

RAGING BALLS

by

Todd Robert Anderson

and

Stephen J. Skelton

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Contact:
Dan Baron
@Metropolitan Talent Agency
(323)857-4550

INT BOYS' CLUB GYM, 1983 - DAY

It's the very intense fourth quarter of a pee-wee basketball game. The score is Home 45, Visitors 44. The stands are filled with a CROWD of screaming mad parents and drunken teenagers. Both coaches are treating the game like it's the end of the world.

A player on the visiting team turns the ball over, and the crowd goes apeshit. The two teams rush down the court, coaches screaming as they go, right past the pre-teens PATTON KEATON and CONAN WINKLER, who are sitting on the home team bench. They are cheering on their teammates with much enthusiasm. Patton's eyes are distorted by coke bottle eyeglasses, and Conan constantly spits as he cheers through an assload of headgear.

The home team COACH, completely engrossed in what his players are doing on the court, accidentally trips over Patton and Conan.

COACH
Goddammit, you guys.

CONAN
We just got the ball!

COACH
(incredibly annoyed)
Thank you. Sit down.

Patton and Conan sheepishly sit down to get out of his way.

Suddenly and without warning, PATTON'S DAD and CONAN'S DAD get in the Coach's face. Patton's Dad's eyes are distorted through coke bottle glasses, and Conan's Dad's face is obscured by an assload of headgear.

PATTON'S DAD
When are you gonna play my boy?
He's been on the damn bench all
night!

CONAN'S DAD
(impossible to understand)
You have to let them play--it's the
rules!

There is a huge roar from the crowd and all heads turn to the action. On the floor, two kids from either team wrestle with the basketball.

COACH
 (veins bulging from
 temples)
 Time out! TIME OUT!

The Coach runs onto the court as whistles blow. Patton's Dad looks at the scoreboard. The score is the same (Home 45, Visitors 44) and the time has run down to 15 seconds.

PATTON'S DAD
 For fuck's sake!

Conan's Dad violently throws his bag of popcorn down, right into the face of a LITTLE GIRL. She starts to cry. No one notices.

The Coach brings the team back to the bench.

COACH
 Okay, now listen up. There's fifteen seconds left and we've got the ball. All we have to do is hold on to the ball. Do you understand? We don't have to score. We just have to hold on to the ball. Do you understand?

PATTON'S DAD
 You're putting my boy in, right?

COACH
 (glances at Patton's Dad,
 returns to the team)
 Now, I just want you kids to hold on to the ball. Get it on the floor, and DON'T try to score.

PATTON'S DAD
 'Cause I ain't raisin' no sissy.

CONAN'S DAD
 (unintelligible)
 If you're putting his kid in, you have to put mine in.

The Coach turns to the two fathers.

COACH
 Look, I know you guys want your kids to play. They're good kids. But we have a chance to make the finals here.

(MORE)

COACH (cont'd)
And, frankly, since my wife left me
for that stuntman, this is all I
have.

CONAN'S DAD
(drooling)
If you don't put my kid in I'm
going to beat the hell out of you.

COACH
Fine.

PATTON'S DAD
And I'll tell the school board you
used to be a Catholic priest.

COACH
How'd you know that?

PATTON'S DAD
Internet.

COACH
(defeated)
Patton, Conan, you're in.

Patton and Conan look at each other, excited.

PATTON
This is it, Conan. This is our big
moment.

CONAN
I'm nervous.

Conan passes gas. Patton looks at the opposing teammates,
sizing them up.

PATTON
Don't worry. I think we can take
these guys.

The REFEREE blows his whistle. The teams return to the court.
Patton and Conan proudly run to their positions.

COACH
(to the rest of the team)
Okay, everyone! Nobody give Patton
and Conan the ball! Don't let them
play! Let's win this thing!
(then, to himself)
We are so fucked.

Depressed, he collapses onto the bench. He takes out a cigarette case, taps a butt so the leaves are nice and tight, lights up, and gives himself over to the sweet, smooth flavor.

The Referee blows the whistle again and both teams start to run wildly, as a kid from the home team searches for someone to pass to. Patton and Conan try to get in for a pass, but their own teammates push them away from the ball.

Suddenly, the ball gets thrown onto the court. Players scramble and the ball is bounced hand over hand until it lands--

Right in Patton's hands. He stares at the ball, shocked and confused. His own team charges him angrily.

CONAN
(terrified for his friend)
RUN!!!!

Patton and Conan start moving together towards the basket. The opposing team charges towards them, on the defense. Patton and Conan slow down to avoid losing the ball, and run into their own teammates who have come up behind them.

Both teams collide in a violent pile, Patton and Conan lost in the epicenter. Patton and Conan get pushed, kicked, shoved and spun around as everyone tries to knock the ball from Patton's hands. Patton and Conan, as a result of this maelstrom, become terribly disoriented.

The visitors and home team members begin hitting each other in their exuberance, and soon both teams forget about the ball. It rolls away from the mass of fighting pre-teens. Patton and Conan crawl out of the fight after the ball.

PATTON
Get the ball! Get the ball!

CONAN
My head hurts!

PATTON
Doesn't matter! Get the ball!

CONAN
I can't see straight!

PATTON
Neither can I! But we must get the ball!

Patton and Conan's vision is very blurry as they close in on the ball. Conan recovers it and passes to Patton.

Patton starts to dribble and run. Conan runs with him. They rush past both teams and make their way down the court.

The crowd screams in horror. The boys are running the wrong way.

Patton and Conan move like basketball heroes, their faces lit up with excitement.

Patton's Dad and Conan's Dad scream in rage.

The Referee moves in, trying to tell the boys they are running to the wrong basket. Conan sets a perfect pic for Patton and elbows the Referee in the balls. The Ref goes down, face slamming into the hardwood.

The Coach finishes his cigarette and throws his butt into the soda of the Little Girl who got hit in the face with popcorn. She starts crying again. He puts his hand over her face and pushes her away.

Patton reaches the foul line of the wrong basket. He sets his feet and releases the ball.

Silence.

The crowd is horrified.

The ball sails through the air and ricochets off the rim. It's a brick.

The crowd is relieved.

Out of nowhere, Conan grabs the rebound and lays up a perfect shot.

He hits the ground and turns to Patton.

CONAN

I did it! I did it!

PATTON

Yeah!

They high-five and jump around, screaming with joy. After a second they notice there is no other sound in the gymnasium. They turn around.

CLOSE-UP of the scoreboard, which changes from Home 45, Visitors 44 to Home 45, Visitors 46.

The buzzer sounds.

Patton and Conan stare at the crowd and the two teams.

Everyone is blank faced and silent.

After a moment,

SOMEONE FROM WAY IN THE BACK
Assholes went the wrong way!

The crowd explodes in anger and begins to riot.

Patton's Dad and Conan's Dad turn to each other and, after a beat, start fighting.

At the end of the gymnasium Patton and Conan stand near each other as their teammates--covered in cuts and bruises from the brawl--slowly, threateningly, approach. Patton and Conan are going to be beaten senseless. The visiting team cheers in the background.

Patton and Conan stand side by side and stare dejectedly at their impending doom.

CROSS FADE TO:

EXT BOX FACTORY - DAY

Patton and Conan, now in their early thirties, stand side by side in a unkempt parking lot. Broken glass and empty condom wrappers litter the ground. An old, rusty basketball hoop is fastened to the side of the box factory. Patton is bouncing a basketball.

They are facing their two friends, SARGENTO FONG and CHRIS BURKE. Sargento is an average-sized Chinese man with a permanent scowl. Chris is a good-natured, somewhat nondescript, and ultimately unfunny wanna-be stand-up comic.

PATTON
Okay, so those are the basics. Now
we'll cover dribbling. Chris.

He tosses the ball to Chris. The ball bounces off him as he is too busy taking notes in a notebook to see it coming.

CONAN
Good first effort.

SARGENTO
Shouldn't you guys get back to
work?

PATTON

Don't worry about it, Sargento.
We're taking a long lunch.

SARGENTO

We've been out here for three and a
half hours, Patton. And it's not
even noon.

PATTON

Look, do you want to learn to play
basketball or not? Conan, let's
show 'em free throws.

Patton tosses the ball to Conan who immediately takes a shot.
It falls short, smashing through a window directly below the
hoop.

DON DIPACINO, obviously a mobster, sticks his head out the
window.

DON DIPACINO

What the fuck is going on out here?
(then, noticing Patton and
Conan)
Why the fuck aren't you working?
Get the fuck in here!
(then, to Chris and
Sargento)
Who the fuck are you? Do you work
for me?

CHRIS

No.

DON DIPACINO

Then get the fuck out of here!

Chris and Sargento take off running.

CONAN

(yelling after them)
We'll catch up to you later!

INT BOX FACTORY OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

DiPacino sits in a large leather massage chair, behind a
seventy-two inch wide oak executive desk that looks
ridiculously expensive. A huge jar filled with one-hundred
dollar bills sits on one corner of the desk.

On the glass wall behind him are movie posters of *The
Godfather*, *The Godfather II*, and *The Godfather III*.

A *Goodfellas* poster is crudely hung over *The Godfather III* poster.

The factory's hustle and bustle goes on beyond the glass walls of the office. Happy looking people, all in crisply clean light blue uniforms, carry empty boxes back and forth.

Patton and Conan enter.

DON DIPACINO
You're fired.

He pauses, looking out beyond the two guys at the workers on the factory floor.

Patton pulls a bottle of cough syrup from his pocket and chugs the whole thing. Conan stares at him.

CONAN
You drank that whole bottle.

PATTON
I was feeling stuffy.

CONAN
How do you feel now?

PATTON
(thinks)
Drowsy.

Patton notices a large stain on his shirt. He starts to pick at it.

Don DiPacino looks back at them for a beat, then repeats himself.

DON DIPACINO
I said you're fired.

CONAN
Oh, you mean today?

DON DIPACINO
Yes, goddammit, get your ass outta here and take the retard with you.

CONAN
He's not retarded, Don DiPacino.

Conan looks at Patton, who is violently yanking on his shirt, actually trying to pull off the stain. An entire side of the shirt tears from his body. He tries to put it back using scotch tape from Don DiPacino's desk.

CONAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 (back to Don DiPacino)
 Why are we fired, Don DiPacino?

DON DIPACINO
 Let's see, here, Conan. First,
 (pointing at Patton)
 he usually spends the whole day in
 the break room, eating all the
 donuts and drinking all the soda.
 Second, he's been accused of sexual
 harassment by nearly every
 employee, even you. Third, he's an
 idiot. Fourth, he somehow manages
 to clog every toilet, every day.

He looks out to two MOBSTERS carrying a body wrapped in a rug
 through the factory, an arm hanging out of it. They wave, and
 Don DiPacino waves back, temporarily happy.

Patton is now trying to staple the shirt to his chest.

DON DIPACINO (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Fifth, he's broken the television
 in the break room eleven times.

PATTON
 (stapling himself)
 Ouch.

Patton pauses, then tries again. Conan stops him with an
 outstretched hand, shaking his head "no". Conan takes the
 stapler and puts it back on the desk. Patton stares at the
 stapler, almost drooling.

DON DIPACINO
 Sixth, he lost a fork lift.
 Seventh, all the two of you do is
 play basketball and break my
 windows. I've killed people for
 less.

Patton has stapled his sleeve to his chest. He is confused.

DON DIPACINO (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 And what really burns my ass is
 this place is just a front for my
 criminal activities! Beyond that,
 (again, pointing at
 Patton)
 I NEVER HIRED HIM! So, technically,
 I'm not firing him, I'm just asking
 him to leave.

(MORE)

DON DIPACINO (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I'm firing you because YOU BROUGHT
HIM HERE! NOW GET OUT!

PATTON
(snapping to attention, to
Conan)
Dude, we're late for work.

EXT KRAZY KOMEDY KLUB - LATER

A GIANT NEON SWASTIKA hangs above the door of the Krazy Komedy Klub, and just below the symbol are three gold-plated "K's." The name of the club is crudely spray-painted on the door, obviously an afterthought.

Patton and Conan approach the "comedy club" in mid-conversation.

CONAN
I never expected to be this old and
this unemployed.

PATTON
The American dream has failed us.
Abandoned us. You and me. Us. Guys.
All I ever wanted was my piece of
the pie.

CONAN
You want to get some pie? We can
get pie.

PATTON
Not literal pie! Money pie! The
American Money Pie!

CONAN
Money won't make you happy, Patton.

PATTON
It's not just the money or being
able to spend it. It's about being
part of something, something that
matters.

Patton stops, sees the swastika, and looks confused.

PATTON (cont'd)
This is where Chris does his stand
up?

CONAN
Yep. It's a front for the American
Nazi Party.

(MORE)

CONAN (cont'd)
 They pretend they're a nightclub.
 They give Chris all the stage time
 he wants, so...

PATTON
 Does he know they're Nazis?

CONAN
 Oh, no.

PATTON
 Are you going to tell him?

CONAN
 I can't. This is the only place he
 can get work.

Chris exits the club, following two AMERICAN NAZIS, complete
 with swastika armbands.

CHRIS
 (thrusting a handful of
 yellow leaflets)
 Hey, you forgot your flyers, guys.

The Nazis reluctantly take some flyers.

CHRIS (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Remember, next show starts at 2.
 The 2 o'clock is completely
 different from the 11:30. Bring
 your friends!

The Nazis salute and walk away. Chris waves back at them,
 Nazi salute style.

CHRIS (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 (oblivious)
 Okay, seeya later - crazy wave!
 (notices the guys)
 Hey, guys! What happened at work?

CONAN
 We got fired.

CHRIS
 Great! You gonna stay for the 2
 o'clock show?

PATTON

(finding an excuse)

Oh, ah, you know, Chris, we've seen your act so many times...but not to say that...you're...use of multiple...fart...sounds...isn't brilliant. But...

CONAN

We should probably go look for a new job.

CHRIS

I don't do the fart stuff anymore! I've abandoned it for much more sophisticated material. You like historical comedy?

CONAN

I don't know what that is.

CHRIS

You'll love it! I just wrote some killer Genghis Kahn material. Wanna sample?

CONAN

Uh...

CHRIS

(starting his "act")

So, how about that Genghis Kahn? Boy, what a sorehead! But I'd sure love to have his harem!

