

**FIELD OF DREAMS**

Written by

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**FINAL DRAFT SCREENPLAY**



**FADE IN**

**MONTAGE OF PHOTOS**

**RAY (V.O.)**

My father's name was John Kinsella.  
A faded, sepia shot of a dirty little kid on a farm.

**RAY (V.O.)**

It's an Irish name. He was born in  
North Dakota, in 1896...  
Young man in doughboy uniform.

**RAY (V.O.)**

...and never saw a big city until he  
came back from France in 1918.  
Chicago. Tenement. Comiskey Park. Ballgames.

**RAY (V.O.)**

He settled in Chicago, where he quickly  
learned to live and die with the White  
Sox. Died a little when they lost the  
1919 World Series...  
Newspaper headlines. Photo of Shoeless Joe Jackson.

**RAY (V.O.)**

...died a lot the following summer when  
eight members of the team were accused  
of throwing that Series.  
Dad (a catcher) playing ball. At work. Weeding.

**RAY (V.O.)**

He played in the minors for a year or  
two, but nothing ever came of it. Moved  
to Brooklyn in '35, married Mom in '38,  
and was already an old man working at  
the Naval Yards when I was born in 1949.  
Ray as an infant. With his father. In front of Ebbets Field  
in miniature Dodger uniform, etc.

**RAY (V.O.)**

My name's Ray Kinsella. Mom died when  
I was three, and I suppose Dad did the  
best he could. Instead of Mother Goose,  
I was put to bed at night to stories of

**(MORE)**

**CONTINUED**

**1 CONTINUED**

**RAY (CONT'D)**

Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig...and the great Shoeless Joe Jackson. Dad was a Yankees fan then, so of course I rooted for Brooklyn. But in '58 the Dodgers moved away, so we had to find other things to fight about. We did. And when it came time to go to college, I picked the farthest one from home I could find. Berkeley in the 1960s: hippies, protesters, etc.

**RAY (V.O.)**

This, of course, drove him right up the wail, which I suppose was the point. Officially my major was English, but really it was the Sixties. Ray looking foolish in long hair and tie-dye.

**RAY (V.O.)**

I marched, I smoked some grass, I tried to like sitar music... and I met Annie. Annie: blue jeans, T-shirt, freckles. Their courtship.

**RAY (V.O.)**

The only thing we had in common was that she came from Iowa and I had once heard of Iowa. We moved in together. After graduation, we moved to the Midwest, and stayed with her family as long as we could. Unsmiling American Gothic types.

**RAY (V.O.)**

Almost a full afternoon. The apartment, Ray at different jobs, the wedding.

**RAY (V.O.)**

We rented an apartment and I took a job selling insurance. I also drove a cab and worked in a pizza parlor. Dad died in June of 1 74. Annie and I got married that fall. Baby pictures.

**RAY (V.O.)**

A few years later Karin was born. She smelled weird, but we loved her anyway. Then Annie got the crazy idea that she could talk me into buying a farm.

**CONTINUED**

**3**

**1 CONTINUED (2)**

**1**

Ray, Annie, and four-year-old Karin by the "SOLD" sign of their farm. Ray in a cornfield.

**RAY (V.O.)**

I'm thirty-eight years old and I'm about to become a farmer. I love my family, I love baseball, and I miss New York. Moving in on Ray's face.

**RAY (V.O.)**

But until I heard The Voice...I'd never done a crazy thing in my whole life.

**DISSOLVE TO**

**2 THE CORNFIELD - DUSK**

**2**

It is dusk on a spring evening. The sky is a robin's-egg blue, and the wind is soft as a day-old chick. Ray Kinsella is working in the cornfield when a voice -- like that of a public address announcer -- speaks to him.

**THE VOICE**

'If you build it, he will come.'  
Ray looks up and around, but sees nothing that could be the source of this sound. All around him are empty fields. He stands quietly for a few moments, then goes back to work.

**THE VOICE**

'If you build it, he will come.'  
Ray jerks his head in all directions to see where this voice is coming from, but again, he sees nothing unusual -- just the furrowed fields and a few hundred feet away, the massive old farmhouse with a sagging veranda on three sides. On the north veranda is a wooden porch swing where Annie and Karin sit, sipping lemonade and dreaming.

**RAY**

**(CALLS)**

Annie, what was that?

**ANNIE**

**(CALLS BACK)**

What was what?

**RAY**

That voice.

**ANNIE**

What voice?

**CONTINUED**

**4**

**2 CONTINUED**

**2**

**RAY**

Just now. Like an announcement.  
Annie confers briefly with Karin, then calls back to Ray.

**ANNIE**

We didn't hear anything.

**RAY**

Oh.  
Ray thinks for a second, then shakes it off, trying to dislodge that thought from his mind, and gets back to work.

**THE VOICE**

'If you build it, he will come.'  
Again, he bolts upright and looks around. Again, he sees nothing. This is beginning to bug him. He calls:

**RAY**

Okay, you must've heard that.

**3 ON THE PORCH**

**3**

Annie and Karin lock at each other and exchange a shrug.  
Annie extends her arms palms upward, and calls to Ray.

**ANNIE**

Sorry. Come on. Dinner.

Annie leads Karin inside.

**4 -IN THE FIELD**

**4**

Ray looks all around him with an "Okay, fellas, what's the joke?" look on his face. But there is no one there. He puts down his tools and walks toward the house.

**5 INT. KITCHEN**

Ray enters, looks at his wife skeptically and joins his wife and daughter setting the table.

**RAY**

Was there like a sound truck on the highway, or something?

**ANNIE**

Nape.

**CONTINUED**

**5**

**5 CONTINUED**

**5**

**RAY**

Kids with a radio?

**ANNIE**

Nope. You really hearing voices?

**RAY**

Just one.

**ANNIE**

Ah. God?

**RAY**

More like a . . .ballpark announcer. Annie shoots him an "Are you kidding?" look. Ray responds with a shrug. They sit down to eat.

**ANNIE**

What'd it say?

**RAY**

'If you build. it, he will come.'

**ANNIE**

If you build what, who will come?

**RAY**

**(SHRUGS)**

He didn't say.

**ANNIE**

Ooh, I hate it when that happens.

**RAY**

Me too.

**CUT TO**

**6 RAY AND ANNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**6**

They are snuggled together, asleep. All is quiet. Then:

**THE VOICE**

'If you build it, he will come.'

Ray's eyes pop open. He looks at Annie, who does not stir. Without moving, he looks around the room. There is no one there. Very quietly, he crosses to the window and looks out. He whispers out toward the cornfield:

**RAY**

Build what? For who?

**CONTINUED**

**6**

**6 CONTINUED 6**

Behind him, Annie stirs.

**ANNIE**

Ray?

**RAY**

It's okay, honey, I'm just-talking to the cornfield.

He sighs and goes back to bed. Annie cuddles up to him. Her eyes are closed, but Ray's eyes remain open. He is



puzzled and concerned.

**CUT TO**

**7 TELEVISION SCREEN**

A scene from the 1950 movie *Harvey*, in which James Stewart insists he is conversing with an invisible rabbit.

**8 RAY AND ANNIE'S KITCHEN MORNING**

**L**

ittle Karin is watching *Harvey* while she eats her breakfast. Ray enters, looking like he had very little sleep, and promptly turns the TV set off.

**KARIN**

Why'd you do that? It was funny.

**RAY**

Trust me, Karin, it's not funny. The man is sick. He's very sick.  
Annie enters, putting on her coat.

**ANNIE**

Karin, if you're finished, get your coat and school bag. Let's go.  
Karin bolts from the table.

**RAY**

Uh honey, I'll take her today. I've-e got some errands in town.

**ANNIE**

Far out.  
She takes off her coat and kisses Ray as he takes-the car keys and heads outside. Annie sits at the kitchen table.

**CONTINUED**

**7**

**CONTINUED**

**8**

**ANNIE**

What if the voice calls while you're gone?

**RAY**

Take a message.

**ANNIE**

Right.

He exits. She grins, turns on the TV and watches Harvey.

**CUT TO**

**9 EXT. IOWA CITY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY 9**

Ray's car pulls up, Karin runs out and Ray drives off.

**CUT TO**

**10 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY 10**

Ray is plugged into some weird-looking contraption, having his hearing examined. Then the Doctor shines a penlight into his eyes, shrugs, and starts putting his gear away.

**DOCTOR**

Well, I can't find anything wrong. I could recommend a shrink, but hey, people hear things all the time. I heard a voice once. I was still living with my parents, 'then. They worked in the circus, so I was raised in the circus, and I was training to be a clown. This one day, I'm putting on my little red nose and I hear a voice, tells me to go to medical school. Here I am.

Ray is not sure if he should ignore this or run.

**CUT TO**

**11 FARM SUPPLY STORE - DAY 11**

Farmers are loading up with seed, fertilizer, and other farmer stuff. This is the kind of place where people also linger to exchange gossip, swap lies, and pass the time. Ray is off to one side, chewing the fat with an old-timer.

**CONTINUED**

**RAY**

In all those years, did you ever...

**(SEARCHES)**

I've heard that sometimes farmers out  
in the field...hear things. Voices.

**OLD-TIMER**

You hearing voices?

**RAY**

**(QUICKLY)**

No. It's just that I heard some farmers  
do, and... I, of course, don't, so I was  
wondering if I was doing something  
wrong, or something. Did you ever hear  
voices out there?

**CASHIER**

(calls from her

**CASH REGISTER)**

Who's hearing voices?

**OLD-TIMER**

Ray is. Out in the fields.  
Now, everyone in the store turns to look at Ray.

**RAY**

No! No, I'm not. Really.  
But the people still stare. Ray addresses them.

**RAY**

Noises! That darn tractor, it's...  
(forces a nervous

**LAUGH)**

Well, I'll just get some 3-in-1 oil,  
that should...

**(TO THE**

**OLD-TIMER)**

Nice talking to you.

**CUT TO**

**12 RAY'S FARM - DAY 12**

Ray is out in the fields again, hard at work. A breeze  
picks up. He stops for a moment, cocks an ear and looks  
around. All he sees are the empty fields. Insects make  
the only sounds. He goes back to work. Then:

**THE VOICE**

'If you build it, he will come.'

**CONTINUED**

9

**12 CONTINUED 12**

He throws his tools down angrily and looks all around, but there is no apparent source of the voice. Ray is pissed.

**RAY**

All right, who are you, and what the hell do you want from me?!?  
All he hears is a faraway echo.

**THE VOICE**

'If you build it, he will come.'  
This is serious. Ray shakes his head and repeats the words to himself.

**RAY**

If you build it...  
As he thinks about these words,,some unexplained impulse causes Ray to turn his head deliberately toward a portion of the cornfield between him and the house.

**FLASH CUT**

1

**13 A BASEBALL FIELD L3**

For the briefest of moments, the dreamlike image of a baseball field at night, illuminated by floodlights, flares in over the lawn. Standing on the edge of the field, is the figure of a man with his back to us. Before we can see anything else, the image disappears.

**14 RAY 14**

Ray's eyes widen.

**RAY**

. he will come'.

**FLASH CUT**

i5 THE MAN AND THE FIELD 1 5

The dream image flares in again, this time closer to the man. He stands in the middle distance, silhouetted by the lights, and we see he is wearing a uniform of some kind. He starts to turn slowly towards us, but before we can see his face, the image disappears.

10

**16 CLOSE ON RAY**

16

Ray's mouth opens. He half-laughs, as if to say "This can't be." But whatever is in his mind won't go away.

**RAY**

.he will come.

**FLASH CUT**

**17 THE MAN**

17

Now we see him in head-and-shoulders. He has the muscular neck of an athlete. As he slowly turns we start to see a bit of his weathered face before the image flares out.

**18 RAY**

18

Wheels are turning inside his head. He is trying to figure all this out. In the distance, a bell is ringing. He looks O.S.

**19 EXT. HOUSE - DUSK**

19

Annie is on the veranda ringing the dinner bell hanging by the front door.

**ANNIE**

Yo, Ray! Food!

**20 HER POINT OF VIEW - THE FIELDS 20**

We see Ray emerge slowly from the fields, the twilit sky changing colors behind him.

**21 THE VERANDA**

21

Annie leans against a post, lazily watching Ray approach. She likes how he moves, and how he looks.

**ANNIE**

Hiya, cutie.

Ray climbs up the steps, accepts her kiss, and instead of following her into the house, pulls her down with him onto the swing. He takes-her hand and looks into her eyes.

**RAY**

Annie...

**CONTINUED**

11

**21 CONTINUED**

21

**ANNIE**

**(PLAYING ALONG)**

Ray...

**RAY**

You're not going to believe this...

**ANNIE**

You heard the voice again.

**RAY**

Wait, this gets better, I just saw a vision.

**ANNIE**

Get out of here!

**RAY**

I swear to God. An actual vision.

**ANNIE**

We're going to have to burn you at the stake if this keeps up.

**RAY**

I know.

**CUT TO**

**22 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

22

**THE**

family is eating dinner. Ray seems lost in thought.

**ANNIE**

Hey, you don't suppose this could be like an acid flashback, do you?

**RAY**

I never took acid.

**ANNIE**

Maybe you will someday, and it's a flash forward.

**RAY**

Annie, there's more.

**ANNIE**

You're subscribing to the Enquirer.

**RAY**

I think I know what 'If you build it, he will come' means.

**CONTINUED**

**12**

**22 CONTINUED**

**22**

**ANNIE**

Oooh, why do I not think this is a good thing?

**RAY**

I think it means if I build a baseball field out there, Shoeless Joe Jackson will get to come back and play ball again.

**ANNIE**

You're kidding.

**RAY**

Uh uh.  
She whistles. This is serious.

**RAY**

Yeah.

**CUT TO**

**23 INT. KARIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**23**

Ray and Annie are putting little Karin to bed.

**ANNIE**

Boy, I thought my family was crazy, but this...this is the craziest thing I've ever heard.

**RAY**

I know. It's totally nuts.

**ANNIE**

I mean, Shoeless Joe, he's...

**RAY**

**(NODS)**

Died in '51.

**ANNIE**

And he's the one they suspended, right?

**-AY**

Right.

**ANNIE**

He still dead?

**RAY**

Far as I know.

**CUT TO**

**13**

**24 INT. 'BATHROOM - NIGHT**

**24**

Ray and Annie in their pajamas, brushing their teeth,



getting ready for bed.

**ANNIE**

You know what amazes me? No one could ever get you to believe in astrology, or ESP, or reincarnation, or heaven, or any of that stuff. But this...I think this shows real personal growth, Ray.

**RAY**

Thank you.  
Annie smiles, but sees that Ray is troubled. She hugs him.

**ANNIE**

Oh, sweetie. I hope you know that even though I make jokes, I'm going to visit you every month wherever they put you. He offers her a weak smile and exits.

**CUT TO**

**25 INT. RAY AND 'ANNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

It is dark. For a few seconds it is quiet. Then:

**RAY**

Did you know Babe Ruth copied his swing?

**ANNIE**

If I did, I'd forgotten it.  
Ray sits up in the dark.

**RAY**

I always felt cheated I never got to see him play. He was supposed to be so graceful, and agile. So to actually get to see him play again...to let him play again, to right an old wrong... He shakes his head in wonder just to think of it. Annie turns on the light.

**ANNIE**

Wait a minute, Bosco. Are you actually thinking of doing this?

**CONTINUED**

**25 CONTINUED**

**25**

**RAY**

No.

**(THEN)**

I mean, I can't think of one good reason why I should, -but...

(takes a breath)

I'm thirty-eight years old, I have a wife, a child, and a mortgage, and I'm scared to death I'm turning into my father.

**ANNIE**

What's your father got to do with this? Ray tries to picture his father in his mind. He speaks softly, but the words obviously have a great deal of meaning for him.

**RAY**

I never forgave him for getting old. By the time he was as old as I am now, he was ancient. He must have had dreams, but he never did anything about them. For all I know, he may have even heard voices, too, but he sure didn't listen to them. The man never did one spontaneous thing in all the years I knew him. Annie, I'm scared that that's what growing up means. I'm afraid of that happening to me. And something tells me this may be my last chance to do something about it.

(looks at her)

I want to build that field. Do you think I'm crazy? She looks at him with great understanding.

**ANNIE**

Yes. He smiles wanly. She touches his face lovingly.

**ANNIE**

I also think that if you feel you really have to do this... then you should do it. They hold each other's gaze, and Ray cannot remember when he has loved her so much. He takes her in his arms. Outside their window, the field of corn lies waiting.

**CUT TO**

15

**26 THE CORNFIELD - DAY**

26

Stalks of corn wave slowly in the breeze. A bee buzzes near one. The light is yellow. Suddenly, the stalks bend violently to the ground as Ray's tractor plows them under.

**27 ON THE TRACTOR 27**

Ray drives, Karin rides shotgun, holding the large detailed diagram Ray has drawn of the ballpark's dimensions.

