

EVERYBODY'S SOMEBODY

by

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EXT. STREET - DAY

Athletic legs move brand new running shoes at a rapid pace through the upper class neighborhood. MYRON (BEAS) BEASLEY (17), tall, strong, races up a walkway to a large house.

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - DAY

Myron enters and races upstairs. The hallway at the top of the stairs has open doors on both sides. MRS. RACHEL BEASLEY (37), statuesque, blond, speaks to DR. JOSEPH BEASLEY (45), tall, dark hair, who is in another room.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Will you be able to make the charity auction tonight?

JOE (O.S.)

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

RACHEL (O.S.)

Oh honey. I was hoping--

MYRON

Anyone seen my backpack?

RACHEL (O.S.)

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

JOE (O.S.)

Then you shouldn't set so many up.

MYRON

Anyone gonna go to my game Friday?

RACHEL (O.S.)

Nope, I'm busy!

JOE (O.S.)

Maybe another time!

MYRON

How 'bout the next Friday?

RACHEL

Can't. We got plans.

INT. CORONA DEL MAR HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

ALFRED (35), scrawny basketball coach, enters with the much larger football coach, DENNIS (38), and baseball coach, JACK (32), close behind.

DENNIS

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

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

MIKE

What about Myron's grades?

ALFRED

Rumor is he's failing.

DENNIS

You know what he means to the school.

Mike breaks through the circle.

MIKE

Well, gentlemen, I'd like to help you but if he fails he fails. There's nothing I can--

Alfred grabs Mike by the lapels.

ALFRED

We need him or we'll lose games!

JACK

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

DENNIS

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

ALFRED

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

MIKE

On top of all that, our school will have a black mark if the nation's top athlete can't pass his subjects.

Jack pulls Alfred's hands off Mike.

JACK

We all know he's gonna sign with a pro team someday.

MIKE

How can you make a statement like that?

DENNIS

You've seen all the scouts. It's just a matter of time before he's on boxes of Wheaties.

ALFRED

It's not like he's going to look back and say, I sure wish I had dissected that frog better in biology class. Get real, Mike.

MIKE

Yeah, I know. I can't believe I've got to smell formaldehyde all day. I'll see what I can do.

JACK

Great! We'll see you around, Mike.

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

ALFRED

I hope I wasn't too tough on ya.

As soon as the coaches leave, Mike pulls a large bottle of bourbon out of his desk and takes a big swig.

MONTAGE - OTHER TEACHERS

--The History teacher pulls a bottle of vodka from her desk.

--The English teacher pulls a bottle of rum from her desk.

--The Math teacher guzzles a bottle of tequila.

EXT. CUMMINGS RESIDENCE - DAY

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

LISA CUMMINGS (17), average, brown hair, MR. CUMMINGS (45), stocky, and MRS. CUMMINGS (45), statuesque, sun dress, exit the single story, fixer-upper home with sparse landscape.

MRS. CUMMINGS  
Have a nice day at school.

LISA  
Thanks mom.

Lisa checks her watch and hurries off cradling books against her chest.

MRS. CUMMINGS  
Have a nice day at work hon.

MR. CUMMINGS  
Thanks hon.

They peck lips.

MRS. CUMMINGS  
Chicken, mashed potatoes, and corn  
on the cob for dinner.

MR. CUMMINGS  
Great.

Mr. Cummings waves as he backs out the driveway in his worn Ford Taurus.

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - DAY

MYRON'S BEDROOM

Myron enters dripping wet and only a towel around his waist. Several different brand new sports shoes are scattered on the floor. He puts on a polo shirt as he sneaks over to his window. He sees Lisa hiding behind a tree.

MYRON  
Can't she take a hint?

HALLWAY STAIRS

MYRON  
Bye!

Myron races down the stairs and stops on a dime. He looks back up the stairs, pauses, and exits.

EXT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - DAY

Myron sees Lisa smile and wave at a homely, bespectacled girl.

LISA  
How'd your weekend go Myron?

Myron steps onto the sidewalk and tries to speedwalk ahead of Lisa while avoiding the homely girl as if she has leprosy. Lisa speeds up and walks next to him.

MYRON  
Coaches made me lift weights.

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

STUDENT ONE  
Hey Beas, we gonna win Friday?

MYRON  
Who knows? We're going against a strong Newport Harbor team.

LISA  
You don't need to be that way.

STUDENT TWO  
I'm sure we'll win. We've got the Killer Beas!

STUDENT THREE  
Bet you throw five touchdowns, Beas!

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

CINDY (17), blonde, model looks, drives alongside in a late model Mercedes convertible.

CINDY  
Hop in...

Myron and Lisa start toward the car.

CINDY  
...Beas.

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

CINDY

Bye, Lisa.

The car speeds off.

INT. CINDY'S CAR - DAY

Cindy puts her hand on Myron's thigh.

CINDY

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

MYRON

She thinks she can go out with me.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Lots of students walk onto the campus. The car pulls into a  
handicap parking spot at the front of the school lot. Cindy  
hangs a blue handicap sign on the rear view mirror arm.  
Myron and Cindy get out of the car.

Cindy walks over to Myron and puts out her slightly bent  
arm.

CINDY

Walk me to class.

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

JIMMY

Hey Beas!

MYRON

I've gotta talk to Jimmy.

She starts off toward school.

CINDY

Call me, Beas.

Jimmy gazes as she parades away.

JIMMY

You struck gold.

MYRON

I struck a golddigger.

JIMMY

You can send her my way anytime.

MYRON

What's your mailing address?

JIMMY

Was low maintenance Lisa in front of your house again?

MYRON

Have you seen her clothes? She's no maintenance.

A TV news van with a giant, telescopic antenna is nearby. A TV REPORTER and camera man hop out of the van. The TV reporter puts a microphone up to Myron.

TV REPORTER

How 'bout a couple words Beas?

MYRON

We'll win Friday because of me. Gotta go.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

From the dugout, Myron's teammates BASEBALL PLAYER #1 and BASEBALL PLAYER #2 spot a couple major league scouts, JIM ABBOTT and PAUL MOLITOR, who watch from behind a chain link fence.

BASEBALL PLAYER ONE

Looks like the Baltimore Orioles are back checking out Beas.

BASEBALL PLAYER TWO

Last week the Oakland Raiders, this week the Orioles.

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

The ball shoots out from between the tires making a SWOOSH sound as it blazes towards home plate. Myron swings and lines the ball to deep left field. Each repetitive SWOOSH is immediately followed by a LOUD CRACK.

JIM ABBOTT

So what do you think Molly?

PAUL MOLITOR

Jim, I think we're looking at a future superstar.

JIM ABBOTT

You sound pretty confident.

PAUL MOLITOR

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

JIM ABBOTT

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

PAUL MOLITOR

Let's hope he changes.

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

DENNIS

Beas! Time to go!

JACK

He'll be with you in a minute!

DENNIS

He's on my time now! I need him now!

JACK

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

PAUL MOLITOR

We know where Beas gets his attitude.

Jack leans in toward Myron.

JACK

Now remember the homework shortcut I taught you.

MYRON

I know, just memorize in detail one main part and forget everything else.

JACK

You're going to make it to the bigs, Beas. All that stuff your teachers are cramming into your

JACK  
head isn't gonna matter.

MYRON  
I don't want--

JACK  
Beas, you can choose any one of  
three sports and be rewarded big  
time. Just keep doing what we  
tell you.

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

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

From behind a chain link fence, several men with clipboards  
watch Myron jog onto the field. Molitor and Abbott take  
positions near the other men. The SUBSTITUTE QUARTERBACK  
takes off a red vest and hands it to Myron.

SUBSTITUTE QUARTERBACK  
Here's the shield. Do you think  
coach would notice if the two of  
us were wearing red vests?

Myron puts on the vest.

MYRON  
Yeah, so don't even try it.

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

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

Myron throws a perfect pass to a wide receiver who drops the  
ball.

MYRON  
I'm wasting my time with you  
bozos!

Molitor and Abbott watch Myron gesture at his teammates.

LATER

Alfred stands on the sidelines. He holds a basketball between his knees and a bottle of water in his hand. He cups his hands to his mouth to act as a megaphone.

ALFRED

Beas! Four o'clock! Time to go!

Myron doesn't hear him. A FOOTBALL PLAYER notices.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

Mr. Beasley, you're wanted on the basketball court!

Myron sees Alfred.

MYRON

In a sec, Mr. Universe!

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

MYRON

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

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

Myron trots off the field.

SUBSTITUTE QUARTERBACK

Later, Beas!

FOOTBALL PLAYER

See ya, Beas.

Dennis intercepts Myron before he can make it to Alfred.

DENNIS

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

MYRON

Whudchu do now?

DENNIS

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

MYRON

I don't--

DENNIS

We want you to spend more time practicing.

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

MYRON

I'm only getting five hours of sleep as it is and--

The coach hands him the wristband.

DENNIS

I've arranged for you to use this when you take your exams. Make some notes on it and wear it on exam day.

MYRON

I might get kicked out of school.

DENNIS

I told ya, your teachers are gonna pass you. We gave you a chance as a walk-on freshman, so just do it, Beas.

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

ALFRED

Three on three with some UCLA players.

Myron swipes the basketball and dribbles off.

EXT. GYM - NIGHT

Myron dribbles a basketball while he runs across the dark gym parking lot.

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

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

RACHEL

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

Myron enters and puts down his backpack at the base of the stairs. He walks past his parents who don't look at him.

RACHEL

Your food's on the stove.

KITCHEN

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

DINING ROOM

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

RACHEL

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

JOE

What day of the week is it?

RACHEL

Friday.

He pushes his laptop aside.

JOE

Gosh, honey. Alright, I'll go.

RACHEL

Good, I'll take your tux to the cleaners.

JOE

You might as well call me The Penguin.

Myron finishes his meal, rinses his plates off in the sink, grabs his backpack, and runs upstairs.

MYRON'S BEDROOM

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

TV FOOTBALL ANNOUNCER

(on TV)

This injury doesn't look good.  
We'll be right back after these  
words from your local station.

MYRON

All the hours spent practicing and  
then that happens.

Myron flips through a book.

MYRON

Okay. What's he going to talk  
about tomorrow? The cell nucleus.  
The nucleus is the brain of a  
cell. The nucleus is the brain of  
the cell. The nucleus is....

