

BROCKMIRE

Pilot

Written by

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July 15, 2015

NETWORK DRAFT
(2nd Revision)

ACT ONE

INT. KC STADIUM - BROADCAST BOOTH - AFTERNOON

Through a window WE SEE the impossibly green baseball diamond. It's manicured perfection.

JIM (V.O.)
Welcome back to the bottom half of
the eighth. Which is the Gerry's
Gelatin Home Run Inning...

SUPER: 2006. Kansas City.

The rest of the booth is covered in stained wood. It's a museum with mementos and photos that honor the life of "Legend of the Booth" Jim Brockmire. WE LINGER on a framed picture of him and his wife Lucy on their wedding day. The ceremony took place at home plate.

JIM (V.O.)
If someone sends one out in long
Italian boat for a "Gondola," Don
Hobert of Sedalia will win a six
month supply of gelatin. So, good
luck Don.

Finally we land on JIM BROCKMIRE himself (40). He speaks into an old fashioned mic and pulls a bottle of rye whiskey out of his desk.

JIM
Folks, Vin Scully once told me the
only way to call a game is to keep
your eyes open and tell the truth.
And it's a swing and miss by
Ibanez, 0-1 the count.

He pauses to drink a third of the bottle. Something's off.

JIM
So, here's some truth. Today is the
twentieth anniversary of the first
time I told my wife, Lucy, I loved
her.

EXT. HOUSE YARD - CONTINUOUS

A family cooking burgers listens to the broadcast on the radio. The BBQ DAD wears an apron with Jim's face on it.

JIM (V.O.)
And since that day, when we're in
our bed and all the lights are out,
I've held her and known a peace
that feels like the answer to every
question.

The BBQ MOM listening, goes over and hugs her husband.

JIM (V.O.)
Pedro delivers a slider into the
dirt. Count goes to 1-1. But it's
hard for her to be married to a
baseball lifer. I end up spending
more time at ball parks than I do
in my own home.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Folks chat casually with the game on TV in the background.

JIM (V.O.)
So, I've always tried to let my
wife know I carry her with me. It's
why I end each game with, "Lucy,
put supper on the stove my dear,
because this ball game is over."

EXT. KANSAS CITY - ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Cars drive by a billboard that's a picture of himself holding
a bowl of gelatin and a baseball bat. The slogan reads "It's
a Great Day for Baseball... and Gelatin!"

JIM (V.O.)
Ibanez slashes it foul, 2 and 2.
And it's why when I was at the
ballpark and remembered this
anniversary, I decided to surprise
her at home with gardenias.

INT. KC STADIUM - BROADCAST BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Jim finishes the rest of bottle and swipes it off the desk.

JIM

So imagine my surprise when I opened my front door, and discovered a half-dozen naked folks sprawled out in my living room, sharing in a desperate and hungry kind of lovemaking. And in the center was my lovely wife, Lucy, wearing a strap-on and plowing our neighbor, Bob Greenwald, in the ass. Curveball misses high, full count, 3 and 2.

INT. KC STADIUM - CONCESSION STAND

People line up in front of a mural of Jim Brockmire. A HUNGRY FAN at the front places his order.

HUNGRY FAN

Brockmire Bowl with extra chili.

JIM (V.O.)

For the kids at home, a strap-on is a belt with a dildo that mommies use to penetrate daddies. Swing and a miss from Ibanez, and that's strikeout number ten for Pedro.

HUNGRY FAN

Did he just say strap-on?

EXT. HOUSE YARD - CONTINUOUS

BBQ MOM and DAD break their embrace. The burgers burn as they stand in shock. The kids are confused.

JIM (V.O.)

Call it the "Cuckold's Curse," but the image of my wife aggressively railing a bald fifty-five year old orthodontist is all I see when I close my eyes. Clark up to bat now. Her plastic penis was pitch black. I don't know if that was racial or just an aesthetic choice.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Folks at the bar are silent and rapt watching the TV screen.

JIM (V.O.)
And Bob's little half giggle half
squeal of fear... that two-faced
SOB, I hosted his kid's Bar
Mitzvah!

INT. KC STADIUM - CONCESSION STAND - CONTINUOUS

The workers have joined a large crowd of fans to watch the TV
above the concession stand.

JIM (V.O.)
Clark lifetime is batting .345
against-- Whoops, I just drank one
of my own tears. It dropped right
in my cup there. I took a sip
before I even, wow, how about that.

INT. KC STADIUM - BROADCAST BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

A worked up Jim now paces in the booth. There's banging and
muffled attempts to enter the locked door to the booth.

