

THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT

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Over the presentation credits, we hear the repeating bludgeoning beat at the beginning of The Knack's "My Sharona."

*

1 INT. BLAKE'S CAR -- DAY 1

A close shot of an under-the-dash cassette player. BLAKE BARRETT, 18, drives down a highway and manipulates the volume of his stereo. His back seat is packed with albums, stereo equipment and clothes. As the music blares from his speakers, he drives through a town and is soon in the middle of a large, busy college campus. He drives by rows and rows of dormitories, classrooms, fraternity and sorority houses.

2 EXT. AMITYVILLE PARKING LOT -- DAY 2

Blake is soon in a slightly seedier, residential part of town. He pulls into a parking lot behind two large, rundown, bordering on haunted-looking houses (soon to find out nicknamed "Amityville East and West"). The title "September 2nd, 1980" comes up over Blake getting out of his car. He leaves his stuff in the car and just wanders up to the front door. Before entering, he notices a hose that is propping open the door a little and running all the way to the side of the house.

*

3 INT. AMITYVILLE -- DAY 3

Once inside, he sees the hose is running up a stairway to his right. It is joined to another hose about halfway up the stairs and is spewing a constant web of water at the connection, clearly in need of a washer. Blake just wanders around a bit in the minimally furnished downstairs. A large living room, another adjoining room, a hallway that leads to a kitchen. He opens the refrigerator to find it contains a six-pack of beer and some lunch meat. Suddenly, he hears a creaking sound... then louder. He realizes it's coming from above. He looks up to see the ceiling starting to bulge downward... another creak... Suddenly a door flies open upstairs and a couple of guys, McREYNOLDS and ROPER, scamper out.

McREYNOLDS

Fuck!

ROPER

Godammit!

They see Blake standing there.

ROPER (CONT'D)
Shut off the hose!

Blake hesitates.

MCREYNOLDS
Turn off the fuckin' faucet outside!
Quick!

Blake sprints out of the house.

4 EXT. AMITYVILLE -- DAY

4

He follows the hose to the side of the house and quickly shuts it off at the faucet. He then wanders over to his car and grabs a couple of bags and some of his baseball stuff.

5 INT. AMITYVILLE -- DAY

5

The house is a little more lively now, with various players/roommates starting to respond to the crisis. MCREYNOLDS and ROPER are now standing in the kitchen, assessing the bulge.

MCREYNOLDS
What a piece-of-shit old house.
Fuckin' thing wasn't even half
full.

They notice Blake and his bags.

MCREYNOLDS (CONT'D)
Who the hell are you?

BLAKE
Oh... Blake Barrett.

ROPER
Infield?

BLAKE
Pitcher.

A slight groan.

MCREYNOLDS
And let me guess - you're left-
handed.

BLAKE
Yeah.

A bigger response.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
What?!

ROPER
Just what we need around here,
another flaky left-handed pitcher.

MCREYNOLDS goes to shake his hand.

MCREYNOLDS
All y'all got a screw loose. I'll
warn you now - I hate pitchers...
we'll be teammates but we're not
going to be great friends or
anything. It might give you some
kind of edge if I ever have to face
you farther down the line... in pro
ball.

Blake realizes he's serious.

ROPER
You're with Autrey, upstairs to the
left.

They go back to their problem. Blake starts to wander
upstairs.

ROPER (CONT'D)
You better pump that water out
before this shit collapses.

MCREYNOLDS
Just disconnect the hose from the
faucet - bitch'll drain out in a
heartbeat..

A5 Once upstairs, Blake wanders over to the bedroom where
the hose leads. Near the room he finds FINNEGAN, PLUMMER,
and WILLOUGHBY. A5

FINNEGAN
I tried to warn him. You're not
supposed to have waterbeds
upstairs, for this very reason. No
one realizes just how much water
weighs.

WILLOUGHBY
That could still bust through the
ceiling.

FINNEGAN

It's a good example of someone being so invested in themselves being right, or being so focused on what they want - in this case getting laid on a waterbed - they fail to listen to reason or seek out additional information.

WILLOUGHBY

Maybe he just finds you annoying and ignores you.

FINNEGAN

At his own peril, as evidenced by this ill-fated and ill-advised adventure you see in mid-collapse before youuuuu....

Finnegan has noticed Blake and is suddenly holding this last word like a musical note, and continues in a pseudo-operatic tenor.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

You being... I assume a new...
(lowest register) Teeeammmmate.

BLAKE

Blake.

Finnegan quickly drops the operatic mode.

FINNEGAN

I'm Finn. Did you meet the dip-shits that perpetrated such a folly? McReynolds and Roper?

BLAKE

Yeah, one of them told me he hated pitchers, even his own teammates.

FINNEGAN

That would undoubtedly be Glenn McReynolds - resident all-American, but none too bright.

PLUMMER

(to Blake)
Hey man, Jacob Plummer.

BLAKE

Blake Barrett.

*
*
*

*
*

*

PLUMMER

Sad thing is you can't even have
sex very well on a waterbed.

*
*

FINNEGAN

Exactly, no traction, no point-
counterpoint.
(MORE)

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

*

Blake grabs his bags and wanders down the hall. Just as he's about to knock on a door, it opens and he comes face to face with a surprised DALE DOUGLAS.

DALE

Whoaah! You scared the shit outta me!

BLAKE

You Billy Autrey?

DALE

You mean Beuter? If I were that pussy-whipped little bitch, I'd be on the phone moping to my girlfriend. He's over here...

B5 Dale enters the door across the hall, barging in on BILLY AUTREY, talking on the one house phone (it has a long cord). B5

DALE (CONT'D)

...Doing exactly that.

(to Autrey)

Hey, this is your new roommate.

(to Blake)

What position do you play?

BLAKE

Pitcher.

DALE

Another fuckin' pitcher.

BLAKE

What are you?

DALE

2nd base.

C5 Dale, Finnegan, Plummer and Roper are all now near the hallway. C5

ROPER

You guys comin'?

BLAKE

Where?

ROPER

The Fox - happy hour. We've got exactly two and a half hours until the team meeting, which, if we leave now, minus travel, could equal approximately two hours of drinking.

DALE

That's what I'm talkin' 'bout.

While Dale is aboard, Blake is not too sure.

BLAKE

You guys go ahead - I've got some unpacking to do.

Dale puts his arm around Blake's shoulder, and starts walking him out the door.

DALE

Bullshit - you're on the team now.

6

INT. ROPER'S CAR -- AFTERNOON

6

The five of them are packed in Roper's Monte Carlo, the music blaring The Brothers Johnson's "Stomp." At a stoplight, Finnegan notices a STREET BUM out the window, going through trash cans looking for bottles and cans. He points him out to Plummer and Blake. *

FINNEGAN

Take a good look at your future, freshmen.

ROPER

Looks like your dad's followed you to college. *

FINNEGAN

(to Blake) *

See, that's what happens if you can't locate your fast ball. *

Laughter all around.

BLAKE

Yeah right.

DALE

Plummer... if you can't hit the curve...

As they pull away, Blake takes a longer than usual look at the street bum - he's not that old. Soon they're driving through campus, seeing various students moving into their dorms, etc.

DALE (CONT'D)

I heard McReynolds got the money for his new car and to buy waterbeds and shit like that from an agent.

ROPER

That would be correct. A ten thousand dollar supposed loan to his parents from a scout who may or may not represent him when the time comes.

FINNEGAN

I'll bet on may represent.

DALE

Exactly.

A6 Roper notices one particularly BUXOM coed carrying a box from her car. He speaks loud enough for her to hear, pretending he's honking the horn of the car.

A6

ROPER

Tit! Tiiiiiiits!

The guys laugh.

BUXOM WOMAN

Fuck off faggot!

Roper just smiles.

ROPER

I love this time of year!

DALE

A whole new freshman class moving into Screaming Virgin Hall.

BLAKE

Why do they call it that?

B6 They just look at him, but before anyone can even answer, they've pulled up to a stop at a light, next to a car of THREE CUTE COEDS. Roper goes to work.

B6

ROPER

Party later tonight at the baseball houses.

COED #1

Where?

ROPER
15th and Avenue H. Amityville East
and West.

They seem vaguely interested.

COED #1
When?

ROPER
When you get there - ask for me,
Kenny Roper.

C6 They keep driving.

C6

DALE
You sound like such a fuckin'
phony.
(imitating him)
Tell 'em Kenny sent ya. You could
be selling used cars... pocket
fisherman.

Roper ignores him as he has now pulled into a parking lot
where a couple of girls are unloading a car.

ROPER
Hey ladies, there's a party tonight
at...

A BITCHY BLONDE COED cuts him off.

BITCHY CO-ED
Sorry.

She impatiently goes back to unloading her car. Ouch. All the
guys react with "ewwws" and "ahhhs" - Roper has been firmly
repudiated. He starts to drive off, but it quickly becomes
apparent that he is simply driving in a semicircle, thus
putting Finnegan's passenger side window closest to them.

ROPER
(To Dale)
You fucked me up, you fucker. Okay
Finn, you're on.

*

Finnegan doesn't miss a beat, now appealing to her friend.

FINNEGAN
I couldn't help but notice you
ladies being hassled by that
asshole. It's a shame - some guys
are so aggressive.
(MORE)

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Myself, I'm a firm supporter of the ERA amendment, although I doubt that will have much of an immediate impact on the societal norm of the male gender initiating virtually all contact with prospective females, which may seem predatory on the surface, but I assure you...

Bitchy coed cuts him off.

BITCHY CO-ED

Trust me, you should be investing this energy elsewhere.

FINNEGAN

Okay, now you've just plain hurt our feelings.

(to her Roommate)

Is it just her?

Her roommate, a beauty we will come to know as BEVERLY, has been watching all this with at least a little bemusement. She has just closed the trunk and they are about to walk away when she strolls over to the car, and leans in a little toward Finnegan, suggestively.

BEVERLY

Do you two want to know the truth?

FINNEGAN

Always. It'll set you free.

She looks toward Blake, before walking off.

BEVERLY

I like the quiet one in the back seat best, in the middle.

D6 As the ladies walk away, the guys are silent. Roper drives off, and Blake is triumphant. D6

BLAKE

Yes! You hear that?

DALE

What?

FINNEGAN

I didn't hear anything.

BLAKE

She said she liked me best.

ROPER
Freshman's hearing things...

FINNEGAN
Delusional.

ROPER
Wait, I think I DID hear her say something like, "That guy in the back seat, whether he knows it or not, is a fag!"

They all howl with laughter at Blake.

ROPER (CONT'D)
Was I mistaken? Are my ears playing tricks on me?

FINNEGAN
No, that's what you heard.

BLAKE
This is jealousy substantiated.

DALE
Actually, I thought I might have heard her say, "That guy in the back seat drinks baboon semen!"

More howls. Blake now plays it straight, dry, going along with them.

BLAKE
That's not true.

They all laugh - Blake's practically one of the guys already. He suddenly has an idea.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Hey--circle back there, by the dorm.

ROPER
Why?

BLAKE
I want to see what room she's in.

THE GUYS
Oh give it up, son. No way. You crazy?

BLAKE
Just do it. Please.

ROPER

A total waste of time.

BLAKE

C'mon, man, it could be important.
I'll buy the first pitcher of beer.

ROPER

See, now you're talkin' my language
a little.

*

E6/F6

They drive back around, and eventually see Beverly
and her roommate walking along the third floor balcony,
heading to a room.

E6/F6

BLAKE

That's her.

DALE

This is pretty pathetic actually.
She was merely using you, the quiet
one in the back seat, to throw it
in our faces. It had nothing to
actually DO with you.

FINNEGAN

Yeah - if you had opened your
mouth, you would have been shot
down too. Can't you see that?

BLAKE

No, I can't, actually.

Beverly stops and unlocks a door.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

307. Help me remember that.

DALE

Sure. 309. Got it.

ROPER

No it was 304. Can we leave now Mr.
Stalker?

G6

They start to drive away.

G6

BLAKE

How about Mr. Thorough? Now I can
maybe drop by her dorm sometime.

DALE

Shit, boy...

BLAKE

I've only been at college for about an hour, and I've already met my future wife.

The others laugh.

ROPER

What a freshman dumbshit thing to say.

BLAKE

I know a deep connection when I feel one.

DALE

You could feel it? Really feel it?

Blake wonders what he's getting at.

BLAKE

Yeah.

DALE

Well feel this.

He grabs his crotch.

BLAKE

Yeah right.

7

INT. JOLLY FOX -- AFTERNOON

7

Blake brings over a pitcher of beer to the guys sitting around a big table in the corner of a smaller bar near the campus.

FINNEGAN

That's what we're talkin' about.

Pouring drinks all around, and picking up on the conversation.

PLUMMER

...but wouldn't we be getting more ass living on campus - that seems like where all the girls are.

DALE

Have a clue, freshman - the dorms suck. We've got the keys to the kingdom here. Our own house, but none of the...

ROPER

Yeah, it's like a frat house, but
no dues, no oversight...

FINNEGAN

No dorm resident snitches keeping
track of you, no den mother types
up your ass. No centralized
authority. This could be brilliant.

