

(EXCERPT VERSION ONLY)

The Further Adventures of
Jimmy Lynch

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&
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EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD. NIGHT

It's the Little League Championship Game and the baseball field is immaculate, decked out with banners, fresh chalk lines and the field lights give the scene an ethereal glow.

A large crowd is in attendance. A microphone is set up at home plate, flanked by Brigid Roberts standing next to Logan Bradley. A HIGH SCHOOL BAND plays in the outfield.

INT. ODEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Oden sits in the driver's side, his son Timmy (12) sits in his baseball uniform on the passenger side. We can see Brigid and Logan on the Little League Field through the front windshield. A silent beat, then:

ODEN

... Timmy. Remember the time when I wouldn't let your Uncle Rickie borrow my snowblower?... And even though it made your mother upset, I told you it was the right thing to do? Even when he called me an asshole at your cousin Sara's birthday and I stuck his head in the punch bowl and choked him with his tie and everyone said I have an anger problem. Do you remember that, son?

TIMMY

Yes.

ODEN

...Good.

Oden gets out of the car. Timmy looks ahead with mortal fear.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy and Murf step out of Murf's Honda and walk towards the field with the Trainee and Buckner in tow. The Band finishes and Logan approaches the microphones.

LOGAN

Alright, St. John's High Marching Band! Lets hear it!

The CROWD CHEERS.

LOGAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 And now to dedicate our brand new
 lights: Worcester's own State
 Senator, Brigid Roberts!

The CROWD CHEERS as Brigid comes over and gives Logan a big hug. She takes the microphone.

EXT. NEARBY FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Ziggy stands behind Uncle Felipe who tosses batting practice to the team. STEPHEN (10), small, geeky and weak, is at the plate.

ZIGGY
 OK, Stevie. Try to get around on
 the ball this time.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Brigid speaks to the crowd, her hair blowing heroically in the wind.

BRIGID
 ...Now, to flip the switch and get
 this game underway, the head of
 UPS, and my big brother, Oden
 Roberts.

The CROWD barely claps. We hear one person 'WOOOO'.

Oden comes forward from his dugout, puts both hands on Brigid's shoulders as a 'hug', nods to Logan, and goes straight for the mic.

ODEN
 Thanks, sis... Everyone...
 Alright... Well, you know, when I
 was a kid, we didn't have lights.
 We didn't even have a concession
 stand... Gatorade? Forget about
 it.

EXT. NEARBY FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Uncle Felipe is still tossing Batting Practice.

UNCLE FELIPE
 Okay, Stephen, here comes the hot
 pepper.

Uncle Felipe rears back, throws and Stephen takes a baseball right between the eyes. He drops to the ground like a bag of dirt.

UNCLE FELIPE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Don't start crying!

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Oden. Still speaking at the podium.

ODEN
...Now, I don't know how many of you have jobs, but I do, and so I can't be here as much as I'd like to. Or as much as my wife may want me to.

The CROWD CHUCKLES. Logan nods to Oden with approval.

EXT. NEARBY FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Uncle Felipe stands on the mound, the Trainee runs up to him and hands him a black bag and some change while he gestures to members of the team, who drag the unconscious Stephen by his arms to the bench.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

ODEN
So, I reached into my own pockets and ,ah...Well, how bout these lights? Little noise.

More mild applause from the crowd.

EXT. NEARBY FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Uncle Felipe sips from a can of beer as he watches the Trainee help some Team members prop Stephen up on the bench.

UNCLE FELIPE
He'll be okay. Just gotta wait it off. Hold his mouth open so he don't swallow his tongue or nothing, ok.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Oden flips an electric switch. Lights POP on everywhere and the field and stands are illuminated. He twirls his finger in the air as the crowd CLAPS.

AT HOMEPLATE

The UMPIRE, O.B.(30's), is an Irish Billy Idol. He puts his mask on.

OB

Play Ball!

The Teams take the field. The CROWD CHEERS, and Murf and Jimmy bang on the chain-link fence with Buckner.

