

EVERYBODY'S SOMEBODY

by

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EXT. BUSINESS STREET - NIGHT

A street cleaning vehicle drives through the sleepy town. Small shops line both sides. The lights are on inside a bakery.

INT. BAKERY - NIGHT

The baker, PAUL (48), ambitious, white apron and chef's hat, stirs ingredients in a mixing bowl. The clock on the wall reads: 3:23 A.M.

An ASSISTANT turns on ovens. ANOTHER ASSISTANT prepares cookie sheets, bowls, and pans.

Paul places loaves of bread into the oven. The assistants place donuts into a deep fryer, and squeeze frosting onto pastries.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

LISA CUMMINGS (18), average, lovable, old-fashioned, enters, locks the door, and turns on the lights. The clock on the wall reads: 4:55 A.M.

Lisa turns on coffee appliances. She arranges pastries and muffins in the display case.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Athletic legs move brand new running shoes at a rapid pace.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The crack of dawn. A beat up Chevy pickup pulls to the curb between a Lamborghini and Ferrari.

The scruffy driver, PEDRO, (60), jovial, gets out, flashes his pearly whites from his sun-beaten face at the coffee shop owner, PETER (45), pudgy, upbeat, who sets up tables and chairs.

PEDRO
Hola, Senor Peter.

PETER
Wonderful day, isn't it?

The driver lifts a large, plastic bag of oranges out of the back and heads for the front door.

PEDRO

It's a wonderful day, señor!

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Pedro gives the bag to Lisa.

PEDRO

Buenas dias, senorita Lisa.

LISA

Good morning, Pedro.

Lisa washes the oranges. An HISPANIC GIRL peels the oranges. Lisa checks the clock. It reads: 6:20 A.M.

Another HISPANIC EMPLOYEE feeds orange halves one at a time into a large juice squeezer machine. Orange juice comes out the spigot into a clear, plastic cup. Lisa places the cup onto a tray.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Lisa places the orange juice on a table. She looks down the street. She sees something and quickly returns to the shop. She smiles as she looks out the window.

EXT. BUSINESS STREET - DAY

The same athletic legs move rapidly.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Peter picks up the tray as MYRON (BEAS) BEASLEY (18), tall, strong, snobbish, pompous, self-absorbed approaches rapidly.

PETER

Wonderful day, isn't it Beas?

Myron grabs the orange juice and takes a sip on the run like a pro marathoner.

MYRON

I told you not so much pulp anymore, pal!

PETER

Alright. And the name's Peter.

MYRON

Whatever.

A dirty, homeless trash man, KEITH (55), kind, quiet, replaces a liner of a trash can. Myron takes a last gulp and tosses the cup which bounces off Keith.

KEITH

Hey, Beas! How's it going?

Keith picks up the cup and places it in the trash can.

ALFRED (35), scrawny, demanding, basketball coach, appears from behind a building. He joins Myron.

ALFRED

I told you to dribble a basketball when you run.

MYRON

So?

CINDY (17), statuesque, arrogant, holds a coffee cup as she gets into her late model, Mercedes convertible.

MYRON

Hey, Cindy.

CINDY

No more Morton's Steakhouse. I wanna try Ruth's Chris.

ALFRED

Stay away from that golddigger. When the money runs out, so will she. Concentrate on sports.

Alfred GASPS for air and stops running.

ALFRED

And don't stop at the bakery!

INT. BAKERY - DAY

A worker cleans the display cases. Paul uses tongs to pick out the two largest chocolate donuts in the display case. He carefully places the donuts and napkins in a white paper bag and neatly folds the top closed.

EXT. BAKERY - DAY

Paul checks his watch and moves quickly toward the sidewalk.

PAUL
(To Betty)
Hurry up!

Paul's wife BETTY (47), sensible, comes outside and stands next to him with a stern look. Myron approaches rapidly.

PAUL
Two chocolate devils.

MYRON
Two bear claws tomorrow and don't
forget the napkins.

Myron swiftly snatches the bag from the baker's outstretched arm as he zips past.

PAUL
You got it, Beas!

BETTY
Why do you let him treat you like
that?

The baker gazes at Myron who is already in the distance.

PAUL
We'll be able to tell our
grandkids we helped train him.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

A neon sign flashes: OPEN 24 HOURS. A man stands with a bucket containing a bottle of ice water. He pulls out the bottled water and dips a sponge into the bucket.

Myron takes the last bite of his donuts, wipes his mouth with a napkin, and crumples up the bag.

Myron throws the bag near the man who hands both the sponge and bottled water to Myron on the run. Myron squeezes the sponge over his head before discarding it. The man picks up the sponge and heads into the store.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

NEIGHBORS smile, wave, and CALL OUT to Myron who ignores them.

Myron races up a long walkway to a large house.

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - DAY

Myron enters the dark, cavernous, nearly empty building. He races up the long, dark staircase.

Open doors on both sides of the long, dark hallway cast dark shadows. MRS. RACHEL BEASLEY (37), statuesque, unobservant, speaks to her husband DR. JOSEPH BEASLEY (45), hard-driving, who is in another room.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Will you be able to make the charity auction tonight?

JOE (O.S.)

I was hoping to just relax and watch Monday Night Football.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Oh honey. I was hoping--

MYRON

Anyone seen my backpack?

RACHEL (O.S.)

Check next to your desk! I can't go alone. It's embarrassing.

JOE (O.S.)

Then don't set so many up.

MYRON

Anyone going to my game Friday?

RACHEL (O.S.)

Nope, we're busy!

MYRON

How 'bout next Friday?

RACHEL

Can't. We got plans!

JOE (O.S.)
Maybe another time! You do the
list?

MYRON
Yeah!

JOE
What's that?

MYRON
Yes, sir!

Myron trudges away.

BATHROOM

Taped to the mirror is a To Do list. Some listed things are math exercises, science project, pushups, sit ups, hitting, free throws, run. Myron RIPS the list off the mirror.

JOE (O.S.)
(Approaching)
I want you to throw in some
one-arm push-ups.

Fear fills Myron's eyes. He tries unsuccessfully to tape the tattered list back up on the mirror. Joe enters. Myron quickly pulls out a pen and writes on the list.

MYRON
One-arm push-ups. Got it.

JOE
I don't want you leaving any more
touchdown passes short...gotta
have arm strength.

MYRON
Yes, sir.

JOE
Don't fail us, son.

MYRON
Yes, sir.

Joe leaves. Myron EXHALES DEEPLY.

EXT. CUMMINGS RESIDENCE - DAY

Birds SING in the trees. Bright sunshine blasts the small, fixer upper with sparse landscape. It looks completely out of place next to the giant surrounding homes.

A portable cement mixer spins. Hispanic construction workers lay bricks. A real estate post with a "SOLD" sign lays on its side against a fence.

A worn Ford Taurus with Michigan license plates is in the driveway.

Lisa, MR. CUMMINGS (35) blue collar, and MRS. CUMMINGS (33) sundress, down to earth, exit.

MRS. CUMMINGS
Have a nice day at school.

LISA
Thanks, Mom.

Lisa checks her watch and hurries off cradling her books.

Mrs. Cummings hands Mr. Cummings a brown lunch bag. Mr. Cummings kisses her on the cheek and heads to the Taurus.

MRS. CUMMINGS
Have a nice day at work, hon.

MR. CUMMINGS
Thanks, hon.

Mrs. Cummings watches Lisa across the street, waiting in front of a large, yellow house.

The garage door rolls up on the yellow house. DR. JULIUS DUNBAR (45), frail, bespectacled, brilliant, gets into his late model Mercedes, and drives off.

MAGGIE DUNBAR (17), shy, homely, bespectacled, computer geek, exits the house. Lisa and Maggie walk off to school.

Mrs. Cummings waves to her husband as he drives off in the SPUTTERING Taurus.

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - MYRON'S ROOM - DAY

There are enough awards to open a trophy shop. The walls are plastered with photos of Myron playing sports and posing with beautiful girls.

Several brand new sports shoes are scattered on the floor.
Myron GRUNTS as he does one-arm push-ups on the floor.
Exhausted, he collapses on the floor.

Myron puts on a polo shirt as he sneaks over to his window.
He sees Lisa hiding behind a tree.

MYRON

Can't she take a hint?

HALLWAY STAIRS

Myron races down the stairs and stops on a dime. He looks
back up the dark staircase.

MYRON

Bye!

He exits glumly.

EXT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - DAY

Myron sees Lisa with Maggie. He steps onto the sidewalk and
speedwalks ahead of Lisa while avoiding Maggie like she has
leprosy.

LISA

How was your weekend, Myron?

Lisa catches up to Myron. Maggie stays back.

MYRON

Coaches made me lift weights.

STUDENT ONE, STUDENT TWO, and STUDENT THREE walk nearby.

STUDENT ONE

Hey Beas, how much we gonna win by
Friday?

MYRON

Who knows?

LISA

You don't need to be that way,
Myron.

STUDENT TWO

I'm sure we'll kill 'em. We've
got the Killer Beas!

STUDENT THREE

Bet you throw five touchdowns,
Beas!

LISA

I'm sure you'll do fine. You
always do.

Cindy drives alongside in her Mercedes.

CINDY

Hop in...

Myron and Lisa start toward the car.

CINDY

...Beas.

Lisa stops and Myron gets in the car. Cindy leans over
close to Myron and strokes his hair.

CINDY

Bye, Lisa.

The car speeds off.

INT. CINDY'S MERCEDES - DAY

Cindy puts her hand on Myron's thigh. Myron slides her hand
off.

CINDY

I don't like that Michigooner. I
hear her dad's just a banker.

MYRON

She thinks she can go out with me.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Students pour onto the campus. The Mercedes pulls into a
handicap parking spot at the front of the school lot. Cindy
hangs a blue handicap sign on the rear view mirror arm.

Myron and Cindy get out. Cindy puts out a slightly bent
arm.

CINDY

Walk me to class?

A tall, lanky boy, JIMMY (17), spots Myron.

JIMMY

Hey, Beas!

MYRON

I've gotta talk to Jimmy.

CINDY

Call me, Beas.

Jimmy gazes at Cindy as she fashion walks away.

JIMMY

You struck gold.

MYRON

I struck a golddigger.

JIMMY

You can send her my way anytime.

MYRON

What's your address?

JIMMY

Was low maintenance Lisa in front
of your house again?

MYRON

You seen her clothes? She's no
maintenance. She was with the
ugly one.

A TV news van with a giant, telescopic antenna is nearby. A
TV REPORTER (40), and CAMERAMAN bolt out of the van.

TV REPORTER

Across the country, the buzz is
about the Beas.

The TV reporter puts a microphone up to Myron.

TV REPORTER

How 'bout a couple words, Beas?

MYRON

We'll win Friday because of me.

Myron and Jimmy stride off.

TV REPORTER

There you have my exclusive
interview with Myron Beasley.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Alfred enters with the much larger football coach, DENNIS (38), determined, and baseball coach, JACK (32), selfish, close behind.

DENNIS

We need to talk to you about Myron Beasley's grades.

They surround the muscular science teacher, MIKE (23).

MIKE

What about them?

JACK

Rumor is he's failing.

Mike breaks through the circle.

MIKE

If he fails, he fails. There's nothing I can--

Alfred grabs Mike by the lapels. The coaches surround Mike.

ALFRED

We need him or we'll lose games.

JACK

If we lose games, we won't get the coverage.

DENNIS

If we don't get the coverage we won't get new recruits!

ALFRED

If we don't get new recruits, we won't win, not to mention the potential money for the athletic program.

MIKE

And our school will have a black mark if the nation's top athlete can't pass his subjects.

Alfred slides his hands off Mike.

DENNIS

It's just a matter of time before he's on boxes of Wheaties.

Alfred lifts his pants by his belt buckle and throws his shoulders back.

ALFRED

Hope I wasn't too tough on you.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

From the dugout, Myron's teammates BASEBALL PLAYER #1 and BASEBALL PLAYER #2 spot JIM ABBOTT (55), low key, hesitant, and PAUL MOLITOR (62), analytical, behind a chain link fence.

BASEBALL PLAYER ONE

Looks like the Baltimore Orioles are back checking out Beas.

BASEBALL PLAYER TWO

Last week the Oakland Raiders, this week the Orioles.

Myron steps up to the plate. The outfielders back up. On the pitching mound, a player places a baseball into a machine with two rapidly spinning tires.

The ball shoots out from between the tires making a SWOOSH sound as it blazes towards home plate. Myron swings and CRACKS a line drive to deep left field.

Each SWOOSH is followed by a LOUD CRACK.

JIM ABBOTT

So what do you think, Molly?

PAUL MOLITOR

Jim, I think we're looking at a can't-miss superstar.

JIM ABBOTT

You sound pretty confident.

PAUL MOLITOR

He's better than A-Rod when A-Rod was this age.

JIM ABBOTT

What about all the reports? We don't need a cancer on the team.

PAUL MOLITOR

Let's hope he changes.

A school bell rings. Dennis runs over carrying Myron's football uniform which already has the pads inside.

DENNIS
Beas! Time to go!

JACK
He'll be with you in a minute!

DENNIS
He's on my time now!

JACK
I said he'd be with you in a minute!

PAUL MOLITOR
We know where Beas gets his attitude.

Myron changes out of his baseball uniform and puts his football jersey on while he jogs to the football field. Molitor and Abbott follow behind the fence.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

From behind a chain link fence, several men with clipboards watch Myron jog onto the field. Molitor and Abbott take positions near the other men.

The SUBSTITUTE QUARTERBACK takes off a red vest and hands it to Myron. Myron puts on the vest.

Myron sees the scouts as he runs out to his teammates in a huddle. They set up on the line of scrimmage.

MYRON
Yellow thirty-one, left blue eighty, hut, hut.

Pads POP. Players GRUNT. Myron throws a perfect pass to a wide receiver who drops the ball.

MYRON
Catch the ball! I'm wasting my time with you bozos.

