

FADE IN:

EXT. GROUNDS OUTSIDE MANSION - DAY

BEXLEY, an English butler in his golden years, dressed formally and wearing a construction workers hard hat, carries a silver tray with a full glass of milk on it.

JOSEPH "JOE" WANNAMAKER, an average forty-year-old man and millionaire, tees off on his private driving range.

Joe's drive slices into a large tree, then zings directly toward Bexley.

JOE

Fore!

The ball strikes Bexley's hard hat. Undaunted, Bexley continues on with the milk still in place.

JOE

I'm sorry, Bexley -- I've got a wicked slice.

Joe takes the milk from the tray.

BEXLEY

No fault of yours, Sir Joseph. Had the tree not been in your path, it would have been an excellent shot.

Joe holds his club in one hand and the milk in the other...

JOE

I, ah...

...then sets the milk back on the tray and repositions his stance.

JOE

I believe I may have over-compensated -- Opened the club face too much.

BEXLEY

I'm sure that's it, sir. Try... closing it some.

Joe nods.

JOE

Closing it. That's it. I'll close it more.

Joe addresses the ball -- shuffles his feet.

Bexley closes his eyes.

Joe's about to begin his back-swing when he does a double take at Bexley.

JOE
Are you praying, Bexley?

Bexley opens his eyes.

BEXLEY
Oh, no, sir. I must have dozed off
for a moment.

Joe addresses the ball -- swings.

The ball flies high and wide with a wicked hook, back toward the mansion.

Joe searches the sky.

JOE
Where'd it go?

Bexley searches with Joe.

Glass breaks.

Joe and Bexley turn toward the mansion.

JOE
Uh-oh.

BEXLEY
Indeed, sir.

LADY GATTALITE, in her 80's and Joe's grandmother, appears in the broken window.

LADY GATTALITE
Joseph Wannamaker! If you break one
more window!

JOE
I'm sorry, Grandmother! I should
have opened the face more!

Lady Gattalite squints.

LADY GATTALITE
Bexley! Where's my wine?!

BEXLEY
I was just on the way, ma'am!

Lady Gattalite wags her finger.

LADY GATTALITE
One more window!

BEXLEY
Will there be anything else, sir?

JOE
Not unless you've got a new life in
your pocket.

BEXLEY
Nothing there but lint.

Joe nods.

BEXLEY
I'd best see to Lady Gattalite's
wine, before I have no use for a
pocket.

Bexley starts to walk away, then turns back.

BEXLEY
New lives are a dime a dozen,
Joseph. But I don't know of a man
who wouldn't give his right arm to
have your's.

JOE
If only I could just be good at
something, Bexley. Something that
people could point me out to others
and say, "There goes the best...
at... at, whatever."

BEXLEY
The roar of the crowd?

JOE
Yes, exactly -- The roar of the
crowd.

INT. MANSION - EVENING

Joe, his father, BEN and mother, DEE, both early 60's, sit
with Lady Gattalite, having soup at a large dinner table.

PAULI, a talking parrot, is on his perch to Joe's side.

Joe feeds the bird, crackers.

PAULI
Don't move -- Bad boys.

BEN
That bird watches too much TV.

PAULI

Whatcha gonna do when they come for
you?

JOE

He's smart.

LADY GATTALITE

(to Joe)

When are you gettin' married?

JOE

Married?

DEE

He has to find a girl first,
Mother.

Lady Gattalite turns her hearing aid up.

LADY GATTALITE

What?

BEN

She said, he has to find a girl
first!

LADY GATTALITE

You don't have to shout! I'm not
deaf yet!

BEN

Fine!

DEE

Ben, please?

BEN

I'm sorry, Dee. You know she can't
hear her own self...

Lady Gattalite passes gas, loudly.

BEN

Jesus, Dee!

Dee slams her spoon down.

DEE

Mother!

LADY GATTALITE

What?!

DEE

You're at the table!

LADY GATTALITE
Who's at the stable?!

BEN
I give up.

DEE
(to Ben)
Would you try to have a little
patience? Remember... it's Mother's
money that keeps us rich.

Lady Gattalite points her finger at Dee.

LADY GATTALITE
You better watch who you're callin'
a bitch, young lady! I'll cut you
off at the purse in a minute!

Dee roles her eyes toward Joe.

DEE
Joseph, could you help here,
please?

JOE
Mother didn't say you were a bitch,
Grandmother. She said, you were
rich.

LADY GATTALITE
There's no sin in being rich!
You're rich! Hell, everybody here's
rich!

PAULI
Give it up -- Eat lead.

Lady Gattalite points to Bexley.

LADY GATTALITE
Except him.

Bexley removes Lady Gattalite's soup bowl.

BEXLEY
Quite right, ma'am.

Pauli squawks.

PAULI
Quite right -- Rich bitch.

DEE
(to Ben)
He didn't hear that on TV.

Lady Gattalite slams her fist on the table in a burst of laughter.

LADY GATTALITE
Now when he says it, it's funny!

She begins to cough.

LADY GATTALITE
I like that bird.

BEN
Have another cigarette.

Dee kicks Ben's leg. He kicks back. They kick each other until Ben throws his hands up and Dee eyes him back in place.

BEXLEY
(to Lady Gattalite)
Are you all right, ma'am?

Lady Gattalite stares up at Bexley.

LADY GATTALITE
Hmmm? Why wouldn't I be?

Bexley bows...

BEXLEY
Of course, ma'am.

...then walks away.

LADY GATTALITE
(to Joe)
So? When are you gettin' married?

JOE
I'm not getting married,
Grandmother.

Lady Gattalite presses back in her chair.

LADY GATTALITE
You just gonna shack up?

PAULI
Wannamaker!

Joe feeds Pauli another cracker.

JOE
No, Grandmother. I'm not shacking
up with anyone. I don't have a
girlfriend.

Lady Gattalite strikes a wooden match across the table --

lights her extra-long cigarette.

LADY GATTALITE
Your grandfather had plenty.

DEE
Mother, please.

LADY GATTALITE
I never shackled up with him, but we
would do it in this old Ford he had
if it wasn't rainin'.

Dee drops her head in her hand.

DEE
Must you tarnish Father's memory?

LADY GATTALITE
Well it had a cloth roof with a
hole in it. How does that tarnish
anybody's memory?

She blows a stream of smoke.

BEN
Do you have to smoke at the table?

LADY GATTALITE
What?!

BEN
Smoke at the table!

LADY GATTALITE
No we didn't!

She points her finger at Ben.

LADY GATTALITE
And don't you talk dirty to me!

Joe shakes his head -- Ben and Dee sigh -- Pauli squawks.

PAULI
Rich bitch.

Lady Gattalite smiles.

EXT. GROUNDS OUTSIDE MANSION - EVENING

Joe walks alone in deep thought.

A man, MR. LONGSNOUT, around Joe's age, but short with an
extremely long nose, watches from behind a large tree.

Longsnout jumps back when Joe looks up.

Joe catches a glimpse of Longsnout. He stops.

JOE
Who's there?

Longsnout bites his nails as he peeps around the tree and give a shy wave.

MR. LONGSNOUT
Just me.

JOE
Who are you?

Longsnout steps out.

MR. LONGSNOUT
I'm me... At least I think I'm me.

JOE
Think you're you?

Joe looks around him.

MR. LONGSNOUT
They call me, Mr. Longsnout.

JOE
How did you...

He focuses on Longsnout's nose.

JOE
...get in here?

MR. LONGSNOUT
I don't know. Guess they puffed me here.

JOE
Puffed you?

MR. LONGSNOUT
Yes. Puffed -- Poofed! Appeared --
You know.

He bites his nails.

MR. LONGSNOUT
Don't you?

Joe stares at the short, strange man.

MR. LONGSNOUT
What are you staring at?

JOE
Your nose.

MR. LONGSNOUT
What's wrong with it?

JOE
It's so long.

MR. LONGSNOUT
So?

Joe builds a smile.

JOE
That's why you're called,
Longsnout.

MR. LONGSNOUT
Hmmm.

He feels his nose as he considers the thought.

MR. LONGSNOUT
You think so?

JOE
Now look here, fellow. I don't know
how you got on the grounds, but my
grandmother doesn't allow
trespassers.

MR. LONGSNOUT
Believe me, I don't want to be here
anymore than you want me here. But
you've gotta help me!
(pleads)
In return I'll help you.

JOE
Help you what? And I don't need any
help.

MR. LONGSNOUT
Get to the next level. And you
must, or I wouldn't be here.

Joe shakes his head.

JOE
I don't understand.

Mr. Longsnout sighs.

MR. LONGSNOUT
Okay, look. Here's the whole thing
in a nutshell. I'm dead. Been

dead... I don't know how long. They don't let you remember anything. Not even your name. They just give you a new one.

Joe points to the man's nose.

MR. LONGSNOUT

Yeah, I guess. Thanks for filling me in. Anyway, as you may have surmised, I didn't make it upstairs, and I can't get anywhere else until I successfully complete an assignment.

JOE

I'm sorry.

MR. LONGSNOUT

It's these nerves of mine. They're shot. And I'm just not good at things.

JOE

I know how you feel. I'm the same.

MR. LONGSNOUT

No, you're alive. We're nowhere near the same.

JOE

I mean about doing things right.

Joe catches himself. He takes a step back and laughs.

JOE

You're not dead.

Longsnout drops his head and mumbles -- bites his nails.

MR. LONGSNOUT

No, no, please, not another one.

Joe frowns.

JOE

Another what?

MR. LONGSNOUT

Disbeliever.

Longsnout looks up.

MR. LONGSNOUT

If I return a failure, they'll send me to the back of the line. I'll have to start over again.

Longsnout paces -- chews his nails.

MR. LONGSNOUT
I'll never get to the next level.

Joe tries to comfort the small fellow.

JOE
Of course you will.

Longsnout stops pacing.

MR. LONGSNOUT
Do you know how long it takes to
get an assignment from the back of
the line?!

JOE
No.

MR. LONGSNOUT
Of course you don't!

His trembling hand goes to his mouth.

MR. LONGSNOUT
But I do.

JOE
This is crazy.

Longsnout mumbles unintelligibly.

Joe rolls his eyes.

JOE
All right. Just say, I were to
believe you. How could I help you?

Longsnout regains his composure.

MR. LONGSNOUT
Just ask for something. Can be
anything. Doesn't matter what. I'll
make it come true. With any luck, a
couple of hundred years, I get to
the next level!

JOE
But... I'm rich -- I don't need
anything.

Longsnout balls his fist and stomps his feet.

MR. LONGSNOUT
I knew it! He gave me this

assignment because he knew I'd fail!

JOE

He?

MR. LONGSNOUT

He! Him! That! What! Whatever!

JOE

The Devil?

MR. LONGSNOUT

That too!

He paces.

MR. LONGSNOUT

He's never liked me from the start.

JOE

I'm sorry, but I have no intention of selling my soul for anything -- Even if I weren't rich.

Longsnout turns to Joe.

MR. LONGSNOUT

No, no! You don't have to sell anything. Cost you nothing! He just wants you to know he's there. That's all.

Longsnout searches for his words.

MR. LONGSNOUT

It's an ego thing.

Thunder rumbles.

JOE

Was that thunder?

Longsnout cowers as Joe searches the clear sky.

MR. LONGSNOUT

Kidding! Just kidding!

Joe stares at Longsnout.

JOE

How is it I happened to end up your assignment?

MR. LONGSNOUT

I don't know! Nobody tells me anything.

He shrugs.

