

American Yankee

Written

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. TROPICAL JUNGLE - NIGHT

A dark body of water steadily flows by in a wide, snaking subtropical river.

Screen reads: RIO GRANDA MATAGALPA - NICARAGUA

Dozens of luminescent, bright phosphorescent plastic balls converge in the current before us - we follow them floating just above the careening glowing floating pods.

We suddenly hear the mean clapping of distant automatic gunfire.

EXT. JUNGLE VILLAGE RIVERSIDE - NIGHT

Small wooden shanty-shacks come into view - they burn. CONTRA PARAMILITARY SOLDIERS turn the village upside down.

EXT. SCOTTSDALE ARIZONA - CACTUS LEAGUE BULLPEN - DAY

BROOKS CRAWFORD (33), right-hand relief pitcher, dark-haired, handsome, cocks, winds and brings the heat.

Standing nearby, Minor League pitching coach TORY ORTIZ (40's) picks up the bullpen phone.

TORY ORTIZ

Yeah? Okay... Crawford, for you.

BROOKS

For me? Huh? Who's calling me in the bullpen?

Fellow minor cactus league teammates circle carefully around Brooks - all holding mitts filled with rich, creamy pies.

TORY ORTIZ

When I get calls in the bullpen, it's generally, your wife's having a baby, or, your girlfriend's having a baby. You having a baby Crawford?

Brooks reaches for the bullpen phone. From nowhere, pies fly!! Wham, wham, wham!!

INT. CLUBHOUSE - SHOWER - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Brooks showers - fully clothed getting his uniform clean - begins taking off his player's jersey.

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Head Coach ANDY MCKEWEN (40's) arrives stall-side.

COACH MCKEWEN

The old phone-call in the bullpen trick.
Thought you'd be wise by now to that
Crawford?

BROOKS

Yeah... I didn't see it coming.

COACH MCKEWEN

Looks like a stint in the warm weather
has done that right-arm some good.

Brooks soap and suds.

BROOKS

Any advice with the Yanks, coach?

COACH MCKEWEN

Just stay out of the media if you can,
son. Remember, in New York they print
man's triumphs on the sports-pages, and
man's failures on the front-pages. Do
your job, and keep it simple. Remember,
it "don't-last-forever" as much as we'd
all like it to.

INT. TOWN CAR - SEATTLE - 1 AM - NIGHT

Brooks, upbeat, checks his watch - late. He fumbles through
his wallet.

He hands the driver TOMMY (60's) a 100 dollar bill.

TOMMY

Seattle's going to miss you, Mr.
Crawford. Good luck back there!

BROOKS

Thanks, Tommy. See ya' when the Yanks
"come marchin' in".

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Brooks quietly steps into the family room.

He checks his watch again - 1:05 AM. He digs out the yellow
label Champagne - looks up the stairs.

INT. STAIRWELL STEPS - NIGHT

Brooks walks over to the staircase and begins climbing.

INT. SECOND FLOOR STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Brooks turns right towards the master bedroom and down the long hallway. He sees the main bedroom door, dimly-lit with the door slightly ajar.

Faint and muffled sounds of love-making come from his own master bedroom.

Both curiosity and dread flood the veins.

He drops his bouquet of flowers and double-grips the top of his champagne bottle readying to attack an intruder.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

He opens the door and steps inside to see two bodies tickling and giggling under the covers. (No intruder here, only a late night invited guest).

Brooks' wife, AMANDA CRAWFORD (32) lies underneath the athletic, grinding, toned-body of best friend, RANDY WILLIAMS (35).

Brooks is held frozen in silence - overtaken by the lightening strike of betrayal which only gives way to a chemo-like nauseousness.

Amanda turns to see Brooks standing there frozen before her. Brooks moves not a muscle.

Amanda screams!! Randy turns to see his ex-best friend standing over the two lovers.

INT. BROADCASTER'S BOOTH - MONTHS LATER - NIGHT

Well-seasoned Orioles play-by-play broadcaster GARY THORNE (40's) kicks about the pitching change with Oriole, retired great, JIM PALMER (40's).

Screen reads: **CAMDEN YARDS - BALTIMORE MARYLAND**

JIM PALMER(V.O.)
If they go with the right-hander, which
is probable, it's gonna' get ugly in
Camden.

EXT. CAMDEN YARDS BULLPEN - NIGHT

A scuffed-up MLB baseball pops into the webbing of a pitcher's glove. The webbing inside reads: NY-BC (Brooks Crawford) #17.

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GARY THORNE(V.O.)
A chance for the City of Baltimore to
literally unload on this guy!

Brooks, restless, distracted, under-siege, looks up to the Orioles' scoreboard. It reads Yankees 2 Orioles 1, bottom of the 14th, two out.

A Bullpen phone rings.

JIM PALMER (V.O.)
Something that puts the Yankee
organization in an awful position. Cities
across their schedule are calling for
this guy's head.

A quick hand brings the receiver to the ear of a New York Yankee bullpen coach, COACH DRIVERS (50's).

COACH DRIVERS
Ah, huh...

Coach Drivers looks down to his crew. His hopeful expression turns to disgust.

COACH DRIVERS (CONT'D)
Well, this should be interesting.

He hangs up the phone.

COACH DRIVERS (CONT'D)
CRAWFORD! Warm it up!

Brooks photo and season stats pop up on he scoreboard above.

JIM PALMER(V.O.)
Well, this was to be expected. He's done
nothing but ask for it so Crawford
shouldn't be too surprised as to what
he's now getting.

The boo's rain down onto Crawford like a class-five hurricane. Crawford approaches Coach Drivers at the bullpen door.

COACH DRIVERS
Any lasts requests?

EXT. FIRST BASE LINE BOX SEATS - NIGHT

Brooks' agent, mentor, manager and friend JOE CHATFIELD (50's) anxiously observes the Oriole crowd eviscerating his client.

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Sports agent TUBI MCCINTIRE (60's) places his hand on Chatfield's arm - scans the crowd.

TUBI MCCINTIRE
You ever have a client like this?

JOE CHATFIELD
No...

TUBI MCCINTIRE
If he doesn't get out of this, I'd dig up
the farthest rock you could find and get
him under it.

EXT. THE PITCHING MOUND - NIGHT - 12:40 AM

Pitching coach PEDRO SANDIZ (50's) and catcher PIO AZEVEDO (30's) wait for Brooks at the mound.

Brooks arrives. The noise is deafening - escalating. The players covers their mouths with mitts.

COACH PEDRO SANDIZ
You better throw yourself out of this,
Crawford. If not, the short walk to the
dugout is gonna' be a lot longer than the
one you just took from the bullpen.

INT. THE YANKEE DUGOUT - NIGHT

The YANKEE MANAGER looks on to the threatening Oriole fans. Pedro approaches the dugout, stepping down from the field.

PEDRO SANDIZ
I don't know, Skip. Calm as a cucumber.
Looked in his eyes - he's got the 1000
yard stare. Like he's back from Vietnam
or something.

EXT. THE MOUND - HOME PLATE - FULL SCENE - NIGHT

Oriole second baseman, DAVID JORDAN(33), steps up to the plate - happens to look nearly identical to ex-best friend, Randy Williams.

Brooks locks in - gives a double-take on the hitter.

GARY THORNE (V.O.)
David Jordan, ex-Dodger, right-fielder.

Jordan digs in to the box and slowly brings his bat across the plate. Crawford can only see (Randy Williams) in the batter's face.

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BROOKS

Jesus...

Runners step off all three bags. Brooks eyeballs the hitter - eye-to-eye.

DAVID JORDAN

C'mon, Crawford. Let's see what you've got.

Brooks rubs his eyes and tries to clear his head - slipping off the rails.

GARY THORNE(V.O.)

David Jordan at the plate with a lifetime average of .286 against Crawford, would love to close this one out, right here, right now.

EXT. THE MOUND / HOME PLATE - NIGHT

Brooks steps up to the rubber - grips the ball with a two finger split.

INT. BROOKS MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASH SCENE

A very naked ex-best friend jumps across the bed as Brooks, infuriated, lunges for him. Amanda rolls off the other side.

(Back to scene)

EXT. THE MOUND / HOME PLATE - NIGHT

Brooks kicks, winds and delivers directly toward the head of the batter, unleashing a high-inside fastball.

Woooshhh!

David Jordan flies back onto the ground, inches from taking a 90 MPH fastball to the head.

The crowd to their feet - berserk!! Neon pounding - BOOOO!

JIM PALMER (V.O.)

Brushing Jordan back with a 92 mile an hour fast ball. If Crawford wanted to quiet the crowd, he could have done anything but throw at Jordan's head.

EXT. ORIOLE DUGOUT- NIGHT

The Oriole bench surges forward. Coaches, and umpires restrain the players.

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MORE - VARIOUS - STADIUM - FIELD

Stadium police rush out to the third and first base foul lines, turn and face the crowds.

GARY THORNE (V.O.)

It's like he's picking a fight out there.

The crowd grows fanatical - infuriated. They begin chanting JORDAN, JORDAN, JORDAN!!

Catcher Azevedo gets the signal from the dugout. Brooks shakes it off - looks to the runner at third.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASH SCENE

Brooks chases a naked Randy Williams down the hallway with a bottle of Champaign in his grip!

(Back to scene)

EXT. THE MOUND / HOME PLATE - NIGHT

Distracted, Brooks kicks, winds, and delivers. His prized-pitch now only floats like a big white softball.

David Jordan cocks, rotates his hips, and takes a vicious cut.

CRACK!!! The ball jumps from the barrel of the bat like heaven-sent thunder!!

The stadium crowd rises to its feet.

The cover of the ball shreds itself off the core - gaining velocity toward the deep upper, left-center field deck.

Stadium - Pandemonium.

Fireworks EXPLODE from deep mid-center field. All four runners cross the plate. Camden Yards - mayhem!

INT. BROADCASTER'S BOOTH - NIGHT

Gary Thorne and Jim Crawford sip their late night coffee.

JIM PALMER

Front page tomorrow's Baltimore Sun is going to read, "Crawford looks off sign and Orioles looked off Crawford."

EXT. VISITING DUGOUT - NIGHT

Brooks approaches the dugout steps. An overweight, extremely aggressive ORIOLE FAN (40's) leans over the dugout and threatens.

ORIOLE FAN #1
Long walk back to obscurity, huh,
Crawford?

BROOKS CRAWFORD
Fuck you, Gordo!

Fans unload with popcorn, hotdogs, cokes. Police restrain. Crawford is pummeled with crushed cans, tossed beer.

INT. YANKEE LOCKER ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Brooks, now abandoned by teammates, towels off to find a sticky Cracker Jack kernel stuck to the back of his neck.

YANKEE MANAGER
Hey, Crawford. Ownership wants to see you
back in New York. You're not making the
trip to Detroit.

EXT. NEW YORK YANKEE STADIUM - DAYS LATER - DAY

In the rain, Brooks stands alone on the pitcher's mound in the empty stadium - isolated.

INT. YANKEES PLAYER PERSONNEL OFFICE - DAY

LAWRENCE TANNENBAUM (60's), director of New York Yankee personnel stands alongside Crawford's representative, Joe Chatfield.

Front page headlines of the day reads: "Crawford Taunts Baltimore - Starts World War III."

TANNENBAUM
Well, the organization certainly didn't
expect that headline, Joe.

Lower deck, Brooks sits alone along the first base line in the pouring rain.

TANNENBAUM (CONT'D)
Never fun to see a great player fall from
grace. What the hell's happened to your
guy?

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JOE CHATFIELD

He came back to Seattle from Scottsdale after the call to pick up his wife. Found her in bed with Randy Williams, a guy who looked a lot like, grand-slam, hitting-Oriole, left-fielder, David Jordan.

TANNENBAUM

Is that what this is all about?

JOE CHATFIELD

Yep. I'm afraid so. She took the thing that meant the most - his pitch.

EXT. THE LOWER DECK - DAY

Brooks, stares straight ahead - motionless - numb. Water drips from his ball-cap.

Joe makes his way down the concourse stairs and sits next to his client and friend.

Both stare out to the empty field.

JOE CHATFIELD

They released you, Brooks.

BROOKS

I had a feeling they had enough.

JOE CHATFIELD

You throw at players, eventually the executives are going to throw back. What do you want to do?

BROOKS

I never saw myself going out this way - like a clown. I disrespected the game, Joe. I know better than that. I never wanted to be one of those guys.

JOE CHATFIELD

Coming from your manager and your friend, if you want to play, you gotta find a way to put Randy Williams out of your head. Once and for all. If not for baseball - for yourself.

BROOKS

It was like being run down in a crosswalk when you looked both ways. I just didn't see it coming.

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JOE CHATFIELD

No one does. You know there's no disgrace in walking away, Brooks. You've had a tremendous career.

BROOKS

But there would be if I did it like this. I've seen it a thousand times. Quitting stays with a guy. I'm not just sure I have another comeback in me. I thought going out would be filled with sports illustrated covers and ESPN interviews, the key to the city kind of thing. But Joe, shit, I don't want give her this, too. Not my game. Not my pitch. It's the only thing I'll have left when she's done with me.

JOE CHATFIELD

I'm hearing it sounds like you have a little bit of fight left?

BROOKS

Even if it's a little bit of spite, I might.

JOE CHATFIELD

That's what I wanted to hear.

BROOKS

Send me where you gotta's send me. Even if it's in the middle of the world.

EXT. MAKESHIFT BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Screen reads: ATLANTIC COAST - PUERTA CABEZAS, NICARAGUA

Nicaraguan-Honduran coastal border town 300 miles Northeast of Managua.

A dozen teenage NICARAGUAN BOYS stack up their automatic weapons in a tree-like fashion and reach for their baseball bats from another.

A makeshift baseball diamond, cut-back sugarcane field lies before them.

INT. SHANTY SCHOOL - PUERTA CABEZAS - DAY

A dozen neatly dressed NICARAGUAN SIXTH GRADERS are led through their multiplications by beautiful, FAITH ST. THOMAS (30's), American "WITNESS FOR PEACE - "NGO" (Non Governmental Agency) teacher and political observer.

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FAITH
(Spanish)
Remember, carry the equation at the
bottom one space over.

EXT. MILITARY AIRFIELD - DAY

Three U.S. Military gunships lift upwards, turn and ascend southward.

**Screen reads: U.S. MILITARY SOTO CANO AIRBASE, HONDURAN -
NICARAGUAN BORDER, BRAVO JOINT SECURITY TASK FORCE**

INT. U.S. GUNSHIP - DAY

Swinging southwest, we pick up the winding Rio Wawa River.

Two CONTRA HELICOPTER PILOTS (20's) sit at the controls.
Back of helmets read: GUARDIA NACIONAL.

INT. SHANTY SCHOOL - ATLANTIC COAST - PUERTA CABEZAS - DAY

From afar, a violent chopping of air - the gathering of slow rolling thunder.

FAITH
Silencio!

Distant - chop - chop - chop. Fury, approaching.

EXT. MAKESHIFT BASEBALL FIELD - PUERTA CABEZAS - DAY

Young Nicaraguan baseball players looks up to see the airships descending.

Dust and jungle palms push downward by rotor wash. 23
Calibers' - ship to surface shells begin to fly!

A young NICA BOY (13) wears a New York Yankee baseball T-shirt.

Both TEAMS (teenagers) flee their positions, leave their weapons behind and head for jungle cover.

The Nica Boy who wears a New York Yankee baseball shirt gets hit and falls near the pitcher's mound.

Discarded, thrown-about weapons are rounded up by the attacking paramilitary.

INT. SHANTY SCHOOL - ATLANTIC COAST - PUERTA CABEZAS - DAY

Faith gathers and leads the children out of the school through the back door.

FAITH
Hold hands. Follow me. Hurry!!

EXT. SKIES ABOVE - DAY

Gunships crisscross overhead.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Faith leads her students - makes her way up the street through the shelling and machine-gun fire.

FAITH
Rapido!! Rapido!!!

Contra and factional troops set ablaze shanty shacks - women and children, pushed out and chased from their homes.

VILLAGERS pour out onto the streets. Bullets shred!! Dirt flies - roofs splinter - chaos!!

FAITH (CONT'D)
RUN!!

EXT. SAFE-HOLE - DAY

Faith peels back the hatch door and leads the children down inside the dark safe hole.

EXT. VILLAGE STREETS - DAY

A handful of young Nicaraguan MEN are rounded up and put down on their knees.

A Neo-Nazi factional Contra enforcer, COLONEL BELINDO (40's) is flanked by the Managua Police Department, CAPTAIN TELLIZ (40's).

Telliz wears a bandana which covers half of his face. Colonel Belindo throws down captured weapons before the kneeling men.

COLONEL BELINDO
Sandinista?

CAMPISINO FARMER
No. No Sandinista!!

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COLONEL BELINDO
Captain, do you recognize these men?

INT. SAFE-HOLE - DAY

Dark and black - panicked women and children.

