

**Hat Trick**

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FADE IN:

EXT. RITTENHOUSE SQUARE PARK, PHILADELPHIA - DAY

Birds chirp away in their nestled treetops while the SOUND of a breeze rustles through the branches and leaves. The quiet moment is interrupted by the HONKING of the geese from below.

DUSTIN FISK, frail, and pushing the limits of middle age, sits on a park bench next to a crumpled newspaper. He breaks off pieces of bread and tosses it to the geese.

A car pulls up and stops a several yards from the bench.

INT/EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

WALTER GRIMM, balding, looks older than his 55 years, rolls down the passenger window and looks out at Dustin.

JIM GREENE, the driver, also long into his second childhood, is a large man, even when sitting down. He oozes energy, and appears impatient as he strums on the steering wheel.

WALTER

He looks so helpless, doesn't he?

JIM

Go get him, Walter. We got a lot to do today. And don't forget, the season opener is today.

Walter gets out, marches down the cement path, and tilts forward while walking, as if he's fighting a gale wind. He stops at the bench.

DUSTIN

Oh, God. Did I space it again?

WALTER

Yes. And Tracy is looking for you. She has a package for you.

Dustin grabs his newspaper and follows Walter to Jim's car.

DUSTIN

She can kiss my butt.

WALTER

She's too much woman for you.

Dustin jumps in the back seat as Walter takes the front.

INT. JIM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jim peels off and makes a sharp U-turn forcing his passengers against the doors. Walter turns to Dustin.

WALTER

Good thing you love feeding the birds, else we'd never find you.

DUSTIN

The geese know what starving is all about, so they eat until they drop dead. Anyway ... some days I feel like a mosquito in a nudist camp. I know what I want to do, I just don't know where to begin.

(reacting to Jim's groan)

Joke of the day. I have to pee.

Jim maneuvers the car to the side of the road and stops. Jim points to a tree and Dustin gets out and pees on the tree then jumps back in the car and Jim takes off.

JIM

How long are we staying at the center? We have to visit Gloria, then the kick-off's at one.

WALTER

I know, Jim. And please don't start about that stupid fumble you made in the dark ages.

JIM

I'm gonna challenge Ricky to two-hand touch. You and Dustin can be my blockers and ...

Jim makes a hard left and the men go flying again.

WALTER

Yeah, yeah. Stop whining and get us back in one piece, will ya.

(to Dustin)

I'm just saying watch out for Tracy. She's got an agenda. So stop wandering around alone, Buddy.

DUSTIN

I just forget things, sometimes. I was an engineer. I could recite the periodic tables, for chrissakes.

JIM

In your dreams maybe. You can't do it any more. That's what counts

INT. RETIREMENT CENTER'S RECREATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER

RESIDENTS, all upper middle-aged, help define the room's diverse character. Some are playing checkers or cards. One MAN exercises on a tread mill in back of the room. Another WOMAN sits on a soft cushion chair quietly reading.

Walter, Jim and Dustin enter and slowly jaunt their way to a table where four residents are playing cards. SANDRA hides her age well with makeup; LESTER, thin, wrinkly-looking; BARBARA, quiet, watchful; and TED, singing, carefree.

TED

A little bit of Monica in my life.

A little bit of Erika by my side.

A little bit of Sandra ...

Sandra points to her lips as if to say, 'Watch your mouth'.

Walter looks at Lester's cards and--

WALTER

Why do you guys sing that song?  
It's dumb. What's trump, Lester?

LESTER

Got a good beat. Hearts.

WALTER

Get rid of your clubs. Save your  
spades for the end game.

Walter peeks at Sandra's cards as he approaches Ted.

WALTER (CONT'D)

You have all the aces, Sandra.

Sandra presses her cards close to her chest. Walter holds a  
stare at her bosom then gives a Groucho Marx eyebrow move.

SANDRA

Knock it off, Walter.

Walter peers over Ted's shoulder. Ted exposes his cards.  
Walter points at a card and Ted eagerly tosses it out.

SANDRA

How's Gloria doing?

WALTER

Same. We're going to see her soon.

TRACY, 33, struts in from the hallway with a confidence of a  
woman twice her size. Everyone at the table shift their  
bodies as if coming to attention. Dustin hides behind Jim.

TRACY

Dustin! Will you please tell people  
your cabin number. I keep getting  
your mail at the office.

Tracy tosses an envelope at Dustin but Walter intercepts it.

The men at the table all look to Walter for leadership.

WALTER

Down, Rover.

TRACY

I'm just an administrator here,  
Walter. Not your personal lackey.

Tracy leaves, and Walter tosses the envelope to Dustin.

WALTER

It's just a magazine. Good God.  
What a nutjob she is!  
(to those at the table-)  
So long, guys. Gotta go see Gloria.

The men march out and after they are out of hearing range--

BARBARA

I can see a change in Walter since  
Gloria's been sick.

SANDRA

Seems to be a little out of control  
without her to keep him in check.

Sandra slaps down an ace of hearts and takes the trick.

EXT. BELLEVIEW HOSPITAL - MINUTES LATER

Jim pulls up in the parking lot and lets Walter out.

Walter enters the building while Jim parks the car.

INT. BELLEVIEW HOSPITAL - GLORIA GRIMM'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GLORIA sleeps in bed with a NASAL CANNULA protruding from her nose. Wires monitor her vital signs as Walter enters. He opens the shades, then stands over Gloria who, after a beat or two, awakens. She moans a little, then smiles.

GLORIA

How are you doing, Handsome?

WALTER

Okay, now that you're awake.

Jim and Dustin knock on the door then come in.

DUSTIN

Greetings Earthlings.

JIM

You guys want anything?

Walter shakes his head and waves both of them on. Once they are out of hearing range --

GLORIA

How are they doing?

WALTER

Dustin's peeing and dementia issues are back. They seem to go together. I think his brain is located in his penise. He needs more protein in his diet. And Jim's back talking about the fumble he made eons ago.

GLORIA

Again.

WALTER

Yeah. He's talking about jumping on the field in this year's game and scoring an imaginary touch down he should've scored 30 years ago, and he wants me and Dustin to plod along side of him to block. I won't do it. People would think I'm an old fool, just like him.

GLORIA

But you are an old fool.

WALTER

Thank you for that assessment.  
Let's talk about something else.  
Let's talk about you coming home.

Gloria's sigh is more from the heart than anywhere else.

GLORIA

Do it. Help Jim. You two have been friends all your life, Walter. Went to Annapolis together. Played football together. Shared the same wins and losses...

WALTER

He lost that game. He should've passed the ball to me. But no. He had to try and run it in himself. He's got an ego of three people. Please, don't ask me to do that.

GLORIA

Where's your spirit, Walter?

Gloria struggles for the book on the night table. She hands it to Walter; nods for him to read the marked page out loud.

WALTER

Teddy Roosevelt. Good speech.  
(coughs)  
It is not the critic who counts,  
not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled. The credit belongs to the one actually in the arena, blah ... blah ... who strives valiantly at a worthy cause, who ... if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat.

Walter gently puts the book down. Gloria moans softly. Pain.

WALTER

It reminds me a little of Dustin.  
The timid soul bit.

GLORIA

But you were never a timid soul, my  
love.

WALTER

I'm not doing it. Ricky's a guard  
for Annapolis and 35 years younger  
than me, for chrissakes.

GLORIA

Jim might surprise you, Dear. I see  
you now, my valiant knight. Help  
Jim with his last hurrah.

Gloria moans loudly. Walter becomes frantic and bolts to the  
doorway just as a MALE NURSE walks by. Walter pulls him in.

WALTER

My wife's in pain. Do something.

MALE NURSE

Oh, that's a normal response ...

The Nurse stops talking because Walter takes him by the shirt  
collar and twists, cutting off any words that are to follow.

WALTER

Listen, you bug. She's in agony.

Jim rushes in. He tries to release Walter's grip with one  
hand while holding a cup of coffee in the other.

JIM

Come on, Walter. Let go.

The HEAD NURSE, a rather large, robust woman enters the fray.

HEAD NURSE

What's going on here, Walter?

WALTER

My wife needs more pain medication.

MALE NURSE

Her next dose is not due yet.xx

The Head Nurse motions for the Male Nurse to leave, which he does, and she puts her hand on Walter's shoulder.

HEAD NURSE

Okay, Walter. Please, tend to your wife. I'll be right with you.

Gloria is still moaning from the pain. Walter strokes her hand as the Head Nurse saunters in with a chart and syringe.

HEAD NURSE

Years ago we had more say over medication. Fact is, we overdosed patients, accidentally, when they were in pain like this. Now the law says we can't go off schedule. But I see Gloria's chart doesn't have her last dose logged in. Hmm. A small amount. Nothing harmful ...

WALTER

Yes. Yes. What are you waiting for?

The Head Nurse injects the glucose bag. Walter tries to speak but the Head Nurse smiles, then leaves. Walter hovers over Gloria, who is asleep now. He kisses her and leaves as well.

INT. BELLEVIEW HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

XxAs Walter and Jim walked out of Gloria's room, a loud scream erupts, like out of a horror movie. A few seconds pass and then an ORDERLY, MIKE, 33 and in scrubs, appears with Dustin.

ORDERLY

He walked into Mrs. Murphy's room  
while she was undressing.

Walter thanks him (improvise) and then Michael leaves.  
Walter, ready to do battle, turns to Dustin.

DUSTIN

Don't look at me like that. I got  
lost, is all. Hell! You should've  
seen Mrs. Murphy's body!

JIM

Next thing you'll say is she  
doesn't look bad for ninety years  
old. TMI! TMI! You have to get a  
life, Dustin. Mrs. Murphy? Really?

Once at the elevators, Jim hits the button several times.  
While waiting, Walter watches a male Barber through a window  
of a Beauty Parlor adjacent to them. The Barber is like  
Edward Scissorhands the way he's cutting her hair.

Walter noticed that a wig sat on a mannequin's head nearby.

JIM

This elevator is slow as molasses.

WALTER

Don't start. It's just the first  
game of the season.

DUSTIN

I have to pee.

Walter points to the "MEN'S WARD" sign close by.

WALTER

(To Dustin)

That's where you're going end up if  
you don't get your peeing issues  
under control.

JIM

They'll help you smell better to.

INT. MCGINTY'S BAR AND GRILLE - AFTERNOON

HARRY, the bartender, confident, 40's, drafts 3 beers for our boys as they come in and belly up to the bar. They grab their beers, clink their mugs and sip in unison.

A football game is on the overhead TV.

TV ANNOUNCER KENT (V.O.)

Wow. That was a great block by  
Ricky Greene.

JIM

(with great enthusiasm)

Yes! That's my grandson.

HARRY

We know Jim. No need to spell out  
every play.

TV ANNOUNCER KENT (V.O.)

Ricky Green is in great form. Coach  
Brown thinks he'll be All-American  
this year if he stays healthy.

HARRY

You think your grandson will make  
All American this year?

Jim gives a look as if to say, 'that's a dumb question'.

HARRY

Hey. I'm just trying to make polite  
conversation, Jim. That's all.

WALTER

Harry, when you're talking about  
Jim's grandson, you must bow your  
head or tap your chest three times.

Dustin gets up to leave.

WALTER

Where are you going?

DUSTIN

To the bathroom. Might I take a pee  
in private? Might I ...

WALTER

OK, OK. Go to the bathroom. Just  
don't wander off and get lost like  
you normally do. And don't talk  
like a fagot. Might I? Gees, man!

As Dustin wanders to the bathroom--

JIM

I have a right to be proud of my  
grandson. Am I that bad?

(Response to Harry's nod.)

But he's the player I never was.

HARRY

I always thought you have to  
genuflect when you said his name.

Walter holds his thumb up (agreeing) and walks to the jukebox  
as the phone RINGS. Harry picks the phone up and listens.

Harry holds his hand up to everyone at the bar. He leans in,  
whispers something and the place falls silent. Walter turns  
from the jukebox to see what the silence is about.

WALTER

What? What's with the sour looks?

HARRY

Tracy from The Center just called.  
It's Gloria.

EXT. JEWISH BURIAL SITE - DAY

Jim, Walter and Dustin sit in the front row. Their retirement center friends and Harry sit close by. A RABBI presides over the services. He is in the middle of a eulogy.

RABBI

And so, Dear God, take Gloria in your bosom, and cherish and love her as those here cherished and loved her. Help Walter with his grief, and let him know that Gloria rests in peace ... Amen.

As people begin dispersing, Walter breaks out singing Amazing Grace forcing everyone to stay put and sing (improvise).

The song ends and Walter receives pats on the shoulder and a hug from Sandra.

SANDRA

Gee, Walter, I didn't know Amazing Grace was sung at a Jewish burial.

WALTER

Yeah, well. Gloria loved that song.

Barbara comes up and hugs Walter then leaves with Sandra.

ON BARBARA AND SANDRA

As they walk out of hearing range of Walter--

BARBARA

What's gonna happen to Walter now?

They watch Dustin, Jim and Walter pray over the casket. As the ladies make their exit--

SANDRA

It's the three of them together we need to worry about.

ON WALTER, JIM AND DUSTIN

The three men huddle over the casket and pray. Finally, Walter nods and they leave.

SUPERIMPOSE - "THREE MONTHS LATER"

INT. MCGINTY'S BAR - NIGHT

The boys have been drinking for some time and are obviously a little tipsy. Walter raises his glass to the TV.

