

BASEketball

BASED ON A TRUE STORY

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**FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY**

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FADE IN...

INT. DODGER STADIUM - NIGHT

1988. World Series play. CAMERA PANS the RAUCOUS CROWD.

VIN SCULLY (V.O.)

...4 to 3, A's. Two out, ninth inning.
Three and two on Gibson. Davis leads off
from second. Eckersley winds. The pitch...

CAMERA SETTLES on a TEN-YEAR OLD BOY, wearing a ball cap and warm-up jacket with the name "Cooper" on it, watching the game in wide-eyed wonder. O.S. we hear the CRACK OF THE BAT.

VIN SCULLY (V.O.)

High fly ball into right field. *SHE IS GONE!*

The crowd goes crazy as the baseball sails into the stands. It bounds over the out-stretched fingers of several FANS, finally landing in the mitt of the Young Boy. The Boy's FATHER throws his arms around him.

*
*
*

FATHER

Good catch, Joel

A look of awe on his face, the Boy watches KIRK GIBSON trot around the bases, pumping his fist. He begins to pump his fist in emulation as we...

FADE TO BLACK...

We hear the ROAR OF A CROWD and then the opening strains of Aaron Copeland's heroic "Fanfare For The Common Man."

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There was a time in America when contests of athletic prowess served as a metaphor for the nobility of man.

FADE UP ON a series of CLIPS of legendary moments in sports. Babe Ruth calling his shot. Franco Harris's "Immaculate Reception." The final moments of the Ali/Foreman "Rumble In The Jungle." We see a section of crowd, completely awed by what they've witnessed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Historic moments forged by the love of the game and the purity of the sport galvanized an entire nation and celebrated the human
(MORE)

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NARRATOR (cont'd)
potential to transcend the ordinary in
achieving true excellence.

Reggie Jackson's three World Series home runs. Joe Namath's guaranteed Superbowl. Bart Starr's quarterback sneak in the "Ice Bowl." The joyous crowd ROARS with unbridled enthusiasm.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But as time passed and the country neared
the millennium...something went awry. What
was once a shining symbol of society's
highest values had somehow degenerated into
a representation of selfishness, outlandish
behavior, and the full catalog of Man's
baser instincts...

INT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

Sparse CROWD on hand. The ball's snapped. QUARTERBACK quickly
completes a two yard pass into the endzone.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
In football, the poetry of the game was
lost in the vulgar celebrations that
followed every play.

The RECEIVER spikes the ball, tears off his helmet, starts a
celebration dance. He's joined by TWO TEAMMATES. They lock
elbows, begin an IRISH FOLK DANCE. Now the entire TEAM mounts
the endzone stage to perform a full-blown, choreographed
RIVERDANCE. WHISTLES BLOW. A REF throws a flag.

REFEREE
Ten yard penalty! Derivative choreography!

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

On the mound, a PITCHER checks the sign, throws to first.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Sports were not only ridiculous, they were
becoming boring. *

Pitcher takes return throw. Wipes his forehead. Adjusts his
crotch. Pulls on his underwear. Throws over to first.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The 'Seventh Inning Stretch' became the
'Seventh Inning Wake-up Call.'

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ANGLE - GRANDSTAND

Over the LOUDSPEAKER, a BUGLE PLAYS "REVEILLE." FANS are jarred awake. Some start SINGING "The Star Spangled Banner." Many of them have brought along sleeping masks, neck pillows, and blankets. Roaming VENDORS HAWK Starbucks and No-Doz.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And coffee replaced beer as the top selling concession beverage.

INT. BASKETBALL ARENA - NIGHT

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No finesse, no grace, just slam and jam. Everyone's sporting tons of jewelry and tattoos, each PLAYER with a different Day-Glo hair color.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Basketball drifted from an exciting sport of teamwork into an ostentatious display of individual showboating.

REF blows the WHISTLE. Yipes! He's got Day-Glo hair, too.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

On the dais, a FOOTBALL PLAYER holds up a Packers jersey. He fields questions from a throng of REPORTERS (MOS).

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Players sold their services to the highest bidder, much like the hired guns of the old west.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

...And after playing for New England, San Diego, Houston, St. Louis, a year for the Toronto Argonauts, plus one season as a greeter at The Desert Inn, I'm happy to commit to this no trade, multi-year, forty million dollar contract with its deferred bonuses and no fault escape clause. It's always been my fondest dream to play here in the fine city of Miami.

GENERAL MANAGER

(aside)

Green Bay!

FOOTBALL PLAYER

(smiles)

Whatever.

(realization)

Green Bay! Shit, man, it gets cold up there!

GENERAL MANAGER

Here.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Soon it was commonplace for entire teams to change cities in search of greater profits.

ANGLE - UNITED STATES MAP

As Narrator SPEAKS, a pathway of light moves city to city.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Minnesota Lakers moved to Los Angeles ...where there are no lakes. The Oilers moved to Tennessee where there's no oil. The Jazz moved to Salt Lake City where they don't allow music. And the Oakland Raiders moved to L.A. just for the hell of it.

(deep breath, picking up speed)

The Braves left Boston to make a new home in Milwaukee. Seattle got a new team called the Pilots. When the Braves moved to Atlanta, the Pilots moved to Milwaukee and became the Brewers.

The map has become almost obliterated with lights.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(warp speed)

The Baltimore Colts moved to Indianapolis. Then The Browns left Cleveland to move to Baltimore. But Cleveland kept the name so The Browns became The Ravens. The St. Louis Cardinals moved to Phoenix. Then The L.A. Rams left to become The St. Louis Rams. The Raiders then moved back to Oakland leaving Los Angeles with no football team... The only saving grace was...no one seemed to notice.

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY

STOCK FOOTAGE of the UNITED AIRLINES LOGO, on top of The United Center, Home of the Chicago Bulls.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The profit motive continued to lead to the corporate takeover of sports. Even the stadiums and arenas became nothing more than billboards to promote commercial products.

MONTAGE OF ANGLES:

THE GREAT WESTERN FORUM in LOS ANGELES

COORS FIELD in DENVER

PREPARATION H STADIUM

MAXI TAMPON CENTER. The MAXI TAMPON BLIMP flies above the arena, ironically trailing its landing rope...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Continued expansion diluted the talent pool, forcing owners to recruit heavily from prisons, mental institutions, and Texas.

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

A bench clearing BRAWL in progress.

INT. BASKETBALL ARENA - NIGHT

A huge FRACAS on the court. Even the MASCOTS are fighting.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

A SLUGFEST on the forty. REFEREES attempting to break it up.

INT. HOCKEY RINK - DAY

Vicious hand-to-hand combat. The puzzled REFEREE looks from the melee to the puck -- still in his hand.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Far from decrying it, professional sports used violence as a selling point.

A SLICK PROFESSIONAL SPORTS AD

Crashing hi-tech graphics. Thundering SOUND EFFECTS. Raucous in-your-face MUSIC.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Pro Sports! This Fall! NFL Sunday! Catch the Violence!

Film bytes of Football Players slamming each other into goalposts. A QB races out of bounds. He's slammed by a LINEMAN, who picks him up, pile-drives him into the ground.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

NBA Basketball!! Feel The Pain!

Basketball Players hacking, elbowing, clotheslining their opponents. One Player tries to force the ball down Another Player's throat.

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TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Major League Baseball! You Got A Problem With Murder?!

A rapid succession of Baseball Players being KLONKED in the helmet by pitches.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

NHL Hockey! License To Kill!

Hockey Players being slashed with sticks, opening gashes on their chests and faces. A severed head rolls across the ice.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Incredibly, only one sport endured as an island of non-violence...

INT. BOXING ARENA - NIGHT

TWO "FIGHTERS" are lumped together in an endless clinch.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Except for that one incident in mid-1997.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE - HORRIFIED FACES IN THE FIRST ROW

Not two feet in front of them, a BLOODY EAR falls to the canvas. Followed by an EARRING rolling through FRAME.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

THREE MIDDLE-AGED GUYS watching TV with wide vacant eyes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

To feed the insatiable appetite of the thousands of cable channels, sports broadcasts included tennis, bowling, and billiards. Some people...some people even watched *golf*.

REVERSE TO REVEAL the Guys are staring at a golf match. FUZZY ZOELLER is endlessly lining up a putt.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

To shore up declining attendance, the major sports introduced interleague play. But when that novelty wore off, they were forced to try intersports play...

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INT. BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY

PITCHER fires a pitch toward home where a FOOTBALL PLAYER in full uniform swings and rips the ball into the outfield.

CENTER FIELDER drifts back, a CORNERBACK covering him. He reaches up to catch the ball. He's instantly creamed by the Cornerback. Ball squirts away. UMP throws a flag on the play.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The crowds came back...but only for a while.

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A FOOTBALL HALFBACK breaks from third. TWO GIANT LINEMEN appear out of nowhere to block for him. The CATCHER gets the ball and is flattened. UMP makes the touchdown signal.

*

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But just when things looked bleakest...

ANGLE - FULL PAGE NEWSPAPER AD

MICK JAGGER and the cadaver-like STONES, all in wheelchairs. Big banner: "THE ROLLING STONES' WHERE'S THE RAMP? TOUR!!"

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NARRATOR (V.O.)
Something wonderful happened...

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Typical college decor. Borrowed furniture, sports posters, a pyramid of beer cans stacked in the corner. A BIG SCREEN TELEVISION SET shows a baseball game in which a PITCHER is repeatedly throwing to first. *

CURT GOWDY (V.O.)
And another throw to first... *

ANGLE - JOESPH (COOP) COOPER *

A likeable twenty-something lug sits in a white recliner, slugging down a beer. Staring at the TV. *

CURT GOWDY (V.O.)
And another throw to first... *

On the well-worn couch, curly-haired, bespectacled DOUG REMER, same age, sits, also drinking beer, watching the tube. *

CURT GOWDY (V.O.)
Another toss over to... *

ANGLE - TELEVISION *

Fans in the bleachers have their backs turned, intent on something beyond the field. *

TIM MCCARVER (V.O.)
Hey, Curt, there seems to be some commotion out in left. Everyone appears to be staring up at... *

CURT GOWDY (V.O.)
Oh, I know what it is. The scoreboard was just redone. They're watching the paint dry. *

TIM MCCARVER (V.O.)
Right... And here comes Joe Torre. *

The MANAGER motions to the bullpen. Pitcher hands over the ball, walks off the mound, nursing his tired arm. *

COOP
Is it just me or..? *

REMER
No, dude -- it sucks. *

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The PHONE RINGS. ANSWERING MACHINE CLICKS ON. *

OUTGOING MESSAGE (V.O.)

Hi, you can hang up at the tone. BEEP.

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)

Uh, Coop, this is Barry down at Turbo Burger. Your shift started twenty minutes ago! This is the last straw! I've had to put the grill boy at the drive-thru!

In B.G., we hear a string of some indecipherable foreign GIBBERISH on the speaker box. Then, a VOICE says, "...What?" Coop jumps up, quickly starts throwing on his shoes.

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)

There's eight cars backed up and not one of 'em knows what the hell he's talkin' about! You're fired!

CLICK. A burst of DIAL TONE. Then silence. Coop flops back into the recliner.

REMER

Dude, you lost our job! How we gonna eat?

COOP

How about you get a job?

A PERSPECTIVE ZOOM into Remer's panicked face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REMER

Me? I had one last year. You get a job!

A PERSPECTIVE ZOOM into Coop's panicked face.

A beat. Coop picks up an empty beer can, crumples it.

COOP

How about we shoot for it?

He tosses the can at an algae-infested aquarium. SPLASH!

COOP (CONT'D)

First miss..?

Remer nods, lobs a can. It bounces off a Styrofoam food container, plops into the fish tank.

COOP (CONT'D)

No good!

REMER

What're you talkin' about. It went in.

COOP

Bounced in.

REMER

Ground rule double.

EXT. COOP'S HOUSE - DAY

The mossy aquarium (now loaded with crumpled cans) sits on the rim of a basketball hoop mounted above the garage. Coop heaves a can in from the driveway slant down to the street. Raises his arms in triumph.

COOP

Triple! Scores the guy on second!

Suddenly, the top-heavy fish tank tumbles off the rim. SHATTERS on the driveway. The Guys are crestfallen. Remer catches sight of a COUPLE GUYS playing basketball in the driveway across the street.

REMER

Hey...I've got an idea...

COOP

I know exactly what you're thinking...

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9A.

REMER

Yeah, we could borrow their car and go buy
another aquarium.

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Coop looks at him, incredulous.

VOICE (O.S.)

Joseph R. Cooper?

Coop turns to see a diminutive, officious guy wearing the uniform and badge of The Gas Company approaching, clipboard in hand. He's KENNY (SQUEAK) SCOLARI.

SQUEAK (CONT'D)

Are you Mr. Cooper?

COOP

Cut the crap, Squeak. You know who I am.

Coop pulls a basketball out of the planter. Squeak holds up the clipboard.

SQUEAK

Gentlemen, this form authorizes me to enter onto your property and...

COOP

I know, I know... Terminate service forthwith until all delinquent payments have been generated.

REMER

What?

COOP

He's here to shut off the gas.

SQUEAK

Gentlemen, is your canine locked up and/or safely secured within your residence?

Coop and Remer roll their eyes.

COOP

Actually he's at the vet...having his claws removed.

SQUEAK

Then, if you'll excuse me...

REMER

Dude, does it just suck being you?

Squeak gives him look, turns, heads for the backyard gate. Coop and Remer go back to playing. Coop shoots a baseline shot from atop a step eight feet away.

(CONTINUED)

REMER (CONT'D)
What the hell was that?

COOP
A bunt, remember? Scores the guy from third.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Squeak pushes it open, steps into the backyard. Suddenly, out of nowhere, he's attacked by a huge Rottweiler.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Coop and Remer casually shooting, despite the VICIOUS GROWLING and TERRIFIED SCREAMING coming from the backyard.

SQUEAK (O.S.)
Bad dog! Bad dog! YAHIIIIII!

In B.G., a shoe flies over the fence, then a hat and bow tie. The gate flies open and Squeak dives out. From the backyard, the dog continues to GROWL viciously.

Squeak picks himself up. Marches toward Coop and Remer, his torn clothes flapping. Hysterical.

SQUEAK
You lied to me! Again!

COOP
Guess his vet appointment is tomorrow.

REMER
Yeah, we took the cat in today. It's an honest mistake, Squeak.

SQUEAK
My name's not 'Squeak'! It's Kenny!

REMER
All right, all right, Kenny...
(pushes the ball at him)
Here, take a shot. From this spot it's a double.

*
*

SQUEAK
I don't want to take a shot! I want to turn off your gas!

Coop pops a beer, hands it to Squeak.

(CONTINUED)

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COOP
Okay, but first have a beer. There's no
regulation against that, is there?

SQUEAK
(takes beer)
All right... But I'm not playin'.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. COOP'S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY

Empty beer cans scattered around. Remer and Squeak stand
under the basket. Coop shoots, makes it. Squeak retrieves,
tosses the ball to Remer.

SQUEAK
That was a single?

Coop nods.

COOP
Right, and now if Remer misses, the double
play is on.

Remer shoots. The ball bounces off the rim.

COOP
Now! Tip it in!

Squeak leaps. Awkwardly backhands the ball into the basket.
Disappears out of FRAME.

ANGLE - SQUEAK

Plummets into bunch of garbage cans. Huge CLATTER. He lands
upside down in one -- just his butt sticking out.

COOP
You know, Squeak, once the board is removed
from your ass, you're not such a bad guy.

REMER
Yeah, you're just merely a gigantic
foreskin.

EXT. COOP'S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY

Afternoon. Golden time. Shooting areas are all marked on the
driveway in chalk. Cradling beers, Coop, Remer and Squeak
play against ANOTHER TEAM. NEIGHBORS have gathered to watch.

Car pulls to the curb. BARRY, a face full of zits, wearing a

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fast food uniform and paper hat, gets out. Approaches Coop.

COOP
(surprised)
Barry?

BARRY
(dumb as a post)
Uh...hey, Coop. Listen, I came over to give
you another chance to get your job back...

Coop shoots. SWISH! Neighbors CHEER. Barry looks around.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Hey...what is this game?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. COOP'S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY

A fairly large crowd watches Coop and the Guys play Barry,
TWO OTHER PIMPLY-FACED EMPLOYEES in their restaurant
uniforms. Party atmosphere. Chairs have been set up for the
growing crowd. Regulation bases have appeared.

INT. COOP'S HOUSE - DAY

Remer leads Squeak down the hall.

REMER
Dude, I can't believe those ass-wipes fired
you for not turning off our gas for six
weeks. By the way, here's some sterno to
cook your dinner tonight... Oh, and a
flashlight if you want to read.

They enter an empty room.

REMER (CONT'D)
Here's the room. You can camp out here for
awhile.

Remer exits. Squeak looks around. Opens the window. SIGHS
happily. Suddenly, the Rottweiler leaps through the window.
Squeak SCREAMS as the dog attacks him.

ANGLE - LIVING ROOM

Coop's stitching white leather panels together with red
lacing. Nearby, his recliner chair is missing huge chunks of
upholstery. In B.G., Squeak races by, chased by the dog.

EXT. COOP'S HOUSE - DAY

Makeshift bleachers have been put on the lawn but are packed. Scores of people overflow the yard, spilling into the closed-off street. Fans are hanging from trees, sitting on the roofs of nearby houses.

Coop and the Guys playing THREE OTHER GUYS in makeshift uniforms. Coop's using the ball he made -- a regulation-size basketball -- white, with red stitching on the seams. Looks like a giant baseball...except for the bold letters reading: LA-Z-BOY.

He shoots a home run. Wins game! He and Remer exchange high-fives. Squeak joins the celebration. A TROPHY's thrust into their hands. Cameras FLASH as they pose together, proudly holding the award. As cameras CLICK, Remer yanks Squeak's ears away from his head, giving him that Prince Charles look.

ANGLE - LANCASTER DENSLOW

A well-dressed elderly man wearing a cowboy hat approaches the Guys as they sign autographs for the Fans.

DENSLOW

Gentlemen...

The Guys turn to look at him.

DENSLOW (CONT'D)

I'm Lancaster Denslow.

He stops to take a phlegm break. The Guys wait it out.

DENSLOW (CONT'D)

I like your little game here. How'd you like to go pro with it?

The Guys are confused.

COOP

BASEketball?

DENSLOW

What?

COOP

That's what we call it.

SQUEAK

It's a cross between baseball and...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DENSLOW

No, no, I get it! It's a good solid name. I like it.

