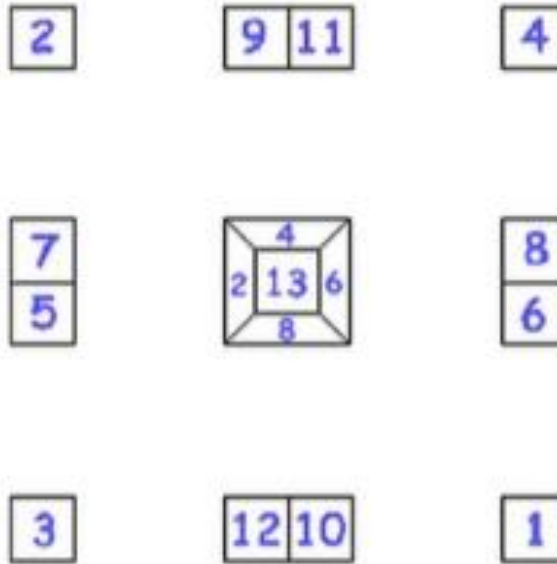


Skelzies



The Original Game of Life.

SKELZIES

By J.A. Brown

LOGLINE:

Inspired by an incredible True Story. In the Bronx, NY during the summer of 1979, this one-day urban tale follows protagonist Jeff Wilson, a 14-year-old high school student and aspiring rapper. With his two best friends, Miz and Eric, they embark on a journey of fun, friendship, and consequences.

SYNOPSIS:

SKELZIES follows 14-year-old Jeff Wilson in July of 1979 in the Bronx, New York as he deals with a dysfunctional family and navigates being a teenager while finding joy playing the street game "Skelzies" with his best friends Eric and Miz.

Jeff comes from an abusive home and his drug dealing stepfather Earl, a volatile Vietnam vet who often beats Jeff's mother Gloria. When Earl learns that Jeff stole drugs from him, in a fit of rage he goes after him. Meanwhile, back on Sheridan Ave, Jeff, Miz and Eric compete in a high-stakes game of Skelzies against Jerome a local bully.

Skelzies navigates adolescence and hardship with resilience and hope through their love of Rap Music and Friendship.

SKELZIES

Written by

J.A. Brown

Based on a True Story

Registered

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FADE IN:

SUPER: FRIDAY JULY 20, 1979

Archival footage of people playing SKELZIES.

OLDER JEFF

When I look back as a kid growing up in the Bronx.., we played curb ball.., handball.., off the point.., and my favorite game of all time, Skelzies!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - AFTERNOON

The NEW YORK SKYLINE comes into view. Then. Old YANKEE STADIUM appears. A game is underway between the New York Yankees and OAKLAND ATHLETICS.

Echoing for many blocks. The voice of the Yankee Public Address Announcer BOB SHEPPARD.

YANKEE PA ANNOUNCER

Up to bat.., number 44.., Reggie Jackson.

The Yankee Stadium crowd erupts. The chant of Reggie.., Reggie.., Reggie... echos over SHERIDAN Avenue.

OLDER JEFF (V.O.)

This is the Bronx... We lived on Sheridan Avenue... Right down the street from Yankee Stadium.

The GRAND CONCOURSE. Then. Sheridan Avenue comes into view. Resting on a group of young boys playing a street game on the sidewalk.

OLDER JEFF (V.O.)

They're playing Skelzies... It's a game that has all the elements of baseball.., football.., and golf all wrapped up in one. You had to have skill.., a little luck.., and also playing bad opponents helped too... So.., why is Skelzies my favorite game of all time?

(MORE)

OLDER JEFF (CONT'D)
 Because it teaches you everything
 you need to know about life;
 disappointment.., patience..,
 bonding.., trust.., and most of all
 teamwork.., and I... was really
 good at playing it.

EXT. SHERIDAN AVENUE - COURTHOUSE SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

A hot sun glares down on the Bronx concrete. The low hum of street life buzzes kids yelling, sneakers slap pavement, distant sirens wail. A group of young men moving around is seen.