JIM
She said she was "a sexual
astronaut." Can you believe that
shit? Bob Greenwald's ass might be
as big as the fucking moon, but
that doesn't mean she's been to
space. Look out! Clark with a long
fly ball deep to right--

We see a CLOSE UP of a television screen with the live feed.

JIM (V.O.)
That ball is way back! It's either
out of here or lost inside my
wife's big, fat, cheating vagina.
Congratulations, Don Hobert of
Sedalia! I hope you enjoy gelatin
as much as my wife enjoys dong.

The screen cuts to a test pattern.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: TEN YEARS LATER.

SFX: We hear the sound of a bus open then close its door and
pull away.

JIM (V.O.)

Today might say spring on the
calender, but Old Man Winter's
still slipping his hand inside your
coat to give one last squeeze.

EXT. BUS STOP - MORRISTOWN CITY LIMITS - AFTERNOON

Jim stands alone at a bus stop on the side of a desolate,
barely-paved road. The years haven't been kind to Jim or his
sports coat. Behind him is a field of puddles and dirt. He
does what he's always done, and calls the play-by-play of
what's in front of him.

SUPER: Morristown, Pennsylvania.

JIM

But anything beats that bus ride.
Jim Brockmire gets claustrophobic
around concentrated sadness.

He pulls out a joint, lights it up, and takes a deep drag.

JIM

Winds coming out of the northeast
and bringing with it a chemical
odor that's like gasoline had the
tuna salad farts. Let's check out
who's in attendance today.

Jim starts to inspect his surroundings. ANGLE ON FIVE DOGS
fighting over road kill.

JIM

We have a pack of what appears to
be, yes, feral dogs.

ANGLE ON a plastic bag that seems to scurry.

JIM

What I'm guessing is a rat trapped
in plastic bag.

ANGLE ON a skinny, shirtless TEENAGE BOY riding his bike down
the middle of the street. As he passes Jim, we see a GIGANTIC
gun tucked into the back of his jeans.

JIM

And a boy with a gun.

He takes one last drag off the joint then tosses it into a puddle directly behind him.

The puddle immediately BURSTS INTO FLAMES. The fire rises over his head. He runs back and forth panicked. A car approaches on the road. Jim flags it down. JULIA JAMES (30's, powered by sass) exits the car.

JULES
Jim Brockmire?

She saunters towards him with the confidence of a woman who's been the best looking thing in town her whole life.

JULES
Julia James. We spoke on the phone.
I'm the owner of the team here in
Morristown.

JIM
Julia--

JULES
Please, call me Jules.

JIM
Whatever! The fire--

JULES
Oh, that's nothing. We get those
around here.

JIM
I didn't mean to -- I thought it
was water.

JULES
(serious)
You didn't drink it, did you?

JIM
No...

JULES
Then it's fine.
(gestures to car)
You ready to get started?

Jim takes a last confused glance around and takes it all in.

JIM

Welcome to the minor leagues, Jim
Brockmire.

They drive away. The fire continues to burn, dominated by the bleak landscape behind it. Music swells (something classic like Fanfare For The Common Man) and we see the...

TITLE: BROCKMIRE

EXT. MAINSTREET MORRISTOWN - AFTERNOON

As they drive, we get our first look at Morristown, Pennsylvania. It's Mayberry if the Khmer Rouge had invaded. Everything's run down and faded.

EXT. RUSTY'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jim and Jules exit her car at Rusty's, Morristown's nicest bar. It's just north of awful.

JULES

Basically to get natural gas from the shale, they pump all kinds of nasty shit into the ground like lead, radium, mercury, formaldehyde-

JIM

Where?

JULES

Where what?

JIM

Where do they--

JULES

Oh, right here.

JIM

Where I am?

JULES

Yeah. Here. There. Pretty much everywhere beneath Morristown. You sure you don't want to first see the stadium?

ANGLE ON a NAKED TODDLER, alone on a street corner, as he pisses into the wind. He locks eyes with Jim.

JIM
No, I need a drink.

INT. RUSTY'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Everything looks sticky. Duct tape covers rips in the cushions. Jim and Jules are settling into a booth. Jim watches as she pulls a bottle of white wine from her purse.

JULES
(RE: BOTTLE) One of the perks of
owning the bar. No corkage.

She pours the entire bottle into a large glass of ice. Jim surveys the decently-sized crowd.

JIM
This is a good matinee crowd .You
must be doing something right.

JULES
I have the same tastes as my
customers. I like booze, sports,
and spectacle. It's why at my bar
there's always a game on one TV and
Russian dash cam footage on the
other.

ANGLE ON: Customers watching car accidents.

