

COBB

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Based on material by AL STUMP

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**FOR EDUCATIONAL  
PURPOSES ONLY**

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.  
Dylan Thomas

Nice guys finish last.

Leo Durocher

**1 INT. OLD OFFICE (SANTA BARBARA, CA) - DAY (1960) 1**

The room is California Spanish, thick walls, arches, and light spills in from a mission window. But we don't have any sense of place just yet. At first there are just details.

**EXTREME CLOSEUP ON TYPEWRITER KEYS**

of an old Underwood upright, well-worn and ancient. A woman's fingertips with red nail polish are placed on the keys. They wiggle.

**CLOSE ON PIPE IN ASHTRAY**

Smoke curls. A man's hand picks it up.

**CLOSE ON MAN'S HAT AND COAT**

on a coat rack.

**CLOSE ON WASTE BASKET**

Overflowing with crunched-up paper.

**MAN**

lies on a couch near the window. He stands up suddenly

and looks out the window. AL STUMP, 40, is sharply dressed -- tie, dress shirt, cufflinks. He's staring at something.

**HIS POV - COURTYARD BELOW - BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE**

in high heels crosses the courtyard. She glances up toward Stump, then quickly turns away and disappears.

**CLOSE ON STUMP**

He sighs, and turns.

**STUMP**

The muse has not descended,  
Lucille.

(off her silence)

The muse has not descended.

(off her silence)

God damn it, Lucille, you hear me?

(CONTINUED)

2.

**1 CONTINUED:  
ANGLE ON LUCILLE**

1

The woman at the typewriter, a 50-year old steno/secretary, responds calmly.

**LUCILLE**

The muse has not descended.

**STUMP**

Yes! The muse has left me stranded here like a beached whale -- only one phrase, one word, from finishing the greatest essay I've ever written! One word, the right word -- Flaubert called it 'le mot juste' -- I ever tell you that?

Lucille is a longsuffering saint.

**LUCILLE**

'Le mot juste' -- the exact right word the writer needs to tell his story. Yessir, you've mentioned it.

**STUMP**

Hemingway, Faulkner, Joyce -- they all searched for 'le mot juste' until they cried, until they bled...

**LUCILLE**

Yessir.

**STUMP**

What is this essay about again?

**LUCILLE**

Fishing.

**STUMP**

I mean what is it really about?

**LUCILLE**

You said it was about the quote  
unquote primal issues of survival,  
man against nature, etcetera --  
that's what you said.

**STUMP**

Ohyeah... so... we end the essay  
with...

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

3.

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

**STUMP (CONT'D)**

(dictating)

'The tarpon leaps shimmering into  
the late cross light of the keys,  
a primeval moment frozen in...

(hesitates)

... frozen in'...

Lucille types it out.

**LUCILLE**

Shimmering tarpon -- very good,  
Mr. Stump...

(beat)

... 'frozen in' what?

**STUMP**

(patiently)

I don't know, Lucille, that's what  
the Muse will tell me if she ever  
descends.

(considering)

... 'frozen in'...

The PHONE RINGS -- Lucille answers it.

**LUCILLE**

Yes? Yes? Just a minute, I'll

see if he's available.

(covers phone)

It's your wife -- are you and she speaking again?

Stump's cavalier attitude stops cold. He starts to reach for the phone, then stops.

**STUMP**

I dunno. How does she sound?

**LUCILLE**

Don't ask me to interpret.

Stump is suddenly a nervous wreck. He hesitates.

**STUMP**

Tell her... tell her... I'll talk... no... tell her I'm out -- I'll call her later...

(serious, dark)

God damn it.

(CONTINUED)

4.

1 CONTINUED: (3)

1

**LUCILLE**

(on phone)

Apparently he's out, Mrs. Stump -- I'll have him call you back.

She hangs up. The mood has shifted.

**STUMP**

I need a drink.

**LUCILLE**

What about 'le mot juste,' Mr. Stump?

**STUMP**

(snaps)

Fuck 'le mot juste,' Lucille! Finish the damn thing yourself. 'The primeval moment is frozen in' whatever the hell you want it to be. Did you know that James Joyce let his secretary -- none other than Samuel Beckett -- revise and edit Molly's soliloquy in Ulysses? You're my Beckett -- I give you 'le mot juste!' Just get the damn thing in the mail so I can get paid.

Silence.

**LUCILLE**

Problems with the Mrs.?

Stump reaches for a beat-up pogo stick which leans against the wall in his office.

**STUMP**

I don't know. I need a drink.  
He grabs his hat and coat and we begin hearing the number one hit song of 1960, PERCY FAITH'S schmaltzy recording of "A Summer Place."

**CUT TO:**

**2 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON**

**2**

Stump pogo sticks down the sidewalk, tipping his hat to pedestrians. They're not alarmed. He's the town eccentric. He pogos across a street and towards --

**CUT TO:**

**5.**

**3 EXT. THE SPORTSMAN'S LOUNGE - LATE AFTERNOON**

**3**

A watering hole like a million others. He pogo sticks right in the front door.

**CUT TO:**

**4 INT. THE SPORTSMAN'S - LATE AFTERNOON**

**4**

A classic city bar, a hangout for drunks, philosophers, and especially sportswriters and journalists.

Our man hops off his pogo stick -- nobody even notices, and joins his cronies, five sportswriters full of dogmatic opinions on every subject known to man.

FRANK, a sportswriter, is at the jukebox feeding quarters. He looks up routinely, they're all regulars here.

**FRANK**

Hey, Stumpy...

Stump addresses the sportswriters at the table as if they were a small audience in a lounge.

**STUMP**

Awright, awright... how do you get five old ladies to say 'fuck?'

**CRONIES**

(stumped)

Jeez, I dunno, how? Etc...

**STUMP**

Yell 'bingo.'

Stump laughs. The others groan. REYNALDO, 40's, black,

speaks up. He's one of the regulars.

**REYNALDO**

Okay, I got one --

(beat)

A drunk is taking a piss in front of a bar, a bus drives by, real fast right along the curb, and knocks his thing off. Drunk picks up his thing, puts it in his pocket, goes into a bar, reaches into his pocket and puts his thing on the bar. 'Look't that,' he says, 'bus knocked my thing off.' Bartender says, 'that ain't your thing -- that's a cigar butt.'

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

6.

4 **CONTINUED:**

4

**REYNALDO (CONT'D)**

Drunk reaches into his other pocket and slaps another thing on the bar. 'There,' he says, 'bus knocked my thing off.' Bartender says, 'you're drunk and that ain't your thing either. That's another cigar butt.'

(beat)

Drunk looks down at both cigar butts and back up at the bartender and says, 'God damn it, I mushta smoked my dick.'

Everyone roars, even Stump. But Frank, as usual, is hyper serious and never quite gets into the revelry.

**FRANK**

Amidst this levity, gentlemen, I have some real concerns. Mark my words, people will look back on this year and say that 1960 was the year that Western Civilization began its downward trajectory.

**BILL**

You need to get laid, Frank.

**FRANK**

Guys, guys, c'mon... do you really think things are as good as they used to be? You think Jack Kennedy is qualified to be

President?

**BILL**

Kennedy may not be qualified, but -- Jackie's a babe -- and that's good enough for me.

**REYNALDO**

They're a happily married couple and that oughta stand for something these days...

Every man nods in solemn agreement.

**MUD**

Speaking of being happily married, Al, are you and your old lady still having problems?

(CONTINUED)

7.

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

**STUMP**

Oh no, the wife and I are all patched up -- doin' fantastic.

**CRONIES**

Good to hear... awright... way to go, Stumpy... (Etc.)

**FRANK**

I mean look at us -- we call ourselves writers but we just watch ballgames and get drunk a lot. You call that writing?

**STUMP**

Yes I do.

**MUD**

In the department store of life, sports is the toy department -- so what?

**BILL**

Yeah, besides, Alan here's writing a serious novel, aren't ya?

**MUD**

Yeah, well I haven't started yet but I'm gonna. I've been busy.

**FRANK**

You guys are pathetic. Ya write for one reason -- a paycheck.

**STUMP**

More art was created for money  
than for passion. Take your  
platitudes and shove 'em, Frank.  
I'm gonna write a novel too,  
someday.

**FRANK**

(cynically)

The Great American Novel, I  
suppose?

**STUMP**

It could come from my pen.

**FRANK**

You're a barbershop writer, Al --  
you write sugar-coated pieces for  
guys to skim when they're waiting  
for a haircut!

(CONTINUED)

8.

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

**STUMP**

Awright, that's it! Let's go!  
Settle this right here!

Stump raises his fists as if to fight; Frank responds.

**MUD**

Hey!

A scuffle breaks out, a lot of posturing, feinting, but  
they're all too chicken to do anything. Nobody wants to  
fight.

A PHONE RINGS at the bar. The bartender answers the  
phone, shouts at the obnoxious sportwriters.

**REYNALDO**

Stump! For you.

Stump goes to the phone, interrupting his own "fight."

**STUMP**

(to Frank)

Phone call saved your ass.

Stump grabs the phone, covering an ear to hear better.

**STUMP**

(on phone)

Yeah... yeah... who?... no...  
you're kidding?... when?

Stump hangs up the phone and turns. His face registers  
shock, or more precisely, bewilderment and wonder.

**STUMP**

Hey...



(as they ignore  
him)

Shut up!

They do, and give Stump their ruffled attention.

**STUMP**

Cobb wants to see me.

**MUD**

Cobb who?

**STUMP**

Ty Cobb! How many Cobbs are  
there?!

This news instantly sobers the room.

(CONTINUED)

9.

4 CONTINUED: (4)

4

**FRANK**

Ty Cobb? I thought he was dead?

**STUMP**

Not yet. He said he wants to  
tell me the real story of his  
life before he croaks.

**BILL**

You were just talking to Ty Cobb?

**STUMP**

The Georgia Peach himself.

This impresses the hell out of everyone in the room.  
Even  
Stump is still a little dazed.

**FRANK**

They say Cobb is crazy. The  
meanest sonofabitch who ever  
lived.

**MUD**

I heard he killed a man.

**BILL**

Maybe so, but -- he was the  
greatest baseball player of them  
all.

**CRONIES**

Yeah, the best, no one close,  
etc...

Frank suddenly is cautionary, concerned, paternal.

**FRANK**

Listen, Al, be careful --

**STUMP**

I ain't gettin' my ass shot, don't worry...

**FRANK**

No, not that -- the story.

(beat)

This is like Ivan the Terrible inviting somebody into the Czar's palace before he died.

**STUMP**

Except Ivan was a nicer guy...

(CONTINUED)

10.

4 CONTINUED: (5)

4

**FRANK**

(concerned, earnest)

Don't let Cobb bullshit you. This is your shot. This is all our shot.

(as cronies agree)

When does he want to see you?

**STUMP**

Immediately.

CUT TO:

5 INT. NEARLY EMPTY MOVIE THEATER - DAY

5

Al Stump sits alone in the theater, except for a teenaged boy sweeping the aisles, who stops to watch the screen.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

I gathered all the film footage that existed on Cobb -- which wasn't much -- and rented the local theater for the afternoon...

(beat)

I, too, had thought that the great Ty Cobb had been dead for awhile...

6 ANGLE ON SCREEN

6

The screen fills with (B&W) Movietone Newsreel footage of Ty Cobb, complete with overly sincere NARRATION and MUSIC.

**NEWSREEL NARRATOR (V.O.)**

This 1905 cameo of an 18-year-old

youth shows a peaches-and-cream complexion and the piercing eyes of a lad who would become, etc...  
Onscreen (B&W) -- Cobb as a young ballplayer followed by images of Cobb's famous batting stance, Cobb clowning, etc.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

His reputation as being difficult at best, psychotic at worst, preceded him. But if there was one thing I knew after all my years as a journalist covering politicians, celebrities, and sports heroes, it was this --

**(CONTINUED)**

11.

**6 CONTINUED:**

6

Onscreen (B&W) -- Cobb with children, Cobb with celebrities, Cobb in a parade honoring him, and always, Cobb's dashing, swashbuckling style of play.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

The 'facts' -- and public perception of those 'facts' -- frequently bear little resemblance.

Onscreen (B&W) -- Cobb in action -- His demon fury gives way to the fierce joy of his playing. He slashes a ball up the alley, turns first and never hesitates at second, and as the relay comes into third --

**STUMP (V.O.)**

One thing was beyond argument -- he was the most brilliant athlete of his time... perhaps of any time.

(beat)

I was determined to find out who was the real Ty Cobb.

Cobb slides with spikes high and a cloud of dust. There is something thrilling and terrifying in the image.

**CUT TO:**

**7 EXT. MOTHER LODE COUNTRY (CALIFORNIA) - LATE AFTERNOON**

7

Stump's car, a late model Buick, moves across the stunning grasslands at the western base of the Sierra Nevadas. We begin hearing his voice, then see him inside the car driving.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**8 EXT. FOOTHILLS OF THE SIERRAS - DUSK**

8

Stump's car heads up into the darkening mountains.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

They said Cobb owned property all over the country, but in recent years had been staying in his hunting lodge at Lake Tahoe in the Sierra Nevadas.

**9 AERIAL SHOT - LONE PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS**

**9**

moving up into the Sierras, into rugged terrain and thick forests.

**CUT TO:**

**12.**

**10 INT. CAR - DUSK**

**10**

Stump straining to see the road, a bit wary of this drive.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

Driving into the Sierras at night with winter coming on wasn't the smartest decision I'd ever made but it seemed better than being late for my first meeting with Cobb.

First drops of rain begin hitting the windshield -- Stump hits the wiper button and the floppy blades begin ineffectively wiping the windshield. Stump struggles with his vision.

**STUMP**

Shit...

**POV SHOT THROUGH WINDSHIELD**

A dismal, wet and obscured view of the mountain road, climbing higher into the Sierras. A small roadside gas station comes INTO VIEW, and -- Stump pulls his car into the station.

**CUT TO:**

**11 EXT. JONAH'S SERVICE STATION - DUSK (RAINING LIGHTLY)**

**11**

Stump gets out, blows on his hands. It's cold, and a man comes out, the gas station owner, JONAH, 55. The man services the car throughout the conversation.

**STUMP**

Fill it up and replace the wiper blades.

**JONAH**

You got it.

**STUMP**

Colder than a witch's tit, eh?

**JONAH**

It's just starting. We got three-four feet of snow another thousand feet up. Where ya going? Skiing? I hate skiing.

(CONTINUED)

13.

11 CONTINUED:

11

**STUMP**

Actually, I'm going to meet Ty Cobb.

**JONAH**

Cobb?! He stopped here for gas once, I asked him for an autograph for my boy and he told me to shove it where the sun don't shine.

**STUMP**

I hear he's got a way with kids...

Stump heads to a pay phone as the attendant replaces the wiper blades. Stump's breath hangs heavy in the air. It's cold. Freezing. He drops a set of coins in the call box. He blows on his hands and pulls up his collar -- he wasn't prepared for the weather to be this cold. He comes to life when he hears a voice on the other end -- a voice we never hear.

**STUMP**

Hey, baby, it's me...

(beat)

Al... your husband...

(beat)

I'm up in the woods somewhere on assignment...

(beat)

Listen, sweetheart, listen -- nobody can love you the way I love you and I want you to take me back. I made a mistake.

(listens)

Okay, lots of mistakes. I know I'm not worthy.

We hear a CLICK.

**STUMP**

Honey? Sweetheart? Baby?

He flicks the receiver hook several times.

She's gone.  
**CUT TO:**

**12 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT**  
**12**

RAIN POUNDS down as the car climbs to higher elevation.

**CUT TO:**

**14.**

**13 INT. CAR - NIGHT (RAINY)**

**13**

Stump struggles with a map under the dome light as he drives.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. SNOW COVERED MOUNTAIN PASS - HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Stump's car passes a sign that tells all: DONNER PASS.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

I confess I was looking forward to seeing Cobb and being near his brilliance. My own life seemed on hold, somehow. Everyday churning out the same old articles, drinking at 4 in the afternoon with the same old guys, the same old excuses for not writing a novel, the same old confused marriages that we all needed and were trying to get out of at the same time... Cobb was a god whose brilliance, however difficult, could rub off on me. His problems were different than mine...

**14 ANGLE ON STUMP'S CAR**

**14**

which pulls off the road and heads up a small mountain road among snow-covered pines.

A row of mailboxes catches Stump's attention, and he pulls over to review the names with a flashlight. He lights his way across the names of a dozen boxes -- nothing, until:

The last box, enormously oversized, bears the name "COBB."

**CLOSE ON STUMP**

He smiles. Perfect.

**BACK TO SCENE**

His car heads up a mountain road a final hundred yards, comes around a bend in the trees and there it is --

15.

**14 POV SHOT - HUGE MOUNTAIN LODGE 14**

In the grand style but, like the mailbox, grotesquely oversized.

**CUT TO:**

**15 EXT. MOUNTAIN LODGE - NIGHT 15**

Stump parks and approaches somewhat warily. The sound of BREAKING GLASS and SHOUTING voices.

Stump hurries to the door to escape the rain and finds refuge under the eave. The noise is frightening from that close. He stands unsurely -- does he knock? When --

The door is thrown open -- a black man, WILLIE, 40, with a suitcase stands wildly upset, screaming back into the house.

**WILLIE**

Fuck you, Mr. Cobb, I have too much dignity to spend another moment with you. I hope you die before the sun comes up and may you rot in hell!

The man whirls and is shocked to see Stump standing there with his own suitcase.

**WILLIE**

Who are you?

**STUMP**

I'm a writer.

**WILLIE**

You mean he actually found somebody to take the job?

Willie bursts out into crazed laughter, as if the world of Cobb was finally too absurd. Cobb and a writer? In this weather? In any weather? And the man walks through the rain, laughing, heading on foot down off the mountain

as Stump just stares.

Stump turns and steps into the open doorway.

**CUT TO:**

16.

**16 INT. MOUNTAIN LODGE - NIGHT**

16

Stump in the front door -- The place is enormous and barely lit. Taxidermied game hangs on the wall.

Stump is terrified.

A MAN is sitting in an overstuffed chair reading a newspaper. Dressed in a business suit and tie, he seems oblivious to the surrounding chaos. He also seems out of place.

**STUMP**

Mr. Cobb?

The man looks at Stump and points upstairs without speaking.

More CRASHING sounds from upstairs.

**STUMP**

Mr. Cobb?

The silence is shattered by a SCRATCH, then VIOLIN MUSIC from upstairs. STATIC suggests a record is playing.

**17 ANGLE ON STAIRS**

17

Stump climbs the stairs with caution -- Until he's just outside the half open door from which light spills. He hesitates...

**STUMP**

Hello? Mr. Cobb?

A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT -- Ripping through the door. Stump is terrified -- he gasps for air.

**STUMP**

Thank you very much, Mr. Cobb,  
but I don't need this job that  
bad.

Stump turns and creeps back toward the stairs, but -- ANOTHER GUNSHOT RINGS OUT -- SHATTERING a hanging LAMP.

Stump freezes one more time. Silence. Then the voice --

**COBB**

Yes, Mr. Stump -- you do need this  
job that bad.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**



17 CONTINUED:  
17

COBB (CONT'D)

(beat)

Now come in here and meet the great  
Ty Cobb.

(calmly)

I won't hurt you.

Stump breathes deeply and steps into the doorway -- He does it as if there's no choice, accepting his fate. And sees:

18 POV SHOT - TY COBB  
18

Lying in bed in a robe. Unshaven. Bottles of booze and food everywhere. And bottles of pills sit on every surface. Two hunting dogs sit on the bed with him. A small record player sits next to the bed. A record spins, filling the room with FRITZ KREISLER VIOLIN SOLOS. He places the gun on his night table, knocking pills and bottles to the floor with a crash he barely notices. When he speaks it is without a snarl, without threat -- simply, even sweetly, he says:

COBB

On the violin -- Fritz Kreisler.  
I'm a great admirer of his. I'm  
also a great admirer of yours.

BACK TO SCENE

STUMP

Thank you.

COBB

But you are a hopeless romantic  
and only a moderate success.

STUMP

Sir, I am the most successful  
sportswriter in America and not  
merely a 'moderate success.'

COBB

Of course.

(beat)

Give me those pills over there.

(CONTINUED)

18.

18 CONTINUED:

18

Stump retrieves some pills that Cobb is pointing towards. Cobb washes down a handful of pills with a bottle of Scotch. Momentarily revitalized, Cobb hands Stump a folded letter which Stump opens to read.

**COBB**

That's an invitation to a testimonial dinner at the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, New York. You're taking me there -- when is it?

**STUMP**

(looking at the letter)  
A few weeks.