Molitor and Abbott watch Myron gesture at his teammates.

LATER

Alfred stands on the sidelines with a basketball and a bottle of water. He cups his hands to his mouth to act as a megaphone.

ALFRED

Beas! Time to go!

FOOTBALL PLAYER notices Alfred.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

Beas! Basketball court!

Myron sees Alfred.

MYRON

In a sec, Mr. Universe!

Myron looks at his left wristband which is marked with numbers.

MYRON

Okay, yellow thirty-one, left blue eighty, half Christmas tree on three.

Pads POP. Myron throws a long, perfect pass to a wide receiver who never breaks his stride as he catches the ball and runs into the end zone.

Myron trots off the field.

SUBSTITUTE QUARTERBACK

Later, Beas!

FOOTBALL PLAYER

See ya, Beas!

Dennis intercepts Myron before he can make it to Alfred.

DENNIS

The other coaches and I have convinced your teachers to cut you a little slack.

MYRON

What did you do now?

DENNIS

You don't have to spend much time studying and your teachers will still pass you.

MYRON

What?

DENNIS

We want you to spend more time practicing.

Dennis looks around and then pulls a clear wristband out from under a towel.

MYRON

I'm only getting five hours of sleep and--

Dennis slips him the wristband.

DENNIS

Make some notes on it and wear it when you have a test.

MYRON

My dad will kill me.

DENNIS

Who gave you a chance as a walk-on freshman?

MYRON

Like I wouldn't have made the team anyway?

Myron marches over to Alfred who hands him the bottle of water and towel.

ALFRED

Three on three with some UCLA players.

MYRON

Only if you're not on my team.

Myron swipes the basketball from Alfred and dribbles off.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Myron yawns as he dribbles a basketball.

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Joe and Rachel eat with laptop computers and daily planners spread over the dining room table.

RACHEL

We can rendezvous at the Wilson's
at seven, and go straight from
there to the hotel.

Myron enters and puts down his backpack at the base of the
stairs. He walks past his parents.

RACHEL

Your food's on the stove.

KITCHEN

Myron dumps the entire contents of a pan onto a plate. The
monster plate of food reaches five inches high.

DINING ROOM

He takes a seat at the end of the table and proceeds to
inhale his food and suck down his milk at an alarming rate.
His parents are oblivious to him.

RACHEL

My friend Cheryl is running a
charity for the homeless on the
twenty-third. I promised her we'd
go.

JOE

What day of the week is it?

RACHEL

Friday.

JOE

You doing the push-ups?

MYRON

Yes, sir.

JOE

Good. Add another mile to your
running.

Myron almost chokes on his food.

MYRON

Yes, sir.

Myron finishes his meal and rinses his plate off in the
sink. He grabs his backpack and runs upstairs.

MYRON'S BEDROOM

Myron turns on Monday Night Football. He watches with interest as an injured player is carefully immobilized, lifted onto a stretcher, and taken away on the back of an electric cart.

TV FOOTBALL ANNOUNCER
(on TV)
This doesn't look good.

INT. HOAG HOSPITAL - DAY

ORGAN DELIVERY MAN races down a hallway carrying a red Igloo cooler. He passes a slow, yawning Myron.

ORGAN DELIVERY MAN
Hey, Beas!

He flies through double swing doors.

ORGAN DELIVERY MAN
Got the heart with the new
Edwards' heart valves.

Joe washes his hands before a TIDY NURSE puts surgical gloves on his hands.

JOE
Great. Take them in.

Organ Delivery Man dashes off.

Exhausted Myron sees a gurney. He lies down on it.

Tidy Nurse sees Myron's still body on the gurney. She pulls a sheet over his entire body and walks off.

Myron wakes up and yanks the sheet off.

Myron rubs his triceps muscle as he passes through the double swing doors.

JOE
Did you practice your free throws?

MYRON
Yes, sir.

JOE
I don't want you choking any more
last second free throws.

MYRON

That was five years ago.

JOE

I don't care. I gotta do a surgery.

Joe moves swiftly away.

MYRON

The grain-size tracking chip feels like a boulder.

JOE

That's normal at the beginning. You'll get used to it.

MYRON

It won't affect my game?

JOE

No. You wanna get kidnapped again?

MYRON

That was the cheerleaders playing a prank.

Joe disappears into a room.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Mike hides behind his desk drinking from a large bourbon bottle.

It's a packed classroom. Myron anxiously waits on the edge of his seat. Mike puts the bottle back and closes the drawer.

MIKE

Open your books to page one-forty-nine regarding the cell nucleus. Who would like to tell us about--

Myron waves his hand.

MYRON

Oh! Oh! Oh!

Mike sweats profusely. He opens the drawer and bends down out of sight to take another sip of the bourbon.

MIKE

Myron.

MYRON

The nucleus is the brain of a cell. The nucleus contains the DNA or deoxyribonucleic acid which stores genetic information for a cell.

MIKE

Okay, very good.

MYRON

The nucleus contains RNA, DNA, and proteins.

The students snicker.

MIKE

Okay. That's enough, Myron.

Myron smiles as he leans back in his chair.

MIKE

Maybe I should ask about a different topic.

MYRON

Maybe you shouldn't.

LATER

The school bell RINGS. The students SKID their chair legs.

MIKE

Hold on, Beas.

The students leave.

MIKE

You think you're a really big man, don't you? That no one else matters...that the world revolves around you?

MYRON

C'mon.

Mike swipes his finger along the chalk tray. He shows his chalked finger to Myron.

MIKE

This is you. The room is the universe.

He BLOWS the chalk off his finger.

MIKE

Now go find yourself.

Mike leaves. Myron ponders this.

INT. MATH CLASSROOM - DAY

The students take an exam. Myron refers to his wristband which has mathematical equations. He writes down an answer.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Myron practices hitting against Jimmy. A LOUD CRACK resounds with each fluid swing of the bat. Jack points a speed gun.

JACK

Eighty-seven!

The center fielder turns around in time to see the ball take one bounce before caroming off the padded outfield wall.

Jimmy throws wildly inside at Myron forcing him to duck out of the way.

JACK

Eighty-eight, but off the mark!

The outfielders back up closer to the wall. Myron sends a rocket over the left field fence.

JACK

Eighty-eight!

The outfielders back up closer to the wall. He hits a monster home run over the left-center field fence.

JACK

Eighty-seven!

The outfielders lean against the wall. Myron dances out of the way of an inside pitch.

JACK

Eighty-seven, off the mark!

He hits the next pitch that clears both the left field wall and the perimeter school fence.

JACK
Eighty-eight!

MYRON
Is that the hardest you can throw?

JIMMY
I'm not Stephen Strasburg.

Jimmy winds up and lets the next pitch go with every ounce of energy. The ball heads straight for Myron.

Myron turns to avoid the wild pitch. His helmet flies off. The ball hits him squarely in the left temple region. He lies motionless on the ground.

INT. HOAG HOSPITAL - DAY

Myron lies in bed, motionless. Joe paces nervously at his bedside. Lisa is also present.

JOE
Which house do you live in?

LISA
The small one being worked on.

JOE
Oh, yeah.

Myron moves.

JOE
He's awake!

Nurses rush from all over to see Myron trying to keep his eyes open.

MYRON
What happened?

JOE
You had an injury on the baseball field.

Myron feels the left side of his head which is bandaged.

MYRON
I've got a splitting headache.

LISA

You got hit in the head with a baseball. You've been in a coma for three days.

MYRON

Didn't they feed me?

Myron musters just enough energy to pull the curtain separating him from another patient who's asleep.

Myron steals disgusting hospital food off the sleeping patient's tray. He gulps down the food. Lisa SLAPS his hand and pulls the curtain shut.

JOE

Get a large pepperoni pizza, lots of chicken, and anything else you can find.

NURSE

Right away, doctor.

Joe pulls his cell phone from his doctor's coat and dials.

JOE

He's awake. Charity luncheon! Just leave it and get over here!

He hangs up.

JOE

The food should be here soon.

MYRON

My head's killing me.

Joe leans over and examines his head.

JOE

You've got some swelling, but it should start going down.

Myron leans toward Joe and whispers.

MYRON

Didn't I have to go to the bathroom?

JOE

More than anyone would ever believe.

He points to a passing nurse.

JOE
But she took care of it.

MYRON
How embarrassing.

LATER

Myron shovels pizza and chicken into his mouth.

RACHEL
How do you feel?

MYRON
I've got a headache, but this food
is taking my mind off it. I
should be good as new in a few
days, right Dad?

Joe and Rachel sit at the end of his bed with their backs to Myron. They fight back tears. Myron blacks out with a large piece of chicken sticking out of his mouth.

JOE
The neurosurgeon says you've
suffered a crimping of the artery
in your temple region. Medications
and treatments will not help.
You're going to have some
blackouts from time to time.

Dead silence. Joe and Rachel turn around. Joe yanks the chicken out of Myron's mouth and lightly shakes him.

Myron wakes up and sees the empty plates.

MYRON
Is there any more chicken?

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Myron pulls into the first handicapped parking space in his late model BMW. His head is heavily bandaged. A homely looking nurse rides shotgun.

On the floor on her side are accelerator and brake pedals similar to driver education cars.

Cindy pulls into the handicapped parking space next to the BMW and hangs her handicapped sign. Cindy and other curious

students watch Myron reject the nurse's help to get up the curb.

The students SNICKER when they see the nurse straighten Myron's Depend diapers. Myron yanks his pants up and pulls his shirt out to cover the diapers.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Myron walks down a busy corridor. He notices students teasing Maggie.

Myron blacks out and falls to the floor. Lisa runs to his aid. The other students, including Cindy, stare at him like he's a freak. Lisa gently slaps his face.

LISA

Can you hear me Myron?

Myron wakes up groggy, but quickly gets up when he sees the other students.

MYRON

Did anyone see me?

LISA

Don't worry about it.

MYRON

(to passing
students)

I'm okay.

Cindy walks by.

CINDY

Nice one, Beas.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Myron fidgets while he watches his teammates practice from behind a chain link fence. He wears a baseball cap over his head bandages. He puts a helmet on and works his way over to the batting cage carrying a bat. Jack marches over.

JACK

I can't let you hit.

MYRON

Why not?

JACK

If you get hit again, the school
could get sued.

MYRON

I'll wear an extra protective
helmet.

JACK

No.

MYRON

We'll make it so it doesn't fall
off this time.

JACK

No!

MYRON

How am I going to make it to the
pros if I can't practice?

JACK

I don't know, Beas.

Myron storms off.

LATER

Myron repeatedly throws a baseball against a wall and
receives the ground ball ricochet into his baseball glove.

Myron sees the football team practicing. A light goes on
behind each eye.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Myron trots over wearing his football uniform, helmet, and a
red vest. He hides behind his teammates until his coach
isn't looking.

Myron races onto the field and motions for Substitute
Quarterback to leave. Substitute Quarterback runs off the
field. Myron huddles with the other players who walk up to
the line of scrimmage.

MYRON

Yellow, thirty-one, yellow
thirty-one! Hut, hut, hike!

The center hikes the ball, Myron backpedals sluggishly, and throws a weak pass ten yards short of his wide receiver. Myron holds his head. The players look at each other.

Myron takes a snap and underthrows a wide receiver. The ball is easily intercepted by a defender and run back for a touchdown.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A doctor checks Myron's pupils with a penlight. The doctor scribbles on a prescription pad.

A nurse pops her head in the door. The doctor and nurse leave. Myron tears several sheets off the pad and stuffs them into his pocket.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Myron steps onto the field in uniform. Jack approaches.

JACK

I told you you can't play.

Myron hands Jack a sheet of paper with his doctor's heading.

MYRON

Doc okayed me.

JACK

He did?

Jack examines the paper. Myron steps into the batting cage. The coach and teammates head to the cage to watch.

The machine spits out a ball. Myron clumsily swings and misses. He fights to regain his balance.

Myron steps back into the batter's box and concentrates on the pitching machine. A ball shoots out. He swings and misses by a mile. Jack and the teammates have puzzled looks. Myron swings and misses more pitches.

Jack re-examines the doctor's note.

EXT. BATTING CAGES - DAY

Myron trudges up to the counter where Jimmy works.

JIMMY

I'm really sorry about everything.

MYRON

I need a couple tokens for the
batting cages.

JIMMY

I don't know, Beas.

MYRON

You owe me, Jimmy.

Jimmy hands Myron a few tokens.

Myron enters a cage with a helmet and bat and closes the door. A sign on the door reads "80 MPH." With his back to the machine, he drops a token into the coin slot. The balls start to move as the machine warms up.

MYRON

I can still do this.

He steps into the batter's box, misses several balls, blacks out, and falls to the ground motionless.

LATER

The batting cage door reads "60 MPH." Myron swings and misses several pitched balls.

INT. SCIENCE CLASS - DAY

Myron sees students tease Maggie and play keep away with her phone.

Lisa sees students SNICKER at Myron and his nurse. Myron leans over toward Cindy.

MYRON

Ruth's Chris tonight?

CINDY

So we can be followed around by
Nurse Ratched with your bedpan? I
don't think so.

The students SNICKER. The school bell RINGS. Lisa and Maggie walk out with Myron.

LISA

I'm not busy tonight.

Myron sees Maggie.

MYRON
I don't think so.

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Myron, Rachel, and Joe eat dinner spread out at the dining room table. Laptops, calendars, and papers are spread out on the table. Myron's nurse spoon feeds applesauce to Myron who finally pushes the spoon aside and stands up.

MYRON
I'm not a baby!

He storms off.

RACHEL
Myron!

INT. MYRON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Myron GRUNTS as does one-arm push-ups. Exhausted, he collapses on the floor.

Myron walks over to the window and looks through the blinds. He sees Lisa and Maggie behind the tree.

EXT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - DAY

Myron trudges out to Lisa on the sidewalk. He stares at Maggie who continues on.

LISA
What have you got against Maggie?

MYRON
C'mon.

The two head on to school.

LISA
No, really. She's a very nice girl.