OLDER JEFF (V.O.)
 These guys are my best friends.

A large 6 foot X 6 foot white chalk-drawn square is seen on the sidewalk with numbers on it from 1 to 13. The shot pans into the group of 3 young boys ranging in ages from 10 to 14.

OLDER JEFF (V.O.)
 That's Eric Harris... We called him
 Easy E.., E for short.

ERIC HARRIS (14), an African American, skinny. He's on his belly. Lining up a shot. He stands. Slowly surveying the Skelzies board.

OLDER JEFF (V.O.)
 Eric and I have been friends since
 the 3rd grade... We did everything
 together.

Then. Miz strolls in behind Eric.

OLDER JEFF (V.O.)
 That's Mark... I call him Kid
 Finesse.., but he answers to Miz.

MARK BAILEY (14) African American, skinny looks on. He is laughing with another kid.

OLDER JEFF (V.O.)
 I met Miz through Eric and he's the
 funniest of the crew... Always
 joking around.

Then. Bobby scratching his head and body. Stands beside Miz.

OLDER JEFF (V.O.)
 That's Bobby.., we called him
 Stinky because he smelled like a
 combination of subway pee and hot
 dogs. He wasn't a part of our
 crew.., but he wanted to be, but he
 was too young.

BOBBY RUIZ (10), Puerto Rican, skinny. He's wearing old,
 soiled clothes. Miz covers his nose.

MIZ
 Damn Bobby..!

EXT. SHERIDAN AVENUE - STREET - CONTINUOUS

A mint-condition 1977 LINCOLN CONTINENTAL glides down
 Sheridan Ave like a chrome panther, polished to perfection.
 It hisses past the side of the courthouse. Miz eyes the car
 with awe.

MIZ
 Wow..! That's Mr. Mike's ride. Look
 at that paint shine, E. Your dad
 could shave in that reflection. You
 gotta be rich to own one of those.

Eric leans down to line up a shot.

ERIC
 If he's so rich, Miz, why the heck
 does he still live at 917? He
 should be on a penthouse in the
 city somewhere countin' his drug
 money with my feet up.

INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - MOVING - DAY

Inside the plush, retro interior, JUAN CRUZ (30s), Puerto
 Rican, focused and smooth behind the wheel, glances in the
 rearview.

MICHAEL SUMMERS aka MR. MIKE (47), slim, sharp suit, shades
 on. Dangerous calm.

MR. MIKE
 Drop me at 917. Then take her to
 the garage.

JUAN
 Boss.., you got Staten Island
 tonight. The sit-down.

Mr. Mike removes his shades. His gaze pierces like a blade.

MR. MIKE
Move it to tomorrow. Tonight... I'm
lookin' at numbers.

Juan nods, no argument.

EXT. BUILDING 917 - CONTINUOUS

The Lincoln rolls to a halt outside the building. The engine purrs. Juan steps out, opens the rear door like he's unveiling royalty.

Kids from the block flock to the sidewalk like bees to honey. Dusty sneakers. Bright eyes. Hungry faces. Mr. Mike steps out, his presence silencing the crowd. He spots the oldest TRACY (16), fierce but worn.

He peels a \$50 bill from a money clip, hands it to her.

MR. MIKE
Snacks for all your friends. Keep
the change, darling.

Tracy smiles and nods, wide-eyed. The kids cheer, already planning chips and icees. Mr. Mike turns to walk in... but pauses. Something on the ground.

He crouches. Seeing several opened RED FOIL WRAPPERS. Crushed and stamped with a BLACK EAGLE. His smile fades. He picks one up slowly. His hand tightens around it. He stands, jaw clenched, fire rising beneath the cool. No words. He walks into the building.

INT. BUILDING 917 - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Mike moves with precision, the foil still in hand, eyes scanning them. Calculating.

