

"CURVE **BALL**"

Screenplay Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY

TV is on, movie credits role. Staring Brad Willoughby, in The Laughing Assassin. The aging actor but much younger than he looks, dark hair and fit physique(fifties), hasn't worked in many years watches as he sips on a glass of wine, the movie plays... he's now lost in thought, staring at younger version of himself. We can sense by the way Brad mouths his lines as he watches his younger self dominate each scene, just how much he yearns for those glorious days now gone.

The phone rings. His eyes are glued to the screen, he hesitates... but answers.

WILLOUGHBY

Hello.

VOICE (O.S.)

Willoughby! This is Jake.

WILLOUGHBY

Jake who?

JAKE (O.S.)

Your agent.

WILLOUGHBY

Oh Jake! I haven't heard from you in years. Is this a social call?

JAKE

Better! I've got you a part. It's the lead role in a movie that I think you're just going to love. And Brad it's going to be huge... a blockbuster movie.

WILLOUGHBY

I don't know what to say.

JAKE

That's a first... I'll say it for you. YES! I'll take care of all the paper work like always, and we'll talk soon, bye.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - EVENING

It's foggy outside with a little drizzle of rain. Everyone is rushing to get on the plane. The gates are opening and people are entering the plane.

VOICE (V.O)
Gate number 9 is closing in five minutes.

ANGLE ON: gate number 9, with a line of people entering.

VOICE (V.O) (CONT'D)
Please hurry to gate number 9, we don't want the weather to slow us down.

EXT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

BRAD WILLOUGHBY gets out of the cab and pays the driver. He takes out an umbrella and grabs his luggage and heads into the airport.

WILLOUGHBY
(To driver)
Thanks.

The cab driver turns his wind shield wipers on and is about to drive off. But looks at Brad as though he knows him.

CAB DRIVER
I know you.

Willoughby smiles

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
(Laughs)
Don't tell me... your the guy in the toilet paper commercials, right?

WILLOUGHBY
I am no such person. I was the lead in many great films, such as, The Roundabout, Kill Or Be killed and The Laughing Assassin, just to name a few.

CAB DRIVER
Sorry, doesn't ring a bell.

WILLOUGHBY
Indeed!

VOICE (V.O)
Gate number nine, closing in three
minutes.

WILLOUGHBY
(to cab driver)
I got to catch that plane.

Willoughby begins to run to the entrance, but drops his
luggage. He runs back to get it.

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)
(frustrated with himself)
Come on!

Willoughby gets on his knees and picks up the suit case. He
begins to run into the airport.

INT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Willoughby takes his ticket out of his pocket and runs to the
front desk.

FRONT DESK GUY
Tickets please?

WILLOUGHBY
I got it right here.

Willoughby hands him the ticket.

FRONT DESK GUY
You're going to Seattle?

The front desk guy checks the ticket and hands it back to
Willoughby.

WILLOUGHBY
Yes actually. You think I can catch
the plane?

FRONT DESK GUY
I'm sorry, but I have to say no for
now. But from the looks of it, they
might let you get on soon.

WILLOUGHBY
Good.

Willoughby runs off with his luggage, but is stopped by a
security guard.

SECURITY GUARD
Stop! Let me see your luggage.

WILLOUGHBY
I can't, I have to catch the plane
to Seattle.

SECURITY GUARD
You were running, which looks
suspicious. Now open it up.

Willoughby puts his suit case on a table and opens it up. He
removes clothes from inside.

WILLOUGHBY
You see, nothing.

The security guard takes out hangers from the suitcase.

SECURITY GUARD
(Concerned)
What is this?

WILLOUGHBY
What? You never saw hangers before?
I use them to hang my clothes.

SECURITY GUARD
It's a safety hazard.

WILLOUGHBY
It's a way to keep my clothes neat.

VOICE (V.O)
We have added five extra minutes
for the flight to Seattle. Repeat,
we have added five extra minutes
for the flight to Seattle.

The security guard removes the hangers from the suitcase,
zips it back up, and hands it to Willoughby. We begin to hear
thunder outside and rain hitting the glass windows.

Safety officers put safety cones near the entrance and begin
mopping the entrance.

WILLOUGHBY
Where is...?

Willoughby locates gate 9 and runs to it. He shows his ticket
to the plane attendant and boards the plane.

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

Willoughby walks to his seat and takes a deep breath. He then puts his suit case under his feet. Luggage from on top falls onto Willoughby.

WILLOUGHBY

What?

Willoughby pushes the luggage off of him. Willoughby looks out the window and sees the rain and the clouds. He sees a man in a suit talking to the pilot. He then sees the pilot shaking his head in disappointment.

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)

Come on, don't let a little rain mess up this afternoon.

Willoughby then sees the pilot walk off and eventually coming back onto the plane. The pilot walks to the middle aisle to make an announcement.

PILOT

Due to the weather, we can't fly you all safely to Seattle. So the flight is delayed until further notice.

Everyone groans.

PILOT (CONT'D)

We all ask that you take your luggage and exit the plane in a calm and safe manner.

Everyone stands up, they take their suit cases and exit the plane. Willoughby gets up and takes his luggage and exits too.

WILLOUGHBY

(Mumbles)

What else could go wrong today.

INT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

The people exit the gate and walk to the customer service desk.

We see Willoughby get off and take a seat over at the waiting area.

Willoughby takes out a notebook and rips out a piece of paper. He makes a paper airplane.

Willoughby throws the paper airplane over to a garbage can, in the hopes of making a shot. The paper airplane misses and lands under a chair.

Willoughby chuckles.

An officer walks by.

WILLOUGHBY

(To officer)

Do you know when the delay will be over?

The officer shakes his head and walks away.

An attractive lady, Jill Cally, early forties, blonde hair, looks much younger than her age, is seen at the front desk with her luggage. She isn't happy.

Jill walks away with a frown. She takes a seat. Willoughby sees this. He picks up the paper airplane and walks over to Jill.

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)

(To Jill)

Let me guess--Seattle?

JILL

How'd you guess?

Willoughby takes a seat next to Jill.

WILLOUGHBY

It happened to me, too. I rushed in here only to find out that the flight will be delayed.

JILL

Oh, that's not good. Are you from Seattle?

WILLOUGHBY

Not really. I think of it as my home, but no. I'm visiting family and friends.

Willoughby hands Jill the paper airplane.

JILL

What's this for?

WILLOUGHBY

If this were the actual plane. What would you want to do to it?

Jill crumbles up the airplane and throws it to the ground. She laughs slightly.

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)

Well, you won't be able to crumble up the real airplane, although you do look like you're in good enough shape...

JILL

(Cuts-in)

...You're funny. You look familiar. Do I know you?

WILLOUGHBY

My name's Brad Willoughby. I'm an actor. You may have seen me in a movie. Now it's my turn. What's your name?

JILL

Jill Cally. I like your name, it has so much value. Now I remember, The Laughing Assassin...

WILLOUGHBY

Well, I don't know what to say, I'm...

JILL

(cuts-in)

You're brother is that famous movie critic, Gaylord Willoughby, right?

Willoughby takes Jill's hand.

WILLOUGHBY

That would be him, yes. Would you like to take a walk with me around the airport?

JILL

(expression of anxiety)

But what if the plane takes off.

WILLOUGHBY

Trust me, we could walk to Seattle and the plane still wouldn't be ready.

JILL
Again with the jokes.

WILLOUGHBY
So is that a yes?

Jill nods.

JILL
Yes.

WILLOUGHBY
Come on then!

Willoughby and Jill begin to wander around the airport.

INT. AIRPORT GIFT SHOP

Jill is trying on different hats, while Willoughby is trying on different coats.

WILLOUGHBY
(to Jill)
What do you think about this one?

Jill walks over to Willoughby and takes the coat off of him.

JILL
I like this better.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT RESTAURANT

Willoughby and Jill are sitting across from each other eating spaghetti and meatballs.

JILL
You know what I always wanted to do?

WILLOUGHBY
Do tell.

JILL
This.

Jill puts hot sauce on her spaghetti.

WILLOUGHBY
Wow. That's a bit extreme. The taste must be awful.

JILL
(chewing)
It's easy, just ignore the taste.

WILLOUGHBY
If you want to ignore the taste,
wouldn't it make more sense, not to
put it in your mouth in the first
place?

JILL
That's not true.

WILLOUGHBY
(smiling)
Really? Enlighten me please.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE OF MEN'S AND WOMEN'S DRESSING ROOMS

Willoughby is standing outside the women's dressing room,
waiting for her to come out.

WILLOUGHBY
Um, are you done in there?

JILL
Just a moment.

WILLOUGHBY
What are you doing in there,
anyway?

Jill comes out the room, with a dress on.

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)
Whoa!

JILL
You like it?

WILLOUGHBY
Like it? I love it.

Jill hugs Willoughby. Brad is taken aback from this
expression of affection, but in a good way.

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)
There's just one more place I'd
love to take you.

INT. IN FRONT OF A WINDOW

Jill and Willoughby are standing near A LARGE glass window, watching the rain. It still hasn't let up.

JILL
It looks so beautiful.

WILLOUGHBY
I would say the same thing if it hadn't ruin my flight back to Seattle.

JILL
Again with the jokes.

WILLOUGHBY
What can I say... I watch a lot of TV.

JILL
Tell me something funny... another joke.

WILLOUGHBY
Alright... Ah ha! I got one.
What goes in dry and hard, but comes out wet and soft?

An awkward moment follows. Jill looks uneasy.

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D).
Chewing gum.

JILL
(smiles)
Oh!

WILLOUGHBY
You thought I was going to say something else, didn't you?

JILL
(grins)
I can see where your mind is.

SOUND: A GUNSHOT is heard, from outside.

Jill and Willoughby duck. Then they look outside. Their eyes widen, and their jaws drop at what they witnessed.

They see a large man as he cuts a struggling mans head off with a large knife. The killer looks up, he sees Willoughby and Jill staring at him.

JILL (CONT'D)
(screams)
OH MY GOD!

Security swarms the place.

SECURITY GUARD
(to everyone)
Don't worry! We got everything
under control! Did anyone see who
did this?

Willoughby stands up, nervously.

WILLOUGHBY
(timidly)
I might have.

They have a man in custody. They take Willoughby and Jill over to where they are holding the suspect to ID him.

SECURITY GUARD
Was it him?

WILLOUGHBY
Yes. Take him away officer.

Willoughby pulls forth with Jill.

SECURITY GUARD
Not so fast. Anyone else see what
happen?

