

Stiffed

by

Grant Veters

&

David Kolbowicz

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Grant Veters
gveters@shaw.ca
(604) 924-3327
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"STIFFED"

OVER BLACK

The rhythmic SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK of a bed mattress.

On this we...

FADE IN:

EXT. GRAMMA'S HOUSE - DAY - 1997

A quaint, two story, Victorian style home. Kind of home you would imagine smelling the delicious scents of fresh baked apple pie. But instead come the sounds of...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Oh baby, oh baby, oh baby.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

That's good, honey, that's good.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - 1986

BOBBY MAYNARD, 10 years-old, sits at the table wearing a baseball uniform, his last name stitched on back.

Oblivious to the GRUNTS OF PASSION coming from the floor above, he eats a bowl of cereal while crayoning on a piece of paper.

Downing his last bite, Bobby reads from his crayoned poem.

BOBBY

"You make me feel funny. You make me feel weak. 'Though I'm not sure what it means, I want to shag your socks off."

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Bay, you are so funkalicious.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(softly)

Mmmmm. You're doing great, just great.

(beat)

Just step it up a notch, will ya, sugar.

The BED SQUEAKS increase in frequency.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

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

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Its Shirley, not Shelley.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Sure. Whatever.

Upstairs, the MOANING CLIMAXES. A pendant light JIGGLES. A china cabinet RATTLES. Wall pictures SHAKE.

The intertwined screams of passion stop, along with the bed springs.

BOBBY
Thank god...

Footsteps pad down the staircase then through the hall until GRAMMA SHIRLEY MAYNARD steps into the kitchen. 60 years young, she sports wild sex hair. Her eyes widen seeing...

GRAMMA
Bobby! You're still here!
(beat)
Did you hear us?

Bobby nods.

GRAMMA
Well?

BOBBY
He sounds...nice. Better than the one you had last week.

She crosses to the counter, pours herself a cup of coffee.

GRAMMA
(beaming)
Yeah? I think he might be the one.
(looks at the wall clock)
Quarter to, honey. Better get hustling.

BOBBY
Gramma, do I have to? I don't think Coach likes me much.

GRAMMA
What? That's nonsense.
(bending down to pinch his cheek)
Why he told me you're like his number two.

BOBBY
Really? You gonna come watch?

GRAMMA

You betcha. Right after I get some
sloppy seconds. Now git!

Bobby scrunches up his poem and darts from the room.

EXT. GRAMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Bobby bursts out the door, backpack in one hand, poem in the other. He stuffs the poem into the top of the opened backpack, on top of his jock strap.

Slinging the pack onto his back, he reaches his bike laying on the lawn. He picks it up and hops on, racing down the driveway onto the street, past a SEMI TRUCK parked curb side.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Bobby pedals around the corner spotting a roadside lemonade stand up ahead. His heart skips as beat seeing CASEY FAIRBANKS, a dazzling 9 year-old seated behind a lemonade stand.

EVERYTHING SLOWS DOWN, as sunlight and a gentle breeze caresses Casey's long, curly blonde hair.

BOBBY (V.O.)

There she was, Casey Fairbanks. The
inspiration to all my poems. Big blue
eyes, hair of gold, voice of an angel. I
hung on her every word...

START HERE

BACK TO REAL TIME. Casey smiles, waves.

CASEY

Hi, Richard!

DICK

It's not, Richard! It's Dick!

Bobby's heart plummets!

His foot slips off the pedal. A HIGH SPEED WOBBLE causes his JOCK STRAP AND SHEET OF PAPER to pop loose and hit the street. The boys don't notice.

DICK

Looks like someone's got a girly-friend.

BOBBY

Do not!

DICK

(taunting lilt)

Bobby's own..

(glancing back toward Casey)

...TRUE LOVE!

Dick pedals harder, tearing away.

Bobby sneaks a peek back at Casey running down the street, waving her arms frantically before pedalling around the corner and out of sight.

CASEY

WAIT! Richard! Your friend dropped something!

Casey reaches the poem and picks it up. She glances at the paper, looking off in the direction the two boys rode, her one foot crossing the other absentmindedly.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

A BAT WHACKS A BASEBALL.

Dick drops the bat, sprints past first base and slides into second, narrowly missing the tag.

The dugout roars. Family and friends cheer from the stands.

The COACH claps his hands enthusiastically. The ASSISTANT COACH smiles, impressed.

COACH

That a'way, Dick! That a'way.

ASSISTANT COACH

That's eight for twelve. A 667 average.

COACH

Kid's a natural. Mark my words, that boy's goin' places.

(piping up)

All right! Who's next? Who's gonna bring our boy home?

The assistant scans the roster, clears his throat.

COACH

What?

Coach looks over at the board to see Bobby's name.

COACH

Nooo! Not him. Put Special Ed in.

ASSISTANT COACH

Uh, Ed forgot his pants again.

PAN to a young mentally challenged boy sitting alone on the bench with no pants on. Drool drips off his crooked smile onto his saliva soaked jersey.

Coach searches the bench desperately, his eyes falling on...

COACH

Great, there goes our winning streak!
Maynard, yer up!

Bobby eagerly leaps off the bench as his teammates GROAN.

Coach yanks Bobby back by the collar.

COACH

Listen up. Only reason you're on this
team is 'cause yer gramma... convinced
me. Don't fuck it up.

Bobby's frozen with fear. Coach gives Bobby a pat on the back, waves to the stands with a false smile.

COACH

Atta boy, son! You can do it!

Bobby shuffles toward the plate.

DICK

(low)
Oh shit...
(faking enthusiasm)
All right, Bobby! Choke up and dig in!

Bobby digs in his feet, raises the bat to his shoulder.

Bobby

(low)
Choke up. Dig in.

At the mound, the pitcher, a spindly buck-toothed, bespectacled kid, winds up and fires the baseball over home plate. WAY OVER. As in about ten feet over the umpire's head.

UMPIRE

BALL ONE!

With a GRUNT, Bobby still swings. Pathetically late.

UMPIRE
(shaking his head)
Uh...STEE-RIKE!

FIRST BASEMAN
Nice reflexes, May-Nerd!

SHORT STOP
Hey, is that a bat or a purse you're swinging?

Both teams bust out laughing.

DICK
Jeezus...

Bobby steps back to the plate. Shakes off the humiliation.

DICK
Just relax, Bobby! You can do it!

Bobby works his grip, takes a couple of deep breaths.

BOBBY
(low)
Come on, relax. You can do this.

THE PITCH...bounces off the plate into the catcher's glove.

SWOOOSH! Bobby swings hard. The bat flies out of his hands, over the backstop and into the parking lot impaling the windshield of a car. The personalized license plate reads: COACH.

UMPIRE
(shaking his head)
STEE-RIKE TWO!

Coach's eye twitches as veins in his face swell.

Bobby grabs another bat from the backstop.

BOBBY
(laughing nervously)
Sorry 'bout that, coach. I think I can patch it up.

Coach turns to the team, frothing at the mouth.

COACH

Listen up. Tomorrow. Seven o'clock
sharp. Batting practice...on Maynard.

Bobby enters the batter's box. He swings the bat in circles
then brings it up to his shoulder.

DICK

Just focus, Bobby. Bring me home!

BOBBY

(a silent prayer)
Please, just this once.

The pitcher winds up just as...

RING! RING! RING!

CASEY (O.S.)

(muffled)
WAIT! WAIT!

CASEY rides up on her bike behind the backstop RINGING her
bell. Cute as a button, she wears the CUP on her face like a
gas mask.

CASEY

(lifting the cup)
You forgot your mask!

Bobby twists around to see her, boyishly charmed and
embarrassed just as...

FWIIIPPP!!!

A 70 M.P.H. FASTBALL curves last second...straight into
Bobby's nuts! The ball sticks for a second, then plops to
the ground.

CASEY

Wow... Nice arm.

Bobby starts to shake. His mouth opens with a silent scream.
Finally, he drops onto his back.

A cloud of dust fills the screen.

BOBBY'S POV - Puffy white clouds floating amid a clear, blue
sky. Coach, assistant coach and umpire huddle around.

COACH

Fuck me! That supposed to happen!

ASSISTANT COACH

I don't know, but we gotta do something.

COACH

Geezus, you're right.
 (hollers to the stands)
 Honey! Get the camera!

Bobby's sprawled on the dirt, one foot twitching. His nuts are SWOLLEN to RIDICULOUS PROPORTIONS.

UMPIRE

(elbowing Coach)
 Ahhh, Coach. Maybe something a little more helpful.

COACH

Oh, yeah, right.
 (grabbing Bobby's arm)
 Walk it off! Let's just walk it off.

Assistant coach lifts Bobby up by the other arm. The two coaches drag a semi-conscious Bobby toward the bench.

CASEY

(wincing)
 Holy shit! Those things are the size of --

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A WATERMELON as it is stabbed and sliced open. Juices ooze.

GRAMMA (O.S.)

-- Watermelons! Did you know they carry as much iron as spinach at only twenty cents a pound?

INT. GRAMMA'S HOME - KITCHEN - PRESENT DAY

GRAMMA MAYNARD, now 75, prepares Bobby's lunch. Despite a few hundred more wrinkles, her spandex leotards reveal that she still has an ass you could bounce an orthopedic shoe off.

Bobby, now 25, sits at the table eating a bowl of cereal. A TV on the counter plays THE EARLY BIRD SHOW WITH GEENA.

BOBBY

Gramma. Really. The days of packing up my lunch box have come and gone. I mean, come on, I'm twenty five years old. I can do it myself.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(low)
At least that way I'd get more animal
crackers.

GRAMMA

(stuffing the melon into a
baggie)
Nonsense! You'll always be my little
boy.

Gramma places the bagged melon into a lunch box and snaps the
lid shut.

GEENA (ON TV)

Our next guest is making local headlines
with his ground-breaking Penile
Transplantation Surgery...
(personal bitterness)
...giving men of all ages yet another
reason to cheat on their wives.

BOBBY

I'm gonna be home late tonight, Dick and
I --

GRAMMA

(turning up the TV)
-- SHHHHH! Listen to this!

CLOSE ON TV - GEENA, a chirpy 35 year-old, stands in front of
her audience, mic in hand.

GEENA

So let's give it up for Dr. Stewart, our
own little pecker resurrector.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

The audience claps and WHOO WHOO WHOOS!

DR. STEWART, 50'S, steps onto stage joining Geena in chairs
before a coffee table.

GEENA

So, Doc, why the penis racket?

DR. STEWART

Well, Geena, I found a need. For years
women have bettered their lives through
face lifts, breast augmentation, etc.,
etc.

(MORE)

DR. STEWART (CONT'D)

So, I figured why couldn't men experience the same great medical benefits.

GEENA

Sure, but you don't just nip and tuck. You slice and dice!

DR. STEWART

Yes, well, I wouldn't describe it quite like that. But, it is a simple procedure. You're in and out in only a couple of hours.

GEENA

Couple of hours! If you can create a man good for two hours of in and out, sign me up! "Sir Bang-a-lot, your fair maiden awaits!"

DR. STEWART

(unimpressed)

Yeah, that's not exactly what I meant, but anyway, the idea behind the surgery is to provide men of all kinds, even those who are medically impotent, the chance to --

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

BOBBY'S HAND reaches over, turns off the tube.

BOBBY

Uh-uh, no way, not a chance!

GRAMMA

Come on, sweetheart. You can't give up hope.

BOBBY

Gram! It's a lost cause. Aside from not having the money for an operation, there is no way I would put someone's...you know...onto me! Sheesh! I can't believe we're having this discussion. You're my grandma, not Dr. Ruth!

GRAMMA

Oh, Bobby! This isn't new to me. Trust me, I've seen my fair share of dysfunction. I have been around the block more than once, you know.

BOBBY

(low)

There's not enough pavement to cover the rubber you've burned...

GRAMMA

Anyway...I certainly think that qualifies me to talk about the subject. You know, honey, I only want the best for you.

BOBBY

(rising and moving to Gramma)

I know you do, Gramma. It's just that sometimes life throws you a curveball...

(taking his lunch pail off the counter)

I have to go, I'm running late.

Bobby kisses his Gramma on the cheek, then saunters out the door.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME--DAY

An old commercial district where we focus on an old brick building.

A neon sign proudly displays: O'DOULL'S DISCOUNT FUNERAL HOME.

A second-hand scooter fighting to do the speed limit WHINES and pulls up curb side.

Bobby hops off, yanks off his helmet, grabs his lunch pail from the rack on the back, then enters into the funeral home.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DISPLAY AREA - DAY

Cheesy show room. An assortment of caskets and urns. Some have lids that don't fit, others have scratches, all of them flawed.

Signs on the walls: PRICES SLASHED, SCRATCH & DENT SALE and SLIGHTLY USED.

Bobby enters as a door chime plays the FUNERAL MARCH.

MICKEY O'DOULL, a crusty 54 year-old fart and Bobby's boss, shows a feeble ELDERLY LADY a shoddy pine casket, knot-holed like a slice of swiss cheese.

MR. O'DOULL

Now you can go with this one for as low as a hundred an' a half...well air conditioned, but I just don't think it would accurately reflect the everlasting love you and Mr. Stonewall shared.

He steps over to an elaborately ornate casket.

MR. O'DOULL

Now this baby is probably more up your alley. Got all the bells and whistles.

He presses a button inside the casket. "AMAZING GRACE" pours forth.

MR. O'DOULL

A solar cell affixed to the head stone will power this baby for all eternity.