EXT. SHERIDAN AVENUE - COURTHOUSE SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Eric sinks to a crouch trying to make a difficult shot. He lines up a shot from SQUARES two to one. There is a larger SHOOTING TOP blocking square one.

MIZ
E.., that shot is impossible to
make..! You're gonna miss it.., why
don't you just blast it?

ERIC
 Nah.., I got this, Miz... This shot
 is for the win!

Eric's face gleams with sweat. He stares at eye level with his shooting cap. He lines up the shot. Flicks his shooting top. It slides across the board, shooting past square number one. It rolls on its side, over the curb, into the sewer. Miz and Stinky laugh.

MIZ
 I told you.

ERIC
 Whatever!

MIZ
 Jeff would have made that easily.

ERIC
 Well.., Jeff isn't here.., and this
 is why we need to practice if we're
 going to beat those assholes from
 Morris Avenue.

MIZ
 Well.., we better work fast because
 here they come.

Eric glances behind him. Coming down the street are several African American kids led by JEROME GREEN (15), good-looking, groomed haircut, athletic physique, smoking a CIGARETTE.

OLDER JEFF (V.O.)
 That's Jerome Green... If you know
 anything about Sherlock Holmes..,
 he's my Professor Moriarty.., my
 arch enemy.., and a constant
 problem.., he tries all the time to
 beat me.., but I've never lost a
 game to him. Jerome's from Morris
 Avenue... Just a couple of blocks
 away from Sheridan. He's always
 looking for a way to embarrass me
 and my crew... I guess he got that
 one from the bully handbook.

Jerome trains his gaze on Eric, Miz, and Stinky.

JEROME
 Well.., if it isn't the Sheridan
 Avenue, pussies.

His crew laughs.

JEROME
Where's your boy Jeff?

MIZ
He's not here, but he's coming.

JEROME
I thought I'd get some competition,
but I guess I was wrong.

Eric propels himself up.

ERIC
I'll play you!

His crew erupts in laughter. Eric angrily looks at Jerome's crew.

ERIC
Whatcha laughing at!?

JEROME
It's funny.., you're not even
number 3 on your team. Nah..,
Jeff's the one I want... I need
someone to embarrass today.

Eric turns to Miz.

ERIC
Where the hell is Jeff?

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - JEFF'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

A typical urban boy's room is seen. Many POSTERS of KURTIS BLOW and GRANDMASTER FLASH and THE FURIOUS FIVE are on the wall.

OLDER JEFF (V.O.)
That's me.., I'm Jeff... and my
story was similar to most of my
friends... Except for one thing...

JEFF WILSON (14), an African American, good-looking, medium athletic physique. Listening to R&B music. His bed is filled with HISTORY BOOKS. Other study material. He's finishing up his summer school assignment. Sounds of ARGUING in the hallway. He turns down the radio volume. He ambles to his room door.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jeff opens his door. Seeing his stepfather EARL SHAVER (40), African American, slim. Appears intoxicated. In a CHOKEHOLD. GLORIA SHAVER (35) African American, skinny. Her scared face is seen.

OLDER JEFF (V.O.)

Look at the terror on my mom's face... She was beautiful until Earl kicked the good looks off of her... He kept her high and drunk all the time and she never had self-control over what she put in her body. He hammered her face like he was doing a dance scene from Saturday Night Fever... and we just watched... and watched... as he did it. She took the blows.., so we didn't have to. I hated Earl and he knew it.

Earl's face is seen.

OLDER JEFF (V.O.)

That fine example of a man is Earl... My so-called stepdad... Earl was in Vietnam... Got his stripes murdering Vietnamese soldiers.., women.., and sometimes children. He brags a lot about that. He has what they call PTSD, and he has it bad. His temper seems to escalate when he's high on drugs. Earl and my mom met at the VA hospital 8-years-ago on the same day our real Father died... He never liked me or my sister, Tracy. But he loves Jenn.., well she is his child.

Gloria forcefully slaps Earl's hand away, breaking free and pushing him out of the way.

