

"The Queen Mary"

by
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EXT. PHILADELPHIA'S CITIZENS BANK PARK - DAY

2005 - Phillies Vs Dodgers. We watch as...

ANNOUNCER HARRY KALAS

With the Phillies leading the Los Angeles Dodgers 4 to 3 in the top of the 9th, the Phillie's are going to need a win here to have any chance at the playoffs. I'm at a loss as to why Phillie's manager Charlie Manuel hasn't brought in his closer, Chad Simpson.

ANNOUNCER SCOTT FRANZKE

Harry, with a pennant race like this, you'd have to think you'd want your best guy in there in this situation so the speculation has to be that Simpson's arm is bothering him again.

ANNOUNCER HARRY KALAS

With 2 on and 1 out, there's a full count as the pitcher winds, throws and.... it's a single to shallow left to load the bases. Now Manuel trots out to the mound.

The manager takes the ball from the pitcher before turning to the bullpen and tapping his right arm.

Handsome, CHAD SIMPSON (20's) runs from the bull pen.

ANNOUNCER SCOTT FRANZKE

And here he is folks, "The Fury from Erie": the Phillie's closer, Chad Simpson! He's had shaky results the last couple of outings so maybe that's the explanation for the delay.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - SAME

ANNOUNCER HARRY KALAS

Simpson's coming off three days rest so he should be in top form.

ANGLE FROM BOOTH:

Manuel hands the game ball to Chad and leaves. Chad sets into his stretch before tossing a few warm ups to the catcher, CHIP DILLER.

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ANNOUNCER SCOTT FRANZKE
Now, back up catcher, Chip Dillard
heads out to talk to Simpson.

EXT. PITCHER'S MOUND - SAME

Holding their gloves in front of their mouths to hide
their discussion, Chip and Chad talk.

CHIP
Chad, I gotta ask...

Chad rotates his arm.

CHAD
Relax, my arm's feeling fine.

CHIP
Fuck your arm. That's your
problem. Look, you ever get the
crabs?

CHAD
What? No! Why!?

CHIP
Well I had em'. Three times. No
condom gonna stop that shit, ya
know?!

Chip adjusts his athletic cup at the memory.

CHAD
Chip, can we talk about this
later?

CATCHER
I noticed you shave. You know...
the crotch area.

ANGLE ON: Announcer's Booth and GEORGE STEINBRENNER.

ANNOUNCER HARRY KALAS
Folks, what a treat, the great New
York Yankee owner, George
Steinbrenner has just joined us in
the booth. Surprised to see you
here George. Doing a little
scouting for a possible World
Series match up?

GEORGE STEINBRENNER
Come on now, Harry, you know I've
always been a Dodger fan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They all laugh.

GEORGE STEINBRENNER (CONT'D)
Seriously though, that Simpson kid
is one that got away from me. I
need to go back over the old
scouting reports and fire someone
for that.

ANNOUNCER SCOTT FRANZKE
George, what do you suppose the
discussion on the mound is all
about?

GEORGE STEINBRENNER
(incredulous)
Don't you two losers get paid to
know the answer to that question?

ANNOUNCER HARRY KALAS
Indeed we, do. Scott, catcher
Chip Dillard's talking strategy
right now.

EXT. FIELD - SAME

CHAD
Yeah, I shave. What about it?

CHIP
See! That's why you never get the
crabs. They got nothin' to hold on
to when they jump ship.

CHAD
And quit staring at me in the
shower, ya fuckin' Homo.

ANNOUNCER HARRY KALAS
With only one out and up by one,
they need to make sure they get
the runner at home if they can't
turn the double play.

ANNOUNCER SCOTT FRANZKE
Now the rookie, first baseman,
Ryan Howard heads over to the
mound. May have noticed something
they can take advantage of.

Ryan Howard trots over and gloves his mouth as he talks.

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CONTINUED:

RYAN HOWARD

Why don't you two get a room.
Come on, let's go!

CHIP

Hey rookie, wanna shave my pubes
for me after the game? That way,
ten years from now, after I take
the Phillie's to the World Series
and I'm in the hall of fame, you
can brag to your co-workers at UPS
that you did me a solid.

RYAN HOWARD

I'm moving my locker to the other
side of the locker room. You got
some serious issues, Chip.

Howard heads back to his position at first base. The
catcher watches him go and shakes his head.

CHIP

Back in double-A this time next
year. Kid's a flash in the pan.

Chad just shrugs. The catcher returns to the plate.

ANNOUNCER SCOTT FRANZKE

OK, Harry, looks like they have
things in place.

Moments later: Chad settles into his stretch as he eyes
the base runners. Then, he winds and throws.

Ball one, low. Chad's hand goes to his throwing shoulder
as he winces in pain.

The catcher looks at Chad and makes a "hulk-like" pose to
be strong. Chad nods. The catcher tosses the ball back.

Again, Chad looks, winds and throws... VERY HIGH. The
catcher stands straight up to catch it. Ball two!

In the dug out, the manager throws up his arms - "what's
up?" Chad makes a gesture telling him to relax... He's
fine. Chad rolls his sore arm as he winces in more pain.

ANGLE ON: The dugout. Charlie Manuel looks over at his
pitcher's coach for answers. He shrugs back.

ANNOUNCER HARRY KALAS

Seems to be a little problem with
"The Fury from Erie." Maybe he is
having arm problems after all.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED: (2)

ANNOUNCER HARRY KALAS (CONT'D)

Count is 2 and 0 as Simpson again
pitches from the stretch. He sets
and throws. Oh, NO! A floater!

SLO MO: The ball floats out slowly over the strike zone.
The batter cracks the ball. Up, up, up!

ANNOUNCER HARRY KALAS (CONT'D)

It's outta here! This game is as
good as over!

ON THE MOUND: Chad lies on the ground, clutching his
throwing arm and writhing in pain. In the BG, the
runners trot the bases.

GEORGE STEINBRENNER

Maybe I won't be firing that scout
after all.

MOVIE OPENS WITH: Credits rolling over....

"FIVE YEARS LATER - ERIE, PA"

EXT. THE WHARF TAVERN - LATE AFTERNOON

The 'in' place in town and that ain't saying much.

A brand new Chevy Tahoe with dealer plates, bumps into
the uneven parking lot and stops near the back door. The
car door opens and COMMISSIONER COLIN HOGAN, (50), a
short man with a tough guy complex, hurries out. Dressed
in a light blue suit, he pulls out a comb, looks at his
reflection in the window and gives himself a quick comb-
over. His wife, VICKIE, (49) and an ex-beauty, in a
flowery dress is wearing so much hair spray that it looks
as if her hair might crack. They head for the door.

INT. THE WHARF TAVERN - LATE AFTERNOON

Giant Pittsburgh Steelers and Pittsburgh Pirates banners.
The lights are low. The bar room is two tiered and
filled with sports paraphilia. Three TV screens play
ESPN silently (with sub-titles) as a jukebox screams "My
Sharona" by The Knack. Fishermen and Ironworkers use the
pool table and the bar's two dart boards. A pinball
machine rounds out the decor.

Behind the bar, in one of his tavern's monogrammed shirts
"THE WHARF RATS", stands RICK (31), fat and the owner.
He fills up a pitcher of beer from the tap. His wife,
DARCIE (30), sings along to the jukebox.

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CONTINUED:

RICK

Can you turn that damn thing off?
We got business to attend to here.

As Darcie crosses, she passes a group of six "oversized" MEN seated around Formica tables. Some wear monogrammed apparel with different tavern logos. CLARK (30), wears a t-shirt that reads "Trucker's Tavern." Marty (34), is in an orange shirt which reads 'ERIE CITY SANITATION DEPT.' GEORGE, African American (33), is an overweight cop. He wears a bowling shirt with a police badge insignia. It reads "The Blue Badge Bar & Grill". Darcie unplugs the jukebox.

Marty looks at his watch, then yells to Rick at the bar.

CLARK

Where the hell is he? I gotta get
the truck back to the mattress
store.

MARTY

Why? What's your dad gonna do?
Fire you?

Others at the table snicker.

CLARK

This from a guy who's uncle got
him a job working for the city.

The back door opens and Commissioner Hogan enters.
Vickie, trailing behind, stops at the bathroom.

RICK

Here he is!

Heads all turn as Commissioner Hogan looks at Rick.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN

Whiskey Sour!

The drink is already made and Rick hands it over to Hogan who heads to a table with a 'reserved' sign on it and sits. Darcie wipes off the table and removes the sign.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, you got big problems.

The men exchange a look as they move to join Hogan. Rick comes around the bar with a pitcher of beer.

GEORGE

What's going on, Colin?

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CONTINUED: (2)

COMMISSIONER HOGAN
(privately to George)
George, please, I hate to be a stickler, but when I'm here in my official capacity as the commissioner of All-Erie Tavern Softball Leagues, I'd appreciate you call me "Commissioner Hogan." As a cop, you should know how important a chain of command is.

GEORGE
Oh, right, sorry: Mister Commissioner.

Hogan sips his drink, approves, then gets stern.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN
Coopers Tavern burned to the ground last night.

DARCIE
My God, was anyone hurt?

COMMISSIONER HOGAN
Worse!... Northwest division of the All-Erie Tavern Softball Leagues just lost it's accreditation. You guys are decertified!

MARTY
What? Why?!

COMMISSIONER HOGAN
(as if memorized)
"Each city quadrant must retain a minimum number of teams. That number being eight." No Cooper's Tavern, no team. You have seven.

MARTY
How much you wannna bet it was those jizzbags from 'Oscars' burnt it down just to keep the Sweepers from winning another championship?

CLARK
What's in it for them? They're in a different quadrant.

MARTY
We win this year, we'd overtake them for the all time lead with ten trophies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLARK

Who says you're gonna win?

MARTY

Three years and counting,
dickhead.

CLARK

Screw you, Marty, you beat us last
year with a fishy call!

MARTY

Get over it, crybaby.

GEORGE

Would you two shut the hell up!
We got a major problem here!

The front door opens and CHAD SIMPSON enters. Chad is
now in his early 30's and scruffier but still handsome.
Everyone in the bar looks up. Two GIRLS smile and cross.

HOT GIRLS

Heyya, Chad!

CHAD

Woah, look at you two hotties!

The charismatic Chad kisses each girl on the cheek. One
squeezes Chad's butt. He moves on past a few DOCKWORKERS
playing pool. Somehow Chad's still in great shape, while
those around him have bellies and receding hairlines.

DOCKWORKERS

What's up, Simpson?!

Chad fist pounds, then notices the Commissioner's table.

CHAD

Rick, you open a VIP section or
what?!

RICK

Not now, Chad.

Commissioner Hogan looks up at Chad.

CHAD

To what do we owe your presence,
Mr. Hogan? The sewer's back up at
the country club again?

MARTY

Coopers burned down, smart ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHAD

That hell hole?

CLARK

They're trying to decertify us.

CHAD

Aren't you guys too old to still
be playing little league?

GEORGE

Screw you, Simpson.

Chad takes a seat at the bar as Vickie exits the
bathroom. She eyes Chad. She crosses to the corner of
the bar and digs a cherry out from the tray of bar fruit.

DARCIE

How's it going, handsome?

CHAD

Another beautiful day in Erie, PA.
A pitcher of "Iron City," Darc.

Commissioner Hogan looks over at Chad.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN

Simpson's still coming in here and
none of you has got a commitment
out of him yet?

MARTY

Screw him! Friggin' drunk --

Vickie sidles up to Chad and speaks in confidence. She
has a voice like a three pack-a-day cigarette habit.

VICKIE

My, my... I knew there was a
reason I came in here today.

CHAD

Heyya, Vickie.

Rubbing against Chad, she holds the cherry to her mouth.

VICKIE

Chad. Can I get your help with
something?

CHAD

(suffering gladly)
Sure. What do ya need?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

VICKIE

Orgasms. I want two of them.

Chad moves right along.

CHAD

Two's a little greedy isn't it?

VICKIE

I want you to have one with me.

Chad turns to Darcie.

CHAD

Two Orgasms.

Darcie nods and goes to work making the drink.

VICKIE

I was cleaning out our garage the other day and stumbled across that old army tent of my Timmy's...

CHAD

From our high school camping trip?

VICKIE

I had to help you get your center pole up that night.

Vickie lewdly sucks the cherry and winks. Chad smiles.

CHAD

Well, it was my first time... camping.

VICKIE

I never knew that. You seemed like an old pro.

MARTY

I don't know about you guys but Sweeper's Tavern doesn't go down without a fight!

Marty walks away. Commissioner Hogan watches Chad and Vickie, perturbed. Chad gives him a friendly wave. Commissioner Hogan barely nods back. He leans into Rick.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN

Why the hell won't that bastard play ball?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

RICK

Never happen. The Blue Badge Tavern offered him ownership in the bar last year, if he'd play.

GEORGE

Bullshit. We offered him free beer for life.

CLARK

He's washed up. They say he can't even throw a ball anymore. That's why the Phillie's cut him.

GEORGE

That lush? His arm's fine. He pussied out and quit.

As Commissioner Hogan watches, Vickie bends over the bar to grab a pen and a book of matches. Her dress rises.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN

Maybe I should have a talk with him. Toss out a little incentive.

Marty SLAMS a phone book on the table. Commissioner Hogan jumps. The book is opened to the tavern section.

MARTY

We need to find another bar in our quadrant!

The guys gather around the phone book.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN

You'll find somebody. You better. You got twenty-four hours.

Hogan downs his drink, stands and crosses to his wife.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN (CONT'D)

Well, well, king of the bar stools: Chad Simpson.

Chad turns. He loves screwing with the Commissioner.

CHAD

Heyya, Colin! Vickie and I were just remembering old times.

Hogan kisses his wife a little too long. He turns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

COMMISSIONER HOGAN
The boys tell you we got a couple
junior college players in the
league this year?

CHAD
Junior college players! Wow!

COMMISSIONER HOGAN
Gary White's back too. Probably
remember him; all-state, drafted
by Detroit? Played three seasons
for their minor league team.

CHAD
Get the hell out a here!

COMMISSIONER HOGAN
Yeah, we're still the premier
league here in town. Of course we
could always use an ex-big leaguer
in the quadrant. Look, I know
you're a bit strapped. I bet
you'd be interested in a heck of a
deal on a lease on a new truck?

