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"BASES LOADED"

Written By  
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All the characters portrayed in the pages to follow are fictional, as is the story told.

Except, of course, for those who inspired the events that really happened.

To the DRONE of lawn mowers and trimmers we...

FADE IN:

EXT. SURBURBIA - DAY

...to a crew servicing the lawn of a large suburban house on a sunny, summer day. Let's say just outside of Kansas City. The Kansas side, not Missouri - it's a classy film.

Parked in front of the house is a truck, adorned on its side, "BJ's Lawn Service." Below that, "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Double Your Clippings Back."

To the sounds of a cell phone RINGING we tighten on the front door of the house as it opens. A man emerges pulling on a t-shirt over jeans as he fumbles for his phone.

BJ

(curtly, into the phone)

This is BJ.

(beat)

Hang on.

Meet BJ (31), given name JEFF but anymore only to his mom and a few special others. He's lean and muscular-tough, but always with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. Think a fast talking Mathew McConaughey with a juvenile record. But never convicted.

From behind BJ appears MRS. KENSINGTON (40s). She's clad only in a loose satin robe that barely covers her breasts, and holds a lit cigarette in her hand.

MRS. KENSINGTON

I just don't know why that drain keeps stopping up, Jeffery.

BJ

(sotto)

Might be the paper towels stuffed in it.

MRS. KENSINGTON

Pardon?

BJ

Nice to see you again Mrs. Kensington. Gotta get to work.

BJ turns and starts back towards his truck, cell phone now at his ear.

MRS. KENSINGTON (O.C.)  
It's BETTY, dear. Please call me Betty.

BJ  
I'm working, the fuck you want?  
(then)  
I think it's at six - call CAT.  
Oh, and remind the little fucker he better not forget this time.  
We don't want another incident.  
(laughs)  
Yeah, well, let him sue us. See you tonight.

BJ disconnects the call and then grabs an edger from the back of his truck. He heads back to work.

BJ  
Let's go, guys! We've got six more to get done!

As BJ fires up the edger we hear,

CHILDREN PLAYING (PRE-LAP)  
Marco! Polo! Marco! Polo!

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY POOL - DAY

It's a community pool busy with distracted mothers and splashing children. We tighten on two very attractive women tanning on their backs on side-by-side chase lounge chairs. Their bikinis well-expose remarkable bodies. Meet DONNA (30) and CINDY (30), each a lifeguard's dream and together well, we won't go there.

CINDY  
So how are the negotiations going?

DONNA  
Opening proposals have been exchanged. Formal talks are yet to be scheduled.

CINDY

Good luck.

DONNA

Luck will have little to do with it.

We follow Donna's hand as it drifts to her inner thigh. After a glance at her watch she sits up quickly.

DONNA

Shit, got to go. I've got a 3:00 at Renude's.

(shouting toward the pool)

PIPE! MARFY! Out of the pool! Mommy's got to get the Mercedes detailed!

CINDY

Light trim or full frontal?

DONNA

Wax on, wax off.

CINDY

You don't fight fair, Donna. Ask for Olga. Touch of an angel.

We move to a wading pool where a little girl is climbing out. This is Marfy (4). We follow her as she runs over to Donna, who begins to dry her off.

DONNA

See you tonight, Cin?

CINDY

(beat)

Yeah. I think I can handle it.

DONNA

(again towards the pool)

Pipe! Let's go!

We move to the larger pool where a pod of five little boys are playing in the water. One is PIPE (9).

PIPE

Looks like I got to go.

## PIPE'S POOL FRIEND 1

I thought your mom drove a Honda.

PIPE

Does. I think it's got something to do with my Pop getting a big bonus. Mom says we're getting new furniture. He wants a bass boat.

We stay with Pipe as he climbs out of the pool and then follow him over to Donna, who is donning a swimsuit cover, arching her back as she does so.

We move back to Pipe's friends, now all now lined up at the side of the pool, and all staring intently at Donna.

## PIPE'S POOL FRIEND 2

I'd say Pipe's dad is toast...

CAT (PRE-LAP)

Relax, I didn't forget.

CUT TO:

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

We move in through the office door to we see a man seated, his back to the desk. He is looking out the window as he talks on the telephone. This is BEN (30), but henceforth CATFISH or CAT, his given nicknames.

CAT

Chill, dude. I got it covered.  
Yes, two cases. O'Doul's, right?

Laughing Cat turns back to his desk. He wears the uniform of a lawyer - white dress shirt/red power tie. He's slight in stature - probably one of those picked on in school. His professional success, however, is his revenge. At least he hopes it will be.

CAT (CONT'D)

You ever thought there might be more to life than--  
(laughs again)  
Yeah, there's that, too. Look, I have to finish up some pro bono work for the animal shelter. See you tonight.

Cat hangs up the telephone and then with papers in hand settles back in his chair. As he places his crossed legs on the corner of the desk from under his trousers emerge stirrup-style baseball socks ending in baseball cleats.

O.C. we hear the CRACK OF AN ALUMINUM BAT hitting a ball, followed by CHEERING.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOFTBALL COMPLEX - EVENING

It's a YMCA park with eight diamonds, all busy. We move in on one game in particular. The players in the field are all in their early 30s, and all appear to be very athletic.

Our focus moves to the tall, center fielder, CARTER, as he makes with ease a difficult over-the-shoulder catch and then fires the ball back to the second baseman, LOUIS BONETTI (34), but henceforth LOUIE, his nickname. Louie is a bit older than the rest, stocky, and keeps a bushy mustache. He also has a very dry sense of humor.

FEMALE FAN (O.C.)

Nice catch, Carter!

PLAYER FIELD CHATTER (VARIOUS)

All right, that's one! / Let's get  
'em! / Huh now, Sissies!

As the ball works its way around the horn we see each player's jersey is stenciled, "Cicero Sissies."

We move in on the mid-fielder, PAUL, the left fielder, BRIAN, and the right fielder, Derrick, who've gathered in shallow center field. Paul is soaked in sweat. Absolutely dripping in it, as he will be in every game going forward. Derrick is wearing sunglasses and will be in every game going forward even when the field lights are on.

BRIAN

Check out Cat's new one, behind  
Donna.

DERRICK

I'd wear that one like a gas mask  
if she'd let me.

BRIAN

CARRIE might have something to say about that.

PAUL

I'm betting Springer Spaniel.

DERRICK

Against the field? You're on for five, Paul.

BLEACHERS

In the bleachers are nine women, all in their late 20s to early 30s. These are the wives and girlfriends of the players, and as a result close friends amongst themselves. In the middle sit Donna and Cindy. Near the bleachers a number of children play, including Pipe and Marfy.

ANDI, the wife of Paul, turns to speak across Donna and Cindy to MINDY, the very pretty but somewhat quiet wife of the centerfielder, Carter.

ANDI

Carter hear anything on the job front, Mindy?

MINDY

He's gotten some call backs, but won't follow up.

FIELD

From behind home plate we see the back of the pitcher as he kicks at the rubber. While the other players all wear shorts he alone is in long baseball pants. When he turns to face home plate we see it's Cat. The catcher steps out from behind home plate. It's BJ, with a very large tobacco chew in the side of his mouth.

BJ

(spits)

Cat, don't get cute and try to strike this guy out. You'll only walk him. Let him hit it.

CAT

Thanks for the encouragement, BJ.  
You ever thought about going into  
motivational speaking?

BJ

How about I pay you to do it for  
me?

BJ turns and heads back to home plate.

CAT

Going to have to charge you more  
than I did in college.

BJ

I hope you write better now than  
you did then.

BLEACHERS

Sitting behind Donna is a tall, pretty and remarkably  
chesty girl. This is LORI (26). Behind her is VICTORIA  
(34). She's Louie's wife but his exact opposite - not much  
fun. Victoria leans in over Lori's shoulder.

VICTORIA

Hey new girl. What's it like to  
be Cat's flavor of the week?

CINDY

Play nice, Vic.

MARFY (O.C.)

Stop it!

DONNA

(to Lori)

Don't mind Miss Happy Face. She  
thinks if the rest of us have to  
be married everyone has to.

Mindy turns to the girl next to her, CARRIE, (27). Carrie  
is wife of the right fielder, Derrick.

MINDY

Well, they haven't sucked tonight.

CARRIE

Wish I could say the same. I'm down by five. Last time I let Derrick talk me into taking the spread.

A pretty but heavy-set woman, KELLY, Brian's wife, leans in from behind Mindy and Carrie.

KELLY

Have a couple of kids. Then lose a bet all you have to do is change a diaper or two.

FIELD

Cat stands at the pitcher's rubber, focused and ready to deliver the ball. Louie teases Cat with encouragement.

LOUIE

Loose and easy, Cat. Loose and easy.

Cat steps back, shaking his head.

CAT

Shut the fuck up, Louie, I'm trying to concentrate, here.  
(sotto, as he returns to the rubber)  
Working on a twelve hitter.

Cat restarts his wind up.

LOUIE (O.C.)

Loose and easy.

We follow Cat's arching delivery to the plate. With a CRACK of the bat the ball is pounded into the gap between the shortstop and the third baseman. We see RICK, the third baseman (Donna's husband) cut in front of the shortstop, PAT WIDGERMAN (henceforth WIDGY, or WIDGEDOG his nicknames), stretch to snare the ball, and then spin to sidarm a frozen rope that finds with a loud POP the glove of the first baseman, GRANT BONETTI, henceforth BONES, Teri's husband and also Louie's younger brother, and now you know why I should have broken the rules and listed all the principal characters at the beginning.

FIRST BASE UMPIRE

Out!

BLEACHERS

The women all clap and cheer.

KELLY

Great play, Rick!

Donna lets go a shrill two-finger whistle.

DONNA

You're the best, Sugarpants!

(pumping her arm)

Whoop! Whoop! Whoop!

CINDY

Hey, Julia Roberts, why not go all the way and flash him your tits?

DONNA

Don't think I won't.

(to the field)

Can't wait to get home, Baby!

(to Donna)

I don't like to fish.

In the b.g. Pipe is tying his sister to a tetherball post.

MARFY

Let me go, Pipe!

FIELD

We move to home plate where the next batter, mid-30s and noticeably clean cut, is taking slow, deliberate practice swings. BJ stands nearby as the umpire sweeps the plate.

BJ

Looking for a single, huh, just get on base? Smart. Play it safe.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE

Play ball!

BJ

Two outs, Sissies! Outfield, play deep. Infield, the play's at first.

BJ kneels behind the plate.

MARFY (O.C.)

Piiiipe!

BLEACHERS

Donna does not bother to turn and look.

DONNA

Pipe! Get off of, unbury, or stop whatever it is you're doing to your little sister.

(to Cindy)

And you, stop staring.

CINDY

That obvious?

DONNA

You'll get over him just as soon as you get under somebody else.

FIELD

The batter steps up to the plate and carefully digs in.

BJ

Bring it in, Cat!

BJ continues his one-way conversation with the batter.

BJ (CONT'D)

I just thought given the butterballs he's been serving up all night this might be the time to try to take one deep. I mean sure, on base percentage may mean something in baseball...

BJ lets a stream of tobacco juice fly.

BJ (CONT'D)  
...but in softball it's the  
homerun that gets you the pussy,  
you know what I mean?

In the b.g we see Cat wind up and deliver a high, arching  
pitch.

BJ (CONT'D)  
Then again, maybe that's not your  
cup of tea.

Distracted, the batter is late in committing and as a  
result his swing finds nothing but air.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE  
Strike one.

BJ  
Whew. Nice rip.

BJ whips the ball back to Cat.

BJ (CONT'D)  
Seemed a bit late through the  
zone, though. Sure that bat's not  
too heavy for you?

BLEACHERS

Lori turns to see Marfy sticking her tongue out at Pipe.

LORI  
Cute kids. How old are they?

DONNA  
Pipe just turned nine. Daddy's  
little princess is four.

FIELD

The batter sets up again. In the b.g Cat is in his windup.

BJ  
Maybe you ought to take one or  
two, get a feel. You know, wait  
for just the right one.

Cat delivers the pitch, this one slow, fat and oh so hittable. On the batter we see him begin to twitch, desperate to swing...

BJ (CONT'D, O.C.)  
 (quietly)  
 Nah, this ain't it.

...but he's just not able to pull the trigger. We watch as the ball passes perfectly through the strike zone.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE  
 Strike two!

CARRIE (O.C.)  
 Strike him out, Ben!

BJ tosses the ball back to Cat.

BJ  
 Damn, I sure missed on that one.  
 Don't see a pitch that fat but  
 once or twice in a lifetime.

Flummoxed, the batter shakes his head and kicks at the dirt. BJ has set up residence in his head.

BATTER  
 Time please, ump?

The batter steps out of the box and takes a couple hard practice swings as the umpire sweeps the plate.

BLEACHERS

Lori continues to try to fit in.

LORI  
 Pipe. Is it short for Piper?

DONNA  
 No, just Pipe.

LORI  
 Not sure I've ever heard that name  
 before.

CARRIE (O.C.)  
Get 'em, Sissies!

DONNA  
The kid was born with an erection.

LORI  
Huh?

DONNA  
Damn near couldn't get him out.

CINDY  
We're talking real wood, here.  
I can still hear the screaming.

KELLY  
His dad was so proud.

TERI  
(leaning in)  
But it was Bones who christened  
him Pipe.

DONNA  
Yeah, thanks for that. Couldn't  
talk Rick out of it.

CARRIE  
Going to be quite popular with the  
girls when he gets older, I suspect.  
I've seen him in the bath.

LORI  
Oh...

Lori turns to see Pipe now rubbing a handful of dirt into  
his sister's head.

MARFY  
Piiiipe!

DONNA  
(not turning around)  
Knock it off, Pipe!

FIELD

HOME PLATE UMPIRE

Batter up!

BJ

(as he crouches)

Ready? I mean if you need more  
time.

The batter looks up to the sky, makes the sign of the cross, and then steps back into the box.

BJ (CONT'D)

Leaving it to a higher power?  
Smart. What they say the best  
ones do.

In the b.g we see Cat beginning his wind up.

BJ (CONT'D)

Commit and just let it happen.

Cat delivers the pitch and we follow its arrival in slow motion, the ball looming larger and larger, stitches slowly turning as it nears the plate. We move in on the waiting batter as he pulls his bat back even farther. It's clear he's going deep.

BJ (CONT'D)

(slow motion voice)

Oh yeah, this is the one.

Still in slow motion our focus returns to the ball and then we pull back to reveal that the pitch is going to land well short of the plate. Back on the batter we see him twitching. He just can't help himself. That bat is going to be swung.

Returning to normal speed we watch as the batter lunges forward in a wild but futile effort to make any contact at all. No such luck. And with a soft puff of dirt the ball falls to the ground and then with a bounce into BJ's glove, allowing him to easily tag the batter out.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE

Strike three, that's the game!

The batter angrily pounds his bat into the ground.

BATTER

Three years you've been doing this to me, BJ! Three goddamn years!

BJ

Just trying to be helpful, FATHER.

BATTER

Well fuck your help! My sermon this Sunday is going to be about the devil. Might want to stop by. You're going to be in it!

BJ

(laughing)

Check your left knee. It looks like you may be straightening it a bit through the hitting zone.

As we follow BJ's trot to the Sissies' bench in the b.g we see the batter take a hard practice swing and in doing so nearly fall down.

BATTER

Cocksucker! I'm going to pray for your soul!

BJ (O.C.)

You're too late, PADRE!

