

"MAJOR LEAGUE"

Screenplay by

David S. Ward

**SHOOTING DRAFT**

**FADE IN: TITLES APPEAR ON BLACK B.G.**

is  
River.  
Cleveland,  
landmarks.

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

**INT. THE INJUN DINER - DAY**

BOLITO,  
old  
delivers

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

**THELMA**

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

**VIC**

They don't look too good.

this  
sorry fact.

The other two shake their heads in contemplation of

**INT. MEN'S CLUB - DAY**

club

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

**BUSINESS EXECUTIVE**

They don't look particularly good,

do they?

**EXT. CLEVELAND DOCKS - DAY**

Two LONGSHOREMEN are talking while they unload a freighter.

**LONGSHOREMEN**

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

**EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY**

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

**GROUNDSKEEPER**

(in subtitles)

They're shitty.

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

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

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

**DONOVAN**

(checking his watch)

Thirty minutes late. Think she'll show?

**MATTHEWS**

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

**DONOVAN**

She didn't last week. She was having a guava facial.

the  
SECRETARY-  
PHELPS, a  
the  
something  
CHA-CHA

As Butler tries to figure out what a guava facial is, conference room doors swing open and a muscular MALE BODYGUARD enters, clearing the way for MRS. RACHEL flashy, striking woman in her early forties. Despite designer clothes she favors, there is the hint of less refined about her. She carries a Pekinese dog, on her left hip.

**RACHEL**

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

the

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

**RACHEL**

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

Several eyes roll up around the room.

**RACHEL**

(picking up a newspaper)  
Unfortunately there are some in the press who feel that...

(reading from the page)

"the ex-showgirl wife of Donald Phelps has no business being the owner of a major league baseball team."

Rachel crumbles the paper and throws it away.

**RACHEL**

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

This causes a few nervous glances in the room.

**RACHEL**

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

Donovan, Butler and Simmons pour over the list.

**RACHEL**

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

**SIMMONS**

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

**DONOVAN**

Most of these guys never had a prime.

**BUTLER**

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

**RACHEL**

Cross him off then.

**BUTLER**

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

**RACHEL**

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

**DONOVAN**

Well, it's not the best material  
I've ever had to work with, but I'll  
do my best to see we move up a notch  
this year.

**RACHEL**

I know you will, Charlie. That's why  
I'm movin' you up to General Manager.  
Congratulations.

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

**RACHEL**

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

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

**MATTHEWS**

(checking his watch)  
One minute, 58 seconds.

**INT. DONOVAN'S NEW OFFICE - DAY**

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

**BODY-BUILDER ASSISTANT**

Mr. Donovan, Mrs. Phelps would like  
to see you.

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

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

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

**INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - DAY CONT**

**RACHEL**

Come on in, Charlie. Have a seat.

**DONOVAN**

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

**RACHEL**

Oh, really? Like what?

**DONOVAN**

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

**RACHEL**

I was thinking of Lou Brown.

**DONOVAN**

Lou Brown?

**RACHEL**

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

This is hardly an impressive credential to Donovan.

**RACHEL**

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

**DONOVAN**

What exactly is our team concept?

**RACHEL**

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

**DONOVAN**

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

**RACHEL**

I'm serious about this, Charlie. It's no secret I've never liked Cleveland much. The weather's lousy, downtown is a pit, the stadium's falling apart, and we can't draw

dick. Another couple of years of this and I'm gonna have to start feeding Cha-Cha dog food.

love Rachel bends down to give her dog, Cha-Cha, a little pat, while Donovan tries to contain his disgust.

**DONOVAN**

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

**RACHEL**

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

**DONOVAN**

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

**RACHEL**

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

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

yellow. Donovan looks at it, the paragraph highlighted in

**RACHEL**

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

**DONOVAN**

What are you saying? You want us to lose?

**RACHEL**

No, we've been losing. What I want us to do is finish dead last.

Donovan is stunned. He casts around helplessly for some response.

**DONOVAN**

Mister Phelps would never have approved of this.

**RACHEL**

He knew it had to be done. He just didn't have the courage to do it.

(with veiled menace)

Hopefully, you will come to see the wisdom of it.

(pause)

If this team lives up to its potential, we could have the worst record in all baseball.

On Donovan's sunken face, we go to:

**EXT. SHABBY MEXICAN HOTEL - MORNING**

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

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING**

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

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

**TAYLOR**

Yeh.

Cleveland.  
subsequent

It's Charlie Donovan calling from his office in  
We CUT BACK AND FORTH between the two as we will in  
phone scenes.

**DONOVAN**

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

**TAYLOR**

(skeptical)  
Yeh...

**DONOVAN**

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

**TAYLOR**

Who is this?

**DONOVAN**

What?

**TAYLOR**

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

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

**TAYLOR**

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

Donovan is baffled by this whole line of conversation.

**TAYLOR**

Tolbert? Tolbert? Screw it.

phone.  
Taylor hangs up, leaving Donovan staring into his  
Taylor looks up to see TOLBERT standing in the doorway.

**TAYLOR**

Tolbert.

**TOLBERT**

Who the hell were you talkin' to?

On Taylor's reaction, we...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TOLEDO TIRE STORE - DAY**

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

**SECRETARY**

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

**BROWN**

(picking up the phone)  
Tire World.

**DONOVAN**

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

(a dramatic pause)

How would you like to manage the Indians this year?

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

**BROWN**

I don't know...

**DONOVAN**

(incredulous)

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

**BROWN**

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

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

**INT. CHARLIE DONOVAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Donovan's on the phone to another player.

**DONOVAN**

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

**RICKY VAUGHN**

T-shirt. Good-looking, muscular, 19-year-old. Sleeveless black  
Talking on a wall phone in a nondescript room.

**VAUGHN**

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

off his Vaughn has been working, sweating slightly. He takes

cap to mop his brow -- revealing a RADICAL HAIRCUT with  
PIGTAIL. He sports a RING in his left ear.

**DONOVAN**

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

**LONG SHOT - VAUGHN**

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

**VAUGHN**

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

**DONOVAN**

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

**VAUGHN**

Yeh. Where's Cleveland?

**INT. DONOVAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

impatient

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

**DONOVAN**

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

**BROWN**

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

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

**DONOVAN**

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

**BROWN**

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

**DONOVAN**

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

**BROWN**

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

**DONOVAN**

We don't have any millionaires.

**BROWN**

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

**DONOVAN**

Don't have any bonus babies either.

**BROWN**

Don't you have any proven major league

talent?

**DONOVAN**

(embarrassed)

Not that I know of.

**BROWN**

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

**DONOVAN**

What?

**BROWN**

Sounds like my kinda team. Have my contracts ready.

Brown hangs up.

**DONOVAN**

(to the others)

Guess I really put the screws to him.

**EXT. MEXICAN LEAGUE BALL PARK - DAY**

high,  
teams

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

**TAYLOR**

wondering

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

**MANAGER**

Taylor, telephone for you.

Taylor goes to the phone in the clubhouse tunnel.

**TAYLOR**

Hello.

**DONOVAN**

Jake, Charlie Donovan again.

**TAYLOR**

Oh yeh, Charlie, look, I'm sorry about this morning...

**DONOVAN**

No problem. Look, Jake, camp starts on the first. Can you make it?

**TAYLOR**

Sure.

**DONOVAN**

You been stayin' in shape down there?

**TAYLOR**

Oh hell, yeh, I work out every day.

**DONOVAN**

I thought so. See ya in Arizona.

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

**CUT TO:**

**TAYLOR**

approaching his MANAGER.

**MANAGER**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**MANAGER**

Fine. Leave your uniform.

**TAYLOR**

But I changed at the motel.

**MANAGER**

Leave your uniform.

**TAYLOR**

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

**INT. BEAT-UP MEXICAN BUS - DAY**

filled  
and

Taylor sits in the back seat. He has six Coke bottles  
with sand strapped to his ankles. He lifts his legs up  
down to strengthen his muscles.

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**EXT. INDIANS' TRAINING CAMP PRACTICE FIELD - DAY**

(pitching)  
the

Donovan, Brown and two of his coaches, PEPPER LEACH  
and DUKE TEMPLE (hitting) are on the field, witnessing  
arrival of their "troops." First to arrive is:

**TAYLOR**

bats

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

**DONOVAN**

This looks like Jake Taylor.

Brown turns around from a conversation with Temple.

**BROWN**

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

**DONOVAN**

Yeh.

**PEPPER**

Wish we had him two years ago.

**DONOVAN**

We did.

**PEPPER**

Four years ago then.

**INT. PLAYER'S BARRACKS - DAY**

lockers.

Like an Army barracks. Rows of bunk beds seperated by  
Taylor walks in with Temple, the hitting instructor.

**TAYLOR**

What happened to the private rooms?

**TEMPLE**

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

**BROWN, PEPPER, TEMPLE AND DONOVAN**

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

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

**BROWN**

Who's that?

**DONOVAN**

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

**BROWN**

What's his religion?

**DONOVAN**

Voodoo.

**BLACK AND TAN ROLLS-ROYCE**

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

**BROWN**

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

**DONOVAN**

(sheepish)

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

**BROWN**

Still hits the ball pretty well,

doesn't he?

**DONOVAN**

Yeh, he just can't field it.

Dorn pulls his golf clubs out of the car.

**BROWN**

We'll shape him up.

**WILLIE HAYES**

which  
shades

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

**DONOVAN**

Don't recognize this guy.

Hayes strolls up and introduces himself.

**HAYES**

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

**BROWN**

Lou Brown. Nice to meet ya, Hayes.

**HAYES**

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

Hayes hustles off toward his car.

**DONOVAN**

I don't remember a Hayes on the list.

everyone's

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

He's

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

**PEPPER**

Look at this fuckin' guy.

**TEMPLE**

Maybe he's the mascot.

Yes,  
Donovan is speechless. Brown breaks into a small smile.  
sir, this is his kinda team.

**INT. PLAYERS' BARRACKS**

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

**DORN**

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

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

**TAYLOR**

(offering his hand)  
Jake Taylor.

Vaughn shakes it and nods. Says nothing.

**TAYLOR**

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

**VAUGHN**

Vaughn. Rick Vaughn.

**TAYLOR**

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

Hayes.  
The conversation is interrupted by the arrival of

**HAYES**

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

**TAYLOR**

Jake Taylor.  
(pointing to Vaughn)  
Rick Vaughn.

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

**HAYES**

What the hell league you been playin'  
in?

**VAUGHN**

California Penal.

**HAYES**

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

**VAUGHN**

I stole a car.