**RAY**

Ty Cobb called him the greatest left fielder of all time. His glove was called 'the place where triples go to die.'

**28 HIGH ANGLE 28**

The tractor turns to plow under more corn, and we can see the size of the area Ray has staked off with marker sticks.

**KARIN (V.O.)**

Could he hit?

**RAY (V.O.)**

Lifetime 356 average. Third highest in history.  
Karin whistles.

**29 ANOTHER ANGLE 29**

By the side of the road, an old man and woman stand and watch these neighbors-plow under their. corn. They look at each other as if to say "Could it be Communists?"

**KARIN (V.O.)**

Why'd they called him Shoeless Joe?

**30 SEEDING THE FIELD - DAY 30**

It is days later, an area the size of a baseball field has been plowed under, and Ray is seeding it.

**RAY (V.O.)**

When he was still in the minors, he bought a new pair of spikes and they hurt his feet. About the sixth inning he took them off and played the outfield in just his socks. The other players kidded him, called him Shoeless Joe, and the name stuck.

16

**31 WATERING THE GRASS - NIGHT- 31**

We can see roughly where the grass has been planted, and where the dirt will be smoothed out for the base paths. Ray stands stock-still in the moonlight, water hose in hand, patiently misting the baby grass, little Karin at his side.

**RAY (V.0.)**

Then in 1919, his team, the Chicago White Sox, threw the World Series.

**KARIN (V.0.)**

What's 'threw'?

**RAY (V.0.)**

They lost it on purpose. Gamblers paid them to.

**32 SIDE OF THE ROAD**

32

Now, dozens of families stand to watch silent and dumb-eyed, at what has obviously become a daily spectacle among the townspeople. Some snap photos.

**RAY (V.0.)**

Except Shoeless Joe.

**33 SMOOTHING OUT THE FIELD - DAY**

Ray smooths out the base paths with a large roller, as Annie and Karin follow behind with rakes. On either side of the base paths, the infield and outfield grass is growing.

**RAY (V.0.)**

Nobody could prove anything one way or another, but he was the one guy who probably wasn't in on it.

**34 INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY**

34

Ray, Annie and Karin wait as the cashier totals up their load of lumber and hardware.

**RAY**

I mean if he was supposed to be throwing it, how do you explain the fact he hit 375 for the series and didn't commit one error? Huh?

**KARIN**

I can't.

**CONTINUED**

17

**34 CONTINUED 34,**

**RAY**

Twelve hits, including the series' only home run. And they said he was trying to lose!

**KARIN**

It's ridiculous.

**CASHIER**

That's 855 dollars, sixty-four cents. From O.S., we hear ooh. Ray turns and notices for the first time that a crowd of spectators -- employees and customers -- has been watching him and whispering among themselves. They look at him as if he had two heads. Ray turns his attention back to writing a check for his purchases. He deadpans to Annie:

**RAY**

We'd better notify Mars to send us more money.

**ANNIE**

**(EQUALLY DEADPAN)**

Remlak won't like that.

**RAY**

That's his problem. And tell him to make it in Earth dollars this time. Ray hands over the check to the open-mouthed cashier.

**RAY**

Thank you. Have a nice day. Ray and Annie turn and leave with Karin. The farmers watch, obviously trying hard to figure this one out.

**CUT TO**

**35 BUILDING THE OUTFIELD WALL - DAY 35**

Ray hammers the braces that will support the outfield wall. Karin hands him nails from a bag she wears around her neck.

**RAY (V.O.)**

There's a famous story about when he came out of the courtroom, a kid ran up to him, tugged his sleeve and said 'Say it ain't so, Joe.' And Jackson looked down t him and said 'I'm afraid it is, kid.'

**CONTINUED**

**18**

**35 CONTINUED 35**

**KARIN**

Then what happened?

**36 BUILDING THE BLEACHERS 36**

Annie helps Ray lift a board to what will be the top row.

**RAY**

The Commissioner of Baseball suspended eight of the players -- including the great Shoeless Joe Jackson -- for life.

**KARIN**

What's suspend?

**RAY**

They never let him play the game again. They continue to work in silence.

**CUT TO**

**37 INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE I 7**

Ray writes a check for his purchases: bats, balls, bases pitcher's rubber, home plate, etc. He appears slightly annoyed that once again, he is being stared at by all the uniformed employees of the store. He turns to catch the Store Owner staring at him the most intently.

**RAY**

What. What!

**STORE OWNER**

You're the fella that plowed under your corn and built a baseball diamond, right?

**RAY**

Yeah. What about it?

**STORE OWNER**

(shakes his hand)  
Greatest damn thing I ever heard.  
The other employees beam their agreement.

**RAY**

At these prices, I'm not surprised.

**CONTINUED**

**19**

**37 CONTINUED**

He wheels his shopping cart of sporting goods out through a gauntlet of approving salesmen. They smile and pat him on the back. Ray cannot decide if they're crazier than he is.

**RAY**

Thank you...thank you...

**CUT TO**

**38 THE LIGHT STANDARD - NIGHT 38**

Atop the aluminum-painted poles, an array of store-bought floodlights switch on, flaring against the blue-black sky. In this sharp white light the grass glows parrot green, cool as mint, soft as a cashmere blanket. Annie and Karin watch as Ray puts down the clean white bases, which pick up the light like little moons on a cold, clear night.

**RAY**

My father said he saw him years later playing under a made-up name in some tenth-rate league in Carolina. He'd put on fifty pounds, and the spring was gone from his step, but he could still hit. Dad used to say no one could hit like

Shoeless Joe.  
Ray is smiling wistfully.

**ANNIE**

That's the first time I've ever seen you smile as you mentioned your father.  
Ray considers that.

**KARIN**

How come?

**ANNIE**

Come on, you. Bed time.  
Annie hoists Karin on her shoulders with a grunt, and the three climb their way down the bleachers. Ray's hand steadies Annie as she takes one of the steps.

**RAY**

Careful...  
Moonlight butters the Iowa night. They walk along the side of the field, and Ray stops. He looks at the field.

**CONTINUED**

20

38 CONTINUED 38

**RAY**

I have just created something totally illogical.

**ANNIE**

That's what I like about it.

**RAY**

Am I completely nuts?

**ANNIE**

Not completely.  
She looks out over the baseball field.

**ANNIE**

It's a good baseball field, Ray.

**RAY**

It is kinda pretty, isn't it?  
Annie smiles at him and carries Karin inside. Ray steps onto the porch and flicks the switch shutting off the



floodlights over the field.

**CUT TO**

**39 RAY AND ANNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 39**

Annie opens her eyes and sees Ray not beside her in bed, but in th window seat, looking out at the empty field. Barely awake, she gets out of bed, shuffles to his side and curls up against him.

**ANNIE**

Any sign?

**RAY**

Something's going to happen out there.  
I can feel it.  
Annie lowers her head against his chest and goes back to sleep. Outside, the trees are fully leafed.

**DISSOLVE TO**

**40 RAY'S BASEBALL FIELD - OCTOBER 40**

The trees are almost bare now, and there's a Halloween pumpkin in the front window of the house. The cornstalks

**CONTINUED**

**21**

**40 CONTINUED**

**40**

, rustle like crumpling paper in the Indian-summer breeze which blows fallen leaves across the empty baseball field while Ray sits in the stands... waiting.

**DISSOLVE TO**

**41 THE BASEBALL FIELD - LATE DECEMBER 41**

it is covered with snow.

**42 INT. RAY AND ANNIE'S HOUSE 42**

Ray looks forlornly out the living room window towards his snow-covered baseball field, the merrily blinking lights of the Christmas tree behind him belying his true mood.

**DISSOLVE TO**

**43 SPRINGTIME - DAY**

A baby robin tries to pull a worm out of the ground.  
Inside the house, Annie is doing spring cleaning. She  
looks out the window to see:

**44 THE BASEBALL FIELD**

Ray mowing the outfield grass. He stops, looks around,  
listens, hears nothing, and continues mowing.

**45 ANNIE**

**45**

just watches him.

**CUT TO**

**46 TV SCREEN 46**

We see the first exhibition game of spring training from  
Florida, as the announcer talks about a "southpaw" pitcher.

**47 INT. RAY AND ANNIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 47**

Little Karin watches the TV, while Annie and Ray sit at the  
living room table, financial ledgers spread out before them  
as they struggle with their accounts.

**KARIN**

Daddy, what's a southpaw?

**CONTINUED**

**22**

**47 CONTINUED**

**47**

**RAY**

A left-handed pitcher.

**(TO ANNIE)**

How bad is it?

**ANNIE**

Well, given how much less acreage we  
have for corn, I'd say we'll probably  
.almost break even.

**RAY**

Jesus.

**ANNIE**

We've spent all our savings on that field.

**KARIN (O.S.)**

Daddy..

**RAY**

Just a minute, Karin.

**(TO ANNIE)**

So what are you saying? We can't keep the field?

**ANNIE**

**(SADLY)**

It makes it real hard to keep the farm, Ray.  
Ray closes his eyes.

**KARIN (O.S.)**

Daddy...

**RAY**

(a little testy)  
In a minute, Karin.

**KARIN (O.S.)**

There's a man out there on your lawn.  
Ray opens his eyes and turns to see Karin kneeling on the kitchen counter, looking out the window. Ray and Annie exchange a quick glance, and Ray walks to the window.

**48 EXT. THE WINDOW**

**48**

seen from outside, as Ray's head appears and looks out. He sees something out there and just looks at it.

**23**

**49 RAY'S POINT OF VIEW**

**49**

There is a Man standing on the edge of the baseball field.

Hi es wearing a baseball uniform.  
Anold-fashionedone.

**50 INT HOUSE**

**50**

Ray turns to Annie. She looks out and nods thoughtfully.  
Annie stays very calm in emergencies.

**ANNIE**

We'll put up some coffee. You go ahead.  
Ray takes a breath and steps out onto the veranda. The  
night sky seems close enough to touch.

**51 EXT. HOUSE**

**51**

On the porch wall, Ray finds the switch, holds his breath,  
flicks it and the floodlights sputter to life.

**52 THE MAN**

**52**

steps onto the field. On his uniform is a large "S" with  
an "O" in the top crook, an "X" in the bottom, and an  
American flag with forty-eight stars on his left sleeve.

**53 RAY**

**53**

walks through the swirling ground mist toward the field.

**54 RAY'S POINT OF VIEW**

**54**

Moving closer to the field we see the Man standing out in  
left field. Feet spread wide, body bent forward from the  
waist, hands on hips, he waits.

**55 RAY**

**55**

Ray's mouth is dry. He reaches home plate and picks up one  
of the bats lying beside the pail of hard balls. The back  
of his neck tingles. Then, he picks up one of the balls.

**56 IN THE OUTFIELD**

**56**

The Man spreads his feet, pounds his small, old-style  
glove, and waits to field the ball.

**57 AT HOME PLATE 57**

Ray tosses the ball a few feet into the air and swings at it. And misses. His face reddens, he clears his throat, and tries again. This time he connects.

**58 THE FIELD 58**

He has hit a grounder that would be easily fielded by a shortstop had there been one, but it bounces through and falls into left field. The Man runs in for it, scoops it up cleanly and throws it back to the plate. Ray is thrilled. He hits another ground ball, and this too, is fielded cleanly. Then another, which the Man deftly short-hops. Ray hollers out to him.

**RAY**

How's the field play?

**THE MAN**

It's good. The ball bounces true. Ray smiles with pride. He tosses up another ball, gives it his best swing, and is thrilled to see he has actually lofted one into the air. But into center field. The Man sprints across the outfield, and makes a lovely catch in short center. Instead of throwing the ball in, the Man runs it in, loping toward home plate. Ray's heart thumps.

**RAY**

Hi.  
The Man nods at him, takes the bat, and tests it to feel its weight.

**RAY**

Ray Kinsella.

**THE MAN**

Joe Jackson.  
Ray is thrilled to hear the words spoken. It is Shoeless Joe Jackson after all, who stands not five feet away from him, trying out all the bats now. Ray isn't quite sure if he should talk, or ask questions, or just stand there. Finally, he can't help himself.

**RAY**

I bet its good to be playing again,  
huh?

**SHOELESS JOE**

It was like having part of me amputated.

**CONTINUED**

25

**58 CONTINUED**

Joe looks over at Ray, now, his dark eyes evincing the pain his steady voice tries to conceal.

**SHOELESS JOE**

I've heard that old man wake up and scratch itchy legs that've been dust for fifty years. That was me. I'd wake up in the night with the smell of the ballpark in my nose and the cool of the grass on my feet. The thrill of the grass...  
He has found the bat he likes.

**SHOELESS JOE**

Can you pitch?

**RAY**

**(WITH FALSE**

**MODESTY)**

Yeah, I'm not bad.  
Joe hands Ray the bucket of balls. Ray can barely contain his excitement as he races to the mound. He stands on the rubber and faces Joe at the plate.

**RAY**

Don't we need a catcher?

**SHOELESS JOE**

Not if you can get it near the plate, we don't.  
Ray smiles, takes a breath and starts his windup, during which he says aloud to himself:

**RAY**

I am pitching to Shoeless Joe Jackson.  
He makes a pitch. It's not a very good one, and Joe has to step across the plate to make contact, but his swing is graceful, compact and effortlessly powerful. He drives the ball against the fence.  
Ray watches it with wonder and when he turns back, Jackson is gesturing with the bat for him to make the next pitch. Ray makes the standard pitcher's gesture for a curve ball.

**RAY**

See if you can hit my curve.  
°He goes into an elaborate windup, throws it, it does not curve much, and Jackson whistles it right by Ray's ear.

**CONTINUED**

**26**

**58 CONTINUED (2) 58**

**RAY**

Yes, he can hit the curve.

**SHOELESS JOE**

Stick with fast balls, kid.

**RAY**

You bet.

Ray makes another pitch, and Jackson hits a line drive down the third base line. Then a smoker down the first base line. Ray is mightily impressed.

**RAY**

Wow.

**SHOELESS JOE**

Damn, this feels good. Put it right here, huh?

Joe holds the bat out low over the plate and Ray pitches it reasonably close to that spot. Jackson hits it out of the park, and beams. Ray brightens up with remembrance.

**RAY**

Right, you were a low ball hitter.

**SHOELESS JOE**

Oh man, I did love this game. You know, I'd have played for food money. it was the game, the sounds, the smells. You ever held a glove or a ball to your face?

Ray smiles as he walks in from the mound.

**RAY**

Yeah.

**SHOELESS JOE**

And it was riding the trains from town to town. And the hotels with brass

spittoons in the lobbies and brass beds  
in the rooms. And it was the crowd  
getting to their feet when the ball was  
hit deep. Shoot, I'd have played for  
free.  
The sound of a screen door turns their. attention to the  
house. Annie and Karin are coming out to them.

**RAY**

My family.  
Jackson nods and then points to the floodlights.

**CONTINUED**

**27**

**58 CONTINUED (3)**

**58**

**SHOELESS JOE**

What's with the lights?

**RAY**

"All the stadiums have them now except  
Wrigley Field.

**SHOELESS JOE**

Makes it harder to see the ball.

**RAY**

The owners found that more people could  
attend night games.

**SHOELESS JOE**

**(SHAKES HEAD)**

Owners...

By now, Annie and Karin have joined them.

**RAY**

Mr. Jackson: my wife Annie, my daughter  
Karin.

**SHOELESS JOE**

Joe. Ma'm...

**(SHAKES ANNIE'S**

hand and winks



**AT KARIN)**

Hi.

**KARIN**

Are you a ghost?

Ray and Annie are instantly embarrassed, and try to cover with forced, nervous laughter.

**RAY**

Karin...

(to Shoeless Joe)

She's just kidding.

**SHOELESS JOE**

It's okay.

**(TO KARIN)**

What do you think?

**KARIN-**

You look real to me.

**SHOELESS JOE**

Then I guess I'm real.

**ANNIE**

Would you like to come inside'?

**CONTINUED**

28

**58 CONTINUED (4) 58**

**SHOELESS JOE**

Uh, thanks, but...I don't think I can.

Ray and Annie look at Joe for a moment, not quite understanding the ground rules here. Joe senses their discomfort and changes the subject.

**SHOELESS JOE**

Hey, can I come back again?

**RAY**

Yeah. I built this for you.

**SHOELESS JOE**

There are others, you know. There were

eight of us. It'd sure mean a lot to them.

**RAY**

Oh man, anytime. They're all welcome here.

Joe looks out over the field in eager anticipation of the good times to come.

**SHOELESS JOE**

Thank you, Ray. I appreciate it. See you later, huh?

**RAY**

Yeah. See you later.

**KARIN**

Say it ain't so, Joe!

Joe laughs and walks to the outfield. Annie puts her arm around Ray and snuggles her head against his chest.

Nearby, brook water splashes softly in the darkness, a frog shrills, and fireflies dazzle the night.