Just then, NESBIT, BRUMLEY, and COMA (all from Amityville
East) enter the bar and walk over to the table, in jovial
moods.

NESBIT

We knew we'd find you drunks here.

FINNEGAN

What miserable updraft wafts you
three hither?

NESBIT

Bite me, Finn. This is our third
bar of the afternoon.

Coma chugs the last bit of one of the pitchers.

COMA

You one of the new freshmen?

BLAKE

Yeah.

Handshakes and intros all around.

DALE

Jay Niles isn't with you guys?

*

Laughter. Plummer drinks more beer.

NESBIT

Yeah, right.

BLAKE

Who's Jay Niles?

ROPER

You haven't heard? The second
coming of Nolan Ryan?

DALE

95 mile an hour fast ball...

FINNEGAN

Self-professed, mind you.

DALE

And a stack of scholarship offers
this high.

He holds his thumb and index finger about two inches apart.

FINNEGAN

He's this intense, paranoid fuck
from Chicago. He just kind of
spouts out his stats and talks
about how great he is, what a pro
prospect he is.

COMA

How'd he end up here?

ROPER

Some coaches called on his behalf,
he had these impressive numbers...
Gordo took him sight unseen.
There's got to be a couple of
weirdo's on every team. We've
already reached our quota.

PLUMMER

Who else?

DALE

You, you drunk fuck.

ROPER

(to Blake)

Nah, your roommate - Bueter...
Hayseed.

BLAKE

I thought his name was Billy
Autrey.

FINNEGAN

It was until we changed it to the
most country bumkin name we could
come up with - Beuter Perkins.

ROPER

Mark my words, that guy'll be going
home with his tail between his legs
within two weeks.

Plummer drinks the rest of a glass of beer he's discovered on
an unoccupied table.

BLAKE

(to Finn)

It appears Plummer drinks like a
Hemingway character... continually
and to no apparent effect.

Finnegan is starting to appreciate Blake, a guy somewhat on
his wavelength.

8

INT. AMITYVILLE -- NIGHT

8

COACH GORDON is standing at one end of the living room while all the players sit and stand in an arch in front and to the sides of him. The Graduate Assistant, COACH GRADY, is also standing up near him. Coach Gordon is in mid-speech.

COACH GORDON

...If you haven't met yet, I want to introduce the new guys on the team. First the freshman... stand up. Jacob Plummer, catcher. Wade Brumley, outfielder. Blake Barrett and Billy Autrey, both freshman pitchers.

*

One of the older guys fake 'coughs' and actually utters the words 'batting practice' under the cough.

COACH GORDON (CONT'D)

Also, I'm taking a leap with two transfers this year, trying to shore up our pitching staff. From Washington, a senior right hander, Johnny Willoughby. Stand up, Willoughby. And from Chicago, Jay Niles.

Finn nudges Blake and indicates JAY NILES, standing up with his arms crossed, glaring at everyone... a real 'yeah, I'm bad' pose.

COACH GORDON (CONT'D)

For the veterans on the team, I want you to show the new guys around, and hopefully be a positive influence on them.

Blake catches glances with pretty-drunk-but-hiding-it Plummer, Roper and Finn.

COACH GORDON (CONT'D)

Also, some guidelines for living here. Bottom line, no alcohol in the houses. It's against school policy - need I say more. You're all 18, we can't keep you from having a drink at the Jolly Fox or the Sound Machine but, no booze in the house, okay?

(MORE)

COACH GORDON (CONT'D)

Knowing the shortage in the athletic dorms, the city has been generous enough to donate these houses to the athletic department, and we've agreed to be responsible for them. So the final rule, and it's a big one... no girls upstairs in the bedrooms.

*

Audible groan.

COACH GORDON (CONT'D)

You can go to her place, or you can spend as much time as you like together downstairs. Both houses have several large rooms and a lot of space to socialize. Just keep it downstairs, okay? Most of you have registration tomorrow. If you're having any trouble getting the right classes, or times, contact our office and we'll see what we can do. Voluntary first Sunday practice in a couple days. Coach Jenkins will run that because the NCAA says I can't be on the field. Okay, that's it. Be responsible this weekend.

MCREYNOLDS

And for the new guys, just so you know. It's called voluntary, but it ain't. Anyone who's not there isn't serious about beating those fuckers from Arizona this year, and if you're not serious about that, you shouldn't be here.

ROPER

Yeah, we're not losing to them again this year. We're gonna win it all.

9

EXT. SOUND MACHINE -- NIGHT

9

A group of the guys are walking from the parking lot to the front door of the Sound Machine. Same jeans and shoes or boots, but most of them have donned a disco-ish shirt or at least something pretty night-lifey.

DALE

Get ready kids, your college careers are about to begin.

Roper, Dale, and Finnegan waltz in like they own the place, but Blake and Plummer are stopped at the door.

DOORMAN

Two dollar cover.

ROPER

They're with us - freshmen superstars.

They get waved in, and even a brief handshake.

10

INT. SOUND MACHINE -- NIGHT

10

Welcome to the club. Lights and disco balls, a couple of bars, a big dance floor, a DJ booth, blaring sound... and of course it's packed with people looking their 1980 best. Once past the door and down a narrow entranceway, we see the place from the newcomer's POV: a montage of girls, drinks, dancing feet, women's tight pants, people laughing, girls, girls, girls... we eventually end up at a couple of tables where the baseball guys have situated themselves. Roper brings over two pitchers of beer.

*

ROPER

If any of you go to get more beer, get it from Howard, the white guy on the end with the 'fro... he's takin' care of us tonight.

PLUMMER

Awesome. No cover, free beer, I love being on scholarship.

Roper's made eye-contact with a group of young women and motions for them to come over. As they approach, Dale leans over to the freshmen.

DALE

Say goodbye to your little high school sweethearts, fellas - the wonderful world of college pussy is upon you.

ROPER

Angie! How was your summer?

ANGIE

Fun! And you?

P.S. She's smokin' hot.

ROPER

I want you to meet some new guys on the team. This is Blake and this is Plummer.

ANGIE

Oh hi, nice to meet you. These are my friends Val, Susan, and LeeAnn.

Finnegan sees how this is going and does a selective preemptive move, going for LeeAnn, probably the cutest of the group.

FINNEGAN

Wanna dance?

LEEANN

Sure.

They head to the dance floor.

BLAKE

What about you guys, you want to dance?

The girls glance at each other and decide as a group - it's time to hit the dance floor. Soon, they're all dancing to Prince's "I Want To Be Your Lover." Unlike musicians, athletes can and will dance: rhythm and moves, nothing too disco-crazy, just a cool groove with the ladies. Val, a cute blonde with a big smile, seems instantly smitten with Blake.

VAL

(over the music)

So what position do you play?

BLAKE

Pitcher.

VAL

Oh, wow. And you're a freshman?

BLAKE

Yeah. You?

VAL

Sophomore. I live in the apartment next to Angie. Are you in those new baseball houses?

BLAKE

Yeah - we call them Amityville east and west. We're having a party over there later.

She laughs and keeps dancing.

A10 Later, Blake is back at the tables. It seems like the rest
of the team has shown up, or at least all of the ones that
ever would. Blake is sitting near Dale, who's analyzing
Finnegan standing against a wall with THREE YOUNG LADIES.

*A10

DALE

Look it - Finn's in his 'average
cock mode.'

BLAKE

Huh?

DALE

At this very moment, I guarantee
you he's telling them about how he
has an average cock.

BLAKE

Why the hell would he do that?

We see the girls around Finnegan laughing, and him continuing
to hold their attention.

DALE

It's genius, actually. He tells the
girls he has an average cock, and
while that might only sound
moderately compelling on paper,
women find it a unique respite from
all the guys always talking about
how huge they are. It's
brilliant... look.

Sure enough, the girls are laughing and seemingly discussing
just what he might mean by average.

DALE (CONT'D)

Now he has them talking about his
cock, in a humorous, social, non-
threatening way. That's 9/10ths of
the battle right there. Inevitably,
one of them will be curious enough,
and no doubt drunk enough, to want
to see for themselves. And
technically, she'll find he was
actually being pretty humble.

BLAKE

Genius.

B10 Later, most of the guys are back on the dance floor. Val
and Blake are getting closer and closer.

B10

11

EXT. SOUND MACHINE -- NIGHT

11

Drunken and heading back to their cars, Blake walks with Val as Finnegan, Dale, and Plummer walk with a gaggle of young ladies.

PLUMMER

I have a confession to make to you ladies...

VAL

What?

PLUMMER

I'm bi.

They all kind of gasp.

PLUMMER (CONT'D)

If I don't get it free, I'll buy it!

Everyone laughs.

FINNEGAN

Look at us - drunk, disoriented, incurious and unhealthy. Trapped in self-loathing, taking the miserable final steps to adulthood.

No one has any idea what the hell he's talking about. Suddenly his head perks up with a big smile.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Oh wait, that's everyone else our age. WE walk the earth like depraved Gods, doing whatever we like, and getting away with everything! Owwwwwooo!

DALE

Right the fuck on.

*

*

A big high-five.

12

INT. AMITYVILLE -- NIGHT

12

A impromptu party is taking place with couples paired off and what seems like an actual surplus of ladies. A little sign over the small, occupied, room off the living room reads "Ye Old Fornication Under Consent of the King room." Someone has set up a crappy stereo, which is cranking out Parliament/Funkadelic.

McReynolds suddenly enters with a babe on his arm. He leaves her at one end of the room and wanders down near the door of the small room.

MCREYNOLDS

What's the deal?

DALE

I don't know - Finn's got that LeAnn chick in there.

MCREYNOLDS

Well... Fuck the fuck room, man.
I'm going upstairs.

He wanders over, grabs his girl, and as they begin to ascend the stairs, he looks back and flashes a big smile and a "shhhh" gesture to his buddies. This opens the floodgates as other couples start to head upstairs. Blake and Val continue to sit in the living room with a few others.

BLAKE

I'll be right back.

Blake excuses himself, and trots upstairs.

13

INT. BLAKE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

13

Blake enters his room to find his roommate with a couple of other guys in cowboy hats, sitting around with Lone Star beers, listening to some (Jerry Clower-ish) bumpkin comedy album.

ALBUM

"... needs some tail. And ol' Ben says, that's what I told Mrs. Franklin and she told me to go fly a kite."

They all bust up laughing. So not funny, so not cool.

BLAKE

Where you guys been tonight?

AUTREY

We went over to Guaranteed for a little bit. You?

BLAKE

Sound Machine. Hey Bueter, I mean Billy, I got a little lady downstairs who wants to maybe come up here and check out my album collection.

AUTREY

But we're not supposed to have girls upstairs. Coach Gordon said.

BLAKE

Half the guys in this house just broke that rule, so I've decided to not be a one-man hold-out on that particular prohibition.

AUTREY

So what do you want me to do?

BLAKE

Do the right thing, homie. Defer to the guy trying to get laid in his first weekend of college - give the room to me alone for a bit.

*

AUTREY

But my girlfriend lives out of town. So I'm going to be on the couch all the time?

BLAKE

Not all the time. Just for this little window of time. You guys are already breaking the alcohol rule, or is there a waiver for Lone Star beer?

AUTREY

Man, I got to get up early for registration tomorrow... Plus, isn't there a room downstairs for that?

BLAKE

Finn's in there.

AUTREY

Well, I'm sure he'll be out sometime pretty soon.

BLAKE

Fuck.

He shuts the door. Nothing.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Unbelievable.

14 INT. AMITYVILLE -- NIGHT

14

Back in the living room, Blake is bitching to a few people hanging around.

BLAKE
He doesn't even have a girl up there. Just his fuckin' cowboy friends.

PLUMMER
Now what the hell's all this fornication under the king stuff?

BLAKE
Finn said it's where the word fuck comes from. A long time ago you had to get the king's permission, I guess, before you got down to business. Fornication under Consent of the King.

Blake walks back over to Val, takes her hand and they exit as Dale beats on the door.

PLUMMER
Hey Finn! There's others out here!

No reply from the other side of the door.

15 EXT. AMITYVILLE -- NIGHT

15

Val and Blake are making out in Blake's car... hot and heavy, slowly sliding down and disappearing from view as Rufus' "Tell Me Something Good" is playing. As the song hits the strange pre-chorus animalistic sounding breaths and beats, we see a quick montage of the various players in mid-undress/fondle/gettin' some mode on this night.

16 INT. AMITYVILLE -- MORNING

16

The next morning, most of the guys are in the various morning stages of getting ready to leave and go to registration. However, Roper, who disappeared from the Sound Machine the night before, is in mid-story.

ROPER

...So I'm through fuckin' her, I'm starting to get dressed, about to leave, and boom, who's comin' through the front door, heading back to the bedroom? That's right, her live-in boyfriend!

FINNEGAN

No sir.

ROPER

Yes sir. I got no time to jump out a window or anything like that. All I can do is grab my shoes and socks and hide under the bed just as the door opens. He's tired, he gets ready for bed, they're talking... ten minutes later HE'S fucking her while I'm under the bed.

Everybody laughs.

ROPER (CONT'D)

So I can't leave. He'd probably shoot my ass thinking I'm burglarizing his house.