The senior's face sours. She slams the lid shut abruptly ending the music.

ELDERLY LADY

Sonofabitch cheated on me every chance he got. Burn'im and flush his remains down the toilet.

Shoving Bobby out of the way, the old bird exits the building.

BOBBY

(shrugging)

'Nother cheater for the heater?

MR. O'DOULL

Win some, lose some.

He pulls a tiny ripped piece of paper out of his shirt pocket, waves it in front of Bobby's face. A phone number is penned on it.

MR. O'DOULL

But in this case, the war's not over. She told me to call her sometime for a few Vodka and prune juices.

(big grin)

I'll be ruling that roost in no time.

With that he turns to head off to his office, leaving Bobby shuddering at the thought.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - PREP AREA - DAY

A dimly lit room, elevator music plays in the background. CLOSE ON a paint brush applying a bright red circle on the spotlit cheek of a pure white face.

BOBBY (O.S.)
 "You made them laugh. You made them cry.
 But the stunt with the cannon... That
 made you die."

Mr. O'Doull enters pushing a sheet-covered body on a gurney through a set of swinging doors.

MR. O'DOULL
 Hey, Shakespeare! When you're finished
 there with Bozo, pop Mr. Stonewall in the
 oven.

WIDER revealing Bobby applying make-up to the corpse of a CLOWN.

BOBBY
 First thing in the morning, boss.
 (re: O'Doull's body)
 Why would a woman want to stay with a guy
 like that anyway?

MR. O'DOULL
 Love's a shit-twister. Coulda' been his
 charm, his good looks, money...

Rigor mortis sets into the body as under the sheet the body slowly has an erection that rises...and rises.

MR. O'DOULL
 Or, it could just be the size of his
 cock. Why if I had a nickle for all the
 times I've seen rigor mortis raise the
 old flagpole. Magnificent, isn't it!

BOBBY
 Uh, yeah, sure, I guess.

MR. O'DOULL
 Well it's five o'clock. Happy Hour.
 Time to go get a couple stiff ones down
 the gullet.

O'Doull exits the room, chuckling at his own joke.

Approaching the gurney, Bobby slowly lifts the sheet to reveal an eighty year-old man wearing a broad smile.

BOBBY
 (lifting the sheet higher)
 Man, what I would give to have what
 you've got.

Bobby curiously lowers the sheet just as...

DICK (O.S.)
 What the fuck! Bobby, buddy, is there
 something you wanna tell me?

DICK WADDELL, now 25 and still a stud, stands in the doorway.

BOBBY
 Dick! I was just...just --

DICK
 -- just what? I mean if yer kink is
 getting it on with R.I.P. Van Wrinkles,
 well then, I dunno if I can continue our
 friendship.

BOBBY
 No, its not like that, really.

DICK
 (punching him on the shoulder)
 'Course not! I'm just jerking you. I
 know you would never actually do a dead
 beat, mal or female...would ya? I mean,
 hey, if your gate swings the other way,
 that's, you know, whatever. I just don't
 need to know if it involves flatliners.
 (shivering)
 Let's get out of here. Place gives me
 the creeps.

BOBBY
 Fine.

CUT TO:

INT. WILD THANGS BAR - NIGHT

The place is packed with alcoholized twenty-somethings.
 Colored lights probe all areas of the bar, with candle-lit
 glasses flickering on every table.

Dick and Bobby squeeze through the crowd to a stand-up table.
 A cute waitress promptly steps up, tray in hand.

DICK
 I'll take a blow job.

WAITRESS

One Bailey's, Amaretto, and whipped cream shooter coming up.

DICK

No. Literally. A blow job, but you get to have the whipped cream.

Amazingly, Dick's charm gets him a grin.

BOBBY

I'll just have an --

DICK

-- Orange pop, no ice. Yeah, keep your eye on him, he gets crazy when he's all cranked up on bicarbonates.

BOBBY

Ah, I tend to not be myself when I drink.

The waitress buzzes off with their order.

BOBBY

You know you make it sound like I have cancer or something.

DICK

Come on, tiger. You could be a real bag of fun if you learned to cut loose.

A waiter passes by carrying a tray of shooters and a candle-lit cake. The icing reads: HAPPY BIRTHDAY CASEY!

He moves off to a corner where a softball team has gathered.

BOBBY

Casey...

DICK

Huh?

BOBBY

That cake, it said Casey, reminded me of Casey Fairbanks. You remember Casey?

DICK

'Course I do! Miss Lemonade Stand 1975.
(beat)
You know, you're the only guy I know who gets a woody over a nine year-old.

Two girls at the next table look over and glare, creeped out.

BOBBY

(to girls)

It's not what you think. Really. I truly liked that sweet, golden-haired little girl.

DICK

Hey! He's the perv, not me! I'm into healthy, post-preschool, three-way, promiscuously consenting fun.

The girls get up from the table clearing Dick and Bobby's view of a baseball team where the waiter has taken the cake.

BOBBY

Real smooth.

DICK

Thanks.

(scoping the place out)

Now who else can I take home to butter their muffin?

Bobby is transfixed on the crowd of baseball players.

The team sing "Happy Birthday Casey." They part just enough to reveal...CASEY FAIRBANKS. Now 24 and, hubba-hubba, a full-blown hottie.

IN SLOW MOTION Sandler watches Casey sweep away her long hair as she leans over, closes her eyes and blows out the candles.

SANDLER

Man, I swear that's Casey.

DICK

Get over it. 'Though she does look kinda familiar.

IN REAL TIME Casey opens her eyes, looking toward Sandler and Dick.

CASEY

OHMYGAWD!

Casey excuses herself to her team, rushing through the crowd over to Sandler and Dick. Two helium balloons tied with ribbons to her wrist trailing behind and her drink in the other hand.

SANDLER

(glowing, to Dick)

Hah! It is Casey!

Casey reaches the table, glares at Dick.

CASEY
Dick Waddell!

DICK
It's actually Richard!

CASEY
(off Dick's blank stare)
Ummm, Casey, Casey Fairbanks.
(trying to jog Dick's memory)
Grade Eleven. Eight years ago...I was
sixteen.

DICK
(still drawing a blank)
Sorry, I was really "busy" back then.
Lot of projects on the go.

CASEY
Projects? You came to our high school
for the baseball finals. We..."hung out"
after the game that entire magical night.

DICK
I don't owe you child support, do I?

CASEY
What?

BOBBY
(shooting his hand out to be
shook)
Hey, Casey! Really, really awesome to
see you again after all these years!

Casey doesn't remember Bobby.

BOBBY
Bobby...Bobby Maynard.

Casey still is drawing a blank.

DICK
(grabbing the balloons from
Casey's wrist)
-- Here! Let me refresh you...

Dick lowers the two balloons to Bobby's crotch.

CASEY
Oh wow! That's right.
(glancing down to his crotch)
(MORE)

CASEY (CONT'D)

How've you been? I was so worried about you. How did it all work out...down there?

BOBBY

(ripping the balloons free from Dick's hand)

Great, just great. Fully functioning, all pistons pumping. Well, just one piston, actually, if you want to get all technical about it.

Dick hand jerks behind Bobby and silently mouths "VIRGIN".

CASEY

Okay. That's nice.

(smiling politely, then to Dick)

You don't happen to still play ball, do you?

BOBBY

We both do!

DICK

Ya, right. You can't even toss a salad.

CASEY

(nodding to her table where a guy has his arm in a sling)

Reason I ask, is we're down a pitcher for our game next Wednesday.

DICK

Gee, I don't know, do you mind having a ringer on your team?

CASEY

Oh wow, cool!

(looking over to her team)

Hey everybody, I've think I've found us a pitcher.

Casey's ball team all raise their glasses in a toast.

CASEY

(back to Dick, and raising her glass)

To the new pitcher.

BOBBY

To stealing bases!

Bobby snatches a glass blindly and tosses it back. Accidentally, its the TABLE CANDLE. The molten wax sears Bobby's throat.

BOBBY
 FUCK ME! MOTHER FUCKER! FUCK ME! GAWD
 DAMN! FUCK FUCK FUCK!

CASEY
 My gawd, Bobby, you okay?

Bobby convulses in pain. He grabs a pitcher of water from another table guzzles it, overflowing it onto his clothes.

DICK
 Umm, I better take him home now. To his
 grandma's. I really thought he'd be okay.

Casey pulls out her business card, slips into Dick's shirt pocket.

CASEY
 Reimer's field. Seven o'clock. Call me
 when you have a chance. We'll catch up.

DICK
 Sounds good. I can't wait to be diving
 into home plate once again.

Bobby goes more ballistic with rage as Dick yanks him through the crowd, hiding his beer under his shirt.

DICK
 (looking back to Casey)
 I'll call you.

Casey lingers watching them leave. She crosses her leg unconsciously. One of Casey's friends approaches her.

EXT. WILD THANGS BAR - NIGHT

Bursting through the door, Dick releases Bobby.

BOBBY
 (lispig in pain)
 What the hell was that!

DICK
 What?

BOBBY
 You and Casey! You never said anything
 about seeing her in high school!

DICK
It couldn't have been that big a deal,
I'd forgotten all about her.

BOBBY
Forgotten? So much that you were hitting
on the girl of my dreams!

DICK
You mean the pre-training bra Casey from
a decade ago? Do you really even
remember her?

BOBBY
September 11, 1975. Two months after my
accident and I was finally released from
the hospital. Same day her family was
packing up to move. She was feeling
casual sheik that day, ya know, baggy
jeans, runners, white tank top with just
hint of make-up, just enough to say --

DICK
-- Fuck me! I don't even remember if I
changed my gitch today.

BOBBY
Fuck you, Dick. Sometimes I wish you
were dead.

Bobby turns and walks away.

DICK
Fuck, Bobby, come on. Come back here.
Maybe she's into threesomes.

Dick shrugs, takes a belt of his beer.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bobby walks along the sidewalk.

Dick creeps up beside him in his car, still pounding his
beer.

DICK
Come on, buddy, hop in.

BOBBY
Screw off, Dick.

DICK

If she means that much to you, she's all yours.

BOBBY

Ya right.

DICK

No, really. I'll step aside. I mean she may feel completely different about the whole idea, but that's what Roofies are for, right?

BOBBY

You know, you're right. She doesn't even know I exist. And besides...I couldn't have her even if she wanted.

DICK

Hey, now that's the fighting spirit!
There's more than one tuna in the sea.
(reaching over and opening the
door)
Let's go.

BOBBY

Uh-uh. You've had way too much to drink.

DICK

Not really, but sure, you take the wheel, just this once. You've just had one of the worst, most pathetically embarrassing nights I've seen in my life. I mean, what were you thinking? You and Casey?

BOBBY

(hopping in the driver's side)
You know, you're a real asshole.

DICK

Ya, but when the chips are down, you know who's always been there for you.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Bobby drives the Mustang through a forested area.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Dick polishes off his beer, tosses it on the back seat.

DICK
What exactly did you mean, "You couldn't
have her even if you wanted to?"

BOBBY
Never mind.

DICK
No, no, no. Spill it. Come on!

BOBBY
Okay! All right! Remember the two
months I was in the hospital until my
balls stopped swelling.

DICK
Fuck, ya. Elephant Man was a GQ next to
you.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The car cruises past a sign: 30% GRADE - USE BRAKES.

INT. DICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

BOBBY
Anyway. Ever since then, I, well I...

DICK
What?

BOBBY
I'm impotent!

DICK
Fuck me. Totally unreparable damage?

BOBBY
Irreparable.

DICK
Whatever! You only shoot blanks?

BOBBY
Can't even raise the pistol.

DICK
Motherfucker. That was like twelve years
ago.

BOBBY
Fifteen.

DICK

Whoa.

BOBBY

Yep. I think that's why I've never gotten over Casey. She was my first crush before I got crushed so I guess I'm stuck on her like a broken record. Weird, huh?

DICK

Fuck me, I'll say...a pedophile who can't have sex. I wouldn't go around telling anyone about this if I were you.

THE BEER BOTTLE rolls off the back seat, under the driver's seat, finally wedging itself under the brake pedal.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The car picks up speed.

INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

DICK

You know, Bobby, in a completely guy-to-guy way, if there was anything I could do, absolutely anything at all, I would do whatever it took to get you hard again.

BOBBY

Seriously? You would do that for me? Get me hard?

DICK

Yeah, sure. In a heartbeat.

BOBBY

You know, I saw a talk show where a doctor said a penis transplant could possibly solve everything.

DICK

(beat)

Fuck off. There's no way I'm chopping off my meat just so you can get fucked. No way.

BOBBY

I'm not implying that. I'm just saying, it is possible to have a donor.

DICK

And then what? I'm left with a pussy?
Are you fucking nuts?

BOBBY

I didn't mean it like that. Seriously.
You've known me since we were kids. Come
on.

(beat)

You did say you would do anything to help
me, however.

DICK

Yeah, and I genuinely meant it. I swear
on my soul with my last dying breath, I
would do anything I possibly
could...except for that totally bizzare,
uncalled for Frankenweenie shit.
Besides, you wouldn't know how to handle
it.

BOBBY

What do you mean, it can't be that
difficult.

DICK

Remember that first day you rode a bike.
You had training wheels, right?

BOBBY

Yeah, okay.

DICK

Well, imagine instead of a bike, you're
shoved into the cockpit of an F-14. You
think they have training wheels? Fuck
no. You'd have a pistol that pulls six
fucking G's in no time flat. You think
you could handle that? Fuck no. You'd
crash and burn. Crash and cock-burn.

