

"ALIBI IKE"

Original Story

by

Ring Lardner

**

Screen Play

by

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Supervisor:
Edward Chodorov
3/19/35

CAST

FRANK X. FARRELL (ALIBI IKE).....
DOLLY.....
CAP.....
OWNER.....
CRAWFORD.....
CRAWFORD'S LIEUTENANT.....
CAREY.....
JACK MACK.....
CAP'S WIFE.....

BITS: Coach - Gimp (boy) - Jeweler - Detective Agency
Board Men - Two Detectives - Policeman - Chambermaid -
Conductor - Porter - Reporters - Negro Boy (service
elevator at hotel) - Two thugs - Two bellboys - Several
ball players - Several thugs (Crawford's) Three different
Umpires - Score board keeper - Two Fans -

- - - - -

4 (Cont.)

OWNER:

If I can make a prophecy the first day of the season, Cap -- I have a very strong hunch we're going to finish a lot stronger this year than last.

CAP:

We couldn't finish much worse!

OWNER:

I have every confidence in you personally, Cap -- and I've convinced the other stockholders to let you work it out your own way.

CAP:

Thanks, Tom. I wish you'd convinced them not to sell Pennock.

OWNER:

Well, you're sure to find a pretty likely pitcher among the ten new rookies.

CAP:

(morosely)

Maybe so, but I wish I had Pennock.

OWNER:

Oh, snap out of it, Cap -- we still got the rest of the club.

CAP:

Sure. If you cut off Max Baer's right arm, you still got the rest of a heavy-weight champion, too.

OWNER:

It's not as bad as all that. Pennock was good, but it isn't every year you can get a hundred thousand dollars for one man.

CAP:

Who's going to pitch for us -- them hundred thousand?

OWNER:

You've got good material in those rookies. There's one boy alone, Farrell, struck out twenty men in one game last year.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.1)

CAP:

(disgustedly)

Sure! In Sauk Center, wasn't it?...
 Did they claim Babe Ruth was playin'
 against him in Sauk Center last year?
 I bet I got to ring a cow bell to get
 him off the field!

OWNER:

(still trying to evince
cheerful enthusiasm)

Well, at that, you could buy a lot of
 cow bells with a hundred grand. And
 we can buy another good pitcher, too,
 if one turns up.

CAP:

You could! But pitchers don't just
 turn up every four years - like presi-
 dents.

5. FULL SHOT OUTFIELD

A reporter approaches.

REPORTER:

Just who I'm looking for! --

CAP:

Nothin' to say!

REPORTER:

Hello, Mr. Johnson.

The owner nods, then holds out his hand to Cap.

OWNER:

Good luck, Cap --

(Cap shakes hands)

And don't worry -- I'll join you in
 a little while.....

CAP:

Right, Tom.

6. TRAVEL TWO SHOT CAP AND REPORTER

as they walk toward Infield.

(CONTINUED)

(BEHIND MAIN TITLE AND CREDITS ARE STOCK SHOTS
OF BALL GAMES, PLAYERS, ETC.)

FADE IN

1. SERIES OF COMPOSITE SHOTS NEWSPAPER HEADLINES AND
STOCK SHOTS OF PLAYERS SLIDING IN AND OUT AS FOLLOWS:
 - A. "RUTH SIGNS CONTRACT AS TRAINING SEASON OPENS"
SHOT: Babe Ruth batting.
 - B. "PAUL AND I RARING TO GO" - SAYS DIZZY DEAN"
SHOT: Dean Brothers pitching.
 - C. "TERRY CONFIDENT GIANTS WILL COME BACK"
SHOT: Terry at first base, stretching
full length for high throw.
 - D. "CINCINNATI TO BUILD ATTACK AROUND POOLE"
SHOT: Poole sliding to second base.
 - E. "PENNOCK TRADED FROM CUBS TO N.Y."
SHOT: Pennock throws a ball.

DISSOLVE TO:

2. INSERT (by itself) NEWSPAPER HEADLINE
"CUBS OPEN SPRING TRAINING HERE"

DISSOLVE TO:

3. FULL SHOT CLUBHOUSE PORCH MORNING
Cap and the Owner come from the clubhouse.

DOLLY TO:

4. TWO SHOT CAP AND OWNER
as they walk toward the ball field; CAMERA TRUCKS
with them.

(CONTINUED)

6 (Cont.)

REPORTER:

(half pleading, half ironic)
Come on, Cap - Give me your ideas
about the club for this season so
I can earn this big dough!

CAP:

You couldn't send my ideas about
this club through the mails!

REPORTER:

Then you think they're not so promising?

CAP:

Yeah - they're promising...promising
to finish eighth.

REPORTER:

Who you got for rookie pitchers?

CAP:

No one. Except some kids that run
away from school.

REPORTER:

No one? You got a right hander named
Farrell in that trade - and they say
he looked pretty good down South.

CAP:

Yeah! So did Firpo till he come
North and met Dempsey!

7. FULL SHOT AS THEY APPROACH DUGOUT

The grounds cop enters scene with telegram.

GROUNDS COP:

Telegram, Cap.

He hands it to Cap, who stops; opens it and reads it
through. Cap snorts in disgust.

CAP:

Here's your story!

(reading it aloud)

"Reporting tomorrow. Sorry I was
late, but my calendar was wrong.
Frank X. Farrell." His calendar
was wrong!

(tears it up, viciously)

There's an alibi for you!

8. FULL SHOT EXT. BALL PARK

A Ford is careening along, swerving wildly.

9. CLOSE SHOT FORD

Farrell is desperately trying to stop it by pulling on every piece of equipment in the car he can reach. Suddenly the car jumps the sidewalk and heads for the fence.

10. FULL SHOT FROM INSIDE PARK SECTION OF FENCE
BORDERING OUTFIELD

The Ford comes crashing through and careens down the outfield, scattering the players before it as it swerves wildly from side to side.

11. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL IN FORD

madly pulling the brake, the clutch -- working the gear shift, the throttle, the light switch, everything he can lay his hands on.

12. FULL SHOT FIELD

Cap and the reporter jump as the car comes toward them. The car swerves around, following Cap - and just as though it looks like he will be hit, it stops dead. Farrell stands up in it and yells:

FARRELL:

Look out, Mister!

13. CLOSE SHOT CAP

He walks toward the car as Farrell gets out.

14. FULL SHOT

CAP:

What do you think you're doin'?!

(CONTINUED)

14 (Cont.)

FARRELL:

I'm sorry, mister! I was goin' to
blow my horn, but I didn't want to
frighten you.

CAP:

(in amazement)

You didn't want to ...!

(stops, unable to go on,
then bursts out)

Take that thing and get out of here
before I kill you!

The other ball players have been gathering around.

FARRELL:

(indignantly)

Say -- you don't realize who I am!

CAP:

Sure I do. You're Ty Cobb, but you
got your face lifted to fool the
pitchers!

(points to car)

Drive that thing out of here!

FARRELL:

I can't drive it out. Once she starts
I don't know when she's goin' to stop,
and once she stops, if it's in the
daytime, she most likely won't start
again until the sun goes down.

CAP:

(quietly restraining himself,
with great effort)

Listen you -- This is a ball club,
and you're on the field. Now beat it!

FARRELL:

(indignantly)

It ain't no ball club without a pitcher
unless they changed the rules this year!

CAP:

They've changed 'em, but not enough
to let you into a park without you're
on a leash. Out!

(he starts away)

FARRELL:

Hey, wait a minute! Ain't this the
Cubs?

(CONTINUED)

16. FULL SHOT. OTHER PLAYERS
exchanging significant looks.

17. CLOSEUP CAP AND FARRELL

CAP:

(slowly)

Farrell, didn't you know the club provides uniforms?

FARRELL:

(who obviously didn't know it, hesitates unhappily and then speaks bluffing)

Sure I knew it.

(improvising confidently now)

But I just keep this old suit because it's the first one I ever wore. I practice the first day of every season in it -- to bring me luck.

CAP:

You figure on stayin' a while?

FARRELL:

Yes, sir!

He takes a bat from the car and starts away.

CAP:

Where you goin'?

FARRELL:

I'm goin' out to slug a few.

CAP:

Never mind that. Get out and loosen up your arm.

FARRELL:

Loosen it! All right, but it's as loose as goose grease right now!

He walks out of scene.

CAP:

(to reporter)

That gives you a rough idea of what I'm up against!

(CONTINUED)

17 (Cont.)

REPORTER:

So that's Farrell! He's a character all right!

CAP:

That's the boy that's supposed to take Pennock's place!

REPORTER:

Well, you never can tell....

CAP:

I can tell! I can tell I'm gonna wind up coachin' ten buck games in the sand lots!

Suddenly a sharp, percussive report comes over. They look up for a second, then Cap goes on.

CAP:

I'm glad you were here when it happened. I guess you fellers will believe me now instead of razzing --

Another sharp report interrupts him. They look off.

18. FULL SHOT SECTION OF FIELD

including Cap and Reporter. Farrell, facing the outfield on the side, is pitching them to a catcher. Cap and Reporter start to walk over.

19. CLOSEUP FARRELL

He pitches a ball at mid-season speed.

20. CLOSEUP CATCHER'S MITT

Ball thuds into it with a bullet-like impact.

21. CLOSEUP CATCHER

looks ruefully at mitt hand. His face expresses bewilderment and wonder.

22. FULL SHOT INCLUDING FARRELL AND CAP AND REPORTER

coming up to him.

(CONTINUED)

22 (Cont.)

CAP:

Your calendar is still wrong! This ain't July.

FARRELL:

I know that. It's hot in July.

CAP:

Your arm ain't goin' to be hot in July, if you don't take it easy.

FARRELL:

(burning one in)

I am taking it easy. I never open up the first few weeks.

CAP:

Boy, if you ain't open now --
(stops, unable to find
a phrase)

How many games did you win last year?

FARRELL:

(still burning them in)

Only twenty-eight. I had malaria most of the season.

CAP:

Malaria? Where could I have to send the rest of my boys to get it? That's enough -- come on over here and let's see you hit a few.

-FARRELL:

(picks up his bat and
walks along with Cap)

I ain't hardly warm yet. I could do this all day.

CAP:

Sure, I know. I'm just tryin' to save the catcher.

They have approached the infield. Farrell whips bat a couple of times and strides to plate. Preliminary gesture.

FARRELL:

I never hit my best on Wednesdays.

CAP:

Oh, that's all right. I'll cancel our Wednesday games. Just show us how you hit on the Fourth of July when it comes in Leap Year.

23. PITCHER
winding up and throwing.

PAN WITH BALL TO:

24. FARRELL
hitting it squarely a terrific clout.

25. FULL SHOT
The ball rising very high.

26. TWO SHOT CAP AND FARRELL

FARRELL:

Nope. That'd be only a three bagger
in a regular park.

CAP:

(in amazement)

Only a -- !

He stops and looks at ball.

27. FULL SHOT FORD

The ball falls right into the Ford, hitting some place
around the gear shift - and it immediately starts shoot-
ing forward, then swerving sharply to the right toward
third base.

28. LONG SHOT FIELD

The Ford careening wildly, the players scattering before
it. Suddenly it swerves again, right for home, causing
more players to leap out of the way. People standing near
the grandstand hop into it.

29. FULL SHOT INFIELD

Everybody but Farrell is in full flight. Farrell hops
around the car.

(CONTINUED)

29 (Cont.)

FARRELL:

Whoa there! Whoa now!.....

Suddenly it goes past him and crashes through the fence,
disappears.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

30. CORNER OF HOTEL LOBBY CAP AND OWNER

OWNER:

(jubilantly)

He's the best rookie pitcher I ever saw!

CAP:

(grudgingly)

He looks good pitchin' strikes. But the first wild ball he ever throws'll cost us the game.

OWNER:

What? --

CAP:

It'll be called for darkness while he's still apologizin'. I'll bet he apologizes to his fork every time he takes a bite off it.

31. FULL SHOT INT. BILLIARD ROOM

At a billiard table are Farrell, Jack Mack, and another player, with cues in their hands. Carey is bent over the table ready to make a very difficult shot. Farrell has a bag of peanuts in his pocket from which he has been eating. As we come in, while Carey is poised for the shot, Farrell is chewing a peanut and he is taking another one from his pocket. Just as Carey is about to shoot, Farrell cracks the peanut. Carey straightens up and turns around.

CAREY:

Is it absolutely necessary for you to crack peanuts while I'm making a shot?

Farrell says nothing, and Carey bends again. Just as he is about to shoot -

FARRELL:

It's necessary for me to crack 'em if I want to eat 'em.

CAREY:

(straightens up)

But not when I'm making a shot!

Farrell says nothing, and again Carey bends.

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.)

FARRELL:
 (just as Carey is about
 to shoot)
 There's nothing like peanuts for a
 cold.

Carey straightens and leans on the cue, looking at
 Farrell.

MACK:
 I thought you was takin' 'em for
 that malaria.

FARRELL:
 What malaria?

CAREY:
 The malaria all them guys had that
 didn't get no hits offa you last
 year!

He bends and makes the shot quickly - misses. The Fourth
 Man shoots - just as Farrell cracks a peanut. The man
 misses.

FARRELL:
 I remember a funny game I played
 once with a feller, and the wife.

MACK:
 Your wife?

FARRELL:
 No, no - this other feller's wife!

MACK:
 Are you married?

FARRELL:
 No. I never run around much with
 girls, except to take 'em to shows
 oncet in a while and parties and
 dances and roller skatin' -- hay
 rides -- maybe a ice cream social
 sometimes -- and the movies.

CAREY:
 Just a woman hater, huh?

FARRELL:
 Sure. I got no use for 'em.

MACK:
 Your shot, Farrell.

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.1)

FARRELL:
 What's the layout?
 (he looks it over)
 Looks pretty impossible, don't it?

32. INSERT: TABLE

It is a very hard billiard shot.

33. FULL SHOT TABLE AND PLAYERS

FARRELL:
 Well, a man can only try.
 He shoots.

34. INSERT: TABLE

He makes a three cushion shot, finally hitting the both balls. (The hard way)

35. FULL SHOT TABLE AND PLAYERS

The others are astonished.

FARRELL:
 (squinting down stick)
 This stick must be crooked.

MACK:
 I'd use a hockey stick if I could
 make shots like that with it.

FARRELL:
 My English ain't takin' tonight.

CAREY:
 Ain't takin'? You must need a traffic
 cop to keep them balls apart when
 it does take...

Farrell shoots again. A perfect hit.

FARRELL:
 I ain't much good at this. We
 never played it much at home.

The others look at him.

DISSOLVE TO:

36. FULL SHOT CORNER OF LOBBY

Carey and Mack come into scene and seat themselves.
Carey looks off disgustedly.

37. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

at cigar stand. He picks up a package of gum.

FARRELL:

(to clerk)

Guess I'll take this....

38. MED. SHOT CORNER OF LOBBY

MACK:

It's lucky we boosted the game to
a hundred points -- so's we had a
chance to try the table.

CAREY:

Didn't know how to play!...

(shakes his head)

Them balls acted like they was Dutch
soldiers and him Kaiser William!

MACK:

And at that he begged their pardon
every time he clicked 'em! --

CAREY:

And alibied himself for everything
except housemaid's knee!

Farrell comes into scene slowly, yawning.