FINNEGAN

You should have tapped him on the shoulder while they're gettin' it on, "excuse me sir, I was here earlier fucking your girlfriend, just didn't want you to confuse me for a burglar. Good night."

BLAKE

Could you imagine? Who are these duped guys?

FINNEGAN

I'll tell you who they are - US, anytime we have official girlfriends.

Dale walks up and punches Finn on the shoulder.

DALE

And no hogging the fuck room like that. Get in, get out, we're waitin.' Fuck like a rabbit if you have to.

FINNEGAN

I can't help it if I'm good for a couple of hours of providing orgasms.

DALE

Yeah right.

(to Blake)

What about you, how's that little Val groupie? You root?

BLAKE

I thought one of the advantages of being at college would be to have a place of my own to go with the ladies, but thanks to my puritanical roommate, I'm still groping around on a car seat like some high school hard-dick.

ROPER

Ahh, it's gonna be a good year, fellas - lotsa new ass around, and all the old reliables back from last year.

DALE

That's what I'm talking about.

17

EXT. SCHOOL -- DAY

17

Blake, Plummer, Dale and Finnegan approach the college campus for registration.

PLUMMER

(innocently)

What do most of the guys major in?

DALE

Besides baseball and pussy?

FINNEGAN

You mean when a girl asks? See, you can't win with that. If you say business major, you sound like a shallow materialist. If you say philosophy or art or literature, you sound like a future restaurant worker. Which is why, when she asks, you say...

(emphasizing)

Listen to me.

(MORE)

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

You say, "I'm on the baseball team." While it technically doesn't answer her question, it's the classification they're looking for - it's all she needs.

DALE

Yeah, there's thousands and thousands of people majoring in all kinds of shit here - there's only 25 of us, and we're the best team on campus. The football team wins about three games a year, the basketball team hasn't won shit. We're in the playoffs every year, we're always ranked nationally...

FINNEGAN

The bottom line is this: all her friends are going to ask her, what's he like, what's he do? She doesn't have to say the ol', "he's a business major," or "he's studying history." That doesn't cut it. "He's a baseball player" and they got something special to talk about - "how's your BALLplayer doin'?"

DALE

You still ballin' your player?"

PLUMMER

Yeah, okay, cool, but about actual school. What should I take? I haven't even thought about it.

*

DALE

Oh that's easy - you get good at making the school part work for you. It's like putting a puzzle together. What classes to take, which teachers will give you a break... you gotta start the semester with 12 hours, but you only have to be passing 9 to be eligible. In the spring, during the season, I got it where I drop one class, then blow off another, then make sure I can make A's or B's in the other two, that keeps the GPA high enough.

BLAKE

How reassuring. Plum asks a legitimate academic question and all he gets are answers about how to do as little school work as possible. What if you actually want something out of your education?

*

DALE

Well good luck.

PLUMMER

I don't want that much out of my education, I just want to know how this shit works... what fuckin' classes to sign up for.

FINNEGAN

Oh... you're going to meet with a counselor before registration - they'll take care of you. Calm down.

18

INT. AMITYVILLE -- AFTERNOON

18

A nerf ball hoop is being installed above a door in the living room while others lay around watching TV. Soon Autrey comes down the stairs with a bag packed.

*

*

*

ROPER

You leavin' us Beuter? That was quick.

DALE

Runnin' home to momma, Beuter?

AUTREY

Name's not Bueter! It's Billy Autrey.

MCREYNOLDS

Bullshit. It's Beuter Perkins. You already going home to your corn-fed girlfriend?

*

AUTREY

Be back Sunday for practice.

*

DALE

Well Beuter P is definitely getting laid this weekend. You trading in the phone for the real thing?

PLUMMER

That pussy's reelin' him in from
all the way back home.

AUTREY

I don't know man, she says she
might be pregnant.

BLAKE

No sir.

AUTREY

That's what she says.

BLAKE

How late is she?

AUTREY

A day.

They all look at each other, a little amused, and then let
Autrey have it.

ROPER

Are you shittin' me Beuter? She's
ONE DAY late on her period, and
she's giving you shit?

FINNEGAN

Listen dude, she's just testing you
to gauge your response. Are you the
guy who says, "don't worry, I'll
pay for the abortion," or do you
start talking about marriage, which
is what she's hoping for. Either
way though, at this point, you're
fucked. Give up Beuter Perkins.

ROPER

Yeah. Trust me, she's not fuckin'
pregnant. She's just running your
little chicken-fried nuts through
the ringer. She's pissed you've
left her back on the farm and gone
off to college, and she's going to
make you pay.

DALE

They speaketh the truth, Bueter.
We're worried about you, man.
School hasn't even started yet and
you're well on your way to the
official freshman numb-nut of the
year award.

AUTREY

The what?

DALE

It's an annual award that's given out, and they're about to start engraving your name on it. Just wait until we get our first phone bill. There's a bet going on whether your share of the bill is going to be under or over 300 dollars.

*
*

FINNEGAN

I've already done the calculations and projections based on one day. Waaay over 300 dollars.

PLUMMER

300 dollars?! Are you fuckin' crazy? For that much you could fly home and fuck her.

*
*

NESBIT

That's what he's doing right now.

AUTREY

'Cept I'm driving. Bye guys.

GUYS

Later Beuter...

AUTREY

When I get back, you guys can only call me Billy, okay.

FINNEGAN

Sure thing Beuter.

He walks out.

ROPER

Poor bastard.

DALE

We may never see him again. A dollar says Beuter doesn't come back.

*
*

ROPER

I'll take that. He'll be back, at least for a little while.

19

EXT. AMITYVILLE - AFTERNOON

19

A bunch of them are farting around in the back parking lot, playing basketball, tossing a football, etc. Blake and Willoughby are leaning on his van, talking.

*

BLAKE

Was that a big deal for you, transferring in for your senior year?

WILLOUGHBY

Not really. I'll still be short a few hours from graduating after this year, so I'll probably be back up there to graduate, late summer.

BLAKE

Where's Gonzaga?

WILLOUGHBY

Washington.

BLAKE

That's where you're from?

WILLOUGHBY

Yeah, Spokane. You get high?

Blake sees that Willoughby has produced a joint from his pocket.

BLAKE

Yeah... you know, here and there.

WILLOUGHBY

I think a few of us are going to burn this one in my room pretty soon if you want to join us.

*

BLAKE

Yeah... maybe.

Their attention turns to McReynolds, who is now in a batting stance but with an ax in his hands instead of a baseball bat. Nesbit tosses a ball to him, like a batting practice pitch, and McReynolds takes a nice swing with the ax - completely slitting the ball in two. The guys stand around in awe.

PLUMMER

No sir. I did not just see that.

He goes over to inspect the ball. He motions to Nesbit to see the next baseball. Nesbit flips it to him.

He looks at it and flips it back. The others just stand there, speaking in a hushed, reverent tone.

PLUMMER (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea how strong
you'd have to be to do that...

DALE

And the eyes - how good you'd have
to see the ball...

MCREYNOLDS

One more!

Nesbit throws another and McReynolds slices it again.

20

INT. STUDENT CENTER GAME ROOM -- DAY

20

A group of the guys are now at the college's game room. They're scattered amongst various pool tables, pin ball machines and video games. Asteroids, Missile Command and Space Invaders dominate the video selections while Kiss, Gorgar, Charlie's Angels and Black Knight seem to be the pinball machines of choice. At the video games, Blake is holding court on the Space Invaders, tutoring Dale and Plummer.

DALE

You're about to get squashed! See,
I hate this fuckin' game. At first
it's easy, then it's impossible.
They start right on top of you and
you can't do shit.

BLAKE

(confidently)

The sounds of an amateur who has
not yet mastered the gap method.

PLUMMER

What's that?

BLAKE

The gap method. You create a two
column clearing, then, you know how
they don't shoot you from the
absolute front row?

DALE

They don't?

BLAKE

Ah, listen very carefully little grasshopper, for a weakness in their charging army has been detected. Most people lose at this point not because they get shot, but because they get overrun. But the key is to not panic, hold your ground in the clearing you've created, then when they get right on top of you, you have enough time to systematically pick them off the front row.

He demonstrates this, methodically shooting each invader and darting into the 'gap' he's created.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

It only gets a little hairy on the last row because they speed up at the end. You just have to remain calm... and nail that last fucker.

He does, to some celebration from his onlookers.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Yes sir!

DALE

Fuckin' A, genius.

BLAKE

(false modesty)

It's nothing, really. Then they're back up higher and you can go back to your old game.

*

21

INT. AMITYVILLE -- EVENING

21

A busy time of evening, with all doors open and guys walking around, blow drying their hair, primping, getting ready to go out. Roper checks out the way his jeans and ass look in the mirror, and talks to no one in particular.

ROPER

I got the best cheese on campus. Girls come up to me out of the blue and say, "you got the best cheese on campus."

PLUMMER

Sure those jeans couldn't be a little tighter?

McReynolds is putting on generous helpings of "Aramus" cologne, lecturing to Plummer and Blake.

MCREYNOLDS

...You got to put it not only on your neck, but under your arms, and on your chest.

PLUMMER

Smells like camel piss.

MCREYNOLDS

Just at first. I'm telling you, it's what you have to do... it works, chicks go wild for this shit.

A21 Later, Roper is in Blake's room going through his shirts. A21

ROPER

(to Plummer)

I'm going to find you a decent shirt, son.

BLAKE

Why don't you give him one of your own? Fuckin' mooch.

ROPER

Mine are too big.

Suddenly, Roper comes across Blake's high school letter jacket and pulls it out.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Well lookie what we got here...

He examines the various patches on the sleeves and shoulders, signifying various accomplishments.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Wow. Second team all state! You're a fuckin' badass. Hey guys, we have a second team all-stater among us!

Finn laughs along at Blake.

BLAKE

C'mon, Roper. Fuck off with that.

ROPER

State finals '79! Golly gee you're good - I'm afraid to hit off you second team all state.

BLAKE

Did I ask you guys to be in my room? You're stinking it up with all that shit you're wearing, anyway. Get out of here, please.

Roper fully takes in this freshman who isn't taking any shit from him.

ROPER

Well look at you... nice fuckin' life you got going here Joe College. Got your room to yourself all weekend, got all your albums with you...

He starts to flip through Blake's albums.

BLAKE

Out!

He leaves with Neil Young's "Decade" album.

ROPER

I'm borrowing this.

BLAKE

If that is returned with even one scratch on it...

Roper's gone.

22

INT. SOUND MACHINE -- NIGHT

22

Mid-evening: a few of them are leaving the dance floor. Some are sitting around the table talking. Niles is holding court.

NILES

(defending himself)

Every school in Texas wanted me! I could have gone anywhere. I was almost at USC.

*
*

FINNEGAN

Were you drafted?

NILES

The Blue Jays wanted me, but I told them I was going to play college ball another year or two. You drafted out of high school?

*
*

Blue (mm/dd/yyyy)

34A.

DALE
McReynolds was.

*
*

FINNEGAN

I wasn't out of high school, and I won't be drafted out of college either. I'm the only non-deluded guy on this team who has a realistic view of his future as a non-baseball player. I'm a good college player, but beyond that, I'm not counting on anything.

*
*

ROPER

I just want a chance. I'll sign for a cup of coffee and a road map.

*

PLUMMER

They say McReynolds's a first-round pick this year.

*
*

FINNEGAN

Easy. Maybe a top ten pick.

Blake has been distracted by watching Val dance with some big, stocky guy. Dale has noticed him looking at her.

BLAKE

Who's that she's dancing with?

DALE

Thompson... football player... what a dyke.

Willoughby chimes in to Blake.

WILLOUGHBY

They're all front-runnin' whores.

PLUMMER

Oh man... the football players are kicking our asses tonight. I thought you said they sucked here.

FINNEGAN

They do, but it's their season. They'll always be some kind of dipshit groupie who really doesn't care or even know the difference if they go 2 and 8 or 10 and 0.

Blake still seems a little disappointed.

DALE

What, you thought you were going to come out tonight and get ANOTHER blowjob from Val?

(MORE)

DALE (CONT'D)

This ain't high school, son. The girls don't necessarily cling to you after you plug 'em. They're moving on.

BLAKE

What a slut.

FINNEGAN

Hey, welcome to college - where the girls can be as big of whores as the guys. Get used to it... make it work for you.

A22 Later, Blake goes over to the bar where Niles and Coma have already ordered drinks. A22

NILES

(to bartender, impatient)

C'mon, meat, what's takin' so long? It's a damn screwdriver, not the writing of the Magna fuckin' Carta.

Soon, the BARTENDER flicks a slice of lime into Niles' drink with a bit of aggressive contempt. *

NILES (CONT'D)

Hey buddy, if you think this bar here is going to separate you from an ass-kicking, you got another thing comin'.

B22 Back at the table, the players notice the bartender in mid-air, coming over the bar to tackle Niles down to the floor. *B22 *

ROPER AND OTHERS

Shit! That's Niles!

