

**PREDATOR IN THE CLUBHOUSE:
THE BOSTON RED SOX CHILD MOLESTATION STORY**

By

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Based on actual events

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FADE IN:

INT. A PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE (FLORIDA -2001) - DAY

A Psychiatrist, DOCTOR ROSS, sits in his comfortable office chair.

He checks his watch and looks up at the clock on his wall. He takes a remote control and clicks his radio on.

A Smooth Jazz station comes on, and the Doctor starts doing some paperwork.

He takes off his suit jacket and loosens his tie a little. The phone rings, and he answers it.

DOCTOR ROSS
Yes, well, send him in!

The SECRETARY swings Doctor Ross' door open and enters his office with a medium-built man whose name is William Jones, OLDEST WILL (black, 35).

SECRETARY
Doctor Ross, this is William Jones.

DOCTOR ROSS
(Sticks his hand out)
How are you doing, Mr. Jones?

OLDEST WILL
(Shakes his hand)
I'm hanging in there, I guess.

SECRETARY
Okay, Doctor Ross, I am going to get back out there on my files. Mister Jones, it's nice to finally meet you.

The Secretary leaves and closes the door.

DOCTOR ROSS
Have a seat, Mr. Jones. Make yourself at home. I have been anticipating your visit and, of course, looking forward to hearing your story.

OLDEST WILL
Doctor Ross, you can call me Will.

DOCTOR ROSS

Okay will. (Pause) There's some cold water on the table over there, so feel free to help yourself.

Will takes a seat in a very comfortable leather recliner.

OLDEST WILL

(Reclines the seat)
Hey, this is nice.

DOCTOR ROSS

Yeah, all my clients love that chair. (Pause) Are you comfortable?

OLDEST WILL

Yeah, I'm cool.

DOCTOR ROSS

Don't fall asleep on me now, Will. By the way, I have coffee in the other room in case you're interested.

OLDEST WILL

No thanks, I'm fine.

Doctor Ross sits at his desk and takes out a recorder, a pen, and paper.

DOCTOR ROSS

First things first. Now, do you mind if I tape this session?

OLDEST WILL

No, that's okay, I don't mind.

DOCTOR ROSS

(Pushes the record button)
I am Doctor Howard Ross, and it's November nineteenth, two thousand one. The time is fourteen-hundred hours. I am interviewing William Jones. William is one of the many African-American men who were molested while working in the Boston Red Sox Organization.

Doctor Ross points at Will and signals him to start the interview.

OLDEST WILL

Well, it all started back in the mid-eighties.

(MORE)

Yeah, it actually was 1981. I was fifteen years old, but I remember everything as if it were yesterday...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHAIN OF LAKES BALL PARK (1981) - DAY

The Boston Red Sox players warm up and practice at their spring training facility in Winter Haven, Florida. It's a bright and sunny day, and the weather is relatively warm.

The clubhouse Manager, Donald Fitzpatrick, known as FITZY (white, age 57), leans against the dugout and watches the players.

He is a Caucasian male in his late fifties. PLAYER #1 approaches him.

PLAYER #1

Hey, Fitzzy, did you bring those new batting gloves?

FITZY

Yes, I did. Do you need a pair?

PLAYER #1

Yeah, these just don't feel right.

FITZY

Okay, I think I can handle it for you. I'll get one of the Clubbies to get you a pair. Anything else you need?

PLAYER #1

No, Fitzzy, that's all I need right now.

A young boy comes out of the dugout with some equipment. The boy's name is DAVE (black, 12).

FITZY

Hey Dave.

DAVE

Yes.

FITZY

I need you to go down to the Clubhouse equipment storage locker and bring me a pair of the new batting gloves. (Takes some keys off his belt loop) Here are the keys. Can you handle that young man?

DAVE

(Taking the keys)
Yes, I can handle that.

FITZY

You remember which key it is?

DAVE

No.

FITZY

(Takes back the keys)
It's this one right here.

DAVE

Thanks, Fitzzy.

Dave runs over to the Clubhouse to get the batting gloves.

FITZY

(Shakes his head)
He'll never find those gloves. I will go over to the Clubhouse and get your gloves.

PLAYER #1

Hey, thanks, Fitzzy.

INT. THE CLUBHOUSE EQUIPMENT ROOM - DAY

Dave unlocks the equipment storage locker and searches for the batting gloves. Fitzzy comes in and watches Dave for a few minutes.

FITZY

Having a little trouble, buddy? Let me help you out. I guess I should have told you exactly where they are in the equipment locker.

Fitzzy reaches over Dave and grabs the gloves from the top shelf of the equipment locker. He puts his hand on Dave's shoulder and gently massages it.

FITZY

That's okay, buddy. You're doing really well. In fact, I can see you becoming my top Clubbie one day, or maybe even a Clubhouse Manager like me. You just keep up the good work, buddy.

DAVE

Thank you, Fitzzy. I will.

EXT. PUGHSVILLE, FLORIDA - DAY.

A tan Buick Regal cruises down the streets of an inner-city neighborhood. The neighborhood is in Florida. Fitzzy steps out of the car.

There are several young black boys running around and playing in the streets. They all stop what they're doing and practically swarm Fitzzy to greet him.

Fitzzy opens his trunk and pulls out packs of bubble gum, some juices, a few baseballs, and other items, and hands them to the boys. RICKY (black, 14) is one of the young boys.

FITZY

Okay, who is the strongest out here? Let me see some muscles.

The boys all practically jump in front of each other and fight for position to show their muscles.

FITZY

Wow, you all are strong. You guys have been eating your Wheaties.

RICKY, a twelve-year-old black boy, comes running up to Fitzzy and gives him a hug.

RICKY

Hello, Mr. Fitzpatrick.

FITZY

Hey buddy, how are you doing?

RICKY

Fine.

Fitzzy puts his hand on Ricky's shoulder and starts to walk with him.

FITZY

(Waves to the other boys)
Okay, gentlemen, I will be right
back. I just need to talk to Ricky
right now.

The boys all scatter and continue playing and doing what they
were doing. Fitzzy continues to walk and talk with Ricky.

FITZY

How is your mother doing, Ricky?

RICKY

She's still sick, but she is doing
much better.

FITZY

So do you still want to come over
and work for me at the ballpark?

RICKY

Yes, Mr. Fitzpatrick.

FITZY

Well, how are your grades now?

RICKY

I'm getting all A's and B's.

FITZY

That's great! I don't see any
problem with you working with me
then. Your mother just wanted you
to pick up your grades. So, have
you been eating your Wheaties? I
told you to get ready for this job
because it is pretty physical.

RICKY

I'm ready, Mr. Fitzpatrick.

FITZY

Okay, well then, let's see those
muscles.

RICKY

(Pulling up his sleeve)
See, I'm strong, Mr. Fitzpatrick.

FITZY

Yeah, you are strong. You've been
eating your spinach, too, huh?

RICKY
I told you I'm ready.

FITZY
I'm sure you can use a little extra cash to help your mother out. By the way, is your mother home?

RICKY
Yeah, she's home.

FITZY
Well, let's go see what she says, buddy.

INT. THE HOME OF RICKY'S MOTHER - DAY

Ricky's mother, MICHELLE (black, 25), flops on the couch and turns on the television with the remote. She grabs the newspaper and starts fanning herself.

The front door is open, but the metal screen door is closed and locked. There is a knock on the metal screen door.

MICHELLE
(Gets up, opens the door)
Who is it?

RICKY
Mom, it's me and Mr. Fitzpatrick.

Michelle pats down her hair and straightens her clothes a bit. She opens the door.

MICHELLE
I'm sorry, Mr. Fitzpatrick, I didn't know you were coming by.

FITZY
No, I'm sorry, Mrs. Mills, is this a bad time? I mean, I can come back another time.

MICHELLE
No, it's okay, you can come on in.

She moves the newspaper out of the way and starts picking up some clothes and other items that were lying around.

MICHELLE
You can have a seat, Mr. Fitzpatrick. Can I get you something?

FITZY
Michelle Michelle Michell.

MICHELLE
Yes, Mr. Fitzpatrick.

FITZY
You're still calling me Mr.
Fitzpatrick.

MICHELLE
I'm sorry, Mr. Fitz. . . I mean
Fitzy. Well It's just that I am so
used to calling you Mr.
Fitzpatrick. I know we have known
each other for a while now, but...

FITZY
It's okay, but you know everyone
calls me Fitzy, and I'm okay with
it. I guess a glass of cold water
will be fine, thank you.

Michelle goes into the kitchen and pours Fitzzy a glass of cold water. She brings the glass of water out and sets it on the coffee table.

MICHELLE
Here you go, this should be quite
refreshing on a day like this.

FITZY
Thanks.

MICHELLE
So how can I help you? Oh, let me
guess, you want to take Ricky off
my hands, huh?

FITZY
Last time we spoke, you said Ricky
could work for me if he raised his
grades, and he said he has done so.
I mean, I still have a spot for
him, and he seems to be a fine
young boy.

MICHELLE
Yes, he has raised his grades, and
yes, he is usually a fine boy.

FITZY

He still wants to work for me, and I believe this could be an excellent opportunity for him. I mean, he will earn money and get to work around some great baseball players.

RICKY

Please mom can I please?

MICHELLE

Of course, he can work for you! We all appreciate what you're doing around here. You're taking these boys off the streets and giving them something constructive to do.

Ricky jumps around with joy and celebrates.

FITZY

Well, I do what I can. Most of these young men just need a chance. So let's get this young man signed up. Believe me, you made the right decision.

MICHELLE

I know I did. He is really a good boy, and I think this will be good for him. As long as he keeps his grades up.

FITZY

I'm sure he will do fine. One of these young men might even take my job as Clubhouse Manager one day. I mean, as I said, they all have a lot of potential.

MICHELLE

Isn't that the truth? They just want the easy way out, so they never really learn about their potential. By the way, his brother Barry is doing well, too, so I am going to send him your way, too.

FITZY

That's great. That way, Ricky and his brother get to work together.

(MORE)

(Peaks through the blinds, sees the kids playing) Believe me, Michelle, if I could take them all off the streets, I would.

MICHELLE

Wouldn't that be great! You see, a lot of these boys just need a father or male role model in their lives. Some of them see you as a father figure around here. Hell, some of them see you more than they see their fathers.

FITZY

Thank you, you're really making me feel good inside. I can see where you're coming from. Well, I have been coming through these neighborhoods for a long time, and I certainly plan on keeping at it. I knew some of these kids before they could walk.

MICHELLE

As I said, we really appreciate it, and you are certainly like family here.

FITZY

Thank you, Michelle, that is much appreciated. (Looks at his watch) I guess I'd better get going.

Fitzy rubs Ricky on the top of his head.

FITZY

You're going to be a good Clubbie buddy. Just keep those grades up, buddy.

INT. THE JONES HOME, PUGHSVILLE, FLORIDA - DAY

There are four children who still live at the Jones home. They are: JIMMY 20, LARRY 18, William Jones (TEEN WILL) 15, and LISA 10.

They live in the home with their mother, SHIRLEY, and their grandmother, LYNN.

Shirley has just finished preparing breakfast. She puts the food on the table.

The kids all come sit at the table in an orderly, almost military-like fashion.

SHIRLEY

Did you all brush your teeth, wash up, and make your beds?

They all say yes in unison.

SHIRLEY

I guess your grandmother was tired; she's still sleeping.

JIMMY

She doesn't have to work at the recreation center until eleven today.

SHIRLEY

(Sits at the table)

Oh, that's right. You all save her some breakfast. Jimmy, would you bless the table?

JIMMY

Yes, mama (Pauses, bows his head). Thank you, Lord, for the food in which we are about to receive, for the nourishment of our bodies, for Christ's sake, amen.

Everyone says amen and starts digging in. The sounds of knives and forks hitting plates fill the room.

Lynn comes out and starts looking around. She wanders in the kitchen area.

LYNN

Did you all save me some? It smells wonderful.

SHIRLEY

Yes momma there's plenty left over. You want me to fix you a plate?

LYNN

(Closes her housecoat)

No, I am going to relax a little while longer. I just wanted to make sure you all saved me some breakfast.

SHIRLEY

You sure you don't want some now?
It's nice and hot now.

Lynn takes several slices of bacon from the pan and starts eating them like she's starving.

She then grabs some more bacon, and everyone just looks at her, surprised.

LYNN

This should be good for now. I'll
be out in about an hour or so.

Lynn turns around after practically inhaling the bacon and heads back to her bedroom.

SHIRLEY

Okay then. . . (Pause) Jimmy.

JIMMY

Yes mama.

SHIRLEY

I need you, Larry, and Will to
clean up that yard today. It's
starting to look bad again.

JIMMY

No problem, mama, I'll make sure it
gets taken care of.

SHIRLEY

Roy will probably have you all go
over and touch up his yard at some
point, too.

JIMMY

We're going to do his yard on
Saturday morning.

SHIRLEY

Lisa, hurry up so you don't miss
the bus. You have about twenty
minutes.

LARRY

Mama, I'm supposed to go to the
ballpark after school.

SHIRLEY

I know that Larry and Will are
supposed to have basketball
practice after school.

(MORE)

You all still have to take care of your responsibilities around here.

LARRY

Is it okay if we do the yard tomorrow?

SHIRLEY

Okay, but I want it to look good. I want those rooms taken care of, the bathrooms cleaned, and the living room vacuumed. I want the kitchen taken care of, too.

LARRY

Okay, Mama, it will be taken care of.

INT. A CASH-N-CARRY STORE - PUGHSVILLE, FLORIDA - DAY

Will is picking up some items from a Cash-N-Carry store. He is there with his African-American friend KEVIN(black, 13).

While shopping, they come across Fitzzy. He walks up and leans on their shopping cart.

FITZY

Hey Kevin, how are you doing, buddy?

KEVIN

I'm doing okay.

FITZY

Are you going to be coming out to the ballpark to work this season?

KEVIN

Yes, I'll be out there.

FITZY

That's great because we could sure use the help. How about you, buddy? Are you interested in working for the Red Sox?

TEEN WILL

Yes.

FITZY

That's wonderful. What's your name, buddy?

TEEN WILL

Will.

FITZY

Will, you can call me Mr. Fitzpatrick or Fitzzy. I am the Clubhouse Manager for the Red Sox.

TEEN WILL

So what do I have to do?

FITZY

Well, Kevin knows what you're supposed to do. Kevin, bring him down to the Hotel room tonight. We'll unload the truck Saturday morning.

KEVIN

What time?

FITZY

You all can be there around eight or nine.

KEVIN

Is it the same room?

FITZY

Yeah, buddy, same room.

KEVIN

Okay, we will be there.

FITZY

(Pats Will on his back)
Okay, I will see you two later.

TEEN WILL

Thank you, Mr. Fitzpatrick.

KEVIN

Bye Fitzzy.

TEEN WILL

(Slaps Kevin five)
Yes! I'm going to be at the ballpark!

KEVIN

Yeah, that's cool.

TEEN WILL

What's the matter, man? You look like you saw a ghost! Man, I am going to be working at the ballpark!

KEVIN

Hey, I said it's cool. I mean, it's okay, I guess.

TEEN WILL

Man, let's go!

KEVIN

I need to drop off these groceries and eat before we go over there.

TEEN WILL

Okay, we are going to head over there after that, right?

KEVIN

Sure. We can do that.

EXT. A HOLIDAY INN (WINTER HAVEN, FLORIDA) - EVENING

An illuminated sign reads: "WELCOME BOSTON RED SOX." The parking lot is filled with cars. Will and Kevin are walking towards the Holiday Inn.

INT. FITZY'S ROOM IN THE HOLIDAY INN - MOMENTS LATER

Will and Kevin are now in Fitzzy's hotel room. Fitzzy closes the blinds and the drapes. He then makes sure his door is locked and latched.

FITZY

Hey, Will, I'm really glad you could make it, buddy. Have a seat and make yourself at home. You guys hungry?

Will and Kevin both say yes. Fitzzy pulls out a wad of cash and his car keys.

