

THE BAD NEWS BEARS

Written by

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SECOND
ESTIMATING
DRAFT

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D E D I C A T I O N

This story is written in the memory of one Benjamin (Benjie) Isadore Fineman, who in 1959 led the North Valley League with 13 home runs, 44 runs batted in, and a .521 batting average. On the last day of the 1959 season, Mr. Fineman went 8 for 9 in a double header and beat me out of the batting title by six percentage points. Mr. Fineman was carried from the field on the shoulders of fellow teammates and admirers to the nearby hot dog stand in a raucous but jubilant display of exultation. It has been said that somewhere in the vicinity of the hot dog stand, Miss Mary Ann Markman kissed Mr. Fineman for a full three seconds on the mouth.

X

Mr. Fineman now resides in a small apartment in Sherman Oaks, California, and is presently employed as a file clerk in the Culver City legal firm of Melnick, Melnick, Rosenblat, Melnick and Melnick.

A busted bat and a slow ground ball,
And I'm still waitin' for Durocher to call...

THE BAD NEWS BEARS

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - MID MORNING

1 X

MORRIS BUTTERMAKER's disheveled early model Rambler pulls into the dirt parking area and parks behind one of the dugouts. On the side of his car is printed: CAPRI POOL SERVICE -- "FOR THAT MEDITERRANEAN LOOK." Pool cleaning equipment clutters the back of the Rambler. Buttermaker wears a windbreaker and an old baseball cap with a "P" on it. A man in his thirties, his body appears trim and athletic. His face is more revealing: reflecting his usual night before. He coughs violently as he surveys the near empty field.

A rainbird sprinkler lazily waves its stream of water in the mid-morning quiet in left field. A lone FATHER and SON can be SEEN doing jumping jacks in right. A WOMAN is installing a bag at second base.

Buttermaker reaches into the glove compartment, pulling out a half pint of I.W. Harper. Pours the remainder into the bottle of malt liquor, which has been resting between his knees. Swills the bottle, mixing the ingredients. And belts.

DRINKING FOUNTAIN - NEAR DUGOUT

KELLY LEAK, serious and sullen, stares out toward the field. He sits astride his chopped and fully chromed 50cc Honda mini-bike. Professional racing boots are laced up to his knees. A crimson bandana tied around his forehead keeps his shoulder-length hair out of his eyes. Kelly Leak is 12 years old.

Buttermaker approaches the fountain, coughing. He washes out his mouth. Coughs some more, sticks a tiparillo between his teeth and fumbles through his pockets for a match.

FLASH. Kelly Leak, expressionlessly, holds out his Zippo lighter, offering a light. The wick has been extended and the flame flails like a torch. Buttermaker stares at him for a beat, thinking him odd, and then maneuvers around the flame so as not to burn himself and gets a light.

BUTTERMAKER

Thanks, kid.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

There is no "you're welcome." Kelly pockets his lighter, puts his bike in gear, jams on the throttle, tearing his rear wheel into the ground, and roars off into the parking lot.

Buttermaker watches after him, brushing the dirt off his clothing and coughs out the first puff of his tip-arillo. A MUFFLED VOICE IS HEARD coming from the nearby dugout. Buttermaker moves closer to get a better look.

2 INT. DUGOUT

2

ROY TURNER, a large and imposing figure, is addressing his team. The boys sit rigidly on the dugout bench, eyes alert, chins out, offering their complete attention. SERGEANT PLATT, a silver-haired, old pro of a policeman, carries a display case and moves slowly down the aisle showing its contents to the boys.

ROY

Each year about this time, our good friend, Sergeant Platt, is kind enough to come down to help us get acquainted with some of the poisons of our times...

The case is a neatly organized display of drugs and drug paraphernalia: Marijuana cigarettes, capsules, pipes, syringes, etc. All labeled.

Silently, the boys view the articles. Sergeant Platt carries a grave but noncommittal expression.

ROY

(continuing; sternly)

... and these are some real beauts...

Buttermaker, feeling no need to listen any further, heads back to the drinking fountain.

3 EXT. FIELD

3

HONK! A brand new, red Mercedes sports car, backing up rapidly, comes to a stop in front of Buttermaker. BOB WHITEWOOD and his son, TOBY, sit in the front seat.

WHITEWOOD

What the hell took you?!!

(CONTINUED)

BUTTERMAKER

(coughs)

Had a pool to clean.

Mr. Whitewood gets out of the car and comes over to Buttermaker. He is dressed in a tennis outfit.

WHITEWOOD

I don't ever think you've met my boy, Toby.

TOBY

Hi, Coach.

Buttermaker nods. Toby is 11 and wears his hair almost to his waist. He pulls out his modified stingray bicycle that has been crammed into the back seat of the car. Bob Whitewood is Buttermaker's age, distinguished looking, with an honest face.

WHITEWOOD

I really appreciate this, Buttermaker. It's just a damn shame that none of the fathers had the time for it. God knows, I'd be coaching them myself if I wasn't so busy down at City Hall...

BUTTERMAKER

Got my check, Whitewood?

Whitewood nervously glances at his son and then takes Buttermaker by the arm and leads him away toward the diamond.

WHITEWOOD

Thought we were going to be quiet about that.

BUTTERMAKER

Yeah. Sorry.

Whitewood hands him an envelope.

WHITEWOOD

Because we got into this so late, it's going to be tough. One week till opening day.

Whitewood stops. Buttermaker is concentrating on the well-rounded rear end of the Woman installing second base. Whitewood smiles.

(CONTINUED)

WHITEWOOD

(continuing)

The only game played around here
is baseball, Buttermaker.

BUTTERMAKER

(unenthused by
the prospect)

Right.

Whitewood observes his watch.

WHITEWOOD

Wanted to introduce you to some
of the administrators around here,
but I'm running late.

(hands him sheet
of paper)

Here's a list of the boys' names.
Ask around for a woman they call
Pig Tails. She'll get you all set.

(firm)

And don't let any of these bastards
give you a hard time.

Whitewood turns, his eyes savoring the near-empty
field.

WHITEWOOD

(continuing)

I think we're doing a really fine
thing. I really do.

BUTTERMAKER

(examining his
check)

Yeah.

DIAMOND

Whitewood's car drives off in the b.g. Buttermaker
walks toward the Woman, who is now in the process of
pounding third base into the turf. Toby, on his bike,
follows.

TOBY

You played with Dad in college,
huh?

BUTTERMAKER

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

TOBY

He says you were really great,
once.

BUTTERMAKER

Nice of him.

Roy Turner bellows at Toby from the adjacent dugout.

ROY

GET THAT DAMN THING OFF THE
INFIELD!!!

Toby is sent into a frantic wheel stand and off the field. Buttermaker comes to a stop at third base.

The woman, JILL TURNER, is pretty -- despite her dusty and disheveled appearance. She offers Buttermaker a consoling sigh.

JILL

Sorry he yelled at your boy like
that. My husband's got this passion
over the condition of the infield.

BUTTERMAKER

Not my boy. Name's Buttermaker.
You Pig Tails?

JILL

Hardly.

4 INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - DAY

4

PIG TAILS, a big, husky woman about forty, is disbur-
ing equipment to Buttermaker -- bats, balls, catcher's
gear, etc. Two pig tails dangle from the back of her
head -- hence her nickname. Pins in memory of past
championship teams riddle the bill of her baseball cap. X
"Cleveland - Champs '54" is printed on her tight-fitting
baseball jersey, which is performing a cruel act of
suffocation on her two enormous breasts. She is in a
cantankerous mood. A Camel cigarette dangles from her
mouth.

PIG TAILS

Goddamn class action suits are
going to be the ruin of this
country...

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

Buttermaker stares indifferently at Pig Tails' breasts as he stuffs the items into a newly-acquired duffle bag. Roy and Jill Turner watch on. A slight smile on Roy's lips, as he is enjoying Buttermaker's first encounter with Pig Tails.

PIG TAILS

(continuing)

Wasn't so bad when the courts made us take in the girls because the ones who came to play could cut it... But now this...

The gear is old and shoddy. Buttermaker holds up a catcher's mask with a broken strap.

BUTTERMAKER

This stuff's kind of had it.

PIG TAILS

Damn right, Mr. Buttermaker. But this is normally a six-team league -- not seven. So you'll have to take what's left.

Buttermaker slings the bag over his shoulder, preparing to leave.

PIG TAILS

(continuing)

Hold it. I think you ought to know that none of us are too pleased about what's happening here. We know all about the civil rights of the boys you'll be coaching. But we're also damned concerned about the rights of the boys who legitimately made these teams!

Roy chuckles.

JILL

(exasperated)

Give the guy a break, Pig Tails.

ROY

See the problem here is, Buttermaker, that your friend Whitewood could have gotten his son and the rest of those boys into hundreds of other Leagues.

(MORE)

X

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

ROY (CONT'D)

We're different than other leagues here. We run a highly competitive program. It's the boys themselves who want it that way.

Buttermaker coughs.

BUTTERMAKER

(disinterested)

Sounds just great.

X

Pig Tails slaps a booklet into Buttermaker's hand.

PIG TAILS

Your rule book. See that you memorize it. Get a move on, Buttermaker. The Giants get the field at twelve sharp.

X

CUT TO:

5 OMITTED

5

6 BLEACHERS - FIRST BASE SIDE

6

Buttermaker, puffing on a tiparillo and pressing his 16 ounce against his temple, stands before a group of boys. He holds the sheet of paper with their names on it.

BUTTERMAKER

When I read off your names, step forward and tell me what positions you want to play.

The Agilar family has huddled near the stands. Mr. and Mrs. Agilar are dressed in their Sunday best. Their garments are a bit too heavy for this warm spring day and they are perspiring. They continue to bicker in hushed tones.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing; looks at sheet)

Arnold 'Lefty' Stein.

LEFTY STEIN steps forward.

LEFTY

Pitcher and shortstop.

(CONTINUED)

BUTTERMAKER
(taking in his
physique)

Short?

Lefty smiles and nods yes. Mr. Agilar, prodded by the continued nagging of his wife, discards his embarrassment and thrusts himself up toward Buttermaker.

MR. AGILAR
Excuse. My name Armando Agilar.

He nervously pulls out a piece of paper and puts on his glasses. He indicates his wife and two boys.

MR. AGILAR
(continuing)
My wife Esperansa Agilar... My
son Miguel e Jose.

Mrs. Agilar blushes at the mention of her name and nods hello. The boys smile at Buttermaker. Mr. Agilar holds up the piece of paper and adds confidentially:

MR. AGILAR
(continuing)
I write to make easy.

He clears his throat and begins to read. His English is choppy, as it will be some time before Mr. Agilar will master this new tongue.

(CONTINUED)

MR. AGILAR

(continuing)

We been America only one month.
My boys speak no English but learn
at the school...

MIKE ENGELBERG, a prodigiously obese 12-year-old-boy, who has just arrived, marches up and stands next to Buttermaker. Engelberg is finishing the remains of a peanut butter sandwich. He looks Buttermaker up and down, sizing him up.

MR. AGILAR

(continuing)

... We are family that loves the
baseball. In homeland, Santa
Domingo, is very popular...

ENGELBERG

You Mr. Buttermaker?

Buttermaker glances down at Engelberg and nods yes.

MR. AGILAR

... At first they say the boys are
no good and can no play. The boys
are sad...

Mike Engelberg has unwrapped a fresh sandwich. He takes a mouthful.

ENGELBERG

I'm on your team.

Mr. Agilar, immersed in the correct pronunciation of his words, is oblivious to the interruption.

MR. AGILAR

... but then on one day Mr.
Whitewood call and say my boys
can play in the little baseball.

ENGELBERG

Did you really pitch a no hitter
for the Yankees?

Buttermaker is determined to do the courtesy of hearing Mr. Agilar through.

MR. AGILAR

... My wife think Mr. Whitewood
is maybe a saint. Of this I am
no sure but a good man, yes...

(CONTINUED)

ENGELBERG

My dad's been a Yankee fan all of his life...

MR. AGILAR

My family would like thank Mr. Whitewood and all of Mothers and Fathers for letting Miguel e Jose play...

... And for making America the great country that it is.

BUTTERMAKER

Shut up a second, kid.

ENGELBERG

(mouth full)

... He said he never heard of no Buttermaker that ever played for the Yankees, let alone one that pitched a no hitter.

Buttermaker and Engelberg glower at each other while Mr. Agilar awkwardly puts away his glasses and paper and shakes hands with Buttermaker. Buttermaker turns to the rest of the boys.

BUTTERMAKER

Guys, let's get one thing straight: It's true I was a heck of a ball player in my day, but I never played for the Yankees. As a matter of fact...

OGILVIE, a cherubic, 11-year-old asthmatic, interrupts. Rapid fire.

OGILVIE

As a matter of fact you never played in the major leagues. But you did pitch for Phoenix of the Pacific Coast League.

(wheeze)

In 1967 you won nine games and lost six. With 117 strikeouts, 46 bases on balls and an earned run average of 2.86. In 1968 you had a relatively disappointing season winning only four games while losing fifteen...

BUTTERMAKER

(incredulous)

How'd you know that?

JIMMY FELDMAN, a sensitive-looking, level-headed 12 year old, explains.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (4)

6

JIMMY

Ogilvie knows everything, Mr.
Buttermaker.

Mike Engelberg, stuffing the rest of his sandwich into the farthest reaches of his gullet, puts Ogilvie into further prospective for Buttermaker.

ENGELBERG

(throat and
mouth full)

Except normal things -- like how to pee in a straight line and how to breathe.

OGILVIE

I will ignore that last comment, Engelberg. More specifically, Mr. Buttermaker...

(wheeze)

... I have attempted to commit to memory the names and respective records of every person who ever played major league baseball from 1871 to present.

(wheeze)

Since I had never heard of you, I gathered that your playing ability might have been exaggerated.

(wheeze; smiles
proud)

So I checked with the L.A. Times' Sports Department. That's how I found out you played in minors for Phoenix.

Buttermaker regards Ogilvie ruefully.

BUTTERMAKER

Good work, kid.

(to others)

Awright now...

(looks at sheet)

Ahmad Abdul Rahim.

AHMAD is a nine-year-old black boy. A crudely fashioned number 44 has been painted on his t-shirt.

AHMAD

I wants to switch hit like my big brothers and I wants to play where Hank Aaron played.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (5)

6

OGILVIE

Aaron played right field.

AHMAD

Then right field.

OGILVIE

In his later years, Aaron saw a lot of action at first base, also.

AHMAD

Then first base, too.

OGILVIE

Interesting to note, too, that Aaron played a few games at second base in 1955, 1960, 1964...

AHMAD

And second base, too.

X

BUTTERMAKER

Okay, okay... Mike Engelberg.

ENGELBERG

My dad thinks I should try out for catcher.

BUTTERMAKER

He's got the right idea.

ENGELBERG

(indignant)

What's that supposed to mean?

BUTTERMAKER

Catchers are traditionally sturdy, strong type guys.

TOBY

Engelberg's invaluable -- he can play short and third at the same time.

Derisive laughter from some of the boys.

ENGELBERG

Just keep it up, Whitewood, if you want to get kung-fued.

BUTTERMAKER

Timmy Lupus.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (6)

6

There is a silence. Buttermaker looks around.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Timmy Lupus...

The boys' heads turn toward a slightly-small-for-his-age, 11-year-old BOY. He stands several feet away from the rest with his index finger absently searching through his left nostril. Another boy, TANNER BOYLE, a small, ruddy-faced redhead with a gash on his chin and a welt on his forehead, grits his teeth in disgust.

TANNER

Crud, does that booger-eating spaz want to make me puke!

BUTTERMAKER

Lupus, what position do you want to play?

TIMMY

(after a moment,
weakly)

I...

Then he stops.

JIMMY

He's shy, Coach.

TANNER

Shy, my butt. He's plain dumb.

X

Laughter. Jimmy, infuriated, turns on Tanner.

JIMMY

Shut up, Tanner!

(to Buttermaker)

He's just kind of quiet.

Timmy's feelings are not easily readable, but Tanner's remark has hurt. He wipes his finger on his pants and lowers his head.

OGILVIE

I think Timmy would do a fine job sharing...

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (7)

6

Timmy, mustering courage, barks out:

TIMMY

Pitcher!

The boys laugh.

OGILVIE

I was about to say Timmy and I could alternate together in right field. Though I emphasize, only on certain occasions, like in the late innings when we're leading by ten or more runs.

Buttermaker impatiently stuffs the list of names in his back pocket.

BUTTERMAKER

Enough of this. Let's see how we handle ground balls. Take the field.

Several of the boys scramble for the diamond. Buttermaker lifts the duffle bag onto his shoulder and follows.

A WOMAN stops him.

WOMAN

Mr. Buttermaker?

BUTTERMAKER

Yes.

She is an attractive woman, although lines in her face have added years whose time has not come.

WOMAN

I'm Mrs. Lupus. Timmy's mother.

JOEY TURNER

a big, husky 12 year old, sits in the bleachers with several of his mates. He calls out to the boys as they take up their positions.

JOEY

Hey, Bears, what color are your uniforms going to be? Pink or something?

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (8)

6

Joey and his friends laugh. Tanner Boyle barks back.

TANNER

Why don't you come around here
and say that, Turner?

JOEY

Lucky for you I don't.

TANNER

Oh, yeah?

JOEY

Yeah.

BUTTERMAKER AND MRS. LUPUS

are conversing near the dugout.

BUTTERMAKER

How do you mean different?

MRS. LUPUS

I suppose you could say he's a
little slow.

BUTTERMAKER

Heck, I was slow as a kid too.
There should be no prob...

She stops him. Firm but quiet.

MRS. LUPUS

Mr. Buttermaker, I don't think
you're following me.

Mrs. Lupus does not take lightly her son's welfare.
Her gaze makes that very clear.

MRS. LUPUS

(continuing)

I don't expect you to spend any
more time on Timmy than you would
with the others. I only want to
make you aware that you'll have
to be patient.

STANDS - THIRD BASE SIDE

Roy Turner, Pig Tails and Sergeant Platt take seats
in the stands as once again Mr. Agilar reads his words
of gratitude at the urging of his wife.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (9)

6

FIELD

The Bears are set in various positions around the infield. Engelberg, chomping on a newly-opened candy bar, joins Buttermaker at home plate to act as catcher.

BUTTERMAKER

Engelberg, can you hold off of that until after practice?

ENGELBERG

There's energy in chocolate. I need the energy.

Buttermaker observes his rotund frame, sighs, coughs up smoke from the tiparillo and calls out:

BUTTERMAKER

Get one.

JOEY TURNER

and his friends grin expectantly. This should be fun.

BUTTERMAKER

hits a slow ground ball to Lefty Stein at third base. Lefty sets himself preparing to gather in the ball. The ball passes under Lefty's glove, ricochets off his left ankle, and hits his left knee. When the ball has come to a rest, Lefty stumbles, picks it up, throws it, and falls.

The ball bounces three or four times before it gets past Ahmad Abdul Rahim at first base. It hits the fence behind first and ends up in right field.

Timmy Lupus scurries over, steps on the ball and falls. He then picks it up and throws it with all his might.

The ball travels about twenty feet where it is retrieved by Ogilvie, who is in the process of administering his asthma medicine. Ogilvie relays the ball on eight or nine bounces back to Engelberg.

ROY AND PIG TAILS

exchange stolid, but knowing looks.

6 CONTINUED: (10)

6

JOEY TURNER

and his friends are in an uproar.

FIELD

Tanner Boyle, hearing their laughter, is angry and embarrassed.

MR. AGILAR

stands and applauds, shouting words of encouragement; just glad that the season has started.

BUTTERMAKER

looks as though he would like to comment on the last play, but discards the thought and hits a slow ground ball to Regi Tower. Regi backs up in mortal fear, making no pretense to even get near the thing.

MR. TOWER

sitting in the stands is very much annoyed.

MR. TOWER

REGI, DAMN YOU, WHAT HAVE I BEEN
TELLING YOU. YOU'VE GOT TO ATTACK
THAT THING. NOW PAY ATTENTION!!!

FIELD

Regi sheepishly nods his head and mutters something to himself.

Buttermaker is about to hit another ground ball when he notices chocolate smeared all over it. Engelberg is opening up a fresh carton of Milk Duds.

BUTTERMAKER

Engelberg?

ENGELBERG

What?

BUTTERMAKER

You've got chocolate all over the
ball.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (11)

6

Engelberg contorts his face and petulantly slams his mitt to the ground.

ENGELBERG

Look, Mr. Buttermaker! Quit bugging me about food! My shrink says that's why I'm fat. People are always bugging me about it. So you're not doing me any good. So just quit it...

Buttermaker sees the tantrum escalating and doesn't have the energy to keep up with it.

BUTTERMAKER

OKAY, OKAY... OKAY.

He wipes the ball off on his pants. Sighs. And then shouts out to the infield:

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Get one!

He then lays down a bunt. The ball rolls to a stop. Buttermaker turns to Engelberg who stands wolfing down Milk Duds.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Engelberg.

ENGELBERG

What?

BUTTERMAKER

That's a bunt. The catcher's supposed to field a bunt and throw it to first base.

Engelberg is incensed.

ENGELBERG

Well, how was I to know! You made a big deal shouting out to them!

Buttermaker rubs his temples in despair.

