

RK	Player	W	L	ERA	G	GS	SV	SVO	IP	H	R	ER	HR	B	SO +	AVG	WHIP	
1	Ryan, N	324	292	3.19	807	773	3	5	5386.0	3923	2178	1911	321	2795	5714	.204	1.25	
2	Johnson, R	303	166	3.29	618	603	2	4	4135.1	3346	1703	1513	411	1497	4875	.221	1.17	
3	Clemens, R*	354	184	3.12	709	707	0	0	4916.2	4185	1885	1707	363	1580	4672	.229	1.17	
4	Carlton, S	329	244	3.22	741	709	2	5	5217.1	4672	2130	1864	414	1833	4136	.240	1.25	
5	Blyleven, B	287	250	3.31	692	685	0	2	4970.0	4632	2029	1830	430	1322	3701	.247	1.20	
6	Seaver, T	311	205	2.86	656	647	1	2	4782.2	3971	1674	1521	380	1390	3640	.226	1.12	
7	Sutton, D	324	256	3.26	774	756	5	5	5282.1	4692	2104	1914	472	1343	3574	.236	1.14	
8	Perry, G	314	265	3.11	777	690	11	12	5350.1	4938	2128	1846	399	1379	3534	.245	1.18	
9	Johnson, W	417	279	2.17	802	666	34	-	5914.1	4913	1902	1424	97	1363	3508	.227	1.06	
10	Maddux, G	355	227	3.16	744	740	0	0	5008.1	4726	1981	1756	353	999	3371	.250	1.14	
11	Niekro, P	318	274	3.35	864	716	29	34	5404.1	5044	2337	2012	482	1809	3342	.247	1.27	
12	Jenkins, F	284	226	3.34	664	594	7	9	4500.2	4142	1853	1669	484	997	3192	.243	1.14	
13	Martinez, P	219	100	2.93	476	409	3	4	2827.1	2221	1006	919	239	760	3154	.214	1.05	
14	Gibson, B	251	174	2.91	528	482	6	7	3664.1	3279	1420	1258	257	1336	3117	.228	1.11	
15	Schilling, C	216	146	3.46	569	436	22	34	3261.0	2996	1318	1253	347	711	3116	.243	1.14	
16	Smoltz, J	213	155	3.33	723	481	154	THE ROCKET*		174	1391	1284	288	1010	3084	.237	1.16	
17	Burnett, J	224	184	3.27	591	519	16	17	3760.1	3433	1527	1366	372	1000	2956	.242	1.18	
18	Luttrell, M	217	131	3.44	586	486	11	11	3636.1	3386	1537	1390	347	1088	2832	.246	1.23	
19	Musana, M	279	153	3.68	537	536	9	Screenplay		400	1359	1458	376	795	2813	.255	1.19	
20	Young, C	511	316	2.83	908	815	17	by		1798.0	7082	3147	2147	138	1217	2803	.252	1.13
21	Tanana, F	240	236	3.56	636	516	5	2	4166.1	4063	1910	1754	448	1204	2773	.254	1.27	
22	Cone, D	194	136	3.40	506	406	1	Ryan Belenzon & Jeffrey Gelber		13	359	1137	398	250	139	.250	1.28	
23	Foley, C	286	173	3.85	504	467	6	2	3187.1	3086	1317	1388	364	1302	2816	.255	1.38	
24	Chester, T	305	203	3.34	692	692	0	Screen Story by		1886	1754	396	1980	2807	.257	1.31		
25	Spahn, W	363	243	3.38	750	690	25	Jeffrey Gelber		2018	1880	434	1434	2983	.244	1.19		
26	Fisher, B	266	192	3.25	575	464	21	-	3627.0	3271	1607	1384	324	1764	2581	.251	1.32	
27	Kueth, T	342	205	2.82	696	594	2	-	5049.2	4438	2488	1472	78	1203	2584	.437	1.52	
28	Kosman, J	222	204	3.36	612	527	17	21	3636.1	3630	1608	1400	280	1188	2536	.252	1.28	
29	*Thompson, J	185	180	4.22	496	462	6	6	2640.2	2784	1401	1404	373	793	2536	.255	1.25	
30	Mohrman, C	372	188	2.13	636	521	26	-	4786.2	4218	1817	1100	86	844	2502	.236	1.06	
31	Orvoshak, D	259	188	2.86	518	465	6	6	3432.0	3086	1282	1126	280	804	2486	.239	1.15	
32	Wynn, J	254	188	3.30	546	527	6	6	3624.0	3087	1810	1807	389	1386	2478	.247	1.35	
33	Langston, W	176	158	3.87	467	426	6	3	2882.2	2725	1438	1386	311	1288	2464	.246	1.32	
34	Kent, J	263	237	3.40	688	625	18	18	4030.1	4020	2038	1738	380	1082	2461	.264	1.28	
35	McLanahan, B	141	134	3.17	425	346	14	14	2480.1	1948	888	879	184	1312	2453	.213	1.01	
36	Putcha, A	256	193	3.35	525	521	6	6	3218.0	3446	1872	1478	288	1001	2448	.269	1.35	
37	Wynn, J	268	208	4.25	696	638	6	2	4074.0	4201	2078	1824	522	1108	2441	.268	1.32	
38	*Salathia, C	206	158	3.83	425	423	6	6	2821.1	2843	1348	1107	345	844	2437	.248	1.24	
39	Tart, L	228	172	3.30	573	484	16	16	3486.1	3072	1480	1280	346	1104	2416	.236	1.26	
40	Estessing, D	187	171	3.50	4371	381	380	481	5285.2	3078	1382	1279	347	736	2401	.246	1.18	
41	Brown, B	211	166	3.36	486	476	6	6	3296.1	3078	1387	1180	258	801	2387	.249	1.22	
42	Kroffas, B	185	87	2.76	367	314	6	-	2524.1	1754	808	713	259	507	2385	.205	1.01	
43	*Burnett, A	155	150	4.38	406	404	6	6	2587.1	2340	1284	1100	311	1001	2378	.244	1.32	
44	Hough, C	216	216	3.75	698	640	41	40	3831.1	5280	1807	1882	383	1488	2362	.250	1.38	
45	Roberts, B	286	240	3.41	678	608	26	-	4088.2	4082	1862	1754	386	912	2357	.256	1.17	
46	Wynn, E	388	246	3.34	681	612	16	-	4584.0	4281	2007	1800	536	1771	2334	.248	1.30	

February 6th, 2015

\*The Following Story Is True... or Misremembered.

**OVER BLACK:** The impassioned voice of a NEW YORKER...

NEW YORKER (V.O.)  
Do 'ya know the most difficult thing  
to do in sports, in any sport, in  
the history of sports?

CAMERA FLASHES sprinkle the darkness like a constellation.

OTHER VOICE (V.O.)  
No.

FADE IN ON:

### **A SEA OF SPECTATORS**

HUNDREDS OF THEM. OUT-OF-FOCUS. Just a lot of RED & WHITE  
blurring into a single mass of reverberating excitement...

NEW YORKER (V.O.)  
Hitting a baseball. Plain and  
simple.

...A figure RISES into frame -- TAKING THE MOUND -- his face  
forever forward. The back of his bright white UNIFORM reads:

**CLEMENS**  
**21**

#21 takes position to pitch and our angle adjusts, REVEALING--

NEW YORKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
See... a baseball mound is 60-feet,  
six inches from home plate...

--A BATTER, a CATCHER and an UMPIRE. They're out-of-focus  
too... because all we care about, all we'll be watching...

IS A BASEBALL -- clean cowhide, 108 double-stitches -- lifted  
into frame, enveloped in a black LEATHER PITCHER'S GLOVE...

NEW YORKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...And the average major league  
fastball is 95 miles-an-hour.

FOLLOW THE BALL as the still-faceless #21 brings his arm back  
-- the windup -- unfurling in a fluid split-finger rotation...

NEW YORKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Means it takes point-four seconds  
from hand to bat...

LAUNCHING THE BASEBALL and snapping us into-- **SLOW MOTION...**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEW YORKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...That's four hundred and thirty  
milliseconds, if we're bein' exact.

We're so tight on the ball we can almost make out the AIR  
 CURRENT slipstreaming over the red rivets of yarn...

NEW YORKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Now the batter has only half that  
 time to choose if he's gonna swing.  
 That's it. Ball's still thirty feet  
 away-- he's gotta decide. When it's  
 that fast...

A CHANGE UP -- We now FOCUS on the tip of the BASEBALL BAT.  
 It *quivers* as the batter's arm muscles make a decision...

NEW YORKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 It has to become *instinct*.

...TO SWING. The Louisville Slugger begins its PERFECT ARC...

NEW YORKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Best hitters in the game either got  
 some crazy Jedi inner-peace or  
 they're the dumbest jocks on the  
 face of God's green earth...

...THE BALL approaches the far corner of the plate...

NEW YORKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Because the end of that bat's goin'  
 almost as fast as the ball. So the  
 timing, the angle... Everything has  
 to be perfect... Otherwise...

--THE BAT AND THE BALL MISS EACH OTHER BY A HUMAN HAIR--

NEW YORKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...In the blink of an eye...

The baseball *SLAMS* into the CATCHER'S GLOVE as we resume...

**NORMAL SPEED.** The Umpire gives the universal SIGNAL for:

NEW YORKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...You're out.

#21 - ROGER CLEMENS - face still unseen, throws a fist to the  
 heavens... in elation, in excitement, or maybe, just maybe...

In defiance.

CUT TO:

**EXT. COFFEE KIOSK - MORNING - FEBRUARY 13, 2008**

BRIAN MCNAMEE -- our New Yorker -- tears apart a PAPER NAPKIN. The body of a jock but the face of an accountant, he's spent his late 30's losing hair and growing bitter.

BRIAN (NEW YORKER)  
You ever play baseball?

He looks across the fold-out table at federal agent JEFF NOVITZKY, his sharply SHAVED HEAD matched by his demeanor.

JEFF (OTHER VOICE)  
I'm six-seven, Brian. I've got a strike zone the size of Montana.

BRIAN  
Randy Johnson's six-ten.  
(beat)  
Basketball?

Jeff sips coffee from a paper cup, points at Brian: *Bingo*. Brian tears his napkin again. One tiny piece at a time...

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Do you miss it?

Jeff thinks, takes a look around... the kiosk is in a BIG PARK. Lot of grass, lot of trees, lot of visitors...

JEFF  
You know... Turns out, I'm not really a big fan of sports.

This idea seems so alien to Brian. He tears the napkin--

BRIAN  
See, I don't get that. I miss the game every day. And I was good, too... back in college. Just not good enough. Couldn't hit for shit.

JEFF  
Well I hear hitting a baseball is rather difficult.

Brian stops tearing. Looks Jeff bitterly in the eye.

BRIAN  
You still don't get it, do you?

JEFF  
You mean that little math lesson we just had wasn't explanation enough?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN  
Hitting a baseball is hard because  
the guy throwing it makes it hard!  
(riled up)  
You have no respect for the game.  
That's your problem! Respect.

JEFF  
We clearly have different  
definitions of that word.

Tourists crowding the kiosk are beginning to stare at Brian.

BRIAN  
Christ-- didn't you guys have better  
things to do? Huh, Jeff?  
(no answer)  
Before you and Senator Mitchell  
decided to burn down Rome... He  
saved baseball. Twenty-eight hundred  
strikeouts. Two hundred wins. Four Cy  
Young's. *All before ninety-eight*. He  
could've retired then and there and  
he still would've been one of the  
best to ever play. And all of it...  
(beat)  
All of it done clean.

Jeff nonchalantly tosses out the dregs of his coffee cup--

JEFF  
Yeah. And then he met you.

--AND HE SLAMS THE CUP down over the napkin shards.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
You owe Roger nothing. Tell the truth.  
(beat)  
Now throw away your trash.

Brian doesn't move, his last defiant act before the gallows.  
Instead, he looks behind him, out over the green grass to--

#### THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL

At the end of the WASHINGTON MALL. A reflecting pool doubles  
the sky and the dome and a flapping AMERICAN FLAG...

PUSH IN -- ON BRIAN as our NATIONAL ANTHEM hauntingly echoes:

SINGER (PRE-LAP)  
*Oh, say does that star-spangled...*

CUT TO:

A SINGER. Blonde, well-practiced. In front of home plate in...

**EXT. RIVERFRONT STADIUM - CINCINNATI, OH - APRIL 26TH, 1995**

THE PLAYERS, hands over hearts, line up at their DUGOUTS...

SINGER  
*...banner yet wave... O'er the land  
 of the fr--*

The Singer TRAILS OFF, distracted by a BUZZING AIRCRAFT flying low and loud overhead... Dragging a BANNER:

**"OWNERS & PLAYERS - TO HELL WITH ALL OF YOU!"**

NEWS FOOTAGE:

PETER JENNINGS (ABC NEWS)  
 After 232 days... America's baseball strike is finally over.

**JACK MURPHY STADIUM.** A Padre homers into the bleachers... But nobody's there to catch it. The stadium's only a third full.

TOM BROKAW (NBC NEWS)  
 District Judge Sonya Sotomayor today issued an injunction against owners of Major League Baseball.

**SHEA STADIUM.** Three men leap on the field mid-game wearing t-shirts with "GREED". They toss \$1-bills at the players.

TOM BROKAW (CONT'D)  
 Effectively ending the longest labor dispute in the history of sports.

**THREE RIVERS STADIUM.** Fans loudly BOO, tossing bottles and cans and memorabilia onto the field, delaying play.

DIANE SAWYER (20/20)  
 Following an eight month walkout, players finally returned to the field. They were met with the lowest opening day attendance on record.

**VARIOUS STADIUMS.** Over DIFFERENT GAMES, even less spectators than opening day. A pathetic, dwindling turnout.

STEVE LEVY (ESPN)  
 The players came back, sure, but the question still remains...

**SPORTS BARS.** On the tube televisions, various ballgames... Chairs sit empty. Glasses sit empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE LEVY (CONT'D)  
...Will the fans?

**FENWAY PARK.** ALSO EMPTY. As the STADIUM LIGHTS --

KEITH OLBERMANN (ESPN)  
I say to you tonight... There is no  
joy in Mudville.

-- *Ka THUNK, Ka THUNK* -- are turned off. OVER BLACK:

KEITH OLBERMANN (CONT'D)  
Mighty Casey has struck out.

SUPER: TWO SEASONS LATER

**GRAPHIC: THE OPENING OF ESPN'S SPORTSCENTER (1998)**

Playing on a PORTABLE MONITOR setup beside a large array of  
T.V. LIGHTS and CAMERA EQUIPMENT. We are in...

**INT. MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL HEADQUARTERS - PRESS ROOM - NIGHT**

A FIELD TEAM for ESPN stands behind their equipment. Sitting  
in a chair, the focus of all those lights, is BUD SELIG. He  
looks like a rich U.S. Ambassador... which in a way, he is.

FIELD PRODUCER  
Live in twenty.

Bud is flipping through NOTE CARDS of prepared questions:

*"Plans to address low attendance?"*  
*"Interleague play... here to stay?"*  
*"Is this the end of baseball?"*

A MAKEUP GIRL finishes touching up Bud as...

FIELD PRODUCER (CONT'D)  
In five, four, three...

**SPLIT SCREEN SHOT:** Veteran journalist STEVE LEVY, live in  
ESPN'S STUDIO in Connecticut on the left. Bud is on the right.

STEVE LEVY  
Bud Selig, Commissioner of Major League  
Baseball, glad you could join us.

BUD  
Thank you, Steve. And a heartfelt  
thank you to all the baseball fans  
watching. I think we're all looking  
forward to what I know will be a  
thrilling ninety-eight season.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TWO ARMS slice into frame, straining-- and then out again--

**INT. MCNAMEE APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NEW YORK, NY - NIGHT**

STEVE LEVY (ON TV)  
I'm glad somebody is so optimistic.

Brian McNamee, ten seasons younger, works out hard on his BOWFLEX MACHINE, the nicest thing in the cramped room...

BUD (ON TV)  
I hear you loud and clear, Steve.  
And I hear the fans, too. We know  
they're still smarting from the  
strike... but this is their game,  
and trust me... they are about to  
see some amazing baseball.

Bud and Steve are BLOCKED by a spittle-covered shirt. Brian looks up at EILEEN, his wife, a once-upon-a-time cheerleader.

EILEEN  
Brian... I've been calling you.

BRIAN  
Okay. Sorry. One more set!

Brian keeps attacking his workout. Eileen sighs and exits.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

A SPORTS-THEMED BABY MOBILE softly plays *Take Me Out to the Ballgame*. Brian reaches into a CRIB and cradles his SON-- A loving tableau, REFLECTED by a glass-paneled BOOK SHELF, aka:

"BRIAN'S TROPHY CASE" -- Filled with TEAM PHOTOS and AWARDS that start in LITTLE LEAGUE and end at ST. JOHNS UNIVERSITY.

The only item not baseball related is a PLAQUE with the NYPD POLICE ACADEMY SHIELD and: "BRIAN G. MCNAMEE - CLASS OF 1990"

BRIAN  
Daddy's gonna have to clear some  
room here... Yes he is. Yes he is!

Brian takes the baby's hand and points it at this SHRINE to his glory days... But as the CAMERA admires it closer...

...It seems to be more like a shrine to *potential unfulfilled*.

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Brian sets his one year-old on the Formica counter beside a safety-wrapped, infant-sized SYRINGE. Eileen hovers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EILEEN  
I'm worried, Bry.

