

Vince Miller

Vince Miller, an eighteen year old boy

Is

Driving

Down

The

Street

As

His

Car

Is

**HIT BY A BASEBALL!!!!**

The ball was from a kid playing catch with his  
Dad...

Vince, **angry**, throws the ball.....away

And drives off....

Leaving the the father and son without their ball....

**Vince** meets up with his peers from school to play some Spike-ball at the river....

“What was that?”

“Retard!”

“Why did I even come here....”

“Dumb-ass!”

Many of **Vince’s** peers  
moan and complain to one  
another about his arrival....  
He’s never pleasant to be  
around, he’s always  
insulting someone, and he  
calls people names....

“Do you even know how to play this game?”

**Vince** notices someone nearby getting ready to fish.....

**Fishing Memories.....** Vince and Mark are fishing together when Mark gives Vince a new tackle box...

Wow, cool,  
hey, it  
looks like  
your's!

How do I  
do this  
again?

I guess  
nothing is  
biting  
today...

I wonder  
who's  
calling?

**Mark** answers the phone....

One of **Vince's** peers reaches to answer their cell phone... **Vince** becomes **IRRITATED.**

“We’re trying to play a game here Dumb-ass, put the stupid phone down!”

“Sorry, I need to answer this.”

“Take it later. We’re in the middle of something here!”

"Sorry..."

**Vince** throws the spike-ball at his peer and hits them in the face. They start to bleed. **Vince** becomes shocked that he made his peer bleed. Everyone becomes angry. **Vince** leaves out of embarrassment....

# Fishing Memories:

“Hello?”

“Is this Mark Miller?”

“Yes.”

I’m sorry to notify you that you’re wife,  
Susan Miller died in a head-on collision  
this afternoon. I am sorry.”