CHAD
No thanks, I'm retired, but hey...
I'd bet you'd be interested in...
an orgasm? Your wife just gave me
one and it was great.

Hogan's confused. Chad waits, then holds the drink up.

CHAD (CONT'D)
White creme de cacao, Amareto,
triple sec, vodka? Tasty combo!

Commissioner Hogan slowly nods his head, smirking.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN
Gotta admire you, Chad. You
blasted through all that money
like shit through a goose but,
hey, you still got that sense of
humor. Too bad it still sucks.

Chad slurps his empty drink and winks at Vickie.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN (CONT'D)
Vickie! Time to go.

Hogan turns. Vickie leans in and drops the match book.

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CONTINUED: (8)

VICKIE
We're in the same house.

EXT. MURPHY'S BAR - EARLY EVENING

Rick's 93' Taurus pulls up to an old, warehouse area bar.

INT. MURPHY'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Smoky horseshoe shaped bar filled with old DRUNKS. Rick, Marty and Clark enter. Light momentarily startles the DRUNKS. One is leaning over the bar refilling his beer mug from the tap. A gravel voiced OCTOGENARIAN places a booze bottle back over the ledge then bends to sip his 'full-to-the-brim' whiskey glass. He looks up as the guys approach. Marty stops across the bar from an old man slumped over it and apparently sleeping standing up.

MARTY
Hey, Murphy, long time, no see.
You look fantastic. You guys up
for a little softball or what?

OCTOGENARIAN
Who are you guys?

Rick cocks his head and looks at Murphy.

MARTY
Yo, Murph, wake up!

Marty smacks him on the side of his head and Murphy slides quietly to the ground behind the bar.

OCTOGENARIAN
He croaked about an hour ago.

RICK
No one called the paramedics!?

OCTOGENARIAN
He's dead, dumbass! Coroner's on
the way. Until then, booze is
free!

Octogenarian holds up his whiskey glass as a toast.

OCTOGENARIAN (CONT'D)
To Murph!

The other DRUNKS liven up momentarily, salute, then quickly return to their thousand mile stares.

INT. THE LUCKY STRIKE BAR - NIGHT

A dumpy bar that is totally empty sans an older FEMALE BARTENDER. Rick, Mark and Clark stand talking to her.

MARTY

...So, what do you say?

FEMALE BARTENDER

Softball, huh?

Clark mindlessly grabs a handful of popcorn.

RICK

Yeah, round up like twelve of your regular customers...

FEMALE BARTENDER

Oooo...Twelve, huh? I don't know. Since the hepatitis incident, business has been kinda slow...

Clark spits out his popcorn.

EXT. TWISTER'S DIVE BAR - EVENING

The Taurus pulls slowly to a stop in front of it and sits idling. The bar is boarded up.

RICK (O.C.)

We're screwed.

INT. TAURUS - EVENING

Clark uses a magic marker as he X's out the name of 'Twister's Bar'. The page is almost all X'ed out.

CLARK

Nope, one left. 'The Queen Mary.'

MARTY

"Queen Mary?" Never heard of it.

EXT. QUEEN MARY - EVENING

The bar is a simple warehouse with a single neon light that reads, "The Queen Mary." No windows, just a large steel door. Two Choppers sit along the curb.

MARTY (O.C.)

Great, a biker bar.

INT. QUEEN MARY - EVENING

Behind the bar is MARIO (30), a handsome Latin bartender with a strong accent in jeans, a leather vest and an earring. He does a bottle count as TODD (22) and agile like the dancer he is, cleans glasses. BUTCH GREG (40), a big man with tight jeans, thick black belt, tattoos and a wife beater T, comes out from the back with a keg. Rick, Marty and Clark enter holding a few duffle bags. JIMMY, 35, stocky but fit, is doing paperwork. He looks.

JIMMY

Sorry fellas, we're not open yet.

RICK

That's OK, I'm Rick from The Wharf Tavern on West Water Front. You the owner?

JIMMY

I'm one of them. Jimmy Carpenter.

Jimmy stands and shakes with Rick who hands him a flyer.

RICK

We represent the premier softball league here in Erie and we're looking to add a new team.

Jimmy looks over the flyer. Mario and Butch Greg look over Jimmy's shoulder.

CLARK

It's a great time!

MARTY

Yeah. We got all the stuff you need right here. No charge.

Marty indicates the duffle bags. Jimmy's intrigued.

JIMMY

Really?

Mario looks at Clark.

MARIO

In Dominica, I do baseball player.

Clark looks around the place: Posters of Madonna and Justin Timberlake. A go-go dancer's cage hangs in the corner and a rainbow is painted across a wall.

CLARK

Go-go cage, huh? Sweet!

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CONTINUED:

RICK

So what do you think? Interested?

Jimmy looks at his guys. They look optimistic.

JIMMY

What the hell. I'm always looking
to mix up my workout routine.

Mario gives Clark a wink. Clark half smiles back. Mario
stares him down and quietly growls. Clark slowly moves
behind Marty. Rick hands over some forms.

RICK

OK! All the info's in here.
Welcome to the league!

Marty and Clark hand over the bat bags. Mario tilts his
head a bit to see Clark's butt.

MARIO

You wanna stay for happy hour? I
make a mean Mojito!

RICK

Maybe next time.

Clark shrugs nervously at Mario - "Ah, shucks."

EXT. QUEEN MARY FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The three guys exit. Marty and Rick pump the air.

RICK

Yes!

MARTY

Mission accomplished! We're
playing ball.

Clark studies the sign overhead.

CLARK

I don't know, man. Something
doesn't feel right.

MARTY

F'in' Clark. Everything's a
conspiracy.

INT. QUEEN MARY - SAME

Mario tries on a batting helmet.

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CONTINUED:

MARIO

It's for grizzly bears like that,
I waded the Rio Grande.

JIMMY

What Rio Grande? You're Dominican.

Butch Greg wears the catchers chest protector and mask.

BUTCH GREG

And don't get too excited, Mario.
They're probably just looking for
an easy team to beat. I mean, why
else pick a gay bar?

TODD

Maybe they didn't know we're gay?

They consider it.

JIMMY

I bet they've been watching cable
TV and finally realized how much
fun we are. They're not idiots.

Todd holds a bat upside down and swings.

INT. THE WHARF TAVERN - NIGHT

The guys stand with George and three other TEAM CAPTAINS.

DARCIE

You're putting me on, right?

They all shrug "no."

RICK

Why?

Darcie laughs, looks again. They really don't know?

DARCIE

(gingerly)

Rick... think about it: Queen
Mary. What could that mean?

MARTY

They like ocean liners?

DARCIE

Ah... yeah. Because they have
sailors on them. These guys like
men. They're queens. (beat) Guys,
'The Queen Mary' is a gay bar!

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CONTINUED:

The guys stare at each other in disbelief.

CLARK

I knew something was weird!
Colin's gonna have a shit-fit when
he finds out.

MARTY

Shut up, Clark.

DARCIE

Chad Simpson's brother, Lee, is
one of the owners...

George stands.

GEORGE

What the hell's wrong with you,
Rick?! My guys won't play ball
with a bunch of homosexuals.

CLARK

Homos are gay.

A beat as the others look at Clark.

RICK & MARTY & GEORGE

Shut up, Clark!

DARCIE

So what's Colin gonna do... throw
them out cause they're gay?
That's called discrimination.
Then you'd all be up shit creek.

Marty pounds the table.

MARTY

I say we go down there and beat
the crap out of him right now!

Lots of loud complaints, blaming and grumbling.

RICK

Guys, please! Settle down!
Listen! Guys!

It's getting out of control! Rick WHISTLES. They quiet.

RICK (CONT'D)

Look. We gotta play them. We got
no other choice. And no one tells
Colin shit! We needed a team and
there was no one else.

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CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGE

There's gotta be another bar-

CLARK

Not in our quadrant! We looked!

RICK

Relax, we let the fairies play one game. Obviously, they can't play ball for shit. We'll crush them so bad in that first game that they never come back. But by that time, we'll have what we need: a sanctioned league. Colin doesn't ever have to know a thing.

INT. THE QUEEN MARY - NIGHT

The bar is heating up. GAY GUYS drink, dance, flirt. LEE SIMPSON, 31, good looking, in a dress shirt and ironed jeans, enters. Lee is Jimmy's no nonsense business/life partner. Baseball equipment is spread out everywhere as the guys try on mitts, batting gloves and helmets. Jimmy has shin guards on his arms.

JIMMY

Hey, Lee!

LEE

Hey, Jimmy! What's all this?

Jimmy indicates the 'QUEEN MARY SOFTBALL SIGN UP SHEET' posted on the wall. There's already about seven names.

JIMMY

We're playing softball. Some of the bars in town apparently have this league and they've ask us to-

LEE

Woah! No way! This has got to be some sort of prank. We are not doing this. Sports in this town are taken way too seriously.

JIMMY

You can't make every executive decision around here.

BUDDY, (50's) sees the sign up sheet.

BUDDY

Oooo, softball! Love it!

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CONTINUED:

He puts on his women's glasses (hanging on a neck chain), then signs the sheet. Jimmy looks at Lee "told you so"!

LEE

Fine... remember, I warned you.
And don't expect me to play.

EXT. SOFTBALL PARK - DAY

The Mary's first team meeting. Butch Greg, Buddy, Mario and Todd are there with JOE (21), a skinny kid and MARCUS (35), a biker. Jimmy stands in sweats holding the sign up sheet/roster. Some wear new softball gloves. A few others are piled at Jimmy's feet.

JIMMY

Welcome. OK. Everyone grab a glove and please have a seat!

They all sit at Jimmy's feet.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

As I haven't much experience,
we'll just have to endeavor to do
our best. Show of hands. Who's
played softball before?

Mario, Buddy and Butch Greg raise their hands.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Buddy, as one with some level of
expertise, would you be so kind as
to re-direct me should I mis-
speak?

BUDDY

Sure.

JIMMY

Thank you. Mario, what's your
favorite position?

MARIO

Doggie.

JIMMY

On the field, Mario.

MARIO

Doggie.

Todd looks up just as a VW Bug pulls up in the BG.

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CONTINUED:

TODD

Alan and Johann are here.

ALAN, (25), a true pansy, arrives with JOHANN, (28), in drag and carrying a black Pug named "WIZARD."

JIMMY

You're late. Let's not make it a habit. Grab a glove and a seat.

JOHANN

(affected voice)
I don't do sports.

JIMMY

So, you're here because...

JOHANN

I was hoping to be the bat-boy.
(Wizard barks)
And Wizard wants to be mascot.

Jimmy nods. KK, (29) looks strikingly fit, trots up.

KK

Sorry I'm late, my wife was giving me a hard time.

Jimmy presents the grass with a hand gesture and waits with effort. KK, properly admonished, sits with the others. As Jimmy hands out papers, he talks.

JIMMY

Oh-Kay, I printed these rules off the internet last night after I caught a few minutes of a baseball game on TV. I must say, it looked very easy and quite delightful. Men catching and hitting balls effortlessly. We'll be fine.

BUTCH GREG

When's our first game?

JIMMY

Saturday, but, hold on... here's the best part!

Jimmy opens a box and reveals the GAUDIEST of all...

ALL

Uniforms!!!

Alan holds one up and screams as the others clamor about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALAN

Teal blue! Love it!

MARIO

Poly blend!

BUDDY

I look like a hag in blue.

Johann studies one. The back reads "The Marys."

JOHANN

Time to pull out the old sewing machine.

ALAN

I'm pulling out the beadazzler!

Alan points to the rhinestone hearts on his pants.

KK

I LOVE THOSE!

The excitement continues.

EXT. BALLPARK - DAY

It's game day. Two sets of stands. One is packed with FAMILIES AND FRIENDS of 'The Sweepers' players with six packs open. Many wear the orange shirts of city workers. Seated on the other side, is Lee and three gay men.

INT. SWEEPERS DUGOUT - SAME

Marty and his team drink beer as they watch the Marys.

EXT. FIELD - SAME

The Marys are there in all their finery as they attempt to play catch and warm up in their new uniforms. Almost no one can catch a ball. Buddy is wearing an ascot. Johann has cut his uniform into a midriff and hot pants and made a pullover for Wizard. Alan has beadazzled his legs as have several others. Todd stretches like a dancer with one leg literally straight up over his head.

INT. THE Sweeper'S DUGOUT - SAME

Watching Todd with disgust is "HOMERUN TONY," (25).

TONY

What the hell?

EXT. MARY DUGOUT - SAME

Todd stops stretching and pulls his athletic cup over the outside of his uniform.

TODD
I love the cod piece!

JIMMY
This isn't Shakespeare, Todd.
That's called an athletic cup and
it goes under your outfit bottoms.

Todd shrugs. Who knew?

JOHANN
I feel like I'm about to have my
first communion.

TODD
I feel like Rosie O'Donnell in "A
League of Their Own."

ALAN
PaLese, you are so not that butch!

UMPIRE
Let's go, gentlemen! Play ball!

The Marys trot (and/or) prance out to the field. Buddy
takes the mound.

INT. SWEEPERS DUGOUT - SAME

MARTY
Time to send those homos back into
hiding!

The Sweepers team ROARS!

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Marty is at bat. He taps his cleats with the bat. Buddy
focuses, then pitches. Marty SWINGS and HITS a
monster... Jimmy (left field), Joe (center) and Todd
(right field) don't stand a chance. It hits the fence
and ricochets back as they scramble. Inside the park HR.

SCOREBOARD: Sweepers 1, Marys 0.

Buddy pitches again. Crack! A shot right at KK's head
at third. KK recoils in fear. Stand up double.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Next BATTER: It's "Homerun Tony". The crowd chants.

CROWD
TO-NY, M-V-P! TO-NY M-V-P!...

The pitch. Tony hits an easy home run over Jimmy who places his hand on his hip and watches in disbelief.

As Tony rounds the bases, the Sweeper stands continue to chant "TO-NY, M-V-P." Lee is depressed.

EXT. CONCESSIONS STAND - LATER

Scoreboard reads: Sweepers 9, MARYS 0.

Rick and a teammate have finished an earlier game and mill about in uniforms that read "The Wharf Rats." Lee stands in the concession line behind them.

