

FADE IN:

TITLES APPEAR ON BLACK B.G.

TITLES END and we WIDEN to reveal that the black b.g. is actually the sludge-clogged surface of the Cuyahoga River. We TILT UP from the river to reveal city of Cleveland.

1 INT. THE INJUN DINNER - DAY

1

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

THELMA

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

VIC

They don't look too good.

The other two shake their heads in contemplation of this sorry fact.

2 INT. MEN'S CLUB - DAY

2

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

BUSINESS EXECUTIVE

They don't look particularly good, do they?

3 EXT. CLEVELAND DOCKS - DAY

3

Two LONGSHOREMEN are talking while they unload a freighter.

LONGSHOREMEN

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

4 EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY

4

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

GROUNDSKEEPER

(in subtitles)

They're shitty.

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

5 INT. GLASS-ENCLOSED AREA - DAY

5

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

DONOVAN
(checking his watch)
Thirty minutes late. Think she'll show?

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

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

As Butler tries to figure out what a guava facial is, the conference room doors swing open and a muscular MALE SECRETARY-BODYGUARD enters, clearing the way for MRS. RACHEL PHELPS, a flashy, striking woman in her mid-thirties. Possessed of expensively bad taste, she looks like a Fifth Avenue version of Carmen Miranda. On her left hip, she carries a Pekingese dog, CHA-CHA, wearing the same leopard skin dress she is.

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

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

RACHEL (CONT.)
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 (CONT.)
(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."

(MORE)

RACHEL (Cont'd)

Obviously, Donald didn't feel that way or he wouldn't have left the team to me. And I was a dancer, not just a showgirl. 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 constricted sphinctors in the room.

RACHEL (CONT.)

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 (CONT.)

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.

— DONOVAN

(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.

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

RACHEL (CONT.)

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

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

SIMMONS

(checking his watch)
One minute, 58 seconds. New
record.

6 INT. DONOVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

6

In the bowels of Cleveland Stadium. Donovan is packing up his
managerial artifacts. One of Rachel's BODY BUILDER-ASSISTANTS
appears in the doorway.

BODY BUILDER-ASSISTANT

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

7 INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

7

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

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

Who's 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 (CONT.)

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

Rachel bends down to give her dog, Cha-Cha, a little love 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, three years rent free, a 58 million dollar guarantee, and 70 percent of the concessions. No other franchise in baseball can match that deal.

DONOVAN

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 700,000 for the year.

(pushing across a copy
of the lease)

Paragraph 40, line 17.

Donovan looks at it, the paragraph highlighted in yellow.

RACHEL (CONT.)

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 balls 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:

8 EXT. SHABBY MEXICAN HOTEL - MORNING

8

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

9 INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

9

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

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

TAYLOR

Yeah.

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

DONOVAN

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

TAYLOR

(skeptical)

Yeah...

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 fuckin' 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.

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

TAYLOR (CONT.)
 (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 (CONT.)
 Tolbert? Tolbert? Screw it.

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

TAYLOR (CONT.)
 Tolbert.

TOLBERT
 Who the hell were you talkin' to?

On Taylor's reaction, we...

CUT TO:

10 INT. TOLDEDO TIRE STORE - DAY

10

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.

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

11 INT. CHARLIE DONOVAN'S OFFICE - DAY 11

Donovan's on the phone to another player.

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

12 RICKY VAUGHN 12

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

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

Vaughn has been working, sweating slightly. He takes off his
 cap to mop his brow -- revealing a MOHAWK 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.

13 LONG SHOT - VAUGHN 13

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

VAUGHN
 Yeah, 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?

14 INT. DONOVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

14

On the phone again to Lou Brown. Rachel and Butler are also in the room.

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.

DONOVAN

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

BROWN

Naw, I'm just not sure I'd be happy in the majors. Down here baseball's a game, not a business. I don't wanna be a baby-sitter 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 contract ready.

Brown hangs up.

DONOVAN
(to the others)
Guess I really put the screws to
him.

15 EXT. MEXICAN LEAGUE BALL PARK - DAY

15

This one's a dandy. The left field wall is a 20-foot high,
solid granite outcropping.

The BATTER hits a towering pop-up, drifting towards the stands
behind the plate. Jake Taylor, playing catcher, whips off his
mask and races back to the guardrail. Just as he reaches up
to make the catch, he's blinded by a deluge of cold beer and
popcorn dumped on his head from the stands. He drops the ball.

BATTER
(handing him his mask)
Welcome to the Mexican League.

16 TAYLOR

16

returning to the dugout at the end of the inning, wondering 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 yeah, 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, yeah, 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:

17 TAYLOR

17

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.

18 TAYLOR

18

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

19 INT. BEAT-UP MEXICAN BUS - DAY

19

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

20 INT. AMTRAK TRAIN - LATE NIGHT

20

Taylor, alone, is doing sit-ups in the dome car.

21 EXT. INDIANS' TRAINING CAMP PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

21

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

22 TAYLOR

22

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

BROWN

That's Jake Taylor, isn't it?

TEMPLE

I think so. He was an All-Star
in Boston, wasn't he?

DONOVAN

Yeah. Wish we had him two years
ago.

PEPPER

We did.

DONOVAN

Four years ago then.

23 INT. PLAYERS' BARRACKS - DAY

23

Like an Army barracks. Rows of bunk beds separated by lockers.
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.

24 BROWN, PEPPER, TEMPLE AND DONOVAN

24

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

The first is a tall, muscular Latin, PEDRO MARANO, 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 Marano. Defected
from Cuba. Wanted religious
freedom.

BROWN

What's his religion?

DONOVAN

Voodoo.

25 A BLACK AND TAN ROLLS-ROYCE

25

pulling into the parking lot. Out steps RODGER BECK,
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 Beck, 'cause he's
only high-priced. Got him as a
free agent last year.

BROWN
Still hits the ball pretty well,
doesn't he?

DONOVAN
Yeah, he just can't field it.

Beck pulls his golf clubs out of the car.

BROWN
We'll shape him up.

26 WILLIE HAYES

26

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

A Greyhound bus pulls to a stop in the lot, diverting everyone's
attention from Hayes.

Off steps Ricky Vaughn, a duffel bag over his shoulder. He's
still sporting his Mohawk.

PEPPER

Look at this fuckin' guy.

TEMPLE

Maybe he's the mascot.

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

27 INT. PLAYERS' BARRACKS

27

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

BECK

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?

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

TAYLOR

(offering his hand)
Jake Taylor.

Vaughn shakes it and nods. Says nothing.

TAYLOR (CONT.)

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

VAUGHN

Vaughn. Rick Vaughn.

TAYLOR

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

The conversation is interrupted by the arrival of Hayes.

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:

28 INT. THE BARRACKS - NIGHT

28

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.

29 INT. LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

29

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 top of his cap to accommodate his mohawk. Suppressed laughs are heard from several corners of the locker room.

30 INT. CLUBHOUSE - MORNING

30

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
(MORE)

BROWN (Cont'd)
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:

31 EXT. PRACTICE FIELD PARKING LOT - MORNING

31

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?

32 THE PRACTICE FIELD

32

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

PEPPER
(checking stopwatch)
11.9 Taylor. Not bad if you'd
fallen down.

As Taylor tries to catch his breath, Beck and a relief pitcher named Gant approach the starting line for the next trial.

33 HAYES

33

climbing over the chain-link fence surrounding the field.

34 BECK AND GANT AGAIN

34

Temple brings them to their marks and blows his whistle. Beck and Gant take off.

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

BROWN
Get him a uniform.

35 INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - MORNING

35

Hayes is trying on his uniform. It's two sizes too big.

HAYES

Hey man, what is this? A toga?

CLUBHOUSE MAN

That's all we got left. Make the team and you'll get one that fits.

36 EXT. THE PRACTICE FIELD - LONG SHOT - DAY 36

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

37 TAYLOR 37

struggling through a series of pushups. He glances over in disbelief at Vaughn and Marano, who are doing them like pistons in competition with each other. Marano even starts doing them one-handed.

Hayes isn't doing them at all; merely pulling his head up 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.

38 EXT. THE BATTING CAGE - DAY 38

Taylor is crouched behind the plate, warming up his arm. Catching pitches and throwing them half-speed down to second. 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 lead this team 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 fuckin' truth here. Are you 100 percent?

TAYLOR

Yeah. Would I bullshit about somethin' like that?

BROWN

(walking away)

You better if you wanna make this team.

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

39 EXT. BATTING CAGE - DAY

39

Brown is watching batting practice.

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

BROWN

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

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

BROWN (CONT.)

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 (CONT.)

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.

40 BROWN AND PEPPER

40

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

BROWN (CONT.)

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

Brown and Pepper stand behind Taylor for a better view. 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.

Brown stands frozen a second, contemplating his brush with 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.

41 RODGER BECK

41

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, Beck, get in front of the
damn ball.
(making like a
bullfighter)
Don't give me this ole' bullshit.

BECK
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.

BECK
What! That's Little League shit.

BROWN
So is this.

Brown strikes an effeminate fielding position, like Betty Grable shying from a mouse. Beck burns.

42 PEDRO MARANO

42

in the batting cage, knocking the cover off pitch after pitch 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, Eddie, that's enough fast
 balls. Throw some curves.

Eddie winds and throws a fair-to-middlin' curve ball. Marano swings and hits a dribbler to third.

BROWN
 Oh.

Beck approaches Brown at the cage.

BECK
 Lou, I wanna have a word with you
 here.

BROWN
 Sure.

BECK
 (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?

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

CUT TO:

43	BECK	43
	doing sit-ups in the infield. Vaughn walks by and smiles.	

44	LONGSHOT - PRACTICE FIELD	44
	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?

45 INT. THE LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

45

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

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

TAYLOR (CONT.)

