

1 EXT. A SMALL DESOLATE TRAIN STATION - EARLY MORNING 1

surrounded by vast rolling plains of wheat and grassland.

SUPERIMPOSE: WINTER - 1938 - KANSAS PLAINS

TRAIN PLATFORM - CLOSER

In the shelter of an overhang, a LONE MAN sits without motion against the open window of a Stationmaster's office. He wears a knock-about zippered leather jacket with its collar rolled, a white shirt and a wide-brimmed hat pulled sharply over his face. A beat-up canvas valise is at his feet. His gaze is fixed on the distant tracks that swerve towards us, the bright nickel light gleaming on the railheads.

We are drawn to the SILENCE. Then we HEAR familiar SOUNDS coming from the open window next to the Lone Man. First, the CRINKLE OF PAPER, followed by the RIPPLE OF POURING FLAKES, then a soft GURGLING. The Lone Man turns as the hand of the STATIONMASTER puts a Box of Wheaties down on a desk squarely in front of him. The Lone Man gazes right into it, the portrait of a baseball hero on a bright, orange backdrop swinging mightily and the legendary "Breakfast of Champions" scrawled boldly on a blue banner.

STATIONMASTER

(friendly)

Want some?

The Lone Man glances up and shakes his head.

LONE MAN

(smiling)

I had mine already.

(beat)

Thanks, anyway.

RECEIVED

JUL 21 1983

Ans'd 4/100

He stands in his boots, lithe and straight as a beam. He wanders away to the edge of the platform and stops before a vista of shorn wheat. He removes his hat. His hair is thick and it vibrates golden with sunlight. His face is strong-boned and unshaven, his skin ruddy, torched by years on the road. He spots a bird hovering motionless on a current of air. He watches it, thinking. HOLD on the bird, then we TILT DOWN to:

2 A WHEAT FIELD - FLASH BACK 2

empty and still ... tall, ripe yellow shoots stretch endlessly to the horizon. Blue sky everywhere ... "America the beautiful"....

HOLD on this as FOCUS BLURS. In f.g. the sharp image of a BASEBALL - VERY CLOSE - SUPER SLO-MO - appears, its white cusp and red silk seams BREAKING thru LOWER screen ... like the dawn.

(CONTINUED)

2CONT'D It FLOATS upwards gyrating like a planet, extending on into the sky. In lazy revolutions its bleached white horse hide bears the familiar red legend - SPALDING - 2 CONT'D

The ball HOVERS, then FALLS as we PULL BACK REVEALING HANDS in an iron grip, FOREARMS rippling, leading the clutch end of

a BASEBALL BAT arcing upward, its tan, grainy wood bearing the familiar black legend - LOUISEVILLE SLUGGER. The ball and bat EXPLODE on impact.

ED HOBBS, following thru gracefully, watches the ball lift skyward. He stands shirtless in a freshly harvested corner of the wheat field by a team of horses hitched to a wheat sower. EJR

In the distance a young boy, ROY HOBBS, runs wildly back for the catch.

FOLLOWING - ROY

running, eyes never wavering, shielding them from the sun with his mitt. In the distance an isolated oak tree and farmhouse pass into view just as Roy disappears into a forest of unshorn wheat thrown up like a wall.

Hobbs searches for Roy, then sees a BASEBALL GLOVE break the surface of feathered stalks, stretch spectacularly and catch the ball.

Hobbs stares in wonder.

Roy appears, his glove held triumphantly aloft.

3 INT. DINING ROOM - HOBBS AND ROY - NIGHT 3

seated at a dining table strewn with sections of bamboo fly rod. School books are piled to one side. Roy watches his father expertly repair a fitting with blue and gold windings.

HOBBS

One day, son, I'll make you a fine bat.

(showing the rod)

There -- good as new.

4 EXT. A RIVER - EARLY MORNING 4

Hobbs and Roy are wading in it. The river and hills are tinted gold and grey by the dawn. Hobbs casts, the line curling graceful and true. Roy follows, imitating his father with equal skill.

CONTINUED

4
CONT'D

HOBBS
Jus' pick a spot ... and work at it
... The secret is ... confidence ...
and concentration.
(looking at Roy)
You got them, you don't need much
else.

4
CONT'D

We TILT UP to an EAGLE hovering. We LOWER to pick up:

5 THE FLIGHT OF A BASEBALL - SLO-MO - DAY

5

winging from Roy to Hobbs, playing catch. END SLO-MO as the ball nears Hobbs and lunges mightily into his glove with a loud WHUP!

6 INT. ROY'S ROOM - ANGLE OVER ROY'S SHOULDER - DAY

6

pencil in hand over a letter. We SEE an envelope addressed in bold letters to "NEW YORK KNIGHTS, NEW YORK CITY" propped up against his desk lamp.

ROY (V.O.)
(what is already written)
Dear Sir ... I'm only twelve, but I
can throw a curve with a potatoe and
hit a ball a country mile.. Someday
I'd like to try out for the Knights.
I wanted you to know this because my
daddy says, "God helps them that help
themselves".
(he resumes writing)
Be seein' you ... Roy Hobbs

7 EXT. AT THE MAILBOX

7

Roy strides enthusiastically up to it.

ON A RISE ABOVE THE GREAT OAK TREE - HOBBS

watching his son with a glint of pride stride. Hobbs is feeling the slight strain of his emotions. He looks down as CAMERA LOWERS. We SEE several HEADSTONES favoring one -- MARGARET HOBBS - BELOVED WIFE OF EDWARD HOBBS - 1888-1907

RESUME ROY - AT MAILBOX

He puts the letter in the box and flips up its red, metal flag. He turns and scans the horizon.

8 HILLSIDE

8

A young, dark-haired girl in pigtails and pants runs headlong up a footpath towards CAMERA. Below, nestled in a sunny field, is a neighboring farm.

CONTINUED

2 CONT'D

WOMAN'S VOICE

8

(shouting from farmhouse)
Iiii-riss! Iris Raines, you get back
here -- now!

IRIS

(shouting back but not stopping)
Comin' Ma!

Iris reaches the top, waves to Roy. He bolts for the hill.

THE HILLTOP

as Roy reaches the top. Iris beams as he takes her hand. They sit on the grass. In the distance is a small town and the spire of a church pointing at the sky.

EXT. CLOSE ON - THE SIDE OF HOBBS' BARN - DAY

9

A small, chalked in strike zone on pinewood slats. PULL BACK sixty feet to Hobbs and Roy. Iris sits in b.g. Hobbs hands Roy a baseball. Roy spits proudly at the ground. Hobbs is amused. Roy peeks at imaginary first, stretches, kicks and delivers ...

The ball strikes the circle with such force, it blows a hole through the wall. Inside comes a CACKLING SHRIEK of protest.

Hobbs peers at the gaping hole. He grins at a sheepish Roy.

SAM (O.S.)

Pretty amazing if ya ask me.

Hobbs and Roy turn. A scarecrowish, comical little man approaches. His name is SAM SIMPSON.

SAM

(extending a hand)

Name's Sam Simpson -- scout for the
Cubs. Been travelin' for months,
bird-doggin' every sandlot I cud
feast my eyes on. Slim pickins lemme
tell you. Like your arm, son. How
old are ya?

ROY

Twelve. Say, can you get me a
tryout?

SAM

Dunno. Mebbe, someday.

HOBBS

Ed Hobbs. Glad to meet ya, Sam.

SAM

Fine boy. Don't often spot a
natural.

(CONTINUED)

9
CONT'D

ANOTHER ANGLE - LONG SHOT - SAM, ROY, HOBBS & IRIS

9
CONT'D

heading for the farmhouse.

10

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

10

A heavy silence hangs over Roy and Hobbs sitting opposite one another before a fire. Roy stares into the flames. Hobbs ponders the moment for what to say. OVER the FOLLOWING we PULL IN CLOSE to the mantle above the stone firehearth where we SEE A BASEBALL BAT, marked heavily by use, perched on the wall:

HOBBS

It makes no difference what "he" did.
Remember, son, always be on the side
of right, always play it square,
always be modest ... and fear no man.

Roy turns to look at his father revealing a "black-eye."

Sam's eyes open slowly on Hobbs.

11

EXT. THE FARMYARD - DAY

11

Roy is patching the hole he made in the barn. Hobbs is chopping wood in the hot sun. He plunges an axe splitting a piece of timber. Suddenly, he stops, grimacing in pain. He staggers towards the oak tree trying to call out...

The hammering stops. Roy steps outside and sees his father.

Hobbs rolls his head in the direction of the farmhouse. He returns his gaze to Roy. He smiles to alleviate the boy's fears. Their hands are bonded with a strength that flows between them.

Hobbs tries to speak. Roy lowers his head to hear his father's whisper. We hear nothing. Roy's tears wet their hands. He nods solemnly. Hobbs relaxes his efforts to breathe, never taking his eyes off Roy. He is gone. There is a WAIL in the WIND.

12

INT. ROY'S ROOM - NIGHT

12

Roy lies dressed on his bed. He clasps a photo album to his chest. A PEAL OF THUNDER suddenly ECHOES. The light in the room dims and goes out. Another CRASH of THUNDER and with it a driven rain.

We MOVE SLOWLY IN on Roy's face. A mixture of hurt, confusion and anger. SOUNDLESS ELECTRIC FLASHES illuminate his face. His breathing is heavier, his chest heaving until finally a sob cracks in his throat. His gaze shifts to --

CONTINUED

THE BEDROOM WALL

12
CONT'D

covered with his pennants. Each recurring flash of light 12
draws our attention to a different pennant -- the legendary CONT'D
names, insignias and colors -- PHILADELPHIA A'S -- CLEVELAND
INDIANS -- BOSTON RED SOXX -- ST. LOUIS CARDINALS.

The THUNDER and RHYTHMIC FLASHES are mesmerizing. Then a
mighty BOLT SHATTERS the silence illuminating the pennant --
NEW YORK KNIGHTS.

Roy is drawn to the open window -- to the oak tree. Rain
dances off the leaves. A sudden BOLT RIPS through the
sprawling oak, its branches trembling and glowing with
electricity. Roy shields his eyes. With a violent shudder
the oak splits at the trunk, sways mightily against the
ragged sky, then topples to the earth. There's a WAIL in
the WIND...

13

EXT. SERIES OF EXTREME CLOSEUPS - DAY

13

A LARGE AXE PLUNGES DEEP INTO THE THICKNESS OF THE FALLEN
TREE.

A PAIR OF RUGGED YOUNG MALE HANDS DISLODGE A CLEANLY AXED
SECTION OF THE MASSIVE TRUNK.

STRUGGLING, THE HANDS PEEL BACK A BLANKET OF HEAVY ENCRUSTED
BARK.

CLOSE ON THE BLADE OF A LARGE HUNTING KNIFE, CARVING THRU
THE FRESHLY EXPOSED WOOD.

SWIFT, EVEN STROKES OF THE KNIFE. THE WOOD IS BECOMING
SMOOTH. SANDPAPER. BUFFING. THE WOOD IS ASSUMING A
DEFINITE FORM, THICK AND ROUNDED AT ONE END, TAPERING TO
NARROW AT THE OTHER.

CLOSE ON THE SHARP POINT OF A PENKNIFE. IT CARVES THE WORD
'WONDERBOY' INTO THE THICK END OF THE WOOD.

OVER THIS INSCRIPTION THE KNIFE CARVES AN IMAGE -- BOLT OF
LIGHTNING, SWIFT AND SHARP.

SLOWLY DISCLOSE THE FINISHED WORK -- A LONG, SMOOTH, PURE
WHITE BASEBALL BAT.

PULL BACK to REVEAL Roy holding it.

14

CLOSE ON - MANTLE AND HOBBS' BASEBALL BAT

14

as Roy, holding Wonderboy, reaches up and mounts the bat on
the wall at an angle down from his father's bat.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 THE TRAIN PLATFORM - THE PRESENT 15

Roy, still staring out into the ragged field, pondering the moment. He puts his hat on and turns with some determination.

16 INT. TICKETMASTER'S WINDOW 16

ROY
(stepping up)
Change this ticket for Sabotac Valley.

17 EXT. A SPEEDING TRAIN - DAY 17

entering a tunnel:

INT. TRAIN - ROY

It is dark as the thundering SOUNDS of the TRAIN FADE. Several rows away Roy catches the flickering glimpse of a girl's sweet face.

OMITTED 18-19.

20 INT. IRIS' BEDROOM (FLASHBACK) 20

She is kneeling at an open window in her pajamas. Her eyes widen at the SOUNDS of TUMBLING beyond. She half-giggles in anticipation, her eyes sparkling. Her dark hair is woven in a single, thick braid -- a lovely girl now all of sixteen but still more child than woman.

A big, strapping young man with wild, tawny hair slides to a stop at Iris' window. It is Roy at twenty. He waves frantically for Iris to follow. We SEE a barn in the b.g. Iris whirls away.

21 INT. BARN LOFT 21

The loft doors are open. Moonlight spills onto loose bails of hay. Roy reacts to Iris' FOOTSTEPS. She appears in a white robe. She moves to Roy. His eyes burn with intensity...

IRIS
What is it, Roy?

(CONTINUED)

21
CONT'D

ROY
Sam's back. Listen:
(from the telegram)
"O-kay Sam - Will see your Coming
Star of the Century - signed,
Clarence."

21
CONT'D

IRIS
Who's Clarence?

ROY
~~Clarence Mulligan. Manager of the~~
~~Chicago Cubs.~~
~~(beat)~~
They wanna see me -- the big leagues.

IRIS
...Why, that's wonderful... Your
daddy'd be so proud.

Roy is silent. He drops his gaze momentarily.

IRIS
(glancing down)
... When are you coming back?

ROY
I dunno. It depends, I guess.

Iris raises her eyes to meet Roy's. Her emotions are
starting to break. She suddenly rushes into his arms and
embraces him tightly around the waist.

IRIS
(fearful)
Oh, Roy.

Roy hesitates. He awkwardly tugs on her pigtail.

ROY
There's nothin' to be afraid of,
Iris.

IRIS
(in tears)
-- I love you so much.

She buries her face in his shoulder. Roy brings a hand up
and tips her chin so that their eyes meet. He brings up a
diamond pendant. Iris' eyes widen. He clasps it around her
neck.

ROY
It was ma's.

She pinches her teary lips together. In the far distance
the faint SOUND of a TRAIN WHISTLE. Roy pulls her face
closer to his. The embrace starts innocently and becomes
passionate. Roy breaks the kiss.

CONTINUED

CONT'D

IRIS

21 CONT'D

(tenderly)
It's all right.

They withdraw into the shadows.

21A INT. TRAIN - PRESENT TIME

21A

yanking its long tail out of the tunnel. Roy, at the window, is staring out. We PULL IN CLOSE on his bright reflection peering in.

OMITTED - 22

23 The reflection is of the young Roy lying propped up on his elbows in an upper berth window staring out at the passing landscape.

23

23A He pulls back the curtains and lowers himself to the aisle. Sam is stretched out on the berth below Roy's.

24 INT. TRAIN - MORNING

24

Gasping steam, it slows into a small desolate station. On a deserted platform a young woman prepares to board. She's attractive, attired in a dressy black tailored suit.

Roy, moving thru the car, is suddenly attracted by the sight of her thru the window. The train stops.

EXT. PLATFORM

A PORTER arrives and gathers up the young woman's two suitcases. A shiny black hat box dangles from her wrist by a loose cord. She wears a white rose pinned to her dress.

25 INT. LOUNGE CAR

25

Roy follows the woman's movements with mounting interest as she and the porter step up into the vestibule of the car. She hands him a fifty-cent piece...

HARRIET

(indicating her baggage)
Take those to my compartment, please.

PORTER

And the hat box, ma'am?

HARRIET

Thank you, but I'll carry it.

The white flower drops from her lapel.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE - HER FACE

25
CONT'D25
CONT'D

is beautiful with soft features and a flawless skin. She's adjusting her eyes to the partially filled car when Roy steps up and hands her the flower. She reacts like she recognizes him.

Roy is dazzled, but showing no sign of interest in him, she turns away. Seating herself across the aisle from Roy, she lights up a cigarette, crosses her heartbreaking legs and casually flips thru a "Life" magazine.

26

INT. CLUB CAR - LATER

26

It is semi-crowded, spacious. Voices converse amidst the sounds of SHUFFLING CARDS and TINKLING GLASSES.

Sam enters and heads for the bar. Two men, MAX MERCY and WHAMMER WAMBOLD are seated at a table nearby. Max wears a comical mustache. He's dressed in stripes that criss-cross three ways... suit, shirt and tie. He reads a newspaper. The Whammer is autographing a napkin. He leans back smiling generously and hands it to a GENTLEMAN at the next table.

GENTLEMAN

Thanks, Whammer. My kid'll treasure it.

WHAMMER

Are you sure it ain't for you?

The Whammer cackles. Sam reacts to the name. He cranes his head around for a peek at the massive shouldered Whammer with his yellow, slicked-down hair.

The Whammer has pulled out a deck of cards. Max studies a newspaper.

SAM (O.S.)

... Hi ya, Max.

Max looks up. Sam is standing beside him, drink in hand.

MAX

(vacantly)

I don't believe I...

SAM

(pumping Max' hand and pulling up a chair)

Sam Simpson -- "Bud" Simpson.

(to Whammer)

You look swell, Whammer.

The alcohol from Sam's breath nearly blinds Max.

The Whammer ignores Sam and reacts to Harriet entering the car. She seats herself just several tables away, facing him.

CONTINUED

26
CONT'D

SAM
(to Max)
You boys headin' to Chicago, too?

26
CONT'D

MAX
That's right.

SAM
Funny thing, I've been invited up to see the Cubs, myself.

MAX
(skeptical)
That so?

SAM
I'm takin' them a slam-bang young pitchin' prospect for a look-see.

MAX
Uh-huh. What's his name?

SAM
Roy Hobbs.

MAX
Where'd he play?

SAM
(a little uncomfortable)
Like I say, he's young. But he sure mowed 'em down last year in that Sabatoc Valley High School league. ~~Thought you might of heard of his eight no-hitters.~~

Max casts a sidelong glance at the Whammer. Sam spots Roy at the car door.

SAM
That's him. I'll bring him over.

Sam hurries back for Roy.

WHAMMER
Who's the gabber?

MAX
Name's Simpson. Caught for the Brownie's three years. He was in a piece I did on drunks in baseball. Hit .340, .260, and .180. Good with pitchers, bad with the bottle. Hit the skids in '09.

WHAMMER
Get rid of him, he jaws too much.

CONTINUED

Sam reappears with Roy.

6
CONT'D
(2)

26
CONT'D
(2)

SAM
Max, this is Roy Hobbs.
(at Roy)
Say hello to Max Mercy, the
syndicated sportswriter.

ROY
Pleased to meet you.

MAX
Right.

SAM
And this here's the Whammer, kid.

ROY
(eagerly extending a hand)
Howdy. You sure do look different in
street clothes.

Roy notices the Whammer is ignoring him for Harriet.

WHAMMER
(bored)
Thank you. Always nice to meet a
member of the general public.
(rising)
Come on, Max, I wanna play cards.

MAX
Yeah.
(rising)
Kid, keep up those no-hitters or
they'll be looking for you back in
Soda Pop Valley.

ROY
Sabotac Valley.

MAX
(a shrug)
Whatever.
(to Sam)
Hang onto the water wagon, ole timer.

Sam turns red.

ROY
Say, mister...

SAM
Skip it, Roy.

The sportswriter just smiles, shakes his head a little sadly
and quickly trails Whammer down the aisle to a card table
directly across from Harriet. She looks up from her magazine
at Whammer. Max picks up a deck of cards and shuffles.

CONTINUED

26
CONT'D
(3)

MAX
What'll it be, slugger?

26
CONT'D
(3)

WHAMMER
(staring directly at Harriet)
Hearts.

Whammer adjusts his diamond pinky ring, causing the rays of the sun to reflect in Harriet's eyes. She blinks, lowers her eyes and smiles.

27

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF THE SPEEDING SANTA FE - DAY

27

snaking its way thru the silhouette of hills and buttes.

28

INT. ROY'S BERTH - AFTERNOON

28

Roy is propped up on a pillow, staring dully out the window. We HEAR the RHYTHMIC MUFFLE OF WHEELS against the tracks. The curtains of his berth abruptly part, disclosing Sam.

SAM
How we doin', kid?

No response.

SAM
Somethin' wrong?

ROY
Sam -- maybe I'm not ready for the majors...

SAM
Whoa, now... you gonna let that -- that big baboon get under your skin?

ROY
If I had a year of semi-pro, or...

SAM
Semi-nothin'. Now you listen to me, son. A Roy Hobbs comes along once, mebbe twice in everybody's lifetime. Sure tomorrow looks a little fuzzy to you right now. But from the moment you step on that field in Chicago, you're gonna know that's where your destiny intended you to be.

ROY
That's what you say, Sam, but...

SAM
-- But nothin'.
(beat)
You know what your dad said to me once?

CONTINUED

Roy looks up.

SAM

(continuing)

One day that boy's gonna walk down
the street and people are gonna say:
"There goes Roy Hobbs, the best there
ever was in the game."

28
CONT'D

8
CONT'D

ROY

He said that, Sam?

He pops Roy with a pillow. Roy tries to suppress a grin.
Sam pops another pillow off Roy's head. They both laugh.
The train has broken its rhythm and is slowing down.

29

EXT. TRAIN

29

With a chug of steam, it comes to a CREAKY halt in the midst
of a barren landscape.

The head CONDUCTOR swings off the train.

CONDUCTOR

Half-hour!

ANGLE AT ROY AND SAM AT WINDOW

Sam's eyes shift beyond into the distance.

SAM

Well, I'll be jiggered.

29
Pt

Sprawled there on the outskirts of a tiny town are the
blinking lights of a country carnival.

29
Pt

Roy parks up at the sight of it.

30

EXT. BATTING CAGE CONCESSION

30

A burst of callipe NUCIC as Whammer Wambold clouts a ball
out of sight to the delight of a very large and noisy
section. Visible in the b.g. are the carnival grounds.
Booths, rides and tents abound.

Harriet is close behind the batting cage. Her eyes devour
every move and ripple of the Whammer's large body. Behind
her, Max Mercy muses at the enthusiasm of the fans.

The Whammer, dusting off his hands, strolls cockily over to
Harriet. The crowd clamors about him.

WHAMMER

That's it, fans. You wanna see more,
come to Chicago and buy a ticket.

CONTINUED

30
CONT'D

Harriet drapes Whammer's jacket over his shoulders. Strutting like a Roman Emperor, he takes the bat he's won and ambles out onto the carnival street. The fans press in behind him. 30
CONT'D

31

EXT. BASEBALL THROWING CONCESSION

31

A crowd gathers behind Roy. Sam stands by proudly. He holds a new leather cigar case and is draped in a "God Bless America" banner. Roy prepares to toss another ball. There's a commotion behind him as the Whammer, flanked by Max, a clinging Harriet and his adoring followers, pulls up to where Roy is standing.

WHAMMER

(waving his bat)

Pitch it here, busher, and I'll knock it to the moon.

Roy, already in motion, releases the ball and "misses." Roy's small cheering section moans in disappointment. Sam looks edgy.

Roy carefully fingers another ball and throws. The ball hits the shelf below the pins and bounces with a loud clang against a light in the tent.

The crowd groans except for Whammer and Max who laugh in ridicule.

MAX

(to Sam)

You can sure pick 'em Simpson.

Sam clenches his fists, bolts up to Max and shoves a ten dollar bill in his face.