RAT PLAYER
Is this Mary team really gay?

RICK
Don't worry. The Sweepers are going to humiliate these Marys so bad, they'll never come back.

Lee's eyes narrow. Another CRACK! The Crowd ROARS! Lee and the Players turn. Another home run by the Sweepers!

INT. SWEEPERS DUGOUT - LATER

Three Sweepers back up to the chicken wire and drop their pants to moon the Marys. They have their jocks and cups on backwards and covering their butts.

SWEEPERS PLAYER
Yoo-hoo, boys. This is how we practice safe sex!

They laugh. In the stands, Lee steams.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

A ball flies out of the park. Buddy, on the mound, looks up as the scoreboard changes to: Sweepers 20, Marys 0.

INT. SWEEPER'S DUGOUT - SAME

Several Sweepers players cough the word "Homo." The Umpire pulls off his mask and waves his hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UMPIRE

Mercy rule. Down by twenty. Game over!

ALAN

We never even got to bat!

The Sweepers explode in CHEERS. Marty look up into the stands at George and Rick. They flash the thumbs up sign. Marty smirks. Lee sees it all.

INT. QUEEN MARY DUGOUT - SAME

They are in dismay as they silently gather their belongings. Wizard whimpers as Johann strokes his fur.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The Marys stand dejectedly waiting for the other team to line up and shake hands. The Sweepers players sneer.

SWEEPERS PLAYER

Say goodbye to the bad news
'quairs!'

As Lee watches, Marty walks up to Jimmy.

MARTY

I recommend you forfeit the rest
of your games. Face it, you guys
have no business out here.

INT. LEE'S MINI COOPER - DAY

Lee drives, Jimmy is in the passenger seat. Jimmy is still in uniform. Lee is still steaming.

LEE

What an A-hole.

JIMMY

Please, Lee. I just want to quit.
I've never felt so dejected. It's
the agony of defeat.

LEE

We're not quitting. All we need
is a good coach.

JIMMY

Who's "we?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

Us. The Queen Marys. To have any chance at all, we need to get a coach who really knows the game.

Lee makes a sharp left turn. Jimmy's starting to get it.

JIMMY

Where are we going?...

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

The mini pulls into the filthiest trailer park in Erie.

INT. MINI COOPER - DAY

Jimmy is stunned.

JIMMY

Have you lost your mind?

LEE

What? He needs a job. I've been loaning the guy money for months now. It's the least he could do.

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

A trashed little trailer. There's a lawn chair out front as well as Chad's pick up and an old Chevy.

INT. MINI COOPER - DAY

Lee's face pales.

LEE

Oh, crap.

JIMMY

What?

Lee looks over and sees his DAD sitting on a folding chair. He's a rough, old man. 100% male.

LEE

My dad. So, please: Butch UP!

JIMMY

Why you God Damn little fairy! I am so much butcher than you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE
(incredulous)
In your dreams.

Lee exits the car. Jimmy rolls his eyes.

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

Lee and Jimmy approach Lee's Dad. Lee fakes a smile.

LEE
Dad! Hey! What a surprise!

DAD
Heyya, Lee.

LEE
You remember Jimmy. We work
together.

DAD
(squints at Jimmy)
How's the bar?

LEE
Great. Really well.

JIMMY
You have to come in sometime!

Lee, horrified, shoots Jimmy a look. Chad appears from under the Chevy.

CHAD
It should run fine now, pops.
Just a small hole in the muffler.

Chad hands his dad the keys, then sees Lee and Jimmy.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Hey, guys, what's happening?
(Seeing Jimmy in uniform) You got
a costume party tonight?

Lee looks at Chad "shut up". The Dad hops in the car.

DAD
Gotta run, boys. They're
expecting me down at the VFW.

CHAD
Later, pops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

See you soon.

JIMMY

Bye!

The Dad starts his car and leaves. Lee exhales in relief.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It's totally obvious he knows about us. I don't get why you can't just come out and say it.

LEE

Jimmy, please. Not now. We're here to talk to Chad.

JIMMY

I just think it's about time you told him the truth.

LEE

(ignoring Jimmy)
Chad, the bar's joined a softball league and we want you to coach us. As a matter of fact we need you to coach us.

Chad laughs.

CHAD

Very funny.

Chad moves inside and closes the door. Lee calls after.

LEE

I'll pay you.

CHAD (O.S.)

No!

LEE

The season is two months. I'll give you a thousand bucks.

CHAD (O.S.)

I'm not doing it!

JIMMY

Told you so.

LEE

How many times have we helped you?! We've lent you money. We bailed you out of jail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY

Twice.

CHAD (O.S.)

That thing for taking a piss on
the street? That was nothing.

LEE

Jimmy gave you his car for a month
when you rolled that Honda.

JIMMY

And let you stay at our house for
year when you were evicted.

LEE

I know you need the money!

They wait a beat. Chad returns and opens the screen door.

CHAD

Fine! But my price is two
thousand and I'm telling you right
now: one of your fairies grabs my
ass, I quit.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The Marys are gathered together on the practice field
waiting. Where Johann found dolphin shorts is anyone's
guess. Chad's pickup flies into the dusty parking lot.
The guys watch the pickup stop near the backstop. Chad
emerges dressed in shorts and a t-shirt. He holds a
cooler in hand, filled with beer.

ALAN

Oh, la la!

Chad comes onto the field. Jimmy looks at his watch.

CHAD

Heyya, Lee! Jimmy!

LEE

You're late.

CHAD

(no shit)
I don't have a watch.

Chad pulls out a WHISTLE and blows it.

MARIO

Love the whistle!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

So seventies!

LEE

Guys, this is my brother, Chad.
Chad, meet the Marys.

BUDDY

Fabulous of you to help us.

EXT. DUGOUT - A LITTLE LATER

Chad smokes a cigarette as he sits in the dugout watching the guys field, catch and throw. It's pathetic. Alan tosses to Joe, who drops it. Joe sort of throws to Buddy, his wrist is completely limp. Chad flicks his cigarette and turns to Lee:

CHAD

Are you kidding me?

Lee stands and yells out.

LEE

Mario, throw the ball to Butch
Greg.

Mario whips it hard to Butch Greg who catches it.

CHAD

So one of you can throw the ball
and one can catch, so what? You
guys stink.

LEE

No criticisms. Just help us.

Chad takes a deep sigh. He rises and exits the dugout.

Chad blows his whistle.

CHAD

OK, everyone line up.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

All the guys wait to take their turn batting. Chad is on the pitchers mound next to Buddy.

CHAD

OK, let's see what you can do.

Buddy pitches, KK whiffs, Jimmy whiffs, Marcus whiffs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chad looks at Lee. Chad searches for something to say.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Yeah. So, today we're just doing a little look-see. You know, feel things out. OK, everyone, take a position.

ALAN

I got third!

Alan prances toward first. Buddy stops him.

BUDDY

That way.

Alan nods nonplussed and nonchalantly reverses himself.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The fielders are in position...Sort of. Chad, taps a slow roller near third. Alan, standing directly on the base at third, doesn't move as he dryly watches it run past him and about three feet into the outfield grass.

BUDDY

Alan! That was yours!

ALAN

I'm playing third.

CHAD

You're supposed to play off the base and move to get the ball.

Alan shrugs, crosses, picks up the ball and, with his elbow by his side he tosses it, whipping his body sissy-like, about... twelve feet. Marcus, at short, prances over, picks up the ball and throws it home. Almost.

Butch Greg, playing catcher, gets the ball and gives it to Chad. Chad looks dryly at him. Greg shrugs.

ANGLE ON: OUTFIELD

Jimmy is in center field, wearing a sun hat. Todd is in left again stretching like a ballerina with his foot up near his head. Joe, collecting flowers, is making a dandelion necklace. Chad shakes his head.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Outfield! Wake up out there!
(To himself)
Jesus!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chad smacks it deep. Jimmy, Todd, and Joe run for it. As it begins to fall, they turn in fear and take cover. The ball falls harmlessly, five feet behind them.

EXT. HOME PLATE - LATER

Chad drops a bunt. Butch Greg, at catcher, gets it. He fires the ball to third base. Alan catches the ball.

ALAN

I caught it! I really caught it!

Then, suddenly there is silence coming from Alan's open mouth.he drops his glove and falls to his knees.

ALAN (CONT'D)

911! 911! Sweet Jesus, my hand!

MOMENTS LATER: All gathered around Chad at home plate.

CHAD

So, that was fun. When's the game?

Lee checks his watch.

LEE

In about twelve hours.

CHAD

What?!!

EXT. HOGAN'S CHEVROLET CAR LOT - EVENING

A Chevy car lot with banners and flags fluttering.

INT. CHEVROLET CAR LOT OFFICE - SAME

A map of Erie divided into fourths. A sign reads "All-Erie Tavern Softball Leagues." There are pins where each bar is located. Commissioner Hogan paces his office. Decor is early 70's ply-wood paneling. Seated in front of his desk are George, Rick, Clark and Marty.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN

You didn't think I'd find out?!

The guys look down. Commissioner Hogan pounds his desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMMISSIONER HOGAN (CONT'D)

This league has always been reserved for the most elite athletes in this city and you idiots bring in a bunch of queers?

MARTY

We're taking care of it. Tomorrow'll be their last game, Commissioner. We have it all figured out.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN

You better or I will shut this quadrant down!

GEORGE

Commissioner, please! Without softball most of us would have nothing but work, wives and kids! We'll get rid of em'. I promise.

He turns to the guys.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN

If you gentlemen want to continue to play... you better. I promise!

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD PARKING LOT - DAY

A 67' Canary Yellow Charger flies up. Marty, in uniform, steps out. Also exiting the car, is Marty's girlfriend, CINDY, and her seven year-old son MIKEY. Marty scans the field as he pulls his gear from the car trunk.

MARTY

God damn butt pirates are still playing!

With his bat bag over his shoulder, he slams the trunk.

INT. QUEEN MARY DUGOUT - SAME

Chad looks at the scoreboard: WHARF RATS: 12 - MARY'S: 0

CHAD

(To himself)

Seriously. What's the point?

He turns to see the whole team looking at him.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mario angrily takes his bat and heads to the plate.

EXT. FIELD - SAME

Marty stands behind the backstop watching Mario.

MARTY

Hey, Cinderella, don't you girls
have a quilting bee tonight?

Mario looks back and seethes. He grips the bat. The pitch comes. He swings. CRACK! He lines one deep into center. It bounces over the wall. Ground rule double. The Marys explode! Chad comes out of the dugout to see.

CINDY

Chad?

Chad looks over to see Cindy and Mikey.

MIKEY

Daddy!

Chad's eyes light up. Mister cool has lost his cool.

CHAD

Mikey!

LEE

Hey, Mikey!

MIKEY

Hi, Uncle Lee!

Chad crosses to the backstop and talks through the fence.

CHAD

Hey, kiddo, how are you?

CINDY

What are you doing here, Chad?
You're not allowed to be here.

CHAD

How did I know you were going to
be here?

MARTY

I'm calling the cops!

Marty whips open his cell phone.

CHAD

Screw you, shit-head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

(dialing)
Hey, nice talk in front of the
kid, asshole!

CHAD

Sorry, Mikey. Daddy didn't mean-

MARTY

Cindy, take Mikey to the stands.

CINDY

But-

MARTY

Just do it!

Cindy starts to take Mikey away.

MIKEY

Dad?

CHAD

It's OK. I'll see you later,
buddy.

MARTY

Yeah, after he gets out of jail.

Cindy and Mikey are gone. The Umpire turns.

UMPIRE

Is there a problem here?

CHAD

No, sorry.

Chad starts around the backstop to where Marty is as the
game continues in the BG. Buddy takes ball two.

EXT. DUGOUT - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy and Lee stand beside the dugout watching Chad. KK
is inside watching through the chicken wire fence.

KK

What's going on?

LEE

It's Chad's ex-wife and son. I
guess that creep is her new
boyfriend.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Chad approaches Marty still on the phone.

CHAD
What's your problem?

MARTY
Well, not you anymore. Not after
the cops get here... (into phone)
Yeah, hello, I'm at the ball park
on 11th and Hess. There's a guy
here with a restraining order
against him who's harassing my
wife and stepson...

CHAD
Stepson? He's not your stepson.
You're not married.

MARTY
(into phone)
Yeah, thanks, I appreciate it.

Marty hangs up.

MARTY (CONT'D)
You might want to get the hell out
of here right now.

CHAD
I'm not going anywhere, I have a
right to be here. I'm coaching a
team. It's my job.

Marty suddenly notices his Queen Mary hat.

MARTY
Ahhh. Playing for the other team
now, huh? Or maybe this isn't
new. I always thought you were a
faggot like your brother.

Chad looks at Marty and his eyes narrow. His fist coils.
Marty notices Mikey and Cindy are watching. He drops his
bat bag and gets in Chad's face.

MARTY (CONT'D)
What'a you gonna do? The Phillie
Phlop who fell into a bottle and
pulled the cork in after him.
You're a punk! (aside) Hit me
and you'll be right back in jail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chad notices the false courage and looks at the stands. He sees Mikey waving. Chad forces a smile and waves back. Behind Chad, we see the game continuing.

UMPIRE

Ball four!

Buddy trots off to first.

EXT. MARY'S DUGOUT - CONTINUOUS

Lee and the team are watching Chad.

LEE

I better get him over here.
(yelling) Chad! Come on, we need
to talk to you!

Chad glances over at Lee, then he look back at Marty and gives him an eye before he heads back to the dugout.

Chad reaches Lee and the team. Joe waits on deck.

CHAD

What's up?

LEE

We got two men on base. Joe's up.

CHAD

Oh, sorry but I got an issue.

LEE

What's going on?

CHAD

Cindy's new prick boyfriend just
called the cops on me.

JOE

So what? He didn't do anything?

JIMMY

He's not supposed to be around
Mikey until he passes a urine test
unless it's a court supervised
visit.

CHAD

Hey, Jimmy... this is personal.

JIMMY

Sorry, I didn't mean...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alan looks. The cops have pulled into the parking lot.

ALAN

Oh, oh.

CHAD

I better go take care of this.

(to Joe)

Joe, uh, wait for your pitch, OK?