EARL

You put your motherfucking hands on me, bitch..!? Get over here!

Gloria tries to move away.., but Earl grabs her by the hair and tosses her to the floor. He straddles.., punches.., and kicks her in the ribs. She crashes back against the wall. She slides down to the floor. Tracy (16) African American, slim, very pretty, and her sister Jennifer (9) African American, petite yells.

TRACY

Earl..., stop it..!

Earl glances over at Jennifer and then back at Gloria.

EARL

Bitch.., when I come home, I want
my food on the fucking table..!
Didn't we have this Goddamn
conversation before!

Gloria cowers. Her eyes are watery and swollen. She holds her
ribs. Tears flow down her face. From her side vision she sees
Jeff's room door slightly open. Jeff is watching.

GLORIA

Earl..., I'm sorry... I was watching
"All My Children..." and time just
slipped away from me.

EARL

Your life is gonna slip away from
you... if you do this shit again!

In Earl's peripheral, he sees Jeff looking out.

EARL

(to Jeff)

Get out here, little nigger!

Jeff opens his bedroom door and walks out. His vision planted
on Gloria. She motions over to him. Jeff hurries over, takes
Gloria's shaking hands, and squats next to her.

EARL

I'm tired of you fucking people..!
I work all night and come home to
nothing... and on top of that.., I
have to take care of some other
nigger's ungrateful ass children!

Tracy angrily looks over at Earl.

TRACY

And you wouldn't be here if our
real Father didn't die from a heart
attack!

Earl points to Tracy.

EARL

Well, I am and he did so shut your
Goddamn mouth little girl before I
come over there and...

He looks down at Gloria. Pointing in her face.

EARL

And Bitch... you're fucking pathetic.., because you raised these little bastards!

Earl trains his eyes on Jeff. Jeff is angry. His fingers folded into a fist. Their eyes engaged and he slowly rises.

JEFF

You didn't have to beat her like that..! Why are you always hitting her?!

EARL

So.., you a tough guy now, motherfucker!?

Jeff inched his eyes towards his baby sister. Jennifer is crying. He then looks down at his mom and he unclenches his fists and slowly descends to a crouch. Earl's hand is on his gun located behind his back. He uncocks the hammer.., takes his hand off the trigger.., and pulls down his shirt.

EARL

Now, get your sorry ass up and fix my Goddamn lunch... and it better be ready when I come back!

Earl turns and walks into his bedroom. He closes the door. Jeff looks at Gloria and then at his sisters. Gloria touches her now swollen lip.

JEFF

You Ok, momma..?

Jeff lifts Gloria to her feet. She is embarrassed. Her heart thrumming wildly as she gains her composure. Tracy and Jennifer run over to console her.

JENNIFER

(crying)

Momma.., why did daddy hit you?

TRACY

Because he's an asshole..!

GLORIA

Keep your voices down...

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gloria ushed a few steps into the hallway bathroom. She pulls a handful of TOILET TISSUE from the holder and wipes her bloody nose and lip.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gloria slides forward into the hallway.

GLORIA

I'm OK everyone... Go back to your rooms... I need to go fix Earl's lunch. Go ahead.

She doesn't look at Jeff. She swaggers forward into the kitchen. Jeff stands there taken aback. He jolts into his room.

OLDER JEFF (V.O.)

I know what you're thinking, but don't judge us..! There were a lot of dysfunctional homes in the Bronx. We were just terrorized by my drug dealing stepfather.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - JEFF'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the DRESSER are three Skelzie shooting caps. He grabs them, places them in his sock, and races out of his room.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY

He sprints past the kitchen and out the front door into the HALLWAY CORRIDOR.

INT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The loud sound of his front door slamming echoes throughout the long empty hallway corridor. The door to apartment 4A slightly opens. The small silhouette of MS. EDDA THOMAS (50s) Cuban American, looks out her door. Jeff runs down the stairs.