**COBB**

All the great ones will be there -- The great Mickey Cochrane will be there! Hornsby, Sisler, Ott, the Waner Brothers... we used to have some parties, Stump, I'll tell ya that right now...

(beat)

We can't forget.

**STUMP**

I won't forget.

**COBB**

Look at me closely, Al...

(with utmost  
sincerity)

Lie after lie has been written about me -- my whole life I've been misunderstood.

(beat)

You're gonna tell the real story of Ty Cobb.

**STUMP**

What's the 'real' story?

Cobb climbs slowly out of bed. His words are reasoned and not without passion.

**COBB**

That's why you're here.

(beat)

See, there's two kinds of writers. The kind that spin endless yarns

about small subjects... that's you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19.

18 CONTINUED: (2)  
18

COBB (CONT'D)

(beat)

Or... there's the kind with one  
great subject that consumes them  
forever.

(beat)

That could be you. Because I am  
that subject.

Cobb hobbles to a table in front of a window. The  
table is covered with pills, bottles, needles, and  
booze.

COBB

(suddenly bellowing)

Jameson! Get your ass up here!

Cobb grabs another bottle of booze and swigs deeply,  
liquor spilling over him. Then, suddenly, he holds up  
his hand. A calm comes over him as --  
He stares out the window into the snowy woods. His  
rage has quickly turned into a quiet, intense,  
unsettling focus.

STUMP

You okay?

COBB

Mmmmmmm...

19 POV SHOT - WOODS IN MOONLIGHT  
19

near the lodge. A bank of snow -- and a large buck  
moves INTO VIEW.

20 CLOSE ON COBB'S FACE  
20

His eyes light. A flare in his nostrils. A twitch. And  
utter calm.

BACK TO SCENE

Jameson, the man in the suit, arrives and stands in  
the back of the room. He takes notes when Cobb speaks.

JAMESON (MAN)

Sir?

Cobb continues staring out the window at the buck.

(CONTINUED)

20.

20 CONTINUED:  
20

COBB

There's a small oil company near  
Bakersfield called Honolulu Oil,  
sitting near the Elk Hills  
Reserve...

(beat)

I want you to buy all the stock  
you can.

JAMESON

Honolulu Oil?

COBB

Getty is expanding in the west,  
looking for companies like that.  
I got a hunch...

(beat)

Stumpy, c'mere...

Cobb picks up the revolver and holds it lovingly.  
Stump crosses and stands behind Cobb, sharing the view.

COBB

I can take that buck.           What'ya  
think?

STUMP

With a pistol? No way.

Cobb smiles and loads the revolver.           He pushes the window  
which swings slowly open.

21 POV SHOT - BUCK IN MOONLIGHT  
21

searches for leaves to eat in the snow.           Serene.  
Unaware.

BACK TO SCENE

COBB

(to Jameson)

There's a board meeting of  
Coca-Cola in Georgia next week.  
Call them up and tell them I can't  
make it for medical --

(correcting  
himself)

-- personal -- reasons...

(beat)  
... and sell all the 3-M stock  
we got.

21.

22     **COBB**     22  
raises the gun -- he wobbles badly and steadies himself.  
The gun shakes. Then steadies.

Stump stands over his shoulder watching the bizarre  
action.

23     **POV SHOT - BUCK RAISES ITS HEAD**     23  
Just as...

KABLAM!     The REVOLVER FIRES with a violent kick.  
The buck spins and runs back into the woods, kicking  
snow and disappearing in the brush.

24     **BACK TO SCENE**     24

**COBB**

Got him.

**STUMP**

Like hell you did.

**COBB**

Right behind the ear.

**STUMP**

You're full of shit.

**COBB**

Jameson?

**JAMESON**

If Mr. Cobb said he got him, then  
he got him.

**COBB**

You have no vision, Stump. A  
writer without vision is a waste  
of my time. I think I picked the  
wrong man.

Cobb stumbles back into bed, somewhat exhausted by the  
ordeal.

**JAMESON**

And I think I better get back to  
San Francisco before the storm  
hits. I'll take care of these  
transactions, Mr. Cobb.

And Jameson exits the room.

(CONTINUED)

22.

24 CONTINUED:

24

**STUMP**

And I'll be leaving as well,  
sir, since you think I'm the  
wrong man for the job.

**COBB**

Shut up, Stump -- we both know  
that I'm your meal ticket.

(beat)

We need each other.

(smiles)

And we start in the morning.

**STUMP**

No.

**COBB**

(calmly)

Yes.

Cobb reaches over and defiantly turns UP the MUSIC so  
that the room is overwhelmed with Kreisler's violin.  
Stump stares back at this decrepit, overpowering figure.

Cobb gradually slips into sleep, buried in the music,  
the booze, the pills, the pain...

**CUT TO:**

25 EXT. MOUNTAIN LODGE - EARLY NEXT A.M.

25

Silence.

The morning mist hangs thick over a snowbank in the woods.  
A rabbit scurries across the snow, some quail are flushed.

PAN ACROSS the landscape REVEALS the lodge. Smoke curls  
from the chimney.

**CUT TO:**

26 INT. LODGE - MORNING

26

Stump sits hunkered over a tiny portable typewriter on  
the kitchen table. Cobb mixes a bourbon with orange  
juice to wash down some more pills, which he takes  
randomly.

A teletype MACHINE sits on a table nearby -- Throughout  
the scene, a tape CLICKS endlessly out, piling on the

floor. Cobb occasionally checks data on the tape.

(CONTINUED)

23.

26 CONTINUED:

26

**STUMP**

Ready, Mr. Cobb.

**COBB**

Chapter one, Page one...

**STUMP**

I'm ready.

**COBB**

'Know ye that a prince and a  
great man has fallen this day.'

Stump types it out, then stops.

**STUMP**

What the hell is that?

**COBB**

That's what Robert E. Lee said at  
the burial of my grandfather who  
was a Confederate General killed  
at Fredricksburg.

**STUMP**

So I'm taking notes?

**COBB**

Hell no. That's the first  
line of my autobiography.

**STUMP**

I ain't writing it.

**COBB**

Why not?

**STUMP**

It's horseshit. It's a third  
person comment about someone who's  
already dead. An autobiography  
has to be in the first person --  
plus it can't come from the other  
side of the God damn grave.

**COBB**

My story can come from any damn  
place I want.

**STUMP**

Not to mention you can't call

yourself 'a prince and great man' -- that's for the world to decide.

(CONTINUED)

24.

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

**COBB**

What kind of a fucking writer you call yourself -- all tied up in rules and regulations. What's the point being a writer if you can't say what you want to?

**STUMP**

You're not treating me like a writer -- you're treating me like a stenographer.

BLAM! A SHOT RINGS OUT -- Stump types quickly, hunting and pecking with two fingers, reading aloud.

**STUMP**

Know ye that a prince and a great man has fallen this day...

**COBB**

It has a certain ring to it...

**STUMP**

Yes it does.

**COBB**

I thought you might like it. It's yours, a gift from me.

(beat)

'Cobb, a prince among men, misunderstood in his genius, as genius always is' -

(demands from

Stump)

This is the second line from what will be the greatest biography of a great man ever written -- type it!

Cobb checks the tape and suddenly is deep in thought over some information coming across. Stump types.

**COBB**

Bethlehem Steel's about to dive.

Cobb grabs a phone and dials -- Then barks into the phone.



**COBB**

(on phone)

Jameson. Bethlehem's going in  
the toilet. Dump it all!

Cobb slams down the phone, momentarily lost in finance.

**(CONTINUED)**

25.

26 **CONTINUED:** (3)

26

**STUMP**

You got a stock tip for me?

**COBB**

Yeah... buy Coca-Cola. We're  
about to go out in cans.

**STUMP**

Coke in cans? I don't think so.

Cobb just stares back in disdain. Then, suddenly --

Cobb starts coughing terribly. He clutches his torso  
as if it were about to fall into pieces.

**COBB**

You know what's wrong with Ty  
Cobb?

**STUMP**

What?

**COBB**

(proudly)

Every disease known to man -- I  
got 'em all! And they'll never  
get me in a hospital -- never!

(beat)

My heart leaks -- the doctors who  
are nothin' but a buncha hacksaw  
artists give me Digoxin to keep it  
pumping...

Cobb grabs a bottle of Digoxin pills and flings it across  
the room in a rage. He flings bottles of pills as he  
recites his ailments.

**COBB**

They give me Darvon for the  
cancer in my back, they give  
me Tace for something eatin'  
up my stomach, Fleets Compound  
for an infection in my bowels,  
Librium for my tension, insulin

for my diabetes...

Cobb grabs a hypodermic needle and awkwardly pours from a bottle into the chamber. Insulin spills as he does.

**COBB**

Fuckin' insulin...

He jams the needle wildly into his arm without hesitation.

**(CONTINUED)**

26.

26 **CONTINUED: (4)**

26

He takes a deep breath as if the drug has produced an immediate relief from pain.

**COBB**

And if all that wasn't enough,  
it's been two years since I  
got my pecker in the air...

(beat)

The South may not rise again but  
my dick will.

The PHONE RINGS.

**COBB**

(barks)

I ain't here!

Stump answers the phone.

**STUMP**

(answering the phone)

Cobb's residence... hello.

(beat)

He's not here -- who's calling?  
Ernie? Ernie who?

(his face drops)

My God...

(to Cobb)

It's Ernest Hemingway... for you.

**COBB**

Tell him to go to hell!

Stump covers the receiver nervously.

**STUMP**

Jesus Christ, Ty, this is the  
great American writer -- this  
is the man who inspired me to  
become a writer!

**COBB**

Tell him to go to hell anyway.

**STUMP**

Why?

**COBB**

Him and me used to be pals but we went on a hunting trip once and he hired a shitty guide.

(CONTINUED)

27.

26 CONTINUED: (5)

26

**STUMP**

That's it? You didn't like a guide he hired?

Cobb looks at Stump with a fierceness that is so overwhelming, so physical, that Stump melts.

**COBB**

You tell him to go fuck himself or I'll kick your Yankee ass!

Stump is terrified. He reluctantly uncovers the receiver.

**STUMP**

Mr. Hemingway? Mr. Cobb says... to go to hell.

(awkwardly)

By the way I'm a big fan of yours --

CLICK, a hang up.

Cobb settles into a chair, letting the drugs and pills and booze work their way into his thick body.

**COBB**

Hemingway isn't a bullfighter -- he wrote about bullfighting. What the hell is that?!

(beat)

Bullshit... Damn painkillers...

Cobb rubs his head -- The drugs are taking effect.

**STUMP**

Ty, you okay?

**COBB**

It'll pass...

(increasingly  
woozy)

Stumpy, listen to me -- you know what I need?

**STUMP**

What do you need?

**COBB**

I need a woman.  
(muttering to  
sleep)  
A woman is definitely what I  
need...

(CONTINUED)

28.

26 **CONTINUED:** (6) 26

And Cobb drifts to sleep in his chair, momentarily overcome with painkillers.

Stump stares at the sleeping volcano of a man, and when Cobb starts snoring heavily, he rises, pulls on a coat, scarf, and hat, and heads out the door.

**CUT TO:**

27 **EXT. LODGE - DUSK** 27

Snow flurries greet Stump as he heads outside, and darkness is falling. He takes a deep breath.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

I couldn't be around the man for long without needing a break, which his painkillers gracefully provided.

(beat)

My sanity would soon depend upon a frequent breath of fresh air, a walk in the woods -- any escape from what one sportswriter had called 'Cobb's brooding soul that bubbled with violence.'

Stump lights a pipe as he walks up a trail, away from the lodge, toward a ridge, all covered with snow. The flurries of snow are getting thicker now.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

I knew most of the Cobb stories -- first man elected to the Hall of Fame, ahead of the incomparable Babe Ruth. Statistics that haven't been approached in three-quarters of a century.

Stump stops at the ridge and looks down at the partially frozen Lake Tahoe in the lingering light.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

But I'd known boxing champions and

football players -- they were  
gentle souls outside the arena.

(beat)

How much of Cobb was an act, a  
lifetime of theatrical intimidation  
to preserve his own legend?

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

29.

27 **CONTINUED:**

27

**STUMP (CONT'D)**

Legends grow in time. Tough guys  
are tougher, women more beautiful,  
routine acts of self-preservation  
become heroic.

Stump continues walking down a crest of snow, through  
a stand of snow-covered pines. The light is dark,  
purple, eerie, and Stump is lost in thought, until,  
suddenly, he sees:

A trail of blood in the snow. He follows it down a  
slope, past a tree, growing deeper, thicker. And there  
it is --

The buck lies dead in the snow in a pool of blood.  
Stump stops in fear, then approaches, leans down  
and examines --

**STUMP**

My God...

The buck's head has a hole blasted behind the ear.

Stump rises quickly to his feet and looks around.  
The woods are silent. Snow falls from a branch. And...  
He hurries back through the woods up the ridge, momen-  
tarily lost as the snow swirls, he finally spots the  
lodge.

**CUT TO:**

28 **INT. LODGE - NIGHT**

28

Stump bursts into the lodge as the brewing storm blows  
in.

Cobb is standing there in a hunting jacket, high laced  
boots, a hat, with a suitcase. He holds a paper bag  
wrapped in twine.

**COBB**

We're going to Reno. I want a  
woman.

**STUMP**

There's a blizzard out there!

**COBB**

When a man wants a woman, a man  
wants a woman.

(CONTINUED)

30.

28 CONTINUED:

28

**STUMP**

Let's just put on some soup, build  
a fire, and we can work on the  
book.

**COBB**

How cozy.

(holds up the  
paper bag)

I got 25 thousand in cash and  
negotiable securities in here.  
Don't let it out of your sight.

**STUMP**

Look, Ty, the roads are impassable.

**COBB**

You lead, I'll follow.

**STUMP**

I'm not driving in this stuff!

**COBB**

I need a woman!

CUT TO:

29 EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY IN SIERRAS - DUSK

29

A blizzard -- two cars ease down an ice-covered road  
in an increasingly horrendous snowstorm.

30 INT. STUMP'S CAR - DUSK

30

Stump is terrified, straining to see through the  
flurries which grow thicker by the second. He keeps  
checking his rearview mirror.

**POV SHOT THROUGH REARVIEW MIRROR**

Cobb at the wheel of a huge, black, Chrysler Imperial.  
He looks possessed.

31 INT. COBB'S CAR - DUSK

31

Cobb at the wheel -- A madman.

**COBB**

You call that driving, Alice?!  
My sister can drive faster than  
that! Step on it!

(CONTINUED)

31.

**31 CONTINUED:** **31**  
He grabs a bottle of bourbon on the seat and chugs it  
down.

**32 EXT. HIGHWAY IN BLIZZARD - DUSK** **32**  
  
A treacherous cliff drops quickly away from the road,  
certain death protected by an inadequate guardrail.  
Into a blizzard, increasingly out of control, the cars  
slip and slide and skid down the mountain.

Cobb leans on his HORN -- HONK, HONK, HONK.

**33 INT. STUMP'S CAR - DUSK** **33**  
  
Stump struggles to hang on as the car fishtails on  
the edge of losing control. He keeps glancing at  
Cobb who continues screaming.

**COBB**

Get off the road -- ya can't  
drive any faster?! Move it!  
Stump is caught between fear and rage.

**STUMP**

Fuck you! I ain't dying in  
this God damn ice cube!

**34 INT. COBB'S CAR - DUSK** **34**  
  
Cobb's eyes flare -- The WIND roars, the blizzard beats  
against the windshield.

**COBB**

(muttering)  
The man drives like an old woman...

Cobb steps on the gas -- His car pulls out into the  
oncoming lane and accelerates to pass.

**35 EXT. HIGHWAY IN BLIZZARD - DUSK** **35**  
  
Cobb's car passes Stump's car down the steep grade.  
Insane, impossible, suicidal -- not another car on the  
road, the highway closed, barely visible... and here  
comes Cobb.

Stump stares in disbelief as he clings to the wheel.

32.

36 **STUMP'S POV** 36

Cobb waves his fist as he speeds past --

37 **CLOSE ON COBB** 37

He laughs, cackling madly at Stump.

**COBB**

Drive, motherfucker, drive!

38 **STUMP'S POV** 38

The black Chrysler rushes down the mountain into the raging storm.

**STUMP**

struggles to see through the windshield -- snow is swirling everywhere.

**STUMP'S POV**

Cobb's car disappears into the blizzard, fishtailing as it goes.

**BACK TO SCENE**

**STUMP**

Jesus...

39 **EXT. HIGHWAY** 39

Stump's car creeps along the edge of a deep ravine that plunges to a raging, icy river. The car fishtails, straightens, and continues on, slowly groping down the mountain.

40 **CLOSE ON STUMP** 40

Sheer terror. It takes his full powers of concentration to keep the car on the road.

**STUMP**

(to himself)

He's a goner, Al, save your own  
God damn ass...

(CONTINUED)





42 CONTINUED:

42

**COBB**

I wouldn't call it living but  
it'll do. Help me outta here.

Stump helps Cobb back out of the car. It is an awkward,  
clumsy, difficult task.

**STUMP**

There's blood!

**COBB**

Of course there's blood! I just  
put my head through the windshield  
of a car, what the hell ya think,  
ya big fucking jerk.

**STUMP**

Shut up!

**COBB**

Ty Cobb can't die like this!  
They'll bury me and nobody'll  
know who it is!

**STUMP**

I said shut up.

Stump drags Cobb awkwardly through the snowbank back up  
to the highway. When they get to the edge of the high-  
way, Cobb stops to stare at the tire tracks leaving the  
road.

**COBB**

Look't that! No guard rail! I'm  
suing the State Highway Commission,  
I'm suing the Governor, I'm suing  
every God damn body!

(outraged)

I coulda been killed!

**STUMP**

God damn it, shut up and get in  
the car!

The blizzard swirls around the two men, now at Stump's  
car on the highway.

**COBB**

Gimme your keys, I'm driving.

**STUMP**

I'm driving.

**(CONTINUED)**

**COBB**

Do you know how to get to Reno?  
Hell, no! I'm driving.

**STUMP**

Over my dead body!

Cobb pulls a gun from his overcoat pocket and aims it right at Stump's head.

**COBB**

Your call.

**STUMP**

You miserable son of a bitch. You coward, you pathetic, frightened, desperate old man -- you can't do anything without that gun and frankly it doesn't impress me to keep flashing it because I know you're not gonna shoot me 'cause you need me worse than I need you. What, you're gonna kill me?

Cobb smiles. He loves it when someone stands up to him. He thrives on confrontation.

**COBB**

I've killed a man.

**STUMP**

Fine, then put me outta my fuckin' misery. I'm freezing.

Cobb hands the gun to Stump.

**COBB**

Here ya go, Stumpy. I like a man who stands up to me.

Stump holds the gun awkwardly, not knowing what to do.

**COBB**

Now give me the keys. I'm driving.

**CUT TO:**

The car races down the mountain -- a wild ride.

36.

Cobb at the wheel is perfectly happy and at peace. Stump, in the passenger's seat, braces himself for certain death.

**COBB**

It's only another hour -- plenty  
of time to tell you my story  
before we find us some women.

**STUMP**

Women? Plural?

**COBB**

Some for you, some for me. We'll  
have a helluva time. The  
broads're probably lining up right  
now, waiting for ol' Ty and his  
buddy Stump.

**STUMP**

(muttering)

Dear God...

And Cobb launches in as he accelerates down the mountain,  
every curve risking death. He seems at peace with the  
world -- in the driver's seat, literally, on the edge of  
being utterly out of control.

**COBB**

I suppose you want to know about  
my childhood. Writers usually do.

**STUMP**

None of this 'know ye that a  
prince and great man has fallen'  
stuff --

**COBB**

My philosophy is simply this --  
Life is too short to be  
diplomatic. A man's friends  
shouldn't mind what he does or  
says, and those who are not his  
friends, well, to hell with 'em.

And Cobb drifts into a story of his youth. He's suddenly  
so relaxed that he pays little attention to the road.

**COBB**

I was born in a small town in  
Georgia, of course... my sweet  
sister Florence still lives  
there...

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

37.

44 CONTINUED:

44

**COBB (CONT'D)**

(beat)

And I started playing baseball

when I was a kid like everybody else only I was better than everybody else. When I was seventeen I started playing for money -- my father didn't approve.

(beat)

He was a great man...

**45 EXT. HIGHWAY**

**45**

As the snow whirls around the car hurtling down the mountain, the snowflakes FILL the SCREEN and turn to confetti as we:

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**46 EXT. ROYSTON (GEORGIA) - DAY (1900) (B&W)**

**46**

Confetti falls from the sky -- PROFESSOR COBB, 40, Ty's father, waves to the crowd in front of city hall. Signs everywhere declare him to be the newly elected MAYOR COBB. A band plays "Sweet Georgia Brown" as the Mayor makes a victory speech.