On Hayes' look, we...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE BARRACKS - NIGHT**

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

**GUARD**

This guy wasn't invited to camp.

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

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - MORNING**

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

**INT. CLUBHOUSE - MORNING**

Brown is addressing his troops before the first  
workout.

**BROWN**

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

(pause)

I mean it.

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

**CUT TO:**

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

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

**HAYES**

Shit, I been cut already?

**THE PRACTICE FIELD**

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

**PEPPER**

(checking stopwatch)

11.9 Taylor. Not bad if you'd fallen  
down.

pitcher  
trial.

As Taylor tries to catch his breath, Dorn and a relief  
named Gant approach the starting line for the next

**HAYES**

field.

looking through the chain-link fence surrounding the

**DORN AND GENTRY AGAIN**

whistle.

Temple brings them to their marks and blows his

Dorn and Gentry take off.

streaking

Gentry a

We go

and

and

look.

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

**BROWN**

Get him a uniform.

**EXT. THE PRACTICE FIELD - LONG SHOT - DAY**

calisthenics,

The players are spread out on the field doing  
counting off in unison.

**TAYLOR**

in

like

starts

up

struggling through a series of pushups. He glances over  
disbelief at Vaughn and Cerrano, who are doing them  
pistons in competition with each other. Cerrano even  
doing them one-handed.  
Hayes isn't doing them at all; merely pulling his head  
and down while leaving his body on the ground.

**HARRIS**

C'mon, Hayes, let's do 'em right.

**HAYES**

Hey, my philosophy is no pain, no pain.

**EXT. THE BATTING CAGE - DAY**

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

**BROWN**

How the knees holdin' up, Jake?

**TAYLOR**

Great. Never been better.

**BROWN**

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

**TAYLOR**

No problem.

**BROWN**

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

**TAYLOR**

Around the league they're wrong.

**BROWN**

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

**TAYLOR**

Yeh. Would I bullshit about somethin' like that?

**BROWN**

(walking away)  
You better if you wanna make this team.

It Taylor smiles and fires one full-speed down to second.  
bounces two feet in front of the bag.

**EXT. BATTING CAGE - DAY**

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

**BROWN**

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

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

**BROWN**

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

**HAYES**

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

**TEMPLE**

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

**BROWN**

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

**PEPPER**

(aside)  
For what? Running back to the dugout?

**BROWN**

You gotta stop swingin' for the fences though, Hayes. All you're gonna do is give yourself a hernia. With your speed you should be hittin' the ball on the ground, leggin' 'em out. Every time I see you hit one in the air, you owe me twenty pushups.

**HAYES**

Hey, no problem.

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

**HAYES**

Shit.

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

**BROWN**

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

**BROWN AND PEPPER**

warm-up coming over to where Vaughn is tossing some casual pitches to Jake.

**BROWN**

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

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

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

**BROWN**

Nice velocity.

**PEPPER**

Sounded like it.

**TAYLOR**

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

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

**BROWN**

How much?

**CLUBHOUSE MAN**

96 miles an hour.

**BROWN**

(to Pepper)

Better teach him some control before  
he kills somebody.

**RODGER DORN**

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

**BROWN**

C'mon, Dorn, get in front of the  
damn ball.

(making like a  
bullfighter)

Don't give me this ole' bullshit.

**DORN**

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

**BROWN**

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

**DORN**

What! That's Little League shit.

**BROWN**

So is this.

Brown strikes an effeminate fielding position, like  
Betty

Grable shying from a mouse. Dorn burns.

**PEDRO CERRANO**

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

**BROWN**

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

**TEMPLE**

(to the batting  
practice pitcher)  
Okay, Harris, that's enough fast  
balls. Throw some curves.

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

**BROWN**

Oh.

Dorn approaches Brown at the cage.

**DORN**

Lou, I wanna have a word with you  
here.

**BROWN**

Sure.

**DORN**

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

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

**CUT TO:**

**DORN**

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

**LONGSHOT - PRACTICE FIELD**

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

**PEPPER**

(to Temple)

We got anybody left playin' baseball out there?

**INT. THE LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**HAYES**

What do ya mean?

**TAYLOR**

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

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

**TAYLOR**

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

stool Vaughn is still not so sure. He sits down on his locker and glances over toward STEVE HARRIS a starting pitcher, whose locker is adjacent. As Harris takes off his jersey we

just

see three SPLOTCHES OF GREASY SUBSTANCES on his chest,  
inside the button line.

**VAUGHN**

What is that stuff?

**HARRIS**

(pointing to them in  
order)

Crisco, Bardahl, Vagisil. Any one of  
'em will give you another 2-3 inches  
drop on your curve ball.

Vaughn can't believe this.

**HARRIS**

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

**VAUGHN**

(revolted)

You put snot on the ball?

**HARRIS**

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

Vaughn just looks at him incredulous.

**TAYLOR AND CARRANO**

Cerrano

altar

like

in

mouth.

finishes

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

Cerrano has drawn some magic signs on his bats. He

doll. an incantation and then lights the cigar on the fetish

**TAYLOR**

What are you doin' there, Pedro?

**CERRANO**

Bats. They are sick.

**TAYLOR**

So are mine. Is somethin' goin' around?

**CERRANO**

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

**HAYES**

Jo-Buu?

**TAYLOR**

Maybe he's the pagan saint of baseball.

**CERRANO**

I offer him cigars and gin. He will come.

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

**HARRIS**

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

**CERRANO**

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

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

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**MONTAGE SEQUENCE**

training.

compressing and detailing the progress of spring

We see:

batter

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

the

pitch and

futility at

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

**C) HAYES**

field,

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

**D) TAYLOR**

purposely

can

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

**E) CERRANO**

cross

greet

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

**F) VAUGHN**

get a

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

**G) DORN**

applauds.

taking a hard ground ball off the chest. Brown  
Dorn is pissed.

**H) VAUGHN**

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

**I) TAYLOR**

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

**J) HAYES**

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

**K) CERRANO**

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

**L) HAYES**

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

**M) VAUGHN**

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

**N) HAYES**

for-  
attempting to steal second. He goes into a hell-bent-

two  
waiting  
coming.

leather head first slide. Unfortunately, he comes up  
feet short of the base. The second baseman, who's  
for him with the ball, makes a motion for him to keep  
Hayes flips him the bird.

**O) LOU BROWN**

"Can

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

**P) TAYLOR**

catch

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

**Q) BROWN**

the

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

**EXT. INDIANS' PRACTICE FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON**

PICK  
locker

Players are filing off the team bus after the game. We  
UP Taylor, Hayes and Vaughn as they head toward the  
room.

**VAUGHN**

This is final cut down day, right?

**TAYLOR**

Yeh, better get your snake ready,  
Hayes.

**HAYES**

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

Hayes reveals a pair of red and cut hands.

**TAYLOR**

If you're gonna use that head first  
slide, you better get yourself some  
gloves or you're not gonna have any

skin left on your hands.

They've reached the locker room now.

**VAUGHN**

I don't wanna go in there.

**TAYLOR**

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

**HAYES**

What if we're one of the deceased?

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

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

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

**GENTRY**

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

**HAYES AND VAUGHN**

the two rookies, are still hanging back.

**HAYES**

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

This Hayes strides manfully to his locker and pulls it open.

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

the  
Seeing no tag, he turns and walks double-time out of  
locker room, as if he had to get to the john.

around  
He comes outside, turns a corner, and starts leaping  
like a wild man.

**VAUGHN**

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

**CUT TO:**

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

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

**VAUGHN**

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

**BROWN**

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

**VAUGHN**

What do you mean?

**BROWN**

I think somebody's been havin' fun

with you.

We GO TO Vaughn, his faced a mask of anger and embarrassment.

**THE LOCKER ROOM AGAIN**

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

**DORN**

(to Vaughn)

What's the matter, little lady? Can't you take a joke?

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

**BROWN**

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

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

**TAYLOR**

Forget about Dorn. You got other things to do.

**VAUGHN**

Like what?

**TAYLOR**

Packing for Cleveland.

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

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE CLEVELAND SKYLINE - DAY**

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

**INT. INJUN DINER - DAY**

The same three guys as before are at the counter.

**THELMA**

You see the new lineup the Indians  
got?

**BOBBY**

I never heard of most of 'em.

**INT. EXECUTIVE LIMOUSINE - DAY**

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

**BUSINESS EXECUTIVE**

I don't know the majority of these  
names.

**EXT. CLEVELAND DOCKS - DAY**

The two Longshoremen again, looking at a paper.

**LONGSHOREMAN**

Who are these fuckin' guys?

**EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY**

infield.  
The two Korean Groundskeepers again, dragging the

**GROUNDSKEEPER**

(in subtitles)  
They're shitty.

**INT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY**

plate in  
remembering  
Taylor is alone in the stadium, standing near home  
his street clothes, taking in the massive stadium,

his glories past. He steps into the batter's box and takes  
stance.

**TAYLOR**

(to himself)

Two down. Bottom of the ninth.

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

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

**HAYES**

Really got all of that one.

**VAUGHN**

What was it? A slider?

Taylor is too embarrassed to reply.

**INT. CLEVELAND RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

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

**TAYLOR**

What are you gonna have?

**HAYES**

I don't know. What language is this?

**TAYLOR**

French.

**HAYES**

They got patty melts over there?

**TAYLOR**

Forget it. I'll order. Let's have a toast.

The three raise their wine glasses.

**TAYLOR**

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

The glasses CLINK. Suddenly Taylor's attention fixes on something across the room -- a stunning young woman in

her

late twenties, LYNN WESTLAND. She's having dinner with

a

DATE in a three-piece suit.

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

**VAUGHN**

What is it? The chick?

**TAYLOR**

That's my wife.

**HAYES**

Does she know it?

**TAYLOR**

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

**HAYES**

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

**VAUGHN**

You want me to beat the shit out of him?

**TAYLOR**

No.

**HAYES**

What does she do?

**TAYLOR**

She's a librarian.

**VAUGHN**

A librarian? Shit, I gotta start readin' again.

**INT. CLEVELAND RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

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

**WAITER**

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

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

**LYNN**

Hello.

**VOICE**

Hello, Lynn. It's Jake.

**LYNN**

Jake? How did you know I was here?

**TAYLOR**

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

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

**LYNN**

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

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

**TAYLOR**

You look great.

and

Lynn, as is often the case with Jake, is both charmed  
put-out. She goes with put-out.

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

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

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

**LYNN**

(starting away)  
I gotta get back...

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

My life is different from when you  
knew me.

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

Okay, just gimme your number.