BOBBY

Wow. I really had no idea.

DICK

Ya, well. You'd don't get a manual, but
tell you what, if you ever do get the one-
eyed rocket loaded, you can count on me
to teach you launch control.

BOBBY

Gee, thanks, I guess.

DICK

Seriously, I will be there to give you my ten long, hard years of experience so you can cut to the chase, and get yerself some pussy. Now let's just drop the topic. Its freaking me out.

Bobby pumps the brake to no avail, the BEER BOTTLE is firmly wedged behind the brake pedal.

BOBBY

I can't stop!

DICK

Sure you can. Think about something else. You like dead people, right?

BOBBY

No, the car! There's no brakes! I can't stop!

The Mustang hits the corner way too fast and skid onto the gravel shoulder. The car's rear swings over the edge of a sharp drop and teeters momentarily before coming to a stop. Dust clouds limit their vision.

DICK

Holy fuck! What the hell are you doing!

BOBBY

The brakes. They stopped working. But we're okay. Dammit we're okay!

Dick reaches down and pulls out the beer bottle from underneath the brake.

DICK

The brakes are fine. You jammed my beer under the pedal. Its okay now.

Dick tosses the bottle onto the back seat. The weight is just enough to cause the car to start titling.

The outside dust settles revealing a sign only 10 feet away:
DEADMAN'S CURVE

Dick and Bobby look at each other as the car tilts and goes over the edge.

DICK (O.S.)

SHIT!!!!

SANDLER (O.S.)

SHIT!!!!

FADE TO BLACK

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Bobby's eyes flutter weakly. His vision slowly brightens and focuses showing Gramma Maynard leaning over him closely. Bobby shrieks.

GRAMMA

(patting the bandage on his head)

There, there, Bobby, it's all right. Everything's going to be just fine.

BOBBY

What happened? Where am I?

GRAMMA

You were in an accident. But you're gonna be just fine.

BOBBY

Dick! Where's Dick! Is he alright?

GRAMMA

Honey, I don't know how to put this, but... Dick bit it.

BOBBY

No! Dick's gone!

GRAMMA

I'm afraid so, dear. They say he died in agonizing pain. You were at the wheel, right? They found a beer bottle. The authorities are going to want to talk to you. I'm sure you won't do time for it...or very little at the most.

BOBBY

Ohmygawd!

GRAMMA

I knew I shouldn't have said anything, just don't think about it. You need your rest. I'm late for a yoga session so I've got to run. Really hot 70 year old instructor. We'll talk later. Ciao!

She kisses him on the forehead, then heads out the door wearing spandex leotards. Bobby shudders.

DICK (O.S.)

Crazy old bat. She still really all that flexible?

Bobby snaps his head toward the corner of the room. Dick sits casually in a chair looking okay.

BOBBY
You're alive!

DICK
'Course I am, why wouldn't I be?

BOBBY
Gramma said we were in a car accident...apparently you bit it.

DICK
Your gramma's a drama queen. I'm obviously fine.
(reaching for the glass of water on Bobby's bedside table)
You mind?

BOBBY
Sure. Help yourself.

Dick reaches to pick up the glass, BUT HIS HAND PASSES RIGHT THROUGH IT.

DICK
What the fuck!

Dick sweeps at the glass futilely, then attempts to pick up a magazine. Same result.

BOBBY
What's going on?

DICK
(starting to panic)
I dunno. You tell me. Last I remember was you wishing I was dead, then us being in the car, you whining about not being able to get it on with Casey, then me swearing on my soul I would do anything to help your dead soldier if I could and then...

DICK
SHIT!!!!

SANDLER
SHIT!!!!

DICK
(desperate)
No! You're the one that died!
(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)
I'm perfectly fine, yeah, yeah, that makes sense.

Bobby reaches for the glass, picks it up and takes a sip.

BOBBY
A little warm, but perfectly refreshing.

Bobby sets down the glass, picks up the PEOPLE MAGAZINE, flipping a few pages in.

BOBBY
Hey! Lindsay and Britney are tying the knot! Did you know about that?

DICK
YOU BASTARD!

Dick leaps on the bed straddling Bobby and thrusting his hands around his neck.

BOBBY
(smiling)
Hey, that tickles. Stop it.

Dick slowly climbs off, defeated.

BOBBY
Besides, I've suffered a head trauma. This is all a hallucination. You're not real.

DICK
(pinching himself)
Not real! I'm so fucking real...this doesn't hurt a bit.
(pacing)
Okay, think...think...let's just say this isn't some crazy kind of dream, which I'm definitely not ruling out, and I am really pushing daisies. Why? Why am I still here?

HOT NURSE (O.S.)
Excuse me, Mr. Maynard, is it all right if I come in?

Bobby and Dick look over to see a jaw-droppingly HOT NURSE.

NOTE: DICK IS NOW A GHOST THAT ONLY BOBBY CAN SEE AND HEAR.

DICK
Hello!

BOBBY

Ummm, sure.

The nurse enters and leans over Bobby to pat a warm cloth to his forehead. Her ample cleavage is exposed.

DICK

Will you get a load of those milk factories.

HOT NURSE

You poor thing. Such a tragedy. Losing your best friend. You must be devastated.

BOBBY

Devastated, yeah, sure. You don't see him?

HOT NURSE

See who?

BOBBY

Him!

The Hot Nurse scans the room then shrugs, shoving a thermometer into his mouth.

Dick moves in close to her, flicking his tongue provocatively at her.

DICK

Why hello there Florence Naughtygale.

BOBBY

You can't see him! He's right in front of your face.

HOT NURSE

Who!

BOBBY

Dick!

HOT NURSE

It must be soooooo hard for you. I can't imagine what you must be feeling.

She fluffs the bedding working down to just above his waist. Suddenly a little bump in the bed sheets appears.

HOT NURSE

(leaping back)

Oh my!

DICK
Bullshit your impotent!

BOBBY
What's goin on! I feel funny.

The bump grows to a full-on tent.

HOT NURSE
OHMYGAWD!!!

DICK
You know, you're a fucking liar!

BOBBY
(thrilled)
No way! My very first BONER!

NURSE
(rushing from the room)
Ummm..I better get a doctor in here.

DICK
Better work on that delivery if you plan
to get to first base asshole.

BOBBY
Wow! I've never had one before! Is it
supposed to hurt like this?

DICK
Give me a break! Show's over. You can
turn off the "I'm a virgin" act anytime!

Dick turns away and Bobby's erection slowly deflates.

BOBBY
That's odd, isn't it?

DICK
(seeing Bobby deflate)
Good. I don't ever want to see you free
the tadpoles when I'm around. Wait a
sec...

Dick closes his eyes and rubs his temples. Bobby's erection
slowly rises again.

DICK
OH NO!!!

BOBBY
What! What's going on?

Dick points his index finger up and down, Bobby's rising and falling erection follows accordingly.

DICK
I'm punchin' the panic button here.
Somehow I can control your co[ck]--

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

BOBBY
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Bobby's ear-shattering scream has hospital staff and patients alike stop dead in their tracks.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

Bobby sits at a table in a housecoat, despondently eating a bowl of soup. Dick sits beside him, similarly depressed.

BOBBY
(low)
Wow. So I can finally have sex...with you at my side hoisting my cock. Great. That'll be really be an attractive cool aphrodisiac guaranteed to drive women crazy.

DICK
You're complaining? I should be soaking up eternal rays of sunshine or somethin', instead of being in "pecker purgatory".

BOBBY
Fine. Then why me...us?

DICK
Why? Hmmm. Lemme think. One, just before you put us over a cliff and you killed me, you wished I was dead. Two, I foolishly swore on my dying soul that I would do anything to help you have sex again...any of that ring a bell to you?

BOBBY
Shit. What's she doing here?

DICK
Who?

ACROSS THE ROOM...

Casey rises from a table with several hospital administrators.

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR
 (offering a handshake)
 Ms. Fairbanks. It's a generous offer,
 and most appreciated.

CASEY
 (closing her briefcase)
 It's my pleasure, really. I'm just glad
 I can do something to support such a good
 cause.

The administrators offer warm good-byes before Casey steps through the cafeteria.

BOBBY
 Shit! I can't let her see us like this!

DICK
 Us? That housecoat is definitely not the
 summer release from DNYK for men. I've
 got nothing to worry about.

Bobby turns away trying to cover his head under his housecoat.

Casey spots Bobby from the corner of her eye.

CASEY
 Bobby?

BOBBY
 Oh, hey, Casey? What's up?

CASEY
 What's up? I was just finalizing
 catering arrangements for the Children's
 Burn Unit fund raiser. What happened to
 you?

BOBBY
 Me? Oh, nothing really. Just a little
 tumble over a cliff.

DICK
 Little tumble?

CASEY
 What happened!

BOBBY
Well Dick and I were --

CASEY
-- DICK! Is he okay?

DICK
This'll be good.

BOBBY
Um, Dick, yeah, he kind of, well...

CASEY
What!

BOBBY
Died.

CASEY
OHMYGAWD!

BOBBY
Its not quite as bad as you think.
Actually, its probably worse than you
think.

DICK
(snapping fingers)
Snuffed out, just like that.

Casey slumps into a chair, reeling in disbelief. Bobby places a supportive hand on her arm.

CASEY
I don't understand.

BOBBY
He's not really gone. He's actually
still here. Really. It's like I can
still hear him.

CASEY
My gawd. I am so sorry. You've known
Dick your whole life.

BOBBY
No really. He's here. Right in front
of you. Dick show her.

Dick waves a hand in front of Casey's face. Casey doesn't react.

DICK
I don't think it works that way.

Casey hugs Bobby tightly. Her hug feels really, really good.

BOBBY

Whoa.

CASEY

There, there. You'll be okay. I know you miss him, but trust me, it'll be all right.

Behind Casey's back Bobby waves at Dick to beat it.

Annoyed, Dick clenches his eyes tight, concentrating real hard.

A wave of uneasiness comes over Bobby's face.

BOBBY

Oh no. Please no. Stop it.

Casey pats Bobby's back gently, caresses his hair.

CASEY

Its okay. You can't hold all that grief inside you. Just let it all go.

Bobby's clenched face suddenly transforms into one of embarrassment.

Casey opens her eyes, and wrinkles her nose.

CASEY

Ewww. Is that what I think it is?

Casey slowly pulls away from Bobby and looks down at her dress. A huge pee stain is on it.

CASEY

Ohmygawd! Did you just --

Bobby snatches napkins from the napkin dispenser. He frantically dabs at her dress trying to soak up the pee.

BOBBY

Let me take care of this. Its really not that bad.

(tossing down the napkins)

-- I gotta go!

Bobby darts from the room, leaving Casey speechless.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Bobby storms through the lobby followed by Dick.

DICK

Hey, buddy, Bobby, come on. You asked me to prove I was still here. You really think she could believe you would piss all over her like that? On the other hand, she's seen you do some really freaky stuff.

Bobby crosses through the sliding doors leaving Dick inside.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Dick passes through the unopened doors as a ghost to catch up to Bobby who is at curb side flagging a cab.

DICK

Cut me a break here, Bob, this is all new to me too ya know! I don't know what I'm supposed to be doing. I'm just as confused about all of this like you are.

A cab pulls up, Bobby opens the door.

BOBBY

Leave me alone!

Bobby hops in the cab, slams the door. The big burly CABBIE spins to look at Bobby.

CABBIE

Where ya headin'?

BOBBY

Anywhere but here.

The cab pulls away leaving Dick behind.

INT. CAB - DAY

CABBIE

Last time I was in a hospital I had to have gall stones removed. Hurt like hell to take a piss, but once they were gone, I felt like a new man.

Dick suddenly appears in the front seat beside the Cabbie.

DICK
I really don't think you can get rid of
me so easily.

BOBBY
FUCK OFF, DICK!

EXT. CAB - DAY

The cab SCREECHES to a halt.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAMMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Bobby staggers up the sidewalk and into the yard, tired and
sore.

INT. GRAMMA'S HOME - DAY

Bobby opens the door to find...

GROUP OF SENIOR LADIES
SURPRISE!

Twenty elderly women are gathered around. Big smiles. A
banner hangs on the wall: WELCOME HOME BOBBY!

Gramma Maynard steps from the kitchen carrying a candlelit
cake. Her face drops at the sight of Bobby's beat-up face.

GRAMMA
Bobby! What happened!

Zombie-like, Bobby just passes through the room toward the
basement.

BOBBY
Nothing, grandma.
(stopping at the basement door
a beat)
Oh, wait. Something did happen. My
pecker now works sporadically and I piss
on people uncontrollably.

Bobby disappears down the stairs shutting the door.

GRAMMA'S FRIEND ETHEL
Sounds just like my husband...

CUT TO:

INT. BOBBY'S BASEMENT SUITE - NIGHT

Dated living quarters. 60's style couch, bed, what else can you say, the guy lives with his Gramma.

Bobby is in pajamas, pulling back the sheets of the bed and fluffing the pillows.

BOBBY

So I assume you'll be turning in for the evening yourself? Hanging out at the old white light? Maybe going the distance, seeing what's shaking up...or down there.

Dick is perusing a bookcase.

DICK

Yeah, sure. I hear that the Purgatory Pub has ladies night tonight. Think I'll check that one out.

Close on one book: "PUT'N THE FUNK IN YOUR FUNKY".