WALTER

To Jim's grandson, Ricky Greene.  
Season's almost over. Thank God.

They all slug their beers and watch the overhead TV. Dustin shakes his leg and starts to say something.

WALTER

Don't say anything. Just go.

While Dustin exits to the men's room, Walter does a double-take on the women at the end of the bar.

WALTER

What's with all the women, Harry?

HARRY

Some cosmetic convention in town.  
Some real lookers, huh?

As Walter looks at the women with more interest, the TV announces a Navy score. Jim raises his glass.

JIM

That's my boy. That's my grandson.

Walter jabs his finger into Jim's shoulder.

WALTER

Don't start, James.

JIM

All I'm saying is that if Ricky was the guard during that game ...

HARRY

What game would that be, Jim?

Harry head-nods to the customers at the bar to listen up.

JIM

It was the Army-Navy game in nineteen sixty something. JFK Stadium right here in Philly.

Walter throws his arms on the bar and buries his head.

JIM

I was the Navy quarterback. Walter here was the tailback. We were on the one-yard line. Two points down with seconds to play. I couldn't hear a thing the noise was so bad. I was to pass the ball to Walter, but our guard, Wolfman Smith, missed his block and I got creamed.

WALTER

(raising his head)

Wolfman Smith! You gotta be joking. You add on to the story every time you tell it. And I was in the clear in the end zone. You should've passed to me. But noooo. You had to try to take the ball in yourself. Instead, you fumbled the damn ball and lost the game. Why do you like telling that story so much? It makes you sound like a fool.

JIM

I'm just saying it wasn't my fault. If I scored that day, life would be different now. I'd be a somebody and I wouldn't have to hang around with degenerates like you.

WALTER

But you didn't score a touchdown, did you? And you didn't pass the ball either because your ego's bigger than your butt. You fumbled the damn ball and now you're a nobody, just like me.

HARRY

Don't say that, Walter. You and Jim were officers in the Philadelphia Police Department. You're retired cops. You're heroes in real life.

WALTER

Yeah, yeah. Real heroes ...

JIM

I fumbled because I didn't have someone like Ricky blocking for me.

Dustin comes out of the men's room shaking his leg.

JIM (CONT'D)

Yes. And you know what? I'm gonna prove to everyone I could've done it 'cause I'm gonna jump onto the field during the next Army-Navy game at Lincoln Field, and I'll run down the field and score that touchdown I should've made a long time ago. And I'm gonna do it naked. That's right. NAKED. And to show you my worth. You and Dustin can block for me.

WALTER

Happy, Harry? Now he's really  
flipped out. Naked! Good grief!  
I've heard everything now.

Customer One leans in to Harry and--

CUSTOMER ONE

Did he play pro-football?

HARRY

No. But he played first string for  
Annapolis. Just like his grandson.  
And Walter there played tight end.

CUSTOMER ONE

(To Jim)

Were you any good?

JIM

Yes. In fact, I was very good.

Walter stares down Customer One while Harry drafts up another  
beer for the boys.

JIM

You see. All I needed was to have  
someone like Ricky on the line.

DUSTIN

(whispers to Walt)

Talking about his screw-up again?

WALTER

Hasn't stopped since we got here!

Jim looked sad, vulnerable almost.

WALTER

You were a first string college  
football player and played for a  
nationally ranked team. That's  
saying something, I guess.

JIM

But nobody remembers me, Walter.

WALTER

That's not true, good buddy. I'm sure they remember the fumble.

(laughs - reconsiders)

We all should have goals in life.

JIM

And what's yours, Walter?

WALTER

Well, I haven't had a boner since ... let's just say I'd be happy if I could just get a boner again.

JIM

That's a goal? Well, what good would that do? Gloria's not here, bless her soul, and you're too old and ugly to attract a woman this late in life.

Walter agrees, laughs at himself, then looks down at the other end of the bar and sees the good-looking women.

WALTER

I can't ... can't ...

JIM

What? Have sex?

WALTER

Shh! Not so loud. I was just trying to make YOU feel better, chump.

JIM

How long you been impotent?

WALTER

SHHH! Keep your damn voice down. Don't say that word in public.

DUSTIN

Three months. You told me the other day it was three months. You said ever since Gloria got sick you couldn't get it up.

WALTER

Will everyone just shut up, and I'm not taking Viagra? I know what you're thinking. I'm not taking that crap.

JIM

Yeah, you better not. Especially if you're driving. If a cop stops you you'll face a STIFF penalty.

While Jim fakes a laugh, Dustin gives Walter a goofy smile.

DUSTIN

You know what would make me happy?

WALTER

No. What would make you happy, Dustin? Making goofy faces?

DUSTIN

If I could pee normally again.

WALTER

That would make you happy?

DUSTIN

Yes. That would make me very happy.

JIM

(To Dustin)

SHUT UP. SHUT UP. SHUT UP. Why is that every time we're with you, we have a talk about pee.

DUSTIN

I don't know. Why is it every time we're with you we have to talk about your stupid fumble?

(To Walter.)

You don't know how it is, Walter. Every time I go into the bathroom I don't know if I'll hit the target or if I'll pee down my leg. Do you know how mortifying that is?

JIM

Not to mention the smell.

HARRY

Will you guys stop. You're embarrassing my other customers.

Customer One appears to be hanging on every word and is more than curious. He laughs a bit, then stops as if he can't believe what he is hearing and seeing.

TV ANNOUNCER KAREEM (V.O.)

Touchdown!! Navy scores.

Jim stands in a victor pose. Customers cheer with Jim.

WALTER

Who gives a shit?

CUSTOMER ONE

(to Jim)

So, now what does all this mean?  
You gonna jump on the football field, or something?

Walter groans and seeing that Jim is deep in thought. He tries to stop Jim from taking by saying--

WALTER

Harry, nice weather, isn't it?  
What's the stock market doing?

But it doesn't work.

JIM

I'd go to Lincoln Field where they will play the next Army-Navy game, and I'd run from one end zone to the other and score that touchdown I should've scored a long time ago.

WALTER

(Singing to Harry--)  
Old McDonald had a farm. Ee-yi-ee-yi-ooo ...

Dustin raises his hand above his head and--

DUSTIN

Touchdown! Jim scores!

WALTER

And on this farm he had TWO schmucks. Ee-yi-ee-yi-ooo ...

JIM

Exactly. Thank you, Dustin.

WALTER

With a--  
(blows a raspberry sound)  
here and a--  
(blows a raspberry sound)  
there.

DUSTIN

Don't forget naked. You said you wanted to do this naked.

WALTER

Old McDonald had a farm. Ee-yi-ee-yi-ooo. What's so funny about all this is you'll never get past the security guards.

JIM

There's no security guard today  
that could stop me.

WALTER

No? Maybe not. But two dozen guards  
with billy-clubs sure could. No way  
am I going to a game with you.

JIM

I was going to wait to surprise  
you. Ricky promised me 3 tickets to  
the big game next week. I was going  
to take you and Dustin with me.

Dustin raises his hands above his head. Walter shrugs, as if  
to say, 'big deal'. Pointing to the TV ...

WALTER

Remember the baseball guy who  
jumped on the field last year and  
mooned the camera? People would see  
you as an idiot, just like him.

JIM

The man's a hero in my book. He's  
been on TV talk shows all over.  
Besides, when we do it, we're going  
to run down the field naked.

WALTER

What's this 'we'. You have a mouse  
in your pocket.

JIM

Except for maybe a jock strap.  
Don't want your nuts bouncing  
around for the world to see. Don't  
want to get blue balls, you know.

Walter groans, as if he is violently ill.

JIM

But I'll need help. I'll need you both to run interference for me.

DUSTIN

Yes. I'll do it with you. I'll run down the field naked with you.

JIM

Thank you, Dustin. At least I have one friend.

Harry looks at his three aging friends and smiles.

WALTER

Stop the bull shit. I'm not taking my clothes off. You have as much chance of getting me naked on the field as you have of getting one of those women down there on the couch in Harry's office. Alone.

Jim does a double-take at the women sitting at the tables. He appears nervous at the proposition. Takes a swig of beer.

WALTER

It looks like Mister Pot-Belly, Hot-Shot has overextended himself. Wuddya say, Buddy? You go over there and get one woman to go into the office and I'll give you twenty bucks and I'll run down the football field butt-naked with you.

Jim looks at the women, then back at Walt, then to Harry.

JIM

Okay. You're on.

WALTER

This won't take long, Harry. A slap in the face only takes a second.

## SEATING SECTION

Jim appears and stops at a table. He puffs his chest out a bit, opens his mouth, but nothing comes out. WOMAN ONE, young and nicely dressed, looks up at a frozen and awkward man.

WOMAN ONE

Can we help you?

Jim stares at an ugly picture on the wall above the table.

JIM

I'm ... I'm ... I'm just admiring  
the picture. The pastels? Lovely.

## BAR SECTION

Jim walks back to the bar and finds Walter laughing more than the occasion merited.

WALTER

Hey, Macho dude, you're really the  
suave one, you know?

JIM

Mr. Erectile Dysfunction has a big  
mouth. You're such a suave guy? I  
got twenty bucks that says you  
can't do it either.

Walter looks around and sees everyone at the bar looking at him and waiting for his response. Reluctantly,

WALTER

You hold that twenty. I'll be back.

## SEATING SECTION

Walter swiftly walks to the seating area where WOMAN TWO's hair needs some attention. Dry, stringy. Scraggly.

An alluring MYSTERY WOMAN (30s) sits alone at the next table reading a book and sipping wine. As Walter centers himself so they all can hear, the good-looking woman looks up.

WALTER

Ladies, this is your lucky day. I made a bet with that gentleman at the bar. That ugly dude over there.

Walter points to Jim and the women look.

WALTER

I know. It's hard to tell because they're all ugly. It's the Black Dude. He says I can't proposition one of you, successfully. Being the Knight in Shinning Armor that I am, I would've punched him but, as you can see, he's much bigger than me.

Walter pauses to let the women get a good look at Jim

WALTER

I took the bet to teach him a lesson. It's not the money. In fact, I'll give any of you the 20 dollars to go in the office. No messin' around, mind you. Just talk. But we need to make it look like we had, you know, a tryst going on, or something.

There's a mixture of responses from the ladies. One looks surprised, another amused. Another woman appears shocked.

WALTER

No. Just go in the office with me to teach him a lesson. We'll talk for a bit about the weather or your knitting club, then we'll leave. Maybe you can untuck your shirt. Mess up your hair a bit and make it look like we did something. Okay?

He waits but there are no takers. He waves the twenty dollar bill in front of them and hears Jim laughing. Walter looks over to the Mystery Woman whose back faces him. He shuffles a couple of steps in her direction. Maybe she didn't hear.

WALTER

Couple of minutes. Twenty dollars.  
Please, my whole reputation is at  
stake here.

The Mystery Woman gets up and takes Walter's hand. She puts on a strut, like a hooker, as they go into the office. Walter thumbs his nose at Jim and disappears into the darkness of...

HARRY'S OFFICE

...which has a business desk and a full-length couch. They sit on the couch and the Mystery Woman cozies up to Walter.

MYSTERY WOMAN

Okay, big boy. You've strutted in  
here like a peacock showing off to  
your friends. What now?

She prostrates herself, and beckons Walter to climb aboard. She holds his hand, but Walter's face exudes anxiety. He fumbles for the right words.

WALTER

All I want is to just sit and talk.  
Nice weather, isn't it?

The woman tries to pull him on her.

WALTER

No. No. This is not what I meant.  
You don't understand. I can't ...  
I'm ... I'm ... I'm married.

(surrenders)

The angels took her away 3 months  
ago and my heart went with her. I'm  
still trying to work things out.

The Mystery Woman nods sympathetically and gets up.

MYSTERY WOMAN

That's so sweet. OK. If you still want your buddies to think you're a big stud, it's going to cost you that twenty.

Walter weighs his options, and nods. Then, as if auditioning for a Harry-Met-Sally part in a movie, the Mystery Woman messes up her hair and starts moaning without provocation.

BACK AT THE BAR SECTION

Everyone at the bar hears the LOUD MOANS. A slap on the wall causes the ugly picture to fall.

Jim throws his head into his hands. He's been bested. Meanwhile, Dustin gets up and disappears from view.

Seconds later, loud screeches emanate from OUTSIDE THE BAR and then a muffled voice from afar ...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! Watch out where you're going!

Jim looks out the bar window and sees Dustin crossing the street. Jim takes off after him.

BACK IN THE OFFICE

Finished 'faking it', the Mystery Woman kisses Walter on the forehead and face, then a longer kiss - tenderly on his lips.

MYSTERY WOMAN

How old are you?

WALTER

Forty-three ... Sixty-something.

MYSTERY WOMAN

Age is nothing to be ashamed of.

She holds out her hand, and smiles.

MYSTERY WOMAN

Come on. Pony up.

Walter gives her a twenty. Then she messes her hair and then pulls out Walters shirt and messes up his hair as well.

BACK IN THE BAR SEATING SECTION

Walter and the woman come out of the office looking like they had a toss in the hay. They are greeted with applause while the Mystery Woman walks past the woman with bad hair and tosses the twenty dollar bill on her table.

MYSTERY WOMAN

Here. Go get your hair done.

