

DEFENSIVE POSITION

by Japheth Gordon

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - BEDSIDE

TAYLOR (14) holding back tears, looks over the UNCONSCIOUS BOY in the bed.

She sits next to JORDAN (14), shaking his head in disbelief.

JORDAN

It was an amazing play -- y'know, before...

TAYLOR

That's where your mind is right now?

JORDAN

Sorry, but it was highlight-reel material.

(quiet)

Just gotta learn to keep his chin tucked.

TAYLOR

Can you be quiet?

BEAT.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Why are you even here?

JORDAN

He's my teammate.

TAYLOR

Well we're all here now; his *family*. So you can leave.

JORDAN

Why are you mad at me?

TAYLOR

Because you're a bad influence.

JORDAN

I didn't force your brother to play ball. He wanted to.

TAYLOR

No, he wanted you and the guys to think he was tough. You teased him--

JORDAN

-- We never teased him.

TAYLOR

Ever since elementary school you made him feel small and weak. He was just trying to prove you wrong. Now he might not...

Taylor, emotional, stops.

JORDAN

Look, I'm sorry he got injured. It sucks. But that's the risk we take every time we strap on a helmet.

TAYLOR

Such a stupid sport.

JORDAN

Says who? You? You lucky enough to be in the honors program or whatever, so your life is easy. Must be nice, walking around school knowing that people value what's in here...

Jordan, angry, pointing to his own head.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

For some of us -- my dad, my grandpa -- this "stupid sport" is our only chance at the life you're taking for granted.

TAYLOR

I didn't mean -- I'm sorry.
(beat)
I'm scared.

JORDAN

So am I.

TAYLOR

Wh-what if he doesn't wake up?

JORDAN

He will.