



THE STRIKEOUT KING

(Excerpt from script, first 11 pages)

by

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FADE IN:

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

We move in on the city skyline from the chaos of the busy Schuylkill Expressway. It's late spring. Hope - always served with a dose of caution around here - is in the air. We hear the voice of legendary Philadelphia Eagles announcer MERRILL REESE --

MERRILL REESE (V.O.)
Welcome to Philadelphia. As blue collar as it gets. Even the Liberty Bell has a crack in it...

ON THE LIBERTY BELL - DAY

TOURISTS crowd around, trying to get a glimpse of history.

MERRILL REESE (V.O.)
... And sports - well, it's a way of life. You're born with it. Passed down generation to generation. Style over substance. I don't think so. Not in this town...

ON BOATHOUSE ROW - DAY

TEAMS in canoes push down the Schuylkill River.

MERRILL REESE (V.O.)
... J.D. Drew had batteries thrown at him. Allen Iverson, Eric Lindros, Charles Barkley - they were all run out of town. Even Santa Claus got booed here...

ON THE PHILADELPHIA ART MUSEUM - DAY

PEOPLE race up the steps, trying to emulate their fictional hero, Rocky Balboa.

MERRILL REESE (V.O.)
... And Mitch "Wild Thing" Williams - well, just don't ever mention his name...

INT. LINCOLN FINANCIAL FIELD - FALL DAY

The CROWD sings "Fly Eagles Fly" together in joyous unison...

MERRILL REESE (V.O.)
 ... But, when they love you. They
 love you forever...

The song culminates in --

CROWD
 E-A-G-L-E-S EAGLES!!!

MERRILL REESE (V.O.)
 ... Yeah, you're going to get
 knocked down in Philadelphia...

ON VIDEO OF GAME 6, 1993 WORLD SERIES

MITCH WILLIAMS delivers the fateful pitch to JOE CARTER.
 Carter dances around the bases in jubilation. Hearts
 instantly broken across an entire city.

MERRILL REESE (V.O.)
 ... More than most places. The
 question is are you going to get
 back up?...

ON FAN'S HANDHELD VIDEO OF GAME 5, 2008 WORLD SERIES

The camera shakes as BRAD LIDGE delivers the pitch. The late
 HARRY KALAS with the call --

HARRY KALAS (V.O.)
 The O two pitch. Swing and a miss!
 Struck him out! THE PHILADELPHIA
 PHILLIES ARE 2008 WORLD CHAMPIONS
 OF BASEBALL!!!

Lidge drops to his knees, looking up to the sky. Phillies
 Catcher CARLOS RUIZ is the first to greet him at the mound.
This is what pure joy looks like.

Suddenly, we pan back to see we're in --

INT. STUBBY'S BAR - SUBURBAN PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

The previous celebration is now immortalized on the cover of
 a Sports Illustrated hanging on the wall. The headline:
 "Phillies Win!" John Fogarty: "Centerfield."

In other city's this might be considered a dive bar. PATRONS
 sit sipping their Lagers. You get the feeling many of them
 had the same stool the previous night. A group of GIRLS
 crowd around a jukebox...

Suddenly, the door of the bar swings open to reveal --

JOSHUA "J DUB" WOLBARST

28, good-looking, with an oversized Jewish nose, in all his glory. Think the charisma of Screech from "Saved By The Bell" paired with the moxy of James Bond. It seems he's also checked his shame at the door...

MERRILL REESE (V.O.)

... And when it comes to women - no one's ever been knocked down as many times as Joshua "J Dub" Wolbarst...

ROLL CREDITS

The GUYS at the bar turn in unison to watch as --

Wolbarst struts over to the group of girls. He sidles up to the most ATTRACTIVE GIRL of the group and leans in --

WOLBARST

You know, if you were a booger I'd pick you first.

Attractive Girl storms away. Wolbarst - apparently, unphased - immediately turns to ATTRACTIVE GIRL'S FRIEND --

WOLBARST

Say, are you a parking ticket?...

ATTRACTIVE GIRL'S FRIEND

What?

WOLBARST

... Because you got fine written all over you!

Attractive Girl's Friend just rolls her eyes.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. STUBBY'S BAR - AN HOUR OR SO LATER - NIGHT

It's twice as full as before. Wolbarst makes a beeline for a BLONDE GIRL standing near the bar --

WOLBARST

I think you've got something in your eye. Oh never mind, it's just a sparkle.

Blonde Girl walks off.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. STUBBY'S BAR - HALF HOUR OR SO LATER - NIGHT

Wolbarst goes up to an ASIAN GIRL.

WOLBARST

Hi, the voices in my head told me
to come over and talk to you.

Nope. Apparently, the Pacific rim isn't interested, either.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. STUBBY'S BAR - HALF HOUR OR SO LATER - NIGHT

Wolbarst goes up to a BLACK GIRL --

WOLBARST

Pardon me, is this seat taken?

He grabs a chunk of her ass...

BLACK GIRL

Oh, hell no!

