

Give 'Em Heaven

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. SOFTBALL PARK - DAY

The sun harshly grazes a scoreboard reading a score of Hell's Bells Tavern 29 and First Church of New Friends 0. We pan to the field where the First Church of New Friends softball team, dressed entirely in white are in the field. Their uniforms read the church's name with a gold cross on their hats. We see Hell's Bells Tavern's team's dugout with 3 empty coolers on their sides, a slew of empty beer cans and half the team passed out on the bench. Their uniforms are black with white pinstripes. The club's manager, MICK is standing at the edge of the dugout cheering on his batters. He has a bottle of JACK DANIELS in his hand as his team continues their blowout. Across the field we see The First Church of New Friend's dugout. It's pristine, batting helmets all in a line. There's even a little bat boy, dressed in the same uniform. We pan to their manager, REVEREND SMITH, a gray and aging man. He is wearing the same uniform, though instead of numbers, his back is adorned with an elaborate scene of the gates of heaven. He's standing solemnly watching the mess take place. A pitch is thrown, the batter hits it hard into left field. Two runs score. As the batter stumbles to first base he passes out, allowing the outfielders for the First Church to retrieve the ball, and continuously throw it to places that are clearly not what they intended, until finally the ball gets to the first basemen. The teams hustle into their dugouts.

INT. FIRST CHURCH DUGOUT - CONTINUOUS

The team rushes to the dugout, wiping their feet on a mat outside on their way in. The man on deck is preparing to get out into the field, the catcher is removing his padding. As the first batter rushes out into the field, Reverend Smith halts him.

REVEREND SMITH

Guys, we've made it to the fourth inning and we're down more than ten runs. This means that unless, by some miracle, we go out there and score 20 runs. The BAT BOY interrupts.

BAT BOY 22. REVEREND SMITH

Oh yes, 22 runs, the game, and our season will be over after this inning. The team hangs their heads down.

(CONTINUED)

REVEREND SMITH (CONT'D)

Now, I'm not going to say that I expect more of you, because we are all doing the best with our God-given abilities, but for Christ's sake. PLAYER ONE interrupts.

PLAYER ONE

Please Reverend, watch your language. There's children present.

REVEREND SMITH

I'm sorry, but honestly, look at who we are playing. I know they're bigger and stronger and faster than all of us, but they are playing while asking for the Lord's wrath upon them. We are playing, with the lord on our side. If we can't do this for anything else, do it for our lord-and-savior-Jesus-Christ.

BAT BOY

Amen. The team starts to lift their heads up with excitement. The first batter leaves the dugout.

EXT. SOFTBALL PARK - CONTINUOUS

The first batter comes out and lines up in the batter's box. He swings at three bad pitches one after the other, then without emotion walks back to the dugout. The next batter excitedly walks out to the field. Three pitches quickly strike him out as well, as he walks back, without emotion back to the dugout. The THIRD BATTER walks out with a big smile on his face. Back on the mound we see a close-up of the opposing pitcher. He's sweating heavily, his eyes are glazed over, he drools a little as he slowly becomes less and less capable of chewing his tobacco. He throws his first pitch. It hits the batter right in the face. The batter lays down on the ground, unfamiliar with what to do now, the opposing catcher helps him to his feet. The batter stands there, smiling as his face swells. THE UMPIRE, puzzled walks towards the third batter.

UMPIRE

Son, you take your base now.

THIRD BATTER

What?

(CONTINUED)

UMPIRE

When you get hit by a pitch, you take your base.

THIRD BATTER

What do you mean I take my base?

UMPIRE

You are aloud to walk to first base.

THIRD BATTER

Then what.

UMPIRE

You'll figure it out. The batter walks to first base and stands on it, smiling. Reverend Smith pokes his head out of the dugout.

REVEREND SMITH

Um, umpire? Can we get a time out?

UMPIRE

Yeah. The reverend turns back to his dugout.

INT. DUGOUT - CONTINUOUS

DONNIE, the man on deck is begins approaching the batter's box. Reverend Smith stops him. Reverend Smith yells out to the umpire.

REVEREND SMITH

(to home plate) Um, equipment malfunction. (to Donnie) Donnie, I need you wait a second, I have something to say.

DONNIE

Yes sir, reverend.

REVEREND SMITH

Now team, with that man on base, their pitcher has ruined his perfect game, and he's going to come out really aggressive for the next few batters. Cut to.

EXT. SOFTBALL PARK - CONTINUOUS

On the pitcher's mound, the pitcher lay passed out. Cut to.

INT. DUGOUT - CONTINUOUS

REVEREND SMITH

So we are going to have to go at him with all of the lord's love behind us, because without it, we will most certainly not have a chance against him. Cut to.

EXT. SOFTBALL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Passed out, the pitcher is now vomiting. Cut to.

INT. DUGOUT - CONTINUOUS

REVEREND SMITH

Now, in great moments like this one, we have to look back on past events like it in all sports.

So I'm sure you're all familiar with that Notre Dame gipper thing, and how they went out and won a game for for him. The dugout looks at him, puzzled.

REVEREND SMITH (CONT'D)

Well Notre Dame came back to. The reverend is interrupted by a limousine that we see behind him. Scantily clad women are exposing their breast from the moon roof. The Reverend takes a deep breath and continues.

REVEREND SMITH (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Well, this guy was dying and Notre Dame won because they were going to win it for him. Now, they just had some guy with cancer to play for. We have the almighty. Now Donnie here is up at bat next and that's just the start. You ready Donnie?

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE

I think so coach.

REVEREND SMITH

Alright. So that team won it for the gipper and you guys are gonna go out there and win it for our savior. Win one for the savior. Now Donnie, go out there and give them heaven.

EXT. SOFTBALL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Donnie approaches the plate. He strikes out in three pitches. Both teams leave the field, the Tavern's ball club goes to their dugout to mingle with the scantily clad women. Their manger, now pouring his bottle of whiskey down a woman's mouth. The third batter, who is now showing bruises looks on, from third base. The Bat Boy begins to approach the opposing dugout. Donnie goes to stop him. Reverend Smith stops Donnie.

REVEREND SMITH

There's nothing you can do now,
he's lost to us.

REVEREND SMITH (CONT'D)

The bat boy makes his way to the dugout, sits down. The manager hands him a beer.

FADE TO BLACK.