Walter and Mystery Woman share a glance. They have their moment before Walter heads back to the bar.

AT THE BAR

Walter plops down in a stool. Harry leans into Walter.

HARRY

Way to go Walter.

WALTER

Nothing happened, Harry. She just faked it. Pretty good, wasn't she?

HARRY

(chuckles - pauses)

Now, that would be something if you three got your wishes. You know, Dustin wants to piss like a race-horse again. And it'd be nice if you could get it on with a woman sometime soon.

(MORE)

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

And if Jim could score a touchdown at the Army-Navy game ... Well, that would be a Hat Trick I'd love to see.

A special moment here, maybe accompanied with a SFX SOUND, and a reflective pause for Walter.

**HARRY**

Go ahead and help Jim. He can't do it alone.

Harry nods to the door as Jim walks Dustin in from the outside. Harry slaps the forty dollars down on the bar. Walter pockets it, and then leans into Harry and whispers--

**WALTER**

Okay, Harry. I'll help Jim. But keep it under your hat for now. I don't want to tell Jim just yet. He'll never stop talking about it. He'll drive me more nuts than he has already, if that's possible.

Harry nods as Jim plops Dustin on the stool and--

**JIM**

That's the last time I go chasing after you, you hear? Let a cement truck hit you, for all I care.

(to Walter)

Shut up. Who asked you?

ON JIM as the TV plays--

**TV ANNOUNCER KENT (O.S.)**

So, Army and Navy, both undefeated, set the stage for what should be a nail-biting game at Lincoln Field on Saturday night.

JIM

Yes! The stage is set. We're going to the game.

DUSTIN

Don't forget, we're going naked.

Jim softens. Dustin knows how to get under his skin. And Walter's blank stare at Dustin has Dustin cowering a bit.

INT. RETIREMENT CENTER'S RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Jim and Dustin play checkers. Tracy walks by with a package.

TRACY

Dustin, will you please tell people what cabin number you live in. I'm tired of receiving your mail. Besides, it's not that interesting.

She tosses the package to Dustin and leaves. Jim leans in--

JIM

You watch it with her. She bites.

Across the room Ted, Lester, Sandra, and Barbara are playing cards. Walter enters and heads right over to Jim.

Walter takes twenty dollars from his pocket and waves it.

WALTER

Thank you sir. Let it me known that I did it when you couldn't.

JIM

You turkey. Ricky's coming over. He's got the football tickets.

Lester sees Walter waving the money and yells--

LESTER

What's the money for?

JIM

Walter got laid last night.

WALTER

Shut up. That was private.

JIM

Wasn't very private yesterday when  
the picture fell off the wall.

LESTER

What? I didn't hear you.

JIM

WALTER GOT LAID LAST NIGHT!

WALTER

Shut up, you idiot.  
(to Sandra and Barbara)  
Jim was just kidding.

As Walter says this, Ricky enters. Jim bolts over to him, and they embrace and find an unoccupied table. After a second or two, Ricky hands Jim three tickets.

RICKY

Right by the goal posts.

JIM

Thanks, Ricky.

Walter and Dustin come over and sit down and join them. Jim waves the tickets at Walter.

WALTER

Yes. Thank you, Mr. Greene. That  
was very nice of you.

Walter glares at Jim and Jim flips Walter the finger.

WALTER

Really, now.  
(to Ricky)  
**(MORE)**

**WALTER (CONT'D)**

Your grandfather intends to run onto the football field during your big game this weekend.

Walter gawks at Jim, as if to say, 'So, there. Take that!' Ricky immediately grabs the tickets from Jim's hands.

**RICKY**

I don't believe you, Grandpa.  
(to Walt)  
He tried to do it when I was freshman, only he got caught.

**WALTER**

I know, I was there.

**RICKY**

They're still laugh about that.

**JIM**

I don't believe you just threw me under the bus like that, Walt.  
(to Ricky)  
Okay. I'm not going to run onto the field. May I have the tickets back?

**WALTER**

Ricky, I didn't mean for you to take the tickets back.

**RICKY**

You think you can interrupt a college football game by running your fat ass around the field?

**JIM**

I want to score a touchdown that I should've scored a long time ago.

**RICKY**

And this will immortalize you?

DUSTIN

And he's going to do it naked.  
Don't forget to tell him that.

Ricky pockets the tickets for good. He gets up to leave.

RICKY

This just gets better and better as  
time goes on.

JIM

We're not taking all our clothes  
off. We'll have jock straps on.

RICKY

Oh. That's okay, then. Geese,  
Grandpa. Let me tell you, if you  
did try to do this, I'd tackle you  
myself. You'll go down, and I'm  
just the person to do it. Sorry  
boys. No tickets today.

JIM

There's no college player today who  
could stop me. Not even you.

As Ricky leaves he yells back--

RICKY

You're a foolish man, Grandpa. But  
I still love you.

Jim, Walter and Dustin sit at the table contemplating what  
just transpired. Jim's hard stare intimidates Walter a bit.  
He gets up and as he leaves--

WALTER

How did I know he was going to take  
the tickets back? You shouldn't've  
yelled to everyone that I got laid.  
What's done is done. I gotta go see  
Gloria. You gonna take me, or not?

Jim gets up and follows Walter. Then Dustin gets up and runs to catch up to them.

EXT. GRAVESITE - DAY

Walter puts a rock on the headstone. He looks over to Jim and Dustin who patiently wait from afar. Walter speaks to Gloria.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Remember when we first met how I used to talk about getting to first base with you? You said you wouldn't kiss me on the first date. I respected that, even though I wanted to go to second base with you right away. You know, touchy-feely stuff. That was a big deal in our time. We called it petting.

(looks around)

I'm glad I buried you here, Sweetheart. It's really nice. Anyway, kids go right to third base these days. You know, the Bill Clinton stuff. 'I did not have sex with that woman.'

Walter chuckles, then puts another rock on the headstone.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Something happened yesterday. You probably saw it. But you might've been out in the bar area with the other woman and you didn't see what really happened. I gotta tell you about it, else it's gonna drive me crazy. I told this woman to act a little. Just a goof on Jim. But no! She acts like she wants to go to home base. You know, all the way, right from the get-go. She went to first base and planted one right on the lips.

(MORE)

## WALTER (CONT'D)

I mean, she wanted to run the bases like a bunny rabbit, but I didn't want to. I couldn't, wouldn't and didn't. I put my foot down and said 'no'. But I did let her bunt. A little peck on the lips. I'm sorry about that.

Walter looks to Jim and Dustin who begin walking down a path.

## WALTER (CONT'D)

If he hadn't shot off his mouth, I wouldn't be in this predicament. I mean, he's always talking about that fumble he made during the Jurassic Period and that's why I challenged him, to get him to shut up. But I feel like I cheated on you in the process, but I didn't. I just wanted to shut him up.

He picks up a rock and puts it on the headstone.

## WALTER (CONT'D)

Honest. I haven't gone all the way home with anyone but you. Ever ... Ever. It's always been you. Always.

Walter puts the rock on the headstone. He gives the sign language for 'I love you', gets up and runs to his friends.

ON A PATH

All three start walking on a path past other grave sites.

## WALTER (CONT'D)

Jim, I'm sorry for what happened.

Jim just moans and shrugs his shoulders.

## WALTER (CONT'D)

Gloria is gone and now you guys are my best friends. Pretty sad, huh?

DUSTIN

I have to pee.

Without missing a beat, they veer off to the nearest tree.

WALTER

Piss on that one. Dogs pee on that one. It'll drive them crazy.

JIM

They'll think you're a bear, or something.

While waiting for Dustin to do his business--

WALTER

I respected her opinion, you know?

JIM

I know you did.

WALTER

Gloria actually thought your crazy football obsession was a cool idea.

JIM

Gloria always understood genius.

WALTER

You notice I said 'cool', not good.

Walter and Jim ignore the SOUNDS (O.S.) of Dustin moaning.

WALTER (CONT'D)

But she was all pumped up with drugs. Not too rational, you know?

Walter and Dustin eye each other and Walter makes a face at him as if to say, 'let's hurry it up'.

DUSTIN (O.S.)

I can't pee while you're looking.

Walter turns and faces Jim.

WALTER

I'll run down the damn field with  
you because Gloria wanted me to.

JIM

Naked?

WALTER

Why are you so damn theatrical?

ON DUSTIN

Dustin raises his hand in triumph.

DUSTIN

We'll be the Three Musketeers.

The peeing briefly picks up then stops.

DUSTIN (O.S.)

Don't stop now. You gotta run. You  
gotta block. Gotta go, go...go...

BACK TO JIM AND WALTER

The SOUND of peeing stops.

JIM

I've got to have a gimmick. If I'm  
not naked I'm just another schmuck  
jumping the fence for TV glory. But  
if I do it naked? That's a horse of  
a different color.

WALTER

Yes. You'll go down in the annals  
of football history next to Jim  
Brown: most rushing yards; Tom  
Brady: most touchdown passes; Randy  
Moss: most touchdown catches;

(MORE)

**WALTER (CONT'D)**

and Jim Greene: the naked schmuck who embarrassed his grandson. Good for you. Anyway, I said I'll do it, so let's not beat it to death.

**JIM**

You could've saved us a lot of trouble if you made that decision before Ricky's visit.

**WALTER**

Yeah, well I'm sorry about that.

Peeing SOUNDS start up again mixed with Dustin's MOANING.

**JIM**

So, if there's no tickets, then how can we go to the game?

**WALTER**

I'll think of something.

Walter looks back to Gloria's grave site. He sighs.

**WALTER**

She was my best friend, you know.

**JIM**

I know, and I'm sure she'd love to know what you did yesterday.

**WALTER**

Yeah. Well, about that. I have a confession to make. I didn't do anything with that Mystery Woman.

**JIM**

You want to say that again?

**WALTER**

She was just ... moaning for the camera, so to speak.

**(MORE)**

WALTER (CONT'D)

(Eyes Dustin.)

Are you quite finished?

DUSTIN (O.S.)

I don't know.

WALTER

You either feel like peeing or you don't. What is it? Easy decision.

DUSTIN (O.S.)

I think I'm done.

WALTER

Good. Then zip it up and let's go.

Dustin zips up and joins Walter and Jim in their walk.

JIM

I want my twenty dollars back then.

WALTER

Oh, come on! She had you fooled totally. She faked a great orgasm. That should be worth something.

JIM

Okay. Ten dollars. That's all it's worth. That means you owe me ten.

Walter reaches into his pocket. He gives Jim ten dollars, and they keep walking.

DUSTIN (O.S.)

Oh, oh.

Dustin veers off into the woods again just as they reach Jim's car. Jim points at Dustin.

JIM

He's not riding in my car anymore. He's beginning to smell. No joke.

INT. JIM'S CAR - LATER THAT DAY

Jim, Walter and Dustin sit in the car in the parking lot of a strip mall. Silence rules for a few seconds. Then, abruptly--

WALTER

This is stupid. Why buy jock straps if we don't have the tickets? And why do we need jocks at all?

JIM

I'll get the tickets back from Ricky. You'll see. Besides, have you ever run around naked?

WALTER

I've done only two things while naked. Taking a shower, and doing the humpa humpa. Can't say I remember wearing a jock strap in either one of those occasions.

JIM

Well, you're gonna need a jock strap while doing this. You don't want your gazuntas banging in the breeze. Very painful.

WALTER

Never heard them called Gazuntas. Ballocks, maybe. Balls, certainly. Testicles. Nuts. Family Jewels.

JIM

Gonna come in with us, or not?

WALTER

I'll wait here.

Jim and Dustin get out while Walter sits alone in the car.

EXT. STRIP-MALL BY THE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Jim walks briskly past several stores. Dustin has a hard time keeping up, but follows Jim as he ducks into the drug store.

INT. DRUG STORE - CONTINUOUS

Jim walks down an aisle and stops. He stares at the boxes of jock straps, inspects a few, then grabs three of them.

INT/EXT. JIM GREENE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Walter has the window down and is having a quiet Zen-moment. A shadow appears over his shoulder. He turns and YELPS. A young BOY leans in, cocks his head, and stares at Walter.

WALTER

Gees, man. You scared the living  
crap out of me.

The boy's penetrating gaze seems spiritless. Scary to anyone.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Isn't someone from the mother-ship  
looking for you?

They take a few seconds to size each other up. Walter looks in side-view mirror and sees an UNATTRACTIVE WOMAN looking in a storefront window. She wears an distasteful outfit, then turns and sees the boy talking to Walter.

BOY

You're bald.

UNATTRACTIVE WOMAN (O.S.)

Fredrick. Get away from that man.

WALTER

What's your point, boy?

The Unattractive Woman bursts onto view and yanks the boy away just as Jim and Dustin jump in the car. Jim starts the car and throws a bag of jock straps on Walter's lap.

Walter takes out the box marked large.

WALTER

Thanks. You got me the right size.

JIM

That's mine.

WALTER

Who's the small one for?

JIM AND WALTER

Dustin!

DUSTIN

You said the small one is Walter's.

JIM

Get a grip. They're supposed to hold you tight, not loose.

Walter throws the straps in the back seat next to Dustin.

WALTER

It doesn't matter, anyway. We don't have the tickets, so you've just wasted your money.

JIM

Then, I guess we're just gonna have to get the tickets back.