BUTTERMAKER

Diversiory tactic, Engelberg. Now go get the...

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (12)

6

ENGELBERG

Why you picking on me?! Wha'd I
do to you?!

Tanner Boyle has had enough of Engelberg.

TANNER

ENGELBERG, QUIT YOUR CRUMMY BELLY-
ACHING AND THROW THE BALL TO
FIRST BASE!!!

Engelberg pouts, sticks the box of candy between his
teeth, and throws the ball to first base. The ball is
slightly off target -- forty feet or so, and heading
for the parking area. Its flight is halted by the
front window of Buttermaker's early model Rambler.

7

EXT. BUTTERMAKER'S CAR

7

Manager and team have huddled around the Rambler.
Buttermaker looks solemnly at the cracked glass that
forms a spider web across his entire windshield.

ENGELBERG

(defensively)

Don't blame me. I didn't even
know it was your car...

Buttermaker walks around to the trunk retrieving a
cold beer.

ENGELBERG

(continuing)

... It was dumb parking it so
close to the field anyway.

Buttermaker takes a good long swig. He then leans
against the car surveying his team with a deep sigh.

BUTTERMAKER

Any you guys ever play ball before?

Tanner Boyle shoves his way through a group of his
teammates to get closer to Buttermaker. There is
spit in his eye and venom on his tongue.

TANNER

We miss a few ground balls and
already you don't hink we've ever
played before, huh?! Well, I
don't know if I like that kind of
talk!!

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

Tanner rolls up his sleeves and prepares to do battle. Buttermaker is dumbfounded as he looks down on this tiny figure who seems to be quite serious. Jimmy Feldman intervenes, holding Tanner at bay.

JIMMY

Come on, Tanner! You been in enough fights this week already.

Miguel and Jose exchange looks.

MIGUEL

Que pasa?

JOSE

Como se yo?

JIMMY

I feel so sorry for the Agilars. They don't even know what we're talking about.

TANNER

Aw, you feel sorry for everything.

Lefty looks over at Joey Turner and his friends.

LEFTY

Makes me sick, all those guys laughing at us.

Tanner, frustrated, humiliated, is in a rage.

TANNER

Well, what do you expect! All we got on this team's a bunch of Jews, spics, niggers, pansies and...

(pointedly to

Timmy Lupus)

... and booger-eatin' morons!

OGILVIE

Tanner, I think you should be reminded from time to time that you are one of the few people on this team who is not a Jew, Spic, nigger, pansy or booger-eating moron. So you'd better cool it, or the rest of us might be disposed to knock the shit out of you.

TANNER

OH, YEAH!!!

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

Buttermaker, who has been only casually listening, heads for the diamond.

BUTTERMAKER

Gentlemen: to the field of play.

DISSOLVE TO:

8 OMITTED

8

9 EXT. JOHANSEN'S PIZZA PARLOR - EVENING

9

The parking lot teems. The marquee indicates: CLOSED PRIVATE PARTY.

10 INT. JOHANSEN'S

10

CLOSE on a massive pizza, decorated to resemble a baseball field. Green pepper connotes the outfield grass. Pepperoni, the infield dirt. There is gaiety and conversation. "Little Carl Karansky's going to hit a ton this year." "Know it. Should be playing Pony." PULL BACK TO REVEAL the large, sprawling pizza hut. League MOTHERS and FATHERS abound.

X

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

BUTTERMAKER

sits at a table next to a gallon pitcher of beer and a basket of garlic bread. Pig Tails, wearing an evening dress and her Cleveland cap, sits nearby.

PIG TAILS

Glad you could make it, Buttermaker.

BUTTERMAKER

(pouring beer)

Wouldn't have missed it for the world.

PIG TAILS

We have one of these every year. It's good to get things off on a friendly note. Sometimes, we all don't get along too well after the season starts. How are your uniforms coming along?

BUTTERMAKER

What?

PIG TAILS

Better get on the ball with that. And remember, bunch of colors are already taken: blue, green, yellow...

BUTTERMAKER

(bemused)

Uniforms...?

JOEY TURNER

the only child at the party, preens amidst a group of Fathers as he offers a tray of pizza. An all-star patch is embossed on the pocket of his blue blazer. His father, Roy Turner, proudly stands near.

FATHER #1

Joey, what do you think of you and your dad's chances of winning the whole thing again this year?

JOEY

(shyly)

Well... I guess we look to be pretty tough.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

The men groan and laugh at his humility.

FATHER #2

Just 'pretty tough,' huh?

Roy, chuckling, puts both hands on Joey's shoulders and protests.

ROY

Hold on, I saw those Pirates yesterday. They're going to be damn pesky for everybody...

FATHER #1

Don't have nearly the pitching you do.

BUTTERMAKER

in ill temper, has cornered Councilman Whitewood by the bar.

BUTTERMAKER

What's this bullshit about uniforms?

WHITEWOOD

What do you mean 'bullshit.' I'd been meaning to ask you if you'd gotten them yet.

BUTTERMAKER

Look! You're paying me...

WHITEWOOD

Shhhhh!

Whitewood nervously glances around.

BUTTERMAKER

You told me I'd be coaching these kids a couple of hours a day. I got pools to clean for crying out loud. I can't be running around looking for...

WHITEWOOD

(whispers harshly)

You've been hired as a manager...

BUTTERMAKER

(disgusted)

... Wouldn't even be here tonight if you hadn't insisted...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

WHITEWOOD

... And part of the responsibilities of a manager is to secure a sponsor and uniforms! Now, if you can't bring yourself to do that little thing, then we can end it right...

He stops. Roy and Jill Turner approach the bar. Jill, looking very foxy in tight-fitting pants and blouse, smiles at the two men. Whitewood smiles back. Butter-maker grumbles to himself. Roy is no admirer of the Councilman.

ROY

(grabbing ice)

Councilman, you didn't get a chance to see your boys' practice today.

WHITEWOOD

Had a luncheon.

ROY

Shame. It was quite a sight.

Jill is immediately uneasy. Whitewood senses what is coming and wants no part of it here.

WHITEWOOD

We've been through this before, Turner...

ROY

I just think you ought to see first hand what you're getting those youngsters into.

People in the area turn to look.

WHITEWOOD

(firm)

Those boys are going to get a chance to play and, more importantly, a chance to have some fun. Now let's not...

ROY

(cold)

Just my point, Councilman. I don't think they're going to have any fun.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (4)

10

JILL
(embarrassed)
Roy! Please!

SLIDES

are being shown on the wall in the farthest reaches of the parlor. The present slide is a picture of a 12-year-old boy. Roy Turner works the projector.

ROY
Who's this now?

A wave of mumbling as parents stretch their memories.

FATHER #1
That's a... Damn it, ahh...
Wakely! The Wakely boy!

A moan of concurrence as the others now remember too.

ROY
Right. Pitched in our league
back in '66...

JILL TURNER

sits far removed from the present activity in an empty booth. Tired and drawn, she plays with the crust of a half-eaten pizza.

ROY (O.S.)
(faint)
... He's now captain of the
Stanford baseball team.

Buttermaker, passing by with a pitcher of beer, notices her. He stops and pours her a glass.

BUTTERMAKER
You're missing the show.

Jill smiles mildly and accepts the beer.

JILL
I took the pictures, Mr. Buttermaker.

CLOSE ON

a WOMAN crying.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (5)

10

The entire parlor is silent except for the somber voice of Roy Turner. A picture of a smiling Leaguer is on the wall.

X

ROY

... Young Tommy was hit in the head by a pitched ball six years ago. As we all know, he was one of the nicest boys to ever play in our league... A bunch of us thought it would be a nice idea if we named the new scoreboard after Tommy... Are there any objections?

11 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

11 X

CLOSE on Buttermaker, tiparillo clenched between teeth, on the dead run. Graceful and fast. He hits the ground, tears into the dirt, and smoothly hooks his left foot to the bag at third. A perfect slide. The Bears, huddled around the bag, are wide-eyed and impressed. "Woow!!" Buttermaker grins and dusts himself off.

BUTTERMAKER

Nothing to it.

EXTREME CLOSEUP

of Jose Agilar as his little legs scream TOWARD CAMERA. He suddenly drops his right leg and breaks into a pretty nice slide. When he has come to a stop, CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Buttermaker and the rest of the Bears gathered at third base. Jose has ended up a good ten feet short of his mark.

BUTTERMAKER

Mucho bueno slide, Jose. But the idea is to get to the bag.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

EXTREME CLOSEUP

of Lefty Stein, as he rambles down the base path resembling an ancient locomotive about to derail. His legs tangle and he goes down, managing to slide on every part of his anatomy but the right ones. His body ends up in a heap on third base. Buttermaker untangles him and lifts him up.

BUTTERMAKER

We'll work on it.

(shouting out)

All right, men! Get your gear together!

12 INT. RAMBLER

12

The boys are squeezed in amongst pool cleaning equipment. Buttermaker, chomping on his tiparillo, drives along.

TOBY

How could you possibly strike out Johnny Bench?

BUTTERMAKER

Slider. Had a muther of a slider.

OGILVIE

He means Johnny Bench is a major leaguer. And we've established quite clearly that you never got beyond the Pacific Coast League.

BUTTERMAKER

(miffed)

It was spring training. Vero Beach, Florida. Struck him out a couple of times.

Engleberg, rummaging through the glove, pulls out a half-empty bottle of bourbon and shakes it in Buttermaker's face.

ENGELBERG

You're not supposed to have open liquor in your car. It's against the law.

BUTTERMAKER

So is murder, Engelberg.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

BUTTERMAKER (CONT'D)

So put that back before you get
me into real trouble.

TANNER

If you were so great, how come
you never made it to the majors?

Buttermaker holds up his elbow.

BUTTERMAKER

The old elbow. Bane of every
pitcher. Cut short my career.
(shakes his head)
Would have been a great one, too...

13 EXT. THE BOULEVARDS OF ENCINO, CALIFORNIA

13

The Rambler pulls into a parking area. A large sign
overhead reads: Encino Batting Range/10 swings for a
quarter.

COUNTER

The PROPRIETOR, a beefy man munching on a taco, takes
a ten dollar bill from Buttermaker.

AHMAD ABDUL RAHIM

is inside one of the batting cages. Buttermaker, pop-
ping open a Pabst Blue Ribbon, and the rest of the boys
stand behind the cage.

TOBY

What about our uniforms, Buttermaker?

BUTTERMAKER

I'm working on it.

The automatic pitching arm sends one up. Ahmad grim-
aces, shuts his eyes and lunges wildly at the ball.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Even Hank Aaron peels the old
eyelids before he takes a cut,
Ahmad.

AHMAD

Maybe I should try it left-handed.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

BUTTERMAKER

(takes swig)

Not just yet, Ahmad.

LEFTY

(whining)

All the other teams have got their uniforms already. When are...

BUTTERMAKER

(irritated)

You guys worry about baseball and let me worry about the uniforms!

CUT TO:

14 LEFTY STEIN

14

swings, misses, loses his balance, and crashes into the wire caging.

BUTTERMAKER

lies asleep on a nearby bench. A six pack of beer, packed in a bucket of ice, is by his side.

TIMMY LUPUS

stands in the batting cage. Confused by the automatic pitching machine, the bat remains on his shoulder as the balls sail by. This has members of the gallery a little irritated as they wait their turn at bat.

LEFTY

Swing at something, Lupus!

TANNER

(particularly annoyed)

You dumb crud! Give someone else a turn if you're just going to stand there!

Timmy lays down his bat and numbly steps out of the batting cage.

BUTTERMAKER

is still sleeping.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

Timmy ambles over and sits down next to him. Buttermaker sits up groggily and rubs his eyes. Timmy grabs a can of beer, opens it and offers it to Buttermaker. Buttermaker smiles, takes it and tussles Timmy's hair affectionately. Timmy shyly stares at his feet and smiles.

15 INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

15

Buttermaker converses with the proprietor, who shakes his head indicating that he is not interested.

16 INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY

16

The owner smiles at Buttermaker as he points to a plaque on the wall above the register. It reads: NORTH VALLEY LEAGUE -- GIANTS. The man shrugs. He has already been taken.

X

17 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - NEXT DAY

17 X

Buttermaker paces before his team. An old swimming pool filter is tucked under his arm.

BUTTERMAKER

Men! As Willie Mays once said
to me...

Engelberg scowls.

ENGELBERG

I suppose you struck him out,
too!

BUTTERMAKER

Button it, Engelberg.
(to the team)
As Willie said, 'No ballplayer
can perform to capacity unless
he is in Top Physical Condition.'

THE BEARS

are running laps. A less than graceful sight. Ogilvie and Engelberg lag far behind.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

BUTTERMAKER

Beer can by his side, sits on the mound, struggling to repair the pool filter. Ahmad Abdul Rahim calls out in pain as the Bears round the back stop.

AHMAD

Where's our uniforms!

BUTTERMAKER

Shaat aap and run!

KELLY LEAK

alone, sits on his mini-bike, watching from afar.

OGILVIE AND ENGELBERG

duck behind the right field fence. Engelberg lies flat on his back panting. Ogilvie, wheezing heavily, is administering his asthma medicine.

ENGELBERG

Ogilvie... who do you think will die first... me from my fat or you from your asthma?

OGILVIE

People rarely die from asthma, Engelberg... But to answer your question, let me point out that if your dimensions stay proportionately the same, by the time you're full grown... I'd speculate you'd weigh about 550 pounds... in which case, you'd stand a good chance of dying of a heart attack before you're 18.

ENGELBERG

If I wasn't so tired, Ogilvie...

(pants)

I'd punch you right in your spazzy lung.

OGILVIE

You'd be...

(wheeze)

... tried for murder.

18 EXT. POOLSIDE - RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY

Jimmy Feldman is vacuuming the pool. The Agilar twins are pouring in correct amounts of chlorine and acid. Ogilvie and Engelberg are setting the pool filter in place. The rest of the boys are scrubbing down the sidings.

Buttermaker appears through the rear entrance from the alley. His arms are loaded down with cardboard boxes.

BUTTERMAKER

Ogilvie, how's that filter coming?

OGILVIE

Almost fixed.

BUTTERMAKER

You're going to have a helluva future in pools some day, Ogilvie.

TANNER

Where you been, you crud? It's been an hour.

Buttermaker drops the boxes on a lounge chair.

BUTTERMAKER

(indignant)

Been out getting what you little assholes have been bitching for.

Buttermaker opens one of the boxes and holds out the top to a uniform. Ecstatic ooo's and ahhs, as the boys scramble for the boxes.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. POOL - CLOSE ON TIMMY LUPUS

19

His face contorted in concentration as he pours a drop of vermouth into a plastic martini shaker. The boys, wearing their new hats, are gathered around Buttermaker, who reclines on a lounge chair by the pool, holding court.

LEFTY

(in awe)

How could you possibly teach a nine-year-old girl how to throw a curve ball?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

BUTTERMAKER

Not only a curve, but the most
vicious spitter you've ever seen.

Timmy Lupus pours the contents of the martini shaker
into a paper cup and hands it to Buttermaker. Butter-
maker sips and ponders. Timmy nervously awaits the
verdict.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Superb, Lupus. Superb.

Timmy smiles and blushes.

TOBY

Tell us about the time you struck
out Johnny Bench, again.

Buttermaker settles back.

BUTTERMAKER

Vero Beach, Florida. Spring of
'67. Was trying to catch on with
Detroit that year. Score was tied.
Two men on. Young Johnny steps up
to the plate...

20 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

20 X

Buttermaker sits teetering on the mound. He tosses a
ball toward the plate and then passes out, dead drunk.

HIS TEAM

surrounds his lifeless form.

JIMMY

What do we do?

ENGELBERG

Nothing. He ain't any good to
us when he's sober either.

Tanner Boyle is red with anger.

TANNER

Opening day is tomorrow!! We
ain't even got positions set!
Or the batting order! Or anything.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

He stomps up to Buttermaker's inert body and screams in his unhearing ear.

TANNER

(continuing)

ALL WE GOT'S A DRUNKEN, LOUSY,
CRUDDY, ALKIE FOR A MANAGER!!!

He kicks Buttermaker's large brown paper sack, scattering beer cans all over the infield.

THE BEARS

carry their coach off the field. A sloppy process. A large shadow appears over them. The boys look up in fear and drop their coach to the ground.

Roy Turner towers above them, glaring down at Buttermaker. Jose and Miguel, their arms loaded with styro-foam cups of coffee, round the dugout corner and come to a quick halt at the sight of Roy.

21 INT. SNACK BAR - KITCHEN

21

Empty except for Roy and Buttermaker. The latter sits unsteadily on a stove drinking from a cup of coffee. Roy stands before him.

ROY

Coming along?

BUTTERMAKER

Yeah.

ROY

Good.

CRUNCH. Roy knocks Buttermaker off the stove with a resounding right to his chest.

ROY

(continuing)

You irresponsible son of a bitch.

Buttermaker moans on the floor. Roy is beside himself with indignation.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

ROY

(continuing)

Ever occur to you what might happen if one of those boys got hurt while you were lying on your keester, drunk? I don't know how long those boys are going to be around this league, but until then, stay sober and stick to coaching.

22 EXT. SNACK BAR - BUTTERMAKER

22

stumbling, exits the snack bar. He is hungover, in much pain, and in the foulest of moods. The boys have been waiting.

BUTTERMAKER

(mumbling)

That son of a bitch...

The boys look up at Buttermaker with a mixture of pity and disgust. Buttermaker coughs.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Timmy... Go to my car. Bring me a beer...

(wipes face)

... Gotta get straight.

Timmy starts to skip for the Rambler. Jimmy Feldman stops him.

JIMMY

No, Timmy.

(to Buttermaker)

You've had enough.

BUTTERMAKER

Don't mess with me, Jimmy. I'm not in the mood.

OGILVIE

Jimmy's point is well taken, Buttermaker. Today your rate of consumption has surpassed all reasonable...

Buttermaker turns on Ogilvie and rages.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

BUTTERMAKER
GODDAMN YOU, OGILVIE! WILL YOU
SHUT UP AND QUIT TRYING TO TALK
LIKE A COLLEGE PROFESSOR!!!

Ogilvie is startled and silent.

BUTTERMAKER
(continuing)
Go ahead, Timmy.

Jimmy Feldman and several of the Bears stare at Timmy, shaking their heads no. Timmy stands, still confused as to what to do. Buttermaker screams.

BUTTERMAKER
(continuing)
I SAID GET GOING!!
(coughs; holds his
chest in pain)
Damn!

Timmy jumps backwards and cowers against the snack bar wall. Tanner Boyle speaks his mind.

TANNER
We're sick of it. We been bragging
to everybody how great you are.
How you struck out Johnny Bench.
How you showed a nine-year-old girl
how to throw curves...

AHMAD
We beens counting on you to make
us into a team...

TANNER
But all you are is an alkie crud!
Why can't you stop with the drinking
and start coaching!?

BUTTERMAKER
BECAUSE YOU'RE UNCOACHABLE! THAT'S
WHY!!
(coughs; grimaces)
Stop kidding yourselves... Casey
Stengel couldn't do anything with
you. Ballplayers are born -- not
taught.

X

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22 X

Buttermaker, catching himself, turns to look back at the boys. They had not expected this. They are hurt. Even Tanner is silent. A long pause.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing;
uncomfortable but
gruff)

Well... you can all go home now.
Practice is over for today...
(heads for car)
Got some pools to clean anyway.

23 EXT. DUGOUT - PARKING AREA

23

Buttermaker gets in his car. He pulls out his bottle and drinks. He glances over to see his team somberly filing out of the dugout.

A shoddily gift-wrapped package lies next to him on the front seat. He opens it. It is two cans of beer and a pack of tiparillos. A primitively-written note reads: "To the best coach in the world from your friend Timmy Lupus. Good luck opening day." Buttermaker tosses the articles aside and starts his car.

24 INT. AHMAD ABDUL RAHIM'S ROOM - MORNING

24

A small room cluttered with posters of Ahmad's favorite sports heroes. Ahmad, dressed in his new uniform and wearing Aaron's number 44, affects a stern, almost aloof expression as he emulates the batting stance of Hank Aaron. He looks from the poster to the mirror, making the necessary adjustments.

His two BROTHERS, 18 to 20 years old and very athletic looking, peek their heads into the room. One of them wears a sweatsuit, having just come from a morning workout. Unnoticed, they steal up behind the young fantasizer and lift him up in the air.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

BROTHER #1

Look here, Mr. Aaron, we know you
a super star. But do you have
time to come and eat breakfast
with your family?

Ahmad, laughing, struggles as they carry him out of
the room.

25 INT. TIMMY LUPUS' HOME - DAY

25

Timmy is standing in the kitchen watching early morning
cartoons on the TV, as he eats a bowl of cereal. His
mother is trying to wipe a spot off his uniform.

MRS. LUPUS

Timmy, how could you? You've
only had it on five minutes.

TIMMY

It was an accident.

26 INT. REGI TOWER'S ROOM - MORNING

26

The Rolling Stones are blasting on the STEREO. The
room is highly colorful. Regi is in the center of the
room, dressed uncannily like Mick Jagger. He does a
superb imitation as he bumps and grinds and lip syncs
into a pretend microphone. His uniform is draped
neatly across the bed. There is a POUNDING at the
door.

X

27 INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE REGI'S ROOM

27

Mr. Tower tries the locked door and pounds.