FITZY

Kevin, why don't you run to McDonald's and get something for you and Will?

KEVIN

You want something too, Fitzzy?

FITZY

No, I'm fine, you two can get whatever you want, buddy.

KEVIN

What do you want, Will?

TEEN WILL

I want a Big Mac, Large Fries, a large Coke, and a Hot Apple Pie.

FITZY

Wow, you are a little hungry, huh, buddy?

Kevin stuffs the money in one pocket and the car keys in the other.

KEVIN

Okay, I'll be right back.

Kevin leaves. Once again, Fitzzy makes sure the door is locked and latched.

FITZY

How old are you, buddy?

TEEN WILL

I'm fifteen.

FITZY

Wow, you are big and strong for your age, buddy. First things first, buddy, have you ever had a physical?

TEEN WILL

No, not recently

FITZY

Well, you will need one of those. (Picks up the phone) Let me check with the Team Doctor to see if he will let me take care of it tonight, so you can start tomorrow.

Fitzzy punches some keys on the phone and at least appears to have made contact with the Doctor.

FITZY

Hello, this is Fitzzy. (Beat) Yeah, I have a young man here who needs a physical. (Beat) Yes, he's right here.

(MORE)

(Beat) So it's okay if I do it right? (Beat) Okay, I will take care of it.

Fitzy hangs up.

FITZY

Okay, buddy, I got permission. Go ahead and take off your shirt.

Will stands up and takes his shirt off.

FITZY

Yeah, buddy, you look good and strong. You need to be strong to be one of my Clubbies. Let me see those muscles.

Will flexes and shows his muscles.

FITZY

(Squeezes Will's Muscles)
Oh yeah, buddy, that's not too bad. What I really need to do right now is a strength test. I need you to put me in a headlock and squeeze as hard as you can.

Will looks puzzled, but he does what he is told. Fitzy leans forward and allows Will to put him in a headlock.

FITZY

(Somewhat muffled)
Come on, buddy, squeeze! Hard as you can, buddy!

Will releases him.

FITZY

You're really strong, buddy. Good and strong. Okay, drop your pants.

Will looks a little nervous and reluctant, but he does what he is told.

FITZY

It's okay, buddy, just relax.

Fitzy stands right in front of Will and looks down. He grabs Will's genitals.

FITZY

Okay, go ahead and cough, buddy.

Will coughs.

FITZY

Okay, now spread your legs and cough for me.

Will does what he's told and coughs.

FITZY

Whoa, buddy, that's really nice. Oh, you're really big for your age, buddy.

Will pulls away from Fitzzy, pulls his pants up rather quickly, and sits in the chair. He fastens his pants and puts his shirt back on.

FITZY

Just relax, buddy, it's okay. This is going to be our little secret. Nobody else needs to know about this physical.

There is a knock at the door.

FITZY

I will get it, buddy.

Fitzzy opens the door. It's Kevin returning from McDonald's. Kevin places the bags of food on the table along with Fitzzy's keys.

KEVIN

Here's your change, Fitzzy.

FITZY

No, you can keep it, buddy. Just make sure you split it with Will.

Will gets up and walks up to Kevin.

TEEN WILL

(Whispering but audible)
Kevin, I am ready to go.

KEVIN

What about the food, you don't want to stay and eat?

TEEN WILL

No, let's just go.

FITZY

Are you ready to go, buddy?

TEEN WILL

Yeah, we need to get going.

FITZY

That's okay. I am finished here,
and you're good to go, buddy.
You're really strong, buddy, and I
think you will make a fine Clubbie.

Will unlatches all the locks and opens the door.

FITZY

Okay, Will and Kevin, I will see
you two tomorrow morning at the
ballpark.

Kevin runs over and snatches the food from the room table.

KEVIN

Okay Fitzzy

TEEN WILL

(Pulls Kevin along)
Come on, Kevin, I said, let's just
go.

Kevin and Will walk down the hotel hallway to exit.

KEVIN

What's the matter, Will? He did
something to you, didn't he?

TEEN WILL

I don't want to talk about it. Just
forget about it! Let's just get out
of here.

EXT. THE JONES HOME, PUGHSVILLE, FLORIDA - DAY

Shirley is outside watering the lawn and her flowers. Fitzzy
pulls up, gets out of his car, and walks up to the house.
Shirley stops watering the lawn to see what he wants.

SHIRLEY

Hey, how are you doing, Fitzzy?

FITZY

Oh, I'm fine. I just came to ask
you if it is all right for Will to
come work at the ballpark. I can
really use him.

SHIRLEY

That should be fine, Fitzzy, if that's what he wants. His brother Larry already works out there.

FITZY

Yeah, he sure does. He is such a great kid.

SHIRLEY

Thank you. So when can he start?

FITZY

Actually, I was hoping he would show up this morning, but he didn't. I can take him over to the ballpark right now.

SHIRLEY

Hold on one second. (Pauses, yells inside) Will!

TEEN WILL (O.S.)

Yes mama.

SHIRLEY

Come on out here, the baseball guy is out here!

Will comes outside and gets in Fitzie's car.

FITZY

Hey buddy, you ready to go?

TEEN WILL

Yes.

INT. FITZY'S VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Will is seated in the front passenger seat, practically wedged against the door to avoid contact with Fitzzy. He appears to be extremely uncomfortable and nervous.

Fitzzy puts his right hand on the seat and starts to slowly move it towards Will as he keeps his left hand on the steering wheel to drive.

FITZY

How come you didn't show up with Kevin at the ballpark this morning, buddy? I was looking for you.

Will shrugs his shoulders, meaning he doesn't know.

FITZY
 (Touches Will's thigh)
 So how are you doing, buddy?

Will jumps away, pushes his hand away, and gives him a mean look.

FITZY
 Take it easy, buddy. It's going to be okay, buddy. You're going to have a lot of fun at the ballpark. Yeah, buddy, a lot of fun. You just need to relax.

EXT. CHAIN OF LAKES BALL PARK - DAY

Fitzzy is giving Will a tour of the facility. He is driving him around on the equipment cart. There are players working out and practicing.

The players all greet Fitzzy with a "Hey Fitzzy" or "Hello Fitzzy." Fitzzy drives Will away from the main field and down towards the minor league fields.

He drives by one of the other fields that is occupied. He then comes to one of the ballparks not being used.

FITZY
 See all that? You're with the big boys now, buddy. You're going to be big time here, buddy.

Fitzzy once again puts his hands on Will's thigh and tries to rub it. Will pushes his hand away.

TEEN WILL
 Please don't do that!

FITZY
 Take it easy, buddy. Everything is okay, buddy. I told you to just relax, buddy. It's just me and you here now.

Fitzzy turns around and heads back to the main ballpark. There are several players carrying quite a bit of equipment and walking back towards the main ballpark.

PLAYER #2
 Hey, Fitzzy, can we put some of this in your cart?

FITZY

Sure, no problem. Will, you want to help these guys with their equipment, buddy?

Will jumps off the cart and helps the players put the equipment on the cart.

FITZY

(Driving away)

I'm telling you, buddy, you're going to be big here. Don't worry, I will make sure you are taken care of here. You see, you're good and strong, so you are going to be just fine here.

EXT. PUGHSVILLE, FLORIDA - DAY

Fitzzy's car can be seen rolling slowly through the neighborhood streets. He sees two young African-American boys walking down the street and slowly cruises past them.

Fitzzy pulls over, honks his horn, and gestures to the two boys to come over. The two boys go up to Fitzzy's car. Their names are DARRYL(black, 11) and REGGIE (black, 14).

FITZY

You boys still want to make some extra cash and get to meet some of the great baseball players?

DARRYL

(Jumps in front of Reggie)

Yeah, I do!

FITZY

What's your name again, buddy? Is it Reggie?

DARRYL

No, I'm Darryl; he is Reggie.

FITZY

How are you guys doing?

DARRYL

We're okay.

FITZY

Reggie, wouldn't you like to work at the ballpark too?

REGGIE
Yes, Mr. Fitzpatrick.

FITZY
Well, let me see those muscles. You need to be strong to carry some of the equipment.

Darryl and Reggie show their muscles. They practically give Fitzzy a professional bodybuilding show.

FITZY
Oh yeah, both of you guys are big and strong. So, do you guys think your parents will let you work for me?

REGGIE
My mother would be okay with it.

FITZY
How about your father?

REGGIE
I don't live with my father; he's in prison.

FITZY
That's good. . . I mean, that's okay, buddy. You would be well taken care of, buddy. (Beat) How about you, little buddy?

DARRYL
I don't live with my father, but my mother would be okay with it, too.

FITZY
Well, are your mothers home right now?

DARRYL
My mother is home.

REGGIE
My mother is home too.

FITZY
Okay, I will tell you what I can do. You two can hop in my car, and I can take you home. I will talk to your mothers personally.

The two boys get into Fitzzy's vehicle, and Fitzzy drives away.

INT. FITZY'S ROOM IN THE HOLIDAY INN - EVENING

Fitzy is sitting in a comfortable room chair. He is relaxing and watching television. A boy named CHARLES (black, 14) knocks on the door. Fitzy opens the door.

FITZY

Hey Charles, how are you doing, buddy? Well, come on in, buddy.

Charles walks into Fitzy's room.

CHARLES

Hello Fitzy.

FITZY

Have a seat and make yourself at home, buddy. You want a nice cold beer?

CHARLES

No thanks. I was just wondering if I could borrow your car and some money.

FITZY

No problem, buddy. Don't you want to stay and spend a little time with me first?

CHARLES

No, I just needed to borrow your car and some money.

Fitzy starts loosening Charles's belt and tries to fondle him. Charles pulls away and gives Fitzy a mean look.

FITZY

Just take it easy, buddy. It's okay, buddy. It's just you and me, buddy.

CHARLES

(Fixing his belt)

No, I just want to go. I don't want to do this.

Charles starts unlocking the door to leave. Fitzy goes up behind Charles and holds the chain lock closed to prevent Charles from unlocking it. He puts his free hand on Charles's shoulder.

FITZY
Come on, buddy, just stay for a
little while.

CHARLES
(Louder)
No, I said I just want to go!

FITZY
Okay, but wait a second. I got
something for you, buddy.

Fitzy gets his wallet off the dresser and takes about fifty
dollars out.

FITZY
Here you go, buddy. You still want
the car?

CHARLES
(Takes the money)
No, I don't want the car, but thank
you for the money.

Charles opens the chain lock, opens the door, and leaves.
Fitzy is extremely angry. He slams the door and kicks a chair
over.

FITZY
That little son of a bitch! God
damn it!

Fitzy slams his fist down on the dresser and knocks over the
bucket of ice. He then kicks the empty ice bucket.

FITZY
Little ungrateful bastard!

Fitzy picks up the empty ice bucket and places it on the
dresser. He is still visibly upset.

There is a KNOCK at the door. Fitzy answers the door. It's
TONY (black, 16).

FITZY
Hey Tony, how are you doing, little
fella?

TONY
I'm okay, Fitzy. I was just coming
to see if I could borrow your car.

FITZY
Sure, come on in, buddy.

Fitzy closes the door and once again makes sure every lock is in place and secure on the door.

He picks up the chair and the ice from the floor and tries to clean up the mess he made.

FITZY

I made a little mess here, but I'll be right with you, buddy. Sit down and make yourself at home. You want a beer, buddy?

TONY

Yeah, I'll take one.

FITZY

Go ahead and grab one from the fridge. They should be nice and cold for you, buddy.

Tony grabs a beer from the fridge, sits on the bed, and downs the beer like water.

FITZY

That was pretty good, huh, buddy? Nice and cold, huh?

TONY

Yeah, that was good.

FITZY

Want another one, buddy?

TONY

Yeah, I'll have another one.

Tony gets up to get another beer.

FITZY

No, you just relax, buddy. I will get it.

Fitzy brings out two more beers. Once again, Tony slams them down like water.

FITZY

You were a little thirsty, huh, buddy?

TONY

Yeah.

FITZY

That's it for you, buddy. I don't want you to wreck my car.

TONY

It's okay, I'm cool now.

FITZY

You want to hear some music or something, buddy?

TONY

No I'm okay. I just feel a little sleepy.

FITZY

Well, you can lie down and make yourself comfortable, buddy.

Tony just lies back on the bed for a minute, but then falls asleep.

When Tony wakes up, Fitzy is standing over him, and Tony's pants are down. Tony snatches his pants up and jumps up off the bed

FITZY

Hey, my friend, it's okay. Oh my goodness, you're big. Oh yeah, you are going to be my number one Clubbie, and I will make sure the players and everyone in the Red Sox organization take good care of you. You are going to be the big man in the Clubhouse.

Tony pulls up, zips, and buckles his trousers. He looks emotionless, as if in shock. He puts his head down and walks towards the door.

FITZY

Hey, little buddy, don't you want the car keys?

Tony does not answer. He just stands there with his head down as if he is in shame. Fitzy walks up and puts the keys in Tony's pocket.

FITZY

Here, buddy, take these. That's what you came for, right?

Fitzy takes out a crisp hundred-dollar bill and puts it in Tony's hand.

FITZY

That should help you out a little,
buddy. (Massages Tony's shoulders)
I have to take care of you, buddy.
Oh man, you're my best Clubbie.

Tony walks to the door, unlocks all the locks and latches,
turns around, and gives Fitzzy one more look. It is not a very
pleasant look.

FITZY

Drive carefully, buddy. I wouldn't
want to see my number one Clubbie
get hurt. (Smiles and winks)

INT. MICHELLE'S HOME - EVENING

Michelle is sitting on the couch. She checks her watch
several times, looking anxious. She picks up the phone and
starts dialing.

MICHELLE

(Talking on the phone)
Hello, my name is Michelle Mills,
and I would like to report my son
as missing. (Beat) Well, he has
always been home by this time.
(Beat) What do you mean it's not
really an emergency? It's an
emergency to me! (Beat) Fine, I'll
dial the damn non-emergency number!

As Michelle begins to dial again, Ricky comes through the
door. Michelle hangs up and just stares at Ricky with a mean
look.

MICHELLE

Where the hell have you been, boy?
And you better not lie to me!

Ricky just stands there with his head down and does not
respond.

MICHELLE

(Jumps off the couch)
Boy, don't make me come over there!
I asked you where you have been.
It's twelve-thirty in the morning.

RICKY

Mama, I'm sleepy. Can I just go to
bed?

MICHELLE

No, you can't! Now sit your ass down, you had me worried half to death!

Ricky sits down with his head still down and plays with his hands nervously.

MICHELLE

Now I am going to ask you one more time, where have you been?

RICKY

At first, I was with Mr. Fitzpatrick, and then I went to my friend's house for a while.

MICHELLE

You are supposed to be in your damn bed sleeping, not running the streets. Now I want to know what your problem is.

RICKY

Mama, I don't have a problem.

MICHELLE

Oh yes, you do, Ricky. Your grades are dropping, you're getting in trouble in school, and you're not doing what you are supposed to around here. Basically, you are doing whatever you want around here.

RICKY

Mama, I don't feel like talking about it.

MICHELLE

Ricky!

RICKY

Yes Mama.

MICHELLE

You are testing my patience, Ricky! Now we can stay down here all night if that's what you want, but you are going to tell me what's wrong with you.

RICKY
(Fidgeting aggressively)
Mr. Fitzpatrick touched me.

MICHELLE
What do you mean he touched you?
How?

RICKY
Mr. Fitzpatrick touched me down
here on my private part.

Michelle walks over to Ricky and stands over him, hands on her hips.

MICHELLE
Ricky, I am tired of your lies!
Fitzzy would never do anything like
that to you. Your lies are going to
cause someone to get in some
serious trouble. Don't you dare say
something like that about him when
he has been out there constantly
trying to help you boys out. He has
been doing that for years.

RICKY
But mama, I am not lying, he...

MICHELLE
(Cuts Ricky off)
But nothing! I don't want to hear
it!

Michelle pops Ricky upside his head.

MICHELLE
Now go to bed before I do something
I don't want to do to you! And
don't be surprised if you are grown
before you get off punishment!