EXT. RICKY'S APARTMENT HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Ricky exits the front door with a suitcase in hand. Jim walks behind him as they both head to Ricky's car, which is parked in the driveway. Walter and Dustin are standing by Jim's car, parked next to Ricky's car in a double-car driveway.

RICKY

I came back to get a few things. I got a team meeting in three hours, so I gotta get back to campus.

Jim walks over and--

JIM

I promise I won't do it.

RICKY

I don't believe you, Grandpa.

Jim looks to Walter for help.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Save your breath, Walter.

Just then, Ricky's neighbor, MR. HARTLEY, appears in the background taking out the garbage. He waves robustly.

MR. HARTLEY

Hello, Ricky. Good luck Saturday. Thanks again for the tickets.

JIM

(Seething; to Ricky)  
You gave the tickets to him.

RICKY

Grandpa. I might've acted rashly, in giving the tickets to him, but I needed to focus. As I do now.

Jim looks to Walter for help, so Walter comes over as Jim walks over to his car and jumps in the driver's side.

RICKY

(to Walter)  
He's always been a little bit like his father, always talking about what ifs. Ever noticed that ... what could've been if only, I mean.

WALTER

He was a good football player.

RICKY

Yes, but he didn't just teach me the physical stuff, like how to tackle, and block, and how to throw. He taught me the difference between a man who escapes his mistakes and a man who won't stop making them.

Ricky looks at his Grandfather, lovingly.

RICKY (CONT'D)

He was always stronger than I was. I could never get the best of him. Then one day I knew I could, but I never did because I knew that would destroy him.

He pauses again, they both look at Jim sitting in the car.

RICKY

Listen, Walter, I can't stop him from doing the ridiculous. But I'm not going to enable him. I owe him that much. Am I wrong?

WALTER

No. And don't worry about him. He'll get over it. Good luck tomorrow, Ricky.

And with that Walter watched Ricky leave, and then Jim rolled down his window and yelled out--

JIM

He gave the tickets to his neighbor!

WALTER

You self-centered schmuck. The least you could've done is wished him good luck.

INT. RETIREMENT CENTER'S RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Jim and Walter sit at a table while they watch Dustin and Lester who are playing checkers at another table.

WALTER

So, we park a couple of doors down from Ricky's house and wait for his neighbor to go to sleep. Hopefully, he has the tickets in a study or a den. Anywhere but the bedroom.

Jim shoots a look at Dustin.

JIM

What about him? This is a two-man job. He'll screw things up.

WALTER

Let him stay in the car. He needs to feel like he's part of this. He's never been a part of anything. He's been alone all his life. He lives in that dingy little cabin by himself. He's never been married.

JIM

Who would want to marry him anyway? He smells like a toilet.

WALTER

That's not the point. He was an engineer background in the days when they used slide rules. His biggest adventure in life was his class trip to Washington DC. So ... Stop. Let him be.

JIM

OK. Ok. But I don't have to like it. Anyway, how are we going to get in if the door is locked?

WALTER

I got a set of lock-pics. I haven't used them in years ...

(blows on his fingers)

.. but I still got the touch.

Jim rubs his temples; a headache is brewing.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Hey, you sat behind a desk for twenty years while I was out in the field. So, don't worry. We'll be in and out of there like a flash.

Jim watches Lester make a move on the checkerboard. Dustin immediately double jumps him and claps, childlike. Jim moans, as if in pain, and buries his head in his hands.xx

INT/EXT. JIM'S CAR BY HARTLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The boys are parked across the street from the Hartley's house which is dark except for a light in an upstairs window and a flickering light coming from a downstairs TV room.

DUSTIN

Shouldn't we be doing this when they are out of the house?

WALTER

A lot of robberies are committed when the owners are home asleep.

The lights go out in the bedroom and the house is dark.

DUSTIN

Shouldn't we wait some?

WALTER

Yes, Dustin. We should wait some. Most people go to sleep in twenty minutes after the lights are out.

(to Jim)

Tickets are likely in an envelope in a den, or a desk someplace.

DUSTIN

Shouldn't you take the tickets and leave the envelope?

JIM

For crying out loud! What's with the thousand questions?

WALTER

No, that's a good question. Thought about that already. I got Mr. Donut coupons. They made them like last year's Army-Navy tickets. They're the same size and shape. See.

Walter takes three tickets from his wallet and shows them.

INSERT COUPONS

The backs of the coupons look exactly like football tickets. The front have picture of donuts and a cup of coffee.

BACK TO SCENE

JIM

What are you, an idiot? They have a picture of a donut on it.

WALTER

Yeah, but the back of the coupon is identical to last year's football ticket. Sn advertising gimmick. It'll work. Trust me.

JIM

Yeah, right. Famous last words.

(Eyes Dustin.)

How are you doing? You have to pee?

DUSTIN

No. Do you have to pee?

INT/EXT. JIM'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dustin has his chin buried in his chest. Dozing. The downstairs window still shows the flickering light.

WALTER

Okay. Let's go. It's time.

(nudges Dustin)

You stay in the car in case we need  
a fast getaway.

Jim and Walter get out of the car and walk across the street to the Hartley's property.

EXT. THE HARTLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Walter flashes his lock-pics at Jim who just rolls his eyes.

JIM

A fast get-away? Really, Walter?

Dustin should not have come.

WALTER

Yes. This operation needs a fast  
getaway. Dustin will be fine.

JIM

Operation? What do you think, we're  
breaking into Fort Knox?

They reach the front door. As Walter starts finagling the lock with pics, Jim just turns the knob and the door opens. He shoots Walter a look, then rolls his eyes at him.

INT. THE HALLWAY, HARTLEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They tiptoe inside the house. A VOICE and the TV's flickering light has Jim peeking inside an otherwise empty TV room.

Walter waves him off and they continue down the hallway. Walter spots the den and waves Jim in.

INT. JIM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dustin seems preoccupied with the blinking light in the TV room window. He gets out of the car to investigate.

INT. HARTLEY'S DEN - CONTINUOUS

Walter discovers a mini-bar stacked with liquors. He takes the top off a decanter, smells its contents and takes a swig.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HARTLEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dustin stops on the porch to peek in the window. He sees the TV on and continues to the front door and into the house.

INT. HARTLEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dustin tiptoes down the hallway and into the TV room.

THE DEN

Jim opens a desk drawer and finds the tickets which are in an envelope marked "Army/Navy". Jim opens it.

JIM

Bingo!

Walter grabs the envelope from Jim and pulls out the tickets. He takes the donut tickets from his pocket and compares the two, then inserts the donut tickets face down in the envelope so when it is opened the football side of the coupon shows.

WALTER

Looks like the real tickets. He'll never know until it's too late.

He puts the envelop back in the desk drawer.

JIM

Good. Let's get outta here.

EXT. FRONT LAWN OF THE HARTLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Walter and Jim exit the house. Jim trots past Walter easily.

JIM

Man! You gotta be faster than that if you're gonna block for me.

Jim reaches the car first and looks inside. Walter brings up the rear jubilantly, and looks in the car as well, then at Jim. In unison, they flip their attention toward the house.

WALTER AND JIM

Shit!

INT. HARTLEY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The distant SOUND of Dustin laughing wakes MRS. HARTLEY. She hears another NOISE and nudges her husband until he wakes up.

MR. HARTLEY

You left the TV on downstairs.

She hears another noise and nudges her husband again.

MRS. HARTLEY

I think someone is in the house.

Moaning, Mr. Hartley gets up and opens the bedroom door and the SOUND of Dustin laughing comes in loud and clear. He reaches into his closet and pulls out a .22 caliber rifle.

MR. HARTLEY

Call the cops.

INT. THE HARTLEY'S DEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jim, Walt, and Dustin sit erect, next to each other on the couch, as if they are being interrogated. TWO POLICEMEN hover over them while the Hartleys stand behind them.

JIM

Dustin gets confused sometimes and wanders off and we're the only ones who can find him.

DUSTIN

Yes. I have Mad Cow disease.

COP ONE

It doesn't make sense, Mr. Greene.  
Why did he wander here so late?

Jim shrugs his shoulders and looks to Walter for help.

WALTER

That's simple. We were over here this morning visiting Ricky next door to wish him luck.

MR. HARTLEY

I saw them officer. They were here this morning. I did see them.

COP TWO

We still don't understand.  
(sighs - gives up)  
Anything been stolen, Mr. Hartley?

MR. HARTLEY

No ... wait. Let me see something.

As Mr. Hartley bolts to the desk Jim starts to say something, but Walter digs his heel into Jim's foot which spurs a non-evasive grunt.

Mr. Hartley opens the 'Army/Navy' envelope and sees the tickets (coupons), then puts the envelope back in the drawer.

MR. HARTLEY

No. Nothing's missing, Officer.

WALTER

It's like we said before. When Dustin wanders off non-compos-mentis like this, he goes to the last place he's been that day. He's just a knucklehead, that's all.

DUSTIN

Yeah. I'm a knucklehead.

COP ONE

Do you want to press charges, Mr. Hartley?

MR. HARTLEY

Out of respect for his grandson, no. Of course not.

EXT. HARTLEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The cops escort the three men out of the house.

WALTER

Why do folks at the retirement Center have to know about this?

COP ONE

I'm sure Tracie Thacker would want to know about this. Now get into your car and follow me.

The cops get into their car, which is parked in the driveway, and the three men saunter to Jim's car, which is parked across the street. While walking ...

WALTER

We're screwed.

DUSTIN

Let's make a getaway now.

JIM

You can't make a getaway once you're caught, numbnuts.

INT. THE CENTER'S FITNESS CENTER - LATE MORNING

Jim is jogging on the treadmill while Walter sits next to him reading a book.

On the other side of the room, a PHYSICAL THERAPIST helps a WOMAN resident with floor exercises.

JIM

Do you think Tracy will report us?

WALTER

Who cares if she does? This is a private retirement center and Sandra and Lester are on the Board. They'll never kick us out of here.

Jim breathes heavy from the exercising.

WALTER (CONT'D)

You think working out for a couple of days will get you into shape?

JIM

I'm in better shape ... than most ... forty-year-olds.

Jim turns off his machine. Walter gets up.

WALTER

To be honest, I don't see you getting past the ten-yard line. Security guards are going to nail your gazuntas to the turf. And mine too. Where's Dustin?

JIM

Probably at the park.

INT. PARK - DAY - LATER

Walter and Jim sit at the park bench where Dustin was sitting in an earlier scene. They look around quietly observing.

WALTER

He's not at the Center, and he's not here. Where could he be?

JIM

Maybe he got hit by a sixteen wheeler. No. No such luck.

WALTER

Something's not right. Let's go.

INT. THE CENTER RECREATION ROOM - LATER

Walter, in the middle of a conversation with Tracy, appears agitated. Tracy occupies herself with administrative functions at her desk while talking to Walter.

WALTER

I'll go to the board.

TRACY

It's a felony breaking into a house, and we simply can't have our residents wandering around and walking into private homes in the dead of night because they have the beginning stages of dementia.

(MORE)

**TRACY (CONT'D)**

The Board can't help Dustin. It's out of their hands. You know in your heart Mr. Fisk needs help.

WALTER

Dustin has no next of kin.

TRACY

Exactly.

WALTER

Which means we are his next of kin.

TRACY

I have work to do, Walter.

WALTER

But he'll die in that place.

TRACY

We all have to die sometime. Oh, you see what you've done. I didn't mean to say that. Walter, let's not argue. Dustin will be evaluated. If he doesn't get the right medicine now, he'll end up hurting either himself or somebody else.

WALTER

How can a docile fool like Dustin hurt anyone? The worst thing that happens to him on any given day is that he pees down his leg.

TRACY

He has a Urinary Stricture. He'll get help for that where he is now.

WALTER

You're a pismire! In case you don't know, that's an animal who has an anal opening bigger than its mouth.

Tracey throws a magic marker at him which bounces harmlessly off his chest. Walter flutters his hands in the air. Shivers! As he heads for the exit door--

TRACY

Wait. Walter. Do you remember the accident Dustin was in last year?

Walter stops but doesn't answer.

TRACY (CONT'D)

He wandered off and got hit by a car, remember?

WALTER

He was fine. Had a couple of bruises on his leg. Big deal.

TRACY

Yeah, but do you remember the driver who was so emotionally distraught she had to be taken to the hospital?

WALTER

Yeah. Yeah. She was a little shook up, that's all.

TRACY

She died of a heart attack while she was in the hospital, Walter. We never told you men that because we didn't want to burden Dustin.

Walter leaves and meets up with Jim at the exit door. He waits for Walter to say something.

WALTER

He was sent to Bellevue.

Jim ponders that information a second or two.

JIM

That's too bad. Well, I guess it's just you and me, buddy.

WALTER

I told you before, I'm not going to the game without Dustin. And don't give me that 'I told you so look'.

JIM

But I did tell you so. We shouldn't have taken him to the 'Operation'.

EXT. RETIREMENT CENTER FRONT YARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Walter walks briskly away. Jim, this time, has difficulty keeping up with Walter.

JIM

Where are we going?

WALTER

Belleview.

INT. BELLEVIEW HOME - ELEVATOR -- LATER

Walter and Jim walk out of the elevators and Walter stares at the set of double doors in front of them - the women's ward. The beauty parlor is to the left. They turn right and go through another set of double doors to the Men's Ward.