**COBB (V.O.)**

He was the mayor, they were grooming him for governor, he was a learned man, a professor, and the Head Deacon in the Baptist Church.

**47 INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY (B&W)**

**47**

Professor Cobb sings loudly with the Deacons behind the Pastor as the CONGREGATION joins in.

**CONGREGATION**

(sings loudly)

'There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins...'

**CLOSE ON TY'S MOTHER**

Very young and pretty, singing in the Congregation. And young Ty next to her, also singing at the top of his voice.

**(CONTINUED)**

**38.**

**47 CONTINUED:**

**47**

**COBB (V.O.)**

My mother was the most beautiful woman in the county... she married

my father when she was twelve  
which was the way they used to do  
it.

(beat)

And she taught me to believe in  
the hymns we sang... I especially  
liked the bloody ones...

(singing the hymn)

'And sinners plunged beneath that  
flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains...'

**48 EXT. RIVER IN GEORGIA - DAY (B&W)**

**48**

Young Ty Cobb is baptized in the river.

**COBB (V.O.)**

I remember after I was baptized  
and I was walking home with my  
pals...

**49 EXT. TRAIN TRACK IN RURAL GEORGIA - DAY (B&W)**

**49**

Young Ty and three buddies walk along the track.

**COBB (V.O.)**

I was feeling very Christian,  
ready to live the good life --  
my father didn't drink, smoke,  
gamble or chase women -- and I  
wasn't going to either --

The boys skip rocks and start across a trestle bridge.

**COBB (V.O.)**

... when all of a sudden a train  
was coming at us.

**POV SHOT - TRAIN**

headed right for the boys.

**COBB (V.O.)**

There I was, a newly baptized  
child of God who hadn't hardly  
sinned, and I was gonna die.

**(CONTINUED)**

**39.**

**49 CONTINUED:  
BACK TO SCENE**

**49**

The other other boys leap safely into the river, well  
ahead of the oncoming train. But young Ty stays on the  
tracks.

**COBB (V.O.)**

The engine bore down on me till  
I could see the whites of the  
engineer's eyes -- I was  
thrilled...

**CLOSE ON ENGINEER**

He pulls the WHISTLE and screams at the young boy standing  
defiantly on the track.

**CLOSE ON YOUNG COBB**

His face filled with excitement as the space between him  
and the engine reduces to nothing.

**NEW ANGLE**

Closer and closer the engine comes -- 50 yards, 25 yards,  
10, five, four, three... moments before death --  
Young Ty Cobb leaps to safety, flying in front of the  
engine, out over the water till he splashes, mere milli-  
seconds before he would have been crushed to death.

Young Cobb surfaces in the river and waves his arms in  
triumph. His pals shriek with delight and embrace him at  
his courage.

**COBB (V.O.)**

... it was the greatest thrill in  
my life not counting the first  
time I saw a woman naked...

50 **SERIES OF SHOTS (B&W)**

50

Other trains on other tracks bearing down on young Cobb.  
In each case --  
Young Cobb dances in the track and leaps with grace to  
safety.

**(CONTINUED)**

40.

50 **CONTINUED:**

50

**COBB (V.O.)**

I felt protected. By my father,  
my mother, the baptism, I don't  
know -- but from that moment on  
I knew I couldn't be hurt.

**SERIES OF SHOTS**

Young Cobb hurtles through the air toward the river, just missing the locomotive...

**CUT TO:**

51 INT. CAR IN BLIZZARD - DUSK

51

Cobb and Stump continue racing down the mountainside.

**COBB**

My father died in a terrible accident, you know.

**STUMP**

No, I didn't, really...

**COBB**

Didn't you do your research on me before you came up here?

**STUMP**

I didn't have time... I mean, I knew the basics.

**COBB**

Then you've read that I'm the meanest bastard of them all?

**STUMP**

People have said that, yes...

**COBB**

I don't care what people think.

**STUMP**

Then why do you care what I write?

**COBB**

I am who I tell you I am! Why are you making things so complicated?!

**STUMP**

That's what writers do.

**(CONTINUED)**

41.

51 CONTINUED:

51

**COBB**

Well writers oughta make things simple! Everything's complicated enough as it is.

**STUMP**



(mutters)  
Maybe you're right!  
**COBB**  
Of course I'm right!

Stump suddenly looks up and shouts in terror.

**STUMP**  
Ty!

A snow-covered truck in the middle of the road, broken down and abandoned, is on top of us.

**STUMP**  
Godddddddd!  
Cobb spins the wheel -- The car spins out of control, just missing the truck, and hurtling on down the icy highway.

**COBB**  
Don't shout like that, Stumpy -- it just increases my tension. I saw that truck all along -- you think I'm gonna hit a truck when I'm getting close to finding me some women?  
Stump is in sheer terror by this time.

**COBB**  
My father was murdered, y'know.

**STUMP**  
Your father was murdered?

**COBB**  
I mean that's the sort of thing you're looking for, isn't it?

(beat)  
Murdered on the balcony of his own house... the house I grew up in...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**42.**

**52 EXT. GABLED HOUSE IN GEORGIA - NIGHT (B&W)**

**52**

The head of a horse in f.g., shaking its head, uncomfortable with the bit in its mouth. In the b.g., the gabled house in the moonlight. A small light spills from a second-floor window onto the balcony. A man on the balcony porch moves toward the window from which light spills.

The man pulls up the window and --  
KABLAM! A SHOTGUN BLAST rips the silence and darkness. The man falls on his back.

KABLAM! A second SHOTGUN BLAST takes off his head.

CUT TO:

53 INT. CAR ON HIGHWAY - DUSK

53

Stump is stunned by this information as the car careens wildly down the mountainside.

STUMP

Your father was murdered? How come nobody knows about this?

COBB

The oldtimers in Royston know about it. Nobody else's business. It happened when I was 17, a few days before Detroit called me up.

STUMP

But this helps explain why --  
He catches himself.

COBB

Why I'm such a prick? Ha!  
(laughs)  
That's too easy -- you're a better writer than that --

STUMP

Was the killer ever caught?

COBB

There was an arrest, a trial, and an acquittal. Nobody was ever convicted.

STUMP

Jesus Christ --

(CONTINUED)

43.

53 CONTINUED:

53

COBB

Aw, don't go sob-sister on me, Stumpy.

(beat)

The only thing that finally matters is a man's accomplishments and I must say, in all humility, Al, in all humility -- I was the greatest ballplayer of all time. Nobody is even a close second.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

54 EXT. DETROIT BALL PARK - DETROIT DUGOUT - DAY (c1910)

54

**(B&W)**

A gambling den. Money on the bench. Two men in suits are placing bets, intermingling with the players. A player smokes, another drinks -- this is as far from the anti-septic modern game as can be imagined.

Cobb, early 20's, selects his bat, talks to the gambler.

**COBB**

Single to left, steal second,  
steal third, steal home...

**GAMBLER**

Eight to one.

**COBB**

Fuck you!

**GAMBLER**

Ten to one.

**COBB**

You're on.

Cobb tosses some money on the pile, and climbs up the dugout steps, shouting.

**CUT TO:**

55 EXT. ON-DECK CIRCLE - DAY (B&W)

55

Cobb swings the bat and shouts at the pitcher.

**COBB**

Hey, greaseball, check your wife  
-- one of the players is missing!

**(CONTINUED)**

**44.**

55 **CONTINUED:**

55

The pitcher flips Cobb the finger and takes a sign, delivering a pitch which is swung on and missed, strike three.

Cobb heads to the plate, passing his dejected teammate who has just struck out.

**COBB**

Who the hell ever signed you?

**TEAMMATE**

Go to hell.

Cobb laughs -- He seems to feed on these exchanges, and he stands in at the plate, addressing the UMPIRE.

**COBB**

Hey, Cyclops, you're missing a good game.

**UMPIRE**

Shut up, Cobb.

As Cobb digs in, he reaches into his back pocket and drops something on home plate, in front of the CATCHER.

**COBB**

Here ya go...

The Catcher holds up a pair of women's panties.

**COBB**

Your old lady left 'em in my car last night -- I thought you could give 'em back to her.

**CLOSE ON CATCHER**

He flips his thumb, a sign for the pitcher to deck Cobb.

**CATCHER**

You're going down, Cobb.

**COBB**

Let's go.

The pitcher delivers a fastball right at Cobb's head -- He hits the dirt just before the pitch arrives (and this is long before players wore protective headgear).

Cobb rises, laughing defiantly.

**(CONTINUED)**

45.

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

**COBB**

(to the pitcher)

That's as hard as you can throw?!  
Shit, it that was my fastball I'd wear a dress!

Then Cobb shouts at the shortstop, a large German-American athlete, the great HONUS WAGNER.

**COBB**

Hey, Wagner! I'd shade me a little up the middle if I was you!

Wagner doesn't budge, comfortable in his position, not drawn into Cobb's taunts. Stoic, implacable -- far from Cobb.

**COBB**

(to catcher)

You try to take my head off then you throw a sinker away, in and out, same old shit -- sinker away...

**CLOSE ON COBB**

His chatter stops, his focus is intense and sudden. He holds the bat strangely, with a split grip, a left-handed batter, he dangles the bat almost parallel to the ground. For all his fierceness, there's a delicacy in the way he holds the bat. A baton, a paintbrush, a magic wand...

**NEW ANGLE**

Here comes the pitch -- sinker away -- and Cobb unleashes a swing that is at once quick and powerful. He drives the ball to left, the opposite way --

Wagner lunges to his right -- But the ball skips into left.

Cobb streaks to first and rounds the base viciously, daring to stretch it into a double but slamming on the brakes and returning to first when the throw rifles into second. Cobb shouts defiantly at the pitcher.

**COBB**

You God damn coward! You shoulda thrown at me again! You shoulda hit me in the fucking head!

**(CONTINUED)**

**46.**

**55 CONTINUED: (3)**

**55**

Cobb looks down at Wagner who stands implacably at short-stop, a large, powerfully-built man.

**COBB**

Hey, Krauthead, I'm coming down.

**CLOSE ON WAGNER**

He just nods.

**NEW ANGLE**

The pitcher stretches, looks and delivers -- and Cobb breaks for second. The pitch is wide. The Catcher fires.

Wagner takes the throw as Cobb arrives in a spikes-up slide.

And Wagner swipes a brutal tag in Cobb's face -- his giant ham of a hand in the tiny glove clutching the ball lashes across Cobb's mouth. Blood gushes. The ball pops free.

Wagner seems unbothered by the fact that Cobb is safe at second -- he has bloodied Cobb's face. Cobb seems unbothered by the fact that his face is a bloody mess -- he has stolen second. Both men seem satisfied.

**BACK IN DUGOUT**

More money is wagered.

**PITCHER**

Stretches and delivers -- Cobb takes off for third. The throw is high -- he slides in safely.

**IN STANDS**

Bets are doubled. The stands are full of wagering. The whole ballpark is like a giant saloon -- drinking, smoking, wagering -- and the game is played by thugs and brigands.

**COBB ON THIRD**

Yells at the pitcher and Catcher.

(CONTINUED)

47.

55 CONTINUED: (4)

55

**COBB**

You want in on the action? My mother has a better arm than you!

(to the Catcher)

I'm coming to you, greaseball!  
Coming to kick your dago ass!

**CATCHER**

steals a glance at Cobb who takes a menacing lead off

third. The Catcher gives a signal to the pitcher.

**PITCHER**

nods, winds up, and as he does --  
Here comes Cobb with a recklessness beyond reason. And  
as the pitch arrives in the Catcher's hands, the Catcher  
digs in to take on Cobb --  
Cobb slides spikes high, flying above the earth, his back  
leg slashing his spikes like knives. It is a slide of  
utter defiance and violence, a slide intended to harm.  
A vicious collision between Cobb and the catcher -- blood  
and dust. The ball rolls free. Safe.

Cobb and the catcher immediately start punching and in  
seconds, a brawl breaks out, both benches clearing. As  
the police rush out to break up the brawl...

**COBB (V.O.)**

In those days you didn't hold  
hands and dance with the men on  
the other teams. They were the  
enemy -- you fought with 'em.

(beat)

And I was the most hated man in  
baseball.

**56 EXT. PHILADELPHIA BALLPARK - DAY (B&W)**

**56**

Cobb enters the stadium through the dugout. The crowd  
rises to boo Cobb. The boos are overpowering.  
Cobb warms up in front of the dugout. The boos are  
deafening. The vindictive threats are ceaseless.

**FAN #1**

You're a shit, Cobb!

**(CONTINUED)**

**48.**

**56 CONTINUED:**

**56**

Cobb continues warming up.

**FAN #2**

I hate your guts, Cobb!  
Cobb tips his hat and speaks easily to the fan.

**COBB**

A good day to you, too, sir...  
The police escort Cobb to right field -- the roar of the  
vitriolic crowd increases.

**COBB (V.O.)**

Do you know what it's like to be

booed like that?

Cobb in right with the cops -- the crowd on its feet, booing so loudly that the air is all one giant, wailing moan of hatred.

**COBB (V.O.)**

It feels wonderful! They couldn't live without me! They came to the ballpark to see me!

**57 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (B&W) 57**

Cobb opens a stack of mail -- a police chief and subordinate officers are with him.

**CLOSE ON MAIL**

Cut-out letters read: "COBB - YOU'RE DEAD"

Cobb puffs on a cigar defiantly as he reads his hate mail.

**COBB (V.O.)**

Fifty thousand fans trying to kill me everywhere I went!

**58 EXT. PHILADELPHIA BALLPARK - DAY (B&W) 58**

Armed police patrol the stands looking for snipers as Cobb plays the game in right field surrounded by police.

The booing increases -- fans truly hate him.

(CONTINUED)

49.

**58 CONTINUED: 58**  
**CLOSE ON COBB**

He smiles.

**COBB (V.O.)**

I loved it. Only great men are booed. Captains of industry and presidents. I knew 'em all...

**59 EXT. WHITE HOUSE (C. 1920) (B&W) 59**

**INT. WHITE HOUSE STUDY**

Woodrow Wilson and Cobb have a drink.

**COBB (V.O.)**



Woodrow Wilson had the best  
Scotch...

60 INT. WHITE HOUSE STUDY (B&W)

60

Harding, Cobb and others play cards. A lot of money is on the table. And booze. And women that look suspiciously like they've been hired. A floozy drapes herself around President Harding.

COBB (V.O.)

Warren Harding had the best  
broads...

61 INT. WHITE HOUSE STUDY (B&W)

61

A formal portrait with President Calvin Coolidge and Cobb. Coolidge doesn't smile, doesn't seem to do anything. Just another portrait.

COBB (V.O.)

And Calvin Coolidge wasn't any  
damn fun at all...

CLOSE ON COBB'S MOUTH

during the portrait. We can read his lips as he mouths  
"fuck you" silently.

CUT TO:

50.

62 INT. CAR CAREENING DOWN MOUNTAINSIDE - DUSK

62

Like an out of control bobsled -- Cobb races and Stump hangs on for his life.

COBB

After World War Two, General  
Patton asked me for an autograph  
-- he said he patterned himself  
after me!

(beat)

Are you getting this?

STUMP

I'll remember.

COBB

Why aren't you writing?!

STUMP

'Cause I'm trying to have a good  
grip on things when this car goes

over the next cliff! I ain't  
ready to die yet!  
Cobb's tone changes suddenly -- he questions Stump with-  
out guile or anger, as if his answer is obvious.

**COBB**

But neither am I.

Cobb stares at Stump, waiting for an answer, and forgets  
about the road.

Stump looks up in fear and points at the road.

**STUMP**

Ty!

Cobb swerves wildly back onto the road, such as it exists  
in the blizzard.

**COBB**

I said I'm not ready to die.

**STUMP**

Then watch the fucking road.

**COBB**

But you're not listening to me! I  
may have every God damn disease  
known to man but I am never going  
to check into a hospital because I  
am alive and I am going to get  
laid in Reno!

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

51.

62 **CONTINUED:**

62

**COBB (CONT'D)**

(beat)

You're gonna get laid, too,  
Stumpy!

**STUMP**

Maybe I don't wanta get laid!

**COBB**

You queer?!

**STUMP**

I'm married.

**COBB**

I thought you were divorced.

**STUMP**

We're in the middle of a...  
problem. We're talking.

**COBB**

Talking my ass! Quit hanging on  
-- get a divorce. Is that why you  
don't wanta get laid in Reno?  
'Cause you're feeling loyal to a  
woman you're divorcing? That's  
really stupid, Stumpy...

**STUMP**

I'm not getting a divorce. I'm  
being loyal.

**COBB**

Is that why you used to wine and  
dine that little brunette who had  
an office across the courtyard  
from you in Santa Barbara?

Stump is nailed.

**STUMP**

What do you know about her?!

**COBB**

I do my homework, Stumpy. I know  
where the bodies are buried.

**STUMP**

(defensively)  
It didn't last long!

(CONTINUED)

52.

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

**COBB**

Hey, no need to defend yourself.  
When it comes to women I'm a total  
shit -- the difference is, Stumpy,  
that I know I'm a shit.

**STUMP**

Nobody knows about the brunette.

**COBB**

Our little secret, huh?

(beat)

And that part about me being a  
shit with women? That ain't gonna  
be in the book.

**STUMP**

I gotta put your family in my  
book.

**COBB**

Your book?! My book! And nothing about my ex-wives or children are gonna be in it. My book is about baseball!

**STUMP**

My book is about Cobb!

**COBB**

Cobb is baseball!

**INTERCUT:**

**63 EXT. HIGHWAY**

**63**

Suddenly something appears ahead on the roadside. Cobb doesn't see it. Stump does. It looks like a figure, huddled, wrapped, immobile in the swirling snow. It can't be...

**STUMP**

Ty! Look! It's a man!

**THEIR POV - FIGURE**

attempts to wave at the car. A nearly-frozen, desperate attempt to flag down the car.

**BACK TO SCENE**

**COBB**

Fuck him...

**(CONTINUED)**

**53.**

**63 CONTINUED:**

**63**

**STUMP**

Stop the car!

Cobb brakes -- the car spins to a stop some distance past the figure standing knee-deep in snow.

**COBB**

Whoever it is he's gotta be pretty stupid to be out in this shit.

**STUMP**

We're out in this shit!

And Stump climbs out of the car.

**CUT TO:**

64 EXT. SIDE OF ROAD (BLIZZARD) - DUSK

64

Stump trudges back to the half-frozen figure who flails his arms stiffly at the apparition of a car in all this. The figure is wrapped in blankets, his head covered. We cannot see who it is until we are in his face.

**FIGURE IN SNOW**

Help me. Please help me.

**STUMP**

My God... it's you. Are you okay?  
It is Willie, the black man who Cobb fired the day before.

**WILLIE (FIGURE IN SNOW)**

I can't believe you found me...

**STUMP**

Let me help you to the car.

**WILLIE**

I told you that you'd only last one day with the bastard.

**STUMP**

Cobb's in the car. He's driving.

Willie stops trudging toward the car.

**WILLIE**

Mr. Cobb's in the car?

**STUMP**

Yeah...

(CONTINUED)

54.

64 CONTINUED:

64

**WILLIE**

Then I'm not getting in the car with that son of a bitch. I'd rather take my chances out here.

**STUMP**

You're coming!

And Stump drags Willie to the car, though the man is reluctant the whole way, he is in no condition to resist.

**WILLIE**

(muttering the whole way)

He hates me. He hates black people...

**STUMP**

He fucking hates everybody. Don't give him the pleasure of dying out here.

**WILLIE**

If dying out here gives him pleasure then I won't die out here.

They get to the car -- Stump opens the back door to help the nearly-frozen man into the car. Cobb grumbles.

**STUMP**

Ty, it's Willie. We can give him a lift to town.

**COBB**

Bullshit! I ain't givin' no nigger a ride nowhere!

**CUT TO:**

65 **INT. STUMP'S CAR - DUSK**

65

And Stump loses it -- he grabs Cobb's pistol off the seat of the car and aims it right at Cobb's head.

**STUMP**

Shut the fuck up and give him a ride!

**COBB**

Now who's the coward! You won't shoot me! You need me!  
Stump hands the gun to Willie.....

**(CONTINUED)**

55.

65 **CONTINUED:**

65

**STUMP**

No. But I'm sure Willie would take great pleasure in it.  
Willie climbs into the back seat with the gun. Cobb is livid.

**COBB**

You'll pay for this, Stumpy...

**STUMP**

Say, Willie, you a baseball fan?

**WILLIE**

Yessir...