BRIAN  
I know, sweetie, but honestly... it makes him feel better.

EILEEN  
I'm not talking about the shot. I'm talking about you leaving your family for seven months.

Brian turns. Hates disappointing his wife.

BRIAN  
Six months and do you want me to call Tim and say I'm out? I will, for you. But he went out on a limb for me! I turn him down now, that's it. Chances to be a trainer at this level -- they don't come along more than once.

EILEEN  
You never should've left the force.

BRIAN  
(pulls her close)  
Remember when you used to say you'd rather have me a thousand miles away in a baseball jersey than two miles away in a bullet-proof vest? Hmmm?

Eileen hugs him. She's trying to be strong for her husband.

EILEEN  
I'm just gonna miss you, is all.  
This's what you've been waiting for.

BRIAN  
It's what we've been waiting for. Come on... It's better insurance, better pay, bragging rights! Now your husband's not just some putz down at the "Y"... I'll be a bona fide coach for a professional baseball team!

EILEEN  
I know. It's your dream. Just... Promise me you won't get into too much trouble with those guys.

BRIAN  
Leeny, it's Canada! What'am I gonna get into?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EILEEN

Show me one more time. I'll get it.

Brian takes a condensation-covered VIAL marked "INSULIN" from his pocket. He uses the fresh syringe to suck up the medicine.

BRIAN

Come on. We'll do it together.

Brian turns the needle vertical, taps the plastic. GO CLOSE--  
AS HE DEPRESSES LIQUID FROM THE TIP

MATCH CUT TO:

A FOUNTAIN, shooting water straight into the air outside...

**EXT. UNITED STATES CAPITOL - MORNING - 2008**

Two MASSIVE STAIRCASES wrap around the fountain. FOCUS ON:

BRIAN MCNAMEE AND JEFF NOVITZKY

Walking up the North stairs. Brian pauses, turns to the South stairwell where a SIZABLE CROWD has gathered at the base...

TV NEWS CREWS and SEVERAL FANS have surrounded a LARGE MAN, his face angled away from us. But we recognize his backside.

Even without his uniform, we know. This is #21.

Brian stares at an EXCITED FAN pushing to the front of the crowd holding a baseball and marker. #21 SIGNS THE BALL...

CUT TO:

CRACK! A BASEBALL FIRES INTO THE SKY... We are...

**INT. SKYDOME STADIUM FIELD - TORONTO, CANADA - MORNING - 1998**

The iconic CN TOWER and the SKYDOME HOTEL -- with its famous rooms overlooking the field -- are both visible as we reveal:

JOSÉ CANSECO (#33), a beast of muscles, slugging it out at home plate. A few players have gathered behind the BACKSTOP--

JOSÉ

Fuck. Yeah!

Brian STEPS OUT from behind the players to get a better look. José quickly notices the one guy not in a BLUE JAYS UNIFORM:

JOSÉ (CONT'D)

You here for an autograph, pal?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Mr. Canseco, I'm-- Wow-- I'm Brian  
McNamee. I'm the new strength and  
conditioning coach.

JOSÉ

No shit?

José signals for a pitch and LAUNCHES IT deep to right field.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)

Don't think I'm gonna need you.

The players laugh, causing Brian to turn red just as--

A \$4000 ROLEX DATEJUST wraps around Brian's shoulder. TIM  
MCCLEARY is only thirty and already assistant General Manager.  
A younger Tim stood next to Brian in those old TROPHY PHOTOS.

TIM

(re: José)

Guy fucks Madonna and suddenly  
thinks he's Jesus Christ.

(beat)

I asked you to meet me in my office,  
didn't I, Mac?

Tim gestures to the EXECUTIVE OFFICES up by the Press Box.

BRIAN

Guess I took a wrong...

JOSÉ

--So this Rocket's guy?

Brian looks puzzled. Tim quickly smiles, pivoting...

TIM

Brian's the most ruthless trainer  
I've ever met. A dictator in the  
gym. Plus, he's a miracle worker for  
shoulder injuries.

Tim spins his rotator cuff, winking at Brian.

JOSÉ

Right. That's what you said about  
the last five guys.

José fouls a ball near TWO HOT WOMEN in the bleachers then  
points his bat a la Babe Ruth at the waving women...

JOSÉ (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go fuck those chicks.

José adjusts his junk, drops his bat and struts off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM  
St. Louis has Mark McGwire. Chicago  
has Sammy Sosa. We have Bam Bam.

**INT. STADIUM HALLWAY - LATER**

Tim leads Brian toward an elevator--

BRIAN  
But what did he mean, the  
last five guys?

TIM  
--Don't listen to...

--passing the player's LOCKER ROOM, empty except for an irate  
pitching coach in large round glasses named MEL QUEEN (56).

MEL  
McCleary!

Tim spins, noticing Mel... and Mel's cup of tobacco spit.

TIM  
Shit.

MEL  
I didn't say anything when he missed  
one practice. I kept my mouth shut  
when he missed two. You wanna know  
how many practices he's missed now?

TIM  
Three?

MEL  
Eight!  
(spit)  
For ten-million dollars a year, at  
the very least he should be out  
there mowing the fucking lawn.

TIM  
Mel, I want you to meet Brian  
McNamee. He's here to... take care  
of our little problem.

MEL  
Little? My dick is little. Our  
problem's a fuckin' fatass.

He spits out more chew and storms past. Tim sighs...

TIM  
There's a reason I told you to meet  
me in my office.

**INT. TIM MCCLEARY'S OFFICE - DAY**

Brian is staring in complete surprise at Tim:

BRIAN  
Roger... Clemens? You want me to *fix*  
Roger Clemens?

TIM  
I didn't say that. I want you to  
*work with* Roger Clemens.

BRIAN  
I don't understand. Didn't he win  
the Cy Young last season?

TIM  
That was last season. He was only  
thirty-five last season.

The implication hangs in the air...

BRIAN  
How many years does he have left on  
his contract?

Tim holds up THREE FINGERS. Brian exhales.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Why'd you sign him then?

Tim gets up from his desk, looks out the window at all those  
vacant bleachers. The weight of those *tickets* a reminder.

TIM  
Same reason we paid through the  
wazoo for Canseco. Same reason every  
team is biting the bullet... the  
strike fucked us. We gotta do  
whatever we can to get the fans back  
in the seats and surprisingly, free  
hat night isn't cutting it.

He turns from the window. Leans on his wooden file cabinet.

TIM (CONT'D)  
His arm is simply out of juice. And  
I can't have my star pitcher's arm  
out of juice. We've got nothing on  
the x-rays and three board-certified  
doctors shrugging their shoulders.  
Adding insult to whatever injury he  
may or may not have... Clemens seems  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM (CONT'D)  
to have spent the off-season turning  
himself into the Pillsbury Doughboy.

BRIAN  
And the five trainers before me  
couldn't help?

TIM  
Those were five guys from inside the  
box. Five guys who followed the  
rulebook. Now it's time to try  
somebody who's never even read it.  
Jesus, Mac... I can't believe I have  
to sell you on this!

BRIAN  
You don't have to sell me, Tim. I  
just don't want to let you down.

TIM  
Listen. I know how close you came to  
being one of them... instead of one of  
us. But as good as you were at the  
game, you're an even better trainer.  
Now, I'm at the end of my rope-- I'm  
not doing you a favor, you're doing me  
a favor. Because I believe if the  
Brian McNamee I knew in college shows  
up to work, he just may be what this  
organization desperately needs.

(then)  
Ten starts. That's it. This is the  
greatest show on earth, Brian. Get  
the Rocket to ten starts... and  
you'll finally be inside the tent.

CUT TO:

THE BLUE JAYS LOGO, writ large across a blue DOUBLE-DOOR...

**INT. PLAYER'S GYM - LATER**

The Blue Jay cuts in half as Brian slowly enters the vacant  
gym. The beat of a RAP SONG calls to him from the--

**INT. TUB ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A propped-open door reveals two giant METAL WHIRLPOOL TUBS.  
One is steaming hot. The other is filled to the top with ICE.

TUPAC (V.O.)  
*...Cause I'm somewhat psychotic.  
I'm hitten' switches on bitches like  
I been fixed with hydraulics--*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An ICE MACHINE rattles by the wall under a blasting BOOMBOX playing "*How Do U Want It*" by TUPAC. Brian steps over and...

*Clicks* the song off. Peace and quiet. Brian dips a hand into the icy tub, staring at his REFLECTION... psyching himself up:

BRIAN  
Don't screw this up, Bry. No going  
back. You got this.

Without warning, he just DUNKS HIS FACE INTO...

### THE ICE BATH

Brian, eyes closed, SCREAMS into the blue field of cubes...

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
*FUUUUUCCCCKKKKK!!!*

He opens his eyes and finds... A FACE GLARING UP AT HIM.

Brian whips his head from the water in shock, STUMBLING over the wet floor... tripping on a STEP-STOOL and knocking his head into the rumbling ice machine. His eyes flutter open on--

A JOCKSTRAP

JOCKSTRAP  
You gonna look me in the junk or you  
gonna look me in the eye?

Brian pulls it together. Looks up to see the FACE OF #21...

ROGER "THE ROCKET" CLEMENS

All Texan. All swagger. All or nothin'. Big as a brick wall, his square features are topped by a dripping crew cut. But he's also showing off an unfashionably excess twenty-five lbs.

ROGER  
'You shut off Tupac?  
(no response)  
Did. You. Shut. Off. Tupac?

BRIAN  
Jesus, how long were you in there?

ROGER  
I don't know. 'Cause you fuckin'  
shut off Tupac.

BRIAN  
(looks to Boombox)  
You time it to the music?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ROGER

You just gonna sit there on the floor?

Roger calmly extends his open RIGHT HAND -- a lethal weapon -- down to Brian. Brian is *star struck* by the hand.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I have graciously extended my pitching arm. You gonna take it?

Brian snaps out of it, grabs Roger's hand and stands up.

ROGER (CONT'D)

So you're the new guy. Where'd they find you? H-&-R Block?

BRIAN

No... I... I'm--

ROGER

--Spit it out, buddy.

BRIAN

I'm from the Bronx.

ROGER

Well, fancy boy. Why in the hell you leave the New York Yankees?

BRIAN

I-- Actually, have never officially trained-- in the Majors.

Roger finds this uproariously funny. He grabs a towel.

ROGER

Who's fuckin' with me? José put you up to this?

BRIAN

Nobody put me-- Rog-- *Mr. Clemens*. I'm your new strength and conditioning coach.

ROGER

Oh? So 'yer Timothy McCleary's next sacrifice. A rookie? That high-and-mighty motherfucker.

BRIAN

I'm just here to help.

ROGER

Help me what?

Beat. Does he tell him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN  
Get you through ten starts.

ROGER  
Ten starts? They brought a New York  
nobody to get me to ten starts? I  
won the goddamn Cy Young last year.  
What kinda bullshit goal is that?  
Get outta' my sight.

Brian freezes. Roger bulldozes across the room...

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Holy shit, buddy. I only know how to  
say it in English. Get the fuck out!

Words registering, Brian scrambles away.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Hey! Hold your horses.  
(Brian turns; a *change of*  
*heart?*)  
Tell that disrespectful bitch-boy  
upstairs to take his "ten starts"  
and shove 'em up his spoiled ass. I  
ain't no goddamn has-been. I'm the  
fuckin' Rocket.  
(a hand gesture)  
You may proceed.

Brian exits, leaving Roger alone and fuming.

**INT. SKYDOME HOTEL - BRIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Brian, suitcase still fully packed, holds a ringing telephone.  
The room has a kitchenette and big closets for extended stays.

EILEEN (VIA PHONE)  
Hello?

BRIAN (INTO PHONE)  
Hey, Leeny.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. MCNAMEE APARTMENT - SAME**

Eileen, at the stove heating formula, cradles the phone.

EILEEN (INTO PHONE)  
Hey! How was your big first day?

BRIAN  
It was okay. It was a little-- Um...  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
(a pregnant pause)  
Tim wasn't totally up front with me.

EILEEN  
What does that mean?

BRIAN  
I think... you may have been right.  
Maybe this isn't what I'm sup--

Brian Jr. starts CRYING. Eileen turns off the stove.

EILEEN  
--Hey, hold on one second.

STAY ON BRIAN -- Staring out the window. His room is too low to see onto the field. He can only see the dull stadium wall.

EILEEN (VIA PHONE)  
Sorry about that. Your son is  
hungry-- OH! Guess what? I gave Brian  
Jr. his shot... and he didn't even  
cry! Mama's gettin' the hang of this!

BRIAN  
That's great, sweetie.

Brian smiles. Realizes he's not needed at home...

EILEEN (VIA PHONE)  
Sorry, I got excited. You were  
trying to tell me something...

...But he is needed here.

BRIAN  
No, it's fine. Why don't you feed  
the baby. And give my little slugger  
a kiss for me. I love you.

EILEEN (VIA PHONE)  
I love you too.

Brian hangs up. Puts the phone down. And starts to unpack.

**INT. TRAINER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

Six desks, culled together in a corner. Brian habitually  
CLICKS A PEN, deep in thought over a clutter of charts.  
Another TRAINER, old and easily annoyed, stares him down...

Brian stops clicking. He grabs a folder: "CLEMENS X-RAYS". He  
flips through the film... when a WHISTLE distracts him--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAINER

How 'bout a private session tonight,  
Cheryl?

The TEAM MASSEUSE has entered to grab some towels.

TEAM MASSEUSE

In your dreams, fatso. I've got real  
men to rub down.

Brian's eyes dart over to the MASSAGE ROOM. Then back down to  
the black and white X-ray. Something clicks.

**INT. MASSAGE ROOM - LATER**

Roger lays FACE-DOWN, a towel covering his ass. A door opens--

ROGER

Make it hurt good, Cher. No mercy.

Brian sets the X-ray on a table, always keeping an eye on it.  
He approaches Roger, gently feeling along his spine.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I'm diggin' the foreplay darlin'.

Brian's hands stop near the towel. He double-checks the X-ray  
and with every ounce of his weight digs into Roger-- *Crack!!!*

ROGER (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

Roger flips over... *Brian???* He springs up from the table...

ROGER (CONT'D)

You are one dead son-of-a-bitch!

BRIAN

Roger. Please.

ROGER

I don't know what they're payin' you  
to fuck with me, but I'm about to  
show 'ya it wasn't worth it.

Cornered against the wall, Brian holds up the X-ray.

BRIAN

Your arm, Roger! Just tell me how  
your arm feels... Then lose your  
shit. Please!

Beat. Roger wiggles... Eyes locked on Brian. And...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
It feels better, doesn't it? I've  
looked at your charts. Your shoulder  
isn't the problem. It's your back.  
It's your spine. And that I can fix.  
I can make you the Rocket again!

Roger could go either way. A long pause before...

ROGER  
Come with me.

**INT. TUB ROOM - LATER**

Roger flips off the faucet for the large ice bath.

ROGER  
Take off your clothes.

BRIAN  
What?

ROGER  
You heard me. Take 'em off!

He grabs a SCOOPER from the ice machine and furiously shovels  
ice into the tub. Brian doesn't move.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
This ain't no queer shit. Get down  
to your skivvies 'cause here's the  
deal: You wanna work with me, you  
best prove you got a tough son-of-a-  
bitch buried somewhere inside that  
soft pussy of yours.

Roger stops shoveling. Looks up. Brian only has one choice.

So he takes off his shirt.

**INT. TUB ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Tupac blasts on the boombox. The two men face across from  
each other, naked in the tub. Brian SHIVERS. Roger MAD-DOGS.

CUT TO:

Ballad "One More Try" replaces the gangster rap. Minutes have  
passed. Roger hasn't moved. Brian is turning pale.

CUT TO:

"Gone Away" by The Offspring fills the room. Brian shakes  
violently. Roger loves every moment. He starts clapping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER  
Yeah... city boy! Ain't this the  
fuckin' shit!? Wooooooooo!

Brian can take no more, HURLING himself out of the tub. As he convulses on the floor, Roger CHEERS. Brian passed the test...

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Hell! We may be friends after all.

HARD CUT TO:

CLOSE ON -- Brian, remembering that day, the beginning, here--

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - MORNING - 2008**

--At the end. He's seated behind a microphone at a WITNESS TABLE. The full OVERSIGHT COMMITTEE -- over two dozen reps -- has shown up, making small talk at their dais, waiting for...

The star attraction. All eyes turn as oxygen leaves the room:

FOR ROGER CLEMENS. Forty-six years old now. The C-SPAN CAMERAS lock onto his entourage of FAMILY and LAWYERS...

"The Rocket" makes his way down the aisle, shaking hands, slapping backs. But never once so much as looking at Brian.

**INT. BAR - TORONTO - NIGHT - 1998**

Patrons play pool and drink like Canadians. At the bar, Roger catches Brian staring at the SEXY BARTENDER'S cleavage...

ROGER  
Guess you can feel your pecker again?

Brian laughs. Pleased to see a more genial, accessible Roger.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
They sent a few trainers my way this  
spring. Tim tell 'ya that?

BRIAN  
Yeah.

ROGER  
None of 'em got in the damn tub  
though, you crazy motherfucker!

He takes a big swig, finishes his beer. Motions for another. Brian nurses his Bud Light. He glances at a muted T.V. with...