39. FULL SHOT CORNER OF LOBBY

FARRELL:

(comes out of the yawn)

I wouldn't of took so long to run
them last fifty -- only for my eyes.

MACK:

You could've left your eyes in the
check room and beat us playin' by
sound.

CAREY:

Yeah -- only the acoustics would've
prob'ly cut that run down to forty-
nine!

40. TIGHT TWO SHOT CAREY AND MACK

CAREY:

(out of the corner of his mouth)

He'd like to go to bed but he can't think up an excuse.

41. FULL SHOT

FARRELL:

Well, goodnight, boys. I ain't sleepy, but I got some gravel in my shoes and it's killing my feet.

He walks swiftly a few steps toward elevator, limping ostentatiously.

CAREY: -

(loudly)

I should think they'd take them gravel pits out of the billiard room.

Farrell disappears, limping even harder.

CAREY:

He's the original Alibi Ike all right! I've heard pitchers say the ball slipped when someone cracked one off 'em, I've heard infielders complain of sore arm after heavin' one into the stand and I've saw out-fielders taken sick with a dizzy spell when they've misjudged a fly ball. But this guy alibis himself no matter what he does - good or bad. He just can't help it.

JACK MACK:

And at that he's goin' to make us a good man!

CAREY:

Yeah! Unless that gravel in his shoes brings back his malaria and throws his eyes out of focus so he can't read his calendar and find the home plate!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

42. SCORE BOARD LABELED

"EXHIBITION GAME YANKEES VS. CUBS"

43. BASEBALL DIAMOND

with all players in position, throwing ball around in pre-game practice.

44. FARRELL

warming up in bull pen with Cap watching closely. Farrell is chewing gum and clowning, but is showing control, speed, and stuff.

CAP:

All right, Farrell, that's enough. Come over here and get your orders.

FARRELL:

(removing gum and placing it on cap)

What orders?

CAP:

(impatiently)

Your pitching orders.

FARRELL:

(throwing down glove and confronting Cap angrily)

Say, Mister, I don't pitch that way.

CAP:

(angry too)

What way?

FARRELL:

(menacing)

I either pitch to win, or I don't pitch! Get that? I ain't throwing no games for no one!

CAP:

(by now, almost apoplectic)

Well, who ast you to throw a game?

(CONTINUED)

44 (Cont.)

FARRELL:
 (relieved, but still
 indignant)
 Well, what else would I need
 orders about?

CAP:
 About how to win it!

FARRELL:
 Runs is what wins a ball game,
 ain't it?

CAP:
 Yeah.

FARRELL:
 (pointing to his
 team mates)
 Well - order them guys to make
 a run then.

CAP:
 (scathingly)
 But you see, Mister Farrell, there
has been times when them Yankees
got orders to make runs too. I'm
 just tryin' to give you orders about
 what they hit.....

FARRELL:
 (relieved and con-
 ciliatory now)
 Oh, I see. I didn't understand
 you. But you don't understand
 me neither. 'Cause I ain't goin'
 to throw 'em nothin' they can hit.

Umpire shouts "Play ball". Farrell picks up glove and
 walks cheerfully out to mound, leaving Cap staring
 after him speechless.

45. CLOSEUP FARRELL

He takes gum from his mouth - sticks it on button of
 his cap, then winds up -- throws ball.

46. CLOSEUP AT HOME PLATE

Batter swings - missing.

(CONTINUED)

46 (Cont.)

UMPIRE:
Strike --- One!...

Same business for three strikes. Ball thuds safely into catcher's mitt. Umpire jerks thumb.

UMPIRE:
You're out!

47. BESS AND DOLLY IN BOX IN GRANDSTAND

BESS:
(watching game tensely)
Look at that! Farrell struck him out!

DOLLY:
(slyly)
Struck him out? Well, what's so exciting about that?

BESS:
Honestly, Dolly, if you weren't my sister ---

DOLLY:
Now, don't get huffy, Bess. I was just kidding you. But ever since you married Cap you've taken baseball as seriously as he does.

BESS:
It's a serious business for us, Dolly. Cap keeps mumbling in his sleep about the pennant every night. Farrell is his one big hope. If he doesn't come through for Cap, things are going to be a lot more serious than you know.

48. FULL SHOT OF FARRELL, CATCHER, BATTER AND UMPIRE
Farrell pitching with superb confidence and skill.

49. PLAYERS' BENCH CAP AND COACH

COACH:
(nudging Cap)
I think we got something there,
Cap -- alibis or no alibis.

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont.)

CAP:

(with first evidence
of enthusiasm)Yeah -- if he's as good as I think,
we're gonna give the whole League
somethin' to alibi about!

50. FULL SHOT OF FIELD

Farrell pitches; Batter hits a grounder deep to first
base man. Farrell sprints across to first base.
First throws and Farrell makes the put-out. Burst of
applause from stands.

51. DOLLY AND BESS IN THEIR BOX

BESS:

(excitedly)

Look at that -- ! He can field
them too! How does he look to
you, Dolly?

CUT TO:

52. FULL SHOT TOWARD DUGOUT

Farrell trots back to bench where players are rising
to congratulate and pat him on the back.

55. CLOSE SHOT GRANDSTAND BOX BESS AND DOLLY

DOLLY:

(who has been looking
intently at Farrell as
he approaches)

I think he looks cute.

BESS:

Cute? He looks to me like a
walking pennant!

DISSOLVE TO:

54. INSERT SCORE BOARD

showing it is the last half of the ninth inning.
Score: CUBS - 3 - YANKEES - 0

55. MED. SHOT DUGOUT

CAP:
 (to Farrell)
 You pitched a swell game, son.
 Now you better take a rest and
 let Kelly finish.

FARRELL:
 Kelly? What for?

CAP:
 I don't want you to strain your
 arm in an exhibition game....

FARRELL:
Strain my arm! I ain't even
warmed up yet!

CAP:
 Don't you feel a little tired
 after --

FARRELL:
 No I don't! Tired....! I'll
 show you how tired I am!

CAP:
 All right, if your arm ain't
 sore...

Farrell walks away, looking indignant.

56. CLOSE SHOT TRAVEL FARRELL

FARRELL:
 (muttering)
 Tired!....

He walks to mound.

57. FULL SHOT FIELD

Farrell is thrown a ball.

UMPIRE:
 Play ball!

Farrell throws, quickly and carelessly.

UMPIRE:
 Ball one.

(CONTINUED)

57 (Cont.)

As soon as Farrell gets the ball, he throws it again, high.

UMPIRE:

Ball two.

DISSOLVE TO:

58. MED. SHOT DUGOUT

Cap and the coach are looking at Farrell anxiously. The yelling of the crowd comes over.

CAP:

I knew I should've warmed Kelly up!

59. FULL SHOT FIELD

We can see that there are men on first and second, as Farrell pitches.

UMPIRE:

Ball four!

The batter trots to first. Bases are full. Suddenly Farrell puts the ball down and turns and beckons to outfielders.

FARRELL:

Hey! Come in! Come on in!

60. MED. SHOT CAP

He walks toward field.

CAP:

(as he gets up)

What's he think he's doing!....

61. FULL SHOT FIELD

The outfielders come in to Farrell.

MACK:

What's the matter, Ike?

FARRELL:

Nothin's the matter! I just want to show Cap that I ain't too tired

(CONTINUED)

61 (Cont.)

FARRELL: (Cont.)
to finish, that's all!

CAREY:
Why do you want us in here for?

FARRELL:
I want you to set right down
here behind me while I strike
these next three guys out!

CAREY:
Are you daffy?

FARRELL:
No I ain't! You set right down
here like I tell you! I'll show
'em if I'm tired!

CAREY:
Nothin' doing! --

MACK:
Now wait a minute, Ike --

FARRELL:
You won't do it?....

CAREY:
No.

FARRELL:
Okay. Pitch it out yourselves!

He throws his glove down and walks toward the dugout.
Cap meets him on the baseline.

CAP:
What's the conference for?

FARRELL:
There ain't no conference! I
want them outfielders to set down
on the field behind me and they
won't do it!

CAP:
Sit down! What for?

62. DOLLY AND BESS IN BOX

BESS:
He's pitched a very beautiful game,
but Cap's right. He ought to go
out now.

(CONTINUED)

62 (Cont.)

DOLLY:
Oh, I hope he won't! I love
watching him win the game.

BESS:
(ironically)
Yes, so did I....while he was
winning.

63. TWO SHOT CAP AND FARRELL

CAP:
(pushes his cap back)
If it wasn't an exhibition game,
I'd kill you for even askin'!
But go ahead if you think you can
do it!

FARRELL:
(thrusts out his hand)
Thata boy, Cap! Put it there!....
(Cap shakes his hand
briefly - Farrell
starts back)
You watch me!

64. FULL SHOT AROUND PITCHER'S BOX

Farrell comes into scene. Picks up glove.

FARRELL:
It's all right, fellers! -- Just
set down and take it easy!

Slowly they sit. Farrell pitches.

UMPIRE:
Strike one!

Farrell throws two more strikes. The man is out.

65. MED. SHOT DUGOUT

COACH:
(to Cap)
If he makes it, it'll be the
greatest stunt since Waddell!

66. FULL SHOT AROUND PITCHER'S BOX

FARRELL:
 (to players behind him)
 Stretch out and have a good time,
 fellows!

He pitches again and strikes another man out. The roar from the stands is deafening.

FARRELL:
 (to players - laughing)
 Don't know what you guys are
 drawing pay fer!

He pitches.

UMPIRE:
 Strike one!

FARRELL:
 (to players)
 Didn't like that one, did he?
 Now watch him churn the air!

He pitches.

UMPIRE:
 Strike two!

FARRELL:
 (to players)
 I'm tired, am I? Here's the
last one!

He pitches it in.

67. FULL SHOT DIAMOND

The batter connects -- a terrific crack. All base runners start moving.

68. CLOSEUP FARRELL'S FACE

as he watches ball sailing over his head.

69. FULL SHOT FIELD

as the ball sails far out in outfield.

70. MED. SHOT FENCE BORDERING OUTFIELD

The outfielder backs into the scene and up to the fence, looking up. Slowly his head turns, as the ball sails over it and out.

71. CLOSEUP FARRELL'S FACE

He is looking, then he gulps pathetically.

72. MED. SHOT DUGOUT

CAP:
(almost unable to talk)
Why, the dumb, lame-brained ---!

He starts for the field as the other players come in.

73. MED. SHOT FARRELL STILL ON MOUND

He blinks apprehensively as he sees Cap coming. Then he turns his back and pulls his handkerchief out.

74. FULL SHOT MOUND

as Cap comes up.

CAP:
(boiling)
Farrell -- the one-man team!

Farrell turns. He has his handkerchief wrapped around his hand.

CAP:
You shut 'em out for eight innings -- then you pull a crazy stunt and blow it! That's the last time you talk me into anything!

FARRELL:
I wouldn't blowed it if it wuzn't for my sore hand.

Cap sees the bandaged hand for the first time.

CAP:
What's the matter with it?

(CONTINUED)

74(Cont.)

FARRELL:

Matter with it? Gosh, I can hardly use it.

CAP:

You wasn't pitchin' like you had no bum mitt!

FARRELL:

I didn't -- till you shock hands with me and squeezed it so hard my hand got numb!

CAP:

WHAT? --

FARRELL:

I couldn't even feel that last ball -- the one that guy smacked...!

Cap closes his eyes and falls out of the picture.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

75. HOTEL ROOM DOLLY, BESS, AND CAP

Cap is striding back and forth across the room.

CAP:

I never knew it to fail. Just when I think I've got the best rookie in baseball, I begin to find out about these crazy stunts of his.

BESS:

(soothingly)

Never mind. The publicity will mean something! He's sure to be a real attraction and pull them into the park. And that's what counts, after all.

CAP:

Yeah -- but I could sure manage to get along without the circus stunts.

DOLLY:

The women are going to love him, Cap. He's awfully cute!

CAP:

Cute! Do we have to have cute pitchers now?

(he sighs wearily)

Oh, well, let's go to a show and forget it.

BESS:

Now, you're showing some sense. We'll have to get someone for Dolly.

CAP:

(good-naturedly)

Sure. Who'd you like, Dolly? Name your choice and you can have any one of forty.

BESS:

Cap, you're as blind as an umpire. Can't you see she's crazy to meet Farroll?

DOLLY:

Oh, Bess ---

CAP:

Ike? Say! -- That's a good idea.

(CONTINUED)

75(Cont.)

DOLLY:

Ike? I thought his name was --

CAP:

Yeah -- Alibi Ike! Bess'll tell you about it.

(to Bess)

We'll take him along and show him there's no hard feelings. I'll go ask him. -- You girls hurry up.

He leaves.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

76. CAP AND FARRELL IN LOBBY

Farrell still holding his bandaged hand ostentatiously before him.

FARRELL:

Honest, I'd like to, Cap, but you see, I ought to stay here in case they's a telegram.

CAP:

You expectin' one?

FARRELL:

No - not exactly. But they's lots of times they come when you ain't expectin' them.

77. CAP'S WIFE AND DOLLY

emerging from elevator. They walk up to Farrell and Cap.

CAP:

(introducing)

Dolly, I guess you recognize Farrell from seein' him play. This is my sister-in-law, Miss Stevens, Ike.

Farrell's eyes bulge and he stares at Dolly with open admiration - ducks his head a little.

CAP'S WIFE:

Well, Mr. Farrell, I hope you've just been telling Cap you can go to the show with us tonight.

(CONTINUED)

77(Cont.)

CAP:

(looking at Farrell)
 He'd like to, but he's afraid
 Mahatma Ghandi might cable him
 while he's out.

FARRELL:

(still looking at Dolly)
 Oh, yeah - er - no - uh. - Well,
 I guess it's no use anyway.
 (Pulls out his watch
 showing time to be 6:10)
 You see, the office where that
 telegram might come from ain't
 open after six o'clock.

DISSOLVE TO:

78. RUMBLE SEAT OF CAP'S CAR FARRELL AND DOLLY
 sitting side by side.

DOLLY:

And you really would have struck
 out more of them if you'd known
 I was watching?

FARRELL:

Gosh, yes -- I was just takin'
 it easy cause it was an exhibition
 game.

DOLLY:

Now you're just being modest.

FARRELL:

No. -- I ain't modest, only I
 don't never brag cause if a guy's
 really got the stuff, he don't
have to brag.

Dolly looks at him with rapt admiration.

79. CLOSE SHOT CAP'S FACE

taking this in.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

80. HOTEL LOBBY PLAYERS

sitting around watching rain pouring down outside.

81. MED. SHOT ELEVATOR SIDE OF LOBBY FARRELL

in raincoat, emerging from elevator. He looks quietly at players in lobby and tries to slip past unnoticed.

CAREY:

Hello, Ike -- goin' out to practice slidin' with the frogs?

FARRELL:

(fussed)

No -- no. Just goin' out for some exercise.

JACK MACK:

How you goin' to get it -- jumpin' mud puddles?

FARRELL:

Oh -- just walkin' around. There's nothin' like walkin' to keep your arm in shape!

JACK MACK:

(winks at the rest)

How about I an' Carey comin' with you?

FARRELL:

You better not -- you might get a cold.

JACK MACK:

Ain't you afraid you'll get one?

