**STUMBLERS JAMES PENNER 8082836441**

**INT. UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SAN DIEGO CAFETERIA - DINNER TIME**

WILLIE DEWER, 27, Six three with a light tan, freckles curly two tone red and brown hair. A Scandinavian super model by way of Ireland.

Willie standing in the queue waiting to take a tray. He is intently staring at young woman who has a bit of a weightlifter look.

DEMI SMITH, 28, 5’5 has a deep Southern California tan. And... what could be described perhaps as a bit of a Manish face. Willie and Demi could be some kind of twins. Especially the curly two tone red and brown hair.

They both take a tray and start making their way down the hot line. WILLIE manages to slip in next to DEMI.

WILLIE

Come here often? I struggled to get reservations. (no reaction) I’m WILLIE, WILLIE DEWER. Don’t tell anyone, but I come here for the Industrial Formica atmosphere and CAROL of course.

(WILLIE smiles at one of the cafeteria ladies

CAROL

(almost hysterical)

He’s a non-student, not supposed to be using the facilities. Stranger Danger!

(under her breath)

I don't know why I said that.

WILLIE

Carol always has had a sense of humor.

(stern look at Carol, motions for her to go away)

DEMI

Demi, Demi Smith as long as we are saying everything twice.

(extending her hand with a coy smile)

Willies' ears do a double take, he has never heard a gravellier voice on a woman, sexy and scary at the same time.

CAROL His name is Willie Dewer. We all know where he lives.

(thoughtful pause)

Just be careful, My Dear.

(speaking directly to Willie)

WILLIE

Again, with the crazy talk

DEMI

I’ll bring the trays and the body back in the morning. OK?

(Carol nods to the affirmative)

**EXT: CAMPUS SIDEWALK LEADING TO A DORM.**

Demi blathering on about hair. Willie his eyes on her ass. He follows Demi out of the cafeteria and back to her dorm.

DEMI

Politically incorrect not quite a Jew-fro , but almost, except I’m mostly Irish...MY curliness can be attributed to the eight percent of Jewish. The color condition is called Heterochromia, and it has nothing to do with being Jewish.

(blah blah trailing off)

**\*\*\***

**EXT. TWO-STORY YELLOW CLAP BOARD BEACH HOUSE – MID DAY**

Pick up, Volkswagen Van and an old Volvo sedan parked out front.

**INT. PINE PANELED LIVING ROOM - FURNATURE IS RANDOM AND USED LOOKING.**

Willie and his two roommates having a lively discussion. WILLIE (pleading tone)

That kind of shit doesn't happen to me. It happens to guys like...Ja...You know. Not to someone like me.

JACK LEGG 29, Tall, medium build, somewhat balding. Wearing a San Diego Padres Jersey. Face only a mother could love.

JACK (trying to conceal his amusement)

As your oldest friend and biggest fan.

I'm not going to say it could happen to anybody, because it's never happened to me.

JIM SPINNER 26, Tall, blonde, good-looking surfer. Could be lifeguard type with long blond hair.

SPINNER

Florida boys don’t have these kinds of problems. We are basically led by our junk. We just follow wherever it points. Ready when we get there.

WILLIE

So, I got too drunk. I'm allergic to Scotch. Whatever. It happened. And now I got a girl out there thinking, believing that I’m less than... a man.

SPINNER

Holy fuck, WILLIE, do you hear yourself? Is this the great Willie Dewer talking? Dude, forget it, she's just some chick.

JACK

I hate to say it, but I'm inclined to agree with Gator Boy here. What's so different about her? I've seen you blow off some of the hottest Poo Tang in San Diego County.

(evil grin)

Maybe you are finally going to switch teams, on us.

WILLIE

I what? No, JACK. No matter how many ass comments you make. Why don’t you go dance in front of the mirror in your jock strap.

JACK

MK promised not to tell. Never happened.

WILLIE

What does it take to get you guys to listen?

It’s completely obvious that Spinner and Jack had tuned out Willie a few sentences ago. And were on to their own foolishness. Willie becoming extremely frustrated finally Stands up in the middle of the room and screams.

Willie

I Left a Woman Unsatisfied for the First Time in My Life. And I'm Not Going to Rest Until I Fix It. She Just Might Be My Soulmate!

THE ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD. DEFINITELY, HEARD WILLIES' FULL VOLUME PROCLAMATION.

SPINNER

(completely mockingly)

Willie, blah, some chick, blah blah.

Guys, can we just move on? OK,

WILLIE

Yeah, bro. Whatever. Yes!

But seriously, guys I got to fix this. And You're going to help me. Right?

JACK

OK, I'm in, on one condition. You let me have a clear shot at MK.

WILLIE

Thats it? Yeah, no problem. Besides it's not me that cares...better clear it with Mona.

JACK

MK and Mona. Never. You can bet your baby oil on that.

I’ll do you a favor and contact RANDY ADAMS and see what he can dig up onyour new girlfriend.

SPINNER

In the meantime, get out your little black book and get back on the horse.

WILLIE

What horse?

SPINNER

Call one of your groupies and get laid. Take two! Call me in the Morning.

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**INT. REGISTRAR'S OFFICE. UCSD**

Nice older lady at the desk greets Randy as he approaches.

RANDY ADAMS, Late twenties. Sandy hair slight beard, vintage Horn rim glasses. Handsome professor in the making.

OFFICE LADY

And what can I do for you on this fine morning Professor?

RANDY

Well, Lucille, I'm not quite Professor yet. I need to find out a little bit about a co-ed who wants to audit one of my lecture classes

LUCILLE

And just who would that be? And to be clear. I can't give out home addresses or phone numbers. And you have a nice girlfriend. How is CELIA, by the way?

RANDY

It's nothing like that. I just want to make

sure, it's worth going over My student count. The administration hates giving out freebies.

LUCILLE

And what's the young lady's name?

RANDY

Should be a sophomore. Lives on campus. Curly hair. Not sure if she's on scholarship or not.

LUCILLE

Don't even have to look her up.

RANDY

How's that?

LUCILLE

She's very well known on campus. Local girl, from Delmar. Family is the heir to Rancho Santa Fe. Her father insisted that she get a room on campus. To have a more Normal college experience.

RANDY

Do tell. Well, thanks, Loretta. I'll approve her audit. And maybe you could suggest she contributes to the school's athletic fund.

LUCILLE

Randy. Whatever it was you were really doing here today. Just remember she's a nice girl. And Her Dad is hyper protective.

RANDY gives Lucille a smile and a thumbs up as he goes out the door.

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**EXT. VULCAN AVE. BEACH HOUSE – LATE MORNING**

**INT. BEDRM. STEADY CAMERA FOLLOWS ACTION**

WE CAN HEAR SPINNER AND HIS GIRL FRIEND SANDY BANGING AWAY IN THE BEDROOM. DOGGIE STYLE BACKS TO THE DOOR. SUDDENLY THE DOOR FLYS OPEN. SPINNERS ROONMATE JACK STANDING IN THE DOORWAY.

JACK

My God! What! Gross! I didn’t know you guys were home. I heard something... And.

SPINNER

GET THE FUCK OUT!!

Jack quickly scampers off trying to conceal a prominent boner.