Joe nods and heads to the plate. Chad starts off.

LEE

You want me to help or something?

CHAD

No, thanks. Hopefully I'll be right back.

KK

Hold on. I'm a lawyer. I'm coming with you. No argument.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

TWO COPS, Cindy, Mikey, Chad and Marty listen to KK.

KK

So legally and technically it's his job. He has a right to stay.

COP

(turns to Marty)

He's right. You could leave and come back or...

MARTY

That's justice? He's a criminal, so we have to leave and come back just in time for my game!?

COP

He'll leave as soon as his game is over... if they're still here.

MARTY

They're stayin'.

COP

(to Cindy)

You can stay or leave. That's up to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

By the way, you cops are doing a great job! Let's go, Cind.

Marty grabs Cindy's arm and pulls her away. Mikey follows. Chad watches him, clearly missing his kid.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

The score is 19 to 0, as Lee strikes out to end the game. A player, JACK (28), stands in the BG and yells to Lee.

JACK

Hey, Lee. I remember you from Little League! You still suck.

Lee hangs his head.

JOHANN

Okay everyone Back to the Mary to party

The players look at Johann with no enthusiasm.

TODD

Johann, we just got beat.

JOHANN

Beat, but not beaten! In my book, that's reason to celebrate!

Lee enters and sits on the bench rubbing his temples.

LEE

I knew I hated this game. I don't know what I was thinking. They're all homophobic! I can't take it.

Jimmy sits next to Lee to console him.

LEE (CONT'D)

You were right, Jimmy. This is pointless. We're horrible. Let's just forget it and go home.

CHAD

What the hell are you talking about? We're not quitting!

Chad glances angrily into dugout at the guys.

LEE

Look, it's clear these guys are homophobes! There's no point-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chad looks back at Lee.

CHAD

(derisive)

Oh, boo hoo! Poor little Lee didn't have instant success so now he wants to quit again? When are you going to quit being such a God Damn cry baby?

LEE

Screw you, Chad! You didn't grow up gay in this town! You have no idea how hard-

Chad cuts him off.

CHAD

Waaaaaa! Well, at least I grew up! You're still the same little baby that runs and hides behind the same bullshit every time someone doesn't like him.

(imitates)

"They're homophobes!" Who gives a shit? You're a God Damn coward and a quitter!

LEE

And you're not a quitter?

CHAD

I know you have to keep trying and working at something for it to pay off in victory! I've won lots of baseball games in my time!

LEE

I'm a winner in the game of life. I'm out! I own a successful bar!

CHAD

Who are you kidding? You're out!? You built that place to hide your life! If you were so out, don't you think you'd tell dad who Jimmy really is?

LEE

Dad has nothing to do with this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHAD

Look. I'm just saying you need to start thinking of yourself as simply "a man." A man who's gay, fine, but, simply be a man first. If you quit throwing the word "Gay" up as the first thing that defines you, maybe life'll seem more fair. Maybe you'll quit being the victim all the time.

Lee is pissed. He looks at the other guys. They're embarrassed to have witnessed this family dispute. Then, Lee realizes Chad is again looking at Mikey.

LEE

You just want us to keep playing so you can see keep seeing Mikey.

Chad turns back. He shrugs.

CHAD

So what?

LEE

You could have just said that.

CHAD

It doesn't change anything I said. And I know I can turn this team around.

A beat. Lee looks at the others. Chad sees hope.

CHAD (CONT'D)

I mean it. I see potential. Look, it's ridiculous to give up just because some guys called us names. I know you guys suck and no, we won't ever be league champs, but you guys could win a game. I know you could. And how good would that feel?

MARIO

Really good.

BUTCH GREG

And how bad would it make them feel?!

The others nod and smile. Lee looks to each of them.

ALAN

One more game wouldn't kill us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BUTCH GREG
I don't mind getting my ass
spanked once in a while.

BUDDY
Personally, I'm loving it.

Wizard barks in Johann's arms.

JOHANN
Us too.

TODD
When the going gets tough, the
tough get going.

MARIO
Viva Los Marys!

Finally, Lee reluctantly nods his approval.

CHAD
OK! Real practice starts
tomorrow!

They let out a CHEER.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

George, and several OTHERS stop their drinking and look
back to Queen Mary dugout with concern.

INT. THE QUEEN MARY - DAY

Lights up, bar closed. The team sits cross legged on the
dance floor before Chad. Behind Chad is a table crowded
with tea cups, knick-knacks and figurines.

CHAD
All right! Fundamentals first: I
see everyone brought a piece of
china like I asked.

JOHANN
Are we having a tea party?

CHAD
Well, yeah, sort of. You guys
need to learn to focus on the
ball. Who here doesn't think they
can catch?

Almost everyone raises their hand. Chad turns to the
table and picks up a tea cup. He turns back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAD (CONT'D)

Who's is this?

Alan raises his hand. Chad tosses the cup to Alan, who practically dives out of his chair to grab it -- but he does. He actually catches the tea cup!

CHAD (CONT'D)

See. You can catch.

Chad picks up a plate.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Who's is this?

TODD

It was my mother's. It's an heirloom! Please don't --

Chad flings it at him. Todd catches it.

TODD (CONT'D)

Dear God!

Pause. Todd thinks a second.

TODD (CONT'D)

Hey! I did it! I can catch!

CHAD

Todd caught that plate because he cared about it. That's the key. Care about the ball.

Chad picks up another cup.

KK

That's my wedding china!

It gets tossed. KK makes the catch.

CHAD

OK, anyone drops a ball today, I'm throwing their china at them. Now, what's one thing you guys have that the other players don't?

BUDDY

A Blue Boy Magazine collection going back twenty years?

ALAN

Ascots?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KK

Coffee table art books?

CHAD

No! You're in great shape! Most
of those guys are fat slobs.

KK

True. We work out.

CHAD

We might be new to softball, but
I'd wager we're faster than all
those fat boys. If we can just
get men on base, we can steal.
And one of the keys to stealing?
Is sliding!

LEE

Sliding?

CHAD

That's right! And I'll bet most
of you know how to do that
already...

The disco lights are on and MUSIC PLAYS as Todd leads the way. The guys are doing a cowboy type where they all slide into position in sync. They rise and start again until Todd breaks off and runs and slides perfectly into a makeshift home plate by the bar. One by one, the other guys follow: Todd, KK, Jimmy, Lee, Buddy, Alan, Mario and Butch Greg. Butch Greg trips. Chad helps him up.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Keep trying. You'll get it.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - LATER

CHAD

Throwing a softball is not
intellectualization and action.
It's instinct and re-action.

REVEAL: a full size image of JERRY FALWELL. Chad rolls softballs. One at a time, the guys grab the balls, spin and quickly fire their softballs at the target. Jimmy hits Jerry first, right between the eyes. Then Alan gets him in the gut. Butch Greg goes for the family jewels. Bulls-eye! Todd tries. He misses wildly, smashing a few beer glasses behind the bar.

TODD

My bad.

INT. QUEEN MARY - LATER

The Marys all sit at tables as Chad stands before them.

CHAD

Okay, guys. You've worked hard today. But let's not forget. This is also supposed to be fun...

The lights go DOWN and a big screen TV turns on. Suddenly Tom Selleck appears. It's the movie "Mr. Baseball". The Marys SQUEAL in delight.

MARYS

Tom Selleck!

TODD

Mr. Baseball! I love this movie!

CHAD

Guys, enjoy the eye candy but remember, this is a training film. Think fundamentals -- see how important it is to get a quick jump when you're stealing a base -- study the batting stance, the fielding.

EXT. BATTING CAGES - NIGHT

An outdoor batting cage/putt-putt joint. All the guys are there. Chad is in the cage smacking ball after ball.

TODD

Wow!

CHAD

Nothing to it. Okay, Buddy. You say you were good once? Let's go.

Buddy steps in and Chad hands him his bat.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Just relax, keep your eye on the ball and swing. But not too hard. Remember it's all tempo.

The pitch comes. Buddy cracks a line drive. Then two more. Buddy, tosses the bat to Chad who is impressed.

BUDDY

The Buddy train is back on track.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he passes Chad, Chad pats Buddy's butt. The butt pat does not go unnoticed. Looks are exchanged.

CHAD

Who's next?

Hands shoot up!

MARIO

Me!!

CHAD

I like the enthusiasm. (pause)
Hey! Where's Todd?

ALAN

Over there!

Alan points to Todd who is in the middle of a heated round of "Dance Dance Revolution" in the arcade area.

CHAD

Todd! Get your ass over here!

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Mario bats. Does OK. Chad pats his butt as he walks back to the guys.

All the guys reach over, in turn, and pat Mario's butt.

Butch Greg bats. He hits a couple dribblers but still gets a butt pat from Chad as he leaves the batting cage.

Butch Greg gives Chad a butt pat back. Chad turns just as Alan is rushing over to pat Chad's butt. Chad dances out of the way just in time.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Guys! No more butt pats!

Lee stands in. A ball flies inside on him.

LEE

(accusatory)
That was a bean-ball!

CHAD

It's a machine, Lee. Remember.
It doesn't know you're gay.

Lee sneers, then starts to settle into a tense batting stance. Lee closes his eyes, swings and misses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHAD (CONT'D)

Lee, you're still closing your eyes when you swing.

ANGLE ON: THE PARKING LOT

A monster pickup parks and the shorthaired driver gets out and grabs a bag of bats. Mario nudges Butch Greg:

MARIO

Six O'clock.

Butch Greg turns to see "six o'clock", but it turns out six o'clock is TERI (28), female and built like a bull.

BUTCH GREG

That's a girl, Mario.

Two batting cages over, Teri pulls a bat from her bat bag. Like a machine, she hits five fastballs in a row.

Meanwhile, Lee misses another pitch. He looks at Chad.

CHAD

Lee, do you even realize you're closing your eyes? What do you think about when you're up to bat?

Lee shrugs.

LEE

I suck?

CHAD

Very productive, Lee. Seriously, what are you afraid of. Think for a second. What is it? Define it.

LEE

Being laughed at. Rejected. Whatever! I hated little league.

Chad takes the bat.

CHAD

Because you were hiding yourself then. You don't do that now. So, you need to start opening your eyes and face what you're afraid of! Stop caring so much and you'll find your swing. OK. Who's next?

No one responds. Chad turns. All eyes are elsewhere. He follows their gaze towards... Teri. She cracks another.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHAD (CONT'D)

Who the hell is that?

JOHANN

My mechanic. She comes in the bar
once in a while. Hey, Teri!

Teri turns to see Johann and the others watching her.

TERI

Hey, Johann! How's your tail pipe?

JOHANN

Never better!

Chad is deep in thought.

CHAD

A ringer! Of course!

INT. BATTING CAGE PARKING LOT - LATER

The team is gathered around Teri's truck.

TERI

I don't know, I mean I haven't
played in an organized game since
the Olympic trials.

ALAN

The Olympics?!

TERI

Didn't make the team. A lot of us
girls were too busy playin' glaze
the doughnut to get much sleep.

JIMMY

What do you say? It might be fun.

TERI

I gotta check with my girlfriend
first -- hey -- you don't happen
need a pitcher, do you?

Off Chad's look.

INT. BABY DOLLS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

A seedy little strip joint. Two stages with dancers. On
one, MARGARET/CINNAMON (25), is naked and drop dead
beautiful. Sleazy GUYS are watching intently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Teri and the team enter from the back. A couple WAITRESSES see Chad.

WAITRESSES

Hey, Chad!

Chad waves. The guys give him a look.

CHAD

What?! I've been in here once or twice. Who hasn't?

Hands shoot up. Meanwhile, Alan is staring at the stage.

ALAN

So... that's a vagina...

Mario, showing disgust, shields his eyes with his hand.

Johann studies the gyrations of a stripper.

JOHANN

(simple)

Seriously? What's the appeal?

The guys shrug. Who knows. Todd eyes one STRIPPER in particular.

TODD

She sure can dance.

CHAD

(to Teri)

Where's your girlfriend?

Teri nods towards Cinnamon.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Cinnamon's real name is Margaret?!

Teri looks mistrusting at Chad.

CHAD (CONT'D)

What?! I said I'd been in here.

Chad's head follows Margaret as she bends into an arch.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Cinnamon! I had no idea you were a.... softball player.

Margaret talks to Chad from the arch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARGARET

That never came up in all these
quality hours we've spent
together? Shocking!

Margaret straightens, as does Chad.

TERI

For the record: she hates cock.

CHAD

Well, then, that would just be the
three of us.

ANNOUNCER (OS)

Gentlemen! Put your hands
together for Cinnamon! Cin-a-mon!

A smattering of applause. Margaret walks the stage in a g-string with her clothes bunched up on her bare chest. She does her best to femininely squat and retrieve the crumpled bills strewn about the stage. It's not easy in seven inch heels but she makes eye contact with each BILL TOSSER and smiles. Margaret gives Teri a little wink and points to the back stage area. The guys follow Teri.

INT. BABYDOLLS BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT

Teri and the guys enter to wait for Margaret. Todd sees his STRIPPER adjusting her outfit.

TODD

Excuse me. I saw you out there
dancing. You're very talented.
Did you study dance?

STRIPPER

Yeah. TJ's roadhouse. Lap
dancing 101. You interested?

Todd's confused.

TODD

Interested???

STRIPPER

In investing twenty dollars...

The stripper pushes Todd back onto a chair, straddles him, trapping him between her arms and begins to grind on him with wild abandon as she twirls her hair.

TODD

Chad, help!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAD

For you, Todd. Any time. Enjoy!

Chad slips a twenty in her garter. Margaret enters.

TERI

So... You wanna play?

Todd, meanwhile, is still trying to get away.

TODD

Guys!

The guys turn to Todd. He's talking but his speech is muffled by the breasts slapping his head back and forth.

MARGARET

Sure. I've been jonzing to get back out there.

LEE

Fabulous.

CHAD

Welcome to the Marys.

"Ring My Bell" begins to play.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Gentlemen, once again, put your hands together for Cinnamon!!!

MARGARET

Opps, back to work. Bye, Babe.

TERI

Love ya!

She pecks Teri and turns to the guys.

MARGARET

See you guys on the field.

The gay guys aren't listening. They're too fascinated with Todd and his Stripper.