The cellar hatch, rips open. Light pours in from above. The tip of an AK-47 leads down the makeshift stairs.

Shadows of light and dust - frightened faces. A CONTRA SOLDIER (15), hardened by war, settles in with weapon pointed.

FAITH
No Sandinistas. No combatientes
enemigos!! Ninos...

CONTRA SOLDIER
Quiet!

Flashlight scans frightened faces - women and children.

FAITH
Por favor.

Faith inches closer, places herself between the drawn weapon and her students.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Duvan? Duvan Gutierrez?

The boy whips the barrel of his weapon directly in the face of someone he begins to recognize - Faith, his old teacher.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Duvan... You recognize me, don't you? You
and your sister, Marta. The school at
Leon Viejo.

Duvan, brings the flashlight closer to Faith's face - inspects.

CONTRA SOLDIER
Miss St. Thomas?

FAITH
Si, Duvan.

Duvan reaches for his shoulder-pack. Inside, he retrieves a round, see-through, a luminescent, plastic baseball.

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CONTRA SOLDIER

These have been found floating in the rivers in the north. Do you know about them?

Faith clears off the river mud on the ball - on it, reads: "VUELVE A CASA PARA NAVIDAD". (Come Home For Christmas).

FAITH

Yes. Amnesty. You can be with your family again. You won't be arrested. Come back home.

EXT. TOP OF THE SAFE HOLE - DAY

Colonel Belindo, Captain Telliz and other CONTRA SOLDIERS stand above the covered cellar and trembling farmers.

They wait. The ground below shakes and rumbles with automatic fire.

Hatch opens. Duvan comes out from the ground throwing the cover back over the hole.

CONTRA SOLDIER

It's done.

Weapons are pulled back and away from the kneeling men's heads.

COLONEL BELINDO

Captain? Find me two in your jail that may be interested in an - early release.

INT. SAFE HOLE - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Pitch black. The strike of a match head! Frightened faces shiver in terror - but very much alive.

Faith holds up the plastic, dirty baseball.

The flame pulses over the message like a fainting heartbeat. "VUELVE A CASA PARA NAVIDAD"... "Come Home for Christmas."

EXT. NICARAGUA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - WEEKS LATER - DAY

An Aeromexico Airlines 727 approaches. Flaps curl. Landing gear unfolds - tires touch down, rubber to runway.

Screen reads: **NICARAGUA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT**

INT. MANAGUA AIRPORT CUSTOMS - DAY

Brooks walks beneath a sign which reads: **Aeropuerto Internacional Augusto Cesar Sandino.**

Young military TEENAGE BOYS patrol the airport carrying heavy automatic weapons.

INT. AIRPORT CUSTOMS AREA - DAY

Brooks, nervous, opens his carry-on. Inside, baseball mitt Yankee ball-cap, passport.

CUSTOM OFFICIAL

What is the reason for your visit?

BROOKS

To play baseball.

CUSTOM OFFICIAL

Welcome to Nicaragua, Senor Crawford.
Nicaragua has been waiting for you.
Próximo! (next).

INT. AIRPORT RECEPTION - DAY

CLAYTON ARCHER (40's), U.S. professional baseball scout wears a Banana Republic loose fitting shirt, baseball hat, cargo shorts and a wide charitable grin.

Brooks passes customs area and enters the reception area.

CLAYTON ARCHER

Was wondering if you were going to make it out of Tegucigalpa.

BROOKS

Pilot dropped that 727 down on nothing more than a sidewalk. Was wondering for a minute if the Duty-Free might carry a pack of "Gerber Newborns".

CLAYTON ARCHER

Ha! Most everyone does. Clayton Ashton.

BROOKS

Brooks Crawford.

CLAYTON ARCHER

C'mon, I'll take you to the stadium.

INT. WHITE TOYOTA LAND CRUISER - DAY

Clayton at the wheel drives and talks. We make our way through the Managua Barrios. The streets are both dirty and bustling.

CLAYTON ARCHER

I heard all about Baltimore. Looked off the sign, dished up the grand-slammy? Tough way to end a late-night game.

BROOKS

Tough way to end my career with the Yankees. Conventional wisdom thought best to get me out of the glare and under a rock for awhile.

Clayton smiles and tosses the newspaper with Brooks headline on it on his lap.

CLAYTON ARCHER

I think that rock of yours has just been turned over.

Headline reads: "**Yankee Americano Jugar al Beisbol.**" Brooks sees his photo on the front page of the local paper, "El Mercurio."

BROOKS

Front page and failures. Can't get away from it. How'd they'd get a hold of this so fast?

CLAYTON ARCHER

Hell, Brooks, you playing with the Managua Giants is biggest thing since the CIA had the harbors mined.

EXT. PARKING LOT NEXT TO THE STADIUM NACIONAL - DAY

Clayton pulls in to a stop. Brooks steps out to see the beautiful, resounding, NICARAGUAN NACIONAL BASEBALL STADIUM - awestruck!

BROOKS

You serious? This is nicer than most parks in Scottsdale.

CLAYTON ARCHER

Somoza rebuilt it after the earthquake. Let me show you the inside!

EXT. LONG TUNNEL TO FIELD - DAY

Brooks and Clayton step from the tunnel and out towards the field.

CLAYTON ARCHER

I've seen a good series down here stop a
freaking war for a day and that's no
bullshit! You're going to find out why.
C'mon.

EXT. FIELD DAY

Before the two men - a beautifully manicured, groomed
baseball field and an immaculate stadium.

The MANAGUA GIANTS take to the field like pros.

CLAYTON ARCHER

Wait till you see the fans. Like European
soccer. Completely out of their minds.

Clayton gets the attention of Giant Manager, and
pitching/coaching great, OSNIEL ECHEVARRIA (50's).

CLAYTON ARCHER (CONT'D)

Osniel?! ¡Más estadounidenses feos
llamando a tu puerta!

Osniel, turns from his pitcher, walks from the mound toward
the third base line - a man with a love of family, country
and Nicaraguan baseball.

OSNIEL

I was beginning to wonder where they all
went!!! Como esta, Clayton?

The two men shake hands. Brooks takes notice of a jagged long
war scar on Osniel's left arm.

CLAYTON ARCHER

Osniel, this is Brooks Crawford. Brooks,
Osniel Echavarria. Giants' manager and
your new pitching savior.

The men shake hands.

BROOKS

I definitely need one. It's great meeting
you.

OSNIEL

I spoke to Joe this morning and let him
know we were expecting you.

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BROOKS

Thank you. He'll be happy to hear I'm in
your good hands.

Infield is taken, balls whip around the diamond with speed
and accuracy.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Your guys out there look crisp - really
sharp.

OSNIEL

They're focused. They see it as their way
out - a way to help their families.

From a distance we hear the cracking and thunderous blasts of
gunship rotor blades.

The men look up to see four Army Helicopters flying low and
coming at them. Brooks tenses.

CLAYTON ARCHER

MI-8 and MI-17 Soviet transport
helicopters. Countryside and border
patrols.

The squadron of government Airships pass overhead.

CLAYTON ARCHER (CONT'D)

Hold onto your balls, Brooks.

Rotor wind scatters bats and balls in every direction.

Side gunners casually wave to those below. Brooks jacket
whips loudly in fast chopper winds.

BROOKS

They didn't mention this in the brochure,
Clayton!

Osniel smiles and spits.

OSNIEL

Welcome to Nicaragua, Senor Crawford.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD WASHED OUT BRIDGE - LATER - DAY

Black skies spark with distant lightening strikes. A
torrential run-off flows rapidly beneath the bridge.

In the rushing water below the bridge, Faith St. Thomas
strains to remove a heavy log which precariously blocks their
crossing.

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A sharp featured, young teenage black man named, CELIO RAMOS (20's) sits behind the wheel of the blocked truck.

FAITH

Celio? If the delegates are held up out here, we'll be overloaded with the next group! A little gas. A little bit more!

Faith breaks the jam and signals. Jeep tires rumble and tumble across the wooden planks over the rushing water below.

Faith gets out of the water, crosses the bridge and jumps in the truck.

INT. MI VIEJO RANCHITO RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON - DAY

Clayton, Brooks and Osniel sit at a small table. Outside, tropical rain thunderously pours.

Clayton passes around the menus.

CLAYTON ARCHER (CONT'D)

It's all winding down around here but with the first-ever democratic-election coming up, Contra bases still sit on the other sides of the border in Honduras and Costa Rica to the south. The government's recon flights are routine. Takes a bit of getting used to but after a while, you won't even notice 'em.

BROOKS

Makes you realize just how far away from home you are.

OSNIEL

We're happy you're with us. Our boys are committed players. They have skills. But, most feel invisible.

BROOKS

Invisible?

OSNIEL

Ambitions to play in your country. Five have done it so far.

BROOKS

I know them well. David Martinez, Tony Chevez, Alberto Williams, David Green and Porfi Altamarino. Great players, coach. Not invisible to me.

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OSNIEL

And now for the other players, those who won't make it, to play with you, means everything.

The cafe owner JUANITA (60's,) approaches.

JUANITA

Have you decided?

CLAYTON ARCHER

Brooks, the plantains, rice and beans, highly recommended.

OSNIEL / BROOKS

Yes, fine. Yes...

Juanita scribbles down the order, looks to her right.

JUANITA

Okay. Ah, Celio.

EXT. PASEO SALVADOR ALLENDE AVE - DAY

Faith and Celio pull up to the front of the restaurant. Heavy rain. Dripping wet, they rush beneath the protective awning.

INT. MI VIEJO RANCHITO RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON - DAY

Faith, Celio enter. They place their wet coats up on the rack near the door. Juanita crosses, greets and seats them.

JUANITA

Ah, como esta?

FAITH

Wet. But okay. The crossing was almost washed out.

Clayton turns and sees Faith and Celio. (He knows of them - he becomes all ears).

FAITH (CONT'D)

We have a delegation coming in from Ocatul but with the rain we haven't heard from them yet.

JUANITA

Ah, okay. Let me get you something warm.

Juanita leads them to a table and within earshot next to Brooks, Osniel and Clayton

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JUANITA (CONT'D)

Sit. Sit. You can use the phone if you wish.

Brooks and Faith make eye contact. Conversations from both tables speak over the other.

OSNIEL

If you're in the game long enough, no matter who you are, it's still about the mechanics, I'm always telling my players, the hips...

BROOKS

I'm just hoping I still have the gallop in my legs.

Clayton actively eavesdrops onto the conversation of the nearby table. He picks up all the bits and pieces.

FAITH (CONT'D)

He had the ball in his pack.

CELIO

That tells us they're reaching them as far as the Northern Highlands.

BROOKS

I had the ulnar collateral ligament rebuilt on the inside of the elbow.

CLAYTON ARCHER

The Tommy John surgery?

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Exactly. Was throwing in Scottsdale well-enough to get the call, then things went south after that.

CELIO

They've been talking about doing commercials on cable. To get their own families on TV.

FAITH

Maybe we can get some of the new delegates to get on tape before they leave.

CIELO

We can at least put them on video, present them.

Juanita arrives with the three dishes of fried plantains.

OSNIEL

Ah, muchas gracias.

Brooks stares at the meal - cooked bananas, brown beans and rice. Clayton holds up his lime, green cup of sugar coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAYTON ARCHER
To Brooks Crawford, Major League
Baseball's American ambassador to
Nicaragua!

Brooks and Faith's eyes land on the other once more.

BROOKS
And, to getting my pitch back and staying
out of the press!

OSNIEL
Aclamaciones!

EXT. EL CENTRO DE LOS AMIGOS AVE - NIGHT

Clayton's land cruiser pulls up in front of a small home.

CLAYTON ARCHER
Mi casa sweet Casa.

INT. CLAYTON'S CASITA - NIGHT

Clayton leads the way by turning on a few lights. It's small
but comfortable.

CLAYTON ARCHER
It ain't the Four Seasons.

The walls are covered in Central and South American Baseball
memorabilia and photos. Brooks follows - drops his bag.

BROOKS
There's some collection here. You put all
of this together?

CLAYTON ARCHER
Over the years, yeah.

We see a picture of young Nicaraguan ballplayer hanging on
the wall.

BROOKS
That's Dennis Martinez right there.
Signed by the Orioles in 77.

CLAYTON ARCHER
Found him in a little village just up the
road called Grenada.

BROOKS
You found Dennis Martinez?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clayton open the cupboard and retrieves a small flask of bourbon.

CLAYTON ARCHER

Yep. 30 miles north. Osniel coached him.
I work all over Central and South
America, Cuba and Dominican Republic. The
league picks up the rent for a song.

Clayton pours himself a quick shot.

CLAYTON ARCHER (CONT'D)

Little fire water to get the kerosene
taste out of my mouth. Want one?

BROOKS

No. I'm good.

CLAYTON ARCHER

These little hutches serve up as home
bases when I'm looking at prospects. Pick
up a scout salary for a number of teams,
set guys up, travel around. Not a bad
life, I guess. Let's see. You got a long
range radio. Picks up nearly every signal
in the States west of the Mississippi.
Kansas City, Seattle, Oakland, San
Francisco. Which means we're never too
far away from American baseball.

BROOKS

Nice.

Brooks eye's one photo in particular. Clayton stands
alongside his WIFE in their wedding ceremony.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

A marrying man?

CLAYTON ARCHER

Was. First-wife.

BROOKS

Yeah, I have one of those.

CLAYTON ARCHER

Expensive aren't they? Marisol. She was
lying in wait for me. From Venezuela.
Absolutely stunning. Turned out to be a
communist. Talk about "community-
property".

BROOKS

Mine's from Illinois. Turned out to be a
"fornicationista".

EXT. CLAYTON'S CASITA - NIGHT

The night is pitch black and the night air rumbles with the scratching drone of tropical cicadas.

Clayton gets in his van and shuts the door.

CLAYTON ARCHER

Just take it all in, Brooks. A driver
will pick you up in the morning.

BROOKS

Little overwhelming but will-do.

CLAYTON ARCHER

New York is two-hours ahead of Managua,
so if you still have some gas in you, and
you get thirsty, there's a little bar-
shack right around the corner about four
blocks or so. Dive place called El
Grillito but the beers are cold.

BROOKS

Let me ask you, ah, this war is over
right? I mean if they got you down here.
Can't be all that dangerous?

CLAYTON ARCHER

Don't worry about a thing, Brooksy'. All
you have to do is focus on your
mechanics, stay out of the local politics
and enjoy the scenery. You'll be getting
back that prized pitch of yours' in no
time.

INT. EL GRILLITO BAR - LATER - NIGHT

Brooks enters the little neighborhood bar and bellies up and
signals for a beer - long travel day. A few regulars
throughout.

BARTENDER (50's) approaches.

BARTENDER

What can I get you, amigo?

BROOKS

Whatever's cold. Thanks.

Brooks takes out a Spanish phrase book - thumbs through it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Fast... Ball... Rapido... Bola... Rapido-
Bola!

Two LATINA WOMEN (30's) enter the bar - lot's of make-up, tight, short dresses. Pro's looking for fun and cash.

Brooks tuns away but he's now in the pro's sights. Each saunter and saddle up to Brooks on either side.

NICA PROSTITUTE #1
Hel-lo... You want to dance, handsome?

BROOKS
Ah, "No gracias". Thank you. Just here for a beer and some quiet. Maybe another time.

The second pro. She moves in close to Brooks, snuggles up on the other side and reaches for his Spanish handbook.

NICA PROSTITUTE #2
Ah, Espanol. You want to learn Spanish, Senor Americano?

NICA PROSTITUTE #1
We could teach you? We're good teachers.

Brooks shares a look with the Bartender who shakes his head "don't do it".

He checks his phrase book.

BROOKS
Qui-zás en otra oca-sión. (Maybe some other time).

NICA PROSTITUTE #2
Ah, bueno!!

The prostitutes move closer anyway.

BROOKS
Ladies, "no" means "no". C'mon now.

A loud and violent argument begins to gather steam from the corner of the bar.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Excuse me, just for a second.

Brooks turns to see a LATINO (30's) and a LATINA (30's) now on their feet, and aggressive argument escalating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LATINO

Do you think anyone believes you? That he was your cousin? People don't generally get it on with their cousins!!

LATINA

You trust nothing! You macho shit! You never believe anything I say!

LATINO

You never say anything worth believing!!

The woman begins to push the man.

BARTENDER

Hey! Seno, senorita?! Por favor. No problemas. C'mon - a couple of drinks, on me.

The Woman cracks a beer bottle in two - just went up a level. Patrons still don't blink and mind their own business.

LATINA

You want to come for me??

The conflict intensifies. The Bartender gets on the phone and calls the police.

LATINO

I saw you with him! You think I'm stupid? Are you saying I'm stupid?

LATINA

I'm saying you're a macho prick! You don't own me!

The man slaps her hard.

BROOKS

Heeeey?? Heyyyyyy.. Hey...