SAM

Ten dollars says he can strike Wambold out on three pitched balls.

The crowd hushes. The Whammer looks at Sam with contempt. Roy's mouth drops.

WHAMMER

(a huge smirk)

You broken down old boozer. You must be playin' without a full deck. That shit-kicker couldn't strike me out on a hundred pitches.

SAM

(grim; at Whammer's face)

Three is all he needs.

CONTINUED

31
CONT'D

WHAMMER
(grinning at Max)
Whattya say, Max? Johnnie Walker
here is anxious to part with his
money.

31
CONT'D

MAX
(a shrug of dismissal)
Small potatoes.

Harriet's eyes glisten with excitement.

HARRIET
Oh, I love contests of skill.

WHAMMER
(chortling)
Me, too, honey.
(then to Roy)
S'matter, huckleberry, you scared?

ROY
Not of you, I'm not.

Max turns and looks beyond the waiting train.

MAX
(coolly)
Let's go across the tracks where
nobody'll get hurt.

32 WIDEN TO - HIGH ANGLED AERIAL VIEW - THE ENTIRE GATHERING 32

as they head excitedly across the tracks en masse, a storm
of kids and grownups encircling the contesting parties.

33 LOW ANGLE - MAX'S FEET 33

pacing off the distance between home-plate and a makeshift
pitcher's mound.

MAX
Fifty-nine... sixty feet, six inches,
exactly.

PAN UP TO MAX'S FACE

lighting a cigar, he strolls to "home plate."

MAX
Okay, here are the rules. There'll
be three pitches. If a pitch is over
the plate or the Whammer swings and
misses, it's a strike. If a pitch is
out of the strike zone, the contest
is over and the Whammer wins. I'll
call 'em.

CONTINUED

He rubs the shine off a new baseball and tosses it to Roy.

33
CONT'D

WHAMMER

Better throw a couple of warm-ups,
kid.

33
CONT'D

ROY

My arm is loose.

MAX

(a shrug)

It's your funeral.

Roy sheds his coat. A BOY steps forward and offers to hold it. CRS

ROY

(smiling)

Be careful you don't spill the
pockets.

WHAMMER

What d'ya got in 'em, busher, your
press clippings?

Roy ignores the Whammer's razzing and walks out to the mound.

MAX

Shall we proceed, gentlemen? That
sun looks like it wants to set.

WHAMMER

I'd advise him to pray, old man.

Sam ignores Whammer's remark and huddles with Roy.

SAM

Just keep your pitches inside.
Remember, he's famous for gobblin'
them up on the outside corner.

ROY

I jus' wish you hadn't bet that money
on me, Sam. We came by it too hard.

SAM

Listen, I wouldn'a made that bet if I
didn't believe in you, son.

Sam winks, pats Roy's backside and retreats to home plate.

MAX

Batter up!

Harriet's eyes are shining as she hovers intensely behind
the action.

The Whammer is setting himself at the plate. He hasn't even
bothered to remove his suit jacket.

CONTINUED

33
CONT'D
(2)

Roy turns his back on the Whammer, rubs a crease in the ball. The sky is aflame with light stretching back to a lone snowy mountain peak, Roy looks back to examine the Whammer's stance.

WHAMMER

Throw it, plowboy, it won't get no lighter.

33
CONT'D
(2)

ANGLE - HOME PLATE AREA

SAM

(pumping his mitt)
C'mon, kiddo, chuck it down his whammy.

MAX

Close your trap.

SAM

Burn it by him, Roy! Cut his throat with it!

WHAMMER

(spitting across the plate)
If he tries to dust me, so help me I'll smash his skull.

Roy sweeps into a wind-up. He strides forward, releasing the ball with such force we can't see it coming off his fingers.

The BANG of a firecracker explodes in Sam's mitt. With a grimace, he flings off the glove and wrings his pained hand.

The Whammer is stunned. He stands frozen as if waiting for the pitch. Max, dumbfounded, manages to speak.

MAX

St--strike.

The crowd hushes. The Whammer glances at Harriet. She seems to be eyeing him coldly for letting a pitch go by. Roy, showing concern for Sam, moves towards him.

SAM

(waving him back)
It's alright, son. It's just this dang glove.

Max nervously backs away a few more feet from home plate.

WHAMMER

How the hell you gonna call 'em from way back there?

MAX

He looks wild to me.

CONTINUED

33
CONT'D
(3)

33
CONT'D
(3)

SAM
(crouching; he chuckles)
That your knees I hear knockin', Max?

MAX
Mind your business, rednose, and play ball?

ROY
(yelling in)
You better watch your mouth, mister.

WHAMMER
Pitch it, greenhorn.

SAM
(pumping his mitt)
Do it again, Roy! Give him something similar.

WHAMMER
(mimicking)
Yeah, do it again, hayseed.

Roy rears and lets the ball fly. SLO-MO -- the white sphere flutters as if caught by strange cross-currents of wind, drifting to one side, then the other like a balloon with the air let out.

The Whammer swings ferociously, the momentum of thrust landing him on both knees as the ball floats over his head and lands with a whup into the cave of Sam's glove.

MAX
(disbelieving)
Strike... two.

A cheer erupts from the crowd. Blood drains from the Whammer's face. In the b.g., Harriet looks tense.

WHAMMER
Sonofabitch is throwin' spitballs!

SAM
In a pig's poop!
(holding the ball up to Whammer's nose)
That ball's as dry as your grand-daddy's scalp.

WHAMMER
(sweat breaking out)
Well, I'm warning him, he better not be trying any funny business, rumpot.

Sam stands and walks out to Roy.

CONTINUED

SAM

Remember, the Whammer loves it with his back against the wall. Don't let up.

33
CONT'D

ROY

No way he can beat me. No one can talk to you that way.

Sam returns to the plate. Hearing the hoots of the crowd, Whammer finally removes his jacket. Holding up two fat fingers, he points down the gleaming train rails converging on the horizon -- to where he will murder the ball. The mob hushes, titillated.

Roy, sensing the Whammer's blood, rears back and strides forward, the ball slithering off his fingertips -- SLO-MO -- it soars for the batter, the sunlight trailing it like the flame of a meteor, it glides, and dives.

The Whammer -- SLO-MO -- disarmed by the seemingly lazy flight of the ball, lifts his club to blast it to smithereens. As he lunges, an expression of sadness wells up on his mouth. END SLO-MO.

The words "strike three" catch in Max's throat. There is an eerie moment of COMPLETE SILENCE and then the crowd breaks into a cry of amazement.

Enraged, Whammer throws his bat at the darkening sky.

WHAMMER

Goddam toy bat -- crap!

The Whammer stalks off to the train looking a much older man.

Harriet's glistening eyes grow vacant. Coolly, she lights up a cigarette and turns away. The TRAIN WHISTLE shrieks.

The frenzied fans close in on Roy. Sam's eyes well up as he watches Roy pushing his way thru them towards the train.

CONDUCTOR

Bo-o-ard!

*

The steam engine of the locomotive grows louder. Harriet, boarding the train, looks down and locks eyes with Roy. Sam boards as Roy returns Harriet's gaze. The train creeps into motion. A hand tugs at Roy's sleeve.

BOY

(handing Roy his coat)

Nothin' spilled, mister.

*

(CONTINUED)

Roy smiles. People still crowd in, patting Roy's back * 33
and chattering congratulatory remarks. The train is CONT'D
moving along when Roy turns and has to run for it. The boy
tries to keep alongside Roy.

BOY

(over the whistle)

Wait -- what's your name, mister?

The train picks up speed as Roy leaps for the hand rail of
the passenger car pulling himself up.

ROY

Roy!... Royyy... Hobbbs... *

... as the train seems to trail his name behind it as it
moves further away into the sunset dappled sky.

33A INT. TRAIN - PRESENT TIME

33A

Roy catches sight of a boy and his dog on the landscape staring at the passing train.

33B EXT. HIGHWAY - ROY - DAY

33B

standing, staring at the Hobbs' farm. Roy's ride is pulling away in the distance.

WHAT HE SEES - WALKING TOWARDS IT

The farm is at first sight eerily much the same as we last saw it except the land is fallow and shrubs have grown up wildly around the yard and house. Roy stops at the oak tree. It is just a stump. He looks up at the knoll of headstones.

33C THE HEADSTONES - CLOSE

33C

We SEE "EDWARD HOBBS - 1884-1920. We PULL BACK to REVEAL Roy staring at it. He shifts his gaze to the farm house.

OMITTED - 34

35 INT. HOBBS' LIVING ROOM - DUSK

35

The door creaks open. Roy stands on the threshold looking in. He enters into a tomblike silence. It's a little scary inside. Though faded and covered by dust and the webs of time, it remains unviolated.

Roy enters the living room and stops. A bright rod of evening light pierces a window and strikes the mantle above the firehearth. Roy stops at what he sees.

CLOSE ON - MANTLE - WONDERBOY AND HIS FATHER'S BAT

perched, as we last saw them, on the wall. Roy's hands reach up and take Wonderboy down from its perch. We HOLD on it in the yellow stream of light, then PULL BACK to reveal:

36 ROY AT THE RIVER

36

where he and his father fished. He holds Wonderboy and concentrates on the rushing water flamed by sunset.

37 INT. DINING CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

37

It's the dinner hour. Roy, sitting with Sam, gulps down a bowl of stew between polite acknowledgements to passing admirers. Sam puffs triumphantly away at a cigar, staring out the window.

SAM

You buried their best boy -- buried him.

ROY

(smiles)

You oughta eat something. Sam.

E7 CONT'D

SAM

37 CONT'D

You know what? Maybe we should hold out for a few grand more.

He winces, holds his ribs.

ROY

Sam, you alright?

SAM

Never better.

(standing)

Eat your stew, son. I'm gonna turn in.

Sam moves off. A moment or so passes. Roy looks up taken aback to see Harriet standing in front of him.

HARRIET

Hello. I'm Harriet Bird.

E8

INT. CLUB CAR

38

The bartender is just pouring Sam a nightcap when a somewhat breathless Max Mercy enters. Max quickly opens a sketch pad disclosing a pencil drawing and shoves it under Sam's nose.

MAX

Get a load of this, Sam -- it'll be in one-hundred and ten papers coast-to-coast.

INSERT - CARTOON

of Roy striking out the Whammer.

BACK TO SCENE

MAX

(excited)

Now, Sam, I wanna do a little background on your boy.

SAM

Not now, Max. Maybe in the morning. And bring that ten you owe me.

Sam hesitates, then downs his drink. He gets up and leaves, rubbing his chest where it pains him.

MAX

Sure, Sam. We'll have breakfast. OK? On me. You know I can do wonders for that boy.

(with Sam out of range)

...rummy.

9

INT. PULLMAN

39

It's empty and dimly lit. Harriet is seated next to the window and Roy is beside her. She looks flushed, her eyes gleaming.

HARRIET

Everyone thought Walter would murder you.

ROY

Yeah.

HARRIET

- And the way everyone rallied to your side. Why, they'll be talking about today for years to come. It was like watching Sir Lancelot jousting Sir Turquine... or was it Maldemar? I'm not sure...

ROY

Yeah.

HARRIET

(pausing)

You know when it's going to rain, don't you?

Roy draws a blank. He's enjoying her attention immensely.

HARRIET

(pensively)

Have you ever read Homer?

ROY

Only Homer I know covers four bases.

HARRIET

Tch. Homer lived ages ago and wrote about gods and heroes. He would have had it in mind to write about baseball had he seen you out there today.

ROY

All I had on my mind was that ten spot Sam bet. I had to make him whiff.

HARRIET

To whiff -- oh, Roy, how droll.

Harriet laughs. Roy grins quite pleased with himself.

(CONTINUED)

19CONT'D

ROY

39

(flatly)
I know someday I'll break every
record in the book.

Harriet appears a little startled. Then she applauds.

(CONTINUED)

39
CONT'D

HARRIET
Bravo, Roy, how wonderful for you.
And what will you hope to accomplish?

39
CONT'D

ROY
That when I walk down the street
people'll say, "There goes Roy Hobbs,
the best there ever was."

Harriet gazes at him with touched and troubled eyes.

HARRIET
Is that all?

ROY
In baseball?

Roy stares blankly. Her eyes are glimmering.

HARRIET
Isn't there something more --
glorious?

Harriet's eyes are sad as her gaze settles somewhat futilely
on Roy. He says nothing.

HARRIET
Do you have a girl?

Roy hesitates.

HARRIET
I'm sorry, Roy. I'm confusing you.
I confuse myself with the little I
know. My friends say I have an odd
imagination.

Roy would like to change the subject. He spots her hat box,
reaches over and lifts it by its string.

ROY
What's in it?

HARRIET
(a little breathless)
-- Something for myself.

ROY
Feels like a hat.

HARRIET
Maybe a head?

Harriet shakes a finger at him. Roy is suddenly aware of
her leg pressing against his.

CONTINUED

39CONT'D The train thunders into a tunnel. It lurches on a curve and 39
the lights dim. Harriet gathers Roy's hand in hers. He
leans into her. His lips awkwardly brush her cheek. She
makes a sudden, frightened movement of withdrawal.

HARRIET

(standing)

I'll say good night, now...

ROY

(standing, stricken)

Harriet, I...

She puts a finger to his lips.

ROY

Will you come and see me play,
sometime?

She glides to the door and turns.

HARRIET

(coyly)

Of course.

She vanishes into the darkened vestibule.

39A INT. CHICAGO'S NORTHWEST STATION - DAWN

39A

* Roy and Sam, bags in hand, move through the station
amidst a crowd of passengers, heading for the street.
Harriet trails behind.

*

39B * OMIT

OMIT 39B *

40 * EXT. SELBY HOTEL/ROY'S POV/1924 - HIGH ANGLE

40 *

Looking down to street. Cab arrives, unloads passengers
at hotel.

41 INT. ROOM - ROY - DAY

41

He is on the bed, spent. Sam is not present, but we notice
his bags half-unpacked on another bed. Re reaches over for
a slip of paper on the nightstand.

INSERT - SLIP OF PAPER

showing Clarence Mulligan's name and phone number.

BACK TO SCENE

as Roy reaches for the PHONE it RINGS. He looks at it
quizzically. On the next RING he picks up the receiver.

(CONTINUED)

RECEIVED

JUL 21 1983

Ans'd 4:00.

CONT'D

HARRIET (V.O.)

41

Hello, Roy? It's Harriet... Harriet Bird.

ROY

(surprised)

Oh.

HARRIET

Are you by yourself?

ROY

-- Yes. Where are you?

HARRIET

Here, in the hotel. Please come down, now. Room 602.

ROY

... Okay. How'd you find --

CLICK. Roy sets the phone down slowly.

2

INT. HALLWAY - FOLLOWING ROY

42

down a long, carpeted corridor. He stops and knocks at room 602.

HARRIET (O.S.)

(from inside)

The door's open.

13

INT. ROOM 602

43

Roy enters an enormous, dimly-lit room. The lights from the city glitter beyond. Harriet is standing demurely in a far corner by an open window.

ROY

(attempting to be casual)

Hi.

He closes the door and walks in.

Harriet is in a shiny black slip. On a table next to her is a vase of white flowers and the hat box. It is open. She reaches into the box and fits a dark feathered hat on her head. A thick, black veil drops to her breasts.

Roy approaches her with a creeping sense of uncertainty. Suddenly he shows confusion and alarm.

In her hand is a squat, shining .22 caliber pistol.

(CONTINUED)

WT'D

ROY

43

What's wrong here?

HARRIET

(sweetly)

Roy, will you be the best there ever
was in the game?

ROY

That's right...

She levels the muzzle of the gun directly at him. SLO-MO --
The EXPLOSION -- terrifying in its length. Roy clutches his
gut in horror and falls to one knee. A twisted dagger of
smoke drifts up from the gun muzzle. Drifting into
unconsciousness, he sprawls to the floor struggling to speak
-- END SLO-MO. Harriet's gun falls to the floor beside Roy.

BACK TO HARRIET

She is gone. A breeze stirs in the curtains of the open
window.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

44

EXT. HIGH ANGLED AERIAL VIEW OF NEW YORK CITY - DAY

A brightly-lit, washed out July afternoon. SUPERIMPOSE:

1 5 Y E A R S L A T E R

As we slowly descend on the city, the lazy drawl of a
sportscaster filters thru a radio:

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

... nobody out... top of the
eighth... Knights trailing
Pittsburgh, seven nothing...

Descending further on the New York Knights baseball stadium.
A game is in progress. The stands are half empty. The
field is scorched and scabby. Red, white and blue bunting
hangs limp in the hot air...

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

... another loss today would drop the
Knights right into last place. It
all amounts to another frustrating
afternoon for Knight's manager Pop
Fisher.

(CONTINUED)

44
CONT'D

CAMERA MOVES to Knight's dugout. POP FISHER stands on the top step and watches the field grimly. He's an old geezer with watery blue eyes, a thin, red neck and a bitter mouth. Across his uniform shirt is stenciled KNIGHTS. He turns to RED BLOW, his coach shifting nervously on the bench.

44
CONT'D

POP

(a fact of life)

Fowler's going to walk the whole ball park. My best pitcher.

The man at bat waits. Fowler digs in, winds and delivers...

UMPIRE

Ball Four!

Pop removes his cap and rubs his bald head.

POP

(bitterly)

I shoulda been a farmer. Should of since the day I was born. I like cows and sheep. Pigs. Kind of partial to nanny goats, I am. My daddy wore a beard.

Fowler winds and delivers. The pitch hits the ground and squirts thru the catcher, OLSEN's legs. The runners steal.

RED

(a slight Southern drawl)

Fowler's killin' worms, Pop.

POP

Ma kept urging me to give up the game. I always meant to... but after she died I had no heart for it.

He pulls out a handkerchief, flips it and blows his nose.

RED

Tough.

POP

Instead, I'm playing wet nurse to a last place, dead-to-the-neck ball team!

He shoots the bench a dirty look. The players look away. Pop is desolate.

45

INT. TUNNEL

45

Looking down an empty, darkened corridor facing daylight at the end of the tunnel. Deep, rich BOOS penetrate the walls.

CONTINUED

45 Then we HEAR FOOTSTEPS approaching. A STRANGER steps INTO 45
CONT'D CAMERA and stops silhouetted in the intense glare of CONT'D
sunlight. His back to us.

46 RESUME GAME ACTION

46

A new batter clobbers a long fly ball to left center. It drops between two confused outfielders, BUMP BAILEY and TOMMY BIVENS.

Red shakes his sorry head. Pop squints at the sun and wipes his brow.

POP

Jeez, it's hot. My heart feels as dry as dirt for the little I have to show for all my years in the game.

He stoops over a fountain and sucks up a drink. He quickly spits out a mouthfull of rusty water.

POP

Pewww!

(angrily at Red)

You speak to that bastard partner of mine about this?

RED

Judge says he's workin' on it, Pop.

POP

(disgustedly)

Working on it? That stiff. It's gettin' so a man can't get a decent drink of water around here.

Pop looks up above the right field stands at a strange looking tower. Its huge, darkened window surveys the field below.

POP

The day that snake crawled into this club was one of the darkest days of my life.

We ZOOM IN CLOSE on the Tower window to Venetian blinds. It's as black as night between the open slats. Then they close.

45 INT. TUNNEL - RESUME REAR ANGLE ON STRANGER

45

CONT'D

CONT'D

As he starts down the tunnel towards the light of the dugout. Now we can see he carries a beatup valise and a bassoon case.

47 RESUME FIELD

47

RED

Pop -- kid's weakening again.

Pop snaps around for a look at Fowler.

CONTINUED

47
CONT'D

POP
Doesn't he know how I hate losin' to
the Pirates?

47
CONT'D

~~(savagely)~~
Yank him!!

Red heads for the mound. Just then a RHUBARB enters. An angry umpire throws his fist in the air ejecting BUMP BAILEY from the game.

POP
Crap! Here we go again.

Red is on the mound signaling the bullpen as Bump storms past him towards the dugout steps. He tries to skulk past Pop.

POP
(calling after him)
Hey, apeman. Four for four don't
give you the right to bounce yerself
out of the game!

(to the bench)
McGee! Get in for BAILEY.

pitcher

esw

Bump throws down his glove and scurries into the tunnel. Fowler returns to the dugout.

48 INT. TUNNEL

48

The Stranger is just entering the dugout. Now we can see that it's Roy. He and Bump nearly collide.

POP
(to Red, returning from mound)
Fine 'im another hundred. End of the
season, I'm gone.

The Stranger stands at the dugout entrance. He wears shabby street clothes and his back is to us.

STRANGER
Who's Fisher?

A player jerks his thumb toward the opposite end of the dugout. Roy moves in Pop's direction past the increasingly curious stares of players on the bench.

Pop sees him coming.

POP
Oh, my eight foot uncle -- What's
this, the Salvation Army band?

ROY
You Pop Fisher?

Red steps forward to face Roy.

CONTINUED

48
CONT'D

RED
Who wants to know?

48
CONT'D

ROY
Roy Hobbs -- your new left fielder.

POP
(exploding)
My what?

ROY
(pulling out a document)
It's all right here.

Pop swoops it up. He gives it a quick read. In b.g. the umpire yells, "Play Ball!"

POP
Scotty Carson sent you?

ROY
That's right.

POP
He must be daffy. You're thirty-six if you're a day.
(to Red)
Where does he find these guys?

There's a loud CRACK of the bat. Pop and Red watch helplessly. Just their eyes shift upward as they hold momentarily on the deep blue yonder.

POP
You don't start in baseball at your age, fella -- you retire. Where'd Scotty pick you up?

ROY
The Oomoo Oilers.

POP
They're semi-pros.
(suddenly shouting aside to Coach Wilson)
Have him warm up, McGee!
(muttering)
Damn it, they don't pay attention.
(back to Roy without missing a beat)
Ever been in "organized ball"?

Roy aware of the probing stares of the players:

ROY
I just got back in the game.

CONTINUED

48
CONT'D
(2)

POP
What do you mean -- "got back"?

ROY
Used to play in high school.

48
CONT'D
(2)

POP
(snorting)
Well, it's a helluva mess.
(aside to Red, unable to
keep his voice down)
Scotty signs him and the Judge okays
it. He can't approve player deals
without consulting me. I got that in
writing for as long as I live!

ROY
I got a contract, Mr. Fisher.

POP
(glaring at him)
Lemme see it.

Roy produces a blue-backed paper and hands it to Pop.

POP
(scanning it)
~~Three thousand dollars! Just like
that godawful dead beat.~~

The crowd roars and Pop's attention is drawn to the field.
A Pirate base runner is caught in a run down. *Pitcher* HINKLE, the
new pitcher, lobs it over 1st baseman LAJONG's head and the
runner is safe. *2*
CSW

Pop is powerless to react.

POP
(returning Roy's contract)
Here. It's illegal.

ROY
Carson's your chief scout?

POP
That is right.

ROY
He said he had the authority to sign
me.

Red fingers Pop over to the water fountain to speak privately.

RED
He has, Pop. You said so yourself if
he ever found anybody decent.

CONTINUED

48
CONT'D
(3)

POP
That's right. But who needs a
fielder old enough to be my son.

48
CONT'D
(3)

Over their confab Roy's eyes are drawn to the field, exploring the awesome aspects of the ballpark. Pop is muttering "that son-of-a-bitch... did it to me again..." Finally Red steps back.

POP
(sighing)
Son, you came across me at a bad time. A thirty-five-year-old Rookie -- why that's starting with one foot in the grave...

Red clears his throat.

POP
(continuing; diplomatically)
... but, like Red says, if our best scout sent you, you musta showed him something. So, go on into the clubhouse and have Dizzy fit you up.