Ricky walks away crying with his head down.

MICHELLE
(Shakes her head, mumbles)
Lord, have mercy. I don't know what
has gotten into that boy. I sure
hope he doesn't end up in jail like
his father.

INT. A WINTER HAVEN HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL GAME - EVENING

Hundreds of visitors and guests cheer for their team. The scoreboard reads: Visitors 48 and Home 46. There are eight seconds left in the game. THE CROWD yells loudly.

THE CROWD
Will! Will! Will!

Will dribbles down the court, threading his way through the defense.

Will takes a long-range jumper just as the final buzzer sounds. Will hits a three-point shot.

There is a roar and a celebration in the crowd as people stand, cheer, and give each other high-fives.

The COACH (Black, 40) and the rest of the team run out to celebrate with Will and the players on the floor.

They all surround Will, pump their fists, and chant: "Will! Will! Will!"

COACH
(Pats Will's back)
Will you made another tough shot
and saved us again!

Many of the friends and fans come over to celebrate and basically let the team know they are loved. Some of the Red Sox Players congratulate Will, too.

INT. WINTER HAVEN HIGH SCHOOL - THE NEXT DAY - DAY

The Final BELL, indicating the end of the school day, sounds. The hallway suddenly fills with students.

Will walks down the hall with several cute Caucasian females: KATHY(white, 16), PAT (white, 15), and JAN (white,17). His two best friends, TROY (black, 14) and BRAD (white, 16), are also there.

TROY
Damn, Will, you are the man.

BRAD
Yeah, Will, but that was your shot;
you never miss that shot, man.

TROY
Will almost never misses period.

TEEN WILL

Let's just forget about the game for now. I don't really feel like talking about it.

TROY

So are you going up to "The Point" tonight to hang with us?

TEEN WILL

I don't know, maybe.

BRAD

Come on, Will, it's going to be cool.

TEEN WILL

Yeah, I will probably go.

BRAD

Come on, Will, we'll have more fun when you go. Shit, if you don't go there, there won't be any Chicks.

JAN

(Shakes her head)

Brad Chicks? You're such an asshole!

BRAD

Oh, I am sorry, Jan. I mean beautiful young ladies. By the way, are you guys coming out?

KATHY

Not if you go, Brad. (Laughs) No, I am just kidding, we will go if Will goes.

BRAD

Will is going. All he has to do is walk a short distance. It's practically in his backyard. Trust me, Will is going. He'd better be going! (Looks at Will with a mean but joking face)

PAT

So, are you going, Will? Let us know right now so we can get ready.

TEEN WILL

Okay, okay, I will be there!

BRAD
(Celebrating)
Yes! Will is going to "The Point!"
Will is going to "The Point!"

KATHY
Okay, then we will be there too.
What time should we be there?

TEEN WILL
I guess about eight or so.

KATHY
Okay, we will see you guys then.

The girls walk away.

BRAD
You guys bring some of your
girlfriends!

TEEN WILL
You going right, Troy?

TROY
I don't know Will. You know me,
man, I'd rather go to that spot you
took me to with all the black
girls.

BRAD
This is like so crazy!

TEEN WILL
What?

BRAD
You're like a white chick magnet,
but you're black, and this guy
likes black girls, but he is white.

Brad shakes his head and laughs. They all begin to laugh.

EXT. A PLACE CALLED "THE POINT" - EVENING

A couple of cars drive up a dirt road to a large Oak tree in an open wooded area near Will's home. It's several of Will's Caucasian friends, including Brad and Troy.

On the other side of the dirt road, older black men play cards, drink, joke, laugh, and talk. They keep a watchful eye on the young teenagers.

BRAD

(Slams the car door)

Where the hell is Will? We should walk over to his house and knock on his door.

TROY

Trust me, if Will said he would be here, he will be here.

BRAD

That's true, but you know, Will, he might show up by sunrise.

A beautiful Silver Mercedes pulls up. Kathy, Pat, and Jan are inside. Jan is driving and lets down her window.

JAN

Where is Will?

BRAD

Will should be here soon. Just hold on for a little while.

JAN

Okay, we will wait here for a while for him, but it's just going to be for a while.

BRAD

Hey, we got a cooler in the trunk with some beers in it. You guys want a beer?

JAN

We'll wait for Will right now. We will probably have one when he gets here.

The girls drive up and park under the large tree.

BRAD

Shit, Will better show up, or I am going to personally kill him!

Four more of Will's friends: MICHAEL (black,16), TIM (white,15), FRANK (white, 15), and MARK (black, 16) pull up in a nice car.

Will does show up as promised. He walks through the woods and up to the dirt road where "The Point" is. He walks up to Troy and Brad's car to greet them.

TROY

I told you Will would show up.

BRAD

Hey Will, what's up? You had me worried for a minute, man.

TEEN WILL

I had a few things I needed to take care of, but hey, I made it.

Jan, Kathy, and Pat get out of their car and go over to where Will is.

KATHY

(Hugs Will)

Hello Will we're glad you made it out.

Pat and Jan also hug Will. Michael, Tim, Frank, and Mark go up to give Will high fives. Brad sets down a large cooler.

BRAD

(Grabs a beer)

Okay, everyone, we have some cold brews here!

TROY

(Snatches the beer)

Will gets the first one!

BRAD

Hey, I am cool with that.

MICHAEL

Damn, Will, you are definitely the man! It looks like we are going to have a party tonight!

Will just smiles, nods, and winks. He reaches into the car and turns the music up.

INT. CHAIN OF LAKES BALL PARK - DAY

Will is in the clubhouse getting some of the equipment ready for the players. A player named JIM (black, 25) confronts Will.

JIM
(Pulls Will aside)
Will, I need to talk to you.

TEEN WILL
What's up, Jim?

JIM
I have a question to ask you.

TEEN WILL
What do you need to know?

JIM
Is Fitzy Gay? I mean, some of my
teammates say he likes young black
boys.

Will stands there, surprised for a few seconds. He needs those few seconds to recover from the question.

TEEN WILL
I... I... Umm, I don't know.

JIM
Will look at me!

Will looks at Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)
Don't you lie to me, boy! Is Fitzy
gay?

TEEN WILL
(Puts his head down)
Yeah, he's gay.

JIM
I knew it! Does he try anything
with you guys?

TEEN WILL
Yeah, he touches us, and he likes
to try to suck our private parts.

JIM
Thanks for telling me, Will. Have
you told anyone else about that
disgusting fag?

TEEN WILL
No, you're the only one I told.

JIM

Good, don't discuss it with anyone. I am going to make sure this gets taken care of. Trust me, it will be taken care of. You just try to stay away from him, man.

TEEN WILL

Thanks, Jim, I will.

JIM

Is there anything else you want to talk to me about? I mean, is everything else okay?

TEEN WILL

Yeah, everything else is cool.

JIM

Well, Will, you know I'll look out for you. If you have a problem, just let me know.

TEEN WILL

Okay, I will.

Jim puts out his hand, and Will slaps it five. Will finishes what he was doing.

EXT. CHAIN OF LAKES BALL PARK - THE NEXT DAY - DAY

It is the last out, and hundreds of fans head towards the exits.

INT. CHAIN OF LAKES BALLPARK - DAY

Fitzy has all his Clubbies preparing the Clubhouse for the players. While they are working, Fitzy decides to give them a pep talk.

FITZY

Okay, now that was a hell of a game. Now it's time for us to get back down to business. We are really good at this now, so it shouldn't take us all night.

One of the Clubbies raises his hand to talk to Fitzy.

FITZY

I'll get to you in a minute. What I wanted to say is that you guys are doing an excellent job. You all have been meeting the players' needs, and that keeps them happy, so it keeps me happy, too. Any one of you can be in my position someday. I started out here as a Bat Boy. Having said all of that, let's continue getting ready for the players. Kevin, I can answer your question after everything is ready. (Claps his hands) Okay, let's get going!

INT. THE CHAIN OF LAKES BALLPARK HOME-SIDE CLUBHOUSE - DAY

The home-side clubhouse is run by VINNY (White 45). Vinny arranges some items and appears to be organizing equipment.

VINNY

Okay, Will, I am going to leave you in charge of the Clubhouse this afternoon. Make sure everything gets cleaned, loaded, or stowed properly. (Pause) On second thought, Mark, you take care of that. Will I need to talk to you in private.

Vinny takes Will to another Clubhouse room and slams the door.

VINNY

Remember what we discussed. There is to be no more talk about Fitzzy being gay, a fag, or touching you guys around here. You were put on the home side to give you a second chance. If I hear another player tell me you said something like that about Fitzzy, you will be out of here on your head! Understood?

TEEN WILL

Yes, I understand.

VINNY

Now I'm telling you this, but it comes straight from the top, do you understand that, young man?

TEEN WILL

Yeah, I got it.

VINNY

Now I believe you have a lot of potential and can go a long way here, just like Fitzzy said. But you need to keep your mouth shut and do what you're told. Now get in there with the other Clubbies.

Will leaves, but he is visibly upset. He heads outside to get some fresh air and calm down.

EXT. CHAIN OF LAKES BALL PARK- DAY

Will is outside on the baseball field. There are still people sitting in the stands.

A gentleman, RON (30 years old), and his son, PETER (7 years old). Are down in the front row.

RON

Excuse me, young man, can I talk to you for a second?

TEEN WILL

(Looks around, surprised)
Who me?

RON

Yes, please come here for a second.

Will does what he is told. He walks up to Ron and his son.

TEEN WILL

Yes.

RON

Can we have your autograph?

TEEN WILL

(surprised)
You want my autograph?

RON

Yes, actually, my son asked me to get it for him.

TEEN WILL

(Searches for a pen)
Ron hands Will a pen and a Boston Red Sox ball cap.

RON
You can sign it right under the
bill.

TEEN WILL
What's your son's name?

RON
His name is Peter, but you can make
it out to Ron and Peter.

Will scribbles down his autograph and hands the ball cap to
Peter. Peter's eyes light up like it's Christmas Day.

RON
What do you say, Peter?

PETER
Thank you.

RON
(Shakes Will's hand)
Thanks a lot, we appreciate it.

TEEN WILL
No problem.

RON
(Looks at the ball cap)
So your name is Will Jones, right?

TEEN WILL
Yes, sir, but you can call me Will.

RON
Thanks, Will. My son and I
appreciate that.

Fitzy drives up to the stands past Will with the equipment
cart. He lifts a young African-American boy from the front
row and puts him on the cart.

His mother and father smile and wave to their little son.
Fitzy drives off towards the unoccupied lower fields.

His cart disappears as they go out of sight. Will watches,
shakes his head, and walks away.

TEEN WILL
(to himself)
Damn!
(MORE)

If they knew where he was taking him and what he was going to do to him, they wouldn't be smiling and waving.

INT. THE UMPIRE'S ROOM IN THE CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Will is sweeping out and cleaning the Umpire's room in the clubhouse. Fitzzy comes in the door and closes it behind himself.

FITZY

(Slowly approaches Will)
Hello buddy. I haven't heard from you in a while, buddy. You are still my number one buddy, Will, and I don't have any hard feelings for you.

Will starts backing up slowly.

FITZY (CONT'D)

Come on, buddy, just relax.

Will backs up to a wall where he can't go any further.

TEEN WILL

I just want to go.

FITZY

Look, buddy, it's just you and me. Just relax, buddy. Nobody else needs to know what I do to you. It's our little secret.

Will starts walking toward Fitzzy to bypass him and get to the door.

TEEN WILL

Excuse me.

FITZY

(Stands in front of Will)
Where are you going so fast, buddy? Don't you want to finish cleaning up?

TEEN WILL

No, I just want to leave!

FITZY

Well, can I just watch you work, buddy?

(MORE)

I kind of miss you since you went over to the other side. You know those folks on that side aren't going to take care of you as I will, buddy. I take care of all of you guys.

TEEN WILL

(Shrugs his shoulders)
Can I go now?

FITZY

Do you realize that there are no colored boys on the home side in Boston? The visitor's side is all colored. I am the only one who will take care of you guys in this organization. No one else is going to take care of you guys like me.

Will gets by Fitzzy and leaves rather quickly. Fitzzy looks visibly upset and just stands there shaking his head.

FITZY

That little son of a bitch!

EXT. THE JONES HOME, PUGHSVILLE, FLORIDA - EVENING

Will pulls up to his house. He gets out of the vehicle and is approached by two boys who ride up to him on their bicycles. BOY #1 (black, 11) and BOY #2 (black, 13)

BOY #1

(Peers into the car)
Wow, Will, whose car is this?

TEEN WILL

(Smiles)
It's my car.

BOY #2

Come on Will stop lying that ain't your car.

TEEN WILL

It's Mugsy's car.

BOY #1

Who the hell is Mugsy?

TEEN WILL

He is one of the Boston Red Sox players. We call him Mugsy.

BOY #1
He's letting you drive his car?

TEEN WILL
(Leans against the car)
Yeah, he is letting me take care of
it for a little while.

BOY #2
Man, that's cool! Can we ride in it
with you?

TEEN WILL
I don't think that's such a good
idea.

BOY #2
Will, you guys got it made. You all
got cars, cash, and chicks. All
we've got are these stupid
bicycles.

BOY #1
Yeah, and they get to meet all the
professional Baseball Players.

BOY #2
I can't wait until next season.

TEEN WILL
Why? What happens next season?

BOY #2
We're going to be working out at
the park next season.

TEEN WILL
You guys sure you want to do that?
I mean, it's a lot of hard work.

BOY #1
Yeah, we sure.

Will looks at the guys, shakes his head, and walks away. He
stops in his tracks and turns around once again.

TEEN WILL
You guys think being a Clubbie is
so great, but you don't even know
what you're getting into.

Will walks away. The two boys look at each other and shrug
their shoulders.

BOY #1
What the hell is his problem?

BOY #2
I don't know, he's probably just mad because we're going to be doing what he's doing. They all just want to keep everything to themselves.

BOY #1
Yeah, tell me about it.

BOY #2
Let's just forget about him.

INT. THE JONES HOME, PUGHSVILLE, FLORIDA - EVENING

Will is now inside his house. He stands in the doorway for a minute to look at some exotic plants sitting in the living room.

He walks into the Kitchen where Shirley and his grandmother, Lynn, are. Lynn is eating, and Shirley is finishing up cooking the meal.

SHIRLEY
Hey Will.

TEEN WILL
(Hugs Shirley)
Hi mama. Those are some nice plants. Are you going to keep them in here?

SHIRLEY
No, I just put them in here because it's supposed to be a little cool tonight.

TEEN WILL
Oh yeah, that's right. (Pauses, hugs Lynn) Hello grandma.

LYNN
Hello baby.

TEEN WILL
(Opens the pot)
That smells good. I just wanted to grab a plate, eat, and head back out.

SHIRLEY

Okay, but what time do you plan on being back?

TEEN WILL

(Sits at the table)

I should be back around nine or so.

SHIRLEY

You know you have school in the morning, so don't fool around out there. And don't be in every grown folk's face you see, either. You don't need to be around all them grown folks. You're a child, and you should stay in a child's place.

TEEN WILL

I will mama. I am usually just around the baseball players, and Fitzie sometimes.

SHIRLEY

(Sets Will's plate down)

Well, that's fine, but you need to do your job and get out of there. You don't need to socialize and hang out with them.

TEEN WILL

Okay Mama.

SHIRLEY

Who does that car belong to?

TEEN WILL

It belongs to one of the baseball players. His name is Gary, but we call him Mugsy.

SHIRLEY

Well, you just be careful driving all over the place with those fast cars.

TEEN WILL

I am a good driver, Mama. I don't speed.

SHIRLEY

How come you and Larry don't come home together? I mean, since you both work at the ballpark.

TEEN WILL

I don't know mama.

Larry comes in. As he makes eye contact with Will, he puts his head down and then looks away. Will just shakes his head and gets up to leave.

SHIRLEY

Hello Larry.

Larry just stands there with his head still down.

SHIRLEY

Where are you going, Will? You're not gonna eat?

TEEN WILL

I'm not hungry anymore.