Rubs his hands together.

DENSLOW

Boys, I've been watching you play for a couple of weeks now, and I started thinkin' -- you know, the world is hungry for a new sport.

*

The Guys exchange looks.

DENSLOW (CONT'D)

Now, fellas, I've got three words for you...National BASEketball League.

COOP

Two words -- You're nuts.

REMER

One word -- seeya.

They turn away.

DENSLOW

Now wait a minute! You boys just hear me out! We're beginnin' a whole new century now -- everyone surfin' the net, watchin' MTV, listenin' to books on tape.

(leans in to Coop)

Don't you see? People have attention spans that can only be measured in nano seconds.

Coop glances over at Remer, who's watching a bird hop around on a branch. Turns back to Denslow.

COOP

I hear you.

DENSLOW

Not only are your games short, but just look at these people...

(motions at the crowd)

They feel a connection to you as players.

With BASEketball we can start fresh!

(faraway look in his eyes)

Not allow teams to move cities, or players to be traded... And everybody'll get paid

(MORE)

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(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DENSLOW (cont'd)
the same. Just like when I was a kid and
players were treated like...like...like...

COOP
Indentured servants?

DENSLOW
Yes, that's it! You understand! When a team
belonged to a city, and fans were cheering
for *human beings*, not just laundry!

In the B.G., Coop sees some GUYS on the roof across the
street doing The Wave.

DENSLOW (CONT'D)
If I know anything about this country,
America'll go nuts for BASEketball!

Guys on the roof lose their balance, tumble into the hedges
below, taking a satellite dish with them. SCREAMS OF PANIC.

DENSLOW (CONT'D)
Just listen to that crowd!
(grabs ball from Coop)
Can you imagine shooting this thing in
front of *twenty thousand* cheering fans?

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*
*
*

PUSH IN ON THE COOP AND THE GUYS. SFX OVER: A CHEERING CROWD.

CUT TO:

ANGLE - STADIUM ORGAN

An ORGANIST PLAYING that SIMPLE RIFF always played at
sporting events. Dun, dun, dun, dun. Dun, dun, dun...
Going up an OCTAVE each time it's repeated.

CROWD (O.S.)
WE LOVE BASEKETBALL/ WE LOVE BASEKETBALL!

CRANE UP TO REVEAL

INT. BEERS GARDEN (MILWAUKEE) - DAY

*

A huge sports arena in all its majestic glory packed with a
NOISY CROWD. An awesome sight! And everyone's CHANTING along
with the ORGAN MUSIC;

CROWD
WE LOVE BASEKETBALL/ WE LOVE BASEKETBALL!
WE LOVE BASEKETBALL/ WE LOVE BASEKETBALL!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - SCOREBOARD

Flashing the words. Some Fans actually have to follow the bouncing ball to keep up. The ORGAN PLAYS the CHARGE FANFARE.

CROWD
BASEketball!!!

A ROCK BAND on a platform built into the upper deck launches into a raucous TUNE. Crowd's CHEERING, throwing streamers.

ANGLE - "THE FIELD"

Covered with Astroturf, like a mini-baseball diamond. The basket mounted to the roof over a garage door facade.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
A sell-out of 18,000 on hand here today at
The Beers Garden for BASEketball's annual
Super Cup championship!

ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS' BOOTH

It's really AL MICHAELS and BOB COSTAS!

AL MICHAELS
Ninth inning, two outs. The Beers down by
two runs! And Bob Costas, this has to be
one of the most exciting Super Cup games in
recent memory!

BOB COSTAS
Well, recent memory is just about all we
have in BASEketball, Al. Hard to believe
just five years ago this game was played
only on driveways.

ANGLE - BEERS' CHEERLEADERS

A row of beauties in Victoria's Secret lingerie leap and shake with great abandon.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
And it's hard to believe five years ago
those girls were only in grade school.

ANGLE - DUGOUT

Field-level structure housing the players' bench. Coop, at the ball rack, bypasses all the slick manufactured BASEketballs. Pulls out his old leather one, which is now threadbare, held together in places by duct tape.

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FIELD ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Now shooting...number seven, Coop Cooper!

HUGE CHEER from the CROWD.

ANGLE - COOP

With LA-Z-BOY in hand, hustles onto the field. Now we see he's wearing the professional uniform of the MILWAUKEE BEERS, emblazoned with a FOAMING MUG logo.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
Coop heads for the double line. And just listen to that crowd!

Crowd ROARS as Coop measures his shot from the double line.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
26 for 31. He's already hit for the cycle seven times today!

AL MICHAELS
Coop bounces the ball. He shoots! GOOD!

CHEERS and APPLAUSE as Coop trots to second. The Ref, on ROLLER BLADES, glides up, drops a large red disk into the space just vacated.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
Coop has a two out double, keeping Milwaukee's championship hopes alive!

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
And that brings up Squeak Scolari.

ANGLE - SINGLE LINE

Squeak measures his shot. Lurking beneath the basket is the DALLAS FELONS defense, JIM DARCY and DIRK JANSEN, all swagger and bravado. Jansen, tall, Nordic-looking, checks out Squeak.

JANSEN
Hey, Squeak, didn't I just see you holding a lantern on some guy's lawn?

Squeak glances nervously at Jansen. Shoots.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
Scolari shoots! It's good! Dirk Jansen barely missing a Psyche-Out!

Squeak trots to first. Coop moves to third.

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CONTINUED: (3)

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
And that brings up Doug Remer!

ANGLE - THE CROWD

STAMPING feet, waving signs and banners. NOISE is deafening. Many wear the official Beers' fan headgear -- a forehead band representing the rim of a mug, piled high with a hat of foamy bubbles. A handle attachment completes the FOAM HEAD look.

ANGLE - FIELD

A ROAR goes up as Remer does a series of incredible gymnastic cartwheels.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
He's definitely the Ozzie Smith of
BASEketball!
(pause)
Although Ozzie Smith may have had better
depth perception...

The last cartwheel has gone awry. Remer flips over the railing, lands in the laps of Fans in the front row.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
But a crowd pleaser nonetheless!

Remer extricates himself from the seats, jogs onto the field, smiling and waving, a Fan's pizza stuck to his ass.

He reaches a raised baseline space marked "BUNT." The REFEREE tosses him a ball.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
This is a pressure situation, Bob,
attempting what most experts feel is one of
the hardest shots in BASEketball!

FREEZE FRAME - REMER

Filling one-third of the SCREEN. GRAPHICS APPEAR on the other two-thirds, as Bob Costas READS AND COMMENTS.

*GREAT ON OUTSIDE DOUBLES
*LIKES HIS BALL INFLATED AT 25 PSI
*HAS AN IRRITATING ZIT ON HIS THIGH

*

ANGLE - REMER

Jansen points at his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JANSEN

Hey, Remer, make sure your toe's not over the line.

REMER

Hey, Jansen, make sure my toe's not up your ass.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)

Remer sets. Shoots! It's GOOD! Coop scores from third!

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

It's now a one run game as Dirk Jansen apparently misses another Psyche-Out!

Fans RAGE LOUDLY as Coop trots home. He and Remer exchange high-fives as they head into the dugout.

ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS' BOOTH

AL MICHAELS

Let's look at that bunt by Doug Remer again.

On the monitor, Remer's shot is shown from every conceivable angle -- including either side, above, beneath, Ball Cam, Rim Cam, Fan Cam, Ref Cam, Outside Through the Window Cam...

ANGLE - DUGOUT

Coop and Remer find seats on the bench. TOMMY LASORDA, the Beers' manager, approaches.

LASORDA

Way to go, guys. Heads up ball.

COOP

Thanks, Tommy.

ANGLE - THE CROWD

CAMERA SWEEPS past the likes of TOM CRUISE, JAMIE LEE CURTIS, and JACK NICHOLSON, finally SETTLING on an UNKNOWN ACTOR.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

And enjoying the game this evening, big fan of BASEketball, Tony Nocciolino, who plays the Latino cut-up 'Scooter' on the new hit comedy series 'What's The Difference?' sandwiched right between 'Recycled Junk' and 'Same Old Crap' -- all just part of the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BOB COSTAS (cont'd)
great Fall line-up on this networks' 'Who
Gives A Rat's Ass?' Thursdays.

CAMERA SETTLES ON

Lancaster Denslow, now even older and more frail than before
(if that's possible), intently watching from the owner's box.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
That gentleman, of course, Beers' owner
Lancaster Denslow. Along with his lovely
new wife, Yvette.

YVETTE DENSLOW is young, buxom, and blonde, sporting a huge
rock on her finger. She's attempting to follow the game.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
Denslow, of course, keenly aware that this
game is perhaps his final chance to take
home the coveted Super Cup.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
Ninth inning. Two outs. The tying run on
base! With the potential winning run coming
up in Coop!

CROWD is CHANTING and making a synchronized hand gesture -- a
la the Tomahawk Chop -- but instead of a hacking motion, they
lift their hands to their mouths, as if pounding down a beer.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
The Foam Heads are really into it now!
They're doing the Beers' Chug!

ANGLE - CHEERLEADERS

Bounce up and down wildly. Dive into handstands. Their tiny
slips fall forward, revealing thong-type undergarments.

ANGLE - STANDS

THREE GUYS watch enthralled, gripping their hot dogs so
tightly the wieners squirt out of the buns like torpedoes.

ANGLE - DUGOUT

Coop's winding a roll of tape around his old ball. He tears
it off, trots onto the field. A ROAR goes up. Crowd CHANTS:

CROWD
COOP! COOP! COOP! COOP!

(CONTINUED)

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)

A festive mood here, enhanced by the fact
it's 'Dozen Egg Night.'

CAMERA PANS the Fans. All seem to be holding cartons of eggs.

ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS' BOOTH

A small box with a picture of Coop appears on the MONITOR.

BOB COSTAS

Before the game we asked Coop if he really
believes teams should take triples even in
situations where there are less than two
outs and no runners on base.

COOP (IN BOX)

...Yes.

ANGLE - COOP

Relaxed, confident. Toes the HOME RUN LINE, goes to bounce LA-
Z-BOY... Oops. He's taped it to his hand. Rolls his eyes.

CAMERA PANS THE GRANDSTANDS

Fans are standing, STAMPING THEIR FEET. The Beers' mascot, a
SMILING BEER BARREL, does a spirited routine in the aisle.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

Everyone here is on their feet!

CAMERA SETTLES ON THE RESERVED HANDICAPPED SEATS

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

Well...almost everyone...

The section's labelled: "DREAM COME TRUE FOUNDATION."
Attractive girl-next-door JENNA REED, director of the
Foundation, sits with her group of disadvantaged CHILDREN,
some of them in WHEELCHAIRS. One of the boys, JOEY, tightly
grips a bundle of Joe Cooper trading cards.

JOEY

Coop's gotta hit a home run and win! He's
just gotta, Ms. Reed, he's just gotta!

JENNA

Joey, no one man or woman can win or lose a
game by him or herself...unless, of course,
it's golf or tennis...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

ANGLE - VISITING OWNER'S BOX

BAXTER CAIN (think Donald Trump) anxiously watches Coop measure his shot.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
...Dallas owner Baxter Cain, attempting to
enjoy the game.

ANGLE - FANS

Turning their Foam Caps backwards (a la Rally Caps). They're CHEERING, fingering Rosary beads. They want this *so badly*. The Beers' Mascot falls to his knees in exaggerated prayer.

ANGLE - DENSLOW

Standing, his hands tense on the rail. Suddenly, his eyes fly open in pain. His hand gropes his chest. Yvette waves her hand in rhythm with his.

YVETTE
I know, that Chug is the cutest thing.

ANGLE - THE FIELD

Coop, calm at the line. Ready to shoot.

DIRK JANSEN
Hey, Coop, I think your friend Denslow's
about to buy the farm.

Coop rolls his eyes.

COOP
Is that the best you can come up with?

Shakes his head. Goes into motion. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Denslow crumble to the ground, falling over a railing. Big COMMOTION. Yvette SCREAMS, faints. Coop tries to hold up, but can't...

LA-Z-BOY takes flight awkwardly, heading for the basket... It bounces off the rim! And out!

ANGLE - SCOREBOARD

In the PSYCHE-OUT category, the number changes to four.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
No good! Oh, my God! Coop has missed the
key home run! And the Dallas Felons win
their fourth consecutive Super Cup on the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB COSTAS (cont'd)
strength of Dirk Jansen's 29th Psyche-Out
of the season!

ANGLE - THE FANS

Stunned for a beat. Then, upset, they start SHOUTING. *

ANGLE - COOP

Suddenly, he's hit by an EGG. Then another. Eggs start flying in from all directions. Coop is being bombarded.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
What an unfortunate thing to happen on
'Dozen Egg Night.'

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
It's too bad that a few rowdy fans would
abuse tonight's promotional gift.

Everyone in the stands has cracked open their cartons and are hurling eggs at Coop. Even OLD LADIES and freckle-faced KIDS. Coop races for the stands, dodging the fusillade of eggs.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
And these fans are *angry*. Even 'Roman
Rocket Night' was more peaceful...

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
Still patching holes in the roof from that
one. Reminds me of the time they combined
OutFest '96 with 'Rubber Glove Night.'

ANGLE - OWNER'S BOX

TWO PARAMEDICS feverishly giving CPR to the unconscious Mrs. Denslow. One pumping her chest while the Other takes long leisurely breaths into her mouth. Yvette revives. As the Paramedics fuss over her, a FAN taps one of them.

FAN #1
Hey, what about him?

Points over at the fallen Beer's owner. The Paramedics begrudgingly leave Yvette, move toward Denslow. They start giving him mouth-to-mouth from about half a foot away. (Who'd want to get near those spit bubbles on the old man's mouth?) Hovering above them, Yvette lets out a grief-stricken MOAN. Paramedic #1 has no choice but to comfort her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

YVETTE

(sobbing)

I always thought I'd go first.

Everyone nearby looks at her, incredulous.

ANGLE - COOP

Climbs over the railing, covered in yolk, bits of shell stuck to his hair and jersey. Eggs still fall around him, raining down on Denslow, too. Coop looks at the Paramedics, who shake their heads, start putting away their gear. Coop kneels, cradles the old man in his arms. Denslow looks up at him.

DENSLOW

Coop...Coop...

COOP

Yes, I'm here. You're going to be all right, Mr. Denslow.

PARAMEDIC #1

(sarcastic)

What? Are you kidding?

Coop shoots him a look.

DENSLOW

Coop... I hope... I hope...

COOP

Yes, Mr. Denslow. You hope...? What do you hope, sir? What?

DENSLOW

I hope... I never live to see another shot like that.

COOP

Uh...I think I can safely say that won't be a problem, sir...

Denslow's arm jerks. The egg in his hand smashes against Coop's face. The old man dies.

INT. FELONS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Cain's at the interview podium, an earpiece in his ear. Two OFFICIALS in suits hold the SUPER CUP -- a huge colossus, the grand daddy of the Stanley Cup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAIN

(eulogizing)

...Absolutely right. Lancaster Denslow was a hero. A man with the vision to bring BASEketball from neighborhood driveways to big arenas, and into the hearts and TVs of America. Yes, truly a sad day.

Behind him, champagne is popping. PLAYERS are double high-fiving each other. TWO PLAYERS fly by, do a mid-air chest bump. All kinds of JOYOUS SCREAMING and CONGRATULATIONS.

CAIN (CONT'D)

And his untimely death casts an unbearable pall over an otherwise sweet victory...

A BARE-ASSED PLAYER, swings by in the B.G., WHOOPING it up.

ANGLE - DIRK JANSEN

DICK VITALE thrusts a microphone at him.

DICK VITALE

Dirk Jansen! Game MVP, baby! Your reaction to this stunning upset!

DIRK JANSEN

Yeah, first I have to thank the Lord, my own personal MVP, for giving me the strength to beat the living crap out of those dickhead Beers! And next I'd like to thank the Lord for...

INT. BEERS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Coop and the Team enter, dragging ass. The Beer Barrel slumps by, steps up to a urinal. Reaches down to his strategically-placed spigot, pulls the tap. Big SIGH.

ANGLE - WALL MONITOR

The Felons' celebration showing live. The Beers crowd around, watch somberly.

DIRK JANSEN (ON MONITOR)

But I think the key to the whole game was when I psyched out Coop. No doubt about it.

He high-fives another Dallas Player. They begin pouring champagne on each other. Watching, Coop shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

COOP

I can't believe this guy. He didn't psyche me out.

CHRIS BERMAN enters, microphone in hand. Sees Coop. *

CHRIS BERMAN *

(hushed tones)

Coop, I know this is a dark time for you...

Coop nods somberly.

COOP

Yeah. It was a tough loss.

Berman holds up a cell phone. *

CHRIS BERMAN *

Well, I think I've got someone here that'll cheer you up. It's the President!

Coop brightens.

COOP

The President? To talk to me?

CHRIS BERMAN *

Yes!

(into phone)

Mr. President... Oh... What's that, Sir?

(to Coop)

Uh, I'm sorry... He wanted the number for the Dallas locker room. Seems he wants to personally congratulate Dirk Jansen on his game-winning psyche-out.

Incensed, Coop grabs the phone.

COOP

(respectful)

Hello, Mr. President. Yes, sir, that number is...

(screaming into phone)

1-800-EAT-SHIT!!

(quizzical)

Hm, he hung up...

Coop turns away. Berman sees Remer, his back to CAMERA. *

CHRIS BERMAN *

(into mic)

There's Doug Remer, certainly crushed by this agonizing defeat. *

(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS BERMAN (cont'd)

(to Remer)

Doug! Doug Remer! What are you feeling now?

Remer jerks his hands out of the bra of a buxom Beers' Cheerleader. Quickly turns.

REMER

Nothing! Nothing!

(recovers, sheepish)

Uh, yeah, well, I don't know what happened... But it's a team effort and next season we're gonna play one game at a time. We're all gonna give 110%. Uh, that is if Coop and I each give 60% and we can get at least 20% out of Squeak we'll have...

(counts on his fingers)

Let's see now...

Coop enters FRAME, pointing at the monitor.

COOP

Hey!

ANGLE - WALL MONITOR

The Beers' Cheerleaders are swarming into the Dallas locker room. They immediately jump all over Dirk Jansen.

COOP

Aren't those..?

(shakes his head)

...I gotta go.

Chris Berman turns to CAMERA, a sheet of paper in his hand.

CHRIS BERMAN

We've just been given figures which indicate that, ironically, on this day of tragedy, BASEketball's Super Cup Game has become the number one rated broadcast so far this year...