MR. TOWER

Are you ready, yet!

28 INT. REGI'S ROOM

28

Regi angrily throws his Jagger outfit into a large
chest at the foot of the bed.

29 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - PARKING LOT - VARIOUS
ANGLES - OPENING DAY

29 X

A mass of leaguers and their parents, relatives,
friends, etc.

X

(CONTINUED)

Multi-colored uniforms of red, green, blue, orange and yellow are interspersed with those in civilian dress. A small band plays "Yankee Doodle Dandy." An ANNOUNCER'S VOICE drones on -- giving directions as to whereabouts of the snack bar, parking, etc.

MR. TOWER

and his son have just gotten out of their car and start walking to the field. Regi is impeccably dressed in his brand new uniform. Mr. Tower is straight-faced and unemotional, but cannot help the smile of pride as he watches his son a few yards ahead.

KELLY LEAK

very stoned and guzzling from a flask, is hustling three cute 12-year-old girls. He putters alongside of them on his bike. The girls keep a brisk pace, their noses in the air, ignoring his salacious banter.

BUTTERMAKER

looking very haggard, gulps down aspirins at the drinking fountain.

MR. WHITEWOOD

dressed in the finest of spring wear, holds court with a group of parents by the snack bar. Smiling widely, shaking hands, making small talk.

KELLY LEAK

roars onto the diamond. He takes off at home plate and rounds the bases. Putting his bike into an expert slide at each base. Roy Turner, Pig Tails and Sergeant Platt run onto the field, screaming bloody murder.

Kelly rounds the band in the outfield. Does a series of brodies, tears up the grass, heads back for the infield, dodges Roy and Sergeant Platt and then pulls a huge wheelie off the mound heading for the outfield. He loses control and smashes into the center field fence.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

LEFT FIELD FENCE

below the scoreboard. Buttermaker and the Bears are lining up for their team picture. There is enmity in the air. The boys having not forgotten his assailment of the day before. The PHOTOGRAPHER is trying to line them up in two rows -- one standing and one kneeling. The row kneeling holds a sign that reads: BEARS.

KELLY LEAK

drunk and disorderly, his hands cuffed behind his back, is being led to Sergeant Platt's patrol car.

THE BEARS

and Buttermaker bury the hatchet long enough to cheeze. Buttermaker, his arms folded, his chin resting on his 16 ounce of Pabst, yawns once and smiles for the camera. The entire team produces a big, healthy grin. Each boy in the lower row extends an inconspicuous middle finger. Clitch!

CLOSE ON

the face of a middle-aged SOPRANO, as she belts out the last few verses of the "STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

THE YANKEES

are lined up along the third base foul line. Their caps respectfully over their hearts. The neatly-sewn lettering on the backs of their uniforms reads: McDONALDS.

THE BEARS

in a similar posture along the first base line. On the backs of their uniforms, in large block letters, is: CHICO'S BAIL BONDS -- 24 HRS. Ahmad spots his family waving to him in the stands. He suppresses a proud smile and juts his chin to the flag.

As the song comes to an end, the spectators are standing. Cheering. Mr. Tower bellows: "Play ball."

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3)

29

MR. WHITEWOOD

in his Mercedes, preparing to leave, waves goodbye and good luck to the Bears by their dugout. Buttermaker and team wave back in return.

VARIOUS ANGLES

The Bears take the field. The Agilar twins wave to their applauding parents in the stands. Lefty throws the last of his warm-up pitches. Roy gives last-minute instructions to his lead-off batter. The spectators settle down awaiting the first pitch. The UMPIRE gives the signal to start.

BUTTERMAKER

relaxes on his dugout next to Timmy Lupus and Ogilvie. A six pack of beer by his feet.

LEFTY'S

first pitch is a ground ball hit to Miguel playing second base. It bounces off his shoulder and into center field. The batter rounds first heading for second. Toby picks up the ball in center field and throws it to Tanner who is covering second base. The ball gets past Tanner and rolls to Lefty. The Yankees bench are on their feet cheering. Roy screams instructions to his player.

ROY

Third! Go to third!

The runner continues toward third base. Lefty has retrieved the ball, but it has gotten stuck in his glove. He takes off his mitt and tries to shake the ball loose.

ROY

(continuing)

HOME! GO HOME!

Lefty finally gets the ball loose and throws it to Engelberg, the catcher. The runner smashes into Engelberg, knocking him down and jarring the ball loose.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (4)

29

UMPIRE

SAFE!!

Engelberg gets off the ground and dusts himself off. The Umpire hands him the candy bar that fell out of his pocket.

THE STANDS

Boys from other teams are doubled up in laughter over the antics of the last play. Bears' rooters are apprehensive.

30 INT. DUGOUT

30

Ogilvie keeps the box score. Buttermaker claps his hands affecting enthusiasm.

BUTTERMAKER

That's okay, guys! Hang in there!

31 EXT. FIELD

31

Joey Turner steps up to the plate. Lefty bears down, determined to get him out as punishment for his prior improprieties. He winds up and fires. Joey answers by promptly belting it over the fence for a home run. The Yankee bench erupts in jubilation. Joey gleefully skips around the bases, as a gloomy Lefty Stein accepts a new ball from the Umpire.

DISSOLVE TO:

32 MONTAGE

32

A Yankee batter hits a pop fly ball between the Agilar twins, who are playing second and first base.

MIGUEL

La mia.

JOSE

La mia.

The ball drops untouched between them.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

DEBRIS

is thrown onto the field by derisive boys from other teams. The Umpire scolds. Buttermaker helps his infielders dispose of the garbage.

BUTTERMAKER

Just stay cool, men. Don't get rattled.

AHMAD

misjudges a fly ball in the outfield.

AHMAD'S FAMILY

sit silently in the stands, as boys from other teams laugh loudly.

SCOREBOARD

Top of the first. No outs. A young BOY is keeping the score manually. He is taking down the number 9 and putting up the number 10 when suddenly a home run ball smashes into the scoreboard next to him. Startled, he quickly discards the number 10. Puts up an 11. And gets out of range.

BUTTERMAKER

looking very apprehensive, as he witnesses the Agilars and Lefty crying.

TANNER BOYLE

dives vainly for a hard hit ball. Angered, embarrassed, he gets up, his arm bleeding badly. Buttermaker walks out to see if he's okay.

BUTTERMAKER

You okay, Tanner?

TANNER

Look, crud, just get back to your beer.

Buttermaker sheepishly turns and goes.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

ROY TURNER

bored by the proceedings, observes his watch.

REGI TOWER

at third, backs up, letting a hard hit ground ball pass into the outfield untouched.

STANDS

Mr. Tower rubs his temples in despair.

AHMAD

backs up against the fence to catch a fly ball. It bounces off his mitt and over the fence for another home run. Ahmad starts to cry.

THE SCOREBOARD

Top of the first. No outs. 20 to 0.

FIELD

Lefty, Toby, Jimmy, the Agilars are all crying heavily. The humiliation and frustration being too much to bear.

BUTTERMAKER

angry, guilt-ridden and feeling impotent, as he watches his team. He catches Ogilvie's and Timmy's glance in the dugout. A look imploring for help.

THE STANDS

The Bears' fans are somber. Even the hecklers are silent.

33 INT. YANKEE DUGOUT

33

The Yankees themselves are subdued -- wishing the game would end.

34 EXT. MOUND - BUTTERMAKER

34

is at the mound with his sickly and tear-choked infield.

BUTTERMAKER

Guys, maybe we ought to... well...

(he can't bear the
sight any longer;
anger)

Damn it!

He walks off toward home plate, motioning for Roy
Turner to join him.

HOME PLATE

Buttermaker confers with Roy and the Ump.

BUTTERMAKER

Let's call it off.

X

ROY

They'll call this thing off in
about fifteen minutes anyway,
Buttermaker. Leave them out
there. At least they'll be able
to say they didn't give up.

BUTTERMAKER

(contained fury)

I said now.

ROY

(sighs)

All right. I was just thinking
of them.

BUTTERMAKER

Hell if you were!

ROY

(affronted, angry)

Look, what's gone on here today
makes me just as sick as anyone.
Tried to tell you people they had
no business being out there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROY (CONT'D)

(disgust)

Some pig-headed city councilman
thinks he's doing a bunch of kids
a good turn and look what happens.

(views the Bears,
shakes his head)

Don't feel too bad about this,
Buttermaker. You ain't much.
But nothing could have helped
those poor boys anyway.

Buttermaker, like ice, turns and goes.

FIELD

The Bears set themselves as best they can and prepare
for the next rip of the bat.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Parents and friends. The remainder
of this game has been cancelled by
request of the Bears' manager and
forfeited to the Yankees. Next
up, the Giants and the Pirates.

A cheer goes up. It takes a few beats for this infor-
mation to register to the shell-shocked Bears. They
begin to meander off, some racing for the cover of the
dugout.

AHMAD

in misery, jumps over the right field fence. Jimmy
Feldman sees him and follows.

DUGOUT

Buttermaker, guiltily, stands by the dugout entrance
as the little bodies pass by him and silently take
their seats.

SCOREBOARD

Yankees 26 - Bears 0.

35 INT. DUGOUT

35

The silence continues. Buttermaker uncomfortably passes before his dirty, sweaty, beaten team. For the first time, he is vaguely aware of what all this has meant to them. Buttermaker clears his throat and affects a smile.

BUTTERMAKER

Hell, it ain't so bad. I was on
a high school team once that...

Buttermaker stops himself. This is the wrong tactic. The boys are not in the mood. Most of their heads are tilted towards the floor -- a mixture of shame and exhaustion.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Come on, fellas. It's only a game.

Several of the boys look up at Buttermaker through blurred eyes. It definitely is not "only a game." They begin gathering their things. Joey Turner sticks his head through an opening at the far end of the dugout.

JOEY

Nice try, Bears. Maybe next
time you'll get a chance to bat.

Tanner leaps up and takes a swing, but Joey has ducked out of sight. Tanner takes after him. Buttermaker grabs him by the seat of his pants and pulls him back.

BUTTERMAKER

(to team)

Now wait a minute. I got a few
things I want to say.

The boys pay him no mind.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Buttermaker.

Jimmy Feldman, who has been missing, now appears at the dugout entrance. His teammates file by him on their way out.

JIMMY

(continuing)

You got to come talk to Ahmad.
He's climbed up a tree. Says
he's not coming down.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Buttermaker does not particularly like the idea.

BUTTERMAKER

Well... his family is here.
Can't they...

JIMMY

Said if I told them where he was,
he'd kill me. Anyway, I promised
I wouldn't.

(beat)

And I keep promises.

36 EXT. BEHIND FIELD - DAY

36

Little Ahmad Abdul Rahim, still sobbing, is seated on
the branch of a large oak tree some twelve feet up.
He wears only his underpants. His uniform lies in a
pile on the ground.

BUTTERMAKER

How's the view up there, Ahmad?

No answer.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Why aren't you wearing your
clothes?

AHMAD

Don't deserve to wear no uniform.

Buttermaker gathers up his clothes and begins to climb
the tree.

AHMAD

(continuing)

You get away from here, Buttermaker!

BUTTERMAKER

This ain't your tree, Ahmad,
anyone can climb up here.

AHMAD

Just leave me alone!

THE TREE

Buttermaker sits precariously on a branch a few feet
away from Ahmad.

(CONTINUED)

BUTTERMAKER

You're keeping your family waiting,
you know.

AHMAD

(new tears)

Can't face 'em.

BUTTERMAKER

Why?

AHMAD

Wha'd you mean WHY! Errors!
That's why! Easy fly balls.

BUTTERMAKER

There was nothing easy about
those fly balls. Sun was in
your eyes...

AHMAD

(breaking in)

Don't give me any of your honky
bullshit, Buttermaker! I know'd
they was easy.

BUTTERMAKER

Don't bring race into this, Ahmad,
we got enough problems as it is.

(a beat)

Anyway, your brothers will
understand...

AHMAD

(more tears;
painful tears)

No they won't... they was all
big athletes. They would never
make flubs like that... When they
was my age, they was captains of
all their teams and great players
... And I'm not. I'm lousy at
football. Lousy at basketball...
And lousy at baseball... And I'm
quitting the whole damn thing.

Buttermaker is moved. He clears his throat.

BUTTERMAKER

(feigning disgust)

Well, thank God Hank Aaron didn't
act like this!

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

AHMAD

What?

BUTTERMAKER

Don't give me 'what!' You know
what I mean!

Buttermaker scowls at a leaf.

AHMAD

What you talking about?

BUTTERMAKER

(as if Ahmad
has forgotten)

The forty-two errors.

AHMAD

Forty-two errors?

BUTTERMAKER

(feigning boredom,
annoyance)

Aw, come off it, Ahmad. Quit
pulling my leg. You know all
about Aaron. His first year of
little league he committed forty-
two errors. Broke his little
heart. Damn near quit.

(turning away;
musing)

Thank God for us he didn't. The
Babe's record would still be
standing. And there'd be no
great old number forty-four...

AHMAD

(refusing to
take the bait)

Buttermaker, you so full of bull...

BUTTERMAKER

It's common knowledge, for crying
out loud. Ask Ogilvie! I'm
surprised at you. Your favorite
player, too.

Ahmad is not so sure anymore, but he won't give in.
Buttermaker fakes a sigh and moves onto another sub-
ject, as if Ahmad's decision to quit is a fait accompli.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Well, that kind of ruins some of my plans. Thought by about the third or fourth game you'd be switch-hittin'...

Ahmad, despite himself, is interested, but won't show it.

AHMAD

Thought you said we was uncoachable.

BUTTERMAKER

I was drunk, Ahmad. A man says foolish things when he's drunk.

(back to the subject)

Yeah, with your speed, those few extra steps you'd get from the right side of the plate would make you a tough out... bunts, things like that.

AHMAD

(still not looking at Buttermaker)

I am kinda fast, huh?

BUTTERMAKER

Damn fast.

Ahmad slowly turns his head to face Buttermaker. A beat.

AHMAD

Forty-two errors, huh?

37 EXT. PARKING AREA

37

Regi and his father are walking to their car. Mr. Tower wears an austere look. Regi offers up meekly:

X

REGI

Lots of rocks on the field.

No response.

Ahmad's family is huddled near the dugout. Their faces brighten as they see Ahmad and Buttermaker making their way toward them. Ahmad, buttoning his shirt, runs over to them. One of the Brothers grabs him and swings him over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

AHMAD

The sun was in my eyes, you know.

BROTHER #1

We were just saying the same.

X

While Ahmad is not looking, Brother #1 winks at Brother #2 and Ahmad's mother. They all smile knowingly. Brother #2 affectionately tussles Ahmad's hair.

BROTHER #2

We goin' to have to get you a pair of sunglasses. Come on, let's go get a hot dog.

Buttermaker signals goodbye as they leave and then turns, catching a glimpse of the Agilars as they get into their '54 Chevy. A despondent sight.

38 INT. CITY HALL BUILDING - DAY

38

TRACKING briskly with Buttermaker and Councilman Whitewood. They are followed by a bevy of Whitewood's aides and a pretty CHICANO SECRETARY.

WHITEWOOD

(disturbed)

... I never expected anything like that. Jesus, what a beating!

Whitewood sees a UNIFORMED POLICEMAN across the hall and smiles a big hello.

WHITEWOOD

(continuing)

My poor kid wouldn't come out of his room all weekend.

39 INT. WHITEWOOD'S OFFICE

39

Whitewood and Buttermaker enter. Pictures of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King decorate the walls.

BUTTERMAKER

Have you told the boys?

WHITEWOOD

Not yet.

Whitewood takes out his checkbook and sits behind his desk.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

WHITEWOOD

(continuing)

I was hoping to sneak away from
the office this afternoon and
stop by the field.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

WHITEWOOD (CONT'D)

(writing check;
not looking up)

... it might be better yet if the
news came from you. They liked you
a lot.

(looking up; a beat)
I'd appreciate it.

BUTTERMAKER

What if they don't want to quit?

WHITEWOOD

(big sigh)

It's been humiliating enough,
Buttermaker. We've obviously
put them in a situation they
just can't deal with...

Hands him check. Buttermaker, a bit uneasily, accepts
it.

WHITEWOOD

(continuing)

... My damn fault. For the kids
sake, we just better end it as
quickly as we can.

Whitewood's Secretary pokes her head in the door.

SECRETARY

Your 2:30 with the Farm Labor
representative is here...

40

EXT. CITY HALL PARKING LOT - DAY

40

Buttermaker, sullenly, extracts a beer from his portable icebox in the trunk of his car. He moves toward the front door of his car spilling out part of the beer as he does so.

In the car he tops off the beer with his pint of bourbon, swills it, and takes a long pull. The gifts from Timmy Lupus, the tiparillos and the two cans of beer, lie on the front seat next to him. He picks up the letter that had accompanied the gifts and studies it for a beat. Pensively. He looks at his beer, tightens his jaw in anger, and violently slams the beer into the garbage can beside the car. Determined, he starts the car.

41 EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - DAY

41

Buttermaker drives along at a slow pace. He strains his neck, looking for someone along the sidewalk. He sees a young BOY selling movie star maps.

BUTTERMAKER'S RAMBLER

further down the strip. He spots another BOY standing on the curb next to a sign: "Guides to Movie Stars' Homes." The boy is waving down passing cars.

BUTTERMAKER

still further down the boulevard. Another movie star map sign with an arrow pointing for a right turn. He makes the turn expectantly.

He sees an OLD WOMAN wearing a large hat sitting on a portable stool. He frowns.

42 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

42 X

The Bears languish quietly in center field. Buttermaker approaches the team and sets down his duffle bag. He is not carrying his usual six-pack of beer. The boys are silent and unsmiling, not particularly happy to see him. Buttermaker is aware of this.

Ahmad sits on the ground, sadly flipping through a copy of Muhamad Speaks. Tanner Boyle sits far removed from the group, brooding. His face is a puffy mess. Gashes, stitches, bruises, band-aids. Fed up, Buttermaker breaks the silence.

BUTTERMAKER

Awright, awright. I'm an asshole.
Go ahead and yell. Get if off
your chest. I deserve it.

JIMMY

We don't feel much like yelling
at anybody, Buttermaker.

(beat)

But we did want to say that...

Jimmy is about to go on, but hesitates. Ogilvie nudges him, encouraging him to continue.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

JIMMY

(continuing)

Well, we've been thinking about a few things, Buttermaker. We've taken a lot of razzing in school because of opening day. Most of us have admitted that you were probably right...

Tanner turns away in disgust.

JIMMY

(continuing)

... that we weren't cut out to be ballplayers...

Buttermaker notices Tanner.

BUTTERMAKER

What the hell happened to you, Tanner?

Tanner doesn't respond.

REGI

Like Jimmy was saying: We've taken a lot of teasing in school. Tanner doesn't take that kind of stuff. He got into a fight.

BUTTERMAKER

With who?

ENGELBERG

The seventh grade.

JIMMY

Anyway, we took a vote and decided that we'd quit.

X

BUTTERMAKER

Quit after one game, huh?

Ogilvie refers to a paper tablet.

OGILVIE

The first game's statistics had something to do with our decision.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

OGILVIE (CONT'D)

We committed thirty-one errors in one inning. We failed to make even one put out. And our best pitcher, Lefty Stein, had an earned run average of 97.25.

Lefty bows his head in shame.

ENGELBERG

(munching from a
jar of peanuts)

Ogilvie even figured out that if we'd played the whole six innings, the game wouldn't have finished until sometime in late September.

Buttermaker surveys the team.

BUTTERMAKER

Tanner! You want to quit?

TANNER

Crud, no! I want to play ball.

Buttermaker kneels down.

BUTTERMAKER

(uneasily)

I can understand how you guys feel. I haven't been much of a ... manager... or much of anything else for that matter... and I'm sorry.

(anger; more to
himself)

I never should have gotten involved in this ridiculous thing in the first place. I mean, you all take it too damn seriously!

(continues in softer
tone)

But this quitting thing... well, it's a tough habit to break once you start. You're a damn good bunch of boys and you probably deserved a lot better than me...

Buttermaker stands, emptying the duffle bag.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (3)

42

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

... but it looks like we're stuck
with each other.

He hands Toby a bat and tosses Engelberg the catcher's
gear.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing; to Toby)

Get in the batter's box.
Engelberg, get your gear on and
get behind home plate.

TOBY

What for?

BUTTERMAKER

We need the practice.

Engelberg protests.

ENGELBERG

But we've disbanded the team.
We took a vote. Democratic-like.

Buttermaker yells. It is terrifying.

BUTTERMAKER

NO ONE'S VOTE COUNTS AROUND HERE
BUT MINE!! NOW YOU GET THAT STUFF
ON AND GET YOUR ASS BEHIND HOME
PLATE BEFORE I KICK IT UP THERE!!

Startled, Engelberg's jar of peanuts go flying.
Buttermaker turns on the rest of the team.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

AND THE REST OF YOU PANSY-ASSED
LITTLE QUITTERS GET IN YOUR
POSITIONS!

The boys stare up at Buttermaker in shock.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

MOVE IT!!!

And they do. And fast. Engelberg, shaking, is tying
on his shin guards.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (4)

42

ENGELBERG

Fascism. Guy's a total fascist.

Buttermaker makes his way to the mound still thundering.

