

OUT OF THE PARK

Written by

Gregory Bonds

Baseballs, tennis balls, footballs: when Willie Wilson realizes he can talk to balls of all shapes and sizes, it's only a matter of time before he must protect his new companions against a nefarious ball-napper.

Gregorybonds@gmail.com
408.387.9421

FADE IN:

EXT. AIRBORNE OVER CALIFORNIA. - DAYTIME

Fly in over the small town of SEASIDE, CA., down neighborhood streets, over and around telephone poles with shoes that hang from wires, into various front and back yards.

Dogs give chase, bark as the "camera" flies by and swoops low over a fence, into a yard, past a colorful Cat, PRINCESS, and peers into kitchen window of the WILSON HOME.

INT. WILSON HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

POP MUSIC spills out the kitchen window as BETTY WILSON, 40's, prepares breakfast. BABY TRINA, 2, watches, giggles, a miniature Tennis Ball in hand.

EXT. WILSON HOME - CONTINUOUS

Flying camera backs out of window, goes up and through a second-story window and settles into the bedroom of little Willie Wilson and goes "live".

INT. WILLIE WILSON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

NASA logos, memorabilia, Astronaut posters. A picture of NASA's KATHERINE JOHNSON, model Rockets, Shuttles hang from the ceiling, a poster from 'Hidden Figures' on a wall.

INT. WILLIE WILSON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (**DREAM**)

10-year-old WILLIE WILSON, in the thralls of a DREAM about NASA, smiles, arms reach out as he's awarded Engineer status by NASA Mathematician and Pioneer, KATHERINE JOHNSON, 45.

KATHERINE

And, sooo, we're gathered here
today to honor the newest, and yes,
the youngest member of our
Engineering team...

Willie beams as he listens to her introduce him to a room full of "Willie Wilson" supporters, including his big Brother, MIKE WILSON, 20's, who all root him on.

KATHERINE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Please, join me in a rousing
 welcoming of our new Hero, Williee
 Wilson!

The crowd serenades him with resounding cheers of "Willie!
 Willie! Willie!"

END DREAM

INT. WILLIE WILSON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

In "REALITY", 16-year-old Tennis Phenom, IRMA WILSON, is crouched next to Willie's bed with her sweaty tennis sock in hand. She whispers, holds back laughter.

IRMA WILSON
 Williiie--it's breakfast tiiime!
 Can't you just smell the goodness
 Mom is cookin?

He stirs as she dangles the sweaty sock back and forth over his nose.

WILLIE
 Hmm, huh? Wha, what time is it?

IRMA
 Your favorite Saturday breakfast,
 Mmmm--

WILLIE
 --Yeaaah, I, I can smell it! It's,
 (sniffs)
 It's...

Takes another sniff, opens one eye, sees sweaty sock.

WILLIE (CONT'D)
 Argh!! Irmaaa!! Mooom!!!

She bursts into laughter, bounds out of room, and scurries down the stairs, leaving Willie kicking and screaming in disgust.

EXT. OUTER SPACE VIEW OF EARTH - DAYTIME

A beautiful view of Earth against the darkness of space, slowly spinning.

NARRATOR

Of all the toys, in all the World,
only one has been around, eh,
pretty much from the start, in some
form or another. Balls.

EXT. OUTSIDE A CAVE (5000 B.C.) - DAY

A BOWLING BALL, hurled down a path by EARLY MAN, rolls and
bowls over a bunch of wooden sticks. Men hoot and holler with
the clash. The ball's "eyes" are wide with excitement.

FIRST BOWLING BALL

Whooaaa! Did you guys see that?
Strike! Who-hooo!

He's swooped up and rolled again. Other waiting balls cheer
him on and jostle in background.

NARRATOR

Whether rolling or bouncing, flying
through the air or wobbling on the
ground...

Various balls, all with faces being used by early man, they
are bowled, dodged, thrown, caught, and hurled.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

They're nearly as old, as
civilization, itself!

EXT. OUTER SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Closer to Earth, the crackling of NASA jargon. A fly-by of
the International Space Station. NASA Logo shows.

NASA COMM. (O.S.)

That's a Roger, Houston
(beat)
Tell her it looks like a big, Blue
Ball from up here, over?

NARRATOR

Why, they've helped shape more
lives, than 'Gerber'.

INT. A KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A Baby sits on a kitchen table, eats 'Gerber' Baby Food,
looks at the camera, shocked to hear this.

NARRATOR

But, what no one seems to understand is that balls have a secret life all their own. They talk, they walk, they work, and they play!

A MONTAGE of balls of various sorts as they socialize: Two Basketballs dance as a big Disco Ball spins light around them.

They work: Two Soccer balls with ties on work on "ball trajectories" for Soccer balls on a computer in an office.

Raise their families: a Mother football burps a miniature football, a little air comes out the back.

They even watch and root for "Ball Games": a crowd of balls in a stadium, and at home on TV, root and watch a Tennis ball go back and forth, It has the biggest smile as it sails by.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

They laugh, they cry, and play each and every day. But nothing, nothing mind you, makes a Ball happier than when it's played with by Humans, especially kids!

Balls swooped up by kids, cheers, happy to be selected.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

This is the story of one little Boy who discovers himself, on the way to discovering the secret life of balls!

INT. WILSON HOME, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Betty spins and dips adroitly while she cooks Breakfast. She kisses Trina, pulls out and blows a whistle around her neck.

BETTY

Come and get it!!

BOB WILSON, 40's, tall, quirky Golf fanatic, is first to hit door, decked out in "Golf Duds". He drops golf bag, slides in next to his chair.

BOB WILSON

Hey Babe, can I get a bowl of your wonderful, delicious, cheesy-grits and eggs to go, hmm?

He ladles hot grits into a bowl.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm already late for tee-off, Hun',
and well, you know, Golf Balls
don't wait, hehe--

BETTY

--Nooo. And, yes; the balls will
actually wait for you, "Hun", if
you're not there to hit them.

She smiles slyly. Irma enters kitchen, slows her run from Willy to an easy morning crawl and slides into her chair.

IRMA

Morniiing, Fam!
Mom, remember, I'm going early with
Monique so don't pick me up today!

BETTY

Morning! I remember, Dear.

IRMA

Dad! Can I have a \$20 spot for the
match this weekend?

Betty quickly turns to Irma before Bob can answer.

BETTY

Yes! Your father says "yes", as
long as the SUV gets a bath this
weekend.

Bob freezes in middle of scooping Grits to his bowl, a bewildered look on face.

BOB

What happened to "borrow"?--

BETTY (CONT'D)

--As long as Princess' litterbox
gets changed today, too.

BOB

Yesss!

Grins, fist-pumps, and nods in agreement as Irma wheels around, frustrated.

IRMA

Mom!! Isn't it Willie's week for
litterbox duty?

Willie makes way down stairs, into kitchen, glares at Irma, murmurs.

WILLIE

Irma

(beat)

I'm a get you for that.

He turns to Betty, smirking.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Morning' Mom!

BOB

What, I don't rate?

Willie ignores him, quickly asks Betty.

WILLIE

Mom, can I go with Irma to the match? I wanna log some new trajectories on her service game, and--

Irma swirls around, shocked.

IRMA

--What? No, no way!

Mom, he's not going with me! With, with us! We're, we're all girls!

Betty walks over, sets a pitcher on table, leans in to her in a "Motherly way".

BETTY

Now, Irma, there's only two of you, and there's no harm with your little brother tagging along with you at least one day, these are International competitions and you know he idolizes your game, Dear.

Irma follows her over to the sink area, pleads.

IRMA

Mom!! Robinson Center already takes the neighborhood kids to the games, and, and, I don't need his help winning matches!!

WILLIE

Ww-ww-what? My calculations and trajectories are spot on!! If you'd bother to try 'em sometimes, you'd--

IRMA

--He, he doesn't even like sports!
He doesn't play any sports, he
doesn't play any games! He, he's,
just trying to get me back for, for-

BETTY

--Irma, I'd like him with you,
Dear. Your Father and I will both
be out in the afternoon and we're
counting on you to look after your
little Brother. Can't he ride with
you and Mo?

WILLIE

Yeah, Mike would let me go!

IRMA

I'm not your big-head Brother--

BETTY

--Irma.

IRMA

Mom!! He, he can't keep up! I, I'm
supposed to ask my crew to 'slow
down' for my poo-butt little
Brother?!

(swings around)

Dad! I can't...

He dodges her gaze, pours juice, pretends not to hear. Irma
swirls around and is confronted with Willie's "hurting face".
She can't take it, slowly gives in, throws up hands.

IRMA (CONT'D)

Really, Mom? Really??

Betty smiles, stands next to Bob, grabs his hand. Willie
grabs Irma's hand as she cracks a small half-smile at him,
gives in.

BETTY

Willie, would you lead us this
morning, please?

He dips his head slightly as everyone grasps hands.

WILLIE

Thank you, Heavenly Father, for
this food...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Heavy and hard rain crashes the pavement. Thunder roars. Lightening bolts light up the dark sky.

INT/EXT. WINTHORP'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Windshield wipers, as a spindly hand reaches over, tunes radio. Lightning flash shows radio clock, it shows 9:15.

WINTHORP, 32, dimwitted goon, cruises the streets, looks from house to house and yard to yard for his victims.

A Lightning flash reveals several balls in a yard across the street. He brakes hard, grabs his net sack and hops out into the rain.

EXT. OUTSIDE WINTHORPS TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Pouring rain. He glimpses balls as Lightning flashes around him.

WINTHORP

Ahh, there you are!

He dashes across the street, stays in the dark, away from light posts, and enters a yard. With fear in their eyes, THREE BALLS see him approach and huddle together.

RUBBER BALL 1

Hey look! It's, it's that guy again!

SOCCER BALL

Oh, flat! C'mon, we gotta bounce!

They try to bounce and roll away as Winthorp corners them in the yard. He steps on a rake, the handle whacks him in the face.

WINTHORP

Owww!!

One ball bounces up and strikes him on the head, then rolls away across the yard. Two are cornered. He rubs his face from the whack, moves in with the net.

WINTHORP (CONT'D)

C'mere, you two! I only want to play with you!

The front porch light goes on, startles him. He quickly gathers the two balls into the sack and makes his way out of the yard, back through the shadows to his truck.

He throws ball sack into side door of truck, hops in, starts up truck and drives off into the rainy night. Lightening flashes.

EXT. RED'S RUBBER PLANT - MOMENTS LATER

Winthorp arrives at Red's Rubber Plant and parks truck, grabs ball net, and heads inside.

INT. RED'S RUBBER PLANT, HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

He takes a few corners to reach the 'Security' room.

INT. RED'S RUBBER PLANT, SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Russian Sports Team Owner and "Businessman" IGOR CHECKOUTSTKI, 40's, Russian accent, white lab coat, waits for him. He takes balls, empties them into a Bin,

He takes one, locks the rest up. He walks over to a covered table, pulls back a sheet to reveal several miniature drone guidance systems.

Igor picks up a rubber ball in one hand, a drone in the other, and compares for size.

IGOR CHECKHOUTSKI

Hmmm, seems to be about the right size, no?

WINTHORP

No. Yes! Yes!! If, if you say so, Boss!

The ball cringes on the table, sees Igor reach for a scalpel, let's out a yell unheard by Igor as he begins to slice it at the seam. Air whizzes out slowly.

RUBBER BALL 1

Whaaa, what are you doing?? No!!
Nooo!!!

The captive balls TREMBLE IN FEAR as they watch Igor insert the drone-system into the ball, and quickly seal up the incision. He pumps air back into it.

He picks up the remote control, hits a button, and the rubber ball comes to life. He operates it, bounces it all around the room, testing the controls.

Other balls are fearful. They see the ball's eyes are now in a "zombie-like state" while being maneuvered.

Igor dons a sinister grin, begins a sinister laugh, holds up the ball. Lightning flashes through the window, making a dark silhouette .

IGOR

Finally! Finally!! Let the Games
begin! Hahahahaaaa!

EXT. FLORES STREET, SEASIDE, CA - MORNING

It's Saturday morning. A quiet street with homes, some apartments, lined up. Front doors burst open all at once. KIDS dash out like race horses out of chutes.

Kids, noisy as can be, bound into front and back yards. They grab all kinds of toys and--balls!

Close-ups of each ball being swooped up from different locations, different yards. Soccer, Basketball, Baseball, Kick-balls, big smiles on their "faces" as they are selected.

EXT. FLORES STREET SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

A Booming voice calls the kids to order. MR. NELSON, 50's, neighborhood volunteer, gathers the kids.

MR. NELSON

Alright, let's go, line up! This
train leaves in five minutes, kids!

They scramble to get in a lineup on the sidewalk. Mr. Nelson paces back and forth.

MR. NELSON (CONT'D)

Now, who wants to run the three
most important rules we have for
Sports Saturday, hmm?

10-year-old kid, LISA LEE, pops out of the lineup, Soccer ball in hand. She stands at mock military attention, grins.

LISA

Umm, I know we must respect each
other at all times, Sir...

She smiles competitively at Mr. Nelson.

LISA (CONT'D)
But I should never let them see me
sweat!

She steps back in line as another kid pops out. This time it's 9-year old SAMMIE JACKSON.

SAMMIE
And, we always cheer on our team
mates, always--even after they mess
up, haha!

Kids all laugh, jeer, and glance at Willie. Sammie straightens his baseball hat, salutes, steps back in line.

Mr. Nelson continues, stops pacing near Willie.

MR. NELSON
And, number three? Anybody? Hmm?

Willie shuffles feet, begins to step out when neighborhood "Brute", 12-year-old BRUCE-BRUCE', Baseball glove in hand, panting, bursts through the line, bumps him back.