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

Vaughn is still not so sure.

Taylor plops down on his locker stool and starts to undress, but his attention is diverted by Marano whose stall is right next to him.

Marano has set up an altar in his locker. In front of his bats, which are lined up like sentinels, is a table covered with pictures of baseball players, figurines of saints, several lit candles and, in the middle, a primitive fetish doll with a cigar in its mouth.

Marano has drawn some magic signs on his bats. He finishes an incantation and then lights the cigar on the fetish doll.

TAYLOR

What are you doin' there, Pedro?

MARANO

Bats. They are sick.

TAYLOR

So are mine. Is somethin' goin' around?

MARANO

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.

MARANO

I offer him cigars and gin. He will come.

Marano pours some gin in a small cup and puts it next to the fetish doll.

STEVE HARRIS, a starting pitcher whose locker is on the other side of Marano, has been listening to all this.

HARRIS

You know you might think of taking Jesus Christ as your savior instead of fooling around with all this stuff.

MARANO

Ah, Jesus, I like very much.
(picking up a crucifix)
I got him right here. Much power, Jesus, but he no help with curve ball. Jo-Buu very good.

HARRIS

(pissed off)
You tryin' to say that Jesus can't hit a curve ball?

TAYLOR

(stepping in between them)
Take it easy. We'll get a ruling on that from the Pope.

HARRIS

Look, if he can multiply the loaves and walk on the water, no way he can't hit a fuckin' curve ball.

Marano grabs a towel to head for the showers.

HAYES

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

MARANO

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

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

46 VAUGHN

46

at his locker, still hesitating to open it. Finally, he steels himself and yanks it open.

There's no red tag. He breathes a sigh of relief.

47 A MONTAGE SEQUENCE

47

compressing and detailing the progress of spring training. We see:

A) Taylor building up his leg muscles on a Nautilus machine.

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

C) Marano in the batting cage, flailing away in futility at several curve balls.

D) HAYES

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

E) TAYLOR

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

F) MARANO

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

G) HAYES

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

H) BECK

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

I) VAUGHN

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

J) TAYLOR

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

K) HAYES

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

L) VAUGHN

at his locker, sweating out opening it again. As before, he yanks it open defiantly. Once again a reprieve.

M) HAYES

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

N) MARANO

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

O) VAUGHN

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

P) HAYES

attempting to steal second. He goes into a hell-bent-for-leather head first slide. Unfortunately, he comes up two feet short of the base. The second baseman, who's waiting for him with the ball, makes a motion for him to keep coming. Hayes flips him the bird.

Q) LOU BROWN

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

R) TAYLOR

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

S) BROWN

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

48 EXT. INDIANS' PRACTICE FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON

48

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

VAUGHN

This is final cut down day, right?

TAYLOR

Yeah, 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.

They've reached the locker room now.

VAUGHN

Shit, 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?

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

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

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

49 HAYES AND VAUGHN

49

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.

Hayes strides manfully to his locker and pulls it open. This
doesn't tell him much, however, because he's got his eyes
closed. He stands that way a beat or two, then opens one eye.

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

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

50 VAUGHN

50

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

CUT TO:

51 INT. BROWN'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

51

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

VAUGHN

I got news for you, asshole. 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 fuckin' 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.

52 THE LOCKER ROOM AGAIN

52

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

BECK
(to Vaughn)
What's the matter, little lady?
Can't you take a joke?

Vaughn gives Beck a look that indicates this isn't over. Taylor quickly hustles Vaughn out of the room.

TAYLOR
Forget about Beck. You got more pressing problems.

VAUGHN
Like what?

TAYLOR
Packing for Cleveland.

Taylor gives him a wide smile. Vaughn finally allows himself one. As they exchange high fives, 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. Beck is the only one who seems unhappy about it. As Taylor accepts the congratulations of his teammates, we...

CUT TO:

53 EXT. THE CLEVELAND SKYLINE - DAY

53

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

54 INT. INJUN DINER - DAY

54

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.

55 INT. EXECUTIVE LIMOUSINE - DAY

55

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

BUSINESS EXECUTIVE

I don't know the majority of these names.

56 EXT. CLEVELAND DOCKS - DAY

56

The two Longshoremen again, looking at a paper.

LONGSHOREMAN

Who are these fuckin' guys?

57 EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY

57

The two Korean Groundskeepers again, dragging the infield.

GROUNDKEEPER

(in subtitles)

They're shitty.

58 INT. DOWNTOWN HOTEL - DAY

58

The Cleveland Indians' starting nine, which includes Taylor and Hayes, is being introduced to the Indians' Booster Club. The press has been invited.

RACHEL

Here they are, your Cleveland Indians.

Rachel motions the starting nine to link hands and hold them aloft, like they were heavyweight champions.

Flashbulbs pop all around.

We go to a REVERSE ANGLE of the audience to reveal there's no one there but a few reporters.

59 INT. CLEVELAND RESTAURANT - NIGHT

59

One of Cleveland's finest. Taylor, Hayes and Vaughn are seated at a table. Vaughn has a sportcoat on that he obviously got from the maitre d'. It's two sizes too small. He looks ridiculous.

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 (CONT.)
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 WELLS. She's having dinner with a DATE in a three-piece suit.

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

HAYES
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. What does she do?

TAYLOR
She's a librarian.

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

60 INT. CLEVELAND RESTAURANT - NIGHT

60

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

WAITER

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

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

LYNN

Hello.

VOICE

Hello, Lynn. It's Jake.

LYNN

Jake? Jake Taylor? How did you
know I was here?

TAYLOR

Just a hunch. I took you there
on your birthday once. I figure
you're probably wearing the black
velvet dress with the red sash.

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

LYNN

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

As she turns around to lean back against the phone booth, she
becomes aware of something across the way -- it's Jake talking
to her on the pay phone on the other side of the hall, maybe
ten feet away. He gives her his best grin.

TAYLOR

How are you? You look great.

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

LYNN

Thanks, but 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

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

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

TAYLOR

I wanted to catch you before you got away. I tried calling you at home, but you're not listed. Even called Carl and Jackie, but they said they don't see you much anymore.

LYNN

My life is different than when you knew me.

TAYLOR

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

Jake hangs up the phone and comes over to talk to her in person. She pretends she's still talking on the phone because now both she and Jake are visible to her date at the table.

LYNN

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

TAYLOR

Okay, what's your number?

LYNN

I don't think I should give it to you.

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. I want to see you, Lynn.

LYNN

I don't think we oughta start up again, Jake. You're too, too...
(searching for the right word)
you for me.

TAYLOR

You're wrong. I'm hardly me anymore. The number, Lynn.

LYNN
(reluctant)
All right. 621-9314.

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

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

61 INT. SAKES FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

61

Hayes, wearing his best and only sharkskin suit, and Taylor walk into the men's department and up to the glove case.

HAYES
How much are these black leather
gloves?

SALESMAN
\$39.95.

Hayes tries one on, wriggles his fingers, likes what he sees and feels.

HAYES
I'll take a hundred.

Taylor looks at him like he's crazy.

HAYES
One for every base I plan to
steal.

62 INT. TAXI - DAY

62

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.

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

CABBIE
That's it.

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

TAYLOR
Welcome to the Big Leagues.

63 INT. THE TURK - DAY

63

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

64 INT. THE INDIANS' LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

64

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

Hayes checks the fit of his new uniform from every angle in a mirror. He thinks he looks pretty good. Vaughn just squeezes a baseball in his left hand, obviously a little uptight. 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 (CONT.)

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 witch doctors like Marano.

BROWN

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

HARRIS

All right, let's bow our heads.

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

MARANO

Have to wake up bats.

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

HARRIS

Dear Lord, we ask...

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

CUT TO:

65 EXT. MUNICIPAL STADIUM - NIGHT

65

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

Bobby, Vic, Johnny and Thelma, our four fans from the diner, sit alone in the vast expanse of the centerfield bleachers.

All four wear Indian head dresses and have war paint on their faces. The three men each have tom-toms. Thelma works on her needlepoint.

JOHNNY

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

THELMA

Everybody laughs at the Indians
now, but there were other times.
Even won the Series in '48. Then
Willy Mays 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.

66 INT. MUNICIPAL STADIUM PRESS BOX - NIGHT

66

We get our first glimpse of HARRY DOYLE, the Indians' 55-year-old radio announcer. Harry's never walked past a bar in anger. 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!

Doyle turns on a SOUND effects tape of a crowd cheering.

DOYLE (CONT.)

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

Doyle takes a hit of his spiked Coke.

67 QUICK CUTS

67

of the Yankees' first inning.

A) THE FIRST HITTER

grounds out to second base.

B) THE SECOND HITTER

pops up to Taylor.

C) THE THIRD HITTER

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

68 THE INDIAN DUGOUT

68

The team comes in off the field to much enthusiasm and back-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'!

69 DOYLE IN THE PRESS BOX

69

DOYLE

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

70 HAYES

70

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.

Hayes is in the batter's box now. The Yankee pitcher winds and fires. Hayes swings and hits a little dribbler toward the second baseman.

DOYLE (V.O.) (CONT.)

Scoops, fires to first. Too late! Hayes beats it!

Doyle cranks up the CHEERING tape again.

DOYLE

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

71 THE BLEACHERS

71

Our four fans (from here on known as the Bleacher Band),
 overjoyed by Hayes' hit, start beating the tom-toms and singing
 a fight song they've composed called "In The Land Of Burning
 Waters" to the tune of the old Hamms Beer jingle.

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,
 Ummmmmm.

72 FIRST BASE AREA

72

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

FIRST BASEMAN

Really knocked the crap outta that
 one, slugger.

