FADE IN: TITLES APPEAR ON BLACK B.G.

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

INT. THE INJUN DINER - DAY

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

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

VIC
They don't look too good.

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

INT. MEN'S CLUB - DAY

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

BUSINESS EXECUTIVE
They don't look particularly good,
do they?

**EXT. CLEVELAND DOCKS - DAY**

Two LONGSHOREMEN are talking while they unload a freighter.

**LONGSHOREMEN**

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

**EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY**

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

**GROUNDKEEPER**

(in subtitles)

They're shitty.

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

**INT. GLASS-ENCLOSED AREA - DAY**

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

**DONOVAN**

(checking his watch)

Thirty minutes late. Think she'll show?

**MATTHEWS**

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

**DONOVAN**

She didn't last week. She was having a guava facial.
As Butler tries to figure out what a guava facial is, conference room doors swing open and a muscular MALE BODYGUARD enters, clearing the way for MRS. RACHEL PHELPS, a flashy, striking woman in her early forties. Despite designer clothes she favors, there is the hint of less refined about her. She carries a Pekinese dog, on her left hip.

RACHEL

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

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

RACHEL

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

Several eyes roll up around the room.

RACHEL

(picking up a newspaper)
Unfortunately there are some in the press who feel that...
(read from the page)
"the ex-showgirl wife of Donald Phelps has no business being the owner of a major league baseball team."

Rachel crumbles the paper and throws it away.

RACHEL

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

**RACHEL**

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

Donovan, Butler and Simmons pour over the list.

**RACHEL**

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

**SIMMONS**

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

**DONOVAN**

Most of these guys never had a prime.

**BUTLER**

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

**RACHEL**

Cross him off then.

**BUTLER**

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

**RACHEL**

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

**DONOVAN**

Well, it's not the best material I've ever had to work with, but I'll do my best to see we move up a notch this year.
I know you will, Charlie. That's why I'm movin' you up to General Manager. Congratulations.

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

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

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

MATTHEWS
(checking his watch)
One minute, 58 seconds.

INT. DONOVAN'S NEW OFFICE - DAY

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

BODY-BUILDER ASSISTANT
Mr. Donovan, Mrs. Phelps would like to see you.

OMIT
Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY

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

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY CONT
RACHEL
Come on in, Charlie. Have a seat.

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

RACHEL
Oh, really? Like what?

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

RACHEL
I was thinking of Lou Brown.

DONOVAN
Lou Brown?

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

This is hardly an impressive credential to Donovan.

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

DONOVAN
What exactly is our team concept?

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

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

RACHEL
I'm serious about this, Charlie. It's no secret I've never liked Cleveland much. The weather's lousy, downtown is a pit, the stadium's falling apart, and we can't draw
Rachel bends down to give her dog, Cha-Cha, a little pat, while Donovan tries to contain his disgust.

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

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

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

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

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

Donovan looks at it, the paragraph highlighted in yellow.

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

DONOVAN
What are you saying? You want us to lose?

RACHEL
No, we've been losing. What I want us to do is finish dead last.
Donovan is stunned. He casts around helplessly for some response.

DONOVAN
Mister Phelps would never have approved of this.

RACHEL
He knew it had to be done. He just didn't have the courage to do it.
(with veiled menace)
Hopefully, you will come to see the wisdom of it.
(pause)
If this team lives up to its potential, we could have the worst record in all baseball.

On Donovan's sunken face, we go to:

EXT. SHABBY MEXICAN HOTEL - MORNING

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

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

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

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

TAYLOR
Yeh.
It's Charlie Donovan calling from his office in Cleveland.

We CUT BACK AND FORTH between the two as we will in subsequent phone scenes.

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

TAYLOR
(skeptical)
Yeh...

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

TAYLOR
Who is this?

DONOVAN
What?

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

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

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

Donovan is baffled by this whole line of conversation.

TAYLOR
Tolbert? Tolbert? Screw it.

Taylor hangs up, leaving Donovan staring into his phone.

Taylor looks up to see TOLBERT standing in the doorway.
TAYLOR

Tolbert.

TOLBERT

Who the hell were you talkin' to?

On Taylor's reaction, we...

CUT TO:

INT. TOLEDO TIRE STORE - DAY

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

SECRETARY

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

BROWN

(picking up the phone)

Tire World.

DONOVAN

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

(a dramatic pause)

How would you like to manage the Indians this year?

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

BROWN

I don't know...

DONOVAN

(incredulous)

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

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

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

INT. CHARLIE DONOVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Donovan's on the phone to another player.

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

RICKY VAUGHN

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

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

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

LONG SHOT - VAUGHN

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

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

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

VAUGHN
Yeh. Where's Cleveland?
INT. DONOVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DONOVAN
We don't have any millionaires.

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

DONOVAN
Don't have any bonus babies either.

BROWN
Don't you have any proven major league
talent?

DONOVAN
(embarrassed)
Not that I know of.

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

DONOVAN
What?

BROWN
Sounds like my kinda team. Have my contracts ready.

Brown hangs up.

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

EXT. MEXICAN LEAGUE BALL PARK - DAY

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

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

MANAGER
Taylor, telephone for you.

Taylor goes to the phone in the clubhouse tunnel.

TAYLOR
Hello.

DONOVAN
Jake, Charlie Donovan again.

TAYLOR
Oh yeh, Charlie, look, I'm sorry about this morning...
DONOVAN
No problem. Look, Jake, camp starts on the first. Can you make it?

TAYLOR
Sure.

DONOVAN
You been stayin' in shape down there?

TAYLOR
Oh hell, yeh, I work out every day.

DONOVAN
I thought so. See ya in Arizona.

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

CUT TO:

TAYLOR
approaching his MANAGER.

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

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

MANAGER
Fine. Leave your uniform.

TAYLOR
But I changed at the motel.

MANAGER
Leave your uniform.

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

INT. BEAT-UP MEXICAN BUS - DAY
Taylor sits in the back seat. He has six Coke bottles filled with sand strapped to his ankles. He lifts his legs up and down to strengthen his muscles.

OMIT
Sequence omitted from original script.

EXT. INDIANS' TRAINING CAMP PRACTICE FIELD - DAY
Donovan, Brown and two of his coaches, PEPPER LEACH and DUKE TEMPLE (hitting) are on the field, witnessing the arrival of their "troops." First to arrive is:

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

DONOVAN
This looks like Jake Taylor.

Brown turns around from a conversation with Temple.

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

DONOVAN
Yeh.

PEPPER
Wish we had him two years ago.

DONOVAN
We did.

PEPPER
Four years ago then.

INT. PLAYER'S BARRACKS - DAY
Like an Army barracks. Rows of bunk beds separated by lockers. Taylor walks in with Temple, the hitting instructor.

TAYLOR
What happened to the private rooms?

**TEMPLE**

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

**BROWN, PEPPER, TEMPLE AND DONOVAN**

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

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

**BROWN**

Who's that?

**DONOVAN**

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

**BROWN**

What's his religion?

**DONOVAN**

Voodoo.

**BLACK AND TAN ROLLS-ROYCE**

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

**BROWN**

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

**DONOVAN**

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

**BROWN**

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

DONOVAN
Yeh, he just can't field it.

Dorn pulls his golf clubs out of the car.

BROWN
We'll shape him up.

WILLIE HAYES

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

DONOVAN
Don't recognize this guy.

Hayes strolls up and introduces himself.