Patton and Conan wince.

CONAN

It's funny.

PATTON

(to Conan)

Wasn't Genghis Kahn that guy from Star Trek?

CONAN

What are you talking about?

PATTON

You know, Star Trek: The Wrath of Genghis Kahn. KAAAAAHN!!!

CONAN
 (to Chris, changing the
 subject)
 Is Sargento here?

CHRIS
 No, he had to take off just before
 the 11:30 show. Some kind of
 emergency. He said he'd be back for
 the 2 o'clock, though.

PATTON
 (to Conan)
 An emergency! My, God, we'd better
 get over there right away!

CONAN
 I agree!

CHRIS
 But you guys aren't qualified to--

Patton and Conan are gone.

EXT TAILOR SHOP - MINUTES LATER

A sign above the glass storefront reads "Le Petite
 Pantalones". Patton and Conan enter the store.

INT TAILOR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

All the clothing in the shop is specifically tailored for
 little people. A Chihuahua rests comfortably on a small
 pillow nearby.

Sargento stands in the center of the shop, carefully
 measuring a suit on WILT ICEMAN, a little person and
 Sargento's best customer. Wilt stands on a specially-designed
 tailor's platform that is three times the normal height.

Patton and Conan approach. Conan's jacket is immediately
 caught on the metal rack attached to the front desk.

PATTON
 Hey, Sargento!

Patton nods at Wilt.

CONAN
 (twisting around the metal
 rack)
 What the hell--

SARGENTO
 (turning)
 Patton, Conan--hey, watch that
 rack.

The dog stirs--looking at Conan.

CONAN
 I'm trying to--

Conan slides against the counter top.

SARGENTO
 What happened at work?

PATTON
 We got fired.

SARGENTO
 (slightly irritated)
 What are you doing here? I need to
 finish these trousers. It's an
 emergency.

WILT
 (apologetically)
 I've got a briss tomorrow.

PATTON
 Oh, you're Jewish?

WILT
 No.

Patton is confused. Sargento sticks pins into Wilt's pants.

PATTON
 (to Sargento)
 Wanna go play some ball later? Put
 those lessons to the test?

Conan is trying to twist out of his jacket but is only
 getting himself more stuck. The dog trots over to his feet,
 growling, and starts to bite Conan's ankles.

CONAN
 (trying to shake off the
 dog)
 Ow, hey-dammit, stop it!

SARGENTO
 (to Patton)
 Yeah, sure, whatever.
 (MORE)

SARGENTO (cont'd)
(then to Conan, furious)
FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, WILL YOU CALM
DOWN!

Conan's hand comes down on an open box of push pins. He yelps, startling the dog, which begins to bite him even more ferociously.

WILT
(clearing his throat)
I don't want to butt in here, but,
uh, I'm a pretty good ball player
myself and I've been looking for
some guys to play with.

Conan pitches over and grabs a mannequin. It falls over with him behind the counter.

SARGENTO
(to the guys)
This is Wilt Iceman.

PATTON
Awesome! We're practically a team!

WILT
Damn straight! I got game! I got
mad dope skillz--and such.

PATTON
Now we just need a center. Chris is
out, he's doing historical comedy.
You talk to Goethe lately?

SARGENTO
No, the bar stopped taking his
calls.

PATTON
Well, let's go get him.

SARGENTO
(still annoyed)
Fine, let me just finish up this
suit.

Conan gets up, finally untangling himself from his jacket, and approaches the other guys. His shirt is torn to ribbons and dozens of push pins stick out from his torso.

SARGENTO (cont'd)
 (looking at Conan)
 You owe me one mannequin.

CUT TO:

EXT DRINK-N-DRIVE BAR AND GO-KART TRACK - LATER

The entrance to the bar looks like it was hit by a cruise missile. A flimsy tin sign hangs precariously over the entrance. It reads: "Drink-N-Drive - Music, Methomania Miniature Automobiles - Enter At Own Risk - Seriously, Enter At Own Risk".

INT DRINK-N-DRIVE BAR AND GO-KART TRACK - CONTINUOUS

The "Drink-N-Drive" is a run-down bar which has a dangerous-looking go-kart track running through it. Patrons slam beers as they careen around the track's twists and turns.

GOETHE sits at the bar playing an electronic trivia game. He is portly and lethargic. The question "Name this famous comedy duo: Abbott and _____?" appears on a television above the bar.

GOETHE
 Sinbad!

He is wrong.

GOETHE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Fuck!

He chugs his beer. DEKE, the owner and bartender, immediately places a fresh beer in front of Goethe.

GOETHE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Thanks, Deke.

Deke grunts.

Patton, Conan, Sargento and Wilt enter the bar. Wilt breaks off from the group.

WILT
 I gotta take a leak. Be right back.

The other three spot Goethe and head to the bar.

PATTON
 (to the bartender)
 Hey, Deke, can we get a round of beers?

DEKE

No.

Deke walks away.

PATTON

(unfazed, to Goethe)

We're gonna get a pick up game going. We need a center. You in?

GOETHE

Sure. But I can't do anything before 2.

CONAN

Why not?

GOETHE

Well, I got my...meditation. And Ellen's on at 1. It's an hour.

PATTON

Okay! Hoops at 2!

CONAN

I thought we had to go to Chris' show at 2?

PATTON

Okay! Hoops at 2!

Wilt returns from the bathroom.

WILT

Did I hear hoops at 2?

Wilt high-fives Patton. Goethe suddenly stands up from the bar, wide-eyed with terror upon seeing Wilt. He leans over to Conan.

GOETHE

(whispering to Conan,
pointing at Wilt)

I can't play basketball with him.

CONAN

Why not?

GOETHE

(whispering)

I'm terrified of little people.

CONAN
You're an idiot.

GOETHE
(whispering)
I'm serious!

CONAN
So am I.

Then there is a CRASH at the far end of the bar. A go-kart has sailed off the track and is speeding out of control across the bar, heading straight for Goethe's beer. As the kart gets closer, it smashes everything on the bar top in its way: beer mugs, bowls of nuts, baskets of delicious buffalo wings.

SOMEONE AT THE BAR
My wings!

Goethe pulls his beer out of harm's way just in time. The kart smashes into a gigantic Budweiser mirror at the end of the bar and comes to a halt. The KART DRIVER looks up, dazed, and gives the "thumbs up" sign.

KART DRIVER
(obviously drunk)
I'm okay!

An airbag in the kart steering wheel EXPLODES and knocks him unconscious. Deke rushes over and pulls the driver from the wrecked kart.

DEKE
(to the Kart Driver)
You're cut off.

GOETHE
(finishing up his beer)
Gonna need a fresh one here, Deke.

DEKE
Comin' up.

PATTON
Can we get an order of wings, Deke?

DEKE
No.

CONAN
 (to Patton)
 He's really not a very good
 bartender.

INT KRAZY KOMEDY KLUB - THE 2 O'CLOCK SHOW

Chris is at the back of the club, nervously checking his
 watch. A NAZI BOUNCER walks up to him.

NAZI BOUNCER
 It's two o'clock. You do your show
 now.

CHRIS
 I need to hold the house for a few
 minutes. Some friends of mine must
 be running a bit late.

NAZI BOUNCER
 YOU GET ON STAGE AND DO THE SHOW
 NOW! IT IS TIME FOR THE SHOW!

CHRIS
 But it's customary in show business
 to--

NAZI BOUNCER
 NOW!

Chris runs up to the stage and grabs the mic. There is no one
 in the audience except for an OLD WOMAN WITH AN OXYGEN TANK
 and her HUSBAND. The Husband is constantly fussing with the
 oxygen tank.

The only other people in the club are a group of fully
 uniformed members of the American Nazi Party, gathered in a
 back corner. They are meeting with a GERMAN NAZI, who carries
 an assassin's gun case.

CHRIS
 (off to a rocky start)
 Okay, hey there, everybody! Great
 to be here! Love this dive! Just
 love it!

He looks at the Old Woman With An Oxygen Tank.

CHRIS (cont'd)
 How's your...oxygen?

She just smiles at him.

CHRIS (cont'd)
 (keeps on truckin')
 So, what's up with that Ghenghis
 Kahn? I mean, who does he think he
 is? Napolean with a Fu Manchu?

He waits for the laugh. There isn't one.

CHRIS (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 The only guy with worse taste in
 facial hair was Hitler.

The Nazis immediately halt their meeting and stare at him.
 Chris doesn't notice.

CHRIS (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 But at least that guy knew how to
 dress. Am I right? Or am I right?
 I'm right!

The Nazis return to their meeting.

CHRIS (cont'd)
 Anybody here from Germany?

The German Nazi raises his hand.

CHRIS (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 They make really good watches.

GERMAN NAZI
 That's Switzerland.

CHRIS
 Great town!
 (pause)
 Woo! It's getting hot in here!

The Husband turns a knob on the oxygen tank, which starts to
 make a high-pitched WHINE. The Husband hits the tank with a
 wrench.

EXT CITY STREET - SAME TIME

Patton, Conan, Sargento, Wilt and Goethe, now in their best
 "street ball" clothes, are walking to the courts. Patton,
 Sargento and Wilt are dribbling and passing the ball back and
 forth while Conan pushes a reluctant Goethe behind the group.

The group passes by the large corporate office building of
 the American Network Broadcasting Network Company (ANBNC).

CONAN
 (thinking out loud)
 It feels cold and evil here.
 (shrugs it off)
 Oh, well.

The group moves on.

INT BAT MASTERSON'S NETWORK TELEVISION OFFICE - SAME TIME

BAT MASTERSON, CEO of ANBNC, sits behind his ornate desk. He's bawling out JIMMY BOSCH, the network's most successful executive.

BAT
 Jimmy, can you tell me why my
 dick's in the blender?

BOSCH
 I'm sorry, what?

BAT
 (working himself into a
 loud frenzy)
 Six months ago, the American
 Network Broadcasting Network
 Company was at the top of the heap!
 Now we're at the bottom--no one's
 looked this bad since UPN turned
 into an all-wrestling channel!
 What's happened, Jimmy? I put you
 in charge so I could sit in my
 office, eat my hard candy, and not
 worry!

BOSCH
 Bat, I know it's been rough...

BAT
 Nonsense, Bosch! You used to have
 an eye for the hits! *Teen Cops!*
Alien Cops! Teen Aliens! All good
 shows! But now, *Schindler's List:*
the Series?

BOSCH
 That was a miss.

BAT
 RNN, TNBCTV, CBQVC, CBVTCBY,
 LMNOTV, MTV's 1 through 40--they're
 all killing us with the reality
 television!

(MORE)

BAT (cont'd)

Real people doing real things in artificial situations! That's what the public wants! You need to come up with one that trumps them all! A juggernaut of epic reality proportions! An unsinkable Titanic blockbuster!

(he takes a moment, then)

Or I'll be forced to let you go. Replace you with someone younger, smarter, firmer chested.

BOSCH

(scoffing a bit)

Who?

BETTY GARBLE barges into the office.

BETTY

(a mile a minute)

Me! I've single-handedly kept ANBNC from completely folding! Everybody knows it!

BAT

Betty, calm down.

BETTY

Bat, I know I've been prone to go off like a hot firecracker and explode in little sparks all over the place, but that's what gives me my edge. Little sparks. Your darling Bosch here has got no sparks! He's like a spent sparkler the day after the Fourth of July. All burnt up and useless!

BOSCH

What?

BETTY

Dump him, and bring on the new blood! Whaddaya say? Will you let me take this network all the way up the Mountain of Greatness and back down again? What's the verdict?

BAT

All right, Betty. I'll give you your shot. Jimmy's still in charge, but I'm assigning you to assist him.

(MORE)

BAT (cont'd)
 You'll help him out and make sure
 he's doing right by the company. If
 he screws up, you can have his job.

BOSCH
 (completely mystified)
 Bat, that creates a giant conflict
 of interest.

BAT
 Yeah, but it might be good for a
 laugh. Now the both of you, GET
 OUT! You've got work to do.

Betty and Bosch step out of the office. Bat takes a bag of
 hard candy from his desk drawer, and opens it. He yanks too
 hard, and the candy explodes all over his office.

BAT (CONT'D)
 Fuck.

EXT STREET BASKETBALL COURT NEXT TO ANBNC - DAY

Patton and Conan's ragtag ball team is haphazardly shooting
 at the basket across court from a group of FIVE BLACK STREET
 BALL HUSTLERS. The hustlers look mean, one with a neck brace
 and another with an enormous clock medallion. Wilt is wearing
 a silver running suit and safety goggles, like the ones
 Kareem Abdul-Jabar had. Patton, Wilt and Sargento attempt to
 get a game going with their chatter.

PATTON
 (obvious and overly loud)
 Boy, it would sure be fun to play
 some five on five right now!

SARGENTO
 Yeah! I got game!

WILT
 (almost yelling)
 He's my tailor!

SARGENTO
 Yeah!

CONAN
 Would you guys shut up? You're not
 making any sense.

(then, to Patton, re. the
 hustlers)
 I don't think this is such a good
 idea. They look pretty tough.

(MORE)

CONAN (cont'd)
That one's got a neck brace. And
look at the clock medallion.

PATTON
(aside, to Conan)
C'mon. I think we can take these
guys.

Goethe pops a Budweiser can. The hustlers approach.

HUSTLER WITH NERVOUS TIC
Let's go you ragtag bunch of
awkward bitches.

The two teams get ready to play. Wilt is moving back and forth, sizing up the competition. Every time he gets near Goethe, Goethe moves away quickly, keeping a hand over his beer so it won't spill.

The game begins.

In a quick montage we see the guys playing their five on five game. They celebrate in ridiculously over the top fashion after every basket they make, every pass they complete, and every time they dribble for more than a few feet without losing the ball. It is incredibly obvious that the hustlers are letting them win.

Sargento is constantly worried about getting his sneakers dirty, and gets screamingly mad at whoever gets dust on or near them.

SARGENTO
Stay away from my kicks!

Wilt is the only guy who ever scores, playing with amazing grace and agility.

On the sidelines, an OLD MAN hot dog vendor watches the game. A dejected Jimmy Bosch walks up to him.

OLD MAN
Hey, there, Jimmy. Is today a kraut
day or not?

BOSCH
(slightly annoyed)
It's Tuesday.