**STUMP**

Who's the greatest ballplayer of all time, in your opinion?

**WILLIE**

Willie Mays, no doubt about it.

**COBB**

That nigger couldn't hold my jock!

**STUMP**

Excuse me, Mr. Cobb, the man is speaking...

66 **NEW ANGLE**

66

And Cobb jumps on the gas -- the car races off, back down the mountain, fishtailing as it goes.

**WILLIE**

And I'd say the second greatest player of all time is Jackie Robinson... or maybe Josh Gibson...

**COBB**

Shut up!!

**WILLIE**

And of course, the greatest base runner of all time isn't riding in this car -- the fastest baseball player of all time was Cool Papa Bell -- Cool Papa would've easily broke all your stolen base records --

(CONTINUED)

56.

66 **CONTINUED:**

66

**COBB**

Noooooo!

**WILLIE**

Cool Papa was so fast that when he entered a hotel room and flipped the light switch off, he'd be asleep in bed before it got dark...

**STUMP**

And then there's Satchel Paige...

**WILLIE**

Oh yeah, Satchel Paige could throw a porkchop past a wolf, Mr. Cobb, ol' Satchel woulda had you eatin'

outta his hand, he woulda had you  
hittin' .220 and kissin' his black  
ass to boot...

**COBB**

Shut this man up!

**WILLIE**

The man with the gun does the  
talking, you wretched, old  
prick...

**67 LONG SHOT - CAR**

**67**

racing down the highway in the snow, and we go out  
hearing Willie recount the greatest ballplayers of all  
time -- all of them black -- as Cobb seethes, a gun to  
his head. Stump feeds Willie, watching Cobb's racism  
simmer.

Into the storm the car disappears -- fishtailing down the  
mountain.

The blizzard grows thicker, the flurries taking over the  
mountain, until all we see is --  
The thick snow falling from the dark sky. Suddenly --

**STUMP**

Ice! Slow down! Tyyyy!

**68 POV - STEEP DOWNGRADE**

**68**

as slick as a bobsled run.

(CONTINUED)

57.

**68 CONTINUED:  
CLOSE ON STUMP**

**68**

Terror.

**CLOSE ON WILLIE**

Terror. He lowers the gun and hangs on for dear life.

**CLOSE ON COBB**

He accelerates with vengeance.

**69 CAR**

**69**

wobbles and starts spinning -- out of control, then



spinning continuous 360s down the grade.

**70 CLOSE ON THREE MEN**

**70**

The world spins around them as they cling for their lives. Until:

THUD -- the car slams into a bank of snow. Suddenly, silence.

The three men sit without speaking for several beats, slowly acknowledging that they have survived. Finally:

**COBB**

Fucked up roads. They don't build highways like they used to.

**71 POV - HOTEL SIGN IN DISTANCE**

**71**

glows a welcome sign in the night. It is no longer snowing.

**BACK TO SCENE**

**WILLIE**

Well, Mr. Cobb, thank you for a lift into town...

Willie hands the gun to Stump and climbs out of the car, bidding farewell to Stump as he does.

**(CONTINUED)**

**58.**

**71 CONTINUED:**

**71**

**WILLIE**

And you, sir, should leave this disgusting, wretched, sorry son of a bitch immediately. Good evening.

Willie tips his hat and trudges to the neon glow in the distance. Cobb and Stump alone in the car. They both look out -- the car is buried, hood deep, in the bank of snow.

**CUT TO:**

**72 EXT. EDGE OF RENO - NIGHT**

**72**

Under the famous arch that reads: "The Biggest Little City in the World," a tow truck pulls Stump's car into town, and up to:

**EXT. LAST CHANCE HOTEL - NIGHT**

The truck stops -- Stump helps Cobb out and into the old style building adjacent to the gaudier casinos.

**CUT TO:**

**73 INT. LAST CHANCE HOTEL - NIGHT**

**73**

Stump helps Cobb to the registration desk in a clean, but very modest old hotel.

A WOMAN, 30s, stands at the counter in the middle of some dispute with the clerk. She wears a long, cheap, plain-cloth overcoat and galoshes.

Stump bursts in, oblivious to the conversation in progress.

**STUMP**

Two rooms, please...

The woman turns to confront the two men. On a fabulous platinum-blonde wig is stuck slicker-type rain hat. The ear flaps are platinum-blonde wig curls up around it -- thrilling.

Now we see her. a yellow awry, the effect is

**(CONTINUED)**

**59.**

**73 CONTINUED:**

**73**

**WOMAN IN WIG**

Stand back, you old farts. I'm in the middle of something --  
(back to clerk)

The heat's on the blink and the mattress is lumpy -- I want a discount.

**CLERK**

Aw, c'mon, you always want a discount, Mona.

**RAMONA (WOMAN)**

Ra-mona... and the mattress is always lumpy --

Cobb pulls out a bottle of pills and washes a handful down with a deep swig from a pint bottle of whiskey. The Clerk looks on with alarm.

**STUMP**

Excuse me, I've gotta get him checked in. He's very sick.

**RAMONA**

We're all sick in the eyes of God  
-- but some of us still have  
manners.

She whirls and leaves the lobby, leaving the three men.

**STUMP**

Two rooms, next to each other.

**CUT TO;**

**74 INT. COBB'S ROOM - NIGHT**

**74**

Stump helps Cobb shoot up with insulin -- The needle  
clumsily groping for a vein in the old man's arm.

**CLOSE ON COBB**

His face looks terrible, drawn, drained.

Cobb reaches into his pouch and pulls out a bundle of  
cash and security notes, tied neatly with a string.

**COBB**

(barely audible)

My money...

**(CONTINUED)**

**60.**

**74 CONTINUED:**

**74**

**STUMP**

Your money's okay, Ty, right  
here...

**COBB**

My gun...

**STUMP**

Your gun's okay, too... right  
here...

And Stump hands Cobb his beloved pistol, which Cobb  
takes with great affection and comfort.  
Stump helps Cobb into bed, covering him with a blanket.  
The gun and the money sit on the pillow next to his  
head.

Cobb speaks with great pain just before he passes out  
from pain, drugs, and exhaustion.

**COBB**

We haven't missed the testimonial  
dinner, have we?

**STUMP**

No we haven't missed the dinner...

**COBB**

Good, good...

Cobb manages a small, pained smile before drifting off into sleep. Stump turns off the light and exits.

**CUT TO:**

**75 INT. STUMP'S ROOM NEXT DOOR - NIGHT**

**75**

Stump pours a glass of vodka, settles into a chair, and dials the phone. He swallows deeply of the drink, and waits.

**STUMP**

(on phone)

Hello? Happy Birthday! It's your Daddy! Yeah!

(beat)

Your birthday was yesterday?!

No, it couldn't be!

Stump quickly checks a calendar on the wall and realizes he's missed his son's birthday.

**(CONTINUED)**

**61.**

**75 CONTINUED:**

**75**

**STUMP**

(on phone)

Omigod, what can I say? I feel terrible -- no, it's not okay, jeez... When I get off the road we'll do something special -- a late birthday, eh? Maybe you can go to spring training or something with me, eh? Yeah...

(beat)

Listen, is your mother there?

(beat)

I know she doesn't want to speak to me, but I want to speak to her.

(waits for answer)

Okay, okay -- I feel terrible about the birthday... I'll call you real soon. And tell your mother I'm not drinking anymore. Okay... 'bye, 'bye...

Stump hangs up the phone -- Takes a deep breath, and...

He pours another drink, and sits down to his typewriter.

**STUMP**

Fuck it...

Stump is hunkered over his typewriter pounding away.

His

VOICE OVER indicates what he is writing.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

I was a fool for thinking Cobb's  
brilliance might be what I needed  
at this moment of my life... Ty  
Cobb was the last thing I needed.

(beat)

He was not misunderstood -- he was  
understood perfectly well. He  
hated blacks, he hated Jews, he  
hated Catholics -- he hated  
everything except himself and his  
own view of the world...

(beat)

At times it seemed like he would  
drop dead in front of me...

(beat)

... and other times he seemed  
indestructible...

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

62.

75 **CONTINUED: (2)**

75

**STUMP (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

(beat)

I was reluctant to view the great  
Ty Cobb as a pathetic character,  
lost in the past, paranoia, and  
the shallow defense of 'his own  
breeding'...

We hear SOUNDS of the TYPEWRITER BANGING away as...

We DRIFT OUT the window -- Leaving Stump to write all  
night, at first viewing through the window, then moving  
until we have a view of --

76 **EXT. VIEW OF RENO - NIGHT**

76

We hear the incessant BANGING OF the TYPEWRITER GRADUALLY  
**FADE AWAY...**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

77 **INT. STUMP'S ROOM AT HOTEL - DAY**

77

Stump asleep -- full sun shines in the window. Noon.  
A BOTTLE CRASHES against the headboard jarring Stump to

consciousness. He looks up to see:  
Cobb reading the pages in a rage. He tears them as he  
does.

**COBB**

'Pathetic, paranoid, lost in the  
past!' What is this shit?!

Stump awakens slowly, disoriented, amidst a shattered  
bottle.

**STUMP**

Those are my notes! You can't  
look at my notes!

**COBB**

You're notes -- my life! You're  
gonna betray me, you son of a  
bitch!

**STUMP**

You want the truth? I'm gonna  
tell the truth!

(CONTINUED)

63.

77 CONTINUED:

77

**COBB**

Whose truth?

**STUMP**

Mine, for crissakes, I'm the  
writer!

**COBB**

But I'm the legend and legends are  
not pathetic!

**STUMP**

(slightly defensive)  
These are just notes...

**COBB**

Don't you understand anything  
about 'greatness'?

**STUMP**

Maybe you should find another  
writer.

**COBB**

There's not enough time left.  
This frank admission momentarily stops Stump.

**STUMP**

I'm entitled to my opinions --

**COBB**

Now that's pathetic. Who gives a

good God damn about the opinions  
of Al Stump?! What people want to  
know about is Ty Cobb! And they  
don't want to know who he hates  
'cause everybody hates somebody!  
They don't wanta know if he had  
two wives or ten! They don't wanta  
know if he hit women or if they hit  
him!

**STUMP**

You think they wanta know how  
to steal second base?

**COBB**

Yes! Precisely!

**STUMP**

Well I don't!

**(CONTINUED)**

64.

77 **CONTINUED:** (2)  
77

**COBB**

Oh, oh, oh... I get it. You're  
one of them college psychology  
type guys. You wanta find the  
missing piece to finish the puzzle  
known as the Madman Cobb -- you  
think you're the next Hemingway  
but you're just a moderate success  
in a moderate-sized pond.

**STUMP**

Fuck you, Cobb! I'm much more than  
a moderate success!

**COBB**

That's it, now you're showing some  
life. You want psychology? I'll  
give you some fucking psychology!

**STUMP**

(cynically)

I'm all ears.

**COBB**

My father was a great man...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

78 **EXT. MOONLIT ROAD THROUGH SOME GEORGIA WOODS - NIGHT -**  
78

**(B&W)**

A horse shakes its head, attached to a buggy. A man

pats the horse and ties it to a tree.

**COBB (V.O.)**

My father told my mother he was going out of town for the weekend on business. But he didn't go. He came back 'cause he thought she was being unfaithful...

**79 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (B&W)**

**79**

The woman preparing for bed.

**COBB (V.O.)**

I don't know why he thought it -- 'cause my mother was a wonderful woman -- but he thought it.

**65.**

**80 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT (B&W)**

**80**

The father climbing up the trellis onto the balcony.

**COBB (V.O.)**

My father thought he would catch the man who was trying to steal his wife from him... catch him in the act...

**81 FATHER (B&W)**

**81**

pulls a gun as he nears the window.

**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT (B&W)**

The woman hears noises on the balcony and leaps out of bed in terror.

**CLOSE ON WOMAN (B&W)**

She turns and looks toward the bed. We don't see whatever she's looking at.

**WOMAN'S POV (B&W)**

The window. It starts to open.

**COBB (V.O.)**

My father had high standards... the highest. He believed in quality... he believed in education... he believed in God... he believed in me... he believed in my mother... But on that night



he seemed like a prowler... and  
so --

**82 EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT (B&W)**

**82**

A SHOTGUN BLAST takes out Cobb's father's stomach  
and he reels back onto the balcony. He rolls to his  
elbows and looks up.

**COBB (V.O.)**

My mother killed my father...  
shot him in the belly...

(beat)

And then blew his head clean  
off...

**(CONTINUED)**

**66.**

**82 CONTINUED:**

**82**

A SECOND SHOTGUN BLAST takes his head off.

**CUT TO:**

**83 INT. STUMP'S ROOM AT HOTEL - DAY**

**83**

Cobb stands above Stump who is still in bed.

**COBB**

How's that? A pretty God damn  
good piece of psychology, eh?  
That what you're looking for?  
The childhood incident that  
explains me?!

Cobb spits on the papers of Stump's text.

**COBB**

Well I was a prick before it  
happened and a bigger prick after  
it happened so stick that up your  
Sigmund Freud ass!

Silence. Stump is shaken by this story.

**STUMP**

Your mother killed your father?

**COBB**

And you ain't printing it.

**STUMP**

I have to.

**COBB**

Not if I say so. I don't think  
you understand something -- I have  
final editorial approval of the

book.

**STUMP**

No, I do. I always have it.

**COBB**

Did you read your contract?

**STUMP**

It's my standard contract. I just signed. I would never have agreed to this if you had final approval.

(CONTINUED)

67.

83 **CONTINUED:**

83

Cobb calmly picks up the phone and hands it to Stump.

**COBB**

Call your agent.

Stump quickly dials and gets an answer.

**STUMP**

Hello? Charlie? Al... I'm in  
Reno... yeah... things are fine...  
(beat)

Yeah, listen... I'm just checking...  
did we give away final editorial  
approval on this Cobb book?

(long beat of  
disbelief)

We did? Cobb has it? Jesus...

Stump listens long and hard -- his face sinks.  
Cobb smiles and hangs the phone back up for Stump who  
reaches for the bottle on the nightstand and pours  
himself a morning drink of vodka.

**COBB**

Well, you were pretty stupid to  
give up approval, weren't ya?

**STUMP**

Fuck you, Cobb?

**COBB**

Fuck me? Why me?

(suddenly charming)

Why you mad at me? Your agent made  
the deal, your lawyer, your  
publisher, you didn't even read  
the contract because you trusted  
them! Who the hell ever trusted  
a lawyer or an agent?! If I was

Al Stump, the guy I'd be pissed  
off at would be Al Stump!

**STUMP**

Listen to me, you son of a bitch --  
if you die before the book is  
finished, I'll write the story I  
want.

**COBB**

But I ain't dying first.

**STUMP**

I'll write slow.

(CONTINUED)

68.

83 CONTINUED: (2)

83

**COBB**

I'll die slow.

Cobb lights a big cigar -- and sets fire to Stump's  
pages. Both men watch them go up in smoke.

**COBB**

Now get dressed so we can go  
find some women...

Stump just stares back -- exhausted and overmatched.

CUT TO:

84 INT. HARRAH'S CLUB (RENO) - NIGHT

84

The main room -- Showtime. In progress.  
LOUIS PRIMA WITH KEELY SMITH are thrilling a packed house  
full of dinner tables.

**LOUIS PRIMA AND GROUP**

'That old black magic has me in  
its spell,  
That old black magic that you  
weave so well..'

Cobb and Stump at a table drinking and eating.  
A cigarette girl works the room at a nearby table.  
all legs and fishnet stockings... and wig.

She's

**COBB**

Look't that -- hundred bucks says  
I get in her pants before dawn.

The cigarette girl turns and we recognize her.

**STUMP**

My God -- it's Mona... Ra-mona...  
We met her at the hotel...

Ramona is a vision in this outfit as she approaches them.

**COBB**

I don't remember...  
Ramona arrives at their table.

**RAMONA**

Cigarettes, gentlemen? Cigars?  
We stockpiled some Havanas before  
Senor Castro did his little number.

(CONTINUED)

69.

84 CONTINUED:

84

**STUMP**

Coupla Monte Cristos, Ramona,  
number twos.

**RAMONA**

Have we met?

**STUMP**

At the hotel -- checking in.

**RAMONA**

Ohyeah, you were the asshole.  
Cobb is suddenly gallant, gentlemanly, even charming.

**COBB**

Excuse me, young lady, I must  
apologize for the behavior of  
my friend -- he has a crude side.  
Ramona delivers the cigars and collects the money.  
Stump is a bit chagrined and caught off guard by this  
Cobb.

**RAMONA**

I accept.

**COBB**

Ramona... Spanish name... lovely...  
it means 'moonlit garden of the  
gods'...

**RAMONA**

Actually it's German and means  
'wise protectoress' but thanks for  
the thought...

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**ONSTAGE**

Louis Prima takes the mike -- His number has finished to

much applause from the drunken crowd.

**LOUIS PRIMA**

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you  
very much, you're a great crowd  
... I have been informed that we  
have a celebrity with us tonight  
who is a legend, a man who truly  
needs no introduction...

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

70.

84 **CONTINUED: (2)**

84

**LOUIS PRIMA (CONT'D)**

(beat)

... so let's give a Harrah's  
Casino warm welcome to the  
greatest baseball player of all  
time, the one and only Ty Cobb!

The spotlight flies to Cobb who kisses Ramona's hand.  
Stump has been left out of the exchange, and mumbles.

**STUMP**

'Moonlit garden of the gods'?  
The audience stands to applaud Cobb -- Full and genuine.  
Cobb graciously waves to the crowd, bowing, basking.

**BACK ONSTAGE - LOUIS PRIMA**

motions to his band.

**LOUIS PRIMA**

And this one's for the Georgia  
Peach!

They break into "Sweet Georgia Brown."

**LOUIS PRIMA/KEELY SMITH**

No gal made has got a shade on  
Sweet Georgia Brown,  
Two left feet but oh so sweet is  
Sweet Georgia Brown...

Cobb breaks into a little dance with Ramona at the table,  
much to Stump's (and Ramona's) amazement. For a moment,  
at least, there is great footwork and lightness in his  
movement -- we get a glimpse of the great athlete he once  
was.

**LOUIS PRIMA**

The great Ty Cobb! C'mon up  
here!

**STUMP**

They want you, Ty --

**COBB**

Of course they want me.  
And Cobb heads for the stage, walking better but not  
without effort, a walk enhanced by drugs and booze. As  
he does, Ramona turns to Stump.

(CONTINUED)

71.

84 CONTINUED: (3)

84

**RAMONA**

Who's that?

**STUMP**

The greatest baseball player of  
all time.

**RAMONA**

I don't know baseball from  
shmaseball but I know a nice man  
when I see one and I also know  
it's time for my coffee break.  
Hasta luego.

And she's off with her trayful of tobacco to the cocktail  
lounge.

**BACK ONSTAGE**

As Cobb arrives...

**LOUIS PRIMA AND GROUP**

(singing)

Fellas, she can't get, are fellas,  
she ain't met,  
Georgia made her, Georgia claimed  
her, Sweet Georgia Brown.

Louis Prima welcomes Cobb to the mike to thunderous  
applause.

**LOUIS PRIMA**

My great pleasure, sir --  
(shaking hands)  
I've always wanted to ask you  
something, Mr. Cobb, with all the  
great ballplayers playing right  
now -- how well do you think  
you'd do against today's players?

**COBB**

Well, I figure against today's  
pitchers I'd only hit about .275,  
.280...

**LOUIS PRIMA**

That's amazing, Mr. Cobb,  
considering your lifetime average  
is nearly a hundred points higher.  
Why do you think you'd only hit  
.275 against today's pitchers?

(CONTINUED)

72.

84 CONTINUED: (4)

84

**COBB**

Because I'm 72 fucking years old,  
that's why, God damn it. Give me  
that thing.

Cobb grabs the mike and takes over.

**COBB**

First of all I wanta thank you  
for that song, 'Sweet Georgia  
Brown... it's a great song about  
my home state and I appreciate  
it...

(beat)

That song has become the theme  
song for the Harlem  
Globetrotters...

(as Prima nods with  
a smile)

It's too bad such a fine song had  
to be stole by a buncha niggers  
playing a faggot game in their  
underwear...

Prima and his cohorts are aghast. They cling to the hope  
that this is some put-on, some joke. They force a small,  
unnatural laugh.

Stump winces and leaves the room, heading for the bar.

**COBB**

'Course the Globetrotters are  
owned by a Jew named Saperstein  
so whadda you expect?

A disaster. Prima tries gamely to seize the mike back.

**LOUIS PRIMA**

Thank you very much. Another  
round of applause for the Georgia  
Peach, Ty Cobb!