CUT TO:

EXT. SOFTBALL COMPLEX PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Sissies and their wives/girlfriends tailgate, drinking beer and enjoying each other's company. Andi walks over to join Lori and Cat.

ANDI

So where'd you and Cat meet?

Given her remarkable rack Lori has the full attention of all of the Sissies. The women likewise collect nearby.

LORI

At Reynolds Park, last Sunday. Benjamin was out playing with his new puppy. I just couldn't resist.

KELLY

Benjamin?

MINDY

(aside to Carrie)

More like borrowed for the  
afternoon.

CARRIE

Again.

LORI

It was a rescue and really  
precious.

Derrick steps over to Cat for an aside.

DERRICK

Breed?

CAT

Springer Spaniel. They never miss.

DERRICK

Shit.

SMASH CUT TO FLASHBACK:

EXT. LARGE PUBLIC PARK - DAY

Cat wanders through the grassy park, a Springer Spaniel  
puppy in his arms. He spots Lori alone on a blanket.

CAT

Show time, boy.

We watch as Cat kneels and places the puppy on the ground.  
He then takes a small ball from his pocket and throws it  
just past Lori's blanket. The puppy runs straight to Lori.

CAT (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Man, this one's good.

(then, to the puppy)

Hogan! Get back here!

We follow Cat over to Lori, now playing with the puppy.

CAT (CONT'D)  
Hey, I'm really sorry.

LORI  
Are you kidding? I could play  
with this little guy all day!

Cat smiles and kneels. Time to set the hook.

CAT  
Yeah, he's a good one. Got him at  
the shelter. Stole my heart.

Lori hugs the puppy, and then offers Cat her hand.

LORI  
Lori.

CAT  
Ben. Nice to meet you.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. SOFTBALL COMPLEX PARKING LOT - NIGHT

We return to the tailgating.

LORI  
Kind of sad he had to give it  
back, though.

In the b.g. we see Derrick hand Paul a five-dollar bill.

CARRIE  
Gee, I'll bet he was really,  
really, really broken up.

LORI  
He was!  
(looking over at Cat)  
Benjamin is a lot more sensitive  
than he lets on.

KELLY  
(aside to Andi)  
What's with this Benjamin shit?

SMASHCUT TO FLASHBACK:

EXT. LARGE PUBLIC PARK - DAY

Lori and Cat are on the blanket, lip-locked. Nearby Hogan has fallen asleep.

In the b.g. we see a boy, BILLY (11), approaching.

BILLY  
Ryder?! Here Ryder!

The puppy looks up from his sleep, and then runs to the boy. Cat and Lori break their embrace and follow to where Billy and Ryder are now rolling together on the ground.

BILLY  
(head down)  
Mister, you found my dog! You  
found my dog!

CAT  
This is your dog?

Billy looks up and we see that he has Down Syndrome. Lori takes Cat's arm.

BILLY  
Yeah, I lost him here in the park.  
Last week.

CAT  
Wow. Well, I guess if he's yours  
he's yours.

Cat pauses, and then appears to wipe away a tear.

CAT (CONT'D)  
That's a great dog, son. Don't  
let him get away from you again.

Billy stands up with the puppy in his arms. Cat hands him the leash.

BOY  
I sure won't, mister. Come on,  
Ryder.

As the boy walks away with the puppy, Lori gives Cat a hug.

LORI

Come on. I don't live far from here.

CAT

This is tough.

(beat, another wiped tear)

Hang on. I need to say goodbye one more time.

(to Billy)

Hey, son, wait up.

Cat jogs to catch up with Billy. We watch as he kneels to pet the puppy... and discreetly slips Billy a ten-dollar bill.

CAT

Good work, Billy. You too, Hogan.

BILLY

Ryder.

CAT

Whatever. Just make sure he gets back to the shelter, okay? There are a couple of families interested in adopting him.

BILLY

Got it!

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. SOFTBALL COMPLEX PARKING LOT - NIGHT

LORI

We ended up spending the whole night together.

KELLY

Welcome to the Sissies, sister.

In the b.g. we see Rick give Cat a low-five. Bones, one of the taller Sissies, walks over to join them. He turns and gives the tall and remarkably chesty Lori a long once-over, and then does the same with the slightly built Cat.

BONES

Cat, know I ask this with all respect, but we've all seen you naked in the shower. How in the fuck did you get her?

Cat takes a long pull of his beer before answering.

CAT

Bones, I may not be able to reach bottom, but I sure can bang hell out of the sides trying.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOFTBALL COMPLEX PARKING LOT - NIGHT

As the Sissies' cars and trucks leave the now near empty parking lot a new black Range Rover pulls in the gate. Horns HONK hello and a waiving hand emerges from more than one passenger window. We move back to Cindy in the driver's seat of her still parked but running car, BJ at the open window.

BJ

You want to come over?

CINDY

Tempting, but no.

BJ

It's a big bed.

CINDY

So I remember.

BJ

Gets kind of lonely.

CINDY

Not often I suspect.

BJ

Well, the vacancy sign will be on if you change your mind.

As Cindy pulls away the Range Rover pulls up to BJ. From it we hear the music of Bob Marley. The driver's side

window lowers to release a cloud of smoke. This is LIGHTNING LITTLETON (30). We do not see his face.

LIGHTNING  
Guess I'm late. We win?

BJ  
Ten to three. Celebrate with a beer?

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Brian and Kelly are driving home. Brian is a big man. He played college football as a defensive lineman.

KELLY  
The other girls say they'll help.

BRIAN  
Like the last time? I don't know why you bother.

KELLY  
I know if I just stay with it I know I can lose twenty pounds. Maybe more.

BRIAN  
Whatever.

DISSOLVE TO FLASHBACK:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT - YEARS EARLIER

Lights shine on the field. We move to the CHEERLEADERS rooting on the sideline...

CHEERLEADERS (TOGETHER)  
Go Vikings!

...and move in on three - younger Kelly, Cindy, and Donna. This Kelly is slender and radiant.

DONNA  
A lot of college scouts here tonight. Brian's playing well.

KELLY

His play's not the problem.

CHEERLEADERS (TOGETHER)

Defense!

DONNA

Grades?

KELLY (CONT'D)

His parents have me tutoring him.

In the b.g. the opposing quarterback drops back to pass.

DONNA

Is it helping?

FLASH TO:

INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On the bed younger Brian is atop younger Kelly, and they are going at it hard.

END FLASH. FLASHBACK CONTINUES:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

KELLY

He's got some focus issues.

In the b.g. we see a Vikings player intercept the pass.

PA ANNOUNCER

And the Vikings have it!

All the cheerleaders turn to watch the runback, pompoms raised and shaking.

CHEERLEADERS (TOGETHER)

Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

FLASH TO:

INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

To the rhythmic THUMPING of the bed's headboard against the wall Brian and Kelly are still at it.

KELLY

Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S PARENTS' DEN - NIGHT

BRIAN'S MOM (45) is on the sofa knitting. BRIAN'S DAD (45) is in an easy chair. Over a NOISY GAME SHOW playing on the TV we hear the THUMPING of the bed upstairs.

BRIAN'S MOM

Oh, listen to that. Kelly must be practicing her cheering.

BRIAN'S DAD

She's a good girl, that one.

The THUMPING pauses, and then restarts, gaining tempo.

KELLY (O.C.)

Yeeesssss!

The THUMPING stops. Brian's Dad looks up.

BRIAN'S DAD

Must have nailed the landing.

On the TV bells RING and the audience CHEERS as the contestant celebrates winning the big prize.

PA ANNOUNCER (PRE-LAP)

Score!

END FLASH.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

The cheerleaders bounce on the sideline the crowd ROARS.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. BRIAN AND KELLY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Brian and Kelly are exiting the car.

Kelly

I just want to get back to how I looked when we got married.

BRIAN

We got anything to eat? I'm hungry.

KELLY

(hurt)

Yeah, sure.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

BJ sits on an examination table, re-buttoning his shirt. The DOCTOR (60) studies a chart.

DOCTOR

Jeff, I'm not sure what it is. It may be from all the drinking.

BJ

(standing up)

Then maybe I should come back when you're sober.

DOCTOR

How about instead I set you up for a couple more tests. It's probably nothing, but what do you say we check it out?

CUT TO:

INT. CARTER AND MINDY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Carter is in a recliner watching ESPN on TV. The walls and shelves are covered with pictures of Carter in a college football jersey, framed medals, helmets, trophies and the like. Mindy enters.

MINDY

Are you going to call them back?

CARTER

Maybe later.

MINDY

Honey, you can't just sit around all day. At least talk to them.

CARTER

I said maybe later. Leave me  
alone. I'm fine.

We see Mindy's hurt look as she nears tears.

MINDY

(sotto)  
No you're not.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Rick is in his cubicle, talking on the phone.

RICK

Tonight works if you want to come  
with. Donna has something to do.

(beat)

Cat. He offered.

(beat)

All right, pick you up around  
seven. And remember, Donna  
doesn't need to know so don't tell  
Teri where we're going.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK AND DONNA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Donna is on the telephone.

DONNA

Cool. Cindy's coming, too. And  
Rick doesn't need to know so don't  
tell Bones where we're going.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

We watch as Kelly struggles to jog, then walks, then jogs.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

Victoria comes out of a bookstore. She looks both ways as if trying to find someone. We watch her pull her cell phone out of her purse and hit a speed dial.

VICTORIA

(terse, as always)

Where are you? I said I'd only be a minute.

CUT TO:

INT. FURNITURE STORE - NIGHT

With co-pilots Teri and Cindy at hand Donna admires a display of coordinated furniture. A SALESWOMAN (40), clipboard in hand, joins them.

SALESWOMAN

You've got a good eye. That's the best custom line we carry. Bit of a wait, though.

CUT TO:

INT. BOAT STORE SHOWROOM - NIGHT

With co-pilot Bones at his side Rick admires a metallic red fishing boat with a massive inboard-outboard engine. A BOAT SALESMAN (55) walks up to join them.

BOAT SALESMAN

You've got a good eye. The fish hasn't been born that can outrun the Bass Bomber 3000.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Tight, Louie sits with his cell phone to his ear. It's not clear where he is.

LOUIE

Hey. Already done with your shopping?

CUT TO:

INT. BOAT STORE SHOWROOM - NIGHT

Rick is sitting at the helm of the boat, Bones at its side.

BONES

Man you'd look right on that boat.

RICK

Yes I do.

CUT TO:

INT. FURNITURE STORE - NIGHT

We return to Donna, Teri, and the saleswoman. Donna is sitting comfortably on the sofa.

TERI

Girl, you look right on that sofa.

Donna, arms crossed, stares at the grouping of furniture.

DONNA

I look right on any sofa.

(beat)

As long as it's not on a boat.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

Victoria is now in the center of the mall, cell phone still at her ear, and clearly irritated.

VICTORIA

I told you I'd only be a second.

Where are you?

CUT TO:

INT. FURNITURE STORE - NIGHT

We return to Donna, Teri, Cindy and the saleswoman.

DONNA

I'll take it. All of it.

CUT TO:

INT. BOAT STORE SHOWROOM - NIGHT

We return to Rick, Bones and the boat Salesman.

RICK  
I'll take it. The trailer, too.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Still tight on Louie, cell phone to his ear.

LOUIE  
You remember that jewelry store,  
the one next to the Macy's?

INTERCUT between Louie and Victoria still in the mall.

VICTORIA  
What are you talking about?

LOUIE  
You know. Where we picked out  
your engagement ring.

VICTORIA  
(softening)  
And where you proposed?

CUT TO:

INT. FURNITURE STORE - NIGHT

Donna is signing papers as the saleswoman directs.

SALESWOMAN  
Here, here and here.

CUT TO:

INT. BOAT STORE SHOWROOM - NIGHT

Rick is signing papers as the salesman directs.

SALESMAN  
Here, here, and here.

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Again we are tight on Louie, still on his cell phone.

LOUIE  
(cheerfully)  
Yeah. That's the one.

VICTORIA (TELEPHONE)  
Oh, honey, you remembered.

Back on Louie we move out to reveal he is sitting at the bar of a sports tavern, beer in front of him, baseball games playing on the various TVs.

LOUIE  
Well, I'm at the sports bar right  
across from it. Head on over.

CUT TO:

INT. FURNITURE STORE - NIGHT

Cindy leans in over Donna's shoulder.

CINDY  
You sure you're not getting a bit  
cocky about the negotiations going  
your way?

Donna hands the pen back to the Saleswoman.

DONNA  
They better or boat-boy will be  
the *only* one playing with his  
little...

CUT TO:

INT. BOAT STORE SHOWROOM - NIGHT

As Rick shakes hands with the salesman he suddenly gets a look on his face as if he's heard something.

RICK  
That deposit is refundable, right?

CUT TO:

INT. MALL SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

With a wave Louie signals the male BARTENDER (25) over.

LOUIE  
You know the key to a good  
marriage?

BARTENDER  
Sir?

LOUIE  
Honesty.  
(pointing to his empty glass)  
One more please.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK AND DONNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cat is in Pipe's bedroom getting Pipe and Marfy settled for the night. Pipe is in the top bunk on his back, one knee up and his other leg crossed over, head on the pillow, hands behind his head. Marfy is curled up in the lower bunk. At the door is a new girl, JILL (25).

PIPE  
I still don't know why she has to  
sleep in my room. She's got her own.

CAT  
Because she's your sister and you  
love her.

Cat looks over to Jill. Jill, looking like she is going to melt, smiles as she unbuttons the top of her shirt.

Cat kneels to Marfy only to find she is crying.

CAT  
Hey, pumpkin, why the tears?

MARFY  
I miss my mommy and daddy so much!

CAT  
I know you do, but they'll be home  
real soon. And what did I teach  
you last time I visited?

MARFY  
(between sniffles)  
Life's... too... short... to be  
sad.

CAT  
That's ri--

PIPE (O.C.)  
(firmly)  
No, mom says life's not fair.

Cat looks up to Pipe on the top bunk.

CAT  
Well, that's true, too, Pipe.

Cat goes back up to Marfy, who is still crying.

CAT  
All right then, sweetheart, say it  
with me.

CAT AND MARFY (TOGETHER)  
Life's too short to be sad.

PIPE (O.C.)  
No, Mom says life's not fair!

Cat shakes his head and looks up again.

CAT  
Pipe, happy thoughts, okay?

MARFY  
Cause life's too short to be sad?

CAT  
That's right.

PIPE  
No! Mom says life's not fair!

MARFY  
No! Life's too short to be sad!

PIPE  
No! Life's not fair!

MARFY

No! Life's--

Cat stands up, head now in his hands.

CAT

Pipe, life' not fair! Marfy,  
life's too short to be sad! And if  
the two of you don't get to sleep  
right this instant you're both  
going to find out why!

We return to Jill who is re-buttoning her shirt as Cat  
rushes by, slamming off the bedroom lights as he passes.

O.C. we hear the CRACK of a bat hitting a ball.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - EVENING

The Sissies are at bat. Sitting with the regulars in the  
bleachers is Jill. Mindy leans in.

CARRIE

So where'd you meet Cat again?

FLASH TO:

EXT. LARGE PUBLIC PARK - DAY

Jill is holding a squirming golden retriever puppy.

END FLASH.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - EVENING

FIELD

The Sissies are at bat. Cat is next to Bones on the bench.  
Bones looks back towards the bleachers.

BONES

What happened to the last one?