OLD MAN
And which way do you go Tuesday?

BOSCH
Gimme the fucking kraut. Jesus
Christ.

OLD MAN
Chili dog comin' up!

Bosch rolls his eyes and looks over at the game.

BOSCH
They're pretty good, huh?

OLD OMAN
No they're not!

BOSCH
But they're winning...

The Old Man hands Bosch a chili dog. Bosch looks at it,
disgusted.

OLD MAN
Of course they're winning! They're
playing hustlers! Hustlers always
let you win the first game, then
they play for money and kick your
ass.

(then, snickering)
Five white guys beating five black
guys in basketball. That'd be a
great TV show! A fella could make
millions with a show like that!

The Old Man has a heart attack and keels over. Bosch studies
the game on the court.

BOSCH
(getting an idea)
Millions, huh?
(notices the Old Man)
You okay, buddy?

Bosch looks at him for a moment. He drops the chili dog and
replaces it with a hot dog with sauerkraut. He pulls out a
soda and looks back to the game.

Back on the court, Patton and Conan make the winning basket
of the game together: Conan dishes the ball off to Patton who
makes a Michael Jordan face as if he is going up for a dunk.
His feet never leave the ground as he does a granny shot.
Swish.

BOSCH (CONT'D)
 It's just crazy enough to work.
 This hot dog's awful. Who am I
 talking to?

EXT STREET BASKETBALL COURT NEXT TO ANBNC - MOMENTS LATER

Victorious, the guys are in the midst of a ferocious round of high-fives. The celebration completely exhausts them, and they run out of energy. The hustlers approach.

HUSTLER WITH NECK BRACE
 All right, guys. Whaddaya say we
 put some money on the next one?

He pulls out a huge roll of money.

PATTON
 I'm not one to take candy from a
 baby, and you guys don't look
 like...babies. And this ball
 isn't...candy...so, yeah, let's get
 it on! I mean, play. For money.

CONAN
 I'm tired.

PATTON
 Come on, it's easy money.

CONAN
 You don't understand. I'm really
 tired. I think I'm gonna throw up.
 I need to get home and take some
 Emitrol. And I need lunch.

HUSTLER WITH ENORMOUS CLOCK MEDALLION
 Give me a break. You guys are
 great! You wanna play!

Conan collapses to the ground, puts his head between his legs and begins to whimper.

CONAN
 I wanna go home!

SARGENTO
 Me, too. I have a tummy cramp.

PATTON
 (to the hustlers)
 Jesus Christ. I'm sorry guys.

Conan violently projectile vomits all over Patton's back.

PATTON (CONT'D)
 Goddammit! I was gonna wear this
 tomorrow! Now I'm gonna have to put
 it in the dryer.

HUSTLER WITH NECK BRACE
 That was the most disgusting thing
 I've ever seen.

Goethe still stands as far away from Wilt as possible.

GOETHE
 I would like to go as well because
 I am afraid.

PATTON
 I'm gonna have to get these guys
 home, I guess. Sorry. It's getting
 kinda late, anyway.

HUSTLER WITH ENORMOUS CLOCK MEDALLION
 Late?
 (looking at his medallion)
 It's three o'clock.

WILT
 That actually keeps time?

HUSTLER WITH ENORMOUS CLOCK MEDALLION
 What the fuck you think I wear it
 for?

The hustlers look at one another, then decide to fuck it and
 leave.

PATTON
 (calling lamely)
 Good game, though.

Bosch approaches Patton and his team.

BOSCH
 Hey, there! Helluva game there,
 fellas!

PATTON
 Thanks.

BOSCH
 I'm gonna make you guys famous!

They all stare at him like he's a crazed bum of some kind.

BOSCH (cont'd)
Don't you know who I am?

CONAN
No.

BOSCH
I'm Jimmy Bosch, top exec for ANBNC.

CONAN
Oh!
(beat)
What?

BOSCH
I'm gonna buy you guys lunch. Where do you want to eat? The sky's the limit!
(then, to Patton)
And I'm going to buy you some new clothes, my man! You smell like puke!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT PECKER'S PIZZERIA - LATER

The sign above the Uno's-like restaurant entrance reads: "Pecker's Pizzaria-it's Deep Fried!" Bosch leads the five boys in through the front door. Patton is wearing the upper half of a five-thousand dollar Armani suit; below the waist he still wears his street ball clothes.

INT PECKER'S PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

They sit down at a table. Goethe sits across from Wilt, just staring at him in terror. A WAITER arrives. He is wearing a red Speed-o swimsuit and a T-shirt with a woodpecker on it (the establishment's uniform.) He is also wearing a plastic woodpecker beak over his nose. His genitals are enormous. All the other waiters in the restaurant look exactly the same way, huge genitals and all.

WAITER
(disinterested)
Welcome to Pecker's, a family place to be. What can I get you?

BOSCH
Beers all around, and five
pepperoni pizzas.
(then, to guys)
Sound good?

They all nod. Wilt is looking at the waiter uncomfortably.

WAITER
I'll be right back.

The waiter steps out of frame and comes back instantaneously with five pizzas.

WAITER
(bored to tears)
Here's your deep-fried deep dish
pepperoni pizza. It's deep fried.

BOSCH
That was fast.

WAITER
We have a very powerful fryer.

He puts the pizza down in such a manner that Wilt is forced to look at the waiter's intimidating package.

WAITER (CONT'D)
I'll be right back with your beers.

The waiter leaves. Wilt looks to Sargento.

WILT
I really don't like this place.
What made you want to come here?

SARGENTO
(digging in)
Where else are you going to get a
deep fried pizza? Duh.

Wilt looks around at the rest of the restaurant, horrified by all the well-endowed men in skimpy outfits. Bosch notices Goethe is staring at Wilt in terror. He makes a note in his palm pilot, then another note on a napkin which he wraps around the palm pilot and puts in his pocket.

PATTON
(to Bosch)
Thanks for the lunch and the half a
suit. So. What can we do for you?

BOSCH

It's not what you can do for me.
It's what I can have you do for me.
Patton, Conan, guys, your story is
an inspiration. Not just to me, not
just to ball players, but to this
whole country. The everyday people
of America. You've made basketball
a game again--a sport of the
people.

PATTON

Because we're real winners!

BOSCH

(stares for a beat)

Right. You guys are real heroes. I
think you guys have what it takes
to make it on TV.

WILT

What about all those guys who've
been playing street ball for years
in places like Rucker Park?

BOSCH

Sure, those guys are great. I'm not
denying that, but they don't have
your style, your pizzazz...your
disarming skin color...

PATTON

And we're great athletes!

BOSCH

Sure you are! Boys, I want you to
enjoy your lunch, and then go home
and get some rest. I'm going to
make some phone calls and set this
thing in motion. Here's my card.

(he hands a business card
to Conan)

Give me a call tomorrow, I want to
bring you and Patton in to meet
some people.

(turns to the other guys)

The rest of you: practice,
practice, practice!

Conan turns the card over in his hand.

CONAN

This thing's made out of metal.

BOSCH

Yes, stainless steel. It's razor sharp. Cut you to ribbons.

Bosch takes off. Patton looks excitedly at Conan. Conan looks back warily, then cuts his finger on the card. The waiter comes back with the beers and sets them on the table. When he goes to leave he accidentally knocks one of the beers off the table with his giant penis.

WAITER

Sorry. I'll get a mop.

EXT PECKER'S PIZZERIA - LATER

Patton, Conan, Sargento, Goethe and Wilt are all outside the restaurant, saying their good-bye's.

PATTON

We'll see ya tomorrow! Awesome about this Bosch guy, huh?

SARGENTO

Yeah, see you tomorrow.
(then, to Wilt)
Your suit will be ready in the morning.

WILT

Thanks.

The all shake hands, except for Goethe, who is still too terrified of Wilt to do anything. Sargento goes off in one direction, Patton and Conan in the other. Wilt is left standing with Goethe. Wilt looks at Goethe uncomfortably. Goethe yelps and sprints away spastically.

EXT ELECTRONICS SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Patton and Conan are walking down the street.

PATTON

You feeling better?

CONAN

I think so. Sorry I threw up on your back.

PATTON

No problem.
(then)
Blessing in disguise, my friend.
(MORE)

PATTON (cont'd)
You realize...we're going to be
rich?

CONAN
I guess so. I don't know about this
Bosch guy, though. His business
card made me bleed.

They stop in front of the electronics store. The display window is filled with television screens and flashing lights. A small Sony Watchman rests in the window, on sale.

PATTON
Take it easy, will ya? He obviously
came after us because he thinks we
have athletic talent.
(then)
Remember when I, ah, passed you the
ball!

CONAN
Yeah. That was a good pass.

PATTON
And remember, um, what else? What
else!?

CONAN
There was that time that the other
guys scored a basket and then gave
us the points because they said
something about not clearing the
ball.

PATTON
Yeah. That was a good play! Right
after that is when I passed you the
ball.

CONAN
Yeah, that was a good pass.

They both savor the victory and slip into daydreams, watching an NBA game on the televisions in the store's window.

INT BASKETBALL ARENA - PATTON'S DAYDREAM

Patton, in full NBA uniform, gets a fast break and drives down the court and scores. The buzzer sounds and the crowd goes wild. His teammates put him up on their shoulders as the crowd rushes the court.

ANNOUNCER

(over PA system)

And it's all over! Patton Keaton has lead his team to their 45th consecutive NBA title! This is one for the history books, folks--

A GIRL in the screaming crowd happily shows Patton her breasts. Patton screams in joyous approval.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

This is going to be an unforgettable legacy for one of the greatest players of all time--

A GUY in the screaming crowd drops his pants and happily shows Patton his penis. Patton is shocked and confused by his own daydream.

EXT ELECTRONICS SHOP

Patton and Conan are still deep in their daydreams.

INT ELECTRONICS SHOP - CONAN'S DAYDREAM

Conan is inside the same electronics shop in front of which he and Patton are daydreaming. He hands the CLERK crisp green bills and the Clerk hands him the tiny Sony Watchman television from the window. Conan turns on the television and is happy.

EXT ELECTRONICS SHOP

Patton and Conan come out of their daydreams.

PATTON

(an inspired realization)

We're gonna be stars!

CONAN

Sure.

(pause)

We should really get one of these Sony Watchmans.

INT BOSCH'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Patton, Conan, Bosch, Betty, and a group of NETWORK EXECUTIVES are crammed into the room. All the execs are 18 years old and wear Armani suits. The execs are all very, very nervous. Patton and Conan are just finishing signing contracts the size of phone books.

BOSCH
 Patton, Conan, our next big stars!
 Am I right?

NETWORK EXECUTIVES
 You bet! Right on! Genius! Sounds
 great!

All the Network Executives then erupt in forced laughter.
 Someone in the group belches.

CONAN
 You guys are really making me
 uneasy.

BOSCH
 That's fantastic!
 (shifting gears)
 Do you like reality television?

PATTON
 Well, at first it was--

BOSCH
 (interrupting)
 Shut up. Reality television. It's
 the future of this network. And
 that future is now. Today. Right
 here in this office.

CONAN
 Wouldn't that make it the present?

BOSCH
 (suddenly very angry)
 Now you're being smart with me,
 Conan. Don't be smart with me. Be
 smart with me and I'll tear your
 eyes out with my teeth. Then I'll
 rip your head off and stuff your
 eyes down your neck. Then I'll piss
 on you.

(suddenly very friendly
 again)
 Hey, guy! I like you, I like your
 style. Everybody thinks you guys
 are the Next Big Thing around here,
 you and your star ball players. Let
 me tell you what we want: We want a
 reality TV show about a group of
 ordinary, everyday heroes. We want
 to show what it's like to be out
 there in the real world.

(MORE)

BOSCH (cont'd)
 Real athletes, real games, real
 competition on the streets, no
 gigantic stadiums.
 (joking)
 After all, we're on a budget here,
 am I right?

NETWORK EXECUTIVES
 You bet! Right on! Genius! Sounds
 great!

They all force another laugh. Someone quietly vomits into his
 or her jacket.

BOSCH
 This thing stands to be huge, and
 we're going to give you one percent
 of the show's net gross. Right now,
 that equals 1.7 million dollars. By
 show's end, it will easily be over
 one billion dollars.

PATTON
 One billion dollars? Really?

BOSCH
 I'm not sure. We haven't really
 crunched the numbers on that yet.

BETTY
 These guys don't look like they can
 play basketball.

BOSCH
 (sweet as honey)
 Why don't you go pour yourself a
 nice hot cup of shut the fuck up.
 (back to Patton and Conan)
 There's only one thing I need you
 to do. Lose the midget.

NETWORK EXECUTIVE #1
 Technically, he's a "little
 person".

BOSCH
 You're fired!

All the execs, including the guy who just got canned, erupt
 in laughter. Half way through, the fired exec stops laughing
 and sheepishly walks out.

CONAN
 (quiet aside)
 Patton, what's happening?

PATTON
 Why do we have to get rid of Wilt?
 He's our top scorer. And rebounder.
 And player.

BOSCH
 Goethe is scared of him.

PATTON
 That would be his problem, wouldn't
 it? I mean, Goethe doesn't exactly
 bring a lot to the team.

CONAN
 He doesn't hustle.

BOSCH
 We've got to keep Goethe. It's a
 ratings thing. America loves fat
 people. Why? America *is* fat people.

CONAN
 Doesn't America love little people?

BOSCH
 Not as much.

PATTON
 Well, I gotta tell you, Bosch, I
 don't like your attitude. You can
 take this job and shove it.

NETWORK EXECUTIVE #2
 (grotesquely excited)
 But you just signed a contract!
 You're contractually obligated!

BOSCH
 You're fired.

The exec leaves.

BOSCH (cont'd)
 (to Patton)
 He's right. You signed the
 contract, you're legally obligated
 to do anything I tell you to do.

CONAN

Where does it say that?

Bosch opens the contract to a page in the middle, and shows it to Conan. Conan looks at it, dismayed.

CONAN (CONT'D)

We should have read these more thoroughly.

PATTON

Well, what happens if we don't do what you say?

Bosch flips to another page, and Conan reads it.

CONAN

We have to repay all production costs of the show.

PATTON

So what? Show hasn't even started.

BOSCH

Pre-production costs are already well over forty million dollars at this point.

