

LIFE'S CURVE

by

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FADE IN:

INT. DAVID FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ETHAN DAVID, 12, freckled and blonde wears a baseball cap and glove in front of the television. ANNA DAVID, 38, slender with a wrist tattoo sits on the couch next to him.

SUPER: "2000"

ETHAN

Look! Dad's coming in to pitch!

ANNA

Top of the ninth. Man on first.
We're up by one.

(beat)

Come on, Connell!

ETHAN

Let's go, Connell! I mean, Dad!

ON TV

GAME ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Cincinnati needs one out to win this
series against the Pirates.

(beat)

The Red's just brought out the *Irish
Flame Thrower*, Connell David to
close this out.

ETHAN

I need a nickname like Dad. How
about the *Blonde Flame Thrower*!

Anna pulls Ethan's baseball cap down over his eyes.

GAME ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Connell David eyes the catcher.
Nods. Throws. It's a strike!

ANNA

Two more strikes, Conn. You can do
this!

Ethan stands. He mimics his dad's pitching stance.

GAME ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The batter sets. Connell winds up.
Strike two!

Anna stands up. She yells at the television. Ethan mimics
her.

ANNA

Flame thrower! Torch him!

GAME ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Connell David's fast ball is
legendary. Let's see if he uses it?

(beat)

He winds up, throws...oh my, game
over! The Reds win five to four!

Ethan throws down his glove. He celebrates with his mother.

ETHAN

Dad was awesome! One day I'll pitch
in the majors too!

ETHAN (V.O.)

Although my mother and I were close,
my father was my hero. Once the
baseball season was over, we were
always together. He taught me how
to fish, work on the family car and
play baseball. "Son, he would tell
me. Never let anyone or anything
keep you from realizing your
dreams." His advice would change my
life.

EXT. COLLEGE BASEBALL FIELD - BATTING CAGE - DAY

Ethan David, now 21, throws batting practice to a TEAMMATE.
He swings, misses.

TEAMMATE

Take it easy! At least let me hit
the ball.

ETHAN

Sorry, I'll slow it down.

SUPER: "2009"

College roommate, PETE CARRILLO, 21, approaches the cage.
Ethan pauses, takes off his glove.

PETE

I hate finals week. It really gets
in the way of my social life.

ETHAN

My kinesiology final is tomorrow.

PETE

You take classes I can't even
pronounce!

(beat)

I've got a date later on with Stacy.

ETHAN

On the basketball team?

PETE

Oh yeah!

ETHAN

She's about three inches taller than
you?

PETE

Not when we're lying down.

Ethan's teammate waits with crossed arms.

TEAMMATE

Come on Ethan! I need the practice!

ETHAN

Be right there!

Pete waves at a group of COEDS sitting in the stands.

ETHAN

What about your accounting final?

PETE

I'll cram for it later.

Ethan shakes his head, puts his glove back on.

ETHAN

Ready for Ireland? Just two more
weeks!

PETE

Are we doing a medieval banquet?
Hot Irish women singing and serving
food get me excited!

ETHAN

It's already reserved.

PETE

Still projected in the first round?

ETHAN

The Reds said they'll take me fifth
if I'm available?

PETE

That could be a huge signing bonus!
I need to be your agent.

(beat)

Why Ireland?

ETHAN

What do you mean?

PETE

Lauderdale is much closer.

Ethan removes his baseball cap.

ETHAN

Just a way to remember my dad. You
know, him being Irish.

TEAMMATE

Ethan!

Ethan puts his ball cap back on.

ETHAN

I better go!

Pete waves again at the coeds in the stands.

PETE

My fans await. See you back at the
dorm.

ETHAN (V.O.)

I suppose life isn't guaranteed to
any of us, but losing my parents as
a college freshman was especially
hard. Honoring my mother and
father's legacy through baseball
seemed only natural. Dad's Irish
ancestry was the main reason I chose
to visit Ireland for Spring Break.
Would I feel a closer connection
with him? I wasn't sure, but the
possibility excited me just like the
upcoming draft.

INT. SHANNON, IRELAND - MURPHY'S PUB - NIGHT

Ethan and Pete are greeted by a shapely, red-hair FEMALE HOSTESS as she fights to be heard over *Brown Eyed Girl*, blaring from the overhead speakers.

FEMALE HOSTESS
First time at Murphy's?

PETE
(over-dramatized
southern drawl)
Eit shore is.

FEMALE HOSTESS
Now I can tell by your accent that
you boys aren't from around here.

PETE
(moving in closer)
Don't tell anybody, but I'm the odds-
on favorite to become the next
governor of Kentucky and looking for
someone to become my First Lady,
interested?

FEMALE HOSTESS
(laughing)
You two will fit in here
brilliantly!

Ethan and Pete head towards the bar, squeezing past a throng
of local revelers.

ETHAN
I wonder if the local Fire Marshal
is on duty?

PETE
He's probably in a corner tossing
down with the Mayor and Chief
Constable. As much ale and whiskey
as I see flowing, a fire could be
pissed out by the patrons in a
matter of seconds.