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

BROWN
Lou Brown. Nice to meet ya, Hayes.

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

Hayes hustles off toward his car.

DONOVAN
I don't remember a Hayes on the list.

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

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

PEPPER
Look at this fuckin' guy.

TEMPLE
Maybe he's the mascot.
Yes, sir, this is his kinda team.

INT. PLAYERS' BARRACKS

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

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

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

TAYLOR
(offering his hand)
Jake Taylor.

Vaughn shakes it and nods. Says nothing.

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

VAUGHN
Vaughn. Rick Vaughn.

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

The conversation is interrupted by the arrival of Hayes.

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

TAYLOR
Jake Taylor.
(pointing to Vaughn)
Rick Vaughn.

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

**HAYES**
What the hell league you been playin' in?

**VAUGHN**
California Penal.

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

**VAUGHN**
I stole a car.

On Hayes' look, we...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE BARRACKS - NIGHT**

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

**GUARD**
This guy wasn't invited to camp.

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

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - MORNING**

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

**INT. CLUBHOUSE - MORNING**
Brown is addressing his troops before the first workout.

**BROWN**

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

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PRACTICE FIELD PARKING LOT - MORNING**

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

**HAYES**

Shit, I been cut already?

**THE PRACTICE FIELD**

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

**PEPPER** (checking stopwatch)

11.9 Taylor. Not bad if you'd fallen down.
As Taylor tries to catch his breath, Dorn and a relief pitcher named Gant approach the starting line for the next trial.

**HAYES**
looking through the chain-link fence surrounding the field.

**DORN AND GENTRY AGAIN**

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

**BROWN**
Get him a uniform.

**EXT. THE PRACTICE FIELD - LONG SHOT - DAY**
The players are spread out on the field doing calisthenics, counting off in unison.

**TAYLOR**
struggling through a series of pushups. He glances over in disbelief at Vaughn and Cerrano, who are doing them like pistons in competition with each other. Cerrano even starts doing them one-handed. Hayes isn't doing them at all; merely pulling his head up and down while leaving his body on the ground.
HARRIS
C'mon, Hayes, let's do 'em right.

HAYES
Hey, my philosophy is no pain, no pain.

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

BROWN
How the knees holdin' up, Jake?

TAYLOR
Great. Never been better.

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

TAYLOR
No problem.

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

TAYLOR
Around the league they're wrong.

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

TAYLOR
Yeh. Would I bullshit about somethin' like that?

BROWN
(walking away)
You better if you wanna make this team.
Taylor smiles and fires one full-speed down to second. It bounces two feet in front of the bag.

EXT. BATTING CAGE - DAY

Brown is watching batting practice.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PEPPER
(aside)
For what? Running back to the dugout?
BROWN
You gotta stop swingin' for the fences though, Hayes. All you're gonna do is give yourself a hernia. With your speed you should be hittin' the ball on the ground, leggin' 'em out. Every time I see you hit one in the air, you owe me twenty pushups.

HAYES
Hey, no problem.

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

HAYES
Shit.

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

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

BROWN AND PEPPER
coming over to where Vaughn is tossing some casual pitches to Jake.

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

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

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

BROWN
Nice velocity.
PEPPER
Sounded like it.

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

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

BROWN
How much?

CLUBHOUSE MAN
96 miles an hour.

BROWN
(to Pepper)
Better teach him some control before he kills somebody.

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

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

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

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

DORN
What! That's Little League shit.

BROWN
So is this.

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

PEDRO CERRANO

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

BROWN

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

TEMPLE

(to the batting practice pitcher)

Okay, Harris, that's enough fast balls. Throw some curves.

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

BROWN

Oh.

Dorn approaches Brown at the cage.

DORN

Lou, I wanna have a word with you here.

BROWN

Sure.

DORN

(whipping out his contract)

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

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

DORN

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

LONGSHOT - PRACTICE FIELD

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

PEPPER
(to Temple)
We got anybody left playin' baseball out there?

INT. THE Locker ROOM - AFTERNOON

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

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

HAYES
What do ya mean?

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

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

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

Vaughn is still not so sure. He sits down on his locker stool and glances over toward STEVE HARRIS a starting pitcher, whose locker is adjacent. As Harris takes off his
see three SPLOTCHES OF GREASY SUBSTANCES on his chest, just inside the button line.

VAUGHN
What is that stuff?

HARRIS
(pointing to them in order)
Crisco, Bardahl, Vagisil. Any one of 'em will give you another 2-3 inches drop on your curve ball.

Vaughn can't believe this.

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

VAUGHN
(revolted)
You put snot on the ball?

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

Vaughn just looks at him incredulous.

TAYLOR AND CARRANO

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

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

TAYLOR
What are you doin' there, Pedro?

CERRANO
Bats. They are sick.

TAYLOR
So are mine. Is somethin' goin' around?

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

HAYES
Jo-Buu?

TAYLOR
Maybe he's the pagan saint of baseball.

CERRANO
I offer him cigars and gin. He will come.

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

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

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

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

OMIT
Sequence omitted from original script.
MONTAGE SEQUENCE

compressing and detailing the progress of spring training.

We see:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. INDIANS' PRACTICE FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON  
Players are filing off the team bus after the game. We PICK UP Taylor, Hayes and Vaughn as they head toward the locker room.  

VAUGHN  
This is final cut down day, right?  

TAYLOR  
Yeh, better get your snake ready, Hayes.

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

Hayes reveals a pair of red and cut hands.  

TAYLOR  
If you're gonna use that head first slide, you better get yourself some gloves or you're not gonna have any
skin left on your hands.

They've reached the locker room now.

**VAUGHN**
I don't wanna go in there.

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

**HAYES**
What if we're one of the deceased?

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

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

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

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

**HAYES AND VAUGHN**
the two rookies, are still hanging back.

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

Hayes strides manfully to his locker and pulls it open.

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

Seeing no tag, he turns and walks double-time out of the locker room, as if he had to get to the john. He comes outside, turns a corner, and starts leaping around like a wild man.

**VAUGHN**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BROWN'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON**

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

**VAUGHN**

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

**BROWN**

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

**VAUGHN**

What do you mean?

**BROWN**

I think somebody's been havin' fun
We go to Vaughn, his face a mask of anger and embarrassment.

**THE LOCKER ROOM AGAIN**

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

**DORN**

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

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

**BROWN**

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

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

**TAYLOR**

Forget about Dorn. You got other things to do.

**VAUGHN**

Like what?

**TAYLOR**

Packing for Cleveland.

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

EXT. THE CLEVELAND SKYLINE - DAY

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

INT. INJUN DINER - DAY

The same three guys as before are at the counter.

THELMA
You see the new lineup the Indians got?

BOBBY
I never heard of most of 'em.

INT. EXECUTIVE LIMOUSINE - DAY

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

BUSINESS EXECUTIVE
I don't know the majority of these names.

EXT. CLEVELAND DOCKS - DAY

The two Longshoremen again, looking at a paper.

LONGSHOREMAN
Who are these fuckin' guys?

EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY

The two Korean Groundskeepers again, dragging the infield.

GROUNDKEEPER
(in subtitles)
They're shitty.

INT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY

Taylor is alone in the stadium, standing near home plate in his street clothes, taking in the massive stadium,
glories past. He steps into the batter's box and takes his stance.

**TAYLOR**
(to himself)
Two down. Bottom of the ninth.

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

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

**HAYES**
Really got all of that one.

**VAUGHN**
What was it? A slider?

Taylor is too embarrassed to reply.