CONAN

We don't have forty million dollars! We're unemployed!

BOSCH

If you can't repay the costs, then we would be forced to start a lengthy and invasive litigation process against you, and request prison terms.

Patton and Conan huddle up, and quietly confer for a moment. Then, they look up at Bosch.

PATTON

We don't want to go to prison.

EXT METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - THE NEXT DAY

Patton, Conan, Sargento, Chris, Goethe, and Wilt stand outside the museum. Goethe is visibly uncomfortable in Wilt's presence.

PATTON
 (wrapping up the good
 news)
 And that's the whole deal! We're
 all gonna be on TV! Famous! Rich!
 Rich and famous!

Everyone hollers with excitement, especially Wilt.

PATTON (CONT'D)
 There's only one little hitch.
 Conan.

CONAN
 What?

PATTON
 Tell them.

CONAN
 Why do I have to tell them?

PATTON
 Well, I just told them all the
 other stuff.

CONAN
 So?

PATTON
 Jesus, Conan, we've got to share
 the work load, here. We're a team
 now.

CONAN
 But--

PATTON
 Conan!

CONAN
 Fine!
 (then)
 Wilt, you're off the team.

Wilt is shocked.

WILT
 (exploding)
 WHAT?!!!

Goethe shrieks and jumps into a group of garbage cans.

PATTON

It's not our fault. The network made us do it.

WILT

You didn't stand up for me? I thought we were a team?

PATTON

We are. We'll still play as a team with you, just not on television.

CONAN

Look, Wilt, we tried. We really did. Bosch fooled us with legal trickery. If we don't do what he says, we'll go to prison.

PATTON

We don't want to go to prison.

WILT

What kind of contract gives him the legal right to send you to prison?

CONAN

It's a very complicated document.

WILT

You guys are idiots!

PATTON

That may be.

Wilt then looks at Chris, who is just standing and smiling like an idiot.

WILT

What's he doing here?

PATTON

Chris is your replacement.

CHRIS

(oblivious)

I'm very excited about this.

Wilt turns and storms off. He yells back at them as he walks.

WILT

You haven't heard the last of Wilt Iceman. Mark my words: I will have my revenge!

CONAN
 (calling after him)
 But get it on Bosch, not us, okay?
 Remember, this is his fault! Bosch!
 Fault of his!

And with that, Wilt gets on a bus.

SARGENTO
 Wow. He was really angry.

CONAN
 I don't blame him.

PATTON
 Shake it off. It was him or prison.

CHRIS
 (the eternal optimist)
 Well, I think that was the worst of
 it. Everything should be fine from
 here on in.

INT BOX FACTORY OFFICE - DAY

Bosch looks at Don DiPacino.

DON DIPACINO
 (deadly serious)
 Have you ever seen someone get a
 Columbian Coffee Necktie?

BOSCH
 Where you slit their throat and
 pull the tongue through the gaping
 wound?

DON DIPACINO
 No, that's a Columbian Necktie. A
 Columbian *Coffee* Necktie is where
 you slit the throat, pull the
 tongue through the gaping wound,
 and pour hot coffee over it,
 causing bad burns.

BOSCH
 Um. I'm gonna say no.

DON DIPACINO
 Well. It's really gross. That much
 I can tell you. Not for the
 squeamish. Oooo, nellie.

(MORE)

DON DIPACINO (cont'd)
 (sigh)
 What were you here for again?

BOSCH
 I need a television production crew
 and a bunch of actors who won't
 leak to anybody that the "reality"
 show they are working on is a
 phony.

DON DIPACINO
 Oh, right! I've done that same
 thing for CBS several times. It'll
 all be taken care of! Just
 remember, one day I may call on you
 for a favor. And when I do, you'll
 have to give me lots of money. Or I
 will have you and everyone involved
 with your little production killed.

BOSCH
 Sounds great.

INT - TELEVISION EDITING BAY - DAY

EXTREME CLOSE UP on a monitor that is playing a promotional
 featurette for Bosch's new reality television show: "Real
 Balls - The Game on the Street".

On the monitor, the guys are playing a game of street ball.
 Goethe is at center court, drinking from a forty and eating a
 cruller. ALEC BALDWIN narrates.

ALEC BALDWIN (V.O.)
 These aren't just your run-of-the-
 mill casual pick-up game players.
 These boys are real all-American go-
 getters with a hard core love of
 street ball competition. Blood,
 sweat, tears, dust, pungent odors
 and showmanship. They've got it
 all.

GOETHE (ON SCREEN)
 Way to hustle.
 (pause, then flatly)
 Eye of the tiger.

The promo cuts to Sargento standing in front of his tailor
 shop. He is clearly uncomfortable and reading off of cue
 cards.

SARGENTO

(in the midst of
interview)

The only release I ever had was the
magical sport of basketball.
Basketball kept me off drugs, and
out of gangs. I love all the guys
on the team. They are the--
(he squints to read the
next word, not
understanding)
--bomb!

ALEC BALDWIN (O.C.)

What do you mean by "bomb"?

SARGENTO

It's street talk for "cool" or
"adequate."

The promo cuts back to the street ball game.

Conan drives down the court. FAKE PLAYER #1 politely steps
out of his way.

FAKE PLAYER #1

(bored)

Oh, man, too quick for me...

The promo cuts to the interior of the Krazy Komedy Klub.

Chris, like Sargento, is talking right into the camera. Nazis
stand in the background.

CHRIS

(reading from cue card)

We're all incredible ball players!
Have you ever seen *The White
Shadow*? We're like that to the
fifth power. The White Shadow Five.

ALEC BALDWIN (O.C.)

I love the White Shadow.

The promo cuts back to the game.

Chris guards FAKE PLAYER #2, who is dribbling the ball. Fake
Player #2 slowly dribbles the ball closer and closer to
Chris, practically putting it in his hands. Excited, Chris
steals the ball and breaks away.

CHRIS

I got it! I got it!

The promo cuts to Goethe's living room.

Goethe is sitting on his sofa, frozen in terror.

ALEC BALDWIN (O.C.)
Goethe, man in the middle, team
anchor, center supreme - what is
your secret?

Goethe continues to stare at the camera.

ALEC BALDWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Strong and silent, I get it.

Goethe continues to stare.

ALEC BALDWIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
(concerned)
Are you okay, buddy?

The promo cuts back to the game.

Patton dribbles the ball in front of FAKE PLAYER #3, making really obvious "fake out" maneuvers. Fake Player #3 stands perfectly still, staring at him. Patton tears off around the guy, who watches him go. A few moments later, Fake Player #3 turns back around, looking into the camera.

The promo cuts to the exterior of the Drink N' Drive. Patton and Conan are reading off of cue cards.

CONAN
(struggling with cue card)
The best part about the team is the
comratterty. Comrority. Rare-
rarity.
(pause)
The good times.

PATTON
Conan's a great player. Incredible
sense of balance.
(long pause, then
suddenly)
We were born for the court.

A big, fancy Super Bowl-like graphic flies across the screen, reading, "Real Balls - The Game on the Street."

REVEAL Bosch and Betty watching the promo in the editing room.

BOSCH
Genius. This hits the air on
Friday.

BETTY
(confused)
It seems like they're reading off
of cue cards.

BOSCH
They are.

BETTY
But it's reality TV.

BOSCH
(covering)
Partial-reality. The games are
real. The guys are real. Their
dialogue is not.

BETTY
Those games aren't real.

BOSCH
(quickly changing subject)
You want some water? I'm thirsty!

Bosch violently turns and slams into the water cooler.

The water cooler topples, and the leaking jug rolls out of
the editing room door.

INT STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The water jug rolls down the stairs, violently tripping a
CUSTODIAN. The custodian curses at the jug as it rolls away.

EXT ANBNC BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The water jug rolls from the station's open front door onto
the street. An OLD WOMAN in a Cutlass Sierra swerves to avoid
the jug, screaming:

OLD WOMAN
Oh, no! A child!

The old woman's car spins out of control. A Sparklets water
jug truck swerves to avoid killing the old woman.

INT MALL ACROSS STREET FROM ANBNC BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The mall is filled with people milling about and shopping.

The water jug truck crashes through the giant glass mall entrance. People scream bloody murder, diving and running from the truck. The truck smashes into a water fountain, ejecting jugs of water in every direction.

The mass amounts of airborne water from the fountain soak all the mall patrons.

The flying jugs of water smash into every glass storefront in the mall, shattering all of them.

A group of SHOPPERS stand in the destroyed storefront of a Sharper Image. They are soaked by a wall of water.

A group of NUNS stand in the destroyed storefront of a candle shop. They are soaked by a wall of water.

A group of HOOTERS GIRLS and a BIG FAT GUY IN A TIGHT T-SHIRT stand in the destroyed storefront of a Hooters restaurant. The Fat Guy is soaked by a wall of water. His man-breasts are clearly visible through the wet T-shirt. The Hooters girls remain dry.

Once the pandemonium comes to a halt, the mall patrons are all silent for a moment, trying to make sense of what just happened. Then they all get back to their shopping.

A MALL PATRON approaches an Orange Julius stand, soaking wet and covered in broken glass.

MALL PATRON

Can I get a large, please? And a pretzel.

INT - TELEVISION EDITING BAY - CONTINUOUS

Bosch is righting the water cooler.

BETTY

You don't actually think this giant piece of garbage is going to fool anybody, do you?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT DRINK-N-DRIVE BAR AND GO-KART TRACK - NIGHT

A huge banner hangs over the bar. It reads: "Real Balls Premiere--Congrats Patton, Conan, Sargento, Chris and Goethe-- You Got Game!"

A THRONG of people in tuxes and evening gowns mingle together throughout the establishment. Bosch stands on a stage in the middle of the go-kart track, screaming into a microphone.

BOSCH
 (drunk and ecstatic)
 "Real Balls" is the highest-rated
 television premiere in broadcasting
 history! I am your Lord Jesus! SUCK
 IT!

Huge cheers. Bosch stage-dives into the crowd.

BECK steps up to the microphone.

BECK
 Alec Baldwin. Management wanted me
 to tell you your lights are on.

ALEC BALDWIN (O.C.)
 (from way in the back)
 Thanks, Beck!

Beck begins to sing "Debra". Goethe jumps onto the stage and begins singing with him. Beck is non-plussed.

Sargento is arguing with two small children. He is incredibly angry.

Chris is sitting at a table with four Nazis dressed in full uniform. One of them is the German Nazi from earlier. The Nazis are stone faced, and Chris is trying to cheer them up with some jokes.

Patton and Conan sit at the bar, drinking. Patton is feeling like a million bucks. Conan is lost in thought. Deke is nearby, polishing a glass with a dirty rag.

PATTON
 (hitting Conan on the
 shoulder)
 Perk up, ya bastard! We're gonna be
 rich!

CONAN
 I don't know, Patton. I just don't
 know about this stuff. It feels so
 false.

PATTON
 Of course it's false! It's show
 business! That's the great thing
 about it!

(MORE)

PATTON (cont'd)
 Nothing we do really matters, but everyone loves us anyway. It's like being Ghandi, but without having to care or take action.
 (then, looking out at the stage)
 Look at Beck, will ya?

CONAN
 I don't want to look at Beck. I think Bosch is bullshitting us, Patton, I really do.

PATTON
 Look, Conan, I need this. You need this. We both need this.

CONAN
 I don't need this.

PATTON
 You don't know what you need!
 (pause)
 Never look a gift whore in the ass!

CONAN
 I'm not--I--what?

PATTON
 (to Conan)
 Whore!
 (to Deke)
 Deke?

Deke stares at Patton. After a beat, Patton goes back to Conan.

PATTON (CONT'D)
 Look, Conan. You going to be okay?

Conan begins to answer, but is cut off by Patton, who sees something across the party.

PATTON (CONT'D)
 Oh, my God, is that Courtney Love?

Patton runs off into the crowd. Conan hangs his head into his beer.

DEKE
 Hey there, Conan. Having a rough night?

CONAN

Yeah, Deke. It's all pretty complicated.

DEKE

Well, don't start bitching to me. I got my own goddamn problems.

Deke walks away.

CONAN

(to himself)

He's the worst bartender.

BAR BACK KAMENETZKY walks up to Conan.

BAR BACK KAMENETZKY

You can talk to me.

DEKE (O.C.)

You're fired!

BAR BACK KAMENETZKY

Gotta go.

Bar Back Kamenetzky takes off. Conan sits at the bar, alone with his complicated thoughts.

Meanwhile, Patton and Sargento are waiting in line for some go-karts.

PATTON

I can't believe we just met Courtney Love!

SARGENTO

That wasn't her. It was a celebrity look-alike. Bosch hired a bunch of them for the party from some company in the meat-packing district. Thought it would add to the ambiance.

PATTON

Ohhhhh. That explains why Mr. T smelled exactly like raw beef shank.

SARGENTO

No, that was the real Mr. T. I have no idea how he got in.

Chris approaches them.

CHRIS

Question. Great party by the way.

So. My friends over there--

(he indicates the stoic
Nazis sitting at the
table)

--they were wondering if maybe
there's some way we could work an
endorsement or message into our
show, you know, about their social
club.

SARGENTO

Social club?

CHRIS

You know, the comedy club. That I
perform at. The K.K.K. Krazy Kome
dy Klub.

SARGENTO

Ahh, Chris. We've been meaning to
tell you that your club is not
really a comedy place. It's a
front, see. Like the mafia has
fronts.

PATTON

Point is, Chris, that club is the
national headquarters for the
American Nazi Movement.

Alec Baldwin steps into frame.

ALEC BALDWIN

Whoa! Whoa! Those guys are really
Nazis? I thought they were with
Beck.

PATTON

What would Beck be doing with a
bunch of Nazis?

ALEC BALDWIN

I thought they were part of the
show.

PATTON

Why would Beck put Nazis in his
show?

ALEC BALDWIN

I don't know. He's kinda weird.

Alec Baldwin leaves.

PATTON
(to Sargento)
Who the hell was that?

SARGENTO
I dunno.

PATTON
(turning back to Chris)
Chris, we can't endorse them. The
only reason we ever tolerated those
guys is they're the only ones
who'll let you do comedy.

CHRIS
I'd hate to think they hired me on
anything but my own merits.

PATTON
What? What are you--shut up. Go
tell them no.