Black Girl takes her oversized purse and smacks him in the head with it. Just then, Wolbarst looks to see --

her large BOYFRIEND - linebacker for the Eagles? - storming his direction. Wolbarst makes a move...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. STUBBY'S BAR - HALF HOUR OR SO LATER - NIGHT

Wolbarst stands talking with a cute BROWN-HAIRED GIRL. It seems he's finally making some progress...

BROWN-HAIRED GIRL

... Yeah, I used to work on a farm
growing up. I've even had to
artificially inseminate cows.

WOLBARST

Moo!

Brown-Haired Girl waits a moment, shakes her head, then walks towards the other side of the bar where a circle has formed. She pushes her way in to see --

DADDY WOLBARST, approaching 60's, greying hair, and glasses around his neck, sits on a bar stool with a GIRL on each arm and five more ready to take their spots. One of these females is the Attractive Girl from before.

DADDY WOLBARST

... So, I say, Captain, Hey Captain
Dumbfuck - that wasn't actually his
name -

Everyone LAUGHS.

DADDY WOLBARST

... if you want to stand back and
let the enemy gain ground on us
that's your deal. But, me - I'm
killing some Viet-Cong. And just
as I say that I catch a glimpse of
something scurrying in the brush
and it's like Boom Charlie!
BOOM!...

He makes his hands into the shape of a rifle to demonstrate.
Everyone CLAPS. Even the Asian Girl from before can't help
but smile...

DADDY WOLBARST

... Yeah, I got blood on my hands.
But, it isn't my blood... BOOM!

INT. STUBBY'S BAR - AN HOUR OR SO LATER - NIGHT

Closing time. Daddy Wolbarst walks with Attractive Girl.
Wolbarst follows behind, looking just slightly dejected.

DADDY WOLBARST

Don't worry, son, Daddy's going to
take good care of her...

Daddy Wolbarst winks. Then, moves his hips in a circular
motion. It is on now.

END CREDITS

EXT. PARK - SUBURBAN PHILADELPHIA - BALL FIELD - NEXT DAY

We're at a co-ed softball game. There's a dirt field, a make
shift fence, and about ten people scattered in the bleachers.

Daddy Wolbarst's PORTUGUESE LADY FRIEND is one of them. He
aims pelvic thrusts at her as he stands guard of first base.

Meanwhile, Wolbarst sits on the opposing bench with his eyes
closed, stroking up and down the barrel of a baseball bat...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRAND BEDROOM - DAY

CASSANDRA LOVELACE, a smoking hot blonde with large artificially enhanced boobs, from 1 to 10 she's a 12 and she knows it, is tied to the bedpost. She wears a sailor's cap. Rose petals are on the floor.

Wolbarst thrusts into her...

WOLBARST

Oh yeah, you're a naughty little sailor! Yeah, you like that! You like being on board the Joshua Tree?

CASSANDRA LOVELACE

... Oh yeah daddy, drop that anchor!...

Wolbarst suddenly stops. He gazes deeply into her eyes.

WOLBARST

Do you have any idea how crazy I was for you?

CASSANDRA LOVELACE

Of course, I did.

WOLBARST

And you teased the shit out of me.

CASSANDRA LOVELACE

That's because I'm a tease.

WOLBARST

No, you're a bi-atch!

Wolbarst eagerly picks up a black whip from the bizarre pile of sex toys on the night stand and smacks her with it.

CASSANDRA LOVELACE

Oh yes daddy! Please! More! More!...

A naturally pretty woman walks into the room. She taps Wolbarst on the shoulder. She looks like the girl next door. Except, she's not next door. She's about to be the outside of a Wolbarst sandwich. The woman wears sweats, no make-up, and has her hair tied in a ponytail. Her name is MEGAN HOKE.

CASSANDRA LOVELACE

How 'bout I strap one on and fuck you next sweet thang?

WOLBARST

Megan, look - I'm banging Cassandra Lovelace!!!...
 (holding up hand)
 ... High five! High...

MEGAN

Wolbarst, you're a dick. Wolbarst, you're a dick...

Megan grabs Wolbarst and shakes him...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - SUBURBAN PHILADELPHIA - DAY

Megan continues shaking him...

... Wolbarst, still in dream land, holds one hand in the air while his other hand continues stroking the barrel of the bat. He swings his hips back and forth. That bat must be corked because he has a huge smile on his face.

MEGAN

... Wolbarst, you're on deck.
 Wolbarst, you're on deck...

Suddenly, he snaps from the fantasy --

WOLBARST

What?

Embarrassed, he puts his hand down and pans to see where he's really at --

The word STUBBY is sewn across the front of his jersey.

Down the bench, RUPERT, late 20's, overweight, keeps to himself while he tends to a plate of nachos.

Two COLLEGE BEEFCAKES - young, dumb, and full of cum - fight off one another to be the next in line to take body shots off MITSY. A real ding-dong. She's not uniform today. She wears a skirt so short it should be illegal.