INT. BELLEVIEW HOME - NURSE'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

While Walter and Jim walk down the hall ...

JIM

Do the same Orderlies work on both wards.

WALTER

No. Different nurses, which is good, I suppose.

They turn the corner and approach the nurse's station. Walter eyes NURSE ONE who appears to be purposely ignoring him. He coughs to get her attention.

NURSE ONE

Can I help you?

WALTER

Did you just admit Dustin Fisk?

NURSE ONE

Yes. Why do you want to know?

WALTER

We're here to make sure that we can pick him up on Saturday because we're going to the Army-Navy game.

NURSE ONE

Oh, no. No. You can't do that.

WALTER

Why not?

The nurse throws up a defense, becomes stern.

NURSE ONE

Who are you? You look familiar.

WALTER

We're his family.

Nurse One takes a long, hard look at them. Jim especially, since he is black and Dustin is not.

NURSE ONE

I was told he doesn't have family.

WALTER

Yeah, well, you were told wrong.  
We're like brothers to him.

NURSE ONE

Oh. I see. Well, Mister ...

WALTER

Grimm. And this is Jim Greene.

Jim nods and throws up a pow-wow sign.

NURSE ONE

Well, gentlemen, he has a catheter  
shoved up his penis now, so I don't  
think he'll be going anywhere

JIM

What does that mean?

WALTER

(To Jim)

It means he's urinating into a bag.

(To the Nurse)

I thought you ago you stopped doing  
lobotomies fifty years ago. Now  
you're shoving tubes up a person's  
penis ... well, that's a bit  
severe, don't you think?

Nurse One talks slow as if she is talking to a child.

NURSE ONE

We're doing it because he can't  
control his urination.

Walter slumps, a temporary defeat.

JIM

Well, that's it. We tried.

WALTER

We're not going without him.

NURSE ONE

Gentlemen, Mr. Fisk has a Urinary Stricture and he's having an operation next week, so ...

WALTER

Game's on Saturday. We'll have him back in plenty of time ...

DOCTOR MALANO interrupts and hands the nurse a clipboard.

DOCTOR MALANO

Mr. Fisk's diagnostics.

As the doctor leaves ...

WALTER

Are you Dustin Fisk's doctor?

DOCTOR MALANO

Yes. I'm Doctor Malano.

WALTER

We have tickets to the Army/Navy game on Saturday, and we were just reviewing the prospect of taking Dustin with us. You don't get this opportunity too often. We'll have him back Saturday night. Can he go?

DOCTOR MALANO

The Army-Navy game? Wow! Those tickets are hard to come by. Well, let me see. He'll have to use a day bag, and if he doesn't move around much, I don't see why not.

NURSE ONE

I don't think so, Doctor. Until Mr. Fisk gets a psychological review, he can't go anywhere.

DOCTOR MALANO

Oh, well, it's out of my hands now.

The doctor exits and Walter glares at Nurse One.

WALTER

What are you talking about?

NURSE ONE

Our patients ... excuse me ...

(with an attitude)

... our RES-I-DENTS need to be approved by Doctor Almquist as fit to leave without supervision. Furthermore, since you're not family, you need to be approved as well. Judging from what I can see, that might be a difficult trick.

WALTER

Oh, really? Okay, then. Let's see the doctor. He'll straighten everything out for us.

NURSE ONE

Wrong again, Cowboy. I'm afraid Doctor Almquist comes here only on Mondays and Wednesdays. And what's today? Oh! That's right. Today is Thursday. Sorry.

WALTER

But the game is in two days.

NURSE ONE

That's a real shame. Now if you don't mind, I have work to do.

Jim whisks Walter away.

JIM

Okay, we tried. The fight's over.

WALTER

Are you kidding? We haven't even begun to fight.

INT. WALTER'S KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

Walter rummages through a box marked 'DISGUISES' at the kitchen table of his townhouse. A telephone book lays open on the table and Jim sits in a chair looking exasperated.

Walter pulls out a wig from the box, then a mustache, bushy-eyebrows, Buddy-Holly black glasses, and a name tag marked DOCTOR NEUBERGER. He waves the wig in front of Jim.

WALTER

From my years as an undercover cop.

Walter pins the name tag on his shirt.

JIM

This is not gonna to work. She'll recognize your voice.

WALTER

No, she won't. I met Dr. Almquist.  
(with an accent)

He's got an accent. German, maybe.  
(his own voice)

Who knows. In any event, I'm his assistant, Dr. Neuberger. What do you know? You were a beat cop most of your career. I was an undercover cop my last seven years. I was a master of disguises. Some bushy eyebrows, a little wig ...

(raspy voice)

... put a little sand in the voice.

(back to normal voice)

I know what I'm doing. So, shut up.

JIM

This is not going to work.

WALTER

Watch and learn if that's possible.

Walter picks up the wall phone, reads the telephone book and dials. Walter coughs, ready to disguise his voice.

NURSE ONE (V.O.)

Hello, Belleview Hospital.

WALTER

Dis the man's nurse station?

NURSE ONE (V.O.)

Yes, it is.

WALTER

Hello. Dis Dr. Neuberger. Ima Dr. Almquist's assistant. Imma onna speaker phone cause I no hear good.

NURSE ONE (V.O.)

That's okay. Doctor Neuberger, you say? Hmm.

WALTER

Yes. Dr. Almquist helper. Nowa, I just see two men who want to take Mr. Fisk, a patient of yours, to the Army-Navy game dis Saturday and Ia dink dese two men are okay to...

NURSE ONE (V.O.)

Yes, doctor. They were here. But I have to tell you ... Why isn't Doctor Almquist making this phone call, Doctor Neuberger?

WALTER

Oh, dats ... how you say ... easy. Hesa noah here.

Jim shakes his head and sits down waiting for a shoe to fall.

WALTER

Hesa onna long weekend vacation.

NURSE ONE (V.O.)

Where to?

WALTER

He wenta high state.

NURSE ONE (V.O.)

You mean, upstate. Yes, well, I'm surprised Doctor Almquist didn't tell you about the rules on new residents. You have to examine Mr. Fisk and sign the proper forms.

WALTER

Of course. I know Dat. Duh! Dat's why I'm calling. I come over dare to examine Mr. Fisk myself.

Walter waits anxiously for her response.

NURSE ONE (V.O.)

Doctor Almquist has an assistant?

WALTER

Indeed, young lady. I guess uah no know everything, du u? I'va beenna his assistant for month now.

NURSE ONE (V.O.)

Well, I didn't mean ... I mean, I never implied I didn't believe you.

WALTER

Ima highly competent doctah. Ova 25 years experience wid brain sicknesses. Was a foot doctor once, but switched to psychology. Dit's more interesting, don't you dink? So, I'll be over dare shortly. OK?

NURSE ONE (V.O.)

I'll let the incoming tour know  
you're coming.

WALTER

Dank you. Good day, Nurse.

Walter hangs up the phone.

WALTER (CONT'D)

James, the party's back on. We're  
going to bust him out.

JIM

That's the worst German accent ...  
I got a bad feeling about this.

WALTER

Wait till you see my disguise. Hey,  
ease up. This is Dustin's last  
hurrah too, you know. He hasn't had  
an adventure his entire life. It'll  
be good dinner conversation.

JIM

Why are we his guardian angels?

Walter sits back in his seat and contemplates.

WALTER

You never met my older brothers,  
Tommy and Bobby. Mid-West boys.

JIM

No. I never knew them.

WALTER

I never really knew them either.  
Tommy was 10 years older than me.  
Bobby was 8 years older. We had our  
separate lives. Still, I fantasized  
a thousand times about being their  
side-kick while growing up.

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

(Pause.)

Vietnam was hard on our family,  
Jim. I never got to know them.

JIM

I know. You don't have to rehash.

WALTER

Dustin needs us. I need him. You  
both are like brothers to me.

INT. BELLEVIEW HOME - ELEVATOR -- LATER

The elevator doors open. Walter walks out - a sight to see:  
white coat; a 'Doctor Neuberger' name tag over the pocket; a  
disheveled wig, mustache and black glasses. He walks into the  
beauty parlor and stands in front of the mirror.

BEAUTY PARLOR

As the Beautician works on a customer, he eyes Walter who is  
grooming himself and adjusting his wig in the mirror.

BEAUTICIAN

You need to reshape that ... thing.

WALTER

Nah. I'm going to an audition.  
They're doing a film in the  
hospital here soon. They'll have a  
real one for me if I get the part.

The Beautician perks up and inspects himself in the mirror.

INT. BELLEVIEW HOME - NURSE'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Walter saunters in and stops at the station. NURSE TWO,  
female, 30s, takes a long look at Walter.

WALTER

(German accent)

Hello. Ima Doctor Neuberger and Ima  
here to evaluate Mr. Fisk.

Nurse Two ushers Walter into the psychiatrist's office.

NURSE TWO

We've been expecting you. Please  
wait in here, Doctor.

INT. BELLEVIEW'S PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Walter walks around the room. He stops at a shelf and takes  
out a book on mental health. He opens it to a Rorschach  
Inkblot test picture and puts the book face up on the desk.

He shuffles over to the window and spots Jim two stories down  
in the parking lot. Walter opens the window and waves.

WALTER

Jim. Over here. What are you doing?

JIM (O.S.)

What do you think? I'm waiting for  
you. What are you doing?

WALTER

I'm waiting for Dustin. They're  
getting him now.

Walter waves then goes back to the desk and looks around. He  
looks up on the WHITE BOARD and notices the column marked  
PATIENTS which has numbers under it. Number 41341 has the  
words "SEX DREAMS" scribbled beside it.

Walter opens the drawer with the patient folders and pulls  
out a patient's folder 41341 and slaps it on the table.

INSERT FOLDER - THE TAB READS "41341 - CHARLES PETZINGER"

EXT. BELLEVIEW PARKING LOT -- DAY - CONTINUOUS

A car pulls into the parking lot. Jim spots it and ducks behind his car. He watches Tracy get out, stern-faced and in control. She marches towards the entrance as if she owns the place and enters the building.

INT. BELLEVIEW'S PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Walter walks over to the window with Petzinger's folder. Jim waves his hands frantically. Walter speaks in a loud whisper.

WALTER

Hold on. Get a load of this. There is a guy in here named Petzinger. He's 88 years-old. Has sex dreams every night. Pretty wild, huh?

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jim, exuding disbelief ...

JIM

What are you, demented. Who the hell cares? Tracy's here. She just walked in. You're screwed.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Walter mumbles an obscenity bolts back to his desk--

INT. BELLEVIEW HOME - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors open. Tracy prances out and heads to the double doors that lead to the men's ward.

NURSE'S STATION

Tracy marches up to the station.

NURSE TWO

Hi, Tracy.

TRACY

I'm here checking up on a few people. When is Johnson leaving.

NURSE TWO

Monday. He'll have a walking cast.

TRACY

Good. How's Mr. Fisk doing?

NURSE TWO

Fine. In fact Doctor Neuberger's here to see him.

TRACY

Doctor Neuberger? Who's he?

NURSE TWO

He works with Doctor Almquist. His assistant or partner, or something.

TRACY

Really. I didn't know ... Never mind. I'll introduce myself.

INT. BELLEVIEW'S PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

There is a knock and Tracy enters. Half of Walter's face is buried in a folder. Tracy strains to look at him.

TRACY

Dr. Neuberger. I'm Tracy Thacker, office supervisor at the Retirement Community Center.

WALTER

Yes, my dear. What do you want?

Tracy sustains a stare at Walter. She's more than suspicious.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Speak up. I'm busy.

TRACY

I didn't know Doctor Almquist ...

Tracy stops as NURSE THREE, female, large frame, 30s, enters.

NURSE THREE

Excuse me, Tracy.

Tracy steps aside, and Nurse Three guides Dustin in. He drags a night stand with a drip-bag attached. The Nurse hands Walther some forms and as she exits--

NURSE THREE (CONT'D)

You need to fill out these. Sign them, and give them back to me.

TRACY

Hi, Dustin. How are you doing?

DUSTIN

A little awkward, but I'm fine.

TRACY

I'd like to talk to you later,  
Doctor.

Tracy leaves and now Walter and Dustin are alone. But Walter continues with a disguised voice and demeanor.

WALTER

Okay, let's get down to business.  
Mr. Fisk, is it?

DUSTIN

Yes. I'm new here.

WALTER

OK. Just a couple of questions. Do  
you bop the bonzo?

Dustin falls into a chair.

DUSTIN

What?

WALTER

You know, choke the bald guy, do the pork-sword-jiggle, the five-knuckle-shuffle on the ole piss pump. Fondle the pig. Pet the lizard. Do you masturbate?

DUSTIN

That's a strange question to ask a guy who can't even pee right, let alone do what you just said.

WALTER

Masturbate, Mr. Fisk? Really? You have a problem with that word or is it the question that confuses you?

DUSTIN

Hey, listen, my problems aren't like that. I just told the other doctor if he can get me to pee normal, I'd be very grateful.

WALTER

Agh. Don't worry about it. All men have peeing problems.

DUSTIN

Really?

WALTER

Yup. Why do you think men wear dark pants? When they finish peeing maybe they shake their peckers too vigorously, and get drops on their pants, or maybe they don't shake it enough and dribble down their leg. You know what I mean?

(MORE)

**WALTER (CONT'D)**

Women notice that when we come out of the bathroom. That's why men wear dark pants so they can hide their embarrassments.