EXT. BALL PARK - DAY

Clark's Truckers Bar & Grill Team V Marys. "Ring My Bell" continues from the strip club as the Marys take the field. In the stands sit Marty, George and Rick.

George sees the dugout doorway...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

What the...

SLO-MO: Margaret exits the dugout in step with the music and takes the mound. (ala 'the Wild Thing' in Major League) Marty, Rick and George don't know what to think.

INT. QUEEN MARY DUGOUT - SAME

Chad watches the first Truckers PLAYER come to the plate. This is moment the Mary team has been waiting for.

EXT. FIELD - SAME

SLO-MO: Margaret looks, nods, winds and tosses...

REGULAR SPEED: The MUSIC STOPS and-- the pitch smokes!
CRACK- Dust comes off the catchers glove from the impact.

UMPIRE

Strike one!!

INT. MARY DUGOUT - SAME

Chad makes a fist pump.

CHAD

That's what I'm talkin' about!

EXT. STANDS - SAME

Marty, George and Rick seem dumb struck.

MARTY

Are chicks even allowed to play?

Rick speaks without thinking. Proud of himself.

RICK

Hey! I know how I know that
chick!

Rick turns to tell everyone. All eyes are on him -- even Darcie. Suddenly he realizes what he's saying...

RICK (CONT'D)

Ah... Doesn't she work at the 7-11
on eighth street?

Another GUY in the stands and yells.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUY IN STANDS
That's Cinnamon! The stripper!

Darcie glowers. Rick tries to sell a look of shock.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Margaret turns to the Truckers dugout and winks. Then, she turns, winds and fires. The batter can't catch up.

UMPIRE
Strike two!

Another pitch, another whiff.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)
Strike three!

The Truckers Player throws his bat. The Marys cheer!

EXT. STANDS - SAME

Mikey arrives with Cindy and looks at the scoreboard: 0-0. He then makes eye contact with his dad near the dugout. They share a wave before Cindy drags him off.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

Jimmy pops up. Todd singles. Teri comes to the plate. The Marys wait in eager anticipation. Teri looks like a pro as she waits on her first pitch. It arrives and... she crushes a hard liner to right. A double. Todd scores from first. The Mary dugout CHEERS.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

The Mary's make plays.

The Trucker's make plays.

The Mary's get hits.

The Trucker's get hits.

SCOREBOARD: 4-4, top of the seventh.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

Margaret on the mound. The pitch. It's wild -- it hits the ground half way to home and bounces way up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UMPIRE

Ball one!

Chad looks worried. Butch Greg tosses the ball back to Margaret. Another pitch. This time she HITS the batter in the crotch. He goes down. The Truckers gather.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)

Time!

Chad trots out to the pitcher's mound.

CHAD

You okay?

MARGARET

A little tired. I haven't pitched in like forever.

CHAD

Just stay focused. You don't need to strike every batter out. Trust the guys to field some balls.

Margaret nods. Chad trots off. Margaret looks over to first where the pinch runner has a long lead-off. She spins and throws hard to first. Jimmy ducks in fear. The ball rolls to right and the runner heads around the bases. Todd gets to the ball quickly but his throw... is short. Way short. The runner comes all the way home.

UMPIRE

Safe!

The scoreboard reads: Trucker's 5 - Marys 4.

CHAD

Come on, focus!

Margaret sets and pitches. The batter pops up. Three outs! The inning over, the Marys run in.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

Butch Greg hits a bloop fly to short - easy out. The Marys moan. Chad, in the coaches box at first, claps.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Alan, let's go!

Chad smiles at the first baseman.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Hi. How's it going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The guy barely nods back. Chad indicates Alan at bat.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Alan says he thinks you're cute.
I know, I know, it's kinda gay.
But, what can I say?... He's gay.

The first baseman is unsure how to respond. Alan dribbles a little hit and the catcher gets it. He throws to first. Alan is streaming at the bag.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Here he comes. He wants a hug!

The first baseman looks to see what Alan's doing and takes his eyes off the throw. It goes right by and into right field.

Alan's so excited he tries to hug the first baseman who recoils in fear. The ball is still rolling in right.

CHAD (CONT'D)

ALAN! GO!!!! Run!

Alan runs to second. The throw comes but... he slides in safe. The Mary's CHEER and Teri moves to the batter's box. The Scoreboard still reads: Trucker's 5, Marys 4.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Time!

Chad trots out to talk to Alan on second. They confer and Chad heads back to his first base box. Trucker's shortstop is playing near Alan to hold him. Alan smiles.

ALAN

You have gorgeous eyes.

TRUCKERS PLAYER

Huh?

Alan inches closer and the fielder backs away.

ALAN

Are those real or color contacts?

Alan's lead gets longer. The pitch. Alan breaks for third. Teri swings and misses. The catcher fires for third. Alan slides perfectly. SAFE!

CHAD

Come on Teri, let's bring him home
and tie this thing!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Teri waits for the pitch, then hits a long fly ball. The guys hug the dugout fence in anticipation -- just as her homerun is... robbed by the LEFT FIELDER. MOANS.

Final Score: Trucker's 5, Marys 4.

EXT. QUEEN MARY BENCH - SAME

The team still looks dejected as Chad enters.

CHAD

OK! Chin up, guys! We gave em a fight. We're heading in the right direction. One, two, three!

ALL

Marys!

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

The late game is going on in the BG, as Chad approaches his pickup. The words "fag lover" are spray painted on the side. He just tosses his bat bag in the bed.

ALAN (O.S.)

Chad!?

Chad turns to see the whole team approaching.

JIMMY

The team's going back to 'The Mary' for some drinks.

TODD

We really want you to come.

CHAD

Thanks, guys, but I don't think so. Not really my scene.

LEE

Come on, coach.

TERI

Everyone's going.

MARGARET

(Batting her eyes)
Even us.

CHAD

Guess one beer wouldn't kill me.

INT. QUEEN MARY - NIGHT

The place is in a party frenzy. Guys dancing to the thumping music. Chad sits at a table drinking a beer and "trying" to listen to Butch Greg. He's pretty buzzed.

BUTCH GREG

So after four years, he drops the bomb: I move in or we're done.

CHAD

Yeah great, Uh huh.

BUTCH GREG

I messed up. I miss David like crazy. Nothing's the same.

A misty eyed, Butch Greg bites his lip.

BUTCH GREG (CONT'D)

It's the little things...his French toast...

Butch Greg can't go on. Chad is about done here.

CHAD

So, call him, already! Tell him how much - whatever - you know.

BUTCH GREG

That I love him?

CHAD

I don't know. Whatever.

Chad downs a shot and moves to join KK at the bar.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Hey, man. Can we talk for minute.

KK

Of course.

CHAD

It's like this. I... I... I want my God damn kid back. Yeah... OK, I've screwed up, I know that... but I miss him and I know he misses me. Not everyone does everything perfectly, you know. So I'm not perfect. But he's still my kid.

(belches)

Will you do that for me, KK? Get my kid back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KK

Chad, there's no way you'll ever
get your kid back as long as
you're in this kind of shape. No
offense, but you're a drunk.

CHAD

(thickly)

What are you talking about?

Chad stands. He looks a bit unsteady. He freezes a
moment, his eyes roll back, then he topples backwards.

EXT. TRAILER PORCH - SAME

Lee, Buddy, Mario, Butch Greg, Todd, Johann, Jimmy and
Alan carry a passed out Chad inside. Wizard follows.

JOHANN

Love the trailer!

TODD

So kitch!

INT. TRAILER - SAME

The place is filthy. Beer cans, empty pizza boxes, etc.
The guys enter, carrying Chad.

BUDDY

Oh - my - Gawd!

LEE

Chad's never been big on cleaning.

They put Chad on the couch. Mario looks into the
bathroom.

MARIO

Is this a meth lab?

JOE

This place is a shambles! Someone
call a dump truck!

ALAN

So this is how the other half
lives.

There's a half dozen pictures of Mikey on the 19" TV.

MARCUS

I thought I had a dungeon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHANN
(fluffing the sofa)
I feel like Snow White on day one.

BUDDY
How can he live like this? It's
not fit for an animal.

KK
No social worker in their right
mind would let a kid sleep here.

MARIO
That toilet is sickening! Worse
than the slums of Dominica!

JOHANN
Not to be too Queer Eye, but... is
everyone thinking the same thing?

INT. TRAILER - MORNING

The place is spotless and the furniture is rearranged.
Chad, still unconscious, is seated on the couch and clad
only in his underwear. Todd is giving him a manicure.

TODD
These cuticles are ridiculous!

Johann looks up from giving Chad a pedicure.

JOHANN
No, these cuticles are ridiculous.

Buddy is gelling his hair.

BUDDY
He's got gorgeous locks.

Lee and Alan are finishing off the
redecorating/cleaning/rearrangement of the room as Butch
Greg holds different t-shirts up to Chad's body. Mario
is shining Chad's boots. Jimmy is finishing shaving him.

Chad begins to stir. Everyone quickly backs away. Chad
holds his head in pain and GROANS. He looks at his
underwear, then looks up.

CHAD
Oh, no, nooo.... please don't tell
me we had an orgy...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHANN

Don't think it didn't cross my
mind. But, alas, no.

CHAD

Thank God. Uh! Someone get me
some aspirin... or a beer!

Chad looks around at his trailer... it's gleaming.

CHAD (CONT'D)

What the... where's all my shit?

BUDDY

If you're referring to the empty
beer cans, we threw them away.

Chad sees his clear polished nails.

CHAD

What in the???

JIMMY

You like?

Chad scrunches his face.

BUTCH GREG

I tried to color coordinate your
closet but all you had were jeans
and t-shirts.

CHAD

What's with my furniture?

ALAN

A little rearranging.

CHAD

Guys, come on, I liked my hands
and place, the way they were.

JOHANN

(bitchy)

Oh, stop with the macho BS! Just
admit it! This place looks a hell
of a lot nicer. Here!

Johann holds up a mirror. Chad touches his hair.

CHAD

What's in my hair?

LEE

...a little gel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KK

We're going to help you, Chad.

CHAD

What are you talking about?

ALAN

You've done so much for us.

BUDDY

It's our turn to do something for you. It's an intervention!!

KK

You said you wanted Mikey back.
We're gonna help you.

INT. CHEVORLET CAR LOT OFFICE - NIGHT

Commissioner Hogan and all the team captains are there.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN

So they think they can just waltz
into this league and do whatever
they please? Well, not on my
watch!

Hogan bats at a fly. He holds up the Softball Rules
Booklet. IT reads "T.O.S.S.E.R.s."

COMMISSIONER HOGAN (CONT'D)

My friends -- this is how we keep
order in an increasingly
disordered world. The Tavern
Owners Softball Society of Erie -
Rules Handbook! Our Bible.

The fly lands on Hogan's desk. He smashes it with the
book! He pulls the book away. Reveal: a gooey mess.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

A van carrying Chad, Jimmy, Alan, KK and Lee with Butch
Greg driving pulls up to a Unitarian Church.

CHAD

Oh, no you don't.... A haircut is
one thing, clean clothes is
another, but church?! No way!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

It's an AA meeting. Chad, come on. You know the court said you had to attend these meetings to get custody again.

BUTCH GREG

Actually, there was only an SA meeting available. But, don't worry. The principle's the same.

Chad looks at Lee, pleading.

CHAD

Why're you doing this to me?

LEE

I want you to succeed. Remember all those times you stuck up for me when I was a kid? All those fights you got in when other kids called me names? How many guys did you punch out for me?

CHAD

That was just cause you were my brother.

ALAN

Yeah, well, last time I saw my big brother, he punched me out.

KK

Many of us have parents and brothers and sisters that turned their backs on us.

BUTCH GREG

Or if they do still talk to us, it's with the understanding that we pretend to be straight around the "friends and family."

JIMMY

You're different, Chad. We just want you to get your act together.

INT. UNITARIAN CHURCH - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

There is circle of PEOPLE sitting around drinking coffee. The doors open and the people turn in unison.

INT. UNITARIAN CHURCH - MEETING ROOM - LATER

Chad and the others enter. Alan whispers to Butch Greg.

ALAN

By the way, what's "S"A?

BUTCH GREG

Sex-a-holics Anonymous.

TRISH, a chubby, energetic woman is talking as she mimes the fondling of a phallic.

TRISH

...what can I say, I truly love
the Penis. The life giving penis.
It throbs with life! It holds
this power within it that I-

The CHAIRWOMAN holds up her hands to slow this train.

CHAIRWOMAN

OK, Trish, I think we all get it.

The guys nod and smile with appreciation.

TRISH

(rote)
My name is Trish and I'm a sex-
aholic!

Chad's weirded out but smiles and claps along lightly.

A MAN - LARRY is a skinny, 'Barney Fife' of a man.

LARRY

Vagina. The land of mystery.
Even got a far eastern ring.
China? Maybe Saipan?
(Slow enunciating)
Va Gi Na - Va Gi Na.

Our guys faces contort. Larry snaps out of it.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I'm Larry and I'm a sex addict.

ANOTHER WOMAN - MARSHA (40)

MARSHA

You see it started online... So
even though I despised the man, I
voted for George Bush. Why?
Because Al Gore invented the
internet, I... blamed him for...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSHA (CONT'D)
(breaking down)... enabling... my
addiction.

She cries. Group clap. The CHAIRWOMAN looks at Chad.

CHAIRWOMAN
Would you like to say a few words?

CHAD
Me!? No, I....

The group looks at him menacingly.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Yeah, OK. Well, let's see...
Maybe I could say a few words.
Where should I begin?

CHAIRWOMAN
Why don't you start with your
name.

CHAD
Uh, Chad.

ALL
(in unison)
Hi, Chad!

CHAD
Yeah. Well... I guess I should
start by saying that I don't like
penises.

Bad joke. The people are unsure as to how to take this.

CHAD (CONT'D)
I mean, I like my penis. Maybe a
little too much lately.

He tries to laugh. The crowd is becoming impatient.

CHAD (CONT'D)
My brother? He likes penises!

MEETING WOMAN
Look. This isn't an incest
survivors meeting.

CHAIRWOMAN
Chad, tell us why you came here
tonight.

CHAD
Oh, that... I... drink too much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHAIRWOMAN

OK, tell us about that. I'll bet that led you to do some things you wouldn't have done otherwise.