BRUCE-BRUCE
I got it, Mr. Nelson! Number three
is...always go...always go with the
Ref's call!

Mr. Nelson looks at his watch, then sharply at Bruce-Bruce. He turns, blows his whistle, and marches the group of 12 kids in a single file down sidewalk.

INT. WILSON'S HOME, IRMA'S ROOM - LATER

Irma cranking "get ready to play" music, searches for an outfit. She gets a phone call from her "Bestie", 17-year-old "Glam-Girl", MONIQUE, her picture flashes on her cell phone.

IRMA
Hey, Mo.

INT. MONIQUE'S HOUSE - INTERCUT - CONTINUOUS

MONIQUE
Girrrl, are you ready? I hope
you're ready, cause I'm leavin' the
house, now.

Irma pouts, puffs, throws clothes everywhere, tries to break the news.

IRMA

Um, my brother is coming.

MONIQUE

Humph. You know, it almost sounded like, like you jus' said your big brother is--

IRMA

--No, Mo, my little brother, Willie, is coming.

MONIQUE

Huh? Ohh, we droppin' off somewhere. Okay, girl, not a problem--

IRMA

--No, Mo, he's coming with me, with us, today. A 'Moms Order' came down over breakfast. She wants us to pick him up from the Robinson Center to go with us to the Stadium, can you believe--

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WILSON HOME - SAME TIME

A short screech of tires as Monique arrives in front of the house.

INT. IRMA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

IRMA

--It?

Irma looks out the window in disbelief, hangs up.

EXT. OBAMA AVE. OVERVIEW - LATER

Music, Classical, slightly sinister. A "Big" Mercedes Benz, Black, tinted windows, traverses Obama Avenue towards the Stadium.

INT/EXT. THE BIG BLACK BENZ, INTERCUT - CONTINUOUS

Cigar smoke. Igor wraps up, a phone call with REGIONAL SPORTS COMMISSIONER KUSHNER, 50's.

His American Driver, SEBASTIAN, 40's, "neat & tidy", looks straight ahead, separated by the security window.

IGOR

Don't worry, Commissioner, they use Championship Balls for these International Games, and--

COMMISSIONER KUSHNER (O.S.)

--And, are you sure you're able to control those Championship Balls, Igor, hmmm?

IGOR

Yes, yes, of course, Commissioner. They will be under our complete control. We will have them in position before the Games start. Our Russian teams cannot lose, you know. Don't worry.

COMMISSIONER KUSHNER (O.S.)

I *DO* worry, Mr. Checkoutski, and I *DON'T* know! But, I do know your Comrades in Russia are paying us a lot of money to secure victory at these Games. We cannot have another fiasco like last time!

INT. COMMISSIONER KUSHNER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The back of the Commissioner's head as he sits in his office chair, he looks out a big window.

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

Your technology better work as promised, Igor, or we'll both be coaching a team of Reindeer, in SIBERIA!!

IGOR

Of, of course, Commissioner...

INT. THE BIG BENZ - SAME TIME

Igor Makes tense eye contact with Sebastian through rearview mirror.

IGOR

Don't worry, I know just what I'm doing.

(MORE)

IGOR (CONT'D)
 It's not my first, eh, how do you
 say, "first go 'round the park",
 heh, heh.

COMMISSIONER (O.S.)
 I know, it's your second, that's
 what worries me, Checkoutski!

A "click" on the other side ends the call.

INT/EXT. THE BIG BLACK BENZ - MOMENTS LATER

As Sebastian rounds the corner to the Stadium, Igor buzzes
 the security window down.

IGOR
 Bash...bring me Winthorp!

SEBASTIAN
 Yes, Sir!

INT/EXT. MONIQUE'S CAR - SAME TIME

A block away, rounding the same corner to Stadium at same
 time, is Monique. Irma riding shotgun, Willie on his iPad
 reviewing NASA' Apollo 11 footage in the back seat.

Monique rounds the corner as Sebastian re-establishes eyes on
 road. He sees her in time to swerve and avoid her car.

INT/EXT. THE BIG BLACK BENZ - CONTINUOUS

Igor sways in the back seat, looks to see who impedes his
 car, and catches a glimpse of young kids in the other car.

He shoots them a terrifying glare. He leans close to the back
 window, powers it down halfway, gives an irritated sneer over
 his tinted window.

INT. MONIQUE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

As if in SLOW MOTION, Irma "freezes" with his eye contact.
 Monique's mouth is stuck, "wide open", with his eye contact.
 Willie looks *amazed* to see such a mean looking guy!

WILLIE
 Whoaaa!!!

END SLOW-MOTION. Willie presses his face to window, taps on
 window, and points to other car.

WILLIE (CONT'D)
Who, who *is* that guy??

INT/EXT. THE BIG BLACK BENZ - CONTINUOUS

Igor looks surprised by Willie' awe, peers down his nose at him. Willie points finger at Igor, taps window.

INT. MONIQUE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

WILLIE (CONT'D)
You, you can *smell* the bad-stuff on that guy!!

INT/EXT. INTERSECTION, COLISEUM WAY/OBAMA AVE - MOMENTS LATER

Before they know it, both cars swoop past each other and continue on to different entrances. Igor peers out his back window at Willie as they veer off.

EXT. STADIUM TENNIS COURTS BLEACHERS - LATER

Willie who holds his Tek-Trekker 2000, (Fast Moving Object Trajectory Tracker) pointing at balls, and watches Irma practice hit.

He opens iPad, a big NASA Logo screensaver pops up, asks for his password. He types in "Mars1Day!", logs in, and opens his 'Irma' file of tennis ball trajectories and shots.

He notices kids near the back of the bleachers. The Scoreboard shows Irma's match is next on court 3. He quickly logs trajectories into files, shuts off Trekker 2000.

He makes his way across stadium and sees it's his friends from the Robinson Center, and they have...a Drone!

EXT. BEHIND TENNIS COURT BLEACHERS - CONTINUOUS

Bruce-Bruce has his drone in hand, kids huddle around, excited. He tries to figure out how to make it fly. Willie walks in, speaks in the lowest "Adult" voice he can.

WILLIE
Nobody move, nobody gets hurt!

He laughs, Bruce-Bruce and the gang are not amused.

BRUCE-BRUCE

Dude, not funny! I was just about to launch! Now--I, I have to start over.

Kids shrug, sigh. Bruce-Bruce tries to start it again and fails. He notices everyone turning to leave, calls out to them.

BRUCE-BRUCE (CONT'D)

Wait! Can anybody? Willie, you're the geeky guy, can you? Lisa? Sammie?

They all stop, linger a bit. Willie turns first, Lisa and Sammie turn with him. Willie walks over to Bruce-Bruce.

WILLIE

Here, big fella, let me take a look.

Bruce-Bruce gives him the drone. Willie whispers to it.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

A'ight, baby, tell me what's wrong with you, hmm?

He looks it over, sees the problem.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Humph. I think you just need to, to...

He clicks the 'safety button', the drone whirls to life and slowly lifts off ground. Bruce-Bruce's face lights up! Lisa lets out a squeal of excitement, Little Sammy is in awe.

Willie cracks a little grin. They all tilt heads to watch the drone head skyward. A "crack" of a bat goes un-noticed, the drone climbs higher, "whirrs", banks over the baseball field.

Just as a baseball reaches its zenith, it hits the Drone. The kids look up in shock, see drone heading down, and track it--no one pays attention to the baseball.

The Baseball falls fast, headed straight for Willie's position.

BASEBALL #1

Hey! Heyyy!! Whoaaa--watch out belowww!

No one sees the baseball until it bops Willie on the head with enough force to knock him unconscious. He falls to the grass and watches the blue sky turn to black as he goes dark.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. ST. JUDE'S CHILDRENS HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

Mr. & Mrs. Wilson talk with the Doctor at the nursing station. Irma tackles the Snack Machine around the corner from his room.

INT. WILLIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Willie in his room. NURSE NORINE, 30's, doing a temperature check while Willie tries to turn on the T.V. The room is filled with books, stuffed animals, toys--and balls.

NURSE NORINE

Now, Willie, you'll be out of here in no time, so just kick back and relax.

Nurse Norrine leaves him by himself.

He lays back on the bed and reaches for the TV's remote control, but overhears a conversation between VALERIE, a Rubber Ball and FRANK, a Nerf Football.

VALERIE

Poor boy, you think he's really okay? I mean, I hear it was a pretty hard hit he took.

FRANK

Well, of course he's okay - look at the size of that head!
Bahahahahaha!

She gives Frank an unamused look.

FRANK (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

No, no seriously, I'd like to shake the hand of da ball that tagged 'em, heh--see if he's got a bruise, too, Bahahahahaaa!

Willie quickly sits up, glances around, left, right; nothing but kids furniture, books, toys, and--balls. He slowly leans back, tries to turn on TV again, again, hears conversation.

VALERIE

Hey, you think he'll take us home?
I mean, he's *knows* we're free,
right?

FRANK

I dunno, Val, but, the real
question is--is he still growing
into that head! Bahahahaha-ahahaha!

VALERIE

Not funny, Frank! He's a growing
boy! Jeesh!

FRANK

Oh, oh yes it was funny!! C'mon,
Val, bounce you! That was funny.

VALERIE

You're NOT a Comedian, Frank.

Willie pops up, looks around again, side to side, up and
down; nothing, no one.

WILLIE

Who said that?! Who's there?

He slowly turns, scans room.

VALERIE

Frank! Did, did he just? No, no--I
know he didn't just--

FRANK

--Hear you!? HEAR US??

VALERIE

I, I could have sworn he just
reacted to us! But, but...

Willie is astonished, sits up straight in bed, shakes head.

WILLIE

What the?? No, no, no--I must be
trippin'.

Suddenly, Willie's room door swings open and Nurse Norine
comes back in, followed by his parents. Bob gives him the
ole' 'head lock', fuzzing his hair with his knuckles.

BOB

C'mon, Lil' Panther! Walk it off,
hehe, we're goin' home, Son.

WILLIE

Owww! Dad!

BETTY

Honey, stop it, please, he's still tender!

NURSE NORINE

Oh, Willie, you can take two books or toys with you! Take your pick, free of charge, courtesy of St. Jude's.

He choses the exact two balls he heard talking. Irma swoops them up and into his bag.

INT - WILSON HOME, WILLIE'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Willie is home and all settled into his room. His Mother brings a soup and sandwich lunch.

BETTY

Now, Son, I want you to take it easy, Dear, okay?
(caresses chin)
Your head is still tender and I don't want you bouncing around up here, you hear?

WILLIE WILSON

Okay, Mom, I feel fine. I'm just--I want to take a good nap now.

BETTY WILSON

Oh, no you don't! No napping after a Concussion, Dear. You can sit up and watch NASA TV if you like, or read your books, your choice.

He smiles, grabs the TV Remote, turns on NASA TV. Betty smiles, leaves the room, closes door.

He listens for footsteps down the hall and stairs, jumps out of bed, and bounds over to the hospital bag to get the balls. He opens the bag and out hops the two balls on their own!

Valerie rolls and takes cover under the nearest thing, Willie's bed. Frank pops out, but before he can get to a hiding place, Willie grabs the Nerf. Frank lets out a yell!

FRANK

Aaagh! He's got meee! Let me gooo!!
Aaagh...

Suddenly, Frank feels the 'joy of being "Nerfed"', being squeezed, smooshed!

FRANK (CONT'D)
 No, no, wait, don't
 (beat)
 Don't let me goooo! What, what was
 I thinking!?

Willie's mouth hangs open with shock as he eyes the Nerf Football. Frank is "feelin" the squeeze job.

WILLIE
 What, what ARE you??
 How can this be?? I'm holding a
 talking nerf football!!

He sees its got EYES, a MOUTH! He's shocked and quickly drops Frank. Frank falls, immediately sprouts 'legs, arms, hands, feet', runs to find cover under a chair, trembling with fear.

VALERIE
 What's going on here?!?

She peeks head out from under the bed.

VALERIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 You, you can hear us?? What the
 heavens is going on here?!

FRANK
 He, he grabbed meee! You saw him,
 Val, he grabbed me, and then he
 (beat)
 He, he let me gooo! Wooow...

Looks at Valerie in amazement.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 I, I'm used to being thrown around,
 squeezed, even kicked; I'm a NERF
 Ball, It's what we do! I love it,
 but--

VALERIE
 --Well, what's wrong, then?

FRANK
 Well, I've, I've never met a kid, a
 boy, no less, that didn't want to
 squeeze me, throw me! What gives
 with this kid?

WILLIE

Excuse me! Yeah, uh, hello! I can
hear you!! You, you can hear me??
Woow! This is amazing!!

Valerie peeks out a little more from under the bed, Frank
peers around the leg of the chair, as if the rest of him
could not be seen. Willie leans down, looks under the bed.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

C'mon outta there.

Valerie relaxes a bit, begins to roll out from under bed.
Frank is a little more cautious.

FRANK

Val, wait! Are you sure it's okay??
I mean, we, we don't know this kid,
from Adam! This is the streets!

She rolls out, over to the chair near Frank, both look up at
Willie.

VALERIE

He's obviously as fascinated as we
are, Frank. I think, I think we're
(beat)
I think we've got a home!

Suddenly, the stairs are full of footsteps. The bedroom door
swings open and in comes friends Lisa, Sammie, and Bruce-
Bruce. He puts the balls on the bed as Lisa runs over to him.

LISA

Willie! There you are!
(gives hug)
Ohhh, sooo glad you're okay!

Willie melts with Lisa's hug, Little Sammie runs over, plops
on bed next to him, gives him a big hug.