Joe is in the outfield grass now, walking toward a door cut into the fence.

**ANNIE**

Where's he going?

**RAY**

**(SMILING)**

Through that door in the fence.

**ANNIE**

Since when is there a door in the fence?

**CONTINUED**

29

58 CONTINUED

**RAY**

**(SMILING EVEN**

**MORE BROADLY)**

I don't know. I didn't put one there.

Joe reaches the door, opens it, and turns back to Ray, his

voice carrying effortlessly through the night air.

**SHOELESS JOE**

Hey! Is this heaven?

**RAY**

No. It's Iowa.

Shoeless Joe Jackson nods and fades away as he walks through the door in the fence. Ray and Annie looks at each other in absolute wonder.

**RAY**

We're keeping this field.

**ANNIE**

You bet your ass we are.

**CUT TO**

**59 INT. RAY AND ANNIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 9**

**MARK**

You're going to lose your farm, pal.

It is Sunday afternoon, and Annie's family is visiting. her mother, pink-faced and white-dentured, sits ramrod straight in an antique rocking chair. Also present are her brother, Mark, and his wife Dee.

**RAY**

Come on, it's so big. How can you lose something so big?

**ANNIE**

You misplaced the house once.

**RAY**

Yeah, but it turned up two days later, didn't it?

**MARK**

Ray, this stupid baseball field is going to bankrupt you. Everybody knows it. All I'm saying is if you wait till you default on your loan, you lose everything. Sell now, my partners'll

**(MORE)**

**CONTINUED**

30

59 CONTINUED

59

**MARK (CONT'D)**

give you a more than a fair price and  
you walk away with a nest egg.

**RAY**

Thanks, Mark, but no.

**MARK**

What are you holding on to this place  
for? You've never even liked Iowa. You  
don't like farming, you don't know the  
first thing about it ---

**RAY**

Hey; I know a lot more about farming  
than you think.

**MARK**

How could you plow under your major  
crop?

**RAY**

**(TO ANNIE)**

What's a crop?  
Karin enters breathlessly.

**KARIN**

Daddy, the baseball game is on.  
Ray beams. Karin returns the smile and reaches her arms  
out to be picked up. She scissors her legs around her  
father at belt level, hugging his neck.

**RAY**

Excuse us.  
He exits, carrying Karin. Mark shakes his head.

**MARK**

I don't believe this guy. I'm trying  
to bail him out and he goes off to watch  
television.  
Annie stifles a laugh.

**MARK**

He used to be so normal.

**MOTHER**

Does he beat you?

**ANNIE**

What???

**CONTINUED**

**31**

**59 CONTINUED (2)**

**59**

**MARK**

He's drinking, right?

**ANNIE**

He doesn't drink, and he doesn't beat me, okay? Now I'll grant you, he has gotten me to worship Satan with him, but just a little.  
Her mother gasps.

**ANNIE**

Kidding... I'm kidding!  
Her family has no sense of humor about this whatsoever.

**ANNIE**

I think we need more cheese.  
She goes into the kitchen, and when she has rounded the corner, she raises her eyes to heaven and mutters:

**ANNIE**

Families.

**60 THE FIELD 6 0**

Karin and Ray sit on the bleachers, eating peanuts while Shoeless Joe and his seven teammates practice. (Three, including Shoeless Joe, are in the outfield, two more in the infield, one pitches, one catches, and one bats.) The men are all in their twenties or thirties, but show the sheer enjoyment of returning after an absence of sixty-five years to the game they love.  
Ray directs Karin's attention to the left fielder.

**RAY**

Watch Joe. Watch his feet as the pitcher gets the sign and starts to pitch. A good left fielder knows what pitch is coming, and he can tell from the angle of the bat where the ball's

going to be hit.

At the sharp crack of the bat Shoeless Joe whirls, takes five loping strides toward the fence, turns again', reaches up, and the ball smacks into his glove.

Karin cheers. One of the players good-naturedly boos.

**HAPPY FELSCH**

Showoff!

**CONTINUED**

**32**

**60 CONTINUED**

**60**

**BUCK WEAVER**

Aw, stick it in your ear, Felsch.

**EDDIE CICOTTE**

Yeah, if you'd run like that against Detroit I'da won twenty games that year.

**HAPPY FELSCH**

Oh for Pete's sake, that was sixty-five years ago! Give it up, will ya...

**SWEDE RISBERG**

Hey., you guys wanna play ball, or what?

**HAPPY FELSCH**

.you muscle-bound jerk.

**EDDIE CICOTTE**

Oh yeah? At least I got muscles.

**HAPPY FELSCH**

No. At most you got muscles.

**BUCK WEAVER**

Come on, asshole, pitch!

The good-natured banter stops short, and the other players glare at Weaver who looks sheepishly toward the little girl and her father in the bleachers.

**BUCK WEAVER**

Sorry, kid.

**KARIN**

It's okay!

**PLAYERS**

All right, 'Karin!  
The players resume their practicing and ribbing.

**61 EXT. HOUSE**

**61**

Annie emerges with-her Mother, Mark and Dee, walking toward the bleachers where Karin and Ray are still watching the spirited practice.

**ANNIE**

Ray? Mom's leaving.

**RAY**

Oh. Well, it was...you know, thanks for coming.

**CONTINUED**

**33**

**61 CONTINUED**

**61**

**MARK**

Think about what I said. I just want to help.

**RAY**

I know.  
Mark just stands there for a moment, the only sounds coming from the players on the, field.

**MARK**

I thought you two were going to watch some game.

**RAY**

Oh, I guess it's not really a game.  
It's more like a practice.  
Mark looks at his wife and Mother with concern. Ray doesn't understand this reaction.

**RAY**

See, there's only eight of them, so they can't play a real game...

**MARK**

Eight of what?  
Ray points to the noisy players on the field.

**RAY**

Them.  
Now, Mother and Dee look as if they're about to go into mourning. Mark kneels next to Karin.

**MARK**

Karin honey... what are you watching?

**KARIN**

The baseball men.

**MARK**

Do you see any baseball men right now?

**KARIN**

**(SLIGHTLY**

**ANNOYED)**

Of course I do.  
Mark stands up and shoots Ray an accusing look. Annie's Mother starts to walk away.

**CONTINUED**

**34**

**61 CONTINUED (2) 61**

**MOTHER**

I don't think it's very polite to try to make other people feel stupid.  
Annie questions Mark and Dee as they pass her on the way to catch up with Mother.

**ANNIE**

You don't see it?

**DEE**

That's not funny, Annie.  
Her family leaves in a huff.



**ANNIE**

They couldn't see it.

**RAY**

Interesting.

He and Annie sit beside Karin and watch the players. Each slowly starts to smile.

**CUT TO**

**62 ON THE FIELD - LATER 62**

The practice is over, the players are perspired and exhilarated. Ray is over at first base talking with Swede Risberg, the shortstop.

**SWEDE RISBERG**

Here, look at this. Sixty-five years since I worn this uniform, still fits me like a glove.

**RAY**

You must keep in pretty good shape.

**SWEDE RISBERG**

**(NODS)**

I died in '75. So I ain't had a cigarette in, what, thirteen years. You don't smoke, do you?

**RAY**

No.

**SHOELESS JOE**

**(APPROACHING)**

Felt good out there today, huh, guys?

**CONTINUED**

**35**

**62 CONTINUED 62**

**BUCK WEAVER**

Fuckin' A!

**PLAYERS**

Weaver!  
Buck realizes that once again he has cursed in front of Karin.

**WEAVER**

Oh shit. I mean, sorry. I'm sorry.  
Annie calls from the house.

**ANNIE**

Ray! Dinner!

**SOME OF THE PLAYERS**

**(FALSETTO)**

Ra--ay! Dinner!  
They all laugh. Ray clearly loves being part of this locker room-style comradery. Karin runs to the house.

**SHOELESS JOE**

Come on, fellas. Let's hit the showers.

**(TO RAY)**

See you later, Ray.

**RAY**

Right. See you guys.  
The players call their "good-byes" to Ray and head for the door in the outfield fence. Ray watches them fade out as they go through the door. Then he takes a moment to look around him.  
The baseball diamond set in the cornfield is quite beautiful. Ray takes a satisfied breath, and walks back toward his house. He is the very picture of contentment. Then he hears The Voice.

**THE VOICE**

'Ease his pain.'  
Ray stops short.

**RAY**

What?  
No response.

**CONTINUED**

62

**RAY**

I'm sorry. I didn't understand.

**THE VOICE**

'Ease his pain.'  
Ray stops short.

**RAY**

What?  
No response.

**RAY**

I'm sorry. I didn't understand.

**THE VOICE**

'Ease his pain.'

**RAY**

Whose pain? What pain?  
No response.

**RAY**

Why me?  
But there is no response.

**63 INT. HOUSE**

63

Ray enters as Annie and Karin are putting dinner on the table. Ray plops- into his chair at the head of the table.

**ANNIE**

Come on, wash up. We've got a PTA meeting after dinner. They're talking about banning books again. Really subversive books like, Wizard of Oz, Diary of Anne Frank ---  
She notices Ray is strangely silent.

**ANNIE**

What happened to you?

**PAY**

The Voice is back.

**ANNIE**

Oh Lord, you don't have to build a football field now, do you?

**CONTINUED**

37

63 CONTINUED"

63

**RAY**

(shakes head no)  
He said... 'Ease his pain.'

**ANNIE**

Ease whose pain?

**RAY**

I asked him. He wouldn't tell me.

**ANNIE**

Shoeless Joe's?

**RAY**

I don't think so.

**ANNIE**

One of the other players?

**RAY**

I don't think so.

**ANNIE**

This is a very non-specific voice you've  
got out there, Ray, and he's really  
starting to piss me off.  
Ray nods as Annie serves the meal in silence.

**CUT TO**

64

**EXT. IOWA CITY PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING - NIGHT 64**

Parents stream in past the "PTA Meeting Tonite" sign. Ray and Annie stand by the doorway, talking with Miss Corser, Karin's teacher. (Ray is too distracted by his own thoughts to pay this much attention.)

**MISS CORSER**

Karin has such a wonderful imagination.  
Lately, she's been making up these  
charming little stories about ghosts who  
play baseball in a cornfield... wonderful  
imagination.

**ANNIE**

**(WITH A**

**MYSTERIOUS**

**SMILE)**

Yes. She gets that from Ray.  
Miss Corser smiles approvingly. Ray realizes both women  
are looking at him, now, and he emerges from his thoughts.

**CONTINUED**

**38**

**64 CONTINUED**

**64**

**RAY**

Hmm?  
Annie leads Ray inside.

**65 INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - NIGHT**

**65**

Ray and Annie -- along with a hundred or so other grownups  
-- are sitting in chairs too small for their grownup  
backsides. Ray is still lost in his own thoughts, doodling  
"Ease his pain" over and over again, while an Irate Mother  
has the floor, holding up a novel.

**IRATE MOTHER**

.and I say smut and filth like this has  
no place in our schools!  
A large portion of the audience applauds. Annie whispers  
snarlingly to Ray:

**ANNIE**

Fascist. I'd like to ease her pain.  
Ray is still lost in thought.

**PRINCIPAL**

Mrs. Perkins, the book you are waving  
about is hardly smut. It is considered  
by many critics as the classic novel  
about growing up in the 1960s.

**ANNIE**

(whispers to Ray)  
I read it four times. Funniest book I  
ever read.

**IRATE MOTHER**

It's pornography!

**PRINCIPAL**

The Supreme Court said its not. And  
its author, Mr. Mann ---

**ANGRY FATHER**

-- is sick!

**PRINCIPAL**

Terence Mann is a Pulitzer prize-winner,  
and was widely regarded as the finest  
satirist of his time.

**IRATE MOTHER**

Well I think he's a pervert, and quite  
probably a Communist, too!

**CONTINUED**

39

**65 CONTINUED 65**

The crowd murmurs its assent.

**ANNIE**

**(TO RAY)**

What planet are these people from?  
Ray looks as if he is starting to realize something.

**ANOTHER PARENT**

**(READING FROM**

**NOTES)**

The se-called novels of Terence Mann  
endorse promiscuity, godlessness, the  
mongrelization of races, and disrespect  
to high-ranking officers of the United  
States Army. And that's why right-  
thinking school boards all across the

country have been banning this guy's  
shit since 1969.

**RAY**

**(TO HIMSELF)**

Terence Mann...

**IRATE MOTHER**

You know why he stopped writing books?  
Because he masturbates!

**ANNIE**

**(TO RAY)**

I can't take this anymore.

**RAY**

**(VERY INTERESTED)**

,Terence Mann...  
Annie stands and smiles disarmingly.

**ANNIE**

**(VERY REASONABLY)**

Excuse me, madam, but you're speaking  
of something about which you don't know  
squat. Terence Mann was a warm and  
gentle voice of reason during a time of  
great madness. He coined the phrase  
'Make Love, Not War.' When others were  
chanting 'Burn, baby, burn,' he was  
writing about love, and peace, and  
understanding. He helped define an era.  
And a generation. And he helped us  
laugh at ourselves. I cherished every  
one of his books, and I dearly wish he'd  
write more. And if you had experienced  
even a little bit of the Sixties, you  
might feel the same way, too.

**CONTINUED**

**40**

**65 CONTINUED (2)**

**IRATE MOTHER**

I experienced the sixties.

**ANNIE**

No. I think you had two Fifties, and moved right on to the Seventies.

**IRATE MOTHER**

Oh yeah? Well your husband plowed under his corn and built a baseball field! The crowd "oohs" and "aahs."

**ANNIE**

Now there's an intelligent response.

**IRATE MOTHER**

The weirdo.  
Ray is so excited at his revelation that he really wants to leave immediately. He tugs Annie's sleeve.

**RAY**

Annie...  
But Annie mistakes her husband's intentions. She thinks he is cautioning her not to get embroiled in trouble.

**ANNIE**

**(TO RAY)**

It's okay, I'll be cool.  
(aloud, to the

**PARENT)**

At least he's not a book burner, you Nazi cow!  
Now the crowd erupts.

**IRATE PARENT**

You're both a bunch of weirdos!  
Annie pulls herself up to her full 5'4" and thrusts an angry finger at the woman.

**ANNIE**

All right Beulah, you wanna step outside?!? Huh?  
The other woman takes a half-step backward. No one has ever seen sweet Annie like this.

**ANNIE**

I got a better idea. Let's put it to a vote. Come on! Who's for Eva Braun

**(MORE)**

**CONTINUED**



41

65 CONTINUED (3)

**ANNIE (CONT'D)**

here? Who wants to burn books? Who wants to piss on the Constitution of the United States? Anybody? The majority who had sided with the book-banner wants to vote for censorship, but under these terms just can't raise their arms. Little Annie is on a roll, now.

**ANNIE**

All right. Now: who's for The Bill of Rights? Come on...who thinks freedom's a pretty good thing? Let's see those hands. Some people start raising their hands.

**ANNIE**

Who thinks we have to stand up to the kind of censorship they have in Russia? Reluctantly, just about everyone raises their hands. Annie is thrilled.

**ANNIE**

There you go. All right, America! I'm proud of you. I mean it. You're beautiful!

**RAY**

**(RISING)**

Annie, we gotta go.

**ANNIE**

(to the crowd)  
We gotta go.  
Ray pulls her from the room. Each is proud as hell, each for a different reason.

**66 EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT**

66

as they burst out, bubbling over with their enthusiasm.

**ANNIE**

Oh Ray, was that great, or what? it was like the Sixties again.

**RAY**

I figured it out.

**ANNIE**

**(RELIVING IT)**

'Step outside, you Nazi cow.' Ha-ha!

**CONTINUED**

**42**

**66 - - CONTINUED**

**66**

**RAY**

I know whose pain I'm supposed to ease.

**ANNIE**

**(STOPPING SHORT)**

What?

**RAY**

I know whose pain I'm supposed to ease.

**ANNIE**

Ray, I just halted the spread of neo-facism in America, and you're talking about ---

**RAY**

Terence Mann.

**ANNIE**

What about him?

**RAY**

That's whose pain.

**ANNIE**

How do you know that?

**RAY**

I don't know. I just know. I was right about building the field, wasn't I?

**ANNIE**

What's his pain?

**RAY**

I don't know.

**ANNIE**

Then how are you supposed to ease it?

**RAY**

I don't know.

None of this questioning has dampened Ray's pride and excitement. Annie shakes her head.

**ANNIE**

Ray...

**RAY**

Annie.

**CONTINUED**

**43**

**66 CONTINUED (2)**

**66**

**ANNIE**

(tries to put

**THIS GENTLY)**

He's my favorite writer too,  
but...what's Terence Mann got to do with  
baseball?  
Ray's smile freezes. Then disappears. He hasn't a clue.

