

THE JABS

Story by Jared Aldridge and Brad Peterson

Screenplay written by Brad Peterson

INT. - OFFICE - MIDDAY

LARRY BENOIT (60s) is in the office of the COMMISSIONER OF BASEBALL (50s). Benoit is a billionaire from Texas, who owns a professional sporting team from each of the other three major sporting venues. The Lakers, Cowboys and The New York Rangers. He always wears a light colored suit, and a large white cowboy hat.

The two men stand up, and reach out to shake hands.

COMMISSIONER

Well Benoit. Looks like you just bought yourself a baseball team.

BENOIT

It's about time you let me put a team here in Vegas.

Rubs hands together rapidly.

I finally got my quad-fecta. Yee haw!

COMMISSIONER

First person ever to own a team in all four of the major sports at the same time.

He lights his cigar.

BENOIT

Pretty impressive if you ask me.

COMMISSIONER

You know Larry. All it took was time. Just a little time.

BENOIT

Haha sure. Try telling that to my checkbook.

Both the men laugh.

Alright Bill. Looks like I need to go build myself a ball club. I'll see you sometime in October, huh?

COMMISSIONER

Haha. Let's just focus on the attendance goals, and go from there.

Offended by his comment.

BENOIT

Bill, I don't think you quite get it. Larry Benoit ONLY owns winners, and this here team is no different.

COMMISSIONER

I understand that. But Larry, you gotta realize. Steinbrennar has a pretty tight lock on the league. He's won the series the last 3 years.

Waves hand to dismiss the comment.

BENOIT

Bah. Steinbrennar. By the time I'm done with this team, he's gonna be asking *me* how to build a squad. Yihaa. Don't worry bout me old boy.
Leans in and taps desk.
This dog knows how to hunt.

COMMISSIONER

You know what partner?
Gets up to shake his hand.
I like you. Let me walk you out.

Benoit stands up to leave.

BENOIT

I think I can see myself out. But thank ya for the offer. Take care now, ya hear?

COMMISSIONER

You got it Larry.
Half way out the door.
And Lare. Good luck out there.

Larry winks, tips his hat, then walks out of the doorway.

CUT TO: INT. - LIMO - DAY

Door closes as Benoit gets in limo. He starts speaking with his two advisors/talent scouts. GARY JANNINGS (50s) of African American decent and former Yankee, who agreed to work for The Jobs, strictly for the money and ROBERT HALL, (30s) Caucasian, whose specialty is finding the best available players in the market today.

Benoit is pouring some wine for all 3 of them.

ROBERT

How'd it go boss?

BENOIT

Perfect, as usual.

GARY

That's good to hear Larry. So what'ya got?

BENOIT

Ok fellas, this is about as simple as it gets. We have one goal this year, and every year. We march through the regular season, we take the pennant, and we head over to New York, and sweep those damn Yankees--

Leans back in seat and puts his cigar in his mouth.

--right off their feet.

ROBERT

Those are some high goals Larry. You think we can win this thing in the first season?

Benoit seems amused.

BENOIT

Haha. Robert my boy. How you underestimate the power of money. It's really quite easy, and you two are going to make it happen. That's why I hired you.

Leans forward.

GARY

We--.

He points to his chest, and seems a little confused.

--'re gonna make it happen?

BENOIT

That's right. I hired you for one reason and one reason only, cuz you guys are the best. I want you to go build me a winner.

He leans intensely.

I want the damn all-star team to be made of my baseball team--I want

those no good Yankee players to wish they were on this team.

Leans back in seat, annoyed.

GARY

In 9 weeks? Shit...You're outta your God Damned mind!

ROBERT

How do you plan on making it happen?

BENOIT

Simple. We just buy our way to victory. Boys I want the best of the best--for every position.

GARY

But Larry, I don't think you quite understand...some of those players are still under contract! There is NO way that we could possibly get the best of the best for each position.

BENOIT

Well, Gary, I already I knew that. And for those spots I went out and got what I thought this team needed. All I'm saying is that I want you to get me the best available, and at no spared expense. And I mean NO SPARED expense. If someone wants too much money. GIVE IT TO HIM! You think you guys can handle that?

Gary and Robert smile and seem entertained by the thought.

ROBERT

Haha. You know what? I don't think we will have ANY problem with that.

BENOIT

Now that's what I like to hear. Ok, good. Now here's a list of the positions that I still need you two to fill. The rest have already been taken care of.

Hands Robert the list.

ROBERT

So everything else is taken care of?

BENOIT

Yup. Sure is. I got your base coaches, your starting pitchers, and an outstanding center fielder, whose back in the game after missing most of his rookie year due to a forced stint in rehab. I even got you a couple of solid veterans. I gotcha a gritty, hard-nosed catcher and a good-old boy out in right field.

ROBERT

Oh yeah? Who'd we pick up?

BENOIT

Well, let's not go into details right now. The main thing is that we got 'em. So you boys understand what I need from you?

GARY

Yeah, yeah, we get, but there's just one thing we were wonderin'.

BENOIT

What's that?

GARY

What's the name of our team?

BENOIT

Well. Let me ask you this. What's the most popular sport in Vegas?

The men just look at each other with puzzled looks.

ROBERT

Um. Poker sir?

BENOIT

No, no. Not poker. I'm talkin' 'bout a real sport. The kind that only the toughest of the tough can handle. I'm talkin' bout Boxing.

ROBERT

Boxing--Sir?

BENOIT

You damn right!

ROBERT

But sir, I don't understand. What does boxing have to do with our baseball team?

Benoit giggles at his foolish comment.

BENOIT

Come on cowboy.

Takes a sip wine and sits back in, then uses his free hand to paint the words in the air for the men.

The Las Vegas--

He leans closer to the men.

--JABS.

With a small hint of laughter.

ROBERT

Huh. Very nice sir. Very nice.

Gary looks over at Robert and smugly acknowledges the team name, and Robert smiles back. Benoit leans back in seat and smiles with content as he looks out the window.

CUT TO: EXT. - BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Gary and Robert are standing to the side with clipboards, watching a very thin African American, IRVIN GIBBS mid(20s) at the plate, He is putting on a hitting clinic. His HITTING COACH, is "calling" directions for Irvin to hit the baseball only seconds before the ball reaches the plate.

HITTING COACH

First base.

Irvin hits it to first.

Center field.

Irvin hits it to center.

Shortstop.

Irvin hits it to short.

Now let's really show 'em something.

Motions to the pitcher.

Ok Irvin. I want you to hit round the horn, and then hit a deep fly ball to right, left, then center. You got that?

IRVIN

Sure thing coach. No problem.

The coach motions to the pitcher.

HITTING COACH

Ok Mickey, I want to see rapid fire pitches, one after another.

Turns back to Gary and shouts towards him.

Hey Gary! Watch this!

Gary nods head and the pitcher pitches 7 balls, barely giving Irvin a chance to recover from each pitch. Irvin does exactly what the coach asked. Gary and Robert stand there stunned. The pen falls from Robert's mouth.

HITTING COACH

Ok Mickey. That's enough.

The hitting coach tips his hat towards Gary and Robert.

ROBERT

Gary, how in the hell is this guy a free agent? I mean, have you ever seen anything like that in your entire life?

GARY

I don't know. And hell NO! I played this game better than anyone I knew, and I aint never seen anything like that.

ROBERT

Well I don't know about you Gary, but I think we just found ourselves our first JAB.

GARY

You can say that again.

They watch Irvin walk off into the dugout. His teammates are shouting to him.

ENTIRE TEAM

Gibbs! Gibbs! Ha. Where you going?

He walks as though he can't hear them, and his teammate's just laugh and shake their heads.

ROBERT

Huh. That was strange.

GARY

Ah. I wouldn't worry about it. So who's next?

Robert looks down at his clipboard.

ROBERT

Looks like we're gonna need our
passports.

They start to walk off.

Hope you like Sushi.

CUT TO: INT. - DOJO - DAY

Gong goes off. Gary and Robert stand in the entry way of a dojo. ERIC GREENE mid (20s), a 6' tall extremely skinny and pale caucasian is practicing Marshal Arts alone. He is dressed in full fighting attire and looks focused. His back is to the men, so they don't want to startle him.

Whispers to Robert.

GARY

You're tryin' to tell me that you
flew my ass all the way to China,
for the Karate Kid?

Eric does a roundhouse kick, and then finishes his routine and bows. He is a winded, so breathily he greets the men.

ERIC

Please. Come in. I had a feeling
you would be here soon.

The men give puzzled looks and remain in the doorway.

GARY

But how did you know we were here?
We haven't said shit.

Without turning his body, he turns his head and he speaks.

ERIC

I have been trained in a way that
allows me to sense things that a
normal human could not.

ROBERT

Wow. That's amazing.

ERIC

Please. Come in. What is it that I
can do for you?

GARY

Well, we're here to talk to you
about possib--

Eric cuts him off by putting his finger up.

ERIC

Wait--

He closes his eyes and puts
his index finger to his
head.

You've come to talk about baseball,
haven't you?

ROBERT

Yes. That's amazing. We are here
to talk to you about a position with
our team. Do you have a minute?

Immediately after Robert finishes his question, Eric's
SECRETARY jogs in, and knocks on the door.

SECRETARY

Hey Eric, those two men from The
Jabs that I told you about are out
in the--

She sees Gary and Robert.

Oh. Never mind, I see that you've
already met. Is there anything else
I can get you while I'm here, sir?

Eric's voice suddenly goes to a normal tone, and he appears
a little annoyed, as he turns around to talk to her.

ERIC

No Kelly, that'll be all. Thank you!

Robert and Gary look at each
other and smile. Eric
walks over to them.

Sorry about that. I uh, thought she
went to lunch.

Reaches out to greet them.

Eric Greene. Nice to meet you.

ROBERT

I'm Robert. Robert Hall, and this
is my partner Gary Ja--

Eric cuts him off.

ERIC

Gary Jannings. Of course. First man
to hit 4 triples in one game. One
of only 3 to hit for the cycle in
back to back games. No--You don't
need to tell me. You were the man.

He shakes his hand.

You definitely knew your way around
a ballpark.

GARY

Thank you, but last time I checked,
I was still the man.

Mumbles his words as he gets uncomfortable.

ERIC

Well yes of course, I mean, I wasn't
trying to say that you still aren't,
I mean...it's just...So--What
exactly do you guys want to talk to
me about?

ROBERT

Eric, it's like this. We need a
first baseman, and we think you're
the man for us.

As he is pouring himself a drink.

ERIC

Well, I do play first base.
He lifts the sake.
Care for a drink?

GARY

Nah, I'm good. Listen, Eric. It's
like this. We are willing to offer
you a substantial long term deal if
you would come over to America and
play for The Jabs.

ERIC

Look, as I'm sure you guys know, I
have it about as good as I could
have it over here.

Eric looks up toward the ceiling to reminisce.

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - NIGHT

Eric just hit the game winning homer and there are
thousands of ASIAN FANS with we love Eric shirts and
posters mobbing the field as he is rounding the bases.

With terrible accents.

ASIAN FANS

We love a you Eric. Woo!

CUT TO: INT. - DOJO - DAY

GARY

Eric.

Waves hand in Eric's face.

Come on son, wake up!

Eric snaps out of it.

Look, we realize that you are a hero over here, but if you just take a look at this--

He extends out a contract.

I think you might change your mind.

Eric snatches the contract out of Gary's hand and reads.

ERIC

Huh--

He flips through the pages.

--You weren't lying. This is a lot of money. But I gotta be honest with you. It's really not up to me.

ROBERT

Well. Who is it up to then?

A gong goes off, and an ASIAN MAN (50s) appears from the shadows of the dojo and is directly beside Gary. It is Eric's SENSEI. Gary is startled.

GARY

What the! Where the hell did he come from?

Both appear startled as they stare at the little man.

ERIC

It's best not to ask any questions.

He communicates very quietly in Japanese to the sensei, who does not say a word.

The sensei nods and grunts after a short chat then stares up at the men who still look confused.

Ok, it's settled. I will play for your team.

ROBERT

Oh that's great. We're so glad tha--

He holds up his index finger, and cuts the men off.

ERIC

On--One condition though.

ROBERT HALL

Alright sure, you name it. Whatever you want.

ERIC

You will not only provide me with a house fully equipped with a dojo EXACTLY like this. But you will also provide a house for my sensei.

ROBERT

Well sure, that's not a problem--
Gary and Robert look over to where the sensei was standing, but he has vanished.
Where did he go? He was just here.

GARY

I don't know man, that fucker was standing here like 2 seconds ago.

They look up and Eric with confused faces.

ERIC

Like I said. It's better if you just don't ask any questions.
Raises glass to take a shot.
Looks like I'll see you in Vegas.

CUT TO: EXT. - AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

An airplane is landing.

CUT TO: EXT. - DESERT - DAY

Gary and Robert have reached a cluster of houses in the desert. Robert has a scared look on his face.

ROBERT

You know Gary. There are plenty of great second basemen in America. You do know that, don't you?

Gary puts his finger on his lips, as they peer around the corner of the house.

GARY

I told you to be quiet...now just watch.

SLOW ZOOM

A boy is teeing up a raggedy old golf ball.

CUT BACK TO GARY AND ROBERT'S EYES, THEN BACK TO THE BOY

The boy swings as hard as he can and as he hits the ball. It is snatched up by another young man who could not have been more than 10 or 15 feet away. This man is BAHIR MUHOMAD (20s). He is Arabic. He is an extremely athletic 2nd baseman. He calmly gets the ball out of his worn out glove and tosses it back to the boy so he can hit it again.

CUT BACK TO GARY AND ROBERT IN THE BUSHES

ROBERT

Oh my God Gary! Did you see that?
He starts to get excited.
That was the most unbelievable thing
I've ever seen in my whole life.

Gary shooshes him, as they watch the boys.

GARY

Calm down Robert, I already know.

ROBERT

Gary! How in the world did you find
this kid?

GARY

Let's just say I have friends all
over.
Waves to Robert.
Come on. Let's go over here.

As they start to move, a large, man walks up with a machedi and confronts them. He looks extremely angry Robert appears terrified.

ROBERT

Oh shit! Gary, what do we do?
Brief pause before leader
lunges towards Gary, but
then simply hugs him. This
causes Robert to jump back.
What the hell! Wait a minute. Do
you. Do you know this guy?

Gary and the man start laughing.

GARY

Hell ya! I want you to meet my
brother in law Hanan. Hanan,
Robert, Robert, Hanan.

The man sets down the weapon and reaches out to shake his hand as he is smiling. Then accentless.

HANAN

It's nice to meet you.

Still trying to figure out what just happened.

ROBERT

I, uh-- yeah of course. It's nice to meet you too.

HANAN

Sorry 'bout the machedi bit. It's just a little something I like to do with the tourists. You know. Shake things up for 'em.

Robert still appears a bit shaken.

ROBERT

Ha. Yeah. That's a good one. You really got me there.

HANAN

So how's my boy lookin'?

He waves to the boys, and they wave back.

ROBERT

Amazing! So he's your son, huh?

HANAN

Yeah, that's what the test results showed. Haha. I'm only kidding. Of course he is. And he is probably the best talent in the middle east.

ROBERT

I would assume so, yeah.

Hanan looks over at Gary.

HANAN

So, are we agreed on what we talked about?

Gary pulls out a file folder with a pen and a contract.

GARY

Yup.

He extends out the pen.
All you gotta to do is sign here.

Gary looks back through the bushes to watch the boy.

HANAN O.S.

Well I certainly don't have any problems in doing that.

The two men laugh.

GARY O.S.

Ok my brother, that's it. I'll have the plane arrangements all worked out for him.

HANAN O.S.

Thanks brother. You're a good man.

As they shake hands.

GARY O.S.

No. Thank you.

Their conversation gets faint.

FADE OUT

FAD INTO: EXT. - BALLPARK - DAY

TIGHT ZOOM INTO BATTERS BOX

FOX RIVERS (20s). Fox is your quintessential perfect athlete. He has a great body, good looks, and he is the best overall player in the league. He is also the most vain as well, although he actually does not know that he acts that way. He is only wearing his baseball pants and cleats so he can show off his abs, and work out his tan.

To himself as he hits another one out of the park.

FOX

Yup. Gone! All day baby. Uhh!

Hits another homer.

Oh my God, you've got to be kidding me. I didn't even know the ball could be hit that hard. Haha.

Taps his chin as he thinks.

Hmm. What now? How bout some versatility. Drop down the old buntshkee. Ah.

He bunts the ball.

Yup, just like that. Ok. What if we switch 'er around to the left?

Take this chump deep from both sides? Bowuh.

Hits a homerun from the left then steps out of the box and lays his bat down.

Whew. Hey Drew! You mind bringing me some water?

Stares down at his muscles.

I'm getting' a little dehydrated over here.

ROBERT

So this is Fox Rivers huh?

GARY

Yup. Triple crown winner. .410, 59 with an unbelievable 177 rbi's. The kid is just pure baseball.

ROBERT

Wow. That is sick. So what's the deal? Why wouldn't they sign this guy for life?

GARY

That's a good question. Could be money issues. Maybe they can't agree on terms. Who knows. All I know is. Benoit said spare no expense. And this guy is definitely going to be one hell of an expense.

A ball boy runs over and hands him a bottled water. He looks around for a bit, then puts it up to his lips.

SLOW MOTION

Hw slowly shakes his head as he pours the water all over his head and body. He starts to rub his chest and abs, and then is cut off.

RESUME NORMAL SPEED

HITTING COACH 2

Fox!

Fox snaps out of it.

Let's go! Get the hell out the box!

We ain't got all day here!

Fox looks around, then grabs his bat and walks to the right where he runs into Gary and Robert. The men introduce one another, but the conversation cannot be heard.

FADE OUT

CUT TO: INT. - GARY'S OFFICE - DAY

Gary and Robert sit in Gary's office.

ROBERT

Ok, so according to Benoit and based off all the players we have gathered up. We need to round out our infield with a 3rd baseman. And get ourselves a closer who can finish it off for us at the end of the day.

GARY

Sounds about right to me--So what do you think about Rolen or possibly--

He is interrupted by the door being rammed open. MITCH VANDERHOUSINGTON (30s) enters the room. He is over 6'5" tall and he literally looks like a steroid freak. He looks upset as the men just sit there with their mouths open.

MITCH

Are you the two doing the recruiting for the JABS?

A little startled.

ROBERT

Uh, yeah. Can we help you sir?

He slams the door shut, and walks up to within feet of Gary who is closest to the door.

MITCH

Have you signed a 3rd baseman yet?

GARY

Well actually, we were just talk--

Mitch cuts him off.

MITCH

Good.

He starts to walk away.

I'll see you next week.

Robert sits up and tries to get a word in.

ROBERT

Uh. Big guy.

Mitch is already half way

out the door.
Scuse me.

Slams door before Robert can get another word in. Robert sits back down and puts his hand on his chin. Gary slowly spins in his chair to face Robert, then in a slowly utters.

GARY
What the hell was that?

Robert still looks shell shocked.

ROBERT
I uh. Pbbbbbbp. Gary I have no idea. But from what I gathered, from that--
-Very, VERY large man, it appears that we just found ourselves aye a--
He leans back in his chair,
and enterlocks his hands.
A 3rd baseman.

GARY
Yeah. I guess so.

The 2 men just sit there silently. They each start to say something but then stop because of what just happened.

CUT TO: INT. - BENOIT'S OFFICE - DAY

Gary and Robert knock on the half open door.

BENOIT
Ah. Boys. Come in and have a seat.
He gets up to make a drink.
So we set for the World Series yet?

Laughs a bit.

GARY
Actually Larry, that's exactly why we're here.

BENOIT
You boys done already? Well great! Let's see who we got.
Robert hands him the list.
Hoo hoo. You boys picked up old Fox Rivers. Woo doggy. I knew you guys were good. But I'll be damn.

Robert veers over at Gary for a sec, then he starts pointing out other players on the list.

ROBERT

That's right. You said you wanted the best, so that's what we got ya. We also got you Eric Greene, who vowed to never play in the states again. Irvin Gibbs, who could hit a ball through a Barry Bonds shifted defense, and Bahir Muhomad. When you see this ki--

Benoit cuts him off.

BENOIT

What's this question mark at 3rd base? You fellas still haven't found a 3rd baseman?

The men look at each other, then hesitantly respond.

GARY

Actually, Larry, a 3rd baseman found us.

BENOIT

Found you?

ROBERT

Yeah, strangest thing... only problem is we just weren't able to get his name.

BENOIT

What do you mean you didn't get his name? You were the ones who signed the guy, right?

GARY

Not exactly. You see, we were in my office and suddenly a--

Benoit cuts him off and stands up quickly out of his chair.