In B.G., Squeak steps into a large tub marked: WHIRLPOOL. There's a HUGE SUCKING SOUND. He's spun around, flailing wildly, before being dragged down into the swirling vortex.

CHRIS BERMAN (CONT'D)

Eclipsing football, baseball, basketball...

(looks down at paper)

...and even 'When Animals Kill Humans, Part Six.'

(impressed)

Wow.

(to camera)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHRIS BERMAN (cont'd)

Well, that's it for this season. We'll say
good-bye now, and see you back here for the
next BASEketball season which starts two
weeks from today.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

Squeak surfaces briefly, groping in vain for a handhold. His terrified face disappears once more beneath the froth.

INT. HOME TEAM PLAYERS' ENTRANCE - DAY

A small subdued group waits. It's Jenna Reed and several of her Foundation Children. In the B.G., outside near their van, a couple of other Foundation Kids wait. Coop comes out the door. Jenna and the Children crowd around him.

JENNA

Mr. Cooper...?

Coop stops, looks at her.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Do you think...? Would you mind signing a few autographs for the kids?

COOP

I think you're looking for the Dallas locker room. It's over there.

JENNA

Yes, I know, but it was too crowded...

(realizes what she's said)

I mean, they'd rather have your autograph.

Coop looks at the Kids.

COOP

Really?

JENNA

You're still their favorite player, even if you didn't make the home run.

She gives him a reassuring smile.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Would you mind signing these?

He looks down at her ample cleavage. Raises his pen to sign them.

COOP

Uh...sure...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jenna lifts two BASEketballs into FRAME.

COOP (CONT'D)

...Oh.

He signs one of the balls.

COOP (CONT'D)

There you go, Miss..?

JENNA

Reed, Jenna Reed.

They shake hands.

COOP

Joe. Cooper. Coop.

JENNA

I know.

Coop nods. Of course. He looks over at the van.

COOP

So, all those kids are with you?

JENNA

Yes. I've been the director of the Dream Come True Foundation since October.

COOP

Oh -- the ones who grant wishes to sick and dying kids, right?

JENNA

Well, we prefer to think of them as health-challenged and survival-impaired. We try to make at least one of their dreams come true before, well...

COOP

Sounds very worthwhile...

He signs the other ball. Jenna hands him some cash.

JENNA

Here, I hope this will cover it.

Coop pushes the money back at her.

COOP

No, no... In BASEketball we don't take money for autographs.

(CONTINUED)

JENNA

Oh, I thought... Well, a couple of months ago I got them in to see Albert Belle...

COOP

Ah...

JENNA

...Emptied the kids' pockets.

Remer comes out the door. Sees Jenna. Checks her out.

REMER

Well, *hello!*

Looks at Coop, expectantly. Coop has no choice.

COOP

Oh, Jenna this is, uh, Remer.

Remer offers his hand.

REMER

Doug Remer.
(offers his hand)
I washed.

JENNA

(shaking hands)
Uh...nice to meet you, Doug.

*

O.S. the van's HORN HONKS.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Oop, I guess little Travis is getting impatient. I better get these kids back...

Remer looks over at the van. Takes the ball from Coop.

REMER

Hey, I love kids! Which one's Travis?
(calls to them)
Yo, Travis! Heads up, big guy!

Tosses the ball. O.S. there's a THUD. Then, a GROAN from one of the Kids.

REMER (CONT'D)

Needs a little work on the hands.

JENNA

Uh... He's blind, Doug.

(CONTINUED)

REMER

Ah...

CUT TO:

ANGLE - LOCAL NEWS CAST

Attractive, blown-dry ANCHORS (Male and Female) at the desk. Behind them on the blue screen is a photograph of Lancaster Denslow, clutching his throat, disbelief on his face.

FEMALE ANCHOR

...By all accounts, the late Beers' owner seemed to be the only one surprised by his death.

NEWS FILE FOOTAGE -- Grainy black and white film from the 30's of a COWBOY astride a horse, strumming a guitar and singing a Gene Autry-type SONG.

MALE ANCHOR (V.O.)

The billionaire first made his name in the movies, thrilling audiences for decades as singing cowboy Buck Denslow with his trusty horse, Sour Milk.

In the B.G., we see a horse taking a big horse piss. Then, a bull mounts a cow and starts waling away.

RESUME - ANCHORS

FEMALE ANCHOR

Tonight, America mourns the loss of a legend. Lancaster Denslow, dead at 91.

(flips over a page)

His hairpiece was 24.

*

EXT. LAW OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

*

TIGHT ANGLE on a STAND-UP REPORTER SPEAKING into a beta-cam.

REPORTER #1

I'm standing in front of the law offices of
Kahan, Kerensky, CapproSELLa, and Breslau
where the world is awaiting the reading of
Lancaster Denslow's will...

As FRAME WIDENS, we see ANOTHER STAND-UP REPORTER.

REPORTER #2

... Generally believed that Denslow's
widow, Yvette, will inherit the team...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAME CONTINUES TO WIDEN, revealing MORE AND MORE REPORTERS -- all doing similar stories -- until the FRAME is completely clogged with YAKKING REPORTERS.

A SHOUT goes up as a limo pulls to the curb. The herd of Reporters rush the car.

ANGLE - LIMO

A CHAUFFEUR emerges, opens the back door to reveal...

ANGLE - YVETTE DENSLOW

Steps out, one shapely leg at a time. The Reporters crush forward, waving microphones, jostling her.

REPORTERS

(clamoring)

Mrs. Denslow! Over here! Mrs. Denslow!

Cain climbs out of the limo behind her.

CAIN

People, please. Leave the poor woman alone.
Can't you see she's grief-stricken?

Yvette is smiling for the cameras, primping, posing.

REPORTER #2

So what does it mean for BASEketball now
that Denlow's dead?

CAIN

Well, I can't answer for the new owner
here, Mrs. Denslow, but I'm sure you're all
aware that moving a team would be against
the BASEketball rules. This isn't the NFL,
you know, where you can just load up the
vans in the middle of the night and drive
to Indianapolis in a blizzard.

(looks off wistfully)

No, you can't do that in BASEketball. At
least not under prevailing rules...

(snaps back to reality)

Look, no more questions. No comment.

Takes Yvette's elbow, guides her through the throng of Media.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Set up like a screening room. Theater-style seating. Yvette
and Cain sit among the gathered crowd. She dabs her eyes with

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

a hanky. At one end is a stage with a large monitor on which VIDEO TAPE of Lancaster Denslow is playing.

DENSLOW (on monitor)

...My valuable, limited-edition, signed-in-the-mold, hand-painted plate commemorating the Pope's visit to Dodger Stadium, with a photocopied certificate of authenticity, I leave to my cousin, Ronnie...

Denslow's EXECUTOR holds up the plate for all to see. "Ooh's" and "Ahh's" from the crowd. A Midwest-looking MAN heads toward the stage to collect it. People clap him on the back. Lucky bastard.

In the back, Coop enters, makes his way down the aisle. He slides into a seat. Looks over. Two seats away is Jenna.

COOP

Jenna? What are you doing here?

JENNA

I'm not sure...

She pulls an envelope from her pocket.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I got this letter...

COOP

Me, too.

Remer and Squeak trundle in noisily. Remer's carrying a big horseshoe of flowers bound with a black ribbon that reads: "Good-bye, Old Friend." He accidentally knocks into the Man carrying the plate...which falls and shatters into a hundred pieces. *

Oblivious, Remer continues down to where Coop and Jenna sit. He plops right between them. Peers over the crowd.

REMER

Where's the body?

COOP

They buried him two days ago. This is the will reading.

REMER

Oh...

(hands flowers to Jenna)
These are for you then.

(CONTINUED)

Jenna takes the flowers. Coop rolls his eyes, annoyed. As Denslow continues to DRONE in B.G., Remer shakes his head.

REMER (CONT'D)

Great way to spend the off-season... A funeral, a will reading and three days of doing laundry.

COOP

Are you through?

REMER

No, can I borrow some quarters?

DENSLOW (OM MONITOR)

The convenience store I've owned for twenty-five years, I leave to my faithful clerk, Rashid. Along with an extra bequest of five thousand dollars to raise the bullet-proof counter glass from five feet to six feet.

ANGLE - A TALL SWARTHY GUY IN THE CROWD

Beneath the edge of his turban, a huge gauze bandage is visible. He looks a little shell-shocked.

DENSLOW (ON MONITOR)

Sorry it wasn't in time for you, Rashid.

ANGLE - MONITOR

DENSLOW

There's an organization in this city that, more than any other, understands what BASEketball means. These kids appreciate that the same players will be back next season -- even though they won't. And I love 'em for it.

(picks up an envelope)

Therefore, I bequeath these season tickets to the Dream Come True Foundation.

ANGLE - JENNA

Surprised. Executor approaches, hands her the tickets.

JENNA

This is so wonderful! The kids will be so excited! Especially little Joey. He's such a huge fan of yours, Coop! But he's really sick. I know he'd love it if you came by the hospital sometime to visit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

COOP
(lost in her eyes)
Well, maybe I'll do that...

ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE MONITOR

Denslow peers out from the monitor screen.

DENSLOW (ON MONITOR)
And finally, of course, my beloved Beers. I
could never imagine anyone other than a
Denslow ever heading up this team...

Everyone leans forward, necks craned toward Yvette who is
positively beaming.

DENSLOW (ON MONITOR)
...Until now. I bequeath the controlling
interest of the team to...Joseph R. Cooper.

In unison, all heads snap toward Coop. Yvette's hopeful
expression turns to shock. Cain is dumbfounded. Remer high-
fives the stunned Coop. Then knocks fists with Squeak.

REMER
Cool, dude! We got the team!

UPROAR from crowd. Denslow CONTINUING quiets them somewhat.

DENSLOW (ON MONITOR)
My dear wife, Yvette, is to receive the
other 49% of the team and continued
unlimited use of the plastic surgery gold
card.

Yvette SOBS into her hanky.

YVETTE
I gave him the best three months of my
life...

Cain looks over at Coop, already formulating Plan B.

DENSLOW (ON MONITOR)
I'm sure this is a shock -- especially to
you, Evie. But I hope as time goes on,
you'll understand my decision. And, Coop?

COOP
Yes, Mr. Denslow?

Looks around sheepishly. Jesus, I answered a video tape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DENSLOW (ON MONITOR)

Coop, you have until the end of this upcoming season to win the Super Cup. Do that, and the Beers are yours forever. Fail, and your 51% of the team reverts to Yvette.

MURMURS from the crowd.

DENSLOW (ON MONITOR)

Now, I know this time limit may seem harsh, but I have every faith that you can win it.

(pause)

Now I'd like to ask everyone to leave the room so I can have a private moment with Coop.

A beat. No one leaves.

DENSLOW (CONT'D)

Now that we're alone, Coop, there's something I've been wanting to get off my chest for a long time... I just have to tell *someone* before I burst...

Denslow flings a feather boa around his neck.

DENSLOW (ON MONITOR)

(sings)

I FEEL PRETTY! OH SO PRETTY!
I FEEL PRETTY AND WITTY AND GAY!
AND I PITY
ANY GIRL WHO ISN'T ME TODAY...!

As Denslow continues his prissy SINGING, People stare, stunned. Yvette SCREAMS and faints.

Amid the CHAOS, the same Paramedics from before appear out of nowhere. Paramedic #1 goes right for Yvette's breasts, without even a nod to CPR decorum. Paramedic #2 gives himself a shot of Binaca before diving in for the mouth-to-mouth.

INT. BEERS GARDEN - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT of the large BOISTEROUS crowd. The Rock Band on their upper deck platform is kicking with some hot jams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)

The Beers down by one run to Miami in this season opener -- a game they have dedicated to Lancaster Denslow.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

And new majority owner Coop Cooper coming up here in the sixth.

Coop trots onto the field wearing ridiculous calf-high BLACK SOCKS.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

...He is, of course, wearing black in memory of the late Beers owner, as is the rest of the team...

ANGLE - BEERS' DUGOUT

The whole team, including Lasorda and the Coaches, is wearing stupid BLACK SOCKS, making them look incredibly dorky too. CAMERA SETTLES on MIGUEL HERNANDEZ.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)

New face on the bench tonight, a reserve player picked up during the off-season, Cuban refugee Miguel Hernandez -- ready to fill in should any player get injured, or receive a summons for jury duty.

ANGLE - FIELD

Coop's at the double line.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)

Coop shoots. It's up... No good!

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(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The DEFENSIVE PLAYERS, their jerseys emblazoned with "MIAMI DEALERS" -- along with a logo depicting a grinning Cuban with a chainsaw -- attempt to tip the ball in.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

Weaver tips! No good! Repke tips! Off the rim! Ball in play. Beers with a chance for the conversion! Remer's in! He's up!

Remer goes up for the tip. Misses.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)

Off to the right! Now Coop's up! Over his head! Off the backboard, it's GOOD! Beers get the conversion and the shot counts as made!

Huge CHEERS and APPLAUSE.

ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS' BOOTH

BOB COSTAS

The 16,000 fans here tonight are on their feet, watching the Beers well on their way to beating Miami in the season opener!

AL MICHAELS

And this game, of course, made all the more special by the fact it's 'Free-Range Chicken Night.'

ANGLE - GRANDSTANDS

Sure enough, many of the Fans are holding (or trying to hold) SQUAWKING CHICKENS. The birds are everywhere -- in the aisles, on seat backs, bopping after the Peanut Vendors.

CAMERA FINDS CAIN, PUSHES IN DRAMATICALLY

In his seat, obviously scheming. A flapping chicken lands on his head.

CHICKEN

Bawk! Bawk!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEERS GARDEN - NIGHT

The scoreboard reads Milwaukee - 7, Miami - 3. PAN DOWN to reveal the game's over. People are filing out. Young Fans have chickens sticking out of their backpacks. Several of the GROUNDS CREW are chasing stray birds around the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

have chickens sticking out of their backpacks. Several of the GROUND CREW are chasing stray birds around the floor.

ANGLE - DUGOUT

Coop and Remer head toward the locker room. A YOUNG FAN comes up. Remer obliges, autographs his chicken. Baxter Cain approaches.

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*
*

CAIN

Joe Cooper. I'm Baxter Cain.

Cain offers his hand. Coop shakes it.

COOP

Ah, Mr. Cain. Yes, Mr. Denslow told us about you.

Remer thrusts his hand, grabs Cain's. Starts pumping.

REMER

Awesome! The greedy, back-stabbing butt pirate!

Coop shoots him a look. Cain pulls his hand away from Remer.

CAIN

Excuse me...

(turns to Coop)

I haven't had a chance yet to welcome you
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAIN (cont'd)
to the community of owners. If there's
anything you need, don't hesitate to ask.

REMER
More chicks.

CAIN
(ignores this)
Just to let you know, next week we'll be
voting on changing some of the BASEketball
administrative rules. I'd like to tell the
others you're with us.

COOP
I think BASEketball's fine the way it is.

CAIN
Of course it is...in some respects. But
until we start allowing teams to move
cities, players to change teams, and take
advantage of lucrative corporate tie-ins,
I'm afraid you and your colleagues will
continue working for... Well, you know.

He motions over at a flock of chickens, walking around,
pecking grain off the floor.

REMER
That sucks, dude.

CAIN
Coop, the ball is in your hands. Changing
the rules requires a yes vote from every
owner. Denslow was already filthy rich. He
didn't need the changes...like you do.

O.S. we hear FWOMP! FWOMP! In B.G., the Groundsman goes by
with an INDUSTRIAL VACUUM, sucking up stray chickens. FWOMP!

COOP
Mr. Cain, I appreciate what you're trying
to do. But you're asking me to betray a man
who was like a father to me...
(shakes his head)
No, I'm sorry. If you want unanimous
consent, you'll have to get it from one of
the other owners.

Coop heads off down the tunnel. Disgruntled, Cain turns to
leave. Remer CALLS after him.

REMER
Sounds great! We'll get back to you!

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Big and white. A huge neon crucifix on the roof.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A comatose-looking eight-year-old kid (Joey) languishes in bed. Worried, Jenna sits nearby, trying to read. The curtained partition opens. Jenna smiles brightly as Coop enters, carrying a molded case.

JENNA

Coop! What a pleasant surprise!

COOP

I thought I'd come by and visit your little friend, Joey.

She leads him to Joey's bed.

JENNA

This is him.

*

Just then, Remer enters carrying two cups of coffee. Hands one to Jenna. Coop is shocked to see him there.

*

*

REMER

Here's your coffee, Jenna, just like you take it -- two Sweet 'n' Lows, steamed milk, a dash of cinnamon sprinkled on top.

JENNA

Thank you, Doug.

*

COOP

I thought you had your electrolysis appointment this morning.

REMER

I did! Check it out...

Lifts up a nostril. Coop glares at him. Jenna shakes Joey awake.

JENNA

Joey? Joey? Look who's here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She motions at Coop. Joey's face lights up with a smile.

JOEY

My biological father?

COOP

No, no. It's me... Joe Cooper!

JOEY

Coop? Coop, is it really you?

COOP

Yes, it's me.

(uncomfortable silence)

So...what seems to be the matter with you, little buddy?

JOEY

I'm...I'm going to die.

COOP

Well...we're all going to die.

JOEY

Yeah, but not this week.

JENNA

Joey, what did I tell you about staying positive?

From the night stand piled with Coop trading cards, she picks up a framed photo of an ESKIMO in a parka, holding a HARPOON.

JENNA (CONT'D)

You know Mr. Lalute is type O negative, just like you. His liver will be here any day now...

Remer takes the picture, looks at it.

REMER

Just as soon as they locate the whale that swallowed him.

Joey's eyes bug out in disbelief.

REMER (CONT'D)

Providing, of course, he hasn't been completely digested...

He LAUGHS. Gives Joey a noogie on the arm. Joey bursts into tears. Coop pushes Remer away from the bed, kneels down, eye to eye with the boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COOP

Joey, he's only kidding. He doesn't know any better. If he was the last man on earth, he'd still be the village idiot.

Coop stands.

COOP (CONT'D)

Hey! I got something to show you.

Coop sets his case on the bed. Carefully opens it to reveal his old threadbare ball. He gently lifts it out, holds it up proudly. Joey's eyes light up. He wipes away the tears.

JOEY

Wow! LA-Z-BOY!

COOP

That's right, Joey. I don't know where I'd be without it. If I had a nickel for every time this old ball pulled me out of a tight spot, I'd...have a shitload of nickels.

(looks at Jenna)

Oops...sorry.

(to Joey)

I made it myself, you know.

JOEY

Really? Gosh!

COOP

Yep, a long time ago.