EXT. STREET - DAY

Myron races down a store-lined street.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

An ancient, brown, beat up Chevy pickup pulls up to the curb between two sleek, newly-polished cars; a gold Lamborghini and a silver Ferrari.

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

HISPANIC DRIVER

Hola, Senor Peter.

PETER

Wonderful day, isn't it?

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

HISPANIC DRIVER  
It's a wonderful day senior!

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The Hispanic driver gives the bag to a young Hispanic girl who opens the bag and washes the oranges. In assembly line fashion, another girl peels them.

Another young, female Hispanic employee feeds one orange at a time into a large juice squeezer machine. Orange juice comes out the spigot into a clear, plastic cup. The employee places the orange juice on a circular tray.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The employee places the orange juice on a table and returns to the shop. Peter picks up the tray as Myron approaches rapidly.

PETER  
Wonderful day, isn't it Beas?

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

MYRON  
I told you not so much pulp  
anymore, pal.

PETER  
Alright. And the name's Peter.

MYRON  
Whatever.

He takes a last gulp and tosses the cup which bounces off a dirty, homeless trash man, KEITH (55), who is replacing the liner of a public trash can.

KEITH  
Hey Beas! How's it going?

Myron snickers at Keith who picks up the cup which fell amongst his separated bottles and cans. He places the cup in the trash can. Alfred appears from behind a hedge and joins Myron.

ALFRED  
I thought I told you to dribble a  
basketball when you run.

MYRON

So.

Cindy holds a coffee cup as she gets into her car.

MYRON

Hey Cindy.

CINDY

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

Myron almost trips.

ALFRED

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

Alfred stops running and gasps for air.

ALFRED

And don't stop at the bakery!

INT. BAKERY - DAY

The baker, PAUL (48), wearing a white apron and chef's hat, uses tongs to pick out the two largest chocolate donuts in the display case. He carefully places napkins and the donuts in a white paper bag and neatly folds the top closed.

EXT. BAKERY - DAY

Paul checks his watch and moves quickly toward the sidewalk. The BAKER'S WIFE comes outside and stands next to him with a stern look. Myron approaches rapidly.

PAUL

Two chocolate devils.

MYRON

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

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

PAUL

You got it Beas!

BAKER'S WIFE

Why do you let him treat you like that?

They walk toward the entrance and the baker smiles back at Myron who is already in the distance.

PAUL

We'll be able to tell our grand kids we helped train the world's greatest athlete.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Myron takes the last bite of his donuts, wipes his mouth with a napkin, and crumples up the white bag. A man stands with a bottled water in a bucket of ice water. He pulls out the bottled water and dips a sponge into the bucket.

Myron throws the bag near the man who hands both the sponge and bottled water to Myron on the run. Myron squeezes the sponge over his head and the back of his neck before discarding it.

INT. HOAG HOSPITAL - DAY

An ORGAN DELIVERY MAN races down a hallway carrying a red Igloo cooler. He passes Myron.

ORGAN DELIVERY MAN

Hey Beas!

He flies through double swing doors.

ORGAN DELIVERY MAN

Got the heart with the new Edwards' heart valves.

Joe washes his hands before a nurse puts surgical gloves on his hands.

JOE

Great. Take them in.

The organ delivery man dashes off. Myron enters rubbing his right triceps muscle.

MYRON

Dad, your grain-size tracking chip feels like a boulder.

JOE

That's normal at the beginning. I gotta go do a surgery.

Joe swiftly moves away.

MYRON

This better not affect my sports.

JOE

What if you get kidnapped again?

MYRON

That was the cheerleaders playing a prank.

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Mike hides behind his desk drinking from a large bourbon bottle through a straw. Myron anxiously waits on the edge of his seat. Mike puts the bottle back and closes the drawer.

MIKE

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

Myron waves his hand.

MYRON

Oh! Oh! Oh!

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

MIKE

Myron.

MYRON

(like a robot)

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

MIKE

Okay, very good.

MYRON

The nucleus contains RNA, DNA, and proteins.

The students snicker.

MIKE

Okay. That's enough, Myron.

Myron smiles as he leans back in his chair.

MIKE

Maybe I should ask you a different question.

MYRON

Go ahead. I dare ya.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

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

JACK

Eighty-seven!

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

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

JACK

Eighty-eight, but off the mark!

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

JACK

Eighty-eight!

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

JACK

Eighty-seven!

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

JACK  
Eighty-seven, but off the mark!

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

JACK  
Eighty-eight!

MYRON  
Is that the hardest you can throw?

JIMMY  
That's my best heat. I'm not Josh Beckett.

Jimmy winds up and lets the next pitch go with every ounce of energy. Myron's helmet flies off as he turns to avoid the wild pitch. The ball hits him in the left temple region. He lies motionless on the ground.

INT. HOAG HOSPITAL - DAY

Myron lies in bed motionless. His father paces at his bedside. Lisa is also present.

MYRON  
Ooohh.

JOE  
He's awake! He's awake!

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

MYRON  
What happened?

JOE  
It's okay son. You had an injury on the baseball field.

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

MYRON  
I've got a splitting headache.  
What happened?

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

MYRON

Didn't they feed me?

JOE

Get a large pepperoni pizza, lots of chicken, and anything else you can find. Whatever you think is enough, then triple it!

NURSE

Right away doctor.

Joe pulls his cell phone out of his white doctor's coat and dials. Myron pulls the dividing curtain separating him from another patient.

Myron leans over and steals food off the sleeping patient's plate. Lisa slaps his hand and pulls the curtain shut.

JOE

He's awake. When can you get here? An hour! Charity luncheon! Just leave it and get over here!

He hangs up.

JOE

The food should be here soon.

MYRON

My head's killing me.

Joe leans over and examines his head.

JOE

You've got some swelling, but it should start going down within a couple days.

Myron leans toward Joe and whispers.

MYRON

Didn't I have to go to the bathroom?

JOE

More than anyone would ever believe.

He points to a passing nurse.

JOE

But she took care of it.

MYRON  
How embarrassing.

LATER

A large amount of food arrives in plastic bags. Myron perks up and shovels pizza and chicken into his mouth.

LATER

Rachel arrives.

RACHEL  
Oh Myron! How do you feel?

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

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

JOE  
Son, I don't know how to tell you this, but I talked to your neurosurgeon, and the injury you've suffered has caused a crimping of the artery in your temple region. Medications and treatments will not help.

There is dead silence. Joe and Rachel turn around. Joe yanks the chicken out of Myron's mouth and lightly slaps his face.

JOE  
Come on, Myron, wake up.

Myron wakes up and sees the empty plates.

MYRON  
Is there any chicken left?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Myron walks down a busy corridor. He blacks out and falls to the floor. Lisa runs to his aid. All the other students, including Cindy, look at him like a freak. Lisa gently slaps his face.

LISA

Can you hear me Myron?

Myron wakes up groggy, but quickly gets up when he sees others.

MYRON

Did anyone see me?

LISA

Don't worry about it.

MYRON

(to passing  
students)

I'm okay.

Cindy walks by.

CINDY

Nice one Beas.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Myron pulls into the first handicapped parking space in his late model BMW. A homely-looking nurse rides shotgun. On her side of the floor are co-driver accelerator and brake pedals similar to driver education cars.

Cindy pulls into the handicapped parking space next to the BMW and puts her handicapped sign on the rear view mirror arm. Cindy and other students see Myron reject the nurse's help getting up the curb.

INT. SCIENCE CLASS - DAY

Students see Myron's nurse seated next to him and snicker. Lisa watches from nearby. Myron leans over toward Cindy who sits next to him.

MYRON

Ruth's Chris tonight?

CINDY

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

The other students laugh, except Lisa.

LATER

The school bell RINGS. Lisa walks out with Myron.

LISA  
I'm not busy tonight.

MYRON  
I don't think so.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Myron watches his former teammates practice from behind a chain link fence.

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

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

MYRON  
I'm not a baby!

He storms off.

RACHEL  
Myron!

INSIDE MYRON'S ROOM

Myron wakes up. The clock reads "8:03." He looks through the blinds and sees Lisa hiding behind the tree.

EXT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - DAY

Myron exits. He's under-dressed and barefoot. He walks out to Lisa on the sidewalk. Passing students ignore Myron.

LISA  
Aren't you going to school?

MYRON  
I may never go back.

LISA  
What?

MYRON

I'm going to do whatever it takes  
to be a pro.

LISA

But the blackouts--

MYRON

I'm not going to let those stop  
me.

LATER

Myron closes the front door and tip toes down the front  
steps.

EXT. BATTING CAGES - DAY

Myron walks up to the counter where Jimmy works.

JIMMY

I'm really sorry about everything.

MYRON

I need a couple tokens for the  
batting cages.

JIMMY

Do you really think you otta be  
doing this?

Jimmy hands Myron a few tokens.

MYRON

I wanna see if my game's still  
there.

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

MYRON

I can still do this.

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

EXT. STREET - DAY

Myron jogs toward the cafe. Peter sets up tables.

MYRON

Where's my o.j.?

PETER

I didn't think you were training anymore.

MYRON

Well I am, so get my o.j.

Peter enters and goes straight to the young Hispanic girl at the orange juice machine.

Peter exits with a cup of orange juice.

PETER

This is your last orange juice.

Myron grabs the orange juice and runs off.

INT. BAKERY - DAY

Myron enters and walks up to the display window.

MYRON

I need a couple chocolate devils.

PAUL

Which ones do--

BAKER'S WIFE

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

She uses tongs to throw a few into a white paper bag.

MYRON

Do you know who I am?

BAKER'S WIFE

Yeah, you're a washed up has-been.

Myron snatches the bag from her and walks toward the door.

MYRON

There are other places with better donuts.

EXT. BAKERY - DAY

Myron exits and runs down the street. He opens the bag and pops a donut hole into his mouth. He blacks out and falls to the ground. The bag flies out of his hand. Donut holes tumble out of the bag and hit the ground.

EXT. BATTING CAGE - DAY

Myron walks up to the counter.

JIMMY

Do you really think you should  
keep doing this?

Jimmy hands him some tokens. Myron steps into the batter's box and hits several balls hard. He blacks out and falls to the ground.

EXT. CUMMINGS RESIDENCE - DAY

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

MYRON

Hi Lisa.

LISA

Hi!