EXT. WORCESTER POST OFFICE - MEANWHILE

All is quiet at the Worcester Post Office. A VERY OLD CLERK with thick, double-rimmed glasses and an annoying grin stands outside having a smoke break.

A red van pulls up near the Old Clerk and Hampton and Collins get out, carrying two crates of mail.

CLERK

Help you boys out?

COLLINS

We're from the College just dropping off some mass mailings.

CLERK

Oh? Which one?

COLLINS

Uh...

HAMPTON

...Worcester.

CLERK

Worcester State or Worcester Polytech?

COLLINS

We're from the University, actually.

CLERK

Clark or Brigham Women's?

COLLINS
It's a Catholic School.

CLERK
Oh. Assumption or Holy Cross?

HAMPTON
You know these crates are really heavy.

CLERK
Sorry, it's just that I need some identification, even if you are from... wherever... It's just procedure.. you know. Times like these call for a little bit stricter security.

COLLINS
Sure, sure. I got it right here.
Hold this for me, willya?

Collins dumps his crate into the Clerks hands who's knee's buckle as he feigns reaching into his back pocket for his wallet but instead comes back with a right hand that knocks out the Clerk cold.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - MEANWHILE

A scoreboard reads:

BOTTOM OF THE FOURTH. 2 OUTS

We see there are RUNNERS from Ziggy's team on second and third base.

Ziggy sits in his dugout, resting his hand on his furiously shaking knee.

Oden leans back on the bench in his dugout joking with his ASSISTANTS. A wild pitch goes through ODEN'S CATCHER's legs.

ZIGGY
(To runner on third)
Corre, Joseph, corre!

UNCLE FELIPE
Unhitch the plow, Cabron!

JOSEPH, a baserunner, runs as fast as his little legs can carry him. Timmy Roberts runs to cover home. The CATCHER retrieves the ball and tosses it to Timmy. Joseph slides home. OB makes the call and-- he's OUT!

Ziggy drops his clipboard and goes right for Home Plate.

ZIGGY

Que jode, OB. Donde esta tu cabeza,
maricon?

OB

Woah, I could throw you out, right
now.

Oden comes out from his dugout.

ODEN

Don't take that, OB. Throw the
sonofabitch out of the game. You
have every right to.

ZIGGY

I dare you to throw me out 'cause
if you do, I'm going to tell every-
last-fuckingbody about your
magazine subscriptions. That's
right, cabron, I know some tings
about chu.

ODEN

That's a threat, OB!

OB

That's it. You're outta here!

OB ejects Ziggy, who goes berserk. Oden steps in front of
him, holding him back from OB.

Uncle Felipe knocks over his drink to come to Ziggy's aid.

Oden's team of Assistant Coaches come running out of the
dugout.

ODEN

Jesus Christ, it's just a game,
Ramirez.

ZIGGY

A game? A game? Chu wanna play
games!

Uncle Felipe grabs Ziggy, pulling him away. Felipe drags a
screaming Ziggy off the field.

OB

Can Felipe coach?

ODEN

No... you have to be a citizen to coach.

OB

I see...So, they don't have a Coach.

ODEN

It's not like they had much to begin with.

OB

Someone's gotta fill in. For the kids.

ODEN

Right, for the kids. Hell, I don't care. We got two innings to go. They could put in Tony LaRussa now and it wouldn't make a fucking difference.

All the PARENTS in the stands are pointing at each other and gesturing towards the field. *Who's going to coach?*

Jimmy looks over towards the stands. We hear Ziggy off screen yell out:

ZIGGY

Jimmy! Avenge me, Jimmy!

Jimmy ambles over to the dugout with Murf and Buckner.

JIMMY

Looks like I'm the Johnny on the Spot for this gig. Murf?

MURF

After you, Skip.

Oden sees Jimmy and Murf walking towards the dugout and he starts laughing.

ODEN

Ha, perfect!
(to his Assistants)
They rounded up the A-team.

CONCESSION STAND

A gaggle of MOTHERS are gabbing around the concession stand talking with Brigid Roberts and Logan Bradley.