FARRELL:

(waves this aside)

Gosh, no - the rain don't bother me a-tall!

82. AT ELEVATOR DOLLY

emerging from elevator also clad in raincoat. She joins Farrell.

DOLLY:

All ready, Francis, if you still want to go.

(CONTINUED)

82(Cont.)

Farrell grabs her by the arm and they exit hastily.

CAREY:

Francis! He's alibi'd himself
outa his name!

DISSOLVE TO:

83. PARK FARRELL AND DOLLY

RAIN

sitting on park bench under inadequate shelter of a
tree. Rain pours lightly around them.

DOLLY:

If you're gettin' wet we can go
back to the hotel.

FARRELL:

Gosh, no. -- This coat keeps the
rain out.

84. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

water trickling down his neck - unheeded.

FARRELL'S VOICE:

This is better than setting around
the lobby with them other guys.

85. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL AND DOLLY

DOLLY:

But you like the other men on
the team - don't you, Francis?

FARRELL:

Sure. -- I like 'em fine. Only --
(Shyly, but determined)
-- I like bein' with you better'n
anything.

DOLLY:

(encouragingly)

I like it, too.

FARRELL:

Do you - no kiddin'?

(CONTINUED)

85 (Cont.)

DOLLY:
(leaning forward
almost eagerly)

Yes --

FARRELL:
Aw, gee -- I wish --

DOLLY:
(after hesitating -
hopefully)
What?

FARRELL:
(nervously)
I wisht we wasn't goin' north
next week.

Here Dolly draws back a little disappointed. She hesitates and then pretends to misunderstand.

DOLLY:
You know you're crazy for the
season to begin. I do hope the
team does well, Francis. Cap's
whole future depends on this season.

FARRELL:
Cap oughta stop worrying. I feel
fine.

DOLLY:
I just can't wait to read about
your winning that opening game.

FARRELL:
Yeah -- but you won't be there
to see it.

DOLLY:
(sadly)
No. -- I hate going home and
leaving --
(catches herself)
-- the club. You'll write to me,
won't you?

Farrell leans toward her appealingly. But just at the wrong moment, he coughs.

FARRELL:
I --
(but he starts coughing
again. She hits his back -
between coughs he manages
to gasp)

(CONTINUED)

85 (Cont.)

FARRELL: (Cont.)

I always -- got a cold -- in the
rain...

(he stops)

I guess we oughta go back....

DOLLY:

All right, Francis...whatever
you say...

She leans toward him again, her lips close to his,
her eyes almost closed.

FARRELL:

Gee, Dolly.

He raises his arm for the embrace -- the other arm
goes around her to draw her to him -- when suddenly the
water accumulated in the fold of his upraised sleeve
splashes down her neck. Dolly screams and they jump up.

FARRELL:

Dolly! Gosh!....

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

86. LOCKER ROOM PLAYERS

in various stages of dressing for the street. In the f.g. Carey and Jack Mack.

CAREY:

Well, that's another trainin' season over. Now all we got to do is play them hundred and fifty-four games.

87. CAP

entering locker room with paper in hand.

CAP:

All right, boys. Here's what you been waitin' to hear.

88. FULL SHOT ROOM

The players drop everything and start to crowd around Cap.

CAP:

If you didn't make it this year - remember, there's another season comin'! The same thing goes for the guys that've been dropped. Okay....

(reads)

"Murphy and Hardin -- report to Jersey City. Starr -- report to Newark. Buckley -- Duluth.

89. PAN SHOT SEMI CIRCLE OF PLAYERS

reacting to news.

CAP'S VOICE:

(over shot)

Henderson, Flynn and Coleman -- Buffalo....!

PAN AWAY TO:

90. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

in corner of room - finishing packing a suitcase. He is totally indifferent to the reading.

(CONTINUED)

90 (Cont.)

CAP'S VOICE:

(OVER SHOT)

Fitch and Morris -- Birmingham.
Allen to Atlanta. That's all. The
rest go East with us next week.

Farrell picks up his suitcase.

91. FULL SHOT ROOM

PLAYER:

(to Cap)

Cap, you gotta give me another
chance! I knew I ain't been hittin'
here ---

CAP:

Sorry, son. I'd like to, but I
can't.

92. TWO SHOT CAREY

comes up to Farrell. Holds out his hand sincerely.

CAREY:

You're there, kid. They ain't
many boys that wins a big league
berth their first time out.

FARRELL:

Sure. I'd of been up here a year
ago, only I was bent over all
season with lumbago!

He walks out. Carey pushes back his hat.

DISSOLVE TO:

93. RAILROAD DEPOT FARRELL AND DOLLY

Farrell carrying Dolly's luggage. Both are taut with
unexpressed emotion as they wait for train.

FARRELL:

Well -- the train oughta be here
pretty soon now.

DOLLY:

-Yes -- pretty soon.

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.)

FARRELL:

Of course, sometimes they're late.

DOLLY:

They don't always run on time, do they?

FARRELL:

No. You see, sometimes they get behind on their schedules.

DOLLY:

Oh, I see. And that's what makes them late?

FARRELL:

Yeah. If they get behind at one place, why then -- they're pretty apt to be late at the next place too.

DOLLY:

Then I guess they're late everywhere...

FARRELL:

Yeah. Unless they make it up...

Here there is a long pause while Farrell looks at her, desperately trying to muster up his nerve to more personal conversation. She gives him silent encouragement with meaningful looks while he fidgets unhappily. He blurts:

FARRELL:

I wisht -- I wisht this train wouldn't never come!

DOLLY:

Do you really, Francis?

FARRELL:

Yeah -- Oh, gee, Dolly --

Train caller's voice starts to bawl.

94. TRAIN CALLER

bawling unintelligibly.

95. FARRELL AND DOLLY

as the train thunders in. He hesitates a minute and then wretchedly pulls out his watch and looks hard at it.

FARRELL:

But there it is and it's right on time.

DOLLY:

(disappointed)

Oh -- oh --

(catches herself and then continues brightly)

Oh, then I guess it isn't late.

FARRELL:

(now much relieved)

No. It's right on time. Just like I said.

He takes her arm and guides her toward door of train that is slowing up.

96. DOLLY'S HAND

fumbling with handkerchief. She drops it. Farrell stoops swiftly to pick it up.

97. FARRELL'S HAND

approaching handkerchief. It has fallen into a puddle and is wet. He picks it up.

98. FARRELL

straightening up.

FARRELL:

(looking at it)

I guess - it fell into some water.

99. DOLLY'S FACE

showing tears.

(CONTINUED)

99 (Cont.)

DOLLY:

Oh, but I need it. I must have a
cinder in my eye.

Dolly turns and confronts him with open invitation in her face. Farrell, almost yielding to her eyes, starts as if to embrace her. She closes eyes and sways toward him happily. He hesitates wretchedly then takes her by the arm firmly and whipping out a large bandana begins mopping her eye, nervously. She reopens eye and looks at him with patent disappointment that changes swiftly to compassion.

DOLLY:

Thanks, Francis. It's all right
now.

FARRELL:

I wisht you'd keep my handkerchief.
You - you - you -- might get some-
thing in the other eye.

DOLLY:

But you might need it.

FARRELL:

No. No. When I see somethin'
comin' I turn my head.

DOLLY:

(flatly)

Oh.

FARRELL:

And anyway I'd kind of like to
have you keep it -- to -- well, in
case you need it.

100. CONDUCTOR

looking at watch.

CONDUCTOR:

A--L--L---A---B-O-O-A-RD!

101. MED. SHOT FARRELL AND DOLLY

DOLLY:

(softly)

I'd love to keep it, Francis.

The train jolts behind them.

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont.)

FARRELL:

Hey -- You'd better get on.

She steps onto the steps. The train starts to move. Farrell walks beside it. Dolly leans toward him.

DOLLY:

Aren't you going to....?

FARRELL:

Gosh, your eye looks pretty red.

DOLLY:

Francis, aren't you --- won't you --

FARRELL:

What's the matter, Dolly? What're you trying to say?

DOLLY:

Oh, Francis, I --- I ---

Suddenly as the train starts to gather speed, she bends swiftly and kisses him lightly on the cheek.

DOLLY:

Goodbye, Francis! Write to me!

102. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL RUNNING BESIDE TRAIN

His face transfixed with the kiss.

FARRELL:

Sure! Sure! Goodbye. You bet.
Goodbye, Dolly. You bet I'll write.
Sure. You bet. Wait a minute.
Goodbye, Dolly. So long.

103. FULL SHOT SECTION OF STATION

Farrell, running beside the train, not paying the slightest attention to where he is going. He is heading directly for a baggage cage.

FARRELL:

(shouts)

You bet, Dolly. So long. I'll write. So long! ---

He runs right smack into the cage, and up against the wire.

104. MED. SHOT FARRELL

in baggage cage.

FARRELL:

Hey -- Lemme out of here.

The baggage cage suddenly starts to descend.

FARRELL:

Hey, wait a minute!

The cage disappears.

FADE OUT.

IMPORTANT!
RETURN TO
WARNER BROS. PICTURES, Inc.
STORY DEPT.

FADE IN

105. INSERT: FIRST PAGE OF PART OF LETTER
with letterhead on top - name: DOLLY STEVENS.

"Dear Francis:

I'm so thrilled to hear that
you're starting east with the team.
Boss writes me that Cap may let you
pitch the opening game...."

106. FARRELL

sitting at hotel writing room desk. He is reading
the letter intently; before him is also a letter he
has been writing in reply. In his left hand he also
holds Dolly's handkerchief, very neatly folded.

107. MACK AND CAREY

watching him.

CAREY:

(whispers)

That must be from Dolly.

They walk over to him.

108. MED. SHOT FARRELL, CAREY, AND MACK

CAREY:

Hello, Ike. What you readin'?

FARRELL:

This? Oh, just a kind of letter...

JACK MACK:

A bill?

FARRELL:

No - not exactly a bill. It's a -
it's a letter from a fella I used
to go to school with.

CAREY:

I thought you told us you never
went to school.

(CONTINUED)

108 (Cont.)

FARRELL:

Yeah. But this wasn't exactly a school. It was a college.

JACK MACK:

How could you of went to college if you didn't go to school?

FARRELL:

I didn't. It was this other fellow went to the college. I would of went but they wasn't no college where I lived.

CAREY:

No? I thought you said you lived in Kansas City.

FARRELL:

I did - but we moved.

JACK MACK:

Where did you move to?

FARRELL:

Nebraska.

CAREY:

Well, they got colleges there, ain't they?

FARRELL:

Well, we didn't live right in Nebraska - near there.

CAREY:

(indicates unfinished letter on desk)

Oh...so now you're answerin' this pal of yours, huh?

FARRELL:

No - not exactly answerin'. I'm just writin' to tell him I got his letter.

CAREY:

You get one of them every day. What does your friend write you so much about?

FARRELL:

He's tellin' me about a ball player - a friend of ours. He tells me what he does every day.

(CONTINUED)

103 (Cont. 1)

JACK MACK:
Where does he play?

FARRELL:
Down in the Texas League - Fort
Wayne.

CAREY:
From the size of them letters they
don't play nothin' but double-
headers down there.

FARRELL:
Yeah, they got to cause the season's
short on account of the cold weather.

CAREY:
(indicating Dolly's letter)
That looks like a girl's writin' to
me.

FARRELL:
(puts it hastily in his
pocket)
A girl wrote it. That's my friend's
sister writin' for him.

JACK MACK:
Didn't they teach writin' at this
here college where he went?

FARRELL:
Sure - but he got his hand cut off
in a railroad wreck.

CAREY:
Well, I should think he'd of learned
to write with his left hand by this
time.

FARRELL:
It's his left hand that was cut off
- and he was left handed!

CAREY:
(sees the handkerchief)
Ah! I see Dolly give you a keep-
sake, huh?

FARRELL:
(holds up handkerchief)
This -- Gosh no - this is mine....

And he unfolds the dainty, little, lacy thing, and
blows his nose with it vigorously.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

109. INT. PULLMAN CAR

The porter just finishing making the berth. Farrell, Carey and Jack Mack watching him. Farrell is impressed.

FARRELL:
Well, now, that's pretty slick, isn't it? Even got a pillow!

CAREY:
Everything but running water and connecting garage!

FARRELL:
(touching the clothes hammock)
Say -- this is pretty good, isn't it?

MACK:
Yeah. You know what it's for, don't you?

FARRELL:
What it's for? Of course, I do!

CAREY:
(to Mack)
I wonder if his arm will fit.

FARRELL:
Fit? Fit where?

CAREY:
(winks at Jack Mack and reaches into berth to clothes hammock)
In the sling. I thought you said you knew!

110. PULLMAN PORTER

his eyes bulging, starts to speak. Jack Mack points down the aisle. Porter exits.

111. INT. PULLMAN CAR

CAREY:
That's to hold your arm while you sleep. -- All the pitchers have 'em.

FARRELL:
What do they want to hold their arms for?

(CONTINUED)

111 (Cont.)

CAREY:

(indignantly)

What for? Wise guy, ain'tcha!
 Suppose the train went around a
 sharp corner and your arm flopped
 out of the berth and someone stepped
 on it and broke a couple of fingers?
 ...Cap ain't takin' no chances on
 his pitchers.

FARRELL:

But I'd have to lay on my face to
 get my arm in that dern thing and
 I can't sleep on my face!

MACK:

Why don't you put the pillows over
 here?

He moves them to the other side.

FARRELL:

Yeah! That's a good idea. Thanks,
 fellers!

(he hops in)

Good night, fellers!

CAREY & MACK:

Good night, Ike.

They start to walk away.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

112. SMOKING COMPARTMENT OF CLUB CAR CAREY, JACK MACK, PLAYERS

All players laughing uproariously.

A PLAYER:

Well, you better wise him up, or
 he'll have a real alibi tomorrow.

CAREY:

Yeah, he'll have one but it won't
 be his arm! If he comes into the
 park with it in splints, he'd say
 he couldn't pitch on account of his
 tonsilitis!

113. FARRELL IN BERTH

-- tossing and twisting uncomfortably, his arm draped in
 the hammock.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

114. FULL SHOT WASHROOM MORNING
CAREY, MACK, TWO OTHER PLAYERS

in stages of undress, at the washstands.

CAREY:

I went back and tried to get his arm out of that thing, but he started to battle me!

MACK:

I'd like to get to him before he sees Cap. I --

He stops suddenly as Cap comes into the washroom.

CAP:

Before who sees me?

CAREY:

Why - uh - nothin', Cap. The uh - conductor...he thought there was a wire for you -- but there wasn't...

CAP:

(looks at them - shakes his head)

You're all starting to talk like Farrell!

He goes to washstand and wets his shaving brush.

115. MED. SHOT VESTIBULE OF TRAIN

Farrell, approaching washroom, smiling. He is carrying the clothes hammock.

116. FULL SHOT INT. WASHROOM

Farrell sticks his head in.

FARRELL:

Is this the men's washroom?

CAP:

(sarcastically)

You'd be in a great spot if it wasn't, wouldn't you?

Farrell enters, swinging the hammock.

(CONTINUED)

116 (Cont.)

FARRELL:

That's why I looked -- I wanted to
make sure!....

CAREY:

(timorously, half-looking
at Cap)

How are you, Ike?