WILLOUGHBY
She was with me.

JILL
(whispers)
I didn't actually see who did it,
though.

WILLOUGHBY
(nervously)
Well, off we go.

Willoughby and Jill begin walking away. A police officer on the scene yells out.

OFFICER JAKE
(to Willoughby and Jill)
Get back here NOW.
(to security guard)
Any witnesses to this?

SECURITY GUARD
This gentlemen right here.

Security guard points to Willoughby.

WILLOUGHBY
As I said before I can describe the
person. But so can Jill.

OFFICER JAKE
Come with me.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - THREE DAYS LATER

The judge is in her chambers. Willoughby and Jill are sitting down. There are police, FBI agents and attorneys in the room as well.

JUDGE BELL
A killing at the airport, sounds
extreme. You are the two that
witnessed the crime?

JILL
Yes.

JUDGE BELL
Unfortunately, you two won't be
able to get back to Seattle anytime
soon.

WILLOUGHBY
What? Isn't this just informal
hearing a bit irregular?

Two officers bring into the holding room a large brutal looking man in his forties. He has an IQ of 130 and has been diagnosed as a violent schizophrenic, know as "THE BUTCHER". He is also a crime lord and a savage killer. Until now he has been untouchable.

JUDGE BELL
Not at all... Is that the person
you saw commit the crime?

Willoughby and Jill identify him through a Surveillance Mirror.

WILLOUGHBY

Yes, that would be him your Honor.

JUDGE BELL

He's known by the name, "The Butcher".

The Butcher shoots a murderous stare at Willoughby and Jill, through the surveillance mirror. The steely glare of his coal black eyes sends cold chills down Willoughby's spine.

JILL

(fearful)

Should we be worried?

WILLOUGHBY

(horror-struck)

Oh, I don't think so. He seemed to take it very well.

JUDGE BELL

(chuckles)

He's quiet, but ruthless. That's why we have to relocate you. And give you two new identities. At least until after you testify in court. Possibly longer.

JILL

Longer?

JUDGE BELL

Until we can put him away in a secure environment. We will need to protect you.

JILL

I want protection!

FBI AGENT CLARK

We don't have time to be bodyguards. Unless, of course, you're willing to testify.

JILL

We are!

Jill and Willoughby give each other a look.

WILLOUGHBY

That won't be necessary! Can't I...
I mean we take boxing lessons? I've
always been intrigued with the fine
art of pugilism.

JILL

Not me!

WILLOUGHBY

Why not?

JILL

I have a better idea. Make sure he
stays in jail forever.

JUDGE BELL

I know, this may seem irregular to
you. But relocating both of you
together is the only safe way to go
about this.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAB - WEEK LATER - MOVING - DAY

It's the next morning. Willoughby and Jill are sitting next
to each other in a cab. They are headed to their secret
destination.

JILL

You know, no matter where we go, I
will always feel safe around you.

WILLOUGHBY

What a nice thing to say.

Willoughby turns back to looking out the window.

JILL

Don't you have something you want
to say to me?

WILLOUGHBY

Thank you.

Jill rolls her eyes. Brad notices...

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)

OH... I didn't think it was
necessary, we both know that I feel
the same way. Right?

JILL
If you say so.
(to cab driver)
Where are we going?

FBI posing as cab driver.

CAB DRIVER
It's a surprise. We are re-locating
you in a special place.

Jill leans back.

WILLOUGHBY
Special indeed! It probably won't
even have a roof. Everything is
special these days. The FBI fakes
our death to make our lives,
special!

JILL
Think positive.

Willoughby turns to Jill.

WILLOUGHBY
You know, sometimes, one must think
about the cold hard facts. What
would the world be like if we only
thought about rainbows and the blue
skies.

JILL
It sure would be peaceful.

WILLOUGHBY
And out of order. Like a puzzle
with out all the pieces. It just
doesn't work.

JILL
Says who?

WILLOUGHBY
Society! Me...

JILL
Where did the Willoughby that told
jokes so eloquently go?

WILLOUGHBY

I don't know. Why don't you send him a letter, to that special place. A post card perhaps. Or better yet, send money, something tells me we're going to need it.

JILL

How sweet! Does this count as our first quarrel as a married couple MR. RONALD CLEVELAND.

WILLOUGHBY

OH PLEASE! We're not really married, Jill.

JILL

The name is RONDA, remember? But please feel free to call me Honey if it's too hard to commit to memory.

WILLOUGHBY

Ha ha, very witty!

The cab driver arrives at a house.

EXT. A BRICK HOME - BARBRA'S BED & BREAKFAST - DAY

CAB DRIVER

Here it is.

WILLOUGHBY

Welcome to the great state of Michigan.

JILL

Also known as the middle of nowhere.

WILLOUGHBY

There goes dinning at Le Pichets'.

MOMENTS LATER Willoughby and Jill are walking up to the house with their suitcases. Jill knocks. Someone answers the door. It's a man and a woman, both in their forties, named Bill and Barbra.

BARBRA

Hello, you two must be the hide away's.

WILLOUGHBY

Well, I wouldn't call myself that,
but...

BILL

Well, don't stand out there. Come
on in.

JILL

Hi.

Jill and Willoughby enter the house. The door closes behind them.

INT. BILL AND BARBRA'S HOME - DAY

BILL

Make yourself feel at home.

BARBRA

We have coffee in the kitchen, just
in case you want some.

WILLOUGHBY

Sure, I'll take some coffee.

JILL

Me too.

Barbra goes into the kitchen to get the coffee. Bill stays.
Jill and Willoughby take a seat on the couch.

BILL

So, a criminal is out to get you
because you put him in jail?

WILLOUGHBY

That is correct.

BILL

It's not a good idea to mess with
the wrong people.

WILLOUGHBY

I wasn't messing with him. I was
merely there at the time he cut
someone's head off.

Barbra enters with two coffee's. She hands it to Jill and Willoughby.

BARBRA
(to Bill)
I hope you weren't too nose-y?

BILL
No. I was just curious about the
incident.

JILL
Is there a place where I can put my
luggage?

BARBRA
Actually there is. Follow me.

Jill follows Barbra up the stairs and into a room. Bill and Willoughby are alone.

BILL
Are you two... together?

WILLOUGHBY
We're just friends. We met at the
airport during the delay.

Bill takes a look out the window and sees that it's not raining.

BILL
It's not raining anymore. Flights
have resumed at the airport.

WILLOUGHBY
And your point is?

BILL
You're a funny guy. I like funny
guys.

WILLOUGHBY
Well, I wish I could cheer myself
up. But as fate would have it, I'm
not in the best of moods.

BILL
You believe in fate, huh?

Willoughby furrows his brow.

WILLOUGHBY
(taken aback)
I believe in no such thing.

INT. BARBRA'S ROOM

Jill's suitcase is on the bed. Barbra is sitting on the bed next to the suitcase.

BARBRA
That guy downstairs seems nice. You like him?

JILL
He's charming.

BARBRA
That's what all women say, when they're really crazy about someone.

JILL
Well, I'm not like that.
(Chuckles)

BARBRA
If you say so.

Barbra jumps onto the bed and leans back.

JILL
If you don't mind, can you get off the bed... please?

BARBRA
No problem. I want you too feel at home.

JILL
In that case, can you get me two cups of coffee.

BARBRA
(a little annoyed)
Um...Okay.

Barbra exits the room and closes the door behind her.

INT. OUTSIDE OF ROOM

BARBRA
(mumbles to herself)
Egotistical little bitch...

Barbra walks downstairs, interfering with the guys conversation. The guys are downstairs playing a card game.

BILL
No, no, that's not how the game is
played.

WILLOUGHBY
I'm just saying, why can't we
change it up a bit.

BILL
You can't change the rules in the
middle of the game.

WILLOUGHBY
Cheating is what makes this trite,
rather pedestrian game fun.

Bill slams his cards down onto the table. Willoughby gathers
all the cards.

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)
I'm guessing all these are mine?

BARBRA (O.S.)
I see you two are enjoying a card
game.

Bill turns and gives Barbra a irritated glare.

BARBRA (CONT'D)
Be nice.

BILL
Be nice? Try spending ten
continuous minutes with him.

BARBRA
Try spending five minutes with
Jill.

WILLOUGHBY
There is a bright side to all
this... they said we won't be here
forever.

They both glare at him silently.

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)
I'm going to let you two handle
this on your own.

Willoughby walks out the back door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK PORCH.

Willoughby stands on the porch. He inhales the fresh air.

JILL (O.S.)

Hey.

Willoughby turns and sees Jill behind him.

WILLOUGHBY

Care to join me in a relaxing
afternoon of inhaling fresh air.

JILL

Again with the jokes.

WILLOUGHBY

It's a talent.

JILL

What's bothering you? You seem like
you're in a bad place.

WILLOUGHBY

Well, it's just that... oh it's
nothing.

JILL

Let it out you'll feel better.

WILLOUGHBY

Very perceptive of you. I never got
a chance to see my family and
friends. That was the purpose of my
visit to Seattle.

(a beat)

I promised them that I would be
back sooner but life got in the
way, and, well. The rest you know.
I wanted to surprise them with my
good news. After ten long years I
have been cast in a major movie
role.

JILL

Congratulations!

WILLOUGHBY

Thank you, but I'm afraid that ship
has passed.

JILL

Maybe not.

WILLOUGHBY

Now my family and friends think I'm dead, and for all intents and purposes they're dead to me now, as well. Oh please forgive me for the endless prattle. You have the same issues with your family.

JILL

My parents died last year in a car crash... I'm an only child so, not quite the same situation.

WILLOUGHBY

I am so terribly sorry to hear that. You must be devastated.

JILL

You learn to cope.

They both turn and walk back into the house.

INT. KITCHEN

Bill walks up to them.

BILL

(to Willoughby)

We all live here together, for how long? That's the 64 thousand dollar question. But while you enjoy the comforts of home please understand we all have to chip in and do the chores around here.

WILLOUGHBY

(nods)

Understandable.

BILL

Good, then we understand each other.

Bill hands Willoughby some money. Willoughby hands it to Jill.

BILL (CONT'D)

I need you to pick up some food for dinner. Pick up what you want, because you two will also be cooking the meal. That's also your chore.

Willoughby glares at Bill.

WILLOUGHBY
How delightfully big-hearted of
you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Willoughby and Jill are walking down the aisle. They both have their own cart.

JILL
Milk and honey, remember that.

WILLOUGHBY
I heard you the first ten times.
Can you please calm down? You're
too hyper.