Sammie smothers Frank with his backside as he sits on the
bed, squishing him. Frank fights to hold it in, but lets out
a squeal!

FRANK

Heyyy!!!

Willie's face fills with fright, until he realizes his
friends cannot hear Frank, only he can!

BRUCE-BRUCE

Don't look at me like that, I'm not
huggin' ya.

Bruce-Bruce takes a seat in the Chair, with his BASKETBALL, CLINT, who hears Frank's squeal and breaks out in a big laugh.

CLINT

Bahahahaaa! What are you complaining about, Nerf? It's what you do, *get squashed*, haha!

Frank is not amused, struggles to get out from under Sammie's butt!

CLINT (CONT'D)

You should just be glad my big Bruce-Bruce, here, didn't come in for a hug, Bahahahahaaa!!

Willie is distracted from his friends by this conversation between Frank and Clint! His friends are oblivious.

VALERIE

Hey, don't laugh to hard, you may hurt his feelings, he can hear you!

FRANK

Yeah, Bud, go easy on 'em, he's still new to all this.

CLINT

Say what? What'chu ramblin' about, Nerfy?

VALERIE

That boy can hear you! He can hear us!

FRANK

Yeah, I know, you ain't gonna believe us, heck, I wouldn't believe us either, so go ahead, give him a try. Tell 'em to do somethin', yeah, yeah, go ahead, try 'em out.

Clint reluctantly calls out to Willie.

CLINT

Hey, Will-leeeee! Clint to Willie, come in! Hahahaaa!! You guys, I tell ya!

Clint laughs hard as he does his 'test', but is totally shocked to see Willie turn his head, look at him as if he 'heard' him call his name!

CLINT (CONT'D)
 Whaaa? Did, did he just, did he
 just--

VALERIE
 --Yes, Clint, he DID hear you! He
 CAN hear and talk with us!

Willie tries to focus on small talk from his friends, but keeps getting prompts from Clint.

SAMMIE (CROSSTALK)
 --And we were all watchin' the
 drone, next thing we know...

CLINT
 You gotta be kiddin' me!! Hey, hey,
 Willie! If you can hear me, please,
 scratch your nose, yeah, your nose,
 scratch it, please...

LISA (CROSSTALK)
 --we thought you were dead, Willie!

Clint leans in to watch Willie closely. Willie, listens to little Sammie and Lisa, suddenly reaches up to scratch his nose, and glances at Clint.

CLINT
 Whoaaa! He, he just, no, no way!!
 Okay, okay, now, now scratch your
 left ear.

Willie continues listening to Sammie and Lisa while Bruce-Bruce plays on Willies Game-Pad. Willie slowly reaches up to scratch his left ear.

LISA (CROSSTALK)
 What'chu scratchin' for, Willie;
 you got the itches?

WILLIE
 No, no! I, uhh, no.

VALERIE
 See, I told ya!

CLINT
 Oh--My--Ball!! I, I can't believe
 it!! We've, we've got a Boy! Oh my
 Ball! Wait till the gang gets a
 load 'a this!

FRANK

Hehe, they ain't gonna believe ya,
Bub! What ball is gonna believe
this??

I/E. WILLIE WILSON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Footsteps on stairs alert the balls to someone approaching.
It's Mom, she opens the door.

BETTY

Okay, kids, it's time to let Willie
get some rest! He'll be able to
join you for the Museum trip in the
morning, C'mon let's go.

Betty ushers kids to the door. Bruce-Bruce collects his
Basketball. Valerie hollers at Clint on the way out.

VALERIE

Don't forget to tell the others
we've got an insider! A man-child!!

CLINT

Oh, you better believe it! They are
not going to believe me! They are
gonna wanna meet him; you guys best
back me up!

FRANK

We got your back, Bub, just get the
word out!

CLINT

I will!

INT. WILSON HOME, DINNER TABLE - LATER

Voices overheard, Wilson Family, save Mike, gathered at the
dinner table, Blessings being concluded.

BOB

--And not only us, Dear Father, but
all of our Family, Loved Ones and
Friends. Amen.

Betty, Irma, Willie, little Trina, all nod heads, all say
"Amen".

A Flurry of action breaks out. Arms reach, dishes are passed,
drinks are proffered. They settle into a 7-Bone Roast meal
with all the trimmings.

Betty sets up little Trina in her high-chair next to her own chair, three miniature TENNIS BALLS dangling from front of the high-chair.

WILLIE

Hey Dad, can you drop me off at Mike's job tomorrow? He promised to give me a tour of the sports desk? Please, I--

IRMA

--You're kidding. What're you gonna do on a *sports* desk?

BETTY

Irma, leave your Brother alone.

BOB

Yeah, Son, as long as you're feeling up to it, sure.

WILLIE

I'm, I'm ready to get back out, play with my friends!

BOB

Ah, okay. I'll call your brother then, make sure tomorrow is okay.

WILLIE

Thanks Dad
(to Betty)
Mom, thanks for a great dinner, you're the best! I'm gonna go on up to bed.

BETTY

Whaaa? YOU, going to bed early? That's a first, are--

BOB

--Yeah, you sure you're okay, Son, haha!

WILLIE

I'm sure Dad, just can't wait to get out there and, play, you know?
(giggles nervously)
Can I be excused?

IRMA

What're you gonna play
(beat)
Marbles, phff--

BETTY

--Irma, stop it. Everyone isn't a
Tennis star or needs to be
athletic, now leave him alone.

WILLIE

Can I be excused, Mom?

BETTY

Yes, Dear, of course you can. Brush
your teeth before you turn in and
sleep well, baby.

EXT. WILSON HOME, DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Bob standing in the car door, looking back to the house
impatiently for Willie.

BOB

C'mon Willie! Get a move on, I got
places to go!

WILLIE

Coming!

Walking out, he quickly swoops up Ardros from the grass, hits
the walkway and hears rousing cheers as the few balls left in
the yard root him on!

VARIOUS BALLS

Willie! Willie! Willie!

ARDRO

Whoaaa--where are we going? Heyyy!

Willie keeps it moving, Ardros under arm, and hops in the
car. He tosses Ardros in the back seat, Bob drives off.

INT. BOB'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bob drives Willie, Ardros is in the back seat, all ears.

BOB

So, Willie, you sure you're all
good, huh? I mean, I don't want you
causing any commotion at the
station for your Brother.

WILLIE

Yeah, I'm fine, Dad.
This is going to be sooo fun! I
can't wait to see the control room!

Bob smiles, reassured, hits a corner.

BOB

Good, good. Hey, I'm picking up
your Grandma tomorrow from the
Airport!

Willie literally jumps for joy!

WILLIE

Yesss, I can't wait!

BOB

Yep, I'll pick her up on the way
home after work and we'll be home
in time for dinner!

WILLIE

Great Dad, I can't wait to see
Granny!

BOB

Oh, also, your Mom says we received
a permission slip from the Robinson
Center; you guys are going to the
Ball Hall of Fame!

Frank takes notice in the back seat. Willie tries to feign
disinterest.

WILLIE

Yeah, well, I don't want to go to
no Ball Hall of Fame, Dad.

(dejected)

It's not a big deal for me, I'd
rather visit the Space Center.

BOB

C'mon, Son! You gotta give sports a
try, sometimes! You might even
find a sport you're actually
interested in at the Hall? Who
knows? Give it a chance, will ya?

ARDRO

The Ball Hall of Fame?? You
kiddin'?? That's, that's where the
best Balls in sports are, they,
they *live there!*

WILLIE

Whaaaa?

BOB

(to Willie)

What?

WILLIE

What? Uh, I mean, wellll

(beat)

I guess it'll be fun to go. Not like it's the Space Center, but hey. So, can I go, Dad?

BOB

Sure, sure. I don't see why not. It's this Saturday so as long as you're up to it.

WILLIE

I sure am

(to Ardros)

I'll be ready to go!

EXT. OUTSIDE KWJB CHANNEL 5 NEWS STATION - LATER

Bob pulls up to front entrance of Station, gives Willie \$20 bill, Willie hops out, heads up stairs to entrance, hears someone calling out.

ARDRO

Heyyyy, Willie!! Don't leave me back here, man!! C'mon, mannn! It's hot in here! Willie!!!

Willie quickly turns around, grabs Ardros from back seat.

WILLIE

Dad, Dad! I forgot my Ball!

Takes Ardros, runs back up stairs to Station Lobby, Bob drives off to work.

INT. KWJB LOBBY - MORNING

Willie, Ardros under arm, enters lobby and is greeted by receptionist, DIANN, 25.

DIANN

Well, you must be Willie Wilson.

WILLIE

What? You know me?

DIANN

Well, yes, I was made aware you'd be visiting us today. Let me get your Brother down here.

Shows him a seat. He and Ardros sit, take in all the pictures on walls: Sports stars, Studio heads, great moments in Sports.

ARDRO

Heyyy, look at that, one. Wow!

Ardro points to picture of NBA Legend, Kobe Bryant.

ARDRO (CONT'D)

That's gotta be

(beat)

That's gotta be Woody!! Woody Mulligan!

Sees Kobe holding Championship Trophy in one arm, Championship Basketball in other.

WILLIE

What? I see, I see 'Black Mamba', but who are you talking...

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Ohh, I get it, you, you know that ball?

KAREN

Excuse me, Dear? Know who?

Diann looks up from her reception desk.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Ohh, yes, that is Mr. Bryant. Kobe would often stop by our Station during the Championships. In fact, quite a few Celebrities stop by for interviews and such during the Games.

Just then, MIKE WILSON, 25, tall with "Denzel" good looks, shirt, tie, walks into Lobby, collects his little Brother, puts Willie in the usual headlock.

MIKE

Hey, little Buddy, how are ya? You ready for the big tour?

WILLIE
C'mon, mannn!!

Shrugs Mike off, lovingly.

WILLIE (CONT'D)
Where do we start?

EXT. BALL HALL OF FAME - AFTERNOON

Winthorp pushes a cart down entryway, past exhibits, down service corridors, behind Exhibit #3, Kobe Bryant. He opens service panel, grabs basketball, KENDRICK, from Kobe's hand.

He massages it, feels it, looks closely, wipes dust off.

KENDRICK
What the--heyyyy!! Watch it, Dude,
that's Championship Leather!

Turns, looks at Winthorp with anger, Winthorp puts ball back in Kobe's hand, locks exhibit, continues down corridor.

WINTHORP
Hehe, I'll come play with you
later, heheh.

INT. KWJB CHANNEL 5 NEWS STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Mike, Willie, Ardor under arm, walk down hall to Sports Department, ushers Willie in.

MIKE
And now, my man, the "grand finale
It's my great pleasure, Sir, to
introduce you to my world.
(bows low)

WILLIE
Wowww!!

Looks around the control room, amazed.

MIKE
Everybody, everyone, please! Let me
introduce my Little Brother,
Willie.

Several sports Staff come over, shake his hand. A phone call interrupts Mikes' beaming over Willie. He steps into cubicle to take call, signals to Jackie to watch Willie.

JACKIE
 Hey, Willie, let me show you around
 till your brother comes back.

Jackie takes Willie by the hand, walks down corridor,
 cubicles on both sides, each filled with office staff, sports
 memorabilia. He stops at her cubicle.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 This is my desk, where I do all my
 production stuff.

Willie and Ardros notice a SOCCER BALL, CYNTHIA, and a TENNIS
 BALL, TONY, on Jackie's desk.

CYNTHIA
 Heyyy, look at that!

The Tennis ball wakes up.

TONY
 Whaa? Wha--who, who is it?

CYNTHIA
 Strangers! Who are you, where ya
 from, Bro?

ARDRO
 Hey now, well, I'm from...

Jackie pulls Willie to next cubicle as Ardros speaks.

ARDRO (CONT'D)
 From 'round the Obama district,
 where you from!?

Jackie pulls Willie, Ardros beyond earshot of Cynthia's reply.

JACKIE
 And this is Sandy, our Broadcast
 Engineer

SANDY
 There he is! We've heard so much
 about you, Mr. NASA, right?

Willie laughs, blushes, shyly giggles.

WILLIE
 Yeah, yeah, that's me! I'm gonna to
 be an Engineer one day!

SANDY

Excellent! Well, would you like to hear what we all sound like behind the scenes.

(offers headphones)

WILLIE

Heck yeah!

(sits Ardros down)

He meets Mike's co-workers. Ardros, upon hitting ground, whistles nonchalantly, slowly rolls back down corridor to Jackie's desk, sees Cynthia and Tony.

ARDROS

Hey, up there!

Looks around, warily, as if people could hear him, whispers.

ARDROS (CONT'D)

You guys up there?

Cynthia rolls up to end of desk, looks down at Ardros.

CYNTHIA

Hey, you came back! What, what are you doing here?

TONY

Yeah, shouldn't you be with your Hummie? He's gonna come looking for you.

ARDROS

I know, I know, just wanted to connect with you 'Up Towners' for a minute, hehe, see how the other side is livin', you know?

Mike's on the phone in his cubicle, taking his call, they all listen in on his conversation.

MIKE

You gotta be kiddin' me! The same guy, this Checkoutski guy, was the same one busted with Commissioner Kushner two years ago?

Mike nods head several times, hangs up phone, walks out looking perturbed, rubs chin in thought.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hmmm...

Walks right past Ardros, rejoins Willie's tour. Mike has both a young Football, FREDDY and Baseball, BECKY, in his cubicle, they both roll next door.

FREDDY

Did you guys hear that? Huh? Huh?

BECKY

That did NOT sound good, you guys!
Who is this Al Gore guy?

FREDDY

Igor! Igor Chechoutski, Becky!
(to Ardros)
What do you guys know about this
guy? Huh, huh?