FARRELL:

Great! My arm never felt better.
Say --

(holds up hammock)

This was a good idea of yours, Cap!

CAP:

What's a good idea? - What is that?

FARRELL:

The sling for my arm. Does this
belong to the team -- or do I have
to buy it from the company?

CAP:

Sling for your arm!
(he snatches it from
Farrell and looks at it)

FARRELL:

Yep! The boys put me wise to it!
Thanks, fellers.
(he swings his arm)
Loose as goose grease!....

Cap looks at the players who suddenly, simultaneously
start to crowd out of the washroom.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

117. INSERT: NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

"FARRELE PITCHES CUBS FIRST GAME"

Over the insert comes the playing of a band.

DISSOLVE TO:

118. SERIES OF STOCK SHOTS

Crowds outside park - PAN SHOT of stands - officials and dignitaries taking seats - Landis throws out ball, etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

119. BALL PARK LONG SHOT OF GAME IN PROGRESS DAY

Cubs in field.

120. DUGOUT OWNER AND CAP

Owner looking jubilant. Cap noncommittal.

OWNER:

Well, what'd I tell you? -- Fourth innin' and he hasn't given 'em a hit yet.

CAP:

Yeah. He looks good but I'll do my braggin' in September.

121. LOCKER ROOM ATTENDANT

coming into dugout with telegram.

LOCKER ROOM ATTENDANT:

(coming up to Cap)

Telegram for Mr. Farrell, sir.

CAP:

Here - give it to me. He'll be in in a minute.

Locker room attendant gives Cap telegram and exits.

122. CLOSE SHOT CAP AND OWNER

CAP:
 (Looking at it
 anxiously)
 I don't like to give a man a
 telegram during the game.

OWNER:
 Can't you hold it till after
 the game?

CAP:
 No - that ain't hardly right.
 (to coach)
 Go tell Kelly to warm up. He
 may have to work.

Coach hurries off.

123. MED. SHOT DUGOUT

There is a tremendous roar of applause and Farrell
 runs in from mound. Teammates around dugout congratulate
 him.

TEAMMATES:
 (ad lib)
 Atta boy, Ike. Great goin', kid.
 Nice work, Ike!

CAP:
 Ike -- here's a wire for you.

124. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

receiving wire.

FARRELL:
 Thanks, Cap!
 (pauses as he takes
 it out)
 I wouldn't read it now only there
 might be a message in it for me.

125. INSERT: TELEGRAM

I KNOW YOUR SUCCESS TODAY WILL BE
 FIRST TRIUMPH OF WONDERFUL CAREER.

DOLLY

126. CAP

watching Farrell anxiously.

CAP:
Everything all right, Ike?

FARRELL:
(startled at interruption)
All right? Oh, sure.

CAP:
It wasn't no bad news?

FARRELL:
(evasively)
No. Not exactly.

CAP:
What do you mean -- not exactly?
Anything wrong?

FARRELL:
(hesitantly)
No. No.

CAP:
Come clean, kid. If I can help
you I will.

FARRELL:
No - no. That was just about a
friend of mine that might of been
in trouble but he ain't.

CAP:
Oh - then it's good news.

FARRELL:
No - not exactly good but it
could have been worse.

CAP:
(who has been watching
play)
Look at that! You guys could bump
into a double play with no one on
base. All right - get out there!

127. FULL SHOT DUGOUT

Other players rise from dugout and run toward field.

128. CLOSE SHOT CATCHER
bucking on shinguards.

129. CAP AND FARRELL
Farrell just stowing telegram in hat.

CAP:
You're sure everything's okay?

FARRELL:
(not hearing)
Hunh?

He walks out to mound; Cap looks after him narrowly.

130. FARRELL
sneaking last look at telegram in hat. Farrell replaces cap and winds up with absent-minded expression on face.

SUPERIMPOSE:

131. FARRELL'S VISION OF DOLLY
as they sit together in the rain, as he throws ball.

132. UMPIRE
raising left hand sharply.

UMPIRE:
Ball one!

133. FARRELL
winding up - still looking absent-minded.

SUPERIMPOSE:

134. FARRELL'S VISION OF DOLLY
Dolly sitting in back seat of Cap's car looking at Farrell rapturously.

135. UMPIRE

raising left hand again.

UMPIRE:

Ball two!

DISSOLVE TO:

136. FULL SHOT FIELD

The batter trots to first.

137. CAP AND OWNER IN DUGOUT

CAP:

(bitterly)

I knowed he was goin' too good
to last.

OWNER:

Now wait a minute. One walk
ain't lost a game.

CAP:

No. But it's a swell start!

138. BASE RUNNER

sneaking warily off first for a long lead. First
baseman eyeing him and watching Farrell.

139. WIDE SHOT

Farrell, oblivious of man on first, taking a long
wind-up. Runner, seeing wind-up, steals second without
even sliding.

140. CAP AND OWNER

standing up in anger.

CAP:

(bitterly)

Look at that. Winding up with
a man on first!

141. FULL SHOT INFIELD

Here we put the spectacular fielding play as discussed.

142. CAMERA TRUCKING

with Farrell as he hurries into dugout where Cap is waiting for him.

CAP:

What's the idea, Farrell?

FARRELL:

(puzzled)

Idea? Why, them people was cheering me and I was just answering 'em.

CAP:

Did you answer 'em why you wound up with a man on first?

FARRELL:

Who - me?

CAP:

Yeah -- you.

FARRELL:

No. They didn't ast me.

CAP:

Well, I'M askin' you. What did you do it for?

FARRELL:

Well, you see I -- I -- I didn't know they was a man on first.

CAP:

You didn't -- ! Hey, fellows, come here -- all of you, and make it snappy.

143. FULL SHOT PLAYERS

gathering rapidly around Cap.

144. CLOSE SHOT CAP

livid with rage and sarcasm.

CAP:

Now - they must have been some
misunderstandin' on this club
and I want it straightened out.
From now on they ain't to be no
more secrets.

A PLAYER:

What do you mean - secrets, Cap?

CAP:

I mean not tellin' each other
what's goin' on. Here's a man...
(indicates Farrell)
.... that wound up with a runner
on first - just because no one
hadn't told him the man was there!
Now, after this when a man gets to
first, I want you guys not to make
no secret of it from the pitcher!

FARRELL:

(quickly)

Attaboy, Cap! Tell 'em where they
get off!

On Cap's facial reaction to this --

FADE OUT.

IMPORTANT!
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FADE IN

145. INT. SECOND CLASS JEWELRY STORE

Farrell comes up to counter. The Jeweler, an extremely nervous type, comes from the rear.

MERCHANT:

Yes, sir?

FARRELL:

(shyly)

I wanna look at some diamonds.

MERCHANT:

(knowingly)

Right this way. Something for a young lady, I suppose?

FARRELL:

Well - not exactly. I just wanta get a ring for - for - for my sister.

MERCHANT:

Oh, I see...Then you don't want to see an engagement ring?

FARRELL:

Yeah - that's what I want -- an engagement ring.

MERCHANT:

An engagement ring for your sister?

FARRELL:

Sure - sure. You see, she might get engaged some time and then she'd need it.

MERCHANT:

(now very loery)

Yes... I see...

146. EXT. JEWELER'S SHOP. CAREY AND JACK MACK
looking in.

CAREY:

Why did I tell you he was askin' me about jewelry stores -- This is the one I told him -- and he heads right for it!

147. FARRELL AND MERCHANT

Farrell is admiring one ring from a large trayful.

FARRELL:
You're sure this is a good one?

MERCHANT:
One of my very best.

FARRELL:
Okay. I'll take it...

148. CAREY AND JACK MACK

coming cheerfully up to Farrell.

CAREY:
Hello, Ike. What you gettin', kid?

JACK MACK:
Buyin' a rock, eh? Well, congratulations! She's a great gal.

FARRELL:
No - no - boys. You got it all wrong. I ain't buyin' no rock.

MERCHANT:
(indignantly)
You're not!

FARRELL:
(winking hard at merchant)
Sure, sure, I'll take it -- when my sister gets engaged.

CAREY:
Your sister?

FARRELL:
(nervously)
Yeah, you know, my mother and father's daughter - she's my sister.

CAREY:
What about the guy that gets engaged to her? Won't he give her a ring?

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont.)

FARRELL:

Well, he might. But he might not. They might get engaged in Leap Year.

JACK MACK:

Well, but this ain't Leap Year.

FARRELL:

Well, they ain't engaged yet.

During this time, Carey winks at Merchant and taps his head significantly. Merchant gives a startled look, scoops up trayful of rings and quickly removes it from Farrell's reach.

CAREY:

You better come with us, Ike. We're on our way to buy Mack's old man a silk hat in case he gets elected president.

Farrell tries to intimate to Merchant by wink, and gesture that he will return, as they go out.

149. MED. SHOT TRAVEL EXT. STREET

As they walk along, Farrell between Carey and Mack, suddenly Farrell stops and snaps his fingers.

FARRELL:

Say! You fellers go ahead! I left my pipe in that store!

MACK:

Pipe!

CAREY:

You don't smoke no pipe!

FARRELL:

(backing away)

No -- not now I don't. But he's got one there that I want to buy!
(calls over shoulder)

So long!

He runs from scene.

CAREY:

Boy! (looking after him)
He tops me!.....

150. FULL SHOT INT. JEWELER'S SHOP

The Jeweler has his back to the store as Farrell enters.

FARRELL:
(panting)
Say.....!

The Jeweler turns. A double take as he sees Farrell.

FARRELL:
(whispers)
Hurry up, will you? Let's see
that ring again!

MERCHANT:
Yes -- just a minute --

151. CLOSE SHOT BEHIND COUNTER

The merchant presses the alarm button with his foot,
at the same time, opening a drawer with a gun in it.

152. ALARM CALL

in private detective agency. Light flashes over one
of several numbers on a board. Board man calls.

BOARD MAN:
Quick -- the Star Jewel Company!

Two big detectives jump up, and start to rush out.
Board man stops them as light keeps blinking frantically.

BOARD MAN:
Better take your salt shakers, boys!

Detectives grab two sawed-off shot guns and exit.

153. TWO SHOT MERCHANT AND FARRELL

The merchant is nervous, but trying to smile blandly
at Farrell.

MERCHANT:
The ring'll be back in a moment.
My clerk took it out for a private
showing. If you'll wait just a
moment.....

(CONTINUED)

153 (Cont.)

FARRELL:
Sure. That's okay.

Suddenly a police siren is heard.

FARRELL:
Geo, they must be a fire or a
holdup somewhere!

MERCHANT:
(nervously)
Yeah, somewhere....

154. STREET OUTSIDE SHOP

Pedestrians stop and leap out of way as car pulls up
and detectives plunge into shop.

155. INT. SHOP

Detective bursts through door with gun levelled. Behind
Farrell's back, Merchant points to him.

DETECTIVE:
Up high, there!

FARRELL:
Geo! Did he come in here?

DETECTIVE:
Up with 'em!

FARRELL:
You got it wrong, mister! They
ain't no one here but us.

Detective rushes up and handcuffs him. Farrell is too
surprised and dazed to speak.

MERCHANT:
He's a nut, boys! He may not be
dangerous, but I wasn't taking
any chances. He got away from
his keepers once before today!

FARRELL:
Wait a minute! I'm Farrell, the
ball player!

(CONTINUED)

155 (Cont.)

DETECTIVE:

(goodnatureedly, but
firmly)

Sure, sure you are! But I'm
Admiral Byrd, and I got my sled
outside -- see? Come on!

They drag Farrell off.

FADE OUT.

FACE IN

156. HOTEL LOBBY

Farrell, walking across lobby quickly, looking angry and indignant. He goes past Carey and Jack Mack.

CAREY:

What's ~~your~~ hurry, kid?

JACK MACK:

Don't run, Ike -- there ain't no one after you.

FARRELL:

(bitterly)

Naw -- I suppose I just ought to set down and talk to a couple of old pals like you.

CAREY:

Aw -- cool off, kid. We just didn't want you to spend all that Series money before you earn it.

FARRELL:

Well, the way you guys on this club treat me, you'll be lucky if you get any Series money!

He stalks off.

DISSOLVE TO:

157. FULL SHOT INT. HOTEL ROOM

A suave, well-dressed man is in the room looking out the window. He turns as the door opens.

158. CLOSE SHOT DOOR

Farrell enters. Stops as he sees the stranger.

159. FULL SHOT ROOM

FARRELL:

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

159 (Cont.)

STRANGER:

(goes to him)

The door was open, Mr. Farrell --
so I walked in. I'd go through
fire and water to shake your hand!

FARRELL:

(immediately embarrassed)

Aw - you don't have to go to all
that trouble -- I'm glad to shake
hands with you.

STRANGER:

(pumping his hand)

You're the best pitcher I ever saw.

FARRELL:

Well, maybe I ain't the best, but
I've won a lot of games this year.

STRANGER:

You sure have, boy. You're on your
way to big money.

FARRELL:

Yeah....but...

STRANGER:

And you'll get it. You're a
smart boy.

FARRELL:

Well, it ain't that I'm smart,
only I just got the stuff that
fools these other guys.

STRANGER:

You sure do. I guess there isn't
anybody a guy like you couldn't
fool. Mr. Farrell, I'd like to
ask a real favor of you.

FARRELL:

Sure, sure. I know -- I'd autograph
a ball for you, but I ain't got one
here. You come down to the Park
tomorrow and I'll sign a dozen.

STRANGER:

Will you? I'd sure like one -- but
I want to ask you another favor too.

(CONTINUED)

159 (Cont.1)

FARRELL:

Well, mister, what can I do for you?

STRANGER:

Mr. Farrell, I'm President of the Young Men's High Ideals Club. I guess you've heard about it, haven't you?

FARRELL:

No -- not exactly --
 (goes on - bluffing)
 But I seen about it in the papers.

STRANGER:

Well, we're having a convention here, and we've been having some trouble with some of the boys. There's one or two of them -- you know -- we caught 'em drinking -- and things like that.

FARRELL:

Drinking! They oughtn't to do that if they want to make good.

STRANGER:

Well, that's just what I was telling them and what they need is an example, Mr. Farrell. They need a real, straight from the shoulder talk from a good, clean boy with high ideals like you. And I want you to come over and meet 'em and tell 'em some of the secrets of your success.

FARRELL:

Well, mister, it's gettin' kinda late --

STRANGER:

Yes, I know, but we're having a special night. In your honor, we're going to let the boys stay up till after ten-thirty, if you'll come and talk to 'em.

FARRELL:

Okay, mister. I don't like to stay up late, myself, but if it's to do good, I'm with you.

STRANGER:

I knew I could count on you, Mr. Farrell.

LAP DISSOLVE
 TO:

160. MED. SHOT HOTEL CORRIDOR CRAWFORD AND FARRELL

FARRELL:

Is this where they're holding the convention?

CRAWFORD:

(blandly)

Yes -- sure. We want the poorest boys to have a good time.

FARRELL:

Good idea. I been a poor boy myself.

Crawford knocks on the door and it is opened.

CRAWFORD:

Walk right in, Mr. Farrell.

161. INT. SMOKE-FILLED ROOM

Inside, half a dozen suave looking young toughs sit around smoking and waiting for them.

