

Written by  
Brian Helgeland

2012	White - March 14,
April 7, 2012	Blue Revised -
April 19, 2012	Pink Revised -
April 24, 2012	Yellow Revised -
April 27, 2012	Green Revised -
May 9, 2012	Goldenrod Revised -
29, 2012	Buff Revised - May
June 4, 2012	Salmon Revised -
June 11, 2012	Cherry Revised -
25, 2012	Tan Revised - June
Revised - June 28, 2012	Double White
- July 9, 2012	Double Blue Revised

**PINK REV 4-19-12 1.**

**A1 WHITE A1**

Fills the screen. Falling from the top of frame to the bottom. Pluming off into dust. White, white, white. We move toward it even as it recedes, always out of reach.

Finally we pop out wide and high to reveal...

the  
The white is chalk. An old BLACK GROUNDSKEEPER lays down  
right field line on a baseball diamond.

**1**  
**1 INT. BRANCH RICKEY'S OFFICE - MONTAGUE ST, BROOKLYN - DAY**

Blinds closed. Dust motes in the air. A large GOLDFISH TANK bubbles. BRANCH RICKEY at his desk. Two photos on the wall: Abe Lincoln & Leo Durocher. CHALKBOARDS covered with 100's OF NAMES, every player in the Dodger organization.

CLYDE SUKEFORTH and HAROLD PARROTT sit across from Rickey who stares at them. Sukeforth stares back. Parrott nervous.

**RICKEY**

Gentlemen, I have a plan... As of now, only the Board of Directors and my family know.

Sukeforth and Parrott exchange a look.

**SUKEFORTH**

A plan's always good, Mr. Rickey. And you always got one.

**RICKEY**

My wife says I'm too old, That my health isn't up to it. My son says that every one in baseball will be against me. But I'm going to do it.

Parrott looks to Sukeforth who keeps his eyes on Rickey.

**SUKEFORTH**

Do what, Mr. Rickey?

**RICKEY**

I'm going to bring a Negro ballplayer to the Brooklyn Dodgers.

**PARROTT**

With all due respect, sir, have you lost your mind? Imagine the abuse you'll take from the newspapers alone. Never mind how it'll play on Flatbush. Please, Mr. Rickey.

Rickey looks dismissively at Parrott, over to Sukeforth.

**PINK REV 4-19-12 1A.**

**RICKEY**

There's no law against it, Clyde.

**SUKEFORTH**

There's a code. Break a law and get away with it, some people think you're smart. Break an unwritten law though, you'll be an outcast.

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 2.**

**RICKEY**

So be it. New York is full of Negro baseball fans; every dollar is green. I don't know who he is, or where he is, but he's coming.

**CUT TO:**

**2 EXT. RICKWOOD FIELD - BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA - NIGHT 2**

The big Birmingham Black Barons CATCHER behind the plate as Kansas City Monarchs JOHN SCOTT stands at bat. The catcher's attention on the RUNNER DANCING off first. Stomping a foot, feinting, hard to see clearly in the glare of the lights.

**CATCHER**

Where'd you learn to move like that, runner?! At dime a dance night?! Stay quiet!

INSERT: Birmingham, Alabama. April 8, 1945.

On the first pitch the runner takes off. The catcher fires

to

second. See it from his POV as the runner slides in  
â€œSAFE!â€œ

A foot on the bag, the runner dusts off, heckles the  
catcher:

**RUNNER**

Is that the best you got?! Huh?!  
I'm going to steal nine, ten bases  
today! You better start counting!  
The catcher frowns. Standing, we see he is a big, big man.

**CATCHER**

**(ALABAMAN)**

Where's your shortstop from?

**JOHN SCOTT**

**(LOUISIANAN)**

California.

**CATCHER**

He's got a mouth on him.  
Shaking his head, the catcher gets back in his crouch,  
signals the PITCHER. On the wind-up, the Runner is off  
again. The catcher fires to THIRD: â€œSafe!â€œ

**RUNNER**

You got a rag arm, catcher!

**CATCHER**

Steal home! You'll find out what  
kind of arm I got!

**DBL. BLUE REV 7-9-12 3.**

**RUNNER**

Okay, I'm coming!  
The Catcher looks over at Scott who chuckles.

**CATCHER**

California, huh?

**(SCOTT NODS)**

Well California here he goes, if he comes down here.

The Catcher gets back down in his squat. Signals the pitcher: fastball. Scott digs in, ready. The runner dancing off third. Here comes the wind-up...

The Runner takes off even as the pitcher fires it in. The Birmingham Catcher receives it. As the Runner slides -- The Catcher intentionally drives his glove, the ball and

both

hands into the runner's face -- WHALLOP! Sound drops as we're knocked flat senseless along with the runner.

ON HIM now as he tries to push himself up from the dirt. A close look at JACK ROOSEVELT ROBINSON. A born battler, he shakes out the cobwebs, finally lurches to his feet, looks

to

the UMPIRE. He never heard the call.

**JACK**

What was I?

The umpire passes one hand over the other: Safe. Jack looks over at the catcher, gives him a pointed look as he goes -- The catcher shoves him in the back. Jack turns, shoves back. As the two men wrestles each other to the ground --

**CUT TO:**

**3 INT. BRANCH RICKEY'S OFFICE - MONTAGUE ST, BROOKLYN - DAY**

3

Rickey and Sukeforth going through stacks of FILES on the desk. A black ballplayer's picture is clipped to each. As Rickey reviews one, Sukeforth tries to hand him another.

**SUKEFORTH**

Josh Gibson. Oh boy can he hit.

**RICKEY**

No.

**SUKEFORTH**

No?

Rickey won't take the file; the answer is no.

**SUKEFORTH**

Alright. Roy Campanella.  
Sukeforth holds it out; Rickey won't take it.

**RICKEY**

A heck of a player. But too sweet,  
they'll eat him alive.

**SUKEFORTH**

(holds up file)  
Satchel Paige then.  
Parrott enters carrying an armful of files.

**RICKEY**

Too old. We need a man with a  
future not a past.  
(holds up his own

**FILE)**

Here. Jack Roosevelt Robinson.  
As Parrott sets them on the desk, they start to slide off,  
spilling to the floor. Helpless to stem the tide, Parrott  
looks down, surrounded by black faces...

**RICKEY**

(flips through file)  
A four sport college man, out of  
UCLA. That means he's played with  
white boys.

**(SCANS FILE)**

Twenty-six years old, now with the  
Kansas City Monarchs. Batting over  
350 even as we speak. 350! And he  
was a commissioned army officer!

**SUKEFORTH**

He was court-martialed. A trouble  
maker. He argues with umpires. A  
quick temper is his reputation.  
Rickey is obviously keen on him.

**PARROT**

What was he court-martialed for?

**RICKEY**

For refusing to sit in the back of  
a military bus.  
(checks the file)  
Ft. Hood, Texas. The driver asked  
him to move back. The MPs had to

take him off.

**DBL. BLUE REV 7-9-12 5.**

**SUKEFORTH**

Do you see?

**RICKEY**

I see he resents segregation. If he were white, we'd call it spirit!

**PARROT**

If he were white, sir, we wouldn't be looking for him.  
Rickey ends the debate...

**RICKEY**

Robinson's a Methodist. I'm a Methodist. God's a Methodist. We can't go wrong. Find him. Bring him here.

**CUT TO:**

**4 EXT. FILLING STATION - INTERSTATE 24 - DAY 4**

A BLOODHOUND watches as a BUS pulls into a SERVICE STATION, the tires RING the bell hose. A million miles easy on this road rumbler. The BANNER reads: KC Monarchs.  
Insert: Interstate 24, Missouri - August 24, 1945.  
The DRIVER steps off. The fellas follow, getting off to stretch their legs. Hot and tired. A WHITE ATTENDANT saunters out. The driver steps over to meet him.

**ATTENDANT**

Fill her up?

**DRIVER**

Yes, sir.  
The attendant starts unscrewing caps on two 50-GALLON TANKS.

**ATTENDANT**

Where you all headed?

**DRIVER**

Chicago.

As the attendant shoves down a pump, starts filling, Jack steps off. He spots and heads for a restroom. White Men Only lettered on the door. The attendant roused as he sees.

**ATTENDANT**

Hey! Where you going, boy!?

**BLUE REV 4-07-12 6.**

Everyone looking over as Jack stops.

**JACK**

I'm going to the toilet.

**ATTENDANT**

Shit, boy, c'mon. You know you can't go in there.

Jack does a slow burn, then suddenly strides toward the attendant. The air rife with tension.

**JACK**

Take that hose out of the tank.

**ATTENDANT**

Huh?

**DRIVER**

**ROBINSON --**

**JACK**

Take it out. We'll get our ninety-nine gallons of gas someplace else.

The attendant blinks. He takes a look from Jack to up and down the deserted highway. No business in sight.

**ATTENDANT**

Okay, use it. But don't stay in there too long.

Jack heads back. The Driver, the players, a bit stunned.

**CUT TO:**

**5 INT. WHITE MEN ONLY REST ROOM - FILLING STATION - DAY 5**

the  
dispenser, pats his face dry. He balls the wad up, squeezes  
it in his fist before firing it into the trash. He  
considers  
his reflection in the mirror. As he regards himself, we  
hear  
the SERVICE BELL ring outside.

**CUT TO:**

**6 EXT. FILLING STATION - HIGHWAY 24 - DAY 6**

A car has pulled up. The driver talks to several players.  
They look over as Jack exits. The driver is Clyde  
Sukeforth.

**SUKEFORTH**

Are you Jackie Robinson?

**CUT TO:**

**TAN REV 6-25-12 7.**

**7 OMITTED 7**

**8 INT. BRANCH RICKEY'S OFFICE - MONTAGUE ST, BROOKLYN - DAY**

**8**

Blinds closed. Jack sits across the desk from Rickey.  
Sukeforth sits a little further back. Rickey is staring at  
Jack. Bushy eyebrows flared, light gleams off his glasses.  
INSERT: August 28, 1945. Brooklyn.  
Jack doesn't know what to do, looks to Sukeforth. Finally...

**RICKEY**

Do you have a girl?

**JACK**

Excuse me?

**RICKEY**

A man needs a family relying on him. It insures he'll behave responsibly. Do you have a girl?

**JACK**

I think so.

**RICKEY**

You think so?

Jack looks to Sukeforth who smiles placidly. Back to Rickey.

**WHITE 3-14-12 8.**

**JACK**

I don't make much money. Between the army and now baseball I've been away a lot. And Rae, Rachel, she wants to finish school. Considering all that, I say I think so.

**RICKEY**

Do you love her? Rachel?

**(JACK CONFUSED)**

Don't you know?

**JACK**

Yes, sir, very much.

**RICKEY**

Marry her.

What? Rickey stands, walks to a window. Jack looks at Sukeforth who raises a hand as if to say: Give it a chance.

**RICKEY (CONT'D)**

Baseball's a hard life; a man needs a good woman by his side. You don't want the only person waiting for you at home to be a catcher. Sukeforth chuckles at that. Rickey fingers open a slat on the blind and peers out. Jack looks hard at him.

**JACK**

Coach Sukeforth here said you were starting a new Negro League. That doesn't make sense to me.

**MR. RICKEY**

It doesn't, huh? Are you calling us liars, Jack?

**JACK**

What's this about, Mr. Rickey?

**RICKEY**

This is about baseball. Rickey opens the shade. Sunlight floods in. Rickey follows it to the chalkboard, to the list of players under Montreal.

**RICKEY (CONT'D)**

I see you starting in the spring with our affiliate in Montreal. If you make it there, we'll try you down here with the Dodgers. The white Brooklyn Dodgers. Jack looks to Sukeforth who nods: Yes, you heard right.

**BLUE REV 4-07-12 9.**

**RICKEY (CONT'D)**

I'll pay you \$600 a month and a \$3,500 bonus when you sign the contract. Is that agreeable? Believe it or not that's a lot of money to Jack on this day in time. This is all becoming a bit overwhelming.

**JACK**

Yes, sir. That's fine.

**RICKEY**

There is one condition. I have a pile of scouting reports. I know you can hit behind the runner, that you can read a pitch. The question is can you control your temper?

**JACK**

My temper?

**RICKEY**

Yes your temper! Are you deaf?!  
Rickey furious, the avuncular old man gone. Jack sits there,  
fists now balled. Rickey to Sukeforth like he's not there:

**RICKEY (CONT'D)**

He looks proud. Willful.

**SUKEFORTH**

He'll need to be.  
Rickey looks back to Jack who is as angry as he is confused.

**RICKEY**

I want to win! I want ballplayers  
who can win! Are you one of them?!

**JACK**

Yes.

**RICKEY**

A black man in white baseball.  
Imagine the reaction. The vitriol.  
Rickey strides forward, gets in his face.

**RICKEY (CONT'D)**

The Dodgers check into a hotel. A  
decent good hotel. You're worn out  
from the road and some clerk won't  
give you the pen to sign in.

**(SOUTHERN DRAWL)**

We got no room, boy, not even down  
in the coal bin where you belong.

**BLUE REV 4-07-12 10.**

Jack looks like he wants to tear Rickey apart.

**RICKEY (CONT'D)**

The team stops at a restaurant.  
The waiter won't take your order.  
(adopts a new voice)

Didn't you see the sign on the door? No animals allowed.

**(LOOMING)**

What are you going to do then?  
Fight him? Ruin all my plans?  
Answer me, you black sonofabitch!

**JACK**

**(MASTERS HIMSELF)**

Do you want a ballplayer who doesn't have the guts to fight back? Is that what you want?

**RICKEY**

I want one who has the guts not to fight back! There are people who will not like this. They will do anything to get you to react. If you echo a curse with a curse, they will only hear yours. Follow a blow with a blow and they will say a Negro lost his temper; that the Negro does not belong. Your enemy will be out in force, but you can not meet him on his own low ground. We win with hitting, running and fielding, nothing else. We win if the world is convinced of two things: that you are a fine gentlemen and a great ballplayer. Like our Savior, you must have the guts to turn the other cheek. Jack considers Rickey. Rickey looks worn out.

**RICKEY (CONT'D)**

Can you do it?  
Jack poised at what will be his Rubicon. He crosses.

**JACK**

Mr. Rickey, you give me a uniform,  
you give me a number on my back,  
and I'll give you the guts.

**CUT TO:**

**PINK REV 4-19-12 11.**

**9 INT. HALLWAY - ISUM HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - DAY 9**

A phone RINGS on a table. RACHEL ISUM steps in, 23, possessed of style that you can only be graced with.

**RACHEL**

Hello?

**CUT TO:**

**DAY 10**  
**10 INT. LOBBY PAYPHONE - 215 MONTAGUE STREET - BROOKLYN -**

Jack in a PHONE BOOTH, the lobby busy beyond.

**JACK**

Rae, I'm in Brooklyn.

**INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING:**

**RACHEL**

Brooklyn? For what?

**JACK**

I don't want to say on the phone.  
In fact, I'm not supposed to tell  
anyone.  
She can hear the tingle in his voice.

**RACHEL**

Jack?

**JACK**

I'm here, Rae

**RACHEL**

What's going on? You're supposed  
to be playing in Chicago?

**JACK**

We've been tested you and me. Our  
loyalty, our faith. We've done  
everything the right way. Me  
trying to make money. You  
finishing school. Separated by the  
war, now by baseball. We don't owe  
the world a thing. Only each other.

She's actually getting a little scared now.

**RACHEL**

Jack, what are you talking about?  
What happened?

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 12.**

**JACK**

The Brooklyn Dodgers just signed me  
to play ball up in Montreal. It  
might lead to bigger things. To  
something wonderful.

**RACHEL**

What does it mean? For you and me?

**JACK**

Rae. Will you marry me?

**RACHEL**

Absolutely. When?

**JACK**

Now.

**RACHEL**

**(LAUGHING)**

Jack, I don't think we can get  
married in a phone booth.

**CUT TO:**

**11 OMITTED 11**

**11 A INT. HALLWAY - THE CLARK HOTEL - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT 11**

**A**

Rachel

Jack rounds a corner in a TUXEDO, the bow tie undone.  
follows in her WEDDING GOWN. They look beautiful.

**RACHEL**

Did my mom look happy?

**JACK**

Yes.

They reach the door. Jack gets out a key to unlock it.  
Rachel looks nervous, steps back across the hall.

**RACHEL**

Did my gram look happy?

Swinging the door open, he looks at her. The air charged.

**JACK**

Everyone looked happy. I've never  
seen so many people looking happy.

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 12A.**

**RACHEL**

Did Jack Robinson look happy?

**(SOFT)**

What if I can't make you happy?  
He steps over, aware of her shyness.

**JACK**

Too late. You already do. It's  
you and me, Rae.

**RACHEL**

Until the wheels fall off.

**(UNCERTAIN)**

The world is waiting for us.

**JACK**

It can wait one more night

**(KISSES HER)**

Are you coming, Mrs. Robinson?

**RACHEL**

(kisses him back)  
I'd follow you anywhere, Mr.  
Robinson.

He picks her up, carries her over the threshold. As the door clicks shut behind them...

**CUT TO:**

**12 INT. BRANCH RICKEY'S OFFICE - BROOKLYN - DAY 12**

The shades closed; we're scheming again. WENDELL SMITH sits across from Rickey who stares back intently. Bespectacled, 32, Smith covers baseball for the Pittsburgh Courier.

**RICKEY**

Who's the best shortstop you ever saw?

**SMITH**

Rabbit Tavener.

**RICKEY**

Rabbit Tavener? And you call yourself a sports writer?

**WHITE 3-14-12 13.**

**SMITH**

Yes, a sentimental one. I'm from Detroit. He was the Tiger shortstop when I was a boy. How about you? Who's your best?

**RICKEY**

Pop Lloyd.

**SMITH**

Not Honus Wagner?

**RICKEY**

Wagner is number two. And Rabbit Tavener would not break my top 25. Where do you suppose Jackie Robinson will end up on that list?

**SMITH**

He won't break it. He doesn't have

a shortstop's arm. Robinson  
belongs on second base.

**RICKEY**

Alright then, where would he rate  
at second?

**SMITH**

If he was playing now he'd be the  
best second baseman in the majors.

**RICKEY**

High praise. He'll have to be the  
best in the minor leagues first.

**SMITH**

What are you saying, Mr. Rickey?

**RICKEY**

I'm saying it's going to be a very  
interesting spring training. A lot  
of players are coming back from the  
war and with gas rationing over, we  
can train down in Florida again.

**SMITH**

Daytona Beach?

**(RICKEY NODS)**

You're aware in the past six months  
a black boy was lynched in Madison,  
Florida and a black man down in  
Live Oaks?

**RICKEY**

Those towns may as well be a  
million miles from Daytona.

**WHITE 3-14-12 14.**

**SMITH**

Live Oaks is 150 actually.

**RICKEY**

I spoke to the Daytona mayor. He assures me there'll be no trouble. But Rickey doesn't sound so sure. They consider each other.

**RICKEY (CONT'D)**

Mr. Smith, are you a Communist?

**SMITH**

I'm a Democrat. Why do you ask?

**RICKEY**

I have a business proposition. What's your salary at the Courier?

**SMITH**

Fifty dollars a week.

**RICKEY**

I will pay you an additional fifty dollars a week plus expenses if you will attend spring training with Jackie Robinson. You will watch over him, help him to avoid the harm that could come if he were to do or say anything out of turn. You will act as his chauffeur, you will secure accommodations for him wherever the team may be, help him find restaurants, etc...

**SMITH**

What's in it for me? Besides the fifty dollars and a whole lot of aggravation?

**RICKEY**

Unprecedented access for any reportage you feel appropriate. What do you say, Mr. Smith?

**SMITH**

I say yes, sir. If a Negro is good enough to stop a Nazi bullet in France; he's good enough to stop a line drive at Yankee Stadium.

**RICKEY**

Ebbets Field actually, but yes, I agree. The world is ready.

**CUT TO:**

TAN REV 6-25-12 15.

13 OMITTED 13

14 INT. BALLROOM - THE WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL - NIGHT 14

Over 500 guests: journalists, players and politicians all listen politely as a SPEECH drones to an end.  
INSERT: New York City. 23rd Annual Baseball Writer's Association Dinner February 3, 1946.

**SPEAKER**

As our former President Herbert Hoover remarked in his tribute to our national pastime: "The rigid voluntary rules of right and wrong, as applied in baseball, are second only to religion in strengthening the morals of the American people." Polite applause as the speaker steps off. The clapping more enthusiastic as the lights dim on all but an impromptu set: plantation house columns. Hoots as a BUTLER appears wearing satin knee breeches and a MONTREAL ROYALS jersey. He holds a ring like a lawn jockey, a WHITE MAN in BLACK FACE. The laughs get louder as he peers out with exaggerated wide eyes.

**BUTLER**

Lordy, lordy, it's looking like da massa will be late dis ebning. As the LAUGHS from the audience subside, a sportswriter dressed as a COLONEL enters from stage right.

**COLONEL**

Robbie! Robbie!

**BUTLER**

Yassuh, Massa Kunl. Here Ah is. Huge LAUGHS as he struts and dances his way over.

**WHITE 3-14-12 16.**

**COLONEL**

Jackie, you woolly headed rascal.  
How long yo' been in the family?

**BUTLER**

Ebber since Massa Rickey done bots  
me from da Kansas City Monarchs.