MR. LONGSNOUT
There has to be something you want,
you don't have.

JOE
You're really serious about this,
aren't you?

Longsnout lifts his sad eyes and nods.

Joe sighs.

JOE
The only thing I've ever really
wanted, was to be considered the
best at something.

MR. LONGSNOUT
Best at what?

Joe thoughts race through a beat.

JOE
I don't know -- I like sports.

Longsnout nods slowly.

MR. LONGSNOUT
Is that what you want?

Joe shrugs.

JOE
I have everything else.

MR. LONGSNOUT
Then ask for it.

JOE
No strings attached? I don't want
to end up like you.

MR. LONGSNOUT
That's up to another. But no. No
strings attached.

A beat.

JOE
If I ask, will you leave?

MR. LONGSNOUT
Immediately.

JOE
Grandmother doesn't like
trespassers.

MR. LONGSNOUT
I know. Now ask.

JOE
Alright -- I want to be considered
the best at sports.

MR. LONGSNOUT
Which one?

Joe thinks.

JOE
All of them.

MR. LONGSNOUT
Done.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

FOYER

Joe stands in the massive foyer with a confused look on his
face.

The door bell rings.

Bexley passes Joe on his way to the door.

BEXLEY
Thought you were on the grounds,
Sir Joseph?

JOE
So did I.

Bexley opens the door, revealing...

OLIVER TOLLIVER, a large man in his 50's with flaming-red
hair, dressed in a red sports coat with "OT" engraved in gold
lettering on the pocket, and a large cigar in the corner of
his mouth.

BEXLEY
May I help you?

Tolliver jerks the cigar from his mouth.

O.T.
Not unless you're Joe Wannamaker.

Bexley turns to Joe.

JOE
I'm, Joe Wannamaker.

Tolliver rushes past Bexley, with an outstretched hand.

BEXLEY
See here now...

Tolliver grabs Joe's hand and shakes it. He speaks very fast.

O.T.
(to Joe)
I'm Oliver Tolliver, but you can
just call me, O.T.

JOE
Alright, but who...

O.T.
You know what O.T. stands for?

JOE
Well, no.

O.T.
Overtime.

JOE
Well, that's right -- Of course it
does.

O.T.
That's why I'm O.T. instead of
Ollie. I work overtime, all the
time. My clients are never
neglected.

JOE
Clients?

Bexley steps up.

BEXLEY
Now look here my good man...

O.T.
No time to look. Gotta work.

O.T. pulls a folded sheet of paper from inside his coat.

O.T.
This is a contract for my services.

He points to a table phone.

O.T.
In about ten seconds that phone's

gonna ring.

O.T. lays the contract on the table.

O.T.
All you've got to do is sign on the
dotted line. I'll take care of
everything else.

JOE
Contract for what?

The phone rings.

O.T. reaches for it. Bexley beats him to it.

BEXLEY
Do you mind?!

O.T.
To become the biggest star in pro
football.

Bexley raises his chin, and the phone to his ear.

BEXLEY
Gattalite-Wannamaker residence.
(beat)
Just a moment.

Bexley turns to Joe with the phone and gives O.T. a confused
look.

BEXLEY
It's for you, Sir Joseph.

Joe reaches for the phone. O.T. steps in front of him.

O.T.
Sign on the bottom line, and I'll
make you rich.

JOE
I'm already rich.

O.T. glances around the huge foyer.

O.T.
But you're not a star quarterback.

Joe's eyes widen with wonder.

JOE
Me? A star quarterback?

He shakes his head in disbelief.

JOE
This is crazy.

O.T. holds an ink pen out to Joe.

O.T.
Stardom, is just a signature away.

Joe hesitates, then takes the pen and signs.

O.T. grabs the phone from Bexley.

O.T.
This is Oliver Tolliver, who are
you?
(beat)
Well you know now! You can submit
your offer with the rest of 'em.

O.T. winks at Joe.

O.T.
My boy goes to the best offer with
the largest audience!

O.T. hangs up.

JOE
But Mr. Tolliver...

O.T.
O.T.

JOE
I'm forty-years old.

O.T. crams the cigar in his mouth.

O.T.
Blanda played 'till he was fifty.

JOE
I've never played football.

The phone rings.

O.T.
We keep that one between you and
me.

O.T. answers.

O.T.
Tolliver!

Bexley sighs -- turns away.

Joe's eyes drift as O.T.'s conversation fades and the roar of a crowd builds.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - 3COM PARK - DAY

The stadium is packed with FANS.

PLAYERS from the San Francisco Cougars and Carolina Hurricanes are on the field for the coin toss.

BROADCAST BOOTH

TWO SPORTSCASTERS' do the radio broadcast for the home team from their booth above the seats.

FIRST SPORTSCASTER

It's a beautiful opening day here at sold-out 3Com Park, and the fans are drooling in anticipation of another championship season of Cougar football.

SECOND SPORTSCASTER

The Cougars have won the coin toss and will get the football first.

FIRST SPORTSCASTER

This is going to be a real test for the Carolina Hurricanes. They're coming off their worst season ever, and have never beaten the Cougars at home.

ON THE FIELD

The kickoff. San Francisco returns the ball to mid-field. Play ends.

BROADCAST BOOTH

FIRST SPORTSCASTER

Let's run down the starting Cougar...

The second sportscaster nudges the first -- hands him a sheet of paper, then grabs a pair of binoculars and zooms in on the field.

The first sportscaster clears his throat.

FIRST SPORTSCASTER

Folks, it looks like we've got a change at quarterback for the Cougars -- Joe Wannamaker, a forty year-old walk-on, signed just this week, and wearing a big zero for his number will be...

He looks at his companion who puts the binoculars down and stares back, bewildered.

FIRST SPORTSCASTER
...starting in place of, Tommy "The Gun" Tinsel.

They both turn their stare toward the field.

SECOND SPORTSCASTER
Well, yeah... of course he is. He's Joe Wannamaker!

Still looking bewildered...

FIRST SPORTSCASTER
That's right, he... he is. He is Joe Wannamaker. The best to ever play the game.

He shakes his head and stretches his eyes.

FIELD

COUGAR SIDELINES

Joe sits on the bench, alone, in awe of the crowd.

The Cougar coach yells to Joe.

COUGAR COACH
Wannamaker! Get over here!

TOMMY TINSEL, a sculptured California golden boy with blond locks, runs up beside the coach and puts his helmet on.

COUGAR COACH
Grab the clipboard, Tinsel!
Wannamaker's starting!

Tinsel rips the helmet off.

TINSEL
What?!

Joe runs up, his helmet in his hands. He's scared.

COUGAR COACH
You heard me! Chart the plays!

Tinsel's dumbfounded.

TINSEL
But I'm the star of the team!

Joe nods.

JOE

He is.

The coach scratches his head with the same bewilderment as Tinsel.

COUGAR COACH

Yeah, he is -- But you're Joe Wannamaker! The best in the game!

TEAM MEMBERS standing close, listen. They look confused.

TINSEL

That's... that's right, he... he is Joe Wannamaker.

The offence rushes onto the field.

COUGAR COACH

Get in there Wannamaker!

The coach balls his fist.

COUGAR COACH

Show 'em whatcha got!

JOE

But what do I do!?

COUGAR COACH

Call a play!

Joe's panicking.

JOE

What play?!

The coach and Tinsel look at each other.

COUGAR COACH

(to Joe)

Clemons will give you the plays. Now get in there!

The coach whistles to CLEMONS, a player wearing number 79 running onto the field.

COUGAR COACH

Clemons!

The big offensive center turns back to the coach.

ON THE FIELD

Joe's on his way to the offence's huddle.

STADIUM ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Now starting at quarterback for the
Cougars and wearing the big zero...
Joe Wannamaker!

The crowd's roar turns to silence.

IN THE STANDS

Fans turn to each other, bewildered for a moment before the
roar builds again through skeptic eyes and shrugs to each
other.

The crowd chants in unison.

CROWD
Joe! Joe! Joe!

INT. LADY GATTALITE'S MANSION - SAME

TV ROOM

Ben and Dee watch the game with frozen stares.

Lady Gattalite's cigarette burns in her hand, her eyes
squint.

LADY GATTALITE
Is that, Joseph?

Pauli's on his perch. He shakes his head and whistles.

PAULI
Dead meat.

LADY GATTALITE
What the hell is he doing?

EXT. 3COM PARK - SAME

IN THE HUDDLE

Joe waves to his teammates.

JOE
Hi. I'm Joe Wannamaker.

The offensive huddle looks at each other.

OFFENSIVE HUDDLE
(overlapping)
Oh, yeah, yeah, right, okay.

Clemons races into the huddle.

CLEMONS
Blue-left, twenty-one, on three!

JOE
What does that mean?

Clemons points to NUMBER 21.

CLEMONS
Hand it off to him!

The players break huddle with...

PLAYERS
Cougars!

The offence comes to the line. Joe steps behind center.

The crowd quietens.

JOE
Ah... Ah...

The linemens' heads turn toward Joe.

JOE
Ah, blue...

Joe leans to the center.

JOE
What was that number?

A REFEREE blows his whistle -- throws a penalty flag.

The crowd boos.

REFEREE
Ten-yard penalty -- Number zero --
Delay of game!

The crowd cheers.

CROWD
Joe! Joe! Joe!

The referee walks the penalty off.

IN THE HUDDLE

CLEMONS
Just yell one-two-three! I'll hike
the ball! Turn to your right and
hand it off!

Number 21 raises his hand.

JOE
Okay, I got it now.

They break...

PLAYERS

Cougars!

...come to the line.

JOE

One-two-three!

Clemons hikes to Joe. Joe turns and hands-off, beautifully.

Number 21 runs around end -- gains 25 yards. The crowd roars.

REFEREE

(points)

First down!

IN THE HUDDLE

JOE

Gee -- That was easy.

The players look at each other.

Joe looks over the cheering crowd chanting his name.

JOE

(smiling)

They love me.

OFFENSIVE HUDDLE

(overlapping)

You the best, Joe -- You the man.

Joe rubs his hands together -- excited.

JOE

Okay, let's go!

CLEMONS

We gotta call a play first.

JOE

Can't we just run the same one again? That worked pretty good.

The players think it over.

CLEMONS

Well... If you wanna.

He shrugs.

CLEMONS

You're the quarterback.

AT THE LINE

The snap. Joe hands off to 21. A linebacker flattens him in the backfield.

IN THE HUDDLE

JOE

Once more?

Looks all around. They break with a muffled...

PLAYERS

Cougars.

The snap. Joe turns the wrong way: There's no one there. Joe runs for his life. He throws the ball up in the air -- falls before he's tackled.

- The defense recovers and runs for a touchdown.

IN THE STANDS

A FAN wearing a number 7 Cougar jersey, throws his beer from a front-row, end zone seat.

FAN IN JERSEY

Way to go, Wannamaker!

A SECOND FAN close by chimes in.

SECOND FAN

Yeah! Way to go!

The crowd begins a slow clap that builds momentum.

The fan in the jersey shrugs and joins in.

The crowd stands -- chants.

CROWD

Joe! Joe! Joe!

ON THE FIELD

Joe lumbers off the field to the...

COUGAR'S SIDELINE

The coach slams his hat to the ground.

COUGAR COACH

What the hell was that all about?!

Joe drops his head.

JOE

I'm sorry.

COUGAR COACH

What are you sorry about?! That was great!

TINSEL

Yeah. My career's over. You're the best.

The coach brandishes his offence as they prepare to take the field again.