RED
Do as he told you, Hobbs.

Roy turns and heads for the clubhouse tunnel against a tide of Knights pouring into the dugout muttering in disgust.

POP
I shoulda bought a farm.

49 INT. CLUBHOUSE - EQUIPMENT ROOM

49

It is separated from the locker room by the full width of a counter. DIZZY, the equipment manager, stands behind it, a tape measure dangling from one hand as he gazes up to the cubicles of uniforms overhead all classified by number. A shower runs faintly in the b.g.

DIZZY
(undecided)
Let's see ... number 5... Naw. That was Moriarity's. He drove his car off the Queensboro Bridge last month.

ROY
How is he?

DIZZY
(some consolation)
He made it to shore.
(beat) SAM
Maybe number 31. Jenkins. Good kid, but now that I think of it...

Dizzy waits. Roy's not biting.

CONTINUED

CS8

✓ *Jenkins*

REV. 7/7/83

CONT'D

49 CONT'D

DIZZY

(continuing)

Yeah, he swallowed a chicken bone at
a Friday night fish fry ...

(beat)

They call him "Whispering Sam" now.
Yeah, we been enjoyin' a real unlucky
season.

Roy smiles faintly.

DIZZY

What the hell. You pick a number.

Roy thinks for a moment.

ROY

How about 9.

DIZZY

Nine. Nine? Well, ya got me there.

Roy winks at Dizzy who pulls a pile of "9's" down. Roy
follows Dizzy to a locker.

Roy starts to undress. There's an outburst of LAUGHTER from
the training room as Bump waltzes out in slacks, a red
flowered shirt and smoking a cigar. He's followed by two
men. A row of lockers block Roy from view.

ANGLE - BUMP AND DOC AT BUMP'S LOCKER

The third man's back is to us.

DOC CASEY

Why didn't you slide on that close
one, Bump?

BUMP

(stepping into his loafers)
C'mon, Doc. And break the cigar in
my back pocket?

Bump howls.

BUMP

God I hate playing for the lousiest
team on the face of the earth.

MAX

Any truth to the rumor about you and
Memo getting hitched?

BUMP

(cagily)

Naw ... What rumor? She must've
started that one herself.

(CONTINUED)

The three men head for the exit when Bump spots Roy.

49
CONT'D
(2)

BUMP
(approaching Roy)
What's this? Another victim?
(extending Roy a handshake)
Bump Bailey. What're you, new coach?

49
CONT'D
(2)

ROY
(his back to Max)
Roy Hobbs. New player.

BUMP
No kiddin'?
MAX
Didn't catch the name.

Roy turns and faces Max. He's dressed in an expensive striped suit and his moustache and sideburns are gray now.

ROY
(stiffly)
Roy Hobbs.

The clubhouse door opens and the players, looking worn and whipped, flood into the locker room. Bump drifts back to Fowler. Red Blow enters with Pop. Pop crosses to his office and slams the door behind him.

INT. LOCKERROOM

The players have moved to their respective lockers. Roy stands in full uniform. Red appears at his side.

RED
Hobbs, you married?

ROY
No.

RED
All right, there'll be a room for you at the Edison Hotel. Be in the lobby at six-fifteen. We'll get something to eat.

ROY
Fine.

Red moves off. Dizzy appears at Roy's side.

DIZZY
Here. Try it on.

Dizzy holds out a blue cap stitched with a white "K". Roy puts it on. It's a perfect fit.

DIZZY
Welcome to the majors.

This really sounds like 1938 + 15-

50 EXT. EDISON HOTEL - DAY

50

We see the awning MARQUEE and PAN UP.

51 INT. ROY'S ROOM - ANGLE ON ROY IN BATHROOM

51

He's just towling his face off. The PHONE RINGS. Roy reacts but doesn't move, staring into the mirror. The RINGING continues. Finally he moves to the phone and answers it.

RED (V.O.)

What's the matter? Don't you answer your telephone. This is Red Blow.

ROY

I like it to ring a little. Gives 'em a chance to change their mind.

RED (V.O.)

Who?

ROY

Anybody.

Red pauses.

RED (V.O.)

Let's go. I'm waiting.

The phone CLICKS. Roy hangs up. He picks up a copy of a sports magazine. The cover is a picture of Bump. The caption reads: BUMP BAILEY - THE NATIONAL LEAGUE'S LEADING HITTER - HIS LIFE IN THE CELLAR.

52 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - ROY

52

stepping into an elevator at the ninth floor.

53 INT. ELEVATOR - ROY

53

descending. The elevator jerks to a halt at the fourth floor. The doors open on a stunning, red-headed woman flipping thru the pages of a magazine. As she steps in, she wavers seeing Roy. She turns her back to him as the doors close. Roy's eyes move right to her figure.

There's a long, awkward stillness. Roy takes a step up and reaching around her, pushes a button on the console. Their faces are very close.

ROY

We're not moving.

She darts a look at Roy and smiles politely. The elevator starts down.

It halts at the lobby and the doors open.

CONTINUED

INT. LOBBY

CONT'D

53

CONT'D

Memo steps out of the elevator and runs right into Pop.

MEMO
(pecking his cheek)

Pop.

POP

Hi pigeon.

Pop reacts with surprise when he sees Roy. Memo hesitates, a little confused, then turns to find Roy standing behind her.

POP

Ah, you two together?

MEMO

No. I'm meeting Bump.

POP

Oh. Uh, my niece, Memo Paris -- Roy Hobbs, new player.

ROY

Howdya do.

MEMO

Hello.

Everyone looks at everyone. There's a long, awkward pause.

MEMO

(breaking the silence)

What position, Roy?

POP

Roy just started today, and ...

ROY

Left field.

MEMO

Left? Why, that's Bump's position, Pop.

POP

(flustered)

Yeah, well, we're not exactly sure what we're gonna do with Roy, yet --
(glancing to the street and taking Memo's arm)

Come on, I'll walk you to a cab.

Pop leads her away.

CONTINUED

53
ONT'D
(2)

MEMO
(calling back, lazily)

53
CONT'D
(2)

Bye.

Roy watches her walk away. Suddenly Red Blow is at his side.

RED
Anything wrong?

ROY
(lingering on Memo)
No. Just not used to hotels.

54 INT. CHOPHOUSE RESTAURANT - RED AND ROY - NIGHT

54

Roy is working on the tail end of a steak while Red nurses a beer and drags on a cigarette.

At another table out of earshot sit Bump and Fowler. Bump is chattering away with a sparerib in one hand and a beer in the other. Roy can see him.

RED
You heard Pop, the Knights aren't playing together -- and, it's mostly Bump's fault.

ROY
How's that?

RED
He's lazy. I'da had his ass long ago, but Pop's thinking is a hitter like him could be a leader -- turn this club around like magic.

ROY
It could happen.

Red exhales smoke. He looks at Roy with a sidelong glance.

RED
How long were you with the Oilers?

ROY
(hesitating)
-- Two weeks.

Red chokes on his cigarette, belching smoke.

RED
And before that?

ROY
Knocked around, here and there.

Red nods slowly, not exactly encouraged.

CONTINUED

54
CONT'D

RED
You don't mind me askin' these
questions, do ya?

54
CONT'D

Roy doesn't reply immediately, then:

RED
Good.
(a beat)
I read Scotty's report on you. He
says you're a terrific hitter. How
come you didn't start playin' when
you were younger?

Just then Roy glances over at Bump's table to see Memo and a
GIRLFRIEND pull up chairs.

ROY
(watching her).
I did play when I was younger.

RED
But you gave it up?

Roy pauses, then shifts his eyes back to Red.

ROY
Sort of ... but the game was always
on my mind. Thought I better give it
another try.

RED
Uh-huh.
(snapping his fingers)
Just like that?

ROY
Just like that.

Red is puzzled and a little amused by Roy's evasiveness.

RED
Where are you from?

Roy hesitates a moment, then:

ROY
Does it matter?

They lock eyes. Roy grins.

RED
- Okay. I respect a man's privacy.
Just what took you so long to get
here?

CONTINUED

T'D

ROY

54 CONT'D

(smiling, wryly)

Got lost, I guess.

Red has begun to like Roy.

RED

Say, you always talk about yourself
like this?

Roy smiles. He hears Memo's laughter and glances over at her in time to catch an up-from-under look in his direction as she tosses back her long red hair.

Red leans forward as if to confide in Roy.

RED

Look, Pop has spent twenty-five years and a pile of money trying to make the Knights World Champs. Something the old Sox never became when he was a player. Pop feels like a jinxed man.

ROY

What do you mean?

RED

That's another story. The point is, he's given his heart and soul to the game only to get it trampled on. I'd give my right arm to get him the pennant.

ROY

-- Red, it took me fifteen years to get here. Play me, and you'll get the best I've got.

Roy's words are so true-hearted, Red can only stare at Roy and say nothing.

OMITTED - 55

EXT. KNIGHTS' STADIUM - DAY

56

The players bound out of the dugout to the field. Pop and Red stand at the top of the steps. He starts for the batting cage when Pop calls out.

POP

Hobbs! You want to sit this one out?

(CONTINUED)

ONT'D Roy stops, casts a questioning look back at Pop and heads slowly to the dugout bench. 56

POP

(continuing to Red)

Who does the Judge think he's kidding
- a thirty-five year old rookie?

We'll pay his contract, but I'm not
playin' him. Never!

VERY CLOSE ON THE PUDGY FACE OF A MAN - DR. KNOBB 57

We PULL BACK from him as:

KNOBB

(beaming, pacing throughout)

The mind is a funny thing, men. We
must begin by asking it -- What is
losing?

We slowly drift back to reveal Knobb addressing the players in clean uniforms, attentively seated in several rows of chairs. Pop sits solemnly behind the doctor. He's wearing halfmoon specs and occasionally glances down at a yellow pad notebook to scribble something.

Knobb is smiling at the men. His voice is soft and exudes calm. Roy is seated in the back row.

KNOBB

(lowering his voice)

Now, then, I want you to imagine
you're on a ship at sea. On a ...
vast ... calm ... ocean.

(making rippling motions
with his fingers)

Gently rocking ... gently rocking ...

Roy sees a couple of the players begin to doze. He quickly gets to his feet and heads for the door.

POP

Hey, Hobbs, where do you think you're
going?

Roy is out the door and heading down the hallway.

POP

(standing and crossing)

Damnit!

Some of the Knights rouse from their slumber. Pop is at the door.

POP

(yelling after Roy)

Get back here Hobbs -- do you
hearRRR!!?

(CONTINUED)

'D But Roy is gone.

57 CONT'D

INT. BOOTH - REAR ANGLE SPORTSCASTER - DAY

58

SPORTSCASTER

(at the game in progress)

A cloud of gloom still hovers over the New York Knights on this Fourth of July. They've now extended their losing streak to eighteen games.

INT. KNIGHTS' DUGOUT

59

Pop and Red follow the action.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

The biggest disappointment of this double-header has been the Knights' leading hitter, Bump Bailey, going hitless on seven trips to the plate. Let's hope they do better on the road.

Pop, turning to mumble at Red, is glaring at Roy.

INT. AT THE WINDOW OF A SPEEDING TRAIN - ROY AND RED

60

There is laughter and the shuffle of cards in the b.g.

RED

(leisurely paternal)

Listen, I can't promise you'll play, but if you apologize to the ole man...

ROY

X-nay.

RED

You're as stubborn as Pop.

Roy turns his gaze from the window to Red.

RED

(continuing)

He could send you down to Class B ball and then where would you be?

ROY

Can't expect miracles.

Red pauses. He has an undecided expression on his face, then:

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D

RED

60 CONT'D

Let me tell you something about Pop. :
Last season he was hurtin'
financially and sold the Judge ten
percent of his shares, making the
Judge the majority stockholder of the
Knights.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

50 CONT'D

RED (CONT'D)

60 CONT'D

Pop got one condition into the contract -- that if he wins the pennant this season, he can buy back the shares and the Judge is out -- but if he loses, Pop's out and has to sell.

ROY

Winner take all.

RED

Yeah. Well, the Judge's trying everything he can think of to make things tough for Pop.

(beat)

Made all sorts of trades on us that only hurt the team.

ROY

Then he figures I'm one of those trades?

Red and Roy lock eyes.

1 EXT. STREET - MONTAGE SERIES

61

Roy opening various sports sections with headlines reading -- BOSTON GLOBE: "KNIGHTS BOW TO SOX, 11-0." "CARDS DECK KNIGHTS 10-0," "PHILLY 5, KNIGHTS 0".

2

CHICAGO SUN SPORTS SECTION - "CUBS MAUL KNIGHTS, 15-2". Roy closes the paper and trashes it in a bin. He's standing on a train platform. It is Chicago's Northwest Station, where Roy arrived fifteen years earlier.

62

~~Roy stares across the tracks to the very platform where Sam's body was unloaded into an ambulance. A VOICE CALLS OUT, "Let's go, Roy!"~~

3 AS THE TRAIN PULLS AWAY SLOWLY

63

Roy is at the window sitting opposite to Olsen. Ahead of him a WOMAN in a lilac dress stands on the platform, waiting. Roy is drawn to her sweet looks, dark hair sweeping under a wide-brimmed hat. The train moves lazily towards her.

She turns casually and walks against the flow of unboarding passengers. The train eases by her. She is momentarily in full view when suddenly Roy's face tenses.

EXT. PLATFORM - THE WOMAN

she returns her gaze to the unboarding train.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D CLOSE - ROY

63

his eyes on the Woman, as over the rhythmic muffle of wheels against the tracks, his voice murmurs, "Iris."

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE - "NEW YORK RETURNS HOME AFTER NIGHTMARE ROADTRIP".

64

EXT. KNIGHTS' STADIUM DUGOUT - DAY

65

The players are spread out droopily down the bench. Roy sits staring despondently into the glare of the field.

POP

Awright, Bivens, you're leading off.

BIVENS

D'you wan' me to lay one down or swing away?

POP

(sarcastically)

Bivens, surprise me.

ON FIELD - SLOW MOTION MONTAGE OF HAPLESS KNIGHTS AT THEIR WORST

Bivens and Laslow collide on an easy fly and crumple to the ground like rag dolls, the ball dropping between them.

SCHULTZ slides into second, only to discover Einkle already standing on the bag. The Dodger second baseman tags them both out.

67

Pop reacts - anguished, wringing his hands. Roy is on the bench staring at him. Roy turns his attention back to the field and starts shouting encouragement.

68

ROY

(shouting)

Awright, fellas, imagine you're on a SHIP at seaaa ...

Pop throws an astonished look at Roy.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONT'D

ROY
(continuing)

... vast ... calm ...

68

58 pt Allie Stubbs, admiring a lady in the stands, takes a throw 68.pt
right in the cup. He gasps and falls to the ground holding
his privates in agony, rocking back and forth.

ROY

Gently rocking ... gently rocking ...

Pop is smoking from the ears. Red scratches his head
nervously.

69

LATER - THE KNIGHTS' DUGOUT - POST GAME

69

The stands are emptying out. The remaining Knights' players
are filtering in tomblike silence down into the dugout
tunnel. Roy remains on the bench. Pop is staring stonily
at the field. Red looks at both men and leaves.

Pop turns and heads for Roy. Roy stands. Pop stops.
They're eyeball to eyeball.

POP

(trying for self-control)

As of tomorrow I'm shippin' you down
to a Class B team in the Great Lakes
Association.

There's a long pause.

ROY

You make the rules.

POP

That's right, son ...

(pointing a finger to tunnel)

... and they do what I tell them to
do. You forget you're on a team.
You signed a contract, remember?

ROY

(sharply)

-- To play ball. Not to be put to
sleep by some two-bit carny act
hypnotist the Judge is using on you.

That stops Pop cold. He stands staring at Roy. Something's
clicking in Pop's brain.

Roy turns and exits into the tunnel. Pop stands motionless,
his eyes on the outfield where the American flag is being
lowered.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D

POP
(shouting)

69

Hobbs!

Roy stops in the dimly-lit tunnel without turning.

POP (CONT'D)
(you're on)

Batting practice - 8:00 tomorrow morning.

Roy remains motionless, then moves on thru the tunnel.

70

A EXT. KNIGHTS' STADIUM - DAY

70

The practice session is underway. The stands are empty. The players work out in small groups. Some throw catch. Wilson hits fungoes to the outfielders. Red peppers out grounders to the infield. A half-dozen players cluster about the batting cage waiting their turn to hit. Pop stands at the top of the dugout steps, pondering over the workout.

Several rows above the dugout Memo sits languidly in the sun. She wears a yellow summer dress hiked high over lusciously crossed legs.

Roy appears at the dugout entrance.

POP
Hobbs, you're late.
(beat)
Report to Red at the cage.

Roy looks at Pop, then his eyes dart to Memo. She takes no notice of him except to pull at the hem of her skirt.

He tugs at his hat and trots over to Red who studies the motion of a young pitcher.

RED
(at Roy)
Y'all squared away?ROY
Yeah.RED
Awright. Get in the cage and let's see what you can do.

Roy plucks Wonderboy out of his trombone case and heads for the steel cage. Olsen steps out. Roy, hesitant, steps in. None of the players seem thoroughly awake but now they perk up as all eyes shift to Roy.

(CONTINUED)

OCONT'D ANGLE AT THE PITCHER, FOWLER

70

In a mean mood, he picks up the resin bag and nastily throws it down.

Roy landscapes the dirt around the batter's box with his spikes, steps in and sets at the plate. Wonderboy glows in the sunlight.

Fowler rears back and uncorks a pitch, the ball screaming with speed -- heading directly for Roy's head.

Roy drops to the dirt as the ball slams off the back of the cage.

POP
(shrieking)
Cut that crap out, Fowler!

FOWLER
(feigning meekness)
It slipped, that's all.

Fowler picks up another ball from the basket sitting on the mound.

Again, he winds and throws -- a hard sinker falling sharply away from the plate. Roy whips his arms around making a devastating arc, blasting the ball deep and hard -- a prodigious blow gone "foul" into the right field stands ricocheting in a series of wild unending caromes.

Pop and Red watch the unstoppable foul in fascination.

Fowler returns his gaze back to Roy. He picks up a ball, winds and fires.

Roy lashes out -- the ball leaping off Wonderboy with a sharp crack. Deep into the blue sky, the pellet soars; high beyond the left-field fence, beyond the stands, beyond the perimeter of the park itself until it can no longer be seen.

Pop, expressionless, shuffles a small mound of dirt under his feet.

Cooly, the players watch on.

Fowler, red faced, picks up another ball. Winding, he deals it -- a blasting fast ball whistling to the outside corner of the plate.

Again Roy swings. The ball blurs past Fowler's head, streaking over second base as it gains in speed and height. Like a missile, it seems to seek the center field wall, then transcends it and lands with a loud clang in the seats of the upper deck.

(CONTINUED)

0

Red glances over at Pop.

70 CONT'D

Pop, averting his gaze, leans over the water fountain and uncomplainingly takes a swallow of the rusty water.

The players stir around. The batboy, BOBBY SAVOY, gapes at Roy. Roy winks at him as if to say, "Watch this one." Fowler, exasperated and sweating, fingers another ball.

FOWLER

Okay, try this one, grandpa.

(CONTINUED)

70
CONT'D
(2)

Roy eyes him carefully.

70
CONT'D

Fowler lets a stiff-wrist knuckler fly from behind his ear.(2)
The ball hangs in the air without spin, then falls abruptly
as if dropping off a table.

Swinging like a golfer, Roy lunges Wonderboy upward, driving
the ball into a towering fly. At the top of its arch, the
ball begins to drop, shrinking into a speck in the distance,
bouncing high into the left field fence.

Fowler, disgusted, turns his back to the plate, scowls at
his feet.

Everybody stares at Roy.

Red emits a silent whistle.

Memo fits a fresh cigarette between her lips. She looks on
cooly.

Pop springs from the dugout and strides to the batting cage.

POP

Let me see that bat, son.

Pop takes Roy's bat, raises it up and inspects it like a
rifle. He hefts it, rubbing the grain with his fingers.

RED

(aside to Roy)

Not bad, kid.

POP

Where'd you get it?

Roy clears his throat.

ROY

I made it, myself, from a tree near
home.

POP

Did you brand this name Wonderboy on
it?

ROY

That's right.

POP

What's it mean?

ROY

I made it a long time ago, when I was
a kid. I wanted it to be a very good
bat and that's why I gave it that
name.

CONTINUED

CONT'D
(3)

POP
And the lightning bolt ...?

70
CONT'D
(3)

ROY
The tree I cut it from was split open
by lightning.

RED
Sure is white. Did you bleach the
wood?

ROY
No, that's the true color.

POP
Doesn't make sense. All these years
and you never played organized ball.

ROY
-- I sorta got sidetracked.

Pop is all smiles. Roy glances over at Red.

POP
Red'll measure and weigh it. If there's
no filler and it meets specifications
you'll be allowed to use it.
(handing Wonderboy back to Roy)
Awright, go on out and shag some flies.

Red claps Roy on the back as he hustles to the outfield.

RED
Better late than never, Pop.

POP
(still skeptical)
We'll see. That was practice.

71 ON EARL WILSON - SERIES OF SHOTS HITTING FUNGOES TO ROY

71

Roy taking one that caroms off the wall below the stands.
His throw is quick and incredibly strong streaking right
into Olsen's motionless glove.

Roy moves quickly into position. He rolls his shoulder and
stretches his throwing arm out trying to loosen it up.

72 BUMP IN THE BATTER'S CAGE - SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS

72

He glances in Memo's direction. Her eyes are on him. He
bangs Fowler's pitches with vengeance into the stands.

Pop is watching the other players working harder and faster.
He is motionless but feeling so good that tears come to his
eyes. He flips out his hanky quickly and blows his nose.

2. Spray from a grounds keepers hose catches the sun in deep center sending up a beautiful rainbow.

72

CONT'D

73

INT. GRILL ROOM - NIGHT

73

Roy enters and spots Bump, Fowler and Memo seated at a table in the corner. Bump is wearing a red-flowered, Hollywood shirt. Memo's arm is thrown loosely on his shoulder. Seated opposite Bump, next to Fowler, is a slim, slick-looking older man, GUS SANDS.

As Roy passes near their table he notices a strange, dull cast to one of Gus' eyes. It's glass. Gus is talking and everyone listens. Their table suddenly erupts into LOUD LAUGHTER. Roy finds a table on the far side of the room. Bump has caught sight of Roy. He whispers in Memo's ear and she laughs loudly.

BUMP

(indicating Roy, snide)

Get him.

Memo glances over at Roy and back.

MEMO

Not a bad idea.

Memo arches a brow at Bump and darts a tongue over her upper lip.

BUMP

(biting into a rib)

Go ahead. Make him an offer.

Bump winks at Gus. Memo kicks Bump under the table.

MEMO

Bump, you're so un-couth.

(indicating rib)

Gimme a nibble.

GUS

(to Bump)

How good is he?

BUMP

(contemptuously)

Who knows.

MEMO

(sarcastically)

Bump's been too busy breaking windows to notice.

Fowler laughs. Bump throws her a look.

GUS

Mebbe he's worth talkin' to?

CONTINUED

73
CONT'DBUMP
Ferget it. He's trouble.73
CONT'D

A moment passes, then Memo tilts her head casually away from the table back to Roy. She gives him a long re-appraising look. She fingers a tendril of loose, glowing hair and her mouth parts slightly. Then her gaze slips away.

74

EXT. KNIGHTS' FIELD - DAY

74

Game action is underway. The Knights are in the field.