**CUT TO**

**67 INT. UNIVERSITY OF IOWA LIBRARY - DAY 67**

A montage of Ray at the library: checking indices, reading old magazines, finding newspaper interviews on microfilm, s couring old anthologies, and taking copious notes. Some of the articles include: "Where is Terence Mann Now That We Really Need Him?". ."20 Rumors About America's Greatest Living Ex-Writer" ... and , "Terence Mann: Still Ignoring Us After All These Years ". The photographs show Mann to be a large black man with gentle eyes.

**RAY (V.O.)**

Annie, it's incredible.

**68 EXT. LIBRARY**

**6 8**

Ray and Annie run down the steps to the street for their car, Ray's words racing as fast as his feet.

**RAY**

By the early Seventies, the guy decides people have become either too extremist or too apathetic to listen to him. So he stops writing books. He starts writing poetry. About whales and stuff. Then, he starts fooling around with a home computer, and gets hooked. Know what he does now?  
Annie shakes her head no.

**RAY**

He writes software for interactive children's videos. They teach kids how to resolve conflicts peacefully. What an amazing guy..

**ANNIE**

Right. So what's it got to do with baseball?

**CONTINUED**

**44**

**68 CONTINUED**

**68**

**RAY**

In the April 1962 issue of Jet Magazine, there's a story of his called 'This Is Not A Pipe.'  
Annie laughs at that. Ray is so excited, he laughs too.

**RAY**

It's not his best work, but the hero of the story, a character that Mann created twenty-six years ago, is named John Kinsella. My father.

She stops short.

**ANNIE**

-Wow.

He gives her a "See? What'd I tell you?" look.

**ANNIE**

What can I say... Big wow, but..what's  
it got to do with baseball?  
They are standing by their car.

**RAY**

You drive.

**69 INT. CAR**

**69**

Annie drives as Ray excitedly consults his notes.

**RAY**

Okay. The last interview-he ever gave  
was in 1973. Guess what it's about.

**ANNIE**

Mmm. Some kind of team sport?

**RAY**

Annie, he was a baseball fanatic!  
Listen to this:  
He finds a page and reads from it:

**RAY**

'As a child, my earliest recurring dream  
was to play at Ebbets Field with Jackie  
Robinson and the Brooklyn Dodgers. Of  
course, it never happened, and the  
Dodgers left Brooklyn, and they torn  
down Ebbets Field. But even now, I  
still dream that dream.'

**CONTINUED**

**45**

**69 CONTINUED**

**69**

**ANNIE**

That's sad...

**70 EXT. RAY AND ANNIE'S HOUSE - DAY 70**

They have arrived home and are walking into the house. He is still spouting things to her his research has uncovered.

**RAY**

The man wrote the best books of his generation, he was a pioneer in the civil rights and anti-war movements, he made the cover of Newsweek, he knew everybody, he did everyting...he helped shape his time. He hung out with the Beatles! But in the end, it wasn't enough. What he missed ...was'baseball. Annie takes a look at Ray's handful of Xeroxes.

**ANNIE**

Oh my God!

**RAY**

What.

**ANNIE**

**(SPOOKILY)**

As a small boy, he had a bat named 'Rosebud.'

Ray disapprovingly grabs the Xeroxes back.from her.

**ANNIE**

Sorry.

**RAY**

**(CONTINUES**

**READING)**

He hasn't been to a live baseball game since 1958.

**ANNIE**

So to ease his pain, you have to take him to a ball game?

**RAY**

Yes.

**71 INT. HOUSE 71**

as they enter and put away their things.

**CONTINUED**

46

71 CONTINUED 71

**ANNIE**

Ray, this is nuttier than building the field.

**RAY**

No it's not. It's pretty weird, I grant you, but building the field was weirder. Five, ten percent weirder.

**ANNIE**

I'm sorry, pal, but I have to nip this one in the bud. We are having moderate to heavy financial difficulties here. You cannot take off for Boston while you're going broke in Iowa.

**RAY**

Annie, this is really new territory for both of us, I know, but we're dealing with primal forces of nature, here. When primal forces of nature tell you to do something, the prudent thing is not to quibble over details and ---

**ANNIE**

(starting to get

**PISSED)**

But why do you have to go? Why can't the voice send someone else? What's wrong with Shirley MacLaine, she too busy? What does this have to do with you???

Ray hears her anger and sits her down.

**RAY**

That's what I need to find out.

**ANNIE**

Ray, we're behind on the mortgage. That field ate up our savings. We could lose the farm.

**RAY**

I won't even stay in motels. I'll sleep in the car, and I'll beg for food.

**ANNIE**

No. This is too much.- I understand your need to prove to the world you're not turning into your father, but you've done it! You believed in the magic, and it came true. Isn't that enough?

**CONTINUED**

**47**

**71 CONTINUED (2) 71**

**RAY**

Annie, it's more than that. I know this- is nuts, but there's another reason I'm supposed to do it. I feel it. I feel it as strongly as I've ever felt anything in my life. There's a reason.

**ANNIE**

What. Just tell me what it is.

**RAY**

I think something's going to happen at the game. I don't know what, but...there's something at Fenway Park in Boston, and I have to be there with Terence Mann to find it. Something he just said changes Annie's mood.

**ANNIE**

Fenway Park... Is that the one with the big green wall in left field?

**RAY**

Yeah.

**ANNIE**

I dreamt last night you were at Fenway.

**RAY**

Uh, was I sitting on the first base side?

**ANNIE**

Yes...



**RAY**

About the fifth row?

**ANNIE**

(nods,

**OPEN-MOUTHED)**

You were keeping score and eating

**RAY**

-- a hot dog. I had the same dream.

**ANNIE**

I'll help you pack.

**CUT TO**

**48**

**72 INT. BEDROOM 72-**

Ray is throwing clothes into a suitcase as fast as he can. Annie reads from a road map she has marked for him.

**ANNIE**

.you take that to 93, and then it gets all squiggly, and after that you're on your own. How are you going to find him, anyway? He won't exactly be in the phone book, you know.

**RAY**

The article says he has a storefront on Harvard Street next to some place that sells Kosher food. Shouldn't be too hard to find. I don't need a tie, do

**I?**

**ANNIE**

No, dear. Not for a kidnapping.

**73 EXT. HOUSE 73**

Ray has packed the car and is getting ready to leave.

**RAY**

You'll be okay, right?

**ANNIE**

I'll try to sell the combine. We sure don't need it anymore.  
Karin runs up, grabs Ray behind each ear and hugs and kisses him.

**RAY**

So long Tiger.  
He get into the car and looks up at Annie.

**RAY**

I'll call you every night. If the team shows up while I'm gone, just tell them...  
(shakes his head)  
On second thought, stay away from them. Those guys haven't been near a woman since 1922.

**ANNIE**

Ray, they're not going to make a pass at me. They're 'ghosts.

**RAY**

They're jocks. Keep away from them.

**CONTINUED**

**49**

**7 3 CONTINUED 73**

She laughs, kisses him, and watches him drive off.

**CUT TO**

**74 ON THE ROAD 74**

Ray's brave little Datsun chugs along the interstate between eighteen-wheelers, busses, gasoline tankers, auto-transport trucks, and other monsters.

**75 TRAVELING MONTAGE 75**

Driving...gas stations...boring roadside restaurants... getting lost...looking at the map...signs that announce the "Entering" and "Leaving" of various states...days turning to nights and back again... .Finally, the green hills of Massachusetts.

**CUT TO**

**76 BOSTON - DAY 76**

He emerges from a tunnel and enters traffic, the likes of which he has not seen in a very long time. On one side of the expressway there are sweaty factories, and on the other, old wood-frame apartment buildings with advertising for long-forgotten products painted on the sides. Lunatic drivers abound. We are not in Iowa anymore.

**77 INT.-RAY'S CAR 77**

He rehearses as he drives.

**RAY**

Hi, I'm Ray Kinsella. I'm really a big fan of...

**(DIFFERENT)**

How do you, Mr. Mann, I have to take you to a baseball game.

**(SHAKES HEAD)**

All right, put your hands up and get in the trunk!

**(FACETIOUSLY)**

Good.

**78 HARVARD STREET - BROOKLINE - DAY 78**

Ray drives slowly, looking for a store that sells Kosher food. But in this old newish neighborhood, there are dozens: butcher shops, delis, bakeries, groceries.

**50**

**79- INT. KOSHER BUTCHER SHOP 79**

Ray is asking the spritely Jewish Butcher for directions.

**RAY**

He lives right around here. Do you know him? I'm a friend of his.  
The Butcher just stares back, with suspicion.

**RAY**

He's sort of a tall, black man.

**BUTCHER**

If you was much of a friend, he'd of give you the directions himself.

Ray nods. He knows this is useless.

**RAY**

That's a good point. Thank you.  
Ray exits.

**CUT TO**

**80 ON THE STREET 80**

Ray has stopped an Ancient Jewish Woman on the street. She looks from Ray's Iowa license plate to Ray's face.

**ANCIENT WOMAN**

I don't know where he lives.  
But by her raised eyebrows and the tone of her voice, it is clear that if she did know -- which she probably does -- she certainly wouldn't tell him.

**CUT TO**

**81 GAS STATION 81**

Ray has pulled his car to the edge of the gas station -- he is not buying gas -- and slips a five dollar bill to the ruddy-faced, teenaged Irish Pump Jockey.

**PUMP JOCKEY**

Two blocks down. Right hand side.  
First store that don't have a chicken in the window, is his.

**CUT TO**

**51**

**82 EXT. HARVARD STREET - DAY**

**82**

In between a deli and a Kosher butcher shop, Ray finds a storefront with blacked-out windows. He enters an open hallway in which he sees the door to the storefront, as well as stairs to the apartments above it. There are half-a-dozen mail boxes on the wall. Ray checks the names. He smiles.

**83 INSERT- MAILBOXES**

**83**

All but one have immigrant names. The first one reads:

**#1: TIE-DYED SOFTWARE.**

**84 RAY**

**84**

Ray turns to the storefront door. Instead of a buzzer there is a long wire with a weight on its end hanging from a hole at the top of the door. Next to the wire is a handwritten note taped to the door, which reads: "You better have a goddamn good reason for ringing this bell." Ray laughs. This guy is great. He pulls on the wire. On the other side of the door, a bell rings.

Ray has to struggle to control his nervousness. He takes a breath. He hears footsteps inside, approaching the door. He cannot help but smile with delight at the thought of meeting one of his cultural heroes.

The door opens. Terence Mann is menacingly huge. He glares at Ray and roars:

**MANN**

Who the fuck are you???

Ray is momentarily taken aback, but he figures maybe the guy is joking, so he just smiles and plunges ahead.

**RAY**

Sir, my name is Ray Kinsella, and it's a great pleasure 'Co finally ---

The door slams in his face. It takes Ray a few seconds to realize the interview is over.

He rings the bell again. The door opens. Mann's large frame fills it.

**MANN**

We got a learning disability here?

**CONTINUED**

**52**

**84 CONTINUED**

**84**

**RAY**

**(TALKS FAST)**

Mr. Mann, I've come 1500 miles to see you at the risk of losing my home and

alienating my wife. If I could just have a minute. Please.

**MANN**

Look. I can't tell you the secret of life, and I don't have any answers for you. I don't give interviews, I am no longer a public figure, I just want to be left alone. So fuck off.

**RAY**

Just one minute. I'm begging you. Mann looks him over. Then he sighs.

**MANN**

One minute.  
Mann turns and enters the storefront. Ray follows.

**85 INT. MANN'S STOREFRONT**

It is hardly fashionable, but it's roomy and comfortable. There are tables stacked high with mailing envelopes and a postage scale. A few workbenches have software and spread sheets strewn across them. In the back are a couple of personal computers. On a side wall there are book jackets and newspaper photos in cheap frames: pictures of Mann with Martin Luther King...with Bob Dylan...with Timothy Leary...Mann being arrested at some demonstration...Mann at Woodstock... Mann's gruff voice pulls Ray's attention away from these relics.

**MANN**

Your minute ain't getting bigger.

**RAY**

Okay. I understand your desire for privacy, and I wouldn't dream of intruding if this weren't extremely important.

**MANN**

Oh God. I don't do causes anymore.

**CONTINUED**

85

**RAY**

This isn't a cause. I don't need money,  
or an endorsement.

**MANN**

Refreshing.

**RAY**

You once wrote: 'There comes a time  
when all the cosmic tumblers have  
clicked into place, and the universe  
opens itself up for a few seconds, to  
show you what is possible.'

**MANN**

Oh my God.

**RAY**

What.

**MANN**

You're from the Sixties!

**RAY**

Well, actually ---

**MANN**

Out! Out!

**RAY**

Just wait a second ---  
Mann picks up an old-fashioned bug sprayer -- the kind with  
a long arm that pumps in and out -- and starts spraying it  
at Ray as if he were an unwanted insect.

**MANN**

Back to the Sixties! Back!  
He is backing Ray out the door.

**RAY**

If you'd just ---

**MANN**

There's no place for you here in the  
future! Get back while you still can!  
He gets Ray just past the door and slams it shut.  
Ray slams it open. He's pissed.

**RAY**

You've changed, you know that?

**CONTINUED**

54

85 CONTINUED (2) 85

Mann stops fuming and considers that. He sighs, sadly.

**MANN**

Yes. I suppose I have. How's this?  
(smiles and makes  
the peace sign)  
'Peace, love, dope.'

**(ROARS)**

Now get the fuck out of here!!!  
And he slams the door shut again. Ray is flabbergasted.  
He is thinking furiously. Then he notices that in slamming  
the door, the latch has not locked in place. He thinks,  
makes up his mind, and quietly opens the door.  
Mann has returned to work, his back to the door.  
Ray enters the loft, his left hand in his jacket pocket.  
When he is halfway across the loft, he clears his throat.  
Mann spins around.

**MANN**

Now you've pissed me off.

**RAY**

Okay, hold it right there.  
He juts his pocketed hand forward, as if he had a gun in  
his jacket.

**RAY**

I was hoping I wouldn't have to do it  
this way...

**MANN**

What the fuck is that?

**RAY**

It's a gun. What'd you think it is?

**MANN**

It's your finger.

**RAY**

No it's not. It's a gun.

**MANN**

Yeah? Let me see it.

**RAY**



Get out of here, I'm not going to show  
you my gun.  
Mann sighs, and stands.

**CONTINUED**

**55**

**85 CONTINUED (3)**

**85**

**RAY**

Now look. I'm not going to hurt you,  
I just need you to go with me for a  
little while, then -- what are you  
doing?

Mann has found a crowbar among his tools, and is advancing  
toward Ray.

**MANN**

I'm going to beat you with a crowbar  
till you go away.  
Understandably, this makes Ray nervous.

**RAY**

Whoa! Wait! You can't do that.

**MANN**

**(STILL ADVANCING)**

What, are there rules? There's no  
rules.

Mann is almost to him, now, the crowbar raised above his  
head.

**RAY**

You're a pacifist!  
Mann stops. He thinks. He lowers the crowbar.

**MANN**

Shit.  
Ray breathes a sigh of relief.

**RAY**

Thank you.

**MANN**

All right, are you kidnapping me?

What's the deal here?

**RAY**

I'm sorry. I was hoping I could-just convince you to come with me.

**MANN**

Then you are kidnapping me.

**RAY**

I have to take you to a baseball game.

**MANN**

You what?

**CONTINUED**

**56**

**- 85 CONTINUED (4) 85**

**RAY**

Tonight's game. Red.Sox, Twins.

**MANN**

Why?

**RAY**

Something will happen there. I don't know what, but we'll find out when it does.

Mann now has no idea what to make of all this, so he just looks Ray over for a few seconds.

**RAY**

My name is Ray Kinsella. You used my father's name for a character in one of your stories. John Kinsella.

**MANN**

You're seeing a team of psychiatrists, aren't you?

**RAY**

**(LAUGHS)**

I don't blame you for thinking that, but no, I'm not. I swear to God I'm the least crazy person I've ever known.

**MANN**

Then why are you kidnapping me to a  
baseball game?

**RAY**

I read an interview you gave a long time  
ago about how you always dreamed of  
playing at Ebbets Field, and how sad you  
felt when they tore it down.

**MANN**

(shakes head no)  
I never said that.

**RAY**

You didn't?

**MANN**

I don't even remember thinking it.  
Now Ray is ndt sure what to do.

**RAY**

This whole. thing is so weird.

**CONTINUED**

57

85 CONTINUED (5)

85

**MANN**

Then why go through with it?

**RAY**

It's a long story...and I'll tell you  
on the way. Please.

**MANN**

I'm not going to get rid of you, am I?

**RAY**

If you just come to this game with me,  
I'll never bother you again. Not even  
a Christmas card.  
Mann picks up a hat,  
.plops it on his head and heads out the

door.

**CUT TO**

**86 CITY STREETS**

**86**

Mann sits tensely beside Ray, who drives with his right hand, while his left hand remains in his pocket, substituting for a gun.

**MANN**

You do this often?

**RAY**

No. It's my first time. So be gentle.  
Ray laughs nervously, and is embarrassed to see Mann not sharing the humor.