SHIRLEY

Larry, you need to tell me what's going on. You two have been acting funny lately. Will doesn't ever walk away from food, and you just come in here with the silent treatment.

LARRY

It's nothing mama I'm just tired.

TEEN WILL

And I just need to get going. I forgot I had some homework to take care of.

SHIRLEY

(Throws her hands up)
Fine, you two just go on about your business!

INT. CHAIN OF LAKES BALLPARK CLUBHOUSE SHOWERS - THAT EVENING

Several of the Clubbies are taking a shower, including Will. It's an open shower area that the players use.

Fitzy walks up with a handful of towels. He pulls up a chair and sits right at the shower entrance, watching the boys shower.

FITZY

Hello, my buddies. I got your towels right here. I'll take care of you.

(MORE)

Don't mind me, just keep on showering. There is no rush; you guys can take as much time as you want. Whoa, buddy, this is the best seat in the house!

One by one, the Clubbies leave the shower. Fitzzy slowly hands each one of them a towel after giving them a complete head-to-toe evaluation.

Will is the last Clubbie left in the shower because he needs to rinse the soap off himself.

Will walks over to Fitzzy to get a towel. Will has his hands over his private area to shield himself from Fitzzy.

FITZY (CONT'D)

Hey, buddy, it looks like it's just you and me here now. Here's your towel, buddy.

Will reaches for the towel, but Fitzzy pulls it back from him.

FITZY

Not so fast, buddy, just relax, buddy.

TEEN WILL

Can I get a towel, please?

Fitzzy holds the towel out once again, and Will snatches it. He walks away mumbling and shaking his head as he wraps the towel around himself.

Fitzzy just laughs and smacks Will on the butt with his hand.

FITZY

You're still my number one Clubbie, Will. Boy oh boy, are you ever my number one Clubbie. You and I are going to do some big things together.

EXT. CHAIN OF LAKES BALLPARK - THE NEXT DAY - DAY

Several of the baseball field Grounds Keepers (GROUNDSMAN #1 and GROUNDSMAN #2) are working on the baseball field.

There are also two young black boys, the groundsman's sons, running around and playing. TERRANCE (black, 10) and MARK (black, 11). Fitzzy drives up in the equipment cart.

FITZY

Hey, how are you guys doing?

GROUNDSMAN #1

Okay, how about you, Fitzzy?

FITZY

Oh, I can't complain. You guys are really making the field look good and kept up.

GROUNDSMAN #2

Thanks, Fitzzy, we do our best.

Terrance and Mark run up to their fathers.

TERRANCE

Daddy, can we play in the stands?

GROUNDSMAN #1

No, you need to stay right here on the field where I can see you.

GROUNDSMAN #2

That goes for you, too, Mark.

Fitzzy goes up behind Mark and massages his shoulders.

FITZY

Hey, little buddy, how are you doing?

MARK

I'm okay.

FITZY

Why don't you guys let them work for me? They look like they're good and strong, and I'm pretty sure they could handle the job.

The boys go running down the field.

GROUNDSMAN #2

Fitzzy, now you're good with these young boys around here, and I would even go so far as to say you have a way with them. But my boy is quite a handful. You see, I like you, Fitzzy, and I wouldn't do that to you. I think of you as a friend, and I would like to keep it that way.

GROUNDSMAN #1

Terrance is the same way. Plenty of energy, and he is like a human tornado. You sure you can handle that?

FITZY

Oh, I know I can. Most of the guys I have working for me used to have some serious disciplinary problems. Right now, they are some of my best Clubbies. I mean, most of these young men come from some pretty rough backgrounds.

GROUNDSMAN #2

Then maybe we should be asking you how you do it.

FITZY

I guess a lot of them just need a strong male figure in their lives. Many of them are from single-parent homes, usually without a father. I first established trust with them.

GROUNDSMAN #2

Do you feel you can do that with any young child?

FITZY

Yeah, I believe so. I have been at it for quite a while.

GROUNDSMAN #2

So maybe I should bring my daughters out here to you.

FITZY

Unfortunately, I can't hire female Clubbies. You notice there are no female Clubbies around here. Number one, the job requires the Clubbies to go in and out of the men's locker rooms and bathrooms. Number two, the league would never go for it.

GROUNDSMAN #2

Yeah, I know all that, Fitzzy, but who knows, maybe someday that will change.

FITZY

I don't know, maybe, but I doubt it.

GROUNDSMAN #1

I'm about ready to bring all my nephews to you, Fitzzy. Shit, that would definitely be a test for you.

FITZY

Bring them here if you want. The only requirement is that they have to be somewhat strong. The job can sometimes be physically challenging.

GROUNDSMAN #1

Oh, they're all good and strong. They're like little football players.

FITZY

So, do you guys mind if I give them a little tour of the facility? It would give me a chance to speak to them and see where they stand. Sort of gauge them, so to speak. It would get them off your hands for a little while, too, so you guys can get your job done.

GROUNDSMAN #1

I'm okay with that.

GROUNDSMAN #2

Me too, I'm okay with it. Shit, you can keep them if you want.

GROUNDSMAN #1

Terrance and Mark!

Terrance and Mark go running over to their fathers.

MARK

Yes daddy.

GROUNDSMAN #1

Mr. Fitzpatrick wants to take you guys around the ballpark. Now I want you two to behave.

FITZY

(Gets on the cart)
Okay, I can take one of you at a
time. Who is going to be first?

MARK

(Jumps on the cart)
Me first! Me first!

FITZY

Okay, umm. . .

TERRANCE

I'm Terrance.

FITZY

I'm sorry, Terrance, I was going to
call you Mark. Okay, Mark, I'll be
back to pick you up shortly.

MARK

Okay, Mr. Fitzpatrick.

Fitzzy drives off and disappears into the lower fields. The
Groundsmen continue working on the baseball field.

GROUNDSMAN #1

(Shaking his head)
That poor man will never be the
same.

GROUNDSMAN #2

Yeah, we should see him heading
back with Terrance any second now.

GROUNDSMAN #1

Watch out because he'll probably be
tearing up the field with that cart
to get him back here.

They both laugh and continue working on the baseball field.

EXT. A NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

Will and two other Clubbies are with a couple of the baseball
players: PLAYER #3 (black, 30) and PLAYER #4 (white, 25).

As Will and the other Clubbies step up to the entrance, a
SECURITY GUARD holds up his hand.

SECURITY GUARD

Do you, young men, have some
identification cards for me to see?

PLAYER #4
(Steps forward)
Oh, these guys are with us.

SECURITY GUARD
Okay, no problem, man (Slaps the
players five). You guys come right
on in. The Boston Red Sox are in
the house tonight!

PLAYER #4
Hey, keep that down.

SECURITY GUARD
You got it, man.

INT. THE NIGHTCLUB - MOMENTS LATER - THAT EVENING

The guys all go up to an open table and sit down. The two
players take off their Boston Red Sox ball caps and jackets.

PLAYER #3
Okay, Will, what do you guys want?

TEEN WILL
We'll have some beers.

PLAYER #3
What kind of beer?

TEEN WILL
We like Michelob.

Player #3 raises his hand, and a WAITRESS comes over.

WAITRESS
How can I help you, gentlemen?

PLAYER #3
Bring them each a Michelob and
bring two bottles of Champagne.

WAITRESS
Okay, I will get that for you right
away.

The waitress leaves.

PLAYER #4
So, how are things going for you
guys?

TEEN WILL
Everything is cool.

PLAYER #4
Well, you guys have been doing a great job at the Clubhouse, and I mean that. You guys have really been taking care of us. Tonight, we are going to take care of you guys.

TEEN WILL
Thanks, we appreciate that.

Two very attractive Caucasian females walk past the table. Will's mouth drops as he watches them walk to the bar. He looks to be in a trance-like state.

PLAYER #4
(Waves at Will)
Will!

Will does not budge. Player #4 claps his hands right in front of Will's face and gets his attention.

TEEN WILL
(Jumps)
What! What!

PLAYER #3
You okay, man?

TEEN WILL
Yeah, I'm okay.

PLAYER #3
Will, you wouldn't even know what to do with that.

TEEN WILL
That's what you think.

PLAYER #3
Yeah, you are a basketball star at Winter Haven High, and yeah, you have a lot of white girls hanging all over you. But those two gals are not in high school. They're way out of your league.

TEEN WILL
How do you know that?

Player #3 slaps a one-hundred-dollar bill on the table.

PLAYER #3

This hundred-dollar bill says you can't get a number from either one of them.

TEEN WILL

You serious?

PLAYER #3

As a heart attack.

PLAYER #4

Sounds like a good bet to me, Will.

Will leaves the table and walks up to the girls. He is talking to them, but their conversation is not audible.

He points to the table where the baseball players are. He gets a napkin and an ink pen from the bar.

He writes on the napkin, walks back to the table, slams down the napkin in front of Player #3, and snatches the hundred-dollar bill.

PLAYER #4

(Slaps Will five)

I knew he would come through, and he didn't let me down.

PLAYER #3

(Snatches the napkin)

Let me see that! What did you tell them?

TEEN WILL

Well, let me put it this way: they're going to be joining us in a minute.

PLAYER #3

Will, I know what you did. You told them who we are.

TEEN WILL

No, they already know who you are. Hey, you didn't say how I had to get the numbers right?

PLAYER #3

Okay, you got that one over on me. Damn it, Will, you are slick. Shit, the drinks are on Will!

The two Caucasian females, LINDA and BETTY, go up to the table, pull out their seats, and sit at the table.

The Waitress comes back with the guys' previously ordered drinks.

WAITRESS
(Serving the drinks)
Here you go, guys. Can I get you, ladies, something?

LINDA
I'll have a White Zinfandel.

BETTY
Me too, I'll have a White Zinfandel.

WAITRESS
Okay, I'll get that for you right away. You guys want anything else?

PLAYER #4
Yeah, get us three more Michelobs and two more bottles of Champagne.

WAITRESS
Okay, I'll be right back with that for you.

The Waitress leaves once again.

BETTY
Hello guys.

The guys all say hello in unison.

BETTY (CONT'D)
(Puts her hand out)
Oh, we're sorry we didn't introduce ourselves. I'm Betty, and this is my best friend Linda.

PLAYER #4
(Shakes Betty's hand)
Hello, Betty, my name is...

BETTY
(Cuts Player #4 off)
We already know who you guys are, and you need no introduction.

Player #4 shakes Linda's hand also. Player #3 shakes Linda and Betty's hands.

LINDA

Yeah, we love you guys.

BETTY

Yeah, we're definitely fans, so we really appreciate you guys giving us your autographs and letting us hang with you.

PLAYER #3

Autographs? You ladies want our autographs?

BETTY

Yeah, your son Will said it wouldn't be a problem as long as we gave you guys our phone numbers.

PLAYER #3

(Looks at Will)

My son Will, huh? What else did my son say?

LINDA

He said you guys wanted to chat with us and have a few drinks with us.

Will laughs, nearly spitting out his beer. He gets up and rushes to the bathroom.

The players just look at each other and shake their heads. The other Clubbies can hardly contain themselves.

The two females look at each other, confused, and shrug their shoulders because they don't know what's going on.

INT. THE CHAIN OF LAKES BALLPARK CLUBHOUSE - DAY

There is a long table with food set up on it. Fitzzy is arranging some things on the table. The Clubbies all line up to get some food. Vinny is also helping out.

FITZY

Okay, gentlemen, go ahead and serve yourselves. I hope you guys enjoy it, but try not to get any on the walls or the ceiling. You all have earned this, so lunch is on me.

The Players start filing in, and they head straight for the tables.

FITZY (CONT'D)

Hello guys, feel free to dig in.
There is plenty, but if need be,
I'll go get some more.

PLAYER #1

(Loading his plate)

All right, Fitzzy, good job, man. We
certainly appreciate it.

FITZY

No problem. Is there anything you
guys need or want to discuss with
me, Tony, or the Clubbies?

PLAYER #1

No, we just feel they are doing an
excellent job here, and all their
hard work is really starting to pay
off.

FITZY

You guys heard that? I told you
everything is going to be fine. You
see what can be done with a little
teamwork? The players really
appreciate it.

The players all stop eating and pause to load their plates,
giving the Clubbies a round of applause. They form a sort of
line, and they all shake each Clubbies's hand.

INT. CHAIN OF LAKES BALLPARK - LATER THAT DAY - DAY

Fitzzy is looking through boxes full of equipment like:
gloves, Jerseys, shoes, and caps.

FITZY

Are they going to throw all this
stuff away, Vinny?

VINNY

Yeah, that's what I was told. Every
single box is supposed to be
discarded.

Fitzzy picks up some of the clothing items and the other
items, then holds them up to look at them.

FITZY

This shit is still in good
condition.

VINNY

Yeah, I know, but I was told to discard it.

FITZY

Well, just let me take this stuff off your hands. I mean, if it's going to be discarded anyway.

VINNY

Okay, Fitzzy, but what did you have in mind to do with it?

FITZY

We can give this stuff to the Clubbies. I'm sure they would appreciate it.

Fitzzy fumbles through several more boxes. He holds up a pair of sneakers that appear to be in pretty good shape.

FITZY

Look at this! Sneakers, shoes, caps, gloves, jackets, and Jerseys. This stuff is all in decent shape. Why throw it away? We can get the players to autograph this stuff, and then I can hand it out to the Clubbies.

VINNY

I don't see it being a problem, Fitzzy. Go ahead and take that shit out of here. Hey, I was just doing what I was told.

FITZY

(Lifting a box)

Thanks, Vinny. I'll take care of it personally.

VINNY

No problem, Fitzzy.

INT. CHAIN OF LAKES BALLPARK - DAY

Fitzzy has the boxes of supplies and equipment sitting on the floor.

The Clubbies are also present, and Fitzzy gets some of the equipment and starts handing it out to the Clubbies.

FITZY

I told you, guys, that if you take care of these players for me, I would take care of you. So here is some stuff I got for you guys. I had some players sign some of the equipment.

The Clubbies file up to get their equipment. They are all very happy and start trying on some of the clothing items and equipment. Some even swap articles of clothing.

INT. THE HOME OF WILL'S FATHER - PUGHSVILLE- DAY

Will is at his Father's house. His father's name is ROY (black, 40).

ROY

So, you okay, Will?

TEEN WILL

Yeah, I'm okay, I guess.

ROY

Is your mother okay?

TEEN WILL

Yeah, she's fine.

ROY

Your brothers and sisters okay?

TEEN WILL

Yeah, they're all okay.

Roy moves some stuff off the couch.

ROY

Have a seat and make yourself at home.

TEEN WILL

No thanks, I need to get going. I have to get back to the ballpark.

ROY

Can I get you something?

TEEN WILL

No thanks

Roy takes some money out of his pocket and approaches Will.

ROY

Here you go, Will, take this.

TEEN WILL

That's okay, Daddy. I'm cool.

Roy takes Will's hand and puts the money in it.

ROY

Just take it, Will. You guys do a great job on my yard, and I appreciate that. By the way, are you guys going to come by tomorrow and touch it up?

TEEN WILL

(Puts the money away)

Yeah, we can do that tomorrow. Me and Larry will come take care of it tomorrow morning.

ROY

Thanks, as I said, I really do appreciate it. You sure there is nothing else I can do for you guys?

TEEN WILL

No, but thank you for the money.

ROY

How are you doing in school?

TEEN WILL

I'm doing okay.

ROY

Well, that's good, I'm glad to hear that. I'm sorry I haven't made it to your games, but I'm sure you understand.

TEEN WILL

Yeah, I understand. (Looks around) so where is Grandma?

ROY

Oh, she's sleeping right now, but she's doing okay.

TEEN WILL

Okay, well, I need to get back over to the ballpark.

Roy walks Will to the door.

ROY

I will see you and Larry tomorrow.

TEEN WILL

Bye dad... I mean, Roy.

ROY

Will, are you sure you're okay? I mean, you don't seem to be yourself.

TEEN WILL

Yeah, I'm fine.

Will leaves.