Brooks looks around. People mind their own business. The man grabs the woman by the hair and begins shoving her even more.

BARTENDER

Better to wait for police.

BROOKS

Yeah, but she's gonna' get hurt.

NICA PROSTITUTE #1

No good to get into someone's business. Very dangerous here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BROOKS

Anybody?

The fight gets louder and more violent. Brooks sips from his glass. The boyfriend gives his girl a good right open hand.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Alright. That's it!

Brooks puts down his beer.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Hey, buddy... compadre... You shouldn't be hitting a woman.

Brooks crosses. The Man now has his girlfriend by the throat - squeezing.

LATINO

You want to see a macho prick? I'll "macho prick" your ass!!

Brooks moves behind the man of the fighting couple.

BROOKS

Hey, buddy. C'mon. Get your hands off of her! You don't want to hurt anybody.

Brooks reaches for the Latino - bad move. The man turns quickly and throws a punishing short right-hand and connects.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Arrrrghhh...

Brooks tumbles over a table and smashes into the jukebox and into another couple sitting by.

NICA PROSTITUTE #2

Aiy, ya, yi!! Yankee bring more trouble.

Bartender scrambles over the bar.

BARTENDER

My jukebox!

NICA PROSTITUTE #1

I told him not to get in someone's business...

Patrons scatter in every direction! Brooks picks himself up and moves to the boyfriend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BROOKS

Hey? I was helping you out, buddy!

Police Captain Telliz and his LIEUTENANT (30) enter with a few other police officers.

The police quickly reach for their batons and make for the free-for-all.

CAPTAIN TELLIZ

Take him down!

The batons are unleashed and Brooks takes a pounding that drives him to his knees.

The Prostitutes pick up Brooks' money left on the counter and tuck it between their breasts.

NICA PROSTITUTE #1

Si. We would have taught him
in Espanol.

NICA PROSTITUTE #2

(Broken English)
To mind his own bus-i-ness.

NICA PROSTITUTE #1 (CONT'D)

(Broken English)

To mind his own bus-i-ness!

Brooks - quickly subdued to the ground by force. Baton pressed hard across his face.

BROOKS

NO! Hey. It was that guy!! I didn't start
anything!!

INT. MANAGUA POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LATER - NIGHT

Brooks sits across from Captain Telliz in his underwear, hands cuffed, shivering, staring into a bright light.

Captain Telliz, deadly, charismatic with all the time in the world, feeds a skinny alley cat with tossed bits of dried fish.

BROOKS (CONT)

I told ya', he was beating up his
girlfriend. I stepped in. They sat down.
You showed up with your hit squad. That's
all I know.

CAPTAIN TELLIZ

What do you say, Armando? Is it as he
says?

The Second Guard enters. He carries with him Brooks' clothes, passport, and the day's newspaper - front Page.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Lieutenant plops the paper on the table and says nothing. Both guards see Brooks' photo on page one: YANKEE AMERICANO.

BROOKS

There. That's what I've been telling you. I came down here to play a little baseball. Yankee Americano. Front page, right there, in the, what is that? "El Mercurio".

Captain Telliz turns off the harsh and blinding light.

CAPTAIN TELLIZ

You are either a brave man, Mr. Crawford, or a very stupid one.

BROOKS

The second one is sometimes true but I'm not down here, looking to get off on the wrong foot!

CAPTAIN TELLIZ

We'd like our Americano friends to mind their manners while a visitor in our Nicaragua. I imagine prostitution charges wouldn't read well back home in the front pages?

BROOKS

I didn't touch those girls, Captain.

CAPTAIN TELLIZ

I think in your country you say, that's playing hardball?" I suggest you stay out of our business.

EXT. EL CENTRO DE LOS AMIGOS AVE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

A Police Truck slows. Brooks is pushed out of it onto the street by Telliz and his men.

CAPTAIN TELLIZ

Be careful, Senor Crawford. Next time, consider your own risks when you step into a Nica's affairs.

The truck continues down the street - soon lost in the darkness.

Brooks, bare chested, picks up his shirt - begins walking down a pitch black Los Amigos Avenue.

BROOKS

Where did I? The bar was that way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brooks crosses the street, fumbles noisily at a gate lock. The hinge creaks loudly - Brooks pushes through.

LIGHTS, CHEERS and FORTY STRANGERS!!!

STRANGERS
SORPRESA!!

EXT. FRONT YARD - WITNESS FOR PEACE HOUSE - NIGHT

Lights flood the dark road and Brooks' half-dressed body. He instinctively throws his hands up.

BROOKS
I'm not armed! Don't fricken' shoot me,
please!

Brooks sees a small quartet who strikes up a lively Nica folk-song - a party gets underway.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Huh?

Very confused, he stands before Faith and a group of twenty-five or so Americans.

Party guests stare and smile. No threats. Brooks puts down his arms.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Oh, sorry. Ah, looks like, I got the
wrong, house. I'm really sorry. I hope I
didn't ruin anything?

Faith approaches, makes her way to the gate.

FAITH
Hi, no worries. You look a little bit
lost.

BROOKS
Everything always looks different when
you're trying to get back from where you
started. There's no street lights down
here. Oh, my shirt. Sorry about that.

Brooks wrestles his shirt back on.

FAITH
You were the one at Juanita's today - the
Viejo Ranchito.

Brooks steps closer to her - now he can see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS

That's right. Yeah, I did see you there.
Coming in from the rain. I'm Brooks
Crawford.

FAITH

Faith St. Thomas.

Headlights of an old bus turns the corner and comes down the
street - honks its tired horn.

BROOKS

And they would be the intended guests I
presume? Looks like I screwed up the
"surprise" part of you surprise- party?

Faith, welcoming, opens the gate.

FAITH

It's okay, really.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The bus pulls in for a stop. Bus doors open and we see a load
countryside children pile out.

These kids all carry with them the most severe war injuries -
an arm gone - a leg missing - crutches.

FAITH

We're having a little departing fiesta
for our field-delegates.

Faith helps each one out off the bus and through the gate.
Music begins.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Why don't you stay for a while? We have
plenty!

EXT. FRONT YARD OF THE WFP HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

A small buffet - Faith hands Brooks two plates of plantains.

FAITH

Would you mind? The ones at the table?
Just a little rice and beans. They
haven't eaten all day.

BROOKS

Oh, sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brooks crosses and places down two plates of food to the sitting kids. He gets closer, up-front look to those with terrible injuries.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Hi. Here you go. One plate for you, the next for you.

KIDS
Gracias.

50 and 60 year old MEN and WOMEN (WITNESS FOR PEACE DELEGATES) from America and Europe mingle about.

Injured kids take to the dance floor. Firecrackers and sparklers - crackle filling the air.

Brooks returns to the buffet line.

BROOKS
Where do they come from? The kids?

FAITH
Honduran border near the Atlantic coast. We've had some activity up there. They left Rio Negro this morning along with some delegates.

BROOKS
What happened to them?

FAITH
Paramilitary.

A Troupe of Nicaraguan DANCERS pick up the pace - traditional choreographed dances - party, full gear.

Brooks and Faith find a seat and look on.

FAITH (CONT'D)
So what brings you here? To Managua of all places?

BROOKS
Oh, it's not so much what brings me here but more like, what "sent" me.

FAITH
Oh, you were exiled then?

BROOKS
So to speak. I'm playing with the local baseball team. My fastball has gone AWOL -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BROOKS (CONT'D)
seems to be on an extended vacation
somewhere.

FAITH
You're looking for it here?

BROOKS
More like hoping to rediscover it here.

FAITH
You really must have done something!

A little GIRL (5) approaches Brooks with one of the blue,
plastic, phosphorescent balls from the river.

She hands it to him - keeps staring.

FAITH (CONT'D)
She has a crush on you.

BROOKS
It's like she's looking right through me.

Brooks takes the ball and looks it over.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Thank you.

The little girl says nothing but keeps her eyes on Brooks.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Should I do something?

FAITH
She just wants you to see her.

The girl then turns away.

BROOKS
Looks like a kind of light inside.

FAITH
The government floats them up the rivers
where they can reach factional
strongholds in the jungle. They're being
encouraged to put down their arms for
amnesty.

BROOKS
Through baseball?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FAITH

It's the only thing both side can agree on.

Brooks spins the ball in his hand.

BROOKS

"Es hora de volver a casa". What's that mean?

FAITH

It means, "It's time to come home".

EXT. WITNESS FOR PEACE HOUSE FRONT GATE - LATER - NIGHT

The party has quieted. Last remaining Delegates go inside the house.

Faith walks Brooks to the front gate. Brooks looks up to see the WFP sign.

FAITH

We began ten-years-ago rotating delegations into the outlying villages when the war here was heavy. It was a way to give villages a momentary reprieve from the violence. The attacks would stop while Americans were there.

A spark between them is clear.

BROOKS

Well, maybe I'll see you around the neighborhood? Next time fully clothed, I promise.

FAITH

I'll be here.

Brooks extends the ball Faith's way.

BROOKS

Oh, here. She might want this back.

Faith opens the top and turns on a small light-switch from the inside. It glows.

FAITH

I think she meant it for you.

Faith hands it to him - sweet phosphorescent light glimmers between them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAITH (CONT'D)
Now you can find your way home again.

INT. CASITA BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brooks lies in bed - restless.

He tosses the lighted ball up and down while lying on his back. A baseball game plays on the long range radio.

A fan whirs overhead - tropical air pushed about.

EXT. NACIONAL STADIUM - FOLLOWING MORNING - DAY

Gunships fly overhead to the Northern territories.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Women and men sweep the stoops of their shanty homes. Packs of kids play stickball on nearly every corner.

Big Game at the National Stadium today!

INT. JAIL - DAY

Captain Telliz approaches a cell holding two withdrawn and beaten-up PRISONERS (17).

CAPTAIN TELLIZ
Get up.

INT. CLAYTON'S CASITA - DAY

Brooks gets his baseball bag together i.e., mitt, cleats, pullover, shoulder rub, a picture of his son, CHRISTOPHER (13).

EXT. CLAYTON'S CASITA - DAY

A small army jeep filled with kids abruptly comes to a stop in front of Brooks' front door. A young and spirited tomboy named CATARINA ECHAVARRIA (14) (Osniel Echavaria granddaughter) is at the wheel.

INT. CLAYTON'S CASITA - DAY

Rapid knocks on the door. Last remaining items i.e., lucky rabbits foot, lucky dice, his baseball card - Indiana Ace.

BROOKS
Coming!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brooks opens the door. Catarina, a bit bashful, stands wearing a Giants baseball hat.

Throws a look to her friends in the jeep.

CATARINA

Buenos dias.

BROOKS

Oh... I was expecting a ride. You looking for someone?

Catarina reaches for a small piece of paper from her pocket and nervously reads broken English aloud.

CATARINA

We, are, here, to, pick you up, and watch you play, base-ball.

Brooks lifts up the bill of her hat. He throws a look out to Catarina's reinforcements who sit anxiously in the jeep.

BROOKS

You're my driver?

EXT. MANAGUA STREETS - MORNING - DAY

Catarina races to the stadium through the downtown inner-city streets. Brooks holds on for dear life.

Baseball and the day's game with Cuba fills the air.

Presidential Candidate posters and slogans fill the long city wall - DANIEL ORTEGA - VIALLETA CHAMARRO - FMLN - SANDINISTA NATIONALISTS LIBERATION FRONT - CENTRAL AMERICAN UNIONIST PARTY.

Scores of YOUNG NICA KIDS fill every alleyway playing their-own brand of stickball - everywhere.

Like a pilgrimage, dozens and dozens of dirty, run down buses head to the stadium.

Catarina jerks the jeep down a short-cut alleyway.

BROOKS

Wow! You even have a license?

EXT. NACIONAL STADIUM PARKING LOT - DAY

Catarina pulls in to a stop. Kids from the back seat are thrown to the front. Brooks snaps forward then back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATARINA
Aquiestamos.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL STADIUM BOX - DAY

FIDEL CASTRO (64) and DANIEL ORTEGA (45) puff on large Cuban cigars. Nationalist flags fly high, Giant banners blow wistfully in the tropical air.

Nacional Stadium - alive! Fans pour in. Vendors parade up and down the aisles with shoulder-strapped coolers selling pork rinds and yucca plant.

Musicians, mariachis - incensed singing spectators. Brooks, mesmerized by the scope and spectacle.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - DAY

We HEAR the names called out of the Giant team by the STADIUM ANNOUNCER.

NICARAGUAN ANNOUNCER (P.A.)
Al principio la base cuarta de bateo en
la alineación es RAUL CASANOVA. (More)

EXT. INFIELD - DAY

Opposing CUBAN BALLPLAYERS take their infield. Grounders, fly-balls, pitcher on the mound throwing strikes, umpires in position - every much as National League Baseball.

EXT. HOME DUGOUT - DAY

Brooks, who now wears his new team's uniform, steps out of the dugout, adjusts the bill of his ball cap.

Skies, wide and clear. Beautiful day for baseball. The back of his uniform reads "CRAWFORD #17."

He then turns back to his dugout.

Leaning next to the bat rack, a half-a-dozen, AK-47's with mitts over their barrels.

EXT. HOME PLATE - DAY

The UMPIRE sweeps the dirt off of home-plate. He puts the pocket broom away and takes off his face mask.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE
¡Jugar a la pelota!

EXT. ISOLATED COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A small supply plane passes by at low-altitude and drops a small cargo freight by parachute.

The two Managua Jailed Prisoners await the cargo for pick-up.

PRISONER #1
Easy money, eh?

INT. EMPTY WITNESS FOR PEACE HOUSE - DAY

Gloved hands throw down boxes and boxes of election voter registration forms - then pour gasoline on to them.

A match is lit!

EXT. HOME DUGOUT - DAY

Thunderous stomping atop the dugout roof.

Brooks steps out to see half-a-dozen Nicaraguan women (Nica's) on top of the dugout, pounding their feet and dancing in unison - very sexy, hard-driving.

Brooks approaches teammate, REUBEN MARTINEZ (25).

BROOKS
These girls always dance like this on the dugout?

REUBEN
Just getting started.

STADIUM - MORE - VARIOUS - MONTAGE OF INNINGS

Crack! A Cuban hitter drives one deep to left center field back to the warning track. It's caught.

Innings change as does the lead i.e. 2-0 Giants, 2-1 Giants, 3-2 Cuba, 4-2 Giants. Balls are hit and caught, bases are stolen, line drives are hit, balls pushed to the deep left and right field walls are caught.

Brooks warms up in the bullpen.

EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND - DAY

Osniel steps out from the dugout and strides out to the mound. The Home Plate Umpire signals "Time Out."

The Catcher runs out to meet Osniel and the Pitcher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OSNIEL

We're going to give Fidel a little treat.

Osniel makes the signal to the bullpen.

EXT. BULLPEN - DAY

Brooks begins the walk to the mound.

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - DAY

The Announcer reads the name of the pitching change and gives pause half-way through.

NICARAGUA ANNOUNCER (P.A.)

Y ahora remplazando Fonseca, El Giant y
New York Yankee Americano... Brooks
(pause) Crawford.

EXT. NACIONAL STADIUM CROWD/FIELD - DAY

The fury of the stadium goes dead quiet. Not a sound, or an ounce of movement - anywhere.

Fidel Castro and Ortega look on - cautiously.

FIDEL CASTRO

Americano?

DANIEL ORTEGA

Si. Yankee, Americano.

EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND - DAY

Brooks approaches the mound. Osniel waits. All eyes on him - fans, ballplayers and presidents. Not a sound.

BROOKS

It's as quiet as a church around here.

Osniel smiles gives Brooks the ball.

OSNIEL

They're wondering if you're bringing
bullets or fastballs?

Osniel steps off the mound and heads for the dugout. Brooks, a man on a very lonely island.

EXT. DUG OUT - DAY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Osniel and the rest of the Giants move forward to look on. Cuba's batter steps up in the box. Giants take up their positions - all very interested in what might happen.

EXT. INFIELD - DAY

Brooks, ready for his first pitch, kicks, winds and delivers. He fires wildly, up and wide way over the catcher. Woooosh!!!

BROOKS

Dammit.

The batter stares at the errant pitch. The fans rise to their feet and cheer this crazy American, right-hander.

Crowd begins to chant!! GIANTS! GIANTS!

Brooks, rattled, approaches the rubber, winds, kicks and delivers. The two finger split leaves his hand.

His second pitch again is wild again - loose canon, inside fastball that hits the hitter directly on the side of the hip!!

CUBAN HITTER

AAAAHHHHHHhhhhh!!!

The Cuban goes down to his knee, writhes in pain, throws his bat towards the mound steps up and makes a move.

CUBAN HITTER (CONT'D)

FUCKING, piece of shit, Americano!

The Cuban dugout lurches forward but then restrained by their coaches. Cuban players, antsy for a fight.