**COLONEL**

(aside to audience)  
Rickey that no good carpetbagger!  
What could he be thinking!  
Huge LAUGHS from that one. Two people enjoying it we'll  
recognize later as HERB PENNOCK and BOB COOKE.

**BUTLER**

Ah came near bein' killed last  
night, Kunl.

**COLONEL**

How's that, Jackie boy?

**BUTLER**

Ah was comin' up a dark street and  
three men was behind me. And they  
tried to do me with a baseball bat.

**COLONEL**

You don't say?

**BUTLER**

Yes, suh. Ah recognized one of  
dem. Ah'm gonna hab him arrested.

**COLONEL**

But I thought you said it was dark?

**BUTLER**

It was. But I know he played for  
the Philadelphia Baseball Club. On  
account of he struck at me three  
times and never hit me once.  
That brings the house down. Check out their laughing faces.

**CUT TO:**

**15 EXT. LOCKHEED TERMINAL - BURBANK - DAY 15**

A gleaming American Airlines DC-3 angled up on the tarmac. PASSENGERS climb the portable stairs and disappear inside. INSERT: February 28, 1946. Burbank, California

**CUT TO:**

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 17.**

**16 INT. TERMINAL - BURBANK - DAY 16**

Jack and Rachel are being seen off by FRIENDS from the wedding and his mother MALLIE. Jack is in a natty suit with Rachel in a beautiful coat.

**MALLIE**

You knock the cover off that ball.

**JACK**

I will, Mama.  
Mallie hugs Jack and then kisses Rachel.

**MALLIE**

Look after each other.

**RACHEL**

We will.  
She reaches in her bag, brings out a cardboard SHOEBOX; it's ever so slightly greasy at the bottom.

**MALLIE**

Take this. It's chicken.

**JACK**

They have food on the plane, Mama.

**MALLIE**

You never know what might happen.  
I don't want you getting there  
starving and too weak to hit.  
Rachel gives Jack a subtle but emphatic look: No.

**CUT TO:**

**17 EXT. LOCKHEED TARMAC - BURBANK - DAY 17**

Jack escorts Rachel to the plane, the shoebox in hand.

**JACK**

I couldn't tell her no.

**RACHEL**

I know she means well; I just don't want to be seen eating chicken out of a box like some country bumpkin. Jack runs his hand over her coat.

**JACK**

No one's going to mistake you for a bumpkin in this.

**PINK REV 4-19-12 18.**

**RACHEL**

Well, they'll know I belong on that plane or wherever I happen to be.

**CUT TO:**

**18 EXT. DC-3 - DAY (STOCK FOOTAGE) 18**

Descending toward a runway. Landing gear coming down.

**CUT TO:**

**19 INT. TERMINAL - NEW ORLEANS LAKEFRONT AIRPORT - DAY 19**

A WOMAN exits the lady's room, passing a SIGN: White Only. REVERSE to show Rachel looking at it like she's been slapped.  
Jack joins Rae from the TICKET COUNTER, with the chicken box.

INSERT: New Orleans Lakefront Airport.

**JACK**

The flight to Pensacola leaves in an hour... You okay?

**RACHEL**

I've just never seen one before.

**JACK**

(follows her look)

We're not in Pasadena anymore.

A sudden momentum carries her forward.

**JACK**

Honey... Rae --

He takes a step after her, stops as she disappears inside.

Jack unsure what to do. He looks around. Looks back. He

doesn't need this right now.

**20 OMITTED 20**

**21 OMITTED 21**

**PINK REV 4-19-12 19.**

**22 INT. AIRPORT COFFEE SHOP - DAY 22**

A black BUSBOY reacts as a bickering Jack and Rachel enter.

**JACK**

I promised Mr. Rickey we'd stay out  
of trouble.

**RACHEL**

Did you promise him we wouldn't go  
to the bathroom? You've done it.

**JACK**

Before I promised.

**RACHEL**

It was just a toilet. You'd think  
the commodes were made of gold.

The busboy watches as Jack and Rachel slide into a booth.

As

Jack reaches for a MENU, here comes the COOK.

**COOK**

You folks can't sit here.

**JACK**

Excuse me?

**COOK**

It's white only.

Jack looking to Rachel; it's equanimity time. Not easy.

**COOK**

I'll sell you some sandwiches. But  
you gotta take 'em to go.

Jack looks to the busboy, back to the cook.

**JACK**

No. You hang onto those.

Mastering himself, Jack slides out. Drilling the cook with a  
look, he offers his hand to Rachel as she slides out as

well.

**CUT TO:**

**23 OMITTED 23**

**GREEN REV 4-27-12 20.**

**24 INT. TERMINAL - NEW ORLEANS LAKEFRONT AIRPORT - DAY 24**

Seen from on high. Jack and Rachel, sitting on a bench, two  
little figures as passengers move along the concourse. They  
sit a bit apart from each other, the world a wedge.

**CUT TO:**

**25 EXT. RUNWAY - PENSACOLA AIRPORT - NIGHT 25**

SMOKE PINWHEELS as the wheels of a BOEING 247 touch down.  
INSERT: Pensacola, Florida. Later that day.

**CUT TO:**

**26 INT. BOEING 247 - TARMAC - NIGHT 26**

Jack and Rachel worn out among eight other passengers. As

the door is opened, FOUR of the eight get up and disembark.  
After a beat, FOUR NEW PASSENGERS board and take their seat.

**JACK**

Just a hop to Daytona now.  
As Rachel nods, an AIRLINE EMPLOYEE boards, MISS BISHOP. She  
makes her way over. She spots who she's looking for.

**MISS BISHOP**

Jack Robinson? Come with me.  
She starts away without explaining, looks back at them a bit  
impatiently.

**MISS BISHOP**

Come on now. Both of you.

**CUT TO:**

**BLUE REV 4-07-12 21.**

**27 INT. TICKET COUNTER - PENSACOLA AIRPORT - NIGHT 27**

The shoe box sitting on the counter, Jack in mid discussion  
with Miss Bishop. Rachel just behind Jack.

**MISS BISHOP**

We have to lighten the plane.  
There's some bad weather east of  
here. A heavy plane's dangerous.

**RACHEL**

**(LOW)**

Tell her you're with the Dodgers.  
Jack would rather not play that card.

**JACK**

When's the next flight?

**MISS BISHOP**

Tomorrow morning. But it's booked.  
So someone'll have to cancel.  
Jack and Rachel unaware as a WHITE COUPLE are ushered out a  
door and onto the tarmac behind them.

**JACK**

Look, I'm with the Brooklyn Dodger organization. I've got to get down to Daytona. I'm supposed to report to spring training in the morning.

**MISS BISHOP**

We'll do our best to get you down there by tomorrow afternoon, but it might be the day after.

**RACHEL**

**JACK --**

He follows her gaze to where the white couple get on the plane they got off. Jack wheels on Miss Bishop, furious.

**JACK**

You gave away our seats! Get us back on that plane!  
Miss Bishop picks up a PHONE, holds it in Jack's face.

**MISS BISHOP**

Do you want to call the Sheriff?  
Or should I?

**CUT TO:**

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 22.**

**28 EXT. BUS STATION - PENSACOLA - NIGHT 28**

Closed. A line of EMPTY BUSES; the BANNER on one: Daytona Beach. Across from it Rachel sits at one end of a BENCH, her fur pulled around her. Jack at the other, staring off into the night. Finally, he reaches down, picks up the shoebox. He pulls out a DRUMSTICK, considers it, then takes a bite.

**JACK**

Mama knew...  
He holds it out to Rachel. She slides over, takes it, takes a bite as well, smiles at him. He smiles back.

**RACHEL**

It's good.

**CUT TO:**

**29 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA - DAY 29**

LEO DUROCHER hitting fungoes. One after the next. PEE WEE REESE and EDDIE STANKY both settle under the same ball.

**REESE STANKY**

I got it! I got it! I got it! I got it!  
They both back off at the last second and it drops to the ground between them. Durocher chuckles.

**DUROCHER**

That's what spring training's for,  
boys! Sort out our differences!  
He hits another. This time to the outfield where veteran  
DIXIE WALKER gives chase, finally gives up on it.

**DUROCHER**

C'mon, Dixie, get after it!

**WALKER**

**(LAUGHING)**

I'm old!

**DUROCHER**

I'm gonna squeeze one more year out  
of that worn out body of yours!

**WALKER**

If you could, skipper, my wife  
would sure appreciate it!

**DUROCHER**

Keeping the women happy! That's  
what it's all about!

**BLUE REV 4-07-12 23.**

**29 A EXT./INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY 29 A**

singing  
BROOKLYN  
Rickey drives a dirt road through the training field  
â€œTwo Sleepy Peopleâ€ along with the radio: Passing  
DODGERS, MONTREAL ROYALS & ST. PAUL SAINTS on either side.  
Durocher hits another as Rickey pulls up.

**RICKEY**

How are they looking, Leo?

**DUROCHER**

Rusty, Mr. Rickey. But we'll get  
â€˜em oiled up and ready in no time.  
You find your lost sheep yet?  
Troubled, Rickey shakes his head â€˜no'. As he does, Harold  
Parrot hurries over. He's the Dodgers travelling secretary.

**PARROTT**

Jackie Robinson's on a bus leaving  
Pensacola.

**RICKEY**

A bus? Harold, how in blazes did  
he end up on a bus?!  
BOB BRAGAN, in his catching gear, passing by with pitchers  
RALPH BRANCA and KIRBY HIGBE. Higbe asides to Bragan:

**HIGBE**

Why don't they just put him on a  
watermelon truck?

**BRANCA**

What's the matter with you guys?

**BRAGAN**

Not a thing, Branca, but we ain't  
just two pretty faces either.

**CUT TO:**

**30 EXT. GREYHOUND STATION - DAYTONA BEACH - SUNSET 30**

Wendell Smith stands waiting as a BUS pulls in.  
The big air brakes hiss. The doors open and the PASSENGERS  
disembark. First a DOZEN WHITE FACES, then a DOZEN BLACK.  
Last but not least, Rachel and Jack. They look exhausted.

**SMITH**

Jackie Robinson... Mr. Rickey sent  
me to meet you. Wendell Smith.  
Pittsburgh Courier. I'm going to

be your Boswell.

**BLUE REV 4-07-12 24.**

**JACK**

My who?

**SMITH**

Your chronicler, your advance man.  
Hell, even your chauffeur.  
(tips his hat)  
Mrs. Robinson.

**RACHEL**

It's Rachel.

**SMITH**

Man, you two look wiped out.

**JACK**

**(SHARP)**

You got a car? Get us out of here.

**CUT AHEAD TO:**

**31 EXT. SMITH'S BUICK (PARKED) - DAY 31**

Jack and Smith carry the luggage. Smith's excited being around Jack even if he is grumpy. As Smith unlocks the Buick, Rachel considers a segregated pair of water fountains.

**SMITH**

You ever been down South before,  
Rachel?

**RACHEL**

First time. We have our problems  
in Pasadena, but not like this.

**SMITH**

Mr. Rickey says we follow the law.  
If Jim Crow and the state of

Florida say Negroes do this and that, then we do this and that.

**RACHEL**

**(SOFTLY)**

My life's changing right in front of me. Who I am, who I think I am.

**CUT TO:**

**32 EXT. THE HARRIS HOUSE - DAYTONA BEACH - DAY 32**

Black neighborhood. The Buick stops at a nice looking house.

**SMITH**

Joe and Duff Harris live here. He gets out the black vote, does a lot of good for colored folks.

**(MORE)**

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 25.**

**SMITH (CONT'D)**

Mr. Rickey set it up himself.

**(IMITATES RICKEY)**

If we can't put the Robinsons in the hotels, they should stay someplace that represents something. Jack and Rachel exchange a look, the place seems nice.

**SMITH**

Brooklyn plays downtown; Montreal a few blocks from here. You'll stay with the Harrises except for a few days at the end of the week. The whole Dodger organization is going to Sanford, about 45 minute away. You'll stay here though, Rachel.

**RACHEL**

Where are the other wives staying?

**SMITH**

There are no other wives. You're  
the only one Mr. Rickey allowed to  
spring training.

As the HARRISES step out on the porch, wave hello...

**CUT TO:**

**33 INT. STAIRWAY - THE HARRIS HOUSE - DAY 33**

MRS. HARRIS leads Jack and Rachel up the stairs to a door at  
the top. Mrs. Harris opens it.

**MRS. HARRIS**

I call this the love nest. I hope  
you like it.

**RACHEL**

I'm sure. Thank you.  
As Jack enters, Mrs. Harris starts back down.

**MRS. HARRIS**

Dinner's at five.  
Rachel enters, closes the door behind her --

**34 LOVE NEST 34**

-- And accidentally knocks Jack onto the bed. She lands on  
top of him. The room is impossibly small. It barely holds  
their luggage and the BED they're on. As they look around:

**JACK**

It's a joke, right?

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 26.**

**RACHEL**

I like it. The love nest.  
She kisses him. He's starting to like it, too.

**RACHEL**

Remind me dinner's at five.

**JACK**

I'll try to remember...  
As the kisses become more urgent...

**CUT TO:**

**A35 INT. SMITH'S BUICK - DAYTONA TRAINING FACILITY - DAY A35**

Jack

Smith pulls up alongside the team buses, looks across at  
who is just a little nervous.

**SMITH**

The first day of Spring Training.  
My Pittsburgh Courier readers need  
to know how it feels.

**JACK**

It's okay.

**SMITH**

That's not exactly a headline.

**JACK**

**(BRUSQUE)**

That's all I got.

**SMITH**

Look, Jack, right now it's just me  
asking you. But you get on that  
field and it's going to be the New  
York Times and the Sporting News.  
You should think about it.

**JACK**

If they ask something, I'll answer.

**SMITH**

Alright, but you know when you're  
at the plate, you want to feel like  
you see the pitch come in slow?  
Well, you want to see the questions  
come in slow, too.  
Jack just looks at him. Gets out. Smith sighs.

GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 26A.

35 EXT. PLAYING FIELD - DODGERS DAYTONA FACILITY - DAY 35

As PLAYERS (Brooklyn, St. Paul & Montreal) warm up,  
practice,  
Rickey sits on the bench, angry as he reads a NEWSPAPER.  
Harold Parrott hurries over, something urgent on his mind.  
Rickey on a rant; Parrott can't get a word in.

**RICKEY**

Listen to this, Harold. Whenever I  
hear a white man - yours truly -  
broadcasting what a Moses he is to  
the Negro race, then I know the  
latter needs a bodyguard.  
(Parrott tries to

**INTERJECT)**

It is those of the carpetbagger  
stripe of the white race - me again  
- who under the guise of helping,  
in truth are using the Negro for  
their own selfish interest, thereby  
retarding the race!  
Parrott tries to interrupt again, but Rickey is furious.

**RICKEY**

The minor league commissioner of  
baseball said that! I pay part of  
his salary! You wouldn't stab me  
in the back like this, would you?

**PARROTT**

**(FINALLY)**

He's here, Mr. Rickey.

GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 27.

**RICKEY**

Why didn't you say so?!

### 36 PLAYING FIELD 36

Jack crossing toward them in his Montreal Monarchs uniform carrying a glove and a bat. 200 white players clocking him. He's surrounded by REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS. It's the cue for most of the batting and fielding and chatter among the Dodgers, Royals and Saints to come to a stop. Higbe forgets Bragan is throwing him a ball. It clocks him in the chest.  
Reese and Stanky passing a medicine ball.

#### REESE

That's him, huh?

#### STANKY

Take a wild guess.  
Flash bulbs go off in Jack's face. Questions like punches. Shouts of 'Jackie' and then...

#### REPORTER ONE

Jackie, do you think you can make it with these white boys?  
Jack looks off to where Smith watches, back to the reporter. See the questions slow. He answers with measure.

#### JACK

Sure, I had no problem with white men in the service or at UCLA.

#### REPORTER TWO

What'll you do if one of these pitchers throws at your head?

#### JACK

(thinks a beat)  
I'll duck.  
That gets some laughs.

#### REPORTER THREE

Jack, what's your natural position?

#### ROBINSON

I've been playing shortstop.

#### REPORTER THREE

Are you after Pee Wee Reese's job?

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 27A.**

Jack looks over to where Reese watches with Stanky.

**JACK**

Reese plays for Brooklyn. I'm worried about making Montreal.

**REPORTER ONE**

Is this about politics?

**JACK**

It's about getting paid.  
Jack doing beautifully.  
Smith breathes a sigh of relief...

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 28.**

**MANAGER CLAY HOPPER**

In a Montreal uniform, Hopper's too old to be a ballplayer. He stands with Dixie Walker the Dodger right fielder.

**HOPPER**

**(MISSISSIPPI TWANG)**

Well, when Mr. Rickey picks one, he sure picks a black one.

**WALKER**

He's fine with me, so long as you keep him up in Montreal.

**HOPPER**

Here comes the old man to save him. They watch as Rickey pulls Jack from the press. He leads Jack directly toward Hopper. As Walker excuses himself...

**WALKER**

Good luck, Hop...

**RICKEY**

Clay, I'd like you to meet Jackie Robinson. Jackie, Clay Hopper,

manager of the Montreal Royals.  
Hopper shakes his hand as they exchange greetings.

**HOPPER**

We ain't doing much today. Just  
throwing the ball around and  
hitting a few. Why don't you toss  
a few with those fellas over there?

**(CALLS OVER)**

Hey, Jorgensen!  
A kid in a Montreal uniform looks over. SPIDER JORGENSEN.

**HOPPER**

Meet Jackie Robinson.

**CUT TO:**

**37 EXT. PARKING LOT - DODGER DAYTONA FACILITY - DAY 37**

The end of the day. Buses leave by team, the Dodgers and the  
farm clubs. White faces look down as they pass a tired Jack,  
who walks through the lot toward Wendell Smith and his  
Buick.  
Higbe and Bragan call out from the door of the Dodger bus.

**HIGBE**

Hey, Rook! Did you hear about the  
redneck shortstop?

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 29.**

**BRAGAN**

He thought the last two words of  
the National Anthem were Play Ball!  
Jack forces a smile, but the joke comes off a bit harsh. And  
they seem like they're laughing at him as...

**HIGBE**

How about the shortstop making all  
the errors, tried to kill himself  
by jumping out on the highway?

**BRAGAN**

old

A bus just missed him. Drove right  
between his legs!  
As the bus passes by, Jack sees the impassive faces of Dixie  
Walker, Reiser, Stanky, Pee Wee Reese and finally 20-year-  
Branca. Branca smiles, offers an awkward little wave.

**SMITH**

Between his legs, good one. He  
must've read a joke book. If he  
can read.

Jack just gets in the car. Smith sighs, drum rolls the hood  
of the Buick.

**SMITH**

Hi, Wendell, how are you...? Well,  
looks like I got a long drive to  
Sanford.

**CUT TO:**

38

**38 EXT. PORCH - THE BROCK HOUSE - SANFORD - LATE AFTERNOON**

MR. BROCK comes out the screen door carrying a tray of tall  
drinks. He sets them on a table, watches and waits as Smith  
and Jack get out of the Buick, start up the steps.

**MR. BROCK**

Jackie, I'm Ray Brock. Welcome to  
Sanford Florida! The day belongs  
to decent minded people.  
They shake hands. Brock looks to Smith, obviously knows him.

**MR. BROCK**

Wendell, good to see you.

**(TO JACK)**

My wife's inside cooking. You know  
what she asked me this morning?  
She asked me, what do you serve  
when a hero's coming for dinner?

**WHITE 3-14-12 30.**

Jack's humble, embarrassed, doesn't know what to say.

**JACK**

I'm just a ballplayer, Mr. Brock.

**MR. BROCK**

Tell that to all the little colored boys playing baseball in Florida today. You're a hero to them. The look on Jack's face says that's a heavy burden.

**MR. BROCK (CONT'D)**

Sit down, have something to drink. My special rum and coke.

**JACK**

No thank you, sir, I don't drink.

**MR. BROCK**

A ballplayer who doesn't drink? That's a new one on me.

**SMITH**

I'll have one. I'm a stereotypical reporter through and through.

**JACK**

Mr. Brock, do you have a desk? I'd like to get a letter to my wife.

**MR. BROCK**

Of course, this way.  
As Mr. Brock leads Jack ahead, Smith sips his drink.

**CUT TO:**

**39 EXT. PRACTICE DIAMOND - SANFORD - DAY 39**

Rickey and Montreal manager Hopper stand by the dugout watching a spring game versus St Paul. Jack's playing second. They watch him closely as they talk.

**HOPPER**

He's getting by on a quick release, but his arm's too weak for short. Second base is his spot.

**RICKEY**

I agree. And I'll state another obvious, Clay, I need the players to act like gentlemen around him.

**HOPPER**

Uh huh.

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 31.**

The MAN on first takes a lead.

**RICKEY**

To treat him as they would any other teammate.

**HOPPER**

Uh huh.

**RICKEY**

To be natural, to impose no restrictions on themselves. To all work together in harmony.

WHACK! The hit & run is on. The man on first runs on the pitch as a LOW LINE DRIVE shoots for the gap between 1st and 2nd. Robinson turns himself inside out to dive on his belly and catch it before it hits the ground.

He spins himself around, pivots on a knee to throw the

runner

out before he can get back to first. Â Rickey is astounded.

**RICKEY**

That was superhuman.

**HOPPER**

**(CHUCKLING)**

Superhuman? Don't get carried away, Mr. Rickey, that's still a Nigger out there.