SANDY LANE, mid-twenties, 5’10” 36-24-35 bikini model, tight dancers body. Straight very blond hair blunt cut at the shoulders.

SANDY

If that Asshole of a roommate of yours JACK walks in on us again while we are doing it. I’m going to kick his nuts off.

SPINNER

Can he help it? With a body like yours, come on. I’ve seen guys lose it over you on the beach when you're in a thong. I’ll talk to him and make sure the door is locked.

SANDY

Sweetheart, you are such an idiot. It's not me. Motherfuckers in love with YOUR ASS. And I'm not the only girl that sees it.

SPINNER

Like who?

SANDY

MK for one. The last time she was down here she told me she thought he was queer for you. And she should know she used to date the asshole.

SPINNER

What about Willie? He's better looking than me. He's never said anything about Jack.

SANDY

Poor baby. You would be a very naive girl. Willie is just not Jack's type. No ass.

SPINNER

And to think they let that guy coach Little League.

SANDY

Girls Little League! I’ve got a dance class. See you later.

Sandy grabs her oversized straw beach bag. And walks through the living room. Not acknowledging Willie and some other guy sitting on the couch. Jack is nowhere to be seen.

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**EXT. THE YELLOW TWO-STORY VULCAN AVE. HOUSE.SATURDAY AFTERNOON**

As we come through the gate, we see four very attractive young women sitting in a semicircle of beach chairs on the lawn.

Sandy Lane comes in through the side gate. The girl's motion for her to take a place in the semicircle.

MELONY HARMONY, mid-twenties, not overly built, looks eighteen. Dark brown hair she wears in pigtails. Intentionally acts naive. Known to use a little girl voice.

MELONY

Guys, this is Spinner's girlfriend Sandy. MONA, MK, Celia.

MARY KATHERINE, MK, looks mid-thirties, Thick wavey brown hair, Street wise look in her vintage jeans.

MK HANDS SANDY A COLD PACIFICO BEER

SANDY

Thanks! Cool to meet you ladies. Guys upstairs plotting something?

MONA A-EL,30, Persian beauty. Dark olive skin, hourglass figure. Moves like an exotic dancer. All the trappings of extreme wealth.

It is beyond obvious that Mona is magnetically attracted to Sandy.

MONA

The dudes are always plotting something.?

(MONA sits next to SANDY)

And I Love you already.

SANDY

I hope not in the sloppy I want to get all over you way. But in the I want to get to know you way.

MONA

(beyond smitten, suddenly nervous)

Yeah, the first one, no, no I mean the second.

You choose!

MELONY

(in with the save)

So, Sandy, you live in La Jolla.

SANDY

For now. I am originally from Palos Verdes. I’m studying dance at a Martha Graham studio in town.

(thinking for a second)

How did you know I live in La Jolla?

MONA

(breaking in - a little drunk)

I’ve been clocking you for weeks. (everybody takes a beat, then Mona gives a laugh)

I’ve seen you around the Cove. I live just off Ivanhoe. I’m friends with Joe Barnett.

SANDY

Cool, Cool. Great Guy and a heck of a waterman. Senior Lifeguard for a reason.

MK

Having just got to town, catch me up. Any of you know what the Boys are talking about so intently?

CELIA

I heard the word Stumblers for the first time in ages.

MK

SANDY you’ve been around. What have you picked up on?

SANDY

Nothing penicillin won’t cure.

CELIA

Very funny. For what I heard you're becoming one of the boys.

SANDY

(laughing)

I honestly couldn't afford the procedure, no matter how rich you think I am.

MK

Melony, Celia. Give me a hand, I've got some things out in the car I want to put downstairs.

The three girls go through the gate and out to MK's car.

MONA

(leaning in hard towards SANDY)

When the girls get back, I'll tell them you've banged every Lifeguard from La Jolla Cove to Delmar. Unless you agree to have lunch with me.

SANDY

I can see we're going to be great friends. I always wanted a relationship based on black mail.

The three girls return to the yard with MK's suitcase ice chest, a twenty-foot slip and slide and a six-foot rainbow blow-up penis.

Striped down, the girls are sliding, squealing and laughing bringing the boys downstairs.

AN HOUR OF DEBAUCHERY ENSUES.

Sitting next to their partner the group makes a semi-circle with Willie at the top.

WILLIE

UCSD Intramural season is starting. We are putting a flag football team together.

SANDY

ITCH YOUR WHAT?

SPINNER

SHHH... This is going to be good.

WILLIE

Don’t worry “Beach TOY” you’ll be cheering on the sideline soon enough. It starts next weekend.

CARMINE

But we are not even students anymore.

CARMINE RISI,30, Built like a wedge. 5’4” covered in cully hair except the top of his bald head.

RANDY ADAMS

Got that handled. Six blank Student ID cards. Courtesy of my connection at Administration.

(hands the cards to WILLIE)

CELIA

(not concealing her jealousy)

And this cost you what?

RANDY

Just a quick date with her daughter.

(looking at Celiea)

We can discuss it later. OK?

MK

(fakes a cough covering her mouth)

Man Whore.

WILLIE

(giving the hard sell)

OK. Here is the deal. We register the team with the Intramural six-man flag football program and play the six-week season. Fun Right?

MONA

WILLIE, this situation just begs the question. What exactly is in this for YOU?

WILLIE

MONA, Baby I’m shocked. We just can’t have the kind of fun we had when we were students? Besides, where else can we crush the punks coming up behind us?

MONA AND THE REST OF THE GIRLS GIVE WILLIE THE “WE ARE NOT BUYING ANY OF THIS LOOK.

JACK

Dude wants to impress some chick.

MK

There you go! Bingo! Was that so hard?

.

(Spinner and Jack start chuckling).

Willie throws them a dirty look. They choke down their muffled laughter.

WILLIE

I don't know what's with these two hyenas? But are the rest of you guys in?

JACK.

Yeah, we're all in. If you mean hamburgers? Grills ready!

WILLIE

Jim Cruz isn't going to be around to take his spot on the team. He’s stuck in Santa Cruz with his “business”. So, I guess...

RANDY

Spinner Ever play any football? You are from Gator country.

SPINNER

Yeah. Five years till my senior year. Receiver. I can catch anything.

WILLIE

Then what? Cut from the team? Didn’t make varsity?

SPINNER

Not exactly. Got a pro contract to surf.

Full time money. Full time work.

WILLIE grabs a croquet ball randomly laying on the grass and fires it straight at Spinner. Spinner grabs it out of the air with one hand. It would have hit Celia in the face.

SPINNER

Now only if we can get you to get your arm under control. We might have something.

CARMINE

Teams got to have a name. So, what are we calling ourselves?

WILLIE

THE STUMBLERS OF COURSE!

**\*\*\***

**THE STUMBLERS – ACT TWO**

**EXT. MUIR FIELD SPORTS FIELD UCSD - SATURDAY MORNING**

ANNOUNCER

(over cheap loudspeaker system)

WELCOME TO THE FIRST DAY OF INTRAMURAL FLAG FOOTBALL

THE STUMBLERS ARE CENTER FIELD WITH THEIR OPPONENTS THE TAU’S.

Down on the field the Teams lined up opposite each other.