COUGAR COACH

How 'bout givin' Joe some help this time?!

Joe looks up at the scoreboard and the 0 to 7 score, that changes to...

San Francisco 0 - Carolina 21

ON THE FIELD MONTAGE

- Joe takes the snap and falls down -- fumbles. Touchdown defense.

- Joe's in the shotgun with open hands. He takes a step to his right as the ball's hiked. It flies by him. Touchdown defense.

- Joe passes to a referee who catches the ball. The defense smothers the referee.

IN THE STANDS

FANS remove their Cougar hats and moan for the referee as he's...

FIELD

carried off on a stretcher.

THE GAME CLOCK...

hits quad-zero's over the final score:

San Francisco 0 -- Carolina 77

OFF THE FIELD

On his way to the tunnel, a dejected Joe walks past the end zone and the fan wearing the number 7 Cougar jersey.

The fan stands and claps, softly.

FAN IN JERSEY

That was great, Joe -- You're the best there is.

Joe hangs his head.

The fan in the jersey turns to the MAN in the seat behind him and sobs.

FAN IN JERSEY

I just lost five-hundred dollars --
I even gave 'em twenty points!

The man pats the Cougar fan's back as he leaves.

MAN

Worth the price to see Joe
Wannamaker.

The fan flops into his seat and stares up at the scoreboard.

FAN IN JERSEY

Yeah.

INT. COUGARS LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A LARGE PLAYER still in full uniform, beats his head against a locker, while other...

long-faced PLAYERS' sit and mill around in different stages of dress.

Joe sits alone, still in his uniform.

A player with a towel around his waist walks by Joe and stops. He points his finger at Joe and tries to speak, but can't. He takes a deep breath.

PLAYER

You were great.

Joe looks up at the man.

JOE

We lost, 77 to nothing.

PLAYER

By one point, or 77. A loss is a loss. Besides, it was our fault, not yours. You played great.

ENTIRE TEAM

(overlapping)

Yeah -- Our fault -- You were great.

O.T. enters the locker room like a sudden storm.

O.T.
Where's my boy?!

He spots Joe.

O.T.
There he is! There's the living
legend! I've never seen a
performance like that in my life!

JOE
I'm afraid no one else has either.

The coach walks in holding his hat to his chest, followed by
JONATHAN MILLWOOD, a well-dressed, older gentleman.

COUGAR COACH
Joe, this is Mr. Jonathan Millwood,
the team owner.

MR. MILLWOOD
Joe... I'm afraid this team can't
afford to have you on it.

O.T.
Now hold on a minute. We've got an
ironclad contract.

MR. MILLWOOD
I'll honor the contract. We just
can't play him. He's so good he
makes the rest of the team look
bad.

The players' all nod their heads.

MR. MILLWOOD
We've never been beat like this
before.

The players' shake their heads.

JOE
You don't have to pay me, Mr.
Millwood. I think I'll just retire.

Tears well in Millwood's eyes. He clutches his clenched fist
to his chest.

MR. MILLWOOD
Oh, God bless you.

Millwood turns and cries uncontrollably as he walks away,
comforted by the coach.

MR. MILLWOOD

God, bless you!

O.T.

Now, hold on, Joe! You can't retire! You just started!

JOE

And finished -- I'm afraid football's not my game.

O.T.

Then we'll find one that is. But whatever it is... you'll be great at it... and the fans will love you.

The players' all nod.

Joe's eyes drift.

INT. SHORTSTOPS SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Joe sits at a table alone, staring down at his drink.

A DRUNK PATRON, sitting at the bar, looks from a wall-mounted TV showing plays from the Cougar's game, to Joe.

DRUNK PATRON

Hey!

Joe looks up.

The drunk slurs his words.

DRUNK PATRON

That's you, ain't it?

Joe watches himself fall and fumble the ball.

DRUNK PATRON

They showed a picture of you puttin' your helmet on.

The drunk looks back to the TV and points to more of Joe's fumbles.

DRUNK PATRON

Then they showed this.

He chokes on his laugh and slaps the bar.

DRUNK PATRON

You shoulda strapped the ball to you, instead of the helmet!

He laughs so hard he almost falls off the stool.

TILLIE LOVELY, a waitress with plain-Jane looks and mousy-brown hair, early 30's, cleans a table close by.

TILLIE
(to drunk)
Leave him alone.

Joe looks up at the waitress

DRUNK PATRON
Why? He's great! He's Joe
Wannamaker. The greatest player in
the game!

He laughs.

DRUNK PATRON
Gimmie my tab and let me get outta
here before I wet my pants!

The BARTENDER lays the tab on the bar. The drunk slaps his money down.

Tillie shakes her head and picks up her tray filled with empty glasses.

She trips on a chair's leg and falls.

The drunk bellows.

Joe rushes to Tillie's aid and helps her pick up the glasses.

The drunk staggers over and formally introduces the two.

DRUNK PATRON
Joe -- meet tipsy Tillie.

He bends over and slaps his hands to his knees.

DRUNK PATRON
I got a set of his and her knee
pads I can let you have real cheap.

He laughs -- throws his hand up at Joe.

DRUNK PATRON
Just kiddin' around!

On his way out...

DRUNK PATRON
You're the best, Wannamaker!

Joe and Tillie turn to each other and make eye contact, then rise simultaneously.

TILLIE

Thanks.

Joe manages a weak smile.

JOE
No problem.

Tillie looks around the empty bar.

TILLIE
You're the only one left.

Joe looks around.

JOE
So it seems.

Tillie looks down at Joe's full glass.

TILLIE
You haven't touched your drink.

JOE
I don't drink.

Tillie stares at Joe.

JOE
I'm sorry. Of course there's a
minimum. Just bring another...

TILLIE
No, there's no minimum, it's just
that we're closing --- What are you
doing in a bar if you don't drink?

Joe shrugs.

JOE
I was on the way home when I
decided, this is where I should go.
Especially after today's events.

TILLIE
Where you should be is home with
your wife.

JOE
That would make the day complete...
since I left home without one.

Tillie looks at the TV displaying the game's final score.

TILLIE
You were terrible.

Joe looks up at Tillie, shocked.

JOE

Really?

An undeniable...

TILLIE

Yes!

Joe nods.

JOE

I was, wasn't I?

Tillie nods.

Joe stares at Tillie, with interested eyes.

JOE

Your name really, Tillie?

Tillie smiles -- laughs.

TILLIE

Really Tillie. Now that's a new one.

She frowns.

TILLIE

Tillie Lovely.

A beat through Tillie's embarrassment.

JOE

Why that's a lovely name -- I mean, your name's lovely.

Joe's all over himself.

JOE

Lovely's a lovely type name -- not type, I mean...

TILLIE

I know what you mean.

JOE

You do?

Tillie nods.

TILLIE

Yeah -- Thanks.

Joe offers his hand.

JOE
I'm Joe Wannamaker.

Tillie shakes Joe's hand -- motions to the TV.

TILLIE
I know.

She looks around the empty bar.

JOE
You're closing.

TILLIE
Yeah.

Joe places a one-hundred dollar bill on the table.

Tillie picks up the money.

TILLIE
I'll get your change.

JOE
No -- Keep it.

TILLIE
That's a hundred-dollar bill.

JOE
I know. It's your tip.

Tillie eyes say she doesn't know what to think of Joe.

JOE
Well -- Guess I'll go.

Joe backs to the door.

JOE
You work every night?

Tillie nods.

TILLIE
Most.

Joe smiles -- leaves the bar.

EXT. SHORTSTOPS SPORTS BAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe stuffs his hands in his pockets and shuffles his feet in a lively step down the sidewalk while whistling, Put On A Happy Face.

INT. SHORTSTOPS - CONTINUOUS

Tillie shakes her head.

TILLIE

Terrible.

EXT. SIDEWALK / STREET - CONTINUOUS

Oliver Tolliver pulls his Rolls-Royce to the curb alongside Joe and lowers the passenger's window.

O.T.

Joe! I've been looking all over for you!

JOE

O.T.?

O.T.

Where you parked?

JOE

I'm not. I don't drive.

O.T.

Limos?

JOE

Taxis.

O.T.

Get in. I'll take you home.

The passenger's door swings open.

Joe stares from the door to O.T.

JOE

How did you do that?

O.T.

It's a Rolls-Royce. It can do anything.

Joe scratches his head and climbs into the automobile.

The door closes on it's own.

The Rolls-Royce speeds off.

I/E. ROLLS ROYCE / CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

O.T.

Why taxis?

JOE

When I was a kid it's what I wanted to be when I grew up.

O.T. gives Joe a funny look.

JOE

Taxi drivers get to meet new people
everyday. When you're born rich
you're basically isolated from the
rest of the world. Figured if I
couldn't be a driver, I could at
least afford to ride in one
whenever I wanted.

O.T.

You're weird, Joe.

JOE

I know -- How did you know where to
find me?

O.T.

Where else would you go?

JOE

Why, that's what I thought, too.
But how did you know which...

O.T.

I just checked 'em all until I
found you. You like music?

JOE

Sure.

O.T. motions to the radio.

O.T.

Help yourself.

Joe turns on the radio to the tune...

- Devil In Her Heart

He pushes seek to...

- Devil In A Blue Dress

to...

- The Devil Went Down To Georgia

to...

- Devil In Disguise

JOE

That's funny.

O.T.
What's funny?

JOE
Every station is playing a song
about the Devil.

O.T. gnaws down on his cigar.

O.T.
Nothin' funny about that. When it's
your car, you program what you
want.

JOE
Well, sure. It's your car you can
do what you want. I just thought it
strange...

O.T.
Not my car... his.

JOE
His?

O.T. nods.

O.T.
His.

Joe stares through his thoughts.

JOE
Oh, no.

O.T.
Oh, yes.

JOE
You're one of them.

O.T.
Them?

JOE
Like Longsnout.

O.T.
Longsnout?!

O.T. slams on the brakes.

A passing MOTORCYCLE COP turns around with lights flashing as
he pulls behind the Royce. He puts the kickstand down and
dismounts.

JOE

Now you've done it!

O.T.
Longsnout's a nobody. A liner. He's
not even a millennium close to my
level.

JOE
You do see the police officer?

The motor cop taps on O.T.'s window.

O.T. lowers it -- stares up at the officer.

COP
May I see your...

O.T.'s eyes glow red.

O.T.
See my what?

The cop is bedazzled.

COP
Your...

O.T.
I'm waiting here.

COP
Your...

O.T.
Is it something in my pants?

The cop forces the word from his mouth.

COP
Probably.

O.T.
What are you?! Some kind of
pervert?!

The cop stutters.

COP
No!

O.T.
You married?!

COP
Yes!

O.T.

Then go home and get your wife to
show you what's in her pants!

COP

Okay!

The Royce peels off.

COP

You have a nice night, now!

The cop stands in the middle of the street, looking around
him. He whistles a tune and skips back to his motorcycle.

IN THE ROYCE

Joe's turned, watching the officer's antics.

JOE

What did you do to him?

O.T.

Little power of suggestion goes a
long way.

Joe sits back.

JOE

Look. I want out of this.

O.T.

Sure. No problem.

The glove box falls open. Joe's contract with the Devil flies
out to his lap followed by an ink pen to his hand. A bright
beam shines from the dome light to the paper.

O.T.

Just initial clause D on the back
page.

JOE

That's all there is to it?

O.T.

All there is.

Joe searches for the clause.

JOE

I don't see a clause D.

O.T.

Bottom of the page.