**SPORTSCENTER:** Steve Levy interviews MARK MCGWIRE (#25). His muscles grow on muscles in places muscles shouldn't grow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER (CONT'D)  
 Goddamn, look at Popeye! What'chu  
 think, Mac? He doin' a little more  
 than eatin' spinach?

BRIAN  
 No doubt about it. He's juicing.

ROGER  
 Shit man. They all are.

Sexy Bartender delivers shots of whiskey with Roger's beer.

SEXY BARTENDER  
 On the house.

ROGER  
 Thank you, dear. Would you do us a  
 favor and turn this showboatin'  
 chump off the big screen?

SEXY BARTENDER  
 Of course.

Roger picks up his shot of whiskey. A TOAST...

ROGER  
 To playin' it right!

BRIAN  
 To playin' it right!

Down the hatch. Glasses SLAM onto the wooden bar as we...

MATCH CUT TO:

A GAVEL pounding us to order...

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - MORNING - 2008**

Brian and Roger sit side-by-side at the WITNESS TABLE, just  
 like at the bar. Except no smiles here. Now, they are ENEMIES.

Committee Chairman HENRY WAXMAN (D-CA) presides. He has an  
 upturned nose and Groucho Marx eyebrows.

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN (CONT'D)  
 The House Oversight Committee is  
 hereby called to order. This is a  
 hearing on Senator Mitchell's recent  
 report investigating illegal use of  
 steroids and other performance-  
 enhancing substances in Major League  
 Baseball.

Waxman lifts up a 409-page copy of THE MITCHELL REPORT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN

The former Senator's report is impressive and credible. He concluded that the use of steroids was pervasive for more than a decade, and that everyone in the game -- the players, the union, the owners, and the Commissioner himself -- were responsible for this... *scandal*.

In the front row of the gallery, attorney RUSTY HARDIN smooths his toupee beside DEBBIE CLEMENS (46) and her children.

Behind a stoic Brian, Jeff Novitzky takes careful notes. Nobody from Brian's family is present to support him.

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN (CONT'D)

Today, however, the committee's inquiry will be narrowly focused on major accusations made by Mr. Brian McNamee against Mr. Roger Clemens...

**INT. BAR - TORONTO - NIGHT - 1998**

Brian and Roger, a little drunk, play BILLIARDS. Brian racks 'em up and Roger takes the break shot-- ALL PLAYED UNDER...

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN (V.O.)

Now, all of us have memory lapses. But it is exceptionally rare, especially in this house, to face the situation we find ourselves in this morning...

Roger pockets a few. Brian pockets a few. More drinks go down.

HENRY WAXMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Because both Mr. Clemens and Mr. McNamee insist the other is lying.

Roger makes an amazing bank shot but the EIGHT BALL stops just shy of the corner pocket. Roger can't believe it...

HENRY WAXMAN (V.O.)

These two men do not disagree on a mere phone call or meeting. They disagree on whether -- over a period of 4 years -- Mr. McNamee repeatedly injected Mr. Clemens with steroids and human growth hormone.

Brian cues up... and though the shot couldn't be easier... he (*purposefully?*) SCRATCHES. Roger strides forward -- pleased -- and quickly pockets the win. Brian gives him a HIGH FIVE...



**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - RESUME - 2008**

...SLAPPING US BACK TO -- McNamee and Clemens scowling at the witness table. Refusing so much as to look at each other...

HENRY WAXMAN (CONT'D)

It is impossible to believe that this is a simple misunderstanding.

(beat)

One of you is not telling the truth.

**INT. BAR - NIGHT - 1998**

Roger and Brian close the place down.

ROGER

Were you born in New York?

(Brian timidly nods)

So you're a Yankee fan?

BRIAN

That okay?

ROGER

*That okay?* Man, that's my next stop!

BRIAN

Really? You break every record in Boston and you wanna go play for their rival?

ROGER

Abso-fucking-lutely.

(a boozy confession)

They thought I was finished. Said I was entering my *twilight years*. Dan Duquette actually fuckin' said that. 'Gave that city a decade of my life and I don't care how much cash they offered me-- never felt so offended.

BRIAN

So you choose *Toronto* to get back at Boston?

ROGER

Nah. None 'of what I do here means shit with a gay little bird on my hat. No, this is a stop-- Part of my plan. I gotta be in pinstripes, understand? Pinstripes. You know why?

(like a sensei)

Cause that's how you say fuck you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

I'll cheers to that-- Fuck the Sox!

Roger, pumped up, taps Brian's beer bottle as he stands.

ROGER

Alright, brother! You want another?

Brian glances at the Sexy Bartender, wiping down the bar.

BRIAN

Sure. 'Gotta enjoy it while we can.

ROGER

'The fuck you talkin' about?

BRIAN

You wanna be in the best shape of  
your life? No more booze.

Before Roger can respond, a HAND snakes between his parted  
legs, GRABBING HIS CROTCH. Another hand covers his eyes.

ROGER

Karen...? Tammy-Lynn?

The hand SQUEEZES Roger's balls.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Shit almighty!!

He spins to find the hand's tipsy owner: MINDY MCCREADY (22).  
A damaged curly-haired beauty and country music megastar...

MINDY

Somebody told me the Rocket was  
here. I just had to *feel* for myself!

ROGER

I didn't know you were in town!

MINDY

Canadians like country music too.

ROGER

(rubbing his crotch)  
Ah, damn, be careful next time.  
You know the Rocket can't take off  
if you're breakin' its thrusters.

MINDY

They don't feel broken to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mindy grabs his crotch again, pulling him in for a DEEP KISS. Brian awkwardly watches until they break apart...

MINDY (CONT'D)  
Who's your boyfriend?

ROGER  
New trainer. Brian McNamee. He's a stern fuck! Says this's my last beer!

MINDY  
Hey, Brian. I'm Mindy.

BRIAN  
Holy shit my wife loves you, Ms. McCready! She has both your CD's.

MINDY  
Ain't that sweet. Now I feel bad-- but if it's Rocket's last night to have fun... he's comin' with me.

Mindy grabs Roger's shirt (thankfully) and drags him toward the door. Roger laughs, yells to the Sexy Bartender...

ROGER  
Hey barkeep! Whaddaya say you let my friend show you how they do things in New York City! No one's lookin'!

The Bartender stops wiping. She gives a "why not" shrug.

BRIAN  
I have a wife.

She nods. Back to cleaning as Brian thinks about her tits.

**INT. AIR CANADA 737 - FIRST CLASS CABIN - MORNING**

Brian follows Roger onto the plane. He glances at his ticket:

SEAT 1B. He watches Roger drop into a window seat, then takes the aisle beside him... realizing he's now flying FIRST CLASS.

A STEWARDESS appears with a silver tray of CHAMPAGNE as...

A PHONE RINGS IN PRE-LAP. We hear it answered OVER OUR SCENE:

EILEEN (PRE-LAP)  
...Brian? Is that you?

Roger reaches over and grabs a FLUTE, setting it on his armrest. Brian immediately returns it to the stewardess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN (PRE-LAP)  
Yeah. Guess what, Leeny. Guess where  
I am right now!

Roger gives Brian a *fuck you* look. He takes out a RIO PMP3000, a boxy mp3 player, and throws on headphones.

EILEEN (PRE-LAP)  
Oh my God, are you in New York!?

**INT. AIR CANADA 737 - IN FLIGHT**

Roger is asleep. Brian is talking into one of those pay-by-credit-card AIRPLANE PHONES built into the seat.

BRIAN (INTO PHONE)  
No... I didn't mean to get your  
hopes up. I'm on a plane... I'm  
calling you from the first class  
cabin thirty-five thousand feet up!

Brian can hear her sigh in disappointment.

EILEEN (VIA PHONE)  
Where are you going?

BRIAN  
I'm going to Houston. But didn't you  
hear me? I'm in first class!

EILEEN (VIA PHONE)  
Okay. That was nice of the team.

BRIAN  
I'm not with the team. I'm with  
Roger Clemens.

EILEEN (VIA PHONE)  
The pitcher?

BRIAN  
Yeah. It's... the job's a little  
different than I thought. But hey...  
you'll never guess who I met the  
other night!

In the next seat, Roger begins to stir at the noise.

EILEEN (VIA PHONE)  
Who?

BRIAN  
Mindy... McCready!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eileen SCREAMS into the phone with excitement. Brian smiles.

EILEEN (VIA PHONE)  
Oh my God! What is she like? Tell me!

BRIAN  
She's very nice. She said--

Brian turns to find Roger Clemens fucking GLARING AT HIM.

EILEEN (VIA PHONE)  
Bry? You there? How'd you meet her?

Brian stammers, realizing he's broken some unspoken rule.

BRIAN  
Um... She, uh, she's dating one of  
the outfielders, I think. Can't  
remember. Told her you loved her.

EILEEN (VIA PHONE)  
I cannot believe you met Mindy  
McCready! If you see her again you  
have to get her autograph for me!

BRIAN  
I promise. I have to go. This call's  
costing a fortune. Love you!

Brian hangs up. Roger doesn't say a word. He just puts his  
headphones on and goes back to sleep...

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN (PRE-LAP)  
Do you solemnly swear...

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - MORNING - 2008**

Roger and Brian stand with their right hands raised.

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN (CONT'D)  
...that the testimony you will give  
before this committee will be the  
truth, the whole truth and nothing  
but the truth?

ROGER  
I do.

BRIAN  
I do.

...We'll see about that.

**EXT. CLEMENS ESTATE - HOUSTON, TX - AFTERNOON - 1998**

A LIMOUSINE enters the circular drive of Roger's home, a red  
brick 15,000 SQUARE-FOOT FUCK-OFF MANSION with the works.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roger exits the limo, followed by Brian, his jaw HITTING THE FLOOR at the house's size. Roger lives for these moments:

ROGER  
Yeah. I do alright.

They head through the giant columns that mark the entryway. Roger grabs for the front doorknob then STOPS--

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Damn. Almost forgot.

He reaches into his shirt pocket and pulls out his WEDDING RING, which he does not wear while quote-unquote "pitching."

**INT. ENTRY WAY - CONTINUOUS**

The black marble entrance leads to dual staircases. Hanging above the foyer is an enormous painted FAMILY PORTRAIT of Roger, his beautiful wife Debbie and their FOUR SMILING BOYS.

ROGER  
Anybody home?

A LABRADOR storms downstairs, jumping up onto Roger.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Easy there, Cy!

BRIAN  
This place is incredible.

ROGER  
Well. Consider it your home away from home now. Mi casa es tu casa.

OFF BRIAN -- His entire apartment could fit in this foyer...

**INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

The only part of the house anyone would dare call modest. A MAID cuts mango as Roger leads Brian on a tour.

ROGER  
This is the kitchen. And this is Carmen. Cómo estás, Carmen?

MAID  
Muy bien, Señor Rocket.

ROGER  
Bueno. Can you throw a few Gatorades and some aguas in the gym?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAID  
Already there, Señor Rocket.

ROGER  
Fuckin' bueno.

**INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

*"Box Office"* in BLUE NEON hangs above an entryway.

ROGER  
Tell me you've been in a house that  
has this...

He pulls back a beige curtain to reveal a HOME MOVIE THEATER.  
Big screen projector. Theater seats. Even a popcorn machine.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
It's the biggest in-house movie  
theater in the United States.

BRIAN  
Really?

ROGER  
Yup.

It's not.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
We're doin' *Terminator 2* tonight.  
You've seen *Terminator 1* right?  
(Brian nods)  
Good. Otherwise you'd be lost.

He snaps the curtain closed.

**INT. TROPHY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The wood-paneled room is filled with a MUSEUM'S WORTH of  
memorabilia, awards and photos of Roger with fellow legends.  
Brian gapes... *This is a far, far cry from his trophy case.*

Roger points to a framed SPORTS ILLUSTRATED cover of himself  
in a Red Sox jersey under a headline: "LORD OF THE K'S"

ROGER  
April 29, 1986. First time anyone  
threw 20 strikeouts in a single  
game. Can you believe that? Only one  
other gunslinger done it since.

BRIAN  
Who's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER  
Me. Ten years later.

He moves aside to reveal a second framed S.I. COVER with the headline: "UNTOUCHABLE". Roger puts his hands on his waist. He loves taking in his many, many accomplishments. He notices--

Brian is staring above the fireplace at four CY YOUNG AWARDS. 1986, 1987, 1991, 1997. Different years but all etched with:

**"The Most Outstanding Pitcher In The American League."**

BRIAN  
Jesus...

ROGER  
Nah. He don't have four Cy Young's.

BRIAN  
No, he sure doesn't.

ROGER  
(turns; feigning modesty)  
Eh, it's all metal and plastic. Fun to look at, for now, but I'm gonna have to turn this room into somethin' else when Cooperstown takes it all.

BRIAN  
You'd give *all* of these to the Hall of Fame?

ROGER  
Yeah, they always want the memorabilia. For history's sake. Heck, they can have the three I got in Boston right now.  
(beat)  
I'll just go get three more.

Brian laughs. Roger does not.

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - MORNING - 2008**

A MICROPHONE is the only thing in focus until Brian leans in.

BRIAN  
Thank you, Chairman Waxman and--

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN  
Mr. McNamee, there's a button on the bottom of the mic you need to push.

Brian looks down, sees the button and starts over:

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Thank you, Chairman Waxman and other members of the committee. My name is Brian Gerard McNamee, and I was once the personal trainer for one of the finest pitchers in the history of baseball, Roger William Clemens.

(beat; a sip of water)

I am not proud to testify against a man I once hugely admired. To those who suggest that I take some personal satisfaction in bringing down *the great Roger Clemens*... let me assure you. I absolutely do not.

**EXT. CLEMENS ESTATE - BACK YARD - DAY - 1998**

MOS: Roger points out his LAVISH POOL and BBQ to Brian.

BRIAN (V.O.)

I am only here because what I did was wrong. And make no mistake -- For that, I am truly and deeply sorry.

And with the far-off *click* of the microphone we can now hear:

ROGER

--And that's the music studio. Just got me a guitar signed by Eric Clapton. And there's the tree fort, for the boys. Built it myself. Also, guest house, where you'll be layin' your head. But now we come to the *pièce de résistance*!

They've reached a long, squat building. The only thing not made of brick. Roger keys a code into a lock and leans inside the door, flipping a series of light switches, ILLUMINATING:

**INT. ROGER'S HOME GYM - CONTINUOUS**

A BASKETBALL COURT, near regulation size, stamped with the TEXAS LONGHORNS EMBLEM. By its sideline...

A CAGED PITCHING MOUND with a MURAL -- unfinished by design -- of Roger morphing through the UNIFORMS of his career...

A FULLY LOADED WORKOUT CENTER with several high-end TVs... This is not some home gym. This is a world class facility.

ROGER

Will this work for 'ya?

Oh, this will *definitely* work for Brian. Suddenly--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBBIE (O.S.)  
Where's my husband!?

Roger spins... sees Debbie Clemens emerge from the main house.

ROGER  
Damn. Sorry buddy. We'll get to the  
exercising after I get in my workout.

Roger winks, then bounds back outside. Brian watches Roger  
kiss his wife, then toss her over his shoulder like a caveman.

CLOSE ON -- BRIAN, clearly enamored. Roger has it all. Wealth.  
A beautiful wife. A beautiful mistress. And this fucking gym.

PRE-LAP LOUD GRUNTING:

**INT. ROGER'S HOME GYM - THIRTY MINUTES LATER**

Roger is bench-pressing. And *grunting*. He powers through the  
last rep. Brian guides the bar back onto the rack. Then--

BRIAN  
On the ground!

ROGER  
Hang on. Gimme a minute. Then we'll  
toss another plate on.

BRIAN  
No more plates. No minute. Hit the  
deck. Now.

For the first time, Brian is in his element. Military intense.  
Doesn't care who he's pleasing-- not when he's in the gym.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
This is the program! Let's go! Now,  
now...

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - MORNING - 2008**

Chairman Waxman has the honor of first questions.

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN  
Now, Mr. McNamee. Roger Clemens was  
at this point considered to be -- and  
this was a widely used designation --  
the "hardest working man in throw  
business." Did you see proof of that?

BRIAN  
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN

What shape was Mr. Clemens in when  
you began working with him?

**INT. ROGER'S HOME GYM - RESUME - 1998**

BRIAN

...Let's go! Now, now, now!

Roger gulps air, then assumes sit-up position. Brian hands him  
a weighted ball. Every time Roger sits up, Brian pushes down.

ROGER

I may as well join my wife's...  
(sit-up)  
...Pilates class.

BRIAN

You're gonna have to get used to  
this. Your body can't take the  
weight training you've been giving  
it the past twenty years.

ROGER

Watch your fuckin'...  
(sit-up)  
...mouth.

BRIAN

Twenty-five year old Roger could  
handle it. Thirty-five year old  
Roger could handle it. Thirty-six  
year old Roger needs to explore  
alternative methods. It's gonna come  
from the core. That's what I was--

ROGER

Don't tell me what thirty-six year  
old Roger can and... *Dangit*-- How  
many we gonna do!?

BRIAN

Keep it goin'! Twenty more!

ROGER

Twenty more?

BRIAN

Twenty more. Then we run.

Roger spits fire at Brian. Digs deep... can only do one more.

ROGER

Fuck... fuck it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roger chucks the ball at Brian. Gassed. Disappointed.

BRIAN

Alright. You don't want to do sit-ups? We'll just run an extra mile.

ROGER

No. I'm going back to the weights.

BRIAN

You cannot do the weights.  
I've looked at the charts--

ROGER

Fuck...  
...*The fucking...* charts!