JILL
I can't, I'm super excited.

WILLOUGHBY
Good heavens, why?

JILL
It's just my nature.

They turn down a new aisle.

INT. CHECK-OUT - MOMENTS LATER

Willoughby is at the check out, he pays for the food and begins to walk away.

JILL
Wait for me!

Jill comes running toward Willoughby.

CUT TO:

EXT. BILL AND BARBRA'S HOME - EVENING

Willoughby and Jill walk onto the front porch, holding bags of food. Willoughby struggles to lift one arm and opens the door.

WILLOUGHBY
Hello? Is anybody home?

Willoughby leans in trying to hear if anyone is home, he trips, causing him to fall in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

WILLOUGHBY

(to Jill)

Hold on a second please. The door is ajar. Something seems to be blocking the entrance.

JILL

Give it a good shove.

WILLOUGHBY

But of course! What would I ever do without your words of wisdom. Captain Obvious.

JILL

Probably stand out here forever!

Willoughby pushes the door open and enters. As his eyes focus, he sees the bloodied bodies of both Bill and Barbra.

WILLOUGHBY

Oh dear!

Willoughby comes out of the house and sees the empty street. He looks in every direction. He grabs hold of Jill's hand and they walk briskly into the night, a moment later they are swallowed up in the moment.

JILL

What in heavens name are we doing?

WILLOUGHBY

(labored breathing)

They're both dead. Our cover is blown. Hurry, we need to get as far away from here as possible.

JILL

(panicked stare)

That's not going to do any good. Call the FBI.

WILLOUGHBY

Your absolutely correct. I'll call.

JILL

You don't have a phone. Here's, mine, Captain Obvious.

WILLOUGHBY

Touche.

Willoughby dials the FBI.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIX MONTHS LATER - LIVING ROOM

JILL

I really love this house, it has everything you could want in a home.

WILLOUGHBY

(melancholy)

I suppose it does.

JILL

What's wrong?

WILLOUGHBY

Well, I hate to complain, but, it's not really our home, and the money that we earn, even together, can barely be considered adequate.

JILL

I don't have a problem with it. What are you getting at?

WILLOUGHBY

Well, this is neither the time nor the place...

JILL

For what?

WILLOUGHBY

I love you Jill. And if you would have me, I would love to marry you.

Jill gives Willoughby a big hug, she is shedding tears of joy.

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)

I'm not sure, is that a yes or a no?

JILL

A yes of course. There's just one thing.

WILLOUGHBY
And that would be?

JILL
We'll have to wait until we are no longer in the witness protection program.

WILLOUGHBY
Yes of course.

Jill grabs her purse and starts walking to the door.

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Where are you going MISSES JENNY DEMARCO?

JILL
(Filtering)
To the dinner MR. JOHN DEMARCO. I just love our new names, don't you?

WILLOUGHBY
You better hurry your shift starts in ten minutes.

JILL
You need to get going too or you'll be late.

WILLOUGHBY
How could I forget? Another day pretending to be a research scientist.

JILL
It's a very important position.

WILLOUGHBY
It pays nothing, because it's just a fancy title for what the job really is, an assistant.

JILL
Try to be happy, and you will be.

Jill opens the door to leave.

WILLOUGHBY

Always the optimist. Wait for me.
I'll drive you.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERTRAM MEDICAL RESEARCH INSTITUTE - DAY

Willoughby walks into the brick six story facility and goes directly to the laboratory, his work area. A tall blading astute looking man, fiftyish, DR. PETER JENKINS, is working with some vials. He turns and sees Willoughby.

PETER

Well, just don't stand there Mr. Demarco come over here and give me a hand. Turn those three vials on the low flame off, while I turn the rest of them off.

WILLOUGHBY

Oh, absolutely DR. JENKINS. Is there anything else I can do to help you with this experiment.

Willoughby turns the flames off of three vials, while Peter turns six more of them off.

PETER

I'm sure you can be of some assistance in matters that you understand. But you have much to learn I'm afraid before you can reach my level.

WILLOUGHBY

I assure you doctor I'm a fast learner.

PETER

And on that note I must leave. Keep an eye on things, and for heavens sake touch nothing. Except entering the data into my journals. This place is filthy. Please do something about that as well.

WILLOUGHBY

Yes master.

PETER

What was that?

WILLOUGHBY

Just thanking you for your
confidence in me. Good day Doctor.

INT. LABORATORY - 20 MINUTES LATER

A sizzling sound can be heard. Willoughby turns and slowly walks down the aisle to investigate. He has a broom and dust pan in his hands.

Suddenly, a bunch of medical tubes with blue and red bubbly liquid pop loudly in back of him.

Startled, Willoughby jerks backward, knocking over several of the bubbling vials.

Smoke bellows upward fast, filling the room quickly with a suffocating toxic substance.

WILLOUGHBY

Oh my god, I've become Dr.
Frankenstein.

Willoughby searches frantically for the fire alarm, as he does he slips on the slippery toxic fluid that is now dripping down onto the floor and hits the floor, his arm is now drenched in the toxic fluid.

Willoughby manages to get to his feet and pull the fire alarm.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE BERTRAM MEDICAL RESEARCH INSTITUTE - DAY

Willoughby and the rest of the staff watch as firefighters get the situation under control.

Dr. Jenkins arrives and gets out of his new Mercedes Benz.

PETER

(to one of the staff)
What the devil is going on here?

Peter turns and gives Willoughby a hard stare.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILLOUGHBY'S NEW HOME - NIGHT

Jill enters the house to find Willoughby relaxing on the sofa sipping some sherry.

WILLOUGHBY
Care to join me?

JILL
Sure! Are we celebrating?

WILLOUGHBY
Not really. I got fired today.

JILL
Why?

WILLOUGHBY
There was a horrible accident at
work today at the lab.

JILL
Are you alright?

WILLOUGHBY
I think so, my arm hurts a bit, but
I'm fine.

JILL
What happened?

WILLOUGHBY
Aside from being belittled by that
condescending now-it-all Peter.
Nothing much. Just a little
explosion, a lot of smoke, and
toxic gas that caused the whole
building to be evacuated.

JILL
Accidents happen, even to the best
of us. Don't let it get you down.
You'll get another job.

WILLOUGHBY
Allow me to clear one little detail
up if you please. It wasn't my
fault, Peter left one of the
burners going.

JILL
Whatever you have to tell yourself.

WILLOUGHBY
WHAT!?

JILL
I'm just messin' with you. Of
course I believe you.

INT. HOME - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Jill enters livingroom. Willoughby has roast duck waiting for both of them to dine on. He's sipping some wine.

WILLOUGHBY
How was your day today?

JILL
Oh...Same ol' same ol'.

WILLOUGHBY
You seem a bit down. Maybe you'll
feel better after you eat.

JILL
I'm fine, and the food looks
delicious, as always.

WILLOUGHBY
Then what's bothering you?

JILL
I was just thinking about...
(a beat)
you know, what happened to Bill and
Barbra. That could have been us.

WILLOUGHBY
But it wasn't. You just have to let
it go. There's nothing we can do
that will change what happened.

JILL
That's not what I'm worried about.
We're still in the same state. They
found us once, what's to stop them
from finding us again?

WILLOUGHBY
Well, I refer back to what the FBI
told us. The only reason they found
us last time is because Barbra had
loose lips. He assured us, that we
are perfectly safe here.

Willoughby is grimacing while favoring his right arm.

JILL

Well, you've made me feel better.
Now it's time to make you feel
better.

Jill picks up the phone.

WILLOUGHBY

Who might you be calling?

JILL

Dr. Baker. I looked him up
yesterday and told him what
happened. He said if it didn't
improve by today to leave him a
message. He said he would leave an
opening for you at 9:00 AM
tomorrow.

WILLOUGHBY

I really don't think this is
necessary. I'll cancel tomorrow.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DR. BAKERS OFFICE - DAY 9:00 AM.

Willoughby is sitting on a bed, he is wearing a blue gown.
Jill is in the room and sitting in a chair next to
Willoughby. Dr. Baker walks in holding a chart. He extends
his arm to greet Willoughby and Jill.

DR. BAKER

Hi, I'm Dr. Baker. I looked over
your x-ray's and there are no
fractures that I can see. Your
injury is right on the funny bone.
And as you know, first hand,
there's nothing funny about it.
Treatment includes ice, rest, and
medication for inflammation.

(beat)

Elbow pain has many causes in your
case, you suffered not only blunt
force trauma but your arm was
introduced to a possible toxic
fluid. For that reason you will
need follow up visits.

WILLOUGHBY

I've already used the treatments
that you have outlined, without any
relief.

(MORE)

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)

And fully understand not only the function of the arm, but also all known treatments.

DR. BAKER

Are you a physician?

Jill gives Willoughby a hard stare.

WILLOUGHBY

I played a doctor, doctor.

DR. BAKER

(smiles)

Well then, I want you to continue with ice, but instead of resting the arm I want to pick up a ball, a baseball and toss it around. This, I believe over time will relieve that odd painful sensation.

JILL

So that will cure it?

DR. BAKER

Only time will tell with that.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILLOUGHBY'S NEW HOME - DAY

Willoughby sitting in the kitchen drinking a cup of tea.

JILL

You have got to be the most stubborn man I've ever known. It's been three days and you still won't follow the doctors orders.

WILLOUGHBY

Well, where and to whom shall I play catch with a baseball?

JILL

Why not walk down to the school and ask one of the school kids?

WILLOUGHBY

What a grand idea. And while I'm asking should I also ask if anyone would like a piece of candy, or perhaps someone might like to help me search for my lost puppy?

JILL
Okay! Point taken. I'll play catch
with you.

WILLOUGHBY
(slight smile)
Shall we go?

CUT TO:

EXT. BRENTWOOD HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Willoughby and Jill play catch for over an hour. Jill is now
afraid to catch Willoughby's pitches. She yells out to him.

JILL
Stop throwing the ball so fast. It
hurts my hand even through the
glove.

WILLOUGHBY
Sorry, I'm not trying to throw it
fast. It's my arm. It's
involuntary.

JILL
Come on now... what are you
saying... your arm has a mind of
its own?

WILLOUGHBY
Of course not. But you know, the
doctor was right. My arm is
starting to feel better.

JILL
Good! Why don't you just throw the
ball into that net behind home
plate as hard as you can?

WILLOUGHBY
(cheesy smile)
I believe I will.

Several varsity baseball players gather around and watch in
awe at Willoughby's fast ball.