CRAWFORD:

(winking visibly at gang)

Now boys, I told you about that smoking. You know that's not allowed. Put out those cigarettes, and don't let it happen again.

The toughs hastily put out their cigarettes with looks of perplexity.

FARRELL:

(condescendingly)

Your President's right, boys. Where would I have been today if I smoked?

A MUG:

All right -- where?

CRAWFORD:

(swiftly)

I told Mr. Farrell here about the Young Men's High Ideals Club, and he said he'd be glad to come over and give you some pointers on clean livin'!

(CONTINUED)

161 (Cont.)

FIRST TOUGH:

Come over? What we want to know
is -- is he going to come across?

FARRELL:

Come across? Say, boys, we got
that pennant locked up right now!

Toughs look at each other wonderingly.

MUG:

(to Farrell)

We're with you, kid. How about
a drink?

FARRELL:

A drink? I never touch it! That's
one of the first things....

CRAWFORD: /

(interrupting - blandly)

Oh, don't misunderstand, Mr. Farrell.
The Young Men's Club always has
ginger ale for refreshments. Would
you like some?

FARRELL:

Oh -- ginger ale. No -- I tell
you, boys, I never touch even
that. You can't tell what it
might lead to. Milk and water's
what put me where I am. You can't
watch your health too close.

FIRST TOUGH:

Hey! Cut out the baloney -- it's
gettin' late.

FARRELL:

Say, what is this, anyway?

ANOTHER TOUGH:

This is your Christmas party, Farrell,
and we're playin' Santa Claus!

FARRELL:

What do you mean?

FIRST TOUGH:

Quit kiddin' us. We're givin'
you a choice. We're either gonna
fill your stockin' or your coffin!

(CONTINUED)

161 (Cont.1)

CRAWFORD:
 (still attempting
 to be suave)
 We're giving you a big opportunity,
 Farrell. You can be a rich young
 man -- if you're smart.

A pause, during which Farrell realizes he has been
 tricked.

FARRELL:
 So -- tryin' to fool me, were you?
 Thought I didn't know what you was
 after. You can't kid me -- I've
 been around a little. I seen things
 like this in the movies. You guys
 are tryin' to fix me!

CRAWFORD:
 That's it -- we're tryin' to make
 you rich.

FARRELL:
 Bribe me, hey? Not a chance! I
 can't be bought, and you might as
 well stop tryin'!

He turns and starts to walk out. A thug behind him
 grabs him.

TOUGH:
 Farrell, you're interested in
 health, ain't you?

FARRELL:
 (frightened)
 Yeah.

TOUGH:
 Think a young man ought to keep
 his strength up, don't you?
 (he catches Farrell by
 the cheeks with his
 left hand)
 Let me show you one of my strength
 secrets..

With his free hand, he grabs Farrell's left arm and
 twists it.

FARRELL:
 Ow! Let go!

(CONTINUED)

161 (Cont.2)

TOUGH:

Imagine me doin' this to your
pitchin' arm! - Only finishing
by breaking it off! Understand?
(as he speaks, he
twists the arm again)

FARRELL:

Ow! Lemme go!
(the guy releases him)
I understood all the time. I just
wanted to be sure you guys weren't
kiddin' me.

CRAWFORD:

(briskly)
All right, boys, we can get down to
business. I think Mr. Farrell's
joined the High Ideals Club.
(turns to Farrell
questioningly)

FARRELL:

(feeling his arm)
Sure.

CRAWFORD:

(dropping pretenses)
All right. Now here it is. We
want you to lose your next three
games. There's twelve grand in
it for you. How about it?

FARRELL:

Not on your --- !

Big tough touches him on the arm.

FARRELL:

Sure -- I know just what you
mean.

TOUGH:

(menacingly)
Remember, mug, this is your last
chance for an easy lesson.

Farrell looks at him - gulps.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

162. INSERT TELEGRAM

Night Message, from Cleveland to Hotel Continental,
Chicago. Received at office at 10:45 A.M.

"DEAR FRANCIS:

ARRIVING CENTRAL DEPOT
11:30 IN MORNING THRILLED AT
THOUGHT OF SEEING YOU

DOLLY"

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

163. INT. HOTEL ROOM MORNING
CLOSE SHOT FARRELL (FROM WAIST UP)

He is reading the telegram for the thousandth time.
He is fully dressed, even to his hat. He pulls out
his watch and looks at it.

164. INSERT: WATCH

It reads: 11:25

165. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

He puts his watch in his pocket, in despair -- looks
wildly toward phone.

166. FULL SHOT INT. HOTEL ROOM

For the first time, we can see Farrell in full figure.
He is without his trousers -- otherwise ready to go.
He seizes the phone and jiggles the hook frantically.

FARRELL:

Hello! Hello! Operator! Hello!
Give me the tailor again!...The
tailor! The what? The Valet!---
All right, give me the valet! I
want my pants -- yes -- my pants!
He must be there!

There is a knock on the door to which Farrell pays no
attention.

(CONTINUED)

166 (Cont.)

FARRELL: (Cont.)

He's got my pants!.....

(in a low voice, re-
pressing himself mightily)Listen!.....I've got to meet somebody -
I need those pants!(more knocking at the
door, he shouts again)Pants! -- Pants! Yes, that's what I
said! You've got to -- you've got to
find him! The tailor! -- Yes, the
Valet -- whatever he is --!

At this point the door opens, and reveals a small, timid man, carrying a pair of pants over his arm.

VALET:

Did you want me, Mr. Farrell?...

Farrell lets out a yell and jumps for him -- grabs the pants from him and starts to put them on. The Valet starts talking immediately.

VALET:

I started up -- long ago -- with the pants -- but some of the other players stopped me, Mr. Farrell -- Mr. Carey and Mr. Mack -- they were admiring the pants -- I couldn't get away...

In the meantime, due to his great haste, Farrell has gotten himself all tangled up in the pants.

VALET:

Mr. Carey and Mr. Mack both said they were the finest pants they ever saw. And they liked my work too....

Farrell has been uttering suppressed curses as he tries to get the pants on.

VALET:

They gave me a lot of orders -- to clean and press. --

Farrell runs past him and out into the corridor.

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167. LONG SHOT CORRIDOR

Farrell sprints down the hall, still trying to buckle the belt. From around a corner of the corridor comes Cap - stops as he sees Farrell flying past him.

CAP:
 (as Farrell approaches -
 running hard)
 Something wrong, Ike?

FARRELL:
 (goes right past without
 stopping - blurts out,
 gesturing)
 Yeah!.....My pants!.....

168. MED. SHOT HEAD OF STAIRS

The elevators are right beside the head of the stairs. Farrell slides to a halt -- presses the button - whirls around - then goes to the stairs and runs down.

169. CLOSEUP CAP'S FACE

170. MED. SHOT FARRELL

running down the stairs - turning - jumping - stumbling.

171. FULL SHOT SECTION OF LOBBY

Carey and Mack.

MACK:
 That guy'll go crazy if he's late
 for the train!

CAREY:
 Yeah -- but if you ast him, he'd say
 he don't even know Dolly is on it!

172. MED. SHOT VESTIBULE AT FOOT OF STAIRS

There is a door leading into the lobby. Farrell tears into the scene, jumping down the last few stairs, and flings open the door.

173. FULL SHOT LOBBY

Farrell bursts through the door -- then suddenly slows down to a slow walk as he sees Carey and Mack immediately before him.

174. TRUCK SHOT

They walk with him as he goes toward lobby exit door.

CAREY:
Where you goin', Ike?

FARRELL:
(panting from the exertion)
Oh...just...out...

JACK MACK:
How about takin' us with you?

FARRELL:
I'd like to, boys - but I gotta go see a fellow and he don't like strangers.

CAREY:
Does he bite 'em or just bark at 'em?

FARRELL:
(agitated)
Well, he's mighty sick -- and you might catch it.

CAREY:
How come you won't catch it? What is it?

FARRELL:
It's water on the knee, and I can't catch it cause I grew up near the seashore. I'll see you later.

He goes through the doors and out.

175. FULL SHOT EXT. HOTEL

Farrell runs to the curb like mad just as a taxi pulls up to it. Farrell opens the door and shouts to the driver, from the sidewalk.

FARRELL:
Central depot! Quick!

He jumps into the cab.

176. CLOSE SHOT INT. CAB

Farrell jumps in - to straighten, and find himself sitting beside Dolly. He opens his mouth a couple of times, but nothing comes forth.

DOLLY:
Hello, Francis.

FARRELL:
Dolly!!...Gosh!!.....
(he cracks a great
big smile)
I figgured you'd be surprised!

DISSOLVE TO:

177. FULL SHOT PARK LAKE
SWAN BOAT (IF POSSIBLE)

NIGHT

of the kind used in the Boston Commons Park. Farrell and Dolly glide slowly around a little lake. It is a beautiful moonlit night. All around them are other boats.

DOLLY:
My -- it's beautiful out here tonight!
I'm glad we didn't go to the show
with Cap and Bess.

FARRELL:
So am I.
(he hesitates nervously)
We couldn't of seen the moon so good
in there.

DOLLY:
Is that the only reason you didn't
want to go?

FARRELL:
No -- Gee!...No -- Dolly. I wanted
to be alone with you. I didn't want
no other people around us.

DOLLY:
Do you mean it, Francis?.....

FARRELL:
Mean it?
(he leans forward to her -
fumbling in his pocket)
Gosh....

(CONTINUED)

177 (Cont.)

He rises a little from his seat - and just at this instant their boat hits another - and careens off it. Farrell is thrown back and lands behind his seat in the bottom of the boat.

DOLLY:
Francis! Are you hurt!

FARRELL:
(pushing himself up
with difficulty)
No - no, I ain't hurt. I was off
balance - because I wanted to -
give you something.....

DOLLY:
Give me something?

FARRELL:
Yeah.....

178. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL'S HAND

fumbling in his pocket.

179. FARRELL AND DOLLY

FARRELL:
But I want to ask you something first.

DOLLY:
(softly)
Yes, Francis...

FARRELL:
(still tugging)
Do you like me enough to - to be
alone with me - for - for a long
time?

DOLLY:
Forever, Francis!.....

FARRELL:
(overwhelmed, but
still tugging)
You mean it?

DOLLY:
Of course I do!

(CONTINUED)

179 (Cont.)

FARRELL:

Sink or swim?

DOLLY:

Yes, Francis -- dear.
 (the "dear" stops
 him for a second)

FARRELL:

Then look, Dolly!
 (he gives a last violent
 tug at his pocket -- and
 capsizes the boat)

180. FULL SHOT SECTION OF LAKE

Dolly comes up and looks around.

DOLLY:

Francis! Francis!....

Nothing happens so she screams out.

DOLLY:

Francis!....

Suddenly Farrell appears. Both his hands are in the
 water. His right hand is still tugging at the pocket.

FARRELL:

I got it Dolly!

He lifts his right hand with a final tug-- knocking him-
 self over under the water again. Dolly cries out -- but
 he immediately reappears, very close to her. He holds
 up his hand. He has the ring.

FARRELL:

(a big smile on his face)
 Here it is!

He slips it on her finger.

DOLLY:

Francis!

She throws her arms around him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

181. FULL SHOT CIGAR STAND CORNER OF LOBBY NIGHT

Carey, Mack, and a couple of the other players are standing there as one of the players punches a punch-board. Cap's wife comes past and stops.

CAP'S WIFE:

Hello, boys. Have you seen what Dolly's got on her third finger?

CAREY:

No, but I can guess it ain't no hangnail!

CAP'S WIFE:

I'll say it isn't! We're going to have another wife in this club soon.

CAREY:

Yeah? That's great! Let's go congratulate Ike, Mack.

CAP'S WIFE:

And stop calling him Ike!
(she goes on)

Carey and Mack start to go.

182. FULL SHOT SMALL HOTEL PARLOR

Smitty, a ball player, is at the piano. Farrell is singing -- a song like "The Man On The Flying Trapeze", or "The Terrible Turk". He has his hat and top coat on, and as he sings, he walks over and takes a peek through the curtains to the outside lobby to see if Dolly has come down yet. Then he goes back to the piano, still singing. We HOLD this as long as we want, until Carey and Jack Mack enter.

CAREY:

That sounds pretty good, Ike!

JACK MACK:

(looking him over)
Where you goin'?

FARRELL:

Goin' to the theatre -- I guess.

CAREY:

By yourself?

(CONTINUED)

182 (Cont.)

FARRELL:

No, a friend of mine's goin' with me.

CAREY:

What do you say if we go along?

FARRELL:

I ain't got only two tickets.

CAREY:

We can get some more seats.

FARRELL:

They're all sold out.

JACK MACK:

The scalpers'll have some.

FARRELL: -

Yeah, but you don't want 'em -- the show's rotten!

CAREY:

I'll buy the tickets from you if you don't want 'em.

FARRELL:

No, I wouldn't cheat you.

JACK MACK:

What are you goin' to do with your girl? Leave her here at the hotel?

FARRELL:

What girl?

CAREY:

The girl you et supper with!

FARRELL:

Oh - her? Gosh -- she just happened to set down at my table, that's all.

CAREY:

Uh-huh. Is that why you give her that ring -- for settin' down?

183. MED. SHOT SECTION OF LOBBY

Dolly, pulling on her gloves, meets Cap's wife.

CAP'S WIFE:

Where you goin'?

(CONTINUED)

183 (Cont.)

DOLLY:
To the show with Francis. Have you
seen him?

CAP'S WIFE:
He's in there being congratulated.

She points. Dolly walks toward the players, but as she
enters the first parlor, Farrell's voice comes over SHOT.

FARRELL'S VOICE:
(OVER SHOT)
I give her the ring?

184. INT. PARLOR

CAREY:
Didn't you?

FARRELL:
Haw - haw! No, I didn't exactly
give it to her. I lent it to her.

CAREY:
I wouldn't lend no ring to no
strange girl if I was you.

FARRELL:
Oh - I guess she's all right. I'm
kinda tired of the rock anyway - and
when a girl asts you for something
what're you goin' to do?

He waves his hand and starts to go.

185. CLOSE SHOT EXT. PARLOR DOLLY

her face stricken with surprse and consternation.

CAREY'S VOICE:
(OVER SHOT)
Wait a minute, I got a bet with
Mack and it's up to you to settle
it.

FARRELL'S VOICE:
(OVER SHOT)
Well, make it snappy.

186. INT. PARLOR

CAREY:

I bet that you and Dolly was engaged to be married.

FARRELL:

Naw - not exactly engaged --

CAREY:

Now, look here.... This costs me real dough if I lose. Cut out the alibis and give it to us straight. Cap's wife told us you was roped!

FARRELL:

Well, I don't want it to cost you no money. You win, Carey!

187. EXT. PARLOR DOLLY'S FACE

shows great relief.

CAREY'S VOICE:

Atta boy.....Congratulations!

188. INT. PARLOR

JACK MACK:

You gotta swell girl.

CAREY:

She's a peach...You're a lucky guy, Ike.

FARRELL:

(deprecatingly)

Well, I guess she's okay. I don't know much about girls.

189. EXT. PARLOR DOLLY'S FACE

angry.

190. INT. PARLOR

FARRELL:

I never seen none I'd fall for.

(CONTINUED)

190 (Cont.)

JACK MACK:
That is till you seen this one!