HAYES

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

Hayes reaches in his back pocket and pulls out one of the 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)

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 right
 shoe untied.

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

DOYLE (V.O.)
Brewster, quick move to first...

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

DOYLE (V.O.) (CONT.)
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.

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

- A) THREE FIELDERS converging on a short pop fly into left field. They all collide and go down in a heap as the ball drops untouched.
- B) BECK playing a grounder off his hip. He fumbles it, picks it up, fumbles it again. No play.
- C) TAYLOR crouched behind the plate, but up off his haunches, 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.

The runner on first takes off as the pitch comes in. Taylor catches the ball and fires down to second. The ball sails three feet over the second baseman's head and on into center field. Taylor stands there, disgusted.

TAYLOR'S VOICE (CONT.)
Nice throw, dickhead.

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

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

END MONTAGE.

73 THE SCOREBOARD

73

It shows Yankees 4, Indians 0 in the last of the fifth.

DOYLE (V.O.)
Bases loaded, two down. The ducks
are on the pond...

Taylor steps into the batter's box, waving his bat.

DOYLE (V.O.) (CONT.)
If Taylor gets a hold of one here,
we got ourselves a tie ball game.

The pitch comes in. Taylor swings and hits a high pop fly to right field. Doyle, trying to give some kind of thrill to the radio faithful, exaggerates the call a bit.

DOYLE (V.O.) (CONT.)
There's a deep drive to right.
Miller, back to the track, to the
wall...

The right fielder comes in a couple steps and settles under the ball.

DOYLE (V.O.) (CONT.)
Reaches up, and makes the catch
against the 380 sign. Oh,
brother. Close, but no Panatella.

Taylor slams his helmet to the ground as he crosses first base.

74 DOYLE UP IN THE BOOTH

74

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

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

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

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

BROWN

Okay, kid, I want you to throw
the first pitch over Taylor's head
with plenty on it. Doesn't hurt
to put the fear of God in a
hitter.

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

Vaughn winds and fires a screamer, over Taylor's head, all the
way to the backstop on the fly.

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.

75 A SERIES OF SHOTS

75

of Vaughn throwing pitches to various locations outside the
strike zone, INTERCUT WITH SHOTS of batters walking to first
while Brown looks on in disbelief.

DOYLE (V.O.)

So Vaughn has walked the bases
loaded and here comes Pepper Leach
to the mound.

76 THE BLEACHER BAND

76

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

BOBBY

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

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 (CONT.)

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.

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

HAYWOOD

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

TAYLOR

Couldn't cut it in the Mexican
League.

Vaughn, determined to throw a strike, winds and delivers. 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...

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

PEPPER

(to Brown)

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

BROWN

No, let's see how he reacts.

Vaughn paces around on the mound, rubbing up the ball. The next
hitter, COLEMAN, steps in. Vaughn gets up on the rubber, his
face set. He winds up and fires one right into Coleman's back.
Coleman goes down in a hurry.

BROWN (CONT.)

Interesting. I think you can go
get him now.

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. Vaughn
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.

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

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

77 VAUGHN

77

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

78 DOYLE IN THE PRESS BOX - LATER THAT NIGHT

78

He now has five empty cups next to the mike, plus a near-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.

79 RACHEL PHELPS

79

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

80 INT. THE CASCADE BAR - NIGHT

80

Taylor, Hayes and Vaughn are in a booth, having a beer. Vaughn 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 (CONT.)

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 yeah, name one.

TAYLOR

(after a pause)

Yellowstone.

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

VAUGHN

Shit...

81 EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL LIBRARY - DAY

81

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

82 INT. CLEVELAND LIBRARY - DAY

82

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

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.

Lynn starts to walk. We'll FOLLOW them as they make their way through the library. Lynn tries to keep the conversation 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 interest 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

I'll check it out now. What section are we in?

LYNN

We had our day, Jake. I'm involved with somebody else.

TAYLOR

Who? 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, run around naked 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

I mean at no time did I cross your
mind?

LYNN

I didn't say that. I just didn't
think of you...fondly.

TAYLOR

I see. 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?

Lynn walks away from Taylor in disgust. 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.

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

How many think Lynn oughta give me another shot?

Most of the hands in the room shoot up.

TAYLOR (CONT.)

The ayes have it.

LYNN

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

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...

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

83 INT. RACHEL PHELPS' OFFICE - DAY

83

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 790,000. 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:

84 INT. CLEVELAND AIRPORT - DAY

84

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 exit gates and are stopped in their tracks
by what they see. Parked on the runway is an old DC-3 with the
Indian logo on it.

HAYES

Is that a plane?

On the bewildered faces of the Indian team, we...

CUT TO:

85 INT. THE DC-3 - NIGHT

85

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

TAYLOR
What is this shit, 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 Marano crossing himself. Harris sees it.

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

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

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

VAUGHN
There aren't any stewardesses.

HAYES
Shit. I wonder if there's any pilots.

86 INT. TIGER STADIUM - PRESS BOX - DAY

86

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

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

87 THE FIELD

87

The Tiger Pitcher delivers and Beck hits a ground ball to the Tiger 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.

88 DOYLE

88

in the press box again.

DOYLE
So, the Sons of Geronimo, still
suffering a bit from propeller
lag, are nipped by the Tigers
tonight, 5 to 1. The only
excitement for the tribe provided
by Rick Vaughn who set an American
League record by throwing four
wild pitches in one inning. 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.

89 INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

89

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

HARRIS
Who you got lined up tonight?

BECK
Where are we? Kansas City, right?
Gotta be Charlene.

HARRIS
You call her?

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

90 TAYLOR AND VAUGHN

90

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...yeah...sure.

(signing)

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

GUY

I saw your record on one of those sports highlight shows. 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.

91 BECK AND HARRIS

91

BECK

(pointing to the door)

What'd I tell ya.

We GO TO the door to find CHARLENE standing with two friends, RENE and VICKI. Charlene is a looker alright, 27, and seriously built. She cases the room, spies Beck and comes over to his table.

CHARLENE

Hi, Rodger. This is Vicki and Rene.

BECK

Hi, doll. This is Steve Harris.

CHARLENE
Where's your buddy Gant?

BECK
(indicating Vaughn)
They cut him to make room for
bristle boy over there.

CHARLENE
(looking over at Vaughn)
Is that Vaughn, the guy they call
Wild Thing?

BECK
(in disgust)
Yeah.

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

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

CHARLENE
He also struck out five in a row
the game he set that record.
(taking her leave)
Maybe I'll check him out.

BECK
(grabbing her)
Wait a minute, you're with me.

Taylor watches this exchange from across the room.

CHARLENE
I don't remember you makin' any
date.

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

CHARLENE
That's over with. I gotta look
out for myself now. I don't have
to be a slave to no .235 hitter.

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

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

CHARLENE (CONT.)
Wild Thing, you make my heart
sing.

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

92 BECK

92

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

TAYLOR
Guess we're over with, eh, Beck?

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

93 INT. THE INDIANS' DC-3 - NIGHT

93

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

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

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)
Yeah.

94 EXT. CLEVELAND LIBRARY - LATE AFTERNOON

94

Taylor sits in his car, across the street from the employee entrance of the library. He scrunches down a bit as Lynn comes out of the building and heads for her car. She gets in and we...

CUT TO:

95 A SERIES OF SHOTS OF LYNN

95

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

96 INT. CLEVELAND BAR - EARLY EVENING

96

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

97 TAYLOR

97

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

Lynn answers, looking more dressed up than when she left the 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, I got some legendary books
to read...

LYNN
Yeah, he's gotta be goin'...

TOM
No, really, come on in for a
drink.

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

TOM (CONT.)
Excuse me, everybody, this is Jake
Taylor.
(making the intros)
Jake, Jack and Claire Mitchell.
Rodger and Janice Bowden. Jake
is a professional baseball player.

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

TOM (CONT.)
So, Jake, what brings you here
this evening?

TAYLOR
I, ah, wanted to discuss "Moby
Dick" with Lynn. She recommended
it highly.

TOM
Oh, really. Why didn't you go
to her place?

TAYLOR
Well, she's hardly there anymore
now that you guys are engaged.
By the way, congratulations.

Taylor sticks out his hand. Tom's not sure whether Taylor's 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
Yeah, 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.

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

LYNN

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

Everyone is somewhat surprised by Lynn's quick defense of 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

I don't know, I was thinkin' of goin' to Hawaii, running around naked 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.

RODGER

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.

TOM

(pressing the issue)

When I asked what you were going to do after baseball, I meant for money.

TAYLOR

I don't know, somethin'll come up.

TOM

Will it?

CLAIRE

You know, I read this thing, I forgot where, that said that a lotta baseball players end up running bars. Is that true?

TAYLOR
Yeah, that and manning the door
at casinos. It's a real problem.
We've started a Bartending
Intercept Hot Line.

Lynn tries to keep from laughing.

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

LYNN
(not wanting to pursue
it)
Yes.

RODGER
What did you do?

LYNN
(reluctant)
Two Hundred Individual Medley.

TAYLOR
Alternate on the '84 Olympic Team.

A tense silence settles on the group.

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

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

TOM
Let me walk you out.

Tom accompanies Taylor to the door, out of earshot of the 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
Yeah, 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 (CONT.)
Stay away from her.

TAYLOR
(smiling)
Suck my dick.

98 INT. VAUGHN'S ROOM - DAY

98

Vaughn and Hayes are watching a soap opera on an old black 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.

99 INT. LOU BROWN'S OFFICE - DAY

99

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

BROWN
C'mon in, Rick.

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

BROWN (CONT.)
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 (CONT.)
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...

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

VAUGHN
What about Koufax?

BROWN
Never mind Koufax.

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

BROWN (CONT.)

Read these letters, starting at the top.