**DUSTIN**

Really? Wow! I didn't know that.

**WALTER**

Well, now you know. You check it out the next time you're in the men's room. So, don't feel so bad.

**DUSTIN**

Well, my condition is a little worse than that. I'm going to get a Urethral Meatotomy and the doctor says I'll be able to piss like a banchee in no time.

**WALTER**

And that will make you VERY happy, I suppose.

Dustin throws Walter a look of suspicion as Walter picks up a book and shows the INKBLOT page to Dustin.

**WALTER (CONT'D)**

Good. Now, I want you to study this and tell me what it looks like to you? Take your time and hurry up.

**DUSTIN**

Looks like a man peeing somewhere.

Walter takes a LONG look at the INKBLOT.

**WALTER**

What the hell's the matter with you? It looks like a butterfly. Why can't you just say that? Normal people would say it's a butterfly.

DUSTIN

Well, I'm not normal.

WALTER

You can say that again.

While writing on the form--

WALTER

B-U-T-T-E-R-F-L-Y. Question 4, No  
... DNA ... DNA ... No

DUSTIN

What's DNA got to do with anything?

WALTER

It's 'does not apply', knucklehead.  
You don't have a menstrual cycle,  
do you? Reached menopause yet?  
Good. Then shut up. It's DNA.

DUSTIN

That's no way to talk to a patient.  
I got kidney problems. You don't  
understand. I'd rather be dead than  
live another day like this.

While Walter opens a folder--

WALTER

OK. OK. Cool your jets. Hey, do you  
know this guy Charlie Petzinger?

DUSTIN

No. I'm new here, remember?

WALTER

Says here he gets an erection every  
night. Complains he has sex dreams.  
Who complains about that, right?

DUSTIN

You shouldn't be telling me that about another patient. What kind of doctor are you?

Dustin looks carefully at Walter and realizes who he is.

WALTER

That's right. It's me, moron. Oops. I shouldn't be calling you a moron. It's unbecoming of a shrink. If I was a urologist I wouldn't use the words numbnuts or asshole, either. Hey, they think I'm a real shrink. I'm gonna certify you so you can go to the big game. You do want to go to the Army-Navy game, don't you?

DUSTIN

I don't know, Walter. I'm getting an operation on Monday. I don't know if I want to drag a bag around all day at the game.

WALTER

You hide the bag. Tie a windbreaker around your waist, or something.

Walter escorts Dustin to the window and they look out. Walter raises the pee-bag so Jim can see. He unwraps the drain cord and points the tip out the window.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(in a loud whipsper)

He's peeing into the bag all the time now. Isn't that great? And he's getting an operation on Monday. No more peeing problems. He won't smell anymore, either. Yipee.

JIM (O.S.)

Where's Tracy?

Walter opens the valve and squishes the bag. The urine flows out of the tube in a steady stream out the window at Jim.

DUSTIN

Stop pulling. Ow! You gotta pinch the bag here so it doesn't back up.

JIM (O.S.)

You crazy shit. Stop peeing on me.

WALTER

Technically, Dustin's peeing on you.

As Walter wraps the cord and puts the bag back on the stand--

WALTER (CONT'D)

And don't worry about Tracy. I got everything under control, which is more than I can say for Dustin.

Walter pulls Dustin from the window and back to the desk.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Sorry, Buddy. They weren't gonna let you go to the football game unless the resident shrink saw you and signed these papers saying you're okay to go. So, I dress up like a shrink, ask you a few ink blot questions and wallah. It's done. Cool caper, huh?

Walter taps Dustin on the head a few times. They sit.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Let's finish these forms. Then I'll vanish before Tracy finds out what is going on.

Walter continues writing and filling in the answers.

DUSTIN

I don't want to run around naked carrying this.

WALTER

You don't have to get naked. Clip it to your hip. You don't have to run down the field, either. Just come. It's all about the journey.

Walter signs the form, gets up and ushers Dustin to the door.

WALTER (CONT'D)

OK. Now go. Don't talk to anyone about this. I'll see you Saturday morning. It'll be a long day, so bring an extra big urine bag.

Walter slowly opens the door and peeks out both ways. Coast is clear so he pushes Dustin out and follows behind him. Dustin turns right and Walter coughs for the nurses' benefit.

WALTER (CONT'D)

You're a fine specimen, Mr. Fisk.

Nurse Three takes her time getting up from her station.

WALTER (CONT'D)

He's a strapping young man ...

A woman SCREAMS, as if Dustin has opened a wrong door, and Nurse Two quickens her pace as Walter walks over to the nurse's station and lays the forms in front of Nurse Three.

Walter spots Tracy talking to a PATIENT down the hall. She spots Walter and raises her finger for him to wait. Walter turns around, undecided where to bolt. He faces Nurse Three.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Petzinger ... what room number?

NURSE TWO

Three-oh-one.

Walter rushes in the opposite direction from Tracy and hangs a right. He rumbles down the hall, scouting the room numbers as he goes by. He finds Room 301 and disappears into it.

INT. BELLEVIEW HALLWAY - PETZINGER'S ROOM 301 - CONTINUOUS

CHARLES PETZINGER, 80s, lays in his bed snoozing. A night table has a clock, a radio and a tape player on it.

Walter leans up against the door and forces a few controlled breaths. Composed, he walks in and nudges Charles.

WALTER

Wake up. I'm Doctor Neuberger. I need to know something.

Charles appears disoriented. Walter shakes him again.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Don't give me that groggy look. I was looking in your folder and I noticed that you have wet dreams.

CHARLES

Who are you?

WALTER

I just told you. Doctor Neuberger.

CHARLES

What do you want?

WALTER

I haven't got time for this crap. If you don't tell me what I want to know, then I'm going to beat it out of you, you old prick. Why do you have wet dreams all the time?

Walter looks around the room and sees a walking cane leaning against the wall.

He picks it up and pounds it into the palm of his hand, as if he is going to strike Charles with it. Petzinger's face fills with horror.

WALTER (CONT'D)

No, no. Hey, I'm just kidding.  
Stop. Don't be afraid. I just  
wanted to know why an old man like  
you has sex dreams all the time?

CHARLES

'God Bless America'.

Walter puts the cane down. He rushes to the door, opens it and peeks out. He closes the door and comes back.

WALTER

Listen up, you drowsy runt. I  
haven't got time for this.

CHARLES

Really. It's the truth. Every night  
before I go to sleep I listen to  
Kate Smith sing God Bless America.

WALTER

You are kidding me?

Charles, still scared, shakes his head. Walter steps back and studies Charles a bit.

WALTER (CONT'D)

You mean, a song does it for you?

Charles pulls the covers up to his nose and slowly nods.

Walter sees a tape player by Charles' bed. He hits the play button and the beginning of Kate Smith's 'God Bless America' plays. Walter hits the stop button.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I'll be. You hit the high note of  
the day when the fat lady sings.  
You're a pervert, you know that?

Walter reaches out and pats his arm.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Sorry I scared you, old man. You  
taking anything? Viagra?

Charles shakes his head, the blanket still over his nose.

WALTER (CONT'D)

You're okay, buddy. Go back to  
sleep. If I were you, I'd put the  
head set on, hit the repeat button,  
and sleep all damn day.

INT. HALLWAY BY PETZINGER'S ROOM 301 - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and Walter peeks out. The coast being clear,  
he gingerly leaves Petzinger's room and walks down the hall.

NURSE'S STATION

Walter skitters down the hall past the station. As he breezes  
by, Nurse Three bolts from behind the desk to follow him.

WALTER

Gotta go. Gotta go.

NURSE THREE

Wait. Doctor Neuberger.

The Nurse must chase Walter because he is walking at a quick  
pace. Walter spots Tracy on the other side of the nurse's  
station a good distance away. They lock onto each other.

NURSE THREE

There's a question here ...

WALTER

No time. Gotta go.

NURSE THREE

I can't process this until you answer me.

WALTER

(Stopping abruptly)

What? Make it quick, please.

NURSE THREE

It asks if he has psychosis and you answered he has normal psychosis.

WALTER

Yeah. So.

NURSE THREE

Well, what the hell does that mean?

WALTER

It means that he is as healthy or as sick as any one else here.

NURSE THREE

You should've answered 'No', then.

Walter takes a pencil from the nurse and writes 'NO' on the form and hands the pencil back. Walter begins to walk away and the nurse follows. Tracy is a distance down the hall, but she is gaining ground.

NURSE THREE (V.O.)

You answered a lot of the questions by saying "Does Not Apply".

Walter stops by the double doors and faces the nurse.

WALTER

Dustin doesn't have any obsessive behaviors.

(MORE)

**WALTER (CONT'D)**

He's not crazy, not morbidly self-centered or depressed and he doesn't play with himself every night before going to sleep like some people we know, right?

Tracy's closing in. As he goes through the double doors--

**WALTER (CONT'D)**

Dustin has penis neglect. Get him a cute nurse. That should straighten him right up. No pun intended.

INT. BELLEVIEW HALLWAY - ELEVATORS - CONTINUOUS

Walter rushes up and hits the 'down' button several times.

He hears the double doors open from the nurses station so he runs into the beauty parlor.

INT. BELLEVIEW BEAUTY PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

A CUSTOMER with large round glasses sits on a couch reading while the Beautician works on another customer. Walter tosses his white coat behind the couch, grabs the long blonde wig off one of the mannequin-heads, takes the customer's hand and ushers her to an empty parlor chair.

He puts his wig on the customer and dons the blonde wig on himself. He exchanges glasses with the customer, then rips off his mustache and tosses it in the corner.

**BEAUTICIAN**

What are you doing?

**WALTER**

It's a rehearsal. Just follow my lead. Everyone just be quiet. The hidden cameras are rolling.

HALLWAY - OUTSIDE THE PARLOR BY THE ELEVATORS

Tracy waits by the elevator doors scratching her head.

TRACY

Where the hell did he disappear to?

She heads for the beauty parlor.

INSIDE THE BEAUTY PARLOR

Tracy pokes her head in. Walter's back is to her. He snips away at the ugly black wig he was just wearing and talks to the customer in the mirror with a gay demeanor.

WALTER

You look gorgeous, Joyce. If Philip doesn't flip over you now, then he can just bite my ass. I promise he'll want some foreplay tonight instead of that 'slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am' attitude of his.

TRACY

Excuse me. Have you seen a doctor.

WALTER

Why? Do I look like I need one?  
(Laughs - more of a snort)  
No doctors here, Sweetie-pie.

BEAUTICIAN

(John Wayne-like attitude)  
I think I saw the doctor up at the old Hennessey farm. Word has it, two Flanagan boys put a hurtin' to the Stepford girl and might've kill her straight out. Yeah, you might find him at the old Hennessey farm.

Not too sure what she just witnessed, a wide-eyed Tracy just exits quietly and Walter watches her through the mirror.

She hesitates at the elevators and when she disappears around the corner Walter takes off his wig and tosses it on the table.

He exchanges glasses with the customer, then picks up his mustache. He finds his white coat, then faces the Beautician.

WALTER

What the hell was that?

BEAUTICIAN

I was kind-of-like ... Auditioning.

WALTER

That was horrible. You better stick to your day job.

BEAUTICIAN

I'm not. Where's the cameras?

Walter grabs his coat and as he leaves--

WALTER

They're hidden all over the place.  
Watch out for that one.

Walter points to the small, red, dome-like security camera in the hallway ceiling.

WALTER (CONT'D)

It looks like a security camera,  
but it's not.

The Beautician looks into it and sports a gritty smile.

BY THE ELEVATORS

Walter runs up to the elevators and pushes the button. He waits, then slowly Tracy appears from around the corner.

Busted.

INT. MCGINTY'S BAR - NIGHT

Jim sits next to Walter and watches TV while Harry tends bar. A jock strap with an ANCHOR drawn on it is sprawled on the bar next to Walter. As he draws an anchor on another jock--

HARRY

What are you doing there, Walter?

WALTER

Drawing an anchor. We have to show we're Navy fans.

HARRY

Don't sprawl it out on the bar like that. You're embarrassing me.

Walter removes the finished jock-strap from the bar.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So, what does this mean? Dustin can't go with you guys tomorrow?

JIM

Nope. Afraid not. That's because Walter here took too long. What happened to the I'll be in and out like Batman. Well golly zooks, Batboy, you left me standing out there for over an hour.

WALTER

It didn't work out as I planned it.

JIM

Worked out for the best, actually.

Walter squints and looks at a woman in the seating section reading a book and sipping a glass of wine, looking very much like the Mystery Woman.

WALTER

Remember that woman I picked up the other day? Is that her down there?

Jim takes a couple of double takes and shakes his head.

JIM

Nah. Looks nothing like her.

Harold sees Walter drawing an anchor on the last jock strap. He starts to say something, but just shakes his head instead.

EXT. RETIREMENT CENTER - GAME DAY - AFTERNOON

Walter exits the building and heads for Jim's car. He gets into the car and Jim drives off.

INT. BELLEVIEW HOSPITAL - RECREATION ROOM

Dustin is watching the pre-game football show on TV. A urine bag sits on a low-lying stand next to him. Another PATIENT, 30s, walks in and sits next to him.

INT. JIM'S CAR -- LATER

Jim is driving down Ricky's street.

JIM

We shouldn't be doing this.

