

**BULL DURHAM**

INT. SANDY'S WHOREHOUSE -- NIGHT

NUKE ENTERS TENTATIVELY -- Another world. Grim. Sleazy.

The Doorman leads him down a hallway full of doors. A BLACK PROSTITUTE enters a room with a HUGE REDNECK. As they go down the hallway, and as they do:

We begin hearing singing--raucous, soulful, drunk.

NUKE STOPS IN A DOORWAY -- Looks into the "waiting room".

--P.O.V. SEVERAL HOOKERS in various stages of undress, sit on couches and chairs. Bored, smoking, ancient. The ONE WHITE HOOKER, a skinny 25 year old, accompanies on a guitar, struggling to keep up. And a couple HOOKERS are hanging around a piano that--

CRASH IS PLAYING and singing. He doesn't look up. Crash Is dressed but barefoot. A cigaret dangles from his mouth as he accompanies himself with decent cocktail lounge chords.

Two Hookers at the piano hum along.

CRASH (SINGING AND PLAYING)

But when she does get weary--Try  
a little tenderness...

NUKE STEPS INTO THE ROOM -- All the Hookers rise in anticipation of a new customer. Crash keeps playing, never looking up.

CRASH (SINGING CONT'D)

You know she's waiting, just  
anticipating, the things that  
she'll never possess...

(beat)

While she's there waiting--Try a  
little tenderness...

Nuke interrupts the instrumental passage:

NUKE

Crash. I'm going to the Show.

Crash Ignores him, keeps playing.

NUKE

Club's expanding its roster to  
finish the season--

CRASH

Shut up. I'm playing.

(singing last 8 bars)

Oh you won't regret it, young

girls don't forget it, lost in  
their own wilderness ...

(beat)

But it's all so easy--Just try a  
little tenderness...

As Crash plays on--

NUKE

I'm going to the Show.

CRASH

Then go.

NUKE GRABS CRASH by the hair and jerks him to his feet. The  
two men are face to face.

NUKE

I'm trying to thank you.

CRASH

Let go of me!

NUKE LETS HIM GO and Crash staggers drunkenly against the  
piano, regaining his balance as:

SANDY RUSHES IN WITH A GUN to break it up.

SANDY

He makin' trouble for you, Mr.  
Davis?

CRASH

No, no, Sandy, put it down.  
(drunkenly, to Nuke)  
Nuke, you know Sandy Grimes? Hit  
.367 at Louisville in 155.

SANDY

I hit .371.

CRASH

He hit .371--C'mon, Nuke--you and  
me, let's step outside and settle  
this.

NUKE

Settle what?

CRASH

C ' mon!

NUKE

I don't wanta fight you, I wanta  
thank you. Let's have a drink  
and forget this--

CRASH

God damn it, you fucking virgin  
prick--step outside.

Crash drunkenly heads out the back door in his underwear.  
Nuke reluctantly follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ALLEY BEHIND THE WHOREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Several of the Hookers follow to watch. Crash is drunk and  
lost. Nuke in control.

NUKE

C'mon, we got nothin' to fight  
about.

CRASH

You fuck!

NUKE

Why am I a fuck?

CRASH

Why are you a fuck?

(beat)

'Cause you got talent. I got  
brains. But you got talent!  
You're God damn left arm is worth  
a million dollars a year.

(drunken insight)

All my limbs put together are  
worth 7 cents a pound--and that's  
for science and dog meat.

NUKE

You're a great catcher.

CRASH

Come over here into the light so  
I can kick your ass.

NUKE

No.

CRASH

Okay, I'll kick your ass there.

Crash takes a step toward Nuke. Pulls up his bare feet  
quickly, stepping on a sharp stone.

CRASH

...God damn...I forgot my fucking  
shoes. Honey, go get my shoes.

One of the Hookers goes inside for his shoes.

NUKE

I'll take you back to the hotel.

CRASH

(drunken, mad)

You know what the difference is between hitting .250 and hitting .300? I got it figured out.

(beat)

Twenty-five hits a year in 500 at bats is 50 points. Okay? There's 6 months in a season, that's about 25 weeks--you get one extra flare a week--just one--a gork, a ground ball with eyes, a dying quail--just one more dying quail a week and you're in Yankee Stadium!

CUT TO:

INT. THE WHOREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

THE HOOKER FINDS CRASH'S SHOES -- Starts to bring them out to him when...she notices cash in one of them. The Hooker takes a few bills for herself, and continues out--

CUT TO:

BACK IN THE ALLEY -- Crash finishes his tirade as:

THE HOOKER COMES OUT WITH CRASH'S SHOES

He struggles drunkenly to put them on.

NUKE

Forget it. You ain't worth thanking--

NUKE STARTS TO WALK AWAY -- Crash fires his one free shoe at Nuke hitting him in the back of the head.

NUKE WHIRLS -- Comes after Crash.

CRASH

Come on, Meat...

CRASH SWINGS WILDLY -- Nuke ducks it and levels Crash with a short right hand.

CRASH CRASHES INTO SOME GARBAGE CANS -- Lies there on his back for several beats. Nuke stares.

CLOSE ON CRASH -- Blood trickles from his mouth.

CRASH

Nuke...tell me something. Did

you hit me with your right or  
your left?

NUKE

My right.

Silence. Crash's next line is both drunk and sober and we don't know if he's just being clever or if, somehow, he's staged It all. Maybe even he doesn't know.

CRASH

Good. Good. That's terrific...

NUKE

What?

CRASH

If ya get in a fight with some asshole, never hit his with your pitching hand. ya might get injured.

(smiles)

That's another lesson for ya--now quit fucking around and help me up.

CRASH REACHES UP A HAND FOR HELP -- Nuke stares back.

AND FINALLY NUKE REACHES DOWN AND HELPS CRASH to his feet.

NUKE

Ya look like shit.

The two men head inside.

**BULL DURHAM (2)**

NUKE CLEANS OUT HIS LOCKER -- Filling his travel bag.

Crash sits on a stool next to him. Sober.

CRASH  
Sorry about last night.

NUKE  
Forget it.

CRASH  
I have been known, on occasion,  
to howl at the moon. D'you  
understand that?

NUKE  
No.

CRASH  
You will.  
(beat)  
Look, Nuke--these Big League  
hitters are gonna light you up  
like a pin ball machine for awhile--  
don't worry about it. Be cocky  
and arrogant even when you're  
getting beat. That's the secret.  
(beat)  
You gotta play this game with  
fear and arrogance.

NUKE  
Fear and ignorance.

CRASH  
(raging)  
No. Fear and arrogance, you,  
hayseed, not ignorance!

NUKE  
(smiles calmly)  
I know. I just like to see you  
get all worked up.

Crash calms down. Sighs. Nuke nods and picks up his bags.

NUKE  
(knows it's not true)  
Well, I got Annie all warmed up  
for ya...

(knows it is true)  
She's just waiting for you to  
show up, y'know...

CRASH  
I don't need a crazy woman in my  
life.

NUKE

Maybe you do.

(quick beat)

Y'know I'm starting to like this  
game--baseball's a helluva good  
way to make a living.

Crash speaks with quiet passion, from his soul.

CRASH

It's the best, Nuke...the absolute  
fucking best.

NUKE

Yeah, thanks for everything.

They shake hands, and Nuke heads out the door.

CRASH

Nuke--

(Nuke stops)

Good luck.

NUKE

You too...Meat.

Nuke smiles. A little arrogance and fear.