BENOIT

Wait a minute. Where's the?

He starts to panic a bit.

Where's the dog gawn closer? How we gonna finish a game without a closer? Please tell me you got Percival. Or maybe that guy from the Yankees.

He sort of punches the air.

I love that guy's stuff.

The two look at each other again.

ROBERT

Actually Larry. We were waiting to finalize that with you.

BENOIT

Ok. So who we lookin' at?

Gary looks at Robert with a little grin.

ROBERT

We're looking at none other than crazy--Skeeter--Banks.

Gary leans back in his chair intrigued.

BENOIT

Skeeter Banks. That's actually not too damn bad. So what? He holding out for more money or something? Why haven't we signed him?

GARY

That crazy son of a bitch fucked himself real good.

BENOIT

What do you mean? What happened?

Robert and Gary look at each other then gesture for Benoit's secretary.

ROBERT

Sarah can you bring in the T.V. now?

SARAH GIVENS rolls T.V. in.

Thank you hun.

SARAH

No problem.

She leaves, and he takes the remote and clicks on the T.V.

ZOOM INTO TELEVISION

CUT TO: EXT. - BOAT DOCK - DAY

BAM MARGERA from MTV's "Viva la bam" is on a boat dock with his crew, as well as "CRAZY" SKEETER BANKS.

Bam darts his head in front of the camera and screams.

BAM

Wooo!!!

Now in a whispery tone.

Nate's dared Skeeter to the ultimate boat drag. But what he doesn't know is that we switched from the fishing boat, to the drag boat. Haha. Shoooo. Let's walk over there and see how he's feelin'.

They walk towards Skeeter who is sitting on the edge of the boat dock in nothing but some blue speedos and the red cape he always wears. He is holding the handle at the end of a very long ski rope and his legs are dangling off the dock.

JOHNNY KNOXVILLE

So you all ready to go Skeet?

Very hyped up.

SKEETER

Hoo hoo! Ow! You know it! This oughta shut that punk up!

PAN TO NATE MORRIS

NATE MORRIS (20) has really long hair and a really scruffy beard. He is actually the rookie that Benoit drafted, but because of his appearance Benoit doesn't notice him.

Towards Skeeter.

NATE

Whatever grandpa! You're probably gonna end up in the hospital.

PAN BACK TO SKEETER

Skeeter comments without looking back.

SKEETER

Haha. Just like how I put your mom in the hospital last night bitch!? Haha.. Sucker.

Skeeter's girlfriend looks offended.

Oh. Sorry honey. You know I'm just talkin' crazy.

Puts on some pilot goggles.

Cuz I'm Craaaaaaaaazy Skeeter Banks. Yoooooo Doggy.

The rest of the crew screams with excitement as well.

Alrighty--Here she comes! I hope you boys are ready to see something you've never seen before.

His girlfriend looks very nervous.

ZOOM INTO BAMS FACE

BAM

This is going to be sick. He has no clue that this boat is going over 95 mph. Haha.

Rubs hands eagerly.

Let's watch!

PAN BACK TO ENTIRE DOCK

The boat comes from around a bend and is speeding towards the dock with CHRIS PONTIUS as the driver. He has his two fingers up and he is head banging like a rocker.

ZOOM INTO SKEETERS FACE

Skeeter gulps with fear right before the boat gets to him.

ZOOM BACK TO ENTIRE BOAT DOCK

The entire crew is screaming and head banging with anticipation, and Skeeter's girlfriend turns her head as the boat zips past. The boat just rips Skeeter off of the dock in a horrid motion, and within seconds all you can see is his cape and blue speedo floating in the water.

BAM

Holy shit! aahhhaaaa! Did you guys see that!? That was fucking insane!

His girlfriend looks terrified, and is panicking.

GIRLFRIEND

Somebody do something!

BAM

He got ripped off of here quicker than Pontius' pants at a god damn bachelor party.

He calls over DON VITO.

Vito! Vito! Come here. Vito I'll give you \$500 dollars if you go in there and give him mouth to mouth.

PAN OUT TO KNOXVILLE, AND MORRIS

JOHNNY

You think he's alright dude?

Nate appears to be very uninterested.

NATE

You think I care dude? No!

QUICK PAN TO FLOATING CLOTHES

Don Vito is jumping into water with an XXXXXL life vest on.

CUT TO: INT. - BENOIT'S OFFICE - SAME

Robert hits pause, and it freezes with Don Vito in mid air.

BENOIT

I've had enough.

He appears upset.

Jesus Christ. What kind of moron does something like that? For God's sakes.

Gary appears somewhat amused.

GARY

A dumb ass white boy, that's who!

ROBERT

Well, he does call himself "crazy" Skeeter Banks.

He is trying to hold back a laugh but he can't.

And that definitely was the craziest thing I've ever seen.

BENOIT

Yeah, I guess. So what? What does this mean? Can he still pitch? Or is he dead? Or what?

ROBERT

Well that's what we were going to find out today. But we wanted to see if you still wanted him.

Benoit looks unsure.

BENOIT

Of course. When he's on. He's unhittable. But not if he can't pitch.

He takes a drink.

So why don't you go find out what the deal is, and if he can still pitch, then sign him. If not, we'll just have to find someone else.

The two men get up.

GARY

Alright Larry we'll let ya know.

BENOIT

Ok boys.

They start to walk out.

And hey, you guys did real good. We got one hell of a ball club here.

They smile as Benoit tips his glass, and they walk out of the room. After they leave Benoit looks over at the T.V.

BENOIT

Dumb crazy basterd.

He finally laughs a bit, and then grabs the remote and turns off the T.V., then looks out his window at his field.

FADE OUT

FADE INTO: INT. - HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

SLOW PAN FROM FAR SIDE OF ROOM TO BED

Skeeter is in a full body cast. A man who is dressed like a doctor is holding a clipboard next to the bed. Gary and Robert walk into the room with caution.

ROBERT

Hello?

Lightly knocks on the door.

Anybody home?

SKEETER

Yeah. Yes. Please. Come on in.

Skeeter leans into the doctor and whispers something to him. The doctor and the men introduce themselves.

DOCTOR 1

Hello. It's nice to meet you both.

Shakes both of their hands.

I'm Doctor Bransky and I'm in charge of watching over Mr. Banks during his stay here at Willows Edge.

ROBERT

Great. I'm glad he's in good hands.

Walks next to Skeeter's bed.
So. Skeeter Banks. Robert Hall.
It's a pleasure to meet you.

SKEETER

It's nice to meet you too. Sorry I
can't shake your hand, but I'm a
little tied up.

ROBERT

Don't mention it.

Robert points to Gary.

That's my partner. Gary Jannings.

Gary waves.

SKEETER

Nice to meet you Gary.

GARY

Same here Skeeter.

ROBERT

So. How are you feeling?

SKEETER

Well, except for the numbness from
my stomach down. I'm feeling good.

Robert looks unsure.

ROBERT

Yeah, I can see how that could be a
problem.

The doctor walks over.

DOCTOR 1

You know. As bad as this looks now.
Most of this is really just
precautionary. It's my opinion that
he'll be back to full health in no
more than about 3 weeks.

GARY

3 weeks!? You lost your mind? I
mean, when I broke my ankle, I was
on the D.L. for 6 weeks. I can't
believe he'd even be walking in 3
weeks, let alone back to full
capacity. You sure about that?

The doctor takes Gary by the shoulder and walks him toward
to the door so he can talk to him a little more privately.

DOCTOR 1

Ok Gary. Can I call you Gary?

GARY

I'll let it slide...for now.

DOCTOR 1

Ok then Gary, here's what were dealing with.

He looks back at Skeeter.

If I had it my way, I would have him out of here tonight.

Gary is shocked.

GARY

Tonight! What are you? Crazy? I thought he was the crazy one?

DOCTOR 1

No, no, no. Not at all. You see, the truth of the matter is--

He leans in real close.

He really isn't hurt that bad at all. I think he just wants to prove something to some of his pals or something. He keeps mentioning some guy named Nate.

GARY

Wait wait wait! So, you're saying that you got all those casts on him, and he aint even hurt? What kind of fucked up hospital is this?

DOCTOR 1

Ho, whoa! Calm down. At first they were on for precautionary reasons. But after we did all of the necessary tests we found that all he had was a few bruises and a few very light fractures. The only reason we left those casts on was because he refused to let us take them off.

Gary relaxes and laughs.

So, he's the patient, and it really can't harm him to have those on. So, we just left them on.

GARY

Listen doc, I don't care about casts on or casts off. All I need to know is if he can pitch by the start of the season or not?

DOCTOR 1

I guess that depends on when the season starts.

GARY

Opening day is in 5 weeks.

He taps him on the shoulder and heads back to the bed.

DOCTOR 1

He could play if your season started late next week.

The two men laugh as they walk back to the bed.

Ok Skeeter. How's everything going over here? You feelin' ok?

SKEETER

Yepoh. I feel like a million bucks.

He peers up at Robert.

Maybe even 5 or 6 million.

Gary and Robert pause, then all the men start laughing. Then Gary to Robert.

GARY

We're good.

Robert looks back at him to assure that he heard him right.

ROBERT

Yeah? So we can move forward?

Gary gives him the "OK" symbol with his fingers.

Ok Skeeter. Well I think we've seen all we need to see here.

SKEETER

Oh. You guys gonna go?

ROBERT

Yeah, but don't worry. As soon as you can use those arms. We'll have a contract ready to go for ya.

Skeeter glances at the doctor, then smiles to the men.

SKEETER

Well great! I look forward to being a JAB, and I will see you guys as soon as I get out of here.

ROBERT

Ok Skeeter. We look forward to it.

They shake the doctors hand.
Doctor Bransky. Thank you for your
efforts. They are appreciated.

DOCTOR 1

Trust me. It's my pleasure.

Gary and Robert walk off. Gary gives Skeeter a small
salute and they walk out of the room. Skeeter nods as they
leave. As soon as they do, Doctor Bransky's drops down,
and his entire demeanor changes.

DOCTOR 1

Oh my God Skeet.

He leans onto Skeeter's
dangling legs.

That was too close for comfort
there.

He hurts Skeeter.

SKEETER

Aghh. Fucker! Get off me!
Ahhaaha..Ahhh.....Shit!

He gets off his legs.

DOCTOR 1

Oh. Sorry. HUUUUUUU. Skeeter I
gotta tell ya. I've done some
things, but those guys seemed like
they were onto us. Man. I don't
want to ever do that again.

Still grimacing.

SKEETER

Yeah. Yeah. Just get the hell out
of here before the real doctor comes
in, and gets us in trouble. And
take that coat off before somebody
says something.

DOCTOR 1

But I kind of like it.

Skeeter gets mad.

SKEETER

Just--take it off!

DOCTOR 1

Alright. Alright. Sheesh.

As he takes off the coat,
glasses, mustache, and cap
we see that it is Johnny
Knoxville from the dock.

Some thanks this is. I save your
ass, and this is how you repay me?
Thanks a lot.

SKEETER

I think you'll be fine. Just go by
Theresa's later, and she will write
you your check.

DOCTOR 1

Ok. Cool.

He goes to give him a hug and he hurts him again.

SKEETER

Ah! Damn it! Just get the hell out
of here before someone notices who
you are. And make it quick.

DOCTOR 1

Okay, okay.

He starts to head out.

Take care bud and we'll see ya soon.

Skeeter is grimacing real bad as the guy leaves the room.

SKEETER

Yeah, yeah, whatever.

He keeps wiggling around.

Where do I find these people?

FADE INTO: INT. - BENOIT'S MANSION - NIGHT

Benoit is throwing a party. The entire team, and coaching
staff is in attendance. Benoit is at the podium.

BENOIT

Ugh umm.

He taps his glass with a fork, and the band stops playing.
Everyone stops their conversation and it is totally silent,
except for Fox blirting out a comment over the silence.

FOX

So, needless to say. "make-a-wish"
won't be calling me anytime soon.

Laughing, he takes a drink.

Haahaa. Crazy bastards.

The entire room looks strangely over at Fox. Fox is still laughing until Eric gestures to him to quiet down, and he gets the hint, and shuts up. Benoit tries to play it off.

BENOIT

Haha. Yes, well. If you guys don't already know. That there is our shortstop, and what I hope will be the leader of this team, Fox Rivers.

Fox raises his beer proudly.

And if you don't know. That's why I threw this little shin dig. I want you guys to get to know each other. To become a family.

SLOW ZOOM INTO BENOIT

I want you guys to rely on each other. And most of all, I want you guys to go out there and win.

The whole room cheers and raises their drinks.

So if you guys need anything to drink, the bar's in the back. Other than that, let's just have us a good ole time. Ya hear?

PAN TO CORNER OF ROOM

Eric and Fox are mingling. Eric's sexy asian wife KOLO ME GREENE walks over with a drink for her and Eric.

ERIC

Thank you hun. Babe, you remember Fox, don't you?

Seductively and with a horrible Asian accent.

KOLO ME

Yes, of course. How a could I a forget?

Fox looks intrigued, but realizes she is just being polite.

FOX

It's nice to see you again, yes.

Irvin walks up.

IRVIN

Hey, you guys know where I can get something to drink around here?

Eric and Fox look at each other and giggle.

FOX

Uh, yeah bro. Didn't you just hear Benoit? It's right over there.

Irvin walks away and then under his breath to himself.

IRVIN

Benoit? Who the hell is Benoit?

Eric and Fox just laugh as Irvin walks away.

FOX

So E. How'd Japan treat ya?

ERIC

Oh Fox. It was out of this world.

FOX

Yeah? That's good to hear. It's also a relief that I know at least one person on this team, huh?

He pops peanuts in his mouth and pats Eric on the shoulder.

ERIC

Tell me about it. So Fox, man. What's it been? Like 6, 7 years since we've seen each other. Hey, you remember when old--

Stops realizing that Fox has started to walk away to go hit on a woman.

Well I see things certainly haven't changed much.

He mumbles to himself angrily.

CUT TO POOL DECK

Most of the team is gathered around the pool to see Nate and Skeeter arguing on the balcony. Skeeter still has casts on his arms, and is wearing his red cape as usual.

SKEETER

Oh yeah Morris?! I guarantee you that I'm crazier than you, and if I haven't already proved it, I'll do it again!

NATE

No way! I'm the craziest fucker on this team, and there's no way you're taking that away from me.

They get right in each other's faces, and start yelling.

SKEETER

Yeah right! Is that why Bam threw you off his show. HUH!!!??

They start shoving each other get into a little scruffle.

ZOOM INTO CROWD

Irvin is talking with KENNY "THE DEUCE" MCGAVIN (40s). Kenny looks like your typical redneck. He has a mullet, and he is wearing an over coat with jeans.

KENNY

So.

He wipes the chip grease off of his hand and extends it to Irvin.

Kenny McGavin. Right field. But you can call me "Deuce".

IRVIN

Irvin Gibbs. But you can just call me Irvin. Nice to meet you too. I'm over on the other side, in left.

KENNY

Ah cool.

He leans in a bit.

IRVIN

So, what's everyone doing here anyways?

KENNY

Oh. You see Nate and Skeeter up there? They're trying to decide who's crazier.

He nudges him.

I'll give ya 5:1 for 100 that Skeeter goes in first. That soam bitch is crazier than a nut farmer.

IRVIN

No, no. I'm talkin' bout this party. Why we all here anyway? Somebody's birthday or something?

Kenny looks at him like he's lost his mind.

KENNY

Nah man. You know. Us.

He starts punching the air.

The Jabs. Benoit's throwing us this bash to celebrate his new franchise.

Irvin hits his head jokingly.

IRVIN

Ah. Dur. Of course.

Kenny shakes his head and raises his eye brow. Irvin still looks lost.

And oh yeah. You're on!

They both look back up at the men on the balcony.

PAN OVER TO OTHER SIDE OF POOL

Rookie pitching sensation KYLE ADAMS (20s) is trying to make small talk with All-star pitcher DARREN OLSEN late (30s). He pats him on the shoulder.

KYLE

So Darren. It's really great to meet you. I've idolized you since--

Darren cuts him off, and is a bit rude and cold with him.

DARREN

First off, don't touch me and secondly, It's Mr. Olsen. And please kid. I'm sure that you're real excited to be in the bigs now, but let's just get some things straight. I'm not here to make any friends and I'm sure as hell not here to babysit some punk rookie. So why don't you do us both a favor, and leave me the hell alone. I got bigger things to worry about.

He takes a large swig then starts to walk away.

I need a another drink.

As Australian first base coach STEVE BOULDER(40S) walks out of the office, Darren gestures to him to get him another drink. Boulder takes the glass reluctantly, still unsure of what Darren is asking him to do. Kyle is shocked and stands there with his mouth open. Nate yells from the Balcony.

PAN TO BALCONY

NATE

Oh yeah! I'll show you crazy!

He jumps off and does a belly flop on purpose into the pool.

ENTIRE PARTY

Oooohs, and aaahhhhs.

FRANK

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

FRANK ANDERSON mid (30s) is wearing dog tags and has a crew cut. He is the team's catcher, and was a former Officer in the Army. He rips off his coat, and jumps in to save him. Kenny overreacts and flails his arms in the air.

KENNY

Son of a!

Irvin seems more interested in whether or not Nate is going to be ok. Kenny sneaks off.

PAN TO BALCONY

SKEETER

To himself.

Whoa, now that's almost too crazy.

CUT TO POOLSIDE

The entire party except Fox runs out to see what is going on. He is too busy hitting on a girl at the bar.

STEVE

Hey Mates, is everyone alright?
What's going on out here?

As he says this, the party virtually stops. The music scratches to a halt and everyone turns and looks at him as though he is speaking in a language they have never heard before. Darren walks up with another drink in his hand.

DARREN

Just morons, being morons. Better get used to--.

He can't finish his because Mitch walks through the group of people. He is wearing a suit that is ripped in multiple places due to his enormous size. The party goes from silent, to whispers amongst the groups of people. Everyone stares in awe at Mitch.

MITCH

So which one of you is Benoit?

They all quickly point to Benoit. Then Benoit hesitantly walks up to Mitch.

BENOIT

Larry Benoit. You must be Mitch.

He reaches out to shake Mitch's hand. Mitch just stares at him for a few seconds, before picking him up giving him a big bear hug. He is crushing him. Finally sets him down.

MITCH

Thanks boss. I'll see ya later.

Benoit composes himself as Mitch walks back into the house.

BENOIT

It's ok guys. Everything's alright.

Gary and Robert walk over to see if Benoit is ok, and the entire party mumbles amongst themselves.

CUT TO INTERIOR OF HOUSE

Fox is talking to a woman as she excuses herself. As she walks off Bahir walks up to the bar to order a drink. His accent is so horrible that it is impossible to understand a word he says. Subtitles are needed whenever he talks, and although he thinks people can understand him, no one can.

BAHIR

A jes, a letta me get a coka.

The bartender leans in because he can't understand.

BARTENDER

Excuse me.

BAHIR

A jes, can I a please a have a coka.

The bartender still can't understand him.

FOX

You know, I don't know what the hell he said either, but I'm pretty sure I heard a cokeuh at the end there.

Bahir gets excited, and hits Fox on the arm.

BAHIR

Jes Jes. Coka. Thank you, thank you.

The bartender gets him a coke, and goes back to cleaning the bar top with a white rag. Fox looks down and sees that Bahir is holding an I Love America book under his arm.

FOX

So. I Love America huh? Nice.

BAHIR

Jes. My dream is to become an American citizen as soon as possible.

Realizing his mistake of a conversation starter he just nods his head, tips his glass, and slowly turns around.

FOX

Fox makes a strange face.
Aye yie--
As he turns he sees Mitch
and it startles him and
causes him to jump back.
Yieeeeamama. What in the--
Trying to play it cool.
Hiya.
He clears his throat and
adjusts his tie.
Hi.
He just keeps nodding and
then he slowly starts to
walk away. To himself.
Where am I?

Bahir smiles as Fox leaves then under his breath.

BAHIR

Prick!

Although the subtitle is still there, it is clear what he said. Fox stops in his tracks for a second and raises his eyebrows, then just shakes his head and walks away. Kenny runs up and grabs his shoulder. This startles him again.

FOX

Agh! God. Jesus Deuce.
Puts his hand on his heart.
What the hell is going on around
here!?

Kenny looks panicked.

KENNY

Oh, just Skeeter and Nate jumping
off the balcony. Look--

FOX

Wait, what?

KENNY

Nothing. Look. I need to borrow
500. Can I borrow 500 from ya?
I'll get ya back next week.

He looks over his shoulder to see if someone is coming.

FOX

Uh yeah. Sure, whatever. Is
everything alright? You're kinda
sweatin' there.

KENNY

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Everything's
fine. You gonna spot me or what?

Still looking confused. He pulls out his wallet.

FOX

Alright, alright. Shit. Here!
Kenny snatches the money
quickly and runs off.
Damn! Crazy mullet havin' basterd.

Diverted by another woman, he adjusts his suit and composes
himself and approaches her

CUT TO: INT. - HOME OFFICE - SAME

Music can still be heard as Benoit is finalizing everything
with Gary, Robert, Steve, and RICHARD "DICK" LOVER late
(50s) in his home office. Richard is a former army drill
sergant and although he comes off as very firm and matter-
of-fact, he has an incredible amount of gay tendencies.
Benoit puts a cigar in his mouth and his feet on his desk.

BENOIT

Well boys. Whataya think?

GARY

I still don't know what to think.

ROBERT

Haha. And how bout Nate and Skeeter
on the balcony? Huh? Those guys
are going to kill themselves by mid-
season at this rate.

Boulder leans in to crack a joke.

STEVE

Yeah, or each other. Haha. Ha--

All four just stare at Steve oddly. Boulder snaps his fingers, slaps his hands together, points to the men, then points to the drinks, then gradually mosies away.

RICHARD

So--

He puts an arm on Gary and
Robert sitting in chairs.

--Is that one good lookin' team out
there or what?

They look up him then simultaneously take his arm off.

ROBERT

A, yeah. Whatever the hell that
means.

Appears creeped out.

So Larry. What about a coach?

BENOIT

What about him?

GARY

Well, opening day is around the
corner, and we still don't have a
coach that you like.

BENOIT

Bah.

Takes feet off the desk and
starts to pace.

You worry too much. I wanted you to
see this team together first. To
see how they are as a group.

He leans over onto his desk.

We need someone who can deal with
egos. Someone who can manage a
group of this caliber, and not worry
about all the bullshit these boys
are gonna toss at him.

He sits back down.

ROBERT

You know Larry?

He looks over at Robert.

I know someone.

BENOIT

Oh yeah?

ROBERT

Yeah. This guy has dealt with the biggest egos in the world. Trust me. As a matter of fact Larry, he's with the Yankees.

BENOIT

The Yankees? Ooh doggy! We'll just take that title right from under Steinbrennars nose. Haha!

ROBERT

A, yeah. Not exactly.

BENOIT

Not exactly? What'ya mean, not exactly?

Benoit looks at Robert and Gary, and Robert leans back in his chair and looks over at Gary and raises his brow.

CUT TO: EXT. - BASEBALL GAME - DAY

PETE PETERSON(50s) a overly jolly, manager is being chewed out by a man who is right in his face. Pete has his hat on backwards because the man is only inches away from him.

ZOOM INTO JUST ABOVE MEN'S SHOULDERS.

MAN

Listen here--

He spits on him as he pronounces the P.

--Pete! I don't give a shit if you've been with this team for the last umpteen years. If we don't win this game, then God damnit Pete, it's your ass.

SLOW ZOOM OUT

The man is merely a parent, and there are other parents sitting on the metal grandstands directly behind them.

PETE

Mr. Johnson. I know how much you want to win. But you know the rules.

He looks to his left. Kids are playing tee ball.

Everyone's kid has to play.

Pats the man on the chest.
Don't you worry though. Your little
Benny's the best we've got.

Turns his hat back around.
And no matter what. They're all
winner's in my eyes.

Starts to walk off as the
man jabbars at him. He
acts like he doesn't hear
the man. Kid hits the ball
and starts running to third
instead of to first.

Great job Benny. You're doin' real
good.

The boy gets tagged out to
end the game. Pete walks
over towards his dugout and
grabs an ice chest.

Ok guys, lets bring it on in.

The kids run in. He leans
in and opens the ice chest.
Then pops up like a
magician with a juice box.

Who-- wants-- grape!

KIDS

Me, me, I do, I do.

Pete hands them out, and then holds the straw with two
hands like a little kid and drinks it along with the kids.

CUT TO GARY AND ROBERT SITTING IN THE GRANDSTANDS.

Uncomfortably as they watch Pete.

GARY

So you're trying to tell me that
this guy, is gonna manage, our team?

The men get up.

ROBERT

Yup.

The men look unsure still.
If anyone can handle it, he's it.

Still unsure.

GARY

If you say so Robert. If you say
so.

Pete is playing a game of "keep away" with some fruit
snacks and he looks like he is having more fun than the

kids. They shake their heads, and walk away.

CUT TO: EXT. - THE STRIP - DAY

Fox is jogging down the strip in front of MGM Grand when he sees a group of Asian tourists taking pictures. He stops to pose with them thinking they want pictures of him.

FOX

Wow, you folks sure are tiny.
Tourists seemed confused.
But you know what, a tiny fan's
still a fan, so here's a big
cheezer.

He smiles really big and the tourists start to mutter to themselves in Japanese, so subtitles are needed.

TOURIST 1

What the hell is this stinky man
doing? He's ruining our picture of
this beautiful lion.

TOURIST 2

I don't know but he smells like ass.
She puts her arms to her
chest and scampers over to
her husband.
Hurry leave like we are confused.
They walk away while looking
back and nodding.
That's it, just keep nodding.

FOX

Ah! That a boy Fox. Made there day!
And all you had to do was smile.

He continues to jog appearing to be very proud of himself.

CUT TO: INT. - BASEBALL TONIGHT STUDIO - EVENING

Music dies out. PETER GAMMONS is talking about the Jabs.

PETER GAMMONS

In my opinion the Jabs may be one of
the finest teams ever assembled.
Larry Benoit again has shown his
ability to piece together a group of
all stars. And if they can play as
a team, and maybe even if they
can't, there is no team in the
league that can beat them.

JON KRUK

Not even the Yankees, Peter?

PETER

Nope Jon. Not even the Yankees.

JON

Wow Peter, those are some big words. Why don't we go to Stu, who's in the locker room right now with team owner Larry Benoit? Stu.

CUT TO: INT. - JABS LOCKER ROOM - SAME

STUART SCOTT is interviewing Benoit.

STU SCOTT

Thanks Peter. I'm here in the locker room of the Las Vegas Jabs, with team owner Larry Benoit. Larry, how are you tonight?

BENOIT

I'm doing just fine Stu. Thanks for askin'.

STU

So Larry. How were you able to get a group of guys of this caliber all on the same team?

BENOIT

Stu it's simple. Because Larry Benoit doesn't own losers. Just like my other franchises, this one's gonna be a winner. Right boys?

No one is paying attention
because they are all too
wrapped up with their
jerseys they just received.

Well Stu, you get my point. I only own the best.

STU

So are you saying that you guys are going to win the whole thing this year? Even though no expansion Franchise has ever won a title in it's first year of existence?

BENOIT

That's right Stu. And you can tell old Georgie boy that there is nothing he can do about it.

Fox comes in from his jog.

Benoit puts cigar in mouth.

Haha. Fox my boy.

He half hugs him. Fox seems frustrated and walks away.

You see that Stu?

STU

What's that?

LARRY

That's the triple crown winner and the leader of this team.

PAN TO FOX SNAPPING ERIC IN THE ASS WITH A TOWEL.

STU

Uh, yeah.

He looks back to the camera.

Well you heard it here first. Jabs all the way in 2008. Back to you.

They stop filming and Stu shakes Benoit's hand and exits. As he is walking away he shakes his head at the cameraman.

All the way. Hah. Bunch of freaks up in here.

BENOIT

Ok boys, listen up.

No one moves a muscle. So he pulls out his pistol and shoots it in the air.

Everyone is startled.

Well that's better now, isn't it? I just wanted to say a few things before I left. First off, I hope you like the jerseys. I think they're the best in the league. Now Fox, come up here for a second.

Fox looks disappointed as he walks up there.

As you all know, Fox is the leader of this team. 2 years ago, he was 1st in 2 out of the 3 triple crown categories, and last year, he was the triple crown winner.

Skeeter comes running by and slams a burger king crown

on his head causing
everyone to laugh.

As I was saying. I want you all to follow his lead on the field. We aren't here to do anything but win, and I'll be damned if I'm gonna let anyone think anything different.

Fox leans into him.

FOX

Larry, I need to talk to you about some of those contract issues first.

Larry ignores him.

BENOIT

So let's go out there and win on Friday, and every night after that! Are you with me!?

They go nuts in the locker room.

ENTIRE TEAM EXCEPT FOX

Yeah!

BENOIT

That's what I want to hear!
As he turns away, he leans
into Fox.
Come into my office tomorrow and we'll take care of it, ok?

Fox is appeased, and as Benoit leaves, Fox catches a look of himself with the Burger King hat on and starts to smile.

FOX

You know what? I am the king.
Haha.

Starts adjusting it while
looking in the mirror.
Nate runs by and knocks it
off his head.

Hey! What the fuck man!?

Skeeter sees this, and gets pissed, and he and Nate start to scuffle. Moments later, Mitch breaks them up, lifting them both up at the same time while separating them. This scares the hell out of everyone in the room. Mitch turns and starts looking at his jersey.

MITCH

What the hell is this?

Holding jersey in the air.
How the hell is anyone going to know
it's me if my initial isn't on here?

He picks up a bench and throws it at a locker.

 GARY

Hurry Robert! Go get Benoit before
he kills everyone of these idiots.

This makes Fox start look at his jersey too. He sees that
he is number 11 instead of number 1 and becomes irate.

 FOX

What the? Hey! What's going on
here!? Im not 11. I'm fucking
number 1!

Benoit and Robert come hustling back in.

 BENOIT

Whoa whoa whoa! What's all the God
damn yellin' and screamin' about?

Mitch and Fox moan and complain to Benoit at the same time.

 MITCH

No one is going to know who I am.
With a jersey that only says
Vanderhousington.

 FOX

And I'm number 1 Larry, this is
bullshit!

Realizes what Mitch said.

Wait, did he just say that no one is
going to know who he--

Mitch gives him evil look.

Uh--never mind. Why the fuck am I
not number 1?

 BENOIT

Wait a minute boys. Just wait a
freakin' minute. Now big man. I
want you to go with Pete over there,
and tell him what you want done with
your jersey. Ok? Is that ok?

 MITCH

Yeah. Arg!

He drudges over to Pete.

BENOIT

Pete! Get him whatever he wants.
And I mean whatever. You got that?

PETE

No problem Mr. Beno(y)t.

They leave.

BENOIT

What? Did he just call me Benoyt?
Ah nevermind. Now Fox. I thought
you were number 11, there must have
been some sort of mix up.

FOX

Your damn right Larry! If I'm not
number 1, then you can just count me
out, cuz I don't play with anything
but number 1.

BENOIT

Now now Fox. Just calm down. Does
anyone here have number 1, or is
that number still available.

As he says that Irvin Gibbs is already behind him with his
jerseys crinkled up and his arms extended out.

IRVIN

Here you go coach. If our leader
wants my number then he can have it.

Fox acts quickly to grab it, but Benoit stops him for a
second which just frustrates Fox even more.

BENOIT

Well for starters there Irvin, I'm
not your coach. But I sure do
appreciate your gesture. You sure
about this son?

IRVIN

Absolutely! You just said that we
need to follow our leader, and I
want our leader to be happy, so if
he wants my number, then it's his.

Benoit pauses for a bit, then smiles.

BENOIT

You're a good man son. A good man.

He starts to grab the jerseys from him, but then Eric

Greene comes in and stops him.

ERIC

Wait! You don't need to do that.

Fox looks at Eric like he has lost his mind. And then tries to mumble to him with his teeth clinched together.

FOX

Eric. What are hell are you doin' man?

ERIC

Fox, you're not number one. You really should be number 11.

Fox gets in his face.

FOX

What are you trying to say Greene?
That I'm not the best? Huh Eric?
Just say it, if that's how you feel!

Eric backs away for a second.

ERIC

No, no, no buddy. That's not what I'm saying. Just hear me out. If number 1 is the best, why would you want that?

FOX

Um, Duh! Cuz I'm the best. I mean I can understand why you're content with 27 but come on man, this is me!

Eric bites his lip, trying to hold back his anger.

ERIC

Fox listen! If number one is the best, then wouldn't One-One, be DOUBLE the best.

Fox rares his head back as if to study his comment for a moment. Then paces around for a bit.

FOX

You know what Irvin? I think Eric might have a point here.

Eric lets out a sigh.

I mean, if number 1 is the best, then it's obvious that number 11 is double the best, and that would certainly fit me. So thank you very

much, but I'm definitely going to stick with my new number.

Lifts it up to look at it.

Haha. Number 11, you lucky lucky jersey. You're going to be on double the best this year.

He starts to walk away towards his locker just filled with glee. Eric walks over to Irvin and appreciatively taps him on the shoulder. The two men walk away.

BENOIT

Now before I leave--Again. Is there anyone else that has an issue with their jersey?

KENNY

Not me boss.

Holds up jersey revealing his favorite number 2.

Cuz I'm droppin' a deuce on everyone opening day.

BENOIT

Well at least someone is happy.

NATE

Yeah, me Benoit!

BENOIT

Well what the hell's a matter with your jersey Nate? I know for a fact that you requested number 8.

NATE

Nope! I told my agent to make sure that my jersey number said Nate.

BENOIT

Well son on the Jabs, we have our last names on our jerseys.

NATE

I'm not talking about that. I'm talking about Nate. N-8. that's my name, and that's my number, or just like Fox--I ain't playing.

Benoit seems disgusted. Then under his breath.

BENOIT

You got to be fucking kidding me.

He then yells out.

Fine! Robert! Take Nate's jerseys and have them fixed tonight. Jesus! Now if that's all, I'm gonna be on my way. I gotta bottle of scotch that apparently is calling my name.

Skeeter comes in with his cape flapping.

SKEETER

Not so fast there Big Larry. If Nate's number 8, then I have no choice but to be number 88.

Benoit seems confused.

BENOIT

88? What in the hell kind of number is 88?

He looks at Nate smugly.

SKEETER

It's a little thing I like to call-- Double the crazy! Yooooooooo!

He runs off. Benoit takes his cowboy hat off, and scratches his head. Then without saying a word he gestures to Robert with his head to go and fix Skeeter's jerseys. As Benoit starts to leave still scratching his head, Fox comes walking up to him one last time.

FOX

Now don't forget Larry. I'm gonna be in your office tomorrow to discuss those contract issues, ok?

BENOIT

I know Fox. I'll see you tomorrow.
Takes one step, then stops.
And Fox.

Fox turns back around.

FOX

Yeah Larry?

BENOIT

Take a shower would ya?

He walks out. Immediately as he leaves Fox takes a whiff of his shirt. Lover comes from out of nowhere.

RICHARD

Ok boys. You heard him. Now let's hop in those showers. We haven't got all day.

As usual, the only one who follows directions is Irvin, so he starts to head into the shower. Lover starts to yell at him.

God damn it Gibbs, if I told you once, I've told you 1000 times. Slippers! You always wear slippers in the shower.

He flails his hands in the air and storms off disgustedly. Irvin goes back to get his slippers.

CUT TO: INT. - BENOITS OFFICE - DAY

Larry is on the phone.

BENOIT

I don't give a good God damn about what he said he wants. No player of mine is going to sit out a week because his boyfriend broke up with him. Now get him back on the field by next Sunday or you're fired!

He slams the phone and as he does so, Fox knocks but comes in before Benoit can respond to the knock.

FOX

Larry, I only got a minute, so let's try and make this snappy.

BENOIT

That's my boy. Trying to get ready for the game early, haha, I love it.

FOX

Actually, no. But as soon as I'm done I'll get all over that. Now, as far as this contract is concerned.

BENOIT

Right, your contract.

Opens up the contract.

So you want an adjustable thermostat on the Gatorade cooler?

Chuckles. Fox is unamused.

It also says here that you want to have the Foxy ladys ready to go by start of the season, and what in God's name is an ab-mug night?

FOX

That's right. The ladys will be done today, and--

He leans in to point to a line in the contract.

--technically, it's ab-mug day. So you know, we can just have that amended whenever.

BENOIT

First off Fox! I'll see what I can do about this adjustable cooler thing, that doesn't seem like an issue, but I'm not sure about these Foxy ladys, and I sure as hell don't know what an ab-mug is, and why we need a day for it.

FOX

Well. As I'm sure you know. Somedays you're gonna be given away lets say, posters of me, or maybe even a magnetic calendar of me, but I think we need more. I think the fans deserve the best of what I have to offer. Something they can see when they have their morning coffee.

BENOIT

First off, Fox, it's not always just gonna be Fox Rivers on the fan appreciation items, and secondly, can you please get to the point?

FOX

It's not?

He shakes his head as though he needs to stay on track.

Like I was saying. I want to have a day where we give away coffee mugs.

BENOIT

Coffe mugs huh? With a picture of your abs on em?

Leans back and chuckles.

You have got to be one of the craziest soam bitches I've ever met.

FOX

No Larry. Haha. You're silly. I want the mugs to be like this--

Pulls mug out of duffle bag.

It has a 3d image of his abs plastered onto a coffee mug that says Go Fox.

--You see that Larry?

Hands it to Larry and Larry just stares at it blankly.

That's an exact scale mold made down of my abs. I mean look at this.

He grabs it back from Larry.

You could grade cheese on these bad boys for God's sake.

Larry leans back in his chair and it gets quiet.

Fox stares hard. Suddenly Benoit bursts into laughter nearly falling out of his chair. Fox gets angry.

FOX

You know what Larry? I've already pitched this to two other teams and they're ready to go with it, so I'm not sure why you're laughing.

BENOIT

Is that so? And what did they have to say about it?

CUT TO: INT. - BOSTON RED SOX OFFICE - DAY

A man is laughing his ass off as Fox picks up his premade ab-mug from the desk and storms out of the office.

CUT TO: INT.- DODGERS OFFICE - DAY

A high end personnel for the Dodgers is yelling at Fox.

GENERAL MANAGER FOR DODGERS

You know what you can do with your ab-mug Fox?

He throws it against the wall shattering it.

You can shove it up your fu-

CUT TO: INT - BENOITS OFFICE - DAY

FOX

Larry, I'm not here to make any threats, I just want to have an ab-mug day. Damn it!

Larry laughs a bit then gives in.

BENOIT

Ok Fox. Ok. You win. You want the ab-mug day, you got it.

FOX

That's more like--

Benoit cuts him off.

BENOIT

But on one condition.

FOX

And what's that Larry?

Larry stands up and leans over his desk.

BENOIT

You win me that title this year.

The two men stare at each other for about 4 seconds.

FOX

Well that's about as done as the Foxy ladys.

He turns around and leaves and Benoit stares at him as he walks out. Realizing what he said, he tries to stop him. He sits back down and spins around to look out his office window and sees a large group of ladys in workout clothes on his field. He quickly pages his assistant.

BENOIT

Sarah.

SARAH O.S.

Yes Mr. Benoit?

BENOIT

What the hell are those girls doing down on my field?

SARAH O.S.

Oh right. The girls. They're trying out for the Foxy Ladys today.

He mumbles to himself.

BENOIT

Adjfa;ldfjadf.

SARAH O.S.

What was that sir?

BENOIT

Nothing Sarah. That'll be all.

He spins back around to look out the window again. Sarah knocks on the door, but Benoit doesn't look back at her. She takes off her overcoat, and underneath she is dressed like all of the girls down on the field.

SARAH

Mr. Benoit.

BENOIT

Yeah Sarah?

SARAH

I'm going on my lunch break now. Is there anything you'd like?

Very disappointed sounding.

BENOIT

No Sarah. Enjoy your lunch.

SARAH

Ok sir. I will. Bye bye.

He just blankly stares out the window shaking his head.

BENOIT

Fox Fox Fox. What the hell am I going to do with you?

SLOW ZOOM OUT OF THE WINDOW

CUT TO: EXT. - INFIELD - DAY

A group of women wearing spandex shorts and sports bras with name tags are stretching as Eric, Nate and Irvin chat waiting for Fox. Behind the girls is a large banner that says "Foxy Lady Tryouts", with a picture of Fox with his shirt off holding a bat. Fox comes up the dugout steps and all the women start cheering. The boys look frustrated at Fox. Eric meets Fox halfway and starts walking with him.

ERIC

Where you been Fox? We've been waiting for like an hour and a half. Didn't you say 12 o'clock?

FOX

Of course I did. But I had another meeting at twelve too.

ERIC

Then why did you tell us 12?

Dismissingly, which causes Eric to suddenly stop walking as he appears upset.

FOX

Cuz I didn't want you to be late. Anyways, ladys, ladys, let's settle down, we have a lot to do today, and not a whole lot of time. I assume that Lover has gone over the cheers with you--

QUICK FLASH TO LOVER IN A LOUNGE CHAIR OUT OF SCREEN

--and that you're all prepared and ready to go.

ALL LADYS

Yeeesssss, Fox.

FOX

Good. Then let's get started.

Out of nowhere, a bat boy with his full game attire on, runs up with a chair that has a shade over the top for Fox, and then runs out of the way.

NATE

What the hell was that?

FOX

What the hell do you think it is Nate?

IRVIN

It looks like a shaded chair to me.

NATE

No shit captain obvious.

FOX

Hey!

He stands up quickly and
gets right in Nates face.
You watch your tone with Gibbs! You
got that?!?!

Nate is a little stunned and quickly backs off.

NATE

Yeah man, I got it. Sheesh, I was
only playin' around.

FOX

First off, this isn't a time for
playing around.

QUICK PAN TO HALF NAKED WOMEN STRETCHING

And secondly, no you weren't. Now
sit your ass in your chair and pay
attention.

Fox sits back down as Nate is confused. Then to himself.

NATE

What chair? You're the only one
with a chair.

Without looking back, and while sipping on his Gatorade
through a straw.

FOX

Well--Whose fault is that?

Still confused.

NATE

What!?

Without looking Fox just shrugs his shoulders, then Nate
flips him off and Eric giggles. Fox comments without
turning around.

FOX

I saw that. Okay ladys! I want you
to follow Lover's lead and--

He is interrupted by the
batboy running up and
giving him a bullhorn.

--Oh, thanks..

NATE

You gotta be kidding me.

FOX

And do the F-O-X-Y cheer. Now remember. We can only have 4 ladys on the squad, so let's have lots of energy, and lot's of Foxy spirit.

Eric leans over to Nate.

ERIC

Is that Mrs. Givens?

QUICK PAN TO MRS. GIVENS

Confused.

NATE

Uh, I think so.

ERIC

Weird.

NATE

This whole thing is weird.

FOX

Shoosh!

Nate rolls his eyes, and Eric laughs.

RICHARD

Ok. Let's show 'em what we got. Ready, ok.

Lover and the ladys do the cheer simultaneously.

RICHARD AND LADYS

We're the foxy ladys, and we're here to say, Fox is our hero, each and every day.

PAN TO FOX

He is mouthing the words, while Eric and Nate look disgusted. Irvin is bobbing his head to the groove.

RICHARD AND LADYS

Sooo, let's start with F--
They do a little dance.
--and it stands for Fun, O is for--
They put their hand up to
their mouth.
--Oh my God, did you see hiiiiis last
homerun? X is for extra--
They make an X with their

legs kicked out and their
arms up above them.
--that's the effort he puts forth,
and Y is for--
They sit in the chairs
behind him and cross their
legs and nod their head.
--you know he's the greatest in the
sport, he's Fox Rivers--
They do a lil sexy dance.
--And he is the man, so everyone get
on base, and he'll hit a big grand
slam.

They all start cheering and kicking their legs. Fox has his eye on a particular girl, as does Irvin, Nate and Eric.

Fox leans over to Eric who is sitting on the ground.

FOX

I can already tell you who I'm
pickin'!

ERIC

Me too.

FOX

Irv. What about you bud?

IRVIN

What about me?

FOX

You got a lady picked out?

IRVIN

For what?

Nate looks over at him as though he must be joking.

FOX

Nevermind--

Into the bullhorn.

--Ok lover. You know what? We
don't even need to do the other
cheers. I think we've seen all we
need to see.

RICHARD

You sure? We got lot's more. We
got Foxy time, Fox, Fox he's our
man, our version of the Fox trot--

FOX

No, I'm sure--

Lover keeps going.

RICHARD

--Like a fox, fox fans are the best,
Fox for president--

FOX

Lover, it's okay, Love--

Eric and Nate look at each other in shock.

RICHARD

If this fox could talk, the fox
walks dance, it's Fox time, fox
knows best, fox abs are hot abs--

Fox finally yells into the bullhorn.

FOX

Lover!

The girls demeanor is lulled with the yell and as it is
dead quiet as Lover blurts out one more title.

RICHARD

Who knew fox could fly, please angel
take me to the sky.

Everyone looks confused. Fox tries to play it off.

FOX

Okay. Ughm. Thank you for that
Lover. You can go now.

He gestures with his hand
for Lover to leave. Nate
can't help but laugh.

Okay ladys, we are going to have a
brief meeting and let you know who
the 4 lucky ladys will be.

The men huddle up.

Okay, I'm taking the one in the
front row on the left.

QUICK PAN TO CARMEN ELECTRA

Nate. What about you?

Nate stands up and points to a girl who has dreadlocks and
looks like a hippy.

NATE

There's my girl. Right there.

FOX

Ok, how bout we go to someone who isn't a complete retard!

Nate looks shocked.

Irvin, who do you like?

He looks up and points out a beautiful African American lady in the middle back.

IRVIN

That one right there. 3rd from the back. She's beautiful.

FOX

She certainly is. Ok Eric.

As he looks over, Eric is suddenly gone.

Eric? What the hell. Where did Eric go?

Eric has gone to the Asian girl in the back.

Ok, I guess we know who Eric is choosing. So we have the Ebony queen for Irvin, my baby in the front and obviously Eric still wishes he was living in Japan. Ready, break.

They break and Nate still looks confused. Fox walks over to the ladys and starts pacing through them.

FOX

Ladys, you all did a fantastic job, and if I had it my way, I would take each and every one of you--

He caresses one of the girls cheeks as he walks by.

--home with me tonight. But unfortunetly we can only have 4 foxy ladys--league rule. So, with that being said, I need Chanese Johnson to go the front please.

Irvin's pick excitedly runs to the front.

I need Komiko--

Before he can finish, Eric is walking with her.

Ok, nevermind. And last but not least, I need the beautiful--Candi Cane to go to the front.

Nate to himself.

NATE

Candi Cane? What the fuck is this?

Candi looks seductively and Fox, and he bites at the air towards her as she walks to the front. As he is walking back to the front he passes Mrs. Givens.

FOX

Mrs. Givens? Is that you?

SARAH

Hi Fox. I still love you.

Confused.

FOX

Uh thank you?

Shakes his head and keeps walking, she can't help but stare at his butt and awe at him. Under his breath.

Weird. Ok, for the rest of you, I can't tell you how thankful I am that you came out, and don't forget, on your way out, Bobby--

He points to the bat boy.

--Will be taking your phone numbers. Thank you again, and stay sexy.

He kisses his hand towards the women.

Muah.

The ladys start talking amongst themselves. Fox is talking to Candi, as Nate comes over.

FOX

So, how bout we get together tonight to celebrate your little victory.

NATE

Hey Fox. What gives man?

FOX

Excuse me hun. What's the problem Nate?

NATE

The problem, Fox, is that you all got to pick a girl, and when I made my pick you ignored me. What the hell man?

He puts his arm around Nate.

FOX

Nate, it's like this. I can't have
ladys on my squad that aren't top
notch, and frankly, your pick just
didn't fit into--

He makes air quotes.

--"The Foxy System". I'm sorry,
maybe next year.

Arrogantly

Ok.

Fox turns away and starts walking away with Candi. Nate
looks very upset, he turns and shouts to the girls.

NATE

Hey ladys. You guys wanna know what
Fox and Bob Dole have in common?

Fox turns back and has a
terrified look on his face.

He runs back towards Nate.

They both use...

Fox tackles him before he can get the word out.

FOX

Okay, okay. You sick son of a
bitch. You can have a girl.

Nate tries to say the word
Viagra with Fox's hand
still over his mouth, but
it is too mumbled.

Fine! Fine!

Very dissapointedly.

Your girl.

Nate still isn't satisfied
and tries to yell again.

I mean.

Much happier toned.

Your girl. Your girl is just right
for the team.

He cautiously takes his hand
off Nates mouth.

Okay? You happy?

They get up and Nate wipes himself off.

NATE

Yeah, I'm happy. But you need to
tell them you made a mistake and
tell my girl she is on the team.

FOX

No way, you can tell her.

Nate turns to the ladys.

NATE

He has a running prescription of--

Fox cuts him off.

FOX

Would Penelope Lilac Bright, that's
Lilac Bright, please come back.

There was an--

He's looking at Nate as he
talks and Nate gestures for
him to look at Penelope.

--error in our choosing, and it
looks like you were a stand out in
this audition. So please, Penelope,
come back, and please--

Then under his breath.

--pretty please--

Normal toned.

--join your squad.

The hippy-looking girl comes running back into Nates arms,
and Fox looks disgusted as she runs right by him and her
dreadlock's hit him in the face. He holds his eye.

FOX

Ok, well you two just do whatever it
is you're gonna do--

He points and tilts his head
with a look of disbelief.

--and I'm gonna just go this
direction.

Fox and Candi start to leave. Nate and Penelope go into the
opposite dugout and start smoking marijuana. Everyone is
exiting but before Fox reaches the dugout he is interrupted
by a news crew.

FADE OUT

CUT TO: INT. - FOX'S HOUSE - EVENING

Candi is on top of Fox, and they are finishing having sex.
Fox has a mirror on his ceiling.

PAN TO MIRROR

FOX

God you're gorgeous.

CANDI

Thank you baby.

PAN BACK

She leans her chest onto his as they both orgasm. She rolls off of him and faces him as he stares at the ceiling.

FOX

Damn baby, you sure know how to work old Fox.

Giggling.

CANDI

Mmm. And you definitely know how to find Candi's sweet spot.

They both laugh together, then 4-5 seconds goes by.

FOX

I gotta say, though, that definitely was a first.

As she caresses his chest.

CANDI

Oh yeah? Never slept with a cheerleader before, huh? Well, this was my first time with a baseball player too, so I guess we both gave ourselves a first.

Fox starts laughing fairly hard.

FOX

Haha. Ha. Oh, Candi, Candi. You're funny.

Sarcastically.

No, This definitely wasn't my first time with a cheerleader.

CUT TO: INT. - FOX'S ROOM - FLASHBACKS:

Fox is sitting on the end of the bed with a girl who is wearing a cheerleading outfit. They both appear to be in middle school. They are sitting almost out of reach and they both have their hands directly on their sides. They both start slowly leaning in and with their lips fully puckered they peck each other, and then immediately go back to their positions. Then Fox, very giddishly and in awe.

FOX

Huwwoooow!

CUT TO: INT. - FOX'S HOUSE - EVENING

Candi waiving her hand in front of his face.

CANDI

Fox. Baby. You ok?

FOX

Ughmm. Umm. Yeah, of course. But yeah, like I was saying. Tonight was definitely a first.

CANDI

Well I'm glad I could give you something that no other women has ever given you.

FOX

Me too.

Stands up then to himself.

Just never had anyone say thank you to me for calling myself gorgeous.

CANDI

What?

He slams the bathroom door shut.

CUT TO: INT. - SPORTS BAR - SAME

Kenny and Nate walk out of the bathroom door. Kenny is wiping his wet hands on his pants. They meet up with Kyle and Frank who are sitting at the bar.

FRANK

Well kid. You ready for tomorrow?

KYLE

I hope so Frank.

KENNY

Hope so? Come on! I got 8 hundee on you tomorrow, so come on. Let's not get all I can't pitch and shit now. Haha. Hope.

He takes a drink and turns around to start looking at the women. Frank leans in closer to Kyle.

FRANK

Forget about him. You just go out there, and throw the ball like you know how. Tomorrow will be no different than any game you've ever played before in your life.

Leaning in and excited like an 8 year old.

IRVIN

Yeah, except for the 60,000 people, and all that money on the line, and the fame, and the--

Kyle stares at him, looking terrified. There is a silence, then he tries to redeem himself.

--but yeah, like he said-- it's really no big deal. You're awesome.

Suddenly Darren appears. He is clearly drunk.

DARREN

Yeah. Awesome. He's sooo awesome. Lil bitch hasn't pitched a day in his life in the major's. How the hell can he be awesome?

He slams his drink on the bar, spilling what's left.

Bah. Whatever! He'll probably end up just like all the rest. Down in the minors by the all-star game.

KENNY

Hey D. Ligthen up. Give the kid a break huh?

DARREN

How bout you mind your own fucking business McGavin, before I take that mullet and stick it up your ass.

Gibbs chuckles.

What's so funny Irvin? Huh. Huh!

Gibbs shuns back indicating he doesn't want any trouble. Frank puts his hand on Darren's, looking him in the eyes.

FRANK

Listen Darren. I think it's about time you go home. Sleep off whatever's crawled up your ass.

He stares at him, then steps back and adjusts his jacket.

DARREN

Yeah, maybe it is time for me to go.
It's not like I'm pitching tomorrow
or anything. Right rook? Right?!

Very non confrontational.

KENNY

Hey man, It's not like he chose to
start on opening day. I'm sure he's
just as nervous as you were before
your first start 14 years ago.

Up in Kenny's face.

DARREN

What's that supposed to mean?

KENNY

Nothin', nothin'. I just know that
because you and I came into the
league together. That's all.

Kyle reaches out to pat Darren on the arm.

KYLE

Yeah Darren. He didn't mean
anything by it--.

Cut off by Darren turning and punching him in the face.

DARREN

It's Mr. Olsen! And I told you
never to touch me rook!

Frank quickly tackles Darren
away, and is pushing him
toward the exit.

First time in 14 years I don't start
on opening day. So, fuck you Kyle!

FRANK

Shut the hell up man, and get out of
here. Jesus Christ Darren. What is
wrong with you?

Frank pushes him again, Darren glares back once more, then
turns and storms out shaking his writhing fist.

KENNY

You ok Kyle?

Slightly bleeding from the lip.

KYLE

Yeah, I'm okay. Just checking if all my teeth are still here.

Appearing to be in pain.

Uh. God damn it hurts to be punched.

FRANK

First time ya ever been punched, eh?

KYLE

Yeah.

FRANK

Well, knuckle up kid, you're gonna need it.

KENNY

I guess, but I figured my first fight would be with someone from the other team.

Small chuckle.

FRANK

Aint that the truth.

IRVIN

So I don't get it. Why's he so pissed at you?

KYLE

I have no idea. From the time I tried to introduce myself at Benoit's party, he has just been a complete dick to me.

IRVIN

Who's party?

KYLE

Benoit's.

Irvin still looks puzzled,
and mouth's to himself,
Benoit. He shrugs and just
takes another drink.

I just don't get it.

FRANK

Kyle, it's pretty simple. He sees you as a threat. He knows he's not the ace anymore and it's the first time that's ever happened to him.

KENNY

Still don't make it right to be acting like that.

FRANK

I didn't say it did. But I'm just letting--.

Puts arm around neck, rubs
knuckles on Kyle's head.

--my boy here know why Darren's acting like a moron.

Kyle is adjusting his hair back.

KYLE

Yeah, well whatever it is, I'm done trying to talk to him.

FRANK

It's probably for the best. Besides, all you need to focus on now is pitching. You'll have plenty of time to make friends later. And speaking of making friends.

He sees a woman checking him
out at the end of the bar.

I think I see someone in need of a friend right now. Kyle, get home and get some rest and I'll see you at the park. Tomorrow is the start of the greatest ride of your life.

KYLE

Ok Frank. Thank's a lot.

Frank walks toward woman.

And go get it.

Frank waves his hand without
turning back around.

Well boys. Frank had a good idea. I think I'm gonna go home, get in the hottub and try and forget that this night ever happened.

Shakes hands, puts on his coat and starts to walk away.

IRVIN

Ok Kyle, have a good night.

KENNY MCGAVIN

Yeah. Take care pal.

Kenny immediately forgets
about Kyle, and starts
jabbering at Irvin.

Ok. So here's what I got. I got
3:1 that old Franky boy gets booted
by the hottie at the end of the bar.

Irvin turns back to look at the two talking.

IRVIN

Haha. That's a lock. 3:1 huh?

Kenny is rubbing his hands together and looks like someone
who has just rolled the dice at the craps table.

KENNY

Oh yeah. 3:1 baby! What'ya say?

IRVIN

I say I got 400 that says you're on.

KENNY

Alright. Now we're talking.

They both watch intently. In less than 10 seconds Frank
grab the woman's coat and puts it on her as they walk out.
Kenny stops rubbing his hands and looks mesmerized. Gibbs
just laughs and turns back to look at the T.V.

ZOOM TO BASEBALL DIAMOND ON THE T.V.

NEWSCASTER

Tomorrow is opening day, and the
first day of what looks to be a
promising season for our very own
expansion, Las Vegas Jabs. With a
line-up that is filled with all
stars, this team is sure to make
waves this year, both on and off the
field. Our own Dan Mason is at the
park with team captain and triple
crown winner, Fox Rivers. Dan.

DAN

Thank you Mike. I'm here with Fox
Rivers.

Fox and Candi were trying to
leave the tryouts.

Fox, in your opinion, what is it
gonna take for this team, who is
essentially made up of strangers, to
win a championship?

In the background the asian foxy lady slams Eric against

wall and starts making out with him.

FOX

Well Dave. It's fairly simple. Fox Rivers needs to do what he does, and if he does what he can do, then that's all that needs to be done.

Fox appears very proud of himself, Dan seems confused.

DAN

Right? But for the fans out there. Can you tell them the strategy for the year ahead, with a team that is really just learning each other's names, let alone how to play together on the field.

PAN BACK TO BAR

Irvin is engulfed in the interview, and Kenny starts walking on his tippy toes out of the bar.

PAN BACK TO FIELD

FOX

Well, that part's easy. When you're up, you're up and when you're down--
He looks down at Candi.
--well, then you've got the Foxy ladys to bring you back up again.

Fox winks, and then starts to walk away.

DAN

Fox, about that. Fox.
He gestures with his hand to cut off the camera. Then
breathes heavily and sighs.
What a dick.

PAN BACK TO BAR

Irvin is amused, and doesn't even notice Kenny is gone.

IRVIN

Ha. That Fox sure is Funny.
He motions to the bartender.
Check.

He pays the tab, puts on his coat and heads for the door.

CUT TO: INT. - GYM - SAME

Mitch finishes his workout and Bahir is working the speed bag. Mitch walks up to Bahir without saying a word and stands right next to him. Bahir stops punching. Mitch turns and punches the bag as hard as he can. The bag goes flying off of its hook and through the glass window about 20 feet ahead of them. A few seconds later, Pete comes running in holding the bag, and a jersey on his arm.

PETE

Hey guys. Is everything alright?

Surprisingly calmly, and with subtitles.

BAHIR

Yeah coach. Mitch was just showing me why he's an idiot.

PETE

Well, I'm not sure what the heck you just said son, but I hope it doesn't have anything to do with voodoo?

MITCH

Don't worry coach. Everything's ok?

Bahir rolls his eyes, sits down on a bench and opens his I Love America book.

Is that my jersey?

Pete looks down at it, then walks it over to him. He uncrumples it and hands it to him. The back of the jersey is sewed to the back of the pants. Mitch lets it unfold and dangle in front of him as he looks at it from the back.

SLOW PAN AROUND TO VIEW BACK OF JERSEY

The name now says M. Vanderhousington, and the M. and the N are on the top of the pants as it would not fit onto the jersey. Mitch stares at it for 5-7 seconds. Pete starts to turn his head to the side around the jersey and into view, as he has a hopeful look on his face.

PETE

Well. What'ya think big guy? It was the best I could do.

Mitch lets his arms fall, and he has an unsure look on his face. Then after a few seconds, he bursts towards Pete.

MITCH

Thank you coach.

He lifts Pete up and hurls
him onto his right
shoulder. Pete starts
laughing like a little kid.

Come on.

He starts walking out with
Pete on his shoulder.

I'm taking you to dinner.

Pete is laughing until he hits his head on the doorway.

PETE

Oh!

Mitch keeps walking. Bahir shakes his head.

BAHIR

What a freak.

CUT TO: EXT. - KYLE'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Kyle is sitting in his hottub. He is holding a ball and is going over the different grips for his different pitches.

CUT TO: INT. - DARREN'S HOUSE - SAME

Darren is passed out on his couch. A bottle lay next to his arm dangling off the couch.

CUT TO: INT. - NATE'S HOUSE - SAME

Nate is sitting on a love sac and is smoking a bong with his foxy cheerleader.

CUT TO: EXT. - SKEETER'S HOUSE - SAME

Skeeter with his underwear and cape on is flying on a television screen. He is parallel to the ground and his cape is flapping directly behind him.

SLOW PAN AWAY

We can see that he is lying on a blue bar stool in front of a blue screen and he has a huge fan blowing air on him. His girlfriend is behind a camera on a tripod.

SKEETER

Honey! Honey! You gettin' all
this? Huh? You getting' this?

Uninterested.

GIRLFRIEND

For the tenth time, yes Skeeter.

As she looks over he pretends to steer himself causing him to fall off the chair. He moans in pain, she is unphased.

CUT TO: INT. - MITCH'S HOUSE - SAME

Pete and Mitch are sitting in Mitch's barren kitchen. They are eating macaroni and cheese, with the pot in the middle of the table. There is nothing on the walls, and the house appears virtually empty. The chairs are lawn furniture.

PETE

So how long ya lived here big Mitch?

MITCH

Bout 6 years.

Enthusiastically.

PETE

Wow. It's really nice.

MITCH

Thanks.

Pete is nodding his head as he keeps looking around as though there is something to be interested in.

CUT TO: INT. - LOVER'S HOUSE - SAME

Lover sits inches from a trifold blowup mirror that women use to groom their face. He is plucking his eyebrows.

CUT TO: INT. - BOULDER'S HOUSE - SAME

Steve is going over footage from last year's season, and is looking at line up cards. He appears very focused.

CUT TO: INT. - FRANK'S HOUSE - SAME

Frank is sleeping on a single bed army style cot. The girl he met is asleep on his bed, that is next to the cot.

CUT TO: INT. - BAHIR' HOUSE - SAME

Bahir is watching a "how to learn English" tape. He looks around his empty house to see if anyone can see him.

CUT TO: INT. - ERIC'S HOUSE - SAME

Eric is getting scolded by his wife. They are speaking in Japanese, so subtitles are needed.

ERIC

Honey. Listen. All I did was pick a girl, and that's it.

KOLO ME

You lying son of a bitch. I saw you! What a skanky bitch too!

ERIC

Kolo, listen. I'm telling you. She means nothing to me. I don't even know her name.

KOLO ME

Awww!

Her scream is so loud, that Eric has to cover his ears. She storms out of the room, and he just sags his shoulders and sighs. His next words are in English, but the subtitle still remains. Then with his hands on his hips.

ERIC

Shit.

CUT TO: INT. - KENNY'S HOUSE - SAME

Deuce is playing poker with his buddies. He has a bookie's visor on and a cigar in his mouth. He's just won a big pot.

KENNY

What the hell are you guys thinkin'? You know you can't beat the deuce.

He just laughs, as the men look at him, like "whatever."

CUT TO: INT. - FOX'S HOUSE - SAME

Fox and Candi are sound asleep naked but all you can see is their chests. Fox is wearing his burger king crown.

CUT TO: INT. - IRVIN'S CONDO - SAME

Irvin is finishing brushing his teeth. He grabs a floss, and leans into the mirror. He finishes up, and heads to bed. He tucks himself in and starts to fall asleep.

SLOW PAN TO LIVING ROOM AND KITCHEN

All of the cupboards are open and all of the lights are on. The milk is left out, along with some meat, bread and mayo from the sandwich that is half eaten on the table. The fridge is also left open along with the window, as a big draft is blowing in causing the curtains to rustle.

FADE OUT

FADE INTO: EXT. - BALLPARK - DAY

Crowds are starting to fill up the stadium for opening day.

JIM O'BRIAN O.S.

So in a day filled with nerves and anticipation, the fans are pouring into Jab Stadium.

CUT TO MISC. CROWD THEN TO LITTLE KID HOLDING FATHER'S HAND

The usher takes their tickets and hands him an 'ab mug'.

KID 1

What's this daddy?

DAD

I don't know son. Looks like a coffee mug--

He analyzes for a second.

--or maybe some sort of cheese grader. Come on son, we'll figure it out later. Let's get in there.

Excitedly.

KID 1

Yeah!

PAN TO FULL FIELD VIEW.

JIM O.S.

This atmosphere is electric and I don't know about you Bob, but I can't wait to get this under way.

CUT TO BROADCASTER'S BOOTH.

BOB BAILEY and JIM O'BRIAN both (40s) are talking.

BOB

Jim, I'm right there with you. With all the hype this off season about this team, it's all I can do to contain myself.

JIM

I feel ya there. Let's just hope the boys are as pumped as we are.

CUT TO: INT. - LOCKER ROOM - SAME

The team is getting dressed and everyone appears very calm, except for Nate and Skeeter sword fighting with empty wrapping paper tubes.

SLOW PAN AROUND ROOM, THEN ZOOM INTO FOX TYING HIS SHOES.

His shoes are the custom made FOX shoes by Nike. He finishes tying his lace, then shouts out.

FOX

Hey Gibbs.
He walks around the corner.
You ready buddy?
Gibbs isn't there.
Gibbs?
He turns to look for him.
Hey. Has anyone seen Gibbs?

FRANK

Sorry Fox. Last time I saw him was at the bar last night.

FOX

Eric. What about you? Have you seen Irvin?
Eric is staring at a picture of his wife, motionless.
Agh. Hey! Kenny. What about you? You seen Gibbs?

Panicked.

KENNY

Why? Is he looking for me? Shit. I knew this day would come. Listen Fox, when you see him, just tell him I got sick, or that--.

Fox cuts him off.

FOX

Kenny man, what the hell are you talking about? I'm looking for Gibbs? He's not here, and the game starts in an hour.

Suddenly not so concerned.

KENNY

He's not? Oh, haha. Wheeew. Why didn't you say so? Scared the hell out of me Fox.

Unamused he storms into Pete's office. Pete is playing tetris on a gameboy, with his tongue out like a little kid. Pete fumbles the gameboy when Fox bursts in.

FOX

Pete! Have you seen Gibbs?

PETE

No Fox, I'm sorry. What's wrong?

He grabs the phone.

FOX

Well Pete, the game starts in an hour, and he's not here. So--.

PETE

Well that's not good.

FOX

Thank you Pete.

CUT TO: INT. - IRVIN'S CONDO - SAME

The phone is ringing. He is sleeping like a baby and has a big smile on his face.

CUT TO PETE'S OFFICE.

FOX

Come on. Answer the phone.

CUT BACK TO IRVIN'S CONDO.

Irvin hears the phone and groggily rolls over to answer it.

IRVIN

Hello.

FOX O.S.

Irvin. Thank God. Where the hell are you?

IRVIN

I thought I was at home. Isn't that where you called me?

FOX O.S.

Nevermind! Irvin, why aren't you at the ballpark? The game starts in less than an hour!

IRVIN

It does?

FOX O.S.

Yes! What do you mean, it does? Irvin, get dressed and get your butt down here!

Trying to play it off.

IRVIN

Of course it does. No worries Fox. I'll be there in 20 minutes.

Hangs up the phone and falls back into the bed. He stares blankly into the ceiling and sighs as he turns to the side.

CUT TO PETE'S OFFICE.

Fox just looks at the phone after Irvin hangs up.

PETE

Well, is he gonna make it?
Fox has a concerned look.
Fox?

Fox snaps out of it, then under his breath.

FOX

Huh? I'm beginning to wonder.

PETE

What's that Fox?

Normal toned now.

FOX

I mean. Yeah. Of course he's gonna make it. He'll be here in 20.

PETE

Well good for him.

Fox leaves the office without saying another word.

CUT TO: EXT. - THE DUGOUT - 1 HOUR LATER

Fox is pouring a cup of Gatorade from the dispenser that has a thermostat. He fills up his cup, then turns around.

RICHARD

That a boy. Fuel that pump.

Takes a drink then spits it out all over Lover's face.

FOX

Who messed with the Gatorade?

He turns around and adjusts
the thermostat colder.

Then to the whole team.

Don't touch the thermostat! God!

The team laughs a little at him. He throws the cup angrily, and Lover starts to slowly lick the Gatorade off of his lips. Boulder looks at him wide-eyed and strangely.

STADIUM ANNOUNCER O.S.

So let's hear it for your Las Vegas
Jabs!

Fox and the boys run onto the field and the crowd, which is at capacity, goes crazy. The boys start their warm-ups.

PAN TO BENOIT IN HIS SUITE.

He has his cigar in his mouth and he is watching excitedly with Gary and Robert.

BENOIT

Well boys. This is it. You ready?

ROBERT

The question is--Are they ready?

SLOW ZOOM TO PLAYERS, THEN CUT TO BROADCASTER'S BOOTH.

JIM

Well, Bob, the time has come. The
crowd is ready. Pete looks ready.

CUT TO PETE.

He is blowing a bubble that pops on his face.

CUT BACK TO BOOTH.

JIM

The Jabs are ready, and last but not least, the Foxy lady's look like they're ready.

PAN TO LADY'S CHEERING WITH ULTRA SHORT SKIRTS AND TOPS ON.

BOB 2 O.S.

They most certainly are Jim.

PAN BACK TO BOOTH.

JIM

Ok. Here we go. Rookie sensation Kyle Adams is set to throw the opening pitch.

BOB

If my stats are correct Jim, this is the first time, in Darren Olsen's, career that he hasn't started on opening day. You gotta wonder how that is settling with him.

CUT TO DARREN IN THE BULLPEN.

He is hungover and is throwing a ball at his hand repeatedly, facing the opposite way of the rest of the pitchers as he doesn't care to watch Kyle pitch.

CUT TO FRANK'S GLOVE.

UMPIRE 1

Strike!

PAN OUT TO WIDER VIEW OF FIELD.

JIM O.S.

And there it is folks. The first pitch in Jab's history is a strike.

The crowd is going nuts.

BOB O.S.

No doubt, an indication of how things are going to be this year.

JIM O.S.

Let's hope you're right Bob.

Kyle looks focused and throws the next pitch.

UMPIRE 1

Strike!

FRANK

You gotta do better than that Steve.
I mean, shit, at least swing at it.

STEVE SAMUELS

Go to hell Frank.

He gives Kyle the signal.

FRANK

As soon as you're out--
Slides way to the outside.
I'll get workin' on that.

Kyle throws a curveball that Steve swings and misses badly.

UMPIRE 1

Strike 3!

STEVE

Shit.

FRANK

Have a good day Steve.

The crowd goes crazy, and Kyle let's out a big sigh. Frank indicates with his glove that it was a good pitch, and Kyle acknowledges by nodding his head.

CUT TO DARREN.

He is shaking his head while kicking the dirt.

CUT TO FOX.

He is looking at Candi and winking at her. Suddenly, the ball is hit, and he is not paying attention but somehow still manages to catch it before it hits him in the face. He runs off field and winks at her. She smiles.

CUT TO: INT. - BROADCASTER'S BOOTH - 3 INNINGS LATER

JIM

And that will do it for the Mets
here in the 4th. You know Bob, Kyle
looks great out there on the mound.

BOB

He's one talented rookie.

JIM

And speaking of talent. Coming up is the man with probably more talent than anyone in the league. The incredibly dangerous, Fox Rivers.

BOB

Fox is already 1 for 1 today with a double in the first off the center field wall. Let's see what he can do here in the 4th.

CUT TO FOX DIGGING INTO THE BATTERS BOX.

The catcher for the Mets starts to Razz Fox.

METS CATCHER

So, Fox. What's it like knowing that Jeter can dance circle's around your ass?

FOX

I don't know Mickey. What's it like to finally have me acknowledge you in the box?

METS CATCHER

Man, what the hell you wearing two arm bands for? I mean you got 'em both on the same arm.

Steps out of box, lays bat on shoulder then starts to console like a counselot

FOX

So she gotcha. I mean, I read it. It's like...ooh Met's catcher loses 20 million. I feel ya though, I mean, the house. Its...it's a goner...and the, the Rolls, yeah the Rolls too. God I love my Royce. Man, I don't know what I'd do if I lost that damn car. I'd probably just end it. I mean why live...ya know?

Almost in tears.

METS CATCHER

Can you just please get the box...please?

FOX

You know what?

Steps in then steps out and
gives lover a sign. Lover
relay's that sign to the
Foxy lady's.

Can you do me a favor Mickey?

METS CATCHER

Whatever man, if you'll stop
talking, I'll do whatever.

FOX

Ok good, I'm gonna need you to have
your pitcher throw a couple of
strikes. I want to get behind in
the count. It's more exciting for
the fans that way.

METS CATCHER

You are one dumb son of a bitch, you
know that Fox?

The pitcher throws a ball right down the middle. Fox lays
bat on shoulder and doesn't even pretend to swing at it.

FOX

Dumb like a Fox. Hey, did you about
my new contract...31
million...that's yearly.

Another strike is thrown and the Met's catcher fires the
ball back so hard that it hurts the pitcher's hand.

JIM O.S.

I'm not sure Bob, but it looks like
Fox was taking all the way on both
of those heaters down the middle.

BOB O.S.

That's quite unusual with a 3 run
lead early in the game, but who
knows. Let's see what happens here
on the 0-2 pitch.

CUT TO JABS DUGOUT.

IRVIN

Come on Fox. Let's go baby.

ERIC

Hum babe. Here we go now.

PAN BACK TO FOX.

Fox steps out, and tips his hat at Lover, who then signals

to the Foxy Ladys. The foxy lady's start to do a cheer.

FOXY LADYS

Ready, ok. Let's go Fox, the
count's 0 and 2. If anyone knows
what to do, it's definitely you.
Tighten that glove, dig in real
tight. And give it to that pitcher,
like you gave it to--
Other girls point to Candi.
Her last night. Whew--Yeah--Go Fox!

The Met's catcher watches the cheer, then shakes his head.

METS CATCHER

You're an iiiiiidiot.

FOX

Well. I guess we'll have to see
'bout that.

The pitcher throws a breaking ball and Fox is all over it.

JIM O.S.

And there's a shot to the left
center field gap. And Fox is off to
the races.

He rounds first and Lover rounds him to third. As he dives
head first, he somehow turns his body so that it is
sideways to the ground. He then puts his right hand on his
helmet and his left hand on his hip, the camera pauses and
a photo is snapped. Immediately after the photo is taken
real speed is resumed and Fox turns himself to slide into
third normally.

JIM O.S.

And he's in there with a triple. A
great piece of 2-strike hitting from
Fox Rivers.

BOB O.S.

It sure was Jim.

Crowd goes crazy. Fox stands up and winks at foxy lady's.

CUT TO METS BULLPEN

METS MANAGER

What the hell was that?

PLAYER 1

I have no idea coach.

CUT TO JABS BULLPEN.

Pete is on steps of dugout and he is clapping and yelling.

PETE

That a boy Fox. Way to hang tough
up there!

PAN TO WIDE VIEW FROM THE DUGOUT.

Man, that boy can reeeaaaaaly slide.

From the dugout we can see Lover trying to wipe off Fox.

KENNY

What the hell is lover doin' to Fox?

CUT TO LOVER.

He is rubbing Fox off, even though the dirt is already off.

FOX

Lover. I think ya got it.
Wipes him off 3 more times.
Lover!

He stops.

RICHARD

Ok. Good. Way to go Fox. That's
the sort of hustle I wanna see.

Fox still looks confused as to what Lover was just doing.

FOX

Ehyeah. Ok.

SLOW PAN AWAY, THEN UP TO THE BROADCASTER'S BOOTH.

JIM

You gotta love that sort of hustle
out of your team captain.

BOB

Absolutely Jim. With leadership
like that, this team is going to
very tough to beat.

JIM

And up to the plate is Mitch
Vanderhousington. He popped up--.

FADE OUT

FADE INTO: EXT. - BALLPARK - TOP OF THE SIXTH

JIM O.S.

And there's a high towering pop up to shallow left field. Gibbs is under it. And that'll be 2 down.

CUT TO BROADCAST BOOTH.

Jim is looking at Bob, while Bob is talking.

BOB

You know Jim, there's so much talk about their offense. But I think defensively, they are one of the--

He is cut off by his Jim who is suddenly distracted.

JIM

Hey! Where's he going?

BOB

Who? Where's who going? What are you talking about Jim?

JIM

Gibbs. He just tossed the ball to a fan and is running in.

ZOOM TO FIELD.

The team is trying to tell Gibbs to go get the ball.

BOB O.S.

And now it looks like he is running towards the dugout.

JIM O.S.

Wow. He must have thought that was the 3rd out.

BOB O.S.

Oh what a shame Jim. And here comes Jenkins from 1st to score easily. It looks like Fox is trying to explain the situation to Irvin.

JIM O.S.

Yeah. It's not the biggest disaster in the world with a solid lead and a pitcher who is pitching great. But

man, those are the kinds of mistakes
that can cost a ballclub games.

SLOW ZOOM TO IRVIN.

He looks very bummed out at himself. Fox just laughs it off, and rubs his hand playfully on Irvin's head. Irvin disappointedly runs back to left field.

CUT TO BENOIT'S SUITE

BENOIT

What the hell was he thinkin'?

GARY

Obviously his mind's elsewhere.

ROBERT

How does something like that happen?

GARY

Lack of focus. Mental breakdown.
Lots of reasons Robert.

BENOIT

Well. I assure you that's the last
time it's gonna happen on my team.

Leans over and gets phone.

Pete. This is Benoit.

FADE INTO: EXT. - BALLPARK - TOP OF THE NINTH

UMPIRE 1

Ball 4.

The Met's player jogs to first.

STADIM ANNOUNCER O.S.

Pinch hitting for the Met's, Kareem
Garcia.

Frank rips off his helmet and signals for time.

UMPIRE 1

Time.

Frank runs up to the mound to have a conference with Kyle.

FRANK

Ok kid, you've pitched a gem. A
real beaut.

KYLE

Thanks. I can finish it.

FRANK

That's fine.

He looks back at Garcia.

But first we need to take care of this asshole.

Kyle peers back at Kareem Garcia digging in.

KYLE

Garcia? What'd he do to you?

FRANK

It's a long story, but I'm gonna need you to bean his ass.

KYLE

Come on now Frank, I'm 3 outs away from ending this thing.

Firmly, and as he puts his hands on Kyle's shoulders.

FRANK

Kyle! Have I steered you wrong yet?

KYLE

Well no--but.

Frank cuts him off.

FRANK

Ok then. Good.

He hands him the ball and runs back to the plate before Kyle can even say another word. Then to himself.

KYLE

Damn you Frank.

ZOOM INTO PLATE.

KAREEM GARCIA

Was that really necessary with a 9 run lead?

FRANK

I don't know Kareem. Is it really necessary to bring bombs on a plane?

Totally confused.

KAREEM

What!?

FRANK

You heard me. Just get in there and keep your mouth shut.

He sets up a little inside
but the first pitch misses
Kareem. Frank seems upset.

Come on Kyle! What the hell was that?

KAREEM

Rook must be getting' tired.

FRANK

You know what I'm tired of? All these fuckin' journalists getting' their fucking heads cut off.

The next pitch goes behind
Kareem Garcia and goes to
the backstop. Kareem points
the bat at Kyle, and the
runner moves over to 2nd.
Frank calls for time and
runs back out to the mound.

Alright Kyle. I didn't know how hard it was to hit somebody.

KYLE

Sorry Frank. I'm used to throwing strikes, not at people.

FRANK

It's ok. But come on now. Focus. Let's make this one count.

KYLE

Alright Frank. I'll do my best.

He puts the ball into Kyle's glove.

FRANK

That's my boy.

He runs back to the plate.

KAREEM

What the hell Frank? Kid lookin' for a fight, or what?

FRANK

Sorry bout that Kareem. Don't worry. I took care of it.

KAREEM

Let's hope so.

Kyle hits Kareem right in the back. Both dugouts get to the edge of the steps and after a few seconds Garcia gets up. He starts to charge, but Frank holds him back.

FRANK

Come on now Kareem. Let's not have this today.

Thinks about it then runs to first. Then Kyle to himself.

KYLE

Shit.

Under his breath, but still almost audible to Kareem.

FRANK

Maybe you'll think twice now before taking over any of our planes.

Kareem stops and turns around. Then after a confused look, finishes running to first.

CUT TO JABS DUGOUT.

STEVE

Pete.

Pete's nodded off. Boulder bumps him on the shoulder.

Pete.

PETE

Fine, you can have the grape!

STEVE

Pete! I think it's time you go out there and get Kyle.

Groggy as he wakes up.

PETE

Oh, right, right. Ok, let's do that.

Boulder just shakes his head and Pete goes out to get Kyle. He puts his arms out like superman to signal for Skeeter.

CUT TO BULLPEN.

Skeeter has to hurry and put his pants on, then runs out.

PAN TO NATE.

He rolls his eyes. On the screen is the video he made of himself flying. Instead of going directly to the mound he veers towards second, and slides head first into 2nd base.

JIM O.S.

Well Bob, that is definitely the first time I have ever seen that.

Bob's laughing so hard he can't speak. The player on second looks down at him strangely. Skeeter gets up and appears to be in pain with the awkward slide, coupled with the fact that he is still not healthy yet. He gets up and waves.

PETE

You did real good out there son. Now go in there and get yourself a juice-box.

Kyle looks confused, but gets a standing ovation from the crowd. Kareem Garcia dogs him from first base.

SKEETER

Ok coach, let's put 'em away.

Skeeter hands his cape to Pete. Pete gives him the ball.

PETE

Sounds good to me Skeet.
He starts to walk away.
And nice cape by the way.

Skeeter yells to Pete as he is halfway back to the dugout.

SKEETER

Thanks coach.

He twirls his arm multiple times with each warm up pitch.

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - DIRECTLY AFTER GAME

The team has won and Fox is met by an interviewer.

JEFF

Fox, Fox.
He gets Fox' attention.
Do you have a minute? Fox, first off, great game today.

FOX

Boy aint that the truth.

JEFF

Right--So, how do you feel you guys played in your first game together?

FOX

Well, other than Skeeter giving up those 4 runs in the 9th, and Irvin giving that 2 out to the fan. I think the *team* played just fine.

JEFF

Now when you say team like that. What do you mean by that?

FOX

Well, I was pleased with how I played. But of course that's to be expected. I just know that these guys are better than what they showed here today.

Irvin comes and gets Fox. They walk away.

JEFF

Well, there you have it folks. From the consistently brass, and overly confident Fox Rivers. The Jabs take the first game of the season in convincing fashion, and according to Fox, done so with a less than stellar performance from his teammates. With the 6 o'clock news. I'm Jeff Williams.

CUT TO: INT. - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

SLOW CONTINUOUS PAN THROUGH NIGHTCLUB

Music is blasting and the team is enjoying their victory. Darren is secluded in the corner drinking alone.

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - NIGHT 1 GAME LATER

SLOW ZOOM WITH CONTINUOUS PAN FROM OVERHEAD

Three Jabs are running around the bases.

JIM O.S.

And Gibbs sends one into the gap. Looks like its gonna be 2 in a row to start the season for the Jabs.

CUT TO: INT. - DUGOUT - DAY 4 GAMES LATER

CONTINUOUS PAN FROM TO FIELD TO BROADCAST BOOTH

Skeeter strikes out a player, and Pete and the remaining Jab's come running out the dugout to celebrate another win. Jim and Bob high-five each other.

BOB BAILEY

That's 6 in row Jim.

CUT TO: EXT. - LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT 25 GAMES LATER

Nate, Mitch and Fox are headed out for the night. Mitch is in the middle. Fox looks over to his right and see's Skeeter on a truck advertisement. It reads, "Crazy Skeeter Banks Is Here to Save the Day". Fox is able to get Nate's attention around Mitch and Nate struggles to peer around Mitch to see the ad. He gives the advertisement the bird.

CUT TO INTERIOR OF LIMO NEXT TO THE BOYS CAB

The windows are tinted, so the boys cannot see that Benoit is in the limo. Benoit turns his head at the exact moment Nate does this. He gets pissed and instructs his driver to speed up. The boys laugh unaware that Benoit saw them.

CUT TO: INT. - PETE'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

SLOW CONTINUOUS PAN FROM OUTSIDE OFFICE WINDOW

Pete is explaining something to Nate. Nate gets up quickly. He takes his hat off and throws it on the ground. Pete looks sympathetic and reaches out to give Nate a juicebox. Nate slaps it out of his hand. Pete looks sad. Nate starts to open the door to storm out.

CUT TO: INT. - DUGOUT - NIGHT 12 GAMES LATER

SLOW PAN FROM NATE'S VIEW ON THE BENCH

Nate is sitting on the end of the bench with his teammates, wearing civilian clothing. Skeeter walks by pointing and laughing, then walks up to the Gatorade and turns it to the warmest setting. Suddenly the whole team stands up and starts screaming at the action on the field.

CUT TO FIELD

Fox hits a homerun and puts his fist up and rounds first.

FLASH TO FOXY LADY'S

They stand up, turn around, look back at field, then rapidly flash their butts, then instantly sit back down.

CUT TO: INT. - NEWSPAPER PRESS - NEXT DAY

SLOW PAN OVER NEWSPAPER

It reads, "Rivers does it again". In smaller print and lower on the paper reads, "Morris suspension indefinite". The picture is of Fox with his hand raised rounding first.

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - DAY 10 GAMES LATER

SLOW PAN FROM THE MOUND TO BEHIND ERIC AT FIRST

JIM O.S.

And that's ripped over the mound.
Bahir goes hard to his right.

BOB O.S.

Oooh! What a snag by Muhomad. One handed flip underneath his legs to Fox at second for one, leaping over Daniels and onto first for--

Elongated.

--twoooooo!

JIM O.S.

Did he get him Bob?

Umpire delays, then firmly
makes the out sign after
pointing to Eric's glove.

You bet your ass he did. Woo! What a dig from Eric at first.

They all run off the field pointing at each other.

BOB O.S.

Those two plays from Fox and Bahir weren't too shabby either Jim.

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - DAY 14 GAMES LATER

QUICK PAN FROM BLEACHERS

Some fans are diving for a home run ball.

ROAD TEAM BROADCASTER O.S.

This team seems unstoppable.

Fox runs into the dugout after Mitch's homerun and takes a drink of the Gatorade, he swallows with the most foul look on his face. He crinkles up his cup, and leans in as close as he can to look at the Gatorade thermostat.

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - NIGHT 10 GAMES LATER

ROAD TEAM ANNOUNCER O.S.

And now up to bat. Number 29, Ahman Johnson.

PAN UPWARDS FROM HALFWAY UP STADIUM TO BROADCAST BOOTH

Kyle is pitching and hits the player in the back. The player goes down, and Frank points at Kyle with his glove and nods his head. Kyle sags his shoulders sadly as Frank throws a ball back to the mound. The ROAD TEAM BROADCASTER 2(30s) spins in his chair with a goofy smile on his face.

ROAD TEAM BROADCASTER 2

Whhhhhoopsie.

Both men sheepishly laugh.

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - NIGHT 5 GAMES LATER

PAN FROM INFIELD TO LEFT FIELD

A ball is hit to shallow left.

BOB O.S.

The Jab's are still in top-notch form after their all-star break.

JIM O.S.

Here's a pop up to no man's land.

BOB O.S.

Gibbs' got a long way to go there!

Gibbs is speeding to catch the ball near the first row.

JIM O.S.

Looks like Fox is giving chase too.

BOB O.S.

Jim, there is no way Fox can get to that ball.

Gibbs makes the catch and starts to give it to the fan. Fox comes flying in from his position at short.

JIM O.S.

Oh, and Gibbs makes a spectacular catch near the wall. That should hold the runners where they're at. And oh my God it looks like he's about to do it again!

Bob cuts him off screaming with excitement.

BOB O.S.

And here comes Fox!! He just snagged the ball out of Gibbs' hand preventing him from giving the ball to that little girl. Bob have you ever seen such a head's up play in your life!?

Fox throws the ball back, winks at Irvin then runs back in.

PAN UP TO BROADCASTER'S BOOTH

JIM

In all my years Bob, I have only seen a player do that with only 2 outs a few times and Gibbs was about to do it again for what? The fourth, fifth time this year?

BOB

Fifth time Jim. But with that aside, I gotta tell you, what a fantastic play on the part of Fox to have the insight to back Gibbs up on that play in case the unthinkable happened again. Makes you wonder if there is anything this kid can't do?

CUT TO: INT. - RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

SLOW PAN ACROSS STUDIO

Fox is singing into a mic with headphones on. He has both hands over his ears and his eyes are closed. He finishes up and the two men doing the recording look at each other and shake their heads negatively. Fox looks at Candi without seeing the two men. She is outside the recording area watching, jumping up and down giving Fox two thumbs up. He gives the thumbs back and appears pleased with himself.

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - NIGHT 12 GAMES LATER

JIM

And the deuce hits a weak line drive to right. Eric doesn't have the best motor, so this could be close. Greene is around third, and here comes the throw from Rodriguez.

CUT TO VIEW FROM PITCHERS MOUND TOWARD HOMEPLATE

Looks like a good one.

The catcher fields the throw in plenty of time to get Eric. Eric gets low, as though he is going to try to hit him with his shoulder. The catcher braces for impact, but instead

SLOW MOTION

of bowling into him, Eric uses him as a ramp and does a matrix style flip over the top of him.

ROTATE IN ALIGNMENT WITH ERIC'S FLIP

Right before Eric lands he kicks the catcher in the back with both feet and tags home plate with his palms as he lands like a cat on all fours.

CUT TO BROADCAST BOOTH, REGAIN NORMAL SPEED

Both announcers have their mouths wide open. They just turn toward each other stare at each other.

CUT BACK TO FIELD

Everyone at the ballpark is in shock. Eric claps his hands together and runs to dugout. Pete pat's him on the butt.

PETE

Hell of a ninja kick there Greene.

CUT TO: INT. - NEWSPAPER PRESS - NEXT DAY

The papers are coming out rapidly. Then a paper pops into the center of the screen. It is a picture of the exact moment when Eric kicked the catcher in the back. The caption reads, "The Jab's still kicking butt!" Then underneath that it reads, "Yankees in town next week".

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - NIGHT 6 GAMES LATER

QUICK PAN DOWN FROM OUTSIDE BROADCASTER BOOTH

A ball is hit to center field.

JIM O.S.

And there's a line drive to center,
Morris with a quick scoop. Miles
has good wheels, he's gonna have to
hurry. Here's the throw--

Small delay. Then very
enthusiastically after the
umpire signals he is out.

He got 'em! He got 'em! Nate
Morris with a phenomenal throw to
get Miles at the plate.

BOB

That's one way to make a come back.

JIM

This team is making it happen from
all directions Bob. Those Yankees
better be ready to play tomorrow,
because with the Jabs already
assured a playoff spot on top of the
fact that they are on pace to break
the all time single season win
record at 90 and 10. These Jab's
are virtually unbeatable!

CUT TO: INT. - BATHROOM STALLS - NEXT DAY

JIM O.S.

With the Yankees here today I'm sure
our boys are more focused than ever.

BOB O.S.

Let's hope so Jim. A loss today
could really kill all the momentum
this team has had since--well since
opening day.

SLOW CONTINUOUS PAN FROM STALL TO STALL

Continous echoes of the players coughing in the stalls from
time to time is all that can be heard. Bahir is in the
first stall reading a magazine called "Democratic Monthly".

PAN TO NEXT STALL

Frank is reading "Guns and Ammo" magazine.

PAN TO NEXT STALL

Mitch is reading "Muscle" magazine.

PAN TO NEXT STALL

Kyle is reading Darren's biography. He looks disappointed.

PAN TO NEXT STALL

Darren pulls out a mini liquor bottle out of his back pocket, and starts to chug it.

PAN TO NEXT STALL

Deuce is reading "Card Player" magazine.

PAN TO NEXT STALL

Lover is reading "Playgirl" magazine.

PAN TO NEXT STALL

Boulder is reading Steve Irwin's biography.

PAN TO NEXT STALL

Pete is reading "Sam I am".

PAN TO NEXT STALL

Skeeter is reading a Superman comic.

PAN TO NEXT STALL

Nate is reading "High Times" magazine.

PAN TO NEXT STALL

Gibbs' elbows are on his knees, as he is stares blankly.

PAN TO NEXT STALL

Eric is reading "Black Belt" magazine.

PAN TO NEXT STALL

Fox is reading "G.Q." magazine. The cover reads, "Who is this year's hottest athlete. Rivers or Allen?"

SLOW PAN TO VIEW THE PAGE THAT FOX IS READING

Ray Allen slightly beat out Fox for the year's most beautiful athlete. For some reason Fox actually seems happy, and not mad that it wasn't him.

PAN OUT OF STALLS AND TO WINDOW IN BATHROOM

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - GAMETIME

PAN FROM BULLPEN WHERE KYLE IS WARMING UP TO ENTIRE FIELD

There is a frenzy of cameramen and reporters. Everyone in the packed stadium wearing white shirts that have a yankee symbol on the front, with a line crossed through it.

CUT THEN PAN TO NATE

Nate is talking with Randy Johnson.

CUT TO DUGOUT

Fox is using two bats to stretch. Deuce walks up.

KENNY

You ready for this kid?

FOX

I'm always ready deuce.

Muhomad walks by, and with subtitles says.

BAHIR

Just like that time you were ready to turn two and I throw you the ball, but you were too busy with your girlfriend?

Bahir just keeps walking by, as Fox has no clue what he said. Just then, though, Nate walks up.

NATE

He said that you're always ready because you know how to prepare.

Fox delays then looks over at Deuce with a stunned look.

FOX

How the hell do you know that?

Casually and as he pops some seeds into his mouth.

NATE

I speak ebonics.

Surprised.

KENNY

Ebonics?

NATE

Yeah.

KENNY

But he's not even black.

NATE

Doesn't matter. It's all the same

KENNY

Well I'll be damned. Why didn't you say so? I've been trying to figure out what he's been saying all year.

NATE

I guess I never thought about it.
He stands up to go on field.
And besides. I really don't care.

He starts to run up the steps, but Fox stops him.

FOX

Hey.

He stops at the top of the steps.

NATE

Yeah.

FOX

I didn't know you knew Randy.

NATE

Yeah. Rookie year was spent on the Yankees. He beamed me in the ass my first day, and ever since we've been real close.

Somewhat surprised.

FOX

Damn. I bet that hurt like a mother!

NATE

Yeah, you're telling me. There's no one in the league that throws harder than him.

FOX

Whew. Ouch!

Nate runs up the steps and Fox just shakes his head and finishes stretching.

CUT TO BROADCASTER'S BOOTH

JIM

Bob. What does this atmosphere remind you of?

BOB

The world series last year Jim. I mean, you can just feel the emotions that are going into this game. I just hope our boys don't take this lightly because of their incredible lead in the standings.

SLOW PAN OVER CROWD

BOB O.S.

And they're they go Jim. The moment everybody has been waiting for.

JIM O.S.

Just listen to that crowd support.

BOB O.S.

It's almost as though they can taste the championship.

JIM O.S.

It's a special thing to be a part of something as spectacular as this team. I only hope they can finish what they've started.

BOB O.S.

You and 65,000 others Jim.

JIM O.S.

Ok, so here's the pitch from Adams.

CUT TO ZOOM IN OF FRANK'S GLOVE AND UMPIRE

UMPIRE 2

Ball.

PAN OUT

BOB O.S.

An unusual ball to start the game off for Kyle.

JIM O.S.

That's a good point Bob. Now I couldn't believe this myself, but Kyle had, prior to that pitch, started off every game he's started this year with a strike.

BOB O.S.

Hope that's not a sign of things to come.

JIM O.S.

Don't be silly Bob.

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - 4TH INNING

Kyle is up to bat.

UMPIRE 2

Ball 4.

JIM O.S.

And what a break for the Jab's. The first runner of the game for either team, comes off of a 5 pitch walk to the pitcher.

BOB O.S.

That's definitely a mistake when you have the top of this line-up due up.

JIM O.S.

If there was ever a time for the Jabs to grab the momentum in this game, it's right now.

BOB O.S.

And there's a single from Gibbs.

Crowd cheers.

UMPIRE 2

Ball 4.

JIM O.S.

And that walk to Eric Greene is going to load the bases for the Jab's M.V.P., Fox Rivers.

The crowd is chanting MVP over and over. The pitch.

BOB O.S.

And there's a shot to deep center. Williams is back, but he can't get to it as it bounds off of the center field wall. Adams scores, Gibbs is in, and here comes Eric rounding third. The throw is coming into home--not in time. Fox jogs into

third with a base clearing triple
and this crowd is beside itself.

CUT TO BENOIT'S SUITE

He is standing and going ballistic watching the field.

CUT BACK TO MOUND

The pitcher gets the ball back from the catcher very upset.
He takes a quick glance at Fox and then Fires.

JIM O.S.

And here's the pitch from Diego.

Mitch kills it.

BOB O.S.

And this ball is crushed off the bat
of Vanderhousington. They're gonna
find that on the strip tonight, and
just like that the Jabs open up a
huge 5 run lead here in the 4th.

The crowd is going crazy.

SLOW PAN UP FROM FIELD

We can see Benoit jumping up and down from the field.

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - TOP OF NINTH

SLOW PAN OVER SCOREBOARD FROM LEFT TO RIGHT THEN TO MOUND

We see the 5 run 4th for the Jabs, then we see that the
Yankees have scored one run in each of the following 4
innings, making it a one run game.

The crowd is on pins and needles.

JIM O.S.

Bob, whatever momentum our Jab's had
early is clearly gone. There's not
a calm person in this ballpark as
this crowd realizes they are one
mistake away from losing this game.

BOB O.S.

And here's the 3 and 0 to Bronson.

UMPIRE 2

Ball 4.

FRANK

Time!

Frank goes running to the mound, and Pete comes out of the dugout and signals for Skeeter.

JIM O.S.

Well Jim, it's do or die here for the Jab's. Pete has no choice but to bring in Skeeter. Kyle is just exhausted.

BOB O.S.

He has battled out there all night, but just doesn't have anything left.

Pete takes the ball from Kyle and gives him a long hug. He runs off and the crowd erupts.

CUT TO BENOIT'S OFFICE

Larry's prior enthusiasm is gone, and he is sitting back in his chair biting his cigar nervously.

JIM O.S.

And of course Bob. Mr. Clutch himself, Derek Jeter, is making his way to the plate.

CUT TO MOUND

PETE

Alright Skeet. The Simpsons start at 11. So let's make this quick.

Skeeter nods his head and as Pete walks away, Fox runs over and speaks into Skeeter's ear. As Fox goes back to short, Jeter smiles at him indicating he is prepared for anything. Jeter hits the first pitch Skeeter throws at him out of the ballpark. The crowd is stunned, and not even the announcers can say anything. Jeter rounds the bases.

FADE OUT

FADE INTO: EXT. - BALLPARK - BOTTOM OF THE NINTH

Fox is coming to the plate.

BOB O.S.

After pinch hitter James Rosie drew a hard earned walk to lead off the inning, Irvin struck out looking,

and Greene hit a weak fly ball to right field.

JIM O.S.

How fitting is this Bob? Jeter breaks the heart of all of these fans, and Fox has a chance to make it all better here in the bottom of the ninth.

Fox digs in. The pitcher gets into the stretch and fires. Fox doesn't even blink.

UMPIRE 2

Strike!

The crowd doesn't know whether to cheer or throw up. The pitcher winds up and fires another heater.

Strike 2!

Fox steps back and gives Lover the sign. The Foxy lady's do their 2 strike cheer but remain off screen.

SLOW MOTION CUT TO FAN'S, THEN TO TEAMMATES ON DUGOUT STEPS, THEN TO BENOIT, THEN TO PITCHER'S EYES, THEN TO FOX.

Fox digs in and the pitcher fires. Fox swings and hits it.

RESUME NORMAL SPEED

With incredible enthusiasm.

BOB O.S.

And this ball is hit to deep left field.

The crowd is going crazy, and Fox starts celebrating.

JIM O.S.

Go ball! Get out of here!

CUT TO BENOIT

He stands up and screams and turns to hug Gary. As he turns back he looks out the window to see Fox jog around first.

CUT TO FIELD

Boulder goes to high five him as he rounds first, and Fox starts to high five him, then pulls his hand back. He puts his fist up, then looks up to see the ball leave the park. At the exact second he looks up, he sees the yankee player climb the wall and make the catch over the fence. His

smiles turns to a look of pure sickness. He still has his hand raised. The crowd is devastated and the team in the dugout cannot believe it.

CUT TO BENOIT

He collapses into his chair and stares out speechless.

SLOW PAN DOWN TOWARD FIELD

The players all stand there speechless as the yankee's players are jumping up and down celebrating.

FADE OUT

FADE INTO: INT. - LOCKER ROOM - 1 HOUR LATER

The team is sitting dejected and quiet. Benoit walks in.

BENOIT

Ok boys, I'm going to keep this very brief. I only own winners, and the way you guys fought tonight, makes you winners to me. So, don't let this get you down. You still own the best record in the league. All I want you to do is go home and get some much needed rest.

He starts to say something else, but just puts his cowboy hat back on and walks out. The team just disappointingly nod their heads. Pete walks over to Fox.

PETE

Nice try Fox.

Fox starts to go off on Pete.

FOX

Nice try Pete? How bout you--

He is cut off by a batboy running over and aggressively pulling him away.

BOBBY

Fox! Fox! I need to talk to you.

FOX

What the hell Bobby?

BOBBY

Fox, it's an emergency.

FOX

Well! Spit it out Bobby!

The boy leans in and starts telling him something in his ear. Fox looks panicked, and speeds off with Bobby.

CUT TO SHOWERS

Bobby points and Fox sees Gibbs fully dressed under a running shower curled up in a ball holding his knees, crying and shaking. He indicates to Bobby to stay back and runs over to Gibbs.

FOX

Gibbs!

He slides down and starts
shaking his shoulders.

Gibbs! What's going on buddy!

Gibbs reacts like Fox is a stranger and tries to squirm away from him terrified as he continues to shake.

Eric, Skeeter, Nate, Bahir, Frank, Kyle and Mitch come running up. They all have stone dead looks on their faces.

SKEETER

Now that's what I call team love.

A couple of the guys chuckle. Then Fox yells seriously.

FOX

Get the hell out of here!

They were starting to walk over smiling, but as Fox yells they step back.

SKEETER

Geez, bro I was only--

FOX

Now!!!

The men turn and leave without saying a word. Fox sits there and holds Irvin under the water for about 4-7 more seconds rocking back and forth, holding him like a baby.

FOX

It's ok brother. It's ok.

Fox looks up to the sky.

It's gonna be ok.

FADE OUT

FADE INTO: INT. - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Fox and Eric are in the waiting room. The DOCTOR walks in with Irvin. They both stand up quickly.

FOX

Well? What's up doc?

ERIC

Yeah. Is Irvin going to be ok?

Relaxed.

DOCTOR

Calm down fellas. Irvin here is going to be just fine. He suffers from a severe case of short term memory loss.

ERIC

That doesn't sound just fine to me!

DOCTOR

Well Eric, with proper medication, Irvin is going to be able to function almost as normal as you and I would on a day to day basis.

FOX

Almost?

DOCTOR

Well, the medication can only do so much. But as long as you guys help him remember to take these at the proper times, I can assure you that he won't be having any more situations like he had last night.

Gibbs smiles almost embarrassed. Fox puts his arm around him to show that it's ok.

FOX

Ok, then. Thank you doc. Eric, why don't you and Irvin get the car? I'm gonna get all the directions from the doctor.

ERIC

Ok.

Eric puts his arm around Irvin and they walk out together.

DOCTOR

You're a good friend Fox.

FOX

Just worried about Gibbs that's all.
He puts his arm around the
doctor's shoulder and
starts walking looking to
see if they can be heard.

Listen doc. I need you to give it
to me straight.

DOCTOR

Ok.

FOX

Are these pills really going to do
anything for him? I mean, cuz I've
been taking these pills for this
problem I have and they aren't doin'
shit for me.

DOCTOR

Well, what kind of pills are they?

FOX

Nevermind me! This is about Irvin.

DOCTOR

Ok Fox. Well, he won't be much
better than he was before this spat,
but at least he will be able to
function somewhat, and will
recognize those that are close to
him in his life.

FOX

Is there any other alternative?
Anything at all!?

The doctor leans in close.

DOCTOR

Fox, I'm going to tell you this, but
only because you're my favorite
player in the league.

FOX

Well, I'd hope so!

PAN AWAY

Doctor leans in and the conversation is too faint to hear.

FADE OUT

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - NIGHT

The players are throwing their gloves at the dugout steps.

BOB O.S.

And that's two in a row Jim.

CUT TO: EXT. - NEWSTAND ON STRIP - DAY

The man is selling newspapers and the headline reads, "Jab's drop 3 out of 4 to the Yankees".

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - 5 GAMES LATER

Nate is at first. Boulder attempts to give advice.

STEVE

Ok now. This guys got a great pick off move, so don't get too far out there. Ok mate?

Nate starts to get his lead.

NATE

It's Nate, not mate ya fucking idiot. And besides, I'll do whatever the hell I want. God I hate Europeans.

Boulder mouths the words 'european'. Nate takes a huge lead, then gets picked off. Boulder drops head dejected.

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - 5 GAMES LATER

A newspaper moves across the screen. It is faded out so you can see the screen and the paper at the same time. The headlines say, "Jab's on unprecedented 8 game skid". As well as, "Jab's losing focus?" At the same time, Gibbs tosses a ball to a fan as Fox is waving trying to stop him.

CUT TO BENOIT'S SUITE

He throws his cowboy hat across the room in disgust.

CUT TO: INT. - GIBB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He opens the door. Fox pulls out pills from his jacket pocket and gives them to Irvin, then sighs and leaves.

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - DAY

In rapid fire style, Mitch, Kenny, Irvin, Nate, Frank and finally Fox all strike out. Fox looks into the catcher's glove and puts his head down.

CUT TO: INT. - PETE'S OFFICE - DAY

Benoit is apparently reaming Pete. Pete is eating animal cookies out of the box with the little white handle.

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - 25 GAMES LATER NIGHT

Kyle has just hit another person and both benches clear.

CUT TO: INT. - SPORTSCENTER STUDIO - NIGHT

There is a picture of Kyle behind the anchor.

STUART

The slumping Las Vegas Jabs take a severe hit to their pitching staff as Rookie sensation Kyle Adams has been suspended by the league for 30 days, due to last night's obvious throw to the head of bitter rival Kareem Garcia.

FLASH TO T.V. SCREEN BEHIND STUART SCOTT

KYLE

I'm not sure what to say. I've had control issues all season long.

JANE LIZLOW

But Kyle, you have less walks than anyone in the league. How do you respond to that?

FLASH BACK TO SPORTSCENTER STUDIO

STUART

Adams' troubles don't stop with the league though. Anti-racist groups have been hounding the young starter

all year, for his timely ability to hit players with less than American Sir names. Peter.

CUT TO PETER GAMMONS

PETER

As if this team wasn't playing bad enough going into the playoffs, now they are going to be without their ace for the remainder of the regular season. With only 20 games left they better turn this thing around quickly, or they are going to have trouble getting out of the first round, let alone get past the Yankees in the World Series. Stu!

CUT TO: INT. - FOX' HOUSE - SAME

Fox is watching the T.V. and turns it off after that last comment. He shrugs as though he is upset, but then turns and starts making out with Candi like he is unaffected.

CUT TO: INT. - ERIC'S DOJO - SAME

Eric is finishing a katta. He is breathing heavily. Wife sneaks up behind and slowly removes his top revealing his incredibly thin upper body. She turns him around, and he passionately grabs her and starts kissing her.

CUT TO: INT. - BROADCASTER'S BOOTH - NIGHT

BOB

You know Jim, I just wonder if the mesh of all of these different types of personalities has finally caught up with this team.

CUT TO DUGOUT

Everyone on the team looks completely uninterested. Fox is putting a padlock on the Gatorade thermostat.

FOX

I'll teach them to mess with my Gatorade.

He puts it to the coldest setting, then locks it.

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - DAY

They have won the last game of the regular season.

JIM O.S.

Well, it wasn't pretty, but I'd rather win ugly than not win at all.

BOB O.S.

Me too Jim. Uh oh, it looks like Pete is gettin' the old Gatorade shower.

Nate and Skeeter run behind Pete and pour the Gatorade on him. When it comes out it is a frozen block and it knocks Pete unconscious. Bob and Jim react simultaneously.

BOB/JIM O.S.

Ohhhh!

Skeeter and Nate just stare at him for a few seconds, then suddenly burst into laughter.

CUT TO: INT. - HOSPITAL ROOM - 2 WEEKS LATER

Fox, Eric, Nate, Irvin and Skeeter walk up to Pete's bed. He has a bandage around his head. Eric glances at a newspaper on the chair beside the bed. The headline reads, "Jabs need 6 to get past much weaker Giants". Boulder's decisions down the stretch key in Jab's victory.

ERIC

A little behind here with your paper, huh coach?

They both giggle.

PETE

Well guys. I saw the game last night. You did real good.

ERIC

Yeah, Boulder made a couple of double switches down the stretch that really helped us hold on.

PETE

I didn't even know we had switches in the dugout?

They all laugh at Pete jokingly.

FOX

Don't worry about it coach. We're just glad that you finally woke up. You've been in a coma for 15 days.

NATE

Yeah, and it's all Skeeter's fault!

SKEETER

Oh yeah! You're the idiot that didn't check to see if the Gatorade was frozen.

NATE

Why would I check if the Gatorade was frozen!?

FOX

Guys, guys. How bout some calmness for coach, huh?

SKEETER

Yeah, alright. But one more word out of him, and I swear to God.

NATE

You swear what? Huh?

ERIC

Guys!!

They stop like kids, but continue to pout.

FOX

Well coach, we gotta get going. We're flying to St. Louis in a few hours to try and close this out. As bad as we looked down the stretch, we are somehow managing right now. We just wanted to make sure that you were ok.

IRVIN

Yeah, just get better for the World Series.

Under breath and rolling eyes.

NATE

Yeah, if we even make it.

Fox just looks up at him angrily. Nate puts his hands up as though he is innocent.

FOX

Ok coach, you get better and we will see you when we get back.

PETE

Ok guys. Thanks a lot.

Sees nurse coming with a fruit snack is jubilated.

Oooh. Ok guys, we'll cya!

The guys make way as they laugh at Pete. They walk out, and Pete opens the fruit snack like a 5 year old would.

CUT TO BATHROOM

Fox grabs Eric's elbow. The others keep walking out.

FOX

Eric, I need to talk to you real quick.

He smells the air.

You smell that? Smells like weed or something.

ERIC

Nah, I don't smell it. What's up?

Fox shrugs off the smell and looks around to see if anyone is left in the bathroom.

FOX

Do you remember when I stayed back with the doctor?

ERIC

Yeah. Why?

FOX

Well, he told me about a way we can possibly fix Gibbs.

CUT TO STALL

Nate is sitting on the top of the toilet rolling a joint, with his eyebrows raised.

CUT BACK TO FOX AND ERIC

ERIC

Yeah! Well, what did he say?

FOX

Ok, Eric, I'm going to tell you, but only because I have been trying to

figure this out. And until now,
I've come up with nothing. That's
where you come in.

ERIC

Ok, so what is it?

FOX

You promise you're not going to say
a peep to anyone?

ERIC

Sure, no pr--.

Fox cuts him off.

FOX

Not even your weird asian guy?

Eric lowers his shoulders.

ERIC

Fine! So, what is it? What's the
big secret.

FOX

Ok. The doctor told me that Irvin
needs to suffer light damage to his
skull.

Shocked.

ERIC

What!?

FOX

Eric, I know. But just hear me out.
He said that if we can manage to
knock him unconscious without doing
any permanent damage, that he will
be cured of this forever.

ERIC

Wow. So what'ya think we should do?

FOX

Well, it's not that simple. He said
that if we hit him too hard, and
there is any sort of permanent
damage, I mean any--he will die.

ERIC

Die!? Whoa. That's crazy.

FOX

I know, I know. But what else is there to do? The poor guy doesn't even know where he is half the time.

ERIC

I know. It sucks. So, what's your plan?

FOX

Do you still have those ninja friends out here?

ERIC

Yeah, why?

They leave and their conversation becomes too faint to hear.

SLOW PAN TO STALL

Nate's head slowly rises above the top of the stall. He licks the blunt one more time, and then lights it with a suspicious look on his face. His head lowers slowly until it cannot be seen anymore. A puff of smoke comes out of the stall.

CUT TO: INT. - PLANE - NIGHT

The team is flying back from St. Louis. Everyone is partying and drinking celebrating their win. Fox is just sitting quietly staring out the window. Skeeter runs up and blows a paper blowout that kids have at their birthday party right into his ear. Fox gets startled and hits his head on the window.

FOX

Fuuuuucck Skeeter. What the hell?

He grabs it out of his mouth and throws it onto the ground.

SKEETER

Party pooper.

He yells then dives at Nate. Eric pops up from the seat behind and leans on Fox' chair.

ERIC

Lighten up big guy.

FOX

That's easy for you to say.

Eric stands up and sits down on the open seat next to Fox.

ERIC

Listen buddy. I talked to my boy.

Very interested.

FOX

Yeah? So? What did he say?

Eric sits back in his seat arrogantly.

ERIC

Let's just say--

He blows on his nails as he
is filing them.

--It's all taken' care of.

He stands up and hits Fox on the shoulder twice and goes back to his seat. Fox still doesn't seem too reassured so he closes his eyes. Nate has his head phones on and is staring at Fox from one row back and to the left.

NATE

It sure is.

FADE OUT

FADE INTO: EXT. - ASIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Everyone heads toward the restaurant except Gibbs and Fox.

FOX

You sure? Come on!

IRVIN

Nah. If I've told you once, I've told you a million times. I don't eat this crap.

FOX

Ahh. You suck.

IRVIN

I know. You guys have fun anyway. I wanna get home. Big game tomorrow.

FOX

Alright, but if you change your mind--you know where we are.

Candi looks drunk and starts pulling Fox.

CANDI

Come on baby, I'm starving.

FOX

Ok pal. I'll give you you're morning wake up call.

IRVIN

Thanks buddy. You're the best.

Fox laughs and walks toward the restaurant, then yells.

FOX

I know! Haha.

Irvin laughs then gets into the limo. It pulls away.

CUT TO INSIDE OF RESTAURANT

Fox is sitting next to Eric as he leans in to talk to him.

FOX

I knew he wouldn't eat here. He hates this shit. So they're going over there tonight right?

ERIC

Yup. Old Gibbzee's not going to know what--hit him.

They both start laughing.

FOX

Hit him. You're crazy.

Kenny walks in. The lady at the front panics and bursts to the back. Suddenly a gong goes off, and the lights are flickering on and off. This last for about 10 seconds. Everyone is looking around confused. Suddenly all the commotion stops and a spotlight shines onto Kenny. A manager in a suit walks up and locks the door. He then guides Kenny to the biggest table in the restaurant where he sits alone and then claps his hands twice. 10 chefs come out in a line and they are all shouting mullet, but not in tandem. They surround Kenny in a big circle and suddenly they stomp their right foot and the place is dead silent. The chefs stare at Kenny for almost 20 seconds speechless. Kenny looks so confused and looks over at Fox. Fox gestures for him to say something. Very timidly.

KENNY

Hi.

The chefs and employees all starting laughing hilariously.

CHEFS

Hi. Oh, the mullet is a so funny.
What a can we get a the mullet?

Confused.

KENNY

I'm sorry.

HEAD

The mullet. The mullet a can a have
a anything it a wants. You name it,
and the mullet can a have it.

Eric leans over to Fox.

ERIC

Did he just say, "the mullet can
have anything it wants"?

FOX

I think so.

KENNY

Well um. I guess I'll start off
with a beer.

CHEFS

Oh beer beer, yes of a course.

Yells.

Shinjow!! Get this a mullet a beer.
Right a now!

The players are now laughing hysterically.

MANAGER

When a the mullet is a ready to eat.
Just a let the chefs know, and a
they will a take care of the mullet.

He bows and walks away. Kenny looks over at the guys, then
gestures for them to come over to the table. They all
start laughing and conversing.

FADE OUT

CUT TO: EXT. - ASIAN RESTAURANT - 2 HOURS LATER

The team walks out of the restaurant laughing.

FOX

Kenny, I can't believe they gave all of us our food for free, just because of your fucking mullet.

NATE

Cheh. Who would of thought that hideous thing would actually come in handy someday.

Eric looks over at Nate and smiles.

ERIC

You gotta love the Asians.

The entire restaurant staff is plastered against the windows inside staring out at Kenny.

FADE OUT

FADE INTO: INT. - IRVIN'S CONDO - SAME

Gibbs is watching T.V. on his couch.

SLOW PAN TO DARK HALLWAY

The a.c. vent slowly opens and a ninja slowly emerges downward out of it. He creeps up the hallway to get a look at Gibbs watching the T.V. Gibbs doesn't look like he is going to move, so the ninja throws a ninja star lightly at the window. It barely hits the window then falls to the ground.

IRVIN

What the?

He gets up to go see what just hit the window. He looks out then sees the star on the ground.

Oh man. Cool!

The ninja quickly creeps up behind him and attacks towards him with a small baton. As he does, Gibbs bends down to pick up the star. The ninja flies over the top of him and out the window.

NINJA

Ahhh. Ahh.

Gibbs thinks he hears something and looks out the window. The ninja is hanging on to the ledge but Gibbs doesn't see him. Gibbs shrugs his shoulders then closes the window.

The ninja's fingers gets smashed and he falls.

IRVIN

Ah man. I gotta call Fox.

He runs towards his room. The hallway is too dark to see that the vent from the a.c. is down and he hits his head and falls, rendering him unconscious.

FADE OUT

FADE INTO: INT. - IRVIN'S CONDO - MORNING

Irvin touches his head, and shakes it as he gets up.

IRVIN

Oooh. Man. What the heck happened?

Looks up and sees the vent.

What the? Man. What a headache.

He walks to a cabinet to look for some advil.

Man, I gotta get my dry cleaning before the game.

Opens advil, then realizes what he just said.

Oh my God.

Now panicked.

I gotta get my dry cleaning. Haha.

I gotta get my dry cleaning!! Woooo!

He grabs his keys and slams his door shut behind him. The phone starts ringing. It rings and rings.

CUT TO: INT. - FOX' HOUSE - SAME

FOX

Come on Irvin. I told you I was going to call you. What are you doing?

Doorbell rings. Looks at phone then just slams it.

Bah. Hold on.

Doorbell rings rapidly. He waddles over with the blanket wrapped around him.

Alright alright, Geez. I'm coming!

ERIC O.S.

Fox, it's me, open up.

Rips door open and sees Eric wearing full ninja attire.

FOX

What is it Eric?

Eric walks in quickly. Fox looks at him strangely.

ERIC

Fox it didn't work.

FOX

Really Eric? Really?

ERIC

What?

FOX

4 swords? Some sort of army boots/wrestling shoes.

ERIC

Fox.

FOX

I mean, are these real ninja stars? Where do you even get shit like that?

ERIC

Fox! I'm serious!

FOX

I mean, what is that, a kilt?

ERIC

A kilt!? Dude, I'm a fucking ninja, not Scottish!

FOX

You're a ninja. You're fucking Italian for God Sakes, I mean look at you! You weigh all of a buck 12, and your nose consists of 111 of it. Ninja my ass.

ERIC

God damn it Fox, just shut the hell up. We have major issues.

Laughing hysterically.

FOX

Hahahaha, ok, ok. What are you talking about? What didn't work?

ERIC

Irvin. It didn't work.

Panicked, he slams the door and waddles over to Eric.

FOX

What do you mean, it didn't work?
What happened!?

Distraught.

ERIC

I don't know. My guy just told me
that he fell out of the window, and
that it didn't happen.

Shocked, he starts pacing and putting his hand on his head.

FOX

Fell out the window! Jesus Christ
Eric! What kind of hitman ninjas
are you working with?

ERIC

No, no. Not Irvin. The ninja.

FOX

The ninja?

Now he starts laughing.

Well how the hell did the ninja fall
out the window?

ERIC

I don't know. I guess he went to
hit Irvin on the head and when he
did, Irvin ducked. Guy just flew
right out the window. When he went
to scream for help, Irvin slammed
the window shut on his fingers.

Fox is now laughing pretty hard as he sits down.

FOX

Irvin's like. Who's the ninja now
bitch?

ERIC

Fox! This isn't funny. My guy
could have been seriously hurt. And
why the hell are you doing the
robot?

FOX

I don't know, why are you dressed like suz zero.

ERIC

I don't know Fox. All I'm saying is that it's a good thing nobody got seriously hurt.

FOX

Well maybe he should have gone to a real ninja school. Avoided situations like that.

Gets up and walks to room.

ERIC

Where you going? And what the hell are you doing?

FOX

With what?

ERIC

What are you eating out of?

FOX

Quizno's bowl.

Takes a spoonful, then with mouth full.

They give ya one with every sandwich.

ERIC

You idiot, you're not supposed to keep 'em.

FOX

Well God damn it Eric, I throw the trays in the garbage can at B.K., and ya flip. Now you're tellin' me a whole different story. I mean shit, I got hundreds of these things.

PAN TO KITCHEN TO SEE PILES AND PILES OF QUIZNOS BOWLS

ERIC

Jesus Christ dude, how many times a week do you eat there?

FOX

I don't know, like 6, 7 couple times a day sometimes.

ERIC

What the hell is so great about them.

FOX

Duh Eric...FREE bowls. You know I haven't washed a dish since '06. I mean shit, sometimes, I don't even eat the sandwich, I just like getting my card punched.

ERIC

You're an idiot!

FOX

Anyways, I gotta go!

ERIC

Go where? I gotta go over there. See if he's alright.

ERIC

You want me to go with you?

Putting his shirt on as he opens the door.

FOX

Nah man. And besides. Mortal Kombat called. Said they need their character back.

Eric looks down at himself.

Fox grabs spare key off table, tosses it to Eric.

Just lock up before you leave.

He leaves. Eric looks at him, but says nothing.

CUT TO: EXT. - IRVIN'S CONDO - SAME TIME

Fox is banging on the door.

FOX

Gibbs it's me. Open in up buddy.

Knocks harder and longer.

Come on Irvin, let's stop playin' around. Open up.

Sighs frustratingly.

Fuck.

Leaves.

CUT TO: INT. - BROADCASTER'S BOOTH - NIGHT

BOB

Jim how amazing is this? World Series, game 1 Yankees-Jabs. There's just something special about this.

JIM

There sure is Bob. You just gotta wonder, though, how the team feels right now having to start back up left fielder, Al Sanders in place of the missing, Irvin Gibbs.

SLOW PAN, THEN CUT TO DUGOUT

Fox and the team are getting ready to run onto the field.

FOX

I just can't believe this. If anyone deserves to be here, it's him. Where the hell is he!?

STADIUM ANNOUNCER O.S.

And here's-your-laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaas
vegasssssssss, Jaaaaaaabbbbbb!!

Team starts running up steps out of dugout

ERIC

I don't know man. But I'm sure he'll make it.

They run onto the field and the crowd goes crazy. Fox looks around entire stadium, then shakes his head.

CUT TO: EXT. - INFIELD - 3 OUTS LATER

BOB O.S.

And that pop up to third will do it here for the Yankees in the first.

ZOOM INTO DUGOUT

Fox is sitting on the bench downtrotten. Irvin comes running up from the locker room. Fox gets angry.

FOX

Irvin, where the hell have you been?

Stutters.

IRVIN

Fox, I remembered! I remembered!

Fox looks so angry then, smiles and hugs him hard.

FOX

You sure did baby.

Kisses him on head.

Ok, no time for this. We gotta switcher up.

Runs over to Pete.

Pete! Pete! You gotta get out there and make the switch.

Pete looks at him stone faced. Fox snatches lineup card and runs out on the field.

JIM O.S.

And here comes Fox to talk to the umpire.

BOB O.S.

I'm not sure what this is all about, but knowing Fox, it's probably pointless.

ZOOM INTO UMPIRE

The umpire is conversing with Fox. He acknowledges and Fox runs back. The umpire taps the batter and tells him something. The batter runs to the dugout, as he runs in.

PAN OUT TO FULL STADIUM VIEW

Irvin comes out of the steps and the crowd goes crazy. Then incredibly enthusiastically.

STADIUM ANNOUNCER O.S.

Let's here it for pinch hitter.

Irrrrrrrrvvvvvvvvvin Giiiiiiiiibbs!

The crowd goes crazy,

CUT TO DUGOUT

Irvin is walking up to the plate. Fox and Eric are smiling and laughing.

ERIC

See. I told you he'd make it.

FOX

I just can't believe he remembered. How could he have remembered?

ERIC

Who cares, the main thing is he
remembered.

Fox looks around soaking in the situation, then looks at
Randy Johnson on the mound.

CUT TO RANDY JOHNSON

Randy veers over and winks at Nate. Nate nods his head and
spits some seeds out of his mouth. Fox looks confused. He
sees Nate look at Gibbs while smiling. Fox looks worried.

CUT TO: INT. - DUGOUT - FLASHBACKS:

FOX

I didn't know you knew Randy.

Nates tone sounds slow and blurred to Fox.

NATE

Yeah, you're telling me. There's no
one in the league that throws harder
than him.

CUT BACK TO DUGOUT WITH NORMAL SPEED

Fox shakes his head even harder. He looks over at Randy.
Then at Gibbs, then back at Nate.

FOX

Nah. No way.

CUT TO: INT. - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - FLASHBACKS:

DOCTOR

Just remember. No-permanent-damage.

CUT BACK TO DUGOUT

Fox looks panicked now.

FOX

He doesn't even know though. I
mean. How could he?

CUT TO: INT. - BATHROOM - FLASHBACKS:

FOX

You smell that? Smells like weed or
something.

CUT BACK TO DUGOUT

Fox panics and jumps off the bench.

FOX

Oh my god, oh my god.

He is fighting to get
through his teammates who
are all standing to watch
Gibbs at the plate.

Come on, move! Get out of the way!
Gets to dugout steps. And
Johnson winds up.

SLOW MOTION FOR REMAINDER OF SCENE

Heeyyyyyyyyy!

He runs out of the steps as Johnson makes the pitch.

CUT TO BROADCASTERS BOOTH

Both men look down strangely at Fox.

CUT TO CROWD

The crowd slowly stands up as they see Fox running.

CUT TO FOX' EYES

He looks desperate to stop the pitch. He reaches his arm
out towards Gibbs.

FOX

Noooooooooo!

CUT TO NATE'S EYES

He looks determined, almost evil-like. Then loudly.

IRVIN'S HELMET O.S.

Thud.

CUT BACK TO FOX

He is almost to the batter's box as Gibbs is falling toward
the ground. Irvin hits the ground and Fox falls to the
ground and holds his neck up along with his body. Fox is
rocking him as he holds him.

CUT TO IRVIN'S HELMET SPINNING

The ball is rolling slowly next to his spinning helmet.

PAN TO OVERHEAD VIEW

Everyone from both dugouts is jogging out toward Irvin.

FADE OUT

FADE INTO: INT. - FUNERAL - DAY

Irvin's foxy lady is walking away from the casket crying. Fox and team sit waiting for Pastor. Eric walks in, everyone turns. The entire funeral is wearing black except Eric and his men who are wearing nothing but white. He is followed into the church by his wife holding a folded japanese flag then, 10 asian men. They are all holding large flags. Eric has a samurai sword held with both arms out in front of his chest. The 10 asian men are crying hysterically. The 10 men stop once they reach the front pew and stand in single file. Eric and Kolo Me walk up to the casket. Kolo Me puts the flag in and bows. Eric stares at Irvin for a few moments, then gently sets the sword into the casket. He bows, turns and walks with Kolo Me sitting next to Fox. The pastor walks up to the podium.

PASTOR

Would you all bow your heads as we pray today? Dear heavenly father--.

FADE OUT

FADE INTO: INT. - CHURCH - 1 HOUR LATER

Kenny is at the podium. He is trying not to cry.

KENNY

So I think we all owe so much to Irvin. Me probably more than anyone else. I'll never forget him--even though he always seemed to forget about me. Thanks for the action Gibbs, you're the best.

Starts crying, and walks over to casket.

You might have forgotten buddy. But I didn't.

He pulls out a wad of money and lays it into Irvin's jacket pocket. Pats Irvin on chest and goes to sit down. Candi is crying and pats him on the leg. Fox walks up to podium.

SLOW PAN AROUND CHURCH

FOX

I'll never forget the first time I met Irvin. Eric and I were talking at Benoit's party, and he walked up

to us and asked us where he could get something to drink. Eric and I just sort of looked at each other funny cuz Benoit had just told us that the drinks were at the bar in the back. I'll never forget thinking to myself, "Man, this guy must have lost his mind."

SLOW PAN CROWD

He can't hold his tears
back. Then a pause.

Sad thing was—he really did lose his mind.

Tries to control himself.

You know, Gibbs did things that I've never seen anyone in baseball ever do. He gave balls to fans with 2 outs, he walked to first on ball 3, I don't know how many times. He even slept in on opening day. But you know the one thing Irvin never did?--Put himself first. All he ever cared about, was making you happy, making sure you were doing ok. Making sure you were smiling. He was as innocent as a little child, with the heart of saint. You know, I look back at how I acted around him, and I don't think I ever told him thank you--for anything. Do you guys know, that he offered to give me his jersey when I flipped out about not having the number I wanted? Yeah, he just walked up, with a smile on his face and said--.

He extends arms out.

Here. Take it. You need it more than I do. Cuz you're our leader. Well, I don't know what kind of leader never says thank you.

He looks over at casket.

So Irvin, from the bottom of my heart—thank you—for everything. You changed all of our lives...forever!

He walks over and pulls a baseball out of his jacket pocket. He sets it on Irvin's chest.

ZOOM INTO BALL

The ball has the entire team's signature on it and in the center in all caps and bold it says, "WE'LL NEVER FORGET!"

FADE OUT

FADE INTO: INT. - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Entire team stands quietly listening. Everyone has one black armband with the number 1 on it. Fox has two of them.

BENOIT

Well boys, there's not a whole lot for me to say other than, you guys have a whole new reason to go out there and win.

Starts to walk away.

Oh, almost forgot. I want you guys to meet your new left fielder. Got 'em from one of my other teams, so treat him like family.

Benoit looks over and extends his arm out. NBA all star RAY ALLEN steps around the corner. He is wearing his entire yellow Laker jump suit from head to toe. As soon as he comes into view Fox screams at the top of his lungs.

FOX

Raaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaayyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!

QUICK PAN TO FOX

The entire team turns and looks at him strangely. He is almost hyperventilating with his mouth open as he stares.

PAN BACK TO BENOIT

BENOIT

Well, I'm glad to see your enthusiasm Fox.

PAN TO FOX

Fox is holding his hands over his mouth and is bouncing around like a little kid at Disneyland.

BENOIT

Ok boys, go make it happen.

The team exits including Ray. Fox stays back and runs in place celebrating. He punches the air.

FOX

Whew! Yes. I knew it! I knew Benoit'd come through!

He punches his hand, jumps up and runs out.

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - NIGHT

OVERHEAD SHOT

JIM O.S.

And this fly ball to left should do it here for the Yankees in the 3rd. Ray is under it, and he makes the catch.

BOB O.S.

I gotta say, I'm surprised how easy Ray Allen is making it look there.

JIM O.S.

Yeah. Maybe he should take a few years off from the Lakers, and come play for the Jabs.

They half heartedly laugh, as Ray runs in. The entire infield runs in, except Fox who waits to run in with Ray then slaps him on the butt congratulatory.

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - NIGHT 2 INNINGS LATER

Kyle throws a pitch and the runner tries to steal.

JIM O.S.

And there goes Jackson from first.

BOB O.S.

He got an awful jump Jim this should be no problem for Frank.

Muhammad goes to cover second. Frank starts to throw, then makes a full motion without throwing.

JIM O.S.

Oh wow. What is Frank doing? He had plenty of time to get him there.

Muhammad lifts arms up wondering why Frank didn't throw it.

BOB O.S.

I don't know Jim. Mistakes like that are the reason the Yankees are winning this ball game.

The next pitch is hit out of the park.

JIM O.S.

You mean like that Bob? Instead of the inning being over, the Yankees

put 2 more on the scoreboard. Looks like losing Gibbs is proving to be more than even this team can handle.

The Yankee players are rounding the bases and Fox and the team all have their heads down. Scoreboard reads 6-1.

CUT TO: EXT. - BALLPARK - NIGHT 9TH INNING

Fox is rounding 3rd. The foxy lady's are doing a cheer and Fox looks at them and swipes his hand across his neck, indicating for them to stop. They look dejected.

JIM O.S.

Even with this homer by Fox. It's just too little too late Bob.

CUT TO DUGOUT

Fox runs down steps as teammates try to congratulate him. He doesn't acknowledge anyone as he throws his helmet across the dugout. He runs down steps.

PAN TO FOX IN SLOW MOTION

He walks down the hall alone towards lockers.

BOB O.S.

Yup Jim. It's gonna take more than Fox if they want to come back and steal this World Series from the Yankees.

FADE OUT

FADE INTO: INT. - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Fox is sitting facing his locker putting his armbands on. A paper airplane comes flying in and hits him in the head. Skeeter and Nate start laughing. Fox darts up rapidly and screams.

FOX

God damn it!

Picks up chair and throws it hard into his locker. Team looks stunned.

What the fuck is wrong with you people?!

SKEETER

Come on Fox, lighten up!

FOX

NO! That's it! I'm sick of this shit!

He stands up on the bench.

You guys have acted like this all year long, and it stops right now!

Everyone watches intensely.

I don't know if you guys realize this, but Gibbs is dead! Yeah! Remember?! We lost one of our best friends, and you guys act like nothing has changed! And oh yeah, did I mention we're getting our asses handed to us in the WORLD FUCKING SERIES?! Fuck! I mean shit! What is it going to take for you guys to see the fucking light?!

PETE

Don't you think you're bein' a little rough there Fox?

Still screaming.

FOX

No Pete, as a matter of fact I don't! I don't even think that's possible with the way we've acted.

Pete slowly steps back.

To be quite honest, I don't think you know how to be rough at all. Do you even realize that you're the boss? Yeah! You! You're the one who is supposed to make the decisions and guide the ship! Especially when the water gets rough! Shit Pete, you don't even know how to change the lineup card.

ERIC

Take it easy Fox. Man.

He flips out.

FOX

Take it easy! I'm tired of takin' it easy Eric. The reason we're losing is because all of you are still--

Makes air quotes.

Taking it easy! Well I'm through with that. I mean look at you Eric! For God's sake, you're not a fucking ninja! You're not even asian. You're just a skinny ass white guy who plays baseball. So why don't you start acting like it!?

Kenny starts laughing.

Is that funny Kenny?

Tries to stop laughing.

Huh?!

KENNY

Umm, I uh-

FOX

No Kenny! It's not! And I don't know why you're laughing, you're just as bad! You know I kept trying to figure out why you slid into second the other day when you popped out to end the 4th. First I thought, man, deuce is really hustlin'. Come to find out, you had a stupid ass bet with Nate to see if you could get to second before the ball was caught.

Frank tries to hold back laugh but can't.

What's so funny Frank?

Clears throat.

FRANK

Ughm. Nothing. Nothing at all.

FOX

You're damn right, nothin'! You guys wanna hear something? Last night I was trying to figure out why Kyle hit all those players with Arabic sounding names. All season, he throws strike after strike, but for some reason, he can just peg those arabs.

Frank tries to slide back to the back of the room.

Frank, why don't you tell everyone why he keeps hitting those players?

FRANK

I don't know. Just bad timing I guess.

Fox yells!

FOX

Frank!

Frank clinches his face.

FRANK

Fine! Fine. He hit all those players because, because I told him too.

Team mutters.

Look Kyle, I'm sorry. Ever since the war, I just have had so much built up hostility. Half the time I want to just tackle them when their up there in the box. The next best thing is to have you peg 'em for me.

Kyle shakes his head sadly.

There's no excuse for it. I'm sorry.

KYLE

It's ok Frank. I forgive you.

FOX

Is that all Frank?

FRANK

No.

He turns toward Bahir.

Bahir, the reason I didn't throw the ball to you yesterday when you covered on that steal, is because I just didn't want to throw the ball to you.

Bahir shakes his head.

I've been doing that all year. I got a lot of issues and I hope you can forgive me.

Subtitled.

BAHIR

I forgive you man. Just stop bein' so racist. I love America just as much as you do.

They look content, then hesitantly hug.

FOX

You see? Was that so hard?

Frank acknowledges.

If we'd of had this talk 2 months ago, we'd have probably never lost a game since. And it doesn't stop there. We all have problems. Mitch hates everything cuz of the roids. Kyle can't stand up for himself, no one can understand Bahir, Nate's the biggest pot head I've ever seen in my freaking life and Skeeter thinks he's a real life comic book!

SKEETER

Wooo!

FOX

No more Skeet!

He bows his head sadly.

Lover is clearly gay.

Offended.

RICHARD

Hey.

FOX

Oh, can it! You know it, I know it, we all know it. So just come out already. Probably be a lot less weird if you did. The only normal one, is the person we all treat like shit for no reason, and that's Boulder. Steve on behalf of the team, I apologize for treatin' you like shit all year. You've got some amazing instincts and you're gonna make one hell of a manager someday.

STEVE

Thank you Fox, that means a lot

FOX

You're welcome.

He paces on the bench.

And don't think I'm done. Oooh no. Darren, I want you to come up here.

DARREN

For what?

Benoit walks up without anyone seeing him.

BENOIT

Because he's the leader of this team. That's why.

He disgustedly walks up there.

FOX

Thanks Larry. Darren, I know you've been around longer than anyone here, but I'm gonna make this very simple for you. First, you're gonna take that bottle out of your back pocket and throw it in the God damn garbage can, and then you're gonna turn to your teammates and apologize to them for being the dickhead of the year.

DARREN

Oh yeah. And what if I don't?

FOX

Then I'm gonna have Mitch hide that bottle in places on your body that you didn't know existed.

Looks over at Mitch who growls at him. He concedes and agrees. Pulls mini liquor out of pocket and gives to Fox.

DARREN

There, you happy?

FOX

Not even close. You owe everyone here an apology, especially Kyle!

He composes his thoughts, then with remorse.

DARREN

Look. Sometimes in life you find yourself trapped. You claw and you claw, but you can't seem to find a way out. When I discovered that Kyle was going to be the man, that was my trap. My only way out was through the bottle. I have a lot of issues, none more apparent than my drinking. I can't promise you that I'm going to stop drinking, but I can promise that I'll stop for the rest of this series. You don't get many chances to win a title and I'm not gonna be the one to blow it for you guys, or myself.

Team shakes heads, liking

what he's saying.

And Kyle, it's like this. All my anger towards you, was just anger towards myself. You're an amazing pitcher, and instead of helping you, I spent the entire year trying to bring you down. I'm sorry for how I've acted, and I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me.

Kyle walks up and pulls Darren's biography out from behind his back. Darren hesitates, smiles then pulls out a pen. They walk off together.

FOX

Man, now this is what being a team is all about.

Nate walks up from the back.

NATE

And what about you Fox?

FOX

What about me?

NATE

Oh, I forgot. Fox Rivers doesn't have flaws.

FOX

Nate, you couldn't be more wrong.

Nate looks around mockingly.

You know Nate. For once in my life, I've realized that this isn't just about me. Everything I've ever done, has always been about me. Well not anymore. Yesterday I realized something. When I hit that homerun, and saw that scoreboard read 8-3. I was pissed. I was furious. If we can't win, then what good is a homerun? It's just a stat on a piece of paper, a notch on your belt, but it really doesn't matter. The only thing that matters, is winning.

BENOIT

That's right!

To Benoit and upset.

FOX

And I'm not talking winning for
pride or for money Benoit!

To team.

I'm talking about winning for your
team. If Irvin taught me anything,
it's to do things for your team. Up
until today, I've never done that,
and I don't think any of you have
either. The only way we are going
to win this thing, is if we win it
together and as a team. And I don't
know about you, but that sounds
pretty damn amazing to me. So I say
we go out there, and we fight as a
group. We look out for each other,
and we got out there and make Gibbs
proud.

Looks around at the men.

Their spirits are rising.

What'ya say? Are you with me?

Team gathers in as they
scream. They bounce around
with their arms raised
together in the center.

Ok guys! This is for Gibbs, so
Gibbs on three. 1-2-3.

ENTIRE TEAM

Gibbs!

They all scream and run out of the locker room except Fox.
Ray walks out of the bathroom. Fox stops him.

FOX

Hey Ray, wait up! Ray listen.
There's something I gotta tell you.

Steps closer getting only inches from his face.

RAY

Oh, hey Fox, listen. I was in the
bathroom, but I heard everything you
said and I already know what you're
gonna tell me. You're gonna tell me
that Gibbs was amazing and that
there is no way I could repl-

Fox cuts him off and puts his hands on Ray's shoulders.

FOX

Ray--I, I love you Ray.
Ray looks at him weird.
I love you.

Ray stares at him for a few moments unsure what to say.

RAY

You know what? Thanks man.

Fox continues to hold his shoulders and stares for 6 or 7 seconds, then taps Ray's left shoulder and walks out. Ray shrugs it off, and starts to walk out. He sees a picture on the ground and stops. Walks over to it and sees that it is a picture of him. Looks around and then looks at the busted locker from where Fox hit it with the chair. Ray slowly opens it and then gets a shocked look on his face.

CUT TO INSIDE OF LOCKER

It is Fox' locker and inside are 100's of pictures of Ray Allen plastered all over the inside. Ray quickly slams the locker shut as he has a terrified look on his face.

CUT TO: INT. - DUGOUT - SAME

Fox is looking around as they prepare to run on the field.

FOX V.O.

You know, sometimes it takes a miracle for people to realize their mistakes.

Fox looks over and sees Pete hand Boulder the lineup card. Boulder hugs Pete. At the same time Darren is showing Kyle a grip on the ball and Skeeter takes off his cape. Eric looks over at Fox and gives him a head nod. Nate pulls out a joint and throws it into the trash. Kenny pulls out a parlay card, looks at it, taps it on his hand, then rips it up and throws it away. Frank walks up and shakes Bahir' hand as Mitch is walking by one by one giving everyone a hug. He crushes them, but is trying to be compationate. He hugs Fox last.

STADIUM ANNOUNCER 2 O.S.

Let's hear it for your New York Yankees!

Fox walks over to the Gatorade dispenser.

FOX V.O.

Sometimes that same miracle makes you realize your own mistakes.

He takes off the padlock and stares down at his second armband.

Thank God for our miracle.

Takes second armband off and puts it in his pocket. Looks out at field.

PAN TO LIGHTS

FADE OUT

END MOVIE