BUTTERMAKER

WE GOT A GAME WITH THE GIANTS
ON WEDNESDAY. AND THAT MEANS
ONLY ONE THING: BAD NEWS FOR THE
GIANTS!!

BUTTERMAKER

is pitching to Jimmy Feldman. Jimmy chops a grounder
to second.

BUTTERMAKER

Feldman! You're dragging your
right foot. PLANT IT!

Jimmy does as he's told and lines the next pitch to
left.

BUTTERMAKER

observes Jose Agilar's batting form. Jose uppercuts
badly as one of the other boys pitches.

BUTTERMAKER

Level, Jose. Swing level. No
uppercut.

Jose does not understand. Buttermaker physically
guides him through a level swing.

BUTTERMAKER

Like this.
(guides him through
uppercut)
No, like this.

Joes understands. He swings much more level on the
next pitch.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)
Bueno! Bueno! Bueno!

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (5)

42

BUTTERMAKER

is crouched in the shortstop area as if to catch a ground ball. His left leg from knee to foot is lined up directly behind his glove hand. The boys are gathered around. He speaks to Tanner.

BUTTERMAKER

Notice even if I miss the grounder, my left leg will stop it from going into the outfield. If it lands in front of me, I can still make the play.

REGI TOWER AND TIMMY LUPUS

are receiving special instruction from Buttermaker. His tone is harsh.

BUTTERMAKER

This fear you two have of the baseball is ridiculous. And it's going to stop. Right now!

Without warning, he flips two baseballs, hard, off their chests.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

HURT?

Startled, the boys grimace and rub the pain.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Of course it hurt! Because you weren't ready. Your only protection is your eyes and your hands. Baseball is an eye-hand coordination sport.

(holds up another ball)

It's coming hard, Regi. See that it doesn't hurt.

Regi shies away a bit but manages to hang in there and catch the next throw.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

That a boy!

(to Timmy)

Timmy!

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (6)

42

Timmy tries vainly, but turns his head, the ball bouncing off his stomach. Buttermaker sighs.

BUTTERMAKER
(continuing)
Takes practice, Timmy. Just practice.

43 OUTFIELD - DAY

43

Buttermaker leads the pack as they run laps around the field.

BUTTERMAKER
(sing-song)
A BUSTED BAT AND A LONG FLY BALL...

The Bears, panting, finish the limerick.

BEARS
(in unison)
ANY DAY NOW DUROCHER WILL CALL!

Ogilvie and Engelberg, in much pain, are running alongside of Ahmad.

OGILVIE
I've read everything ever written about Hank Aaron, Ahmad. This forty-two errors bit is a complete falsehood...

Engelberg and Ogilvie dive over the fence to their corner of refuge behind right field.

BEHIND FENCE

Both lie on their backs, trying to catch their breath. Ogilvie administers his inhalant. Engelberg is clutching at his heart.

ENGELBERG
Any second now, Ogilvie... heart attack time...

OGILVIE
I'll remember you well to...
(wheeze)
... your family.

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

Engelberg pulls out a Mounds candy bar.

ENGELBERG

Must have sustenance.

He bites through the wrapper, taking half the candy bar into his mouth.

OGILVIE

Couldn't you have at least unwrapped it?

ENGELBERG

Don't have the energy.

Buttermaker's head appears over the fence.

BUTTERMAKER

FINE! YOU CAN BOTH SPEND THE
NEXT TWO GAMES ON THE BENCH!!

RIGHT FIELD

Buttermaker moves swiftly towards the infield. Engelberg follows in protest.

ENGELBERG

That's not fair! I can't be expected to run that much. My heart...

BUTTERMAKER

You either run or you don't play!

ENGELBERG

I'll get a note from my psychiatrist, from my pediatrician. They'll explain everything. Heart attacks run in my family. Two of my uncles had coronaries before they were forty-five. I'm too fat to run!

He pulls at Buttermaker's arm forcing him to turn around.

ENGELBERG

(continuing)

DON'T YOU REALIZE I COULD GO ANY
MINUTE!!!

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

Buttermaker snatches the half-eaten candy bar from Engelberg's hand and throws it over the fence.

BUTTERMAKER

If you'd stop eatin', you'd have no problem!

Buttermaker stomps off leaving a disgruntled, candyless Engelberg.

ENGELBERG

FASCIST! DICTATOR! NAZI!
LITTER BUG!

The rest of the team jogs by Engelberg. Tanner can't take him any longer.

TANNER

ENGELBERG, YOU FAT, SPAZZY, CRUDDY
BLIMP! WILL YOU SHUT YOUR CRUDDY
TRAP FOR CRUD'S SAKE!!!!

Engelberg turns away mumbling as he joins his teammates in their laps.

ENGELBERG

Conspiracy... it's a conspiracy...

44 EXT. DUGOUT - BUTTERMAKER

44

takes a drink of water from the fountain by the dugout. An angry Roy Turner marches up and pulls him around.

ROY

What are you doing with those boys out there?

BUTTERMAKER

(calm)

Getting ready for a game with the Giants.

(beat)

Now get your arm off me, Turner, before I rip it off.

Buttermaker means it. Roy releases his grip.

ROY

That councilman fellow told us he was calling it quits.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

BUTTERMAKER

He is -- we aren't!

Roy lets out an incredulous sigh.

ROY

What are you -- some kind of
sadist? We were merciful with
those boys on opening day. Just
what in the hell are you trying
to do?

BUTTERMAKER

Win a pennant.

Buttermaker pulls out a piece of paper from his pocket
and unfolds it.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

This schedule here says that on
June 19th, the last day of the
season, the two best teams play
for the title.

(hard)

We're going to be one of those
teams. Let's see if your Yankees
are good enough to be the other.

Roy is speechless in disbelief. Buttermaker refolds
the schedule, stuffs it in Roy's shirt pocket and walks
off.

45 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

45 X

Wearing their uniforms, the Bears prepare for their
second game. They huddle with Buttermaker near the
dugout; all hands clasped toward the middle -- making
a big circle.

BUTTERMAKER

All right, guys, I want to see
some hard nose play out there.

(pause)

Now once with feeling:

(chanting)

First base; second base...

Toby interrupts.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

TOBY

Do we have to do that one, it's
so corny.

BUTTERMAKER

I said once with feeling: First
base, second base, third base,
home...

THE BEARS

AROUND THEM BASES WE SHALL ROAM!!

CUT TO:

46 LEFTY STEIN

46

As he swings with all his might, falling down, but man-
aging to hit a slow topper to the Giant pitcher. An
easy out.

CUT TO:

47 AHMAD ABDUL RAHIM

47

flips down the sunglasses that have been attached to
the underside bill of his cap, as he maneuvers un-
steadily under a pop fly in the outfield. He almost
makes the catch.

CUT TO:

48 TANNER BOYLE

48

diving head first, sliding on his chin, trying to beat
out a ground ball. He glances up at the ump, who holds
his thumb erect. Tanner spits dirt from his mouth and
lets his sentiments be known.

TANNER

Cru...

(spits)

... Crud!

CUT TO:

49 SCOREBOARD

49

The completed six inning game score with the Giants
reads: Giants 18 -- Bears 0.

50 INT. DUGOUT

50

The Bears sit on the bench -- dirty, torn and glum. Buttermaker paces before them, pleased with the day's showing, and trying to cheer them up.

BUTTERMAKER

Lighten up, you guys. Lighten up. We finished the whole game didn't we?

(no response)

Tanner almost got a single in the fourth inning.

(it's doing no good)

Look, you bums. Rome wasn't built in a day!!

OGILVIE

(sighing)

Yes, it took several hundred years.

TANNER

We lost 18 to nothing, Butter-crud. And the Giants are the worst team in the league.

AHMAD

Second worst.

TANNER

Sorry... forgot.

BUTTERMAKER

Snap out of it now! Nobody said it was going to be easy.

Ogilvie stands and reads from his box score.

OGILVIE

Well, on the brighter side... We only committed 24 errors the entire game... Lefty's pitching improved... And although their pitcher threw a no hitter against us...

(wheeze)

... we did manage to produce a considerable number of foul balls...

BUTTERMAKER

(exultant)

THAT'S THE SPIRIT!!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

BUTTERMAKER (CONT'D)

(takes out \$10 bill;
slaps it in Feldman's
hand)

Hot dogs and cokes on me. Now
get a move on!!!!

The boys pick themselves up half-heartedly and head for the snack bar. Buttermaker watches after them. There is a tough road ahead.

51 EXT. BUTTERMAKER'S RAMBLER - BUTTERMAKER

51

approaches his Rambler, carrying his equipment bag. Roy Turner, sipping a Pepsi, leans against the car, waiting for him. Buttermaker opens the trunk.

ROY

June 19th, huh, Buttermaker?
Going to make the play off.
(true disgust)

You are one selfish and stubborn
bastard, Buttermaker.

Buttermaker glowers, and throws the duffle bag into his trunk.

BUTTERMAKER

June 19th.

He walks off to the snack bar. Roy shaking his head.

52 SNACK BAR

52

Buttermaker has corraled Ogilvie and Engelberg.

BUTTERMAKER

... Scouting is one of the most
important tools of a winning ball
club...

OGILVIE

Buttermaker, aren't you getting
things way out of perspective here?
It's one thing to improve -- but
to start talking of a championship...

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

ENGELBERG

Roy Turner's Yankees have won the last four pennants in a row. It's impossible...

BUTTERMAKER

Shut up and let me worry about that. Now: back to scouting. The Red Sox play the Pirates tomorrow at four p.m.

53 EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - HOLMBY HILLS - DAY

53

One of the plushest stretches of Sunset. Much greenery. Large homes. Buttermaker makes a right hand turn near a movie star map sign.

He pulls up and stops behind a car with out-of-town license plates. The occupants of the car, an ELDERLY COUPLE, are speaking with AMANDA WHURLIZER.

Amanda sits in a director's chair a few feet away from the curb at the edge of a grassy lot. She is eleven years old, wears dark glasses, and is drinking a Pepsi. The couple drive off. Amanda returns to the glamour magazine which lies open in her lap. Buttermaker pulls up opposite. He smiles. He likes her. Amanda turns to look up at him. She does a double take. Then smiles wryly turning back to her magazine.

AMANDA

Long time no see, Suds head.
How's the chlorine pouring?

Buttermaker gets out of the car carrying two baseball gloves and a ball.

BUTTERMAKER

Knew I'd find you somewhere along the Strip. Coming up in the world, Amanda. Nice corner.

54 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

54 X

Ogilvie and Engelberg have television camera's view of the batter's box. As they are situated directly behind the backstop. Engelberg is munching on a sandwich. Ogilvie makes notes on a pad.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

The present Pirate batter swings and misses.

OGILVIE

What was it?

ENGELBERG

(mouth full)

Fast ball high and away.

Ogilvie makes note. Still keeping his eyes on the batter, Engelberg offers Ogilvie a bite of his sandwich.

ENGELBERG

(continuing)

Have a bite.

OGILVIE

What is it?

ENGELBERG

Chicken salad, marmalade, and anchovies on whole wheat.

Ogilvie is engrossed in the signals being given by the third base coach.

OGILVIE

No thanks.

The batter pops up.

ENGELBERG

Same pitch high and outside.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Now batting, the pitcher: Carl Karansky.

An attractive, rugged looking twelve-year-old swaggers up to the plate.

THE STANDS

Three cute twelve-year-old girls giggle and blush as Carl takes a few cuts to loosen up.

OGILVIE AND ENGELBERG

as they watch the girls.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

ENGELBERG

Cool Carl gets all the luck.

OGILVIE

I know.

A gob of marmalade and part of an anchovie hang precariously on the corner of Engelberg's mouth.

ENGELBERG

If I lost fifty or sixty pounds,
I'd be better looking than him,
don't you think?

No answer as Ogilvie takes a good long look at Engelberg.

ENGELBERG

(continuing)

Well, don't you?

OGILVIE

Yeah. You'd be a regular Robert
Redford.

Cool Carl rips into a fast ball and sends it crashing
to the left field fence. X

The three girls shriek and gasp in exaltation.

ENGELBERG

(exasperated)

How in heck are we going to pitch
to Cool Carl Karansky?

55 EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - BUTTERMAKER AND AMANDA

55

Buttermaker, holding the two mitts and a ball, sits on
the grass next to her director's chair. Amanda is
objecting vehemently.

AMANDA

No way! I'm through with all that
tomboy thing. My sister says you
almost ruined me with that sports
stuff!

BUTTERMAKER

Afraid?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

AMANDA
(snapping back)
No, I'm not afraid.

BUTTERMAKER
Then I figure you owe me something.
I was like a father to you...

AMANDA
HA! Some father...

BUTTERMAKER
Used to take you horseback riding
every Sunday, didn't I?
(she can't deny it)
Took you to the drive-in movies
least twice a week.
(can't deny it)
Paid for your math tutor...

AMANDA
Math tutor! Guy was a drunk like
you. Hadn't even finished high
school. Got a D in math that year.
Remember?

BUTTERMAKER
(remembering)
Well, the guy lied to me...
(jumping up;
triumphant)
Your appendix! Huh?! What about
that. You were crying over a
belly ache. Your sister said you'd
be okay. You said you'd be okay.
I said bull. Threw your butt in
the car and rushed you to the
hospital. You wouldn't be alive
today, weren't for me!

This has momentarily subdued Amanda. She plays with a
page of her magazine.

AMANDA
Yeah, but when you weren't saving
people's lives, you were sitting
around the apartment drunk. Then
you just up and leave one day.
Made my sister sick. She wanted
to marry you. Boy was she dumb.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

Buttermaker nods in concurrence and confesses.

BUTTERMAKER

I liked your sister very much,
Amanda. I'm just not the marrying
kind.

(shaking his head)

But I handled it badly.

AMANDA

You handled it like a shit.

BUTTERMAKER

(the scolding father)

Don't you use that kind of language
in front of me, young lady, you
hear?

A beat. Amanda is silent, pouting. Buttermaker then
smiles, noticing the physical change in Amanda over the
past couple of years.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

You know, you are turning into a
regular little lady.

AMANDA

(embarrassed)

Well, wha'd you expect!

BUTTERMAKER

(looking around)

This is a stinking lousy job
you got here. You know that?

AMANDA

Honk it out your tail pipe, Suds
head. It ain't stinking. And
business is good this time of
year.

BUTTERMAKER

You saving any?

AMANDA

Course, I am.

BUTTERMAKER

(fishing)

What you going to do with it?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (3)

55

Amanda plays uncomfortably with the pages of her glamour magazine.

AMANDA

Well... going to get braces...
(shows teeth)
... Taking ballet lessons pretty soon. I'm... I'm going to be a model.

Buttermaker smiles.

BUTTERMAKER

Now we're getting somewhere. You come and play ball, and I'll pay for the ballet lessons and the modeling thing.

(quickly)

I can't do nothing about the braces, because that's money...

AMANDA

(fed up)

Aww, Buttermaker, you're so dumb...

BUTTERMAKER

Look. These boys aren't all that rough. You won't get hurt.

AMANDA

(again snapping)

That's got nothing to do with it!

(then shyly, with difficulty)

I'm almost twelve. I'll be... getting a bra soon.

They both look at her very flat chest. Amanda barks back in defense.

AMANDA

(continuing)

Well, in a year maybe!!

(beat; softer)

I can't be playing no dumb baseball.

Buttermaker observes her fondly. A ploy.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (4)

55

BUTTERMAKER

You know, you're right. Damn right. But let me tell you one thing. This modeling thing. For the birds. Acting. That's for you. With the face you got. Acting.

Amanda holds back a blush. Buttermaker feigns a sigh.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Bad idea, anyway. Wouldn't have helped the team much. I mean, you were great when you were nine. But girls reach their peak athletically about that age.

Amanda's not so sure she likes this.

AMANDA

What do you mean?

BUTTERMAKER

(getting up)

Well, you know -- a girl gets to be about your age, nearing womanhood and all... they tend to get a little awkward... gangly, you know.

(smiling)

Heck, you probably haven't picked up a ball in two years, and why the hell should you?

He bends down kissing her on the head -- fatherly condescension.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Now, give my love to your sister.

(turning to go)

And don't be such a stranger.

Amanda is furious.

AMANDA

Hey, Suds head!

Buttermaker turns back. She eyes him. Ice cold.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (5)

55

AMANDA

(continuing)

I got my curve ball breaking two and a half feet. And the bottom still falls out of my spitter like hail in a blizzard.

BUTTERMAKER

Aha! Then you been practicing.

She says nothing, turning the other way, grim-faced.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

But don't go giving an old pro like me no bull about eleven year old girls breaking off two-and-a-half foot curves.

AMANDA

(fuming)

You got five bucks, Suds head?

Buttermaker's cajoling smile vanishes. He's got her. He tosses the glove and ball at her feet.

BUTTERMAKER

I got ten.

Amanda stands. Slams her magazine to the ground. Takes off her glasses. Picks up the mitt and ball and storms off into the grass positioning herself about forty feet from Buttermaker. Buttermaker crouches in the catcher's stance, pounds his mitt and gives Amanda a target. Amanda winds up and fires. AND SHE CAN FIRE! Buttermaker throws his mitt to the ground and rubs his left hand as if it'd been stung by a bee.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

I thought we were going to see curves?

AMANDA

WARMING UP WITH HOT STUFF FIRST, SUDS HEAD! AND I'M AIMING RIGHT BETWEEN YOUR EYES SO BE ON YOUR TOES!

A car pulls up, packed with a family of 10. They have been driving around the area for hours.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (6)

55

Soon they hope to call their trip to an end. The MAN driving is hopping mad and speaks to Amanda in a thick southern accent.

MAN

How in hell can you sell a map
like this for \$2 that don't even
have Liberace's house on it!!

Amanda is mad at Buttermaker, mad at herself, mad at the mitt, mad at the ball, and mad at the people in the car.

AMANDA

Why in hell do you people come two
thousand miles to drive around in
circles and gawk at dumb houses!
This is California! Go to the beach!
Get some sun! FUCK LIBERACE'S HOUSE!!

The family is aghast. Amanda rears back and BLAZES a fast ball knocking Buttermaker on his ass.

CUT TO:

56 INT. BUTTERMAKER'S RAMBLER

56

Negotiations are in progress. The finer points of the deal having not been finalized.

AMANDA

12 ballet lessons... 12
lessons or it's no go
Suds Head... And for
every shut out I throw, I
want a brand new pair of
jeans... imported jeans...
As a matter-of-fact,
French jeans... The
expensive kind... You ain't
getting away cheap on this
thing.

BUTTERMAKER

Nine ballet lessons...
come on, those things
are three bucks a shot
... Aw, for crying out
loud... What's the
matter with American
jeans... You know how
many pools I got to
clean to buy a pair of
those... What are you,
Catfish Hunter...

57 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - MOUND - DAY

57 X

Buttermaker and Amanda stand before the boys. Amanda is shy and uncomfortable. Buttermaker wears an expansive smile and lights a tiparillo.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

BUTTERMAKER

Boys! Your new pitcher -- Amanda
Whurlizer.

The boys look amongst each other uncomprehendingly.
Tanner Boyle, his face still a mess, is unimpressed,
disgusted and as outspoken as usual.

TANNER

Spics, Jews, niggers, sissies,
booger eating dumbos... and now
a GIRL!

Amanda's shyness disappears. She faces Tanner. A
look that could halt Turkish armies.

AMANDA

Grab a bat, punk!

HOME PLATE

Tanner swings, falling on his ass as Amanda's pitch
whistles by him.

DISSOLVE TO:

58 MONTAGE

58

A) BUTTERMAKER

demonstrating the correct batting stance.

B) BUTTERMAKER

teaching the boys signals.

C) BUTTERMAKER

leading them through a bunting drill.

59 NEAR DUGOUT

59

The team is practicing in the b.g. Buttermaker keeps
an eye on them as he listens to Ogilvie's scouting re-
port. Ogilvie reads from what appears to be a several
hundred page manuscript.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59 X

OGILVIE

The Pirates' lead off batter is
Bernard Sepcowics. AKA: Bernie.
AKA: Mushy. Born Jan. 8th, 1964.
Capricorn... Mother and Father
divorced...

BUTTERMAKER

For Christ's sake, Ogilvie! I
don't want the guy's life story!

OGILVIE

(miffed)

When I'm given an assignment, I
like to do as thorough a job as
possible.

Buttermaker groans, incredulous.

BUTTERMAKER

All I want to know, does he hit
inside, does he hit outside...
up... down...

Ogilvie, inured to the fact that his talents are never
fully appreciated, looks melancholically at his volume
and tosses it aside.

OGILVIE

(ruefully)

Likes 'em high and away. Sucker
for inside stuff. Usually hits
to the opposite side of the field.

BUTTERMAKER

Good. Next.

60 EXT. HOME PLATE - BUTTERMAKER

60

at home plate, is hitting fly balls to the outfield. He lofts one deep and foul over the left field fence. Kelly Leak, who has been watching, bites off a chaw of tobacco, and goes to retrieve the ball. Pig Tails' car slowly rolls up next to him. She pokes her head out the window and observes him sternly.

PIG TAILS

Thought I told you to quit hanging around here, Kelly.

Kelly glares back at her. He then turns toward home plate and without much effort, whips the ball some two hundred feet, on a line, directly into Engelberg's mitt. A perfect peg. Shades of Clemente. He turns back on Pig Tails. Spits tobacco juice contemptuously. And walks off.