Chris goes back to his table and sits down with the Nazis.

CHRIS
Well, guys. I just want to say how
much I've learned and loved playing
at your club. But, to tell you the
truth, I didn't know, well, exactly
what kind of club it was, you know.
Was it comedy? Was it fascist? Hard
to tell. So I'm going to have to
ask you to leave, and no, you will
not be on the show.

NAZI LEADER
This is a joke, right?

CHRIS
I'm afraid not. But again, thanks
for all the stage time.

NAZI LEADER
You want to leave the party?

CHRIS
No. I'm enjoying the party. I'm
going to stay. But you need to go.

NAZI LEADER

We'll die before we leave the party! Heil Hitler!

The Nazis all salute.

CHRIS

Would you guys stop that! It's kind of a mood killer. Now, I don't think we're communicating well, here.

NAZI LEADER

You're trying to disband the party! Traitor! I'll kill you!

(pointing at all the guys from the team, including Bosch)

And him! And him! And him! And him!

(he points at a Dolph Lundgren looking guy)

Not him.

(finally pointing at Goethe on stage)

And him!

The Nazis storm out, glowering at Chris as they go.

CHRIS

Thanks guys, thanks for understanding!

As Chris waves good-bye, Patton and Sargento come up behind him.

PATTON

How'd it go?

CHRIS

Very smoothly. All taken care of. Hey, who needs a drink?

They all head to the bar. Patton turns to look out at the stage.

Beck punches Goethe in the stomach. Goethe crumples. Beck immediately launches into "Loser". The crowd goes wild.

EXT STREET OUTSIDE DRINK AND DRIVE - MINUTES LATER

The Nazis are all sitting in their Ford Festiva, fuming. The sound of Beck's "Loser" can be heard coming from the bar.

NAZI LEADER

I'm so beside myself with anger, I could just spit. Seriously, can you see how angry I am?

GERMAN NAZI

We haf vays of dealing vith traitors in ze fatherland.

NAZI LEADER

I want him killed.

Beat.

GERMAN NAZI

I can do that, too.

The Festiva pulls away, revealing a personalized license plate that reads, "LUV2H8". Directly next to the license plate is a "Hello, Kitty" bumper sticker.

MONTAGE

A spinning newspaper hurls at the audience. It reads:

REAL BALLS PHENOMENON REDEFINES REALITY TELEVISION

The guys are on a street basketball court, playing their hearts out. They shoot a winning basket and celebrate wildly.

Another spinning newspaper:

AMERICA LOVES BALLS

Bosch leads the team down the red carpet at the Emmy Awards.

Spinning newspaper:

HOOP HEROES HANG HATS ON OPPONENTS

Bosch and the team are surrounded by press as a "Real Balls" star is placed on the Hollywood Walk of Fame.

Spinning newspapers:

HOOP HEROES HANG EVEN MORE HATS ON OPPONENTS

HOOP HEROES LEAVE OPPONENTS HATLESS

HATS!

PRESIDENT NUKES CUBA

END MONTAGE

INT BAT MASTERSON'S NETWORK TELEVISION OFFICE - DAY

Betty is in a private meeting with Bat.

BETTY

I'm telling you, Bat, Jimmy is bad news. He's going to bring this whole network down with that show of his.

BAT

(struggling to unwrap a hard candy)
What are you talking about?

BETTY

"Real Balls"! The whole show is a sham! He's engineering the whole thing! I don't know how he's doing it...

BAT

Probably the mob.

BETTY

There! Do you want to be associated with organized crime?

BAT

Doesn't matter to me. I'm untouchable.

(gets candy open, eats it)
Betty, this all sounds like sour grapes. "Real Balls" is generating millions upon millions of dollars in revenue for this network. As far as I'm concerned, Bosch has completely redeemed himself and will remain in his position. The only way I could see him getting pushed out at this point is if "Real Balls" was sabotaged somehow and Bosch was made out to be some kind of arch-villain. That would probably get him fired. And then you would get his job, of course.

Pause.

BAT (CONT'D)

Now get out of here. I've got a meeting.

INT CONAN'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

A 17-year-old Conan sits happily in his room, playing with girls' dolls. His mother calls from the next room.

CONAN'S MOTHER (O.C.)

Conan, don't forget to clean up your dollies!

Conan smiles quietly to himself.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT BOOKSTORE - PRESENT

Patton and Conan are sitting together at a folding table. There is unseen commotion around them.

PATTON

(to Conan)

What were you just thinking about?

CONAN

(pining for his dollies)

Nothing.

PULL BACK to reveal the two sitting at a table with Sargento, Chris and Goethe. A sign over their heads reads: REAL BALLS STARS REALLY HERE - TODAY ONLY - 2005-2040 CALENDAR. Betty stands nearby, supervising.

A stack of calendars forms a wall behind them. They are roughly the size of a Yellow Pages phone directory.

The team is surrounded by a throng of fans, who are primarily pre-teens. All the guys sign autographs except for Sargento, who glowers at the children.

PATTON

Wow, look at how much these kids love us.

CONAN

Patton--

PATTON

We are really famous. I mean we are really, like...guys.

CONAN
They don't love us.

PATTON
What, are you kidding? Look at
this.

Patton looks out to the crowd.

PATTON (CONT'D)
(arms spread wide)
Who do you love?!

CROWD
YOU!

Patton leans back to Conan.

PATTON
See?

CONAN
You don't understand. We're not
Patton and Conan anymore. We're
Patton and *Conan*.

Betty notices the discussion and strains to hear their
conversation.

PATTON
I don't follow you.

CONAN
I can't do this anymore. Why can't
we just go back to the way things
were?

PATTON
Why would you want to do that? This
is so much better.

CONAN
I'm talking about us, Patton. Our
friendship. You're changing. It's
like this whole thing means more to
you than our friendship.

PATTON
Still not tracking, chief.

CONAN
I'm going home.

Conan leaves. Betty follows him out.

PATTON

Conan...

Patton watches him go. Beat. He turns to the crowd.

PATTON (CONT'D)

(overjoyed)

I am *so* famous!

The crowd screams.

INT PATTON AND CONAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

The entire team is assembled before Conan and Betty. Goethe is eating from a large metal drum of variety popcorn, obviously left over from the holidays.

CONAN

Guys, Betty has brought something very disheartening to my attention. It pains me to say this, but "Real Balls" is a sham. We're a phony.

PATTON

That is such bullshit! I'm tired of this, Conan.

SARGENTO

Wait, wait, wait. Betty, is this true?

Betty nods.

SARGENTO (CONT'D)

(immediately angry)

I knew it! I knew it was impossible we won so many games! I knew this whole thing was too good to be true! I knew it!

CHRIS

I'm not sure I understand what you mean by "sham".

CONAN

The whole show is a fix. We don't actually win any games.

SARGENTO

We have to get out of this thing.

PATTON

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Let's just take a look at what we're talking about, here. I don't really see what the harm is - we're entertainers! We entertain!

CONAN

But people actually believe we're real. That the show is real.

PATTON

And?

CONAN

It's not.

SARGENTO

Patton, you got us into this - you get us out!

PATTON

I can't. I don't want to go to prison. Besides, I don't see what the big deal is.

CHRIS

The big deal is, I don't want to live a lie, and nobody else here does, either. I'd rather you go to prison than do this show anymore.

Goethe chokes on a piece of popcorn.

BETTY

Guys, it's only a matter of time before the truth comes out. If you don't do something now to minimize the damage, you'll all end up in prison. It's your choice.

PATTON

(finally giving in)
Fine. What do we have to do?

INT PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Patton and Conan walk down a ritzy hallway.

PATTON

What number is it?

CONAN

2308.

PATTON

2304, 06, 2308. Here we are.

(to Conan)

Now, let me do the talking, okay?

CONAN

Just don't let him get you off the subject. Don't let him surprise you with anything.

PATTON

(exactly like Han Solo)

Hey, it's me.

Patton knocks. Bosch answers the door wearing nothing but gold chains. His penis is fully visible.

PATTON AND CONAN

(shocked and disgusted)

Oh my God, why, put something on,
oh Christ.

BOSCH

Hey, guys. Come on in.

Patton and Conan reluctantly enter.

INT BOSCH'S PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the penthouse is luxurious.

BOSCH

I'm glad you guys are here.

(looks across the
penthouse)

Say hi to the boys!

Patton and Conan look across the expansive penthouse and see a 50-YEAR-OLD HOOKER and TWO WHITE TIGERS in a hot tub.

HOOKER

(waving)

Hi, boys!

PATTON

Oh, Jesus.

CONAN

Bosch, we've got to talk to you.

BOSCH
So talk already.

PATTON
Could you please put something on first?

BOSCH
What? The human body is a beautiful thing.

PATTON
No, it's not. Please.

BOSCH
Fine.

Bosch goes to put on his robe.

CONAN
(to Patton)
Patton, you promised we wouldn't get sidetracked.

PATTON
I hadn't counted on the penis.

BOSCH
(closing his robe)
What's on your collective mind?

CONAN
Bosch, we can't play anymore--

PATTON
(to Conan, patronizing)
I said I was going to do the talking! Thank you!

Patton then looks at Bosch and has no idea what to say.

PATTON (CONT'D)
(to Conan)
What did you say in the elevator?

CONAN
The show is a sham--

PATTON
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah.
(then, to Bosch)
We know you're fixing the games.

CONAN

You're a crook and you know it!

BOSCH

Crook is kind of a strong word.

CONAN

How long do you think people are going to believe this sham?

BOSCH

Forever! People are stupid. They'll believe what I tell them to believe.

CONAN

Bosch. We want out. End of story. We'll go to prison, we don't care.

BOSCH

There is no out. This is way beyond prison now.

CONAN

What do you mean?

BOSCH

(rubs his eyes, calls into the next room)

Don DiPacino?

Don DiPacino enters from a steam room, flanked by two HENCHMEN. They are all buck naked.

PATTON

Jesus Christ! What is happening?

DON DIPACINO

Hey! The human body is a beautiful thing. Jackass.

CONAN

Don Dipacino? What are you doing here?

DON DIPACINO

(lights a cigar)

Now listen, boys, I'm going to tell you your situation. Nobody gets out.

(MORE)

DON DIPACINO (cont'd)
You're all involved in this thing here, and you'll keep doing what you are told, when you are told, and how you are told, or I'll have the each of you outfitted with a pair of cement shoes. Understand?

PATTON
Why would you give us shoes?

DON DIPACINO
They're cement shoes. Then I'll throw you in the river.

PATTON
Why would you give us shoes and then throw us in the river?

DON DIPACINO
(confused for a second)
So you'll drown.

PATTON
How are shoes going to make us drown?

DON DIPACINO
They're made out of cement. They're heavy.

PATTON
Why would you make shoes out of cement?

DON DIPACINO
So you'll drown! Look, I--SHUT UP!
If you quit the show, I'll kill you!

PATTON
Well, we'll just take the shoes, then.

DON DIPACINO
FORGET ABOUT THE SHOES! THERE ARE NO SHOES! IF YOU QUIT, YOU'RE DEAD! DISCUSSION OVER!

There is a long pause as Don DiPacino regains his breath.

PATTON
I guess there's no way out of this, Conan. Only one thing can make us feel better now.

CONAN

What?

PATTON

Stuff.

INT PATTON AND CONAN'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

A somber Patton and Conan stand before Chris, Sargento, and Goethe. MOVERS, carrying lots of expensive stuff, pass behind Patton and Conan. A patch on the back of the mover's coveralls reads: Mind Your Own Business Moving Company.

PATTON

We've got no choice in this. If we don't keep doing the show, the mob's going to kill us with shoes. Sounds very ugly.

CONAN

I'm really sorry guys. I feel terrible for getting you into this.

MOVER #1

(passing by)

Eight-foot UFO lamp?

PATTON

Bathroom.

CHRIS

You mean to tell me we're entangled with both a major television network and an organized crime syndicate? What are the odds?

SARGENTO

How's he gonna kill us with shoes?

PATTON

Something about a special fabric that makes you drown or something. Wasn't clear. But the threat was implicit.

GOETHE

Implicit?

CONAN

An adjective. Means included without question, inherent, absolute.

GOETHE

Interesting word.

SARGENTO

I don't like this. If we get caught we'll be thrown in the can. Singing. The Big House. We'll be killing for cigarettes, trading each other for cigarettes. We'll be doing many, many horrible things for cigarettes.

CHRIS

I don't smoke.

SARGENTO

Well, you will!

PATTON

It's more important now than ever before that we come together as a team. And lie.

(then)

All we've got is each other. It's us versus the world.

Everyone looks at him blankly.

PATTON (CONT'D)

Who wants a plasma television?
We've got four.

EXT EIGHTH AVENUE - NIGHT

A ridiculously long Humvee limousine cruises down the street. Simon and Garfunkle's "Bridge Over Troubled Water" is blaring inappropriately from the windows.

INT HUMVEE LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Patton and Conan are playing with the gadgets in the limo. Their dates, TWO IDENTICAL TWIN MODELS, are deeply engrossed in a heated match of "Connect Four."

EXT THE "YOU THINK I'M FUNNY?" COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

The neon sign over the club once known as the "Krazy Komedey Klub" now proclaims the name to be "You Think I'm Funny?". Next to the name are two animated neon stick figures, one laughing until the other one smashes it in the head with a bat. Neon blood sprays.

A marquee below the neon sign reads, "Tonight Only: the Comedy Stylings of Urban Street Ball Legend Chris Burke".

The old "Krazy Komedya Klub" neon swastika rests against the wall next to the club. A sign on it reads, "Free". A bum is leaning against it, napping.

The Humvee limo pulls up to the front. Patton, Conan, and the twins stumble out.

INT THE "YOU THINK I'M FUNNY?" COMEDY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Patton and Conan enter with the twins. Don DiPacino and his henchmen rise from the bar to greet them.

DON DIPACINO

There they are! My boys! My kids!
My property! Souls that belong to
me! Men I could have killed at a
moment's notice! How are you?

PATTON AND CONAN

(dejectedly)

Hi, Don DiPacino. How are you? Good
to see you.

DON DIPACINO

So, what do you think of the new
place? It's fabulous!

PATTON

So, what made you buy the Krazy
Komedya Klub?

CONAN

I didn't think Nazis and organized
crime got along so good.

