation.

ROBBIE

Oh... I see where this is going.

Robbie nudges Simmy. Simmy shakes his head.

SIMMY

Robbie, I'm trying to open up to you.

ROBBIE

Right... sorry Gene.

SIMMY

Anyway, she was part of my congregation. She was beautiful.

ROBBIE

What's her name?

SIMMY

Her name was Sharon... May I continue?

ROBBIE

Yeah, sorry.

SIMMY

So anyway... I fell in love with Sharon. We had a secret relationship for a couple years. People suspected us, but nothing came about... then... she got pregnant.

ROBBIE

Holy shit!

Robbie covers his mouth again.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Ope--sorry.

SIMMY

I panicked. Drank--heavily. I was such a selfish prick. I convinced her to have an abortion for the sake of the church. My sake really. I felt horrible--still do. That was just the start to my drinking.

ROBBIE

That's heavy Simmy.

SIMMY

Yeah, well it gets worse. People talk. It all came out. Church members wanted me dead. I had to leave. Sharon never forgave me. That's what hurts the most... I loved her.

Simmy weeps.

ROBBIE

I'm sorry Simmy.

SIMMY

Nothing for you to be sorry for Robbie. I have to live with it for the rest of my life, and yet here I am--a sinner. Here for you at your weakest moment.

After a beat.

ROBBIE

I had a son... He blew his head off with my pistol six years ago.

Silence. After a beat.

SIMMY
I'm so sorry Robbie.

ROBBIE
He would have been twenty-one last week.

Robbie sobs.

SIMMY
Tell me more about him.

ROBBIE
His name was Wolf. He was smart. He was going places. Not like me... He never wanted to talk with me. I didn't even know he was depressed. Until it was too late.

SIMMY
You feel like it was your fault?

ROBBIE
... I never locked up my gun. I thought it was... in a safe place-- pardon the pun.

SIMMY
Hmmm.

ROBBIE
I've always been a drinker, but it got worse. My wife eventually left me. She still blames me.

SIMMY
When was the last time you talked with her?

ROBBIE
It's been almost a two years.

SIMMY
Hmmm. I think it's time.

Simmy pats Robbie's leg and stands up.

SIMMY (CONT'D)
Get up. Get up.

ROBBIE
Wait, what?

Robbie stands up. No pants on. He wears a Kiss t-shirt.

Simmy grabs Robbie's shoulders.

SIMMY

Robbie, I want you to call her. You need to call her. Rip that band-aid off my friend. It needs to be done. Promise me.

Robbie hugs Simmy.

ROBBIE

I will Simmy. I promise.

SIMMY

Um Robbie?

ROBBIE

Yeah.

SIMMY

Maybe put some pants on.

Robbie detaches from Simmy.

ROBBIE

Oh, right.

EXT. TOWNHOME - LATER

Simmy and Robbie exit the townhome. Robbie carries a recyclable bin full of booze and beer bottles to the garbage area. He sets it down. Simmy puts a hand on Robbie's shoulder.

SIMMY

You're going to make it Robbie I just know it. I'm here for you. I'm so glad you called.

ROBBIE

Thanks Gene --

SIMMY

Don't call me that. Call me Simmy.

Robbie smiles and flashes the devil horns.

ROBBIE

Don't worry I won't. It will be our little secret.

Simmy walks to his car. Robbie dumps the recyclables.

INT. CAR - SAME

Winter watches Robbie. She shakes her head and starts the car. Winter drives by Robbie. Windows rolled down.

WINTER
(angry)
You are a fucking liar!

She flips him off.

EXT. TOWNHOME - CONTINUOUS

Robbie drops the bin. Winter speeds off.

ROBBIE
Winter! Peanut! It's not what you
think! Come back!

Robbie chases the car. Robbie slows down. He stops.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
(exhausted)
Man, am I out of shape.

GUY IN PARKING LOT
Girl problems eh? I get it.

Robbie gives a look of disgust.