INT. CHAIN OF LAKES BALLPARK CLUBHOUSE - DAY

PLAYER #5 is in the clubhouse near his locker. He sits on the bench in front of his locker.

He looks around to make sure the coast is clear. Dave, the Clubbie, approaches him. Dave is also looking around.

Dave takes out a bag of cocaine and gives it to Player #5. Player #5 holds the bag up and puts it through the normal type test for cocaine.

PLAYER #5

Thanks, Dave, you got a real good one this time. It looks like those cats in Florence villa are taking care of us.

Player #5 puts the cocaine in his locker and closes the locker.

PLAYER #5 (CONT'D)

Yeah, that was definitely a good one. Either they're taking care of us, or they're getting better shit.

DAVE

They said they would take care of you guys because they're your fans. They said you guys take good care of them, so they are going to return the favor. In fact, he wanted me to let you guys know that.

Dave pulls out Player #5's change from the drug purchase and attempts to return it to him.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Oh, I almost forgot to give you this.

Player #5 pushes Dave's hand away.

PLAYER #5

You don't owe me anything, man! You keep that shit.

Dave stuffs the money back in his pocket rather quickly as if he's expecting Player #5 to change his mind.

DAVE

Thanks!

Player #5 opens his locker back up. He hands Dave some more cash. It's two crisp hundred-dollar bills.

PLAYER #5

In fact, here's a little something for your time and trouble.

DAVE

(Takes the money)

Wow! Thanks!

Dave stuffs the money in his pockets, which are now bulging with cash. Player #5 takes the bag of cocaine out of his locker once again.

PLAYER #5

You want some of this shit?

DAVE

Yeah, but can I get it later?

PLAYER #5

Okay, my man, I got you, but I don't know how much of it will be left for you later.

Player #5 slaps Dave five and puts the cocaine back in his locker.

INT. WINTER HAVEN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Will is walking down the hallway with his best friend, Tim. The Principal, MR. ROBERTS (white, 40) comes down the hallway, stops in front of Will, and puts his hands on his hips.

MR. ROBERTS

Will I need you to go to my office
right now!

TEEN WILL

What's the matter, Mr. Roberts?

MR. ROBERTS

Just go there and wait for me, I
need to talk to you!

INT. THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Will is sitting in the Principal's office waiting for him. He
looks around at some of the pictures in the Principal's
office. The Principal arrives.

MR. ROBERTS

(Sits at his desk)

I just wanted to tell you that I
don't appreciate what you're doing
around here.

TEEN WILL

What are you talking about, Mr.
Roberts?

MR. ROBERTS

You know what I am talking about!

TEEN WILL

No, I don't know what you're
talking about.

MR. ROBERTS

Well, let's just say you need to
start by hanging with your own
kind.

TEEN WILL

What are you talking about?

MR. ROBERTS

You need to hang with the colored
folks and stay away from the white
folks.

Will's mouth drops, and he looks rather shocked.

MR. ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Now this is the only warning you're
going to get.

(MORE)

If you keep hanging out with the white students, I will make sure you don't graduate from here. Is that clear?

TEEN WILL

But I...

MR. ROBERTS

(Cuts Will off)

Is it clear?

TEEN WILL

Yeah, it's clear.

MR. ROBERTS

Good, now go!

Will leaves, still looking puzzled. TIM (white, 14) walks up to him as he leaves and confronts him.

TIM

What's up, Will? Are you in trouble?

TEEN WILL

Yeah, you can say that.

TIM

What for?

TEEN WILL

Mr. Roberts doesn't want me hanging around with you.

TIM

Why?

TEEN WILL

Because you're white and I'm black. He doesn't want me to hang with whites; he said I should hang with my own kind.

TIM

Seriously? He told you that?

TEEN WILL

Yep, that's what he told me.

TIM

So what are you going to do?

TEEN WILL

I don't know, most of my friends here are white.

TIM

He can't tell you that, man! He can't tell you who to be friends with.

TEEN WILL

Yeah, well, why don't you go in there and tell him that?

TIM

(jokingly)

You're still my friend right?

TEEN WILL

Of course, I'm still your friend!

TIM

Hey dude, I just wanted to make sure. So everything is going to be cool, right? I mean, we're still going to be hanging out, right?

TEEN WILL

Oh yeah, definitely. I'm just not going to pay him any mind. Let's just forget about it. I'm okay.

TIM

So What are you getting ready to do right now?

TEEN WILL

(Looks at his watch)

Well, I am going to grab something from the cafeteria, and then I'm going out to the ballpark.

TIM

You're not going to your mother's house for lunch?

TEEN WILL

Not today.

TIM

Okay, man, I'll see you later, and don't worry about that asshole.

TEEN WILL

Okay, we'll talk later.

INT. THE SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Will grabs a tray of food from the lunch line and sits at a lunch table. The table he sits at is unoccupied. Three females, RHONDA (black,16), PAM (black, 15), and RENEE (black,14), join him at the table.

PAM

Hello Will.

TEEN WILL

Okay, let me see if I can get this right. (Points at each girl as he guesses) Ummm. . . Pam, Renee, and Rhonda.

RHONDA

At least you got our names right, Will, but I am Rhonda, she's Pam, and she's Renee.

TEEN WILL

Hey, I'm sorry, but I'm not that good with names.

RHONDA

Yeah, right, Will!

Troy, Will's friend, comes and sits right in the middle of the three young ladies.

TROY

Hello Rhonda, Pam, and Renee.
What's up, Will?

RHONDA

Hello Troy.

TEEN WILL

What's up, man?

TROY

Nothing much.

TEEN WILL

(Moves closer to Rhonda)
Rhonda, you guys want to go somewhere tonight?

PAM

Somewhere like?

TROY

I don't know, you guys want to go to "The Point?"

PAM

The who? "The Point?"

TROY

Yeah, "The Point." It's a cool spot we all hang out at.

RHONDA

No thanks, Troy, I think we'll pass on "The Point."

TROY

Then, where do you like to hang out?

Two females, KIM (white, 16), and RACHEL (white, 14), walk towards Will's table.

RHONDA

Oh no, here they come.

KIM

(Hugs Will)
Hey Will.

TEEN WILL

(Hugs Rachel)
Hey Kim and Rachel.

KIM

Hey Troy.

Troy is not paying attention because he is still focused in on Rhonda. Rhonda, Pam, and Renee just stare down Kim and Rachel. Pam gets up.

PAM

Come on, Renee and Rhonda, let's just go. It looks like it's getting a little too crowded at this table.

Pam, Rhonda, and Renee start walking away but continue to stare down Kim and Rachel. Will just looks at them and throws his hands up as if to say: "What's the problem?"

PAM

(sarcastically)
I see you remember their names, right?

Will just shrugs his shoulders and lets them leave.

TROY

(Gets up to follow them)
Will, I'll catch up to you later!

TEEN WILL

Alright man.

RACHEL

What's their problem?

TEEN WILL

I don't know. I guess they don't
like you guys.

EXT. CHAIN OF LAKES BALLPARK PUBLIC REST ROOM - DAY

Fitzy stands outside the ballpark men's room. He stands at a distance, sort of in the shadows, so as not to be detected.

Many parents take their little boys to the restroom. Some young boys go to the restroom alone.

Fitzy pays particular attention to two young black boys who use the restroom alone.

He follows them all the way to their seats and continues to watch them from a distance.

They sit down with their mother. Fitzy waits a few minutes and then approaches their mother. He hands the mother some paperwork and walks away.

INT. THE CHAIN OF LAKES BALLPARK - EVENING

Will sweeps the Clubhouse area right outside the Umpires' room. Another young black Clubbie comes out of the Umpires' room, which had been closed.

Will stands there watching as the young Clubbie zips and buckles his pants.

The young black Clubbie is visibly upset and walks away rather quickly.

Fitzy comes from the Umpire's room, looks at Will, smiles, and wipes off his mouth with the back of his hand.

FITZY

Hey buddy. How's it going? Long
time no see.

Will slowly backs up and then turns around to leave.

FITZY (CONT'D)

Come on, buddy, where are you going
so fast?

Will walks to the Laundry room area of the clubhouse, where several other Clubbies are working.

He is very nervous and looks around like he's being chased by the mob.

Fitzy comes in but leaves quickly after seeing the other Clubbies.

INT. THE JONES HOME, PUGHSVILLE, FLORIDA - DAY

Troy, Michael, Tim, and Brad are over at Will's house. There are three females also there.

Their names are: DARLENE (white, 16), SISSY (white, 15), and JANICE (white, 14). Shirley fixes them all a wonderful meal. She sets the food on the table

SHIRLEY

Let me see if I can get you guys' names right. Troy, Michael, Tom, Brad, Darlene, Sissy, and Janice.

TEEN WILL

Mom, you got all the names right except for Tim. You called him Tom.

SHIRLEY

Okay, well, excuse me, Tim.

TIM

No problem, Ms. Jones.

SHIRLEY

Will Where's Larry?

TEEN WILL

I think he's still out at the ballpark.

SHIRLEY

Well, I guess that should be enough for everyone.

TEEN WILL

Yeah mom this should be okay.

SHIRLEY

Okay, will I have to get back over to the flower shop? You guys try not to get any food on the walls or ceiling.

Everyone laughs and finds that comment to be amusing.

TEEN WILL

Don't worry, mama, I'll make sure everything is taken care of.

They all thank Shirley, wave goodbye to her, and proceed to dig in.

INT. THE CHAIN OF LAKES BALLPARK CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Will is in the Clubhouse area with several other Clubbies. They are all cleaning up and getting equipment ready after a game.

One of the players, PLAYER #6, slings a large duffel bag over his shoulder.

PLAYER #6

Hey Will come here for a minute.

TEEN WILL

(Walks over to Player #6)
What's up?

PLAYER #6

Come on and walk with me to the Players' Parking Lot.

TEEN WILL

Why? What's up?

PLAYER #6

Come on, man, just walk with me. I need to chat with you for a second.

Will strolls to the parking lot with Player #6.

TEEN WILL

(Leans on a car)
Okay, what's up?

PLAYER #6

(Looking around)
I needed to ask you something.

TEEN WILL

Yeah, go ahead.

PLAYER #6

You know anyone over in Florence villa at "the spot" that can get me some stuff?

TEEN WILL

(With a puzzled look)

Some stuff?

PLAYER #6

Yeah, you know cocaine, man. You know any folks over there that sell that shit?

TEEN WILL

Umm, yeah, I know a few cats over there that do. Why?

PLAYER #6

Well, can you do me a huge favor?

TEEN WILL

Sure, what do you need?

PLAYER #6

If I give you the money, would you go down to "the spot" and get me some Coke?

TEEN WILL

Okay.

Player #6 pulls a wad of cash from his pocket and counts it out.

PLAYER #6

Here's a hundred-dollar bill, and here's a fifty; there you have one hundred fifty dollars. Just get me what you can with that. I'll take care of you when you bring it to me. Let them know it's for one of the Players and they will take real good care of you.

TEEN WILL

(Takes the money)

Okay, I'm cool with that.

PLAYER #6

(Slaps Will five)

That's cool, Will! I knew you would take care of me. Now you know you have to keep this quiet, right?

TEEN WILL

Yeah, I won't tell anyone.

PLAYER #6

Good, that's my man! So, how is your brother doing?

TEEN WILL

He's okay. He still works on the Visitors' side.

PLAYER #6

Yeah, he takes care of me sometimes.

TEEN WILL

Really?

PLAYER #6

Yeah, he's my man.

TEEN WILL

Okay, I will take care of it. I'll have the stuff for you by tomorrow. Is that cool?

PLAYER #6

Yeah, that's perfect.

EXT. FLORENCE VILLA - EVENING

A sporty vehicle cruises through a rough neighborhood in Florence Villa, Florida. Will is driving. He pulls up to "the spot."

Will's POV: He is greeted by several drug dealers. DRUG DEALERS #1 and #2 approach Will's vehicle.

Will pushes the electric window button, and the window slowly rolls down.

DRUG DEALER #1

Hey man, what can we do for you?

TEEN WILL

(Takes out the money)

Here you go.

(MORE)

This is from one of the Players. He told me to tell you to fix him up.

Drug Dealer #1 counts the money.

DRUG DEALER #1

Okay, man, you heard him! Take care of him.

Drug Dealer #2 searches through his stash to get a nice bag of coke for Will. He pulls one out.

DRUG DEALER #2

(Holds the bag up)

This one looks pretty cool.

DRUG DEALER #1

(Snatches the bag)

Hell no, man! We can't do them Players like that. Take care of them, Bosox!

DRUG DEALER #2

(Pulls out another bag)

Now this one right here is cool for sure, man.

DRUG DEALER #1

Yeah, that one looks cool. Tell The Bosox we got their connection right here.

TEEN WILL

(Takes the bag)

Okay, I'll tell them that.

DRUG DEALER #1

Cool, little man, what's your name?

TEEN WILL

Oh, they call me Will.

DRUG DEALER #1

(Slaps Will five)

Okay, Will, if you guys need anything from me, just let me know.

TEEN WILL

What's your name?

DRUG DEALER #1

Man, all you need to know is that I'm the number one Dealer around here.

TEEN WILL
Okay, thanks, man.

Will presses the electric button for the window, and it slowly goes up.

Will drives away. Drug Dealer #1 slaps his partners five and sort of does some dance moves.

DRUG DEALER #1
That's what I'm talking about, man!
We about to be big time! You know why? Because we got the "Bosox Connection" going on now.

Drug Dealer #1 pulls out the wad of cash and starts counting it.

INT. WINTER HAVEN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The Principal, Mr. Roberts, enters the Basketball Coach's office.

The Basketball Coach is fixing up and arranging things on his desk.

MR. ROBERTS
I wanted to talk to you. Is this a bad time?

COACH
Well, I was just about to head out of here for basketball practice.

MR. ROBERTS
I know how you like to be on time for basketball practice. This shouldn't take too long.

COACH
Okay, I'm all ears.

MR. ROBERTS
I wanted to talk to you about Will Jones.

COACH
What about Will? Is he in some sort of trouble?

MR. ROBERTS
Well, basically, I want you to bench him until further notice.

COACH

What? Bench Will? Why?

MR. ROBERTS

(Sits on his desk)

Yeah, I want him benched! He disrespected me. He wants to try me, but obviously, he is forgetting who's in charge around here. I can make his stay here very unpleasant.

COACH

Do you realize Will is the best and most productive player on the team, right?

MR. ROBERTS

Yes, I am well aware of Will's performance on the court, but I don't care. I don't want him playing!

COACH

Are you sure you want me to do that? I mean, is there some other punishment we can give him?

MR. ROBERTS

No, there isn't.

Mr. Roberts starts walking away, but stops and turns around once again.

MR. ROBERTS (CONT'D)

I want the son of a bitch benched!

Mr. Roberts walks away. The Coach just shakes his head and slams some papers on his desk.

INT. WINTER HAVEN HIGH SCHOOL GYM - A WEEK LATER - EVENING

The Winter Haven basketball team has a home game. The scoreboard reads: HOME 60 VISITORS 62. The clock reads FOUR SECONDS.

The Coach has taken a time-out, and the Cheerleaders perform a routine on the floor. THE PLAYERS look very worried as the crowd gets loud.

THE CROWD

Will! Will! Will!

THE PLAYERS, including ROGER (white, 16), are gathered around the Coach in a circle.

Will just sits on the bench looking sad because he is benched. The Coach looks over to him and shrugs his shoulders.

The Coach takes a few seconds to look around the circle of players.

COACH

Roger, you are going to have to take that shot.

ROGER

You want me to take the shot, Coach? Man, we need Will in here. I can't make that shot.

COACH

Look, man, I can't play him, so we are going to have to improvise. Now we can do this, so let's have a little confidence, guys.

The Coach takes out his mini whiteboard and marker to illustrate what he wants.

COACH (CONT'D)

(Writing on the board)

I need you, you, and you to be ready to take the shot if it's there. You are going to inbound the ball directly to Roger. Roger, you be ready and remember we only have four seconds. We don't necessarily need a three-pointer, so let's just take what they give us.