**COBB**

I got the mike, Dago -- gimme a  
God damn minute. Nobody's got

respect for their elders any  
more.  
Cobb turns to the crowd which, even in it's drunken state,  
is appalled and in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

73.

84 CONTINUED: (5)

84

**COBB**

Now let me explain to you how to  
hit a baseball. It's a lost art.  
Ever since that half-nigger Ruth  
started hitting home runs, the  
skill, the art, and the science  
have been lost.

Cobb grabs a clarinet from a member of Prima's band.

**COBB**

Now, say this is a bat...

**BACKSTAGE**

The CASINO MANAGERS and SECURITY FORCES are quickly  
gathering to figure out what to do.

**CASINO MANAGER**

Let's just haul him off --

**SECURITY OFFICER**

That's Ty Cobb! He'll fucking  
kill me!

**COBB**

You see, the bat is like a wand,  
a magic wand... it should be  
caressed, held like a woman...  
like a woman who's really in need  
of a man...

**OFFSTAGE**

The Casino Manager winces and consults.

**CASINO MANAGER**

Oh God, here we go...

**COBB**

Hitting a baseball is really very  
easy... you can't force it... you  
can't overpower it... you go with  
the pitch... you let the bat do  
the work... it's all rhythm and  
flow...



And Cobb starts demonstrating hitting techniques to the bewildered audience and casino staff. He strikes that familiar, strange stance -- choked up on the bat, a split grip, the bat held parallel to the ground...

**CUT TO:**

**74.**

**85 INT. CASINO BAR - NIGHT**

**85**

Stump sees Ramona at the bar, her cigarette/cigar tray on the bar. She's smoking and working her way through a tall drink. He approaches her.

**STUMP**

Excuse me.

**RAMONA**

You again? You could learn some manners from your friend.

**STUMP**

I'll try harder.  
(motions for  
bartender)  
You're a beautiful woman.

**RAMON**

It's the wig.  
Ramona pulls the wig off her head revealing a sea of bobby pins and hair pins tying her natural brown hair to her head. She sets the wig on the counter and scratches her natural scalp.

**RAMONA**

The damn thing itches but it's good for tips. Give me a scratch, will ya?  
Stump scratches the back of her scalp, somewhat embarrassed and somewhat aroused.

**RAMON**

Turn you on? Hey, Harvey, another round. On him.

**STUMP**

Vodka and grapefruit juice.  
Ramona slaps the wig back on her head. Slightly akilter. She doesn't care. Harvey delivers another round.

**STUMP**

Your wig's crooked.

**RAMONA**

Does it bother you?

**STUMP**

No, no... I was just --

(CONTINUED)

75.

85 CONTINUED:  
85

**RAMONA**

(bored,  
shrugging)

You wanta go to bed with me,  
right?

Stump is so taken aback that he doesn't know how to answer. Flustered, he looks around, then takes a deep hit on his drink. He is very unsure.

**STUMP**

You want money?

**RAMONA**

I'm not a whore! I don't screw  
for money?! Jesus!

**STUMP**

I'm sorry. I didn't know. I  
mean I'm not good at this.

**RAMONA**

Just divorced, huh?

**STUMP**

Not yet...

**RAMONA**

It's written all over ya. Giant  
letters right across the  
forehead. D-I-V-O-R-C-E. Ha!  
Plain as day.

Ramona lets out a loud, hearty laugh without inhibition.

**STUMP**

It's obvious, huh?

**RAMONA**

Obvious.

(beat)

So, if ya wanta pay me to screw,  
I won't do it.

**STUMP**

Then I won't.

**RAMONA**

Screw or pay?

**STUMP**

Whichever.

(CONTINUED)

76.

85 CONTINUED: (2)

85

**RAMONA**

So ya don't wanta screw?

**STUMP**

No, I do.

**RAMONA**

All this ambiguity -- I see why  
she's divorcing ya.

Stump, completely befuddled, lets down completely. He  
doesn't care about getting laid or drunk or anything for  
the moment, except having someone to talk to -- the some-  
one is Ramona.

**STUMP**

I don't know what I'm saying or  
doing anymore... I'm trying to  
speak my heart.

**RAMONA**

Oh God...

**STUMP**

I told my wife I wanted a  
divorce. She said 'okay' -- then  
I realized maybe I don't.

**RAMONA**

Then go back to her.

**STUMP**

No.

**RAMONA**

Then quit crying. You want a  
divorce, you don't want a  
divorce, you're asking marital  
advice from a woman you're trying  
to get in the sack -- Jeez  
Louise!

**STUMP**

I'm not myself.

**RAMONA**

Who is?

A sigh. Stump is lost. He motions to the bartender.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (3)

85

**STUMP**

Another round, Harvey.  
 (back to Ramona)  
 This assignment has me befuddled.  
 I'm supposed to tell the world  
 that a monster is really a  
 prince. I'm supposed to lie.

**RAMONA**

You being paid?

**STUMP**

Very well.

**RAMONA**

Then it's not a lie. It's a job.  
 Quit agonizing -- take the money,  
 do what you gotta do, and get it  
 over with.

**STUMP**

I can't.

**RAMONA**

Then quit.

**STUMP**

No!

**RAMONA**

For godsakes why not?  
 Stump has to think about this for a while.

**STUMP**

He knows greatness. I'm in the  
 presence of greatness. I want to  
 learn about greatness.  
 She looks at him like he's crazy.

**RAMONA**

Greatness is overrated.

**STUMP**

Maybe you're right, maybe you're  
 right...

**RAMONA**

So what do you want?

Stump drinks deeply -- his heart needs alcoholic  
 reinforcement.

**(CONTINUED)**

85 CONTINUED: (4)  
85

**STUMP**

I want to be in someone's arms tonight.

**RAMONA**

Oh that. Why do men have such a hard time saying what they want?

**CUT TO:**

86 INT. STUMP'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT  
86

Stump and Ramona stagger in drunkenly -- they are awkward and passionate.

She grabs his vodka and takes a swig from the bottle.

**STUMP**

Wait, wait... don't drink too much.

**RAMONA**

Ya think I won't be able to screw if I'm too drunk?

**STUMP**

Well... yeah...

**RAMONA**

Screwed, stewed, and tattooed!  
She laughs a hearty laugh, letting it all out.

**STUMP**

C'mere... I want to hold you.

**RAMONA**

You're so thoughtful -- the others are trying to get me drunk and you're trying to keep me sober. You'd be good husband material.

**STUMP**

Not so fast --

**RAMONA**

I didn't mean --

**STUMP**

Come here.

(CONTINUED)

79.

86 CONTINUED:

86

They embrace -- and hold each other fully, doing nothing but holding on. Stump relaxes.

**RAMONA**

I'm not a whore.

**STUMP**

Shh, shh... I know, I know...  
A moment of quiet, simple bliss -- when:

The door bursts open -- the LOCK SPLINTERS with a CRASH,  
and:

Cobb bursts into the room -- Full of rage.

**COBB**

You two-timing bastard! You  
God damn Judas Iscariot! You  
stealing my girl! I'll kill  
you!

**STUMP**

She's not 'your' girl!  
And Cobb lashes out at Stump -- Stump tries to block  
the blow, but Cobb is relentless, and Cobb hits him  
again.

Stump falls backwards -- His head hits a corner of the  
table.

**RAMONA**

What're you doing?!  
And Cobb backhands Ramona across the face, knocking her  
down.

Stump lies on the floor only half conscious. He grabs  
his head. Blood. The room swirls in front of him as --

Cobb grabs Ramona, pulling his everpresent gun from his  
pocket as he does.

**COBB**

You're coming with me!

**RAMONA**

I don't want to!

Cobb jams the pistol into her jaw.

(CONTINUED)

80.

A dizzying view of Cobb dragging the woman out of his room. And he passes out.

**CUT TO:**

**87 INT. HOTEL - COBB'S ROOM - NIGHT**

**87**

Cobb throws Ramona to the floor and locks the door. Her wig falls off.  
Cobb picks it up and stares at it.

**COBB**

What's this?!

**RAMONA**

My hair.

**COBB**

Put it back on.

She does -- The wig sits at a funny angle.

**COBB**

That's better.

**RAMONA**

Who are you again?

**COBB**

I am the Georgia Peach. I have 4,191 base hits in 11,429 at-bats, 920 stolen bases, 2,244 runs scored, and 92 batting records...

(beat)

And I want you to undress.

**RAMONA**

No.

Cobb clicks the hammer of his gun with icy calm.

**RAMONA**

That don't scare me 'cause if you kill me I'll be dead and you ain't gonna screw a dead lady.

**COBB**

I might.

**(CONTINUED)**

**81.**

**87 CONTINUED:**

**87**

She stares at the madman.

**RAMONA**

You're right. You might.

**COBB**

Take your clothes off.

Ramona removes her top -- her breasts are jammed into a classic 50's push-up bra.

**COBB**

You got big tits. I like big tits.

**RAMONA**

(terrified)

They aren't so big. They're average, actually -- but these bras are great. Push 'em right up there. I owe a lot to the bras and wigs. A girl needs what she needs --

**COBB**

Shut up. Take it off.  
She does. And covers her breasts with her hands.

**COBB**

Shy, huh? Get on the bed.  
Ramona gets on the bed -- Cobb circles the bed continuously.

**COBB**

You're a beauty. Roll over.

She rolls on her face, propping herself on her elbows.

**CLOSE ON HER FACE**

Terror and tears.

**RAMONA**

Mr. Cobb, I --

**COBB**

Shut up.

(CONTINUED)

82.

87 **CONTINUED: (2)**  
**CLOSE ON COBB**

87

His eyes are full of fury and lust.

**COBB**

What I coulda done with you in my prime...



**RAMONA**

I'm sure you --

**COBB**

Shut up!

**RAMONA**

What do you want from me?!

**COBB**

Roll over.

Terrified, she does.

**COBB**

I want you to do exactly what I  
say...

**RAMONA**

No...

**CUT TO:**

**88 INT. HALLWAY - VIEW OF STUMP'S ROOM - NIGHT**

**88**

THROUGH the open door -- Stump rises to his feet, feels  
his head, and groggily staggers out. Blood on his hand.

Stump feels his way past a couple doors, listening in,  
unsure which room is Cobb's until a booming voice --

**COBB (O.S.)**

Ramona!

Stump hurries to Cobb's door and listens in to be sure.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**89 INT. COBB'S ROOM - NIGHT**

**89**

Cobb stands above her with his gun and his money.

**COBB**

Exactly what I say...

**(CONTINUED)**

**83.**

**89 CONTINUED:**

**89**

Cobb pulls a stack of bills from his bag.

**COBB**

A thousand dollars...

He holds out the money for her.

**RAMONA**

Do what you gotta do and get it  
over with, Mr. Cobb.

Silence. Cobb takes a big, sloppy hit from a bottle,  
throwing in a few pills for good measure.

**COBB**

I want you to tell everyone you  
meet that you fucked me and I was  
the best fuck you ever had.

**RAMONA**

That's all?

**COBB**

That's a lot.

**RAMONA**

For a thousand bucks? Hell yes.

He reaches out and straightens her wig which is pretty  
crooked by now. She lets him. Then he falls apart, vio-  
lently grabbing his crotch.

**COBB**

I'm looking at the most beautiful  
woman in the world, do you hear  
me?!

Cobb grabs his crotch with the violence he does  
everything.

**COBB**

And I'm dead down here! Dead!  
Nothing! And it's been like that  
for over two years! Nothing! Now  
get outta here before I hit you!

Cobb lashes out at Ramona -- a vicious right hand.  
ducks as his fist slams through the headboard.

She

**RAMONA**

Georgia Peach my ass -- Georgia  
trash is what you are!

**(CONTINUED)**

**84.**

**89** **CONTINUED:** (2)

**89**

Ramona grabs her clothes and runs from the room, past  
Stump who has heard it all. He enters Cobb's room.

Cobb sits at the foot of the bed, thoroughly flustered.  
Stump helps him into his bed where he curls up with his  
money and his gun, barely conscious.

**COBB**

She was a great piece of ass,  
Stumpy, best I ever had...

**STUMP**

Good, good...

**COBB**

Have we missed the Testimonial  
Dinner?

**STUMP**

No we haven't, Ty... now get some  
sleep...

Stump tucks Cobb in his bed as the old man drifts into  
sleep, turns off the light, and heads back to his own room.

**CLOSE ON COBB**

asleep. Even in sleep, dying, he is twitching and full  
of fragments of unspent energy.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

He slept for days. I thought he  
was gone for sure. But even in  
sleep he was restless and in  
motion, a fire always burning in  
his belly...

**CUT TO:**

90 **INT. HOTEL - STUMP'S ROOM - DAY**  
90

Stump at the typewriter, pounding away without  
interruption.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

By this time I was working on two  
manuscripts -- one was his  
version, My Life In Baseball --  
which for better or worse was a  
history of how to steal second  
base or how to hit the breaking  
ball to the opposite field.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

85.

90 **CONTINUED:**

**STUMP (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

It contained nothing about his  
parents, much less the death of  
his father at the hands of his  
mother...

90

**INTERCUT WITH:**

Cobb tossing and turning in his sleep, squeezing a pillow or blanket in a death grip.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

... It contained nothing about his children and ex-wives, none of whom would even speak to him...

(beat)

It contained no insights from his friends because I couldn't find any.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

Pages of the baseball book in progress next to a neatly-stacked manuscript in progress.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

It was a baseball book and I kept it in the typewriter for him to discover and amend...

(beat)

It was a book I never planned to publish.

Stump sits on his bed smoking his pipe and writing in longhand on pieces of paper of all sizes.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

The second version, my version, was written on legal pads and hotel stationery and cocktail napkins and anything I could scrape together without drawing his attention...

(beat)

I kept my version in a box at the bottom of my suitcase --

**(CONTINUED)**

86.

Stump packs "his" version into a box, hiding it deep in his suitcase.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

The whole thing had become an agonizing death watch, and most days I couldn't believe the son of

a bitch wouldn't die...  
The door flies open and Cobb bursts in -- full of vim and vigor, a fresh set of clothes on, fire in his eyes.

**COBB**

Nothing like a cigarette girl and thirty hours of sleep to invigorate a man, Stumpy! You look like shit.

**STUMP**

Been writing, Ty...  
Cobb goes straight for the typewriter and yanks out a page, grabbing the stack of typed pages as well.

**COBB**

Well let's see how we're doing...  
Cobb reads the pages with utter seriousness. Stump watches.

**COBB**

Yes, God damn it, Stumpy, yes!  
Now you're getting it! None of this Sigmund Freud bullshit!  
Baseball, Stumpy, baseball! Yes!  
Cobb rushes to Stump and embraces him, almost like a child. His eyes are wet with tears.

**COBB**

You understand! People are no damn good but you're different!  
You're okay, Stumpy, you get it!  
(beat)  
And I can trust you...

Stump stares back. And nods.

**COBB**

Now let's go roll us some dice,  
Alimony, I feel a hot hand coming on!

**CUT TO:**

**87.**

**93 INT. CASINO - NIGHT**

**93**

Cobb and Stump approach the gaming tables and as they do, Cobb is recognized and approached for autographs. He signs as he walks, suddenly gracious in this moment.

**COBB**

Y'see how it works, Stumpy... they boo ya your whole career, then when you're about to kiss off, they put ya on a pedestal. That's what being a legend's all about.

Arriving at a craps table, Cobb barges right in.

**COBB**

Send the dice to the Peach, boys,  
and belly up to the bar...

The croupier pushes the dice to Cobb who places a bet, as  
do the others.

Cobb rolls the dice -- but he sees something.       Somebody.

**COBB**

Stumpy, what is that?!

**POV - RAMONA AND WILLIE**

are rolling dice at a nearby table. They appear  
friendly, not intimate, two among twelve.

**BACK TO SCENE**

**COBB**

My girl went for the nigger?

**STUMP**

I think they're just next to each  
other by accident.

**COBB**

Mona! You with that nigger!  
Cobb's voice silences the tables.       Ramona looks up.

**WILLIE**

He's crazy.

**RAMONA**

I know.

**COBB**

Willie! Is she with you?!

(CONTINUED)

88.

93 **CONTINUED:**

Ramona seizes the moment and kisses Willie on the cheek,  
draping herself all around him as if they were close.  
The intention is strictly to get back at Cobb.

**RAMONA**

This is my man, Mr. Cobb, and he's  
all man.

**COBB**

My girl with my nigger!

93

**STUMP**

She's not your girl and he's not  
your --

Cobb pulls his gun and tries to climb across the table.

**SECURITY OFFICER**

He's got a gun.

**RAMONA**

Mr. Cobb!

**WILLIE**

Get down!

Cobb on the table with a gun as Stump and police officers  
scramble to grab his gun hand. Customers hit the deck.

**COBB**

What is the world coming to?!  
BLAM, BLAM, BLAM -- the gun is FIRED REPEATEDLY into the  
ceiling fixtures, into the mirrors above the tables.  
Cobb is wrestled to the table by several men, including  
Stump. And it takes all of them to escort the struggling  
Cobb out of the casino into the lobby.

**STUMP**

(to security men)  
We're leaving, we're leaving!  
There's no reason to press  
charges!

**COBB**

(to everybody)  
Do you know who I am?!

**SECURITY MAN**

You're a crazy old fool, that's  
who you are!

(CONTINUED)

89.

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

**STUMP**

Back off, God damn it! We're  
leaving!

**COBB**

Where we going, Stumpy, I wanta  
find us some more women!

Stump hesitates, chaos swirls around them. Cobb is out  
of control, we hear threats of arrest -- when...

**STUMP**

Ty, Ty, Ty, calm down. It's time  
for the testimonial dinner!

This stops Cobb cold. He's immediately sober.

**CUT TO:**

**94 EXT. RENO ARCH - DAWN 94**  
Stump's car passes under the arch, heading out of town,  
and we go to voice over:

**STUMP (V.O.)**

Actually the testimonial dinner at  
the Hall of Fame was still weeks  
away, but it was the only thing  
that got him calmed down enough to  
get us out of town without getting  
thrown in jail -- or getting  
somebody killed.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**95 EXT. ROUTE 66 (ARIZONA) - DAY 95**  
The car takes Stump and Cobb eastward.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

And as we headed across country,  
Cobb as usual was oblivious to the  
chaos he'd left in his wake. In  
fact he was buoyed with new  
enthusiasm at the prospects of  
seeing his cronies once again...

**96 INT. CAR ON HIGHWAY - DAY 96**  
Cobb is in an upbeat mood. He's reading a map. A tape  
recorder with hand mike sits between them.

**(CONTINUED)**

90.

**96 CONTINUED: 96**

**COBB**

Y'know something, Alimony, I  
believe you're the best friend I  
ever had.

**STUMP**

You're kidding.

**COBB**

Swear on a Bible, Stumpy -- I  
feel I can trust you now.



**CLOSE ON STUMP**

deeply alarmed by this confession.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

I was disturbed, to say the least,  
that he felt we were friends --  
but at least for the moment it  
made things bearable.

(beat)

And he started talking -- the  
world according to Ty Cobb...

Cobb talks into a tape recorder sitting on his lap,  
enjoying the hand microphone.

**COBB**

(into recorder)

And then this fat ass named Babe  
Ruth came into the league and damn  
near destroyed the game of  
baseball... We all thought he was  
gonna eat and fuck his way outta  
the league but he hung around for  
a few years --

**STUMP**

'Hung around'? He was --

(quickly revising)

-- next to you -- the greatest  
player of all time. He hit 714  
home runs?!

**COBB**

Anybody can hit home runs. Now  
excuse me, I got work to do...

**STUMP**

Sorry, Ty --

And Cobb resumes into the tape recorder.

(CONTINUED)

91.

96 CONTINUED: (2)

96

**COBB**

I didn't care that they cheered  
and adored Ruth -- I cared that  
they respected his ballplaying --  
Christ, they built Yankee Stadium  
for him with a 297-foot right  
field line. My sister Florence  
could hit the ball 297 feet!

DISSOLVE TO:

97     **EXT. STADIUM - DAY (1920S) (B&W)**     97

Game in progress -- Detroit vs. New York.

Cobb at the plate -- a pitch at his head knocks him down.  
Immediately, both benches clear in a major brawl.

**COBB (V.O.)**

          Whenever we got into a fight with  
          the New Yorkers, 24 of our guys  
          would fight 24 of their guys and  
          me and Ruth would take on each  
          other!

As the benches clear -- Cobb races not at the pitcher but  
straight to right field where The Babe is charging in  
like a rhino straight for Cobb. Somewhere near second  
base the two giants collide in a thunderous smash,  
falling to the ground in a brawl, as 48 players slug it  
out in the b.g.

DISSOLVE TO:

98     **EXT. ROUTE 66 (SOUTHWEST) - DUSK**     98

The car races into the sunset, Cobb babbling on...