FARRELL:
Oh, she's okay -- but I wasn't
thinkin' about gettin' married
yet awhile.

CAREY:
Who done the askin' -- her?

FARRELL:
No - not exactly her. But some-
times a man don't know what he's
gettin' into.....

191. EXT. PARLOR DOLLY'S FACE

now livid with anger.

192. INT. PARLOR

FARRELL:
Take a good-looking girl and a
man generally almost always does
about what she wants him to.

JACK MACK:
There couldn't no girl lasso me
without I wanted to be lassoed.

FARRELL:
Oh, I don't know -- When a fellow
gets to feelin' sorry for one of
'em, it's all off. So long, boys.

Farrell comes walking through door where Dolly has over-
heard entire conversation. She has his ring off her
finger and walks straight up to him with it.

193. EXT. PARLOR

DOLLY:
I didn't understand you were just
feeling sorry for me, but you're
right about one thing -- it's all off!

She hands him the ring and walks away crying. Farrell
walks after her swiftly.

194. MED. SHOT LOBBY

FARRELL:
Aw, gee, Dolly...Wait a minute,
Dolly.....I didn't mean it.

Dolly gets into elevator - Farrell approaches elevator
swiftly following her. She slams door in his face.
Farrell stands at door punching button.

195. CAREY, MACK AND SMITTY

from parlor, looking at Farrell.

CAREY:
Now we done it.

JACK MACK:
(ruefully)
I wouldn't have had that happen
for nothin'!

SMITTY:
But why would a fellow want to
alibi about bein' engaged to a
peach like her?

CAREY:
(helplessly)
I don't know.

196. CLOSE SHOT HOTEL DOOR CORRIDOR FARRELL
banging on Dolly's door.

FARRELL:
Dolly, you gotta let me explain --
I gotta tell you, Dolly....

Farrell continues to bang without response.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

197. MED. SHOT AT RAILROAD STATION CAP'S WIFE AND DOLLY

Dolly about to board a train.

CAP'S WIFE:

Dolly, you're making a terrible mistake. That poor boy's crazy about you. These alibis are just second nature to him. He can't help it. You oughta talk to him before you go.....

DOLLY:

(still tearful)
I don't ever want to talk to him again. I've no intention of spending my life with a man who apologizes for me every other word.

198. FULL SHOT EXT. STATION TAXI

arriving at depot. Farrell, jumping from it, runs toward platform.

199. CLOSE SHOT TRAIN CALLER

TRAIN CALLER:

(shouting)
All aboard --

200. FULL SHOT PLATFORM

Dolly walking up into car crying and waving goodbye to Cap's wife. The train starts to move. Farrell runs into scene.

FARRELL:

(shouting as he runs)
Dolly -- you got to listen to me. You got to come back. I wouldn't've said them things, only I thought we better kept it a secret!

The train, gathering speed, passes him. Farrell runs right out on the track after it, and his impetus carries him along to a center track, where he finally slows down and stops, staring, heart-broken, after the train.

201. FULL SHOT TRACKS SHOOTING FROM FRONT OF FARRELL

A train is bearing down behind him, the bell clanging. The engineer's head is out, and he starts to blow the whistle piercingly.

202. CLOSE SHOT CAP'S WIFE

screaming.

CAP'S WIFE:

Look out! Look out!

203. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

staring after receding train, oblivious, terribly pathetic looking.

204. FULL SHOT PLATFORM

People are shouting and yelling: "Look out!...Hey!... Train!...etc."

205. FULL SHOT RAILROAD YARD WORKERS ON OTHER SIDE OF TRACK

They are all shouting: "Hey!...Train, Mister!...Hey, look out!..."

206. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

still staring, oblivious.

207. CLOSE SHOT ENGINEER IN LOCOMOTIVE

with all his might, he jams on the air brakes.

208. FULL SHOT THE TRAIN

coming up behind Farrell.

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209. CLOSE SHOT CAP'S WIFE

She utters one last scream, then faints, drops to the platform.

210. FULL SHOT TRACKS

The train stops, about a foot from Farrell, bells clanging, whistles blowing, people yelling, and he still stands there, oblivious.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

211. INSERT NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

"FARRELL MASSACRED BY GIANTS - 9 to 2"

DISSOLVE TO:

212. CLOSE SHOT PHONE BOOTH

Crawford at phone. His Lieutenant outside booth.

CRAWFORD:

(speaks low and fast)

Yeah -- he threw it like he meant it! Get ten G's down on his next game. -- It don't make no difference -- get it down!....

DISSOLVE TO:

213. INT. HOTEL ROOM FARRELL NIGHT

lying despairingly across bed. Knock on door over SHOT. Farrell ignores it. After persistent knocking, he raises his head.

FARRELL:

(shouts sullenly)

Come in!

Enter Carey and Jack Mack, looking rueful and apologetic.

CAREY:

Ike, we come to tell you we're sorry.

JACK MACK:

We didn't mean to make no trouble.

FARRELL:

(infuriated - springs up)

Sorry!!! I'll give you something to be sorry about! Get out of here and let me alone!

CAREY:

But, Ike - we wanta make it up. We'll go to Dolly and tell her we was only kiddin'.

(CONTINUED)

213 (Cont.)

FARRELL:
 Only kiddin'! Get outa here
 before I have to tell the coroner
 I was only kiddin' when I killed
 the two of you!

They exit hastily, leaving Farrell stalking up and down
 in a white rage.

DISSOLVE TO:

214. INT. HOTEL HALL BELLHOP NIGHT

walking down hotel corridor with package, stops, knocks
 briskly on door, knocks again.

FARRELL'S VOICE:
 (sullen - from within)
 Yeah...what is it?

BELLHOP:
 Package for you, sir.

FARRELL'S VOICE:
 (from within)
 Come in.

BELLHOP:
 I can't - the door's locked.

215. INT. ROOM FARRELL

getting up from bed on which he has evidently been
 lying, walks to door, opens it and takes package from
 Bellhop.

FARRELL:
 What's this?

He walks away, leaving door ajar. He starts to open
 package by tearing off the end.

216. EXT. HOTEL CORRIDOR TRUCK SHOT CAP AND OWNER

as they walk along hall to Farrell's room.

OWNER:
 Oh, I know, anybody can lose a game,
 but it was the way he lost it -- I
 tell you, he wasn't even trying.

(CONTINUED)

216 (Cont.)

CAP:
I wouldn't say that. Maybe there
was something wrong with him --

OWNER:
I'll say there was something wrong,
and I'm gonna find out what. I
could pitch better than he did,
with my eyes closed - and I haven't
had a ball in my hand for twenty
years!

They have reached Farrell's door. Seeing it is ajar, Cap
knocks briefly and enters.

217. FULL SHOT INT. FARRELL'S ROOM

Cap and the Owner enter.

CAP:
Ike, we wanna talk to you.

FARRELL:
(turns on them
angrily)
Well, I don't wanna talk to you.

CAP:
Now just a minute, son. Don't
you feel well?

FARRELL:
Yeah, I feel all right.

CAP:
Is there anything we can do?

FARRELL:
Yeah, get outa here and let me
alone!

By now Farrell has removed the cover of the package dis-
closing a sheaf of bills. All three see it at the same
time.

OWNER:
Wait a minute, what's this --
(referring to money)

FARRELL:
I don't know, and I don't care.

(CONTINUED)

217 (Cont.)

OWNER:
 (grabbing package from
 Farrell)
 Oh you don't, eh?
 (takes note from package,
 looks at it)
 How do you like this?
 (shows it to Cap)

218. INSERT NOTE:

"GOOD WORK KID"

219. SHOT OWNER, CAP, FARRELL

OWNER:
 (showing note to Farrell)
 What about it, Farrell?

FARRELL:
 (looks at note, genuinely
 bewildered)
 I don't know nothing about it.
 (it suddenly dawns
 on him)
 Gosh! Say -they must've thought I
 was losing the game on purpose for
 them! -

OWNER:
 Who sent this?

FARRELL:
 I don't know -- I don't know his
 name!

OWNER:
 You don't!... Farrell, I never
 thought you'd do a dirty trick
 like this.

FARRELL:
 Say, you don't think I threw the
 game --!

OWNER:
 (bitter sarcasm)
 No, this is just a coincidence!...If
 it wasn't for the scandal, I'd let
 you explain it to the judge!

(CONTINUED)

219 (Cont.)

FARRELL:

Wait a minute! I wouldn't throw
a game if my mother was on the
other side! -

OWNER:

Pack your things and get out! And
if you ever put on a baseball suit
again, I'll put stripes on it for
you! Come on, Cap.

He takes the money and they exit, leaving Farrell looking
after them in a daze.

220. EXT. CORRIDOR CAP AND OWNER

walking down hall.

OWNER:

I knew there was something phoney
about the way he pitched that game.

CAP:

Tom, I still can't believe he was
in on it.

OWNER:

No? -- They write fairy tales for
guys like you....

(after a pause)

I'll find the crook that sent this,
and put him in the pen if it's the
last thing I do!

CAP:

How are you gonna find him?

OWNER:

Twelve thousand in one thousand
dollar bills -- I'll trace it all
right!

DISSOLVE TO:

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221. SMALL PARLOR CAP, CAP'S WIFE AND OWNER CAREY, MACK
AND OTHER PLAYERS

CAP'S WIFE:

(to owner)

I tell you, Mr. Johnson, that's all it was. That boy's just heart-broken. You can't kick him now that he's down and out.

OWNER:

(impressed - but still uncertain)

Well, that might explain some of it -- but why didn't he tell me about it?

CAP'S WIFE:

(triumphantly)

Because Dolly means too much to him. You know how he was before. If he lost a game, he'd say it was an eclipse of the sun that beat him - but he thinks so much of Dolly that he won't use her for an alibi to save his own neck!

OWNER:

And you boys think he's straight?

CAREY:

I'd believe in that guy if I saw him placin' a bet against the club!

OWNER:

Well, I'll talk to him.

He starts out, the others follow.

222. HOTEL LOBBY

Farrell, coming out of elevator with suitcase, as Owner, Cap, Carey and Jack Mack and Cap's wife come into scene.

OWNER:

Wait a minute, son.

CAP:

Let's talk this thing over again, Ike.

(CONTINUED)

222 (Cont.)

CAREY:

Come clean, kid, and just tell 'em it was worry over your girl made you pitch like that.

FARRELL:

(wild with fury)

She ain't got nothin' to do with this -- see? When I was winnin' you all thought I was a hero; and then the first time I lose a game in two months you come around claimin' I'm a crook. You can take your ball club, and the pennant, too, and stuff 'em up a big, wide chimney!

He walks off, leaving them flabbergasted.

CAP'S WIFE:

(quickly)

If I get him and bring him back here and get Dolly to make it up with him, will you treat him fair and give him a break?

OWNER:

Treat him fair? The way I treat that boy is the way I'm treating my chances for a pennant. If he's innocent, I'll be the first to apologize. Get him back!

Cap's wife runs for a taxi, Cap running after her.

CAP'S WIFE:

(over her shoulder)

No - you stay away! You've made enough trouble.

DISSOLVE TO:

223. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL AND CAP'S WIFE RAILROAD STATION

FARRELL:

(his face brighter
and looking immensely
cheered)

And you think she still --- still cares?

(CONTINUED)

223 (Cont.)

CAP'S WIFE:

I know she does! That's why she was so angry. If she didn't care she wouldn't even have bothered to go away - and I know from her letters that she's almost beside herself.

FARRELL:

Well - gee - if you think --

CAP'S WIFE:

I don't think -- I know! But we have to tell her the whole truth. If you just go off now after that awful gambling business, you'll be disgraced. And if I tell her that your comeback depends on her, she'll be back tomorrow cheering for you.

FARRELL:

But do you think she'll really forgive me?

CAP'S WIFE:

I'm sure she will...if you'll promise to give up those alibis!

FARRELL:

Promise? Gee, I'd get down on my knees! -- if I didn't have a little charley-horse....

CAP'S WIFE:

(after a moment)

Come on then! - and tell Mr. Johnson you're going to win your next game!

They start to go.

DISSOLVE TO:

224. HOTEL ROOM

Owner, Farrell, Cap and Cap's wife.

OWNER:

I'm sorry I suspected you, son -- but we can't stop here.

(CONTINUED)

224 (Cont.)

FARRELL:-

(generously)

It's all over far as I'm concerned.

OWNER:

I want to get those crooks and get 'em right. You're sure you don't remember the names?

FARRELL:

No sir -- and I don't like to ask 'em.

OWNER:

But you know where to find 'em?

FARRELL:

Oh sure -- sure I do! --

OWNER:

O.K. -- I want you to go and see them -- and tell 'em you're gonna throw the next game, all right -- but you won't do it unless their man meets you with the money just before the game. Insist that you gotta be paid in advance because you might get run off the Club right after! Then we'll have a couple of Federal men there and catch him red-handed giving you the dough.

FARRELL:

Well, that's pretty slick, but do I have to see 'em again?

OWNER:

Yes! We want to catch them with the goods and this is the only way.

DISSOLVE TO:

225. CRAWFORD'S HEADQUARTERS

Farrell, Crawford and two lieutenants.

CRAWFORD:

But why do you have to be paid in advance?

(CONTINUED)

225 (Cont.)

FARRELL:

I tell you they're lookin' at me funny! I gotta have that dough so I can get out fast if they do come after me.

CRAWFORD:

(suddenly)

Are you trying to put the cross on us, Farrell?

FARRELL:

Say, ain't I done everything you told me to so far?

CRAWFORD:

(to the others)

What do you say?

LIEUTENANT:

(menacingly)

He knows better than to cross us.

FARRELL:

You bet I do!

CRAWFORD:

O.K. We'll have the dough for you....

FARRELL:

Fine... Say --

(suddenly looks at big watch in his vest pocket)

Excuse me, boys! I got to go meet a girl! She's daffy about me -- only she don't like to be kept waitin'! Don't forget!

He goes.

226. CLOSEUP CRAWFORD

Looking after him narrowly.

MALONE:

(to Lieutenant - slowly)

Tell Gimpy I want to see him right away.

DISSOLVE TO:

227. RAILROAD STATION

Farrell and Dolly, sitting arm and arm on a bench.
Dolly's luggage visible.

FARRELL:

Aw gee, Dolly, now that you're
back, I've got the world by the
heels. You're sure swell to
believe in me like that.

DOLLY:

I always believed in you, Francis.
But I never want to hear another
alibi as long as I live. And
that's final.

FARRELL:

Alibi? Me alibi?

He stops abruptly as she looks at him.

FARRELL:

Aw gee, Dolly, I will cut 'em
out.

DOLLY:

You'd better. But now are you
sure you can win the game tomorrow?

FARRELL:

Win it? Say, they wouldn't get a
hit off me tomorrow if I was
pitchin' basket balls. I wouldn't
have lost the last one, only --

He stops in confusion. She looks at him severely.

DOLLY:

That's just what I mean!
(she rises half angrily)
Now, I'm going to be out there
cheering for you tomorrow. But
I'm not going to speak to you
again until you promise me you'll
never make another excuse as long
as you live.

FARRELL:

(in consternation)

They ain't excuses, Dolly! They're
only reasons on account of you
might not understood --

She looks at him furiously and walks off to a taxi.
Farrell hastily picks up her luggage and runs after her.