The BUZZER signifying the end of the time-out rings.

COACH (CONT'D)

Okay, here we go on three. One, two, three!

THE PLAYERS

Winter Haven!

They hit the floor going full speed. A player inbounds the ball to Roger. Roger gets past two defenders and takes the shot with one second left. He misses the shot, and the once noisy crowd is now silent.

The players just drop their heads and head to the lockers as the visiting team celebrates on the court.

The Coach looks at Will, shakes his head, and follows the team to the lockers. Will just sits there holding his head down.

INT. THE COACH'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY - DAY

The Coach is sitting in his office finishing up some paperwork. There is a KNOCK on his door.

COACH

It's open!

Will pushes the door open and walks in.

COACH (CONT'D)

What can I do for you, Will? I would be willing to bet it has something to do with you being benched, but I thought I made everything clear to you.

TEEN WILL

Coach, I just want to know how much longer.

COACH

Unfortunately, I can't answer that. Mr. Roberts said it would remain in effect until further notice. I assume the further notice will come from him.

TEEN WILL

But this ain't even fair! I haven't done anything wrong.

COACH

Hey, I believe you Will, but my hands are tied.

TEEN WILL

I'm getting punished for no reason.

COACH

Like I keep telling you, I know all that.

TEEN WILL

Can you talk to him again?

COACH

I will, but I don't think it's going to do any good.

TEEN WILL

Well, I might as well quit the team!

COACH

You don't have to do that, Will. If you do that, you let him win. Just hang in there, and we'll get you back in there.

TEEN WILL

Sitting on the bench is killing me, I hate it!

COACH

I can understand that, and believe me, watching you sitting there is killing all of us.

TEEN WILL

Okay, I guess I will wait a while longer.

COACH

That's what I want to hear. There are no quitters on my team.

EXT. CHAIN OF LAKES BALLPARK - DAY

Will is standing around chatting with a few of the baseball players before practice.

Fitzy comes up behind Will and begins rubbing and massaging his shoulders. Will is startled and jumps.

FITZY

Hey Will, how's it going, buddy?

Will just slips from under Fitzy's grasp, turns around, gives Fitzy a mean look, and walks away.

FITZY (CONT'D)

(Looks at the Players)

What the hell is his problem?

PLAYER #1
 (Jokingly, laughs)
 I don't know, Fitzzy, maybe he
 doesn't like you. Maybe he's not
 your type.

The Players all start laughing and walk into the dugout.

EXT. THE PLAYERS' PARKING LOT - DAY

Player #6 is waiting in the Players' Parking lot.

He is looking around to make sure the coast is clear. Will
 approaches him.

Player #6 hands him a wad of cash. Will stuffs the cash in
 his pocket rather quickly without even counting it.

PLAYER #6
 I gave you extra cash this time.
 Now you can get some for yourself
 and your buddies if you want.

TEEN WILL
 Thanks.

PLAYER #6
 How's your brother? I haven't seen
 him in a couple of days.

TEEN WILL
 Oh, he's okay. He took a few days
 off from the ballpark. He'll be
 back on Friday.

PLAYER #6
 (Sticks his hand out)
 Will you know you're the man now,
 right? Your brother used to be the
 man, but he said he doesn't want to
 run for us anymore, so you're the
 man now.

TEEN WILL
 (Slaps him five)
 Yeah, I know.

PLAYER #6
 We're going to take care of you,
 man, you just take care of us.

TEEN WILL
 Don't worry, I will.

EXT. PUGHSVILLE, FLORIDA - DAY

Will is driving one of the baseball players' cars through a neighborhood.

He sees Fitzzy's tan Buick parked on one of the neighborhood streets.

As he proceeds to slow down, he sees Fitzzy walking up the block with a box of goodies in his arms.

A small mob of young black boys, and even some young girls, swarm Fitzzy, practically knocking him down. Fitzzy hands out the goodies from the box.

INT. WILL'S CAR - DAY

Will pulls over, parks, and turns down the car stereo. He watches Fitzzy for a while.

Suddenly, Will flies into a rage and begins pounding on the steering wheel.

TEEN WILL

No! No! No!

Will punches the gas and takes off.

INT. WILL'S CAR - FLORENCE VILLA - DAY

Will and another Clubbie, DANIEL (black, 13), are cruising through the streets of Florence villa looking to buy drugs.

Will is driving, and Daniel is in the front passenger's seat. Daniel appears to be a little frightened.

TEEN WILL

Daniel!

DANIEL

What Will!

TEEN WILL

Listen up, you just sit there and be cool. Let me handle this.

DANIEL

No problem, Will. I'm going to let you handle this.

Will pushes the electronic window switch, and his window slowly rolls down. Drug Dealer #1 is standing there with a bag of drugs.

DRUG DEALER #1

Hey, it's my man! I knew you would be back for some of this shit. What you got for me?

Will pulls out the balled-up wad of cash and hands it to Drug Dealer #1. Dealer #1 counts the cash.

DRUG DEALER #1

You getting a little extra this time, huh?

TEEN WILL

Yeah, he wanted a little more this time.

DRUG DEALER #1

There you go, little boss.

TEEN WILL

(Taking the drugs)
Thanks.

DRUG DEALER #1

You're Will, right?

TEEN WILL

Yeah.

DRUG DEALER #1

Who is your partner?

TEEN WILL

Oh, that's my friend Dan. He works over at the ballpark, too.

DRUG DEALER #1

Hey, that's cool with me, little man. You can tell a friend or bring a friend. As long as you don't bring the heat around here, you're cool with us.

He sticks his hand out, and Will slaps him five.

DRUG DEALER #1

I'll be looking for you, Will.

TEEN WILL

Okay, thanks, man.

Will drives away. He pulls the dope out of his pocket and takes a look at it once again.

TEEN WILL
(Holds the bag up)
You think this is cool, man?

DANIEL
Hey, I don't know Will. Why don't you try some?

TEEN WILL
What? Try some of this?

DANIEL
Yeah, go ahead, man.

TEEN WILL
Naw, I don't want any of this shit.
I trust these cats, man.

DANIEL
What's the matter, Will you chicken? Don't be a punk, man.

TEEN WILL
You calling me a chicken and a punk, but you were the one who was about to shit yourself back there.

DANIEL
Pull over, then, Will.

Will turns the wheel aggressively to pull over.

TEEN WILL
(annoyed)
Man, I will sniff this shit!

DANIEL
(Laughs)
Sniff it, Will?

TEEN WILL
Yeah, what's so funny?

DANIEL
It's snort, Will, not sniff.

TEEN WILL
Whatever!

DANIEL

Do you know what you're doing,
Will?

TEEN WILL

Hell yeah, man! I watch the Ball
Players do it all the time. I tried
it once before, too. You think I'm
stupid or something?

DANIEL

Well, what are you waiting for,
Will? Take some.

Will snorts some of the Cocaine.

TEEN WILL

(coughing)
Whoa!

DANIEL

What's the matter?

TEEN WILL

(Shaking it off)
That's some powerful stuff!

Daniel takes the cocaine from Will and snorts some himself.

DANIEL

It's okay, but I've had better.

TEEN WILL

Hey, man, let's just get the hell
out of here.

INT. THE CLUBHOUSE UMPIRES ROOM - EVENING

Will goes into the Umpires' room. He sees Fitzzy holding down
one of the younger Clubbies, CLUBBIE #1 (black, 10).

Fitzzy is trying to undo the Clubbie's pants with one hand and
holding him down with the other.

CLUBBIE #1

No! I don't want to! Let me go!

FITZY

It's going to be alright, little
buddy, just relax and...

Fitzzy looks up and sees Will just standing there. While Fitzzy is distracted, the young Clubbie gets away from him and runs out of the Umpires' room.

FITZY (CONT'D)
 (surprised)
 Wow! I thought I locked that door.
 How's it going, young man?

Will does not stick around to converse with Fitzzy. He turns around and leaves.

FITZY (CONT'D)
 Where are you going, my buddy? I
 just want to talk to you.

INT. THE JONES HOME, PUGHSVILLE, FLORIDA - EVENING

Will tries to creep into the house. ROGER (black, 20), Will's oldest brother, who does not live at home, is upset with Will because of his recent behavior and lets him know.

ROGER
 So I see you thought you could
 sneak in here, huh? Where have you
 been? Mama's out there working hard
 everyday and you're out there
 running the Goddamn streets.

TEEN WILL
 I was just hanging out with some of
 the players.

ROGER
 Come on now, Will, you know you're
 not supposed to be hanging with all
 them grown folks. Mama keeps
 telling you that. And you're not
 supposed to be coming in the house
 this late on a school night.

TEEN WILL
 Yeah, but we were just having a get-
 together.

ROGER
 I don't care! Larry is home on
 time. And mama has had it with you.
 Just running the streets like
 you're crazy when you really need
 to be hitting them books.

TEEN WILL

But I'm passing my classes.

ROGER

You are just barely getting by. You think you're going to be some basketball star or something? Boy, you need to hit those books.

TEEN WILL

(sarcastically)

Okay, I'll do better now, Daddy. Can I go to bed?

ROGER

No! You go to bed when I tell you to. Now I'm not going to tolerate your bullshit. You're still not grown, and you're still not too big to get your ass whipped! Now, did you do your homework?

TEEN WILL

Yes, I did it at the ballpark.

ROGER

Good! I am going to the school for the parent-teacher meeting next week, and I'd better get a good report, you understand?

TEEN WILL

Yeah, yeah.

ROGER

Look, man, I know about Fitzy. I worked at the ballpark well before you. I wish I could have warned Mama about him.

Will just puts his head down and storms away.

INT. THE CLUBHOUSE UMPIRES ROOM - DAY

A little boy, JEFF (black, 12), is in the umpires' room at the Chain of Lakes Ball Park.

Fitzy stands there watching him work for a few seconds. He then closes the door. Jeff looks frightened.

FITZY

How are you doing there, buddy?
Long time no see.

JEFF
I'm doing fine.

FITZY
You ready to play that little game
we play? You know our secret game.

JEFF
No, I need to go home. My mother
said I need to spend more time at
home to raise my grades.

FITZY
Oh, come on, Jeff, what the hell is
your problem? I just want to help
you guys out. I help you guys and
your families out, but you don't
want to help me out.

JEFF
I just want to go home.

FITZY
(Opens the door)
Well, go home, Jeff! Leave now! You
don't need to bother finishing up
here. If you guys want to start
acting like assholes, I will start
treating you like assholes. You
just made a big mistake, little
buddy. You see, I have connections
with the Red Sox owners. I can make
it so you never work in Baseball
again.

Jeff just puts his head down and leaves, crying.

FITZY
Little Bastard! Don't come back!

Fitzzy slams the door.

EXT. THE BOYS' CLUB OF WINTER HAVEN, FLORIDA - DAY

Fitzzy is at the Young Boys' Club. He is in one of the
activity rooms with one of the Counselors, COUNSELOR #1.
Fitzzy has a clipboard in his hand.

There are several young boys seated on the floor all around
him. The majority of them are African-American.

COUNSELOR #1

Okay, I want you guys who are interested in working with Mr. Fitzpatrick to give him your undivided attention. Okay Mr. Fitzpatrick I'm going to let you have them.

FITZY

Thank you very much, young man.

Counselor #1 leaves.

FITZY (CONT'D)

Hello, my buddies. How many of you want to work out at the ballpark with me? Just give me a show of hands.

Every last boy raises his hand.

FITZY (CONT'D)

Wow that's good! That's real good. You guys know it's hard work right? I mean you have to be strong to do this job. Who here is nice and strong?

They all raise their hand and jump up and down for attention.

FITZY (CONT'D)

Okay I am going to need to see some muscles.

They all start showing their muscles.

FITZY (CONT'D)

Okay, now you all know I can't pick everyone here, so don't be upset if you don't get picked. Maybe we can use you another time. I will go around the room with permission slips for your parents. If I give you a slip, it means you have been picked.

Fitzzy goes around squeezing muscles to see who is strong. He completely bypasses the Caucasian boys and continues through the mini-crowd.

He hands out the slip to about five or six African-American boys. The rest of the boys look sad because they were not issued a permission slip.

FITZY (CONT'D)

Remember what I said. I will be coming back here at some point, and I might just choose some more of you guys. There is always plenty of work at the ballpark.

The boys who were selected jumped around, celebrating. They are completely unaware of what it all means.

EXT. CHAIN OF LAKES BALLPARK - DAY

There is a ball game going on. One of the Red Sox players hits a double.

There are plenty of fans, and nearly every seat is filled. The announcer can be heard in the background. Will is sitting in the home side dugout.

There are players in the dugout, but Will sits alone. Fitzzy sits next to him and puts his arm around him. Will pulls away and looks at Fitzzy in a weird manner.

FITZY

What's the matter, buddy? I just came to give you some great news. Trust me, I know you will like this, and you will definitely thank me for it.

TEEN WILL

What, Fitzzy?

FITZY

Do you know which team is coming to play us next week?.

TEEN WILL

No, not really.

Fitzzy pulls out a spring training season schedule and shows it to Will. He points to a particular spot on the paper.

TEEN WILL

The Expos are coming here?

FITZY

That's right, buddy, and that means "The Hawk Man" Dawson will be here. How would you like to be the Clubbie responsible for him?

(MORE)

I mean, you would basically be there for all his needs, along with a few other selected clubbies.

Will's eyes light up, and his mouth is wide open. He is basically speechless.

FITZY

You're welcome, buddy. I told you I would take care of you.

Fitzzy puts his hand out. Will just looks at him for a few seconds, but then finally shakes his hand.

FITZY

I told you, buddy, I can make you big here. All you have to do is listen to what I tell you. You know, I just want to help you guys.

TEEN WILL

Yeah, but what do I have to do?

FITZY

All you have to do is be ready to come over and work on the visitor's side with me.

Will gives Fitzzy a weird look.

FITZY (CONT'D)

It's just going to be for the Kansas City Games.

TEEN WILL

Okay, I'll do it.

Fitzzy puts his arm back around Will once again, but this time, Will does not resist.

FITZY

That's what I want to hear, buddy. I just want to be your friend, not your enemy.

Player #2 is sitting with player #1 on the bench. He taps player #1 and whispers something in his ear, obviously about Fitzzy. Fitzzy just sucks his teeth and fans them off.

FITZY (CONT'D)

Don't pay them any mind, buddy. You see, that's why you need to come back to the Visitor's side.

Will just shrugs his shoulders and starts picking up the area a little.

Fitzy just smiles and shakes his head. He then winks at Will.

EXT. "THE POINT" - EVENING

Will is at the point with some of his friends and schoolmates.

It is dusk. The music from the car stereos is quite audible. Will goes and sits under a tree by himself.

His friend Troy approaches him to see what's going on.

TROY
Hey Will, what's going on?

TEEN WILL
What's up, Troy? I haven't seen you in a while.

TROY
Well, let's say I was on an extended punishment

TEEN WILL
You were on punishment?

TROY
Yeah, I was for a while, but I'm not now.

TEEN WILL
What did you do?

TROY
My mother caught me drinking some of my father's booze.

Troy takes a small bottle of booze out of his jacket pocket.

TROY (CONT'D)
By the way, you want some of this?

TEEN WILL
What is it?

TROY
It's my father's Vodka.

TEEN WILL
No I'm cool.

Will's other two friends, Brad and Tim, arrive.

BRAD
What's up, Will?

TEEN WILL
Oh, nothing much, I was just about to have some of Ralph's Vodka. You guys want some?

BRAD
Not me, I brought plenty of cold ones, though.

TIM
No, I think I'll pass. I can't handle hard liquor. It'll be Michelob for me.

Troy hands the liquor to Will, and Will takes a nice big swig. He then beats his chest and tries to shake off the burn.

TEEN WILL
Damn, that shit is strong!

Troy laughs.

TROY
You can't down that like it's a cold one.

TEEN WILL
Brad, bring me a cold beer.

Brad leaves briefly and returns with a beer.

BRAD
(Tossing the beer to Will)
Here you go, man.

Will swallows down the beer like it's cold water and he is on a desert.