Ardros sees they are excited interjects, looking intently at young Football.

ARDROS

Hey, hey, calm down, calm down now,
Youngster! What's all the
excitement about, huh? Who are you
going on about, Son?

Becky rolls up to Ardros.

BECKY

Well, that phone call Mike just got-
-

ARDROS

--O-okay, okay, go on, go on.

BECKY

Well, that caller just confirmed
that security goons were ordered to
keep out any cameras, by Igor
Checkoutski!

ARDROS

Yeah, so...

BECKY

Sooo, Igor Checkoutski is the same
owner kicked out of National
competitions for deflating balls
two years ago!

Ardros listens intently, remembers.

ARDRO

As I recall, the reports of
"missing" neighborhood Balls
started trickling in shortly after
that.

INT. INSIDE ROBINSON CENTER'S COMMUNITY VAN - MORNING

Willie sits next to Lisa. Sammy, Bruce-Bruce across isle,
Tyreek, others a few rows down, Mr. Nelson sitting up front.

MR. NELSON

You kids are in for a special treat
today! The Ball Hall of Fame is
going to have all your favorite
balls in it. In fact, next week's
'Captain Questions' will be based
on what you learn here today, so be
ready!

EXT. BALL HALL OF FAME - MOMENTS LATER

Van pulls up to Hall, kids jump out with Mr. Nelson, head up
stairs to entryway, where MS. BONDS, 29, waits.

She sees group approach, walks out to greet them, waves as
they walk up stairs.

INT. BOY HALL OF FAME LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Willie, Valerie take in pictures of all kinds of balls,
basketball, ping-pong, tennis balls, there's even a Nerf
Football picture up there!

MS. BONDS

And so, you'll find every kind of
Ball here and I know you'll have
questions so don't hesitate to ask.

INT. BALL HALL OF FAME - CONTINUOUS

They move along through the Hall, see various videos play of
famous Ball Moments in Sports History.

There's Shaquille O'Neal's Basketball after he broke a Glass
Backboard; the smiling ball pops open an umbrella as it goes
through the hoop, to protect it from raining glass shards.

There's a video of John McEnroe's angry tennis ball, it yells
and sneers as he swats it at a shocked Judge.

MCENROE'S TENNIS BALL
C'mon! You cannot be serious!!

They finally reach the Championship Ball section.

MS. BONDS
And here we have one of our most popular collections; the Championship Ball Hall of Fame. Feel free to walk around in here, as this is one of the kid's favorite exhibits.

Kids all run into Hall, see all kinds of Balls on display, famous 'Players' holding them. Mr. Nelson walks up to a particular exhibit.

MR. NELSON
Ms. Bonds, can you tell us about this one?

MS. BONDS
Yes, Yes, this, Mr. Nelson, is one of the oldest forms of a Ball Game in history, dating back some 3500 years!

Points to an ancient 'disc' showing natives playing some kind of Ball sport. Valerie, carried by Willie, both begin to hear distinct "ball" conversations as they pass exhibits.

First up, Michael Jordan, holding first NBA Title Basketball, M.J.

VALERIE
Heyyy, look at that; it's Jimmie!
Look, look!

Points to Basketball in statue's hand.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
He's a Hero Ball!! I've always wanted to--

M.J.
--Meet? Hehe, yeah, I get that a lot. What's your name, Doll? You got a name?

VALERIE
Ohh, umm, Valerie, and this is Willie.

M.J.

Nice to meet ya, Val, but what do I care about this 'Willie' boy?

WILLIE

Well, maybe because I can hear you?

Jimmie's mouth drops, eyes wide open, shocked.

JIMMIE

Did

(beat)

Did that Boy just, just--

VALERIE

--Hear you? Yes, yes he did.

Willie winks at Jimmie, other balls in next exhibits hear Jimmie exclaiming. He's right next to Barry Bonds' 756th Homerun exhibit, with Baseball, BILLY.

BILLY

Hey, what's all the commotion over there?

Billie Jean King's inaugural WTA Tour Championship Ball, JODY, chimes in from across isle.

JODY

Yeah, did I hear that Rubber Ball right? There's a Boy over there that can talk to us?

Willie, Valerie move down Grand Entryway. Balls in exhibits begin to get word.

VALERIE

Yes, yes, we have an 'inside Man', err, Boy! We're here to find out why balls are coming up 'missing'? What do you know?

JODY

Wowww! We heard about him, but I didn't think I'd ever live to see a Boy that can talk to us!

VALERIE

Well, believe it! Listen, we're only here for a short time. Any idea what's going on here?

Willie walks over to Michael Jordan's exhibit to hear Jimmie.

JIMMIE

Well, all's I can tells ya is this,
we go to sleep at night, and when
we wake up...at least one of us
"Championship Balls" is
gone...replaced by some old off-the-
street amateur!

VALERIE

Rookie ball?

JIMMIE

Naww, well, most of 'em are old,
not, just--they're like a robot or
somethin'--they just sit there,
they don't talk, they don't do
nothin'.

JODY

Yeah, they obviously ain't one of
us! Just look at that one over
there.

Points to Larry Bird exhibit, Willie sees basketball in
Larry's hand; it stares ahead, as if in a trance, eyes not
blinking, just a blank stare.

He walks over, touches glass enclosure, looks closely at
ball, sees its' eyes slightly jiggling in place.

EXT. ROBINSON CENTER PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

The Van arrive back at the Robinson Center, everyone gets
out. Willie see Lisa, approaches her, waving her over.

WILLIE

Hey, Lisa! Umm
(pause)
I need to show you something, but,
you have to promise to not to say
anything to anybody, Lisa, you
promise?

LISA

Why? What do you have, Willie? Not
something scary, is it?

Willie puts hand on her shoulder, smiles.

WILLIE

Nooo, I'd never scare you, not even
on Halloween!

LISA
Awww, that's sweet, Willie. Okay,
I promise.

He grabs Valerie, bounces her a few times, looks at Lisa cautiously.

WILLIE
Umm, I'm sure you've heard of, uh
Doctor Doolittle, right?

LISA
Well, yeah, who hasn't?

WILLIE
Well, umm...

Lisa leans in.

LISA LING
Yeah, sooo, what about 'em??

WILLIE
Well
(beat)
I'm Him. NO, no!, I mean--

LISA
--What'chu talkin' 'bout, Willie?

WILLIE
I mean, I'm, I can
(beat)
I can talk to Balls...

Lisa looks at Willie blankly, then erupts into laughter!

LISA
Bahahahahaha! That's funny,
Willie! You, you got jokes!

He looks at her with a straight face, no laughing, Lisa stops laughing, notices Willie's serious look.

LISA (CONT'D)
What? Willie, you don't seriously
expect me to believe that?

He holds up Valerie, whispers to her, Lisa still laughing, watches Willie drop Valerie, who miraculously rolls over to a nearby tree...on her own!

Lisa, startled, mouth open, stares, blinks.

LISA (CONT'D)
 What the--what? What just happened
 here? How did you do that?!

Willie grins, turns to Valerie.

WILLIE
 Now, Valerie, please come back and
 rest at Lisa's feet.

Lisa is astonished to see the ball roll back over, rest at her feet. She quickly picks Valerie up, looks her over thoroughly!

LISA
 C'mon, Willie--where is it? You're
 not slick, where's the remote??

Just then, Bruce-Bruce, Little Sammy walk over, see look on Lisa's face.

SAMMIE
 Hey guys, what's going on?
 Lisa, what's wrong with your face?

BRUCE-BRUCE
 Hey, Dudes, what Cha doin'?

Lisa can't help herself, looks flushed in face, blurts out.

LISA
 You guys are not going to believe
 this!!!

SUPER; 3 MINUTES LATER:

Willie's three friends sit quietly under tree, mouths wide open, in shock, Valerie rolls/paces back and forth, concerned.

VALERIE
 Are, are they okay, Willie?

Willie looks down at friends, each one leaning back with mouths open, looks closely at them.

WILLIE
 I, I think so? Hey, are you guys
 going to be okay?

They all incoherently mumble assurance that they are okay.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

I know it's a lot to take in but,
we're going to need your help
tonight.

All three mumble, nod their assurance they will help.

EXT. SIDE YARD UNDER WILLIE'S BEDROOM WINDOW - MORNING

Sunlight streams in through Willie's window, Birds sing.
Willie wakes up to conversations; it's Valerie, Frank--and
others!!

He quickly sits up, glances to window. Frank is practically
hanging out the window, Valerie on the sill. He hears voices,
hops out of bed and slowly creeps up on the window.

Valerie and Frank continue their conversations. Willie slowly
peers over their shoulder to see his side yard filled with
Balls, and they are all talking!!

ANONYMOUS BALLS

What does he look like? Is he mean?
Do you think he'll help us?

FRANK

Well, he's got not the biggest,
strongest guy, that's for sure!

VALERIE

Frank! Be nice!

FRANK

Whaaa?? Okay, Yeah, yeah, he's good
and all. Nice kid, but, kind'a
scrawny. I don't know, you probably
shouldn't count on him for this.

Willie pops up behind Frank and Valerie. Balls in the yard
see a big human head rise over Frank and Valerie, almost
filling the window frame, they all let out a gasp!

ANONYMOUS BALLS

Is, is that *him*?? Are you sure
he's okay?? Do you think he--

Suddenly, balls hear front the door open. It's Bob and Irma.
Balls all dash for cover in grass, trees, any space in the
yard they can either hide or 'play like a Ball'.

There are Baseballs, Volleyballs, Soccer balls, Footballs,
Basketballs, Bowling Balls, and more! Irma and Bob exit the
house, walk down the walkway and get into the family car.

EXT. WILLIE'S BEDROOM WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Willie watches out the window as they drive off. He sees balls begin to come to life again and gather underneath his window.

Valerie and Frank return to the windowsill, next to Willie.

WILLIE

Hey, Valerie, what are they all talking about? Me?

VALERIE

Yes, yes, of course. They, we've, never seen anything like you before, a Human that can talk with us!

FRANK

Yeah, they said some goons 've been ballnappin' neighborhood balls all across the city, it's criminal, I tell ya!

VALERIE

It's awful! Some of them haven't been seen or heard from in weeks!

WILLIE

What?? Well, what's happening to them? Where are they going?

FRANK

Going? Going?? You go places by choice, Bub, these balls are being "ballnapped!" It's an outright crime! Who knows where they are, or what's happening to 'em!

Willie steps back from the Window for a moment and ponders.

WILLIE

Well, what are they asking you? What are they saying?

VALERIE

Well, they want us to ask you-- well, they really want us to TELL you, to help track the missing balls down!

WILLIE

What??

VALERIE

Yes! Evidently, there's even been balls missing from your neighborhood, Willie! Ballnapped!

FRANK

Yep, that's why they're all here, at your house! As soon as they heard we had a Boy, well, they just had to get a load of you!

Willie steps back to the window and looks into his side yard. Now there are dozens of balls of all kind and they all have eyes, legs, arms, hands, feet, all murmuring, waving!!

WILLIE

Umm, what, what do they want from me? What do they want me to do?!

VALERIE

Well, seems that's what they're discussing right now!

FRANK

Yeah, they're not sure whether to trust you, or not.

WILLIE

Trust me? They, they can trust me! I'm gonna be an Engineer one day!

FRANK

Yeah, well, whatever--they ain't never had a Human help 'em, let alone talk to 'em before!

WILLIE

Ohh, I see. I guess not!

FRANK

Heck, we're just used to being played with by you Hummies
(beat)
And some pets--

VALERIE

--Or, at worst, being left in a yard to grow old and flat. That we're used to, but not ballnappings! That's what I loved about St. Jude, it was safe for us.

FRANK

So, they just wanna make sure
you're straight with them, on the
up and up, you know?

They look out the window, down to balls in the yard. Valerie
sees an old-school WILSON BASKEBALL, ARDRO waiving her down.

ARDRO

Hey, Valerie! Bounce on down here!
We'd like a word with you!

She turns to Frank and Willie.

VALERIE

Well, Guys, I'm not sure about
this, but, we have to at least see
what they want, right?

FRANK

Go on down there, Val! Heck, I'm
glad they picked you instead 'a me.
I don't think they could throw me
back up here!

WILLIE

But you, Valerie, you can 'bounce'
back up to the window! I'll grab
you back in, I promise!

She reluctantly nods agreement to meet with them and prepares
to dive from windowsill.

FRANK

Look Val, we don't really know
these Balls, be careful down there,
not every ball is your friend!

VALERIE

I will, Frank, thanks. I know how
to "bounce" if anything looks
fishy.

WILLIE

Try to hit nothing but grass,
that'll keep from bouncing out the
yard!

She turns from the window, gives a nod to Frank and Willie,
and prepares to jump into the side yard from the second
floor. Balls can be heard outside, rooting her on.

VARIOUS BALLS IN CROWD

Valerie! Valerie! Valerie!

EXT. WILLIE'S SIDE YARD - CONTINUOUS

She leaps off the second-story window ledge. Eyes wide with excitement as a gathering crowd of Balls root her on. She bounces short, right into trees' under-canopy.

Balls rush her, gather around her, can't help but to touch and bump her. But Valerie has been on the inside of a Hospital all her life, she's never seen the outside.

VALERIE
 Wait, is, is this
 (beat)
 Is this real grass??!!
 OMB, I can't believe--I'm on real
 grasss!!

She "loses it". Her eyes go wide with wonder as she sniffs and rubs the green grass. She mumbles incoherently, rolls on the grass.

EXT. ROLLING GREEN HILLS - DAY

Valerie **DAYDREAMS**. Whimsical music plays as she rolls over unending hills of the greenest, softest grass. KIDS throw her at other kids, they catch and dodge her.