EXT. JEFF'S APARTMENT - OUTSIDE - LATER

Out of breath, he draws a lungful of hot July air. He hunches over and puts his hands over his mouth and lets out a loud yell.

Two elderly couples exit the building as Jeff slowly calms down. They look at him and walk in the other direction.

He reaches in his front pants pocket and takes out a half-smoked NEWPORT CIGARETTE. Several small FOIL WRAPPERS with a BRIGHT RED EAGLE fall to the ground. Jeff quickly picks them up. He lights his cigarette. Takes a long drag. Then exhales.

He reaches down to his sock and secures his shooting caps. He walks down the street, turns, and walks up the long steep hill to Sheridan Avenue.

EXT. SHERIDAN AVENUE - SIDEWALK - LATER

Jeff climbs the hill and looks into the window of the R&S BODEGA. Martin (17) African American, a very slim physique. He is behind the counter sweating profusely. He finishes with a customer and she walks out.

INT. R&S BODEGA - CONTINUOUS

Jeff walks in and Martin lifts the counter divider and walks over to greet him.

MARTIN

What's up, Jeff.., you got the stuff?

Jeff reaches into his pocket and hands Martin two foiled wrappers. Martin pays Jeff as he places the money in his pocket.

MARTIN

Same time tomorrow?

JEFF

OK.

OLDER JEFF (V.O.)

OK.., let me explain. I wasn't a real drug dealer... I just sold enough to play video games and buy candy for my friends... I didn't even know how much to sell it for. Martin gave me two dollars for two \$10 wrappers of weed... Earl had so much of it... I thought I'd help myself to it.

Jeff walks out of the store and proceeds up the hill.

EXT. SHERIDAN AVENUE - SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jeff reaches the top of the hill. The door to the BAR OF JUSTICE opens. Miz and Eric stroll out laughing. They see Jeff. They dap.

MIZ

Where you been, Jeff..? We've been practicing.

JEFF

Home... Doing an assignment for summer school. What's going on?

Eric gestures down the street.

ERIC

The Morris Avenue crew bogarted our game board again... Jerome asked for you.

MIZ

Yeah.., he really, really wants to play you, Jeff! He dissed Eric real bad..! Told him he was trash.

ERIC

He didn't actually say trash.., he said I wasn't worth playing.

MIZ

We were just headed to your house.

Jeff looks upset.

ERIC

You Ok..?

JEFF

Yeah.., I'm fine... Got some shit going on at home.

ERIC

You mean with Earl?

MIZ

That Earl is one crazy nigger..!
Heard he went full Reggie Jackson on a dude... and beat him to death with a 36-ounce Louisville slugger!

Jeff shakes his head.

ERIC

That's not what I heard, Miz! Heard he curbed a dude for being an informant.., a snitch. Crushed his head against the curb like a cabbage.

Jeff avoids the conversation.

JEFF

Hey, E.., you need another heavy shooting cap. Let me see them.

Miz and Eric take out their shooting caps. Miz shows two highly used, scuffed-up caps. One cap is made from a small JUICE lid. It's filled with CANDLE WAX and PENNIES. Another cap is made from an ICE CREAM push up lid. It's filled with PLAY-DOH and fishing weights.

ERIC

Damn.., Miz you playing with those?

Jeff laughs.

JEFF

Whatcha got, E..?

ERIC

Man... One of my best shooting caps went down the sewer earlier.

MIZ

(laughing)

Jeff.., you should have seen it! E went for the win.., shot his cap from squares 2 to 1... and it rolled on its side about 10 feet past square 1. Landed right in the sewer. If the sewer was square 1... then he would have won the game. No skills whatsoever..!

Jeff blows a laugh from his nose.

ERIC

That's not what your mom said last night.

They tittered a laugh. Jeff gets serious.

JEFF

Look, guys... if we play the Morris Avenue crew, we need to work as a team.

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

Plus.., Jerome is really good...
The last thing I need is him
beating us... and rubbing it in.