**INT. CLEVELAND RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

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

**TAYLOR**
What are you gonna have?

**HAYES**
I don't know. What language is this?

**TAYLOR**
French.

**HAYES**
They got patty melts over there?
TAYLOR
Forget it. I'll order. Let's have a toast.

The three raise their wine glasses.

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

The glasses CLINK. Suddenly Taylor's attention fixes on something across the room -- a stunning young woman in her late twenties, LYNN WESTLAND. She's having dinner with a DATE in a three-piece suit.

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

VAUGHN
What is it? The chick?

TAYLOR
That's my wife.

HAYES
Does she know it?

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

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

VAUGHN
You want me to beat the shit out of him?

TAYLOR
No.

HAYES
What does she do?

TAYLOR
She's a librarian.
A librarian? Shit, I gotta start readin' again.

INT. CLEVELAND RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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

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

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

LYNN
Hello.

VOICE
Hello, Lynn. It's Jake.

LYNN
Jake? How did you know I was here?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LYNN
(starting away)
I gotta get back...

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

LYNN
My life is different from when you knew me.

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

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

TAYLOR
Okay, just gimme your number.

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

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

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

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

LYNN
(exasperated)
Jake...

TAYLOR
The number, Lynn...

LYNN
(reluctant)
All right. 555-9314.

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

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

INT. TAXI - DAY

Taylor, Hayes and Vaughn are the fares.

CABBIE
What's the number again?

TAYLOR
(looking at a piece of paper)
1036.

HAYES
What is this place?

TAYLOR
Furnished apartment building owned by the Indians. We get special rates. With what we're makin' we'll need it.
The Cabbie pulls to a stop and points to the other side of the street.

**CABBIE**

That's it.

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

**TAYLOR**

Welcome to the Big Leagues.

**INT. THE TURK - DAY**

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

**VOICE ON PHONE**

Hello, Cuyahoga Sheet Metal.

Taylor doesn't like the sound of this.

**TAYLOR**

You got anybody workin' there named Lynn Wells?

**VOICE ON PHONE**

Never heard of her.

**TAYLOR**

Didn't think so.

Taylor hangs up, staring off into space.

**INT. THE INDIANS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

Various players are dressing out for the game. We pick up Cerrano putting on his undergarments. They're all black, including his jock. Dorn reads the Wall Street Journal, while Taylor sits on the trainer's table getting his knees taped. Hayes checks the fit of his new uniform from every angle in a mirror. He thinks he looks pretty good. Vaughn just
a baseball in his left hand, obviously a little uptight. Taylor gives him a chuck on the shoulder.

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

Lou Brown enters the locker room.

BROWN
All right, let's gather 'round.

The players turn their attention to Brown.

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

Cheers all around.

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

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

HARRIS
All right, let's bow our heads.

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

CERRANO
Have to wake up bats.
Disgusted, Harris and the others turn back to their prayers.

**HARRIS**

Dear Lord, we ask...

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY**

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

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

**JOHNNY**

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

**THELMA**

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

**JOHNNY**

As the Indians go so goes Cleveland, huh?

**THELMA**
If we ever lost the Indians, Cleveland would die.

INT. MUNICIPAL STADIUM PRESS BOX - DAY

We get our first glimpse of HARRY DOYLE, the Indians' 55-year-old radio announcer. Harry's never walked past a bar in anger. He's been with the Indians through thin and thinner.

DOYLE
(on the air)
Hello, everybody, Harry Doyle here, welcoming all you Friends of the Feather to another season of Indians baseball.

(pouring some Jack Daniels in his Coke)
A lotta new faces for the tribe this year, as they take on the defending American League champs, the New York Yankees. And listen to the roar of the crowd as the Indians takes the field!

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

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

Doyle takes a hit of his spiked Coke.

DOWN ON THE FIELD

A YANKEE HITTER

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

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

THE INDIAN DUGOUT
The team comes in off the field to much enthusiasm and back-slapping.

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

DOYLE IN THE PRESS BOX

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

HAYES

going through his warmup routine at the plate.

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

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

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

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

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

THE BLEACHERS

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

**BLEACHER BAND**

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

**FIRST BASE AREA**

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

**FIRST BASEMAN**

Showed some real power on that one, Slugger.

**HAYES**

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

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

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

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

**HAYES**

(to the First Baseman)

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

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

**FIRST BASEMAN**

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

Hayes looks down at his shoe. It's not untied. He notices too late that the PITCHER is throwing over to pick him off.
DOYLE (V.O.)
Brewster, quick move to first...

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

DOYLE (V.O.)
He got him. Hayes is picked off.

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

Hayes lies in the dust humiliated.

DOYLE
Well, so much for that.

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

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

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

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

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

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

TAYLOR'S VOICE
Nice throw, dickhead.

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

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

END MONTAGE.

THE SCOREBOARD
It shows Yankees 4, Indians 0 after five innings.

DOYLE UP IN THE BOOTH
There are two empty Coca-Cola cups near the mike. He's working on a third.

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

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

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

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

Vaughn nods and continues to grind the ball as Pepper and Taylor leave. The Yankee Hitter steps in.
Vaughn winds and fires a screamer. Taylor has to leap high to come down with it.

**DOYLE (V.O.)**
First pitch is a little high...

The Yankee Hitter is slightly unnerved by this pitch.

**YANKEE HITTER**
This guy kinda wild?

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

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

**DOYLE (V.O.)**
Ball four.

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

**DOYLE (V.O.)**
Ball eight.

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

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

**THE BLEACHER BAND**

Bobby gives the downbeat and, in honor of Vaughn, the three tom-toms. Bobby does the vocal.

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

Pepper has reached the mound...
PEPPER
Okay kid. I think we got 'em scared enough now. Time to get a few of 'em out.

Vaughn nods. He's plenty upset with himself.

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

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

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

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

TAYLOR
Couldn't cut it in the Mexican League.

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

VAUGHN
Oh, shit...

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

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

BROWN
No, let's see how he reacts.

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

**BROWN**

Interesting.

**PEPPER**

At least he hit what he was aimin' at.

**BROWN**

I think you can go get him now.

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

The home plate umpire thumbs Vaughn out of the game. Vaughn comes down to protest, but Pepper quickly grabs him and hurries him off the field.

**PEPPER**

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

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

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

**VAUGHN**

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

**DOYLE IN THE PRESS BOX - LATER THAT NIGHT**

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

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

(searching for the paper)

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

With that Doyle passes out on his face.

RACHEL PHELPS

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

RACHEL

(getting up to leave)

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

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

INT. THE CASCADE BAR - NIGHT

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

VAUGHN

God, I was horse shit tonight.

TAYLOR

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

VAUGHN

What?

TAYLOR

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

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

VAUGHN
Oh yeh, name one.

TAYLOR
(after a pause)
Yellowstone.

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

VAUGHN
Shit...

EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL LIBRARY - DAY

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

INT. CLEVELAND LIBRARY - DAY

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

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

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

LYNN
Let's talk in my office, okay?

TAYLOR
I don't wanna talk in your office.

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

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

TAYLOR
Why not?

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

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

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

Jake suppresses a smile.

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

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

LYNN
You never read anything I asked you to.

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

LYNN
His name is Tom, and keep your voice down.
TAYLOR
What do ya see in this guy?

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

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

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

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

Lynn stops and turns to face him.

LYNN
Tom and I are getting married in the fall.

Taylor is momentarily floored by the revelation.

TAYLOR

LYNN
(walking again)
What plans?

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

LYNN
(stopping again)
How can you think stuff like that? I haven't seen you in two years. You never even wrote me a letter.
TAYLOR
I'm sorry, Lynn, but I wasn't exactly proud of my situation. C'mon, you didn't think about me at all since I been gone?

LYNN
(walking again)
Not so loud, Jake.

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

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

They're in the large reading room now.

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

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

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

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

Nice job, Jake. Lynn is still mortified.

TAYLOR
How many think Lynn oughta give me another shot?

Most of the hands in the room shoot up.

TAYLOR
The ayes have it.

LYNN
(walking off again)
You haven't changed at all, have you?

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

LYNN
(turning back to him)
I'm sorry, Jake. You'll always be the little boy who wouldn't grow up.

Lynn starts off for her office door.

TAYLOR
Lynn, wait...

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

INT. RACHEL PHELPS' OFFICE - DAY

Rachel is in closed-door session with Donovan.

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

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

RACHEL
We finished 24 out last year and still drew 890,000. When school's
out for the summer, attendance is liable to rise. Plus, this team is showing signs of improvement. I didn't think we'd win 15 games all year. Any ideas?

DONOVAN
On how we can get worse? (sarcastic)
How about a series of fines for good play? Maybe a $30,000 bonus to the guy chosen Least Valuable Player.

RACHEL
This is no laughing matter, Donovan. (pause)
I think maybe the problem is we're coddling these guys too much.

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

CUT TO:

INT. CLEVELAND AIRPORT - DAY

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

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

TAYLOR
Maybe the other one's jammed up.

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

HAYES
(pointing to the jets)
Which one is ours?

GATEMAN
That one.

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

INT. THE DC-3 - NIGHT

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

TAYLOR
What is this, Lou?

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

TAYLOR
Well, they certainly have spared every expense.

We PICK UP Cerrano crossing himself. Harris sees it.

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

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

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

VAUGHN
There aren't any stewardesses.

HAYES
I wonder if there's any pilots.

INT. MILWAUKEE STADIUM - PRESS BOX -DAY

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

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

THE FIELD

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

DOYLE (V.O.)

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

DOYLE

in the press box again.

DOYLE

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

STAT MAN

(whispering)
You can't say "fuckin'" on the air.

DOYLE

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

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

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

HARRIS

Who you got lined up tonight?

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

HARRIS
You call her?

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

TAYLOR AND VAUGHN

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

A GUY from the bar approaches the table.

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

VAUGHN
Ah... yeh... sure.
(signing)
My first autograph. I couldn't give these away a couple weeks ago.

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

VAUGHN
(embarrassed)
Thanks.

TAYLOR
You're a celebrity now, Vaughn.

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

TAYLOR
Not if you do it colorfully.

DORN AND HARRIS

DORN
(pointing to the door)
What'd I tell ya.
We go to the door to find Arlene standing with two friends, RENE and VICKI. ARLENE is a looker alright, 27, and seriously built. She cases the room, spies Dorn and comes over to his table.

Arlene
Hi, Rodger. This is Vicki and Rene.

Dorn
Hi, doll. This is Steve Harris.

Arlene
Where's your buddy Gant?

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

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

Dorn
(in disgust)
Yeh.

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

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

Arlene
He struck out five in a row before the wild pitches. (taking her leave) Maybe I'll check him out.

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

Taylor watches this exchange from across the room.
ARLENE
I don't remember you makin' any date.

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

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

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

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

ARLENE
Wild Thing, you make my heart sing.

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

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

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

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

INT. THE INDIANS' DC-3 - NIGHT

We PICK UP Taylor in his seat, glasses on, reading something by the light of a flashlight rigged up to the back of his comic book of "Moby Dick."
Hayes wanders by, an air-sick bag hanging around his neck.

HAYES
"Moby Dick?" What is that?

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

HAYES
Lynn put you on to this?

TAYLOR
Long time ago.

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

TAYLOR
No, I got some more reading to do.

Taylor indicates a stack of Classic Comics next to him.

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

TAYLOR
I might if I knew where she lives.

HAYES
Easy. Tail her home from the library.

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

HAYES
(as if that had anything to do with it)

Yeh.

EXT. CLEVELAND LIBRARY - LATE AFTERNOON

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

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS OF LYNN

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

INT. CLEVELAND BAR - EARLY EVENING

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

TAYLOR

pulling up outside the townhouse he saw Lynn go into. He goes up the stairs and knocks on the door. Lynn answers, looking more dressed up than when she left the library. She's surprised to see Taylor.

TAYLOR

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

LYNN

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

TAYLOR

Whose place is it?

Before Lynn can answer, Tom appears at the door.

TOM

Who's there, love?
(spying Taylor)
Oh, Mr. Taylor, right?
(pointedly)
I remember you from the restaurant.
Lynn's told me a lot about you. Why
don't you come in for a while?

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

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

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

Before Taylor can beg off further, Tom ushers him inside and closes the door. In the room are two other couples:

**ARTHUR HOLLOWAY**, a senior partner in Tom's firm and his wife **CLAIRE**, and **BRENT BOWDEN**, another lawyer in the firm and a contemporary of Tom's. His wife is **JANICE**. This is a very upscale group.

**TOM**
Excuse me, everybody, this is Jake Taylor.

(making the intros)
Jake, Arthur and Claire Holloway
Brent and Janice Bowden. Jake is a professional baseball player.

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

**TOM**
So, Jake, what brings you here this evening?

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

**TOM**
Well, it soon will be.

**TAYLOR**
Yeh, I heard you guys were engaged.
Congratulations.

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

**TOM**

Thank you. What can I get you to drink?

**TAYLOR**

Beer'll be fine.

Tom goes off to get the beer.

**JACK**

What team do you play for, Jake?

**TAYLOR**

The Indians.

**CLAIRE**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**TOM**

(handing Jake his beer)

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

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

**JANICE**

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

**TAYLOR**

That depends on how good they are, I guess.

**JANICE**

How good are you?
Lynn is irritated by Janice's directness.

**TAYLOR**
I make the League minimum.

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

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

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

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

**TAYLOR**
Somethin'll come up.

**TOM**
Will it?

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

**JACK**
Oh really. In what event?

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

Jack just nods. He never heard of it.

**BRENT**
You got the girl picked out?

**TAYLOR**
I did, but I wasn't smart enough to hold on to her.
Lynn's eyes drop to the floor.

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

**LYNN**
(not wanting to pursue it)
Yes.

**BRENT**
What did you do?

**LYNN**
(reluctant)
Two Hundred Individual medley.

**TAYLOR**
Alternate on the '80 Olympic Team.

A tense silence settles on the group.

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

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

**TOM**
Let me walk you out.

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

**TAYLOR**
Thanks for the beer.

**TOM**
Don't mention it.

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

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

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

TOM
Stay away from her.

TAYLOR
(smiling)
Suck my dick.

INT. VAUGHN'S ROOM - DAY

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

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

Vaughn looks somewhat apprehensively at Hayes.

INT. LOU BROWN'S OFFICE - DAY

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

BROWN
C'mon in, Rick.

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

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

Vaughn nods contritely.

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

(pointing to a picture on the wall)
Take Sandy Koufax there...
Vaughn looks at the picture on the wall. He squints slightly. Brown notices it.

VAUGHN
What about Koufax?

BROWN
Never mind Koufax.