**RAY**

You used to have a sense of humor.

**MANN**

Things used to be funny.  
Ray pulls up at an intersection. He has to choose between left and right. Behind him, cars are honking. Ray doesn't have a clue which way to go. He sighs.

**RAY**

I'm sorry. This is really humiliating.  
Which way is-Eenway?  
Mann shakes his head, then tilts it to the left.

**RAY**

Thank you.

**CONTINUED**

**58**

**86 CONTINUED**

**86**

Ray makes the turn, and heads off down the street.

**MANN**

You're really inept at this, aren't you?  
Ray grins sheepishly and nods. Mann laughs.

**MANN**

I mean you're like a total bumbler.  
Ray chuckles his reluctant acceptance of the truth.

**MANN**

'Bozo the Kidnapper.

**RAY**

(no longer so

**AMUSED)**

Okay, okay...  
After a few moments, Ray decidesto break the ice.

**RAY**

Can I ask you a question? Something  
I've always wanted to know.  
Mann nods. He's been asked this question a million times.

**MANN**

No, I never slept with her.

**RAY**

You never slept with who?

**MANN**

Whoever you were going to ask me about.  
If I'd been with one-tenth the famous  
women they said I was with, I'd be in  
formaldehyde by now.

**RAY**

**(INTERESTED)**

You slept with a lot of famous women?

**MANN**

**(SOURLY)**

What's your question?

**RAY**

How'd you get a name like Terence?  
Mann cannot believe that's the question.

**MANN**

Rastus was taken.

**CONTINUED**

59

86 CONTINUED (2)

86

Ray knows now to shut up. He returns his attention to his driving, glances up to his rearview mirror, and sees something that causes his eyes to widen in horror.

87 REAR-VIEW MIRROR

87

A Boston police car on his tail, red lights flashing.

**RAY (O.S.)**

Oh no.

88 INT. RAY'S CAR 88

Mann looks behind him, sees the police car, and turns back to Ray. Ray wears a look of resignation as he pulls the car over to the side of the road, and shuts off the ignition. Mann just looks at him, and starts to chuckle.

**MANN**

Nice going, Boze.

**RAY**

Okay. I don't really have a gun. So don't say anything to this guy, okay? I swear to God there's a reason we're supposed to be at this game. Mann gives him a "Give me a break" look. Ray sees the Policeman is getting out of his cruiser and walking towards them. Ray is desperate.

**RAY**

If I get arrested, the press'll be all over you, you'll have to appear in open court, you'll be the lead story on Entertainment Tonight, and your picture'll be on the front page of every tabloid in America. The Policeman knocks on Ray's window. He is young, fresh-scrubbed and earnest. Ray holds up one hand to him.

**RAY**

Just a second.

**(-CO MANN)**

'Terence-Mann Kidnapped... Also seen in UFO with Elvis.'  
Mann's eyes narrow. The cop knocks again, more insistently. Ray rolls down-the window."

CONTINUED '

60

88 CONTINUED

88

**RAY**

Sorry.

**POLICEMAN**

License and registration.

Nervously, Ray complies. Mann turns his face toward the passenger side window. Ray's mouth dries up. He has no idea what Mann will do.

The Policeman scrutinizes the license, turns it over to look for convictions, and checks Ray's face against the felonlike photo. Then he looks at Mann.

**POLICEMAN**

And what's your name, -sir?

Mann keeps his face averted.

**MANN**

Terry.

**POLICEMAN**

Where is it that you and Raymond are going, Terry?

**RAY**

Fenway Park! We're going to the ball game.

**MANN**

(turns to cop)

Actually, Officer, I'm being kidnapped.

Discreetly, under his breath, Ray sings the "Entertainment Tonight" theme song.

**RAY**

'Entertainment Tonight,  
doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo...

Mann winces. The officer looks at him questioningly.

**MANN,**

What I mean by that is, I don't care much for baseball, but Raymond insisted.

**POLICEMAN**

Yeah, I hate baseball.  
(hands Ray back

**HIS ID)**

Your right taillight is out, Raymond.  
I want you to get it fixed at the first  
opportunity.

**CONTINUED**

**61**

**88 CONTINUED (2)**

**88**

**RAY**

Yes. I will. Thank you.  
The Policeman walks away, and Ray heaves a sigh of relief.

**RAY**

'Terry?'

**MANN**

'Raymond?'

**RAY**

Ray. My...hostages call me Ray. Can  
I call you Terry?  
Sourly, Mann nods. Ray smiles and drives off.

**RAY**

And thank you.

**MANN**

I didn't do it just because I don't want  
the publicity.

**RAY**

Then what else?

**MANN**

I envy you your craziness, Ray. It's  
been years since I did something  
completely crazy.

**RAY**

Well, you want to hear something really



crazy?

**MANN**

Do I have a choice?

**RAY**

Nope. I live on a farm in Iowa. One day, out in the cornfield, I heard a voice...

**89 EXT. CAR**

**89**

It glides through city traffic.

**90 EXT. FENWAY PARK - DAY**

**90**

Ray slides the Datsun into a parking place, and he and Mann walk the short sleazy block to Fenway, and old-fashioned center-city ballpark.

**CONTINUED**

**62**

**90 CONTINUED 90**

**MANN**

**(SHAKING HIS**

**HEAD)**

But can't you accept the probability that it's all just a hallucination?

**RAY**

Annie and Karin see it, too. They have reached the ticket window.

**RAY**

Two, field level, first base side. The elderly Ticket Seller pulls out two tickets.

**TICKET SELLER**

Section seventeen. Twelve dollars. Ray takes out his wallet and turns to Mann..

**RAY**

It's on me.

**MANN**

You're damn right it is.  
Ray pays the man and receives the tickets.

**TICKET SELLER**

Game don't start for a while, but you  
can go in, watch batting practice.

**RAY**

Great.  
They enter the stadium.

**91 INT. STADIUM 91**

They walk through the indoor portion of the grandstand  
toward their section.

**RAY**

So what do you do with yourself these  
days?

**MANN**

I live. I work. I've learned to cook.  
I take walks. I watch sunsets.

**RAY**

Don't you miss being... involved?

**CONTINUED**

**63**

**91 CONTINUED 91**

**MANN**

**(SNORTS)**

I was the East Coast distributor of  
'involved.'. I ate it, drank it, and  
breathed it. Then they killed Martin.  
They killed Bobby. And then they  
elected Tricky Dick. Twice. And now,  
people like you think I must be  
miserable that I'm not involved anymore.  
Well, I've got news for you: I spent all

my misery years ago. I have no more pain for any of you. I gave at the office.  
They approach the refreshment stand.

**RAY**

So...what do you want?

**. MANN**

I want them to stop looking to me for answers. Begging me to speak again, write again, be a leader. I want them to start thinking for themselves. And I want my privacy!  
Ray looks slightly embarrassed.

**RAY**

No, I meant what do you want from...  
Ray points to the hot dog vendor, as they have reached the front of the line.

**MANN**

Oh.

**(LAUGHS AT**

**HIMSELF)**

A dog and a beer.

**RAY**

(to the vendor)  
Two.

**(TO MANN)**

Okay, I agree, you should be entitled to as much privacy as you wane. But why stop writing?

**MANN**

I haven't published a word in seventeen years and I still have to endure assholes like you all the time. What do you think it'd be like if I suddenly came out with a new book?

**CONTINUED**

**91 CONTINUED (2)**

**91**

Ray nods. Mann is making sense.

**MANN**

They'd bleed me dry.

**92 SECTION SEVENTEEN**

**92**

Ray and Mann emerge into the sunlight and walk down the aisle toward the field.

**RAY**

God, this place is so beautiful. The grass is so green you can almost smell it. Looking around the old ballpark, they see only about twenty or thirty die-hard fans in the stands for batting practice; a half-dozen players are grouped around the batting cage as one player hits to several others in the field. A few sportswriters and other civilians stand near the dugouts. Ray and Mann stop at the first row, right behind the Red Sox on-deck circle, lean on the railing and talk.

**RAY**

It could be 1912 out there, for all this place has changed. Babe Ruth stood on that very mound as a pitcher long before anyone knew he could hit home runs. Same mound.

**MANN**

Why are we here, Ray?

**RAY**

Something.. about the game.

**CUT TO**

**93 THE GAME - NIGHT**

**93**

The game is in progress. Ray and Mann are in their fifth row seats. They do not speak. At one point, Ray becomes suddenly and strangely aware that something is about to happen. He looks at Mann who is just watching the game. Then he looks at the scoreboard.

**94 THE SCOREBOARD 94**

Fenway Park has a sophisticated scoreboard that flashes pictures of the batter and pitcher, and can show instant replays of some of the action.

**CONTINUED**

65

94 CONTINUED

94

Right now, the display is replaced by an oddly glowing message. The sounds of the stadium, the game, and the crowd fade out.

There is only the message:

**ARCHIBALD "MOONLIGHT" GRAHAM**

Chisholm, Minn.

New York Giants

**LIFETIME STATISTICS:**

1 Game, 0 At Bats

The message does not just glow, it pulsates. It looks almost otherworldly, phosphorescent; clearly unlike anything ever seen before on a ballpark scoreboard.

95 RAY AND MANN

95

Ray looks around him. The sounds of the game return, and from the unconcerned faces of the people near him, he realizes that no one else can see the message. He opens his program and starts writing it down. Mann notices this, but cannot see what Ray is writing.

Then Ray hears The Voice.

**THE VOICE**

'Go the distance.'

**RAY**

Oh my God.

**MANN**

What's the matter?

**RAY**

Nothing.

**MANN**

You okay?

Ray sighs.

**RAY**

Yeah.

**; THEN)**

Whenever you want to go, we can go.

**CONTINUED**

66

**95 CONTINUED**

95

**MANN**

What???

**RAY**

If you want to go, we can go.  
Mann looks at Ray curiously, trying to read this new attitude.

**MANN**

Then let's go.  
Mann rises and heads up the aisle. Ray looks down at the program -- at the handwritten legend of Moonlight Graham, who played one game fifty-seven years ago, but did not get to bat -- and follows Mann out of the ballpark.

**CUT TO**

**96 THE RIDE BACK TO BOSTON 96**

It is nighttime, and Mann drives. Ray slumps, dozing, troubled. Mann looks curiously at Ray, but says nothing. They ride in silence.

**CUT TO**

**97 MANN'S STREET - NIGHT**

97

The street is blue with moonlight as they park in front of the storefront.

**MANN**

Where are you going from here?

**RAY**

Home.

**MANN**

What is it you're not telling me?

**RAY**

(shakes head no)  
I've taken up too much of your time.  
Mann gets out of the car.

**MANN**

I wish I had your passion, Ray. However  
misdirected it may be, it's still a  
passion. I used to feel that way about  
things, but...

**CONTINUED**

**67**

**97 CONTINUED**

**97**

Ray slides into the driver's seat.

**MANN**

You got another message, didn't you?

**RAY**

You'll think I'm crazy.

**MANN**

I already think you're crazy. What did  
it say?  
After a little thought, Ray smiles sadly.

**RAY**

It said 'The man's done enough. Leave  
him alone.'  
Ray puts the car in gear, makes a wide turn, and starts to  
head back up the street. But he stops short when Mann's  
form looks out of the darkness into the glare of the  
headlights..  
Ray does not know why Mann is blocking his path. Or why  
he appears tense, almost frightened.

**MANN**

'Moonlight' Graham.  
Ray's jaw drops.

**RAY**

You saw it.

**MANN**

Saw what?

**RAY**

New York Giants, 1922. He played one game, never got to bat. Mann looks spectral in the high-contrast glare on the headlights.

**MANN.**

What did I see, Ray?

**RAY**

Chisholm, Minnesota. We were the only ones who saw it. Did you hear the voice, too? Mann glances at Ray, then looks away.

**CONTINUED**

**68**

**97 CONTINUED (2) 97**

**RAY**

It's all right to admit it. That's what told me to find you. No response.

**RAY**

Did you hear it too?

**MANN**

'Go the distance.'

**RAY**

Do you know what it means?

**MANN**

Yes.

**RAY**

What.

**MANN**

It means...we're going to Minnesota to find Moonlight Graham.

**RAY**



**(THRILLED)**

We?

**MANN**

Yeah.

**RAY**

What do we do when we find him?

**MANN**

We'll know that when we find him.

Ray opens the passenger door of the Datsun and Mann jumps in. Ray releases the brake and peels out, burning rubber. The two men look happy as kids with bats over shoulders, gloves dangling, on their way to a sandlot.

**CUT TO**

**98 ON THE ROAD**

**98**

Once on 1-90, they begin the long haul across the Great Lakes states. Ray drives, Mann dozes in the reclined passenger seat.

**RAY (V.O.)**

Annie, I'm really sorry, but I'm going to be a few days longer.

**CONTINUED**

**69**

**98 CONTINUED**

**98**

**ANNIE (V.O.)**

**(PHONE; FILTERED)**

Oh, Ray...Is everything all right?

**RAY (V.O.)**

Everything's great, and I'll tell you all about it when I get back, but I'm going to Minnesota now.

**99 MORE ON THE ROAD 99**

Now Mann drives, and Ray tries to sleep, his stockinged

feet propped up on the dash, occasionally sliding with a thud against the steering column.

**ANNIE (V.O.)**

**(PHONE; FILTERED)**

I don't believe this. What's in Minnesota?

**RAY (V. O.)**

An old ballplayer. I'll explain when I get home. How are things with you?

**100 GAS STATION**

**100**

Ray is using the pay phone on the wall of the office, while the car is being gassed.

**ANNIE (V.O.)**

**(PHONE; FILTERED)**

Uh, fine.

**RAY**

Hey, guess what? Terence Mann is with me. We're going to Minnesota together.

**ANNIE (V.O.)**

**(PHONE; FILTERED)**

Are you kidding me? Oh, Ray, that's unbelievable!

**RAY**

I know. I gotta go. Hug Karin for me. I love you.

**ANNIE (V.O.)**

**(PHONE; FILTERED)**

I love you too. You guys behave yourselves. Hurry home.

**CONTINUED**

**70**

**100 CONTINUED**

**100**

Ray smiles and hangs up.

**CUT TO**

**101 ANNIE'S KITCHEN**

**101**

She hangs up, and loses her smile as she turns back to the kitchen table, where her brother Mark sits with two men in business suits.

**MARK**

Why didn't you tell him?

**ANNIE**

For the same reason I've never pissed on your birthday cake.

**MARK**

Annie, you don't have a choice in the matter.  
Annie looks vertroubldye.

**CUT TO**

**102 ON THE ROAD - MINNESOTA**

**-02 1**

They are north of Duluth, and the landscape has grown harsher, the trees shorter and more gnarled, the grass tougher and wirier.

After Virginia, Minnesota, all the land is scarred. Above the town the mines sit like sand-colored bunkers in the cliffs, - stern and silent.

Near Chisholm, the land is getting ever weirder. It looks like a pasture rooted and rerooted by giant hogs. It has been split and gutted; greenery has grown back, but at weird and unnatural angles.

But as they swing into town; the highway divides and they cross a beautiful and tranquil lake, so smooth and shiny it might be a scene painted on a glass plate. A sign reads

**WELCOME TO CHISHOLM.**

**103 CHISHOLM, MINNESOTA**

**103**

Ray and Mann have parked on the main street next to a corner phone booth. Ray is flipping through the thin phone book attached to the booth by a chain.

**CONTINUED**

71

103 CONTINUED

103

**RAY**

Half a dozen Grahams...no Archibald, no Moonlight.

**MANN**

Follow me.

**CUT TO**

104 EXT. CHISHOLM FREE PRESS

104

The local newspaper is located in a small storefront that was probably once a confectioners or a dry-goods store.

105 INT. CHISHOLM FREE PRESS

105

Ray and Mann are talking with the paper's publisher, Veda Ponikvar, a handsome woman in her sixties, with a sweet, innocent smile, and eyeglasses hanging from a fine chain around her neck.

**MANN**

We're trying to find an ex-baseball player named Archibald Graham.

**VEDA**

You mean 'Doc' Graham.

**RAY**

No, I think his nickname was 'Moonlight.'

**VEDA**

Yes, that's Doctor Graham.

**MANN**

Doctor Graham.  
This is interesting news to Ray and Mann.

**VEDA**

His baseball career never amounted to

much, so he went back to school. His father was a doctor.

**MANN**

Do you know where we can find him?

**RAY**

It's nothing bad. We're not from the IRS, or anything ---

**CONTINUED**

72

**105 CONTINUED 105**

**VEDA**

Doc Graham is dead. He died in 1972. Ray and Mann look at each other, unsure of what this means to their quest.

**CUT TO**

**106 NEWSPAPER BACK ROOM 106**

Ray and Mann sit at a table in the newspaper's back room, the "morgue" file on Doc Graham -- a collection of clippings, pictures, and the obituary -- strewn before them.