JULES
But it doesn't hurt that I'm a
shark when it comes to business.

JIM
Really...

JULES
(cocky)
Don't let the looks and
sophistication fool you, I'm a
natural born hustler, baby. To buy
the team, I first convinced
Keystone Energy to pay for the
naming rights. Then I used that
money as a down payment for my
loan. And now, I'm the proud owner
of the Morristown Frackers.

JIM

Kind of a dumb name, but baseball
has a history of dumb names.

JIM

The Padres.

JULES

The Padres.

*

They both smile at their inadvertent jinx.

JULES

So, on the phone you said you
haven't been back to the states
since the... um... for a long time.

JIM

I've spent the last decade
traveling the globe, calling every
sport that exists. Finnish wife
carrying contests, Latvian chess
boxing, before I finally ended up
in Manila calling cockfights on
television.

JULES

Oh, I'm so sorry.

JIM

No, I loved calling cockfights.
It's the worlds oldest spectator
sport for a reason. It's like
watching tiny dragons battle.

JULES

Okay, then why did you accept my
offer if you were happy there?

JIM

Oh, no, you misunderstood me. I am
no longer capable of happiness. But
to answer your original question, I
came here because you called me the
same day I found these.

Jim takes a pack of baseball cards out of his jacket pocket
and throws them down on the table.

JULES

Baseball cards?

JIM

Baseball ANNOUNCER cards. I was so obsessed as a kid that I collected them. Of course they didn't actually exist so I made my own.

Jules looks at one of the cards.

JULES

You had Dick Enberg leading the league in going bald gracefully.

JIM

Baseball's the only thing I've ever loved that actually loved me back. I never wanted to abandon the game. I just didn't want to be a punch line. But, by now my marriage is a joke everyone's forgotten.

Jules nearly chokes on her white wine.

JULES

I'm gonna go out on a limb and guess you don't use the internet.

*
*

JIM

Never. When I need porn, I buy a nudie mag like my father and his father before him.

*

JULES

So you've never even googled yourself once?

*
*

JIM

Why? If I want to learn something about Jim Brockmire, I just get black out drunk, stare into a mirror, and write myself a note.

*
*
*
*
*

JULES

Wow, you really wear your heart of darkness on your sleeve.

(finishes drink)

Who's ready to see the stadium!?

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*
*
*

EXT. MORRISTOWN STADIUM ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

*

They stand in front of the stadium. Like the rest of Morristown, it's seen better days.

JULES

Ta-da!

JIM

This does not deserve a "ta-da."

EXT. MORRISTOWN STADIUM - FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

They walking across the infield. Jim is still taking it in.

JIM

Maybe a "here-ya-go." Or even an "I am so sorry."

JULES

Try to see past the wear and tear
to the reservoir of charm
underneath. Should be like looking
in a mirror.

INT. MORRISTOWN STADIUM - BROADCAST BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

They enter a booth that's quite a step down from Kansas City.
It's basically a mic and a folding chair. And CHARLES (16,
nerdy, black), the intern.

JULES

This is Charles, Morristown's
Internet wiz kid. He's going to
help with your broadcasts.

JIM

(to Charles)

What are your qualifications?

CHARLES

I've got the most Twitter followers
in town, I'm a moderator on Reddit,
one time Two Chainz liked my
instagram...

JIM

Where is my actual radio producer?

JULES

We don't currently have a radio
contract.

JIM

Then who am I broadcasting to?

JULES

You're doing exclusive play-by-play
at the stadium that people pay
admission to hear.

JIM

I'm the PA announcer?! On the phone
you promised me, "a multi-platform
distribution system."

JULES

Yeah... that was kinda just a
euphemism for the Internet. Which
is where Charles will upload clips
of your broadcasts.

Charles holds up his well worn iPhone.

CHARLES

I've been working on keeping my
hand real steady.

JIM

You lied to me.

JULES

I hustled you. There's a
difference.

JIM

I didn't take a twelve hour flight
to get a semantics lesson! And why
would anyone want to watch clips of
me on the internet?

CHARLES

He doesn't know?

JULES

It's crazy, right?

Jules hurries over to Charles' laptop.

JULES

It'll probably make more sense if I
just show you. This might be a
little shocking.

CHARLES

Show the press conference one.
That's my favorite.

She plays a video on YouTube. CLOSE UP ON THE VIDEO.

INT. KC STADIUM - PRESS CONFERENCE - PAST

Back in 2006, Jim sits on a dais in front of a media throng and reads a prepared speech.

JIM

I would like to apologize, to the people of Kansas City, to the organization, and most importantly to my wife, Lucy. Who I can still smell. On my clothes. Just a sec.