DON DIPACINO

Oh, I didn't buy the place, boys.
The fairy Nazis placed a great deal
of money against your last game.
Didn't work out too well for them.
Had to hand this over to me, as
well as three pig farms in Kansas.

PATTON

Pig farms?

CONAN

Kansas?

DON DIPACINO
 (shrugs his shoulders)
 Go figure.
 (beat)
 Get over here.

Don DiPacino leads the boys and their dates to a table blocked off by a velvet rope. Sargento, hair dyed purple, sits there with his date, CARMEN ELECTRA.

DON DIPACINO (CONT'D)
 This here's reserved for my big stars.

PATTON
 Sargento, how's it going.

SARGENTO
 (angrily)
 How do you think?
 (then)
 This is Carmen.

CARMEN ELECTRA
 He likes it when I spank him.

SARGENTO
 Shut up.

CARMEN ELECTRA
 You shut up.

Patton, Conan, and the twins sit down.

There is a loud noise at the entrance. Everyone turns to see what's happening.

Goethe has arrived and knocked over the host stand. He drags what appears to be a mini-fridge behind him. A beer tap sticks out of the top and a colorful label on the side reads "Kegeerator".

GOETHE
 I'm here!

Goethe tries to move his Kegeerator. Don DiPacino intercepts him.

DON DIPACINO
 You seem to be having a bit of a problem.

GOETHE

Yeah. The full ones are a bitch.
Once I get about half of it down
it'll be alright.

DON DIPACINO

Well, me and the boys were thinking
that a big star like you shouldn't
have to lug around his own booze.
You know what I mean?

GOETHE

I don't mind.

DON DIPACINO

Well, we also know how much you
like them Eastwood punch and fight
movies, and, well, we thought we
could kill two birds with one
stone.

(turns to the bar)

Boys?

The mob guys at the bar bring out an ORANGUTAN dressed in a
tuxedo.

DON DIPACINO (CONT'D)

His name's Clyde. He's been trained
to drag Kegeators.

Goethe is speechless. A tear forms in his eye.

GOETHE

(all choked up)

This is the nicest thing anyone's
ever done for me.

(then)

Are you guys tired? 'Cause I feel
really fatigued.

The club lights dim and a spotlight hits the stage.

CLUB ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(over PA)

Ladies and gentlemen, please
welcome the comedy stylings of
Chris Burke!

The crowd cheers as Chris takes the stage.

The German Nazi enters the club, wearing a disguise of bell
bottom jeans and a tiny pink Britney Spears T-shirt. Don
DiPacino stops him.

DON DIPACINO
Ey! Whaddya you want?

GERMAN NAZI
Um. I und here for der comedy show,
ja? Fur den funny-funny?

DON DIPACINO
That's what everybody's here for.
It's twenny bucks.

The German Nazi hands over the money and quietly takes a spot at the back of the house.

DON DIPACINO (CONT'D)
Fruity bastard.

The cheers settle down and Chris begins his set.

CHRIS
So, what's up with that Ghenghis
Kahn? I mean, who does he think he
is? Napoleon with a Fu Manchu?

The audience explodes in laughter.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
The only guy with worse taste in
facial hair was Hitler.

Explosive laughter from the audience, followed by applause.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
But at least that guy knew how to
dress. Am I right? Or am I right?
I'm right!

Beat of silence, then huge laughter.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Anybody here from Germany?

The German Nazi raises his hand.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
What was it with that Nazi party? I
mean, did those guys have an
inferiority complex or what? What
do you think it was, abnormally
small penises or just general bad
attitudes?

The audience laughs and applauds. The German Nazi looks around, startled.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 Hitler and his band of merry well-wishers were the biggest assholes in history.
 (beat)
 Unless you count the Spice Girls.

The audience roars in agreement.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 (just like Indiana Jones)
 Nazis. I hate those guys.

Chris brings the house down in a torrent of laughter. The German Nazi, red-faced with anger, draws a pistol and points it at Chris. Just as he is about to fire, a standing ovation begins and a club patron stands up in front of the assassin, knocking his aim off. The gun fires into the air.

The bullet ricochets off the ceiling and strikes a bottle next to Clyde, shattering it. Clyde is startled and goes monkey-crazy, running off into the crowd. He singles out the German Nazi and starts to beat him senseless.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 (noticing the commotion)
 Hey, back there. No "monkey business".

The crowd erupts again.

INT WILT'S PLACE - DAY

Wilt is alone in his sparsely furnished one-room apartment. He sits at a table, unshaven, going through bills. All are past due. A basketball and a bottle of Thunderbird, half empty, sit next to him. A television is playing in the background.

He throws the last bill on the table and puts his head down. A "Real Balls" commercial comes on the television. It shows the team playing a game in slow motion.

ALEC BALDWIN (V.O.)
 (on television)
 "Real Balls"! It's faaaantabulous!
 This weekend, treat yourself to a non-stop 48 hour marathon. Get your fill of Balls, starting Friday at 8. Got Balls?

Wilt throws the basketball at the television, destroying it.

There is a knock at his door. Reluctantly, he opens it. Betty stands outside.

BETTY

Wilt Iceman? I've got some interesting information for you.

EXT RNN BUILDING - DAY

Wilt enters the building, on his way to ANBNC's rival network.

INT RNN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Wilt walks through a sea of office cubicles filled with busy TV people. No one notices him.

He passes a set of double doors labeled "Executive Meeting Room - Meeting Always In Progress - DO NOT DISTURB (Kung Pao exempt)". Wilt backs up and barges in.

INT RNN EXECUTIVE MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the meeting room looks exactly like the Death Star meeting room from *Star Wars*.

A bunch of RNN EXECUTIVES are arguing about programming. Wilt steps up to the table, which he is shorter than, and starts talking:

WILT

Gentlemen, I've got the story of a lifetime for you!

All the RNN Executives stop talking and look around, confused as to where Wilt's voice is coming from.

WILT (CONT'D)

I can expose Real Balls for the sham that it is, and prove that it's all a front for the mob!

RNN EXEC #1

(to RNN Exec #2)

Dude, are you doing that?

RNN EXEC #2

No.

Wilt clears his throat and jumps up on an empty chair.

RNN EXEC #1
How did you get in here?

RNN EXEC #2
(to RNN Exec #1)
Well, he's so short. Obviously he
just walked in unnoticed.

RNN EXEC #1
(to RNN Exec #2)
I like that. I like the way he uses
his height.

They nod at each other.

WILT
Back to me. Real Balls is a
fraudulent sham. I'm prepared to
make public statements denouncing
them, and I'm willing to do
whatever I need to do to shut them
down. Both organized crime and an
unscrupulous television executive
are involved with these alleged
ball players, and they are engaged
in an elaborate hoax that they are
perpetrating on the American
people. And any foreign viewers.

RNN EXEC #1
And you can prove all of this?

Wilt starts to answer, but is cut off.

RNN EXEC #1 (CONT'D)
Never mind.
(turns to RNN Exec #2)
What do you think?

RNN EXEC #2
Well, Real Balls is killing us in
the ratings. Anything we can do to
bring them down can only help. I
say we put him on TV.

INT BOSCH'S PENTHOUSE - EVENING

Bosch, Patton, Conan, and the guys (including Clyde), are all
watching TV. Wilt's face fills the screen.

WILT
(on television)
...Real Balls is a big fat lie.
(MORE)

WILT (cont'd)
 It is a conspiracy of lies devised
 by organized crime and Jimmy Bosch
 to lull America into a false sense
 of...

Goethe screams and tears out of the room. He locks himself in
 the bathroom. We hear his voice.

GOETHE (O.C.)
 He's going to kill us! You can't
 stop him! You can't predict him! HE
 JUST HAPPENS!

Beat. A can of beer pops open behind the bathroom door.

BOSCH
 We're in a lot of trouble.

PATTON
 I told you this would happen!

BOSCH
 No you didn't.

PATTON
 Who could know?!

CONAN
 What are we going to do?

INT BARBARA WALTERS SPECIAL SET - NIGHT

BOSCH
 IT'S ALL LIES I TELL YOU! LIES!

REVEAL: Patton, Conan, and Bosch sit in the guest seats on a
 Barbara Walters special with a live studio audience. Wilt
 appears on an oversized monitor via satellite behind them.

BOSCH (CONT'D)
 His accusations are beyond false!
 They are falsely false!

Patton picks up a coffee mug, and looks to Barbara Walters.

PATTON
 You got any more of that cream
 soda?

WILT (ON SCREEN)
 (making large, jerky pro-
 wrestler type movements)
 I want your show off the air!
 (MORE)

WILT (ON SCREEN) (cont'd)
You are wrecking this great country
with your deceit! Is no one
listening to me? Does no one care
that these people are phonies!

BARBARA WALTERS
Bosch, is there any truth to these
allegations?

BOSCH
Absolutely not.

CONAN
(to Patton)
You want the rest of my cream soda?

PATTON
Thanks.

He takes the mug.

BOSCH
And I will go on denying his
accusations until well after any
kind of truth comes to light!
That's how much I believe in this
very important program!

WILT (ON SCREEN)
Important program? HA! Three
drunks, a washed up comic, and a
tailor playing street ball? Please!
Patton and Conan, did you even play
basketball in high school?

CONAN
No. But we played in junior high.
Had to concentrate on our studies
in high school. Wanted to get into
a good college.

BARBARA WALTERS
Did you?

CONAN
No.

PATTON
Hey, Wilt. This show won't last
forever. And then you and me and
the guys can all play together
again. Okay?

WILT (ON SCREEN)

That's not the point anymore! You guys can't even play! You're not athletes!

BARBARA WALTERS

Oh. I see the rivalry now. And I only see one way to settle this.

PATTON

You know, you talk funny.

BARBARA WALTERS

(leaning in, sotto to Patton)

Don't fuck with me. Fuck with me and I'll bury you.

(and back to playing host)

You should play a game. The Real Balls squad versus a team of Wilt's choice.

BOSCH

I really don't think that's a good idea.

BARBARA WALTERS

I do. America would love a match-up like that! That's exactly what your show's all about! Anyone can be a star athlete! What do you think studio audience?

The place goes wild. Bosch is terrified. Barbara Walters is smiling. Wilt is very pleased. Patton is dribbling cream soda. Conan is checking out Walters' chest.

BARBARA WALTERS (CONT'D)

What do you think, Wilt?

WILT

I think it's a fantastic idea!

BARBARA WALTERS

Well, Bosch, whaddaya say? You and your boys up for it?

Bosch stammers.

INT BOSCH'S PENTHOUSE - LATER

Bosch is holding court before the team and the orangutan. Goethe is locked in the bathroom.

BOSCH

That whore Barbara Walters is going to ruin me!

SARGENTO

We gotta cancel the show!

CONAN

We can't! We'll be killed.

CHRIS

We should have never gone this far! Why did we go this far? Why!

PATTON

The mob made us.

CHRIS

Damn you, organized crime! Damn your eyes!

Goethe knocks from behind the bathroom door.

CONAN

Who's turn is it to get Goethe a beer?

SARGENTO

I got it.

Sargento grabs a beer from the fridge, leans out the living room window, and throws the beer into the open bathroom window.

BOSCH

Why the hell won't he come out of the bathroom?

CONAN

He's got a thing about stress and confrontation and midgets. Everyone knows that for crissakes. Wake up!

PATTON

You know what, Bosch? You got us into this, you need to get us out.

There is another knock on the bathroom door. This time, Chris gets the beer and tosses it over.

BOSCH

Oh, this is my fault, is it? Just because I made up this show, got us mixed up with the mob, and put us into this bad situation, you're blaming me? What about you guys? You all jumped at the chance to be rich and famous! You're just as much to blame as me! If not more so. If not more so!

Another knock at the door. Conan gets the beer.

PATTON

Fuck you! You threatened to send us to prison! And we had nothing to do with the mob thing which was ultimately the largest mistake.

Another knock at the door. Patton gets the beer.

BOSCH

I don't see how picking nits now is going to help. Honestly.

SARGENTO

Picking what?

The knock on the door is now incessant, and the guys continually take turns getting beers and tossing them out the window.

CONAN

Blame isn't getting us anywhere. We have a problem, and we need to solve it. We need to figure out how to get out of this situation without having to take responsibility for ourselves.

CHRIS

(really understanding)
Ohhhhh, yeah!

CONAN

Do you have an idea?

CHRIS

No. But this is going to make some great material for my act.

CONAN

Sargento?

SARGENTO

We could move to Malaysia.

CONAN

Why Malaysia?

SARGENTO

My grandmother's there.

PATTON

That's terrific for you! But for the rest of us, who don't speak Malaysianease, that doesn't help much!

CONAN

We need a teacher! A wise man to help us through this! Someone like Louis Gossett, Jr. in "An Officer and a Gentleman" or any of the "Iron Eagles"! It's time for us to do what we haven't done the entire time we've been together: become a team and accomplish something!

BOSCH

That's it! That's goddam it! A teacher!

CONAN

You really think so?

BOSCH

No. But we've got nothing else. I'm going to pull some strings, see if I can't get an NBA coach of some kind out here to whip you guys into shape.

Sargento, now pissed about all the knocking and beer throwing, grabs the entire case from the fridge and sends it hurling into the bathroom window.

SARGENTO

Asshole!

The guys hear Goethe scream as the beer crashes into him. Silence. Everyone is worried. Then, they hear the sound of a popping beer can and are relieved.

INT BOSCH'S OFFICE - DAY

Bosch and Don DiPacino are having a conference. Bosch is pacing nervously.

BOSCH

Wilt Iceman's big mystery team has got me shitting bricks. You gonna take care of this or what?

DON DIPACINO

No need.

BOSCH

What are you talking about? Our guys can't win a basketball game! Maybe with the monkey playing center, but...

DON DIPACINO

Relax. I put a tail on that Iceman fella, my guy gets some 'roids of his team.

BOSCH

Why are you talking like that?

DON DIPACINO

Just take a look at this. We've got nothing to worry about.

Bosch looks at the Don DiPacino's Polaroids.

BOSCH

Oh, my God. There's no way we can lose.

The two start laughing. The laughter builds and builds until it is relentlessly maniacal. Don DiPacino accidentally knocks over an expensive-looking vase, and they both stop.

DON DIPACINO

I'm terribly sorry.