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

BROWN (CONT.)

Can't read it, can you?

Vaughn shakes his head no.

VAUGHN

You gonna send me to the minors?

BROWN

Nope.

CUT TO:

100 INT. OPTOMETRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

100

Vaughn is in the chair facing away from us. The Optometrist turns him TOWARD CAMERA so he can see himself in a mirror. Vaughn's face is now adorned with a brand new pair of glasses.

VAUGHN
(miserable)

Oh no.

101 INT. CLEVELAND LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

101

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

VAUGHN
These things make me look ridiculous.

TAYLOR
Drop in the bucket, Vaughn.

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

VAUGHN
What's that for?

MARANO
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?

MARANO

Si. I kill unborn children.

HARRIS

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

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

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

BROWN

All right, let's hit the field.

The locker room quickly empties, leaving one man behind -- Harris. He looks around to make sure everyone is gone, then tiptoes over to Marano's locker. Screwing up his courage, he picks up Jo-Buu's cup of gin and bolts it down. He then backs into the middle of the room, waiting at the ready, as if half-expecting a bolt of lightning. When nothing happens, he gloats at the fetish doll in triumph.

102 HARRIS

102

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

CUT TO: -

103 HARRIS

103

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

DOYLE (V.O.)

Two down, Indians trail by one, here in the eighth. Taylor leads away-from second, Marano trying to push across the tying run.

104 MARANO

104

waves his bat back and forth as the Blue Jays Pitcher comes set and fires to the plate. Marano swings and fouls the pitch to the screen.

DOYLE (V.O.)
Swung on and fouled off, strike
two. Marano in a deep hole now.

PEPPER
(depressed)
Here comes the curve ball.

BROWN
Maybe he'll throw it in the dirt.

Marano backs out of the box and begins to talk to his bat. Not too obviously, of course. Just while he knocks dirt off his spikes, rubs rosin on the handle, etc.

DOYLE (V.O.)
Marano backs out and now he's
...ah, actually, I don't know what
the hell he's doin'.

MARANO
(to his bat)
C'mon, Jo-Buu. Curva ball come
now. You gotta do something.
People will think you are
bullsheeter.

Marano steps back into the batter's box. The Blue Jay pitcher checks Taylor and delivers to the plate, a big roundhouse curve ball. Marano swings. This time he gets all of it.

DOYLE (V.O.)
Marano swings and hits a long
drive, deep left field...

Marano, more amazed than anyone, stands at the plate watching it go. The boys in the dugout implore the ball to get outa here.

DOYLE (V.O.) (CONT.)
It's going, going, that ball is
...Downtown, welcome to the Happy
Hunting Ground! The Indians
lead!!

The bleacher band, decked out with the usual head dresses and tom-toms, whoop it up as Marano circles the bases. Marano is greeted by half the team at home plate, back slapping, high-fiving, etc.

105 THE SCOREBOARD

105

It's the ninth inning now.

DOYLE (V.O.)

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

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

106 THE BLUE JAY BATTER

106

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

DOYLE (V.O.)

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

Vaughn stomps around on the mound, obviously upset. He glares at Beck a beat before getting back on the mound. Beck's face 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.

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

DOYLE

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

Doyle cranks up his cheering tape another notch. It breaks. Undaunted, he imitates the sound of a crowd cheering with his own voice, punctuated by whistles and clapping.

107 THE BLEACHER BAND

107

Thelma calmly knits her blanket with the scores of all the 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?

108 REXMAN

108

The next Blue Jay 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 switches on a tape of booing. He adds a few of his own. 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' Beck. Game shoulda been over by now. He 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 bullshit. You've pitched a helluva game. You wanna finish it, don't ya?

Vaughn nods.

TAYLOR (CONT.)

Can you give me a strike on this pitch?

VAUGHN

Yeah, 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 (CONT.)

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.

109 THE BLEACHER BAND

109

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

110 TAYLOR

110

has settled in behind the plate now. He starts talking to 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 fuck up. They'll be callin' you a gutless choke artist all over America.

Rexman shoots Taylor a wicked glance.

TAYLOR (CONT.)

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, asshole.

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 (CONT.)

By the way, I saw your wife at the Capri Lounge last night. Hell of a dancer. You must be very proud.

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

TAYLOR (CONT.)

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 (CONT.)

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

Rexman, completely unnerved, takes a feeble swing and hits a
little pop-up toward second base.

TAYLOR (CONT.)

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

The second baseman moves in two steps and makes the catch
easily, ending the game.

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

BROWN

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

111 EXT. BECK'S SHAKER HEIGHTS MANSION - NIGHT

111

Taylor pulls up outside and walks up to the door. MARILYN,
Beck's wife, answers.

MARILYN

Oh hi, Jake, how are you?

TAYLOR

Fine, Marilyn, can I have a quick
word with Rodger?

MARILYN

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

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

BECK

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.

BECK

Sure, go ahead.

TAYLOR
 (like nails)
 I don't know what your problem
 is, but...
 (bending close to Beck)
 ...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.

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

Taylor turns and walks on out, as we go to Beck's stunned face. Marilyn walks in with a tray.

MARILYN
 Coffee anybody?

112 INT. INDIANS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

112

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
 Jesus, it's hotter than shit in
 here. What happened to the air
 conditioning?

TAYLOR
 I don't know, but I'm gonna hit
 the whirlpool. I'm stiff as hell.

Taylor finishes undressing and goes naked into the training room. We see what he sees. The room is absolutely empty. No training tables, no whirlpool, no nothin'.

TAYLOR (CONT.)
 She's at it again.
 (storming out of the
 training room)
 I'm gonna have a talk with this
 bitch.

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

RACHEL
You wanted to see the Bitch?

TAYLOR
Yeah.

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

TAYLOR
There aren't any towels, and there's no more room under the benches.

RACHEL
Well, I can take it if you can.

TAYLOR
What happened to our training equipment?

RACHEL
Revenue problems have forced us to cut back on some of the non-essentials.

TAYLOR
Non-essentials? How are we supposed to stay healthy with no trainer, no therapy equipment...

RACHEL
You players will just have to get a little tougher. What are you, a bunch of pansies?

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

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

RACHEL
These guys weren't playing that good when they had the equipment. If I could get anybody to come and watch this team, none of this would be necessary. You oughta be grateful I can still play your salaries.

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

CUT TO:

113 A MONTAGE SEQUENCE

113

done under MUSIC. We see the following:

A) THREE QUICK CUTS OF HAYES - sliding into bases. On the last one he comes up holding his ankle.

B) HAYES - taping his injured ankle with masking tape.

C) TAYLOR - doing leg extensions with a weight bar made up of two buckets of sand suspended from the ends of a pole.

D) VAUGHN - gingerly lowering his arm into a large bucket of ice. He grits his teeth as the cold takes effect.

E) TAYLOR - racing over toward the opposition dugout in pursuit of a pop-up. He makes the catch on the run, then tumbles over the railing and down the dugout steps.

F) BECK - chasing a foul ball, and flipping over the box seat railing into the stands.

G) MARANO - giving Hayes a "rubdown" on a makeshift table consisting of a piece of plywood stretched over two saw horses. Actually, Marano is pulverizing him with a rapid-fire chopping motion. Hayes is bouncing up and down on the table like he's being dribbled.

H) TAYLOR - being bowled over at the plate again by a base runner while taking a throw from the outfield. Dazed, Taylor looks around for the ball. Finally he spots it up the third base line. He's just about to pick it up when a second runner flattens him again.

114 THE TRAINING ROOM

114

Taylor is sitting in a big metal tub, found in some junkyard somewhere. He looks apprehensively O.S. We hear the ROAR of an engine starting and see a cloud of smoke. CAMERA PANS to reveal Hayes revving up an outboard motor affixed to the side of the tub. As the water begins to churn and boil, Taylor relaxes down into it, despite the continuing NOISE and smoke. He flashes an okay sign to Hayes, as we...

CUT TO:

115 SPORTSCASTER ROSS FARMER

115

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.

116 INT. THE INJUN DINER - DAY

116

Bobby, Vic and Johnny are at the counter.

VIC

Ya know, they could be a lot worse.

117 INT. PRIVATE GYM - DAY

117

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

BUSINESS EXECUTIVE

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

118 EXT. THE CLEVELAND DOCKS - DAY

118

The two Longshoremen again.

LONGSHOREMAN

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

119 EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY

119

The two Groundskeepers are repairing the pitcher's mound.

GROUNDSKEEPER

(in subtitles)

They're still shitty.

120 EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - NIGHT

120

The scoreboard reads ORIOLES 8 INDIANS 1 in the top of the ninth. The Oriole hitter skies a pop-up toward the stands on the third base side.

Taylor whips off his mask and gives chase. He leans into the seats, but it's five rows up.

Just as he's about to turn back to the plate, he notices something in the stands. It's Lynn, sitting alone in a box seat. Their eyes meet for a second and then Lynn quickly looks away, embarrassed at having been discovered.

Taylor walks back to the plate, something cooking in his mind. He settles in and calls the next pitch. Lynn, meanwhile, begins to gather up her things.

The pitcher winds and fires, a curve ball that's a foot outside. The umpire, MEL WINGO, naturally calls it a ball. Taylor whirls around and throws a major league screw-fit.

TAYLOR

Jesus Christ, Wingo, what the fuck are you usin' for eyes?

WINGO

Can it, Taylor. That pitch wasn't even close.

Taylor stomps around and gestures angrily to give the crowd a sense of real rage, all through the following conversation.

TAYLOR

It caught the corner.

WINGO

Of what, the on-deck circle?

TAYLOR

Look, Mel, I can't explain why, but I need to get thrown outta here. So you might as well thumb me now.

WINGO

Sorry, the Commissioner says I been throwin' too many guys out.