(takes his shirt off)

For over twenty wonderful years in the Kansas City community, I've taken pride in being consistently professional, whether-- god I can still smell her. I'm sorry.

(trying to laugh it off)

On my face.

(anguished)

She's on my face!

Jim shirtlessly roars nonsense as Security runs toward him.

INT. MORRISTOWN STADIUM - BROADCAST BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Jim, watching the video, is horrified. The video continues to play in the background.

JULES

Ten years ago, your breakdown in the booth and press conference were the original viral videos. So that's neat, right?

We hear Jim still yelling on the video.

JIM (O.S.)

There's a lady on my face! There's a lady on my face!

CHARLES

(giggling)

That part gets me every time.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. MORRISTOWN STADIUM - BROADCAST BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Where we left them. With Jim freaking the fuck out.

JIM

Get it off! Get it off!

CHARLES

You can't get it off. It's the Internet, it's forever.

JIM

So people just watch videos of the worst moments of my life and laugh at my pain?

JULES

No! A little. Yeah.

*

JIM

I thought I hit rock bottom in a handicap stall in Bangkok when a lady boy snorted crank off my Johnson while a sunburned German watched on the toilet.

JULES

You can still paint a picture.

*

JIM

But this... this is worse.

CHARLES

Was the German dude on the toilet or was he on the toilet?

JULES

Look, I know this is a lot all at once but I promise everything's going get better for you. Trust me, Jim. I have a plan.

JIM

Yes, to exploit the lingering fame of my greatest shame to get people to come to baseball games.

JULES

I wouldn't put it like *that*... I'd say that there's a built-in audience that wants to see new Brockmire content. You just need to see the larger picture.

INT. MORRISTOWN STADIUM - LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jules drags Jim by the hand into the locker room. They stand near the door and observe the team from just out of earshot.

JULES

This is going to be your legacy, calling The Frackers' 2016 championship season.

The locker room's filled with a diverse group of weirdos and a two legged dog. It's the baseball version of the Mos Eisley Cantina. ANGLE ON PEDRO URIBE (40's) walking from the shower.

JULES

Our third baseman Pedro Uribe, once hit a six-hundred foot home run in the Venezuelan League.

ANGLE on THE SPHINX (OLD AS FUCK), he's expressionless.

JULES

As manager I've got the legend, Ron "The Sphinx" Saphransky. The best sign stealer alive.

ANGLE on YOSHI as he sits in a chair staring at a wall.

JULES

And I just signed Yoshi Takatsu. He came over from Japan two years ago to pitch for the Yankees. Not bad, huh?

JIM

Yoshi was released by the Yankees after posting an ERA of 24.56 and locking himself in the equipment room before his starts. And I called Uribe's rookie year in 1991, which means--

*

JULES

Shhh. He's sensitive about his age.

At his locker, Pedro finds a rocking chair. The team laughs.

PEDRO

Fuck you! You want to see my birth
certificate?

(Holds it up)

I twenty nine, Pendejos!

JIM

And The Sphinx is a legend because
he went on the DL twice after
sitting on his own balls.

JULES

And they've only sagged with age.
They look like cantaloupes stuffed
into a pair of wool socks.

The Sphinx sits down in a chair very, very gingerly.

JIM

So how exactly is calling games for
a bunch of has-beens and never was'
going to be my legacy?

JULES

Because we're not just going to win
games, we're going to put on a
show! On this roster, I've got
clowns, break dancers, opera
singers, Chariot the Ball Dog, and
now I've got you.

JIM

So it's a freak show?

JULES

No!

An obese man, FATTY BOOMBALLATTY walks behind Jim in uniform.
It has his full name and the number 400. She shoos him away
before Jim notices.

JULES

Think of it as a circus. And every
circus needs a ring leader. Soon,
no one's going to think of you as
Brutal Brockmire. You'll be the
voice of The Frackers, the
"Greatest Show on Grass."

*
*

Uribe perks up and realizes who's in the locker room.

URIBE

Brutal Brockmire? Me lleva la
chingada... "She on my face! Lady
on my face!"

JULES

I mean, it's going to take a while.

Jim pushes through the players crowding around him and exits.

EXT. MORRISTOWN STADIUM - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Jim storms out through the turnstiles. Jules follows him.

*

JULES

You know it's really not that bad
here. We're an hour away from the
Crayon Museum. You can buy a house
for like five hundred bucks. And at
least we don't live in Butler. They
don't even have an Arby's.

*

JIM

I think you've lost perspective
about what's happening here.

ANGLE ON a the same NAKED TODDLER, this time pissing like a
sprinkler all over the sidewalk in front of them.

