

GLORY DAYS

by

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The sound of YOUNG CHILDREN clamoring in the background. ROB REAVER, 40, sits in a shabby recliner, gazing at...

A BASEBALL TROPHY across the room, lonely on its shelf.

He checks his watch. Double checks it against the clock on the wall.

The front door opens, admitting his wife, JANE.

JANE (O.S.)  
There's a few more bags in the trunk.

A THUD as she places grocery bags on the counter in the next room. We stay TIGHT ON ROB, his eyes never leaving the trophy except to check his watch.

JANE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oh, Jesus, Rob. I told you -- Bobby! Marnie! Rob, did you see this? Duke's food is all over the goddamn floor.

MARNIE (O.S.)  
You said a swear.

JANE (O.S.)  
Yeah, lock me up. Rob, I need you, please. What's with the mess, Bobby?

BOBBY (O.S.)  
The bag was super heavy, Mom.

MARNIE (O.S.)  
Dad was supposed to help.

JANE (O.S.)  
So you thought just leave it all over the floor?

BOBBY (O.S.)  
Duke will eat it still.

MARNIE (O.S.)  
He's outside. Bobby wouldn't let him in.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
It's your turn!

MARNIE (O.S.)  
I did it this morning.

JANE (O.S.)  
I don't care whose turn it is.  
Marnie, let the dog in. Bobby, get  
the broom. Rob!

A PHONE RINGING. Rob goes to the kitchen and answers it.

ROB  
Rob Reaver Plumbing.  
(a beat)  
What's the address?  
(a beat)  
OK. Twenty minutes.

He hangs up. His children stand at the back door, coaxing the dog. Jane leans against the counter.

ROB (CONT'D)  
Sump pump on Sycamore.

JANE  
Uh huh.

EXT. ROB'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Rob trudges down the driveway while Jane retrieves the rest of the groceries from her trunk. She pauses for a moment, bags in hand, watching her husband climb into his van.

JANE  
Rob.

He rolls down the window.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Good luck.

Rob regards her for a long moment, then drives away. Jane retreats into the house, the sound of BICKERING CHILDREN emanating before the door SLAMS SHUT.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD PARKING LOT - DUSK

The sun's dipped behind the trees and light is starting to fade. Three YOUNG MEN stand by a dusty sedan wearing jeans and t-shirts. We'll call them TINKER, EVERS, and CHANCE.

Each has a BASEBALL GLOVE, and one has a WOODEN BAT that he uses to bore a divot in the dirt.

The ROB REAVER PLUMBING VAN arrives, crawling to a halt beside the sedan. Rob gets out with his toolbox and a MANILA FOLDER. From the folder he withdraws three sheets of paper, which he passes to the young men.

ROB

Take a look. Let me know if you have any questions.

The young men study the sheets, and Rob retreats behind his van.

EXT. BEHIND THE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Alone and shielded by the van, Rob sets down his toolbox and unfastens the clasp with great reverence. Slowly, with precision, he lifts the lid...

Inside, an old MITT rests atop some WHITE FABRIC. Rob removes the mitt and places it on the ground next to the box. Then he stands and undresses to his skivvies.

His is a body gone soft with age: a little paunch from too much beer, white thighs, biceps grown sleepy.

He pulls the fabric from his tool box and unfurls it. His old BASEBALL UNIFORM.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Rob steps out from behind the van, and the youths look up. Chance laughs at the sight, but sharp looks from his buddies silence the kid quick.

Rob is fully outfitted in a TOO-TIGHT UNIFORM, cleats and cap and all. He adjusts his belt and wriggles his hand into the mitt.

ROB

I need to warm up.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Tinker and Rob playing catch, slowly increasing the distance between them as Rob's arm loosens. Evers and Chance smoke cigarettes by the car.

CHANCE  
You think his wife knows?

EVERS  
I don't know.

CHANCE  
I bet she doesn't. You don't stay  
married to a guy like that if you  
know.

EVERS  
I don't know.

CHANCE  
And she's hot. Have you seen her?  
She's like --

EVERS  
Shut up, Chance.