KID 1
Hey, you mind if I catch a few for
you?

WILLOUGHBY

Well, I don't know... I throw 'em kinda' fast.

(to Jill)

What do you think?

JILL

They're bigger than you! Sure.

KID 1

Just throw 'em to me mister. I can handle anything you can dish out.

WILLOUGHBY

If you say so!

Kid 1 yells out to several other varsity players who gather around.

KID 1

Hold on a second. If we're gonna' do this, lets do it right. Come on you guys lets play ball.

There is one guy at bat and three more ready to bat. One guy is catching and three other guys are in the outfield.

Several minutes later.

No one has hit a single pitch yet. The catcher is cringing every time he catches a ball. The catcher signals time out and runs off.

KID 2

(yells out to Kid 1)

What's up?

KID 1

Keep it goin' I'll be right back.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRICK HOME JUST ACROSS THE STREET

Kid 1 rings doorbell. A man in his fifties answers the door.

KID 1

Hope I didn't catch you at a bad time MR. LINER?

MR. LINER

I was kinda' in the middle of something.

JEFF'S wife yells out.

VOICE(O.S.)

Go see what the kid wants Jeff. You can watch TV anytime.

JEFF

What's up GREG?

GREG

Just the most phenomenal pitcher of all time, doin' his thing across the street.

JEFF

Really!

(beat)

Lets go take a look-see.

Jeff Liner and Greg, return to the ball field. Jeff a former baseball scout watches for several minutes in awe then scratches his head and walks over to Willoughby and introduces himself.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Hi, my name is Jeff Liner. I'm a former baseball scout. And I just wanna' say, I've been in and around the game of baseball for over thirty years and I have never seen an arm like yours before. Who are you?

WILLOUGHBY

Oh, no one special. The name is John Demarco.

JEFF

Nice to meet you Mr. Demarco. Where did you play?

WILLOUGHBY

I'm sorry?

JEFF

Your pitching. Majors? Minors? How come I never heard of you? My eye is clocking you at over a hundred easily.

Jill steps up.

WILLOUGHBY

(to Jill)

I have no earthly idea what he's talking about, do you?

JILL

We were just playing around sir, giving his arm some exercise.

Jeff extends his hand...

JEFF

I'm, Jeff.

JILL

(uses her fake name)

I'm Jenny. I'm John's wife.

JEFF

Glad to meet you. Glad to meet both of you!

JILL

Like I said before, he's just playing around a little. No big deal.

JEFF

Hon', I assure you. What he's doing with that ball wasn't playin', he was killing it.

Willoughby frowns at the baseball in his hand. Then at Jeff.

GREG

Sir, I've never caught heat like that before.

Greg shows Willoughby his fire red palm.

JILL

See?! Told you. You were throwing too hard.

Jeff puts his arm around Willoughby.

JEFF

I know every rocket arm in America going back three decades. In the league and out of the league.

Jeff sizes Willoughby up.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I guess you coulda' been before my time. But I doubt it.

WILLOUGHBY

Okay, I've seen the Sopranos. This isn't the part where you whack me is it?

JEFF

(laughs)
What? No!

JILL

Honey, should we be getting back?

JEFF

Don't let me stop you, Mr. Demarco. Please take my business card. I would like us to have lunch tomorrow at my country club, to discuss your future.

Willoughby accepts the card.

WILLOUGHBY

My future?

JEFF

Bring your wife.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Willoughby and Jill are preppy in their casual dress attire. They walk suspiciously through the parking lot.

WILLOUGHBY

I don't really hate golf, per se. But I'm starving. I didn't eat on purpose.

JILL

This is really nice Johnny.

WILLOUGHBY

Johnny?

JILL

C'mon Jenny and Johnny, what?

WILLOUGHBY
Demarco. But when we're alone it's
Willoughby and Jill.

EXT. AT FRONT ENTRANCE

Jeff walks out from the club.

JEFF
Excellent, right on time. I like
that.

WILLOUGHBY
This is a really nice club. What
kind of cuisine does your
restaurant specialize in?

JEFF
Right this way.

Willoughby and Jill follow Jeff away from the entrance.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR FIRING RANGE - HOT DOG STAND - DAY

Jeff hands Jill and Willoughby each a hot dog. Willoughby is
underwhelmed.

JEFF
Believe me when I say this... best
hot dogs in the country. I've tried
'em all.

WILLOUGHBY
Was there ever any doubt?

JILL
What?

WILLOUGHBY
Any chance I could unload this
wiener off on you?

Jill biting down on her hot dog.

JILL
I don't think so.

WILLOUGHBY
Any chance you might reconsider?

JILL

It's a pretty good wiener Johnny.

Willoughby throws the hot dog on the ground.

JEFF

The reason I asked you to meet me here at the range was so we could test your skills. And since you're here.

WILLOUGHBY

What skills?

JEFF

Your arm, brother, your arm. I've been doing this for...

WILLOUGHBY

Years, and years, I know, I've heard.

JEFF

Which means I know what I saw. And you got something special. I don't know how, but I just need to test your arm out to make this official.

WILLOUGHBY

Make what official?

JEFF

John, with your arm, I can get you signed on a major league roster in a matter of weeks.

WILLOUGHBY

I hate baseball.

JEFF

Me too.

WILLOUGHBY

Really?

JEFF

No. I love it.

WILLOUGHBY

(confused stare)
We're leaving.

JEFF

How do you feel about money?

Willoughby keeps walking.

WILLOUGHBY

Money and I are not on speaking terms.

JEFF

(yells)

You know what the average salary is for a Major League pitcher?

WILLOUGHBY

Assumptions often obscure the truth.

JEFF

About three million dollars a year.

Willoughby stops in his tracks.

WILLOUGHBY

Three million dollars, just to throw a baseball?

JEFF

That's for the average pitcher. And you throw faster than all those guys.

WILLOUGHBY

(wide-smile)

Well!

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST LANE IN FIRING RANGE

Willoughby has rolled up his sleeves. He zips a ball down the range. The radar gun reads 105 mph.

JEFF

This is unbelievable. The fastest pitching speed on record is 105.1 miles per hour.

WILLOUGHBY

Should I throw harder.

JEFF

Harder?

Willoughby pitches with a little extra on it.

RADAR GUN flashes 125 mph! Willoughby throws a baseball into the distance, everyone loses sight of it in the sun.

JEFF (CONT'D)

It hit the trees! That's about 135 yards.

WILLOUGHBY

Is that good? The trees were in the way.

Willoughby's arm fires a baseball with speed and precision, striking a bulls-eye target. The target moves, followed by Willoughby's pitch that hits the bulls-eye.

This is repeated several times. Jeff grins from ear to ear.

Willoughby, annoyed, rubs his stomach and looks at his watch.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JEFF'S HOME - NIGHT

Jeff talking on phone. Jeff's wife, NATALIE, flips through a Vogue magazine.

JEFF

(into phone)

I couldn't believe it myself. But you need to check this guy out quick. I know it's the middle of the season's, But... You're in last place!

Line disconnects.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello?

NATALIE

Another no?

JEFF

They're idiots. If someone would just let me bring him in to throw for the GM.

NATALIE

Just take him to the a tryout camp first. If he's as good as you say, they'll pick him up.

JEFF

It'll be too late by then. This guy will be a national phenomenon. A bidding war and media frenzy will ensue. He'll be a Yankee before sundown. I'm handing a team a goose that lays golden eggs. Except the eggs are 125 mph fast balls.

Natalie Lowering Vogue.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLOUGHBY & JILL'S HOME - NIGHT

Willoughby and Jill eat at a table full of Chinese take-out.

WILLOUGHBY

So you're sticking with the chopsticks, huh?

JILL

Sure, I'm a traditionalist. Chopsticks are half the fun.

WILLOUGHBY

They never tell you what the other half is. No doubt it's frustration.

JILL

(grin)
FUNNY!
(Beat)
You think your injury might have something to do with your pitching?

WILLOUGHBY

Highly doubtful. Whatever happened to my arm is not helping, but hurting. The cramping and involuntary spasms come and go.

JILL

So you've had this remarkable talent your whole life while hating baseball?

WILLOUGHBY

Yes, the irony is not lost on me.
(frowns)
Oh... who am I kidding. Of course it's a result of the injury.

(MORE)

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)

More accurately, the mixture of contaminated substances that my arm crashed into.

JILL

It doesn't matter how you got this talent... you got it, that's all that matters.

WILLOUGHBY

I'm not sure my ethics will allow me to do this.

JILL

ETHICS! You're life as you know it is over, through no fault of your own, and you want to talk about ethics. Worry about being seen and killed by that madman. But, if you're gonna' do it, three million dollars a year is as good a reason as any.

WILLOUGHBY

I've been so selfish. You're right. I should be thinking of us.

JILL

I love you Willoughby.

WILLOUGHBY

I love you too. We've had to give up our lives to live like paupers in hiding. And suddenly this opportunity to make millions of dollars is presented on a silver platter... I'm going to do it!

JILL

(smile)

Wait, I thought you hated baseball.

WILLOUGHBY

Hate is an ugly word.

JILL

Your word.

WILLOUGHBY

I'm playing the hand I was dealt.

JILL

Have you forgotten you're in witness protection? How are you going to hide your identity

WILLOUGHBY

Where there is a will there is a way.

Jill shakes her head.

JILL

Let me get this straight, John Demarco. You're going to hide your identity as you play baseball on a nationally televised major league team?

WILLOUGHBY

Heavens no. John Demarco doesn't have to hide.

JILL

No? Well his face does! The Butcher probably loves baseball.

WILLOUGHBY

The only face that I have to hide is Willoughby's.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Jeff stands at home plate next to MR. SANTOS in a designer suit.

MR. SANTOS

I don't have all day, Jeff. Where is this guy?

JEFF

He'll be he here.

Jeff spots someone stumbling through a gate entrance in the outfield. It's Willoughby, wearing a generic baseball uniform, with tight pants, cleats and a fake beard.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Here he is... I think.

MR. SANTOS

The old guy? You're kidding, right?
He's a dinosaur.

JEFF

Okay, I didn't tell you his age,
because I knew you'd never come out
here.

MR. SANTOS

Not a day over a hundred, I would
say.

Willoughby reaches them, Mr. Santos is confused.

JEFF

Mr. Santos, this is John Demarco.
(to John)
John, this is Mr. Santos, General
manager, Seattle.

WILLOUGHBY

Nice to meet you sir. Shall I throw
some balls?
(to Jeff)
How do I look?