CHAD

No! I mean... yeah... I guess so.

TRISH

Do tell!

CHAD

I mean, it's pretty boring stuff compared to what I've heard...

CHAIRWOMAN

Try us. Tell us how you got here.

Chad looks out to the now caring group.

INT. UNITARIAN CHURCH, MEETING ROOM - LATER

PAN concerned FACES as Chad is telling his story.

CHAD (O.S.)

... so there I was, the doctors had told me that if I ever threw a ball with any kind of velocity again, I'd probably have to learn sign my name with my left hand. Anyway I... wait, where was I?...

CHAIRWOMAN

Bankrupt. Divorced. You'd spent all you money on "booze, gambling and broads."

CHAD

Right. But... the final straw happened about four years ago. I was drunk. Fell asleep in the driveway with Mikey strapped in his car seat. He was asleep the whole time and I never actually drove but... We were there for about two hours before Cindy came home and found us.

MEETING WOMAN #2

So she called the cops?

CHAD

Yeah and I threatened her and they arrested me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAD (CONT'D)

It was the final straw for her. I get that. Funny thing is... I would've done the same thing to her if she'd done it: called the cops. Anyway, I'm supposed to stop drinking if I want to see Mikey.

MEETING WOMAN

So, why haven't you cleaned up?

Chad shrugs. He looks around at the caring faces.

CHAD

Truthfully? As much as I want to see him and be with him, I... don't want him to see me. Not like this. I mean, who wants their kid to see them as a loser?

Silence. Trish raises her hand. The Chairwoman points.

TRISH

(At her limit)

I'm sorry. But... Can we talk about cock again?

EXT. BALL PARK - DAY

Chad is moving toward the field, looking great and he sees Mikey near the stands packing up (Marty's team just finished playing). Mikey runs over.

MIKEY

Dad, what happened?

CHAD

Got an extreme makeover.

MIKEY

You look handsome.

CHAD

Thanks. Oh, Hey, Mikey, I found you something.

Chad hands a bag to Mikey. Mikey pulls out a baseball glove and looks at it.

CHAD (CONT'D)

It was mine when I was your age.

MIKEY

Wow, Dad! Really? Cool. Thanks!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mikey smiles at his dad and hugs him. Cindy crosses.

MIKEY (CONT'D)
Mom, look at dad's makeover!

MARY
(to Chad)
What do you think you're doing?
Mikey! Let's go!

Cindy pulls Mikey away. She turns back.

MARY (CONT'D)
You stay away from us.

EXT. FIELD - SAME

The parking lot is filled with unmarked police cars. Blue Badge Tavern fans and family sit in the stands. The Marys are stretching as they notice the Blue Badge Players are huddled up together.

ALAN
Why aren't they warming up?

Hogan and George strut toward the Mary dugout.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN
Where's the captain of this team?

LEE
I'm one of them: Lee Simpson.

Lee reaches to shake. Instead, Colin hands him a letter.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN
Commissioner Hogan. All-Erie
Tavern Softball League. Your team
has been disbanded for gross
infraction of the rules. Please
leave the field.

The others gather around Lee.

ALL
Huh? What'd we do?

Chad pushes in.

CHAD
Get over yourself, Colin. What
infraction?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Girls, smart ass! Now beat it!

COMMISSIONER HOGAN

Let me handle this, George! I'm the commissioner.

George nods. Hogan opens the rule book and jabs at it.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN (CONT'D)

Girls. The rules clearly state that each team must be composed of a group of men. No less than nine and no more than fifteen. You have women on this team and it will not be tolerated.

TODD

I'm in girl trouble! Oh, if only my dad were here to see it!

CHAD

What are you so afraid of?

COMMISSIONER HOGAN

I never liked you.

CHAD

Well, the rest of your family doesn't feel the same way.

Chad winks. Hogan turns red. KK pushes to the front.

KK

I'm a lawyer. Let me in!

KK grabs the letter from Lee. He looks it over.

KK (CONT'D)

This isn't binding. The ninth district federal appellate court ruled against just such interpretations in San Francisco in 1967. Jones V The Boys Club of America'; wherein all terms such as 'boys' or 'men' are to be read as gender neutered or neutral.

(Directly to Hogan)

So, unless you'd like to spend some time in jail for violation of that decision and our Civil rights, I suggest you shove this letter where it belongs and allow us to play this game...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KK rips the letter in half and hands it back.

KK (CONT'D)
Commissioner!

The Mary team is impressed. Hogan grits his teeth.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN
This isn't over.

Hogan turns and walks away. George eyes KK.

GEORGE
I don't give a shit what some
liberal court ruled. I'm an
officer of the law and I know when
rules are being broken. That's my
God given power!

George's finger scans accusatorily across the guys. They
exchange a look of confusion. George stomps off.

BUTCH GREG
Hey, KK, was all that true?

KK
Hell, no! I made it up! I'm just
a divorce lawyer.

George is in the BG talking to the Umpire near home
plate. The Umpire waves his hands over his head.

UMPIRE
We've got a forfeit!

ALAN
Hey guys! We won! We won a game!

INT. THE QUEEN MARY - LATER

The team enters in uniform. A sign reads: 'We Won a
Game!' "Celebration" plays. Everyone parties!

INT. THE WHARF RAT BAR - NIGHT

The TEAM CAPTAINS have gathered with Commissioner Hogan.

CLARK
But our team needs a win.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN
(warning)
If you guys can't be in consensus-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

We're consensed, Commissioner!
Come on, Clark!

CLARK

Maybe we should give them a couple
more beatings first. To be safe.

RICK

Commissioner. You talk to him.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN

I can't tell you what to do,
Clark. Not now. Not now that the
season's going. Wanna be the only
team that ignores the boycott?..
be my guest.

CLARK

(falling in)
No. We won't play them.

Colin leans back with a satisfied smirk.

EXT. BALLPARK - DAY

The Marys are warming up. An Umpire approaches.

UMPIRE

Just talked to the Trucker's
captain. They're forfeiting.

Chad looks at a smirking Marty seated in the stands.
Marty flips him off. Chad smiles and winks.

CHAD

They're running scared.

MARGARET

What a bunch of pussies.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Cindy enters. At the counter, Alan is the barista.

CINDY

A tall nonfat latte, please.

Cindy reaches in her purse.

ALAN

Forget it, honey. It's on the
house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks up... huh? Alan smiles.

ALAN (CONT'D)
I play third base for the Marys.

Cindy is confused.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Queen Marys. Chad Simpson's our coach.

Cindy nods, a bit apprehensive.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Chad's a doll. We love him. One in a million.

MARY
Tsk. You obviously don't know him like I do.

ALAN
Maybe. Or maybe you don't know him like we do. People can change you know.

MARY
I... doubt it.

ALAN
Be prepared to be surprised.

MARY
Well... Thanks for the drink.

EXT. SOFTBALL PARK - DAY

A Mary Practice day - everyone is sitting around talking and listening to ipods. Generally doing nothing. Chad rolls in and hops out of his car. He approaches.

CHAD
Sorry I'm late, I had a meet-hey, what are you guys doing?

LEE
What do you mean?

CHAD
Why aren't you warming up?

TODD
Why bother? We won the last three games. They've quit playing us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAD

Why bother? Do the math. Those idiots are going to have to play us or we'll win the division by default. So we need to be ready.

The guys perk up a bit.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Plus, it hit me last night! OK, mostly we still suck at batting so we're not taking advantage of our speed. But... I think I have a solution... Guys, it's time you learned to bunt!

EXT. BALLPARK - DAY

The Marys sit in their dugout pre-game. Chad enters.

CHAD

Forfeit. Another win in the books, guys.

BUTCH GREG

But four forfeits in a row! I'm sick of this. I want to kick their butts. Fair and square.

TODD

Me too.

CHAD

You guys have been working hard. Who wants to have fun tonight?

EXT. INTERSTATE 79 - LATER

A caravan of the Mary's cars: the Mini Cooper, Chad's pickup, Teri's truck and Alan's bug travel south. A Sign reads: Pittsburgh - 90 miles.

EXT. SOMEWHERE - LATER

CLOSEUP - LEE

He bites a huge hotdog. Catchup drips.

REVEAL

The other Marys all sitting in a row. They simultaneously bite their hotdogs. We realize we are in:

INT. PNC STADIUM - NIGHT

Home of the Pittsburgh Pirates. The night game is in full swing as they sit in the cheap seats. Chad comes up the aisle and tosses Pirate hats to everyone. They put them on. Todd is looking through binoculars.

BUDDY

My Good Lord. Who is that?!

Each guy puts a pair of binoculars to their eyes.

KK

What a hunk!

MARIO

Now that is man candy!

TODD

He can be my boy toy any day of the week!

ALAN

Uhhh -- I can't take it!

ANGLE ON: The catcher throws the runner out at second.

TODD

What an arm!

MARIO

Ey Carumba!

INT. PNC STADIUM - LATER

"Take Me Out To The Ball Game" PLAYS. The Marys stand up and SING at the top of their lungs. Alan SCREAMS.

ALAN

Oh my GAWD!!!! LOOK!!!

Alan points to the giant screen over left field. The Marys are on the VISION-CAM. Todd waves like crazy!!!

INT. CHEVROLET CAR LOT OFFICE - NIGHT

Commissioner Hogan stands in front of his softball map. The Pirate game is on TV in the BG. Marty drinks beer.

Hogan has the standings, listing the teams records, displayed before him on his desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

What are you telling us?

COMMISSIONER HOGAN

There's no one team dominating the quadrant this year. If one of you idiots doesn't play them, and beat them, they'll back into the championship!

CLARK

I hate to say I told you so.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN

Can it, Clark.

Marty looks at the TV in absolute horror. He spits out his beer on the commissioner and his desk.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN (CONT'D)

What the-!

Marty can only point. Everyone looks.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

The Marys are waving like crazy into the screen.

BACK TO SCENE

The men MOAN in disgust.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN (CONT'D)

God damn freaks!

INT. WICU TV STATION - NIGHT

EMILY WATSON, the local anchor lady is getting her makeup done as she sits next to SCOTT, her co-anchor. The game is on in the BG. The MAKEUP WOMAN looks up from the TV.

MAKEUP WOMAN

Hey! It's a team from Erie!

Emily looks at the TV. The VISION-CAM reads "Welcome Erie's Queen Mary Softball Team!"

EMILY

Hmm, this looks interesting.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another game day. The Marys are lazing around, expecting another forfeit.

TODD

Anyone up for a matinee?

LEE

What's playing?

Chad arrives at the dugout door.

CHAD

We are! We got ourselves a game.

UMPIRE

Play ball!

EXT. BALLPARK - DAY

Game on: The Marys Vs The Blue Badges. The Badges stands are filled with cops but there are just a few Mary fans in attendance.

INT. MARY DUGOUT - SAME

Chad huddles with the team.

CHAD

Remember. We are going to run these fat boys till they drop today. On three. One, two...

ALL

Marys!

EXT. BALLPARK - MOMENTS LATER

The Badges are in the field as Butch Greg comes to bat. He lays down a bunt. The fat guy at third runs in for it but, he's too slow. Butch Greg is safe at first.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Chad, in the coaches box, rubs his shoulder -- Todd bunts. Again, a fat infielder boots it -- two on.

Chad rubs his shoulder -- Buddy bunts -- bases loaded.

Chad rubs his shoulder -- George notices. He waves his team into bunt position. Jimmy swings away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A bloop fly barely makes it out of the infield but it's enough for a single and two runs score. George and his teammates are bent at the waist, winded. George looks at Chad.

CHAD

Keep sucking air, fat boy! We're just getting started!

MONTAGE: A series of bunts and hits by the Marys.

SCORE BOARD: Forth Inning. The scoreboard reads: Marys 7 - Badge's 0.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

An old woman walks her pug near the fence line. She stops and ties the dog's leash to the fence, then crosses to clean up his dog poop with a plastic bag.

Wizard jumps from Johann's arms and runs.

JOHANN

Wizard!

He finds the dogs sniffing each other through the fence.

JOHANN (CONT'D)

Wizard! Leave her alone or I'll have you snipped by the vet! I'm not raising any puppies.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)

Don't worry. Bob's a boy dog too.

Johann looks up to see the old woman smile innocently. Johann drops his glasses to shoot an all knowing, but approving, look at Wizard.

EXT. BALLPARK - LATER

Margaret is pitching. Two outs. Bases loaded. Margaret focuses intently and throws. STRIKE THREE!

CHAD

Yes!

EXT. BALLPARK - LATER

Teri goes to the plate, takes her stance. The pitch -- she cracks it -- it's a long fly ball off the fence. Mario and Butch Greg score.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Marys go wild. Johann, Joe and Alan start a conga line. Wizard trots behind. The scoreboard reads: Marys 12 - Badges 1.

EXT. BALLPARK - LATER

Bases loaded as Mario waits for the pitch - crack - a double. Todd and Alan round the bases - Chad waves them in... Alan first, then Todd slides at the plate, just as the throw comes.. safe! Marys cheer! Scoreboard changes. It's the Marys 14, Badge's 1. The Badge's are drinking beer, demoralized.

BADGES PLAYER

God, we suck.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

George is at bat. Margaret pitches. He swings. Hits. It's a high flyer! Headed over Buddy's head. Buddy turns, runs. Chad is at the dugout fence.

CHAD

Come on... RUN BUDDY!!! RUN!!!

Buddy dives and makes the play! Marys win and cheer!

INT. MARY DUGOUT - MOMENTS LATER

Chad gathers the team around.

CHAD

OK, boys, don't lose focus. We just kicked some ass and we need to stay hungry for more. ONE, TWO, THREE..

ALL

Marys!

EXT. BALLPARK PARKING LOT - LATER

Chad is putting his gear in his pick-up as Mikey runs up.

MIKEY

Great game, dad!

CHAD

Hey, kiddo. Pretty nice, huh?!

Mikey notices a pendent on Chad's neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKEY

What's that?

CHAD

It's a 30 day chip. It's me
trying to get things right again.

MARTY

Hey, Mikey! Get over here!

Mikey turns to see Marty and Cindy.

CINDY

Let's go, Mikey. NOW!