A BARTENDER approaches.

ETHAN
An ale for me.

PETE
Make it a Guinness.

ETHAN

We don't have much time before the banquet.

PETE

I hate to leave Ireland. Getting a real job and paying off my student loans is going to suck!

The bartender sets down their drinks.

ETHAN

If the Reds choose me, I'll probably start out in Daytona for their Class A team.

PETE

I could think of worst places to be.

ETHAN

I also plan on restoring my dad's Jeep Wagoneer.

A group of attractive COEDS catch Pete's attention.

PETE

Hey, look over there.

ETHAN

We don't have time.

PETE

It's an opportunity. Come on.

Pete approaches the coed's table.

PETE

My eyes aren't Irish, but they sure are smiling!

CATHERINE KELLY, 20, brunette with plunging knit top points to Ethan.

CATHERINE

Who's your friend?

COED ONE

Yeah, he's cute!

PETE

Come on ladies, what about me?

COED TWO

I'm used to driving a basic compact,
but experiencing something or
someone that's luxurious and sporty
wins out every time!

The girls exchange high-fives.

ETHAN

Sorry, my friend loses his mind
around pretty girls.

CATHERINE

I'd love to lose something else
with you!

Ethan leads Pete back to the bar.

PETE

Are you crazy? She wants you!

ETHAN

Not my type.

Ethan and Pete finish their drinks.

PETE

Always remember, hunting the female
species just takes confidence and
being aggressive.

ETHAN

Coaching would have been a better
major for you than finance.

PETE

Not a chance! I would always be
broke. Chicks like guys with money.

Ethan checks his watch.

ETHAN

Time to go.

INT. CONROY CASTLE - CHAMBER HALL - NIGHT

Ethan and Pete sit at one of several long wooden tables
filled with other TOURISTS and LOCALS.

Irish SINGERS serenade while serving drinks and appetizers to
those in attendance. The animated BUTLER, 30, enters, center
stage.

BUTLER

(dramatic)

Welcome to Conroy Castle. You are the chosen guests of my Lord, The Earl of Thomond. Tonight you will be expected to enjoy our drink, delectable food, and specially chosen entertainment. If you have any compliments, beckon me. If you have any complaints, talk to the cook, he is the largest man in Ireland.

MAURA DOUGALL, 20, alluring in a period dress and flowing black tresses, approaches Ethan's table with a large tray of drinks. Maura loses her balance as a glass spills, soaking Ethan's shirt.

MAURA

Sir, I'm so sorry! I didn't mean--

Ethan grabs a napkin and wipes at his shirt. He looks up.

ETHAN

(spellbound)

It's...okay.

Staring back at Ethan, Maura pauses.

MAURA

(captivated)

I'm...so...clumsy.

Maura grabs Ethan's napkin and begins to dab his shirt.

ETHAN

It's really not a problem.

Ethan continues to fixate on Maura.

MAURA

Would you like another drink?

ETHAN

Promise not to pour it on me?

MAURA

No guarantees.

ETHAN

Then how about an umbrella?

Maura crosses her arms. A wry smile widens across her face.

Maura picks up her tray.

MAURA
(amused)
I'll be right back.

Maura turns, she glances back at Ethan.

PETE
You got her attention.

Ethan pulls aside another FEMALE SERVER from the adjacent table.

ETHAN
(pointing)
Who's that?

The female server scans Ethan.

FEMALE SERVER
Maura Dougall. I wouldn't bother.

ETHAN
Something I should know?

FEMALE SERVER
She's extremely selective.

ETHAN
I am too. What do you suggest?

FEMALE SERVER
Be creative.
(beat)
If it doesn't work out, I'm available.

PETE
That makes two of us.

The Butler re-enters the stage carrying a scroll. He lets it unravel.

BUTLER
Here ye, here ye! Ordered by my
Lord, The Earl of Thomond, a royal
decree will now be read. There
shall be one person among you who
will be chosen to occupy the castle
dungeon for a time yet to be
determined.

(MORE)

BUTLER (CONT'D)

This prisoner will remain in solitary confinement, and can only gain his or her freedom by singing a melody that is approved by you, the Earl's invited guests. As butler and curator I now ask you to shout aloud your choice.

Various names echo throughout the chamber hall. Pete leads the surrounding tables in a rhythmic chant.

PETE

Ethan, Ethan, Ethan, Ethan!

The Butler motions for the shouting to stop.

BUTLER

So...we have a winner? Or should I say a looser? Guards, fetch the prisoner.

Ethan is escorted by the castle guards and placed in an imaginary cell located just off stage right.

BUTLER

Why should I consider releasing you?

ETHAN

(in character)

I am falsely accused of my crime, but willing to sing my way to freedom.

BUTLER

What are you prepared to sing?

ETHAN

An original composition, but with one stipulation. I want to serenade, Maura Dougall.

The crowd murmurs with excitement.

BUTLER

Well my boy, I like your grit.

Ethan points to a small upper-level balcony overlooking the main room.

ETHAN

I want her to stand up there.