MYRON
She has to be with her looks.

LISA
That's terrible, Myron. She's
brilliant with computers.

MYRON
Yeah, whatever.

LISA
You got any plans for the summer?

MYRON
I'm going to concentrate on being
a pro.

Cindy races by in her Mercedes with Jimmy riding shotgun.

LISA
What about the blackouts?

MYRON
I'm not going to let those stop
me.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Paul sets up tables. He sees Myron running toward him. Lisa
watches from inside.

MYRON
Where's my o.j.?

PETER
I didn't think you were training
anymore.

MYRON
I am, so go get it.

Peter enters and goes straight to Lisa at the orange juice
machine.

Peter exits with a small cup of orange juice.

PETER
This is your last orange juice.

Myron grabs the orange juice and runs off.

INT. BAKERY - DAY

Myron enters.

MYRON

I need a couple chocolate devils.

PAUL

Which ones do--

BETTY

You can have a couple donut holes
and that's it.

She uses wax paper to grab a few donut holes. She sets them
on the counter.

MYRON

Do you know who I am?

BETTY

Yeah, a has-been.

Myron snatches the donut holes and leaves.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Myron exits and runs down the street. He pops a donut hole
into his mouth. He blacks out and falls to the ground.
Donut holes fly out of his hand.

EXT. BATTING CAGE - DAY

The cage door reads "50 MPH." Myron frustratingly swings
and misses all the pitches. He rips his helmet off and
storms out of the batting cage.

EXT. CUMMINGS RESIDENCE - DAY

Myron trudges along the sidewalk with a baseball bat. He
watches Lisa pour a pitcher of lemonade for the Hispanic
construction workers. Lisa spots Myron.

LISA

Hi!

She walks over to Myron and pours him a lemonade.

MYRON

Thanks. Did they ask you for some
lemonade?

LISA
No. They looked thirsty, so I
offered them some.

Myron is puzzled.

LISA
You were practicing?

MYRON
Yup, Gotta keep my timing. Did
you wanna go to Ruth's Chris
tonight?

LISA
How 'bout a walk instead?

Lisa sets the pitcher of lemonade down. The two head down
the street. Lisa waves at Maggie, who sits on her front
porch of the yellow house.

MYRON
Does she ever go out?

LISA
I don't think so. Why don't you
ask her out?

MYRON
Are you kidding? It's bad enough
being seen...

LISA
Being seen with me? Is that what
you think?

Myron is caught. Lisa marches ahead of Myron who tries to
keep up.

MYRON
Come on, Lisa.

LISA
What makes you any better than
anyone else? Because you can hit
a baseball? Because you can throw
a football?

MYRON
Yeah.

Utter disgust flashes across Lisa's face.

MYRON

I could do it better than anyone
in the country.

LISA

Could being the key word.

Myron drops his head.

LISA

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have...

EXT. PARK - DAY

Lisa and Myron see Keith recycling bottles and cans.

LISA

Hi, Keith.

Myron keeps his distance as Lisa takes a bill out of her sun dress pocket, walks over, and hands the money to Keith. Lisa and Myron sit on nearby swings.

MYRON

Why'd you do that?

LISA

He's gotta eat. Just because he's
homeless doesn't make him less
important.

MYRON

He's got two good arms and two
good legs.

RACHEL

A lot of homeless people have
mental problems, Myron.

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - MYRON'S ROOM - DAY

Myron is on his computer video conferencing with Jim Abbott and Paul Molitor who are at a large conference table. An immaculately manicured baseball field is in the background.

MYRON

Couldn't I practice with the
Single A club?

JIM ABBOTT

Seeing the opponents circle the
bases while you're blacked out
isn't the only issue, Beas.

PAUL MOLITOR

The front office has concerns that
your attitude would be a cancer to
the team.

JIM ABBOTT

It's all about team work. We can't
have one player ruining an entire
team.

Myron is stunned.

PAUL MOLITOR

You could be the best player in
the world, but if you're a jerk,
the bad behavior will outweigh the
talent every time.

JIM ABBOTT

We'd have to see a big change in
your attitude, Beas, to bring you
on board.

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - DAY

Rachel takes the top tier of a four-tier cake out of a box
and places it on top of the cake. She exits. On the stove
is a pot of boiling eggs. The water level is extremely low.

Myron enters with his nurse. They admire the cake and scoop
frosting with their fingers. Myron blacks out and falls
face first into the cake.

The eggs EXPLODE throughout the kitchen. Rachel runs into
the kitchen. The nurse pulls Myron out of the cake.

MYRON

Sorry, Mom.

RACHEL

It's okay.

MYRON

That was for a charity?

RACHEL

We'll get another one.

Joe enters the kitchen.

MYRON

Look, I can't rely on you forever.
I think I wanna get a summer job
and see how it goes.

Joe hands Myron a towel. Myron wipes his face.

JOE

That's a great idea!

MYRON

Somewhere away from here...where I
won't be seen and made fun of.

JOE

We're going to find a cure, Myron.
Just remember that.

RACHEL

Why don't you go with me to the
charity luncheon tomorrow?

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Numerous WEALTHY PEOPLE enjoy themselves at the black tie event for underprivileged, inner city children. Several of the CHILDREN are in attendance speaking with the guests.

Myron, uncomfortable in a tux, observes his busy mother greeting guests. She supervises and manages the volunteers, including the food preparers, cooks, hostess, and waitresses.

Rachel sees Myron. She strides over to him.

RACHEL

Honey, could I get you to start
guiding the guests to their
tables? Thanks.

WEALTHY GUEST (60), amiable, saunters over to Myron.

WEALTHY GUEST

Your mom's a terrific lady. She
helps a lot of people with all
these events she puts on.

Myron and Wealthy Guest look at all the happy kids.

WEALTHY GUEST

Without people like your mom,
these kids wouldn't stand a
chance.

EXT. BATTING CAGES - DAY

Jimmy and JIMMY'S DAD (40), excitable, New York accent,
speak with Myron.

JIMMY'S DAD

Yeah, this would be a great job
for ya, but we ain't hiring.

Jimmy hands Myron some tokens.

JIMMY

Hit some on us, Beas.

LATER - INSIDE A BATTING CAGE

The cage door reads "20 MPH." Myron is blacked out on the
ground. He looks like he went twelve rounds with a grizzly
bear.

LATER

Myron has a fistful of Jimmy's shirt.

JIMMY

It was an accident!

MYRON

I was headed to the pros!

JIMMY

I'm sorry, Beas.

Jimmy's Dad yanks Myron's hands off of Jimmy.

JIMMY'S DAD

I don't want you comin' around
here no more. You hear me?

Myron leaves.

JIMMY'S DAD

I don't want you hangin' out with
him anymore. You hear me?

INT. CUMMINGS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Joe, Rachel, Lisa, and her parents sit around the kitchen table.

Joe hands Lisa a small, GPS electronic device.

RACHEL

We want to know that he's okay at all times.

LISA

Yes, ma'am.

JOE

Make sure he's eating and sleeping well.

LISA

Yes, sir. He's never been known to skip a meal.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Myron drives a forklift into a row of glass containers which sends them crashing to the floor. The supervisor watches Myron exit the warehouse.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Myron, in a valet uniform, receives a claim ticket from a customer. He runs off.

Myron gets in a car, drives off, blacks out, and CRASHES the car into a hotel fountain.

INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

Employees move quickly behind the counter while Myron slowly takes orders at the drive thru window.

MYRON

Welcome to McDonald's, may I take your order?

EXT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

A motorist is at the drive thru "Place Order" speaker.

MYRON (V.O.)

Would you like to make it a value meal?

DRIVE THRU MOTORIST

No thanks, just the burger.

MYRON (V.O.)

Would you care for any fries with that?

DRIVE THRU MOTORIST

No.

MYRON (V.O.)

How 'bout some Chicken McNuggets?

DRIVE THRU MOTORIST

No.

MYRON (V.O.)

Did you want something to drink with that?

DRIVE THRU MOTORIST

No, just the burger!

INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

The manager sees an ostrich-like Myron face down in a vat of mayonnaise.

EXT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

Myron exits as the manager watches from the doorway.

Lisa, with the GPS device in hand, follows Myron from a distance.

INT. HOSPITAL - IMAGING ROOM - DAY

Nurses slide Myron into a CAT Scan machine.

Joe, Rachel, and Myron's neurosurgeon, DR. KIMBLE (50), serious, view a monitor showing images of Myron's brain. Dr. Kimble disappointingly shakes his head.

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Lisa gesticulates as she speaks to Joe and Rachel. Rachel gives money to Lisa.

Joe punches numbers on his cell phone. On the cell phone it reads "MYRON." The phone RINGS and RINGS.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Myron takes several practice swings with his baseball bat.

RINGING. A cheerless Myron stares at his RINGING cell phone which reads "Dad."

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Myron trudges up his street with his head down. Lisa follows.

EXT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Myron arrives in front of his house. Lisa stops and watches from a distance. She sees Myron staring up at the house.

Lisa checks her watch. Myron drops his head.

LISA
(To herself)
Just go home. They'll understand.

Myron heads up the long walkway to his house.

Lisa creeps up the sidewalk.

Myron trudges back down the walkway with a large trash bag over his shoulder.

Lisa dives for cover behind a hedge.

Myron passes Lisa with the saddest look on his face.

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - DAY

Lisa, Joe, and Rachel sit on a sofa. Rachel hands money to Lisa. Lisa leaves.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Myron's stomach RUMBLES. He strolls up to Student One, Student Two, and Student Three as they eat.

MYRON

You guys got any extra food for
the Beas?

An elderly lady, MRS. MOTT (75), bi-polar, Christian, overhears them and stops.

STUDENT THREE

Not really.

MRS. MOTT

I'll get you something if they
won't share with you. Forgive me
Lord, rotten kids nowadays!

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Myron holds the door open for Mrs. Mott and they walk toward the counter.

MRS. MOTT

(to the counter
person)

He can have anything he wants.

MYRON

I'm awfully hungry.

MRS. MOTT

Go on.

Mrs. Mott pulls a five dollar bill from her purse.

MYRON

Three Big Macs, three large fries,
two double cheeseburgers, two ice
cream sundaes, and two large Dr.
Peppers.

Mrs. Mott pulls out more and more bills.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Myron finishes his meal. He pulls his bat out of a trash bag. He practices some swings.

Myron pulls a blanket out of a large trash bag and wraps himself. He falls asleep.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Myron sleeps as a beach cleaning machine closes in on him. He wakes up and runs off just before the vehicle runs him over.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Lisa reads the GPS device as she marches down the street.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

Myron enters. His stomach RUMBLES. He sees customers pick up their food and leave their receipts on the counter.

Myron watches the PICKUP COUNTER WORKER (20), throw away the receipts without verifying the order number.

PICKUP COUNTER WORKER
Fifty-five and Fifty-six! Numbers
Fifty-five and Fifty-six! Any
ketchup with that?

FAST FOOD CUSTOMERS
No thanks.

An antsy customer, MRS. JACOBS (40), obese, alternates lifting her legs off the ground as she orders food.

MRS. JACOBS
I'll take two number fives, biggie
sized.

Lisa secretly enters. She watches Myron go around a corner where he finds the door to the men's restroom is locked. He checks the women's restroom and discovers that it is unlocked.

INSIDE THE LADIES BATHROOM

Myron enters, locks the door, sits down on the toilet, and blacks out.

OUTSIDE THE LADIES BATHROOM

Lisa watches as Mrs. Jacobs races around the corner and finds the women's door locked. Mrs. Jacobs paces back and

forth with a limp trying to keep her buttocks pinched closely together. She KNOCKS on the door.

MRS. JACOBS

Are you just about done in there?

She POUNDS harder.

INSIDE THE LADIES BATHROOM

Myron wakes up.

MYRON

Hold on! I'm just chopping
timber!

MRS. JACOBS (O.S.)

Hurry!

OUTSIDE THE LADIES BATHROOM

Mrs. Jacobs grabs the seat of her pants. Lisa laughs. The bathroom door opens. Mrs. Jacobs rushes in as Myron exits.

MRS. JACOBS

Chop your timber in the men's
room, lumberjack!

She SLAMS the door. Myron approaches CELL PHONE USER (20), TALKING LOUDLY.

CELL PHONE USER

What did you do yesterday? Really?
What are you doing now? Really?

A frustrated Myron snatches the cell phone from startled Cell Phone User. He whispers into the cell phone.

MYRON

Can you hear me okay?

PHONE PERSON (V.O.)

Yes, I can hear you fine. Who is
this?

He hands the phone back to Cell Phone User.

MYRON

No one wants to hear you guys.

Myron storms off. Customers with trays of hamburgers and fries pass by. Myron's stomach RUMBLES.

Myron picks up a dirty, discarded receipt with shoe prints off the floor and moves toward the counter.

PICKUP COUNTER WORKER
Number seventy-seven! Number
seventy-seven!

Myron quickly places the receipt on the counter and takes the food.

PICKUP COUNTER WORKER
Any ketchup with that?

MYRON
No.

Myron strides out the door.

PICKUP COUNTER WORKER
Number seventy-eight! Number
seventy-eight!

CUSTOMER #78 places her receipt on the counter.

PICKUP COUNTER WORKER
Any ketchup with that?

Mrs. Jacobs exits the bathroom and goes to the counter.

MRS. JACOBS
Did you call seventy-seven?

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Joe and Rachel laugh as Lisa imitates fidgety Mrs. Jacobs outside the ladies' bathroom.

Rachel stares at photos of Myron with melancholy eyes. Lisa and Joe console Rachel.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Myron walks by a restaurant's patio area and observes COMPLAINING LADY (45), YELLING at RESTAURANT MANAGER (35).

COMPLAINING LADY
It's under that lettuce!

The manager turns over the lettuce exposing a worm.

RESTAURANT MANAGER

I'm terribly sorry. I won't
charge you for this meal.