CUBAN MANAGER

No... No...

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL STADIUM BOX - DAY

Castro and Ortega.

PRESIDENT ORTEGA

Another, "Bay of Pigs", eh, Fidel?

MORE - VARIOUS - FULL SCENE

Brooks' teammates, beside themselves in the dugout - laughing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS
I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I swear to God I'm
sorry. Anybody speak English?

Players spin with laughter - sing and dance about!!

GIANTS
AMERICANO!! YANKEE AMERICANO!!

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER - DAY

Brooks takes off his jersey and stares at the back of his
name.

Giants teammate, short stop, ERNESTO MARTINEZ (20's)
approaches.

ERNESTO
Senor Crawford?

BROOKS
Yeah?

ERNESTO
Mi nombre es, Ernesto.

BROOKS
Mi nombre es, name is Brooks.

ERNESTO
Bruks?

BROOKS
Bruks. Brooks, yeah.

ERNESTO
Mi permiso?

Ernesto reaches for a ball.

BROOKS
Sure.

Ernesto carefully grips the ball with two fingers atop the
laces and his thumb lightly on the bottom.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Never seen it that before. You throw this
ball?

ERNESTO
It is illegal for us, aqui, here, no good
in Nicaragua.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS

Illegal? How can a pitch be illegal?

ERNESTO

We call it the Cuban express.

BROOKS

The Cuban Express. Like this, huh..?

ERNESTO

Si. When we hit Cubans, Presidente Castro takes aid away from our country. But you? With this pitch, you hit Cubans anytime you want!

Ernesto looks around to the other teammates. The joke's on Brooks. The Managua Giants start to laugh.

BROOKS

Okay. Okay. Cuban express. I get it.

The Giants team mocks being hit by pitches - all begin feigning being hit by thrown pitches. POW! A guy goes down, POW! Another, then another.

PLAYERS

El Cubano Expresso! VIVA BRUKS CRAWFORD!
VIVA BRUKS CRAWFORD!

The ice is broken. Osniel approaches.

OSNIEL

Arm is strong. Mechanics. All but gone.

BROOKS

Looks like I'll be here for a while.

OSNIEL

Tomorrow we go to work.

EXT. INSIDE STADIUM CORRIDOR - LATER - DAY

Brooks walks out with the other players from the locker room. Half a dozen GIRLFRIENDS (20's) anxiously wait for their men.

JAVIER (20's) with bat bag over his shoulder strides past Brooks.

Javier's girlfriend GABRIELA (19) rushes over to him, jumps and throws her legs around him - kissing him - holding him - more kissing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GABRIELA
Calindo!!!

Other GIRLFRIENDS rush to their Men, kissing, more kissing - laughing.

Brooks - alone, looks on, emotionally stranded. He looks to see his driver, little Catarina waiting for him.

Teammate Ernesto approaches.

ERNESTO
Hey, Bruks?

BROOKS
Ah, yeah?

ERNESTO
We go to the cantina. You come?

The boys encourage. Brooks feels the odd man out. Catarina looks on to the older player's girlfriends - she frowns.

BROOKS
Ah, thanks. But my ride home is here, waiting. See you in the field tomorrow?

REUBEN
Okay, manana. More baseball, more Cuban expresso's, heh Bruks?

BROOKS
Yeah, more Cuban expresso's. Manana.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Brooks now at the wheel. Catarina sits to his loyal right. He looks over to the fourteen-year-old.

BROOKS
Does everybody have a girlfriend around here?

CATARINA
Si.

EXT. COUNTRY FIELD - LATER - DAY

A jeep pulls over to the right side of an empty field. Telliz, his Lieutenant and the two prisoners get out.

The men walk toward an empty field.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN TELLIZ

The Colonel was pleased. We'll have more work for you two. Lieutenant, pay them for their services.

The two boys turn back knowing they are about to be let go - then both shot to death at point blank range.

CAPTAIN TELLIZ (CONT'D)

Get them buried.

EXT. STREET - WFP HOUSE - DAY

Fire and smoke. A FIRE TEAM surrounds the Witness For Peace House - Nicaraguan Police, everywhere!

BROOKS

What's going on here?

CATARINA

Fumo.

Brooks abruptly pulls up in front of The Witness For Peace House. Faith stands alone in the midst of smoke, fiery embers and debris.

He gets out of the jeep and approaches.

BROOKS

What happened? You okay?

FAITH

We went to the airport to see off the Delegates. We came back to this.

Fire trucks pull away. Faith stands shivering and covered in ash.

BROOKS

C'mon, come on down. You can get cleaned up. Take a breath so you can figure out what you need to do.

INT. CLAYTON'S CASITA - LATER - NIGHT

Brooks puts groceries away in the kitchen.

Faith comes out of the small shower with hair wet and a towel wrapped around her body.

FAITH

We've known they were going to try something before the elections.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She tosses dirty, smoky clothes unto a kitchen chair. Brooks hands her a dry a towel and one of his clean NY Yankee T-shirt.

BROOKS

Here, you've been picked up by a major league baseball team.

FAITH

Stylish. Thanks.

Faith turns around before him, drops the towel and pulls the shirt over her head and shoulders.

BROOKS

What do you mean, "try something?"

FAITH

It's the up and coming elections. We plan to be out there to monitor voting in the countryside. Make sure there's no intimidation. Were using a lot of media with a number of NGO's, along with the mothers of the conscripted, teenage paramilitary to get our message out. We suspect their people will be at the precincts, gerrymandering, intimidating - we got the first piece of it today.

BROOKS

It's complicated down here, isn't it?

FAITH

Policies are used as a choking instrument. A vote for Chamarro means U.S. trade and economic embargoes against the country will be lifted.

Brooks begins cutting vegetables on a wooden cutting board.

BROOKS

Well, on a lighter note, my own debut went over like a led balloon today - I hit a Cuban in my first appearance.

FAITH

You hit a player?

BROOKS

With my first errant fastball. I think Fidel Castro choked on his Havano.

Brooks hands Faith a glass of wine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FAITH

So this is Clayton's place, huh?

BROOKS

In all of its splendor.

Faith takes in the memorabilia.

FAITH

Never thought I'd ever see the inside of these four walls. He's real baseball guy, huh?

BROOKS

Scout. Covers Central America. He's paid by a number of teams to keep his eyes open for the new, young guy who might just happen to have a 90 mile an hour fastball.

FAITH

Down here?

BROOKS

Oh, yeah.

They sip. She looks down to his fresh vegetable plate.

FAITH

You do that well.

BROOKS

The vegetables? As a bachelor you learn these things, or starve to death.

FAITH

Now you've got me curious. You must have actually done something pretty big to be exiled down here. You some sort of fugitive?

BROOKS

Yes. Sports fugitive. "Brooks Crawford, Licensed to Pitch".

FAITH

Ah, Skeletons.

BROOKS

Haven't really lived unless you have a "walk-in closet filled with them" I say.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FAITH

Ah, so that's it. You're an "emotional Ex-Pat." What'd she do to you?

BROOKS

Is it that obvious?

FAITH

Only to the naked eye. Four brothers. Nursed everyone of their broken hearts back to health.

BROOKS

Ah, up front, season tickets to the lonely hearts club, eh?

Faith smiles, sits.

FAITH

I've seen it all. Trust me.

Brooks puts out a bowl of freshly cut vegetables - fashioned in the shape of a first baseman's baseball mitt.

BROOKS

Voila.

FAITH

Ha!

BROOKS

Now you have your team gear and your first and edible, New York Yankee first-baseman's mitt.

FAITH

Oh my God that's hilarious! A vegetable baseball mitt?

BROOKS

Learned that one on the road from Gary Carter of the Expos between Amarillo and Durham. Had to get creative between the long stretches.

FAITH

Where do I start?

BROOKS

Eat the fingers down to the thumbs. Gary always used to say, "It's the little things, Brooks".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The day's events begin to weigh on her. She looks at her hand - it trembles - she reaches with the other to calm the shaking.

FAITH
Occupational hazard.

BROOKS
I know what that's like.

FAITH
Yeah?

BROOKS
Oh, yeah. It's kind of like we're going in opposite directions - but stuck in the same place doing it. Isn't it?

FAITH
Feeling like I might need some air. You want to get some?

EXT. LAKE MANAGUA - LATER - NIGHT

The moon is full. The lake is calm, reflective. Faith opens up a blanket.

BROOKS
So, what was it that brought you down here to Managua - of all places?

FAITH
I was going to law school at Yale. Wanted to be in International relations. That's where I met, John. My ex-husband. He was there working on his degree in International Diplomacy. He spoke five languages. Very smart. We had plans to work overseas but then he was recruited by the CIA as part of their Central American Foreign Intelligence gathering division. It was good money. We were starting out. After a few years, he was given a Class Five security clearance. He was seeing more than he could stomach but couldn't tell me any of it. All of our plans just seemed to go away the deeper he got involved. Then he got sick.

BROOKS
Sick?

FAITH
Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS

Lou Gehrig disease.

FAITH

Yeah. At the end, he showed me everything he was involved in. Psychological operations, recruitment of guerilla cadres, armed propaganda. He wasn't made for it. It was bad. Really bad. I loved him. He didn't deserve to be there, didn't deserve any of it.

BROOKS

I'm sorry.

FAITH

After he died, I found a torture manual in one of his boxes, and saw the photos he'd taken. Came down. Been working here in my own exile ever since.

She looks to Brooks. Smiles weakly.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Sometimes I see him. In my dreams, or in the market when I'm walking. Or, I can sense him behind me, watching. Like he's trying to tell me something.

BROOKS

He's probably telling you, he loves you, that you're going to be okay. That everything's going to be all right.

Close, Faith takes in Brooks' kindness.

FAITH

Bottom of the 9th, and a little late game, bullpen optimism, huh?

BROOKS

That's why they call me, "the Cubano Expresso."

Beach Boys...

Well, it's been building up inside of me for oh...

BEGINNING OF MONTAGE:

EXT. CAMPAIGN TRAIL - DAY

Presidential candidate, VIOLETA CHAMORRO (59) surrounded by her political handlers addresses a gathered crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIOLETA CHAMORRO
President Ortega has done well to
announce the first elections since he's
been in power. I now plan to run against
him!

INT. CIA STRATEGY ROOM - DAYS LATER - DAY

Clayton stands with a pointer before maps of Nicaragua,
Honduras, and Costa Rica - room filled with CIA strategists.

Screen reads: CIA HEADQUARTERS ARLINGTON VIRGINIA

I don't know how long...

CLAYTON ARCHER
We've consolidated the opposition
parties. We'll have our people at every
precinct. Funds are being dispersed.
Trucks, motorcycles, La Prensa.

EXT. WITNESS FOR PEACE HOUSE - DAY

Faith, Brooks, Catarina and a few volunteers approach the
ruins of WFP with gloves in hand - ready for the clean-up!

FAITH
Okay, let's get to work!

I don't know why but I think something's bound to go wrong...

EXT. PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

Brooks goes through drills - pitching mechanics with Osniel
and his teammates.

OSNIEL
Push through the waist and legs. The arm
will follow. Don't worry about the speed
of the pitch.

But she looks into my eyes...

INT. NICARAGUAN NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Current President Daniel Ortega sits with news host from
Channel 8 News.

DANIEL ORTEGA
Our government has agreed to elections
even though the rebels are failing to
honor their own international accords.

EXT. MANAGUA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Flaps down, a private jet lands.

Clayton steps off the boarding plank and onto the tarmac with a number of other CIA OPERATIVES.

Mission - election interference. *And makes me realize...*

EXT. CITY - FOLLOWING MORNING - DAY

Faith works with others putting up election posters on buildings in downtown Managua.

And she says, don't worry baby, don't worry baby...

EXT. WITNESS FOR PEACE HOUSE - DAY

Faith operates a video camera and records NICA MOTHERS whose sons have been conscripted into the rebel paramilitary - all messages are of "to come home".

MOTHER # 1
Eusebio, vuelve a casa. ¡Te
estamos esperando! (Come back
home. We're waiting for you!)

MOTHER # 2
Te necesitamos de vuelta a
casa. ¡Quiero que estés con
nosotros para Navidad! (We
need you back home. I want
you to be with us for
Christmas!)

EXT. NACIONAL STADIUM - DAY

Brooks runs laps up the stadium steps. Catarina counts holding a chart nearby. She signals, "Four More".

Don't worry baby, don't worry baby...

EXT. WITNESS FOR PEACE HOUSE - DAY

Faith stands over a table with architecture plans for the WFP renovation.

Everything will turn out all right...

EXT. RIO BOCAY RIVER - DAY

Another truckload of plastic, illuminated baseballs are released in the river - messages to paramilitary factions, "to come home".

I guess I should've kept my mouth shut, when I started to brag about my car...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOTHER # 3
¡Vuelve a casa y quédate a mi
lado para Navidad! (Come back
home and be next to me for
Christmas!)

MOTHER # 4
¡Todos tus hermanos y
hermanas te quieren en casa!
(Your brothers and sisters
all want you back home!! See
you at Christmas!!)

INT. U.S. NATIONAL SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

FAWN HALL (20's) stands over a paper shredder and feeds it.
Documents read: **Top-secret, Iran-Contra, Oliver North,
Admiral John Poindextor.**

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING - DAY

Oliver North sits stoically facing charges.

SENATOR LEE HAMILTON
Monies, sir were illegally procured
through a shell organization called the
National Endowment for the Preservation
of Liberty, and given to armed Contra
Guerillas to carry out your own factional
war, sir.

***But I can't back down now because I pushed the other guy too
far.***

EXT. NORTHERN RIO BOCAY RIVER - DAYS LATER - NIGHT

River currents carry and deliver scores of pulsing,
luminescent plastic baseballs into the jungles deepest
inlets.

She makes me come alive...

SENATOR LEE HAMILTON (V.O.)
To destroy Nicaragua's infrastructure, to
drain the country's treasury, and to
interfere with a fair and free democratic
process.

INT. CLAYTON'S CASITA - OTHER DAYS - DAY

Brooks answers the door - signs for VOTER REGISTRATION FORMS.

And makes me wanna drive...

EXT. BASEBALL PRACTICE FIELD - FOLLOWING DAYS - DAY

Brooks works on the mound with Osniel pushing off with the
legs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OSNIEL
Keep'em off-balance. Challenge'em, then
come back with the off-speed pitch! Mix
it up!

When she says, don't worry baby...

EXT. WITNESS FOR PEACE HOUSE - DAY

Faith and others shoulder heavy boards and toss them onto the
growing pile of debris.

SENATOR LEE HAMILTON (V.O.)
Mr. North, you blatantly sidestepped the
very will of this United States
congressional body.

Brooks and other fellow GIANT TEAMMATE carry boxes of voter
forms.

BROOKS
Another two boxes in today.

Everything will turn out alright... Don't worry baby.

EXT. PRACTICE FIELD MOUND - DAY

With ball in hand, Osniel talks about key pitching
strategies.

SENATOR LEE HAMILTON (V.O.)
And ran a single-handed proxy conflict in
the name of who, Mr. North? Some may call
that "treason" sir!

EXT. CITY ALLEYWAY - DAY

Brooks plays stickball with a handful of excited kids,
Catarina. They flock around him. Faith looks, translates.

BROOKS
Keep your right foot back. Plant it good.
Eye on the bottle cap, broomstick up.

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARAMILITARY CAMP - NIGHT

Lighted balls of a bright blue glow arrive beachside.

Teenage factional soldiers scoop them up out of the water -
read the invitations to lay down their arms and to "come back
home".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARAMILITARY #1
Ven a casa por Navidad. (Come home for
Christmas.)

*She told me baby when you race today... Just take along my
love with you.*

INT. OSNIEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brooks, Faith, Osniel and his family pray over the family
dinner. Catarina keeps a watchful eye on Faith.

*And if you knew how much I loved you, baby nothing could go
wrong with you...*

Osniel finishes the prayer and begins passing the food.

FAITH
She's watching me like a hawk.

INT. WAHSINGTON D.C. CENTRAL LOCK UP - DAY

Dressed in a white dress shirt, blue sport coat and blue tie,
Oliver North soberly stands by a CORRECTIONAL OFFICER (40's).

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER
Look straight ahead please.

Flash! *Oh, what she does to me...*

INT. STADIUM DUGOUT - DAY

Brooks, energized, paces the dugout - before him a tight
game, behind him a cache of available assault rifles.

INT. FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

Captain Telliz and Colonel Belindo sit opposite one another
staring at a TV - on it, mothers of the lost paramilitary-
youth.

A dozen plastic baseballs found in the rivers with messages
written on them.

MOTHER #1 (TV)
¡Ven a casa por Navidad! Te estamos
esperando. ¡Tus hermanos y hermanas
quieren verte!

EXT. AIRSTRIP - DAY

A small plane lands and taxis in. *When she makes love to
me...*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAITH (V.O.)
They're holding two more *politicals* in
isolation. Election organizers. Twenty-
five in all.