JIM

How does he stay so hydrated? Come
here you little shit.

The kid runs away giggling.

*

JULES

The bus doesn't even come till
tomorrow.

*

Jim slumps over, defeated. He's stuck.

*

INT. RUSTY'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

*

Jules and Charles watch Jim as he sits in a corner booth
drinking alone and hunts and pecks on a laptop.

*

*

CHARLES

What's he doing?

*

*

JULES

At first he wanted me to show him
how to find pictures of Ann
Margret. But about an hour ago he
started googling himself. Someone
needs to go over and help him
navigate--

Jim lets out an anguished yelping noise.

JULES

-- all of that. Someone who
understands the internet. Someone
who should have already picked up
that I'm talking specifically about
him.

CHARLES

Ugh. Can't you do it?

JULES

He's still pissed at me for
dragging him here. Plus... I
already told him you would.

CHARLES

Why you got to pimp me out like
that?

JULES

Because you're my number one girl.

She pats his back and then nudges him towards Jim. Charles
walks over and sits down across from Jim in the booth.

CHARLES

So, Jules said you had some
questions--

JIM

Why am I hanging around the necks
of sad dogs?

CHARLES

That's like a combination of two
memes: Brutal Brockmire and dog
shaming. Brutal Brockmire's like
Condescending Wonka or I Can Has
Cheezburger. Y'know, a picture
meme? Are you following me so far?

JIM
Not even slightly.

CHARLES
Okay... after the videos, you
became property of the internet and
they transformed you into a bunch
of things that all mean the same
thing: to tell the truth no matter
the consequences. Shit, you're
almost a way of life. People "Keep
it Brockmire."

JIM
Yeah, I keep seeing pictures of
tattoos that say that...

CHARLES
Drake started it. "She was a four
but I still set her pussy on
fire/The boy always keep it
Brockmire." You're a legend. Who
cares if it's because your wife
"Lucied" Bob Greenwald.

JIM
My wife what?

CHARLES
Ahh... "Lucied" is slang for when a
woman does a dude in the butt.

Jim takes a long moment to process this, then...

JIM
You wanna get high?

EXT. MORRISTOWN STADIUM - OUTFIELD - NIGHT

They sit in the grass underneath the stadium lights. Jim
takes out a clump of leaves and sticks it in his mouth.

CHARLES
I thought we were gonna smoke weed.

JIM
I need stimulants to outrun the
voices screaming in my head so
we're chewing Khat, a habit I
picked up in Yemen.

Jim offers and handful of Khat to Charles.

CHARLES

I know you think I'm some popular
kid who goes to a lot of parties
and gets fucked up...

JIM

I do not. I think you're a delicate
nerd. Like a black Neil Patrick
Harris. If you want to bitch out go
ahead, Chuck.

Charles defiantly grabs the khat and sticks it in his mouth.

CHARLES

(with mouthful)

Neil Patrick Harris is cool now.

JIM

Doogie is cool, huh? I have been
gone a long time.

(beat, then)

I have a question, and please,
"Keep it Brockmire." Do you think
Jules is right and I can be
remembered for something unrelated
to the worst moments of my life?

*

CHARLES

No way. They got you on video.
Twice. You're Brutal Brockmire till
the day you die.

JIM

That's what I thought.

CHARLES

(chewing)

I don't feel anything.

*

EXT. MORRISTOWN STADIUM - FIELD - HALF HOUR LATER

Charles is running laps around the field as Jim shadow boxes
on the mound.

CHARLES

This is fun! Fuunn. Funn. Words
sound weird 'cause they're coming
out of my mouth before I think
them.

JIM

Yeah, Khat's somewhere between ten cups of coffee and low grade cocaine.

CHARLES

You know, this is the first time I've actually ever been on a baseball field.

JIM

How is that even possible?

CHARLES

Because baseball's one of those old fashioned things adults tell kids is important because it used to be important when they were kids. Like cursive or email.

JIM

Baseball is important. We're standing on a time machine through hundreds of years of American history.

*
*

CHARLES

Did you bring a shovel for all that bullshit?

JIM

Stand there for a second.

Charles stops at home plate. From the mound, Jim "acts out" the following anecdote, which is delivered rapid fire like a man who's high on uppers.

JIM

It's August 16th, 1920 and Ray Chapman of the Cleveland Indians steps into the batters box in New York to face the Yankees. Chapman looks out at the pitcher, but in the late afternoon light of the Polo Grounds, the entire infield is bathed in shadow. And to make his job even more impossible, spitballs were legal then. So every ball was rubbed with tobacco, dirt, hell even liquorice, until it's just as dark as the shadows that now hide it from Chapman.