**STUMP (V.O.)**

          During the day, we worked on his  
          version of the story. At night I  
          worked on mine...

CUT TO:

99     **INT. CHEAP MOTEL (ROUTE 66) - NIGHT**     99

100    **STUMP**     100  
alone in a room, is writing on pads of paper.

(CONTINUED)

92.

100    **CONTINUED:**     100

He pours another drink and lights a cigarette.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

          I was drinking like a fish,  
          smoking cigarettes again, and now  
          lying about the hidden  
          manuscript.

          (beat)

And by writing two versions  
without telling him, I was  
becoming something Cobb was not.

(beat)

I was becoming a liar.

An O.S. RUMBLE -- Stump quickly hides the manuscript as:

Cobb thunders in with the typewritten version, the ver-  
sion written for Cobb's approval.

**COBB**

Fabulous stuff, Stumpy, just  
brilliant. You're a genius.

**STUMP**

Thanks, Ty...

**COBB**

I love reading about me.

Cobb takes a swig of booze. Some routine outside noise  
drifts in, young people LAUGHING and CARRYING ON.

**COBB**

Goddamn it, who's out there?

Cobb hurries outside, drawing his pistol.

**CUT TO:**

**101 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT**

**101**

Cobb charges outside -- FIRING his PISTOL into the air.  
The manager and a security guard hurry over. Followed  
quickly by Stump, who's now an expert at this.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

He shot up his share of motels  
for all the usual reasons --  
guests were too noisy, he  
couldn't get any sleep, it didn't  
matter -- he was always boiling  
over...

**(CONTINUED)**

**93.**

**101 CONTINUED:**

**101**

Stump leads Cobb back inside and calms the locals.

**STUMP**

... and I became expert at  
keeping the peace wherever we  
went...

**CUT TO:**

102 INT. SAME MOTEL - BATHROOM - CLOSE ON COBB'S VEINS -  
102

NIGHT

as Stump helps him shoot up.

STUMP (V.O.)

I also became expert at finding  
his veins...

(beat)

Which always revived him...

CUT TO:

103 EXT. SOMEWHERE ON ROUTE 66 - DAY

103

The car is parked by the side of the highway. Cobb stands with the tape recorder next to an endless plain of flat desert or rolling farmland. The hood is up on the car, steam spills from the radiator. And Cobb is dictating like Marc Antony.

COBB

(into recorder)

... by the age of 25 I was a  
millionaire, by the age of 30 a  
multi-millionaire, by the age of  
35...

Stump wades up in the weeds to give Cobb his pills.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. HIGHWAY (PENNSYLVANIA) - DAY

104

105 INT. CAR - DAY

105

Stump driving as Cobb babbles away into the tape recorder.

(CONTINUED)

94.

105 CONTINUED:

105

STUMP (V.O.)

Somewhere along the way I'd gone  
from biographer to stenographer  
to chauffeur to nurse... I was  
the only thing keeping the  
bastard alive... and I kept

hoping he'd die.

**COBB**

Y'know, Stumpy, with a friend  
like you, I just might go on  
forever...

Cobb grabs the recorder mike and launches in again.

**COBB**

(back into the  
mike)

Where were we -- ohyeah -- then, at  
the age of 42, I batted .323 which  
was an embarrassment to me but  
would be a career for anyone else...

**STUMP (V.O.)**

Until, by the grace of God, we  
arrived -- days, weeks, months  
later, I don't know -- in  
Cooperstown, New York, for his  
beloved testimonial dinner...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**106 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD (COOPERSTOWN, NEW YORK) - DUSK**

**106**

The ball field -- No game.      Nearby, a set of buildings.  
The Baseball Hall of Fame.      Stump's car pulls into town.

**CUT TO:**

**107 EXT. ABNER DOUBLEDAY MOTEL (COOPERSTOWN) - DUSK**

**107**

A classic 50's motel.

**108 INT. MOTEL - DUSK**

**108**

Stump and Cobb get dressed for the testimonial dinner. A  
black-tie affair, Stump has to help Cobb finish dressing.  
Cobb is full of boyish enthusiasm.

**(CONTINUED)**

**95.**

**108 CONTINUED:**

**108**

**COBB**

You're gonna meet great athletes,  
great warriors, great men at this  
Hall of Fame dinner, Stumpy.

None of this modern, pansy  
bullshit --

**STUMP**

I've been looking forward to this  
for a long time --

**COBB**

You fucking liar. You've been  
hoping I'd die first.

**STUMP**

You got me wrong.

**COBB**

I got you right. But it's okay  
'cause I need your help.

Stump squirms. A KNOCK at the door. Stump answers it.

A beat-up 70-YEAR-OLD MAN stands there -- looking like a  
lost bum.

**STUMP**

Can I help you?

**MAN**

Cobb here?

**STUMP**

Why?

**MAN**

I'm Mickey Cochrane.

**STUM**

Jesus. Ty, it's Mickey Cochrane.

Stump lets Cochrane in the door. Ty stares at him.

**COBB**

Where's your tux?

**COCHRANE (MAN)**

I don't have one.

**COBB**

I sent you money for it.

(CONTINUED)

96.

108 CONTINUED: (2)  
108

**COCHRANE**

It didn't arrive.

**COBB**

You drank it, you mean. You  
can't go to the Hall of Fame like

that. I won't allow it.

**COCHRANE**

Things have been rough, Ty.

**COBB**

There's two things a man should never do -- complain or explain.

(beat)

Now go buy a God damn tux!

Cobb peels some cash from his roll of dough and throws it at Cochrane.

**COCHRANE**

The stores are closed.

**COBB**

(exploding)

How could you be so good behind the plate and so bad everywhere else!

Cobb grabs the phone and dials impatiently.

**COBB**

Operator? What's the best men's shop in town. Who owns it? Jack who? Gimme his home number. Better yet, ring him up for me.

(beat)

Jack?! This is Ty Cobb. Go down to your shop and open it up and sell a tux to the great Mickey Cochrane. And sell him a cumberbund and a shirt and a bow tie and some God damn cologne. He smells like shit. What's the address?

(makes a note)

He'll be there in twenty minutes.

Cobb thrusts the card into Cochrane's hand.

**COBB**

God damn it, Mickey, ya gotta give a better effort.

(CONTINUED)

97.

108 CONTINUED: (3)

108

**COCHRANE**

Thanks, Ty.

And Cochrane exits, leaving Cobb with Stump once again.

**COBB**

He's lost, Stumpy, the poor man's been lost ever since he took a fastball in the ear.

**STUMP**

You take care of him?

**COBB**

For years -- but that ain't goin' in the book.

**STUMP**

Jesus, Ty, why not?

**COBB**

Because it would embarrass him.

Cobb winces as he tries to rise, almost falling.

**COBB**

I don't wanta take the cane tonight.

**STUMP**

You've got to have your cane.

**COBB**

I don't have to have anything -- if you stay near me... in case I wobble or something... just a firm hand right here...

(touches his own lower back)

That'll keep me upright. I'd appreciate it. Now how do I look?

Cobb poses in his tux -- proudly, unsurely.

**STUMP**

You look like the greatest ballplayer of all time. You going to be okay?

**COBB**

I'll be okay when I hear the crowd.

**CUT TO:**

98.

109 **EXT. HALL OF FAME BUILDING - NIGHT**

109

A crowd of locals has gathered and is cheering as the great old warriors of baseball get out of one limo after another and pass a phalanx of security guards, television cameras, and photogaphers. A P.A. ANNOUNCER presents each one.



**P.A. ANNOUNCER**

The great left-handed pitcher from the New York Giants, who struck out five men in a row in the 19-- All-Star game -- Carl Hubbell.

Lanky Carl Hubbell, 50's, waves to the crowd and cameras as he enters to applause from the locals gathered.

**P.A. ANNOUNCER**

The great third baseman from the Chicago Cubs, Harold Joseph 'Pie' Traynor...

Pie Traynor, 60's, struggles to the entrance using a cane.

**P.A. ANNOUNCER**

Paul and Lloyd Waner, the Waner brothers -- Big Poison and Little Poison -- from the Pittsburgh Pirates...

The Waner Brothers, 60's, jauntily wave and enter.

**P.A. ANNOUNCER**

Fifty-eight home runs in a season -- Mr. Double-X -- the great Jimmy Foxx!

The barrel-chested Jimmy Foxx, 60, gets out and waves.

**P.A. ANNOUNCER**

And ladies and gentlemen, the highest lifetime batting average of all time, first man elected to the Hall of Fame, retired with over 90 batting records, the one and only Georgia Peach, Ty Cobb!

Cobb gets out, followed by Stump. Cobb walks into the building, past the cameras, utterly erect and upright, stretching his full six feet one inch. The applause is the most enthusiastic yet.

**(CONTINUED)**

99.

109 CONTINUED:

109

**CLOSE ON COBB'S FACE**

His concentration is intense, his focus is mesmerizing, full of pride and rage. He makes it to the door.

**COBB**

Your hand, Stumpy, your hand!

Stump slips his hand to Cobb's lower back just as they arrive at the door, and the two men enter together.

**COBB**

Thank you, my friend...

And Cobb is met by the Hall of Fame director, CHARLES, 50, who shakes his hand and shows him in.

**CHARLES**

Hello, Mr. Cobb, good to see you again.

And they head inside.

**CUT TO:**

**110 INT. HALL OF FAME - BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT**

**110**

An orchestra is playing "Georgia On My Mind" as Cobb holds court at his table of honor. The great old players keep coming up to him, renewing old acquaintances. The first is WAHOO SAM CRAWFORD, 80's, a contemporary and at one time both teammate and adversary of young Cobb.

**CRAWFORD**

Sam Crawford, Ty, Long time no see.

**COBB**

Good to see you, Sam. You doin' okay?

**CRAWFORD**

I'm alive, Ty, I'm alive...

**COBB**

The boys'll get together later and have a little party, eh?

**CRAWFORD**

Be some parties tonight, Peach...

**(CONTINUED)**

**100.**

**110 CONTINUED:**

**110**

ROGERS HORNSBY, 60's, moves in as Wahoo Sam Crawford moves on.

**COBB**

Stumpy, meet Rogers Hornsby, next to me the greatest hitter of all time --

**HORNSBY**

How d'ya do. You're looking  
good, Ty...

**COBB**

I look like shit and you know it.  
We'll have a real smoker later,  
eh?

**HORNSBY**

Ohyeah... we'll tear it up  
good...

The EMCEE raps a fork on a glass, bringing the dinner to  
order.

**BASEBALL M.C.**

Welcome to Cooperstown, ladies  
and gentlemen. We're here to  
acknowledge the greatest  
ballplayers of all time, those  
men still gracing our presence  
who were among the earliest  
inductees into the Hall of Fame.

(beat)

Waner, Hubbell, Foxx, Cochrane,  
Hornsby, Traynor -- these are the  
giants, the Old Masters of our  
craft...

The spotlight moves around the room and each man waves,  
half rising from his chair.

**BASEBALL M.C.**

But the greatest of all is with  
us tonight -- simply put, the  
best ballplayer ever -- Tyrus  
Raymond Cobb.

A spotlight hits Cobb, who rises and waves to the crowd  
as the lights dim.

**BASEBALL M.C.**

We have gathered from the  
archives some film on Mr. Cobb...  
lights, please...

(CONTINUED)

101.

The lights dim -- a giant screen is lowered, and the screen fills with old black and white footage of Cobb in action.

**111 FILM (B&W)**

**111**

With the familiar voice of a NARRATOR.

**FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)**

This rare footage of Ty Cobb reflects his love of children, and they admired him by the thousands...

**FILM - COBB (B&W)**

posing with kids in uniforms. He clowns with them, tousling their hair, knocking off their caps.

**FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)**

On another occasion he partakes in a Donkey Baseball game, showing his not-so-well-known lighter side...

**FILM - COBB (B&W)**

on a donkey in a Donkey Baseball game.

**FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)**

And here's Cobb with two other immortals, Babe Ruth and Tris Speaker...

**FILM - COBB, RUTH AND SPEAKER (B&W)**

pose on the dugout steps.

**FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)**

Cobb and Speaker were great friends off the field, and of course were accused of fixing some games by pitcher Dutch Leonard...

**112 CLOSE ON COBB**

**112**

watching the film -- He can't believe what he's seeing and hearing.

**102.**

**113 COBB'S POV - FILM (B&W)**

**113**

Cobb and Speaker carousing with obvious gambler types. (NOTE: Cobb's POV of the film is subjective and dif-

ferentiated from the film everyone else is seeing. We, the audience, see both versions.)

**FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)**

Cobb and Speaker were clearly involved with unsavory gamblers, but finally were acquitted by Judge Landis, though many questions remain unanswered --

114 **COBB**

114

leans over to Stump with grave concern.

**COBB**

What the hell is this?!

**STUMP**

It's a great film --

**COBB**

Me and Speaker and the fix?

**STUMP**

I think the medication's getting to you, Ty -- I'm watching you run the bases.

115 **STUMP'S POV (B&W)**

115

Cobb on the basepaths rounding second and heading for third where he slides, spikes high, safe.

116 **CLOSE ON COBB**

116

Staring at the screen.

**FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)**

Cobb's unique batting style led to an unprecedented 12 batting championships and a lifetime average of .367 which places him far above the field...

117 **FILM - COBB (B&W)**

117

at bat, demonstrating his unique stroke.

(CONTINUED)

103.

117 **CONTINUED:**

117

**FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)**

His ruthless competitive spirit has sometimes been called psychopathic...

118 COBB 118

turns to Stump again. Something is wrong.

COBB

Al, what are you seeing?

STUMP

Your batting stroke.

119 COBB'S POV - FILM - COBB IN UNIFORM (B&W) 119

climbs into the stands and starts attacking a heckler with his fists.

FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)

In an infamous incident on August xx, 19xx, Cobb attacked a heckler who turned out to have no arms or legs, and was briefly suspended for the incident...

120 COBB 120

stands up next to Stump, who pulls him back down.

COBB

Stumpy, what's going on?

STUMP

Ty, I think you're not well -- I'll take you back to the motel.

COBB

What're you seeing?

STUMP

You and Connie Mack.

121 FILM - COBB (B&W) 121

in his A's uniform poses with Connie Mack.

104.

122 COBB

122

settles back down and says nothing the rest of the film, though he continues to see different images.

CLOSE ON STUMP

Enamored of the old footage.

123 STUMP'S POV - FILM (B&W) 123

Cobb running and sliding with abandon and disregard, a

fabulous athlete.

**124 CLOSE ON COBB 124**

Silently watching, disturbed.

**125 COBB'S POV (B&W) 125**

He strikes his wife and she falls to the floor. He stands over her defiantly.

**FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)**

Cobb and his friends were notorious for booze and sex parties they had in the off-season, parties they called 'Smokers,' which took place in various hunting cabins they would fill with hookers...

**COBB'S POV - NAKED STRIPPER (B&W)**

on a table gyrates to a room so thick with smoke that Cobb and his cronies are barely visible sitting around the room, a hooker on each lap, bottles of booze flowing.

**126 CLOSE ON COBB 126**

He rubs his eyes. What is this?

**CLOSE ON COCHRANE, HORNSBY, WANER BROTHERS ET AL.**

as they watch the same film Stump is watching.

**127 FILM - COBB (B&W) 127**

rounds third and slides home in a spray of dirt.

(CONTINUED)

105.

**127 CONTINUED:**

**127**

FREEZE FRAME as the Narrator wraps it up.

**FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)**

And when he retired in 1929, Cobb left behind 92 batting records and a legacy of greatness that may never be approached.

**128 CROWD**

**128**

A standing ovation from the crowd as the lights come on.

**CLOSE ON COBB**

He's still disoriented by the "film" he's seen, but the applause brings him back, and --  
The orchestra plays "Sweet Georgia Brown" to Cobb's raised arms.

**CUT TO:**

**129 INT. LARGE LOCAL HOTEL - LATER THAT NIGHT**  
**129**

Cobb and Stump move through the hallway.

**COBB**

Crawford and Foxx have something cooking in Room 212 --

**STUMP**

Over here, Ty.

**COBB**

I never partied with these boys but they had a reputation.

**ROOM 212**

They knock. JIMMY FOXX opens the door a crack.

**FOXX**

Ty.

**COBB**

You got some booze?

**FOXX**

No.

**(CONTINUED)**

**106.**

**129 CONTINUED:**  
**129**

**COBB**

I do.

(beat)

Who's in there?

**FOXX**

Me, Sam and Pie.

**COBB**

Got any women in there?

**FOXX**

Sure do.

Cobb lights up.



**COBB**

Me and Stumpy want some action.

**FOXX**

Wanta meet some great broads?

**COBB**

We're ready.

And Jimmy Foxx opens the door letting in Cobb and Stump.

**CUT TO:**

**130 INT. ROOM 212 - NIGHT**

**130**

Wahoo Sam Crawford, PIE TRAYNOR, and Jimmy Foxx are sitting quietly in the room with their wives, each woman in her 60s.

Cobb and Stump stand awkwardly.

**CRAWFORD**

Hello, Ty. You know my wife,  
Lillian?

**TRAYNOR**

And this is Mrs. Traynor.

**FOXX**

Pearl, meet Ty Cobb and --

**STUMP**

Al Stump.

Silence.

**(CONTINUED)**

**107.**

**130 CONTINUED:**

**130**

**COBB**

(meekly)

Hello, ladies.

Foxx pulls Cobb aside and whispers discreetly.

**FOXX**

Hornsby's got something on the  
third floor -- maybe more what  
you're looking for.

**CUT TO:**

**131 INT. THIRD FLOOR HOTEL - NIGHT**

**131**

Cobb and Stump hurry along looking for Hornsby's room.

LOUD MUSIC and LAUGHTER spills out of the room at the end

of the hall. We see a woman enter the room.

**COBB**

There it is!

**STUMP**

You sure you're up for this?

**COBB**

I've never been readier!

Cobb takes a hit on his flask and they knock at the door. Hornsby answers the door -- we can see a party behind him, full of old players, booze, cigars -- and even some women, though the whole thing is infinitely tamer than the smokers Cobb remembers.

**COBB**

Rajah!

**HORNSBY**

You ain't comin' in, Ty.

**COBB**

It's me! An' Stumpy here!

Cobb starts pushing on the door. Hornsby holds firm.

**HORNSBY**

You're a bastard and you ain't coming to our party.

**COBB**

Who's in there?!

(CONTINUED)

108.

131 CONTINUED:  
131

**HORNSBY**

Me and Mickey an' a coupla broads.

**COBB**

Let me talk to Mickey.

Hornsby signals to Cochrane who comes over to the door.

**COCHRANE**

Ty...

**COBB**

Ya look good in that tux, Mick.

**COCHRANE**

I can't let ya in, Ty. It's Rogers' party. I'm an invited guest.

**COBB**

God damn it, let me in!  
Cobb tries to break into the party but Hornsby rushes over and shoves the door in his face, leaving Ty and Stump alone.

**COBB**

Presidents of the United States of America used to invite me to the White House to drink their Scotch and smoke their cigars and fuck their women.

**STUMP**

Let's go to the motel, Ty...  
Cobb heads down the hallway pounding on every door -- he's ready to explode.

**COBB**

Let me in, God damn it! I invented this game! Let me in!

**STUMP**

Let's go home, Ty, this isn't a good place to be...

**COBB**

(screaming)  
I fought for players' rights and salary increases and unions while all you crawled around on your knees begging massa' for bread crumbs just thankful for a job!

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

109.

131 CONTINUED: (2)

131

**COBB (CONT'D)**

Open up, God damn it! Ballplayers  
can make big money but they're too  
stupid! You're all too stupid!  
The hell with ya!

Cobb grabs Stump and pulls his face close.

**COBB**

Take me back to the Hall!

**CUT TO:**

132 EXT. HALL OF FAME BUILDING - LATE AT NIGHT

132

Charles, the Hall director, opens the door for Cobb and Stump. He clearly has been summoned in the middle of the night.

**STUMP**

I appreciate your coming.

**CHARLES**

For Mr. Cobb, no problem.

Cobb is silent. He and Stump enter.

**CUT TO:**

**133 INT. HALL OF FAME - NIGHT**

**133**

The director flips on a couple lights -- the hall is partially lit. Charles stays in the b.g., as -- Cobb leads Stump past all the displays, various shrines and photos and old bats and balls and records, until --

A glass case full of Cobb's things -- his original Detroit Tiger uniform hangs there. Three of his famous "Black Betsy" bats, his glove, a couple balls, and his spikes.

Cobb stands in front of the case just staring. Stump stands respectfully a few paces away. Cobb stares at his old uniform. Stump stares at Cobb.