She walks over to Myron, pours a lemonade, and hands him the glass.

MYRON

Thanks. Did you wanna go to  
Ruth's Chris tonight?

LISA

I'll settle for a walk instead.

Lisa sets the pitcher of lemonade down and the two walk down the street. Lisa waves at the homely, bespectacled girl who sits on her front porch.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Lisa and Myron see Keith recycling bottles and cans.

LISA

Hi Keith.

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

MYRON

Why'd you do that?

LISA

Because he needs it.

Myron takes some short swings with his bat.

MYRON

I'd never give money to anyone.

LISA

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

EXT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - DAY

Myron opens the mailbox and rifles through the letters until he sees a letter addressed to him from an insurance company. He rips open the letter which contains a check made out to him for fifty-three thousand dollars.

EXT. MERCEDES-BENZ DEALER - DAY

A salesman shakes Myron's hand and hands him a car key.

INT. STADIUM - DAY

Jim Abbott, Paul Molitor, and Myron are at a large conference table. The immaculately manicured baseball field is in the background.

MYRON

Couldn't I practice with the Single A club?

JIM ABBOTT

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

PAUL MOLITOR

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

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

There is broken furniture everywhere. Myron gets up off a sofa, blacks out, and breaks a lamp as he falls to the floor.

HALLWAY

Myron exits his room and walks halfway down the stairs. His parents whisper at the kitchen table.

RACHEL (O.S.)

He's destroyed all the furniture and dishes. Do you want to use bean bag chairs and paper plates forever?

She flings a paper plate like a Frisbee which lands in a room full of broken furniture.

RACHEL (O.S.)

We may be caring for him the rest of our lives?

JOE (O.S.)

They'll come up with something.

Myron walks back upstairs.

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - DAY

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

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

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

RACHEL

Once again you've ruined everything! That was for a charity dinner tonight!

Joe runs into the kitchen. Myron shoves handfuls of cake into his mouth.

JOE  
What happened?

RACHEL  
What else? He blacked out.

MYRON  
I've been a nuisance ever since the injury.

He starts to walk out of the kitchen.

JOE  
Hold on, Myron.

MYRON  
I can't be dependent on you forever. I'll move out.

Joe offers him a towel. Myron snatches the towel as he walks by. He wipes his face and then slams the towel down on the kitchen countertop.

JOE  
We're still looking for a cure!  
(to Rachel)  
You care more about your charities than your own son.

Joe and Rachel follow Myron as he heads for the front door.

JOE  
That insurance money won't last forever.

Rachel grabs Joe's arm.

RACHEL  
He might black out!

JOE  
He's going to grow up fast.

INT. MYRON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Myron's LANDLORD pays a visit.

LANDLORD

I need you outta here ASAP so I  
can get some paying tenants in  
here.

MYRON

So I'm a little late. When I sign  
a pro contract, you'll get it all  
back.

EXT. STREET - DAY

From behind a tree, Lisa watches re-possessors take  
furniture out of Myron's apartment and put it in a mover's  
truck.

EXT. MYRON'S APARTMENT - DAY

A tow truck hauls away his Mercedes.

MYRON

I won't give you free tickets when  
I'm in the pros!

The men wave him off.

INT. MYRON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Myron enters the empty apartment. The cupboards are bare.  
Unpaid bills, candy wrappers, and potato chip bags are  
scattered on the countertop. A framed montage of photos of  
him playing different sports is on a wall.

EXT. BATTING CAGES - DAY

Jimmy hands Myron some tokens.

INSIDE A BATTING CAGE

Myron is blacked out on the ground.

EXT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Myron stands on the sidewalk. He sees his parents through  
the front window. He leaves.

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Joe hands Lisa a small electronic device.

RACHEL

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

LISA

Yes ma'am.

JOE

Make sure he's eating and sleeping well.

LISA

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

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Rachel opens Myron's bedroom door and stares at all his things.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

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

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Myron gets a claim ticket from a customer. He runs to retrieve the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

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

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

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

INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

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

MYRON

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

EXT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

A motorist leans toward the drive thru "Place Order" speaker.

DRIVE THRU MOTORIST

Yes, I'd like a hamburger please.

MYRON (V.O.)

Would you like to make it a value meal?

DRIVE THRU MOTORIST

No thanks, just the burger.

MYRON (V.O.)

Would you care for any fries with that?

DRIVE THRU MOTORIST

No.

MYRON (V.O.)

How 'bout some Chicken McNuggets?

DRIVE THRU MOTORIST

No.

MYRON (V.O.)

Did you want something to drink with that?

DRIVE THRU MOTORIST

No, just the burger!

MYRON (V.O.)

Your total is eighty-four cents.

INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

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

EXT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

Myron exits as the manager watches from the doorway.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Myron walks up to Student One, Student Two, and Student Three as they eat.

STUDENT ONE

Hey.

STUDENT TWO

What's up?

MYRON

You guys got any extra food for the Beas?

An elderly lady, MRS. MOTT (75), white hair in a bun, overhears them and stops.

STUDENT THREE

Not really.

MRS. MOTT

I'll get you something if they won't share with you. Rotten kids nowadays.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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

MRS. MOTT

(to the counter person)

He can have anything he wants.

MYRON

I'm awfully hungry.

MRS. MOTT

Go on.

Mrs. Mott pulls out a five dollar bill.

MYRON

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

MYRON

Peppers.

With her mouth wide open, she pulls out more and more bills.

MRS. MOTT

You weren't kidding about being hungry.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Myron finishes his meal. He pulls his bat and a dirty blanket out of a large trash bag and wraps himself. He falls asleep. A shadow comes over him. A hand reaches inside one of his trash bags, pauses over him, and leaves.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

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

EXT. BATTING CAGES - DAY

Myron grabs a fistful of Jimmy's shirt.

JIMMY

It was an accident!

MYRON

I was headed to the pros!

JIMMY

I'm sorry Beas but I can't loan you any money.

Myron releases his shirt.

JIMMY

Just move back in with your parents.

MYRON

So they can baby me with a nurse?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Lisa looks at the small, electronic device as she treks.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

Myron enters. Customers pick up their food. The PICKUP WINDOW WORKER does not check receipts.

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

FAST FOOD CUSTOMERS  
 No thanks.

Customer #77, MRS. JACOBS (40), a large lady, orders food. She alternates lifting her legs slightly off the ground.

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

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

INSIDE THE LADIES BATHROOM

Myron enters, locks the door, and blacks out.

OUTSIDE THE LADIES BATHROOM

Mrs. Jacobs races around the corner and finds the door locked. She paces back and forth with a limp trying to keep her buttocks pinched close together. She knocks on the door and looks at her watch.

MRS. JACOBS  
 Are you just about done in there?

INSIDE THE LADIES BATHROOM

She POUNDS harder. Myron slowly wakes up and sits on the toilet to do his business.

MYRON  
 I'm just chopping timber!

MRS. JACOBS (O.S.)  
 Just hurry!

OUTSIDE THE LADIES BATHROOM

Lisa sees Mrs. Jacobs grab the seat of her pants. Mrs. Jacobs rushes in as Myron exits.

MRS. JACOBS

Next time, chop your timber in the  
men's room, lumberjack!

She slams the door. From behind a plant, Lisa watches Myron approach a CELL PHONE USER talking loudly.

CELL PHONE USER

So what did you do yesterday?  
Really? What are you doing now?  
Really? I'm at--

Myron snatches the cell phone and whispers into it.

MYRON

Can you hear me, okay?

PHONE PERSON (V.O.)

Yes, I can hear you fine.

He hands the phone back to the owner.

MYRON

Nobody wants to hear you people  
talking loudly.

He storms off. His stomach RUMBLES as customers with trays of hamburgers and fries pass by. He picks up a discarded receipt off the floor and walks toward the counter.

PICKUP WINDOW WORKER

Number seventy-seven! Number  
seventy-seven your order's ready!

MYRON

Seventy-seven?

He places the receipt on the counter and takes the food.

PICKUP WINDOW WORKER

Any ketchup with that?

Myron speaks over his shoulder as he strides toward the exit.

MYRON

No.

PICKUP WINDOW WORKER

Thank you. Number seventy-eight!  
Number seventy-eight!

CUSTOMER #78 places her receipt on the counter.

PICKUP WINDOW WORKER  
Any ketchup with that?

CUSTOMER #78  
No thanks.

PICKUP WINDOW WORKER  
Thank you.

Mrs. Jacobs exits the bathroom and dries her hands with a paper towel.

MRS. JACOBS  
Did you call seventy-seven?

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

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

MYRON'S BEDROOM

Rachel looks at Myron's desk, bed, and backpack.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Myron walks by a restaurant's patio area and observes a middle aged COMPLAINING LADY YELLING at the RESTAURANT MANAGER.

COMPLAINING LADY  
It's right there under that leaf  
of lettuce!

The manager turns over the lettuce exposing a worm.

RESTAURANT MANAGER  
I'm terribly sorry! I won't  
charge you for this meal!

Myron continues at a faster pace.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Myron takes a shovel out of the back of a maintenance truck. He digs a huge hole before he finds a worm. He holds it up in front of his face.

MYRON  
You're my meal ticket!

He cleans up at the park restroom and almost loses the worm down the drain.

He moistens a paper towel and then places the worm on top. He gingerly folds the paper towel and places it in his shirt pocket.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Myron sits at a booth table secretly looking at the worm in the towel. There are stacks of dirty plates in front of him. The waitress, TERI, approaches.

TERI  
May I take those?

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

MYRON  
I'm not finished.

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

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

MYRON  
Miss!

Teri walks over.

MYRON  
You would think that in a nice restaurant one could eat a salad without finding a worm.

He turns over the lettuce and points at the worm.

TERI  
I'm very sorry. Let me get the manager right away.

Teri runs off and almost knocks down a waiter balancing lots of food and drinks on a large tray. The waiter does a couple three hundred-sixty degree moves to avoid the collision.

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

MR. CHOW

I'm soo saarry, sir. Waitress Teri told me. Please. Dessert. No charge.

MYRON

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

Patrons at a nearby table stop eating.

MR. CHOW

No sir, pleeeeeease.

MYRON

I don't think I should have to pay for this meal.

MR. CHOW

Okay, sir. No pay. No problem. Please. No tell people.

MYRON

And I'll need a free gift certificate for another free meal.