MIKEY

I gotta go.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Wharf Rat players tripping into the dirt after bunts.
Chad gives the batters the "thumbs up."

Alan fielding a hard hit ball and throwing a runner out.

A perfectly executed Mary double play. Chad claps.

FINAL SCORE: Marys 16, Rat's 1

The Marys and their fans, celebrate their win over the
Rats. Alan jumps into Butch Greg's arms.

The dejected Rats Team files out of their dugout and line
up to shake hands with the jubilant Marys.

In the stands, Commissioner Hogan fumes in disgust.

Butch Greg slides home. Chad gives him a dusty butt pat.

The scoreboard reads Marys 12 - Truckers 1.

Truckers players striking out.

EXT. BALLPARK - DAY

Lee swings at a pitch, he almost doesn't close his eyes --
but then he does. STRIKE THREE!

Lee looks at Chad on the way back to the dugout.

CHAD

Embrace your fear, Lee. It ain't
gonna happen till you do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LATER: Chad, in coaches box at first base, reaches over and knocks on the athletic cup of the Trucker's first baseman. The guy turns. Chad shrugs.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Making sure you're protected.

A hard hit ball shoots past the angry fielder.

The winning Marys shake hands with the moping Truckers.

More montage:

Todd making a great ballet-like jump and a catch.

A Smugglers Inn player watches a ball fly over the center field fence. He throws his glove on the ground.

The scoreboard reads: Marys - 9, Smugglers - 3.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The WICU news van pulls up and a small CAMERA CREW exits.

EXT. FIELD - SAME

Butch Greg on first, Mario on second. Todd is up. Chad gives signals and the runners nod. A pitch. Todd swings and misses but Butch Greg steals second and Mario moves to third. Chad claps.

Next pitch. It's wild! The catcher loses it and Butch Greg runs for home plate -- the THIRD BASEMAN throws...

CHAD
Slide! Slide!

Butch Greg executes a perfect slide! SAFE! He looks at Chad with a mile wide grin. Ta da!

CHAD (CONT'D)
I told you, you'd get it!

INT. WICU TV STATION - NIGHT

Emily Stone reads from a monitor.

EMILY STONE
... And the school will finally
reopen next fall.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY STONE (CONT'D)

Now, in local sports, The Queen Marys, the first Erie Tavern Softball League team composed entirely of openly gay men and women, has just forced a playoff game for their quadrant's championship.

INSERT - TV SCREEN - CLOSE UP

Various shots of the Marys winning, all the guys including Chad and even Wizard.

EMILY STONE (OS) (CONT'D)

Softball Commissioner Colin Hogan will forever be remembered as the one man brave enough to bring a gay franchise into Erie's premier softball league.

Colin shields his face from camera as he leaves the game.

BACK TO SCENE

Emily's bubbly Co-anchor SCOTT, turns to her.

SCOTT

What a hoot. And I love that little mascot. Wizard?

EMILY STONE

That's right, Scott. Now, the big game is scheduled for Saturday morning at 9:30 at the field at 11th and Hess. So, come on out and cheer them on.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The Mini Cooper pulls down a long drive to a small house in the middle of nowhere. The car stops.

INT. MINI COOPER - SAME

Chad sits next to Lee, who is driving.

CHAD

Best coach I ever had, told me: face your biggest fear and you'll be a winner in all you ever do.

LEE

Someone with the Phillies?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAD
Naw, this yoga chick I was bangin'
in Scranton. Veeery spiritual.

EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - SAME

Lee gets out. Chad grabs Lee's keys and jumps back in.

LEE
What are you doing!?

CHAD
Call me. I'll come back and get
you in a couple hours.

LEE
What're you talking about!?

CHAD
Dude, dad could go crazy over
this. Don't mix me up in it.

Chad starts away.

CHAD (CONT'D)
You're taking one for the team!

Chad speeds off. Lee looks at the front door. He's not
sure if he can do this. Then, the front door opens.

WILLIS
Hey, Lee. I thought I heard a
car?

LEE
It was Chad. He just left.

WILLIS
What'd he do, strand ya?

LEE
Sort of. Dad, I have something I
need to tell you.

WILLIS
Everything okay?

Lee moves closer.

LEE
It's about... Jimmy ... he's not
just my business partner, he's...

Lee's mouth is open but nothing is coming out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIS

Yeah?

LEE

... God, this is really hard.

WILLIS

(matter of fact)
Look, if this is the "Dad, I'm a
bone smuggler" speech. No shit.
I'm not a retard. Now can I get
back inside?... I got a roast on.

Lee's Dad heads inside. Then, he stops and looks back.

WILLIS (CONT'D)

You eat yet?

INT. HOGAN'S CHEVROLET CAR LOT - NIGHT

Hogan is at his desk doing paperwork. CRASH! Sounds of
a window smashing. Hogan runs into his showroom.

INT. HOGAN'S CHEVROLET SHOWROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A broken window. A brick lies atop a new Chevy. Hogan
picks up the brick. A note reads "Fag Lover."

INT. SWEEPERS BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Marty and Tony are installing a trophy case next to nine
others. The others each contain huge softball trophies.

MARTY

I promise you this. One way or
another, we will fill this case!

Marty's phone rings.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Hello?... OK, OK... Uh, huh...
Right.... No problem at all,
Commissioner... I'm on it.

Marty closes the phone and smirks.

MARTY (CONT'D)

The gloves are coming off.

INT. BLUE BADGE BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Off duty cops galore as George's cell phone buzzes. He opens it and reads a text.

GEORGE

Guys, I gotta go. Something's up.

INT. TRUCK STOP TAVERN - NIGHT

Guys in Trucker hats everywhere. Clark's phone buzzes.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

"Home Run" Tony, George, Clark and Marty are there with twenty guys. It's loud. Marty stands in the middle.

MARTY

All right! Everyone quiet down!

They do.

MARTY (CONT'D)

We're about to put an end to this once and for all.

SWEEPERS PLAYER

Yeah! It's gonna be over tomorrow, Marty. After we kick their asses.

GEORGE

No! The commissioner wants their ass out of the league. For good! All we gotta do is shut down that bar.

TRUCKERS PLAYER

How we gonna do that?

MARTY

We're not gonna do it. The Erie Fire Department is.

RICK

What're you talking about?

MARTY

What I'm talking about is us drawing straws.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

INSERT - TV SCREEN - CLOSEUP

It's a video of the Village People.

BACK TO SCENE

All heads turn to see Tony now wearing jeans and a t-shirt cut off mid-torso. Tony looks down at himself.

TONY

This bites.

RICK

Tell me about it.

Rick is dressed in a chain-link vest, tight leather hot pants and has his hair dyed bright orange. Marty examines Tony.

MARTY

I don't know, something's missing.

RICKS PLAYER

It's the shoes...

MARTY

Maybe. You got any work boots?

TONY

Of course I do, I'm a construction worker for crying out loud.

A Sweepers player hands him a bandana.

SWEEPERS PLAYER #2

Stick this in your back pocket?

TONY

What for?

SWEEPERS PLAYER #2

I don't know, I saw it in a George Michael video.

Marty hands Tony two foot-long lengths of chain.

MARTY

Wear these around your neck.

TONY

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY

How else are we gonna get it in there. Besides, it looks gay.

CLARK (O.S.)

I can barely breathe in these.

Clark walks in wearing a cowboy shirt tied in a bow at his stomach and skin-tight jeans. His beard is now shaved into a huge fu-man-chu. Marty tosses him a sock.

MARTY

Jam this in there, pencil-dick. And open up your shirt a little.

CLARK

Screw-you, Marty!

TONY

What exactly is the plan?

MARTY

Rick, and Clark get em' all distracted so you can do the job.

RICK

How are we supposed to distract them?

MARTY

The same way hot chick's distract you.

CLARK

Show em' our tits?

MARTY

No, Jackass! You flirt. Then, I don't know, buy them some drinks.

CLARK

I can't do this.

MARTY

Sure you can.

TONY

How the hell do you flirt with a guy?

MARTY

God damn! Do I have to show you guys everything?

Marty walks up to George.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTY (CONT'D)
(gay voice)
Hi, I'm gay. What's your name?

GEORGE
(gay voice)
Clark.

George and several other guys laugh.

CLARK
Fuck you, George!

MARTY
Are you gay like me, Clark?

GEORGE
Yeah. I am. I like guy's.

MARTY
(with two winks)
Can I buy you a wine spritzer?

GEORGE
(regular voice)
Are those any good?

Marty looks around winking and using his gay voice.

MARTY
You wink a lot. That's the key.
See. Wink and whisper.

Marty leans into George, whispers in his ear.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Wanna head over to my house? I
got Martha Stewart on the TiVo...

Marty puts his hand on George's thigh.

GEORGE
What the hell! Get offa' me!

Tony is staring at himself in the mirror.

TONY
They're still gonna recognize me.

MARTY
Hmmm. Yeah. It's your hair.

TONY
What's wrong with my hair?

INT. QUEEN MARY - NIGHT

No music as the lights dim. A smoke machine puffs and the dance floor is clear. "Fergalicious" begins as Johann, lip sinks to this Karaoke version. The door opens and a now bald Tony, along with Rick and Clark, enter. Their eyes pop as Todd grinds in the go-go cage.

RICK
Jesus Mary and Joseph!

CLARK
Wow! That's a lot of guys.

TONY
And they can party!

Tony dances his way in, 70's style, as Rick and Clark exchange a look. Rick takes a deep breath.

RICK
Here goes nothin'.

Mario looks over at them as they move to the bar. He leans into Alan as he flicks his hair back.

MARIO
Grrrrr. The three bears have come to town and they want Goldilocks.

Rick and Clark approach the bar and Butch Greg.

RICK
Two Buds, er... Corona Lites.

Butch Greg complies. KK, sitting at the bar, smiles.

KK
New in town?

RICK
(winking his eyes)
From Detroit. Name's Bruce.

KK
(to Rick)
KK... Is your eye OK?

RICK
I'm fine. Let me buy you a drink.

At the other end of the bar, Buddy looks Clark up and down. He scoots over to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY

Hey. I'm Buddy.

CLARK

Hi. I'm Fred. I'm real gay.

(With a wink)

Want a drink?

BUDDY

(A bit unsure)

Sure, Fred. I'd love one.

Meanwhile, Mario looks Tony up and down.

MARIO

Don't I know you?

TONY

Don't know. I'm To...Tom.

MARIO

Welcome to the Mary, Tom!

A Donna Summers song PLAYS.

MARIO (CONT'D)

Oh! I love this song!

Mario stands and grinds his crotch and humps at Tony then pulls him onto the dance floor.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - LATER

Everyone is now dancing. The straight guy have no rhythm.

BUDDY

(to Clark)

I love the way you move! It's so butch!

Tony looks around the room as he dances away from Mario and back through the crowd toward the emergency exits.

INT. QUEEN MARY EMERGENCY EXIT #1 - MOMENTS LATER

Tony looks around before pulling a chain from around his neck. He chains the door and locks it with a pad lock.

INT. QUEEN MARY DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Rick is surrounded by men grinding away, ripping off their shirts as they dance. Clark is really getting caught up and he does the same... revealing his pot belly. A few of the guys frown in disappointment. But not Alan. He moves in closer.

INT. QUEEN MARY - MOMENTS LATER

Tony is in the back corner. He takes off another chain and he locks the door shut, then dials his cell.

TONY

The eagle has landed.

He closes the phone and turns to see someone standing there. He looks up to see Johann.

JOHANN

I've been watching you tonight.

TONY

(worried)

You have?

JOHANN

Don't be coy with me, sweetheart.
I know exactly why you're here.

Tony's scared now. Johann pulls the bandana from his pocket.

JOHANN (CONT'D)

This bandana... it's old school.

Tony looks confused.

JOHANN (CONT'D)

Honey, I can suck the cork out of
a wine bottle in fifteen seconds.

Now Tony looks intrigued.

INT. QUEEN MARY - NIGHT

Rick and Clark are dancing like crazy.

RICK

Where the hell's Tony?

INT. TONY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Tony is sitting in the driver's seat and Johann is next to him when Johann suddenly dives for Tony's crotch.

EXT. QUEEN MARY PARKING LOT - SAME

The newswoman, Emily and her crew get out of the Newsvan. Emily turns to her unattractive CAMERA OPERATOR.

EMILY

We'll just shoot a little teaser here, then go inside.

Just then two FIRE TRUCKS pull up.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Hold on...

INT. QUEEN MARY - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy stands before a FIRE INSPECTOR and several FIREMEN. The lights are now up and the music has stopped.

JIMMY

But we never chain these up!
These aren't our chains! We don't even have the keys.

FIRE INSPECTOR

Where are the other emergency doors?

LEE

Right there --

Lee points. They all turn. The doors are chained. The inspector fills out a form as he talks.

FIRE INSPECTOR

I'm going to have to suspend your liquor license. You'll get a date for a hearing. Until further notice, this place is closed.

Rick and Clark, embedded in the crowd, exchange a smile.

FIRE INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

OK! Everybody out in an orderly fashion!

EXT. QUEEN MARY - MOMENTS LATER

Emily Stone stands before the camera.

EMILY

I'm down at Queen Mary where we've
got breaking news that the they
are being shut down.

Chad pushes through the crowd towards the front door.

CHAD

What's going on?

LEE

Chad! Thank's for coming! It's a
set up!

Emily spots Chad and turns to him, camera still rolling.

EMILY

Here's Chad Simpson, ex-big
leaguer and the coach of the Queen
Marys. Chad, can you tell us what
effect the closure will have on
tomorrow's game?

Chad moves next to Emily.

CHAD

I have no idea. I just found out
about it myself and we're-

Chad stops as he recognizes Rick and Clark exiting the
building. He figures it out quickly.

CHAD (CONT'D)

but... it seems that we may
possibly lose our chance to play
for the championship, Emily. But
it's not only the team I feel sad
for. It's bar patrons like these
two--

Chad crosses and puts his arms around Clark and Rick.

CHAD (CONT'D)

... My gay friends, Clark and
Rick. These fellas spend a lot of
time in this bar and they had
hoped to see their gay bar bring
home the quadrant championship.

Chad smiles wide. The crowd surrounds the two guys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAD (CONT'D)
Sorry, boys, maybe next year.

Chad pulls Emily aside and whispers to her.