And Cobb starts crying, softly at first, then swelling until the muffled deep, convulsive sounds become more audible. He starts crying like a baby.

Stump stands quietly nearby, afraid to move, until, finally:

**(CONTINUED)**

**110.**

**133 CONTINUED:**

**133**

Cobb sucks up the tears and finally turns to Stump.

**COBB**

What did you see on that film tonight?

**STUMP**

I saw Ty Cobb playing baseball.

**COBB**

That's all?

**STUMP**

That's all.

**COBB**

I was raised in the Baptist Church  
but I know that Heaven is just the  
ol' oskefagus -- the change-up.  
You swing from your ass 'cause you  
think life is a fastball down the  
middle and after your bat has  
crossed the plate and you're all  
off balance and looking stupid,  
the ball just kinda flutters  
across home, slow and juicy and  
hittable, and as it crosses the  
plate, the ball looks at you and  
smiles a nasty smile and laughs  
its way into the catcher's mitt...  
(beat)  
We don't just lose -- we're made  
fools of.

**STUMP**

You were the best.

**COBB**

Save the romance for the book...  
(beat)  
... and take me home to Georgia.

**CUT TO:**

**134 EXT. SOUTHERN HIGHWAY - DAY**  
**134**

A black limo crosses the landscape.

**135 INT. LIMO - DAY**  
**135**

Cobb reads the typed manuscript next to Stump who just  
stares out the window at the passing landscape.

**(CONTINUED)**

**111.**

**135 CONTINUED:**  
**135**

**STUMP (V.O.)**

Cobb parted with some of his hard-  
earned money and rented a limo in  
order to make what he called a  
'grand re-entrance to his beloved  
home town of Royston...'

Cobb marks the margin of the manuscript.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

He loved the manuscript, as well  
he should -- it made him out to be  
a saint --

Cobb looks up from the manuscript.

**COBB**

Greatest biography ever written --

**STUMP (V.O.)**

The book, like Cobb, was almost  
finished. But he was dying slower  
than I was writing, and like  
everything else, he viewed it as a  
competition that he was not going  
to lose.

**CLOSE ON COBB**

Sweating, pale, hanging on. A grim smile.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

To me, we weren't riding to  
Georgia in a limo...

(beat)

We were riding in a hearse...

**136 BLACK LIMO**

**136**

heads into the deep South, past catfish restaurants,  
shanties, and Civil War battlegrounds.  
It looks like a hearse.

**CUT TO:**

**137 EXT. HIGHWAY SIGN - DAY**

**137**

"WELCOME TO GEORGIA -- 'The Peach State'"  
The hearse rushes into Georgia.

**112.**

**138 INT. HEARSE - CLOSE ON COBB - DAY**

**138**

staring out the window as the Georgia landscape  
passes.

**CAR POV - OLD WOODEN SIGN**

Paint chipped and faded.

**COBB (O.S.)**

We're here. And the fuckin' sign

needs paint.

The sign reads: "WELCOME TO ROYSTON, GEORGIA  
"HOME OF TY COBB"

A large painting of Cobb rounding third is still visible,  
though barely, as part of the sign.  
The limo passes.

**CUT TO:**

**139 EXT. DOWNTOWN ROYSTON - DAY 139**

The limo moves slowly and ominously through the town.  
Old folks, black and white, sitting on chairs and benches in front of the stores, under awnings, stare at the strange sight of a limo cruising slowly.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

It wasn't exactly the 'grand re-entrance to a home town' that he talked about...

**CLOSE ON TWO OLD BLACK MEN**

sitting under an awning. They point and discuss among themselves who this could be.

**140 INT. LIMO - DAY 140**

Cobb motions to the driver and to Stump.

**COBB**

My sister lives down this way...  
Turn right here...

**(CONTINUED)**

**113.**

**140 CONTINUED:**

**140**

**POV - ROW OF OLD HOMES**

**COBB (O.S.)**

(slightly confused)  
They look kinda the same...

**STUMP (O.S.)**

When's the last time you saw her?

**COBB**

About fifteen years ago. But she understands me...  
(points)

There! No... damn....

**BACK TO SCENE**

The limo cruises slowly through a quiet neighborhood.

**STUMP (O.S.)**

Maybe she moved.

**COBB**

There! I think...

**POV - HOUSE**

like the others.

**LIMO**

stops nearby.

**STUMP**

I'll see if it's her. Wait here.

Stump gets out of the car and heads up the walk.

**CUT TO:**

**141 EXT. HOUSE - DAY**

**141**

Stump knocks at the door -- the door opens -- a woman in her 60s appears. It is FLORENCE COBB XXXXX.

**STUMP**

Good day, ma'am. I'm looking for  
Florence Cobb -----.

**(CONTINUED)**

**114.**

**141 CONTINUED:**

**141**

**FLORENCE**

That's me.

**STUMP**

I have your brother in the car.

**FLORENCE**

Tyrus?

**STUMP**

Yes. And he'd like to see you.

**COBB'S POV FROM CAR - STUMP AND SOMEBODY**

He can't quite see who it is from his angle.



**BACK TO SCENE**

**FLORENCE**

I don't wish to see him.

**STUMP**

It's been a long time, he said.

He's not well.

**FLORENCE**

I have nothing to say to him, and wish to hear nothing he has to say to me.

**STUMP**

I know there's been problems, but the family is very important to him.

**FLORENCE**

Young man, the family he talks about never existed.

**STUMP**

He loved his father.

**FLORENCE**

If his father, if my father, was such a great man, why did Tyrus turn out to be so evil?

Stump hesitates. He doesn't have a ready answer.

**STUMP**

He's dying. He just wants to see you.

**(CONTINUED)**

115.

141 CONTINUED: (2)

141

**FLORENCE**

No.

And she politely closes the door in Stump's face. Stump turns, sees that the limo is at such a distance that Cobb couldn't possibly have seen, or heard, her. He returns to the limo.

**CUT TO:**

142 INT. LIMO - DAY

142

Stump climbs back in next to Cobb. He motions to the driver to head off -- the limo does.

**COBB**

Well?

**STUMP**

It wasn't your sister. The woman in the house said your sister moved a long time ago... she doesn't know where.

**COBB**

You cocksucking liar. My sister doesn't want to see me and you're lying.

And Stump, at last, goes off --

**STUMP**

Liar?! A cocksucking liar?! Of course I'm a liar! That's what I'm paid to do, isn't it?! Lie about Ty Cobb?!

**COBB**

If you didn't like the job, why didn't you quit?

**STUMP**

Who would take care of you?

**COBB**

Don't give me the sob-sister routine.

**STUMP**

I listen to your bullshit, I interpret and shape and find words for your bullshit and you give me nothing but grief!

(CONTINUED)

116.

142 CONTINUED:

142

**COBB**

You love being this close to greatness!

**STUMP**

Stop the car!

The car stops. Stump climbs out, searching for room and for air to breathe. The skies are overcast and dark.

CUT TO:

143 EXT. CAR BY ROADSIDE - DAY  
143

Stump walks away from the car and from Cobb. Some wind blows, and the threat of rain.

**STUMP**

I wish you'd die!

**COBB**

I will, Stumpy, I will...

Cobb is out of the car on his cane -- following Stump.

**STUMP**

And go to hell!

A line of lightning signals a storm in the distance.

**COBB**

Oh, I'll do that, too.

(beat)

And look how convenient you've made it.

They look up -- The entrance to the Royston Cemetery. A casually-maintained slope of several acres up a hill.

**STUMP**

That was your sister alright, and she didn't want anything to do with you either!

**COBB**

I forgive her.

Stump walks into the cemetery to escape Cobb, who follows nonetheless with a cool resolution. Stump laughs at Cobb's comment.

(CONTINUED)

117.

143 CONTINUED:  
143

**STUMP**

You forgive her?! That's rich!

**COBB**

(following along)

Forgiveness is crucial to human maturity and religious growth.

**STUMP**

Religious growth?!

**COBB**

We all need to forgive more, Al... you oughta try it. You're too

angry. You're all pent up.

**STUMP**

I'm angry?

Through the cemetery they keep walking, up a long hill full of tombstones and shrines and sprays of dead and dying flowers and gaudy plastic bouquets. Cobb following steadily along with his cane, several paces behind Stump.

THUNDER shakes the ground. And more lightning.

**COBB**

Are you angry because I discovered you were a whore? Is that it, Alimony?

**STUMP**

I'm angry?!

**COBB**

Is it the divorce? You gotta let go of it...

**STUMP**

I love her! I don't want a divorce!

**COBB**

Sure ya do. You're just so used to accommodating people that you don't know what you want anymore. I accommodate nobody.

Stump whirls near the top of the hill to face Cobb who continues making his way along, slowly and surely.

**STUMP**

But you have no friends!

**(CONTINUED)**

118.

143 CONTINUED: (2)

143

**COBB**

Do you? Who are they?! Those drunken hacks you hang out with who all think they're gonna write the great American novel but all they're gonna ever do is bitch and moan and write lousy leads about high school football games? How about the brunette in the courtyard? Is she your friend? I heard she fucks everybody -- she must be everybody's friend!

A mausoleum looms behind Stump, bigger than anything in the cemetery, classical, outsized, monumental, even elegant. One simple word is above the door, carved in granite: COBB.

**COBB**

I'm glad we're here -- I was gonna bring you here anyway sooner or later --

Stump turns to see the mausoleum, and the word COBB.

**STUMP**

Which Cobb of Georgia is that?

Several beats as the men take it all in. Finally:

**COBB**

(with pride)

That is me.

And rain suddenly falls from the skies, threatening to soak the two men.

Cobb heads for the mausoleum -- Stump follows.

**CUT TO:**

**144 INT. MAUSOLEUM - DAY**

**144**

Just enough room for the two men to stand. On either side of them are two crypts, enough for four burial vaults. Cobb is very calm now, and lucid. Rain falls heavily outside.

**(CONTINUED)**

**119.**

**144 CONTINUED:**

**144**

**COBB**

When I die, my mother and father will be moved in here and, in time, my dear sister, Florence will join us as well.

(beat)

The family will be together again.

Stump is still fuming, angry and cynical.

**STUMP**

Under one roof? That's romantic! You want that in the book? Ty Cobb brings the family together at last to enter the gates of Heaven whole!

**COBB**

You mock my family -- you mock me.

Cobb grabs Stump by the throat and stares him in the eye.

**COBB**

My father was a great man!

**STUMP**

Then why are you such a bastard?

**COBB**

Being a bastard is a small price to pay for greatness. I, too, am a great man.

**STUMP**

Let me go!

**COBB**

My mother didn't kill my father.

**STUMP**

What're you talking about?

Cobb's fist clinches Stump's throat, forcing him to hear. Outside the mausoleum, RAIN pours down now, a Southern spring thunderstorm unleashing torrents.

**COBB**

My father told my mother he was leaving town for the weekend but he came back to the edge of the woods where he tied up his horse...

**CUT TO:**

120.

145 **EXT. MOONLIT ROAD THROUGH SOME WOODS - NIGHT (B&W)**

145

A horse shakes its head, attached to a buggy.

A man starts through the thinning woods.

**COBB (V.O.)**

... because my father thought my mother was being unfaithful to him...

**POV SHOT - GABLED HOUSE (B&W)**

In the window a silhouette of the woman. She turns. A dress drops.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BALCONY ON HOUSE - NIGHT (B&W)**

The man climbs over the railing and peers in the window.

He pulls a pistol from his belt.

**COBB (V.O.)**

... he was going to catch my  
mother with another man...

**146** **POV SHOT - WOMAN (B&W)**  
**146**

Young, thin, beautiful. She turns and looks towards a  
bed we cannot see.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (B&W)**

The woman whirls -- She hears a noise. She ducks down.  
She reaches under the bed and pulls out a shotgun.  
She lifts the shotgun up awkwardly and without  
familiarity.

**COB (V.O.)**

I stood by my mother when she was  
tried for murder a few months later.  
I said she was noble and true and  
loved my father completely and the  
whole thing was an accident and she  
was acquitted as she should have  
been...

**(CONTINUED)**

**121.**

**146** **CONTINUED:**  
**146**

His mother looks away at something.

**COBB (V.O.)**

Because my mother did not kill  
my father.

His mother hands the shotgun to a naked man climbing  
from bed.

**COBB (V.O.)**

My mother's lover killed my father.

Cobb's father raises the winow -- KABLAM! The lover  
FIRES into his stomach. Cobb's father lurches onto  
his back.

**CLOSE ON COBB'S FATHER (B&W)**

on his back staring up at his mother's lover.

**COBB (V.O.)**

The last thing my father saw was  
the face of the man fucking his  
wife!

The lover unloads the second shell -- blowing his  
head off.

**KABLAM!**

**CUT TO:**

**147 INT. MAUSOLEUM - DAY**

**147**

The rain pours down on the cemetery. THUNDER.  
Lightning. Cobb still holds Stump by the throat.

**COBB**

Well?! Is that what you want?!  
'Cause that's all I know and the  
only other people who know about  
it are dead! But it ain't going  
in the book, either, 'cause you're  
the only friend I got left, and  
you're the only man I can trust.

Cobb lets Stump go, relaxing his grip and --

Stump rages back outside into the rain.  
dry in the doorway of the mausoleum.

Cobb stays

**(CONTINUED)**

**122.**

**147 CONTINUED:**

**147**

**STUMP**

I don't want to be your friend!  
I don't want to feel sorry for you!  
So your mother's lover blew your  
father's head off! I don't care.  
You were a prick before it  
happened, you were a prick after it  
happened, you've been a prick ever  
since, and you're a prick now!

Cobb quietly takes a hit on his flask from the doorway  
of the mausoleum, watching Stump rant and rave in the  
rain.

**COBB**

Public relations are overrated.

**STUMP**

What the hell're you talking  
about?

Cobb holds out his flask for Stump.

**COBB**



You need a drink.

**STUMP**

Fuck the drink!

Cobb motions for the limo to pull up the slope towards them.

**COBB**

You're too angry, Al, you just gotta learn to let it out.

Stump stands in the rain screaming at Cobb who stands out of the rain, calm, centered, drinking, dying.

**STUMP**

I'm gonna tell the truth about you, Cobb! I'm gonna tell the world you hate women, Jews, and niggers!

**COBB**

(calmly)

You shouldn't use the word 'nigger', Stumpy, it's racist and demeaning. And I don't hate women -- I'm just not very good with 'em, which puts me in the same boat with you and every other man I know.

(CONTINUED)

123.

147 CONTINUED: (2)  
147

**STUMP**

You treat people like dirt!

Cobb comes out into the rain toward Stump.

**COBB**

The children of America need heroes, Al, you know that...

Cobb takes him by the arm and tries to lead him to the limo.

**STUMP**

Get your hands off me!

**COBB**

C'mon, Al...

(taking by the arm)

You're making a fool of yourself out here. It's not dignified...

(helpfully)

Come in out of the rain...

And Cobb helps Stump into the limo, which pulls out of

the cemetery still being drenched by rain.

**CUT TO:**

**148 EXT. JEFFERSON DAVIS MOTEL - NIGHT**  
**148**

The rain is thick -- Yet another motel, another neon sign, and the limo parked in front of one of the cabins.

**149 INT. MOTEL - NIGHT**  
**149**

Both men are sitting in rocking chairs in front of a fireplace. Stump is in a bathrobe, his feet in a big pan of warm water, a bottle of booze in his hand. He looks a mess. Cobb is idly playing with his pistol. He's calm, introspective.

**COBB**

You're an educated man...  
tell me what you think...

Stump just sits there, drinking.

**(CONTINUED)**

**124.**

**149 CONTINUED:**  
**149**

**COBB**

Either my father was... inadequate  
... for my mother... he was not  
the man I thought he was... not a  
great man... not even a good man...

(beat)

... or my mother was... trash...  
a common whore...

(beat)

It's that simple, isn't it?

Stump just shrugs and takes another hit.

**COBB**

As a boy I stood in court next to  
her because suddenly I was the man  
of the house but as I stood there  
steadfastly by her side and heard  
the jury say 'not guilty' I knew  
she'd been with another man the  
night of the killing.

Stump drinks deeply once again.

**COBB**

A man must defend his mother at  
all times, isn't that right, Al?  
Or am I a fool?

**STUMP**

A man must defend his mother  
at all times.

**COBB**

That's what I thought...  
And the two men sit there silently, rocking slightly,  
trying to stay warm, when there is --  
Suddenly a KNOCK at the door -- They stare at each  
other.

Cobb puts down the gun, struggles to the door and answers  
it.

A MAN stands in the rain, carrying a briefcase, trying  
vainly to keep dry.

**MAN WITH BRIEFCASE**

Al Stump?

**COBB**

In here.

(CONTINUED)

125.

149 CONTINUED: (2)  
149

Cobb lets the man inside -- points to Stump in the chair.

**MAN WITH BRIEFCASE**

Mr. Al Stump?  
Stump nods as he swigs on the bottle.

**MAN WITH BRIEFCASE**

I've been chasing you all over the  
country --  
(opens his  
briefcase)  
-- I'm here to serve you papers.

**STUMP**

Papers?

**COBB**

I'm afraid it's divorce, Stumpy.  
I know this routine.

**MAN WITH BRIEFCASE**

You're being sued for divorce.

**STUMP**

But my wife and I are still talking?!

**COBB**

Yeah, and what she's saying is 'fuck you.'

**STUMP**

Fuck me? Well fuck her. No, fuck him.

Stump reaches for the gun and aims it at the man.

**STUMP**

You ain't serving me no papers.

The Man is frozen with terror as Stump rises from the chair -- drunk and crazed, aiming the shaky gun.

**MAN WITH BRIEFCASE**

I'm just doing a job.

**STUMP**

I love my wife.

**COBB**

We all loved our wives, Al, that's got nothing to do with it.

(CONTINUED)

126.

149 CONTINUED: (3)  
149

**MAN WITH BRIEFCASE**

You'll find somebody else.

**COBB**

There's a million broads out there, Stumpy -- put down the gun.

KABLAM! Stump FIRES at the man but the shot goes wild. He's drunk, he's not experienced with guns, he's shaking.

**STUMP**

I am not going to accommodate this man, Tyrus.

**COBB**

You're all mixed up. Give me the gun.

**STUMP**

You're absolutely right, Tyrus, I've been accommodating people my whole life and it stops right here.

(beat)

You've killed a man. I'll kill a man.  
KABLAM! KABLAM! He misses again.

The Man drops to his knees, begging for his life.

**MAN WITH BRIEFCASE**

No! Please, dear God! I have a family, too!

**STUMP**

Don't give me that sob-sister stuff!

Stump tries to hold the gun with two hands, approaching the man, to nearly point-blank range.

**COBB**

Al... no... Al... Al...

Stump looks crazed, a bathrobe falling open, his feet bare and wet, his hair awry from the rainstorm. He aims the gun at the man's head, looks at Cobb with wild glee.

(CONTINUED)

127.

149 CONTINUED: (4)  
149

**STUMP**

Life is too short to be diplomatic. A man's friends don't care what he says or does. You're my friend, Ty, right? You're my friend!

**COBB**

No!  
Stump pulls the TRIGGER -- CLICK. Empty.

As the Man looks up, realizing he's alive, Stump strikes him across the face with the gun, drawing blood.

The Man scrambles to his feet and races from the room, grabbing his briefcase, and running to the door.

**MAN WITH BRIEFCASE**

You're crazy! No wonder she wants to divorce you! You're crazy!

And the Man runs into the rainy night, leaving Cobb and Stump.

Stump's head collapses in his hands -- Bewildered, exhausted. The two men sit alone for several beats before Stump speaks. He is completely lost.

**STUMP**

I almost killed a man.

**COBB**

A little drunken excess...

**STUMP**

No. I put a gun to a man's head  
and pulled the trigger. I wanted  
to kill him.

**COBB**

It's forgotten already. I saw  
nothing. Nothing happened.

**STUMP**

Yes it did.

**COBB**

Al, listen to me.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

128.

149 CONTINUED: (5)

149

**COBB (CONT'D)**

If I was hired to write a  
biography of the greatest  
sportswriter of our time -- a  
biography of Al Stump -- would I  
include what happened tonight?  
Attorneys are pigs -- divorce  
attorneys are lower than pigs.  
What happened tonight was private.  
An intimacy. Your own business.  
Our own business. Nobody else's.  
It wouldn't belong in a book about  
greatness.

**STUMP**

Nobody's gonna write my  
biography.

**COBB**

And when the brunette in the  
courtyard brushed against you, I  
know what happened, Al. A warm  
summer breeze, the smell of  
jasmine, her black hair against a  
white blouse -- you came to life  
again, you got hard -- and when  
you saw her naked it was more  
than you could bear... it's okay,  
Al, it's okay...