TAYLOR

How about if I insult you, rectum-face.

WINGO

Water off a duck's back, micro-dick.

121 BROWN AND PEPPER IN THE DUGOUT

121

PEPPER

What's Taylor's problem?

BROWN

I don't know, but I better go defend him.

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.

Taylor begins kicking dirt on Wingo's shoes, ala Billy Martin. Wingo takes a dramatic hop, skip and jump and gives Taylor the heave-ho thumb just as Brown arrives. Wingo turns away.

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 (CONT.)

(under his breath)

What the hell 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

Yeah.

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

Meanwhile, Brown is going jaw to jaw with Wingo, outraged at the call.

122 LYNN

122

leaving her seat and starting up the aisle.

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

123 LYNN

123

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

He bangs on the bullpen gates and is admitted by the guard.

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

124 INT. CLEVELAND ATHLETIC CLUB - NIGHT

124

Lynn comes out of the dressing room into the pool area, deserted this time of night. She wears a racing suit, but lets her hair hang free. The pool glows like a sheet of emerald glass. She shakes down a beat, curls her toes around the coping, slowly bends at the waist, and then launches into a full-out racing dive.

We watch as she swims a 100 yard individual medley; first the butterfly, then the backstroke, breaststroke and finally freestyle. We condense the time, of course, SHOOTING some underwater, some SLO-MO, as she knives through the water, her hair flowing behind her, an athlete alone with her medium. The SEQUENCE should convey not only the grace of her strokes and her athletic ability, but the fluid beauty of swimming, its synthesis of power and form.

As she begins the freestyle leg, another body appears in the pool next to her. It's Jake, and he's racing her the final lap. She immediately responds to the challenge, digging harder, picking up her kick. They go neck and neck for 20 yards, but Lynn has one more gear and touches him by half a 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?

TAYLOR

Yeah, 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.

125 INT. LYNN'S CAR - NIGHT

125

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.

126 EXT. LYNN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

126

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.

TAYLOR
You mind if I come in?

Lynn doesn't say yes, but she doesn't stop him either.

LYNN
Thought I'd lost you.

TAYLOR
I had to win one sometime. I've
already lost two sporting events
today.

They look at each other a second. There's still plenty there. Taylor begins to come toward her. We hear his cleats on the floor. She backs off, 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?

(MORE)

LYNN (Cont'd)

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 tryin' 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 a kid, Lynn. Young and full of myself. People were always givin' me things, takin' me to dinner, offering me endorsements, setting me up with women. No matter what I had, I got offered something better. If I screwed up, somebody fixed it. Those days are gone. I'm just a guy again, tryin' to put his life back together. I don't care about the other stuff. I want you. You're 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.

Lynn is backed up against a desk now. She could move out but 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.

Taylor comes forward to kiss her, tentatively at first. Their conversation is interwoven with the slowly deepening intensity of their kissing.

LYNN

How do I know you didn't just read
the Cliff notes.

TAYLOR

I swear to God.

(pause)

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

All Saints. Nice church.

LYNN

Yeah. 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 (CONT.)

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.

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

127 INT. LYNN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

127

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

128 EXT. LYNN'S APARTMENT - DAY

128

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

DISSOLVE TO:

129 THE SAME SHOT - THAT NIGHT

129

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

130 INT. RACHEL PHELPS' OFFICE - DAY

130

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:

131 INT. CLEVELAND AIRPORT - DAY

131

Taylor, Hayes, Vaughn and the rest are coming down a concourse to their plane.

HAYES

Uh oh, we're on a new concourse. You know what happened the last time she did this.

TAYLOR

What else could she give us, a DC-1?

As they come to the gate, they find out what else she could give them. A decrepit old Greyhound bus with the words "INDIAN EXPRESS" emblazoned on the sides. The players drop their bags in disgust at the sight of it.

TAYLOR (CONT.)

Another revenue problem.

132 EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

132

We PICK UP the Indian Express on its way to New York. It's complete with all the luxuries of the average school bus. Taylor is staring out the window, still morose about Lynn's leaving. A stack of Classics Illustrated comics sits next to him.

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.

133 BROWN AND PEPPER

133

BROWN

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

PEPPER

What I don't understand is how
we're gonna stop to sleep and
still get to New York in time for
the game.

BROWN

We're not. We're goin' straight
on through.

The bus driver, PHILBEY, has overheard this conversation. He talks like an immigrant from some Eastern European country.

PHILBEY

Don't worry, I get you there.

His foot pushes the pedal to the floor.

134 THE BUS

134

streaking along another stretch of highway, BELCHING smoke like
a diesel semi.

135 INT. BUS - FULL SHOT

135

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

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

BECK
Naw, I'm not into Song of
Hiawatha.

HAYES
All right then, how about Crime
and Punishment?

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

HAYES
Yeah.

Suddenly we hear a loud BANG and the bus begins to SHUDDER,
scattering drinks and playing cards all over.

136 EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

136

We see 15 or so players struggling to hold up the right front
of the bus while the tire is changed.

137 INT. THE BUS - NIGHT

137

Everybody is sleeping sitting up in their seats except for a
few reclined in the luggage racks overhead. It's raining
heavily outside.

138 EXT. ROADSIDE TOWN - NIGHT

138

The bus comes barreling through. Suddenly Philbey, who's a
little sleepy, sees a light turning red, and slams on the
brakes. The bus does a SCREECHING 360 degree skid on the
rain-wet street, throwing everybody out of their seats and down
from the luggage racks, depositing them all in a heap on the
floor.

PHILBEY
Sorry.

139 EXT. YANKEE STADIUM PARKING LOT - DAY

139

The bus pulls in, Lou Brown driving it now. Philbey is asleep
in one of the luggage racks.

The rest of the guys look like zombies. Nobody got any sleep.

BROWN

Okay, guys, let's play some ball.

The team begins to stumble off the bus.

HAYES

Hey, Philbey...

He releases the luggage rack, dumping Philbey on the floor.

HAYES (CONT.)

...we're here.

140 EXT. YANKEE STADIUM - DAY

140

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.

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

VOICE

Hey, jailbird!

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 tries to ignore the guy, but his concentration is broken.

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

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

TAYLOR

(throwing the ball back)

C'mon, Rick baby, settle down.

Vaughn gets ready again. The convict finishes picking the lock and jumps inside the imaginary car, cracking up the whole bench. Vaughn is getting a little steamed. His next pitch is hammered into left for a single, scoring a run.

141 THREE SHOTS OF VAUGHN

141

throwing pitches, followed by:

142 SHOTS

142

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

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.

Vaughn nods as Taylor trots back behind the plate.

Vaughn gets set again as his old nemesis, Haywood, steps into the batter's box. Haywood has a sly smile on his face.

As Vaughn comes to his stretch, the convict goes back into his act. He's in jail now, struggling against the bars. Finally he bends over and grabs his ankles, while one of his teammates humps up against him, pretending to bugger him. This sends the Yankee bench into hysterics.

Vaughn has lost it now. He fires to the plate and Haywood creams another tape measure job into the upper deck. Hayes doesn't even bother to run back to the wall. He just watches 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.

Harris comes in as the new pitcher. Vaughn walks off, dejected. The guys in the Yankee dugout all wave 'bye-'bye.

BROWN

(to Harris)

Okay, Steve, we're lookin' dead out here. We need somethin' to get us out of our coma. I want you to hide one on this guy.

HARRIS

You want me to hit him?

BROWN

Don't worry, you don't throw hard enough to hurt him.

HARRIS

I thought you didn't believe in that.

BROWN

I don't unless it's an emergency.

HARRIS

I won't do it. It's against my principles.

BROWN

How does pitchin' in Double A go with your principles?

Harris has no answer for this. Brown hands him the ball.

HAYES

But it's Coleman again. We already hit him.

BROWN

Take a little off and hit him in the leg.

Brown turns to go and then turns back.

BROWN (CONT.)

And Harris. When he comes after ya, beat the crap out of him.

Harris stands open-mouthed as Brown heads back to the dugout. Coleman moves into the box. Harris takes a deep breath, winds up and hits Coleman right in the butt.

Coleman glares at Harris a beat, takes two steps toward first and then charges the mound like an enraged bull. Harris, bless his heart, starts windmilling punches as both benches empty. Soon the field is covered with brawling bodies.

Vaughn dashes out of the dugout to get a shot at the guy in the convict uniform. The two square-off, but Taylor quickly grabs Vaughn.

TAYLOR

Are you outta your goddamn mind?
You could break your hand and then
where would you be?

Taylor positions himself between Vaughn and the Convict.

TAYLOR (CONT.)

(to the Convict)

And you, Patton. What the hell
is a veteran like you gettin'
involved in this kinda shit for?
You wanna cut short the last
couple years of your career?

PATTON

(calming down)

Yeah. I suppose you're right.

TAYLOR

You cooled out now?

PATTON

Yeah. I'll let him off this time.

TAYLOR

Good.

Taylor hauls off and knocks Patton flat. As the fighting rages on all around, we...

CUT TO:

143 DOYLE

143

in the press box. The stadium below is empty, the grounds 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 personally
I think we kicked their butts in
the fight. Anyhow, this is Harry
Doyle, saying so long, everybody,
and Happy Hunting.

144 INT. THE HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

144

Taylor is alone in the bar having a drink. A figure sits down on the stool next to him. It's Donovan.

DONOVAN

Mind if I join you?

TAYLOR

(surprised to see him)

Donovan. Hell no.

DONOVAN

Strange to see you alone at a bar. I remember you used to have two or three Annies around you on the road.

TAYLOR

Guess times have changed. What are you doin' here?

DONOVAN

Just wanted to get out on the road. You damn near pulled one out today. Never thought you'd get close after an all-night bus ride.