Jim slowly "walks the pitch" towards Charles.

JIM

But he doesn't care cause he's Ray
Fucking Chapman. He's starting
shortstop for a first placed team
and hitting .300 to boot. He knows
that this is his--

As Jim arrives at the batters box, he suddenly claps right in
front of Charles face.

JIM

BANG!

CHARLES

FUCK MAN!

*

JIM

The ball hit him in the temple.
Chapman never saw it coming. And he
died right at home plate. Blood
just pouring out of his ear...

*

*

CHARLES

Why the fuck are you telling me
this?!

JIM

Because baseball remembers. The
miraculous. The mundane. Everything
gets tabulated, transcribed, but
most importantly *described*. It's an
oral tradition passed down from one
generation to the next. Like I'm
doing right now.

CHARLES

Fuck that noise! I'm high and
fragile! I don't want to hear some
awful story about a dude dying.

JIM

Is it awful? Ray Chapman spent his
last moments with thirty-thousand
people watching him play a child's
game on a warm summer afternoon.

*

*

CHARLES

Yeah, I guess that would be nice
wouldn't it...

*

*

JIM

I want a goodbye party tonight,
Chuck.

*

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

But you're a nerd so you won't know
about anything cool.

(beat, then)

Tell you what, how 'bout you call
your most irresponsible friend, ask
him to call his most irresponsible
friend and so on. You shake the
fuck-up tree hard enough, something
interesting usually shakes out.

Music swells and we begin our MORRISTOWN PARTY MONTAGE. It's
high energy and showcases the debaucherous life Brockmire
feels most comfortable in.

DILAPIDATED HOUSE PARTY - Charles and Jim arrived at a packed
party full of weird adults. A BBQ is happening inside the
house. An old man butchers a huge fish. A REDNECK punches a
hole in the wall. *

REDNECK *

I only paid five hundred dollars
for this house! *

OUTSIDE AREA - Brockmire does a keg stand while people cheer.
Then, Charles fucks up his keg stand and people boo.

EMPTY FIELD - Jim and Charles cackle as they throw matches at
puddles setting them ablaze.

RUSTY'S - Jim and Charles stumble into Uribe. In their
drunken state they embrace. Jules pours them shots. There's a
raccoon on top of the bar next to them. *

ABANDONED BARN - A drunk Jim, Uribe, and Charles throw
hammers into a target on a wall as if they're playing darts.

LIQUOR STORE PARKING LOT - Jim and Uribe shotgun beers.

URIBE (SUBTITLE)

Didn't there used to a kid with us?

As Jim, tries to remember, a cop, OFFICER WALSH approaches
and pulls out his gun.

OFFICER WALSH

Freeze!

(into radio)

Suspects match description of the
puddle arson. White male, 50 years
old. Black male early 20's...

URIBE
(ecstatic)
Early 20's!? Gracias. Gracias.

Uribe walks over and give the shocked Officer Walsh a hug.

MAIN STREET - At sunrise, Jim walks down the middle of main street taking everything in.

END MONTAGE

INT. MORRISTOWN STADIUM - BROADCAST BOOTH - AFTERNOON

Jim drinks a bottle of rye and looks out at the field. *
Charles slumps over looking like death. Jules enters. *

JULES *
Morning Butch and Sundance. *

JIM *
Is it my imagination or was there a *
raccoon in the bar that no one *
tried to shoo away? *

JULES *
Yeah, that was Rusty Jr. *
Technically my Dad left the bar to *
the both of us. *
(beat, then) *
Jim, I'm really glad decided to *
stay. Today's gonna be a big day. *

JIM *
Most definitely. I've decided to *
call this final baseball game *
before I kill myself.

Jim is utterly calm. Jules is shocked. He hands her a letter. *

JIM
Just give that suicide note to Lucy
after I'm gone.

JULES
It just says, "FUCK YOU."

JIM
She'll know what it's regarding.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

EXT. MORRISTOWN STADIUM - ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

A banner hangs above the entrance reading, "Baseball History Made Daily!" A stream of people enter the stadium.

EXT. MORRISTOWN STADIUM - FIELD

The Frackers are warming up and we get a good look at the crowd, which is at half capacity.

JIM (V.O.)
To the eternal promise of opening
day...

INT. MORRISTOWN STADIUM - BROADCAST BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Jim toasts himself. Jules and Charles are still stunned.

JIM
The most beautiful of lies.
(drinks, then to Jules)
Just give me a second to look at
the pregame notes.

Charles pulls Jules into a corner.

CHARLES
Is he really gonna kill himself
when this game's over?