INT ANBNC SPORTSCAST STUDIO - EARLY EVENING

AHMAD RASHAD, Barbara Walters, and TERRY BRADSHAW sit behind a fancy sports desk.

AHMAD RASHAD

Welcome to the NetOne SportsNight
CenterTimeCenter Real Balls
Showdown Classic Big-Game Pre-Show
Show. I'm Ahmad Rashad, here with
commentators Barbara Walters and
Terry Bradshaw. I have no idea why
he's here.

BARBARA WALTERS

This is the first time I've ever
hosted a sporting event and, I'll
tell you, Ahmad, it's very
exciting!

TERRY BRADSHAW

Oh, boy! That's why you can't feel
potatoes in winter!

He laughs. Ahmad and Barbara stare at him. He laughs again.

AHMAD RASHAD

Well put, Terry. We're here with
exclusive coverage of the big show-
down between the cast of Real Balls
and Wilt Iceman's mystery team.

TERRY BRADSHAW

Super-duper chewing gum. Friday on
the half-shell! HA!

AHMAD RASHAD

(moving on)

The Real Balls squad has been
challenged by Wilt Iceman, a man
who claims their basketball is as
phony as pro wrestling. The action
will all take place here at Madison
Square Garden in front of a sold
out crowd.

TERRY BRADSHAW

Boy, I'll tell ya, that's the kind
of talk that gets you ready to
chase a bag of rubber bands.
Tuesday night is a sight on target!
Wednesday's made up by the
government! Woo-hee! Anybody else
feel hot?

Bat Masterson appears next to Barbara Walters.

BARBARA WALTERS

With us now is Bat Masterson, CEO of ANBNC, and one of the creative minds behind the Real Balls television program. Bat, you've been with Real Balls squad from the beginning, right?

BAT

Oh, yeah. I'm real close with all the guys: Peyton, Condor, Pele--

BARBARA WALTERS

Pele?

BAT

Yeah, the fat kid.

BARBARA WALTERS

You mean Goethe?

BAT

I thought the monkey was named Goethe.

BARBARA WALTERS

Monkey?

AHMAD RASHAD

(interrupting)

Bat. What's your prediction for the game today? You've got to be gunnin' for your boys.

BAT

I don't have any children.

TERRY BRADSHAW

Dagnabbit! Zip, top, eat it with a mop!

AHMAD RASHAD

Good call, Terry. We'll go to Marv Albert on the street outside the arena where an impromptu tailgate party has begun!

CUT TO:

EXT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - EARLY EVENING

A line of cars parked on the curb outside have all had their trunks forcibly ripped open, and giant fires rage from the openings. MARV ALBERT stands before them, talking to the camera.

MARV

Ahmad, I'll tell ya, it's like Terry said, these Real Balls fans are the craziest sports nuts of all time! Look at this tail gate party, will ya? Let's get a closer look!

He and the camera move towards TWO HOODLUMS cooking hot dogs over one of the trunk fires. They are surrounded by dozens of bagged groceries.

MARV (CONT'D)

You guys are serious tailgaters! You don't mess around! Where'd you get all the food?

HOODLUM #1

It's stolen.

MARV

Wow! And you're cooking it up in the back of your car, aren't ya?

HOODLUM #1

This isn't my car.

MARV

So who's your pick for the big game tonight?

HOODLUM #2

Hey, why don't you give us your wallet?

MARV

(to camera)

Okay, then, back to you, Ahmad.

HOODLUM #2

I'm gonna cut you.

Marv Albert runs.

INT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

The stands are filled to capacity with screaming fans. Many hold up signs in support of the Real Balls team and denouncing Wilt Iceman.

BOB UEKER sits court side at the play-by-play table. Alec Baldwin sits next to him, reading a newspaper that bears the headline, "BALLS SHOWDOWN TONIGHT". A smaller headline reads, "PRESIDENT NUKES IOWA - APOLOGIZES".

Bosch is also on the sidelines, eating a banana. Clyde the Orangutan is staring at him.

Suddenly, the arena dims and a light show begins.

GAME ANNOUNCER

(over PA system)

Ladies and gentlemen! The time has come for the game of the century!

The crowd roars. Spotlights converge on a giant paper disk that blocks the entrance to the Real Balls locker room.

GAME ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

You know them from the Real Balls television show. They rose from the depths of mediocrity to the high plateau of television stardom. Accused of being the twenty-first century's Milli Vanilli, they are here tonight to prove themselves otherwise! Give it up for the Real Balls team!

The crowd roars again. Silhouettes of the boys dance on the paper disk, getting larger and larger, until the whole team smashes through and runs onto the court.

GAME ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

(as they each appear)

Chris Burke! Sargento Fong! Goethe!
Conan Winkler! Patton Keaton!

The crowd explodes in applause and cheers. The boys each take a shot at the basket. Each shot misses and rolls away.

The spotlights swing across the court and land on another paper disk masking the entrance to Wilt's mystery team.

GAME ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

And here are the challengers...

Severe boos from the audience.

GAME ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Wilt Iceman, and his team of
mystery athletes!

Shadows begin to appear on the paper disk, growing and filling it just like the Real Balls team did, until it breaks open and out spills Wilt Iceman and a team comprised entirely of other LITTLE PEOPLE.

The crowd falls silent.

ZOOM IN and PULL BACK (a la *Jaws*) on Goethe's terrified face. He wets himself.

The REF, Denis Leary, blows his whistle. The two teams approach center court in SLO-MO. The little person team looks bad-ass. The Real Balls squad looks worried. Goethe is frozen in terror, standing in the puddle of his own urine.

Sargento takes position for the jump ball, opposite Wilt. The Ref looks at Wilt's teammates.

REF
This is your team?

WILT
Yes.

REF
Really?

WILT
Yes.

REF
You've got to be kidding me.

He lights up a smoke. There is a commotion. The Ref looks over to see that Sargento is now on the sidelines, trying to strangle Bob Ueker.

REF (CONT'D)
(approaching the fight)
What the hell are you doing?

Sargento stops, looks at the Ref.

SARGENTO
He said something about my mother.

BOB UEKER
I said, "Good luck and have a great game."

SARGENTO
There he goes again!

Sargento lunges at Ueker. The Ref pulls out a red card and waves it in the air.

REF
You're out of the game!

Sargento turns around to protest, and then sees the red card.

SARGENTO
What the fuck is that for?

REF
I normally ref soccer.

SARGENTO
That's not even a real red card.

REF
I couldn't find it. This is one of my daughter's Pokemon cards. NOW GET OUTTA HERE!

Sargento storms out, tearing off his shorts and throwing them into the audience. The crowd screams wildly, but when the shorts land, the people near them groan in disgust.

CONAN
The game hasn't even started.

WILT
You guys are going down.

CONAN
Shut up, Wilt.

The Ref returns to center court.

REF
Okay, where's your fifth guy?

PATTON
What?

REF
You gotta have five guys on the court.

PATTON

Really?

REF

I'm pretty sure.

Patton looks at Bosch, who is in a panic. Bosch looks at Clyde. Clyde throws a pie at Bosch.

CHRIS

Bosch! You're going to have to play!

BOSCH

Oh, shit. These are really bad shoes.

Bosch slowly comes out onto the court.

REF

Finally. Here we go.

The Ref tosses up the ball and, in SLO-MO, the little person team does a human pyramid enabling Wilt to tip the ball.

The Real Balls squad is in shock over what just happened, as Wilt's team drives down the court for an easy lay-up. The crowd is silent.

PATTON

What was that?

CONAN

Those guys are working as a team somehow.

On the sidelines, Ueker gives play-by-play.

BOB UEKER

Iceman's squad is first up on the score board. The Real Balls team, sans that crazy bastard Sargento, is too stunned to move. Oh, no, wait, there they go.

Bosch is yelling at the team to play.

MONTAGE

Wilt's team lands outside shot after outside shot. The Real Balls squad is red-faced and sweating. Bosch is wearing his tie over his forehead. The only one of the five Real Balls guys who ever scores is Chris.

Goethe is still standing in his own urine.

We see several picks by Wilt's team, which result in either a Real Balls team member falling over or injuring his groin on the head of the picker.

Goethe is still standing in his own urine. A ball bounces off him and rolls away.

BOB UEKER (CONT'D)

Iceman's team is making fools of the Real Balls team! I've never seen such a ferocious bunch of little people in my life! To be honest, I've never seen this many little people all at once before! Hey, is it okay to call them little people or does that insult them?

The scoreboard shows the Real Balls team at 26 and Iceman's squad at 40. Iceman's squad's score starts increasing rapidly.

The GUY OPERATING THE SCORE BOARD is pressing a button which is making the score add up at that ridiculous speed. The Ref comes up behind him.

REF

What are you doing?

SCOREBOARD GUY

I'll go now.

Goethe is still standing in his own urine. Bosch runs by him and slips in the puddle, landing on his ass.

A buzzer sounds, and the Ref blows his whistle.

REF

That's the half!

Bob Ueker sums up the first half of the game as Alec Baldwin sips from a snifter of brandy while eating a greasy cheeseburger.

BOB UEKER

As the teams leave the floor we have Wilt Iceman's collection of diminutive powerhouses in the lead 68 to 40. The Real Balls boys seem to have their work cut out for them, as Chris Burke is their only scorer.

(MORE)

BOB UEKER (cont'd)
Kinda makes you wonder if these
guys are the real thing after all.

INT LOCKER ROOM - HALFTIME

Bosch jumps up and down on a therapeutic massage table. The rest of the guys, except for Goethe, watch him go hysterical. Sargento sits, leafing through a Maxim magazine.

BOSCH
Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God, OH
MY GOD!

SARGENTO
So, it's not going well?

CHRIS
We're only down by 28!

CONAN
Chris is the high scorer!

PATTON
Chris is the only scorer! We're
getting killed out there!

SARGENTO
I guess we all just got a little
too used to playing actors, huh?

PATTON
This isn't about actors! This is
about pride! Our pride! Our dreams!
This is about America! AMERICA!

CONAN
How is this about America?

PATTON
AMERICA! Now, let's get out there
and kick some ass!

Patton storms out of the locker room, screaming.

CHRIS
Don't we have 5 more minutes before
the second half?

CONAN
Yes.
(rubs his temples)
Guys, we're in a lot of trouble
here.

(MORE)

CONAN (cont'd)

If we lose this game, there's a good chance we're all going to be killed. By the mob. By the fans. Who knows, maybe Clyde will even turn on us.

CHRIS

(to Sargento)
Monkeys do that.

SARGENTO

Leave me alone.

CONAN

But let's think back for a second. Why did we all get involved in this thing in the first place?

SARGENTO

Patton made us.

CONAN

Well, yes, at first. But what brought us all together was the feeling of being a team, of being part of something greater than all of us put together. It was Patton's dream for all of us to be heroes. And it was a good dream. We just went about it in a horribly, horribly wrong way. But we've got one more half to make this dream come true honestly. All we have to do is take down a team of people half our size who have a thirty point lead. Come on guys, put your hands in.

They all do.

CONAN (CONT'D)

Now, let's go out there and win this for Patton, for us, and for every regular guy who's ever dreamed of being *somebody*!

They all scream and start running for the court. Conan stops Sargento.

CONAN (CONT'D)

Not you, Sargento. You were thrown out of the game.

SARGENTO
 (deflated)
 Oh, okay. I'll wait here.

Conan runs out, screaming. Sargento sits.

SARGENTO (CONT'D)
 (realizing)
 Hey, where's Goethe?

CUT TO:

INT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - HALFTIME

Goethe stands in the middle of the court, still frozen in fear.

BOB UEKER
 (regarding Goethe)
 -which is where he has remained for
 this entire halftime. I'm not sure
 if this is some sort of
 psychological warfare or if this
 Goethe kid has had a stroke.

The camera PANS up from Ueker and focuses on a little-used spotlight booth in the rafters. A light goes on.

INT SPOTLIGHT BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

The German Nazi opens a case and begins to assemble a sniper rifle. A snapshot of Chris Burke is taped inside the case. His picture is defaced and the words "death to traitors" and "really NOT funny" are scrawled around his head.

INT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - SECOND HALF

Both teams return to the court. The guys check on Goethe, who remains motionless.

BOB UEKER
 This is truly a black, black day
 for basketball. And I don't mean
 that in a racial way, I mean that
 in a metaphorical way. Not that
 black is a negative color, it's
 just that, you know, as the saying
 goes...

Ueker sighs heavily and starts to drink from Alec Baldwin's snifter.

ALEC BALDWIN
 (looking at Ueker with
 disdain)

Dude...

The game resumes and the boys, except for Goethe, have a new energy.

The game turns around. Patton starts making shots, rebounding one off Goethe's head.

Conan makes a spectacular lay-up, which takes him sailing into the line of press photographers. He returns to the game accidentally wearing someone's hat.

Chris dribbles down the court, faking out Wilt's entire team and throws the ball towards the hoop. Bosch appears out of nowhere and slam dunks the ball. He screams in slow-mo just like Al Pacino in "Any Given Sunday".

CUT TO Wilt screaming just like Al Pacino in "Any Given Sunday."

CUT TO Chris screaming just like Al Pacino in "Any Given Sunday."

CUT TO Bob Ueker and Alec Baldwin screaming just like Al Pacino in "Any Given Sunday."

CUT TO:

EXT NEW YORK STREET - CONTINUOUS

Marv Albert runs down the street, screaming just like Al Pacino in "Any Given Sunday." He is being chased by the two thugs from earlier. They have knives.

CUT BACK TO:

INT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Patton and Conan are screaming just like Al Pacino in "Any Given Sunday." Goethe is in between them, still frozen in fear.

CUT TO CLOSE-UP of scoreboard. It's down to the last two minutes of the game and the score is 88-89. Wilt's team is ahead by one point.

Goethe has collapsed on the court and both teams crowd around him.

REF

What's wrong with this guy?

PATTON

I think he just passed out.

CONAN

Has he even been breathing this whole time?

PATTON

I don't think so.

CHRIS

Well, you know he's got that thing about little...

(sees Wilt)

peoplmmmbbl.

WILT

What did you say?

CHRIS

Nothing.

REF

He's not dead or anything is he?

CONAN

No.

REF

Well, he still can't play. You gotta have five guys, five standing guys. Who's it gonna be?