She smiles when hurled at a KID and hits him. She rolls, she spins in the air, she bounces, she, she--

FRANK
 HEY VAL!! Val! Snap out of it, will
 ya?? Whad'ya kiddin' me?!

END DAYDREAM

She snaps back from her daydream, surrounded by new Balls, all muttering around her.

VALERIE
 Whaa? Oh, no, no, yeah, no
 (beat)
 I'm good, I'm good...

Neighborhood TETHERBALL, WANDA JEAN, makes her way forward, jostling out from back of the crowd.

A little-bitty Jax Ball, JILL, watches in awe with her Mother, JILLIAN, as she rolls by.

JILL
 Ohhh! Who, who's that, Mommy?

JILLIAN

That's Wanda Jean, dear, she's one of the strongest and toughest balls in the neighborhood.

JILL

Ohhh, she doesn't trust the hu..hummies, Mommy?

JILLIAN

Hummies, Darling, say it, hue-meets...

The both watch as she rolls up to the front and turns to address the crowd.

WANDA JEAN

Wait a minute, hold on here!

The crowd of balls falls silent. ARDRO, Leader of the ball community, rolls up to listen.

WANDA JEAN (CONT'D (CONT'D)

Can we trust her?? She could be in co-hoots with the ballnapper for all we know! How can we trust her? C'mon, now!?

Declarations of "she's right!". Some are murmuring, every opinion heard in the background. Valerie looks offended, Ardros steps up to speak.

ARDRO

Wait a minute, hold on here, we don't really have much choice, do we, you guys?

The Balls stop mummering.

ARDRO (CONT'D)

Now, Wanda Jean, ya'll know our Balls have been coming up missin' every week, around here...

Looks around crowd, pointing fingers at balls.

ARDRO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

How long you think it'll be before it's you? Me? Huh? That's all I'm saying!

More outburst from the crowd.

ANNONYMOUS BALL IN CROWD
 He's right! We have to do
 something!

Valerie gathers herself to address the crowd.

VALERIE
 Listen, I know you don't know me,
 but I believe this, this boy
 (points to Willie)
 Can help all us balls!

The crowd of balls roll and shuffle back and forth to get a better position for a closer look and listen to Valerie.

VALERIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 We owe it to our fellow Balls, your
 Friends, to try to find them or, or
 I fear we may all be next to be
 ball-napped.

She turns to Ardros, He slowly rubs his old leather hide, eyes Wanda Jean, nods his approval. Wanda Jean considers.

WANDA JEAN
 Okay, okay--It looks like you guys
 may be right, we may not have a
 choice on this.

Valerie, Ardros glance each other, a look of hope on her face.

WANDA JEAN (CONT'D)
 The stakes are too high not to try.
 We're going to have to bring him in
 to the fold. Tell him to come to
 our meeting this Friday.

The crowd begins to murmur loudly again, this time with excitement as Valerie turns to the Window.

VALERIE
 Did you hear that, Frank; we're in!
 He's in!

WILLIE,
 I, I heard 'em, too!

FRANK
 Yeah, yeah, we all heard 'em, now
 bounce yourself back up here!

Valerie bids the Balls goodbye, rolls over to the cement walkway, to gather strength to get her 'bounce' on.

She begins her second bounce, gathers up momentum, suddenly she hears a hushed shout from above!

FRANK (CONT'D)
Get down, Get down!
(whispers)
We got a 'Hummie' walkin' this way!

It's the Postman! He walks along the sidewalk, whistles, then suddenly stops in his tracks; there's a bouncing ball in the yard's walkway--but no kids around.

POSTMAN
What the, heyyy!?

He looks quickly around as the ball bounces a second time, then rolls to a complete stop on the grass.

Postman's narrow eyes scan for tricksters in yard, but there's nothing but a bunch of balls. He cautiously continues through the gate, delivers mail, looks around warily.

POSTMAN (CONT'D)
What are they runnin' here, an orphanage?

EXT. SIDE YARD UNDER WILLIE'S BEDROOM WINDOW - MOMENTS LATER

Valerie watches the postman walk off and disappear from sight. The balls all come back to life.

All gather to cheer Valerie on as she prepares to bounce back up to Willie's 2nd-story bedroom window.

She rolls back to the cement walkway and builds her bounce. Frank and Willie look out the window from above as Valerie's bounce builds higher, higher.

FRANK
Okay, Val, what ya gotta do is get a good bounce going, and--

Next thing Frank sees is Valerie's rubber hide headed his way!

VALERIE
--Whoaaa, look out!!

She comes sailing through the window, barely missing Frank, and is actually caught by Willie!

VALERIE (CONT'D)
Whoaaa, that was FUN!!

FRANK

Fun for YOU! You almost took me
outta here with that entry!

Willie, astonished at his catch, sits Valerie down on the
bed, mutters to himself. Frank bounces over.

WILLIE

Trajectories! Vectors! That, that
was easy!

FRANK

Hey, Willie, when'd you learn to
catch like that??

WILLIE

That was fantastic, Val, a
fantastic bounce, perfect
trajectory!

VALERIE

Oh, thanks, well, I uh--

Willie picks Valerie up, holds her to his face.

WILLIE

Now, tell me about this meeting!

INT. WILLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Valerie and Frank help Willie prop up his bed to look like
he's lying in it.

FRANK

--Okay, okay, bunch it up more near
the head, remember the big head!
(giggles)
I'm just kiddin' Bud, you're
alright, heheh.

VALERIE

Frank! This is serious, if we don't
make this look good, he'll never
get out to that meeting!

FRANK

Yeah, yeah, I'm serious, here!

They finish staging the bed, use extra pillow. Willie pulls
out his NASA Backpack and loads the Tek-Tracker, flashlight,
and a whistle, and pins on his mock NASA Badge.

He looks out the window, sees a small crowd of balls near the bushes, and gets an idea.

EXT. SIDE YARD UNDER WILLIE'S BEDROOM WINDOW - MOMENTS LATER

Willie opens the window, grabs Frank and Valerie.

FRANK

Hey! What, what're ya doing?

VALERIE

Hey!! You're not gonna--

Suddenly, Valerie and Frank are airborne. Willie hurls them from the second story window into a big bush by the big tree.

VALERIE & FRANK

--Whaaahhh!

They land in the bushes and softly bounce out onto the grass. Balls in the yard rush over to meet them.

EXT. FLORES STREET - SAME TIME

Dark street, save a few light posts every 100 yards on sidewalk. Lights seen in homes along Willie's street.

The growl of an old truck's engine breaks relative silence. Winthrop on the prowl, his old truck creaks as it makes way up Willie's street.

Neighborhood balls duck, hide behind trees, bushes, car wheels, anything they can to keep from being seen by Winthrop as he drives by.

Balls hide under cars, watching as Truck wheels slowly drive by in the dark, they are perfectly still until it passes.

INT. WILSON HOME, HALLWAY TO BACK DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Willie creeps all the way downstairs and past his Parents, who sit in the living room watching TV.

Creeping down the dark hallway he is startled by Princess. Willie jumps to see her behind him. She begins to purr, approaches Willie, looking for rubs, affection.

WILLIE

Shh, Princess, no--shh, come here, girl.

He picks Princess up, slowly opens back door, walks out, and tosses Princess back in. He quietly closes door and creeps carefully down stairs.

INT/EXT. WINTHROP'S TRUCK, FRONT SEAT - SAME TIME

Winthorp unwraps a burger, drives, keeps eyes open for stray balls. He creeps slowly up hill on Flores Street, nearing Willie's home.

EXT. WILLIE'S SIDE YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Willie walks out into his side yard and is met by various Balls, including Valerie and Frank. They huddle around and prepare to exit yard.

VALERIE

Hey, where's Ardros? I don't see Ardros?

WANDA JEAN

He's meeting us there! He's 'briefing' them on your arrival, Willie. They're not going to believe this, so don't be too shocked if they freak out a little.

EXT. WILLIE'S HOUSE, SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Willie quickly exits the yard with about eight Balls of different varieties escorting him, he picks up Valerie, carries her under arm.

Balls roll, bounce and wobble behind Willie's quick steps, except Tino, he rolls ahead to keep look out.

They walk silently as they near end of their street when they suddenly see Tino "freeze" up ahead. He stops and wave everyone down.

Willie walks, talks, does not notice the balls have all ducked under the nearest cars, hide behind tires, trees.

WILLIE

--So, when I put physics into the calculations I was able to...

He turns, find everyone has disappeared. Only Valerie, under his arm, is with him and even she is deadly quiet. He turns back around and `is half blinded by headlights!

EXT/INT. WINTHROP'S TRUCK - SAME TIME

Winthrop sees someone walking the sidewalk, he slowly drives past Willie as he walks with Valerie under arm. Winthrop hides his face as he passes Willie.

EXT. FLORES STREET - CONTINUOUS

Winthrop peers intently as Willie continues walking, Willie looks warily as his truck passes.

VALERIE

That, that's the truck, Willie!

WILLIE

You mean, THE truck, the one the Balls talked about. The Ball-napping truck? Really??

VALERIE

Yes, really, really! That's the one!

Willie picks up the pace, peers into the window as it passes by and for a split second makes eye-contact with Winthrop.

He walks faster as the truck disappears up the street. Balls cautiously come out and begin rolling to catch up to Willie.

TINO

Woow! I can't believe that truck is on our street! It's a good thing everyone is at the party!

FRANK

Party? What party?

JOE - FOOTBALL

What? They didn't tell you guys? This is THE Party night of the year
(at Valerie)
The Championships are next weekend and all the big Sports Balls are in town for the Games, and this party! So, do you dance, doll?

VALERIE

I, I, I never--

TINO

--We have arrived!
(to balls)
Last one in has cleanup duty!

He balls take off! They roll, bounce, and wobble to back the entrance of the Gymnasium, leaving Valerie and Willie behind. They both hear music, see lights flashing ahead in the Gym.

INT. ROBINSON CENTER GYMNASIUM - SAME TIME

There's a party going on in here! Nelly's 'It's Getting Hot In Here' floods out the gymnasium door.

Lights, Disco Balls, Games, Streamers--it's all going down in here! Balls of every kind, Sports-fan Balls and Celebrities Balls, alike.

Baseballs, Basketballs, Footballs, Soccer Balls, Tennis, Dodgeballs, Nerf Balls, even Medicine Balls, Bowling Balls, all here, dancing, drinking, eating, partying hard!

Willie stands in the doorway with mouth wide open, flabbergasted!

He looks around, sees balls doing things he didn't know they could do; Party Tricks, Break-dancing--there's even a D.J. with a Turntable and stage! Valerie and Frank are in awe!

Balls of 'Celebrity Sports Stars' are here, too! It's like a "who's who" of Championship Balls! Some from the local Ball Hall of Fame! Willie see's Ardoro dancing,.

ARDRO

Heyyy! You made it! Alright, alright, alriiiiight!

FRANK

You better believe it, Bud, I didn't know you guys had it like this, I tell ya!

VALERIE

(to Tino)

What? Who? How? How have I been missing thiss?

TINO

Not many parties in the Children's Ward, huh, Val?

FRANK

How about NONE!

(to Willie)

Will-laaay! Will ya look at this place?? I know where I'm gonna be next year, bet that!

INT. GYMNASIUM - CONTIUOUS

Willie is astonished to see Lebron James' Championship Basketball, K.J., chatting up Serena William's 24th Grand Slam Tennis Ball, SERENA.

K.J.

--Yeah, yeah, I was LeBron's first Championship ball, sooo--

SERENA

--Oooh...

K.J.

Yeah, yeah! So, what about you, Sweetball?

SERENA

Who, me? Ohh, I'm, I'm just Serena's 24th Grand Slam Ball--you know, record-breaking, Power-Princess type stuff, that's all...

INT. GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Willie and Frank turn to see Joe Montana's Football, JOE, with Dwight Clark's Football, DWIGHT!

JOE

--Yeah, yeah, but, if I hadn't escaped that rush, then--

DWIGHT

--No, no, Joe, c'mon, now! If I hadn't "climb the stairs" to catch that pass, it wouldn't 'a mattered, cause...

INT. GYNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Valerie sees CRISTIANO Ronaldo's Soccer Ball in an interview.

CRISTIANO

--But really, it's just one of my Championship memories. Did I ever tell you about the time I single-handedly...

INT. GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Willie sees Babe Ruth's 714th Baseball, BABE, signing autographs for a little Boy ball.

BABE

--Sure, sure, Sonny. Sayyy

(beat)

You wouldn't happen to have any of those Babe Ruth candy bars, would ya? Hmm?

Suddenly, the music stops, as when a needle bounces off an LP; skwwerrrrz--silence. Every ball freezes as they see a 'Boy' standing in the doorway!

All balls suddenly drop, fall, and roll to a stop--as if they were regular balls laying around the Gym floor.

Everything falls silent. Party streamers and confetti float to the ground. Crickets are heard. A voice familiar to Willie rings out.

ARDRO

Alright, everybody, alright! It's, it's okay, don't be scared,

(looks around)

This is the special guest I told ya'll about.

A random Ball yells out.

RANDOM BALL

Yeah, well, ya didn't tell us it was a BOY!!

ARDRO

Okay, okay, yeah well, now you know.

He's okay, I vouch for him, and he's here to help with our Ball-knapping problem.

Balls all begin to stir again, slowly get up, begin to sprout hands, legs, feet, again, still amazed to see Willie.

BASEBALL

So, you're tellin' us this kid can hear us??

SOCCER BALL

Actually talk to us??

WILLIE
Well, yes! Yes I can!

Balls all let out a unified gasp.

VARIOUS BALLS IN CROWD
Whoaaa!!!