BRIAN

Listen to me. To hell with the weights. Roger... Look at me. To hell with the weights! I will get you there. You hear me? Ten starts... Ten starts is nothing.  
(then)  
Fuck the ten starts.

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - MORNING - 2008**

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN

Forget the ten starts? That's what you said?

BRIAN

Yes, that's what I said.

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN

That was a bold statement, Mr. McNamee, considering what you just told us about Roger's physical state. What made you make it?

BRIAN

I saw that Roger still had the drive and determination. I saw that he still had the potential.

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN

You didn't see the opportunity to, perhaps, lay the ground work for... See, I know you didn't want to disappoint certain individuals in the Blue Jays organization -- Did you see the potential at this early stage for introducing the idea of steroids?

BRIAN

I was a trainer, Mr. Chairman. Not a drug dealer.

**INT. ROGER'S HOME GYM - RESUME - 1998**

We pick up where we left off, with Brian firing up Roger...

BRIAN

Did you hear me? Fuck the ten starts. We're gonna get you another Cy Young. We're gonna get you that fifth fuckin' plaque and you're gonna priority mail it right up Boston's ass!

ROGER

That a promise?

BRIAN

That's a promise.

ROGER

You gonna get me to the Yankees?

BRIAN

They're gonna double your salary.

Roger nods. Brian smiles. And then, turning on a dime...

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Now get down and finish the fucking set!

A SHUDDERING THUNDER:

*...Brings us into a world of STEEL. Corrugated trusses criss-cross under a white dome, like the top of a ROCKET SILO...*

**WHOOSH! A baseball flashes past into a catcher's glove. The RADAR GUN built into Roger's pitching mound reads: 85MPH.**

*...as the silo-like SKYDOME STADIUM rumbles OPEN...*

**Roger's feet pound a treadmill. Brian ups the speed.**

*...the dome retracts to reveal a BASEBALL FIELD...*

**Roger, on his indoor mound, pitches to Brian: 87MPH.**

*...31 stories down four uniformed CARETAKERS rake the dirt...*

**Roger and Brian on the ground do military push-ups.**

*...then use a CHALK MARKER to line the infield...*

**Roger pitches a training fastball. Still 87MPH. He angrily throws his glove against the indoor netting. Brian thinks.**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*...as CONCESSION GATES open and hot-dog heaters power on...*

**Brian places a MANNEQUIN holding a baseball bat at home plate. Roger rears back and throws: 90MPH. Progress.**

*...and an UMPIRE checks the game's pristine baseballs...*

**Quick feet drills. Roger, dripping with sweat, falters. Brian invades his space-- CLAPPING, CLAPPING, CLAPPING!**

*...as excited fans have their tickets torn at the entrance...*

**Roger, back on his mound, throws: 95MPH! REVEAL THE REASON-- Brian has now taped TIM MCCLEARY'S FACE to the mannequin.**

*...Spectators find their seats on this spring day...*

**Pull-up time. For every Roger count, Brian does three.**

*...in the LOCKER ROOM Roger buttons his jersey. He has heavily trimmed down. He turns his back and there it is... the #21...*

**Finding psycho-strength, Roger matches Brian's pull-up pace.**

*...as Roger runs out of the DUGOUT with the rest of his team...*

**Brian and Roger jog together around downtown Toronto.**

*...and then Roger takes the MOUND at Skydome...*

**Rapid rotation: Sit-up, push-up, pull-up, knee-high, sprint.**

*...The Umpire brushes dirt from home plate. And we SLOW DOWN:*

**As THE ROCKET rears back... 40,000 FANS hold their breath. The ball explodes out of his hand and 430 milliseconds later...**

**DECAPITATES THE BATTER... WHIP PAN TO A RADAR GUN: 101MPH.**

Roger smiles and we reveal we're actually back at his HOME PITCHING MOUND. Brian takes off his catcher's mask and examines the mannequin. Tim McCleary's head hangs upside-down.

SPORTSCASTER (PRE-LAP)

...And here's a shot of star pitcher  
Roger Clemens in the bullpen...

**INT. MCNAMEE APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Calming her crying baby, Eileen looks at the TV tuned to ESPN:

SPORTSCASTER (ON TV)

...warming up for his tenth start of  
the season. His record is 4-and-5.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPORTSCASTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)  
A shaky April and May, but we've been  
seeing improvement game-to-game.

ON THE TV: A SHOT OF BRIAN standing near Roger. Watching him.

The way he's smiling reminds Eileen of something. She glances  
at a WEDDING PHOTO of her and Brian in newly wedded bliss.

Eileen turns to the TV. Brian has the same look in his eyes.

**INT. PLAYER'S LOCKER ROOM - AFTER A GAME**

The team celebrates their win. Roger gets his fair share of  
congratulatory ass-slaps when someone pops CHAMPAGNE...

IT'S BRIAN! He hands the bottle to Roger, nodding permission.  
Roger laughs, smiles and takes a big, Texas-sized drink.

**INT. PLAYERS GYM - TRAINER'S OFFICE - LATER**

Brian steps into the darkened gym to grab his things. On his  
desk is a GREEN BOX with a crown logo. He opens it to find...

A \$4000 ROLEX DATEJUST. And a note, on Blue Jays stationary:

TIM McCLEARY  
Assistant General Manager  
*"Welcome to the Big Leagues!"*

CUT TO:

THE ROLEX poking out from under Brian's cuff. A little dinged  
up and scratched, it hasn't left his wrist in ten years...

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY - 2008**

Rep. TIM DAVIS (R-VA) is taking his turn questioning Brian.

CONGRESSMAN DAVIS  
I want to start off my questioning  
by asking you about this party  
mentioned in the Mitchell Report on  
or about June 8th through the 10th  
at José Canseco's Miami home.

BRIAN  
It was June 9th.

CONGRESSMAN DAVIS  
You remember this party?

BRIAN  
I remember it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONGRESSMAN DAVIS

I ask because aside from one notable instance, which we'll get to, this particular party was ten years ago--

BRIAN

I remember the party.

CONGRESSMAN DAVIS

How do you have such a clear and vivid recollection of a ten year old party?

BRIAN

For many reasons. I hadn't been to many parties like it.

CONGRESSMAN DAVIS

How so? Can you give me an example?

OFF BRIAN -- Taking a breath as he leans into the mic...

CUT TO:

A BIKINI TOP bursting with new and impressive FAKE BREASTS.

FAKE BREASTS (O.S.)

Touch them!

**INT. CANSECO'S MIAMI MANSION - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON - 1998**

The fake breasts belong to JESSICA CANSECO (26), who talks to Debbie Clemens (36 here, also in a bikini, also *augmented*). Mrs. Clemens reaches out and feels Jessica's DD-breasts.

DEBBIE

Gosh. They've come a long way since I had mine done.

JESSICA

But yours look great!

DEBBIE

I worry, though. Did you see the piece on 60 Minutes about them leaking? There's a lawsuit.

JESSICA

Wouldn't the stuff just come out your nipples?

DEBBIE

Sweetie, that's not how it works.

Brian opens up the sliding glass door and quietly enters...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JESSICA

Wait! Deb, this is the best part!

Jessica removes her bikini top, letting her breasts POP OUT.

DEBBIE

Where are your scars?

JESSICA

They went in through my belly  
button! So I can still model.

Brian accidentally drops a SODA CAN, drawing their attention.  
Jessica quickly covers her breasts and scowls at Brian...

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - MORNING - 2008**

Congressman Davis scowls at Brian too.

CONGRESSMAN DAVIS

I want this to be very clear. Debbie  
Clemens was at the party? Who else?

BRIAN

About thirty or forty people.

CONGRESSMAN DAVIS

I meant from the Clemens family.

BRIAN

Everyone. Roger, his wife, his nanny  
and his children.

CUT TO:

BLUE SKY. KOBY CLEMENS (11), Roger's oldest, SOARS past...

**EXT. CANSECO'S MIAMI MANSION - POOL PARTY - AFTERNOON - 1998**

...and splashes spectacularly into José's pool, tucked behind  
a Spanish-style Hacienda on the 18th-hole of a GOLF COURSE.

We now get a good look at the party. Blue Jay players mingle  
with their WAGs as José plays grill master. No Roger in sight.

KOBY

(climbing out of pool)  
José! Did 'ya see that? Brian threw  
me so high!

José looks across the party at Brian. Pale skin, floppy hat.

KOBY (CONT'D)

Hey. When's my Dad gettin' here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSÉ

No idea. Here, try some carne asada.

Koby devours a slice of meat like only a kid can.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)

An animal! Like your Pops! Gimme two more minutes and I'll give you the moon toss.

Two minutes won't do. Koby runs back to Brian...

KOBY

Hey! Throw me again, Brian! Give me the moon toss!

BRIAN

Moon toss?

KOBY

Yeah. Come on!

(to a *babe* laying out)

Lily! Tell Brian to throw me!

Sexy nanny LILY STRAIN (22) gives a thumbs up. Returns to her PEOPLE MAGAZINE with "Phil Hartman (1948-1998)" on the cover. With Lily's motivation... Brian gives Koby an *epic* moon toss.

KOBY (CONT'D)

*Hollllyyyyyy cwwwww--*

Lily sees the kid soar. Nod of approval. Back to the magazine.

Brian triumphantly walks to his chair. A PAGER on his towel flashes. He puts his glasses on to see: "EILEEN 212-457-0599"

DEBBIE (O.S.)

You ever gonna get around to buyin' a cellphone?

Brian turns, blushes. Ditches the pager. Plays it cool... *ish*.

BRIAN

Ha, yeah. This thing's pretty ancient.

Debbie sits in the lounge chair next to Brian. Waits a beat.

DEBBIE

So how 'bout Jessica's new tits?

BRIAN

Oh God, Mrs. Clemens, I'm--

DEBBIE

...How many times I gotta tell 'ya, call me Debbie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She touches his arm for an uncomfortably long time.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
You're part of our family now.

BRIAN  
Sorry. Debbie. I didn't mean to spy,  
I was just getting a root beer...

DEBBIE  
I'm kiddin', Bry.  
(beat; adjusts her top)  
They're not nicer than these,  
though, right?

Brian inadvertently looks at Debbie's breasts, then quickly looks away, embarrassed. Debbie smiles.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
Hon, we gotta get you to lighten up!

Debbie holds up a bottle of SUNTAN LOTION. Brian doesn't move.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
Come on... why don't you get my back  
for me?

BRIAN  
...Sure.

Brian cautiously screeeeeches his chair to hers. The noise--

Draws José's attention. Not pleased at Brian being so intimate with Roger's wife. He glares at Brian rubbing Debbie's back...

DEBBIE  
(still face down)  
Brian? What do you think of Lily?

BRIAN  
The nanny?

Brian looks over at Lily. Her breasts may top them all.

DEBBIE  
You think she may be a little young?

BRIAN  
I don't know. She's nice.

DEBBIE  
To look at?

He doesn't know how to respond. Debbie glances back at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Yeah. I'm gonna have to do somethin' about that. Can't have her around... Koby's gettin' to that age. And boys will be boys. Plus... She's a liar.

'Says her tits are real.

(beat; flipping over)

You can grab mine.

BRIAN

Wh-- What?

DEBBIE

My cellphone. You can grab it so you don't have to go all the way inside to answer your page.

BRIAN

Oh. Thank you.

Brian grabs her phone, notices his WEDDING RING is now covered in sunscreen. Debbie takes over, lotioning her legs...

DEBBIE

You know, I hear Rog' talking about 'ya a lot. I mean half the time he's cursin' your name for makin' him so damn sore, but once in a while he'll tell Koby and the boys...

(doing her best Roger)

"Uncle Brian wouldn't want 'ya to eat that ice cream. Hell, Uncle Brian wouldn't want *the Rocket* to eat that ice cream."

Brian is touched. He forgets about dialing Eileen when--

A GOLF CART careens around the corner, barely on four wheels.

BENITO (THE PASSENGER)

*Vaya más despacio!! Slow down!!*

Roger drives with a big smirk. He *skiiids* to a stop...

Catcher BENITO SANTIAGO (#18) jumps out, kissing the ground.

ROGER

Oh, quit 'yer bellyachin'.

Roger saunters into the party like Don Johnson. Koby runs over to hug him, getting Roger's khakis soaking wet.

KOBY

Dad!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER  
K.C.! How we doin', Chief!?

KOBY  
Brian threw me like *four-hundred*  
feet in the air!

Roger looks to Brian. Chair very close to his wife's.

ROGER  
Four-hundred? Oh yeah? Well lemme  
tell ya, buddy. That ain't nothin'  
compared to a thousand feet!!

Roger slings his son a "thousand" feet in the air. A gleeful  
scream all the way down... CAMERA FOLLOWS KOBY...

UNDERWATER:

AS BUBBLES obscure our view, we rise out of the water into--

**EXT. JOSÉ CANSECO'S JACUZZI - EVENING**

Blue Jays SHAWN GREEN (#15) and SHANNON STEWART (#24) soak  
with Roger, José and Brian. *SportsCenter* plays behind them in  
José's GAME ROOM, visible through a MASSIVE WINDOW...

SHAWN  
...for Christ sake José, didn't I  
say it was fucking delicious?

Now that it's just the men, José chomps away on a stogie.

JOSÉ  
I don't want you to tell me it was  
delicious. I want you to tell me it  
was fucking fantastic barbecue.

ROGER  
You know we can't do that, amigo.  
What I can tell 'ya is that here, in  
America, a barbecue's gotta have  
burgers. It's gotta have hot dogs.  
Coleslaw. And some goddamn beans!

JOSÉ  
We had beans, bro! You put'm on your  
tacos!

Everyone loses it, laughing. Brian chuckles, still unsure how  
much he's allowed to contribute to the conversation.

YOUNG BOY (O.S.)  
Excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A YOUNG BOY timidly stands near the backyard gate.

SHANNON

Hey there, fella. You lose yer folks?

JOSÉ

Alex! *Mi hermano!*

(to the guys)

Neighbor's kid. We let him use the pool once in a while. He's a good little dude. Hell, if I knew he was coming, I'd have had the chicks stick around!

Alex holds out a baseball and a sharpie. Barely audible...

ALEX

Rocket... Would you sign this?

Roger lights up. Hops out of the water to grant a boy's wish.

JOSÉ

Alex! Noooo!

SHANNON

*Ohhhh shiiit!* He don't want *nada* from you, Canseco!

José mimes a dagger to the heart. Interrupted by a *BEEPING*...

JOSÉ

Something's beeping. What the fuck is beeping?

Brian realizes it's his pager *beeping*. José rolls his eyes.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)

Man, that shit's embarrassing. Rocket, go get him a damn cell phone.

BRIAN

My wife and I are getting a new Nokia after this road trip. I don't need anyone to buy me anything.

JOSÉ

Whoa. Easy fella. I know you're a big boy. I was just gonna say, that's a nice Rolex...

José smirks. Brian gets back at him by holding up his pager.

BRIAN

McGwire just hit number twenty-nine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVERYONE FALLS SILENT. Roger stops mid-autograph. Stunned.

SHAWN  
Well he was facing--

BRIAN  
(another beep)  
And Sosa hit his twentieth.

SHANNON  
You're fucking kiddin' me, right?

SHAWN  
Jesus. We're still a month from the  
all-star break! These guy's are  
gonna break the fucking reco--

SMASH! A Roger Clemens fastball SHATTERS the game room window.

THROUGH THE BROKEN GLASS:

Benito Santiago pops up from behind the couch as Cardinal  
Mark McGwire's 29th HOME RUN replays on the big screen T.V.

BENITO  
What the fuck, Roger!?

Roger fumes. Brian regrets. José... well, he's seen worse.

JOSÉ  
Now it's a barbecue.

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - MORNING - 2008**

Rep. Davis reads a passage from the Mitchell Report:

CONGRESSMAN DAVIS  
McNamee stated that after the party,  
and now I'm quoting... "he observed  
Clemens and Canseco convene inside  
the house. Canseco told members of my  
investigative staff" --This is,  
again, from Senator Mitchell-- "That  
he had numerous conversations with  
Clemens about Deca-Durabolin and  
Winstrol and how to cycle and how to  
stack steroids." Do you believe that  
is what they were discussing?

BRIAN  
I was not present for the  
conversation... but yes, I do.

CONGRESSMAN DAVIS  
Mr. Clemens. Exactly, what did you  
and Mr. Canseco discuss at the party?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER  
I don't know.

CONGRESSMAN DAVIS  
You don't know or you don't remember?

ROGER  
Well... I was never at that party.

CONGRESSMAN DAVIS  
Let me ask a-- wait, you were not at this -- you weren't at this party?

ROGER  
That's correct.

Davis tries to regroup. Before he can--

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN  
Congressman Davis, your time has expired. Congresswoman Norton, you have fifteen minutes.

ELEANOR HOLMES NORTON (D-WASHINGTON, D.C.) leans forward.

CONGRESSWOMAN NORTON  
I will actually yield five minutes back to Congressman Davis. I want to hear the end to his line of questioning.

CONGRESSMAN DAVIS  
Thank you. Mr. Clemens. You claim you were not at this party. Have you ever been to José Canseco's house?

ROGER  
I may have. I certainly was not at any Blue Jay party. I may have been at-- I know I played golf at the Westin, the golf course. It's down in that area. But no party. And Mr. McNamee says I had talked about these... steroids? Honestly, couldn't tell 'ya the first thing about 'em.