CAT

Wanted me to meet her parents.  
(to the others)  
Hey, anyone seen Lightning?

Carter is at bat. We watch him take a pitch.

SISSIES (AD-LIBBED)  
Go deep, Carter! / Take it yard!

BJ  
He told me he's busy with some new  
ad deal he's got going. Viagra if  
you can believe that.

BLEACHERS

Kelly leans over to Mindy.

KELLY  
Still nothing?

MINDY  
He just seems to have given up.

FIELD

CAT  
Bones, you ever had the dream?

BONES  
The fuck you talking about?

CAT  
You know, the dream. You're in  
school and supposed to turn in a  
paper or something but can't find  
your locker? Or you can but can't  
remember the combination.

BONES  
Most of us just dream about pussy.

CAT  
I had it again last night. I was  
supposed to be graduating from law  
school but I hadn't completed an  
undergrad class, taken the final.  
I knew I could pass it if I could  
just find the classroom, but I  
couldn't remember where it was.

O.C. we hear the CRACK of a bat and CHEERING. We move to Carter in his homerun trot and then back to Bones and Cat, where Bones is now standing, pulling on his batting gloves.

BONES

Cat, you are one weird dude.

Bones heads off to the bat rack. Cat calls after him.

CAT

Hey, I dream about that too!  
 (sotto)  
 But in those I can't get my pants  
 off.

BLEACHERS

KELLY

Hang in there. Maybe one of the  
 alumni will come through. They  
 owe him at least that much.

MINDY

Yeah, well they can't give him  
 back his knee.

FIELD

As Louie steps up to the plate the Sissies' bench offers  
 their encouragement.

BJ

Go big or go home, Louie!

RICK

Full Petula, Louie! Take it  
 Downtown!

LOUIE

(turning to the bench)  
 Just trying not to hurt myself.

BLEACHERS

Jill looks over her shoulder at Marfy and Pipe who are  
 playing at a tetherball pole. To distract Marfy Pipe is

pointing away and then batting the ball around the pole so it hits her in the back of the head.

JILL

(to Donna)

Cute kids. What are their names?

DONNA

The boy is Pipe. The little one is Marfy.

JILL

Marfy?

DONNA

It's short for Marfreless.

JILL

Isn't that the name of the make-out bar downtown?

DONNA

It's where Rick took me on our first date. He's the third baseman.

JILL

Wow, that's really--

CINDY

And the parking lot where little Pipe was conceived just an hour and a half later!

JILL

--romantic.

DONNA

It was margarita night. Two-for-one.

CINDY

Good times!

JILL

Oh.

O.C. we hear the CRACK of a bat hitting a ball hard.

ALL THE WOMEN (TOGETHER)  
Back! Back! Back! Back!

FIELD

We follow the ball into the glove of the center fielder and then move to Louie's trot of shame back to the dugout.

BLEACHERS

ALL THE WOMEN (TOGETHER)  
(disappointed)

Oh!

KELLY  
Just when he thought he had it in  
her mouth...

ALL THE WOMEN (TOGETHER)  
Mom walks through the door!

The girls but for Victoria all LAUGH and high-five.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELDS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The postgame tailgate. We see Andi move over to join Kelly, who sits on the open tailgate of BJ's truck. Kelly has a Diet Coke in hand, not a beer.

ANDI  
You look good.

KELLY  
I've already dropped six pounds.

ANDI  
We're all pulling for you.

KELLY  
Just wish Brian would too.

Off to one side Brian is watching the conversation. He takes a long pull of his beer, does not smile. Nearby we see Jill join Bones.

JILL

So you all know each other from school?

BONES

High school or college, yeah.

DISSOLVE TO FLASHBACK:

EXT. BJ'S HOUSE AT COLLEGE - DAY

We pass over a college campus and move in on an off-campus, somewhat rundown small house.

CUT TO:

INT. BJ'S HOUSE AT COLLEGE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Younger Paul, Rick, Derrick and BJ are watching basketball on the TV, beers nearby. Bones is stretched out on the sofa, and appears to be asleep. BJ wears a cowboy hat.

CUT TO:

EXT. BJ'S HOUSE AT COLLEGE - DAY

Two young men (20), each wearing the traditional Mormon missionary attire of white shirt, black pants and black tie walk the sidewalk in front of the house.

CUT TO:

INT. BJ'S HOUSE AT COLLEGE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

BJ looks out the front window and reacts.

BJ

Derrick, it's them again.

DERRICK

Huh?

Through the front window we can see the two missionaries coming up the walkway to his front door.

BJ

Those same little fuckers who interrupted me last Tuesday when I had that SOPHOMORE over here.

FLASH TO:

INT. BJ'S HOUSE AT COLLEGE - BEDROOM - DAY

A messy bed. On it is a girl, SOPHMORE (19), her legs in the air, BJ's head buried between them.

SOPHMORE

Oh, yes. Yes. That's it. There.

O.C. the sound of a RINGING doorbell, then again.

SOPHMORE

The bell... It's ringing...

BJ (O.C.)

(muffled)

I know, baby.

SOPHMORE

(nearing climax)

Answer...the...bell!

BJ's head pops up from between her legs.

BJ

I'm trying, baby, I'm trying!

END FLASH. FLASHBACK CONTINUES:

INT./EXT. BJ'S HOUSE AT COLLEGE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The boys are all where they were, still fixed on the basketball game. We move to high and behind BJ as he opens the front door. From his P.O.V. we see the missionaries standing on the front porch, their mouths now agape.

BJ

Well praise the Lord and pass the snakes, I was hoping you fellas might come calling again! Come on in!

We pull back to reveal BJ is buck-naked but for his hat and cowboy boots. In the b.g. we see the missionaries sprinting away.

BJ  
 Come back you little pussies!  
 Afraid of a challenge?  
 (turning to the guys)  
 Joseph Smith would be ashamed.

No one reacts. This is par for the course.

DERRICK  
 Shut the door, BJ, you're letting  
 all the cold air in.

We see Bones roll over on the couch.

BONES  
 Hey Beeg, long as you're up, mind  
 getting me another beer?

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELDS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The tailgating continues.

CAT  
 BJ, I cut you a break on price  
 because I had one on file.

BJ  
 And it was still overpriced, which  
 gave me all the motivation I  
 needed to write my own.

From the side Louie leans in.

LOUIE  
 Might have been a first.

CAT  
 Again, and for the record, it got  
 me an A. At that remedial school  
 of a college you attended they  
 likely would have awarded you a  
 doctorate. Doubt they've ever had  
 anything turned in with a complete  
 sentence let alone proper grammar  
 and punctuation.

BJ  
 Fuck punctuation. I'll bet  
 they're still talking about mine.  
 (beat)  
 You know, it's been too long.

BJ turns to those not a part of the conversation.

BJ (CONT'D)  
 (with a big grin)  
 Gather 'round, everyone--

CINDY  
 Oh, God.

BJ  
 --it's time once again for "The  
 Big Ride," by B. Jeffrey Hall.

KELLY  
 Christ, again?

JILL  
 What's the big ride?

CAT  
 A short story he wrote for his  
 college English class.

JILL  
 He memorized it?

LOUIE  
 It's a classic. Who wouldn't?

We watch as BJ take a swallow of beer and then with  
 dramatic fanfare bows his head for a beat before beginning  
 his recital.

BJ  
 VAN rolled over and glanced at the  
 clock.

NOTE: With BJ's V.O. we will follow The Big Ride on screen  
 in soft focus, with INTERCUTS back to the gathered  
 Tailgaters.

## THE BIG RIDE

INT. A MESSY BEDROOM - DAY

We see BJ (hereafter Van) awaken shirtless in a messy bed.

BJ (V.O.)

Two o'clock. Damn, half the day gone. Van pulled himself out of bed only to meet a beautiful autumn day with a splitting hangover. Two aspirin, and a workout might help he thought.

## TAILGATERS

PAUL

Derrick, you lived with him. He really write this all himself?

DERRICK

Every word. Out loud. I had to turn up the TV to drown him out.

## THE BIG RIDE

We see Van standing wearing only boxer shorts in front of his bathroom mirror.

BJ (V.O.)

Though four years removed from his days as an All American fullback Van was still rock hard. Two o'clock. Still enough time to swing by the gym before he had to pick up Connie at five, he thought. Van grabbed his keys and headed for the door.

## TAILGATERS

DERRICK

Never seen him prouder.

## THE BIG RIDE

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

We follow a red corvette convertible, its top down, down a tree lined, two-lane highway.

BJ (V.O.)

The drive was one to which Van looked forward as it let him open up his Vette, another pleasure he'd always enjoyed. But today the Gods were not with him. Thump! Thump-thump! "Shit," he cursed under his breath as he pulled over to investigate what he already knew - a flat. Van wasn't out of the car long, though, before a car honked and pulled over to park in front of him.

## TAILGATERS

DERRICK

And about now is when he started to really roll.

## THE BIG RIDE

We see Van now standing by his Corvette.

BJ (V.O.)

Just what I need, Van thought, a GOOD SAMARITAN looking to convert me to some freaky religion. Until from the interloper's opening car door emerged a pair of five-inch stiletto heels, attached to legs of which one could only dream, followed by breasts the size of over-inflated footballs barely constrained by a tight red dress. "Maybe there is a God," Van mused to himself. "Lend a hand?" he heard. His gaze fell upon the driver's long blond hair. "Can

(MORE)

BJ (V.O., CONT'D)  
 you give me a ride to a phone?"  
 "No problem," she replied. "I'm  
 staying at the motel up the road.  
 You can use the phone in my room."

TAILGATERS

BJ (CONT'D)  
 I hope you all are enjoying this  
 as much as I am.

LOUIE  
 BJ, I still don't know why you  
 tell this for free.

BJ  
 Why thank you, Louie.

BJ takes a swallow of beer before continuing.

THE BIG RIDE

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

We see Van and Good Samaritan enter the room.

BJ (V.O.)  
 Her motel room was like most  
 others. A double bed adorned with  
 a tired spread, set off by the  
 framed sadness of pictures found  
 only in--

TAILGATERS

BONES  
 Damn, BJ, you're not fucking  
 Faulkner. Get to the pussy!

DONNA  
 Yeah, BJ, get to the good stuff.

BJ

What, and omit the exploration of Van's morale dilemma, his crisis with having to pick up Connie at five but not wanting to be rude to his newly found friend?

MOST EVERYONE (TOGETHER)

Yes!

BJ

Fine. Then I shall skip ahead to appease the less cultured amongst us, but for those who have not had the pleasure...

(he winks at Jill)

...see me afterwards and we can schedule a more personal reading.

Cat puts his arm around Jill protectively.

THE BIG RIDE

Still in the motel room.

BJ (V.O.)

"Phone's by the bed. I'm going to get out of these work clothes," she declared before disappearing into the bathroom. As Van dialed he realized he still didn't know her name. "How long before your car is ready?" she called out as he hung up. "In about an hour and a half. Maybe time enough to get something to eat?" Van was hungry and a late breakfast was starting to sound pretty good. "I have a better idea how we could fill the time." Van's appetite quickly changed to something quite different when he turned to see her standing adorned in nothing but her stilettos and a hummingbird tattoo.

TAILGATERS

DONNA

Finally.

VICTORIA

Personally, I think this is disgusting.

TERI

Get over it, Victoria.

THE BIG RIDE

Van and Good Samaritan are now naked on the bed.

BJ (V.O.)

Van's mouth sought and quickly found her ample breasts--

TAILGATERS

KELLY

Sought? This gets better every time I hear it.

THE BIG RIDE

BJ (V.O.)

--and he was neither surprised nor disappointed when soon her hand was seeking his throbbing organ to lead him into her--

THE GUYS (O.C., TOGETHER)

Cookie jar of love!

BJ (V.O.)

His response, he was sure, was unexpected. "Patience. Enjoy."

TAILGATERS

CINDY

This from the king of the quickies?

The gathered group LAUGHS.

THE BIG RIDE

Good Samaritan is on her back, a lustful smile on her face.

BJ (V.O.)

Van's mouth moved up and down the  
soft skin of her inner thighs,  
ever nearer to her--

TAILGATERS

THE GIRLS (O.C., TOGETHER)

Triangular palace of pleasure!

BJ

--her anticipation growing like a  
tsunami as Van's tongue edged  
closer and closer to her--

TAILGATERS

EVERYONE (TOGETHER)

Honey pot of love!

Several high-fives are exchanged. In the b.g. Victoria  
walks away.

BJ

I guess what they say is true.  
The really great writers are never  
appreciated in their own time.

KELLY

Wrap it up, Hemmingway, I've got  
to pee.

BJ

Darling, Hemmingway only wished he  
wrote this good.

THE BIG RIDE

On screen the entwined couple continue their lovemaking.

BJ (V.O., CONT'D)

She clawed at his back, her nails like knives of pleasure as Sherpa-like Van guided her up the Mount Everest of sexual ecstasy, further and further, closer and closer to the pinnacle of pleasure, carefully ensuring she didn't tumble into the abyss below until when he knew she could stand it no more he gently nudged her over, her screams of pleasure his confirmation it would be a journey not soon forgotten.

TAILGATERS

Ad-libbed shouts of "Van's a god!" and the like from the guys intermingled with "bullshit" from the women.

JILL

(sotto, to Cat)

He really is a good writer.

Cat gives her an "are you kidding look."

CINDY

Time to finish it, Shakespeare.

BJ

My dear, the recital of truly great prose cannot be hurried.

DERRICK

Prose? You wrote it watching Monday Night Football!

Derrick steps up next to BJ.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

Okay, having heard it as it was being written and since then far too many times here's the Readers' Digest version. He, what was it, Beeg, whips her love muscle into a spasm of frenzy, flips her over and does her long and hard, then

(MORE)

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
hard and long, not that I ever  
really understood the difference.

BJ  
A bit of poetic license.

DERRICK  
There's a reference to her well-  
lubricated tunnel of love--

BJ  
Actually, two.

LOUIE  
He really is the master of the  
vaginal simile.

CAT  
Metaphor.

LOUIE  
Whatever.

DERRICK  
--more plunging and probing, and,  
of course, a big finish.

BJ  
You skipped the part about their  
bodies welding together as one.

DERRICK  
My bad. The end.

The assembled group applauds. BJ bows in mock humility.

PAUL  
BJ, I've always been a bit  
confused. I mean, what about  
Connie? Does he get his car fixed  
in time to pickup her up?

ANDI  
(taking Paul's hand)  
That's it, honey. We're out of  
here.

BJ  
 Hey, for the record, need I remind  
 you all I got a B-plus?

DERRICK  
 True that.

BJ  
 Professor let everyone else read  
 their story out loud in class.  
 Surprisingly, though, she wouldn't  
 let me read mine.

LOUIE  
 BJ, sometimes life's just not  
 fair.

BJ  
 Turns out she preferred a private  
 reading...

General LAUGHTER is followed by ad-libbed goodnights as  
 everyone heads for their cars.

BJ (O.C.)  
 ...it's how I got the plus!

We follow the Sissies' cars exiting the parking lot and  
 again we see the black Range Rover slowly entering.  
 Friendly honks and waves are again exchanged.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

BJ is lying on his back on a CAT scan table, adorned only  
 in a hospital gown. A very attractive FEMALE TECHNICIAN  
 (25) stands nearby.

FEMALE TECHNICIAN  
 All right, Jeff, I need you to lie  
 real still.

BJ  
 That mean you won't be joining me?

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Kelly is jogging, but no longer struggling.