ROBBIE
Dude, that's my fucking daughter!

GUY IN PARKING LOT
Ohh... well that's disturbing.

Robbie charges the guy. He runs off. Robbie stops.

ROBBIE
(furious)
That's right you better run. Sicko.

Robbie throws his arms up.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
I don't have time for that fucking
guy. Serenity now. Serenity now.

INT. BANQUET ROOM - MORNING

A busy room filled with twenty-five Foosball tables. A sign reads "Minnesota State Foosball Championships." Robbie practices alone. A voicemail plays.

ROBBIE (V.O.)

Hi Laura, It's me Robbie. Long-time no talk... I don't even know where to start, but we need to talk... Hey, I made it one year without drinking, but I messed up. I fucked it up. I'm not perfect--far from it. Winter hates me... I'm sure you do too. Hey, I'm playing foosball again! Not that you care, but it helps keep my mind off other things. Keeps me straight... Anyway... I want to see you. Can we meet up soon? I have some things to discuss. I hope you are well... I miss you.

INSERT - 32 TEAM PLAYER BRACKET

The screen reads "Roby/Tom vs. Tim/Terry."

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie and Tom play foosball.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

- Robbie passes to his three bar.
- Robbie scores a pull shot. He flashes devil horns.
- Tim scores.
- Tom blocks a shot.
- Tom scores a shot from the two bar.
- Tom resets the scoreboard.
- Robbie and Tom fist bump.

INSERT - 32 TEAM PLAYER BRACKET

The screen reads "Roby/Tom vs. Eric/Matt."

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie and Tom play foosball.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

- Eric passes to his three bar.
- Eric scores a pull shot.
- Tom scores from the two bar.
- Matt blocks a shot.
- Robbie scores a bad goal. He knocks on the table.
- Robbie scores again. He flashes devil horns.
- Tom resets the scoreboard.
- Robbie and Tom fist bump.

INSERT - 32 TEAM PLAYER BRACKET

The screen reads "Roby/Tom vs. Eric/Jacob."

BACK TO SCENE

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

- Robbie passes to his three bar.
- Robbie scores a pull shot. He flashes devil horns.
- Tom slides the bead.
- Eric scores a bank shot from his two bar.
- Tom blocks a shot.
- Jacob hammers a wall pass.
- Robbie's hands shake.
- Jacob scores.
- Eric slides the bead.
- Robbie scores. He flashes devil horns.

-- Jacob scores again.
 -- Tom throws his rods.
 -- Eric resets the scoreboard.
 -- Jacob and Eric fist bump.

BACK TO SCENE

TOM
 (frustrated)
 Sorry about that one Roby.

ROBBIE
 That's okay. We're down, but we're
 not out.

JON (O.S.)
 Well, well, well. Who do we have
 here?

Robbie turns his head. Jon approaches with a small posse. He wears golf gloves and tennis wraps hang around his neck.

JON (CONT'D)
 Is that the great Rockin' Roby
 Robison?

CROWD
 (whispers)
 Is that Roby?/Rockin' Roby?/Yeah
 pretty sure that's him./He threw up
 on a guy one-time.

Robbie sighs.

ROBBIE
 How ya doing Jon?

JON
 It appears you are on the loser
 side, and I am on the winner side.
 I'm a winner.

Jon smiles and points to himself.

JON (CONT'D)
 That must make you a--

TOM
 An asshole Jon.

CROWD

Oh my!/Did he call him an
asshole?/Tom never swears like
that.

A guy from Jon's posse speaks up.

MIKE

Good one Tom.

Jon slaps Mike on the chest.

JON

Dude, yer on my team.

MIKE

Oh, right.

TOM

(upset)

You need to lay off Roby. He's come
a long way my friend.

Robbie smiles.

ROBBIE

(laughs)

Take it easy guys. I was a loser.
An asshole drunk who's wife left
him, now battling Parkinson's and
the aftermath of my son's
suicide... yet here I am, just
trying to be a better person.