Bivens, at center, looks up at a threatening sky. There's a FAINT ROLL OF THUNDER. We pick up:

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

-- top of the seventh, Knights in front with a golden opportunity to break one of the longest losing streaks in New York history --

Pop stands on the dugout steps, surveying the darkening clouds.

POP

(barking at the infield)

Awright, awright, see how much fun this game is when ya score runs. Let's hold this lead before the rain comes.

The Knights chatter it up from the bench, all except Roy.

75

THE PLAYING FIELD - ACTION

75

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

Two on, two out for the Phillies as Eddie Markus steps in ... New York outfield playing him straight away ... Fowler to his stretch ... down comes the right arm --

(crack of bat)

-- fly ball, shallow left field ... should be an easy can of corn for Bump Bailey -- Wait a minute! I don't think he sees the ball! -- He's just standing there --

A befuddled Bump, caught napping, is suddenly searching the sky for the ball.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

(continuing)

-- Bivens races over to cover -- now it's Bailey who -- Bivens reaching out, he's got it -- oh no! No! Bailey jars the ball loose. It's loose, it's loose! It's rolling to the wall --!! One run is in -- two runs are in! I don't believe it! -- It's all tied up ...

CJS

ANGLE ON MEMO AND GUS SANDS

75

She is motionless. He turns a cigar in his mouth.

Pt

EXT. PLAYING FIELD

76

Uproar. An ear-shattering chorus of boos and catcalls greet the Knights as they mope to the dugout.

Bump trots in, head down. Pop, trembling with anger, glares at him with contempt.

POP

(calm and deliberate)

You -- in my office after the game.

BUMP

(slightly sheepish)

Aw, lay off. I lost it in the sun.

A drop of rain falls on Pop's nose.

POP

What sun?

BUMP

(conciliatory)

Hey ...

But Pop has walked away.

BIVENS AT BAT

77

leads off the inning with a perfect bunt single.

POP

(encouraged, clapping his hands)

Awright! We got it goin' again.

Bump starts for the deck.

POP

Stay where you are, Bailey.

(scanning the bench)

You're finished for the day.

BUMP

(lowering his voice to a plea)

Hey, whatta you want me to do?

Apologize? Okay, okay, you got it.

I apologize -- Awright? But don't pull me out, Pop, cuz that'll make me look bad, and --

The home-plate umpire struts over and interrupts.

UMPIRE

Hey, Fisher, get a hitter up here.

CONTINUED

ONT'D

POP

77 CONT'D

(agitated)

Hobbs! -- You're up.

Bump, in a fury, throws down his bat. Bobby Savoy hands WONDERBOY to Roy who appears momentarily uncertain. He takes the bat and alights from the dugout. The players CHATTER encouragement.

OLSEN

C'mon, Roy ... lotta stick.

LAJONG

Pick one out, kid ... make it bleed.

SLO-MO of Roy crossing the apron of the field to the plate as:

P.A. ANNOUNCER

Your attention, please. For New York
now batting for Bailey ... number 15
... Roy Hobbs.

A groan rising from the stands turns into a roar of protest.

t. Memo cranes her neck slightly and turns to say something to 77 Pt Gus.

) A CLAP of THUNDER shudders across the darkening stadium. 77
Roy hands the warm-up bat to Bobby and momentarily catches sight of Memo. For a moment they lock eyes, then Roy looks away.

POP

Knock the cover off it, son.

Roy darts a glance at Pop, then advances into the batter's box.

INT. PRESS BOX

78

Max Mercy doodles Roy's name on a pad, his lips silently mouthing the name Hobbs ... Hobbs ...

ANGLE ON FIELD

79

Roy wiping his palms on pants and twitching his cap. Th Philly pitcher, expressionless, clamps down on a wedge of chewing tobacco and looks Roy over. He checks Bivens leading off first, goes to his stretch -- and fires. The ball hurtles toward the plate.

Roy lets the pitch go by.

UMPIRE

Stee-riiiiike!

ROY

(at the Ump in disbelief)

What?

(CONTINUED)

79
CONT'D79
CONT'D

UMPIRE

You heard me, rookie.

Shrugging, Roy again sets.

The pitcher, chewing vigorously, again stretches, kicks and throws ...

Roy swings, a heavy EXPLOSION of THUNDER filling the sky. Then, a straining, RIPPING SOUND as the ball screams towards the pitcher's head and dives at his feet. He grabs it to throw, then realizes to his horror that he holds only the cover.

The rest of the ball, unravelling cotton thread, sails to the outfield and plummets like a dead bird off the centerfield wall.

Bivens, in a gallop, streaks for third, rounds it and heads home.

Roy runs with pounding determination; he rounds first, making tracks for second.

The Philly centerfielder runs down the white ball of thread, and scoops it up. The cord has caught in his spikes and in his confusion he cannot get untangled. The second baseman rushes up, bites the cord and heaves the ball to third. Roy slides in safely under the throw. The crowd goes wild.

The Philly's Manager and players charge the field. Mass confusion. Tempers flare up. The Phillies, pouring onto the field, surround the umpire, shouting and pointing to the ball. The puzzled ump examines it. He's joined by two more umps.

UMPIRE AUGIE

Lemme see that ball, Babe.

Babe Panash, holding a pile of unwound thread and the remains of a ball cover, tries handing everything to Augie.

AUGIE

Not all that junk ... the ball!

BABE

That junk is the ball, Augie.

AUGIE

Jesus! He shot it to pieces.

He doesn't know what to make of it all. Side arguments erupt, two Phillies are thumbed out of the game.

The scoreboard flashes a Knights' run and a lead of 4-3.

Pop jubilantly jumps up and down in the dugout.

Gus Sands, steely eyed, watches the commotion on the field. In the confusion, RAIN begins falling heavily.

79pt
8079pt
80

CONTINUED

'D Roy, waiting on third, is becoming soaked in the downpour. 80
He sees Memo stand up to leave and Gus who stands giving Roy 80Pt
a victory sign, making a point of being seen.

ONT'D The stands empty as the wet fans scurry for cover. The 80
Chief Umpire, sputtering and waving his arms, signals the
groundskeepers to cover the infield with the tarpaulin.

Roy, tiptoeing thru a puddle, trots to the dugout, beaming,
greeted by cheers and praise from his teammates.

Roy looks back to see Bobby Savoy, as if frozen in time,
staring mesmerized at Roy, then looks down at Wonderboy in
his hands. Roy smiles and with the boisterous and happy
Knights, is funneled down into the runway.

INT. THE RUNWAY LEADING TO THE CLUBHOUSE 81

Weaving our way thru a crush of players, trainers, and
reporters. We hear only fragments of over-lapping dialogue.

HINKLE

Yeah, boy. That's the way to crease
'em, ole buddy --

LASLOW

-- Weeoo, that's one that's goin'
down in the annals of history --

1st REPORTER

-- hey, Pop, was that for real, that
cover coming off? ...

POP

(walking briskly)

Well, what the hell you think it was,
an optical hallucination? You were
there, you saw it.

1st REPORTER

(laughing cynically)

Yeah, I know, but --

FOP

(to Roy, lowly)

Say, how do you explain the cover
coming off the ball?

ROY

That's what you said to do, wasn't
it?

POP

(scratching his head)

-- That's right. Ah, better get
outta that wet suit, son ... 'fore you
catch yourself a cold.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D Roy, engulfed by players and press, smiles and nods.

81

OLSEN

... you see Ashburn out there tryin'
to pick up that ball of cotton?
Shit, he didn't know whether to throw
it or knit 'one, purl-two ...

INT. CLUBHOUSE

82

The players, coaches, and press spill into the large room,
still chattering.

1st REPORTER

What's the scoop on this Hobbs guy,
Pop? Is it true he just walked in
off the street one day?

POP

(unbuttoning his uniform shirt)
No mystery. Roy simply emerged to the
attention of our ... uh ... finely honed
scouting organization which, uh, we've
cultivated to be on the alert for
superficial young prospects who --

2nd REPORTER

Young? He doesn't look too young to me,
Pop. What is he, thirty-five,
thirty-six.

POP

Heck, fellas. They're all kids to
me.

The reporters laugh.

A ROY - AT HIS LOCKER

82A X

standing soaking wet. Bobby Savoy appears holding
WONDERBOY. He hands it over to Roy.

BOBBY

Think I could make my own bat, Roy?

ROY

(putting a hand on
Bobby's shoulder)
Tell you what. Go on down to the
lumber yards, get yourself a good
piece of wood, and we'll work on it.

Bobby reacts with a broad smile.

(CONTINUED)

INT. JUDGE BANNER'S

83

The room is dark. The Judge is seated behind his desk staring out a window with a panoramic view of the stadium and field below inundated by rain. He holds a phone to his ear.

JUDGE

As my Chief Scout, Mr. Carson, I am relying on your honor.

SCOTTY CARSON (V.O.)

Judge, I'm doin' just what ya asked me to do. Hobbs is an absolute joke -- a nobody from nowhere.

JUDGE

That concerns me, Mr. Carson. It's about time we find out who he is and where he's from. Good day.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D He hangs up.

83
CONT'D

84 INT. CLUBHOUSE ROTUNDA

84

Roy is alone and headed for the entrance door where Memo is standing in a black coat with her hands in the pockets, her head bent to one side, dreamily looking out at the rain.

Roy slows at the door and stops. He's staring straight ahead at the downpour. He adjusts the collar of his Navy rain coat, taking his time.

*imply
WW II
Service.*

MEMO
(casually)
It's coming down, hard.

Roy doesn't answer, just glances up at the sky. Memo moves her eyes over his face. After a moment:

ROY
Yeah. It sure is.

Finally Roy turns and looks Memo directly in the eyes. They stare at each other silently.

ROY
Well, thanks for talking to me.

He smiles. She laughs. Roy leans on the door and exits. Memo's eyes linger on him.

85 INSERT - CLOSE ON A SPORTS CARTOON

85

A caricature of Roy swatting the cover off a ball. The caption reads, "THE COVER STORY - WHO HOBBS?" We TILT UP from the sketch to disclose Max Mercy standing in the shadows of the rotunda outside the clubhouse.

From over the top of his sketch pad, we reveal Roy in the b.g. having exited the clubhouse.

MAX
(stepping into Roy's path)
Hobbs!

Roy stops, spotting Max.

MAX
(extending his hand)
Max Mercy - sports columnist.
Max waits for Roy's reaction but none comes.

MAX
I met you in the lockerroom with
Bump.

Roy doesn't answer, barely acknowledging Max with a nod.

CONTINUED

MAX
Mind if I walk out with you?

ROY
(walking)
It's a free country.

MAX
(tagging along;
lights up a cigar)
Interesting way you mistreat a
baseball. Buy you a beer?

ROY
No. Thanks. I'm in a hurry.

MAX
Tell me something. Do I look
familiar to you?

ROY
You? No.

MAX
Because you sure as hell look
familiar to me.

Roy keeps walking, staring straight ahead.

MAX
Where you from, Hobbs?

ROY
No where special.

Rain dances heavily on the street.

MAX
Wait a minute. You ever play in the
Cardinal organization?

ROY
(hailing a cab)
Nope.

MAX
It'll come to me.
(a quick smile)
I got a terrific memory.

A cab pulls up. Roy opens the door.

MAX
See you around, Hobbs.

CONTINUED

C-1
It's 15
years
after the
train-

85
CONT'D
2)

He watches the cab drive off, the dying cigar in his mouth becoming drenched with rain. The CAMERA PULLS UP and PANS TO the long, stairway leading to the Judge's tower where we can see Gus Sands standing staring down at us. He turns and enters the Judge's tower.

85
CONT'D
(2)

86 INT. CELLAR - MERCY'S HOME - NIGHT

86

It's dimly lit by a naked bulb overhead. Max is tightening the jaws of a vice on a baseball as TWO REPORTERS look on. One holds a bat.

MAX

All right, let'er go.

The hulking reporter steps up and levels the bat over the ball. He lifts it up slowly and strikes down with tremendous effort. SPLAT! The bat shatters, a piece of the barrel just missing Max.

They look at the ball. It's hide is unscarred. They interreact.

MAX

There's something a helluva lot stronger than wood in his bat. And that's my column.

87 INT. AL'S COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

87

Al is standing at the counter conversing with a male customer, newspaper and coffee in hand. A lovely WOMAN enters -- ~~shoulder length~~ dark hair, skirt and blouse. Without her hat perhaps this time we recognize IRIS more easily than at the train station. Al sees her and brightens. She sits next to the customer. Al pours her a cup of coffee.

AL

(to a waitress)

Mary! One plain, for Iris.

(to Iris)

How was your week-end, angel?

IRIS

Swell, Al, thanks.

Al smiles with real affection.

CUSTOMER

(studying his paper)

Hey, Al -- you read Mercy's article?

AL

(to Iris)

Why I should read about it? I heard it.

CONTINUED

87
CONT'D

87
CONT'D

CUSTOMER
Musta been the rain. Stitches
probably came loose.

AL
(defiantly)
Yeah, but it didn't rain till after
he hit it.

Al winks at Iris, 'what does he know'.

CUSTOMER
Ball was defective.

AL
- Defective? He made a meal out of
it.

CUSTOMER
(mockingly)
What's he call his bat? ...

AL
Wonderboy.

Iris reacts.

AL
(disgusted)
You guys ...
(to Iris)
People always gotta run down amazing
things.

Iris glances out the corner of her eye at the Customer's paper.

AL
This guy, Hobbs. You ain't seen
nothin' yet. I feel it.

CUSTOMER
Wonderboy.
(standing, shaking his head)
See you later, Al.

He slaps a dime down and leaves. The newspaper is still on the counter. Al drifts over to the cash register. Iris picks the paper up slowly. We PULL IN TIGHT ON caption, "THE COVER STORY - WHO HOBBS?" and TIGHTEN to the name Roy Hobbs in article.

Iris' expression is suddenly vulnerable and confused.

88 CLOSE ON THE INSCRIPTION "WONDERBOY"

88

PULL BACK to see it resting in the cradle of a postal scale. PULL BACK FURTHER revealing Red, Roy and a League OFFICIAL scrutinizing the bat's weight. He nods approvingly. He picks Wonderboy up and hefts the barrel in his palm. Next he draws a tape measure along its length. He nods complete approval.

CONTINUED

WT'D

OFFICIAL

88 CONT'D

(to Roy)
Kind of light for a power hitter.
(beat)
It doesn't make sense, the cover
coming off like that.

ROY

No, it doesn't.

OFFICIAL

Can you explain it?

ROY

Sure. I made contact.

Red smiles. The Official stares thoughtfully at Roy.

OFFICIAL

I see. I shoulda' known.

RED

So, Mercy's column is baloney. We
want it in print that Wonderboy is
official.

OFFICIAL

(returning Wonderboy to Roy
with a wink)

You got it, Red.

89

VERY CLOSE ON BUMP'S FACE - MORNING

89

He's listening to Pop with a pained expression.

POP (O.S.)

I gotta level with you Bailey. My
guts tell me, and Red agrees -- Hobbs
could fill your position very neatly.
But, we're giving you one more chance
to shape up -- or we're benching ya.

We are slowly PULLING BACK to disclose Bump sitting in Pop's
office in street clothes. Red is also present.

POP

(continuing)

So ... starting today, you'll play
your chops off.

INT. KNIGHTS' LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

89A

The players sit around listlessly, half-dressed, shooting
the breeze. Bump pokes his head around a locker.

BUMP

Can it, here he comes.

(CONTINUED)

ONT. Roy enters silently. The players pretend not to notice him. 89A
He stops at his locker and notices his bassoon case is open
and empty.

ROY

Okay, who's got it, boys?

There are shrugs from the players. Fowler holds up his
empty hands, feigning innocence. His eyes dart past Roy who
turns to see what Fowler sees. It is Bump standing by the
equipment room door next to a table, holding WONDERBOY. Roy
starts towards Bump.

ROY

Let's have it.

Bump lifts the bat over the table and lets the barrel fall,
tapping it lightly at first, then again -- hard.

BUMP

(mock-serious)

Come any closer, Coach, and I'll kill
it.

He lifts it higher. Roy stops.

ROY

(calmly)

Kill it and I'll bury you next to it.

The two men stare hard at one another. Bump moves towards
Roy, his jaw set.

He stops opposite Roy. No one moves.

BUMP

(extending Wonderboy)

Here.

(beat)

You're a lousy sport, alfalfa.

ROY

(taking the bat)

No one touches this bat but me.

Bump and Roy glare at each other for a long moment.

Coach Wilson sticks his head thru the door.

WILSON

Everybody out. Shake a leg.

The players scurry out, their spike shoes clicking against
the concrete floor. Olsen trots by Roy giving him a broad
smile and a wink.

EXT. KNIGHTS PLAYING FIELD - GAME ACTION

90

We HEAR the sharp CRACK of a BAT. Bump looking alert at his left field position, springs into action. He races hard for an impossible shot down the foul line. Leaving his feet, he snares it on a somersault and comes up throwing.

(CONTINUED)

90 The crowd goes wild with admiration.
 CONT'D
 90 Memo watches with suppressed excitement.
 Pt
 Roy gives Bump a big hand. He's impressed.
 91 POP AND RED

90
 CONT'D
 90
 Pt
 91

RED
 (privately)
 Looks like your little talk is paying
 off.

Pop smiles -- spits.

~~A Boston Brave batter, with a vicious swing, drives the ball
 up and out of frame.~~

SLO-MO -- CLOSE ON BUMP IN HOT PURSUIT OF THE BALL

He pops his sunglasses down, ranging back to the left field wall -- uniform shimmering. Bump looks back for the ball in dreamy flight, the wall looming up behind him. With a magnificent twisting jump, he reaches up and snares the ball -- precisely as the wall embraces his body with a sickening crunch bursting thru the wood panels and completely out of sight.

91Pt Memo looks on -- horrified.

91Pt

91 The entire New York bench bolts to its feet.

91
 CONT'D

CONT'D The crowd stands. The umpire peers thru the wall, turns to signal the batter "out". He looks back thru the hole and seeing no movement out of Bump climbs thru as Pop, Red and the Knights head out to the wall en masse.

92 EXT. CLOSE-UP BRONZE MEMORIAL PLAQUE - DAY

92

Positioned on the repaired left field wall, it bears a carved out resemblance of Bump, with the inscription:

BARTHOLOMEW "BUMP" BAILEY
 IN MEMORIAM
 1911-1939

We drift back further to reveal Roy in Bumps' left field position. A game is in progress. The SOUND OF A SMALL AIRCRAFT prompts Roy to look up.

The Chief Umpire calls "Time". The game stops, the fans rise, and all eyes in the stadium go skyward.

~~The WW-1 Specter Bi-Plane dips its wings over the playing field and releases a stream of ashes which immediately scatter to the winds. Bivens doffs his hat, waving ...~~

CONTINUED

CONT'D

BIVENS

(excited)

Here he comes --

(affectionately)

Sleep with the angels, friend.

LASLOW

(gazing upward, longingly)

He always did.

Memo, seated with Gus along the third base railing, is garbed in black.

The Umpire signals resumption of the game.

UMPIRE

Play Ball!

92
Pt

Roy approaching home plate sees Memo rising from her seat, accompanied by Gus, moving up the aisle.

92
Pt

92 CONT'D Roy steps into the box. The pitch arrives, Roy swings, connecting. He drives his first Major League Home Run deep into the left field stands. Memo reacts to the cheering fans and turns to see Roy loping grandly around the bases. He crosses the plate triumphantly, into the dugout and the jubilant outstretched hands of his teammates.

92

CONT'D

93 ANGLE AT ROY IN FIELD.

93

going back for a long shot to the wall. The crowd rises, cries out a thunderous warning as Roy leaps high -- up, up, spearing the ball in his mitt and SOMERSAULTING BACKWARDS into the first row of seats. He lands on his feet holding the ball aloft. SLO-MO as some fans lower Roy to the field, thumping and patting him.

SPORTSCASTER (O.S.)

(wrapping up, thrilled)

You'd have to say the story has been all Roy Hobbs. He beats you with his bat and he beats you with his glove, cracking the record for the number of triples hit in a major league debut. And the record for chances accepted in the field. Have the Knights' prayers been answered at last?

94 EXT. NIGHT GAME - ROY AT BAT

94

He blasts a triple to right-center, scoring all three base-runners. The fans roar with delight. Pop is all smiles.

95 EXT. CLOSE-UP NEWSPAPER STAND

95

A hand grabs off the top paper. We read the back page headline:

CONTINUED

CONT'D

HOBBS SENSATION AS CUBS SHUFFLE CARDS, 10-3

95

INT. MOVIE THEATRE SCREEN

96 Pt

A black and white Movietone Newsreel features a clip of Chicago game action. SUPERIMPOSED over it is a TITLE:

HOBBS' HR'S WRECK DODGERS

CLOSE - IRIS

96

reacting to the screen -- curious, awed. Her eyes express hope.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

97

Modest apartments line the street, boasting large verandas on their small frames. Iris mounts the lighted steps. She stops and looks up to a darkened second story window.

INT. IRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

98

She enters, shuts the door and leans her back and head wearily against it. Her eyes roam the room, a cozy davenport, a wide arm chair before a fireplace and a mantle with pictures. She's remembering back as if all of this were different now -- now that Roy was back.

Iris crosses the room to a door and opens it.

9 INT. ROOM

99

She stands in the doorway staring at a YOUNG BOY asleep in bed. The walls of his room are festooned with baseball pennants sprayed with the light of street lamps thru the branches. Iris walks slowly to the foot of the boy's bed.

The boy's tousled hair is golden and even in sleep we make no mistake about it -- his resemblance to Roy is strikingly uncanny.

Iris sits gently and sighs, her eyes resting thoughtfully on her son's sleeping face.

100

INT. CLUBHOUSE - DAY

100

Post-game jubilation. Players and reporters surround Roy's locker. They tousle his hair, hug and pat him. He enjoys the fuss.

101

LATER

101

Roy finishes dressing. Wonderboy rests on the bench cushioned on a piece of flannel cloth. Olsen approaches.

OLSEN

(eyes lingering on Wonderboy)

You sure can throw that lumber around, Roy.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D

ROY
(tying his shoes)
Whipped 'em good, didn't we?

101

Olsen's eyes hold on Wonderboy. Roy sees it, picks the bat up and hands it to Olsen.

OLSEN
(shaking his head)
Not a mark on it.

ROY
I boned it so it wouldn't chip.

Olsen runs a hand along its sleek surface.

OLSEN
Know what I like? This lightening bolt. When I was a kid my dad gave me a collection of squadron insignias, the kind flying aces used to wear.
(nostalgically)
This sort of reminds me of them.

Olsen hands Wonderboy back and wanders away.

EXT. KNIGHTS' FIELD - DAY

102

Practice is underway. Barker hacks out grounders, a hot game of pepper; Roy, Hinkle and McGee do a walk-run-walk routine. Others are lined up at the cage. Olsen is up next. Bivens, standing next to him looks casually at Olsen and does a double-take on:

CLOSE - OLSEN'S SHOULDER

There is a distinctive, bright yellow LIGHTENING BOLT, a facsimile of the one on WONDERBOY, neatly sewn to the uniform shirt.

BIVENS
Hey, Olsen -- where'd you get that?

Olsen, beaming, casts Bivens a nonchalant glance.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONT OLSEN IN THE CAGE

102

lashing Hinkle's pitches left, right and out of sight. Olsen is really pumped up.

Pop and Red watch with some curiosity. Olsen exits the cage and struts by them. They both react to the insignia, craning their necks around to get a longer, surer look of what they're seeing.