TAYLOR

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

DONOVAN

Ya know, you've done a helluva job this year. Runnin' the field, handling the staff... I'm glad to see you still got it in ya.

TAYLOR

Sixty and sixty-one is hardly a helluva job.

DONOVAN

With this club it is.

TAYLOR

Ya know, when I first got to camp I thought this team was gonna be a joke. I figured the best I could hope for was to get some decent personal stats and stay in the league. But there's a lotta talent on this team, Charlie.

(MORE)

TAYLOR (Cont'd)

The veterans are playin' back to form and Brown's workin' wonders with the rookies. There's two or three potential all-stars in there. I think we're a first division club right now.

DONOVAN

You really believe that, don't you?

TAYLOR

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

DONOVAN

Rachel Phelps would never allow that.

TAYLOR

What do you mean?

DONOVAN

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

On Taylor's incredulous face, we...

CUT TO:

145 INT. RACHEL PHELPS' OFFICE - DAY

145

Taylor, mad as hell, blows past the reception area and storms unannounced into Rachel's office. Two MALE SECRETARIES hustle in after him, but hold up at Rachel's signal.

RACHEL

Mr. Taylor. Quite an entrance.

TAYLOR

I know what you're up to, Phelps. I know you're tryin' to dump the season.

RACHEL

You're cute when you're mad, but you don't know shit, Taylor. Not that I care. This is my club and I'll run it as I see fit.

TAYLOR

What about the players? This team is their life. You can always go buy a shopping center or something. We got nothing else.

RACHEL

Have I asked anybody to lose?

TAYLOR

No, you're just makin' it impossible to win, so you can go to Miami and get a tan. But I'm tellin' you, lady, if you don't leave us alone, I'm goin' to the press.

RACHEL

They'd never listen to you. Cleveland's always had bad teams. This one's no worse, so far. Plus, my books will show that everything I've done has been the result of revenue problems. All you'd really do is piss me off enough to send you to the minors. And since I own your contract, I can keep you there.

Not much Taylor can say. He knows she's right.

RACHEL (CONT.)

But don't go away mad. You look good with your clothes off, and when the season's over, maybe I can use you as one of my secretaries.

We wait for a comeback from Taylor, but he says nothing. He just looks at Rachel a beat, then turns and walks out the door, seemingly a defeated man.

146 INT. INDIANS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

146

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 Jake here 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 (CONT.)

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.

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

BECK

Even me?

BROWN

Even you, Beck.

Silence descends on the room.

TAYLOR

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

HARRIS

What if we don't finish last?

TAYLOR

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.

BROWN

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

Taylor surveys the bowed heads around the room.

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.

(MORE)

TAYLOR (Cont'd)

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?

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

TAYLOR (CONT.)

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

BECK

What's that?

TAYLOR

Win the whole fuckin' thing.

We take CUTS of the startled faces of the players. As the idea sinks in, they begin to come to life, until finally all of them are fired up. MUSIC begins and we're into a...

147 MONTAGE SEQUENCE

147

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

148 BROWN

148

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

149 HAYES

149

in the batting cage, hitting ball after ball into the ground.

150 PEPPER

150

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

151 BECK 151
 taking off his shirt in the locker room. His chest is a mass of welts and bruises.

152 MARANO 152
 "polishing" his bats with black shoe polish and a brush.

153 HAYES 153
 pushing a wheelbarrow of dirt into the Turk and dumping it in the hall.

154 SEVERAL CUTS OF HAYES 154
 running down the hall of the Turk and practicing every manner of slide (head-first, feet-first, hook, roll and grab) in his dirt sliding pit.

155 TAYLOR 155
 taking batting practice late at night. He attacks the ball swing after swing.

156 EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY 156
 Hayes is in a real game now. He swings and pounds a pitch into the ground causing it to bounce about 25 feet in the air. By the time it comes down, he's safely across first.

157 VAUGHN 157
 taking his stretch with a man on first, and firing to the plate. The Batter swings and misses for strike three, while the Runner on first breaks for second. TAYLOR rifles a throw down to second nailing the Runner for a double play.

158 TAYLOR 158
 hitting a wicked line drive back through the box. The Pitcher has to hit the deck to get out of the way. Two runs score.

159 BECK 159
 taking a hot smash off his chest. He picks it up and guns the runner down.

160 MARANO 160
 hitting a bases-loaded double in the gap, scoring three runs.

161 HAYES 161
 stealing home, as the opposing Pitcher tries frantically to hurry his windup. Hayes slides across safely, hooking to the infield side. He jumps up and punches the air with his fist.

162 HAYES 162
nailing up the pair of black gloves he used to steal home above his bed.

163 NEWSPAPER HEADLINE 163
"INDIANS WIN FIFTH STRAIGHT, CRACK FIRST DIVISION"

164 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 164
Ross Farmer, microphone in hand, stands in front of a blazing bonfire. A large crowd cheers as various people throw doormats 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."

165 AN ANGEL HITTER 165
lining a single to center. Hayes charges it and fires to the plate as a Runner tries to score from second. Just as Taylor catches the ball, he's once again knocked flat by the Runner. This time he lies still a beat, and then an arm comes up holding the ball.

The Umpire thumbs the Runner out.

166 RACHEL 166
with Donovan next to her, watching all this good play in disgust.

167 TAYLOR 167
sitting head-down in the outboard motor whirlpool. He's hurting.

168 THREE QUICK SHOTS OF VAUGHN 168
blowing fast balls by hitters.

169 EXT. CLEVELAND DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY 169
We PICK UP three Teenage Girls walking down the street wearing T-shirts that say WILD THING -- I THINK I LOVE YOU. A Black Kid comes by wearing black gloves on each hand. As he passes, he holds up one finger signifying Number One. The Girls return the signal.

170 EXT. EXECUTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY 170

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

171 THE EXECUTIVE 171

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

172 INT. CLEVELAND SUPERMARKET - DAY 172

All the checkout girls are wearing Indian head dresses.

173 THE LONGSHOREMEN 173

on the docks, gathered around the RADIO during lunch hour.

174 INT. BURLESQUE JOINT - NIGHT 174

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

Several members of the audience have radio earplugs on.

175 NEWSPAPER HEADLINE 175

"INDIANS SWEEP ORIOLES, MOVE INTO SECOND."

176 A SERIES OF SHOTS 176

of squares of leopard skin fabric being peeled away. Under one is revealed a section of bare hip and thigh. Under another, a navel. Under still another, the edge of a bare breast and arm.

177 THE INDIAN TEAM 177

all dressed in tuxedos, posed "team picture" style on the 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.

MARANO

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.

178 HAYES

178

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

HAYES

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

179 SHOTS OF FANS

179

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

180 TAYLOR

180

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

181 THE BLEACHER BAND

181

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

182 HAYES

182

stealing second. The Catcher's throw skips fifteen feet past the Shortstop. Hayes gets up and races to third. The Shortstop's hurried throw gets by the Third Baseman. Hayes get up again and sprints home to score.

183 HAYES

183

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

184 INT. THE INDIAN BUS - NIGHT 184

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

185 TAYLOR, VAUGHN AND HAYES 185

coming into a dilapidated hotel room. Peeling walls and ceilings, rickety furniture, rusted bathroom fixtures. Taylor sprawls down on one of the cots. It collapses on the floor in a cloud of dust. Taylor goes to sleep anyway.

186 VAUGHN 186

taking his stretch with a runner on second. Vaughn uncorks a wild pitch, two feet over the hitter's head. The ball hits the backstop so hard, it bounces back to Taylor who throws out the runner trying to go to third.

187 THE LONGSHOREMEN 187

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

188 BECK 188

fielding a wicked line drive, firing a throw down to second, the Second Baseman relaying it on to first for a triple play.

189 TAYLOR 189

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

Hayes, the trailing runner, catches up with the lead runner, and they reach the plate at about the same time, one sliding around the Catcher one way, one around the other. Both score as the Catcher tries to tag both and gets neither.

190 FANS IN THE STANDS 190

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

191 MARANO 191

hitting a prodigious home run onto the roof.

192 DONOVAN 192

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

193 A TV SCREEN

193

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

VOICE

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

194 ROSS FARMER

194

live in the television studio. He wears a headdress, war paint 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 Commissioner's office. We'll have further details on the news at 11, but for now, get your tomahawks ready, Cleveland.

195 CLOSEUP - A PIECE OF LEOPARD SKIN FABRIC

195

We hear cheers as it's ripped away to reveal the photographic image of Rachel's cleavage. We PULL BACK to see the life-size poster is now completely peeled. Rachel stares out at us in a G-string and tassels. The photo is obviously from her showgirl days.

General merriment prevails in the locker room. Players shaking 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.

Beck comes by Taylor's locker.

BECK

We're stayin' here tonight, 'cause
the bus broke down. I got a
couple girls comin' over. You
wanta meet one?

TAYLOR

I don't know...

BECK

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

Taylor thinks it over a bit.

TAYLOR

(without much
enthusiasm)

Yeah, all right.

196 INT. BECK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

196

Marilyn Beck is watching the 11 o'clock news. Ross Farmer is
holding forth.

FARMER

The Indians are spending the night
in Detroit and will bus back to
Cleveland in the morning. Hal
Charles is standing by at the
Hotel Stanley where the Indians
are staying in Detroit. Hal...

The scene shifts to...

197 THE LOBBY OF THE STANLEY HOTEL

197

where HAL CHARLES stands, microphone in hand. Behind him
several players can be seen partying in the bar.

CHARLES

Thank you, Ross. 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.

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

Beck and the Girl get in an elevator together, obviously going upstairs. As the elevator closes, Marilyn hits the off button. She sits there a second in shock, and then her face begins to harden.