Referee explaining the rules.

REFEREE

(referee looks at Stumblers)

I remember you ass holes from a couple years back. Judge let you out early? No matter, I doubt you’ll even get through this game without being disqualified.

Looking at the Tau’s in matching shorts and logo Tee’s. The only thing matching about the Stumblers is their yellow flag belts and blood shot eyes.

REFEREE

OK! Gentleman, you have an hour. And remember, blocking only with crossed arms. No elbows. No hands.

(blows whistle)

WILLIE

(walking down field)

Is she here? Anybody see her?

JACK

How would we know. None of us have ever seen her. And from your description we are looking for either a female you or a hot Raggedy Ann.

Willie and Jack so engrossed in Willies girl problem walking their backs to the other team. They completely miss the kickoff ball sails over their heads. Luckly caught by CARMINE Risi.

CARMINE running past Willie and Jack ball tucked under his arm. Completely saving the play.

CARMINE

(as he runs past Willie and Jack)

Or if you and hot Raggedy Ann had a baby.

The field scoreboard shows ten minutes left in the game and the teams are locked in a dead tie. 12 to 12

The Stumblers girls are cheering their hung over best and lots of hate vibes are exchanged between them and the sorority bitch

WILLIE

OK. SPINNER, I need some of that Gator magic. Go deap and turn back to me. I’ll put it on your chest. Take it Home!

SPINNER

Easy Money!

Starting from the five-yard line. Willie launches a high arching pass 40 yards downfield.

Spinner really turns on the gas. Gets under the ball and makes an over the shoulder two hand catch.

The Tau defender goes to grab his flag and instead grabs the pocket of Spinners cutoff jeans shorts. RIPPING THE ENTIRE SEAM OUT. AND EXPOSING HIS JUNK IN FULL VIEW FLAPPING AROUND UP AND DOWN, BACK AND FORTH. FOR EVERYONE TO SEE.

THE SIDELINES GO CRAZY. AS SPINNER CROSSES THE GOAL LINE. TO SHOUTS OF. “ROCK OUT WITH YOUR COCK OUT”. “THAT'S WHAT I CALL FREE BALLING”. “LET THE PUPPYS BREATHE”. NAKED AGGRESSION”. EVERY GIRL ON THE SIDELINES IS LAUGHING AND POINTING. CRYING TEARS PURE LAUGHTER.

REFEREE

(running to the end zone)

I would throw you out of this fucking game right now... But there's nothing I can do. Except Ban you from playing like that.

RANDY

Hold on a minute ref. What we got here is an equipment malfunction. And not my boy's fault. You got to give him 3 minutes to fix it. It's in the rules.

REFEREE

OK, 3 minutes. These people need to settle down anyway.

SPINNER

I don't have any shorts with me. Any you guys got Something I can wear?

(everybody shakes their head)

SANDY

(runs up to Spinner)

Come with me right now!

(Spinner follows her to the restroom)

In the restroom SANDY slips off her panties and hands them to Spinner

SANDY

Put these on!

SPINNER

NO! NO WAY

SANDY

(one thousand percent serious)

Put those on or I will NEVER blow you again. And believe me you will miss the blow jobs a lot more than me.

Wearing Sandy’s Hot Pink Panties under his torn cutoff jeans, Spinner returns to the field

The referees have no choice but declare him legal to play. The Stumblers go on to win the game. There is a celebration in the middle of the field.

**CUT TO:** Willie looks out towards the parking lot and sees Demi walking towards a car. He immediately sprints through the parking lot and intercepts her.

WILLIE

Man am I glad I ran into you. You're a hard girl to track down.

DEMI

Hey, if you could have hung for 5 minutes. I could have given you, my number. But I wouldn't have. That was a one-time thing.

WILLIE

Hey, you got me all wrong. That was a one-time thing, not us. I mean, I've never had that happen before.

DEMI

Your inability to perform Has nothing to do with how I feel.

(almost stops herself but goes on)

From what I've learned about you, either way it would have been a one-time thing.

WILLIE

So, you cared enough to find out about me.

DEMI

Don't flatter yourself. Which I've learned you're very good at. Even the cafeteria ladies know your reputation.

WILLIE

OK, OK, I got it. I'm an asshole. But I'm not giving up on you. Be out here next week?

DEMI

Yes. You'll find out anyway. I coach the girls' soccer team right over there every Saturday morning for the next six weeks.

Across the parking lot the whole gang are waiting for Willie.

MONA

Is that the famous Demi we have all been supposed to be on the lookout for?

MK

(quietly under her breath)

She looks just like a female version of Willie. Mother Fucker has fallen in love with himself.

CELIA

Correction deeper in love. Always been in love with himself. But still, this...

MELONY

And ya know... He doesn’t even see it.

**\*\*\***

**INT: VIN BLANC WINE BAR, LA JOLLA - MID AFTERNOON**

Sandy and Mona seated at a table with a view of La Jolla Cove.

SANDY

Nice place. Surprised I’ve never come in.

MONA

(in her sexist Marilyn voice).

Great spot to catch an afternoon buzz. Stumbling, distance to the Cove. For a little love.

SANDY

Bit confused about the name though. I see red wine on the menu, but the name is La Jolla White Wine.

MONA

Oh, that. The owner Maurice is a bit of a comedian. In his version of English, it reads, White Whine. Or a place for rich white ladies to get day drunk and complain about their lives.

(the point of her high heal touching Sandy’s leg under the table)

SANDY

Is that what we are doing here?

MONA

I’m sure we’ll get there.

A waiter brought a plate of tiny quiche, sweet pastries and pickled veggies. Along with a bottle of Chenin Blanc and a Pinot Gris. Both bottles chilled in hydrogen flasks.

SANDY

I guess we are camping out for a while.

MONA

So, what do you see in Spinner? Low rent Florida boy if I read him correctly. Not to say he wouldn’t be fun.

SANDY

And just what do you get from girls you can’t from men?

MONA

Right to it. The answer to that will disgust you. God, I knew I’d Love You

SANDY

Disgust away.

MONA

No, I asked first.

SANDY

Well, Saturday morning you and everyone else got to see his physical attributes.

MONA

Yes, Very Nice. But there must be more than a thick shaft and great ass.

SANDY

Funny you would mention his ass. Jack is obsessed with Spinner’s butt. He said Spinner and I should run off and start a race of people with perfect asses.

MONA

(laughs out loud)

Thats funny. Seriously. That guy knows his asses.

SANDY

To answer your question Spinner is a sweetheart, a great fuck and I love him.

Thats it. Oh, and he makes me laugh. And the only guy I’ve ever been faithful to.

MONA

So, no more Lifeguards? Not even Joe Barnett?

SANDY

Not even Joe. OK, OK, Joe was my one and only lifeguard, ever. Now I’m with Spinner it's over and Joe and I are cool.

MONA

No wonder all the flags on the guard towers were at half-mast all last month. And I thought somebody had died.

SANDY

OK, now you. What is the deal with the aggressive lesbian act?

So, give it

MONA

But we will need more wine.

(she motions for two more bottles)

So, what do you know about Middle Eastern sexual culture?

SANDY

Nothing. Except its dangerous to be gay. Virgins trade like currency.