Bivens has wandered over for a word with Roy and is heading back to the cage just as Olsen joins Roy. Roy spots the lightening bolt insignia. The two men exchange a knowing look and Roy smiles warmly. Immediately Hinkle and McGee react to Olsen's uniform insignia. Olsen, beaming like a Marine boot with a new tatoo, beats them off.

Pop and Red are casually taking it all in.

Pop muses at Bivens in the cage powdering the ball. A light goes on in Pop's eyes as he starts to hum "Take me out to the ball game". Red gives him a look.

03 EXT. KNIGHTS FIELD - DAY

103

The American flag unfurls in the breeze to bars of the NATIONAL ANTHEM. The CAMERA PANS from the grandstands to the Knights' standing at attention on the field.

CLOSE - AN INSIGNIA - "THE LIGHTNING LOGO"

Newly designed, bright and jagged - on a deep blue shield.

VOICES

(singing)

Oh say does tha-at star span-gled
banner yet wa-ave ...

PULL BACK revealing Olsen, then Baker also wearing the insignia...

VOICES (CONT'D)

O'er the land of the freeeeeeeeeee ...

Continuing the PAN by Roy and the whole team -- a squadron on line all baring the new Knights' insignia.

VOICES (CONT'D)

... and the home ... of ... the ...
braaaaaave.

The crowd claps wildly. The Knights take the field.

RESUME MONTAGE - GAME ACTION

104

A Philly hitter lashes a ball into Allie Stubbs glove - out ONE; quick-thinking Stubbs then tags another Philly player caught off second - out TWO. Allie spots another Philly player retreating to first base and runs him down - completing an incredible UNASSISTED TRIPLE PLAY.

105 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

105

A young boy on a bike holds a portable radio to his ear as:

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

-- the red-hot Knights, awakening from the long sleep, ambushed the PHILLIES twice today, 2-0 and 7-3 ...

*

*

106 ROY AT BAT

106

It's an intentional walk. Roy crouching at the plate, lunges out - extending himself full length. Wonderboy catches the ball like a whip, lashing it to right field for a single. The stands erupt.

107 DUG OUT AREA

107

Roy is surrounded by a bunch of kids clamoring for his autograph.

KID

Hey, Roy, what's it take to be a big leaguer?

Roy looks into the boy's excited face.

ROY

Well, you've got to have a lot of little boy in you.

108 INT. BUBBLE GUM CARD PRESS

108

Roy's picture, poised with Wonderboy, is being printed onto hundreds of bubblegum cards.

109 EXT. GAME ACTION - DAY

109

Roy safely makes a whopping head-first slide into third as we:

FREEZE THE FRAME

which becomes the full cover to Life Magazine. A bold headline across the cover reads:

"BASEBALL'S NEW WONDERBOY"

CONTINUED

110 CLOSE-UP SPORTS CARTOON 110

Max Mercy's sketch depicts a hoard of Knights players, led by a caricature of Roy -- opening a slanted cellar door as they 'escape' into the daylight. The caption reads:

KNIGHTS VACATE CELLAR - BLANK CHICAGO 4-0
EXTEND WINNING SKEIN TO 12

111 INT. GUS SANDS' PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 111

silent, broadwindowed vistas overlooking the park from eleven stories high. It is huge and sumptuously decorated. Memo, a black ribbon tied around her horsetail of red hair, sits on a couch holding a glass and a cigarette, staring out at a skyline of luminous skyscrapers. From the next room we HEAR the LAUGHTER OF MALE VOICES and the RIPPLING SOUND OF POKER CHIPS.

Gus appears in the doorway holding a drink. He spots Memo, crosses to her and sits. She looks at him and smiles nicely. A Life Magazine with Roy's photo stares up at them from a coffee table.

MEMO

Is it over?

GUS

Yeah. They're makin' up the markers.
Bored, doll?

MEMO

Not a bit. It's so peaceful here. I get so gloomy in the hotel.

GUS

What you need is a place like this.

Memo is looking at her cigarette. She pulls a loose strand of tobacco from the tip of her moist tongue.

Her gaze goes to the window.

MEMO

Out there somewhere?

GUS

A looker like you, out there, gets into trouble easy. I seen it happen a number of times.

MEMO

All I need is protection twenty-four hours a day.

Gus laughs.

CONTINUED

11
CONT'D

GUS

The world's lousy without money,
isn't it pal?

111.
CONT'D

MEMO

- Yes, Gus.

GUS

Making it wasn't easy. Every step of
the way, there's some guy trying to
cviimb in my pocket.

A MALE VOICE from the next room calls out:

MALE VOICE

Hey, Gus! Ya got a pen, or do you
want this in blood.

GUS

(to Voice)

Ferget it, Charlie! You're good for
it.

(to Memo)

In my business, the secret is in
knowin' what's gonna happen before it
happens, right?

Gus stands as FOUR MEN file out from the next room towards
the front door. Gus follows them out, slapping a few backs
and shaking hands before he closes the door. He crosses
back to Memo and stands over her.

GUS

Miss Bump, sugar?

MEMO

(cooly)

No. Do you?

GUS

I miss anyone who can be had. It's
yokels like Bump who make all this
possible.

(beat)

Got any ideas?

Memo looks up at Gus. She stabs her cigarette out in an
ashtray that rests next to Roy's picture on the cover of
Life. Gus takes her chin in his hand.

MEMO

I bought myself the most gorgeous
pair of black, silk, lounging pajamas
today.

(she clasps Gus' belt with
two hands and stands)

Want to see them?

12 INT. THE NEWSPAPER "MORGUE" OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE - NIGHT 112

Max Mercy, alone, wearily pores over back issues of the Trib. He riffs thru pages yellowed with age. He stops to drag on a cigarette and think.

113 EXT. KNIGHTS FIELD - DAY

113

Mercy sits in the stands behind home plate watching the players work out. Roy, headed for the dugout, is just passing the pitchers mound when Laslow shouts at him from the batting cage:

LASLOW

Hey, Roy! Pitch it here.

Roy stops.

OLSEN

(taunting Laslow)

Ten bucks says he can whiff ya, Mo-lasses.

LASLOW

You're on, sweetknees.

OLSEN

Go on, Roy. One time.

Roy stares at the mound palming the ball nervously in his glove. He shrugs and moves to the rubber.

Max Mercy stirs in his seat. His eyes are glued to Roy standing on the mound. Red, Pop, the players watch.

SLO-MO - Roy peers down the alley to Laslow at the plate, then stretches loosely, rocks back on one leg ...

Mercy watching, the memory starting to flash ...

... Roy, twirling the other leg, strides forward and delivers with incredible force ... his style completing the signature of a one-time pitcher ...

Laslow lunges desperately, missing and spinning like a top. The ball slams into the hurricane fencing and sticks.

Roy winces from a sharp pain but composes himself quickly. A moment of silent disbelief is registering on all including Pop and Red. Fowler clears his throat. Olsen breaks the silence with a cry of amazement. Roy, suddenly self-conscious, shouts "Luck!" and drifts to the dugout rubbing his shoulder.

Mercy has disappeared.

*C. J. O.
15 years ago*

114 * EXT. STADIUM - DAY

114 *

* Roy watches Bobby running a knife over
the rough hewn contours of a wood bolt already shaped like a
bat. *

BOBBY

What's it like on a farm?

ROY

Well, it isn't ritzy like a hotel.
Not cramped and stuffy. It's all
wide open.

BOBBY

Like a baseball field.

ROY

(smiling)

That's right.

(far off)

Everything is bigger and shinier. If
you aren't working, and you always
are, you're either lollin' on a
hillside with a friend, or fishin' a
stream.

* Just then a young girl approaches. She smiles sweetly at Roy. *
For a moment, Roy stares at her. She bears a noticeable re-
semblance to Iris.

ROY

Friend of yours?

Bobby turns. He grins embarrassedly at Roy, stands and walks
over to the girl. Roy watches them for a long moment. He
looks down at Bobby's bat and the knife stuck in the grass.

115 INT. POP'S OFFICE - POST GAME

115

Pop is seated at his desk. The door opens and Roy looks in.

POP

Come on in.

Roy enters and closes the door.

ROY

What's up?

POP

(pausing)

The Judge wants to meet ya.

Both men look at each other in silence.

POP

You want me along?

ROY

I can handle it.

Roy turns and leaves. Pop watches worriedly after him.

116 ANGLE UP STAIRWAY TO TOWER - ROY

116

stands gazing up at it. He starts to climb.

117 INT. OFFICE RECEPTION

117

Roy enters. It is empty. An interior office door is ajar.

118 INT. JUDGE'S OFFICE

118

Roy pushes the door open just as a PHONE RECEIVER HANGS UP.

ANGLE AT THE JUDGE

seated at his desk cloaked in shadow smoking a fat cigar. He is motionless and aglow around the edges against a darkening, greenish sky framed by his large stadium window. Roy approaches cautiously. The Judge sees him.

JUDGE

Mr. Hobbs.

(indicating a chair)

We meet at last.

Roy stops at a chair opposite the Judge. The Judge looks Roy over. Roy sits. He looks to the left. On the wall is a shellacked half of stuffed shark mounted on pine board.

ROY

(cooly)

Nice office.

CONTINUED

CONT'D

JUDGE

118 CONT'D

Mere creature comforts.

ROY

Could use a little more light.

The Judge's face clouds for a moment, then:

JUDGE

Where are you from, Hobbs?

ROY

- All over, really,

(beat)

And you?

The Judge smiles wanly. The two men stare at each other.

The Judge strikes a match throwing shadows on the wall. He draws a flame into the dead ashes of his cigar. It glows in the dark.

JUDGE

Please, pardon the absence of light. As a youngster I was frightened of the dark -- used to wake up sobbing in it, as if it were water and I were drowning -- but you will observe that I have disciplined myself so thoroughly against that fear, that I much prefer a dark to a lit room -- and water is my favorite beverage. Will you have some?

ROY

No.

JUDGE

I intend some day to write an essay -- 'On the Harmony of Darkness: Can Evil Exist in Harmony?' It may profit you to ponder the question.

ROY

All I know about the dark is that you can't see in it.

JUDGE

A pure canard. You know you can.

ROY

Not good enough.

JUDGE

You see me, don't you?

ROY

Maybe I do and maybe I don't.

118 CONT'D

JUDGE

118 CONT'D

What do you mean?

ROY

I see somebody but I'm not sure if it
is you or a guy who sneaked in and
took your chair.

The cigar glows just enough to light up the Judge's rubbery
lips.

JUDGE

(taking a different tack)

I asked you here to pay you my
compliments for your performance on
the field.

(CONTINUED)

18
CONT'D
(2)

ROY
It's been fun.

118
CONT'D
(2)

JUDGE
You've made a great contribution.
The stadium is constantly filled to
the rafters. Financial fortunes have
been radically reversed since you
joined this organization.

ROY
I hadn't noticed.

JUDGE
(interested)
Do I detect a fascination with the
almighty dollar?

ROY
I never gave it much thought.

The Judge pauses to blow smoke.

JUDGE
You are above such mundane thoughts.
Good. I admire that in a man.
Nevertheless I am not one to let good
deeds go unrewarded.
(beat)
Would a new contract, for more money,
interest you?

ROY
If you want to pay me more money,
it's up to you.

Roy's matter-of-factness slightly unnerves the Judge.

JUDGE
I don't detect any gratitude on your
part, Hobbs. I am under no legal
obligation to offer you a penny more.

ROY
Either way, I play to win.

JUDGE
A young man of your age should begin
thinking about his future.

Roy looks past the Judge gazing steadily out of the stadium
window. He stands.

ROY
Let's put it this way. I'm not going
to let you steal this club from Pop.

CONTINUED

118
CONT'D
(3)

118
CONT'D
(3)

The Judge looks with surprise at Roy. He raises an eyebrow and stands leaning forward on two meaty fists.

JUDGE

The fact is, Pop Fisher is a jinxed man and all the Roy Hobbs in this world can never change that.

ROY

It'll be a team effort.

JUDGE

You're very impudent, Mr. Hobbs. The interview is ended.

As Roy passes thru the door he hits the light switch on.

JUDGE

Hobbs! Hobbs, come back here and turn off that infernal light!

119 EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE ENTRANCE TO JUDGE'S TOWER - NIGHT 119

Max Mercy lurks under a foggy street lamp at the curb and watches Roy exit the stadium door.

MAX

How'd you make out, kid?

Roy stops, unable to identify Mercy who approaches him thru the fog.

ROY

What are you doing here, Mercy? Why don't you stay home in bed and quit tailing me around?

Max laughs hollowly tagging after Roy who turns and walks down the sidewalk.

MAX

(putting a little warmth
in his voice)

You really are a riddle, you know that? What are you hiding, anyway?

ROY

(quickenning his pace)

I ain't hidin' a thing.

MAX

(soothingly)

Who says you are? Just bad luck on my part that Sam Simpson died before he would give me the lowdown on you.

Roy stops dead in his tracks, turns and looks at Mercy. Mercy reaches into his pocket and hands a piece of paper to Roy.

CONTINUED

119 INSERT - A MERCY CARTOON showing Roy striking out the
 CONT'D Whammer. ~~The very sketch Max drew on the train fifteen~~
~~years earlier.~~

119
 CONT'D

MAX

(continuing)

What you have in your hand is a great story, but I want it all ... a Max Mercy exclusive.

Roy, not replying, is very leery.

MAX

(concerned)

Don't get me wrong, but your public could get the wrong idea about you. There are stories floating around that say you once played with another major league team, some are sayin' you were an acrobat in a circus. I even heard a crazy story that you killed someone.

ROY

They can believe what they want to believe.

MAX

Look, my paper'll guarantee you five grand -- cash -- for your story. Give the fans something to keep up their good will in you.

Roy is thinking.

MAX

Listen, Roy, let's talk more about this. You'll like me better once you get to know me.

120 INT. POT OF FIRE SUPPER CLUB

120

A large crowded dining and dancing spot featuring a glittering musical revue. As Max and Roy enter the noisy room, the Maitre D' walks up and whispers in Max's ear. Max nods.

MAX

C'mon kid. Gus Sands.

ROY

Who's he?

MAX

(trailing the Maitre D')

You kidding? The supreme bookie. Good for ten million a year. Awfully nice guy.

CONTINUED

120 Max chortles as he and Roy pick their way thru a cluster of 120
CONT'D customers and arrive at a table. Roy is surprised to find CONT'D
Memo with Gus. She's in a clingy, blue backless gown. Their
eyes meet. Neither speaks. Gus deftly slips a bill into a
waiter's hand and turns to Max.

MAX

Gus, you know Roy Hobbs.

The angle of a spotlight catches Gus' glass eye lighting it
up like a christmas tree. He moves and it becomes just a
ball of ice.

GUS

(smiling)

I know all about Roy Hobbs.

(shaking Roy's hand)

Whattya say? — Everybody knows
everybody?

Roy and Max sit down, Roy facing Memo. He is staring at
her. She lowers her eyes.

GUS

Drink, slugger?

ROY

No, thanks.

GUS

Strictly a Wheaties man, eh?

Gus chuckles softly. Roy says nothing.

GUS

How'd it go today, slugger?

MAX

He went five for five in the first
and four in the nightcap.

GUS

Say, whaddya know? That'll cost me a
pretty penny.

ROY

How's that?

GUS

I was bettin' against you today.

ROY

You mean against the Knights?

GUS

No, just you, kid.

CONTINUED

CONT'D

ROY

120

I didn't know you could bet on just one player.

Gus opens a diamond-studded cigarette case and lights up a tiny between-the-acts cigar.

GUS

On anybody or anything. We bet on strikes, balls, hits, runs, innings -- you name it. We once bet a hundred grand on three pitched balls.

ROY

How'd you make out?

GUS

Didn't.

(chuckles)

But the next week I ruined the guy in a different deal. Sometimes we win, sometimes we don't. Today we lost on you, some other time we'll clean up double.

ROY

How'll you do that?

GUS

When you're not hitting so good.

ROY

How'll you know when to bet on that?

Gus points to his glass eyes.

GUS

The "Magic Eye". It sees all.

MAX

Show Roy how it works, Gus.

GUS

Okay, why not? Let's see ... I bet I can guess by one buck either way how much you got on you right now.

Memo looks interested.

ROY

I'll take a chance.

GUS

For a grand?

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D

ROY

120 CONT'D

Make it a hundred?
(forcing a smile)
You know the Judge.

GUS

You're on.

Gus covers his good eye, his glass eye glowing in the dim light, curiously staring at Roy.

GUS

(concentrating)

Ten bucks.

(CONTINUED)

120
CONT'D (3) Roy draws his wallet out. Max snaps it up and loudly counts up the bills. 120
CONT'D (3)

MAX

Eight.

MEMO

(surprised)

Gus, you lose.

GUS

(smiling, unperturbed)

And the silver?

Roy fishes out some change from his pocket.

MAX

(counting it up)

A buck and a quarter.

Memo and Max laugh.

GUS

Never fails.

(putting an arm around

Memo's bare shoulders)

Right, sugar?

Memo, slightly embarrassed, smiles at Roy.

MEMO

You're so lucky, Gus.

ROY

That was pretty good. I owe you a hundred.

GUS

Forget it, slugger. Maybe you'll do me a favor someday.

A hush drops over the table. Roy fixes his eyes on Memo. He reaches over and in a very sensual movement of his hand, plucks a silver dollar out of her hair. With another movement of the hand, he produces two. Memo looks at Roy in intense surprise, fascinated. Gus stares dumbfounded.

ROY

You overlooked these, Gus. Call it even.

(offering Memo a hand)

Dance?

Memo rises slowly and Roy leads her down to the dance floor.

GUS

Whadya know about him, Max?

CONTINUED

120
CONT'D
(4)

MAX
(stroking his chin)
Not much. I got a questionnaire out
to a thousand country papers in the
west. Somebody'll claim him. You
interested, Gus?

120
CONT'D
(4)

GUS
Could be, Max. Could be.

MEMO AND ROY DANCING

at a distance from one another but moving together slowly
until they lock. She clings closely to Roy, looking up at
him. After a few wordless moments:

MEMO
(softly)
I have a car.

ROY
What about Gus?

MEMO
(considering)
I'll tell him you made me disappear.

121 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

121

Memo's dark blue convertible exits the Long Island bridge
and speeds into the night.

MEMO (V.O.)
Do you like the ocean?

ROY (V.O.)
Anywhere outta the city.

122 EXT. BEACH

122

Roy and Memo stand ankle deep in the surf. She holds her
gown well above her knees as he lights her cigarette. Her
hair, her face, her naked legs gleam in the light that rains
onto the water from a new moon. They walk on.

MEMO
When I was little my daddy walked out
on us. I don't remember being happy
again till I was nineteen.

ROY
Then what happened?

MEMO
I won a beauty contest.

ROY
How could you lose?

CONTINUED

CONT She looks at Roy, smiling, pausing.

122

MEMO

It's strange, I keep feeling we've met before. Ever since the hotel.

ROY

I doubt it.

MEMO

(shrugs)

Anyway, they sent me to Hollywood, you know, to become a starlet.

(she laughs in remembrance)

I worked in a night club and went to acting school. I was good, too. Why I could make myself, in my thoughts, into anybody I wanted ... I even felt sometimes -- like I had past lives.

(casually leveling a finger at Roy)

Maybe that's where we met.

(drops her cigarette in surf)

After all that, I came East to visit Pop, met Bump and decided to stay.

ROY

(sincerely)

Too bad about Bump.

MEMO

(thoughtfully)

Yes. You never knew with Bump what was going to happen -- on the field, or off it.

Memo angles away from the surf to where the sand rises into an embankment and a stretch of trees beyond. Roy follows. Memo spreads outhr shawl on the sand and sprawls out on it. Roy sits beside her braced up on an arm.

MEMO

So, what about you?

ROY

What about me?

MEMO

Now, it's your turn to tell.

ROY

Me? There's nothing to tell.

MEMO

(beguiling)

I have no secrets.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONT'D

ROY
Maybe, but I do.

122. CONT'D

MEMO
You're right, we all do.

There's a slight pause.

ROY
(smiling)
It's better that way.

(CONTINUED)

122 For a moment Memo looks uncomfortable.
CONT'D .
(2)

122
CONT'D
(2)

MEMO
(brightening)
Do you like being famous?

ROY
Maybe. Ask me in five years.

MEMO
Maybe in five years the questions is,
'Do you like being rich?'

ROY
That's a lotta maybe's.

There's a pause. They stare into each other's eyes without words.

MEMO
Where'd you learn magic?

ROY
I picked it up over the years like a
lot of things.

MEMO
Such as?

ROY
Baseball.

MEMO
Max was right. You are a mystery.

ROY
- Max?
(beat)
He's just after a story.

The remark hangs in the air. Memo searches his face.

ROY
- Gus, he's quite a character.

MEMO
Hmm. Bump introduced us. He picked
me up when I was down.
(silence)
He's a friend ... and the luckiest
man I know. He has a penthouse on
Central Park West.
~~(beat)~~
- You should see it.

Roy says nothing. Memo starts twisting the ring on her finger.

CONTINUED

22 CONT'D.

MEMO

122 CONT'D.

(continuing)

I'm not waiting for true love to come along, Roy. Never have. I've known a million guys. Bump was swell, but typical.

(lowering her voice)

You're not like him, or anyone else.

Memo looks Roy in the eyes. There's a long, nervous pause.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONT'D

MEMO

122

Gus gives me things -- things no one
in my life ever has.

(beat)

Anything wrong with that?

ROY

(agreeing)

Not if you understand the risks.

Memo lowers her eyes, then:

MEMO

Well, there's always a risk.

After a moment Memo looks up and stares at Roy. She lifts her head and lowers it into the cradle of his arm. He meets her gaze for a long moment. Her breathing becomes heavier. She gives Roy's shirt a little tug. He moves in and kisses her gently, then deeply. Roy draws back to look at Memo's face. His hand drifts down to her waist. Her hand reaches inside his shirt.

MEMO

... Touch me ...

As they begin making love we TILT UP to the woods beyond.

123

INT. EDISON HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

123

Roy and Memo enter the lobby arm in arm. Pop is huddled up at one end of a couch dozing lightly. His eyes open at the sound of their footsteps. Pop jumps to his feet. Memo looks guiltily at him. He shoots her an icy glare.

ROY

(steering her to elevator)

I'll see you later.

She leaves. Roy stands facing Pop.

POP

(glancing at his watch)

I oughta fine your ass. I would too,
if you were makin' a decent slary.

ROY

Wait 'til next year.

POP

Yeah, sure.

(beat)

So, how long you been seein' Memo?

ROY

Since tonight.

Roy starts towards the elevator and Pop dogs him.

(CONTINUED)

POP

Look son. I'm not big on dollin' out
personal advice, but in the back of
my mind I believe she's unlucky.

Roy stops at the elevator door and turns.

ROY

You're a swell uncle.

The elevator doors open. Roy steps in.

POP

Don't misunderstand me. I love her,
but I believe that luck rubs off on
other people.

ROY

(impatiently)

Don't worry.

POP

I'm considerin' you.

ROY

(on the doors closing)

I'll consider me.

*

Pop stares forlornly at the doors, turns and leaves.

124

EXT. GAME ACTION - DAY

124

Roy ambles around second base as the fans continue to go wild.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

... and with his third hit of the day, Hobbs has turned this contest completely around.

Roy crosses the plate into the waiting arms of his teammates.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

(continuing)

If the Knights win this one, it'll raise them into second place, only three games behind the Pirates. Can you believe it?

