

FINAL DESTINATION 6

CLIP #1:

"THREE STRIKES. BUT WHO'S OUT?"

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Establishing.

A high school baseball field. Teenagers with snacks and giddy parents ready to cheer on their children.

The scoreboard is held up by an old rusted up pole, sitting adjacent to the BULLPEN...

EXT. BULLPEN - DAY

ON DUSTIN

He stares up at the clouds. It's getting creepy looking out.

He peeks over at NEWT, who sits beside him, beating on his knees as if they were drums. He's not wearing a uniform like the rest - just jeans and a hoodie.

DUSTIN
Think it's gonna rain?

NEWT
Maybe.

The two watch -- QUENTIN'S AT BAT.

SWINGS and MISSES.

EXT. BLEACHERS - DAY

JILLIAN and LANCE are sat at the bleachers. Jillian leans on his shoulder, sipping an ICEE.

Quentin swings for a second ball -- misses again. Lance stands on the bleachers, screaming.

LANCE
Oh, come on! YOU CAN DO BETTER
THAN THAT!

Quentin looks at Lance from the plate. Gives him the MIDDLE FINGER.

Jillian tugs at Lance's pant leg. He sits upon her command, she notices he looks all worked up over Quentin flipping him off. She rubs his back, giggling.

JILLIAN
Oh lighten up.

ON THE PLATE:

Quentin swings again -- And for the third and final time, that's a MISS.

EXT. BULLPEN - DAY

QUENTIN sulks back to the bullpen as DUSTIN gets up to leave. The coach approaches, frowning.

COACH BROWNING

(re: Newt)

Really? What's this joker doing in the bullpen? You trying to pass around a blunt and completely fry my players...?

NEWT

Well I figured I could offer some expertise to some of the newbies on the team.

Newt pats a random kid on the back. The kid eyes him darkly.

NEWT (CONT'D)

Since, I used to be on the team til you kicked me off --

COACH BROWNING

(seething)

-- Twice.

NEWT

(slowly)

-- Twice.

The two seem to have some bad blood.

COACH BROWNING

Well at least I have a permanent benchwarmer here.

NEWT

I'll warm the bench for you, alright...

Coach Browning just shakes his head, turning back to more pressing matters -- the game.

The scoreboard flickers -- Catching the coach's attention.

COACH BROWNING
Ya know, they really need to
replace the bulbs on this thing--

But his voice trails out as we focus on Newt and Quentin.
Quentin stands by the railing --

QUENTIN
You wanna run and get me a pop?

Newt shrugs.

NEWT
(honestly)
Not really.

QUENTIN
I think it's funny that you're all
somber for a few months, then one
of our friends ends up dead and you
decide to go back to good ol' Newt.

NEWT
Yeah, well, it showed me how short
life could be. Why be so glum when
I can live it up you know?
Speaking of which, did Jillian ever
tell you about that party we were
planning for Dustin's B-Day?

Quentin's typing a message on his phone...

QUENTIN
No. I'm texting her right now -- I
bet she'll get me a pop.

NEWT
Well yeah, but Jillian's the girl
who plans on losing her virginity
to Jesus and thinks kissing
everyone's ass will get her to
Heaven.

Quentin smirks as his phone buzzes.

QUENTIN
That's her. She said yes.

NEWT
(mocking Jillian's voice)
One step closer to Heaven!

EXT. KIOSKS - DAY

JILLIAN makes her way over to a KIOSK.

JILLIAN
Hi, can I get a Sprite please...?

EXT. BLEACHERS - DAY

LANCE watches the game...

AT BAT:

DUSTIN. SWINGS -- HITS THE BALL AND WHAM!

It goes flying --

AT THE BLEACHERS:

Lance rises -- shouting like a maniac.

LANCE
YEAH! FUCK YEAH! THAT'S HOW WE DO
IT!!

EXT. BULLPEN - DAY

NEWT and the other nameless teammates rise from their seats -- joining a whooping and hollering QUENTIN at the fence.

ON THE BALL:

IT WHIZZES THROUGH THE FIELD -- HEADING FOR THE SEATS.

An awkward gust of wind manages to blow the ball OFF COURSE --

-- RIGHT FOR THE OUTFIELD. NEAR THE BULLPEN.

WHAM! SMACKS RIGHT INTO THE SCOREBOARD.

SPARKS FLY. IT GOES OUT -- THEN BACK ON -- THEN BACK OUT.

ON QUENTIN

He's pissed.

QUENTIN
What the hell was that?! He had
that!

The crowd's in a riot.

AT BAT:

Dustin's in shock. He looks around him at the booing people... He can't even react.

ON QUENTIN, NEWT & THE OTHERS

Quent's still fuming.

JILLIAN (O.S.)
What'd I miss?

Quentin and Newt turn around -- there stands JILLIAN at the entrance, Quentin's pop in her hand.

NEWT
Dustin hit a ball that SHOULD have been a home run but a very convenient gust of wind made it hit the fucking scoreboard...

COACH BROWNING storms over toward the bullpen -- He's obviously not happy, trying to pent in his anger.

COACH BROWNING
Tim, try workin' the board.

TIM -- a kid with bad acne and a quiet demeanor about him -- brushes past Jillian. He bumps right into her, spilling Quentin's pop all over the floor.

QUENTIN
Wow. Shocker. Fuck it, that's just my luck...

Tim ignores him and opens up a fuse box against a wall and flips a switch.

The SCOREBOARD doesn't do anything.

Tim turns back to the coach -- he shakes his head.

COACH BROWNING
Give it a minute. It'll pop on soon...

He returns to the field. Everyone in the bullpen stares up at the scoreboard.

NEWT
So who wants to take bets on how long it'll take for that old pile of rust to turn back--

SMASSSHH!

A CAR HURTLES OFF THE ROAD NEARBY, SMASHING INTO THE BACK POLE HOLDING UP THE SCOREBOARD.

The scoreboard's rusted screws POP out and THE IMPACT OF THE CAR pushes it -- it SWINGS down --

RIGHT FOR THE BULLPEN... RIGHT FOR QUENTIN, NEWT, AND JILLIAN.