C22 There's a quick panic and even quicker exodus from the table area toward the bar, where seemingly every other BARTENDER and DOORMAN at the Sound Machine has joined in swamping Niles and Coma. Blake tries to pull some guys off Coma but is quickly pulled off himself. With the quick influx of baseball players, it's soon a fair fight, with the ball players mostly pulling off bartenders and doormen and everyone trying to get to the bottom of the heap, where Niles and the Bartender are still going at it. Most of these side skirmishes consist of a lot of pulling, pushing, shoving and tough talk. The SOUND MACHINE MANAGER enters the fray, the same guy who was once happily waving in all the ballplayers. C22 *

SOUND MACHINE MANAGER
That's it. All baseball players
out! Leave! Get out of here!

The doormen and bartenders are now helping to escort them
toward the front door. Niles is not going quietly.

NILES
That fucker started it! Someone
dives over the bar at me, I'm going
to defend myself!

They're rushing him toward the door.

BARTENDER
Let's go, asshole!

NILES
Fuck all of you jack-offs... Bunch
of fuckin' numb-nuts!

23

EXT. SOUND MACHINE -- NIGHT

23

The guys are out on the street, pumped-up, excited, pissed.

ROPER
(to Niles)
What's the deal, Niles? So much for
our free beer tonight.

FINNEGAN
Yeah, that was ugly, and based on
an outsider's perspective, just a
hunch, totally avoidable.

NILES
I'm a raw dog, man! I don't put up
with any shit offa nobody! You fuck
with me, you don't get fucked with
back... you get killed!

PLUMMER
What got killed was the prospect of
any of us getting laid tonight.

ROPER
(to Niles)
Yeah - your little junkyard dog
from Chicago routine might make you
feel tough, but it's not helping
your teammates. Watch that shit in
the future.

As the guys start to disperse to different cars, etc. Blake walks over to Finnegan.

BLAKE

Still, I love how when one of us is threatened, the whole team is automatically there, defending this guy.

FINNEGAN

It's all so damn tribal. We never even questioned it, even though it was him who was being the aggressive dick, no doubt... and the whole team gets booted out because of him.

BLAKE

And he probably commands the least amount of loyalty of anyone on the team.

Nesbit's car pulls up and lowers a window. A group of teammates are piled in.

NESBIT

Where to now?

ROPER

New plan! We're shifting from disco to country poon. No cover, free beer 'till 11 at Guaranteed Wholesome. We got a little more than an hour.

FINNEGAN

We're there!

DALE

'Cept Niles. You're sittin' this one out, raw dog.

24

INT. AMITYVILLE -- NIGHT

24

The guys are back at the house, going through Autrey's wardrobe, looking for the right country touches. Plummer grabs one of his shirts.

PLUMMER

This'll work.

And hands Dale a hat he's found in a box.

DALE

I ain't wearin' no damn cowboy hat.

ROPER

What the fucking Charlie Pride you talking about? You heard him, no cover, free beer... the only way we can look at that is, we can't afford NOT to go.

FINNEGAN

I hate all this cotton-eyed Joe, lookin' for love in all the wrong places, disco boy now wearing a cowboy hat and boots shit. It's disgusting that that's trendy now.

*

BLAKE

That mean you're not goin'?

FINNEGAN

I didn't say that.

25

INT. GUARANTEED WHOLESOME -- NIGHT

25

Finnegan, duded-out in a cowboy hat, boots and belt buckle is two-stepping around the dance floor with a cute COUNTRY/COLLEGE GIRL with extremely tight jeans. The club is a fairly large Gilley's-style country bar and dance hall - Urban Cowboy fashion all the way. Eddie Rabbit's "Two Dollars in the Jukebox" is playing and some of our guys are in a group not far from the dance floor. Dale looks sharp with a big black hat on, and Blake looks appropriately country with a monogrammed shirt, belt, jeans and his Fry (round-toe) boots. They are intermingled with a bevy of females.

COUNTRY GIRL #1

So all of you play on the baseball team?

GUYS

Yeah.

ROPER

But don't hold that against us - most of us are animal husbandry majors.

Finnegan and his partner have dropped by as the song has ended. He's caught the tail end of the conversation.

FINNEGAN

I'm actually studying to be a
cunnilinguist.

*

COUNTRY GIRL #2

What's that?

*

*

FINNEGAN

It's a major you can actually
practice before graduating.

*

*

*

Only Blake seems to get it, but it doesn't matter - Cotton Eyed Joe is now cranking up on the dance floor.

SONG

"Grab your partner, dosey-doe, join
on in the Cotten-eyed Joe!"

Everybody starts scrambling to the dance floor. Several of the girls have grabbed the guys' hands and dragged them out there. Blake seems a little panicked, but Finnegan reassures him. *

FINNEGAN

Just follow everyone else - it's
the easiest dance ever.

They are all arm in arm, in rows, scooting around the dance floor in a wagon wheel type formation, kicking when appropriate, and shouting all together:

DJ

What'd you say?

EVERYBODY

Bullshit!!

DJ

I can't hear you...

EVERYBODY

Bullshit!!

26

INT. AMITYVILLE -- DAY

26

A competitive nerf basketball game - complete with shit-talking, wild passes and incredible bank shots off the ceiling - is taking place on one side of the room, while a ping pong tournament is taking place on the other. Blake seems to be holding the table while people challenge him. Soon, he is in an amped-up game with McReynolds.

MCREYNOLDS

Let's go freshman, keep on with
that funky-ass spin... I 'bout got
you figured out.

BLAKE

That's just what I want - you
thinking you have me clocked, then
I set you up...

Blake does a wicked backhand slam for a point. Others react.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
And do something you aren't
expecting.

Perhaps due to the others' reactions to Blake's prowess, or to the fact he's about to lose to a freshman, McReynold's mood has quickly darkened.

MCREYNOLDS
Okay smartass, serve.

BLAKE
19-14.

Blake rockets a serve that McReynolds returns weakly, then slams it right at McReynolds, who gets a paddle on it but no return.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Point. Your serve.

MCREYNOLDS
Time for my comeback.

He serves and Blake lobs it up on an arc, baiting him to slam it. McReynolds slams it long, missing the table. He thinks about his loss for an extended moment, then flings his paddle right by Blake's head, missing him by inches. Everyone's quiet.

MCREYNOLDS (CONT'D)
Fuck!

He huffs and starts to walk out of the room. Blake doesn't want any hard feelings and calls after him as he leaves.

BLAKE
Ahh, I've been playing my whole
life. My dad was the table tennis
champion of his college - he never
let me win, not even once, until I
could really beat him.

*

Mac's gone.

In Willoughby's room, which is shaping up as a rock-n-roll sanctuary, Plummer, Willoughby, Dale and Blake hover over an ornate, glass, double-cooler bong, Willoughby's prized possession.

Blake cocks his head to read the hand written labels on the betamax tapes.

*

BLAKE

Lotta Twilight Zones.

WILLOUGHBY

I've got every single episode. I recorded them all over the last year.

BLAKE

You got that one where the lady's getting surgery to correct how ugly she is, then it turns out she's beautiful and everybody else is ugly.

WILLOUGHBY

Absolutely. "The Eye of the Beholder." You know who played the babe in that? Donna Douglas - Ellie May Clampet herself.

A full, overflowing bowl of fine-ass red-buds sits there awaiting Willoughby's BIC lighter.

DALE

No way you'll suck that down in one hit.

PLUMMER

Yeah... a human's lungs cannot take in that much herb... technically impossible.

WILLOUGHBY

Take notes, boys. I grew up on two rivers. I'm a fuckin' river rat - I got swimmer's lungs.

Willoughby does some quick breathing exercises.

DALE

And don't forget he's got a double chamber cooling system on that thing.

PLUMMER

I still say he can't do it.

WILLOUGHBY
 (Faux Dramatic)
 Oh get ready.

It's on. The guys watch in awe as Willoughby begins lighting the bowl and slowly sucking on the tall, glass bong. The red-buds burn and diminish, getting sucked into the bong. Through the glass, the smoke is filling up both chambers of the double cooler bong. Willoughby releases his thumb from the hole and... inhales all of the smoke. It's ALL in his lungs!

DALE
 Un-fuckin'-real!

Willoughby holds in the smoke for a moment, then exhales; a large, continuous stream of white smoke.

BLAKE
 Super-human.

WILLOUGHBY
 Fuckin' Mahagony rush... I know
 I've only been here a few days, and
 I don't want to be presumptuous,
 but I'm pretty sure that's a new
 school record.

DALE
 Bullshit. I might break that record
 right now. Give me that thing.

Dale grabs the bong and goes to packing it with more red-buds than Willoughby had.

28

INT. AMITYVILLE -- DAY

28

The guys wander down to the living room and find Nesbit and Brumley, locked into an intense "finger-flicking on the knuckles game." It's early, and Nesbit is still talking shit, trying to get the psychological edge.

NESBIT
 Brumley here thinks he can take me,
 even though he KNOWS I'm the
 reigning knuckles champ. Two years
 in a row. Undefeated... bitch.

Brumley doesn't say a word, just stares at him with disdain as they continue to swap knuckle popping finger flicks. Blake, Finnegan, and Plummer plop down on the sofas and chairs.

BLAKE

Have you noticed EVERYTHING is a competition around here? Even taking hits from bongs.

FINNEGAN

Look at you, ping-pong pimp.

BLAKE

Yeah... did you see that back there? Mac almost took my head off.

DALE

If he really wanted to hit you with that paddle, he would've. He just don't like losing, at anything.

BLAKE

That's borderline insane.

FINNEGAN

I love it - everybody was somewhat courteous for a day or so, and now the gloves are off and everyone's true asshole nature is coming forth.

BLAKE

It's not very healthy.

DALE

Until we get out on the field. This is why we're one of the best teams in the nation.

FINNEGAN

That's right, you get a bunch of guys who aren't afraid to fail, who live for the joy of putting themselves out there and competing, in however trivial a matter, and you've got the makings of a championship team.

BLAKE

It's primitive... but I see your point.

Back at the knuckle flicking contest, Nesbit's knuckle has become grotesquely swollen and red. Dale, high and in an almost trance state, stares at Nesbit's knuckle.

DALE

That thing is so swolled up, it's going to be erupting, like a volcano, any second now.

Nesbit winces as Brumley continues to target that extremely tender spot, over and over.

BRUMLEY

You had enough?

Nesbit just grits his teeth and shakes his head. Dale lowers his voice to almost a whisper so as not to be heard by Nesbit and Brumley.

DALE (QUIET)

But you can tell a lot about a person in these little stupid competitions. Something's always revealed. Are you a competitor, a gamer, can you find a way to overcome all obstacles, and practically will yourself to victory? Or are you...

NESBIT

Fuck it. I'm done.

DALE

...A quitter.

It's over! Brumley raises up his arms in a "V". Nesbit cradles his hand - a sad sight, the reigning knuckles champ... vanquished.

DALE (CONT'D)

See, that's the essence of Nesbit, right there. Talks a good game, looks a good game, but not Mr. Clutch. Under pressure... folds like a lawn chair.

Brumley is about to leave, but wants to rub it in, just a little.

BRUMLEY

And let me recommend a side dish of SUCK MY DICK to go with that entee of shit you're now eating.

*
*

NESBIT

You can't beat me twice in a row, I know that.

BRUMLEY

Just say when.

*

Nesbit leaves the room.

NESBIT

Tomorrow!

FINNEGAN

(To Blake)

When you beat Mac at ping pong and didn't give an inch, I mean no mercy, that's when I thought you might be able to play at this level. All American, schmall american - you wiped the floor with him.

BLAKE

Well, I'm better than he is at that one thing.

FINNEGAN

See? That's probably why you might be able to get guys out. What some people see as base competition, is actually an individual simply operating at their absolute highest level - where they're meant to be. That's when you transcend the game itself and achieve a kind of purity.

Just then, Plummer comes out of the bathroom.

PLUMMER

I just laid the biggest turd in school history. Well over two feet long. Come look at this.

No one cares much.

ROPER

Big deal. I birthed a three footer last year, second semester.

PLUMMER

Bullshit. You got witnesses?

ROPER

Yeah, I took some pictures of it for posterity's sake.

PLUMMER

Pictures?

ROPER

Yeah, because I knew some fuck like you would come along and not believe me.

PLUMMER

Well I wanna see 'em.

ROPER

Upstairs in my dresser. Top row, second drawer from the right.

PLUMMER

Yeah, right.

29

EXT. NEAR CAMPUS -- EVENING

29

Blake, Finn, Plummer, and Dale are walking down a street near campus in the early evening. Plummer looks up at all the random, anonymous students swirling around them.

PLUMMER

Who are all these people? I know what we're doing here, but I wonder what everybody else is doing here. It makes me think, what would be the point to my life if it wasn't playing baseball?

*

DALE

I know... Do you ever kind of feel sorry for everyone else? That there's no way they'll ever play pro ball?

PLUMMER

I mean, what if you were born a girl?

DALE

You were.

BLAKE

To not have that as a possibility in your life. There'd be this big void.

FINNEGAN

I was once thinking exactly what you guys are thinking - what's life without baseball? But gradually the world starts to get a little bigger, and all your fanciful dreams about yourself and the future start to get a little smaller and more realistic. You spend a couple years watching the scouts drool all over McReynolds, and not even notice you, you start to accept the fact that maybe you're not exactly what they're looking for.