DICK

Hmmm... "Put'n the Funk in Your Funky" by Arturo Shaft? Sounds...groovy.

BOBBY

You remember when we were kids and gramma was dating --

DICK

-- you mean pumping?

BOBBY

(climbing into bed)

Whatever. Anyway, gramma said that Arturo was her one true love. Then one day, the guy just vanished. That book showed up in the mail a couple months later.

DICK

Wow. Shagged then bagged.

A beat.

BOBBY

Did you really "bang" her?

DICK

What! No, of course not! I knew you had a thing for her, and I would never break that trust. We're best friends, right?

BOBBY

Yeah, I suppose so.

DICK

However, there were a lot, and I mean a lot of chicks back then. I was like a kid in a candy store, all sizes and flavors. You wouldn't expect me to remember them all, would you?

BOBBY

Only Casey.

DICK

Whether I did or didn't isn't the point. The point is that I'm gone now, sort of, and it's your turn to shine. Maybe that's the whole point of me still being here. Maybe I'm supposed to teach you everything I know. Kinda like your own personal "Pecker Professor".

BOBBY

Really! You'd do that for me?

DICK

Sure. Why not, I don't seem to have as many "earthly desires" as I used to. Practice is tomorrow. Good time to just be passing by the field for a visit.

BOBBY

That's right! It's Saturday. I really should stop by the ball park and see how she's doing.

DICK

(fading away)

Now you're thinking. Just pull on the reins a bit, cowboy. You don't want to reek of desperation.

BOBBY

(clicking off the lights)

Good night, Dick.

DICK
Night, Bobby.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Bobby drives his scooter with Dick scrunched tightly behind him on the seat.

DICK
This has got to be the epitome of dignity depriving.

BOBBY
It's economical and it saves the planet seventy-five percent the CO2 emissions of your average car.

DICK
Yeah, well, I'm sure you'd be a real chick magnet if you lived in an Amish community. How the hell do you ever expect to get Casey!

BOBBY
Wits, charm, intelligence, and a little sensitivity.

DICK
Are you looking to fuck her or bake a bundt cake together?

They stop at a red light. Bobby looks over his left shoulder at Dick as a large, burly biker, GUNNER, pulls up on a brapping Harley next to him. A spare helmet hangs off the side of his bike.

The Gunner looks over at Bobby with disdain, spits just missing his foot.

BOBBY
Do you really think women are stupid enough to fall for guys who drive big, tough vehicles? Statistics show today's renaissance man has more appeal than the missing link.

DICK
Speaking of missing links...

Bobby looks over at Gunner. If looks could kill.

BOBBY
Nice fatboy.

GUNNER
I'm gonna ignore everything I heard,
'cause I think you're a fruitcake, and I
don't want you're blood all over me.

With that, he braps off leaving Bobby a little unsettled.

DICK
I'm sure if you revealed to him your
culinary skills the two of you would hit
it off like peas in a pod.

BOBBY
(shrugging then giving some
throttle)
I highly doubt it. He doesn't look like
he'd appreciate a homemade soufflé.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

The baseball team is in mid-practice.

From first base, Casey catches a ball then looks up to see...

CASEY
Seriously...

Bobby approaches her, glove in hand. Dick saunter alongside him.

DICK
Just remember, play it cool.

BOBBY
Casey! Hey. Funny bumping into you.

CASEY
Bobby, what are you doing here?

BOBBY
I just thought I would check if that
pitcher position is still open.

CASEY
Gee, I don't know. Are you going to pee
on anyone?

BOBBY
No, of 'course not. I'm all better now.

A grounder rolls toward first.

BOBBY
GOT IT!

Bobby kneels down, mitt to the ground. The ball takes a hop, bounces off Bobby's head, right into Casey's glove.

BOBBY
Hey-hey. Nice teamwork.

CASEY
Bobby, I realize what you're doing here, and I'm really sorry, but you can't bring Dick back by trying to fill his shoes.

BOBBY
That's not it, really, I just --

IN THE DUGOUT - a TUBBY COACH sets down a case of beer.

TUBBY COACH
-- BEER'S HERE! BRING IT IN!

The team hustles over.

CASEY
(heading for the bench)
I should get going.

DICK
You idiot! You're blowing it! Quick!
Tell her it's my dying wish!

BOBBY
It's a death wish!

CASEY
(turning)
What?

BOBBY
I mean, dying wish. The last thing Dick said before we got into the car. He said he was going to do whatever it took to win your team a cup.

CASEY
Cup? You mean a pennant?

DICK
ERR-OR!

BOBBY

Well, yeah. If you let me finish. What I was trying to say is that he was going to do whatever it took to win your team a CUP-PULL of pennants.

CASEY

Did Dick really say that?

DICK

Stay on target.

BOBBY

I just feel I owe it to him to try and fulfill his last wish.

Casey turns, hesitates, waves him in.

CASEY

Fine. If it helps put closure to everything for you, come on...

IN THE DUGOUT

Casey and Bobby step into the beer-swilling group and over to...Gunner.

CASEY

Gunner, this is Bobby and Gunner, this is Bobby.

DICK

You don't look so tough to me, fucker.

BOBBY

(holding out his hand)
Nice to see a you again.
Gunner...that's Viking, right?

GUNNER

(taking his hand and crushing it)
Nope. AK-47's, Lugers, you name it, I've shot it.

Bobby wincingly takes back his hand.

A TUBBY COACH claps his hands enthusiastically.

TUBBY COACH

All right. Let's wrap it up and get back out there. Show me my winning team!

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - LATER

A baseball bonks lightly off the head of a female ballplayer at the on-deck circle.

BOBBY
Sorry about that. Still warming up.

Bobby, at the mound, windmills his arm furiously.

GUNNER
(digging in at the plate)
Ain't got all day, Pussy.

Casey, standing on first base, shakes her head.

SHORTSTOP
(to Casey)
This is a joke, right?

CASEY
He's just gotta loosen up...
(low)
...I hope.

Bobby nervously lofts the ball up and down.

BOBBY
(low)
Can't you do something?

Dick's ghost paces around him lost in thought.

DICK
Alright, alright. I didn't remember you being this hopeless, but things are desperate.

Dick reaches his hand into Bobby's body from behind. Bobby jumps around, being tickled.

BOBBY
Hey! What are you doing back there!

SHORTSTOP
Ah, waiting for you to throw the ball!

DICK
Hold still, lemme try this.
(working his hand inside Bobby)
Okay, I think I got it. How's that?

Dick removes his hand from inside Bobby.

BOBBY
(heavy lisp)
Whewww! Sweet Jesus, I feel fabulous.

Gunner and the catcher look at each other.

GUNNER
Guy's a waste of space.

BOBBY
Well, excuse me, Mr. Doubting Thomas.
I'm doing my best.

Bobby tosses the ball, as limp-wristed as you can get. It dribbles across the ground, barely making it to the plate.

Gunner stares at it in disbelief. Bobby jumps up and down with glee.

BOBBY
Yay! Yay!
(clapping his hands)
Now, throw it to me. Throw it to me!

Gunner bends over, picks up the ball.

BOBBY
(checking out his ass)
Woooo. Someone's been using their butt master regularly.

Gunner fires the ball back at Bobby. Bobby shrieks, ducking as it flies over his head.

The second baseman snags it. Hands it to Casey.

SECOND BASEMAN
Do somethin' Case. Please.

Casey walks over to the pitcher's mound.

BOBBY
(to the catcher)
I think somebody needs to have a little time out.

CASEY
That's enough for today, Bobby.

BOBBY
No, please, not yet.

CASEY

Bobby, you're a nice guy and I understand what you're trying to do right, but I really don't want to see you get hurt. You don't fit in here.

BOBBY

Just one more toss, pretty please?

CASEY

Okay, fine, but that's it. Last one! Then you have to leave. Promise?

BOBBY

With sprinkles on top!

CASEY

(to team, heading back to base)
Last one, then he's gone.

BOBBY

(low)
Come on, Dickie, I need something better than this.

DICK

Okay, my bad. Note to self, valve on the left is estrogen.
(reaching back inside Bobby)
Here, let's give that one a whirl.

GUNNER

Come on, sissy! Gimme something I can get a piece of.

Bobby shakes violently. He grips the ball so tight it squeaks.

BOBBY

SISSY? I'LL GIVE YOU SISSY, YOU DAMN, DIRTY APE!

Bobby winds up. He FIRES the ball an impossible 200 mph. It EXPLODES into the catcher's mitt.

Gunner doesn't even see it.

GUNNER

Let's go, what are you waiting for?

The catcher throws down his glove, shaking his hand painfully.

CASEY
 (rushing up to Bobby)
 Wow. That was amazing! I honestly didn't think you had it in you.

BOBBY
 Thanks, bitch. Now, gimme some sugar.

CASEY
 Bobby?

The coach rushes up to the plate.

TUBBY COACH
 Okay, buddy, you had your fun. You're a ringer, I get it. That's cool. But, can you keep up the heat for a full nine innings?

BOBBY
 Yeah, tubby, but am I really gonna need it in this candy-assed league?

TUBBY COACH
 (beat)
 Brilliant! Psychological intimidation. I love it.
 (turns to team)
 You know, you guys could learn a lot from this guy.

The players grumble, Gunner fumes.

TUBBY COACH
 Game time's noon, Sunday.

BOBBY
 And?

Tubby's speechless.

BOBBY
 (waving him to leave)
 We're done.

With a chuckle, the coach walks off, pulling Casey along with him. He punches her in the arm lightly.

TUBBY COACH
 Nice goin', Case. You may just have found us our winning ticket.

Casey glances back at Bobby, totally puzzled.

EXT. BASEBALL PARKING LOT - LATER

Bobby is by his scooter, putting on his helmet when he spots Casey. He is now back to normal.

BOBBY
Hey, Casey!

DICK
I dunno about this Bobby. Having her see you with your Nifty Fifty ain't such a good idea.

Reluctantly, Casey heads over.

BOBBY
Now what did I tell you about material things.

CASEY
(re: Bobby's scooter)
Is this your's, for real?

BOBBY
What? This scooter?

CASEY
Yeah, its kind of gay, don't you think.

DICK
Told you.

BOBBY
Nah, my chops in the shop getting a flame job thrown on it. Totally'll pimp it out.

CASEY
That's cool. You know, you really surprised me out there today.

BOBBY
I'm full or surprises. Just like an onion. Say, you wanna grab a coffee sometime, maybe a movie.

A LOUD BRAAAAPPP interrupts the moment as Gunner pulls up. He hands Casey a helmet.

GUNNER
Hop on, Casey, let's blow.

CASEY
 (to Bobby as she puts on
 helmet)
 I'm helping out at a fund-raising event
 at a senior's home tomorrow. Maybe later
 in the week.

Casey slowly climbs on the hog.

GUNNER
 Nice wheels, Scooter. Did ti come with
 training wheels?

Gunner dumps the clutch spitting gravel toward Bobby.

DICK
 Fuck him, Bobby. The guy's a dipshit.

BOBBY
 (slowly hopping on his scooter)
 But he's he one with Casey...

EXT. GRAMMA'S HOME - FRONT YARD

Eyes closed, Gramma Maynard sits cross-legged on the lawn in a flowing, psychedelic summer dress. Eyes closed, she MOANS in some sort of meditative way, a happy smile on her face.

Bobby enters through the gate. Gramma opens an eye, removes the headphones.

GRAMMA
 How did it go, slugger?

BOBBY
 (sarcastic)
 Real great. Made the team, but I struck
 out.

GRAMMA
 Oh. You want to talk about it?

BOBBY
 Gramma, whatever happened to "The One?"

GRAMMA
 Oh...him. Seems like a lifetime ago.
 Just after his book was published he
 vanished into thin air. Never heard from
 him again.

BOBBY

So what about all that true love stuff?
It doesn't really exist, does it?

GRAMMA

Of 'course it does.

BOBBY

But you're no longer with him.

GRAMMA

(placing her hand to her heart)
He's still here. I feel him every day.

BOBBY

Geeze, gram. How do you do it? How do
you carry on without him in your life?

GRAMMA

Easy. I cheat on him. Meet my lovers...
(raising her glass)
Jack Daniels and...

Reaching under her dress, she pulls out a HUGE, BLACK
VIBRATOR.

GRAMMA

...the Vi-Bro 2000.

Bobby winces.

DICK

I may be a ghost, but even we have our
limits.

INT. BOBBY'S SUITE - DAY

Bobby sits in a chair reading Arturo's book. Dick looks over
his shoulder.

DICK

"To funkify the ladies, you gotsta mac
daddy ya sef." Are you fucking me?

BOBBY

Do you mind?

DICK

"Pimpify, not simplify?" Give me a
break!

BOBBY

I'm trying to better myself, a little something called personal growth.

DICK

Personal growth, sure, I've heard of that. Another name for it is "Horny." You just want to get in Casey's pants!

BOBBY

Do not.

DICK

Whatever. You want Casey. I can get her for you.

BOBBY

Yeah, right.

(beat)

Really?

DICK

The woman was absolutely nuts for me. You think that was simply luck or masterfully skilled manipulation?

BOBBY

Luck?

DICK

Fuck no. I had racked up a lot of knowledge and experience by the time I was seventeen. Women are actually quite simple. They look for three things in a man.

BOBBY

Brains, tenderness and charm?

DICK

Take off the panties and listen up. One, they want athletic prowess. Two, they want a guy who is stinking rich. And three, they want someone who's been around the block a few times and knows how to make them squeal.