JULES
Maybe? But that means we have three
hours to convince him not to.

CHARLES
Baseball games last three hours!?
No wonder this sport is dying.

And thus we begin our OPENING DAY BASEBALL MONTAGE

MORRISTOWN STADIUM - FIELD, STANDS & BOOTH - DAY - INTERCUT

IN THE BOOTH - Jim leans into the mic with a style best
described as "perfunctory."

*
*

JIM

Welcome to the opening day battle
between the Morristown Frackers and
the Mifflenberg Mariners. Here's
the first pitch of the season...

*
*

ON THE MOUND - Yoshi throws and the Mifflenberg batter
destroys it.

JIM (V.O.)

Well, that ball won't be able to be
buried in a Jewish cemetery,
because it just got tattooed.

*
*
*

IN THE FIELD - They players all look confused as to why the
PA announcer continues to talk.

*
*

JIM (V.O.)

You all are in for a surprise
bigger than Sonny Corleone at a
toll booth, because I will be doing
play by play for the entire game.

*
*
*
*
*

IN THE STANDS - DALE, (defiantly ignorant) stands up and
shouts up a the booth.

*
*

DALE

Well that's fucking stupid!

*
*

IN THE BOOTH -

*

JIM

I agree, my shirtless friend. This
is my first baseball game in over a
decade... I forgot how much of it
is just watching people stand
around.

*
*
*
*
*
*

ON THE FIELD - Chariot The Dog, who has a red wagon instead
of his back legs, fetches a foul ball with his teeth. He then
places it in the wagon with the other balls.

*
*
*

ON THE FIELD - Uribe walks gingerly to the plate.

*

JIM (V.O.)

Uribe, who I last saw at six a.m.
challenging the sun to a fist
fight, looks like he's got one hell
of a hangover.

Uribe steps into the box, then immediately steps out and
throws up on the field.

*

JIM (V.O.)

Wow. That is a lot of liquid. It's
like a stop and start waterfall.

ON THE MOUND - Yoshi gives up another long home run.

JIM (V.O.)

Some might call that Istanbul, but
I'd call it Gone-stantinople. And
on the mound right now, Yoshi has
the petulant body language of a
twelve year old Goth girl. The
score is now Mifflenberg, 3,
Morristown, 0

IN THE BOOTH - Jim pours himself another glass of whiskey.
Charles and Jules eye him suspiciously.

JULES

(to Charles)

I'm not going to say he seems
better, but he doesn't seem worse,
right?

JIM

Two outs now in the bottom of the
eighth. Or as I used to know it,
The Gerry's Gelatin home run
inning. Fun fact, gelatin's made
from the bones of slaughtered cows
and pigs.

ON THE FIELD - Players listen to this and try to figure out
where he's going.

JIM (V.O.)

Which are then crushed and treated
with acids and chemicals until they
are reduced to a fine collagen
powder. And it's a swing and miss,
0-1 the count.

IN THE BOOTH - Jules seems a little confused as to where
Jim's going.

JIM

Now I ask you Morristown, what kind
of creature doesn't just kill its
prey, but then uses science to rob
it of its very living essence?
Stevens delivers a slider into the
dirt. Count goes to 1-1.

IN THE STANDS - the nihilism is really hitting home. People start to stand up from their seats and exit the stadium.

*
*

JIM (V.O.)
Make no mistake, there's nothing decent in human beings. No objective definable form of good. Not a soul, more like the absence of a soul. Juuuuust blackness.

IN THE BOOTH -

*

JIM
So if ever want to look into the gaping yawn of oblivion, don't look to the heavens, look in the mirror.

*

IN THE FIELD - a distracted Fracker (Elton) strikes out looking.

*
*

JIM (V.O.)
And that ends the eighth.

IN THE BOOTH - Jules gets angry and confronts Jim.

JULES
Alright. Enough of this kid gloves shit. So, boo-hoo, your wife Lucied your neighbor.

JIM
So, that's just a word everyone uses. Babies. Grandmas. Everybody.

JULES
You think it's news to people here that existence has no point? We live in Morristown, for fuck's sake. Our town motto should be, "Proof that God doesn't exist".

*

CHARLES
Sometimes it's like you guys forget there's a minor present.

JULES
But personally, when I stare into the gaping yawn of oblivion, I ball my fists and take a swing. Because we give life its purpose, Jim, not the other way around. So you can go ahead and eat a bullet--

JIM

Actually, I love naps so it's pills
with a bag over my head--

JULES

--But if you do, you're going to
miss a hell of a season.

JIM

--Might draw a happy face on the
bag to add a sense of whimsy to the
proceedings.