CUT TO:

INT. CARTER AND MINDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Carter sits in the den, no TV on, nothing to read. Mindy comes in through the front door.

MINDY

You just sit here all day?

CARTER

What the hell do you want me to do?

MINDY

Honey, you need to see someone.

CARTER

I'm fine. Just leave me alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOPPING PLAZA - DAY

It's a beautiful, sunny day. We see Cat exit a store and turn to head up the sidewalk.

BILLY (O.C.)

Hey, Mr. Cat!

Cat looks back to see Billy waving. Next to Billy looking into a storefront window is his mother, MARY (30).

CAT

Hey right back to you, Mr. Billy.

BILLY

(proudly)

This is my mom.

Mary turns. She's beautiful.

MARY

So you're Mr. Cat.

CAT

Uh, yeah. Hi.

MARY

Heard a lot about you.

He sneaks a quick look at Billy - what has he told her?

MARY

Come on Billy.

BILLY

See you Mr. Cat.

CAT

You too, Billy.

As Billy and Mary continue down the sidewalk we see Mary put her arm around Billy's shoulders. Cat calls out.

CAT

Hey Billy, you like baseball?

Mary and Billy stop and turn back to Cat.

BILLY

Sure!

CAT

Okay then.

Mary gives Cat a puzzled look before she and Billy continue away, Billy bouncing animatedly next to his mom.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELDS - EVENING

Once again a Sissies game is in progress. Widgy is at bat.

BLEACHERS

KELLY

Go get 'em Widgy!

We move in on Cindy and Donna.

CINDY

So how are the negotiations going?

FLASH TO:

EXT. CAR ON SUBURBAN ROAD - DAY

Rick is at the wheel with Donna in the passenger seat.  
Pipe and Marfy are in the backseat.

DONNA  
Well, do you like it?

RICK  
Like what?

DONNA  
My hair. I cut my hair.

RICK  
You--

In the b.g. we see Pipe shaking his head.

DONNA  
(angry)  
I can't believe you didn't even  
notice. Unbelievable.

Off Rick's WTF look we:

END FLASH.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELDS - EVENING

BLEACHERS

Mindy leans in from behind Donna and Cindy.

MINDY  
Donna, your hair looks great. You  
still growing it out?

DONNA  
Yeah. Thanks for noticing.  
(to Cindy)  
Got him right where I want him.

TERI (O.C.)  
Widgedog! Hit one for me!

FIELD

At the plate Widgy noticeably blushes. We watch him step away and then kick at the dirt to compose himself.

BLEACHERS

TERI

So easy.

KELLY

We need to find him a girl.

ANDI

I've given him like a hundred numbers of girls I work with to call but he's too shy to do it.

FIELD

We watch as Widgy hits a weak grounder into the gap between second and first base. The second baseman fields it but too late to get Widgy at first.

FIRST BASE UMPIRE

Safe!

BLEACHERS

KELLY

Yes!

CARRIE

Ugly with tits.

FIELD

Paul heads to the plate.

SISSIES (AD LIBBED)

Huh now, Paulie, keep it going!  
Rally time! Find a hole!

BLEACHERS

DONNA

Closing the deal next Saturday.

CINDY

Considering your new furniture is supposed to be delivered in, what, three weeks?

DONNA

I know, what's the rush?

CINDY

Mandingo Warrior?

DONNA

New curtains two years ago.

CINDY

Oh, yeah, forgot. Body Heat?

DONNA

The granite counters.

CINDY

Right. Then?

Donna whistles the first few bars of "As Time Goes By."

CINDY

Oh my. Retro.  
(shaking her head)  
The poor boy is toast.

O.C. we hear the CRACK of a bat.

FIELD

We watch Paul sprint safely into first as a runner scores.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELDS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Post game beers are being consumed. The players are all in one group talking while the women are in another.

## WOMEN

DONNA

Cost my dad a fortune.

CARRIE

He put in a security system to keep the boys out?

DONNA

No, to keep me in.

General LAUGHTER from the gathered women.

CINDY

When I got *my* boobs my mom tells me boys only want one thing. Problem was, she was too uptight to tell me what. So I go ask my dad who's watching TV, and he says "fuck the boys, pass the peanuts." Slept with half the football team and most of the basketball team before it dawned on me he must have misheard my question.

The women break out in more LAUGHTER.

## MEN

BJ

Past time we had a boys' night out.

RICK

How about Friday, Cliff's?

DERRICK

Nah, it's a sausage factory.

BONES

Sals?

LOUIE

Perfect. Fridays are Ladies night. Should be a cat fest.

We hear adlibbed concurrence from the assembled group.

WOMEN

ANDI

The Algonquin Roundtable over there is planning a night out. You all up for one of our own?

DONNA

How about Cliff's?

CARRIE

It's a sausage factory.

THE WOMEN (TOGETHER)

Perfect.

VICTORIA (O.C.)

Why can't we ever go someplace nice?

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN AREA - DAY

We watch as Kelly runs up the drive of her house. The weight has fallen off her. She goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN AND KELLY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Brian is at the refrigerator when Kelly enters, out of breath from running.

BRIAN

We got anything good to eat? I mean besides all this diet crap?

KELLY

It's good for you, too.

BRIAN

Why do you bother? You're just going to put it all back on.

We watch Kelly near tears as Brian turns his attention back to the refrigerator.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S PERSONAL OFFICE - DAY

BJ sits in a leather chair. The doctor is behind his desk.

BJ

M-S. You sure?

DOCTOR

I'm sorry, Jeff.

CUT TO:

INT. CARTER AND MINDY'S LIVINGROOM - DAY

CARTER has the TV on. He is sitting alone watching old football game film, no audio.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - DAY

Bones is examining a small boy, while the boy's mom looks on.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

BJ is in the express line to check out. In front of him are a young MIDDLE-EASTERN MOTHER (24) in a headscarf and her two small children. She is digging in her purse. Two GUYS (20), large and loudmouthed are behind BJ.

GUY 1

Yo, rag head, let's move it along.

GUY 2

Better yet, go back home.

The checkout girl reddens. Middle-Eastern Mother continues to forage, not able to find her money.

GUY 1

We ought to just nuke 'em, pave the place and charge those left for parking.

BJ turns to see the two guys high-fiving, and then steps up in the line, his wallet out.

BJ

I got this.

MIDDLE-EASTERN MOTHER

You don't have to--

BJ

Yeah, now I kind of do.

BJ swipes his credit card.

MIDDLE-EASTERN MOTHER

Thank you.

Middle-Eastern Mother gathers her grocery bags and with her children walks away. The clerk scans BJ's items.

GUY 2

Hey, sand-monkey lover, you buying our groceries too?

BJ

Knock it off, guys.

GUY 1

You going to make us?

BJ

(sigh, beat)

What I'm going to do is pay for my stuff, then head to my truck.

We see BJ swipe his card again.

BJ (CONT'D)

It's the blue one right in front. You care to hurry on out and discuss this further it's up to you. I got places to be.

As BJ picks up his 12-pack of beer the clerk places his other items in a bag and hands it to him.

BJ (CONT'D)

Thanks. Have a good night.

The clerk responds to BJ with a smile.

BJ (CONT'D)  
 (nodding to the guys)  
 Fellas.

As Guy 1 and Guy 2 step up to check out we see the clerk flip a switch and the light above her register goes out.

CLERK  
 Sorry. Closed.

CUT TO:

INT. CAT'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Cat is on the sofa watching TV. A commercial is playing.

*TV ANNOUNCER (O.C.)*  
*When the night is drawing to a*  
*close...*

Our focus moves to what is playing on the TV. In a near empty high-end, wood-paneled bar, a MALE PATRON (40) sits on a stool drinking alone. The BARTENDER (55) comes by.

*BARTENDER (TV)*  
*Last call.*

*TV ANNOUNCER (TV)*  
*...and your options have grown*  
*limited.*

Male Patron turns on his stool. We move to his P.O.V. and see a HEAVY WOMAN (50s) in garish makeup sitting at the far end. She smiles to reveal she is missing a front tooth.

*TV ANNOUNCER (TV)*  
*You can always count on Extra*  
*Strength Ciagra.*

Back on Male Patron we watch him swallow a large blue pill, and then turn back to the woman at the end of the bar. Returning to Male Patron's P.O.V we see her slowly morph into a really hot Victoria's Secret model.

*MALE PATRON (TV)*  
*Buy you a drink?*

*MODEL/HEAVY WOMAN (TV)*  
*I thought you'd never ask.*

*TV ANNOUNCER (TV)*  
*Extra Strength Viagra. Always*  
*there when you need it.*

O.C. we hear a KNOCK at the door. Cat gets up to answer.

*TV ANNOUNCER (O.C.)*  
*(rapidly)*  
*Viagra last four hours. Plan your*  
*escape route in advance. Side*  
*effects include massive loss of*  
*self-esteem, thoughts of suicide,*  
*uncontrollable weeping...*

At the door Cat finds BJ, twelve-pack of beer in hand.

BJ  
 You busy?

CAT  
 Come on in.

A small yappy dog runs around the corner.

BJ  
 The fuck is that?

CAT  
 It's kind of a long story.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. LARGE PUBLIC PARK - DAY

We see Cat wandering around various picnicking families.

CAT  
 Rex! Here Rex! Come on boy!

A distance away Cat spots a remarkably HOT BLOND GIRL. Clad in short shorts and a halter-top she is sitting alone on a blanket. Still calling for Rex Cat moves her way.

CAT (CONT'D)  
 Rex! Where are you, buddy?!

Hot Blond Girl looks up and smiles.

HOT BLOND GIRL  
Have you lost your dog?

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE PUBLIC PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Cat now sits on the blanket with Hot Blond Girl. In his arms is a yappy and very fidgety 10-pound dog. A real pain in the ass of a dog. Really.

CAT  
This one sure is a cutie. What's his name again?

HOT BLOND GIRL  
CB. I've only had him for a few months. But shouldn't you get back to looking for Rex?

CAT  
He'll come back. Lucky guy probably found a girlfriend.

Cat continues to try to hold the ever-moving dog.

CAT (CONT'D)  
Hope she's as cute as this one!

HOT BLOND GIRL  
(affectionately)  
You really are something. No girl friend for you?

CAT  
Can't seem to find the right one.

Hot Blond Girl reaches out and touches his hand.

HOT BLOND GIRL  
Wow. That's honest.

Cat feigns embarrassment.

HOT BLOND GIRL (CONT'D)  
Can I, like, be honest, too?

CAT  
Of course, sure.

HOT BLOND GIRL  
 CB and I came to the park today to,  
 um...  
 (beat)  
 ...it's kind of embarrassing.

Maybe they have more in common than he thought.

CAT  
 That's okay. What is it?

HOT BLOND GIRL  
 I mean, you see, it's...  
 (she takes a deep breath)  
 ...I haven't had sex in months.

Off Cat's look.

HOT BLOND GIRL (CONT'D)  
 Since I got CB. It's like all I  
 can think about.

And proof for Cat there is a god.

CAT  
 Wow, you poor thing.

HOT BLOND GIRL  
 I mean I really, really need to  
 get laid. I'm talking trash the  
 bed, tear down the curtains, tie  
 me to the ceiling fan, hello God  
 fucked.

CB, still in Cat's arms, yelps.

CAT  
 Maybe I could, um, help?

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE PUBLIC PARK - CONTINUOUS

Cat is now standing, the fidgety CB still in his arms. Hot  
 Blond Girl is gathering her blanket and picnic basket.

HOT BLOND GIRL

I know I just met you but you're clearly a dog person so I know you understand. Harold is so allergic, he can't be anywhere near a dog.

CAT

Harold?

Hot Blond Girl leans to kiss CB on the mouth and then gives Cat a kiss on the cheek. She's giddy with excitement.

HOT BLOND GIRL

I can't thank you enough! Enjoy your sleep over with the nice man, COCK BLOCK.

(to Cat)

Harold named him.

(to CB)

Mommy will see you tomorrow.

Hot Blond Girl starts away but then, as if an after thought, stops, reaches into her picnic basket and then turns back holding a foil-covered plate.

HOT BLOND GIRL

Here. These are some chocolate chip cookies I baked this morning. They're like, better than sex.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. CAT'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Cat and BJ are where we left them, except CB is now sleeping quietly on BJ's lap.

BJ

There's something I need to tell you.

CAT

(offering the plate)

Cookie?

FADE TO:

Cat and BJ are at the front door.

CAT

Beej, she deserves to know.

CUT TO:

INT. INVESTMENT BANK OFFICE - DAY

We see Louie at a desk in an open trading floor. In the b.g. is a stock trading ticket. He shouts out to an unseen assistant.

LOUIE

If it hits 55, Laura, sell it all.  
I'm going to lunch.

CUT TO:

INT. FURNITURE STORE / SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY

Split screen: On the left we see Donna at the furniture store looking at various pillow options while on the right Rick, in a suit, is examining fishing rods.

CUT TO:

INT. CARTER AND MINDY'S HOUSE - DAY

On the den sofa Mindy holds Carter as he cries in her arms.

MINDY

I can't do this anymore. You can't  
do this anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Kelly jogs comfortably, a committed look on her face.

O.C. we hear the sounds of BARKING dog as from an animal shelter.

CUT TO:

INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

A raggedly dressed HOMELESS MAN (35) stands at the front counter. Across from him is CARLA (19) a shelter technician. They are engaged in a heated argument.

HOMELESS MAN

He's my dog, that's why and I want him back!

CARLA

Sir, please lower your voice. If you can't prove he's yours then I simply can't help you.

Behind Carla is a glass-enclosed office. Though the glass we see Cat stand. He's dressed in a suit. He shakes the hand of the woman sitting across from him at the desk and then with briefcase in hand emerges through the door.

CAT

Hey, Lindsay.

CARLA

Hi Mr. Kessinger.

CAT

Everything okay?

HOMELESS MAN

No, everything is not okay! They have my dog and she won't give it back.

CARLA

Mr. Kessinger, he can't prove it's his, and in any case this man is homeless. He has no place to keep a dog.

HOMELESS MAN

I do too. See that truck out there...

Through the front window we see an old truck adorned with veterans' decals and bumper stickers.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

...well that's my home and that's Joe's home, too!

CARLA

Well, you have no proof he's yours so it doesn't matter.

Homeless man begins to pace. With his growing anxiety tears begin to form.

HOMELESS MAN

He's all I got.

CAT

(beat, looks at the man)  
Carla, how 'bout we let the dog,  
sir, what'd you say his name is?

HOMELESS MAN

Joe.

CAT

How about we let Joe decide.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANIMAL SHELTER PARKING LOT - DAY

In Homeless Man's arms is a thirty-pound mutt of a dog that can't quit licking his face. Cat joins them.

HOMELESS MAN

I've been able to find some odd  
jobs, but nothing steady. Joe  
here is what keeps me going.

Cat takes out a business card, writes something on the back, and then hands it to Homeless Man.

CAT

Call this number. Tell him I told  
you. It's not the easiest of work  
but its steady. Joe can come, too.

They shake hands.

HOMELESS MAN

Thanks. I really appreciate this.

CUT TO:

INT. SAL'S BAR - NIGHT

The bar is nearly empty but for the Sissies and a few "regulars." A sign says "Women's Night" but the few there are well over sixty. One smiles leeringly Derrick's way.

BONES

The girls were headed to Cliff's.

RICK

I've heard good things about that place.