Roger's lawyer, Rusty, is starting to look concerned...

CONGRESSMAN DAVIS  
A young man by the name of Alex Lowrey, Mr. Canseco's former neighbor, testified that he received an autograph from you at Mr. Canseco's house the day in question.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The smallest of grins forms on Brian's face. *Checkmate.*

CONGRESSMAN DAVIS (CONT'D)  
Do you recall giving a young boy an  
autograph at Mr. Canseco's house?

ROGER  
Yer askin' me if I recall givin' an  
autograph? Congressman, that's  
like-- that's like askin' me to  
count the stars.

Laughter from the crowd. Roger turns, shrugging his shoulders.  
Rusty Hardin has had enough. He calls out from his seat--

RUSTY  
Come on, Mr. Chairman. The kid was  
ten years old. I think we can all  
acknowledge the likelihood that  
young Mr. Lowrey may have his dates  
and locations a little mixed up.

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN  
Mr. Hardin. The rules of this  
committee provide that counsel may  
advise their clients but not speak  
directly to the hearing itself.

Admonished, Rusty leans over and speaks softly to Roger. Beat.

ROGER  
...My attorney has informed me that  
in addition to a golf receipt for  
the day in question, ya'all have a  
sworn statement from Mr. Canseco  
sayin' I wasn't there.

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN  
That is true. We have also been  
provided with videotape of  
television announcers mentioning the  
party and saying you were not there.

ROGER  
Well there 'ya go!

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN  
However, in an effort to clear this  
up... Mr. McNamee informed us of a  
key impartial witness who we hoped  
would be able to answer whether or  
not you were at this party... and  
that witness is your former nanny.  
(beat)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN (CONT'D)

Last week we asked your attorney for her name, which I will refrain from saying here for purposes of privacy.

(then)

Unfortunately for all of us, she *claims* not to remember the party.

CONGRESSMAN DAVIS

In fact, I personally spoke to her just yesterday and... Mr. Clemens, can you tell me the last time you spoke to your former nanny?

ROGER

We've had a few nannies, so...

CONGRESSMAN DAVIS

The one who worked for you in 1998.

ROGER

Well, I believe Lily stopped working for us in '99?

Roger is clearly uncomfortable. He licks his lips.

CONGRESSMAN DAVIS

That's not what I asked.

ROGER

Can you repeat the question?

CONGRESSMAN DAVIS

When did you last speak to your former nanny?

Beat.

ROGER

Six days ago.

**INT. TAVERN ON THE GREEN - NEW YORK, NY - NIGHT - 1998**

In the famous CRYSTAL ROOM, Bud Selig tucks into a rib-eye across from frenemy DICK EBERSOL, President of NBC Sports.

DICK

...You gotta be thrilled.

BUD

I'm thrilled with the ratings, Dick. And I hope you remember how thrilled we both are during our contract renewal talks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DICK

I will... but you need to promise me  
you'll start feeding McGwire and  
Sosa-- Gonna be honest, Bud, those  
boys could use a proper meal.

Bud stops chewing. Looks up. Swallows the piece whole.

BUD

What are you saying, Dick?

DICK

Oh, come on, Bud! It was a joke.  
(beat; Bud doesn't move)  
Are you seriously sitting there  
right now and telling me you haven't  
heard the rumors?

BUD

What rumors?

DICK

Mark McGwire just hit his 33rd home  
run and he has a 110 games left to  
go. In 37 seasons no player has been  
within spitting distance of breaking  
Roger Maris's record and all of a  
sudden - *in one year* - we've got two?  
(points at his salmon)  
Doesn't that sound a little fishy to  
you?

Bud sets his fork down. For some reason, he keeps the knife.

BUD

Dick... Is the head of NBC Sports  
accusing the Commissioner of  
Baseball of knowingly turning a  
blind eye to... what exactly?

DICK

Bud, I'm not here to antagonize you.  
I know you know what's going on  
because even the cub-reporter at the  
sports desk at WNBC Fucksville knows  
what's going on. I couldn't give  
three shits what your players are  
doing. As long as the ratings are  
high... you can give them heroin for  
all I care.

(beat)

But they're still your players.

Bud picks up his utensils and stabs into his steak.

**EXT. TORONTO PEARSON AIRPORT - ARRIVALS GATE - EVENING**

Brian watches passengers disembark the jet-way from JFK (this is pre-9/11). Eileen comes off the flight carrying Brian Jr.

EILEEN

Hey.

BRIAN

Hey! How was the flight?

EILEEN

Shorter than I expected. You forget  
we're coming to another country.

There's a distance to her *hello* kiss. Brian doesn't notice it.

BRIAN

Well I'm glad you're both here.

He kisses Brian Jr. on the head. The baby claps and babbles something vaguely like "*mama.*"

BRIAN (CONT'D)

When did he start doing that?

EILEEN

A couple days ago. I paged you. But  
you didn't respond and he stopped...

Her indignation shows as Brian holds up a new NOKIA CELLPHONE.

BRIAN

Surprise! I bought one for you, too.

EILEEN

Oh, good. So now I'll get to leave a  
message.

Brian forces a smile. Grabs Eileen's bag.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

When do I get to meet the infamous  
Rocket?

BRIAN

Roger's actually-- he's busy tonight.

SLAM TO:

**INT. ROGER'S SKYDOME SUITE - NIGHT**

Mindy McCready is flung passionately against the window.  
Roger kisses her neck as she hastily removes her top.

**INT. SKYDOME STADIUM FIELD - NIGHT**

Brian, carrying his son, leads Eileen onto the silent field.

EILEEN

Wow. 'Sure is a lot nicer than the one at St. John's.

BRIAN

I told you. I can't believe I get to work here. It's -- look up -- that's the dome part... the first fully retractable stadium dome ever built.

Eileen studies the open dome for a requisite three seconds.

EILEEN

It's a nice roof.

Brian nods. Wishes Eileen shared his enthusiasm. He glances up once more... and this time spots a WINDOW at the Skydome Hotel, top floor... It's far away, but it almost looks like--

THE SHADOW OF TWO PEOPLE HAVING SEX

BACK TO:

Mindy's palms are splayed hard against the window. Roger enters her from behind. She moans as he bites her neck.

CUT TO:

Brian. Gazing up. Almost as if he's making eye contact with...

CUT TO:

Roger fucking Mindy. But Roger's FOCUS is on the seemingly EMPTY FIELD. Like he's making love to his two favorite things with the abandon of a man who can feel them slipping away.

DISSOLVE TO:

BRIAN'S NOKIA displays 4:04AM when it begins VIBRATING...

**INT. BRIAN'S SKYDOME ROOM - NIGHT**

...on the nightstand. Eileen is asleep with her back to Brian. A portable baby-bed with Brian Jr. is on the floor.

Bzzz... Bzzz... Brian stirs, grabs the phone. Without glasses, the CALLER ID is a blur. He brings it close: "ROGER CALLING"

**INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - LATER**

Brian quietly exits his room, wearing a hoodie. He looks left, then right... spying a BELLBOY setting a familiar USA TODAY in front of every door. Brian reaches down and grabs his copy:

"THE HOME RUN RACE: CHASING THE IMPOSSIBLE"

Mark McGwire and Sammy Sosa have become above-the-fold news.

**INT. TOP FLOOR HOTEL HALLWAY - LATER**

Brian raises his hand to knock, but the door is open a crack.

**INT. ROGER'S SKYDOME SUITE - CONTINUOUS**

Wearing sweatpants, Roger stares out at the empty field.

ROGER

It's all good. Come on in.

Brian cautiously steps forward. Looks into the BEDROOM. Mindy is passed out naked under the sheets.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I wake you?

BRIAN

Nah, I was up. Mindy okay?

ROGER

Yeah, she's just sleepin' it off.

Brian silently counts the EMPTY BEER CANS. Too many to--

ROGER (CONT'D)

Relax. They ain't mine. *Hey...* don't you judge her. She's got demons we can't begin to understand.

(then)

I had a talk with José. Told him to back off of 'ya.

BRIAN

You didn't have to do that.

ROGER

Yes, I did. You're a part of this team. And you are my friend.

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - MORNING - 2008**

ON BRIAN -- *Reliving this moment*. Whatever question is being asked of Roger is deeply MUFFLED, like we're underwater...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brian studies his "friend," nervously licking his lips.

**INT. ROGER'S SKYDOME SUITE - RESUME - 1998**

Roger nervously licks his lips.

ROGER  
I can't believe I never asked 'ya  
this... Why'd you quit the NYPD?

BRIAN  
I got tired of people telling me I  
look like Jimmy Smits.

ROGER  
Come on now.

BRIAN  
It was three years. Mostly doin'  
paperwork. I guess-- I only joined  
for my Dad, really, in the first  
place. I think he knew how much I  
wanted a uniform.

ROGER  
Huh. He still a cop?

BRIAN  
True blue 'til the day he died.

ROGER  
Well, shit. Every man should do what  
he loves 'til the day he dies. That  
there's the cruel side of this  
business. Train your whole life.  
Give up everything. Your mind, your  
body... Your goddamn soul. Then 'ya  
hit thirty-six and they tell you--  
That's it! Thanks for playin' ace,  
enjoy the last forty fuckin' years  
of your life.

(a long, deep breath)  
God I love this game, Brian. With  
every particle of my being.

BRIAN  
I know you do.

Brian can see Roger is in anguish. He looks around, starting  
to worry. He spots the USA TODAY flung in the garbage as--

ROGER  
I got you somethin'. It's over here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roger leads Brian to a LIVING ROOM AREA with a sofa. On the coffee table is a pinstripe blue & white NEW YORK YANKEES CAP.

BRIAN  
Roger, I...

ROGER

--See how it looks on 'ya.

Brian lifts the hat. Adjusts it, nice and snug on his head.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
It fits 'ya. It fits 'ya good.  
(then)  
Brian... Do you know the hardest  
thing to do in any sport?

BRIAN  
Yeah. Hitting a baseball.

ROGER  
(beat)  
Not anymore.

Only now does Brian see what was hiding beneath the hat:

A VIAL AND A SYRINGE

Brian picks up the tiny bottle. Examines the label: WINSTROL.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Before you say anything... Do you  
know why they outlawed the spitball?

Practically in a daze, Brian looks up from the vial.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
See, it used to be legal to dirty the  
ball. You'd spit on it, maybe roll it  
in dirt. Then on August 16, 1920,  
Carl Mays threw one at Ray Chapman's  
head and it killed him. Chapman  
didn't even see it coming. Cracked  
his skull wide open. But that's not  
why the league banned the spitball.  
No, sir. That was just their excuse.  
They outlawed it because it was  
fuckin' hard to hit! 'Goddamn owners  
*"sold out to home runs."* And those  
ain't even my words. They're Ty  
Cobb's. And if Ty Cobb were alive  
today, he'd say the exact same  
thing's happening all over again.

BRIAN  
I thought we were playing it right?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Roger reaches into the garbage and grabs the USA TODAY...

ROGER  
You see this shit? *Chasing the impossible?*  
(chucks the newspaper)  
Man, I throw the fuckin' impossible!

BRIAN  
Those guys are cheating.

ROGER  
The rules have changed, Mac. We gonna do somethin' about it? Or we just gonna dick around and let Paul Bunyan and Mighty Mouse jump into the record books off my goddamn fastball!?

Roger comes over. Puts his hands on Brian's shoulders.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Far as I see it, we got two choices. I walk away. A decade of dominance. Hall of Fame in five years. Thank my kids. Thank Jesus. Then I go home and blow m'brains out.  
(beat)  
Or we level the fuckin' playin' field. This is a gunfight Bry-- and I'm sittin' here like some pissant with a goddamn bow and arrow!

Roger has really worked himself up... Practically panting:

ROGER (CONT'D)  
I know I ain't supposed to have a beer but for God sakes can I have a beer?

LATER:

Roger and Brian drink warm Miller Lights on the sofa, staring at the Winstrol like it's radioactive.

BRIAN  
You even know how to take it?

ROGER  
José gave me a schedule. "Cycle" is what he called it back at the party.

BRIAN  
José's a moron.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

Well luckily it ain't his schedule.  
It's four times. Once every two weeks.  
Done by August. You gotta inject me in  
the rear 'couple hours before game  
time. How much time we got?

BRIAN

(checks his Rolex)  
About eight hou-- Wait, what do you  
mean you inject me? *You* as in *me*?  
You want me to do this?

ROGER

Don't you do this shit for your kid?

BRIAN

Insulin! Not fucking steroids!

Roger's finger instantly appears in Brian's face.

ROGER

Hey. We don't use that word. Ever. I  
ain't like them. That's not what  
this is about. Getting here...  
(*tap, tap on the Yankees hat...*)  
...is what this is about.

Brian lets it sink in. This is a nasty rabbit hole to go down.  
But his best friend is begging. His *only* friend is begging...

BRIAN

We do it right. We do it healthy.  
And we tell nobody.

Roger nods with a great sigh of relief. Brian picks up the  
syringe, much bigger than baby-sized insulin shots.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Jesus man, I gotta stick this in  
your ass?

ROGER

Yes you do, handsome.

Roger unties his sweatpants with a flourish.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Stick your big needle in my ass,  
sailor boy! Just like they do it in  
the big city!

And as his underwear drops...

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - MORNING - 2008**

...WE HEAR LAUGHTER coming from the galley.

ROGER  
Never happened.

CONGRESSWOMAN NORTON  
Never happened?

ROGER  
Never happened.

CONGRESSWOMAN NORTON  
Let me read once more from the  
Mitchell Report: "That summer Clemens  
asked McNamee to inject him with  
Winstrol, which Clemens supplied.  
McNamee injected Clemens approximately  
four times in the buttocks over a  
several week period."

(beat)  
So when Mr. McNamee said this to  
former Senator Mitchell, you are  
saying that Mr. McNamee lied?

ROGER  
I think-- he misremembers.

CONGRESSWOMAN NORTON  
He what?

ROGER  
I think he misremembers.

Beat.

CONGRESSWOMAN NORTON  
Did Mr. McNamee ever inject you with  
*anything*?

ROGER  
I believe he injected me with B-12  
three or four times.

CONGRESSWOMAN NORTON  
The vitamin?

ROGER  
Yes. For my health.

CONGRESSWOMAN NORTON  
Mr. McNamee, did you ever inject Mr.  
Clemens with B-12?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

I've never given Roger Clemens B-12.  
In fact, before all this... I'd  
never even heard of B-12.

CONGRESSWOMAN NORTON

Mr. Clemens. Is it possible you  
believed you were injected with B-12  
when in fact you were injected with  
anabolic steroids?

Rusty leans forward. This is a possible lifeboat.

ROGER

I worked hard, Ma'am. Harder than  
anyone in the game. And as the  
Indian God Buddha once said... my  
body is a temple.

Buddha never said that.

CUE THE BALLPARK ORGAN MUSIC:

**INT. FENWAY PARK - VARIOUS AREAS - DAY - 1998**

Every seat filled. Most in red and white. A few brave souls  
wear white and blue for the visiting Toronto Blue Jays.

ANNOUNCER V.O.

Ladies and gentleman, boys and  
girls... Welcome to Fenway Park!

**INT. FENWAY PARK FIELD - LATER**

José Canseco is up to bat against Boston's DEREK LOWE (#32).  
Lowe throws a SINKERBALL -- José swings -- and misses. Strike!

**BEHIND HOME PLATE**

Bud Selig obviously has the best seats in the house. He's  
sharing popcorn and sodas with his college-age GRANDDAUGHTER.

BUD

They're giving him an honorary  
doctorate?

GRANDDAUGHTER

You don't think Nelson Mandela  
deserves one?

BUD

No, I'm just surprised it took  
Harvard University this long to give  
it to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another pitch from Lowe. Ball. The count is 2-2.

An older GENTLEMAN, rich, white and in a suit like Bud -- they could be related -- comes down the aisle. Bud stands up.

BUD (CONT'D)  
George! How the hell are you?

The gentleman is former U.S. SENATOR GEORGE MITCHELL (D-MA).

SENATOR MITCHELL  
Good to see you, Bud.

BUD  
This is my granddaughter, Natalie.

SENATOR MITCHELL  
Nice to meet you.

BUD  
George here was a former Senator--

GRANDDAUGHTER  
--I recognize him, Pop Pop. We've talked about you, Senator Mitchell, in my political science symposium.

BUD  
Well, I was *going* to say George here is now on the board of the Boston Red Sox and I think seventeen other companies. How's that treating you?

SENATOR MITCHELL  
I show up for two meetings a year. It's not half bad.

Derek Lowe STRIKES OUT Canseco. It's the end of the inning.

The Red Sox head into their dugout as the Blue Jays take the field. In the middle of the pack, headed to the MOUND...

ANNOUNCER V.O. (ED BRICKLEY)  
And now, pitching for the Toronto Blue Jays, number 21: Roger Clemens.

The stadium SHAKES with *BOOS* and some less appropriate words.

SENATOR MITCHELL  
If three-hundred years of history and forty-six tons of tea has taught me anything... It's that nobody gets riled up for revenge like the good people of Boston.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUD

Revenge? On whose side? He's having a great season. Maybe his best ever.

SENATOR MITCHELL

Yeah, well... Who knew the fountain of youth was in Toronto?

George and Bud share an *inside-baseball* look...

**INT. FENWAY PARK - PITCHING MOUND - SAME**

Roger blows into his hand. He ignores the *booing*. He kicks the mound -- *sculpting it* -- and digs his cleats in. GO TIGHT:

ON ROGER'S FACE. Pupils laser focused on his catcher's fist... Roger shakes off the first call. Nods to the second. Primed.