MR. CHOW

Okay, okay. No tell people.

MYRON

I'm taking a chance that my next free meal won't have cockroaches, flies, spiders, or mice in it. Better make it three free meals.

MR. CHOW

Okay! Okay! No problem.

Myron leaves the restaurant.

LATER

He leaves several other restaurants with gift certificates.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Myron does the worm con at a restaurant where newly-hired Mr. Chow recognizes him.

MR. CHOW

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

Myron stands up.

MYRON

Now wait a minute. What happened  
anyway? Did they fire you from  
the other restaurant!

He darts out the front door. Mr. Chow chases him waving a  
cleaver knife.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Mr. Chow stops chasing him just outside the restaurant.

MR. CHOW

I no see you again som bitch!

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Joe and three doctors dressed in white doctor coats point at  
several skull x-rays on an x-ray board. A doctor points at  
a model of a brain.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Myron sleeps among tombstones. A shadow comes over him. A  
hand reaches into one of his bags. The shadow pauses and  
leaves.

EXT. RESTAURANT ROW - DAY

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

EXT. GOODWILL STORE - DAY

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

LATER

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

INT. GOODWILL STORE - DAY

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

EXT. PUBLIC PAY PHONE - DAY

Myron drops coins into the phone.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - MYRON AND MGR. PETE BONDS

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The manager PETE BONDS (40), waves his hand to get a passing worker's attention.

MYRON

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

PETE BONDS

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

END INTERCUT

Pete Bonds quickly wheels around to his employees.

PETE BONDS

Get this dive cleaned up!

The employees race around the restaurant.

PETE BONDS

A food critic is on his way over here! This will be the first time anyone has ever--

Myron enters.

PETE BONDS

Can we help you?

MYRON

Yes, I'm Bob Fish with Channel 2 News.

PETE BONDS

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

Myron is surprised to see Lisa.

MYRON

Hi.

Pete Bonds walks away.

LISA

Why are you doing this?

MYRON

I can't keep a job because of the  
blackouts.

LISA

This isn't right, Myron.

She slams a menu against his stomach. Pete Bonds walks  
nearby. Myron looks over the menu.

MYRON

Why don't we start out with a few  
appetizers.

Myron waits for Pete Bonds to walk past. Lisa writes on a  
pad.

MYRON

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

Lisa leaves. Pete Bonds walks by.

MYRON

Oh, gotta paper and pen? I'll need  
them for my review.

PETE BONDS

I'll be right back.

Myron admires Lisa as she hugs a young, Hispanic busboy. She  
pulls an envelope from her apron pocket and hands it to the  
busboy.

LISA

Sorry you have to work on your  
birthday.

Myron observes Lisa walk over to a patron and puts her arm around the patron.

LISA  
Nice to see you again Mrs.  
Peterson.

She marches over to Myron.

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

MYRON  
What else can I do?

LISA  
You can find honest work.

MYRON  
I haven't given up on being a pro.

She slams a pitcher of water on his table and storms off.

LATER

Myron tries to look like a sophisticated food critic. He swirls wine in a glass only to have some spill onto his shirt.

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

Piles of dirty plates sit in front of him. Pete Bonds walks over to his table.

PETE BONDS  
So what do you think?

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

MYRON  
Come, come now Mr. Bonds, I've got  
a reputation to uphold. I can't  
complete my report in one day.  
Thousands of people are going to  
see it. I'm going to have to come  
back tomorrow to make sure that  
there's consistency with the food  
and service.

He stands up.

MYRON

See you tomorrow at five.

Myron exits.

INSIDE PETE BOND'S OFFICE

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

FOOD CRITIC

(on TV)

This was the only restaurant I've ever had to leave a two-penny tip. Instead of giving them two thumbs up, I'm giving them two middle fingers up. This is Pat McRae for Channel 2 news.

PETE BONDS

What the...?

He picks up the phone and dials. Lisa overhears her manager through his ajar office door.

PETE BONDS

So there isn't a Bob Fish who is a food critic at your station?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lisa walks while she looks at the small, electronic device.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

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

FIRST DEAD PERSON (V.O.)

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

MYRON

Cool!

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

SECOND DEAD PERSON (V.O.)

I love you Joe, Jerre, and Joe Jr.  
Thank you for making my life so  
wonderful.

He pushes a button on another tombstone.

THIRD DEAD PERSON (V.O.)

How do you sons of bitches like me  
now? By now you know that you  
weren't included in my will. All  
my money went to charity. Maybe  
now you wish you hadn't thrown me  
into a retirement home!

Lisa wanders over to him. His eyes start to well up.

MYRON

We're always taught that if we  
work hard we can do anything in  
life.

LISA

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

MYRON

I'm getting pretty good at  
conning.

LISA

You're also getting pretty good at  
losing friends.

She marches off. He follows her.

MYRON

Everyone wanted to be a part of my  
life. Now they could care less.

LISA

Maybe they could care less about  
your behavior. You haven't always  
been nice to people. You expect  
people to do things for you as if  
everything revolves around you.

She sees his sad eyes and lightens up on him.

LISA

You're going through the roller  
coaster ride called life.

MYRON

I wish I could stop the ride.

She reaches into her waitress apron pocket.

LISA

It's what makes life so  
interesting. You never know  
what's around the corner.

She takes his hand, places crumpled bills and coins in it,  
and then closes his hand.

LISA

I don't know what you'll do now,  
but you shouldn't stay in Newport.

She points at a tombstone.

LISA

Every tombstone has a date of  
birth and death, but the only  
thing that matters is how you  
treat people between those dates.

She walks away.

MYRON

Wait!

LISA

I can't be friends with someone  
who swindles.

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

PASSERBY ONE

You're healthy enough to work!

PASSERBY TWO

Don't sponge off others!

LATER

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

MYRON

Oh that's really great.

Myron sees Keith collecting bottles and cans from trash cans.

MYRON

You make any money doing that?

KEITH

Let's just say I make good change and feel good helping the environment.

MYRON

Mind if I help?

KEITH

We never have enough recyclers.

Myron helps Keith separate bottles and cans until Cindy walks hand in hand with a disco-dressed older man wearing gold necklaces. Cindy points at Myron and laughs.

CINDY

That's the one who thought he'd be a sports star.

Myron stops separating the bottles and cans.

CINDY

Xavier's taking me to Vegas.

Cindy and the older man walk away.

KEITH

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

Myron sees a credit card bill in a pile of trash. A limousine passes in front of Keith and Myron. He pauses for what seems like an eternity before he slides the bill into his pants pocket.

MYRON

I'll see you around.

Myron walks to a nearby public phone, and flips through the phone book. He dials.

INT. LIMOUSINE COMPANY - DAY

The limo owner, MEL (48), answers.

MEL  
Blue Moon Limousine.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Myron waits holding two large trash bags on the sidewalk in front of a mansion. He is dirty and wearing shabby clothes. A limousine pulls up. He moves quickly toward the car.

The driver, ALLEN (40), tall and thin, gets out with a confused look.

ALLEN  
Mr. Owens?

MYRON  
Call me Bill.

Allen sees the mansion behind Myron. Myron waves at a passing motorist. The driver gives him a "Do I know you?" look and slow wave.

Myron hops in the limo. Allen takes the trash bags from Myron and carelessly tosses them into the trunk. He plugs his nose as he closes the door behind Myron.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Myron opens a cabinet where he finds three decanters labeled "Bourbon", "Rum", and "Vodka." He closes the cabinet and opens the ice chest. He pulls out a soda. He sits directly behind the driver facing backward.

Allen opens his window, plugs his nose with one hand and steers with the other.

MYRON  
Can I use your cell phone? I forgot mine.

ALLEN  
Sure.

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

MYRON

Can you have your office bill me?

ALLEN

I guess we can do that.

In the rear view mirror, he sees Myron move to the back seat and dial his phone. Myron has the discarded credit card bill on his lap.

MYRON

Irvine. The Irvine Hyatt. Thanks.  
Yes, I'd like to get a room for  
the next few days. Double's fine.  
Ned Blanchard. It's 4005...

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Allen pops open the trunk, gets the bags, and hands them to Myron before the bellhop with a cart can get them. The bellhop plugs his nose. People give Myron funny looks as he enters the hotel.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

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

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

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

INT. LIMOUSINE COMPANY - DAY

Mel types on the keyboard.

MEL

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

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

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

ALLEN

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

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

ALLEN

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

DAVID

I'm a little nervous.

ALLEN

Now I know what driving instructors go through. It's a straight shot once we get out of L.A. This guy's a little eccentric. Don't laugh at his luggage, clothes, or the stench that accompanies him. It's a good thing he wanted a long car.

The limo pulls into the hotel driveway.

ALLEN

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

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS PENINSULA HOTEL - DAY

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

DAVID

The guy next to the bum?

ALLEN

No, we're driving the bum.

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - DAY

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

RACHEL

He's way out in Victorville!

EXT. BATTING CAGES - DAY

Myron is blacked out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

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

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

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

MYRON

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

He scribbles on a piece of paper.

DAVID

I like In-N-Out 'cause they always  
treat me like I'm important...ask  
me how I'm doing before taking my  
order.

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

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

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Myron hands the piece of paper through the partition area.

MYRON

Here's what I want.

David looks at the list.

DAVID

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

MYRON

That's just what I'm getting.

He opens his door.

MYRON

Add it to my bill. I'll meet you  
in front of those stores in a half  
hour.

ALLEN

Won't your food get cold?

MYRON

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

INT. DISCOUNT OUTLET STORE - DAY

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

EXT. OUTLET MALL - DAY

The limo pulls up. Myron gets in with several shopping bags.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

David squirms in his seat.

ALLEN

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

DAVID

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

ALLEN

Well you've got to hold it now.  
What are we going to tell stench?  
We have to pull over so you can  
take a leak?

Allen picks up an empty Snapple bottle off the floor.

ALLEN

Bleed your lizard in this.

DAVID

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

Allen takes the top off the bottle.

ALLEN

I do it all the time. Set the cruise control and let's be done with it.

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

DAVID

Get me another bottle!

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

DAVID

Hurry! I can't stop it!

Urine shoots all over. David places the full bottle on the dash. Allen juggles the second empty bottle like a hot potato. He finally tosses it to David who gets the top off and does his business.

The limo swerves from lane to lane and almost hits the car next to them. The full bottle on the dash slides off and spills all over Allen.