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

(exasperated)  
Jake...

**TAYLOR**

The number, Lynn...

**LYNN**

(reluctant)  
All right. 555-9314.

**TAYLOR**

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

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

**INT. TAXI - DAY**

Taylor, Hayes and Vaughn are the fares.

**CABBIE**

What's the number again?

**TAYLOR**

(looking at a piece  
of paper)  
**1036.**

**HAYES**

What is this place?

**TAYLOR**

Furnished apartment building owned by the Indians. We get special rates. With what we're makin' we'll need it.

of  
The Cabbie pulls to a stop and points to the other side  
the street.

**CABBIE**

That's it.

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

**TAYLOR**

Welcome to the Big Leagues.

**INT. THE TURK - DAY**

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

**VOICE ON PHONE**

Hello, Cuyahoga Sheet Metal.

Taylor doesn't like the sound of this.

**TAYLOR**

You got anybody workin' there named  
Lynn Wells?

**VOICE ON PHONE**

Never heard of her.

**TAYLOR**

Didn't think so.

Taylor hangs up, staring off into space.

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

UP  
black,  
while  
taped.  
Various players are dressing out for the game. We PICK  
Cerrano putting on his undergarments. They're all  
including his jock. Dorn reads the Wall Street Journal,  
Taylor sits on the trainer's table getting his knees

angle in  
squeezes  
Hayes checks the fit of his new uniform from every  
a mirror. He thinks he looks pretty good. Vaughn just

uptight.

a baseball in his left hand, obviously a little  
Taylor gives him a chuck on the shoulder.

**TAYLOR**

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

Lou Brown enters the locker room.

**BROWN**

All right, let's gather 'round.

The players turn their attention to Brown.

**BROWN**

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

Cheers all around.

**HARRIS**

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

**BROWN**

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

**HARRIS**

All right, let's bow our heads.

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

**CERRANO**

Have to wake up bats.

Disgusted, Harris and the others turn back to their prayers.

**HARRIS**

Dear Lord, we ask...

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY**

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

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

**JOHNNY**

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

**THELMA**

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

**JOHNNY**

As the Indians go so goes Cleveland,  
huh?

**THELMA**

If we ever lost the Indians, Cleveland would die.

**INT. MUNICIPAL STADIUM PRESS BOX - DAY**

55-year-  
anger.

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

**DOYLE**

(on the air)

Hello, everybody, Harry Doyle here, welcoming all you Friends of the Feather to another season of Indians baseball.

(pouring some Jack Daniels in his Coke)

A lotta new faces for the tribe this year, as they take on the defending American League champs, the New York Yankees. And listen to the roar of the crowd as the Indians takes the field!

trying  
below.

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

**DOYLE**

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

Doyle takes a hit of his spiked Coke.

**DOWN ON THE FIELD**

**A YANKEE HITTER**

Willie

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

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

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

**THE INDIAN DUGOUT**

back-

The team comes in off the field to much enthusiasm and slapping.

**BROWN**

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

**DOYLE IN THE PRESS BOX**

**DOYLE**

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

**HAYES**

going through his warmup routine at the plate.

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

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

winds  
toward  
handed.

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

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

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

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

**DOYLE**

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

**THE BLEACHERS**

Band),

Our four fans (from here on known as the Bleacher

Land Of  
jingle.

overjoyed by Hayes' hit, start beating the tom-toms and singing a fight song they've composed called "In the Burning Waters" to the tune of the old Hamms Beer

**BLEACHER BAND**

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

**FIRST BASE AREA**

BASEMAN

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

**FIRST BASEMAN**

Showed some real power on that one,  
Slugger.

**HAYES**

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

the

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

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

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

**HAYES**

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

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

**FIRST BASEMAN**

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

notices  
off.

Hayes looks down at his shoe. It's not untied. He too late that the PITCHER is throwing over to pick him

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

Brewster, quick move to first...

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

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

He got him. Hayes is picked off.

**FIRST BASEMAN**

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

Hayes lies in the dust humiliated.

**DOYLE**

Well, so much for that.

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

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

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

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

**TAYLOR'S VOICE**

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

Taylor The runner on first takes off as the pitch comes in. sails catches the ball and fires down to second. The ball

center

three feet over the second baseman's head and on into field. Taylor stands there, disgusted.

**TAYLOR'S VOICE**

Nice throw, dickhead.

bat

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

another

at the

drops

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

**END MONTAGE.**

**THE SCOREBOARD**

It shows Yankees 4, Indians 0 after five innings.

**DOYLE UP IN THE BOOTH**

working

There are two empty Coca-Cola cups near the mike. He's on a third.

**DOYLE**

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

the

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**PEPPER**

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

and

Vaughn nods and continues to grind the ball as Pepper Taylor leave. The Yankee Hitter steps in.

high

Vaughn winds and fires a screamer. Taylor has to leap to come down with it.

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

First pitch is a little high...

The Yankee Hitter is slightly unnerved by this pitch.

**YANKEE HITTER**

This guy kinda wild?

**TAYLOR**

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

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

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

Ball four.

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

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

Ball eight.

over

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

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

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

**THE BLEACHER BAND**

three  
tom-

Bobby gives the downbeat and, in honor of Vaughn, the men stand to pound out a version of "Wild Thing" on the toms. Bobby does the vocal.

**BOBBY**

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

Pepper has reached the mound...

**PEPPER**

Okay kid. I think we got 'em scared enough now. Time to get a few of 'em out.

Vaughn nods. He's plenty upset with himself.

**PEPPER**

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

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

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

**HAYWOOD**

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

**TAYLOR**

Couldn't cut it in the Mexican League.

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

**VAUGHN**

Oh, shit...

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

**PEPPER**

(to Brown)

Looked like a strike anyway. You want me to go get him?

**BROWN**

No, let's see how he reacts.

The  
rubber,  
Vaughn paces around on the mound, rubbing up the ball.  
next hitter, COLEMAN, steps in. Vaughn gets up on the

Coleman's

his face set. He winds up and fires one right into  
back. Coleman goes down in a hurry.

**BROWN**

Interesting.

**PEPPER**

At least he hit what he was aimin'  
at.

**BROWN**

I think you can go get him now.

out.

being

Vaughn

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

The home plate umpire thumbs Vaughn out of the game.

comes down to protest, but Pepper quickly grabs him and  
hurries him off the field.

**PEPPER**

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

shaken. He

into

power.

sides

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

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

**VAUGHN**

angrily

glove.

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

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

near-

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

**DOYLE**

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

(searching for the paper)

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

With that Doyle passes out on his face.

**RACHEL PHELPS**

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

**RACHEL**

(getting up to leave)

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

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

**INT. THE CASCADE BAR - NIGHT**

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

**VAUGHN**

God, I was horse shit tonight.

**TAYLOR**

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

**VAUGHN**

What?

**TAYLOR**

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

Vaughn nods slowly.

**TAYLOR**

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

**VAUGHN**

Oh yeh, name one.

**TAYLOR**

(after a pause)  
Yellowstone.

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

**VAUGHN**

Shit...

**EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL LIBRARY - DAY**

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

**INT. CLEVELAND LIBRARY - DAY**

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

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

Let's talk in my office, okay?

**TAYLOR**

I don't wanna talk in your office.

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

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

Why not?

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

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

Jake suppresses a smile.

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

You never read anything I asked you  
to.

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

His name is Tom, and keep your voice  
down.

**TAYLOR**

What do ya see in this guy?

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

Lynn stops and turns to face him.

**LYNN**

Tom and I are getting married in the fall.

Taylor is momentarily floored by the revelation.

**TAYLOR**

What? That's crazy, Lynn. I got plans for us.

**LYNN**

(walking again)

What plans?

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

(stopping again)

How can you think stuff like that? I haven't seen you in two years. You never even wrote me a letter.

**TAYLOR**

I'm sorry, Lynn, but I wasn't exactly proud of my situation. C'mon, you didn't think about me at all since I been gone?

**LYNN**

(walking again)  
Not so loud, Jake.

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

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

They're in the large reading room now.

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

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

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

**TAYLOR**

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

Nice job, Jake. Lynn is still mortified.

**TAYLOR**

How many think Lynn oughta give me another shot?

Most of the hands in the room shoot up.

**TAYLOR**

The ayes have it.

**LYNN**

(walking off again)

You haven't changed at all, have you?

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

(turning back to him)

I'm sorry, Jake. You'll always be the little boy who wouldn't grow up.

Lynn starts off for her office door.

**TAYLOR**

Lynn, wait...

we GO

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

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

Rachel is in closed-door session with Donovan.

**RACHEL**

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

**DONOVAN**

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

**RACHEL**

We finished 24 out last year and still drew 890,000. When school's

out for the summer, attendance is liable to rise. Plus, this team is showing signs of improvement. I didn't think we'd win 15 games all year. Any ideas?

**DONOVAN**

On how we can get worse?  
(sarcastic)

How about a series of fines for good play? Maybe a \$30,000 bonus to the guy chosen Least Valuable Player.

**RACHEL**

This is no laughing matter, Donovan.  
(pause)

I think maybe the problem is we're coddling these guys too much.

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CLEVELAND AIRPORT - DAY**

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

**HAYES**

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

**TAYLOR**

Maybe the other one's jammed up.

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

**HAYES**

(pointing to the jets)  
Which one is ours?

**GATEMAN**

That one.

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE DC-3 - NIGHT**

seats  
exposed.  
storm.

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

**TAYLOR**

What is this, Lou?

**BROWN**

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

**TAYLOR**

Well, they certainly have spared  
every expense.

We PICK UP Cerrano crossing himself. Harris sees it.

**HARRIS**

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

whitening on  
the arm rest.

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

**HAYES**

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

**VAUGHN**

There aren't any stewardesses.

**HAYES**

I wonder if there's any pilots.

**INT. MILWAUKEE STADIUM - PRESS BOX -DAY**

next

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

**DOYLE**

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

**THE FIELD**

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

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

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

**DOYLE**

in the press box again.

**DOYLE**

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

(to his Stat Man)

Is that all we got, one fucking hit?

**STAT MAN**

(whispering)

You can't say "fuckin'" on the air.

**DOYLE**

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

**INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT**

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

**HARRIS**

Who you got lined up tonight?

**DORN**

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

**HARRIS**

You call her?

**DORN**

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

**TAYLOR AND VAUGHN**

**TAYLOR**

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

A GUY from the bar approaches the table.

**GUY**

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

**VAUGHN**

Ah... yeh... sure.

(signing)

My first autograph. I couldn't give these away a couple weeks ago.