EMILY
OK! Cut!

The camera lights go out. Clark and Rick are surrounded.

CHAD
(To Clark and Rick)
OK, here's the deal. You can turn around and go in there and come clean and we edit you out or... Or you can go home and watch yourselves on the eleven o'clock news. It's really up to you.

Emily nods. Off the faces of Rick and Clark we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TONY'S CAR - NIGHT

In the BG, the fire trucks are leaving. Tony smokes.

TONY
You changed my life, man. Thanks.

EXT. BALLPARK - DAY

A gleaming new trophy stands waiting on a table behind the backstop. Packed stands on both sides. Everyone is there. Lee's Dad, Vickie, strippers and Emily Stone and the TV crew. Commissioner Hogan and George stand together. Chad is posing for a photo op as he sees Mikey and Cindy in line at the concessions stand. He turns to the photographer.

CHAD
I'll be right back.

EXT. CONCESSIONS STAND - MOMENTS LATER

Chad gets in line behind Cindy and Mikey. She is buying cokes and hotdogs. Chad watches Mikey reach up to the counter and steal a candy bar. Mikey starts to put the bar in his pocket. The concessions stand GIRL notices.

GIRL
Hey! What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A moment: as Mikey is busted and Cindy realizes what's happening. Then, Chad steps up.

CHAD

Mikey! Did you get that candy bar
I told you I'd pay for?

They all look at Chad. He looks at Mikey who's too afraid to talk. Chad turns to the girl and tosses her a five dollar bill.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Here ya go. Keep the change.
Sorry about the misunderstanding.

GIRL

Oh, a yeah, sure.

Cindy looks appreciatively at Chad as the three move off.

MARY

Thanks, Chad. I don't know where
he-

CHAD

Yeah. Listen, can I talk to Mikey
alone for a minute?

MARY

Please.

Chad pulls Mikey aside.

CHAD

Why would you do that, Mikey?

MIKEY

Marty calls it a five finger
discount.

CHAD

Well, the rest of us call it
stealing and it's wrong. Don't
ever do it again.

MIKEY

OK. I'm sorry. I'll never do it
again. I promise. Here.

He hands the bar to his dad. Chad hugs him close.

CHAD

Mikey, I gotta go. See you after
the game?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mikey nods.

INT. DUGOUT - DAY

The Marys look nervous.

MARIO

Has anyone seen Johann?

No one has. Chad enters and looks at his team. He takes a deep breathe and inhales the seriousness of the situation. The team waits for inspiration.

CHAD

Look, I'm not very good at this stuff, but, I think we all know this isn't just about the game anymore. Hell, let's be honest. It never was about the game. I mean, at first, it was about the money. But it's more than that now. Not that I'm giving up the money. I'm not saying that...

LEE

Ah, Chad?

CHAD

Yeah, Lee?

LEE

You're right. You're not very good at this. People! This one's for all the QUEENS!!!

They ROAR!

BUTCH GREG

Where the hell's Johann?

INT. SWEEPER'S DUGOUT - SAME

Marty faces the team.

MARTY.

No one has a drop of beer till this thing is over. Our reputation is on the line here! Trophy number ten!

They Roar! Commissioner Hogan looks on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTY
Where the hell's Tony?

MONTAGE:

Todd hits a hard liner -- right over a Sweepers player.

Butch Greg slides home. The crowd CHEERS.

Jimmy steals third. The scoreboard reads: Sweepers 0 - Marys 2.

Margaret strikes a guy out.

A Sweeper's player drops one in the gap and a run scores.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A professional looking player exits a car in a Mary uniform with big athletic bag. Behind him, Tony is in street clothes.

TODD
What the-?!

The men enter the field and Wizard sticks his head out of a duffle bag with his tongue curled up.

CHAD
Johann?

The professional looking player is Johann. Johann's affected voice is gone.

JOHANN
Decided to play today. Sorry
we're late but, I had to sew
together a new uniform.

The guys are speechless.

JOHANN (CONT'D)
Guys, this is my new friend Tony.
Formerly of the Sweeper's.

They all exchange nods and hellos.

TONY
I'm just a fan.

CHAD
Johann, no offense but, can you
play?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHANN

Another life ago I played a little
minor league ball in Texas. I'm a
bit rusty but, I'll catch up.

CHAD

Well, why the hell didn't you say
something before?

JOHANN

I'd never wanted to be that person
again but, it's a big game and I
just couldn't sit around
cheering... C'est la vie.

Marty crosses.

MARTY

What the hell? Tony!?

Tony gives a little wave.

TONY

One and the same!

Marty is speechless.

UMPIRE

Let's go!

EXT. FIELD - SAME

A Sweeper's Player hits a three run homer. The Mary
crowd MOANS. The scoreboard reads: Sweepers 5, Marys 4.

In the stands, Cindy, next to Mikey, bites her nails.

Mikey gets up and starts off.

MARY

Where are you going?

MIKEY

I'm sitting in the wrong stands,
Mom. I'm going over to dads.

MARY

Hold on, I'm coming with you.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

Two on. Mario up. He pops out. The Mary's groan.
Johann moves to the plate. Everyone watches intently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The pitch -- SMACK -- a homerun! As he rounds the bases, the scoreboard gets updated: Sweepers 5 - Marys 6.

EXT. FIELD - LATER

Top of the seventh. Margaret is on the mound. She pitches and a Sweeper player hits a shot. It smacks Margaret on the pitching wrist and she goes down. Two runners score. Chad and the others gather around.

CHAD

You OK?

Margaret tries to move her wrist in a pitching motion.

MARGARET

(wincing)

Yeah... I'm fine. I think.

CHAD

Let's see.

Chad nods to Butch Greg behind the plate. Margaret throws a practice pitch. It goes nowhere. She winces.

MARGARET

I'm so sorry guys.

CHAD

Jimmy! You're pitching. KK, center field.

Margaret moves off the field. Jimmy gasps.

JIMMY

I can't... I haven't practiced.

CHAD

You've got the best arm on the team now. Just do your best.

Moments later: Jimmy faces the batter. He focuses, winds, pitches... we're not talking Roger Clemens but he's fast! Strike one!

SWEEPERS PLAYER

Holy shit!

The crowd goes crazy!

INT. STANDS - SAME

Lee's Dad turns to the GUY next to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIS
That's my boy's... partner!

EXT. FIELD - SAME

Marty looks into the Mary's stands and sees Mikey sitting there with Cindy! They wave. Chad walks over and hands Cindy his baseball hat and she passes it to Mikey. Mikey puts it on - "rally style."

EXT. MOUND - SAME

Jimmy prepares for the next pitch. He fires away.

UMPIRE
Strike three!

Chad claps. Sweepers up -- the batter drops a bunt. Safe at first. The next batter -- the pitch and CONTACT! It's hit to deep left. All Buddy can do is watch the ball go over his head. It is about to clear the fence by five feet when... out of nowhere, Todd flies in and does a leaping jump with his legs in a complete split. He stretches and robs the home-run! The base runner from first is rounding third as the ball is caught. He stops short and begins to backtrack to first.

CHAD
Todd!

Todd and Buddy look in at Chad. He is motioning toward the runner lazily trotting back to first.

BUDDY
Throw the ball to first, Todd!

TODD
I don't have the arm.

Johann, in right has crossed over.

JOHANN
Give me it!

Todd tosses the ball underhand to Johann who turns and lets it fly. Perfect throw to first base - just in time!

INT. STANDS - SAME

The Mary crowd, (including Cindy and Mikey), goes WILD!!! Marty steams and leers at the two of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Commissioner Hogan chews on his nails.

Scoreboard reads: Sweepers 7 - Marys 6.

MARTY

Three outs and it's all over!

Mario is up. He takes a pitch -- strike. Another pitch -
- he hits it -- the THIRD BASEMAN makes a diving play
and throws him out at first. One out.

INT. DUGOUT - SAME

Chad is sweating.

CHAD

Come on.

EXT. FIELD - SAME

Jimmy at the plate. Pop up. Two outs! Now, Johann is
up. His swing is short and he barely hits it, but he
runs fast and makes it to first.

INT. DUGOUT - SAME

Lee comes to the plate.

EXT. STANDS - SAME

Jack, Lee's tormentor, is standing with some friends.

JACK

Hey, Leelee!

His friends laugh.

JACK (CONT'D)

Ready to wear the goat horns?

EXT. FIELD - SAME

Lee's eye's narrow, but he keeps them open. He focuses.
And relaxes. Then... he swings and misses.

UMPIRE

Strike one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another pitch, another whiff. Lee and Chad make eye contact. Chad nods. Lee looks up to his dad in the stands. Willis stands and screams.

WILLIS

Hit a homer, son!

Lee grits his teeth. One more pitch ... his eyes are wide open and WHAM! Up, up, up, he wills it out of the park. It's a home-run!!! The crowd goes wild!!!!

JACK

(in awe)

No way!

Johann scores. Marty is pissed. He kicks the ground.

Mikey "high fives" his grandpa.

The Marys race to home plate and cheer as Lee trots around the bases pumping his arm like Kirk Gibson. As Lee crosses the plate, he's mobbed.

Sweepers 7 - Marys 8

INT. MARY DUGOUT - MOMENTS LATER

The team gathers.

CHAD

OK, guys, this is the last inning.
Let's win this thing!

They take the field.

Tension is high. The first batter strikes out.

The next batter walks. Man on first.

Next batter swings and hits a ball between Center and left field. The runner holds on first as Johann and Todd both converge on the ball. They collide and both go down. Joe rushes over and throws the ball in to keep the runner from scoring. Men on second and third - one out.

Johann and Todd are helped from the field. Both are groggy as they sit on the bench.

LEE

We're a player short!

CHAD

I'll have to go in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

But Chad, your arm...

CHAD

I can still catch.

- Sweeper player at the plate - he hits a blooper into shallow center. The runner at third breaks for home and Chad runs and dives for it. He makes the catch and slowly gets up. The runner sprints back to third, tags up and breaks for home. Chad sees it.

LEE

Don't do it, Chad! It's not worth it!

Chad sees Mikey in the stands. He grits his teeth and fires the ball at Butch Greg who is blocking home plate. A perfect throw!. The runner is tagged out! Game OVER! Marys WIN! Mary's win! Mary's win!

Mary FANS empty onto the field! Johann hugs Tony. Lee hugs Jimmy. Alan jumps up and down. Lee's Dad and one of the strippers hug!

Chad is helped off the field by Joe as he holds his now-injured arm. Commissioner Hogan is freaked. Marty grabs the trophy.

MARTY

No way you're giving them our trophy!

The Commissioner's phone rings. He looks at it.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN

Damn it! (he answers) Hello?...
What?... I can't hear a word...

EXT. HOGAN'S CHEVROLET CAR LOT - DAY

The place is overrun with noisy customers. A SALESMAN screams into the office phone.

SALESMAN

I said it's crazy down here! I've called in all the salesmen but we've got more customers than we've ever seen before.

EXT. FIELD - SAME

Emily Stone is at home plate with the camera crew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY STONE

Unbelievable! The Marys have won their division! They are the new champions of the All-Erie Northwest quadrant! All that's left is the trophy presentation!

Emily and the TV Crew turn to Commissioner Hogan.

EMILY

You must be proud, Commissioner.

The Commissioner is still stunned by the phone call. He slowly closes his phone. He looks at Marty.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN

Sorry, Marty, but business is business.

Commissioner Hogan yanks the trophy from Marty's hands and pushes him out of the way. He crosses to Chad and puts his arm around him. He talks to the camera.

COMMISSIONER HOGAN (CONT'D)

I have wanted to diversify this league for some time now, but I've had an uphill battle. Today, I feel vindicated. This trophy is going into the hands of the best team in the quadrant.

Commissioner Hogan puts the trophy into Chad's hands. The Marys raise it above their collective heads and cheer!

Mikey and Cindy push through to Chad.

MIKEY

Dad, you won!

CHAD

I know. Pretty exciting huh?

MARY

Chad, are you OK?

CHAD

Hey, I never wrote very well with my right hand in the first place.

Chad turns the hat on Mikey's head around and they hug.

Marty walks over and knocks the hat from Mikey's head.

MARTY

Your not wearing that in my car!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHAD

Hey, asshole!

MARTY

Screw you. Let's go, Cindy.

Marty grabs Cindy roughly by the arm and yanks her.

CINDY

Ow! That hurt.

Cindy pulls away and rubs her arm. Chad steps in.

CHAD

Don't touch her!

Marty sets for a fight.

MARTY

Yeah? Fine, let's do it! I'd
love to see you go back to jail.

As Chad tries to lift his fists but, he winces in pain.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I knew it! Faker!

Suddenly, Lee taps Marty on the back. Marty turns. Lee
slams his fist into Marty's nose. Marty goes down.

MARTY (CONT'D)

My nose, my nose!

Chad looks at Lee with astonishment.

LEE

You've fought a lot of battles for
me, bro. It was time for a little
pay back!

Chad smiles.

CHAD

Thanks, Lee!

MARTY

Cindy, help me...

CINDY

Get lost, Marty.

Suddenly someone pushes in from the crowd.

VOICE (O.C.)

Let me in!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The crowd parts and George Steinbrenner appears.

CHAD

George Steinbrenner?!

GEORGE STEINBRENNER

That's right, Chad. My scout brought this little experiment to my attention a while ago. I've got a minor league management position I'd like to discuss with you.

CHAD

(wary)

Are you serious?

GEORGE STEINBRENNER

Anyone that could put a team like this into contention is a manager in my book. No offense, fellows.

MARIO

None taken. Is Derek Jetter here?

MIKEY

The Yankees, Dad!? Awesome!

Chad shrugs. Mikey hugs his dad. George and the crowd moves off leaving Marty on his knees in the dirt.

OFF TO THE SIDE: Jimmy stands with his arm leaned on Lee's shoulder as they watch with ironic satisfaction.

JIMMY

You know, Lee, I've been thinking.

LEE

Yeah? What about?

JIMMY

Flag football.

Lee shoots Jimmy a look.

JOHANN

Hey, check it out!

Johann points at Marty's car, as Marty throws his gear in and gets in, slamming his door. He speeds off.

REVEAL: His car has a RAINBOW BUMPER STICKER.

THE END