Rickey takes a moment to process. It's Hopper's light admonishing tone that really halts him. Finally...

**RICKEY**

Clay, I realize that attitude is part of your heritage; that you practically nursed race prejudice at your mother's breast, so I will let it pass. But I will add this: you can manage Robinson fairly and

correctly or you can be unemployed.  
They both look over as Jack comes off the field toward them.

**HOPPER**

Attaboy, Jackie! Way to turn two!

**CUT TO:**

**40 EXT. FRONT PORCH - THE BROCK HOUSE - SANFORD - NIGHT 40**

Smith and Mr. Brock are sitting on the porch sipping rum and cokes. A quiet evening.

**DBL. BLUE REV 7-9-12 32.**

**MR. BROCK**

I hope Jackie sleeps alright.  
Chasing baseballs in the sun all  
day, I'd be in my grave. How are  
they treating him out there?  
They watch as a CAR slows, parks across the street.

**SMITH**

Okay as far as I can see.  
A MIDDLE-AGED WHITE MAN, LUTHER exits the car and starts  
toward them.

**MR. BROCK**

**(FROWNS)**

You find good people every place  
you go. Even here in Florida...

**LUTHER**

**(STOPPING BELOW)**

Is he in there?

**SMITH**

Who is it you're looking for?

**LUTHER**

Nigra ball player.  
The air suddenly alive with danger.

**SMITH**

He's asleep. Maybe you better come back in the morning.

**LUTHER**

I ain't comin' back. Other fellas is comin'. They ain't too happy about him stayin' here in Sanford. Playin' ball with white boys.  
(a long beat)  
Skedaddle, that's what I'd do.  
If'n they get here, and he's still here, there's gonna be trouble.  
He turns and walks away. As they watch, a phone rings...

**RICKEY'S VOICE**

Yes, Wendell, what is it?

**CUT TO:**

**41 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAYTONA BEACH - NIGHT 41**

Rickey in his pajamas in his hotel room. On the phone.

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 33.**

**RICKEY**

I see... Yes, I understand. Wake him up and get him out of there. Put him in the car and start driving for Daytona Beach. Now. And, Wendell, under no circumstance tell him what this is about. I do not want him to get it in his head to stay there and fight.

**CUT TO:**

**42 INT. BEDROOM - MR. BROCK'S HOUSE - NIGHT 42**

Half dressed, Jack sits on the edge of his bed, feeling bad. Through his open door, across a hall, we can see Smith in

his

room. Passing in and out of view packing his own things.

**JACK**

I was just getting loose.  
Smith sticks his head in the door.

**SMITH**

Don't just sit there. Pack your  
duds. We're blowin'.  
A phone RINGS somewhere. They hear Brock answer, then:

**MR. BROCK'S VOICE**

Wendell?!  
Smith leaves the room. Hold on Jack, despair as he listens.

**SMITH'S VOICE**

Yes, Mr. Rickey, I'm with him  
now... We're pulling out for  
Daytona in five minutes, soon as he  
gets his bag packed... Yes, yes,  
it's just one of those things.  
"One of those things." As Jack's head hangs a little  
lower.

**CUT TO:**

**43 INT./EXT. BUICK - MAIN STREET - SANFORD - NIGHT 43**

The street deserted, sidewalks rolled up. Jack angry and  
silent in the passenger seat. Smith jumpy behind the wheel.  
They stop as a PICK-UP stops ahead outside a BAR where:  
A DOZEN WHITE MEN in shirtsleeves exchange words with the  
boys in the truck. To Jack it looks like a typical small  
town bull session. To Smith it looks like something else.

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 34.**

The white men look over at the two black men. One steps  
over, motions: roll down the window.

**JACK**

I wonder what he wants?

**SMITH**

To run us out of town.

**JACK**

What are you talking about?  
The man close now. As Jack cranks down the window, Smith floors it. The Buick SCREECHES away, SWERVING around a CAR coming the other way.

**JACK**

What the hell, Wendell?!

**SMITH**

Man came by while you were asleep.

**(CHECKS MIRROR)**

Told us more men were coming. Maybe those boys. Mr. Rickey said to get you to Daytona Beach a-s-a-p.

**JACK**

Why didn't you say so?

**SMITH**

Mr. Rickey was afraid you wouldn't leave, that you would fight.  
As it becomes clear, Jack starts to LAUGH.

**SMITH**

What the hell are you laughing at?

**JACK**

I thought you woke me because I was cut from the team.  
Jack LAUGHS harder. Wendell LAUGHS as well. As it fades, Jack looks back over his shoulder. Jesus...

**CUT TO:**

**44 EXT. CITY ISLAND BALLPARK - DAYTONA BEACH - DAY 44**

A stadium SIGN boasts Brooklyn Dodgers vs. Montreal Royals.

**PINK REV 4-19-12 35.**

Daytona Beach's black community is turning out to see Jackie Robinson. Hundreds of people line up, mass at the: Colored

Entrance. In their Sunday best. Families. Couples. The old. The frail. Young boys chase after each other. One MOTHER stands on her toes to spot her son.

**MOTHER**

Ed! You stay where I can see you!  
13-year old ED CHARLES turns, waves his baseball glove over his head so she can see him. Then to no one in particular:

**ED**

I'm thirteen years old.  
WHITE PEOPLE enter at several gates around them.

**CUT TO:**

**45 CLOSE ON BRANCH RICKEY - THE DODGER DUGOUT 45**

He sits watching as the segregated bleachers in right fill with BLACK FANS. All else is white. Rickey pops a PEANUT in his mouth, confides to someone alongside him we don't see.

**RICKEY**

I've spoken to the mayor. I've explained how much money we'll spend in Daytona. But still, when this fine young Negro man steps on that field today, he and the Dodgers will technically be breaking the law. A law which says white and black players cannot enjoy the same field at the same time. Does that make sense to you? Does Jim Crow make any sense when placed against the words of the United States Constitution? When placed against the word of God? POP OUT to reveal he sits beside the DODGER BATBOY, so short his feet don't touch the ground. Rickey offers his peanut bag. As the batboy takes one...

**RICKEY**

I'll tell you, it does not make sense to me.

**CUT TO:**

**46 OMITTED 46**

**PINK REV 4-19-12 36.**

**47 OMITTED 47**

**48 OMITTED 48**

**49 EXT. ON DECK CIRCLE - CITY ISLAND BALLPARK - DAY 49**

Jack swinging two bats to get loose. Watches as the Montreal BATTER hits a LINE DRIVE which -- Pee Wee Reese nearly leaps out of his socks to bring down. Wow...  
As the CROWD claps in appreciation, Jack takes a deep

breath.

**PA ANNOUNCER**

Now batting the second baseman --  
Jackie Robinson!

Jack wincing as he steps forward to both cheers and boos  
from

the white sections. As a "go home, coon" drifts over -- A BIG OVATION from the black section in right drowns it out.

**COLORED SECTION - RIGHT FIELD**

Rachel sits with Smith. They react to some of the INVECTIVE coming from the white section.

**RACHEL**

Jack's got a thick skin. He'll be okay.

**SMITH**

How about you?

**RACHEL**

**(SHRUGS)**

I better get one in a hurry.

**INFIELD**

Higbe watching from the mound as Jack steps into the  
batter's box. Two well wishing voices from the infield stands.

**SPECTATOR ONE**

Come on, black boy, you can make the grade!

**SPECTATOR TWO**

They're giving you a chance! Do

something about it!

Jack heartened at the words. Concentrates as Higbe's first pitch is fired. High and tight, Jack jerks out of the way.

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 37.**

Bragan, behind the plate, chucks the ball back, grins up at Jack who does not look down at him as he settles back in.

**ED CHARLES**

The 13-year-old holding his hands together in prayer.

**ED**

Please, God, let Jackie show them what we can do.

**HOME PLATE**

Here comes the next pitch. Even tighter. Jack nearly hit.

**UMPIRE**

Ball two!

Jack glaring, crowds the plate more. Bragan shows 1, taps his right thigh signalling outside. Jack watches it sail, doesn't bite. The umpire: "Ball Three!" Higbe's fun slipping away as he can't find the strike zone.

**HIGBE**

Come on, Rook! Ain't you gonna swing at something?!

Jack takes a practice swing, waits as Bragan sets up right over the plate. Here comes the pitch. Low. "Ball four!"

**RACHEL & SMITH**

A big, over-reacting CHEER from the Colored section.

**SMITH**

It's just a walk.

**RACHEL**

Who can blame them?

**HIGBE**

Looks ill-tempered over to first where Jack gives the same look back as he sidesteps an enormous, defiant lead off the bag. Higbe incredulous. Did he just do that?

**DUROCHER**

**(FROM DUGOUT)**

Well throw over there for crying  
out loud!

Higbe fires to LAVAGETTO at first. Jack dives back in time.

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 38.**

Higbe gets the ball back, settles. Jack takes a lead, but a modest one this time. Here come the pitch -- And Jack goes. You knew he was fast; but not this fast. Bragan's throw to Pee Wee is late and high. Pee Wee throws back to Higbe. Higbe sets. Bragan gives him a sign. Jack takes a lead. On the wind-up, Jack goes. Bragan stands -- it's a PITCH OUT. Bragan fires to third and Jack is caught in a RUN DOWN. It seems like half the team gets involved with Higbe finally getting the ball by third and Jack ducking under the tag. Safe! A BUZZ goes through the stadium now as people start to realize they are not watching something or someone ordinary.

**RICKEY**

Watching from a seat behind third.

**RICKEY**

Thataway, Jackie! Thataway!

**HIGBE & JACK**

Higbe looks home for the sign, Jack dancing off third, pounding his right foot toward home. He feints hard home. Higbe steps off the rubber. Jack stays where he is.

**HIGBE**

Hell! You're supposed to go back  
to third when I step off! Don't  
you know nothing?!

He throws over. Jack back to the bag. Higbe gets the ball  
back, looks in. Jack bouncing, pounding off third. His  
movements carry violence within them. Like a piston  
exploding in an engine.

Higbe into his motion, stops his delivery, accidentally

drops

the ball to the ground. The umpire signals BALK, points Jack home. Higbe is furious.

**ED CHARLES - IN THE COLORED SECTION**

CHEERING, joyous. His mother joins in, happy despite...

**MOTHER**

I don't understand. What happened?

**ED**

It's a balk, Mama. The pitcher can't start toward home and then stop. Jackie scores.

**GREEN REV 4-27-12 39.**

**MOTHER**

But he didn't do anything.

**ED**

Oh, mama, yes he did, he discombobulated the man.

**DUGOUT**

Durocher looks to Branca, impressed.

**DUROCHER**

He didn't come to play; he came to kill.

Durocher starts out to the mound to talk to Higbe.

**DIXIE WALKER**

Watching from right field, the black crowd still cheering. He walks over toward the open bullpen where Casey stands.

**WALKER**

This really how it's gonna be some day? Baseball?

**CUT TO:**

**50 EXT. SCOREBOARD - BALLFIELD - DAY 50**

Montreal vs. Indianapolis. THE STANDS are half filled. The

COLORED SECTION is packed solid, accentuated by the many empty seats in the sections on either side of it.

INSERT: De Land, Florida.

No score, top of the first as -- Jack drops a BUNT down the line. The FIRST BASEMAN fields, throw to the SECOND BASEMAN covering. Too late. Only Jack doesn't stop.

Realizing the SHORTSTOP isn't covering the bag, Jack bolts for second. The second baseman has to wait on the throw and when he makes it -- The UMPIRE signals safe. A bunt double! Spider Jorgensen settles in the batter's box. The pitch. Crack, Jorgensen laces a single to left.

Jack motors to third where Sukeforth is WAVING him home. We're with him at hip level as he tears down the basepath. The CATCHER bracing for the throw - they COLLIDE - he's

SAFE!

steps

As Jack gets to his feet, however, a Jim Crow POLICEMAN up to meet him, grabs him by the shoulder.

**POLICEMAN**

Git offa this field now!

**WHITE 3-14-12 40.**

**JACK**

What!?! Why?

**POLICEMAN**

It's against the law is why. No niggers don't play with no white boys. Git off or go to jail.

Jack shrugs the policeman's hand off his shoulder. That sends him reaching for his nightstick and -- Sukeforth is there to get between them.

**JACK**

You swing that thing you better hit me between the eyes with it.

**POLICEMAN**

Is that so?

The CROWD BOOING. The black section especially.

**HOPPER**

(arrives from dugout)  
Hey, hold on, what'd he do wrong?

**POLICEMAN**

We ain't havin' Nigras mix with  
white boys in this town. Ya'll  
ain't up-states now; they gotta  
stay separate. Brooklyn Dodgers  
ain't changing our way of living.  
Where are you all from anyhow?

**HOPPER**

Greenwood, Mississippi.

**POLICEMAN**

Hell, man, you oughta know better.  
(a dangerous beat)  
Now tell your Nigra I said to git.  
You think I'm foolin'?  
Hopper looks desperately to Jack who just stands there.

**RACHEL'S VOICE**

What did you do?

**CUT TO:**

**51 EXT. STREET - DAYTONA BEACH - HARRIS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

51

Jack and Rachel out walking. He's been telling the story.

**PINK REV 4-19-12 41.**

**JACK**

I said okay, Skipper, tell him...  
Ah'm a-gittin'. Sho'nuff, ah is.

**RACHEL**

You didn't?

**JACK**

I did. Then I took a long shower.  
We lost 2 to 1.  
She takes a few exaggerated steps to amuse him.

**RACHEL**

Ah'm a-gittin', ah'm a gittin'.  
He laughs, takes her hand. He's going to kiss her.

**JACK**

You're not getting away from me.

**RACHEL**

**(LOOKING PAST)**

Jack...

like

A white man bee-lines them from across the street, looks  
a real CRACKER. Jack on guard, gets in front of Rachel.

**JACK**

Get back, Rae. Go back.  
Cracker stops square across from him. Jack's fists balled.

**CRACKER**

I want you to know something.

**JACK**

Yeah, what's that?

**CRACKER**

I want you to know I'm pulling for  
you to make good. And a lot of  
folks here feel the same way. If a  
man's got the goods, he deserves a  
fair chance. That's all.  
(tips his hat)  
Ma'am.

As Cracker walks away... Rachel takes Jack's hand.

**CUT TO:**

**52 OMITTED 52**

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 41A.**

**52A EXT. PLAYING FIELD - DODGER DAYTONA FACILITY - DAY 52A**

Rickey leans against his car watching a GROUNDSKEEPER push mow the infield grass. Jack, in street clothes, joins him.

**JACK**

You wanted to see me, Mr. Rickey?  
Rickey nods, consider the field a moment.

**RICKEY**

Bermuda grass grows so well here.  
I wish we could get it to grow like  
this in Brooklyn.

**JACK**

I like the way it smells when they  
mow it.

**PINK REV 4-19-12 42.**

**RICKEY**

Me, too.  
Rickey consider the field a moment, then Jack.

**RICKEY**

Jackie, it's my pleasure to tell  
you that you've earned a spot on  
the Montreal Royals. When they  
head north Tuesday for opening day  
against Jersey City, you'll be on  
the train.  
Jack trying to hold down his excitement.

**JACK**

I won't let you down.

**RICKEY**

I know that.

**JACK**

If you don't mind, I've got to go  
tell my wife.

**RICKEY**

Give her my regards.  
Jack about to head off when he looks back..

**JACK**

Why are you doing this, Mr. Rickey?

**RICKEY**

I'm an opportunist. With you and the Negro players I hope to bring up next year I'll put together a team that can win the World Series. And the World Series means money. Jack studies him a beat, not quite buying it.

**RICKEY**

Don't you believe that?

**JACK**

I don't think what I believe is important. Only what I do.

**RICKEY**

Agreed. Therefore, run the bases like the Devil himself.

**(MORE)**

**GREEN REV 4-27-12 43.**

**RICKEY (CONT'D)**

Worry those pitchers so they come apart. Sometimes they'll catch you, but don't worry about that. Ty Cobb got caught plenty. Just run as you see fit. Put the natural fear of God into them.

**CUT TO:**

**53 EXT. DAYTONA BEACH TRAIN STATION - DAY 53**

Ed Charles and his TWO FRIENDS follow Jack and the Montreal PLAYERS as they walk toward the TRAIN waiting on the tracks. Jack is one of the last to board. He's almost through the door when something stops him. He looks back at Ed. A beat. Ed slowly raises his hand and waves. Jack smiles,

does the same, then disappears inside. The WHISTLE blows and the train starts out of the station. On impulse Ed starts to trot out after it. Staying close. His friends follow.

#### **TRAIN TRACKS**

The train picks up speed. The boys start to run. Arms pumping, feet flying. One boy drops off. Then the other. But Ed still runs. Chasing after that train carrying Jackie Robinson. Finally, he stops, heaving for breath, watching the train disappear around the bend. A lonely beat. Then -- Ed gets down on his hands and knees. He sets his ear on the rail, closes his eyes. A thrum comes off the rail. A huge smile spreads. He straightens, shouts back to his friends:

**ED**

**I CAN STILL HEAR HIM!**

From somewhere, as the National Anthem ends...

**CUT TO:**

**54 EXT. ROOSEVELT STADIUM - DAY 54**

INSERT: April 18, 1946 - Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City.  
Opening day of the International League Season.  
A COLOR GUARD march away to REVEAL:

**HOME PLATE UMPIRE**

**PLAY BALL!**

30,000 FANS pack a stadium built for 24,500. Bunting and flags everywhere. 1000s of black fans are here (segregated only financially in New Jersey).

**CUT TO:**

**WHITE 3-14-12 44.**

**55 EXT. HOME PLATE - ROOSEVELT STADIUM - DAY 55**

Jack steps up to some BOOING, but much more APPLAUSE. He looks ready to beat the world.  
INSERT: First inning.

**CROWD VOICE**

Come on, Jackie, this fella can't  
pitch!

Speaking of the pitch, here it comes. Jack tops a WEAK  
GROUNDER to short. As he's thrown out by a mile...

**56 WENDELL SMITH & RACHEL 56**

Sitting up off third. His knees knocked together to hold his  
TYPEWRITER on his lap. Nothing to write about there. He  
looks over at Rachel who puts her hand over her mouth.

**SMITH**

You okay?

**RACHEL**

I think I might be sick.

**(STANDING)**

Excuse me, Wendell.

He watches as she starts out, looks to the field.

**SMITH**

I'd be sick at a swing like that,  
too.

**CUT TO:**

**57 INT. REST ROOM STALL - ROOSEVELT STADIUM - DAY 57**

Rachel exits looking stricken. She steps over, splashes a  
little water from the sink up into her face. An OLDER BLACK  
WOMAN watches sympathetically.

**OLDER WOMAN**

Are you alright, honey?

**RACHEL**

I'm sick. I don't know why.

The older woman rolls off a piece of paper towel for her.

**RACHEL (CONT'D)**

Thank you.

**OLDER WOMAN**

When did you have your monthly  
last?

**WHITE 3-14-12 45.**

Rachel looks over, taken aback. But then...

**RACHEL**

I'm late.

**OLDER WOMAN**

It may be that you're pregnant.

The older woman offers a little smile, leaves her there.

INSERT: Third Inning.

**P.A. ANNOUNCER**

**(ECHOING)**

Now batting. Jackie Robinson.

**CUT TO:**

**58 HOME PLATE 58**

Jack steps up to bat. The JERSEY CITY GIANT PITCHER looks to the Montreal RUNNER at first, glances over his shoulder at the Montreal RUNNER at second, then focuses on home.

**59 SMITH 59**

His hands resting on the top of his typewriter.

**SMITH**

Come on, Jackie. Come on, batter.

**60 RACHEL 60**

Emerging up the runway. The field opening up before her. There's Jack standing down there. The sight of him settles her. As she puts a hand gently over her belly...

**61 THE PITCHER 61**

Grimaces for something extra as he fires a high fastball -- Jack UNLOADS. All heads turn to watch it sail -- high into the left field bleachers, banging hard off the scoreboard.

**62 SMITH 62**

Nearly drops his typewriter, pushes his hat back as he watches Jack start his home run trot. Smith laughs. Joy.

**63 DUGOUT 63**

Hopper can't believe his eyes. Softly to himself:

**HOPPER**

I'll be damned...

**WHITE 3-14-12 46.**

**64 WE'RE WITH JACK 64**

As he runs the base paths. Over it, a TYPEWRITER CLATTERS.

**SMITH (O.S.)**

Robinson jogged around the bases,  
his heart singing...  
The crowd loves it as he continues toward third where  
Sukeforth is clapping for all he's worth.

**SMITH (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

And our own hearts beat just a bit  
faster, and the thrill ran through  
us like champagne bubbles...

**65 CLOSE ON RACHEL 65**

Watching him head for home, shaking hands with the two men  
he  
batted in. Pride & joy in her eyes.

**RACHEL**

Oh, Jack... Oh Jack...

**CUT TO:**

**66 CLOSE ON RACHEL 66**

Suddenly in pain, face beaded in sweat.

**RACHEL**

Jack! Jack!  
INSERT: November 18, 1946. Pasadena, California.  
She is in labor and we are in Huntington Memorial Hospital.  
A CRY. The DOCTOR holds up a slick, wailing NEWBORN.

**DOCTOR**

It's a boy.  
As Rachel holds out her arms for him...