Exiting the plane are four NGO's (30's), three from the RED
CROSS and the other from AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL.

Don't worry baby... Don't worry...

Faith and Brooks approach, the parties turn and walk.

DAVID - RED CROSS
How's the activity in the countryside?

FAITH
Precinct pressure from top to bottom.

END OF MONTAGE:

EXT. BASEBALL PRACTICE FIELD - WEEKS LATER - DAY

Osniel and the team take batting practice.

Brooks sits on a bleachers toweling off. He waits for
Catarina. A bit discouraged, she approaches and sits.

BROOKS
Buenos dias?

CATARINA
Buenos dias.

BROOKS
Your grandfather wanted me to speak with
you. He said you were upset.

CATARINA
Si.

Brooks refers to his Spanish handbook.

BROOKS
La familia es en el Norte? (Family in the
north?)

CATARINA
Si, en el Norte.

BROOKS
Ah. La familia es muy importante, no?
(Family is important?)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATARINA

Si, claro, pero. (This is true but)

BROOKS

Pero que? (But what?)

CATARINA

Pero, béisbol. (But, baseball)

BROOKS

Ah, pero baseball. You're going to miss the baseball.

EXT. DISTANT OUTFIELD - DAY

Captain Telliz and his Lieutenant look onto Brooks and Catarina.

The Lieutenant takes a number of photos of Brooks and the girl. Click. Click. Click.

The Captain lowers his binoculars.

CAPTAIN TELLIZ

The girl?

LIEUTENANT

Granddaughter to Osniel Echevarria. The coach.

EXT. BASEBALL PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

Brooks fumbles for words. He makes eye contact with Osniel across the diamond - shrugs.

BROOKS

Um... Catarina. When you get back, you can still pick me up every day. Just like you always have. I'll be waiting for you. Yo esta aqui. Aqui en Managua. (I'm here, here in Managua). You're leaving just for a couple of days. Estaré donde me dejaste. (I'll be right where you left me).

Catarina finally concedes.

CATARINA

Okay.

Brooks reaches for the bill of her cap. Wide, brown-eyes still plead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS

We have a lot of work to do before you
leave. You got the truck, right?

CATARINA

Si.

EXT. PRACTICE FIELD PARKING LOT - DAY

Brooks and Osniel.

OSNIEL

Thank you.

BROOKS

Happy to do it, coach.

Catarina arrives behind the wheel of a large military
transport.

CATARINA

Vamonos, American Yankee!

EXT. WITNESS FOR PEACE HOUSE - LATER - DAY

The truck stops in front of the burnt WFP house.

Filling the back of the truck are the Managua Giants and all
of their Girlfriends! Faith approaches.

FAITH

What's this?

BROOKS

Reinforcements!

INT. WITNESS FOR PEACE HOUSE - MINUTES LATER - DAY

The work party is on - the radio and music is dialed in.

Inside and out we move along with Brooks and the others,
gutting and cleaning - music.

FAITH

Thank you, Brooks.

MORE - VARIOUS - CONTINUED

Team girlfriends man the barbecue. It blazes and sizzles with
steaming plantains and fajitas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS
Barbecue, baseball, plantains, cold
Cusquenas. (Beer). Doesn't get any better
than this.

Through the front gate, enter the two Prostitutes from the El
Grillito Bar.

Dressed outlandishly, both step right into the mix and carry
more food and house warming gifts.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
And, of course, a couple of neighborhood
ladies of the evening showing up in the
middle of the day.

CATARINA
¿Por qué están vestidos así? (Why are
they dressed like that?)

BROOKS
No idea. Let's just hope they're not on
the clock.

NICA PROSTITUTE #1
Ola...

NICA PROSTITUTE #2
Como esta? Beis-ball pitcher?

Brooks' teammates look.

JAVIER
El Cubano Expresso. Magnifico!

BROOKS
No, no, no. Just acquaintances.

The Nica ladies - they take up salsa dancing with the players
while placing their own touches to the place.

A flower pot here, a laundry line there.

Faith approaches Brooks.

FAITH
I take it friends of yours?

MORE CONTINUED - VARIOUS - LATER

The tripod video camera is set up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Players enthusiastically encourage their own paramilitary brothers and sisters to come home from the jungles.

GIANT PLAYER #1

Come home, friends! We're all waiting for you!!

GIANT PLAYER #2

We're going to have a great team this year! Come back home and you can see us play!! I'll have tickets waiting for you!!

GIANT PLAYER #3

We've missed you! We need you back.

BROOKS

Hi, I'm Brooks Crawford. Yankee Americano. They call me the Cubano Expresso! Come see us play at the national stadium!

A Nicaraguan REPORTER from La Prensa and crew interviews Faith.

REPORTER

Regarding the up and coming elections, what will your role look like?

FAITH

We'll be getting a number of delegations out there in the field so we have a presence at the precincts as observers. We know there's been outside, foreign monies and influences but we're hoping to offset that by being both here in the city and out in the countryside. It's an exciting time. We just want it to be safe, fair and without interference.

EXT. DISTANT STREET CORNER - DAY

Clayton Archer and Captain Telliz look on to the rebuilding of the house from a hidden vantage point.

They see Brooks and the entire Nicaraguan baseball team lending a helping hand. Binoculars raised.

CLAYTON ARCHER

Looks like my house guest has made some friends.

EXT. NACIONAL STADIUM - DAY

Brooks on the mound throws against Argentina. He holds the runner on first. Looks to the plate.

BROOKS

C'mon, Brooks. Legs and hips.

Brooks fights off pestering, distracting thoughts. He winds and delivers, drilling the Argentine batter in the back.

Both benches clear. Another brawl!

EXT. CITY MARKET - DAY

Shopping for her trip, Catarina leads a bruised Brooks by the hand excitedly through the market.

She smiles and skips from one market stand to the next putting on hats and scarfs.

CATARINA

Senor, Brooks? Solo setenta cordobas.
Okay?

BROOKS

You're like the daughter I could never
afford. Si, si, si.

EXT. NACIONAL STADIUM - FOLLOWING - DAY

Brooks on the mound faces a DOMINICAN REPUBLIC BATTER (20). Osniel throws him an encouraging look from the dugout.

Brooks closes his eyes and clears his mind.

OSNIEL

C'mon, Brooks. Pitch like you were never
married!

He winds and fires. STRIKE!!!

EXT. WITNESS FOR PEACE HOUSE - DAY

Brooks and Faith paint. Catarina rushes in and hands Faith the La Prensa newspaper.

She hands Brooks the newspaper which has a picture of the Giants baseball team working on the rebuild.

Brooks reads:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS

Giants - Baseball and Elections!
Hey! The front page with a human interest
story! Now that's progress.

INT. CONTRA FACTION OFFICE - DAY

Colonel Belindo and Clayton inventory the plastic baseballs,
on-air public service announcements, headline after headline.

We see on TV Brooks, the mothers, and the ballplayers'
messages going out over the air.

BROOKS

Hi, I'm Brooks Crawford. Yankee
Americano. They call me the Cubano
Expresso! Come see us play at the
national stadium. We'll be waiting for
you.

Clayton reaches for the telephone.

CLAYTON ARCHER

Get me Captain Telliz.

EXT. NACIONAL STADIUM - FOLLOWING DAYS - DAY

The Giants are in tight game with Bolivia. Brooks is on the
mound.

Clayton Archer, Captain Telliz, and Colonel Belindo, dressed
as baseball fans, casually look onto their scorecards.

CLAYTON ARCHER

Colonel, that's the American. The one on
the mound, Brooks Crawford.

Belindo looks at the headline and photo in the paper. Telliz
hands over a photo of Catarina.

CAPTAIN TELLIZ

Osniel Echevarria's granddaughter. Her
family's in the north.

INT. CLAYTON'S CASITA - KITCHEN TABLE - NIGHT

Brooks rests with an ice pack on his arm. Faith puts out a
bowl of freshly cut vegetables - the vegetables read: *Thank
You.*

FAITH

So, are you going to tell me what
happened or what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS

I had a feeling you were going to ask me that.

Faith clasps her hands behind her head.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Ok. After twelve-years of marriage, my wife fell in love with somebody else, and that somebody else, just happened to be the best man in my own wedding.

FAITH

Noooo!

INT. TOWN CAR - SEATTLE - 1 AM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Brooks, upbeat, checks his watch - late. He fumbles through his wallet.

BROOKS (V.O.)

I had just gotten the call from the New York Yankees. I recovered in the off-season well from my shoulder surgery.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Brooks crosses the sidewalk gate.

BROOKS (V.O.)

I had gotten myself back to a place where I could compete again.

Flowers in one hand, equipment bag in the other. He looks up to the second story to see a faint light on.

BROOKS (V.O.)

Got back to Seattle. Came home. It was late. Was going to surprise her with the news.

INT. SECOND FLOOR STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Brooks to the second floor - checks his bouquet along with his bottle of Veuve.

BROOKS (V.O.)

I remember checking the flowers. And making my way down the hallway.

He turns right towards the master bedroom. He sees the main bedroom door, dimly-lit door, slightly-ajar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS (V.O.)
I thought she'd be sleeping and I'd wake
her.

Brooks then hears the faint and muffled sounds of love-making coming from his own master bedroom.

BROOKS (V.O.)
Then, those sounds.

He drops his bouquet of flowers.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Two bodies tickling and giggling under the covers. (No intruder here, only a late night invited guest).

BROOKS (V.O.)
And, there they were, on top of each
other like they were stuck to each other.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A naked Randy Williams is being chased down the hallway by Brooks who throws a heavy end-table lamp at his friend.

Randy, naked, slips and slides on his cheeks all the way to the bottom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brooks chases Randy about the living room - he gets a bat out of his equipment bag.

RANDY WILLIAMS
Brooks, no! Jesus!!

BROOKS
Randy, what the? How long you been
bangin' my wife, man??

Brooks cocks his bat.

RANDY WILLIAMS
Brooks. Don't. Drop the bat!

He whirls it mercilessly at Randy's head. The naked man ducks.

The Louisville Slugger whirs by his head and crashes through the front living room windows. SMASH!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Red lights begin flashing from gathering police cars from the outside. Amanda, disheveled, rushes down the staircase.

AMANDA

No, Brooks!!

BROOKS

Is this what you've been doing when I'm gone? Huh? You send our son to hockey camp and invite Randy Williams? WHY DIDN'T YOU BANG SOMEONE AT LEAST I DIDN'T KNOW??

EXT. CLEVELAND INDIAN STADIUM - 1989 - DAY

Brooks, in a Yankee uniform, stands on the mound - visibly distracted. He squares-off against a blonde 195 pound batter HUNTER MORRISON (30) who's got brown eyes. (Resembles his ex-best-friend Randy Williams).

The hitter steps up to the plate - unsuspecting!

BROOKS (V.O.)

You see, out of my, fragile, emotional state...

Brooks throws at the batters' head. Batter goes down in a cloud of dust.

BROOKS (V.O.)

Anybody who even looked like Randy Williams.

EXT. KANSAS CITY ROYALS - DAY

Another batter who fits the same mold steps up to the plate. Brooks winds and delivers his next lethal pitch.

BROOKS (V.O.)

I'd throw at their heads.

Another Batter goes down - hard!

INT. CLAYTON'S CASITA - NIGHT

Faith sits and listens, dreadfully amused.

BROOKS

My therapist said, "I didn't know where to direct my misdirected anger."

EXT. DETROIT STADIUM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Yet another batter who again fits the mold is driven down by the wild fastball of Brooks Crawford.

BROOKS (V.O.)
And when throwing at Randy's look-alikes wasn't enough, I started picking fights with the actual cities and fans themselves. I became the pariah of the league.

INT. PRESS AREA - BOSTON RED SOX - DAY

Brooks stands in front of a sea of microphones. He wears a black eye and a hat on backwards - doesn't give a *shit* anymore.

BROOKS
I just wanted to call this press conference to pose the question to all you Boston Red Sox fans.

REPORTER
What's that, Brooks?

BROOKS
Do you ever think your squad of losers will get past the "Curse of the Bambino?"

POW!! MAYHEM. THE PRESS SURGES FORWARD.

INT. CLAYTON'S CASITA - NIGHT

Brooks reaches for a banana.

BROOKS
All true. She told me I was trying to pick a fight I could never win - you know, "acting out" is what I think she said.

EXT. ORIOLES VISITING TEAM BULLPEN - NEW YORK YANKEES - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The bullpen doors slowly open. Brooks steps out - the fans immediately react - BOOO!!

Brooks begins the long walk to the mound.

BROOKS (V.O.)
I shook off the sign to Oriole tight-fielder David Jordan - a guy who looked a

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
lot like Randy. He shook me off and
challenged back.

David Jordan turns his hips and takes the fateful swing that
sent Brooks packing.

INT. CLAYTON'S CASITA - NIGHT

Faith sits - speechless.

BROOKS
The rest is history as they say. Gave up
a 14th inning grand-slam. They pulled me
from the Detroit trip, called me back to
New York, and cut me the next day. The
biggest casualty was my son.

INT. CAR - SEATTLE - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

CHRISTOPHER (12) sits along with Brooks waiting to go to
school. He's quiet, stares straight ahead.

BROOKS (V.O.)
I didn't know how to tell him. How do you
tell your kid something like that? So, I
tried to take the bullet - put all the
blame on me - but he wouldn't let me.

Christopher in tears.

CHRISTOPHER
I know what she did, dad. I know what
happened.

BROOKS (V.O.)
That was the worst part of it. Him
telling me the truth of it all.

INT. CLAYTON'S CASITA - NIGHT

Brooks takes a breath.

BROOKS
My manager thought it'd be a good idea to
get out of reach from the press as far as
possible. And Managua, was as far as he
could find. That's it. That's my story.
That's why I'm here, to get my pitch back
- to get my life back. And, I wonder if I
even have the stamina to make it all work
again. You want to get some air?

EXT. ELECTION RALLY - PLAZA OF THE REVOLUTION - NIGHT

Brooks and Faith stand in the middle of Revolution Plaza surrounded by an endless multitude of Nicaraguans.

BROOKS
What are we doing?

FAITH
Getting your life back!

Banners and political slogans read everywhere. The tides of humanity, pulsating, breathing, participating!!

FAITH (CONT'D)
A real stadium, of real life. Not a game!
Not a sport. Something bigger than all of
our own problems.

EXT. CAMPAIGN STAGE - NIGHT

President Daniel Ortega stands on a platform surrounded by a large orchestra and music.

DANIEL ORTEGA
Mis compañeros hermanos, familias y
amigos. Nicaragua es ahora libre.

The crowd explodes with cheers!

FAITH
"Nicaragua is becoming free."

Brooks, spellbound. The surge of people and energy overpowers.

FAITH (CONT'D)
And, so are you.

Faith moves closer to him.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Look around. None of that compares with
this!! Not even your best friend, not
even your wife.

Brooks turns and faces her.

INT. CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Faith lies on her back and Brooks close above her. The world slows if just for a few precious minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A thunderclap above, rain begins to lightly fall.

FAITH

The only thing hurt does is just hurts
some more. Haven't you had enough?

Brooks carries his lips to meet with hers. A warming tropical rain begins to both fall and cleanse.

Crowd beneath them escalates - VIVA NICARAGUA, VIVA
NICARAGUA!

BROOKS

I think we've both had enough.

INT. CASITA SHOWER - LATER - NIGHT

Brooks and Faith undress one another in the small casita shower - tenderly caressing, holding, kissing - letting go of life's long-held sufferings now with the safest of partners.

EXT. GIANT PLAYER'S HOME - LATER - NIGHT

Managua police arrive in a truck with armed personnel.

Seconds later, in the dead of the night, Ernesto Martinez, Giants second baseman is blindfolded and led away.

INT. 2ND GIANT PLAYER'S HOME - NIGHT

Armed personnel arrive at a second player's home. They come through the door at gunpoint and arrest center fielder, PEDRO HAISTA (23).

CAPTAIN TELLIZ

Out! Out! Let's go!

INT. MANAGUA JAIL - NIGHT

Telliz and his men push five familiar Managua Giants down the dark holding cell corridor.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - EARLY MORNING - DAY

Two young MEN dig out a hole in the road and plant a claymore mine. The second looks off to see a truck coming down the road.

MAN #2

Apurate!

EXT. THE COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING - DAY

Catarina rides along in the back of a caged truck with her AUNT (50's) and two other COUSINS (14).

The road leads north out of Managua to a small village, a small sign reads Tuolinga.(Two-tongues).

EXT. BACK OF TRUCK - DAY

Catarina stands on a transport bench with her arms resting waist-high above the truck's roll cage.

Sugarcane fields burn in the distance. The boys sit on the benches below across from her and play guitars - shirtless field-workers swing machetes in the distant fields.

Suddenly an EXPLOSION.

Fire rips from the undercarriage and sends the truck skyward! Bodies thrown, mud and charred-metal blasts through the air.

Catarina is lobbed mercilessly out of the back of the truck.

Roadside, she lies bent and bleeding in a ditch.

INT. CASITA BEDROOM - MORNING - DAY

Faith sleeps comfortably inside Brooks' arms. We hear a rapid knock on the door. She stirs.

FAITH
Who's that at this hour?

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

Brooks opens the front door. A forlorn, OLDER MAN (60's).

OLDER MAN
Senor. Osniel has sent me. I'm his brother.

INT. FERNANDO VÉLEZ PAIZ, PEDIATRIC HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Osniel, family and a priest pray over their Granddaughter Catarina. Her face is terribly bruised, black and blue, an eye-patch covers her left eye.

A PRIEST (60's) resides over the saying of a rosary.

PRIEST
Hail Mary full of grace, the Lord is with Thee, Blessed art among women.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Catarina sleeps - hooked up to tubes and IV's. Her right arm, heavily bandaged below the elbow - now missing.

Brooks and Faith enter. Brooks sees the young girl lying in bed - battered, bruised and beaten by the explosion.

OSNIEL

She's going to live, but the explosion took her arm.

Brooks moves closer to her. He's devastated. She remains motionless. Sounds of the EKG - right arm from the elbow down - missing.

He moves close to her - devastated.

BROOKS

No... Catarina. I'm here. You're safe now.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Brooks and Faith - visibly upset.

BROOKS

Who did this?

FAITH

There's no way of knowing. The road they were on was mined. The truck she was in, hit it. Whether it was planted, or left over - impossible to know.

BROOKS

I'm the one who convinced her to go. She wanted to stay and pick me up like she always has.

Somber Managua Giants players, girlfriends and families approach.

MIGUEL

Senor, Crawford. Some of our teammates have been arrested. They're being held in the downtown jail by Captain Telliz.

EXT. JAIL - NIGHT

Brooks arrives along with Faith and his two teammates.

INT. JAIL FRONT DESK- DAY

Brooks and the others are met by Captain Telliz and his Lieutenant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN TELLIZ

Senor, Crawford. Still trafficking in the business of others?

BROOKS

You've arrested nearly half of my teammates.

CAPTAIN TELLIZ

These men are suspected of running underground operations for Contra factions.

BROOKS

Bullshit! They're baseball players, Captain?! You know that! Nothing more!

CAPTAIN TELLIZ

Weapons were found in their homes. Maps and plans.

BROOKS

You mean "planted?"

Heating up.

FAITH

Brooks, Amnesty is here. We'll work with them to get them out. Please. Don't say anything more. Let's go.

Brooks and Faith turn and leave.

CAPTAIN TELLIZ

Senor, Crawford? I would be very careful of the things you say. Especially to the press. They can have unintended consequences.

EXT. BACKYARD - CLAYTON'S CASITA - DAYS LATER - DAY

Faith sits at a make-shift picnic table. Brooks paces.

BROOKS

It's going to get worse, isn't it?

Brooks effortlessly throws a rock through a hanging tire some distance away making it through without as much as a touch.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Son-of-a-bitch.

EXT. NACIONAL STADIUM DUGOUT - DAY

Nicaragua versus Venezuela.

Brooks looks to Osniel - a beaten man.

Scoreboard reads, Venezuela 6, Nicaragua 2. Osniel scratches out the five names on his player's card.

Venezuelan players cross the plate from a deep drive to the fence.

The Giants center fielder sits next to Brooks.

GIANT PLAYER MIGUEL
Coach Osniel. They got to him last night.
Paid him a visit. Threatened more
arrests.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAYS LATER - DAY

Osniel is at the foot of a grave. Brooks approaches.

BROOKS
Coach. Took me a few days. They said I
might find you here.

OSNIEL
Tough loss against Venezuela.

BROOKS
Yeah. Tough. Calduro was throwing a
shutout and you made a pitching change.

OSNIEL
He was tiring.

BROOKS
He was on pace to throw a no hitter,
coach.

Osniel remains quiet.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Captain Telliz came to you the other
night. Threaten he'd arrest more players?

Osniel bends to a knee and clears away a few weeds from the gravesite. Remains quiet.

Osniel pulls a rag out of his pocket and cleans some dirt away from the grave - doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you tell me they came to see you?

Osniel refers to the manicured grave-site beneath him.

OSNIEL

In this grave, here lies my son, Octavio, Catarina's father. He was outspoken against the Contras. He worked for his own justice by giving his time in a hospital. Because of that he was a threat, and because he was a threat, he was put on their list. He was eventually taken by them just after Catarina was born. They found his body, or what was left of it, in an alleyway outside of Miacarra. Her mother disappeared two months after that in the south. It's the way it's done down here. We're made to be, disappeared, made invisible. But you playing with us, an American sitting in our dugout, wearing our uniform, means more than you could ever know. Both to the players, and to this country. You've made not just the team, but all of Nicaragua, visible again. Do you see?

BROOKES

Coach, I don't want to be the source of people getting hurt.

OSNIEL

It's a bit inevitable. I knew it would be coming. The team, the elections. It was only a matter of time. I've been a bit selfish, I'm afraid. You see, when I look at Catarina, my own son comes back to life. And, when she was around you, I almost saw Octavio walking and breathing again. And what father wouldn't pull a pitcher to speak to his dead son just one more time, or to have his own country forget its troubles - if not just for a little bit longer?

Brooks looks at the grave. He digs out of his wallet a photo of his son, Christopher.

BROOKS

You know my own son is just a year or two younger than Catarina.

OSNIEL

He looks like you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BROOKS

Loves baseball. The two of them together,
we'd never get them off the field.

Brooks' time in Nicaragua is now at its end.

OSNIEL

Maybe someday.

BROOKS

Yeah. Maybe someday.

Osniel refers to the photo of his own son on the gravestone -
makes the sign of the cross.

OSNIEL

He was born in the struggle, fought in
the struggle, and died in this struggle.

Brooks' path to leave Managua has been made clear - takes a
deep breath.

BROOKS

It was an honor. Tell the guys I loved
playing with them. Tell them, they made
me 'visible' again.

The two men embrace.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Brooks stands riverside. Takes it all in. His career - over,
all his efforts, wholly lost.

A blue plastic phosphorescent floats downstream before him
and is pushed up shore side to where he's standing.

Beaten, he picks it up - reads the messages. "Come Home".

BROOKS

Yeah. Time to come home.

INT. CATARINA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Brooks sits quietly in Catarina's hospital room. She sleeps.

BROOKS

Adios, Catarina. Te veré pronto hermosa.

INT. CASITA ROOM - LATER - DAY

Confronted with never throwing a pitch again, Brooks packs up
his things. He reaches for the phone and dials.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS
Captain Telliz, please.

INT. EL GRILLITO BAR - DAY

Brooks sits opposite Captain Telliz.

BROOKS
I'm just curious. When did it happen,
Captain?

CAPTAIN TELLIZ
When did what happen?

BROOKS
You have the pride of your country for
the first time, in the hunt for the
Central American World Series - and, all
you can do is make widowers out of
mothers, sons-fatherless, and fathers who
spend their time cleaning up the graves
of their children. Is that what it is
your fighting for?

CAPTAIN TELLIZ
If nothing else, Senor Crawford, you are
as naive as you are optimistic.

BROOKS
But I'm not a lost man - at least not
anymore. So, what's it going to take to
get my teammates out of jail?

INT. WITNESS FOR PEACE - LATER - DAY

A taxi cab pulls in front of the house. Brooks steps out,
dressed for travel. The cab waits.

Brooks, crosses and knocks on the door, pushes his way
inside. Faith works over the table with her election maps.

BROOKS
Hi.

FAITH
You look nice. Is the team traveling?

BROOKS
No.

Faith works over her maps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAITH

I spoke to Amnesty and the Red Cross this morning about the arrests...

Faith looks up.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Everything all right?

BROOKS

No.

FAITH

What's wrong?

BROOKS

I'm leaving. I came to say goodbye.

FAITH

Goodbye?

BROOKS

It's all over.

FAITH

What happened?

BROOKS

Telliz paid a visit to Osniel after they arrested Ernesto and the others. They threatened his family. He threw the game against Venezuela. I guess they didn't appreciate the profile the team and myself were giving the elections. Catarina was a warning shot.

Faith - silence.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

I leave, Ernesto, Reuben, Javier and the others are released. Soon as I'm out of Nicaraguan air space.

FAITH

Brooks, it doesn't work that way.

BROOKS

I fly into Mexico City this afternoon. Back in Miami tonight. The sooner I leave, the sooner the guys get out, the sooner they leave you alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FAITH

Telliz isn't going to leave anyone alone. They're just getting started - getting you out of the country is their first step - they're afraid of you. Your profile. Those players are not going to be released.

BROOKS

Faith.

FAITH

It's retribution. They'll tie 'em up for months just to demoralize anyone else. That's how they do it.

BROOKS

Then what the hell am I supposed to do, Faith!!? Keep playing? Let 'em find one more reason to hurt somebody? Let 'em arrest the whole damn team? Let 'em burn up another house and this time maybe with you in it?

FAITH

We hold the line, Brooks!

BROOKS

Hold what line? Getting others hurt? What line is that?

FAITH

The line, for the first time, given to a country who's been brutalized, of a people who've been made to feel like they don't exist, with a free election. A line provided by the press from around the world whose attention we have for the first time.

BROOKS

I came here to get my game back. Not to lead a counter-revolution and get a kid's arm blown-off.

FAITH

You know why they want you out? Because of your American profile. You've brought this proxy war into the light of day. That scares them to death! Scares the CIA to death. Yankee baseball player, the most revered thing in America, and you happen to be right here in the middle of the sickness they export! And, that's why they want you out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BROOKS

I was at the cemetery with Osniel. He's already lost a son. I play one more game and his other granddaughter ends up like Catarina. I can't do it to him, Faith.

FAITH

You leave, a lot more people will be hurt.

BROOKS

And, if I don't? Then one of those people who might get hurt, could just be you. I've thrown my last pitch, Faith. I'm okay with it. I'm sorry.

INT. JAIL - DAY

Jail cell hallways flood with smoke, garbage and shredded fiery mattresses, blankets - anarchy.

EXT. NACIONAL STADIUM - DAY

Rain begins to fall. A taxi pulls into the empty parking lot. Brooks gets out. Before him, the National Stadium.

BROOKS

Cinco minutos.

EXT. JAIL - DAY

Faith along with NGO Cadre from Amnesty International and the Red Cross surround Captain Telliz and the other Guards with cameras and news crews.

They press about human rights, prisoners' rights.

JENNIFER - AMNESTY

You've had political prisoners of conscience being held without being charged. Can you tell us why they are being held?

CAPTAIN TELLIZ

They are being held pending further investigation.

DAVID - AMNESTY

For what? Can you be specific? Isn't it true, Captain Telliz, you were a Colonel in the Contra resistance?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN TELLIZ
I am a policeman working for the
Sandinista government. I resent your
implication.

EXT. NACIONAL STADIUM - DAY

Brooks stands motionless on the first-base line.

His mind floats and images pervade: a little girl with a blue illuminated plastic baseball, holding Faith in his arms at the plaza rally, stickball in the streets with the city kids, gunships above, Catarina lying in a bed recovering from her injuries.

He opens his eyes - indelibly, he sits between the world he's leaving and the one to which he's returning.

A last look before he turns, then...

The distant right field bullpen door slowly opens. A figure steps forward but the figure is too faint to recognize.

Coming into view, we see who it is - it's the shot and fallen NICA BOY (13) from Puerta Cabezas, Atlantic Coast.

He carries a mitt, and wears the bloodstained New York Yankee T-shirt and ball cap.

Continuing - other disappeared and fallen Nica players begin to flow in from both right, left and center fields.

Brooks steps forward to meet the boy at the pitcher's mound.

The boy smiles, ready to play. Blood and war stains cover his shirt and pants.

NICA BOY
Hola. Béisbol?

The boy lifts off his hat to Brooks, signaling - he turns to the outfield. Dozens of other young Nicaraguan BOYS (fallen) begin to jog in from the outfield - they too covered with the bludgeoning of war injuries.

Dugouts on either side of the diamond - begin to fill with bloody and cut down Nicaraguan paramilitary youth - but all carry broad smiles.

Brooks, now in a world between the living and dead.

The boy hands over a baseball mitt to Brooks. Inside the glove, it reads: BC #17.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The players drop back to their positions. Brooks throws a pitch, then another.

A crack of the bat, an infield play - the fallen come alive once more with the momentary reprieve of a game with the friends to play it.

The team then gradually disappears. Outfielders gone - dugouts - empty.

Brooks opens his eyes.

He looks down to the mound around him to see, one, lone blue phosphorescent ball. It reads: "Te hemos estado esperando" - "We've been waiting for you"

INT. TAXI - DAY

Brooks rolls the ball in his grip. The light of the blue plastic baseball throbs steadily like a heartbeat.

TAXI DRIVER

¿El aeropuerto?

EXT. MANAGUA JAIL - CITY STREET - DAY

Near chaos. Faith, News crews, Amnesty and the Red Cross film Ortega's SOLDIERS flooding and lining the streets.

The jail entrance - now a mob scene - black smoke chokes and billows.

Dozens of eager FAMILIES of prisoners are pushed back by soldiers with bayonets - the street is cleared, pushing, shoving.

INT. JAIL - DAY

Soldiers open jail cells getting all the PRISONERS out of the fiery hallways at gunpoint. Prisoners run, trip and fall!

EXT/INT. JAIL - CITY STREET - DAY

Faith and those from Amnesty work the film crews and the video cameras, recording, documenting.

FAITH

Bits and pieces. We'll put it together later! Shoot!! 1,2,3!

BILL - RED CROSS

(on camera)

We're here in front of the Managua jail. A mob scene has taken over and the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL - RED CROSS (CONT'D)
Nicaraguan Army has moved in. It's an
extremely volatile situation...

EXT. STREET - DAY

The soldiers then divide the crowd between two long lines
that face each other.

On one side are fifty to seventy-five women - mothers of
prisoners - on the other, their prisoner sons in shackles.

Jennifer/Amnesty shoulders up a camera. Faith steps in the
frame.

FAITH
The guards have come in, cleared out the
jails and have lined up the prisoners on
one side of the street, and family
members on the other.

Young men stand straight and handcuffed. CONTRA SOLDIERS -
COMMON THIEVES - POLITICAL PRISONERS - OUR FIVE MANAGUA
GIANTS.

PRESIDENT DANIEL ORTEGA (40's) approaches in a jeep from the
rear. He abruptly gets out and walks the street between the
two sides flanked by his armed men.

ORTEGA'S GUARD
Clear the area. Clear it!

Soldiers hold all Prisoners at gunpoint. The scene falls
deathly quiet. Ortega paces between the two gathered lines.

DANIEL ORTEGA
Who is in charge here?

A taxi arrives at the edge of the scene.

MORE - VARIOUS

Brooks gets out with his bags. Faith, unaware, stands with
her Amnesty colleagues, rear edge of the gathering crowd.

President Ortega steps forward between the shackled prisoners
and their mothers across from them.

Ortega presses for quiet.

PRESIDENT ORTEGA
Por favor. Por favor. This conflict has
pitted father against son, divided mother
against daughter and have made enemies of
our own neighbors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brooks sees Faith.

BROOKS

Faith.

Brooks begins pushing through the crowd to get to her.

PRESIDENT ORTEGA

Whether you are a Contra or a Sandinista,
they cannot divide the fact we are all
Nicaraguans.

The crowd is silenced. Brooks pushes through.

PRESIDENT ORTEGA (CONT'D)

There is no pain such as to be held away
from the one you love.

BROOKS

Excuse me... Excuse me...

PRESIDENT ORTEGA

And, no greater pain, to then be kept
away.

Ortega signals his Soldiers to drop their weapons and
unshackle the prisoners' chains and cuffs.

DANIEL ORTEGA

You are free.

Cries of joy explode!!

CROWD

Viva el Presidente!! Viva Daniel Ortega!!

MORE - VARIOUS

Faith turns to see Brooks working his way towards her.

FAITH

Brooks...

She then works through the crowd to get to him. Arriving,
they embrace, kiss, hold one another.

BROOKS

You all right?

FAITH

Yeah! Ortega just pardoned everyone. Your
friends, teammates have been let go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BROOKS

You were right about everything.

Leg shackles and cuffs are dropped from the prisoners around them.

PRESIDENT ORTEGA

Mothers, take back your sons. And sons,
take back your mothers. The healing of
our country begins today. You are free.

Brooks and Faith look deeply into the eyes of the other,
smiles, relief.

BROOKS

I'm sorry I left you. I'm...

Faith presses her lips against his.

FAITH

Shhhh...

Mothers cross the secured area and embrace their sons.

PRESIDENT ORTEGA

Nicaragua será libre muy rapido...

Brooks and Faith turn to one another with a swirling world
around them.

Brooks' fellow teammates approach. Javier, Reuben, Ernesto,
Filipe and Romando approach Brooks and Faith.

JAVIER

Gracias. Muchas gracias.

The team now reunited - embraces.

A swell of press surrounds Brooks Crawford and the Managua
Giants. Microphones are pushed into their faces.

Prisoners and mothers sob with cries of gratitude.

A NICA REPORTER (30's) along with a CAMERAMAN (20's) rush the
team and Brooks.

NICA REPORTER

Senor Crawford! Senor Crawford!

Brooks turns. The reporter is surrounded by a dozen more
wanting a comment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NICA REPORTER (CONT'D)
President Ortega pardoned Contra
detainees, and your team members were
released which means the Giants will be
at full strength for the pennant race.
Can you comment?

Brooks takes in all of the mothers and sons reuniting.

BROOKS
Faith. I don't know. I haven't been so
good in front of the press, you know?

FAITH
I'd say the "Curse of the Bambino" is
over wouldn't you?

Brooks then senses something very strange - also familiar.
The camera man tightly focuses in.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Just tell them what you've seen.

Brooks makes eye contact with Captain Telliz. It then comes
to him. He holds up the plastic blue illuminated ball.

BROOKS
The first day I arrived here in Managua,
I didn't know what to expect. But what I
found was a people, who passionately were
finding their way. They loved baseball
more than I could have imagined. The
people I've met have showed me what it is
to try and live with courage, what it is
to want more than just something for
themselves. My teammates are here, and
the pennant race is within reach, the
President has just set Nicaragua free and
a new election within weeks.

Brooks holds up the ball from the stadium.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
The people of Nicaragua have lived in
this struggle, have fought in this
struggle, and have died in this struggle.
YO SOY UN NICARAQUENSE!! (I am a
Nicaraguan!)... Viva Nicaragua! Long
live, NICARAGUA!!

EXT. MILITARY COMPOUND GROUNDS - DAY

Clayton is on the move with Colonel Belindo - not amused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAYTON ARCHER
Spoiled big-leaguer playing third-world
savior? We'll see about that.

EXT. MANAGUA STADIUM - DAYS LATER - DAY

The day is beautiful - the skies are wide and clear. Brooks
and Osniel stand next to the other - edge of the dugout.

BROOKS
Not even Telliz can beat a presidential
pardon.

Brooks and Osniel turn to see their team's full complement of
players.

Osniel tosses up the ball - Brooks grabs it in mid air.

OSNIEL
Hips and legs.

MORE - VARIOUS - MINUTES LATER

On the mound, Brooks winds and delivers a 100 MPH fastball,
blowing pure gas past the hitter. (Perfect control).

HOME PLATE UMPIRE
STRIKE!!

EXT. FRONT YARD - WITNESS FOR PEACE HOUSE - NIGHT

The house looks brand new. Sign which reads: "WFP, BACK IN
BUSINESS."

Brooks stands alongside the entire squad of the Managua
Giants and their girlfriends. (Including our Lady Friends of
the evening).

Wide smiles fill happy faces.

FAITH
When we first had the fire, I thought our
mission here would be over but to see how
all of you have helped so generously.
We've gotten everything back, and more.
With the elections just around the
corner, we couldn't been in the field
monitoring without your help. Thank you.

The small crowd applauds. Faith shares an appreciative look
with Brooks.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Let's eat.

INT. WEDNESDAY NIGHT BASEBALL ESPN SET - NIGHT

Baseball analyst MIKE LUPICA (40) sits at the sports desk with fellow analyst BUCK MARTINEZ (30's).

File footage - Brooks Crawford on camera during President Ortega's pardons.

MIKE LUPICA
Here's some footage the guys found, Buck.
Remember, Brooks Crawford? Yankee closer?
After being cut, we think he might be
running for office somewhere down in
Central America.

INT. CINCINNATI REDS OFFICE - DAY

ERIC WIDMARK (40's) director of player personnel watches Brooks on TV.

Screen Reads: Cincinnati Reds Front Office.

ERIC WIDMARK
Brooks Crawford? Brooks Crawford. Debbie?
Find me, Joe Chatfield!

EXT. CONTRA AIR BASE - COSTA RICA - EARLY MORNING - DAY

American military aircraft is readied.

Screen reads: **GUANACASTE AIRBASE COSTA RICAN - NICARAGUAN BORDER**

Barracks of Contra troops are scurried. Weapons are checked-ammunition loaded.

EXT. CONTRA AIR BASE - HONDURAS - EARLY MORNING - DAY

Aircraft begins to lift-off and head for their targets.

Screen reads: **SOTA CANO AIRBASE - NICARAGUAN - HONDURAN BORDER**

EXT. NACIONAL STADIUM - FOLLOWING DAYS - DAY

The Giants play below.

Two PLANTED AGITATORS (Carriers) find their seats in the crowd. They case the field with their binoculars.

Dozens of other agitators take up their positions throughout the stadium.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGITATOR

Twenty-minutes.

The scoreboard reads MANAGUA 4 VENEZUELA 2. Osniel works the dugout and his players' card.

Half a dozen CARRIERS, dressed as civilians, position themselves at all entrance and exit points.

CARRIER

Five minutes.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Vans drop SHOCK TROOPS about the various city points around the stadium.

SHOCK TROOP LEADER

Vamonos. Apurate!!

EXT. NACIONAL STADIUM - FULL SCENE - DAY

Brooks stands on the mound and readies himself for a pitch. He pauses. There is a stillness in the air.

INT. STADIUM TUNNEL - DAY

CIA Operative Clayton Archer glasses his personnel throughout the stadium - coordinates his men on a walkie.

CLAYTON ARCHER

30 seconds. Then call it.

Clayton turns and works his way back down the tunnel.

EXT. NACIONAL STADIUM - DAY

Brooks takes in a rare stillness in the air. There's something wrong. Umpire steps forward.

HOME PLATE UMPIRE

C'mon, now. Play ball!

The players and fans sense the same stillness. Crowd and players alike begin to look around.

An agitator reaches for his radio.

AGITATOR

Ahora! (Now!)

Then, boom! Boom! Boom!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nearby explosions rock the outskirts of Managua. Smoke and debris fill sky above. Panic sets into the crowd.

BROOKS

What the hell?

A Contra flag is then raised above the stadium.

AGITATOR

Now! Now! Now!

Agitators fire smoke grenades onto the field. Concussions blasts rock the outfield. The field is blackened by smoke.

OSNIEL

Everybody off the field! Everybody off the field! Come on! Let's GO!!

A confusing storm ignites. The crowd begins pushing for the exits. More explosions bang from a distance - coming closer.

Fans run onto the field, trying to escape.

Soviet-made gunships fly low over the stadium, directly overhead. Agitators scatter.

BROOKS

Faith.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Agitators fire automatic weapon bursts in the air from every direction. Panic pours onto the streets.

Men with clubs beat those on the run.

Sandinista anti-riot squads roll in via military carriers.

ANTI RIOT POLICE

This way! This way!

Agitators scurry back in their awaiting white vans.

EXT. CITY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Brooks, in uniform, runs at top speeds through the city streets to WFP.

EXT. WITNESS FOR PEACE HOUSE - DAY

Brooks rushes through the gate. The front door is open. It's quiet - he senses the worst.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS
Faith? Faith? FAITH?!

INT. WITNESS FOR PEACE HOUSE - DAY

Brooks looks around. He pushes in and reaches for the light-string. POP! Empty! No one there.

BROOKS
Faith? Faith?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Brooks runs to his casita. Explosions continue to rock the city in nearby distances.

INT. CLAYTON'S CASITA - DAY

Brooks enters.

His house is empty and torn to shreds. He hears a radio futz, and someone in his bedroom.

He finds a baseball bat, cocks it over his shoulder. He sees the figure working the radio. Brooks lifts up the bat ready to swing.

The figure turns. It's Faith.

BROOKS
I was going to take your head off.

Puts down the bat.

FAITH
They were just here. I saw them leave
from down the street.

Faith works the radio dial. She picks up bits of news - translates for Brooks. Faith finds a high-frequency communique - turns up the radio.

FAITH (CONT'D)
The Contras are deploying in the North
and South where they know voter turnout
will be heavy. I'm hearing troop
movement. You've got to get out of here.
It's dangerous for you.

BROOKS
Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAITH
Clayton Archer is CIA.

INT. WITNESS FOR PEACE HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

The city is calm. Faith, cleaning up. Brooks, visibly upset, reaches the WFP phone.

BROOKS
Clayton, what a jack. He set me up!

FAITH
What are you doing?

BROOKS
Time to take a little action into my own hands. You need precinct observers? I'll get ya' precinct observers.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - TWO WEEKS LATER - DAY

Brooks and Faith watch a twin prop taxis at the end of the runway.

BROOKS
You think I'm going to let a little civil-war get in the way of a good pennant race? Forget it.

FAITH
Who are these guys?

BROOKS
Twelve of the most frustrated and talented players ever to be washed out of major league baseball. All with a score to settle. Witness For Peace's own little - *Dirty Dozen*.

Engine's cut - door flies open. A DIRTY DOZEN of Brooks' closest ex-teammates step off the plane.

BROOKS (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
That's what I'm talking about.

EXT. NACIONAL STADIUM - DAY

The Dirty Dozen sit in the stands are filled with gab and excitement. Brooks takes center stage. Faith, nearby.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Alright knuckleheads, listen up. Let me ask you guys a question. "Why does everyone read the sports page first?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALL PLAYER #1
Because the sports page chronicle men's
"achievements."

BROOKS
And the front page?

BALL PLAYER #2
Men's "failures."

BALL PLAYER #3
What's that have to do with us?

BROOKS
Let me tell you. What do we all have in
common?

BALL PLAYER #1
Most of us are divorced, broke and
coaching high school baseball?

BROOKS
Besides all that. All of us ended our
careers on the front pages of major city
newspapers. Disgraced. And, right now,
those guys are the kind of guys I need.
We're doing two things down here, we're
going to help to get out the vote, and
we're going to help get some ballplayers
get back in a pennant race.

Ballplayers from the Managua Giants stroll in from the
infield.

U2: In the Howling Wind,

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Guys, I want you to meet your own,
personal farm team. We're going to take
these guys under our wings and we're
going to bring back the pennant to
Managua!

Comes the stinging rain...

EXT. NORTHERN ENEMY CAMPS - DAY

Weapons are checked, Contra Soldiers run through their
operations. Shells and artillery, slung over Guerilla
shoulders...

See it driving nails into souls on the tree of pain...

EXT. NACIONAL STADIUM - DAYS LATER - DAY

Our Dirty Dozen takes infield with the Managua Giants. Brooks and Osniel standby.

BROOKS

These guys will get 'em ready for the pennant. And, we're going to take it to the road.

EXT. WITNESS FOR PEACE HOUSE - DAY

Baseball jerseys are pulled over the heads of Brooks' new delegation.

From the firefly...

The Dirty Dozen and the Giants load the bus.

EXT. SOUTHERN ENEMY CAMPS IN COSTA RICA - DAY

Army boots are laced tightly. Caches of weapons gathered.

A red orange glow...

INT. OLD BUS - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Brooks drives, Faith is to his right. The Dirty Dozen are joined in full-force with the Managua Giants.

See the face of fear running scared in the valley below...

BALLPLAYER #4

So, Brooks, reassure me. Just by being out there and playing baseball, we're securing an election?

Clayton's special operations radio sits in Faith's lap.

BROOKS

That's all you gotta' know.

INT. CINCINNATI REDS PLAYER PERSONNEL OFFICE - DAY

Eric Widmark sits at his desk on the phone to Joe Chatfield.

ERIC WIDMARK

We have a deal and we're heading for the playoffs! What do you mean you can't find him?

INT. SMALL OFFICIAL VOTING PRECINCT OFFICE - DAY

A WOMAN (40's) unlocks the front doors.

Screen Reads: MALTAGALPA VOTING PRECINCT

INT. JOE CHATFIELD'S OFFICE - DAY

Working the phone, Joe frantically tries to get a hold of Brooks.

JOE CHATFIELD
Mr. Darren Crawford? Joe Chatfield. By
any chance have you heard from Brooks?

EXT. SHANTY VOTING FIELD PRECINCT - DAY

Wooden windows are pushed open, supported with sticks.

Screen Reads: NORTHERN PACIFIC COAST VOTING PRECINCT

EXT. THE NICARAGUAN JUNGLE SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH - DAY

A paramilitary Contra Guerilla squadron moves cautiously through the jungle.

You plant a demon seed...

A Contra guerrilla's eyes widen with surprise. He sees...

EXT. GREEN FIELD - THE COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Brooks' make shift baseball team takes infield. Hordes of Nicaraguan Farmers surround the field.

You raise a flower of fire...

Faith hands out election flyers to the campisino farmers.

BROOKS
Little bit of baseball, little bit of
democracy... like it - like it, a lot!

Jacob wrestled the angel and the angel was overcome...

INT. OLD BUS - COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Faith listens for troop movements and marks her map accordingly.

Bullet the blue sky...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAITH
They're moving near Taichi.

Bullet the blue sky...

BROOKS
Okay. Let's go to Taichi.

INT. ESPN SPORTS CENTER - DAY

CHRIS BURMAN (40's) sits at his post.

CHRIS BERMAN
Still no sign of troubled, right-hander
Brooks Crawford, who is scheduled to
report to the Cincinnati Reds camp.

In the locust wind, comes the rattler and hum...

EXT. NICARAGUAN JUNGLE LINE / MAKESHIFT BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

The Contra Captain calls off his forces upon seeing the
Americans on the field.

*See them burning crosses, see the flames, higher and
higher...*

Farmers and countryman look on. Faith continues to hand out
election flyers.

CONTRA CAPTAIN
Americanos y, baseball?

EXT. VILLAGE FIELD - DAY

American right fielder #5 is pushed back to deep left center
by a fly ball.

Bullet in blue sky, Bullet the blue...

He makes the catch at the tree-line, turns and tosses the
ball to a Contra Soldier standing in the brush.

BALLPLAYER #5
Here you go, mi amigo! And, remember, get
out and vote!

INT. BUS - MORE COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Faith dials the radio as we track Guerilla movements over the
countryside. *Suit and tie comes up to me...*

INT. CINCINNATI BAR - NIGHT

Patrons watch the sports news over their beers. Cincinnati Reds moving towards the playoffs.

NEWS CAST (TV)
Mariano Duncan belts a fifth inning 3-run
homer and still no sign of veteran
reliever, Brooks Crawford.

*His face red like a thorn bush, like all the colors of the
royal flush...*

INT. REDS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

PAUL O'NEILL (32) gets dressed next to GLENN BRAGGS (33).

GLENN BRAGGS
You think Crawford's going to show up?

PAUL O'NEILL
I heard he's running for office down in
Latin America somewhere.

GLENN BRAGGS
I didn't even know he spoke Spanish?

And he's peeling off those dollar bills..

EXT. NICA COUNTRY FARMS AND LITTLE HOMES - DAY

As the bus passes through, frightened Campesino Farmers lurch
out from their homes to the field where baseball is being
played.

Slapping them down, one hundred, two hundred...

"Take me out out the ballgame".

AMERICAN/MANAGUA BALLPLAYERS
"Llévame a la zona de guerra ... Llévame
con las tropas ... Dame munición y
crackerjack, a Ollie North no le
importará si alguna vez volvemos".

EXT. NORTHERN TOWN - ELECTION DAY - DAY

Farmers and Campesinos fill the streets quietly to vote. Long
voting lines begin forming.

*And I see those fighter planes, And I can see those fighter
planes...*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Faith approaches Brooks who looks on - worried.

BROOKS

What is it?

FAITH

Operatives. They've just entered the town.

Brooks and his teammates look off to see eight or nine
FACTIONAL OPERATIVES approaching the voting polls.

Villagers then shy and turn away from registering.

BROOKS

C'mon.

EXT. VOTING POLL CENTER - STREET - DAY

Brooks approaches with his own teammates meeting the
Operatives as they arrive.

A bit of a stand-off. The Field Ops - tough, real killers.

BROOKS

Hello, we'd like to introduce ourselves.
I'm Brooks Crawford and each of these
individuals here are representatives from
the United Nations, and are here to
oversee the registration process and the
elections.

The Operatives look around. Say nothing. Stone faced killers.
The Civilians nearby tense up and others retreat.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

We're working in conjunction with your
government's authority, the United
Nations, Witness For Peace, Amnesty
International and the, uh, League of
Women Voters.

The standoff continues. Quiet.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

There's been word that there may be some
military activity in these parts to
disrupt the elections. As an
International Peace Keeping Force we're
here to report back to the White House,
the UN, the CNN and to the "ESPN".

PLAYER #1

And to the SPCA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS

And, the SPCA.

Brooks' own teammates keep their poker faces. Don't flinch.

The Operatives exchange looks, finally backing off and turning around.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Somebody's going to have to lend me a clean pair shorts on the way back.

EXT. NACIONAL STADIUM - PITCHER'S MOUND - DAYS LATER - DAY

Brooks and Faith stand together on the mound with a single microphone. The entire stadium crowd sits silently.

Pennant game day - sold out stadium.

She wears a New York Yankee pinstripe with Lou Gehrig's number 4 on the back in remembrance of her late husband.

FAITH

What do I say?

BROOKS

Just tell them what you've seen.

Brooks turns and walks back to the dugout.

FAITH

There's a story of a very famous American baseball player many years ago who on one special day, stood in front of a large crowd, very much like this one. He was sick, very sick. He knew he was dying. But he told the fans who came out that day, that he felt like "he was the luckiest man on the face of the earth." And with the safe registrations that we've had, and the first election coming in over 100 years, today we should feel like we too are the "luckiest people on the face of this earth." Viva Nicaragua! Viva Nicaragua! Long live, Nicaragua!!!

The stadium capacity begins a chanting that doesn't end. Faith steps off the mound.

Humanity's reaffirmation to be free from violence - surges.

INT. DUGOUT - DAY

Faith approaches from the field. Brooks, alongside Osniel wait for her.

BROOKS
Che Guevara couldn't have said it better himself.

Brooks and Faith kiss.

OSNIEL
Okay. Let's get ready to take the field!

JOE CHATFIELD (O.S.)
Brooks! Brooks!

Brooks turns to see manager Joe Chatfield bounding towards the dugout in a panic.

BROOKS
Joe? What the hell are you doing here?

JOE CHATFIELD
Me? Where the hell have you been? I've been trying to reach you for the last five weeks!

BROOKS
I've, been here, playing ball. Where you sent me. Hey? And what the hell is up with Clayton Archer? Did you know he's CIA?

JOE CHATFIELD
Brooks, forget all that. You were picked up. The Reds! A couple of guys are on the DL. They picked you up!

BROOKS
What?

JOE CHATFIELD
I've got a plane waiting for us right now! You gotta' report before the trade deadline!

Brooks turns to Faith - astonished.

BROOKS
The World Series.

Brooks looks out to the field, all that he's built - about to leave it behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROOKS (CONT'D)
They want me back.

FAITH
Brooks. This is your second chance. What
you've been working for.

Brooks - between worlds.

BROOKS
But this pennant race?

The team gathers around.

BALLPLAYER #5
We got this down here, Brooks. Get back
in the show. What are you waiting for?
Rewrite that front-page bullshit - for
all of us!

BROOKS
Yeah, what am I waiting for?

JOE CHATFIELD
You should at least show some
enthusiasm?!

Faith moves closer, whispers in his ear.

FAITH
I'll get there when I can. Get yourself
back in the game.

INT. PRESS BOX - OAKLAND COLISEUM - OCTOBER - NIGHT

FOX Sports JOE BUCK (30's) and TIM MCCARVER (40's) call the
World Series.

JOE BUCK
Game four here with the Reds down by a
run heading into the top of the eighth. A
real pitcher's duel between Dave Stewart
and Jose Rijo.

EXT. BULLPEN - NIGHT

With a small pair of field binoculars, Brooks scans the first-
base line to see Joe Chatfield, and two more empty seats.

JOE CHATFIELD
C'mon, Reds!!

Brooks then scans the third-base line box seats. He sees...

EXT. STADIUM THIRD BASE LINE SEATING - NIGHT

Amanda, ex-wife to Brooks, Randy Williams and Brook's son CHRISTOPHER (12).

RANDY WILLIAMS
The Reds aren't likely to use Brooks in a tight situation. He won't get an appearance in the series.

AMANDA
TIM!

Christopher throws up a hard glare.

RANDY WILLIAMS
But, maybe he will. He might. Hey who's to say?

CHRISTOPHER
Dick...

INT. OAKLAND INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Faith, along with Catarina push their way through customs.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Reds Runners are on 2nd and 3rd base. Stewart kicks and delivers. Glenn Braggs hits a short ground ball to third which scores the runner.

Braggs is thrown out. 1 to 1. Tie game.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
Short-hop just enough to score the runner from third and Braggs is thrown out! The Reds tie at 1.

TIM MCCARVER (V.O.)
And, there goes Dave Stewart's shutout.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Faith and Catarina rush through the glut of traffic to Oakland Stadium.

JOE BUCK
(radio V.O.)
And the Reds take the lead with only six outs away from a 1990 World Series sweep.

EXT. FIELD - FULL GAME - NIGHT

Now with a runner on third, Red's HAL MORRIS sends one to deep center field. The Runner on third tags and scores.

The Reds go up 2 to 1.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
And the Reds take the lead with only six
outs away from a 1990 World Series sweep.

INT. PRESS BOX - OAKLAND COLISEUM - OCTOBER - NIGHT

Joe Buck and Tim McCarver.

JOE BUCK
Rijo has struck out fourteen batters
after the first-inning but the question
is who do you bring in to close?

TIM MCCARVER
Right. The rookie or the once-troubled
veteran right-hander, Brooks Crawford?

INT. WITNESS FOR PEACE HOUSE - NIGHT

The entire Managua Giants team sit nearby the long-range
radio and listen to the game.

ERNESTO
El Cubano Expresso!!

EXT. OAKLAND COLESEUM 1ST BASE LINE - DAY

Joe Chatfield nervously fidgets - he looks up towards the
deck behind him, no sign of Faith.

EXT. CINCINNATI BULLPEN - NIGHT

Brooks keeps his arm loose - looks up at the score Reds 2 -
A's 1.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Oakland A's CARMELO MARTINEZ takes Rijo deep to the fence and
Braggs goes all the way back, just making the catch at the
track! 1 out.

Score: Reds 2, A's - 1. Bottom of the ninth.

EXT. BULLPEN - DAY

Cincy BULLPEN COACH (40's) gets off the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINCINNATI COACH
Crawford. Myers. Get 'em warm!

EXT. STADIUM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Faith and Catarina get through the stadium entrance.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
So, now the decision will be youth versus
experience.

EXT. BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

Buck and McCarver toss it about in the booth talking through
the pitching change.

TIM MCCARVER(V.O.)
Well this is what it's all about, right
here, right now. Two Reds pitchers are up
and throwing. Having acquired Crawford
for this late-season run. And, taking
into account Crawford's fall from grace
earlier this year from the Yankees. What
a decision here tonight for Lou Pinella.

EXT. CINCINNATI BULLPEN - NIGHT

Bullpen coach puts back the phone. He looks down to the two
pitchers - finally.

BULLPEN COACH
Crawford!

Bullpen doors open. Brooks Crawford steps out and begins the
long walk to the mound.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
Well there it is, Lou Pinella and the
Reds deciding to go with the experience
for this call with veteran reliever,
Brooks Crawford.

EXT. STADIUM THIRD BASE LINE SEATING - NIGHT

Son Christopher stands and cheers.

CHRISTOPHER
He's going in. Dad's in the game!

INT. CINCINNATI BAR - NIGHT

The fans, deliciously panicked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINCINNATI BAR FANS

Oh my God.. No! No! I don't know! I don't know!!! Crawford? Shit!!

INT. WITNESS FOR PEACE HOUSE - NIGHT

The Managua Giants get to their feet!

GIANTS

El Cubano Expresso!!

EXT. MOUND - NIGHT

Brooks reaches the mound and takes the ball from awaiting manager LOU PINIELLA (50's). The noise is immense.

LOU PINIELLA

You okay, Crawford?

Brooks looks over to Joe and the two empty seats next to him.

BROOKS

Yeah, I'm good.

The Coach and the Catcher JOE OLIVER confer about the signals.

LOU PINIELLA

Okay. Let's close this thing. Make some history, Brooks.

EXT. THIRD BASE LINE STANDS - NIGHT

Christopher and the others look on. Randy nervously crunches peanut shells between his fingers - impatient, nervous, envious.

EXT. FIELD - FULL SCENE - NIGHT

Brooks looks over to see his son, Amanda and Randy. He readjusts the bill on his cap.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)

Crawford inherits a runner on first.

The Runner takes a step off the bag, Crawford checks and delivers - the sacrifice bunt is on and the batter lays it down perfectly.

Brooks picks up the ball and throws to first - the runner advances to second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE BUCK (V.O.)

Two outs but now the A's have a runner in scoring position which will pose the threat of the tying run.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE DUGOUT

A's Manager TONY LA RUSSA (50's) then pulls the batter for the pinch hitter.

TIM MCCARVER (V.O.)

A's making a last minute pinch-hit move. Now batting, replacing the fifth-spot in the line-up is David Jordan.

Brooks zeros in on Jordan.

TIM CARVER (V.O.)

That is a brilliant move by Tony La Russa.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)

Jordan, the last batter Crawford faced in Camden before in his catastrophic meltdown and subsequent exodus to the jungles of Central America!

MORE - VARIOUS - CONTINUED

Now facing his twin-brother, Brooks glares up at Randy Williams sitting with his ex-wife.

TIM MCCARVER (V.O.)

Jordan traded from Baltimore earlier this year for his bat - might be just the right call to face Crawford.

Brooks begins to burn once more and circle the mound - uneasy, very uneasy.

BROOKS

Focus. No Cuban Express.

TIM MCCARVER (V.O.)

Shrewd. We're going to see now just how far Crawford has come.

Jordan steps up to the plate and Brooks zeros in on his face - the resemblance to Randy - remarkable.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)

Crawford appearing a little rattled out there by La Russa's move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Brooks laces his fingers on the ball like Ernesto had showed him - THE CUBAN EXPRESS!! He fights it off, but it's no use.

BROOKS

Don't do this now Brooks. Not now.

Brooks winds and delivers a high inside fastball! Williams flies back hard to the ground.

TIM MCCARVER (V.O.)

Well, if that's any signal, Crawford's in trouble.

EXT. MOUND - THE FIELD - FULL SCENE - NIGHT

Brooks looks up to see Christopher, Amanda and Randy up in the stands. He starts to unravel.

He then looks over to Joe.

JOE CHATFIELD

C'mon, Brooks. Get out of this thing!!

Brooks kicks and fires wildly, brushing back Jordan once more. Ball 2.

Pressure mounting with a runner in scoring position.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)

If he walks Williams, that would put the game-winner on first.

LOU PINIELLA

C'mon, Crawford!!

Brooks wheels and delivers sending Williams to the ground once again. Ball 3, runner on second. (It's bad).

BROOKS

I'm finished.

Brooks then looks over to the first-base line. He sees Faith and Catarina making their way down the aisle towards Joe Chatfield.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Faith.

He then looks over to his own son, ex-wife and ex-friend and Randy Williams. Son Christopher gives Brooks the confident nod.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTOPHER
C'mon, dad. Take him out.

Brooks cocks and fires a missile past Williams. POP!!
striiiiike!! 3 balls and 1 strike.

RANDY WILLIAMS
C'mon, Jordan. Knock it out!

INT. CINCINNATI BAR - NIGHT

More fans now surround the TV.

CINCY FANS
He's not talking shit! He's not talking
shit!! It's a miracle!! He's not talking
shit!

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Brooks looks off the runner at second again - kicks, winds
and fires a second strike past Jordan. STRIIIIIIKE. Strike 2.

Brooks looks up squarely to Amanda - gives son Christopher a
nod. (I got this).

He winds and kicks with a heater. Jordan swings wildly at the
100 M.P.H. fastball and misses!!

STRIKE THREE! REDS WIN THE WORLD SERIES!!

MORE - VARIOUS - FULL SCENE

The Reds rush the mound in victory!! Cincinnati fans and
players swarm the infield.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
What an ending here in Oakland Alameda
Coliseum!

INT. CINCINNATI BAR - NIGHT

Cincy bar fans explode!!

INT. BROADCASTER'S BOOTH - NIGHT

McCarver and Buck.

TIM MCCARVER (V.O.)
You couldn't write this, especially for
Brooks Crawford. Released from the
Yankees, exiled for his sins to Central
America and comes back to face the very

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM MCCARVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
hitter that took him for a 14th inning
grand-slam in Baltimore! Just storybook!!

EXT. STADIUM THIRD BASE LINE - NIGHT

Mayhem! Brooks sees son Christopher waiting in the distance
at the railing.

Brooks fights through photographers to reach him near the
third-base rail. He and Christopher embrace - Father and son!

CHRISTOPHER
You did it, dad. You did it!

Amanda and Randy look on as they approach.

Brooks looks up to see Randy Williams. Brooks, composed,
confidant - looks Randy dead in the eye.

RANDY WILLIAMS
Brooks. Looks like you got out of it.

BROOKS
Looks like.

Randy just stands in space. Ex-wife, Amanda steps forward.

AMANDA
You pitched great, Brooks! I'm happy for
everything you've accomplished.

Joe Chatfield works his way through the free-for-all along
with Mother, Father, Faith and Catarina in tow.

JOE CHATFIELD
BROOKS! BROOKS!

Brooks turns to see Joe Chatfield, mom and dad. Next to Joe,
coming near him, Faith and Catarina.

Mom and dad throw their arms around their son. Brooks gives
Darren the ball of the winning pitch.

BROOKS
Thanks, dad. Thanks...

Faith wrestles through the crowd to get to Brooks. They
embrace.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
I didn't think you'd make it. We did it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAITH

I brought someone with me.

Brooks looks to see his one-time sidekick in crime, Catarina.

BROOKS

Catarina.

He bends at the knees to greet her at eye-level as the world swirls above.

She's got a mitt in her hand, and a Cincinnati Red sock covering her missing arm.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Hi.

The glint has returned to her eyes. Brooks - astonished. He holds her.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Te he extrañado. Te he extrañado mucho.
(I've missed you so much!)

CATARINA

Yo también. (Me too).

Amanda, Randy and Christopher. Brooks stands and introduces Catarina and Faith.

BROOKS

Christopher, I want you to meet some
people who are very important to me.

Scoreboard too filled with neon, congratulations!

As the families step forward to meet the other, we slowly begin to pull away from our heroes as the Reds and the crowd celebrate the victory.

BROOKS (V.O.)

In 1990, the CIA backed candidate,
Vialleta Chamorro did win Nicaragua's
first election beating the existing
incumbent President, Daniel Ortega.

Skies. Fireworks explode above! A confetti pattern of
dripping sparks falls back toward earth.

BROOKS (V.O.)

But under continued pressure from groups
like Witness For Peace and Amnesty
International, U.S. promises were kept
and all sanctions were eventually lifted.

EXT. DARK FIELD - MONTHS LATER - NIGHT

In the far distance we see growing bits and pieces of blue, phosphorescent light in the trees of the jungle.

BROOKS (V.O.)
Silver Star, and Purple Heart recipient,
Marine Colonel Oliver North was indicted
on 16 felony counts and convicted on
accepting an illegal gratuity, aiding and
abetting in the obstruction of a
congressional inquiry, and ordering the
destruction of documents through his
secretary, Fawn Hall.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Armed, factional paramilitary cautiously on patrol. Weapons
are drawn - target in the distance.

BROOKS (V.O.)
Fourteen other ranking Reagan officials
were charged with felony crimes in
connection with the Contra Funding
Scandal.

A young soldier's boot catches a trip wire.

We recognize him to be, Duvan Gutierrez - the paramilitary
boy from the safe hole, Faith's one-time student.

Suddenly, tall jungle palms are lit up like towering
Christmas trees.

The young soldiers and their commanders whip around with
their AK-47's to find the enemy - but there are none.

Only strings of neon flashing bulbs crisscross the jungle
trees and read: Feliz Navidad. Bienvenido a casa. ¡¡Te
estamos esperando!! (Merry Christmas. Welcome home. We're
waiting for you!!)

BROOKS (V.O.)
And, on July 28, 1991, while pitching for
the Montreal Expos.

*Well it's been building up inside of me for oh, I don't know
how long..*

EXT. INT. PUERTA CABEZAS - BASEBALL DIAMOND - DAY

Two Nica little league teams take to the diamond. They wear
new uniforms - The Reds and the Oakland Athletic uniforms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

I don't know why, but I keep thinkin' somethin's bound to go wrong.

Brooks and Faith step out to the diamond to meet with Osniel. Little leaguers abound.

BROOKS (V.O.)
Nicaragua's own right-hander, Dennis
Martinez threw the 15th perfect game in
Major League baseball history.

Young paramilitary soldiers appear in deep left and right field from the edges of the jungle - holding phosphorescent plastic baseballs.

Smile begin to overtake forsaken faces.

But she looked into my eyes..

Brooks' son Christopher plays catch with Catarina who's use of only one arm doesn't stop her a bit.

BROOKS (V.O.)
He is now affectionately referred to by
his own Nicaraguan people...

And makes me realize..

BROOKS (V.O.)
As, El Presidente!

We slowly begin to fade to black.

The End