(beat)

The brunette ain't gonna be in

the book either...  
Stump looks up at Cobb but says nothing. He picks up a nearly-empty bottle off the floor and takes a hit.

**COBB**

And the drinking? Well, they used to say ol' Ty had a drinking problem but you can booze me right under the table right now... no problem... and nobody's God damn business, either...  
Stump raises his hand, motioning Cobb to stop.

**STUMP**

I get it... I get it...  
A moment. A look.

**COBB**

Then get some sleep. You look pathetic.

**(CONTINUED)**

**129.**

**149 CONTINUED: (6)**

**149**

Stump crawls on the bed toward the pillows with the stupid grace of a drunk looking for a key under the mat.

Cobb helps Stump lie down, pulling a blanket over him. Stump rolls over to go to sleep, Cobb tucks the blanket around him, and picks up the bottle from the pillow.

Cobb takes a last hit of the bottle -- Finishing it off. He throws it to the ground, and looks around the room for another.

**COBB'S POV - STUMP'S SUITCASE**

lies open on a chair. A nearly-full bottle of Scotch is visible.

**BACK TO SCENE**

He makes it to the bottle -- Steadies himself -- he's exhausted. He takes a deep swig from the Scotch. Several deep gulps, enough to kill a horse, but it only helps him steady himself.

And he sees something in the suitcase -- He looks down at --

**COBB'S POV - CARDBOARD BOX**

which Stump has been filling with his secret manuscript.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Cobb opens the box and pulls out a paper. He reads it. He looks at Stump, and --  
Cobb takes the box and the bottle to the chair by the fireplace, where he sits down, puts on his reading glasses, and starts reading "the real story."

**CLOSE ON COBB**

He reads page one slowly and carefully, then starts moving through the box full of odd sizes of paper, hotel stationery, cocktail napkins, legal pads, all handwritten in secret. He keeps glancing up at the bed where Stump is in the deep stupor of sleep.

(CONTINUED)

130.

149 CONTINUED: (7)  
149

**COBB**

(reading to  
himself)

... 'vicious, pathological,  
bubbling with violence... Cobb's  
demons were not merely exorcized  
on the baseball field... they  
spilled over into all parts of  
his miserable life...'

**DISSOLVE TO:**

150 **SERIES OF IMAGES (B&W)**  
150

from the text -- from Cobb's real life.

- A) Cobb sharpens his spikes with a file.
- B) Cobb steals second base and slides spikes high, drawing blood.
- C) Cobb driving a fancy car with a pretty woman at his side.
- D) Cobb beats a man to death in an alley.
- E) Cobb onstage with a stripper at a smoker.
- F) Cobb striking his wife and knocking her to the ground.
- G) Cobb FIRING a GUN at Stump in the hunting lodge.



- H) Cobb and Stump being turned away from the parties by Hornsby.
- I) Cobb's father being blown away by the shotgun.
- J) Cobb on third being booed -- More trash on the field. Police restrain the crowd. Cobb stands defiantly, waving the crowd away in a menacing gesture, fearlessly. The sounds of derisive booing build to a crescendo, and then...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**151 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**  
**151**

Cobb's eyes flare -- He's in a rage.

**(CONTINUED)**

**131.**

**151 CONTINUED:**  
**151**

He rises from the chair, his adrenaline has momentarily overwhelmed his system and he moves as a young man.

Cobb picks up the pistol and reloads it.  
Cobb marches resolutely to the bed.

Cobb aims the loaded gun at Stump's sleeping head.

**CLOSE ON STUMP**

Oblivious in a drunken sleep.

**CLOSE ON COBB**

Rage is in his eyes. He cocks the gun.

**CLOSE ON COBB**

He's crying. He shakes his head.

**COBB**

You don't have a point of view,  
Stumpy, you ain't worth  
killing...

Cobb puts the gun into his own mouth -- He clears his throat, as if to make room for the gun barrel. He gags slightly and closes his eyes, he thinks for the last time.

**CLOSE ON HIS FACE**

Something's not right.

Cobb removes the gun momentarily and looks at it.

He sees that the gun barrel is covered with blood.

**COBB**

Dear God...

152 **COBB**

152

rushes into the bathroom and faces the mirror. Blood  
gushes from his mouth as he coughs again.

**(CONTINUED)**

132.

152 **CONTINUED:**

152

**CLOSE ON COBB**

as he stares into the mirror.

**COBB**

No... no... no... this can't  
be... Absolutely not... This is  
not right...

Cobb coughs again -- More blood covers his chin. He  
touches his chin, touches the blood, smears it around a  
little, looks at his hands now covered with blood.

**COBB**

(terrified)

Stumpy?! No...

Cobb moves around the tiny bathroom like a caged animal.  
He falls to his knees in prayer in front of the sink.

**COBB**

Our Father, which art in heaven,  
hallowed by Thy name. Thy  
kingdom come, Thy will be done,  
on Earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily  
bread, and forgive us our  
trespasses, as we forgive --

(beat)

Aw, fuck it... little late for  
that sob sister stuff...

Cobb rises to his feet and looks in the mirror again.  
He grabs a hand towel and daubs his face with it. A bit  
more blood trickles from his mouth. And gradually a deep

calm seems to settle over him.

**COBB**

... so this is what it feels  
like...

**153 COBB**

**153**

returns to the bedroom and sits down on the edge of the bed, next to Stump who continues his deep, drunken sleep. Cobb picks up the phone and dials as he continues mopping his chin with the towel. He speaks with great calm.

**(CONTINUED)**

**133.**

**153 CONTINUED:**

**153**

**COBB**

(on phone)

Can you get me the Emory  
Hospital?

(couple beats)

Hello, Ma'am? This is Ty Cobb.  
Can you please prepare your  
finest room for me? Tomorrow  
morning would be fine.

Cobb hangs up and leans back on the bed next to Stump who is still deep in drunken sleep. One man sleeps deeply, the other just sits there.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**154 EXT. JEFFERSON DAVIS MOTEL - EARLY NEXT MORNING**

**154**

The limousine pulls away from the motel. The rain has stopped.

**155 INT. MOTEL - EARLY MORNING**

**155**

Stump rolls over -- The hangover is brutal. He looks worse than we've ever seen him. He reaches for the bottle. Empty.

**STUMP**

Ty.

(off no answer)

Tyrus.

(off no answer)

Peach...

Stump struggles to his elbow to find Cobb.

**STUMP'S POV - COBB'S BED**

is empty and still neatly made.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Stump sits up with a start. He is suddenly, by circumstance, awake and alert, though he looks like hell. He's also alarmed -- something is wrong.

**STUMP**

Ty!

Stump leaps out of bed and looks around.

**(CONTINUED)**

**134.**

**155 CONTINUED:**

**155**

**STUMP'S POV**

Three holes of broken plaster and mirror.

**STUMP (O.S.)**

God...

**BACK TO SCENE**

He rushes to the fireplace where only embers now glow.  
He sees something --

**STUMP'S POV**

The "real" manuscript scattered around the floor near the chair. Nearby, the bathroom door is open. Stump hurries into the bathroom and stops cold. Blood is on the sink and on the towels. A note is on the mirror. He pulls the note down and reads it.

**COBB (V.O.)**

'Dear Alimony, you lying S.O.B.  
-- I'm checking myself into the hospital. I think the end is near. Your Pal, Ty.'

**CLOSE ON STUMP**

Deeply alarmed.

**CUT TO:**

**156 EXT. EMORY STATE HOSPITAL - DAY**

**156**

A cab pulls up -- Stump gets out. He's cleaned up now, shaved, dressed neatly. He enters.

**CUT TO:**

**157 INT. EMORY STATE HOSPITAL - DAY**

**157**

Stump goes up to a reception desk and introduces himself.

**STUMP**

I'm here to see...

**(CONTINUED)**

**135.**

**157 CONTINUED:**

**157**

A CRASHING NOISE and shouting erupt from down the hall. A tray of food is thrown out into the hall.

**COBB (O.S.)**

Get the hell outta here! You call this a hospital?! You call this food?! You know who I am?!

**STUMP**

... Mr. Cobb.

**RECEPTIONIST**

Be careful. He's got a gun and we haven't been able to get it away from him.

**STUMP**

I know, I know...

Stump hurries down the hall to the source of the noise. A small group of doctors, orderlies and NURSES are gathered outside Cobb's door, afraid to enter. Also there are two civilians in business suits.

**NURSE #1**

He doesn't want visitors.

Stump ignores the advice and enters the room.

**CUT TO:**

**158 INT. COBB'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

**158**

Cobb sits in bed -- His gun and his money are next to him. He's giving orders, ranting and raving in a classic Cobb rage. A bottle hangs from a pole, feeding his arm. A doctor and two Nurses are present, trying to deal with him.

**COBB**

Hey, Stumpy, where you been?  
You can't believe the shit they  
call food in this joint. You get  
some sleep? Good. I had quite a  
read last night...

A Nurse enters warily, but determined, with a small sy-  
ringe.

(CONTINUED)

136.

158 CONTINUED:  
158

**NURSE #1**

Excuse me, sir, but I need to  
draw some more blood.

**COBB**

Put a bucket under my chin and  
I'll cough up a couple pints for  
ya.

**NURSE #1**

I have to do it this way.

**COBB**

Well don't poke around too long.

He holds out his arm for her. She begins drawing blood.

**COBB**

She's a nice piece of ass, eh,  
Stumpy?

(to Nurse)

You come back later and climb on  
the big fella?

**NURSE #1**

It's against regulations, sir.

**STUMP**

So you read the book.

**COBB**

Yeah, God damn it, I thought I  
could trust you -- I used to be  
able to figure out people better.

**STUMP**

That book is the truth.

**COBB**

You're a God damn romantic! The  
truth is a whore! Just like you  
and just like my mother!

Another NURSE enters and announces.

**NURSE #2**

A Mr. Barton is here to see you.  
He says he's the chairman of the  
board of Coca Cola.

**COBB**

Tell the son of a bitch to go  
downstairs and have a Pepsi --  
I got no time for business.

**(CONTINUED)**

137.

158 **CONTINUED: (2)**

158

Nurse #1 tapes Cobb's arm and escapes with the blood  
sample.

A YOUNG DOCTOR enters, also warily.

**YOUNG DOCTOR**

I need to take your blood  
pressure, sir.

**COBB**

It's high. What else you need to  
know?

**YOUNG DOCTOR**

I have to do it.

The Young doctor wraps Cobb's arm with the device and  
begins pumping.

Another OLDER DOCTOR enters and addresses Cobb head on.

**OLDER DOCTOR**

Mr. Cobb. We cannot allow you  
to have a gun in here.

Cobb picks up the gun and aims it at the doctor.

**COBB**

Come and get it.

The Older Doctor turns and leaves. Stump enjoys the  
show.

**COBB**

Y'know, Stumpy, my oldest son  
was a doctor -- a hacksaw artist,  
that's all they are --

(increasing rage)

He died of a brain tumor when he  
was forty -- hadn't spoke to me  
in fifteen years 'cause I was  
such a rotten father -- put that  
in your God damn book!

The Younger Doctor completes his task and slips away.

**COBB**

(to the Younger  
Doctor)

Bad, ain't it?

(CONTINUED)

138.

158 CONTINUED: (3)  
158

**STUMP**

I don't know which version of your  
life I'm going to publish. I  
really don't.

**COBB**

There ya go again! Accommodating  
me and you don't have to! I  
died faster than you could write!  
Cobb waves his gun just as some more doctors enter.

**COBB**

Get the hell outta here! Everybody  
but Stumpy! Out!

The room clears -- leaving only Cobb and Stump.

**COBB**

You fooled me, Stumpy, nobody  
ever fooled me but you pulled it  
off! I thought we were pals!

**STUMP**

I didn't know what I was getting  
into with this job.

**COBB**

Quit explaining yourself! Stand  
by your convictions! You beat  
the great Ty Cobb! I respect  
that! But if you print it --  
print it all!

(beat)

My second son weighed 300 pounds  
and he died of a heart attack in  
the arms of a hooker in Paso  
Robles. My other son I lost all  
track of and my two daughters  
won't speak to me and my two ex-  
wives won't and my siter you know  
won't! Print it all!

(beat)

And Ty Cobb can't get it up



anymore! Print that too!

**STUMP**

It's all... confusing...

(CONTINUED)

139.

158 CONTINUED: (4)

158

**COBB**

It's not! It's simple! You won!  
Tell the world that the greatest  
ballplayer who ever lived was also  
the biggest bastard! Who cares  
now?! I give you permission and  
my blessing! From here on it's  
your story!

Stump nods and pulls a pint of whiskey from his coat  
pocket. He goes up to Cobb and tucks the whiskey  
under the blanket.

**STUMP**

Here's a little something might  
help.

Cobb nods in appreciation.

**COBB**

Where's my money?

**STUMP**

Right here, Peach... next to your  
gun.

Cobb grabs Stump's hand for one last word.

**COBB**

Stumpy, there's nothing wrong with  
wanting glory.

(beat)

Now get the hell outta here.

Stump places Cobb's hand on his money, nods, and --  
Stump leaves the room without looking back at --

**COBB IN BED**

with a gun -- in the last stages of life, his health  
in total collapse, he is in complete control.

CUT TO:

159 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

159

Doctors, nurses, orderlies, men in suits -- all are  
waiting nervously outside the door as Stump emerges.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:  
159

**OLDER DOCTOR**

What about the gun? Did you get  
it?

**STUMP**

Naw, I didn't get the gun...

And Stump leaves the hospital, passing the Coke  
Executive. As he does he looks back over his shoulder  
to see:

**POV SHOT - DOCTORS, ET AL.**

rushing back into Cobb's room. And --

The sounds of CRASHING, BROKEN GLASS, and COBB'S  
thunderous VOICE.  
Stump smiles slightly and walks away.

**CUT TO:**

160 **EXT. "WELCOME TO ROYSTON" SIGN - EDGE OF TOWN - DAY** 160  
A teenage boy re-paints the faded sign that reads "Home  
of Ty Cobb". The luster returns to the old sign.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

I gave a few bucks to a local kid  
to re-paint the sign, and  
disappeared for a while to finish  
the manuscripts...

(beat)

And wait for Cobb to die...

(beat)

And while I waited, Ernest  
Hemingway blew his brains out,  
Getty bought Honolulu Oil Company,  
and the brunette in the courtyard  
ran away with a handsome young  
lawyer...

**CLOSE ON SIGN**

As Cobb's image rounding third reappears in all its  
former glory.

**(CONTINUED)**

160 CONTINUED:  
160

**STUMP (V.O.)**

And on July 17, 1961... Ty Cobb  
died quietly in his sleep. I  
don't believe it was quiet, nothing  
he did was quiet, but that's what  
the newspaper writer said who wrote  
the lead and we all know that  
writers never lie...

PAN OVER ACROSS the sign -- to the adjacent cemetery  
as --

A hearse enters the cemetery grounds followed by three  
cars. A very humble ceremony.

And the voice of a country gospel singer can be heard.

**COUNTRY GOSPEL (V.O.)**

'There is a fountain filled with  
blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins...'

**CUT TO:**

161 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY  
161

The mausoleum -- The coffin sits by the open crypt.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

Somebody hired a singer...

**COUNTRY GOSPEL SINGER (V.O.)**

'And sinners plunged beneath that  
flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains...'

**STUMP (V.O.)**

... but it was the grimmest damn  
funeral service I'd ever seen.

Stump stands in the distance, at the back of the cemetery,  
watching the simple, empty service.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

He left all his money to his  
family, though no members of it  
managed to attend the funeral, and  
with the rest he founded a hospital  
in his own name and an educational  
trust fund for poor Georgia  
children.

**(CONTINUED)**

161 CONTINUED:  
161

**POV SHOT - THREE OLD MEN**

in dark suits drop flowers on the coffin.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

Only three ballplayers attended the service -- three oldtimers who he'd been supporting financially for many years, a fact he didn't want made public.

**POV SHOT - SCHOOL BUS**

pulls in and unloads -- Dozens of Little Leaguers in uniform join in the service.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

Somebody rounded up some Little Leaguers, probably so the press photographers would have some sob sister photos... the sort Cobb hated... except the press didn't bother coming.

(beat)

I'll give him this -- the family was under one roof again.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Stump turns and slips quietly out of the cemetery.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

I called my publisher. The book was ready. Only I didn't know which one to turn in.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

162 **EXT. SPORTSMAN'S LOUNGE - LATE AFTERNOON**  
162

The regulars are still there, still drinking, still griping.

**BILL**

... so a woman goes into a bar with a duck under her arm, sits down next to a drunk who looks up and says, 'Where'd you find that pig?' An' the woman says 'That's

no pig, that's a duck.'  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

143.

162 CONTINUED:  
162

**BILL (CONT'D)**

An' the drunk says, 'I know, I was  
talking to the duck.'

Bored laughter and another hit on their everpresent  
drinks.

And Stump enters for the first time in nearly a year.

**BILL**

Al!

Stump enters comfortably, happy to see his cronies at  
last. Frank and the others come over from the bar,  
quickly gathering around Stump.

**FRANK**

Stranger! Another round on me!  
Stump settles in at the table.

**CRONIES**

Long time no see, etc...

**STUMP**

Good to see you guys... how's  
it goin'? Alan, how's that  
novel coming? Must be about  
done by now?

**MUD**

Uh, actually, I haven't started  
it yet... been kinda busy...

**BILL**

We all been busy...

**STUMP**

Yeah, I know how it is...

**FRANK**

We read that Cobb died.

**STUMP**

Yeah... finally gave up the ghost.

**FRANK**

So? What was he like?

**MUD**

Were the stories true or were

they exaggerated?

(CONTINUED)

144.

162 CONTINUED: (2)

162

The drinks arrive. Stump plays with his, swirling the drink around the ice with his finger, considering his answer.

**REYNALDO**

Tell us the truth, man, was he a monster?

**BILL**

Or was he just one of the guys?

Stump looks at the faces of his buddies, eagerly awaiting his judgement as if it is final wisdom. He stirs his drink.

**STUMP**

The truth?

**CRONIES**

Ohyeah, the absolute truth, no bullshit, give it to us straight, etc...

**STUMP**

The truth?

Stump takes a drink and looks his friends in the eye.

**STUMP**

A prince and a great man has fallen.

Murmurs of deep satisfaction from the Cronies. Affirmation.

**CRONIES**

Yes, awright, we knew it... etc...

**BILL**

Helluva guy, eh?

**STUMP**

A helluva guy, a great man, a misunderstood artist, a fierce competitor but a sweet man at heart... a gentle soul...

As Stump starts lying to his enraptured audience, we PULL BACK AND UP, going FROM the intimate center of the table TO a cool distance, and --

**DISSOLVE TO:**

163 **EXT. DIRT BALLFIELD IN GEORGIA - DUSK**

163

Some kids play baseball with a taped-up ball, patched up bat, no uniforms, rocks for bases. The right way.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

I published the lie and put the truth in a closet...

PAN OVER TO the Royston Cemetery in b.g.

**MAUSOLEUM**

Nearby, two holes in the earth have been opened up and the caskets of Cobb's mother and father are being moved into the mausoleum.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

Cobb and his father and mother were together at last...

(beat)

The man had some deep, unexpressed sorrow that I could never know.

I embraced him and I hated him...

(beat)

And I knew I would never write a novel, unless you considered 'Cobb' a work of fiction -- which I did not.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

164 **EXT. TIGER STADIUM (DETROIT) - DUSK**

164

Stump walks from the dugout to the field. He stares up at the magnificent old structure, the overhanging right field facade, the great upper deck, almost a century of baseball has been played there. Cobb's palace.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

My friends were thrilled to hear that the Georgia Peach was a helluva guy -- it excused their own failures -- if Cobb was okay, then by God, they were okay...

(beat)

But finally I didn't lie for them, or the children of America, or somesuch hogwash -- finally I lied for myself.

(beat)

I needed Cobb to be somebody he was

not. I needed him to be a hero.  
It is my weakness.

(CONTINUED)

146.

164 CONTINUED:

164

Stump turns to walk off the field.

**STUMP (V.O.)**

The book was a moderate success...  
The empty stadium, cavernous, half cathedral, half  
factory...

Fritz Kreisler's VIOLIN MUSIC that Cobb adored drifts  
up.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

165 SHOTS OF COBB IN ACTION (B&W)

165

His demon fury gives way to the fierce joy of his play-  
ing. He slashes a ball up the alley, turns first and  
never hesitates at second, and as the relay comes into  
third --

Cobb slides with spikes high and a cloud of dust.

**FREEZE FRAME.**

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END**