ERIC

My other two caps are crap. I need
to make some more.

MIZ

Me too..! Hey.., I heard his dad
was on scholarship at NASA or
something like that.

ERIC

NASA my ass..! I heard his family
was rich as hell.

JEFF

Who cares, guys..? We just need to
be ready.

ERIC

I have some stuff to make caps at
my house.

Eric glances at his watch.

ERIC

It's 12:30... Let's go. I'll show
you what my dad got me.

MIZ

You're always getting something
new.

ERIC

That's what I told your mom last
night.

MIZ

Why are you always on my mom, E?

Eric and Jeff laugh.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Eric opens his apartment door. All three walk in. An TEAC 8
TRACK TAPE DECK is on the shelf playing JAZZ MUSIC. BETTY
HARRIS (39), African American, medium build, comes out of the
kitchen. She greets them.

BETTY
You boys hungry?

Eric, Jeff, and Miz acknowledge.

BETTY
OK.., lunch will be ready in a few.
I'm making grilled cheese
sandwiches.

Jeff smiles.

OLDER JEFF (V.O.)
Betty was awesome... I've never
seen such a happy family.

BETTY
Mark.., how is Coline doing?

MIZ
She's good... Working at the bar
today. Eric and I just left there.

BETTY
(angry)
Eric.., I told you about going into
that bar without an adult.

ERIC
Ma.., we were just in there to get
some water. Plus Mrs. Anderson
didn't mind. She even gave us some
money to buy chips and soda.

BETTY
Ok.., as long as you don't make it
a habit; Eric.., go show them your
new music equipment.

ERIC
I was ma... I was going to surprise
them.

Betty chuckles.

BETTY
Sorry I ruined your surprise.

OLDER JEFF (V.O.)
Eric was a beatmaker... It was so
easy for him. That's why we called
him Easy E.., well before that
other guy.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT - ERIC'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eric opens his room door. Turns on the light. In the corner sitting on a table are two TECHNICS TURNTABLES and a GEMINI MIXER. Next to the table. Two milk crates full of vinyl record albums. Jeff and Miz's eyes widen. Jeff glides his finger across the equipment. Eric gives a finger wag.

ERIC

Nah Jeff... These are only for professionals.

Eric points up at a sign above his turntables that reads:
"Professional DJ at work"

Eric reaches down in the crate. Pulls out two records. Places them on both turntables. He switches on the mixer. The turntables spin. Eric places the needle down on turntable one. LAFAYETTE ROCK BAND'S "Hihache" plays. Eric places the needle down on turntable two. He mimic's the beat. He scratches the two records.

"INSERT JEFF AND MIZ'S IMPROMPTU RAP"

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT - ERIC'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

ERIC

Oh My God..! That was so def Jeff!

JEFF

Your beats were incredible, E!

MIZ

What about me, guys?

Jeff cuts his eyes to Eric.

JEFF

You were Ok.

MIZ

That's not what your momma said last night.

Jeff chuckles.

ERIC

Hey.., the building maintenance guy left some stuff on the roof. He said I can help myself to it.

Jeff glances at Miz.

ERIC

He had all kinds of stuff... Tar...,
putty. Let's go up there after we
eat and make some new shooting
caps.

JEFF

Bet..!

Betty yells out from the kitchen.

BETTY (O.S.)

Boys..., lunch is ready.

ERIC

I'm coming, Ma..! Shut-up Miz!

They all laugh.

EXT. ERIC'S APARTMENT - ROOF - LATE AFTERNOON

The roof door opens. On the roof are several large barrels of roofing tar, brushes, and other miscellaneous items. In the middle of the roof drawn on the ground is a large white chalk-drawn 6' X 6' Skelzie's square with numbers on it from 1 to 13. Miz opens his stride to the far edge of the roof ledge, hangs over it, and looks down.

ERIC

Miz..., get off the ledge..., we
don't need you falling off!