WALTER

If he's not here, we'll just take off. Yes. There he is. Now just go by slow so I can wave to him. He'll see me, I'll smile and he'll pull out the tickets and realize that we scooped him and he won't go all the way to the game and be embarrassed there. And that will be that.

Jim slows down as Jim reaches Mr. Hartley. Walter waves to him. Mr. Hartley smiles at Walter who watches Mr. Hartley's reactions through the rear window.

Hartley quickly sobers. He reaches into his pocket, takes out the envelope and opens it. He slips out the tickets and looks at both sides. His face says it all. Walter turns around and--

WALTER (CONT'D)

Good. It worked.

INT. JIM'S CAR -- LATER

Jim appears serene while driving down the highway. He tosses Walter a couple side glances.

WALTER

What? Speak if you must.

JIM

Part of me wishes Dustin was here.  
Did you talk to him?

WALTER

Yeah. I gave him his ticket anyway in case a miracle happens and he escapes the clutches of Bellevue. He was very depressed at having a catheter shoved up his penis. In fact, he said he was experimenting on trying to kill himself by covering his face with a pillow.

JIM

You can't kill yourself with a pillow. You'll pass out first.

WALTER

That's what I told him.

JIM

What a knucklehead.

WALTER

Yeah. That's what I told him too.

Jim pulls off the highway and follows the stadium signs.

INT. BELLEVIEW HOSPITAL - RECREATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dustin continues to watch the TV. Other PATIENTS are in the room watching with him.

ANNOUNCER KAREEM (V.O.)

That was probably the most awkward hour of Super Bowl ever when the lights went out at the Superdome.

PATIENT

Yeah. Did you see that game?  
Boring. They should've kept the lights off. What happened, anyway?  
Anyone know?

DUSTIN

An electrical relay protecting the facility during a cable failure between the switch gear and the Stadium was installed improperly.

Dustin sees everyone staring at him like he's got two heads.

DUSTIN

It activated when it shouldn't have. That's all.

One of the patients makes a face indicating Dustin's a geek.

EXT. LINCOLN FINANCIAL STADIUM PARKING LOT - EVENING - LATER

Jim parks. He and Walter grab their raincoats from the back seat and put them on. They tuck a rolled up duffel bag in their raincoat. Jim takes out a football from the trunk.

The two men begin their march and pass by bizarre-looking people engaged in tailgating parties; some have painted faces; some are half-dressed with their upper bodies stenciled with their favorite team logos.

INT. ENTRANCE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Jim and Walter short-step their way on the ticket line. Jim tosses a football in the air as they wait. Walter steps up to the attendant who takes the tickets, rips the tops off, and hands the stubs back.

EXT. STADIUM - GROUND LEVEL - SECONDS LATER

The boys breeze into the stadium. Jim puts the football into his duffel bag and starts looking around like a tourist. He soaks in a view of the entire stadium all at once and becomes lost in the excitement of the moment.

Walter guides him to their seats.

INT. BELLEVIEW HOSPITAL - RECREATION ROOM

Dustin reaches into his pocket and pulls out his ticket and gawks at it. While the TV displays the pre-game activities--

ANNOUNCER KAREEM (V.O.)

These two teams started playing  
each other in 1890, but didn't play  
annually until 1930 ... Ooo! Here  
we go, the teams are coming onto  
the field ...

Dustin carefully looks at the fans as the TV zooms in on the section where Walter and Jim are.

EXT. STADIUM - GROUND LEVEL

Walter and Jim watch the teams take the field. Music blares and fans go wild.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- kick off

-- heads butt, players grunt and a tackle is made

-- Fans perform 'the wave'

-- Navy scores

-- Jim and Walt jump out of their seats

-- Ricky Greene blocks, more heads bang, bodies fall, and the scoreboard reads Navy 14 Army 0.

END SERIES

INT. STADIUM - HALF TIME

A referee blows the whistle and half-time has arrived. Walter and Jim sit patiently while the half-time performers take the field. The BAND plays music.

MOMENTS LATER

Jim stands, picks up his empty duffel bag and--

JIM

It's time.

INT. STADIUM - MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jim comes out of a stall wearing a raincoat over his naked body. He has sneakers on with a football tucked under one arm and his filled duffel bag under his other arm. Walter comes out of another stall looking the same.

OUTSIDE THE MEN'S ROOM

Walter spots an abandoned vendor's cart and they put their duffel bags behind the cart. They march off with a purpose.

INT. STADIUM - ANNOUNCERS BOOTH

Announcers Kent and Kareem talk to each other (AD-LIB) during a commercial break. PRODUCER ONE, nearby, appears and --

PRODUCER ONE

Get ready guys. We're back in five  
... four ... three ... two ...

ANNOUNCER KAREEM

I spoke to Longley this morning,  
Kent, and he was all business. You  
could tell the way he was focused,  
his intensity, that he was going to  
have a good game today.

ANNOUNCER KENT

Two hundred yards on eighteen  
completions and it's only half  
time. I'd say that's pretty good.

INT. STADIUM - GROUND LEVEL - LATER

The teams run out on the field to begin the second half. Navy kicks off. Play resumes.

INT. ONE END OF THE STADIUM - GROUND LEVEL - SECONDS LATER

Jim looks for an opportunity to get onto the field. He jumps the rail dragging Walter with him.

They creep along the sideline to the end zone. Jim starts to run when he sees TWO SECURITY GUARDS, but Security Guard One, as big as Jim and half his age, tackles him from behind.

Within seconds Walter and Jim are surrounded by a multitude of SECURITY GUARDS and a minor commotion ensues. Close-by a CAMERAMAN spots the commotion and points his camera to pick up the action.

INT. BELLEVIEW HOSPITAL - RECREATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dustin sits up as he recognizes Jim and Walter on TV. The other patients laugh at what they see.

ANNOUNCER KENT (V.O.)

Looks like a couple of characters  
want to get into the game, Kareem.

INT. STADIUM - ANNOUNCERS BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Announcer Kent encourages Kareem to watch as Walter and Jim are being escorted off the field.

ANNOUNCER KAREEM

Looks like they're being escorted  
to the security room, Kent.

Producer One strokes his throat with his index finger.

PRODUCER ONE

CUT! CUT! We don't promote that  
kind of behavior.

INT. BELLEVIEW HOSPITAL - RECREATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dustin is glued to the TV as the camera follows Jim and Walter being escorted off the field. The picture abruptly switches to a commercial.

INT. STADIUM TUNNEL AREA - CONTINUOUS

The guards escort Walter and Jim into the tunnel area in route to a nearby security room. The Security Guard Two opens the door and ushers Walter and Jim to two seats.

INT. BELLEVIEW HOSPITAL - RECREATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dustin watches a MEDIC push an empty gurney down the hallway. The TV replays the 'blackout' of the Super Bowl and Dustin jumps to his feet, startled, as if he has a thought.

Dustin briskly takes his bag off the stand and walks down the hallway and into his room. Seconds later he walks out with a windbreaker tied around his waist hiding the bag.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ENTRANCE AREA

Dustin rustles through a crowd and leaves the hospital.

EXT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - EVENING

Dustin sees three emergency vehicles. One is unoccupied. He runs to it, jumps in, starts it and takes off.

EXT. LINCOLN FINANCIAL STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

Navy scores another touchdown.

ANNOUNCER KENT (V.O.)

If Army doesn't get their act together soon, Kareem, this game is going to be one of the worst run-a-ways ever between these teams.

ANNOUNCER KAREEM (V.O.)

Navy is just too powerful on the front line, Kent. Ricky Greene and Josh Spencer have given Longley all the protection he needs.

A network monitor close by shows the announcers exactly what the TV viewers are watching.

ON THE TV MONITOR

The TV re-runs the last touchdown.

ANNOUNCER KENT (O.S.)

Watch this. Longley flips the ball to Gary. Look at this hole. Greene just tosses Maverick aside and picks up the linebacker.

(MORE)

**ANNOUNCER KENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

And boom, Gary is off to the races.  
That is just amazing football right  
there.

INT. STADIUM SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The security guards are huddled next to the FM radio.

**ANNOUNCER KAREEM (V.O.)**

There's two All-American lineman on  
Navy's front line. I mean, how do  
you stop their running game?

**ANNOUNCER KENT (V.O.)**

The Offense for Navy has been  
phenomenal as well. Longley has  
over two hundred yards completed so  
far, Kareem. Is this game over?

EXT. SOME STREET EN ROUTE TO THE STADIUM - EVENING

Dustin weaves through traffic like a madman. He turns on the  
siren and cars pull over for him.

He unbuckles his bag and sees that it is full.

**DUSTIN**

Shit. I forgot to empty it.

He unclips the hose, points the tube out the window, opens  
the valve, and squeezes the bag. The wind catches the urine  
and sprays the car behind him.

ON THE CONVERTIBLE CAR BEHIND HIM

A rich GUY driving in an expensive convertible with his  
trophy WIFE gets sprayed. He turns on his windshield wipers,  
and then wipes his face.

INT. STADIUM SECURITY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The CHIEF Of Security bursts into the room and motions for the two security guards to turn the radio off.

CHIEF

Stand up.

Jim stands and the Chief opens Jim's raincoat. The Chief's face tells all. He squints and ...

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Is that an anchor?

JIM

That was his idea.

Jim head-nods to Walter. The Chief just shakes his head.

CHIEF

Well, now I can die, because I've seen everything.

(eyes Jim closely)

What's your name?

JIM

Jim.

CHIEF

Do you have a last name?

JIM

Greene.

The Chief thinks for a second, then realizes who he is.

CHIEF

Grandfather of Ricky Greene?

WALTER

The one and only!

JIM

Shut up.

The Chief takes a deep breath, then appears confused.

CHIEF

Why? Are you crazy or something?

WALTER

You don't know the half of it.

JIM

Shut up.

CHIEF

Then ... why?

WALTER

Yes. Pray tell. Explain, James.

Jim stubbornly remains silent.

WALTER (CONT'D)

He's re-capturing his youth. Wants to score an imaginary touchdown so the world will remember him.

The Chief throws his hands in the air.

CHIEF

Listen, both of you. I'm not going to press charges out of respect ...

JIM

For Ricky ... I don't want your respect because of him.

CHIEF

No. Out of respect for you, Mr. Greene. I remember you when you used to play for Navy. I was only a kid then, but I remember you. I remember that game ...

JIM

Everyone remembers that game.  
That's why I'm here. To let all the  
world now what could've been.

CHIEF

Well, you were good, Mr. Greene.  
No, I won't press charges out of  
respect for you. And your talent.  
Now you both stay put.

(to the Guards)

You stay here with them, and when  
the game is over, let them go.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

This series shows the game progressing along until there's  
only a few minutes left in the game.

-- Navy has the ball, advancing;

-- Navy scores a field goal;

-- people in the stands: Navy fans going wild; Army's fans  
are more somber;

-- Shot of the Navy coach, calm, collected; his team on the  
sidelines, happy and composed;

-- The Army coach throws his hands up in the air, beaten;  
team players have lost hope.

-- Navy coach looks up at the clock - two minutes to play:  
the two minute whistle blows.

END SERIES

EXT. LINCOLN FINANCIAL STADIUM PARKING LOT - EVENING

Dustin pulls in and heads right for one of the entrances. He  
sees a MAINTENANCE MAN and pokes his head out the window.

DUSTIN  
Where's security.

MAINTENANCE MAN  
Gate Seven.

Dustin turns on the siren and heads for Gate Seven. He arrives at the gate and jumps out of the medical van.

ATTENDANCE WORKER  
We didn't call an emergency  
vehicle.

Dustin slaps down his tickets, grabs a program and runs in.

MOMENTS LATER

As Dustin approaches the security room, he spots a door marked "Electrical Room" and wanders towards it. He peeks inside at the electrical panels and three large generators.

DUSTIN  
Wow!

The security door opens from down the hall and he sees the Chief leave. When the coast is clear, he runs up to the door and peeks through the window portion of the security door and sees Walter and Jim.

Dustin rips a page from his program, takes a pen from his pocket and writes something on the paper. When finished, he puts the paper to the window then points to the floor. He slowly slides the paper under the door.

INT. STADIUM SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Walter nudges Jim. They both see a piece of paper on their side of the door. Walter leans in to Jim and whispers ...

WALTER  
Distract them.

While Walter gets up and heads for the door, Jim approaches the guards who are still distracted by the game on the radio.

JIM

Man. Boring game, isn't it?

SECURITY GUARD TWO

You said it. But your grandson is doing great.

Walter picks up the paper and nods to Jim. They both sit back down and read the note.

INSERT NOTE: "When lights out, make a run for it."

INT. STADIUM - OUTSIDE ELECTRICAL ROOM

Dustin peeks in and sees an engineer with his back to Dustin. The door is ajar slightly, so Dustin quietly sneaks in and, as he slowly walks down an aisle, Dustin touches a large electrical panel as if it were made of gold.

He spots the Engineer in another aisle and ducks down behind the generator to hide. The Engineer writes something on a ledger, then walks to the door and exits.

Dustin leans against the wall. He hums with the hum of the equipment, as if he is becoming one with it. He then runs to a 15 foot bank of breaker panels. The stenciling above the panel says "Field Lights only - 480 Volt Main Disconnect and Distribution Gear".