Myron continues at a faster pace.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Myron sits at a booth secretly examining a worm in a paper
towel. There are stacks of dirty plates in front of him.
The waitress, TERI (22), attentive, approaches.

TERI

May I take those?

A startled Myron hides the paper towel under the table and
the worm falls out without either noticing. She reaches for
the nearly-empty salad plate. He quickly puts his hands
over the plate.

MYRON

I'm not finished.

Teri leaves. Myron unfolds the empty paper towel and
panics. He searches under and around the table. He's
relieved to find the worm on the booth seat.

He looks around and then places the worm under the last leaf
of lettuce.

MYRON

Miss!

Teri walks over. Myron turns over the lettuce. Teri runs
off.

The manager, MR. CHOW (60), tiny, approaches Myron's table.

MR. CHOW

I'm so saarry. Please, dessert.
No charge.

MYRON

You can do better than that. You
wouldn't want your customers to
know that your salads have worms.

Patrons at nearby tables stop chewing their salads.

MR. CHOW

No sir, pleeeeeease.

MYRON
I shouldn't have to pay.

MR. CHOW
Okay. No pay. No problem.

MYRON
And I want a free gift certificate
for a free meal.

MR. CHOW
Okay, okay.

MYRON
I'm taking a chance my free meal
won't have cockroaches, flies,
spiders, mice--

MR. CHOW
Okay. Okay.

Myron leaves the restaurant with several cards marked "GIFT
CERTIFICATE."

MONTAGE - MYRON LEAVES RESTAURANTS WITH GIFT CERTIFICATES

- Myron leaves Outback Steakhouse.
- Myron exits P.F. Changs.
- Myron leaves a Red Robin Gourmet Burgers Restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Myron does the worm con at a different restaurant where Mr.
Chow recognizes him.

MR. CHOW
Way ta minute. You had worm at
before restaurant. You put worm
in salad!

Myron stands up.

MYRON
What happened? Did they fire you
from the other restaurant?

Myron darts for the front door. Mr. Chow chases him waving
a cleaver knife.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Mr. Chow stops chasing him just outside the restaurant.

MR. CHOW

I no see you again som bitch!

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Joe, Dr. Kimble, and several DOCTORS, review numerous skull X-rays on a lighted X-ray board. Dr. Kimble points at a model of a brain.

EXT. RESTAURANT ROW - DAY

Myron sees a banner under a restaurant sign which reads:
RECOMMENDED BY CHANNEL 7 FOOD CRITIC JERRY FIELDS.

EXT. GOODWILL STORE - DAY

Myron enters wearing a wrinkled t-shirt, shorts, and thongs.

LATER

Myron exits wearing black dress slacks, a white long-sleeve dress shirt, and black dress shoes.

INT. GOODWILL STORE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Myron's wrinkled t-shirt, shorts, thongs, and price tags are on a bench.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - DAY

Myron's cell phone is to his ear.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - MYRON AND MGR. PETE BONDS

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The manager, PETE BONDS (40), gullible, answers the phone.

PETE BONDS

Alzado's.

MYRON

Yes, this is uhhh...(sees an advertising sign with a fish)...Bob Fish, the new food critic with Channel 2 News. I'm in your area and was hoping to critique your restaurant today.

Pete Bonds frantically waves his hands to get passing waitress Lisa's attention.

PETE BONDS

We'd be more than happy to have you critique our restaurant! See you soon.

END INTERCUT

Pete Bonds hangs up and wheels around to his employees.

PETE BONDS

Get this roach-infested dive cleaned up! A food critic is on his way over here!

The employees race around.

Myron enters.

PETE BONDS

Can we help you?

Lisa sees Myron.

MYRON

I'm Bob Fish with Channel 2 News.

PETE BONDS

Yes! We have a seat for you over here, Mr. Fish. Lisa will be your server.

Myron is surprised to see Lisa.

MYRON

Hi.

Pete Bonds walks away.

MYRON

You work here?

LISA
It's a summer job. What are you
up to?

MYRON
I'm hungry.

LISA
We all get hungry from time to
time, but we don't lie about being
a food critic.

She slams a menu against his stomach. Myron looks over the
menu.

MYRON
I'll try the fried zucchini, the
calamari, a Caesar's salad, and
the bow tie pasta.

Lisa writes on a pad.

LISA
This isn't right, Myron.

Lisa leaves.

Myron watches Lisa hug a young, Hispanic busboy. She pulls
an envelope from her apron pocket and hands it to the
busboy.

LISA
Sorry you have to work on your
birthday.

Myron observes Lisa put her arm around an elderly patron.

LISA
Nice to see you again, Mrs.
Peterson.

She marches over to Myron. She hands him his glass.

LISA
You can't keep doing this or
you'll end up in jail.

MYRON
What else can I do?

LISA
You can find honest work.

MYRON

I've tried different jobs, but it doesn't work out.

She pours water from a pitcher into his glass and intentionally lets it overflow onto Myron's pants. Myron is startled.

She throws a towel at him and storms off.

Myron tries to look like a sophisticated food critic. He smells the wine. He swirls his wine glass only to have some splash onto his shirt. He takes a sip.

MYRON

The wine is extraordinary.

LISA

It's cranberry juice. I didn't want you or the restaurant to get in trouble.

Myron eats a salad. Lettuce falls inside his shirt. He reaches down inside his shirt. He stands up and shakes his body. The food tumbles out.

Piles of dirty plates sit in front of Myron. Pete Bonds walks over.

PETE BONDS

So what do you think?

Myron pats his lips with a napkin and scribbles down some notes.

MYRON

Mr. Bonds, thousands of viewers are counting on me, and I've got a reputation to uphold.

He stands up. There are lots of stains on his clothes.

MYRON

I can't complete my report in just one day. I gotta come back tomorrow to make sure there's consistency with the food and service.

Myron swipes a dessert off a passing waitress's tray, and exits.

INSIDE PETE BOND'S OFFICE

Pete Bonds watches Channel 2 News. The real FOOD CRITIC (40), obese, is on the air.

FOOD CRITIC

(on TV)

This was the only restaurant I've ever left a two cent tip. I'm giving them two middle fingers up. This is Pat McRae, food critic, for Channel 2 News.

PETE BONDS

What the...?

He punches numbers on his cell phone.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lisa strolls along while she looks at the GPS device.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Lisa sees Myron with his trash bags. Myron sees a button on a tombstone and pushes it. A voice comes out of a speaker on the tombstone.

FIRST DEAD PERSON (V.O.)

I just want to say what wonderful children and grandchildren you are. I love you all very much. Be good.

MYRON

Cool!

Myron looks around for another tombstone with a button. When he finds one, he pushes the button.

SECOND DEAD PERSON (V.O.)

I love you Mom, Dad, Joe Jr., and Tim. Thank you for making my life so wonderful.

He pushes a button on another tombstone.

THIRD DEAD PERSON (V.O.)

How do you sons of bitches like me now? By now you know you weren't included in my will. All my money went to charity. Maybe now you

THIRD DEAD PERSON
wish you hadn't thrown me into
that retirement home!

Lisa wanders over to Myron whose eyes start to well.

MYRON
I was told if I worked hard I
could do anything.

LISA
You worked hard at sports and you
were the best. No one said life
was going to be easy.

MYRON
I'm getting pretty good at
conning.

LISA
And losing friends.

She marches off. He follows her.

MYRON
Everyone wanted to be a part of my
life until the injury. Now they
could care less.

LISA
Maybe they could care less about
your behavior. You haven't always
been nice to people.

She sees his sullen eyes.

LISA
Look, life's not always going to
be smooth sailing, but that's what
makes it so interesting. You
never know what's around the
corner. Why don't you go back home
and then you can--

MYRON
I can't, Lisa.

LISA
Why not?

MYRON
My dad would see me as a failure.

LISA
So you'd rather con people?

She reaches into her purse and pulls out the "ME" file.

LISA
Here. This is something your
parents and I put together.

She hands the file to Myron who looks over the thank you
cards and sports articles.

LISA
It's not to show others and brag
about, but for times like these
when we need to know we're
appreciated.

She reaches into her waitress apron pocket. She takes his
hand, places crumpled bills and coins in it, and then closes
his hand.

LISA
My manager knows you're not a food
critic. I don't know what you'll
do now, but you shouldn't stay in
Newport.

She looks at a tombstone.

LISA
Every tombstone has a date of
birth and death, but the only
thing that matters is how you live
your life between those dates.

Myron watches her walk away.

EXT. STREET - DAY

PASSERBY ONE (30), and PASSERBY TWO (35), see Myron with a
"Will Work For Food" sign and money cup.

PASSERBY ONE
You're healthy enough to work!

PASSERBY TWO
Don't sponge off others!

Myron blacks out. A homeless man steals the change from his
cup. He wakes up and sees the empty cup.

MYRON

Great.

Myron sees Keith collecting bottles and cans from trash cans.

MYRON

You make any money doing this?

KEITH

A little, and I feel good helping the environment.

MYRON

Can I help?

KEITH

Sure. We can never have too many recyclers.

Myron helps Keith separate bottles and cans. Cindy walks by hand in hand with an older man dressed in a disco outfit. Cindy points at Myron and laughs.

CINDY

That's the one who thought he'd be a pro athlete.

Myron stops separating bottles and cans.

CINDY

Xavier's taking me to Vegas.

Cindy and the older man walk off.

KEITH

If people don't have anything nice to say, they shouldn't say it.

Myron finds someone's credit card information in the trash. He pauses before sliding the paper into his pocket.

A limousine advertising its services passes by.

MYRON

See you around.

Myron strolls along the sidewalk. He punches numbers on his cell phone.

INT. LIMOUSINE COMPANY - DAY

The owner, MEL (48), answers.

MEL
Blue Moon Limousine.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Myron holds two large trash bags on the sidewalk in front of a mansion. He is dirty and wears shabby clothes. A limousine pulls up.

The driver, ALLEN (40), competent, gets out. He looks at the mansion behind Myron. He double checks the street address on the curb.

ALLEN
Mr. Owens?

MYRON
Call me Bill.

ALLEN
You related to Howard Hughes?

MYRON
No.

Allen watches Myron wave to a passing motorist, but doesn't notice the driver give Myron a "Do I know you?" look.

Allen takes the trash bags from Myron who hops into the limo. Allen carelessly tosses the trash bags into the trunk.

ALLEN
Anyone can get rich in this
country.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Myron opens a cabinet where he finds three decanters labeled BOURBON, RUM, and VODKA. He closes the cabinet and opens the ice chest. He pulls out a soda.

Myron sits directly behind Allen who makes a disgusting face. Allen opens his window, plugs his nose with one hand, and steers with the other.

MYRON

Can I use your phone?

Allen hands his cell phone through the partition area. He gasps and quickly plugs his nose again.

MYRON

Can you have your office bill me?

ALLEN

Sure.

Myron moves to the back seat. Myron takes out the discarded credit card information and sets it on his lap. He punches numbers on the phone.

MYRON

Irvine. The Irvine Hyatt. Thanks.
Yes, I'd like to get a room for
the next few days. Ned Blanchard.
It's four, zero, zero, five...

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

A bellhop wheels a fancy luggage cart to the limo. Allen tosses Myron's trash bags onto the cart before the bellhop can get them. The bellhop plugs his nose. People give Myron funny looks as he enters the hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Myron, in a robe with wet hair, receives room service, and signs for the food.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Men in suits throw Myron out the entrance doors. His trash bags land at his feet.

INT. LIMOUSINE COMPANY - DAY

Mel has a phone to his ear as he types on a keyboard.

MEL

We'll get a limo over to you right
away, Mr. Owens.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Allen accompanies a new driver trainee, DAVID (25), who wears a light beige suit.

ALLEN

Our dress code is a black or dark suit. Also, you want to drive as if there's a drink on the counter back there. You don't want it to slide off.

David consumes Snapple drinks, sweats profusely, and weaves from one side of the lane to the other.

ALLEN

Take it easy! These cars aren't hard to drive.

DAVID

I'm a little nervous.

ALLEN

Don't worry. It's a straight shot once we get out of L.A. This guy's a little eccentric. Don't laugh at his luggage, clothes, or the stench that accompanies him. It's a good thing he ordered a long car.

The limo pulls into the hotel driveway.

ALLEN

Everything we do is highbrow and classy. Pull up to the carport. He should be...yup, there he is.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS PENINSULA HOTEL - DAY

A man dressed in a business suit stands near Myron at the hotel entrance.

DAVID

The guy next to the bum?

ALLEN

No, we're driving the bum.

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - DAY

Joe, Rachel, and Lisa all stare at the tracking device.

RACHEL

He's way out in Victorville!

JOE

I hope he's not driving.

EXT. BATTING CAGES - DAY

Myron is blacked out on the ground. The pitching machine fires balls by him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Allen and David stand outside the limo and glance at their watches.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

David chugs a Snapple. Myron sees billboard signs for a discount outlet mall. He sees an In-N-Out Burger restaurant.

MYRON

Let's grab something at that
In-N-Out.

ALLEN

In-N-Out's the best.

DAVID

I like how they ask how I'm doing
before taking my order.

EXT. IN-N-OUT BURGER DRIVE-THRU - DAY

The limo drives over the curb and knocks down a sign.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Myron writes on a piece of paper. He hands the paper through the partition area.

David looks at the paper.

DAVID

Isn't this a lot for the three of us?

MYRON

That's just for me.

He opens his door.

MYRON

Get whatever you want and add it to my bill. I'll meet you in front of those stores in half an hour.

ALLEN

Won't your food get cold?

MYRON

Naaa. In-N-Out has the best burgers, but they're slower than a snail waking up when it comes to service.

INT. DISCOUNT OUTLET STORE - DAY

Myron does dance moves (Moon walking, The Bus Driver, The Robot) while he tries on conservative dress suits in front of a mirror.

INT. LAS VEGAS CLUB HOTEL - DAY

The Las Vegas Club Hotel general manager, MARTIN THOMAS (44), gullible, clueless, short, and the president, MR. DOUGLAS (55), assertive, go over sales figures.