CROWD

Whoa, that's heavy man./Holy smokes
Roby./That's deep dude.

JON

(shocked)

Well, that just takes all the fun
out of it now doesn't it?

ROBBIE

(smiles)

Sorry I blew up Jon, but it's part
of my therapy. Admit my mistakes.

Robbie puts his hand over his mouth. He pretends he might
throw up. He approaches Jon. Jon runs away. The crowd laughs.
Robbie smiles.

INT. BANQUET ROOM - LATER

Robbie and Tom play foosball.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

-- Robbie passes to his three bar.

-- Robbie scores a pull shot. He flashes devil horns.

-- Tom scores from the two bar.

-- Robbie hammers a wall pass.

-- Robbie scores.

-- Robbie scores again.

-- Tom resets the scoreboard.

-- Robbie and Tom fist bump.

BACK TO SCENE

Jon and Mike approach the table.

JON

Well, you guys are still alive, but
you gotta play us now.

Jon and Mike laugh.

ROBBIE

Over on the loser side with me now.

Robbie and Tom laugh.

JON

Hey, let's keep it clean now--no
puking!

Robbie motions that he's about to puke. Tom laughs.

Jon puts the ball in play.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

-- Robbie passes to his three bar.

-- Robbie scores a pull shot. He flashes devil horns.

- Tom slides the bead.
- Mike scores from the two bar.
- Tom blocks a shot.
- Jon hammers a wall pass.
- Robbie rocks the table. Jon loses possession.

BACK TO SCENE

JON
Hey, no rocking the table Roby!

Robbie smiles and laughs.

ROBBIE
You had it coming.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

- Robbie places the ball on Jon's three rod.
- Jon scores.
- Mike slides the bead.
- Robbie scores. He flashes devil horns.
- Jon scores again.
- Robbie throws his rods.
- Mike resets the scoreboard.
- Jon and Mike fist bump.

BACK TO SCENE

ROBBIE
Good shot Jon. Good playing.

TOM
Sorry Roby. I should've had that one.

Tom storms off. Jon Smirks.

JON
So, so, sorry Roby. Maybe next
year.

Jon and Mike remove their wraps from the handles. Robbie sulks.

Robbie notices Trapper enter the room.

ROBBIE
Trap? What's he doing here?

Robbie walks towards Trapper. Trapper looks around the room.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Trap! Trap!

TRAPPER
Robbie.

Robbie approaches Trapper. He reeks of whiskey.

ROBBIE
What are you doing here?

TRAPPER
Robbie, I'm so glad I found you.
First off, I need to apologize--

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
Excuse me sir!

Trapper turns his head. A Security Guard arrives.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Sir, I'm going to have to ask you
to leave. This is a private event.

ROBBIE
No it's not! He's with me asshole!

Trapper rolls his eyes.

SECURITY GUARD
Ohh... My mistake. I'm so sorry.

Robbie shakes his head. The Security Guard walks away.

ROBBIE
That was rude.

TRAPPER
I'm used to it Robbie.

ROBBIE

Asshole.

TRAPPER

Robbie, I'm so sorry about the other day. I had no idea what you are going through--

Robbie walks away. Trapper follows.

ROBBIE

Don't worry about it Trap. It ain't got nothing to do with you, okay. I bought the drinks--I drank the liquor. It's that simple. These are my mistakes not yours--

TRAPPER

But Robbie--

ROBBIE

I don't want you feeling sorry for me--

TRAPPER

Robbie--

ROBBIE

Just as much as you don't want me feeling sorry for you.

Trapper stops Robbie.

TRAPPER

Robbie.

Trapper stares at Robbie.

TRAPPER (CONT'D)

Robbie, I need your help.

Robbie stares back.

TRAPPER (CONT'D)

I'm desperate. I can't quit... the drinkin'... it's gettin' to me. I don't know where to turn.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Open singles. Roby and Seth table six. Table six Roby and Seth.