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

BROWN
Read these letters, starting at the top.

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

BROWN
Can't read it, can you?

Vaughn shakes his head no.

VAUGHN
You gonna send me to the minors?

BROWN
Nope.

CUT TO:

OMIT
Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. CLEVELAND LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

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

VAUGHN
These things make me look ridiculous.

TAYLOR
Drop in the bucket, Vaughn.

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

VAUGHN
What's that for?

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

TAYLOR
Sacrifice? You mean like something living?

CERRANO
Si. I kill unborn children.

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

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

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

BROWN
All right, let's hit the field.

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

He bolts it down, then backs into the middle of the room, waiting at the ready, as if half-expecting a bolt of lightning. When nothing happens, he gloats at the fetish doll in triumph.

HARRIS

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

CUT TO:

HARRIS

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

DOYLE (V.O.)

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

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

VAUGHAN

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

THE OAKLAND BATTER

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

DOYLE (V.O.)

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

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

PEPPER

You want me to go get him?

BROWN

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

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

DOYLE

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

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

THE BLEACHER BAND

Thelma calmly knits her blanket with the scores of all the Indians' games stitched into it, the Madame La Farge of Cleveland. The boys, however, are a little restless.
BOBBY
We need some defense here. Maybe we oughta do a wave.

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

VIC
What harm could it do?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TAYLOR
Okay, let's get nasty here, Rick. You know he's lookin' for this pitch. Gotta come up with somethin' studly.
VAUGHN
Fuckin' Dorn. Game shoulda been over by now. Dorn coulda had that ball. He tanked it on purpose.

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

Vaughn nods.

TAYLOR
Can you give me a strike on this pitch?

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

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

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

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

Taylor starts back toward the plate, and then stops.

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

VAUGHN
I was bored.

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

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

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

TAYLOR

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

TAYLOR

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

Rexman shoots Taylor a wicked glance.

TAYLOR

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

REXMAN

.316.

TAYLOR

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

Rexman, slightly irritated, backs out of the box.

REXMAN

Shut up, will ya, Taylor?

TAYLOR

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

Rexman gets back in the box.

TAYLOR

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

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

**TAYLOR**

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

Vaughn releases his pitch.

**TAYLOR**

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

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

**TAYLOR**

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

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

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

**BROWN**

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

**EXT. DORN MANSION - AFTERNOON**

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

**SUZANNE**

Oh hi, Jake, how are you?

**TAYLOR**

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

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

We FOLLOW Taylor into the luxurious den, where we find

Dorn watching his wide screen TV in a smoking jacket.

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

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

DORN
Sure, go ahead.

TAYLOR
(like nails)
I don't know what your problem is, but...
(bending close to Dorn)
...if I ever see you tank another play like you did tonight, I'll cut off your nuts and stuff 'em down your fuckin' throat.

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

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

SUZANNE
Coffee anybody?

INT. INDIANS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The Indians are undressing after practice.

HAYES
Why the hell are we havin' practice during the All-Star break?
TAYLOR
I heard the Big Lady upstairs ordered it.

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

INT. TRAINING ROOM - DAY
We go to Brown, naked and dragging from the heat. He approaches the whirlpool and turns on the water.

BROWN
(to Dorn)
Oh man, this old body can use a soak.

DORN
Forget it. It's not workin' again.

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

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

HARRIS
Hey, there's no hot water in here.

BROWN
She's at it again. I've had it with this nickel and dime stuff. (storming out of the training room)
I'm gonna get the Bitch on the phone.

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

RACHEL
You wanted to see the Bitch?

BROWN
Yeh.

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

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

RACHEL
Well, I can take it if you can.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BROWN
Over 162 games even tough guys get sprains, sore arms, muscle pulls...
RACHEL
It's only temporary. Besides, these guys weren't playing that good when the equipment was workin'. If I could get anybody to come and watch this team, none of this would be necessary. You oughta be grateful I can still pay your salaries.

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

CUT TO:

SPORTSCASTER ROSS FARMER
On the air.

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

INT. THE INJUN DINER - DAY
Bobby, Vic and Johnny are at the counter.

VIC
Ya know, they could be a lot worse.

INT. PRIVATE GYM - DAY
The Business Executive is talking with a friend while working out on the Nautilus machines.

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

**EXT. THE CLEVELAND DOCKS - DAY**

The two Longshoremen again.

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

**EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY**

The two Groundskeepers are repairing the pitcher's mound.

**GROUNDKEEPER**
(in subtitles)
They're still shitty.

**OMIT**
Sequence omitted from original script.

**OMIT**
Sequence omitted from original script.

[...]

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

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

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

**TAYLOR**
Right. Good idea.

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

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

BROWN
(to Wingo)
Hey, don't you go anywhere. I wanna have a few words with you.

Brown grabs Taylor and pulls him aside.

BROWN
(under his breath)
What are we arguin' about here?

TAYLOR
(struggling as if he wanted to get at Wingo)
Fucker called that a ball.

BROWN
You mean the one that was a foot outside?

TAYLOR
Yeh.

Playing it on

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

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

LYNN

leaving her seat and starting up the aisle.

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

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

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

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

INT. CLEVELAND ATHLETIC CLUB - NIGHT

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

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

As she begins the freestyle leg, another body appears in the pool next to her. It's Jake, and he's racing her the final 20 yards, but Lynn has one more gear and touches him by
body length at the wall. Both are winded.

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

LYNN
You follow me here too?

TAYLOR
Yeh, what did you want to see me about?

LYNN
What do you mean?

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

LYNN
(getting out of the pool)
I just wanted to see you play.

TAYLOR
How was I?

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

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

LYNN
Sorry, I already ate.

TAYLOR
Right. I forgot your life is different now.

LYNN
(getting out of the pool)
Thanks for the race.

TAYLOR
(watching her go)
Anytime.

**INT. LYNN’S CAR – NIGHT**

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

We begin a SHORT SEQUENCE during which Lynn tries to lose Taylor in a chase through Cleveland, car vs. batting helmet. The logistics will have to be worked out in Cleveland, but suffice it to say, by the end of the chase she appears to have ditched him.

**EXT. LYNN’S APARTMENT – NIGHT**

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

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

Seeing nothing, she turns away from the window disappointed, and starts back to the couch, when something stops her.

**TAYLOR**
Whose place are we at this time?

**LYNN**
(flustered)
Mine. You follow me again?
TAYLOR
Yeh. When I saw you at the game, I figured you wanted to see me about something.

LYNN
I just wanted to see you play.

TAYLOR
How was I?

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

TAYLOR
I'll try that.

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

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

TAYLOR
Goin' uptown, huh?

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

TAYLOR
You think I can't lead a regular life?

LYNN
You like the life you've had, Jake. You like hangin' out with the boys, livin' in hotels, eatin' dinner at midnight, having girls send you their underwear in the mail. Remember the surprise party I threw for you when
you made the All-Star team? You never showed up, but the doorbell rang once and we all got quiet and hid behind the furniture. It was a guy to serve you with a paternity suit.

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

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

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

Lynn looks at him a long beat.

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

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

TAYLOR
I guess this is our last hurrah then.

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

TAYLOR
Cover to cover.

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

correction is interwoven with the slowly deepening
of their kissing.

TAYLOR
When's the wedding?

LYNN
October third.

TAYLOR
Your mom and dad like this guy?

LYNN
You're still their favorite.

They're unbuttoning each other's shirts now.

TAYLOR
Gonna be a big wedding?

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

TAYLOR
Where?

LYNN
At any library.

TAYLOR
I mean the wedding.

LYNN
All Saints on Euclid.

TAYLOR
Nice church.

LYNN
Yeh. Who saved Ishmael at the end?

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

LYNN
Where?

TAYLOR
To the wedding.

LYNN
If you want. Maybe you really did read it.

Their shirts are off now.

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

TAYLOR
Lynn?

LYNN
What?

TAYLOR
The zipper on your skirt is stuck.

LYNN
Use your imagination.

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

INT. LYNN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

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

EXT. LYNN'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

**INT. RACHEL PHELPS' OFFICE - DAY**

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

**RACHEL**

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

**DONOVAN**

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

**RACHEL**

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

**DONOVAN**

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

**RACHEL**

Not everything.

**CUT TO:**

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

**INT. INDIAN EXPRESS - DAY**

Complete with all the luxuries of the average school bus. Temple is looking at a memo from Rachel Phelps.

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

**BROWN**
Good thing we don't play anybody in Europe.

**TAYLOR AND HAYES**

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

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

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

**HAYES**
Macbeth. This a good one?

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

Hayes is impressed.

**EXT. CITY OF NEW YORK - NIGHT**

The Indian Express makes its way through the streets of New York, enroute to the Indian's hotel.
INT. INDIAN EXPRESS - FULL SHOT

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

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

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

HAYES
All right then, how about Crime and Punishment?

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

HAYES
Yeh.

INT. INDIAN EXPRESS - NIGHT

The bus slows down and pulls over to the curb.

DRIVER
This is it. The Sheffield Arms.

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

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

INT. THE SHEFFIELD ARMS - DAY

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

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

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

**VOICE**
Hey, jailbird!

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

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

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

**TAYLOR**
(throwing the ball
C'mon, Rick baby, settle down.

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

**THREE SHOTS OF VAUGHN**

throwing pitches, followed by:

**SHOTS**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**VAUGHN**

Naw, I'm all right.

**TAYLOR**

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

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

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

This sends the Yankee bench into hysterics.

Vaughn has lost it now. He fires to the plate and creams another tape measure job into the upper deck. Hayes
doesn't even bother to run back to the wall. He just watches it go. 6-0 Yankees.

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

PEPPER
Not quite yet.

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

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

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

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

INT. THE HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

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

DONOVAN
Mind if I join you?

BROWN
(surprised to see him)
Donovan. Hell no. What are you doin' here?

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

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

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

BROWN
Sixty and sixty-one is hardly a helluva job.

DONOVAN
With this club it is.

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

DONOVAN
You really believe that, don't you?

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

DONOVAN
Rachel Phelps would never allow that.
BROWN

What do you mean?

DONOVAN

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

On Brown's incredulous face, we...

CUT TO:

INT. INDIANS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

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

BROWN

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

We take several CUTS OF FACES around the room.

BROWN

She put this team together because she thought we'd be bad enough to finish dead last, knockin' attendance down to the point where she could move the team to Miami.
(pause)
And get rid of all of us for better personnel.

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

DORN

Even me?

BROWN

Even you, Dorn.
Silence descends on the room.

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

BROWN
That's about it.

HARRIS
What if we don't finish last?

BROWN
She'll replace you with somebody who will. After this season, you'll all be sent back to the minors or given your outright release.
(pause)
So, all we're gonna get is this one year.

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

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

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

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

DORN
What's that?
TAYLOR

Win the whole fuckin' thing.

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

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

BROWN

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

BROWN

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

HAYES

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

HAYES

As down the hall toward another base on the dirt sliding area.
Vaughn catches the ball and rifles a throw down to Taylor, who puts the tag on the sliding Hayes. Cerrano, who's umping, calls Hayes out. Hayes jumps up and argues vociferously, hopping around in frustration.

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**PEPPER**

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

**DORN**

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

**CERRANO**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**VAUGHN**

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

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

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

HAYES

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

HAYES

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

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

"INDIANS WIN FIFTH STRAIGHT, CRACK FIRST DIVISION"

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

FARMER

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

THREE QUICK SHOTS OF VAUGHN

blowing fast balls by hitter.

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

AN ANGEL HITTER

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

The Umpire thumbs the Runner out.

TAYLOR

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

EXT. CLEVELAND DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

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

EXT. EXECUTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

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

THE EXECUTIVE

inside his office. He opens his desk drawer and pulls out an earplug. He's also listening to the game.
OMIT
Sequence omitted from original script.

OMIT
Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. BURLESQUE JOINT - NIGHT
The Stripper is wearing a squaw costume, with black glove and a WILD THING T-shirt.
Several members of the audience have radio earplugs on.

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE
"INDIANS SWEEP ORIOLES, MOVE INTO SECOND."

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

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

TEAM
(in unison)
Hello, do you know us?

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

VAUGHN
That's why we carry the American Express card. No matter how far out of first we are, it keeps us from getting shut out at our favorite hotels and restaurants.
CERRANO
So if you're looking for some big league clout, apply for the little green home run hitter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. THE INDIAN BUS - NIGHT
On the road again. Everyone's asleep except Taylor who lies across his seat, heating pads on his knees.
THE LONGSHOREMEN (POSSIBLE OMIT)

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

CERRANO

hitting a prodigious home run onto the roof.

DONOVAN

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

TAYLOR

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

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

FANS IN THE STANDS

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

TV SCREEN

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

VOICE

We interrupt this program to bring
you the following special bulletin.
Ross Farmer live outside the Indian's locker room. He wears a headdress, warpaint, and a Wild Thing T-shirt.

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

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

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

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

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

Dorn comes by Taylor's locker.

Dorn
Hey, Taylor, there's a coupla drop-
dead Annies outside. One of 'em says she used to know you pretty good. Brunette, great rack...

**TAYLOR**
Darla.

**DORN**
Yeh. What doya say we chat 'em up?

**TAYLOR**
(without much enthusiasm)
I don't know...

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

We leave Taylor thinking it over.

**INT. DORN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

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

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

The scene shifts to...

**THE LOBBY OF THE STANLEY HOTEL**

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

**FARMER**
Thank you, Hal. As you can see, the Indians are in high spirits tonight, looking forward to their showdown with the Yankees. Who will start that game is still a matter of some conjecture.
As Ross talks, Dorn walks INTO THE FRAME in the far background with his arm around a YOUNG LOVELY. They're nuzzling and hugging, unaware they're on camera, albeit in the background. Suzanne doesn't miss it though. She moves closer to the screen to get a better look.

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

INT. TAYLOR'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

TAYLOR
No, I had to sell it.

DARLA
I thought they gave them to ya.

TAYLOR
Not after your knees go bad.

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

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

TAYLOR
Darla, I don't think I can do this.
DARLA
What do you mean? We did this between innings once.

TAYLOR
I guess I'm just not that guy anymore.

Darla looks at him a long beat.

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

EXT. HALL OUTSIDE TAYLOR'S ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

TAYLOR
Lynn, wait...

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

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

INT. THE INDIANS' BUS – DAY

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

VAUGHN
You wanted to see me?

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

Vaughn says nothing, but he's clearly disappointed.

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

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

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

VAUGHN
Yeh, okay.

Vaughn turns and walks back up the aisle. Brown watches
him

EXT. MUNICIPAL STADIUM – DAY

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

INT. BAR - NIGHT

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

VOICE
You mind if I join you?