ARDRO
Hey--hey!!

Ardro gets everyone's attention, uses authority, looking around room slowly.

ARDRO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Don't be afraid, now, this is
real!

Wanda Jean bounces up on stage, grabs microphone from the .J., lets the crowd settle down.

WANDA JEAN
That's right, it's true!
We've got a genuine "miracle" here!
And we've got a chance to do
something about all the
disappearances in our community.

Everyone is intent on listening.

WANDA JEAN (CONT'D)
Let's give their representative a
chance to talk
(to Valerie)
Valerie, would you, please?

The crowd is silent. Valerie bounces up onto the stage, settles next to Wanda Jean, who hands her the Mic.

INT. ROBINSON CENTER GYMNASIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Valerie finishes her speech.

VALERIE
--And so, Willie and a groups of
his friends went to the Ball Hall
of Fame and heard about it from
them!

WILLIE
Yes, yes, we did! And I promise to
find out all I can
(gets serious)
(MORE)

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Look, I don't know what's going on,
but I'm going to find out, you all
can count on me!

VALERIE

And you can count on Frank and I,
too, we're here to help. We're used
to helping kids in the hospital,
but this is for us balls. We've got
to do something!

EXT. ROBINSON CENTER GYMNASIUM - LATER THAT EVENING

The party has ended. Balls are making their way back to
different communities. Willie, Valerie, Frank, along with
Tino, Joe, Wanda Jean, and Ardros head back to Willie's house.

It's dark out, they are warily making their way back to
Flores Street. Joe, out front, suddenly gets their attention.

Sinister music starts up (think when Debo is coming in,
'Fridays') Winthrop's Truck hits the corner, slowly makes its
way up Flores Street.

JOE

Everybody get down, now!

Ardros, and the rest of the balls scurry behind tires, under
cars to avoid being seen.

Willie, slow to react, almost gets caught in headlights,
again, as the truck rounds the corner.

ARDROS

Get down, Willie! Everybody down!
Shhh...

The truck slowly creeps by. Valerie and Tino peek out from
behind a tire to see the trucks' wheels slowly going by.

Willie peeks out from under a car to see him go by. Winthrop
looks carefully for more stray balls. Suddenly, the truck
stops.

FRANK

Oh, flat!! He saw us!

VALERIE

No, wait Frank. He couldn't have
seen us over here!

Willie hears brakes being applied, a door opens, Winthorp jumps out. Willie sees his boots from under the car. Winthorp crosses the street, reaches over into a yard, grabs a ball.

Willie can hear it's muffled yell as Winthorp returns to the truck, pops side hatch, tosses ball in. Suddenly, from behind Willie, a barrage of Balls fly by, hitting Winthorp!

Wanda Jean is first to him, bounces off his head, does a double-bounce back to his head again. Tino comes bouncing in', smacks him right in the face!

Valerie and Frank follow suit, pounding Winthorp from all sides. Winthorp is confused, waving arms trying to block the barrage; he can't see who's throwing balls.

Willie finally realizes he attack is on, stands up. Joe rolls over to him, excited.

JOE

C'mon Willie! Throw me! Throw me,
why don't ya?!

WILLIE

I, I can't! I, don't, I don't throw--
-

JOE

--C'mon, Willie, throw me! This
ain't rocket science, I just need
you to put some air under me, and--

WILLIE

--*Rocket Science??* Wait, that's
(beat)
That's it!!

JOE

Wha, what's it? What'd I say?
What'd I, what's it??

WILLIE

(to self)
Drag, angle, force, trajectory--
yes!

JOE

Look, Willie, I just need you to...

Willie picks up Joe, rears back, hurls him as hard and best he can! Joe sails through air, big smile on face, strikes Winthorp precisely in eye with his point!

WINTHORP

Arrgggh! Arrgghh! What the?
Heyyy! Who?!

He quickly slams the side hatch-door shut, but not before three Balls jump out and bounce away into nearby yards. Winthorp jumps in truck, slams driver door shut.

Window is rolled down, Wanda Jean takes advantage, does a powerful 'Dodge Ball Special', smacks Winthorp on side of head his head and bounces out for a second strike.

Winthorp quickly rolls up the window, starts up his truck with a roar, and tears out. Wanda Jean bounces off his window.

Willie quickly pulls out his Tek-tracker, hurls one of his magnetic trackers at truck, hears it stick to the truck as it drives off, balls bombard the truck as it goes!

He quickly pulls out Tek-monitor, clicks it on, gets a signal as it shows up on screen.

WILLIE

Yesss!! Right onnn! Whooohooo! We got him! Whooohooo! Did you see that throw??

FRANK

Of course we saw it, Bud!
(laughs)
We're still in shock! How, how'd you learn to throw like that?

WILLIE

I, I don't know--I've never thrown a football, but
(beat)
It's all about trajectories, science!!

VALERIE

You guys are awesome! Ardro, you are awesome! Frank and Joe, just amazing!
(to Tino)
And you, my good Man...
(blows a kiss)

WILLIE

Heyyy, what about me?

ARDRO

You did good, Son, ya did real good!

Willie beams as he's escorted back home by some very happy balls.

INT. WILLIE'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

Willie, Valerie, Frank, back in the room. Willie hears footsteps coming up the stairs, balls dash under the bed to hide. Irma knocks, then opens door.

WILLIE

Heyyy, a little privacy here!
You're supposed to knock first!

IRMA

I did knock, then I came in, ha, ha!

Plops down on bed, right above Val, Frank.

IRMA (CONT'D)

Mom wants to know what you want for breakfast? Pancakes or French Toast?

WILLIE

Ummm, can we have both? I don't know. I just want to get out and play, you choose, Sis.

Valerie and Frank huddled under the bed, watch Irma's feet sway back and forth as she sits on the edge of bed, talking.

Frank can't help himself, pretends to tickle her feet each time foot swings back and forth under bed.

Valerie nudges him to stop it, he contains his laughing, continues to almost touch Irma's feet, sticking tongue out pretending to lick and tickle them, each swing.

IRMA

Well, I'll just tell her Pancakes, cause that's my favorite! Haha!

Gets up to leave, turns back.

IRMA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Oh, good news; Granny Mae is coming to see you tomorrow!

WILLIE

Yess!! Dad told me! Granny Mae is
comin', hooohooo!!

She leaves, closes door. Willie slides out of bed, looks under, finds Valerie looking back at him. Frank is wrestling with an old sock.

He grabs them, hops back in bed, holds them, looks closely at them.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

(to self)

I, I still can't *believe* I've got
talking balls!! A whole ball
community!!

FRANK

You, you better believe it,
Bud! I don't know what the heck is
going on here, but we can all agree
on one thing; we can definitely
hear each other!

Betty's dinner whistle go off downstairs. He sniffs and tosses Valerie, Frank into their Beanbag.

VALERIE & FRANK

Whooohooo!

WILLIE

Oh, boy!! That's Mom's Roast Beef!
I, I gotta go!

They both settle into comfy spots, Willie heads downstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS, WILLIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Valerie, Frank huddled on Bean Bag chair. Princess making rounds, hits upstairs landing, picks up on voices, goes into 'stealth mode', creeps closer to Willie's bedroom door.

FRANK

--So, Val, I get it that they want
our Boy, Willie, to help find out
balls, but, how?

VALERIE

Well, as I understand it, Ardro is
working on a plan, something about
finding that darn ballnapping
truck, and calling for
reinforcements!

Just as Frank is about to respond he catches a glimpse of Princess' shadow moving near door. He 'freezes'.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
 So, we should
 (beat)
 Frank, are you okay? You look
 like...

He quickly darts eyes between Princess and Valerie, whos back is to the door. Valerie waives hands in front of Frank's frozen face. Princess creeps closer.

VALERIE (CONT'D)
 Frank, are you with me? Whoohooo,
 Frankie, anybody home?

She finally follows Frank's eyes, just in time, and 'freezes' just as Princess enters the room and looks intently at the rubber ball in the bean bag!

INT. WILLIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Princess in 'hunt mode', prepares to pounce, is startled by footsteps running on the stairwell. She scurries out of way, down the hall.

WILLIE
 Hey, you guys! You miss me?

Frank and Valerie relax their 'frozen' poses, take deep breaths.

FRANK
 Ugh! Are you kiddin' me, Val?!
 What do I have to do, "meow"??

VALERIE
 I, I didn't know, I just--

WILLIE
 --What, what are you guys talking
 about?

FRANK
 The CAT! YOUR Cat!! It probably saw
 us jabbering here! She, she was
 gonna pounce on me, I know it!

He picks them up, brings over to the bed, settles them on a soft place, and walks over to close the door.

WILLIE

Guys, we gotta be quiet in here,
shhh!

He gets in bed, dims the light.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Okay, now, you two get some sleep.
We've got a big day tomorrow!

EXT. OUTSIDE RED'S RUBBER PLANT - AFTERNOON

Winthorp working on his truck, sits on edge of hood, feet
inside engine area.

He's interrupted by cell phone call, which sits on a big Tool
Box behind him. 'From Russian with Love' is the ringtone.

Startled, he quickly reaches back to answer. Off-balance, he
falls back out of engine, bangs head on tool the box, which
knocks cellphone off: it drops, smacking him on forehead.

WINTHORP

Oww!! Yes, Yes Sir?

IGOR (O.S.)

Mr. Winthorp, I trust you are
prepared for tonight's excursion,
no?

WINTHORP

No. I mean, Yes, Yes, Sir, I am!
Just checking the truck now.

INTERCUT:

IGOR

Good, good. Listen, carefully. I
need you to extract #3, Saturday
night, and I want his Drone
replacement in place by Monday
morning, understood?

WINTHORP

Saturday Night, Sir?
(disappointed)
Don't we have #3 scheduled for
Monday--

IGOR

--Did I, stutter, Mr. Winthorp?

Winthorp 'acts out' on his end, stomps feet, flails arms, lets out frustrations.

WINTHORP

Yes, Sir--I, I mean, no Sir, you did not.

IGOR

Good. See to it, then, the schedule has been moved up.

Abruptly hangs up phone, Winthorp finishes repairing truck.

INT. MONTEREY BALL HALL OF FAME - AFTERNOON

Sign on Hall door shows "Closed". Winthorp pushes his service box down the service hallway, stops behind exhibit of Kobe Bryant.

Kobe holds a Spalding Basketball, a Championship Trophy. Winthorp slowly reaches into exhibit, grabs Ball, tucks into service box.

WINTHORP

Ahh, come here, you, time for a little upgrade.

Carts off down corridor, close-up of Hall of Fame Basketball in service box shows he is terrified.

EXT. OUTSIDE RED'S RUBBER PLANT - NIGHT

Willie, Lisa, Little Sammie, and Bruce-Bruce slowly coast bikes up to Red's Rubber plant. Willie cuts off Tek-Tracker 2000 GPS, sees Winthorp Ball Truck parked out front.

Willie, Valerie tucked inside basket on bike, pulls up close to Plant, stash bikes in nearby bushes, he looks around at friends.

WILLIE

Okay, you guys, this might be dangerous, we're goin' commando into enemy territory
(pause)
This is your last chance to get out.

Looks for any faltering decision, there is none. Everyone dressed in Black, all ready to go.

They slowly, carefully approach back of building, Valerie looks nervous, under Willie's arm as they approach.

INT. RED'S RUBBER PLANT, VAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Igor, in white lab coat, hums as he loads a navigation system into a Championship ball. He seals it up, plugs a couple of coordinates into Laptop, hits button.

EXT. BACK OF RED'S RUBBER PLANT - MOMENTS LATER

Willie and Crew, make way to back of building, lights are on inside, shadows of someone can be seen through the window.

Willie signals everyone quiet, positions under big window with lights on, signals Bruce-Bruce to give a lift to see inside, climbs his back and looks in the window.

INT. RED'S RUBBER PLANT - VAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Igor adjusts trajectory software in drone systems on laptop, hums along, enters flight paths for each ball.

In background, Willie's head appears in window, eyes barely peeking over window sill, Bruce-Bruce doing best to hold steady.

EXT. OUTSIDE RED RUBBER PLANT - CONTINUOUS

LISA

Can you see anything? What do you see?

WILLIE

I see, I see--it's him!

SAMMIE

It's who? Who is it?

He looks down from Bruce-Bruce's shoulders.

WILLIE

That guy, the one who almost hit us the other day! He's in there--and he's got a whole bin of balls!

Valerie hears, becomes anxious.

VALERIE

We've got to get in there, Willie!
We can't leave them here!

WILLIE WILSON

You're right, we've got to get
inside.

Sammie spots an open window, Bruce-Bruce lifts him and he slides in and carefully creeps through room, down hall to back door, opens door, they all scurry in.

Twelve seconds later, an alarm goes off at that very door!

INT. RED'S RUBBER PLANT - CONTINUOUS

VAT ROOM:

The alarm blare alerts Igor there's an intruder on premises, he leaves Vat room, runs down hall to security room.

HALLWAY:

Willie runs, fast as he can, but friends and balls outpace him, he is last down the hall.

SECURITY ROOM/HALLWAY:

Winthorp hears commotion, grabs crowbar, races to back door, gets to door right before Willie does. He does not see Willie standing behind him in hallway. Willie quietly backs away.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Willie quickly ducks into Security Room, hides under the table with all the drone tech on it, he's trapped! Winthorp walks back in, followed by Igor.

IGOR

Who was that?

WINTHORP

I dunno, but whoever it was,
they're gone! The door is still
open.

Winthorp clicks on computer for the security camera as Igor paces the room. Willie sees his feet as he walks by in front of the table.

WINTHORP (CONT'D)
 Someone broke into the back door,
 but nothing seems to be missing or
 anything, I--

IGOR
 --What?! How, who??