Robbie puts his hands on Trapper's shoulders.

ROBBIE
Trap, I'm gonna help you--I
promise. But first, I got this
thing. Come watch.

Robbie walks. Trapper follows.

TRAPPER
They still call you Roby huh?

ROBBIE
Yes they do.

Robbie smiles. He approaches table six.

SETH
You wanna call it?

ROBBIE
Heads.

Seth flips a coin. It's heads.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
I'll take ball.

SETH
This side is fine.

Robbie wraps his rods. Seth places the ball on Robbie's five
bar.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

-- Robbie passes to his three bar.

-- Robbie scores a pull shot. He flashes devil horns.

-- Seth scores from the two bar.

-- Robbie brushes a pass.

-- Robbie scores.

-- Robbie scores again. He flashes devil horns.

-- Robbie resets the scoreboard.

-- Seth passes to his three bar.

-- Seth scores a pull shot again and again.

-- Seth resets the scoreboard.

- Seth scores a snake shot.
- Robbie scores a bad shot. He knocks on the table.
- Seth scores a bank shot from his two bar.
- Robbie rips a pull shot from his two bar.
- The scoreboard shows four to four.

BACK TO SCENE

Seth places the ball on his five rod.

 SETH
 You ready?

 ROBBIE
 Ready.

Seth dribbles the ball on his five rod. He hammers a bank shot. It goes in. Game over.

Robbie hangs his head. Seth smirks.

 ROBBIE (CONT'D)
 Hmmm... that was an interesting
 shot. Can you show me again?

Seth does it again. Robbie pays close attention.

INSERT - 32 TEAM PLAYER BRACKET

The screen reads "Robbie Robison vs. Tommy Adkisson."

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

- Robbie passes to his three bar.
- Robbie scores a pull shot. He flashes devil horns.
- Tommy scores.
- Tommy blocks a shot.
- Robbie scores. Robbie wins.
- Robbie and Tommy fist bump.

INSERT - 32 TEAM PLAYER BRACKET

The screen reads "Robbie Robison vs. Jacob Balcos."

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

-- Jacob scores and recoils the three rod.

-- Robbie passes to his three bar.

-- Robbie scores a pull shot. Robbie wins.

-- Robbie and Jacob fist bump.

INSERT - 32 TEAM PLAYER BRACKET

The screen reads "Robbie Robison vs. Brandon Munoz."

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

-- Robbie scores a pull shot. He flashes devil horns.

-- Robbie wins.

-- Robbie and Brandon fist bump.

INSERT - 32 TEAM PLAYER BRACKET

The screen reads "Robbie Robison vs. Todd Loffredo."

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

-- Robbie passes to his three bar.

-- Robbie scores a pull shot.

-- Todd scores a pull shot.

-- Robbie scores. Robbie wins.

-- Robbie and Todd fist bump.

INSERT - 32 TEAM PLAYER BRACKET

The screen reads "Robbie Robison vs. Ryan Moore."

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

-- Robbie scores a pull shot. He flashes devil horns.

-- Ryan scores. He flashes devil horns.

-- Robbie laughs.

-- Robbie scores from his two bar. Robbie wins.

-- Robbie and Ryan fist bump.

BACK TO SCENE

ROBBIE

Great game RYAN MOORE. Really nice playing against you.

RYAN MOORE

You too Roby. Good luck against Tony.

Ryan walks away. Trapper hi-fives Roby.

TRAPPER

Great game Robbie! You stormed back and beat all those guys! I can't believe it! You still great Robbie.

ROBBIE

Thanks Trap. That was not easy I tell ya.

Winter enters the room. Robbie notices.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Holy shit my daughter is here.

Robbie watches Winter look around the room. He approaches her.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Winter, what are you doing here?

Winter hugs Robbie.

WINTER

I'm so sorry dad.

ROBBIE

Good to see you peanut.

WINTER

I never should have acted that way.

ROBBIE

Don't worry about it.

WINTER

I talked with Gene Simmons and he explained everything.