BOBBY

Are you talking women, or pigs?

DICK

Sometimes it can be one and the same, if you're lucky.

(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)

Anyway, after today's display, number one is probably out for you so we gotta move on to number two. Get a good night's sleep, Bobby. Booty camp starts tomorrow.

Dick fades out leaving Bobby all alone.

BOBBY

Good night, Bobby. Thanks for sticking with me.

INT. GRAMMA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Gramma, a look of concern, has her ear to Bobby's door listening to the one-sided conversation.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Bobby enters to the processing room to find Mr. O'Doull writing on a chart.

DICK

Go on, ask him.

BOBBY

(low)

Fine. But I really don't know if this is such a good idea.

(to Mr. O'Doull)

Hey, boss, I think I've been here for quite a while now, and I really feel I am a strong contributor to the overall growth of this organization.

MR. O'DOULL

You're fired.

BOBBY

But, I was only just asking.

MR. O'DOULL

Look, Bobby, you're a great kid, and I really like you, but we're in a recession. I know it can feel at times like a dead-end job, and I really appreciate you, but I simply can't afford to pay you anymore at this time.

BOBBY

Okay.

MR. O'DOULL

Now, get to work on Mr. Jones over here.

(heading to the door)

And by the way, next time you ask for a raise, wait until I'm shit-faced. You still won't get one, but I'll have more fun turning you down.

With that, O'Doull exits the room leaving Dick and Bobby alone.

BOBBY

Well that one didn't quite pan out.

DICK

No big fuck. There's a lot of tricks you can do to make a woman think you're loaded. You won't believe what kind of action a Porsche key fob in a bar can get you.

Bobby goes to the counter where he puts on a gown and gloves.

BOBBY

You know, I really don't believe in being misleading about who I am. I want a woman who will just accept me for who I am.

Dick looks him over in his trench-coated, psycho killer-type attire.

DICK

Really now.

BOBBY

Okay fine. What are we gonna do?

Bobby crosses to a gurney and lowers a sheet to reveal an old man in a tux adorned with a lot of gold.

Bobby and Dick look at one another.

CUT TO:

EXT. SENIORS' HOME - NIGHT

A sprawling, snotty club. Bobby pulls up in an old HEARSE.

A VALET steps up as Bobby hops out wearing Gold Man's long tailed tux and jewelry.

VALET

How are we doing today, sir?

BOBBY

(handing him the keys)

Having some trouble with the new penis.
Other than that, just fine.

Suddenly the front doors burst open, and two paramedics exit carrying a covered gurney. A sobbing woman trails behind in a gold, sequined dress.

BOBBY

(to the paramedic)

My gawd, what happened?

PARAMEDIC

Was his time, unfortunately. But he died
doing what he loved.

As the paramedic presses on, Sandler quickly whips out a business card out of his pocket and hands it to the sobbing widow.

BOBBY

I know you need to grieve right now, but
call me in a day or two, and I'll help
you take clean all of this up.

The woman takes Bobby's business card with a wail, as the troupe exit into the parking lot.

DICK

You really do have such a wonderful
bedside manner.

BOBBY

Why thank you.

INT. SENIORS' HOME - BANQUET ROOM

People filter in and out of the room. A banner above the doors displays: SEVENTH ANNUAL SENIOR'S HOME FUNDRAISER.

Beside the door a signboard reads: THE AMAZING WAZOO'S PUPPET SHOW. A photo shows a chipper old man wearing a boy puppet and a snake puppet on each hand. A chipper old woman wears a girl puppet. Underneath it reads: STACY AND CHESTER MEET SCANDALOUS SNAKE.

There's easily over a hundred people, middle aged kids and their senior citizen parents.

Bobby spots Casey pushing a cart of tea, coffee and cookies and handing it out. Bobby presses up behind her.

DICK
Go ahead, just say it.

BOBBY
Excuse me, do you know where I can make
an extremely handsome donation?

CASEY
What are you doing here!

BOBBY
I'm here for the seniors?

A SENIOR HOME ADMINISTRATOR steps in front of the puppet stand.

SENIOR HOME ADMINISTRATOR
May I have your attention, please. Due
to an...unforeseeable circumstance, the
Amazing Wazoo's puppet show has been
cancelled.

The seniors whine and moan, heartbroken.

CASEY
Look at them. They're heartbroken. They
make it this far through life, and
something as simple as this puppet show
not happening can just crush their world.
It's terrible. I'll see you later.

She pushes her tea cart off.

BOBBY
I feel awful. Can't we do anything?

DICK
We?

BOBBY
I mean how hard can it be.

DICK
Oh, no, please don't tell me you're
serious.

BOBBY
Come on, Dick. Anyone of the people in
this room could be you're next roommate
or something. You wouldn't want them to
go out without one last smile, would you?

CUT TO:

INT. BANQUET ROOM - LATER

ON PUPPET STAGE - CHESTER, the boy puppet pops up.

CHESTER
(boring)
Hello there, children. I'm a boy puppet.
My name is Lester.

A CANTANKEROUS SENIOR in the audience winces.

CANTANKEROUS SENIOR
It's Chester, DOOFUS!

CHESTER
Correction noted. My name is Chester.

Casey, gathering up plates, rolls her eyes.

On stage, STACY, the girl puppet pops up.

STACY
My name is Stacy. And I am a girl
puppet.

CHESTER
Stacy, I have to tell you something.

STACY
What, Chester?

Bobby leans on a table, loses his balance. Chester falls
off, but his hand remains talking.

CHESTER
I've been in love with you since the
first day I laid eyes on you.

The crowd bursts out laughing.

Casey looks over, can't help but smile.

INT. PUPPET TENT - CONTINUOUS

Bobby, on his knees, notices Chester on the ground.

DICK
(in a squeaky voice)
Wow, Chester. You suck!

BOBBY
(low, scooping up Chester)
Like you could do better, Howdy-Doody.

EXT. BANQUET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chester, back on hand, pops up.

CANTANKEROUS SENIOR
YOU SUCK!

CHESTER
So I've heard.

Casey heads toward the kitchen doors pushing a dish cart.

STACY
Chester! I had no idea you felt for me
that way.

CHESTER
It's true, Casey. I think you're the
cat's pajamas.

Casey stops just before the doors, curiously turns. Did he
say Casey?

STACY
But, Chester --

CHESTER
-- "You make me feel funny. You make me
feel weak. 'Though I'm not sure what it
means, I want to shag your socks off."

The seniors are silently enchanted.

Casey is silently enchanted.

CANTANKEROUS SENIOR
BOORRRRINGG! BRING OUT THE SNAKE!

He leads the other seniors in a chant, "Snake, Snake,
Snake..."

INT. PUPPET TENT - CONTINUOUS

Bobby looks around, sees the SNAKE PUPPET on a wooden table behind him.

BOBBY
I'm screwed!

DICK
Relax, I got an idea.

EXT. BANQUET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The kids continue their snake chant.

CHESTER
SHHHHHH! Did you here something?

STACY
I think I heard a hissing noise.

CASEY
(joining in, smiling)
Snake, Snake, Snake...

The two puppets disappear.

A table SCREECHES along the floor inside the puppet tent.

A moment later, three puppets pop up; Chester, Stacy..and the Snake!

The kids, and Casey, cheer enthusiastically!

SCANDALOUS SNAKE
(whisper)
Hello folkssss.

SENIORS
Hiii!

SCANDALOUS SNAKE
(to audience)
Sssay, have you out there ssseen my
sssupper?

The seniors and Casey yell "No." Stacy and Chester shake with fear.

SCANDALOUS SNAKE
(to Stacy)
Hey ssscrumptious, have you ssseen my
sssupper?

STACY
 (scared)
 N-n-noo. M-m-mr. Scand-d-dal-l-lous
 Snak-k-ke.

SCANDALOUS SNAKE
 Yesss you have. You are my sssupper!

The snake slithers closer to Stacy.

Casey smiles.

CANTANKEROUS SENIOR
 How the heck is he doing that?

INT. PUPPET TENT - CONTINUOUS

Bobby lies on his back on the table. Scandalous Snake is on his pecker.

BOBBY
 I can't believe you talked me into this!

DICK
 (moving his hand to control the
 snake)
 Shhhh! You're breaking my concentration.
 I'm a method actor.

EXT. BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS

Scandalous Snake is wrapped around Stacy, holding her tight.

SCANDALOUS SNAKE
 I could ussse sssome sssalt and pepper.

Stacy
 Help! Chester! Save me!

CHESTER
 You can't eat her. She's my true love.

Chester disappears for a second then pops back up carrying a big toy bat. He moves toward Scandalous Snake.

SCANDALOUS SNAKE
 Ssssstay away, ssslugger!

The seniors are spellbound. All except the Cantankerous Senior who's made his way up to the stage.

CHESTER

Sorry, Scandalous Snake, Stacy might be
sweet as pie, but you're not her guy!

Chester beats away furiously on Scandalous Snake with the bat.

Cantankerous Senior slowly walks across the front of the stage pulling the curtain off, one snap at a time.

CHESTER

How do you like that, Snake. Feels good,
huh? How do you like that? Oh yeah,
your not so big now, huh?

Bobby, sensing something, turns to see...

Everyone wide-mouthed staring at him pounding the snake puppet on his pecker in shock. The room is dead silent.

And then, one senile senior woman speaks up.

SENILE SENIOR

I'd like a snake like that between my
legs!

CUT TO:

EXT. POSH COUNTRY CLUB - BACK OF KITCHEN - NIGHT

The back door whips open. Bobby tumbles out, crashing into a pile of garbage. The door slams shut.

Bobby sits up, battered and bruised. The door opens briefly and the snake puppet is tossed onto Bobby, then the door slams shut.

DICK

Gee, that was a little harsh.

BOBBY

We just sodomized a puppet in front of a room full of people!

DICK

Ahh, their brains are mush. It'll just be a foggy memory by tomorrow.

INT. HEARSE - NIGHT

Bobby's hands grip the wheel tightly.

BOBBY

That's it! I'm through listening to you!

DICK

Hey. I'm not the one who suggested the puppet show. That was all you, baby.

Bobby seethes.

INT. GRAMMA'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A MEATBALL is plopped onto Bobby's plate.

GRAMMA

Is everything okay, honey? You seem a little down in the dumps.

BOBBY

I dunno. Ever since the accident, life just hasn't been the same.

Gramma serves herself, sitting down.

GRAMMA

Life is like that, honey. Be true to yourself and listen to your heart.

BOBBY

Yeah, but it's not my heart that's talking. How'd that Arturo guy win your heart?

GRAMMA

Oh, boy... Seems like it was only yesterday. God, he wrote me the most beautiful poems.

BOBBY

That's it?

GRAMMA

That...and he humped like a mink.

INT. BOBBY'S SUITE - NIGHT

Bobby lies in bed scribbling away on a note pad. Dick, sitting beside him, glances over.

DICK

"Your eyes sparkle like really bright sparkly things!" Somebody get me a tissue.

Bobby rips off the sheet, crumpling it. He tosses it over to an empty wastebasket surrounded by numerous other crumpled papers.

BOBBY

Shut up.

(defeated)

Who am I kidding. A woman like Casey would never fall for a stupid poem.

DICK

Exactly.

BOBBY

Good night.

Bobby reaches over, turns off the lamp. All is quiet until a SOFT RHYTHMIC RUSTLING is heard.

DICK

HOLD ON COWBOY! DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT!

Bobby sits bolt upright, snaps on the light.

BOBBY

What! What! I was just itchy!

DICK

That was not even close to being a scratch...it was definitely a yank!

BOBBY

Alright already. But geeze, you're the one who said I needed to get some experience.

DICK

You're absolutely right, but I'm not about to let you get gang-raped by Rosie Palm and her five sisters.

BOBBY

After today, how am I ever going to get Casey to look at me.

DICK

Bobby, buddy, you're completely right. Casey wants nothing to do with you. You think all that's gonna change if she knows your puppetry of the penis is the only action you can get?

BOBBY
Maybe you're right.

DICK
Damn straight I am. Its time to move on
to step three.

BOBBY
Okay, just lemme sleep on it.

DICK
Fine, but hands off, Curious George.

Bobby turns the light off.

INT. BOBBY'S SUITE - DAY

Bobby goes through his closet. A pile of clothes lie on his
bed. He pulls out a green tweed blazer.

BOBBY
Out of style?

DICK
Never even touched on the subject.

BOBBY
This is hopeless. I have nothing.

GRAMMA (O.S.)
Bobby? You okay?

BOBBY
Yeah, Gramma, I'm fine.

Gramma steps down the stairs.

GRAMMA
Who are you talking to?

BOBBY
No one, Gramma.

She moves over to the bed. Sits on the edge.

GRAMMA
You've been through a lot lately. Dick
kickin' and all. You need to get out.
Get back into the swing of things.

BOBBY
I'm trying, it's just, my clothes suck.

GRAMMA

I have just the thing!

CUT TO:

EXT. TRENDY STREET - DAY

Bustling, trendy section of town. Specialized boutiques and shops abound.

Bobby strides down the sidewalk dressed in a one piece, bright yellow velvet jumpsuit and Bill Cosby-style cap.

BOBBY

I look like an idiot.

DICK

Yes you do. Why does your Gramma have a, quote-unquote, "Party-time" suit anyway.

BOBBY

She said it belonged to Arturo. Said it's retro.

DICK

Hey, check her out.

Bobby passes a tall, leggy brunette. She bursts out laughing.