WINTHORP
 I dunno, but...

Pulls up pictures from security camera.

WINTHORP (CONT'D)
 We did get good shots of the
 burglars, look!

Clicks through several pictures, one of Bruce-Bruce's big
 butt headed out the door, one very sharp picture of a little
 kid looking back down hall.

IGOR
 Hmm. This, this kid,
 I remember this face. Where do I
 know this kid from?

WINTHORP
 Ha! I was saying the same thing,
 Boss! I saw him on my Ball-Run last
 night, twice!

Willie cringes under table.

IGOR
 Are you saying, this kid was in our
 plant?

WINTHORP
 Yes, and he's got friends!

Igor Checkoutski is not happy.

IGOR
 You remember the street you saw the
 little brat on, no?

WINTHORP
 No--I mean, yes! Yes, I believe so,
 Sir
 (mumbles)
 I never get that right.

Igor looks sternly at Winthorp, he slaps self on side of
 head.

IGOR

Find him. I want his friends, too!
I want them all neutralized before
Championships start, understood?

WINTHORP

Yes, Sir!

Willie gasps, watches two pairs of legs exit room, locking
the door behind them. Silence.

EXT/INT. OUTSIDE RED'S RUBBER PLANT - MOMENTS LATER

Lisa, Valerie in arms, Sammy, Bruce-Bruce bailing down
sidewalk about to cross street, Lisa looks back for Willie.

LISA

Hey guys! Wait, wait! Stop!
Where's Willie??

SAMMIE

He's still in there?? I thought he
was behind you, Bruce!

BRUCE-BRUCE

(panting)

Nope! I, I didn't see 'em, I was
runnin'--

LISA

--You guys, we gotta go back for
him!!

INT. SECURITY OFFICE, RED'S RUBBER PLANT - MOMENTS LATER

Willie crawls out from under Tech table, sees all the
equipment, controls, laptop open showing trajectories. He
slowly leans over, reads the screen.

WILLIE (V.O.)

Whaaa? They really are rigging the
games! OMG! Those are trajectory
algorithms!

Clicks enter on keyboard, a video runs showing various balls
under drone control in different games, helpless.

Guidance systems keep them from being hit, going out of
bounds, scoring, altering their trajectories on Athletes,
making them miss.

WILLIE (V.O.)
 Cheaters! I gotta stop 'em, but
 how? I can't, I don't know enough
 to...

Suddenly, he IMAGINES Katherine Johnson standing over
 shoulder, encouraging him, sees her loom over him in his
 reflection in computer screen, she whispers in his ear.

KATHERINE
 You can do this Willie, this is
 what you've trained for
 (beat)
 You're going be an engineer one
 day!

His eyes grow big with awe, quickly pulls out Tek-Trakker
 2000, begins to punch in info, smiles as he recalculates
 trajectories.

WILLIE
 Velocity, horizontal velocity,
 angle of launch.

Pockets Tek-Trakker, begins typing on their laptop.

WILLIE (CONT'D)
 Initial height, range, time of
 flight...

Suddenly, he hears taps on office window, little Sammie's
 head bobs in window, Bruce-Bruce steadies himself.

EXT. RED'S RUBBER PLANT - INTERCUT

Sammie waves.

SAMMIE
 There he is! I see him!

Willie smiles, hits enter, creeps over to window, takes
 Winthorp's crowbar, crawls up on table, struggles mightily to
 pry old window open.

He huffs, puffs, gives all; it opens, Lisa watches him crawl
 over, down little Sammie, then Bruce-Bruce, jumps from Bruce-
 Bruce's shoulder to ground.

Lisa looks at him with awe, he stands like Superman, all run
 across street together, hop on bikes, tear out down road,
 Valerie safely in Willie's Basket.

EXT. SIDE YARD UNDER WILLIE'S BEDROOM WINDOW - NEXT DAY

Willie with Ardros sitting under a tree in side yard, several other balls tucked underneath nearby bushes, plants, all within 'earshot' of Willie, Ardros.

ARDROS

Alright, you guys, we're all in on this.

Looks around yard at partially hidden balls, Willie leans back against tree, as if just relaxing in yard.

ARDROS (CONT'D)

Tomorrow night, we're going to liberate our Brothers and Sisters!

WILLIE

Yeah, this is going to be 'not easy'.

VALERIE

What are we going to do, exactly?

ARDROS

Well, we've got to get back into that Rubber Plant by tomorrow night. Any later and those Balls, our Balls, will be all be drones!

VALERIE

We gotta stop them, Willie! Balls are bound by 'Rules of Sport', the Code!

WILLIE

Rules of Sport? What code?

VALERIE

Yes, yes, we can't be used to cheat, or, or steal a game of any kind, it's shameful. We are bound by our Code of Honor as Balls to abide by the natural laws of--

WILLIE

--Trajectory! Motion! Physics!

FRANK

That's right, Bud; win or lose, the ball always bounces true and fair.

Just then, Bob pulls into the driveway; he's got Granny Mae in the car! Willie jumps up, knocking Ardros back, runs over to car to greet Granny, Mae.

WILLIE WILSON

Granny Mae!!

Granny slowly gets out of car, is immediately smothered by Willie's hugs.

GRANNY MAE

Ohhh, ohhh, heyyy, Gran'son!

(hugs)

How's that head of yours, boy?

WILLIE

Just fine, Granny, I'm all good!

Sooo glad to see you!

Ardros looks closely at Granny Mae, as if he recognizes her, Bob gets Granny Mae's suitcase out of car, head inside, Willie, Granny are inseparable.

Ardros slowly rolls over to walkway, watches them enter the house. Bounces up stairs, stops at door, stares as it closes.

ARDROS (V.O.)

That's gotta be Mae! It's gotta be!

INT. WILSON HOME - EVENING

Granny Mae, Irma, Willie in living room sitting on couch, Betty, Bob in kitchen doing dinner dishes.

GRANNY MAE

So, Gran'daughter, you all set to play in these big International Games, huh?

Reaches over, puts arms around Irma, Irma leans in.

IRMA

Absolutely, Granny, I've been waiting for this tournament all season!

WILLIE

And, she's really good, Granny, she's gonna win her matches, I been helping her with--

IRMA

--Yeah, well, let's just hope there's no interference by Checkoutski or his goons!

GRANNY MAE

Interference? Whatchu' mean, chil'? You betta talk to me!

WILLIE

It's a long story, Granny, but I think guys 're tryin' to cheat in' in the Championships!

IRMA

Yeah, I have to admit, Willie was right about this guy, and they've done it before, too.

GRANNY MAE

Who? Done what, Chil'?
Who's messin' with my Gran'
Daughter's game?

EXT. SIDE YARD UNDER WILLIE'S BEDROOM WINDOW - DAY

Balls, including Valerie, Frank, meeting under Willie's window.

ARDRO

Okay, okay, we all know what we gotta do. Any questions from any ball?

WANDA JEAN

Are you sure this is gonna work?

ARDRO

No. I'm not sure of anything except I know we gotta try. There's no other way to save our balls.

VALERIE

I think this will work, but--

FRANK

--Yeah, but, who's gonna drive the van?

EXT. RED'S RUBBER PLANT - AFTERNOON

Winthorp working hard to get ballnapped Drone-Balls loaded into truck, does not notice four bicycles across street in bushes, drives off.

Willie, Lisa, Sammy, Bruce-Bruce watch the Tek-Tracker signal pulse on pad, Winthorp drives off, Willie shuts off tech, stuffs it in back pocket.

He has Valerie, Lisa has Ardoro, they look both ways, dash across street, Bruce-Bruce gives little Sammie a boost to the window, again.

INT/EXT. RED'S RUBBER PLANT - CONTINUOUS

Sammy does his thing, going through a window. Soon they are all inside Rubber Plant, creep quietly along corridors and make their way to the Ball Bin.

ARDRO

Sheeesh! This place wreaks of burnt rubber!

WILLIE

Well, it is a rubber plant so--

SAMMIE

--Look at that! Is that, are those--

VALERIE

--Championship Balls!

Willie looks through window, sees bin with a Basketball, Baseball, Football, Soccer Ball, Tennis Ball, Ping Pong Ball, and Volleyball. Drone navigation systems are on table.

WILLIE

Will you look at that?
He's gonna--he's substituting Drone-tech Championship Balls for regular Game Balls!!

FRANK

He's gonna control 'em! Control the
(beat)
He's gonna steal the Games!

Opens door to room, soon as he does, Balls yell for help!

VOLLEYBALL #1

Hey! Hey!! Help!! You, you guys are here to help, right??

ARDRO

Yeah, yeah! We're gonna get you
guys outa there, just hold on!

VENUS

Please! Hurry! That creep will be
back here any minute!
He's trying to turn us all into his
Drones! Hurry!!!

Bruce-Bruce lifts heavy latch, Balls all bounce out, fleeing
room. Dramatic music rises, Willie, crew follow freed Balls
down hall to Ball Bin, passing by Vat room.

Willie slides to a stop.

WILLIE

Wait! Hold on, you guys!

Runs into Vat room, dumps table cover full of electronics
into vat, equipment starts to melt down, pulls, unplugs Vat
from wall, runs out room, catching up to crew.

All run down hall behind Balls, which are bouncing ahead of
them, determined to free their fellow Balls!

INT. RED'S RUBBER PLANT - AFTERNOON

Willie, Crew, Balls, arrive at Ball Bin room, big Bruce-Bruce
charges Bin, preparing to lift latch to release them.

VARIOUS BALLS IN BIN

Hey! Heyyyy! Right here! Get us
outta here!!

VALERIE

Hang on! We're getting you out of
there, just hang on!!

INT. WINTHORP'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Winthorp is halfway to Hall when he glances at passenger
seat, realizes he's left replacement Ball!

WINTHORP

Oh, shoooot, the Ball!!

Immediately hangs illegal U-turn, heads back to Plant,
stepping on it, hitting corners, big truck swaying with each
turn.

INT. RED'S RUBBER PLANT, BALL BIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Valerie, Ardros are first to bounce to Ball Bin, balls inside rush cyclone cage door.

ARDRO

We're gettin' you outta there, hold on, hold on!

Suddenly, Tek-Tracker Alarm beeps in Willie's back pocket; pulls it and sees blip is tracking back to Plant!

WILLIE

Bruce-Bruce! Help me with this latch!

Bruce-Bruce and Lisa join Willie at gate, Little Sammie stands look-out at door. They lift latch, balls burst out, run for door!

Everyone dashes down corridor for exit! Balls are bouncing "every which-a-away" off walls, windows, struggling to be free of Plant.

EXT. RED'S RUBBER PLANT FRONT DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Winthorp screeches to a stop in front of entryway, bails out of truck, rushes up steps, just as he gets up stairs, double-doors burst open, he's inundated, barrage of Balls bouncing toward him, tries to duck, dodge incoming balls.

Winthorp

Whhooaa! Heyyyy!

Balls come barreling through doorway, taking turns battering him back, he ducks, rolls on ground to try to escape attack.

20-25 Balls of every kind make their way past him as he rolls on ground.

WINTHORP

Heyyy, what the heck??

Willie, friends are last to exit building, see Winthorp chasing after bouncing Balls.

Valerie

Wha, what are we--how are we gonna to get away from here?

LISA

The Balls are leaving!! How we gonna--

WILLIE

--Don't worry, I got a plan, and she should be arriving any second!

Sound of screeching tires gets everyone's attention as a rental van fishtails to a stop near plant entrance. Back of van doors swing open just as Ardro and Balls hit sidewalk, he quickly leads them inside back of van!

INT. RENTAL VAN FRONT SEAT - CONTINUOUS

Van's driver is Granny Mae! She leans out side window, looks back to Grandson.

GRANNY MAE

Let's get a move on, Sonny, I only rented this for an hour!

Balls huddle in back of Van as Willie, Lisa, Sammie, Bruce-Bruce slip by Winthorp's efforts to corral them.

They pile in front seat, Granny Mae punches it just as Winthorp reaches back door of Van, burning rubber on way out, leaving Winthorp in black cloud of exhaust.

INT. RED'S SPORTS MANAGEMENT OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Igor testing Championship Balls, Soccer Ball bouncing erratically as he makes it maneuver through a makeshift Soccer Goal.

IGOR

Goaaal!!! Bahahahahaaa!

Grins sadistically as the ball struggles to bounce away, but is guided by the drone-tech inside it. Igor smiles.

His phone rings, he takes Winthorp's call, suddenly, his face is no longer smiles.

IGOR (CONT'D)

I don't care how this happened, Winthorp, I want those balls in this arena by tomorrow morning, you hear me?? If we don't have those Drones for the Finals tomorrow, well--we'll both be spending our Summers in Siberia!

INT. RED'S RUBBER PLANT - CONTINUOUS

WINTHORP

Yes, Yes Sir! I tried to catch--

INTERCUT:

IGOR

--You failed, Mr. Winthorp! You failed, miserably! Make It right-- or else!

A sudden 'click' ends phone call. Igor pushes another button to his secretary.

IGOR (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Get me Commissioner Kushner on the phone, now!

EXT. SEASIDE STADIUM, TENNIS COURT - CHAMPIONSHIP MORNING

Stadium is fills up quickly for Championships of each Sport. MEL OSBOURNE, 50, 'HI-DEF' BOOKER, 35, at Mic doing color-commentary.

INT. ANNOUNCERS BOX - CONTINUOUS

MEL OSBORNE

Hi there!

(waves)

We want to welcome you all to our little part of the world.

HIGH DEF BOOKER

That's right, Mel! Welcome everybody, to the beautiful Monterey Peninsula, huh?