MYRON

Is everything okay up there?

ALLEN

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

DAVID

Get me another bottle!

MYRON

Are you guys drinking up there?

ALLEN

No sir.

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

DAVID  
I can't believe I just did that.

He pulls up his soaked pants.

DAVID  
High brow and classy, huh?

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

MYRON  
You're the only guys I know that need windshield wipers on the inside.

LATER

Myron holds a cell phone to his ear.

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

EXT. VEGAS CLUB HOTEL - DAY

The limo pulls up. Myron hands Allen a piece of paper.

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

ALLEN  
Sure, no problem.

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

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

INT. VEGAS CLUB HOTEL - DAY

The Vegas Club general manager, MARTIN THOMAS (44), short, greets Myron in the front lobby.

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

Myron walks while Martin Thomas tries to keep up.

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

MARTIN THOMAS  
Four.

MYRON  
How's the French restaurant?

MARTIN THOMAS  
It's very good.

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

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

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

MARTIN THOMAS  
If there's anything you need just  
let Miss Jenkins know.

MISS JENKINS (30), beautiful blonde, hands him her card.

MISS JENKINS  
Be sure to call if you need  
anything.

VEGAS CLUB OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Mr. William Owens. Mr. William  
Owens please pick up a white  
courtesy phone.

MARTIN THOMAS  
You can take that over here.

They walk to a nearby phone.

MYRON  
Bill Owens. Oh, yes Miss Bigelow.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - MYRON AND ALLEN

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Allen has a confused look.

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

Myron covers the phone and turns to Martin Thomas.

MYRON  
It's my secretary.

He uncovers the phone.

MYRON  
Several hotels are interested? The  
Vegas Club is also interested.  
Okay later, uhhh, goodbye.

Myron hangs up. Allen still has a confused look.

MARTIN THOMAS  
What's this movie about anyway?

He sees people smoking at the gaming tables.

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

MARTIN THOMAS  
We ought to look in to doing that!

MISS JENKINS  
I'll make a note of it.

Myron pulls Martin Thomas aside.

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

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

MISS JENKINS  
Yes, Mr. Thomas.

LATER

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

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Miss Jenkins shows Myron to his penthouse suite. Myron  
enters his room. The door closes and she radios the hotel  
security head.

INTERCUT RADIO CONVERSATION - MISS JENKINS AND CHEWY

MISS JENKINS  
He's in his room. Thomas already  
gave him a line of ten grand. That  
idiot can't see through this guy.

INSIDE THE SECURITY ROOM

The security head, CHEWY (27), long hair, rock star, watches  
dozens of surveillance monitors. A mugshot flyer of a  
conman, DEAN SMITH (50), neatly-trimmed gray hair, is taped  
to one of the monitors.

CHEWY  
This is what happens when an owner  
promotes his son to GM. If he's a  
cheat, we'll know right away.

MISS JENKINS  
When asked what his movie was  
about he told Einstein something  
about a non-smoking casino beating  
the competition.

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

CHEWY

That limo had numbers on the bumpers so anyone with a couple hundred bucks could have rented that thing.

A SECURITY OFFICER points at the mugshot flyer of Dean Smith.

SECURITY OFFICER

The guy Golden Nugget warned us about just entered off Fremont Street.

CHEWY

(to Miss Jenkins)

He just entered off Fremont.

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

CHEWY

We gotta cheat at the slots. Keep an eye on the con.

Several men scramble for the door.

INSIDE A HOTEL ELEVATOR

Myron enters an elevator occupied by a needy, elderly lady, JUDY (72).

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

MYRON

Hey!

JUDY

Please don't report me.

MYRON'S PENTHOUSE

Myron and Judy sit at a table.

JUDY

I was scammed out of my entire life savings. The police told me that I'll probably never get my money back. I'm too old to work, so I tried to win it back at the

JUDY

casinos.

MYRON

Come downstairs with me--

JUDY

Please don't arrest me.

AT A BLACKJACK TABLE

Myron sits down at the same table as Dean. Judy stands behind him. Myron watches security guards beat and hustle the cheat with the wire past the table.

At the same table with enormous stacks of chips are World Series of Poker players Chris MoneyMaker and Phil "The Unabomber" Laak.

Miss Jenkins signals to a security guard holding several racks of chips. The guard walks over and places the chips in front of Myron. Dean studies Myron.

Myron slips a couple green chips to Judy who enters a nearby buffet restaurant. Miss Jenkins tilts her head to speak into a concealed microphone.

MISS JENKINS

Our movie producer friend just sat down at the same table as the con.

INSIDE THE SECURITY ROOM

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

CHEWY

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

A security guard repeatedly smashes the cheat's hands with a baseball bat.

BLACKJACK TABLE

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

DEALER

You have seventeen.

Myron motions with his hand.

MYRON

Hit it.

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

DEALER

Too many.

Chris Moneymaker and Phil Laak cover their mouths and snicker.

LATER

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

MYRON

Darn it!

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

MARTIN THOMAS

Mr. Owens. Mr. Owens. Mr. Owens!

MYRON

Oh, yes Mr. Thomas.

Dean moves a chair closer and listens in.

MARTIN THOMAS

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

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

MYRON

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

Martin Thomas walks away.

MARTIN THOMAS

I could give you a million dollars  
and you'd lose it.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Cocktails!

DEAN

Can I get a Beck's? You want a  
beer or something?

MYRON

Beck's sounds good.

The waitress writes on a pad. Dean picks up his chips and  
sits next to Myron.

DEAN

You've had some tough luck. Dean  
Smith.

He extends his hand and the two shake.

MYRON

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

DEAN

Here.

He slides a card across the table.

DEAN

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

MYRON

Mister....

DEAN

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

MYRON

Double down?

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

DEAN

Put out the same amount as your  
original wager.

Myron slides two black chips next to his original bet.

DEAN

That's it.

The dealer deals Myron and herself a face card.

DEAN

See.

MYRON

Where were you an hour ago when I  
needed you?

Myron sees Cindy walk by hand in hand with a much older,  
short, fat, bald man.

MONTAGE - MYRON THINKS OF CINDY

-- Cindy gives Myron a ride to school, but not Lisa.

-- Cindy makes fun of Myron's nurse in class.

-- Cindy makes fun of Myron blacking out in the school  
hallway.

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

CHEWY

Where's her guide dog?

MISS JENKINS

What?

CHEWY

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

MISS JENKINS

I don't like this. They gotta be  
working as a team. On top of that,  
the genius just bumped the movie  
man another ten G's.

CHEWY

You're crapping me.

MISS JENKINS

I wish I were.

CHEWY

Common sense is not very common.

MISS JENKINS

He's tired of losing whales to the competition. He wants that movie done here and no place else.

CHEWY

Any sign of the drivers who need Depend diapers?

MISS JENKINS

I think he sent them back. Why?

CHEWY

I don't want Owens taking off on us.

LATER

Myron and Dean accumulate large stacks of chips. Myron blacks out and knocks over several of his stacks.

Dean pushes Myron back up against the backrest with one hand while he simultaneously slides several of the fallen chips into his own pile. Myron wakes up.

DEAN

You okay?

MYRON

Yeah, it's nothing.

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

DEAN

Why are those over there?

MYRON

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

DEAN

Sounds like you care about her.

MYRON

I do.

Chewy walks over to their table.

CHEWY

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

MYRON

We're just getting started.

DEAN

You heard him. We're just getting started.

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

MYRON

Let it ride!

CHEWY

But sir--

MYRON

Blackjack!

He high-fives Dean.

MYRON

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

Martin Thomas steps in.

MARTIN THOMAS

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

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

DEAN

He'll take that car right now.

MARTIN THOMAS

Miss Jenkins, get all the paperwork together and have the boys put the car in the carport for Mr. Owens.

Martin Thomas pulls Chewy aside.

MARTIN THOMAS

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

CHEWY

But sir--

MARTIN THOMAS

So what if the drop isn't as big today as it usually is? I've already notified the media that a film is going to be made here.

LATER

Martin Thomas fills out a form. Myron sees a girl walk by who looks similar to Lisa.

MONTAGE - MYRON THINKS OF LISA

-- Myron walks to school with her.

-- Lisa helps Myron after he blacks out at school.

-- Lisa is kind to a busboy and restaurant patrons.

-- Lisa points to dates on a tombstone.

MYRON

Keep the money you started me with and leave me the rest.

Martin Thomas writes on a form and hands it to Myron.

MARTIN THOMAS

We'll see you tomorrow.

MYRON

Thank you.

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

DEAN

What?

MYRON

I never say thank you.

They walk to the casino cashier window.

DEAN

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

MYRON

I got what I needed and then some.

CASINO CASHIER

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

DEAN

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

MYRON

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

DEAN

I can't believe you.

MYRON

I appreciate your help, but I can't do this anymore.

DEAN

We could take these guys for more Benjies tomorrow.

MYRON

I'm out.

DEAN

If you change your mind, call me.

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

MYRON

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

He freezes and mouths the word "please." Judy walks over. Myron gives her some money.

MYRON'S PENTHOUSE

Judy sleeps in the bed. Myron places the bed covers over her better. A fabulous view of the Las Vegas Strip is in the background. The news is on the TV. Myron sits at a table stuffing envelopes with a letter and money.

INSERT - THE LETTER

MYRON (V.O.)

Dear Sir,

I'm sorry for swindling you out of some money recently. I have enclosed this amount. I suffered a head injury which keeps me from working.

Sincerely,  
Beas

VEGAS TV NEWS ANCHORMAN

(on TV)

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

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

LATER

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

CASINO FLOOR

Chewy races over to Martin Thomas with the hotel goon squad leader, BRADLEY (35), large monster, trailing and out of breath.

CHEWY

MGM doesn't have a producer named Owens.

MARTIN THOMAS

Where is he!

BRADLEY

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

MARTIN THOMAS

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

BRADLEY

But boss, he didn't check out.

MARTIN THOMAS

Find him you idiots!

MR. DOUGLAS'S OFFICE

Martin Thomas enters. Vegas Club president MR. DOUGLAS (55), tall, turns off a TV with a remote.

MR. DOUGLAS

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

MARTIN THOMAS

We'll find him Mr. Douglas.