BOBBY

Naw. I'm not crazy about her sense of humor.

DICK

Bang on to me.

Bobby approaches a fashion plate redhead.

DICK

Kay. What about this one?

Bobby politely smiles. She's disgusted.

BOBBY

Little stuffy.

DICK

Okay, I'll give you that one. Here we go!

A fit, muscular blonde approaches. She shoves Bobby out of the way, KNOCKING HIM DOWN. Bobby bumps his head, bites his tongue.

Two hot blondes rush up, help Bobby to his feet.

HOT BLONDE #1
(rubbing his back)
Poor baby, are you okay?

BOBBY
(still lisping)
My tongue hurts.

HOT BLONDE #2
Oooh! I'm sure it does sweetie.
(yelling after muscular blonde)
JUST BECAUSE HE'S RETARDED DOESN'T MAKE
HIM ANY LESS A HUMAN BEING!

INT. CORNER PUB - LATER

Bobby sits at the bar licking an ice cream cone in the mostly vacant pub. The hot blondes are at a pool table setting it up.

BOBBY
They think I'm retarded!

DICK
If it bothers you so much, why did you
let them buy you the ice cream cone.

BOBBY
(shrugging)
I like Tiger-Tiger.

DICK
Whatever. Let's stay on target here. We
gotta get you some action. Ask them if
you can join in.

One of the hot blondes is racking the balls up.

BOBBY
I'm not much of a pool player, more of a
Scrabble kinda guy.

DICK
Just do it!

BOBBY
 Okay, okay!
 (to blondes)
 Hey! You two okay with a three way?

The two glance at each other and giggle.

HOT BLONDE #1
 Sure!

CUT TO:

INT. CORNER PUB - LATER

THE CUE BALL cracks the racked balls. A ball drops.

DICK
 Now, say what I say. You handle that
 stick well.

BOBBY
 You handle that stick well.

Hot Blonde # 1 smiles, moves around the table to line up her
 next shot.

DICK
 Okay, now say, "I bet you could handle my
 stick even better."

BOBBY
 I bet you could handle my stick even
 better. I just ground some chalk onto
 it.

DICK
 Oh, Christ. Don't improvise.

HOT BLONDE #2
 So, you're a betting man. What type of
 things do you like to bet on?

She leans over the table, exposing her ample breasts.

DICK
 Boo-bies.

SANDLER
 Boobies.

HOT NURSE
 Excuse me?

BOBBY
 Rupees. Spent some time in India.

DICK
Offer her a drink.

BOBBY
Offer you a drink?

Hot Blonde #2 puts two fingers in her mouth, whistles, then flashes two fingers to the bartender.

The bartender lines up three shooters.

BOBBY
I'm not much of a drinker.

Stepping to the bar, Hot Blonde #1 bends over and seductively places her lips over the shooter. Probing her tongue into the glass, she tilts her head back and downs the drink.

Spitting out the shooter, it bounces off Bobby's head, not even fazing him. She places the other shooter between Hot Blonde #2's breasts.

HOT BLONDE #2
Your turn.

Bobby whips out his wallet.

BOBBY
(slamming hand on bar)
Bartender, a dozen more!

CUT TO:

INT. CORNER PUB - LATER

A row of empty shooter glasses line the bar.

BOBBY
(slurring)
...and that's why my Gramma had to raise me, all on her own. She loves me and I love her.

HOT BLONDE #1
(yawning)
That's very interesting. And to think I didn't even ask.

Bobby stares at her glassy eyed, head bobbing.

BOBBY
...and that's why my Gramma had to raise me, all on her own. She loves me and I --

Bobby's face slams onto the bar, his arms dangling limply by his side.

HOT BLONDE #2
Time to hit the road.

HOT BLONDE #1
I'm afraid so.

The two hop off their stools, head for the door.

SUDDENLY, Bobby snaps upright, shakes his head. Looking into the bar mirror, the reflection reveals Dick, now in control of Bobby's body.

DICK/BOBBY
(low)
It's party time!
(to blondes)
Hey, blondees! You two from Tennessee?

The blondes turn around.

DICK/BOBBY
'Cause you're the only tens I see!

He whips his arms out of the jumpsuit and ties the top part around his waist. Now he wears a white tank top looking like a rapper.

DICK/BOBBY
(hopping off the bar stool)
For a moment I thought I had died and gone to heaven. Now I see that I am very much alive, and heaven has been brought to me.

HOT BLONDE #2
I thought you were --

DICK/BOBBY
(twisting his Cosby-style hat around)
-- My love for you two is like diarrhea, I just can't hold it in.

Dick/Bobby grabs a cue stick off a rack, twirls it impressively as he struts up to the blondes.

DICK/BOBBY
(holding out the cue)
Now...about that game.

The two blondes are easily enamoured.

CUT TO:

POOL GAME MONTAGE

-- Hot Blonde #1, sexually bent over, sinks a combination shot easily.

-- Dick/Bobby, taking the cue between his legs and thrusting his pelvis to take the shot, slamming a ball in the corner pocket.

-- Hot Blonde #2, putting the chalk in her mouth, then deep throating the cue to chalk it.

-- PULL BACK revealing Dick/Bobby using the Hot Blonde #1 who lies on her back on the pool table as a bridge. Dick/Bobby runs his cue between her breasts to make the shot.

-- PULL BACK revealing Dick/Bobby lying face down on the table with his butt thrust in the air acting as the bridge for Hot Blonde #2 who takes a shot. The cue ball knocks the BLACK BALL straight toward the camera...

WIPING TO BLACK

INT. NURSE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

PITCH BLACK. The door opens spilling light into the room as the blondes stumble in holding up a limp Bobby. She flicks on the lights. Nice place.

HOT BLONDE #1
(giggling)
So who won, anyway?

BOBBY
(groaning)
Won what?

The blondes playfully dump Bobby onto a couch.

HOT BLONDE #2
Don't you go anywhere, now.

The two women leave the room. Bobby grabs his head, moans with a hangover. He looks up, catches his reflection in the mirror. It changes from Dick to Bobby.

BOBBY
Oh, my head!

DICK

Oh, quit your griping. I laid the sod,
now you lay the broads.

BOBBY

Broads? What are you talking about.
(realizing)
Oh my, I can't do this.

DICK

Oh, no you don't. You're goin' through
with this once and for all, cheesedick.

HOT BLONDE #1 (O.S.)

Are you ready?

The two blondes step back into the room, dressed in nothing
but skimpy lingerie.

HOT BLONDE #2

We are going to rock your world.

BOBBY

(low)
Mother...

CUT TO:

INT. HOT BLONDES' APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

TIGHT ON sunlight streaming through the sheers.

HOT BLONDE #1 (O.S.)

That-is-amazing.

PULL BACK revealing Bobby between the two blondes from the
neck up, looking at the ceiling from the bed.

BOBBY

Not really. Not if it's real, what you
feel inside.

HOT BLONDE #2

But he doesn't even know I exist.

PULL BACK FURTHER. The blondes are under the covers, Bobby's
above, still fully dressed.

BOBBY

Unless Dr. Wright's stethoscope swings
the other way, trust me, he knows you
exist.

HOT BLONDE #2

Really?

BOBBY

Word. Just stay true to your heart.
It'll never steer you wrong.

The two blondes peck Bobby on the cheek.

BOBBY

(to Hot Blonde #1)

As for you missy! You don't hung up on
the whole man thing. Just continue to
hit the books hard and get that Ph.D.
Trust me, it'll all fall into place after
that.

HOT BLONDE #1

Thank you.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Bobby saunters down the sidewalk of the apartment-lined
street. A full moon shines down romantically.

DICK

I can't believe you! I just silver-
plattered you a gourmet dish. And you
didn't even taste it!

BOBBY

I dunno, I guess I just wasn't in the
mood.

DICK

Not in the mood? You're scaring me here.
On a scale of one to ten, that chick was
a hundred. You could be gay and that
woman would put you in the mood. What is
wrong with you!

BOBBY

Is that all it ever was for you Dick?
Just a romp in the sack for some physical
pleasure? No other deeper connection?

Bobby carries on down the sidewalk. Dick lingers behind
pondering the statement.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Bobby applies make-up to a deceased elderly woman, making her look elegant.

BOBBY
You, know Dick, I think we just have different goals.

DICK
Aw, come on. Don't get your knickers in a knot. So you chickened out. No biggee. You can't be a loser all your life.

(pointing to the eyes of the body)
I think you could use a slightly deeper shade of Sassy Duo here.

Bobby opens the crematorium, shoves the body into the flaming oven, slams the door.

BOBBY
Maybe your right. Maybe there is no such thing as true love. Maybe I've been wrong all these years. Maybe...maybe...
MAYBE YOU'RE AN IDIOT!

DICK
Whooooa. Someone's gotta blow a load.

BOBBY
NO! That's you, not me!

He moves to the job board, looks at the sheet.

TIGHT ON THE SHEET - The next name on the list has been heavily scratched out. Pencilled in next to it is: JOHN DOE
- DO NOT TOUCH

BOBBY
That's odd...
(back to his argument)
Love's not about getting laid! It's about being with that special someone who makes you happy to be just who you are, and vice-versa.

He crosses to a covered body on a gurney.

DICK
Oh, right. And Casey certainly does that for you.

BOBBY

You know something...you're an asshole.
Well, maybe not an asshole, but close
enough. I wish you were...

He throws back the sheet on the body revealing Dick's corpse.
Dick stumbles back a few steps.

DICK

Ohmygawd!

SANDLER

Ohmygawd!

Mr. O'Doull enters.

MR. O'DOULL

Crissakes, laddie. That one wasn't for
your eyes.

BOBBY

Thanks for trying to spare my feelings.
If it's okay with you, I'm gonna take the
rest of the day off.

MR. O'DOULL

Sure, sure. Your pal, Dick was a good
boy! I'll do my best to make him look
perfect.

Bobby heads for the door. Dick slowly evaporates into
nothing.

EXT. WADDELL HOME - DAY

Nice middle-class home. The driveway and street are crowded
with cars including O'Doull's hearse.

Bobby approaches up the sidewalk.

DICK

You sure you can handle this?

BOBBY

I'm here for you, buddy.

DICK

Better prepare yourself. There's gonna
be some heavy emotions in there.

INT. WADDELL HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bobby opens the door to a KICK-ASS PARTY. People are shakin'
their booties to Gramma's tinny organ version of The Black
eyed Peas, "MEET ME HALFWAY".

BOBBY

Grief affects everyone differently.

Drunk, Mr. Waddell staggers up, slaps Bobby on the back, shoves him a martini.

MR. WADDELL

-- Bobby! Glad ya could make it.
(raising his glass for a toast)
Even if you did kill him, ya bastard.

Waddell clinks Bobby's glass, tosses back his drink, weaves off.

BOBBY

Ouch.

Bobby presses into the room, through the dancing crowd.

Bobby steps over to a DICK'S OPEN CASKET. Besides a bad make-up job, Dick wears a CHEESY MANAGER OUTFIT. There's a curious bulge in his pants.

A table next to him displays a FRAMED PHOTO of DICK SMILING in the manager outfit. A caption underneath reads: CHUCK'S STEAK PIT - MANAGER OF THE MONTH.

BOBBY

I would of used a little more rouge,
warmed you up a tad. The suit looks
good, though.

Mr. O'Doull bumps into him, shit-faced.

MR. O'DOULL

Told ya I'd make him look his best.
(re: the crotch bulge)
Amazing what ya can do with a thirty cent
banana, hey?

DICK

I would'a gone with a salami.

Mr. O'Doull digs into his pocket.

MR. O'DOULL

(handing Bobby the keys)
Here. I'm a little gunned. Besides, if
things go my way, I'll be goin' home with
that...

Bobby follows his gaze to...

GRAMMA MAYNARD

playing the electric organ. Bobby shrieks.

MR. O'DOULL

Oh I know what yer thinkin'. An old fart like me with a hottie like that. That's why they invented Viagra.

Bobby winces. O'Doull moves off just as Casey steps up and taps him on the back.

CASEY

Truce?

Beat.

BOBBY

(relieved)

Yes.

CASEY

How you holding up?

BOBBY

It's been rough, but I'm managing.

DICK

Hey! Check out the cleavage.

CASEY

(smiling warmly, putting her hand on his)

Hang in there. We'll get through this.

She leans in and they hug.

DICK

Quick! Put your hand on her ass.

BOBBY

NO!

CASEY

(stoking his back tenderly)

Yes we will, I promise.

Gramma glances over, notices the sparks. She breaks into a soft waltz. People in the living room start slow dancing. Casey and Bobby join in.

CASEY

(dreamily)

Something about this feels so right.

BOBBY
(deep in her eyes)
Like it was meant to be.

Cheek to cheek, they're lost in the moment. They lock eyes, then both their eyes SNAP wide open.

CASEY
What's that?

There's a huge WET SPOT on his pants and her dress.

CASEY
That better be pee!
(beat)
Tell me I didn't just say that.

DICK
(whispering)
I think she's into golden showers.

Bobby doubles over, crossing his legs.

BOBBY
Oooh! The doctor said this might happen.
I'm just gonna...

Bobby darts off awkwardly, leaving Casey weirded out.

INT. WASHROOM - DAY

Bobby whips off his stained trousers and boxers and opens the laundry basket.

BOBBY
I can't believe you did that!

DICK
It was an accident.

BOBBY
It was not.

He digs in to the basket and disgustingly picks out a pair of boxers three sizes too big.