DISSOLVE TO:

228. EXT. HOTEL

A ragged urchin coming up to Farrell at elevator shaft.

URCHIN:
Hey, ain't you Frank Farrell?

FARRELL:
(kindly)
Sure, son. Want me to sign a ball
for you?

URCHIN:
No, Mr. Farrell. I heard something
awful. I just can't sleep for it.

FARRELL:
What did you hear?

URCHIN:
Well, I heard some men in a saloon
where I was selling papers laugh-
ing and saying you was going to
throw the game away tomorrow. And
I already bet my bicycle on that
game. They said the gamblers had
you fixed. You wouldn't do any-
thing like that, would you, Mr.
Farrell?

FARRELL:
(touched - looks
around)
I'll tell you the truth, kid, but
you gotta keep it quiet. I'm going
to win that game tomorrow by a shut-
out. So you run along and don't
worry about your bicycle.

URCHIN:
Okay, Mr. Farrell! Thanks!

He runs off - Farrell looks after him with self-
satisfaction.

DISSOLVE TO:

229. URCHIN IN TELEPHONE BOOTH

talking into phone.

URCHIN:
Yeah, the big dumbbell - spilled
the whole story to me. He's going
to double-cross you and shut 'em
out tomorrow.

230. CRAWFORD AT TELEPHONE

CRAWFORD:

O.K., Gimpy.

He whirls from telephone to thugs clustered around him.

CRAWFORD:

(grimly)

Come on, boys. We're going to
take Mr. Farrell on a little trip.

They exit swiftly and purposefully.

DISSOLVE TO:

231. SERVICE ENTRANCE OF HOTEL

NIGHT

Negro elevator boy is seen asleep in chair beside service elevator. Ambulance comes tearing into courtyard and stops beside service entrance, followed by sedan. Crawford, carrying a doctor's bag, comes out of sedan, and two of his boys dressed as internes jump out of ambulance, lift out stretcher and carry it hastily to service elevator. Crawford goes up to sleeping elevator boy and wakes him, shaking him roughly.

CRAWFORD:

Wake up, wake up!

Boy starts and looks up, scared to death.

ELEVATOR BOY:

What's wrong? Somebody dead?

CRAWFORD:

(severely)

No, but there will be if you don't
hurry. Eighth floor - right away!

They go into service elevator and zoom upward.

232. INT. CORRIDOR HOTEL

Crawford and his boys get out of elevator.

CRAWFORD:

(to elevator boy)

Stay right here with the car!

(CONTINUED)

232 (Cont.)

ELEVATOR BOY:

Yes sir, yes sir!

Crawford and lieutenants go swiftly down corridor, stop before Farrell's door. Crawford takes out skeleton keys, opens door and they enter. Farrell is lying asleep in bed, his watch in his pajama pocket - the chain through the lapel. Lieutenant slips blackjack out of pocket visibly.

CRAWFORD:

(stops him)

No -- use this!

Crawford hastily opens can of chloroform and drenches pad. They chloroform Farrell, load him hastily on stretcher, cover him with sheet, and carry him out.

233. CORRIDOR TRUCK TO ELEVATOR

ELEVATOR BOY:

(blinking eyes)

Golly, is he dead, doctor?

LIEUTENANT:

Let's go.

Elevator drops swiftly.

234. SERVICE ENTRANCE HOTEL

They wheel Farrell out and load him into ambulance, elevator boy helping willingly.

ELEVATOR BOY:

(pleading)

Gosh, Doctor, I hope you won't say nothin' about me bein' asleep.

CRAWFORD:

We won't -- if he pulls through!

The two lieutenants jump into ambulance and speed off with Farrell, followed by Crawford in sedan, as elevator boy watches them frightened.

BOY:

Oh, my

DISSOLVE TO:

235. INT. FARM HOUSE

NIGHT

Ambulance pulling up beside farm house. Thugs get out, reach in ambulance and lift Farrell out, carrying him laboriously into farmhouse.

236. INT. SMALL ROOM

Thugs enter carrying Farrell. They dump him on a bed.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

237. INSERT NEWSPAPER HEAD

"CUBS NEED TONIGHT'S GAME TO CINCH PENNANT"

"RECORD MOB EXPECTED FOR FIRST LOCAL
CONTEST UNDER SEARCHLIGHTS"

DISSOLVE TO:

238. HOTEL ROOM DOLLY AND CAP'S WIFE. EVENING

CAP'S WIFE:-

(into phone)

We can't find a trace of him....
He hasn't been seen at all today.
The hotel doesn't know anything
about it... All right.

(she hangs up -
to Dolly)

Cap's mad as he can be!

DOLLY:

Something has happened to him!

CAP'S WIFE:

Something'll happen to him if he
doesn't show up for the game.
Don't you realize that they never
will believe in him again!

DOLLY:

Game -- All you think about is the
game. What worries me is Francis!
I'm sure something terrible --

CAP'S WIFE:

Now, calm yourself, Dolly. He
must be all right. He'll show up
at the last minute with an alibi.

DOLLY:

(her handkerchief
to her mouth)

But he isn't all right. He'd
never worry us all like this. If
I only knew where he was....

239. INT. LOCKER ROOM

Cap and owner.

CAP:

(uncertainly)

I can't believe he'd run out on us.

OWNER:

I knew it all along! We traced that money to Crawford, the gambler! If I ever see Farrell again, he's going to have a jail to talk himself out of!

240. ROOM IN FARM HOUSE FARRELL AND THUGS NIGHT

CLOSE ON Farrell in bed stretching and yawning luxuriously. He opens eyes sleepily and peers at watch.

FARRELL:

My gosh!

He springs out of bed - to be pushed back violently.

FARRELL:

(astonished)

Hey - what is this?

FIRST THUG:

Just a little game we got up, Frank. You're it!

Farrell gapes in astonishment and looks out of window at rustic night scene showing farm yard and sedan - not Crawford's - parked near house. Also rear of ambulance parked in open shed.

FARRELL:

Say - where am I?

THUG:

Why, this is the health farm, sonny. We brought you out here for your health.

FARRELL:

My health! Say, quit kiddin' me. I gotta get to the ball park.

FIRST THUG:

Sure, you do....but not tonight!

He presses his gun slowly against Farrell's ribs, pushing him back on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

240 (Cont.)

FARRELL:

How long have I been here?

SECOND THUG:

(settling down comfortably in chair)

Not as long as you're going to be!

FARRELL:

You fellows must a brought me here last night.

FIRST THUG:

(leering)

Why, Frank, you know that ain't hospitable. Don't you remember askin' us here for the weekend?

FARRELL:

Weekend! Say, quit your kiddin'. I gotta get to that game.

FIRST THUG:

Boy - you're so far from the ball park you'll do well to get there by next season.

FARRELL:

I will, will I?

He springs up. Thug springs up, grabs him and throws him roughly on bed. He exhibits gun meaningfully.

FIRST THUG:

(with gun)

Now look here, Farrell, if you're good you can go home just like you come here -- all in one piece.

FARRELL:

(glumly)

Okay, boys - I guess you win. No harm in lookin' around is there?

THUGS:

(good-naturedly)

Now, you're showin' some sense. All you gotta do is stay quiet and you'll get paid for it -- just like we get paid for makin' you.

Farrell rises, walks around surveying landscape through window.

241. LONG SHOT FROM WINDOW
of sedan near garage.

242. INT. ROOM

SECOND THUG:

Have a drink?
(he points to bottle)

FARRELL:

Me?...I wouldn't touch that stuff...
(pauses)

Well - I don't know, boys, it's mighty
cold here. Looks like you got me
anyway. I'll have one.

SECOND THUG:

That's better.

He pours out a drink and hands it to Farrell. Farrell takes it, dashes it swiftly in thug's face, then clouts the other guy on the chin, and bursts out door, running downstairs. He is still clad only in pajamas.

243. EXT. HOUSE FARRELL

jumps in sedan, presses starter, finds that key has been removed from the car and he cannot start it. He springs from sedan, runs into garage and gets into the ambulance and starts it.

244. INT. ROOM

One thug is still yelling as he tries to wipe the whiskey from his eyes - the other is dazedly coming out of the sock.

245. CLOSEUP FARRELL

clad in pajamas driving ambulance with bell clanging. Farrell looks back over shoulder nervously.

246. LONG SHOT

of distant car.

247. CLOSE SHOT ON SEDAN

One thug holding pistol arm out of the window, the other thug driving. Speedometer showing 70 miles an hour.

THUG:

(driving)

Just knock out a tire and if that baby carriage don't roll over into a ditch, we'll shove him in!

248. CLOSE SHOT MECHANIC'S HAND

adjusting chuck under new tire mounted on shiny wheel. CAMERA DRAWS BACK TO REVEAL driver has been checking wheel blocks on immense over-head automobile trailer. Driver inspects job. Scene reveals that he is parked on highway for this purpose. He now walks slowly along his big truck and gets into driver's seat.

249. FARRELL

in ambulance rounding a curve. As he rounds it he turns his head backwards to look at pursuing car which is gaining on him. Ambulance rounds curve and turns up, skids onto automobile truck.

250. DRIVER'S HAND

pulling huge lever in cab marked "Skids Release".

251. FARRELL'S CAR

being hoisted up on its skids in line with other automobiles behind truck.

252. REAR WHEELS OF AMBULANCE

spinning on roller bearing of truck carriage.

253. FARRELL

for the first time turning his head forward and seeing rear of car on rack ahead of him immediately at hand. He jams on brakes and breathes deeply as though he had averted a collision.

254. FULL SHOT TRUCK

moving off with Farrell and ambulance on board it.

255. FARRELL

desperately honking -- then remembering pursuers looks hastily back.

256. PURSUERS' CAR

coming around the bend at full speed and zooming on past Farrell, truck and all. When they pass Farrell sounds bell vigorously and tries to turn wheel.

257. DRIVER OF TRUCK

unseen by Farrell extends his hand and beckons angrily for ambulance to pass him.

258. FARRELL

still clanging and trying to turn out of truck runways.

259. TRUCK DRIVER

sticking head out of window angrily and shouting.

TRUCK DRIVER:

Come on -- Pass me!!

A DOUBLE TAKE as he sees no one there.

260. FARRELL

still clanging indignantly and pressing accelerator.

261. TRUCK DRIVER

He pulls his truck over and stops - jumps out and starts back. At the same time, Farrell has discovered his true situation as the truck stops. He jumps out of ambulance and then on to road opposite from driver,

(CONTINUED)

261 (Cont.)

goes to front. Driver walks back. Farrell in amazement looks at empty driver's seat - then suddenly looks at watch nervously.

FARRELL:

Golly!

He jumps into truck driver's cab and releases emergency.

262. MED. SHOT DRIVER INCLUDING BACK OF TRUCK

The driver stares at the ambulance aboard his truck - closes his eyes as if to clear his head.

263. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

He drives the truck off.

264. CLOSE SHOT DRIVER

He opens his eyes to see truck pulling away.

DRIVER:

Hey! Hey!

He runs after it.

265. INSERT FARRELL'S FOOT

presses down on accelerator.

266. INT. THUGS' CAR

They have slowed down, realizing they have lost Farrell and are looking around up and down the road.

267. FARRELL IN TRUCK

coming up to thugs, driving hard. Farrell waves at them derisively as he passes. They start shooting, he ducks - and as he does, he sees big lever marked "Skids Release." He grasps it and releases it forward.

268. FULL SHOT BACK OF TRUCK.

The skids fall and drop the ambulance directly in the path of the sedan. Sedan swerves out to avoid it - crashes into fence and plunges into field.

269. FARRELL

leaning out of cab and blowing a kiss toward the wrecked sedan.

270. MED. SHOT BALL PARK

UMPIRE:
(announcing)
....for Chicago - Hayworth going
in for Kelly.

271. TWO FANS

sitting in grandstand.

FIRST FAN:
Hey -- ain't they gonna use
Farrell a-tall today!

SECOND FAN:
Yeah, that's what I came to see!

272. INSERT SCOREBOARD

showing score 3-0 in favor of Cubs in Eighth inning.
None out -- other team at bat.

273. CRAWFORD AND HIS BOYS

also in grandstand.

CRAWFORD:
(grimly)
They're still ahead!

LIEUTENANT:
Yeah -- but they're crackin'.
Hayworth won't last. This is the
pay-off.

274. BOX SEAT DOLLY AND CAP'S WIFE

Dolly is crying.

DOLLY:

Oh, I know something terrible has happened to him or he'd be here.

CAP'S WIFE:

(angry)

You mean something terrible is going to happen to him after a trick like this!

DOLLY:

(furious)

I believe you suspect him as much as the rest do --- !

CAP'S WIFE:

Well, what else is there to think? He's just run out on us. The gamblers scared him off.

DOLLY:

He never ran out on anybody in his life, and never will, and don't you dare say a word like that to me again!

275. FARRELL IN TRUCK

careening through streets.

276. CLOSE SHOT TWO MOTORCYCLE COPS

start after him.

277. MED. SHOT TRUCK AND FARRELL

He drives up to players' gate of grandstand, jumps from truck in pajamas.

278. CLOSE SHOT GATE OF BALL PARK

Attendant at gate catches Farrell, holding him.

ATTENDANT:

Not so fast....Where you goin'?

FARRELL:

Goin'! I'm Farrell!.. Lemme in there.

ATTENDANT:

(sarcastically)

Farrell, are you? Well, I'm the King of Spain and you can't come in the palace in pajamas!

279. LONG SHOT MOTORCYCLE COPS

approaching.

280. FARRELL

wrenches himself free from attendant and springs into truck and drives off amid shouts.

281. DUGOUT CAP

watching field intently. OVER SHOT comes sharp crack of bat.

CAP:

Good Lord!

He puts his face in his hands.

282. FULL SHOT FIELD

players running around bases - stopping on all three to indicate that bases are full.

283. MED. SHOT DUGOUT

CAP:
 (to a player)
 Get out there, Benson - I know
 your arm's sore, but do the
 best you can --

284. SHOT OUTFIELD BALL PARK

showing fence behind outfielders. There is a terrific
 crash as Farrell drives the truck through the fence and
 right up the field to the Cubs' dugout.

285. FARRELL

jumps out of truck in pajamas in front of dugout.

286. LONG SHOT CROWD IN GRANDSTAND

in uproar.

287. FARRELL

starts to run into dugout to Cap.

288. FULL SHOT DUGOUT

CAP:
 Where've you been, Farrell? --

FARRELL:
 I've been -- I've been.... I
 can't tell you -- but -- just lemme
 at 'em!

CAP:
 Wait a minute! Are you on the
 level, Farrell? Do you want to
 win this game?

FARRELL:
 Do I want to win it? Leggo of
 me!

He runs to dugout, grabs a glove and starts for the
 playing field.

(CONTINUED)

288 (Cont.)

UMPIRE:

(coming over to him -
indicating pajamas)

Hey - you can't pitch in those!

FARRELL:

What d'ya mean -- I can't pitch...

He suddenly glances at himself - becoming-conscious of the pajamas for the first time. He runs hastily to dugout, other players crowd swiftly around him.

289. FULL SHOT OWNER AND COPS

OWNER:

I'll take care of it, boys. Just
let him alone now....

290. CLOSE SHOT BESS'S BOX

Bess is climbing out of the box. She jumps to the field.