**CUT TO:**

**67 INT. HALLWAY - MATERNITY WARD - PASADENA - NIGHT 67**

Jack at the glass looking at JACKIE JR. Jack's eyes shine as

he regards his infant son. It's quiet. Jack's voice soft.

**JACK**

My daddy left. He left us flat in Cairo, Georgia. I was only six months older than you are now. I don't remember him. Nothing good, nothing bad. Nothing.

**(MORE)**

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 47.**

**JACK (CONT'D)**

**(A BEAT)**

But you're going to remember me.  
And I am going to be with you until  
the day I die.

The stakes just got raised...

**CUT TO:**

**68 INT. YMCA GYMNASIUM - DAY 68**

THIRTY prominent BROOKLYN NEGRO leaders, representing a  
cross section of civic responsibility, sit on folding chairs  
before a dais where HERBERT MILLER making an introduction.

**MILLER**

As all of us know a young Negro  
second baseman played north of the  
border last season...

INSERT: Brooklyn YMCA. February 5, 1947.

In back: TWO DEACONS in the back whisper over a SPORTS PAGE.

**DEACON ONE**

Look here what he did.

**(READS)**

Led the International League in  
batting: .349, in stolen bases: 40,

runs scored: 113. Plus batted .400  
in the Minor League World Series.

**DEACON TWO**

Last season doesn't matter. The  
International League, it doesn't  
matter. What matters is this year.  
What matters is Brooklyn.

**DEACON ONE**

Shhh... Here he comes.  
As Herbert Miller introduces...

**MILLER**

I present the general manager of  
the Brooklyn Dodger baseball club,  
Mr. Branch Rickey!  
Warm APPLAUSE as Rickey steps up. As it settles...

**RICKEY**

Good evening. I have something  
very important to talk with you  
about tonight. Something that will  
require courage from all of us.

**(A BEAT)**

**(MORE)**

**PINK REV 4-19-12 47A.**

**RICKEY (CONT'D)**

I have a ballplayer on my Montreal  
team named Jackie Robinson.  
The start of applause. Rickey motions for it to stop.

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 48.**

**RICKEY**

He may stay there or he may be brought to Brooklyn. But if Jackie does come up to the Dodgers, the biggest threat to his success, the one enemy most likely to ruin that success, is the Negro people themselves!

There is shocked silence in the room. Rickey notices a group of KIDS watching from a raised running track, soldiers on:

**RICKEY**

I say it as cruelly as I can to make you all realize the weight of responsibility that is not only on myself and the Dodgers, but on Negroes everywhere. For on the day Jackie enters the National League, if he does, I have no doubt every one of you will form parades and welcoming committees. You'll strut. You'll wear badges. You'll hold Jackie Robinson days and Jackie Robinson nights. You'll get drunk, fight and be arrested. This is too much. People are slackjawed. Rickey powers on.

**RICKEY**

You'll wine and dine him until he is fat and futile. You'll symbolize his importance into a national comedy and yes, a tragedy! So let me tell you this!

(pounds his fist)

If any group or segment of Negro society uses the advancement of Jackie Robinson in baseball as a triumph of race over race, I will regret the day I ever signed him to a contract, and I will personally see that baseball is never so abused and misrepresented again!

Is he done? An embarrassed smattering of applause. Mostly shock and stares. As Rickey stands there uncomfortably...

**CUT TO:**

**69 INT. HALLWAY - YMCA - DAY 69**

Rickey stands waiting; giving that speech has worn him out.

The door opens and Miller looks in on him.

**WHITE 3-14-12 49.**

**MILLER**

I question your bedside manner, Mr. Rickey, but they've agreed to set up a committee of self-policing. We'll call it the 'Don't Spoil Jackie's Chances' campaign.

**RICKEY**

Thank you, Mr. Miller. I'm sorry; the spotlight will be on us all.

**CUT TO:**

**70 INT. BEDROOM - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT 70**

The silhouette of stately palms through the window. A PHONE RINGS. A figure fumbles through silk sheets for the receiver. It's LEO DUROCHER, a WOMEN in bed alongside him. INSERT: Beverly Hills. February 16, 1947.

**DUROCHER**

Yeah?

**RICKEY'S VOICE**

Hello, Leo, what are you doing?

**DUROCHER**

I'm bowling. Wait, I'm snowshoeing in the Alps. I'm trying to sleep, Mr. Rickey. It's still dark out.

**CUT TO:**

**71 INT. BRANCH RICKEY'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING 71**

It's very early in New York. Rickey on the phone.

**RICKEY**

Another spring training is upon us. In Panama. I need to know your

attitude toward Jackie Robinson.

**72 INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING: 72**

**DUROCHER**

I don't got an attitude toward him.  
The girl rolls over to look at him. She is the actress  
LORRAINE DAY and she is stunning. As Durocher regards her...

**RICKEY**

Eight times in the Bible we're told  
to love our neighbor. It's one of  
God's most repeated commands.

**PINK REV 4-19-12 50.**

She puts her hands on him. (Durocher addressing Rickey.)

**LORRAINE**

**(SOFTLY)**

Hi...

**DUROCHER**

I don't know much about the Bible.

**LORRAINE**

Me neither...

**DUROCHER**

But I didn't go to school just to  
eat my lunch either. I'll play an  
elephant if he can help us win. To  
make room for him, I'll send my own  
brother home if he's not as good.

**LORRAINE**

(in his ear)  
What are you going to do with me?

**DUROCHER**

We're playing for money, Mr.  
Rickey. Winning's the only thing  
that matters. Is he a nice guy?

**RICKEY**

If by nice you mean soft, no, not particularly.

**DUROCHER**

Good. He can't afford to be. Nice guys finish last.

**LORRAINE**

What about nice girls?  
She starts to kiss him. It's hard to concentrate.

**RICKEY**

So you have no objections to him?

**DUROCHER**

None whatsoever. Can I go back to sleep now?

**RICKEY**

Yes. Oh -- and Leo?

**DUROCHER**

What?

**PINK REV 4-19-12 50A.**

**RICKEY**

The Bible says a thing or two about adultery as well.

**DUROCHER**

I'm sure it's got a lot to say about a lot. Good night.  
Durocher hangs up the phone, looks to her.

**DUROCHER**

What am I gonna do with you?

**LORRAINE**

Leo, I thought you knew...  
As she kisses him...

**CUT TO:**

**73 EXT. PEPPER STREET - PASADENA - DAY 73**

CABBIE

Jack stands out front kissing Jackie Jr. good-bye as a muscles his LUGGAGE down the walkway to a waiting TAXI. Jack kisses Mallie and hands off the baby. Mallie carries the boy inside leaving Jack and Rachel alone to say goodbye.

**BLUE REV 4-07-12 51.**

**RACHEL**

Promise me you'll write.

**JACK**

When did I ever not write?

**RACHEL**

I want you to know I'm there for you. Even if it's words on paper. He's sees she's raw, takes her in his arms with the baby.

**JACK**

Rae, you're in my heart.  
She sighs, rests her head on his shoulder.

**RACHEL**

You're getting close now. The closer you get, the worse they'll be. Don't let them get to you.

**JACK**

I will not. God built me to last.  
He kisses her. She kisses him back.

**RACHEL**

See you in Brooklyn in eight weeks.

**JACK**

It might be Montreal.  
A certainty grips her. She passes it on to him.

**RACHEL**

It's going to be Brooklyn. I know

it is.

Power in her words. He nods, looks off toward the taxi.

**JACK**

I've got to go, Rae.

She nods. They kiss, embrace a last time. He starts away down the walk. She watches. Something not quite right.

A tug as Jack stops, looks back at her. Fighting back her emotion and then impelled forward, she runs to him. They come together. She practically disappears in his arms. They do not want to be apart.

**CUT TO:**

**WHITE 3-14-12 52.**

**74 INT. DINING ROOM - THE TIVOLI HOTEL - DAY 74**

Durocher eats heartily. Rickey's food is untouched.

**DUROCHER**

It's a pipe dream, Mr. Rickey.

**RICKEY**

Pipe dream? What do you mean by pipe dream?

INSERT: Panama City, Panama. March 18, 1947.

**DUROCHER**

I mean it ain't gonna happen. The Dodgers are never gonna demand Robinson be brought up from Montreal. Ball players are conservative.

**RICKEY**

A team full of tough war veterans? Immigrants' sons? Boys from impoverished parts of the country?

**DUROCHER**

It - ain't - gonna - happen.

**RICKEY**

You really believe they won't accept him? Once they see how he plays, how he can help them win.

**DUROCHER**

I'm not saying they won't accept him: I'm saying they won't ask for him. I'm saying Robinson's good medicine, but they're not gonna like the taste. I'm saying bend over, boys, and get ready, this one might hurt a little.

**(ANOTHER FORKFUL)**

Boy, this is good fish.

**CUT TO:**

**75 KIRBY HIGBE - IN HIS TIVOLI HOTEL ROOM 75**

As Higbe (South Carolina) finishes WRITING something on a piece of hotel STATIONARY, Bragan (Alabama) looks to Dixie Walker (Alabama) and Dodger pitcher HUGH CASEY (Georgia).

**BRAGAN**

Why do you think Rickey's got us playing spring games in Panama?

**(MORE)**

**BLUE REV 4-07-12 53.**

**BRAGAN (CONT'D)**

He wants to get us used to Negro crowds. He wants more of them than us. He's hoping it'll get us more comfortable being around Robinson. Higbe clears his throat, reads what he's written:

**HIGBE**

We, the undersigned Brooklyn Dodgers will not play ball on the same field as Jackie Robinson. Higbe signs it. He hands the pen to Bragan who adds his own name. Casey signs with a flourish. Casey holds out the pen

to Walker who doesn't take it right away. An odd beat.

**CASEY**

If you wanna make your mark, Dixie,  
we can witness it.

Everyone laughs; it loosens Walker up enough to sign.

**CUT TO:**

**76 HOTEL ROOM DOOR 76**

Higbe KNOCKS as Casey, Bragan and Walker crowd behind him.

**STANKY'S VOICE**

C'mon in!

**STANKY'S ROOM**

The boys enter. Eddie Stanky sits in a chair stripped to the waist, soaking his right elbow in a BUCKET OF ICE.

**STANKY**

What's goin' on?

**HIGBE**

Got a petition goin' on, Stank.

**BRAGAN**

To keep Robinson up in Montreal  
where he belongs.

**STANKY**

Oh... Did Pee Wee sign it?

**HIGBE**

Ain't asked him yet. What  
difference does it make?

**STANKY**

None, just wonderin'.

**BLUE REV 4-07-12 54.**

Stanky looks to Walker who looks away.

**STANKY (CONT'D)**

(re: his right arm)

Can't sign now. I'm indisposed.  
Could I catch up with you later?

**CUT TO:**

**77 PEE WEE REESE 77**

Standing in the door to his room. Looking out at the glum faces of Higbe, Bragan, Casey and Walker.

**REESE**

Look, it's like this. I got a wife, a baby, and I got no money. I don't want to step in anything.

**(TO WALKER)**

Skip me, Dix, I'm not interested.

**WALKER**

What if they put him at shortstop?

**REESE**

**(SHRUGS)**

If he's man enough to take my job, I suppose he deserves it.

**HIGBE**

(laughs out loud)  
The hell he does!

**WALKER**

He does not have the ice water in his veins for big league baseball.

**REESE**

So let him show what he's got. Robinson can play or he can't. It'll all take care of itself.

**CUT TO:**

**78 CARL FURILLO 78**

The very son of immigrants Rickey was talking about. From Pennsylvania no less.

**FURILLO**

Give me the pen.  
Higbe grins, hands it over. As Furillo signs...

**CUT TO:**

**TAN REV 6-25-12 55.**

**79 INT. LEO DUROCHER'S ROOM - THE TIVOLI HOTEL - NIGHT 79**

Durocher lays staring up at the palm shadows on the ceiling. Finally, the phone rings. He answers.

**DUROCHER**

Yes, Mr. Rickey.

**RICKEY'S VOICE**

Have our friends in the press gone to sleep yet?

**DUROCHER**

We are the only people awake on this entire isthmus, Mr. Rickey.

**RICKEY'S VOICE**

A deliberate violation of the law, needs a little show of force. I leave it to you. Good night, Leo.

**DUROCHER**

Yes, Mr. Rickey.

**CUT TO:**

**80 INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - NIGHT 80**

Deserted. Durocher stands in a hotel bathrobe, arms crossed as his PLAYERS and COACHES file in. Bleary-eyed, half-dressed, they're all here, all wondering what this is about. Suddenly, Durocher grabs the handle of an industrial-sized SOUP POT and heaves it across the room. BRWANG-RANG-RANG!

**DUROCHER**

Wake up, ladies! Wake the Hell up!  
(a stunned beat)  
It's come to my attention that some of you fellas don't want to play with Robinson. That you even got a petition drawn up that you're all gonna sign. Well boys, you know what you can do with your petition?

**YOU CAN WIPE YOUR ASSES WITH IT!**

**WALKER**

C'mon, Leo...

**DUROCHER**

Come on what?!

**TAN REV 6-25-12 55A.**

**WALKER**

Ball players gotta live together,  
shower together, it's not right to  
force him on us. Besides, I own a  
hardware store back home and I --

**PINK REV 4-19-12 56.**

**DUROCHER**

Screw your hardware store, Dix!  
And if you don't like it, screw  
you! Mr. Rickey'll be happy to  
make other arrangements for you.  
Durocher suddenly marches to Higbe, looks like he's going to  
belt him. As Higbe gulps, Durocher turns to the team.

**DUROCHER**

I don't care if he's yellow or  
black or has stripes like a zebra,  
if Robinson can help us win, and  
everything I've seen says he can,  
then he's gonna play on this ball  
club. Like it, lump it, make your  
mind up to it because he's coming!  
And think about this when your

heads hit the pillow, he's only the first, boys, only the first. More are coming right behind him. They have talent and they wanna play! He lets that sink a moment.

**DUROCHER**

Yes, sir, they're gonna come diving and scratching. So I'd forget your petition and worry about the field. Because unless you fellas pay a little more attention to your work, they are going to run you right out of the ball park! A petition? (looks them over)  
Are you ballplayers or lawyers?  
As he marches past them and through the doors...

**CUT TO:**

**81 OMITTED 81**

**82 OMITTED 82**

**PINK REV 4-19-12 57.**

**83 OMITTED 83**

**84 EXT./INT. DUGOUT - PANAMA PRACTICE FIELD - DAY 84**

Jack in his Montreal uniform headed off the field for the dugout. Sukeforth headed over wearing Dodger blue.

**SUKEFORTH**

Robinson!  
As Jack turns, Sukeforth tosses him a FIRST BASEMAN'S

GLOVE.

**JACK**

What do you want me to do with this?

**SUKEFORTH**

Play first base.

**JACK**

I've never played first base in my life, Coach.

**SUKEFORTH**

Well, it's like this. Brooklyn's got a solid second baseman. And they got Pee Wee Reese at short. But first base is up for grabs. Are you catching my drift?

**JACK**

**(NODS)**

Yeah. I don't need a glove to do that.

**CUT TO:**

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 58.**

**85 OMITTED 85**

**86 JACK - PRACTICE FIELD 86**

Coach Sukeforth, getting balls from a bucket, hitting grounders down to Jack at first. The short hops are wicked. Jack rolls his catches over to a little PANAMANIAN KID who chucks them down to his brother who tosses them back to Sukeforth. As Jack struggles...

**PANAMANIAN KID**

El es muy malo.

**SUKEFORTH**

Mr. Rickey said he wants you playing conspicuous baseball!

**(WHACK)**

To be so good the Dodgers'll demand you on the team!

**(WHACK)**

So I thought about it awhile and

then I looked up conspicuous in the dictionary.

**(WHACK)**

It means to attract notice or attention.

Jack dives, spears a liner. Sukeforth tilts back his cap.

**SUKEFORTH**

Conspicuous.

**CUT TO:**

**87 OMITTED 87**

**PINK REV 4-19-12 59.**

**88 OMITTED 88**

**89 INT. RICKEY'S OFFICE - THE TIVOLI HOTEL - DAY 89**

Bobby Bragan sits across from Rickey looking defiant.

**RICKEY**

Bragan, most of your teammates have recanted on this petition nonsense. Are you really here to tell me you don't want to play with Robinson?

**BRAGAN**

Yes, Sir. My friends back in Birmingham would never forgive me.

**RICKEY**

And your friends here in Brooklyn?  
(Bragan just shrugs)  
Then I will accommodate you. If you give me your word that you will try your very best for this team until I can work out a trade. That gets Bragan's goat. He jumps up, really mad.

**BRAGAN**

Do you think I would quit on

anyone?! I don't quit.

**RICKEY**

Only on yourself apparently. You can go, Bragan.

**CUT TO:**

**89A SECOND BASE - PANAMA - DAY 89A**

Time slowed way down as Jack takes a throw at second from the Montreal shortstop. He pivots to turn the double-play even as Dixie Walker barrels in low. All Jackie's focus on the task at hand as he throws while Walker submarines him. He lands in a heap tangled up together. They both look back to see the result of the play.

As Robinson smiles and Walker scowls, we know...

**RICKEY'S VOICE**

Send Dixie in.

**CUT TO:**

**BLUE REV 4-07-12 60.**

**90 DIXIE WALKER 90**

Sitting down across from Rickey.

**RICKEY**

I received your letter, Dixie.

**(READS)**

Recently, the thought has occurred to me that a change of ball clubs would benefit both the Brooklyn Baseball Club and myself.

**(TO WALKER)**

This is about Robinson?

**WALKER**

I'm keeping my reasons private. Hope you can respect that, sir.

**RICKEY**

I realize, Dixie, that you have a Southern upbringing, that you would have to subordinate your feelings for the welfare of this venture. I for one would deeply appreciate it. I think we can all learn something.

**WALKER**

What I have, Mr. Rickey, is a hardware store back home. It's called Dixie Walker's. Folks don't come because I have the lowest prices, they come because it's called Dixie Walker's. Understand? And I make as much money owning that store as I do playing for you.

**RICKEY**

Is that what you're you afraid of?  
(he doesn't answer)  
Bragan's a third-stringer, but you bat clean-up. You're popular in Brooklyn. Children look up to you!

**WALKER**

You got my letter; can I go?

**RICKEY**

I'll start looking for a trade or a sale. But it won't happen until I get value in return. Until then I expect you to drive in runs.

**WALKER**

I always have. That's my job.

**CUT TO:**

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 61.**

**91 EXT. PENN STATION - NIGHT 91**

INSERT: Manhattan. April 8, 1947.  
Jack exits with his luggage. Looking for a cab, he sees Smith waiting. Smith offers a salute. Jack looks grumpy as he steps over. The Buick waiting beyond.

**JACK**

You again.  
Smith leans back, blinks.

**SMITH**

That's right. Me again. Something wrong with that, Jack?

**JACK**

Come on.  
Jack continues past. As Smith follows...

**CUT TO:**

**92 INT. SMITH'S BUICK - 34TH STREET - NIGHT 92**

Traffic heavy. A glum silence in the car until...

**SMITH**

They can't keep you on Montreal for long. After these exhibition games, they've got to bring you up.

**(NO REPLY)**

You don't have two words to rub together, do you?

**JACK**

Do I have to entertain you?  
More silence, then...

**SMITH**

You ever wonder why I sit out in right field with my typewriter on my knees? Does that ever cross your mind?  
Jack stares out the passenger window, not in the mood. As he looks up at some of the taller buildings they pass...

**SMITH**

It's because Negro reporters aren't allowed in the press box.  
Jack doesn't answer, doesn't look over. Finally Smith starts talking to himself. Pretending to be Jack.

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 62.**

**SMITH AS JACK'**

You know, Wendell, I never asked  
you where you were from?

**SMITH**

Why I'm from Detroit, Jack.

**SMITH AS JACK'**

You don't say? Tell me more.

**SMITH**

My daddy used to work at Fair Lane.  
That was Mr. Ford's estate. My  
daddy was Mr. Henry Ford's cook.

**SMITH AS JACK'**

I did not know that.

**SMITH**

Cooked for him for years, but never  
once broke bread with him. I'd go  
to work with daddy sometimes. Play  
baseball out on the lawn with Mr.  
Ford's grandchildren. We all had a  
real good time. But it was  
understood, if they got tired of  
playing ball and moved inside to  
the bowling alley or swimming pool,  
I was not invited or allowed. The  
grass was as far as I got. So  
guess what? You're not the only  
one with something at stake here.

**JACK**

(after a beat)  
If I start talking, will you stop?

**SMITH**

I'd be happy to.  
Smith stops at a red light.

**JACK**

I apologize. You've been there for  
me through this more than anyone

besides Rae and Mr. Rickey. But I guess that's what bothers me.

**SMITH**

How do you mean?

**JACK**

I don't like needing someone to be there for me. I don't like needing anyone but myself. I never have.

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 63.**

**SMITH**

You are a hard case, Jack Robinson. Is it okay if I keep driving you or should I let you out so you can walk?  
Jack bursts out laughing. So does Smith.

**JACK**

You remember the last time we were at a red light? Down in Florida?

**SMITH**

New York City now, baby. We've come a long way.

**JACK**

And we got a long way to go. The light turns green. Off they go.

**CUT TO:**

**93 INT. BRANCH RICKEY'S OFFICE - BROOKLYN - DAY 93**

Rickey reads to Parrott from the New York Sun.