BOBBY
You did that on purpose! All this time I've been listening to you and, and you did that on purpose!

DICK
I was just try'n to save you from
embarrassing yourself.

BOBBY
(reluctantly putting on the
undershorts)
Having just urinated on the woman I love,
I now wear a pair of your father's dirty
underwear. I'd have to say you failed!

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The bathroom door creeps open. Bobby peeks out, then sneaks
down the hall.

DICK
There's something you don't know about
Casey.

BOBBY
What?

DICK
I want to say this as gently as possible.

BOBBY
So, say it.

Bobby opens a closet. Rifles through some linens.

DICK
Here it goes.

BOBBY
What!

DICK
Dude, she's a ho. I didn't want to say
anything, but --

BOBBY
-- You are so full of shit!

From the other end of the hallway, Bobby hears SOBBING.

BOBBY
Shhh. What is that?

Bobby makes his way down the hall.

Bobby reaches the doorway to Dick's old room. Mrs. Waddell
sits on Dick's bed, blubbering.

BOBBY
 She's in so much pain.
 (beat)
 I have to do something.

DICK
 No, let's go.

BOBBY
 Dick! That's your mother...and I need
 pants.

Bobby enters the room.

INT. DICK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BOBBY
 Mrs. Waddell?

Mascara streaking grotesquely down her face, Mrs. Waddell
 forces a smile.

MRS. WADDELL
 Hi, Sandy.

She looks him over curiously.

BOBBY
 I had a bit of an accident. Are you
 alright?

MRS. WADDELL
 I can't let go. A part of him is out
 there somewhere. Attached to some
 monster. He could be taking advantage of
 women, maybe even children.

Bobby crosses to her, places an arm around her tenderly.

DICK
 Bobby, I know what your thinking.

BOBBY
 Mrs. Waddell, I want to tell you
 something.

DICK
 Bobby, don't.

MRS. WADDELL
 (desperate for comfort)
 What is it, Sandy?

BOBBY
Mrs. Waddell, I have your son's penis.

Beat.

MRS. WADDELL
(hugs Bobby)
Oh, Sandy. You have no idea how wonderful that is to hear. Now I can grieve, knowing that I've buried Ritchy in his complete form.

BOBBY
No, you don't understand. I have your son's penis...literally.

Mrs. Waddell grows creepily solemn. She holds Bobby tighter.

BOBBY
Mrs...I'm having trouble breathing.

MRS. WADDELL
There, there, Sandy. It'll only hurt a little.

DICK
For the love of God, man. RUN!

Bobby breaks free, bursts for the door. Mrs. Waddell grabs him by his skivvies, exposing his butt.

MRS. WADDELL
(insane)
Your ass is mine!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Casey comes up the stairs overhearing...

BOBBY (O.S.)
Mrs. Waddell!

MRS. WADDELL (O.S.)
I NEED IT!

BOBBY (O.S.)
(yelling)
I can't take it anymore! You want it!
You got it! It's all yours, baby!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Casey follows the voices, pops around the corner to see Bobby and Mrs. Waddell in a tug-of-war with his underwear.

CASEY
BASTARD!

BOBBY
Casey!

Casey, horrified, darts off.

BOBBY
Casey! Wait!

Bobby rips free of Mrs. Waddell, chases after Casey.

INT. WADDELL HOME - ENTRANCEWAY

Bobby scrambles down the stairs, spots the front door wide open. Reaching the bottom he bumps into Mr. Waddell.

MR. WADDELL
(looking him over)
What the hell's goin' on!

MRS. WADDELL (O.S.)
COME BACK! GIVE IT TO ME!

MR. WADDELL
You!

DICK
Watch for the hook! Watch for the hook!

Mr. Waddell swings with a right. Bobby ducks, missing it.

BOBBY
Uh, great party. Gotta run!

Bobby bursts out the front door.

EXT. WADDELL'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bobby dashes through the gate onto the street just as...

CASEY'S CAR BEARS DOWN ON HIM!

BOBBY
(waving his arms)
Casey! Wait!

Casey swerves to avoid Bobby. He dives out of the way last second, tumbling to the curb as Casey peels away.

DICK
Phew! That was close.

Bobby rises painfully, still watching Casey drive off. A tap on the shoulder.

Bobby turns to see MR. WADDELL'S FIST SLAM HIM IN THE FACE!

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The hearse SQUEALS around the corner into moderate traffic, barely avoids collision. Cars honk in protest.

DICK (O.S.)
(nervous)
Oh well, we're better off without her.
Right, buddy?

INT. HEARSE - NIGHT

With his nose swollen, eyes blackened and hair askew, Bobby drives like a madman.

DICK
So, whadya think? Uh, rent a movie,
maybe? Ooh! I know, ice cream. You
love ice cream.

Bobby flicks on the radio, cranks up the volume, a THRASH SONG drowns Dick out. An open phone book sits on the passenger seat with a name circled a million times.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

The hearse speeds down the road, thrash music still blaring.

EXT. RANCHER HOUSE - DAWN

The hearse races up a gravel road, skidding onto a perfectly manicured lawn. The front bumper smashes off the head of a DEER STATUE before coming to a stop. STEAM rises from the radiator of the hearse.

Bobby jumps out of the car, slams the door then beelines up the walk, struggling to keep his underwear up.

DICK
Come on. We can work this out. I
promise.

BOBBY
Sorry, pal! End of the line.

The lights of the ritzy home are off. Bobby rings the doorbell.

DICK
What are we doing here?

The porch lights turn on and the door opens revealing Dr. Stewart wearing a nightshirt with matching cap.

DICK
AIIIIIIEEEEEE!!! Dr. Frankenstein!

DR. STEWART
What are you do...

Bobby raises a well endowed GARDEN GNOME, wields it menacingly.

DR. STEWART
Mr. Weinstein, No! Not my gnome!
(beat)
Is this about the senior's discount?

BOBBY
DICK'S COME'N OFF!

CUT TO:

INT. DR. STEWART'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Gnome in hand, Bobby shoves the good doctor into the kitchen. He spots a blender on the counter, rushes to it.

DR. STEWART
There you go! Couldn't I just whip you
up a smoothie or something? I use
strawberries.

DICK
(nervous)
Mmmmmmm, strawberries!

BOBBY
Don't worry, Doc. You'll get to use your
blender soon enough.

Bobby lifts off the glass jar with the bladed base and holds it over his crotch, checking for length.

DICK
(muffled in jar)
Mommy.

BOBBY
Too deep!

Bobby tosses the jar on the counter, rips back into the drawers, pulls out an electric CARVING KNIFE.

DR. STEWART
What do you want?

He plugs it in, turns it on, the blades chatter back and forth.

BOBBY
(wild eyed)
Just a little off the top, Doc.

Bobby sweeps items off the kitchen island with a CRASH, hops up, still holding the precious gnome.

BOBBY
(shoving the knife at Stewart)
Show no mercy!

DICK
This is crazy! If you lose me, you'll
never get Casey!

Dr. Stewart takes the knife, slowly approaches.

Bobby, now nervous, accidentally drops the gnome to the floor where it SHATTERS!

This is all too much for the doctor, he passes out.

Bobby, scared, hops off the island and rushes to the doctors side.

BOBBY
Doctor!
(slaps face)
Wake up. I'm sorry.

The doctor slowly comes to.

BOBBY
I never wanted to hurt you. I never
wanted to hurt anyone.

DR. STEWART
What? What happened?

Bobby breaks down. He's a beaten man.

BOBBY
You surgically attached a monster to me,
I have no control over it, my life,
anything.

Despite the busted gnome, the doctor softens.

DR. STEWART
Kid, most of us have years to learn how
to control these things.
(beat)
It's more than that though, isn't it.

Bobby says nothing.

DR. STEWART
A woman. Figures.
(beat)
I have a cure.

Bobby is all ears. The doctor stands, helps Bobby up.

DR. STEWART
(points to Bobby's crotch)
Stop listening to this.
(tapping Bobby's head)
And start using this.

EXT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens and Bobby steps out.

BOBBY
Are you gonna call the cops?

Beat.

DR. STEWART
No. Are you going to be okay?

Bobby, unsure, doesn't answer.

DR. STEWART
Tell you what. Come Monday morning, you
still want to de-penis, come see me. In
the mean time, stay away from my house.

BOBBY

Thanks Dr. Stewart. If there's ever any way I --

Dr. Stewart slams the door.

BOBBY

Cool. I'll just catch you later, then.

Bobby walks down the walkway. His face is beat up, his shirt and tie are filthy and torn, he's missing a shoe and his underwear are little more than a loin cloth.

He passes the hearse, the radiator steams away, fluid streams onto the lawn.

DICK

Glad we got that out of our system, huh, buddy, Bobby, pal?

BOBBY

Dick, since you took entered my body, my life has become a living hell.

DICK

Hey, man! You think this was my choice? Live out eternity at the Hotel Haines. No. I was only trying to help.

BOBBY

Trying to help! Don't even! I tried it your way, Casey hated me. When I finally got close to her, MY WAY, you blew it for me.

DICK

I WAS JEALOUS!

BOBBY

What?

DICK

Think about it. We share the Bobbye body. I feel what you feel. And what you feel for Casey is something I've never felt. It's pure, it's wonderful, it's...it's true love.

(a beat, soft)

And I can never have it.

Bobby approaches a main road.

BOBBY
 (calming slightly)
 You know something, that's almost
 believable.

Bobby weakens.

DICK
 Bobby, I didn't die when I went over that
 cliff. I died when I gave up on love.
 And that's exactly what will happen to
 you if you give up now.

BOBBY
 So, what do I do?

DICK
 What do you do? You stop listening to
 me, and start listening to your heart.

Slowly Bobby raises his head. His eyes filled with
 determination and confidence.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Bobby, thumb out, hitching for a ride. Cars whiz by him.

DICK
 (sarcastic)
 That's odd, no takers.

BOBBY
 Screw this! I've got somewhere to be!

Bobby LEAPS ONTO THE HIGHWAY.

AN APPROACHING SEMI locks up it's brakes. Tires SMOKE,
 brakes GROAN, Dick screams throughout.

Bobby squeezes his eyes shut as...

THE GRILL OF THE TRUCK COMES TO A STOP, TOUCHING THE VERY TIP
 OF HIS NOSE.

The TRUCKER hops out.

TRUCKER
 What the hell's wrong with you! Suicide
 ain't no answer, boy!

Bobby looks at the black trucker. He's eerily familiar.

DICK
Hey, isn't he chocolate funk?

BOBBY
You...you're him!

TRUCKER
What're you flappin' about? Oh no, uh-
uh, not another one! Look, kid, I don't
got no money. All I can offer you...
(extending his arms)
...is the love of a father.

BOBBY
What no! You're Arturo! Arturo Shaft!

Despite 17 years time, a few extra pounds, it really is
Gramma's one true love.

TRUCKER/ARTURO
Arthur Shaftesbury.
(extends his hand)
Publisher made me shorten it, thought it
was more hip. Haven't heard it for quite
some time. Do I know you?

BOBBY
I'm Bobby!

ARTURO
Bobby Maynard! You turned out to be one
funky dude.

DICK
He means bad funky, not good funky.

BOBBY
Listen, Arturo, Arthur, my foxy lady's
play'n ball, if I don't get to it pronto,
she's steppin'.

A beat.

ARTURO
Shit! Your talkin' true love?

BOBBY
Hell, yes.

ARTURO
Why didn't you say so, dummy. Get in the
truck and stop talkin' jive. You're
makin' me puke!

INT. SEMI TRUCK - LATER

Arturo races his rig down the highway at breakneck speed.

ARTURO

...So the book was published to the tune of only twenty-seven copies. I figured a classy lady like your Gramma deserved better, so I left.

(beat,serious)

Not a day goes by that I don't regret it.

BOBBY

Arturo, if there's one thing I've learned over the past few days; it ain't the svelt of your pelt, the stash of your cash, or the size of your jive.

ARTURO

Advice from Vanilla Ice. That's three things.

BOBBY

What I'm saying, is success comes from here.

(points to his heart)

And it'll never give you more than you deserve.

Bobby and Arturo share a moment.

ARTURO

Well, get a load of you. You turned out alright. However, you might want to give SOME credence to the whole svelt of your pelt thing.

MONTAGE OF DRIVING SHOTS

-- The semi races past traffic, using the shoulder of the highway.

-- The semi cuts across a wheat field.

-- The semi flies through an intersection. Opposing traffic screeches to a stop.

EXT. BASEBALL PARK - PARKING LOT - DAY

The semi races into the parking lot, skids to a stop.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

Bobby turns to Arturo, slaps him a funky handshake.

BOBBY
I owe you big, Arturo.

ARTURO
It's Arthur. Now go get your girl.
Treat her right.

BOBBY
I will.

Bobby hops out of the semi.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

ON SCOREBOARD - 10 to 6, Bobby's team is down, bottom of the 7th.

Bobby hustles toward his team's bench.

DICK
This is not a good idea.

Casey's on first, she shakes her head as Bobby approaches the bench in his underwear.

TUBBY COACH
You're late!
(beat)
And naked!

BOBBY
Sorry, Coach.

TUBBY COACH
Figured you bailed on us "candy asses."

He picks up a jersey and pants off the bench, tosses them to Bobby.

TUBBY COACH
Suit up. Quick.

Bobby holds it out. The name stitched on back: CHANDLER.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - LATER

Bobby trots onto the field toward the mound. Gramma turns to the person next her.