Joe tries to read what appears to be tiny scribbled lines.

JOE
I can't read this!

O.T.
What?! You signed a contract
without reading the fine print?!

The pen springs from Joe's hand, replaced by a large
magnifying glass.

Joe reads the line through the glass:

"Should I renege on this contract, I owe the undersigned and
author of said document, one soul."

JOE
I didn't agree to this! There were
no strings attached!

O.T.
There're no strings.

Joe points to the document.

JOE
Then what's this?!

O.T. glances over.

O.T.
Your signature.

Joe's arm falls limp.

O.T.
Relax. Doesn't have to be your
soul. Anyone's will do. Just have
another sign their name under
yours, and yours will disappear.

JOE
I couldn't do that to anyone!
Besides, if I did that, I'd be
damned anyway!

O.T.
Yeah, but you'd get to work for the
boss. In a few millenniums you
might even make it to my level. Of
course you would be a liner like
Longsnout for a few centuries.

JOE
Look, I made a mistake. I don't
want any of this. I just want to be
my old, untalented self again.

The Royce stops at a traffic light.

O.T. pulls the cigar from his mouth and glares at Joe.

O.T.
You still are.

Joe stares back.

JOE
I am.
(quick beat)
Then I'll just refuse to play.

O.T.
Automatic forfeiture.

JOE
Where's it say that?!

O.T. gives Joe a 'where do you think look.'

Joe sinks into his seat.

JOE
Fine print.

O.T.
Well?

Joe sighs.

JOE
What's next?

O.T. grins, his cigar back in place.

O.T.
Pac Bell Park.

JOE
Pac bell?

The light turns green. The Royce pulls away.

O.T. (V.O.)
Baseball.

EXT. PACIFIC BELL PARK - DAY

The stands are filled with the home team's fans.

ON THE FIELD

The MANAGER for the San Francisco Condors is on the mound making a pitching change.

The Texas Stallions are at bat.

INT. BROADCAST BOOTH

A lone radio sportscaster broadcast the game in a cluttered booth as he flips through a girly magazine.

RADIO SPORTSCASTER

The condors are making a pitching change and going to their new boob...

He quickly closes the magazine and covers his blooper.

RADIO SPORTSCASTER

per-duper super-closer, Joe Wannamaker: Signed yesterday for the final month of the season, and the Condors stretch run for the pennant -- Joe, you may remember, just last Sunday made his pro football debut at quarterback for the Cougar's in a 77 to nothing loss to Carolina. Joe played great!

The sportscaster stops. He looks confused.

RADIO SPORTSCASTER

But... the rest of the team played so poorly... Wannamaker retired immediately after the game.

He looks down on the field and sees Joe, wearing his number zero and warming up.

The ball sails over the CATCHER, DANNY FERRELL, whose leap to catch it lands him on top of the HOME-PLATE UMPIRE. They both go down.

The sportscaster shakes his head.

RADIO SPORTSCASTER

Joe finishes his warm-up pitches as the Condors go to the ninth with a seven to nothing lead over the Texas Stallions, and a ten-game division lead over the second-place Atlanta Seminoles.

ON THE FIELD

The plate umpire brushes himself off. Ferrell trots to the mound.

FERRELL

Throw this guy low and away. Don't give him anything over the plate.

Okay?

JOE

Okay!

The crowd's chanting.

CROWD

Joe! Joe! Joe! Joe!

Joe winds up -- releases.

The ball hits the dirt five yards to the left and in front of the batter.

PLATE UMPIRE

Ball!

CONDORS DUGOUT

The manager looks at his COACHES. They all look confounded. One coach, SPITONU, spits like crazy.

CONDORS MANAGER

He's great, Spitonu!

Spitonu spits.

SPITONU

He's the best!

Ferrell's back on the mound. He slaps the ball into Joe's glove.

FERRELL

Not so far outside, okay?

JOE

Sorry.

FERRELL

Just take a deep breath and relax.

Joe inhales. The ball rolls from his glove and down the mound.

FERRELL

Alright.

Ferrell turns to run back to the plate, but steps on the ball and goes down.

The crowd groans in unison.

INT. LADY GATTALITE'S MANSION - SAME

TV ROOM

Ben stares at the screen.

BEN
This is embarrassing.

DEE
Do they have to put our name on the
back of his shirt?

Lady Gattalite fills the room with cigarette smoke.

LADY GATTALITE
They're gonna lose.

Pauli whistles.

PAULI
Call the fire department!

Lady Gattalite snaps her head to Pauli, who snaps his head
away.

Bexley fills the senior's wine glass.

BEXLEY
Indeed, ma'am.

EXT. PACIFIC BELL PARK - CONTINUOUS

BROADCAST BOOTH

RADIO SPORTSCASTER
Danny Ferrell, the leagues leading
hitter, is down and in pain.

ON THE FIELD

Ferrell is surrounded by other PLAYERS. Joe looks on as the
manager checks Ferrell's ankle.

CONDORS MANAGER
Probably just a sprain. Can you get
up?

FERRELL
Sure.

A couple of players help Ferrell to his feet...

FERRELL
Give 'em hell, Joe. You're the
best.

...and off the field.

The crowd boos.

AT THE CONDOR'S DUGOUT

TWO FANS yell at Ferrell.

FIRST FAN

What are you doin'?! Tryin' to make
Joe look bad?!

SECOND FAN

Yeah, Ferrell! Maybe you shoulda
put the bottle away a little
earlier last night!

FERRELL

(to fans)
I'm sorry!

A PLAYER helping Ferrell off the field...

PLAYER

You really shouldn't have done that
to Joe.

Ferrell breaks out in tears.

FERRELL

I'm sorry!

ON THE FIELD

CONDORS MANAGER

Looks like you're gonna have to win
this one on your own, Joe.

He looks around at the bewildered players who are shrugging
at each other and shaking their heads.

CONDORS MANAGER

The guys are lettin' you down.

JOE

Maybe you should take me out.

CONDORS MANAGER

Take you out?! Hell, you just got
in!

The NEW CATCHER steps up to Joe and the manager.

NEW CATCHER

How do you wanna pitch him?

A beat.

JOE

Low and away?

CONDORS MANAGER
Sounds like a plan.

The manager slaps Joe on his back.

CONDORS MANAGER
Go get 'em.

He trots off the field.

The crowd chants.

CROWD
Joe! Joe! Joe!

NEW CATCHER
I was noticin' you're a little off
to the left. Aim for his knees. You
should be fine.

JOE
For his knees?!

NEW CATCHER
Yeah. Trust me.

The catcher runs to the plate -- sets up -- pounds his glove.

Joe winds -- releases.

The ball lands short and rolls across the plate.

PLATE UMPIRE
Ball!

The catcher runs to the mound.

NEW CATCHER
Direction's good, but we're gonna
need a little more velocity.

Joe's sweating profusely. He takes his cap off and rubs his
pitching hand through his hair.

JOE
I'll try.

The catcher sets up.

Joe winds -- grunts -- releases.

The ball sails twenty-feet behind the batter and into the
stands, striking a POPCORN VENDOR'S head.

The vendor goes down. Fans scurry for the spilled bags of
popcorn.

INT. LADY GATTALITE'S MANSION - SAME

TV ROOM

Ben shakes his head.

DEE

Oh my God!

Lady Gattalite laughs herself into a coughing frenzy.

Pauli covers his head with his wing.

EXT. PACIFIC BELL PARK - CONTINUOUS

IN THE STANDS

VENDORS run down the stadium aisles and charge the field.

STALLIONS DUGOUT

The STALLIONS MANAGER points to Joe and yells to the plate umpire.

STALLIONS MANAGER

Spitball!

ON THE FIELD

The benches empty.

The two teams and vendors meet at the mound. The Condors manager draws back to strike the Stallions manager.

CONDORS MANAGER

You're full of..!

BROADCAST BOOTH

RADIO SPORTSCASTER

Shit! I've never seen anything like this! Vendors are fighting players! This is definitely a rhubarb of a different flavor!

ON THE FIELD

Joe crawls from between a pair of legs and away from the mass of bodies in combat.

INT. CONDORS LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The players' sit in front of their lockers, frayed and bruised.

One CONDORS PLAYER scowls and rubs his chin. He turns to the

STALLIONS PLAYER next to him.

CONDORS PLAYER
I didn't know Mike Tyson sold
popcorn here.

STALLIONS PLAYER
(squints)
He must be the one poked my eyes.

The Condors player's eyes widen.

CONDORS PLAYER
Hey! You're in the wrong locker
room!

STALLIONS PLAYER
I am?

The team answers.

CONDORS TEAM
Yeah!

The Stallions player squints and stands, making his way out
like a blind man...

STALLIONS PLAYER
Thanks.

...before bumping into the entering Condors manager and
feeling him up.

CONDORS MANAGER
What the?! Will somebody get him to
his team?!

A Condors player leads the Stallions player out.

CONDORS MANAGER
Where's Joe?

Joe, feeling post-game blues, raises his hand.

JOE
I'm over here.

The manager walks to Joe and shakes his head.

CONDORS MANAGER
I'm sorry, Joe.

JOE
No, I'm sorry...

CONDORS MANAGER
This should have never happened.

Joe stands.

JOE

Do you think I could keep the uniform? I'd be glad to pay for all the others that were...

The manager wags his finger.

CONDORS MANAGER

Not on your debut.

JOE

What?

The manager paces the floor, looking into each of the players' faces.

CONDORS MANAGER

Your team let you down.

The players' hang their heads.

CONDORS MANAGER

Every last one of them.

He gets mad.

CONDORS MANAGER

Fighting like school boys with peanut and popcorn vendors!

A beat through the manager's glare.

CONDORS MANAGER

Does any one of the starting lineup even know what the final score was?!

They're all thinking.

PLAYER

I remember a zero on the board.

CONDORS MANAGER

Do you remember a two in front of it?! Because we just got beat 20 to 7! In a game that took two hours to get to the ninth and two more to get out of it!

A PLAYER....

PLAYER

It was the subs' fault.

The player looks at another player who drops his head farther.

CONDORS MANAGER
Why don't you just blame it on the bat-boy?!

The player considers the question.

PLAYER
Did he play?

The manager sighs -- turns to Joe.

CONDORS MANAGER
We're gonna tee-it-up again tomorrow, Joe; and this time we're gonna give you the support you deserve.

He turns to the team.

CONDORS MANAGER
Right?!

PLAYERS
(mixed - overlapping)
Right! Yeah, right, Joe, we're sorry. We'll get 'em tomorrow.

The manager gives Joe the old, "go get 'em" fist.

CONDORS MANAGER
You're the best, Joe.

Joe sighs.

EXT. LADY GATTALITE'S MANSION - THAT NIGHT

A taxi pulls away.

INT. MANSION

FOYER

Joe closes the front-door. He looks depressed.

Bexley steps into the foyer from an adjacent room.

BEXLEY
Welcome home, Sir Joseph.

Joe nods.

JOE
Did you see..?

The aging man servant motions over his shoulder.

BEXLEY
Everyone saw it.

Ben walks past followed by Dee.

BEN
Wasn't a pretty site, Joseph.

DEE
I just hope no one saw you that
knows us.

They climb the staircase as...

Lady Gattalite yells over the railing from the upper floor.

LADY GATTALITE
Joe! What the hell is wrong with
you?!

She squints at Bexley.

LADY GATTALITE
And where's my wine, Bexley?!

BEXLEY
I was just on the way with it,
madam.

Lady Gattalite scoffs -- huffs off.

JOE
How do you think I played, Bexley?