198 INT. TAYLOR'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

198

Taylor and CONNIE, the girl Beck lined up for him, are in bed. Taylor is clearly bored.

CONNIE

So, how did you like my breasts?
They're new, ya know.

TAYLOR

Oh, really. Yeah, you don't see
that kinda firmness too often.
I still got a couple dents in my
chest.

Connie starts to snuggle up for another go-round when there's
a KNOCK at the door.

CONNIE

You expectin' company?

TAYLOR

No, the trainer was gonna drop
off a heating pad. C'mon in.

As the door opens, we hear:

VOICE

Jake, I...

There in the doorway stands Lynn. She's obviously floored by
the sight of Taylor and Connie in bed.

LYNN

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

She quickly slips back out and closes the door. Taylor leaps
out of bed.

TAYLOR

Lynn, wait...

Realizing he has no clothes on, Taylor frantically pulls on his
underwear.

He then tries to get into his pants, but they're all tangled.
He throws them aside and bolts from the room in his undies.

199 TAYLOR

199

running down the stairs and into the lobby. Seeing no sign of Lynn, he races out the front door and looks up and down the street, but she's long gone. Taylor stands disheartened in the middle of the street.

200 INT. THE INDIANS' BUS - DAY

200

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

VAUGHN

You wanted to see me?

BROWN

Yeah, 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 (CONT.)

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

VAUGHN

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

BROWN

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

VAUGHN

Yeah, okay.

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

201 EXT. MUNICIPAL AIRPORT - DAY

201

The Indian bus pulls up outside the terminal, where a group of several thousand fans wait. The players are showered with cheers and applause as they file off the bus.

202 INT. BAR - NIGHT

202

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

VOICE

You mind if I join you?

Vaughn turns around to see Marilyn Beck. She's dressed to 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.

MARILYN

Why not?

VAUGHN

Nothin'. Job problem.

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

VAUGHN (CONT.)

I'm, ah, a ball player.

MARILYN

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

VAUGHN

Why did you come over then?

MARILYN

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.

203 INT. VAUGHN'S ROOM - NIGHT

203

Vaughn has dozed off in the bed. Marilyn is getting dressed. Vaughn wakes up as she finishes.

VAUGHN

Where you goin'?

MARILYN

I've gotta get home.

VAUGHN

I didn't even get your name.

MARILYN

Marilyn. Marilyn Beck.

VAUGHN
 (having heard that name
 someplace before)
 Marilyn Beck?

MARILYN
 Mrs. Rodger Beck.
 (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.

204 THE HALL OUTSIDE VAUGHN'S ROOM

204

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

MARILYN
 (nonchalant)
 Hello, Jake.

TAYLOR
 Hello, Marilyn.

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

TAYLOR (CONT.)
 Vaughn?

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

205 INT. LIMOUSINE - LATE AFTERNOON

205

Lynn, and her MOTHER and FATHER, are riding in the back seat on the way to Lynn's wedding. She's dressed in her bridal gown, but there's a general lack of enthusiasm in her countenance.

MOTHER
 Try to look a little cheerier,
 Lynn. It is your wedding day
 after all.

LYNN
 Sometimes I wonder if I'm doing
 the right thing.

FATHER
I'm neutral in this, baby. You're
the one that's gotta live with
that A-hole.

On Lynn's look to her father, we...

CUT TO:

206 THE LIMO

206

pulling up outside the church. Lynn is helped out of the car
by her Father. As she starts up the steps, she sees that both
sides are lined by the entire Cleveland Indians team in uniform.
They take their hats off 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
Yeah, 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
I'm sorry it didn't work out
better.

LYNN
Were you protecting my honor
again?

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

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

207 INT. RACHEL PHELPS' OFFICE - DAY

207

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

RACHEL

Come in.

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

RACHEL (CONT.)

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 tonight, 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 as hell so they'd 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 (CONT.)

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 know
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.

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 (CONT.)

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. If you think I'm proud
of myself, you're damn right.
And if you tell them any of this,
I will fire you.

Brown can only shake his head at this whole thing.

RACHEL (CONT.)

You've done a great job, Lou.
Go get 'em tonight.

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

208 INT. THE TURK - LATE AFTERNOON

208

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

TAYLOR

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

Vaughn nods.

HAYES

(to Taylor)

We got a problem. Marano 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.

209 INT. BECK'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

209

Beck is ready to leave for the park.

BECK

Bye bye, honey, wish me luck.

MARILYN

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

Uh oh, we know what this is all about.

CUT TO:

210 EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - NIGHT

210

The place is jammed. 88,000 screaming maniacs, most of them decked out in war paint and head dresses. Some carry plastic scalps with Yankee hats on them. Others have caps with the European "No" insignia superimposed over a door mat.

211 HARRY DOYLE

211

In the press box.

ASSISTANT

Here are your tapes.

DOYLE
Won't need 'em tonight.

212 THE LOCKER ROOM

212

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

Beck approaches Taylor, who's fitting heavy athletic braces on both knees.

BECK
You know where Vaughn is?

TAYLOR
Nope. Haven't seen him.

Beck moves off.

MARANO
Where's my chicken?

TAYLOR
It's comin' in now.

We see a Bat Boy enter with a bucket of fried chicken. Marano looks at it in bewilderment.

TAYLOR
One whole chicken, like you said.

MARANO
But it no alive.

TAYLOR
Believe me, Jo-Buu will like this.
He's gotta be gettin' tired of
raw chicken.

As Marano hefts the bucket somewhat skeptically and takes it to his altar, we...

CUT TO:

213 HARRIS

213

warming up in the bullpen. The tension of starting such an important game shows in his face.

DOYLE

Hello, everybody, Harry Doyle
 coming to you from beautiful
 Municipal Stadium, where tonight,
 before a capacity crowd of 88,000,
 the fighting Redmen will leave
 their teepees in search of
 Cleveland's first League
 Championship in over 30 years.
 Standing in the way, their long
 time  mesis, the New York
 Yank, the Big Boys of Broadway,
 who have beaten the Indians like
 a tom-tom all year long.

Down in the dugout, the players are lined up ready to take the field. They exchange words of encouragement, hand slaps, clenched fists, but all at a very low key level. This is tension time.

BROWN

All right, guys, let's take it
 to 'em.

The Indians charge onto the field to a standing ovation.

In the center field bleachers Thelma's victory blanket containing the scores of every Indian game for the season, hangs from a railing. Bobby, Vic and Johnny pound the tom-toms leading the stadium in a monster version of "In the Land of Burning Waters."

214	HARRIS	214
	Throwing the first pitch. The YANKEE HITTER grounds one to Beck who throws him out.	
215	THE SCOREBOARD	215
	0-0 in the 3rd.	
216	MARANO	216
	striking out on a curve ball.	
217	HAYES	217
	robbing a Yankee of a home run by making a leaping catch over the fence.	
218	TAYLOR	218
	throwing out a Yankee trying to steal second.	
219	THE SCOREBOARD	219
	0-0 in the 5th.	

220 BECK 220
 catching a pop-fly on the run, his back to the infield. He whirls and throws a perfect strike to the plate to nail a base runner trying to tag up and score from third.

221 MARANO 221
 striking out on a curve ball.

222 HARRIS 222
 on the mound. There's a runner on second.

DOYLE (V.O.)
 Still nothing -- nothing, top of the eighth, two down. Harris has been in trouble all night, but has battled his way out with the help of some great defensive plays.

Harris comes set and delivers. The Yankee hitter, BURTON, swings and gets all of it.

DOYLE (V.O.) (CONT.)
 Uh oh, this one's tagged. Deep center field. Way back. Way back.

Hayes climbs up on the wall, but it's long gone. Home run.

DOYLE (V.O.) (CONT.)
 It's off the reservation, home run. And the Yankees lead it 2-0.

Burton trots around the bases and is greeted by jubilant teammates at the plate. A silent pall falls on the stadium. As the "2" goes up on the scoreboard, we...

CUT TO:

223 HAYES 223
 popping up and flinging his bat away in frustration. We take CUTS of the worried fans, chewing fingernails, wadding up programs, hanging their heads, etc.

224 TAYLOR 224
 grounding out, obviously having trouble running. We take CUTS of worried faces on the bench.

225 BECK 225
 stepping into the batter's box. The crowd is practically sitting on its hands now. Hope draining away.

DOYLE (V.O.)

Beck up now, two down, bottom of the eighth. The Indians running out of chances.

Beck swings at the first pitch and lines a sharp single to left. The crowd and the Indian bench suddenly come alive. Marano moves to the plate.

DOYLE (V.O.) (CONT.)

That'll bring on Marano, hitless tonight. As a matter of fact, he hasn't touched the ball yet.

The crowd begins to clap as Beck takes his lead. Marano swings at the first pitch and misses. An audible groan goes through the crowd.

The Yankee pitcher gets set again, and throws Marano a big, roundhouse curve. He misses it a foot. Strike two.

BROWN

Shit, havin' trouble with the curve ball again.

HAYES

Damn, I wish we'd gotten him a live chicken.

Marano steps out and begins to talk to his bat, gesturing and pointing as if arguing with his wife.

MARANO

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.

Marano gets back in the box and digs in. The Yankee pitcher comes to his stretch and delivers. Another big breaking curve ball. Marano swings and knocks the crap out of it. Everyone in the stands and on the bench jumps to their feet, rooting for the ball to get out.

DOYLE (V.O.)

Long drive, deep centerfield. Way back. It might be. It could be. That ball is...Downtown, welcome to the Happy Hunting Ground! This game is tied!!

The fans go crazy as Marano circles the bases. He carries his bat with him, holding it high above his head. As Marano disappears into the dugout, we hear Doyle once again.