MR. DOUGLAS

The handle's decreased for fourteen consecutive months, Martin! I don't care what you do to get the sales up, but get 'em up now!

MARTIN THOMAS

Yes, sir.

MR. DOUGLAS

Get a handle on the handle, and don't let the drop, drop.

MARTIN THOMAS

Yes, sir.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Myron gets in with several shopping bags.

LATER

Myron finishes inhaling his food and lies down to take a nap.

David squirms in his seat.

ALLEN

Why didn't you go in Barstow when you had the chance?

DAVID

I thought I could hold it. Must've been all those Snapples.

ALLEN

Well you've gotta hold it now. What are we going to tell stench? We have to pull over so you can kill a snake?

Allen picks up an empty Snapple bottle off the floor.

ALLEN

Bleed your lizard in this.

DAVID

You want me to go in that while we're doing seventy-five with a client in the back?

ALLEN

Client? He's a bizarre freak.

Allen takes the top off the bottle.

ALLEN

I do it all the time. Set the cruise and be done with it.

Allen hands David the empty bottle. David unzips his pants and does his business.

DAVID

Get me another bottle!

Allen grabs another empty Snapple bottle but has trouble getting the top unscrewed.

DAVID

Hurry!

Urine shoots all over. David places the full bottle on the dash. Allen finally gets the top off the empty bottle, and tosses it to David who does his business.

EXT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

The limo swerves from lane to lane and almost hits the car next to them, running the other car off the highway.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

The full bottle on the dash slides off and spills all over Allen. Myron wakes up.

MYRON

Is everything okay?

ALLEN

Everything's fine, Mr. Owens. You may want to fasten your seat belt as we're experiencing some turbulence.

DAVID

Get me another bottle!

MYRON

Are you guys drinking?

ALLEN

No, sir.

Allen can't get the top off the third empty bottle in time. Urine squirts all over the windshield and front interior.

Embarrassed, he pulls up his soaked pants.

DAVID

Highbrow and classy, huh?

Allen uses a towel to clean the windshield and dry off his pants.

MYRON

You guys need windshield wipers on
the inside.

Myron holds a cell phone to his ear.

MYRON

Las Vegas, Nevada. The Las Vegas
Club Hotel and Casino.

EXT. LAS VEGAS CLUB HOTEL - DAY

The limo pulls into the carport and is immersed in neon
lights.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Myron sprays on cologne. He hands Allen a piece of paper.

MYRON

Do me a favor and call this number
in five minutes and ask to have me
paged.

ALLEN

No problem.

EXT. LAS VEGAS CLUB HOTEL - DAY

The drivers get out and open the door for their client.
Their pants show large, obvious wet spots in the crotch
area.

Myron pops out looking like a cross between Liberace and
Elton John. The Vegas Club Red Carpet Team escorts him into
the hotel.

INT. LAS VEGAS CLUB HOTEL - DAY

Martin Thomas greets Myron in the lobby.

MARTIN THOMAS

Welcome to the Vegas Club, Mr.
Owens! I'm sure you'll find our
hotel is ideal for filming.

Myron moves briskly. Martin Thomas tries to keep up.

MYRON

I'll need to stay in the penthouse. I'll need to inspect the spa, the shops, the restaurants, everything. How many restaurants do you have?

MARTIN THOMAS

Four.

MYRON

How's the French restaurant?

MARTIN THOMAS

Great.

MYRON

We'll see about that. I need a French restaurant for one of my scenes.

Myron comes to an abrupt stop and looks Martin Thomas straight in the eyes.

MYRON

I've got a lot of people who want their hotel in my movie. We'll see if your hotel has what it takes to be in a William Owens film.

MARTIN THOMAS

Yes sir, Mr. Owens! If there's anything you need just let me or Miss Jenkins know.

MISS JENKINS (30), statuesque, skeptical, hands Myron her card.

MISS JENKINS

Call me if you need anything, Mr. Owens.

VEGAS CLUB OPERATOR (V.O.)

Mr. William Owens. Mr. William Owens please pick up a white courtesy phone.

MYRON

The world can't live without me.

MARTIN THOMAS

You can take it over here.

They walk to a nearby phone.

MYRON
Bill Owens. Yes, Miss Bigelow.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - MYRON AND ALLEN

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Allen has a confused look.

ALLEN (V.O.)
Mr. Owens, it's your driver.

Myron covers the phone and turns to Martin Thomas.

MYRON
One of my secretaries.

He uncovers the phone.

MYRON
Several hotels are interested? I believe The Vegas Club may also be interested.

Martin Thomas can't control his excitement.

MYRON
Okay, later, uhhh, goodbye.

Allen is puzzled.

END INTERCUT

Myron hangs up.

MARTIN THOMAS
What's this movie about?

Myron sees people smoking at the gaming tables.

MYRON
It's about a guy who opens a non-smoking casino that makes a lot of money, because a lot of people don't like all the smoke in the smoking casinos.

MARTIN THOMAS
We oughta look into doing that!

MISS JENKINS
I'll make a note of it.

Myron pulls Martin Thomas aside.

MYRON
I sure would like to gamble, but
MGM won't let me put gambling on
my expense account.

MARTIN THOMAS
See that Mr. Owens gets a line of
ten grand.

Myron barely hides his excitement.

MISS JENKINS
Yes, Mr. Thomas.

LATER

Martin Thomas gives a tour of the casino to members of the
media who take several pictures.

HALLWAY

Miss Jenkins shows Myron to his penthouse suite. Myron
enters his room. The door closes and she pulls out her
radio.

INTERCUT RADIO CONVERSATION - MISS JENKINS AND CHEWY

MISS JENKINS
Okay, he's in. Martin's already
ten k'd him. He can't even see
through this guy.

SECURITY ROOM

The security head, CHEWY (27), rock star, watches dozens of
surveillance monitors. A mugshot flyer of DEAN SMITH (55),
neatly trimmed gray hair, is taped to one of the monitors.

CHEWY
This is what happens when an owner
promotes his inexperienced son to
GM. Are you gonna tell him?

MISS JENKINS
And risk getting fired for
pointing out he's an idiot? No,
thanks.

CHEWY

If he's a cheat, we'll know right away.

MISS JENKINS

Believe me, Mr. Sparkles is a cheat.

Chewy points a remote control at one of the monitors. The picture zooms in.

CHEWY

His limo had numbers on the bumpers. Anyone with a couple hundred bucks could have rented that thing.

SECURITY OFFICER (40), points at the mugshot flyer of Dean Smith.

SECURITY OFFICER

He just entered off Fremont Street.

CHEWY

(to Miss Jenkins)

The con just entered off Fremont.

Chewy sees a man on a different monitor stick a wire down a slot machine coin slot.

CHEWY

Got a cheat at the slots.

Several men scramble for the door.

CHEWY

(to Miss Jenkins)

Keep an eye on the filmmaker.

HOTEL ELEVATOR

Myron enters an elevator occupied by JUDY (72).

The doors close. Myron blacks out and falls to the floor. Judy rummages through his pockets. Myron wakes up.

MYRON

Hey!

JUDY

Please don't report me.

MYRON'S PENTHOUSE

Myron and Judy sit at a table.

JUDY

I was scammed out of all my money.
The police said I'll probably
never get it back.

MYRON

Come with me.

JUDY

Please don't arrest me.

CASINO FLOOR

Myron watches security guards hustle the cheat with the wire past a lively craps table. The CRAPS DEALER (40), warns a PLAYER.

CRAPS DEALER

Don't bet the hard four, the hard
six, and the hard eight unless
you're gonna bet the hard ten.
You'll kill yourself if the hard
ten comes up.

The player tosses a chip to the Craps Dealer who places it on the hard ten.

BLACKJACK TABLE

Myron sits down. Judy stands behind him.

At the same table with enormous stacks of chips are World Series of Poker players CHRIS MONEYMAKER and PHIL "THE UNABOMBER" LAAK.

Miss Jenkins signals to a security guard holding several racks of chips. The guard places the chips in front of Myron.

Dean studies Myron.

Myron slips a green chip to Judy. She enters a nearby buffet restaurant.

Dean takes a seat at Myron's table.

Miss Jenkins tilts her head to speak into a concealed microphone.

MISS JENKINS

The con just sat down at movie
man's table.

SECURITY ROOM

Two goons hold down the slot machine cheat's arms on a
table. The wire device used to cheat rests on the table.
Chewy speaks into his radio.

CHEWY

Keep an eye on 'em. I'll be right
there.

A SECURITY GUARD repeatedly smashes the cheat's hands with a
baseball bat.

BLACKJACK TABLE

Myron places a black chip in the wager circle. DEALER deals
the cards. Myron has a face card and a seven. The dealer
has a five card up.

DEALER

You have seventeen.

Myron motions with his hand.

MYRON

Hit it.

The dealer gives him a face card and swiftly scoops away the
wager.

DEALER

Too many.

Chris Moneymaker and Phil Laak cover their mouths and
SNICKER.

LATER

Myron is low on chips. He has a face card and a four. The
dealer has a face card up. Myron motions to stand. The
dealer flips over her down card to reveal another face card.
She collects the bet.

MYRON

Darn it!

The two poker pros SNICKER. Martin Thomas walks up beside
Myron.

MARTIN THOMAS
Mr. Owens. Mr. Owens. Mr. Owens!

MYRON
Oh, yes Mr. Thomas.

Dean moves a chair closer and listens in.

MARTIN THOMAS
We've arranged to give you another
ten thousand dollars. We don't
want you to get discouraged and
miss out on making your movie
here.

A security guard places several racks containing black,
green, and red chips on the table in front of Myron.

MYRON
Great! You'll probably just get
it right back.

Martin Thomas walks away.

MARTIN THOMAS
I know we will.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
Cocktails!

DEAN
Beck's. You want something?

MYRON
Beck's sounds good.

The waitress writes on a pad. Dean slides his chips over
and sits next to Myron.

DEAN
You've had some tough luck. Dean
Smith.

He extends his hand and the two shake.

MYRON
My--, uh, name is Bill Owens. I
guess I'm not much of a player.

DEAN
Here.

He sets a card in front of Myron.

DEAN

It tells you what to do given your hand and the dealer's up card.

MYRON

Mister....

DEAN

Dean Smith. Call me Dean. You've got a six and a five, so you should double down.

MYRON

Double down?

Dean points at Myron's chips in the wager circle.

DEAN

Put out the same amount as your original wager.

Myron slides two more black chips next to his original bet.

DEAN

That's it.

The dealer deals Myron a face card.

DEAN

See.

MYRON

Where were you when I needed you?

Myron watches Cindy walk by hand in hand with a much older, short, fat, BALD MAN.

Chewy gawks at Cindy as he takes a position next to Miss Jenkins.

CHEWY

Where's her guide dog?

MISS JENKINS

What?

CHEWY

She must be blind if she's with that goof.

MISS JENKINS

Genius just bumped movie man another ten.

CHEWY

I should quit, come back in disguise, and tell Thomas I want to make a movie here. I could retire in a couple days.

MISS JENKINS

Common sense is not very common. He's tired of losing whales to the competition.

CHEWY

Any sign of his Depend diapers drivers?

MISS JENKINS

I think he sent them back. Why?

CHEWY

I don't want Owens taking off on us until we can check him out.

LATER

Chris Moneymaker and Phil Laak have enormous stacks of chips in front of them where we can barely see them.

Martin Thomas watches Myron and Dean accumulate large stacks of chips.

Myron blacks out and knocks over several of his stacks. Dean pushes Myron up against the backrest with one hand, while he simultaneously uses his arm to bulldoze several of the fallen chips into his own pile. Myron wakes up.

DEAN

You okay?

MYRON

Yeah, it's a head injury I got in high school.

Myron stacks the fallen chips. He puts some of the chips in a separate stack away from his main stacks. Dean points at the separate chips.

DEAN

Why are those over there?

MYRON

That's to pay off the people
I...borrowed from. I gotta make
thirteen thousand bucks or the
girl who likes me will disown me.

DEAN

Let her disown you.

MYRON

I can't.

DEAN

I can tell she's special to you.

MYRON

Me? C'mon.

Chewy strides over.

CHEWY

I'm sure you must have a lot of
hotel inspecting to do tomorrow.
Why don't we cash in these chips
and call it a night?

MYRON

We're just getting started.

DEAN

You heard him. We're just getting
started.

Myron places a large stack of black chips in the wager
circle. The dealer deals the cards.

MYRON

Let it ride!

CHEWY

But sir--

MYRON

Blackjack!

He high fives Dean.

MYRON

Pay the man! You know, I may just
have to check out other hotels if
I'm not treated better.

Martin Thomas steps in.

MARTIN THOMAS

He's kidding Mr. Owens. Stay and play as long as you like. In fact, the Vegas Club is going to give you that car over there.

He points to a red BMW Z4 convertible surrounded by slot machines.

DEAN

He'll take that car right now.

MARTIN THOMAS

(to Miss Jenkins)

Get all the paperwork together and have the dealership bring a car over for Mr. Owens.

Martin Thomas pulls Chewy aside.

MARTIN THOMAS

Do you know what a big time movie producer could do for us? Whales will beach themselves here.

CHEWY

But sir--

MARTIN THOMAS

So what if the drop isn't as big today as it usually is? The media's been told that a film is going to be made here.

LATER

Martin Thomas fills out a form. Myron stares at a girl who looks like Lisa.

MYRON

Keep the money you started me.

Disappointment flashes across Dean. Martin Thomas writes on a form and hands it to Myron.

MARTIN THOMAS

We'll see you tomorrow.

MYRON

Thank you.

Myron takes a couple steps, then freezes like a deer in headlights.

DEAN

What?

MYRON

I never say thank you.

They walk to the casino cashier window.

DEAN

Why give them anything back? These guys don't care about you.

MYRON

I got what I needed and then some.

CASINO CASHIER

There are several armed guards. The casino cashier places large stacks of bundled bills into canvas bags and slides them across to Myron. Myron takes the money out of the bags and places them in his waistband, socks, and every pocket.