Robbie smiles.

ROBBIE

Father Gene Simmons.

Trapper flashes devil horns.

TRAPPER

You know Gene Simmons?

ROBBIE

Yeah. Well... a different Gene Simmons. It's a long story, but he's my sponsor.

WINTER

I'm still proud of you dad. You've come so far.

ROBBIE

I have come far. I made the final?

WINTER

I mean in life. You've come so far in life.

Robbie smirks.

ROBBIE

Yeah--well.

WINTER

(excited)

Wait, did you say you made the final?

Robbie smiles.

ROBBIE

I did.

Winter jumps up.

WINTER

You did it?

ROBBIE

(excited)

I did it! One more to go.

VIDEO BOOTH

Jim Stevens sits with his headset on.

JIM STEVENS

Wow! Jim Stevens with you live here at the Minnesota State Foosball Championships... Well folks, the open singles final is set. I just got word Ryan Moore was defeated by long shot Rockin' Roby Robison. What a comeback story. Robbie Robison a one-time world champion some twenty-five years ago returns to the game unranked and in the final against the number one player in the world, Tony Spredeman.

ANNOUNCER

No surprise to see Tony Spredeman here Jim, but what a story to see a clean and sober Robbie Robison back from the dead ripping those long pull shots again. We are set for an excellent final here in Minneapolis. I can't wait for this one to get started.

EXT. BANQUET ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Robbie lights a cigarette and takes a drag. He looks at the cigarette and shakes his head. Robbie smiles and puts the cigarette out.

INT. BANQUET ROOM - LATER

Robbie walks. Tom approaches and slaps him on the back.

TOM

Go get em Roby.

Trapper approaches.

TRAPPER

You got this Robbie.

Player after player approach Robbie and wish him luck. He sees flashes of his son.

Robbie sees Tony Spredeman warming up on table one. Robbie looks over at Winter. She smiles and gives him a thumbs up. Robbie approaches the table.

TONY SPREDEMAN

Hey, Rockin' Roby. I heard about you.

Robbie and Tony fist bump.

ROBBIE

Mostly good things I hope.

Tony shakes his head.

TONY SPREDEMAN

No. Not good things. Not good things at all.

Tony drinks from his water bottle. Robbie smiles. Tony smirks. They both laugh.

ROBBIE

So, I get to play the number one player in the world I hear?

TONY SPREDEMAN

Yes sir.

ROBBIE

Let's have some fun.

TONY SPREDEMAN

(laughs)
Oh, this won't be fun for you.

VIDEO BOOTH

An Announcer sits with his headset on.

ANNOUNCER

Tony is putting on his game face
Jim!

JIM STEVENS

We don't need play by play yet.

QUICK FLASH - TONY SPREDEMAN

Tony shows his game face.

BACK TO SCENE

JIM STEVENS
He certainly has.

BANQUET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Robbie and Tony prepare to play foosball.

JIM STEVENS (O.S.)
Folks, let's get this thing
started.

Tony puts the ball in play.

TONY SPREDEMAN
Ready?

ROBBIE
Ready.

Tony passes to his three rod and quickly scores.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Boy... If Tony can continue to do
that, this will be over quickly
Jim.

JIM STEVENS (O.S.)
Indeed.

Robbie puts the ball in play.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

-- Robbie passes to his three bar.

-- Robbie scores a pull shot.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Roby hammers one past Tony!

JIM STEVENS (O.S.)
Smoked that one.

-- Robbie slides the bead.

-- Tony scores a pull shot.
 -- Tony slides the bead.
 -- Robbie scores.
 -- Tony scores.
 -- Tony scores again.
 -- Tony resets the counter.

BACK TO SCENE

Robbie exhales. He takes a drink of water.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 Roby cannot give Tony momentum like
 that Jim. He needs to use those
 timeouts.

JIM STEVENS (O.S.)
 Agreed. If Roby wants to stay
 competitive he must play smart and
 take advantage of every possession.
 Otherwise Tony will walk all over
 him.

