

Written by **M.Lathrom**

Presents

Sticks

and

Stones



STICKS AND STONES

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FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A stick knocks a smooth, round pebble. It glides across the dirt, it hits the net made of silk woven between two weed stems. The kicker is:

STICKOLAS. He's a upside-down y-shaped stick. He has a big cartoon smile and kind eyes. The stick can flex, but not much. He jumps in the air, cheers.

Wrapped around him is the architect of the net:

SILKY. She's a plump silk worm with rosy cheeks and big, cute eyes.

Stickolas waddles over to the goal, nudges the pebble out of the goal, scoots it across the dirt to go another round.

He lines up, eyes the goal, ready to kick. Silky tightens up, focuses on the goal. When...

Several large shadows come over him like a dark cloud.

Stickolas pauses. Turns around.

Behind him, a gang of five hulking sticks, THE BRANCHES stand behind him. They too are y-shaped. Their eyes devious, the tops of their heads frayed like spiky hair. The GANG LEADER waddles to Stickolas, nudges the pebble away from him.

SILKY puffs out her chest, growls, gives them angry eyes.

Stickolas stands his ground, he nudges the pebbles away. He turns around to leave.

The other Branches surround him.

He tries to push through. A branch slams against him. Stickolas slams on the ground, Silky flies off outside the circle.

She rushes back to Stickolas when one of the Branches spots her, waddles toward her. She bolts for the grassy.

Hides behind some blades. The Branch searches, then gives up.

Silky watches. Stickolas hops to his feet, stands his ground, when the Branches start to wail on him. They kick, slam, shove.

Silky shuts her eyes, looks away.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A Branch stomps Stickolas' leg, it cracks in half.

Another Branch slams again him. His torso cracks.

Chips of wood splinter from a crack.

Stickolas winces in pain.

BACK TO SCENE

Silky cringes. A loud thud makes her open her eyes.

The Branches kick the pebble around. Play soccer.

Silky wander around the grass, searching.

In a broken heap, Stickolas lays broken and cracks. Barely moving.

Silky rushes to him. Gets on his chest. Looks at him with teary eyes. Stickolas cracks a small smile of relief. Then pain surges through him. He twitches.

Silky looks around, unsure of what to do, panicked. She slinks off his chest.

ON STICKOLAS' FACE

He winces a bit. Soft sounds, like bed sheet shuffling. Stickolas' pain fade. He peers down.

Silky slinks around his torso, putting the final bits of silk on his breaks. Silk around the broken legs, the broken torso.

She gets off, looks at him with a soft smile.

Stickolas moves his leg. The silk bandage creates a joint. He can bend his knee more than he ever could. He sits up. He can bend his torso. With the silk bandages, he looks like a soccer player with knee pads.

He stands. Bends down. Lifts his legs, tests his flexibility. He jumps higher than he ever could.

He smiles at Silky. She slinks onto his torso. He nestles up to her. Like a cheek hug.

Then, he eyes the field with determination.

THE BRANCHES

Kick the pebble between each other.

Stickolas hops in the middle of the group with Silky around him. He steals the pebble from Gang Leader. Kicks his between his feet like a soccer player.

Gang Leader swoops his leg under Stickolas. Stickolas kicks the pebble up, jumps over the leg. Then catches the pebble on his knee.

The Branches attack.

Stickolas jumps, dodges, kicks the pebble under them, around them. He moves like a ninja soccer player around the stiff Branches.

As he moves around them, Silky weaves silk. They run around the group. Wrapping them in the silk web.

The branches pant, exhausted, tied up tight together in the silk web.

They stare up at Stickolas. He stands triumphant. He bounces the pebble between his knees. He knees it up, then does a spin kick.

The pebble flies into the goal.

Stickolas nods, then head toward the grass. As he leaves, Silky looks back at the Branches. Sticks her tongue out.

The branches struggle against the silk web. Then, in the distance...

A dog barks. They all look at each other freaked.

SMASH TO TITLE:

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