**RICKEY**

Branch Rickey cannot afford to upset team chemistry and so the only thing keeping Robinson off the Dodgers now, plainly, is the attitude of the players.

INSERT: Brooklyn. April 9, 1947.

**RICKEY**

If it softens at the sight of Jackie's skills, he'll join the club some time between April 10 and April 15. Otherwise, Robinson will spend the year back in Montreal.

(throws paper down)

For the love of Pete, he batted .625 in the exhibition games against them, us, them -- Against us! Judas Priest!

Rickey flummoxed as the phone RINGS from the outer office.

**PARROTT**

Maybe you could have Durocher hold a press conference. Demand that he get Robinson on his team.

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 63A.**

**RICKEY**

Durocher. Of course, he's my ace in the hole. Very good, Harold. The phone still rings. Rickey looks to his open door.

**RICKEY**

Jane Ann! Are you out there? Grumbling, brambly eyebrows twitching, he makes the mistake of answering his own phone.

**WHITE 3-14-12 64.**

**RICKEY (CONT'D)**

Branch Rickey... You're speaking

to him... The Commissioner of  
what..? Oh, yes put him on.  
(looks to Parrott)  
The commissioner of baseball.

**CUT TO:**

**94 INT. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY 94**

HAPPY CHANDLER gets a manicure. Always jovial, a head like  
an anvil with hair parted in the middle, he picks up a  
phone.

**HAPPY**

Branch, how are you?

**INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING:**

**RICKEY**

Fine. What can I do for you, Happy?

**HAPPY**

Branch, how would you feel about  
losing Durocher for a year?  
Rickey switches the phone from one ear to the other.

**RICKEY**

I'm sorry, Happy, I thought you  
said lose Durocher for a year.

**HAPPY**

Yes. He was seen in Havana with  
known gamblers.

**RICKEY**

Anyone who sets foot in Havana is  
seen with known gamblers.

**HAPPY**

It's not just one thing, it's an  
accumulation. I received notice  
today from the Catholic Youth  
Organization. Vowing a ban on  
baseball unless Durocher is  
punished for his moral looseness.

**RICKEY**

You're joking.

**HAPPY**

It's this business with the actress  
in California. She's recently

divorced and Durocher is the cause.  
They may even be illegally married.

**PINK REV 4-19-12 65.**

**RICKEY**

Now I'm sure you're joking.  
Happy checks his nails, returns his hand to the MANICURIST.

**HAPPY**

I wish I were. The CYO buy a lot  
of tickets, Branch. They draw a  
lot of water and I can't afford to  
ruffle their feathers. Am I mixing  
metaphors there?

**RICKEY**

You know very well my organization  
is about to enter a tempest. I  
need Durocher at the rudder. He's  
the only man who can handle this  
much trouble, who loves it in fact.  
You're chopping off my right hand!

**HAPPY**

I have no choice. I'm going to  
have to sit your manager, Branch.  
Leo Durocher is suspended from  
baseball for a year.

**RICKEY**

You can't do that! Happy, you son  
of a bitch!  
DIAL TONE. Rickey steadies himself, looks to Parrott.

**RICKEY**

Trouble ahead, Harold. Trouble.

**CUT TO:**

**95 INT. DODGER LOCKER ROOM - EBBETS FIELD - DAY 95**

Durocher, in a suit, cleans out his locker. Carefully sets  
each item in a cardboard box. Finished, he closes the locker

door. CLICK. And then -- WHAM! -- Drives his fist in, taking it off its hinges. He picks up his box, quietly walks out.

**CUT TO:**

**96 OMITTED 96**

**PINK REV 4-19-12 66.**

**97 OMITTED 97**

**98 OMITTED 98**

**99 OMITTED 99**

**99A INT. MCALPIN HOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING 99A**

RING... Jack asleep in bed, fumbles for the receiver.  
INSERT: April 10, 1947.

**JACK**

Hello?

**JANE ANN'S VOICE**

Mr. Robinson, this is Jane Ann in Mr. Rickey's office. He needs to see you right away. He has a contract for you to sign. That wakes him up.

**CUT TO:**

**99B INT. BRANCH RICKEY'S OFFICE - BROOKLYN - DAY 99B**

Rickey  
before  
Jack sits at the desk. Alone. He looks back over his shoulder at the GOLDFISH. As one of them stares back, enters with the CONTRACT in question. He sets it down Jack, hands him a pen.

**RICKEY**

I'm so sorry about the rush.  
Events are unfolding too fast to

keep up with. The burden has  
finally fallen to me and so be it.

**JACK**

**(POINTS)**

Sign here?

**RICKEY**

Yes, yes.

As Jack poises the pen -- Rickey suddenly aghast.

**RICKEY**

Stop!

The pen a millimeter over the page.

**RICKEY**

History. And I'm blabbing,  
blabbing through history... Rushing  
it along. What am I thinking?

**TAN REV 6-25-12 66A.**

**99C RICKEY'S OUTER OFFICE 99C**

Rickey sticks his head out the door.

**RICKEY**

Jane Ann, come in here.

(hollering down hall)

Harold!

Parrott sticks his head out from an office down the hall.

**RICKEY**

Get some employees up here!

**CUT TO:**

**99D RICKEY'S DESK 99D**

Where Jack Robinson signs his contract. As he sets the pen  
down -- Rickey starts APPLAUDING. He's joined by Parrott,  
JANE ANN and a JANITOR. Rickey claps Jack on the shoulder.

**RICKEY**

Harold, telegram the press. Say

this: "The Brooklyn Dodgers today purchased the contract of Jackie Robinson from the Montreal Royals. He will report immediately." As Jack takes it in, he's the only one not smiling.

**CUT TO:**

**99E INT. HALLWAY - ISUM HOUSE - PASADENA - DAWN 99E**

The phone rings. Rachel answers in her nightgown.

**RACHEL**

Hello?

**JACK'S VOICE**

Rae, I'm in Brooklyn.  
Brooklyn... Rachel lets out a triumphant WHOOP!

**RACHEL**

What did I tell you?

**CUT TO:**

**100 EXT. NIGHTSCAPE - NEW YORK MIDTOWN SKYLINE - NIGHT 100**

A few lights twinkle, but this city does occasionally sleep.

**TAN REV 6-25-12 67.**

**101 JACK 101**

This man does not. He stands bare chested in his boxers staring out the window of a MCALPIN HOTEL ROOM. Considering the world before him. Wondering where his place is in it.  
INSERT: April 15, 1947. 3 AM.  
It's a lonely moment. Until Rachel appears behind him in her nightgown. She wraps her arms around him, looks over his shoulder at the world out there. Finally, softly...

**RACHEL**

I love you...  
As he closes his eyes, absorbs it...

**CUT TO:**

**102 INT. AISLE - SINGER'S DRUG STORE - BROOKLYN - DAY 102**

Jack cruises down, stops in front of the PEPTO BISMOL.  
INSERT: April 15, 1947. 11 AM.  
As he grabs a bottle -- a man on the other side pulls one  
out  
as well. Jack finds himself looking at Pee Wee Reese.

**JUMP AHEAD TO:**

**103 EXT. SINGER'S DRUG STORE - BROOKLYN - DAY 103**

Jack and Reese exit together, each with a bottle of Pepto Bismol in hand. Reese hefts his bottle.

**REESE**

Opening day nerves. Doing my  
stomach something awful.  
Jack nods in commiseration. It's awkward between them. A  
RUMBLE as a GARBAGE TRUCK goes by.

**REESE**

There goes another one.

**(SMILES)**

Every time I see a garbage truck go  
by I still can't figure why the guy  
driving isn't me.

**JACK**

**(SMILES BACK)**

We'd both better get on base.  
Reese nods. They start walking toward the stadium.

**TAN REV 6-25-12 68.**

**REESE**

Know when I first heard of you?

**JACK**

No I don't.

**REESE**

On a troop transport, coming back from Guam. A sailor heard it on the radio, told me the Dodgers had signed a Negro player. I said that was fine by me. Then he said the guy was a shortstop. Least you were then. That got me thinking. Thinking gets me scared. Jack smiles, hefts his bottle of Pepto.

**JACK**

Black, white, we're both pink today, huh?

**(REESE NODS)**

You still scared, Pee Wee?

**REESE**

(looks down street)  
Of garbage trucks? Terrified.

**CUT TO:**

**103A EXT. EBBETS STADIUM - DAY 103A**

The Taj Mahal of baseball. Opening day.  
INSERT: Ebbets Field. Brooklyn.

**CUT TO:**

**104 INT. DODGER LOCKER ROOM - DAY 104**

Some guys quiet, some guys joking around. Everyone in some version of getting out of their street clothes or into their uniforms. The entire operation comes to a halt as -- Jack enters. As he walks past -- some players nod hello. Others look like Sphinxes. Walker turns and faces his locker. Gene Hermanski and Branca step over to SHAKE HANDS.

**HERMANSKI**

I'm Hermanski. Welcome to Brooklyn.

**BRANCA**

Hey, man. Ralph Branca.  
Last, but not least, Spider Jorgensen, his Montreal teammate.

**TAN REV 6-25-12 68A.**

**JORGENSEN**

We made it, Jack, huh? Good luck.  
That's it. Everyone else is too busy to come over. As Jack scans for a locker with his name on it, BABE HAMBURGER, the clubhouse manager, steps over.

**WHITE 3-14-12 69.**

**BABE**

You're looking for your locker, huh, kid? Follow me.  
They walk over to a hook on the wall. A uniform hangs from it. A FOLDING CHAIR below.

**BABE (CONT'D)**

I just got the word. Best I could do. I'll get you straightened out tomorrow though, huh?  
Jack nods, unbuttoning his shirt... Stanky is suddenly  
there.  
All pugnacity as he gives up 4 inches and 40 pounds to Jack.

**STANKY**

You're putting on that uniform, it means you're on my team. But before I play with you I want you to know how I feel about it. I want you to know I don't like it. I want you to know I don't like you.  
Jack regards him. Stanky doesn't flinch. Maybe he should.

**JACK**

That's fine. That's how I prefer it. Right out in the open.

**CUT TO:**

**105 HOT DOG VENDER - EBBETS FIELD 105**

Standing before his steaming HOT DOG STAND.

**VENDOR**

C'mon, Brooklyn! Get your Harry M.  
Stevens special here!  
As he hands one over, gets his .20 cents in return. Then:

**VENDOR (CONT'D)**

Hey, Lady!  
Rachel looks over, baby Jackie in her arms. The vendor takes  
a baby bottle out of the hot water in his STEAMER.

**VENDOR (CONT'D)**

I think it's ready.

**CUT TO:**

**106 JACK ROOSEVELT ROBINSON - DODGER CLUBHOUSE 106**

Looking at himself in a MIRROR. Standing in his uniform, the  
clean white wool, the flowing script: Dodgers. It fits.

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 70.**

We FOLLOW HIM past Stanky as he goes. Follow the BLUE 42 on  
his back as he steps through the clubhouse.

**107 MAKES HIS WAY UP THE TUNNEL. 107**

Dodger

Always on that magic number as he comes up through the  
DUGOUT and steps onto...

**108 EBBETS FIELD 108**

PHOTOGRAPHERS snap photos, the crowd spot him and CHEER.

**109 RACHEL 109**

Watches from the stands. Pleased at the cheering. She holds  
the baby up to see, whispers to him...

**RACHEL**

Okay, okay, that's good.  
As Jackie's eyes find hers...

**CUT TO:**

**110 THE PLAYERS LINED UP FOR THE NATIONAL ANTHEM 110**

The Dodgers down one baseline, the BOSTON BRAVES down the other. Forty-nine white players and one black. Jack at the end alongside Ralph Branca. Jack trying not to choke up.

**EVERETT MCCOOEY**

O'er the land of the free! And the  
home of the brave!

**CUT TO:**

**111 EXT. DODGER DUGOUT - DAY 111**

The players not starting return to the dugout. Bragan catches up with Branca.

**BRAGAN**

You're crazy standing that close to  
him.

**BRANCA**

What do you mean?

**BRAGAN**

**(LAUGHING)**

What if the sharpshooter misses and  
hits you instead?

**BRANCA**

You got a serious problem, Bragan,  
you know that?

**WHITE 3-14-12 71.**

**BRAGAN**

Really? I don't see it.

**CUT TO:**

**112 BRANCH RICKEY 112**

Surveying the scene. Parrott alongside.

**RICKEY**

Opening day, Harold. The world is

all future and no past.

**PARROT**

A blank page, sir.

**113 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - EBBETS FIELD - DAY 113**

RED BARBER looks down onto the field.

**BARBER**

One out in the bottom of the first.  
Headed toward the plate for his  
first big league at bat is Dodger  
rookie Jackie Robinson. Jackie is  
very definitely brunette.

**114 JACK 114**

Walks toward the plate. More cheers. Mostly.

**FAN**

We're with you, Jackie!

**FAN #2**

Hey, boy, how about a shine?!  
Jack struggles not to look back at the source of the jeer.  
He settles in at the plate. JOHNNY SAIN on the mound waiting  
for the sign. The crowd BUZZING.

**BARBER'S VOICE**

Sain looking in. When he's got  
that fastball working, he can toss  
a lamb chop past a hungry wolf.  
The BRAVES CATCHER signals '1'. Here come the pitch.

CRACK!

It's down the third base line.  
The THIRD BASEMAN is going to need every ounce of his arm as  
he fields it at the line, throw across his body to --  
FIRST. Where Jack's foot hits the bag an instant before the  
ball smacks into the first baseman's mitt.

**TAN REV 6-25-12 72.**

**UMPIRE**

You're out!

Jack can't believe it. As he trots toward the dugout he looks at the umpire who looks back: I dare you to complain.

**STANDS**

As the Brooklyn faithful BOO the call, Rachel and Smith  
watch

Jack head decisively toward the dugout. He was safe.  
Rickey sits down closer to the dugout.

**RICKEY**

It's a game of inches, Jackie!

**PARROTT**

Get some glasses, ump!

**CUT TO:**

**115 OMITTED 115**

**116 OMITTED 116**

**117 OMITTED 117**

**118 OMITTED 118**

**118A INT. HALLWAY - DODGER OFFICES - DAY 118A**

BURT SHOTTON, 62, walks down the hallway with Parrott.  
INSERT: April 18, 1947.

**PARROTT**

How's Florida, Burt?

**SHOTTON**

Roses need pruning, but fine when I left it last night. Branch said it was important and I heard about Leo. Any idea what this is about?

**PARROTT**

You'd better just talk to him.  
A beat as they reach the door. Parrott knocks.

**RICKEY'S VOICE**

Come in!

**118B INT. BRANCH RICKEY'S OFFICE - BROOKLYN - DAY 118B**

Rickey smiles from his desk as they enter.

**TAN REV 6-25-12 73.**

**RICKEY**

Baseball has returned to Brooklyn,  
Burt. Another season is underway.

**SHOTTON**

Yeah, it's a shame about Leo.

**RICKEY**

Inevitable I suppose. I asked him  
if she was worth it and he said  
yes. How's the retirement?

**SHOTTON**

It's fine. The roses --

**RICKEY**

It's a helluva thing when a man has  
good health and enough money and  
absolutely nothing to do.

**SHOTTON**

I'm perfectly happy.

**RICKEY**

Is that so?

**SHOTTON**

When I took off that Cleveland  
uniform two years ago, I promised  
the Mrs. I'd never put on another  
uniform again. Roses look great  
and I sleep a whole lot better.

**RICKEY**

Roses and sleep are two wonderful  
things, Burt. But sleep you can  
get inside your casket and flowers  
look good on top of it. You don't  
look like a dead man to me.

**SHOTTON**

What's this about, Branch?

**TAN REV 6-25-12 73A.**

**RICKEY**

I need you to manage the Dodgers.  
We're a ship without a captain;  
there's a typhoon ahead.

**SHOTTON**

No, I'm sorry, but no.

**RICKEY**

Do you miss the game, Burt? Look  
me in the eye and tell me you  
don't.  
Shotton considers Rickey a beat and then looks away.

**SHOTTON**

Baseball's the only life for an old  
pepper pot like me, but I promised  
my wife, Branch.

**RICKEY**

You promised her you wouldn't put  
on another uniform. You didn't  
promise her you wouldn't manage.  
Wear a suit and tie; Connie Mack  
still does.

**(A BEAT)**

You remember how to get to the Polo  
Grounds, Burt?

**SHOTTON**

Branch, I --

**RICKEY**

You remember what the peanuts smell  
like roasting, how the crack of the  
bat sounds, the roar of the crowd?

**SHOTTON**

Sure...  
Rickey tosses him a set of car keys.

**RICKEY**

My car's parked right out front.  
Harold will show you where. Now  
what do you say?

**SHOTTEN**

Okay.

**CUT TO:**

**PINK REV 4-19-12 74.**

119

**119 INT. VISITOR'S LOCKER ROOM - POLO GROUNDS - HARLEM - DAY**

Shotton addresses the half-dressed Dodgers, Jack included.

**SHOTTON**

Men, I don't have much to say.  
Just, don't be afraid of old Burt  
Shotton as a manager. You can win  
the pennant in spite of me. I can  
not possibly hurt you.  
The Dodgers trade looks. Not exactly inspirational. As  
Shotton heads out he pauses by Jack.

**SHOTTON**

Are you Robinson?

**(JACK NODS)**

I thought so.  
Shotton pats Jack on the shoulder, continues on his way.

**CUT TO:**

**120 INT. PRESS BOX - THE POLO GROUNDS - DAY 120**

A huge CROWD beyond. Bob Cooke of the Herald Tribune (seen  
at the Waldorf Astoria) holds court as Jack is ANNOUNCED.

**COOKE**

Mark my words and circle this date.  
Negroes are going to run the white  
man straight out of baseball. I'm  
not prejudiced; it's physiological.

They have a longer heel bone.  
Gives em an unfair speed advantage.

**121 JACK - POLO GROUNDS 121**

Standing dead still at the plate, bat cocked and ready.

**BARBER'S VOICE**

Here's Robinson. Jackie holds that club down by the end. Rear foot on the back line of the box. Slight open stance, bent at the knees... Giants pitcher DAVE KOSLO goes into his wind-up and throws. Jack swings. CRACK. The ball screams out to left. Home run! The crowd goes crazy. This is what they came to see.

**122 PRESS BOX 122**

trot.  
Typewriters pounding away as Jack finishes his home run

Bob Cooke watching thoughtfully as...

**PINK REV 4-19-12 74A.**

**ANOTHER REPORTER**

Was that because his heels are longer, Bob?!  
As everyone cracks up, everyone but Bob...

**CUT TO:**

**BLUE REV 4-07-12 75.**

**123 INT. LAWSON BOWMAN'S CAFÉ% - HARLEM - NIGHT 123**

Jack and Rachel out for dinner. Jack nodding as BLACK PATRONS pass by, saying encouraging things. He almost gets a forkful of food to his mouth before a MENU and a PEN are

offered for an autograph. As he signs, a FLASH BULB goes off. In a lull, Jack cuts his steak, low to Rachel.

**JACK**

I'm not complaining, I just, I don't know what they want.

**RACHEL**

**(BEAMING)**

They want to see if Jackie Robinson is real. They want to see your pride, your dignity. Because then they'll see it in themselves. He's stopped short. She blinks with mock coquettish modesty.

**RACHEL (CONT'D)**

And me? I'm just young and scared and amazed at how brave you are. He grins at her, almost gets a forkful in when LAWSON BOWMAN, the Black owner, pulls up a chair, shakes Jack's hand.

**OWNER**

I'm Lawson Bowman, Jack, the owner of this joint. How's the steak?

**JACK**

I'm not sure yet. It looks good.

**CUT TO:**

**123A INT. 526 MACDONOUGH STREET - BROOKLYN - DAY (MONTAGE)**

**123A**

BATHROOM MIRROR - Steamed. A finger traces "42" in the steam

on the glass, then wipes it clean to reveal Rachel. Hair wrapped in a towel, she looks at herself, frowns.

INSERT: Brooklyn, April 22, 1947.

DRYING DIAPERS - Hang like pennants on a line stretched across the BEDROOM. Rachel ducks under them to retrieve her shoes. She looks at them, frowns.

RACHEL - Brushing her teeth. Pauses to hold the toothbrush in a batting stance. Swings...

RACHEL - Strains to reach to zip her dress up. She pulls at the edges of the dress, straightens herself out. She looks over at Jack Jr. who watches from his crib.

**DBL. BLUE REV 7-9-12 75A.**

**RACHEL**

You're lucky you're a boy.

DOORWAY - Dressed to go, Rachel holding the baby, looking anxiously out on the street. Suddenly, ALICE the baby-sitter is there. Here she comes up the steps, opens the door.

**ALICE**

Sorry I'm late. Class ran long.

**RACHEL**

It's okay.

Rachel gently hands the baby over.

**RACHEL**

It's so cold and raw out, I don't want him getting sick at the game.

**ALICE**

He'll be nice and warm here.

**RACHEL**

(checks her watch)

I'm going to be late.

She kisses him goodbye, frowns as she heads outside --

**123B EXT. MACDONOUGH STREET - DAY 123B**

A forboding sky above as Rachel hurries along. Pulling her jacket on as she goes. It's going to be a cold day.

**RED BARBER'S VOICE**

The sky's are leaden. Threatening.

Eddie Stanky safe at first as

Robinson steps to the plate.