Right now, their attention is on Veda, who has put her glasses on, and is reading from an editorial.

**VEDA**

.'And there were times when children could not afford eyeglasses or milk, or clothing. Yet no child was ever denied these essentials, because in the background, there was always Doctor Graham. Without any fanfare or publicity, the glasses or the milk or the ticket to the ball game found their way into the child's pocket.'

**MANN**

You wrote that.

**VEDA**

The day he died.

**MANN**

You're a good writer.  
The compliment is just right, and she smiles warmly.

**VEDA**

Excuse me.  
She exits. Mann spreads out the clippings and shakes his head.

**MANN**

Something's missing.  
Ray is looking at a photo of Doc Graham as a man in his late sixties.

**CONTINUED**

**MANN**

Half the towns in North America has a Doc Graham. What makes this one so special we have to come halfway across the country to find him fifteen years after he died? There's got to be more.  
Veda enters with a piece of paper from a yellow legal pad.

**VEDA**

You might want to talk to some of these people. They knew Doc pretty well.  
Mann takes the list and looks it over.

**CUT TO**

**107 INTERVIEW 07**

Two old Codgers on a park bench.

**FIRST CODGER**

Oh, that man had an arm on him. One day over at the ballpark, he said 'Lemme see that ball', and one of the boys threw him the ball, and he walked over behind home plate, reared back, and fired that ball over the left field fence.

**SECOND CODGER**

And he was at least fifty years old when he did it.

**FIRST CODGER**

It was still rising when it disappeared.

**108 INTERVIEW**

A woman, an older Nurse.

**NURSE**

i went with him to make a housecall at one of the camps. .mining camps. The husband was sick, and they had no stove, so they had no heat.

**(MORE)**

**CONTINUED**

74

**108 CONTINUED**

**NURSE (CONT'D)**

When we got back to Chisholm, Doc went to the hardware store and bought a stove for them and paid to have it delivered. And I know that wasn't the only time he did something like that.

**109 COUNTRY KITCHEN RESTAURANT - DAY 109**

Several tables have been pushed together, and Mann sits surrounded by townspeople, mostly men past retirement age.

**BALDING MAN**

He didn't smoke or drink, .but he used to chew up paper and spit it out wherever he went. If you were around Doc very long, you learned to duck.

**MOUSTACHED MAN**

He'd even chew up his prescription slips, so sometimes we'd have to dig into our pockets for a piece of paper so Doc could write us prescriptions.

**WHITE-HAIRED MAN**

He always wore a black overcoat, even in the summer, and it was always flapping open, even in the winter and it was fifty below. And he had white hair, like me, and he always carried an umbrella.

**SMOKER**

'Cept he was always, I mean always,

losing them. Stores 'round town would just lean his umbrella somewhere near the door, and if anybody asked, they'd just say 'Oh, that's Doc's umbrella'.

**MANN**

What was the umbrella for?

**WHITE-HAIRED MAN**

Oh, I think it got to be a habit, something to hang onto. But if you'd ask him, he'd say it was to beat away all his lady admirers. This, as much as the other remembrances, brings warm chuckles to the old men.

**MANN**

Tell me about his wife.

**CONTINUED**

75

**109 CONTINUED**

**BALDING MAN**

Alicia. She moved to South Carolina after he passed. She passed a few years later. She always wore blue. I bet you didn't know that.

**MANN**

**(SMILES)**

No. I didn't.

**110 MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT**

110

The woman Manager of the motel is having a 'cup of coffee with Ray.

**MOTEL MANAGER**

You know, everybody's talking about you two. Our neighbors came over last night and we just told Doc 'Graham stories until after midnight. I even wrote some of them down. She takes out a piece of paper.



**RAY**

That's very nice of you.

**MOTEL MANAGER**

Well, it's funny. It's like all these memories we have of Doc had gone to sleep and sunk way down inside us. But once you started asking about him, and started us talking about him, why they swum back up to the surface again. Ray smiles.

**CUT TO**

**111 MOTEL ROOM**

**111**

Ray and Mann are sitting in their beds, comparing their notes.

**MANN**

No screwing, no drinking, no opium, no illegitimate children. No-midnight abortions, no shady finances. Ray puts down his notes and picks up the Chicago Tribune.

**RAY**

You sound disappointed.

**CONTINUED**

**76**

**111 CONTINUED**

**111**

**MANN**

Shoeless Joe had a problem. That's why he needed you. This guy doesn't need us. Suddenly, Ray straightens with a start.

**RAY**

Oh, My God. Ray hurries over to Mann, offering the opened newspaper, and points out an article to Mann. It is headlined:

**TERENCE MANN MISSING.**

**MANN**

Damn.

**(READS)**

'His son, who lives in New York City,  
notified police after receiving no  
answer to repeated telephone calls...'  
Shit. I'd better call him.  
He pulls the phone onto the bed and dials

**MANN**

What the hell do I tell him.

**RAY**

You want me to...?  
He motions outside with his head.

**MANN**

Thanks.  
Ray exits.

**CUT TO**

**112 EXT. CHISHOLM RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT 112**

Ray walks by the old movie theatre, which sits at the edge  
of a residential street. The Godfather is playing. He  
nods at an elderly man who passes him on the street. He  
passes a darkened house and notices there is a sign of some  
kind in its unlit front window. He takes another two or  
three steps before he has, to stop to take a better look at  
the sign.

**77**

**113 THE SIGN**

**113**

It takes a second to make out the image in the dark, but  
it is a head shot of Richard Nixon. Above, it says "Four  
More Years". Below, it reads "Re-Elect The President".

**114 RAY**

**1.14**

is puzzled. He turns and looks at the theatre marquee.

**115 THE THEATRE MARQUEE**

**115**

Under the letters that spell out "The Godfather", are smaller letters that read "Nominated for 10 Academy Awards".

**116 RAY**

**116**

frowns. He says the word to himself.

**RAY**

Nominated?

Ray now looks at the car parked nearest to him.

**117 THE CAR**

: . 17

It is an old Mustang. The annual tag on the license plate reads: 1972.

**118 ?? RAY**

**118**

**LOOKS-AROUND**

**119 HIS POINT OF VIEW**

**119**

All the cars on the street are pre-1972. And still walking down the block away from him, is the elderly man Ray passed moments earlier.

The man is about sixty-five years old, stooped a little, but the body is still lithe, an athlete's body. He is wearing a dark overcoat...

**120 CLOSER POINT OF VIEW**

**120**

.and he carries an umbrella.

**78**

**121 RAY 121**

The little hairs on the back of Ray's neck stand up. His mouth is dry, and for a moment, he cannot speak. Then, he calls to the man.

**RAY**

Doctor Graham?  
Slowly, the man stops and turns back to face Ray. Ray starts to trot to him.

**ELDERLY MAN**

Who's that?

**RAY**

My name is Ray Kinsella. I'm from Iowa.  
Are you Moonlight Graham?  
The old man narrows his bright eyes to see Ray more clearly.

**DOC GRAHAM**

No one's called me 'Moonlight' Graham  
for fifty years.

**RAY**

Well, I've come...

**(SMILES TO**

**HIMSELF)**

. a very long way to see you.

**DOC GRAHAM**

Funny. I couldn't sleep tonight.  
Usually, I sleep like a baby. So I told  
Alicia I was going to take a walk.

**RAY**

Mind if i join you? I'd like to talk  
to you.  
Doc nods and they start to walk.

**DOC GRAHAM**

Let's go to the high school. We can sit  
in my office. What do. you want to talk  
about?

**RAY**

Well, first of all, how'd you get to be  
called 'Moonlight'?

**DOC GRAHAM**

'Cause of a night like this, long ago.  
I'd just gotten to the minors, and I  
went out to the ballpark.

**(MORE)**

**CONTINUED**

79

**121 CONTINUED**

DOC GRAHAM (Cont'd)  
There's nothing as peaceful as a ballpark at night. Like a church.

**RAY**

Yeah, I know what you mean.

**DOC GRAHAM**

Anyway, I fell asleep. Next morning, they found me in the on-deck circle, all curled up like a baby. Someone called me 'Moonlight,' and it stuck.

**122 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL 122**

Doc fumbles out a key, and lets them in.

**RAY**

When you got to the majors, you played only one inning of one game. What happened in that inning?

**123 INT. HIGH SCHOOL 123**

They enter the hallway of the old school, the smell of varnish and chalk almost palpable.

**DOC GRAHAM**

It was the last day of the season. Bottom of the eighth, and we were way ahead. I'd been up with the club for most of a month, but hadn't seen any action. Just then old John McGraw points a bony finger at me and says 'Right field.' Well sir, I jumped up like I was sitting on a spring, grabbed my glove, and ran out onto the field. They reach a varnished door with an opaque glass inset, and enter. Doc Graham's office.

**124 INT., DOC GRAHAM'S OFFICE 124**

Doc seats himself behind a cluttered desk, and motions Ray to the black-leather sofa a few feet away.

**RAY**

Did you get to make a play?  
Doc takes a sheet of paper off his desk, expertly rips an

inch or so off the corner with his teeth, and begins chewing.

**CONTINUED**

**80**

**124 CONTINUED 124**

**DOC GRAHAM**

Nope. They never hit the ball out of the infield.

Ray chuckles, but then flinches as Doc shoots his little spitball towards him.

**DOC GRAHAM**

Heads up.

It hits the back of the sofa a few feet from Ray, and hangs there, like a white fly.

**RAY**

I was warned about you.

**DOC GRAHAM**

Anyway, one inning later the game was over, and so was I.

**RAY**

And what was that like?

**DOC GRAHAM**

It was like coming this close to your dreams, and then watching them brush past you like a stranger in a crowd.

Ray nods, and a look of understanding begins to appear on his face. He looks out the window, focused on faraway.

**DOC GRAHAM**

Except, at the time, you don't think much of it. Hardly anybody recognizes the most significant moment of their life when they're happening. Back then I just figured there'd be plenty more days. I didn't know that would be the only one.

Doc Graham notices that Ray is looking very serious.

**DOC GRAHAM**

Now, let me ask you a question, Ray

Kinsella. What makes that half-inning so interesting that you come all the way from Iowa to ask me about it sixty-five years later?

Ray chooses his words carefully.

**CONTINUED**

**81**

**124 CONTINUED (2) 124**

**RAY**

I didn't really know till just now. But I think it's to ask you if you could do anything you wanted to...if you could have a wish...

**DOC GRAHAM**

Ahh...

Doc nods. his understanding. He smiles wryly, takes a new piece of paper, and bites off a little section.

**DOC GRAHAM**

And are you the kind of man who could grant me that wish?

**RAY**

I don't know. I'm just asking...  
Doc leans his left elbow on the desk and rubs his forehead thoughtfully with a palm, as if it were an eraser that could erase the years and take him back to 1929 and the Polo Grounds in New York.

**DOC GRAHAM**

I never got to bat in the major leagues. I'd have liked the chance -- just once -- to stare down a big league pitcher. Stare him down and then just as he goes into the windup -- wink! Make him wonder if I know something he doesn't. That's what I wish for. The chance to squint my eyes when the sky is so blue it hurts to look at it, and to feel the 'tingle that runs up your arms when you connect dead-on. The chance to run the bases, stretch a double to a triple, and flop race-first into third, wrapping my arm around the bag. That's my wish, Ray

Kinsella... that's my wish.  
Ray begins to smile. Graham is staring intently at him.

**DOC GRAHAM**

Is there enough magic floating around  
in the night out there for you to make  
that wish come true?

**RAY**

What would you do if I said 'Yes'?

**DOC GRAHAM**

I think I might actually believe you.

**CONTINUED**

**82**

**124 CONTINUED (3)**

**RAY**

There is a place where things like that  
happen. And if you want to go there,  
I can take you.  
Doc's eyes start to glisten, and he offers an embarrassed  
smile as he wipes away a tear.

**DOC GRAHAM**

If it means leaving Chisholm...  
He shakes his head.no. Ray is surprised.

**RAY**

I understand, but I think you're  
supposed to come with us.

**DOC GRAHAM**

This is my most special place in the  
world, Ray. Once a place touches you  
like this, the wind never blows so cold  
again. You feel for it like it was your  
child. I can't leave here.  
Ray cannot believe the man won't leave Chisholm for his  
dream.

**RAY**

But your wish...

**DOC GRAHAM**

It'll stay one. I was born here, lived



here, and I'll die here. That's okay.  
I'll have no regrets.

**RAY**

But sixty-five years ago -- for five  
minutes -- you came this close.  
(holds up two

**FINGERS)**

It would kill some men to get that close  
to their dream and never touch it.  
They'd consider it a tragedy.

**DOC GRAHAM**

Son...if I'd only gotten to be a doctor  
for five minutes. .now that would have  
been a tragedy.  
Those words fill up the room, and Ray sinks back against  
the couch.

**CONTINUED**

83

124 CONTINUED (4)

124

**DOC GRAHAM**

Well, I'd better get home before Alicia  
starts to thinking I've got a  
girlfriend.  
And Doc Graham smiles at him.

**RAY (V.O.)**

And he smiled.

**CUT TO**

**125 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 125**

It is later that same night, and Ray has been recounting  
his experience with Doc Graham to Mann, who appears quietly  
troubled.

**RAY**

And then I figured maybe we're not  
supposed to take him with us. So now  
I don't know why the hell we were

supposed to come here.

**MANN**

Maybe it was to find out if one inning  
can change the world.

**RAY**

Did it?

**MANN**

It did for these people. If he'd gotten  
a hit, he might've stayed there.

**(THEN)**

Your wife called before. She wants you  
to call her tonight.

**CUT TO**

**126 INT. RAY AND ANNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 126**

Annie is asleep. The phone rings, and the speed with which  
she picks it up suggests that her anxiety to get this phone  
call prevented her from sleeping very deeply.

**CONTINUED**

**84**

**126 CONTINUED 126**

**ANNIE**

Ray.

**(PAUSE)**

I asked the bank if we could miss a  
payment or two, and they told me they'd  
just sold the note on the farm to Mark  
and his partners. So they own the  
paper now, and he says if we don't sell  
to them, they'll foreclose. Ray, we  
don't have the money.

**127 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 127**

Ray holds the phone, pained.

**RAY**

Okay, look. They can't foreclose for

thirty days, or something like that.  
I've got to take Terry back to Boston  
first, so it'll be ---

**MANN**

No.  
Ray looks over at Mann.

**MANN**

I'm going to Iowa with you.

**RAY**

We're coming home.-

**CUT TO**

**128 ON THE ROAD - MORNING 128**

Ray drives with purpose and speed. Mann looks relaxed.

**MANN**

Hell, I couldn't quit now. I've got  
see this ballpark.

**RAY**

Not everybody can see it. You might  
not.

**MANN**

I'll give it a try.  
As they turn onto the highway near the lake, a Teenager  
with a dufflebag appears on the side of the road, his arm  
raised in a hitchhiker's stance. Ray pulls the car over  
to the side of the road.

**CONTINUED**

**85**

**---128 - - - CONTINUED**

**128**

**RAY**

I need all the karma I can get right  
now.

The car stops, and the Teenager runs for it. He tosses his  
dufflebag in the backseat and squeezes in after it.

**TEENAGER**

Thanks. You're the first car by. I didn't expect to get a lift so soon. Ray starts the car back onto the highway.

**RAY**

How far are you going?

**TEENAGER**

How far are you going?

**RAY**

Iowa.

**TEENAGER**

Well, if it's okay with you, I'll ride along for a while. I play baseball. Ray and Mann exchange brief smiles.

**TEENAGER**

I'm looking for a place to play, and I heard that all through the Midwest, towns have teams, and in some places they'll find you a day job so you can play ball nights and weekends.

**RAY**

This is your lucky day, kid. We're going someplace kind of like that.

**TEENAGER**

All right!

**RAY**

I'm Ray Kinsella, this is Terry Mann.

**TEENAGER**

Hi. I'm Archie Graham. Mann and Ray just look at each other. And the little Datsun heads off down the highway.

**CUT TO**

**86**

**129 INT. CAR - NIGHT**

Archie sleeps in the backseat.

**MANN**

I'm dying to ask him if he has a nickname.

**RAY**

Don't. He didn't get it till he was in the minors.

**MANN**

Maybe we can give it to him.

**RAY**

Funny, the way he described towns, finding you a job so you can play on their team...they haven't done that for years. My Dad did that for a while. But that was in the Twenties.

**MANN**

What happened to your father?

**RAY**

He never made it as ball player, so he tried to get his son to make it for him. By the time I was ten, playing baseball got to be like eating vegetables or taking out the garbage, so when I was fourteen, I started to refuse. Can you believe that? An American boy refusing to have a catch with his father.

**MANN**

Why at fourteen?

**RAY**

That's when I read *The Boat Rocker*, by Terence Mann.

**MANN**

Oh God.

**RAY**

I never played catch with him again.