125

ON ROY

125

moving at the CRACK of the BAT dashing back to the wall. He turns to look, leaps, snags the ball in the web of his glove as he hurtles into the wall and falls in a heap.

The stadium goes still. The umpire comes running out.

Memo stands staring wide eyes towards left field. Roy gets to his knees, holds his hand up showing the ball.

126

INT. ROY'S ROOM - NIGHT

126

Softly lit by city lights. Roy is in bed, awake. The door to his room opens and shuts as Memo enters. She's in an evening coat and heels. Roy watches as she crosses the room.

MEMO

You scared the hell out of me today.

ROY

Where were you?

MEMO

With Gus. He thought something happened to me last night.

(smiling)

It did.

Memo moves a shoulder and her coat drops slowly to the floor. She's completely naked.

(CONTINUED)

MEMO
Like what you see?

126
CONT'D

Roy is spellbound. She slips between the sheets and embraces him.

127 EXT. CLOSE ON ROY AT PLATE - SLO-MO - DAY

127

Light dances on the barrel of Wonderboy. The ball WHISTLES in towards the plate, Wonderboy circling around with enormous power LIFTING A CIRCLE OF DUST off the ground as the bat passes over it -- END SLO-MO.

Stee-riiike UMPIRE thr-eeee!

The astonished pitcher gloats. Roy drags himself to the dugout past Pop who gives him a reassuring pat on the ass.

RED
(walking over to Roy)
You all right?

ROY
(trying to dismiss it)
I'll get him next time.

8 EXT. GAME ACTION - ANGLE ROY AND PITCHER - DAY

128

The ball hurtles in as Roy lunges pounding it back to the pitcher who makes the throw for an easy out.

A LOUD CHORUS OF BOOS ring out.

HECKLER #1
(shouting)
You're living on borrowed time,
Hobbs!

Roy reacts, surprised. He draws back to the dugout slowly.

129 EXT. ANOTHER GAME - ROY AT BAT - DAY

129

Swings and misses more desperately than before.

HECKLER #2
(drunk)
Hey, I wanna have some 'a what he's
drinking.

SPORTSCASTER
That's twenty-five consecutive
innings Hobbs has gone hitless. It
looks like the Knights will lose
their fourth in a row. Let's hope
they do better on the road.

CONTINUED

CUT TO:

INT. ROY'S HOTEL ROOM

130

BLACK SCREEN - The SHRIEKING BLAST OF A TRAIN WHISTLE, then a MAN'S VOICE SCREAMING out as Roy bolts up from a bed sopping wet with perspiration.

Memo is next to him. She rises and eases him down. Roy looks around him. In his fear and confusion he tries adjusting his eyes.

MEMO

Did I frighten you, Roy? I'm sorry.

(beat)

I touched you, here.

CLOSE ON - ROY'S SCAR

the first we've seen of his gun wound.

MEMO

(soothingly)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

She strokes his brow and kisses him lightly and often.

130A

INT. EDISON BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

130A

semi-crowded, quiet. An ex-ballplayers claim-to-fame. Roy enters and crosses to a stool. The bartender is smoothing back his hair and sees Roy sit. He turns.

BARTENDER

What'll it be.

Roy is staring into the bartender's shiny mirror at a big, beefy gent. It's the WHAMMER, aged and bloated by drink. He unsteadily lifts a beer mug and drinks the dregs, then brings it down with a BANG on the edge of the table.

The bartender stares with real self-control at the Whammer as the big man stands, then falls back into his chair. The bartender looks back at Roy who watches the Whammer with a mixture of fascination and fear. Roy gets up and leaves.

131 * INT. ELLICOTT LOBBY - DAY

131 *

* Knights preparing to leave. Pop and Red are standing to one side watching porters load their gear. Roy and Memo stand at the far end of the lobby. Pop sees them.

MEMO

I asked Pop if I could join you on the trip, later.

ROY

What'd he say?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONT'D

MEMO

131 CONT'D

- No.

(beat)

But maybe I'll surprise you.

She leans in and kisses Roy hard.

Pop stares gloomily at Roy and Memo.

2 EXT. ROAD FIELD - BATTING PRACTICE

132

Roy and Red stand behind the cage while Hinkle pitches to Olsen.
Red squirts tobacco juice into the grass. Roy's head is bowed.

RED

You know what Bivens said the other
day when some reporter asked him
which was more important in baseball,
the physical or the mental?

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RED (CONT.)

132
CONT'D

Tommy turns to him and says, "The game is eighty percent physical and fifty percent mental."

Red waits for a reaction.

RED

(forcing a grin)

Eighty-fifty? Get it?

Roy gives Red a look.

RED

I've seen many a slump broken by a good belly laugh.

3 INT. KNIGHTS' LOCKEROOM

133

Post-game blues. Pop walks by Roy.

POP

(dropping it)

Maybe you oughta try another stick.

ROY

(taken aback, to his back)

Whatever's wrong it's not by bat.

4 EXT. GAME ACTION - DAY

134

Bivens, in center, under a fly ball makes the catch and starts off the field thinking the side is retired. Laslow dashes up SCREAMING, pointing to home -- too late as the run scores.

5 KNIGHTS' DUGOUT

135

The players take the bench. Roy is up.

OLSEN

Okay, say your hello to the catcher and hit the shit out of it.

6 ROY AT BAT

135

Pt

Swings and misses for strike three.

15 Roy passes Pop returning to the dugout. Pop's nerves are frayed. 135

CONT'D

CONT'D

POP

(at Roy)

It's that blasted bat! Get rid of it and try some other stick!

CONTINUED

* 135
CONT'D

ROY
(snapping vehemently)
Never!

135
CONT'D

*

* 136 OMITTED

136

*

INSERT - NEWSPAPER SPORTS HEADLINE - "KNIGHTS SINK INTO
SECOND DIVISION - ARRIVE TODAY FOR SERIES WITH CUBS"

137

We PULL BACK to REVEAL Iris, seated at her breakfast table
staring out an open window into the night. A CRICKET CHIRPS.
Iris looks back at the headlines. Her mind looks made up.

138

EXT. HOTEL - MIDTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

138

A cab pulls up to a hotel. The doors swing open. Pop and
Red exit and Roy follows.

139

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - ROY

139

heading for his room. He reaches the door, takes out a room
key and inserts it, when he hears a WOMAN'S VOICE.

WOMAN
(from inside)

The door's open.

Roy stops cold. He waits for some new sound. None comes.
He turns the knob slowly and pushes at the door. It opens
on the room, on the Woman in Black standing at a curtained
window. It is too dim to see her clearly.

CLOSE ON - ROY

unsure of what he sees. There is a long silence, then:

WOMAN
It's all yours, sir. I was just
finishing up.

RESUME WOMAN

as she walks towards Roy. Now we can see she is dressed in a
maids' uniform and carrying some spare linen and towels. She
steps politely around Roy who remains unmoved in the doorway.

140 CONT EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD- STADIUM TURNSTILES - DAY

140

As the crowd pours into the stadium. We MOVE IN to pick up
Iris, lost, nearly crushed by the throng of spectators
pushing her along. Her hand clutches a ticket. She's
dressed all in white.

(CONTINUED)

140 CLOSE - HER FACE 140
CONT'D taking it in, overwhelmed. CONT'D

141 EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - DAY 141

Pop stands on the top step as Roy passes by him towards the on deck circle.

P.A. ANNOUNCER
Batting for New York, in left field,
Roy Hobbs.

141 CLOSE - IRIS 141
Pt seeing Roy for the first time. He stops, stretches before he enters the batter's box. Iris watches, moved and amazed all at once.

141 ROY AT THE PLATE 141
CONT'D swinging and missing wildly. CONT'D

Steeee-rrrike! UMPIRE

142 MONTAGE SEQUENCE - GAME 142

Chicago batter hits a tame ground ball to Baker. It takes a bad hop and soars a foot over his head scoring a Cub runner at third.

143 The fans go wild. Iris' eyes are on Roy standing dejectedly 143
in the outfield.

144 Pop shouting to Benz passing into the dugout, "Next time 144
touch all the bases Hank. That's what they're there for."

A145 LATER - GAME ACTION A145

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)
Okay, Fisher has had his say. With the lead run poised on third, the tie is in considerable peril.

ANGLE - NEW CHICAGO BATTER

he lines a ball right into Benz's mitt and a Cub player, caught in a run-down, is tagged out. The side retires.

145 Roy, seated on the bench, is staring down the third base 145
line. Directly in his line of sight is -- a woman in white. She's craning her neck for a look into the Knights' dugout. Roy's eyes single her out. He stares fixedly at her.

B145 Bivens enters the batter's box. The pitcher fires and B145
Bivens rips it to the outfield for a double.

CONTINUED

C145 Pop shakes a fist shouting "Atta way to go." C145

D145 Benz is at the plate. He rockets a fly ball to the outfield and Bivens heads for third. The Cub outfielder makes the catch and fires it home. B145

E145 ANGLE ON CAL BAKER AND PITCHER E145

Baker crouches close to the plate. The pitcher deals and Baker tries to bunt popping it up to the catcher. Bivens scampers back to third in time. Roy watches from the on-deck circle.

146 CLOSE - IRIS 146

reacting to the JEERS and BOOS of the crowd as Roy moves to the batter's box.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)
Hobb's, in a terrible hitting slump,
is 0 for three today.

Roy stops outside the batter's box. He sees the Lady in White. He is about to turn away when she rises. Some fans yell for her to sit down. It looks as if she's trying to communicate something to Roy.

Roy now turns a steely gaze to the Cub hurler, TOOMEY. He enters the box and sets himself. CJS

Toomey rears and throws. The ball streaks by Roy.

UMPIRE
Stuh-rike.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)
Oh, my! That fast ball -- Hobbs may have seen it. I certainly could hear it from up here.

Toomey sneers at Roy. Again he lifts his leg and throws.

Roy swings. The ump sneezes.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)
Oh, Hobbs swings at a bad pitch and the umpire sneezes from the breeze.

Roy steps back and takes a deep breath. He looks back in the direction of the Lady in White. She is still standing. She smiles. Roy catches it, looks back and reflecting for a moment, steps up to the plate. She is on his mind. The fans CHANT LOUDLY.

Roy looks up to find a pitch is already streaking towards him.

CONTINUED

146
CONT'D

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)
Watch it ... Toomey has pulled a fast
one on Hobbs.

146
CONT'D

Anger and desperation flash on Roy's face as he falls back
and swings -- kerr RACK!! like a shot --

146
Pt

Pop, Red, and the Knights -- electrified.

146
Pt

147

The ball, like a white blur, shoots thru Toomey's astounded
legs and begins to climb aiming straight for the center
field stands, rising -- up, up -- and SMACK! into the huge
field clock. Pieces of it come showering down.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)
-- WOW -- smack into the field clock
... spattering minutes all over the
place ... and the Cubs look like they
don't know what time it is!!

147Pt Roy, rounding second and looking at the clock.

147Pt

147 SLO-MO - The big hand of the clock, dangling, comes unhinged
CONT'D ... and falls, plunging upright into the field like a lance. CONT'D

148 ON IRIS - STILL STANDING

148

watching Roy as he crosses the plate, turns, and instead of
heading for the Knights dugout, passes it by and heads for her.

Reporters and several photographers have picked up on Roy's
curious interest in the Lady in White as they mix on the
field with a number of Knights' fans hopping about.
Flashbulbs EXPLODE, first on Iris, then Roy as he approaches
the third base railing.

Pop, Red and the team stare after him.

Roy stops and looks up directly into Iris' eyes.

They stare at each other for an intensely long moment as Roy
slowly doffs his hat to her and the photographers unleash a
flurry of pictures.

149

EXT. VISITORS CLUBHOUSE

149

The entrance door opens and Roy exits hurriedly. He stops
and looks off into the distance at a small park. Sitting on
a bench is Iris.

150

CLOSE ON - IRIS WAITING

150

as Roy approaches, her eyes HOLD WIDE on him. He stops
before her. His shadow cloaks her from the early evening
sun. She stands. They gaze into each other's eyes for a
long suspended moment. Then Iris smiles fondly. They sit
down together.

CONTINUED

150
CONT'D

ROY
(straightaway)
Are you married?

150
CONT'D

Iris, after a pause, smiles.

IRIS
No. Are you?

ROY
Nope.
(beat)
Hard to believe someone with your
looks still on the loose.

IRIS
(embarrassed)
Well ... I don't get lonely.
(beat)
How is it the girls missed you?

ROY
(shrugs)
Didn't see any point in settling
down.

There's an awkward silence.

ROY
(continuing)
... but, I've been thinking about
that a lot lately -- life flying by
and all.
(beat)
Go to many games?

IRIS
No.

ROY
So, why'd you come?

Iris hesitates, momentarily flustered.

IRIS
- Maybe I shouldn't have ...

ROY
(into her eyes)
I'm glad you did.

IRIS
(lowering her eyes)
I don't know.
(sentimental and wise)
We're not kids anymore. Nothing's
ever the same.

CONTINUED

150
CONT'D
(2)

ROY
You're just scared. So am I --
seeing you out of the blue like that.

150
CONT'D
(2)

Roy shakes his head. A little smile starts in the corners of Iris' mouth.

ROY
(worriedly)
- Am I different?

Iris actually does a nervous little double-take on Roy.

IRIS
I don't know ...
(playful)
... maybe, taller, stronger,
braver ...

ROY
(laughing)
All right, all right, you got me..

IRIS
(just as worried as Roy)
And me?

She's left herself open and Roy casually gives her the once-over. He'd like to tease her but can't.

ROY
Yeah ... a lot.

There is a long silence. They are both struggling with what to say next, trying to forestall the inevitable.

ROY
(remembering)
It ~~was~~ you at the train station that day?

Iris reacts, thinking.

IRIS
- Yes.

Iris' hand glides up to a strand of hair and pulls it back. She looks suddenly very vulnerable.

IRIS
I used to look for you in crowds of people -- thinking, 'maybe you'll be there.'
(beat)
Somewhere I stopped.

Iris lowers her eyes. Roy is very troubled, trying to decide what to say.

CONTINUED

ROY
(standing)
Come on.

151 ROY AND IRIS - WALKING

151

exiting the park onto a tree-lined street boarded by a stone wall. They are walking in silence, then:

IRIS
Did they ever catch her?

ROY
(reflectively)
- No.
(beat)
My life didn't turn out like I expected it.

IRIS
(reacting vaguely)
Whose does?

Roy looks at her. She searches for something to say, but can't find it. She spots a ~~taxi~~ parked at his stand near them and she stops holding her ground as if there is no place to go from here.

ROY
(stopping, turning)
- What is it?

IRIS
I've got to go.

ROY
(confused)
- Why?

IRIS
I have to.

She's not volunteering any more than that. Roy senses it and what it might suggest.

ROY
I understand.

Iris looks distracted. She feels Roy's eyes on her and to throw him off she impulsively takes a step towards the cab. Roy walks with her. They stop at its rear door.

ROY
Look, I'd like you to come to the game tomorrow.

Iris thinks a moment, then:

CONTINUED

151
CONT'D

IRIS
I can't. I ... I came today.

151
CONT'D

ROY
I see. You work ...

He nods. She nods, holding back. Silence. Roy sighs. He looks at her tenderly.

ROY
(continuing, insistent)
Come.

She stares long and hard into Roy's eyes, then smiles warmly, almost relieved. Roy grins broadly. He opens the cab door. It is an act of faith.

He closes the door and the taxi takes off as his eyes trail after it.

152 INT. ROY AND OLSEN'S ROOM - THAT NIGHT

152

Roy is half undressed. On one of the beds is a bag, unopened. * OLSEN who is not present. The PHONE RINGS and Roy walks between the double beds and reaches for the receiver on a night stand.

ROY
Hello.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
- Hi.

There is a silent pause.

ROY
Who is this?

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
It's me ... Memo.
(beat)
Surprise.

She speaks in a low, seductive tone. Roy is very still.

ROY
Where are you?

MEMO (V.O.)
I'm here in my room... sitting in a black satin slip ... thinking of you.

Her voice trails off. There is a long pause.

MEMO (V.O.)
I miss you.

CONTINUED

152
CONT'D

ROY
(breaking the mood)
We won today, did you hear?

152
CONT'D

153 INT. GUS' PENTHOUSE

153

Memo sits at Gus' bar holding the receiver. She's dressed in a white evening gown and heavily jeweled. Gus stands with his back to her, staring out the balcony window.

MEMO
I heard it on the radio.
Congratulations.

ROY (V.O.)
Thanks.
(pause)
I'm beat.

Roy's coolness puzzles her. She spears the ice cubes in her *
drink with a ruby red fingernail.

MEMO
You better get some rest --
(seductive to the end)
You'll need it.

ROY (V.O.)
- Goodnight.

MEMO
- Goodnight ...

We HEAR the CLICK of Roy's RECEIVER. Memo doesn't hang up.

MEMO
(continuing)
... and I love you too.

She hangs up. Gus turns. Memo is dragging on her cigarette with her back to him. She twirls on the bar stool and smiles deviously. It is less convincing than she'd like.

GUS
That was cute.

MEMO
(still covering up)
Smooth, huh?

He walks over to her.

GUS
Uh-huh.
(beat)
You're in control, right pal?

*

CONTINUED

153

VT'D She stares up at Gus as he peers down at her with his restless eye.

153

CONT'D

MEMO

Sure, Gus.

154

EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - GAME ACTION

154

MONTAGE SEQUENCE OF ROY AT BAT: SLO-MO:

of four, phenomenal hits - a portrait of the classic hitter, the power, the perfection, the beauty of achieving sports single most difficult act - "THE HOME RUN", beginning with:

PORTRAIT - THE SCOWLING GAZE OF THE PITCHER

THE WHIRR OF A BLINDING PITCH

THE AMPLIFIED EXPLOSION OF BALL AND BAT -

as several, different pitchers, one more increasingly haunted than the last, gaze in awe, their eyes rolling skyward:

SEGUING to the building ROAR OF THE CROWD and the SPORTSCASTER trying to shout over it:

SPORTSCASTER

Folks ... that's four consecutive
homeruns, all on the first pitch.
Hobbs is incredible! -- blowing balls
out of here like smoke rings.

154

Pt

CLOSE ON - IRIS

154

Pt

reacting in awe of Roy's last hit.

155

INT. VISITORS CLUBHOUSE - DAY

155

Roy is hurrying towards the front door.

156

EXT. CLUBHOUSE

156

Roy exits, eagerly searching the distance for a glimpse of Iris. He sees no one. There is a pause, then:

IRIS (O.S.)

Hi.

Roy turns, surprised. Iris is leaning up against the wall of the clubhouse, actually enjoying the moment of being missed. Caught off guard, Roy throws his arms out to his side a little awkwardly. He heaves a big sigh. They enjoy looking at each other silently. Iris is in a lovely, pink blouse and dress.

ROY

Come on. I hired a car.

CONTINUED

156 She smiles.

CONT'D

156
CONT'D

157 EXT. HIGHWAY - ROY'S HIRED CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

157

It takes a sharp curve. The wide, open spaces of a country landscape burst into view. Roy and Iris react together with a look.

158 EXT. SHERWOOD INN - EVANSTON

158

A charming old cobble-street suburb fifteen minutes outside of Chicago. We LIFT UP and over the Inn to SEE a sunny field, Roy and Iris in the midst of it. A soft breeze rolls in waves across the yellow grass.

ROY AND IRIS - IN THE FIELD

Shards of sunlight spear out at them from a distant birch tree.

IRIS

(bubbling over)

It was all so wonderful, everyone kind of dreaming at first, waiting for something special. They wait for a long time and then there you are, making it happen. When you hit that ball, or go up in the air for a catch -- it brings them back to life, to knowing how much better they could be.

Iris' excitement is infectious.

ROY

(intensely)

I've still got a lot to give to this game.

Iris looks sideways into Roy's eyes.

IRIS

And you're giving it.

They stare into each other's eyes silently.

159 LOOKING INTO A POND - LATER

159

The sky and water are a deep orange. Roy and Iris are silhouetted against it.

The CAMERA TILTS UP to reveal them seated on a wrought-iron bench at the water's edge. They are sharing a quiet moment. Iris is staring at their reflection and stirring it into ripples with a reed.

CONTINUED

9
CONT'D

159
CONT'D

ROY
(quietly)
Iris?

IRIS
(she looks up, smiles)
- I was thinking about you, all those
years, drifting from place to place.

Roy looks at her. He says nothing.

ROY
You like it here?

IRIS
I don't think about it much.

ROY
(beat, gently probing)
Don't you - get lonely?

Iris is gravely silent. She looks up at Roy. She let's go
the reed in her hand.

IRIS
I'm not alone -- exactly. You
see ...
(she hesitates, then)
I have a son.

Roy is stunned. Iris sees it clearly.

IRIS
(gently)
You didn't come back.
(beat)
I came here and made a home for
myself. I was nearly always alone,
reading mostly, to improve myself.
Dreaming of the great things to be
done in the world, hoping one day
maybe we'd do them together, but ...
(pauses, taking a deep breath)
My boy's the only thing in my life
that's important to me. We've been
thru a lot together.

Roy is deeply moved but his expression becomes haunted.

ROY
(into her eyes)
- After a time, there was just, no
going back.

Iris sees his torment.

IRIS
But, you did. Why?

CONTINUED

159
CONT'D
(2)

Roy looks at her, searching for an answer.

159
CONT'D
(2)

ROY

You didn't sell the farm, did you?

IRIS

No. I'll always have that.

ROY

(the answer)

Because, it's home.

160

EXT. IRIS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

160

as Roy's car pulls up.

There's a long, awkward silence, then:

IRIS

Where do you go from here?

ROY

To Philly.

Iris looks over at Roy. She's unsure of the moment, then:

IRIS

Would you like to meet Ted?

Roy smiles warmly.

161

INT. IRIS' APARTMENT

161

The door opens and Iris enters. She fumbles nervously for the light switch. It clicks on. She looks immediately around her. Roy takes a tentative step forward. No one is there. Iris crosses to her son's room and opens the door. She reacts to an empty room. She closes the door slowly, reflecting. She turns. Roy is still standing just inside the doorway. He looks around. Iris is suddenly conscious of its appearance. It is neat and homey.

She crosses to him.

IRIS

(disappointed)

He's not here.

ROY

- Out with his father?

IRIS

(averting her eyes)

No. His father lives in New York.

(beat)

Ted needs him now and I've been thinking it's a good idea, don't you?

CONTINUED

161
CONT'D

ROY
Sure. A father makes all the
difference in the world.
(beat)
Ask any ballplayer.

161
CONT'D

That causes a little burst of laughter and tears in Iris' throat. Roy takes a step towards her. They are very close.

IRIS
He's a good man.

ROY
He deserves the best.

They've both been holding it in. Finally Iris starts to cry.

IRIS
Oh, Roy.

She leans into him, her head falling wearily onto his shoulder. He embraces her lightly and his eyes well up. Iris pulls away, trying to compose herself but unable to.

IRIS
(prepared for it)
You've got to go.

Roy nods, his eyes still resting fondly on the room.

ROY
I'm sorry I missed your boy.
(beat)
There'll be another time - soon.

IRIS
I'll tell him; Roy Hobbs - he won't believe it.

Roy smiles as does Iris. He turns and starts down the stairwell. He hesitates, as if struck by some vague afterthought -- then leaves.

162 INSERT - NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPH

162

The shot of Roy doffing his cap to "the Lady in White". We PULL BACK to reveal Memo holding the paper, standing by the newspaper rack in the Edison lobby. Gus is buying smokes. Memo's expression stiffens as she slowly folds the paper.