DERRICK

Let's go. Now.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIFF'S BAR - NIGHT

We watch as the Sissies come streaming through the door. The place is packed. Across the room at the bar the women are laughing and having a great time. The boys head over.

CARRIE

What part of ladies' night out don't you Einsteins understand?

DERRICK

We're here to defend your honors.

DONNA

Then you're way too late.

We move to Cat, who is staring intently across the room and follow his gaze to see Mary sitting at a table with a friend, LINDSAY (30). Cindy and Donna move over beside him.

CINDY

Nice.

CAT

(still staring)

Yeah.

DONNA

Too bad there's never a puppy handy when you really need one.

Cat takes a deep breath and then heads over. Upon his arrival Cat finds Mary and Lindsay laughing. She makes him wait a beat before acknowledging his presence.

MARY

Yes?

CAT

Hi. We never met formally the other day. I'm Ben.

MARY

So Mr. Cat isn't your real name?

CAT

Long story. My--

LINDSAY

And I'm sure fascinating.  
(right to his nuts)

CAT

Uh...

MARY

(smiles, lets him up)  
This is my friend Lindsay.

CAT

(eyes never leaving Mary)  
Nice to meet you.

MARY

Those your friends?

Cat looks back to see the gang as a group not so discreetly cheering on his efforts.

CAT

I guess you could call them that.

MARY

Well then best get back to them.  
(and he's down again)

CAT

Any chance you might, um, want to get a coffee sometime?

LINDSAY

Coffee? That the best you have to offer her? I mean most of the men she dates fly her to New York, or Paris, or Rome. Buy her diamonds. Coffee?

CAT  
Um, well, we could--

MARY  
(gently dismissing him)  
Nice to see you again, Ben.

LINDSAY  
Yes, back to the litter box Mr.  
Cat.

And Cat is down for the ten count. As we follow his sad retreat back to Donna and Cindy in the b.g we can see Lindsay laughing hard, but Mary is just smiling. Upon his return Cindy throws her arm over his shoulders.

CINDY  
Don't look so defeated. Even the  
great ones take a swing and miss  
sometimes.

DONNA  
What's this?

Donna removes a folded napkin from his jacket pocket.

(DONNA CONT'D)  
My, my. A phone number. Score.

CINDY  
Well, well done you.

DONNA  
Going to play it cool? Sit on it  
for a couple of days?

Cat smiles as he stares at the napkin, then folds and puts it back into his pocket.

CAT  
Of course. Don't want to seem too  
interested.

And with his confidence back Cat heads over to the bar to order a beer. While he's waiting we see him pull the napkin from his pocket, look at it again, smile, and then frown. Unfolding the napkin he discovers a note. From his P.O.V we see that it reads, "I just love puppies."

We move to back to Mary's table where Linday is now laughing uncontrollably. Mary's phone rings and she answers it. We move back to Cat, now on his cell phone.

CAT

Hi. Um, this is Mr., I mean Ben.

Back on Mary we see her turn away covering her cell phone as she appears to tell Lindsay who it is.

MARY

Who?

CAT (TELEPHONE)

Ben. We just met. Tonight. At Cliff's.

MARY

We did? Hmm. What do you look like? I mean I meet a lot of guys at bars.

We see Lindsay burst out laughing again and then move back to Cat. He's once again off balance.

CAT

Well, I'm about five nine, brown hair and eyes--

MARY (TELEPHONE)

Wait. I think I do remember you. Are you the one I sex with in the bathroom?

Cat hears this is in mid sip of his beer and nearly spits it out. We move to Lindsay who is now slapping the table, teary-eyed with laughter.

CAT

I think that you would remember.

We move back to Mary, who has a knowing smile on her face.

MARY

I know you would. Bye Mr. Cat.

As Mary disconnects the call Lindsay continues to laugh uncontrollably. With a point to her watch Mary signals its

time to go. We follow them to the door where Mary stops, looks back at Cat and smiles his way before exiting.

Cindy and Donna join a flummoxed Cat.

DONNA

Wow, Cat. You bring all new meaning to playing it cool.

CINDY

What girl could resist?

CAT

Where's BJ?

CUT TO:

INT. CINDY'S WORKPLACE - DAY

We see Cindy looking at a computer screen, reading about MS.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

We see Mindy sitting in the waiting room with Carter, his leg nervously bouncing.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOPPING PLAZA - DAY

We see Donna entering a home entertainment/TV store.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

We see Homeless Man pushing a lawn mower, with Joe the dog in the grass nearby; BJ in the b.g by his truck.

REAGAN (PRE-LAP)

Oh, fu... fudge!

CUT TO:

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

By her desk in front of a class of third graders REAGAN (26), slim and pretty, is bouncing in pain, holding her right shin.

LITTLE GIRL PUPIL  
What is it MISS BADER?

REAGAN  
Well, I hit my knee and started to say a really bad word. I hope nobody heard it.

PIPE (O.C.)  
Ms. Bader! Ms. Bader!

We move to the back of the class where Pipe sits, his hand waving wildly in the air.

REAGAN  
Yes Pipe?

PIPE  
Was it fuck?

CUT TO:

INT. MARY AND BILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary is on the telephone. In the b.g. Billy watches TV.

MARY  
Of course, he'd love to, but why Billy? And how'd you get our number?

CUT TO:

INT. BJ'S HOUSE - EVENING

BJ is at his desk, talking on his cell phone.

BJ  
Tell Billy practice is on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Games are on Saturday. See you there.  
(sotto, as he hangs up)  
Now you owe me two, Cat.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cat is in his car, exiting his office parking lot. As the exit barrier bar raises it lights up, "Viagra."

CAT

Lightning you're a genius.

O.C. we hear the CRACK of a bat hitting a ball hard.

WOMEN (TOGETHER, PRE-LAP)

Get naked! Get naked!

CUT TO:

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELDS - NIGHT

FIELD

We see a ball high in the air and follow it deep into centerfield only to see it land just short of the fence. We move to Paul pulling up to second base.

BLEACHERS

WOMEN (TOGETHER)

(disappointed)

Ah, just lingerie...

CARRIE

Close, Pully! Next time!

In the b.g behind the bleachers Marfy and another young girl kick a soccer ball back and forth. As we move in two BULLY BOYS (14) walk up. BULLY BOY 1 picks up the ball.

MARFY

Hey, give it back!

BULLY BOY 1

Try to take it.

The bully boys begin throwing the ball back and forth as the girls futilely try to get it back.

BULLY BOY 2  
Who plays a sissy sport like  
soccer anyway?

MARFY  
That's my ball, give it back!

BULLY BOY 1  
(holding out the ball)  
Like I said, come take it.

Marfy tries, but the boy holds where she can't reach it.

MARFY  
(near tears)  
Give it back!

From out of nowhere Pipe, though much smaller, comes in and  
knocks Bully Boy 1 down hard. The soccer ball rolls away  
and Marfy quickly picks it up. When Bully Boy 2 starts to  
move in Pipe, stands and readies himself.

PIPE  
That's my sister and that's her  
ball. You want it you'll have to  
take it from me.

Bully Boy 2 stops. Bully Boy 1 gets up and likewise  
assesses of the situation.

BULLY BOY 1  
Let's go before they wet their  
pants.

BULLY BOY 2  
Yeah, soccer sucks.

As they leave Pipe walks over to his sister.

PIPE  
You okay?

She smiles up at him as only a younger sister can.

MARFY  
Thanks Pipee.

Suddenly Pipe grabs the ball from Marfy. He holds it up  
high as she jumps in a futile effort to get it back.

MARFY

Piiiiipe!

PIPE

Soccer sucks.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELDS - NIGHT

We see Derrick, as always wearing dark sunglasses, make a catch in right field and then begin his jog in.

UMPIRE

That's the game!

We follow the Sissies as they head over to shake the hands of the other team, smiles on both sides. Scoreboard shows Visitors 12, Home 5.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELDS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The post-game tailgating is underway. The women are talking together as a group, separated from the men.

CARRIE

Shame they can't be as open and thoughtful as we are. When Derrick gets all moody if I ask him if he wants to talk about it he turns on the TV. Drives me nuts!

TERI

You're not alone. I never know what Bones wants.

DONNA

Look, men only have two moods - hungry and horny. If he doesn't have a hard-on, fix him a sandwich.

The women break out in LAUGHTER.

We move to the players. Some sit on open truck tailgates while others stand, all drinking beer.

LOUIE  
Seven and oh. Not bad.

CAT  
Has to be the great pitching.

As several empty beer cans are thrown Cat's way we see the women heading over to join them.

TERI  
Listen up. It's time to start  
planning the season-end party.

DONNA  
Our house this year.

Cindy stifles a laugh.

CARRIE  
Spaghetti fest!  
RICK  
(beginning to heave)  
Oh, god...

SMASHCUT TO FLASHBACK:

INT. BJ'S HOUSE AT COLLEGE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

College BJ, Derrick and his then girlfriend CHERI (20) are watching TV. BJ gets up and grabs a Sports Illustrated off of the coffee table.

BJ  
Need to dump.

Cheri curls up with Derrick and they continue to watch TV.

BJ (O.C.)  
Holy shit! Come look at this!

CUT TO:

INT. BJ'S HOUSE AT COLLEGE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Derrick and Cheri and BJ stand staring into the commode.

BJ

Got to be some kind of record!

Derrick, ashen, heaves once and then quickly leaves.

CHERI

That's nothing. You should see  
what my sister can put out.

BJ

Hey Derrick, grab some newspaper!  
(to Cheri)  
This has to be shared.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK AND BONES' COLLEGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

College Rick and Bones sit at their kitchen table across from each other, hungrily chowing down on plates piled high with spaghetti, Bones with particular zeal. We hear a POUNDING on the apartment door.

BONES

(mouth full)

You get that. I don't want to  
break stride.

Rick opens the door to find BJ holding a brief case.

BJ

You guys aren't going to believe  
this.

BJ pushes by Rick and places the briefcase in the middle of the kitchen table. Rick sits back down. Not having missed a beat Bones continues to shovel spaghetti into his mouth.

Ceremoniously BJ opens the briefcase and presents its contents to Rick and Bones, but unseen to us.

BJ

Gentlemen, we're talking Guinness  
World Record here.

Rick freezes mid fork-to-mouth, and stares eyes wide.

RICK

Jesus Christ, BJ.

Bones glances at the contents of the briefcase and then goes right back to eating. Gagging, Rick runs from the room. His own plate near empty, Bones calls out to Rick.

BONES

Hey Rick, you going to finish the rest of your sketti?

O.C. we hear Rick RETCH, followed by a TOILET FLUSHING.

BJ

Hey, that looks good. You got a clean fork?

FLASHBACK ENDS.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELDS PARKING LOT - EVENING

Donna smiles at Rick.

DONNA

What say we do a bar-b-cue.

CUT TO:

DAYTIME MONTAGE:

- Cat at his office.
- Brian in a doctor's waiting area, a medical supplies case nearby.
- Paul at a grease board making a presentation.
- Derrick at a design easel.

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

We move in on a game in progress. The players all look to be about 11 to 12. At the third base dugout entrance is BJ. His team is in the field. We see Bones and Brian approach the fence behind BJ's bench.

BONES

This how you spend all your Saturdays?

BJ  
 (turning, joins them)  
 When your wife is busy.

BRIAN  
 How are your guys doing?

BJ  
 (to the dugout)  
 Billy, score?

And there on the bench, in uniform, is Billy.

BILLY  
 Down four-two, Coach, top of the  
 seventh.

BONES  
 (to the field)  
 Hold them, guys! Get 'em with  
 your bats!

BJ leaves Brian and Bones and retakes his position just  
 outside the dugout entrance. Billy joins him.

BILLY  
 This guy's pulled it every time  
 he's batted, coach. I think we  
 should move Craig towards left.

BJ looks at Billy and then shouts to the field.

BJ  
 Craig! Slide a bit towards Kevin!

The center fielder takes about four steps towards left  
 field. Back to the pitcher we follow his next pitch and  
 with a CRACK of the bat the ball is hit deep, but directly  
 to Craig who makes the catch without taking a step.

OPPOSING COACH (O.C.)  
 Damn it, Hartnett!

As BJ's team runs off the field we follow the batter who  
 into his dugout. Waiting is OPPOSING COACH (30). He's a  
 large man, and pops his player on the back of his head.

OPPOSING COACH (CONT'D)  
 You're sitting, loser.

Back in BJ's dugout Billy high-fives each of his teammates as they come in, and hands the leadoff batter, TERRY, his batting gloves and helmet.

BILLY

He likes to come first with a curveball.

TERRY

Yeah? Thanks, Billy.

LITTLE LEAGUE BLEACHERS

Bones and Brian have retreated to the bleachers.

BONES

So what's the deal? You and Kelly going to make it?

BRIAN

I thought we were doing just fine, but now she's all into losing weight and whatever, making changes.

We hear the CRACK of a bat O.C.

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

We follow Terry as he runs safely to first.

OPPOSING COACH

Hey knucklehead, throw something they can't hit or I'll find someone who can!

The pitcher, BRADSTEET (GREG) turns away, his head down.

OPPOSING SECOND BASEMAN

Hang in there, Greg. We got your back.

OPPOSING COACH

Shut up JENKINS and worry about your own job.

LITTLE LEAGUE BLEACHERS

BONES

You've been together a long time.

BRIAN

Thing is, lately it seems like she  
may be wanting something more.

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

BJ's next batter, CHRIS, is at the plate. He lays down a  
bunt that is fielded by the pitcher, too late to make the  
play at second but in time to get Chris at first base.

FIRST BASE UMPIRE

He's out!

OPPOSING COACH

All right, one out! Stay focused!

We follow Chris back to the dugout where BJ pats him on the  
helmet.

BJ

Heads up ball, Chris. Nice job.

MARK, his next batter stands awaiting instructions.

BJ (CONT'D)

Take a few. Let him work for it.

MARK

Got it, coach.

LITTLE LEAGUE BLEACHERS

BONES

You thinking there might be  
someone else in the picture?

BRIAN

Not as far as I know. Yet. She's  
looking pretty good, though.

## LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

We watch as an inside pitch hits the batter.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE  
Take your base!

Opposing Coach walks quickly out to the pitcher's mound. Red faced and gesturing, he berates Greg. We see his other players kick at the dirt, trying not to pay attention to what is happening. As he leaves the pitcher's mound,

OPPOSING COACH  
Just throw some damn strikes!

## LITTLE LEAGUE BLEACHERS

BRIAN  
I can't help but get the feeling  
she thinks she could do better.  
Worse, your sister-in-law keeps  
pushing her.

BONES  
Victoria's a bitch. I think even  
Louie knows that.

## LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

We see Mark at first base and Terry at second. BJ's leftfielder, Kevin, stands at the plate. The first pitch comes in angry hard and dead down the middle.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE  
Strike one!

Another pitch, equally hard - a swing and a miss.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE  
Strike two!

OPPOSING COACH  
About time! One more now.

BJ  
Stay in there, Kevin. Watch it  
all the way through the zone.

The third pitch comes in high and tight. Kevin swings at it wildly and misses, but at the same time Terry on second takes off for third. The catcher is caught napping and Terry easily slides safely into third base.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE

Strike three!

OPPOSING COACH

Jesus Christ, wake up out there,  
WILKENS! You could have had him!

BJ

Good job, Terry!

LITTLE LEAGUE BLEACHERS

Bones and Brian clap and whistle loudly.

BRIAN

Hang in there guys!

