

Reffed Up S1E1

By

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CLICK (ROARING crowd noises are heard as EYE OF THE TIGER plays on tape)

FADE IN

INT. LOCKER ROOM - EVENING

Set to the music, a no-nonsense referee, BRADY, preps for a game. a MONTAGE of CLOSE-UPS: Tying shoelaces, putting on fingerless gloves, wiping a bright orange WHISTLE, etc. As he stands and looks in the mirror the music fades. He checks his velcro strap wristwatch, glances back to mirror.

BRADY
It's showtime.

BRADY walks towards the COURT, pressing STOP on the tape player on a bench as he leaves and the crowd noises *from the tape* halt.

INT. BASKETBALL COURT

Brady raises his hands as if to shush the crowds- two or three disinterested parents and less than a handful of elementary students, one picking his nose out of boredom. TWO TEAMS line the edge of the court, the home team having their own brown HORSE MASCOT, a young boy in a costume.

The two coaches walk towards Brady.

BRADY
(Seriously)
Alright folks, I want a fair game out there. I don't wanna see any of that--

COACH 1
Where are the other refs?

BRADY
Sir, please don't cut me off. I was trying to do a whole spee-- what?
Where are the other refs?

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

GREG is driving well above 20 mph as he passes a school zone sign. JOE clenches the door in the passenger seat. In the back seat SETH struggles to put on his referee uniform.

JOE

Greg! Could you slow it down a little.

GREG

You're joking right, Joe? I barely talked my mom into getting us these reffing positions and *she* barely talked Jarett into it.

SETH

What kind of a name is Jarett?

JOE

You're going to get a ticket Greg. This job is useless if you're just going to spend the money on paying off tickets!

SETH

It's not Jared. and It's not Garrett either. ugh. It's a bastard child of a name.

GREG

Yeah, well we wouldn't even be in this mess if *somebody* didn't have to take a, what was it, a *game dump*?

SETH

PRE-game dump, Greg. as in before the game. As the only one of the three of us that has actually played basketball, you've got to trust me when I say that the pre-game dump is a necessary ritual before every single game.

GREG

You *barely* played basketball.

SETH

I played *varsity* in high school!

(CONTINUED)

JOE
You played *JV swing*.

GREG
Yeah, and you dropped out a month later for that girl who you dropped a month after that!

SETH
Fine! But, Holly? That was true love man.. don't mess with true love. And *also*, in that one month you know what I *did* do? I took a PRE-GAME DUMP before every game. So don't say I never learned nothing.

JOE
Well you could have at least waited till we got to the school.

SETH
No can do-do, Joeben. I need my space when I poop. I get all claustrophobic in those tiny dividers. The only way I'd use a public restroom is if there was a handicapped stall, which I consider unethical, so that scenario is just as clogged up as the toilet in the apartment.

GREG
So you'll abandon a clogged toilet and be late for work, but you won't shit in the handicapped stall?

Greg pulls into a PARKING SPOT. As Seth pulls his shirt over his body, he reaches for the door.

SETH
Hey man, don't fuck with rituals.

The backseat door fails to open.

SETH
Greg, what's up with the door?

GREG
Dammit, Joe! Child locks again?

JOE
Someone could bump the latch! It's safer this way.

Greg and Joe EXIT the car and let Seth out.

INT. BASKETBALL COURT

Greg, Seth, and Joe, run into the court with their bags.

BRADY

Where the hell have you guys been?

SETH

(looking at scoreboard)

Whoa, Brady. Calm down. The game doesn't start for another 15:00 minutes.

BRADY

Warm-ups have been going for the past 15 minutes. And you're supposed to show up half an hour BEFORE that! You are all a bunch of amateurs!

JOE

Well, yeah. This is our first game. Ease up a little.

BRADY

When I signed up to be a referee in the Southern Oregon Central Conference of Elementary Referees I had dreams of going big someday. I *will* reach that goal, I *will* ref the NBA all-star game someday, but I *won't* be held back by a slack-jawed group of know-nothing white privileged groupies!

GREG

Pretty sure you used the word groupies wrong, and also you're the only white dude here, Brady.

JOE

I mean, I would consider myself to be white privileged.

SETH

Joe, you're brown.

JOE

So like, technically it'd be racist to say I'm not allowed to be white

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOE (cont'd)
privileged though, right? I lived a
pretty cushy life.

GREG
Joe, you're wrong. Brady, you're
even more wrong.

SETH
Yeah, Brady. It's just elementary
basketball.

PAN the gym to reveal the two teams horribly making shots
for their warm ups, terrible bounce-passing, kids getting
hit in the faces with the ball, another BOY picking his
nose, etc.

BRADY
This is so much more than a *game*,
Seth. This is my life!

2 Unlimited's *Get Ready for This* begins to play as we

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP of Brady's face blowing on the WHISTLE

PULL OUT to see BRADY tossing the basketball up in the air,
followed by several quick shots of the game, high paced,
high energy, like a 90s music video. a TILT shot of the BOY
picking his booger on the court. BRADY calling a foul. Our
main men running around the court. Shots of the timer and
scoreboard are seen throughout, and the sequence ends on the
half time buzzer going off. The music FADES OUT.

JOE walks over to the bench, leaning on his own knees, out
of breath. Greg and Seth follow suit.

JOE
Holy Shit! I'm tired.

GREG
Man, watch your language, there's
kids around!

JOE looks up.

GREG
Nah, man. I'm just fuckin' with ya.

SETH
Seriously, though. I was not
expecting this job to be so
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SETH (cont'd)
exhausting. Like, we aren't getting
paid enough. Greg, remind me why
we're doing this...

GREG
You need college tuition, Joe's
trying to get a ring to propose.
Speaking of proposing, I see a fine
young lady over by the drinking
fountain.

GREG runs off. BRADY makes his way over.

BRADY
Well, I was expecting that to be a
lot worse.

JOE
Am I supposed to say thank you to
that?

BRADY
Honestly... yes.

SETH
Dude, you've got problems.

BRADY
I know. And three of them are right
here pretending to help me referee.

JOE
Oh, come on! We're doing fine.

BRADY
We're halfway through. Just try
not to mess up the rest of the
game.

Meanwhile by the WATERFOUNTAIN--

GREG
So, you got a kid on the court?

TIFFANY
Yeah. Well, sort of--

GREG
That's great. Yeah, so we're
reffing here later this week,
Thursday. You wanna... get a bite
to eat or something after?

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY
Yeah, heh. I'd like that Greg. It
was nice meeting you.

Tiffany hands Greg her phone number.

GREG
Great!

He attempts to impress her by spinning the Basketball on his
finger, it falls off and whacks her in the face.

TIFFANY
Ouch!

GREG
Ooooooh. I'm sorry. You good?

TIFFANY
Eeeh.

She walks away as Greg repositions the ball under his arm
and fails to play it cool.

GREG
She'll come back. They always come
back.

The buzzer rings and Seth and Joe wave Greg back over to the
court. More shots of the game play until we see a shot of
Joe running backwards too quickly. He runs into the Horse
mascot boy, knocking him over.

JOE
Man, watch it!

Joe quiets himself as he assesses the damage. The boy's
FIBULA is broken and jagged, sticking out of his mascot. A
parent pulls his mask off as he shrieks.

JOE
Uuuuuuh..... stand back! I can fix
this. I know first aid.

He runs to his bag and pulls out a first aid kit. Under the
pressure, he simply places some band-aids on top of the
bone, a clear failure. The crying boy pulls off his horse
mask.

HORSEBOY
Man, you SUCK!

CUT TO: