

Texas Leaguer

By

Danny Wayne Cotton

4838 Hartland Parkway
Lexington, KY 40515
859/368-0328

FADE IN-EXT. STADIUM PARKING LOT-SUNNY AFTERNOON, APRIL IN TEXAS

TIGHT ON BLACK REPTILE SKIN BOOT on asphalt, something like "SHOTGUN WILLIE"- Willie Nelson plays

Massive CHAW OF DIP falls next to boot.

Slowly, we see DISTRESSED JEANS, DODGE RAMHEAD BELT BUCKLE, LEATHER JACKET over a MOLLY HATCHETT (or similar) TEE, then a face.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN man, mid 20s w/FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOW, LARGE REFLECTIVE SUNGLASSES and ARKANSAS RAZORBACKS CAP POINTED FORWARD-PIG SHOWING

Bobby Lee cleans dip away from his mouth

Following Bobby Lee, walking away from 71 DODGE CHARGER CONVERTIBLE towards STADIUM w/INTERLOCKING PV AND CATFISH IN A BASEBALL CAP (see team and cap logo for Carolina Mudcats, New Orleans Zephyrs, Portland Sea Dogs, for similar visual ref.)

Bobby Lee glances at the paper, then up at the building, then back to the paper, reading

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Prados Verdes Municipal Stadium.
Gate E.
(Looks around)
Go Mudcats.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE- AT THE END OF THE DAY

BEN, the skip, Older, African-American, intimidating in the same sense as a drill instructor is sitting at a desk, sipping COKE IN A GLASS BOTTLE.

Sitting across from him is JACK, the pitching coach, a greyhaired man of 50-60

Also, JIMMY a barrel chested, broad shouldered catcher with an expression suggesting easygoing but also dangerous. Position evident by CHEST and SHIN GUARDS.

BEN
(getting up to go to a filing cabinet)
So this kid they're sending down,
he was half of the Chicago heat
wave a couple of years ago.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

That's the problem with a Cuban. See, they play them so hard when they're young that you never can tell how much wear and tear they went through.

BEN

It isn't the Cuban, old man.

JIMMY

The kid from Arkansas that was married to the Playmate?

Ben removes a FIFTH OF LIQUOR and ROCKS GLASS from the cabinet, pours two fingers and what's left of his Coke bottle

BEN

And now divorced from the playmate.

JACK

Bet that shit smarts.

BEN

Word from the organization is that he hit the booze a little hard. Partied too much, did everything short of juicing or dogfighting.

JIMMY

Unforgivable sins.

BEN

Had your typical little meltdown, dropped to a 4.2 on the year, but 6.3 in his last ten.

JIMMY

Sounds like he couldn't leave the personal bullshit off the mound.

BEN

(knowing eye roll, takes a drink)
Exactly.

JACK

That kid had a hell of a first season. I mean the kind that makes a statement.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

2.3! But he's all power, power
waxes and wanes on psychology.

JIMMY

(opening a PACK OF NABS)
So, young kid, Jorge catches him.

BEN

(shooting back what's left of
his drink)
He's a power throwing basket case,
Jimmy.

JACK

Besides that poor little, what are
they supposed to be called?

JIMMY

Mexicans

JACK

That poor little Mexican is dealing
with New Meat. And the boy has
state championship stuff

BEN

With A league control.

JACK

And the Nip with the impossible
breaking ball.

BEN

(pained)
At least say Jap, old man.

JACK

The slant eyed little fella that
doesn't speak a lick of English,
how's that?

JIMMY

(with a mouthful of cracker)
At least it's accurate.

Ben shoots back what's left, which is plenty, he's been
sipping

BEN

Jimmy you catch him.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Come on, I got Bubba and Papa Shango

BEN

Exactly, power pitchers.

(beat)

Who need psychologists.

JIMMY

Why I always babysit the basket cases?

BEN

Cuz I babysat you back in Louisville.

EXT. STADIUM PARKING LOT- SAME DAY

Bobby Lee, walking out of the ballpark towards his car, w/ PR GUY a neat, businessy looking guy

PR GUY

I can take you to your new apartment Mister Morgan

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Bobby Lee, please. I'll drive, just tell me how to get there.

Bobby Lee's Charger enters the frame. Bobby Lee throws his bag into the back seat.

PR GUY

This is a great car.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(flatly)

71, 426 Hemi V8, Hurst on the floor, hooker in the trunk

PR GUY

(nervous laugh)

Bobby Lee grins, spits out chaw

They get in the car. Bobby Lee puts a TAPE in the tape deck.

PR GUY

It's a right out of the parking lot. So, dress code. Neatly trimmed facial hair is acceptable. When

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PR GUY (cont'd)
leaving the clubhouse after a game
our dress code calls for collared
shirt and no athletic shoes.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Western shirt and cowboy boots?

PR GUY
Acceptable. As one of our star
pitchers you'll be expected to film
and be compensated for some
advertisement deals we have
locally.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Natch

Bobby Lee fires up the ignition, lays rubber as he pulls
out, turns up something like LYNKYRD SKYNYRD-DOWN SOUTH
JUKIN'

PR Guy is trying his best to hide his discomfort at the
first light

PR GUY
It's a left here

Bobby Lee crosses from the far right to the left turn lane
and hammers it to beat the light

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
That's that Hemi power. Can't beat
it.
(turns up music)

INT. BOBBY LEE'S NEW "BACHELOR" APT.

The door opens and PR guy is followed by Bobby Lee

PR GUY
And this is your new apartment.

Bobby Lee throws bag down, takes off sunglasses, sets
STYROFOAM CUP he was holding on top of the television

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Get a few empties and a bottle full
of spit and it'll feel like home. I
give it two weeks until the sink
starts smelling.

(CONTINUED)

PR GUY
(nervously)
The life of a bachelor, huh?

Bobby Lee goes over to balcony window, takes out his DIP CAN, starts shaking it

BOBBY LEE POV

He sees a NEON SIGN with a large GOAT'S HEAD and the word "GOAT" above it and "ROPER'S" below it.

BACK TO THE APARTMENT

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(opening the dip can)
What's that out there?

PR GUY
That's your apartment complex's swimming pool.

BACK TO VIEW OUT WINDOW, MOVES DOWN FROM THE BIG GOAT TO SHOW POOL, THEN BACK TO BOBBY LEE/PR GUY

PR GUY
Lots of babes in this complex.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(pausing from getting a plug)
No, beyond that, the big fucking goat.

PR GUY
Oh, that. That's "Goat Roper's."
It's a bar. Popular with the locals. A lot of the Mudcats like to grab a cold one there after the game. Lone Star, official corporate sponsor.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Are there any other bars within, say, walking distance?

PR GUY
I'm afraid not.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Goat Roper's it is.
(he begins to situate the plug in his mouth)

(CONTINUED)

PR GUY

Oh and, Bobby Lee, let me remind
you that Minor League Baseball bans
tobacco use in ballparks.

Bobby Lee wipes his lip, examines his thumb, grins widely,
grabs the Styrofoam cup

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Of course
(spits a little into the cup)

INT. STEREOTYPICALLY "TEXAS" BAR- THAT NIGHT

GOAT ROPER'S has a mild country/western theme, lots of
TELEVISIONS on the wall

Two twenty-something girls KELLY and DALLAS are behind the
bar, speaking inaudibly.

KELLY "girl next door type," no-nonsense ponytail, wearing
BAR RAG

DALLAS fake tan, big hoop earrings, gum snapping, ditz

BOBBY LEE, now in a checked western shirt, still with the
Arkansas hat, walks up to the bar and takes a seat.

AT THE BAR

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(to Kelly)
Gimlet, thanks.

KELLY

(aback)
That's one I don't hear very often.
I'd remember that order. You aren't
from Prados Verdes, are you?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(shaking his head, emphatic)
No.

KELLY

(goes over to mix the drink)
Didn't figure. Gin or vodka?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Gin.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY
Preference?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
That's what the lime juice is for.

KELLY
(smiles)
Up or over?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Rocks, and can you serve it in a
bottle of Lone Star so I don't
stick out?

KELLY
(serving the drink)
Funny.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(grinning)
I try

KELLY
What brings you to beautiful
buttfuck Texas?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(shrugs, takes a sip)
Work.

KELLY
Ah, like the drink?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(nods yes)

KELLY
So, work? Where is work?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Originally, Chicago. Now, here.

KELLY
Oh, god, I thought you just meant
you were on some horrible business
trip.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
You could look at it as an extended
horrible business trip.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY
Sorry to hear that.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
I'll be ok.

KELLY
You in commodities?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Commodities? What?

KELLY
I just figured from Chicago and the
little pig on your hat.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Huh?
(takes off hat, looks at it)
No, this is an Arkansas hat.
(he looks up at a television)
Polonius.

KELLY
Excuse me?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Jeopardy, the answer is Polonius.

KELLY
(turning around to look at the
TV)
Oh, yeah. Hey, you're right.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(takes a big drink)
It was easy. Oh,
(shakes his head)
this one is too, too easy.

KELLY
Oh, god, yeah, Lou Gehrig. So
you're from Arkansas?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Not only that,
(points to his hat)
I went to this esteemed
institution.

KELLY
Don't feel bad. FAFSA sucks, so I'm
stuck going to UT-Prados.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(laughs)

What're you studying?

KELLY

English, so I'll be tending bar for the rest of my life.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

If it makes you feel any better, I have a degree in Classics from the University of Arkansas. Really helpful.

KELLY

Why classics?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

It was a way to read about murder, incest, bestiality and an island full of lesbians without anybody thinking I was perverted.

KELLY

(chuckles)

Another gimlet?

Bobby Lee looks down, realizes his drink is empty

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Keep 'em coming miss, uh,

KELLY

Kelly

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Bobby Lee

They shake hands, she goes over to make the drink

CU on Bobby Lee's gimlet. We see him pick it up full and set it down with melted ice cubes and numerous SWIZZLE STICKS next to it

Bobby Lee and Kelly are laughing, Bobby Lee is signing a receipt

KELLY

So you're sure you can get home?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(visibly drunk)

Yeah, quick walk back home.

(CONTINUED)

The bar is pretty dead, scant few patrons

KELLY

You, know, I don't do this very often

She takes a pen and back of receipt copy, hands it to Bobby Lee

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Kelly Tucker three, two, six--

KELLY

(interrupting)

It's my phone number, smartass.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(looks up, grins)

So it is. See you again sometime.

Bobby Lee leaves, Dallas, with empty tray, comes up to the bar

DALLAS

He was cute.

KELLY

Yeah, he dipped though. Don't know if I can get over that.

DALLAS

What did you guys talk about?

KELLY

Faulkner versus O'Connor, the poems of Sappho, Keith Olbermann

DALLAS

(blank look)

KELLY

He's a smart guy.

DALLAS

Prados Verdes has another nerd. You know, Jeff still keeps calling you.

KELLY

Yeah, Jeff just figured out breathing through his nose.

DALLAS

But he was soo cute.

KELLY

And so stupid, believe me, jocks
are cute, but they're troglodytes.

DALLAS

(blank stare, shakes head,
starts walking away)

KELLY

I'm just saying, that guy seemed a
lot more interesting than somebody
who wants to throw a ball for a
living.

EXT. FIELD/STADIUM- AROUND DUSK, GAME TIME

Bobby Lee and Jimmy are standing on the mound before the
first inning

PA ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And pitching tonight for the
Mudcats, Number Nine, Bobby Lee
Morgan. M-U-D-C-A-T gooo Mudcats.

Wide view, two mascots, a GIANT CATFISH and INFLATABLE SUIT
CARICATURE OF HARRY CARAY dance on top of the home dugout

Stadium PA plays CHARGE THEME followed by T-REX "BANG A
GONG"

Tight on Bobby Lee and Jimmy standing on the mound

JIMMY

Listen, Boozehound, your problem in
Chicago was psychology. Alright.
It's all in the mind.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(compulsively playing with
hat, then glove, then hat
again)

Mind's fine.

(recites, looking up at the
scoreboard)

Yea, all of you be subject one to
another, and be clothed with
humility; for God resisteth the
proud, and giveth grace to the
humble.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY
What was that?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(playing with the rosin bag,
then playing with the ball
with his glove under his arm)
Catechism.

JIMMY
Cat jism?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Church shit, superstition, helps my
head.

JIMMY
Then keep up the church shit.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
One thing though big man.

JIMMY
Shoot.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
I haven't gotten through a game
without dip since middle school.

JIMMY
(pulls PACK OF NICOTINE GUM
from his pocket)
It's spearmint. Just remember not
to spit it out.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(looking up at nothing in
particular)
That's a hell of a thing for
somebody to hear before having to
pitch his first game.

JIMMY
Remember not to spit it out?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
No, the song.

JIMMY
Bang a gong?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

No, "you've got the teeth of the hydra upon you."

JIMMY

Where the hell did you hear that?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(having trouble adjusting to gum)

It's in the song. It's kind of disconcerting.

JIMMY

Why?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

The Hydra is a multi-headed Greek mythical beast. If one was upon you, you'd presumably be in a world of shit.

JIMMY

(half confused)

You're psyching yourself out. Don't worry about the hydra.

Bobby Lee is OCD on the mound. His routine is to tug his bill thrice, brush the back of his hat likewise, then tug his shirt thrice. He's doing this as he speaks the next lines.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I'm not psyching myself out. It's metaphorical.

JIMMY

(pulling down his mask)

You're dirty sweet and you're my girl

(swats Bobby Lee's shoulder with his glove)

Jimmy heads towards home, Bobby Lee rubs his feet in the dust, goes through delivery without release, OCD routine

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Alright, feeling good.

He throws practice power pitch, nods "yes" to Jimmy

Like Bobby Lee, we get a feel for his surroundings. The crowd, the stadium, the players, the coaches making signals, etc.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby Lee goes through the OCD routine one more time before bringing his glove up over his mouth

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(to himself, quickly)

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth. And in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Spirit, born of the virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died and was buried. He descended into hell. The third day He rose again from the dead. He ascended into heaven and sits at the right hand of God the Father Almighty. From thence He will come to judge the living and the dead. I believe in the Holy Spirit, the Christian Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Woo pig sooie, woo pig sooie, woo pig sooie, RAZORBACKS

(looks into the stands)

Beats working for a living.

Wide View of Stadium

PA ANNOUNCER (V.O)

Batting first for the Cardinals, shortstop, Clyde Raymer

Back in tight with Bobby Lee

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

First hitter, first inning, first out. First out

(tugs shirt)

One, two, three.

(rubbing back of his hat)

One, two, three

(pulls bill)

bill.

(repeats, bends down to pick up the rosin bag, bounces it in his hands three times, counting)

One, two, three drop. Take a look. Spit.

(spits, doesn't lose his gum)

(CONTINUED)

POV Bobby Lee on the mound poised to pitch and CLYDE is set up to bat

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(glove over his mouth)

He's in tight, let's brush him back a little Jimbo.

(sees signal)

we concur.

(in position, stares down batter, glove still over his mouth)

I will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh.

(winds up throws, backs the guy off the plate a little)

UMPIRE

Ball one.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

When distress and anguish come upon you Ye shall remember my motherfucking name.

(catches the ball, starts brushing the back of his hat)

One, two, three, bill. One, two, three, bill. Roll

(rolls head, gets in position, waves @ one finger signal)

my aim was so exact- I won't deny it- that he could not outrun death or fend it off once I ensnared him

(winds up, throws, hard fastball, Clyde check swings)

UMPIRE

Strike one.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(repeats hat routine, gets into position)

Then soon as he was down I struck him yet again, and the third stroke fell

(gets leg up into pitching motion)

as a votive offering

(throws)

for Hades

(said on follow through)

Clyde connects, but he's jammed up, pops up

(CONTINUED)

Wider View, Bobby Lee pointing upwards, Jimmy catches the fly

Wider view, Bobby Lee and other players become indistinguishable

PA ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Batting second for the Cardinals...

INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT-THAT NIGHT

In an apartment with decor that suggests young women, we peer over a television to see Dallas, painting her toenails

DALLAS
Oh. My. God. Could they just get to the weather already?

KELLY(O.S.)
What did we say about yelling at the television?

DALLAS
(waves dismissively)

T.V. ANCHOR (O.S.)
In other news, in his first start for the Mudcats tonight, Pitcher Bobby Lee Morgan got the W pitching seven scoreless innings against Midlands.

DALLAS
(surprised)
Kelly, I think you should come in here

KELLY(O.S.)
Why?

DALLAS
Your date is on TV.

Kelly enters, dressed up, doing whatever the hell typical heterosexual women do before a date

DALLAS
(looking Kelly over)
Fierce, but not slutty.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY
(paying attention to the
television)
What I was going for.
(beat)
Huh. I did not know he was a
baseball player.

DALLAS
He didn't tell you?

KELLY
I didn't see any reason to ask.

DALLAS
Dealbreaker?

KELLY
Not yet

DOORBELL

KELLY
(hurrying offscreen)
Shit, make him wait a few minutes,
I'll be out.

DALLAS
Sure thing.
Dallas ambles towards the door, careful not to disturb

freshly painted toenails, looks through peephole, opens
door, reveals Bobby Lee in FANCY WESTERN SHIRT W/ EITHER
SKULLS OR GUNS, holding a ROSE

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Kelly around?

DALLAS
Yeah, she's getting ready, come in.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(looks a little uncomfortable,
extends hand)
Bobby Lee.

DALLAS
(going back over to sit down)
Hi.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Nice place.

(CONTINUED)

DALLAS
So you're a pitcher?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Uh, yeah.

DALLAS
Like, have you ever played for anybody big or anything?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
College ball at Arkansas, two seasons in Chicago. Now, Prados Verdes.

DALLAS
Have you ever met Derrick Jeter?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Pitched against him a couple of times.

DALLAS
He's hot.

Bobby Lee stands awkwardly. Kelly enters

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
So's she.

KELLY
Excuse me?

DALLAS
He thinks you're hot like Derrick Jeter.

KELLY
Ok, now I'm confused.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(quietly)
So's she. Uh, found this
(extends rose)
At my local mega-mart. Call me old fashioned.

Kelly takes the rose, smells it

KELLY
(adopts exaggerated southern accent)
Why thank you ever so much Bobby Lee. A true suthrun gentleman

DALLAS
(pauses from painting her
toenails)

Eww.

KELLY
Let's get out of here.

EXT. APT. COMPLEX PARKING LOT-NIGHT

Kelly and Bobby Lee approach the Charger-top down

KELLY
I wish I could drive that

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Well, you can ride in it.

KELLY
Excuse me?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
It's my ride. Got it with my first
bonus.

KELLY
Fuel efficient I'm sure.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Ten or so to the gallon.

KELLY
Got a Hemi?

By this point they are both standing at their respective car
doors

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
What you know about a Hemi?

KELLY
I know that the seventy one Dodge
Charger, which this would appear to
be, had an optional 426 hemispheric
V8.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Thank you Miss Vito.

KELLY
(getting into the car)
Ooo, Hurst on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby Lee starts car, starts pulling out, RADIO plays low,
70's COUNTRY

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
So somebody told me there was a
good brisket place around here.

KELLY
I'm a vegetarian.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
That's legal in Texas?

KELLY
Surprisingly enough.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
So where the hell can we eat?

KELLY
Mexican work?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Si mamacita.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT- LATER THAT NIGHT

Bobby Lee and Kelly are eating CHIPS AND SALSA, Bobby Lee
drinking BEER IN A BOTTLE, Kelly MARGARITA ON THE ROCKS

KELLY
So, Bobby Lee, you know what I do.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
The noblest profession on earth.

KELLY
Thank you. But how would you
describe what you do?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
I throw a ball, really fast, at a
guy holding a stick. If the guy
with the stick doesn't hit it, I
did real good. If he hits it too
far to the left or to the right, I
did good. If he hits it, but one of
my co-workers does something with
it, I'm still doing ok. If my
co-workers can't do anything, I'm
looking kind of bad. And if he hits

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN (cont'd)
it more than, oh, say, four hundred
feet, without going too far left or
right, I'm in a heap of trouble.

KELLY
In short.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
I pitch a baseball.

KELLY
I know, I saw you on TV tonight.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Seven scoreless innings.

KELLY
Why didn't you tell me you were a
ballplayer?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(nonchalant)
Never came up

KELLY
Why did you tell me you had a
degree in classics?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(after washing food down)
I do. University of Arkansas. '06.
You think pitchers just bone up on
their Sappho so they can adopt for
the old 'I've got a BA in Classics'
routine?

(beat, confused)
Yknow, Lots of chicks wanna bang a
ballplayer.

KELLY
So that's why you left it out?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
It never seemed relevant.

KELLY
Well, it's just, I dated a
ballplayer for a while. Didn't work
out.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I hooked up with a bartender once,
turned out to be a lesbian.

KELLY

Seriously. I'm operating under some
big assumptions here.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

So am I, you do live with another
girl.

Kelly shoots a perturbed look

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Ok, ok, like what assumptions?

KELLY

Well he couldn't carry on an
intelligent conversation.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

In the course of this evening we've
hit politics, we both lean left.
Literature, you go more for the au
courant, I'm more of an old school
guy, and '70s era Dodge muscle car
design, we agree on the superiority
of the 426 Hemi V8. What more can I
offer?

KELLY

Ok, so you've got that.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Come on, how did he screw up? I
want to know so, you know, I don't.

KELLY

Baseball was his life. Every year
around tryouts, he would drop
everything.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Hold up, hold up, tryouts?

KELLY

Tryouts, for the Mudcats.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I don't mean to toot my own horn
here, but I didn't try out for the
Mudcats. I got demoted to the
Mudcats.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

And that makes you a better potential boyfriend?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

No, it makes me a different animal than the guy before.

KELLY

How so?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Did he bore you with stories about the lore of the game, the majesty of Yankee Stadium, the arcane statistical data of his favorite team?

KELLY

Yes, to no end. Except it was the Ballpark at Arlington, he hated the Yankees.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Lots of guys like that. Playing becomes this romantic thing in his head. Play, play in the majors in a so called cathedral, become an evening news story "from tryouts in Prados Verdes to the World Series," it's mystifying.

KELLY

But for you?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

It's like stripping.

KELLY

Stripping?

(laughs)

Ok, I've never stripped so you're going to have to explain that one.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Damn, never?

KELLY

Heartbreaking, I know.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Well, as I understand about stripping, once you've demystified

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN (cont'd)
it, well, all the sexy and alluring
goes away. You're not in it for
thrills, you're not in it for
bragging rights and you're not in
it because of some grand notion,
you're just in it because it's the
easiest way you know to make money.

(beat)

But I'll confess to watching
Baseball Tonight.

KELLY

I don't know, you just don't seem
like a guy who'd want to spend his
time playing baseball.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Why not? I'm paid handsomely to
throw a ball really hard and fast.
That's it.

KELLY

Interesting.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I slake your worry just a little
bit?

KELLY

Almost. The dipping still bothers
me. And I wouldn't have pulled out
a stripper metaphor on the first
date.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Woman, don't try to change a man
too fast.

INT. BOBBY LEE'S LOCKER

Bobby Lee sees a SLIP OF PAPER hanging in his locker, he
grabs it.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

What the fuck?

INT. MUDCAT'S LOCKER ROOM- AFTER PRACTICE

Players, which could include, among others, DA the ladies man first baseman, RAUL a Dominican shortstop, JORGE the young Mexican backup catcher, PAPA SHANGO the Santeria practicing power pitcher, COREY the fundie Christian third baseman, NEW MEAT fresh out of H.S. pitcher, and Jimmy are all in various stages of getting back into STREET CLOTHES

DA

Bet it aint a ticket back to Chicago.

NEW MEAT

Shit, they aren't cutting people are they?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(dismissively)

They gave me a high six figure deal straight out the draft, New Meat. They wouldn't piss that away after two good starts in double A.

NEW MEAT

They sent you to Texas didn't they?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Besides,

(motions to Jimmy)

our stalwart catcher got one too. You know they aint cutting him.

JIMMY

(shaking his head, laughing)

Don't be so damn sure.

COREY

Guys, I got one, it's just for a random drug test.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(reads slip)

I'll be damned.

JIMMY

Who else got one of these?

DA

I got one.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Of course you did. You know, they wouldn't think you were juicing if you didn't shop in the boy's department.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Oh, the behemoth with an attitude problem is giving out pointers about how to make it look like you aint juicing. Has your bacne cleared up yet?

JIMMY

(holding up his thermos/water bottle)

This stuff is a perfectly fucking legal nutritional supplement.

JORGE

That smells like horchata mixed with horse juevos.

DA

At least me and Jimmy know what they're looking for. Lord knows what's in Playboy's system.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Hey, the piss might be forty proof, but it's clean. I'll be damned if my career is going to end in Puando Vondo.

COREY

Guys, we were randomly selected. Otherwise, why would I have one?

JIMMY

(looking derisively at Corey)

You're the one that throws the curve, Charlie Church. You make it look "random." You've got

(points to Bobby Lee)

Boozy McGee over there,

(points to DA)

a man who Jacks off to his reflection,

(points to himself)

and the pissed off giant.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I think I have to side with the
Thing on this one. Especially since
DA is about to rip through his
little pink shirt.

DA

(indignant)

You know, I don't get any
complaints from the ladies.

JIMMY

Generally, ruphies keep 'em quiet.

DA flips him off

CU Bobby Lee, looking down at his slip, shaking his head

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(to himself, headed out of the
clubhouse)

Nothing like a cloud of reasonable
suspicion.

INT. WAITING ROOM-DAY

Angle on Jimmy, in WRESTLING T and MAJOR LEAGUE CAP sitting
next to Bobby Lee, who looks like he's headed to a southern
rock concert.

Bobby Lee and Jimmy simultaneously spit some chaw into POP
BOTTLES or PAPER CUPS.

Then we get a feel for the whole piss-test place waiting
room. COFFEE STATION, TABLE with MAGAZINES, lone guy sitting
across from the players.

PISS TEST GUY

You guys here for probation and
parole too?

Bobby Lee and Jimmy exchange glances and realize, to look at
them, it's a reasonable question. Bobby Lee shrugs.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Naw, sanctity of America's Pastime.

PISS TEST GUY

(confused)

Oh

A nurse with a clipboard opens a door, calls a name and the
man gets up and goes in.

(CONTINUED)

Visibly bored, Bobby Lee picks up a copy of NEWSWEEK and instinctively opens it from the back and starts reading.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(perturbed at what he's
reading)
Jesus Christ.

JIMMY
What?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(reading on, to the magazine)
Oh, fuck off

JIMMY
Alright then.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Oh, no, big man, not you. The
article.

JIMMY
What's wrong with the article?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
It's George F. Will, for one thing.
To top that, he's prattling on
about
(quotation fingers)
the game as if there's something
sacrosanct about hitting a ball
with a stick.

JIMMY
Sacrowhat?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Nothing. Just, this guy does this a
lot.

JIMMY
What's his name?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
George F. Will
(turning back to the article,
adopting a pompous tone)
Baseball, it is said, is only a
game. And the Grand Canyon is only
a hole in the ground in Arizona.
(back to normal tone)
Like he can even throw a damn
baseball,

(CONTINUED)

(reading on)
He's, yeah, he just somehow tied
baseball and free-market economics
into a conflated paragraph.

JIMMY
(slightly confused)
Is this a sports guy?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
No, political guy

Jimmy ponders this for a second, spits into his bottle.

JIMMY
Then why the hell is he writing
about baseball?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Beats me

JIMMY
What's so bad about him?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(nonchalantly)
Cubs fan turned Nationals fan.

JIMMY
(makes a face)
Fuck him.

NURSE enters, holding CLIPBOARD and EMPTY PISS CUP

NURSE
Mister Morgan.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(raising his hand)
That would be me.

NURSE
We're ready for you.

Bobby Lee throws down the magazine, shrugs back at Jimmy and
heads to the back.

After a bearably awkward silence, Jimmy spits into his
bottle and picks up the magazine, which is folded to the
article Bobby Lee was reading

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY
 (reading aloud)
 Old men forget
 (spits, cleans dip away, back
 to reading)
 Said Shakespeare's Henry V at
 (uncertain about
 pronunciation)
 Agincourt.
 (puts down the magazine)
 Boozehound was right, fuck that
 guy.

INT. KELLY'S APARTMENT

Bobby Lee and Kelly are playing WII BASEBALL, Kelly is
 batting, Bobby Lee is pitching

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
 Little
 ("pitches")
 Fucker.
 (angry face)
 Catch it you little-- My shortstop
 sucks.

KELLY
 (singsongy)
 I just got a hit, off Bobby Lee
 Morgan

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
 (examining controller)
 Just like real life
 ((beat)
 speed's good, control's off.
 (rubs back of his head three
 times)

KELLY
 Why do you always do that?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
 Do what?
 (w/controller under left arm,
 tugs shirt)
 What?

KELLY
 There, you doing--
 (points for emphasis)
 that.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Pitching routine.

KELLY
(raises eyebrow, shakes head)
Your little man's sweating.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
He's hungover
(positions for another pitch)
Get ready baby, here...it...
("pitches")
Comes.

Kelly's "batter" gets hit

KELLY
Ouch.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(rubs back of his head, tugs
shirt)
Damn it
(beat)
you know this is driving me crazy,
don't you?

KELLY
Yeah.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
You're a devil woman.

KELLY
That's why you want me so bad. Now
pitch.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Alright.

FIRST NOTES- WAYLON JENNINGS "SLOW ROLLING LOW" PLAY

MONTAGE- BOBBY LEE PITCHING AND RELATIONSHIP

-- Bobby Lee transitions from "WII pitch" to real pitch,
throws, hit, caught at the wall. (Intro)

-- Bobby Lee and Kelly eating CHINESE TAKEOUT, Bobby Lee
frustrated at his chopsticks ("I got a slow rollin' low" to
"twixt the dying in me")

-- Bobby Lee, DA, Raul, Ben shooting commercial on CAR LOT
("Lord I wanted to be something you could depend on")

(CONTINUED)

-- Bobby Lee and Kelly in SEX STORE, Kelly lifts SCHOOLGIRL and FRENCH MAID outfits to compare. Bobby Lee reacts ("Lordy lord woe is me")

-- Bobby Lee, New Meat, Papa Shango trading PINUP, NEWS and SPORTS MAGAZINES, New Meat ends up with NEWS MAGAZINE (as slide guitar solo starts)

-- Back to SEX STORE Bobby Lee lifts man-thongs to compare, Kelly disgusted (roughly at acoustic solo)

-- BOBBY LEE throws a 98mph strike ("Willie," to fade)

INT. GOAT ROPER'S- NIGHT

Bobby Lee is enjoying his usual GIMLET and sharing some NACHOS with Jorge, who is wearing a MEXICAN LEAGUE CAP.

Kelly tending bar, halfheartedly watching Jeopardy.

JEOPARDY THEME plays

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Ford

KELLY

(shaking her head)

Carter

Bobby Lee and Kelly both look over at Jorge, who has a mouthful of nachos

JORGE

Like I know.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I'm pretty sure it's Ford

KELLY

Ford played football for Michigan.
It's not Ford.

JORGE

Man, it sounds like she knows.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

How sure are you?

KELLY

If I'm wrong, the next round is
free.

(CONTINUED)

JORGE
She's sure.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
I think you're right, vato.

JEOPARDY THEME ends

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(genuinely curious)
How is it Carter?

KELLY
Went to Annapolis.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
I knew that.

JORGE
Sure you did Playboy.

They turn to the TV, awaiting the answer

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Ok, for that, I got the next round.

Kelly begins flipping channels

KELLY
That hurricane is going to slam
Louisiana.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Well, that's three days vacation
for us.

KELLY
(confused look)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Road stand in Arkansas, blowback
from that thing'll wash those games
out.

JORGE
Here's hoping, man, how am I
supposed to catch a guy that can
barely speak English?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
You can barely speak English.

(CONTINUED)

JORGE

El no puede hablar Español tampoco.
[English translation: he doesn't
speak Spanish either]

KELLY

I heard Spanish and Japanese are
actually similar.

JORGE

He understands "lanzamiento
rompiente," "agua de melao," and
"pegado."

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Which is interesting because he
(points at Jorge)
doesn't understand "breaking ball,"
"hanging curve," or "brushback."
(turns to Jorge)
How the fuck is he supposed to
learn English if you teach him all
the pitches in Spanish?

JORGE

(takes a drink before
explaining)
If he needs a Latino catcher, maybe
I'll get called up with him.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Ingenious.

KELLY

When do you guys leave?

JORGE

Sunday.

KELLY

(to Bobby Lee)
Sorry, I'm off Tuesday and Thursday
this week.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(finishes his drink)
We get back Thursday.

KELLY

Then it's a date.

(CONTINUED)

JORGE
(to KELLY)
Usted va a dar una mamada? (English
translation: you'll be giving
head/performing oral sex)

KELLY
No, la hare (eng: no, I'll make
him)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(suspiciously, eating Nachos)
I know you two just said something
about me

Kelly and Jorge look at Bobby Lee and laugh.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Man, I gotta learn more than
pitches and swear words.

EXT. AWAY DUGOUT- DAY, TORRENTIAL RAIN

The guys are stuck watching it rain.

Ben and Jack stand at one end of the dugout. At the other
end, Bobby Lee sits between Jimmy and Jorge.

Bobby Lee pulls a little keychain novelty toy from his
pocket.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(secretively)
Check it out

JORGE
What the fuck?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Dr. Fart, got it at that truckstop
when we stopped.

JIMMY
What's it do?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
See, the six buttons are all for
different kinds of farts.

JIMMY
Ok, spending money on that
officially certifies you're a
dumbass.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Au Contraire mon ami.

JIMMY
(looks over at Jorge)

JORGE
That was French, stupid.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
I knew the front from that
hurricane was going to wash out the
game. I invested a buck in some
entertainment.

JORGE
Well, let's see what it can do.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
We shall

Bobby Lee walks over, sits directly behind Jack and Ben,
crosses arms to hide the fart machine

JACK
Well they said it'd been downgraded
to tropical depression. But the
sonfabitch went on ahead and
slammed the coast anyway.
(beat)
We got the blowback.

BEN
Well, we can't control the weather
old man.

JACK
This is just a shit park. Remember
when we got to watch that
slobbernocker in Yankee--

SHORT LOUD FART

JACK
stadium.

BEN
(looks at Jack)

JACK
What?

LONG WET FART, followed by TWO SHORT FARTS.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby Lee keeps a straight face, other players, especially Jorge and Jimmy suppress laughter

JACK
Jesus Christ Ol'top what did you eat?

BEN
That wasn't me

SQUEAKY FART, prompting Ben to turn around and confront Bobby Lee

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
What?

BEN
Indigestion?

Bobby Lee is stone faced as the others begin to show signs of cracking.

Ben turns back around to Jack.

BEN
Maybe tomorrow will be clear.

JACK
You still want to pitch the Nip?

BEN
Jack, what have I told you about--

LONG WET FART, TWO SQUEAKY FARTS, BASSY RUMBLE FART

JACK
(without looking back)
I know he's doing it, I just don't know how.

Ben, now peeved, turns back to Bobby Lee, who knows he's busted. But can't resist.

DIARRHEA FART, and Bobby Lee begins to show signs of cracking up

BEN
(slight grin)
Uncross your arms Playboy

Bobby Lee is still defiant.

LONG BASSY FART, Bobby Lee cracks up, uncrosses his arms and hands Ben the machine

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

So will this go in your desk all day or until the end of the school year?

JACK

(shaking his head)

Technology these days. You know, back in the old days the best you could do was get a Zippo and give a guy a hot ass.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(momentarily regaining composure)

Did you give a lot of hot ass in the dugout?

JACK

Yeah, every year I'd give some rookie the hot ass

The team starts to lose it, Jack is oblivious.

BEN

(not laughing)

Just shut up old man.

JACK

(looks confused)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(genuinely)

Sorry, Jack.

Jack gets it.

JACK

Oh, ha, ha, you goddamned bunch of fairies.

INT. ECONOMY HOTEL ROOM--THAT NIGHT

There's a party in Bobby Lee and Jimmy's room--the dresser with, HANDLES OF LIQUOR, ICE BUCKET and POP BOTTLES reflects that.

Bobby Lee, Jorge, DA, Raul are drinking mixed drinks.

HIROKI, "the nip with the impossible breaking ball," wearing GROUCHO GLASSES and drinking shots.

(CONTINUED)

Jimmy doesn't drink. But, along with everyone but DA and Bobby Lee, he plays Indian Poker.

Bobby Lee is on his CELL PHONE with Kelly

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Dallas did what? With dry vermouth?
(makes a face)

That's wrong. Yeah, that front off the hurricane. Looks like it spared Texas, though. Well, yeah, I know it rained.

(piqued)

It does? You did? Shit yes I hope it's still storming when we get back.

JIMMY

Hey, Boozehound, flick your bean a little quieter, Peter Gammons is on.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(puts phone to his chest)

The Red Sox lost because they fucking suck.

(back on phone)

Hey, I have to get off here, I'm getting shit. Well Jimmy wants to hear Peter Gammons.

(makes a face)

Don't tell me that, Kelly. God damn. I'll try to call when Hulk go night night. See you Thursday.

Yeah, you too sweet thing.

(hangs up, turns to Jimmy)

I got a woman gets horny when it storms and your ass can't shut the fuck up and let me talk to her?

JIMMY

Man, you are stuck up that bartender girl's ass.

JORGE

That's nothing, New Meat's cachando for that puta he got. She's got him by the balls. He's wrapping thongs around his wrist under his glove. I don't want to go in my room, man, chico might be like cyber fucking or something.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Where'd New Meat find that cougar?

JIMMY
Probably hanging outside the
player's exit.
(to the card players)
Show.
(beat)
You fucking beaner.

JORGE
Esta un madrazo (eng: it's a
beating/I'm kicking ass).

JIMMY
I'll madrazo your ass

DA, in his trademark tight PASTEL POLO, watching television,
fixes another drink

DA
Say whatever you want about Emily,
she's a hell of a ride.

JIMMY
Like her stretched out pussy would
even notice your tiny pecker.

DA
You're just fucking bitter because
in two seasons you never got her.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Explanation for the uninitiated,
please.

JORGE
Yeah man, do you guys pass her
around or something?

JIMMY
(pausing from dealing)
Emily is a baseball Annie bat bunny
slut. Usually she finds some green
kid, sometimes
(he looks over at DA)
a cocky dumbass she can manipulate.

DA
She manipulated my cock.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

(without looking up from the
card game)

She had you crying at Goat Roper's.

Bobby Lee, bored, spent the exchange fixing another drink
and is now looking out the window

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Rain broke.

JORGE

Don't mean shit man, tomorrow's
going to be just like today.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Aren't you guys bored? I mean,
games get called, we sit at the
hotel, nothing going on, no pussy.

JIMMY

These are double A towns,
Boozehound, cards and vodka are
doing good.

DA

Man, you sound like Jack. Playboy's
right, we need to get out and do
some shit.

JIMMY

And what the fuck is there to do in
Springdale Arkansas?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

We use to drive up here for the
titty bars.

JIMMY

Fuck that. Show
(looks down at cards)
Your game Mister Fuji

Jimmy shoves money towards Hiroki, who bows his head and
takes a shot

JORGE

(to Jimmy)

Vete al carajo [eng: fuck you].
(turns to Bobby Lee)
They got strip clubs here?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

It's a career path chosen by many
in the Ozarks.

JIMMY

No, I'm not going to a titty bar,
it's demeaning to women. It
objectifies them and shit.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Oh, you're a third wave feminist
now?

DA

Man, he has no idea what that
means.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN/JIMMY

(in unison)

Neither do you.

JIMMY

It aint right to shove dollar bills
in some woman's ass. I mean, what
if she's somebody's mom?

DA

If she's stripping, that's a safe
bet.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

You're not helping.

JORGE

What if she's just a ho?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

What if she's a gender studies grad
student on a reclaiming her
sexuality empowerment kick because
she just read "Candy Girl?"

JIMMY

(to DA)

You're a dumbass,
(turns to Jorge)
you're a dirty little Mexican,
(turns to Bobby Lee)
and I don't know or care what the
fuck you're talking about.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Ok, I respect your position

DA shoots Bobby Lee a look, but Bobby Lee raises a hand to shut him up

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
but would you want Ben to know you stood idly by while an alcoholic fuckup, a promising, but corruptible young catcher, a raving sex addict,
(pauses)
You in Raul?

Raul nods.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
The starting shortstop and a drunk rookie pitcher that can barely speak English went out to a strip club? That's no responsible adult in the bunch, man.
(beat)
Skip would insist you come with us.

JIMMY
I don't like titty bars.

Jimmy looks over at Bobby Lee, who knows he has him cornered, then at the group, then spits into his dip bottle

JIMMY
But I don't like the thought of leaving you idiots alone in Springdale.

Bobby Lee has gone over to the dresser and is filling one of the half empty pop bottles with vodka.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
It's settled then. Onward and outward gentlemen.

EXT. STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT- NIGHT

The boys are all filing in, Jimmy takes the spiked POP BOTTLE from Hiroki and throws it into neighboring bushes

INT. STRIP CLUB VESTIBULE

DOOR GIRL is behind the counter checking IDs and taking money

Realizing Hiroki is still wearing the GROUCHO GLASSES Jimmy takes them.

DOOR GIRL
 Cover is five, this is two dollar
 Tuesday, two dollar well drinks
 until close.
 (looks over Jorge's ID)
 Thank you.
 (to DA)
 I don't need your ID

DA
 (Rolls eyes, pays)

Bobby Lee shows his ID and Hiroki's

DOOR GIRL
 You're ok, but I don't know if I
 can take a Japanese ID.

JIMMY
 We promise those squiggles mean
 he's legal.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
 Yeah, we're his translators and
 guides, he's a really important
 businessman.

DOOR GIRL
 (flatly)
 Really?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
 Yeah, corporate offices in Chicago
 and Kyoto.

DOOR GIRL
 He looks twenty one.

JIMMY
 He's never seen a pussy that runs
 vertically.

Bobby Lee shoots him a "dude, what the fuck?" look

(CONTINUED)

DOOR GIRL
(barely registering disgust)
I said he looks twenty one, enjoy
yourselves

INT. STRIP CLUB

The club has a MAIN STAGE w/ POLE, TIP RAIL, SECOND STAGE,
and a COUCH SECTION to the side

"I WANT TO FUCK YOU"- Snoop Dogg (or similar) plays

The boys take their seats at two tables.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Never seen a pussy that runs
vertically?

JIMMY
I froze.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Next time, we'll prepare a script.

The boys focus on MAIN STAGE, DANCER does pole tricks

JORGE
I'm in love, vato

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Man, don't blow your wad early in
the night.

JORGE
I'm going to the front row.

DA
I'm with him.

Raul looks at Bobby Lee and Jimmy in askance

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Go.

JIMMY
We aren't fronting you sons of
bitches any money.

Jimmy and Bobby Lee sit down, w/ a visibly drunk Hiroki
between, NON-STRIPPER WAITRESS comes by

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Gin Gimlet

JIMMY
Sprite, empty plastic cup.

WAITRESS
(heavy southern accent)
You gonna dip in my club?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
We're sorry honey.

WAITRESS
(touching Bobby Lee's arm)
Oh, I can forgive you, baby.

HIROKI
(apropos of nothing, through
heavy drunken accent)
Whiskey Coke.

JIMMY
Heavy on the coke.

HIROKI
(waving a bill around)
You take off shirt?

WAITRESS
Not me honey.

HIROKI
Fifty dollars?

Realizing he needs to diffuse this situation, Bobby Lee taps Hiroki's shoulder, makes "head cutting" motion, points him towards the main stage.

The dancer on stage is doing floor work, Jorge holds dollar in his mouth

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(throwing money for the drink
on the table)
I'll go watch the other half of
tomorrow's battery.

JIMMY
Good idea

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
You ok to babysit the pitcher?

JIMMY
He's five ten, buck ninety, I can
handle him. Besides, I babysit
pitchers for a living.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Keeping the infield in line?

JIMMY
Do it on the field.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Good point.
(heads up to the stage)

A STRIPPER WAITRESS comes over with Jello shots, Hiroki buys
more than two.

Song switches to REDNECK ROCK, like KID ROCK

Bobby Lee and Jorge watch the girl on stage do pole tricks

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(amazed)
What we do is in the Olympics, but
that isn't.
(beat)
Criminal.

JORGE
(pulling out a five)
I love Springdale all the sudden.

Bobby Lee throws a dollar then goes back to the table, where
Hiroki's is head bobbing drunk.

Bobby Lee and Jimmy exchange glances regarding Hiroki's
state. Bobby Lee takes a sip of his GIMLET

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(making a face)
Damn it, I said gin.
(looks at Hiroki)
What did him in?

JIMMY
Titty shots.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Lethal.

EXT. STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT- A LITTLE LATER

Hiroki's leaned over Bobby Lee's shoulder as he helps him out. Jimmy in tow.

JIMMY
You could've stayed behind, I can watch him.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
I been in his shoes before.

HIROKI
(severely slurring common Japanese Baseball cheer, head bobbing)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(helps finish cheer)
Yeah, go Hokkaido. Come on, up up.

HIROKI
(momentarily roused)
We go back.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
No, we go home.

Bobby Lee looks over Hiroki, who is visibly shit-faced and asks him, in basic Japanese, if he needs to puke.

Hiroki walks over to a dirt mound in the parking lot, proceeds to puke

JIMMY
Go on back, man, I know you wanna get a dance and party.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(looking down at Hiroki)
Alright?

HIROKI
(flashes "ok" sign, goes back to puking)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
I got this. Guys have carried me out in the same state, figured it's only right to pay it forward.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY
(shrugs, grins in
understanding)
Fair enough.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Besides, DA and Raul aren't going
to do it. And Jorge found him a fat
redneck stripper.

JIMMY
With a Bocephus bird on her ass.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Keep those meatheads out of
trouble.

JIMMY
Always do.

DRIZZLE starts to fall

JIMMY
He better hope to hell this keeps
up.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(getting Hiroki upright)
Come on, HK, let's get you to bed.
Have fun?

HIROKI
(nods yes)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Like seeing titties?

HIROKI
(nods yes)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Ready to pitch tomorrow?

HIROKI
(drunken bliss smile, nods no)

Jimmy laughs at the exchange, salutes Bobby Lee and heads
back inside the club

Hiroki and Bobby Lee head the other direction.

INT. TEAM BUS- A CLOUDY DAY

Bobby Lee and Jimmy are in the back of the bus, looking out the window as players meet up with families, wives, girlfriends, etc.

Focus on Bobby Lee watching New Meat and EMILY, a seductively dressed woman in her late 30s, embrace

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(imitating Annie Savoy)

Seeing as I believe in the confines of monogamy during the baseball season, and the metaphysical properties of the game of baseball and it's players.

JIMMY

What the fuck are you talking about?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(nods towards New Meat and Emily, engaged in PDA)

I do believe that as much worldly experience as I can offer to a rookie pitcher like JT, he can give me as much insight into the human condition and the nonlinear nature of the game of baseball. I believe it was Walt Whitman who said--

JIMMY

(chuckles)

Cut it out Boozehound.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(maintaining voice)

Well tell me, Thing, what do you believe in? Reincarnation? Baseball as a philosophical expression of the American consciousness? Opening your presents on Christmas morning?

JIMMY

I believe in the pussy, the cock...

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(normal tone)

And the eternal baseball annie.

Bobby Lee and Jimmy make their way to the front of the bus, passing Jorge and Hiroki, who are conversing in inconsequential elementary Spanish.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Hitch your wagon to a star, huh?

JIMMY
Smart little Mexican.

Kelly is leaned against the front of the Charger, waiting for Bobby Lee.

Bobby Lee and Jimmy walk over to the Charger, Kelly kisses Bobby Lee when he gets to the car.

KELLY
Hey baby.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Take care of her for me?

JIMMY
You let her drive this car?

KELLY
Trust exercise.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Didn't want to leave it in a parking lot for five days.

Bobby Lee throws his bag in the back of the car

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Top down?

KELLY
It hasn't rained today.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(shrugs, to Jimmy)
Need a ride?

JIMMY
Sure.

Jimmy opens the passenger door, offers Kelly shotgun, gets in back.

Bobby Lee revs engine, flips on radio, NPR ANNOUCER plays

NPR ANNOUNCER (V.O)
And that was the Austin String ensemble with Dvorak's Water Goblin, a tone poem inspired by--
(cut off abruptly by Bobby Lee)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(playing with dial)
NPR, in my Charger?

KELLY
100.7 kept playing the Crue.

JIMMY
What's wrong with the Crue?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
I should kick both of you out.

Bobby Lee lays rubber, speeds out of the parking lot.

QUICK CUT TO EMILY AND NEW MEAT.

EMILY
You need a car like that. Announce
your animalistic masculine
presence.

NEW MEAT
I thought you said rickers had
primal youthful sexual vitality.

CHARGER

JIMMY
So what are you kids up to tonight?

KELLY
Probably going to hang out at
Bobby's place.

JIMMY
You do know how to paint the town.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Fuck off, Thing, I'm tired. Quiet
night in never hurt anybody.

JIMMY
I guess, when you're on the road
and spending the night in--

He's cut off by Bobby Lee's "NO" gaze in rearview.

JIMMY
Cheap hotel rooms.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Exactly.

KELLY

So how'd you guys do?

JIMMY

Two called for rain.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Won one called in the eighth. Never stepped to the mound.

JIMMY

Never caught a pitch.

KELLY

(mocking)

I's sowwy your life is so wuff.

JIMMY

It's a left here.

(beat)

You let her run her mouth like that all the time?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Yeah, I kinda like it.

KELLY

Oh, darling, you did remember to pick up my strap-on?

JIMMY

Right at the next sign. I don't want to know if she's not joking, alright Boozehound?

INT. BOBBY LEE'S APT.-THAT NIGHT

Kelly and Bobby Lee enter.

Bobby Lee's apartment is the slovenly bachelor version of clean. CLOTHING strewn about, FULL TRASHCAN, BOOKS and PLAYBOYS on his living room table.

Bobby Lee's EXOTIC BOOTS by the sofa

HALF EMPTY HANDLE OF GIN and BAG OF CHIPS visible in Kitchenette.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY
Wow, relatively clean.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
I knew you'd be coming over, and
for more than like a second. Even
washed dishes and made the bed.

KELLY
The sacrifices you make for me.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(rolls eyes, throws bag down)

KELLY
So what is a night in the life of
Bobby Lee Morgan, the boy from
Arkansas with the cannon right arm?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
It's kind of like kindergarten.

KELLY
Kindergarten?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Yeah, there are little stations.

KELLY
Oh?

Bobby Lee walks to the kitchenette pulls two ROCKS GLASSES
from the DISHWASHER, sets them on the counter by the fridge

He walks Kelly through his "gimlet" routine

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Station one, is ice.

KELLY
Ice

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Station two, booze.

KELLY
I see where this is going.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Station three, lime juice.
(hands Kelly one of the
drinks)

(CONTINUED)

KELLY
Station four?

Bobby Lee walks over to couch, grabs remote control

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Television.

KELLY
No snacks?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(motioning to kitchenette)
Fritos.

KELLY
You really should try some natural
foods some time.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
What's more natural than corn, corn
oil and salt?

KELLY
Wow, you memorized the ingredient
list.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
See, you're already rubbing off on
me.

Bobby Lee sits on the sofa and starts flipping channels,
Kelly follows behind with the bag of Fritos.

KELLY
So, we've made the drinks, turned
on the TV, what do you do after
that?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Wait.

KELLY
For what?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(nonchalant, flipping
channels)
Phone call from Chicago.

They both look over at Bobby Lee's CELL PHONE which is the
focus for two beats.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY
It isn't ringing.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
It usually doesn't.

KELLY
So that's it? You never pick up
your copy of
(examines book on coffee
table)
Jean Anouilh's Antigone?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Usually, I get two in me, stare at
the phone and decide to go to
Roper's, but you're here, so I
guess I can skip that step.

They quietly watch Television, beat of silence

KELLY
I think it's a law that this show
has to be playing at all times.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
I watch it for the blonde doctor.

KELLY
Hmm, I would've pegged you more the
sassy Latina nurse type.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Nope, blonde doctor.

KELLY
Oh god.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Change it, please.

KELLY
(stealing remote)
No way, I'm watching this.

ON TV:

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP-DAY

Bobby Lee, DA, Raul and Ben standing in front of cars,
COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER speaking

(CONTINUED)

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER (V.O)
Our Mudcats know the Zahradnik
automotive family is the best in
the tri-county area.

--Bobby Lee standing with TWO SUV's behind him, throwing a
pitch left to right on screen, then standing up

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Strike out high prices.

--DA swings bat w/ THREE PERFORMANCE VEHICLES behind him

DA
And get a home run deal.

--Raul sliding into base w/ COMPACTS behind

RAUL
(thick Dominican accent)
For a steal.

--Ben, leaning with a leg on the bumper of a NICER SEDAN

BEN
From the greater Prados Verdes
area's most experienced team.

--Players stand in front of HYBRID W/ STEER HORNS, they
speak in unison

PLAYERS
Crazy Ron Zahradnik's, Toyota and
Lexus of Prados Verdes. Where price
sells cars.

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER (V.O)
Conveniently located right off the
Freeway, next to Meadowbrook Mall.

--Bobby Lee and Kelly. Bobby Lee looks embarrassed, Kelly is
laughing

Bobby Lee shoots back his drink

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
I was contractually obligated.

KELLY
To make Texas look bad?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

What are you talking about? It's a fucking commercial for a dealership.

KELLY

Steer horns, on a hybrid? Who puts steer horns on a hybrid?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(shrugs)

Crazy Ron Zahradnik.

KELLY

The man thinks he's Yosemite Sam.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Come on, Kel, Mudcats can't be choosers.

KELLY

(turning sweet)

I know, but what kind of girlfriend would I be if I didn't give you some shit?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

One not unlike the others I've had.

Kelly straddles Bobby Lee's lap, takes his hat off his head, frenches the hell out of him.

KELLY

Well what if I tried to take your mind off the fact that your phone still hasn't rung and you just spent the last few days watching it rain? Then what kind of girlfriend would I be?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

One wholly unlike the others I've had.

KELLY

(pecks Bobby Lee's cheek)

I figured as much.

Kelly picks up her drink, shoots it back, crunches a piece of ice and begins unbuttoning her shirt.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

Fix me another one of these, and
meet me in the bedroom

Kelly dismounts, throws her shirt on the floor as she heads
out of the room.

Bobby Lee hurriedly goes over to mix another two drinks

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(yelling)

I promise those sheets are clean.

INT. BOBBY LEE'S BEDROOM-NEXT MORNING

Sun shining in. Kelly, alone in bed, waking up.

KELLY

(groggy)

What time is it?

Bobby Lee is getting dressed and ready.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Ten.

KELLY

Where are you going?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Ballpark. Warmups. Game one against
Corpus Christi, needed in the
bullpen.

KELLY

Fuck Corpus Christi.

Bobby Lee walks over to Kelly, kisses her forehead, grabs
his bag, starts getting a plug of dip

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(after spitting into pop
bottle)

That's the spirit, fuck Corpus
Christi.

KELLY

Do you have a shirt I can borrow?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(pointing to ARKANSAS JERSEY)
Jersey, hanging on the door.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

Be at Goat Roper's?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN(O.S.)

Probably. Lock the door when you leave.

Kelly goes back to sleep

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE- AFTER A GAME

Ben, still in his full uniform, drinks COKE IN A GLASS BOTTLE and eats SHELLED PEANUTS

Bobby Lee, in his undershirt sits across from him. Jack leans against the door frame

JACK

That was a hell of a game Playboy.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Glad to hear it, I aint use to good news coming in the skip's office.

BEN

We'll, you're sitting at a very respectable 2.9. Three w's in your last five and a good k/9.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Organization happy?

JACK

Happy, shit. Between you and Hokie they probably won't leave us with any pitching come the second season.

BEN

They're happy. But they're cautious.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

What do you mean, cautious?

BEN

They're going to let you finish out the first season. After the break, they'll see. But they want to make sure your rehabilitation takes hold.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I got clean piss and a great ERA.
Do they think it's the boozing?

BEN

I don't know, Playboy. It isn't my
decision to make.

(beat)

I made sure they were aware we were
cinching the Southern Division
since we made you ace.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

So they're keeping me here to give
you a Lonestar League pennant?

BEN

(laughs)

I wished they liked me that much.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I know, skip. Just figured they
might like somebody down here.

BEN

They like you, you just need
patience, kid.

Bobby Lee rustles in his chair a little, takes a few
peanuts, shells and eats them, looks over at Jack and
crosses eyes or sticks out tongue

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I'm ready to go back, I mean, at
least to Louisville.

BEN

You know damn good and well you're
going to rotate straight back into
the show from here. It's just a
matter of when.

JACK

And it should be soon, Playboy.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

That it, skip?

BEN

It is, and Wednesday night...

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
I throw the ball against Frisco.

Bobby Lee exits

INT. LOCKER ROOM/HALLWAY

We see Bobby Lee from behind

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(reciting loudly, fading out
as he walks down the empty
hall)
Shimmering-throned immortal
Aphrodite, Daughter of Zeus,
Enchantress, I implore thee, Spare
me, O queen, this agony and
anguish, Crush not my spirit. I
beseech thee, O goddess Fulfill for
me what I yearn to accomplish, Be
thou my ally.

INT. GOAT ROPER'S- A BUSY NIGHT

DA is at the bar having WHISKEY, Jorge MEXICAN BEER, GLENN
tends bar

Glenn serves Kelly a SALAD

GLENN
Rough night?

KELLY
Yeah

DA
Where's Playboy?

GLENN
Yeah, Kelly where is your boy?

KELLY
(peevd)
I don't know, he'll probably be
here later.

JORGE
Man, I thought he wanted to watch
this game.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

He told me he doesn't really like watching baseball.

GLENN

He plays baseball for a living.

KELLY

I don't like watching you mix drinks.

Glenn gives a shrug of acknowledgement

DA

(getting out cell phone)
Hey, sweetie, what's Playboy's number?

KELLY

Firstly, what did I say about calling me sweetie?
(beat)
Secondly, why do you guys always call Bobby Playboy?

DA

Ballplayers have nicknames.

KELLY

What is the nickname's origin?

GLENN

Oh, she doesn't know.

JORGE

Bobby Lee cogio para arriba.

KELLY

How'd he fuck up?

DA

I'm not touching this one.

KELLY

(gesturing with fork)
If he cheated on me...

GLENN

Woa, woa, that's not where it comes from.

(CONTINUED)

JORGE
No, nothing like that. His ex-woman
was a Playmate.

DA
Ex-wife.

KELLY
He didn't tell me he was divorced.

DA
It was messy, she got everything
but his Charger.

JORGE
Including his pitching.

KELLY
Well, if you guys had a Playmate
ex-wife, wouldn't you tell the
person you've been dating?

GLENN
I'm a townie, she'd know.

DA
I'd try to set up a three way.

Kelly gets up and heads towards the back.

KELLY
You guys are pigs.

DA
She must be on the rag.

GLENN
She's always like this when we're
busy.

EXT. BEHIND GOAT ROPERS--THAT NIGHT

Kelly and Dallas are on break, Dallas smokes a CIGARETTE.

KELLY
Can I bum one?

DALLAS
I thought you were on some, like,
healthy kick or something.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

It's been a rough night.

Dallas gives her a CIGARETTE, lights it, stubs her's and heads back inside.

Kelly gets out her CELL-PHONE, dials

INT. BOBBY LEE'S APT.

Bobby Lee drinks COCKTAIL from a JELLY GLASS.

PHONE RINGS, Ringtone-JOE BUCK "SWING AND A MISS" or similar

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Yo.

KELLY

(emphasizing playboy)

Hey there Playboy.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

How'd I fuck up?

KELLY

Damn it, Bobby, be serious.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I'm trying. What the fuck did I do?

KELLY

Why didn't you tell me you were divorced?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Never came up.

KELLY

That the best you can do? Never came up?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Come on Kel, I didn't hide it or anything.

KELLY

If you can't be emotionally open enough to tell me something like--

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Emotionally open?

KELLY
Communication, keeping a healthy
relationship.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Baby, I aint never been in a
healthy relationship.

KELLY
This is useless. You know, I just
wanted to have an adult
discussion--

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
You wanted to start shit because
that's what women do.

KELLY
You drunk sexist troglodyte jock
asshole. This is useless, call me
back when you learn how grownups
talk.
(hangs up)

Bobby Lee wings phone across the room, then stares at it,
slumps down on the couch, takes a pull from the bottle.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Shit. I was starting to like that
one.

INT. GOAT ROPER'S- A FEW DAYS LATER

Jimmy is having a CHEESEBURGER and POP.

Dallas and Kelly behind the bar.

JIMMY
So you aint talking to the
Boozehound anymore?

KELLY
You jocks and your stupid
nicknames.

JIMMY
He's a damn boozehound, that's why
he's here.

(CONTINUED)

DALLAS

She got mad because he didn't tell her about the ex.

JIMMY

Miss November? Said it was the best three months of his life and the worst four.

KELLY

He told you?

JIMMY

I'm as much his shrink as I am his catcher.

KELLY

Jesus.

DALLAS

Then on the phone he was drunk and a smartass.

JIMMY

When aint he?

KELLY

Exactly.

Jimmy pauses from his meal. Looks up at Kelly.

JIMMY

Alright, but you need to know something.

KELLY

What?

JIMMY

His control's been shit lately and he pitches tomorrow.

KELLY

(exiting)

Don't care.

DALLAS

She's, like, totally neurotic lately. I hate when she gets like that.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY
Imagine if she was throwing a
baseball at you.

EXT. FIELD/STADIUM- DAY

Bobby Lee is on the mound, batter walking to first.

With RUNNERS ON THE CORNERS, Jimmy heads to the mound.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Ah me, -yonder I behold a new, a
second woe.

JIMMY
(beat)
Didn't sound like church shit.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(tugging at hat)
That was Sophocles.

JIMMY
Don't say Testi-clees, say church
shit.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
What?

JIMMY
We win when you're saying church
shit. But today you're pitching
like old people fuck.

Bobby Lee spits, raises eyebrow

BOBBY LEE MORGAN/JIMMY (IN UNISON)
Slow and sloppy.

JIMMY
Need gum?

Bobby Lee shows he has a piece in his mouth.

Jimmy looks over Bobby Lee, who brushes the back of his hat
four times.

JIMMY
There, that was four. You're off
your routine.
(looks Bobby Lee in the eyes)
You're letting a piece of pussy
ruin your control.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

She's not just a piece of pussy,
Thing.

JIMMY

Piece of pussy, blessed virgin,
whatever, don't think about her or
any fucking thing but this game and
say some church shit.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(pissed look)

JIMMY

One down, runners on the corners,
time to talk to Jesus.

Jack approaches from the dugout.

JACK

Quit jerkin off or I'll tell Ben to
pull both of you.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I'm ready to pitch.

JIMMY

You're pussy wounded, off your
routine and won't say church shit.

JACK

What, church shit?

JIMMY

Saying church shit makes him pitch
good.

JACK

Care to explain Playboy?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(exasperated, angry)

Baseball practice was before
confirmation class, I got in a
habit of reciting catechism before
I pitched, habit stuck,

(beat)

it's psychosomatic.

JACK

Pitching is all in your head,
Playboy.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
It's in my arm.

Jimmy and Jack exchange glances

JIMMY
Jack here sang Charlie Pride on the mound.

JACK
(exasperated)
And it helped, say some church shit.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(with venom, picking up rosin bag)
Thou shalt not kill. What does this mean? We should fear and love god that we may not hurt or harm our neighbor but help and befriend him in every bodily need.
(throws down bag)

JIMMY
(grins)
That so hard?

Jack begins walking away.

JACK
You crazy sons of bitches deserve each other.

Jimmy pulls down his mask and hands Bobby Lee the ball

JIMMY
It's three tugs on the shirt, don't forget to spit.

Bobby Lee tugs shirt three times, spits

DUGOUT

BEN
Problem?

JACK
Playboy wouldn't say church shit.

(CONTINUED)

BEN
 (nods)
 Alright.

INT. MUDCAT'S LOCKER ROOM- AFTER THE GAME

Papa Shango is waving incense in front of a SANTERIA SHRINE

Bobby Lee, Jimmy and Corey are watching

JIMMY
 Between your church shit and his
 idol shit...

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
 I wonder if that works.

COREY
 (interjecting)
 The only thing that works is faith
 in Jesus Christ--

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
 True god, begotten of the father
 from eternity blah blah
 yadiblahblahblah...I got shelled
 today kiddo.
 (beat)
 and you didn't hit anything

COREY
 (walking away)
 Dang it, if you just want to be a
 butthole, I'll leave.

JIMMY
 (taunting Corey)
 That was almost cursing.

Bobby Lee approaches Papa Shango

PAPA SHANGO
 Mojuba Shango.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
 Who ya talking to?

PAPA SHANGO
 (without looking up)
 Shango. Sky father, keeps me
 strong.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Keep your ERA low?

PAPA SHANGO
(grins, shakes head)
And my heat powerful.

Papa Shango pours RUM into SHOT GLASS in front of shrine.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
He a drinker?

PAPA SHANGO
Shango likes the oti.

Bobby Lee pulls his DIP CAN

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Nicotine?

PAPA SHANGO
Shango usually takes the asha from
cigars.

Papa Shango pauses, realizing Bobby Lee is being friendly

PAPA SHANGO
But he could try it.

Bobby Lee shakes dip can, removes plug, puts it on TINY
PLATE in front of shrine

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Remember me Shango.

PAPA SHANGO
Asheogún Otá, Maferefún Shango (eng
trans: Victory over the enemy,
praise shango)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(tips hat to shrine)
What he said. Double.

PAPA SHANGO
Alejo, Mo, nlo Chicago.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(puzzled look)

PAPA SHANGO
You and I, we go to Chicago

JIMMY

When you two get done with Shango
you want to go out?

PAPA SHANGO

Grapevine?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Roper's. I need to talk to Kelly.

JIMMY

Yeah, tell her to give you your
control back. But I'm voting
Grapevine because
(takes QUARTER throws it
towards shrine)
Jimmy needs some pussy.

Papa Shango takes a swig of rum, hands bottle to Bobby Lee

PAPA SHANGO

That won't work Big Man.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(takes a shot)
Shango only helps if you believe.

JIMMY

(rolls eyes)
Fucking superstitious pitchers.

INT. DANCE CLUB, "THE GRAPEVINE"- THAT NIGHT

The club has a CENTRAL BAR, two SATELLITE BARS and a large
DANCEFLOOR

At CENTRAL BAR Kelly, drinking a "TINI" DRINK and Dallas,
drinking VODKA RED BULL

Kelly is playing with her CELL-PHONE, she begins reading a
text

KELLY

Feel shitty. Gave up 5. Stuck with
Jimmy, Shango. Miss you.

DALLAS

Delete it.

KELLY

It's better than a rambling, drunk
voice message.

(CONTINUED)

DALLAS

Just put the phone up, girls night
out, forget about him.

(beat)

Let's do shots.

KELLY

No shots.

DALLAS

Then let's find some cute guys to
dance with.

KELLY

Yeah, ok.

Dallas and Kelly survey the club

KELLY

Hair gel and cheap cologne.

DALLAS

Those guys, they're checking us
out.

KELLY

The ones that look like reject
Aeropostale models?

DALLAS

Why do you have to be negative
about everything?

INT. SEDAN- SAME NIGHT

Bobby Lee in the back, wearing APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION TEE
(or similar) under OVERSHIRT and, inexplicably, SUNGLASSES

He plays with his PHONE

Jimmy is driving, Papa Shango is shotgun

JIMMY

No. No goddamn it, you're not
calling her again.

Bobby Lee is mildly intoxicated, but by alcoholic standards

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I'm

(beat)

how do you know I'm calling her?

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY
Papa Shango, take the phone.

PAPA SHANGO
Phone, Playboy.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Guys.

JIMMY
The two big motherfuckers have
spoken.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(reluctantly, not enunciating)
Ahright.

Bobby Lee gives Papa Shango the phone

JIMMY
(first addressing Bobby Lee)
We're going to the Grapevine. Find
you a little blonde, me a divorcee
and
(turning to Papa Shango)
you some chick with an ass.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Man, I want some sweet lady
tequila. Fuck them Rapevine skanks.

Papa Shango and Jimmy exchange glances, Jimmy shrugs

JIMMY
Just tell some townie chick you've
been in the show.

PAPA SHANGO
Sky father will help Playboy get
laid if Playboy doesn't drink too
much tequila.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(grumbles)

INT. GRAPEVINE

The guys sit at a SATELLITE BAR.

Bobby Lee-TEQUILA SHOTS, Papa Shango- BLUE DRINK, Jimmy-
POP. Bobby Lee and Jimmy have PLASTIC SPIT CUPS

(CONTINUED)

Bobby Lee, facing away from the dance floor, begins to get a plug

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
So what's the plan of action?

JIMMY
Got to scope the place out

Bobby Lee still getting a plug together

SCANTLY DRESSED GIRL walks by

PAPA SHANGO
I've found mine.

Bobby Lee turns, watches her walk away and, while still fiddling with the plug, shrugs approvingly

JIMMY
And take those fucking sunglasses off. It's night, you look ridiculous.

Bobby Lee, now with a massive chaw in his mouth, spits into his dip cup

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
I look mysterious.

Jimmy takes the sunglasses off, puts them in a pocket

JIMMY
You're a pitcher, not a rock star.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(finishes drink)
I'm a drunk.

ELSEWHERE IN THE CLUB

KELLY
He hasn't texted me again. I don't know if that's a good or bad sign.

DALLAS
Oh. My. God. He's probably like passed out with ESPN on or something. I don't want to hear anything else about Bobby. Ok? Girls. Night. Out.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY
He isn't passed out to ESPN.

DALLAS
How do you know?

KELLY
(gestures)

ANGLE ON, Bobby Lee, sitting at the bar, doing TEQUILA SHOTS

KELLY
Should I go over there? I should go over there. I shouldn't go over there. I kind of want to go over there.

DALLAS
(exasperated)
Oh, god, go over there. Don't, I don't care. I'm going over there
(gestures other direction)
to get another drink.

ANGLE ON, Bobby Lee, spits CHAW into dip cup, wiping face with shirt

KELLY
I'm going over there.

FOCUS ON BOBBY LEE, alone, at the bar. There is a COUPLE at the far end. Bobby Lee looks at them, turns back to his drink with contempt

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(does tequila shot, then recites quietly, to himself)
The, um, shit.
(sucks on lime)
The expense of spirit and, uh, wages of shame, lust
(chuckles)
lust in action and til lust action.
(pauses, motions for another shot)
Til action lust-- til action lust is perj-- perj--...fuck it. All this world knows, but don't none know well. To shun the tequila that leads men to hell.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY (O.S.)

127?

Bobby Lee looks up sees Kelly, looks down like he's caught

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

128. No, wait. One of 'em.

KELLY

You look like hell.

Bobby Lee grumbles, motions to bartender.

KELLY

(somewhat surprised)

What? No comeback?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

No comeback.

BARTENDER comes over to Bobby Lee and Kelly

KELLY

Fix him a gimlet. Me too.

BARTENDER

(quizzical look)

KELLY

Half gin, half lime juice, ice.

Club Bartender walks away

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(weakly)

Thanks

KELLY

Consider it an olive branch.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Well...uh

(beat)

There's a martini joke in there somewhere.

KELLY

(irritated)

We get it Bobby, you're witty, god.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I'm sorry...I'm a dick, it's how I roll.

(CONTINUED)

Club bartender brings them drinks

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I'm also sorry
(sips)
I didn't tell you about Cindy.

KELLY

God, the name makes it so much worse.
(adopts valley girl accent)
I'm, like, Cindy, tots Miss November and this is my husband the baseball pitcher.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

She actually had a southern accent.

KELLY

Sorry
(takes a sip)
Wow, I better slow it down a little. Those Smartenies are catching up with me.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(chuckles)
Smarteeni. You're a live one.

KELLY

Live ones get mad easily.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I probably deserved it.

KELLY

Well, maybe not the whole wrath of bitch, but most of it. I mean, c'mon, people tell people they're dating they have an ex spouse.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

In Chicago, chicks knew.

KELLY

You aren't in Chicago.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Aint that shit the truth.
(beat)
Hey, you wanna get out of here?

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

No way, you're staggeringly drunk.

Bobby Lee frowns

KELLY

(playfully, mock indignant)
And you gave up five runs.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

God made you, woman, but the devil
made you clever.

Kelly finishes her drink, gets up and kisses Bobby Lee's
cheek.

KELLY

I know Playboy. Call me...
(looks him over, then
emphasizes)
Tomorrow.

Kelly walks away.

Bobby Lee stirs his drink, shakes his head, smirks and
laughs

Papa Shango and Jimmy enter

JIMMY

(backslapping Bobby Lee)
Papa Shango and me got some digits
while you sat here moping.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I chatted up a girl. She told me to
call her.

PAPA SHANGO

Shango is smiling on you Playboy.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Let's hope so.

JIMMY

Cute?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Looked a lot like Kelly.

(beat)

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY
(understanding)
Hmm.

INT. GOAT ROPER'S- SLOW NIGHT

The BALLGAME plays on TV as Glenn and Kelly tend bar.

One CUSTOMER at the bar.

Kelly takes ICE CUBES from the BEER COOLER and throws them back in from a distance. She sinks one from a far corner

KELLY
That's a skill right there.

GLENN
Your boy's kicking ass tonight.

KELLY
What?
(turning to the TV)
'My boy' or not, what the hell do I care about a baseball game? It's boring

GLENN
This one isn't.

Kelly gets the Customer another

KELLY
What's so interesting about this game?

CUSTOMER
The pitcher is an out away from seven perfect innings.

KELLY
What?

GLENN
A regular with whom you've had some extracurricular activities has pitched twenty outs without a single hit, walk or error.

KELLY
(watching TV)
That's really good, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

GLENN

That's fucking epic. It almost never happens in the majors.

CUSTOMER

It's been a long time since I seen it in the Lone Star League

Kelly points at the TV

KELLY

The little two-one, that's two balls one strike, right?

GLENN

Yeah, it means he better throw a strike.

KELLY

I thought it was four to walk.

CUSTOMER

He don't want to get three down in the count, though.

KELLY

(sort of understanding)

Ah

TV- Right handed batter, pitch, contact with the ball

KELLY

Oh my god, catch it!

GLENN

Easy throw to first
(to, clearly excited, Kelly)
I thought baseball was boring.

KELLY

It usually is.

TV- Bobby Lee ambling back to the dugout, gives "good job" point to Corey

EXT. FIELD/STADIUM- NIGHT

Bobby Lee ambles into the dugout, Ben slaps his back

BEN

Way to go Playboy.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(half smiling)
Glad I had Charlie Church.

JACK
(thinking Bobby Lee is being
modest)
Glad he had Charlie Church.

Bobby Lee gives a few fist bumps, takes his seat at the end
of the bench next to Jimmy, almost falls into his seat

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Look like you'll be up this inning?

JIMMY
Naw, it's the middle of the
rotation.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Think I'll be up this inning?

JIMMY
I got the second out last inning,
so I doubt it.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Thank god. You got any more of that
gum?

JIMMY
(fishing for it)
You like the orange or the
spearmint better?

Hands Bobby Lee a piece of gum

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
I'm partial to the mint. I can
handle the orange though.

Bobby Lee and Jimmy chew gum, two beats silence

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Twenty one outs.

JIMMY
(slowly)
Yup, twenty one.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Hey.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Yeah

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I haven't pitched a hit all day,
have I?

JIMMY

Nope.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

We walk anybody?

JIMMY

(looks up as if he's thinking
hard)

Not that I remember.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

So that means.

JIMMY

We've got six more outs.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(smirks)

You want to go out tonight, try and
get some pussy?

JIMMY

I thought you and bartender girl
made up.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

We did... sort of... I meant get
you some pussy.

JIMMY

(chuckles)

Yeah, but not Goat Roper's.

(beat)

Or the Rapevine

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I said pussy, not VD. We'll go to
Varsity Blues.

JIMMY

That place is a little dark, man.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(shrugs)

We'll go with Papa Shango.

INT. GOAT ROPER'S

The game is on all the TVs, sound up

TV- Bobby Lee and Jimmy talking in dugout

T.V.ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Who knows what those two are
talking about right now, Tim. Seven
shutout innings, and the offense
has put in a comfortable two runs.

T.V. ANNOUNCER 2 (V.O.)

They're probably worried about
Nivar in the eighth, Joe.

Kelly and Glenn quickly fill orders.

Dallas stands doing nothing.

Customer lights a cigarette.

DALLAS

Hey, Bobby Lee is about to pitch a
no-hitter

GLENN

No-hitter, shit, he's pitching a
perfect game.

DALLAS

(as if stating the obvious)
Exactly, a game where nobody gets a
hit

GLENN

It's better than a no-hitter.

DALLAS

(curt)
How can it be better?

KELLY

Wouldn't a perfect game, by
definition be a no hitter?

GLENN

(looks over at Customer)
Women.

Customer chuckles, goes back to his beer and cigarette

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

What is this? An all squares are rectangles, but not all rectangles type thing?

DALLAS

What, rectangles?

GLENN

(turning just to Kelly)
A no-hitter is just that, no hits. In a perfect game there are no walks or errors, either. He'd be screwed if he didn't have such a good infield.

KELLY

Learn something new.

EXT. DUGOUT- A LITTLE LATER

A visibly tired Bobby Lee sits next to Jimmy, who is staring into space

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(rousted)

You know what, fuck George F. Will

JIMMY

Who?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

The political guy that writes about baseball

JIMMY

(pretending to remember)

Oh yeah, him.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Yeah, him and Olbermann and Costas too

JIMMY

Why Costas? Costas is alright.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

No, fuck him too. Fuck all the purists.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Are you psyching yourself out
again? I swear to god--

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

No, it's just that...Well, Big Man,
I could use a designated hitter
right now.

Jimmy grins, chuckles

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Twenty four outs, and I got to go
be on deck. That's bullshit, man.

JIMMY

Hey, I been calling your fucking
pitches, keeping the infield
aligned and they actually expect me
to hit something, pussy.

Bobby Lee shrugs, gets up, goes over to get his helmet and
bat

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I guess you're right.

Bobby Lee stands in the On Deck Circle, where he takes a few
swings and begins to sing to himself

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Come and listen to a story 'bout a
man named Jed, poor mountaineer
barely kept his family fed, then
one day he was shootin' at some
food and up through the ground come
a bubblin' crude

(examines his bat)

Oil that is, black gold

(examines barrel of bat)

Texas tea

CUT TO: BAR TV

TV- The beginnings of Bobby Lee's On Deck Circle routine

CUT TO: IN THE ON DECK CIRCLE

STADIUM ANNOUNCER (V.0)

Batting next for the Mudcats,
number nine, Bobby Lee Morgan.

Stadium PA plays RIFF ROCK

(CONTINUED)

Bobby Lee walks into the batter's box, positions himself

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Now it's time to say goodbye to Jed
and all his kin, they'd like to
thank you kindly folks for kindly
dropping in, you're all invited
back again to this locality
(holds note, then drops voice
about an octave)
to have a heapin' helpin' of their
hospitality
(winking at the catcher)
Ever see the one where Granny boxes
a kangaroo?

Bobby Lee prepares to take a pitch.

A hard fastball down the middle, Bobby Lee doesn't swing

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Wasn't expecting that motherfucker.
(to catcher)
You wanna calm him down? I'm barely
on the interstate and don't wanna
be up here.

CUT TO: INT. GOAT ROPER'S

The Bar is fixated on a TV showing Bobby Lee in the batter's box.

KELLY

(exasperated)
Two strikes and he hasn't even
tried to swing. He looks tired.

GLENN

He's a pitcher, he's conserving his
energy.

CUSTOMER

He's a pitcher, and he hits like
one.

GLENN

Amen to that.

KELLY

Shut up, he's about to get another
pitch

TV- Pitcher checks Raul on first, doesn't get the out

(CONTINUED)

GLENN

Forget it, the guy was just keeping
Raul on first.

(raises voice)

Like he had such a big lead off
anyway,

(quiets back down)

asshole.

DALLAS

They shouldn't be allowed to do
that.

Glenn makes a face, Kelly shakes her head and gives Glenn
slight "throat slash"

TV- Bobby Lee gets one hard, high, inside

KELLY

Oh, bull shit. Throw that guy out.

CUT TO: BOBBY LEE IN THE BOX

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(rousted, to umpire)

Hey, man I wasn't even leaning in.
Can he at least get a warning or
something?

(looks down at the catcher)

Be glad neither of you two are up
next inning. I been known to head
hunt.

Bobby Lee squares up for next pitch, speaking to himself,
but audible to the catcher

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Just throw me another one, asshole.
Just throw me another one.

He swings, whiffs, picks up bat, shrugs at the dugout,
starts singing as he walks back

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

What a great day to take a stroll
and wander by the fishing hole.

CUT TO: BAR TV

TV- Bobby Lee and Jimmy talking on the mound

Kelly is getting a customer another beer

(CONTINUED)

KELLY
(yelling at the TV)
Throw the ball already. This
suspense is killing me.

Kelly hands Glenn the empty, he throws it away

GLENN
Chill out woman, he's a pitch away
here.

T.V. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Ten pitches and two strikeouts into
the ninth inning and we can only
speculate as to the discussion on
the mound.

CUT TO: THE MOUND

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(Clearly, mid conversation)
Because I swallowed the last piece
when he threw for my head that's
why.

JIMMY
This shit isn't candy, you know.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
I'll buy you a pack and a can of
dip later. So, tonight, BBQ or
Mexican?

JIMMY
(nonchalantly)
I can always go for some Brisket.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Wonder if Kelly's off work?

Jimmy fishes for and gives Bobby Lee a piece of gum

JIMMY
Mexican's fine too. You ready to
pitch?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
La serpentina? Catch him unawares?

Jimmy puts on his mask and heads towards the plate

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Naw, just throw it fast
(beat)
and hard.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(Picks up the rosin bag))
Twenty seventh out.

He bounces the bag three times, counting aloud as he does it, repeats, stands with bag, throws it down behind him

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Twenty seventh batter.
(brushes back of his hat)
One, two, three, one
(stretches word)
for luck, bill.
(makes exaggerated chewing motion)
One, two, three.

He spits without losing his gum, gets into position, checks surroundings out of habit, brings glove in front of his face

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I, a poor sinner, confess myself
before God guilty of all sins;
especially I confess before you
that I am a right handed pitcher.
But, alas, I serve my master
unfaithfully; for in this I have
not done what they commanded me; I
have provoked them, and caused them
to curse, have been negligent and
permitted damage to be done; have
also been immodest in words and
deeds, have quarreled with
management, been kind of a dick to
Kelly, drank too much gin, partaken
of Jimmy's Nicotine gum and
practiced Santeria. For all this I
am sorry, and pray for grace; or at
least one more strike. Wee pig
sooie, wee pig sooie, wee pig sooie
RAZORBACKS.

We follow Bobby Lee, in normal speed, from wind-up to follow through.

Bobby Lee, face turned, eyes away from the plate

Beat

(CONTINUED)

Crowd roars, Bobby Lee pumps his fist as he sees Jimmy holding the ball and headed toward the mound

CUT TO: GOAT ROPER'S

The patrons, and especially the bartenders are cheering wildly.

TV-Bobby Lee in a dogpile on the field.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE- THAT NIGHT

Ben is on the phone, Jimmy and Jack across from his desk

BEN

He pitched a perfect-- Yes, he's been controlling himself. That was one game, Mac and he followed it with this. Alright. Alright. I'll tell both of them.

JACK

Story?

BEN

Playboy stays through the playoffs, then they'll decide.

JIMMY

Ouch.

BEN

(to Jimmy)

Come the second season, you've got a coaching position. Next year, they might give you Bristol.

JIMMY

First time in my career I don't have to worry about ending up the player to be named later.

BEN

I'll send Mac your regards.

JIMMY

Want me to give Playboy the news?

JACK

He'll know soon enough.

INT. BOBBY LEE'S APT.- LATER THAT NIGHT

Bobby Lee is missing his "perfect game party"

He wears a WIFEBEATER and an ICE PACK over his right shoulder

On his CELL PHONE

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Well damn it, Jerry, then get me traded. I pitched a perfect fucking game, Jerry and they still don't have faith in me? Talk to Mac some more then.

(swigs)

Yeah it's under control. No, but I will be--. I'm celebrating man, I've never pitched a perfect game. I don't know, Anaheim needs some heat.

(balking)

I'd rather be here than in Cincy.

KNOCK AT DOOR

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(phone to chest)

Who's there?

KELLY (O.S.)

Kel.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I'll call you back.

Bobby Lee opens the door, Kelly is standing with BOTTLE OF GOOD GIN

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Hey.

KELLY

Can I come in? I bear gifts.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Yeah, yeah.

(looks at bottle)

Good shit.

Kelly enters, surveys apartment, goes over to kitchenette

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

Kind of a shithole right now.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

I wasn't expecting guests
(sits down on the couch)
Especially you.

KELLY

I looked for you at work, they're
throwing a party for you.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Yeah, I know.

Kelly fixes drinks, hands one to Bobby Lee

She can tell he's sulking, so she teases him

KELLY

Are you in poor pitiful me mode for
some reason?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

You just come by to give me shit?

KELLY

I came by to congratulate you.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

On what? They're keeping me here,
probably for the second season.

KELLY

After today?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Yup, I get to stay in Prado
Shithole in a bus league.

KELLY

It could be worse.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Could it? Kel, in Chicago I had
anything the city could give me.
Cool clubs, five star restaurants,
swank apartment.

KELLY

Materialist much?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

It's not just that. I was somebody,
all because of

(points to iced arm)

this bad boy here. I was
the rookie pitcher little kids in
Chicago wanted to grow up to be!

But now?

(beat)

I'm at risk of ending up a
cautionary tale; Bobby Lee Morgan,
the second coming of Steve
Dalkowski.

KELLY

Who?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Exactly.

KELLY

(composes herself)

I know you're going to get that
call, Bobby.

(beat)

Besides, look on the bright side.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

What's the fucking bright side,
huh? I've got this lovely place, a
telephone number the organization
must've forgotten, and an ERA that
aint never gonna be low enough.

KELLY

Forgot me.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

(swigs drink, surprised)

Huh?

KELLY

You've got a hot Texas girl.

(beat, grin)

I mean who wants a Playmate when
you can have the hottest piece of
ass at Goat Roper's?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN

Yeah, she's great, better than the
Playmate, but she's been kind of
pissed at me lately.

Kelly looks at Bobby Lee with a deflating "really" look

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
She's dangerous.

KELLY
Why's that?

Bobby Lee gets up, finishes his drink, kisses Kelly on the cheek, heads towards the kitchenette

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
She calls me on my shit.

KELLY
Somebody has to, you never listen to Jimmy. And he's your catcher.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
What's that supposed to mean?

KELLY
I don't know. Attempt at baseball talk.

Bobby Lee is now back in the living room, playing with the remote

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Want to watch the doctor show?

Kelly takes the remote from Bobby Lee, kisses him

Bobby Lee kisses Kelly deeply, Kelly touches Bobby Lee's right shoulder softly

KELLY
I want you to get a new ice pack, put on a shirt, and then go over to Roper's, where I can show you off.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Alright.

KELLY
And Playboy, if you want to really celebrate this game.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Yeah

Kelly takes Bobby Lee's middle finger, playfully seductive sucks it

KELLY
(winks)
Don't get too drunk.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
(speechless, gathering
himself)
Check, don't get too drunk.

EXT. BALLPARK- SUNNY SUMMER DAY

Kelly and Dallas sit above the home dugout.

Kelly is reading the program, scratching her head

KELLY
What is S-L-G?

DALLAS
Like I know.

Kelly looks up at Bobby Lee and Jorge standing on the mound

KELLY
Great. He's scratching himself. In
public.
(sarcastically)
Sexy.

ON THE MOUND

Bobby Lee is pointing towards Dallas in the stands

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Next to Kelly, real tan, with the
Anita Pallenberg shades.

JORGE
The what?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
The big sunglasses.

JORGE
Oh yeah, she's single?

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Thinks ballplayers are hot as hell,
dude.

(CONTINUED)

JORGE
Yeah, ok, tonight, Grapevine.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Bola rapida?

JORGE
Si, hard.

Jorge walks back behind the plate

Bobby Lee does his OCD routine

Bobby Lee raises the glove over his mouth.

BOBBY LEE MORGAN
Let thy holy angel be with me. That
thy wicked foe have no power over
me.

Gets into position, raises up

FREEZE immediately after the ball leaves Bobby Lee's hand

FTB