Everyone looks over at Clyde. Clyde spits.

CUT TO the game back in motion. Clyde runs by wearing a uniform. PAN to reveal Goethe sitting on the sidelines in his underwear. He is still catatonic.

INT SPOTLIGHT BOOTH - THE SAME TIME

The German Nazi takes aim at Chris, ready to kill.

GERMAN NAZI

Come on, people. Make some noise. A lot of noise.

INT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - SECONDS LATER

BOB UEKER

Well, looks like we're down to the last play of the game, although I could be wrong--I don't know that much about basketball. Iceman's fearsome squad is still up by one, and they control the ball. Only seconds left for the Real Balls team to prove they're not bogus and avoid being beaten to death by the city of New York. God, I hate this town.

The Ref blows the whistle again and both teams start to run wildly. Wilt tries to find someone to pass to. He thinks he's got an opening and throws the ball onto the court. Chris gets in the way and the ball is loose! Players scramble and the ball is bounced hand over hand until it lands--

Right in Patton's hands. He stares at the ball.

CUT TO:

INT BOYS' CLUB GYM, 1983 - FLASHBACK

Young Patton and Conan are on the court, the ball having just landed in Patton's hands. Both are looking at the ball and realizing they could win the game. Conan is about to yell, "Run!"

CUT BACK TO:

INT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - THE PRESENT

CONAN

RUN!!!!

In a SLO-MO sequence, Patton starts to dribble and run. Conan runs with him. They make their way down the court, passing back and forth and dodging the little people. Chris keeps pace, blocking for them.

BOB UEKER

Incredible! Real Balls are on a break-away, and it looks like they could win it!

(then, realizing)

Hey, where'd the monkey go?

Alec Baldwin shrugs.

Patton and Conan move like basketball heroes, their faces lit up with excitement.

The Ref gets too close, and Conan sets a perfect pick for Patton, elbowing the Ref in the balls. The Ref goes down, face slamming into the hardwood.

REF

Ahhh! Fuck! Shit!

Bosch is jumping up and down, wildly screaming in exaltation at his impending good fortune. In his revelry, he accidentally smashes Chris in the face, knocking him backwards. Chris gets up and shakes it off.

Patton reaches the foul line. Conan passes to him. Patton then stops and releases the ball.

The crowd is on its feet, screaming wildly.

The ball sails through the air.

INT SPOTLIGHT BOOTH - SIMULTANEOUS

The German Nazi has Chris in his sights.

GERMAN NAZI

Und now you die, Peckerwood.

Just as he is about to squeeze the trigger, Clyde jumps out from the shadows and pounces on the startled Nazi. The gun goes off.

GERMAN NAZI (CONT'D)

Oh, no, not again! Und monkey est bananas!

INT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - SIMULTANEOUS

The ball, just about to hit the basket, is struck by the bullet and knocked off course.

Then the bullet ricochets off the metal frame of the backboard, and hits Bob Ueker who shrieks as he is knocked from his chair.

The deflated basketball lands with a dull thump between the stunned Patton and Conan.

The buzzer sounds.

Bosch immediately tears out of the arena, screaming.

INT SPOTLIGHT BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Clyde is beating the shit out of the Nazi.

GERMAN NAZI

You stupid monkey! You made me kill
Bob Ueker! OW! OW! OUCH! That
hurts! Help, help!

INT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - SECONDS LATER

The crowd is dead silent. The Real Balls team is stunned.
Wilt and his crew make the only sounds, sounds of rejoicing.

On giant projection screens above the court, Ahmad Rashad
appears for his post-game wrap-up.

AHMAD RASHAD

A big upset for the Real Balls team
as they lose to a group of little
people. The only thing that could
make it worse is the final
revelation that they are in fact
the frauds and liars they've been
made out to be. Here in the studio
is a woman who has agreed to speak
under the condition of total
anonymity. Apparently, she worked
closely with Jimmy Bosch,
mastermind of what I'm sure will
come to be known as the Real Balls
Ruse. Betty? I mean, unidentified
guest?

Reveal Betty, her face shrouded in darkness.

BETTY

I was there for everything. I'm
ashamed that I haven't said
anything until now. The Real Balls
team is more than just a fraud.

AHMAD RASHAD

How so?

BETTY

They're bad. At . . . basketball.
Very untalented. Ahh, but . . .
that's all.

Terry Bradshaw drops from nowhere and lands on Ahmad's desk.
He playfully shines a flashlight in Betty's face.

TERRY BRADSHAW
Wabbadoobadee!

The crowd watches in horrified silence and, after Bradshaw breaks up the telecast, they start chanting.

THE CROWD
Real Balls Ruse! Real Balls Ruse!
Real Balls Ruse! Etc.

Patton looks at Conan.

CONAN
We should go.

Patton, Conan, and Chris all pick up Goethe and carry him off the court. The crowd's chant gives way to booing and other "we hate you" type cries.

Bob Ueker stands up from behind his table. No one notices.

BOB UEKER
I'm okay!
(then, to Alec Baldwin)
Thanks for the vest.

Alec Baldwin nods.

BOB UEKER (CONT'D)
So . . . what'd I miss?

INT FBI BUILDING - NIGHT

An FBI AGENT points a video camera at a two-way mirror labeled "Interrogation Room A". Inside the room, Don DiPacino and his henchmen sit with the German Nazi at a table. ANOTHER FBI AGENT stands at the end of the table, grilling them. They are worried. The Nazi Leader is ushered into the room as we

PAN to another two-way mirror. This one is labeled "Interrogation Room B". Patton, Conan, Sargento, Chris, Goethe, Clyde, and Bosch sit at the table. AGENT FRED HAMMER, a rugged veteran, and SPECIAL AGENT SKIP MCGRINLEY, his young partner, grill the boys.

INT INTERROGATION ROOM B - CONTINUOUS

Fred Hammer rolls up his sleeves. McGrinley glares.

CONAN
W-we really don't want to go to
prison or anything. Isn't there
something we can do?

PATTON

We're very, very, very, very sorry.

HAMMER

I don't know, McGrinley. What do you think?

MCGRINLEY

I dunno, Hammer. Normally we don't make deals.

HAMMER

Shut up.

(to the boys)

Now listen up, juniors, I think we can come to some sort of agreement here. If you're willing to testify against Don DiPacino and his (makes quote sign with his fingers) "family", and if you're willing to testify against the American Nazi Party, then we might be able to get you into the Witness Relocation Program.

SARGENTO

I'll do it! As long as I can keep my chosen profession. As a tailor.

CHRIS

I'll testify! I'll testify.

HAMMER

I feel it only fair to warn you that the FBI has had a pretty poor track record in protecting high profile case witnesses, and there's a very good chance you'll be shot before the trial. We've had a lot of trouble keeping track of paperwork lately.

MCGRINLEY

But we're getting new computers--

HAMMER

Shut up.

PATTON

I don't want to get shot.

HAMMER

Nobody does, chief. But then again, nobody wants to take it in the behind in a maximum security prison, either. Well, maybe some people do, but I'm sure it's a fairly small number and none of them are in this room. Am I right?

ALL THE GUYS

Oh yeah, absolutely, you got that right, I don't like it.

HAMMER

Good, then we've got ourselves a deal.

BOSCH

Actually, I've been looking forward to a change.

HAMMER

(noticing Bosch for the first time)

Oh. You're supposed to be in the other room.

CUT TO:

INT RIKER'S ISLAND PRISON CELL - EARLY MORNING

Bosch is pushed into a cell by a PRISON GUARD. Superimpose: Riker's Island, New York.

PRISON GUARD

See you in twenny, jackass.

The Prison Guard leaves, laughing maniacally.

Bosch turns to look at his new surroundings. He is instantly dwarfed by a huge cell mate, BORIS.

BOSCH

(scared shitless)

Uh, hi. What's your name?

The giant man puts a small metal box to his neck.

BORIS

(voice sounding like a robot)

My name is Boris.

(MORE)

BORIS (cont'd)
I like the way your ass fills out
those pants, Lucy.

BOSCH
My name's not Lucy. It's Jimmy.

BORIS
Lucy.

BOSCH
Jimmy.

BORIS
Lucy.

BOSCH
Jimmy.

BORIS
Lucy.

BOSCH
(defeated)
Lucy.

CUT TO:

INT PARACHUTE STORAGE SHED

Sargento sits at a workbench, sewing a tear in a parachute shoulder strap. The walls behind him are lined with packed parachutes. Superimpose: Terminal Velocity Skydiving, Arizona.

Sargento accidentally pulls the cord on the chute he's working on and it pops open, covering him.

SARGENTO
(instantly angry)
Damn it!

Sargento stands and tries to find his way out of the chute, which only makes it worse. He begins to flail about in a spastic fit of anger.

His fit takes him into the wall, and chutes start flying open, entangling him further. Sargento continues to scream in rage. More and more chutes open as he runs into them. Finally, he collapses in a giant heap of tangled parachutes.

He is silent for a few moments. Then,

SARGENTO (CONT'D)

FUCK!

CUT TO:

EXT OPEN OCEAN - DAY

A cruise ship is sailing on the open sea. Superimpose:
Carnival Cruise Ship, somewhere off the coast of Florida.

INT CRUISE SHIP THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Chris is finishing up his act. The Old Woman with an Oxygen Tank and her Husband sit in the audience. The Old Woman is applauding.

CHRIS

Thank you very much, and good morning. Try the french toast.

Chris steps down from the stage and changes a sign that says "Next Show at 10:30" to "Next Show at 11:00". The Old Woman With An Oxygen Tank stops him.

OLD WOMAN WITH AN OXYGEN TANK

I think you were just wonderful!

CHRIS

Thank you, thank you very much.
(after a moment)
They won't let me off the ship.

CUT TO:

INT WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Nazis sit around a folding card table, fuming. The German Nazi's jaw is wired shut and he is in a body cast.

NAZI LEADER

Okay, so, as long as we're all out on bail, we need to plan our next move. We can't allow Chris Burke to single-handedly bring down the American Nazi Party! Killing him will be a symbol of our strength and righteousness. White power!

All start chanting "white power".

EXT WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

From outside the building, we hear the muffled chanting. A gigantic meteor smashes the warehouse into tiny bits. After the explosion settles, birds chirp happily and the sun shines brighter.

CUT TO:

INT GOETHE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Goethe is slumped on his couch, asleep, empty beer can in hand. The television is on. Clyde is watching. The phone is ringing. Superimpose: Goethe's Apartment, New York City.

His machine picks up.

GOETHE

(voice on machine)

Uh, this is Goethe. At the tone...um...I'm tired.

The machine beeps and we hear the voice of Agent Fred Hammer.

HAMMER

(voice on machine)

Uh, Goethe. You missed your bus again. It's been two weeks since the relocation. Your life is very likely in danger. Please give me a call when you get this.

MCGRINLEY

(voice on machine)

Did you tell him his life may be in danger?

HAMMER

(voice on machine)

Shut up.

He hangs up.

Goethe wakes up suddenly and looks around. He checks his beer and, finding it empty, gets up for another.

When he passes by his open living room window we hear the screams and threats of his NEIGHBORS, who all hate him.

NEIGHBORS

You bastard! We hate you! America hates you! Flimflam!

Goethe does not react. As soon as he is out of view, the yelling stops. He gets a new beer and passes by the window on the way back to the couch, eliciting new curses.

NEIGHBORS (CONT'D)

We're gonna get you! Watch your back, fatty! Midget hater!

Again, Goethe does not react. As soon as he clears the window, the curses fall silent again. He sits down and pops his beer.

The television is playing the theme from "Sanford & Son".

GOETHE

Awesome!

Clyde changes the channel to Animal Planet, which is showing a program about monkeys. Goethe looks at Clyde about to say something in protest. Clyde punches him out, and then chugs his beer.

CUT TO:

EXT OUTDOOR BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Patton and Conan shoot hoops at an outdoor basketball court on the outskirts of a small Midwestern town. They miss every shot. Cornfields are visible in the distance. Superimpose: Oakland City, Indiana.

CONAN

(mid argument)

This is all your fault!

PATTON

Get off it, will ya? I said I was sorry, for cryin' out loud. What's done is done. At least we're not takin' it in the ass with Bosch. Am I right? That's a silver lining if I ever heard of one, there, Mister Pissy.

CONAN

There is no silver lining here! It's all black! Look inside yourself! The lining is all black! Black! Black! Look around us! Thanks to you, we're stuck here in the middle of nowhere! It's Nowhere, USA! Population: nowhere!

PATTON

Well. At least I tried. If it weren't for me, you never would have tried anything.

CONAN

I'm through listening to you, Patton.

Two GUYS IN OVERALLS approach. They carry pitchforks.

PATTON

(leans over to Conan)
Geez, Children of the Corn, huh?

CONAN

I never saw that movie.

The two guys step up to Patton and Conan.

OVERALLS #1

Howdy.

OVERALLS #2

You guys wanna play a game?

PATTON

Don't waste our time.

OVERALLS #1

Easy, friend. Don't want to insult you. What say we put twenty bucks on the game?

PATTON

It just so happens that I have a crisp new twenty dollar bill right here in my pocket, hayseed.

CONAN

(whispering to Patton)
What are you doing? That's the last of our government money and we haven't even found jobs yet!

Patton pulls Conan aside.

PATTON

Okay, Conan, listen. I know I screwed us up, and I can't say I'm sorry enough. But this is a gift from the heavens. A chance at a new start.

(MORE)

PATTON (cont'd)
We can double our money, here. Look
at these guys. They're rednecks.
Farmboys. Hicks. We're in the
middle of nowhere. It's Indiana.
They've probably never even heard
of basketball.

Patton looks at Conan very seriously.

PATTON (CONT'D)
I think we can take these guys.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD - TWO MINUTES LATER

Patton is handing over the twenty dollar bill to Overalls #1.
Conan glares at Patton.

PATTON
(meekly to overalls guys)
Good game.

The overalls guys look at each other and walk away laughing
and hooting.

Patton looks at Conan. Conan walks away, disgusted.

Patton watches Conan for a moment, then walks off in the
other direction.

We see nothing but the empty basketball court for a moment.

Then Patton and Conan charge each other and fall to the
ground fighting. The fight continues throughout the entire
final credit sequence. By the end, the two lay still, tired
to the core.

THE END