Buttermaker is in awe.

BUTTERMAKER

Who is that kid, anyway?

The Bears look amongst each other nervously.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Who is he? He's great!

TOBY

Sure he's great, Buttermaker.
He's the best athlete in the area.
But you don't understand. That's...
(as if the very name
ineffable)
... that's...

LEFTY

(in terror)

Kelly Leak!

BUTTERMAKER

(annoyed)

Well, what's a Kelly Leak?

ENGELBERG

Boy's got a criminal mentality...

REGI

Been kicked out of four schools....

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

AHMAD
Done time in Juvi Hall.

Ogilvie exhales a breath of medicine and sees to it that Buttermaker is given the bottom line on Kelly Leak.

OGILVIE
In effect, Buttermaker, Kelly Leak is quite possibly the most dangerous twelve year old to ever walk the face of the earth.

Buttermaker watches Kelly as he walks off the lot.

CUT TO:

61 INT. DODGER STADIUM - EXTREME CLOSEUP

61

MUSIC OVER. SLOW MOTION. As JOE MORGAN, the second baseman for the Cincinnati Reds, effortlessly gathers in a ground ball and underhands it to DAVE CONCEPCION, the shortstop, who steps on second and sends the ball to TONY PEREZ at first base. Double play. Their motions resembling the fluidity of a deer. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

DODGER STADIUM - DAY

45,000 plus. MUSIC CONTINUES throughout.

62 OMITTED

62

X

63 INT. THE ELECTRONIC MESSAGE BOARD

63

reads: "Welcome to Knot Hole Day." On this day, children get in for half price.

THE BLEACHERS

The Bears have taken up a whole row. They stand and wave as they see Buttermaker and Amanda searching down the aisle. They wave back and move to join them.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

KELLY LEAK

sits a few aisles over with a date. A pretty twelve-year-old GIRL. She is bored. He hands her a cigarette to pacify, while keeping most of his attention on Buttermaker and the Bears.

FIELD OF PLAY

ANDY MESSERSMITH lets loose a fast ball. PETE ROSE raps it deep, bouncing it off the wall in left center. BILL BUCKNER scrambles after it. Rose rounds second heading for third; his momentum whipping his cap from his head.

BLEACHERS

X

Ogilvie is diligently keeping the box score. Engelberg selects a hot dog from one of the two boxes filled to capacity that rest on his lap. Ogilvie reaches for a piece of popcorn. Engelberg discourages this act of impropriety with a sharp slap on Ogilvie's wrist.

FIELD OF PLAY

TONY PEREZ laces a double to left center. JOE MORGAN, who started from first, is on his way to the plate. The throw from the outfield is a good one. But prematurely cut off by Dodger shortstop BILL RUSSELL. Morgan scores. BOOS. Russell kicks the infield grass in disgust.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

THE BEARS

are confused. Buttermaker explains what went wrong and why. The boys are in rapt attention.

KELLY

as he watches Buttermaker, wishing he could hear. His girlfriend tugs at his arm with a question of her own. Kelly ignores.

BUTTERMAKER

catches a glimpse of Kelly looking at him. Kelly, embarrassed, quickly turns away. Buttermaker reflects on this for a beat and then continues the explanation.

FINAL SCORE

Dodgers 4 -- Reds 3.

64 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

64 X

The Bears, in uniform, prepare for their third game of the season. Their opponents, the Pirates, carefree and easy, warm up in the infield.

AMANDA

in the dugout, is making her last minute preparations before the game. She dips her hand into a jar of vaseline and smears a hunk on the inside bill of her cap.

ENGELBERG

stuffs a huge sponge into his catcher's mitt.

BUTTERMAKER

walks Amanda to the mound.

BUTTERMAKER

Let 'em hit a few, hon. I want to see how we handle it.

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

She nods.

PLAYING FIELD

EXTREME CLOSEUP of the UMPIRE.

UMPIRE

PLAY BALL!!

BERNIE SEPCOWICS, the Pirate lead off batter, steps up to home plate.

Buttermaker hollers to his team.

BUTTERMAKER

LET'S TALK IT UP OUT THERE!!

Tanner, playing shortstop, is the loudest. The infield begins to pulsate with chatter.

TANNER
COME ON, MANDY
BABY, FIRE HARD
NO MATTER
NOOOOO BATTER
UP THERE!!

ENGELBERG
A RUSTY GATE NO
HITTER UP HERE
CHUCK IT IN HERE
MANDY, YOU GOT
'EM!!

MIGUEL
TIRALO
CONFUERZA,
TRES TIROS
RAPIDOS!

Amanda's first pitch is delivered, -- A STRIKE. A cheer goes up from the entire Bear's team.

Ogilvie, bench warming in the dugout, pounds his little fist gleefully against the protective caging as he lets out a breath of medicinal gas.

OGILVIE

Mandy's got her stuff today. I
can feel it!

The next pitch is a soft ground ball hit to Tanner at short. Tanner bears down hard. His tiny face contorted in determination.

Buttermaker holds his breath.

Tanner gets down in the crouch position, his left leg kneeling behind his leg and lands in front of him. He picks it up and throws it to Miguel at first for the out. Once again, the Bears erupt in obstreperous praise. Buttermaker thrusts an exultant fist to Tanner.

(CONTINUED)

BUTTERMAKER

WAY TO GO!!!

Cool Carl Karansky steps up to the plate.

ANNOUNCER

Batting second and playing third:
Carl Karansky.

THE STANDS

The three little girls swoon and applaud.

PLAYING FIELD

Buttermaker calls out the shift.

BUTTERMAKER

THE COOL CARL KARANSKY SHIFT!!

The Bears quickly reposition themselves in an extraordinarily odd alignment. Everybody moves to the left side of the field except for Miguel Agilar, who covers the bag at first. Cool Carl, completely befuddled, steps out of the batter's box. He looks at his manager. The Umpire growls.

UMPIRE

You're holdin' up the game,
Karansky. Move it!

Cool Carl steps back in and slashes a line drive to the left side of the field. The Bears have virtually every inch of left covered. The ball glances off Jimmy's glove, bounces off Jose's shoulder and pops up in the air. Ahmad nervously waits under the ball. Holds his breath and makes the catch. He flashes a proud smile, throws his cap in the air. And is congratulated by the entire left field contingent.

BUTTERMAKER

cups his hands to his mouth.

BUTTERMAKER

Awright, Whurlizer! Go to work.

Amanda tips her cap and SMOKES one past a helpless Pirate batter.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (3)

64

MONTAGE

A) TOBY

lays down a respectable bunt.

B) JOSE AGILAR

manages to catch a slow ground ball and throw the runner out.

C) AMANDA

wastes a Pirate batter with a well-placed slider.

D) THE STANDS

The Agilars, Mr. Tower and Mrs. Lupus cheering.

E) THE SCOREBOARD

Last inning. Bears 0 -- Pirates 0.

F) BUTTERMAKER

calls out to his team on the field.

BUTTERMAKER

Just hold 'em, you guys. We're bound to score next inning.

AMANDA

lets loose a pitch. It is hit softly and blooped into right field. However, the right fielder is none other than Timmy Lupus. It gets past him. He loses it in the outfield grass. Finally finds it. Picks it up. Drops it. Picks it up again and throws it in. Too late. The runner has scored.

THE PIRATE BENCH

going wild.

BUTTERMAKER

slams his fist against the dugout.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (4)

64

THE STANDS

The Bears fans are silent. Mrs. Lupus is particularly upset.

THE BEARS

come off the field and into the dugout, while the Pirates chant the traditional cheer: "Two, four, six, eight -- who do we appreciate: Bears! Bears! Bearrrrrs!" Timmy is the last to file in.

65 INT. DUGOUT

65

Gloomily, the Bears take their seats in readiness for Buttermaker's after-game speech. Timmy, fighting back a burst of tears, takes a seat at the far end of the dugout. Tanner cannot control himself.

TANNER

Lupus, you dumb spaz!!! WE WOULD
HAVE WON IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU!!!

JIMMY

Leave him alone. He tried.

TANNER

HECK, IF...

BUTTERMAKER

That'll be enough, Tanner!

Tanner silently sits back in his seat. Buttermaker lights a tiparillo.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

When we win, it's a team win. When
we lose, it's a team loss.

Buttermaker pauses. And then snaps them out of their gloom.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

All I know is we got a game with
the Red Sox on Friday. AND WHAT'S
THAT MEAN!!!!???

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

65

The fire once again instilled, the team shouts in unison:

BEARS
BAD NEWS FOR THE RED SOX!!

CUT TO:

66

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAY

66

North of Wilshire, south of Sunset. Buttermaker has just rung the doorbell of a quaint Spanish-style house.

The door is opened by MRS. LEAK. She holds in her hand what appears to be a Bloody Mary. She is excessively attractive, 32, and this is not her first Bloody Mary of the day.

MRS. LEAK
You the man from the North Valley League?

X

Buttermaker's eyes are momentarily allured to a most pronounced display of flesh, dutifully created by Mrs. Leak's only half-buttoned St. Laurent blouse.

BUTTERMAKER
Ah... yes. Yes, I am.

MRS. LEAK
Wonderful.

67

INT. HOUSE

67

At the bar, Mrs. Leak hands Buttermaker a beer while she refreshes her cocktail.

MRS. LEAK
You're wasting your time, Mr. Buttermaker. Kelly doesn't get on well with his peer group. Apparently, they don't get along with him very well, either. It's a marvelous idea, though.
(suddenly remembering)
You don't play night games by any chance, do you?

BUTTERMAKER
No, ma'am.

The dingiest of recreation halls. Little care has been taken as to color scheme or decor. Electronic games seduce the young, the idle, and the out of work. A large construction WORKER plays pinball. His WIFE sits by a market basket filled with laundry, her hair in curlers, and yawns. People mill and play. Wine and beer, brought in from the nearby market, helps pass the time.

CLOSE ON THE AIR HOCKEY TABLE

An exhausting and sometimes violent table hockey game. Requiring speed and reflexes. A puck is slapped back and forth by the two opposing players, who use small discs which act as bats. The movement of the puck is helped by a stream of air which blows outward from the sides of the table causing the puck to reach lightning speeds when struck. A FIERCE VOLLEY IS IN PROGRESS. Only the hands of the opponents are SEEN.

A lull, as one of the players has captured the puck on his side of the table. He sets up carefully for one good shot. The defender tenses. SLAP! The goal is scored.

KELLY LEAK

an unlit Marboro dangling from his mouth, is the victor. His adversary, a tall and foreboding-looking MEXICAN, takes a dollar out of his pocket and tosses it across the table to him. Kelly pulls out a wad of bills and adds it to his winnings.

KELLY

Want to go again?

The Mexican, spitting nails at Kelly with his eyes, indicates he will, as he slams another quarter into the slot. Patrons in the area glare similarly at Kelly. Doubtless, they too, have put money in his pocket.

FLASH. A match in cupped hands offers Kelly a light. It is Buttermaker.

BUTTERMAKER

You play some pretty mean air hockey, kid.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

Kelly takes the light. Buttermaker places a quarter on the side of the table and says to the Mexican:

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

I got winners.

Kelly sips a beer.

KELLY

What are you doing here?

Buttermaker views the premises.

BUTTERMAKER

Relaxation.

The Mexican impatiently taps his disc to the table.
Kelly sets down his beer and rifles a shot toward goal.

CUT TO:

69 THE MEXICAN

69

looking ready to kill, as he hands Kelly another dollar.
Buttermaker takes his place at the table and picks up the disc.

BUTTERMAKER

Saw your throw that ball the other day, kid. You got some arm.

KELLY

So-so.

Buttermaker taps the puck toward Kelly.

BUTTERMAKER

We could use a good outfielder.

No answer as they tap it back and forth.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Your mom thinks it would be a good idea...

Kelly slams the puck past Buttermaker for goal.

(CONTINUED)

69

CONTINUED:

69

KELLY

(snapping)

Sure she does. I'd be out of
the house a few extra hours. Give
her more time to get laid!

Buttermaker digests this as he retrieves the puck and
softly sends it back.

KELLY

(continuing)

Besides, your League's for
faggots and old farts who got
nothing better to do with
themselves.

X

BUTTERMAKER

Well, for a guy who hates faggots
and old farts, you sure hang around
that field often enough.

KELLY

(defensive)

Sometimes there's some cherry ass
at the field! That's why I hang
around!

He rips off another smash. Buttermaker, this time,
traps it effortlessly and softly sends it back. Sur-
prised and even angrier, Kelly gives the next one all
he has. Buttermaker lets it go by for goal. Satisfied,
Kelly sips his beer.

KELLY

(continuing)

Score's two to nothing already.
What do you want to play for...

(insolently)

... 'coach?'

Buttermaker puts the puck back on the table. And
smiles.

BUTTERMAKER

How's a six-pack a game sound?

KELLY

(smiles back)

Sounds great.

WHOOOSH! Buttermaker blows one past Kelly for a goal.
Kelly is stunned.

70 MONTAGE

70

SMACK. CLACK. RIP. A murderous duel. Sweat pours. Buttermaker is all finesse. Blocking shots. Playing the banks. Kelly is far outclassed. The Mexican and the other patrons cheer Buttermaker on and hoot derisively at Kelly. Kelly slams his disc to the table after a winning goal against him.

SMASH.

Kelly plays desperately. Buttermaker is almost toying with him. The more he loses, the more manic he becomes.

CUT TO:

71 BUTTERMAKER

71

relights his half-smoked tiparillo. Vindicated on-lookers smile at Kelly Leak, pleased with the results.

BUTTERMAKER

It's getting late.

Kelly is bright pink with humiliation.

KELLY

Just one more time.

BUTTERMAKER

What the hell for? You haven't won a single game.

KELLY

(adamant)

The last one was close!

BUTTERMAKER

Don't be a pain in the ass. Just give me the money for my ninety-six beers and let me go.

The Mexican, sitting on a pinball table, and dangling a near empty bottle of Ripple between his legs, has advice for Kelly Leak.

MEXICAN

Keed, why don't you go crawl back in the womb and give us all a break.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

BUTTERMAKER

You see. Everybody's bored.

Buttermaker puts on his windbreaker. Kelly's insides are tearing at him.

KELLY

I can beat you now! I can feel it!

BUTTERMAKER

(as he's walking out)

Bring the money by the field.

KELLY

(voice cracking scream)

THAT'S NOT FAIR!!

Buttermaker stops, sighs and turns to ponder Kelly's desperation for a beat.

BUTTERMAKER

Tell you what I'll do. We'll play one more game.

Kelly frantically injects a quarter.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

But if I win this one...

(pause)

... you're going to be playing some baseball.

Kelly snaps his head toward Buttermaker.

KELLY

Oh, no. No way, man. Just the beer.

BUTTERMAKER

(smiles)

Chicken shit?

Kelly's silence provokes a chorus of hoots and razzing from the gallery. Buttermaker turns to go.

KELLY

Okay, man. Awright, awright!!
Let's go.

CUT TO:

72 CLOSE ON A GOAL

72

The puck tears in. PULL UP TO REVEAL Kelly's forehead rocking on the edge of the table in defeat.

BUTTERMAKER (O.S.)

By the way, can you hit?

73 EXT. SNACK BAR

73

Tanner Boyle sits on one of the many benches eating a burrito. Timmy Lupus aimlessly walks up and sits down across from Tanner. Most probably, Timmy just wants to be near a teammate, a possible friend... somebody... His nose is running as usual and his clothes have already begun collecting their omnipresent particles of sludge and shit. Tanner tries to bear with him for a moment, but is finally overcome with revulsion.

TANNER

CRUD!! Lupus, could you go somewhere else while I'm eatin'.
Ya make me sick!

Such assailment is part of the day-to-day routine for Timmy. He sadly complies, moving over to the next bench. With the vision of Timmy still etched in Tanner's mind, it will be impossible to finish the burrito.

TANNER

(continuing)

Cripes!

Joey Turner and a teammate of his are in the area. They have spotted Timmy and it is time for some fun. They position themselves behind Timmy. Joey grabs Timmy's hat and holds it behind his back. Timmy whirls around.

TIMMY

Give it back.

JOEY

What do you need it for? You hardly ever play anyway.

TIMMY

Give it.

While Joey holds it behind his back, his friend is squirting ketchup inside the brim.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

JOEY

Okay, kid, we were only kidding.

He hands back the cap. Timmy puts it on. Almost immediately, the ketchup begins pouring down his forehead.

Tanner has been watching. He is annoyed with himself, as he is about to make a decision that he does not really want to make. He begrudgingly gets up from his seat.

Timmy has now become aware of the ketchup dribbling down his face. The two boys cackle derisively. Tanner, smiling, addresses Joey. Both boys are bigger, but Tanner Boyle would have it to no other way.

TANNER

Joey, you hungry? You can have my burrito.

JOEY

No, thanks.

TANNER

Aw, go on.

Tanner squishes his burrito into Joey's face. He then butts him in the nose, knees him in the stomach and shoves him, ass first, into a nearby garbage can. Joey's friend tries to come to his aid, but is swiftly dispatched with a crunching right cross to the chin. Joey, sitting in the garbage can, is crying.

JOEY

I'll get my father!

TANNER

Go ahead! I'll beat the crud out of him, too.

Timmy, wiping himself with a paper napkin, is grateful.

TIMMY

Thanks.

TANNER

(begrudgingly)
You're welcome.

TIMMY

No one's ever done anything like that for me.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

73

This makes Tanner extremely uncomfortable. He lashes back.

TANNER

Well, Lupus... if you wiped your nose once in awhile, and stuck up for yourself more, and acted like a normal person -- people wouldn't give you crud all the time.

Timmy holds his head down, not replying. Tanner uncomfortably shifts his weight from foot to foot.

TANNER

(continuing)

Well, come on. We got practice.

They march off.

74 INT. DUGOUT - DAY

74

Buttermaker is tossing boxes to the boys.

BUTTERMAKER

There was something I forgot. It's a league rule. Cups and supporters.

A few of the boys groan on hearing this.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

They got to be worn at all times.

TOBY

Why do we have to wear them?

BUTTERMAKER

Now that's a dumb question.

Miguel and Jose Agilar are confused as to what these things are to be used for.

MIGUEL

Que es esto?

JOSE

No se.

Jimmy tries to explain through pantomime.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

LEFTY

They're awfully uncomfortable,
you know.

BUTTERMAKER

You either wear them or you
don't play.

TANNER

(impatient)

Can we stop this, already. We
got another hour of practice.

Jimmy has gotten the message through to the Agilars.
Jose begins to vehemently complain in Spanish to
Buttermaker. Buttermaker grabs at his temples, sighing.

BUTTERMAKER

Will someone tell him I don't know
what the hell he's talking about.

Ogilvie lets out a rasp of medicine.

OGILVIE

I've been brushing up on my
Spanish of late, and I think he's
saying something about him being
Catholic and that this might be
some kind of sin or something.

BUTTERMAKER

Oh, for Christ's sake...

ENGELBERG

This is a free country. Let's be
democratic and take a vote.

X

AMANDA

YOU AIN'T STRAPPING ONE OF THOSE
THINGS ON ME, SO FORGET IT!!!

ENGELBERG

Well, she don't wear one -- I
don't wear one!

The rest of the boys chime in, in concurrence with
Engelberg. Buttermaker sits down, defeated.

BUTTERMAKER

Oh, for crying out loud...

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (2)

74 X

KELLY (O.S.)

Hey, coach.

All eyes turn toward Kelly Leak. He stands at the dugout entrance, irritated and embarrassed. A mitt is tucked under his arm. He nervously lights a Marlboro with his Zippo flame thrower.

KELLY

(continuing)

I'm here to pay up. Now, let's get this act together. I don't got all day.

75 EXT. THE FIELD

75

Amanda throws a medium fast ball to Kelly, who is set in the batter's box. He catches the ball with his bare right hand and throws it back with a flick of his wrist.

KELLY

Little harder, huh?

The entire team watches on. Amanda turns to Buttermaker, who stands by her to the side of the mound.

AMANDA

Who does this turkey think he is:
Mickey Mantle?

Buttermaker is also annoyed with Kelly's apparent overconfidence.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

BUTTERMAKER

Rifle one.

Amanda nods, winds up and sends a blinder right down the pipe. CRACK!! All eyes turn.

CLOSE ON:

the home run ball, as it clears the fence by a good fifty feet. Spectators behind the fence scatter.

76 ON KELLY

76

dressed in uniform, as he rounds second base, spitting a wad of tobacco to the turf.

THE STANDS

as members of the Bears' congregation stand and cheer. The Red Sox' manager angrily makes his way to Pig Tails. Sergeant Platt sits by her side.

MANAGER

Since when did that little hoodlum join?

PIG TAILS

Don't like it anymore than you, but his birth certificate says twelve.

MANAGER

Well, I'm playing this one under protest. Rules say every manager has to be notified of every new acquisition ahead of time...

PIG TAILS

(sick of him)

Ahhhh, so what's new. You play every game under protest. Get the hell back out there and coach.

LEFT FIELD

Kelly dives, one-handing a line drive, robbing an opponent of a sure single.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

AMANDA

scrapes a gob of vaseline from the bill of her cap, and strikes out the last Red Sox batter. The entire team bolts for her and rejoices, jumping on top of each other, hugging and shouting.

