

EXT. CITY PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Eight PARAPLEGICS, using wheelchairs, including Neal, play basketball. Neal sweats as he rebounds, shoots and SCORES.

The other team takes the ball out as they all scramble for the other net.

Bob walks up and takes off his sunglasses.

The other team scores a basket and they all take a time out for water and Gatorade.

Bob walks over to Neal at the sidelines.

BOB

How's it going?

Neal breathes heavily as he drinks from his sports bottle.

NEAL

Not bad, but we're up only by four.

Bob sits down on the bench next to an ice cooler.

BOB

Thanks for getting our jobs back at Gibson.

NEAL

The thanks goes to Paige's father. He set me up with an attorney friend of his. Her father's a pretty nice guy and I think he's beginning to like me.

Neal wipes the sweat from his forehead.

BOB

Seems Paige is more involved than even she realizes.

NEAL

What do you mean?

Neal wheels to the other side of the bench and pulls a fresh bottled water out of the ice cooler.

BOB

Tony Moore, Mr. Gibson's right hand man when we went to get the proposed contracts, is the one who tried to stab us in the back. He happens to be Paige's ex-boyfriend.

Neal shakes his head.

BOB (CONT'D)

Speaking of Paige, she's been trying to get a hold of you.

NEAL

I haven't checked my messages in a while.

Bob picks up a basketball from under the bench.

BOB

Maybe you should.

Neal sets down his water bottle.

NEAL

What's up with you?

BOB

Real question's, what's up with you? I think you need to quit acting like you're able bodied.

Neal angrily stares at Bob.

NEAL

Able bodied? I've come to terms with my disability a long time ago.

Bob stands up and throws the ball at Neal.

BOB

Then let everyone else come to terms with it, too.

Neal throws the ball back at Bob twice as forceful.

NEAL

What the hell do you know?

BOB

I know you try too hard at always proving you're as good, if not better than every able bodied person around you.

NEAL

And I know that I can't live with people's sympathy and I'm not somebody's inspirational story. This is my life.

Bob dribbles the basketball.

BOB

Then live it. Don't over do it or you'll miss it. No man is an island, but you make it as if you were the only one. I mean, even Robinson Crusoe had Friday. We all have to accept help from time to time.

One of Neal's teammates yells to Neal.

TEAMMATE

Come on Neal, we need to finish this game before it gets dark.

Neal turns his head and points his finger to have them wait for a minute.

BOB

I needed your help getting me where I am today. We all have different needs. I have different needs than you and as you've said before, you have different needs then even other wheelers, like those on the court. Right now, they need you and you need them to still play basketball.

Neal quickly responds defensively.

NEAL

Yeah, I still play basketball and do everything I used to. It's just twice as hard as before and I don't think it's fair to subject Paige to that kind of lifestyle.

Bob rolls the ball back under the bench.

BOB

Then I guess you should stay with someone like, Suzy, where you just use each other. She'll get what she wants and you'll get what you want.

Neal shakes his head.

NEAL

I don't think so. I got everything I needed with these.

Neal lifts his open hands in the air toward Bob.

BOB

Oh, those magical hands can do everything, huh? What are you afraid of losing? The appearance of independence or the best woman you'll ever find? I think it's your turn to "deal with it." Deal with Paige otherwise you're going to lose her, forever. Before last weekend you were afraid her parents would be making up her mind for her on who she should see.

Bob shakes his head and walks away toward the parking lot.

NEAL

And I don't like anybody making up my mind or telling me what to do either.

Bob turns around and steps back to Neal.

BOB

Then, why are you making up Paige's mind for her?

Neal looks visibly angry and points his finger at Bob.

NEAL

I'm not telling her...

Neal drops his finger as he reflects.

BOB

Yes you are. You're not letting her decide if being with you is too much while holding on to your precious appearance of being completely independent.

Bob digs in his pant's pocket for his car keys as he walks toward Neal.

NEAL

Don't worry, I will "deal with it" in my own time.

BOB

You better soon, or you'll lose her forever.

Bob puts his sunglasses on and his hand on Neal's shoulder as he walks by and back to his car.

Neal's Teammate throws the basketball at Neal.

NEAL

Alright let the whoop ass commence. I've got dinner plans.

Neal throws the ball back as he rolls out on the court.