PLUMMER

Depressing.

FINNEGAN

Not at all. I like the truth - I can deal with it. All I want is to give it all I got this year, be a part of a championship team, have as much fun as I can my last year of college, pull as much ass as possible...

BLAKE

What do you think you're going to be doing when you get out?

FINNEGAN

My own thing, that's for sure. I'm getting a big student loan this year, putting it in the bank, then using it to finance a year or so of hiking around Europe and India. After that, I'm open for anything.

VOICE (O.S.)

Barrett!

We look around to see a GUY WITH A MOHAWK sitting on the porch of some shitty near-campus rental with a FEW OTHER PUNKS. Blake smiles as he walks over to him.

BLAKE

Justin! This where you livin'?

JUSTIN

For now.

BLAKE

What's that shit on your head?

30 INT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE -- EVENING

30

Punk music is playing and everybody is settled in, some with a beer, some with a bong.

BLAKE

So you gotta walk me through the decision to cut your hair like that. You wake up one morning and just...

JUSTIN

It's as simple as this - you meet a couple of cute girls at a punk show, get drunk, later that night they're shaving most of your hair off. Used to be I'd be saying, hey stop, I can't do that. Now that I'm not on a team anymore, or doing anything particularly respectable, I'm like fuck it... whatever man. Hey, we're headin' over to an early show in a bit - what are you guys doin? Wanna go?

*

The guys look around at each other, not sure.

BLAKE

Sunday evening... we're just walking around.

PLUMMER

Heading over to the Student Center.

JUSTIN

Fuck that shit - come with us... we'll fix you up.

31 EXT. CANNIBAL CLUB -- NIGHT

31

They walk down the street in another part of town, approaching a punk club called "The Cannibal". It's been a bit of a punk/new wave make-over on the guys: ripped shirts, greased up hair, a belt or chain... they fit right in. Justin and Blake are up front talking. Blake has a chain around his neck with a duck's head hanging from its beak as a pendant.

JUSTIN

...I'm embarrassed by all that shit we were listening to in high school. Nowadays, I wouldn't walk across the street to go to a Who concert, or especially any of that mellow shit we were eating up. It's all commercial crap.

BLAKE

What about Elvis Costello or the Talking Heads?

JUSTIN

They're great, Devo, the Cars, there's a lot of decent stuff out there, but we've got a whole 'nother thing goin' on here. This is ours.

32

INT. CANNIBAL CLUB -- NIGHT

32

A punk band is on stage, blaring it out while a mosh put semi-swirls. Our guys are near the back of the club, just observing, looking a little out of place (but only because we know them).

FINNEGAN

You know what I like about punk and new wave the most?

BLAKE

What?

FINNEGAN

It's how cool the girls look - it has the ability to elevate the fairly ordinary looking into some other realm... lotta good edges and colors. It's awesome.

BLAKE

I'm starting to have an identity crisis here.

FINNEGAN

What do you mean?

BLAKE

Look at us. In the last three nights we've danced at a disco, total mindless disco music, danced the Cotton-eyed Joe in kicker attire, and here we are, punks-for-a-night. It sort of begs the question about who we really are.

*

FINNEGAN

I'll tell you exactly who we really are - a bunch of guys doing whatever it takes to get laid.

BLAKE

Seems a little phony.

*

FINNEGAN

Nah. It's adaptive. Think of it this way. There are many animals, like salmon and spiders, that are ready to die in the process of mating. All we are doing is switching around our wardrobe a little here and there. It's no big deal. Don't think so much - it'll fuck you up.

BLAKE

You're one to talk.

FINNEGAN

But I don't think that much - I just talk a lot.

Now barely moving, the lead singer is crooning the theme song to Gilligan's Island, believe it or not.

SINGER

"...The Skipper too, the Millionaire, and his Wife, the Professor and, Mary Ann, here on-

Suddenly guitars and drums kick in viciously and the song turns. The lead singer whirls around and has on a Reagan mask and an "elect me" sign around his neck. He's belting out almost indecipherable lyrics but with such snarling contempt and force the entire front half of the audience is suddenly caught up in a literal swirl of energy, the entire mass jumping and bumping into each other as they move like a wave around the floor in a large circle. Justin is right in the middle of it.

PLUMMER
Diving in!

He joins the pit with a vengeance. It's like jumping in a pool for the other guys - a little hesitant at first, then they enter the fray and are soon riding the wave around the floor, crashing into people all around them - an elbow here, a body slam there. The singer is now goose stepping around the stage sending forth "seig heils" to the audience. Someone comes down on Plummer a little too hard and he makes the mistake of taking it personal. He tackles the guy and is quickly grabbed by several others and is literally tossed into a wall. The show goes on like nothing's happened.

33 INT. AMITYVILLE -- NIGHT 33

A big party is underway at the house. The guys who were at the punk club, Finn, Plummer, and Dale are now here, with a few of their new punk friends, including Justin, in tow. Roper and Nesbit stir up a batch of "coondog punch" as others pair off, or talk in groups.

34 INT. BLAKE'S ROOM -- NIGHT 34

In his room, Blake is writing a lengthy note. He picks up a poetry anthology and starts to copy some of it.

35 INT. AMITYVILLE -- NIGHT 35

Blake sneaks out practically unnoticed.

36 EXT. GROCERY STORE -- NIGHT 36

Blake is walking out of a store with a big flower and a roll of scotch tape. He gets in his car and pulls away.

37 EXT. BEVERLY'S DORM -- NIGHT 37

Blake slowly approaches room 307. Making sure the coast is clear, he quickly and rather nonchalantly tapes the flower to her door and wedges the note behind it. As he walks away we see the note is addressed to "the dark-haired girl in 307".

38

INT. AMITYVILLE -- NIGHT

38

Blake is back at the party, which is raging. Plummer has strung the plastic hose from the box of wine down his pants and out his fly, leaving just enough slack to manipulate the spigot end.

FINNEGAN

Niles is without scruple in the furtherance of his ambitions.

BLAKE

What are you talking about?

FINNEGAN

He's a complete fraud!

DALE

You know how he's always going around saying how every school offered him a scholarship and how touted he was, leaving out the stack of envelopes with the various schools' logos in the return address areas? Well, Coma actually saw all the letters.

*

BLAKE

Was he snooping through his stuff?

FINNEGAN

Obviously. Anyway, all the letters had a similar tone: 'Thank you for your interest in our program, you do indeed have some very impressive statistics, but we don't have a scholarship to offer you right now,' etcetera, etcetera...

BLAKE

Are you shittin' me? Why would he have even brought those letters with him to college?

FINNEGAN

I don't know, but it was a clear tactical blunder on his part. It's like he's living in this bubble of ego and delusion.

BLAKE

Well, you could probably say that about all of us.

Finnegan laughs in agreement. Soon it's back to the party.

39ptA/ptB INT. AMITYVILLE -- MORNING

39ptA/ptB

The next morning, Blake is awakened by a knock on his door, followed by Roper standing there with a phone in one hand, a receiver in the other. *

ROPER *

Hey Blake, there's some young thing
on the phone for you... says she
wants to squat on your boner. *

Maybe he didn't say this softly enough. Blake is irritated.

BLAKE

C'mon, man. Gimme that shit. BYE.

Plummer walks out, amused with himself.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Hello?

Split-screen phone conversation.

BEVERLY

What did that guy just say?

BLAKE

Oh, I don't know, something stupid
about being a loner. Anyway...
hello? *

BEVERLY

Is this the guy that left the
flower on my door? Blake - the
quiet guy in the back seat?

BLAKE

Yeah. Hi.

BEVERLY

It's the quote unquote dark-haired
girl in 307.

BLAKE

Just so as not to be confused with
the blonde young woman who may or
may not be your roommate. Wow. Glad
you called... that was quick.

BEVERLY

It was the least I could do, after you went to all that trouble. How'd you know what room I was in?

BLAKE

I'm an investigative journalism major.

(sinister accent)

I'vv hev vevvy speshal veys...

BEVERLY

So I guess you'd know my name, also.

BLAKE

Yes... as soon as you tell me.

BEVERLY

Well Blake, first off, I don't think investigative journalism is an official major, and my name is Beverly.

BLAKE

Hello Beverly.

BEVERLY

What do you actually study?

BLAKE

The ol' what's your major question? Is that what you're really asking me?

BEVERLY

I took special care not to say that word, but yeah, I know, it's kinda dumb, but it's a natural question around here. I thought you might be studying poetry, you know with that charming Rod McKuen bit you quoted in your note.

BLAKE

I'm pretty sure that would be Whitman.

BEVERLY

Just seeing if you could tell the difference. Isn't college where you're supposed to quit writing other people's verses in your letters and start writing your own?

BLAKE

It is, and I knew my official window was closing because classes start tomorrow, so I'm not technically in college yet... thus you are the honored recipient of my last unoriginal offering.

BEVERLY

Good.

BLAKE

Hey - it wasn't an Air Supply lyric - it's Walt fuckin' Whitman.

BEVERLY

Okay, I'm honored.

BLAKE

So what do you, mmm, concentrate on here?

*
*

BEVERLY

Oh, theater and dance, performing arts.

BLAKE

Really? That's so cool. Wow.

BEVERLY

What about you? You never answered me.

BLAKE

Oh... I'm on the baseball team.

BEVERLY

Really? No.
(a beat)
You don't seem like it.

BLAKE

Seem like what?

BEVERLY

You know, aren't most athletes, kinda...

BLAKE

Kinda dumb?

Beverly laughs.

BEVERLY

No, not dumb - just kind of single-minded and... okay, dumb.

BLAKE

We're not all Neanderthals.

BEVERLY

Oh that's right - I hear there are some Whitman-quoting neo-Neanderthals on the team, apparently.

BLAKE

Actually, there's probably the same ratio of intelligence on my baseball team as there is in the general population.

BEVERLY

Which isn't very much.

BLAKE

Exactly.

BEVERLY

So those guys in the car a couple days ago... they're baseball players too?

*

BLAKE

Yeah, roommates, teammates, the whole deal. We all live together in these two big houses just off campus. It's pretty cool, actually.

BEVERLY

Blake?

BLAKE

Yeah?

BEVERLY

I kind of hate talking on the phone for extended periods - it's so high school.

BLAKE

I know...

BEVERLY

Tell you what, if you want to continue this conversation, you know where I live. You could come over.

BLAKE

Okay.

BEVERLY

I'm around the next couple of hours, and then I'm out for the rest of the day and most of the evening.

BLAKE

So, does that mean I should come over now?

BEVERLY

If you want.

BLAKE

Okay, cool. I'll head over pretty soon.

BEVERLY

See you later.

He hangs up and just stares, excited.

40

INT. AMITYVILLE -- AFTERNOON

40

Blake is dressed and heading out, but is being trailed by Finnegan, in the unsolicited advisor role.

BLAKE

No, she's cool. She's smart - not one of these airhead groupies that we got runnin' around here.

FINNEGAN

So then just don't come off like a dumb jock. Don't give her anything she can use against you - she's listening to everything you say, her antenna's out - looking for signs of dipshitification.

BLAKE

You trying to make me nervous?

FINNEGAN

Like coach says, pressure is a choice. Don't be nervous. Anyway, it's more about her than you - cool, smart young women are confused these days. The last decade of women's lib and feminism puts them in a weird spot. They're confused, they're conflicted, they don't know who to fuck.

BLAKE

So what are you suggesting, specifically?

FINNEGAN

I've simplified it down to this: let the SMART girl know, in your own way of course, how fuckin' sexy she is. And let the HOT girl know that, unlike everyone else droolin' all over her, what makes her so damn sexy to you is her brain, or her sense of humor, something like that. So which is this chick more of?

*

BLAKE

Well, she's both. I think she's smart and really sexy. You saw her.

FINNEGAN

Then you'll just have to be on your toes, ready to emphasize either at any given moment depending on where she's feeling vulnerable.

BLAKE

You know, Finn, this little talk will either help me a lot, or completely fuck me up. I sense it's a fine line with you.

FINNEGAN

What?

BLAKE

This razor's edge between wisdom and complete bullshit.

FINNEGAN

I assure you it's the former.

BLAKE

You would of course - but my point is... that's little assurance.

FINNEGAN

Ungrateful kid - why would I lead you wrong?

BLAKE

You got me thinking so much, it's going to be hard to be myself.

FINNEGAN

You got to approach it just like getting out on the mound or getting up to bat. Put everything else out of your mind, and let your natural ability take over.

41 INT. BEVERLY'S DORM -- EVENING

41

Blake is standing outside Beverly's dorm room about to knock.

BLAKE (V.O.)

Okay, focus... just be yourself. Witty, passionate, nothing too macho, but not a total puss either. Don't try too hard - let her come to you.

He knocks on the door and Beverly answers.

BLAKE

Hey.

BEVERLY

Hi... Blake.

They stand there awkwardly for a beat.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

You want to come in?

BLAKE

Sure.

He enters and the door shuts behind him.

42 INT. BEVERLY'S DORM -- DAY

42

With Patti Smith's "Because the Night" playing on her stereo, Beverly speaks passionately.

Her walls are covered with art, photos of performers (a Cabaret movie poster), dancers, Joni Mitchell, Patti Smith, and Deborah Harry.

BEVERLY

...Rock and Roll isn't about being glamorous or hip, it's a force - a revolutionary, political, sexual, poetic force.

BLAKE

Yeah...

BEVERLY

You're not one of those guys who think Jim Morrison is still alive, are you?

BLAKE

Uh... no.

BEVERLY

Good.

BLAKE

Why?

BEVERLY

I've found it a good litmus test for guys. Anyone who is too obsessed with him, watch out. It's unhealthy, stay away.

BLAKE

Any other litmus tests? Disco sucks, but I'll dance to it like everybody else. Who are you going to vote for?

*
*

BEVERLY

Carter of course. Don't tell me you're going to vote for Reagan.

BLAKE

No, but maybe Anderson. I like the idea of 3rd parties - we need more choices, alternatives.

BEVERLY

I agree, but now's not the time to throw your vote away.

BLAKE

Things are so bad though - do you think there's much difference between the major candidates?

BEVERLY

Yes... You watch - if Reagan wins, it'll only get worse. Were you a good baseball player in high school?

*

BLAKE

Yeah... I mean, every guy on this team was a superstar at the high school level. That's the big adjustment to make - you're not only not the best guy on the team, you're barely good enough to even be on the team. Did you play any sports in high school?

BEVERLY

No, my high school didn't even have any sports, but it's the same in the performing arts - everyone here was the best in their high school, and we're all going to be fighting it out to get cast in the productions here. There's a lot of talent around.

*

BLAKE

Yeah - where'd you go to high school?

BEVERLY

To the High School for the Performing Arts.

BLAKE

Like the one in Fame?

BEVERLY

Kind of like that.

BLAKE

Wow, so you're really serious.

BEVERLY

You have to be, you have to dedicate your life to it if you're going to get anywhere.

Blue (mm/dd/yyyy)

62A.

BLAKE
How'd you end up here?

BEVERLY

They have a really good program, for around here anyway, and they gave me a scholarship that was a lot of help. I'm going to move to New York the second I graduate, though.

BLAKE

Really?

BEVERLY

Hell yes - I can't wait to get out of here.

43

EXT. TOWN SIDEWALK -- AFTERNOON

43

They're walking, eating ice cream cones, in mid-conversation.

BLAKE

No way - you were in a sorority?

BEVERLY

Uhhh, technically no, but I went to summer school this last summer, and a friend of mine from high school who was a year older than me had practically talked me into joining, believe it or not. It was a place to live for the summer.

BLAKE

I don't believe it.

BEVERLY

I never pledged - but I got a taste of it. I spent first session in a room there... God, what a sinking ghost ship of misery that was - some of these girls, you wouldn't believe. It was all about what guys they were dating, or trying to date, and what club we were going to that night. And everybody drank everyday. Sometimes they would start in the afternoons and never stop.

BLAKE

Sounds like where I'm living. What are you doing this afternoon?

BEVERLY

I'm helping decorate for a party tonight. It's the annual first day of school party at Oz.

BLAKE

Oz?

BEVERLY

It's this big old house out in the woods where a lot of drama majors live. It's a first weekend tradition, apparently. They've recruited us freshmen to help out... probably to do the shit-work. What about you? You could probably come to the party if you wanted.

BLAKE

Yeah, sounds cool... maybe later. We have our first practice this afternoon, but yeah, sounds great.

BEVERLY

Is it baseball season now? When do you guys start playing games?

BLAKE

The official season doesn't start until the spring, but there's a big fall training schedule. You kinda win your starting positions in the fall, so it's competitive. We're even playing a little inter-squad game this afternoon.

BEVERLY

Have fun. It's hot out there.

BLAKE

No shit.

Pre-practice locker room - guys floating in, getting dressed, etc. With a few guys watching, Nesbit is on the floor, eyes closed, grimace, looking like he's struggling to do a sit-up, but unable to, like his body is semi-frozen. The reason appears to be that Roper has his index finger on Nesbit's chest.

NESBIT

Yeah, I can't move.

Blake is curious.

BLAKE

What is it?

FINNEGAN

It's this physiological phenomena where if you close your eyes, and someone puts a finger just below your chest bone, in your solar-plexus, it semi-paralyzes the upper torso... you can't sit up.

Blake thinks about this, and sees Nesbit still struggling. It doesn't make any sense.

BLAKE

That's ridiculous.

FINNEGAN

It's true... Try it yourself, you'll see.

Blake lies down on the ground and gets in position.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Okay, shut your eyes...

Blake does, as Finnegan puts his index finger to Blake's chest. Brumley is suddenly nearby in only his jockstrap.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Now, very slowly....

Brumley quietly positions himself with his butt in Blake's face.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Try to sit up.

Blake bursts into a sit-up, no problem, his nose going right into Brumley's butt-crack... problem. Everyone howls at the perfectly played ruse. Nesbit seems the most proud, exchanging high-fives, laughing. *

NESBIT

That's what I'm talking about! I get the best supporting actor award! It all comes down to how well I sell it.

He imitates his fake struggle, then laughs again. Blake is embarrassed, but trying to recover.

BLAKE

Well, at least it was before practice. Had it been after practice...

(to Brumley)

who knows what sweaty and encrusted items I might have encountered up your ass-crack. And let me add just a little pinch of "fuck you" - you're a freshman too - you're not supposed to be hazing me.

BRUMLEY

Sorry man, they just got me five minutes ago.

BLAKE

(to Finnegan)

And you, with all your physiological phenomena crap.

FINNEGAN

Hey, we all take our turns being chumps around here. Just accept your chumpified role for a moment, wear it well, and pass it on - it's all you can do.

Dale comes in quickly.

*

DALE

Beuter's almost here!

*

*

The guys snap to, with Blake now assuming the role of the guy in the ground who can't sit up. Beuter comes walking in.

ROPER

Beuter! I knew you'd be back!

AUTREY

It's Billy... or Autrey, okay?

*

ROPER

I just won five bucks off you Beuter Autrey.

PLUMMER

You picked out a name yet, pops?

AUTREY

Nah, she got her period.

They all laugh/react as Autrey notices Blake laying there severely paralyzed by Dale's finger lightly on his chest.

AUTREY (CONT'D)
 (to Finn)
 What's wrong with him?

FINNEGAN
 He can't sit up. It's this physical phenomenon where you can't move if the finger is placed...

AUTREY
 Huh.

A very uninterested and incurious Autrey just walks over to his locker, takes off his hat, and starts to suit up for practice. A fizzle... they slowly get up and get back to getting ready.

45

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD -- DAY

45

Warm-ups. McReynolds and Roper are out front leading the stretching drills, but with no coaches around, everyone is talking about other things.

FINNEGAN
 So how'd it go with Beverly?

PLUMMER
 Yeah, you root?

WILLOUGHBY
 So what's the word?

BLAKE
 She's cool. It went about as well as it could have. I'm probably meeting up with her at a party later tonight.

FINNEGAN
 Where?

BLAKE
 At someone's house out of town. It's for the performing arts majors.

PLUMMER
 We're going.

BLAKE

I don't know man, it's their deal.
I'm not sure she likes the idea I'm
a baseball player though. Doesn't
seem to mean anything to her.

*

FINNEGAN

What?!

BLAKE

It's almost like it's working
against me.

WILLOUGHBY

Maybe she's just playing it cool.
Keep cultivating it - your patience
will be rewarded. Most college guys
don't have any discipline - if a
girl's not givin' it up by the
second or third date, they're outta
there. You gotta ask yourself -
where you gonna be a month from
now? Six months? A year? That's why
you always gotta be cultivating on
a lot of fronts - you never know
when something's gonna bloom.

A row over, Dale is holding court on his last night's
exploits.

DALE

...So me and her were in the back
room gettin' it, but I'm so drunk,
I'm about to pass out. I already
threw up once, and I'm just tryin'
to stay awake. I can feel my eyes
rolling to the back of my head. I'm
barely moving, and she says "what's
wrong with you, you're fucking like
a retarded person."

Everybody breaks up laughing.

NESBIT

Isn't that how you always fuck?

Laughter continues.

FINNEGAN

So Nesbit, tell me the funny part
of that story.

NESBIT

What? That's he's fucking like a retarded person?

FINNEGAN

Is that what you're laughing at?

NESBIT

Yeah.

FINNEGAN

What's funny about the story, is that by saying that, she's admitting to KNOWING what a retarded person fucks like, i.e. she herself has fucked a retarded person.

Nesbit thinks about it for a second, then laughs, as do several others, including Dale.

DALE

I hadn't thought of that, either.

FINNEGAN

Yeah, well there's a whole world unfolding out there on another level that most of you fucks are missing out on.

NESBIT

Wouldn't mind missing out on more of your mouth.

WILLOUGHBY

Who's gonna be the first poor fuck to take batting practice off Jay Niles and his 95 mile an hour fast ball?

They all groan.

46

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD -- DAY

46

On the field a full-blown practice is taking place: outfielders chasing down fly balls, guys taking infield, batting practice, etc. A little later Coach Gordon comes walking up near the dugout, scanning the players on the field.

*
*
*

COACH GORDON

Willoughby! Get over here.

Everyone looks around, and Willoughby starts jogging in from the outfield. Meanwhile Jay Niles has taking the mound, throwing against Plummer.

But instead of throwing the usual batting practice type pitches - hitting spots but basically grooving it for the hitters - Niles throws like it's in a game - uber-competitive and bearing down. Willoughby gets to the dugout and starts to walk up into the stands to meet Coach Gordon.

COACH GORDON (CONT'D)
Get all your stuff.

That has an ominous tone to it, but he just throws his stuff in his duffel bag and heads up. Meanwhile, at the plate, Plummer struggles with Niles' overbearing approach to batting practice, fouling off a few here and there. *

At a distance, we can see Coach Gordon speaking rather matter-of-factly to Willoughby, then Willoughby slowly walking off. It's a while before he gives a slight little glance back as he disappears. *

A46 Back on the field, McReynolds is now up to bat, ready to take his cuts. Niles continues to bear down, and McReynolds misses the first pitch, foul tips the second, then steps out in irritation. A46

MCREYNOLDS
Hey, Chicago... it's batting practice! The scrimmage game is later.

JAY NILES
I'm not afraid to get this over with right now.

MCREYNOLDS
Get WHAT over?

JAY NILES
Hey, I'm a pro prospect too. I'm gonna challenge you, and everybody else on this team, from day one.

As everyone registers this awkward confrontation, McReynolds just settles in, adjusts his helmet, goes through his routine.. a little more focused and dialed in, now he's ready.

MCREYNOLDS
Okay, meat, go ahead and try to make the starting rotation on your first batting practice session.

Niles rears back and tries to get a fast ball by him. McReynolds sends a screamer past his ear up the middle.

Next pitch, a curve ball outside, he hits it in the right field alley. Another fast ball inside, McReynolds turns on it, gets the barrel on it, and it's over the scoreboard in left center field.

McReynolds takes off his gloves as he leaves the cage.

MCREYNOLDS (CONT'D)

That's the best you got? Not one of those came close to 90 miles per hour. Who you foolin?

B46 Later, the guys are playing under game conditions - full-on competition except no umpires. The atmosphere is at once relaxed and competitive. Blake, Finnegan and a few others sit on the bench while their side is up to bat. Coma, heading off to the on-deck circle, is suddenly anxious. B46 *

COMA

Where's my helmet?

VARIOUS PLAYERS

I don't know... Wherever you put it.

COMA

Shit!

SOMEBODY

Use another.

COMA

It's the one with three scratches on the bill - it's my good-luck helmet.

Somebody grounds out, meaning Coma is next up to bat. Frustrated, he gives up looking for the helmet and just grabs one and puts it on. *

COMA (CONT'D)

(to scorekeeper)

Might as well put down a strikeout in the books.

FINNEGAN

Why is it the .230 hitter is always the most superstitious? News flash, it's not working, get some new superstitions.

ROPER

You got superstitions.

FINNEGAN

No, I have routines. Superstitions are a hold-over from primitive humans finding simple reasons for things we don't understand. Verifiably a complete waste of mental capacity in this day and age.

Coma... strike one, looking.

BLAKE

But what if the lucky helmet made him feel more confident and then he did better?

Coma... fooled completely, a big whiff... strike two.

FINNEGAN

That's something else then, closer to routine maybe, it's just not to be mistaken for the cause. I'm just saying, in a deterministic event, such as hitting a baseball, there actually IS a strict relation between cause and effect. Superstition is bringing a probabilistic framework and projecting meaning onto a completely random sequence.

Coma lines a single up the middle.

VARIOUS PLAYERS

Alright, Coma. Good hit, etc.

FINNEGAN

See, we can deduce from that, the lucky helmet was probably not the factor in Coma's ability to get a hit, because he was just able to do so without it.

BLAKE

The question now will be if this new, random helmet, now becomes Coma's lucky helmet.

ROPER

Hey Coma, Pete Ward saw your hit!

OTHERS

Pete Ward's here?

BLAKE

Who's Pete Ward?

ROPER

Legendary super-scout for the
Reds... master of disguise.

DALE

He never wants the players,
coaches, or especially the other
scouts to know he's watching, so
he'll disguise himself somehow.

ROPER

You spotted him?

They're still all looking around for him.

ROPER (CONT'D)

C'mon guys... nobody?

They're all still looking around.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Out there past the right field
fence, painting that house!

Sure enough, a guy is on a ladder painting the trim of the
roof of the house beyond the right field fence.

*
*

FINNEGAN

What a genius... that guy's
amazing!

(to Autrey and Plummer)

How's that for an incentive? We're
having our first scrimmage game,
not even an official practice, and
we've already got scouts here
checkin' us out. Welcome to the big
time, boys.

PLUMMER

Fuckin' A.

AUTREY

That's what I'm talking about.

COACH GRADY
 (from field)
 Barrett! Get loose, you're going
 in.

Blake and Plummer grab their gloves and begin to run down to the bullpen. Plummer does a mumbly Bill Murray from "Caddyshack."

PLUMMER
 Alright, Blake... making his
 debut... Cinderella kid, outta
 nowhere...

C46 Soon Blake is warming up, throwing to Plummer.

C46

PLUMMER (CONT'D)
 If you can do it here, you can do
 it out there.

The inning ends out on the field with a fly out. Blake pops one more into Brumley's catcher's mitt before jogging out to the mound. As he runs out, he looks around and generally takes stock of the situation.

BLAKE (V.O.)
 This is where it all starts.
 Focus...

D46 Soon Blake is throwing to Nesbit. First pitch is high, but
 Nesbit swings anyway. Strike one.

D46

BLAKE (V.O.)
 He's now looking for a breaking
 ball away. Screw that. Fastball
 down and in.

He hits his location but Nesbit fouls it off. There's a little buzz from the dugouts... can Blake strike him out?

BLAKE (V.O.)
 Okay, you think I'm going to waste
 one, well check this out.

He pops a fastball on the outside corner for a called strike three. Nesbit bitches at the catcher and slowly walks back to the bench amid much derision. McReynolds proceeds to the batter's box next. As the undisputed superstar of the team, McReynolds refuses to engage competitively with the situation and treats it all like the unimportant fall scrimmage that it is... for him anyway. Of course, his "who gives a fuck" attitude both attempts to gain competitive advantage over Blake and provide a cushion if he happens to fail.

MCREYNOLDS

Okay freshman ping-pong champ,
let's see whatcha got...

Blake dials in and pops a fastball low and away that
McReynolds takes. Catcher calls it.

CATCHER

Strike one.

MCREYNOLDS

Strike one.

McReynolds holds up one finger, imitating William Bendix as Babe Ruth. To complete the routine, he jokingly points to the center field fence, "calling the shot." Everybody around laughs at McReynolds's antics (he is actually funny). Blake winds up and lets the next pitch go, low and outside, again. McReynolds goes with it and rips it to opposite field... off the bottom of the right center field fence as a matter of fact. McReynolds is soon grinning at him from second base.

MCREYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Welcome to college ball, freshman.

Later, with practice over, the guys are starting to pack up
their stuff. *

*

COACH GRADY

Okay, good first practice. Coach
Gordon and I will see you in the
weight room at one o'clock
tomorrow.

He walks off and some of the freshman start to get ready to
leave also.

ROPER

Not so fast, guys. We have a little
tradition here of welcoming in the
freshmen players...

Several of the older guys are now jockeying for position near
the freshmen of their choice.

ROPER (CONT'D)

It's called freshmen batting
practice.

Suddenly each freshman is grabbed by at least two of his
teammates and marched toward the outfield fence. Roper opens
a gym bag and produces many rolls of duct tape, making sure
everybody has a roll or two for each freshman. Blake is being
escorted by McReynolds and Roper. *

*

MCREYNOLDS

Oh yeah, I've been looking forward
to this!

*
*

E46 Soon they are putting the final touches on actually duct- E46
taping each freshman (Plummer, Autrey, Blake and Brumley) to
the outfield wall. They're magically suspended off the
ground, fixed to the fence, unable to move anything but their
heads, and just barely. The rest of the team is standing just
beyond the infield, taking turns tossing up baseballs to
themselves and swatting them toward the center field fence,
just hoping to peg a freshman. Many come scarily close as the
freshmen squeal in horror and dread.

*
*
*
*

ROPER

(at bat)

I'm coming for you second team all
state!

He barely missing Blake's head.

*

BLAKE

Shit!

Pure sadistic fun.

47 INT. BEARKAT HUT -- EVENING 47

The guys stand in a little buffet line at a small student
cafeteria called the Bearkat Hut.

AUTREY

They said a guy actually got hit a
few years ago - knocked his eye
clean outta its socket.

BLAKE

I'm just feeling that post-
initiation ritual elation of having
survived.

GRANDMA serves them from behind the counter.

DALE

I'll have the beef tips and gravy,
and green beans.

Grandma sees Finnegan.

GRANDMA

You're back again? I thought you
graduated.

FINNEGAN

No, it just seems like I've been here forever. This is my last year, I promise. You still got Harold with you?

GRANDMA

Oh yeah, he's back there somewhere.

FINNEGAN

I'll try the fish, and a salad.

A47 Soon they are all eating at a big table, in mid-conversation. A47

AUTREY

Man, this isn't what I was expecting at all.

PLUMMER

What were you expecting, Beuter?

AUTREY

It's just kind of confusing.

BLAKE

What's confusing Perkins?

FINNEGAN

Besides your ever-changing name.

AUTREY

A buddy of mine said last year one of his professors said that there's no historical proof that Jesus ever existed.

PLUMMER

Who gives a shit what some egghead professor says?

FINNEGAN

Even though he's probably correct.

AUTREY

It just feels like there is too much temptation around here. Too much sin.

ROPER

Thank God for that. It's college - what'd you expect?

FINNEGAN

I'll tell you what it is. That girlfriend's got you so damn pussy-whipped, from 150 miles away even, that you can't even think straight.

ROPER

Beuter, are you preparing to fold like a lawn chair?

AUTREY

What?

DALE

I'm going to give you, and all you freshmen a little advice on getting your shit together. You're at a new level - you're pissin' in the tall grass with the big dogs now. Hell, you got 21, 22 year-old guys here who, at this stage, see you as someone trying to take their position. You haven't earned teammate status yet. Until you do, you're nobody, and not only do they not give a fuck about you - they'd love to see you fail. You're on your own and it's competitive, so you got to mentally toughen up.

Suddenly Plummer walks over to the table all excited.

PLUMMER

Did you guys hear?

EVERYBODY

What?

PLUMMER

Willoughby's gone! Busted!

DALE

Weed?

PLUMMER

No. He's 30!

EVERYBODY

What?! No sir.

PLUMMER

Yes sir. Willoughby isn't even his real name. He was here under a fake identity.

(MORE)

PLUMMER (CONT'D)

The registrar's office discovered it when they were checking up on some transferred hours that looked fishy. They'd been investigating it and just told coach this afternoon.

*

BLAKE

No way.

PLUMMER

They think he's probably been doing this at other schools over the years - enrolling in new colleges.

*

BLAKE

Is he still here?

*

*

PLUMMER

No - I went back to the house to check, and him and all his stuff was gone.

*

*

*

*

They're all a little stunned. McReynolds has overheard all this and comes by the table.

MCREYNOLDS

Hey, with Willoughby out, I've now got a room to myself. You've got a new roommate.

*

*

*

Indicates Plummer.

48

EXT: BEARKAT HUT -- AFTERNOON

48

Later, the guys are walking away from the Bearkat Hut.

PLUMMER

You know what sucks the most, though - that guy had the best pot, and that bong...

BLAKE

And the betamax - all those Twilight zones.

The others react - the loss is becoming clear.

DALE

The tip-off could have been he was the only guy on the team who drank coffee and knew how to play backgammon.

FINNEGAN

And I saw him reading the Wall
Street Journal the other day.

*

DALE

You think they're going to arrest
him?

*

*

FINNEGAN

Nah... I mean, who was he trying to hurt?

PLUMMER

What if the NCAA found out later, and our whole season was forfeited? That woulda sucked.

FINNEGAN

Yeah, but it seems like he was just a guy who probably wasn't quite good enough to play pro ball, but loved baseball and just wanted to keep playing...

DALE

And living the college life.

FINNEGAN

Maybe that too, but I don't think he was a bad guy. He just got caught.

BLAKE

I liked him. Seemed like a good pitcher, too.

DALE

Yeah... unhittable curveball.

As they pass by the kitchen back door, they encounter HAROLD, an older black man with a mischievous vibe. He's smoking a cigarette, sitting on a cinder block, clearly on his break.

DALE AND OTHERS

Hey Harold!

HAROLD

Looky here boys, how ya'll gonna be this year?

FINNEGAN

Good - we just had our first practice.

DALE

(to freshmen)

If you ever need any advice, or pointers, just ask Harold - he used to play in the minors.

FINNEGAN

Cardinals organization. Roomed with
Bob Gibson.

HAROLD

Damn right. 1957 back in Columbus,
Georgia.

FINNEGAN

Sure helped me get outta that slump
that time.

Blake and Dale have somewhat quizzical expressions as
everyone else laughs at the memory.

BLAKE

How'd he do that?

FINNEGAN

Might as well tell 'em now, Harold.
They both look like they were in
slumps out there today.

PLUMMER

Tell us what?

HAROLD

Aw' right - I tell ya what ya gotta
do t'get outta a slump - always
worked for me, back in the day when
I was a ballplaya'...

He pulls Blake and Dale closer to him.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Now, looky here... aw right, here's
what you boys need to do. You boys
need to go out on the town tonight
and getcha' some pussy see here,
and ya stick your dick in it, see,
cause stickin' your dick in some
pussy make ya feel good umm-ha. It
don't even need to be some fine,
young lookin' pussy, no sir. The
fatter and uglier the better, ya
see, that way you make sure you
bust outta that slump umm-ha.
Any pussy better than no pussy, see
here, wiggle it around in there a
little bit, you forget all about
that slump, ya see.

(MORE)

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Next thing ya know, ya at the ballpark next day, goin' tree-fo-fo or fo-fo-fi, or throwin' you a shutout. Slump busted - simple as that.

ROPER

That might work for Plum here, but Blake is a homosexual.

Everyone laughs.

BLAKE

Fuck you...

HAROLD

Looky here, whatevea' floats your boat boys. If you like men's, it ain't none of my bidness. Me personally, I likes the pussy, but I'm here to tell ya', you wanna bust outta that slump, find something to stick your dick in.

Grandma pokes her head out of the side door.

GRANDMA

Harold!

Harold slowly gets up and heads back inside, stubbing his cigarette out on the wall.

HAROLD

I know, I know woman. I'm comin'.
Just takin' a little break.
(to guys)
Aw right boys, do what I told you now.

PLUMMER

We will.

FINNEGAN

See you tomorrow, Harold.

The guys walk away, with Blake giving Roper a big shove for fucking with him.

ROPER

What?

BLAKE

And let me add, just a little pinch
of LICK MY BALLS for that back
there. Maybe a whole side order.
Maybe a full entree, fucker.

49

INT. AMITYVILLE -- NIGHT

49

The guys are hanging out, farting around. While Plummer and Blake shoot nerf baskets, the older guys are playing a strange but boisterous game of cards.

MCREYNOLDS

Full disclosure time, eh? I'm one
card away from a Saskatchewan
straight.

DALE

I'm one away from an Edmonton
flush.

Finnegan deals another round of cards to each player. They flip them over and rework their hands.

ROPER

Nothing... pass.

DALE

Pass.

ROPER

Pass.

FINNEGAN

All you guys pass? Sure?

DALE

Why? You don't have what I think
you have... do you?

Finnegan gets all dramatic with a little drum roll, eventually overturning his cards to show them.

FINNEGAN

Yes! In ALL your faces! A Winnipeg
Flip!

The others go crazy - they don't believe it.

MCREYNOLDS

No way!

ROPER
You bastard!

DALE
I can't believe that shit.

FINNEGAN
(smug)
Oh you better believe. Game over.

They raise glasses (some real, some imaginary) and sing a round of "Oh Canada."

ALL
(singing)
"Oh, Canada..."

As they sing, Plummer looks back over to Blake, miffed.

PLUMMER
What the fuck game are they playing?

BLAKE
They say it's called "Oh Canada," but I'm pretty sure they are just making it up as they go along. Like most things with these guys, it's total bullshit.

Plummer is impressed, but still questioning it.

PLUMMER
It's so elaborate. Why would they go to all that trouble?

BLAKE
Trouble? It's more like seeing how witty they can be. Like the whole Pete Ward thing.

PLUMMER
Pete Ward?

BLAKE
Yeah, the super scout for the Reds, master of disguise. That's all bullshit too.

Plummer is crestfallen.

PLUMMER
Really? I thought he was real.

Blake can't help it - he has to tell the others.

BLAKE

Hey guys! Dale thinks Pete Ward is real.

This gets everyone's attention.

DALE

He is.

ROPER

Yeah Blake, who are you to say he isn't?

BLAKE

Okay, he's real.

DALE

(to Blake)

You still not sayin' where that party is?

PLUMMER

What party?

DALE

There's a big party tonight, where Blake's hooking up with this hot dancer chick, but he doesn't want us to be there.

BLAKE

Hey, I'm not saying you can't come. Did I say that? No. I just implied you might be bored, that's all.

DALE

But all those dancer chicks have great asses.

BLAKE

It'll be a bunch of arty-farty theater majors you won't like, and more importantly, they won't like you. They're not impressed you play on some baseball team. In fact, quite the opposite.

FINNEGAN

But, the one thing we DO have going for us in that environment is quite obvious.

(MORE)

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

A high percentage of the males in that crowd don't dig the ladies if you know what I mean, so our odds exponentially increase if we show up.

*

PLUMMER

So what's the deal?

DALE

We're not invited, after we showed the freshman around all weekend, got him laid... And it's not even that we're NOT invited to it - he just doesn't want us there.

BLAKE

Did I EVER say that? No. I was just implying that this party might not be your cup of tea. Fine - you guys come with me.

FINNEGAN

No, no, no... we wouldn't want to embarrass you around all your arty friends.

BLAKE

No, no, no... one for all, all for one, never an autonomous moment. How silly of me to think otherwise.

50

EXT. OZ PARTY HOUSE -- NIGHT

50

A big old house, not unlike the baseball houses in size and style, but isolated on five or so acres and decorated 100% different: strange art and murals on the walls, weird lighting... and then there's the people. Hippies, bikers, strange clothes and hair, women smoking cigars... Blake and the guys approach.

FINNEGAN

Ain't no frat party.

*

*

At the entrance, they walk by the Led Zeppelin Wizard guy, who is standing on a platform and wearing a long flowing hooded robe and holds a staff in one hand and a lantern in the other.

DALE

It's the Led Zeppelin dude. What's happening man?

The Wizard gives a little "headwave" and silently welcomes them into the party. As they walk past, he sprinkles a little gold glitter on them.

51 INT. OZ PARTY HOUSE -- NIGHT

51

They enter the house and immediately see some people in costumes such as Dorothy and the Tin Man, a Pirate, and many more. The main action seems to be out back, so they sort of go with the flow through the house.

Plummer is snooping around looking for alcohol and opens the refrigerator. As he looks inside, a cat jumps out, scaring the crap out of him.

52 EXT. OZ PARTY HOUSE -- NIGHT

52

Most of the guys exit the house and start walking in the backyard. Beverly, dressed as Snow White, approaches. She hugs Blake and welcomes everyone to the party.

BEVERLY

Welcome to Oz, guys! This is my friend Debra, she lives here with some other people.

Debra is dressed as a dominatrix.

DEBRA

Hi, I'm Debra Kadabra.

BLAKE

Nice to meet you.

BEVERLY

(to Blake)

Can I borrow you for this thing we're doing a little later?

BLAKE

Uh, sure.

BEVERLY

Oh good - I still have to recruit one more guy.

*

Beverly and Debra go skipping off and the guys start to wander. Plummer realizes they are missing somebody.

*
*

PLUMMER
Hey, where's Finn?

53

INT. OZ PARTY HOUSE -- NIGHT

53

Dale, Blake and Plummer are back in the house, talking up a FEW YOUNG LADIES.

DALE
...He's not kidding - we could very well win a national championship.

PLUMMER
And Dale's being personally modest.
He's a pre-season all-American.

*

Blake sees Finnegan across the living room chatting up some cute, intense YOUNG LADY. He drifts from the ongoing baseball conversation to within earshot of Finnegan.

YOUNG LADY
Have you had your chart done?

FINNEGAN
Yeah, it's fascinating. I'm a Leo...

YOUNG LADY
Uh oh...

FINNEGAN
I know, a little full of myself,
but very loyal... and confident.

YOUNG LADY
Right.

FINNEGAN
My chart implied I would make a
good father...

BLAKE
You gotta be shittin' me!

They look up and see Blake and the guys. Finnegan's immediate vibe is "don't fuck this up/go along with it."

FINNEGAN

What?

BLAKE

Astrology?

DALE

I'm a Scorpio.

They've totally stomped Finnegan's rap.

54

EXT. OZ PARTY HOUSE -- NIGHT

54

They are all walking toward the barn, giving Finnegan endless shit.

BLAKE

(imitates Finnegan)

"Oh, that's fascinating, I'm a Leo
you know, very loyal and
confident..."

(to Finnegan))

Phony!

They're all laughing at Finnegan.

FINNEGAN

If I had a prohibition against
sleeping with all women who
believed in astrology, I'd still be
a virgin. I'm just being practical.

PLUMMER

My favorite was, "my chart says
I'll make a good father someday..."

The others howl with derision.

FINNEGAN

Fuck! Just because you guys got
nothing going... I'd stepped up, I
was meeting her on her level,
speaking her language. Instead of
making fun of me, you should be
taking notes. And you guys fucked
me up! Comin' around talking shit
like that. Immature jerk-offs.

(MORE)

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

And have you ever noticed that when you're around baseball, all you talk about is pussy, and when you're actually around a few potentially interesting women, all you talk about is baseball? It's a little fucked up.

55 EXT. BARN COURTYARD-- NIGHT

* 55

Blake, Finnegan, Dale and Plummer follow an enticing sign and blinking arrow... which indicates a narrow ladder that leads to the upper deck of the barn. What the hell - they all head up there.

A55 Once INSIDE, they are treated to a strange light show... something out of 60's psychedelia. At some point, a guy dressed up as the Joker passes them a joint.

A55

A little later, inside the large barn, people are gathered around a small, make-shift stage while Beverly/Snow White is on the dating game, asking the partitioned off DWARFS questions. Blake is one of the Dwarfs.

BEVERLY

Bachelor number three, where would we go on our first date?

A stoned DOPEY takes a big drag off a joint, strains holding it in for as long as possible, and finally exhales.

DOPEY

Man, what was the question?

BEVERLY

Must be Dopey. Bachelor number one?

SLEEPY is snoring.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Must be Sleepy. Okay, bachelor number two, if you had to describe yourself in one word, what would it be?

Blake/Bashful just shrugs his shoulders, as Snow White waits for his answer.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Are you there bachelor number two?

BLAKE
 (tentative)
 Ah, yeah, I guess it would be...
 shy.

BEVERLY
 Must be Bashful...

He is cheered wildly by his buddies who are watching from the back.

GUYS
 Thataboy Bashful! Way to go!
 Bashful rules! Etc.

Other people wonder what the hell they're cheering for...

56

EXT. WOODS/RIVERBANK -- NIGHT

56

Later, Blake and Beverly are walking alone farther and farther from the party, near a riverbank. The mood is upbeat and flirty.

BLAKE
 Okay, being completely honest. When you said you liked the quiet guy in the back seat best, was it just a line to piss off the other guys in the car, or was it true?

BEVERLY
 Why?

BLAKE
 I'm curious.

BEVERLY
 About what?

BLAKE
 To see if there was anything really there or if it's just some kind of romantic projection on my part. You know how that goes - we make up all this romantic crap in our heads.

BEVERLY
 Maybe a little bit of both.

Blake doesn't know whether to be disappointed or happy with her answer.

BLAKE

Really?!

BEVERLY

It's not as bad as it sounds. Look at it this way. Did I feel any kind of attraction to the quiet guy in the back seat? Yes. Would I have just walked over to him in a crowd completely on my own, unprovoked, and said that? No.

BLAKE

So I guess my obnoxious teammates actually helped me on this one.

BEVERLY

I think they did.

BLAKE

They're good for something, after all.

BEVERLY

I mean, I was definitely messing with them, but I meant what I said.

57

EXT. RIVER -- SUNRISE

57

As the sun comes up, Beverly and Blake are floating in a large inner tube/raft, literally going with the flow. In mid-conversation, they're laying on their backs, mostly looking up at the sky.

BEVERLY

...You really wrote about that for your application?

BLAKE

Yeah, but the premise to the entire essay was that the Gods intend for Sisyphus to suffer, and Sisyphus' rebellion, his fidelity to himself, is in his refusal to be worn down... like striving for perfection in anything, and this is where I bring in baseball and how it's primarily a game of failure, but the value is in the striving and resilience in the face of the full knowledge of the predicament. To somehow remain upbeat in the face of futility...

(MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I wrote a bit about how that not only opens our eyes to the absurd condition of life, but also to our freedom. That it's not only in the downhill steps that Sisyphus triumphs over his punishment. The struggle itself is enough to fill a person's heart. I want to go out to the mound and accept everything that comes to me. Getting guys out is not where I succeed, it's in being out there at all and throwing myself into it completely no matter what happens...

BEVERLY

Yeah - it's the same in the performing arts. Just putting yourself out there, in art, in life... participating.

Beverly is clearly moved by the conversation. She looks serious and lovingly at him, but speaks in a different accent.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

(acting)

'Some people go their entire lives and never feel that way about anything. You're not a loser Eddie... you're a winner.'

BLAKE

Eddie?

*

BEVERLY

Fast Eddie Felson. The Hustler?
Paul Newman?

*

*

BLAKE

Oh.

BEVERLY

You've never seen that Paul Newman movie The Hustler?

BLAKE

No.

BEVERLY

Oh it's great - he's a pool hustler
and there's this great scene where
he and Piper Laurie are alone
together and he talks about
shooting pool in almost spiritual
terms, the pool cue being a part of
his arm and all that.

*

BLAKE

Sounds cool.

BEVERLY

You'd like it. I saw it on TV not
that long ago.

(a beat)

It's kind of beautiful, isn't it?
All of us with our ambitions...
that we all want to follow our
passions in the world.

BLAKE

What else are you gonna do? I got a
passion I want to follow.

He leans over and kisses her... and it continues.

58 EXT. BEVERLY'S DORM -- MORNING

58

It's the next morning. Beverly and Blake are hurrying along
toward her dorm as other students all around them are off to
class. They scamper into her dorm room.

59 INT. BEVERLY'S DORM -- MORNING

59

Beverly is quickly changing clothes while Blake has his shirt
off and is washing up at her sink. He puts his same shirt
from the night before back on and combs his hair a little.
She walks over to him.

BEVERLY

You ready?

BLAKE

Yeah - all I need is... can I
borrow a pen and... do you have a
notebook or something?

BEVERLY

Sure.

60

EXT. CAMPUS -- MORNING

60

They are soon walking through campus. They seem happy and a bit giddy.

BEVERLY

What class do you have first up?

BLAKE

History. You?

*

BEVERLY

English.

Blake slows down in front of a particular building.

BLAKE

I think I'm here. Is your English class over in Jones?

BEVERLY

Yeah. Okay... well don't be late.

It's time to say goodbye. They're a little exhausted and a little exhilarated and not sure what to say at this point.

BLAKE

All right. Talk to you soon?

BEVERLY

Yeah.

He sort of offers up his open palm and she wraps her fingers in his and slowly pulls him toward her for a kiss.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Bye. Call me later.

BLAKE

I will. Bye.

A60

She hurries off as Blake walks up the steps to the building, where he's confronted by Dale and Finnegan, who've been watching from a distance. They applaud him as he approaches.

A60

DALE

My boy... killing it.

FINNEGAN

Noticed you never made it home last night. Hmmm. Are we to suppose...

DALE

Oh yeah we're supposin'.

*

BLAKE

It's cool guys. We had a nice time.
I like her.

DALE

Nice time. Hmmm.

*
*

FINNEGAN

See, that's the difference between
high school and college. In high
school, guys lie about gettin' it.
In college, they lie about NOT
gettin' it.

BLAKE

Yeah, yeah... don't you guys have
classes to be at?

DALE

Yeah, yeah...

They've wandered off, as Blake proceeds up the steps. But just before entering, he stops and looks back at Beverly, now walking away into the distance. As he watches her walk away, she suddenly spins around and looks back at him.

As she continues to move in the same direction by walking backwards, she waves at him, surprised he's still looking at her. He grins and waves back, then goes through the door.

61

INT. HISTORY CLASS -- MORNING

61

He's one of the last students to wander into class. Plummer motions to him that he has an empty seat next to him, near the back. Blake walks over.

PLUMMER

Sounds like you rocked it last
night.

BLAKE

How'd you do?

PLUMMER

Man, I ended up with that Debra
Kadabra chick... the one all
dressed in leather. She's a senior!
She's not really a dominatrix or
anything, that was her costume. She
thought I was cute. She's an
actress, and we had us some fun. I
got outta there about 4 in the
morning. I'm fucking wiped out.

*
*

Blake is lowering his head on his folded arms on his desk.

BLAKE

Me too, man. This is going to be a
long fuckin' day.

The Professor enters and starts talking a little. Blake sort of rolls his head up in recognition, but is really not paying much attention, and rolls it back.

PLUMMER

But a good year, I can tell.
Welcome to college muthafuckas...

The music incrementally cranks up as we do a slow push in on Blake as he eventually closes his eyes and breaks out in a slow-but-somewhat-permanent-feeling grin.