SCOREBOARD

The final score: Bears 1 -- Red Sox 0.

77 EXT. SNACK BAR

77

On the side of the shack the league standing are posted. Pig Tails chalks in the first victory of the season for the cellar-dwelling Bears. Their record: 1 Win and 3 Losses. Roy Turner's Yankees are breezing atop the league with a record of 4 wins and zero defeats.

CUT TO:

78 MONTAGE:

78

A) LEFTY STEIN

resembling an ostrich walking a tight rope, as he tracks down a pop fly overhead. He catches the ball, falls and flip-flops several times, tearing his uniform. He triumphantly holds the ball high. Buttermaker trots onto the field, picks him up and pats him on the back. A job well done.

B) REGI TOWER

holds his ground in terror as a hard-hit line drive bounces off his chest and lands in front of him. He picks it up and throws the runner out at first. Buttermaker shouts his approval.

C) THE BASES

are loaded with Tanner, Engelberg and Jose. Kelly Leak, batting laces into a pitch, sending it up against the fence in the outfield. LOUD CHEERING.

Tanner crosses the plate to score. Engelberg lumbers around third heading for home. He is so slow that Jose has already caught up with him.

(CONTINUED)

JOSE

Andale, andale! Apuarte,
Engelberk, pendejo gordo!

The ball has been relayed to the shortstop, who whirls and throws it to the catcher. Jose is now running on Engelberg's heels. The catcher digs in and courageously awaits the steam-rolling 189 pound mass. Huffing and puffing, Engelberg lowers his head and blasts into his opponent. The catcher is catapulted backwards, but gamely manages to hang onto the ball.

UMPIRE

OUT!

Engelberg has landed directly on home plate. Jose is jumping up and down on Engelberg's back, unable to score. Tanner, having just scored, is still by the plate.

TANNER

ENGELBERG, GET OFF THE CRUDDY
PLATE SO'S HE CAN SCORE, YOU FIG!!!

The catcher has recovered from the jolt and goes to tag Jose. In vain, Jose reaches underneath Engelberg's huge body trying to score.

JOSE

Vete de la baca, pendejo!

The catcher chases Jose around Engelberg's body. Lugging to make the tag, he falls. Like a whale turning somersaults in the water, Engelberg rolls over. Jose steps on the plate just before he is tagged by the catcher.

UMPIRE

Safe!!

Bedlam in the stands.

D) SCOREBOARD

Bears 3 -- Tigers 2.

E) EXT. McDONALD'S

The Bears in celebration with their manager. Surrounded by Big Macs, fries and Cokes.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. FIELD - DAY

79

The Bears, dueling Roy Turner's Yankees, have positioned themselves in another odd alignment. The pitch is popped up. Lefty Stein, Jose Agilar and Ahmad collide in the outfield. The ball drops untouched between them. Buttermaker covers his eyes in exasperation. Roy Turner shakes his head in amusement.

AHMAD

grinning, but dazed from the blow, is carried off the field on a stretcher by Buttermaker and Roy Turner. Roy is still very amused.

ROY

Maybe you should think more about finishing the season in one piece, Buttermaker, instead of worrying about making the playoffs.

Buttermaker offers a rigid jaw and no comment.

SCOREBOARD

The final tally. Yankees 10 -- Bears 2.

80 MONTAGE

80

A) MIGUEL AGILAR

swings blindly for strike three. He walks off cursing in Spanish. His mother and father applaud his nice try.

B) KELLY LEAK

steals home safely from third. CHEERS.

C) TIMMY LUPUS

bobbles a ball in the outfield. He picks it up and throws it. It travels about five feet. He throws it again. Eight feet. He tries once more. Two feet. Buttermaker pulls his cap over his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

D) SCOREBOARD

Pirates 4 -- Bears 2.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. FIELD

81

Buttermaker, Pig Tails and the DODGER MANAGER are at home plate with their lineup cards.. The Dodger Manager is in grave humor.

DODGER MANAGER

Three of my Dodgers got the flu.
And a fourth one...

(anger)

... a goddamn little Jesus freak...
ran off to some big revival meeting
in Bakersfield.

(shakes head at the
thought)

I can only field eight boys, today.

PIG TAILS

Well, the Dodgers are just going
to have to forfeit.

THE BEARS

ecstatic, are led in cheer by Buttermaker.

BEARS

TWO FOUR SIX EIGHT -- WHO DO WE
APPRECIATE: DODGERS! DODGERS!
YYYYYEEEEYYYYY!!!!

Hats are tossed in the air. Eight chagrined Dodgers
looks on.

82 EXT. SNACK BAR

82

Pig Tails gives the Bears another win in their victory column. Their record is now 4 wins and 6 losses. They have climbed out of the cellar. The Yankees are by far the class of the league with a 10 win and no loss showing.

CUT TO:

83 INT. DUGOUT

83

Amanda, dressed in warm clothing sits on the bench. She looks pale. She sneezes. Ogilvie hands her a Kleenex. Buttermaker takes the thermometer out of her mouth. They all frown at the temperature and then turn toward the field where...

84 EXT. FIELD - LEFTY STEIN

84

pitching for the Bears, is catapulted off the mound by a hard hit line drive.

SCOREBOARD

Tigers 10 -- Bears 3.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. SNACK BAR AREA

85

Ogilvie and Engelberg, in uniform, are huddled with a MEMBER OF THE BRAVES. The shadiest of looking little players. The boy wears several gaudy rings. A solid gold watch is wrapped around his wrist. He nervously, but expertly, shuffles a deck of cards, while his eyes dart around the snack bar. He whispers.

X

SHADY BRAVE

Coach made some last minute changes...

(touches hat)

... hat is now: bunt...

(touches belt)

Belt is steal...

(pulls ear)

Ear: hit and run.

Ogilvie looks around surreptitiously, and then pulls out several pieces of paper from a notebook and hands them to the boy. He looks them over and is unimpressed.

SHADY BRAVE

These can't be all your history notes, Ogilvie?

OGILVIE

(sly smile)

If your information pans out -- you'll get the rest.

Ogilvie and Engelberg leave.

86 INT. DUGOUT

86

Ogilvie is studying the signs of the Brave's third base coach. He turns to Buttermaker.

OGILVIE

A bunt. They're squeezing,
Buttermaker! The squeeze play!!

87 EXT. INFIELD - BUTTERMAKER

87

confers with his infield on the mound, as,

AMANDA

winds up, the whole infield breaks for the plate. They are there, ready and waiting, just as the bunt comes off the bat. Miguel picks up the ball and tags the batter who is still in the batter's box...

UMPIRE

OOOUUUT...

And then tags the runner sliding in from third.

UMPIRE

TWOOO!

Double play. The Bears romp off the field. LOUD
CHEERING FROM THE STANDS.

SCOREBOARD

The completed game score with the Braves reads: Bears
1 -- Braves 0.

OGILVIE AND ENGELBERG

behind the left field fence, hand the Shady Brave the
rest of the history notes.

SHADY BRAVE

(evil grin)

You guys really think you got a
chance to make the playoffs, huh?

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

OGILVIE
(defensive)
More fantastic things than that
have happened in life.

SHADY BRAVE
(chuckling as he walks
off with his booty)
Well, it sure would be fun to
watch you guys play those Yankees
for the championship.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. SNACK BAR - KELLY AND AMANDA

88

roar past the snack bar on Kelly's bike. She is wearing
her new jean pantsuit. Roy and Pig Tails, sitting on
the bench sipping coffee, look after them disapprovingly.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

89 X

Buttermaker, holding a stopwatch, kneels down by first
base. Ahmad flashes by, stepping on the bag.

BUTTERMAKER
3.9, Ahmad. Want you down to
3.7 by the end of the season.

ENGELBERG

as he rumbles down the first base line, finally step-
ping on the bag. Buttermaker shakes his head.

ENGELBERG
(puffing)
Well?

BUTTERMAKER
(facetious)
2 flat.

ENGELBERG
(surprised, beaming)
Really????!!

BUTTERMAKER
Get outta here, Engelberg!

CUT TO:

90 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - AMANDA - DAY

90 X

devastates Cool Carl Karansky with an overpowering fast ball for strike three. Cool Carl meekly makes his way back to his dugout avoiding the disappointed gaze from his three girlfriends who sit in the stands. Their once high regard for Cool Carl beginning to fade.

CUT TO:

91 KELLY LEAK

91

charging from his outfield position, gathers up a ground ball that has gotten through the infield and throws the opposing runner out at first base.

CUT TO:

92 SNACK BAR

92

Pig Tails once again rearranges the standings. She marvels as she marks the Bears with 9 and 7 record. The Bears are in a close fight for second place with the Pirates and Yankees. The Yankees seem invincible with a record of 16 wins and no losses.

CUT TO:

93 OMITTED

93

94 INT. BALLET DANCE STUDIO

94

As a piano accompanies, a lithe and attractive YOUNG WOMAN skips across the floor, twirls several times and leaps.

Another WOMAN, very overweight, takes her turn.

(CONTINUED)

Amanda, dressed in yellow tights, is next. Her movements are not at all graceful, but her demeanor is very serious. She completes her leap and holds her position in deep concentration. LOUD APPLAUSE.

PULL BACK: Engleberg, Tanner and Kelly cheer Amanda on. A family-size barrel of Kentucky fried chicken sits in Engleberg's lap.

ENGELBERG
Give 'em hell,
Mandy.

KELLY
Gotta jump a little
higher, though...

TANNER
Twirl around
faster, too,
like on TV...

Amanda is bright red. The TEACHER taps her stick for order. Kelly turns to a shapely 18-year-old GIRL sitting next to him, pulling on an extra pair of tights.

KELLY
(continuing)
You live around here?

Ogilvie tears into the studio, ecstatic, shouting at the top of his lungs.

OGILVIE
THE DODGERS BEAT THE PIRATES!!
THE DODGERS BEAT THE PIRATES!!

Tanner, Engleberg and Kelly let out a joyous YAHOO. The class is completely disrupted.

TEACHER
Gentlemen, please!

She is ignored.

OGILVIE
(out of breath;
wheezing)
I was just at the field. The
Dodgers beat the Pirates. That
means we're alone in second place!!

AMANDA
WILL YOU TURKEYS BLOW ON OUT OF
HERE AND LEAVE ME ALONE!!

ENGELBERG
But that means' if we beat the
Giants tomorrow, we'll be in the
championship.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (2)

94

TEACHER

(furious)

I will not allow this!!

TANNER

(to teacher; angered)

Just stow it! We're talking
championship. You can ballet
it up anytime...

TEACHER

(outraged)

I'm instructing a class here,
young man...

Ogilvie and Engelberg beam at each other, oblivious
to the ensuing argument.

OGILVIE

The Championship,
Engelberg!

ENGELBERG

I never would have
believed it.

KELLY

(to leggy girl)
I'm hitting .841.

TANNER

Well, you ain't doing
a very good job of it.
Nobody here can dance
for bat turds...

AMANDA

(clenched fist)

TANNER, SO HELP ME I'LL
KILL YOU!!!!

95 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

95 X

Bears' rooters in the stands are anxiously awaiting
the start. Mr. Tower and Councilman Whitewood are
wearing Bears' caps.

96 INT. DUGOUT

96

Buttermaker, his countenance a bit more serious than
usual, paces before his ragged, but determined-looking,
team.

BUTTERMAKER

I don't got to remind you who
we'll be playing in that
championship game tomorrow if
we beat these Giants today.

(beat)

Got one last question for you.
Let's see who can answer it.

(CONTINUED)

110.

96 CONTINUED:

96

The entire team smiles. They know the question. They know the answer.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

What's this game mean to the Giants? Ahmad.

Ahmad Abdul Rahim stands up flashing a big grin, showing some thirty-odd perfectly white teeth against a perfectly black face.

AHMAD

Means a hell of a lot of bad-ass news for them Giants.

THE BEARS

(in unison)

YEAH!!!!!!!!!!

The Bears file out of the dugout and onto the field. Buttermaker stops Kelly Leak and pulls him over to the side clandestinely.

BUTTERMAKER

I want you handling the ball as much as possible today.

Kelly looks at him bemused.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

This is too damn important a game. Any ball you can get to -- take it. I don't want the others messing things up.

He swats Kelly on the butt and sends him on his way.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - AMANDA - DAY

97 X

delivers a fork ball striking out a Giant BATTER. She grimaces and rubs her elbow.

CUT TO:

98

TANNER BOYLE

98

goes back from his shortstop position following a pop fly. Kelly comes out of nowhere and catches the ball. Tanner looks at him a little confused. It was clearly his play.

STANDS

Bears' rooters applaud Kelly's catch as the Bears come off the field.

A GIANT

passes Tanner on his way to the outfield.

GIANT

Does he go to the bathroom for you too, Tanner?

Tanner whirls around looking ready to kill. Lefty Stein stops him and pulls him back toward their dugout.

CUT TO:

99

A GIANT BATTER

99

smashes one of Amanda's pitches into the outfield for a double. Buttermaker angrily makes his way to the mound.

BUTTERMAKER

What's going on?

AMANDA

Arm's stiffening. Got nothing on the fast ball. Curve ain't breaking.

BUTTERMAKER

The spitter?

AMANDA

Can't get enough whip on it.

Buttermaker anxiously observes the scoreboard. It is 1 to nothing, favor of the Bears. Nearing the end of the game.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

BUTTERMAKER

Well, stick to the corners.

He walks off. Amanda watches after him. Not liking his attitude.

CUT TO:

100 A FLY BALL

100

is hit to Ahmad in left field. Kelly races over and steals it away from him for the out. Ahmad glances at his family in the stands. He is hurt and embarrassed.

AHMAD

What you doing?

KELLY

(uneasy)

Sorry... I...

AHMAD

We gots nine men out here,
you know.

Kelly shrugs and walks back to his position.

CUT TO:

101 INT. DUGOUT

101

Mostly silence among the Bears. Two YANKEES peek their heads through an opening at the far end and leer.

YANKEE #1

Kelly, you should be playing
all nine positions.

YANKEE #2

Yeah, the other guys keep getting
in your way.

Derisive LAUGHTER. The Bears say nothing in their debasement. Kelly's face is stone stiff.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - TOBY WHITEWOOD

102 X

waits under a hovering fly ball. Kelly trots toward him listlessly. His heart not in it. Buttermaker screams for Kelly to get going. Toby muffs the fly, a run scores.

THE GIANTS

jump for joy. The Bears' rooters moan.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. FIELD - AMANDA

103

wincing as she strikes out a batter to end the inning.

SCOREBOARD

The last inning. The score is now tied 1 to 1.

THE BEARS

as they come off the field for their last at-bat. Buttermaker grabs Kelly and pulls him over to the side.

BUTTERMAKER

You just might have cost us the game, asshole!!

KELLY

(defensive; frustrated)

Look, Buttermaker...

BUTTERMAKER

I give you an instruction -- I expect it to be followed.

Kelly stews.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

You lead off this inning. Grab yourself a goddamn bat. Maybe you can win it back!!

CUT TO:

104 EXT. FIELD - KELLY

104

sullenly steps into the batter's box. He stares over at Buttermaker grimly. Parents from the stands cheer loudly and expectantly. Kelly lets the first strike go by, making no attempt to even set himself. He lets another go by for strike two.

STANDS

The cheering section begins to look nervous and worried. Buttermaker rages toward home plate and yanks Kelly out of the batter's box.

BUTTERMAKER

What in hell are you doing?

Kelly offers Buttermaker cold steel eyes.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

You want to win this thing or not??

Kelly glances toward his teammates. The confused and sweaty faces of Amanda, Ogilvie and Timmy Lupus are pressed up against the dugout screen. Looking at Kelly. Hoping. The others sit on the bench. Their hearts not totally with their parents in the cheering section.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Huh???!!!!

His eyes still on Ogilvie, Amanda, and Timmy, Kelly makes his decision.

KELLY

Get out of here and let me hit,
Coach.

KELLY

sets himself and sends the very next pitch over the scoreboard for a home run.

VARIOUS ANGLES

Spectators rush onto the field. Kelly rounds the bases and is greeted exultantly at home plate by Lupus, Amanda, Ogilvie and Buttermaker.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

The rest of the team languishes around the dugout area -- some expressionless, others affecting light smiles, as they gather their things and are congratulated by relatives and friends.

Buttermaker is removed from the group receiving laudatory comment from parents. Completely unaware of the feelings of his team.

105 EXT. PARKING LOT

105

Kelly and several of the Bears are at the bicycle rack. He mounts his motorbike. There is silence.

KELLY

Any... anybody want to go get a soda on me?

The indication is no. The boys pedal off on their bikes in groups of two and three.

106 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

106 X

THUNDER is HEARD. CLOSE on Roy Turner sitting hunched over on the mound, drinking from a bottle of scotch. Drops of rain begin to fall. The faint SOUND of SINGING in the distance.

BUTTERMAKER'S RAMBLER

drives onto the lot. They are singing "Take Me Out To The Ballgame."

107 INT. CAR

107

as they sing. Buttermaker, Amanda, Ogilvie and Engelberg. Dodger pennants and leftover refreshments help clutter the car. Buttermaker pulls up to the flagpole. Engelberg and Ogilvie, carrying a large piece of cloth, start to get out of the car.

ENGELBERG

Those were great seats this time.

BUTTERMAKER

Compliments of your sponsor.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

OGILVIE

How did Chico get them?

BUTTERMAKER

Got two of the Cardinals out
of jail last night.Ogilvie and Engelberg head for the flagpole. Butter-
maker turns to Amanda.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Why didn't the others want to
come tonight?

AMANDA

(shrugs and lies)

Don't know.

BUTTERMAKER

(calling out to
Engelberg and
Ogilvie)

Make it snappy, you guys!

AMANDA

(sees something)

Buttermaker? Look.

She is pointing to the figure of Roy Turner on the
mound.

108 OMITTED

108X

109 EXT. MOUND

109

Roy Turner, very drunk, sits in a trance, a slight
smile on his lips, staring at the bottle of Scotch,
which he has placed on the rubber. He is soaking
from the rain. Buttermaker approaches.

BUTTERMAKER

What time did the bar open here,
Turner?Roy looks up and then turns melancholically back to
the rubber, referring to the bottle.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

ROY

Eddie Wakely.

BUTTERMAKER

What?

ROY

Eddie Wakely. Hell of a little
pitcher. Playing up at Stanford
now...

Roy holds out the bottle offering a drink. He is too
far gone. Buttermaker drops all flippancy, sensing
that something is wrong. He takes the bottle.

BUTTERMAKER

Thanks. What's the occasion?

ROY

(smiles)

Nineteen years.

Buttermaker sips the scotch.

ROY

(continuing)

She wants me out of the house...
Wants a divorce.

A beat as Buttermaker hands back the bottle.

BUTTERMAKER

Sorry to hear.

Roy drinks.

ROY

Ain't so bad... good nineteen
years... raised three boys.
Other two in high school...
(pause; troubled)
... they don't play ball anymore...
(remembering)
... Joey'll be a good one, though.
He will...

Buttermaker nods. Roy holds the bottle on the rubber
of the mound.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

109

ROY
(continuing)
Coached Eddie Wakely well,
Buttermaker. Coached him damn
well.

BUTTERMAKER
(gently)
You're a good old coach, Turner.

Buttermaker kneels down.

BUTTERMAKER
(continuing)
Now, why don't we get out of
this rain. We got a big game
tomorrow.

Roy looks at Buttermaker in sudden realization.

ROY
The field.
(desperately)
The infield!!!

110 BUTTERMAKER AND ROY

-110

in the pouring rain, as they unravel a huge tarpaulin
over the infield.

ROY
Would have been like a swamp...
out here tomorrow... would have
had to cancel.

Roy slips and falls. Buttermaker lifts him up. Roy
chuckles.

ROY
(continuing)
You think I'm a bastard, don't
you?

BUTTERMAKER
(not unkindly)
You are a bastard, Roy.

They continue to unravel. The scotch has taken over.
Roy speaks as if Buttermaker weren't there.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

ROY

Guess so. Am harsh. Too harsh. Tough on the boys... on my wife. But I do some good around here, Buttermaker. I do... anyway, it's all I know. She doesn't understand that... Why the hell should she? And she's right, of course. But it's hard for a man my age to look back on his life and admit that it's all been foolish...

(a glint, a sparkle
enters his eye)

But then something will happen, Buttermaker. Like Eddie Wakely. He came by the other day. Big strapping thing now. Well over 200 pounds. Said: 'Hey, Roy Turner, remember me?' And I say, 'Yeah, how in hell are you, boy?' And he just looks at me real cold like and says, 'I just wanted to tell you what a goddamn son of a bitch you were.' And then he just glared at me for what seemed like a hell of a long time. I naturally glare back. Then a big grin spreads all over his face and he sticks out his hand and says, 'But it's damn good to see you again, Mr. Turner.'

(beat; turns to
Buttermaker)

It's things like that, Buttermaker ... things like that... do you know what I mean?

Roy smiles, sure that Buttermaker knows what he means. Buttermaker just stares. And then nods guardedly and in empathy. Roy's smile begins to fade. His face stiffening in embarrassment.

ROY

(continuing)

No. You don't know what I mean.