DEAN

You aren't really going to pay off your debts, are you?

MYRON

I have to if I want any chance with the girl.

DEAN

I thought she wasn't special?

MYRON

I may have lied.

DEAN

We could take these guys for a lot of Benjies.

MYRON

I'm out.

DEAN

If you change your mind, call me.

Dean hands him his card and leaves. Myron walks back to the casino cashier and slides a bill under the window cage.

MYRON

Could someone bring some stamps and envelopes up to room seven-oh-seven, please?

He freezes, and mouths the word "please."

EXT. LAS VEGAS CLUB HOTEL - NIGHT

Myron exits the hotel and is immediately immersed in the neon lights of downtown Las Vegas. He throws his arms ecstatically into the air, and exhales.

Myron sees a homeless lady with several large trash bags. Myron saunters over to the homeless lady. He takes a few bills out of his pocket. Myron hands the bills to the lady who smiles at him.

Myron sees other homeless people. He heads toward them.

INT. LAS VEGAS CLUB HOTEL - DAY

MYRON'S ROOM

Judy sleeps in the bed. Myron places the bed covers over her better.

Myron practice swings a baseball bat. A fabulous view of the Las Vegas Strip is in the background.

The news is on the TV. Myron sits at a table stuffing envelopes with a letter and money.

INSERT - THE LETTER

Dear Sir,

I'm sorry for taking some of your money, recently. I have enclosed this amount. I suffered a head injury which keeps me from working.

Sincerely,
Myron Beasley

VEGAS TV NEWS ANCHORMAN

(on TV)

In other news, the Vegas Club will be the sight of a major motion picture.

Myron watches anxiously as footage shows him looking like Elton John (getting out of the limo, tripping down the escalator, and signing autographs for adoring fans). Myron stuffs the envelopes at a faster pace.

Myron checks on Judy. He pulls a dirty blanket from one of his trash bag suitcases. He puts the blanket back. He gets a new, folded blanket from the closet. He wraps it around himself and falls asleep in the chair.

CASINO FLOOR

Chewy races to Martin Thomas. The hotel goon squad leader, BRADLEY (35), large monster, trails him out of breath.

CHEWY

MGM doesn't have a producer named Owens.

MARTIN THOMAS

Where is he?

BRADLEY

The boys saw him taking the trash out to his car.

MARTIN THOMAS

He must have our money in those bags! Find him!

BRADLEY

But he didn't even check out.

MARTIN THOMAS

Find him you idiots!

MR. DOUGLAS'S OFFICE

Martin Thomas enters. Mr. Douglas turns off the TV.

MR. DOUGLAS

Tell me you didn't give him a car, chips, a room and everything else! Did you give him the hotel?

MARTIN THOMAS

We'll find him Mr. Douglas.

MR. DOUGLAS

You and your men couldn't find hot lava if it were flowing under your bare feet.

MYRON'S ROOM

Mr. Douglas and Martin Thomas watch as several police detectives lift fingerprints from glasses, the table, etc.

MR. DOUGLAS

You couldn't manage a pay toilet!

MARTIN THOMAS

Just one more chance, Mr. Douglas.

MR. DOUGLAS

I'll handle this. I know just the guy.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Myron sips from a coffee mug. The TV show "America's Most Wanted" is on the TV behind the counter.

JOHN WALSH

(on TV)

Now our next fugitive is believed to be somewhere in or around Las Vegas. Get a good look at him.

Several comical photos of Myron dressed like Elton John, picking his nose, etc. are shown with his height, weight, and age information.

JOHN WALSH (O.S.)

(on TV)

Myron Beasley is a con man who sometimes goes under the name Bill Owens, Bob Fish, or Ned Blanchard. The few friends he has call him Beas.

Myron squirms in his chair, pulls his baseball cap low on his head, and flips his jacket collar straight up around his face.

JOHN WALSH (O.S.)

(on TV)

He's swindled several people....

INT. MRS. MOTT'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Mrs. Mott watches AMW while knitting.

MRS. MOTT

How 'bout a little fire, Beas?

INT. MR. CHOW'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Mr. Chow watches AMW while he eats Chinese take out.

MR. CHOW
Game ova Beas boy!

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Myron quickly pays his check and leaves.

JOHN WALSH
(on TV)
If you've seen Myron Beasley call
us, and remember, you can remain
anonymous.

All the patrons and employees dial their cell phones.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Myron pulls out Dean Smith's card and heads to a nearby pay
phone.

EXT. PAY PHONE - NIGHT

Myron dials.

MYRON
Dean! Bill Owens!

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - MYRON AND DEAN

INT. DEAN'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Dean watches AMW in his dirty, cramped apartment. He drinks
a beer shirtless in his worn recliner.

DEAN
From the Vegas Club.

MYRON
That's right! Listen, I need you
to help me find a place to hide.

DEAN
Hide? What's goin' on, Myron?

MYRON

I can't explain right now, but--

DEAN

I'll help you Beas, but it's going to cost you.

MYRON

You saw me on "America's Most Wanted?"

DEAN

Me and everyone else. Look, I'll get you a new identity and plastic surgery. All I want from you is the cash you won and that little sports car. You can't be seen with it anyway.

MYRON

Deal.

DEAN (V.O.)

Where are you?

MYRON

I'm off Echelon Place by Desert Inn Road. There's a church close to The Strip that winds around--

Dean puts on a shirt.

DEAN (V.O.)

I'll be there in ten.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Dean hands a bed sheet end to Myron. They cover the BMW.

INT. DEAN'S CAR - NIGHT

They speed off.

DEAN

We'll stay at my place.

Dean checks his side and rear view mirrors.

DEAN

Got the money and pink slip?

MYRON

Yeah. Everything I own's in those bags.

DEAN

I'm really stickin' my neck out for you. What if the police catch me harboring a fugitive?

MYRON

I really appreciate this Dean.

DEAN

I can't believe I'm sitting next to a con man!

EXT. IHOP RESTAURANT - DAY

They park near the entrance. Dean runs around to Myron's side.

MYRON

Isn't this a little too much?

DEAN

We can't take any chances.

Myron gets out disguised as an extremely overweight lady.

DEAN

Waddle a little.

Myron waddles up to the front door with Dean. The hostess opens the door. She unlatches and opens the adjoining door for Myron.

MYRON

Next thing you know they'll have a cement mixer making my pancakes and sending them down the chute into my mouth.

INT. IHOP RESTAURANT - DAY

There are several plates of food in front of Dean. In front of bleak Myron is a short stack of pancakes.

DEAN

How much you got?

Myron slides two thick envelopes across the table.

MYRON
Almost eighty thou.

DEAN
I thought you won more than that.

Dean thumbs through the envelopes.

MYRON
I did, but I kind of gave some
away and--

DEAN
Unbelievable.

MYRON
I have to pay the people I stole,
borrowed from. I just gotta mail
the letters.

DEAN
Who cares about others?

MYRON
That's more than enough to take
care of the plastic surgery and
everything else.

Dean places the envelopes in his jacket pockets.

DEAN
Why not sue the helmet
manufacturer?

MYRON
Everyone sues everyone in America.
I didn't see why--

DEAN
Look, when you get a chance to sue
a company, you do it. I'm gonna
catch some air.

Dean gets up, pulls a bill out of one of the envelopes,
considers putting it on the table, puts it back in the
envelope, and leaves.

EXT. IHOP - DAY

Dean hops in his car and drives away.

INT. DEAN'S CAR - DAY

Dean has a cell phone to his ear. He opens one of Myron's trash bags and takes out an envelope. Dean tears open the envelope and pockets the cash. He reads the letter, laughs, and crumples it up.

DEAN

How much is the reward for Myron Beasley?

Dean takes more envelopes out of Myron's bag.

INT. IHOP - DAY

A HENDERSON POLICEMAN strides over to Myron with several officers.

HENDERSON POLICEMAN

Myron Beasley?

MYRON

Yes.

HENDERSON POLICEMAN

You're under arrest for grand larceny and fraud. Stand and put your hands behind your back.

EXT. COURTHOUSE, SANTA ANA, CA - DAY

The American and California flags wave in front of the tall building.

INT. JUDGE BEAGLE'S COURTROOM - DAY

Seated in the packed courtroom are the swindled victims. Also in attendance are Joe, Rachel, and Lisa.

JUDGE BEAGLE (63), large, black, enters through a side door with a noticeable limp. The BAILIFF (50), scrawny, stands off to the side.

BAILIFF

All rise for the honorable Judge Beagle!

Everyone stands with stern looks toward Myron and his lawyer, MR. PRESTON (50), bug eyed, wimp. Judge Beagle takes a seat. On his bench is a framed photo of a Boston Red Sox player.

JUDGE BEAGLE

You may be seated. Mr. Beasley, I've spent many hours reviewing your case and I'm familiar with the blackouts.

He scans a paper.

JUDGE BEAGLE

You don't show any previous arrests. It is my belief that you're not a dangerous person. With that in mind, the court has decided it will test market a sentence.

He reads from a sheet of paper.

JUDGE BEAGLE

Myron Beasley, you are hereby sentenced to one thousand hours of community service.

GRUMBLING. Incredulous looks flash across the victims.

JUDGE BEAGLE

Should you steal or swindle, you will be immediately incarcerated.

Judge Beagle unravels a giant poster of a goofy looking Myron.

JUDGE BEAGLE

To make sure you adhere to this sentence, the court is encouraging everyone to put up copies of this poster. Do I make myself clear?

MYRON

Yes, sir.

He SLAMS the gavel.

BAILIFF

All rise!

The people GRUMBLE. Joe, Rachel, and Lisa show relief. Judge Beagle limps out.

MR. PRESTON
I've never heard of such a
sentence. You're lucky to have me
as your lawyer.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Myron, Joe, Rachel, Lisa, and Mr. Preston walk down the
courthouse steps. They see the Vegas Club goon squad.

MR. PRESTON
You know them?

MYRON
Those are the Vegas Club boys.
They're not going to be happy.

MR. PRESTON
Well, good luck.

The scared lawyer races off. Myron and the others move past
the goon squad.

BRADLEY
You got off easy, Beasley! Nobody
likes that sentence!

The swindled victims follow Myron.

MRS. MOTT
He made me buy him a meal!

PICKUP COUNTER WORKER
He stole people's food off the
pickup counter!

TERI
Boy, can he put away food! You're
a human garbage disposal!

PETE BONDS
He said he was a food critic. At
my dive restaurant?

MEL
We picked him up in a limo in
front of "his" mansion. Mister
trash bag luggage man.

MRS. MOTT
Lord, please forgive me. You're a
dirty, rotten, no good, scoundrel!

MR. CHOW
 Nobody play worm trick on Mr.
 Chow!

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Myron hauls heavy boxes and stocks shelves.

EXT. BAKERY - NIGHT

Myron stands at the front door. The goofy poster of him is in the window. A policeman in a patrol car watches him from across the street. Paul unlocks the door and Myron enters.

INT. BAKERY - NIGHT

A wall clock reads "3:03 A.M."

PAUL
 Your community service said for
 you to be here at three. Don't be
 late again.

MYRON
 Yes, sir.

PAUL
 Grab a mop and start on the
 floors.

MONTAGE - MYRON WORKS

--He mops the floor.

--He cleans the display cases.

--He cleans the windows.

--He arranges the tables and chairs.

--He makes donuts at a deep fryer.

Paul sits at one of the tables with his feet comfortably elevated on a chair. Paul and Betty observe Myron arrange pastries and donuts in the display case.

PAUL
 Two chocolate devils and don't
 forget the napkins.

Myron brings him the donuts and napkins.

BETTY
You're not so snobby now, are you?

MYRON
You have to do this everyday?

PAUL
Yup. Get used to it.

BETTY
Be on time tomorrow.

MYRON
Yes, ma'am.

Myron looks at his watch and dashes out.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Myron enters out of breath. It's packed with customers, including Myron's swindled victims. Several employees take orders and pour coffee.

PETER
It's about time, Melvin.

MYRON
Sorry I'm late, sir. My name's Myron.

PETER
Whatever.

Peter hands him a mop.

MYRON
Is it Peter or Paul? I keep forgetting.

PETER
Peter.

Some of the swindled victims march over to Myron.

MEL
When am I going to see my money?

LANDLORD
Deadbeat.

MYRON

I was about to mail it out to all of you. It got stolen.

MEL

Yeah, right. They just happened to find your trash bags in the abandoned sports car, but no envelopes with money for us.

TERI

Isn't that convenient?

MR. CHOW

When you going to mop my floors?

The patrons laugh. Lisa watches Myron from a corner. Pedro enters with a bag of oranges.

PEDRO

It's a wonderful day, isn't it senior?

MYRON

Yes, sir.

Pedro gives the oranges to Lisa. Lisa points to soap at a sink. Myron scrubs his hands.

Lisa helps Myron load orange halves into the juice machine. A tiny amount of orange juice comes out the spigot.

PETER

Bring me a large orange juice, and not so much pulp!

MYRON

Yes, sir.

LATER

MYRON

You have to do this everyday?

LISA

Of course. Our customers depend on us...gets their day going.

Lisa sees Myron has a wide-eyed look aimed past the front doors. Myron zombie strolls toward the front doors.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Myron opens the front doors with mouth agape. Lisa watches him from the threshold.

Myron takes in the bustling street. He sees people driving to work. He watches truck drivers unloading trucks.

Myron watches trash collectors, street vendors, street cleaners, and bus drivers go about their work.

Myron sees a policeman giving directions to an elderly lady.

Myron lights up. Lisa watches him march over to the elderly lady and help her cross the street. Lisa grins.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Lisa, Joe, and Rachel watch Myron teach little leaguers how to hit and field. They walk over to Myron.

MYRON

Hi!

LISA

You're a natural at this.

MYRON

Thanks.

JOE

Why don't you move back in, son?

MYRON

I can't.

RACHEL

Why not?