The only PEOPLE that do seem to care are on the field. They represent THE PUB. Daddy Wolbarst leads the CHEERS. NOAH VAN CAMP (NVC), good-looking with blonde-hair, stands on the pitcher's mound with a confident look in his deep blue eyes.

MEGAN

I think that's enough pine tar.

WOLBARST

Right.

Wolbarst gets up from the bench. He looks up to the sky --

WOLBARST

I hope it rains. If it gets sloppy we might have a better chance of winning.

MEGAN

Since when did you care about winning?

WOLBARST

What? I think it'd be fun to play in the rain. Like we used to.

He turns to walk out --

MEGAN

Josh --

WOLBARST

Yeah, Megan?

MEGAN

... Don't be afraid to choke up this time.

WOLBARST

Right.

RYAN HOWARD HOKE, 10, Megan's son, a freckle-faced, red-haired kid, exchanges bats with him --

WOLBARST

Thanks, little buddy.

Wolbarst playfully rubs his hair.

WOLBARST

Won't be long before I'm holding your bat.

RYAN

Good luck.

WOLBARST

Thanks. But, I prefer to rely on skill.

Wolbarst SLOWLY strides to the batter's box. He carries himself with the bravado of a Apache warrior. Babe Ruth didn't even walk to home plate with this much confidence...

Bases loaded. SCHOTTIE, a real jock, stands on first base --

SCHOTTIE

Make him pitch to you, Wolbarst!
Make him pitch!

KATRINA (KAT), she's more masculine than any man on the team, stands on second with her hands on her hips --

KATRINA

Get me home, you big pussy!

She turns to stare at --

the girl playing SHORTSTOP next to her. She bends over to rub dirt on her hands. Yes, momma like...

A goofy-looking guy in his late 20's stands on third base holding a can of beer. He sways from side to side. This son of a bitch is already loaded. His name is TIM.

He chugs the last of his beer and hurls the can at Wolbarst --

TIM

Hurry up, I'm thirsty! I'm
thirsty!

Scoreboard reads: The Pub: 11. Stubby's: 0.

Finally, Wolbarst's made it to the dish. The UMPIRE shakes his head. Wolbarst digs his cleats into the dirt. He pops his batting gloves on. Then, off. Then, on again. He then turns the other direction, facing --

a CUTE REDHEAD in the bleachers. He points his bat into the stands, calling his shot --

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - EIGHTEEN YEARS EARLIER - NIGHT

Wolbarst, now a wide-eyed kid wearing a Phillies jersey, stands in the batter's box calling his shot. He points his bat into the stands, winking at --

a very cute blonde girl, Cassandra Lovelace. She sits in a packed grandstands wearing lipstick and a provocative outfit - for a 10-year-old that is. She can't help but blush.

Runners on first, second, and third. The lights shine down on the nicely-manicured field. The atmosphere is ELECTRIC.

Scoreboard reads: Mets: 7. Phillies: 6. Two outs. Bottom of the seventh (last inning).

THIRD BASE COACH carefully adjusts his cap. He touches his chest twice. Then, rubs his right hand down his left arm.

WOLBARST
(shrugs)
What does that mean?

Daddy Wolbarst, now coach of the team, wearing tie-dyed shorts, pops out of the dugout. He has a stern look on his face, way too serious for a kid's game.

He pulls Wolbarst to the side --

DADDY WOLBARST
Don't swing. Take the walk, Josh.
Take the walk we tie the game.

On the mound, METS COACH meets with NVC.

NVC
I could throw this ball to Jersey,
Coach. He'll still probably
swing...

Meanwhile, Wolbarst nods up at his dad. His oversized batting helmet practically covers his eyes.

DADDY WOLBARST
Ok, then. Go get him, son.

WOLBARST
Ok, dad.

Wolbarst digs his cleats into the dirt. NVC sets. He winds.

The ball bounces in the dirt in front of home plate. Wolbarst swings wildly.

UMPIRE
Strike one.

NVC gives a wry smile.

In the bleachers, Wolbarst's MOM, dressed in some kind of full body workout suit, CHEERS on her baby --

MOM
Come on, honey, you can do it,
Josh!

NVC steps back onto the rubber. He goes into his wind-up --
The ball sails over Wolbarst's head. He swings.

UMPIRE
Strike two.

In the Phils dugout, sweat pours down Daddy Wolbarst's face --

DADDY WOLBARST
How many times do I have to tell
you? Stop swinging at everything!

Wolbarst digs his cleats into the dirt. NVC stares back at
him. He spits, looking in at the catcher for the sign.

Wolbarst holds his bat up, waiting...

NVC sets. He winds...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - PRESENT TIME - DAY

The pitch sails behind Wolbarst's head. It's happening all
over again. Inexplicably, he swings!

UMPIRE
STRIKE THREE!

There's a smattering of CLAPS from the now nine people in the
crowd - the Cute Redhead - the object of Wolbarst's affection
from earlier. Yeah, she left - as The Pub celebrates another
victory.

DADDY WOLBARST
WOOHOO! Stay striking out son!
That's what you're good at!