He stumbles back. Buttermaker reaches out and steadies him. Roy pushes his arm away and tries to pull himself together.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

110

ROY

(continuing)

You get on along. You got a
baseball game to worry about
tomorrow.

BUTTERMAKER

Come on, I'll take you home.

Roy turns and goes.

ROY

We're going to whomp crap out
of you, Buttermaker.

Buttermaker watches after him through the rain.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

111X

The skies are clear. The sun is out. An enormous
pennant which reads YANKEES SUCK hangs atop the
flagpole, flapping in the breeze above Old Glory.
Pig Tails double-times her way toward the flagpole.

112 EXT. BALLPARK - VARIOUS ANGLES

112

The parking lot, the snack bar, the bleachers are all
jammed with people. Players from other teams,
parents and friends -- all awaiting the big event --
the big game. Councilman Whitewood, wearing his
Bears' cap, Bears' jacket and steel cleats, walks
briskly between the stands and field carrying a
bucket of hot water.

X

113 EXT. NEAR BEARS' DUGOUT

113

Amanda Whurlizer soaks her arm in a large bucket.
Ogilvie pours in Epsom salts. Buttermaker massages
her elbow. She is in pain. They look worried.

BUTTERMAKER

Hurt bad?

AMANDA

I'll make it.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

BUTTERMAKER

Just stick to your knuckler.

OGILVIE

Want to go over the scouting reports, Mandy?

Whitewood enters with the bucket of hot water.

AMANDA

Later.

He pours it in.

114 EXT. FIELD

114

The boys are warming up before the game. Playing catch. The cold shoulder is being given to Kelly Leak. He motions for the Agilars to throw him the ball. They ignore him.

He moves over toward Tanner and Ahmad, who are tossing the ball back and forth, and holds his glove up to Tanner.

KELLY

Here.

They don't so much as look at him. Kelly looks around at his teammates in frustration. They will have little to do with him. In anger, he stabs at the ball that Tanner has just thrown Ahmad.

KELLY

(continuing)

All right, all of you! What's the matter?

The boys turn to look at him in silence. Kelly is uncomfortable.

KELLY

(continuing)

Does anybody mind if I warm up?

TANNER

(acidly)

We didn't think you needed anybody but yourself to play catch with.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

KELLY

Just cool it, Tanner.

Bristling, Tanner walks over to Kelly.

TANNER

You want to play catch? Try catching this.

Pow. A right cross. Both go tumbling to the ground. The team gathers around. Most rooting for Tanner. Feldman tries to break it up, but is held back by the other boys.

Buttermaker, Amanda and Ogilvie rush in. Buttermaker pulls them apart.

BUTTERMAKER

What's this crap?

No answer, as Kelly and Tanner huff and puff exchanging dirty looks.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Well?

TANNER

Kelly's a crud.

LEFTY

He's been hogging the ball in games and we're sick of it.

AHMAD

He's not the onlyest reason we gots this far...

OGILVIE

(perturbed by all this)

Well, he's most of the reason.

Tanner shoves Ogilvie to the ground.

TANNER

Just shut up, Ogilvie!

Buttermaker holds onto Tanner, who looks ready to take a swing at just about anybody. Amanda and Engelberg pick Ogilvie up.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2)

114

AMANDA

(mad)

Well, if you guys played better,
Kelly wouldn't have to cover for
you all the time!!

AHMAD

(incensed)

Look, woman! Don't you be going
and telling us how to play! You
hear?

TANNER

Yeah!

Buttermaker holds Tanner, who is ready to charge
Amanda. Amanda is not the type to be intimidated.

AMANDA

Let loose of the turkey,
Buttermaker. I'll chew his
ears off and spit them right
back in his face!

TANNER

OH YEAH!!!

BUTTERMAKER

(had enough)

THAT'S ENOUGH OF THIS!!!

(beat)

You're like a bunch of babies!

LEFTY

Well, it's Kelly. We're sick of
him acting like he's the only
one on the team.

Kelly has been quite shaken throughout all this.

KELLY

Well, you don't have to worry
anymore 'cause I'm quitting.

BUTTERMAKER

(anger)

Hell if you are. You came this
far, you're going to finish.

(to others)

If it's yesterday you're worried
about, you can blame me. I'm
the one who told Kelly to cover
for you guys.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (3)

114

Silence. The boys don't understand.

LEFTY

Why?

BUTTERMAKER

What do you mean 'why?' We're in the championship, aren't we?

The boys look amongst each other.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Well? That's what we wanted, wasn't it?

The boys say nothing. They suppose that is what they wanted.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Now let's cut out this nonsense and play ball.

The team slowly follows Buttermaker back to the dugout, confused and disjointed. Amanda rubs her elbow. Tanner grumbles. Kelly is stone-faced.

115 INT. YANKEE DUGOUT

115

Roy Turner paces the dugout floor. He gravely, somberly addresses his team. The boys, clean and healthy-looking, are attentive, as they always are when Coach Roy Turner speaks.

ROY

Today we're playing for the championship.

(letting it sink in)

The championship.

(beat)

And you'll be playing against a bunch of little ladies who shouldn't even be on the same field with you. If you lose this one...

(pause)

... you'll have to live with it for a long time to come.

116 EXT. FIELD

116

STANDING APPLAUSE from both bleachers. The Bears take the field. They are not smiling. It has been a long season for this team. Their uniforms are clean, but torn in places. Welts and black-and-blue marks are prevalent. Ahmad's family stands and claps. Ahmad salutes them halfheartedly. Mr. Agilar cheers on madly in Spanish.

All the parents of the boys are present. The first Yankee batter steps into the box. The Bears begin a weak chatter. Amanda delivers her first pitch. It is banded into left field for a base hit. LOUD CHEERING.

BUTTERMAKER

Settle down, hon.

Amanda shakes her head, muttering to herself. Her next pitch is a ball in the dirt. The runner advances. Tanner growls at her from his shortstop position.

TANNER

Get it together, Mandy.

AMANDA

(growls back)

Honk it out your tailpipe,
Tanner!

HOOTS from the Yankee dugout, as they sense dissension among the ranks of their opponents.

Amanda's next pitch is smashed off the fence in left field. The YANKEE base runner rounds the bases heading for home. Amanda backs up the play at the plate. The throw from the outfield gets past Engelberg. Amanda, right behind Engelberg, alertly picks up the ball and heads for the plate to try and tag out the oncoming runner. A close play. The Yankee player slides, spikes high. She drops the ball. SAFE. Amanda goes down in pain, holding her breasts. The entire team rushes to her aid. Tanner is the first one there. Buttermaker points to the Boy who has just scored and shouts to the Ump.

BUTTERMAKER

Did you see what he did?

YANKEE BOY

Well, if she can't take it, she shouldn't be playing in a guy's game!

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

Tanner kicks the Yankee boy in the balls. The Boy goes down holding his groin.

TANNER

Should have been wearing a cup, punk. They make 'em for guys' games.

BOTH BENCHES EMPTY

A horde of Yankees jump on Tanner. Arms, legs, fists fly. Kelly Leak comes flying in from center field and leaps on the pile. He pulls several Yankees off Tanner and punches a few. Buttermaker, Roy, the Ump, Sergeant Platt, Pig Tails and several other fathers break it up.

BUTTERMAKER

walks a pained Amanda to the mound.

BUTTERMAKER

You okay, hon?

AMANDA

I don't got much there, Buttermaker. But what I do got sure don't feel too good right now.

KELLY LEAK AND TANNER

walk back to their positions. They speak straight-faced, not looking at each other. Tanner has two new wounds.

TANNER

I didn't need your help, you know.

KELLY

I know.

TANNER

Could have taken all those guys myself.

KELLY

I know.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2)

116

They stop at the shortstop position. Tanner looks over at the Yankee bench.

TANNER

Those Yankees are real turds.

KELLY

Yeah.

TANNER

(uncomfortable; turns
to look at Kelly)

Hope you go four for four.

KELLY

(smiles)

I'll try.

TANNER

(embarrassed)

What you doing hanging around here?
You play center field, don't you?

Kelly, trying to hide a wide grin, trots off to his position.

BUTTERMAKER

approaches the Yankee dugout and Roy Turner.

BUTTERMAKER

No more of that cheap crap, Turner.

ROY

Nothing cheap in clean, hard
baseball.

BUTTERMAKER

You call that clean and hard, uh?

Roy stolidly turns to view his one-to-nothing score.

ROY

Better get back to your boys,
Buttermaker. They're going to
need your help today.

Buttermaker seethes. This is war. He turns on his heels and goes. Passing through his infield, he raises a fist.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (3)

116

BUTTERMAKER
AWRIGHT NOW!! LET'S PLAY BALL!!

The Bears heed the call, crouching in ever-ready positions and smacking tiny fists into leather. CHATTER.

A YANKEE BATTER

slaps a hard ground ball to Jose, who swats it down and throws him out. ROAR.

TANNER BOYLE

is knocked over by a hard-hit line drive but hangs on for the out.

BUTTERMAKER
AWWRIIIIGHT!!

CUT TO:

117 AHMAD

117

takes a wide pitch from Joey Turner on the mound.

UMPIRE
Ball. Three balls and no strikes.

Buttermaker cups his hands to his mouth.

BUTTERMAKER
That's the eye, Ahmad!

Ahmad swings at the next pitch and pops it up. An easy out. Buttermaker whirls his body away from the plate in disgust.

BUTTERMAKER

follows Ahmad back into the dugout.

118 INT. DUGOUT

118

AHMAD
(weakly)
Well... It was right where I usually like 'em...

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

BUTTERMAKER

You know we don't swing at three and 0 pitches around here! This is a team game, Ahmad. Don't be so selfish.

119 EXT. FIELD

119

EXPECTANT CHEERING as Kelly Leak steps up to the plate. Joey's first pitch is a definite pitchout. Kelly looks surprised. BOOS from the gallery. The next pitch is the same. They intend to walk him. BOOOOO. Kelly flings his bat up against the backstop in fury. He is warned by the Umpire.

ROY TURNER

unaffected by the BOOS, nods his head to his son Joey in approval. His instructions are being well followed.

BUTTERMAKER

determined and ominous. As he looks at Roy Turner across the diamond.

COOL CARL KARANSKY

sitting in the stands, with his arms around his three girlfriends, shakes his head at the gutless tactic of walking a slugger.

BUTTERMAKER

kneels down with Lefty Stein on the on-deck circle.

BUTTERMAKER

Lean into the first inside pitch and let it hit you.

LEFTY

What...? But I want to try and hit...

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

BUTTERMAKER

(impatient)

We need some runs, Lefty!
Engelberg's up after you and
he's been killing the ball lately.
Now do what I tell you.

Lefty pouts, but indicates that he will.

BALL FOUR

Kelly is walked.

LEFTY

at the plate, gets an inside fast ball and gets stung
on the arm. He winces from the pain and trots off to
first. It hurts like hell.

BUTTERMAKER

Shake it off, Lefty. Shake it off.

ENGELBERG

gets hold of one and smashes it to the fence for a
double. Kelly and Lefty score. The Bears' rooters
are all on their feet.

Joey Turner glares at Engelberg, who smiles back at
him from second base while holding up a salient middle
finger.

SCOREBOARD

after one inning: Bears 2, Yankees 1.

AMANDA

walks to the mound. The entire Yankee bench greets
her with a JEER. One of the boys holds up two geni-
tal cup supporters tied together by a string so as
to resemble a bra. They have a bullhorn and one of
them SHOUTS through it: "Maybe ten years from now
you'll need it." LAUGHTER.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

AMANDA

Aw, put 'em back where they
belong. If you think you know
where!

CUT TO:

120 A YANKEE RUNNER

120

paces down the path. Lefty, the first baseman,
stretches for the throw. A close play. Safe.

BUTTERMAKER

engaged in violent disagreement with the Umpire over
the call. The Umpire is uneasy, having never seen
Buttermaker like this.

BUTTERMAKER

... BY A COUNTRY MILE!
(indicates Yankee
dugout)

WHA'D YOU FIGURE, YOU GOT TO KISS
ASS TO THEM 'CAUSE THEY BEEN
AROUND LONGER OR SOMETHING!?
REMEMBER THERE'RE TWO TEAMS OUT
HERE...

UMPIRE

Buttermaker, just cool it...

BUTTERMAKER

(walking off)
IF YOU'RE GOING TO CALL THEM LIKE
THAT ALL DAY, LET US KNOW -- NO
NEED IN US PLAYING!!

AMANDA

makes a painful face as she throws, striking out a
batter.

REGI

walks from the on-deck circle to the plate. Mr. Tower
moves parallel with him, though separated by the pro-
tective screen.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

MR. TOWER

Stay loose, Regi. Eye on the ball. Don't step in the bucket, and ATTACK that thing, Regi. Attack it!

REGI

swings and misses. On the BULLHORN an opponent mimics his lisp. "Regi Tower ith a sthistry. And alwayths plays with the girlths." White with humiliation, Regi swings and misses for strike three. His father shakes his head in exasperation.

CUT TO:

121 TANNER BOYLE

121

boots a ground ball.

BUTTERMAKER

in anguish, plops down on the dugout bench.

BUTTERMAKER

He hasn't learned a damn thing!

He turns on the bench warmers.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing; anger)

Been telling him all season just to put his body in front of it!

Timmy shies away. The rest of the boys look up at Buttermaker in silence.

A GROUND BALL

is once again driven past the Bears' infield. Toby chases after it.

Jose Agilar waits in his cutoff position for the throw. The throw instead goes to the plate. It arrives long after a Yankee runner has scored and allows the other two runners to advance. Jose is run into and bowled over in the process.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

THE STANDS

Bears' supporters PROTEST rabidly at the blatancy of the foul. Mr. Agilar is restrained by his wife.

THE FIELD UMPIRE

scolds the culprit, who is repentant and assures it won't happen again.

SCOREBOARD

In the top of the fourth inning, the score is now tied two all.

BUTTERMAKER

storms out onto the field and calls out to Toby Whitewood.

BUTTERMAKER

DAMN IT, TOBY! DON'T THROW TO
THE PLATE -- GO TO YOUR CUTOFF
MAN!!

Toby holds his head low and carries himself back to his position. Jose, being helped off the ground by Regi, watches Buttermaker pass by him and off the field.

CUT TO:

122 INT. BEARS' DUGOUT

122

Amanda, between innings, is soaking her pained arm. Ogilvie gives her the dope on the batters she'll be facing next inning.

OGILVIE

Next inning they lead off with
Marty Harris. Don't give him
anything high and inside.

AMANDA

Got it.

123 EXT. FIELD - BUTTERMAKER

123

instructs Lefty Stein before his next at-bats. Lefty is protesting.

LEFTY

No, Buttermaker, I don't want to do it again...

BUTTERMAKER

We're still in this game, Lefty. And you're an important part of it...

Jimmy Feldman and several of the boys approach.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

... think of the team.

As he whacks him on butt:

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Now get going.

Lefty, bat in hand, reluctantly trots off.

JIMMY

Buttermaker, you better take Amanda out now. She's hurting pretty bad.

BUTTERMAKER

I asked her. She told me she wanted to stay in.

Buttermaker turns his attention back on the field.

JIMMY

Course she did. But you really should take...

Buttermaker claps his hands and calls out.

BUTTERMAKER

All right, Lefty baby! Let's give it to 'em now!

Jimmy and the boys stare up at Buttermaker for a beat and then turn back to the dugout.

123 CONTINUED:

123

LEFTY

ignoring Buttermaker's instructions, hits a slow ground ball and is thrown out.

BUTTERMAKER

(fury)

DAMN IT!!!

Buttermaker grabs Lefty by the arm as he legs out his ground ball.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

COME HERE!

The boys pile out of the dugout preparing to take the field. Buttermaker, pulling Left from behind, stops them.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

EVERYBODY IN THE DUGOUT! NOW!
MOVE IT!

Confused, they pile back in.

124 INT. DUGOUT

124

Buttermaker flings Lefty down on the bench.

BUTTERMAKER

Stein, you try anything like that again, and you're going to ride the rest of this one out right THERE!

Buttermaker rips off his cap and smashes the protective screen in disgust.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

And the rest of you! What's the matter with the rest of you? All season long you've been laughed at... crapped on... And now you've got a chance to spit it right back in their faces... But what do you do? You lie around out there like a bunch of dead fish!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

BUTTERMAKER (CONT'D)

(rambling)

Mistakes... bonehead plays...
not listening...

(frustrated;

desperate)

I MEAN DON'T YOU WANT TO BEAT
THESE BASTARDS!?

There is no verbal response. The boys stare up at Buttermaker for a long silent moment. The unyielding scrutiny of their eyes is answer enough. Left only with the echo of his own last words, Buttermaker begins to realize. Catching his bearings, he stews for a second.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Well... let's get out there and
get 'em.

Slowly, the regulars mobilize, and head for the field. Buttermaker remains in the dugout in silence. The bench warmers continue to stare in disappointment.

125 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD

125 X

A Yankee batter smacks a line drive to the outfield. Another YANKEE BOY rounds second and heads for third. Regi, at third, gets the throw from the outfield and prepares to put on the tag. The oncoming runner dives into him, elbowing him in the face and stripping him of the ball. Regi begins to cry. He shouts to the Ump.

REGI

That wasn't fair! He cheated!

The Yankee runner stands on third and mimics Regi's lisp.

YANKEE BOY

That wasn't fair. That wasn't
fair. Course it was fair, girlie.
You should have hung onto the ball.

Regi's tears become more pronounced.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

THE STANDS

Mr. Tower turns away in shame.

AMANDA'S NEXT PITCH

is knocked through the infield. Regi, his tears turning to anger, trips the Yankee runner who makes his way to the plate. The Boy falls, gets up and runs. The throw to the plate nails him by inches.

Roy grabs Regi by the arm and pulls him hard up to the Umpire.

ROY

Did you see what this boy did?
Tripped him. Flagrant violation!
That run should score!

(to Regi)

You little S.O.B....

MR. TOWER

leaps from his seat in the stands. In three strides he has jumped over the dugout and is onto the field.

MR. TOWER

YOU LET GO OF MY BOY!!!

He smashes into Roy. Both go tumbling to the ground -- punching, kicking. They are two strongly built men; the fighting is brutal, ungraceful.

REGI

(crying)

STOP, DAD. PLEASE!

TANNER

Let me at him, Mr. Tower!

Buttermaker pulls Tanner Boyle back. Pig Tails, the Umpire, Buttermaker and several other fathers pry the two men apart. Mr. Tower, his eyes red, holds a protective arm around his son, Regi. He shakes with emotion.

MR. TOWER

No one lays a hand on my son!
No one!

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (2)

125

All perspective is lost. Roy answers back.

ROY
I'll see you after the game,
mister!

MR. TOWER
YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT YOU WILL!

SCOREBOARD

Yankees 3 -- Bears 2. Bottom of the fifth.

ENGELBERG

is batting. Joey sends a fast ball high and inside, forcing Engelberg to jump back.

ON ROY

observing tight-lipped.

JOEY

gives his adversary a mean-eyed "take that" look and fires another fast ball directly at Engelberg's head. Engelberg just manages to get his face out of the way, his large frame flopping to the ground. BOOS RESOUND.

ROY

calls time. He walks slowly, ominously to the mound to talk with his son. He stands towering over the young pitcher, observing the horizon as he speaks.

ROY
This boy hit you pretty hard
last couple of times up, huh?

No answer from Joey, as he rubs the ball, avoiding Roy's face.

ROY
(continuing; eyes
still on horizon)
You trying to hit him?

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (3)

125

Joey stews for a second.

JOEY

No.

Roy turns to face his son; his disappointment in the boy too much to control.

ROY

The hell you ain't.

WHACK! He slaps him viciously across the face, knocking him to the ground.

THE STANDS

in silence as they watch.

ON JILL TURNER

horrified at what she sees.

ROY

shaking with emotion as he looks down at his crying son.

ROY

Don't you ever...

Unable to finish, he walks off to his dugout.

BEARS' DUGOUT

as Buttermaker and the Bears watch on.

ROY

his face stolid, but breathing heavily, takes up his position by the dugout. Jill comes up behind him. Wordless is her horror. Roy feels the question.

ROY

Tried to bean him. Could have killed that boy.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (4)

125

JILL

Why...? Why do you think?

JOEY

almost catatonic, wipes his eyes and gathers himself as best he can. Engelberg chops the next pitch directly back to the mound. Joey scoops it up and turns toward first base preparing to make the throw. He cocks his arm and then stops. His face trance-like, as if nurturing some realization. Engelberg, not understanding what's going on, picks up his gait at the beckoning of his teammates and ends up safe at first. Joey's mates look at him quizzically.

ROY

WHAT'S THE MATTER??!!

Joey turns full around and looks directly at his father. He folds his arms, still holding onto the ball, and fixes his gaze. Roy looks back uncomprehending. Buttermaker realizes immediately.

BEARS' DUGOUT AND STANDS

as they begin to see and CLAMOR for Engelberg to go.

ENGELBERG

is confused.

BUTTERMAKER

No, Engelberg.

Engelberg looks at Buttermaker, looks at his exhorting teammates and spectators, and then looks at the scoreboard. It is 3 to 2 Yankees.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

NO!

Engelberg makes a mad dash, slips, falls, gets up and runs.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

ENGELBERG!

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (5)

125

ROY

THROW IT!