* A162 EXT. TURNSTILES OUTSIDE STADIUM - DAY

A162 *

Mounted police and barricades hold back the standing-room-only crowd pressing thru the gates. A vendor hawks toy replicas of "Wonderboy".

163 SEQUENCE OF SCENES - DEPICTING THE NEW YORK KNIGHTS IN THE CLUTCHES OF PENNAINT FEVER.

Roy clouts a tremendous home run over the left field roof. The crowd SHRIEKS with delight as he rounds the bases:

CONTINUED

164 EXT: DOWNTOWN NEW YORK - DAY

A giant fifty-foot thermometer is being erected onto a billboard that reads, "PENNANT FEVER" in huge letters. The rising mercury line indicates the number of games left to play - "15"

A-164 INT. JUDGE'S OFFICE - REAR POV - JUDGE AND GUS - NIGHT

A-164

dimly lit by the overglow of an outside floodlight that filters thru the stadium window.

JUDGE

I'm worried. The whole situation has become impossible to predict.

GUS

(amused)

-- Only more difficult.

The Judge glances at Gus, then anxiously out the stadium window.

JUDGE

-- Damn that Hobbs!

(back to Gus)

I suggest we are leaving too much to chance.

Their eyes meet. The Judge bites his lip nervously.

GUS

Forget what you're thinking.

(beat)

Everything's falling into place.

JUDGE

How can you be so certain?

GUS

(with great self-assurance)

I know what I see.

(beat)

Hobbs'll make it more interesting, but he won't make the difference.

-164

INT. LOBBY - BOSTON HOTEL - NIGHT

*

B-164

Roy enters with Olsen. They start past the DESK CLERK, when:

DESK CLERK

Mr. Hobbs ...

Roy stops and looks.

DESK CLERK

(continuing)

You have a phone call, sir.

(indicating a booth)

You can take it over there.

OLSEN

Catch ya later, Roy.

Roy shrugs and heads for a phone booth on the other side of the lobby.

ANGLE - PHONE BOOTH

it is in semi-darkness. Roy pulls on the cabin door when suddenly a naked, braceleted arm reaches out and pulls him inside.

INT. BOOTH

Roy finds himself in Memo's arms. She is all in white, an off-the-shoulder blouse that reveals a brilliant tan. Her face and arms glow lusciously. Before Roy can react Memo's hands are all over him, wandering playfully, groping him.

MEMO

Was it this crowded in Chicago?

Roy flashes her an amused grin. There's no room to move so he rests his arms on her shoulders.

ROY

... I hadn't thought about it till now ...

MEMO

-- What was on your mind?

Without giving him a chance to answer she brings an arm up and kisses him hungrily. We see a room key dangles from her hand.

* 165 OMIT OMIT 165 *

166 EXT. A NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT 166

A group of Knights rooters string up a stuffed DUMMY in a Philly uniform -- and hang it in effigy.

167 EXT. GAME ACTION - NIGHT 167

Stubbs smacks a long ball into the upper deck. An overly exuberant fan lunges for the ball and over the railing spared from making the fall by some quick hands that grab him by his heels.

168 INT. DINING CAR - SPEEDING TRAIN 168

The Knights in hilarious celebration. A rousing food fight ensues as baked potatoes fly.

169 EXT. DOWNTOWN NEW YORK - DAY 169

The "Pennant Fever" thermometer on the rise -- six games to go.

170 EXT. PLAYING FIELD - NIGHT 170

Olsen belly-wops with a game-winning run. Roy and Laslow help him to his feet. Pop is elated.

171 EXT. PLAYING FIELD - DAY 171

SLO-MO as Roy collides hard with the catcher and just touches the plate. Pop jubilantly leaps up in the air. Laslow and Olsen help Roy to his feet. Roy momentarily clutches his side as the fans go wild!

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

(bursting with excitement)

That's it! In one of the most phenomenal pennant assaults this ole redhead has ever seen, the New York Knights have come back to clinch a tie for first place with just three games to play with the lowly Reds.

* 172 INT. MAX MERCY'S OFFICE - MAX 172 *

seated at his desk bent over a pile of papers listening to the radio:

CONTINUED

172
ONT'D

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)
The worst that can happen is a first place tie with the Pirates, a near impossibility the way Hobbs is mauling the ball.

172
CONT'D

The phone RINGS. Max picks it up.

MAX

Hello...

(straightening slowly, shocked)

I'll be right over to pick them up.

He hangs up staring incredulously at the receiver.

173 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

173

Lots of excitement -- hooting and laughter. The Players are chucking wet towels around. Pop enters and takes one smack in the kisser. He lets it hang there.

POP

(thru the towel)

Now, cut it out. We still need one more to win. Let's not jinx ourselves. And no booze.

Just then a champagne bottle explodes in Dizzy's hands. He's been holding it out of sight but it geisers over the counter. Everyone breaks up laughing.

174 INT. CLUBHOUSE - DAY

174

Roy is on the phone. We HEAR a RINGING at the other end. Finally the operator breaks in:

OPERATOR

I'm sorry, but there is no answer.

ROY

(beat)

Thanks.

Roy hangs up.

175 INT. LUXURY PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

175

It's crowded with a lively mix of Knights' players and tackily- attired showgirls. Dance music blares from a vitrola. Strung up over an archway is a homemade banner, "KILL THE PIRATES". Memo sips from a champagne glass moving alone to the music. She's in a strapless, flaming yellow gown that clings to her skin.

She reacts to seeing Roy at the door. He looks surprised. He hurries over to him, leans in and kisses him, her newly tanned arms encircling his waist.

CONTINUED

175
CONT'D

175
CONT'D

MEMO

Missed you.

ROY

What's going on here?

MEMO

Just a little victory party.

ROY

We haven't won yet.

She takes Roy by the arm and leads him into the living room. Most of the players look uneasy about being here. A few, like Fowler, look to be having a good time.

ROY

Who's place is this?

MEMO

Mine.

(whispering)

At least it will be in a week.

ROY

You must have hocked your fur coat for it.

MEMO

Never. Gus chipped in.

She steps back to model her dress shifting her hips just once --

MEMO

Like it?

ROY

Yeah, I like it.

MEMO

(giving him a look)

I'm not so sure anymore. After Chicago?

Roy says nothing. Fowler waltzes over and takes Memo's drink out of her hand.

FOWLER

Memo, how 'bout a little cheek to cheek?

MEMO

(glaring at Roy)

Sure, Al.

FOWLER

(as he whisks her away)

Don't wait up for us, grandpa.

CONTINUED

175
CONT'D
'2)

Fowler laughs. Roy wanders over to a long serving table piled with food. Bivens, Laslow and Olsen are off in a corner laughing it up.

175
CONT'D
(2)

Gus comes up from behind Roy and slaps him on the back.

GUS

Welcome home, slugger. I see you've climbed out of that hole you were in.

ROY

I'm sure it cost you a couple of bucks.

Gus forces a laugh. He examines his cigar and blows smoke.

GUS

Chicken feed.

(a beat)

Some blow out, eh? All fresh food.

Roy nods coolly. Memo whirls by with Fowler. A diamond bracelet glitters at her wrist. She winks at Roy.

GUS

She's crazy about you.

ROY

And you.

GUS

(regards him; then)

-- I like seeing her happy.

Roy is watching Memo and listening.

ROY

... What do you think makes her happy?

GUS

(with Memo's eyes on Roy)
Can't ya tell?

ROY

-- But fame isn't enough, is it Gus?

Gus' defenses relax, his manner becomes friendlier.

GUS

... Between you and me -- I'd hate to see you lose her to a better provider.

ROY

(casually)

I know what you mean.

175 There's a long silence.

CONT'D

(3)

175

CONT'D

(3)

GUS

How's the team holding up.

ROY

They can do no wrong.

GUS

It's like that when you're on
a roll.

(beat)

... and you?

ROY

(looking at him, smiling)

-- I wouldn't bet against me.

Gus laughs, shrugs.

GUS

-- My treat.

Roy reacts warily, keeping his eyes straight ahead.

GUS

(indicating Memo)

Isn't she something. What a lot
of guys would give to be in your
shoes.

ROY

You're standing awfully close, Gus.
I can't tell if I'm feeling your
toes or mine.

Gus and Roy exchange a long, hard look. Gus smiles ruefully,
and walks away. He catches Memo's eye and shakes his head slowly.

Roy wanders over to a few of the players.

Memo breaks with Fowler and two-steps her way to Gus' side.

MEMO

What's the matter, Gus?

GUS

I misjudged your boy, pal.

He brings his eyes up to meet hers. Memo is disappointed
and fearfull all at once.

ROY

Memo appears at his side holding a small platter of food. She
quickly plucks an hors'd'oeuvre in his mouth.

5
NT'D

A LITTLE LATER

175
CONT'D
(4)

Roy is standing by an upright piano with a few of the players, singing, "Down by the Old, Mill Stream". Roy suddenly stops singing. He's starting to perspire. For a moment his VISION BLURS. Olsen can see something is wrong.

OLSEN

You all right?

Roy can barely hear him. Roy sees Memo standing demurely in a far corner of the room by an open window chatting with a girl friend and watching Roy curiously.

ROY

-- Where's Pop.

OLSEN

Are you kidding? If he knew about this ...

Olsen passes a finger across his throat.

ROY

... (in pain)

... Ollie. Get me out of here.

Roy staggers, clutches his gut and falls to the floor. The players and Memo rush to his side.

76

INT. TOWER MATERNITY HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

A middle-aged man in white fusses with the window blinds.

Roy is asleep. A thin shaft of sunlight appears on his face, causing him to blink open his eyes. He looks rested.

DOCTOR

And how are we feeling today?

Roy lies motionless.

ROY

All right ... Where am I?

DOCTOR

Tower Maternity, Roy. I'm Dr. Neuman.

Roy looks quizzically at the doctor.

DOCTOR

It was an emergency -- and we were the closest.

ROY

(confused)

But ...

The doctor picks up a newspaper and hands it to Roy. Roy

6
INT'D:HOBBS QUESTION MARK FOR PLAYOFF MONDAY
*****176
CONT'D

Roy is trying to focus on the article, still very much confused.

DOCTOR

They lost three in a row.

(a beat)

What's done is done.

ROY

Am I okay to play Monday?

DOCTOR

I'm afraid there's some bad news. *

Roy looks the doctor hard in the eyes. He lays the paper down. *

DOCTOR

(continuing)

The lining of your stomach has been gradually deteriorating due to a previous injury. We pumped your stomach and found this.

He extends a hand and opens it, revealing a SILVER BULLET HEAD. Roy stares, takes it.

DOCTOR

(continuing)

This -- silver bullet head -- has been embedded in your stomach for some time -- years I would say. *

ROY

Doesn't matter, that's history.

DOCTOR

Yes, but it could prove, well, fatal ... if you were to continue playing baseball. Stop now and in time you could heal properly. *

Roy stares fatalisticly at the bullet.

ROY

Can I play Monday? *

CONTINUED:

176
CONT'D
(2)

DOCTOR
It's only one game ... and I'm
leaving that up to you. Beyond that,
the odds -- and your age -- would be
against you. One day your stomach
could easily just blow apart -- kill
you on the spot.

176
CONT'D
(2)

Roy is frozen still.

DOCTOR
(heaving a sigh)
I'm sorry. I'll look in on you later.

The doctor leaves.

177 INT. ROY'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON

177

Roy is sitting up staring at the silver bullet in his hand.
Iris enters quietly. He looks up and sees her, surprised.
They smile at one another.

178 A LITTLE LATER

178

Iris is at his side, her eyes on the bullet he slowly turns
in his fingers.

ROY
If I had started out fifteen years
ago like I tried, I'da been the best
in the game.

IRIS
Does that still mean so much to you?

ROY
It did.

IRIS
Think of the young boys you've
influenced ... and there are so many.

ROY
I've given them my best.

IRIS
And you will again, as a man, too.

Iris is looking at Roy with great feeling.

IRIS
That day in Chicago -- I stood up so
you'd regain your power. I hoped you
might become yourself again.

Iris' words have a solemn effect on Roy.

CONTINUED

78
'D

ROY

178
CONT'D

I did.

There's a long pause. Roy's eyes fall to the bullet.

ROY

My only regret is that Dad wasn't
here to see it.

(beat)

God, I love baseball.

There's a long pause, then the door opens. It's Memo holding
an armful of flowers.

MEMO

(seeing Iris)

Excuse me. I thought you were alone.

Memo doesn't move. The two women stare at each other from
across the room. Roy starts to speak.

IRIS

(stopping him, quietly)

I'll come back.

Iris walks out and past Memo. Roy's eyes trail after her.
Neither woman looks directly at the other. Memo closes
the door behind Iris.

MEMO

(softly)

May I come in?

Roy looks at her. She crosses the room and stuffs the flowers
and red autumn leaves into a vase. She looks haggard. Tears
are slowly welling in her eyes. She turns crossing to Roy's
bedside and throws her arms around his neck.

MEMO

It's all my fault.

*
↓

ROY

(vaguely)

It had nothing to do with you.

MEMO

The party could have waited a day.

Memo looks up, attempting to smile. She turns and gazes out
the window at the darkening street.

MEMO

Pop's furious with me. He called
me filthy names.

(MORE)

178
CONT'D
(2)

MEMO (CON'T)

(beat)
It doesn't matter. I'm fed up to
here with him. He's not my father.

Roy watches Memo uneasily. She turns and looks solemnly at Roy.

MEMO

Are you all right?

Roy looks a little suspiciously at her.

ROY

Yeah, I'm all right.

MEMO

(a little pause)
Roy, I'm scared.

ROY

-- What about?

There's a strained silence.

MEMO

Last night, Max came by to see Gus.

(beat)

He said that you were through
with baseball.

The muscles tighten in Roy's jaw.

ROY

Where'd he get that idea?

MEMO

I don't know.

ROY

It's a lie.

(beat)

-- What else?

MEMO

He said if you play Monday
that it could kill you.

ROY

... and --

MEMO

... (quietly)
Isn't that enough?

Roy's hurt is hidden but near the surface.

CONTINUED:

MEMO

-- What does Max know?

ROY

It makes no difference what
he knows.

MEMO

(with real emotion)

Then forget about him. What
about me?

Roy doesn't answer.

MEMO

(with a little quiver
in her voice)

A reporter stopped me today. He
asked if the rumors about you
and I were true.

ROY

What rumors?

MEMO

-- That we were getting married.

She looks at him - unafraid, searching for any reaction at all.
Roy looks at Memo's clasped hands, then at her.

ROY

What did you say?

MEMO

(quietly)

-- I know what I wanted to say.

Her eyes well up. She bows her head. Roy is drawn to her
feelings.

MEMO

(whispering, near tears)

Please don't play ... don't risk
your life....

Roy is listening. His face clouds over.

ROY

What am I suppose to do -- cash
in on a few testimonials, a
personal appearance here and
there, then disappear?

They look into each other's eyes.

MEMO
(more relaxed now)
You don't have to do anything.

Roy searches her face.

MEMO
(continuing)
I can get Gus to stake us to
a lot of money. We could take
it and buy into a company.
Everybody does that. You're
name is famous. We'd make out
fine.

ROY
You don't need Gus or his money.
Memo's eyes grow vacant, almost dead.

MEMO
You're right, I don't need Gus ...
Roy meets her gaze for a long moment.

MEMO
Let me tell you something about me.
I don't ever want to be poor. I'm
afraid of it. Maybe I'm spoiled, but
I've got to have someone who can
support me, in a decent way ... why
not? I can't worry every time the
price of beans jumps a nickel. Maybe
it's wrong to feel this way, but I
saw how my mother lived and I know it
killed her. You understand, don't
you, Roy -- to make up your mind to
have certain things?

The room has darkened and Roy can scarcely see Memo.

MEMO
(pressing) -- We'll make out fine.

ROY
If I skip the playoff?

MEMO
Roy, be practical -- this is your
last season. There's got to be
something more.

The refracted light from the windows catches Memo's eyes. *
Roy reacts to their eery, disembodied glow.

ROY
You're in the dark. Turn on
the lights.

179 INT. ROY'S ROOM - LATER AT NIGHT

179

Roy is on the phone.

ROY

(lowly)

A few practice swings is all, to get
back my timin' ... Just be there ...
I know what I'm doin'.

He hangs up.

80

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATER THAT NIGHT

180

It's baby feeding time and a procession of fathers is leaving the hospital. Roy is sneaking our amongst them. He's unaware that Max Mercy has spotted him.

181

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - NIGHT

181

Empty and dark. Suddenly the field lights go on. We can HEAR DIZZY grumbling in the Clubhouse tunnel as he and Roy appear. Olsen follows, donned in catcher's gear.

DIZZY

Just take it easy, huh? It's my ass if Pop finds out...

Roy

Yeah, yeah, Diz. Don't worry.

Lurking in the dark of the stands by third base is Max with a flash camera, watching.

Dizzy steps up to the mound carrying a bucket of balls.

Roy starts for the batter's box but stops. A metal reflection in the stands has caught his eye.

Dizzy stoops for a ball. Roy steps into the batters box and sets himself. Max appears at the railing, now sighting his camera on Roy. Dizzy winds and delivers. Before Max can snap a picture, Roy swings and slashes a wicked rifle shot right towards Max.

It ricochets explosively around Max who ducks, accidentally setting off his flash.

ROY

Did ya' get that one, Max?

Ashen faced, Max cautiously backs away from the railing as Dizzy delivers again. Max turns and runs up the aisle.

Wonderboy connects with a loud CRACK. Another ball whizzes into the stands with uncanny accuracy towards Max who dives into the refuge of the stadium tier.

ROY

(shouting)

Don't look back, Max! Ever. I shoulda' done that fifteen years ago.

Roy is sweating, dizzy. He staggers and falls to one knee. Dizzy charges the plate just in time to let Roy down, semi-conscious.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D

DIZZY

181 CONT'D

(to Happy)
Get a cab, fast!
(to himself)
God almighty, I shoulda had more
sense...

ROY

S'all right, Diz ... no one'll know.

INT. ROY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - INSERT OF OPEN NEWSPAPER - NIGHT 182

We HEAR sounds of LAUGHTER and merriment. We are looking at a sports cartoon of Roy in a maternity smock, his stomach protruding in an exaggerated fashion.

(CONTINUED)

182 He's flanked on either side by two bedridden pregnant
CONT'D mothers. The caption reads:

182
CONT'D

MONDAY'S PLAYOFF --
WILL HOBBS DELIVER THEN?

We PULL BACK to disclose several of Roy's teammates scattered around the room.

Dizzy is reading aloud Roy's get well cards to jibes and chuckles from the others.

DIZZY

(opening a card)
Here's annuder -- listen. "To Roy...
We love to watch you hit that ball,
We cheer when you're connecting.
But it really shocked us one and all
To discover ... you're expecting!"

They all laugh. A prissy, stone-faced nurse appears in the doorway.

Gentlemen! NURSE The babies -- please!

She stands at the door, glowering. The boys quiet down.

LASLOW

Well, we gotta run anyway, Roy. Feel good, eh?

ROY

Thanks for coming, fellas.

183 CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ROY'S ROOM

183

As the players depart, amid expectant mothers we see the shadowed figure of a man lurking in a small alcove.

184 INT. ROY'S HOSPITAL ROOM

184

Roy turns off the bedside lamp. Immediately there is an almost inaudible CLICKING at the door.

ROY

Who's there?

Judge Banner appears and stares at Roy from the foot of the bed. He is in dark glasses and a black hat.

JUDGE

Don't be alarmed.

The judge smiles and settles his lumpy form slowly into the armchair. He carries a briefcase.

CONTINUED

JUDGE

(continuing)

It distresses me to see you in that
bed ... Bump died in it.

184
CONT'D

184
CONT'D

There is a silence.

JUDGE

I understand that you are playing
tomorrow.

ROY

Wouldn't want you to dock my pay.

The judge scrutinizes Roy.

JUDGE

On the contrary. I wish to "augment"
it -- with a bonus.

Roy says nothing.

JUDGE

As you may know, we are favored to
win tomorrow.

ROY

Which puts you back on the bench.
trying night court.

JUDGE

I have decided that would be a grave
mistake. Financially speaking, I can
do better, by not winning. With your
help of course.

ROY

Put that in writing for Pop.

JUDGE

(patiently)

I'm sure you know the prevailing rate
for this sort of thing is ten
thousand dollars. I'm offering you
twice that.

ROY

You're wasting your time.

JUDGE

You know as well as I that you are in
no condition to play.

ROY

Then why twenty thousand?

CONTINUED

184
CONT'D
(2)

JUDGE
Insurance. You could get into the
game and wreck it with an unexpected
blow.

184
CONT'D
(2)

Roy turns his gaze out the window.

ROY
That's the beauty of it.

JUDGE
A monumental mistake, Hobbs, in light
of certain information I now possess.

The Judge opens his briefcase, removes a manila envelope and
extracts two 8x10 photos.

JUDGE
Police photographs taken some fifteen
years ago in a hotel room

A184 INSERT -- A PHOTO of Roy lying bloodied and unconscious.

A184

JUDGE
(pointing with a flourish)
Oh, by the way, that's you.

B184 Roy stares in disbelief. INSERT - SECOND PHOTO -- of
Harriet Bird lying bloodied on the sidewalk in her black
slip.

B184

184
CONT'D
A half-naked lady lying in the
street. You in her room -- shot.
Nasty business.

184
CONT'D

ROY
- Mercy.

JUDGE
Of course, full disclosure of this
scandal -- in the eyes of your
admirers and loved ones -- would
cause only humiliation and
embarrassment.

ROY
(absently)
-- It was suicide.

JUDGE
(taking back photos)
Tut, tut, Mr. Hobbs. Consider
yourself very fortunate -- had this
case come before me ...

Roy is stunned. The Judge holds up a thick envelope.

CONTINUED

184
CONT'D

JUDGE

It's a surprisingly simple procedure. You are to play your normal game -- except when you're at bat. Then under no circumstances are you to hit the ball safely.

184
CONT'D

ROY

They'll beat you without me.

JUDGE

Without you, they lost three in a row.

(a beat)

What's more, I have a contingency plan for their flat failure.

ROY

Who else is in on this?

JUDGE

(smiling around his cigar)

A key man.

The judge rises and places the envelope on a nightstand and exits. There is a long silence. Roy eases back shaken badly.

185 INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - EVENING

185

Max Mercy is heading for the exit, when he spots a young woman entering the hospital -- Iris. Her face registers on him. We NOTICE Max is carrying a MANILA ENVELOPE.

186 RECEPTION - ROY'S FLOOR

186

Iris approaches the nurse on duty busily scanning patient charts.

IRIS

Roy Hobbs, please.

The nurse looks up coldly appraising Iris.

IRIS

(playing it safe)

I'm his sister.

MAX (V.O.)

(cutting in)

Excuse me, Miss ... Hobbs?

Max is at her elbow looking at her profile intently.

MAX

Max Mercy, sports columnist for the Tribune. I recognized you from your picture in the paper.

CONTINUED

186
CONT'D Iris turns and looks at Max.

186
CONT'D

MAX
Roy and I go way back. I didn't know
he had a sister.

Iris says nothing.

MAX
I hoped you might comment on these
photos -- in Roy's defense.

Iris' face has an intensely fresh glow. Max is taken aback
by it.

MAX
-- Care for a look?

Iris glances dubiously at the envelope. She takes it and
removes two photos. She looks briefly at each without a
flicker of emotion, then hands them back to Max.

MAX
-- Recognize the face?

Iris doesn't reply. Max stares into her cool and unwavering
gaze.

MAX
Of course I'm doing what I can to
stop this story from breaking.