Robbie puts the ball in play.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

-- Robbie passes to his three bar.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 Roby rips a lane pass!

-- Robbie scores a pull shot. He flashes devil horns.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 He scores!--There's the devil horns
 Jim!

JIM STEVENS (O.S.)
 Rock n' roll Roby!

-- Tony scores a five bar shot.
 -- Robbie scores.
 -- Robbie scores again.

-- Tony scores from his two rod.

-- Tony scores again.

-- Robbie calls timeout.

VIDEO BOOTH

ANNOUNCER

Good time to take a timeout Jim.

JIM STEVENS

Indeed. If you're just joining us,
Welcome to the Minnesota State
Foosball Championships. Brought in
part by Healthier 4U-Minneapolis.
Snackin' clean since 2016.

BANQUET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Robbie searches for Winter in the crowd. She is gone. Robbie
eats a red jolly rancher. He returns to the table.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

-- Robbie passes to his three bar.

-- Robbie scores a pull shot.

-- Tony passes and quickly scores.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Tony caught Roby sleeping again
back there Jim.

JIM STEVENS (O.S.)

He certainly did.

-- The scoreboard reads four to four.

-- Robbie misses a pass and Tony gets possession.

-- Robbie blocks a shot.

-- Robbie scores. He resets the counter.

VIDEO BOOTH

ANNOUNCER

*Ah, ah, ah, ah staying alive.
Staying alive.*

Jim Stevens laughs.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Disco may be dead Jim, but not
Rockin' Roby Robison. He managed to
make up for a bad turnover there.

JIM STEVENS

Fool him once, but fool Tony twice?
I don't think so.

BANQUET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Robbie and Tony play foosball at a fast pace. Robbie flashes
devil horns and sticks out his blood red tongue.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FOOSBALL TABLE

-- Robbie scores again and again.

-- Robbie resets the scoreboard.

-- Tony scores again and again.

-- Tony resets the scoreboard. He flashes devil horns.

-- Robbie scores a bad goal from his two bar.

-- Robbie knocks on the table.

-- Tony scores an amazing shot.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Wow! What an amazing shot Jim!

JIM STEVENS (O.S.)

Tony is showing Roby why he is the
number one player in the world.

-- The scoreboard reads four to four.

-- Robbie calls timeout.

VIDEO BOOTH

JIM STEVENS

Well, here we sit four--four in the fifth, and who would have thought Rockin' Roby Robison would be in the position he is.

QUICK FLASH - ROBBIE ROBISON

Robbie bends over. You see his butt crack.

BACK TO SCENE

ANNOUNCER

Not that position Jim, but to have ball in hand on meat nut. Wow!

Jim giggles.

JIM STEVENS

... What? Are we still talking about foosball?

BANQUET ROOM

Robbie looks around the room. He sees Winter and his ex-wife LAURA, late fifties. She gives him that lucky smile. Robbie smiles back.

Robbie takes a drink of water. His hand trembles. He approaches the foosball table and puts the ball on his five rod.

ROBBIE

You ready?

TONY SPREDEMAN

Ready.

FOOSBALL TABLE

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Roby dribbles the ball on his five bar. He hammers a bank shot.

JIM STEVENS (O.S.)

It goes in! Holy smokes folks. Rockin' Roby Robison has done it.

(MORE)

JIM STEVENS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Your Minnesota State Open singles
champion!

People cheer.

Tony shakes his head and smirks. Robbie looks over at Seth. Seth points back. Tom and Trapper approach Robbie and celebrate.

TONY SPREDEMAN
Good game Roby.

Tony reaches his fist across the table.

TONY SPREDEMAN (CONT'D)
Will I see you at Nationals this
year?

Robbie and Tony fist bump.

ROBBIE
I don't know... maybe.

Robbie smiles. Winter and Laura approach the table and hug him. Robbie flashes devil horns and sticks out his tongue.

THE END