MYRON

We don't need the Vegas Club boys showing up there.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Myron and Keith empty trash cans and rake leaves.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Myron smiles as he reads thank you cards from his "ME" file. He puts the file in one of his trash bags.

Myron and Keith get settled in their makeshift beds.

MYRON

What were you doing before this?

KEITH

I was a stockbroker with one of the big firms...before I got let go.

A young couple kisses outside their Mercedes-Benz.

KEITH

I dealt with a lot of wealthy people like them. Funny thing is, a lot of them aren't happy, Beas.

MYRON

They aren't?

KEITH

Sometimes, people take people for granted.

Keith tosses a plastic cup at Myron. The cup strikes Myron.

MYRON

Okay, I'm sorry I wasn't always nice to you.

KEITH

Treat people the way you want to be treated.

MYRON

Okay.

Myron HEARS a SOUND. He sees the Vegas Club goon squad and takes off. Bradley spots Myron.

BRADLEY

There he is!

Myron runs through the park and down an embankment. The goons can't keep up.

Myron FALLS into a POND. DUCKS SCATTER. Myron slips and slides on the muddy bank. The goon squad closes in.

Myron comes to a dead end wall. He looks back. The goons close in. Bradley HEARS a WHISTLE.

BRADLEY

Finish him!

The goon squad FIRES at Myron who falls to the ground. The goon squad runs off.

Lisa's BLOWS a WHISTLE as she runs down the embankment.

LISA

Myron! Oh, my God! No!

She places her arm under his neck.

LISA

Please! No!

Lisa frantically checks Myron's body for bullet holes.

She POUNDS on his chest and gives him chest compressions. She gives him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. She listens for a heartbeat. She SOBS.

Bradley holds a cellphone to his ear.

BRADLEY

The Beas has stopped buzzing.

Myron wakes up.

LISA

You're alive!

Lisa helps Myron to his feet.

MYRON

I blacked out.

INT. CUMMINGS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Myron sits on a couch surrounded by the bland interior. A fly lands on the coffee table in front of him. Myron rolls up a magazine and prepares to strike the fly.

LISA

Don't!

Lisa disappears into the kitchen and reappears with a jar.

Lisa places the jar over the fly, trapping it. She reaches for the rolled up magazine from Myron while keeping an eye on the trapped fly. Myron and Lisa accidentally touch, startling each other. The two gaze at each other.

LISA

You're going to get killed.

Lisa tears off a magazine page. She slides the paper under the mouth of the jar.

She carries the jar out the front door and releases the fly.

Myron flips through a photo album.

MYRON

You seem to always show up at just the right time...always walked by my house when I left for school.

LISA

I used to hide behind a tree so I could walk to school with you.

He laughs.

LISA

What's so funny?

MYRON

I must've had a hundred people tell me you were hiding behind that tree.

LISA

Why didn't you ask me out? You knew I was interested.

MYRON

I was practicing sports so much I didn't have much time for anything else.

She leans toward him.

LISA

You're not busy now.

MYRON

Work is for those who have nothing better to do with their time.

They laugh, and then gazing into each other's eyes, they kiss.

LISA

Hey Beas, hit the showers. You stink.

BATHROOM

Myron takes a shower and gets a haircut from Lisa.

LIVING ROOM

Myron sleeps on the couch. Lisa pulls a blanket over him, and gives him a kiss.

INT. CUMMINGS RESIDENCE - DAY

Myron wakes up. He writes a letter.

INSERT - THE LETTER

Dear Lisa,

I hope to have more nights like last night, but I can't let you get involved, because it would put you in danger. I'll return when things blow over as things always work out for the best.

Love and best wishes always, Myron

Myron SNIFFLES, then places a rose on top of the letter. He dries his eyes with his shirt sleeves and leaves.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Myron walks past stores. His poster is in all the windows.

Store owners see Myron. They turn their "OPEN" signs around to read "CLOSED."

Myron gets tossed out of establishments. One sign reads: NOW HIRING ANYONE EXCEPT MYRON BEASLEY.

A YOUNG BOY (7), rushes up to him with a Myron poster and Sharpie pen. Myron signs the poster.

YOUNG BOY

This will be on eBay in twenty minutes, loser!

The boy runs off.

JAPANESE GIRL ONE (20), and JAPANESE GIRL TWO (20), run up to Myron.

JAPANESE GIRL ONE
Beas san! Beas san!

He takes a picture with them in front of his poster in a store window. Japanese Girl Two points at him.

JAPANESE GIRL TWO
You are bad man, Beas san!

They run off laughing.

Myron trudges past stores and sees an endless number of his poster in the store windows. He drops to both knees, looks up to the sky, and SHOUTS.

MYRON
This is worse than prison!

A calmness surrounds him. He tries to keep from laughing.

MYRON
No your honor, don't send me to prison. I couldn't handle the hot showers, meals, warm bed, or the free protection from the Vegas Club boys.

He races to a nearby supermarket.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Myron sees the manager MR. DAVIS (50).

MYRON
Hey!

Mr. Davis watches Myron grab several items and dash for the exit. He signals to security.

MR. DAVIS
Lenny! Code four!

Alarms BLARE. The automatic doors close just ahead of Myron who bounces off the doors and falls on his butt.

MYRON

You better call the police so they
can come get me.

MR. DAVIS

It's only stealing if you get
outside the store.

MYRON

How about attempted stealing?

A crowd gathers.

MRS. JACOBS

If I didn't know better I'd say
you're trying to get sent to
prison.

BETTY

What's the matter Beas? Life too
hard on the outside?

The crowd laughs.

MR. DAVIS

I'd let you walk out with
everything before having you
arrested.

MRS. MOTT

Bless me, Lord. It's a blessing
watching you struggle through your
miserable life!

TERI

You need all of us, Beas!

Myron storms out.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Myron wears a cap low on his head and uses his hand to
shield his face from HOTEL CLERK (23).

MYRON

I'm Tom Jackson and I would like a
room for the night.

HOTEL CLERK

When did you change your name to
Tom Jackson, Beas? Take a hike or
I'll get security.

He leaves. Hotel Clerk picks up a phone and dials.

HOTEL CLERK
This is the Hyatt next door.
Beasley was just here.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Myron strolls over to BLIND HOMELESS MAN (60), who begs. He drops a few coins into the man's cup and walks away. The man perks up and sniffs the air.

BLIND HOMELESS MAN
Beasley! I know your stench
anywhere! Take your money and get
out of here!

Myron reaches into the man's cup and takes back the coins.

BLIND HOMELESS MAN
Only take what you threw in. I
don't want them carting you off to
jail.

A glum Myron sees OFFICER BRANIFF (30), donut cop, write MOTORIST (40), a ticket. Myron jumps into Officer Braniff's police car.

OFFICER BRANIFF
Hey!

INT. CAR 22 - DAY

Myron slams the car in gear.

MYRON
We'll see if this counts as
stealing.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The police car burns rubber and fishtails down the street.

BYSTANDER
It was Beas!

OFFICER BRANIFF
We're going to be the
laughingstock of the country.

MOTORIST

Later!

Motorist burns rubber.

Officer Braniff frantically flags down OFFICER NEAL (30), donut cop, and jumps into his patrol car.

INT. CAR 13 - DAY

The patrol car ROCKETS away.

OFFICER BRANIFF
Beasley stole my car!

OFFICER NEAL
What?

Officer Braniff grabs the radio transceiver.

OFFICER BRANIFF
Captain, this is car...

OFFICER NEAL
Car thirteen! Car thirteen!

OFFICER BRANIFF
Captain this is car thirteen.
Beasley stole car twenty-two!

CAPTAIN CHANDLER (V.O.)
Where's he headed?

OFFICER BRANIFF
Westbound Jamboree toward Pacific
Coast Highway!

CAPTAIN CHANDLER (V.O.)
He'll be home free to prison
paradise!

Myron weaves in and out of the slower moving cars like pylons on a slalom course.

OFFICER NEAL
There he is!

OFFICER BRANIFF
Beasley's headed north on Pacific
Coast Highway at Dover.

Myron runs a red light and makes an evasive maneuver to avoid hitting a school bus in an intersection.

INT. MRS. MOTT'S CAR - DAY

Mrs. Mott waits for the light in her sleek, newly polished Ferrari.

MRS. MOTT

Lord, what's the world coming to when even our police officers are drinking and driving?

She BURNS rubber and follows the chase.

INT. CAR 22 - DAY

Myron weaves around a stray dog.

MYRON

Come in anyone. This is Officer Beasley.

CAPTAIN CHANDLER (V.O.)

Beas, this is Captain Chandler of the Newport Beach Police. I want you to drive straight to the police station so we can settle this.

MYRON

I need to know if this counts as stealing, so I can be sent to prison.

CAPTAIN CHANDLER (V.O.)

Prison?

Cars swerve to avoid Myron's car.

CAPTAIN CHANDLER (V.O.)

Prison is for serious offenses, son. We can discuss this minor infraction when you get to the station.

Cars HONK as Myron makes one evasive move after another through traffic. Mrs. Mott's Ferrari keeps up with the chase.

OFFICER BRANIFF

We can't get next to him. He's
all over the road!

Myron spots a group of elderly, blue-hair ladies walking slowly in a crosswalk. He turns on the lights and SIREN which sends them scurrying onto the sidewalk.

CAPTAIN CHANDLER (V.O.)

Try the PIT manuever!

OFFICER BRANIFF

There are too many people!

MYRON

I'm waiting.

CAPTAIN CHANDLER (V.O.)

No deal, Beasley! Everyone's
having too much fun at your
expense!

MYRON

Okay, then.

A soaked surfer babies his surfboard next to his sleek, late model Porsche. He gently places the surfboard on some towels on the street. He turns away.

Myron races over the surfboard completely obliterating it. Car 13 and the Ferrari SCREAM by the surfer.

EXT. NEWPORT PIER - DAY

Tourists scatter as Myron races onto the pier.

Myron gets cornered at the end of the pier. Police yank Myron out of the car and try to hide him under a blanket. Mrs. Mott spots him.

MRS. MOTT

Have peace on me, Lord. Beasley!
I always knew you were a no good,
rotten scoundrel! We'll see how
you hold up in prison!

OFFICER NEAL

This isn't Beasley.

OFFICER BRANIFF

He's a Beasley impersonator.

MRS. MOTT
Who in God's name would want to
impersonate that low life? It's
definitely Beasley.

The officers throw Myron in the car and speed off.

MRS. MOTT
May God have mercy on your
soul...jerk.

A concerned Lisa runs up the pier with her GPS device. The
police cars speed by.

INT. MR. DOUGLAS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Mr. Douglas stands at his highly polished desk. Across the
desk are Martin Thomas, Bradley, and his men.

MR. DOUGLAS
You told me they plugged him!

MARTIN THOMAS
That's what they told me.

BRADLEY
We did.

MR. DOUGLAS
Then why's he joy riding in cop
cars? Your men couldn't plug a
cord into an outlet. Get back
over there, and don't come back
until you kill him or collect what
he owes us!

Bradley and his men head for the door.

INT. JUDGE BEAGLE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Judge Beagle meets with Mr. Chow, Mrs. Mott, Pete Bonds, and
other swindled victims.

OUTSIDE JUDGE BEAGLE'S CHAMBERS

The swindled victims exit and high-five one another.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Joe, Rachel, and Lisa fidget in their seats.

JUDGE BEAGLE

Mr. Beasley, I have interviewed several of your victims who have expressed to me that you have been a model citizen.

The standing room only crowd nods in agreement. Maggie watches, apprehensively.

JUDGE BEAGLE

They believe that stealing the patrol car was simply a case of temporary insanity. Since you seem to be doing so well, I will keep the original sentence of no prison time.

He POUNDS the gavel.

BAILIFF

All rise!

The people in the courtroom break out in a LOUD CHEER and high-five one another. Judge Beagle limps to the door.

JUDGE BEAGLE

They must really like that kid.

MR. PRESTON

I've never seen anything like this. You're very fortunate to have such a lenient judge...and good attorney. Good luck.

Mr. Preston grabs his briefcase and leaves.

The crowd MOCKS and JEERS Myron, who leaves with Joe and Rachel.

LISA

What's wrong with you people?

Lisa has the swindled victims' attention.

LISA

He's making an effort to change, which is more than I can say about all of you. You're acting the way he used to act. Didn't you ever make mistakes when you were his age?

The swindled victims, and Maggie, ponder this. Lisa leaves.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Dr. Dunbar and an anxious Maggie watch TV.

MAGGIE

Dad, do you operate on everyone? I mean, even if you don't like them?

DR. DUNBAR

Well, yes. Doctors take an oath to help everyone.

MAGGIE

Even if they're not nice?

DR. DUNBAR

Even if they're a shot up gang member. If they need help, I help.

MAGGIE

There's this guy at school. His dad's a cardiologist at Hoag.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Myron is dressed as a prisoner (orange prisoner jump suit, fake beard, fake mustache, and a nude, skin-tight, rubber swim cap). He rubs temporary, kids' tattoos on his arms. He waits outside the gates.

A TRUCK DRIVER (40), drives up to the guard shack manned by the SECURITY SHACK GUARD (30).

TRUCK DRIVER

Mornin' Norman.

Myron sneaks up under the undercarriage.

SECURITY SHACK GUARD

Another delivery of that good ol' slop. I don't know how those guys eat that stuff without keeling over.

TRUCK DRIVER

I'm surprised we haven't been thrown in prison for serving it. Used to taste test this crap before I started driving. Prob'ly knocked fifteen years off my life.

SECURITY SHACK GUARD

Go on in.

The truck moves through the giant gates. Myron holds on for dear life as he is only a few inches from the road. His butt scrapes the uneven ground.

INSIDE THE PRISON WALLS

The truck stops. Myron climbs out from under the truck. He sees prisoners playing basketball.

Myron strolls over to DUANE (25), black, friendly, on the sidelines.

MYRON

Mind if I play?

DUANE

Haven't seen you before.