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

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

SUZANNE
Why not?

VAUGHN
Nothin'. Job problem.

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

VAUGHN
I'm, ah, a ball player.

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

VAUGHN
Why did you come over then?

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

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

INT. VAUGHN'S ROOM - NIGHT
Vaughn has dozed off in the bed. Suzanne, is getting
dressed.
Vaughn wakes up as she finishes.

**VAUGHN**
Where you goin'?  

**SUZANNE**
I've gotta get home.

**VAUGHN**
I didn't even get your name.

**SUZANNE**
Suzanne. Suzanne Dorn

**VAUGHN**
(having heard that
name someplace before)
Suzanne Dorn?

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

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

**THE HALL OUTSIDE VAUGHN'S ROOM**

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

**SUZANNE**
(nonchalant)
Hello, Jake.

**TAYLOR**
Hello, Suzanne.

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

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

OMIT
Sequence omitted from original script.

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

TAYLOR
You look beautiful.

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

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

LYNN
Good luck today, Jake.

TAYLOR
Yeh, you too.
(pause)
Tell me one thing. The night you came up to my hotel -- was there really a library conference?
LYNN
No, I came to see you.

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

LYNN
Even for last night?

TAYLOR
Can't be sorry for that. Nothing happened.

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

LYNN
Then you weren't defending my honor again?

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

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

INT. RACHEL PHELPS' OFFICE - DAY

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

RACHEL
Come in.

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

RACHEL
Hello, Lou, what can I do for ya?

Lou puts a folded piece of paper on her desk.
I wanted to hand in my resignation before you had a chance to fire me.

RACHEL
What do you mean?

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

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

BROWN
Why would you want him to tell somebody?

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

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

Rachel nods.

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

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

BROWN
Why should I believe any of this? Now that we're winnin' it's easy for
you to jump on the bandwagon.

**RACHEL**

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

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

**RACHEL**

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

Brown can only shake his head at this whole thing.

**RACHEL**

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

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

**INT. THE TURK - LATE AFTERNOON**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

Vaughn nods.

**HAYES**

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

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

INT. DORN'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Dorn is ready to leave for the park.

DORN
Bye bye, honey, wish me luck.

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

Uh oh, we know what this is all about.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - NIGHT

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

DOYLE
In the press box.

COlORMAN
Here's your bourbon.

DOYLE
Won't need it tonight.

THE LOCKER ROOM

starkly quiet in contrast to the stadium outside. Each player has retreated into his own world of concentration.
Dorn approaches Taylor, who's fitting heavy athletic braces on both knees.

DORN
You know where Vaughn is?

TAYLOR
Nope. Haven't seen him.

DORN
Let me know if you do. I wanna have a little talk with him.

Dorn moves off.

CERRANO
Where's my chicken?

TAYLOR
It's comin' in now.

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

TAYLOR
One whole chicken, like you said.

CERRANO
But it no alive.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

DOYLE
Hello, everybody, Harry Doyle bidding
you a Wahoo welcome from beautiful Municipal Stadium, where tonight before a capacity crowd of 75,000 screaming featherheads, the braves of the Cuyahoga will leave their teepees in search of Cleveland's first League Championship in over 30 years. Standing in the way, their long time nemesis, the New York Yankees, the Big Boys of Broadway, who have beaten the Indians like a tom-tom all year long.

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

**BROWN**

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

The Indians charge onto the field to a standing ovation.

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

Two down in the first. Harris looking sharp so far... Bouncing ball to third. Dorn up with it.

**HARRIS**

Throwing the first pitch. The YANKEE HITTER grounds one to Dorn who throws him out.

**THE SCOREBOARD**

0-0 in the 3rd.
CERRANO
striking out on a curve ball.

HAYES
robbing a Yankee of a home run by making a leaping catch over the fence.

TAYLOR
picking a Yankee runner off first.

THE SCOREBOARD
0-0 in the 5th.

OMIT
Sequence omitted from original script.

CERRANO
striking out on a curve ball, trying to check his swing.

Umpire emphatically punches him out.

DOYLE
Looking past him to the field. Harris is on the mound. There's a runner on second.

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

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

DOYLE (V.O.)

Hayes climbs up on the wall, but it's long gone. Home run.
DOYLE (V.O.)
It's off the reservation, home run.
And the Yankees lead it 2-0.

RACHEL'S BOX (INSERT STORYBOARD # 209G)

RACHEL
Shit.

Donovan is a little confused by this.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

DOYLE (V.O.)
Dorn up now, two down, bottom of the seventh. The Indians running out of chances.

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

DOYLE (V.O.)
That'll bring on Cerrano, hitless tonight. As a matter of fact, he hasn't touched the ball yet.

The crowd and bleacher band begins to clap as Dorn takes his lead. Cerrano swings at the first pitch and misses. An audible groan goes through the crowd.

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

BROWN
Damn, havin' trouble with the curve ball again.

HAYES
We should've gotten him a live chicken.

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

CERRANO
I pissed off now, Jo-Buu. I good to you, I stand up for you. If you no help me now, I say fuck you, Jo-Buu. I do it myself.

Cerrano gets back in the box and digs in. The Yankee pitcher comes to his stretch and delivers. Another big breaking curve ball. Cerrano swings and knocks the crap out of it.

Everyone in the stands and on the bench jumps to their feet, rooting for the ball to get out.

DOYLE (STORYBOARD #212EE)

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

The fans go crazy as Cerrano circles the bases.
RACHEL'S BOX (STORYBOARD # 212GG)

Rachel jumps out of her seat, hands above her head. Donovan hesitates a beat, then follows suit.

Cerrano carries his bat with him, holding it high above his head. As Cerrano disappears into the dugout, we go to scoreboard as the 2 goes up.

DOYLE (STORYBOARD # 212NN)

DOYLE
Two down in the top of the ninth, still tied at 2, Harris working on an eight-hitter.

CUT TO:

YANKEE HITTER
lining a single to right field. Harris mops his brow, obviously tiring.

ANOTHER YANKEE HITTER
smashing a double off the wall, the lead runner stopping at third. Brown signals to the bullpen to get somebody warm.

HARRIS
on the mound, looking like he's out of gas.

DOYLE (V.O.)
Activity continues in the pen, as Harris is really digging himself a hole now. He got the first two hitters, and then gave up a single and a double and has now gone 3-0 to Cheevers.

Harris comes set and fires to the plate. It's way high.

DOYLE (V.O.)
High, ball four and they're loaded for Haywood, the biggest Indian killer
of them all.

Brown has seen enough. He makes his way to the mound.

**BROWN**
(taking the ball from Harris)
You pitched a hell of a game, Steve. Take a seat and we'll see if we can get this guy for ya.

Brown signals to the bullpen with his left hand.

**BROWN**
Give me Vaughn.

**TAYLOR**
(surprised)
You want Vaughn?

**BROWN**
I know he hasn't done real well against this guy, but I got a hunch he's due.

**VAUGHAN**

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

As Vaughan gets to the mound, he sees Patton getting his convict uniform on in the Yankee dugout. He looks away to see Haywood in the on-deck circle smiling out at him. Meanwhile, the CROWD has gone nuts at the sight of Bobby, Vic and Johnny are blasting out "Wild Thing" on tom-toms and the whole stadium, 75,000 strong, is singing it. Doyle just pushes the mic forward and lets the crowd do it's work.

**BROWN**
Okay, Ricky, Haywood likes the hard stuff in. Curve him on the hands,
bust him away, and don't get up with anything. You listenin' to me Rick?