BRAD
Now that's a little better, huh, Will?

TEEN WILL
Yeah, that's much better.

Will takes some coke out and sniffs it. They all look at him strangely.

TEEN WILL

What?

BRAD

You got enough for us?

TEEN WILL

No, I just got a little this time.
I'll take care of you guys next
time.

BRAD

Well Will we're going to make a run
and we will be right back. I'm sure
the chicks will be here by the time
we get back.

TEEN WILL

(Looks at his watch)

Yeah, they should be here in about
twenty minutes or so.

BRAD

You going to stay here Will?

TEEN WILL

Yeah, I'm cool.

The rest of the guys leave. Will just starts banging the back
of his head on the tree until blood can be seen.

INT. THE HOLIDAY INN - WINTER HAVEN, FLORIDA) - DAY

Will is sitting in the chair near the window. He looks very
nervous. Fitzzy sits on the bed.

FITZY

Look Will you're in a lot of
trouble right now buddy. You were
using drugs on the premises of the
ballpark. I can have you thrown out
of here or even arrested if I want.
Now I let you guys drink beer, chew
tobacco, and smoke cigarettes, but
you have stepped way out of line.

TEEN WILL

I still do my job well.

FITZY

That's not the point, buddy.

TEEN WILL

But I didn't...

FITZY

(Cuts Will off)

Shhhhh! I can see what I can do for you but you have to do something for me buddy. I mean I'm bending over backwards here to keep you out of trouble and risking my own neck.

Fitzzy eases over and briefly puts his hand on Will's inner thigh. Will jumps and looks at Fitzzy in a mean way.

FITZY

Look, buddy, I don't have to do anything for you. Now I can be your best friend or your worst enemy.

Will just puts his head down and looks to the floor with shame. Fitzzy gets up and starts massaging Will's shoulders.

FITZY

Loosen up buddy you're too tense. You want a couple of cold ones? I got a whole six pack in there and believe me buddy they're ice cold.

Will stops resisting.

FITZY

That's my buddy. Just take it easy. I told you I would take care of you. I have taken care of you, but you still don't believe in me.

Fitzzy goes into his pocket and pulls out his wallet. He counts out the money for Will.

FITZY

Here's one hundred, two hundred, and three hundred. Look, I have never given out that much money at one time to any Clubbie. I told you I am here to take care of you. Shit, here's two hundred more, buddy!

Will slowly takes the money as if he is really reluctant. He then goes to the refrigerator and pulls out the whole six-pack. He begins slamming down the beers one by one.

FITZY
Careful, buddy, I don't want you
too drunk now, buddy.

Will sits on the bed for a little while and then lies back.
He fades into a deep sleep.

INT. THE HOLIDAY INN - LATER THAT EVENING

Will wakes up. He is in Fitzzy's hotel room bed. He jumps up
to a sitting position and looks around. Fitzzy is sitting on a
chair watching television.

FITZY
(Smiles)
Hey, sleeping beauty.

Will looks down and notices that his trousers are down to his
ankles. He quickly pulls them up and jumps off the bed.

FITZY (CONT'D)
Just take it easy now, buddy.

TEEN WILL
(buckling his pants)
I need to go.

FITZY
You can spend the night if you
want. I mean, you seemed to really
enjoy what I was doing to you a
while ago.

Will knocks over a chair, running for the room door. He
unlatches all the locks and leaves rather quickly.

INT. THE HOLIDAY INN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS EVENING

When he leaves, he runs into Jim in the hotel lobby.

JIM
Hey Will, what are you doing here?

TEEN WILL
Just talking to Fitzzy, but I need
to go home, man!

JIM
Were you in Fitzzy's room?

Fitzzy comes out to the lobby and catches up to Will.

FITZY
 (Rubs Wills shoulders)
 How is it going, Jim? I just had a
 long talk with this young fellow.

Jim just shakes his head, turns around, and walks away. He stops momentarily and looks at Fitzzy again.

JIM
 (sarcastically)
 Yeah, Fitzzy, I bet you did.

Jim turns back around and leaves, still shaking his head. He starts mumbling but audibly.

JIM (CONT'D)
 (too himself)
 Nasty old bastard!

INT. THE JONES HOME, PUGHSVILLE, FLORIDA - EVENING

Will is upstairs in the bathtub, scrubbing like there's no tomorrow.

He rocks back and forth, sobbing. There is a KNOCK on the door, and it's Shirley.

SHIRLEY (O.S.)
 Will!

TEEN WILL
 Yes mama.

SHIRLEY (O.S.)
 You need to hurry up, you've been
 in there for two hours already.

TEEN WILL
 I'm coming out in a second.

SHIRLEY (O.S.)
 Is there something wrong with you,
 boy?

TEEN WILL
 No, mama, I'm okay. I just need
 some time to relax.

EXT. THE DRUG SPOT (FLORENCE VILLA) - DAY

Will drives up to the drug spot. Several of the dealers swarm around his car like ants on honey.

DRUG DEALER #1

What's up little man, what can I do for you? You want the usual right?

TEEN WILL

Yeah, but I want more this time.

DRUG DEALER #1

Well, look, man, why don't you let me show you a way for you to take this shit a little further? If you base it, you will be much better off, trust me. Hell, I can guarantee you will be back soon for more. The players will love this shit too.

TEEN WILL

What do I have to do?

DRUG DEALER #1

Just park your ride, and I'll take care of you.

TEEN WILL

Park it where? This ain't my ride, man.

DRUG DEALER #1

Just park it right there. My boys will make sure nothing happens to it. Hell, it ain't going to take too much time.

TEEN WILL

Okay.

INT. THE DRUG HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Drug Dealer #1, Will, and several other Drug Dealers are all around a table.

They are laughing and whispering jokes to each other. There are several items on the table to prepare the cocaine for basing.

DRUG DEALER #1

Little man you see how easy that shit is to make. All you need is the coke, Baking Soda, Water and some ice cubes. Man you got that shit in your kitchen.

TEEN WILL

Then all you do is smoke it?

DRUG DEALER #1

Yeah man I can show you how to do that. You just make sure you introduce it to them cats over there at the diamond. We can give you all a good deal on this stuff.

TEEN WILL

Okay, I'll make sure they get some.

INT. WINTER HAVEN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Will is in the Principal's office. Will is in a lot of trouble, and it does not look good for him. He looks notably upset.

MR. ROBERTS

I got your ass this time, Will! You're out of here. I knew it would just be a matter of time before you slipped up.

TEEN WILL

(Wipes his tears)

Come on, Mr. Roberts, can't you give me another chance? My mother is going to kill me.

MR. ROBERTS

Hell no! You bring dope in my school and think because you're on the basketball team you can get away with it. You see that's exactly why I don't want your kind in my school. You turn our nice schools into ghetto schools with your drugs, gangs and graffiti all over the Goddamn place. And worst yet you all are a bad influence on the good kids we have here.

TEEN WILL

I'm sorry, Mr. Roberts. Could you give me one more chance?

MR. ROBERTS

You know I have a good mind to call the police on you and have you arrested for this.

TEEN WILL

Okay, Mr. Roberts, I'll just leave right now.

MR. ROBERTS

Not just yet, but when you do leave, I don't ever want to see you back in my school again. If I do, Security will take you into custody and arrest you for trespassing. Understood?

TEEN WILL

Yeah, I got it.

MR. ROBERTS

Good now empty all your lockers and I need to contact your mother. I can't let you leave until I do that.

Will starts to walk away.

MR. ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Hold on a second Will.

Mr. Roberts pushes a button to the intercom system.

MR. ROBERTS

Security please report to the Main office.

TEEN WILL

What's the matter?

MR. ROBERTS

I'm going to have security take you to get your things. Then they will escort you off my property and wait with you until your mother comes to get you.

Will flops back down in his seat with an attitude and gives Mr. Roberts a mean look.

MR. ROBERTS

I don't think you'll be working with the Red Sox much longer, either. I'm going to make sure they get notified about your conduct.

TEEN WILL

Why are you doing this to me? I wasn't selling the drugs to anyone.

MR. ROBERTS

Look just save it! You people are all the same. I don't need to sit here and listen to your flimsy excuses. God damn it you're out of here! I'm sure you're familiar with that term since you work at the ballpark.

INT. CHAIN OF LAKES HOME-SIDE CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Several players, including Jim, are sitting on the bench after a ball game.

Will is notably upset and nearly in tears. He approaches Jim. Jim gets up rather quickly and starts gathering his things.

TEEN WILL

Come on, Jim, you can't help me?

JIM

Look, man, there ain't nothing I can do for you. You try to snitch on the players because you got caught with dope?

TEEN WILL

I was just trying...

JIM

(Cuts Will off)
Save it, dude!

Jim walks away. Will tries to approach the other players on the bench, but they all gather their things and leave.

Player #2 stops, turns around, looks at Will, and shakes his head.

PLAYER #2

Man, you should be ashamed of yourself. I thought you were a good Clubbie. Hell, we all thought you were a good Clubbie. Man, we treated you like you were family, and you do this to us.

They all leave. Will sits on the bench, folds his arms, and starts crying.

The other Clubbies just sweep and clean around him as if he were a statue. Fitzzy sits next to Will and hands him a hankie.

FITZY

Hey, buddy, pull yourself together.

TEEN WILL

(Wipes his face)

You said you would take care of me.

FITZY

Whoa, little buddy, we need to talk somewhere more private. Follow me.

INT. THE TRAINING ROOM OF THE CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Fitzzy goes into the Training Room with Will. There are other Clubbies cleaning the area.

When Fitzzy goes in there with Will, the other Clubbies all disperse. Fitzzy closes the door.

FITZY

Look I have no control of what the folks around here do and say. Now I have saved you guys' asses so many times it's not funny. You run your mouth too much buddy. I make you my number one Clubbie and you go telling the Players what was supposed to be our secret. You almost got me in some serious trouble because that got back to management. I never hurt you buddy. I have always helped you. Hell I've given you over a thousand dollars out of my pocket. That's way more than any other Clubbie. I've helped out your mother and your family. I even came to the Home-side to get you every time we had a great player, so you could personally take care of them. I take care of your brother, too.

TEEN WILL

But you said you would take care of me and help me out whenever I needed you. Right now I need you to help me because they are going to let me go.

FITZY

I can't fix this! I told you about those drugs when you got caught the first time. I let you guys drink and smoke cigarettes all you want but I told you to leave that shit alone.

TEEN WILL

Please could you at least talk to them? I'll let you play the "daddy game" with me.

FITZY

As tempting as that sounds I still won't be able to help you. Now the players and management all want you out of here. This was your last game so you need to pack your things and move out buddy. I have a big strong fella that's going to take your place tomorrow. Big strong fella. I might just make him my number one Clubbie. Now as for you buddy, I wish all the best for you. Like I said there's nothing I can do for you.

TEEN WILL

But I don't have...

FITZY

(Cuts Will off)

Look buddy, if you need anything from me you know where to find me. Now I have a job to do.

INT. THE JONES HOME, PUGHSVILLE, FLORIDA - EVENING

Will is just relaxing and sitting on the couch watching television. Shirley comes in from work very tired and upset. She flings a bag of groceries on the table.

SHIRLEY

Will what are you doing?

TEEN WILL

I'm watching television mama.

SHIRLEY

Oh no! You're not going to just sit around here and rot away.

(MORE)

You need to get off your ass and do something. Either get a job or go to Job Corps, the Boy Scouts, or the military.

TEEN WILL

I'm too young for the military.

SHIRLEY

Boy, don't get smart with me! Your next option is to go with your daddy.

TEEN WILL

Mama, I'm just watching television. I'm not bothering anybody.

SHIRLEY

Go to your room since you want to be smart. You are not going to be coming in and out of this house at all hours of the night. I know you're out there messing with them damn drugs. All they're doing is screwing up your head.

Will kicks over the coffee table.

TEEN WILL

Why doesn't everyone just leave me alone? I just want to be left alone!

SHIRLEY

(Picks up a broom)

Now that's it, I've had it with you!

Shirley goes after Will with the broom, but Will grabs the broom from her and raises it as if he is going to strike her.

Jimmy jumps in and wrestles the broom away from Will. They get into a FIGHT. Will storms in the kitchen to get a knife.

When he comes back out, Jimmy and Shirley start backing up. Will has a rather large Butcher's knife. He swings the knife towards them, backing them into a corner.

TEEN WILL

I told you all to leave me alone!

SHIRLEY

Now, you put that knife down, or I will have your ass locked up. You have lost your mind, boy!

Will turns around and heads to the front door.

SHIRLEY

Don't come back here! I mean it! You can come back and get your things, but I want you out of here. You can go to your father's house or to a Shelter, I don't care. Shit, I'm changing the locks!

TEEN WILL

I don't give a shit!

Will throws the knife at a wall, and it sticks perfectly like a dart. He storms out of the house.

SHIRLEY

Those drugs done made that boy crazy! I don't want his ass back in here. I'm through with him. I'm out here working like a dog to provide for you all, and he's about to destroy the family. If he comes back here, I want the police called, understood?

JIMMY

Yes, I understand.

Shirley just flops down on the couch, still breathing hard from the encounter.

SHIRLEY

(Starts to cry)
Lordy! Lordy! Lordy! I'm going to lose my baby!

Jimmy sits next to Shirley and tries to comfort her.

JIMMY

Mama, it's going to be okay. Maybe we can get him some help.

EXT. THE HOLIDAY INN (WINTER HAVEN, FLORIDA) - EVENING

Will walks out of the Holiday Inn with a fist full of dollars.

He counts his money and walks away. Fitzzy peeks out of his room door with a grin on his face.

FITZY

You're still my number one Clubbie!
Buddy, you're always welcome over here! If you can't find a shelter, you are certainly welcome here. You don't have to stay with me, but I can get you a room here at the Holiday Inn.

Will pulls out a small bottle of liquor and guzzles it down as he disappears into the darkness.

INT. THE RED SOX FRONT OFFICE(1991) - AFTERNOON

It's about ten years later, and Fitzzy (OLDER FITZY, 67) enters the front office. The OWNER is sitting at a desk. The owner has some bad news for Fitzzy. The Owner flips through some pages on his desk.

OWNER

Have a seat, Don.

OLDER FITZY

(Sits down)

You wanted to speak to me?

OWNER

Yeah, I have some bad news for you.

OLDER FITZY

Well, go ahead and give it to me.

OWNER

We have to let you go.

OLDER FITZY

Why? What's the problem?

OWNER

Well, we keep getting complaints from the Clubbies about you touching them and sexually harassing them. I mean, we can't let this go on anymore. If this gets out, it could seriously damage our image.

OLDER FITZY

Look I treat those boys well. I have been in this organization for a long time, and I have left a lasting impression on every team that's come here. Our Clubbies are known as the best Clubbies in Baseball. I took them all from the ghetto and gave them a sense of pride.

OWNER

We appreciate your contributions to this organization and their contributions as well. Now we can call it a resignation or a retirement, whichever you like. Therefore, we are not officially firing you. You get to leave quietly and honorably without stirring up too much controversy.

OLDER FITZY

Okay, when do I need to be gone by? I mean, when is this official?

OWNER

Well, I was hoping you could address the matter of your departure to the Clubbies and Players this Friday. You can make this Friday your last day.

OLDER FITZY

Well, if that is your decision, I guess I will have to take care of that. But I am extremely upset about this.

OWNER

I really appreciate your understanding of my position. I really don't have any other choice in the matter. One of the Clubbies is seeking help from a Psychiatrist. I am sure he will get a Lawyer and come after the Red Sox and or Baseball Organization.

OLDER FITZY

Okay, is that it, sir?

OWNER
 (Stands up)
 Yes, that is it for now.

The Owner shakes Fitzzy's hand, and Fitzzy leaves looking dejected and teary-eyed. He turns back around once again.

OLDER FITZY
 I want to call it retirement if
 that's okay with you, sir.

OWNER
 That will be fine. I think that
 would work better for you and us.
 You can receive retirement benefits
 and pay. We will sit down and
 discuss it.