Joey reaches out, reverently touches the ball.

JOEY

Gee, Coop. I want to be just like you when I grow up.

Coop gives a pained glance at Jenna. She WHISPERS in his ear. Their eyes meet, linger. Remer notices the intimate moment.

REMER

Yo, Jenna, another cup of coffee?

The moment is broken. Coop gives him a look, turns to Joey.

COOP

Hey, I'll tell you what, partner, the good folks at the Dream Come True Foundation are going to make your last wish...uh, that is, they... I mean they're going to make your dream come true. Uh, as long as it doesn't,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

COOP (cont'd)
you know, involve, well, some miracle cure
or something like that. Heck, the guys on
death row only get a meal. So, uh, what's
your dream?

JOEY
(smiles brightly)
Well, I've always dreamed of big game
hunting!

Coop and Jenna exchange a worried look.

JOEY (CONT'D)
How about an endangered species! Like a
Bald Eagle -- or Giant Panda!

COOP
Whoa there, little fella. I...I don't
really think that's in the true spirit of
the organization.

JOEY
Well then, how about poisoning a reservoir?

COOP
Ah, I don't think you're quite getting the
point, Joey. Search your heart. What is it
you want...more than anything else in the
world?

JOEY
(big grin)
Chelsea Clinton?

COOP
That's a pretty tall order, son, what with
the Secret Service and all. Got any back-up
dreams?

Joey thinks for a beat.

JOEY
Well, there is one other thing. Could I...
just once..? Could I hang out with the
team? Just spend a day with the Beers?
Could I, Coop?

MUSIC UP

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Coop and the Guys sitting with Joey before a glass front

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

dryer. Watching the clothes spin 'round and 'round.

INT. COOP'S HOUSE - DAY

Coop and the Guys with Joey, sitting around a huge jar full of change, rolling pennies.

INT. COOP'S HOUSE - DAY

Box lid for the 20,000 piece "St. Louis Blizzard" jigsaw -- a snow scene with the famous arch barely visible. The Guys and Joey are hopelessly sorting through a mountain of white puzzle pieces.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Coop and the Guys walking the Rottweiler. Coop puts the leash in Joey's hand. Almost immediately, they're distracted by a sexy WOMAN on roller blades. The dog takes off, dragging Joey (a dummy) after him.

INT. OLD FOLKS HOME - DAY

Coop, on guitar, along with the Guys and Joey, entertaining a ward full of comatose OLD PEOPLE. In B.G., a CORONER is zipping a bag around a body -- chair and all.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Jenna, looking up at the sky, her heart aglow. CAMERA FOLLOWS HER GAZE TO...

EXT. SKY - DAY

Coop and Joey wearing leather helmets and goggles, flying an Ultra-Lite, leading a flock of migratory BIRDS south.

INT. LOCAL SPORTS BAR - DAY

JUKEBOX MUSIC OVER. A sign on the wall reads: "Morry's On Prospect -- Live A Little." A SHOT GIRL leaves FRAME, the tray around her neck empty.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

Coop, Remer, and Joey are bellied up to the bar, in mid-toast. They down their shots, BANG the glasses upside down on the wood, among a pile of others.

JOEY

Oh, boy! This has been so great! I feel like I'm gonna upchuck all over the bar! How about another game?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMER

We could drink through the alphabet again!

JOEY

No, let's play Quarters!

BARTENDER instantly places a pitcher of beer and a full glass in front of them. The Guys start bouncing quarters off the bar. Joey makes one. Gets to drink.

REMER

Damn! He got it again!

COOP

You see, Joey, dreams really do come true.

A couple of stools away, Squeak, mostly in the bag, is chatting it up with a "WOMAN" (obviously a man to everyone but Squeak). Coop glances at his watch.

COOP (CONT'D)

Hey, you know, it's late. We've got a game tonight!

(to Joey)

And you've got that big liver operation.

Joey looks down at the bar.

JOEY

Yeah, but...

COOP

But what? Don't worry, you're gonna do fine.

JOEY

I just know I could pull through if...if you could...

COOP

What, Joey?

Joey shakes his head.

REMER

Joey, you just say it and Coop'll do it.

JOEY

Could you, Coop? Do you think you could hit a home run for me in tonight's game?

COOP

Well, Joey...

(CONTINUED)

REMER

Come on, Coop. It's not like he's asking you to hit two home runs.

JOEY

Really, Coop? Could you hit two home runs?

REMER

Of course he could! This is Coop Cooper you're talkin' to! Hell, he could hit three home runs!

COOP

Remer!

JOEY

Three! All right!

Joey goes nuts, SHOUTING with glee and hugging Squeak.

COOP

Ah, excuse me, Joey.

He lifts the hinged bartender door. Grabs Remer, yanks him down, begins to repeatedly slam the wood section on his head.

JOEY

(to Squeak)

Did you hear that, Mr. Squeak? Coop's gonna hit three home runs for me!

SQUEAK

That's great, Joey.

JOEY

Mr. Squeak...?

SQUEAK

What?

JOEY

What grade are you in?

Squeak gives him a look. Coop finishes pounding on Remer.

COOP

There, I feel much better now.

A CABBIE enters.

CABBIE

Somebody order a taxi?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Coop waves at him with a "YO!" Turns back to Joey.

COOP

If I'm gonna hit those three home runs,
we'd better get going.

(bends down)

Climb on, kid.

Joey scampers onto his shoulders. Remer and Squeak fall into step as Coop piggybacks the kid toward the door. Joey's having the ride of his life, smiling big time.

COOP (CONT'D)

Joey, from now on, everything's gonna be A-OK!

Joey's smile vanishes, his eyes widen in horror. The low door frame catches him full in the face. WHAM!

INT. BEERS' GARDEN - NIGHT

The crowd, all wearing big silver "Joey" ribbons, CHEERS as Coop makes his way to the home run line. He's looking a little wobbly. Five o'clock shadow on his face.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

Oh my, what a story this is! Little Joey Campbell undergoing a life-saving operation tonight!

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)

And his hero, Joe Cooper, promising to hit three home runs -- a promise that could mean the difference between life and death for this brave little boy.

Coop staggers to the line. His hands are trembling badly. He looks, well, drunk. He wipes the sweat from his brow.

ANGLE - DUGOUT

Lasorda watching Coop curiously. A REF wheels over.

REF

Hey, Tommy, what's wrong with Coop tonight?

LASORDA

I don't know, but he smells like the inside of Ted Kennedy's car.

They move out of FRAME, revealing Remer and Squeak, sprawled on the bench, their heads in buckets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

It appears some of the Beers' starting line-up have come down with some sort of flu bug.

ANGLE - COOP

Trying to focus. Rubs his eyes. Points at the hoop and stares down his finger -- getting his bearings on the rim.

ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS' BOOTH

AL MICHAELS

He's calling his shot! I can't believe it!
Coop is calling his shot!

BOB COSTAS

(covers his mic)
Well, Duh!

RESUME - COOP

He shoots.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

It's up... It's good! Coop sinks his second home run of the game!

Coop trots to first. Trips on the base. Goes headlong into the owner's box, taking out a lot of well-heeled GUESTS.

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Joey lies on the table, hooked up with hoses and tubes. A SURGEON goes over his charts. Hands them off to a NURSE.

SURGEON

His red count is way up since yesterday.
Has there been any changes in his...fluid intake?

NURSE

(shaking her head)
I've never seen anything like it... He's eight years old and he smells like the inside of Ted Kennedy's car.

Joey lets out a HUGE BELCH.

INT. BEERS' GARDEN - NIGHT

From the dugout, Squeak scans the stands. His eyes fall upon the "Woman" from the bar. He grins and waves. Turns to Remer.

(CONTINUED)

SQUEAK

She's here! Heather came!

Remer barely lifts his head out of the bucket.

REMER

Dude, she's a guy.

SQUEAK

No way, man! You're just saying that 'cause you want her for yourself!

REMER

No, I'm saying it because she's a guy.

SQUEAK

That's impossible. She's got the cutest little upturned nose, the softest lips, and the sweetest Adam's Apple...

Remer shoves his head back into the bucket, hurls big time.

ANGLE - JENNA

Alone in the stands. She has her fingers crossed as Coop again heads for the home run line. The crowd is CHANTING:

CROWD

COOP! COOP! COOP!

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

The crowd's on their feet here as Coop steps to the line for his last at bat!

Coop holds up his hand. The crowd SILENCES. Coop closes his eyes. A beat. Another beat.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)

He's in deep focus out there, Bob. This obviously means a lot to him.

Soft SNORING. Coop has fallen asleep on his feet. The BLAST OF AN AIR HORN startles him awake. He shoots, totally from reflex. Ball jerks out of his hand, flies toward the basket.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)

It's going... Going...! Looks like Coop has made a dream come true for a very brave little...

It keeps going. Sails over the backboard and into the crowd. Lands in a Peanut Vendor's tray. The Fans GROAN.

(CONTINUED)

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
Man, the Lord must really have it in for
that little boy!

COOP
Oh my God!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - CHILDREN'S WARD - DAY

Still in uniform, Coop, Remer and Squeak race down the hall.

ANGLE - INSIDE JOEY'S ROOM

The guys dash in, stop abruptly. They stare at Joey's empty
bed. Devastated, Coop falls to his knees.

COOP
Oh, why? Why? Why?

REMER
Come on, Coop. It's over.

His Teammates try to help him to his feet.

COOP
Oh, poor Joey! Why?

A NURSE enters.

NURSE
If you're looking for Joey, he was moved
next door.

The jubilant Players race out into the hall.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

The Guys hurry to the next room. Stop in horror. The door's
labeled (gulp!) "MORGUE". Coop again falls to his knees.

COOP
Oh, why? Why? Why?

The Nurse has followed them into the hall. Rolls her eyes.

NURSE
Mr. Cooper...? Gentlemen...

Opens a different door. Buoyed by new hope, the Guys rush in.
As they pass out of FRAME, we see TWO ORDERLIES stuffing a
BODY through a flap in the Morgue door labelled: NIGHT DROP.

*
*
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INT. POST-OP WARD - NIGHT

Among the other recovering ADULT PATIENTS, there's Little Joey, air hose in his mouth, lying perfectly still. Coop rushes to the bed. Squeak and Remer confer with the Nurse.

NURSE

The operation went fine. But right after your game, we thought he was suffocating. He kept screaming 'Choke! Choke! Choke!' Then he lost consciousness.

Remer and Squeak exchange a knowing look.

NURSE (CONT'D)

It's probably just post-op stress. He'll be fine in the morning. He just needs his sleep. Don't stay too long.

They nod. The Nurse exits.

ANGLE - COOP

Sits on the bed next to the boy -- crushing the air hose hooked up to Joey's respirator, which stops mid-pump.

COOP

(tears in his eyes)

Joey, I know you can't hear me, but I'm sorry I missed that third home run. But remember when I told you dreams *do* come true? Well...

Joey's eyes bulge. He bolts upright, GASPING for air.

SQUEAK

Coop! He's awake! He's trying to tell you something!

COOP

What is it, Joey? What? What?

REMER

Hey, he's turning blue!

COOP

My God, the poor kid's freezing. He needs a blanket!

He leaps up, releasing Joey's air hose. Joey flops back to the pillow, relief flooding his face...until Remer lowers himself into Coop's vacated spot, pinching off the air supply again. Joey convulses forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMER

Don't worry, I'm here for you, kid!

JOEY

Aghh. Ugh. Awghh.

Coop lunges for a blanket on a nearby bed, jerks it away. Unfortunately it's tucked beneath a PATIENT, who spins into the air, then skips off the mattress and into a hapless GUY in the next bed. Oblivious, Coop moves Remer aside, wraps the blanket tightly around Joey, who's eyes roll back in his head as he collapses on the bed.

COOP

Here, this'll warm you up, little buddy.

In his rush to cover Joey, Coop accidentally knocks one of the cables loose from the heart monitor.

ANGLE - HEART MONITOR

Starts WHINING somberly.

REMER (O.S.)

Holy Mother of God! He's flat lining!

ANGLE - THE GUYS

Coop is devastated. Remer and Squeak shake their heads.

SQUEAK

He's gone, Coop.

REMER

Sorry, man, you did your best... Who's up for pizza?

SQUEAK

He was a good kid...

(to Joey)

Say 'Hi' to Denslow for us, Joey.

REMER

Pepperoni and onions. No anchovies.

Remer looks at Joey, shakes his head. Claps Coop on the back.

REMER (CONT'D)

This might put a damper on your next date.

They turn to go. Coop suddenly goes nuts.

(CONTINUED)

COOP

No! I'm not giving up!

Grabs Joey, starts frantic CPR, pumping the kid's chest.

COOP (CONT'D)

Come back to me, Joey! Come back!

His Teammates try to pull Coop away, but he's beyond reason.

REMER

Coop! Get hold of yourself!

COOP

(still pounding on Joey's
chest)

Live! Dammit! LIVE!

Coop looks around frantically. Grabs a pair of electric
cardio-shock paddles.

SQUEAK

What are you doing?

COOP

CLEAR!!

He puts the paddles to Joey's chest. Sends 5000 volts
coursing through his little body, which leaps about two feet
off the bed. Joey's eyes fly open, then...nothing. Squeak
leans in to check the kid's pulse.

SQUEAK

No pulse, Coop.

Coop cranks up the voltage to 10,000. Again places the
paddles to Joey's chest.

COOP (CONT'D)

CLEAR!!

Unfortunately, Squeak still has his hands on Joey. As the
powerful jolt surges into the kid, Squeak starts convulsing
spasmodically, his clenched teeth bared.

COOP

More voltage! Up the watts to 15,000!

Remer cranks the knob. Squeak's blown backwards out a window.

ANGLE - COOP

Electricity arcs between the paddles.

(CONTINUED)

REMER

Coop, do you know what you're doing?

COOP

What's it look like?

REMER

...An execution?

COOP

Good God, Remer, I'm trying to save an innocent life!

Behind him, the Patient Coop de-bedded is struggling back up into his bed. He grabs onto the metal rail.

COOP (CONT'D)

This isn't working!

Coop tosses the paddles away. They land on the bed railing behind him. ZAP! The Patient lights up like a Christmas tree. His false teeth fly out of his mouth.

COOP (CONT'D)

I'm gonna try heart massage! I need a scalpel and a rib separator!

In B.G., still being shocked, the Patient jerks the railing free, staggers back, BONKS in the head the same hapless Guy in the next bed.

ANGLE - NURSE

Re-enters, carrying a stack of bedpans. She pulls up short. Stares gap-mouthed.

ANGLE - NURSE'S POV

Two smouldering Patients piled on top of each other on a bed. Coop and Remer maniacally working on comatose Joey. A fried Squeak crawling back in through the broken window.

RESUME - NURSE

Drops the bedpans, horrified.

NURSE

My God! What are you doing?!

COOP

He's a flatliner! Code blue, Nurse! 70cc's of Sodium Pentothal! STAT!

(CONTINUED)

Coop dashes out of FRAME.

NURSE

Get away from him! Get out of here!

Guys back off. Nurse crosses to the heart monitor, sees the loose connection. Plugs the cable in. The BEEPS instantly begin as the indicator leaps up and down across the screen.

NURSE (CONT'D)

You morons! It's just a loose connection!
(grabs something off the bed)
Whose teeth are these?

REMER

You mean...he's not dead?

Coop rushes back into FRAME carrying a GIGANTIC HYPODERMIC.

COOP

Clear the way! Cardiac syringe coming through!

He stumbles over the bedpans. Two get wedged onto his feet like giant aluminum snowshoes. Trip him up. The Nurse grabs for him as he staggers by. They crash into the wall. The syringe plunges into a wall socket. Coop and the Nurse light up for a split second. Her hair is immediately FRIZZED OUT.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The entire place goes dark. Even the lighted cross on the roof flickers, then shorts out. BZZZZ! ZZZZZZT!

INT. COOP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Still in uniform, a frazzled Coop slumps on the couch, staring at a BASEBALL GAME on television.

VIN SCULLY (V.O.)

Gibson was so banged up, he wasn't even introduced before the game. But he's up there now, with a three-two count on him.

ANGLE - TELEVISION

The 1988 World Series. Kirk Gibson at the plate. Eckersley pitches. Gibson swings and rips a towering fly.

VIN SCULLY (V.O.)

High fly ball into right field! SHE IS...
GONE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gibson trots around the bases, pumping his fist. The SCENE REWINDS. Then, PLAYS OUT AGAIN.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

Coop rewinds, watches Gibson hit the home run again. In his hand is the actual BALL he caught as a kid. Suddenly, the picture cuts out. A split second of magnetic snow, then a typical reality show flickers on.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...Throughout the back roads and byways of America in this segment of 'ROAD KILL -- CAUGHT ON TAPE!'

Coop is horrified as he watches an endless barrage of cute, furry animals hurled through the air off the fenders of speeding vehicles.

He snatches a picture from the side table. It's a framed photograph of Coop, Remer, and Squeak in the old days -- proudly holding the small homemade TROPHY. Squeak's face has a pained expression from Remer's manhandling of his ears.

COOP

(to picture)

I can't believe you assholes taped over the game!

DOORBELL RINGS. Coop CLICKS off the TV. Stomps to the door, clutching the photo.

ANGLE - DOOR

Swings open to reveal...

COOP

Jenna..!

JENNA

I hope I didn't interrupt anything?

COOP

No.

He moves aside to let her in.

JENNA

When you weren't at the hospital, I came right here. Apparently there was some sort of terrorist attack on the post-op ward.

(CONTINUED)

COOP
...Terrorists?

JENNA
(nods)
Arabs, disguised as American BASEketball players. I'm so worried about Joey.

COOP
Did they..? Is he..? Was he..?

JENNA
Oh, he's fine now. Came through the operation with flying colors.

COOP
(huge sigh of relief)
All right! With that new liver, he should be peeing like a champ in no time.

Jenna gives him a look.

JENNA
That's kidneys, Coop.

COOP
Oh...

Jenna notices the picture in his hand.

JENNA
Oh, look at you guys. You seem so, so...

COOP
Innocent?

JENNA
I was going to say 'happy.'

COOP
I guess we were.

JENNA
Innocent?

COOP
No, happy. We were just a bunch of guys playing ball in the driveway... Next thing I know we're on ESPN. And that was cool...
(sighs)
But now I've got all this responsibility... It's kind of overwhelming. Sometimes it almost makes me forget why I play the game.

(CONTINUED)

JENNA

Why do you play, Coop?

He looks at her for a beat. A faint smile.

COOP

Kirk Gibson.