MR. DOUGLAS

You and your men couldn't find hot lava if it were flowing under your bare feet. Go to the police. They'll find Owens.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A POLICE OFFICER spots the red BMW and pulls Myron over. Myron hands the officer some papers.

MYRON

That's all the paperwork I got.

A METER MAID tickets the patrol car. The police officer races to his car.

POLICE OFFICER

You can't ticket a fellow police officer!

Myron drives off. The officers don't notice.

METER MAID

You're not above the law! You guys think you're so great! I'm a police officer, so I can park anywhere I want.

She jabs her finger into his chest.

METER MAID

Don't park in the red and you  
won't get a ticket tough guy.

POLICE OFFICER

Yes, ma'am. It won't happen  
again.

He looks back where Myron was.

INT. VEGAS CLUB HOTEL - DAY

Mr. Douglas and Martin Thomas watch as several police  
detectives lift fingerprints from the table, glasses, etc.  
in Myron's room.

MR. DOUGLAS

You couldn't manage a pay toilet!

MARTIN THOMAS

Just one more chance, Mr. Douglas.

MR. DOUGLAS

Let me handle this. I know just  
the guy.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

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

JOHN WALSH

(on TV)

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

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

JOHN WALSH (O.S.)

(on TV)

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

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

JOHN WALSH (O.S.)  
 (on TV)  
 He's swindled several people....

INT. MRS. MOTT'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Mrs. Mott watches AMW while knitting.

MRS. MOTT  
 How 'bout a little fire, Beas?

INT. MR. CHOW'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

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

MR. CHOW  
 Game ova Beas boy!

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Myron quickly pays his check and leaves.

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

All the patrons and employees dial their cell phones.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

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

EXT. PAY PHONE - NIGHT

Myron dials.

MYRON  
 Dean! Bill Owens!

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - MYRON AND DEAN

INT. DEAN'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

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

DEAN

Oh, from the Vegas Club.

MYRON

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

DEAN

Find you a place to hide?

MYRON

I can't explain right now, but will you help me?

DEAN

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

MYRON

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

DEAN

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

MYRON

Deal.

DEAN (V.O.)

Where are you now?

MYRON

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

Dean puts on a shirt.

DEAN (V.O.)

I know where you are. I'll be there in ten minutes!

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Myron looks up at the giant crucifix behind the altar. Dean enters, meets Myron, and they quickly leave.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

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

INT. DEAN'S CAR - NIGHT

They speed off.

DEAN

We'll stay at my place for the night.

He checks his side and rear view mirrors.

DEAN

It doesn't look like anyone's following us. Did you bring the money and pink slip?

MYRON

Yeah. Everything I own is in those bags.

DEAN

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

MYRON

I really appreciate this Dean.

DEAN

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

EXT. IHOP RESTAURANT - DAY

They pull into a parking spot near the entrance. Dean runs around the other side to help Myron, disguised as an extremely overweight lady (tent-like dress, blond wig, and heavy lipstick), get out of the car.

MYRON

Isn't this a little too much?

DEAN

We can't take any chances. Waddle a little.

Myron waddles up to the front door with Dean. The hostess sees them, opens the door, and bends over to unlatch and open the adjoining door for Myron.

MYRON

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

INT. IHOP RESTAURANT - DAY

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

DEAN

You got the money and the pink slip?

MYRON

Yeah. You want it now?

DEAN

Might as well get it done. How much you got?

Myron slides two thick envelopes across the table.

MYRON

About eighty thousand.

DEAN

Eighty thousand? I thought you won a lot more than that.

Dean thumbs through the envelopes.

MYRON

I did, but I'm going to pay off the people I stole from...just gotta mail the letters.

DEAN

I don't know why you give a damn about others. Just look out for number one.

MYRON

That's where I went wrong...only caring about myself. That should be more than enough to take care of the plastic surgery and everything else.

He places the envelopes in the inside breast pockets of his jacket.

DEAN

Couldn't you sue the helmet manufacturer?

MYRON

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

DEAN

Look, when you get a chance to sue a company, ya do it. Nobody cares about the next guy. I'm gonna get some air. Stay here and finish eating.

EXT. IHOP - DAY

Dean exits the restaurant and drives away.

INT. DEAN'S CAR - DAY

He dials his cell phone. He opens one of Myron's bags and takes out a letter. He tears open the letter exposing cash.

DEAN

How much is the reward for Myron Beasley?

Dean opens several letters and pockets the cash.

INT. IHOP - DAY

A HENDERSON POLICEMAN walks up to Myron with several officers.

HENDERSON POLICEMAN

Myron Beasley?

MYRON

Yes.

## HENDERSON POLICEMAN

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

## EXT. IHOP - DAY

The police escort a handcuffed Myron past the goon squad. It's a media circus as cameras flash and reporters try to get Myron to say something into their microphones.

## EXT. COURTHOUSE, SANTA ANA, CA - DAY

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

## INT. JUDGE BEAGLE'S COURTROOM - DAY

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

JUDGE BEAGLE (63), a tall, black man with an athletic build enters the courtroom through a door behind his bench. He walks with a noticeable limp. The BAILIFF stands off to the side.

## BAILIFF

All rise for the honorable Judge Beagle!

Everyone stands with stern looks toward Myron and his lawyer, MR. PRESTON (50), wimp. The judge takes a seat in his large black chair. On his bench are framed family photos and a photo of a handsome man in a Boston Red Sox uniform.

## JUDGE BEAGLE

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

He pulls a paper out of the stack and looks it over.

## JUDGE BEAGLE

You don't show any previous arrest record and from conversing with a Miss Lisa Cummings, it is my belief that you're not a dangerous person. With that in mind the court has decided it will test

JUDGE BEAGLE  
market a sentence.

He picks up a sheet of paper.

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

Incredulous looks come over the victims as they GRUMBLE.

JUDGE BEAGLE  
However, should you steal or  
swindle, you will be immediately  
incarcerated.

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

JUDGE BEAGLE  
To make sure you adhere to this  
sentence, the court is notifying  
all government offices to put up  
copies of this poster. Do I make  
myself clear Mr. Beasley?

MYRON  
Yes, sir.

JUDGE BEAGLE  
I strongly encourage all Americans  
to keep a close eye on you.

He slams the gavel.

BAILIFF  
All rise!

The people GRUMBLE as they stand up. Joe, Rachel, and Lisa  
show relief. Judge Beagle limps out the door.

MR. PRESTON  
I've never heard of such a  
sentence.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

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

MR. PRESTON

Do you know them?

MYRON

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

MR. PRESTON

Well, good luck.

The lawyer races away in the opposite direction. Myron and the others walk past the goon squad.

BRADLEY

You got off easily Beasley! Nobody likes that sentence!

The people who were swindled follow Myron.

MRS. MOTT

You're a dirty, rotten, no good, scoundrel! Talking an elderly lady into buying you a meal!

PICKUP WINDOW WORKER

He'd come up to the pickup counter and steal people's food!

TERI

You're a human garbage disposal!

PETE BONDS

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

MEL

We picked you up in a limo at "your" mansion. Mister trash bag luggage man!

MR. CHOW

Nobody play worm trick on Mr. Chow!

EXT. BAKERY - NIGHT

Myron stands in front. A policeman in a patrol car watches him. Paul unlocks the door and Myron enters.

INT. BAKERY - NIGHT

A clock on a wall reads "3:03."

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

MYRON  
Yes sir.

PAUL  
Grab a mop and start on the  
floors.

MONTAGE - MYRON WORKS

--He mops the floor.

--He cleans the display cases.

--He cleans the windows.

--He arranges the tables and chairs.

--He makes donuts at a deep fryer.

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

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

Myron brings him the donuts and napkins.

MYRON  
You have to go through this much  
work every day?

PAUL  
Yup, get used to it.

BAKER'S WIFE  
Be on time tomorrow, has-been.

MYRON  
Yes, ma'am.

Myron exits.

EXT. BAKERY - DAY

Myron looks at his watch and runs.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Myron enters out of breath. There are several customers. Several employees take orders, pour coffee, stock the condiment tables, etc.

PETER

It's about time, Melvin.

MYRON

Sorry I'm late sir. The name's Myron.

PETER

Whatever.

Peter hands him a mop.

MYRON

Is it Peter or Paul? I keep getting it confused.

PETER

Peter.

Some of the swindled victims walk over to Myron.

MEL

When am I going to see my money?

LANDLORD

Deadbeat.

MYRON

I was about to mail it out to all of you...it must've been stolen.

MEL

Yeah, right.

They laugh at Myron.

MR. CHOW

When you going to mop my floors?

The patrons laugh. Myron mops the bathroom floors. Lisa enters and watches Myron from a corner.

LATER

The Hispanic driver pulls up in his beat up Chevy pickup and enters with a bag of oranges.

HISPANIC DRIVER  
It's a wonderful day, isn't it  
senor?

MYRON  
Yes, it is.

The Hispanic driver gives the oranges to an Hispanic girl. The girl points to soap at a sink. Myron scrubs his hands.

The girl shows him each step of making orange juice. Myron tries the machine and a tiny amount of orange juice comes out the spigot.

PETER  
Bring me a large orange juice, and  
not so much pulp anymore.

MYRON  
Yes, sir. Do you have to go  
through this process everyday?

HISPANIC GIRL  
Everyday. Our customers depend on  
us.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Myron hauls large boxes and stocks shelves. He delivers a bottled water in an ice bucket to the owner.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

From behind a tree, Lisa watches Myron teach little leaguers how to hit and field.

INT. BEASLEY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Lisa speaks to Joe and Rachel.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Myron walks down a bustling street. He stops to watch a truck driver unload a truck. He watches trash collectors,

street vendors, businesspeople, and bus drivers go about their work.

A fire truck responds to a call. Paramedics give mouth-to-mouth on a collapsed victim. Myron watches a policeman offer directions to an elderly lady. Myron helps the elderly lady cross the street.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Myron and Keith empty trash cans and rake leaves.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Myron and Keith get settled in their makeshift beds.

MYRON

What were you doing before this?

KEITH

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

A young couple kisses outside their Mercedes-Benz.

KEITH

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

MYRON

Why not?

KEITH

Money can sometimes put people on a slippery attitude slope where they take people for granted.

Keith picks up a plastic cup and throws it at Myron. The cup strikes Myron.

MYRON

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

KEITH

Treat people the way you want to be treated.