**MANN**

**(SERIOUSLY)**

See, that's the kind of crap people are always trying to lay on me. It's not my fault you wouldn't play catch with your father!

**CONTINUED**

87

129 CONTINUED

129

**RAY**

I know. Anyway, when I was seventeen, we had a big fight, I packed my things, said something awful, and left. After a while I wanted to come home, but I didn't know how. I made it back for the funeral.

**MANN**

What was the awful thing you said?

**RAY**

I said I could never respect a man whose hero was a criminal.

**MANN**

Who was his hero?

**RAY**

Shoeless Joe Jackson.  
Mann considers this all very carefully.

**MANN**

You knew he wasn't a criminal.  
Ray nods.

**MANN**

Then why'd you say it?

**RAY**

I was seventeen.  
Mann nods with growing understanding.

**MANN**

So this is your penance.

**RAY**

I know. I can't bring my father back..

**MANN**

.so the least you can do is bring back his hero.  
Ray nods.

**MANN**

Well now we know what everybody's

purpose here is...except mine.  
Ray looks at him. He hadn't thought of that. After a few moments Ray points to something in the distance.

88

**130 POINT OF VIEW**

130

Something down the road, in the midst of all this flat farmland, is glowing in the night.  
It is an illuminated baseball diamond in a cornfield.

**131 RAY AND ANNIE'S FARM - NIGHT**

Ray turns the Datsun into the long driveway and, with a rumble, crosses the metal cattle guard that keeps livestock from escaping to the roadway.  
He eases the car to a stop in front of the house, and as the three men unfold themselves from the car, Karin bolts from the back door of the house, a blur of white blouse and pink pedal pushers. She flings herself into Ray's arms, and hugs his neck in unrestrained joy.

**KARIN**

Daddy!  
Then Annie appears too. They kiss while Mann and Archie wait to be introduced. Finally, Mann clears his throat.

**RAY**

( **BEAMING** )

Karin, Annie... This is Terence Mann

**MANN**

Terry.

**KARIN**

Hiya Terry.  
Annie steps forward, wining some curls from her eyes with ahand that has recently been immersed in flour'. She smiles, wipes the hand on the thigh of her jeans, and shakes his hand.

**ANNIE**

Welcome.

**MANN**

Thank you.

**RAY**

And this young fellow is Moon -- uh,  
Archie Graham.  
Karin and Annie shake his hand.

**RAY**

He's come to practice with the team.

**CONTINUED**

**89**

**131 CONTINUED**

**131**

**ANNIE**

He'll be able to do more than just  
practice.

**RAY**

What does that mean?

**ANNIE**

Come on.  
They walk towards the field.

**ANNIE**

Let's enjoy this place while we still  
have it.

**132 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT**

**132**

Ray and Annie walk silently with their arms around each  
other as they lead Mann, Archie and Karin to the bleachers.  
Mann's eyes widen as several of the players shout greetings  
to Ray.

**SHOELESS JOE**

Hi, Ray, welcome back.

**RAY**

Thanks, Joe. Good to see you.

**MANN**

Oh my Lord.



**RAY**

What.

**MANN**

That's Shoeless Joe Jackson!

**RAY**

Well of course it is.

**MANN**

I've seen pictures. Those are the White Sox!

**RAY**

You mean you still didn't believe me?

**MANN**

I thought I did, but... Oh my Lord. They have reached the foul line where Shoeless Joe waits for them.

**CONTINUED**

**90**

**132 CONTINUED**

**1321**

**RAY**

Terry, I'd like you to meet Joe Jackson. Joe, this is Terry Mann. Mann and Jackson shake hands.

**MANN**

It's a pleasure to meet you.

**SHOELESS JOE**

Pleasure's mine.

**(TO RAY)**

Ray, I hope you don't mind, but we got tired of just having practices, so we brought another team out with us so we could have some real games. He points to the visitors' bench, and, indeed, there are a dozen or so more old-time baseball players in old-time baseball uniforms.

**RAY**

I don't mind. Where'd they come from?

**SHOELESS JOE**

**(CHUCKLES)**

Where'd we come from. Man, you wouldn't believe how many guys wanted to play here. We had to beat 'em off with a stick.

**ARCHIE**

**(FROM THE**

**BLEACHERS)**

Hey, that's Mel Ott. And Carl Hubbell. Those are the New York Giants!

**SHOELESS JOE**

With a couple of Cardinals and A's thrown in for good measure. Ty Cobb wanted to play, but none of us could stand the sonofabitch when we were alive, so we told him to stuff it.

**(TO ARCHIE)**

Hey, are you Graham?

**ARCHIE**

Yes sir.

Ray and Mann are astonished that Shoeless Joe knows who Archie is.

**CONTINUED**

**91**

**132 CONTINUED (2)**

**132**

**SHOELESS JOE**

What the hell you doing on the sidelines? You came here to play ball, didn't you?

**ARCHIE**

Yes sir.

**SHOELESS JOE**

Go warm up!

**ARCHIE**

**(THRILLED)**

Yes sir!

Archie quickly scampers down the bleachers, onto the field, shakes Joe's hand, and runs to the dugout.

**MANN**

Unbelievable.

**RAY**

It's more than that. It's perfect.

**CUT TO**

**133 THE GAME**

**133**

The White Sox are in the field, the Giants at bat. A Giant hitter bunts, and the runner on second takes third despite a close throw.

Mann, Ray, Karin and Annie are in the stands, Mann keeping score.

**MANN**

Does he get a hit for that?

**RAY**

Karin?

**KARIN**

Um, no. The batter was trying to sacrifice.

**RAY**

So how do you score it?

**KARIN**

Fielder's choice?

**RAY**

Very good.

**CONTINUED**

**133 CONTINUED****133**

Mann is impressed. He lifts Karin up from her seat on the row below them, and places her next to him to help him.

**MANN**

You better sit here.

Karin beams. Ray taps Mann and points to the plate.

**RAY**

Look.

Archie Graham -- now wearing a Giant's uniform -- drops one of the two bats he has been swinging in the on-deck circle, and advances on the plate, slashing the air with a brand-new bat the color of vanilla ice cream. He plants himself in the batter's box, then cocks the bat, the top end of it trembling as if he were stirring something, and waits for the pitch.'

The pitcher looks in for his signs. Archie stares back. As the pitcher goes into his windup, Archie winks at him. There is a moment of confusion and then anger on the pitcher's face, and when the ball speeds to the plate it is aimed right at Archie's head. He dives out of the way and hits the dirt hard. The Catcher chuckles through his mask.

**CATCHER**

Good thing for you that wasn't his fastball.

Archie digs in again at the plate, but backs up just a little. Now his look to the pitcher is one of determination.

**ARCHIE**

Come on, let's see your fastball.

The pitcher smiles, winds up and throws. Very fast. And right at Archie's chin. Again, he has to dive out of the way. This time, however, he gets right up and immediately appeals to the Umpire.

**ARCHIE °**

Hey, ump, how about a warning?

**UMPIRE**

Sure. Watch out-you don't get killed.

Both benches laugh at that. Archie holds up his hands to call time, and steps out of the batter's box. The on-deck batter, Mel Ott, comes over.

**CONTINUED**

93

133 CONTINUED (2)

133

**OTT**

Okay, kid, first two were high and tight, where do you think the next one's going to be?

**ARCHIE**

Either-low and away, or in my ear.

**OTT**

He don't want to load the bases. Look for low and away. Archie nods and starts to walk back to the plate.

**OTT**

But watch out for 'in your ear.'  
Archie takes his place in the batter's box again. He still looks determined, but a little less cocky. The next pitch is a curve that looks as if it's heading right for him. But he holds his ground, and when the ball breaks down and away, he steps in, snaps the bat forward, and hits it. The ball sails in a high arc to right center. The center fielder backs up a couple of steps, lopes a few strides to his left, and makes the catch. Archie is out, but the runner on third tags up and scores. As Archie curls across the diamond from the first baseline to the Giants' bench, he hears cheering. In the stands, Ray, Annie, Karin and Mann are giving him a standing ovation. In return, he touches the brim of his cap, a ballplayer's cool response to adulation.

**MANN**

**(LAUGHS)**

•Look at that. Mr. Cool.  
But when Archie gets to the bench, he can't contain himself anymore. He leaps up and lets out a cheer of pure joy.

**DISSOLVE TO**

**134 THE FIELD - LATER 134**

The game has ended, and players are rough-housing and joking as they slowly make their way to the door in the outfield fence. Ray and Mann are talking to some of the players over the fence.

**MANN**

Where do you go when you walk through  
that door? What do you do?

**CONTINUED**

**94**

**134 CONTINUED**

**CHICK GANDIL**

We sleep.

**HAPPY FELSCH**

And wait.

**SHOELESS JOE**

We dream.

**RAY**

You can't leave the field any other way,  
can you?

**SHOELESS JOE**

Not if we want to come back.

**RAY**

I'd love to go with you sometime.  
The silence that follows is long and ominous.

**RAY**

I'd like to see what's out there.  
There is still no response.

**RAY**

I'll take that as a no for now.  
He spots Archie jogging off the field.

**RAY**

Hey, slugger, congratulations!  
Archie jogs over.

**ARCHIE**

Thanks. I can't stop shaking I'm so  
happy. 'Course, I would've liked a base  
hit...

**KARIN**

But you got a RBI!

**ARCHIE**

I sure did, didn't I?

**SHOELESS JOE**

**(YELLS BACK)**

A rookie's luck!  
They all laugh at that.

**RAY**

Well come on, this calls for a drink.

**CONTINUED**

**95**

**134 CONTINUED (2)**

**134**

Archie hesitates.

**ARCHIE**

I can't. I'm...  
He motions with his head toward the other players  
disappearing through the outfield door. Ray nods  
understandingly.

**RAY**

Good game, Archie.

**ARCHIE**

Thanks.

**MANN**

Good night, kid.  
Ray, Karin, Annie and Mann watch Archie jog towards the  
rest of the players. When he reaches the fence, he turns  
back to them.

**ARCHIE**

Mr. Kinsella?  
Ray turns toward him. Archie looks as if he knows more  
than he's saying.

**ARCHIE**

Thank you for bringing me here. I  
couldn't have wished for anything more.  
Ray recognizes there may be more behind those words than  
just a teenager's pleasure. But he decides not to ask any

questions.

**RAY**

I know. You're welcome.  
Archie runs through the door in the fence and vanishes.

**CUT TO**

**135 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

**135**

Mann and Karin eat their country breakfasts at one end of the table, while at the other end, Annie and Ray sit in front of the bank books, ledgers, and the sheaf of bills puffed up around the paper spike.

**ANNIE**

Once we fell behind in the payments, the full amount of the mortgage became due.

**CONTINUED**

**96**

**135 CONTINUED**

**135**

**RAY**

And they own the paper, so they have the legal right to foreclose.

**ANNIE**

Unless we sell.

**RAY**

Either way we lose the farm. Maybe we can make it a condition of the sale that they keep the field up.

**ANNIE**

Forget it. They're buying up single farms all around us, make it one big farm. First thing they'll do is plow under your field.  
Ray just sits there, letting that sink in.

**CUT TO**



**136 EXT. FARM - DAY**

**1.36**

Ray and Mann walking.

**MANN**

I don't have a lot of money, Ray, but maybe I could pitch in a little.

**RAY**

Fine. You can put in twenty bucks for groceries.

**MANN**

That's not what I meant. Maybe the reason you were supposed to find me was so I could help you with this.

**RAY**

More likely it's that you're supposed to start writing again. About this.

**MANN**

Don't change the subject.

**RAY**

You promise to publish and I'll let you chip in from your royalties.  
Mann's expression suddenly turns to one of indignation.

**CONTINUED**

**97**

**136 CONTINUED**

**136**

**MANN**

One thing has nothing to do with the other.

**RAY**

I'm not sure I agree with that.

**MANN**

You're not only stubborn, you're stupid.

**RAY**

That I won't argue with.  
Annie emerges from the house and calls to Ray.

**ANNIE**

Honey, that was Mark. He's coming  
tonight. He needs a decision tonight.

**CUT TO**

**137 THE GAME**

**137**

Again, it's Joe Jackson's Chicago White Sox against the New  
York Giants, now featuring rookie Archie Graham.  
In the stands, Mann keeps score, Karin munches on a hot  
dog, and Annie and Ray snuggle together to watch the game.

**ANNIE**

Everything is so perfect here.

**RAY**

Whatever I have to do to save this  
place, I'll do.

**ANNIE**

I know.  
Suddenly, Ray snaps his head to the side, as one does to  
pick up a-distant sound.

**RAY**

He's here.  
They look and see Mark's car heading up the gravel lane.  
He parks the car at the edge of the field, and the game  
stops as he walks right across it, completely mindless of  
the players. Since he doesn't see any of them, a few  
actually have to move out of his way. He approaches the  
bottom of the bleachers.

**RAY**

You're interrupting the game, . Mark.

**CONTINUED**

**98**

**137 CONTINUED**

137

Mark shakes his head sadly at the thought that these otherwise sensible relations have lost their minds.

**MARK**

Ray, it's time to put away our little fantasies and come down to earth.

**RAY**

It's not a fantasy, Mark. They're real. Mark obviously doesn't see anyone on the field.

**MARK**

**(EMPHATICALLY)**

Who's real?

**RAY**

Shoeless Joe Jackson. The White Sox. The Giants.

**(TO MANN)**

He can't see any of it.

**MARK**

And who's that? Babe Ruth? Ray smiles, savoring the moment.

**RAY**

As a matter of fact, it's Terence Mann.

**MARK**

Ah, how do you? I'm Michael Jackson.

**(TO RAY)**

Ray, we have to settle this thing right now.

**RAY**

I'm not selling you my home.

**MARK**

You have no money, you've got a stack of bills to choke a pig, and come fall, you've got no crop to sell. But I have a deal to offer you that will allow you to stay on this land. This has Ray's attention. Mark climbs the bleachers to stand closer to him.

**KARIN**

Daddy, we don't have to sell the farm. But no one pays her any attention. All eyes are on Mark.

**CONTINUED**

99

137 CONTINUED (2)

137

**MARK**

Let us buy you out, and we'll leave the house. You can live in it rent free as long as you want.

**RAY**

What about the baseball field?

**MARK**

Do you realize what this land is worth?

**RAY**

Over \$2200 an acre.

**MARK**

Then you must realize we cannot keep a useless baseball diamond in the middle of rich farmland.

**RAY**

No deal, Mark. We're staying.

**KARIN**

We don't have to go.

**MARK**

**(EXPLODES)**

You're virtually bankrupt, and I'm offering you a way to keep your home because I love my sister! I've got partners who don't give a damn about you, and they're ready to foreclose right now!

**KARIN**

Daddy, we don't have to sell the farm.

**MARK**

Karin, please!

**RAY**

Wait.  
They all turn to Karin.

**KARIN**

People will come.

**RAY**

What people, sweetheart?

**CONTINUED**

**100**

**137 CONTINUED (3)**

**137**

**KARIN**

From all over. They'll just decide to take a vacation, see, and they'll come to Iowa City, and they'll think it's really boring, so they'll take a drive. And they'll drive down our road, and they'll see the lights and they'll think it's really pretty. Ray, Annie, and Mann listen with wonder, to this vision.

**KARIN**

So, the people in the cars? They'll drive up and they'll want to pay us, like buying a ticket. Mark looks at them all as if they're crazy.

**MARK**

You're not listening to this seriously, are you?

**ANNIE**

Yes.

**MARK**

Why would anybody pay money to come here? Karin looks at her Uncle mark as if he were a simpleton.

**KARIN**

To watch the game. And it'll be just like when they were little kids a long time ago, and it was summertime, and they'll watch the game and .remember what it was like.

Ray and Annie couldn't be prouder of their daughter than they are right now.

**MARK**

What the hell is she talking about?

**ANNIE**

She's talking about people seeing their memories... touching their past.

**RAY**

**(NODS)**

People will come.

**CONTINUED**

**101**

**137 CONTINUED (4)**

**137**

**ANNIE**

It'll be like one of those tiny, French restaurants that have no sign. You find it by instinct. They'll be drawn.

**MARK**

Okay, this is all fascinating, but the fact remains that you don't have the money to bring the mortgage up to date, so you still have to sell. I'm sorry, but you have no choice.

He produces a document and hands it to Ray with a pen. Ray looks at it. He doesn't know what to do.

**MANN**

Ray...

Ray looks at Mann.

**138 MANN**

**- 1.38**

speaks now as he has not spoken for many years: as Terence Mann, master of words, spellbinder.

**MANN**

People will come, Ray. They'll come to

Iowa for reasons they can't even fathom. They'll turn up your driveway, not knowing for sure why they're doing it, and arrive at your door, innocent as children, longing for the past. 'Of course we won't mind if you look around,' you'll say. 'It's only twenty dollars per person.' And they'll pass over the money without even looking at it. For it is money they have, and peace they lack.

**139 MARK**

**139**

pushes the papers. forward.