JENNA

The guy who saved the Enterprise from Tribbles?

COOP

No, that's *Captain Kirk*.

JENNA

The bald guy?

COOP

No, no... Unless you mean William Shatner without the hairpiece.

(catches himself)

The guy I'm talkin' about played for the Dodgers. With the pressure on in the ninth inning of the World Series, he smashed a game-winning home run. I remember, growing up it meant so much to me...

She stares at him for a beat.

JENNA

You know, that's what you mean to the kids. BASEketball is the only sport left where the fans still matter. Where a kid can root for his favorite team and players, and know that they'll all be back next year...and the year after. Joey doesn't have much to count on, but he counts on that.

Coop nods.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I'm sure he'll remember tonight for the rest of his life.

COOP

I don't doubt that...

They stare into each other's eyes. Start to kiss. Suddenly, Remer and Squeak enter, wearing hospital scrubs and carrying all sorts of hospital paraphernalia. Remer has an ear light in one nostril. His nose glowing like Rudolph's.

(CONTINUED)

REMER

Yo, Coop! Look at all the cool shit we scored at the...

He sees them kissing.

REMER (CONT'D)

How could you?!

Coop and Jenna jump apart.

JENNA

I'm sorry... I...

REMER

I'm talking to Coop!

Remer grabs Squeak, leads him over to Coop.

REMER (CONT'D)

How could you break this little man's heart? He's given you the best years of his life!

Coop is confused. Squeak starts to say something, but Remer clamps his hand over his eyes and mouth. Squeak struggles.

REMER (CONT'D)

No, I can't let you see this!

COOP

Remer...!

REMER

Oh, sure! While we're away, busy volunteering as lactating nurses, this is what you're up to!

Jenna heads for the door.

JENNA

Look, I better let you guys work this out. Call me when you're straight... I mean, when everything's straightened out.

She's gone. Remer releases Squeak. Coop glares at him. Advances menacingly. Remer backs away.

REMER

Whoa, dude, I was just jokin'...

Coop lightens up. Nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

COOP
I know, I know... Forget it.
(checks out Remer's scrubs)
You look good as a doctor.

REMER
Think so?

Coop nods. Lifts the stethoscope around Remer's neck, hooks it in Remer's ears.

COOP
This work?

REMER
Yeah.

COOP
(shouts into the stethoscope)
ASSSSS-HOOOLE!

Remer is plastered against the wall.

CUT TO:

VIDEO FOOTAGE

A BASEketball game. Dirk Jansen doesn't like the REFEREE'S call. An ARGUMENT ensues. Jansen spits on the Ref, then pulls out a GUN, SHOOTS him in the leg.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

INT. CAIN WORLD-WIDE SPORTS ENTERPRISES - PLUSH OFFICE - DAY

The ACTING-COMMISSIONER of BASEketball reacts in horror. Shuts off the TV, turns to face Cain, sitting nearby.

COMMISSIONER
This is a very serious matter, Mr. Cain.
Spitting is one thing, but this... I
think you'll agree that shooting a
referee simply cannot be tolerated!

CAIN
I agree, Commissioner Earwig. And even
though the player involved is the star of
my team, I insist on the most extreme
punishment.

The Commissioner nervously clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)

COMMISSIONER

Then, I think we have no other choice but to ban him from BASEketball for life.

CAIN

All right... But do you think we should penalize the entire sport because of what one man has done?

COMMISSIONER

Well, no. Of course not.

(pause)

We'll suspend him for a season.

Cain nods.

CAIN

That's good. I wonder, though, if that's not too heavy a burden on his teammates? Why should they have to pay for his indiscretion? Especially for a team that has such a good chance at the playoffs.

COMMISSIONER

Point well taken. Then, how about this? I say we suspend him for twenty...that is, uh, ten games. Of which five suspended games will be...suspended.

CAIN

Wise decision, Commissioner. Now, when should this suspension start?

The Commissioner ponders this.

COMMISSIONER

We'll start the suspension at the beginning of next season...

(trying to gauge Cain's reaction)

Uh, that is to say, the preseason.

CAIN

Excellent! But, you know, I'm wondering if it's a good thing to remind fans of this sordid affair just as a new season is beginning?

COMMISSIONER

Uh, obviously not.

He pounds the table with his fist.

(CONTINUED)

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

Then it's decided. There will be a ten game suspension of which five games are suspended and the remaining five will be likewise if the player doesn't shoot any more referees for the rest of the season. The suspension, if any, to be served at the player's convenience at the beginning of a preseason to be determined.

CAIN

That'll show 'em!

INT. CAIN WORLD-WIDE SPORTS ENTERPRISES - DAY

Well-appointed lobby. Sports memorabilia everywhere. A large sign on the wall: "CAIN WORLD-WIDE SPORTS ENTERPRISES -- AMERICA'S FAMILY OF TEAMS" over a smiling portrait of Cain.

Remer enters, looks around. Sees a baseball sitting on a stand. Picks it up. It's autographed "BABE RUTH." Remer takes out a pen, adds his own name to the ball. He spies a bat. Big signature: TY COBB.

REMER

Whoa!

He hefts the bat. Goes into a batting stance. Takes a little practice swing. Now he takes a full cut with the bat...

VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Remer...

Mid-swing, Remer turns. The bat flies out of his hands, sails through an open window.

REMER

Hey, Mr. Cain.

CAIN

Good to see you, Remer. Nice of you to take time out of your busy schedule this morning.

REMER

What schedule?

CAIN

(not listening)

Say, that reminds me, can you break a twenty?

Remer puts a hand in his pocket. A beat. Looks up sheepishly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMER

Uh, dollars?

CAIN

I didn't think so. Let me get right to the point, Don. May I call you Don?

REMER

Uh...yeah, I guess so...

Cain motions him toward the hall. They walk past logos of Cain's various teams: DALLAS FELONS (BASEketball), CLEVELAND INDIANS (baseball)...

CAIN (CONT'D)

Don, when I see one of BASEketball's hottest stars with less than twenty dollars in his pocket, driving an *American* car, and sharing a small house with two other guys. Know what that says to me?

REMER

Homos?

CAIN

No, no...it says to me you are underappreciated and underpaid!

They pass more logos (each has a god awful, tasteless stereotype caricature appropriate to their name): NEW YORK HYMIES (baseball), DETROIT DARKIES (basketball), and the SAN DIEGO WET BACKS (soccer).

REMER

Dude, you are so on the money.

CAIN

Well, I want to change all that. Players of your caliber should be able to play where they can earn the biggest dollars. Besides, wouldn't you rather the Beers play someplace where it's warm year round?

He looks around. Remer's no longer beside him.

ANGLE - REMER

Has accidentally boarded an escalator, oblivious as he drops towards the lower floor. Cain CALLS after him.

CAIN

Remer!

(CONTINUED)

Remer looks back, confused to see Cain above him. He struggles to run back up the descending steps. Finally reaches the landing, out of breath.

CAIN (CONT'D)
Try to stay with me.

They continue walking.

CAIN (CONT'D)
Now as I was saying, do you think Shaq got rich playing for Orlando?

Remer shrugs. Cain shakes his head.

CAIN (CONT'D)
Hardly. He made his fortune moving to L.A. You know what he makes now?

REMER
As much as he made playing in college?

CAIN
What...? No! A lot more! Big money! And you can, too.

REMER
Would I have to quit BASEketball?

CAIN
What? No! You need to get Coop to go along.

REMER
He'd have to quit BASEketball, too?

Cain takes a breath.

CAIN
No... I need him to agree to the changes!

REMER
Who?

CAIN
Coop!

REMER
What?

CAIN
You!

(CONTINUED)

REMER
Me?

CAIN
Us.

Remer's staring down at his feet. He's got mismatched sneakers on. He looks at Cain.

REMER
My shoes!

Remer notices the pained expression on Cain's face.

REMER (CONT'D)
Did I just fart?

A METER MAID approaches them, carrying two halves of a bat.

METER MAID
Hey, someone here named Cobb lose a bat?

Cain looks suicidal.

EXT. BASEKETBALL ARENA - NIGHT

Sign outside reads: GALAXY CENTER -- "HOME OF THE ROSWELL ALIENS." CAMERA CRANES DOWN to reveal the PARKING LOT -- full of parked FLYING SAUCERS.

INT. GALAXY CENTER - FIELD TUNNEL - NIGHT

Coop and Remer coming up the tunnel. Remer's SHOUTING over the DIN OF THE CROWD.

REMER
Hey, Coop, listen, I talked to the rest of the guys. They all want these changes. We could be making some big time cheddar!

COOP
What do you mean, you talked to the guys? I already told you my decision! Mr. Denslow wanted...!

REMER
Dude, hello. I'm sure Denslow's happy in his little worm farm, but us...

COOP
I'm not doin' it, Remer! End of story!

Coop storms off. Remer stares after him.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE - SCOREBOARD

Seventh inning. Beers - 2, Aliens - 9.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
...Top of the seventh and the Milwaukee
Beers are taking a drubbing from the
Roswell Aliens.

HUGE CHEERS O.S.

ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS' BOOTH

AL MICHAELS
Those cheers you're hearing, from the
nearly 15,000 on hand here for 'Anal Probe
Night.'

CAMERA PANS THE STANDS

Everyone's holding lighted instruments that look like cattle
prods.

ANGLE - THE FIELD

Two ROSWELL PLAYERS set up under the basket. Their uniforms
are made of silver metallic material emblazoned with the
classic bug-eyed rendering of an extraterrestrial.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
Two outs and Doug Remer heading for the
double line. He's 0 for 20 so far tonight.
In fact, with the exception of Coop, the
Beers are ice cold.

Remer comes out of the dugout onto the field. He doesn't even
bother to measure his shot, just tosses it up haphazardly.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
And the Beers are gone again!

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
I'll tell you, Al, I've seen postal workers
with better aim!

Remer makes his way past the Beer Barrel Mascot, who velcroes
a cloth frown over his smile. Coop steps out of the dugout,
holds out his fist to be knocked. Remer blows right past him.

ANNOUNCER (P.A.)
Ladies and Gentlemen, for your seventh
inning stretch enjoyment, the Galaxy Center
is proud to present HARRY CARY!

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS' BOOTH

As Bob Costas and Al Michaels look on, HARRY CARY leans out the window, mic in hand. His VOICE echoes through the arena.

HARRY CARY
Well, hello, everybody!

The crowd CHEERS. The ORGAN kicks in with a RIFF reminiscent of "Take Me Out To The Ball Game." The crowd gets to their feet. Harry begins leading them in SONG.

HARRY CARY (CONT'D)
(singing)
BASEKETBALL IS OUR FAVORITE
WE COULD WATCH IT ALL DAY
NO COKE SNORTING PLAYERS, TATTOOS ON THEIR ASS
OR SKYBOXES FUNDED BY TAXPAYERS' CASH

The crowd sways in unison as they SING. The Beers' Cheerleaders shimmy enthusiastically along with the MUSIC. The dancing Beer Barrel adds to the festive atmosphere.

*
*
*

ANGLE - DUGOUT

Coop stares at the dispirited team. O.S. we hear Harry Cary and the crowd SINGING and CHEERING.

COOP
All right, what the hell's going on? You guys are doggin' it out there!

They all give him the finger.

COOP (CONT'D)
Oh, I get it... You guys are pissed. Well, I won't go along with Mr. Cain.

The Guys GRUMBLE.

(CONTINUED)

COOP

Since when have you guys been about money anyway? Is that why you're in the game? What about the tradition of the sport? Think of the greats who have gone before you...

He points up at...

ANGLE - THE RAFTERS

In the custom of retiring uniforms, ATHLETIC SUPPORTERS are ceremoniously suspended from the ceiling.

ANGLE - HARRY CARY

Leans too far out the window. WAH! He falls into the crowd below. Fans catch him, start passing him over their heads.

RESUME - COOP

COOP

Look, I don't want to own this team for my own gain. If we win the Super Cup, I promise, each of you will become percentage owners. We'll share everything!

In B.G., Harry Cary's now being bounced above the heads of the crowd like a beach ball. TWO USHERS are trying unsuccessfully to retrieve him.

COOP

That means prime equity stock options, comprehensive health care, full dental, traveling HMO, and the first twenty weeks of psychiatric care free of charge! The way it should be!

A beat.

REMER

Are you saying we can pick our own doctor?

COOP

Of course you can! NOW WHO'S WITH ME?

The guys CHEER. They mob Coop.

COOP (CONT'D)

(disclaimer voice, speaking a mile a minute)

Doctors must be chosen from a list of qualified participants. Standard deductions apply. Pre-

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

COOP (cont'd)
existing conditions may be excluded. Illnesses and injuries suffered during the first eighteen months of enrollment exempt. See your physician for further restrictions.

ANGLE - THE USHERS

Grab Harry Cary from a FAN, haul him up the aisle under a barrage of BOOS from the crowd.

MUSIC UP. BEGIN MONTAGE.

A TRAIN steaming through the countryside. CITY SIGNS SUPERED OVER. INTERCUT WITH The Beers playing such teams as the NEW JERSEY INFORMANTS and SAN FRANCISCO FERRIES.

The train steams into SAN ANTONIO. The Beers play in an arena that has the basket attached to the facade of The Alamo.

Now silly STOCK FOOTAGE of a train crashing into another train, falling off a bridge. Etc...

Back to games -- the heavily bandaged Beers still able to make their shots.

MONTAGE ENDS with our guys (mended) making shot after shot. Scoreboard struggles to keep up with the points they're racking up. Finally, exhausted, it just starts to SMOKE.

INT. CAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cain and Yvette watching a big screen TV. ESPN is on.

DAN PATRICK (ON TV)
And the Beers win their ninth consecutive game! If they keep playing like this they are playoff bound for sure!

CAIN
Damn! We're running out of time. I already have Jacksonville lined up to take the Beers off your hands as soon as the team's yours. How do we get to this guy?

On the TV, Coop and Remer race to the stands, jostle with each other to be the first to receive a congratulatory hug from Jenna. Cain mutes the TV.

CAIN (CONT'D)
Who's this bimbo Coop and Remer are fighting over?

Yvette looks up from buffing her nails. Sees Coop and Remer on TV shaking hands with the Beer Barrel mascot.

(CONTINUED)

YVETTE

I don't know... It's hard to see through that barrel.

CAIN

(jabs a finger at the screen)
No, her. Who is she?

YVETTE

(shrugs)
Oh, that's Jenna Reed. She's the director of some kid's charity... Dream Come True Foundation..?

This sparks Cain's interest.

CAIN

Hmm... You know, I believe Acting-Commissioner Earwig is on the board of that organization. I think it's time I have another little chat with him.

INT. BEERS' GARDEN - NIGHT

A VENDOR makes his way down the crowded aisles.

VENDOR

Get your BASEketball souvenirs here! Get your Beers player posters here!

Attached to his tray, are unfurled posters of our three guys, labelled "Coop! Remer! Squeak!" Unfortunately, due to his height, only the top of Squeak's head is visible in the shot.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)

Milwaukee seven, Los Angeles four. And this crowd is going absolutely wild! The Beers are two outs away from clinching a spot in the playoffs!

ANGLE - BEERS DUGOUT

Coop and the Guys watch as a burly L.A. RIOTS PLAYER heads for the triple line.

COOP

That's him, Squeak. That's Tuttle.

REMER

He's been talkin' shit about you all night.

SQUEAK

You want me to psyche him out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COOP
They'll never expect it from you.

REMER
Here, say this...

WHISPERS into Squeak's ear.

SQUEAK
I can't remember all that.

REMER
I'll write it down for you.

Takes out a pen, begins writing on Squeak's palm. Squeak looks at Tuttle, unsure.

COOP
Don't worry, we got your back.

Coop and Squeak trot onto the field, set up under the basket.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
Bottom of the ninth, bases loaded, one out.
Tuttle steps to the triple line.

ANGLE - FIELD

TUTTLE measures his shot. Squeak reads from his palm.

SQUEAK
Hey, Tuttle...

Gives a look at Coop, who nods encouragement.

SQUEAK (CONT'D)
(reading hand)
Your mother's deaf.

Tuttle shoots him a look.

TUTTLE
My mother's dead, you little twerp.

SQUEAK
(reading)
Oh...maybe that's why she didn't move
around a lot.

Tuttle glares at him for a beat. He takes his shot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
It's up! NO GOOD! Coop goes for the rebound...

Coop makes a spectacular leap, tips the ball back up.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
Coop tips! GOOD! Double play! Unbelievable! Final score seven to three! The Beers have clinched a spot in the playoffs on a Psyche-Out by Squeak Scolari!

Fans go crazy! The Rock Band strikes up with "We Are The Champions." The Beers explode out of the dugout.

ANGLE - COOP AND REMER

High-five as the scoreboard flashes "PSYCHE-OUT! PSYCHE-OUT! PSYCHE-OUT!" Squeak spies Tuttle, turning slowly to glare at him. He races over, puts himself behind Coop and Remer.

SQUEAK
Geez, he is pissed. I didn't go over the line on that, did I?

Coop and Remer glance over at the fuming Tuttle.

COOP
No, not at all...

They spot Jenna at the same time.

COOP/REMER
Hey, Jenna! / Jenna, hi!

They hurry off. Squeak turns, runs right into Tuttle, who glowers at him maniacally. Squeak GULPS.

ANGLE - STANDS

Coop and Remer arrive simultaneously, race the three rows up to Jenna and embrace her excitedly, effectively sandwiching her between them.

COOP
Can you believe it? We did it!

REMER
Kickin' ass and takin' names!

Jenna looks at them both. Tries to smile, instead breaks down into tears. In B.G., Squeak dashes by, pursued by Tuttle.

(CONTINUED)

REMER (CONT'D)

Let it flow, baby. We're in the playoffs!

JENNA

No, no...that's not the reason...

In the B.G., Tuttle comes back into FRAME pummeling Squeak, choking him, flinging him around like a rag doll (dummy).

COOP

Yeah, let the tears come.

JENNA

No, no...that's not why I...

REMER

I think we're all a little guilty of keeping it inside.

JENNA

Will you stop it!

Slaps them both (a la The Three Stooges).

JENNA (CONT'D)

I'm not crying because I'm happy!

The guys are immediately sobered. In B.G., Tuttle and his Teammates are playing "Fling The Midget" with Squeak.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Our funding's been cut. We're going to have to close the Foundation. In ten days they're gonna repossess the respirators. They've already taken the tongue depressors!

REMER

Those bastards!

Jenna's again wracked by SOBS. She runs away. The Guys start to follow, but they're stopped by Cain, who puts his arms over their shoulders, walks them in the opposite direction.