BONES

That woman's loved you from day  
one. Ever thought it might all be  
for you?

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

As Kevin enters the dugout BJ pats him on the shoulder.

BJ

Good cut. Had that bat gotten  
even a small piece of that ball it  
would have been out of here.  
You'll get 'em next time.

BJ's batter on deck is DOUG. His athletic demeanor exudes confidence without being cocky. We watch him take a final practice swing, knock the donut off his bat, look over to BJ for a nod, and then begin his walk to the batter's box.

Opposing Coach continues to shout at his players.

OPPOSING COACH

Two outs. No mistakes, you hear?  
Any errors you all run home!

Our view moves back to BJ at his dugout entrance.

BJ

(sotto)

What is it with me and assholes.

(to the ump)

Time out, ump!

BJ signals Doug back with a nod of his head and then turns to the rest of the team.

BJ (CONT'D)

Gather up, guys.

Everyone but Billy circles around him.

BJ (CONT'D)

It's last game of the season, last  
inning and we're down by two with  
two on and two outs. We need a  
hero. I know Doug can do it, but  
he always has to do it. It's time  
someone else got it done.

Doug frowns, then grins. He knows what's coming.

BJ (CONT'D)

Do I have a volunteer?

BJ quickly looks up and down at his team but doesn't give any of his players a chance to respond.

BJ (CONT'D)

No? Well then, Billy, I guess it's  
up to you.

Billy, still seated, doesn't react.

BJ (CONT'D)

Yo, Billy! You going to just sit  
there or are you going to go out  
and win us a game?

PLAYERS (TOGETHER, CHANTING)

Billy. Billy. Billy.

LITTLE LEAGUE BLEACHERS

Sitting away from the other parents is Mary.

MARY

What's he doing?

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

HOME PLATE UMPIRE

Coach, we need a batter.

BJ

Got one. A good one.

Doug walks over and hands Billy his batting gloves and helmet.

DOUG

Anyone who knows this game as well as you do is a winner in my book.

Billy stands and looks at BJ.

LITTLE LEAGUE BLEACHERS

MARY

Oh no. No. No. No. No.

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

BJ

Go get 'em, slugger.

With a pat on his shoulder from BJ Billy slowly heads out of the dugout and makes a slow walk towards home plate. He looks over to see his mom and smiles. In the b.g. Bones and Brian move to stand at the fence behind home plate.

Now at the plate we see Billy take a couple of awkward practice swings. Our focus moves beyond him to Opposing Coach, who is grinning from outside his dugout.

OPPOSING COACH

Move in boys. No batter here.

Billy steps into the batter's box, and hovers his bat over the plate.

BJ coaches from third base.

BJ  
Loose and easy, Billy, loose and easy.

The pitch comes in hard. Billy jumps away from the plate.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE  
Strike one!

OPPOSING COACH  
That a boy, Greg! Smoke him another!

From behind the fence Bones calls out.

BONES  
Smart move, Billy! Feel him out.

We see Billy step out of the batter's box. Imitating his teammates, he spits into each of his batting gloves, takes another awkward practice swing, and then steps back in.

LITTLE LEAGUE BLEACHERS

MARY  
Common on, honey! You can do it!

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

Greg paces behind the mound, stalling.

OPPOSING COACH  
Don't be a pussy, Bradstreet!  
Throw the ball!

With Billy again awkwardly holding his bat over the plate Greg winds and throws another pitch. Unlike the first one, though, this pitch is slower and right down the middle. Billy stays in the box, but freezes. He can't swing.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE  
Strike two!

## OPPOSING COACH

What the hell was that?! Throw  
the heat!

Billy steps back again, tears starting to form. BJ heads  
towards home plate.

BJ

Time, ump?

As the umpire dusts off home plate BJ takes Billy to one  
side.

BJ

Billy, I never told you about the  
time I took Missy Simpson to my  
high school prom. Hottest girl in  
the class, the home run queen if  
you know what I mean. Well,  
There's a reason and that's  
because I didn't. Want to know  
why? I was afraid to ask her out,  
that's why, afraid to take the  
chance. Maybe had I taken a cut  
at it she might have said yes and  
I might have scored, at least  
gotten to second base, maybe even  
third. Everyone else did. Guess  
now I'll never know.

BJ pats Billy on the back and trots back to the third. We  
move to Brian and Bones, still at the fence behind home.

BONES

Man's an inspirational genius.

BRIAN

The way I remember it he did ask  
her to go. And the way he tells  
it she blew him in his truck  
before they even got to the party.

BONES

That would work, too.

From the dugout Billy's teammates continue to shout their  
encouragement.

TEAMMATES (AD-LIBBED)  
 You got him, Billy! This one's  
 yours, Billy! You the man, Billy!

Opposing Coach is out of his dugout.

OPPOSING COACH  
 Bradstreet, enough with the  
 marshmallows! I want to see chin  
 music, high and hard!

The Greg fidgets with the rosin bag behind the mound. His teammates look down, ashamed at what their coach has said. Now clearly angry, Greg finally steps up and begins his windup. It's exaggerated, as if he is going to throw the ball through a concrete wall. But when the pitch finally comes out it's soft, nearly floating. In slow motion we watch as the ball approaches home plate, its seams rotating slowly as it nears.

We move back to Billy, his eyes big in anticipation as he draws back his bat. Then returning to normal speed we follow the ball across the plate as Billy takes a mighty rip... and misses.

PLOP - as the ball lands in the OPPOSING CATCHER'S mitt.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE  
 Strike--

But then a puff of dust as the ball falls onto the ground.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE  
 --Safe!

BJ  
 Run, Billy! Run!

Uncertain, Billy looks towards BJ.

BJ (CONT'D)  
 First base! Go!

Billy takes off for first base.

OPPOSING COACH (O.C.)  
 Throw it to first, damn it! Throw  
 it to first!

We watch Opposing Catcher casually pick up the ball and with no sense of urgency toss it towards first base as Terry runs in from third to score. In the b.g. the scoreboard changes to Visitors 4, Home 3.

Billy's can't run like the other boys and the throw easily beats him to first base. Nonetheless he lands with firm determination on the bag and just when he does we see the ball fall from the first baseman's mitt to the ground.

OPPOSING FIRST BASEMAN

Shoot. How'd that happen?

Our view moves to Mark now rounding third and headed home, and then back to Opposing First Baseman as he picks up the ball. In the b.g. Opposing Coach gestures wildly.

OPPOSING COACH

Home! Throw it home you idiot!

But Billy has stepped off first base making it easier to simply tag him out to end the game than to throw to home and try to get the tying runner there. Opposing First Baseman sees this, but does as he's told.

OPPOSING FIRST BASEMAN

Okie dokie, Coach, home it is.

BJ

Run Billy! Take second!

As Billy takes off for second we follow Opposing First Baseman's throw to home, but it's too late for the Opposing Catcher to tag out Mark.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE

Safe!

OPPOSING COACH (O.C.)

You morons!

We move to Billy as he steps hard on second base and then with a determined look on his face heads full steam for third. The scoreboard now shows Visitors 4, Home 4.

OPPOSING COACH (O.C)

Third! Third! Get him!

Billy's teammates are all up and cheering him on.

TEAMMATES (AD-LIBBED)  
Go, Billy! Run! You can do it!

Opposing Catcher looks over to his coach.

OPPOSING CATCHER  
Where now, coach?

OPPOSING COACH  
Third! Throw the damn ball to  
third!

LITTLE LEAGUE BLEACHERS

Everyone in the bleachers on BJ's side are up and cheering.

MARY  
Run, baby, run!

Our view moves to the visitor's side, and they too are up and cheering Billy on. His tank, though, is nearly empty.

VISITORS (AD-LIBBED)  
Go! You got it kid! Run!

We move to far down the right field line where a man stands, partially hidden by the foul pole. We move in - it's Cat.

CAT  
Run you little bastard, run.

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

BJ is waiting at third and signaling for Billy to slide.

BJ  
Slide, Billy! Slide!

We move to Opposing Catcher who waits one more beat before throwing the ball to the OPPOSING THIRD BASEMAN. We follow the ball as it arrives in plenty of time to make the play but Opposing Third Baseman's tag is wide, fooling no one - except for maybe Billy - who stumbles right on. But at best he's now running on fumes.

OPPOSING THIRD BASEMAN  
Shoot, Coach, thought I had him.

BONES AND BRIAN (AD-LIBBED)  
Go, Billy! Go! You can do it!

BILLY'S TEAMMATES (AD-LIBBED)  
Run, Billy, Run! Run, Billy, Run!

Aware of how much Billy is struggling BJ has joined him.

BJ  
(softly)  
You can do it, kid.

Opposing Coach is nearly to the first base line.

OPPOSING COACH  
Home! Throw it back to home!

LITTLE LEAGUE BLEACHERS

MARY  
(sotto)  
Let him make it. Please let him  
make it.

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

Our view moves back to Opposing Third Baseman. Shaking his head he throws the ball softly over Billy's head to where Opposing Catcher awaits to make the tag. It's over. But then, just as the ball is about to fall into Opposing Catcher's mitt, we see Greg step in to make the catch.

GREG  
This one's mine.

With the umpire hovering nearby we watch as Billy falls exhausted into Greg and they both collapse onto home plate.

OPPOSING COACH  
Yeah!

HOME PLATE UMPIRE  
He's--

But as the umpire jerks his thumb back to signal Billy out we see the ball roll out over home plate.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE

Safe!

Greg looks over to his coach.

GREG

Oops.

LITTLE LEAGUE BLEACHERS

Everyone is up, cheering and hugging. Both sides.

MARY

Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

We move in on Cat, still at the fence by the right field foul pole. He appears to be wiping a tear from his eye.

CAT

Man up you pussy.

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

We watch as Billy's teammates rush to congratulate him, and then move to the opposing team as they jog off the field to their dugout. They, too, are all smiling.

OPPOSING COACH

You losers! Who the hell you guys think you are?

GREG

Not playing for you anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE BASEBALL PARK CONCESSION AREA - DAY

The Little League players and their parents sit at various tables eating ice cream. BJ is talking with Bones and Brian. Mary walks up and gives BJ a big hug.

MARY

You are the greatest person alive!

BJ

Darling, there are thank yous, and  
there are thank yous.

MARY

Well, I'm afraid you're going to  
have to settle for a hug but admit  
it, that was a damn good hug.

Cat walks up and joins them.

CAT

What'd I miss?

MARY

Just the best day of my life.

And with that Mary gives Cat a full kiss on the mouth.

MARY (CONT'D)

This beats Paris any day.

BJ leans in close to a stunned Cat.

BJ

Now you owe me three.

BRIAN

BJ, aren't you the guy that says  
winning is everything?

In the b.g SHELIA, early 40s, very attractive, gets up from  
one of the tables. As she walks towards BJ we see her  
discreetly open a button on her blouse.

BONES

Wait a minute. Billy. He really  
special or was that your idea of a  
trick play?

Shelia arrives, offering her hand only to BJ.

SHELIA

Hi. I'm Shelia. Larry's step-  
mom. I don't believe we've met.

BJ turns towards Bones and Brian.

BJ  
Worked, didn't it?

DONNA AND MARFY (TOGETHER, PRE-LAP)  
(singing)  
...go round and round, round and  
round, round and round. The  
wheels on the bus go...

CUT TO:

INT. MARFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's a pink trimmed little girl's room. Donna is clad in a very revealing teddy and her hair is oddly styled circa the 1940s. She is tucking in Marfy for the night.

DONNA AND MARFY (SINGING TOGETHER)  
...round and round, all through  
the town.

CUT TO:

INT. PIPE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pipe is in the top bunk. Standing at the door is Rick. He's wearing an open belted trench coat over only boxer shorts, and has a fedora on his head. Donna and Marfy's singing continues O.C.

PIPE  
Nice hat.

DONNA AND MARFY (TOGETHER, O.C.)  
The people on the bus...

RICK  
(tips it)  
Thanks, son.

DONNA AND MARFY (TOGETHER, O.C.)  
...go up and down, up and down...

PIPE  
Goes great with the boxers.

DONNA AND MARFY (TOGETHER, O.C.)  
...up and down. The people on the  
bus go up and down...

RICK

You're too young to understand but certain negotiations have reached a very critical stage.

PIPE

I hope you didn't put a non-refundable deposit down on that boat.

DONNA AND MARFY (TOGETHER, O.C.)  
...all through the town!

RICK

How do you know about...

CUT TO:

INT. MARFY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Donna blows Marfy a kiss from the doorway.

DONNA

Night, baby.

CUT TO:

INT. PIPE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

DONNA (O.C.)

Yo! Rick! Time to saddle up!

RICK

(to the hallway)

Coming, honey.

DONNA (O.C.)

It's Ilsa! Call me Ilsa!

RICK

My cue.

PIPE

Play the few cards you have right, maybe you'll get a nice recliner.

RICK

I'll keep that in mind.

PIPE

I'm quite certain this is how I ended up with that little demon next door.

RICK

No, that was Fatal Attraction.  
(beat, sotto)  
Or was it Star Wars?

PIPE

What'll it take to get me a puppy?

RICK

I'll see what I can do.

Pipe rolls over, his back now to his dad.

PIPE

One more thing. I hear those wheels go round again I'm taking 'em out with my BB gun. We'll see how well that damn bus rolls then.

RICK

(chuckling)  
I'll pass it along. Night son.

DONNA (O.C.)

Rick! Get in here and kiss me as if it was the last time!

PIPE

(fading)  
You're toast.

Rick dims Pipe's bedroom light until its dark.

RICK

Don't I know it.

We follow Rick to the master bedroom. From his P.O.V. we see that Donna has taped on the door "Rick's Café."

DONNA (O.C.)

So is that canon fire or is it just my heart pounding?

On Rick we see him smile.

RICK  
 (sighing)  
 Maybe next year.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN AND KELLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

From behind we follow Kelly into the den where Brian is watching TV. She stops, blocking his view of the TV. From behind we watch her slip off the satin nightgown she's wearing to expose her breasts to him.

KELLY  
 It's for you. It always has been  
 and always will be.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK AND DONNA'S HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

While Marfy eats a bowl of cereal at the kitchen table Rick looks at fabric swatches under Donna's close oversight.

DONNA  
 That one? Really? Why? Don't  
 you think this one would be nicer?

RICK  
 Sure. That one's even better.

Donna smiles, and lays one hand on his shoulder.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 Shame there's no way to get it all  
 in time for the party, though.

DONNA  
 I'm going to see if maybe they can  
 put a rush on it.

Pipe walks into the kitchen.

PIPE  
 Morning, Mr. Trump.

RICK  
 Not a word. Not single word.

PIPE

Hey Mom, think we could have fish  
for dinner tonight? I got a  
hankering.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELDS - EVENING

The Sissies are in the field. We move to the bleachers  
where as usual all the wives are present. Our view expands  
and we see Mary nearby but apart from the other women.

Near the stands Billy, Pipe and Marfy play.

VICTORIA

(to Mary)

Hey, new girl, you Cat's latest  
skank?

The other women are nonplussed by Victoria's rudeness.

MARY

(beat, smiles)

No. I'm his last.

KELLY

(to Mary, grinning)

You, girl, are going to fit in  
just fine. Move on over.

We watch as the other women all introduce themselves and  
warmly welcome Mary.