The last thing we see before Roger's body brutally uncoils forward out-of-frame... *Is a giant fucking smile.*

SLAM TO:

A CY YOUNG AWARD -- number five -- hung above the fireplace...

**INT. CLEMENS ESTATE - TROPHY ROOM - DAY**

Roger steps back and admires the additional hardware. FLASH-- PHOTOGRAPHERS snap away. Roger turns and poses. FLASH--

PHOTOGRAPHER

How does it feel to break Carlton and Maddux's record?

ROGER

We're just all one step closer to that big house in Cooperstown!

Roger waves to someone behind the photographers-- Out steps Brian, rushing into frame. Like he won the Cy Young himself. In Brian's hand is a PRIORITY MAIL ENVELOPE addressed to "**Up Boston's Ass**" -- The two friends hold their HANDSHAKE as we...

CAMERA FLASH TO:

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - MORNING**

Brian -- drawing on his notepad -- anxiously clicks away with his pen. Rep. BRUCE BRALEY (D-IA), a Freshman, is up next...

CONGRESSMAN BRALEY

On November 17th, 1998, Mr. Clemens was awarded his fifth Cy--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN

--Mr. McNamee, would you please stop futzing with that pen?

Brian immediately stops clicking, embarrassed by his habit.

BRIAN

I'm sorry.

CONGRESSMAN BRALEY

Thank you, Mr. Chairman.

(back to business)

Mr. McNamee, would you say you played a part in Roger Clemens' success?

BRIAN

Roger's ability is all his own, Congressman.

CONGRESSMAN BRALEY

So you do or do not believe you had anything to do with Mr. Clemens' pronounced and prolonged turn around?

PUSH IN -- ON BRIAN...

BRIAN

I believe-- As a team-- I believe I did have something to do with his turn around. Yes.

Roger is overcome by a SNEEZE...

ROGER

*Accchhh-horseshit!*

The room erupts in laughter. Waxman angrily bangs his gavel.

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN

Not here, Mr. Clemens. I won't tolerate that in here. Mr. Braley?

Roger throws his hands up in apology. But he's smiling.

CONGRESSMAN BRALEY

Mr. McNamee. In the month of May, 1998, Mr. Clemens had 45 strikeouts. He had 44 in June. In July he only had a meager 35. And according--

BRIAN

...Sir, if I may, I feel it's important to point out that 35 strikeouts is not meager.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONGRESSMAN BRALEY

Okay. Noted. The importance of these numbers is that July, the month when Mr. Clemens had his lowest statistics of the season, correlates time-wise with when you began injecting him with Winstrol. Is that correct?

BRIAN

Yes.

CONGRESSMAN BRALEY

45 strikeouts in May. 44 strikeouts in June. 35 strikeouts in July. And in August, his first month on anabolic steroids, how many strikeouts did Mr. Clemens throw?

BRIAN

Sixty-eight.

Dead. Fucking. Silence.

CAMERA FLASH TO:

**INT. OLD YANKEE STADIUM - PRESS ROOM - DAY - 1999**

Roger Clemens shakes the hand of New York Yankee's head coach JOE TORRE-- an identical image to Roger shaking Brian's hand.

CONGRESSMAN BRALEY (V.O.)

The following year, Mr. Clemens was traded to the New York Yankees...

Except this time, Roger proudly lifts a PINSTRIPE JERSEY with: #22. A new number for a new era.

CAMERA FLASH TO:

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - RESUME - 2008**

Congressman Braley glances up from his notes.

CONGRESSMAN BRALEY (CONT'D)

...Did he bring you along, as he had promised to do?

**INT. 2ND AVE. DELI - NEW YORK, NY - MORNING - 1999**

The jingle of doorbells as Brian excitedly enters, removing his scarf. He spots Roger, already seated. Brian rushes over.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BRIAN  
I can't believe it. You're actually  
here in fuckin' New York City!

Roger stands and gives Brian a bro hug. They sit down.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
You have no idea, man, what this  
means to me. To everyone in my  
family. Oh man, when I sent my  
resignation to Tim... I wish I had  
seen his face, you know?

ROGER  
Already? You already sent--?

BRIAN  
Fuck yeah! A chance to do what we do  
in my own home town! I'm repainting  
Junior's room in blue and white  
pinstripes as we speak. Ahhhh! The  
fuckin' Yankees! This'll show those  
pricks in Boston, right? This is what  
we were talkin' about! Fuck the Sox!

And that's when Brian notices something... Roger has been  
nervously TEARING HIS NAPKIN APART this entire time.

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - MORNING - 2008**

CONGRESSMAN BRALEY  
Mr. McNamee, did Mr. Clemens bring  
you with him to the New York Yankees?

BRIAN  
No.

CONGRESSMAN BRALEY  
Did this upset you?

**INT. 2ND AVE. DELI - MORNING - 1999**

MOS: Roger is clearly telling Brian the bad news...

BRIAN (V.O.)  
I wasn't-- I couldn't blame Roger. He  
said he went up to Steinbrenner and--

Brian in V.O. says "Steinbrenner" IN SYNC with Roger's lips.

CONGRESSMAN BRALEY (V.O.)  
--You were fine being left behind?

He is decidedly not fine. Roger's words punch him in the gut.

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - RESUME - 2008**

BRIAN

I... Yes.

CONGRESSMAN BRALEY

You resigned from the Toronto Blue Jays after only one season in Major League Baseball.

**INT. 2ND AVE. DELI - DAY - 1999**

MOS: Brian is doing everything he can not to show his anger and embarrassment as a WAITER appears to take their order.

BRIAN (V.O.)

I understood Roger tried to get me hired but he-- excuse me-- but the team did not need me.

Roger orders then looks to Brian. Who doesn't move. A million thoughts race through his head and none are about breakfast.

BRIAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I was... sad I would no longer have daily interactions with Mr. Clemens--

CUT TO:

A SYRINGE FILLED WITH LIQUID

BRIAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But it was time for me to be with my family. To be a father and a husband.

**INT. MCNAMEE APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING - 2001**

Brian injects the SYRINGE OF INSULIN into now FOUR YEAR-OLD Brian Jr., then covers the spot with a Spider-Man band-aid.

BRIAN

Good job, little man. What do you want for breakfast?

BRIAN JR.

*Wheaties!*

BRIAN

That's my boy.

**INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Brian pours a bowl of WHEATIES as Eileen -- eight months PREGNANT -- enters. She's dressed for her work as a teacher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EILEEN  
There's eggs in the fridge.

BRIAN  
His glucose was low.

EILEEN  
Nah. You just hate saying "no" to him.  
Brian smiles. She's not lying. He pours the milk.

BRIAN  
I'm double-checking: Your ma's pickin'  
Junior up from daycare, right?

EILEEN  
No, she can't do it today. I told  
you she can't do it today.

BRIAN  
I thought...  
EILEEN  
--I'll ask Mary...

Eileen grabs her keys. In a rush.

BRIAN  
No, it's-- I'll cancel Ms. Argyle.

EILEEN  
It's fine. I'll ask Mary.

BRIAN  
Okay.

Eileen pecks his cheek. Brian sighs, regards the *Breakfast of Champions* box-- MOCKING HIM with a picture of YANKEE LEADER:

**JOE TORRE**  
**WORLD SERIES WINNER**  
Ⓢ 1998 Ⓢ 1999 Ⓢ 2000

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - MORNING - 2008**

A WORLD SERIES RING sparkles on Roger's left hand...

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN  
Mr. Clemens, which world series ring  
are you wearing now?

ROGER  
They say you never forget 'yer first  
time. This is from '99.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN

Obviously the team did very well. But did your personal stats change after you stopped working with Mr. McNamee?

ROGER

I don't understand what you're askin'.

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN

When you went to the New York Yankees and won two World Series without Mr. McNamee, did your statistics -- your wins, your strikeouts -- did they go up, stay the same or did they go down?

ROGER

They-- It's a team sport. You know, we won. We had the best team and I did my part to win-- and, you want to talk about statistics, it's not about that, it's about the game, man.

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN

Very well, Mr. Clemens.

#### **INT. WEST VILLAGE APARTMENT - DAY - 2001**

Brian trains MS. ARGYLE, age indeterminate due to many plastic surgeries. His eyes are HYPNOTICALLY COLD... Either from the mundane job, the dull repetition of her ARM RAISES--

MS. ARGYLE

Ooo... I'm going to hurt tomorrow.

BRIAN

Almost there. Two more, Sylvia.

--But probably both. Ms. Argyle finishes. Brian pats her back, grabbing the 5-lb. hand weights and returning them to his...

DUFFLE BAG. Inside, he discovers his CELL PHONE (a Motorola now) is *vibrating*. He does not recognize the 718-number:

BRIAN (INTO PHONE)

Hello?

#### **INT. MCNAMEE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

The 1998 TORONTO BLUE JAYS TEAM PHOTO is now center stage in Brian's "trophy case." RACK FOCUS to the glass REFLECTION:

Brian Jr. sits on the sofa watching SPONGEBOB with the volume raised to hide the YELLING coming from the bedroom...

**INT. BEDROOM - SAME**

Eileen is trying valiantly to keep her voice down.

EILEEN (CONT'D)  
He abandoned you, Brian!! Two years  
and you want to drop everything for  
him-- again?

BRIAN  
They finally have room for me,  
sweetie. Finally. The New York  
Yankees, back-to-back-to-back world  
champions! Jesus, Eileen, I could get  
a fucking ring!

EILEEN  
You have a ring. And watch your mouth.

Brian puts his hands on his hips. Looks at the floor.

BRIAN  
I can't keep doing this. I can't keep  
training these old ladies. Leeny-- We  
got another kid about to pop!

EILEEN  
All the more reason to stay  
here with your family!

BRIAN  
--I can't afford to stay!

EILEEN  
And whose fault is that? You could be  
chargin' two, three times as much.  
You could be marketing yourself!

BRIAN  
As what?

EILEEN  
As what? As the guy who trained  
Roger Clemens.

BRIAN  
I don't want to be a fuckin-- I'm--  
I don't want to be a bar story.

EILEEN  
What?

BRIAN  
I don't want to be a bar story!  
(a snooty voice)  
*Well my personal trainer brought  
Roger Clemens back from the brink.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EILEEN  
What's wrong with that?

BRIAN  
Eileen... It's the damn Yankees!  
They're a New York team!

EILEEN  
The road is half the season!

BRIAN  
--It's a few days here and there--

EILEEN  
And when you're not on the road,  
you'll be in Houston!

BRIAN  
That's not true.

Eileen glares. Puts her hands on her stomach protectively.

EILEEN  
You will be at his beck-and-call.  
Look what Toronto did to us! We  
barely made it through one season.

BRIAN  
I--  
(long beat; a decision)  
It's the Yankees, Eileen.

EILEEN  
No, it's not.  
(beat)  
It's Roger.

**EXT. STREET CORNER - UPPER EAST SIDE - MORNING**

Brian holds a paper with an address. He matches it to the gold awning for "403 E 90th St."

**INT. ROGER'S NEW YORK PENTHOUSE - LATER**

The elevator door opens straight into Roger's fabulous apartment. Top floor, with a forever view of the EAST RIVER.

DEBBIE (O.S.)  
Welcome back, Handsome.

Brian spins to find Debbie in her open-air KITCHEN beside a BLENDER filled with fruits and vegetables. She turns it on.

BRIAN  
(unintelligible over blender)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBBIE  
(shuts off blender)  
What's that, hon? You looking for  
Roger? He's in the back.

**INT. DEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Brian softly opens the door on Roger playing TONY HAWK'S PRO SKATER 2 split-screen on a 42-inch top-of-the-line Plasma TV.

Challenging Roger is teammate ANDY PETTITTE (#46), a strong Romanesque face and a CATHOLIC CROSS necklace. In the corner, CHUCK KNOBLAUCH (#11) drinks a beer. At no time does Chuck ever not look like a dick. The three form a TEXAS TRIUMVIRATE.

ROGER  
*Goddamnit!*

He throws his controller on the floor as Andy's skateboarding avatar is declared the winner.

ANDY  
Just 'cause God's on my side don't--

Roger notices Brian standing in the door. He brightens:

ROGER  
--Brian *fuckin'* McNamee! Get the  
fuck over here.

Roger pulls Brian into a bear hug. Brian points to the game.

BRIAN  
Looks like you should stick to  
baseball.

Bad joke. Brian tries to hide it with a fake laugh.

ROGER  
Fellas. This is Brian McNamee. Guy I  
was tellin' you all about. Brian...  
Andy Pettitte... Chuck Knoblauch.

ANDY  
Nice to meet you, Brian.

Andy stands up and offers Brian a proper handshake. Chuck stays in the corner and gives him a *whassup* nod.

ROGER  
You guys wanna get a workout in? See  
what all the hype's about?

Chuck slowly looks down at the beer in his hand. Looks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUCK

I'm good.

Andy checks his watch. Moves for the door...

ANDY

I would-- but I gotta grab Laura  
before the one o'clock mass.

Roger pats Brian hard on the back.

ROGER

Well. Looks like it's just the two  
of us. Like old times.

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK - JOGGING PATH - DAY**

Stroller moms and tourists. The trees are just starting to bloom. Brian and Roger jog past at a serious pace...

ROGER

So how's Eileen?

BRIAN

She's... fine. Hormonal.

ROGER

Well, you tell her... this ain't  
gonna be... like Toronto. You got...  
serious freedom now.

(growing out-of-breath)

We make-- our own schedule.

BRIAN

How? You gonna call the league and  
tell'm when and where you wanna play?

They pass by a STREET VENDOR selling water and popsicles.

STREET VENDOR

Holy sh-- Hey, Roger! You guys gonna  
win the 'Series again!?

ROGER

You know it, buddy!

(to Brian)

Hold up.

Roger slows down, tired. He motions to move off the path.

BRIAN

Hey-- Don't worry about Eileen.  
Schedule's the schedule. She'll  
understand. I gotta go where the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Yankees go and last I checked they're  
not playin' in my living room!

Roger doesn't laugh. Brian senses something's off. They sit on  
a park bench. Roger, more winded, takes a moment...

ROGER

Brian... Go see your family whenever  
the hell you like. The Yankees don't  
control you. Forget the schedule.

BRIAN

What are you talking about?

Roger has trouble finding the words. He licks his lips.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Roger?

ROGER

Cashman and Torre didn't... they  
didn't want to *officially*... ah,  
shit man.

BRIAN

Officially what?

ROGER

What I mean is... your salary... the  
benefits...

Enough said. Brian understands.

BRIAN

The Yankees didn't hire me.  
(beat)  
I'm working for you.

Roger nods. Brian glances at the sympathetic hand on his  
shoulder... At the gleaming DIAMOND ~~N~~ RING he'll never get.

ROGER

For what its worth Bry... you always  
were.

Brian hides his feelings. Roger stands, wipes his face.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Come on. I'll race 'ya to the  
boathouse!

Roger takes off running. Brian swallows his pride...

...And follows after him.

**EXT. OLD YANKEE STADIUM - EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - DAY**

Brian wears the gifted NY Yankees hat from Roger and carries his duffle bag filled with equipment. He power-walks over to:

CARL -- a black security guard hired in the days of Mantle and Maris -- leaning on a step-stool reading the NEW YORK POST.

BRIAN  
Excuse me. I'm-- Hi.  
(Carl looks up)  
Brian McNamee. Today's my first day.

With a show of great inconvenience, Carl grabs a CLIP-BOARD.

CARL  
Spell your last name.

BRIAN  
M-C-N-A-M-E-E.

CARL  
(studying clip-board)  
Nope.

Carl sets the clip-board back and returns to his newspaper.

BRIAN  
I work for Roger Clemens.

CARL  
Uh-huh. I heard 'em all before, pal.  
Round the corner with the rest of 'em.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

Confused, Brian walks around the corner to find six or seven--

MIDDLE-AGED MEN WITH ROLLER BAGS. Three of the guys compare baseball cards. A BEARDED MAN looks up from his cellphone...

BEARDED MAN  
You have to be inside the line.

Brian looks down to see a YELLOW BOX painted into the asphalt.

BRIAN  
I don't understand.

BEARDED MAN  
We have to wait here. They don't  
like us harassing the players.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Excuse me?

BEARDED MAN

For autographs.

(then)

Dave Cossini. You must be new, right? See, I don't do this full time like some of the other guys. I'm an air traffic controller out at Teterboro-- 'Work nights. Daughter just started her second year at Syracuse-- I'm actually *texting* her right now, it's like the new thing with her-- Anyhow, figured this was a good way to drum up extra cash. Thank God for Ebay!

--Brian's eyes narrow as Dave overshares--

BEARDED MAN/DAVE (CONT'D)

Hey, pal. Is everything okay?

BRIAN

Ebay?

Dave nods. Leans down and opens his bag. It's full of...

YANKEE MEMORABILIA

Jerseys. Hats. 8x10's. And a box of various colored SHARPIES. Brian does an about-face, storming out of the yellow box--

BEARDED MAN/DAVE

Hey! Where 'ya goin'! You're gonna get us in trouble, man!

Brian spots Roger's teammate Chuck Knoblauch leaving his car.

BRIAN

Chuck! Excuse me... Chuck.

Chuck stops mid-stride, staring at Brian. Brian jogs over--

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Thank God.