JEFF

Ahh, sharp.

WILLOUGHBY

This outfit is surprisingly
comfortable. It stretches, it--

MR. SANTOS

How old are you?

WILLOUGHBY

No worries sir, I'm legal.

MR. SANTOS

What's with the fake beard, Jeff?

JEFF

He's eccentric like that.

Jeff looks at Willoughby.

JEFF (CONT'D)

What's with the fake beard?

WILLOUGHBY

I don't know why more people don't wear facial wigs they are very form fitting and comfortable. I'm just wearing it until my natural one grows in.

Willoughby strokes his facial wig. The two men move on. The team's catcher, RONNIE, bends down behind home plate.

JEFF

Just watch Mr. Santos.

Jeff tosses John a ball.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Show em' what you got. Throw Ronnie a couple balls. Warm up on the mound.

Willoughby looks around. Three other players monkey around in the dugout.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Behind you.

WILLOUGHBY

Oh, on the little hill. Right.

MR. SANTOS

Jeff, if you're hard up for money I told you our field's lawn care service is looking for someone. It's nothing too physical. You get full medical and dental benefits

Whoosh!-- Ball smacking Ronnie's mitt.

RONNIE

Ow!

Willoughby on the mound.

WILLOUGHBY

Like that!

Jeff grins from ear to ear. Mr. Santos wasn't paying attention. Neither were the three players in the dugout.

MR. SANTOS

What happened?

JEFF
Throw another one, John!

Mr. Santos focuses on Willoughby. Willoughby's wind up is awkward, like maybe he's making fun of pitchers. Whoosh! And the ball smacks in Ronnie's glove.

RONNIE
Now that's fast.

MR. SANTOS
(in awe)
I've never seen... how is this possible?

Whoosh! Another ball.

JEFF
Let's talk business.

Mr. Santos's jaw drops.

MR. SANTOS
(yells)
Get some bats out here!

Two players come out of the dugout with bats.

MR. SANTOS (CONT'D)
Alright, a little batting practice guys!

JEFF
Put a helmet on guys!

BATTER #1 spits his tobacco and grins. He steps up to the plate. He points his bat towards the clouds.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Give him a target!

Ronnie opens his glove in the strike zone.

WILLOUGHBY
Throw it to his glove, right?

Mr. Santos shakes his head in disbelief.

BATTER #1
Don't worry, I'll send it right back to you old man!

JEFF

Yes John! Throw it right into the glove!

Batter #1 winds up. Whoosh! The ball whizzes past him in the blink of an eye.

WILLOUGHBY

Like that?

Again! Batter #1's head is still spinning.

RONNIE

(to batter)

It's only gonna get worse.

BATTER #1

I just wasn't ready.

Batter winds up, Willoughby waits a few seconds.

WILLOUGHBY

Now?

JEFF

Now.

Whoosh! And the ball zooms past the batter who swings a day late.

WILLOUGHBY

I think I'm getting the hang of this! I can probably start throwing harder now.

MONTAGE of batters swinging and missing pitches. Batter #1 watches white streaks zoom over plate. He swings wildly, twisting his body, tripping over himself. Batter #2 swings and misses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 pitches.

RONNIE

That's 10 strikes in a row!

Batter #3 seems reluctant to step in the batter's box, because of the speed.

Batter #1 stands next to Mr. Santos watching in amazement.

BATTER #1

Who is this guy?

MR. SANTOS
(grinning)
Seattle's new starting pitcher.

Jeff smiles and gives Willoughby a thumbs up.

WILLOUGHBY
Do I have to wear this awful glove?
It Makes my hand sweat something
awful.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SEATTLE BASEBALL HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jeff, two lawyers, Mr. Santos, and THE OWNER, watch Willoughby, still wearing the fake beard, sign a baseball contract.

OWNER
(to Santos)
You better be right about this.

MR. SANTOS
(to Jeff)
You better be right about this.

JEFF
(to Willoughby)
I better be right about this . . .
can we lose the beard, people are
gonna think you're crazy.

WILLOUGHBY
Relax, it's only until my beard
grows in. Besides shortened
follicles didn't work for Samson.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLOUGHBY AND JILL'S HOTEL ROOM - SEATTLE - DAY

Willoughby walks in whistling a happy tune. Jill gets off the couch.

WILLOUGHBY
Hi honey, I'm home!

JILL
So, how'd it go?

WILLOUGHBY

Great! I start next week, Then I
get to meet the rest of the guys.

JILL

The guys? Look at you. Sounding
like a real ball player.

WILLOUGHBY

Excuse me, I just need to put this
costume away.

JILL

That's your work uniform now.

WILLOUGHBY

Yes it is.

JILL

You look ridiculous with that fake
beard.

Willoughby points to some healthy stubble.

WILLOUGHBY

Almost there.

Jill gives him a thumbs up.

JILL

How does your arm feel?

WILLOUGHBY

Like a million bucks. Literally.

Willoughby retires to his bedroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SEATTLE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

ONE WEEK LATER

Team goofs off throughout the locker room, getting ready for
the game. Mr. Santos and ERNIE, the team manager, walk into
the room, observing all the joking around.

ERNIE

Quiet down ladies! Listen up!

MR. SANTOS
I'm glad you guys are so
comfortable in last place!

Everyone straightens up.

MR. SANTOS(CONT'D)
I would be a little more worried if
I were you. This is not the time
for joking. This is your season.

ROOKIE PLAYER
Season's been over sir.

MR. SANTOS
Get out of here. Go home.

Rookie's eyes are the size of saucers.

MR. SANTOS(CONT'D)
Anyone else?

The room is so quiet, you could hear a pin drop.

MR. SANTOS(CONT'D)
I need you to listen-up. We are
going to be winners. Starting
today.

Players are confused, but quiet.

MR. SANTOS(CONT'D)
We will win the pennant. Starting
today.

Mumbling can be heard. Players can't help, but react with
disbelief.

ERNIE
Quiet!
(a beat)
Then, we will win the World Series.

The players in the locker room are stone-still . . .

MR. SANTOS
I always wanted to say something
cool like that before a game, but
you guys are pretty awful. Most of
you won't be here next year.

Players look around the locker room at each other, with
sobering stares.

MR. SANTOS (CONT'D)
 And since we have nothing to lose.
 We figured we'd try something a
 little different.
 (yells)
 John, get out here.

Willoughby steps into the locker room in a clean Seattle uniform, and a good start at a full real beard.

WILLOUGHBY
 Hi guys . . . John Demarco. Glad to
 be here.

ROCK JOHNSON, a veteran player steps up.

ROCK
 Mr. Santos, no disrespect but I
 don't think the mascot was our
 problem.

MR. SANTOS
 Mascot--, he's not the mascot. He's
 your new starting pitcher.

Heads turn to Willoughby. He waves.

MR. SANTOS (CONT'D)
 Have a good game gentleman.

Mr. Santos exits. SLY SIMMONS, the hotshot pitcher, slams his locker shut.

SLY
 This old guy?

WILLOUGHBY
 I think the beard adds a few--

ERNIE
 Yes! This old guy! So you can skip
 warm ups when we hit the field.

SLY
 That ain't right! Who is this guy?

ERNIE
 You know what's not fair?! A 20-62
 record. And you were supposed to be
 our savior on the mound. Only cost
 us a million guaranteed, 5 million
 signing bonus. We already knew how
 to lose. What did we pay for.

Silence.

WILLOUGHBY
 (his eyes get big)
 How many million a year?

ERNIE
 Now get dressed! Let's play ball.

Sly approaches Willoughby.

SLY
 I don't know where you come from
 John, but this is the big leagues.
 Don't get too comfortable, I'm sure
 we'll send you right back where you
 came from, soon enough.

Ronnie passing by...

RONNIE
 I wouldn't count on it.

WILLOUGHBY
 (uneasy)
 I'll do my best.

CUT TO:

INT. STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY

Two lines of prison inmates pass each other walking in opposite directions. The Butcher's menacing stare catches each prisoner as they pass by.

PRISONER breaks line, and rushes The Butcher from behind. The prisoner starts repeatedly stabbing The Butcher in his side with a shank.

Guards intervene.

GUARD #1
 Lock-down!! Lock-down!!

GUARD #2
 Get a medic in here quick!

The Butcher falls on the floor, and the guards drag the attacker away.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

The Butcher is unconscious on a hospital bed, hooked up to an intravenous stream. The heart monitor beeps.

DOCTOR

(to male nurse)

Where are you going with that patient?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(to the doctor)

I'm just taking Mr. Domino for his stroll down the east wing. I won't be long.

We see Burly MALE NURSE walk into room, pushing an old man in a wheelchair. The Butcher's right eye pops open.

MALE NURSE

Okay boss, we only got two minutes between the shift changes. Let's be quick. Put this on. Are your stab wounds superficial?

The Butcher just grunts. Nurse tosses him a change of clothes.

MALE NURSE (CONT'D)

This is Ritchie Domino, a mob boss with Alzheimer's. You're gonna be him, and he's gonna be you.

Male nurse pushes disguised Butcher down the hall in a wheelchair.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCHER'S BED

Ritchie Domino rolls over under the sheets. Starts to snore.

INT. BACK IN THE HALL

Nurse stops in front of a large laundry shoot.

MALE NURSE

This is where you get off. Remember the drop is 50 feet. I'll tell him Ritchie wandered off in another direction While you get away down the shoot.

Butcher gets out of the wheelchair.

MALE NURSE (CONT'D)
 Good luck boss. See you on the
 outside. Stab Willoughby once for
 me.

Butcher nod's as he escapes through a laundry shoot.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE STADIUM - DAY

A lot of empty seats in the stands. Jill watches among the sparse crowd. The scoreboard reads Seattle 2, Los Angeles 0, top of the 9th. Two commentators, KEN and KEVIN are in the booth calling the game.

KEN
 I tell you Kevin, this has been one
 of the oddest, most unbelievable
 games we have ever called. A
 nobody...

KEVIN
 John Demarco?
 (Beat)
 I've never heard of him.

KEN
 Well the proof is in the pudding,
 he's three pitches from a no-hitter
 in his major league debut.

KEVIN
 Unbelievable! Los Angeles hasn't
 gotten wood on the ball all day.
 Not even a foul tip. This Demarco
 has been on fire. They're clocking
 his pitches at 125 plus, which is
 faster than any pitcher has thrown
 ever.

In the dugout, Willoughby is taking a nap. Ronnie taps him.

RONNIE
 C'mon, last inning.

WILLOUGHBY
 Oh, these games never end.