BEXLEY
You were terrible. I don't
understand it. None of us here do.
The crowd chants your name like
you're a god.

Bexley sighs.

BEXLEY
If I didn't know it to be merely
mythical, I'd swear you'd made a
deal with the Devil.

He walks away.

JOE
Bexley.

Bexley turns.

JOE

Call the taxi back.

Bexley hesitates through his smile.

BEXLEY

Joseph... it's getting late, and
it's really quite dangerous...

JOE

Call the taxi, Bexley... Now.

INT. SHORTSTOPS SPORTS BAR - CONTINUOUS

Tillie's cleaning a table and stacking her tray with empty
glasses.

She picks up the filled tray, then looks toward the door that
open.

Joe enters.

Surprised, Tillie drops the tray.

The same drunk patron sitting at the bar in his familiar seat
laughs out loud.

Joe rushes to Tillie and helps her with the spilled glasses.

DRUNK PATRON

Deja vu?

Joe smiles at Tillie.

JOE

It does look familiar.

TILLIE

I know you don't drink, so if
you've come here to laugh at me,
you can just leave with bozo over
there.

JOE

No, I... came here to see you --
not laugh at you.

They stand.

The drunk passes them on his way out.

DRUNK PATRON

I don't know which I like to watch
you play best. Football, or hit-the
vendor ball! All I know is you're
great! I love ya!

He laughs his way out of the bar.

DRUNK PATRON
All-American Joe!

TILLIE
Don't let him bother you. He's just
drunk.

Stares through a beat.

TILLIE
Why are you here?

JOE
The last time I saw you, you said I
played terrible.

TILLIE
Look, I'm sorry if I hurt your
feelings. I was just being honest.

JOE
No, that's not it. It's just...
you're the only one besides my
family not affected by...

Joe hesitates.

TILLIE
By what?

JOE
My play -- Can we go for a walk?

Tillie grunts a laugh.

TILLIE
I don't even know you.

JOE
I'm Joe Wannamaker. Remember?

TILLIE
I know who you are. I just don't
know who you are.

Joe shrugs.

JOE
I'm the loneliest guy on top of the
world.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - LATER SAME NIGHT

PIER 39

Joe and Tillie walk along the pier toward the seals and sea

lions.

TILLIE

Of all San Francisco has to offer,
I love this best.

JOE

The wharf?

TILLIE

The sea lions -- They're free to
just come and go as they please --
do whatever they want -- And
they're sleek and so beautiful.

JOE

I wouldn't exactly say they're
beautiful.

TILLIE

But they are!

Tillie's eyes have nothing but admiration for the sea
creatures.

TILLIE

And everyone loves them.

She turns to Joe.

TILLIE

Just like you -- Why is that?

Joe leans on the railing and stares out at the bay.

JOE

You wouldn't believe me if I told
you.

TILLIE

Try me.

Joe drops his head like a sack of potatoes.

JOE

I signed a contract with the Devil.

Tillie smiles and wags her finger.

TILLIE

Good. Now that's good. Not very
original though. I gotta tell you,
I've got the video at home. Ray
Walston, Tab Hunter -- Damn Yankees
ring a bell?

JOE

Yes, it does. But that Joe was a star because he was good.

Tillie's smile disappears.

TILLIE

Yeah. He was.

Her smile creeps back.

TILLIE

Get outta here -- Get outta here!
That stuff doesn't really happen.

JOE

Well, I never saw the Devil -- He sent an employee.

TILLIE

Employee?

JOE

I guess that's what you'd call him.
He's a liner named Longsnout,
'cause he's got this enormously
long nose.

TILLIE

What's a liner?

JOE

Someone who has to stand in a line.

TILLIE

Of course!

Tillie takes Joe's hand and shakes it.

TILLIE

Joe Wannamaker, it's been fun. And
good luck in your next game,
whatever that is. But... leave me
out of this one. Okay?

She walks away.

Joe yells to her.

JOE

I'm not playing a game with you! I
like you!

Tillie stops in her tracks -- turns back to Joe.

TILLIE

Why?

Joe's searching...

JOE
Because you're pretty?

Tillie walks back to Joe -- leans into his face.

TILLIE
Bullshit.

She steps back.

TILLIE
Bullshit.

Tillie turns and hotfoots it.

JOE
Tillie!

Joe catches up with her -- matches her pace.

JOE
Look. I'm not good with words.
Especially with women.

TILLIE
Why?

JOE
Because I don't know any women.

TILLIE
Why not?

JOE
Why do you ask why so much?!

Tillie stops.

TILLIE
I don't know. I suppose it's to get
an answer.

JOE
I'm trying to answer you!

TILLIE
Go ahead.

JOE
With what?

TILLIE
Your answer.

A quick beat.

JOE
What was the question?

TILLIE
Women!

Joe's completely lost.

JOE
What women?!

Tillie grunts -- stomps her foot -- takes off again with Joe in pursuit.

TILLIE
The ones you date! You do date don't you?!

Joe stops.

JOE
No.

Tillie slows to a stop -- turns.

TILLIE
Why not?

JOE
There's that word again.

Tillie ambles back to Joe.

TILLIE
You're Joe Wannamaker. Millionaire superstar. Why wouldn't you have a girlfriend for everyday of the week?

JOE
Because I'm really Joe nobody, who made the mistake of wanting to be something he's not -- As for the money... I've never earned a dollar of it.

TILLIE
And I'm lovely... but only if you can't see me.

She backs away.

TILLIE
So don't tell me I'm pretty.

Tillie leaves Joe alone with the residents of pier 39.

He turns to a seal's clap.

JOE
See the game today?

The seal barks.

Joe walks away.

JOE
I'll send you an autograph.

EXT. PACIFIC BELL PARK - NIGHT

BROADCAST BOOTH / FIELD

Empty Styrofoam cups are everywhere.

The sportscaster yawns, his chin in his hand. He looks down at the players leaving the field.

RADIO SPORTSCASTER
And that's the end of another long
game.
(yawning)
And I mean long.

INT. CONDORS LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The TEAM'S entering. The FIRST PLAYER in slams his glove to the floor.

FIRST PLAYER
How many's that make? Fourteen in a
row?

A SECOND PLAYER flops in front of his locker.

SECOND PLAYER
Does that include the three we
played tonight?

A THIRD rants his anger.

THIRD PLAYER
What the hell's wrong with us?!

A FOURTH chastises the team.

FOURTH PLAYER
It ain't right, the way we're doin'
Joe. He ain't won a game since he
got here.

Joe walks in -- head hung.

The fourth player goes to Joe.

FOURTH PLAYER

Joe -- I don't know what to say.

The third player steps up.

THIRD PLAYER

Yeah. We don't know what's wrong with us.

He turns, upset with himself.

THIRD PLAYER

Maybe you should ask to be traded to a real team.

FIRST PLAYER

No! Joe's a Condor! Forever!

The entire team agrees.

TEAM

Yeah!

Oliver Tolliver enters with a spry step.

Joe sees O.T. -- turns his head away.

O.T.

Joe's not going anywhere.

FIRST PLAYER

Well, that's a relief.

The player heads to the shower.

O.T.

Are you, Joe?

Joe looks down.

JOE

Not with the present option.

O.T.

That's my boy!

He turns to the team...

O.T.

And there's nothing wrong with any of you that a little fun wouldn't cure!

...then back to Joe.

O.T.

Whadda you say to a little old-fashioned blowout at Joe's place after the game Saturday?!

TEAM

Okay -- Yeah -- That'd be great!

JOE

At my grandmother's house?

O.T. waves his hand in front of him, visualizing the party.

O.T.

We'll make it a night for San Francisco to remember!

TEAM

Yeah!

JOE

(to himself)
Or one to forget.

EXT. SHORTSTOPS SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Tillie's just leaving.

Joe's waiting across the street.

JOE

Tillie?

Tillie stops. She smiles when she sees Joe.

Joe strolls up to her.

JOE

You have a beautiful smile.

Tillie's eyes smile back.

TILLIE

You think?

Joe nods.

JOE

I do.

TILLIE

I watched the game tonight.

JOE

You did?

TILLIE

As much as I could between orders.

JOE
How'd I look?

TILLIE
You stunk.

JOE
The crowd loved me.

TILLIE
They're all under a spell.

JOE
That's what I've been trying to
tell you -- Can we walk?

Tillie shrugs.

TILLIE
Sure.

Joe hails a passing taxi.

TILLIE
Thought you said, walk?

The taxi pulls to the curb. Joe opens the door for Tillie.

JOE
I did.

FISHERMAN'S WHARF - PIER 39

Joe and Tillie walk slowly toward the end of the pier where
the seals and sea lions sleep on floating rafts.

TILLIE
You know you're getting a
reputation as a cheap date.

JOE
Are we on a date?

They stop.

TILLIE
I don't know, are we?

Joe points to the full moon.

JOE
You know what happens when you try
to reach for the moon?

TILLIE

What?

JOE

Nothing -- You can't reach
something that distant.

TILLIE

Meaning?

JOE

Meaning, as pretty as that moon is
to me, it may not be to someone
else, but if I can't reach it... it
doesn't matter what I think.

TILLIE

Now you're a poet.

JOE

I didn't rhyme.

TILLIE

Poetry doesn't have to rhyme. What
you said was beautiful.

JOE

You're beautiful, Tillie.

Tillie shakes her head.

TILLIE

No, I'm plain and clumsy, and...

JOE

Distant?

Tillie stares into Joe's eyes.

TILLIE

I don't mean to be.

Joe moves closer.

JOE

Then don't.

Joe leans to Tillie and kisses her sweetly.

Tillie stares at Joe for a quick moment, then lunges for him
and kisses him hard and long.

The seals and sea lions clap and bark.

Joe and Tillie come up for air. They laugh. Tillie motions to
their audience.

TILLIE

Fans?

Joe shrugs.

JOE
They're everywhere.

Joe pulls Tillie close.

JOE
How 'bout a real date?

TILLIE
When?

JOE
Saturday night -- After the game.

EXT. LADY GATTALITE'S MANSION - SATURDAY NIGHT

Expensive cars and trucks are valet parked as guests arrive.

Revelry oozes from inside the mansion.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

FOYER

The doorbell rings constantly.

The guests are mixed dressed: some formal, some casual.

Ben and Dee stand by the staircase with drinks in hand,
cornered by a MAN DOING PARLOR TRICKS.

MAN DOING TRICKS
Watch this.

The man sticks a dime up his nose -- takes a deep breath and
swallows hard. He opens his mouth and pokes his tongue out
with a dime resting on the tip of it.

Ben and Dee give each other leery looks.

The man smiles, then suddenly sneezes. A dime flies from his
nose to Ben's drink.

A DRUNKEN BALLPLAYER chases a GIGGLING BLONDE up the

STAIRCASE

past...

Lady Gattalite, who's on her way down with a cigarette
between her fingers.

LADY GATTALITE

The party's downstairs!

The ballplayer never looks back.

DRUNKEN BALLPLAYER

No it's not!

The ballplayer gooses the blonde. She screams with laughter -- breaks free. He continues the chase.

LADY GATTALITE

Stay off my sheets!

Lady Gattalite spots Bexley on his way to the door, a 'cone tip' party hat atop his head.

LADY GATTALITE

Bexley!

FOYER/STAIRCASE

As Bexley's walking...

BEXLEY

Ma'am?

LADY GATTALITE

Who are these people?!

FOYER

BEXLEY

Ballplayers.

STAIRCASE

LADY GATTALITE

Well they can play with their balls somewhere else!