(pause)

Too raciest?

MONA

All true. But I’m speaking about how the men prefer their women. Between the legs.

SANDY

Not following.

MONA

Ever heard of a little thing called female castration?

SANDY

Oh! MY God you poor thing. I can’t imagine the pain, the brutality.

MONA

I am going to stop you right there. Even though most of us could use a little tidying up. That wasn't done to me. Something far worse.

SANDY

Worse! What could be worse than getting your junk... (Sandy stopped right there) Well you know.

MONA

My strict Islamic father married a strictly devout Mexican woman from the Arch Diocese of Mexico City. I was raised by two religious fanatics. With men I am completely fridged.

SANDY

An Islamic father and a Roman Catholic mother. What could go wrong?

(Mona double finger point back at herself)

MONA

If anyone calls you a dumb slut ever again, I’ll have them killed... And I have the money to do it.

(Mona puts both hands under her chin, bats her eyes and coyly asks)

But seriously. What’s your pussy like?

SANDY

My how what? I don’t know. Fuck Mona!

MONA

Chill, there are three types. Baseball Glove. Hot dog Bun and Letter Slot.

I’m guessing hot dog bun.

SANDY

You left out Butterfly Wings, scrambled eggs and Kim Kardashian’s lips.

MONA

(laughing)

Now who’s gay?

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**EXT. MUIR INTRAMURAL FOOTBALL FIELD PARKING LOT - SEVEN AM -**

Demi Pulls into The Parking Lot Driving a Classic Porsche 911. She Is Immediately Set Apon by Willie.

DEMI

Asshole, I told you not interested, no sale!Go away! It's too early for this. I have a team to coach.

WILLIE

Why does your Porsche have Volkswagen logo emblems?

DEMI

(clearly totally annoyed)

My Dad gave it to me in high school. He had it rebadged so I wouldn't get a big head about driving a Porsche. I drove it for two years before I learned it was not a Volkswagen. AND WHY AM I TELLING YOU THIS?

WILLIE

Cause you want me to get to know you, to understand you.

DEMI

Shut up. You are ruining what could have been a great nod as we passed relationship.

Now I will have to avoid you. Fucking Pest.

WLIIIE

And things have to be like this, why?

DEMI

Like I told you, you are absolutely not the kind of guy I'm interested in. The girls on campus only consider you good for one thing. And with me you failed at that.

Willie Dewer affected and rejected just walks over to the flag football field and sits down.

**EXT. MUIR FIELD - LATE MORNING -**

Teams Gathered Center Field. Crisp extra young-looking dudes in matching gym shorts. The kind with a place to write your name on. And The Stumblers totally random and scruffy.

REFEREE

Heads! “For Freshmen” get the ball”. Stumblers, which end of the field do you want to defend first?

JACK

How can you be the “Four Freshmen” when there are six of you? And can you even sing?

FRESHMEN CAPTIAN

Thats “FOR THE FRESHMAN” grandpa get a hearing aid. We are and are FOR THE FRESHMAN CLASS

JACK

Ref, you got to call this game. We don’t beat up children.

(turning to the baby-faced kid)

Fuck Face how old are you twelve?

FRESHMAN

I’m eighteen. You must be forty. At your age everyone looks young.

JACK

I’m twenty-two you TALKING CUM STAIN. Your Dad should have left you in the condom.

AND WITH THAT THE DUDE PUNCHED JACK STRIGHT IN THE FACE AND JUMPED ON HIM. JACK WENT TO THE GROUND.

**REFEREE THREW HIS FLAG, BLEW HIS WHISTLE AND CALLED THE GAME IN FAVOR OF THE STUMBLERS!**

THE STUMBLERS WERE IN THEIR CARS AND OUT OF THERE WITH THEIR SECOND WIN OF THE SEASON BY 12:15. WILLIE SOME HOW DIDN’T LOOK AS HAPPY AS HE SHOULD.

**\*\*\***

**EXT. WAREHOUSE AND STORAGE YARD JUST OFF THE FREEWAY. PITCH BLACK DARK.**

CARMINE unlocks his warehouse door. Spinner notices an envelope lying on the concrete floor.

CARMINE

(picking the envelope up)

This will tell us where our job is today. Along with the permits. Accounting firm in New Jersey takes care of all the paperwork.

SPINNER

And that's it. That's how you get your job assignments.

CARMINE

Yeah, isn't it a thing of beauty? And three days from now ten grand will magically appear in my company account.

SPINNER

I've always wanted to see how you're making half a million a year. I would have dropped out of college for that. If I ever went.

CARMINE

Yeah, all those summers digging holes under houses and chopping holes in warehouse floors working for Russ Lagoni paid off. Always said he would take care of me.

SPINNER

Didn’t I read some where he was a made man. Whatever that is?

CARMINE

Retired and now deceased. And left me his little concrete repair business. Man of his word.

Boys jump in Carmine’s truck and drive out to the job site. Just a strip of sidewalk in El Cajon. Where one of the five-foot squares was marked with a fluorescent X.

CARMINE

Well, X marks the spot. All we gotta do is break out that section. Dig a hole 6 foot 5 inches deep. Put some safety cones up. And come back tomorrow and cap her off with new concrete.

SPINNER

And what we're doing is installing a sump well for the city, so the water will run in there and prevent the rest of the sidewalk from cracking?

CARMINE

We do the jobs too small for the other contractors. Thank You taxpayers! I do this 4-5 times a month.

It was noon when CARMINE and Spinner had finished installing safety barriers. Never once did anybody from the city or county stop by.

SPINNER

So, what next?

CARMINE

Well, sometime overnight. Ricky's Gravel will come. And fill the hole with, well gravel. Simple basic.

SPINNER

And you've never met this Ricky of Ricky's gravel.

CARMINE

No, never have, He's sort of the reclusive type and just likes to work alone in the early morning hours.

SPINNER

And how many did you say you've done of these?

CARMINE

OH, I'd say about 40. Pretty sweet gig isn't it bro?

\*

**INT. SPINNERS ROOM -LATER THAT NIGHT**

SANDY AND SPINNER IN BED.

SANDY

(perfect breasts in Spinner’s face)

Eyes up here Dum Dum,

(slapping Spinner)

I’m going to save your life.

SPINNER

OK, I’m listening.

SANDY

My dad and uncles were in the contracting business. Contractors dig deep holes that never get dug up. Now, if you had something to hide, where would be the best place to hide it? And the people to hide it.

(slapping Spinner again)

Sandy gets up completely naked five foot ten of the most perfect blonde Playboy centerfold ever. And starts putting lotion on her legs.

SPINNER

I don't know. Maybe I don't want to know. Carmine says all he's doing is small jobs that the big boys don't want to handle.

SANDY

And Carmine is getting paid from New Jersey. Do the math. If you want any more of this. You’re not going out on another one of those jobs.

(naked flopping on the bed)

SPINNER

(Sandy Naked)

Well, $1000 For a day's work But. If that's the way you PUT it,

SANDY

Good Boy. Now come get your treat.

**\*\*\***

**EXT. MUIR FIELD - THE NEXT SATURDAY - MORNING**

Stumblers and some older looking guys facing off on the field.