Willoughby emerges from the dugout to one diehard Seattle fan screaming.

DIEHARD FAN
Whoa! New Guy! You rock!

RONNIE
After today, the world will know
your name.

Willoughby pauses.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

At the pitcher's mound, Willoughby looks bored and hot. He watches the next Los Angeles batter approach the plate slowly. Willoughby beckons the batter to hurry up, The batter taps his cleats with his bat, steps up to the plate. Then taps home plate with his bat.

RONNIE
(to batter)
You might as well come out here
barefoot. You're not going
anywhere. My advice, don't swing.

WHOOSH!

UMPIRE
Strike!

RONNIE
(sarcastically)
Maybe you should lean into one. It
looks like the only way anyone will
get on base.

Batter leans back looking at Ronnie like he's crazy.

WHOSSH!

UMPIRE
Strike 3 your out!

RONNIE
(to the batter)
Demarco kinda takes the fun out of
the game don't you think?

INT. THE OUTFIELD

The players are all bored. Some outfielders are shaking their heads. Shortstop is tying his shoe.

INT. ON THE MOUND

Willoughby waves his glove at a bee. But it won't leave him alone.

WILLOUGHBY

Go away!

It starts to chase Willoughby around the mound. Willoughby starts flailing wildly. From the audience Jill laughs with the crowd.

RONNIE

I take that back. This guy is a riot

(to umpire)

Time out! Ronnie trots up to the mound, and smacks down the bee for Willoughby.

WILLOUGHBY

(sigh of relief)

Thank you, thank you Ronnie. Something about me and bees. I imagine my natural effervescence is floral based or something.

RONNIE

Might be your cologne.

WILLOUGHBY

I don't wear cologne I use aftershave, but I think you might be right. I wore the same brand every day, from 18 years old to 40.

Ronnie rolls his eyes.

RONNIE

Thank you for sharing.

WILLOUGHBY

You bet.

Manager steps up to the mound.

ERNIE

What are you guys chit chatting about? We're sis strikes away from a no-hitter.

WILLOUGHBY

You think?

ERNIE
Shut up and get busy.

UMPIRE(O.S.)
Let's play ball!

RONNIE
Alright, throw these last two
clowns out and let's celebrate.
Then its drinks on Johnny Demarco!!

WILLOUGHBY
(shocked expression)
Ronnie!... Oh nevermind.

Ronnie returns to the plate.

RONNIE
Can we make this quick?

BATTER
Where'd this guy come from?

RONNIE
What do I look like, Columbo? Save
yourself the embarrassment, don't
swing.

WHOOSH! A swing and a miss.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
They never learn.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE LONG STOP BAR - NIGHT

Willoughby is surrounded by his teammates at the corner of
the bar.

RONNIE
So, tell us man. What's the secret?
Where'd you been hiding?

WILLOUGHBY
I've just been around. You know.

RONNIE
No, we don't know. Your arm is like
nothing anybody's ever seen before.

WILLOUGHBY
It's no big deal, really.

Sly stands on near the group sipping his beer, stewing.

RONNIE

You had to have played pro ball
somewhere. Where was it?

Willoughby shakes his head in disbelief.

WILLOUGHBY

You give me way too much credit.

RONNIE

You expect me to believe you just
pitched a major league no-hitter,
walking in off the street? C'mon,
you played somewhere. Where?

WILLOUGHBY

(to group)

Okay guys, I think I should be
honest.

Everyone's silent.

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)

I hate baseball.

Teammates, Jake, Rock, Ryan don't know how to react . . .
until Ronnie busts out laughing. They follow suit, patting
Willoughby on the head.

JAKE

This guy. John you're crazy!

SLY

Hate to break up the love-fest. But
Doesn't anyone find this
suspicious? A middle aged man walks
in to the starting pitcher position
for a major league baseball team.
Then throws a no-hitter in his
supposed debut.

RYAN

I know it's weird, but
suspicious... of what?

SLY

He's all juiced up, what else.

RYAN

Sly...he's been tested. He's clean.

SLY
 Somethin' ain't right. There is no
 info. No nothing. Not a single
 carbon footprint for a John
 Demarco.

Everyone turns to Willoughby.

WILLOUGHBY
 Good game everybody. Drink up, I'm
 buying.

Everyone drinks up and parties.

SLY
 (mumbles, a little to
 load)
 It ain't over yet. I'll find
 somthin' on you.

Willoughby hears Sly...

WILLOUGHBY
 (mutters)
 You're investigating me?

RONNIE
 Chill man, Demarco's one of us. Be
 happy we won!

Teammates cheer.

ROCK
 (pointing to TV)
 Oh turn it up! Sports-Center!

CU ON TV: SPORTS-CENTER BROADCAST.

SC REPORTER
 It was an incredible day in sports
 history as the struggling Seattle
 team debuted their secret weapon.
 Some old guy named John Demarco who
 throws heat like lightning. It's
 quite awe inspiring.

Everyone cheers as the report highlights the no-hitter and
 the pitcher.

SC REPORTER (CONT'D)
 Demarco's first game in the Majors happens on the same day as his first no-hitter. Who does that? No seriously I'm asking who does that?

All the teammates are laughing as they turn to Willoughby who has disappeared. They start looking around the bar for him.

CUT TO:

INT. BERTRAM MEDICAL RESEARCH INSTITUTE - NIGHT

Dr. Peter Jenkins wears an oxygen mask, as he mixes vials and heats Bunsen burners. Smoke is created, and his new ASSISTANT takes notes.

ASSISTANT
 Doctor, are there any alternative uses for this invention?

PETER
 My original goal was to create alternative rubber materials that would revolutionize the auto industry. That changed when I discovered the properties that were making rubber interact, were similar to human muscle tissues. All I needed was a stabilizing agent.

ASSISTANT
 Did you find the stabilizing agent?

PETER
 NO!
 (Beat)
 Some idiot burned the place down and the secret to the stabilizing agent went with it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILLOUGHBY'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Willoughby walks in excited.

WILLOUGHBY
 Jill?! Were you at the game?

Jill emerges from the kitchen.

JILL

Hey. I was there. A no-hitter your first day?

WILLOUGHBY

Not bad for a day's work.

JILL

How'd it feel?

WILLOUGHBY

Honestly, I still find baseball incredibly boring.

JILL

Boring?

WILLOUGHBY

Yes, I was taking catnaps between innings. They had to wake me to go back out there.

JILL

How does your arm feel?

WILLOUGHBY

Feels like it looks. Like I could pitch another no-hitter.

JILL

Sure, as long as no bees come up to bat.

WILLOUGHBY

Ha ha. I blame my effervescence.

JILL

Lucky for you your catcher came to the rescue. How are you getting along with the guys? A lot of buddy talk in the locker room?

WILLOUGHBY

I imagine like any workplace environment. Some you hate, some like you. And then you go out drinking.

JILL

You went out drinking with them?

WILLOUGHBY

But of course.

JILL
 You say that like it's mandatory.
 (beat)
 You're supposed to be keeping a low
 profile. Not adding alcohol into
 the mix.

Willoughby shows her what he earned for his first game.

JILL (CONT'D)
 . . . nice!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GAYLORD WILLOUGHBY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gayloard watches a P-90X DVD on television, while he sips tea. The housekeeper, MARIA, cleans up. She dusts a picture of Brad Willoughby.

MARIA
 Mr. Willoughby why you no do
 exercise like P90 people? Look like
 fun.

GAYLORD
 (sips tea)
 I have no doubt it's an enjoyable
 thirty minutes of merriment, Maria.
 But I like to do my homework before
 I commit to a workout regimen.

MARIA
 Oh. Want to find out if too hard to
 do.

GAYLORD
 Or too easy. You can't find out one
 without discovering the other.

MARIA
 You like watch men sweat all time.
 Should see ESPN. All types of
 sweating. Woman too.

GAYLORD
 ENOUGH of this sweating talk... I'm
 a married man you know.
 (beat)
 ESPN, that's the sports channel
 right?

Maria is exiting the room...

MARIA

Yes.

Gaylord changes the channel to ESPN. Sport-Center is on.

GAYLORD

(murmurs to himself)

Oh this must be like the CNN of sports. News desks and men wearing suits . . .

Before Gaylord changes the channel, he watches the countdown.

TV (V.O.)

And on his way to a spectacular no-hitter, debut performance, Seattle pitcher John Demarco has an unexpected opponent to contend with.

Footage shows Willoughby running around and flailing because of a bee.

GAYLORD

Oh heavens, it's just a bee.
Probably not even allergic.

Gaylord thinks, keeps watching, then notices how John Demarco stands after the bee is killed. Gaylord runs up to the TV screen.

GAYLORD (CONT'D)

I know that flight from the bumble bee anywhere. Willoughby, is that you?

MONTAGE

SEATTLE race for the pennant.

Willoughby pitches another no-hitter.

Sly Simmons barely escapes with a win.

Manager roots for the team, pumped by momentum.

Sly Simmons loses a game.

Stadium fills to capacity with screaming fans. Jill screams loudest of them all.

Manager relieves Sly, who is upset.

Willoughby saves the day again.

It's a SHOCK to everyone when a batter hits a foul ball.

Willoughby happily provides a urine sample to the lab.

Gaylord sits in the stands, watching the game. He wears a Seattle hat.

SPORTS-CENTER ANNOUNCER(V.O.)

We have a Phoenix rising from the ashes in the AMERICAN LEAGUE West. Seattle are poised to make a serious run for the pennant, on the shoulders of their star player John Demarco.

CUT TO:

INT. SEATTLE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Reporters crowd around as Willoughby he shies away from the press. He puts shades on and a hat.

REPORTER #1

John, can you take the shades off so we can see your eyes?

WILLOUGHBY

No, those lights from your flashing cameras are hurting my pupils.

REPORTER #2

Is sharing more of the pitching duties with Sly a good idea for the playoffs?

WILLOUGHBY

Sure, We got bullpen full of great pitchers. It's a team effort.

REPORTER #3

But it seems like we need more of what you bring.

WILLOUGHBY

No, I don't play the game alone. I play with a team.

REPORTER #4

Does it bother you that they get paid significantly more than you. But you appear to be the catalyst for this astonishing playoff run.

Sly watches Willoughby closely from the other side of the room.

WILLOUGHBY

No. Last question.

Willoughby has his back turned to the reporters.

GAYLORD (O.S.)

One question, Mr. Demarco.

The voice stiffens Willoughby's back.

GAYLORD (CONT'D)

Boxers or briefs?