FOYER

BEXLEY

Indeed, ma'am.

Bexley opens the door. A LARGE MAN dressed in western array with a BIMBO on each arm faces him.

LARGE MAN

Ye-haw! Party time!

They rush in.

BEXLEY

Party hats are on the table to the right.

FAR HALLWAY

A SHORT MAN and TALL WOMAN ease away from the crowd. The man opens a door to a dark room.

TV ROOM

Pauli, wearing a tiny, 'cone tip' party hat, hops down from his perch.

HALLWAY

SHORT MAN
(to woman)
Looks like nobody's home.

TV ROOM

They slip in and close the door -- embrace.

PAULI (O.S.)
Don't move.

The two break their lip lock.

SHORT MAN
Shit! Who's there?!

PAULI (O.S.)
Freeze.

TALL WOMAN
(whispers to man)
Who is that?

SHORT MAN
(whispers)
I don't know. I can't see anything.
(quick beat)
Look mister, we didn't know anybody was...

PAULI (O.S.)
Rich bitch.

SHORT MAN
It's a robbery.

TALL WOMAN
Oh my God!
(to Pauli's voice)
No-no, this is not my house! We're just here for the party!

PAULI (O.S.)
Eat lead.

The man and woman scream -- flee the room.

Pauli jumps back to his perch -- bobs his head and rattles off a Tommy gun laugh.

EXT. MANSION

A taxi pulls up.

Joe climbs out first, then Tillie.

The taxi drives away.

Tillie's amazed at the mansion's size.

TILLIE

All this is yours?

JOE

In a way. It's actually
Grandmother's house.

TILLIE

I hope that doesn't make me, Little
Red Riding Hood.

JOE

I just hope the wolf's not close.

Joe takes Tillie's hand and leads her toward the front door.

O.T. steps from the cloak of night and lights his cigar.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

FOYER

Bexley stands at the open door as the...

short man and tall woman rush past...

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF MANSION - CONTINUOUS

...Joe and Tillie.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

FOYER

Joe and Tillie enter.

JOE

What's wrong with them?

Bexley looks over his shoulder at the wild crowd.

BEXLEY

I don't know, but I hope it's contagious.

(quick beat)

Sir Joseph, do you have any idea how many guests are expected?

JOE

No. O.T. invited everyone, so I'd say expect the unexpected.

BEXLEY

Right, sir. I'll call for more alcohol.

Bexley walks away. Joe spots his grandmother entering into a large room housing most of the party.

JOE

(to Tillie)

There's Grandmother.

LARGE ROOM

Lady Gattalite is stopped by a MAN WITH an unlit CIGARETTE in his hand.

MAN WITH CIGARETTE

Got-a-light?

LADY GATTALITE

Yes.

She takes a drag.

MAN WITH CIGARETTE

Well?

LADY GATTALITE

Well what?!

MAN WITH CIGARETTE

You got-a-light?!

LADY GATTALITE

Yes!

The man turns away.

MAN WITH CIGARETTE

Damn!

Joe and Tillie approach the ruling monarch.

JOE

Grandmother...

LADY GATTALITE

Joe, do we have any ham?

JOE

Ham?

Lady Gattalite points to the man with the cigarette, now getting a light from another.

LADY GATTALITE

That man's hungry.

She squints her eyes at the man who looks back at her and points to the burning weed in his hand.

LADY GATTALITE

Guess he'd rather smoke.

JOE

Grandmother, I'd like you to meet someone.

Lady Gattalite looks Tillie over.

LADY GATTALITE

You his girlfriend?

Tillie stammers.

TILLIE

Well...

Joe breaks in.

JOE

Yes, Grandmother. She is.

TILLIE

I am?

JOE

Grandmother -- Tillie Lovely.

LADY GATTALITE

Lovely, huh?

Lady Gattalite points at Tillie.

LADY GATTALITE

I'm gonna tell you right now. I don't like shackin' up.

TILLIE

Then you shouldn't do it.

Lady Gattalite bursts out laughing...

LADY GATTALITE

(to Joe)
I like her!

...then into a coughing frenzy as she walks away.

TILLIE
(to Joe)
Shouldn't you see about her?

JOE
No. She's very independent.

An intoxicated MAN in a large chair struggles to free his shirt tail from the zipper of his pants.

Lady Gattalite, still coughing, shoves a WOMAN in a low-cut, full skirted evening gown out of her way and...

into the...

lap of the man in the chair just as he frees his zipper.

The woman squirms trying to pull herself up. She suddenly gasps and turns to the man she's sitting on.

The man smiles -- shows her both his hands.

FOYER

The doorbell rings. Bexley opens the door: no one is there. He's about to close the door when...

O.T. enters.

O.T.
Like your hat, Bexley.

BEXLEY
Thank you, sir.

O.T. never looks back.

BEXLEY
Too bad we don't have one to fit you.

LARGE ROOM

O.T. pinches a REDHEAD'S butt as he passes. She turns to the man behind her who smiles. She slaps his face.

O.T. spots Joe.

O.T.
There you are, Joe!

Joe's not happy to see O.T.

JOE
Oh... hello, O.T.

Tillie, shyly looks away.

O.T.
Well, you gonna introduce me or
what?!

JOE
Tillie, this is my manager... O.T.

Tillie offers her hand through a weak smile.

TILLIE
Hi.

O.T. takes Tillie's hand in his and turns it gently, admiring
it with his eyes.

O.T.
You have such lovely hands.

Tillie pulls her hand back -- smiles at Joe.

JOE
Funny you'd say that? That's her
name.

O.T. looks surprised.

O.T.
Hands?

JOE
No! Lovely! Her name is Tillie
Lovely.

O.T. waves his hand at the image before his eyes.

O.T.
I can see it now, headlining the
society page! Wannamaker Lovely!

TWO MEN walking by with drinks, overhear. They look at
Tillie. One chokes back a laugh through his comment.

MAN
But you just can't do it!

The three overhear. O.T. smiles. Tillie blushes. Joe's
offended.

JOE
Hey!

The men keep walking.

TILLIE

Joe. It's alright.

JOE

It's not alright.

(to O.T.)

Who were they? They're not on the team.

O.T.

Of course not. Half the people here aren't. Those two are press. The rest are tied to the game, or me, one way or the other.

JOE

Tied to you?

O.T.

Simple world, isn't it? One acquaintance makes for another that leads to another. And leads are what my business is all about.

TILLIE

Joe, I'd like to go.

Joe looks at O.T.

JOE

(to Tillie)

So would I.

O.T.

And miss your own party?!

TILLIE

He's right. You stay. I can call a taxi.

Joe -- still looking at O.T.

JOE

So can I.

Joe takes Tillie's arm.

JOE

Let's go.

As Joe and Tillie walk away...

O.T.

It was lovely meeting you.

O.T. grins through a flash of red from his eyes.

STAIRCASE/FOYER

The drunken player chases the giggling blonde down the staircase.

On the way to the door O.T. pinches the butt of an obviously GAY MAN as he talks to another MAN.

The gay man turns to the same fellow slapped by the redhead, and smiles with 'come on' eyes.

The fellow stares at the flirting man -- downs his drink in one swallow.

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Tillie amble down the walkway.

TILLIE

I'm sorry, Joe. I just didn't fit in back there.

JOE

You didn't fit in? I'm the one that doesn't fit in.

TILLIE

No. Everyone loves you. You're All-American Joe, and I'm just tipsy Tillie -- All I ever will be.

Joe grabs Tillie and turns her to him.

JOE

That's not true. You're a wonderful person. People shout my name because of a spell cast over them, not because I'm any good at what I do.

TILLIE

And that's something I don't understand. If you really made a deal with the Devil. Why aren't you any good?

Joe shrugs.

JOE

It seems wording is everything; and good was left out. I've tried to get out of the contract but they won't let me unless I renege. I do that and I'm damned forever. Refusing to play is an automatic

forfeiture. And none of what I just told you was explained to me at all.

Joe sighs.

JOE
They hid it in the...

TILLIE
Fine print.

A beat.

JOE
That's right.

Tillie nods.

TILLIE
I believe you.

Joe shakes his head.

JOE
What I don't understand is why my family and you are the only ones that see me as I really am.

Tillie looks into Joe's eyes.

TILLIE
I imagine it's because your family loves you -- They can only see the real you.

JOE
What about you?

AT THE DRIVEWAY

A taxi pulls up. Two men: a BLACK MALE and a WHITE MALE that look like Jules and Vincent from Pulp Fiction climb out.

WHITE MALE
(to black male)
I'm just sayin' a foot massage is a very personal thing.

TILLIE
(to taxi)
Taxi! Hold on!

JOE
You didn't answer me.

The two men approach Joe and Tillie. They stop. The white

male lights a cigarette.

BLACK MALE

(to Joe)
Mind if we join your wonderful
party?

JOE

Why no. Go right ahead.

The black male walks on. The white male blows a stream of
smoke at Joe, then follows.

Joe waves the smoke away.

JOE

Must be friends of O.T.

Tillie backs toward the taxi.

TILLIE

Bye, Joe.

JOE

Wait! I'll go with you!

TILLIE

No. You stay. I need to be alone.

JOE

Tillie...

Tillie climbs in the taxi.

JOE

I'll see you after the game
tomorrow!

Joe watches the taxi drive away.

EXT. PACIFIC BELL PARK - DAY

The stadium is empty.

ON THE FIELD

Joe's throwing pitches with a CATCHER.

Coach Spitonu, spits tobacco continually as he watches. He
calls time and trots to Joe.

JOE

What's wrong? Am I throwing too
hard?

SPITONU

No, you're great, Joe! Everybody

knows that! It's just...

He spits. Joe avoids the expulsion.

SPITONU
You only got one pitch, and I'm not
sure what that is.

JOE
I don't think it has a name.

Spitonu removes his ball cap -- scratches his head and spits.

SPITONU
Me neither.

Spitonu jams his cap back on his head. He becomes very
animated with his hands.

SPITONU
Try some finger movement! Let the
ball slide off your fingertips, and
jerk your wrist!

JOE
Jerk my wrist?

SPITONU
Yeah! And follow through!

It hits Joe.

JOE
Like golf.

SPITONU
Exactly!

JOE
Okay!

The coach steps off the warm-up mound.

Joe's in his windup.

SPITONU
Bear down!

Joe grunts -- lets the ball fly.

The ball sails to the catcher's left, then breaks in hard and
into the catcher's face mask.

The catcher is knocked backwards.

Spitonu swallows his chew.

SPITONU

What in Babe Ruth's ghost was
that?!

Joe's amazed at himself.

JOE

I don't know.

The catcher gets back in his squat -- throws the ball back.

SPITONU

Throw it again.

Joe winds up -- releases.

The ball sails to the left, then breaks in hard to the
catcher's mitt.

Spitonu and the catcher walk to Joe.

CATCHER

I've never seen a pitch do that.

SPITONU

Nobody else has either.

JOE

I have the same terrible hook with
golf.

INT. CONDORS LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Joe sits on an examination table. Spitonu and the Condors
manager stand by the TEAM DOCTOR who's examining an x-ray.

TEAM DOCTOR

How old were you when you broke
your wrist?

JOE

Seven or eight. I'm not sure.

TEAM DOCTOR

I've never seen bone structure like
this in a wrist anatomy. The
trapezium is almost nonexistent,
and the scaphoid is sitting
completely above the trapezoid.

(to Joe)

How far can you bend your hand back
and still hold your wrist straight?