**124 EXT. ON DECK CIRCLE - EBBETS FIELD - DAY 124**

Brooklyn vs. Philadelphia. The bottom of the first. The crowd CHEERS. Stanky safe on first.

**RED BARBER'S VOICE**

The sky's are leaden. Threatening.

Eddie Stanky safe at first as

Robinson steps to the plate.

Jack walk to the plate, digs a cleat into the batter's  
box...

**CHAPMAN'S VOICE**

Hey! Hey you black Nigger!  
Jack looks to the visitor's dugout where the Phillies  
Alabama-  
born manager BEN CHAPMAN stands at the top of the steps.

**DBL. BLUE REV 7-9-12 75AA.**

**CHAPMAN**

Why don't you go back to the cotton  
fields where you belong!

**GREEN REV 4-27-12 76.**

The bear baiting has begun. Jack is in a kind of temporary  
shock. That's the Phillies manager! In uniform.

**CHAPMAN**

Or did you swing your way out of  
the jungle?! Bring me a banana!

**124A RED BARBER - IN THE BOOTH 124A**

**BARBER**

Chapman the Phillies manager up on  
the top step, seems to be chirping  
something out to Robinson. Chapman  
a hothead during his playing days  
with the Yankees.

**125 RICKEY - IN THE STANDS 125**

Sitting next to Parrott. He leans forward, unsure.

**RICKEY**

What's he saying?

**126 VISITOR DUGOUT 126**

Chapman joined by two of his PHILLIE BENCH PLAYERS.

**PHILLIE ONE PHILLIE TWO**

Go home, Nigger! Go back to Africa!  
Phillie pitcher DUTCH LEONARD looks in. Jack has to try to concentrate on the pitch. Here it comes. A fastball well inside. Jack hits the deck to keep from getting beaned.

**CHAPMAN**

Bojangles! You sure can dance,  
snowflake!

**STANKY**

On first, mouth hanging open. Almost forgets to take a lead.  
It's an instant Rorschach test.

**DODGER DUGOUT**

Shotton and the players look stricken. Even Walker doesn't quite know what to make of it. No one enjoys it, but Higbe.

**STANDS**

CONCESSION MEN walk closer to listen. The fans range from horrified to some mildly pleased. Rachel looks stricken.

**PINK REV 4-19-12 76A.**

**JACK**

A fastball inside. He leaps back again. This one was even closer to hitting him. As Jack glares at Dutch...

**UMPIRE**

Ball two!

**CHAPMAN'S VOICE**

Hey, black boy! Hey, shoe shine!

**WHITE 3-14-12 77.**

Jack doesn't want to look over, but he is compelled. The bench players flanking Chapman look furious, but Chapman is doing this with a sick sort of glee.

**CHAPMAN**

You like white girls?! Huh?!  
Which one of them Dodger boys'  
wives are you climbing on tonight?!  
Chapman looks toward...

**DODGER DUGOUT**

They don't like that one.

**CHAPMAN (CONT'D)**

Oh, I think I got it. Dixie, I  
believe I know!

**JACK**

Grips the bat. Watches for the next pitch with bloody mindedness. He hacks at it, lofts a routine fly into left. He's about halfway down to first when the left fielder catches it and Jack can mercifully return to the dugout.

**127 RICKEY 127**

Rickey watches as he disappears inside. Finally exhales.

**128 BENCH 128**

Jack sits down. No one says anything to him. No one comes near him as he stares ahead, trapped in a kind of void. The closest player to him is Bobby Bragan. Bragan finally manages to glance over at him, then looks quickly away.

**CUT TO:**

**129 RACHEL 129**

As the Dodgers take the field, Jack heads to first. Almost wincing, wondering if it's going to start again.

**RACHEL**

(under her breath)  
Look at me, baby. Look at me.  
Finally, Jack glances up to her. She offers her eyes: I'm  
with you. He looks away. Her witnessing makes it worse.

**130 BEN CHAPMAN 130**

Settles back in the shadows of the dugout. Finished for now.

**CUT TO:**

**BLUE REV 4-07-12 78.**

**131 DODGER SCOREBOARD 131**

No score. Bottom of the 3rd.

**INFIELD**

Spider Jorgensen takes a lead off first. At the plate, Stanky lines a single to right. Jorgensen holds at second.

**JACK**

Steps to the batter's box, starts digging in that back foot.

**VISITOR'S DUGOUT**

As Chapman emerges with his two bench players.

**PHILLIE ONE PHILLIE TWO**

Hey, Nigger lips! Party's over, jungle bunny!

**CHAPMAN**

Hey, Pee Wee! Dixie! What's this Nigger doing for you all to let him drink from the same water fountain as you?! I hope it's worth it!

**JACK**

Waiting for the pitch. Takes a mighty swing -- CRACKS a towering POP-UP between home plate and the mound. Dutch watches his catcher Seminick settle under it. Waiting.

**DUTCH**

Hey, is that a home run!?

**SEMINICK**

Yeah! If you're playing in an elevator shaft!  
Jack veers off the first baseline. Heads for the dugout.

**CHAPMAN**

You don't belong! Look in a mirror!  
This is a white man's game. Get it through your thick monkey skull!  
Jack stops short looks at him. Chapman stands his ground.

**RICKEY**

Stands, watches. Praying this doesn't go south. As Jack finally continues on, Rickey closes his eyes in relief.

**RACHEL**

Sick for her husband.

**WHITE 3-14-12 79.**

**THE DUGOUT**

Jack stalks down past the team. No one looks at him. Bragan is ashamed. Dixie tries to look disinterested. Stanky and Reese exchange a helpless glance as Jack continues into:

**132 THE TUNNEL 132**

Like a bull on his way to slaughter, he revolts. WHAM-WHAM! He proceeds to turn his bat into SPLINTERS. Concrete chips, wood flies. Jack drops the handle of the bat, pounds his fists. Heaving for breath, framed by the empty tunnel. Raw, electric, ungovernable. All the anger on display, the fury. FEET SCRAPE. Jack looks up to see Rickey standing there, watching, afraid to get too much closer.

**JACK**

To hell with this. The next white son of a bitch who opens his mouth, I'll smash his goddamn teeth in. Rickey stands there until finally, opening his mouth...

**RICKEY**

You can't, Jackie. You know it.

**JACK**

I'm supposed to let this go on?

**RICKEY**

These men have to live with

**THEMSELVES --**

**JACK**

I have to live with myself, too!  
And right now I'm living a sermon  
out there. I'm through with it!

Jack is at the end of his rope. All Rickey has are words.

**RICKEY**

You don't matter right now, Jack.  
You're in this thing. You don't  
have the right to pull out from the  
backing of people who believe in  
you, respect you and who need you.

**JACK**

Is that so?

**RICKEY**

If you fight, they won't say  
Chapman forced you to; they'll just  
say that you're over your head.  
That you belong where you are.

**(MORE)**

**WHITE 3-14-12 80.**

**RICKEY (CONT'D)**

That every downtrodden man who  
wants more from life is over his  
head.  
Jack's either going to explode or break into tears.

**JACK**

Do you know what it's like, having  
someone do this to you?!

**RICKEY**

No. You do. You're the one living  
the sermon. In the wilderness.  
Forty days. All of it. Only you.

**JACK**

And not a damn thing I can do about  
it.

**RICKEY**

Of course there is! You can stand  
up and hit! You can get on base

and you can score! You can win  
this game for us! We need you as  
well! Everyone needs you.

(a beat; exhausted)

You're medicine, Jack.

Rickey reaches out, touches the wall to stay standing. Jack  
just breathes as familiar sounds reverb down the tunnel.

**JACK**

They're taking the field.

**RICKEY**

Who's playing first?

Jack considers him. Everything hangs in the balance. Then:

**JACK**

I'm gonna need a new bat.

As Jack heads back down the tunnel for the field.

**CUT TO:**

**133 EXT. SCOREBOARD - EBBETS FIELD - DAY 133**

Eight zeros hang for the Phillies. Seven for the Dodgers.  
No score, the bottom of the 8th coming up.

**134 JACK 134**

Steps into the batter's box. Chapman and his sidekicks step  
from the Stygian abyss of the visitor's dugout.

**PINK REV 4-19-12 81.**

**CHAPMAN**

Hey, black Nigger! I know you can  
hear me! If you were a white boy,  
you know where you'd be right now?!

On a bus headed down to Newport

News cuz you can't play for shit!

Here comes the pitch. Jack nonchalantly sticks his bat out,  
pokes a soft hit past second. A nothing hit, but he's  
standing on first. And he looks, well, ferocious in fact.

As Pete Reiser steps up into the batter's box...

Jack stares at Dutch Leonard. Assassin's eyes as he takes an  
insolent, in-your-face lead off first.

Dutch fires to first. Jack dives back safe!  
Back on his feet, he spits out a piece of grit he picked up  
sliding back on his belly. Not bothering to dust himself  
off, he's turning into something elemental before our eyes.

**135 RED BARBER 135**

Up in the booth.

**BARBER**

Two strikes now to Reiser as  
Leonard looks in. Robinson with  
another big lead off first. He's as  
restless as a cat with a hot foot.

**136 RACHEL 136**

Witnessing.

**RACHEL**

Steal it, sweetheart. Take it.

**137 FIELD 137**

Dutch throws. Jack on the run as Reiser swings and misses -  
STRIKE THREE! - and Seminick comes up throwing.  
Jack slides into second, the throw high, ends up in center.  
Half a dozen Dodgers impulsively on their feet and waving

him

on as Jack gets to his feet and motors into THIRD. The throw  
well late. Phillies third baseman HANDLEY throws the ball  
back to Dutch. Handley then looks to Jack.

**HANDLEY**

I'm sorry. I want you to know what  
goes on here, it don't go for me.  
Jack barely nods, but he heard.

**BLUE REV 4-07-12 82.**

**BARBER'S VOICE**

Hermanski steps up.

**PLATE**

Dutch looking to third, nodding distracted at a sign,  
back to third before... Hermanski cracks a single to left.

looking

As Jack crosses the plate, he stares down Chapman on his way to the dugout. As Chapman turns his head, spits --

**CUT TO:**

**138 INT. VISITOR'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY 138**

Several REPORTERS around Chapman as well. He drinks a BEER.

**CHAPMAN**

You fellas are making too big a deal out of this. He scored We lost. One to nothing.

**REPORTER THREE**

Do you think you were a little hard on Robinson?

**CHAPMAN**

We treat him the same way we do Hank Greenburg except we call Hank a kike instead of a coon. When we play exhibitions against the Yankees, we call DiMaggio the Wop. They laugh at it. No harm, it's forgotten after the game ends. Chapman tosses away his beer can.

**REPORTER THREE**

Don't you think this was maybe one foot over the line?

**CHAPMAN**

Hey. Let's get the chips off our shoulders and play ball. It's a game, right?

**CUT TO:**

**139 INT. SHOWER - DODGER LOCKER ROOM - DAY 139**

Jack alone in the shower. Water beating down. Steam rising. A warrior who survived another day of battle. Maybe. They say the Lord doesn't ask us to bear any more than we're

able,

but God is cutting it pretty damn close here. He is in pain.

**CUT TO:**

**GREEN REV 4-27-12 83.**

140

**140 INT. BRANCH RICKEY'S OFFICE - BROOKLYN - LATE AFTERNOON**

Rickey sits brooding, thinking. Parrott enters, upset.

**PARROTT**

I'm going in that Phillie dugout tomorrow and wring Chapman's neck! Rickey considers Parrott, starts laughing. Parrott is hurt.

**PARROTT**

Did I say something funny?

**RICKEY**

When I first told you about Jackie, you were against it. Now all of a sudden you're worrying about him. How do you suppose that happened?

**PARROTT**

Well, any decent minded person --

**RICKEY**

Sympathy, Harold, is a Greek word. It means to suffer. I sympathize with you means I suffer with you. This Philadelphia manager has done me a service.

**PARROTT**

A service?!

**RICKEY**

Is there an echo in here? Yes, he's creating sympathy on Jackie's behalf. Philadelphia by the way is Greek for brotherly love. The intercom BUZZES.

**JANE ANN'S VOICE**

Bob Bragan to see you, Mr. Rickey.

**RICKEY**

**(FLASHES ANGRY)**

What in Satan's fire does he want?

**(PRESSES BUTTON)**

Send him in.

Rickey pretends to review papers as Bragan enters, his hat literally in his hand. Rickey lets him stand there a moment.

**RICKEY**

What do you want, Bragan?

**WHITE 3-14-12 84.**

**BRAGAN**

I'd like not to be traded, sir, if it isn't too late.

**RICKEY**

What about Robinson?

Bragan's been staring at the floor. He looks up now. The low afternoon sun hits his face.

**BRAGAN**

I'd like to be his teammate.

**RICKEY**

Why?

**BRAGAN**

The world's changing; I guess I can live with the change.

**RICKEY**

**(SARCASTIC)**

Red Sox just offered Ted Williams, but I'll see what I can do.

**BRAGAN**

Thank you, Mr. Rickey.

Bragan leaves. Rickey looks at Parrott: "What do you

know?'

**CUT TO:**

Rachel waiting. Jack exits, sees her, hadn't expected her.

**JACK**

You shouldn't have waited.

**RACHEL**

They haven't made a day long enough  
that I wouldn't wait for you.

**JACK**

Give these boys time. It's a three  
game series.

A beat between them, framed by the steel girders around  
them.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

I don't care if they like me; I  
didn't come here to make friends.  
I don't even care if they respect  
me. I know who I am; I got enough  
respect for myself. But I do not  
want them to beat me.

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 85.**

**RACHEL**

They are never going to beat you.

**JACK**

They're taking their best shot. I  
don't want you coming tomorrow. I  
don't want you to watch that, them  
beating me.

**RACHEL**

Wherever you are, I am, too. Look  
at me. Jack...  
He looks over. It's not easy for this most proud of men.

**RACHEL**

I have to watch. So our hearts

don't break... Plus I already  
bought a scorecard.  
She holds it up. His name the only one filled in.

**RACHEL**

And I put your name on it. See?  
Jack Robinson.  
He puts his hand out, takes hers.

**JACK**

I did good the day I met you.

**RACHEL**

Baby, you hit a home run.

**CUT TO:**

**142 EXT. EBBETS FIELD - DAY 142**

The SCOREBOARD shows 1 run scored by the Phillies in the top  
of the first. Jack steps up to the plate. Here we go again.  
INSERT: April 23, 1947. The next day.

**CHAPMAN**

Hey, porch monkey! Hey Robinson!  
Hey boy! You know why you're here?

**EDDIE STANKY**

On the bench. Without warning, he blasts off it. MOVE WITH  
him as he marches toward Chapman who doesn't see him coming.

**CHAPMAN**

You're here to draw those Nigger  
dollars at the gate for Rickey!

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 86.**

Chapman clocks the apoplectic Stanky. Spit flying as:

**STANKY**

Sit down. Sit down or I'll sit you  
down.

**CHAPMAN**

What's the problem, Stank?

**STANKY**

You're the problem, you goddamn disgrace! What kind of man are you?! You know he can't fight! Pick on someone who can fight!

**BARBER'S VOICE**

**(OVER IT)**

Eddie Stanky having a chin wag with his ex-teammate Chapman. Both men masters of distraction. Eddie, of course, from second. Chapman from the dugout. Stanky so mad he can't see straight. Chapman surrenders.

**CHAPMAN**

Okay, okay. Jesus.  
As Chapman disappears into his dugout, Jack whacks a single.

**CUT TO:**

**143 EXT. DODGER DUGOUT - DAY 143**

Stanky sits here stewing. His head down.

**BARBER'S VOICE**

Robinson on first, Pete Reiser at bat. Reiser belts it. A long one. Deep into left center. Back goes Ennis who is not tall enough. This one's off the wall. Robinson is going to score from first. Over Barber: a CRACK of the bat, the ROAR of the crowd. As players around him react, Stanky finally looks up as Robinson crosses the plate, heads in, sits a few feet from Stanky.

**JACK**

Thanks.

**STANKY**

For what? You're on my team. What the hell am I supposed to do?

**(SOFTLY)**

I gotta look in the mirror, too.

**PINK REV 4-19-12 86A.**

Stanky stands, walks away. Today's gonna be okay.

**CUT TO:**

**144 INT. BLACK CHURCH - BROOKLYN - DAY 144**

A BLACK PREACHER leads his congregation in prayer.

**PREACHER**

Lord, make me an instrument of your  
peace. Where there is hatred, let  
me sow love. Where there is injury,  
let me sow pardon. Where there is  
darkness, let me sow light.

â€ˆAmens'. We see Rickey sits in the back row, the day heavy  
on him. A YOUNG GIRL turns, looks at him. Why's a white man  
here? Rickey smiles, puts a finger to his lips... Shhhh.

**CUT TO:**

**SALMON REV 6-4-12 87.**

**144A OMITTED 144A**

**144B OMITTED 144B**

**144C OMITTED 144C**

**144D OMITTED 144D**

**SALMON REV 6-4-12 87A.**

**145 INT. LOCKER ROOM - EBBETS FIELD - DAY 145**

Players put on their uniforms as Higbe, in street clothes, fires the contents of his locker into a cardboard box.

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 87B.**

**HIGBE**

I speak my mind and they trade me!  
This ain't the America I know!  
He glares down to Jack's locker. Jack regards him back.  
It's Higbe who looks away first. He continues packing.

**WALKER**

Where are they sending you, Hig?

**HIGBE**

Pittsburgh! For cash and some Italian outfielder named Gionfriddo!

**(CONSIDER HIS**

**JOCKSTRAP)**

Pittsburgh...

**CUT TO:**

**146 EXT. EBBETS FIELD - DAY 146**

over  
Dixie Walker takes batting practice, drives the ball all  
the field. A natural.  
Rickey and Shotton watch from behind the backstop.

**RICKEY**

Do you remember the story, Burt, of the 99 sheep? How one was missing?

**SHOTTON**

If you're talking about Dixie, I'd

leave the word sheep out of it.

**RICKEY**

I find myself at odds. I want integration and the pennant. I want to punish Dixie and at the same time I want his salvation.

**SHOTTON**

Can't he just be a good ballplayer? He has to be a good person, too?

**RICKEY**

It would be so much simpler if he wasn't batting .385. As Walker finishes, he passes Jack whose turn it is.

**WALKER**

She's all yours, Robinson. As THUNDER rumbles in the distance...

**CUT TO:**

**TAN REV 6-25-12 88.**

**147 OMITTED 147**

**147A INT. BRANCH RICKEY'S OFFICE - BROOKLYN - DAY 147A**

Rain beats on the windows. Rickey looks over as Parrott rushes in; he's out of breath and dripping wet. Parrott holds up the Herald Tribune sports section.

**PARROTT**

The news isn't good, sir.

**RICKEY**

Nevertheless it must be accepted calmly, Harold. What is it? A headline: PLAYERS STRIKE. Parrott reads...

**PARROTT**

A National League players' strike instigated by some of the St. Louis

Cardinals against the presence of Negro first baseman Jackie Robinson has been averted temporarily and perhaps permanently quashed.

**RICKEY**

Madness! What are they thinking?!

**CUT TO:**

**148 EXT. MANHATTAN HOTEL - DAY 148**

Wendell Smith waits under an umbrella as the CARDINALS get off the team bus. Smith buttonholes manager EDDIE DYER.

**SMITH**

Eddie, what's all this talk about your Cardinals refusing to play?

**DYER**

We're here, aren't we? We didn't come to New York to go to Macy's. Dyer continues past him. Here comes big JOE GARAGIOLA.

**SMITH**

Hey, Garagiola --

**GARAGIOLA**

Get lost. Here comes STAN MUSIAL, a class act if there ever was one.

**SMITH**

Hey, Stan, what's the story?

**TAN REV 6-25-12 88A.**

**MUSIAL**

This is big league baseball, not English tea. Couple a guys might've popped off; it's hot air.

**CUT TO:**

**149 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MCALPIN HOTEL - DAY 149**

Smith types out his report. As rain lashes the window, the Empire State building looms a few block away.

**SMITH (V.O.)**

St. Louis didn't win the world championship last year without using their heads. They have the same heads this year and should know that they can't pick the players of another club.

**CUT TO:**

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 89.**

**150 INT. EBBETS FIELD TRAINING TABLE - DAY 150**

Jack sits here alone, tending to a bat. Cleaning it with rubbing alcohol, handling it like the friend it is. Rickey joins him. He has a newspaper in hand. He holds it up.

**RICKEY**

National League President Frick says this is America and baseball is America's game. He says one citizen has as much right to play as another.

**(LOOKS UP)**

Baseball will go on as planned once the rain stops.  
Jack eyes his bat.

**JACK**

Why are you doing this, Mr. Rickey?

**RICKEY**

Because my job is to win. I have an obligation to Brooklyn to put the best team on the field I can. Your presence on the roster increases our chances of winning. Not buying it, Jack looks over at him.

**JACK**

If this is winning, I'd hate to see us on a losing streak.

**CUT TO:**

**150A INT. DODGER LOCKER ROOM - EBBETS FIELD - DAY 150A**

Reese  
Guys change into their street clothes. Branca reads to from the New York Post. Walker listens in from his locker.

**BRANCA**

Listen to this: Right now Robinson is the loneliest man I have ever seen in sports.

**(UPSET)**

Who's this guy to say Jackie's lonely? He doesn't wear it on his sleeve. Man's got one helluva game face. Take no prisoners. How does some reporter know how he feels. They stop talking as Robinson walks past, the last one into the shower, a couple of towels around him.