**MARK**

Just sign the papers, Ray.

**140 MANN**

**140**

is not one to give up.

**CONTINUED**

**102**

**140 CONTINUED**

**140**

**MANN**

They'll walk out to the bleachers and sit in shirtsleeves in the perfect evening, or they'll find they have reserved seats somewhere in the grandstand or along one of the baselines -- wherever they sat when they were children and cheered their heroes. They'll watch the game, and it will be as if they'd dipped themselves in magic waters. The memories will be so thick they'll have to brush them away from their faces.

**141 MASTER**

141

Spellbound, Ray has put the papers down. Mark picks them up again. He is battling Mann for Ray's attention.

**MARK**

Listen to me. Tomorrow morning, when the bank opens, they will foreclose.

**MANN**

People will come, Ray.

**MARK**

You're broke, Ray. Sell now or lose everything.

**MANN**

The one constant through all the years, Ray, has been baseball. America has rolled by like an`army of steamrollers. It's been erased like a blackboard, rebuilt, and erased again. But baseball has marked the time. This field, this ° game... it's a piece of our past. It reminds us of all that once was good. And that could be again. People will come. People will most definitely come. Mann has moved everyone (but Mark) with the beauty of his words, and the passion in his voice. Behind him, the assembled ballplayers respectfully applaud.

**BUCK WEAVER**

**(TEARY-EYED)**

That was beautiful...  
The other players nod, also teary-eyed.

**CONTINUED**

103

141 CONTINUED 141

**BUCK WEAVER**

**(SINCERELY)**

.fuckin' beautiful.  
The players on either side of him jab his ribs with their elbows, but Mann, Ray and Annie laugh with pleasure.



**MARK**

Ray. You will lose everything and you will be evicted.

Ray looks at the paper with dread. He looks at Shoeless Joe and the players. He looks at his family. Then he turns back to Mark. It's decision time.

**RAY**

I'm not signing.

Mark shakes his head sadly. Annie hugs Ray. The players breathe a great sigh of relief. Mann smiles.

**MANN**

Ray...

Ray looks up at Mann, who, with a gentle tilt of the head, directs Ray's attention to the house. Ray looks behind him toward the house.

**142 RAY'S POINT OF VIEW - CARS 142**

have parked in front of the house. More are coming quietly down the driveway. Dozens of cars. Cars with out-of-state license plates.

Some people, have gotten out of their cars and wait patiently. One or two families sit on their hoods, or have set up picnic dinners on their station wagons' tailgates.

**143 THE BLEACHERS 143**

Ray, Annie, Karin and Mann are deeply happy -- but not terribly surprised -- to see these people.

**RAY**

**(SING-SONG)**

They're he-re.

Mark looks at the house and then back at Ray.

**NARK**

Who's here?

**CONTINUED**

**104**

**143 CONTINUED**

**143**

**RAY**

(with an edge)

You don't see those cars? All those people?

**MARK**

Don't do this, you son of a bitch!  
There's no cars, no people...

**KARIN**

Uncle Mark, I can see them.

**ANNIE**

We all can.

**MARK**

You're crazy. You're all bat-shit  
crazy!

**RAY**

Watch your language, Mark.

**MARK**

You build a baseball field in the middle  
of nowhere, you sit around here and  
stare at nothing ---

**KARIN**

It's not nothing.  
Mark grabs Karin's arm and pulls her to her feet as if she  
were "Exhibit A."

**MARK**

And you've turned your daughter into a  
goddamn moron!

**RAY**

Get your hands off her.  
Ray rises threateningly, and Mark turns toward him. In so  
doing, he twists little Karin off balance.

**MARK**

I'm trying to help you, goddamnit!  
In that split second, they hear a strangled gasp, and see  
Karin falling forward from the top row of the bleachers.

**RA Y**

Karin!!

**144 KARIN**

**144**

Her hot dog flies off, the bun and wiener separating in midair. One small sandal bounces end over end and lands at the foot of the bleacher. It takes forever for her body to come down with a sickening thud on the hard green boards of one of the bottom rows.

**145 THE OTHERS**

**145**

rush down to where she lies, face up. Ray is first, but he does not know what to do. Annie and Mann hover. Mark is horror-stricken, but no one knows what to do.

**MARK**

Oh my God, I'm sorry...Annie...I didn't mean to...  
Karin is unconscious, and seems to be fighting for breath. Ray and Annie's eyes meet in anguish.

**ANNIE**

Should we move her?

**RAY**

Get the car.

**146 ANNIE**

**146**

springs for the house. The tourists by their cars watch quietly.

**ANNIE**

Is there a doctor? A nurse? Any of you?  
They sadly shake their heads no. Annie races inside.

**147 BACK AT THE BLEACHERS**

**147**

Most of the White Sox players stand by the left field fence, staring silently.

**MANN**

How long?

**RA Y**

Its a twenty-minute drive.  
Mann winces. He knows that could be fatal. Ray kneels by Karin. Her nose and one side of her face have been scraped by the fall. Blood starts to trickle from her nose, across her cheek and down her neck. She is becoming bluer and her cough is faint, as though she is in another room.

**CONTINUED**

106

147 CONTINUED

147

Mark takes off his \$300 pale-green velvet corduroy jacket and is wordlessly holding it out to Ray. Ray takes the jacket and covers Karin gently. Karin is getting paler, bluer, and her breathing more strained and distant.

RAY

Karin...

Then, without reason, Ray slowly turns toward the field. The White Sox stand near him by the fence, the Giants stay around their bench. All except one: young Archie Graham.

148 ARCHIE GRAHAM

148

has noticed the commotion in the bleachers, and he starts to lope across the field.

149 BLEACHERS

149

Annie has pulled the car over and honks. Ray holds up his hand to her to wait. His eyes are on young Archie Graham.

150 YOUNG ARCHIE GRAHAM

3.50

As Graham gets closer, his features begin to change, and his step slows. He reaches the end of the fence -- around which no player can pass -- and when he emerges from the shadows on the bleachers side, he is no longer young Moonlight Graham, the ballplayer of long ago...but Doc Graham, the old man from Chisholm, Minnesota. His baseball glove has turned into a black doctor's bag.

151 THE BLEACHERS

151

as Doc Graham approaches.

DOC GRAHAM

What have we got here?

**RAY**

She fell.  
Doc kneels beside her and instantly knows what is wrong.

**DOC GRAHAM**

This child's choking to death.

**CONTINUED**

**107**

**151 CONTINUED**

**151**

He picks her up with one hand under her shoulders and the other under her knees, seats himself on the bleachers, and turns her face down. Supporting her chest with one hand, he delivers a series of sharp blows between her shoulder blades with the heel of his other hand. Annie honks again. Ray waves her to him. Mark cannot believe what he is seeing. Suddenly, Karin's diaphragm expands as she sucks in air. Doc reaches around and pries her mouth open, releasing a sizable piece of hog dog and bun. As he turns her over, we can see the blueness disappearing from her face as she continues to breathe deeply. Doc peels back each eyelid in turn, stares at the pupil for a few seconds, and lets the eye close.

**DCC GRAHAM**

She's okay. I don't think the fall really hurt her, just the dog in her throat. She'll be coming around in a minute or two.

**RAY**

**(SIGHS DEEPLY)**

Thank you, Doc.  
Doc looks deeply into Ray's eyes.

**DOC GRAHAM**

No, son. Thank you.  
It just now sinking for Ray what-Doc Graham has sacrificed to save the child. Ray looks to the field, and then back at the Doctor.

**RAY**

'Oh, my God, you can't go back.

**DOC GRAHAM**

It's okay...

**(NODS KNOWINGLY)**

It's okay.

**152 MARK AND ANNIE**

**152**

Mark is slack-jawed. He has seen something magical happen and cannot explain it.

**MARK**

I saw...All of a sudden this kid runs off the field and turns into...

**CONTINUED**

**108**

**152 CONTINUED**

**152**

He looks questioningly at Annie. She smiles reassuringly.

**ANNIE**

There's hope for you yet, Mark.

**153 RAY AND DOC GRAHAM**

**153**

Doc Graham stands, and picks up his black bag.

**DOC GRAHAM**

Well, I best be getting back home before Alicia starts to thinking I've got a girlfriend.

He walks around the edge of the fence, and heads for the outfield door. The players respectfully make way for him.

**HAPPY FELSCH**

Good work, Doc.

**EDDIE CICOTTE**

Way to go, Doc.

**DOC GRAHAM**

Thanks, boys. Win one for me, someday,  
will you?  
He passes them.

**SHOELESS JOE**

Hev rookie!  
Doc Graham turns.

**SHOELESS JOE**

You were good.  
Only now do Doc Graham's eyes shine with tears. He smiles,  
and disappears through the door.

**154 ON THE SIDE**

**154**

Karin is coming to, Ray and Annie by her side. Some of the  
players start to gather up their equipment. Shoeless Joe  
calls to Ray.

**SHOELESS JOE**

We're gonna call it a night. We'll see  
you tomorrow.

**RAY**

Okay.

**CONTINUED**

**109**

**154 CONTINUED**

**154**

**MANN**

Good night.  
Joe starts to trot off the field, then he stops and turns  
back to the bleachers.

**SHOELESS JOE**

Hey! You wanna come with us?  
Ray's jaw drops.

**RAY**

You mean it?

**SHOELESS JOE**

Not you.

(points to Mann)  
Him.

**RAY**

Him?

**MANN**

Come with you?

**SHOELESS JOE**

Out there.

**MANN**

What is out there?

**SHOELESS JOE**

Come find out.

**RAY**

Wait a second. Why him?  
Shoeless Joe and the other players wait for Mann to join  
them, ignoring Ray's question.

**RAY**

I built this field! You wouldn't be  
here if it weren't for me.

**MANN**

Ray, for God's sake, I'm unattached.  
You've got a family.  
This takes Ray down a peg or two.

**RAY**

But I want to know what's out there! I  
want to see it!

**CONTINUED**

**110**

**154 CONTINUED (2)**

**MANN**

There's a reason they chose me, just as  
there was a reason they chose you to  
find me.

**RAY**

Oh yeah? Why?



**MANN**

Because, you big jerk, I gave that interview.

**RAY**

What interview?

**MANN**

The one about Ebbets Field. The one that charged you up and sent you all the way to Boston to find me.

**RAY**

Then you lied to me.

**MANN**

You were kidnapping me at the time, you asshole! Think of it, Ray: maybe there's an Ebbets Field still floating around out there somewhere. And maybe I'll get to sit in the stands, and watch a twenty-year-old kid with a smooth face and kinky hair try out for the 1948 Dodgers.

**RAY**

(to Shoeless Joe)  
So I do all the work, and all I get is to see everybody else's dreams come true. Is that it?

**SHOELESS JOE**

What are you saying, Ray?

**RAY**

I'm saying I'm happy for you, and I'm happy for him, but after all this what's in it for me?

**SHOELESS JOE**

Is that why you did this? For-you?

**MANN**

There's something out there for me, Ray. And what a story it'll make: a man being able to touch the perfect dream.

**CONTINUED**

111

154 CONTINUED (3)

154

**RAY**

Then you'll write about it?

**MANN**

You bet I will.

Annie walks Karin over. Ray bends down to Karin's face.

**RAY**

How you feeling, honey?

**KARIN**

Stupid.

Ray laughs and hugs her. He looks up at Annie.

**RAY**

Terry's been invited to go-with the players.

**ANNIE**

You mean 'out'?

**RAY**

(NODS)

Out.

**ANNIE**

(HUMS TWILIGHT

**ZONE THEME)**

Doo-doo-doo-doo. Be careful.

She smiles brightly and gives Mann a kiss on the cheek.

Mann shakes Ray's hand.

**RAY--**

I want a full description.

**MANN**

-You take care of this family, Ray.

Mann joins several of the White Sox as they leave the field.

155 MARK

155

is absolutely dumbfounded as he sees the players fade out upon walking through the outfield gate. He turns to Annie.

**MARK**

He just... Where'd he...?

**CONTINUED**

**112**

**15.5 CONTINUED**

**155**

**ANNIE**

You go inside and lie down. I'll explain later.

Mark walks off toward the people in their cars outside the house.

**MARK**

Where'd all these people come from...?

**156 BACK AT THE FIELD**

**2.56**

Only a few players are left on the field.

**RAY**

We're keeping this field.

**ANNIE**

You bet your ass we are.

Ray realizes Shoeless Joe is staring at him, with a shit-eating grin on his face.

**RAY**

What..

Shoeless Joe just keeps smiling.

**RAY**

What're you grinning at, you ghost?

**SHOELESS JOE**

'If you build it...

He nods toward where the catcher is taking off his gear at home plate.

**SHOELESS JOE**

' .he will come.'

Ray looks at the Catcher. The hairs on the back of his neck begin to stand up.

**RAY**

Oh, my God.

**ANNIE**

What is it?

**RAY**

Its my father.

**113**

**157 THE YOUNG CATCHER**

has taken off his mask. He is in his early twenties. He is in the same pose as the photo we saw in the prologue.

**158 RAY AND SHOELESS JOE**

Ray blanches and turns to Shoeless Joe, his voice a strangled whisper.

**RAY**

Say it ain't so,- Joe.

**SHOELESS JOE**

I'm afraid it is, kid.  
The Catcher is now walking toward Ray.

**RAY**

**(FINALLY**

**UNDERSTANDING)**

'Ease his pain...'

**SHOELESS JOE**

(smiles and nods)  
'Go the distance.'  
When he says those words, Shoeless Joe sounds just like The Voice.

**RAY**

It was you.

**159 SHOELESS JOE**

**159**

**SHOELESS JOE**

No, Ray. It was you.  
Shoeless joe winks and walks away, disappearing through the door in the outfield fence.

**160 RAY AND ANNIE**

**160**

The Catcher is halfway across the field. Ray turns to Annie. He cannot even swallow.

**RAY**

My God, I only saw him later, when he was worn down by life. Look at him. The young Catcher has reached the outfield grass. Ray walks down to the edge of the outfield.

**CONTINUED**

**114**

**160 CONTINUED**

**160**

**RAY**

He has his whole life in front of him, and I'm not even a glint in his eye. What do I say to him?

**ANNIE**

Introduce him to his granddaughter. Ray cannot believe how wonderful Annie is. The Catcher has reached the edge of the field, and now stands before Ray and Annie.

**CATCHER**

Hi, I just wanted to thank you folks for putting up the field and letting us play here. I'm John Kinsella. They shake his hand.

**RAY**

I'm Ray. My wife Annie. And this is my daughter, Karin.

**(TO KARIN)**

Karin, this is...  
He almost says "My father."

**RAY**

**KARIN**

**JOHN**

Ray and Annie are beaming. Annie takes Karin's hand.

**ANNIE**

We're going to let you two talk. I have  
to go look after our guests. Someone's  
gotta start collecting admission if  
we're going to keep this place.  
(to the Catcher)  
Very nice meeting you.

**JOHN**

M' am.

**161 ANNIE**

**161**

hoists Karin up and totes her toward the tourists waiting  
in front of the house.

**115**

**162 RAY AND JOHN**

**162**

watch them for a while, then start to, stroll across the  
field.

**RAY**

You catch a good game.

**JOHN**

Thank you. It's so beautiful here. Its  
like-well for me, it's like a dream  
come true.  
Ray cannot speak. He nods.

**JOHN**

Can I ask you something?  
Again, Ray nods.

**JOHN**

Is this heaven?  
Ray smiles and shakes his head no.

**RAY**

It's Iowa.

**JOHN**

Iowa. I could've sworn this was heaven.

**163 RAY**

**16 3**

stops and looks intently at John. He asks this question as if he were asking the secret of life. Maybe he is.

**RAY**

Is there a heaven?

**164 JOHN**

**164**

takes time to answer that. He looks up at the night sky and searches it.

**JOHN**

Oh, yeah...

Then he looks square into Ray's eyes.

**JOHN**

Heaven's where dreams come true.

**116**

**165 RAY**

**165**

looks toward the house and sees his wife and daughter on the veranda, a moon bright as butter silvering the night above them. He smiles. He finally understands. He turns back to John and nods.

**RAY**

Then maybe this is heaven.

**166 JOHN**

**166**

smiles wisely in return.

**JOHN**

Well...good night, Ray.

**RAY**

Good night.

**167 MASTER**

**167**

John starts to walk off toward the door in the outfield fence.

**RAY**

Hey!  
John turns back. Ray is holding a ball.

**RAY**

You wanna have a catch?  
John closes his eyes for a second, and when he opens them; there is the hint of moisture. Does he know Ray is his son?

**JOHN**

I'd like that.

Ray tosses him the ball, picks up a glove lying there, and puts it on.

They throw the ball back and forth.

And as we pull up higher and higher we see a father and son bathed by white floodlights and car headlights... on the silent, satiny green of a baseball diamond at the edge of a cornfield.

**FADE OUT**

**THE END**