Inside, Meredith gives her son TOMMY a Gatorade and a hug. Oden's wife, DENISE (40's), comes over to her.

DENISE
Meredith! Meredith! How are you?
So good to see you!

MEREDITH
Denise, how are you?

DENISE
Great! How's Tom?

MEREDITH
Oh he's good. Had to stay late
again at work, though.

DENISE
Trust me, I know. Ever since Oden
got those new hours, he's barely
been home for the past six months.
But that's my Oden. His work is his
passion.

MEREDITH
I'll say.

DENISE
Yeah, yeah. So how's your little
Tommy?... Does he still have
problems... with the...

MEREDITH
(mimicking her son)
St-st-t-t-tuttering? Oh yeah.

DENISE
Oh my.

MEREDITH
Well, he's slowly getting better.
It's okay. He's just our li'l
stuttering T-T-Tommy.

Meredith laughs. On the field Tommy runs for a pop-up and falls down. Denise and Brigid share a look.

MEREDITH (cont'd)
(CONT'D)
It's so funny when he tries to
quote the pro-wrestling characters
he sees on TV. Sometimes
(MORE)

MEREDITH (cont'd)
 I like to think that if I just
 smacked him really good one time
 he'd--

Oden walks right by Meredith, their eyes locking as he goes
 up to the concession stand. Denise fishes through her purse.

ODEN
 (ordering)
 Gimme a Mr. Pibb.

He turns to Denise and his eyes drop.

DENISE
 Hey, honey, how was work?

ODEN
 I told you not to buy Timmy soda at
 the games. He's gonna be another
 Doc Gooden before he hits high
 school.
 (to Brigid)
 It was a good speech, huh.

BRIGID
 Poignant and profound, Mr. Roberts.

Brigid turns around to watch the game. Denise is still
 fishing through her purse.

Meredith takes the opportunity to stealthily hand Oden a
 napkin on his way back to the dugout.

EXT. JIMMY & MURF'S DUGOUT - CONTINUOUS

Buckner laps at a Gatorade bottle on the ground. At the end
 of the dugout, Uncle Felipe hands the Trainee some more money
 and sends him running off.

Jimmy stands at one end of the bench. Murf stands in the
 center of the dugout, staring down at the team. He holds an
 index card with the batting line up written on it.

JIMMY
 Murf!

MURF
 Skip!

JIMMY
 The lineup!

MURF
Check, skip!

JIMMY
Who's up?

Murf reads from his index card.

MURF
Shaha...man..nana...novahn.

JIMMY
Murf!

MURF
Skip!

JIMMY
First name!

MURF
Rahama...nana..no

JIMMY
Kid! Raise your hand!

A little INDIAN kid raises his hand.

JIMMY (cont'd)
From now on you're Reggie. Grab a
bat.

Reggie, nods and grabs a bat.

EXT. ODEN'S DUGOUT - CONTINUOUS

Oden stands next to OB who tries to clean off nacho cheese stains from his mask.

ODEN
For the love of Pete, O'Brien. Just
don't get any cheese sauce on me.

Oden takes a sip of his Mr. Pibb and looks at the napkin Meredith handed him that reads: ***Feeling sporty tonight, Champ?***

Oden smiles and looks over to the concession stand where Meredith locks eyes with him as she sucks on a freeze pop.

OB steps out to home plate.

OB
Play ball!!

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

TJ Roberts is on the mound. Reggie, has got a full count.

JIMMY & MURF'S DUGOUT

Murf and Jimmy lean up against the fence.

JIMMY
Pull the trigger, Reggie baby, pull
the trigger!

MURF
Little bingo!

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

TJ Roberts rears back and fires. Reggie closes his eyes, swings the bat... and HITS a blooper into right field for a base hit.

JIMMY & MURF'S DUGOUT

JIMMY
Thattaway Reggie!!!

Jimmy looks on towards Mikey standing in at home plate. He turns back and looks at some of the team members sitting on the bench.