CHANCE  
No, I'm just saying --

EVERS  
Chance. Shut the fuck up.

Tinker raises an arm to draw the boys' attention.

TINKER  
(from afar)  
He's warm.

INSERT: SHEET OF PAPER

The FIRST PLAY transcribed:

*TOP 2ND, 1 OUT. MAN ON 3B. FLY TO CF, 8-2 PUTOUT ON TAG-UP.*

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Rob plays mid-depth in CENTER FIELD. His assistants are  
positioned: Tinker at the plate, Evers on third, Chance  
playing catcher for the home team.

ROB  
(to himself)  
McNamara at the plate with one out  
and one on. Scofield shakes off the  
sign. Now nods, comes to the set.  
(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)  
 (changes his cadence  
 slightly, imitating  
 someone else in a SECOND  
 VOICE)

Scofield has had some trouble with  
 his command early on here. Not a  
 great time to start missing spots.

(back to FIRST VOICE)  
 No. Definitely not.

Rob raises his arm, signaling Tinker to initiate the play.

ROB (CONT'D)  
 (first voice)  
 Scofield deals...

Tinker tosses the ball up to himself and SWINGS MIGHTILY,  
 launching it toward Rob.

ROB (CONT'D)  
 (first voice)  
 And it's skied high into center.  
 Reaver's under it, but this might  
 score Holden from third.

Rob's commentary breaks off as we PULL BACK WIDE and watch  
 him make the catch. Evers tags from third, sprinting home.  
 He's running in earnest -- Rob wants a genuine reenactment.

The throw sails far wide of the catcher and Evers crosses the  
 plate, scoring with ease.

The quartet resets and Rob begins again:

ROB (CONT'D)  
 (first voice)  
 McNamara at the plate with one out  
 and one on. Scofield shakes off the  
 sign. Now nods, comes to the set.  
 (second voice)  
 Scofield has had some trouble with  
 his command early on here. Not a  
 great time to start missing spots.  
 (first voice)  
 No, definitely not.

Signals Tinker.

ROB (CONT'D)  
 (first voice)  
 Scofield deals...

And now, as Tinker smacks the ball into center, another VOICE resumes the commentary, a RADIO ANNOUNCER from long ago. The recording is caked with static.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.)  
And it's skied high into center.  
Reaver's under it, but this might  
score Holden from third.

Rob makes the catch.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Reaver's got it and there goes  
Holden! Reaver guns it over the  
cutoff...It's gonna be close...  
Lasky straddling the plate...

The throw finds its mark this time, and Chance lays down a tag as Evers slides into home plate.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He got him! Rob Reaver with an  
incredible assist from center field  
to cut down Jimmy Holden at the  
plate. Oh, my goodness, was that a  
throw. We go to the bottom of the  
second: Hawks nothing, Rams  
nothing.

Rob jogs in from center.

ROB  
(to himself)  
We go to the bottom of the second:  
Hawks nothing, Rams nothing.

INSERT: SHEET OF PAPER

The SECOND PLAY transcribed:

*BOTTOM 4TH, 2 OUT. MEN ON 2B/3B. 1B TO LF SCORES 2. TAKES 2B ON THROW.*

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Rob stands with one foot in the batter's box.

Chance stands on second base. Tinker pitches. Evers in left.

Rob kicks at one of the depressions in the box, then steps in, taps his bat on home plate.

ROB

(second voice)

La Salle has a chance to capitalize here.

(first voice)

Well, they've got to. The Hawks are up by four after Hackett's grand slam in the top of the inning and you can see the light going out of the Rams' eyes.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.)

(over)

...and you can see the light going out of the Rams' eyes.

As Announcer 1 continues to call the game, we have several FAST CUTS of Rob fucking up this play. He fouls off a pitch; bloops into right; whiffs entirely.

By the time Announcer 1 gets around to the good stuff, we've seen five or six failed reenactments.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So it's Devine on second, Anzeveno on third, Reaver at the plate. Whitaker is very slow to the set, takes his time on the mound.

ANNOUNCER 2 (V.O.)

I thought the umpire might break out a caddle prod for him in the quarterfinal against Westerly.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.)

(laughs)

Now he gives Devine a quick look, kicks, deals...

(a beat)

Soft line drive over the leaping Colasante at short! Ball drops into left field and Anzeveno is in to score. They're sending Devine! They're sending him! Devine's around third and McNamara is up with it, throwing home --

Some choreography for the successful reenactment:

- (1) When Rob lines the ball into left, Chance takes off from second base.
- (2) Tinker switches from pitcher to catcher to field the play at home plate.



(3) After Evers throws home, he hustles to second base to receive the throw from Tinker.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

-- The throw's off the mark and Devine slides in safe! Reaver's on his way to second and here's the throw from the catcher...SAFE! Rob Reaver takes second on the play at the plate and La Salle has climbed back within two! The Rams fans are going absolutely bananas and would you look at that, here comes Engvall, it looks like he's gonna yank Whitaker...

The commentary fades out.

INSERT: SHEET OF PAPER

The THIRD PLAY transcribed:

*TOP 7TH. 2 OUT, BASES LOADED. K.*

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Rob's on the mound now. Tinker's at bat. Evers, wearing a mask and chest protector, squats behind home. Chance leans against the dugout's chain link.

ROB

(second voice)

With only three days' rest after the start against Exeter, you've got to wonder how Rob Reaver's arm is feeling right now.

(first voice)

Tough spot to call on Reaver here in the top of the seventh. Bases juiced on a couple walks and a single given up by...

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.)

(over)

...a couple walks and a single given up by Grant, who came in to relieve the struggling Scofield. But he's retired two in a row and if the kid's feeling fatigued on short rest he's not showing it.

ANNOUNCER 2 (V.O.)

Now the Hawks will send up Billy Hackett, who's two for three with one grand slam already and a triple in the first.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.)

There are rumors that the Yankees organization has expressed interest in the young slugger.

ANNOUNCER 2 (V.O.)

Not surprising.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.)

Now here's the first pitch to Hackett. Fastball, high and away. Ball one.

The same choreography applies: we might have a few cuts of each pitch until Rob gets it right.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Hackett steps out, looks for the sign. Now he's ready and Reaver comes to the set. He delivers...strike one.

(a beat)

Reaver's working quickly after sitting down the first two Hawks he faced.

ANNOUNCER 2 (V.O.)

Ice in his veins, this kid.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.)

The second pitch from Reaver...whoa, a huge cut from Hackett and you could tell he was thinking about an encore performance there.

ANNOUNCER 2 (V.O.)

Look at Reaver smiling. He knew it, too.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.)

And the Rams fans are on their feet now. Can Reaver sit down three in a row to get out of the jam? Hackett steps in...Reaver to the set. Reaver delivers...BREAKING BALL IN THE DIRT AND HACKETT CHASED! LASKY APPLIES THE TAG AND THAT'S IT!

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Rob Reaver punches out Billy  
 Hackett to end the inning and we go  
 to the final half: will the La  
 Salle Rams mount a comeback and  
 take it all? Due up: Anzeveno,  
 Morris, Devine.

CUT TO:

INT. DUGOUT - MOMENTS LATER

The four men sit in a row, all smoking cigarettes. One by one they stub them out. Break time's over.

ROB  
 Ready?

TINKER  
 Yeah.

EVERS  
 Sure.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Chance trots out to first base as Tinker and Evers take their positions at pitcher and catcher. Rob approaches the plate.

This time it's different. No foul balls, no whiffs. One clean take.

INSERT: SHEET OF PAPER

The FOURTH AND FINAL PLAY transcribed:

*BOTTOM 7TH. 2 OUT. MAN ON FIRST. WALK-OFF HR.*

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT ON Rob.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.)  
 Well, I wasn't sure we'd see Reaver  
 again, the way O'Hanian is dealing.

ANNOUNCER 2 (V.O.)

No. Struck out the first two and had Devine on the ropes before a slider stayed in and glanced off the kid's elbow.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.)

Grazed him, really.

ANNOUNCER 2 (V.O.)

Now the runner on first represents the tying run for La Salle Academy, and the winning run steps to the plate in the form of Rob Reaver, who's already got two RBIs on the day and a couple of key defensive contributions.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.)

And if you're La Salle's coach, this is who you want at the plate right now.

ANNOUNCER 2 (V.O.)

No doubt about it.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.)

Reaver loves the first pitch. Let's see what they give him.

ROB

Let's see what they give him.  
O'Hanian gets the sign.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.)

O'Hanian gets the sign. Looks back the runner at first.

ROB

Looks back the runner at first.  
O'Hanian deals...

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.)

O'Hanian deals...

SILENCE PREVAILS as Tinker releases the ball in SLOW MOTION.

Quickly, CLOSE-UPS ON:

(1) CHANCE at first base, eyes wide, ready to break as soon as Rob makes contact.

(2) EVERS behind home, focused on the pitch.

(3) TINKER, squinting on the follow-through, hoping...

(4) And ROB REAVER, face grim with determination as he takes a cut and we REVERT TO NORMAL SPEED TO SEE...

The ball coming off the bat and it's a no-doubter, this thing's gone, sayonara.

Sound fades slowly back in and commentary resumes as Rob runs the bases.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 AND IT'S GONE! A TWO-RUN WALKOFF  
 SHOT BY REAVER TO WIN IT ALL! THE  
 RAMS ARE CHAMPIONS! THE RAMS ARE  
 CHAMPIONS! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING  
 LIKE IT!

Sounds of a cheering crowd accompany Rob as he rounds second base. He whispers along with the Announcer.

ANNOUNCER 1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ROB REAVER CAN DO IT ALL, FOLKS. A  
 SPECTACULAR PLAY IN THE FIELD. A  
 BRILLIANT OUTING ON THE MOUND. AND  
 NOW A HOME RUN TO BRING HIS SCHOOL  
 THEIR FIRST TITLE SINCE 1952.  
 GOODNESS GRACIOUS I CAN'T--

The commentary and crowd noise CUT OUT ABRUPTLY as Rob DROPS TO THE GROUND halfway down the third baseline. He clutches his ankle, GASPING with pain.

TINKER  
 Hold on. Don't move it. Don't try  
 to move it.

EVERS  
 Let me take a look.

ROB  
 I'm fine. I'm fine.

CHANCE  
 (morbidly)  
 Is it broken?

EVERS  
 Probably sprained.

ROB  
 I don't think it's sprained. I'm  
 OK. It's good. Just a bad twist.

Tinker and Evers eye each other, back off a little.

ROB (CONT'D)

Can you...

He gestures, and they get his meaning.

CHANCE

Oh, God.

A glare from Tinker shuts him up again.

Rob puts an arm over the boys' shoulders. The last thirty feet to home plate are agony, but he makes it, grimacing as he scores.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD PARKING LOT - NIGHTFALL

The light's almost completely gone. Rob, back in his regular clothes, counts out \$50 for each of the young men. Chance stands a bit apart from the group.

EVERS

Stay off the ankle, yeah?

ROB

Yeah.

TINKER

OK. See you next year.

ROB

OK.

Rob limps back to the van and pulls away.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Rob parks in his driveway, kills the engine. He removes a cassette from his tape deck and places it gingerly in its case. Precious cargo.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jane lies on the couch, reading. With the kids asleep, the house is quiet at last. Rob enters.

He doesn't see her at first, but then he does: she's watching him over the top of her book, her aging husband limping toward the kitchen.

He stops. Neither one speaks for a long moment.

ROB  
Their kid left a toy on the cellar  
stairs. I tripped on my way down.

Another excruciating pause. Jane nods: *If you say so.* She puts her book aside and stands.

JANE  
Sit down. I'll get some ice.

He obeys her. She returns with a bag of frozen peas and a towel, kneeling before him and attending tenderly to his ankle.

JANE (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
How did it go?

Tears prick Rob's eyes.

ROB  
Good.

JANE  
Good.

Jane remains kneeling on the floor, leaning against Rob's legs, her head resting on his knee. We PULL AWAY SLOWLY, leaving them alone, their only company the steady TICK TICK TICK of the clock on the wall.

FADE TO BLACK.