MONTAGE

- BJ hitting a homerun and trotting the bases.
- Widgy fielding a grounder and completing a double play  
to Louie at second base and Bones at first base.
- Cat getting a base hit with a soft line drive just  
over the first baseman, driving in Paul from second  
base.
- An opposing player similar to Opposing Coach hitting a  
home run and then arrogantly flipping away his bat  
before beginning his trot around the bases.

BLEACHERS

ANDI

All right boys, last game, last  
inning! Let's hold 'em here!

MARY

So why the Cicero Sissies?

The women all start laughing.

TERI

When Bones asked me to sign them  
up he didn't give me a name for  
the team. My dad grew up in  
Chicago and was always telling us  
even a sissy from Cicero had to be  
tough, so...

DONNA

If you ask me she should have gone  
with the name I suggested.

Off Mary's look.

ALL THE WOMEN (TOGETHER)

The Cock Roaches!

(LAUGHTER)

We move to the scoreboard. The score is even to five in  
favor of the visitors, the home team at bat with no outs.

O.C. we hear the CRACK of a bat.

FIELD

We follow a ball over the fence as an opposing player  
circles the bases. In the b.g. Cat angrily kicks at the  
pitcher's rubber.

Our view moves to the home plate umpire dusting off the  
plate. When he stands back up we see Opposing Coach (from  
the little league game) standing by the batter's box. He  
is making slow, deliberate practice swings, all while  
staring intently at Cat. Standing nearby is BJ.

## OPPOSING COACH

You know, fuck going deep this time. You guys can have your ten and oh season. I think instead I might just drive one hard up the middle. Take the head off your little buddy out there on the mound. Yeah.

## UMPIRE

Batter up!

## OPPOSING COACH

That sound good to you, coach?

BJ does not react.

## BLEACHERS

Cindy turns to Donna.

## CINDY

Something's up.

## DONNA

Why do you say that?

## CINDY

The batter's jawing at BJ, and he's not reacting.

## FIELD

Cat's pitch comes in high. Opposing Coach lets it go by.

## OPPOSING COACH

Like I thought. Pussy won't give me one to hit.

Again BJ does not respond. He tosses the ball back to Cat. We hear ad lib chatter from the other Sissies. Another pitch, this one low, and the batter lets it go by, too.

## OPPOSING COACH

Now I know why you call yourselves the Sissies.

BJ stands and walks out in front of the plate.

BJ  
Give 'em one, Cat. We got your  
back. Play's at first, guys.

As BJ returns to his position, Opposing Coach smiles.

OPPOSING COACH  
His head's going to explode like a  
front porch pumpkin.

Cat delivers another pitch and this one is right down the middle. As promised Opposing Coach rips it back hard. Cat has no time to react. The ball hits him in the gut and he goes down. Louie runs in to field the ball but makes no throw to first.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE  
Time out!

Rick and Widgy join Cat, who is bent over in obvious pain. With help from Rick he tries to walk it off.

RICK  
Ben, you okay?

CAT  
Yeah, just give me a minute.

BJ starts half way out to the mound, but goes no further.

BLEACHERS

The women are on their feet.

MARY  
I think he's really hurt.

As Mary starts to get up Kelly puts a hand on her arm.

KELLY  
Wait.

FIELD:

Cat is now surrounded by all the Sissie infielders.

LOUIE

You want to move to right, let one  
of us finish up here?

CAT

No fucking way.

The home plate umpire comes out.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE

Need to get back to it, fellas.

BONES

Got it, sir.

(to Cat)

Let them hit it. They're not all  
assholes.

WIDGY

We've got your back, Cat.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE

Play ball.

BLEACHERS

The women have sat down.

MARY

He shouldn't be out there.

KELLY

Honey, right now there's nowhere  
in the world he'd rather be.

FIELD

BJ is in front of the plate.

BJ

No outs, Sissies. The play's at  
second if you can, first if you  
can't.

BJ returns to behind the plate. A NEW BATTER (28) stands  
to one side taking his last practice swings.

NEW BATTER

Sorry. He's an asshole. Joined the team mid-year. Going to be his last.

BJ gets into his crouch to await Cat's pitch.

LOUIE (O.C.)

Loose and easy, Cat, loose and easy.

We follow Cat's low arcing pitch in. New Batter drives it on the ground to Bones who fields the ball and steps on first base as Opposing Coach advances to second.

UMPIRE

Out!

We follow the ball around the horn and back to BJ, who's standing near the pitcher's mound.

BJ

(to the field)

That's one. Watch the runner at second, but get the out.

BJ hands the ball to Cat, who appears to still be in pain.

BJ (CONT'D)

Two more and it's a perfect season Cat. Bring us home, buddy.

CAT

Damn, Beeg, that sounded like motivation.

BJ grins and turns to trot back to home plate. In the b.g. Louie has sidled up to the Opposing Coach at second base.

LOUIE

I hear you're looking for some new players for your little league team.

OPPOSING COACH

Fuck off.

From behind the plate we watch as Cat delivers the pitch. Again it's flat and right down the middle, and the batter

sends it deep to center field. Carter has to run hard but makes an over the shoulder catch to save the day.

Opposing Coach tags second base, and heads to third as the ball comes back from Carter to Louie, who tosses it to Cat. Cat paces around, now worried he may not be able to hold their lead. BJ trots out to the mound.

BJ

Cat, you got 'em just where we want. Think you can bring it on with a little more arc and spin? Get him to hit a grounder?

Grounder? A simple fly ball would win the game. Cat frowns, then smiles. He knows what's coming.

CAT

I'll do my best, Beej.

BJ

I've seen your best, Cat, need a bit more here.

CAT

Ah, good to have the old BJ back.

BJ grins and firmly places the ball in Cat's glove.

BJ

(to the team)  
Two outs. Infield, move in.  
(beat, he looks at third)  
The play's at home.

Widgy looks over to Rick at third.

WIDGY

We only need one, why not take it to first?

RICK

You heard the man.

Rick moves in two or three steps.

BLEACHERS

DONNA

Looks like game on.

CINDY

Please just let him pop it up.  
Please let him pop it up.

FIELD

The first pitch comes in high and the batter lets it go by.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE

Ball one!

BJ whips the ball back to Cat, who takes little time before delivering the next pitch. The batter takes sends the ball deep to the left field corner, but at the last moment it curves just foul.

UMPIRE

Foul ball!

Having crossed home plate Opposing Coach passes BJ as he returns to third base.

OPPOSING COACH

See you soon.

BJ

I'll leave a light on.

The Umpire tosses a new ball out to Cat, then bends to brush off home plate.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE

(quietly to BJ)

Rule says he has to slide. You  
want me to remind him?

BJ does not respond. He looks over to third base.

BJ

(to the Sissies)

Play's still at home.

(to Cat)

Bring it.

## BLEACHERS

Adlibbed cheers from the women. You can do it, Ben!  
Strike him out, Catfish!

## FIELD

With BJ in his crouch behind the plate the batter takes a couple smooth practice swings. We turn to Opposing Coach who readies himself at third. Cat winds up and delivers the pitch. It's high but right down the middle. The batter swings and it's a hard grounder headed right to Rick at third. He makes the play cleanly.

## BLEACHERS

CINDY

First! Take it to first!

## FIELD

We see Rick first look to first base where the easy out awaits, and then turn and fire the ball to home.

As we follow the ball we can see Opposing Coach charging down the line.

Moving to Opposing Coach's P.O.V. we see BJ blocking the plate, ready for the throw. In the b.g the home plate umpire hovers nearby ready to make the call.

With a loud POP Rick's throw finds BJ's glove and BJ lowers his shoulder in preparation for the charging runner. As expected, Opposing Coach does not slide. We witness the explosive impact, both players down in a cloud of dust.

Our P.O.V. changes to that of the home plate umpire. From the tangled bodies BJ's glove emerges. It's holding the ball.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE

Out!

## BLEACHERS

The women go nuts, cheering and hugging. We move in on Cindy, her hands to her face.

CINDY

He had no business--

DONNA

Hey!

(beat, holds Cindy's  
shoulders)

It's who he is and why you love  
him.

## FIELD

Opposing Coach is now standing, and moving to square off with BJ who is slower to get up. Cat steps between them.

CAT

Step away.

Opposing Coach doesn't move. Cat moves closer to him. BJ is now on his hands and knees, still trying to get up.

CAT (CONT'D)

Step. The fuck. Away.

By now the Sissie infielders have arrived to back up Cat. Opposing Coach sees he is outnumbered and steps back.

OPPOSING COACH

Go fuck yourselves.

As Opposing Coach wisely retreats we move to the other Sissies as they trot in, smiles all around.

BRIAN

(to Carter)

Season ended nicely, don't you  
think?

Back at the plate BJ is on his knees and brushing himself off. A tremor is noticeable in his right his arm.

BJ

(to Cat)

Like watching a Chihuahua snap at  
a Rottweiler.

CAT

Always with the motivational  
speeches, Beeg.

(helping BJ up)

This be a bad time to tell you I  
forgot to have someone bring the  
beer?

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK AND DONNA'S HOUSE - DAY

We see a furniture delivery truck in front of the house and  
a train of men bringing items inside.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK AND DONNA'S HOUSE - DAY- CONTINUOUS

Donna is moving at 100 MPH, directing the deliverymen and  
readying dishes, glasses and whatnot ready for a party.  
Rick is at the counter drinking coffee and scanning a bass  
boat magazine, oblivious to the entire goings on.

DONNA

Rick! You're right in the way!

We hear the phone RING. Rick does not react. Clearly  
frustrated Donna answers it.

DONNA

Hey.

(beat)

No, just bring the dip...

(to the delivery men)

Over there!

Pipe runs into the room, crying. Rick doesn't move.

PIPE

Mommmmm! Marfy pulled my hair!

DONNA

(to the phone)

Hey, I'm going to have to call you back.

(hanging up)

Come here, honey.

Donna smooths Pipe's hair and kisses him on the forehead.

DONNA (CONT'D)

You have to remember, honey, Marfy is a lot younger than you are. And not yet as smart. She probably doesn't know pulling your hair would hurt so much.

(kisses him again)

Go back upstairs and play.

Wiping his eyes Pipe heads back up stairs. Donna glares at Rick.

DONNA

Parent of the year.

In a moment Marfy comes running into the kitchen, and now she's crying. Rick goes right on reading his magazine.

Donna gathers Marfy in her arms.

DONNA

Baby, what happened?

In the b.g. we see Pipe nonchalantly enter the kitchen and head to the refrigerator, oblivious to his sister's histrionics.

MARFY

(pointing)

Pipe pulled my hair!

Pipe comes out from behind the refrigerator door with a can of soda in his hand. He pops the top, takes a slug.

DONNA

Pipe!

PIPE

Well, she knows now.

DONNA

Rick!

Rick knows this is a losing proposition no matter what he says and decides to make a run for it.

RICK

Gotcha, babe. Pipe, get some shoes, you're coming with me. I need to make a run to the hardware store for a number two Phillips head screwdriver anyway.

(kisses Donna)

In case there's any assembly required here. Don't want to leave you hanging.

DONNA

Well don't be gone long. I have a lot of things for you to get done before tonight.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

- Cindy stretching out BJ.
- Brian and Kelly jogging together.
- Carter and Mindy tossing a football back and forth, laughing.
- Derrick and Carrie playing cards, a large pile of chips in front of Carrie.
- Louie entering a boat store.

INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

Widgy is at the front counter talking with Carla, the technician.

CARLA

I don't know who told you that, sir, but we don't loan out puppies. Certainly not just for the day.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK AND DONNA'S HOUSE - DAY

We join Rick and Pipe as they pull into and park in the driveway, a ball game on the radio. When they open the doors to exit we hear Beyonce's "Single Ladies" (AKA "Put a Ring On It") loudly emanating from inside the house, the front door wide open.

From their POV we see Donna through the front window of the house as she dances past.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK AND DONNA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Donna struts Mick Jagger-style to the music, tossing her hair, jumping onto the coffee table and then shimmying up and down like a pole-dancer. Nearby Marfy dances on the new sofa, mimicking her mom.

DONNA

That's right, you go girl!

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK AND DONNA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We see Rick and Pipe still half out of the car, their mouths agape. They turn and look at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK AND DONNA'S SUBDIVISION - CONTINUOUS

We watch the back of Rick's car as it drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK AND DONNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The party is underway. All the Sissies and their wives/girlfriends are present. Music plays and the attendees flow between the family room and kitchen.

Donna is proudly showing off her new furniture to anyone and everyone. Curiously, on one wall is a white sheet. Hung on it is a sign, "DO NOT TOUCH."

Rick, Louie and Paul stand near the family room bar.

LOUIE

Nice.

RICK

Don't start.

Bones walks up, beer in hand.

BONES

Pussy. Can you fish off a sofa?

No.

Bones moves on.

BONES (O.C., CONT'D)

Pussy.

PAUL

Andi tells me that it takes forever to get the custom stuff delivered.

RICK

Yeah, funny thing. According to Donna someone else ordered exactly what we wanted and then passed on it. I guess we got lucky.

LOUIE

You get to help with any of the selections?

RICK

See that bronze lamp by the sofa?

(beat)

I wanted the black one.

We find Bones, now lurking where the girls have gathered. Donna is standing and Cindy sits nearby.

BONES

Donna, you and Cindy, you've known each other a long time. Tell the truth. You two, like, ever done it?

CINDY

Grant, what in the world would  
make you ask a question like that?

BONES

Have either of you ever looked in  
a mirror?!

DONNA

Bones, let me ask you a question.  
You and Rick were roommates in  
college. Bet there were a lot of  
lonely nights. How about it? You  
guys ever do it?

BONES

Not a--

DONNA

I didn't think so.  
(she looks around)  
Get anybody anything?

CINDY

I'll take another white wine.  
(handing Donna her glass)

As Donna takes the glass she leans over and plants a deep,  
long kiss full on Cindy's mouth which, playing along, Cindy  
readily accepts, hand to the back of Donna's neck. When it  
ends Donna looks up at Bones and winks, and then heads to  
the kitchen.

CINDY

Somebody best tend to Widgy. I  
the boy looks like he's about to  
pass out.

We move in on a stunned Widgy.

Moving to the the kitchen we find Donna at the refrigerator  
bringing out a bottle of wine. Reagan, Pipe's grade school  
teacher, joins her.

REAGAN

Thanks again for inviting me.

DONNA

Pipe's idea. I think he has a crush.

REAGAN

In fifteen years or so that sounds pretty good. He's a cute kid.

DONNA

(laughing)

You getting to meet everyone?

REAGAN

Yeah. Seems like a fun group.

That one over there...

(nodding towards BJ)

...what's he like?

At that moment Louie walks past.

LOUIE

Coors Lite and big tits.

Reagan looks down at her relatively flat chest.

REAGAN

Oh.

Kelly passes by Reagan.

KELLY

And he's taken.

In the b.g. we see BJ sit down on the sofa by Cindy. We move back into the family room and focus on the subtle shaking of BJ's hand before Cindy takes it in hers.

Widgy remains in a chair nearby, still in a daze. Donna returns with Cindy's wine. As she passes she lightly strokes Widgy's hair and cheek.

DONNA

Get you anything, Widge?

Widgy mumbles something unintelligible and then hurriedly gets up and goes into the kitchen.

Back in the kitchen Carrie is foraging in the freezer. Derrick walks in and kisses her on the back of her head.

DERRICK

Join me?

CARRIE

In a sec. Looking for a treat.

From a cooler on the floor Derrick grabs a beer. We see Widgy dipping chips in the b.g.

DERRICK

Widge-dog.