JIMMY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
What's the sign for hit and run?

The entire team shrugs their shoulders.

JIMMY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Ziggy didn't teach you any signs?

One little kid at the end of the bench gives Jimmy the finger.

JIMMY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Great... Alright...
(Jimmy looks out to Mikey)
Mikey! HIT AND RUN!

The other team, the entire crowd, plus the teams and crowds playing on the other field all heard that.

MURF
 Good strategery.

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

TJ Roberts pitches. Mikey swings and Reggie takes off for second. Mikey HITS a single into right field and Reggie makes it to third.

ODEN'S DUGOUT

Oden throws his clipboard against the fence and pushes away his Assistants.

ODEN
 Stay in front of the ball! I can
 hit you harder than the ball ever
 will!!!

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD. HOME PLATE

Tommy Gallo stands in at home plate.

ODEN'S DUGOUT

Oden looks over at Meredith in the concession stand who is staring right back.

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

TJ pitches and Tommy HITS the ball to first and is tagged out, but Reggie makes it home. The scoreboard says: **3-1**.

INT. WORCESTER POST OFFICE. THE PLANT - MEANWHILE

Hampton and Collins run on their tip-toes, carrying their crates. In and out of the shadows, they leapfrog back and forth from one hiding spot to another.

INT. WORCESTER POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A NIGHT WATCHMAN (40's) stands blankly in front of a microwave. Behind him, Collins sneaks out from behind a large processing machine and takes some mail from his crate. He loads the machine with it. Hampton looks up from a notebook to scan the crates along the wall before taking one down himself. They nod to each other and hide just as the microwave DINGS and the Watchman looks behind him.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD. ODEN'S DUGOUT - MEANWHILE

Oden writes something onto a scorecard. He hands it to one of his PLAYERS, Stan.

ODEN

Run up and give this to Mrs. Gallo,
Stan.

Stan wipes his nose and takes the scorecard.

CONCESSION STAND

Brigid sits by the counter with Logan and Meredith as Jimmy walks up.

JIMMY

What's up, Mrs. Gallo? Gimme some
Charleston Chews.

Little Stan runs up to the counter with a scorecard-- BUT he TRIPS, falls and drops the card.

Meredith and Brigid gasp while Jimmy nibbles on a Charleston Chew and bends down. Little Stan starts to cry.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Hey, little fella, it's alright.
Just a little skinned knee, that's
nothing. Here.

Jimmy takes a stick and gouges some of the dirt from under Little Stan's spikes.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Gotta keep your cleats free of dirt
so you don't slip.

Brigid comes from inside the concession stand with some band-aids. She bends down, face to face with Stan.

BRIGID

Would you like a band-aid, sweetie?

Little Stan nods through his sniffles. Brigid applies the band-aid.

BRIGID (CONT'D) (cont'd)

All better.

Brigid smiles and picks up the band-aid wrapper, then sees the SCORECARD.

She picks it up and reads: **Henderson for Stanley in rightfield. Which base are you gonna let me get to tonight, Momma?**

Jimmy helps Stan up and smiles at Brigid.

JIMMY

I'm still waiting for you to give me a date.

Brigid frowns at Jimmy and drops the scorecard before walking away.

BRIGID

Not if that's all your interested in.

LITTLE STAN

(points to scorecard)
That's for Mrs. Gallo.

Jimmy picks up the scorecard from the ground, looks at it, and shakes his head, smiling.

Scoreboard reads: **9th Inning**

ODEN'S DUGOUT

Oden's team gets ready for the last inning. He paces up and down the dugout aisle, his team all sitting on the bench.

ODEN

...Now you know I've always been fair about playing time no matter how bad some of you were. But baseball is a team sport and we win and we lose as a team. So in hoping that we'll win as a team, some of you are just not gonna play anymore. Hey, you had a good year, the pressures off. Enjoy the game.

Oden's team charges the field.

JIMMY'S DUGOUT.

Jimmy is kneeling on the ground with his arms around Ziggy's two sons, HECTOR(12) and VICTOR(11) wearing helmets that are two big for their heads.