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

**BROWN**

(Patting him on the butt)

O.K., kid, you're my man. Let's go get him.

**TAYLOR**

C'mon Ricky, this guy is the out you been waitin' your whole life for.

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

**DOYLE (INSERT STORYBOARD #216N)**

DOYLE

O.K. Vaughn has finished his warmup and we're ready to...

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

**TAYLOR**

(seeing it)

Oh, shit.

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

**DORN**

Let's cut through the crap. I only got one thing to say to you. Just rear back and strike this motherfucker out.
He smiles and hands Vaughn the ball back. Vaughn smile and accepts the ball. While Dorn trots back to position, Vaughn turns his back to the plate for one moment of concentration. As he turns around to face us, we see a new man as the wicked opening CHORDS of X's "Wild Thing" are heard on the TRACK, only louder and more savage before.

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

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

Haywood steps in, the American League triple crown winner. .341 average, 48 homers, 121 R.B.I.'s. He's homered the only two times he's faced Vaughn.

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

**TAYLOR**

All right, Ricky, let's get nasty.

Vaughn winds and delivers a hissing blur toward the plate. Haywood takes a ferocious swing and misses. Strike one. We see the number 97 come up on the digital readout of the SPEED GUN which a club employee holds behind the screen.

**TAYLOR**

(to Haywood)

All right, looks like the boy is pumped. Sucker was movin', wasn't it? Ever hit ya, it'd leave a two foot hole comin' out.
Taylor gets ready to flash another sign. The convict jumps up and down trying to distract Vaughn. No way.

**TAYLOR**
(for Haywood's ears)

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

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

**TAYLOR**

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

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

**DUGOUT (INSERT STORYBOARD # 216R)**

**BROWN**

Forget the curveball. Go with the heater.

**TAYLOR**

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

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

**TAYLOR**

And if I don't see you again, Haywood, have a nice winter. Okay, buddy?
Vaughn goes into his windup and unleashes a screaming bullet toward the plate. Haywood pulls the trigger, but it's already by him. Strike three. 101 on the gun. Taylor leaps up and gives Vaughn the fist. The fans are going berserk. MUSIC ends.

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

Oh, Lordy, three straight heaters and the Yankees are blown down. No runs, two hits, three left on, and, are you ready, Cleveland? We go to the bottom of the ninth, still tied at two.

Doyle turns the mike off.

**DOYLE**

(to his color man)

Can you believe this, Monty?

Monty takes a big swig straight from the bourbon bottle.

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**ANOTHER INDIAN HITTER**

grounding out to short.

**HAYES**

walking up to the plate.

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

Two down in the ninth, Hayes steps in hitting .291, trying to get something going for the Tribe.

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

The Yankee Manager comes to the mound and waves for a
new pitcher.

DOYLE (V.O.)
And Horton is wasting no time. He's
goin' to the Duke.

Out of the pen comes BILLY DUKE, a good facsimile of
Goose Gossage only Duke is bigger and meaner.

(INsert Storyboard #219M)

DOYLE
Duke leads the league in saves,
strikeouts per inning and nose hairs.

The Duke finishes his warmups and stares over at Hayes.
Hayes smiles, snaps his black gloves out of his hip pocket,
carefully pulls them on over his hands.
The Duke does not care for this kind of showmanship.
Brown comes over to talk to Taylor, who's been watching
Duke from the on-deck circle.

BROWN
Ya know I'd be an ass not to pinch-
hit for you here. You're 0 for 18
against Duke. Plus you're beat to
shit you can hardly walk, there's no
way you can get around on this guy's
fast ball. So I want the absolute
truth here. Can you beat this guy?

TAYLOR
Yeh.

BROWN
Okay.

Taylor starts for the plate, as Duke finishes his
warmups.
Brown comes down the dugout steps.
BROWN
(to Pepper)
Send Hayes the first pitch. I don't want Taylor takin' too many strikes.

Pepper begins flashing signs out to Hayes. Duke gets up on the rubber and takes his stretch. Hayes leads away, crouching low. Duke snaps a throw over to first, the first baseman slapping a hard tag on Hayes, but Hayes is back.

The crowd is on its feet again. The "GO" chant starts, punctuated by thousands of black-gloved hands punching the night air.


Hayes takes off like a shot, head down, eating up ground. Taylor swings and misses. The Yankee catcher comes up throwing, rifling a clothesline dart to second base. Hayes snaps leaves his feet diving for the bag. The second baseman down the tag. Too late. Hayes is in there.

The stadium is really rockin' now. Duke prowls the mound. Taylor steps out of the box and flashes a sign to Brown.

PEPPER
What's he doing?

BROWN
Flashing some signals. That's a hell of an idea.

Brown flashes a sign out to Hayes. A hint of a smile comes over Hayes' face as he dusts himself off.

Taylor steps back in as Duke gets up on the rubber.
digs in his back foot, then points to the left field bleachers ala Babe Ruth.

DOYLE (V.O.)
What's this? Taylor is pointing to the bleachers, calling his shot.

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

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

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

DOYLE (V.O.)
(Taylor points again)
Unbelievable. They're on their feet here, stomping, clapping. C'mon, join in wherever you are out there. Let's hear you, Cleveland.

THE LONGSHOREMEN

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

THE BUSINESS EXECUTIVE

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

(Sc 222 before scene 221) beating on their shovels in the bullpen.

LARGE APARTMENT BUILDING

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

THE STADIUM AGAIN

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

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

CUT TO:


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

THE STADIUM

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

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

TAYLOR

barreling down the line toward first on his sore legs, giving it everything he's got.
THE THIRD BASEMAN

scooping up the ball barehanded and firing on the run first.

TAYLOR

pounding down the line. He strains for the bag as the first baseman stretches to his limit for the throw. and the ball arrive at almost the same time. Taylor bag and then sprawls in the dirt as his knees give out. The umpire brings up his arms, and spreads them wide. Taylor's beaten it. The first baseman looks up to see something that fear into his heart across the field. It's...

HAYES

streaking for home, trying to score all the way from second on a bunt. The first baseman fires to the plate, as the catcher positions himself for the throw. Hayes launches into a flying first slide. The catcher brings the tag down. Hayes hooks to the outside, his trailing foot reaching for the plate. DOYLE (V.O.)

Hayes is gonna try to score! Here comes the throw. He slides. He is... Hayes' foot catches the corner of the plate. The umpire puts the palms down and whips them apart. It's all over, folks.

SLOW MOTION ENDS

DOYLE

...Safe. The Indians win it. The Indians win. Oh my God, the Indians
Pandemonium breaks loose in Municipal Stadium. Rachel hugs Donovan, dances around, punches the air, then hugs again. Everywhere people are hugging and kissing each other. Bobby, Vic and Johnny are going berserk in the bleachers. Thelma sits quietly, a tear rolling down her cheek.

**QUICK CUTS**

of our other fans. We see...

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

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

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

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

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

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

G) Cerrano and Harris embrace. Dorn gives Vaughn a hug, steps back and decks him with a right hand.

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

I) Up in the stands, Rachel watches all this with tears in her eyes.
Taylor starts off the field when he sees something that catches his eye. Standing by the field rail is Lynn. She holds up her left hand and smiles. There's no ring on it. Taylor races over to her as she jumps down from the rail and hugs herself to him. We HOLD on the celebration as it swirls all around them, and...

ROLL CREDITS

THE END