WIDGY

Yeah, uh, hey.

Derrick heads back to the family room leaving Carrie still foraging through the freezer as Andi enters.

ANDI

You and Derrick seem to be having an especially good time.

CARRIE

Celebrating an anniversary.

ANDI

Oooh. First date?

CARRIE

I guess, yeah, that too.

ANDI

First kiss?

CARRIE

Yeah, come to think of it, it would have been.

ANDI

Then?

Carrie giggles.

CARRIE

First time I went down--

ANDI

You blew him on your first date?!

In the b.g. Widgy begins choking.

CARRIE  
(back in the freezer)  
Ah. Here they are.

Carrie turns back to Andi with a popsicle in hand.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Well, we got engaged on the  
second.

Carrie tears the wrapper off the popsicle and plunges it into her mouth.

CARRIE  
Hey, Widgy. Didn't see you there.

Carrie pulls the popsicle from her mouth and offers it to him.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Lick?

Now completely freaked out Widgy turns quickly and starts out of the kitchen only to run smack into Reagan, falling down as he does so. With a smile she reaches down to help him up.

REAGAN  
You okay?

Their hands meet.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
I'm Reagan.

A look comes across Widgy's face. Their hands do not part. He's found her.

We move back into the family room.

DONNA  
All right, everybody, get  
comfortable. It's show time.

As everyone takes a seat or otherwise gets situated Louie and Bones stand up in front of the white sheet. Louie has a remote control in his hand.

BONES

You take it. I'm drunk.

LOUIE

When has that ever made a difference? Ready Donna?

Donna smiles over at Rick.

DONNA

Here's looking at you, baby!

Donna with great fanfare pulls down the sheet to expose a mega-sized flat screen TV. We move to Rick, who is grinning like a kid at Christmas, and then back to Louie.

LOUIE

You can't fish from it but Shark Week will never have looked so good. And what better way to debut another hard-hitting documentary video from Stan Softball, Softball News. Lights please, Donna?

As the lights dim the TV comes on.

NOTE: As the video plays we will INTERCUT between what's playing on the TV VIDEO and the PARTY. Throughout the playing of the video there will be raucous laughter from those watching, and ad-libbed commentary.

TV VIDEO

On the screen we see Louie, dressed in a belted trench coat and fedora, standing on a driveway in front of a garage door. Affixed On the door are three different jerseys, each stenciled "Cicero Sissies."

Louie holds and talks into a cheap tape recorder microphone, but we hear no sound. He looks around puzzled, taps the microphone and begins talking again - still no sound. Bones enters the picture dressed in a white wife-beater tee shirt under faded denim overalls. He takes the microphone and switches it on, then exits. Into the microphone Louie begins talking.

LOUIE

Hello everyone, I'm Stan Softball,  
and this is the Softball News.  
Today I'm speaking with Grant  
"Bones" Bonetti, captain of the  
renown Cicero Sissies.

We see Bones again join Louie. He has added a cowboy hat,  
and of course, has a beer in hand.

LOUIE

Welcome, Captain Bonetti.

BONES

Good to be here, Louie.

LOUIE

Stan.

BONES

I mean Stan.

LOUIE

Grant, may I call you Grant?

BONES

Of course, Louie.

LOUIE

Stan.

BONES

Whatever. Know a guy who looks  
just like you.

LOUIE

Lucky guy. Grant, you're a  
founding member of the Cicero  
Sissies and some say the backbone  
of the team.

BONES

Well, Stan, I'm not sure I'd go  
that far but yes, I've been with  
the team since day one, through  
both the good and bad.

LOUIE

Still too early to talk about the  
"who forgot to bring the beer"  
episode of a year past?

BONES

Yes, Stan, best for all to leave  
unnamed the individual, Ben  
Catfish Kessinger, who failed to  
get that done.

PARTY

We hear ad-libbed ribbing of Cat.

DERRICK

One job! You had one job to do!

BRIAN

Damn near killed BJ.

TV VIDEO

LOUIE

Grant, behind me are some of the  
past Cicero Sissie jerseys. Tell  
me a bit about them.

BONES

Well, Stan, the blue jersey was  
our founding year. A bit of a  
rough start but we got our  
footing. This black jersey, a  
fifty-fifty season. Some turmoil,  
but we knew we were on to  
something. This maroon one, well,  
you know the story. Ten and oh.  
Undefeated.

LOUIE

What do you say we meet the rest  
of the players?

The screen goes blank, and then Louie jumps in (same  
setting in front of the garage door), now dressed in the  
maroon Sissies jersey and a baseball hat, out of breath and  
soaking wet with sweat.

LOUIE

Hi. Paul Doyle, Cicero Sissies mid-fielder. A lot of people ask, "Paul, how do you stay in such great shape?" Well, with a strict regiment of chips, low calorie brews, and a regular nap it's easy. Look at me. I just walked two blocks and I feel great. May even consummate my wedding tonight.

(he wipes his brow)

Try it. Every other day. It will work for you, too.

The video cuts to Bones jumping into the shot, now dressed in the maroon Sissies jersey, a baseball hat and sunglasses.

BONES

Hi, Derrick Johnson, right fielder. Three-year player. A lot of people ask, Derrick, how do you see the ball a night wearing those sunglasses? It's no problem. I've never had a problem wearing these glasses.

We watch as a softball bounces off Bones' head and he breaks up laughing.

BONES (CONT'D)

Cut. Cut.

The video cuts to someone wearing a baseball hat, garage door behind him, but the camera angle is such that all we can see is the cap at the bottom of the screen.

LOUIE (O.C.)

Ben, Catfish Kessinger, Cicero Sissies pitcher. Okay, yeah, I'm the shortest guy on the team. And slowest. And can't hit the ball very far. And really not that good a fielder.

(beat)

Shit. So I suck. Sue me.

PARTY

The attendees all break up laughing.

BJ

We love you, Cat!

DERRICK

As long as you don't forget to  
bring the beer!

We find Cat and Mary on the sofa. She leans over and gives him a kiss on the cheek as she puts her arm over his shoulders.

TV VIDEO

The hat on the video is replaced by Bones, still in the team jersey but now wearing a cowboy hat and with a very, very large chew in both sides of his mouth.

BONES

(with a pronounced drawl)

BJ Hall, catcher, Cicero Sissies.  
Yeah, I chew.

Bones lets a stream of tobacco juice fly.

BONES (CONT'D)

But it's not like I overdo it.

(another big spit)

This here...

(points at both cheeks, then  
cracks up)

...this here is a power chew.

Cut. Cut.

The scene begins again, with Bones jumping into the shot as before.

BONES (CONT'D)

(with the drawl)

BJ Hunt, Cicero Sissies catcher.  
Some folks throw away the pouch  
their chew comes in. Not me. It  
has nutritional...

(he cracks up again)

...value. Cut. Cut.

And once again the scene begins, but Bones now has a beer in hand.

BONES (CONT'D)

(with the drawl)

BJ Hunt, Cicero Sissies catcher. Before I began to power chew I could only hit the ball to left field. Clearly my weight was not properly distributed. But now with both cheeks full I can go both ways.

(as he breaks up again)

Kids, don't chew. At least not without a good brew to go with it.

We watch as Bones take a long drink from a can of beer, laughing so hard most of it spills from his mouth.

PARTY

The assembled group CHEERS.

TV VIDEO

All we see is the garage door.

LOUIE (O.C.)

Now here's Lightning Littleton.

(beat)

Where the hell's Lightning?

The video fades out and then back in. We see Louie step into view in a Sissies jersey.

LOUIE

Carter Masters, Cicero Sissies center fielder. Maybe the best player on the team.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

Carter. Come on, we have to go.

Louie as Carter doesn't react. We see him take a drink from a can of beer.

LOUIE

Yeah, I play a little softball.  
Four teams this summer, maybe cut  
it back to three in the fall.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

Carter! We have to get home!

LOUIE

Sure, I'm under a lot of pressure,  
what with keeping track of my  
stats and all.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

Carter!

LOUIE

Beer? Sure, I'll have another  
beer.

From off screen he is handed another beer and takes a long  
drink from it.

LOUIE

Okay, but this is the last. Hey,  
Mindy, let me know when you're  
ready to go?

PARTY

MINDY

Louie, you're going to pay for  
this.

The group breaks out in LAUGHTER.

TV VIDEO

The video cuts to Bones jumping on screen now wearing a  
fishing hat, vest, and wading boots, rod in hand.

BONES

Rick Connors, third base. I like  
to fish. Any chance I get.

The video view pulls back to show Bones as Rick casting a  
lure into a baby's wading pool. He then reaches over with

a landing net and from the wading pool pulls out a large rubber fish.

BONES (CONT'D)

(big grin)

A lot of folks say you need a boat to fish. Not me.

PARTY

DONNA

Next year, baby. Unless of course we decide to take that vacation to Tahiti you've always wanted!

RICK

I can't even spell Tahiti...

TV VIDEO

The video cuts to the bare garage door again.

LOUIE (O.C.)

Now here's Lightning Littleton.

(beat)

Shit.

The video then cuts to Louie jumping in front of the garage door. He's wearing the maroon Sissies jersey under a plaid sport coat, and has a cigar in his mouth.

LOUIE

Louis Bonetti, Cicero Sissies second base and all round utility man! If Louie can't do it, no one can do it!

The video then cuts to Bones standing in front of the garage door. He's wearing the black Sissies jersey and smoking a joint. When He raises his sunglasses his eyes are barely open.

BONES

Lightning Littleton, utility player. I made it didn't I? Fact is I don't concept time. But I do

(MORE)

BONES (CONT'D)  
 get a buck twenty-five every time  
 one of those a parking lot arms  
 goes up flashing Viagra so how's  
 that for karma?

Bones takes a hit, then offers the joint to the camera.

BONES  
 Toke?

The video cuts to Louie again in the maroon jersey in front  
 of the garage.

LOUIE  
 Brian Delamore, left field. Hey,  
 check out my wife. She's hot!

PARTY

Everyone in the room cheers. A much thinner Kelly stands  
 up and takes a bow. Seated on the couch Brian smiles.  
 Kelly falls back into his lap.

KELLY  
 And she's pregnant!

To CHEERS from the gathered group Kelly and Brian embrace.

TV VIDEO

Bones appears in front of the garage dressed in a golf  
 shirt over khakis. His posture emotes someone who would  
 rather be anywhere else. He won't look into the camera.

LOUIE (O.C.)  
 Into the camera. Look into the  
 camera.

BONES  
 (shyly)  
 Uh, hi. My name is Patrick, uh,  
 Patrick Widgerman. I like, um,  
 long walks in the park...  
 (he looks off camera)  
 ...that's a good one, right?  
 (MORE)

BONES (CONT'D)

(to the camera)

I also like going for ice cream,  
and chocolate. And kids. I  
like kids. So, like, if you're  
looking for--

(he looks off camera)

What? This isn't a video for  
desperate virgins dot com? Shit.

(beat, then to the camera)

Uh, Pat Widgerman, shortstop,  
Cicero Sissies.

PARTY

Widgy and Reagan are sitting together on the sofa, still  
holding hands.

REAGAN

(a bit into her wine)

So that's where I've seen you  
before!

Widgy turns bright red as the group explodes with laughter.

TV VIDEO

Louie is again standing in front of the garage dressed as  
Stan Softball with Bones next to him, again wearing his  
wife beater tee shirt under faded denim overalls.

LOUIE

Well, there you have them. A  
great group of guys all, but my  
vote for most valuable player  
would have to go to that Louie  
Bonetti. Great player, great  
mind, great American.

BONES

No doubt.

LOUIE

But Grant, rumors are flying that  
Louie will not be back next year.  
That he's taking a sabbatical to  
look for Big Foot.

BONES

Stan, the rumors are not true. We have Louie under contract for one more season and the ball club holds an option for two after that. A player that good you don't let get away.

LOUIE

That's good hear, Grant, both for the team and more importantly for the game.

(to the camera)

So that's it for this edition of Softball News.

(to Bones)

Grant, would you like to join me in wrapping up the show?

BONES

Louie, I thought you'd never ask.

The video begins to fades out.

LOUIE (O.C.)

Stan.

The video then fades back in to Louie and Bones dressed as street rappers in baggy jeans worn very low, hoodies, and do-rags. As they rap they cartwheel, dance, etc.

[RAP SONG TBD]

PARTY

As the rap song ends we hear adlibbed CHEERING and CLAPPING. Our focus moves through the room, staying for a moment on each player/couple. Smiles abound.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICK AND DONNA'S HOUSE - DAY

We move through the house. The aftermath of the party is evident. In the kitchen we find Rick sitting at the breakfast bar drinking coffee and reading the paper, not a care in the world. His hair is combed; he's wearing shorts and a golf shirt and appears none the worse for wear. Donna enters wearing a tank top over baggy gym shorts, her

hair a mess. She scans the dirty glasses, dishes and bottles that surround her, then climbs onto the stool next to Rick and immediately plops her head onto the counter.

RICK  
Morning, babe. Sleep well?

O.C we hear "Wheels on the Bus" begin to play.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK AND DONNA'S HOUSE - MARFY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marfy sits with stuffed animals on the floor, singing along to "Wheels on the Bus" as it emanates from her mini-stereo.

MARFY  
Mr. Tiddles, you sit here, and Mr.  
Quimby you sit over here, okay?

CUT TO:

INT. RICK AND DONNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

We see Donna look up, and then plop her head back on the counter.

INT. RICK AND DONNA'S HOUSE - PIPE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pipe sits on his bed, his face painted commando and a scarf tied Rambo-like around his head, methodically pumping his BB gun. O.C. we continue to hear the sounds of Wheels on the Bus.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK AND DONNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Back to Rick and Donna, Rick remains buried in his newspaper as Donna snores on the counter. O.C. we hear the muffled sound of two BB gun SHOTS.

MARFY (O.C.)  
Mr. Tiddles!

Donna quickly looks up.

RICK  
(turning the page)  
Can't say he didn't warn her.

Donna's head falls back to the counter. We hear a car HONK. Rick gets up to investigate.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK AND DONNA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rick stands at the open front door, a wide smile on his face. We follow him down the steps to the front walkway and then sweep to his P.O.V. to see Louie standing by his a trailer hitched to the back of his car, on which is a bright metallic yellow bass boat.

LOUIE  
Who needs a boat if your friend  
has a boat?

RICK  
Louie, this could be the beginning  
of a beautiful friendship.

FADE OUT.

ROLL CREDITS, then...

FADE IN:

EXT. REYNOLDS PARK - DAY

We see Billy walking through the park with a puppy on a leash. Looking around Billy spots something we can't see and smiles. We watch as bends and lets the puppy off the leash.

BILLY  
Show time, boy.

The puppy runs off and we follow him to a YOUNG GIRL (10) on a blanket. Back to Billy we watch as he waits a beat or two, and then calls out.

Billy  
Ryder?! Where are you boy?  
Ryder?!

We hear Ryder bark O.C., and then watch as Billy heads off towards Young Girl on her blanket. When Billy arrives Young Girl has Ryder embraced in her arms.

BILLY

You found my dog!

Our view turns to Young Girl who looks up with a huge smile and we see that like Billy she has Down Syndrome.

FADE OUT.

CONTINUE CREDITS, then...

FADE IN:

EXT. RICK AND DONNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is dark. At the curb is the black Range Rover. From behind we see someone knocking at the door, but getting no response.

LIGHTNING LITTLETON

Must have the wrong night.

FADE OUT.

THE END