COOP

Mr. Cain...? What are you doing here?

CAIN

(shrugs)

I jet here, I jet there. It's all part of my job as a multi-millionaire.

(CONTINUED)

In the B.G., Tuttle and his Teammates have now tied ropes to Squeak's limbs. They're stretching him out a la William Wallace in "Braveheart." Through his agony, Squeak's BELLOWING, "Freedom!"

CAIN (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, I'll get right to the point. There's no reason why your girlfriend's foundation has to go Chapter 11. Or for that matter, 12, 13, or 14... I think I may have the solution to her problem.

He hands Coop a magazine. Coop studies it.

CAIN (CONT'D)

It's a time-tested money-maker. Every athlete does it. And you are the most popular sports star in our target demographic.

COOP

You want me to get my breasts enhanced?

CAIN

No!

He quickly turns the page.

COOP

Oh... Well, this would be against the BASEketball bylaws.

CAIN

Not if the proceeds go to charity. Think of it! Miss Reed's foundation would never have to worry about funding again.

REMER

Awesome, dude! We'll do it!

COOP

Excuse us for a moment...

He pulls Remer aside. In B.G., Tuttle shoves Squeak up through the basket, wedging him tightly in the rim. Squeak hangs there like a dolphin in a tuna net.

COOP (CONT'D)

Are you out of whatever mind you have left? There's no way we're makin' any kind of deal with this crook!

(CONTINUED)

REMER

Fine, dude. You wanna be the one to tell Jenna we had this chance and turned it down?

They stare at each other. FLASHY TECHNO MUSIC UP.

TIGHT ANGLE - A LONE SPOTLIGHT

Shines on a guy in a tuxedo. It's GEORGE HAMILTON!

GEORGE HAMILTON

And now, deftly touching upon the soaring popularity of BASEketball, Isaac Mizrahi, introduces his most fabulous creation for the millennium -- COOPWEAR 2000!

He waves toward a small RUNWAY STAGE and we are...

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The room erupts into APPLAUSE. BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE wearing sunglasses, drinking champagne and wine coolers. TECHNO MUSIC THROBS beneath dramatic lighting. PHOTOGRAPHERS snap away.

GEORGE HAMILTON

The Top of the CoopWear 2000 line, the very latest in leisure and comfort modeled by BASEketball star Squeak Scolari.

Squeak steps onto the runway wearing a bubble wrap jogging suit.

GEORGE HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Factory treated with SweatGuard, this tasty jogging suit features Hydro Cross-Trainers with the patented 'Lifter Pump'!

Squeak bends down, starts pumping up his sneakers.

GEORGE HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Next, from the Sasquatch Collection of CoopWear 2000 comes this wonderful leather and tan number modeled by Coop himself.

Coop comes out wearing FUR PANTS. From inside his small gaucho jacket, tufts of fur stick out like rampant chest hair. He passes Squeak, who WHISPERS excitedly:

SQUEAK

Dude! It's George friggin' Hamilton!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE HAMILTON

...Of course, both pants and jacket are completely reversible.

Coop reverses it, revealing just a different color fur. At the end of the runway, ISAAC MIZRAHI is motioning "Smile, smile, smile." Coop forces one, does a sashay turn, poses.

GEORGE HAMILTON (CONT'D)

And keeping pace with the ever-increasing pressures of life in professional sports...

Remer steps out, primps and struts down the runway. He passes Squeak who has his sneakers pumped up ridiculously high.

GEORGE HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Doug Remer models the first athletic uniform constructed entirely of alcohol suppressant patch material. This yummy ensemble comes pre-accessorized with jewelry already attached!

Sure enough, Remer's jersey has gold jewelry sewn into it. He cocks his head, there's a large cross dangling from his ear.

GEORGE HAMILTON (CONT'D)

But what player worth his exorbitant salary doesn't enjoy an evening on the town? With a quick inside out move, and a flip of a switch...

Remer quickly reverses the jersey. The crowd GASPS.

GEORGE HAMILTON (CONT'D)

It's PARTY TIME!

TINY LIGHTS along the seams blink on. Remer strikes a classic disco pose as the chase lights twinkle. Crowd APPLAUDS.

INT. ESPN SPORTS CENTER STUDIO - DAY

DAN PATRICK AND REESE DAVIS watching a monitor showing the fashion show. They turn toward CAMERA.

REESE DAVIS

...But certainly, Dan, no one could have predicted how amazingly popular this line of clothing would become.

On monitor, Squeak stumbles on his impossibly high shoes, pitches into Remer, who reels into Coop. All three plummet off the runway, crash into Mizrahi's table...taking out the designer himself.

(CONTINUED)

DAN PATRICK

Phenomenal, Reese. The only question remaining is just how much it will catch on.

CAMERA WIDENS TO REVEAL that, beneath the table, they're both wearing the fur pants.

REESE DAVIS

Well, it seems to have gone hand-in-hand with the incredible success of the Beers thus far in the playoffs.

DAN PATRICK

Yes, and with last night's victory over Boston, next week they'll advance to Charlotte in an effort to reach their magic number of three.

REESE DAVIS

And if Dallas wins their division, Detroit is out of it.

Behind them are BLUE SCREEN GRAPHICS "illuminating" the massive playoff schedule.

DAN PATRICK

Well, only if Seattle's eliminated. If Denver beats Atlanta by more than four points, Pittsburgh gets home field advantage. And Cleveland becomes the division champ...without ever having to play a game.

REESE DAVIS

And don't count Indianapolis out of it.

DAN PATRICK

They haven't won a game all season.

REESE DAVIS

Which means they still have a shot at the wildcard spot.

DAN PATRICK

Only if Oakland can beat Milwaukee in the first round.

REESE DAVIS

But Milwaukee has a bye...due to their takeaway/giveaway percentage.

The Blue Screen Graphics continue to get more convoluted.

(CONTINUED)

DAN PATRICK

Yes, but during the regular season, Tampa had a better record in interleague play.

REESE DAVIS

Well, that certainly puts them ahead in that all important loss column.

DAN PATRICK

But a win against L.A. would put them a half game ahead of St. Louis...

REESE DAVIS

...If St. Louis were in the playoffs.

DAN PATRICK

Right... Wait a minute, in that case they'll be playing *themselves*!

REESE DAVIS

...Who?

DAN PATRICK

St. Louis.

REESE DAVIS

When?

DAN PATRICK

Now.

REESE DAVIS

What?

DAN PATRICK

Let's go to commercial.

INT. BEERS' GARDEN - NIGHT

An exhausted Al Michaels and Bob Costas. Ties at half-mast, bags under their eyes, stubble on their chins, mounds of Styrofoam coffee cups piled around them. In B.G., a load of hand-washables are drying on a line. Costas grips the mic, stares into CAMERA.

BOB COSTAS

After the grueling regular BASEketball season, we're now in month nine of the Playoffs. And we're back at the Central Southwest Eastern Division...

(falters)

Help me out here, Al...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AL MICHAELS
...Regional Conference League Finals. And
the Beers down to their last three outs.

ANGLE - FIELD

Remer is at the double line. He shoots, misses. Turns from
the line, leans on a wheeled walker. Rolls away.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
One away. Milwaukee in a must-win situation
tonight...

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
(weary)
They're all must-win situations.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
...against the Detroit Lemons. Score is
tied here in the ninth.

TWO DETROIT LEMONS PLAYERS set up under the basket. Hernandez
stumbles out of the dugout, sleepwalks onto the field.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
Here's proud papa Miguel Hernandez heading
for the single line. His son, born at the
beginning of the season, is riding a
bicycle now and can already give his dad
the finger.

Hernandez throws a shot up. Crowd GROANS.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
Up. No good. Two down. Coop coming to the
plate.

ANGLE - BEERS' DUGOUT

The Players are barely able to hold their heads up. Squeak
dozes on the bench, clutching a Teddy Bear, drooling. Coop's
tongue is lolling. Lasorda, hooked to a Starbucks IV, nudges
him. Coop startles awake.

COOP
No, Daddy, you're not supposed to touch me
there!

Lasorda is taken aback.

LASORDA
Uh...you're up, Coop.

(CONTINUED)

COOP
Who we playing?

LASORDA
Doesn't matter.

Coop drags himself to the ball rack, fishes out LA-Z-BOY.

ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS' BOOTH

AL MICHAELS
If the Beers win this one, they're in the Super Cup. And two weeks from tonight they'll go head-to-head with their arch rivals, the Dallas Felons.

BOB COSTAS
Of course, you can stay tuned to this network for all the Super Cup coverage. Pre-game starts the week before and continues 24 hours a day right up until game time on 7:30 Sunday night.

AL MICHAELS
And don't forget the pre-pre-game show... which I guess has...already started.

ANGLE - JENNA AND FOUNDATION KIDS

CHEERING. All wearing CoopWear 2000 baseball caps.

ANGLE - LASORDA

Completely fried, holds up a play book. The team gathers around. Coop's on the outside of the group.

LASORDA
(wired)
Okay, here's what we're gonna do! First, Coop hits a triple. Then Squeak, you follow with a single. Hernandez can bunt you home...
(looks onto the field)
...if he wakes up.

Coop turns, stumbles onto the field, stepping over the unconscious Hernandez on his way to the home run line.

LASORDA (CONT'D)
Remer'll double and then Coop'll double and Squeak'll double and then we'll have...
(counts on his fingers)
...six points...and... What time is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

In B.G., Coop shoots. Nothing but net. The crowd EXPLODES into CHEERS and APPLAUSE. The Team rushes by Lasorda.

LASORDA (CONT'D)

What the hell happened?

REMER

Coop hit a home run! We won!

Lasorda follows the Team out of the dugout, still in a fog, bouncing up and down haphazardly.

ANGLE - CROWD

Going bananas as Coop is taken across the plate on a stretcher.

ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS' BOOTH

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)

Beers win! Beers win! Beers win! Beers...!

Al's face hits the table. Good-night, everyone.

INT. BEERS' LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Coop and Remer finishing getting dressed. Coop eyes a small velvet box in Remer's gym bag. He looks over at the identical box in his own locker. Tommy Lasorda approaches. Coop pops open his box, shows him a diamond ring.

COOP

What do you think, Tommy?

LASORDA

I'm flattered but...I'm already with someone.

COOP

No, no... It's for Jenna. It's a commitment ring.

LASORDA

A what?

COOP

I'm letting her know I'm ready to consider thinking about becoming engaged.

Remer SNORTS. Opens his little box. Inside is a smaller ring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMER (CONT'D)

I'm giving Jenna a pre-commitment ring.
It's a promise to pledge we'll get engaged
when we're ready to make a commitment.

COOP

Yeah? Well, I've already given her a pre-
obligation bracelet.

REMER

So? I've made an oath to agree to swear due
diligence in anticipation of a
consideration.

COOP

With or without pre-nups?

REMER

Doesn't matter. I've got a post-coital
handbag on lay-away.

Lasorda's head is spinning.

LASORDA

You guys need a hobby.

He exits. Coop and Remer go back to dressing. Suddenly, a
manila envelope hits the bench between them.

VOICE (O.S.)

I was hoping I might find you here.

The guys look up to see Cain smiling at them. Coop picks up
the envelope.

COOP

What's this?

REMER

I think it's an envelope.

COOP

I know that, Remer.

CAIN

Open it.

Coop opens the envelope. Inside is a bunch of 8 X 10s. Coop
leafs through them.

CAIN (CONT'D)

What's that old saying?

(CONTINUED)

REMER

'A penny saved is a penny earned'? 'You can lead a horse to water but you...?'

CAIN (CONT'D)

Shut-up! How about 'One picture's worth a thousand words'?

REMER

Yeah, that's a good one...

He looks over Coop's shoulder.

ANGLE - PICTURES

FOURTEEN YEAR OLD KIDS working a tennis shoe assembly line.

COOP

My God! These are awful! What kind of low-life scum-of-the-Earth would use children this way?

CAIN

You would.

COOP

Me? Never.

REMER

Does Sally Struthers know about this?

CAIN

Coop, those pictures are of your clothing line being made in Calcutta.

Coop is confused.

COOP

Calcutta? That can't be.

REMER

The labels say they're made here.

Pulls a CoopWear 2000 shirt from his bag, shows the label to Cain.

ANGLE - SHIRT LABEL

Sure enough, it reads "Made Here."

REMER

See?

(CONTINUED)

Cain gives him a look. Get real.

COOP
(realization)
You didn't..!

CAIN
Oldest trick in the book.
(nods at the pictures)
Of course, if these ever got out, you'd
look like the biggest hypocrite in the
world. They could ruin you, Coop.

COOP
I'm not worried about that. I don't care
about *me*.

CAIN
Well, that makes two of us. But maybe you
should care about the woman you love...

REMER
I love her, too.

CAIN
(ignoring him)
...Who will probably be surprised to find
you both have such an interest in children.

COOP/REMER
Yipes!

CAIN
My sentiments exactly. But I assure you
there's no reason to panic. These pictures
never have to see the light of day. If...

COOP
(warily)
If...what?

CAIN
If you miss the next Beers game.

REMER
The next game is the Super Cup!

CAIN
I see you've been reading the papers. Look,
Coop, just do what I say -- you 'play ball'
and you'll be fine.

(CONTINUED)

COOP
(confused)
I thought you just said you didn't want me
to play ball.

CAIN
I want you to play ball. With us.

REMER
You want him to play for Dallas?

Cain holds his temples.

CAIN
(pained)
Ah...ahh...

COOP
Oh... I get it. You don't want me to show
up at the game at all!

CAIN
(exasperated)
Of course, you numbskull! It's called
'blackmail!'

Coop draws himself up to full height. Fire in his eyes.

COOP
You think you've beaten us, don't you?

Cain smiles and nods.

CAIN
Um hm.

He exits. Coop and Remer look at each other. Realize Cain has
beaten them. BOING!

COOP
God dammit, Remer! I told you this was
gonna happen, didn't I?

REMER
Dude, how is this my fault?

COOP
You talked me into it!

REMER
Hey, if you would've agreed to Cain's
changes in the first place, it never
would've got this far!

(CONTINUED)

COOP

Well, at least Jenna never has to find out about this...

The door suddenly BANGS open. Jenna strides in, brandishing a manila envelope, which she throws on top of the other one.

JENNA

How could you guys do this?

COOP

Jenna, wait. We can explain...

REMER

(points at Coop)

It was him!

Coop glares at him, turns back to Jenna.

COOP

Jenna, I know this looks bad...

REMER

I tried to talk him out of it!

COOP

What!?

JENNA

It's too late, Coop. I'm finished. I've handed in my resignation.

She turns to go. Coop follows her.

COOP

Jenna! Jenna! I'm sorry...

JENNA

I don't ever want to see you again.

REMER

Hey, what about me?

She storms out. A beat. Coop turns back, puts his arm around Remer's shoulders, barely able to contain his rage.

COOP

You know, numb nuts? ...May I call you 'numb nuts'?

REMER

...Sure, Coop.

(CONTINUED)

COOP

If your head was any further up your ass,
you could wear yourself as a hat!

REMER

You think I could...? Ow! Ow! Ow!

Coop has grabbed Remer's head and hooked his fingers in
Remer's nose. He's yanking pretty hard.

REMER (CONT'D)

Dude, man, you are one short hop away from
being rabbit punched to death.

COOP

Try it! Go ahead! Just try it! I'll...

Remer throws a quick jab. Coop's head snaps back. He looks
surprised for a beat, then...

COOP (cont'd)

That wasn't a rabbit punch, you moron!

REMER

Well, what was it then?

COOP

That was a jab.

Throws a quick punch. Remer's head snaps back.

COOP (CONT'D)

That was a rabbit punch!

They square off. Through a series of SLO-MO DISSOLVES we see
the surreal fight. Coop throws a series of roundhouse punches
to Remer's rib cage, lifting Remer off his feet with each
blow. Now he has Remer up against the lockers, pummeling him
while Remer tries to cover his head. The punches come slower
and slower, as Coop loses arm strength. (Think the Ali rope-a-
dope scenario.) Finally, Coop's tired arms hang uselessly at
his side. Remer winds up, delivers a blow that staggers Coop.
He wobbles around in a circle before crashing to the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - NIGHT

Coop's still unconscious, lying on the floor. A HAND comes
into FRAME, starts briskly slapping his face.

VOICE (O.S.)

Kid! Kid! Wake up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Coop slowly opens his eyes.

ANGLE - COOP'S POV

The image of Tommy Lasorda swims into view.

ANGLE - COOP

Groggy.

COOP
Coach..?

Lasorda's still slapping him.

COOP (CONT'D)
Coach...you can stop slapping me. I'm awake now.

LASORDA
Oh, sorry...

He helps Coop sit up.

LASORDA (CONT'D)
You're a mess, kid. What happened?

Coop sees the pictures lying nearby.

COOP
Oh, my God! I gotta go, Coach!

He grabs the envelope, races out. Lasorda watches him go.

LASORDA
Guess she didn't like the ring.

Lasorda shakes his head, punches out on a time clock.

EXT. CALCUTTA AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

STOCK FOOTAGE of an AIR INDIA JET touching down.

EXT. CALCUTTA AIRPORT - DAY

Coop hails a taxi, jumps inside.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Coop digs a slip of paper out of his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COOP

Driver, I'm in a hurry! Take me immediately
to where they're using child labor!

The DRIVER turns around. It's a nine year old KID beneath
that turban. Coop's appalled.

DRIVER

As you wish, Sahib.

COOP

Well, just get me to 711 Marrakesh Drive.

EXT. CALCUTTA - DAY

The taxi pulls up in front of a factory. A big sign reads: M.
GHANDI AND SONS INDUSTRIES. EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF
COOPWEAR 2000 AND SNOOP DOG 'DO RAGS.

INT. FACTORY OFFICE - DAY

Coop enters, his path blocked by the swarthy FACTORY MANAGER
wearing a turban.

COOP

Who the hell are you?

FACTORY MANAGER

I factory manager. Who you?

COOP

I Joe Cooper! I mean, I'm Joe Cooper!

Coop pushes past him, toward the large factory door. The
Factory Manager reaches into a box labelled "HARD HATS."

FACTORY MANAGER

Wait! You must put on hard hat before
entering work area!

INT. MAIN FACTORY - DAY

Coop bursts through the door. He's wearing a yellow plastic,
turban hard hat. Everywhere are signs reading: "Coop
Sneakers," "Coop Jackets," "Coop Caps -- A Division of
CoopWear 2000."

TIGHT ANGLE ON COOP'S FACE as he surveys the room. Aghast!