LATER

Myron hears a sound. He springs to his feet and runs when he makes out the silhouette figures of the Vegas Club goon squad. Bradley sees Myron run away.

BRADLEY

There he goes!

Myron runs through the park and down an embankment. The goons are out of shape and can't keep up. He comes to a dead end wall. He looks back to see the goons closing in. Bradley hears a whistle.

BRADLEY

Plug him!

The goon squad fires off several rounds. Myron falls to the ground and lies motionless. The goon squad runs off. A whistle on a string around Lisa's neck bounces off her chest as she runs down the embankment.

LISA

Myron! No! No! Oh, my God! No!

She places her arm under his neck.

LISA

Oh please! No!

Bradley holds a cellphone to his ear.

BRADLEY

It's all over. We won't be hearing from Mr. Beasley anymore.

Myron wakes up.

MYRON

What happened?

LISA

You're still alive! I must've heard fifty shots! We've got to get out of here!

Lisa helps Myron to his feet.

INT. CUMMINGS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Myron sits on a couch looking at the bland interior. A fly lands on the coffee table in front of him. Myron rolls up a magazine and leans forward.

LISA

Wait.

Lisa disappears into the kitchen and reappears with a jar.

She places the jar over the fly trapping it. She takes the rolled up magazine from Myron and tears out a page. She slides the paper under the mouth of the jar. She releases the fly out a window.

LISA

You're going to get killed.

MYRON

What else is there for me to do?

He picks up a photo album off the coffee table and flips through it.

MYRON

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

LISA

I used to wait behind the tree in front of your house so I could walk to school with you. I've had a crush on you since we moved from Michigan...before I knew your personality.

He laughs.

LISA

What's so funny?

MYRON

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

LISA

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

MYRON

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

She leans toward him.

LISA

You're not busy now.

MYRON

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

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

LISA

Hey Beas, we'll have to continue this after you shower. You stink!

BATHROOM

He takes a shower and gets a haircut from Lisa.

LIVING ROOM

He falls asleep on a couch. Lisa puts a blanket over him.

INT. CUMMINGS RESIDENCE - DAY

Myron wakes up and writes a note.

INSERT - THE LETTER

MYRON (V.O.)

Dear Lisa,

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

Love and best wishes always, Myron

He signs the letter. He snuffles, places a rose on top of the letter and dries his eyes with his shirt sleeves. He walks to the front door and takes a long look back before he leaves.

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

The owners turn their "OPEN" signs around to read "CLOSED" and drop their blinds when they see Myron. He gets tossed out of other establishments. One sign reads: NOW HIRING ANYONE EXCEPT MYRON BEASLEY.

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

YOUNG BOY

This will be on eBay in twenty minutes, loser!

The boy runs off. Bystanders laugh.

JAPANESE GIRL ONE and JAPANESE GIRL TWO run up to Myron.

JAPANESE GIRL ONE

Beas san! Beas san!

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

JAPANESE GIRL TWO

You are bad man, Beas san!

They run off laughing.

Three teenagers see Myron go inside a portable outhouse. They tip it over and laugh as they run away. He climbs out with toilet paper, etc., dripping from his body.

He trudges past several stores and stops when he sees an endless number of his poster in all the store windows. He drops to both knees.

MYRON

I can't take this anymore.

He looks up to the sky and shouts at the top of his lungs.

MYRON

This is worse than prison!

A calmness surrounds him.

MYRON

I steal something and the judge sentences me to prison. That was the agreement.

He tries to keep from laughing.

MYRON

No your honor, don't send me to prison. I couldn't handle the hot showers, meals, comfortable bed, not to mention the free protection from the mob.

He races to a nearby supermarket.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Myron sees the manager MR. DAVIS (50).

MYRON

Hey! Check this out!

He grabs several items and makes a dash for the exit. The manager signals to security.

MR. DAVIS

Lenny! Code four!

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

MYRON

You better call the police so they can come pick me up.

MR. DAVIS

Actually, it's only stealing if you get outside the store, so it won't be necessary to notify the police.

MYRON

Isn't there a law against attempted stealing?

A crowd gathers around Myron.

MRS. JACOBS

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

BAKER'S WIFE

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

The crowd laughs.

MR. DAVIS

A store manager would let you walk  
out with everything and still not  
have you arrested.

MRS. MOTT

It will be a pleasure watching you  
struggle through your miserable  
life!

TERI

You need all of us!

Myron storms out.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

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

MYRON

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

HOTEL CLERK

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

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

HOTEL CLERK

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

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

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

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

BLIND HOMELESS MAN  
Only take back what you threw in.  
I don't want them throwing you in  
prison for stealing my money.

Myron sees a stopped police car with it's lights on behind a  
car. OFFICER BRANIFF (30), speaks with the MOTORIST (40),  
and sees Myron jump in his police car.

OFFICER BRANIFF  
Hey!

INT. CAR 22 - DAY

Myron slams the car in gear.

MYRON  
We'll see if this counts as  
stealing. They'll have to press  
charges.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The police car burns rubber and fishtails down the street.

BYSTANDER  
It was Beasley! I saw him!

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

MOTORIST  
You'll have to ticket me another  
time!

The motorist burns rubber.

Officer Braniff flags down a second Newport Beach officer,  
OFFICER NEAL (30), and jumps in his patrol car.

INT. CAR 13 - DAY

The patrol car rockets away.

OFFICER BRANIFF  
Beasley stole my car!

OFFICER NEAL  
What?

Officer Braniff grabs the radio transceiver.

OFFICER BRANIFF  
Captain, this is car...

OFFICER NEAL  
Car thirteen! Car thirteen!

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

CAPTAIN CHANDLER (V.O.)  
What! Where was he headed?

OFFICER BRANIFF  
Westbound on Jamboree toward PCH!

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

OFFICER NEAL'S POV

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

OFFICER NEAL  
There he is!

OFFICER BRANIFF  
Beasley's headed north on PCH at  
Dover.

Myron runs a red light and makes an evasive maneuver to avoid hitting a school bus in the intersection. Mrs. Mott is waiting for the light in her sleek, newly-polished Ferrari.

MRS. MOTT  
What's the world coming to when  
even our police officers are  
drinking and driving?

She burns rubber and follows the chase.

INT. CAR 22 - DAY

Myron weaves around a stray dog.

MYRON

Come in anyone. This is Officer  
Beasley.

CAPTAIN CHANDLER (V.O.)

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

MYRON

I want to know if this counts as  
stealing.

CAPTAIN CHANDLER (V.O.)

We'll see.

MYRON

I need to know now so I can go to  
prison.

CAPTAIN CHANDLER (V.O.)

Prison?

Cars swerve to avoid Myron's car.

CAPTAIN CHANDLER (V.O.)

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

Cars HONK as Myron makes one evasive move after another  
through traffic.

OFFICER BRANIFF

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

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

CAPTAIN CHANDLER (V.O.)

Try the PIT manuever!

OFFICER BRANIFF

There are too many people!

MYRON

I'm waiting.

CAPTAIN CHANDLER (V.O.)

No deal Beasley! Everyone is having too much fun at your expense!

MYRON

Suit yourself.

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

EXT. NEWPORT PIER - DAY

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

MRS. MOTT

Beasley, I always knew you were a no good, rotten scoundrel. We'll see how you hold up in prison, hotshot!

OFFICER NEAL

That's not who you think it is. This is a Beasley impersonator.

MRS. MOTT

Why would anyone want to impersonate that low life? It's definitely Beasley.

INT. MR. DOUGLAS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Mr. Douglas stands at his desk with a phone to his ear.

MARTIN THOMAS (V.O.)

They told me they plugged him.

MR. DOUGLAS

Your men couldn't plug a cord into an outlet. Get'em back over there!

INT. JUDGE BEAGLE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

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

OUTSIDE JUDGE BEAGLE'S CHAMBERS

The swindled victims high-five one another.

INT. JUDGE BEAGLE'S COURTROOM - DAY

Judge Beagle sits in his large black chair.

JUDGE BEAGLE

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

The standing room only crowd smiles and nods in agreement.

JUDGE BEAGLE

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

He POUNDS the gavel.

BAILIFF

All rise!

The people in the courtroom break out in a LOUD CHEER and high-five one another. The judge makes his way to the door.

JUDGE BEAGLE

Those people must really like that Beasley.

Judge Beagle exits. Myron faces the crowd.

MYRON

This can't be! What's wrong with you people?

MR. PRESTON

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

Mr. Preston grabs his briefcase and leaves. The crowd mocks Myron.

EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

A guard mans a door. A poster of Beasley is on the door. Another guard makes his rounds and doesn't notice Myron dressed in a ninja outfit outside the prison wall.

OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALL

MONTAGE - MYRON TRIES TO BREAK INTO PRISON

-- Myron uses rope tied to a giant, steel tri-hook to climb over the prison perimeter wall. Prison guards hear the CLANG against the wall. They kick him out.

-- He climbs the wall with a ladder and then uses a line of tied bedsheets to get down the other side. German Shepherds attack him. He is thrown out.

-- He tries to pole vault over the wall but hits the wall and slides down.

-- He tunnels under the wall, but guards are waiting for him on the other side. He is thrown out.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Myron dresses like a prisoner (orange prisoner jump suit, fake beard and mustache, and a nude, skin-tight rubber swim cap to appear bald). He rubs numerous temporary tattoos onto his arms. He waits outside the gates.

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

TRUCK DRIVER

Mornin' Norman.

Myron sneaks up under the undercarriage.

SECURITY SHACK GUARD

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

## TRUCK DRIVER

I used to taste test this crap  
before I started driving. Prob'ly  
knocked fifteen years off my life.

## SECURITY SHACK GUARD

Go on in.

The truck moves through the giant gates. Myron lies face  
down spread eagle. He holds on for dear life as he is only  
a few inches from the road.

## INSIDE THE PRISON WALLS

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

Myron walks up to DUANE (25), black, who watches others play  
from the sidelines.

## MYRON

Mind if I play?

## DUANE

Haven't seen you before.

## MYRON

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

## DUANE

Miller. Duane Miller.

Myron makes lots of shots and high-fives teammates.

## BASEBALL FIELD

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

## CHECKERS TABLE

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

## MYRON

This prison life is a kick in the  
pants.

## DUANE

Man, you gotta be kidding. Where'd  
you come from?

MYRON

Newport Beach. I had a tough life.