(re: Carl)

That guy over there--

CHUCK

You got somethin' for me to sign?

BRIAN

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUCK

You want me to autograph somethin'?

Brian stammers... *He just met the guy.*

BRIAN

I'm Brian. We-- I'm Roger's friend.

CHUCK

If you say so, buddy boy.

Chuck continues to the team entrance. Brian doesn't move. Reluctantly, he reaches into his pocket for his cellphone. Holds down the "2" button and speed-dials...

ROGER (STRAIGHT TO VOICEMAIL)

You got the Rocket. Leave a message.

Brian hangs up. Frustrated, he walks to his beat-up BEIGE CAMRY as an out-of-focus FIGURE runs out of the stadium...

ROGER

Mac! Mac!

Brian turns, spots Roger rushing over.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Sorry! I just totally forgot to add 'yer name to the list. My bad.

BRIAN

It's... okay.

The MEMORABILIA GUYS inside the yellow box murmur when they see Roger put his arm around Brian... *one of their own.*

ROGER

See those guys? Fuckin' weirdos.  
(leading Brian inside)  
Now wait'll you see this!

CUT TO:

A DEEP WELL OF SHADOW. Two faces materialize into the light--

**INT. OLD YANKEE STADIUM FIELD - DAY**

...Brian and Roger emerge from the DARK TUNNEL onto the IRIDESCENT GREEN FIELD of the Bronx Bombers. Brian does his best to hold back tears. He can't help it. After all, Babe Ruth hit here. Joltin' Joe Dimaggio. Lou Gehrig. In fact...

Hell if Lou ain't faintly WHISPERED ON THE WIND: *"Today-- I consider myself-- the luckiest man on the face of this earth."*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roger turns to Brian. Smiles.

ROGER  
I know. I hear it too.

Brian laughs. Wipes his eyes on his arm. He finally made it.

JUMP CUT:

From the happiest moment of Brian's life to the worst...

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - MORNING - 2008**

Rep. DARRELL ISSA (R-CA) is Congress's richest member.

CONGRESSMAN ISSA  
And after you came back to work for  
Mr. Clemens-- how long before you  
once again began the...  
(air-quotes)  
"McNamee Program" of P.E.D.'s?

BRIAN  
First of all, Congressman, I resent  
you using my name as if drugs are--

CONGRESSMAN ISSA  
You resent--? You did use performance  
enhancing drugs, I didn't misspeak!  
That's why we're all here today. You  
procured and you shot up Mr. Clemens,  
not the other way around. So in 2001,  
when did you begin doing so again?

OFF BRIAN -- Hearing MUSIC only he can hear...

**INT. BAYOU MUSIC CENTER - HOUSTON, TX - NIGHT - 2001**

Cowboy hats. Cut-off shorts. The crowd sings along to Mindy  
McCready and her ONSTAGE BAND. As we PAN THE AUDIENCE...

MINDY  
*...He whispers he loves me-- He loves  
me so strong-- He wants to show me  
tonight... Yeah I'll bet he does!*

...Find Chuck Knoblauch, grinding wildly against a COWGIRL...

...Andy Pettitte is there, arms around his wife LAURA...

...And Roger. *With Debbie!* She's downing a GIANT BLUE DRINK...

...Lastly, we come to a stop on Brian. The odd man out. He  
watches Mindy ZERO IN on Roger. Singing, as if only to him:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MINDY (CONT'D)  
*When two people have wanted each  
other-- So long you know it's only  
right... Yeah tonight!*

Debbie Clemens sucks up the remainder of her blue drink...

**EXT. BAYOU MUSIC CENTER - STREET - LATER**

Roger and Laura Pettitte carry Debbie into an idling LIMO as concertgoers head for a PARKING LOT. Andy and Brian hang back:

ANDY  
You think that's why Roger's the best?

BRIAN  
Why what? What do you mean?

ANDY  
Guy brings his wife to his girlfriend's  
concert? You gotta have crystal blue  
ice in your veins to pull that.  
(beat)  
Well-- see 'ya back in New York, Mac.

Andy walks away, gives Roger a hug and then joins Debbie and Laura in the limousine. Roger slams the car door, bangs the roof. Watches as it drives off... Then turns around to Brian:

ROGER  
Shall we?

Andy's words echo in Brian's ears.

**EXT. BAYOU MUSIC CENTER - STAGE DOOR - LATER**

Roger and Brian find their way to the back of the venue. A BOUNCER guards the ARTIST'S ENTRANCE-- blocking our duo.

BOUNCER  
Sorry fellas, show's over.

ROGER  
We're pals with the lady of honor.  
Headin' backstage.

BOUNCER  
No can do.

ROGER  
Just call someone up on your walkie-  
talkie toy. We're expected.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOUNCER

If that were true, you'd have VIP badges. Do you have VIP badges?

Brian puts a hand on Roger to calm his flaring temper...

ROGER

You kiddin' me? Badges? D'you know who the hell I am?

BOUNCER

Yeah, I know who you are. And I hate the fuckin' Yankees. So you and your lap dog can go fuck off now.

ROGER

What did you say you--?

WHACK!!! Brian PUNCHES THE SHIT out of the bouncer before Roger can mouth off. ANOTHER BOUNCER rushes over to help but--

ROGER GRABS HIM AND...

HEAD BUTTS US INTO:

**INT. BACKSTAGE GREEN ROOM - LATER**

Mindy puts ice in a plastic baggie. Instead of putting it on his red FOREHEAD, Roger puts the ice on his PITCHING SHOULDER.

BRIAN

I think there's tooth in my hand.

Brian wraps a towel around his KNUCKLES, notes the ice bag:

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Jesus! Did you pull your shoulder?

ROGER

Nah. Just aggravated it is all.

*And like that, Brian understands why Roger asked him back--*

BRIAN

How long?

ROGER

...Six months.

MINDY

I told him to call you sooner.

Mindy grabs some excess ice and pours TWO GLASSES of whiskey. She brings a tumbler to Roger, who holds up a hand...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

No, thank you, darlin'. Mac is back  
and you know his rule.

Mindy shrugs, pours Roger's whiskey into her glass.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Bry... when we get back to New York.

(beat)

I got a thing I need you to do for me.

CUT TO:

BRIAN'S FIST, starting to heal from the fight. HE KNOCKS--

**EXT. PRO SHOP DETAIL CENTER - LONG ISLAND, NY - NIGHT**

--And a speakeasy-style PEEPHOLE slides open. TWO EYES glare.

TWO EYES

Password.

BRIAN

Password? I'm looking for Kirk.

TWO EYES

You wanna die!? Give me the password!

Brian backpedals, trying to get away--

BRIAN

I'm sorry, I have the wrong...

The peephole clanks shut. LOCKS DISENGAGE and the door swings open on a goliath... this is body-builder KIRK RADOMSKI (32).

KIRK/TWO EYES

Dude. Come back... I was just  
messin' with you! I'm Kirk.

BRIAN

You're Kirk?

KIRK

That's me. All my friends call me  
Murdoch, though.

BRIAN

Sorry. Murdoch.

KIRK

Kirk. We're not friends yet.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KIRK (CONT'D)  
Buddy, I'm pullin' your chain. What  
can I do you for?

BRIAN  
I'm picking up an order for "RC".

KIRK  
Awesome. 'This for Roger Clemens?

Panic all over Brian's face. The jig is up.

KIRK (CONT'D)  
It's all good, kimo sabe. Brian,  
right? José gave me a heads up.  
Circle of trust.

Kirk puts his arm out like a doorman, leading Brian inside...

**INT. PRO SHOP DETAIL CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

EXOTIC CARS litter the joint. Ferrari. Bugatti. Porsche. Kirk  
leads an overwhelmed Brian past classic coupes mid-repair.

KIRK  
Tell Roger if he-- Tell RC if he  
ever needs anything with his ride  
we're a one-stop shop.  
(then)  
Some pretty cool stuff here, huh?

BRIAN  
Amazing. Is that a... I mean,  
that's-- a Duesenberg!

Kirk rubs his index finger over a shiny DUESENBERG SJ COUPE.

KIRK  
Yeah, I do a little work for--  
(finger to lips)  
*Jerry Seinfeld.*

They continue past a COVERED CAR. Suddenly, Kirk freezes--

KIRK (CONT'D)  
Stop! Stoppy stop stop.  
(spins around)  
I have to. I wasn't going to, but I  
have to. Because you know your shizz,  
Brian. And people who know their  
shizz... deserve a prize.

Kirk grabs the tarp and whisks it off the car, revealing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A SILVER ASTON MARTIN VANQUISH

KIRK (CONT'D)  
You know what this is?

BRIAN  
An Aston Martin?

KIRK  
No. This is James Bond's Aston  
Martin. Pierce-*frickin'*-Brosnan's  
Aston Martin. It's like ridiculously  
super top-secret so keep that to  
yourself. Circle of trust.  
(beat)  
Go ahead. Lean up against it.  
(beat)  
Like Bond.

Brian awkwardly leans against the Vanquish.

KIRK (CONT'D)  
Who knew bein' so close to something  
sexy could make you feel so sexy, am  
I right? Come on, gimme your best  
*double-oh-seven*.

BRIAN  
I... I don't remember it very...

KIRK  
What's there to remember? It's easy.  
It's like...

--Kirk WHIPS OUT A HANDGUN inches from Brian's forehead--

KIRK (CONT'D)  
(bad Sean Connery)  
...Bond, Kirk Bond.

Brian throws his hands up. Kirk laughs, tucks his gun back.

KIRK (CONT'D)  
Put your hands down. Safety was on  
the whole time!  
(then)  
You know how stupid it'd be to shoot  
a gun in here? I could hit a car!

Kirk moves on. Brian finally allows himself to breathe again.

**INT. KIRK'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

A surprisingly nice PRIVATE RESIDENCE attached to the shop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Baseball collectibles are everywhere. Photos of young Kirk in METS BAT-BOY ATTIRE front and center. Kirk points to a couch.

KIRK

Take a seat, man. I'll be right back.

The jingle of Kirk's sizable KEY-RING moves into the KITCHEN--

KIRK (CONT'D)

So what'd you do before training RC?

BRIAN

I was a personal trainer.

KIRK

Sure you weren't a cop?

Shit. Shit, shit, shit...

KIRK (CONT'D)

Just messin' with you, man! José mentioned it. *Tah-dah!*

He victoriously raises a KEY and inserts it into a HIDDEN LOCK in the REFRIGERATOR. The white, magnet covered door OPENS ON:

**INT. KIRK'S SUPER-SECRET HIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A VERITABLE PHARMACY. Shelves of well organized "product." And a *real* refrigerator too, for good measure.

**INT. KIRK'S LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Brian anxiously shakes his leg. Decides to distract himself by checking out Kirk's collection...

He gravitates toward a wall mounted case filled with dozens of mint-condition ROOKIE CARDS: CAL RIPKEN, JR. (Fleer, '82) KEN GRIFFEY, JR. (Upper Deck, '89)... And of course:

ROGER CLEMENS (Topps, 1985)

Brian leans in. A wanton smile. Roger's just a child here...

KIRK (O.S.)

Number twelve your order is ready!

Kirk appears from his Narnia refrigerator with a BROWN BAG.

KIRK

Can I ask you a question? Are the New York Yankees an *American* or a *National* League team?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN  
American.

KIRK  
And do pitchers hit in the *American*  
or the *National* League?

BRIAN  
National.

KIRK  
(holds up a vial)  
Then what the heck are you doing  
with this stuff? Everything in here  
is for *goomba* hitters like Canseco.  
You're not here for RC to hit home  
runs. You're here to make sure RC  
can throw a hundred pitches every  
game. Hopefully super-'*effin*-fast!

He hands Brian the bag but keeps the one vial of "Winstrol"--

KIRK (CONT'D)  
I kept a little in there so he feels  
like he's gettin' what he asked for.  
I know how bosses are. But *that* bag  
is what he should be on. I want you  
to start him up on H-G-H. Human  
Growth Hormone. You heard of it?

Beat. Brian nods.

KIRK (CONT'D)  
Good. Well everything you heard is  
true. Untraceable in testing and it  
won't turn RC into the Incredible  
Hulk. Though... you will want to  
avoid him when he's angry.

Kirk laughs *hard* at his own joke. Brian is ready to go.

BRIAN  
Thank you, Kirk...

KIRK  
Murdoch.

BRIAN  
Thank you, Murdoch.

KIRK  
You know how to use this stuff? It's  
not like Winstrol.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kirk can tell Brian has no clue. He motions for the brown bag back, pulls out TWO VIALS and a needle. Holding up VIAL "A"...

KIRK (CONT'D)  
This is sterile water. Take the  
syringe and fill it up. All of it.

Kirk does so. Setting the empty vial down, he grabs VIAL "B".

KIRK (CONT'D)  
This is hormone powder. Take the  
water from the syringe and slowly  
mix it with the HGH.  
(vial "B" turns milky)  
Now don't shake it or you'll muck up  
the molecules and shizz.  
(sucks up the milky liquid)  
Voilà. Now lift up your shirt.

BRIAN  
Oh, this isn't for me. I don't--

KIRK  
I like you Brian. I see a lot of  
similarities between us. We share a  
deep spiritual love for the game.  
(holding up the syringe)  
This is the part we play. And if we  
are going to play it, we are going  
to play it to the best of our  
goddamn ability. Now stop being an  
*Octopussy* and lift your shirt.

Brian obeys. Kirk deftly injects the HGH into his side. Brian instantly feels *dizzy* and stumbles... *AS A RECORD SCRATCHES--*

*BREAK, EJECT, EJECT, EJECT:*

KIRK (CONT'D)  
Okay. This can happen the first time.  
Take a seat. I'll grab you a Gatorade.

*'FOR THEY CATCH YA CHAINSMOKIN', WORD:*

Brian lays down on the couch. Kirk heads for his secret room--

KIRK (CONT'D)  
By the way... I accept Visa,  
MasterCard and personal checks.

*'FOR THEY CATCH YA, 'FOR THEY CATCH YA:*

**EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - TIME-LAPSE - MORNING**

The sun rises over the island, leaving the buildings -- including an iconic set of towers -- silhouetted in shadow.

*DON'T BE SHOCKED BY THE TONE OF MY VOICE:*

**EXT. 403 E 90TH ST - MORNING**

Brian nervously opens the front door into Roger's building.

*CHECK OUT MY NEW WEAPON, WEAPON OF CHOICE:*

**INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Brian checks-in with a CONCIERGE, who points to the elevator.

*DON'T BE SHOCKED BY THE TONE OF MY VOICE:*

**INT. ROGER'S NEW YORK PENTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Elevator doors open and Brian heads for the kitchen island, setting his son's SPIDER-MAN LUNCH BOX on the gray marble.

INSIDE: 1 VIAL OF HGH, 1 VIAL OF WATER, 1 SYRINGE

Brian stares down at the contents of the lunch pail. Roger appears beside him. Watches as Brian snaps quickly to work.

Water--> Syringe--> HGH--> Syringe--> Tap, tap-->

Brian turns to Roger with the READY-TO-GO NEEDLE...

*CHECK OUT MY NEW WEAPON, WEAPON OF CHOICE, YEAH:*

**INT. OLD YANKEE STADIUM FIELD - NIGHT**

Roger pitches a missile. The RED SOX BATTER has no chance.

*LISTEN TO THE SOUND OF MY VOICE'AHH:*

**EXT. 403 E 90TH ST - ANOTHER MORNING**

Brian walks into Roger's building with growing confidence.

*YOU CAN CHECK IT ON OUT:*

**INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Brian nods to the concierge, who activates an elevator.

*IT'S THE WEAPON OF CHOICE, YEAH:*

**INT. ROGER'S NEW YORK PENTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Elevator opens. Brian enters the kitchen. Lunch box opens.

INSIDE: 2 VIALS OF HGH, 2 VIALS OF WATER, 2 SYRINGES

Brian and Roger stare down. CHUCK appears beside them.

Water--> Syringe--> HGH--> Syringe--> Tap, tap-->

*YOU CAN BLOW WITH THIS:*

**INT. OLD YANKEE STADIUM FIELD - NIGHT**

Chuck, at second base, DIVES for a line drive-- Falling onto his side as he heaves the ball to first... A DOUBLE-PLAY!

*OR YOU CAN BLOW WITH THAT:*

**EXT. 403 E 90TH ST - ANOTHER MORNING**

Brian walks into Roger's building like he owns the place.

*OR YOU CAN BLOW WITH US:*

**INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Brian fist-bumps the concierge, who activates an elevator.

*YOU CAN BLOW WITH THIS:*

**INT. ROGER'S NEW YORK PENTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Elevator. Kitchen. Lunch box.

INSIDE: 3 VIALS OF HGH, 3 VIALS OF WATER, 3 SYRINGES

Brian, Roger and Chuck stare down. ANDY appears beside them.

Water--> Syringe--> HGH--> Syringe--> Tap, tap-->

*OR YOU CAN BLOW WITH THAT:*

**INT. OLD YANKEE STADIUM FIELD - NIGHT**

Andy, on the mound-- makes a *lightning fast* PICK-OFF to first.

*OR YOU CAN BLOW WITH:*

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - MORNING - 2008**

Roger Clemens leans forward and surprises nobody...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

I believe Mr. McNamee misremembers.

...As the *FATBOY SLIM SONG* comes to a stop. Waxman looks like he wants to beat himself over the head with his own gavel.

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN

I think we could all use a moment.  
We'll reconvene in ten minutes.