JULES

On that field is a world that has
meaning. And I'm going to give that
meaning back to Morristown. And if
you'd open your eyes, you could
grab a piece for yourself. Baseball
can still love you back, Jim.

*

*

*

JIM

I just wanted to say goodbye. I've
seen enough baseball for a hundred
lifetimes.

JULES

You've never seen anything like
this.

ON THE FIELD - Fatty Boomballatty ambles to the plate.

JIM (V.O.)

Pinch hitting now is former
competitive eater, Fatty
Boomballatty. At four hundred
pounds, he's officially the fattest
player in the history of the game.

*

Fatty's helmet doesn't quite fit. When he stands in the box,
his gut hangs over most of the plate.

JIM (V.O.)

No small feat since fat guys have
been playing baseball since the
beginning. Babe Ruth, the greatest
of the greats, was also a fat piece
of shit.

*

The Mifflenberg pitcher throws to the plate. The fastball
nails Fatty in the stomach. He collapses.

IN THE BOOTH -

JIM

Well, that was predictable. As he makes his way to first, get ready to witness that record broken again as Doug Romero pinch hits.

ON THE FIELD - DOUG ROMERO is even fatter. He steps into the box. The, exasperated pitcher tries to throw a pitch outside, it still hits the guys gut. Doug also collapses.

IN THE BOOTH -

JIM

Two on now. And see if you can sense a pattern...

ON THE FIELD - Another fat Morristown player walks out. The Miffenberg pitcher throws up his hands. His next pitch nails the batter in the back.

JIM (V.O.)

And that one had some anger behind it. Up to bat comes Pedro Uribe.

IN THE BOOTH -

JIM

Uribe's had a tough afternoon. He's struck out four times, and thrown up three.

Jim speaks into the mic, but looks at Jules.

JIM

The Frackers have used some ingenious gamesmanship here to load the bases in front of Uribe. Let's see if he can do anything with it.

JULES

Best sign stealer alive...

IN THE DUGOUT - The Sphinx watches the catcher closely. He then carefully walks to the top of the dugout and whistles. When Uribe looks back, the Sphinx, gives him a few signs.

ON THE FIELD - The Miffenberg pitcher throws and Uribe jumps on it like he knew it was coming. Because he did. It looks like the longest home run ever hit.

JIM

OH MY! That is one thousand dollars
worth of cured Italian meat: A
GRAND SALAMI! He hit that one out
of the stadium! Incredible.

*
*
*

IN THE STANDS - The half-filled stadium cheers riotously.
They can't believe what they've just seen.

ON THE FIELD - Uribe has to help push the fat guy in front of
him around the bases.

IN THE BOOTH - Jim looks at Jules with new found respect.

JIM

That cuts the Miffenberg lead to
just eight runs. The score now
Miffenberg, 12 and Morristown, 4.

END MONTAGE

INT. MORRISTOWN STADIUM - BROADCAST BOOTH - LATER

It's after the game. Jim sits still, staring onto the field.
Jules and Charles eye Jim wearily. Charles notices a plastic
bag and tries to surreptitiously hide it.

*

JIM

Do you have more of that stuff
planned?

*

JULES

Every game.

JIM

One last question. Is Neil Patrick
Harris actually cool now?

JULES

Ahh... I guess? He hosted the
Oscars.

JIM

Well, if Doogie Howser can redefine
himself to America, then why not
me. I'm in.

Charles goes to give Jim a hug. But it's awkward. They end up
patting each other on the shoulder.

JIM

For now. Maybe. Maybe not. I'm
pretty drunk so best to take
everything I say with a grain of
salt.

*
*
*
*
*

JULES

Charles, please tell me you got
that home run on video.

INT. MIDDLE CLASS HOME - LIVING ROOM

We SEE a CLOSE UP of a television. It's playing the footage
Charles took on his phone. It looks good.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

The home run was estimated to be
580 feet. But that's not the reason
we're showing this clip...

JIM (V.O.)

OH MY! That is one thousand dollars
worth of cured Italian meat: A
GRAND SALAMI!

*
*
*

We ZOOM OUT to reveal an entertainment center in a well
appointed middle class living room. ZOOM OUT further and
reveal a male SEX SLAVE bound on the rug. From the other room
walks in a MISTRESS clad in leather.

MISTRESS

Did I say you could watch TV!

He nods to the TV, Jim's ex-wife, Lucy, looks at the screen.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

That was Jim Brockmire on the call.

LUCY

Oh my God... Jim?
(welling up)
He's still alive?

Behind her WE SEE the same photo of the two of them at their
wedding ceremony at home plate. And on that we...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW