

"MAJOR LEAGUE"

Screenplay by

David S. Ward

SHOOTING DRAFT

FADE IN: TITLES APPEAR ON BLACK B.G.

is
River.
Cleveland,
landmarks.

TITLES END and we WIDEN to reveal that the black b.g.
actually the sludge-clogged surface of the Cuyahoga
We TILT UP from the river to reveal the city of
then follow with a series of shots of Cleveland

INT. THE INJUN DINER - DAY

BOLITO,
old
delivers

Three men in Cleveland Indian baseball caps sit at the
counter. BOBBY JAMES, 22-year-old grad student, VIC
30-year-old telephone worker, and JOHNNY WYNN, 45-year-
house painter. THELMA GORDON, 65-year-old waitress,
their breakfast.

THELMA

Spring training starts the twelfth.
How do you think the Indians will do
this year?

VIC

They don't look too good.

this
sorry fact.

The other two shake their heads in contemplation of

INT. MEN'S CLUB - DAY

club

A 45-year-old BUSINESS EXECUTIVE is talking to a fellow
member over lunch.

BUSINESS EXECUTIVE

They don't look particularly good,

do they?

EXT. CLEVELAND DOCKS - DAY

Two LONGSHOREMEN are talking while they unload a freighter.

LONGSHOREMEN

I'll tell ya. They don't look very fuckin' good.

EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY

Korean as Down on the field, two KOREAN GROUNDSKEEPERS speak they resod the outfield.

GROUNDSKEEPER

(in subtitles)

They're shitty.

the We TILT UP from the field to a glass-enclosed area on third deck.

INT. GLASS-ENCLOSED AREA - DAY

are It's the Cleveland Indians' conference room. Three men PHIL seated around the table; CHARLIE DONOVAN, the manager, operations BUTLER, public relations head, JERRY SIMMONS, director and LYLE MATTHEWS director of player personnel for Donovan taps his pencil impatiently, obviously waiting somebody.

DONOVAN

(checking his watch)

Thirty minutes late. Think she'll show?

MATTHEWS

She's got to. She's the damn owner now.

DONOVAN

She didn't last week. She was having a guava facial.

the
SECRETARY-
PHELPS, a
the
something
CHA-CHA

As Butler tries to figure out what a guava facial is, conference room doors swing open and a muscular MALE BODYGUARD enters, clearing the way for MRS. RACHEL flashy, striking woman in her early forties. Despite designer clothes she favors, there is the hint of less refined about her. She carries a Pekinese dog, on her left hip.

RACHEL

Good morning, gentlemen. Welcome to another season of Indians' baseball.

the

The men applaud, but their hearts are barely in it. The Secretary-Bodyguard pulls out a chair at the head of table and Rachel sits.

RACHEL

I know that it may not seem the same without Donald here this year, but I promise you by the end of the season this team will have made history.

Several eyes roll up around the room.

RACHEL

(picking up a newspaper)
Unfortunately there are some in the press who feel that...

(reading from the page)

"the ex-showgirl wife of Donald Phelps has no business being the owner of a major league baseball team."

Rachel crumbles the paper and throws it away.

RACHEL

Obviously, Donald didn't feel that way or he wouldn't have left the team to me. And I was more than showgirl. I was a dancer. Now, I know some of you have doubts about my ability to run this franchise. God help you if I ever find out about it.

This causes a few nervous glances in the room.

RACHEL

Spring training begins in two weeks.
(throwing a sheet of
paper on the table)
Here's the list of people we'll be
inviting to camp this year.

Donovan, Butler and Simmons pour over the list.

RACHEL

I could sit here and tell you what a
great year we're gonna have, but the
facts are we lost the two best players
we had to free agency. We haven't
won a pennant in 30 years. We haven't
even finished in the first division
for 15. Obviously it's time to make
some changes. What do ya think?

SIMMONS

I never heard of half these guys.
And the ones I do know are way past
their prime.

DONOVAN

Most of these guys never had a prime.

BUTLER

(pointing to the sheet)
This guy here is dead.

RACHEL

Cross him off then.

BUTLER

(under his breath)
Let's not be hasty.

RACHEL

It's time to shake things up, Charlie.
Clear the board and start over.

DONOVAN

Well, it's not the best material
I've ever had to work with, but I'll
do my best to see we move up a notch
this year.

RACHEL

I know you will, Charlie. That's why
I'm movin' you up to General Manager.
Congratulations.

feebly, Rachel sticks out her hand. Donovan shakes it somewhat
bewildered by this whole development.

RACHEL

Well, that should do it for today.
Thank you, gentlemen. Let's get to
work.

with dumbfounded. With that, Rachel gets up and breezes out of the room
her entourage, leaving Donovan and the others

MATTHEWS

(checking his watch)
One minute, 58 seconds.

INT. DONOVAN'S NEW OFFICE - DAY

arm, inside. The full desk Suddenly, Donovan, carrying a boxful of belongings under each
pushes open the door of his new office and walks
basic outfitting is masculine enough, but the room is
of feminine little accents; flowers in vases, porcelain
accessories etc. Donovan is slightly overwhelmed.
there's a voice at the door.

BODY-BUILDER ASSISTANT

Mr. Donovan, Mrs. Phelps would like
to see you.

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Donovan Donovan is ushered in by Rachel's Male Secretary.
carries his player roster with him.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY CONT

RACHEL

Come on in, Charlie. Have a seat.

DONOVAN

I'm glad you called me in. I'm still unclear on a couple things

RACHEL

Oh, really? Like what?

DONOVAN

Well, if I'm the G.M., who's gonna be the Manager?

RACHEL

I was thinking of Lou Brown.

DONOVAN

Lou Brown?

RACHEL

He's managed the Toledo Mud Hens of the International League for the last 30 years.

This is hardly an impressive credential to Donovan.

RACHEL

I think he'll fit right in with our team concept.

DONOVAN

What exactly is our team concept?

RACHEL

That's what I wanted to talk to you about. I want to put together a team that will help us relocate to Miami.

DONOVAN

What do you mean?
(referring to the roster)
Some of these guys are furniture movers?

RACHEL

I'm serious about this, Charlie. It's no secret I've never liked Cleveland much. The weather's lousy, downtown is a pit, the stadium's falling apart, and we can't draw

dick. Another couple of years of this and I'm gonna have to start feeding Cha-Cha dog food.

love Rachel bends down to give her dog, Cha-Cha, a little pat, while Donovan tries to contain his disgust.

DONOVAN

Mrs. Phelps, you can't just up and move a team on a whim...

RACHEL

It's hardly a whim. Miami's offered to build us a new stadium -- 62,000 capacity, 45 V.I.P. boxes, and no rent for the first million at the gate. Plus a 12 million dollar media guarantee; 45 percent of the concession gross, all of the parking and they pick up the stadium operations costs. No other franchise in baseball can match that deal.

DONOVAN

Even so, the League'll never let us leave Cleveland. We got a lease with the city.

RACHEL

The lease says we have the right to move if our attendance falls below 800,000 for the year.

(pushing across a copy of the lease)
Paragraph 40, line 17.

yellow. Donovan looks at it, the paragraph highlighted in

RACHEL

If we play bad enough, we should be able to come in under that.

DONOVAN

What are you saying? You want us to lose?

RACHEL

No, we've been losing. What I want us to do is finish dead last.

Donovan is stunned. He casts around helplessly for some response.

DONOVAN

Mister Phelps would never have approved of this.

RACHEL

He knew it had to be done. He just didn't have the courage to do it.

(with veiled menace)

Hopefully, you will come to see the wisdom of it.

(pause)

If this team lives up to its potential, we could have the worst record in all baseball.

On Donovan's sunken face, we go to:

EXT. SHABBY MEXICAN HOTEL - MORNING

a
On a stretch of deserted Mexican highway. OVER we hear telephone RING.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

hinges
around the
wrappers
male
The room is a total mess. The back door is off its and a few chickens have wandered in. As they peck debris, we PAN the room, taking in beer cans, food and finally a trail of hastily discarded clothes, both and female.

and
face.
late
telephone.
We reach the bed and find our hero, JAKE TAYLOR, 35, with a couple days growth of stubble, passed out on his Sprawled across him asleep is a MEXICAN WOMAN in her twenties. She's not great looking, but at least she's overweight. Taylor's hand fumbles to the RINGING

TAYLOR

Yeh.

Cleveland.
subsequent

It's Charlie Donovan calling from his office in
We CUT BACK AND FORTH between the two as we will in
phone scenes.

DONOVAN

Hello, Jake? This is Charlie Donovan,
new G.M. of the Cleveland Indians.

TAYLOR

(skeptical)
Yeh...

DONOVAN

I wanted to call and say the
organization remembers you fondly
from the years you played here and
we'd love to have you come to spring
training for a shot at this year's
club.

TAYLOR

Who is this?

DONOVAN

What?

TAYLOR

Is that you, Tolbert? This isn't
very funny, ya know. I'm hung over.
My knees are killin' me. If you were
gonna pull this shit, you could've
at least said you were from the
Yankees.

him.
Taylor struggles to get a look up at the girl on top of

TAYLOR

(still to Donovan)
By the way, you were with me last
night. Who's this girl on top of me?

Donovan is baffled by this whole line of conversation.

TAYLOR

Tolbert? Tolbert? Screw it.

phone.
Taylor hangs up, leaving Donovan staring into his
Taylor looks up to see TOLBERT standing in the doorway.

TAYLOR

Tolbert.

TOLBERT

Who the hell were you talkin' to?

On Taylor's reaction, we...

CUT TO:

INT. TOLEDO TIRE STORE - DAY

We PICK UP LOU BROWN, a portly man in his early fifties, making his way to his glass-partitioned office.

SECRETARY

Lines three and four are waiting for you, Mr. Brown. One guy about the TR-70's.

BROWN

(picking up the phone)
Tire World.

DONOVAN

Lou? This is Charlie Donovan, the new G.M. of the Cleveland Indians. Listen, Lou, I hope you're sittin' down 'cause I got an offer you probably been dreamin' about your whole life. We been watchin' your progress down there at Toledo with a lotta interest and well...

(a dramatic pause)

How would you like to manage the Indians this year?

For a moment there's silence on the line, then:

BROWN

I don't know...

DONOVAN

(incredulous)

What do ya mean you don't know? This is a chance to manage in the big leagues.

BROWN

Lemme think it over, will ya, Charlie.
I got a guy on the other line about
some whitewalls. I'll talk to ya
later.

desk. Brown clicks off. Donovan puts his head down on his

INT. CHARLIE DONOVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Donovan's on the phone to another player.

DONOVAN

Rick, we heard about your pitching
out at Portland last year...

RICKY VAUGHN

T-shirt. Good-looking, muscular, 19-year-old. Sleeveless black
Talking on a wall phone in a nondescript room.

VAUGHN

I'm, ah, not with them anymore...

off his Vaughn has been working, sweating slightly. He takes
cap to mop his brow -- revealing a RADICAL HAIRCUT with
PIGTAIL. He sports a RING in his left ear.

DONOVAN

We'd still like to take a look at ya
at our spring camp in Arizona, March
first.

LONG SHOT - VAUGHN

see In the b.g., Vaughn is on the phone. In the f.g., we
security bars. Vaughn's in a Youth Authority prison.

VAUGHN

Yeh, well, I'm not sure I can make
it by then.

DONOVAN

Don't worry, we're gettin' you out
on a sort of work furlough deal. Any
questions?

VAUGHN

Yeh. Where's Cleveland?

INT. DONOVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

impatient

On the speaker again to Lou Brown. Rachel watches,
for him to close the deal.

DONOVAN

Look, Lou, you been in baseball thirty
years. Don't you wanna advance some?

BROWN

(eating a sack lunch)
I used to coach the unwed mothers'
softball team. I have advanced some.

to Rachel rubs her fingers together, making the money sign
Donovan.

DONOVAN

Well, what are you really worried
about? The money?

BROWN

Naw, I'm just not sure I'd be happy
in a big organization like that.
Owners are always on your back, tryin'
to "help you out."

DONOVAN

I don't think that's gonna be a
problem.

BROWN

Down here baseball's a game, not a
business. I don't wanta be a
babysitter for a buncha millionaires
who think they know it all already.

DONOVAN

We don't have any millionaires.

BROWN

Well then, bonus babies or whatever
you got...

DONOVAN

Don't have any bonus babies either.

BROWN

Don't you have any proven major league

talent?

DONOVAN

(embarrassed)

Not that I know of.

BROWN

Well, then... I'll be up in a couple days.

DONOVAN

What?

BROWN

Sounds like my kinda team. Have my contracts ready.

Brown hangs up.

DONOVAN

(to the others)

Guess I really put the screws to him.

EXT. MEXICAN LEAGUE BALL PARK - DAY

high,
teams

This one's a dandy. The left field wall is a 20-foot solid granite outcropping. A final out is made and the change over.

TAYLOR

wondering

returning to the dugout at the end of the inning, what the hell he's doin' here.

MANAGER

Taylor, telephone for you.

Taylor goes to the phone in the clubhouse tunnel.

TAYLOR

Hello.

DONOVAN

Jake, Charlie Donovan again.

TAYLOR

Oh yeh, Charlie, look, I'm sorry about this morning...

DONOVAN

No problem. Look, Jake, camp starts on the first. Can you make it?

TAYLOR

Sure.

DONOVAN

You been stayin' in shape down there?

TAYLOR

Oh hell, yeh, I work out every day.

DONOVAN

I thought so. See ya in Arizona.

Donovan hangs up. Taylor shoots a fist in the air, and
we...

CUT TO:

TAYLOR

approaching his MANAGER.

MANAGER

Let's go, Taylor. You're up.

TAYLOR

Luis, I'm not gonna be playin' anymore. I got a tryout in the States.

MANAGER

Fine. Leave your uniform.

TAYLOR

But I changed at the motel.

MANAGER

Leave your uniform.

TAYLOR

coming out of the stadium, his bats and gloves over his
shoulder. He has on his spikes and a pair of boxer
shorts.

INT. BEAT-UP MEXICAN BUS - DAY

filled
and

Taylor sits in the back seat. He has six Coke bottles
with sand strapped to his ankles. He lifts his legs up
down to strengthen his muscles.

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

EXT. INDIANS' TRAINING CAMP PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

(pitching)
the

Donovan, Brown and two of his coaches, PEPPER LEACH
and DUKE TEMPLE (hitting) are on the field, witnessing
arrival of their "troops." First to arrive is:

TAYLOR

bats

He gets out of a taxi and goes to the trunk to get his
and luggage.

DONOVAN

This looks like Jake Taylor.

Brown turns around from a conversation with Temple.

BROWN

He was an Allstar in Boston, wasn't
he?

DONOVAN

Yeh.

PEPPER

Wish we had him two years ago.

DONOVAN

We did.

PEPPER

Four years ago then.

INT. PLAYER'S BARRACKS - DAY

lockers.

Like an Army barracks. Rows of bunk beds seperated by
Taylor walks in with Temple, the hitting instructor.

TAYLOR

What happened to the private rooms?

TEMPLE

We're on an austerity program. This is what happens when you finish 24 games out.

BROWN, PEPPER, TEMPLE AND DONOVAN

back at the field, supervising the arrival of more
players.

The first is a tall, muscular Latin, PEDRO CERRANO,
dressed in black from head to toe. He arrives on foot, carrying
a black suitcase and pulling a black bat case on wheels.
He looks like a gunfighter coming into Dodge.

BROWN

Who's that?

DONOVAN

I think it's Cerrano. Defected from Cuba. Wanted religious freedom.

BROWN

What's his religion?

DONOVAN

Voodoo.

BLACK AND TAN ROLLS-ROYCE

pulling into the parking lot. Out steps RODGER DORN,
high-priced third baseman. Brown eyes him with vague
disapproval.

BROWN

Thought you didn't have any high-priced talent.

DONOVAN

(sheepish)

I forgot about Dorn, 'cause he's only high-priced. Got him as a free agent three years ago.

BROWN

Still hits the ball pretty well,

doesn't he?

DONOVAN

Yeh, he just can't field it.

Dorn pulls his golf clubs out of the car.

BROWN

We'll shape him up.

WILLIE HAYES

which
shades

a 22-year-old black, pulling up in a '72 VW Beetle
he's got a Cadillac grille on. He steps out in his
and sharkskin suit.

DONOVAN

Don't recognize this guy.

Hayes strolls up and introduces himself.

HAYES

Say hey, Willie Mays Hayes here. I
play like Mays and run like Hayes.

BROWN

Lou Brown. Nice to meet ya, Hayes.

HAYES

Thanks. Well, I gotta get my stuff...

Hayes hustles off toward his car.

DONOVAN

I don't remember a Hayes on the list.

everyone's

A motorcycle pulls to a stop in the lot, diverting
attention from Hayes.

He's

Off steps Ricky Vaughn, a hefty bag over his shoulder.
still sporting his radical do.

PEPPER

Look at this fuckin' guy.

TEMPLE

Maybe he's the mascot.

Yes,
Donovan is speechless. Brown breaks into a small smile.
sir, this is his kinda team.

INT. PLAYERS' BARRACKS

enters
Dorn.
Taylor is putting his stuff away in a locker. Vaughn
the barracks and immediately draws the attention of

DORN

Hey, what do we have here? Guy looks
like a fuckin' toilet brush. Hey,
T.B., I love your pony tail. And the
earring's cute too. Where's the
matching bracelet?

walking,
bed.
bag in
Vaughn whips a hard glance at Dorn, but keeps on
making his way along the bunks looking for his assigned
It's the one above Taylor. Vaughn unloads his duffel
silence.

TAYLOR

(offering his hand)
Jake Taylor.

Vaughn shakes it and nods. Says nothing.

TAYLOR

So, you just gonna settle for toilet
brush, or you got another name?

VAUGHN

Vaughn. Rick Vaughn.

TAYLOR

Forget about Dorn. He's always a
little tough on rookies. You'll get
a lot worse from other teams.

Hayes.
The conversation is interrupted by the arrival of

HAYES

Say hey! How ya doin'? Willie Mays
Hayes here.

TAYLOR

Jake Taylor.
(pointing to Vaughn)
Rick Vaughn.

Hayes doesn't quite know what to make of Vaughn.

HAYES

What the hell league you been playin'
in?

VAUGHN

California Penal.

HAYES

Never heard of it. How'd you wind up
playin' there?

VAUGHN

I stole a car.

On Hayes' look, we...

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARRACKS - NIGHT

It's dark. Everyone's asleep. Three SECURITY GUARDS
with flashlights come down to the top bunk where Hayes is
sleeping.

GUARD

This guy wasn't invited to camp.

They lift the bunk out of its slots and carry it out
the door, Hayes still asleep on it.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

The players are dressing out in their uniforms for the
first day of practice. Vaughn goes in his locker and finds
that a slit has been cut in the back of his cap to accommodate
his pigtail. Suppressed laughs are heard from several
corners of the locker room.

INT. CLUBHOUSE - MORNING

Brown is addressing his troops before the first
workout.

BROWN

Welcome to Spring Training, gentlemen. Most managers tell you at this time that all the jobs are open, that nobody's a lock at any position, and that talent isn't everything. They'd rather see desire and discipline in a player. Then they tell you that most of all they want you to have fun out there, even though they're gonna work your ass off on fundamentals and condition you till you drop. The difference between me and those other managers is...

(pause)

I mean it.

On a locker room full of uneasy faces, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. PRACTICE FIELD PARKING LOT - MORNING

Hayes' cot is sitting in the lot, just outside the
fence,
his suitcase set down next to it. Hayes is still
asleep, dew
on his forehead. Wakened by the noise of activity on
the
field, he sits up with a start.

HAYES

Shit, I been cut already?

THE PRACTICE FIELD

We pick up Taylor sprinting his ass off in a 100-yard
time
trial, staggering across the finish line 10 feet behind
Cerrano.

PEPPER

(checking stopwatch)

11.9 Taylor. Not bad if you'd fallen
down.

pitcher
trial.

As Taylor tries to catch his breath, Dorn and a relief
named Gant approach the starting line for the next

HAYES

field.

looking through the chain-link fence surrounding the

DORN AND GENTRY AGAIN

whistle.

Temple brings them to their marks and blows his

Dorn and Gentry take off.

streaking

Gentry a

We go

and

and

look.

Suddenly Hayes, in his pajamas and bare feet comes
toward the starting line in hot pursuit. Dorn and
good 10-yard lead, but Hayes is coming like a bullet.
to SLOW MOTION as Hayes draws even at the 80-yard mark
blasts on by to win by five. This kid is fast. Brown
Pepper give each other the "Who was that Masked Man"

BROWN

Get him a uniform.

EXT. THE PRACTICE FIELD - LONG SHOT - DAY

calisthenics,

The players are spread out on the field doing
counting off in unison.

TAYLOR

in

like

starts

up

struggling through a series of pushups. He glances over
disbelief at Vaughn and Cerrano, who are doing them
pistons in competition with each other. Cerrano even
doing them one-handed.
Hayes isn't doing them at all; merely pulling his head
and down while leaving his body on the ground.

HARRIS

C'mon, Hayes, let's do 'em right.

HAYES

Hey, my philosophy is no pain, no pain.

EXT. THE BATTING CAGE - DAY

arm.
second.
Taylor is crouched behind the plate, warming up his
Catching pitches and throwing them half-speed down to
Brown drifts over.

BROWN

How the knees holdin' up, Jake?

TAYLOR

Great. Never been better.

BROWN

Mobility's good? No problem gettin' off the throw to second?

TAYLOR

No problem.

BROWN

I need a catcher, Jake. Somebody who can keep this team together on the field. You were a helluva player when you were sound, but around the league they think you can't take the pounding anymore.

TAYLOR

Around the league they're wrong.

BROWN

I'm gonna have to put you to the test, ya know. So, I want the absolute truth here. Are you 100 percent?

TAYLOR

Yeh. Would I bullshit about somethin' like that?

BROWN

(walking away)
You better if you wanna make this team.

It Taylor smiles and fires one full-speed down to second.
bounces two feet in front of the bag.

EXT. BATTING CAGE - DAY

ritual Brown is watching batting practice.
stretching, Hayes steps into the cage and begins a preparatory
real worthy of Babe Ruth -- rubbing dirt on his hands,
knocking dirt off his spikes, twirling the bat, etc. A
slugger's routine.

BROWN

C'mon, Hayes, this isn't the All
Star Game. Get up to the damn plate.

he Hayes gets in and takes his stance. On the first pitch,
mound. takes a mighty cut and hits a pop-fly to the pitcher's
takes We take QUICK CUTS of the next three pitches. Hayes
pop- prodigious swings at all of them, producing three more
ups, none out of the infield. Brown calls a halt.

BROWN

Well, you may run like Mays, but you
hit like shit.

HAYES

My stroke'll come back once I get
warmed up.

TEMPLE

(referring to some
stats)
Never did get warmed up last year.
Hit .211 at Maine. I looked him up.

BROWN

I think Mr. Hayes shows some promise.
His speed could be a big asset.

PEPPER

(aside)
For what? Running back to the dugout?

BROWN

You gotta stop swingin' for the fences though, Hayes. All you're gonna do is give yourself a hernia. With your speed you should be hittin' the ball on the ground, leggin' 'em out. Every time I see you hit one in the air, you owe me twenty pushups.

HAYES

Hey, no problem.

The next pitch comes in. Hayes swings and pops it up.

HAYES

Shit.

As he gets down to do his twenty, Brown turns to Temple.

BROWN

Sometimes you can teach a guy to hit. You can't teach him to run.

BROWN AND PEPPER

warm-up coming over to where Vaughn is tossing some casual pitches to Jake.

BROWN

All right, Vaughn, they tell us you're a pitcher. Let's see what you got.

Vaughn goes into his wind-up and fires a screaming fast ball that Taylor has no chance to get out of his crouch to catch. The ball rockets an inch over Brown's head, and slams into the backstop.

with Brown stands frozen a second, contemplating his brush eternity, then turns to Pepper.

BROWN

Nice velocity.

PEPPER

Sounded like it.

TAYLOR

Sorry, Lou, I wasn't quite expectin'
that much octane.

Brown turns to the Clubhouse Man who's holding a speed
gun.

BROWN

How much?

CLUBHOUSE MAN

96 miles an hour.

BROWN

(to Pepper)

Better teach him some control before
he kills somebody.

RODGER DORN

fielding grounders at third base. He plays them off to
his left side a bit, almost as if he's afraid to get bit by
them.

BROWN

C'mon, Dorn, get in front of the
damn ball.

(making like a
bullfighter)

Don't give me this ole' bullshit.

DORN

I took one of these in the eye last
year. Nearly lost my sight.

BROWN

I'm deeply moved. Every time you
play it off your hip, you give me
forty sit-ups.

DORN

What! That's Little League shit.

BROWN

So is this.

Brown strikes an effeminate fielding position, like
Betty

Grable shying from a mouse. Dorn burns.

PEDRO CERRANO

pitch
in the batting cage, knocking the cover off pitch after
with his black bat.

BROWN

Jesus, this guy hits a ton. How come
nobody else picked up on him?

TEMPLE

(to the batting
practice pitcher)
Okay, Harris, that's enough fast
balls. Throw some curves.

Cerrano
Harris winds and throws a fair-to-middlin' curve ball.
swings and misses it a foot.

BROWN

Oh.

Dorn approaches Brown at the cage.

DORN

Lou, I wanna have a word with you
here.

BROWN

Sure.

DORN

(whipping out his
contract)
Those penalty sit-ups you want me to
do? I got it right here in my contract
that I don't have to do any
calisthenics I don't feel are
necessary. What do ya think of that?

they're
contract
and
Everyone around the batting cage has stopped what
doing to see how Brown will react. Brown looks at the
a second, then drops it on the ground, unzips his fly,
gives it a golden shower. On Dorn's stunned face, we...

CUT TO:

DORN

doing sit-ups in the infield. Vaughn walks by and smiles.

LONGSHOT - PRACTICE FIELD

Practically every member of the team is doing penalty calisthenics somewhere on the field.

PEPPER

(to Temple)

We got anybody left playin' baseball out there?

INT. THE LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

day's Taylor, Hayes and Vaughn drag in, looking beat from the workout.

TAYLOR

Shit, the way I played today, I wouldn't be surprised if they red-tagged me already.

HAYES

What do ya mean?

TAYLOR

Red tag in your locker means the manager wants to see you, 'cause you just died and went to the minors.

open it Vaughn's hand freezes on his locker latch, afraid to now.

TAYLOR

Don't worry, they don't cut anybody the first day.

stool Vaughn is still not so sure. He sits down on his locker and glances over toward STEVE HARRIS a starting pitcher, whose locker is adjacent. As Harris takes off his jersey we

just

see three SPLOTCHES OF GREASY SUBSTANCES on his chest,
inside the button line.

VAUGHN

What is that stuff?

HARRIS

(pointing to them in
order)

Crisco, Bardahl, Vagisil. Any one of
'em will give you another 2-3 inches
drop on your curve ball.

Vaughn can't believe this.

HARRIS

Course if it's cold and I got a shirt
on under my jersey, I just rub a
little jalapeno inside my nose and
get it runnin'. I need to load up
the ball a little, I just wipe my
nose.

VAUGHN

(revolted)

You put snot on the ball?

HARRIS

At my age, you put anything you can
find on it. I haven't got an arm
like yours.

Vaughn just looks at him incredulous.

TAYLOR AND CARRANO

Cerrano

altar

like

in

mouth.

Taylor is undressing, but his attention is diverted by
whose stall is right next to him. Cerrano has set up an
in his locker. In front of his bats, which are lined up
sentinels, is a table covered with pictures of baseball
players, figurines of saints, several lit candles and,
the middle, a primitive fetish doll with a cigar in its

finishes

Cerrano has drawn some magic signs on his bats. He

doll. an incantation and then lights the cigar on the fetish

TAYLOR

What are you doin' there, Pedro?

CERRANO

Bats. They are sick.

TAYLOR

So are mine. Is somethin' goin' around?

CERRANO

No hit curve ball. Straight ball, hit it very much. Curve ball, bats are afraid. I ask Jo-Buu to come. Take fear from bats.

HAYES

Jo-Buu?

TAYLOR

Maybe he's the pagan saint of baseball.

CERRANO

I offer him cigars and gin. He will come.

to Cerrano pours some gin in a small cup and puts it next the fetish doll. Harris has been listening to all this. Cerrano grabs a towel to head for the showers.

HARRIS

I wouldn't leave this gin sittin' around out here with this group.

CERRANO

(with a certain gravity)
Is very bad to steal Jo-Buu's gin.
Is very bad.

leaving Cerrano closes his locker and goes off to the showers, everyone to wonder just how bad.

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

training. compressing and detailing the progress of spring

We see:

batter A) Vaughn on the pitcher's mound. A tin replica of a
the has been set up at home plate and rope stretched across
pitch and plate to delineate the strike zone. Vaughn fires a
hits the tin batter in the hip, leaving a dent in him.

futility at B) Cerrano in the batting cage, flailing away in
several curve balls.

C) HAYES

field, doing push-ups at night. He's the only one left on the
except Temple, who supervises.

D) TAYLOR

purposely doing the "scramble" drill -- blocking down balls
can thrown in the dirt, one after another. When it ends, he
hardly get to his feet.

E) CERRANO

cross waving a ten-foot BOA CONSTRICTOR in the sign of the
greet in front of his locker before opening it. No red tag
him. Hayes watches from a safe distance.

F) VAUGHN

get a holding a mirror under the vents on his locker door to
peek inside to see if there's a red tag there.

G) DORN

applauds. taking a hard ground ball off the chest. Brown
Dorn is pissed.

H) VAUGHN

in
fast
it
throwing at the "ropes" again. The tin batter is dented every conceivable place now. Vaughn whips in another ball. This one hits the tin man in the head, knocking completely off.

I) TAYLOR

stealer.
--
in an exhibition game, attempting to throw out a base Jake springs out of his crouch and fires down to second on a bounce. The ball skips into center field.

J) HAYES

popping
starts
him.
also in an exhibition game, swinging at a pitch and it up behind the plate. He just drops in his tracks and to do push-ups as the catcher makes the catch behind him.

K) CERRANO

remaining
flailing away again at a curve ball. This and the shots are all in exhibition games.

L) HAYES

Even
but
waving a ten-inch garter snake in front of his locker. at this size we can tell it scares the hell out of him, it works its magic. No red tag.

M) VAUGHN

four
with a runner on third, winding up and throwing a pitch feet over Taylor's head. The run scores.

N) HAYES

for-
attempting to steal second. He goes into a hell-bent-

two
waiting
coming.

leather head first slide. Unfortunately, he comes up
feet short of the base. The second baseman, who's
for him with the ball, makes a motion for him to keep
Hayes flips him the bird.

O) LOU BROWN

"Can

on the bench. He turns to Pepper with a look that says,
you believe this shit?"

P) TAYLOR

catch

waiting for a throw at the plate. Just as he's about to
it, the runner knocks him flat.

Q) BROWN

the

his head in his hands. As Taylor gets up and goes to
wrong dugout, the MONTAGE ENDS.

EXT. INDIANS' PRACTICE FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON

PICK
locker

Players are filing off the team bus after the game. We
UP Taylor, Hayes and Vaughn as they head toward the
room.

VAUGHN

This is final cut down day, right?

TAYLOR

Yeh, better get your snake ready,
Hayes.

HAYES

No, I'm goin' cold turkey today. My
hands are too screwed up to hold it
anyway.

Hayes reveals a pair of red and cut hands.

TAYLOR

If you're gonna use that head first
slide, you better get yourself some
gloves or you're not gonna have any

skin left on your hands.

They've reached the locker room now.

VAUGHN

I don't wanna go in there.

TAYLOR

Whatever happens, keep it to yourself until you're outta the locker room. Don't celebrate in front of guys who just died.

HAYES

What if we're one of the deceased?

back. Taylor goes into the locker room. Hayes and Vaughn hang

this Cerrano is already at his locker. He's got two snakes
patch time and some kind of voodoo head dress on. He sprays a
draws a of white paint on the locker door from a spray can,
white symbol door. No tag. He kisses the snake, leaving some
milk. paint on his lips, like a kid who's just had a glass of

peers Taylor, exhausted from the game, lifts his latch and
Taylor inside. He's made it, too. Cerrano offers a hand.
shakes it and breaks a weary smile.

GENTRY

opens locker, slumps on stool. He's a goner.

HAYES AND VAUGHN

the two rookies, are still hanging back.

HAYES

C'mon, Vaughn, let's show some nuts here. If they cut us, we'll just sign with the Yankees.

This Hayes strides manfully to his locker and pulls it open.

eyes
one
doesn't tell him much, however, because he's got his
closed. He stands that way a beat or two, then opens
eye.

the
Seeing no tag, he turns and walks double-time out of
locker room, as if he had to get to the john.

around
He comes outside, turns a corner, and starts leaping
like a wild man.

VAUGHN

locker
the
slowly
drawing strength from Hayes, walks resolutely to his
and whips it open. There hanging from the top hook is
"red death." Vaughn stares at it expressionless, then
closes his locker.

CUT TO:

INT. BROWN'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Brown's
Vaughn goes right in without knocking and leans on
desk.

VAUGHN

I got news for you, Mr. Brown. You
haven't heard the last of me. You
think I'm shit now, but someday you'll
be sorry you cut me. I'm gonna catch
on somewhere else, and every time I
pitch against you, I'm gonna stick
it up your ass.

BROWN

Good, I like that kinda spirit in a
player. The only problem is, I didn't
cut you.

VAUGHN

What do you mean?

BROWN

I think somebody's been havin' fun

with you.

We GO TO Vaughn, his faced a mask of anger and embarrassment.

THE LOCKER ROOM AGAIN

Vaughn charges across the room and jumps Dorn. The men grapple and fight all over the room, until Taylor finally gets them separated.

DORN

(to Vaughn)

What's the matter, little lady? Can't you take a joke?

Vaughn gives Dorn a look that indicates this isn't over. Lou Brown enters the room.

BROWN

Can I have your attention, please? I counted up your ballots for team captain and I think you chose the right guy. If you hadn't, I woulda told you he won anyway. Mr. C for the year -- Jake Taylor.

The team breaks into applause and whistles as Taylor's name is announced. Dorn is the only one who seems unhappy about it. As Taylor accepts the congratulations of his teammates, he turns to Vaughn.

TAYLOR

Forget about Dorn. You got other things to do.

VAUGHN

Like what?

TAYLOR

Packing for Cleveland.

Taylor gives him a wide smile. Vaughn finally allows himself one.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CLEVELAND SKYLINE - DAY

during
Such as it is. We MOVE DOWN to the same diner we saw
the opening of the film.

INT. INJUN DINER - DAY

The same three guys as before are at the counter.

THELMA

You see the new lineup the Indians
got?

BOBBY

I never heard of most of 'em.

INT. EXECUTIVE LIMOUSINE - DAY

he
The Business Executive is talking to the limo driver as
reads the sports section.

BUSINESS EXECUTIVE

I don't know the majority of these
names.

EXT. CLEVELAND DOCKS - DAY

The two Longshoremen again, looking at a paper.

LONGSHOREMAN

Who are these fuckin' guys?

EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY

infield.
The two Korean Groundskeepers again, dragging the

GROUNDSKEEPER

(in subtitles)
They're shitty.

INT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY

plate in
remembering
Taylor is alone in the stadium, standing near home
his street clothes, taking in the massive stadium,

his glories past. He steps into the batter's box and takes
stance.

TAYLOR

(to himself)

Two down. Bottom of the ninth.

pitch Taylor points to the left field stands. He imagines a
of coming in, takes a mighty swing and admires the flight
sky, the imaginary ball as it arches high in the mid-day
home landing deep in the left field seats. Breaking into his
as run trot, he circles the bases, slapping the third base
coach's hand and exchanging low fives with his teammates
he reaches the plate.

applause. Suddenly, his reverie is interrupted by the sound of
Vaughn are He turns and looks in the dugout, where Hayes and
giving him a hand.

HAYES

Really got all of that one.

VAUGHN

What was it? A slider?

Taylor is too embarrassed to reply.

INT. CLEVELAND RESTAURANT - NIGHT

seated One of Cleveland's finest. Taylor, Hayes and Vaughn are
at a table.

TAYLOR

What are you gonna have?

HAYES

I don't know. What language is this?

TAYLOR

French.

HAYES

They got patty melts over there?

TAYLOR

Forget it. I'll order. Let's have a toast.

The three raise their wine glasses.

TAYLOR

Here's to baseball, here's to the start of two great careers, and for me, here's to at least one more good year in the sun.

The glasses CLINK. Suddenly Taylor's attention fixes on something across the room -- a stunning young woman in

her

late twenties, LYNN WESTLAND. She's having dinner with

a

DATE in a three-piece suit.

Hayes and Vaughn follow Taylor's eyes to the woman.

VAUGHN

What is it? The chick?

TAYLOR

That's my wife.

HAYES

Does she know it?

TAYLOR

I mean she woulda been if I hadn't screwed it up. Who's that guy she's with?

HAYES

I don't know. He's not wearing a name tag.

VAUGHN

You want me to beat the shit out of him?

TAYLOR

No.

HAYES

What does she do?

TAYLOR

She's a librarian.

VAUGHN

A librarian? Shit, I gotta start readin' again.

INT. CLEVELAND RESTAURANT - NIGHT

are
A WAITER approaches the table where Lynn and her date
sharing a dessert.

WAITER

Miss Wells, there's a telephone call
for you.

call. We
Lynn is somewhat surprised, but gets up to take the
FOLLOW her to the pay phone in the hall.

LYNN

Hello.

VOICE

Hello, Lynn. It's Jake.

LYNN

Jake? How did you know I was here?

TAYLOR

Just a hunch. I took you there when
you got your masters. I figure you're
probably wearing the black velvet
dress with the red sash.

display of
She is indeed. Lynn is a little unsettled by this
clairvoyance.

LYNN

How did you know that? I didn't have
this dress when we were...

across
the
her
Sensing that something's askew, she turns and looks
the way to see Jake talking to her on the pay phone on
other side of the hall, maybe ten feet away. He gives
his best grin.

TAYLOR

You look great.

and

Lynn, as is often the case with Jake, is both charmed
put-out. She goes with put-out.

LYNN

Thanks. What are you doin' here?
Aren't you supposed to be in Mexico
somewhere?

TAYLOR

I'm playin' with the Indians again.
Back in the Bigs.

LYNN

That's great. I'm happy for you,
Jake.

And she is. Not so sure about herself, though.

LYNN

(starting away)
I gotta get back...

TAYLOR

Wait a minute. What's your number. I
tried calling you at home, but you're
not listed...

LYNN

My life is different from when you
knew me.

TAYLOR

Meaning what? That I don't know you
anymore?

LYNN

Couldn't we talk about this some
other time? I really gotta...

TAYLOR

Okay, just gimme your number.

LYNN

I don't think that's a good idea.

TAYLOR

Why not? Because of the guy you're
with? What is he, a banker?

LYNN

Lawyer. Please, Jake, he's watching us.

TAYLOR

I'm not leavin' without your number. You still wear those great little tortoise-shell glasses? I always loved it when you took them off.

LYNN

(exasperated)
Jake...

TAYLOR

The number, Lynn...

LYNN

(reluctant)
All right. 555-9314.

TAYLOR

Thank you. I'm back, Lynn, and I'm gonna be around.

back
has
She looks at him a beat, unsure what to say, then heads toward her table. We go to Lynn's date. None of this been lost on him.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Taylor, Hayes and Vaughn are the fares.

CABBIE

What's the number again?

TAYLOR

(looking at a piece
of paper)
1036.

HAYES

What is this place?

TAYLOR

Furnished apartment building owned by the Indians. We get special rates. With what we're makin' we'll need it.

of
The Cabbie pulls to a stop and points to the other side
the street.

CABBIE

That's it.

building
Taylor and the others turn to see a dismal, run-down
with a neon sign that says "The Turk."

TAYLOR

Welcome to the Big Leagues.

INT. THE TURK - DAY

number
Jake goes to a pay phone in the hall and dials the
Lynn gave him.

VOICE ON PHONE

Hello, Cuyahoga Sheet Metal.

Taylor doesn't like the sound of this.

TAYLOR

You got anybody workin' there named
Lynn Wells?

VOICE ON PHONE

Never heard of her.

TAYLOR

Didn't think so.

Taylor hangs up, staring off into space.

INT. THE INDIANS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

UP
black,
while
taped.
Various players are dressing out for the game. We PICK
Cerrano putting on his undergarments. They're all
including his jock. Dorn reads the Wall Street Journal,
Taylor sits on the trainer's table getting his knees

angle in
squeezes
Hayes checks the fit of his new uniform from every
a mirror. He thinks he looks pretty good. Vaughn just

uptight.

a baseball in his left hand, obviously a little
Taylor gives him a chuck on the shoulder.

TAYLOR

Take it easy. We got 162 of these to
go.

Lou Brown enters the locker room.

BROWN

All right, let's gather 'round.

The players turn their attention to Brown.

BROWN

I'm not much for inspirational
addresses. I just wanta point out
that every newspaper in the country
has picked us to finish last. The
local press thinks we'd save everybody
a lot of time and trouble if we just
went out and shot ourselves. Me, I
like to waste sportswriters' time so
I'm for hangin' around and seein' if
we can give all these guys a nice
big shitburger to eat.

Cheers all around.

HARRIS

Aren't we gonna have a prayer? I
mean we're not all savages like
Cerrano.

BROWN

You guys go ahead. I belong to the
church of three-run homers.

HARRIS

All right, let's bow our heads.

is
out of
off a
Many of the players follow suit. Suddenly the silence
shattered by a loud explosive SOUND, scaring the hell
everybody. All eyes turn to Cerrano, who has just set
charge of gunpowder on his locker altar.

CERRANO

Have to wake up bats.

Disgusted, Harris and the others turn back to their prayers.

HARRIS

Dear Lord, we ask...

Cerrano's
in the
downpour,
Harris never gets to finish. The smoke rising from
gunpowder explosion sets off the automatic sprinklers
ceiling. As Harris and the faithful look up into the
we...

CUT TO:

EXT. MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY

showed up,
The stands are nearly empty. Of the fans who have
many wear doormats around their necks.

diner,
bleachers.
their
on her
Bobby, Vic, Johnny and Thelma, our four fans from the
sit alone in the vast expanse of the centerfield
All four wear Indian head dresses and have war paint on
faces. The three men each have tom-toms. Thelma works
needlepoint.

JOHNNY

You read the Plain Dealer today?
They said this is gonna be the worst
Indian team we've had in years.

THELMA

Everybody laughs at the Indians now,
but there were other times. Even won
the Series in '48. Then Willie Mays
made that catch on Vic Wertz in the
'54 Series and Cleveland's never
been the same since.

JOHNNY

As the Indians go so goes Cleveland,
huh?

THELMA

If we ever lost the Indians, Cleveland would die.

INT. MUNICIPAL STADIUM PRESS BOX - DAY

55-year-
anger.

We get our first glimpse of HARRY DOYLE, the Indians' old radio announcer. Harry's never walked past a bar in He's been with the Indians through thin and thinner.

DOYLE

(on the air)

Hello, everybody, Harry Doyle here, welcoming all you Friends of the Feather to another season of Indians baseball.

(pouring some Jack Daniels in his Coke)

A lotta new faces for the tribe this year, as they take on the defending American League champs, the New York Yankees. And listen to the roar of the crowd as the Indians takes the field!

trying
below.

Doyle leans out the press box window with his mike, to pick up the sound of a couple guys CLAPPING down

DOYLE

Yes, sir, they love this club here in Cleveland.

Doyle takes a hit of his spiked Coke.

DOWN ON THE FIELD

A YANKEE HITTER

Willie

flies out to Hayes, who makes a "basket" catch a la Mays.

DOYLE (V.O.)

High fly ball, centerfield. Hayes under it now... Oh, makes a basket catch, Willie Mays style, and the side is retired.

THE INDIAN DUGOUT

back-

The team comes in off the field to much enthusiasm and slapping.

BROWN

All right, way to look, way to look.
Nice catch, Hayes. Don't ever fuckin'
do it again. Okay, let's get it goin'!

DOYLE IN THE PRESS BOX

DOYLE

Bottom of the first, Willie Mays
Hayes to lead it off for the tribe.

HAYES

going through his warmup routine at the plate.

DOYLE (V.O.)

A lotta people say you can tell how
a season's gonna go by the first
hitter of the year. In the last
fifteen years, the Indians have never
had the season lead-off hitter reach
base.

winds
toward
handed.

Hayes is in the batter's box now. The Yankee pitcher
and fires. Hayes swings and hits a little dribbler
the second baseman, who races in and scoops it up bare-

DOYLE (V.O.)

Hot shot toward the hole. Rudia knocks
it down, gets up, fires to first.
Too late! Hayes beats it!

Doyle leans out the window again trying to pick up some
cheering.

DOYLE

And so the string is broken. Maybe
things will turn around a little for
the Indians this year.

THE BLEACHERS

Band),

Our four fans (from here on known as the Bleacher

Land Of
jingle.

overjoyed by Hayes' hit, start beating the tom-toms and singing a fight song they've composed called "In the Burning Waters" to the tune of the old Hamms Beer

BLEACHER BAND

In the land of burning waters, waters
Lurks the Injun nine, oh so fine, we
Love those mighty Redmen, Turn their
foes to dead men, Ummmmm.

FIRST BASE AREA

BASEMAN

as Hayes comes back to the bag, where the Yankee FIRST is waiting for him.

FIRST BASEMAN

Showed some real power on that one,
Slugger.

HAYES

I plan to get at least a double out
of it.

the

Hayes reaches in his back pocket and pulls out one of pairs of black leather gloves he bought earlier.

DOYLE (V.O.)

And now Hayes is putting on a pair
of black gloves, sending a little
message to the Yankees.

HAYES

(to the First Baseman)
Bought a hundred of these, one for
each base I plan to steal. Excuse
me, here, I gotta take my first step
toward the Hall of Fame.

Hayes takes his lead-off and crouches, ready to steal.

FIRST BASEMAN

You look real sharp, but you'll never
steal second with your shoe untied.

notices
off.

Hayes looks down at his shoe. It's not untied. He too late that the PITCHER is throwing over to pick him

DOYLE (V.O.)

Brewster, quick move to first...

face Hayes dives back for the bag, but never gets there; his
smashing up against the First Baseman's glove, which is
already holding the ball.

DOYLE (V.O.)

He got him. Hayes is picked off.

FIRST BASEMAN

Nice base running, dildo. Hard to
get your thumb out of your ass with
the gloves on.

Hayes lies in the dust humiliated.

DOYLE

Well, so much for that.

MONTAGE Doyle takes a long pull on his Coke and we GO INTO A
this depicting the Indians' progressive disintegration in
game. We see:

left A) THREE FIELDERS converging on a short pop fly into
ball field. They all collide and go down in a heap as the
drops untouched.

picks B) DORN playing a grounder off his hip. He fumbles it,
it up, fumbles it again. No play.

haunches, C) TAYLOR crouched behind the plate, but up off his
ready to throw. We hear the voice of his thoughts.

TAYLOR'S VOICE

Guy's goin'. Gotta be goin'... get
the throw up. Don't bounce the damn
ball.

Taylor The runner on first takes off as the pitch comes in.
sails catches the ball and fires down to second. The ball

center

three feet over the second baseman's head and on into field. Taylor stands there, disgusted.

TAYLOR'S VOICE

Nice throw, dickhead.

bat

D) CERRANO striking out on a curve ball. He bawls his out on the way to the dugout.

another

at the

drops

E) THE THREE FIELDERS we saw before, converging on pop fly into short left. This time all three dive off last instant to avoid a collision. Once again the ball untouched.

END MONTAGE.

THE SCOREBOARD

It shows Yankees 4, Indians 0 after five innings.

DOYLE UP IN THE BOOTH

working

There are two empty Coca-Cola cups near the mike. He's on a third.

DOYLE

Top of the sixth. Rookie sensation, Ricky Vaughn, on to pitch now. You can close the book on Winters...

the

Vaughn stands on the mound rubbing up the baseball with same intensity we saw in the locker room.

TAYLOR

Easy does it, Ricky. We're only four down. We're still in this thing.

PEPPER

Don't worry if you're off the plate on a few pitches. Doesn't hurt to put the fear of God in a hitter.

and

Vaughn nods and continues to grind the ball as Pepper Taylor leave. The Yankee Hitter steps in.

high

Vaughn winds and fires a screamer. Taylor has to leap to come down with it.

DOYLE (V.O.)

First pitch is a little high...

The Yankee Hitter is slightly unnerved by this pitch.

YANKEE HITTER

This guy kinda wild?

TAYLOR

I figure you got a 30% chance to survive this at bat.

ANOTHER PITCH to the Yankee hitter. It's outside.

DOYLE (V.O.)

Ball four.

ANOTHER PITCH to a SECOND YANKEE HITTER. It's low.

DOYLE (V.O.)

Ball eight.

over

ANOTHER PITCH to a THIRD YANKEE HITTER. He has to jump it.

DOYLE (V.O.)

Low, and Vaughn has walked the bases loaded on twelve straight pitches. By the laws of probability, you'd think one of those coulda drifted over the plate.

THE BLEACHER BAND

three
tom-

Bobby gives the downbeat and, in honor of Vaughn, the men stand to pound out a version of "Wild Thing" on the toms. Bobby does the vocal.

BOBBY

Wild thing, You make my heart sing,
You walk everything.

Pepper has reached the mound...

PEPPER

Okay kid. I think we got 'em scared enough now. Time to get a few of 'em out.

Vaughn nods. He's plenty upset with himself.

PEPPER

Just relax, and keep the arm up on top. Gotta throw strikes. No place at the inn for this guy.

He gives Vaughn a pat on the butt, and goes back to the dugout.

baseman
The Yankee hitter, HAYWOOD, stands in. He's the first who tagged Hayes out.

HAYWOOD

Hey, Taylor, what you doin' back up here?

TAYLOR

Couldn't cut it in the Mexican League.

delivers.
Vaughn, determined to throw a strike, winds and
The ball is a perfect strike, right down the middle.
Haywood crushes it to deep left field. Vaughn drops his
head,
not even bothering to look.

VAUGHN

Oh, shit...

run.
The ball lands in the second deck; a grand slam home

PEPPER

(to Brown)
Looked like a strike anyway. You want me to go get him?

BROWN

No, let's see how he reacts.

The
rubber,
Vaughn paces around on the mound, rubbing up the ball.
next hitter, COLEMAN, steps in. Vaughn gets up on the

Coleman's

his face set. He winds up and fires one right into back. Coleman goes down in a hurry.

BROWN

Interesting.

PEPPER

At least he hit what he was aimin' at.

BROWN

I think you can go get him now.

out.

being

Vaughn

Both benches are up on the dugout steps ready to come out. The only thing holding them back is that Coleman is being tended to by the trainer.

The home plate umpire thumbs Vaughn out of the game.

comes down to protest, but Pepper quickly grabs him and hurries him off the field.

PEPPER

C'mon, kid. As soon as Coleman gets up, he's gonna be lookin' for you.

shaken. He

into

power.

sides

Coleman finally gets to his feet, still a little looks around for Vaughn, but he's already disappeared the dugout. Coleman walks down to first under his own

Brown signals for a new pitcher and the players on both sides begin to return to the benches.

VAUGHN

angrily

glove.

walking alone down the tunnel to the locker room. He knocks one of the overhead light bulbs out with his

DOYLE IN THE PRESS BOX - LATER THAT NIGHT

near-

He now has five empty cups next to the mike, plus a empty bottle of Jack Daniel's.

DOYLE

So, a tough start for the Erie warriors, as they drop a heartbreaker to the Yankees, nine to nothing. The Post Game Show was brought to you by...

(searching for the paper)

Christ. I can't find it. The hell with it. This is Harry Doyle saying good night, everybody, and Happy Hunting.

With that Doyle passes out on his face.

RACHEL PHELPS

and
in her private box at the stadium. With her are Donovan Butler.

RACHEL

(getting up to leave)

We're off to a good start, gentlemen. Let's keep it up.

We GO TO Donovan. He watches Rachel go in disgust.

INT. THE CASCADE BAR - NIGHT

Vaughn
Taylor, Hayes and Vaughn are in a booth, having a beer. is still in a funk.

VAUGHN

God, I was horse shit tonight.

TAYLOR

Only thing you got to be sorry about was hittin' Coleman.

VAUGHN

What?

TAYLOR

If you wanted to send a message, it shoulda been to Haywood. He hit the damn homer. Coleman was just picking his nose in the on-deck circle.

Vaughn nods slowly.

TAYLOR

Forget the other stuff. It coulda happened to anybody. Besides, Haywood didn't hit it that good. That ball wouldn't have been out of a lotta parks.

VAUGHN

Oh yeh, name one.

TAYLOR

(after a pause)
Yellowstone.

spite
Vaughn just looks at Taylor a second and then smiles in
of himself.

VAUGHN

Shit...

EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL LIBRARY - DAY

massive
We see Taylor walking up the steps and through the
front door.

INT. CLEVELAND LIBRARY - DAY

desk.
Lynn,
finishes her
with
We PICK UP Taylor making his way past the circulation
He glances around and finds what he's looking for:
talking to one of the reference librarians. She
conversation and turns, to find herself face to face
Taylor. She's wearing her tortoise-shell glasses.

LYNN

(hushed)
Jake, you shouldn't have come here.

TAYLOR

I was wonderin' why you'd give an old friend a bum phone number.

LYNN

Let's talk in my office, okay?

TAYLOR

I don't wanna talk in your office.

their
conversation
Lynn starts to walk. We'll FOLLOW them as they make
way through the library. Lynn tries to keep the
hushed. Taylor could give a shit.

LYNN

I told you I don't think it's a good
idea for us to see each other.

TAYLOR

Why not?

LYNN

We don't have anything in common.
Sometimes I wonder if we ever did.

TAYLOR

What are you talkin' about? We were
both athletes, world class, hot for
each other. What more can you have
in common?

LYNN

I stopped bein' an athlete three
years ago. Books are my life now.

Jake suppresses a smile.

LYNN

Don't you dare laugh, Jake. In two
years I've put together one of the
best special collections departments
in the country.

TAYLOR

So what is it? You're still sore I
never read Moby Dick?

LYNN

You never read anything I asked you
to.

TAYLOR

Not like what's-his-name at the
restaurant?

LYNN

His name is Tom, and keep your voice
down.

TAYLOR

What do ya see in this guy?

LYNN

He's stable. He's intelligent... and I've never found him in bed with a stewardess.

TAYLOR

That's 'cause no stewardess would have him. Wouldn't you rather be with somebody who's in demand?

LYNN

Just like always, you don't take anything seriously. Everything's a joke to you.

TAYLOR

C'mon, Lynn, for Christ sake, I'm just tryin' to loosen things up a little. I'm gettin' frostbite here.

Lynn stops and turns to face him.

LYNN

Tom and I are getting married in the fall.

Taylor is momentarily floored by the revelation.

TAYLOR

What? That's crazy, Lynn. I got plans for us.

LYNN

(walking again)

What plans?

TAYLOR

I was gonna play another a year or two, then we go to Hawaii, and have a couple kids who grow up to be Olympic champions.

LYNN

(stopping again)

How can you think stuff like that? I haven't seen you in two years. You never even wrote me a letter.

TAYLOR

I'm sorry, Lynn, but I wasn't exactly proud of my situation. C'mon, you didn't think about me at all since I been gone?

LYNN

(walking again)
Not so loud, Jake.

TAYLOR

Remember the three nights we spent on the beach in Vera Cruz? You have nights like that with Mr. Briefcase?

LYNN

(stopping again)
What about the night you had in Detroit with Miss Dairy Queen?

They're in the large reading room now.

TAYLOR

What was I supposed to do? She bet me fifty bucks she had a better body than you. I had to defend your honor.

LYNN

(whirling on him and
exploding)
What a bunch of bullshit!
(exasperated)
I have a much better body than she does.

stares at
smooth
With this the whole reading room turns around and her. Lynn is mortified by her outburst. Taylor tries to it over.

TAYLOR

(addressing the library patrons)
She's right. Take it from me, she really does. I mean Miss Dairy Queen has quantity, I give her that, but the, ah, quality just isn't there.

Nice job, Jake. Lynn is still mortified.

TAYLOR

How many think Lynn oughta give me another shot?

Most of the hands in the room shoot up.

TAYLOR

The ayes have it.

LYNN

(walking off again)

You haven't changed at all, have you?

TAYLOR

I'm afraid I have or I wouldn't be here. C'mon, Lynn, I don't wanna do time for things that happened years ago.

LYNN

(turning back to him)

I'm sorry, Jake. You'll always be the little boy who wouldn't grow up.

Lynn starts off for her office door.

TAYLOR

Lynn, wait...

we GO

Lynn continues on into her office. As the door closes, TO Taylor's forlorn face.

INT. RACHEL PHELPS' OFFICE - DAY

Rachel is in closed-door session with Donovan.

RACHEL

A quarter of the season's gone, we're 15 and 24, seven games out of first. Our attendance is just below 180,000. That's bad, but not bad enough.

DONOVAN

Projected over the whole season, we stand to wind up 36 games under .500 and 28 out of first. That should be bad enough for anybody.

RACHEL

We finished 24 out last year and still drew 890,000. When school's

out for the summer, attendance is liable to rise. Plus, this team is showing signs of improvement. I didn't think we'd win 15 games all year. Any ideas?

DONOVAN

On how we can get worse?
(sarcastic)

How about a series of fines for good play? Maybe a \$30,000 bonus to the guy chosen Least Valuable Player.

RACHEL

This is no laughing matter, Donovan.
(pause)

I think maybe the problem is we're coddling these guys too much.

As Donovan wonders what she means by that, we...

CUT TO:

INT. CLEVELAND AIRPORT - DAY

We PICK UP Taylor, Hayes, Vaughn and the other Indians coming down a corridor to their plane.

HAYES

What's with this? We never leave from this terminal.

TAYLOR

Maybe the other one's jammed up.

They come through the gate where they see two American Airlines jets on the tarmac.

HAYES

(pointing to the jets)
Which one is ours?

GATEMAN

That one.

The gateman points off-screen. Suddenly, an old DC-3, with the Indian logo on it, pulls into frame.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DC-3 - NIGHT

seats
exposed.
storm.

This one was obviously bought from the military. The
are 40's Army issue, and the ribs of the fuselage are
The plane is bobbing and lurching through a ferocious

TAYLOR

What is this, Lou?

BROWN

Front office says it's an economy
measure, 'cause we're not drawin'
good.

TAYLOR

Well, they certainly have spared
every expense.

We PICK UP Cerrano crossing himself. Harris sees it.

HARRIS

Oh, so now you come around.
(pointing up)
He's not fooled.

whitening on
the arm rest.

Hayes sits petrified in his chair, his knuckles
the arm rest.

HAYES

Call the stewardess, Vaughn. I need
one of those bags.

VAUGHN

There aren't any stewardesses.

HAYES

I wonder if there's any pilots.

INT. MILWAUKEE STADIUM - PRESS BOX -DAY

next

We PICK UP Doyle doing the play-by-play of the Indians'
game. He can barely keep his eyes open.

DOYLE

Two down, top of the ninth. Last
chance for the red and blue.

THE FIELD

The Brewer pitcher delivers and a Cleveland player hits
a
ground ball to the Brewer Second Baseman who throws him
out.

DOYLE (V.O.)

Bouncing ball to second. This should
be it. Collins up with it, on to
first, and the game is over.

DOYLE

in the press box again.

DOYLE

So, the Sons of Geronimo, still
suffering a bit from propeller lag,
are nipped by the Tigers tonight, 7
to 0. The only excitement for the
tribe provided by Rick Vaughn who
set an American League record by
throwing four wild pitches in one
inning. Congratulations, Rick. For
the Tigers, 5 runs, 9 hits, and no
errors. For the Indians, one run,
and let's see, one hit.

(to his Stat Man)

Is that all we got, one fucking hit?

STAT MAN

(whispering)

You can't say "fuckin'" on the air.

DOYLE

Don't worry about it. Nobody's
listening anyway.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Dorn and Harris are at one table; Taylor and Vaughn at
one
across the way.

HARRIS

Who you got lined up tonight?

DORN

Where are we? Kansas City, right?
Gotta be Arlene

HARRIS

You call her?

DORN

Don't have to. She knows when I'm in town.

TAYLOR AND VAUGHN

TAYLOR

I'm about ready to turn in. I've anesthetized my knees enough.

A GUY from the bar approaches the table.

GUY

Excuse me, Mr. Vaughn, can I have your autograph?

VAUGHN

Ah... yeh... sure.

(signing)

My first autograph. I couldn't give these away a couple weeks ago.

GUY

I saw your record on the news. You made their Hall of Shame. Congratulations.

VAUGHN

(embarrassed)

Thanks.

TAYLOR

You're a celebrity now, Vaughn.

VAUGHN

I thought you had to do somethin' good to be a celebrity.

TAYLOR

Not if you do it colorfully.

DORN AND HARRIS

DORN

(pointing to the door)

What'd I tell ya.

friends,
seriously
his

We GO TO the door to find ARLENE standing with two
RENE and VICKI. ARLENE is a looker alright, 27, and
built. She cases the room, spies Dorn and comes over to
table.

ARLENE

Hi, Rodger. This is Vicki and Rene.

DORN

Hi, doll. This is Steve Harris.

ARLENE

Where's your buddy Gant?

DORN

(indicating Vaughn)

They cut him to make room for bristle
boy over there.

ARLENE

(looking over at Vaughn)

Is that Vaughn, the guy they call
Wild Thing?

DORN

(in disgust)

Yeh.

ARLENE

He's kinda cute. They say he could
be a big star.

DORN

What are you talkin' about? He
couldn't find the plate if it was
magnetized. He won't last the year.

ARLENE

He struck out five in a row before
the wild pitches.

(taking her leave)

Maybe I'll check him out.

DORN

(grabbing her)

Wait a minute, you're with me.

Taylor watches this exchange from across the room.

ARLENE

I don't remember you makin' any date.

DORN

Since when do I have to make a date?
Who's been showin' you this town the
last three years?

ARLENE

Ancient history, Rodger. I gotta
look out for myself now. I don't
have to be a slave to no .235 hitter.

ARLENE pulls away and heads for the jukebox as Dorn
seethes.
She punches a button and we hear X's version of "WILD
THING."

ARLENE sashays right up to Vaughn in time with the
music.

ARLENE

Wild Thing, you make my heart sing.

ARLENE knows how to make the big entrance. Vaughn's
slightly
overwhelmed.

DORN

taking this all in from across the room. Taylor comes
up
next to him.

TAYLOR

Guess we're over with, eh, Dorn?

DORN

Speak for yourself, Taylor. I got a
couple good years left.

INT. THE INDIANS' DC-3 - NIGHT

We PICK UP Taylor in his seat, glasses on, reading
something
his
comic
by the light of a flashlight rigged up to the back of
seat. We MOVE to reveal it -- the Classics Illustrated
book of "Moby Dick."

neck. Hayes wanders by, an air-sick bag hanging around his

HAYES

"Moby Dick?" What is that?

TAYLOR

It's one of the masterpieces of American literature, that's all.

HAYES

Lynn put you on to this?

TAYLOR

Long time ago.

HAYES

Well, we're goin' to a club tonight. You wanna come along?

TAYLOR

No, I got some more reading to do.

Taylor indicates a stack of Classic Comics next to him.

HAYES

What, you got a test or somethin'? Why don't you just go over and see her? Maybe she'll let you slide on a couple of these.

TAYLOR

I might if I knew where she lives.

HAYES

Easy. Tail her home from the library.

TAYLOR

You mean sit in a car and wait for her to come out? That's kinda juvenile, don't you think?

HAYES

(as if that had anything to do with it)

Yeh.

EXT. CLEVELAND LIBRARY - LATE AFTERNOON

employee Taylor sits in his car, across the street from the

Lynn
gets in

entrance of the library. He scrunches down a bit as
comes out of the building and heads for her car. She
and we...

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS OF LYNN

discrete
looking
watches

driving through the city with Taylor following at a
distance. Finally, Lynn pulls up outside an expensive-
townhouse. Taylor pulls up further down the street and
her go inside, debating whether to go in after her.

INT. CLEVELAND BAR - EARLY EVENING

to go

Taylor's having a beer, still trying to decide whether
see her or not.

TAYLOR

He

pulling up outside the townhouse he saw Lynn go into.
goes up the stairs and knocks on the door.

left the

Lynn answers, looking more dressed up than when she
library. She's surprised to see Taylor.

TAYLOR

Look, Lynn, I'm sorry I followed you
home but I wanna...

LYNN

(hurried)
This isn't my place...

TAYLOR

Whose place is it?

Before Lynn can answer, Tom appears at the door.

TOM

Who's there, love?
(spying Taylor)
Oh, Mr. Taylor, right?

(pointedly)
I remember you from the restaurant.
Lynn's told me a lot about you. Why
don't you come in for a while?

TAYLOR

Nah, that's o.k., I got some things
to do...

LYNN

Yeh, he's gotta be goin'...

TOM

No, really, come on in for a drink.

inside and
ARTHUR
CLAIRE,
very
Before Taylor can beg off further, Tom ushers him
closes the door. In the room are two other couples:
HOLLOWAY, a senior partner in Tom's firm and his wife
and BRENT BOWDEN, another lawyer in the firm and a
contemporary of Tom's. His wife is JANICE. This is a
upscale group.

TOM

Excuse me, everybody, this is Jake
Taylor.

(making the intros)

Jake, Arthur and Claire Holloway
Brent and Janice Bowden. Jake is a
professional baseball player.

seems
Polite nods from the group, except for Janice, who
somewhat intrigued.

TOM

So, Jake, what brings you here this
evening?

TAYLOR

I, ah, just had a couple books I
wanted to discuss with Lynn. I thought
this was her place.

TOM

Well, it soon will be.

TAYLOR

Yeh, I heard you guys were engaged.

Congratulations.

Taylor's
Taylor sticks out his hand. Tom's not sure whether
putting him on or not. He shakes anyway.

TOM

Thank you. What can I get you to
drink?

TAYLOR

Beer'll be fine.

Tom goes off to get the beer.

JACK

What team do you play for, Jake?

TAYLOR

The Indians.

CLAIRE

Here in Cleveland? I didn't know
they still had a team.

TAYLOR

Yeh, we have uniforms and everything.
It's really great.

TOM

(handing Jake his
beer)

They're last right now, but hopefully
moving up, eh, Jake?

Tom clinks his glass with Jake's beer, the slight
condescension in his manner not lost on Taylor. Lynn is
uncomfortable with this whole situation. Janice moves a
bit
closer to Taylor. It's obvious she finds him
attractive.

JANICE

I'm told that baseball players make
very good salaries these days.

TAYLOR

That depends on how good they are, I
guess.

JANICE

How good are you?

Lynn is irritated by Janice's directness.

TAYLOR

I make the League minimum.

a Tom and the others react as if Taylor's just announced death in the family.

LYNN

He was one of the best in baseball until he had problems with his knees.

of Everyone is somewhat surprised by Lynn's quick defense Taylor, including Lynn herself.

TOM

What are you going to do when your career ends? I mean you can't play baseball forever, can you?

TAYLOR

Somethin'll come up.

TOM

Will it?

TAYLOR

I don't know, I was thinkin' of goin' to Hawaii, and having a couple of kids who grow up to be Olympic champions.

JACK

Oh really. In what event?

TAYLOR

Swimming. Maybe the two hundred meter Individual Medley. I figure it oughta be big by then.

Jack just nods. He never heard of it.

BRENT

You got the girl picked out?

TAYLOR

I did, but I wasn't smart enough to hold on to her.

Lynn's eyes drop to the floor.

BRENT

You used to be an athlete, didn't you, Lynn?

LYNN

(not wanting to pursue it)
Yes.

BRENT

What did you do?

LYNN

(reluctant)
Two Hundred Individual medley.

TAYLOR

Alternate on the '80 Olympic Team.

A tense silence settles on the group.

TAYLOR

Well, I gotta be goin'. Nice to have met you all.

the
Taylor exchanges a quick glance with Lynn and heads for door.

TOM

Let me walk you out.

the
Tom accompanies Taylor to the door, out of earshot of others.

TAYLOR

Thanks for the beer.

TOM

Don't mention it.

TAYLOR

I'll let you know if I land a good job. I know you're concerned about it.

TOM

Yeh, well, I just wanted Lynn to know what she would've had ahead of

her.

Tom sticks out his hand. The two men shake to keep up appearances for their onlookers across the room.

TOM

Stay away from her.

TAYLOR

(smiling)

Suck my dick.

INT. VAUGHN'S ROOM - DAY

black
Vaughn and Hayes are watching a soap opera on an old
and white TV. Pepper pops his head in.

PEPPER

Lou wants to see you down at the
office, Rick.

Vaughn looks somewhat apprehensively at Hayes.

INT. LOU BROWN'S OFFICE - DAY

the
Brown is lost in thought at his desk. Vaughn appears at
door like a boy expecting a spanking.

BROWN

C'mon in, Rick.

Vaughn comes in and takes a seat. He's worried.

BROWN

Rick, I'm not gonna beat around the
bush here. You got a great arm, one
of the best I've ever seen, but your
control hasn't come around like we
hoped it would.

Vaughn nods contritely.

BROWN

Now, there are a lotta pitchers that
started out wild and, after workin'
it out in the minors, for a while,
went on to great careers.

(pointing to a picture
on the wall)

Take Sandy Koufax there...

slightly. Vaughn looks at the picture on the wall. He squints
Brown notices it.

VAUGHN

What about Koufax?

BROWN

Never mind Koufax.

and Brown quickly prints some big letters on a legal pad
goes to stand about fifteen feet from Vaughn.

BROWN

Read these letters, starting at the
top.

closing Vaughn balks a second and then concentrates on the pad,
squinting. Unsettled, he squints harder. He even tries
one eye.

BROWN

Can't read it, can you?

Vaughn shakes his head no.

VAUGHN

You gonna send me to the minors?

BROWN

Nope.

CUT TO:

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. CLEVELAND LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

for Taylor, Hayes, Vaughn and the others are dressing out
the game. Vaughn is wearing his glasses.

VAUGHN

These things make me look ridiculous.

TAYLOR

Drop in the bucket, Vaughn.

locker. Meanwhile, Cerrano is sharpening a long knife at his

VAUGHN

What's that for?

CERRANO

Gin and cigarettes not enough for Jo-Buu. I still can no hit curva ball for sheet. I hafta make a sacrifice to him.

TAYLOR

Sacrifice? You mean like something living?

CERRANO

Si. I kill unborn children.

HARRIS

Not while I'm here you're not. That's murder.

common Cerrano pulls the unborn chicken out of his pocket -- a store bought egg. Harris is a little embarrassed at his outburst.

on Cerrano touches the egg to his forehead, then places it
on his altar. In one swift motion he slams the knife down
others it, cutting it into two perfect halves. Taylor and the
yolk are agape at a knife sharp enough to do this. As the
office. spreads out on the altar, Brown emerges from his

BROWN

All right, let's hit the field.

-- The locker room quickly empties, leaving one man behind
then Harris. He looks around to make sure everyone is gone,
courage, tiptoes over to Cerrano's locker. Screwing up his
he picks up Jo-Buu's cup of gin.

HARRIS

Here's looking at ya, Jo-Buu.

room,
fetish
He bolts it down, then backs into the middle of the
waiting at the ready, as if half-expecting a bolt of
doll in triumph.

HARRIS

bucks.
cage
Away
wide
him
strutting out of the dugout, feeling like a million
As he emerges onto the field, a Hitter in the batting
swings and misses, the bat slipping out of his hands.
it flies, whirling off down the third base line in a
arc. It hits Harris in the back of the head and knocks
cold.

CUT TO:

HARRIS

full of
watching the game from the dugout, a zip-lock baggie
ice-cubes strapped to his head.

DOYLE (V.O.)

We're in the ninth, two down, man on
first and the Indians clinging to a
one run lead. VAUGHAN, one out away
from his first major league victory...

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

VAUGHAN

nervously.
his
Taylor,
Vaughn, wearing his new glasses, paces the mound
He goes to the rosin bag, wipes his brow, shakes out
arm. Finally up on the rubber, he gets the sign from

plate. goes to his stretch, checks the runner and fires to the

THE OAKLAND BATTER

Dorn swings and hits a grounder between third and short.
into moves to his left, but the ball goes past his glove and
really left field. There is some question as to whether Dorn
gave it a full effort.

DOYLE (V.O.)

Bouncing ball, Dorn can't get to it,
into left field, base hit. Clarke
digging around second, he'll make it
to third, and the A's have runners
at the corners.

glares Vaughn stomps around on the mound, obviously upset. He
face at Dorn a beat before getting back on the mound. Dorn's
is non-committal. Brown paces in the dugout.

PEPPER

You want me to go get him?

BROWN

No, he's come this far. Let's see if
he can finish it.

box. Doyle downs a little more rum and coke in the press

DOYLE

Vaughn in a little trouble here, but
I'll tell ya, these Cleveland fans
are great. Listen to them get behind
Vaughn.

own Doyle imitates the sound of a crowd cheering with his
voice, punctuated by whistles and clapping.

THE BLEACHER BAND

the Thelma calmly knits her blanket with the scores of all
Indians' games stitched into it, the Madame La Farge of
Cleveland. The boys, however, are a little restless.

BOBBY

We need some defense here. Maybe we oughta do a wave.

JOHNNY

C'mon, Indians don't do waves. Let's keep this thing pure.

VIC

What harm could it do?

REXMAN

The next Oakland hitter, steps in. Taylor flashes a sign. Vaughn comes to the stretch and delivers. High, ball one. The runner on first goes down to second without a throw, the pitch being too tough to handle.

DOYLE (V.O.)

Runner goes, high, Taylor has no play. The go-ahead and potential winning run is in scoring position.

Taylor walks out in front of the plate to throw the ball back to Vaughn.

TAYLOR

Forget the runners, Ricky, get this guy at the plate.

Taylor goes back behind the dish. Vaughn gets up on the rubber. He winds and comes to the plate. Way high this time.

DOYLE

High ball two, and the crowd doesn't like that call one bit.

Doyle imitates the sound of a crowd booing. Taylor, meanwhile, has gone out to the mound.

TAYLOR

Okay, let's get nasty here, Rick. You know he's lookin' for this pitch. Gotta come up with somethin' studly.

VAUGHN

Fuckin' Dorn. Game shoulda been over by now. Dorn coulda had that ball. He tanked it on purpose.

TAYLOR

This isn't the California Penal League, Vaughn. We're professionals here. We don't tank a play for personal reasons, so cut the crybaby shit. You've pitched a helluva game. You wanna finish it, don't ya?

Vaughn nods.

TAYLOR

Can you give me a strike on this pitch?

VAUGHN

Yeh, but I don't know if there'll be much on it. My arm feels like jello.

TAYLOR

Just make sure it's over the plate. I want him to swing.

VAUGHN

The last time I did that, the guy hit one that hasn't landed yet.

TAYLOR

Don't worry, I'll take care of it.

Taylor starts back toward the plate, and then stops.

TAYLOR

By the way, I been meaning to ask you. Why'd you steal that car?

VAUGHN

I was bored.

TAYLOR

Next time you might think about takin' in a movie or somethin'.

Vaughn permits himself a little smile and release from the tension. Taylor smiles back, and trots off toward the plate.

THE BLEACHER BAND

down,
Bobby and Vic are doing a two-man wave. When one sits
the other stands up.

TAYLOR

to
has settled in behind the plate now. He starts talking
the batter, Rexman.

TAYLOR

Helluva situation we got goin' here,
huh, Rexman? Two on, two out, you're
down by a run in the ninth. You got
a chance to be a hero on national
television, so whatever you do, don't
blow it. They'll be callin' you a
gutless choke artist all over America.

Rexman shoots Taylor a wicked glance.

TAYLOR

You're a free agent at the end of
the year. Not much demand for gutless
choke artists. What are you hittin'
now? .230? .240?

REXMAN

.316.

TAYLOR

Hey, nice average. Uh oh, on second
thought, that still means you got a
seven outta ten chance of goin' in
the dumper.

Rexman, slightly irritated, backs out of the box.

REXMAN

Shut up, will ya, Taylor?

TAYLOR

Hey, I can understand not wantin' to
talk about baseball when your nuts
are in a vice like this.

Rexman gets back in the box.

TAYLOR

By the way, I saw your wife at the

Capri Lounge last night. Hell of a dancer. You must be very proud.

Taylor
Rexman is trying to ignore Taylor, but failing badly.
flashes a sign to Vaughn. Vaughn goes into his windup.

TAYLOR

But that guy she was with... I mean I'm sure he's a close personal friend of yours and all, but tell me...

Vaughn releases his pitch.

TAYLOR

...Why was he wearing her panties on his head?

hits a
Rexman, completely unnerved, takes a feeble swing and
high pop-up out in front of the plate.

TAYLOR

Uh oh, Rexie, I don't think that one's got the distance. Maybe if the wind comes up.

ending
Taylor moves out two steps and makes the catch easily,
the game.

exchange
dugout.
Taylor rushes out to congratulate Vaughn. The players
handshakes and high fives, as Brown watches from the

BROWN

It's startin' to come together,
Pepper. It's startin' to come
together.

EXT. DORN MANSION - AFTERNOON

Suzanne,
Taylor pulls up outside and walks up to the door.
Dorn's wife, answers.

SUZANNE

Oh hi, Jake, how are you?

TAYLOR

Fine, Suzanne, can I have a quick

word with Rodger?

SUZANNE

Sure, c'mon in, he's in the den.
I'll get some coffee.

Dorn

We FOLLOW Taylor into the luxurious den, where we find
watching his wide screen TV in a smoking jacket.

DORN

Hey, Jake, old boy, what brings you
out here?

TAYLOR

I just wanta tell ya somethin', but
I didn't want to do it in front of
the whole team.

DORN

Sure, go ahead.

TAYLOR

(like nails)

I don't know what your problem is,
but...

(bending close to
Dorn)

...if I ever see you tank another
play like you did tonight, I'll cut
off your nuts and stuff 'em down
your fuckin' throat.

He

Dorn looks at Taylor for some sign that he's kidding.
doesn't get one.

stunned

Taylor turns and walks on out, as we go to Dorn's
face. Suzanne walks in with a tray.

SUZANNE

Coffee anybody?

INT. INDIANS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The Indians are undressing after practice.

HAYES

Why the hell are we havin' practice
during the All-Star break?

TAYLOR

I heard the Big Lady upstairs ordered it.

VAUGHN

It's hotter than shit in here. What happened to the air conditioning?

INT. TRAINING ROOM - DAY

We go to Brown, naked and dragging from the heat. He approaches the whirlpool and turns on the water.

BROWN

(to Dorn)

Oh man, this old body can use a soak.

DORN

Forget it. It's not workin' again.

grinding
Brown flips on a switch. The whirlpool makes some noises and then quits altogether.

BROWN

Damn it, I thought they were gonna replace this thing.

turned
Harris shouts over from the showers where he's just on the water.

HARRIS

Hey, there's no hot water in here.

BROWN

She's at it again. I've had it with this nickel and dime stuff.

(storming out of the training room)

I'm gonna get the Bitch on the phone.

standing
players
Brown is stopped short by the sight of Rachel Phelps in the middle of the locker room as various unclad dive for cover.

RACHEL

You wanted to see the Bitch?

BROWN

Yeh.

RACHEL

Don't you think you oughta cover yourself with a towel first, Mr. Brown?

BROWN

There aren't any towels, and I'm too old to be diving under benches.

RACHEL

Well, I can take it if you can.

BROWN

What happened to the new whirlpool we were supposed to get?

RACHEL

Revenue problems have forced us to cut back on equipment. We'll simply have to fix the old one.

BROWN

You fixed it six times already. And now there's no hot water in the showers.

RACHEL

The pipes in this building are old and rusted. We're replacing them, but it's a long, expensive process.

BROWN

How am I supposed to keep my players healthy with cold water and no therapy equipment?

RACHEL

Your players will just have to get a little tougher. What are they, a bunch of pansies?

"up-
players

Immediately, 30 arms shoot up behind her in the Italian
yours" gesture. She turns around, but by then the
have quickly returned to normal positions.

BROWN

Over 162 games even tough guys get sprains, sore arms, muscle pulls...

RACHEL

It's only temporary. Besides, these guys weren't playing that good when the equipment was workin'. If I could get anybody to come and watch this team, none of this would be necessary. You oughta be grateful I can still pay your salaries.

others With that, Rachel turns and walks out. Brown and the
can only watch her go.

CUT TO:

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

CUT TO:

SPORTSCASTER ROSS FARMER

On the air.

FARMER

In case you haven't noticed, and judging by attendance, you haven't, the Indians, that thought-to-be hopeless collection of has-been's and never-will-be's is actually approaching the .500 mark, and with it, semi-respectability. Nothing to write home about, to be sure, but at least we don't have to cover our eyes.

INT. THE INJUN DINER - DAY

Bobby, Vic and Johnny are at the counter.

VIC

Ya know, they could be a lot worse.

INT. PRIVATE GYM - DAY

working
The Business Executive is talking with a friend while
out on the Nautilus machines.

BUSINESS EXECUTIVE

Ya know, I may have underestimated
this team a bit.

EXT. THE CLEVELAND DOCKS - DAY

The two Longshoremen again.

LONGSHOREMAN

Ya know, these guys aren't so fuckin'
bad.

EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY

mound.
The two Groundskeepers are repairing the pitcher's

GROUNDSKEEPER

(in subtitles)
They're still shitty.

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

[...]

Brown storms out of the dugout, doing his best to look
incensed.

TAYLOR

Ah shit, here comes Lou. Gimme a
break, Mel. I gotta get outta here.

WINGO

All right, kick some dirt on me. The
Commissioner'll buy that.

TAYLOR

Right. Good idea.

Martin.
Taylor begins kicking dirt on Wingo's shoes, ala Billy

Taylor
away.

Wingo takes a dramatic hop, skip and jump and gives
the heave-ho thumb just as Brown arrives. Wingo turns

BROWN

(to Wingo)

Hey, don't you go anywhere. I wanna
have a few words with you.

Brown grabs Taylor and pulls him aside.

BROWN

(under his breath)

What are we arguin' about here?

TAYLOR

(struggling as if he
wanted to get at
Wingo)

Fucker called that a ball.

BROWN

You mean the one that was a foot
outside?

TAYLOR

Yeh.

Playing it
on

Taylor breaks away and starts back to the dugout.
to the hilt, he throws his glove and mask to the ground
the way.

outraged at
and

Meanwhile, Brown is going jaw to jaw with Wingo,
the call. Brown pulls a carrot out of his back pocket,
offers it to Wingo, who immediately thumbs him out.

LYNN

leaving her seat and starting up the aisle.

in

Taylor comes up the stairs from the locker room, still
full uniform. He emerges onto the box level to see Lynn
disappearing down the ramp toward the parking lot.

LYNN

Taylor
follow

in the parking lot. As she goes to unlock her car,
looks around hurriedly for some kind of vehicle to
her in.

guard.

He bangs on the bullpen gates and is admitted by the

body
out

Inside is the Bullpen car, a souped-up golf cart with a
shaped like a batting helmet. Taylor hops in and roars
after Lynn.

INT. CLEVELAND ATHLETIC CLUB - NIGHT

but

Lynn comes out of the dressing room into the pool area,
deserted this time of night. She wears a racing suit,

around

lets her hair hang free. The pool glows like a sheet of
emerald glass. She shakes down a beat, curls her toes

launches

the coping, slowly bends at the waist, and then

into a full-out racing dive.

first

We watch as she swims a 100 yard individual medley;

finally

the butterfly, then the backstroke, breaststroke and

some

freestyle. We condense the time, of course, SHOOTING

water,

underwater, some SLO-MO, as she knives through the

medium.

her hair flowing behind her, an athlete alone with her

strokes

The SEQUENCE should convey not only the grace of her

swimming,

and her athletic ability, but the fluid beauty of

its synthesis of power and form.

in the

As she begins the freestyle leg, another body appears

final

pool next to her. It's Jake, and he's racing her the

20

lap. She immediately responds to the challenge, digging
harder, picking up her kick. They go neck and neck for

half a

yards, but Lynn has one more gear and touches him by

body length at the wall. Both are winded.

TAYLOR

You still got that great kick. Just like the first time I ever saw you.

LYNN

You follow me here too?

TAYLOR

Yeh, what did you want to see me about?

LYNN

What do you mean?

TAYLOR

You wouldn't have been at the game if you didn't want to see me about something.

LYNN

(getting out of the
pool)

I just wanted to see you play.

TAYLOR

How was I?

LYNN

You looked good, but you oughta open your stance a little. They're pitching you inside.

TAYLOR

I'll try that. You wanna have some dinner?

LYNN

Sorry, I already ate.

TAYLOR

Right. I forgot your life is different now.

LYNN

(getting out of the
pool)

Thanks for the race.

TAYLOR

(watching her go)

Anytime.

INT. LYNN'S CAR - NIGHT

Driving through the city on her way home. Lynn glances
in the rear-view mirror and spots Taylor following her.
She smiles to herself. Taylor, of course, thinks he's gone
undetected.

We begin a SHORT SEQUENCE during which Lynn tries to
lose Taylor in a chase through Cleveland, car vs. batting
helmet.

The logistics will have to be worked out in Cleveland,
but suffice it to say, by the end of the chase she appears
to have ditched him.

EXT. LYNN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lynn comes up the stairs, unlocks the apartment door
and steps inside. There's no particular urgency. She feels
sure she's shaken Taylor.

The apartment is full of packing boxes. Tired from the
chase, Lynn drops her bag on a box and slumps down on the
couch. It's obvious she's not all that happy to have lost
Taylor. She goes to the window and looks down to the street for
some sign of him.

Seeing nothing, she turns away from the window
disappointed, and starts back to the couch, when something stops her.
It's Taylor, standing in the doorway.

TAYLOR

Whose place are we at this time?

LYNN

(flustered)

Mine. You follow me again?

TAYLOR

Yeh. When I saw you at the game, I figured you wanted to see me about something.

LYNN

I just wanted to see you play.

TAYLOR

How was I?

LYNN

You looked good, but you oughta open your stance a little. They're pitchin' you inside.

TAYLOR

I'll try that.

a
come
off,
Taylor gives a perfunctory nod. They look at each other
second. There's still plenty there. Taylor begins to
toward her. We hear his cleats on the floor. She backs
but not with real conviction.

LYNN

I think I oughta tell you that I'm moving in with Tom.

TAYLOR

Goin' uptown, huh?

LYNN

I'm not goin' uptown, I just want to lead a regular life. You know, like an adult maybe. With a house and a garden and normal hours.

TAYLOR

You think I can't lead a regular life?

LYNN

You like the life you've had, Jake. You like hangin' out with the boys, livin' in hotels, eatin' dinner at midnight, having girls send you their underwear in the mail. Remember the surprise party I threw for you when

you made the All-Star team? You never showed up, but the doorbell rang once and we all got quiet and hid behind the furniture. It was a guy to serve you with a paternity suit.

TAYLOR

That was a hoax. The girl was just trying to get some publicity.

LYNN

Yes, but you had obviously been with her. And it happened in front of all our friends.

TAYLOR

I was drownin', Lynn. The endorsements were dryin' up, my knees were goin', they were talkin' about sendin' me down. I was just trying to hold on to somethin', prove to myself I was still an All-Star. I don't care about that anymore. I know I don't have much time left in baseball. I'm just a guy trying to put his life back together. Thinkin' about you was the only thing that kept me goin' in Mexico.

Lynn looks at him a long beat.

LYNN

I've come back to you too many times, Jake. I can't afford to believe you anymore.

out but
Lynn is backed up against a desk now. She could move
doesn't.

TAYLOR

I guess this is our last hurrah then.

LYNN

I guess so. Did you really read "Moby Dick?"

TAYLOR

Cover to cover.

Their
Taylor comes forward to kiss her, tentatively at first.

intensity

conversation is interwoven with the slowly deepening
of their kissing.

TAYLOR

When's the wedding?

LYNN

October third.

TAYLOR

Your mom and dad like this guy?

LYNN

You're still their favorite.

They're unbuttoning each other's shirts now.

TAYLOR

Gonna be a big wedding?

LYNN

Tom doesn't like big weddings. You
coulda read Plot Outlines of 101
Great Novels.

TAYLOR

Where?

LYNN

At any library.

TAYLOR

I mean the wedding.

LYNN

All Saints on Euclid.

TAYLOR

Nice church.

LYNN

Yeh. Who saved Ishmael at the end?

TAYLOR

Nobody. It was Queequeg's coffin. Am
I invited?

LYNN

Where?

TAYLOR

To the wedding.

LYNN

If you want. Maybe you really did read it.

Their shirts are off now.

LYNN

This doesn't change anything, you know. We were always good at this.

TAYLOR

Lynn?

LYNN

What?

TAYLOR

The zipper on your skirt is stuck.

LYNN

Use your imagination.

the
the
Lynn OUT
the
Taylor's spikes come down across her skirt, catching in material, ripping it from her body and pinning it to wood floor. Taylor steps out of the shoe and whisks OF FRAME. We hold on the skirt, nailed to the floor by cleats.

INT. LYNN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

looks
Taylor wakens and turns over to find Lynn gone. He around but there's no sign of her.

EXT. LYNN'S APARTMENT - DAY

drives OUT
Taylor comes down the steps, gets in his car, and OF FRAME. We HOLD on the SHOT, and...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAME SHOT - THAT NIGHT

the
Taylor
pushes
Just
center of
overhead

Taylor's car pulls INTO FRAME. He gets out and goes up steps. There's one light on in the apartment window. comes up to the door and knocks. Getting no answer, he it open to find that the apartment is completely empty. bare hardwood floor. Taylor stands forlorn in the the room a beat, then walks on out, switching off the light as he goes.

INT. RACHEL PHELPS' OFFICE - DAY

Donovan is present once again. Rachel does not look pleased.

RACHEL

Well, my worst fears have been confirmed. We're 60 and 60, nine games out of first, and only two out of the first division. Who do those guys think they are?

DONOVAN

Maybe you just have to accept the fact that they're not as bad as you'd hoped.

RACHEL

I don't have to accept anything. Our attendance is only beginning to rise. If we can force a losing streak for a week or two, we can still turn this thing around. The fans are used to losers here. At the first sign of a slump they'll give up on this team.

DONOVAN

What's left to do? You've taken away everything you can.

RACHEL

Not everything.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

we
Express."
We pick up a decrepit old Greyhound bus coming down the highway, belching smoke like a diesel semi. On the side see the visage of Chief Wahoo and the words "Indian

INT. INDIAN EXPRESS - DAY

bus.
Temple is looking at a memo from Rachel Phelps.

TEMPLE

Memo says we'll only be usin' this for short trips.

BROWN

Good thing we don't play anybody in Europe.

TAYLOR AND HAYES

Lynn's
next to
him.
Taylor is staring out the window, still morose about leaving. A stack of Classics Illustrated comics sits

HAYES

Can I borrow one of those, man? They don't have any magazines on this bus.

TAYLOR

Sure, go ahead. I think my reading days are over.

HAYES

Macbeth. This a good one?

TAYLOR

(pointing to his stack of Classics)
These are all Hall of Famers.

Hayes is impressed.

EXT. CITY OF NEW YORK - NIGHT

New
York, enroute to the Indian's hotel.
The Indian Express makes its way through the streets of

INT. INDIAN EXPRESS - FULL SHOT

We see that now most of the team is reading classic comics.

HAYES

(to Dorn)
I'll trade you Song of Hiawatha for
The Deerslayer.

DORN

Naw, I'm not into Song of Hiawatha.

HAYES

All right then, how about Crime and
Punishment?

DORN

Yeh, that sounds pretty good. That's
a detective story, right?

HAYES

Yeh.

INT. INDIAN EXPRESS - NIGHT

The bus slows down and pulls over to the curb.

DRIVER

This is it. The Sheffield Arms.

The players all crowd to the window to get a glimpse of
their hotel. Hotel is actually overstating it. This place is
one cut below the YMCA.

BROWN

I don't know if we can survive any
more of these economy measures.

INT. THE SHEFFIELD ARMS - DAY

We pick up Taylor, Hayes and Vaughn coming into their
rickety dilapidated hotel room. Peeling walls and ceilings,
down on furniture, rusted bathroom fixtures. Taylor sprawls
of one of the cots. It collapses on the floor in a cloud
dust.

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM - DAY

Vaughn is on the mound warming up.

DOYLE (V.O.)

So, Ricky Vaughn, roughed up in his only other appearance against the Yankees, will see what he can do with the Bronx Bombers this time. Vaughn, after a slow start, has come on lately and now leads the American League in strikeouts with 221.

down
out.
Vaughn finishes his warmups. As Taylor pumps the ball to second, Vaughn hears a voice from the Yankee dug-

VOICE

Hey, jailbird!

tries
Vaughn glances over and sees that one of the Yankees is dressed in a striped prison uniform. He also wears long earrings, high heels, and of course, glasses. Vaughn

to ignore the guy, but his concentration is broken.

winds
to
it
convict
Vaughn steps up on the rubber for his first pitch. He and fires. The Yankee LEADOFF HITTER rips a one-hopper the wall in right center. Hayes runs it down and guns back to the infield to hold the guy to a double. The whoops it up.

stretch,
a
much
pitch in
second
Vaughn gets back up on the rubber. As he comes to the he catches sight of the convict again. The guy is doing pantomime, sneaking up to a car and picking the lock, to the delight of his teammates. Vaughn throws his the dirt and all the way to the backstop. The runner on goes to third.

TAYLOR

(throwing the ball

back)
C'mon, Rick baby, settle down.

the
against
cracking
His
a

Vaughn gets ready again. The convict finishes picking lock and then is suddenly arrested. He puts his hands the wall and spreads his legs for a weapons check, up the whole bench. Vaughn is getting a little steamed. His next pitch is hammered into left for a single, scoring a run.

THREE SHOTS OF VAUGHN

throwing pitches, followed by:

SHOTS

field
wall,
now
Vaughn.

of the THIRD HITTER lining a double down the right line, the FOURTH HITTER a triple off the center field and the FIFTH HITTER a single to right. The scoreboard reads 4 to 0 Yankees. Taylor comes out to talk to

TAYLOR

What's the problem, Rick? You're throwin' basketballs up there. That guy in the dugout botherin' you?

VAUGHN

Naw, I'm all right.

TAYLOR

Forget him. Worry about the guys carryin' bats. C'mon, Ricky, let's get nasty.

steps
face.
into

Vaughn nods as Taylor trots back behind the plate. Vaughn gets set again as his old nemesis, Haywood, into the batter's box. Haywood has a sly smile on his face. As Vaughn comes to his stretch, the convict goes back into

of his
him.

his act. He's in jail now, struggling against the bars. Finally he bends over and grabs his ankles, while one

teammates humps up against him, pretending to bugger

This sends the Yankee bench into hysterics.

Haywood
Hayes
watches

Vaughn has lost it now. He fires to the plate and creams another tape measure job into the upper deck.

doesn't even bother to run back to the wall. He just it go. 6-0 Yankees.

BROWN

I thought now that Vaughn had some control, he was ready for the Yankees.

PEPPER

Not quite yet.

Brown makes his way to the mound to take Vaughn out.

DOYLE (V.O.)

So, Vaughn pitches in some tough luck here as the Yankees put together as few squib hits and take a 6-0 lead.

DOYLE

grounds

in the press box. The stadium below is empty, the crew covering the infield.

DOYLE

Well, the Indians made a gallant comeback today, but fell one run short as the Yankees held on for a 6-5 victory, although they didn't do squat after the first inning. Anyway, if the bus makes it here from the hotel we'll be on at 7:30 tomorrow night. Till then, this is Harry Doyle, saying so long, everybody, and Happy Hunting.

INT. THE HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

down

Brown is alone in the bar having a drink. A figure sits

on the stool next to him. It's Donovan.

DONOVAN

Mind if I join you?

BROWN

(surprised to see him)

Donovan. Hell no. What are you doin' here?

DONOVAN

Just wanted to get out on the road. You damn near pulled one out today.

BROWN

Someday we'll figure out how to beat those guys.

DONOVAN

Ya know, you've done a helluva job this year.

BROWN

Sixty and sixty-one is hardly a helluva job.

DONOVAN

With this club it is.

BROWN

Ya know, when I first got to camp I figured this team had no chance. I was just hopin' we'd win enough that I could stay on and really start to build something here. But there's a lotta talent on this club, Charlie. The veterans are starting to play back to form and the rookies are developing faster than I thought. There's two or three potential all-stars in there. I think we're a first division team right now.

DONOVAN

You really believe that, don't you?

BROWN

I know it. All we need is something to bring it all together.

DONOVAN

Rachel Phelps would never allow that.

BROWN

What do you mean?

DONOVAN

She doesn't want you in the first division. She doesn't even want you in Cleveland.

On Brown's incredulous face, we...

CUT TO:

INT. INDIANS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The players are all gathered around, obviously having been called together by Brown.

BROWN

(addressing the group)

I got somethin' I think you oughta know about. I wouldn't have known about it myself if Charlie Donovan hadn't told me, although I shoulda guessed it from everything that's happened. It seems that Mrs. Phelps doesn't think too highly of our worth.

We take several CUTS OF FACES around the room.

BROWN

She put this team together because she thought we'd be bad enough to finish dead last, knockin' attendance down to the point where she could move the team to Miami.

(pause)

And get rid of all of us for better personnel.

Taylor, Vaughn, Hayes, Dorn, and the others can hardly believe what they're hearing.

DORN

Even me?

BROWN

Even you, Dorn.

Silence descends on the room.

HAYES

In other words, Phelps thinks we're all dinks. That we don't belong in the big leagues.

BROWN

That's about it.

HARRIS

What if we don't finish last?

BROWN

She'll replace you with somebody who will. After this season, you'll all be sent back to the minors or given your outright release.

(pause)

So, all we're gonna get is this one year.

stands to
Taylor surveys the bowed heads around the room. He
address the group.

TAYLOR

I don't know about the rest of you, but I've been playin' baseball since I was five years old. I've had some good years and some years to forget. I've burned out my knees... I don't think I have three fingers that work right... I've lost most of the money I made and baseball has messed up my personal life from time to time. But I know one thing... I can still play this game a little. And I'd like to know who in this room thinks they're the kinda bum Mrs. Phelps is lookin' for?

hands
Eyes dart around the room, then come back to Taylor. No
are raised...

TAYLOR

Well, then, I guess there's only one thing to do.

DORN

What's that?

TAYLOR

Win the whole fuckin' thing.

the
and
We take CUTS of the startled faces of the players. As
idea sinks in, they begin to come to life. MUSIC begins
we're into a...

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

pennant
begin
detailing the newly-motivated Indians' drive for the
and the "Pennant Fever" it creates in Cleveland. We
with...

BROWN

locker
the
STINK!"
have
divided
hanging a full size blowup of Rachel Phelps on the
room wall. In the picture she's pointing as if out at
players, and a bubble above her head says, "YOU GUYS
A set of designer clothes, of the type Rachel wears,
been superimposed on the picture. The clothes are
into 32 pull-off squares.

BROWN

I figure it's gonna take 32 more
victories to win this thing. Every
time we win, we peel a square.

HAYES

wheelbarrow
dirt
coming out of an elevator in the Turk, with a
full of dirt. We pan him down the hall, where we see a
sliding area he's been building up.

HAYES

As
down the
leading off a makeshift base in the hall of the Turk.
Vaughn tosses a ball up in the air, Hayes takes off
hall toward another base on the dirt sliding area.

Taylor,
umping,
vociferously,

Vaughn catches the ball and rifles a throw down to who puts the tag on the sliding Hayes. Cerrano, who's calls Hayes out. Hayes jumps up and argues hopping around in frustration.

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

PEPPER

Dorn.
front

hitting one rocket-shot ground ball after another at Some bounce off his chest and arms, but Dorn stays in of every one.

DORN

mass

taking off his shirt in the locker room. His chest is a of welts and bruises.

CERRANO

brush.

"polishing" his bats with black shoe polish and a

TAYLOR

ball

taking batting practice late at night. He attacks the swing after swing.

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

VAUGHN

the
while
throw

taking his stretch with a man on first, and firing to plate. The Batter swings and misses for strike three, the Runner on first breaks for second. TAYLOR rifles a down to second nailing the Runner for a double play.

DORN

guns taking a hot smash off his chest. He picks it up and
the runner down.

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

HAYES

frantically to stealing home, as the opposing Pitcher tries
to the hurry his windup. Hayes slides across safely, hooking
fist. infield side. He jumps up and punches the air with his

HAYES

home nailing up the pair of black gloves he used to steal
above his bed.

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

"INDIANS WIN FIFTH STRAIGHT, CRACK FIRST DIVISION"

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

blazing Ross Farmer, microphone in hand, stands in front of a
doormats bonfire. A large crowd cheers as various people throw
on the blaze.

FARMER

(to TV camera)

You remember bra burning in the '70's,
well, the newest thing in Cleveland
is doormat burning as Indian fans
are standing up and saying "We won't
be stepped on anymore".

THREE QUICK SHOTS OF VAUGHN

blowing fast balls by hitter.

RACHEL

in

with Donovan next to her, watching all this good play disgust.

AN ANGEL HITTER

to
as
by the
comes

lining a single to center. Cerrano charges it and fires the plate as a Runner tries to score from second. Just Taylor catches the ball, he's once again knocked flat Runner. This time he lies still a beat, and then an arm up holding the ball.

The Umpire thumbs the Runner out.

TAYLOR

late at night, sitting head-down in the outboard motor whirlpool. He's hurting.

EXT. CLEVELAND DOWNTOWN STREET -DAY

wearing
Black
passes,
return

We PICK UP three Teenage Girls walking down the street T-shirts that say WILD THING--I THINK I LOVE YOU. A Kid comes by wearing black gloves on each hand. As he he holds up one finger signifying Number One. The Girls the signal.

EXT. EXECUTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

gives
soon as
earplug
Indians'

The Business Executive passes his secretary's desk, her some instructions, and goes into his office. As he's out of sight, she opens her drawer and slips the from a portable radio into her ear. OVER, we hear the

BROADCAST.

THE EXECUTIVE

out an

inside his office. He opens his desk drawer and pulls earplug. He's also listening to the game.

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. BURLESQUE JOINT - NIGHT

glove

The Stripper is wearing a squaw costume, with black
and a WILD THING T-shirt.

Several members of the audience have radio earplugs on.

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

"INDIANS SWEEP ORIOLES, MOVE INTO SECOND."

SERIES OF SHOTS

Under

of squares of leopard skin fabric being peeled away.

bare

one is revealed a section of bare hip and thigh. Under
another, a navel. Under still another, the edge of a
breast and arm.

THE INDIAN TEAM

the

all dressed in tuxedos, posed "team picture" style on
infield of Municipal Stadium.

TEAM

(in unison)

Hello, do you know us?

TAYLOR

We're a Major League baseball team,
but since we haven't won a pennant
in thirty years, nobody recognizes
us, not even in our own hometown.

VAUGHN

That's why we carry the American
Express card. No matter how far out
of first we are, it keeps us from
getting shut out at our favorite
hotels and restaurants.

CERRANO

So if you're looking for some big league clout, apply for the little green home run hitter.

TAYLOR

Look what it's done for us. People still don't recognize us, but...
(whispering)
...we're in the first division now.

HAYES

FRAME.
sliding across home plate in his tuxedo and stopping IN
hand. He holds up an American Express card in a black-gloved

HAYES

The American Express card. Don't steal home without it.

SHOTS OF FANS

ripped,
filing into Cleveland Municipal Stadium. Tickets being
programs sold, etc.

TAYLOR

seats.
swinging and hitting a home run into the left field

THE BLEACHER BAND

WIDENS to
beating the tom-toms and whooping it up. The SHOT
reveal they're no longer alone in the stands.

HAYES

are
nailing up another pair of gloves above his head. There
a lot of them up there now.

INT. THE INDIAN BUS - NIGHT

lies
On the road again. Everyone's asleep except Taylor who
across his seat, heating pads on his knees.

THE LONGSHOREMEN (POSSIBLE OMIT)

cheering
their
bedfellows.

watching TV in a Cleveland working-class bar. Also
the Indians are several punk and heavy metal kids,
faces painted with Indian war paint. Strange

CERRANO

hitting a prodigious home run onto the roof.

DONOVAN

he's
watches the

standing up to cheer Cerrano's homer, then remembering
with Rachel. He sits down apologetically. Rachel
events on the field with a face of cold steel.

TAYLOR

two
runner,
sliding
neither.

hitting a double into the right centerfield alley with
runners on.

Hayes, the trailing runner, catches up with the lead
and they reach the plate at about the same time, one
around the Catcher one way, one around the other.
Both score as the Catcher tries to tag both and gets

FANS IN THE STANDS

the

going wild, while the Indian mascot dances on top of
dugout.

TV SCREEN

Sports-

The program in progress is suddenly interrupted by a
Break logo appearing on the screen.

VOICE

We interrupt this program to bring
you the following special bulletin.

ROSS FARMER

live outside the Indian's locker room. He wears a
headdress,
warpaint, and a Wild Thing T-shirt.

FARMER

Good evening, everybody. The incredible has happened. The Indians have finished the regular season in a first place tie with the New York Yankees on the strength of a 4-2 win over the Tigers in Detroit today. There will be a one-game playoff here in Cleveland the day after tomorrow to decide the Eastern Division Championship, the Indians having won the coin flip held just moments ago in the American League office. We'll have further details on the news at 11, but for now, get your tomahawks ready, Cleveland.

CLOSEUP - A PIECE OF LEOPARD SKIN FABRIC

We hear cheers as it's ripped away to reveal the
photographic
life-
at
from
her showgirl days.

image of Rachel's cleavage. We PULL BACK to see the
size poster is now completely peeled. Rachel stares out
us in a G-string and tassels. The photo is obviously

shaking
General merriment prevails in the locker room. Players
hands, back slapping, etc. Hayes comes by to exchange
congratulations with Taylor. MUSIC and MONTAGE END.

HAYES

Hey, not bad for a has-been and a never-will-be.

TAYLOR

We haven't won anything yet. We still got one more to go.

Dorn comes by Taylor's locker.

DORN

Hey, Taylor, there's a coupla drop-

dead Annies outside. One of 'em says she used to know you pretty good. Brunette, great rack...

TAYLOR

Darla.

DORN

Yeh. What doya say we chat 'em up?

TAYLOR

(without much
enthusiasm)

I don't know...

DORN

C'mon, you're not gonna keep moonin' over that library chick, are you? Forget her, she's gone.

We leave Taylor thinking it over.

INT. DORN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CHARLES is

Suzanne Dorn is watching the 11 o'clock news. HAL holding forth.

CHARLES

The Indians are spending the night in Detroit and will bus back to Cleveland in the morning. We're going to go back now to Ross Farmer who's standing by at the Hotel Stanley where the Indians are staying in Detroit. Ross?

The scene shifts to...

THE LOBBY OF THE STANLEY HOTEL

him

where Ross Farmer stands, microphone in hand. Behind several players can be seen partying in the bar.

FARMER

Thank you, Hal. As you can see, the Indians are in high spirits tonight, looking forward to their showdown with the Yankees. Who will start that game is still a matter of some conjecture.

background
and
background.
screen

As Ross talks, Dorn walks INTO THE FRAME in the far
with his arm around a YOUNG LOVELY. They're nuzzling
hugging, unaware they're on camera, albeit in the
Suzanne doesn't miss it though. She moves closer to the
to get a better look.

obviously
the off
face

Dorn and the Girl get in an elevator together,
going upstairs. As the elevator closes, Suzanne hits
button. She sits there a second in shock, and then her
begins to harden.

INT. TAYLOR'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

into

Taylor and DARLA are undressing, preparatory to getting
bed. They are definitely no strangers to each other.

DARLA

You still got that black Corvette?
The one that the sound system took
up the whole trunk?

TAYLOR

No, I had to sell it.

DARLA

I thought they gave them to ya.

TAYLOR

Not after your knees go bad.

DARLA

That's all right, you'll be gettin'
a new one now.

up on
take off

Darla is down to her bra and panties. She puts her leg
the bed to unhook her stockings. Taylor is about to
his pants, but stops.

TAYLOR

Darla, I don't think I can do this.

DARLA

What do you mean? We did this between
innings once.

TAYLOR

I guess I'm just not that guy anymore.

Darla looks at him a long beat.

DARLA

(resigned)

Happens to the best of them sooner
or later. What's her name?

EXT. HALL OUTSIDE TAYLOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and Darla comes out, fully clothed now.
She turns to say goodbye to Jake, who is still bare-
chested.

DARLA

So long, Jake. Too bad. I was gonna
devote a whole chapter to you in my
book.

As Darla gives Jake a goodbye peck, the elevator door
opens across the hall, and out steps Lynn. She's obviously
rattled by the sight of Taylor and Darla together.

LYNN

Excuse me. I was in town for a
conference and thought I'd drop by,
but I can see you're busy...

With that she quickly steps back into the elevator and
the doors close.

TAYLOR

Lynn, wait...

Taylor leaps to the elevator door, but it's too late.
He then sprints to the end of the hall and down the
stairs.

TAYLOR

sign
out
into

running down the stairs and into the lobby. Seeing no
of Lynn, he races out the front door to see her pulling
in a taxi. He can only stand and watch her disappear
the night.

INT. THE INDIANS' BUS - DAY

bus,
the
partying.

We PICK UP Vaughn making his way to the back of the
where Brown has his "office" on the last seat. Most of
other players are asleep after a late night of

VAUGHN

You wanted to see me?

BROWN

Yeh, Rick. I just wanted to tell you
that I'm startin' Harris tomorrow
against the Yankees, even though
it's your turn in the rotation.

Vaughn says nothing, but he's clearly disappointed.

BROWN

He's got more experience and a little
better record against the Yankees.

VAUGHN

Yeh, sure. Whatever's best for the
team.

BROWN

Don't read anything into it, Rick.
You're one of the guys that got us
here.

VAUGHN

Yeh, okay.

him

Vaughn turns and walks back up the aisle. Brown watches
go, knowing he's still upset.

EXT. MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY

group

The Indian bus pulls up outside the Stadium, where a

with of several thousand fans wait. The players are showered
cheers and applause as they file out.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

troubled Vaughn sits in the bar alone, nursing a beer, still
by his demotion. He hears a sexy VOICE behind him.

VOICE

You mind if I join you?

to Vaughn turns around to see Suzanne Dorn. She's dressed
draw blood, looking better than we've ever seen her.
She slides into the booth.

VAUGHN

I don't think I'd be very good company
tonight.

SUZANNE

Why not?

VAUGHN

Nothin'. Job problem.

devastating Vaughn falls silent. Suzanne stares at him with a
combination of sexual heat and tender admiration. She's
pulling out all the stops. Vaughn's a little flustered.

VAUGHN

I'm, ah, a ball player.

SUZANNE

I know, but that's not why I came
over. I don't chase ball players.

VAUGHN

Why did you come over then?

SUZANNE

Because you're the sexiest man I've
ever laid eyes on, and you look like
you could use a... friend.

We GO TO Vaughn. Forget it. He's a goner.

INT. VAUGHN'S ROOM - NIGHT

dressed. Vaughn has dozed off in the bed. Suzanne, is getting

Vaughn wakes up as she finishes.

VAUGHN

Where you goin'?

SUZANNE

I've gotta get home.

VAUGHN

I didn't even get your name.

SUZANNE

Suzanne. Suzanne Dorn

VAUGHN

(having heard that
name someplace before)
Suzanne Dorn?

SUZANNE

Mrs. Suzanne Dorn.
(kissing him on the
forehead)
So long. You're a great kid.

With that she walks on out, leaving Vaughn dazed by the knowledge of who he's just slept with.

THE HALL OUTSIDE VAUGHN'S ROOM

as Taylor is coming back from the bathroom down the hall
Suzanne comes out of Vaughn's room.

SUZANNE

(nonchalant)
Hello, Jake.

TAYLOR

Hello, Suzanne.

Suzanne Taylor is amazed by what he's just seen. As soon as
is out of sight, he goes to Vaughn's room and opens the
door.

TAYLOR

Vaughn?

Vaughn is sitting on his bed in a state of disbelief.

VAUGHN

I swear to God I didn't know who she was.

believe Taylor nods that it's all right even though he doesn't it.

DISSOLVE TO:

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

THE LIMO

the car pulling up outside the church. Lynn is helped out of that by her Father. As she starts up the steps, she sees team in both sides are lined by the entire Cleveland Indians uniform. They form an arch of bats as she passes. At the top of the steps is Taylor. Lynn stops as her father ushers her mother on into the church.

TAYLOR

You look beautiful.

LYNN

Thank you. I didn't think you'd come.

TAYLOR

I can't stay.
(indicating the team)
We gotta get to the park.

LYNN

Good luck today, Jake.

TAYLOR

Yeh, you too.
(pause)
Tell me one thing. The night you came up to my hotel -- was there really a library conference?

LYNN

No, I came to see you.

TAYLOR

Too bad it didn't work out better. I just wanna say I'm sorry for all the things I've put you through over the years.

LYNN

Even for last night?

TAYLOR

Can't be sorry for that. Nothing happened.

Lynn
He says this with absolute conviction. Despite herself, senses that he's telling the truth.

LYNN

Then you weren't defending my honor again?

TAYLOR

I didn't have to. She knew she was outclassed.

goes
walks
Lynn smiles. He gives her a kiss and watches as she inside. He stands there a long beat, then turns and slowly down the steps past his teammates.

INT. RACHEL PHELPS' OFFICE - DAY

KNOCK
Rachel is looking out at the empty stadium. There's a at the door.

RACHEL

Come in.

Brown.
The door is opened by a Male Secretary and in steps Lou

RACHEL

Hello, Lou, what can I do for ya?

Lou puts a folded piece of paper on her desk.

BROWN

I wanted to hand in my resignation before you had a chance to fire me.

RACHEL

What do you mean?

BROWN

I know what you been tryin' to do with this team. After the season, I want no part of it.

RACHEL

Well, I knew I could count on Charlie to tell somebody. I was just afraid he might take too long.

BROWN

Why would you want him to tell somebody?

RACHEL

So you'd tell the team, hopefully getting them mad enough to knock themselves out trying to prove they belonged in this league. I think it worked.

BROWN

You tryin' to make me believe you wanted us to win all along?

Rachel nods.

BROWN

Bullshit. What about the plane, the bus, the bad hotels...

RACHEL

We were broke. We couldn't afford anything better. Donald left the team nearly bankrupt. If we'd had another losing season, I would have had to sell the team. I knew we couldn't win with the team we had, so I decided to bring in new players and see how they'd do with the proper motivation. There was never any offer from Miami. I made it all up.

BROWN

Why should I believe any of this? Now that we're winnin' it's easy for

you to jump on the bandwagon.

RACHEL

If I'd really wanted you to lose, all I had to do was send the best players back to the minors. But I didn't, did I?

Brown has no comeback for this. He knows now that she's telling the truth.

RACHEL

You think this was all an accident? I personally scouted every member of this team, except Hayes, of course. He was a surprise. They all had flaws which concealed their real talent, or I wouldn't have been able to get them. But I knew if anyone could straighten them out, you could. And if you tell them any of this, I will fire you.

Brown can only shake his head at this whole thing.

RACHEL

I love this team, Lou. Go get 'em tonight.

still
her a
The two shake hands. Brown looks at Rachel a beat,
looking for some sign of duplicity. Finally he gives
grudging smile of respect.

INT. THE TURK - LATE AFTERNOON

to
aside.
Taylor, Hayes, Vaughn and the others are getting ready
board the bus to the stadium. Taylor pulls Vaughn

TAYLOR

I don't know what Dorn's wife is up to, but I think it'd be best if you dressed early and got out to the bullpen before Dorn comes in.

Vaughn nods.

HAYES

(to Taylor)

We got a problem. Cerrano wants some extra power for tonight. He's lookin' to sacrifice a live chicken. We can't have people pukin' in the locker room before the game.

TAYLOR

Tell him not to worry, I'll take care of it.

INT. DORN'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Dorn is ready to leave for the park.

DORN

Bye bye, honey, wish me luck.

SUZANNE

Before you go, there's something I wanta tell you.

Uh oh, we know what this is all about.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - NIGHT

them
plastic
the

The place is jammed. 75,000 screaming maniacs, most of decked out in war paint and head dresses. Some carry scalps with Yankee hats on them. Others have caps with European "No" insignia superimposed over a door mat.

DOYLE

In the press box.

COLORMAN

Here's your bourbon.

DOYLE

Won't need it tonight.

THE LOCKER ROOM

player

starkly quiet in contrast to the stadium outside. Each has retreated into his own world of concentration.

braces

Dorn approaches Taylor, who's fitting heavy athletic
on both knees.

DORN

You know where Vaughn is?

TAYLOR

Nope. Haven't seen him.

DORN

Let me know if you do. I wanna have
a little talk with him.

Dorn moves off.

CERRANO

Where's my chicken?

TAYLOR

It's comin' in now.

Cerrano

We see a Bat Boy enter with a bucket of fried chicken.
looks at it in bewilderment.

TAYLOR

One whole chicken, like you said.

CERRANO

But it no alive.

TAYLOR

Believe me, Jo-Buu will like this.
He's gotta be gettin' tired of raw
chicken.

takes

As Cerrano hefts the bucket somewhat skeptically and
it to his altar, we...

CUT TO:

HARRIS

an

warming up in the bullpen. The tension of starting such
important game shows in his face.

DOYLE

Hello, everybody, Harry Doyle bidding

you a Wahoo welcome from beautiful Municipal Stadium, where tonight before a capacity crowd of 75,000 screaming featherheads, the braves of the Cuyahoga will leave their teepees in search of Cleveland's first League Championship in over 30 years. Standing in the way, their long time nemesis, the New York Yankees, the Big Boys of Broadway, who have beaten the Indians like a tom-tom all year long.

take
slaps,
is
Down in the dugout, the players are lined up ready to the field. They exchange words of encouragement, hand clenched fists, but all at a very low key level. This tension time.

BROWN

All right, guys, let's take it to 'em.

ovation.
The Indians charge onto the field to a standing

season,
tom-
the
in.
In the center field bleachers Thelma's victory blanket containing the scores of every Indian game for the hangs from a railing. Bobby, Vic and Johnny pound the toms leading the stadium in a monster version of "In Land of Burning Waters." Even the groundskeepers join

Bouncing
Two down in the first. Harris looking sharp so far... ball to third. Dorn up with it.

HARRIS

to
Throwing the first pitch. The YANKEE HITTER grounds one Dorn who throws him out.

THE SCOREBOARD

0-0 in the 3rd.

CERRANO

striking out on a curve ball.

HAYES

catch

robbing a Yankee of a home run by making a leaping
over the fence.

TAYLOR

picking a Yankee runner off first.

THE SCOREBOARD

0-0 in the 5th.

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

CERRANO

swing.

striking out on a curve ball, trying to check his
Umpire emphatically punches him out.

DOYLE

There's

Looking past him to the field. Harris is on the mound.
a runner on second.

DOYLE

Still nothing -- nothing, top of the
seventh, two down. Harris has been
in trouble all night, but has battled
his way out with the help of some
great defensive plays.

BURTON,

Harris comes set and delivers. The Yankee hitter,
(L) swings and gets all of it.

DOYLE (V.O.)

Uh oh, this one's tagged. Deep center
field. Way back. Way back.

run.

Hayes climbs up on the wall, but it's long gone. Home

DOYLE (V.O.)

It's off the reservation, home run.
And the Yankees lead it 2-0.

RACHEL'S BOX (INSERT STORYBOARD # 209G)

RACHEL

Shit.

Donovan is a little confused by this.

jubilant
stadium.
Burton trots around the bases and is greeted by
teammates at the plate. A silent pall falls on the
As the "2" goes up on the scoreboard, we...

CUT TO:

HAYES

take
up
popping up and flinging his bat away in frustration. We
CUTS of the worried fans, chewing fingernails, wadding
programs, hanging their heads, etc.

TAYLOR

take
grounding out, obviously having trouble running. We
CUTS of worried faces on the bench.

DORN

practically
stepping into the batter's box. The crowd is
sitting on its hands now. Hope draining away.

DOYLE (V.O.)

Dorn up now, two down, bottom of the
seventh. The Indians running out of
chances.

to
alive.
Dorn swings at the first pitch and lines a sharp single
left. The crowd and the Indian bench suddenly come
Cerrano moves to the plate.

DOYLE (V.O.)

That'll bring on Cerrano, hitless tonight. As a matter of fact, he hasn't touched the ball yet.

takes his
audible
big,
The crowd and bleacher band begins to clap as Dorn lead. Cerrano swings at the first pitch and misses. An groan goes through the crowd.
The Yankee pitcher gets set again, and throws Cerrano a roundhouse curve. He misses it a foot. Strike two.

BROWN

Damn, havin' trouble with the curve ball again.

HAYES

We should've gotten him a live chicken.

gesturing
Cerrano steps out and begins to talk to his bat, and pointing as if arguing with his wife.

CERRANO

I pissed off now, Jo-Buu. I good to you, I stand up for you. If you no help me now, I say fuck you, Jo-Buu. I do it myself.

pitcher
curve
Everyone
rooting
Cerrano gets back in the box and digs in. The Yankee comes to his stretch and delivers. Another big breaking ball. Cerrano swings and knocks the crap out of it. in the stands and on the bench jumps to their feet, for the ball to get out.

DOYLE (STORYBOARD #212EE)

DOYLE

Long drive, deep centerfield. Way back. It might be. It could be. The ball is... Downtown, welcome to the Happy Hunting Ground. The game is tied.

The fans go crazy as Cerrano circles the bases.

RACHEL'S BOX (STORYBOARD # 212GG)

Donovan Rachel jumps out of her seat, hands above her head.
hesitates a beat, then follows suit.
his Cerrano carries his bat with him, holding it high above
the head. As Cerrano disappears into the dugout, we go to
scoreboard as the 2 goes up.

DOYLE (STORYBOARD # 212NN)

DOYLE

Two down in the top of the ninth,
still tied at 2, Harris working on
an eight-hitter.

CUT TO:

YANKEE HITTER

lining a single to right field. Harris mops his brow,
obviously tiring.

ANOTHER YANKEE HITTER

stopping at smashing a double off the wall, the lead runner
warm. third. Brown signals to the bullpen to get somebody

HARRIS

on the mound, looking like he's out of gas.

DOYLE (V.O.)

Activity continues in the pen, as
Harris is really digging himself a
hole now. He got the first two
hitters, and then gave up a single
and a double and has now gone 3-0 to
Cheevers.

Harris comes set and fires to the plate. It's way high.

DOYLE (V.O.)

High, ball four and they're loaded
for Haywood, the biggest Indian killer

of them all.

Brown has seen enough. He makes his way to the mound.

BROWN

(taking the ball from
Harris)

You pitched a hell of a game, Steve.
Take a seat and we'll see if we can
get this guy for ya.

Brown signals to the bullpen with his left hand.

BROWN

Give me Vaughn.

TAYLOR

(surprised)

You want Vaughn?

BROWN

I know he hasn't done real well
against this guy, but I got a hunch
he's due.

VAUGHAN

As he
Dorn
his
to
Vaughn.
the
singing
crowd do

striding in from the bullpen. He doesn't look relaxed.
nears the infield he purposely doesn't look at Dorn.
stares at him with undisguised venom.
As Vaughan gets to the mound, he sees Patton getting
convict uniform on in the Yankee dugout. He looks away
see Haywood in the on-deck circle smiling out at him.
Meanwhile, the CROWD has gone nuts at the sight of
Bobby, Vic and Johnny are blasting out "Wild Thing" on
tom-toms and the whole stadium, 75,000 strong, is
it. Doyle just pushes the mic forward and lets the
it's work.

BROWN

Okay, Ricky, Haywood likes the hard
stuff in. Curve him on the hands,

bust him away, and don't get up with anything. You listenin' to me Rick?

digested

Vaughn nods, but we can tell he's too nervous to have any of that.

BROWN

(Patting him on the butt)

O.K., kid, you're my man. Let's go get him.

TAYLOR

C'mon Ricky, this guy is the out you been waitin' your whole life for.

SINGING

Brown and Taylor leave Vaughn alone on the mound, the of the crowd ringing in his ears.

DOYLE (INSERT STORYBOARD #216N)

DOYLE

O.K. Vaughn has finished his warmup and we're ready to...

Dorn
fear

No sooner has Taylor settled in behind the plate, than starts toward the mound. Vaughn watches him come with and trepidation.

TAYLOR

(seeing it)

Oh, shit.

the
long
bullets.

Dorn arrives at the mound, and holds out his hand for ball. Vaughn gives it to him. Dorn rubs it up, staring and hard into Vaughn's eyes. Vaughn is sweating. Finally Dorn speaks.

DORN

Let's cut through the crap. I only got one thing to say to you. Just rear back and strike this motherfucker out.

returns the
his
last
we
Thing"
than

He smiles and hands Vaughn the ball back. Vaughn smile and accepts the ball. While Dorn trots back to position, Vaughn turns his back to the plate for one moment of concentration. As he turns around to face us, we see a new man as the wicked opening CHORDS of X's "Wild Thing" are heard on the TRACK, only louder and more savage before.

fierce
kid is

Vaughn steps up on the rubber, his face hardened into resolve. There's nothing nervous about him now. This gonna make somebody pay.

DOYLE (V.O.)

Haywood steps in, the American League triple crown winner. .341 average, 48 homers, 121 R.B.I.'s. He's homered the only two times he's faced Vaughn.

ball.
Vaughn
the

Taylor sets down a sign. Two fingers for the curve Vaughn shakes it off. Taylor puts down another sign. shakes it off. Finally, Taylor puts down one finger -- fast ball. Vaughn nods with steely purpose.

TAYLOR

All right, Ricky, let's get nasty.

plate.

the
screen.

Vaughn winds and delivers a hissing blur toward the Haywood takes a ferocious swing and misses. Strike one. We see the number 97 come up on the digital readout of SPEED GUN which a club employee holds behind the

TAYLOR

(to Haywood)

All right, looks like the boy is pumped. Sucker was movin', wasn't it? Ever hit ya, it'd leave a two foot hole comin' out.

jumps Taylor gets ready to flash another sign. The convict
up and down trying to distract Vaughn. No way.

TAYLOR

(for Haywood's ears)

Let's see, what should we call now.
Let's see how he feels about old
number one.

and Taylor puts down one finger. Vaughn nods and then winds
wicked fires again, another blazing rocket. Haywood takes a
gun. rip, but doesn't get it. Strike two. 99 comes up on the
The convict has stopped jumpin'.

TAYLOR

Nice swing, Haywood. Good follow-
through. Keep it up, I'll show you
the ball sometime.

yelling The fans are going wild. They're all standing now,
the for a strikeout. Vaughn gets back up on the rubber with
give look of an animal sighting prey. Taylor gets down to
the sign.

DUGOUT (INSERT STORYBOARD # 216R)

BROWN

Forget the curveball. Go with the
heater.

TAYLOR

Well, shit, all these pitches to
choose from. Maybe we'll try somethin'
different this time.

the big Taylor wiggles his fingers around and then puts down
No. 1. Vaughn gives him a quick nod.

TAYLOR

And if I don't see you again, Haywood,
have a nice winter. Okay, buddy?

bullet
already
and
MUSIC

Vaughn goes into his windup and unleashes a screaming
toward the plate. Haywood pulls the trigger, but it's
by him. Strike three. 101 on the gun. Taylor leaps up
gives Vaughn the fist. The fans are going berserk.
ends.

DOYLE (V.O.)

Oh, Lordy, three straight heaters
and the Yankees are blown down. No
runs, two hits, three left on, and,
are you ready, Cleveland? We go to
the bottom of the ninth, still tied
at two.

Doyle turns the mike off.

DOYLE

(to his color man)

Can you believe this, Monty?

bottle.

Monty takes a big swig straight from the bourbon

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

ANOTHER INDIAN HITTER

grounding out to short.

HAYES

walking up to the plate.

DOYLE (V.O.)

Two down in the ninth, Hayes steps
in hitting .291, trying to get
something going for the Tribe.

digs
hits
to
streaks

Taylor and the others yell encouragement to Hayes as he
in at the plate. The Yankee pitcher delivers and Hayes
a high bouncer toward short. The shortstop waits for it
come down and then fires to first. Too late. Hayes

the

across the bag, beating the throw by a hair. Once again
CROWD comes to life.

new

The Yankee Manager comes to the mound and waves for a
pitcher.

DOYLE (V.O.)

And Horton is wasting no time. He's
goin' to the Duke.

Goose

Out of the pen comes BILLY DUKE, a good facsimile of
Gossage only Duke is bigger and meaner.

(INSERT STORYBOARD #219M)

DOYLE

Duke leads the league in saves,
strikeouts per inning and nose hairs.

Hayes

and

The Duke finishes his warmups and stares over at Hayes.
smiles, snaps his black gloves out of his hip pocket,
carefully pulls them on over his hands.

Duke

The Duke does not care for this kind of showmanship.
Brown comes over to talk to Taylor, who's been watching
from the on-deck circle.

BROWN

Ya know I'd be an ass not to pinch-
hit for you here. You're 0 for 18
against Duke. Plus you're beat to
shit you can hardly walk, there's no
way you can get around on this guy's
fast ball. So I want the absolute
truth here. Can you beat this guy?

TAYLOR

Yeh.

BROWN

Okay.

warmups.

Taylor starts for the plate, as Duke finishes his
Brown comes down the dugout steps.

BROWN

(to Pepper)

Send Hayes the first pitch. I don't
want Taylor takin' too many strikes.

Pepper begins flashing signs out to Hayes. Duke gets up
on the rubber and takes his stretch. Hayes leads away,
crouching low. Duke snaps a throw over to first, the first
baseman slapping a hard tag on Hayes, but Hayes is back.

The crowd is on its feet again. The "GO" chant starts,
punctuated by thousands of black-gloved hands punching
the night air.

Duke comes set again. Hayes leads away. Duke watches
him, checks him again. We go to SLOW MOTION as Duke kicks
and comes to the plate.

Hayes takes off like a shot, head down, eating up
ground.

Taylor swings and misses. The Yankee catcher comes up
throwing, rifling a clothesline dart to second base.

Hayes leaves his feet diving for the bag. The second baseman
snaps down the tag. Too late. Hayes is in there.

The stadium is really rockin' now. Duke prowls the
mound. Taylor steps out of the box and flashes a sign to
Brown.

PEPPER

What's he doing?

BROWN

Flashing some signals. That's a hell
of an idea.

Brown flashes a sign out to Hayes. A hint of a smile
comes over Hayes' face as he dusts himself off.

Taylor steps back in as Duke gets up on the rubber.

bleachers
digs in his back foot, then points to the left field
ala Babe Ruth.

DOYLE (V.O.)

What's this? Taylor is pointing to
the bleachers, calling his shot.

its
and
head.
him by
Taylor
The crowd, electrified by Taylor's gesture, remains on
feet. Duke stares in at Taylor, comes to his stretch
then lets go a steaming fast ball right at Taylor's
Taylor goes down in a swirl of dust, the ball missing
inches. The stadium explodes with BOOS, but as soon as
picks himself up, the crowd begins to ROAR again.

the
unison
with the DRUMS.
Bobby, Vic and Johnny are pounding out a heavy beat on
TOM-TOMS. Everyone in the stadium begins to CLAP in

bleachers.
Taylor steps back in and once again points to the

DOYLE (V.O.)

(Taylor points again)
Unbelievable. They're on their feet
here, stomping, clapping. C'mon,
join in wherever you are out there.
Let's hear you, Cleveland.

THE LONGSHOREMEN

around
before.
which
and several of their friends at their bar, huddled
the RADIO with the punks and heavy metal kids we saw
Slowly they begin to clap in time with the tom-toms
are audible on the T.V.

THE BUSINESS EXECUTIVE

His
at the opera with his wife, a radio earplug in his ear.
hand taps on his leg in sync with the TOM-TOMS.

THE TWO KOREAN GROUNDSKEEPERS

the
the
bullpen.
(Sc 222 before scene 221) beating on their shovels in

LARGE APARTMENT BUILDING

lit
FRAMED against the Cleveland skyline. In several of the
windows we see people banging things or clapping.

THE STADIUM AGAIN

he
Duke gets back on the hill. Getting the sign he wants,
comes to his stretch, checking Hayes at second.

hushes
As Duke starts his delivery to the plate, we go to SLOW
MOTION. The clapping in the stadium stops as everyone
to watch the pitch. We...

CUT TO:

**THE LONGSHOREMEN, THE BUSINESS EXECUTIVE, THE
GROUNDSKEEPERS
AND THE APARTMENT DWELLERS**

They've all stopped too in anticipation of the pitch.

THE STADIUM

MOTION.
Everything from here on will continue to be in SLOW
for
As Duke whips his arm toward the plate, Hayes takes off
the
third. Taylor, instead of swinging away, shortens up on
bat and bunts Duke's pitch down the third base line.
charges
The Yankee third baseman, caught completely unaware,
the ball frantically.

TAYLOR

giving
barreling down the line toward first on his sore legs,
it everything he's got.

THE THIRD BASEMAN

to scooping up the ball barehanded and firing on the run first.

TAYLOR

Yankee pounding down the line. He strains for the bag as the first baseman stretches to his limit for the throw. Taylor and the ball arrive at almost the same time. Taylor hits the bag and then sprawls in the dirt as his knees give out. Safe. The umpire brings up his arms, and spreads them wide. Taylor's beaten it.

strikes The first baseman looks up to see something that fear into his heart across the field. It's...

HAYES

second streaking for home, trying to score all the way from on a bunt.

positions The first baseman fires to the plate, as the catcher feet- himself for the throw. Hayes launches into a flying hooks to first slide. The catcher brings the tag down. Hayes the outside, his trailing foot reaching for the plate.

DOYLE (V.O.)

Hayes is gonna try to score! Here comes the throw. He slides. He is...

puts Hayes' foot catches the corner of the plate. The umpire folks. the palms down and whips them apart. It's all over,

SLOW MOTION ENDS

DOYLE

...Safe. The Indians win it. The Indians win. Oh my God, the Indians

win it!!

hugs
Donovan
other.
bleachers.

Pandemonium breaks loose in Municipal Stadium. Rachel Donovan, dances around, punches the air, then hugs again. Everywhere people are hugging and kissing each other. Bobby, Vic and Johnny are going berserk in the bleachers. Thelma sits quietly, a tear rolling down her cheek.

QUICK CUTS

of our other fans. We see...

the
express
exchanging
yelling
heads in
continues
toward
then
again.
in

A) The Business Executive stand up and yell "Yes!" in middle of the opera. Several other men stand up and their excitement as well.

B) The Longshoremen whoop it up in their bar -- fives and hugs with the punkers and heavy metal kids.

C) The various apartment dwellers dancing, clapping, out the windows.

D) The two Korean Groundskeepers just shaking their amazement.

E) Elsewhere in the stadium, the joyous exultation unabated. The crowd pours onto the field as Hayes runs Taylor and literally leaps into his arms.

F) The two spin around throwing their fists in the air.

G) Cerrano and Harris embrace. Dorn gives Vaughn a hug, steps back and decks him with a right hand.

H) Dorn pulls Vaughn back to his feet, and they hug

I) Up in the stands, Rachel watches all this with tears her eyes.

Taylor starts off the field when he sees something that catches his eye. Standing by the field rail is Lynn.

She holds up her left hand and smiles. There's no ring on it.

Taylor races over to her as she jumps down from the rail and hugs herself to him. We HOLD on the celebration as it swirls all around them, and...

ROLL CREDITS

THE END