MEL

That's right, we've got a wonderful day of International competition for you here at the 25th Annual International Regional Invitationals at Monterey Bay.

HIGH DEF

Yep, we've got some of the best International Collegiate and High School Athlete's from 20 Countries here with us today!

MEL

And, they get to play with some of the most famous Championship Balls from each Sport's history!

HIGH DEF

You know these youngster's will get a kick outta that, huh?
(bumps elbows)

EXT. SEASIDE STADIUM SERVICE RAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Workers shuffling around, making last minute equipment checks. Winthorp, Igor having heated conversation near loading Dock.

IGOR

The Inspectors will be here in minutes, Winthorp; where are my Balls?!

WINTHORP

I, I have the bulk of them, Sir, but, but there was no way I could catch...

Just then a rather plump, elderly worker wheels a squeaky cart of balls past them, both stare intently at balls in cart.

IGOR

Are those our Balls?

WINTHORP

No, no, Sir. They should be in the next cart, labeled "Championships"

Igor lets a small smile crack face.

INT. SEASIDE STADIUM SERVICE RAMP - MOMENTS LATER

A second cart of about thirty Balls wheel past Winthorp, Checkoutski, they stare intently at balls, balls stare back as they are wheeled past.

WINTHORP

That's them, Boss, that cart is labeled for the Championships. I'll be able to switch them out for our Balls in just a few minutes, Sir.

IGOR

Good! At least we'll have the
Championship balls in the games,
then. Mr. Kushner will be happy
with that. I'll be in my Box office
watching the coverage.

Winthorp goes to get bin of real Hero Balls, does not notice
the "new worker" on dock who's been hanging around near him.

INT. SEASIDE STADIUM LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Lisa comes out from behind the rather 'large and fluffy'
"worker; she's been hiding behind Granny Mae's large frame,
secretly videotaping Winthorp's conversation with Igor.

LISA

Got 'em! We got 'em, Granny Mae!!

GRANNY MAE

Hush, Chil'!

(shushes Lisa)

We got more work to do, we're not
through yet! Now, you go on, get
that camera up to KWJB's office on
the third floor, ya hear? I'll get
the truck. Go on now, get from
here!

Lisa take off running.

INT. SEASIDE STADIUM LOADING DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Winthorp wheels cart of Championship Balls across loading
dock to storage room, suddenly the cart stops moving forward.

WINTHORP

Heyyy! What gives

(looks)

What the? Hey, kid, move it, will
ya?

Sees big Bruce-Bruce sitting in his path.

WINTHORP (CONT'D)

What are you doing back here? Get
outta here, kid!!

Willie steps out from behind nearby a crate, Sammie steps out
from inside a small box near crates.

WILLIE

We're not going anywhere, chump!

SAMMIE

Yeah, we're not going anywhere,
chump, but you are!

Winthorp suddenly recognizes Willie's face.

WINTHORP

Heyyy! You're that kid--that, that
kid in the Plant! Why you little
rat, what're you...

The roar of Granny's rental truck swooping up to docks,
backing up to lift gate, catches Winthorp's attention.

Granny hits dock and the back of truck opens, out come dozens
of Medicine Balls, Bowling Balls on a mission! Ardros leads
them out.

ARDRO

Let's Gooo!! Get him!

Winthorp's shocked face, dozens of Balls barrel up ramp, he
tries to duck and dodge as they begin barraging him from all
angles.

He's able to kick some balls back, dodge some, but even more
Bowling Balls get through.

Bruce-Bruce and Sammie push Winthorp's cart of Championship
Balls down ramp toward Granny Mae's truck.

WINTHORP

Heyyy, stop that! You kids come
back here with those balls!

Bam! Winthorp is suddenly knocked off his feet by a single
Ball...a Bowling Ball!

WILLIE (V.O.)

Yesss!! Bowling Balls! Medicine
Balls! Ardros's 'Big Guns' have
arrived!!

Willie hears 'rally call' as they charge Winthorp!
Championship Balls cheer as they are wheeled back down ramp
to Granny Mae's waiting truck, right past charging balls.

INT. ANNOUNCERS BOX - MOMENTS LATER

Mel, with Hi-Def, interviewing Commissioner Kushner, their pictures show on big screens, right to audience, as an Assistant enters box, stands "off-camera", note in hand.

MEL OSBORNE

Hey, hold on there Commissioner
 (grabs note)
 We've got live questions coming in
 from
 (beat)
 The local KWJB Channel 5 Sports
 desk, how 'bout that?

Kushner looks surprised, leans back as Mel passes note across him, to Hi-Def. He reads, glances at Kushner.

HIGH DEF

Ahh, dang, Mel
 (beat)
 This is gonna be good!

INT/EXT. LOADING DOCK OF COLISEUM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike on Live Interview, shows on big screens all around stadium, he's standing in loading dock of stadium.

Igor Checkoutstki watches with growing interest from Box.

MIKE

Commissioner, we don't have much
 time, but can you tell us your
 connection to Igor Checkoutstki and
 the load of missing Game Balls
 recovered here today?

Mike steps back to show bin of stolen balls.

The crowd gasps! Willie, Wanda Jean, several big-gun Medicine Balls, Bowling Balls head to elevator to get Igor before he can escape. The Commissioners is speechless.

MIKE (CONT'D)

That's okay, Commissioner, we've
 got an inside source on the matter.

Camera fades back to show Winthorp's face, Granny Mae's hand on back of his neck, Lisa has drone remote controls, darts medicine ball all over the place.

GRANNY MAE

Go ahead! Tell 'em, tell 'em what
ya did, Boy! Didn't ya Mama teach
you not to steal?

Winthorp looks over, sees four Medicine Balls bouncing off to
side, and two Bowling balls slowly rolling back and forth in
place, ready to strike.

He unwillingly tells what he's done in service of Igor
Checkoutski, Commissioner Kushner.

WINTHORP

Well, I, uhh, ~~WE~~--I mean, uhh,
we've been swapping Championship
balls out from the Ball Hall of
Fame, and, uhh...

Granny Mae tightens grip.

WINTHORP (CONT'D)

And, we were--replacing them with
Drone Balls, so we could control
them during the games--

GRANNY MAE

--Tell 'em whyyy?

WINTHORP

Because, because we knew they'd be
using Championship Balls for the
games, so, we ballnapped them from
the Hall, and rigg'em!

Winthorp talks, confesses for all to see on big screens.
FLASHBACKS show all his past deeds: Winthorp shown swiping
balls from neighborhood yards, locks balls in a Bin.

Igor shown analyzing balls, slices them open to insert
drones. Igor controls the balls, bouncing them around,
laughing. His computer screen reveals 'Operation Drone'.

MIKE

And so, there you have it, folks,
live and in living color.

Kushner looks around, still in shock, slowly gets up.

COMMISSIONER

I, I...

Announcer's Box doors swing open, Seaside, Monterey Police
officers step in, take Kushner away, still mumbling to self.

Igor makes a dash to garage as soon as he sees Kushner getting arrested on T.V.

He and Sebastian riding down elevator, are surprised when elevator door opens, and he see Willie, bouncing a Ball.

WILLIE

Hi, there!
(waving)

Willie hits 'close door' button before they can get off. Igor, Sebastian look shocked as door closes on Willie's smiling face.

Sebastian turns to Igor, quickly hits 'open door' button.

Doors open, reveals Willie, still standing there, but this time there's a troop of "bouncing Balls" behind him. Big Balls--Medicine Balls.

Willie, bounces one big Dodge Ball, Wanda Jean, as Sebastian tries to exit!

SEBASTIAN

Move back, Child!

WILLIE

Wanda Jean--take him out!

Picks up Wanda Jean, takes dead aim, launches, smacking Sebastian square on forehead, pushing him back into elevator, bumping Igor back against elevator wall.

IGOR

Whaa, why you little otrod'ye
(Russian for "Brat")

Just as Igor pushes forward to confront Willie, he's bombarded by Medicine Balls.

WANDA JEAN

FIRE!!!

Medicine Balls launch, striking both Igor and Sebastian all over from head to foot. Bowling Balls strike next, beating them back into elevator.

Igor, Sebastian try to duck, dodge, but too many Balls are coming in, hitting their mark.

INT. LOADING DOCK OF COLISEUM - MOMENTS LATER

Authorities arrive at elevator, find Willie bouncing a Dodge Ball, Igor, Sebastian, unconscious, slumped against elevator wall.

They take them into custody, Igor can be heard muttering to self.

IGOR

The Balls, those, those Balls!
How could they? It's not, not possible!

One Officer notices all the Medicine Balls, two Bowling Balls sitting around elevator near Willie.

OFFICER #1

Yeah, yeah, tell it to the Judge,
an American Judge, by the way.

INT. WILSON HOME, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Willie's Family and Friends gathered around living room's Big Screen TV, waiting for Mike's 'Sports Update' segment to air.

Pizza, Hot Dogs everywhere, Lisa, Sammy, Bruce-Bruce eating, Betty, Irma brings out a camcorder, cake.

BETTY

Well, Willie, I must say, we are
just very, very proud of you, Son!

IRMA

Yeah, Willie, I don't know how you
figured all this out, but even I'm
very impressed, Little Bro!

Willie gets excited to tell his deeds.

WILLIE

Really? Well, I used my Tek
Tracker 2000 to find the plant,
and, and...

Phone rings, interrupting Willie's storytelling, Bob answers, turns, smiles at Willie, nodding.

BOB

Hello. Yes, yes, of course. Yes, I
certainly will, thank you!

Bob hangs up, dons a huge smile.

BOB (CONT'D)
 That was the local NASA AMES
 officials! They heard about what
 you managed to get done, Son! They
 extended you a personal invite to
 attend their new Katherine Johnson
 Space Camp!

Everyone breaks out in cheers, Willie drops ice-cream cone,
 almost falls out of chair.

BOB (CONT'D)
 Son, you did really good, and
 actually, all of you have. We're
 going to have a big BBQ at the
 Robinson Center, to celebrate.

Granny Mae is excited, claps her hands, chanting.

GRANNY MAE
 Willie, Willie, Willie!

WILLIE
 Granny, stop, I, I had a lot of
 help.

Turns to friends at table, in turn, Lisa smiles at Willie,
 while Sammy, Bruce-Bruce devour Pizza.

WILLIE (CONT'D)
 You guys, you guys are the best!
 Without your help I, I couldn't
 have done any of this!

LISA
 Well, after seeing you talk...

Lisa catches herself about to reveal Willie's secret, Sammy,
 Bruce-Bruce freeze in middle of Pizza bites, Willie, pizza
 dangling, shoots her a frantic glare.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Uhh, the, umm, the balls...all get
 freed, I'm, I'm just happy as can
 be, yayy!

Mike's Sports Update comes on TV, just in time, all watch
 intently as they get the update. Mike is on T.V., reporting.

INTERCUT TV:

MIKE WILSON

And the local authorities have contacted the Ball Hall of Fame, and have begun the returning of the stolen Championship Balls to their rightful exhibits in the Ball Hall...

Officials shown, watch return of Championship Balls, each ball is happy to return their exhibit, to CHEERS from resident balls.

MIKE WILSON (CONT'D)

And, all three culprits have been arrested and held at the Seaside Police Station, pending final charges by the Monterey District Attorney.

Igor, Commissioner Kushner, Winthorp all being hauled off in handcuffs.

MIKE WILSON (CONT'D)

Also, more good news; the Games will go on as scheduled starting tomorrow afternoon.

TV camera zooms in on Mike.

MIKE WILSON (CONT'D)

Lastly, I want to acknowledge my personal connection to this story.

Willie listens to his Brother, intently, leaning in.

MIKE

You see, the little Boy who managed to uncover this scheme, and bring these bad guys to justice, well, that little guy is my little Brother, and my new Hero.

Willie gasps, a tear swells in eyes to hear his Big Brother recognize him, he swells with pride, a huge smile of satisfaction on face.

INT. WILSON HOME - LATER

The family gathered around getting personal update from Mike. Willie has Valerie, Irma has Frank, Granny Mae has Ardro, Baby Trina is in high-chair, all sitting around couch.

MIKE

So, once we turned over the evidence and alerted the Ball Hall, well, Winthorp copped to a Plea Deal!

GRANNY MAE

That boy had no choice, ha!

MIKE

Yeah, he rolled on Igor and the Commish like a bowling ball. It was pretty much "paperwork" for the District Attorney to file charges,
(to Willie)
That's the "Big Lawyer".

GRANNY MAE

Well, what the heck were they *doing* tryin' to steal all them balls?

MIKE WILSON

Well, Granny, according to Winthorp, they were swapping various neighborhood balls cause they look like the old Championship Balls at the Ball Hall. I guess new balls were obviously not "older" Championship balls? I don't know.

IRMA

Go figure!

WILLIE

Well, I guess we won't be seeing either of those goons for a very long time.

GRANNY MAE

That's' right, that's what they get for messing with my Grand chil'ren!

Willie leans into Granny Mae, snuggles.

WILLIE

Thank you, Granny Mae, I love you!

GRANNY MAE

Awww, I love you, too, Grandson...

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE WILSON HOME - LATER THAT EVENING

Granny Mae napping on couch, snoring, loudly, Ardros sitting under Granny Mae's arm, clutches a framed picture, shows a young Granny Mae with brand new Wilson Basketball, him.

ARDROS

So, you see, at least one little
boy did discover the secret life of
balls, and we're all very glad he
did!

Camera slowly backs out of window, past Princess (Meows), out over several murmuring, celebrating balls in yard.

Low chants of "Willie, Willie, Willie", dogs bark at camera as it fades up, away, to beautiful sunset over Monterey Bay.

FADE OUT.

THE END