Joe holds his pitching arm up, and bends his hand back,
straight flat.

Spitonu and the manager try the same to no avail.

MANAGER

What's that mean, Doc?

TEAM DOCTOR

It means he has a loose wrist --
Very loose.

JOE

And a terrible hook.

EXT. PACIFIC BELL PARK - AFTERNOON

The stadium is packed with fans.

BROADCAST BOOTH

RADIO SPORTSCASTER

The Condors hold a four to three
lead in the bottom of the ninth
over the Seminoles, who they trail
by one game in the league standings
with one to go -- And here comes
the Condors ace closer, Joe
Wannamaker!

IN THE STANDS

The fans cheer wildly. A vendor in the aisle wears a
catcher's mask.

BROADCAST BOOTH

The sportscaster flips through his girly magazine.

RADIO SPORTSCASTER

Joe takes the mound with 14 losses,
and the highest earned run average
in the game. The Condors have gotta
make some changes...

His words slow and fade as he focuses on a page.

RADIO SPORTSCASTER

...or their bush...

He catches himself and closes the magazine.

RADIO SPORTSCASTER

...league... play will continue.

He looks around him and clears his throat.

ON THE FIELD

The catcher runs to the mound.

CATCHER

Throw the ball just like in warm
up.

JOE

Okay.

The crowd chants Joe's name.

The catcher sets up.

A large, muscular batter, O'CASEY, steps to the plate.

Joe winds -- releases.

The ball flies straight at O'Casey -- He hits the deck -- The
ball breaks in hard at the plate.

PLATE UMPIRE

St--rike!

The crowd goes wild.

SEMINOLES DUGOUT

The SEMINOLES MANAGER turns to a COACH.

SEMINOLES MANAGER

What the hell was that?

The coach shrugs.

ON THE FIELD

O'Casey gets to his feet -- brushes himself off. He stares
hard at Joe -- steps back into the batter's box.

Joe winds -- releases.

Same pitch -- same results.

PLATE UMPIRE

St--rike!

O'Casey jumps to his feet.

CATCHER

(to O'Casey)

What's the matter with you? Act
like somebody's throwin at you or
somethin'?

O'CASEY

Yeah! They are!

He turns to the mound.

O'CASEY
And they better stop it!

Joe's takes a cocky trot around the mound.

The crowd chants Joe's name.

O'CASEY
Throw the ball, Wannamaker!

CATCHER
Hey! He'll throw it when he's good
and ready!

O'Casey gives the catcher a vicious look -- slams his bat on
the plate.

CATCHER
Okay! He's ready!

Joe winds -- releases.

The ball sails toward the batter who...

grits his teeth and holds his stance as the...

ball breaks in hard at the plate.

PLATE UMPIRE
St--rike!

O'Casey is jubilant over his prowess.

O'CASEY
Yeah!

PLATE UMPIRE
You're out!

O'CASEY
What?!

He throws his bat down and glares at the mound.

IN THE STANDS

CROWD
Joe! Joe! Joe!

ON THE FIELD

Joe smiles at the chanting crowd.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SHORTSTOPS SPORTSBAR - THAT EVENING

O.T. sits in his Rolls-Royce parked up the street.

A taxi pulls to the curb outside Shortstops door.

Joe climbs out -- enters the bar.

O.T. starts the Royce and pulls to where he can see

THROUGH THE BAR'S WINDOW

Joe looks around, then walks to the bar. He speaks with a BARTENDER who says something back, then shakes his head.

Joe turns and walks away. He looks dejected.

O.T. pulls away.

ON THE STREET

Joe exits the bar. He stands on the street for a moment, thinking, then hails a passing taxi.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Traffic is light.

INT. TILLIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The doorbell rings.

Tillie goes to the door with her toothbrush in hand -- looks through the peephole -- sighs -- then opens the door to...

O.T., who's standing in the

HALLWAY

O.T.
Whadda you think you're doing?

TILLIE
Brushing my teeth.

O.T.
Is that a habit you'd like to
continue?

Tillie steps aside as O.T. enters the

APARTMENT

O.T.
Joe went to the bar looking for you
after the game, but you weren't
there.

TILLIE
I...

O.T.

A game which he miraculously managed to earn a save in, with a pitch he never had before today.

TILLIE

What's that have to do with..?

O.T.

You? I'll tell you what it has to do with you. He starts winning, he'll want to keep playing. He won't renege... and that will make the boss very mad.

O.T. takes Tillie by her arm -- pulls her in front of a wall mirror.

O.T.

And we know what happens when the boss gets mad.

Tillie's image in the mirror turns from her's to a toothless, ugly woman.

O.T.

Don't we, Miss Ugly?

Tillie turns her face away. O.T. forces her to look back.

Tillie's image changes into that of a beautiful woman.

O.T.

Or is it, Miss Lovely, after all?

Tillie stares at the glamorous face in the mirror.

O.T.

Well?

A beat.

TILLIE

Lovely.

O.T. releases Tillie.

O.T.

That's more like it.

The image in the mirror returns to Tillie's plain self.

O.T.

You won't stay as you are. I can promise you that.

Tillie grunts a forced laugh.

TILLIE

When I had the chance to be pretty
for the first time in my life,
giving up a stranger's soul for my
beauty seemed a small price for
another to pay -- But it's not --
Not when you're in love with him.

O.T.

You do understand what will happen
if he doesn't renege?

Tillie drops her head.

TILLIE

Either way -- I end up losing Joe.

O.T.

But wouldn't it be so very much
more pleasant to lose him...
beautiful?

(beat)

Go to him, tonight. Start the
wheels in motion. I want his
initials on clause D before
midnight tomorrow.

O.T. starts for the door.

TILLIE

I can't go to his home tonight!

AT THE DOOR

O.T. turns to Tillie.

O.T.

He's not at home.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - LATER THAT NIGHT

PIER 39

Joe leans on the railing and talks to a seal on a floating
raft.

JOE

Why aren't you clapping tonight?

The seal dives into the water.

JOE

(to himself)
Must have missed the game.

Joe hears clapping.

He turns to...

Tillie, still clapping as she walks toward him.

JOE

I went to the bar after the game.
The bartender said you took the
night off, but he wouldn't tell me
where you live.

Joe slaps his head.

JOE

And I've never asked you. No wonder
you don't want to be with me. I'm a
complete idiot!

Tillie looks into Joe's eyes.

TILLIE

I want to be with you.

JOE

How could I ever expect... You do?

TILLIE

Yes. I do.

Joe's elated.

JOE

Well that's..!

TILLIE

But I can't.

JOE

(deflated)
You can't?

Tillie shakes her head.

TILLIE

No. I can't.

Joe stares at her.

JOE

An old boyfriend, right?

TILLIE

No. There are no boyfriends -- Old
or otherwise.

JOE

Then what?

Tillie turns toward the railing and the sea creatures.

TILLIE

You're famous. Everyone's hero. And I'm a plain Jane nobody that doesn't fit in.

Joe grabs Tillie and turns her to him.

JOE

You're not! And you know why I'm everyone's hero. I've told you.

TILLIE

You may have bought your way into what you have, or had a subliminal thought transmitted through a TV commercial I missed...

JOE

What?!

TILLIE

I don't know why everyone sees you the way they do, but whatever the reason -- I-don't-fit-in! The party should have proved that to you! I can't be in the spotlight! I don't wanna be!

Joe races through his thoughts.

JOE

Did you see the game today?

TILLIE

No.

JOE

I got a save. That means I didn't lose. I've got a pitch nobody can hit!

TILLIE

What's that have to do with me?

JOE

It has everything to do with you.

Joe points to the huge moon in the sky.

JOE

Look at the moon, Tillie. Look how close it is.

Tillie stares up at the glowing satellite.

JOE

Remember how distant it was the last time we were here? Now if we want it, all we have to do is reach for it.

TILLIE

I don't under...

JOE

I pitched a game today, Tillie. I pitched a game and didn't lose it. For the first time in my life I was good at something. But if you're not in the stands... I may as well stay a loser -- I'm in love with you, Tillie. If reneging on the contract is what I have to do to be with you, then I'll do it.

Tillie stares at Joe.

Joe motions to the moon.

JOE

Or we can put that moon in our pocket and never look back.

Tillie stares up at the glowing moon, then the sea lions before bringing her eyes back to Joe's.

TILLIE

No -- We can't.

JOE

Why not, Tillie? Just give me one good reason why not.

Tillie sighs.

TILLIE

O.T.

JOE

O.T.?

TILLIE

I've been working for him, Joe. To get you to do exactly what you just said you would -- Our meeting wasn't by chance.

JOE

Sure it was. I just happen to come in, remember?

TILLIE

Don't you think a bar is a strange place for someone to go who doesn't drink?

Joe stares at Tillie through his thoughts.

TILLIE

If he had known that -- We would have met somewhere else.

A beat.

JOE

He was waiting on me...

TILLIE

When you left.

A beat.

JOE

You're one of them?

Tears roll down Tillie's cheeks.

TILLIE

No.

JOE

Then why, Tillie?

TILLIE

Vanity -- To hear men whistle when they see me coming instead of barking after I pass -- And the only way I could get that was...

JOE

A deal with the Devil.

TILLIE

I never thought I'd fall in love with you, or that you'd want me the way I am -- The only reason I met your needs is because you're Joe Wannamaker, one of the richest men alive -- You would have never trusted a beautiful woman's love enough to renege on your contract.

A beat.

JOE

No -- You're wrong -- I did trust one.

Tillie turns away.

TILLIE

Please don't say anymore.

Joe turns Tillie back, then lifts her chin to meet her eyes with his.

JOE

What happens to you now?

Tillie shakes her head.

TILLIE

You don't want to know.

JOE

Yes I do -- And this is far from being over -- Now it's personal.

INT. CONDORS LOCKER ROOM - NEXT EVENING

Players mill around.

Joe sits in front of his dressing area, throwing a ball into his glove.

O.T. enters.

O.T.

(to Joe)

Ready for the biggest game of your life?

Joe looks away.

O.T.

See you've found yourself a pitch nobody can hit.

JOE

It's more of a nature thing than me.

O.T.

How's that?

JOE

Loose wrist. It's the way I release the ball. Causes a ninety-degree hook.

O.T.

Every time?

JOE

It's the only pitch I've got.

O.T. nods.

JOE
Tillie Lovely told me everything.

Joe's words take O.T. by surprise. He looks around the locker room.

O.T.
How unfortunate... for her.

Joe shrugs.

JOE
Everyone makes their own deal.

O.T.
That's right -- They do.

A beat.

O.T.
Still want to end yours?

Joe smiles.

JOE
Not a chance.

O.T.
What?

O.T.
A win tonight puts us in the playoffs, with the World Series just around the corner. The entire sports world loves me. And now I'm even good at what I do. But the world hasn't seen anything yet. Just wait until basketball gets a taste of me.

O.T.
But you can't do that!

JOE
Why not? I'm Joe Wannamaker: The best there ever was.

O.T. snaps his fingers. Everyone in the locker room freezes in place, except Joe.

JOE
That's a nice touch. Take long to learn?

O.T.
They'll reanimate when we're
through.

O.T. stares at Joe.

O.T.
You got lucky one time, Joe. It
won't happen again. You're the same
untalented buffoon you always were.
With you on the field... your team
will never win.

JOE
But I'll still be everyone's hero.

O.T.'s outraged.

O.T.
You listen to me! You've got to
renege, or find another to take
your place! It wasn't in the plans
for you to...

JOE
Continue as I am? Read the
contract. My deal has no expiration
date.