ANGLE - COOP

Moves around the room, horrified.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COOP

Oh my God! I can't believe this! What have I gotten myself into?

He barely steps out of the way as TWO TWELVE YEAR OLDS in turbans swing by carrying a steel I-beam.

FACTORY MANAGER

It not bad as it looks, Mr. Cooper. I assure you, everyone well-paid -- eleven cents a day.

In B.G., NINE YEAR OLDS in turbans are scribbling with markers on "Coop Sneakers."

COOP

My God! This has got to stop! Immediately!

FACTORY MANAGER

But Mr. Cooper, where they go? Kathie Lee only pay six.

A TEN YEAR OLD FLOOR MANAGER wearing a turban approaches the Nine Year Olds.

TEN YEAR OLD FLOOR MANAGER

(Hindu, with subtitles)

That not how you spell 'Coop!' You fired!

Coop holds his head. In B.G. a FIVE YEAR OLD wearing a turban is arc welding.

COOP

It should've been so simple! Put my name on a batch of clothes, give the money to the Foundation. And they're nice clothes...

In B.G., a FOUR YEAR OLD wearing a turban is taking red-hot ingots out of a fiery furnace.

COOP (CONT'D)

(pulls a jersey off the rack)

Look at this workmanship. Decent stitching ...reminiscent of early Versace -- before his sister joined the company and started trying to mute the garish colors...

A couple of TWO YEAR OLDS wearing turbans are on the conveyor belts, going round and round. One tumbles off into a carton of shoes.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE - CLOSE-UP

A PIPE WHISTLE BLOWS.

TEN YEAR OLD FLOOR MANAGER
Break time!

RESUME - COOP

Behind him, a row of adult WET NURSES open their uniforms, revealing nursing bras, begin breast-feeding the turbaned baby workers.

COOP (CONT'D)
(realization)
Oh, I get it now! Cain set this whole thing up!

Someone hands him a BABY. Coop starts changing the infant's diaper.

COOP (CONT'D)
Of course! It's brilliant! I can't win the Super Cup and keep the Beers if I'm not at the game!

He shoves the dirty diaper into the Diaper Genie. His hand gets stuck in the pail.

COOP (CONT'D)
Oh, yes, a very clever scheme, Mr. Cain!
But I'M CLEVER, TOO!

Yanks his hand free. Coiled diapers hang from his fingers like sausages. Coop looks disgusted. Phew!

NEWS FILE FOOTAGE

Of a Beers' game. Coop shooting a double. Trading cheerful banter with his teammates.

ROBERT STACK (V.O.)
A young man, his whole life in front of him. Disappears. A familiar story, yes. But this is no ordinary joe.

The picture freezes on Coop's SMILING FACE and the logo for "UNSOLVED MYSTERIES" appears over.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Crowded with busy desks. ROBERT STACK steps into FRAME.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERT STACK

Joseph R. Cooper, perhaps the most loved sports figure in the country. Vanished.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Robert Stack walks along, dressed in an overcoat and hat. Fog inexplicably wafts past him.

ROBERT STACK

According to Mrs. Elsie Melcher, a neighbor who asked not to be identified, Joe Cooper left his house two weeks ago with only a toothbrush, a wallet, a steamer trunk, three carry-on garment bags, and ten thousand dollars he withdrew from his bank...

(beat)

Police theorize several possible scenarios of what happened to the man affectionately known to the world as 'Coop.'

TALKING HEAD INTERVIEW -- DOUG REMER

REMER

I don't know where the hell he is. For all I care, he could be hanging by his neck in his friggin' closet.

ANGLE - ROBERT STACK

ROBERT STACK

Scenario number one: He's hanging by his neck in his friggin' closet.

RE-ENACTMENT

A closet opens to reveal a BODY hanging from the clothes bar.

ANGLE - ROBERT STACK

ROBERT STACK

Scenario number two: A love triangle gone horribly wrong led to Coop's disappearance.

RE-ENACTMENT

With A-list actors. SALLY FIELD throws a manila envelope on the bench.

SALLY FIELD

I never want to see you again, Coop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns, storms out.

VOICE (O.S.)
Jenna! Wait! I can explain!

WIDEN TO REVEAL

MARLON BRANDO starts after her. Stops. Turns back.

MARLON BRANDO
You know, numb nuts... May I call you 'numb
nuts'?

Puts his arm around...

ROBERT DENIRO
...Uh, sure, Coop.

MARLON BRANDO
If your head was any further up your ass,
you could wear yourself as a hat!

Hooks his fingers in DeNiro's nose, yanks hard. DeNiro
SCREAMS.

TALKING HEAD INTERVIEW -- JENNA REED

JENNA
If you're looking for Mr. Cooper, I suggest
you go wherever you find the most heinous,
blatant, and vile exploitation of children
on the planet.

ANGLE - ROBERT STACK

ROBERT STACK
Scenario number three: Coop went to Disney
World.

RE-ENACTMENT

BEAVIS and BUTT-HEAD stand amid the splendor that is the
Magic Kingdom.

BEAVIS
Heh, heh, heh... Look at all the chicks,
Coop. We're gonna score.

BUTT-HEAD
I'm ready for love. Come to Coop, baby!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE - ROBERT STACK

ROBERT STACK

Here is a photograph of Joe Cooper taken
just days before his disappearance...

INSERT - PHOTO OF COOP

ROBERT STACK (V.O.)

And here is the computer enhanced
simulation of what he might look like
today.

INSERT - THE SAME PHOTO OF COOP

ROBERT STACK

Police are hoping someone out there may
have seen something. If you or anyone you
know have information concerning Joseph R.
Cooper, call our toll-free hotline. Until
then, the Milwaukee Beers, and the world,
will just have to wait.

SHOW ENDS. LOGO COMES ON

THEN, A BUMPER -- "UPDATE." Robert Stack reappears.

ROBERT STACK

We still have no friggin' clue where the
hell this guy could be.

EXT. BEERS' GARDEN - EVENING

Lit up like an oil refinery. Multitudes of FANS streaming in.
Big marquee sign reads: "Welcome Dallas Felons!"

INT. BEERS' GARDEN - EVENING

The crowd is already pumped up.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)

Welcome to Super Cup Sunday!

TELEVISION FEED

HEROIC CLASH OF THE GLADIATORS MUSIC. Constant CROWD ROAR.
Against a background of the packed stands, a GRAPHIC TITLE:
"SUPER CUP V!"

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

Where the defending champion Dallas Felons
meet their perennial challengers, The
Milwaukee Beers!

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS

Standing on a platform positioned just above the lower deck crowd. Al Michaels and Bob Costas are backgrounded by the enthusiastic crowd. They raise their VOICES over the NOISE.

AL MICHAELS

Hi, I'm Al Michaels. Welcome to the Beers Garden and Super Cup Vee. And we're in for a classic battle tonight!

*
*

BOB COSTAS

But the big surprise -- the big story -- driving the entire two weeks of pre-game hype is the disappearance of Beers' star Coop Cooper.

AL MICHAELS

That's right, Bob. And tonight we've got over a hundred million people throughout the world tuned in to see this game.

ANGLE - PRESS TABLE

A mishmash of glazed-over FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

Many of them, of course, with no understanding of the sport itself, but nonetheless fascinated by the flickering images and the bright, pretty colors.

ANGLE - FIREWORKS STAGING AREA

A GUY with an eye patch, missing several fingers, is setting up a pyrotechnics display.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)

And speaking of colors, that man, of course, pyrotechnic expert Sergorio Farouche -- readying another spectacular post-game fireworks display.

WIDE SHOT - THE LARGE CROWD

As the following sponsors are announced, a picture of each product spins into the center of the screen, SUPERED OVER the crowd.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

This segment of Super Cup Vee is brought to you by Winter's Morn -- the douche and mouthwash in one. She'll like the tingly
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB COSTAS (cont'd)
feeling, he'll like the clean, fresh
taste... The Sosume Kamikaze -- the
excitement starts when you hit the
corners... And, Seagrams -- proud to not
advertise their full line of delicious
alcoholic beverages on television.

CAMERA SWEEPS THE CROWD

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
And a capacity crowd here tonight at the
Beers Garden. Some of our very special
guests tonight... *

ANGLE - SPACIOUS FIELD BOX

Red, white and blue bunting. Surrounded by SECRET SERVICE.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
The President of the United States and the
First Family, here to enjoy an evening of
BASEketball action.

Gee, it's really him!

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
And the Vice President is also here with
his family.

Yup, it's them.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
...The Supreme Court...

Sure enough, there are SEVEN GUYS and TWO WOMEN in BLACK
ROBES. CAMERA CONTINUES past a crowd of CHINESE BUSINESSMEN.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
...And the White House guests from last
weekend...

ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS

BOB COSTAS
During the pre-opening ceremonies,
President Clinton presented BASEketball
with the prestigious President's Award.

On the monitor, we see President Clinton presenting Acting-
Commissioner Earwig with a plaque.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AL MICHAELS

...In honor of BASEketball's instituting
the strictest drug testing program in
history.

*
*
*

ANGLE - FIELD

FIELD ANNOUNCER (P.A.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight's starting
lineup for the Dallas Felons... At Ringer,
number 43, DIRK JAN-SEN!

Jansen runs onto the field. Steps behind a nurse's screen.
Almost immediately, he comes back out holding a URINE SAMPLE.
Hands it to a LAB TECHNICIAN, who dips a DRUG ALERT SWATCH
into the cup. Jansen's clean. Technician gives him a thumb's
up. Crowd CHEERS as Jansen takes his place on the floor.

FIELD ANNOUNCER (P.A.)

...At Duffer, number 22, JIM DAR-CY!

Darcy heads for the nurse's screen.

ANGLE - FIELD TUNNEL

The Beers waiting to be introduced. Joey's there in a uniform
with "BALL BOY" written on back. A PRIEST is exiting.

LASORDA

Don't worry, Father, you'll get your money
anyway.

He turns to face the team.

LASORDA (CONT'D)

Okay, you don't want to pray -- no problem.
But you guys have to pull together tonight!

The guys are standing with their backs to each other. Nobody
looking at anyone else.

FIELD ANNOUNCER (P.A.)

And now, ladies and gentlemen, let's hear
it for your MIL-WAU-KEE BEERS!!

O.S. the crowd CHEERS wildly.

(CONTINUED)

FIELD ANNOUNCER (P.A.)
At Duffer, number 3, SQUEAK SCO-LARI!

A FIELD COORDINATOR wearing a headset points at the players as they run onto the field.

FIELD ANNOUNCER (P.A.)
At Mutt, number 69, DOUG RE-MER..!

Coordinator points at Remer, who walks out of the tunnel. Hernandez moves into the introduction position.

FIELD ANNOUNCER (P.A.)
At Ringer...

Coop suddenly runs right past Hernandez and the Coordinator, races onto the field. THUNDEROUS CHEERS. Hernandez is relieved. Joey is thrilled.

FIELD ANNOUNCER (P.A.)
Ladies and Gentlemen, the captain of your
Milwaukee Beers! COOP COOP-ER!

ANGLE - COOP

Trots toward his teammates. As he reaches them, they both turn their backs on him.

FIELD ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And the rest of the Milwaukee Beers
BASEketball team...

Hernandez and Joey jog out of the tunnel.

ANGLE - FIELD

The lights darken. A spotlight sweeps through the stadium.

FIELD ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, please rise for our
National Anthem. The Beers Garden is proud
to welcome the Godfather of Soul -- MR.
JAMES BROWN!

*

Huge CHEERS and APPLAUSE. JAMES BROWN steps to the mic. BACK UP SINGERS fill in behind him.

JAMES BROWN
OH-OH, SAY CAN YOU SEE/ AH! WHOO! BY THE
DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT/ GOOD GOD! HEP ME! WHAT
SO PROUDLY WE HAILED/ OW! PAPA'S GOT A
BRAND NEW! -- TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING!

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE - BOTH TEAMS

Lined up along the base paths. Inexplicably, they all have baseball caps over their hearts.

REMER
Drop dead.

COOP
Bite me.

REMER
Eat me.

SQUEAK
(upbeat)
All right! Let's get 'em!

ANGLE - THE PRESIDENTIAL BOX

The President and First Family have their hands over their hearts, trying to make the best of the situation. Al Gore and his brood are actually trying to SING along with James Brown.

JAMES BROWN
AND THE ROCKET'S RED GLARE/ GOOD GOLLY!
THOSE BOMB'S BURST-BURST-BURSTING IN AIR/
WHOO! GOD ALMIGHTY! HAVE MERCY! WHOO!/
GIMME PROOF THROUGH THE NIGHT...YEAH, GIMME
THAT PROOF! THAT MY FLAG (OW!) IS STILL
THERE/ CAN I GET A WITNESS?!!

James Brown tugs on his crotch, skitters across the stage.
The President, et al. are appalled.

JAMES BROWN (CONT'D)
O'ER THE LAND OF THE FREE! OW! FREE! OW!
FREE! FREE! WHOO! HAVE MERCY! GOOD GOD
ALMIGHTY! WHAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Kicks the mic stand, spins around, deftly catches it before
it hits the ground.

JAMES BROWN (CONT'D)
AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE! PLEASE! PLEASE!
THE HOME BOYS JUST GOT TO BE BRAVE! WHOO!
STEP UP TO FREEDOM!

Drops to his knees. THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE. The Band starts to
play him off. An USHER drapes a cape around his shoulders,
begins to lead him away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ANGLE - BEERS' DUGOUT

Lasorda enters with his feuding Players.

LASORDA

Okay, now that Coop is back, the team --
the *family* -- is together and...

He pauses, looks, as James Brown breaks free from his escort,
rushing back to the mic. After a few more "PLEASE! PLEASE!"s
and "HAVE MERCY!"s, he's led away again.

LASORDA

...We can win this thing!
(no response)
CAN WE WIN IT?!

PLAYERS

(mumbling halfheartedly)
I dunno. Maybe. Whatever. You think?

ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS' BOOTH

AL MICHAELS

And we're about to get underway here...

On the field, James Brown escapes once more. This time,
however, a team of SECURITY GUARDS throws a net over him,
hustles him away.

BOB COSTAS

Now here's the President to throw out the
ceremonial first ball.

ANGLE - PRESIDENT CLINTON

Stands at his seat, a BASEketball in his hand. He smiles,
waves to the crowd. In the section above him, a KID is eating
a banana.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)

The Beers' Squeak Scolari all set to catch
it. What an honor for this young man, who
just a year ago fought a courageous battle
to overcome gonorrhea.

Clinton rears back. A banana peel drops in front of him. He
slips as he throws. Whoops! The ball goes awry.

ANGLE - CLINTON'S THROW

The ball sails over Squeak's head. It ricochets off a pole,
careening right into the Dream Come True section where, of

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

course, it finds little Travis, beaning him hard on the head. KLONK!

RESUME - PRESIDENT CLINTON

Tumbles out of the box, rear ends a line of Cheerleaders who fall like dominoes. Secret Service helps him off a spread-eagled Cheerleader. Hillary grabs him by the ear, leads him back to his seat. The President is trying to explain it wasn't his fault (MOS).

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A TV is on, but muted. Jenna sits in back of an audience of women. A TALL WOMAN is handing out books.

TALL WOMAN

...And here are this month's reading selections. We highly recommend these to all our new members.

Jenna looks down at the books in her lap: "What To Do When He Screws You Over," "Foolish Men, Foolish Choices," "Once A Dummy, Always A Dummy," and "How To Build A Redwood Deck."

ANGLE - TALL WOMAN

Clasps her hands together with delight.

TALL WOMAN

And now Cathy will recite her most recent poem...

CATHY stands at her seat.

CATHY

He rolls toward me across the floor, like a bowling ball thundering down an alley -- tattooed, round, and hairless. Gathering speed. I stand, rooted, like a nine pin. Fully expecting to be knocked down...

Jenna looks over at the TV. A STILL PHOTO OF COOP catches her eye. She leans forward to listen.

ANGLE - THE TV

A "60 MINUTES" expose. The horrible truth about the CoopWear 2000 factory. Cathy DRONES ON in B.G.

MIKE WALLACE (V.O.)

...But upon discovering that most of the workers in his factory were children not
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)
even old enough for prostitution, Joe
Cooper personally flew to Calcutta.

Footage appears of Coop's now pristine factory. Coop can be
seen in the B.G., visiting with the smiling employees.

MIKE WALLACE (V.O.)
His new all adult work force now makes a
decent wage, enjoys full medical benefits
and in-house child care. Coop even saw to
it that the employees get one day a week
off for ritual sacrifices.

Jenna is stunned by what she's seeing. MIKE WALLACE appears.

MIKE WALLACE (ON TV)
(sighs)
That Coop... What a terrific human being.
If I were a woman, I'd sure like to be his
girlfriend.

ANGLE - CATHY

Pouring out her soul.

CATHY
...Swept into the dark abyss of machinery
to be re-set. For, next time, I might
wobble, but I will not *fall*!

Some SNIFFLES. The Tall Woman wipes away a tear.

TALL WOMAN
That was...beautiful, Cathy. Now in ten
minutes Beth will give her talk on how men
attempt to manipulate and control us. So
let's take a short break, shall we?

The Women instantly fall into each other's arms, begin making
out. Jenna's eyes widen. She starts backing toward the door.

INT. BEERS' GARDEN - NIGHT

Scoreboard reads 6th inning. Beers down by nine.

ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS' BOOTH

BOB COSTAS
For an indication as to why the Beers are
struggling for runs tonight, let's take a
look at our Shot Sequence.

On the monitor, GRAPHICS in the right hand corner -- "Shot By
Shot." Coop, Remer and Squeak missing shot after shot in

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

rapid succession. Balls go off the rim, the scoreboard, the top of the backboard, the Cheerleaders, Fans' heads...

INT. TAXI - EVENING

Jenna clenches her fists as she listens to the RADIO.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

Scolari steps to the single line. It's up!
No good! And the Beers go down one, two,
three for the sixth time tonight...

JENNA

(to Driver)

Can you go any faster, please?

DRIVER

Can I go any faster?

The DRIVER turns around. It's JEFF GORDON! He puts on a helmet with his name emblazoned on it.

JEFF GORDON (CONT'D)

Buckle up, little lady.

EXT. TAXI - EVENING

Like a stock car, the cab is covered with endorsement stickers. An ear-splitting WHINE from the engine as the car bolts out of FRAME.

INT. BEERS' GARDEN - NIGHT

TIGHT ANGLE ON a long column of PEOPLE. We might think it's the line for the restroom, except everyone is wearing vendor trays around their necks.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

It's a whole crew of Concessionaires lined up in front of the President. Clinton's lap is loaded with food, his mouth full of burger.