Dustin rests his hand on the DISCONNECT ARM, which sticks out four inches off the face of the panel. He takes a deep breath and flips the arm down.

The GFI mechanism engages and a loud BANG of a relay switch startles Dustin as the generator turns on, The generator gets louder and louder as it picks up speed.

INT. STADIUM - ANNOUNCERS BOOTH

The lights on the field go off right in the middle of a play. Kareem stands and looks out at the field which is in total darkness. He looks to Kent who looks at the producer and--

ANNOUNCER KENT

I don't believe this. It's Deja Vu  
all over again. The same thing  
happened at the Super Bowl ...

INT. STADIUM SECURITY ROOM

The two security guards are glued to the radio while Jim and Walter sit patiently in their seats. A panicked voice screeches over the guards' two-way radio.

TWO-WAY RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

Help! HELP! Field lights are out.

The security guards bolt out of the room leaving Walter and Jim gawking at each other, wide-eyed.

INT. ELECTRICAL ROOM

Dustin is ready to leave the room, but he sees the Engineer bolting into the room while talking on his two-way radio.

ENGINEER

I'm right in front of it. The GFI  
tripped for the main switch gear.

TWO-WAY RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

The entire field is dark, man.  
Reset ... NOW!

ENGINEER

I have to turn off the other  
breakers first. The main switch  
won't take the load all at once.

TWO-WAY RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

DO IT!

Dustin runs to the door and bolts out of the room.

INT. STADIUM - ANNOUNCERS BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Producer One is talking on the telephone.

PRODUCER ONE

What happened to the back-up power?  
What are we supposed to do now?

Kareem peers out the glass window and into the darkness.

ANNOUNCER KAREEM

This is about the most excitement  
we've had all day, Kent.

ANNOUNCER KENT

It's certainly dark out there.

The announcers shrug, as if they are struggling to keep the conversation going.

ANNOUNCER KENT

Wow! Kareem. This is like the Super  
Bowl all over again. This may not  
be a landmark game, but I don't  
ever remember anything like this  
happening before.

The lights go back on in sections, interrupting Kent.

ANNOUNCER KAREEM

Here we go. Lights are coming back.  
That wasn't too bad, folks.

A loud roar comes over the crowd as the lights come back on.

INT. FOOTBALL FIELD END ZONE - CONTINUOUS

Walter and Jim trot onto the field out of nowhere. Jim guides Walter into the far end zone. They stand tall with their raincoats on, like warriors ready to do battle.

ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH

Announcer Kent spots Walter and Jim at the opposite end zone from where the action is and nudges Kareem.

ANNOUNCER KENT

Kareem, do you see what I see?

ON THE FIELD

One referee blows his whistle to resume play, but another referee spots Walter and Jim and blows his whistle repeatedly. The fans start to pick up on what's going on and a buzz starts to spread throughout the stadium.

The Security Guards are about to close in. Walter and Jim throw off their raincoats. An enormous roar spreads throughout the stadium at the sight of Walter and Jim with nothing on except sneakers and 'anchor' jock straps.

ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH

The producer paces nervously.

ANNOUNCER KAREEM

My God! Will you look at that?

ON JIM AND WALTER

The fans go wild with applause, and Walter looks to the sky.

WALTER

Well, Honey. I may be your valiant knight, but I have no shining armor to offer you today.

Walter looks down at his jock strap and shakes his head - he can't believe he's doing this. Jim takes a deep breath and--

JIM

Let's go. You first.

Walter trots in front while Jim jogs behind a few steps.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

who tackled Jim earlier tries to stop Jim again but he's no match for Jim this time. A stiff-arm puts the guard away.

ON RICKY

He watches with a defensive opponent standing next to him.

DEFENSIVE PLAYER

That's the funniest stupid thing  
I've ever seen.

Ricky looks at him, then at the cheering fans.

ANNOUNCERS BOOTH

The CREW are leaning into the window trying to catch what's going on while the Announcers peer through their binoculars.

ANNOUNCER KAREEM

Holy cow! I don't believe this.

ANNOUNCER KENT

Kareem. What's on their jock  
straps? Can you see?

ANNOUNCER KAREEM

Well, let's just say it looks like  
they're Navy fans, Kent.

## PRODUCER ONE

We only encourage this kind of thing if we pay attention to it. So stop paying attention to these people. Get away from the window.

## SERIES OF SHOTS:

To establish the stadium hype caused by Walter and Jim.

-- Fans jump and cheer for Jim and Walter

-- The announcers laughing

-- The football players: some are kicking the turf, others watch the unfolding drama with great interest

-- Ricky starts to separate himself from his team and heads over to the ten-yard line in direct line of Jim

-- Twenty security guards line up in the end zone locking their arms and moving forward like a human net

-- Producer One, forgetting his responsibilities, slowly meanders over to the window and becomes a spectator.

-- Dustin appears on the sideline.

## END SERIES

## INT. STADIUM - ON THE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Walter loses steam as SECURITY GUARDS 3 and 4 get ready to tackle Jim. Walter, exhausted, throws his body on the ground in front of the guards and trips them up.

Walter watches Jim continue on his journey. Jim runs past mid-field to the 45 yard line.

Guard 3 gets up and chases Jim again, and Guard 4 wrestles Walter and keeps him down. However, in a respectful moment, a 'esprit de corps' overtakes Guard 4 and he lets Walter go.

Huffing and puffing, Walter meanders down the field well behind Guard 3 who is in hot pursuit of Jim. Walter's too tired to run anymore. He takes his time walking. Guard 3 chases Jim and the gap shortens.

INT. STADIUM - SIDELINE - CONTINUOUS

Dustin sees the guard gaining on Jim and, as he yells his warnings to Jim, Dustin moves onto the field. He clips the urine bag on his pocket and picks up a little speed.

ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH

Announcer Kareem notices Dustin from the window.

ANNOUNCER KAREEM

Holy cow, there's another old man running onto the field.

ANNOUNCER KENT

Looks more like a waddle, Kareem.

ON DUSTIN

He runs as fast as he can, which is somewhat of a snails pace, and at an angle toward Guard Three who is taking aim on Jim. Dustin loses steam, but he manages to dive on the ground in front of Guard Three, tripping him just in time.

The crowd roars when the Guard takes a hard fall. Dustin checks his bag. No damage. Dustin stays seated.

WALTER

How are you doing, Buddy?

Dustin points his urine tube at Walter.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Don't even think about it.

Walter continues down the field while Dustin stays put.

ON JIM

Jim stops and observes two obstacle in front of him. One is a line of BIG security guards standing arm-and-arm on the FIVE-yard line, and Ricky who positions himself on the ten-yard line, and becomes Jim's most immediate obstacle.

RICKY

Well, I'll be damned.

Ricky waves Jim on as if to suggest that he, Ricky, will make good on his promise to tackle his grandfather.

ON JIM

He stops, takes a panoramic view of the stadium. ON THE FANS who are on their feet yelling and screaming, and ON THE TV CAMERAS that are all pointed towards him and ON SCORES OF PAPARAZZI as they snap pictures, a hundred at a time.

INT. ANNOUNCERS' BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

The Producer watches by the glass with great interest.

PRODUCER ONE

We shouldn't be doing this. We  
shouldn't be doing this. We  
shouldn't be doing this. Come on,  
old man. You can do it.

ON JIM

An eerie quiet takes over the stadium.

Jim looks in front of him and sees Ricky. They square off. The band starts playing the "Rocky theme" and Jim moves at a slow pace, then faster until he's at his top speed.

The fans go wild, cheering Jim on, but just as Jim closes in on his grandson, instead of tackling Jim, Ricky turns toward the guards to run interference and Jim follows his grandson into a wall of Security guards.

Although Ricky sends a couple of them flying to the turf, there are just too many guards. Two are on Jim's back. One has him by the waist, and another looks like he's going to tackle Jim and bring him down permanently.

Just as it looks like Jim won't make it to the end zone, Walter suddenly appears in the end zone screaming to get Jim's attention. Jim sees him, but remains determined to take the ball in himself - just like he did three decades ago.

As he moves forward, another security guard jumps on him. Jim moves the ball on front, and just as he ready to take that last lunge into the end zone, he passes the ball to Walter who catches it for a score against no particular opponent.

However, judging from the pandemonium, it is a touchdown scored for humanity.

ANNOUNCER KENT (O.S.)

(Shouting)

The old man scores. The old man scores!  
scores! The old man scores!!

Walter spikes the ball to the ground. He runs around the end zone with his hands over his head dancing to the Mummies' music which the Navy band is playing now. For a moment he loses touch with reality and gets lost in Jim's fantasy.

Walter can't stop dancing, and the Navy band won't stop playing. Finally, amidst the cheers and the camera flashes, Walter falls to his knees, exhausted. And Jim, out of breath, runs to Walter and picks him up and they do a high five.

Then they both jump high into the air and bump chests, a picture is snapped from an unseen photographer.

FREEZE FRAME: this picture captures Walter and Jim in mid-air bumping chests, and Dustin can be seen sitting on the ground on the 15-yard line with his arm raised up in victory.

SUPERIMPOSE: "SEVEN MONTHS LATER"

INT. MCGINTY'S BAR - NIGHT

A pre-season football game on the TV competes with the usual banter of Jim, Walter and Dustin as they enter the bar.

Harry drafts a beer for a customer as a MAN walks in with a two-foot by three-foot picture wrapped up in brown paper.

HARRY

I've been waiting for this picture  
for months. Just put it here.

The man places it down on the bar then leaves.

ANNOUNCER KENT (V.O.)

Kareem, this is Navy's first game  
of the season and Ricky Greene is  
in mid-season form already.

ANNOUNCER KAREEM (V.O.)

He's one of six seniors returning,  
and Navy's got a good shot at the  
national title this year, Kent.

Jim looks at Dustin and smiles.

JIM

How are you doin', buddy?

DUSTIN

Fine. How are you doin', buddy?

Jim reaches into his pocket and pulls out a string.

A CUSTOMER watches Jim attach one end of the string to  
Dustin's belt.

Jim attaches the other end of the string to himself. He tugs on it and leans into Dustin and looks him in the eyes.

JIM

You're going nowhere tonight.

Walter squints a couple of times at the seating area. He gets up off the stool, walks towards the jukebox and tries to get a better view of a woman sitting at one of the tables.

He puts money into the jukebox, pushes some buttons, and saunters to her table. It's the Mystery Woman.

WALTER

May I sit?

She looks up, nods and then smiles. The music plays from the jukebox. It's Kate Smith singing, 'God Bless America'.

ON JIM

Jim's back faces Dustin as he divides his attention between the TV and Walter. Jim tugs on the string without looking. It's tight. Just to make sure, he glances over to Dustin who appears content munching on pretzels and watching TV.

ON WALTER

He gets up and guides the Mystery Woman to the floor.

BACK TO JIM AND HARRY AT THE BAR

Jim looks up to the TV. He raises his arms and yells,

JIM

That's my grandson.

Harry struts over to the seating section to the ugly picture that hangs on the wall. He removes it, then meanders back and places the picture on top of the bar.

Harry takes a moment to watch Walter dance with the Mystery Woman. He reaches for his glass of water and leans into Jim.

HARRY

You know, a dance is just as good.  
To the Hat Trick.

Harry holds up his glass and clinks it with Jim's. After a moment, Jim hears a screeching noise emanating from outside.

MAN IN CAR (O.S.)

Watch where you're going, old man.

Jim tugs on the string. It's tight.

JIM

For a second I thought ...

Jim sees the end of the string tied to an empty stool. With a fluster of moves, Jim breaks the string and bolts outside.

EXT. MCGINTY'S BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jim bursts through the doors and looks for Dustin. He spots Dustin walking down the street and goes after him.

INT. MCGINTY'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

Harry looks through the window, sees Jim chasing Dustin.

ON WALTER AND THE MYSTERY WOMAN

As they dance--

MYSTERY WOMAN

So, how you been this past year?

WALTER

I'm just happy to be alive, I  
guess.

ON HARRY AT THE BAR

As he washes dishes Jim prances back in with Dustin. Harry watches Jim as he ties the string back on Dustin's belt and attaches the other end to himself.

CUSTOMER (O.S.)

You should rename this village  
Codgertown.

Harry turns and gives the customer his full attention.

HARRY

And why is that?

CUSTOMER

I think this town is overrun by  
retirees, that's why. I don't  
understand why you let them in here  
in the first place. They're loud,  
and old and obnoxious and ...

Harry holds up his hand for the customer to stop talking.

HARRY

I guess you haven't heard. Sixty is  
the new fifty.

ON WALTER

Walter dips the Mystery Women while dancing.

ON HARRY

He head-nods to Walter and the Mystery woman.

HARRY

In his case, it's the new thirty.

The customer starts to laugh but stops when he sees Harry's stare - one that would freeze any NFL lineman.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Why don't you just drink up and  
call it a night.

Insulted, the customer finishes his drink and leaves.

Harry unwraps the new picture he just received and takes it  
over to where the ugly picture once hung. He places it up on  
the wall and stares at it as if looking at the Mona Lisa. A  
slow, creasing smile brightens his face.

ON THE PICTURE

It's an enlargement of a photo that the unseen photographer  
took at the Army-Navy game of Walter and Jim in mid-air,  
bumping chests with Dustin on the 15-yard line waving his  
hand in celebration of Jim's touchdown.

FADE OUT.

-THE END-