DOYLE (V.O.) (CONT.)
 And so we go to the ninth, with
 the score the Yankees 2, the
 Indians 2.

CUT TO:

226	A YANKEE HITTER	226
	lining a single to right field. Harris mops his brow, obviously tiring.	
227	ANOTHER YANKEE HITTER	227
	smashing a double off the wall, the lead runner stopping at third. Brown signals to the bullpen to get somebody warm.	
228	HARRIS	228
	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.) (CONT.)
 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 (CONT.)
 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.

229 VAUGHN

229

striding in from the bullpen. He doesn't look relaxed. As he
nears the infield he purposely doesn't look at Beck. Beck
stares at him with undisguised venom.

As Vaughn gets to the mound, he sees Patton getting his convict
uniform on in the Yankee dugout. He looks away to see Haywood
in the on-deck circle smiling out at him.

Meanwhile, the CROWD has gone nuts at the sight of Vaughn.
Bobby, Vic and Johnny are blasting out "Wild Thing" on the
tom-toms and the whole stadium, 88,000 strong, is singing it.

BROWN

Okay, Ricky, Haywood likes the
hard stuff out over the plate.
Bust him on the hands, curve him
away, and don't get up with
anything.

Vaughn nods, but we can tell he's too nervous to have digested
any of that.

BROWN (CONT.)

(patting him on the
butt)

Let's send this guy home early.

Brown and Taylor leave Vaughn alone on the mound, the SINGING
of the crowd ringing in his ears.

No sooner has Taylor settled in behind the plate, than Beck
starts toward the mound. Vaughn watches him come with fear and
trepidation.

TAYLOR

(seeing it)

Oh, shit.

Beck arrives at the mound, and holds out his hand for the ball.
Vaughn gives it to him. Beck rubs it up, staring long and hard
into Vaughn's eyes. Vaughn is shitting bullets. Finally Beck
speaks.

BECK

Let's cut through the bullshit.
Forget what anybody's told you.
Just rear back and strike this
motherfucker out.

He smiles and hands Vaughn the ball back. Vaughn returns the smile and accepts the ball. While Beck trots back to his position, Vaughn turns his back to the plate for one last 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 than before.

Vaughn steps up on the rubber, his face hardened into fierce resolve. There's nothing nervous about him now. This kid is 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.

Taylor sets down a sign. Two fingers for the curve ball. Vaughn shakes it off. Taylor puts down another sign. Vaughn shakes it off. Finally, Taylor puts down one finger -- the fast ball. Vaughn nods with steely purpose.

TAYLOR

All right, Ricky, let's get nasty.

Vaughn winds and delivers a hissing blur toward the plate. Haywood takes a ferocious swing and misses. Strike one.

We see the number 97 come up on the digital readout of the SPEED GUN which a club employee holds behind the screen.

TAYLOR (CONT.)

(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.

Taylor gets ready to flash another sign. The convict jumps up and down trying to distract Vaughn. No way.

TAYLOR (CONT.)

(for Haywood's ears)

Let's see, what should we call
now. Let's see how he feels about
old number one.

Taylor puts down one finger. Vaughn nods and then winds and fires again, another blazing rocket. Haywood takes a wicked rip, but doesn't get it. Strike two. 99 comes up on the gun. The convict has stopped jumpin'.

TAYLOR (CONT.)

Nice swing, Haywood. Good
follow-through. Keep it up, I'll
show you the ball sometime.

The fans are going wild. They're all standing now, yelling for a strikeout. Vaughn gets back up on the rubber with the look of an animal sighting a prey. Taylor gets down to give the sign.

TAYLOR (CONT.)

Well, shit, all these pitches to choose from. Maybe we'll try somethin' different this time.

Taylor wiggles his fingers around and then puts down the big No. 1. Vaughn gives him a quick nod.

TAYLOR (CONT.)

And if I don't see you again,
Haywood, have a nice winter.
Okay, buddy?

Vaughn goes into his windup and unleashes a screaming bullet toward the plate. Haywood pulls the trigger, but it's already by him. Strike three. 101 on the gun. Taylor leaps up and gives Vaughn the fist. The fans are going berserk. MUSIC 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 assistant)

Jesus, can you believe this,
Monty?

Monty takes a big swig straight from the bourbon bottle.

CUT TO:

230	AN INDIAN HITTER	230
	flying out to right field.	
231	ANOTHER INDIAN HITTER	231
	grounding out to short.	
232	HAYES	232
	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.

Taylor and the others yell encouragement to Hayes as he digs in at the plate. The Yankee pitcher delivers and Hayes hits a high bouncer toward short. The shortstop waits for it to come down and then fires to first. Too late. Hayes streaks across the bag, beating the throw by a hair. Once again the CROWD comes to life.

The Yankee Manager comes to the mound and waves for a new pitcher. Out of the pen comes BILLY DUKE, a good facsimile of Goose Gossage only Duke is bigger and meaner.

DOYLE (V.O.) (CONT.)

And Horton is wasting no time.
He's goin' to the Duke.

The Duke finishes his warmups and stares over at Hayes. Hayes smiles, snaps his black gloves out of his hip pocket, and carefully pulls them on over his hands.

The Duke does not care for this kind of showmanship.

Brown comes over to talk to Taylor, who's been watching Duke 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
fuckin' truth here. Can you beat
this guy?

TAYLOR

Yeah.

BROWN

Okay.

Taylor starts for the plate, as Duke finishes his warmups. Brown comes down the dugout steps.

BROWN (CONT.)

— (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.

BROWN (CONT.)

(to himself)

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. Taylor digs in his back foot, then points to the right field bleachers ala Babe Ruth.

DOYLE (V.O.)

What's this? Taylor is pointing
to the bleachers, calling his
shot.

The crowd, electrified by Taylor's gesture, remains on its feet. Duke stares in at Taylor, comes to his stretch and then lets go a steaming fast ball right at Taylor's head. Taylor goes down in a swirl of dust, the ball missing him by inches. The stadium explodes with BOOS, but as soon as Taylor picks himself up, the crowd begins to ROAR again.

Bobby, Vic and Johnny are pounding out a heavy beat on the TOM-TOMS. Everyone in the stadium begins to CLAP in unison with the DRUMS.

Taylor steps back in and once again points to the bleachers.

DOYLE (V.O.) (CONT.)

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.

233 THE LONGSHOREMEN 233

and several of their friends at their bar, huddled around the
 RADIO with the punks and heavy metal kids we saw before. Slowly
 they begin to clap in time with the tom-toms which are audible
 on the radio.

234 THE BUSINESS EXECUTIVE 234

at the opera with his wife, a radio earplug in his ear. His
 hand taps on his leg in sync with the TOM-TOMS.

235 THE TWO KOREAN GROUNDSKEEPERS 235

beating on their shovels in the bullpen.

236 A LARGE APARTMENT BUILDING 236

FRAMED against the Cleveland skyline. In several of the lit
 windows we see people banging things or clapping.

237 THE STADIUM AGAIN 237

Duke gets back on the hill. Getting the sign he wants, he comes
 to his stretch, checking Hayes at second.

As Duke starts his delivery to the plate, we go to SLOW MOTION.
 The clapping in the stadium stops as everyone hushes to watch
 the pitch. We...

CUT TO:

238 THE LONGSHOREMEN, THE BUSINESS EXECUTIVE, THE GROUNDSKEEPERS 238
 AND THE APARTMENT DWELLERS

They've all stopped too in anticipation of the pitch.

239 THE STADIUM 239

Everything from here on will continue to be in SLOW MOTION.
 As Duke whips his arm toward the plate, Hayes takes off for
 third. Taylor, instead of swinging away, shortens up on the
 bat and bunts Duke's pitch down the third base line.

The Yankee third baseman, caught completely unaware, charges
 the ball frantically.

240 TAYLOR 240
 barreling down the line toward first on his sore legs, giving it everything he's got.

241 THE THIRD BASEMAN 241
 scooping up the ball barehanded and firing on the run to first.

242 TAYLOR 242
 pounding down the line. He strains for the bag as the Yankee 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.

The umpire brings up his arms, and spreads them wide. Safe. Taylor's beaten it.

The first baseman looks up to see something that strikes fear into his heart across the field. It's...

243 HAYES 243
 streaking for home, trying to score all the way from second on a bunt.

The first baseman fires to the plate, as the catcher positions himself for the throw. Hayes launches into a flying feet-first slide. The catcher brings the tag down. Hayes hooks to 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...

Hayes' foot catches the corner of the plate. The umpire puts the palms down and whips them apart. It's all over, folks.

DOYLE (V.O.)
 ...Safe!!! The Indians win it!
 The Indians win! Oh my God, the Indians win it!!

SLOW MOTION ends. Pandemonium breaks loose in Municipal Stadium. Everywhere people are hugging and kissing each other. Bobby, Vic and Johnny are going berserk in the bleachers. Thelma just sits quietly, a broad smile on her face. We take...

244 QUICK CUTS 244
 of our other fans. We see...

A) The Business Executive stand up and yell "Yes!" in the middle of the opera. Several other men stand up and express their excitement as well.

B) The Longshoremen whoop it up in their bar -- exchanging fives and hugs with the punkers and heavy metal kids.

C) The various apartment dwellers dancing, clapping, yelling out the windows.

D) The two Korean Groundskeepers just shaking their heads in amazement.

E) Elsewhere in the stadium, the joyous exultation continues unabated. The crowd pours onto the field as Hayes runs toward Taylor and literally leaps into his arms.

F) The two spin around throwing their fists in the air.

G) Marano and Harris embrace. Beck gives Vaughn a hug, then steps back and decks him with a right hand.

H) Beck pulls Vaughn back to his feet, and they hug again.

I) Up in the stands, Rachel watches all this with tears in her eyes.

J) 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