MYRON

Just got in. Name's Beasley.
Friends call me Beas.

DUANE

Miller. Duane Miller.

LATER

Myron makes lots of shots and high-fives teammates.

BASEBALL FIELD

Myron hits the ball, runs around the bases, and scores.

CHECKERS TABLE

Myron picks up a checker and jumps over several of his opponent's pieces which he collects.

MYRON

This prison life is a kick in the pants.

DUANE

You gotta be kidding. Where'd you come from?

MYRON

Newport Beach. I had a tough life.

DUANE
What's your dad do?

MYRON
He's a cardiologist.

DUANE
C'mon. I grew up in Bedford Stuy.
My dad took off when I was three.

Myron looks around the bland yard.

MYRON
We've got it made here; playing
sports, free food, hot showers--

DUANE
Man, you ain't got nothing if you
ain't got your freedom.

MYRON
I gladly gave up my freedom so I
wouldn't get killed on the
outside.

DUANE
Man, that Newport must be one bad
town.

Duane and Myron make a slow three hundred-sixty degree turn.

DUANE
Prison makes a man wish he'd done
the right thing on the outside.
All these guys act'n tough. When
the lights go out all you hear is
cry'n 'cause they're thinking of
their families.

MYRON
Do you cry at night?

DUANE
Sometimes. Sometimes I can't,
like I'm all out of tears. I'm
making my family cry every night.

MYRON
I guess even prisoners are
important to their loved ones.

DUANE
Everybody's somebody to someone.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Myron sings in the shower.

MYRON

It's a beautiful day. Don't let
it get away. Beautiful day ay ay.

A bell RINGS.

MYRON

What's that?

DUANE

Time to eat. It's the worst stuff
you'll ever eat.

INSIDE THE MESS HALL

Myron finishes a plate and sneaks back for seconds. The server looks at him funny.

Myron sits down next to SECOND PRISONER (22), black, joker, and THIRD PRISONER (20), black, amiable, with a large plate of food.

MYRON

Do we get to eat like this every
day?

SECOND PRISONER

Man, I've seen rats keel over and
die from this crap.

A bell RINGS.

MYRON

Do we get to eat again?

THIRD PRISONER

That's the head count bell...to
make sure no one's escaped.

SECOND PRISONER

They ain't gonna worry about you
escapin'.

The prisoners laugh.

THIRD PRISONER

They'll have to drag ya kick'n and
scream'n to get ya outta here.

The prisoners line up and the guards do their count. A guard hands PRISON GUARD ONE (40), ardent, a paper.

PRISON GUARD ONE
Where'd you learn to count? Count
'em again!

Myron tries to hide behind the prisoners, but PRISON GUARD TWO (40), gullible, southern accent, spots him.

PRISON GUARD TWO
You gotta stand over there cuz we
gotta do the count again.

Myron gets in line. The guards do another head count.

PRISON GUARD ONE
That can't be!

Myron sneaks away from the lineup and hides under a table. Prison Guard One speaks into his radio.

PRISON GUARD ONE
I don't know how to tell you this
sir, but we're one over.

INSIDE THE WARDEN'S OFFICE

The warden, MR. ROCKEFELLER (60), careful, speaks into his radio.

MR. ROCKEFELLER
You can't be. Count'em again.

OUTSIDE THE WARDEN'S OFFICE

Mr. Rockefeller leaves his office. He walks past a Myron poster in the hallway. He looks back at the poster.

MR. ROCKEFELLER
The Beas finally broke in.

CELL AREA

MR. ROCKEFELLER
I realize nobody likes a snitch,
but has anyone seen this man?

Mr. Rockefeller holds up the Myron poster. All the prisoners immediately point at Myron.

MYRON
No! Wait! I won't bother anyone!

Guards whisk Myron away.

PRISON GUARD TWO
All the stink is out of the skunk.

DUANE
Take care of yourself, Beas. Stay
away from that bad Newport Beach.

EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

Lisa hides behind bushes with her GPS device. She hears
VOICES. She hides inside the bushes.

Bradley and the Vegas Club goon squad appear. They see the
giant prison gates opening. They hide in the bushes near
Lisa.

PRISON GUARD TWO
You know the world's in the
crapper when ya got 'em breaking
into prison.

The guards throw Myron out and return.

PRISON GUARD ONE
Try the minimum security prison
down the street.

PRISON GUARD TWO
They'll take anybody.

The guards laugh. The gates close. The goon squad
surrounds Myron.

BRADLEY
Were you wearing a bulletproof
vest, or something?

MYRON
Or something. You're terrible
shots.

BRADLEY
Then we won't use our guns.

Lisa, Mr. Rockefeller, and the guards watch Bradley punch
Myron several times in the face and stomach.

MYRON
I can explain.

BRADLEY

No need to explain. Boss wants his money.

LISA

(To Mr. Rockefeller and the guards)

Stop them!

Bradley punches Myron in the stomach which drops him to his knees.

MYRON

I don't have it.

Bradley kicks him in the stomach. Lisa shouts at Mr. Rockefeller.

LISA

They'll kill him!

MR. ROCKEFELLER

Our jurisdiction ends at the gates. He's not our concern anymore.

Mr. Rockefeller leaves. Lisa shouts at the guards.

LISA

What's he done to deserve this?
This game has gone on long enough!

Prison Guard Two FIRES several rounds into the air. The goon squad runs off.

BRADLEY

This isn't over, Beas!

Lisa and the guards help Myron in through the prison gates.

INT. PRISON - NIGHT

Myron, Mr. Rockefeller, and several guards are seated and standing around a table in a small room. A single, unshaded light bulb is centered above the table.

MR. ROCKEFELLER

You can't stay here, Beas.

LISA

You're gonna have to have those thugs arrested before they kill you.

Myron springs from his seat.

MYRON

That's it!

INT. JUDGE BEAGLE'S COURTROOM - DAY

Joe, Rachel, Lisa and all the swindled victims are in the courtroom.

Myron has a black eye and a puffy, bruised face. Mr. Preston whispers into Myron's ear. Myron shakes his head. Mr. Preston POUNDS his fist on the table. Judge Beagle looks confused.

JUDGE BEAGLE

Let me get this straight. You want to go after con artists and identity thieves?

MYRON

That's correct your honor.

Mr. Preston covers his face with his hands.

MYRON

By catching identity thieves, I hope to be accepted back into society.

The swindled victims listen compassionately. Mrs. Mott and Mel have moist eyes.

MYRON

I never realized how important everybody is. People we come across everyday like store clerks, policemen, teachers, waitresses, truck drivers, fast food servers. It's like a big team.

Pete Bonds and Teri SNIFFLE as their lips quiver. Bradley and Mr. Chow look up to keep tears in.

MYRON

Everyone thought I'd be making lots of money playing in the pros. I never thought that because I

MYRON

knew an injury was only a play
away...but I didn't have a backup
plan.

Several in the courtroom pull out handkerchiefs, wipe their
eyes, and BLOW their noses. Bradley and Mr. Chow try hard
not to cry.

JUDGE BEAGLE

I guess we can all kind of take
people for granted.

MRS. MOTT

Amen!

The CRYING, SNIFFLING, and WHIMPERING gets LOUDER. Bradley
and Mr. Chow can't keep from crying much longer.

MYRON

I am truly sorry for the crimes I
committed and the way I treated
people. I just want to start my
life over. Is that asking too
much?

The courtroom audience CRIES uncontrollably. Bradley
BLUBBERS LOUDLY like a machine gun on Mr. Chow's shoulder.

JUDGE BEAGLE

When I first read your case, I
almost recused myself.

The people wipe their tears.

JUDGE BEAGLE

I had my own aspirations of
playing professional baseball,
until I suffered a badly broken
ankle.

Judge Beagle looks at the picture of the handsome man in the
Boston Red Sox uniform on his desk. He gets up and limps
around the courtroom.

JUDGE BEAGLE

My high school teammate made it to
the bigs.

The stupefied stenographer stops typing.

JUDGE BEAGLE

In his first major league game, at nineteen, he hit a home run. He hit twenty-four homers that year, thirty-two the next. The Fenway Park crowds went insane after his game winners.

He looks at Myron.

JUDGE BEAGLE

In 1967, a fastball hit him in the face that almost blinded him. His teammates tried to win the World Series for him, but fell to St. Louis four games to three. Vision problems plagued him and he was never the same. Tony Conigliaro passed away in 1990.

The people drop their heads in a moment of silence. The judge limps back to the bench and sits down.

JUDGE BEAGLE

I commend you for wanting to take the right path in life. We really need to get an upper hand on Identity Theft. The court accepts your proposal. Welcome back, Beas.

The courtroom ERUPTS in a LOUD CHEER.

MR. PRESTON

You're going to have to teach me how to con judges!

MYRON

My days of conning are over. You're fired.

Myron takes a couple steps and comes back.

MYRON

And good luck.

Several reporters surround Myron with microphones and FLASHING cameras.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The large crowd spills outside the courthouse. Myron spots Lisa.

MYRON

You were here?

They kiss.

MYRON

I already know who I'm going after first. Uh, Oh.

Myron pulls Lisa in close to his side as Bradley walks straight up to him and shakes his hand.

BRADLEY

Sorry about roughing you up, Beas.
We know a little about con artists and wanna work for you, not the Vegas bosses.

MYRON

Welcome aboard, gentlemen! It'll be nice not being chased by you. Lisa, look!

Paul Molitor and Jim Abbott walk up the courthouse steps.

PAUL MOLITOR

Got a minute?

MYRON

Of course.

JIM ABBOTT

We know you got a lot on your plate, but we wanted to know if you'd still be interested in playing for the Baltimore Orioles?

MYRON

You're kidding! I'd love to!

PAUL MOLITOR

What happened to you?

An embarrassed Bradley sneaks away.

MYRON

I was doing fine in prison, but then I stepped out into the real world.

Jim Abbott pats Myron's stomach.

JIM ABBOTT

We'll have to put you on a special diet and make you work out extra sessions.

PAUL MOLITOR

I'm going to work with you on getting your swing back.

MYRON

I'm sure it will come back in no time with your help, Mr. Molitor.

PAUL MOLITOR

Good luck with the surgery.

JIM ABBOTT

We'll be in contact, Beas.

Molitor and Abbott leave.

BLIND HOMELESS MAN

Who were those guys?

PAUL

Major league scouts for the Baltimore Orioles. I can already see the headline. The birds sign the Beas.

INT. UCI MEDICAL CENTER - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Joe and Rachel pace and fidget.

Dr. Dunbar enters wearing scrubs and a grin. He hugs Joe and Rachel.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Myron's head is bandaged. He, Joe, and Rachel along the sidewalk.

MYRON

I thought we were going to thank
Dr. Dunbar?

RACHEL

We are.

JOE

He lives right up the street.

Myron is stunned when Joe and Rachel walk up the walkway to
the large, yellow house where Maggie lives.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Joe and Rachel have cocktails with the Dunbars. Myron and
Maggie are in a corner.

MYRON

I'm so sorry how I treated you.
I've been a jackass.

MAGGIE

It's alright. Apology accepted.

MYRON

Hey, we could use someone who
knows computers to catch the
identity thieves. What do ya say?

MAGGIE

Count me in.

INT. CAR - DAY

Lisa drives the BMW convertible while Myron rides shotgun.

MYRON

Please pull over at the coffee
shop.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The car stops. Peter sets up the chairs and tables.

MYRON

Wonderful day, isn't it Peter?

PETER

It's a beautiful day, Beas.

Myron gets out. He hands Peter a wad of bills.

MYRON
That's for all the o.j.'s.

PETER
Thanks, Beas.

Myron sees Keith replacing a trash can liner. He helps him pick up trash.

MYRON
Don't ever think your work goes
unnoticed, Keith.

Myron hands Keith some money.

KEITH
Thanks! I appreciate that, Beas.

Myron gets back in the car. Lisa leans over and kisses Myron on the cheek.

LISA
You said you knew who you were
going after first.

They drive off. There is a beautiful view of the ocean.

EXT. FREMONT STREET - DOWNTOWN LAS VEGAS - DAY

Athletic legs move worn running shoes at a rapid pace. The legs belong to Myron, who chases Dean past several vendors.

Dean dashes into the Vegas Club Hotel. Myron closes in.

INT. LAS VEGAS CLUB CASINO - DAY

Myron chases Dean past gamblers playing slot machines.

Dean pushes his way past a COCKTAIL WAITRESS who spills her tray of drinks.

Dean slides down an escalator handrail. He slides off at the bottom into the waiting arms of Bradley. Dean kicks and SCREAMS as he is carried off.

DEAN
You've got nothing on me! I'll get
you, Beas!

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

Major League players run, stretch, hit, and field prior to a game. Lisa, Joe, Rachel, and the others from court watch Jim Abbott pitch batting practice to Myron. Paul Molitor coaches from just outside the batting cage.

PAUL MOLITOR

That's it. Quick hands through
the hitting zone.

Myron BLASTS a pitch deep into the seats near a group of handicapped kids. A banner near the group reads: BEAS' BUDDIES.

MRS. MOTT

He's not such a bad kid. My
grandkids are much worse.

Myron steps out of the cage. A new batter enters.

TERI

Beas is quite a catch. Hang on to
him Lisa.

Molitor hands Myron a baseball glove.

PETE BONDS

I better get my dive restaurant
fixed up in case you have your
wedding reception there.

MEL

If you and Myron do get married,
I'll supply the limo.

Myron trots around the bases and stops at a backstop beyond second base. A ball boy receives baseballs from the outfield and tosses them into a basket.

Myron fills his glove with lots of baseballs and trots over to the handicapped kids.

MR. CHOW

He very smart to fool Mr. Chow
with worm trick.

The kids get excited as Myron approaches. Myron hands out the balls.

Myron tosses his glove and cap on the ground. The cap lands upside down. He joins his teammates running sprints.

Under the bill of his cap it reads: EVERYBODY IS IMPORTANT.

FADE OUT.