MIZ

Don't worry, I'm not going to fall
off, E... I'm not stupid.

Jeff looks down at the Skelzie board.

JEFF

This shit is awesome, E..! Why
didn't you tell us you had this up
here?

ERIC

Why..? Because if I told you... I
wouldn't have any place to
practice. Plus..., I need to train
to be as good as you and Miz.

Miz walks over to the other side of the roof and looks down.

MIZ

Hey.., there's unstoppable park!
Some people are gathering around...
Looks like they're setting up for
something.

Eric and Jeff jolt into motion to look.

ERIC

Damn.., I forgot I could see it
from here... Looks like they're
having a show today.

JEFF

Look.., I want to show you
something.

Jeff reaches in his sock. Pulls out his shooting caps. One is
new. The other two are worn. He holds out his newer cap. It's
shining in the sunlight like a diamond.

JEFF

I call this cap, Excalibur... I've
won many games with it. I don't
need to change anything on it
because it's perfect!

Miz and Eric place all of their caps on the ground in a pile.
Jeff drops his other caps in.

ERIC

Can I see it?

Eric holds Excalibur. He feels its weight.

ERIC

Nice.., can I shoot with it?

Jeff holds out his hand.

JEFF

Oh.., hell no, E..! No one plays
with Excalibur except me... Give it
here!

Eric sucks his teeth. He hands Excalibur to Jeff. Jeff draws
a line outside square 1. Puts down Excalibur. He prepares to
shoot.

JEFF

The game doesn't start at square
one, it starts at the starting
line.

Eric and Miz freeze in place. Jeff stands. He breaks the fourth wall.

JEFF

Ok, ladies and gentlemen..., I'm going to give you a quick education on how to play Skelzies. Call this "Skelzies for Dummies".

Jeff slowly walks around the Skelzies board.

JEFF

Eric and Miz are good, but they're not me... The most important part about playing Skelzies is the shooting cap.

Jeff turns. His eyes focused on the pile of shooting caps.

JEFF

Look at all these different caps.

There are a variety of shooting caps shown. He tosses them all away.

JEFF

Don't waste your time with these crappy caps. They are small..., lightweight, and will not move like Excalibur.

Jeff reaches down and picks up Excalibur and holds it up.

JEFF

Here's a secret about Excalibur nobody knows. It's made from an orange cream push pop. Why, because it's all about the slide and weight. It also needs to be an extension of your shooting hand. Your cap must stop on a dime.

Jeff points at the board. He highlights squares 1 through 13.

JEFF

See these boxes... We're shooting at onesies, twosies, threesies, foursies, etc... You'll never hear us say box.

He points to the middle 13 square. It's surrounded by 4 TRAPEZOID boxes with numbers 2,4,6,8 drawn inside of them.

JEFF

Try to stay away from these 4 squares. They're called skulls.., like a pirate's skull and crossbones. The game is actually called "Skelly", but everyone has their street name for it. We call it "Skelzies"... If you land here you can't shoot again until someone knocks you out... The awesome part it's worth extra squares depending on the number in that square. It's bad if you land there... but it has its advantages if you want to win.

Jeff moves around the board.

JEFF

You've heard clichés like... "It doesn't matter how you start it's how you finish"... or ..."It's kill or be killed" Well.., just like in life there are always exceptions to the rules in Skelzies.., it does matter how you start. It's a race to get to the finish line with the least amount of errors possible. The first player back to square 1 has a real shot to put some heads to bed... It's kinda like the street version of shuffle board.

Jeff turns.

JEFF

Like I said earlier, Skelzies is like life... Sometimes you win and sometimes.., well you know the rest. Not everything is gonna go your way and you never shoot the same shot twice. Sometimes... things get in the way that you may need to go around or in some cases blast out of your way. In Skelzies we call this blasting.

Jeff descends to his knees. He glides around the board precisely shooting into square after square. He pauses. A difficult shot is seen. Miz's cap is blocking his shot. He looks up.