ANGLE - FIELD

Felons' player Jim Darcy takes a shot.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)

Darcy up... No good, for the third out of
the inning.

Joey scampers across the field to retrieve the ball. An AIR HORN SOUNDS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)

And that brings us to the seventh inning stretch with the Dallas Felons leading the Beers 16-0.

Both teams run off the field, disappear down the tunnels. The Grounds Crew starts bringing out massive wooden pieces.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)

The grounds crew, of course, gearing up for the traditional Super Cup Extravaganza...

ANGLE - VISITING OWNERS' BOX

Yvette sits next to Cain, who's holding an unlit cigar in one hand, a cell phone in the other.

CAIN

(into phone)

We're up sixteen nothing at the break. Just back the trucks right up to the locker room. We'll sort through the stuff when we get to Jacksonville.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

The car is leaning at a cockeyed angle. Outside, a PIT CREW is checking its vitals. Jenna looks at her watch.

JENNA

Please, we really have to get going!

JEFF GORDON

Just as soon as they finish changing the tires.

O.S. we hear the WHINE of a pneumatic lug wrench. Suddenly, a pole snakes in through the window toward Jenna, a container of Gatorade attached to the end.

INT. BEERS' GARDEN - NIGHT

On the field, lights darken. Spotlights sweep the floor.

FIELD ANNOUNCER (P.A.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, the National BASEketball League is proud to present 'A Celebration Of Brotherhood.' Featuring the Shorewood High School Marching Band, under the direction of Sandy Smith!

APPLAUSE. The BAND marches onto the field.

(CONTINUED)

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ANGLE - POV - STEADI-CAM

In the thick of the action as the Band maneuvers endlessly into its formation.

FIELD ANNOUNCER (P.A.)

With choreography by the incomparable Paula Abdul!

ANGLE - THE BAND

Has formed the word "HI!"

FIELD ANNOUNCER (P.A.)

As you know, in accordance with BASEketball tradition, our Super Cup Extravaganza will feature appearances by the actual players themselves. So please welcome the Beers and Felons as they help perform a salute to South Sea neighbors, 'Viva Calypso!'

A REGGAE BAND kicks in with an upbeat CALYPSO NUMBER. A SINGER with dreadlocks begins a SONG about Trust and Brotherhood.

ANGLE - THE DALLAS FELONS

Come onto the field wearing tight tank tops, island knickers and panama hats. Darcy's dressed as a palm tree. Jansen and the OTHER FELON keep time to the MUSIC with Carribean rhythm instruments.

ANGLE - COOP AND REMER

Enter from the other side of the field wearing puffy, ruffled shirts and turbans covered with tropical fruit. Pained expressions plainly show their embarrassment.

COOP

As if it weren't enough we're gettin' slaughtered 16-zip, now we gotta do this.

REMER

Oh, now you're complaining! Every year it's the same thing. In any other sport, we'd be in the locker room right now, getting a pep talk and a massage!

COOP

This is worse than those sheep costumes we had to wear last year for that stupid 'Animals Are People, Too' salute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REMER

Well, Squeak's not complaining.

COOP

That's 'cause he gets to wear his own clothes.

Squeak is walking beside them, dressed as a PINEAPPLE. On his feet are banana shoes. The Marching Band goes by, engulfs him. His costume's knocked around. The face hole spins to the back of his head. He gropes blindly.

FIELD ANNOUNCER (P.A.)

Even though these two teams are fierce rivals on the field, they realize that in their hearts, all BASEketball players are brothers.

The Beers and the Felons interweave with each other. Coop finds himself next to Dirk Jansen.

DIRK JANSEN

Hey, Cooper, is that a banana on your hat, or you just glad to see me?

COOP

Piss off, Cabana boy.

In B.G., Squeak stumbles around trying to adjust his costume.

DIRK JANSEN

Kiss my ass.

REMER

Will you douche bags shut-up?

ANGLE - A LARGE "SEE-SAW"

Set up in the middle of the field, surrounded by an enclosed pool of azure water. A tacky volcano and palm trees complete the island scene. The Players split up, each team going to opposite ends of the see-saw.

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FIELD ANNOUNCER (P.A.)

Please direct your attention now as our players ascend the Moulaka-laka, balance board of trust, as Natives have done for thousands of years. Suspended above the 'Lagoon of Peace,' the Moulaka-laka is the ultimate symbol of brotherhood in many South Sea countries.

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CONTINUED: (3)

HUGE APPLAUSE. One by one, the Players take lighted torches from the Grounds Crew and mount steps leading up to the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

balancing see-saw. TWO CREW MEN on each side hold steadying cables as both teams step onto the see-saw at the same time.

COOP

I wish we'd never invented this stupid game.

REMER

You should've just got off your ass and found a job like I told you to!

Squeak, arms restricted by the pineapple, is trying to maneuver his hands inside his costume.

SQUEAK

Hey, these damn tights are riding up real bad! Can one of you guys reach down here and adjust my bunch?

Coop and Remer turn to look at him. Are you out of your mind?

FIELD ANNOUNCER (P.A.)

Humanity, compassion and trust in total balance, create the perfect conditions for everlasting brotherhood!

HUGE CHEERS.

SQUEAK

I gotta leak real bad.

REMER

Piss in the pineapple, monkey boy!

COOP

Hey, back off! Your foot's on my flip-flop!

He gives Remer a shove. They start to wrestle Indian style.

FIELD ANNOUNCER (P.A.)

Now, please follow the example of our BASEketball brothers, joining hands and singing... 'Michael Row The Boat Ashore.'

Coop and Remer continue to Indian wrestle as the Crowd begins to SING. Squeak's at the edge, jerking his body, trying to keep his balance. Remer's torch gets jammed in the folds of the back end of Squeak's costume. Look out!

SQUEAK

Man, it's gettin' hot in this thing!

Coop and Remer wrestle their way down the see-saw, passing out of the spotlight. They trip over the fulcrum, begin to

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

roll down the board toward the Felons. Squeak watches, smoke billowing out from behind him.

SQUEAK (CONT'D)
Hey, where you going?

ANGLE - COOP AND REMER

Roll into the Felons, toppling them. A brawl breaks out.

ANGLE - SQUEAK

The only one left on his end. Two Crew Men strain to hold the safety cables against the sudden weight shift, bowing the board toward the floor.

FIELD ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
The island natives recognize that only a
sincere offering of brotherhood keeps the
Lava Gods appeased...

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ANGLE - COOP

Has Dirk down on the board, trying to stuff Dirk's head into the volcano. Remer's doing knee drops on Darcy.

ANGLE - SQUEAK

Looks down at the Crew Men as TWO MORE race to help hold the cable.

ANGLE - EYE BOLT

Holding the rope to the board. POPS OUT!

ANGLE - SQUEAK

SPROING! He's launched through the air, his costume ablaze. The crowd looks up, tracing his flight with their eyes, the light of the flaming pineapple reflected on their faces. They erupt into APPLAUSE.

ANGLE - FIREWORKS STAGING AREA

Farouche dives off the platform as Squeak, blazing ass and all, crashes right into the fireworks shed. Whoa boy.

ANGLE - DUGOUT

An angry Lasorda holding Coop and Remer by the napes of their necks. Pitches them onto the bench.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

LASORDA

You two oughtta be ashamed of yourselves!
Don't you realize that the future of
BASEketball depends on what happens here
today?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Behind Lasorda, FIREWORKS EXPLODE above the crowd. The Grounds Crew races by with buckets of water and fire extinguishers.

ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS' BOOTH

The fireworks reflected on their faces.

AL MICHAELS

Bob, this has to be the most spectacular Extravaganza I've ever seen!

BOB COSTAS

It certainly is, Al! I just can't understand why they haven't retracted the roof.

ANGLE - SQUEAK

Pyrotechnics bursting around him, stumbles from the staging area, dazed and smouldering.

ANGLE - CROWD

On their feet, APPLAUDING wildly.

ANGLE - SQUEAK

Starts to bow... Something O.S. catches his eye. He turns, quickly dives through a door marked STORAGE. A rampant ROCKET zips in behind him before the door shuts.

ANGLE - INSIDE STORAGE ROOM

A FAINT RED GLOW. Squeak looks around. His eyes widen as he sees...bag after 100 pound bag stacked and labelled POPCORN. He gives a look to CAMERA. Uh, oh...

ANGLE - DUGOUT

Still trying to get through to the Guys.

LASORDA

You've got to find the state of mind that you had when you started this game. Go back in the past. Way back... What was the one thing that gave you great happiness?

COOP

Burning ants with a magnifying glass?

REMER

Watching my sister undress?

(CONTINUED)

LASORDA
Not that far back!

COOP
What do you mean? That was just last week.

LASORDA
You knuckleheads!

He slaps them both (a la The Three Stooges).

ANGLE - STORAGE ROOM

O.S. we hear POP! POP! POP! The door bulges ominously.

ANGLE - LASORDA

LASORDA
If you blow this game, you're gonna have a lot of explaining to do -- not to me, or your teammates, or the coaches... To *him*.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Joey next to Lasorda. There's tears in the kid's eyes.

JOEY
Without you, Coop, there's gonna be no BASEketball. And without BASEketball... Well, they might as well just take my liver back!

He breaks down. Throws his arms around Coop's legs, SOBBING. Coop and Remer look at each other.

LASORDA
So, guys, what's it gonna be?

ANGLE - GRANDSTANDS

Squeak is spewed down the aisle atop an avalanche of popcorn.

ANGLE - DUGOUT

COOP
Remer, you know, I didn't mean all those things I said about you.

REMER
You mean like when you said I was a garbage sniffing, monkey spanking, bag of barf?

(CONTINUED)

COOP

Well, no... I was actually thinking more of
when I called you a pig sucking asswipe.

REMER

Oh...

(grins)

Dude, it's okay.

Big smile from Joey. Coop and Remer knock fists. Embrace. In
B.G., the Grounds Crew races past in the opposite direction.

LASORDA

That's the spirit!

JOEY

I love you guys!

Lasorda holds out his hand. The Guys pile theirs on top.

LASORDA

Now, get out there and win this thing! Can
you do it? CAN YOU DO IT?!

COOP/REMER

EEEEYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

They race O.S. Lasorda smiles at Joey. They turn. Suddenly,
they're floored by Coop and Remer riding back into the dugout
on a huge wave of popcorn.

CUT TO:

QUICK MONTAGE

Coop, Remer, and Squeak are making shot after shot. The
floor's been plowed. Mounds of pop corn drifted along the
sidelines. On the scoreboard we see the Beers' sixteen run
deficit quickly disappear. Fans are eating their way out from
mounds of popcorn. Vendors hawk butter and salt. Doing brisk
business. On defense, we see the Beers talking to the Felons,
psyching them out, causing them to miss. In the grandstands,
Fans are lining up cards with 'P's on them.

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

Inside the cab, Jenna listens intently to the RADIO.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)

...An amazing turnaround for the Beers!
Bob, in all my years of calling games, I
don't think I've ever been this excited!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
You're excited? Feel these nipples!

They SCREECH to a stop in front of The Beers Garden. Jenna leaps out, runs into the stadium, passing the marquee that reads: NEXT WEEK -- PAT BOONE -- MILLION WHITE PEOPLE MARCH. *

INT. BEERS GARDEN - NIGHT *

The scoreboard shows 16-15. Squeak and Remer on base.

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
Bottom of the ninth. Two on. Dallas sixteen, Milwaukee fifteen. And Coop's coming up!

The crowd's going crazy! Stomping their feet, doing the Chug.

AL MICHAELS (V.O.)
But remember, there are already two outs...

ANGLE - PRESIDENT CLINTON

Excitedly waving a FOAM FINGER.

ANGLE - IN THE STANDS

The Foundation Kids. Fingers crossed.

ANGLE - DUGOUT

Joey polishing up old LA-Z-BOY. Unnoticed by him, one of the patches is loosening. Coop approaches. Joey hands him the shiny ball.

JOEY
Here you go, Coop! She's all ready for the big shot!

COOP
Thanks, Joey.
(takes the ball)
Wish me luck. I'm gonna need it.

JOEY
Coop, remember what you told me? That if you were a good person, luck'd find you?

COOP
(grins)
You're right, kid. Thanks...

Coop ruffles Joey's hair. Lasorda approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LASORDA

You up for this?

COOP

I think this old ball still has some magic left in it.

LASORDA

Coop, remember what you told me? The magic isn't in a ball, or a bat, or some pair of sweat socks you've worn all season. The magic's all around you. It's in the people you call your friends.

ANGLE - COOP'S POV - REMER AND SQUEAK

On base. Squeak is picking his nose. Remer has his hands down his shorts, scratching like a dog.

ANGLE - COOP

Lasorda pats him on the shoulder. He turns, heads onto the field.

CROWD

COOP! COOP! COOP! COOP!

COOP

(to himself, mantra-like)

Make the shot. Make the shot. Make the...

A Cheerleader stops him as he passes.

CHEERLEADER

Coop, remember what you told me?

Coop looks at her. Nothing registers.

CHEERLEADER (CONT'D)

It's not enough just to have 36 Double D's... It's knowing how to shake them...and being able to lift each one independently of the other...

She demonstrates. Coop's eyes widen.

COOP

Uh...thank-you...

He walks over to the home run line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE - ANNOUNCERS' BOOTH

BOB COSTAS

So, it all comes down to this. One shot.
Coop makes it, the Beers win the Cup and he
owns the team.

AL MICHAELS

Or, he misses.

ANGLE - CROWD

CHEERING and STOMPING THEIR FEET.

ANGLE - DIRK JANSEN

From his place beneath the basket, his eyes riveted on Coop.

ANGLE - COOP

Toes the home run line. Bounces the ball.

IN SLO MO...

The ball hits the floor. THUNDERING SFX accompany the bounce.
CAMERA FEATURES the loosened patch working itself free.

RESUME - COOP

Takes a deep breath. Looks up at the basket.

ANGLE - COOP'S POV

The rim starts doing a wild, gyrating/shrinking thing.

RESUME - COOP

Closes his eyes. The NOISE of the crowd fades away. All is
silent, except for the POUNDING of Coop's HEART. BOOM-BOOM.
BOOM-BOOM... Suddenly, his heart stops completely. Coop's
eyes fly open. He looks down at his chest in horror. Quickly
gives himself a sharp thump with his fist. The old ticker
kicks back on.

ANGLE - COOP'S POV

A Woman clad in the purest white stand in the bleachers. It's
Jenna -- a luminescent glow about her.

ANGLE - COOP

Brightens. Looks up at the basket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGLE - COOP'S POV

The rim widens a bit.

RESUME - COOP

Looks over at Joey, who gives him the thumb's up.

The basket widens a bit more. Coop looks over at Remer, who drops his shorts and totally MOONS him.

Coop grins, looks up at the basket. The rim widens even farther. It's swimming pool size. He'd have to be blind not to make this shot.

The crowd's silent as Coop sets. Tension in the air. He shoots...

As the ball leaves his hand, the worn patch finally pops off. LA-Z-BOY whips off through the stadium, the escaping air sounding like one long fart.

ANGLE - CROWD

In unison, their heads snap up, then down, then side to side as the ball flies around through the air.

ANGLE - COOP

Doing a Carlton Fisk thing -- bouncing sideways toward first, trying his hardest to urge the ball into the basket while the ball whips around through FRAME.

ANGLE - CAIN

LA-Z-BOY zips toward him. He ducks just in time.

ANGLE - THE BALL

Ricochets off a wall, spurts back toward the field.

ANGLE - COOP

Doing a Dick Webber bowler kind of thing -- twisting his hip to urge the ball. Now he tries Chi Chi Rodriguez Body English.

ENTIRE BEERS' TEAM

Comes in unison out of the dugout, eyes following the spasmodic ball.

(CONTINUED)

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THE BALL

Smashes into the scoreboard, SHORTS IT OUT. A few SPARKS burst forth. The flattened ball plummets downward...lands on the edge of the rim. Hangs there, draped on the basket.

ANGLE - JENNA AND THE CROWD

Eyes riveted, waiting, agonized.

ANGLE - COOP

Thrusting his pelvis. Goes into a James Brown wrist flip/twist kind of maneuver. Now he does a wave motion with his arm and Moonwalks.

ANGLE - BASKET

The ball slowly drips through the net. Lies on the field, a lifeless heap of leather.

ANGLE - THE REFS

Conferring while everyone waits. Finally both Refs step back, thrust their arms decisively into the air! Basket is GOOD!

BOB COSTAS (V.O.)
SHE IS...GONE!

Now the scoreboard EXPLODES into a SHOWER OF SPARKS!

ANGLE - COOP

Sparks cascading around him, starts jogging around the bases, pumping his fist a la Kirk Gibson.

ANGLE - CROWD

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE and CHEERING -- except from those scrambling to avoid being scorched by the rampant sparks.

ANGLE - LASORDA

With Hernandez, leaping up and down in joy.

ANGLE - YVETTE

Shocked. She starts to pass out. Immediately a battalion of Paramedics charges toward her. She snaps back upright, holds up her hands. Ah, ah, ah... The Paramedics back off.

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CONTINUED: (5)

ANGLE - JOEY

Races out, picks up the lifeless LA-Z-BOY. Hands it to Coop as he rounds second base. Falls into step with his hero.

COOP

Don't worry, Joey. BASEketball will be back next year...and so will I!

JOEY

Yes!

Beaming, Joey drops back and lets Coop continue on his own.

IN SLO-MO...

Coop heads for home. The CHEERING of the crowd FADES AWAY. Now, once again, we hear the opening strains of Aaron Copeland's heroic "Fanfare For The Common Man."

Coop steps on the plate. He is home. He looks up. Waiting to shake his hand...is KIRK GIBSON (in uniform). As their hands clasp, Coop knows it has all been worthwhile.

REAL TIME...

Coop hands the flattened LA-Z-BOY to Gibson.

COOP

Here, you keep this.

KIRK GIBSON

Thanks, Coop. Of course, it'll never take the place of that home run ball I hit in the Series. Sure wish I had *that*...

Coop gawks at him.

COOP

Well...I have to get my trophy now, Kirk. Let's get together for a hot dog sometime.

The Beers Team mob Coop. Hoist him on their shoulders, carry him off.

ANGLE - THE FIELD

Huge CELEBRATION. A swarm of people parade Coop to the presentation stand where PAT O'BRIEN waits with President Clinton to deliver the Super Cup.

Jenna pushes her way through the crowd, embraces Coop. He slips the pre-commitment ring on her finger.

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