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 89A.**

**BRANCA**

Lonely? I say its the best game face in the world.

**WALKER**

So long as he showers lonely, he can have whatever face he wants.

**CUT TO:**

**151 EXT. EBBETS FIELD STANDS (BETWEEN FIRST AND HOME) - DAY**

151

Rachel sitting here. This section about two-thirds full.  
INSERT: May 6, 1947. Brooklyn.

Then, about five rows behind her, two RACIST FANS find their seats. They spot Jack down at first.

**RACIST FAN #1**

Look there he is! Black as the ace of spades!

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 90.**

**RACIST FAN #1**

Damn! You believe that? A genuine nigger in a Dodger uniform. As Rachel winces at his words --

**BROOKLYN FAN #1**

Shut up and go back to St. Louis!

**RACIST FAN #1**

Hey, you got a nigger on your team!

**BROOKLYN FAN #2**

So what?! He's better than anyone you got!

**RACIST FAN #1**

Wait'll his cousin wants your job! Don't you know nothing?

**BROOKLYN FAN #1**

Don't you?!

**RACIST FAN #1**

He's a nigger! Hey, black boy! Rachel stares ahead, tries to maintain. She shows them her back, sits up as straight as she can. Her movements heroic.

**CUT TO:**

**152 EXT. EBBETS FIELD - DAY 152**

Jack steps up against the Cardinals. Garagiola, the catcher, shouts down to third.

**GARAGIOLA**

Watch this guy! He can't hit!  
Especially the curve! He can only  
get on base bunting!  
As Jack digs into the box.

**GARAGIOLA**

Take your time, Robinson, you're  
digging your own grave.  
Big RED MUNGER looks in for the sign.  
Garagiola flashes a sign: "1". Wants it inside.  
Here's the pitch. Inside. Jack just scoots back.

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 90A.**

**152A RED BARBER - BOOTH 152A**

**BARBER**

Takes a fastball in on the hands.  
Robinson, who is pitched to a great  
deal that way, uses a thicker  
handle bat than most hitters, just  
because he hits a lot of balls out  
on his hands.

**152B BATTER'S BOX 152B**

Jack edges up closer to the plate.

**JACK**

What's your average, Joe?

**GARAGIOLA**

It'd be a lot higher than yours, if  
I could run as fast as you can.

**JACK**

No matter how fast you run, you'll  
never hit as much as you weigh.  
Garagiola signals for another fastball.

**GARAGIOLA**

C'mon, Munger! Boy's got a hole in  
his bat!  
Munger throws inside.  
Jack falls back, strokes a double into the gap.

**BARBER'S VOICE**

That one wasn't quite â€˜in' enough.  
Robinson punishing the Redbirds  
with a smart piece of hitting.

**RETURN TO:**

**152C EXT. EBBETS FIELD STANDS (BETWEEN FIRST AND HOME) - DAY**

The Brooklyn fans cheer; the Racist fan sulks. The double  
is little comfort to Rachel who stares ahead, sitting as  
straight up as she can. Willing herself not to cry.

**CUT TO:**

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 91.**

**153 OMITTED 153**

**154 INT. BROOKLYN CITY BUS - DAY 154**

Jack and Rachel ride home. Forlorn, she stares out.

**RACHEL**

Oh Jack...

**JACK**

What is it, Rae?

**RACHEL**

Nothing. It's just, sometimes when  
I sit up there with those bastards,  
those loudmouths in the stands, I  
know you can hear them.

**JACK**

Don't worry. It's okay.

**RACHEL**

No, it's not okay. And I can hear  
them, too.

Jack looks at her, takes her hand in his.

**JACK**

I know. I'm sorry for that.  
Rachel squeezes his hand back.

**RACHEL**

We're in it together. When they  
start in on you, you know what I  
do? I try to sit up as straight.

**JACK**

Yeah?

**RACHEL**

Straight as I can.

**(MORE)**

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 92.**

**RACHEL (CONT'D)**

I got it in my head that I can  
block it from you, some of it, if I  
sit up straight.  
(a sad smile)  
Isn't that dumb?  
Closing the space between them, he takes her hand.

**JACK**

It worked. I didn't hear a thing.  
She tries to smile. As the tears streak her cheeks, he  
leans in kisses her forehead.

**JACK**

They're just ignorant.

**RACHEL**

If they knew you, they'd be  
ashamed.  
She puts her arm around him, draws that strength.

**JACK**

Hold on.

**RACHEL**

I am holding on.

**JACK**

Long as we hold on, it'll be okay.

**CUT TO:**

**155 EXT. STANDS - EBBETS FIELD - DAY 155**

WHACK! Rachel and Rickey watch Jack taking batting practice.

**RICKEY**

You look lovely, Mrs. Robinson.

**RACHEL**

Thank you.

**RICKEY**

I don't know how you do it. Every day, from the 1st to the 9th. Myself? I could pay \$100 for a suit and in twenty minutes I'd look like I fell out of bed. Even my shoes look rumped. They watch Jack crack one high off the Schaefer Beer sign.

**RACHEL**

I used to think Jack was conceited.

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 93.**

**RICKEY**

Is that so?

**RACHEL**

It was the very first thing I noticed about him.

**RICKEY**

How did you two meet?

**RACHEL**

I saw him at a UCLA football game.  
Even in uniform with a helmet on,  
his vanity was awful. It was the  
way he held his hands on his hips.  
I hated him!

**(RICKEY LAUGHS)**

And on campus he always wore crisp  
white shirts and I'd think his skin  
is so dark, why would he do that?  
Then I got to know him, his pride  
and confidence, and I realized he  
was showing off his color. I was  
wrong. He wasn't conceited; he was  
proud. Always, of who and what he  
is. I'd never met another man like  
that. What about you? How did you  
meet your wife?

**RICKEY**

Trying to catch her in a race. She  
was the fastest girl in town.  
Beautiful legs. I finally caught  
up; we've been together ever since.  
They sit a moment. Below: Jack nails another one.

**RICKEY**

I wanted to apologize to you.

**RACHEL**

For what?

**RICKEY**

Everything. I can't apologize to  
him. He and I both knew what we  
were getting into. But you. A  
newlywed, trying to blossom a  
marriage under all this pressure.

**RACHEL**

Don't worry about me. Or us. We  
know who we are.  
Crack. Jack hits another.

**WHITE 3-14-12 94.**

**RICKEY**

Your husband has humbled me. When this all began I thought I was changing the world and that Jackie was my instrument. Can you imagine? I wish I could help him, but I'm just a spectator.

**RACHEL**

You help him plenty. Believe me. They watch him rip into another pitch.

**RICKEY**

Is he able to get things off his chest? So he doesn't burn up?

**RACHEL**

Yes. I have to let him have that silence at first, let him come to me. But he opens up eventually.

**RICKEY**

Good. It's too much to carry inside. Does he have any friends on the team?  
(she gives him a look)  
They're spectators, too. They do admire him though.  
Rachel looks out to where Reese and Stanky play catch.

**RACHEL**

Do you think so?

**RICKEY**

Even the worst of us recognizes courage. Moral courage especially. I have to think they see it. Jackie's a man on trial. He's responding with glory and grace. No one can take their eyes off him.

**RACHEL**

He's had himself on trial since the day I met him. No man is harder on himself or gets to himself worse than Jack. But I hope his teammates know, they're on trial too.

**RICKEY**

I suppose we all are. You're an

astute woman, Mrs. Robinson.

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 95.**

**RACHEL**

**(LAUGHS)**

I have to be, Mr. Rickey, I'm married to a man of destiny. I can't let him down.

**RICKEY**

If I'd met you first, I wouldn't have looked so long for Jackie.

**RACHEL**

How do you mean?

**RICKEY**

I mean if he was good enough for you, he's certainly good enough for the rest of us.

**CUT TO:**

**156 INT. PENNOCK'S OFFICE - SHIBE PARK - DAY 156**

Phillie GM HERB PENNOCK at his desk, on the phone.

**PENNOCK**

Branch, it's Herb.

**157 INT. BRANCH RICKEY'S OFFICE - BROOKLYN - DAY 157**

**RICKEY**

What can I do for you, Herb?

**INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING:**

**PENNOCK**

How long have we known each other?

**RICKEY**

Twenty years. Maybe more.

**PENNOCK**

Then trust me when I say,  
Brooklyn's due here tomorrow, but  
you can not bring that Nigger down  
here with the rest of your team.  
Rickey grits his teeth, stays civil.

**RICKEY**

And why's that, Herb? His name's  
Jackie Robinson by the way.

**PENNOCK**

We're just not ready for this sort  
of thing in Philadelphia.

**(MORE)**

GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 95aA.

**PENNOCK (CONT'D)**

I'm not sure we'll be able to take  
the field against your team if that  
boy is in uniform.

**RICKEY**

Herbert, what your team does is  
your decision. But my team is  
coming to Philadelphia. With  
Robinson. If we have to claim the  
game as a forfeit, we will. That's  
9-0 in case you forgot.

**PINK REV 4-19-12 95A.**

**PENNOCK**

Branch, you've got one helluva hair  
across your ass on this thing and  
I, for one, would like to know what  
you're trying to prove?

**RICKEY**

Do you think God likes baseball? I  
do.

**PENNOCK**

What the hell does that mean?

**RICKEY**

It means you're going to meet God  
one day, Herb, and when he inquires  
why Robinson wasn't on the field in  
Philadelphia and you answer because  
he was a Negro, it may not be a  
sufficient reply.  
As Rickey hangs up the phone...

**CUT TO:**

**BLUE REV 4-07-12 96.**

**158 OMITTED 158**

**159 EXT. THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HOTEL - DAY 159**

Parrott The Dodger TEAM BUS pulls up. The doors whoosh open;  
steps off looking official. As the players start to follow:  
INSERT: May 9, 1947. Benjamin Franklin Hotel, Philadelphia.

**PARROTT**

Parrott Come on, fellas! We have twenty  
minutes to check in and then get to  
Shibe! Chop chop.  
No one is listening as the TEAM DRIVER opens the lower  
compartment and the players (including Jack) grab their  
bags.

**HOTEL MANAGER**

Out! Get that bus out of here!

The HOTEL MANAGER stalks over, flanked by HOTEL SECURITY.

**PARROTT**

We're the Dodgers. We have a reservation.

**HOTEL MANAGER**

Your team's not welcome, not while you have ballclub Negroes with you.

**PARROTT**

You mean Robinson can't stay here?

**HOTEL MANAGER**

I mean the entire team is refused!

**PARROTT**

We've been staying here ten years.

**HOTEL MANAGER**

And you can stay away that long!

**SHOTTEN**

(last off the bus)  
Hold on now, let's talk about this.  
The Hotel Manager jerks his thumb like an umpire.

**HOTEL MANAGER**

Get out! Now, grandpa!

**SHOTTEN**

Grandpa? Hey hold on, you!  
Security getting between as Shotten and the Manager go at

it.

**BLUE REV 4-07-12 96A.**

Jack is embarrassed, but what can he do? Walker says to no one in particular, but loud enough for Jack to hear:

**WALKER**

Maybe 42's got enough friends in town, we can bunk up.

**JACK**

What's that supposed to mean?

**WALKER**

Nothing. It's just, I know when you can't get into a hotel, you got people's houses you can stay at.

**JACK**

What do you want from me, Walker?

**WALKER**

An apology.

**JACK**

**(STEPS FORWARD)**

For what? Places like this?  
Parrott alarmed at this turn of events.

**WALKER**

For turning this season into a sideshow! I'm a ballplayer; I want to play ball!

**JACK**

So am I! I'm here to win!

**WALKER**

How the hell are we gonna win sleeping on the bus?!

**PARROTT**

**FELLAS --**

**JACK**

It might do you some good the way you're swinging the bat lately.

**DIXIE**

Watch your mouth!

Walker jabs his chest with a finger; Jack bats his hand  
away.

**JACK**

Watch your damn hand!  
And they're lunging at each other. Separated by Reese,  
Stanky, Branca and Bragan while other players hold off  
Shotton. Two fights about to break out at the same time.

**SHOTTEN**

Grandpa?! I'll show you grandpa!  
Parrott summons something deep, lets loose a shrill WHISTLE.

**PARROTT**

Fellas! Burt! Please! Take the  
bus to the field! Worry about the  
game. I'll find another hotel.

**CUT TO:**

**160 INT. PENNOCK'S OFFICE - SHIBE PARK - DAY 160**

Ben Chapman sits across from Herb Pennock who flips through  
underlined newspaper reports. Pennock reads one:

**PENNOCK**

There is a great lynch mob among  
us; they go unhooded and work  
without rope.  
(looks at him)  
That's you, not me.  
(reads some more)  
We must remember that all this  
country's enemies are not beyond  
the frontiers of our home land.

**CHAPMAN**

Some Jew must've wrote that.

**PENNOCK**

This doesn't look good, Ben! It  
makes the Phillies, look racist!  
You've got to do something.

**CHAPMAN**

Me?!

**CUT TO:**

GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 98.

161 INT. VISITOR'S LOCKER ROOM - SHIBE PARK - NIGHT 161

ON PARROTT. He's trying to work up the nerve for something. Finally, he comes around the corner where Jack sits at his locker talking to Smith.

**PARROTT**

Jackie, excuse me, um, a request came in. The Phillies manager Ben Chapman, he'd like his photo taken with you.  
Jack pretends to sniff the air around Parrott.

**JACK**

You been drinking, Harold?

**PARROTT**

Mr. Rickey thinks it's a good idea. He says it'll be in every sports page in the country. An example that'll show everyone even the most hardened man can change.

**JACK**

Chapman hasn't changed. He's just trying to take the heat off.

**PARROTT**

Mr. Rickey says it doesn't matter if he's changed. As long as it looks like he's changed. Chapman said he'd come down here. Or meet you in the runway.  
As Jack slow burns...

**SMITH**

See the ball come in slow. See the photo come in slower.

**JACK**

**(TO PARROTT)**

Tell him on the field. Where everyone can see him.  
As Parrott smiles; he's done it.

**PARROT**

Perfect.

**CUT TO:**

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 98A.**

**162 EXT. HOME PLATE - SHIBE PARK - NIGHT 162**

Chapman and Jack stand side-by-side facing the PRESS.  
Chapman makes a little speech. Hypocrisy at its best.

**CHAPMAN**

Jackie's been accepted in baseball  
and the Philadelphia organization  
wish him all the luck we can. I  
only hope in some small way our  
trial of fire... helped him along.  
Jack looks at him: Did he just say that?

**GREEN REV 4-27-12 99.**

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

How about a picture? Shake hands.  
Bury the hatchet?

**JACK**

You want a picture? Sure.  
Jack steps to the on-deck circle, grabs a BASEBALL BAT.  
Chapman's eyes widen as he starts toward him with it.

**JACK**

(low to Chapman)  
We'll hold the bat. That way we  
don't have to touch skin.

Chapman nods, looks relieved. A photographer hands over a bat. Chapman has two hands on the handle. Jack puts one hand on the barrel, the other stays on his hip.

**JACK**

Ben, I hope all your friends back home like the picture.

Jack smiles as the flashbulbs go off. Chapman looks dumb.

**DIXIE WALKER**

By the dugout with Stanky, watches in disbelief.

**WALKER**

Carl, I swear, I never thought I'd see ol' Ben eat shit like that.

**CUT TO:**

**163 EXT. FORBES FIELD - PITTSBURGH - DAY 163**

FRITZ OSTERMUELLER on the mound. He takes a long look in at Jack, at his catcher KLUTTZ who flicks his thumb: "Hit

him.'

INSERT: May 17, 1947. Pittsburgh.

Here it comes. All Jack has time to do is cover his face to lessen the blow. Beaned in the head, he goes down in a heap. Branca leads the Dodger players out onto the field. The UMPIRES move to head them off. Pirates as well. Kirby Higbe, now in a Pirate uniform, claps his hands pleased.

**BRANCA**

(in his face)  
Ostermeuller, you kraut! You gotta bat, too! Don't you forget!

**OSTERMUELLER**

I'm ready, you Wop bastard!

**PINK REV 4-19-12 99A.**

**BRANCA**

It's gonna come right between your eyes! Like a Kamikaze!

**OSTERMUELLER**

**(RE: JACK)**

For him!? He doesn't belong here!

**BRANCA**

You don't belong here! Go home to  
Goering and Shmelling!

**OSTERMUELLER**

Make me, you goddamn dago!

**WHITE 3-14-12 100.**

As an UMPIRE gets between them, Jack sits up. He's okay.

**CUT TO:**

**164 INT. BRANCH RICKEY'S OFFICE - BROOKLYN - DAY 164**

Rickey looks up as Reese enters. He holds a LETTER.

**RICKEY**

What can I do for you, Pee Wee?

**REESE**

Well, Mr. Rickey, it's like this,  
the series in Cincinnati next week.

**RICKEY**

It's an important road trip, we're  
only three games out of first.

**REESE**

Yes, sir. You know, I'm from  
Kentucky.

**RICKEY**

Cincinnati's nearly a home game for  
you.

**REESE**

I got this letter, sir. I guess  
some people aren't too happy about  
me playing with Robinson.

Rickey is not liking where this is going; he motions for the letter, scans it, reads the highlights...

**RICKEY**

Nigger lover. Watch yourself. We will get you, carpetbagger.  
(holds it out)  
Typical stuff.  
Reese takes the letter back, a little hurt.

**REESE**

It's not typical to me.

**RICKEY**

How many of these letters have you gotten, Pee Wee?

**REESE**

Just this. Ain't that enough?  
Rickey looks Reese over a moment. Pushing back his chair he steps over to a filing cabinet.

**WHITE 3-14-12 101.**

Motioning Reese to join him, he pulls open a drawer, pulls out a 4-inch stack of flattened letters, then another, then  
a  
third. He looks to Reese.

**REESE (CONT'D)**

What are those?

**RICKEY**

I'll tell you what they aren't, they aren't letters from the Jackie Robinson fan club. Here --  
He thrusts a sheaf of it into Reese's hands. As Reese flips through the stack of hate, reads:

**REESE**

Get out of baseball, or your baby boy will die.

**(NEXT ONE)**

Quit baseball or your Nigger wife

will be...

Reese trails off, won't say it out loud. Skips to another.

**REESE (CONT'D)**

Get out of the game or be killed.

He looks at one more, reacts to the vitriol, but does not utter it. Reese looks back at Rickey, shocked.

**REESE (CONT'D)**

Does Jackie know?

**RICKEY**

Of course he knows. And the FBI. They're taking a threat in Cincinnati pretty seriously. So excuse me if I'm not too shocked at you being called a carpetbagger. You should be proud of it!

**REESE**

We'd just like to play ball, Mr. Rickey. That's all we want to do.

**RICKEY**

I understand. I bet Jackie just wants to play ball. I bet he wishes he wasn't leading the league in hit by pitch. I bet he wishes people didn't want to kill him. But the world isn't so simple anymore. I'm not sure it ever was. We just, baseball ignored it. Now we can't.

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 102.**

**REESE**

**(QUIET)**

Yes, Sir. I gotta get to practice.

**CUT TO:**

**A 10-YEAR OLD BOY 165 165**

In the stands. Freckled, cute. Looking at the men around

the

him, his own FATHER SHOUTING at Jack as the Dodgers take  
field (the Reds coming off it).  
Jack headed for first. Pee Wee out to short.

**FRECKLES**

Nigger!  
(then...)  
We don't want you here!  
INSERT: Crosley Field, Cincinnati, June 21, 1947.

**RED BARBER'S VOICE**

Cincinnati fans expressing their  
displeasure as the Dodgers take the  
field. Jackie Robinson at first.  
The Brat Eddie Stanky at second.  
Spider Jorgensen at third. And the  
captain Pee Wee Reese at shortstop.

**(A BEAT)**

Ask any man and they'll tell you  
that the Gillette Superspeed razor  
is a honey. Maybe the sweetest  
shaving razor you'll ever use.

**166 OMITTED 166**

**167 OMITTED 167**

**BLUE REV 4-07-12 103.**

**168 EXT. INFIELD - CROSLY FIELD - DAY 168**

Many

Jack reaches first, throws the ball around the infield.  
in the crowd beyond rise to jeer and heap abuse. COON!  
SHINE! Jack tries to let it wash over him.  
At short, Reese receives the ball, moves to throw to first  
when he pauses. Deciding, he suddenly moves to trot across  
the diamond until he's alongside Jack.

**JACK**

What's up?  
Now cries of CARPETBAGGER! cut through. PEE WEE, HOW CAN YOU

PLAY WITH THIS BLACK BASTARD!? Reese stares up at the worst hecklers along the first base line. He looks a little sad.

**REESE**

They can say what they want; we're here to play baseball.

**JACK**

Just a bunch of crackpots still fighting the Civil War.

**REESE**

Hell, we'd a won that son of a gun if the cornstalks had held out. We just ran out of ammunition. Jack laughs. Reese has a funny way of saying it.

**JACK**

Better luck next time, Pee Wee. Reese impulsively puts his arm around Jack's shoulder, into the Cincy dugout.

stares

**REESE**

Ain't gonna be a next time. All we got is right now. This right here. Know what I mean? Walker reacting out in right. The crowd shuts down, some in shock at the gesture. Jack surprised also.

**REESE (CONT'D)**

Thank you, Jackie.

**JACK**

What're you thanking me for?