Joey's eyes remain firmly locked on his father, a grim smile on his lips. Several of Joey's teammates frantically move toward him to get the ball. He pushes them aside.

ENGELBERG

lumbers around second.

JOEY'S MATES

grab him and try and take the ball away.

BUTTERMAKER

his eyes shifting to all facets of the debacle. From Joey, to Roy, to the stands, to Engelberg, and back to Roy, who is crazed with fury and incomprehension.

THE STANDS AND DUGOUTS OF BOTH TEAMS

CHEERING Engelberg on, or SCREAMING for Joey to give up the ball.

JOEY

is knocked to the ground. His teammates trying to rip the ball from his grasp.

BUTTERMAKER

in awe. Disbelieving.

ENGELBERG

huffs into third heading for home.

BOTH STANDS

obstreperous. On their feet.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (6)

125

JOEY'S TEAMMATES

savagely punching, SCREAMING. Joey, kicking back, holding onto the ball.

BUTTERMAKER

sickened and disgusted.

ENGELBERG

slides safely into home.

JOEY

stands, bleeding from the nose and mouth. He walks off the field, dropping the ball at his father's feet.

THE BEARS

rush to home plate and pile on Engelberg to congratulate him on the tying run. Engelberg pleads for room to breathe.

BUTTERMAKER

as he watches Roy and the retreating figure of Joey Turner in the distance.

SCOREBOARD

Bears 3 -- Yankees 3.

CUT TO:

126 INT. BEARS' DUGOUT

126

Engelberg continues to pant from his exhausting run. The boys look very tired. Buttermaker regards them pensively as he moves down the aisle. He retapes a hanging band-aid on Tanner's cheek.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

BUTTERMAKER

Last inning, you guys...
(dusts off Jose)
... Ogilvie, you and Lupus
haven't played yet. I want you
out there.

The team looks up in concern. Timmy looks sullenly
at his feet.

OGILVIE

(confused)

But, Buttermaker, we still have
a chance.

BUTTERMAKER

A damn good chance, Ogilvie. So
be on your toes.

(smiles to others)

Let's give it to 'em.

The boys pick themselves up and drag out of the dug-
out. Timmy stops Buttermaker at the dugout entrance
after the others have gone.

TIMMY

(looking down)

I want us to win this game more
than I want to play. So don't
send me in.

Buttermaker is touched. He kneels down and places
his hand on Timmy's shoulder.

BUTTERMAKER

You didn't come into this life
to sit around on benches all day,
did you?

(no answer)

Now get your ass in right field.

Timmy reluctantly trots off.

127 EXT. THE STANDS

127

The Bears' gallery watches as Timmy takes his posi-
tion. Mr. Whitewood and several of the parents show
concern. Mrs. Lupus is aware of the general feeling,
but stands to cheer her son on. The Agilars join her.
Mr. Whitewood gets up from his seat.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
Parents and friends. This is
the last inning of our League
championship playoffs. How about
giving the little people a big
hand.

They are standing. They are applauding.

128 EXT. DUGOUT ENTRANCE

128

Whitewood approaches Buttermaker. He speaks softly
and shows genuine concern.

WHITEWOOD
Is it really necessary to send
that Lupus kid in now?

Buttermaker turns to face the field.

BUTTERMAKER
He hasn't played yet.

WHITEWOOD
(hesitant)
Yes, you're right... of course...
but we're still in this game.

AMANDA

makes a face as she delivers a pitch. The Yankee
batter raps it into right field. Timmy bobbles the
ball. Finally finds the handle and relays it back
into the infield. The Yankee runner has reached
second.

BUTTERMAKER

rubs his face in anguish.

WHITEWOOD
Damn it!

Buttermaker turns on Whitewood.

BUTTERMAKER
He's finishing the rest of this
game.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

Whitewood loses his temper.

WHITEWOOD

Don't give me your righteous bullshit! Winning this game is probably the only thing that can vindicate what these boys have gone through this season! And they've got a chance to. But no! You've got to play God like the rest of these idiots around here. Little boys hurt easily or haven't you seen what's gone on here today?!

BUTTERMAKER

You started this thing so these boys would have the right to play. Well, I'm here to see your good intentions through. Now get back in the stands before I knock your altruistic teeth down your goddamn throat!

Whitewood is appalled. He leaves in a huff. Buttermaker turns back to the field.

AMANDA

cringes and dumps a pitch in the dirt.

BUTTERMAKER

walks to the mound.

AMANDA

Just three more outs, Suds-head.
So get lost.

BUTTERMAKER

(calling out)

Stein.

The rest of the team gathers close.

AMANDA

I'm warning you, Buttermaker.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: (2)

128

TANNER

(emotional)

Look, you crud. How many ballerinas
have you ever seen balleting around
with uglified-up, cruadded-up elbows?

Buttermaker hands the ball to Lefty. Amanda fights
back the tears.

AMANDA

If only my knuckler'd been working
-- would have mowed those turkeys
down, one, two, three.

BUTTERMAKER

You'll have to play in the outfield,
Mandy, I've got no more reserves to
replace you.

Amanda nods and walks off to left field. Lefty gets
on the mound. Jimmy Feldman, in left, comes over to
play first.

STANDS

Councilman Whitewood wrings his knuckles and curses
under his breath.

WHITEWOOD

Now he's really throwing in the
towel... That Stein kid, eh?...

Another mumbled curse. A few parents moan in con-
currence. Others look upon his ire disapprovingly.

THE BEARS

begin to chatter. A tired chatter.

SMASH

Lefty's first pitch is rifled through the infield.
The Bears dive in vain.

CUT TO:

129 A YANKEE BATTER

129

receives ball four. Cheers from the Yankees and company. The bases are loaded. The Bears' chatter is decidedly soft.

CUT TO:

130 TANNER BOYLE

130

is hit in the face by a hard-hit ground ball. It bounces into the outfield where it is attended by Kelly Leak. Two runs score.

CUT TO:

131 THE STANDS

131

Jubilant soundings from Yankee fans. The Bears' rooters sit quietly. Whitewood gnaws at his teeth angrily.

CUT TO:

132 SCOREBOARD

132

Yankees 5 -- Bears 3. No outs.

CUT TO:

133 A POP FLY

133

to the infield. Miguel waits under it and makes the catch. A PATTERN of appreciation from the Bears' supporters.

CUT TO:

134 RIP

134

the next Yankee batter silences the patter with a sizzling ground ball which almost takes the new third baseman, Ogilvie, with it into the outfield. Another run scores. CHEERING. The Yankees smell a big inning.

CUT TO:

135 A FLY BALL

135

is hit to Amanda in left field. She makes the catch. But her arm is too sore to do any good. The Yankee base runner on third takes advantage at Roy's bequest and scores easily. Amanda's throw dribbles into the infield. She starts to cry.

CUT TO:

136 ANOTHER FLY BALL

136

to the outfield. Kelly Leak makes a routine catch and whips the ball to the plate. The runners hold. Not daring to test Kelly's arm. Two out. Still two men on base. Buttermaker applauds Kelly's fine play.

CUT TO:

137 A GROUND BALL

137

to Lefty. He bobbles it. Tanner and Jose try and come to his aid. They fall and flounder near the mound. ROARS FROM THE YANKEE CONTINGENT. The runners hold. The batter is safe at first. The play by the Bears was ridiculously inept. Tanner Boyle lies near the mound, holding the ball in his hand. He gives it to an exhausted Lefty Stein, who wipes his brow. Tanner stands up, stumbles, and returns to his position.

Bases are loaded. There are two out. There is no chatter.

BUTTERMAKER

as he watches his team. There is nothing to say.

THE BEARS' ROOTERS

All is quiet. The team is disorganized, drained and beaten. Only slight depression. The season had been a rewarding one. All were hoping it would last just one inning more.

YANKEE ROOTERS

are clapping for a prolonged rally.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

SCOREBOARD

Yankees 7 -- Bears 3.

LEFTY STEIN

straightens himself up and throws the ball. It is belted deep... to right field.

STANDS

Councilman Whitewood pinches the bridge of his nose uncaringly. Mrs. Lupus watches intently.

BUTTERMAKER

leans back against the dugout entrance with a sigh.

TANNER BOYLE

shrugs, and kicks at the infield dirt.

KELLY LEAK

holds his ground and watches the inevitable.

TIMMY LUPUS

backs up against the fence. His ungifted brain following the flight of the ball. He reaches his glove hand up and over the fence. Shuts his eyes. And PLOP!

THE STANDS

Shocked silence. Until Mr. Agilar grabs his wife, swings her in the air, gives her a big kiss, and thrusts his fist forward.

MR. AGILAR

VIVA BEARS!!! VIVA BEARS!!!

Mrs. Lupus looks skyward. Wet are her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (2)

137

BUTTERMAKER

leaps for joy.

ROY TURNER

turns away in anger.

TIMMY LUPUS

still holding his arms over the fence, begins to realize that there is something in his glove. He brings his glove down to see what it might be. His face blossoms into a big smile. The corners of his mouth catching a fresh stream of tears.

THE BEARS

race to right field. Tanner is the first one to get there. He picks Lupus up and whirls him around like a dervish.

TANNER

YOU FANTASTIC BOOGER-EATIN' CRUD,
YOU!!!

MAYHEM

as Timmy Lupus is carried off the field. Buttermaker rushes up to congratulate. Spectators come out of the stands to shake his hand. Cool Carl Karansky pats him on the back. The celebration continues. Suddenly, Timmy seems to get nervous. He tries to quiet everybody. Tries to speak. Everyone becomes silent. Timmy points. To the Yankees who are soberly in their defensive positions on the field. Roy Turner impatiently leans up against his dugout.

TIMMY

We need five runs.

A beat. Buttermaker turns to the team.

BUTTERMAKER

He's goddamn right.

Tanner Boyle hitches up his pants.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (3)

137

TANNER
Give me a cruddy bat.

CUT TO:

138 TANNER BOYLE

138

dives in the batter's box and snarls at the pitcher.

BEARS' DUGOUT

all on their feet giving the last CHEER. "Come on,
Tanner baby." "Pound one good."

STANDS

on Bears' side. APPLAUSE and encouragement.

TANNER

bangs a pitch into left field. ROAR. Tanner races
for first, cuts the bag and heads for second.

BUTTERMAKER

NO, TANNER!

Tanner slides head first into second. The throw
beats him by a foot.

A CRUSHING MOAN

in the Bears' dugout. Bears' fans in the stands sit
back in their seats.

TANNER

screams at the Umpire.

TANNER
What's the matter with you?! I
was safe by a year.
(tears)
You lousy crud!

Buttermaker rushes between Tanner and the Umpire.
And blows at the Ump.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

BUTTERMAKER

Tag wasn't even close!

The Ump just shakes his head, refusing to get into the argument. Tanner wants to have at him. Buttermaker drags him away.

BUTTERMAKER

(continuing)

Ahh, go on! You haven't called one right all day.

TANNER

I was safe, Buttermaker.

BUTTERMAKER

Sure you were. Ump's blind.

AMANDA

swings and fouls one off.

BEARS' DUGOUT

still on their feet. CHEERING. Buttermaker rumbles from the coaching box.

BUTTERMAKER

WAIT FOR A GOOD ONE, BABE. NOT OUT OF THIS ONE YET.

YANKEE STANDS

People have gathered their coats.

BEARS' STANDS

Encouraging NOISES. Ahmad's brothers stand and stretch.

A GROUND BALL

and Amanda sprints for first. Her legs stabbing into the dirt. Arms pumping. Neck straining. The Bears ROOTING.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: (2)

138

BUTTERMAKER
COME-ON-MANDY-DIG-INTO-IT-DIG-DIG!

POP! goes the SOUND of the ball hitting the first baseman's glove. A lash before her foot hits the bag.

UMPIRE
OOOUUUT.

139 INT. BEARS' DUGOUT

139

Depression. GROANS. Most of the boys turn away from the field and slump down on the bench. Others try and hold back tears.

140 EXT. FIELD - OGILVIE

140

walks to the plate, Buttermaker by his side. He is shaking and wheezing heavily.

BEARS' STANDS

The Agilars begin to gather their things. Whitewood gets up and goes to the snack bar. Mrs. Lupus yawns.

CARS

in the parking lot are mobilizing.

BUTTERMAKER

notices that Ogilvie is in a very bad way.

BUTTERMAKER
What are you so nervous about?

OGILVIE
Without going into much detail...
(wheeze)
... I'm 0 for 14 on the year...
Next to Timmy, I'm probably the
worst player in the history of
this league... and, well... the
odds of me...

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

BUTTERMAKER

Ogilvie.
(beat; smile)
Screw the odds this once.

OGILVIE

Right, Coach.

141 INT. BEARS' DUGOUT

141

Even more somber. Except for Engelberg. Who whispers to himself: "Come on, Ogilvie. Come on."

142 EXT. FIELD - ROY TURNER

142

waves goodbye to a departing father.

OGILVIE

enters the batter's box. The first pitch is a strike.

COMMOTION - AROUND THE PLAYING FIELD

as more people begin heading for cars, chatting, walking to the snack bar.

OGILVIE

takes strike two.

BUTTERMAKER

We're swinging if it's a good one.
You can do it!!

143 INT. DUGOUT - ENGELBERG

143

whispering: "Yes, you can, Ogilvie."

144 EXT. FIELD - OGILVIE

144

shaking like a leaf, steps out of the batter's box, near tears. He takes a deep wheeze trying to gather himself. The YANKEE CATCHER has a comment.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

YANKEE CATCHER

Never seen you like this, Ogilvie.
It sure ain't like algebra, is it?

Ogilvie snaps his head around and glares at the Catcher.

YANKEE CATCHER

(continuing; to
his pitcher)

Just put it over, he ain't swinging.

Ogilvie looks over at Buttermaker, who appears to be the only one cheering him on. Ogilvie wipes his eyes, grips his bat and curses.

OGILVIE

Shit.

Sets himself and fouls off the pitcher's lob.

BUTTERMAKER

That's it, Ogilvie!!

ENGELBERG

WAY TO GO!!

Ogilvie is in shock. Mumbling.

OGILVIE

Got a piece of it... unbelievable
... shocking... don't let it go
to your head...

The next pitch. Ball one. Ogilvie loosens his collar. Buttermaker is with him all the way.

BUTTERMAKER

THAT'S THE EYE!!!

Ogilvie, still trembling, picks up some dirt and rubs it between his hands.

OGILVIE

(mumbling at his
action)

Who are you trying to kid, Ogilvie?
(throws dirt back
to ground)

The pretension!

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: (2)

144

THE YANKEE PITCHER

irritated with himself. Tries to lob another strike over the plate. Ball two.

145 INT. BEARS' DUGOUT

145

A few of the boys watch. Ogilvie fouls off another one. They look at each other in amazement. Tanner springs to the dugout screen and screams through his tears.

TANNER
HANG IN THERE, OGILVIE!!

146 EXT. FIELD - OGILVIE

146

at home plate. Determined. But continuing to talk to himself.

OGILVIE
This... completely absurd...
shut up and concentrate!

And he does. Hard. WHOOSH. Ball three.

THE BEARS

are all pressed up against the dugout. RABID.

STANDS

Ahmad's brothers sit back down. Mr. Agilar turns to look.

OGILVIE

fouls off another. The Bears' dugout is going wild. The stands take up the call.

BALL FOUR.

147 INT. DUGOUT

147

BEDLAM in the Bears' dugout. Engelberg is in heaven.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

ENGELBERG
THAT'S MY OGILVIE.

148 EXT. FIELD - OGILVIE

148

still at the plate is in utter disbelief.

OGILVIE
Are... you positive?

Buttermaker runs up and drags Ogilvie to first. He then grabs Ahmad, the next batter, and whispers instruction.

AHMAD

steps in, smacks the bat against his cleats and growls at the catcher.

AHMAD
This one's for Allah and it's
going way out there, sukka. You
jus' see that this chump puts one
over!

Ahmad lays down a perfect drag bunt. Ogilvie makes for second. Ahmad safe at first.

Roy Turner motions for his boys to stay collected. Mr. Tower returns to the stands. Miguel Agilar comes to the plate. His mother and father begin chattering on madly. Ahmad's brothers hug each other and yell praise to Ahmad at first.

MIGUEL

rattles on in angry and confident Spanish to himself. Ball one.

PEOPLE

in the parking area, snack bar -- turn their attention.

BALL TWO - AND BALL THREE

People gather back to the stands.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

BALL FOUR. The bases are loaded.

BUTTERMAKER

grabs Kelly Leak and gives his instructions.

ROY TURNER

walks to the mound and confers with his nervous pitcher. Tries to calm the boy and repeats his strategy on how to pitch to Kelly Leak.

KELLY

prepares to bat. THUNDER. A pitchout. Wild BOOS.

YANKEE FANS

have returned in full. In silence.

KELLY

holds the bat in one hand, leaning it across his shoulder. His other hand casually on his hip. Apparently resigned to the free pass. Buttermaker nods clandestinely. Kelly nods back.

THE PITCHOUT

Kelly suddenly shifts to a ready batting stance and swipes at the ball, getting a healthy piece of it and sending it deep down the right-field line. He's off.

Ogilvie scores.

THE YANKEE RIGHT FIELDER

tears after it.

KELLY

rounds first in a blaze.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: (2)

148

AHMAD

scores.

BOTH STANDS

on their feet. THUNDERING.

KELLY

on his horse, flashes past second.

THE YANKEE RIGHT FIELDER

picks it up, bobbles, throws to his cutoff man.

MIGUEL

scores.

THE BEARS

CHEERING.

KELLY

kicking up dirt past third. Churning for home.

ROY TURNER

his stomach wrenching.

BUTTERMAKER

raised arms.

THE CUTOFF MAN

throws to...

THE CATCHER

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: (3)

148

KELLY

sliding. OUT.

149 EXT./INT. BEARS' DUGOUT

149

A solemn-looking scene. Parents and boys huddle loosely in the area. Mr. Tower has an arm around his son Regi. Mrs. Agilar gives Kleenex to her teary-eyed twins. Most of the boys have been crying. Mr. Whitewood and Mrs. Lupus are present. Buttermaker is opening an ice-cold case of beer.

BUTTERMAKER

Engelberg!

The red-eyed Engelberg looks up. Buttermaker tosses him a can of beer.

ENGELBERG

What's this?

Buttermaker tosses cans to the rest of the team.

BUTTERMAKER

We're celebrating.

WHITEWOOD

(anger)

Buttermaker!

ENGELBERG

(meekly)

Why are we celebrating?

BUTTERMAKER

Because you should be damn proud of yourselves!!

(with emotion)

Because you're a bad news bunch of good old ass kickers, that's why!!!

Tanner Boyle shirks off his sadness and stands.

TANNER

I'll drink to that.

Amanda, sitting next to him, lifts her sore arm out of a bucket of ice and stands.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

AMANDA

Me too.

WHITEWOOD

(furious; to
Buttermaker)

You corrupt... These are children!!!

BUTTERMAKER

Would have gotten champagne.
Just couldn't afford it.

Whitewood is appalled. Mr. Tower pats him assuringly on the shoulder. Mrs. Lupus hands him a beer. Buttermaker lifts high a beer proposing a toast. They stand, cans raised.

ROY TURNER

and his entire Yankee team approaches.

ROY

Buttermaker. My boys got something
they want to say.

The Yankees look as scruffy and as beaten as the Bears.
The Boy who spiked Amanda speaks for his team.

YANKEE BOY

We just want to say you played a
good game... We treated you guys
pretty bad all season... and we
want to apologize. We still don't
don't think you're all that good
a baseball team, but you got guts
... all of you.

He turns to face his team and leads them in cheer.

YANKEES

TWO FOUR SIX EIGHT -- WHO DO WE
APPRECIATE: BEARS!! BEARS!!
BEARS!!

They toss their caps in the air, pick them back up
and file back slowly to their dugout.

Timmy Lupus storms out of the dugout and after the
Yankees. He stops halfway and calls out.

TIMMY

HEY, YANKEES!!

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED: (2)

149

The entire Yankee team turns to face Timmy Lupus.
The force of Timmy's volume has startled even him.
He tries his best to proceed.

TIMMY

(continuing)

I want to say...

(getting nervous)

... just wanted to say that...
well...

(afraid)

... that you can take your...
your...

(tears start)

... can take your... well...

And then finally fed up and frustrated with the painful and joyless first 11 years of his life;

TIMMY

(continuing)

Oh, heck! I just want to say...

(momentum building)

... that you can take your apology...

(RAGE)

... AND SHOVE IT STRAIGHT UP YOUR ASS!!!

TANNER

Give 'em hell, Lupus!

Buttermaker, Mrs. Lupus and Jimmy Feldman reach for Mrs. Agilar's box of Kleenex. Timmy drains his beer, spikes it to the infield dirt and then BELLOWS in overpowering anger:

TIMMY

AND ANOTHER THING:

(shaking a terrifying
fist)

JUST WAIT TILL NEXT YEAR!!!!!!

The Bears shout out a loud and vengeful HURRAH. Mr. Whitewood is incredulous.

WHITEWOOD

Is that Timmy Lupus?

BUTTERMAKER

Of course it is. Don't you know?
Nobody messes with Timmy Lupus!

Timmy turns on his heels and marches back to his mates -- unconquerable, indomitable, kingly.

CREDITS over the Bears team picture.

FADE OUT.

THE END