OLDER FITZY
 Thank you, sir.

Fitzzy just turns back around, shakes his head, and walks away.

EXT. AN ALLEY - 1996 - EVENING

We go approximately 15 years later. Will (GROWN WILL, 30) is smoking crack cocaine. His wife of ten years, RENEE (black, 40), walks up to him.

GROWN WILL
 Damn it, what are you doing here,
 Renee? Why can't you just leave me
 be?

RENEE
 That's what the Devil would want me
 to do, but the Lord doesn't want me
 to do that. Now I will keep coming
 out here and saving you every time
 you slip up. (Pulls Will's arm)
 Come on, honey, it's time to go
 home. I'm not going home without
 you.

Will goes with his wife. She assists him into the passenger seat. She drives off with him.

INT. THE PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - 2001 - DAY

Once again, we go back to the Psychiatrist's office in Florida.

Will sets aside an empty box of what used to be tissues. He uses up the only tissue he has left to dry his face.

DOCTOR ROSS

(Looks at his watch)

Well, will, that is quite a story. I'm sure that's not the end of it, so if you feel like going on, you still have lots of time.

OLDEST WILL

Well, basically, my wife, Renee, pretty much saved my life. We are still together to this day. She refused to give up on me. I remember times when she dragged my butt to church when I had a hangover or had just come off a crack binge. She would have half the church praying over me.

DOCTOR ROSS

Wow, that's pretty interesting. You said you had two kids with her, too, right?

OLDEST WILL

That's correct. A boy and a girl. Wanda and Phillip. Wanda is six, and Phillip is eight.

DOCTOR ROSS

How are they doing?

OLDEST WILL

They're actually doing real well considering all they been through. As I said, they have a really strong woman for a mother. I'm actually very close to them now, and I refuse to let what happened to me happen to either one of them.

DOCTOR ROSS

So, how do you feel this affected your life overall? I mean the molestation and the introduction to drugs by the players.

OLDEST WILL

I tried every drug in the book, including prescription. I was headed for self-destruction.

(MORE)

I even spent some time in and out of "the joint." I finally realized I needed help and that I didn't want that lifestyle anymore. I knew the drugs weren't helping me escape my past. It still took several years in and out of rehab to help me. One thing I never did was actually tell my story and get help for what happened to me. I just feel ready now. I have been completely clean for over two years now. It still gets shaky every now and then, so I just take one day at a time.

DOCTOR ROSS

I see.

OLDEST WILL

I still have nightmares about Fitzzy coming at me.

DOCTOR ROSS

It sounds like you have come a long way. I can introduce you to some actual victim hotlines. Most of them use the Group Therapy method. You will get to share your experiences with other victims of rape and molestation.

OLDEST WILL

I would appreciate that.

DOCTOR ROSS

By the way, do you know how some of the other Ex-Clubbies and victims are doing right now? Of course, I'm sure they're all grown now.

OLDEST WILL

Well, some of them are in prison, some are drug addicts, and some are pedophiles or convicted rapists themselves. They're basically acting out what they experienced. Some are even now deceased. When I go back to my neighborhood, I see some of them living the "street life." I didn't even recognize some of them.

DOCTOR ROSS

Well, at least you didn't go down some of the paths they did.

OLDEST WILL

Yeah, tell me about it.

DOCTOR ROSS

I think you have quite a story to tell. I mean to the country or maybe even the world.

OLDEST WILL

Maybe I should look into that.

DOCTOR ROSS

Well, telling your story could be quite therapeutic, not to mention lucrative. Perhaps you should even seek legal counsel to see what options you have for seeking restitution. I am not sure about the laws regarding the statute of limitations on that.

OLDEST WILL

I never thought about that before. I never even told anyone about my experiences, not even my wife. I just kept it inside of me, thinking I could deal with it on my own. I worried about what people might think.

DOCTOR ROSS

Yeah, I see. You, the victim, felt you caused what happened to you in some way.

OLDEST WILL

Yeah, that's pretty much it.

DOCTOR ROSS

So, where is Fitzzy now?

OLDEST WILL

I don't know if he is even alive. He would be pretty old if he were, maybe in his seventies or eighties.

DOCTOR ROSS

I see. (Pauses, looks at the clock on the wall, then his watch) Well, it looks like we have run out of time. I can have the secretary set you up with me again if you want, or, like I said, I can give you some hotlines and Victims' groups you can contact. Most of them operate twenty-four hours a day.

OLDEST WILL

Okay, please do that, and like I said, I am going to look into some of those other things we talked about.

INT. WILL AND RENEE'S HOME - EVENING

Will finally tells his wife Renee what happened to him when he was younger.

She feels it's many years too late, and she is upset because she had to hear about it on the news.

RENEE

So, when did you plan to tell me about this?

OLDEST WILL

I don't know, honey. I may have never told you.

RENEE

Why Will? Maybe I could have gotten you some help sooner.

OLDEST WILL

I'm sorry, baby, but that's just not a subject a man wants to talk about with his wife. I mean, I didn't know what you would think about me.

RENEE

Well, now half the country knows what happened even before I did.

OLDEST WILL

I don't know what to say. I mean, this is really hard for me.

(MORE)

I have been seeing Doctor Ross for a while now, and he thought I should tell the story. He thought maybe I could get some closure or maybe even some restitution.

RENEE

So everything we went through over the years wasn't because of your father, it was because of this dirty old white man, huh?

OLDEST WILL

I didn't want you to find out about it like this. I was

Renee walks away crying. Will tries to stop her and comfort her.

INT. THE PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - 2002 - DAY

Will has come to talk to Dr. Ross once again. The case has finally wrapped up after eight long weeks. Will is obviously not satisfied with the outcome.

DOCTOR ROSS

So, how are things going now that your story has been told?

OLDEST WILL

It's been hell! Shit, my wife hardly speaks to me anymore. She doesn't have the desire to make love to me much either. She thinks I'm gay or on the "down low." She even had us both take HIV tests.

DOCTOR ROSS

Wow, I would say she is over-reacting a bit, wouldn't you?

OLDEST WILL

Well, on one hand, I feel good about getting this story told. On the other hand, I think it may have been a big mistake.

DOCTOR ROSS

So tell me about the outcome of all this. I have heard bits and pieces of the case in the news.

OLDEST WILL

After all that legal bullshit, that old bastard got away with it! He pleaded guilty to attempted sexual battery of minors. There was a group of, I guess, about six guys, who accepted a settlement. He got a damn 10-year suspended sentence and 15 years of probation. All they kept talking about was the "Statute of Limitations." The fact of the matter is, he won't have to do one day in Prison for what he did to us. The Red Sox gave them a little settlement and made them sign a stupid confidentiality agreement stating they won't tell their stories.

DOCTOR ROSS

How does that make you feel?

Will jumps up and starts pacing back and forth. He startles Dr. Ross.

OLDEST WILL

I thought about getting a gun, going to Boston, and blasting his old ass! I don't plan on signing shit! I am going to tell this story to the world. The "Curse of the Bambino" ain't even as big as this.

DOCTOR ROSS

(Scribbling notes)

I see. So you basically feel like taking Fitzy out, right?

OLDEST WILL

Don't worry, Doctor Ross, I'm not going to really shoot him. I heard he is already pretty sick and may not have much time left. Do you know there was a white guy who held up a sign at one of the games? The sign read: "FITZY MOLESTED ME." He was escorted out of the ballpark and given a settlement of an undisclosed amount. He was believed to have received at least a million dollars. Fitzy didn't even go for white boys, so he was lying. But because he was white, they gave him a big settlement.

DOCTOR ROSS

Wow, that must really be hard to accept. What about the rest of your family? Tell me what's going on with them in light of the recent events.

Will pauses, leans against the wall, and stares into space for several seconds.

DOCTOR ROSS (CONT'D)

Will, are you okay?

OLDEST WILL

Yeah, I'm fine! Well, my brother Larry was one of the victims, too. He's been in and out of prison for various charges, including attempted murder. My other brother and sister are doing okay. They are trying to help me cope with this. My mother's health has gone downhill since she heard about what happened to me. She is in a deep depression. She pretty much raised us by herself, and she tried her best to protect us and provide for us. My father, Roy, was never really there for me, so of course, it figures he didn't seem to be bothered by it. He was more like a part-time father, even though he lived very close to us. He had his own problems. Remember, I grew up watching him drink excessively and abuse my mother. After he walked out on her, he was never really a part of her life again.

DOCTOR ROSS

Anything else you would like to say about this case? I mean, where do you go from here? We do have a few more minutes.

OLDEST WILL

I don't know. I have become very spiritual over the years. I hope to stay clean and let God take care of me. I want to talk to other youth and educate them about Molesters and Pedophiles.

(MORE)

I also want to help adults who are dealing with the pain and are trying to cope with their past. I don't want anyone to suffer like I have.

DOCTOR ROSS

That's really great. You want to use your experiences to help others. Something like that could definitely help you deal with this and sort of give you at least some closure.

Will sits down, having calmed down considerably.

OLDEST WILL

I have done quite a bit of studying up on Child Predators. How they think, who they prey on, some of the ways they operate, and so on and so forth. I guess a lot of it reminded me of what I had experienced and endured.

DOCTOR ROSS

Yeah, I can see how that would happen. I'm sure you probably could have helped them write the book.

OLDEST WILL

I don't allow my kids to associate with too many adults. Especially spending the night with them. I mean that includes with family. I read that a large portion of molestations, sexual abuse, and rapes take place by someone known to the family or an actual family member.

DOCTOR ROSS

That's very true. I see it all the time.

Doctor Ross looks at his watch, then at the clock on the wall.

DOCTOR ROSS (CONT'D)

I guess that will conclude this session. I have you scheduled to come back here in exactly two weeks, Friday the thirty-first, at three in the afternoon.

(MORE)

I'll have my Secretary call you if I get an opening before that.

OLDEST WILL

Okay, I'll be here. Thanks a lot, Doc. I appreciate what you're doing for me.

DOCTOR ROSS

(Shaking Will's hand)

No problem, Mr. Jones, it's my job.

OLDEST WILL

Oh, by the way, I forgot to tell you that I joined the Fresh Start program for Victims of sexual crimes.

DOCTOR ROSS

That's great! Now they should definitely be able to help you. I send some of my patients over there, and I always get good feedback about that program. Speaking of programs, Will, have you ever gotten help for your drug problem?

OLDEST WILL

No, Doctor Ross. I think I can beat that myself. I mean, it has been a struggle for me over the years, but I am sure I can beat it. Believe me, if I don't beat it, my wife will kill me. She thinks I still need help.

DOCTOR ROSS

If you want to hear my professional opinion, I believe you should get some help for that, too.

OLDEST WILL

Trust me, Doc, I will be fine. I'm moving up to Atlanta with my family. Who knows, the change of scenery may be just what I need.

DOCTOR ROSS

Okay but if you ever do decide to get help just let me know. I know a lot of places you can go and resources you can look into.

OLDEST WILL

I have your card, Doc, so I will call you if I need help with anything.

DOCTOR ROSS

That's fine, Will. You take it easy.

INT. A STARBUCKS - ATLANTA - TWO YEARS LATER - DAY

Will, Renee, and a SCREENWRITER (black male, 40) are sitting at a Starbucks table. Gary has a pen and a pad and has written pages of notes.

SCREENWRITER

Wow! You have a compelling story. It is quite powerful.

OLDEST WILL

Yeah, I have been through hell, but like my doctor said, it might be therapeutic and lucrative to tell my story.

RENEE

So, you can write a movie about what happened to him and get it on the big screen?

SCREENWRITER

Well, not only can I write it as a screenplay, but I am also a published author. I can write it as a book and a screenplay. I think this story should be both. Now, I can't guarantee a blockbuster film or best-selling book, but I can definitely prepare it for either or both. Now, of course, since I will be the screenwriter and author, the screenplay and book will both say written by me.

OLDEST WILL

I am just a Delivery Truck Driver, and my wife is a Beautician. Your prices are a little high for us, so I don't know how we'd pay for this. But I do want to get it done. So, baby, if I have to take out a loan, I will.

RENEE
 (rubs Will's back)
 We're gonna get it done, baby.
 Don't even worry about that.

SCREENWRITER
 Okay, well, I will allow you to
 make a down payment, and then you
 can pay as we go.

OLDEST WILL
 (stands up)
 Okay, so we will be in touch. Let's
 get it done.

SCREENWRITER
 (stands up)
 That sounds good. I am looking
 forward to writing your powerful
 story.

Will and Renee stand up, and they all shake hands.

INT. WILL AND RENEE'S HOME - ATLANTA, 2005 - EVENING

Will tosses, turns, and twitches about in his bed. He is
 apparently having a nightmare. Renee awakens Will.

RENEE
 You okay, honey? You were having a
 nightmare.

OLDEST WILL
 Yeah, I am okay. I just need to get
 out of here for a while. I will be
 back.

Will starts putting on his pants and clothes.

RENEE
 Baby, don't do this! Not now.

OLDEST WILL
 Look, I said I would be right back,
 so just get off my back!

RENEE
 Baby, you need to get some help.
 Those drugs are not going to help
 you. You are blowing every penny
 you make on them damn drugs.

(MORE)

You haven't been paying the bills around here, and we are about to lose everything. You need to start thinking about me and our kids, not just yourself. We don't...

OLDEST WILL

(Cuts Renee off)

Will you just leave me the hell alone? Stop worrying about what I do. I am a grown-ass man!

Will picks up his keys and heads to the front door. Renee walks with him, hoping to convince him to stay.

RENEE

Baby, this ain't right. I can't keep taking this shit. You know I have always been there for you, but I can't keep dealing with you and that damn crack. Now you really need to get help so you can heal without the drugs.

OLDEST WILL

I don't care! Just leave me alone!

Will raises his fist like he is going to punch Renee, but walks away from Renee and leaves. Renee just shakes her head as tears begin to flow down her face.

EXT. AN ATLANTA NEIGHBORHOOD- EVENING

Will drives up to some drug dealers outside an apartment complex. They come up to the car as Will rolls down the car window. The drug dealer hands Will some crack. Will hands him the cash and drives away.

As he sits in the driver's seat with the crack pipe in his hand. He stares straight ahead like he is in a trance. He puts the crack pipe to his mouth and begins to smoke it.

INT. SCREENWRITER'S HOME - DAY

The screenwriter sits at his desk with his computer on. A screenplay is sitting on his desk, and the cover page reads: PREDATOR IN THE CLUBHOUSE: THE BOSTON RED SOX CHILD MOLESTATION STORY.

The screenwriter picks up his phone and dials a number. William Jones' name pops up on the phone screen. There is no answer, but the screenwriter leaves a message.

SCREENWRITER

(on the phone)

Will, I hope all is well with you, man. I have been trying for months to get hold of you unsuccessfully. I have completed your screenplay, and I believe it can be a blockbuster. I am getting started on the book, and I've decided to give the book version a slightly different title. We need to start marketing this screenplay. Please call me ASAP.

He shakes his head and hangs up the phone. He sits there for a while watching the blinking cursor on the blank white page on the computer. He finally positions his hands and types: PREDATOR ON THE DIAMOND: THE BOSTON RED SOX YOUTH MOLESTATION STORY.

FADE TO BLACK.

FINAL CARD:

Red Sox Statement on Donald Fitzpatrick

Mr. Fitzpatrick served as the team's clubhouse manager from the 1960s until 1991, and the actions you have inquired about occurred between 1971 and 1991. When the team, then under a previous ownership group, became aware of the allegations against Mr. Fitzpatrick in 1991, he was promptly relieved of his duties. Civil litigation was filed in 2001 by victims of Mr. Fitzpatrick for actions that had occurred more than 20 years earlier. The team, which was acquired by the current ownership group after the lawsuit was filed, reached a settlement in 2002. Mr. Fitzpatrick has since passed away. The Red Sox have always viewed the actions of Mr. Fitzpatrick to be abhorrent.

THE NATIONAL CHILD ABUSE HOTLINE: 1-800-422-4453 - Available 24/7 in over 170 languages.

FADE OUT.