**REESE**

I've got family here from Louisville. Up there somewhere. I need 'em to know who I am.

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 104.**

Jack moved by Pee Wee's gesture, can't find the words.

**RED BARBER'S VOICE**

Robinson and Reese conferring at first. Maybe discussing an infield shift on Baumholtz.

**UMPIRE**

Hey! Number one! You playing ball or socializing?

**REESE**

Playing ball, ump! Playing ball!

**(TO JACK)**

Maybe tomorrow we'll all wear 42. That way they won't be able to tell us apart. Reese heads for short. Jack pounds his fist in his glove.

**CUT TO:**

**169 OMITTED 169**

**170 OMITTED 170**

**171 INT. TRAIN - ENROUTE TO NEW YORK - DAY 171**

Jack playing Gin Rummy with Branca, Reese and Wendell Smith.

**BRANCA**

(to Smith; teasing)  
You ever write about white guys in your paper? I mean, if I threw a no hitter and Jackie got a base hit, what would the headline be?

**SMITH**

Jackie leads Dodgers to victory. Again. Under that: white Italian guy does ok. They all laugh.

**REESE**

I'd call your folks for ya, Ralph. Tell 'em how you did.

**BRANCA**

No problem. It'll still make the Post. They play their hands as they talk.

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 105.**

**REESE**

We are on some kind of winning streak, huh boys? And I don't mean cards.

**BRANCA**

Hey, maybe forty of our last fifty.

**SMITH**

Thirty-two and fifteen actually. Since the 4th of July.

**BRANCA**

Math is why I throw a baseball for a living.

**REESE**

This next series against the Cardinals, it's a big one. They look over at Jack who hasn't said a word. It's his play. He lays his cards down. Deadpan as he wins the hand.

**JACK**

Gin.

**RED BARBER'S VOICE**

The top of the 11th inning, all tied at 2. For those of you just tuning in, how did we get here?

**CUT TO:**

**A172 JACK AT BAT A172**

off Jack strokes a DOUBLE over Stanky's head as Stanky breaks second for third.

**RED BARBER'S VOICE**

It's been double trouble as Robinson knocked in Stanky with a double in the third...

**B172 DIXIE WALKER AT BAT B172**

Walker strokes a DOUBLE over Stanky's head as Stanky breaks

off second for third.

**RED BARBER'S VOICE**

...And Dixie Walker did the same with a double in the eighth.

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 105A.**

**172 EXT. EBBETS FIELD - DAY 172**

ENOS SLAUGHTER steps in for St. Louis. Hugh Casey on the mound for Brooklyn. Slaughter looks fiercely determined.

**RED BARBER'S VOICE**

It wasn't enough as the Cardinals tied it with two of their own in the top of the ninth. This game is crucial to the Red Birds. They're five games out, the Dodgers having not relinquished first place since June 30th.

Casey throws a pitch. Inside, a ball.  
INSERT: August 20, 1947. Brooklyn.

**RED BARBER'S VOICE**

Slaughter takes ball one low. Casey in his second inning of relief. This game is tighter than a new pair of shoes on a rainy day. Slaughter hitless in four trips as Casey goes into his wind-up. Slaughter swings, hits a hard ground ball right at Reese who fires over to Jack at first. Slaughter is out by fifteen feet, but he never slows down. And his foot comes down -- -- High on Jack's right calf. Slaughter's spiked him something wicked. Jack goes down in a heap clutching his leg, blood already seeping through his high socks. Slaughter, head down, on his way to the visitor's dugout as Dodger players pour out of their own to protest. As the UMP raises his hands, motions them all back... Jack pulls up his sock, a bloody mess. Stanky looks to Casey.

**WHITE 3-14-12 106.**

**STANKY**

Next batter, throw right at his head. Clean his clock --

**JACK**

**(FIERCE)**

Just get him out. Understand? Game's too important.

As Casey nods, Jack reaches up to Stanky and Reese. They pull him to his feet. Jack looks, finds Rachel in the stands. As he gives her a little wave: "I'm okay."

**CUT TO:**

**173 WHITEY KUROWSKI 173**

A big Cardinal slugger at bat. Casey pitching.

**BARBER'S VOICE**

The top of the 12th and Kurowski at the plate. He hit his 20th home run on Monday so Casey's going to want to be careful with him. The pitch grooves in and Kurowski nails it.

**BARBER'S VOICE (CONT'D)**

Oh dear. There goes number 21.

**CUT TO:**

**174 SCOREBOARD - EBBETS FIELD 174**

The Cardinals leading 3-2 going into the bottom of the 12th.

**175 JACK 175**

The stadium electric as Jack steps in, his left leg bloody. He takes an inside pitch at the knees. Bastards! Here comes the next one. WHACK - He singles hard up the middle, nearly takes the pitcher's head off.

**FIRST BASE**

He rounds hard, returns to the bag. Reiser stepping up to the plate as Musial holds Jack on at first. Jack in a fury.

**JACK**

I don't care what happens, I don't  
care what kind of play it is, when  
I get to second I'm gonna knock  
someone into centerfield.

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 107.**

**MUSIAL**

(glances at blood)  
I don't blame you, man, you got  
every right.  
Jack running on the pitch. Reiser bunts. The play is to  
first. Reiser is out and Jack slides safe into second.  
SCHOENDIENST has the sense to vacate before he gets there.

**JACK**

Bouncing up and down, wearing that badge of potential  
violence and action. The crowd buzzing, the electricity  
practically hits you in the face. Jack's going to score.

**RICKEY**

Coming up out of his seat along with the fans around him.

**JACK**

Walker at bat. Jack steps out, checks on MARION the  
shortstop. He takes another step out, looks to Schoendienst.

**RED BARBER**

(over it all)  
Munger sets. Robbie back and forth  
off second. The third bag clearly  
in his sights. Oh, and Munger  
deals a pick off throw to Marion at  
second and Robinson is out!  
Marion breaks for the bag and Munger turns and fires a  
strike. Marion brings down the tag -- Out!  
He is and he knows it. The crowd stunned into silence. Jack  
frozen a moment, head down, furious with himself. Low.

**BARBER'S VOICE**

The Cardinals pick up a game. It  
was one of those plays where you do  
or you don't and Jackie didn't.

**CUT TO:**

**176 INT. TRAINER'S TABLE - DODGER CLUBHOUSE - DAY 176**

Jack on his stomach as STITCHES are sewn into his leg.  
REPORTERS in front of him.

**REPORTER ONE**

Did he spike you on purpose?

**YELLOW REV 4-24-12 107A.**

**JACK**

You saw the play. I had my foot  
inside the bag. He was out by a  
mile. But he kept coming.

**REPORTER TWO**

Slaughter said it was an accident.

**JACK**

What are you asking me for then?

**REPORTER TWO**

Are you calling Slaughter a liar?

**CHERRY REV 6-11-12 108.**

This guy's a real jerk. Rickey arrives, a BASEBALL in hand.

**RICKEY**

Get out. Let me talk to my first  
baseman. Go. He's getting  
stitched up for Pete's sake.

The reporters move off for other interviews. Reporter Two

hesitant to let it go, finally drifts off. Rickey watches.

**RICKEY**

Sticking up for yourself is what you'd expect of any man. Some find it galling to see it in a Negro.

**JACK**

I'm sorry, Mr. Rickey.

**RICKEY**

Sorry? Sorry for what?

**JACK**

I lost my cool out there. It probably cost us the game.

**RICKEY**

I told you, Jackie, all the best base runners get caught sometimes.

**JACK**

I wasn't thinking.  
Rickey pulls up a chair sits across from him, leans in.

**RICKEY**

Do you know what I saw this morning? I was passing a sandlot and a little white boy was up to bat. You know what he was doing?

**JACK**

Sitting on a fastball?

**RICKEY**

He was pretending he was you. Wiping his hands on his pants, swinging with his arms outstretched like you do. A little white boy pretending he was a black man.

**CUT TO:**

**177 OMITTED 177**

**CHERRY REV 6-11-12 109.**

**178 INT. TRAINER'S TABLE - DODGER CLUBHOUSE - DAY 178**

The two men, who have done so much, looking each other over.

**JACK**

Why are you doing this, Mr. Rickey?

**RICKEY**

We had victory over fascism in Germany; it's time for victory over racism at home.

**JACK**

Why are you doing this? Come on now.

A long moment between them. Finally, Rickey looks away.

**RICKEY**

I love this game. I love baseball. I've given my life to it. Forty odd years ago I was a player coach at Ohio Wesleyan University. We had a Negro catcher, best hitter on the team. Charley Thomas. Rickey starts slowly rubbing the baseball in his hands.

**RICKEY**

A fine young man. I saw him laid low. Broken because of the color of his skin and I didn't do enough to help. I told myself I did, but I didn't. The game I loved had something unfair at the heart of it. I ignored it. But a time came when I could no longer do that.

**(LOOKS UP)**

You let me love baseball again. Thank you. Jack's eyes gentle on Rickey's.

**JACK**

You're welcome.

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 110.**

Rickey fighting back tears now, retreats to his more confident self.

**RICKEY**

You're a force of nature, Jackie, you've complicated everything but yourself. You're changing the world, and refusing to let it change you. I for one am in awe. Jack reaches, takes the baseball from him. A beat as they consider each other. Finally, a promise...

**JACK**

I won't get picked off second base again. Not this year.

**CUT TO:**

**179 OMITTED 179**

**180 OMITTED 180**

**181 OMITTED 181**

**182 OMITTED 182**

**GOLDENROD REV 5-9-12 111.**

**183 OMITTED 183**

**184 INT. BEDROOM - 526 MACDONOUGH STREET - BROOKLYN - DAY**

**184**

It's early. Rachel watches from bed as Jack finishes packing. She looks sad. Jack looks into the cradle at Jackie Jr..

**JACK**

It's pop's last long road trip of the year, little man.

**RACHEL**

Careful you don't wake him.

**JACK**

I know. I won't.

**(LOOKS OVER)**

You okay?

**RACHEL**

I don't like seeing you leave,  
that's all.  
He looks at her a beat, resumes packing...

**JACK**

I'll be home in a week.

**RACHEL**

Eleven days. That's a long time  
without you.  
He doesn't answer, packs away. Finally:

**RACHEL**

Try not to lunge at the plate.

**JACK**

Seriously?

**RACHEL**

That's why they're throwing the  
fastballs inside.  
He looks at her, a little shocked.

**DBL. BLUE REV 7-9-12 112.**

**RACHEL**

Fight those inside fastballs off,  
foul them back. Sooner or later  
they won't be able to help but  
throw a curve.  
He steps to the bed, leans over her.

**JACK**

And what'll happen then?  
She clucks a 'hit' sound, makes an 'ahhhhhh' crowd sound.

**JACK**

We win enough of these next games  
and we'll bring home the pennant.

**RACHEL**

Pennant? Where are we going to put  
a pennant? All these baby diapers  
hanging everywhere.  
Jack looks around the room, at the diapers hanging.

**JACK**

We got room right over there.  
Between number one and number two.  
She mock grimaces at his bad joke.

**RACHEL**

Win one if you have to, but bring  
yourself home; that'll be plenty.  
They kiss.

**JACK**

Rae, you're in my heart.

**RACHEL**

Promise me you'll come home. That  
you'll always come home.  
As he looks at all he loves in the world...

**JACK**

I promise.

**CUT TO:**

**184A EXT. MACDONOUGH STREET - BROOKLYN - DAY 184A**

his Jack exits MacDonough Street apartment building and makes  
way down the street.

**185 OMITTED 185**

BUFF REV 5-29-12 113-114.

186 OMITTED 186

187 OMITTED 187

188 OMITTED 188

188A EXT. SPORTSMAN PARK - ST. LOUIS - DAY 188A

A CARDINAL RUNNER on second. Jackie holding another RUNNER on first as the St. Louis crowd ROARS.

**BARBER'S VOICE**

2 on 2 out for the Cardinals in the eighth. Anxious moments now as they've cut the Dodger lead to 2. Nippy Jones up. Musial taking his place on deck. Jones likes to punch that ball when he swings. Insert: September 13, 1947. Casey on the mound receives the ball. Pounds his glove.

**JACK**

Come on, Casey, get him out! Pitch that ball!

**BARBER'S VOICE**

The outfield is deep, shaded toward left. Robinson holding the runner on first. Here comes Casey with the pitch -- Jones swings, pops it up.

**BARBER**

It's popped up foul toward first. Should be out of play. But here comes Robinson, he's coming hard --

189 OMITTED 189

190 OMITTED 190

191 OMITTED 191

192 OMITTED 192

**BUFF REV 5-29-12 115.**

**CUT TO:**

**193 EXT. SPORTSMAN PARK - ST. LOUIS - DAY 193**

Jack chasing down the foul, headed right for the open steps of his own dugout. He never considers the peril as he CATCHES THE BALL and his left foot comes down onto nothing -

BRANCA LEAPS forward, tackles Jack back onto the infield.

**BARBER'S VOICE**

He's got it! And one of the Dodgers has him!

**CUT TO:**

**194 OMITTED 194**

**195 OMITTED 195**

**196 INT. VISITOR'S LOCKER ROOM - SPORTSMAN PARK - DAY 196**

**BARBER'S VOICE**

The Dodgers closing in on the Pennant as they'll leave St. Louis for Cincinnati and a three game series with the Reds.

Jack sits in his grass stained pants after the game. Most of the guys are in the shower. Branca, a towel around his waist, is headed there himself. The sight of Jack stops him.

**BRANCA**

Can I ask you something, Jackie?  
How come you never shower until everyone else is done?  
Jack just stares at him. Branca won't let it drop.

**BRANCA**

You shy or something?

**JACK**

I don't want to make anyone uncomfortable.

**BUFF REV 5-29-12 116.**

**BRANCA**

We're a team. On a hot streak.  
Half the wins on account of you.  
You're the bravest guy I ever saw.  
You're leading us and you're afraid  
to take a shower?  
A beat as Jack considers him. Stone-faced.

**BRANCA**

C'mon. Take a shower with me.

**(A BEAT)**

Hey, I don't mean it like that.

**CUT TO:**

**197 SHOWERS 197**

The Dodgers showering, guys chattering. Suddenly, there's  
Branca and Jack at the shower entrance. All eyes look over.  
Branca enters. Then Jack. A beat and everyone goes back to  
getting clean. It's no big deal. Except...  
Dixie Walker looks to the floor, shakes his head. Finally,  
quietly, he leaves. Who's the loneliest man on the team now?

**CUT TO:**

**198 INT. BRANCH RICKEY'S OFFICE - BROOKLYN - DAY 198**

As the phone rings, Rickey grabs it. On edge.  
INSERT: September 16, 1947

**RICKEY**

Rickey here.

**199 INTERCUT WITH PARROTT 199**

On a payphone in the CROSLY FIELD CONCOURSE.

**PARROTT**

We did it, Boss! We did it! We  
swept Cincinnati! That puts us  
seven games up.  
Joyous, Rickey grabs a sheet showing the NL standings.

**RICKEY**

And eliminates the Giants and Boston.

He puts an 'X' through Boston and the Giants. The rest of the NL are already crossed out. Only the Cardinals remain. At the same time, Parrott X's the same out on his notebook.

**DBL. BLUE REV 7-9-12 117.**

**RICKEY**

We'd have to lose nearly every game for the Cardinals to catch us now. One more win may do it. Who's pitching tomorrow for the Pirates?

**PARROTT**

Ostermueller.

**CUT TO:**

**199A EXT. MACDONOUGH STREET - BROOKLYN - DAY 199A**

heard  
it Rachel walks pushing Jackie Junior in his stroller. As she moves, the RADIO BROADCAST of the Dodgers' game can be  
from one house to the next. In a gap, a passing car picks  
up and we hear it from the window. Then another house.

**BARBER'S VOICE**

A very big game today here in Pittsburgh. A win and the Dodgers will have clinched the National League Pennant.

**CUT TO:**

**199B EXT. EBBETS FIELD - DAY 199B**

Branch Rickey alone in the stadium. The field empty as he listens to the call of the game over the PA.

**BARBER'S VOICE**

Fritz Ostermueller on the mound. He's 12 and 8 on the season.

**200 EXT. FORBES FIELD - PITTSBURGH - DAY 200**

INSERT: September 17, 1947. Pittsburgh.  
Ostermueller on the rubber. Staring in at Jack.

**OSTERMUELLER**

You don't belong! You'll never  
belong!  
Jack waits. Ostermueller pitches.

**BARBER'S VOICE**

Here comes the pitch and Robinson  
takes outside. Ball one.

**200A RACHEL - ON MACDONOUGH STREET 200A**

Listening as --

**DBL. WHITE REV 6-28-12 117A.**

**BARBER'S VOICE**

Ostermueller winds and throws, low  
and away ball two. Fritz seems to  
be pitching around Jackie. Or  
trying to get him to chase.

**RACHEL**

Come on. Throw him a strike.

**CUT TO:**

**200B EXT. FORBES FIELD - PITTSBURGH - DAY 200B**

Shakes off one sign, then nods at the next. Throws the ball  
well outside. Another pitch outside. "Ball Three!"

**BARBER'S VOICE**

3 and 0 now. Robinson waiting on  
something he can swing on.  
As catcher Kluttz throws it back...

**JACK**

Give me something I can hit!

**(TO HIMSELF)**

What are you afraid of?

**OSTERMUELLER**

You want it?!

**(TO HIMSELF)**

Careful what you wish for boy...

Ostermueller nods at the sign. Jack about to slay the dragon as the pitch comes in - WHACK! The ball is going for a ride.

**BARBER'S VOICE**

That is a deep fly ball to left.  
Kiner on his horse, but I don't  
think he'll get there.

**200C EBBETS FIELD 200C**

Rickey standing, looking up like he can see it.

**BARBER'S VOICE**

Back, back, back and oh doctor!  
Robinson got his pitch!

**CUT TO:**

**200D FORBES FIELD 200D**

The ball sails out: HOME RUN! Ostermueller hangs his head.

**DBL. WHITE REV 6-28-12 117B.**

**200E INT. MACDONOUGH STREET APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - DAY 200E**

Rachel listening, smiling as CHEERS sound from outside the apartment. We hear the sound of car horns on the street.

**200F JACK 200F**

He runs toward first and we run with him. The smile starts somewhere in his body. His heart most likely. By the time it reaches his face, his joy has erupted. The weight of the world starting to drop.

**TAN REV 6-25-12 118.**

**201 PIRATES DUGOUT 201**

disgust. Kirby Higbe who watches Robinson round the bases in

**HIGBE**

Pittsburgh...

**202 JACKIE ROBINSON 202**

crowd Nears second on his home run trot. Even the Pittsburgh starting to applaud him.

**CUT TO:**

**203 OMITTED 203**

**203A EBBETS FIELD 203A**

Rickey absorbing the moment. It's almost too much.

**204 JACKIE ROBINSON 204**

Rounding second and headed for third. The weight of the world somehow lifting. They gave him one he could hit.

**CUT TO:**

**DBL. BLUE REV 7-9-12 119.**

**205 OMITTED 205**

**206 42 206**

We're tight on Jack's back as he heads for home at Forbes Field. 90 feet away... 75...

**207 WENDELL SMITH IN THE STANDS 207**

Finally inspired to type: T-h-a-n-k y-o-u, J-a-c-k-i-e.

**208 JACKIE ROBINSON 208**

Nearing home. About to step on the plate. He closes his eyes as well and --

**WE CUT TO:**

**209 EXT. 526 MACDONOUGH STREET - BROOKLYN - DAY 209**

Rachel all alone on the sidewalk looking up and down the street. And suddenly there he is... Jack, scooting between two cars, hurrying to her. And they're in each others arms.

**JACK**

I'm home.

**RACHEL**

Safe.

**(RE: HOUSE)**

The baby's sleeping so don't you make a sound.

He makes to button his lips.

**RACHEL**

Stay just like that.

She kisses him. And kisses him. And he kisses her back. As they finally head inside, we let them go. And as we're left looking down the street, a crawl begins:

**BLUE REV 4-07-12 120.**

Branch Rickey was elected to the Hall of Fame in 1967.

Pee Wee Reese was elected to the Hall of Fame in 1984.

Bobby Bragan retired the following year and became a manager in the Dodger minor leagues. He is credited with mentoring several African American minor league players.

Wendell Smith became the first African-American sportswriter to join the Baseball Writers Association in 1948.

Ben Chapman was fired in 1948 and never managed again.

Eddie Stanky went on to manage the St. Louis Cardinals, the

Chicago White Sox and the Texas Rangers.

Ralph Branca lives and works in Rye, New York.

Dixie Walker was traded the following season to Pittsburgh.

Ed Charles grew up to become a professional baseball player.

He won the World Series in 1969 with the Miracle Mets.

Rachel Robinson splits her time between Connecticut and Manhattan where she runs the Jackie Robinson Foundation.

Jackie Robinson was named Major League Rookie of the Year in 1947. He won the World Series in 1955 against the New York Yankees, stealing home in Game One. He was elected to the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1962.

We end on a montage of Jackie Robinson Day in present time. Every year in April, all MLB players wear the number 42 as a reminder of Jackie's accomplishments on and off the field.

The number 42 is the only number retired by all of baseball.

We see 42s leaving their dugouts, 42s at bat, 42s in the field, 42s signing autographs, 42s stealing bases, 42s lined up for the National Anthem.

FREEZE FRAME on a 42.

The End.