

STEALING TED WILLIAMS' HEAD

Screenplay by:

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Based on the Short Story by:

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WGA REGISTERED

FADE IN:

INT. VOELKERS (BOWLING ALLEY) - NIGHT

A neon 'BOWLING' sign above the door. An orange ball moving towards white pins. A strike every time.

YOUNG WEBER and YOUNG O'BRIEN (early-20's) sit on the corner stools facing the door. Both in shape. Black hair. Tanned skin. Dirty softball uniforms. O'Brien wears a Red Sox hat.

YOUNG WEBER

You know I heard Springsteen used to want to kill himself.

A 27 x 41 poster of Springsteen on the wall. The one with the black Chuck Taylors dangling off the Telecaster.

YOUNG O'BRIEN (V.O.)

I want to steal that poster.

YOUNG WEBER (V.O.)

Suicidal thoughts back in the 'Glory Days' days.

O'Brien draws on a napkin.

YOUNG WEBER (CONT'D)

That's ironic. Is that ironic?

The BARTENDER drops off the next round.

YOUNG O'BRIEN

I'm totally serious. We should steal that poster and hang it in our bar.

O'Brien slides his napkin sketch to Weber. Exterior of a bar. 'The Stumble Inn'.

YOUNG WEBER

When we open this place, I want a spot for live music.

YOUNG O'BRIEN

And a whole wall of TVs to show every Sox game. We'll be THE Red Sox bar in Buffalo.

YOUNG WEBER

Remind me why it is you like the Sox so much?

YOUNG O'BRIEN
I like Paula Trippi; I fuckin' love
the Sox.

They drink to that.

YOUNG O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
There's no team loyalty anymore.

YOUNG WEBER
You think we can get The Boss to
play our spot?

YOUNG O'BRIEN
Only if we steal that poster.

Young O'Brien puts him in a playful headlock.

Young Weber studies the suds in his bottle.

YOUNG WEBER
We're really doing this, aren't we?

He starts to peel the label off his beer bottle.

YOUNG O'BRIEN
You think I wanna be mowing lawns
the rest of my life?

YOUNG WEBER
Just a couple more g's to go.

YOUNG O'BRIEN
You know what else I'm gonna do?
You've inspired me. I'm gonna call
Paula Trippi.

Weber finishes peeling the label off the bottle. No rips.

YOUNG WEBER
For luck.

Slides it to Young O'Brien.

EXT. WEBER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: "15 YEARS LATER..."

O'Brien's old, red truck is parked in the driveway. Decal magnets for 'LAWN CARE' are plastered on both doors.

INT. WEBER'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - SAME

WEBER and O'BRIEN (late-30's) on the couch. Faces illuminated by the television. No other lights.

Weber rocks his infant daughter ELENA. Fiddles with the TV clicker with his free hand. Spit up cloth over his shoulder.

O'Brien is dirty. Grass-stained boots and an old Sox hat. His face slack from 10 beers. Drinking #11.

Channels change on the TV. SITCOM. NEWS. MOVIE. COMMERCIAL. TITS. COMMERCIAL. NEWS.

O'BRIEN
Go back, go back, go back.

WEBER
What?

O'BRIEN
Just go back.

Changes back two clicks to the POPLESS WOMAN.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
It's boob on TV. And we weren't even looking for it. It's like finding a dollar in your laundry.

WEBER
O'Brien, no. My daughter.

O'BRIEN
She's two months old. Her whole life is boob.

Weber changes the channel. COMMERCIAL. NEWS. BASEBALL.

Grainy, black and white footage of TED WILLIAMS flickers in the dark. A montage of #9's career highlights.

The voice of MovieTone News Announcer LOWELL THOMAS rattles off some of Williams' stats.

THOMAS (V.O.)
In 1941 he had the greatest season of any modern day player, batting .406 at the plate. He was the last of the .400 hitters.

WEBER
Do you believe that? .406. Teddy Ballgame.

O'BRIEN
The Splendid Splinter.

WEBER
The Thumper.

O'BRIEN
The Kid.

Baby Elena starts to stir.

WEBER
The baby. Shhhh.

O'BRIEN
You know his severed head is frozen
in some cryogenics lab in Arizona.

WEBER
Why would anyone want to do that?

O'Brien puts the bottle to his lips. Drains it.

O'BRIEN
That's the thing. Ted didn't
want that. His weirdfuckofa son,
John Henry did.

On the TV screen, Ted Williams is inducted into the Marine
Corps. His head firmly attached to his body.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
Claimed his dad wrote a note on his
death bed. Wanted his head lopped
off, canned, and frozen - until
science could grow him a new body.

O'Brien grabs the last beer from a now-empty 12 pack.

WEBER
It's pretty crackpot thinking.

O'BRIEN
We should steal Ted Williams' head.

Cracks open the beer.

WEBER
Not as crackpot as that.

O'Brien stares at Weber. His beer suspended before his lips.