The other reporters chuckle and walk away.

CUT TO:

INT. STADIUM PARKING DECK - DAY

Willoughby takes Gaylord aside to discreetly talk.

WILLOUGHBY

How did you get press credentials?

GAYLORD

Everybody with an online blog has credentials.

WILLOUGHBY

(hard stare)

YOU DIDN'T SEE ME.

GAYLORD

But I did.

WILLOUGHBY

I need to be dead to you.

GAYLORD

But you're not.

WILLOUGHBY

You know how Witness Protection works, don't you?

GAYLORD

I was going to ask you the same thing. If I'm not mistaken you're supposed to stay out of the lime light.

They both turn away from a passing car.

Fan from a car yells out...

FAN (O.S.)

Whoo-hoo! POP'S Demarco!

Willoughby takes waves.

WILLOUGHBY

I need you to walk away, and keep your mouth shut about everything. And don't tell dad anything. I should be able to come home one day.

GAYLORD

Let's talk about what you shouldn't be able to do. Like pitch a 125 mile an hour fast ball.

Willoughby nods his head nervously...

WILLOUGHBY

MOSTLY with the help of the wind.

GAYLORD

I know how much you hate baseball, and how baseball hates you. Just tell me how this is possible?

WILLOUGHBY

Okay, okay. I was working in a lab where a scientist was trying to create permanent tires. I fell on my arm in some of the toxic materials. I think that's when my arm changed. It made the muscles stronger.

GAYLORD

Really? That's the best you could come up with?

WILLOUGHBY

It's the truth. And the only logical explanation available.

GAYLORD

What you are saying is, you are able to beat all the other teams because you have an unfair advantage... That's called CHEATING!

Willoughby looks around for stray ears.

WILLOUGHBY

It could be interpreted that way by some... I suppose.

GAYLORD

And by some, you must mean EVERYONE.

WILLOUGHBY

Did you know sarcasm is the lowest form of wit?

GAYLORD

Did you know cheating is the epitome of lying?

WILLOUGHBY

That would depend on one's definition of cheating.

GAYLORD

Hmm, did you know...

WILLOUGHBY

...Oh would you shut up and GO!
You're going to get me killed.

Willoughby scurries away, leaving Gaylord behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILLOUGHBY AND JILL'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Willoughby rushes into their suite, sets his bag down.

WILLOUGHBY

Jill, honey! We need to talk! I saw my brother today, he knows...

Jill enters with a petrified look on her face. She holds a newspaper.

INSERT: NEWSPAPER WITH HEADLINE READING, MANHUNT FOR ESCAPED CONVICT, THE BUTCHER, CONTINUES'.

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)

Oh no.

Willoughby takes the paper from Jill, and starts to read.

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)

It says he's been gone for weeks. A personal care physician helped him cover it up.

JILL

We gotta get outta here. We gotta move again. He's had enough time to find us.

WILLOUGHBY

It's not that easy Jill. We could be anywhere. He doesn't know where we are.

JILL

You just said your brother already found you.

WILLOUGHBY

Point taken.

The doorbell RINGS, startling Jill and Willoughby.

JILL

That could be him. Go see.

WILLOUGHBY

(sarcastic)

Oh... go see if Death is at the front door.

TWO HARD BANGS on the door. Jill and Willoughby grab each other.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Open up, it's Agent West!

JILL

Oh good.

WILLOUGHBY
I don't trust it.

Jill welcomes AGENT WEST into the house.

JILL
I remember you, the cab driver.

AGENT WEST
Yes. Just making sure you have been following all our instructions.

Willoughby and Jill look at each other.

AGENT WEST (CONT'D)
Not doing so is how most covers get blown under witness protection.

WILLOUGHBY
Interesting.

AGENT WEST
I don't know if you heard, but The Butcher has escaped from federal lock-up.

WILLOUGHBY
I heard. It's in the paper. How did you guys let this happen?

AGENT WEST
He had a lot of help on the inside.

JILL
So he's had weeks to hunt us down. Do you have to move us again?

AGENT WEST
No need to panic. He can't find you. We went through a lot of trouble to make sure of that. I wouldn't worry, you're probably the last thing on his mind right now. He's trying to keep a low profile so he can stay out of prison.

Jill sighs.

AGENT WEST (CONT'D)
By the way, the beard is an excellent touch.

WILLOUGHBY

Thank you, I thought so too.

JILL

Do you like baseball, Agent West?

AGENT WEST

Booo-rrring.

JILL

Right.

AGENT WEST

Interestingly enough, we staked out a few stadiums because The Butcher is a big fan. We thought he might be brazen enough to show up at a game. He is crazy after all.

WILLOUGHBY

Thank you for stopping by and checking on us, Agent West.

AGENT WEST

Sure, if you have any problems, be sure to contact me.

JILL

We will. Thanks.

Jill shuts the door behind the Agent.

WILLOUGHBY

Just when we are on the verge of winning it all.

JILL

Screw baseball, I told you this was a bad idea.

WILLOUGHBY

But this is a once in a lifetime opportunity. We are on the way to becoming a world champion.

JILL

What are you talking about? This whole thing was about staying alive. This is why we're here in this mess. Trying to stay alive.

WILLOUGHBY

I know. I know. I was just hoping.

JILL
Stop hoping. Start thinking. I'm
going to talk to Agent West, about
getting us relocated.

The doorbell RINGS. Jill freezes. Willoughby goes to answer.

JILL (CONT'D)
Wait, wait.

WILLOUGHBY
What?.

JILL
(beat)
Be careful.

Willoughby opens the door to Sly. He looks around...

SLY
I'm alone. I was hoping we could
talk.

Jill yells out from the kitchen.

JILL(O.S.)
Who is it John?

WILLOUGHBY
It's Sly!

Willoughby leads him to the couch, and they sit.

SLY
First off John, I just want to say
sorry.

WILLOUGHBY
Oh?

SLY
Yeah. I've kinda been a jerk over
the past couple of months. I guess
I felt insecure about my position.
And I spent so much time focusing
on bringing you down. I wasn't
enjoying the wild ride we were on.
You have an amazing talent John and
you've really helped our team.

WILLOUGHBY
Thank you for the kind words, Sly.

SLY

You've helped me elevate my own pitching. And I want to thank you. One more game and we're in the World Series. This is our dream coming true.

WILLOUGHBY

You bet.

SLY

I've worked so hard for so long for this opportunity. And I realize that this kind of magic doesn't come around every day.

WILLOUGHBY

Sly you're right about one thing. Magic doesn't come around every day. I'm just a lucky flash in the pan...

SLY

(cuts-in)

...you're anything but, your the real deal, your the best I've ever seen.

Willoughby looks at Sly with a somber stare

WILLOUGHBY

You're the REAL DEAL Sly, not me, don't ever forget it.

SLY

Lets win this thing together

WILLOUGHBY

It would be my great pleasure.

They embrace.

SLY

Have a good night, John.

WILLOUGHBY

You too buddy.

Willoughby closes the door, and walks into the kitchen to see Jill.

JILL

I know what you're thinking.

WILLOUGHBY

You couldn't possibly know what I'm thinking.

JILL

REALLY! You're thinking, it's not about the money anymore. You have a chance to make HISTORY, and this guy's dream come true. And you want to play in this game despite the fact that a homicidal maniac has escaped prison and is looking for you.

WILLOUGHBY

I was thinking about you, and whether you're crazy enough to stick it out with me.

JILL

I love you Willoughby and I'm just crazy enough!

She hugs and kisses Willoughby.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GAYLORD'S HOUSE - DAY

Gaylord walks into the living room. His DAD, gray hair elderly man, is on the couch watching baseball.

GAYLORD

What are you doing this afternoon?

DAD

Oh nothing. Watching a little baseball on TV.

GAYLORD

Sounds riveting.

DAD

Hey I don't make fun of your Downtown Abby.

GAYLORD

Have fun dad.

Dad catches Gaylord putting on a baseball cap as he shuts the door.

DAD

What the...

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE - BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

The stands are packed with crazed Seattle fans. In the Owner's box, Mr. Santos and Jeff watch nervously.

KEN

This one's for all the marbles. The winner goes to the World Series. Talk about a Cinderella story.

KEVIN

Are we talking about Seattle or John Demarco?

KEN

Doesn't really matter when we're one game away from the World Series.

INT. SEEDY BAR - DAY

The Butcher sits at the bar with a hood over his head. He sips from a large glass of beer. The television is on the news.

TV ANCHOR

(on television)

The manhunt continues for The Butcher. If you have seen or heard anything please contact authorities.

BARTENDER

I wish they'd hurry up and catch this guy.

PATRON

Hey can you turn it to the baseball game?

Bartender turns the television channel to American League Championship game.

CUT TO:

INT. GAYLORD'S HOUSE - DAY

Dad watches the game, then looks back towards the door. He looks at the game again, and thinks to himself. Something's up.

Pulling out his phone. Dad dials Gaylord.

CUT TO:

INT. GAYLORD'S CAR - DAY - MOVING

Gaylord answers phone while driving.

GAYLORD
Hey Dad, what's up?

DAD
That's what I want to know?

GAYLORD
What you mean?

DAD
Where are you right now?

GAYLORD
Uhh, I'm driving. To the store.

DAD
You're lying. You're going to the ball game, aren't you?

GAYLORD
What!? Why would I do that? That's just silly.

DAD
Then why is there a charge on your bank statement from StubHub?

GAYLORD
(annoyed)
You checked my banking statement? Why did you do that? Better question. How did you do that?

DAD
I didn't do that genius. I just had a hunch... Now I know something's up.

Dad hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

Jill sits behind third base, cheering. The other Seattle fans are getting angry. Further up top Gaylord makes himself comfortable among other Seattle fans.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH

KEVIN

This is turning out to be what everyone expected. A cake walk for Seattle as long as they have POP'S Demarco on the mound. He's pitching a no hitter. This is crazy, I can't believe it.

KEN

A new Nickname. Pops Demarco. I like it!

KEVIN

We're watching history as the greatest single season in major league history marches to a World Series appearance. Seattle is up by 4 in the final inning.

ON THE PITCHER'S MOUND

Willoughby is pitching a no hitter. He looks to his team's dugout. He focuses in on Sly, who's cheering him on. Then looks to all his teammates in the outfield, who are cheering him on. Then he looks at the score.

RONNIE

(from home-plate)

Two more Johnny!! Two more outs!!
Quick and easy.