**GUY**

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

**VAUGHN**

(embarrassed)

Thanks.

**TAYLOR**

You're a celebrity now, Vaughn.

**VAUGHN**

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

**TAYLOR**

Not if you do it colorfully.

**DORN AND HARRIS**

**DORN**

(pointing to the door)

What'd I tell ya.

friends,  
seriously  
his

We GO TO the door to find ARLENE standing with two  
RENE and VICKI. ARLENE is a looker alright, 27, and  
built. She cases the room, spies Dorn and comes over to  
table.

**ARLENE**

Hi, Rodger. This is Vicki and Rene.

**DORN**

Hi, doll. This is Steve Harris.

**ARLENE**

Where's your buddy Gant?

**DORN**

(indicating Vaughn)

They cut him to make room for bristle  
boy over there.

**ARLENE**

(looking over at Vaughn)

Is that Vaughn, the guy they call  
Wild Thing?

**DORN**

(in disgust)

Yeh.

**ARLENE**

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

**DORN**

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

**ARLENE**

He struck out five in a row before  
the wild pitches.

(taking her leave)

Maybe I'll check him out.

**DORN**

(grabbing her)

Wait a minute, you're with me.

Taylor watches this exchange from across the room.

**ARLENE**

I don't remember you makin' any date.

**DORN**

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

**ARLENE**

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

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

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

**ARLENE**

Wild Thing, you make my heart sing.

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

**DORN**

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

**TAYLOR**

Guess we're over with, eh, Dorn?

**DORN**

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

**INT. THE INDIANS' DC-3 - NIGHT**

something  
his  
comic  
We PICK UP Taylor in his seat, glasses on, reading  
by the light of a flashlight rigged up to the back of  
seat. We MOVE to reveal it -- the Classics Illustrated  
book of "Moby Dick."

neck. Hayes wanders by, an air-sick bag hanging around his

**HAYES**

"Moby Dick?" What is that?

**TAYLOR**

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

**HAYES**

Lynn put you on to this?

**TAYLOR**

Long time ago.

**HAYES**

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

**TAYLOR**

No, I got some more reading to do.

Taylor indicates a stack of Classic Comics next to him.

**HAYES**

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

**TAYLOR**

I might if I knew where she lives.

**HAYES**

Easy. Tail her home from the library.

**TAYLOR**

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

**HAYES**

(as if that had anything to do with it)

Yeh.

**EXT. CLEVELAND LIBRARY - LATE AFTERNOON**

employee Taylor sits in his car, across the street from the

Lynn  
gets in

entrance of the library. He scrunches down a bit as  
comes out of the building and heads for her car. She  
and we...

**CUT TO:**

**SERIES OF SHOTS OF LYNN**

discrete  
looking  
watches

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

**INT. CLEVELAND BAR - EARLY EVENING**

to go

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

**TAYLOR**

He

pulling up outside the townhouse he saw Lynn go into.  
goes up the stairs and knocks on the door.

left the

Lynn answers, looking more dressed up than when she  
library. She's surprised to see Taylor.

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

Whose place is it?

Before Lynn can answer, Tom appears at the door.

**TOM**

Who's there, love?  
(spying Taylor)  
Oh, Mr. Taylor, right?

(pointedly)  
I remember you from the restaurant.  
Lynn's told me a lot about you. Why  
don't you come in for a while?

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

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

**TOM**

No, really, come on in for a drink.

inside and  
ARTHUR  
CLAIRE,  
very  
Before Taylor can beg off further, Tom ushers him  
closes the door. In the room are two other couples:  
HOLLOWAY, a senior partner in Tom's firm and his wife  
and BRENT BOWDEN, another lawyer in the firm and a  
contemporary of Tom's. His wife is JANICE. This is a  
upscale group.

**TOM**

Excuse me, everybody, this is Jake  
Taylor.

(making the intros)

Jake, Arthur and Claire Holloway  
Brent and Janice Bowden. Jake is a  
professional baseball player.

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

**TOM**

So, Jake, what brings you here this  
evening?

**TAYLOR**

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

**TOM**

Well, it soon will be.

**TAYLOR**

Yeh, I heard you guys were engaged.

Congratulations.

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

**TOM**

Thank you. What can I get you to  
drink?

**TAYLOR**

Beer'll be fine.

Tom goes off to get the beer.

**JACK**

What team do you play for, Jake?

**TAYLOR**

The Indians.

**CLAIRE**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**TOM**

(handing Jake his  
beer)

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

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

**JANICE**

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

**TAYLOR**

That depends on how good they are, I  
guess.

**JANICE**

How good are you?

Lynn is irritated by Janice's directness.

**TAYLOR**

I make the League minimum.

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

**LYNN**

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

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

**TOM**

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

**TAYLOR**

Somethin'll come up.

**TOM**

Will it?

**TAYLOR**

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

**JACK**

Oh really. In what event?

**TAYLOR**

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

Jack just nods. He never heard of it.

**BRENT**

You got the girl picked out?

**TAYLOR**

I did, but I wasn't smart enough to  
hold on to her.

Lynn's eyes drop to the floor.

**BRENT**

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

**LYNN**

(not wanting to pursue it)  
Yes.

**BRENT**

What did you do?

**LYNN**

(reluctant)  
Two Hundred Individual medley.

**TAYLOR**

Alternate on the '80 Olympic Team.

A tense silence settles on the group.

**TAYLOR**

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

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

**TOM**

Let me walk you out.

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

**TAYLOR**

Thanks for the beer.

**TOM**

Don't mention it.

**TAYLOR**

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

**TOM**

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

her.

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

**TOM**

Stay away from her.

**TAYLOR**

(smiling)

Suck my dick.

**INT. VAUGHN'S ROOM - DAY**

black

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

**PEPPER**

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

Vaughn looks somewhat apprehensively at Hayes.

**INT. LOU BROWN'S OFFICE - DAY**

the

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

**BROWN**

C'mon in, Rick.

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

**BROWN**

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

Vaughn nods contritely.

**BROWN**

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

(pointing to a picture  
on the wall)

Take Sandy Koufax there...

slightly. Vaughn looks at the picture on the wall. He squints  
Brown notices it.

**VAUGHN**

What about Koufax?

**BROWN**

Never mind Koufax.

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

**BROWN**

Read these letters, starting at the  
top.

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

**BROWN**

Can't read it, can you?

Vaughn shakes his head no.

**VAUGHN**

You gonna send me to the minors?

**BROWN**

Nope.

**CUT TO:**

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**INT. CLEVELAND LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT**

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

**VAUGHN**

These things make me look ridiculous.

**TAYLOR**

Drop in the bucket, Vaughn.

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

**VAUGHN**

What's that for?

**CERRANO**

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

**TAYLOR**

Sacrifice? You mean like something living?

**CERRANO**

Si. I kill unborn children.

**HARRIS**

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

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

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

**BROWN**

All right, let's hit the field.

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

**HARRIS**

Here's looking at ya, Jo-Buu.

room,  
fetish  
He bolts it down, then backs into the middle of the  
waiting at the ready, as if half-expecting a bolt of  
doll in triumph.

**HARRIS**

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

**CUT TO:**

**HARRIS**

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

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

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

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**VAUGHAN**

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

plate. goes to his stretch, checks the runner and fires to the

**THE OAKLAND BATTER**

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

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

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

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

**PEPPER**

You want me to go get him?

**BROWN**

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

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

**DOYLE**

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

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

**THE BLEACHER BAND**

the Thelma calmly knits her blanket with the scores of all  
Indians' games stitched into it, the Madame La Farge of  
Cleveland. The boys, however, are a little restless.

**BOBBY**

We need some defense here. Maybe we oughta do a wave.

**JOHNNY**

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

**VIC**

What harm could it do?

**REXMAN**

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

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

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

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

**TAYLOR**

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

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

**DOYLE**

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

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

**TAYLOR**

Okay, let's get nasty here, Rick. You know he's lookin' for this pitch. Gotta come up with somethin' studly.

**VAUGHN**

Fuckin' Dorn. Game shoulda been over by now. Dorn coulda had that ball. He tanked it on purpose.

**TAYLOR**

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

Vaughn nods.

**TAYLOR**

Can you give me a strike on this pitch?

**VAUGHN**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**VAUGHN**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

Taylor starts back toward the plate, and then stops.

**TAYLOR**

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

**VAUGHN**

I was bored.

**TAYLOR**

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

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

**THE BLEACHER BAND**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

Rexman shoots Taylor a wicked glance.

**TAYLOR**

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

**REXMAN**

.316.

**TAYLOR**

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

Rexman, slightly irritated, backs out of the box.

**REXMAN**

Shut up, will ya, Taylor?

**TAYLOR**

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

Rexman gets back in the box.

**TAYLOR**

By the way, I saw your wife at the

Capri Lounge last night. Hell of a dancer. You must be very proud.

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

**TAYLOR**

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

Vaughn releases his pitch.

**TAYLOR**

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

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

**TAYLOR**

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

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

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

**BROWN**

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

**EXT. DORN MANSION - AFTERNOON**

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

**SUZANNE**

Oh hi, Jake, how are you?

**TAYLOR**

Fine, Suzanne, can I have a quick

word with Rodger?

**SUZANNE**

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

Dorn

We FOLLOW Taylor into the luxurious den, where we find  
watching his wide screen TV in a smoking jacket.

**DORN**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**DORN**

Sure, go ahead.

**TAYLOR**

(like nails)

I don't know what your problem is,  
but...

(bending close to

Dorn)

...if I ever see you tank another  
play like you did tonight, I'll cut  
off your nuts and stuff 'em down  
your fuckin' throat.

He

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

stunned

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

**SUZANNE**

Coffee anybody?

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

The Indians are undressing after practice.

**HAYES**

Why the hell are we havin' practice  
during the All-Star break?

**TAYLOR**

I heard the Big Lady upstairs ordered it.

**VAUGHN**

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

**INT. TRAINING ROOM - DAY**

We go to Brown, naked and dragging from the heat. He approaches the whirlpool and turns on the water.

**BROWN**

(to Dorn)

Oh man, this old body can use a soak.

**DORN**

Forget it. It's not workin' again.

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

**BROWN**

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

turned  
Harris shouts over from the showers where he's just on the water.

**HARRIS**

Hey, there's no hot water in here.

**BROWN**

She's at it again. I've had it with this nickel and dime stuff.

(storming out of the training room)

I'm gonna get the Bitch on the phone.

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

**RACHEL**

You wanted to see the Bitch?

**BROWN**

Yeh.

**RACHEL**

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

**BROWN**

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

**RACHEL**

Well, I can take it if you can.

**BROWN**

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

**RACHEL**

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

**BROWN**

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

**RACHEL**

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

**BROWN**

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

**RACHEL**

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

"up-  
players

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

**BROWN**

Over 162 games even tough guys get sprains, sore arms, muscle pulls...

**RACHEL**

It's only temporary. Besides, these guys weren't playing that good when the equipment was workin'. If I could get anybody to come and watch this team, none of this would be necessary. You oughta be grateful I can still pay your salaries.

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

**CUT TO:**

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**CUT TO:**

**SPORTSCASTER ROSS FARMER**

On the air.

**FARMER**

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

**INT. THE INJUN DINER - DAY**

Bobby, Vic and Johnny are at the counter.

**VIC**

Ya know, they could be a lot worse.

**INT. PRIVATE GYM - DAY**

working  
The Business Executive is talking with a friend while  
out on the Nautilus machines.

**BUSINESS EXECUTIVE**

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

**EXT. THE CLEVELAND DOCKS - DAY**

The two Longshoremen again.

**LONGSHOREMAN**

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

**EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY**

mound.  
The two Groundskeepers are repairing the pitcher's

**GROUNDSKEEPER**

(in subtitles)  
They're still shitty.

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

[...]

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**WINGO**

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

**TAYLOR**

Right. Good idea.

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

Taylor  
away.

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

**BROWN**

(to Wingo)

Hey, don't you go anywhere. I wanna  
have a few words with you.

Brown grabs Taylor and pulls him aside.

**BROWN**

(under his breath)

What are we arguin' about here?

**TAYLOR**

(struggling as if he  
wanted to get at  
Wingo)

Fucker called that a ball.

**BROWN**

You mean the one that was a foot  
outside?

**TAYLOR**

Yeh.

Playing it  
on

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

outraged at  
and

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

**LYNN**

leaving her seat and starting up the aisle.

in

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

**LYNN**

Taylor  
follow

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

guard.

He bangs on the bullpen gates and is admitted by the

body  
out

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

**INT. CLEVELAND ATHLETIC CLUB - NIGHT**

but

Lynn comes out of the dressing room into the pool area,  
deserted this time of night. She wears a racing suit,

around

lets her hair hang free. The pool glows like a sheet of  
emerald glass. She shakes down a beat, curls her toes

launches

the coping, slowly bends at the waist, and then

into a full-out racing dive.

first

We watch as she swims a 100 yard individual medley;

finally

the butterfly, then the backstroke, breaststroke and

some

freestyle. We condense the time, of course, SHOOTING

water,

underwater, some SLO-MO, as she knives through the

medium.

her hair flowing behind her, an athlete alone with her

strokes

The SEQUENCE should convey not only the grace of her

swimming,

and her athletic ability, but the fluid beauty of

its synthesis of power and form.

in the

As she begins the freestyle leg, another body appears

final

pool next to her. It's Jake, and he's racing her the

20

lap. She immediately responds to the challenge, digging  
harder, picking up her kick. They go neck and neck for

half a

yards, but Lynn has one more gear and touches him by

body length at the wall. Both are winded.

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

You follow me here too?

**TAYLOR**

Yeh, what did you want to see me about?

**LYNN**

What do you mean?

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

(getting out of the  
pool)

I just wanted to see you play.

**TAYLOR**

How was I?

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

Sorry, I already ate.

**TAYLOR**

Right. I forgot your life is different now.

**LYNN**

(getting out of the  
pool)

Thanks for the race.

**TAYLOR**

(watching her go)

Anytime.

**INT. LYNN'S CAR - NIGHT**

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

We begin a SHORT SEQUENCE during which Lynn tries to  
lose Taylor in a chase through Cleveland, car vs. batting  
helmet.

The logistics will have to be worked out in Cleveland,  
but suffice it to say, by the end of the chase she appears  
to have ditched him.

**EXT. LYNN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

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

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

Seeing nothing, she turns away from the window  
disappointed, and starts back to the couch, when something stops her.  
It's Taylor, standing in the doorway.

**TAYLOR**

Whose place are we at this time?

**LYNN**

(flustered)

Mine. You follow me again?

**TAYLOR**

Yeh. When I saw you at the game, I figured you wanted to see me about something.

**LYNN**

I just wanted to see you play.

**TAYLOR**

How was I?

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

I'll try that.

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

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

Goin' uptown, huh?

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

You think I can't lead a regular life?

**LYNN**

You like the life you've had, Jake. You like hangin' out with the boys, livin' in hotels, eatin' dinner at midnight, having girls send you their underwear in the mail. Remember the surprise party I threw for you when

you made the All-Star team? You never showed up, but the doorbell rang once and we all got quiet and hid behind the furniture. It was a guy to serve you with a paternity suit.

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

Lynn looks at him a long beat.

**LYNN**

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

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

**TAYLOR**

I guess this is our last hurrah then.

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

Cover to cover.

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

intensity

conversation is interwoven with the slowly deepening  
of their kissing.

**TAYLOR**

When's the wedding?

**LYNN**

October third.

**TAYLOR**

Your mom and dad like this guy?

**LYNN**

You're still their favorite.

They're unbuttoning each other's shirts now.

**TAYLOR**

Gonna be a big wedding?

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

Where?

**LYNN**

At any library.

**TAYLOR**

I mean the wedding.

**LYNN**

All Saints on Euclid.

**TAYLOR**

Nice church.

**LYNN**

Yeh. Who saved Ishmael at the end?

**TAYLOR**

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

**LYNN**

Where?

**TAYLOR**

To the wedding.

**LYNN**

If you want. Maybe you really did read it.

Their shirts are off now.

**LYNN**

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

**TAYLOR**

Lynn?

**LYNN**

What?

**TAYLOR**

The zipper on your skirt is stuck.

**LYNN**

Use your imagination.

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

**INT. LYNN'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

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

**EXT. LYNN'S APARTMENT - DAY**

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**THE SAME SHOT - THAT NIGHT**

the  
Taylor  
pushes  
Just  
center of  
overhead

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

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

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

**RACHEL**

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

**DONOVAN**

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

**RACHEL**

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

**DONOVAN**

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

**RACHEL**

Not everything.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY**

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

**INT. INDIAN EXPRESS - DAY**

bus.  
Temple is looking at a memo from Rachel Phelps.

**TEMPLE**

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

**BROWN**

Good thing we don't play anybody in Europe.

**TAYLOR AND HAYES**

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

**HAYES**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**HAYES**

Macbeth. This a good one?

**TAYLOR**

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

Hayes is impressed.

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

New  
York, enroute to the Indian's hotel.  
The Indian Express makes its way through the streets of

**INT. INDIAN EXPRESS - FULL SHOT**

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

**HAYES**

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

**DORN**

Naw, I'm not into Song of Hiawatha.

**HAYES**

All right then, how about Crime and  
Punishment?

**DORN**

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

**HAYES**

Yeh.

**INT. INDIAN EXPRESS - NIGHT**

The bus slows down and pulls over to the curb.

**DRIVER**

This is it. The Sheffield Arms.

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

**BROWN**

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

**INT. THE SHEFFIELD ARMS - DAY**

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

**EXT. YANKEE STADIUM - DAY**

Vaughn is on the mound warming up.

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

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

down  
out.  
Vaughn finishes his warmups. As Taylor pumps the ball to second, Vaughn hears a voice from the Yankee dug-

**VOICE**

Hey, jailbird!

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

to ignore the guy, but his concentration is broken.

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

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

**TAYLOR**

(throwing the ball

back)  
C'mon, Rick baby, settle down.

the  
against  
cracking  
His  
a

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

**THREE SHOTS OF VAUGHN**

throwing pitches, followed by:

**SHOTS**

field  
wall,  
now  
Vaughn.

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**VAUGHN**

Naw, I'm all right.

**TAYLOR**

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

steps  
face.

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

of his  
him.

his act. He's in jail now, struggling against the bars. Finally he bends over and grabs his ankles, while one

teammates humps up against him, pretending to bugger

This sends the Yankee bench into hysterics.

Haywood  
Hayes  
watches

Vaughn has lost it now. He fires to the plate and creams another tape measure job into the upper deck.

doesn't even bother to run back to the wall. He just it go. 6-0 Yankees.

**BROWN**

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

**PEPPER**

Not quite yet.

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

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

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

**DOYLE**

grounds

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

**DOYLE**

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

**INT. THE HOTEL BAR - NIGHT**

down

Brown is alone in the bar having a drink. A figure sits

on the stool next to him. It's Donovan.

**DONOVAN**

Mind if I join you?

**BROWN**

(surprised to see him)

Donovan. Hell no. What are you doin' here?

**DONOVAN**

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

**BROWN**

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

**DONOVAN**

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

**BROWN**

Sixty and sixty-one is hardly a helluva job.

**DONOVAN**

With this club it is.

**BROWN**

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

**DONOVAN**

You really believe that, don't you?

**BROWN**

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

**DONOVAN**

Rachel Phelps would never allow that.

**BROWN**

What do you mean?

**DONOVAN**

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

On Brown's incredulous face, we...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. INDIANS LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

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

**BROWN**

(addressing the group)

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

We take several CUTS OF FACES around the room.

**BROWN**

She put this team together because she thought we'd be bad enough to finish dead last, knockin' attendance down to the point where she could move the team to Miami.

(pause)

And get rid of all of us for better personnel.

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

**DORN**

Even me?

**BROWN**

Even you, Dorn.

Silence descends on the room.

**HAYES**

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

**BROWN**

That's about it.

**HARRIS**

What if we don't finish last?

**BROWN**

She'll replace you with somebody who will. After this season, you'll all be sent back to the minors or given your outright release.

(pause)

So, all we're gonna get is this one year.

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

**TAYLOR**

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

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**DORN**

What's that?

**TAYLOR**

Win the whole fuckin' thing.

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

**MONTAGE SEQUENCE**

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

**BROWN**

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

**BROWN**

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

**HAYES**

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

**HAYES**

As  
down the  
leading off a makeshift base in the hall of the Turk.  
Vaughn tosses a ball up in the air, Hayes takes off  
hall toward another base on the dirt sliding area.

Taylor,  
umping,  
vociferously,

Vaughn catches the ball and rifles a throw down to who puts the tag on the sliding Hayes. Cerrano, who's calls Hayes out. Hayes jumps up and argues hopping around in frustration.

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**PEPPER**

Dorn.  
front

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

**DORN**

mass

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

**CERRANO**

brush.

"polishing" his bats with black shoe polish and a

**TAYLOR**

ball

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

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**VAUGHN**

the  
while  
throw

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

**DORN**

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

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**HAYES**

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

**HAYES**

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

**NEWSPAPER HEADLINE**

"INDIANS WIN FIFTH STRAIGHT, CRACK FIRST DIVISION"

**EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

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

**FARMER**

(to TV camera)

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

**THREE QUICK SHOTS OF VAUGHN**

blowing fast balls by hitter.

**RACHEL**

in

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

**AN ANGEL HITTER**

to  
as  
by the  
comes

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

The Umpire thumbs the Runner out.

**TAYLOR**

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

**EXT. CLEVELAND DOWNTOWN STREET -DAY**

wearing  
Black  
passes,  
return

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

**EXT. EXECUTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY**

gives  
soon as  
earplug  
Indians'

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

**BROADCAST.**

**THE EXECUTIVE**

out an

inside his office. He opens his desk drawer and pulls earplug. He's also listening to the game.

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**INT. BURLESQUE JOINT - NIGHT**

glove The Stripper is wearing a squaw costume, with black  
and a WILD THING T-shirt.

Several members of the audience have radio earplugs on.

**NEWSPAPER HEADLINE**

"INDIANS SWEEP ORIOLES, MOVE INTO SECOND."

**SERIES OF SHOTS**

Under of squares of leopard skin fabric being peeled away.

bare one is revealed a section of bare hip and thigh. Under  
another, a navel. Under still another, the edge of a  
breast and arm.

**THE INDIAN TEAM**

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

**TEAM**

(in unison)

Hello, do you know us?

**TAYLOR**

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

**VAUGHN**

That's why we carry the American  
Express card. No matter how far out  
of first we are, it keeps us from  
getting shut out at our favorite  
hotels and restaurants.

**CERRANO**

So if you're looking for some big league clout, apply for the little green home run hitter.

**TAYLOR**

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

**HAYES**

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

**HAYES**

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

**SHOTS OF FANS**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

**THE BLEACHER BAND**

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

**HAYES**

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

**INT. THE INDIAN BUS - NIGHT**

lies  
On the road again. Everyone's asleep except Taylor who  
across his seat, heating pads on his knees.

**THE LONGSHOREMEN (POSSIBLE OMIT)**

cheering  
their  
bedfellows.

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

**CERRANO**

hitting a prodigious home run onto the roof.

**DONOVAN**

he's  
watches the

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

**TAYLOR**

two  
runner,  
sliding  
neither.

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

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

**FANS IN THE STANDS**

the

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

**TV SCREEN**

Sports-

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

**VOICE**

We interrupt this program to bring  
you the following special bulletin.

**ROSS FARMER**

live outside the Indian's locker room. He wears a  
headdress,  
warpaint, and a Wild Thing T-shirt.

**FARMER**

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

**CLOSEUP - A PIECE OF LEOPARD SKIN FABRIC**

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

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

**HAYES**

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

**TAYLOR**

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

Dorn comes by Taylor's locker.

**DORN**

Hey, Taylor, there's a coupla drop-

dead Annies outside. One of 'em says she used to know you pretty good. Brunette, great rack...

**TAYLOR**

Darla.

**DORN**

Yeh. What doya say we chat 'em up?

**TAYLOR**

(without much  
enthusiasm)

I don't know...

**DORN**

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

We leave Taylor thinking it over.

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

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

**CHARLES**

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

The scene shifts to...

**THE LOBBY OF THE STANLEY HOTEL**

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

**FARMER**

Thank you, Hal. As you can see, the Indians are in high spirits tonight, looking forward to their showdown with the Yankees. Who will start that game is still a matter of some conjecture.

background  
and  
background.  
screen

As Ross talks, Dorn walks INTO THE FRAME in the far  
with his arm around a YOUNG LOVELY. They're nuzzling  
hugging, unaware they're on camera, albeit in the  
Suzanne doesn't miss it though. She moves closer to the  
to get a better look.

obviously  
the off  
face

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

**INT. TAYLOR'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

into

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

**DARLA**

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

**TAYLOR**

No, I had to sell it.

**DARLA**

I thought they gave them to ya.

**TAYLOR**

Not after your knees go bad.

**DARLA**

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

up on  
take off

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

**TAYLOR**

Darla, I don't think I can do this.

**DARLA**

What do you mean? We did this between  
innings once.

**TAYLOR**

I guess I'm just not that guy anymore.

Darla looks at him a long beat.

**DARLA**

(resigned)

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

**EXT. HALL OUTSIDE TAYLOR'S ROOM - NIGHT**

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

**DARLA**

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

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

**LYNN**

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

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

**TAYLOR**

Lynn, wait...

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

**TAYLOR**

sign  
out  
into

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

**INT. THE INDIANS' BUS - DAY**

bus,  
the  
partying.

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

**VAUGHN**

You wanted to see me?

**BROWN**

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

Vaughn says nothing, but he's clearly disappointed.

**BROWN**

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

**VAUGHN**

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

**BROWN**

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

**VAUGHN**

Yeh, okay.

him

Vaughn turns and walks back up the aisle. Brown watches  
go, knowing he's still upset.

**EXT. MUNICIPAL STADIUM - DAY**

group

The Indian bus pulls up outside the Stadium, where a

with of several thousand fans wait. The players are showered  
cheers and applause as they file out.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

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

**VOICE**

You mind if I join you?

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

**VAUGHN**

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

**SUZANNE**

Why not?

**VAUGHN**

Nothin'. Job problem.

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

**VAUGHN**

I'm, ah, a ball player.

**SUZANNE**

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

**VAUGHN**

Why did you come over then?

**SUZANNE**

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

We GO TO Vaughn. Forget it. He's a goner.

**INT. VAUGHN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

dressed. Vaughn has dozed off in the bed. Suzanne, is getting

Vaughn wakes up as she finishes.

**VAUGHN**

Where you goin'?

**SUZANNE**

I've gotta get home.

**VAUGHN**

I didn't even get your name.

**SUZANNE**

Suzanne. Suzanne Dorn

**VAUGHN**

(having heard that  
name someplace before)  
Suzanne Dorn?

**SUZANNE**

Mrs. Suzanne Dorn.  
(kissing him on the  
forehead)  
So long. You're a great kid.

With that she walks on out, leaving Vaughn dazed by the knowledge of who he's just slept with.

#### **THE HALL OUTSIDE VAUGHN'S ROOM**

as Taylor is coming back from the bathroom down the hall  
Suzanne comes out of Vaughn's room.

**SUZANNE**

(nonchalant)  
Hello, Jake.

**TAYLOR**

Hello, Suzanne.

Suzanne Taylor is amazed by what he's just seen. As soon as  
is out of sight, he goes to Vaughn's room and opens the  
door.

**TAYLOR**

Vaughn?

Vaughn is sitting on his bed in a state of disbelief.

**VAUGHN**

I swear to God I didn't know who she was.

believe Taylor nods that it's all right even though he doesn't it.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**THE LIMO**

the car pulling up outside the church. Lynn is helped out of that by her Father. As she starts up the steps, she sees team in both sides are lined by the entire Cleveland Indians uniform. They form an arch of bats as she passes. At the top of the steps is Taylor. Lynn stops as her father ushers her mother on into the church.

**TAYLOR**

You look beautiful.

**LYNN**

Thank you. I didn't think you'd come.

**TAYLOR**

I can't stay.  
(indicating the team)  
We gotta get to the park.

**LYNN**

Good luck today, Jake.

**TAYLOR**

Yeh, you too.  
(pause)  
Tell me one thing. The night you came up to my hotel -- was there really a library conference?

**LYNN**

No, I came to see you.

**TAYLOR**

Too bad it didn't work out better. I just wanna say I'm sorry for all the things I've put you through over the years.

**LYNN**

Even for last night?

**TAYLOR**

Can't be sorry for that. Nothing happened.

Lynn  
He says this with absolute conviction. Despite herself, senses that he's telling the truth.

**LYNN**

Then you weren't defending my honor again?

**TAYLOR**

I didn't have to. She knew she was outclassed.

goes  
walks  
Lynn smiles. He gives her a kiss and watches as she inside. He stands there a long beat, then turns and slowly down the steps past his teammates.

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

KNOCK  
Rachel is looking out at the empty stadium. There's a at the door.

**RACHEL**

Come in.

Brown.  
The door is opened by a Male Secretary and in steps Lou

**RACHEL**

Hello, Lou, what can I do for ya?

Lou puts a folded piece of paper on her desk.

**BROWN**

I wanted to hand in my resignation before you had a chance to fire me.

**RACHEL**

What do you mean?

**BROWN**

I know what you been tryin' to do with this team. After the season, I want no part of it.

**RACHEL**

Well, I knew I could count on Charlie to tell somebody. I was just afraid he might take too long.

**BROWN**

Why would you want him to tell somebody?

**RACHEL**

So you'd tell the team, hopefully getting them mad enough to knock themselves out trying to prove they belonged in this league. I think it worked.

**BROWN**

You tryin' to make me believe you wanted us to win all along?

Rachel nods.

**BROWN**

Bullshit. What about the plane, the bus, the bad hotels...

**RACHEL**

We were broke. We couldn't afford anything better. Donald left the team nearly bankrupt. If we'd had another losing season, I would have had to sell the team. I knew we couldn't win with the team we had, so I decided to bring in new players and see how they'd do with the proper motivation. There was never any offer from Miami. I made it all up.

**BROWN**

Why should I believe any of this? Now that we're winnin' it's easy for

you to jump on the bandwagon.

**RACHEL**

If I'd really wanted you to lose, all I had to do was send the best players back to the minors. But I didn't, did I?

Brown has no comeback for this. He knows now that she's telling the truth.

**RACHEL**

You think this was all an accident? I personally scouted every member of this team, except Hayes, of course. He was a surprise. They all had flaws which concealed their real talent, or I wouldn't have been able to get them. But I knew if anyone could straighten them out, you could. And if you tell them any of this, I will fire you.

Brown can only shake his head at this whole thing.

**RACHEL**

I love this team, Lou. Go get 'em tonight.

still  
her a  
The two shake hands. Brown looks at Rachel a beat,  
looking for some sign of duplicity. Finally he gives  
grudging smile of respect.

**INT. THE TURK - LATE AFTERNOON**

to  
aside.  
Taylor, Hayes, Vaughn and the others are getting ready  
board the bus to the stadium. Taylor pulls Vaughn

**TAYLOR**

I don't know what Dorn's wife is up to, but I think it'd be best if you dressed early and got out to the bullpen before Dorn comes in.

Vaughn nods.

**HAYES**

(to Taylor)

We got a problem. Cerrano wants some extra power for tonight. He's lookin' to sacrifice a live chicken. We can't have people pukin' in the locker room before the game.

**TAYLOR**

Tell him not to worry, I'll take care of it.

**INT. DORN'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON**

Dorn is ready to leave for the park.

**DORN**

Bye bye, honey, wish me luck.

**SUZANNE**

Before you go, there's something I wanta tell you.

Uh oh, we know what this is all about.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - NIGHT**

them  
plastic  
the

The place is jammed. 75,000 screaming maniacs, most of decked out in war paint and head dresses. Some carry scalps with Yankee hats on them. Others have caps with European "No" insignia superimposed over a door mat.

**DOYLE**

In the press box.

**COLORMAN**

Here's your bourbon.

**DOYLE**

Won't need it tonight.

**THE LOCKER ROOM**

player

starkly quiet in contrast to the stadium outside. Each has retreated into his own world of concentration.

braces

Dorn approaches Taylor, who's fitting heavy athletic  
on both knees.

**DORN**

You know where Vaughn is?

**TAYLOR**

Nope. Haven't seen him.

**DORN**

Let me know if you do. I wanna have  
a little talk with him.

Dorn moves off.

**CERRANO**

Where's my chicken?

**TAYLOR**

It's comin' in now.

Cerrano

We see a Bat Boy enter with a bucket of fried chicken.  
looks at it in bewilderment.

**TAYLOR**

One whole chicken, like you said.

**CERRANO**

But it no alive.

**TAYLOR**

Believe me, Jo-Buu will like this.  
He's gotta be gettin' tired of raw  
chicken.

takes

As Cerrano hefts the bucket somewhat skeptically and  
it to his altar, we...

**CUT TO:**

**HARRIS**

an

warming up in the bullpen. The tension of starting such  
important game shows in his face.

**DOYLE**

Hello, everybody, Harry Doyle bidding

you a Wahoo welcome from beautiful Municipal Stadium, where tonight before a capacity crowd of 75,000 screaming featherheads, the braves of the Cuyahoga will leave their teepees in search of Cleveland's first League Championship in over 30 years. Standing in the way, their long time nemesis, the New York Yankees, the Big Boys of Broadway, who have beaten the Indians like a tom-tom all year long.

take  
slaps,  
is  
Down in the dugout, the players are lined up ready to the field. They exchange words of encouragement, hand clenched fists, but all at a very low key level. This tension time.

**BROWN**

All right, guys, let's take it to 'em.

ovation.  
The Indians charge onto the field to a standing

season,  
tom-  
the  
in.  
In the center field bleachers Thelma's victory blanket containing the scores of every Indian game for the hangs from a railing. Bobby, Vic and Johnny pound the toms leading the stadium in a monster version of "In Land of Burning Waters." Even the groundskeepers join

Bouncing  
Two down in the first. Harris looking sharp so far... ball to third. Dorn up with it.

**HARRIS**

to  
Throwing the first pitch. The YANKEE HITTER grounds one Dorn who throws him out.

**THE SCOREBOARD**

0-0 in the 3rd.

**CERRANO**

striking out on a curve ball.

**HAYES**

catch

robbing a Yankee of a home run by making a leaping  
over the fence.

**TAYLOR**

picking a Yankee runner off first.

**THE SCOREBOARD**

0-0 in the 5th.

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**CERRANO**

swing.

striking out on a curve ball, trying to check his  
Umpire emphatically punches him out.

**DOYLE**

There's

Looking past him to the field. Harris is on the mound.  
a runner on second.

**DOYLE**

Still nothing -- nothing, top of the  
seventh, two down. Harris has been  
in trouble all night, but has battled  
his way out with the help of some  
great defensive plays.

BURTON,

Harris comes set and delivers. The Yankee hitter,  
(L) swings and gets all of it.

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

Uh oh, this one's tagged. Deep center  
field. Way back. Way back.

run.

Hayes climbs up on the wall, but it's long gone. Home

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

It's off the reservation, home run.  
And the Yankees lead it 2-0.

**RACHEL'S BOX (INSERT STORYBOARD # 209G)**

**RACHEL**

Shit.

Donovan is a little confused by this.

jubilant  
stadium.  
Burton trots around the bases and is greeted by  
teammates at the plate. A silent pall falls on the  
As the "2" goes up on the scoreboard, we...

**CUT TO:**

**HAYES**

take  
up  
popping up and flinging his bat away in frustration. We  
CUTS of the worried fans, chewing fingernails, wadding  
programs, hanging their heads, etc.

**TAYLOR**

take  
grounding out, obviously having trouble running. We  
CUTS of worried faces on the bench.

**DORN**

practically  
stepping into the batter's box. The crowd is  
sitting on its hands now. Hope draining away.

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

Dorn up now, two down, bottom of the  
seventh. The Indians running out of  
chances.

to  
alive.  
Dorn swings at the first pitch and lines a sharp single  
left. The crowd and the Indian bench suddenly come  
Cerrano moves to the plate.

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

That'll bring on Cerrano, hitless tonight. As a matter of fact, he hasn't touched the ball yet.

takes his  
audible  
big,  
The crowd and bleacher band begins to clap as Dorn lead. Cerrano swings at the first pitch and misses. An groan goes through the crowd.  
The Yankee pitcher gets set again, and throws Cerrano a roundhouse curve. He misses it a foot. Strike two.

**BROWN**

Damn, havin' trouble with the curve ball again.

**HAYES**

We should've gotten him a live chicken.

gesturing  
Cerrano steps out and begins to talk to his bat, and pointing as if arguing with his wife.

**CERRANO**

I pissed off now, Jo-Buu. I good to you, I stand up for you. If you no help me now, I say fuck you, Jo-Buu. I do it myself.

pitcher  
curve  
Everyone  
rooting  
Cerrano gets back in the box and digs in. The Yankee comes to his stretch and delivers. Another big breaking ball. Cerrano swings and knocks the crap out of it. in the stands and on the bench jumps to their feet, for the ball to get out.

**DOYLE (STORYBOARD #212EE)**

**DOYLE**

Long drive, deep centerfield. Way back. It might be. It could be. The ball is... Downtown, welcome to the Happy Hunting Ground. The game is tied.

The fans go crazy as Cerrano circles the bases.

**RACHEL'S BOX (STORYBOARD # 212GG)**

Donovan Rachel jumps out of her seat, hands above her head.  
hesitates a beat, then follows suit.  
his Cerrano carries his bat with him, holding it high above  
the head. As Cerrano disappears into the dugout, we go to  
scoreboard as the 2 goes up.

**DOYLE (STORYBOARD # 212NN)**

**DOYLE**

Two down in the top of the ninth,  
still tied at 2, Harris working on  
an eight-hitter.

**CUT TO:**

**YANKEE HITTER**

lining a single to right field. Harris mops his brow,  
obviously tiring.

**ANOTHER YANKEE HITTER**

stopping at smashing a double off the wall, the lead runner  
warm. third. Brown signals to the bullpen to get somebody

**HARRIS**

on the mound, looking like he's out of gas.

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

Activity continues in the pen, as  
Harris is really digging himself a  
hole now. He got the first two  
hitters, and then gave up a single  
and a double and has now gone 3-0 to  
Cheevers.

Harris comes set and fires to the plate. It's way high.

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

High, ball four and they're loaded  
for Haywood, the biggest Indian killer

of them all.

Brown has seen enough. He makes his way to the mound.

**BROWN**

(taking the ball from

Harris)

You pitched a hell of a game, Steve.  
Take a seat and we'll see if we can  
get this guy for ya.

Brown signals to the bullpen with his left hand.

**BROWN**

Give me Vaughn.

**TAYLOR**

(surprised)

You want Vaughn?

**BROWN**

I know he hasn't done real well  
against this guy, but I got a hunch  
he's due.

**VAUGHAN**

As he  
Dorn  
his  
to  
Vaughn.  
the  
singing  
crowd do

striding in from the bullpen. He doesn't look relaxed.  
nears the infield he purposely doesn't look at Dorn.  
stares at him with undisguised venom.  
As Vaughan gets to the mound, he sees Patton getting  
convict uniform on in the Yankee dugout. He looks away  
see Haywood in the on-deck circle smiling out at him.  
Meanwhile, the CROWD has gone nuts at the sight of  
Bobby, Vic and Johnny are blasting out "Wild Thing" on  
tom-toms and the whole stadium, 75,000 strong, is  
it. Doyle just pushes the mic forward and lets the  
it's work.

**BROWN**

Okay, Ricky, Haywood likes the hard  
stuff in. Curve him on the hands,

bust him away, and don't get up with anything. You listenin' to me Rick?

digested

Vaughn nods, but we can tell he's too nervous to have any of that.

**BROWN**

(Patting him on the butt)

O.K., kid, you're my man. Let's go get him.

**TAYLOR**

C'mon Ricky, this guy is the out you been waitin' your whole life for.

SINGING

Brown and Taylor leave Vaughn alone on the mound, the of the crowd ringing in his ears.

**DOYLE (INSERT STORYBOARD #216N)**

**DOYLE**

O.K. Vaughn has finished his warmup and we're ready to...

Dorn  
fear

No sooner has Taylor settled in behind the plate, than starts toward the mound. Vaughn watches him come with and trepidation.

**TAYLOR**

(seeing it)

Oh, shit.

the  
long  
bullets.

Dorn arrives at the mound, and holds out his hand for ball. Vaughn gives it to him. Dorn rubs it up, staring and hard into Vaughn's eyes. Vaughn is sweating. Finally Dorn speaks.

**DORN**

Let's cut through the crap. I only got one thing to say to you. Just rear back and strike this motherfucker out.

returns the  
his  
last  
we  
Thing"  
than

He smiles and hands Vaughn the ball back. Vaughn smile and accepts the ball. While Dorn trots back to position, Vaughn turns his back to the plate for one moment of concentration. As he turns around to face us, we see a new man as the wicked opening CHORDS of X's "Wild Thing" are heard on the TRACK, only louder and more savage before.

fierce  
kid is

Vaughn steps up on the rubber, his face hardened into resolve. There's nothing nervous about him now. This gonna make somebody pay.

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

Haywood steps in, the American League triple crown winner. .341 average, 48 homers, 121 R.B.I.'s. He's homered the only two times he's faced Vaughn.

ball.  
Vaughn  
the

Taylor sets down a sign. Two fingers for the curve Vaughn shakes it off. Taylor puts down another sign. shakes it off. Finally, Taylor puts down one finger -- fast ball. Vaughn nods with steely purpose.

**TAYLOR**

All right, Ricky, let's get nasty.

plate.  
  
the  
screen.

Vaughn winds and delivers a hissing blur toward the Haywood takes a ferocious swing and misses. Strike one. We see the number 97 come up on the digital readout of SPEED GUN which a club employee holds behind the

**TAYLOR**

(to Haywood)

All right, looks like the boy is pumped. Sucker was movin', wasn't it? Ever hit ya, it'd leave a two foot hole comin' out.

jumps Taylor gets ready to flash another sign. The convict  
up and down trying to distract Vaughn. No way.

**TAYLOR**

(for Haywood's ears)  
Let's see, what should we call now.  
Let's see how he feels about old  
number one.

and Taylor puts down one finger. Vaughn nods and then winds  
wicked fires again, another blazing rocket. Haywood takes a  
gun. rip, but doesn't get it. Strike two. 99 comes up on the  
The convict has stopped jumpin'.

**TAYLOR**

Nice swing, Haywood. Good follow-  
through. Keep it up, I'll show you  
the ball sometime.

yelling The fans are going wild. They're all standing now,  
the for a strikeout. Vaughn gets back up on the rubber with  
give look of an animal sighting prey. Taylor gets down to  
the sign.

**DUGOUT (INSERT STORYBOARD # 216R)**

**BROWN**

Forget the curveball. Go with the  
heater.

**TAYLOR**

Well, shit, all these pitches to  
choose from. Maybe we'll try somethin'  
different this time.

the big Taylor wiggles his fingers around and then puts down  
No. 1. Vaughn gives him a quick nod.

**TAYLOR**

And if I don't see you again, Haywood,  
have a nice winter. Okay, buddy?

bullet  
already  
and  
MUSIC

Vaughn goes into his windup and unleashes a screaming  
toward the plate. Haywood pulls the trigger, but it's  
by him. Strike three. 101 on the gun. Taylor leaps up  
gives Vaughn the fist. The fans are going berserk.  
ends.

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

Oh, Lordy, three straight heaters  
and the Yankees are blown down. No  
runs, two hits, three left on, and,  
are you ready, Cleveland? We go to  
the bottom of the ninth, still tied  
at two.

Doyle turns the mike off.

**DOYLE**

(to his color man)

Can you believe this, Monty?

bottle.  
Monty takes a big swig straight from the bourbon

**OMIT**

Sequence omitted from original script.

**ANOTHER INDIAN HITTER**

grounding out to short.

**HAYES**

walking up to the plate.

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

Two down in the ninth, Hayes steps  
in hitting .291, trying to get  
something going for the Tribe.

digs  
hits  
to  
streaks  
Taylor and the others yell encouragement to Hayes as he  
in at the plate. The Yankee pitcher delivers and Hayes  
a high bouncer toward short. The shortstop waits for it  
come down and then fires to first. Too late. Hayes

the

across the bag, beating the throw by a hair. Once again  
CROWD comes to life.

new

The Yankee Manager comes to the mound and waves for a  
pitcher.

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

And Horton is wasting no time. He's  
goin' to the Duke.

Goose

Out of the pen comes BILLY DUKE, a good facsimile of  
Gossage only Duke is bigger and meaner.

**(INSERT STORYBOARD #219M)**

**DOYLE**

Duke leads the league in saves,  
strikeouts per inning and nose hairs.

Hayes

and

The Duke finishes his warmups and stares over at Hayes.  
smiles, snaps his black gloves out of his hip pocket,  
carefully pulls them on over his hands.

Duke

The Duke does not care for this kind of showmanship.  
Brown comes over to talk to Taylor, who's been watching  
from the on-deck circle.

**BROWN**

Ya know I'd be an ass not to pinch-  
hit for you here. You're 0 for 18  
against Duke. Plus you're beat to  
shit you can hardly walk, there's no  
way you can get around on this guy's  
fast ball. So I want the absolute  
truth here. Can you beat this guy?

**TAYLOR**

Yeh.

**BROWN**

Okay.

warmups.

Taylor starts for the plate, as Duke finishes his  
Brown comes down the dugout steps.

**BROWN**

(to Pepper)

Send Hayes the first pitch. I don't  
want Taylor takin' too many strikes.

Pepper begins flashing signs out to Hayes. Duke gets up  
on the rubber and takes his stretch. Hayes leads away,  
crouching low. Duke snaps a throw over to first, the first  
baseman slapping a hard tag on Hayes, but Hayes is back.

The crowd is on its feet again. The "GO" chant starts,  
punctuated by thousands of black-gloved hands punching  
the night air.

Duke comes set again. Hayes leads away. Duke watches  
him, checks him again. We go to SLOW MOTION as Duke kicks  
and comes to the plate.

Hayes takes off like a shot, head down, eating up  
ground.

Taylor swings and misses. The Yankee catcher comes up  
throwing, rifling a clothesline dart to second base.

Hayes leaves his feet diving for the bag. The second baseman  
snaps down the tag. Too late. Hayes is in there.

The stadium is really rockin' now. Duke prowls the  
mound. Taylor steps out of the box and flashes a sign to  
Brown.

**PEPPER**

What's he doing?

**BROWN**

Flashing some signals. That's a hell  
of an idea.

Brown flashes a sign out to Hayes. A hint of a smile  
comes over Hayes' face as he dusts himself off.

Taylor steps back in as Duke gets up on the rubber.

bleachers  
digs in his back foot, then points to the left field  
ala Babe Ruth.

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

What's this? Taylor is pointing to  
the bleachers, calling his shot.

its  
and  
head.  
him by  
Taylor  
The crowd, electrified by Taylor's gesture, remains on  
feet. Duke stares in at Taylor, comes to his stretch  
then lets go a steaming fast ball right at Taylor's  
Taylor goes down in a swirl of dust, the ball missing  
inches. The stadium explodes with BOOS, but as soon as  
picks himself up, the crowd begins to ROAR again.

the  
unison  
with the DRUMS.  
Bobby, Vic and Johnny are pounding out a heavy beat on  
TOM-TOMS. Everyone in the stadium begins to CLAP in

bleachers.  
Taylor steps back in and once again points to the

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

(Taylor points again)  
Unbelievable. They're on their feet  
here, stomping, clapping. C'mon,  
join in wherever you are out there.  
Let's hear you, Cleveland.

**THE LONGSHOREMEN**

around  
before.  
which  
and several of their friends at their bar, huddled  
the RADIO with the punks and heavy metal kids we saw  
Slowly they begin to clap in time with the tom-toms  
are audible on the T.V.

**THE BUSINESS EXECUTIVE**

His  
at the opera with his wife, a radio earplug in his ear.  
hand taps on his leg in sync with the TOM-TOMS.

**THE TWO KOREAN GROUNDSKEEPERS**

the  
the  
bullpen.  
(Sc 222 before scene 221) beating on their shovels in

**LARGE APARTMENT BUILDING**

lit  
FRAMED against the Cleveland skyline. In several of the  
windows we see people banging things or clapping.

**THE STADIUM AGAIN**

he  
Duke gets back on the hill. Getting the sign he wants,  
comes to his stretch, checking Hayes at second.

hushes  
As Duke starts his delivery to the plate, we go to SLOW  
MOTION. The clapping in the stadium stops as everyone  
to watch the pitch. We...

**CUT TO:**

**THE LONGSHOREMEN, THE BUSINESS EXECUTIVE, THE  
GROUNDSKEEPERS  
AND THE APARTMENT DWELLERS**

They've all stopped too in anticipation of the pitch.

**THE STADIUM**

MOTION.  
Everything from here on will continue to be in SLOW  
for  
As Duke whips his arm toward the plate, Hayes takes off  
the  
third. Taylor, instead of swinging away, shortens up on  
bat and bunts Duke's pitch down the third base line.  
charges  
The Yankee third baseman, caught completely unaware,  
the ball frantically.

**TAYLOR**

giving  
barreling down the line toward first on his sore legs,  
it everything he's got.

**THE THIRD BASEMAN**

to scooping up the ball barehanded and firing on the run first.

**TAYLOR**

Yankee pounding down the line. He strains for the bag as the first baseman stretches to his limit for the throw. Taylor and the ball arrive at almost the same time. Taylor hits the bag and then sprawls in the dirt as his knees give out. Safe. The umpire brings up his arms, and spreads them wide. Taylor's beaten it.

strikes The first baseman looks up to see something that fear into his heart across the field. It's...

**HAYES**

second streaking for home, trying to score all the way from on a bunt.

positions The first baseman fires to the plate, as the catcher feet- himself for the throw. Hayes launches into a flying hooks to first slide. The catcher brings the tag down. Hayes the outside, his trailing foot reaching for the plate.

**DOYLE (V.O.)**

Hayes is gonna try to score! Here comes the throw. He slides. He is...

puts Hayes' foot catches the corner of the plate. The umpire folks. the palms down and whips them apart. It's all over,

**SLOW MOTION ENDS**

**DOYLE**

...Safe. The Indians win it. The Indians win. Oh my God, the Indians

win it!!

hugs  
Donovan  
other.  
bleachers.

Pandemonium breaks loose in Municipal Stadium. Rachel Donovan, dances around, punches the air, then hugs again. Everywhere people are hugging and kissing each other. Bobby, Vic and Johnny are going berserk in the bleachers. Thelma sits quietly, a tear rolling down her cheek.

**QUICK CUTS**

of our other fans. We see...

the  
express  
exchanging  
yelling  
heads in  
continues  
toward  
then  
again.  
in

A) The Business Executive stand up and yell "Yes!" in middle of the opera. Several other men stand up and their excitement as well.

B) The Longshoremen whoop it up in their bar -- fives and hugs with the punkers and heavy metal kids.

C) The various apartment dwellers dancing, clapping, out the windows.

D) The two Korean Groundskeepers just shaking their amazement.

E) Elsewhere in the stadium, the joyous exultation unabated. The crowd pours onto the field as Hayes runs Taylor and literally leaps into his arms.

F) The two spin around throwing their fists in the air.

G) Cerrano and Harris embrace. Dorn gives Vaughn a hug, steps back and decks him with a right hand.

H) Dorn pulls Vaughn back to his feet, and they hug

I) Up in the stands, Rachel watches all this with tears her eyes.

Taylor starts off the field when he sees something that catches his eye. Standing by the field rail is Lynn. She holds up her left hand and smiles. There's no ring on it. Taylor races over to her as she jumps down from the rail and hugs herself to him. We HOLD on the celebration as it swirls all around them, and...

**ROLL CREDITS**

**THE END**