JIMMY

Hector, they've been playing you deep at third all night.

(MORE)

JIMMY (cont'd)
 Drop a bunt and take off to first
 like your dad just got home from
 work. Victor, do you love your
 brother?

Victor nods.

JIMMY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Good. Then you can bring him home.

Mikey walks over, as the third batter. Jimmy shoots him a
 commanding look.

JIMMY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Put one in the parking lot, please.

The Trainee gets back from another run and hands off a paper
 bag to Felipe.

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

Hector steps up to the plate and TJ Roberts stares him down.
 TJ kicks and fires a bullet as Hector drops a BUNT. It
 catches everyone on their heels. Hector scoots down to first
 for a base hit.

JIMMY'S DUGOUT

Jimmy bangs on the fence, celebrating.

JIMMY
 How to look, kid!

UNCLE FELIPE
 (Looking through his bag)
 Razzle dazzle, papi.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

Victor stands in at the plate. TJ looks to his dugout as:

ODEN
 glares at him.

TJ rocks back and fires. Victor pings a ground ball right up
 the middle under TJ's legs for another base hit.

THE CROWD
 goes wild!

ODEN'S DUGOUT
 Oden calls for time. He stomps his way over to the mound.

ODEN

(to TJ)

What are you doing? Are you trying to embarrass me? You struck out these little teenage-mutant-JV-ghetto thugs out all night.

Oden reaches out his hand and closes it into a fist in front of TJ, then pulls it down to his side.

ODEN(cont'd)

Find your chi...Get your shit together.

Oden retreats back to his dugout and nods to his Assistants. The Assistants nod back. Oden folds his arms and rolls his eyes at Jimmy.

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

Mikey digs in at home.

TJ tightens the cap on his head.

Jimmy, Murf, the Trainee, and Uncle Felipe all hold hands in the dugout.

Brigid and Meredith watch from the concession stand.

PARKING LOT

Ziggy, watching the game from the parking lot behind left field. He leans up against his car, sipping from a can of High Life, deeply contemplating something.

ZIGGY

...So she walks like a woman...but she talks like a man...?

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

TJ fires one straight at Mikey's head. Mikey barely ducks under it.

JIMMY'S DUGOUT

JIMMY

What is that Randy Johnson shit?

ODEN'S DUGOUT

ODEN

Working the inside, butthead.

Jimmy gives Oden the finger. Oden shrugs and gives it right back.

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

Mikey bites his lip. TJ reaches back and throws more high heat.

Mikey gets around on it-- CRACK-- and the ball soars over the fence.

PARKING LOT

The ball bounces off Ziggy's windshield. He ducks for cover.

LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD

Jimmy and his team celebrate!!!

ODEN'S DUGOUT

Oden looks down at his own son who walks off the field crying.

ODEN

(to TJ)

Timothy. Get your shit and wait for me in the car. Tomorrow I want you to cut the lawn and dust the levelers-- every leveler.

Oden takes a long hard look at Jimmy and the team celebrating.

His wife Denise looks to him for her orders from behind the fence. Oden takes out his cell phone.

ODEN(CONT'D) (cont'd)

(to Denise)

Don't wait up!

(into cellphone)

Ya, it's me. Is it done? What do you mean it took you three hours? Of course it'd take that long to dig a six foot hole but... Well it's a figure of speech-- You're breaking up...? I said, 'a figure of speech!' Forget it. Look, 'member that other thing we talked about...

EXT. WOODS NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A heavily wooded area with a lone path leading out onto an open field.

Hampton and Collins' Truck is parked by the side of the road with its lights off.

Hampton shuffles over to a Fire Hydrant a few yards off the path carrying a crate of letters that he places into a large metal box and drops into the hole. Collins stands next to the hole on his cellphone, leaning on a shovel.

COLLINS
...Consider it done.

Collins hangs up his cellphone and turns to Hampton.

COLLINS (cont'd)
Looks like we're gonna have to dig
one more hole tonight.