Iris bores a hole thru Max. His expression is deteriorating
into little tics of guilt as he draws back trying to
distance himself from her. He turns slowly and walks away.

Iris' eyes follow him, sadder, more wistful, until he turns
the corner.

Just then Memo exits Roy's room. Her attention is
immediatley drawn to Iris. The two women stare at one
another briefly when a man pushing his wife in a wheelchair
holding her newborn passes between Memo and Iris. Memo
crosses straightaway to the reception desk and stops next to
Iris.

MEMO
(lowly, to Nurse)
Nurse, Mr. Hobbs is asleep. He's
requested no more visitors for the
day.

Certainly. NURSE

Memo delays a moment, then turns and leaves, ignoring Iris
completely.

CONTINUED

186 Iris turns to the Nurse.
CONT'D
(2)

186
CONT'D
(2)

NURSE
I'm sorry. Perhaps tomorrow.

Iris lowers her eyes. There's a pause, then she turns and goes.

187 INT. POP'S OFFICE - DAY

187

Pop is a bundle of nerves. Dizzy is standing in the doorway.

DIZZY
He ain't here yet, Pop.

POP
Well, find him.

188 INT. JUDGE'S OFFICE - RECEPTION

188

Roy enters. We HEAR VOICES, LAUGHTER and the play of an ADDING MACHINE from the Judge's office.

189 INT. JUDGE'S OFFICE - THE JUDGE, MEMO, AND GUS

189

seated around a table strewn with betting slips. Memo is busily punching away at the adding machine. The Judge wears a green eyeshade pulled over his black wig. Gus helps the Judge in counting the slips.

NEW ANGLE - REVEALING THE DOOR

as it opens quietly and Roy steps in. Gus spots him first and gets up.

GUS
(advancing to Roy)
Hey, slugger, you're looking good.

Roy ignores him and crosses towards the Judge. Gus steps in between but Roy bounces back off the wall. Gus' head hits the floor with a thud. His glass eye pops out and rolls down the slanted floor.

Memo, in a fury, springs up and rushes at Roy.

MEMO
Don't touch him, you bastard.

She tries with both hands to tear at Roy's eyes, but he has her by the wrists and pushes her aside. She falls next to Gus, sniveling. She lifts the bookie's dazed head onto her lap making little mothering noises over him.

JUDGE (V.O.)
That will do, Mr. Hobbs.

CONTINUED

1 C T'D Roy turns. The Judge stands in front of him holding a 189
revolver. Roy strikes swiftly at the Judge's gun hand CONT'D
sending the revolver flying to the floor next to Memo. With
the envelope of money Roy backhands the Judge across the
cheek. The huge man stumbles to one knee. Roy drops the
envelope.

Memo grabs the gun and raises it.

GUS

Memo -- No!

She fires. The bullet strikes a mirror that clatters to the
floor. Roy wheels and faces Memo. He moves towards her
slowly.

MEMO

-- I hate you.

Her finger tightens on the trigger. He's very close -- at
point blank range. She starts to sob aloud as Roy seizes
her hand and takes the gun.

Her expression is crazed and vacant as he opens the cylinder
and shakes the cartridges into his palm.

ROY

You were right, Memo. We have met
before.

JUDGE

I thought I could rely on your honor,
Hobbs.

Roy's gaze is fixed on the bullets in his palm.

GUS

Kid, a deal's a deal.

Roy looks up at the panic-stricken faces around him. He
turns and leaves.

JUDGE

(paniced, to Gus)

Stop him!

GUS

(evenly)

Relax. With his insides, he's is as
good to us now as he was before.

Memo approaches Gus holding his eye. He takes it and
brushes away a tear from her cheek. He crosses to the tower
window, stops and carefully reinserts his glass eye.

190 INT. POP'S OFFICE

190

Pop's eyes are tiny pockets of worry. Red helplessly looks on.

POP

Sure, I wanted a pennant. Just this once. Then, win or lose the Series, I'da been satisfied. I'da quit baseball and walked away a happy man.
(not seeing Roy enter followed by Dizzy)
I'da bought a farm.

Pop looks up and locks eyes with Roy. There's an awkward silence.

ROY

Nothin' like a farm. Nothin' like bein' around animals and fixing things. Nothin' like bein' by yourself in the fields with the vegetables, and the corn, and the winter wheat -- greenest looking stuff you ever saw.

Roy smiles affectionately at Pop.

POP

My ma wanted me to be a farmer.

ROY

My dad wanted me to be a baseball player.

POP

And you're better'n anyone I've ever had.

(eyes glazing over)

You're the best goddam hitter I ever saw.

(his gaze riveted on Roy's face)

Suit up.

191 INT. LOCKERROOM

191

The players are tense but quiet as they suit up. Max Mercy circulates amongst them, slapping backs and wishing them luck. He is quite intentionally drifting towards Roy who doesn't have to look around to sense his presence.

ROY

(without turning)

Still doggin' me, Max?

CONTINUED

191
CONT'D

MAX
(cockily)
- Sure. It's the end of the road,
Hobbs.

191
CONT'D

ROY
(turning)
And what's in it for you now that the
fix is off.

Max is slightly taken aback. He looks around nervously.

MAX
(attempting a little
lightness)
Either way, kid, a great story.

ROY
If I were you, I'd flip a coin before
I wrote it.

Max backs off a couple of steps, turns and walks abruptly
away.

192

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - DAY

192

The Pirates and Knights separately flip thru their practice
warm-ups. Photographers, reporters, and cameramen swarm
about the dugouts and sidelines.

193

PLAYING FIELD - HOME PLATE AREA

193

The Chief Umpire throws the first ball into play as:

UMPIRE
Play ball!

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)
-- everyone will have their eye on
Roy Hobbs whose recent illness came
so close to shattering the Knights'
dream of a pennant ...

LEFT FIELD AREA

Roy takes his position to a standing ovation. He steals a
glance up at the Judge's tower, as:

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)
(continuing)
... but apparently Hobbs is in shape
and ready to go.
(beat)
Today's playoff game is brought to
you by Wildroot Creme Oil.

CONTINUED

193
CONT'D

LEFT FIELD AREA

193
CONT'D

Roy drifts back for a fly ball and almost misjudges it, but gathers it in.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

Hobbs a little shaky on that routine play, fans.

194
INT. KNIGHTS DUGOUT

194

Roy sits quietly on the bench with a Knights jacket on, his face pale. Pop steals a glance at him.

SCOREBOARD - indicating bottom half of the second and a scoreless deadlock.

At the plate, Bivens strikes out, swinging.

Roy takes Wonderboy from the batrack when something catches his * eye. It's Bobby Savoy's bat -- finished and inscribed -- "SAVOY SLAMMER". Roy smiles. A loud roar and the stamping of feet begin to resound throughout the stadium.

The Pirate catcher and two infielders huddle around the pitcher, VOGELMAN; warily, they scrutinize Roy as he prepares to bat.

Roy alights from the dugout. Pop is at his side.

POP

They're scared. You hit four homers off this bird last month.

195
ANGLE HOME PLATE

195

The mound confab breaks up. Roy steps into the batter's box. Nervously, the Pirate pitcher rubs the shine from the ball, fumbles with the resin bag and wipes the sweat from his brow.

The CROWD is booing the pitcher's delay.

Vogelman, hollow-eyed and looking intimidated, fires at the plate. Roy swings and misses. The stadium crowd whimpers.

195
PT
AT THE JUDGE'S TOWER

195
pt

The Judge stares impassively thru the glass window. Gus sneers. Memo has a blank expression on her face.

195
CONT'D
AT THE PITCHER

195
CONT'D

Rearing, again he throws.

Roy, closing his eyes in sudden pain, lets the pitch float by.

CONTINUED:

195
CONT'D

UMPIRE
Stee-riike!

195
CONT'D

Pop nervously bites his lower lip. The players shift uneasily on the bench.

Vogelman, with a deep breath, uncorks a hot sinking fast ball.

Roy, lunging, misses for strike three. A gasp goes up from the stands. Roy tosses Wonderboy aside and trots out to the field.

195 THE SCOREBOARD - time lapses. It shows a scoreless game in 195
Pt the Pirate's half of the fourth inning. Pt

196 ANGLE AT PIRATE BATTER AND FOWLER AL 196

Swinging, he drives the ball deep and far to right-center as Laslow goes back, back and leaps high, just spearing the ball before it crashes into the wall. The hometown crowd cheers wildly.

Pop and Red heave a sigh of relief.

197 ANGLE AT SECOND PIRATE BATTER 197

He wafts a drive deep to left field. Roy, tracking the ball, drifts to the ivy-covered wall, then stops, watching the ball land in the lower stands. A two-run homer.

The crowd is stunned and silent.

Pop bounces off the bench as if electrocuted. He signals the Knights bullpen into hot activity.

Fowler peers out at Roy in left field, then glances up at the Judge's tower.

Roy glares back at Fowler, thinking.

197 ANGLE AT THE TOWER 197
Pt Pt

The Judge permits himself a smile. Gus, seated next to him, views the action without emotion.

197 Roy is heading for the mound. 197
CONT'D CONT'D

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)
Hobbs is coming in for a talk with
Fowler.

Pop reacts.

ROY AND FOWLER - AT THE MOUND

ROY
Al, don't do it.

CONTINUED

197 For a moment Fowler doesn't react.
CONT'D

197
CONT'D

FOWLER
If this is for show, you can cut the
crap big shot.

ROY
Give this guy the right stuff.

FOWLER
When you start hittin'.

ANGLE - FIELD

Pop trots out to the mound.

POP
(hands on hips)
Well, fellas -- what did we decide?

ROY
(glaring at Fowler)
It's a surprise.

Pop does a take on Roy, then Fowler.

197 AT THE TOWER 197
Pt Judge and Gus sharing the anxiety of the moment, glaring back.

198 CLOSE ON OLSEN - AT THE PLATE 198
The fans are yelling encouragement: "Lift 'at pill Ollie."

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)
... here's the pitch -- swinging, strike
two. Chased the breaking ball.

A groan from the faithful.

Pirate
SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)
Roberts pitching Olsen verrrry
carefully. Again, he winds ... and
deals

(crack of bat)
That's well hit! That's deep!! That
could be outta here!!

The CROWD ROARS. Pop and Red follow it tenderly.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)
(continuing)
Ashburn going back --
(the crowd moans)
he hauls it in.

The CROWD HOOTS.

CONTINUED

198
CONT'D198
CONT'D

KNIGHTS DUGOUT

Olsen trotting past his teammates. He takes a seat next to Roy on the bench and shakes his head. Roy pats him on the back encouragingly.

199 MONTAGE SERIES OF GAME

199

as it progresses under a sunset-dappled sky.

THE PIRATES, LOOKING SHARP, PULL OFF A SNAPPY, WHIZBANG DOUBLE PLAY. THE FANS LAMENT.

200 LAJONG, LINING A SINGLE TO RIGHT, IS THROWN OUT TRYING TO STRETCH IT INTO A DOUBLE.

200

201 THE JUDGE'S STOUT FIGURE PRESSES CONFIDENTLY AGAINST THE TOWER WINDOW. GUS LOOKS ON BEHIND HIM.

201

202 THE KNIGHTS FANS SIT SOLEMNLY; HUSHED; HOPES DWINDLING.

202

203 ANGLE ON PIRATE PITCHER, THE PICTURE OF INCREASING CONFIDENCE

203

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

For Roberts, it's been a superb outing ...

THE PIRATES' BENCH, UP AND MOVING ABOUT IN CAUTIOUS ANTICIPATION OF VICTORY.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

(continuing)

-- through eight scoreless innings, he's completely dominated the Knights ... and Al Fowler, rapped by a two-run homer has fought back magnificently holding the Pirates hitless since the sixth.

ROY, MOVING DOWN THE BENCH PAST HIS DISHEARTENED TEAMMATES.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

(continuing)

... and what about Roy Hobbs -- nothing short of magnificent until this crucial playoff game. It's clear that he's suffering physically -- trying to go the distance as a point of honor.

From the dugout we notice a dramatic movement of shadows hovering over the field -- dark clouds have suddenly invaded the stadium sky. A ROLL OF THUNDER steals upon an interlude of calm ...

CONTINUED

204 APPROACHING DUSK

204

A polite, unhappy silence as the crowd crouches together against a chill wind. The orange sun sinks deeper into the sky. Another WAVE of THUNDER rolls across the field.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

And so, with the Knights down to their last out, they'll be sending up Tommy Bivens.

Bivens starts to select a bat when out of the dense clouds a bolt of forked LIGHTNING FLASHES down from the sky sending a resounding shudder thru the stadium.

A sudden downpour of RAIN lashes the field as another FLASH of SHEET LIGHTNING DISCHARGES.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

Wow!! That lit a few stogies around here. Will you look at this. Chief Umpire Briggs 'll have to call time ~~till~~ this lets up. Talk of suspense -- the Pirates a single out from clinching the pennant and then lightning strikes. What next?

The fans scurry for refuge beneath the stadium tiers.

The Knights pace nervously, studying the sky and horizon.

205 INT. STADIUM - IRIS

205

threading her way thru throngs of spectators to an USHER. We SEE a LETTER in her hand. The usher is pointing for Iris.

206 ANOTHER PART OF THE STADIUM - ANOTHER USHER

206

listening to Iris. She says something that gives him a start.

207 INT. KNIGHTS DUGOUT - ROY

207

on the bench staring remotely at the rain-flogged sky.

USHER (V.O.)

Hey, Hobbs!

Roy turns. The Usher is at the dugout tunnel exit.

2nd USHER

You gotta sister, Iris?

The players react with interest. Roy pauses, then:

ROY

Yeah.

CONTINUED

207
CONT'D

USHER
That's what I thought.

207
CONT'D

He hands a letter to LaJong. The players relay it down to Roy.

Roy opens the letter. Iris' diamond pendant falls out into Roy's hand. He stares at it a moment, then reads.

It has stopped raining. The colors of the field sparkle bright and clean.

/P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, the game is
about to resume.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)
Bivens at bat with two away and
perhaps the last out of this valiant
season for Pop Fisher's comeback
boys.

Bivens starts for the batrack. He looks at Roy staring wide-eyed out into space.

POP
(to Bivens)
It ain't over till it's over, Tommy.
Get on.

BIVENS
Oh-kay.

Bivens walks to the plate. As he steps in, he blesses himself.

The Pitcher goes into his wind-up and delivers. Bivens swings savagely and misses; his face lit in anguish, muttering to himself.

Roy folds the letter. He stands, pockets it and pendant.

Bivens, eyes bulging, swings at an outside fast ball and connects. It slices crazily in the air, carrying to the right field wall, careening off the 320-foot sign.

Bivens runs as though death dogs him, sliding headlong into second with a double.

A great ROAR ascends skywards.

207
Pt

AT THE TOWER

207
Pt

concern seeps into the Judge's face.

208

AT THE KNIGHTS DUGOUT

208

signs of life. The bench is up, stirring about. Pop resumes pacing.

CONTINUED

208 Olsen, preparing next to hit, swings a warm-up bat. He 208
CONT'D looks back at Roy with some concern. Roy sees Olsen and CONT'D
snapping out of his daze, flashes him the pilot's
"thumbs-up". The fans start chanting, whistling, clapping
their hands in rhythmic unison.

Pop sways, dizzy with the rising momentum of his team.

The Pitcher watches Olsen walk to the plate, studying him carefully. He goes into his stretch and, with a sweeping overhand motion, releases the pitch.

Olsen lets it go by, cap-high.

UMPIRE

Bo-ool.

The fans buzz. Their chanting mounts. Pop is yelling,
"Good-eye, Ollie!"

Olsen crouches at the plate, sets for the pitch and swings.
The ball squirts off his bat and bounces jerkily down the
third base line.

The third baseman, reaching out with his bare hand, only
manages to knock the ball down. Hastily, he scoops it up
and fires to first. Bivens is breaking for third.

At first base, Olsen beats the delayed throw by a hair. The
Umpire signals "safe".

The crowd, shattering into insane, raucous noise; furling
streamers and confetti fly into the swiftly mounting darkness.

The Pitcher -- drenched in sweat, his eyes deepening circles
of disbelief.

209 AT THE TOWER 209

The Judge's mouth curls into a nervous scowl. Behind him,
Gus Sands swoons with fear.

210 ANGLE ON THE KNIGHTS DUGOUT 210

so we cannot see exactly what's going on as:

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

What a spot for Pop Fisher. To go
with Hobbs who has flopped at the
plate all day -- or not. A
story-book season is on the line now.
In one pitch, one swing -- victory or
defeat for the Knights. Fate is
about to pluck from its ranks -- a
hero and a goat. Oh, it's
unreasonable, and it's cruel, but
there's no changing it now.

CONTINUED

210
CONT'D AT POP

210
CONT'D

his haunted gleam wavers and settles on Roy.

POP
(calling to the lineup)
Hobbs.

Roy mounts the dugout steps. He stops and faces Pop.

POP
(voice thick; slightly cracking)
You're up, son.

Roy stares at Pop for a moment, then turns for the batrack. Bobby Savoy stands holding Wonderboy. A great swell of noise crescendoes from the stadium as Roy moves toward the plate. The NOISE DIMS and we HEAR OVER:

IRIS (V.O.)
(from her letter)
... something you must know, Roy ...

Roy turns his gaze to the crowd, eyes searching.

210
Pt SERIES OF CUTS - THE FACES OF MANY BOYS, as: 210
Pt

IRIS (V.O.)
(continuing)
... afraid to tell you in Chicago
... Ted ...

the faces riveted on Roy -- cheering --

IRIS (V.O.)
(continuing)
... he's our son ... here watching ...

210
CONT'D CLOSE ON ROY 210
CONT'D lost in the vast procession of faces -- any one of them could be his.

211 ANGLE AT THE ROOF 211

The stadium arc lights flash on, lighting up the blackening sky, illuminating the playing field with a new brightness.

Roy steps into the batter's box. He glances up to the Tower.

The pitcher, his eyes misty-eyed with fright, brings himself to throw -- a high fast ball that causes Roy to back up.

UMPIRE
Bo--ool.

CONTINUED

CONT The stands break into a deep, sustained wave of noise. The 211
Pitcher anxiously fingers the ball, sets, checks the runners
and delivers low and away.

UMPIRE

Bo--ool two!

A frenzied ear-splitting roar goes up from the stands.

The Pirates' Manager, WICKET, calls "time". He shuffles to
the mound, joined by the catcher.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

That's it for Roberts. Wicket is
taking no chances.

The gate to the bullpen opens and YOUNGBERRY trots onto the
field, a lean, golden-haired youngster.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

Wicket is sending for his top
reliever, rookie Herman Youngberry to
pitch. A farmtown boy from Iowa with
a blinding fast ball ...

ON YOUNGBERRY AND WICKET AT MOUND

WICKET

All right. He's just out of a
ladies hospital. He could keel over
any second. Just hit the strike zone
and we can all go home.

The confab breaks up, leaving Youngberry alone to warm up.

211 Pt INT. PRESS BOX - MAX MERCY

211 Pt

CAMERA PULLS IN on a cartoon of Roy swinging blindly. The
caption reads: "GOAT OF THE GAME".

211 CONT. ON YOUNGBERRY - SET

211

with great determination, he goes to his stretch and delivers.

Roy swings, connecting dangerously and lifting the ball foul
over the right field stands.

With a CRASH it hits Max Mercy's Press Box window. A loud
shattering of glass resounds through the stadium. The players
and crowd BUZZ in amazement at the sight of Max standing in
the gaping jaws of jagged glass.

Youngberry, bristling with confidence, rears back, strides
forward and uncorks the pitch.

(CONTINUED)

ONT Roy swings and misses. The crowd heaves a great sigh of
disillusionment.

211

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

... Youngberry just one strike away
from victory as the tension becomes
unbearable.

(CONTINUED)

211 Youngberry is looking in at Roy. He winds and delivers. 211
 CONT'D Roy takes a whirling cut at it, meeting it squarely. The CONT'D
 (2) ball sails out in a low arc toward left as the runners go, (2)
 but, the third base umpire calls it, "FOUL!"

SLO-MO capturing the fractured halves of Wonderboy as they sail down to the ground.

The crowd moans horribly.

AT THE KNIGHTS DUGOUT

heads drop in disappointment. Pop looks catatonic.

Roy looks on for a long moment. Bobby runs out and gathers in the splintered halves of Wonderboy. He returns dutifully back to Roy.

ROY

(indicating the batrack)

Pick me out a winner, Bobby.

Bobby trots back to the batrack. He lays Wonderboy down on the grass. He surveys the rack -- hesitates, then pulls out a bat.

ON BOBBY

handing Roy the bat. Roy looks at it and at Bobby, then turns towards the batter's box. He grips the bat in his two hands, stopping for a long moment to reflect. Now we NOTICE blood just beginning to seep thru Roy's shirt.

UMPIRE

(breaking in)

Hobbs? You okay, fella?

Roy re-sets himself in the box with the new bat.

ROY

Let's play ball.

UMPIRE

Awright, that's what we're here for.

Roy sets the bat on his shoulder. An eerie silence has pervaded the stadium in the wake of Wonderboy's demise.

Youngberry has a sneer on his face as he goes to his motion and -- reaching back for something extra -- releases the pitch.

CLOSE AT ROY

with a seething fury, he swings -- violently and perfectly -- the ball exploding off his bat.

CONTINUED

211 . The Knights bench bolts to its feet. 211
 CONT'D CONT'D
 (3) The crowd, electrified; a frenzied reverberant scream. (3)

A211 The ball, a white blur aiming straight for the lights of the A211
 stadium roof. CRASH! One light goes. Then in a chain
 reaction, they all start to go -- pop! pop! pop! -- like a
 giant short circuit.

B211 THE TOWER B211
 The Judge and Gus turn ashen with horror, disbelief.

211 The stadium lights -- flaring. Spurting. Lighting up the 211
 CONT'D darkened sky like the Fourth of July. CONT'D
 (4) The Knights dugout -- pandemonium. Spontaneous lunacy.
 Players hug and kiss; Bivens does a swan dive into their
 midst; Pop and Red collapse with joy in each other's arms.

The crowd -- delirious, raptured. Men pound each other's
 heads; women screech as we go to

C211 TED HOBBS C211 CSW
 still following the ball beyond the limits of the stadium,
 like a single, fleeing star.

D211 THE ARC LIGHTS D211
 One after another, each bank of lights begins to fizzle and
 dim. Entire sections of the stadium grow darker. And darker.

211 Wonderboy -- it lays in the grass. A nearby bank of light 211
 CONT'D goes off, casting it into darkness. CONT'D
 (5) (5)
 Roy, head down, somberly trots the bases, barely visible in
 the diminishing light. There is a final, silent burst of
 arc light. Then, darkness.

The SOUND of the CROWD recedes and there's a WAIL in the
 WIND which grows louder as we QUICK CUT TO:

212 ROY'S HOMERUN BALL - FOLLOWING IT
 A super trail blazer that glides dreamily into the growing
 light of a westerly sunset. Flying high and long over "our"
 country, the cities, the plains, going, going ... until at
 last it begins to dip, arcing down to a landscape --
 familiar fields of gleaming, golden wheat ... falling ...

213 THE WHEAT FIELD 213
 a BASEBALL GLOVE breaks the surface of feathered stalks,
 stretches spectacularly and catches the ball.

CONTINUED

ROY

213 stares in wonder after his son.

CONT'D

213

CONT'D

BACK TO TED

He reappears from the wheat field smiling, his glove held triumphantly aloft.

END TITLES

* * *

ORIGINAL