DUANE

What's your dad do?

MYRON

He's a cardiologist.

DUANE

Now I know you're jiving me! I grew up in Bedford Stuy. My dad abandoned us when I was three! That's a tough life.

Myron looks around the bland yard.

MYRON

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

DUANE

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

MYRON

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

DUANE

Man, that Newport must be one bad town.

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

DUANE

Prison makes a man wish he'd used his time better on the outside. All these guys act'n tough. Then the lights go out and all you hear is cry'n 'cause they're thinking of their families. Everybody's somebody to someone.

MYRON

Do you cry at night?

DUANE

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

MYRON

I guess even prisoners are  
important to their loved ones.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Myron sings in the shower.

MYRON

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

A bell RINGS.

MYRON

What's that mean?

DUANE

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

INSIDE THE MESS HALL

Myron finishes a plate and sneaks back for seconds and  
thirds. Each time, the server looks at him funny.

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

MYRON

Do we get to eat like this every  
day?

SECOND PRISONER

I've seen rats sniff and run away  
from this! What kind of a fool are  
you to keep going back for more?

MYRON

It's been such a long time since  
I've had a home-cooked meal.

DUANE

Home cooked? It's prison cooked.

A bell RINGS.

MYRON

Do we get to eat again!

## THIRD PRISONER

That's the head count bell to make  
 sure no one escaped. They won't  
 have to worry about you. You've  
 found paradise.

The prisoners laugh.

## SECOND PRISONER

When your parole comes up, they'll  
 have to drag ya kick'n and  
 scream'n to get ya outta here.

The prisoners line up and the guards do their count. A  
 guard hands PRISON GUARD ONE a paper.

## PRISON GUARD ONE

That can't be. Let's count'em  
 again!

Myron tries to hide behind the prisoners, but a not so  
 bright PRISON GUARD TWO (40), white, with a southern accent  
 spots Myron.

## PRISON GUARD TWO

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

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

## PRISON GUARD ONE

That can't be!

Myron sneaks away from the lineup and hides under a table.  
 Prison Guard One radios the warden.

## PRISON GUARD ONE

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

## INSIDE THE WARDEN'S OFFICE

The warden, MR. ROCKEFELLER (60), answers his radio.

## MR. ROCKEFELLER

You can't be. Count'em again.

## OUTSIDE THE WARDEN'S OFFICE

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

MR. ROCKEFELLER  
The Beas finally broke in!

He tears the poster off the wall.

CELL AREA

Mr. Rockefeller holds up the poster.

MR. ROCKEFELLER  
Has anyone seen this man?

All the prisoners point at Myron. Guards whisk him away.

MYRON  
Pleeeeeease! I promise not to be a  
bother!

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

EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

Three guards, including a female prison guard, JESSICA (25),  
beautiful, athletic, throw Myron out and close the gates.

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

The goon squad surrounds Myron.

BRADLEY  
Were you wearing a bulletproof  
vest or something?

MYRON  
Or something. You guys are  
terrible shooters.

BRADLEY  
Then we won't use our guns.

Bradley punches Myron several times in the face and stomach.

MYRON  
I can explain.

BRADLEY

No need to explain. Boss wants his money.

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

MYRON

I don't have it.

Bradley kicks him in the stomach.

JESSICA

They'll kill him!

MR. ROCKEFELLER

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

He leaves. She shouts at a guard.

JESSICA

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

She takes out her gun and fires several rounds into the air. The goon squad runs off.

BRADLEY

This isn't over Beas!

The guards help Myron back in through the prison gates.

INT. PRISON - NIGHT

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

MYRON

I know what I can do for work!

INT. JUDGE BEAGLE'S COURTROOM - DAY

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

Myron has a black eye and a puffy, bruised face. Mr. Preston whispers into Myron's ear. Myron shakes his head.

Mr. Preston pounds his fist on the table. Judge Beagle looks confused.

JUDGE BEAGLE

So let me get this straight. You want to go after con artists and those who commit Identity Theft?

MYRON

That's correct your honor. I know how con artists operate.

Mr. Preston covers his face.

MYRON

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

Mrs. Mott and Mel have moist eyes.

MYRON

I didn't realize how important everybody is. People we come across everyday like store clerks, policemen, teachers, waitresses, truck drivers, and fast food servers. The list is unending.

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

MYRON

Everyone thought I'd be making lots of money playing in the pros. I never assumed that because I knew that a career-ending injury was always just a play away...but I didn't have a backup plan.

Several in the courtroom pull out handkerchiefs, wipe their eyes, and BLOW their noses. Bradley and Mr. Chow try hard to refrain from crying.

MYRON

I guess we can all kinna take people for granted.

The crying, sniffing, and whimpering gets LOUDER. The goon squad leader and Mr. Chow can't keep from crying much longer.

MYRON

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

The courtroom audience cries out of control. Bradley blubbers LOUDLY like a machine gun on Mr. Chow's shoulder.

JUDGE BEAGLE

I almost recused myself after reading your case.

The people wipe their tears.

JUDGE BEAGLE

I had my own aspirations of playing professional baseball until I suffered a badly broken leg in high school.

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

JUDGE BEAGLE

Your story reminds me so much of my high school teammate who made it to the bigs.

The stenographer stops typing.

JUDGE BEAGLE

At nineteen, he hit a home run in his first major league game. He hit twenty-four homers that year, thirty-two the next. The Fenway Park crowds were insane. It was complete pandemonium after one of his game winners.

He looks at Myron.

JUDGE BEAGLE

In '67, a fastball hit him in the face that almost blinded him. His teammates tried to win the World Series for him, but fell to St. Louis four games to three. Vision problems plagued him and he was never the same. Tony Conigliaro passed away in 1990.

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

JUDGE BEAGLE

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

The courtroom erupts in a LOUD CHEER. Mr. Preston slaps Myron on the back.

MYRON

Thank you your honor!

Judge Beagle POUNDS the gavel.

BAILIFF

All rise!

MR. PRESTON

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

MYRON

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

He takes a couple steps and then comes back.

MYRON

Oh, and good luck.

Several reporters surround Myron with microphones and flashing cameras.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

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

MYRON

You were here?

LISA

Don't you know by now? I'm your shadow.

They kiss.

MYRON

I already know who I'm going to go after. It will be-- Uh, Oh.

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

BRADLEY

We're really sorry about yesterday. We also know about con artists and would like to be your right hand men.

MYRON

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

Paul Molitor and Jim Abbott walk up the courthouse steps.

PAUL MOLITOR

Gotta minute?

MYRON

Of course! What's up?

JIM ABBOTT

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

MYRON

Are you kidding? I'd love to! But....

LISA

But what Myron? This is what you've always dreamed of!

MYRON

The blackouts.

PAUL MOLITOR

You haven't told him?

Joe and Rachel walk over with tears in their eyes. Rachel gasps as she sees Myron's face.

RACHEL

What happened to you?

She takes Joe's handkerchief out of his jacket pocket and tends to Myron.

MYRON

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

JOE

Myron, your mother and I have been miserable ever since you left. The Hoag neurosurgeons have come up with a new medical procedure that should end your blackouts once and for all!

MYRON

That's terrific! I don't know what to say, I, I....

He fakes a blackout by slumping into Lisa's arms. They laugh.

RACHEL

We wanted to tell you sooner, but we didn't want to get your hopes up.

MYRON

I was too proud to show up on your doorstep, but I thought about you all the time.

JOE

Your mom has promised to cut way back on the fundraisers.

RACHEL

We're going to be a closer family from now on, Myron. We promise.

MYRON

So you guys knew about this new surgery?

PAUL MOLITOR

Your mom told us about it last night...said you've been volunteering with little leaguers, so Jim and I immediately decided to jump on a plane and see you.

Jim Abbott pats Myron's stomach.

JIM ABBOTT

We'll have to put you on a special diet and make you work out extra sessions, but we think you'll get the old swing back.

PAUL MOLITOR

Get the surgery done and then we'll worry about the diet and training. I'm going to personally work with you on getting your swing back.

MYRON

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

JIM ABBOTT

We'll be in contact with you soon, Beas.

The scouts shake hands with the Beasleys and leave.

JESSICA

Who were those guys?

PAUL

Major league scouts for the Baltimore Orioles. When the Orioles sign him, the headline will read: THE BIRDS SIGN THE BEAS.

LISA

You said you were going to catch someone.

INT. VEGAS CLUB HOTEL - DAY

Myron chases Dean who slides down an escalator handrail. He slides off at the bottom into the waiting arms of Bradley. Dean kicks and screams as he is taken away.

DEAN

You've got nothing on me!

His voice tails off as they carry him away.

DEAN

I'll get you Beas!

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

Lisa drives the convertible from the Vegas Club with the top down. Myron sits shotgun with his head bandaged.

MYRON

Please pull over where that man  
is.

The car stops in front of the cafe where Peter is setting up the chairs and tables.

MYRON

Wonderful day, isn't it Peter?

PETER

It's a beautiful day, Beas.

Myron hands Peter a wad of bills.

MYRON

This is for all the o.j.'s.

PETER

Thanks, Beas.

Myron sees Keith replacing a trash can liner. He gets out of the car and helps him pick up trash.

MYRON

Thank you for your service. Don't  
ever think that it goes unnoticed.

KEITH

I appreciate that, Beas.

Myron gets back in the car. Lisa leans over and kisses Myron on the cheek. They drive off. There is a beautiful view of the ocean and shoreline.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

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

PAUL MOLITOR

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

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

MRS. MOTT

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

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

TERI

Beas is quite a catch! Hang on to him Lisa.

Myron hands his bat to Molitor who hands Myron a baseball glove.

PETE BONDS

I better get my dive restaurant fixed up in case you have your wedding reception there.

MEL

If you and Myron do get married, I'll supply the limo.

Myron trots around the bases and stops at a backstop beyond second base. A player receives balls from the outfield and tosses them into a basket. Myron fills his glove with lots of baseballs and trots over to the handicapped kids.

MR. CHOW

He veeerry smart to fool Mr. Chow with worm trick.

The kids get excited as Myron approaches. Myron hands out the balls to them. He hustles toward teammates running sprints. He takes off his glove and cap and tosses them on the ground. The cap lands upside down.

Myron runs sprints with the other players. Under the bill of his cap it reads: EVERYBODY IS IMPORTANT.

FADE OUT.