291. MED. SHOT GROUP AT DUGOUT

Cap, Giant's manager, and Umpire and Farrell.

CAP:

Just give him a chance to get in
his uniform --

GIANT'S MANAGER:

No, you don't! The game's gotta go
on! That's the rules! He gets
five balls to warm up. But we don't
wait here while he changes his
clothes and takes a bath and shaves
himself!

292. CLOSE SHOT BESS

on outside of group. As she hears this, she turns and
runs.

293. MED. SHOT GROUP

UMPIRE:

We can't hold the game up, Cap.

CAP:

Now wait a minute --

(calls)

Smitty! Jones! Tom! Hanken!

(fast to Umpire)

Just give him time to get his shirt, some pants, and a pair of cleats on.

The boys Cap has called gather around. Hanken, a great big fellow, starts to pull off his shirt. One of the others starts to unbuckle his pants. Smitty starts to take off his cleats. Meanwhile the Giant's manager is protesting.

GIANT'S MANAGER:

Nothin' doin'.

(to Umpire)

Look! Are we goin' on with this game, or not?

UMPIRE:

We'll have to, Cap. If he's gonna pitch, send him out there --

FARRELL:

Gosh -- I'll play in these!

Suddenly everything goes black.

294. FULL SHOT FIELD AND STANDS

An even greater yelling goes up. Screams. After a moment, through the loud speaker:

VOICE:

(from loud speaker)

Keep your seats, folks -- It's all right. Keep your seats --

Matches are struck all over the stands, and suddenly the lights go on again.

295. MED. SHOT GROUP

Farrell, Cap, Giant's manager, Umpire, other players. Farrell is finishing tightening a pair of pants, at least five sizes too large for him, and a shirt that

(CONTINUED)

295 (Cont.)

hangs almost down to his knees. The three players who gave him the stuff, one without shirt, one shielding himself with Ike's discarded pants, and Smitty, shoeless, run into the dugout.

UMPIRE:

(shouts)

Play ball!

The stands go wild.

FARRELL:

(to Cap)

Wait a minute, Cap! I can't --

CAP:

You can't! You can't what? Get out there! You're gonna pitch if they drive base hits through your ribs.

FARRELL:

Quit! Who's quittin'? I gotta have my gum! -- the gum offa my cap!

GUS:

(the bat boy -
standing near by)

I'll get it.

He turns and runs into dugout.

UMPIRE:

Play ball, or forfeit the game!

CAP:

(to Farrell)

Get out there and take your warm-up.

FARRELL:

Warm-up! I wouldn't need a warm-up if them guys didn't force me to sock 'em.

296. FULL SHOT FIELD

as Farrell walks to pitcher's mound, his ludicrous uniform looping around him. He throws a ball in to the catcher, then another. Then Gus runs out a little ways into the field, stops, and tosses the gum to Farrell. Farrell misses it.

297. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

Farrell picks up the gun, which is covered with dust, brushes it off, puts it on the button of his cap, then yells toward home plate:

FARRELL:
Batter up. Let's go!

UMPIRE:
Batter up!

The batter steps up to the plate, and Farrell pitches. The first pitch is a ball; the next three are strikes. The batter walks away as the crowds scream. Farrell prepares to pitch again.

298. CLOSE SHOT DOLLY IN BOX

the tears streaming down her cheeks,--but she is gloriously happy.

299. CLOSE SHOT CORNER SMALL ROOM BESIDE DUGOUT

Through the window can be seen Bess and a mechanic. Bess is looking through the window intently. Later we discover this is the switch room.

MECHANIC:
I don't wanta get in no trouble --

BESS:
(without looking at him)
You'll be in a lot of trouble if
you don't shut up!

MECHANIC:
Yes, Ma'am.

300. FULL SHOT FIELD

just after Farrell has pitched.

UMPIRE:
Strike two!

301. CLOSE SHOT CAP

staring, moveless at Farrell. He puts an unlit cigarette to his lips with a shaking hand, holds it there for a second, then throws it away.

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302. FULL SHOT FIELD

Farrell pitches. The batter fans.

UMPIRE:

You're out!

303. CLOSE SHOT RADIO ANNOUNCER IN BOOTH

RADIO ANNOUNCER:

Good grief! -- What a game! The last half of the ninth inning, folks. Bases full, and Farrell has just struck two men out. This justifies everything that has ever been said about the rookie wonder from Sauk Center, walking in cold, in this sensational night game, to decide the championship of the National League.

304. MED. SHOT AROUND PITCHER'S MOUND

Farrell, Carey, Mack and other players.

FARRELL:

Get out there, boys -- or stay here -- anything you like! It's in the bag. I'll throw this so fast he'll need six pair of eyes to miss it!

The players run back to their positions. Farrell takes the gum from his cap, deliberately puts it in his mouth, steps on to the mound, and half pitches, when he suddenly stops, as he sees Dolly in the box.

FARRELL:

(shouts)

Dolly!

305. CLOSE SHOT DOLLY IN BOX

stands up and waves wildly.

306. CLOSE SHOT UMPIRE

UMPIRE:

(gestures)

Balk! Take your base.

307. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

FARRELL:

Balk!

308. CLOSE SHOT CAP

He utters a suppressed scream of torture, and puts his face in his hands.

309. FULL SHOT FIELD

The batter goes to the first base, forcing the man on third, home.

310. CLOSE SHOT SCORE BOARD

The figure "1" is put up opposite the Giant's name.
 Cubs - 3 -- Giants - 1

311. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

glaring toward the home plate.

FARRELL:

(mutters)

Balk!...

He starts to pitch.

312. FULL SHOT FIELD

The ball whizzes over.

UMPIRE:

Strike!

313. CLOSE SHOT INT. ROOM CORNER BESS AND MECHANIC

They are both pressed against the window, yelling.

314. FULL SHOT FIELD

Farrell pitches.

315. CLOSE SHOT UMPIRE

UMPIRE:

Strike two!

316. CLOSE SHOT OWNER

staring intently.

317. CLOSE SHOT CAP

He lifts his face up from his hands and looks.

318. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

smiling in confidence. He gives the ball a little flip, and starts to pitch.

319. FULL SHOT FIELD

as the ball comes over. The batter hits it.

320. FULL SHOT INFIELD

The ball hops toward Farrell. He goes for it, catches it close against his body. All the runners have started to run. Farrell makes as if to throw the ball.

321. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

He suddenly realizes he hasn't got the ball. He looks on the ground, looks desperately at the front of his shirt, sees that two buttons of his shirt are off, and the ball must have gone inside. He starts to fumble around for it frantically, ripping his shirt off, fooling inside his pants.

322. FULL SHOT FIELD

One man scores; another man scores. Meanwhile, the man who was on first, and the batter are about five yards apart. Just rounding third - the first man is a little slow.

323. MED. SHOT TWO LAST RUNNERS

as they round third. The last man shouts to the one ahead of him.

LAST RUNNER:

Step on it! Step on it!

324. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

He finally locates ball inside pants, holds on to it from the outside, and runs like mad toward the runners. It's a close race for home, but just before the first runner reaches home, Farrell falls on the second runner.

325. FULL SHOT DUGOUT

as Cap runs toward home plate.

326. MED. SHOT NEAR HOME PLATE

as Farrell lies astride the man, pressing the concealed ball against him.

UMPIRE:

You're out!

327. CLOSE SHOT CAP

He opens his mouth, makes a gulping noise, and shuts it.

328. CLOSE SHOT INT. ROOM BESS AND MECHANIC

at the window. She has been grabbing the mechanic's hair tensely, and he has been oblivious to it. Now she relaxes with a gasp, still holding on to his hair.

MECHANIC:

(yells)

Hey!

329. CLOSE SHOT DOLLY

smiling happily and applauding.

330. CLOSE SHOT OWNER

He wipes his head with his handkerchief.

331. INSERT: SCORE BOARD

showing score: CUBS - 3 --- GIANTS - 3

332. FULL SHOT DUGOUT

as the team comes in.

FARRELL:

How was that for quick thinkin',
Cap?

CAP:

(ignoring him - to
Carey)

Get out there and hit one.

Carey goes toward the plate.

CAP:

(to coach)

If either Carey or Mack get on base,
I'll put in Murph as a pinch hitter
for him --

(indicates Farrell)

FARRELL:

Pinch hitter! Say I'm up after Mack.
If you put in a pinch hitter, I won't
be allowed to pitch the extra inning
-- if we don't score --

COACH:

That's right Cap...

CAP:

(looks at Farrel bitterly
and speaks with infinite
sarcasm which is wasted
on Farrell)

Don't score! -- If you go up you'll
hit a home run, won't you?

(CONTINUED)

332 (Cont.)

FARRELL:

Yeah! I'm gonna hit it all right,
and I ain't gonna stop till I got
home!

The crack of a bat is heard.

333. FULL SHOT FIELD

Carey has hit to the short-stop, who throws him out at first. Mack walks up to the plate.

334. MED. SHOT DUGOUT

Farrell is tightening the folds of his voluminous uniform about him.

FARRELL:

Get me the biggest bat we got, Gus.

335. CLOSEUP CAP'S FACE

336. FULL SHOT FIELD

Mack hits the first ball pitched, a high fly, which is gathered in by the second baseman.

337. MED. SHOT DUGOUT

Cap sinks down in despair.

FARRELL:

Here I go! I told you I ain't
gonna stop till I get home -- and
I ain't!

Cap waves his hand at him without looking. TRUCK with Farrell as he walks toward the play, looking up at grand stand.

FARRELL:

Dolly!

338. CLOSE SHOT DOLLY

339. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

FARRELL:
I'll see you in a minute,
Dolly!

340. FULL SHOT FIELD

as Farrell strides to the plate.

341. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

at plate, menaces the pitcher with his bat.

FARRELL:
Come on! Put it in there!
(indicates with bat)
Up here, down here. I don't
care where it is. Just throw
it!

CATCHER:
How come you lost that ball,
Farrell? I thought maybe you
swallowed it.

FARRELL:
If it gets past me now, I'll
swallow it!

CATCHER:
(looks at him specu-
latively)
Oh, yeah!

He crouches - signals.

342. FULL SHOT INCLUDING PITCHER, FARRELL AND CATCHER

The pitcher throws a low, wide one. Farrell goes after
it, hits it. It fouls, hitting the netting.

343. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

FARRELL:
Come on! Try it again! Put it
anywhere!

344. FULL SHOT INCLUDING PITCHER, FARRELL AND CATCHER

The pitcher throws a high, close one. Farrell goes
after it. Hits it. Another foul, outside of first.

345. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

FARRELL:
Ain't ascaired, are you? Come on,
put it in here!

346. FULL SHOT INCLUDING PITCHER, FARRELL AND CATCHER

Pitcher throws it, a high, wide one. Farrell reaches
for it, catches it right on the end of his bat, and
smacks it.

347. FULL SHOT FIELD

as Farrell runs.

348. MED. SHOT

as he touches first. Coach at first yells:

COACH:
Stop at second!

349. FULL SHOT SHOOTING FROM PITCHER'S BOX TOWARD SECOND

as Farrell nears it.

350. MED. SHOT OUTFIELDER

gathering up ball.

351. FULL SHOT SHOOTING FROM BEHIND THIRD TOWARD SECOND

COACH:
(at third - yells)
Stay there! Get back!

But Farrell heads for third.

352. MED. SHOT OUTFIELDER

He throws ball to third baseman.

353. FULL SHOT AROUND THIRD BASE

The third baseman reaches for the ball, as Farrell approaches. It is low. Farrell steps over his hand, touches the base - and continues running!

354. FULL SHOT INCLUDING HOME PLATE AND THIRD BASE

The third baseman turns and throws the ball to the catcher...as Farrell comes toward home, at full blast. It is another low throw. It looks like a sure out, as the catcher starts to straighten - but Farrell suddenly does a beautiful dive right over him, and also over the home plate, sliding about seven feet. The catcher has not seen him miss home.

355. CLOSE SHOT THIRD BASEMAN

THIRD BASEMAN:
(screams to catcher)
Tag him! Tag him! He didn't
touch it!

356. FULL SHOT AROUND HOME PLATE

as Farrell starts to stand, the catcher turns to go for him.

357. FULL SHOT INT. ROOM BESS AND MECHANIC

We see now that it is the switchboard room, and Bess whips around and pulls the huge switch.

358. FULL SHOT FIELD

As the catcher goes toward Farrell, everything goes black. There is confusion, yelling, shouting from the stands. As the lights go up, we -

CUT VERY
QUICKLY TO:

359. MED. SHOT CATCHER

sitting astride a figure, who is lying on his face. The catcher is sitting, facing the figure's heels. The figure lurches, throwing the catcher off. It is the umpire.

UMPIRE:

What do you think you're doin'?

The catcher looks around wildly for Farrell.

360. CLOSE SHOT FARRELL

leaning with his elbow on the home plate.

FARRELL:

How am I, Ump?

361. FULL SHOT AROUND HOME PLATE

UMPIRE:

(calls, angrily)

Safe! The game's over.

Farrell leaps up and runs toward Dolly's box.

362. MED. SHOT CRAWFORD'S BOX

The owner followed by several plain clothes men comes into the box.

CRAWFORD:

Hello, Johnson...

OWNER:

(to plain clothes men)

Arrest them. I'll prefer charges.

(CONTINUED)

362 (Cont.)

CRAWFORD:

Charges of what?

OWNER:

You've fixed your last game, Crawford....

363. FULL SHOT BOX DOLLY

as Farrell comes into it.

DOLLY:

Francis!

FARRELL:

Gee, Dolly! --

Just as they are about to embrace, a couple of reporters crash into the box between them.

1ST REPORTER:

What's the story, Farrell?

2ND REPORTER:

Come on, give us the dope.

FARRELL:

Well boys, I'd have been here from the start, only --

(catches sight of Dolly)

1ST REPORTER:

Come on!

2ND REPORTER:

What happened?.....

FARRELL:

Well, fellas...Nothin' could have stopped me if only --

(looks at Dolly again,
puts his hand over his
mouth)

1ST REPORTER:

Spill it!

FARRELL:

Sorry, boys. I got nothin' to say.

(CONTINUED)

363 (Cont.)

DOLLY:

(bursts out, very fast)
 I'll tell you what happened.
 Francis would have won the pennant
 all by himself long ago if they'd
 have left him alone and if he hadn't
 been worried, and if he hadn't had bad
 luck, and ---

364. FULL SHOT INT. SWITCH ROOM BESS AND MECHANIC

are struggling at the switchboard. She has her hand
 on the big switch trying to pull it down, and he's
 trying to keep it pushed up.

MECHANIC:

No you ain't! Not again!

Bess is hysterical, and acts as if she has a jag on.

BESS:

(cries wildly)
 Yes I will! I like pulling the
 switch up and down, and I'm gonna
 keep on doing it all night long! --

365. FULL SHOT BOX

Cap comes into it.

CAP:

(to Dolly)

Where's Bess?

He looks around. Suddenly the lights go out. Every-
 thing becomes black.

FARRELL'S VOICE:

Dolly!.....

And we hear a kiss. The lights go on, and there is
 Farrell, his eyes closed, his arms around Cap. He
 opens his eyes, sees it is Cap, and lets forth with
 the famous Brown cry.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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