O.T.'s coming unglued. He turns away.

O.T.
But the boss will be furious!

JOE
Just at you. I've done nothing but
live up to my end -- But... there
might be something we can work out.

O.T. turns back to Joe, very attentive.

O.T.
I'm listening.

JOE
I'll initial clause D on one
condition.

O.T.
That being..?

JOE
If I pitch tonight, and the Condors
don't lose... my contract becomes
null and void; as if it never
existed.

O.T. furrows his brow.

O.T.
You're confused, Joe. The boss's
deals lets you in... not out.

JOE
Then I stay as I am... and you can
explain why.

O.T. wipes at the sweat on his forehead through a beat.

O.T.
The Condors don't lose with you
pitching? That's it?

JOE
No -- I want you to bring Tillie
Lovely to the game, with her change
taking effect after it -- Seen on
the big screen by everyone
watching.

O.T.
Vicious little devil, aren't you?

JOE
After what she did... I want her
and everyone else to see her,
exactly as I do.

O.T. stares hard at Joe through a beat.

O.T.
I like that. You're beginning to
show a lot of promise. And just to
show you there're no hard
feelings... I'll even throw in the
roar of the crowd one more time.
(quick beat)
Longsnout!

Mr. Longsnout appears, humbled in O.T.'s presence.

MR. LONGSNOUT
You called, sir?

O.T. takes Joe's contract from his coat and shoves it into
Longsnout's chest.

O.T.
Do an addendum.

MR. LONGSNOUT
Addendum?

O.T. looks at Joe.

O.T.
He'll tell you. Bring it back to me
with clause D initialed.

JOE
One more thing.

O.T.
Now what?

JOE
I want your signature on the
contract beside my initials, and I
want it before the game.

O.T.
Why?

JOE
Because it's an addendum; and
because I don't trust you.

O.T.
Sure, Joe. I'll sign it. As long as
it's everything we agreed to.

JOE
Fair enough.

O.T.
Oh, Longsnout.

MR. LONGSNOUT
Sir?

O.T.
How long have you been a liner?

Longsnout thinks.

MR. LONGSNOUT
What millennium is it?

O.T. laughs -- snaps his fingers and disappears.

JOE
That's a long time.

Mr. Longsnout sighs.

MR. LONGSNOUT
What are we changing?

OUTSIDE THE SEMINOLES LOCKER ROOM - LATER

O.T. leaves the opposition's locker room with a smile on his

face.

EXT. PACIFIC BELL PARK - LATE EVENING

The stands are packed.

The scoreboard shows the Condors leading the Seminoles, seven to four in the bottom of the ninth with two out. No Seminole is on base.

IN THE STANDS

The crowd is chanting.

CROWD

Joe! Joe! Joe!

CONDORS DUGOUT

CONDORS MANAGER

(to Spitonu)

Call the Bullpen -- I'm bringin'
Joe in.

Spitonu picks up the dugout phone -- spits. The manager ducks the spew.

SPITONU

Right!

CONDORS MANAGER

(to players in dugout)

Will somebody get him a can?!

The manager jogs to the mound.

BROADCAST BOOTH

RADIO SPORTSCASTER

The Condors, after blowing a ten-game league lead in the last month of the season, can redeem themselves with a win here today and escape with the division championship -- And it looks like the fans are gonna get their wish!

He picks up the girly magazine in front of him and throws it into a trash can.

RADIO SPORTSCASTER

Here comes Joe to close out the game!

ON THE FIELD

Joe takes the mound and warms up.

IN THE STANDS

The crowd is going wild.

O.T. walks with Tillie down an aisle between first base and home plate. He stops at the front row and leans to the MAN IN the AISLE SEAT next to a LARGE WOMAN.

O.T.
I believe these two seats are mine.

MAN IN AISLE SEAT
What?!

O.T.'s eyes glow red.

MAN IN AISLE SEAT
Oh, yeah. Sorry.

He turns to the confused, large woman.

MAN IN AISLE SEAT
Let's go, honey.

The couple step out into the aisle.

O.T. seats Tillie to the inside.

As the couple climbs the steps...

the woman hits the man in the back of his head with her popcorn.

LARGE WOMAN
Where are our seats?!

MAN IN AISLE SEAT
I don't know!

ON THE FIELD

Joe finishes his warm-up.

SEMINOLES DUGOUT

The Seminoles manager stops the BATTER on his way to the plate.

SEMINOLES MANAGER
Remember, the guy's just got one pitch. It's all timing.

The batter nods.

ON THE FIELD

The batter comes to the plate.

Joe winds -- releases.

The ball sails toward a scared batter, then breaks hard over the plate. The batter swings -- hits a home run.

Joe's in shock.

CONDORS' DUGOUT

Spitonu is spitting everywhere; players duck. Spitonu claps.

SPITONU

Let's go, Joe!

ON THE FIELD

The SECOND BATTER comes to the plate.

The crowd chants Joe's name.

Joe winds -- releases.

The ball breaks hard and over the plate. The batter swings -- hits a home run.

The crowd sighs in unison.

THE SEMINOLES BENCH goes crazy.

BROADCAST BOOTH

RADIO SPORTSCASTER

That's two home runs Joe's given up in a row, and the Seminoles are pinch-hitting for their pitcher! Looks like they're going for broke, trailing by one!

IN THE STANDS

The crowd's chant continues.

O.T. is smiling. Tillie shakes her head.

ON THE FIELD

The catcher trots to the mound.

CATCHER

What's the matter, Joe?

JOE

Nothing! They're just swinging!

CATCHER

Yeah.

He looks at the waiting batter.

JOE
We gotta get this guy to bunt --
make the play at first base.

JOE
How?

CATCHER
Strategy.

The catcher hurries back to the plate and sets up.

CATCHER
(to batter)
Betcha' can't bunt.

BATTER
I can bunt.

CATCHER
Betcha' can't.

Joe winds...

BATTER
Can!

...releases.

CATCHER
Can't.

The batter bunts down the first-base line.

SEMINOLES DUGOUT

SEMINOLES MANAGER
(to batter)
What the hell are you doin'?!

ON THE FIELD

Joe and the catcher race for the ball. They collide.

The batter's safe at first.

The catcher shakes the cobwebs from his head.

CATCHER
That guy can bunt.

They get to their feet.

CATCHER

Looks like it's all up to you, Joe.

Joe sees Tillie...

IN THE STANDS

next to O.T.

Tillie looks away.

O.T. gives Joe a wry smile and a flick of his hand.

ON THE FIELD

Joe turns his back and retakes the mound.

BROADCAST BOOTH

RADIO SPORTSCASTER

The tying run's on base, and
O'Casey's at the plate!

(to himself)

Oh, boy.

ON THE FIELD

Joe gets into his stance.

O'Casey steps up to the plate. He snarls and motions to Joe
with his hand to 'bring it on.'

Joe winds -- releases with a grunt.

The ball sails toward O'Casey, who stands with the bat
propped on his shoulder, then breaks hard over the plate.

PLATE UMPIRE

St--rike!

SEMINOLES DUGOUT

The players' stare, confused. The manager jumps up and down.

SEMINOLES MANAGER

(to O'Casey)

What are you doin'?!

ON THE FIELD

O'Casey yawns. He rubs his fingernails over his shirt.

Joe winds -- releases.

The ball breaks hard over the plate.

PLATE UMPIRE

St--rike!

SEMINOLES DUGOUT

The players' are in shock. The manager slams his cap to the dugout floor and stomps it.

SEMINOLES MANAGER

Hit the ball! Just hit the damn ball!

CONDORS DUGOUT

Spitonu paces -- the spit flies. The manager tries to shield himself.

CONDORS MANAGER

Jeeze, Spitonu!
(to players)
Will somebody please get him a can?!

ON THE FIELD

O'Casey slams his bat on the plate -- takes his stance, his jaw squared, eyes focused.

O'CASEY

Showtime!

The crowd chants Joe's name.

Joe looks into

THE STANDS

at Tillie...

ON THE FIELD

then down at the ball in his hand. He gets into his stance and takes a deep breath.

Joe winds -- releases.

The ball sails straight toward O'Casey then...

breaks hard and behind him.

O'Casey swings.

PLATE UMPIRE

St--rike!

IN THE STANDS

The ball flies into the stands toward the popcorn vendor

wearing a catcher's mask. He drops his popcorn and raises a glove to make the catch.

ON THE FIELD

PLATE UMPIRE

Game over!

The crowd goes wild. Condor players rush the field.

IN THE STANDS

O.T. stands -- yanks the cigar from his mouth and throws it to the stadium floor.

INT. LADY GATTALITE'S MANSION - SAME

TV ROOM

The Condors celebration is on.

Ben and Dee scream for joy -- jump up and down.

Lady Gattalite, cigarette in hand, laughs herself into a coughing frenzy.

Pauli, whistles and bobs his head up and down.

PAULI

Wannamaker!

BEXLEY'S ROOM

Bexley, in his pajamas and a Condors baseball cap, dances a jig.

EXT. PACIFIC BELL PARK

O'Casey slams his bat to the ground.

O'CASEY

(to Joe)

What was that?!

Joe yells back.

JOE

I got a wicked slice, too!

O'Casey drops his head and walks off the field.

SEMINOLES DUGOUT

The Seminoles manager bawls.

ON THE FIELD

The team lifts Joe on their shoulders and carry him off the field.

FIELD - AT THE STANDS

Joe hops down. While the other players celebrate Joe walks over to Tillie and O.T.

JOE
(to O.T.)
I'm free of you.

O.T.
Now wait a minute, Joe. Let's not be hasty. The sports world isn't the only gig going. How 'bout Hollywood? You can be the biggest star in tinsel town! I've got contacts everywhere there!

JOE
No.

O.T. pleads.

O.T.
Joe...

Joe looks at Tillie.

JOE
(to O.T.)
Finish your part of the deal.

TILLIE
(to Joe)
You hate me that much?

JOE
(to O.T.)
Do it.

O.T.
Gladly.

O.T.'s eyes glow red.

The crowd gasps, then oh's and ah's.

JOE
Take a look at yourself on the big screen, Tillie.

Tillie looks up and sees the same face she's always had.

TILLIE
I'm beautiful!

JOE
You always have been.

O.T.
What's going on here?!

JOE
Nothing that you didn't agree to in
Mr. Longsnout's addendum.

He looks at Tillie.

JOE
You just didn't know how my eyes
really saw her.
(to O.T.)
And all that was needed was your
signature.

O.T. jumps up and down.

O.T.
(to Tillie)
This is all your fault!
(to Joe)
And you cheated! I'm the only one
that's supposed to do that! You
can't do this to me!

Mr. Longsnout, dressed to kill, and gnawing down on his own
cigar, steps to O.T.'s side.

JOE
(to O.T.)
Oh, by the way. You and Mr.
Longsnout have changed places.

O.T.
What?!

JOE
You really should have read the
fine print.

Mr. Longsnout takes O.T. by his ear.

MR. LONGSNOUT
Let's go, liner. The boss wants to
see you, right away.

O.T.
No!

Longsnout smiles at Joe. He and O.T. disappear.

Joe lifts Tillie from her seat and into his arms.

JOE

Care to be, Mrs. Joe nobody?

Tillie's eyes light up.

TILLIE

No -- You're my Joe now -- And
that's somebody.

Joe and Tillie embrace.

The crowd chants Joe's name as...

he and Tillie kiss on the big screen, and the...

MAN IN THE MOON smiles down.

FADE OUT.