GRAMMA
 There's my boy!
 (standing and waving)
 HEY, BOBBY! DON'T SUCK!

Bobby approaches the pitcher's mound, Gunner waits.

GUNNER
 Top of the line up. Runner on first. No
 outs.
 (hands him the ball)
 Don't fuck up.

BOBBY
 Okay, nice talking with you.

UMPIRE (O.S.)
 PLAY BALL!

DICK
 Okay. Show time! I'll just crank the
 valve on this --

BOBBY
 -- DON'T TOUCH ME!

All eyes are on Bobby; spectators, players, the works.

BATTER
 What's with him?

CATCHER
 Schitzo. Piss him off and he'll kill you
 or cry all over you. Either way it's
 ugly.

The batter smiles nervously.

Bobby looks over to Casey, waves a big hello. She motions for him to start pitching.

BOBBY
 C'mon, focus. You're the man.

DICK
 No, Bobby, really.
 (mid wind-up)
 You're not.

The ball beans the batter in the ankle.

UMPIRE
Take your base!

BOBBY
Oh geeze! Sorry 'bout that.
(toward the bench)
Can somebody get him some ice, please!

The batter jogs to first.

IN THE DUGOUT - Tubby Coach claps his hands.

TUBBY COACH
Way to go! That's use'n your head,
Chandler!

DUGOUT PLAYER
What are you talking about?

TUBBY COACH
The guy's five-eighty for the season.
Probably just saved us a bunch of runs.

Another batter steps to the plate. The catcher tosses Bobby the ball.

DICK
Bobby, this going to get real ugly. Why
don't I just-

BOBBY
(pointing to his crotch)
-No more outbursts from you! I mean it!

CATCHER
Shit, must be off his pills.

SECOND BATTER
Pills?

Bobby looks back to Casey. She holds his gaze a second.

Bobby works the ball. Winds up and throws. There's a huge arch, the batter swings, his timings off and the ball pops up.

Batter runs for first. The runners lead off their bases.

The catcher hustles to the ball, catches it, the base runner hold up.

BASE UMPIRE

He's out!

Runners holds at first and second. Casey walks the ball to Bobby.

CASEY

Look, I don't know what you're doing, but it seems to be working.

(smiles)

Just stay cool.

BOBBY

Cool! Sure, I can be cool.

Casey lobs him the ball, he fumbles and drops it. With a smirk, she heads back to first.

DICK

You could be buried in ice, you still wouldn't know cool.

Casey lobs him the ball, he fumbles, it bounces off his nose and he drops it. He quickly picks it up as Casey heads back to first.

Another batter steps to the plate. Bobby windmills furiously. He lets loose, mid-way around. It looks ridiculous, but makes it over the plate.

The batter lays into it with all his might. CRACKS it good. It fires straight at Bobby who SHRIEKS and spins, just in time to get beaned square in the back.

The ball bounces off his back and bounces toward second base. The second baseman snatches it, tags his bag and fires it to first for a double play.

BASE UMPIRE

He's out!

The team hustles off field. Casey moves over by Bobby.

CASEY

(genuine concern)

You okay?

BOBBY

Me? Oh, yeah. Barely felt it.

Casey hustles off. Bobby turns to follow. With the huge welt on his back and his beat up face, he could be mistaken for the Hunchback of Notre Dame.

CUT TO:

BASEBALL GAME MONTAGE

-- Bobby pitches, it's hit.

-- Bobby pitches another ball, it's hit.

-- Bobby pitches another ball, it's hit.

-- Bobby pitches another ball, it's knocked out of the park.

-- Bobby at the mound, pitches a ball, looks up above his head as it's knocked out of the park again. He looks to Casey who shrugs sympathetically.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

THE SCOREBOARD - Bottom of the ninth. Bobby's team's down by four points, two outs.

Casey's at bat. A ball rockets dangerously close to the plate, not close enough.

UMPIRE

Ball four, take your base.

Casey tosses the bat aside, jogs to first. The other runners advance. Bases are loaded.

TUBBY COACH

(clapping his hands)

That a'way, Case! That a'way.

All right! Who's next? Who's gonna bring them home, huh?

Gunner's scans the roster, clears his throat.

TUBBY COACH

What?

Coach looks at the roster, sees Chandler's name.

TUBBY COACH

Nooo! Not him. Put Special Ed in.

GUNNER
 Uh, Ed's in Zurich. Securing financing
 for his Stem Cell research.

Tubby Coach searches the bench desperately, his eyes falling
 on...

COACH
 Jackson!

DAVIES
 Yeah, Coach?

COACH
 Where's your daughter?

DAVIES
 Brownies.

COACH
 Dammit!

GUNNER
 That's it, Coach.

TUBBY COACH
 Well, there goes the championship!
 Chandler, yer up!

Bobby rises, grabs a bat, hustles to the plate. He looks to
 Casey on first, smiles nervously.

CASEY
 (hands cupped to mouth)
 Two away, Maynard. You can do it!

DICK
 Quick recap. If you blow it. The games
 over. So's Casey. Sure you don't want
 my help?

At the plate, Bobby digs in.

BOBBY
 I'm sure.

The pitcher winds up. A screaming demon burns from his hand.

The ball rips toward the plate.

Bobby swings...

UMPIRE
 STEE-RIKE ONE!

The coach starts to pack up.

Bobby gets in place. The pitcher winds up. More heat.

Bobby swings...

UMPIRE
STEE-RIKE TWO!

Again Bobby returns to the batter's box. The pitcher takes the mound.

Bobby looks to the stands. Grandma has nodded off and leans against the person next to her.

Mrs. Waddell raises a pair of pruning shears and snips them menacingly. Bobby gulps.

CASEY
(clapping her hands)
Come on, Maynard! Bring me home!

Bobby likes the sound of that. He cocks his shoulders, tightens his grip.

BOBBY
(low)
All right. Bring it on!

The pitcher let's loose another rocket. Bobby swings into it, hard...it connects.

The ball rockets skyward, bound for the heavens.

The base runners take off.

The ball now arcs downward, heading for the stadium lights.

Bobby sprints for first.

Music from The Natural builds.

The ball shatters the lights, sending a shower of sparks raining down.

CUT TO:

BACK TO REALITY

Bobby barely manages to get a piece of the ball.

It peters out halfway between home plate and the pitcher's mound.

The pitcher and catcher hesitate, each waiting for the other to field it. Finally, both of them make for the ball.

PITCHER

I got it!

CATCHER

I got it!

Bobby rounds first, makes for second.

The pitcher picks up the ball, two runners run over the unprotected home plate, the other runner slides into third.

PITCHER

Cover your plate!

The other runner slides into third as the catcher makes for home plate. The pitcher frantically spins and throws the ball to second base. It glances off the second baseman's glove as Bobby rounds the base for third.

The runner on third makes a run for home.

PITCHER

Get it, you moron!

The second baseman and center fielder rush after the ball, as Bobby approaches third. The third base coach, with the rest of the team in the background, all frantically wave at Bobby to hold up on third, Bobby is oblivious.

Awoken by the commotion, Gramma leaps for joy at the sight of Bobby.

GRAMMA

Show 'em what your gramma gave you!

IN SLOW MOTION

The center fielder fields the ball, guns it for home plate.

If Bobby beats the throw, it's a tie game. He's a hero for the first time in his life.

The catcher throws down his mask, ready for action.

Bobby gives it everything he's got. Approaching home plate, it's not pretty. He's close, he's gonna beat the throw, then...

CLOSE ON - Bobby legs. He gets caught up in his feet, trips, goes airborne. He lands face first in the gravel. A cloud of dust shoots up.

IN REAL TIME

The dust settles. We see that Bobby is a good foot and a half away from home plate.

The ball bounces to the catcher, he easily fields it, casually tags Bobby.

UMPIRE
YOU'RE OUTTA THERE!

The other team erupts victoriously, hugging and high-fiving each other.

Bobby's team comes in, surround him as he lays in the dirt.

TEAMMATE #1
Idiot!

DICK
What were you thinking?

TEAMMATE #2
Thanks a lot, ass wipe!

DICK
Hey, I tried to tell him.

GUNNER
(kicking a little dirt at him)
See you around.

Bobby's left all alone as everyone exits the field. Casey kneels next to him.

CASEY
Hey.

BOBBY
Hey.

CASEY
That was...something.

Bobby can't face her, he just stares at the ground.

BOBBY
Look, Case, you don't have to say anything.
(beat)
I won't bother you anymore.

Casey offers Bobby a hand up.

CASEY
Good game, Bobby.

BOBBY
(looks up)
What?

CASEY
You tried your best.

Bobby takes Casey's hand, gets up.

BOBBY
I lost the game, for everyone.

CASEY
Yup, and you did it for me.
(smiles)
Nobody's ever done that before. Let's
take a walk.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL PARK - DAY

Arturo is about to hop into his truck when someone in the stands catches his eye.

GRAMMA MAYNARD.

She rises and throws her head back. Her wispy white hair shimmers in the late day sun. Arturo's eyes are riveted on her. His heart skips a beat as MUSIC SWELLS.

ARTURO
Mavis? Mavis!

He walks toward her.

GRAMMA
Arturo?

Arturo approaches, his step develops a funky walk as he struts up to Gramma Maynard.

ARTURO
Mmmm, mmm, baby, you are hotter than a...
baby, you look sexier than a...

Gramma's not impressed.

ARTURO

(real)

Mavis I just want to tell you how sorry I am to have left you like that. I was damned fool. Can you ever forgive me?

Gramma and Arturo stare at one-another for a beat, Gramma smiles.

EXT. LUSH FIELD - DAY

A river flows lazily under the late day sun. Bobby and Casey are strolling the grass near the riverbank.

BOBBY

Casey, I just want to apologize for the way I've been acting lately.

CASEY

It's okay.

BOBBY

No, I mean it. I'm really sorry. I kind of lost it this week.

CASEY

Apology accepted.

The two share a smile.

BOBBY

Thing is, as sorry as I am, I'm glad it happened. It was something I had to go through.

CASEY

I know.

Bobby stops, stairs deep into Casey's eyes.

BOBBY

Casey, I can't remember a time in my life when I wasn't in love with you.

CASEY

Bobby-

BOBBY

-I'm setting you free, Case. I can't spend another twenty years longing for a girl who's heart isn't in the Bobbye place.

CASEY
But, Bobby I-

BOBBY
(places his finger on her lips)
-Shhhh. No more Casey, Casey, all sugary
and yummy.

CASEY
(laughing at his melodrama)
Bobby, shut up...Whoa, wait a, what did
you say?

BOBBY
It's a stupid poem I wrote when I was a
kid. Casey, Casey, all sugary and
yummy --

CASEY
-- You make me feel like there's bugs in
my tummy.

BOBBY
I wrote that for you when I was eight.

CASEY
You did! Dick told me he wrote it.

DICK
Oh, so what! You killed me, we're even.

CASEY
I still have it. The moment I read it I
knew this was the man I wanted to marry.

BOBBY
Are you kidding me?

Casey steps face-to-face with Bobby. Looks deep in his eyes.
Bobby grows pale.

BOBBY
I think I'm gonna to barf.

CASEY
(backing away)
Oh. I didn't mean to have that affect.

BOBBY
No. It's not you, it's --

Dick's ghost pries himself out of Bobby's body.

BOBBY
What...what's going on?

DICK
(smiling)
I've been squeezed out. You found
yourself. I'm proud of you.

BOBBY
But, Dick...what are you going to do?

DICK
Oh, don't worry about me. What did you
think, I was gonna crash at Hotel Hanes
forever?

CASEY
That's Dick, isn't it.

Dick and Bobby look at each other. Then to Casey.

BOBBY
How'd you know?

CASEY
Gramma told me.

BOBBY
What?

DICK
Hey, buddy, can I say goodbye to your
girl?

Bobby smiles.

BOBBY
(to Casey)
He wants to say goodbye.

CASEY
Sure.

Casey puts her arms out for a hug, puckers up. Bobby smiles,
then...

BOBBY
Okay, okay, that's enough of that!

Dick's entity feels up Casey's boobs. Then stops. Casey
some how knows what happened, covers her chest with her arms,
grossed out.

CASEY
I don't want to know.

BOBBY
(to Dick)
So, where do you go from here?

DICK
I don't know. I'm in no rush. Check out the steam rooms at the Ladies' Y. Forget that, I'm gonna travel the world. Check out some European steam rooms.
(beat)
I'm not ready to leave yet, you know.

ANGEL (O.S.)
Time to go.

Dick turns. A gorgeous angel stands in front of him.

DICK
Gotta go!

Dick takes her hand, they float upward.

BOBBY
That's it?

DICK
That's it. You're on your own...with her.
(winking)
I'll see ya, later.

THE CLOUDS PART, Dick and the angel enter the heavens
Bobby lowers his gaze, sad.

BOBBY
I know he's gone, but I still feel like someone's watching over me.

Casey places her hand over his heart. Takes hold of his hand.

CASEY
He's still here...so am I.

Bobby leans in, plants a deep, wet one on her.

Then, hand in hand, the two stroll off.

A NEARBY BUSH RUSTLES. Arturo pops up, then Gramma Maynard...buck naked.

ARTURO

Well I'll be. Looks like true love
finally won out!

GRAMMA

You betcha. Now let's get busy.

She drops back into the bushing yanking Arturo down with her.

Bobby and Casey to walk into the sunset, hand-in-hand.

FADE OUT

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