Willoughby winds up, pulls his arm back and drops the ball out of his hand. The crowd gasps. Jill jumps to her feet. So does Gaylord.

KEN (V.O.)

Pops Demarco appears to have pulled something!

Ronnie runs out onto the field, so does Ernie.

ERNIE
You alright John?

RONNIE
Oh man, not now.

WILLOUGHBY
I think I'm done, guys. Think I
need Sly to close.

ERNIE
He hasn't even been warming up. You
never need a closer.

WILLOUGHBY
I think you're underestimating Sly.

Ernie and Ronnie walk Willoughby toward the dugout. The crowd
cheers.

EXT. IN THE STANDS

Gaylord looks at everyone's reaction.

GAYLORD
What is the meaning of this
outrage? You can't do that to
Willoughby!

CUT TO:

INT. IN THE DUGOUT

Willoughby looks into Sly's stunned eyes.

WILLOUGHBY
Take us to the win.

Sly exhales deeply and trots onto the field.

FIVE MINUTES LATER

The score is still 4-0, with one out. The bases are loaded.
The crowd is in a frenzy. Sly is sweating bullets.

INT. IN THE DUGOUT

Willoughby can feel how loud the stadium is from his seat on
the bench. Everyone is on edge of their seats.

CUT TO:

EXT. ON THE FIELD

Sly pitches. The batter bunts. And Sly over throws the runner at first. One run is scored, and another is on his way home.

The throw from first base reaches Ronnie a second too late. The score is now 4-2, with men on 1st and 2nd. Sly is on the mound, a wreck. Everyone else shouts encouragement or ridicule. Willoughby gets up and walks towards the locker room.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Willoughby flips the light switch on, then clicks on an electric razor. He starts to shave his beard, as the noise from the stadium continues.

TEN MINUTES LATER

INT. AT THE LOCKERS

Willoughby sits at his locker watching his teammates pour champagne on top of each other. The reporters crowd around Sly. Sly recounts how scared he was, and what he was thinking before they won. He grins over at Willoughby, and Willoughby grins back with satisfaction. A couple reporters notice Willoughby is by himself.

REPORTER #1

How's your arm feeling John? Think you'll be ready for the World Series?

WILLOUGHBY

(looks directly into camera).
Oh sure, I'll be ready.

CUT TO:

INT. GAYLORD'S HOME - DAY

Willoughby's, Dad's jaw drops, stunned that his son Brad is alive and pitching for Seattle. Gaylord arrives home.

DAD

Gaylord! Your brother is alive. You won't believe who's pitching for Seattle!

GAYLORD

Brad. I know dad. Goodnight.

Dad is stunned.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Bev, Willoughby's friend and producer, is being hit on at the bar. As the guy at the bar whispers something in her ear, she catches a glimpse of the TV--

BEV

Willoughby? I know that guy!

The guy keeps flirting. She puts a hand in his face.

CUT TO:

INT. SEEDY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The Butcher sits on the bed in a dark hotel room. Willoughby's face appears on the screen, and he pauses with a murderous stare.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILLOUGHBY AND JILL'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Jill sits next to Willoughby on the couch.

JILL

I'm really proud of you, Brad.

WILLOUGHBY

You haven't called me that in a long time.

JILL

It felt good. I liked Brad, I remember he was full of jokes.

WILLOUGHBY

Well, I was, and am very fond of Jill as well. It's amazing we've been together all this time and have never had a proper date.

JILL

Sure we did. The airport gift shop.

WILLOUGHBY
You call that proper?

JILL
It was the real you. And the real
me. Welcome back old friend.

WILLOUGHBY
Just think, all this because we
didn't fly Southwest.

JILL
No matter what happens, know this,
it will always be real for me.

WILLOUGHBY
To be continued. Promise.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SEATTLE STADIUM - WORLD SERIES - NIGHT

The stadium is packed with fans.

St. Louis vs. Seattle.

INT. INSIDE ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH

KEV
These two titans are ready to go.

KEN
I'm hearing through the grapevine
Demarco's real name is Brad
Willoughby. An actor.

KEV
People will make up anything in
this need to know generation.

INT. AT THE ENTRANCE TO STADIUM

The Butcher wears a yellow security jacket, blending in. A
busy SECURITY MANAGER approaches him.

SECURITY MANAGER
(to the Butcher)
You come with me. I need you to
clean something in the bathroom.

The Butcher follows the Security Manager to the bathroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STANDS

Gaylord, Willoughby's Dad, and Bev, make their way to their seats.

BEV

This is amazing, World Series tickets. How is Willoughby able to play professional baseball?

DAD

Your guess is as good as mine. I remembered when the boy broke his wrist knitting. Baseball was always out of the question.

GAYLORD

It appears the joke is on you dad.

DAD

You can say that again! You sure he's not on the Juice or something?

GAYLORD

No, they tested him for everything. I checked.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Butcher come out of the bathroom alone. An all-access badge hangs from his neck. He passes through a door that reads Authorized Personnel Only.

IN THE BATHROOM

The Security Manager's feet are seen under the stall, lifeless.

INT. SEATTLE LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Sly stops by Willoughby's locker.

SLY

I know what you did for me.

WILLOUGHBY

What do you mean?

SLY

I know. Now let's go win the World Series.

Sly playfully taps Willoughby's chest. It feels hard like a board.

WILLOUGHBY

Just a little extra protection.

SLY

From what? A drone strike.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE STADIUM - NIGHT

Both teams line up in front of their dugout for the National Anthem.

POLICE (V.O.)

(into an earpiece)
Okay, Willoughby. We want to draw him out. We have eyes all over the stadium looking out for him.

WILLOUGHBY

(whispers)
How am I supposed to do that?

POLICE(V.O.)

(into an earpiece)
Improvise.

WILLOUGHBY

(shouts)
Oh GOODY.

POLICE (V.O.)

Shhh.

WILLOUGHBY

(whispering)
Okay, here it goes.

Willoughby walks over to the girl singing the national anthem.

GIRL SINGING

--and the hooome of theeee,
Braaave!

Fireworks go off, excitement fills the air. Willoughby snatches the microphone from the girl.

POLICE (V.O.)
 (into earphones)
 Everyone stay sharp.

WILLOUGHBY
 Good evening everyone. Before we get started I would like to say a few words. My name is John Demarco, also known as Brad Willoughby.
 (beat)
 And I am the luckiest man on earth. Life could not be better for me since I put an end to the senseless murder spree of the man they call The Butcher or the Baker, or whatever he calls himself...

INT. IN THE STANDS

The crowd Ohhhs.

KEN (V.O.)
 (from booth)
 What does this have to do with baseball?

KEV (V.O.)
 (from booth)
 Everyone's wondering what Pops is doing.

DAD
 What is Willoughby doing?

GAYLORD
 I don't know.

DAD
 I thought you said he was in witness protection...

BEV
 Shh!

INT. BACK ON THE FIELD

Willoughby's voice still being broadcast throughout the stadium.

WILLOUGHBY
But today I'm here to win...

RONNIE
(cuts-in)
...Okay, Lets play ball!

A few scattered laughs. A fan from the crowd YELLS OUT.

FAN (O.S.)
Somebody's been murdered in the
bathroom!!!

Waves of panic roll through the small stadium.

WILLOUGHBY
(mic is still on)
Oh no . . . it's probably a
different killer! Don't panic
folks.

POLICE(V.O.)
(into ear piece)
Check all the bathrooms. Over!

FAN IN THE CROWD
The Butcher's here!! The Butcher's
here!! Run!

People start to scream. Gaylord, and THE BUNCH are panicking just like everyone else.

WILLOUGHBY'S DAD
Everyone calm down! The police are
here! They will handle it!

POLICE (V.O.)
(into ear piece)
We need to lock down the stadium!!
Lock down the stadium!

FAN IN THE CROWD
Demarco tried to use us as bait!!

WILLOUGHBY
No, no, I was just.

The crowd starts to run for the exits. Some run onto the field towards Willoughby.

FAN IN THE CROWD
 (screams out)
 You tried to use us as bait!! Get
 him!!

Willoughby starts running from the crowd. In the midst of the angry mob chasing him, he notices a smiling man wielding a butcher knife.

WILLOUGHBY
 (shouts)
 There he is!!

The Butcher runs Willoughby down and swings wildly into his back. Which knocks Willoughby to the ground.

The rest of the crowd, mostly Seattle fans, don't realize they're standing next to The Butcher, with Willoughby on his back.

The Butcher goes for a swipe at his neck. He draws his arm back and... POW! POW! POW! Three rifle shots send The Butcher to the ground.

Everyone else scatters, while Willoughby passes out.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Willoughby wakes up in a hospital bed, with Gaylord, Dad, Bev, and Jill standing at his side.

JILL
 Hi.

DAD
 Almost thought we lost you there
 for a minute.

WILLOUGHBY
 Since you are all here, I can only
 assume that it was not a dream.

JILL
 It was no dream.

WILLOUGHBY
 What about the game?

DAD
 You lost. But it was close.

WILLOUGHBY
 (shouts)
 DAMMIT!

GAYLORD
 You really care about this game?

WILLOUGHBY
 Not the game. But my teammates. I
 just want to finish what I started.

A beat.

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)
 And what about . . .

BEV
 He's dead.

DAD
 Alright, let's go. You get some
 rest. We can throw a ball around
 after the series is over.

WILLOUGHBY
 We'll do that Dad.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILLOUGHBY'S NEW HOME - NIGHT

A WEEK LATER

Gaylord, Bev, and Dad mingle, Jill sits down.

JILL
 (to everyone)
 Did you guys know that Willoughby
 is a very funny guy when he wants
 to be... It was what I liked best
 about him when we met. And it's
 what I love most about him now.

GAYLORD
 You don't say!

JILL
 I do!
 (beat)
 Why don't you say something funny.

WILLOUGHBY

Sure! Better yet I'll read something funny, a joke.

(reads the sports news to)
(all of them.)

Seattle went on to win the series. But it was no cake-walk even with Pops Demarco. And that was evident when his arm gave out in game 6. Sly Simmons took the final game. Giving Seattle the Series. John Pops Demarco retired that same night.

DAD

You're no joke son. Not only are you the greatest player that ever lived. As an actor you just played your greatest role.

WILLOUGHBY

Funny you should say that.

There is a short silent pause.

WILLOUGHBY (CONT'D)

I get to play the part all over again. They're making a movie about it. I'm Playing the lead. I'm BACK!!!

DAD

Son, sometimes life throws you a curve ball.

They all smile proudly.

FADE OUT.

THE END