OVER THE LOUDSPEAKER

The third game of the season Stumblers against the RESIDENT ADVISORS the RA’s.

The RA’s start off by having their female fans throw panties on the field when Spinner came on.

SPINNER

So, who the fuck are these too old to still be living in the dorm's creeps?

RANDY

Resident Advisors they get free rent as upperclassmen to live in the dorms and snitch on students. Especially those who violate any rules concerning alcohol, sex and drugs.

JACK

All of us Stumblers and Stumbletts being scholarship kids started off in the dorms. We are playing Six Resident Advisors who had tried to control the Stumblers and failed.

SPINNER

Got it. Grudge Match.

REFEREE

(speaking to both teams)

I want a clean game. Stumblers win the toss. Now listen you immature over age leftovers. I want a clean game. If you're going to fuck somebody up, don't be obvious about it.

From the first snap the resident advisors were out to hurt. Cross arm blocking turned into upper cuts to the chin and blatant tripping was standard. The referees just ignore it all. The score was tied 6/6 at the half.

RESIDENT ADVISOR

(to Willie)

We know all about your little Student ID scam. You're lucky we are letting you play.

WILLIE

I’ll tell you what. You win, tell the administration and we’ll fess up to it. We win, you keep your squealing rat fuck mouths shut. And we finish the season. OK Rat Fuck Boy?

RA CAPTIAN

DEAL. And just like Demi Smith I’m going to enjoy watching your dick shrivel.

(Willie looking shocked)

Thats right lover boy we RA’s know everything.

WILLIE

What's that? You love watching my dick!

It was right at that moment Willie noticed Demi Smith on the sidelines.

And that's all it took. The Stumblers went on to completely smash the Resident Advisors 24 to 6.

Willie runs over to the sideline happy as a puppy to see Demi.

WILLIE

(running up to Demi)

I knew you would come around! Give me a minute with my fans and we will get out of here.

DEMI

Not so fast heat rash. I’m here to see my old classmate and friend. MONA. And now I have seen the Stumblers. Was the name Motley Crew Taken?

MONA

Thats some funny shit girl. Let's get going, Westfield Mall isn't going to empty itself.

AND JUST LIKE THAT THE TWO RICH BITCHES WERE GONE.

CARMINE

(to RANDY)

Is it just me or does that Demi girl have a voice that sounds like my cement mixer with only gravel in it.

RANDY

Gravel Something. And I don’t think Willie hears it or sees it. And that face she looks like she has gone a couple of rounds.

JACK

(quoting from Rocky)

Yeah. Looks like we got a real contender here.

MELONY

(walking up behind the boys)

Poor Bastard is done and doesn’t know it.

**\*\*\***

**EXT. MUIR FIELD – MID MORNING**

The stumblers arrive ten minutes before the game starts. The parking lot is full of emergency vehicles, all painted with the San Diego County lifeguard logo.

A group of very fit dudes and chicks are on the field warming up. All wearing red lifeguard shorts and yellow t-shirts with the San Diego County lifeguard logo.

WILLIE

When I read Baywatch on the schedule I really didn't think anything of it. And now I see we're going to be playing the real Baywatch.

SPINNER

Looking at the age of some of those guys, I don’t know. I'm sure they're pulling the same student ID scam. We are.

RANDY

Not technically, if they work at Blacks Beach, they get a student ID.

The referee blows his whistle and calls, 5 minutes. All the girls get off the field. The 12 opponents and two referees gather mid field... Everyone knows everybody and there is no love lost.

REFEREE

We're going to start the game with two of us, but around halftime, one of us is going to go referee another game. So, I want you guys to behave, play CLEAN and let the best team win.

ONE OF THE OLDER GUARDS

(cat calling SANDY)

Hey, SANDY LANE. You hanging with these losers now? Work your way through them yet?

JACK

(to Spinner)

You going to put up with that?

SPINNER

That's the price you pay for having a girlfriend so hot that everybody wants to fuck her so bad, they say they fucked her already.

JACK

Oh! The old Fuck,Fuck…Fuck,Fuck. Got it.

The two teams barely get lined up across from each other when the referee blows the whistle, and the game starts.

BUT INSTEAD OF LINING UP ON THE LINE OF SCRIMMAGE. BAYWATCH RUNS OVER TO WHERE SANDY IS SITTING AND FORMS A CONGA LINE IN FRONT OF HER. SHAKING THEIR HIPS AND MAKING GRUNTING SOUNDS.

Finally, the referee blows the whistle a whole bunch of times and tells the guards to get serious. As a penalty he turns the ball over to the stumblers.

ASS HOLE LIFEGUARD

(shouting)

Totally worth the penalty. That will be all over Tic Tock.

Spinner walks over to where the lifeguard girls are laughing at the video. They never see it coming. Spinner grabs the phone and stomps it into the ground. And walks away. Both referees make a point of not seeing the action.

Finally, the game starts for real. The lifeguards put the ball into play and on a quick out slant pass, almost perfect except it was batted down by RANDY.

Another basic play. That's broken up. Then they went with a deep corner, looping pass to their fastest guy. A young kid who couldn't be more than 17 and they have a TD on the board. Six to nothing. Baywatch. Play goes back and forth until the two teams are tied at 12 at the half. This is when one of the referees must leave. This is also the signal to the two teams that they can start playing dirty and rough and illegally.

ALL THROUGH THE GAME, THE LIFEGUARDS AND THEIR GIRLFRIENDS ARE CONCENTRATING ALL THEIR FOUL MOUTH TAUNTING TOWARD SANDY. TALKING LOUD ABOUT HOW EACH ONE OF THEM HAD HAD SEX WITH HER AND HOW THEY DID IT. AND WHAT A COMPLETE FUCKING SLUT SHE REALLY WAS.

MONA

(to Sandy)

You are living my dream.

And SANDY just sat there and took it.

Whistle blows loudly to end the half. Both teams are set down on their opposite sides of the field.

The same moment that the referee walked off the field. Sandy snagged a bullhorn from one of the lifeguard trucks. And immediately walks over to the Baywatch side of the field.

SHE TURNS ON THE BULLHORN AT VOLUME 10.

SANDY

All of you pieces of litter box sand shit. Sit and stay.

(she turns to their girlfriends and orders) That goes for you beach crab spreaders.

**GOING DOWN THE LINE SANDY SHE PERSONALY BERATES EACH DUDE.**

SANDY LANE

**DERIK**. COMES REALLY FAST, CAN’T GET IT OUT OF HIS PANTS FAST. NO CONDOM, JUST HANDY WIPES.

HOW WOULD I KNOW DERIK? YOU SAY YOU FUCKED ME. RIGHT MR PREMATURE SPEW?

**SAM here.** RED FLAKING SKIN WHERE THE SUN DON’T SHINE. WEIRD SMELL.

**BRET baby,** YOU COULD HAVE BEEN OK. BUT DON’T START OFF WANTING ME TO PUT THINGS IN YOUR ASS. NO MATTER WHAT YOUR UNCLE DID TO YOU.

**And this one, Captain TOM.** LOOK AT THE SHAPE HE'S IN FOR 35 YEARS OLD, A CHISELED GOD. THANKS TO 20 YEARS OF STEROIDS. BUT THE PRICE, GOOD GOD YOU SHOULD SEE HIS PACKAGE. AN OLD WORN-OUT LEATHER TOBACCO POUCH AND TO THINK IT USED TO BE MALE GENITALS.

**NEXT SANDY COMES TO THE TEENAGE LIFEGUARD.**

(A very handsome kid, maybe 19 years old. Takes his Cheeks in her hand, turns his head from side to side, looks him up and down and says)

I ACTUALLY THINK I DID THIS GUY.

Every girl on the field bursts into laughter.

Then SANDY comes to the end of the line. A thirty-five plus military looking guy.

So, how's the wife **STEVE**? And the three kids.

"YOU GOING TO TELL ANY OF THESE FRIENDS OF YOURS, YOU FUCKED ME”

All Steve could do was look at the ground shaking his head no.

ANY ONE OF YOU ASSHOLES WANT TO STAND UP RIGHT NOW AND TELL EVERYBODY THAT YOU FUCKED

ME?

**DIDN'T THINK SO!**

SANDY WALKS OVER TO THE LIFEGUARD TRUCK, THROWS THE BULLHORN IN THE BACK. GIVES THE THUMBS UP AND THE TIP OF THE CAP TO THE DEJECTED, REJECTED AND SHRIVELED BAYWATCH CREW.

SANDY WALKS BACK OVER TO THE STUMBLER SIDELINE. THE GROUP HUG LOOKED LIKE THE BEGINNING OF A RUGBY MATCH.

When the Referee returned there wasn’t a lifeguard or lifeguard truck to be seen. The Referee was told an emergency had come up and they had to roll. Rules Are Rules Game Goes to The Stumblers.

**\*\*\***

**EXT. SMALL ISOLATED POCKET BEACH – MID DAY**

Spinner and his friend Mark hanging out after surfing. Beach covered by younger in shape nudists of all types, especially female yoga freaks.

MARK D: Spinners best friend. 5’7” Absolutely ripped build. Blond hair to his shoulders.

MARK

Let's play another round of bush, landing strip, bald eagle.

SPINNER.

OK, I won the last one. It's your turn.

Walking towards them from the north is a tall, totally in shape, tan middle-aged woman. She is wearing a see-through linen wrap around skirt and a knitted bikini top. A collection of Balinese necklaces and just enough jewelry to let everyone know she's rich. She is obviously looking for a place to sun, display herself.

MARK

Dude this one's too easy. Bald Eagle.

The hot rich lady had found her spot. She dropped her bag. Spread out her towel. Removed her top and wrap around. And starting to remove her bikini bottoms.

SPINNER

Want to change your guess. No? I'm going with landing strip.

Spinner no sooner got the words out than the great reveal decided the winner.

MARK

Bald Eagle it is. Ding, ding, ding we have a winner. That one was almost too easy. Rich Bitch couldn't help but copy the younger chicks. Even though I agree with you there's just a certain age when the landing strip is more appropriate.

SPINNER

Look, bro, look. Hippie Chick at 3:00. It's your turn bro.

MARK

Couple years ago, you could go with full Bush on those hippie girls and win every time. But now porn's got everybody shaving. Check the Rich Bitch Perfect example. It's going to have to be Bald Eagle again.

SPINNER

You know. If you don't mind. I'm gonna go with the very rare, High and Tight with this one. Shaved up the sides but With Bush piled high up the middle. My clue you ask. No stragglers peeking out from the crouch area.

The hippie girl was out of her cutoff jeans and T-shirt in a flash. Throwing her towel and backpack in the sand and heading straight for the ocean. Revealing a completely groomed landscape. The kind you would expect a co-ed to have.

MARK

There you go, you can't trust anybody these days Not even the hippie chicks. Looks like we got two more customers coming from the north.

SPINNER

Customers. Not exactly. Thats MONA and SANDY. The new best friends. Even as liberated as those two are, I promise you they won't be taking their bottoms off.

MONA and SANDY Drop their stuff next to Mark and Spinner.

SANDY

Playing your little game? I explained it to Mona on the walk down. She'll play along.

SPINNER

Really. I told you that in confidence.

SANDY

Oh, come on, it's fun. And it's a little less perverted when we play along with you.

MARK

OK. But prepare to lose. We are a couple of experts.

MONA

So, you think you know more about women's Vagina grooming habits then two people that actually own vaginas?

SANDY

In that case. I think a little wager is called for.

SPINNER

Oh boy. This is not going to end well. Why don't we just forget it and enjoy the sun?

NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE BOYS LOST. THEY HAD TO WALK THE LENGTH OF THE BEACH NAKED AND HOLDING HANDS.

\*\*\*

**EXT. NICE WELL-KEPT BUNGALOW – MID DAY**

DEMI

(on cell phone)

Mrs. Dewer’s house was easy to find. My dad had taught me that 411 was for people who wanted to be found.

Demi parks her Porsche in front of the modest bungalow.

Demi makes noise as she walks up the wooden steps. A larger very nice-looking woman in her late middle age opens the door before Demi can knock.

MRS. DEWER

How can I help you honey?

DEMI

Mrs. Dewer, I'm here to talk to you about your son.

MRS. DEWER

You look over 18 to me. So, if you're pregnant. I've got nothing to do with i

DEMI

No, nothing like that. In fact, the furthest thing from it. But I am here to talk to you about your son Willie.

MRS. DEWER

So, neither of my sons. Owe you money. Have damaged your car. Or somehow offended you publicly.

DEMI

You have another son?

(pause)

And no, none of that. I'm here to talk about Willie, because I care about

MRS. DEWER

Well, come on in then. This should prove to be interesting.

**INT: MRS DEWER’S KITCHEN**

The two women settled in Mrs. Dewer's very comfortable kitchen. A Coca-Cola and a donut in front of them.

Mrs. Dewer motioned for Demi to begin the conversation.

DEMI

I'm sure you know your son better than anybody. So right to the point. How did he get the way he is?

MRS DEWER

A mother could take offense at such a question. But like you said, I know my son. You seem sincere. So, I'll answer it.

Mrs. Dewer spent the next 15 minutes explaining.

DEMI

So basically. Despite his obvious physical gifts. Willie is driven by lack of self-esteem, guilt, feelings of inadequacy and

self-destructive behavior.

(Mrs. Dewer nodding the whole time.)

Which he covers up with. Extreme narcissism, Ridicule of others and the giant phony ego that could be popped with a pin.

MRS. DEWER

It took me 15 years to figure it out, 15 minutes to say all that. And you said it in 15 seconds.

Now promise me one thing. Now that you hold all the cards. Be nice to my boy. He and his brother are all I have.

\*\*

**EXT. PARKING LOT JACK MUIR FIELD - EARLY MORNING**

Demi approaches Willie as he's getting out of his car.

WILLIE

(best happy voice)

Fifth game of the season. Wish us luck?

DEMI

(direct in a low rumble)

Can we have a quick conversation?

They walked to the back corner of the parking lot.

DEMI

I went to see your mother.

WILLIE

(He acts surprised and upset)

Are you fuckin kidding me?

DEMI

No, No, the visit helped me to “get” you.

I am calling practice early.

To come watch your game. OK?

THE STUMBLERS ALL TOGETHER WALK TOWARD THE FIELD.

There are TV cameras covering everything on the field and sidelines.

There are dozens of people made up like TV Characters and cartoons walking around the sidelines. Some with flag football belts. Everybody from Deputy Dog to The Little Mermaid, To Mr. Kazoo, the Martian are represented.

WILLIE

(to Demi and Jack)

A lot of people walking around in business suits looking important doing nothing. Never a good sign.

A guy with the beret and sunglasses with a megaphone, apparently in charge.

Lackey looking guy walks up to the megaphone dude and says something to him.

MEGAPHONE GUY

(super loud)

What do you mean the San Diego morning show people can't make it?

LACKEY

The van they were riding in had a fender bender on the Five and they are not going to make the game. I don't know who we're going to get to play against “The Characters”.

Megaphone guy sees the Stumblers walking straight at him onto the field. With their flag belts already on.

JACK

(to the gang)

I don't think this is the game we a supposed to be at.

Megaphone Guy.

Our prayers were just answered.

Willie notices a banner that reads.

**CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL CHARITY FLAG FOOTBALL.**

**CHANNEL 4 MORNING SHOW VERSUS “THE CHARACTERS”.**

Willie

(To know one in particular)

I guess that explains all the kids in wheelchairs on the sidelines.

MEGAPHONE GUY

(walks straight up to Willie)

How'd you like to do something charitable once in your life?

SPINNER

Dude talks like he knows you bro.

MEGAPHONE GUY

The people these Characters were supposed to play can't make it and

LACKEY

(jumps in uninvited)

we need a substitute team. How about it big guy? Want to do something for the crippled children?

WILLIE

Sure, since you put it that way. What do we have to do?

MEGAPHONE GUY

Just play those guys in a flag football game and let them win.

RANDY

(to Willie)

Dude. You've got us here at the wrong time. We're not scheduled to play till noon.

WILLIE

So, this isn't a real game? It won't count. Sure, of course. Yeah, we'll play your Cartoon Characters.

MEGAPHONE GUY

And don't forget Kevin Hart.

The next thing the Stumblers know they are lined up against. Jake and Elwood, The two Blues Brothers. Ronald Reagan. As the Gipper, leather helmet and all. Gumby. Deadpool at quarterback. And the real Kevin Hart.

SPINNER

Well, like they say. When things get weird. The weird turn pro.

Both sidelines are packed with people in character costumes. TV cameras catch all the action. The game is being broadcast live on Public TV. Large digital readout sign shows the contributions being called in by the viewers. By halftime there's $25,000 on the board.

All Kinds of crazy things happen between the Characters and the Stumblers. But true to their word The Stumblers let The Characters win the game. At the end the board totals almost $60,000 in contributions to the Children's Hospital.

Demi, who had been there for the whole game runs over to Bill. Throws her arms around his neck, gives him a kiss. Whispers in his ear,

DEMI

“I think we can start dating now”.

WILLIE

So, what's changed? Did it have something to do with my Mom?

DEMI

Maybe. For now, just take the win!

REPORTER LIVE TV

Everyone's been calling in wanting to know who the hell you guys are.

WILLIE

We're The Stumblers. Doing good wherever we can. And sometimes we do Great.

AT NOON THE STUMBLERS PLAY THEIR SCHEDULED GAME AND BEAT SOME FRATERNITY 28 TO 0.

\*\*\*

**EXT: CARDIFF FLATS CHART HOUSE – SUNDOWN TIME**

Demi and Willie arrive in the Porche.

WILLIE

(getting out of the car, loudly)

Demi and Willies first real date. Mark your calendars folks bound to be a holiday.

DEMI

Play your cards right and it won’t be your last.

Hostess stand. Chart House Cardiff Flats. Demi and Willie checking in for their reservation. Suddenly, Willie is surrounded by several giggling teenage girls in aloha dresses.

DEMI

Your fan club seems a little bit young

WILLIE

Easily explained. They think I have Taylor Swift tickets.

They probably have older sisters I’ve dated.

DEMI

Probably?

(Willie just shrugs)

HOSTESS

Your table is ready. Mike Lynch, our general manager, is going to take you out to your table. Enjoy.

MIKE LYNCH: Tall, early forties super handsome eludes confidence.

Mike pecks Demi on the cheek. Shots out his hand to Willie looking him straight in the eye.

MIKE LYNCH

LUCKY MAN!! Your usual table. Miss Smith?

Mike showed Demi and Willie to a corner table set back slightly. Unreal ocean view, complete privacy.

WILLIE

Your usual table, Miss Smith?

(mocking Mike)

And kind of friendly with the boss man.

Just saying.

DEMI

Hey, we all have our fan clubs. And Mike is a good man and a good man to know. I babysit his kids.

An Aloha Shirt with an order book showed up. The shirt was stuffed with mid-thirties already over the hill surfer type.

WAITER

(recognizing Willie)

DRINKS? Salad plates are. Well, you know where... Corona On special $2.00 a pint. So that's two Coronas? Oh, and early bird prices were over an hour ago.

DEMI

I'll be right back. (brushes past waiter)

WAITER (sarcastically to Willie) Chicks just can’t hold it. Am I right?

Demi returns to the table sits, doesn't say a word.

Willie

You didn’t have him killed? Did you? Mona has people killed. And you two have been hanging a lot...

(Demi presses her finger to her lips)

Forget I said anything.

DEMI

Good thing I know your joking. Right?

(Two guys are digging a hole outside at water’s edge.)

Clam diggers dummy. You should see your face.

A very attractive young woman with a cocktail tray approaches the table.

JOLIE

Hi, I'm Jolie. I'm going to be your server. What can I do to get you folks started tonight?

The meal goes absolutely perfectly. Salad bar entrees desserts cocktails. Beautiful California restaurant filled with beautiful California people.

DEMI

Perfect first date. Spectacular sunset. Cold drinks. Great unhurried meal. Fabulous service.

The general manager, Mike Lynch, comes over after the check had been paid. To make small talk with Demi and Willie.

MIKE

Willie. If you don't mind my asking. Besides raising thousands for Children's Hospital. What else are you doing with your time these days?

WILLIE

Not much, Mike. Helping on a mall construction project. But that'll be done in a few days.

MIKE

Have you ever thought of changing careers?

WILLIE

Of course I have. But I Could barely do two years of college. And at that, I had to be on scholarship and work in the cafeteria.

MIKE

So, you have restaurant experience. You should come see me.

**INT: DEMI AND WILLIE LATER IN THE CAR.**

DEMI

And that's how Willie Dewer became Chart House Restaurants newest management trainee.

\*\*\*

**INT. UCSD BASEBALL COMPLEX LOCKERROOM – PIN DROP QUIET**

Willie and Demi sitting in the empty locker-room. Willie takes Demi’s hands in his.

DEMI

So, this is the birthplace of the Stumblers.

WILLIE

UCSD Tritons Baseball team manager and Head Coach Mike Rocket. Standing right over there.

DEMI

OK I got the picture. With the team gathered around in the locker room. Coach about to give “A MOTIVATIONAL TALK”.

WILLIE

I have an average memory, but I only had to hear this a once.

WILLIE

(as coach Rocket)

COACH ROCKET

**STUMBLERS!** THATS WHAT I CALL THEM. THEY TAKE THEIR EYE OFF THE PRIZE. THEY STUMBLE OVER USELESS DISTRACTIONS. EGO. PRIDE. VANITY.

ALL FUELED. WITH SEX, DRUGS, AND ROCK'N'ROLL. LOOK AROUND. THIS LOCKER ROOM. THERE ARE A FEW STUMBLERS SITTING HERE RIGHT NOW, AMONG US. MARK MY WORDS. THEY WON'T BE HERE IN TWO YEARS.

THEY WILL HAVE STUMBLED INTO SOME SHIT PILE LIFE. IF YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CALL IT THAT.

WILLIE

Well, that's the speech, as best I can remember it. From those days forward we were the **Stumblers.**

DEMI

I think STUMBLERS Has a lot of panache. Ad agencies pay millions for that kind of branding. Besides. Becoming a Chart House Restaurants general manager. It is not stumbling in the shit pile.

WILLIE

Well, thanks for that. Lucky, I Stumbled into you. Let's just get this game over with. End of season undefeated.

(reading the schedule)

I just wonder who the. “INFIELD” is.

Carmine and Jack enter the locker room.

CARMINE

Dudes! We're about to play are our old baseball team the Tritons. The team we quit two years ago.

JACK

Bill Cordell is now the team captain. Willie. He wants to meet with you in the middle of the field right now.

BILL CORDELL: A tall, chiseled guy with a Tridion’s jersey.

Willie walks to the center of the field. The Cordell puts out his hand towards Willie. And as Willie goes to shake it, draws it back quickly.

CORDELL

I don't want to get any of that STUMBLER shit on me. I hear it's catching. I am Surprised you even showed. Figured you would deny us our revenge.

WILLIE

Revenge. What did we ever take from you? In fact, you owe us. We got out of your way. Otherwise, you probably wouldn't be a starter. If you even are now. Mr. Cordell

REFEREE

OK ladies let's get this thing started. You can have your catfight after the game.

WILLIE

Baseball is really our game. I'll tell you what. Instead of flag football. Let's move over a couple of fields and play a baseball game.

REFEREE

Do that. And you will both be declared losers.

WILLIE

(with his best salesman smile)

Say yes Bill. Become a STUMBLER!

BILL

Can we let three of our girls play to make it 9 players?

DEMI WALKS UP. WITH A BASEBALL BAT AND SOFTBALL IN HER HAND.

DEMI

I got three girls that can play. Let's do this thing.

BILL

Then let's just walk our asses over to Marshall Field and get this thing done.

REFEREE

(Screaming at the top of his lungs).

YOU'RE BOTH GOING DOWN AS LOSERS!! UNDERSTAND? LOSERS!!

On the way over the TRITON GIRLS walked with the Stumbletts. By the time they got to Marshall Field they had all made friends.

DEMI

Based on the simple fact our boyfriends are complete dumbasses. We need to take charge of this thing.

MONA

I've called my caterer, and they will be here in 45 minutes with A full on lunch and beer.

By the time the boys had stopped posturing long enough to get the rules of the game agreed on. The food and beer arrived.

DEMI

The food's here. Let's eat.

BILL CORDELL

Let's get the game going and get “this grudge settled”.

BILLS GIRLFRIEND

After some food and a couple beers things will look different. Now eat Dum Dum.

SANDY

(to Bills Girlfriend)

How cool I call mine Dum Dum. Too.

WILLIE

(sitting next to Bill Cordell)

I don't like explaining myself. Dude, I didn't want to quit the team, Bill. But my mother had been hiding her financial problems from my brother and I for years. I had to go full time construction. Or my mom was going to lose her house.

BILL

Fuck dude, I had no idea. I thought you were just bailing out to get fucked up and screW girls.

WILLIE

Well, I'm not going to deny there wasn’t some of that. I mean come on man, look what I'm working with here.

BILL

Fuck you, Dewer. As you can see, I've got the same skill set. But I get the whole thing about helping your mom.

CARMINE

In my case it was just pure greed. I STUMBLED into a shit pile that paid forty grand a month. So yeah, I bailed on you guys for money.

BILL

So, what about you, JACK? I'm not going to call it an excuse. Until I hear it. Then I'll call it an excuse. Why did you bail on us?

JACK

I had a chance to play Padres Triple A ball. So, I moved to El Paso. I mean, who wouldn't give up a college education to play baseball for 17 grand a year?

BILL

Facts be known, you did STUMBLE into some shit. But bottom line your biggest Stumble was you never gave us a chance to help. We were a Team.

\*\*\*

**EXT: BIG YELLOW HOUSE – LATE EVENING**

The yard contains the wreckage of an awesome yard party. All quiet and its full dark out.

**INT: LIVINGROOM**

Stumblers and the ladies sitting in the living room. Sipping Brave Bulls, Steely Dan playing in the background.

JACK filling the kitchen doorway with beer in hand. Wearing his industrial baseball team uniform.

JACK

I think I've fallen in love, (pause) with a different direction for my life. There's a new AAA ballpark being built in Escondido. I’ve been offered a starting coach position. And my friend Vincent now his divorce is final needs a roommate. I'm not sure if all that really came out right.

WILLIE

You... I mean it came out just fine my friend. We all knew you would bust a move like this sooner or later.

Everyone expressed their support for JACK's decision and reassured him it was the right thing. Be yourself. Do what makes you happy. We're always here for you. Was the message. Maybe a little overboard.

Randy and Celia. Sitting side by side on the couch spoke next.

RANDY

This year here in San Diego has been great. But it's time for us to move back to Santa Cruz for our graduate program. Celia

and I will be out of here by the end of the week.

CELIA

Yeah. Love you guys. But got to go. It's not like we won't be back for visits.

MK

Well, I wish my news was as exciting as these guys. I'm moving back home to my mom's and I'm going to trade school. Goodbye San Diego. Hello Riverside. Yuck!

SANDY

Well, as long as we are announcing changes. I've been accepted to the dance program at UCSB. Spinner is staying here. His surfing contract has been doubled and extended. I couldn’t let him walk away from that.

(Sandy starts to softly cry)

CARMINE

Melanie and I bought the house on the Via de la Valle. My business continues to kill it.

SPINNER

Interesting choice of words my friend.

CARMINE

Melani's record store has never been busier. We are happily stuck in Del Mar. We can be the parents that you folks come and visit. Oh, and did I mention? We're expecting.

MELONY

Things are disgustingly wonderful and normal. Our parents couldn't be happier. I couldn't be happier. And we couldn't have better friends or live in a better place.

SPINNER

Carmine and Melony, you really are “those parents”. CARMINE

Willie and Demi. You look like you have something to say. So, spit it out, Baby.

DEMI

Willie has finished all his Chart House training.

(round of applause)

And he's been assigned. To his first restaurant manager position.

MK

(jumping in)

As the man said, spit it out.

WILLIE AND DEMI

WE'RE MOVING TO THE JERSEY SHORE!

(long silence)

**\*\*\*\*\*\*\***

**ROLL CREDITS**