Brian beelines it out of the room for some fresh air. Roger stays in his seat. He notices Brian's notepad-- FACE DOWN. Debbie comes forward, wrapping her arms around Roger...

DEBBIE

You're doing fabulous, sweetheart.  
Right, Rusty?

RUSTY

Confident. Truthful. And you look  
like a million bucks. You hit a home  
run with that suit, Debbie. Where  
can I get me one of those?

Roger isn't listening, focused on Brian's pad. He discreetly lifts it... Enough to see one word filling the entire page:

**LIAR**

CUT TO:

**INT. D'AGOSTINO MARKET - AFTERNOON - 2001**

Brian and Eileen -- carrying a FIVE MONTH OLD BABY -- navigate their cart into the dairy section. Brian Jr. tags behind.

EILEEN

Can't we just get regular eggs?

BRIAN

Brown, cage free. It's gotta be.  
Otherwise it's cruel, Leeny. They  
don't even let the chickens stand.

EILEEN

Yeah, but they're double the price.

BRIAN

We can afford it now-- Hey, Junior,  
put that down. Get over to your 'ma.

Brian reaches for the good eggs. Eileen rolls her eyes.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

EILEEN  
They all taste the same to me.

MAN (O.S.)  
Tell me about it.

Eileen and Brian turn--

Jeff Novitzky - Federal Agent - leans against his empty cart.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
They even have eggs now-- Had a  
goddamn bedtime story read to them.  
(beat)  
I mean you're the health nut, Brian.  
I guess I'll defer to you.

Jeff reaches out and grabs the SAME BRAND of expensive eggs  
as Brian. He puts them into his cart. His only item.

BRIAN  
Do I know you?

JEFF  
Not yet.

Jeff pulls an IRS BADGE from his pocket.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Special agent Jeff Novitzky. IRS  
criminal investigations. There are  
rumors -- they're not new, but  
they're getting louder -- that, uh...  
Some individuals in professional  
baseball... are not playing fair.

Brian bristles. Eileen pulls Brian Jr. closer.

EILEEN  
You're with the IRS?

JEFF  
Yep.

BRIAN  
Eileen. Watch the kids. Can we step  
over there, Mr...?

JEFF  
Agent Novitzky. Sure.

They step to an aisle. Just so happens to be the cereal aisle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

I pay my taxes. Okay? My wife's a teacher. She pays her taxes. And you got a lot'a nerve comin' at me in the market with my family here.

JEFF

Mr. McNamee. A man's gotta eat. I simply needed a few things.

Jeff grabs a box of LUCKY CHARMS. Throws it in his basket.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Love this stuff.

BRIAN

What do you want? I don't gamble.

JEFF

No, I don't think you're Pete Rose. I'm investigating steroid use in Major League Baseball. And if I'm being honest-- I'm not getting a lot of my phone calls returned.

BRIAN

Does this... have something to do with Roger?

JEFF

Is Roger Clemens taking steroids?

BRIAN

I-- I never said that.

JEFF

Then this has nothing to do with Roger.

BRIAN

Look, I'm just a trainer. I don't know anything about any of this and... we're making lasagna tonight, we're kind of in a hurry.

Jeff nods. Pulls out his BUSINESS CARD.

JEFF

Of course. Here, let me give you my card. My office forwards to my cell, so don't worry, call anytime.

BRIAN

Okay. Sure. But I don't know anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF

I get it. I don't know if I believe  
any of it myself. These guys train  
hard. McGwire, Sosa... Barry Bonds.  
These guys could be legit, right?  
(grabs the cereal box)  
On second thought... I probably  
shouldn't put this crap in my body.

Jeff puts the Lucky Charms back on the shelf. The only thing  
left in his cart now are, once again, those fucking eggs.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Have a good day, Brian.

Jeff pushes his cart down the aisle. Brian is shaken.

SLAM TO:

BRIAN'S CAR bounces violently into the driveway of a...

**EXT. A FOR SALE HOUSE - LONG ISLAND - AFTERNOON**

Emptied moving boxes sit on the porch. The escrow sign still  
in the yard. It's clear the McNamee Family has just moved in.

Brian jumps out of the car and RUSHES to the passenger side.  
He helps his son out first, then Eileen...

BRIAN

Come on. Come on...

EILEEN

--Brian, what the hell is  
going on!?

BRIAN

Just... order take-out tonight!

He dives back into the driver's seat and *peels* off...

Leaving Eileen with their son and their baby and no dinner.

**EXT/INT. BRIAN'S CAR - LATER**

It's raining now. The Camry WEAVES through traffic. Groceries  
fly around the back seat. Brian dials #2 on his cellphone...

ROGER (STRAIGHT TO VOICEMAIL)

You got the Rocket. Leave a message.

BRIAN

Come on. Come on.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP -- ON ROGER. Yankees hat flipped backwards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER  
Ichiro's lookin' for a change-up.

PULL BACK:

**INT. NY PRESBYTERIAN - CHILDREN'S CANCER WARD - EVENING**

Beds are pushed against the wall. Roger squats down with a glove playing catcher. A YOUNG GIRL stares him down from the "mound" with a signed YANKEES HAT covering her bald head.

ROGER  
Let's give him the fastball, down and  
inside... Fire it in there, darlin'.

Patients. Family. Staff. All cheer her on. The wind-up and--

ROGER (CONT'D)  
*Striiiiike three!* He's out! Yes!

Roger rushes the young girl, hoisting her atop his shoulders, parading her around the room. Her smile could not be bigger.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Okay! Who's next? We got a bunch  
more yahoos to strike out here!

He sets the girl down. Other kids excitedly raise their hands.

BRIAN (O.S.)  
Roger.

Brian stands in the doorway. Drenched from the rain.

**INT. MEDICAL SUPPLY CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER**

Brian locks the door. Some familiar looking stuff in here.

ROGER  
This better be worth the  
embarrassment.

BRIAN  
A federal investigator just cornered  
me in a supermarket!

ROGER  
...And?

BRIAN  
And he's investigating steroid use  
in baseball.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER

So what?

BRIAN

Oh I don't know-- you have steroids  
pumping through your entire body!

ROGER

You said HGH can't be detected!

BRIAN

It can't. I mean...

ROGER

--Don't tell me your boy  
Kirk was wrong about that  
shit.

BRIAN

He's not wrong. But there are other  
ways for us to get caught that don't  
involve testing!

ROGER

How? You didn't fuckin' say  
somethin' did you?

BRIAN

Roger... They can look at your stats!

ROGER

My stats? Those stats are me.

BRIAN

Human beings don't win more games at  
thirty-nine then they did at twenty-  
nine. You are defying nature.

ROGER

Are you sayin' I couldn't hit those  
stats on my own?

Brian instinctively rolls his eyes.

BRIAN

You think McGwire could have done  
what he did without juicing?

ROGER SLAPS BRIAN. Hard enough to knock him to the ground.

ROGER

Goddamnit, Mac... That was a shitty  
thing for you to say-- that really  
hurt my feelin's. Where is your  
gratitude? I mean-- Is this why they  
*threw you off the police force?* Is

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER (CONT'D)  
this why you never made it past  
college ball? Lack of loyalty? Of  
fuckin' respect?

Brian is like a battered animal backed into a corner...

BRIAN  
I'm... sorry Roger. That was a  
stupid thing to say.

ROGER  
A stupid thing to say. No shit it  
was. Loyalty and respect. That's all  
I ever ask for. Otherwise...

He points to the door. Brian goes off the rails.

BRIAN  
No. No, no! Roger... that was... I  
could never thank you enough for--  
The honor of being able to-- I was  
so... rattled. I'm sorry... Just...  
*That bald fuck!* He ambushed me and  
it threw me off and he's got  
nothing, even he said that... Before  
any of this, I told you this was all  
you. It still is all you. You better  
believe I fuckin' believe that.

ROGER  
Well... alright then. We all make  
mistakes. Yeah. Let's meet at my gym  
this weekend. Make this right.

BRIAN  
This-- It's Eileen's birthday this  
weekend.

ROGER  
I'll send her somethin' nice. I need  
'ya in Houston. We got work to do.

Roger walks out. Brian stays in the closet. Dignity gone.

CUT TO:

A DIGITAL KEYPAD. Brian keys in 8-4-6-2. Roger's birthday...

**INT. ROGER'S GYM - HOUSTON - DAY**

Brian finds it empty and dark. He flips on the lights.

BRIAN  
Roger?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

No response but the sound of his own voice.

LATER:

BRIAN SHOOTS HOOPS. He's dripping with sweat after killing time for awhile. Out of nowhere--

MAID (O.S.)

Mr. Brian...

(he startles)

Señor Rocket ask me to give his  
apologies, but he have to go to  
Nashville.

BRIAN

Nashville?

MAID

That's what he say.

Brian soaks in Roger's giant "fuck you." Well done.

CARMEN

Oh. And Mr. Brian?

BRIAN

Yes, Carmen?

CARMEN

Miss Debbie would like to see you  
when you are done shooting  
basketballs.

Huh.

**INT. CLEMENS ESTATE - ENTRY WAY - LATER**

Cy the dog lays on the cold marble, eyeballing the intruder...

BRIAN

Hello? Debbie?

DEBBIE (O.S.)

Upstairs!

Brian gingerly hikes up one of the staircases.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

California King. Pink pillows. Family photos. But no Debbie.

DEBBIE (O.S.)

In here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She calls from behind the BATHROOM DOOR. Brian approaches.

BRIAN  
Everything okay?

DEBBIE (O.S.)  
Of course! It's unlocked.

Brian hesitates. Taking too much time for Debbie.

DEBBIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oh, for Pete's sake...

She opens the door herself, revealing:

DEBBIE IS PRACTICALLY NAKED

White lace panties and an untied silk robe hide *just* enough.  
Her hair is up in a bun. Brian averts his eyes...

DEBBIE  
Hi, Bry.

BRIAN  
Hi.

DEBBIE  
Up or down? I need you to look at me  
for this.

Brian tentatively looks up.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
My hair. There's a silly Sports  
Illustrated shoot next month. I just  
want to get the details squared  
away. Up or down?

BRIAN  
Down?

She lets her hair down. Looks in the vanity mirror. Pleased.

DEBBIE  
Good call, Mr. McNamee!  
(dramatic sigh)  
I am just so nervous... You know I'm  
not one for the spotlight. And now I  
have to be in a swimsuit and all?

Debbie touches her body, feeling for flaws.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
Uch! I am a cow. Brian...  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Could you do something for me?

BRIAN

I don't know--

DEBBIE

Would you give me a bit of your  
magic potion?

Brian doesn't respond. Debbie laughs, reaching into her robe pocket, removing a vial of HGH. Brian's eyes go even wider.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I know its a secret  
potion. I just want to try a little  
bit. And Lord knows I can't stick  
myself with that big needle.

(beat)

Now where do you stick it? Here?

She pulls her robe up a little to reveal her inner thigh.  
Brian, nervous but clearly aroused, shakes his head...

BRIAN

Your stomach.

Debbie brushes her robe aside, revealing even more flesh--

DEBBIE

Here?

Brian nods. Debbie smiles and REMOVES HER ROBE entirely...

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

We both know where he is, Brian.

(a long beat)

Now let's just close that door,  
shall we?

Brian walks into the bathroom. Closing the door behind him.

CUT TO:

DEBBIE CLEMENS, dressed for Congress. She glances up at...

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY - 2008**

...Brian making his way down the aisle to the witness table.  
He returns to his chair. Flips his notepad face up--

His drawing... GONE. Not just gone. Replaced with a new word:

**COWARD**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brian looks over at Roger. But Roger's eyes are locked on...

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN

Now that Mr. McNamee has returned we can begin wrapping this up. Mr. Issa, I believe you still have some time remaining.

CONGRESSMAN ISSA

Thank you, Chairman.

(beat; bluntly)

Mr. McNamee, I want to ask you about a police report filed by the St. Petersburg P.D. in October of 2001. You were arrested and held on a very serious criminal charge.

BRIAN

I didn't hear a question.

CONGRESSMAN ISSA

What happened?

**INT. TROPICANA FIELD - ST. PETERSBURG, FL - AFTERNOON**

The TAMPA BAY DEVIL RAYS play host to the New York Yankees in a sold out game. DEREK JETER (#2) is at bat.

**INT. VISITING TEAM DUGOUT - SAME**

Roger sits beside Andy and Chuck. Manager Joe Torre leans over the railing as Derek Jeter swings and misses...

Brian emerges from the clubhouse tunnel. His face is ashen white. Joe notices him, displeased. He spits in the dirt.

BRIAN

Roger. I-- I have some bad news...

(beat)

It's Mindy.

**INT. TROPICANA FIELD - BOTTOM OF THE INNING**

Roger stomps to the mound. TEARS WELL IN HIS EYES. He wipes them away, inadvertently WETTING THE BALL. Kind of like...

A SPITBALL. Roger nods to the first sign. Winds up, and--

DRILLS THE BATTER IN THE HELMET

The batter is *pissed*. He drops his bat to STORM THE MOUND-- But to his surprise... Roger is already coming after him!

THE BENCHES clear for a good ol' fashioned BRAWL.

**INT. VISITING TEAM DUGOUT - SAME**

Joe Torre still leans over the rail. He turns to Brian, the only one left in the dugout.

JOE  
I always find that bad news is best  
given... after the game.

Joe rolls up his sleeves and trots onto the field.

**EXT. LARGO MEDICAL CENTER - EVENING**

Several local NEWS VANS create a buzz at this Tampa Bay area hospital. CAMERA CREWS and REPORTERS block the entrance.

**INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - SAME**

Roger keeps his head down, avoiding eye contact with the staff. Music manager STAN MORESS (60), straight from the Sinatra-era, paces on a cell phone. Roger approaches him...

STAN (INTO PHONE)  
Arnie, its not that bad. I'm tellin'  
ya, its not that bad!

ROGER  
Stan...  
(no response)  
Stan!

Stan looks up. Shocked to see Roger, BRUISED from his brawl.

STAN  
(covering phone)  
Roger? What the hell are you doing  
here?

ROGER  
We had a game at Tropicana. It's  
just down the... How is she?

STAN  
How is she? She swallowed a fist-  
full of Tricyclic and chased it with  
a liter of vodka.

ROGER  
Can I see her?

STAN  
Quickly, please. I just sent a car  
to the airport for her mother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stan turns to the HOSPITAL GUARD standing at the door.

STAN (CONT'D)  
It's okay. He's her cousin.

**INT. MINDY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

EKG is steady. For the first time, we see... Mindy's just a girl. Her eyes slowly open as Roger kneels down beside her.

ROGER  
Hey.

MINDY  
Hey there... bruiser. You gotta stop losin' these fights...

Roger touches his INJURED EYE. He'd forgotten about it.

ROGER  
Darlin', you had me so worried.

MINDY  
You ain't gotta worry about me... I'm just dandy. Think I'm gonna write a song to that God awful beepin'. What should I call it?

ROGER  
I don't know.

MINDY  
How 'bout "No Sleep for the Sick"?

Roger caresses her cheek. She abandons herself to his touch.

ROGER  
What can I do, baby?

MINDY  
Nothin', baby. This is God's work right here. This is how he made me.

ROGER  
But... he gave you the voice of a damn angel.

MINDY  
And he gave you the arm of a rocket. Doesn't mean we're not fucked up.

ROGER  
(finally smiling)  
We are fucked up, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MINDY

If people only knew the truth.

ROGER

I want to do this together, Min.  
Season's done next month. Then I'm  
gonna take you somewhere far away.  
An ocean the color of the sky. Sand  
as soft as a damn blanket.

MINDY

And then what...?

It's the one lie he refuses to tell. And she won't make him.

MINDY (CONT'D)

That's the difference between you  
and me, baby. You are so damn good  
at playing pretend. And I am so damn  
tired of it.

A tear falls from the corner of Roger's eye.

**INT. RENAISSANCE TAMPA - BRIAN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

The local hotel for visiting teams. On the first floor -- next  
to the ice machine and the noisy pool -- Brian watches TV:

REPORTER (ON TV)

...This was her third failed suicide  
attempt. Mindy's longtime manager  
Stan Moress released a statement  
asking for privacy at this time but  
assured fans that Ms. McCready's  
tour will continue.

CRACK!!! A BEER BOTTLE shatters outside the window. Brian  
leaps off his bed, shoving the curtains aside to see...

BY THE SWIMMING POOL

Chuck Knoblauch and a few teammates are totally TRASHED.  
Speaking of trashed, a BLEACHED BLONDE sucks face with a  
ROOKIE until another PLAYER grabs her arm for his own kiss.

Brian shakes his head in disgust, shutting the curtains.

**INT. BRIAN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Fast asleep, Brian is abruptly awoken by-- A WOMAN'S SCREAM!

Brian jumps from under the covers to look out the curtains...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OUTSIDE: Two naked Yankee ASSES scatter from the pool. No sign of the woman. Brian rushes out the door in his UNDERWEAR...

CUT TO:

BLONDE HAIR dancing over a naked body several feet below--

**EXT. HOTEL POOL - CONTINUOUS**

A FIGURE slices through water and grabs the UNCONSCIOUS BODY. Brian heroically lifts the Blonde's head above the surface.

She immediately coughs, throwing up pool water. Brian is relieved... but then the woman FREAKS OUT.

BLEACHED BLONDE

Help! HELP!

Hotel room lights flip on. The Blonde woman SCREAMS.

BRTAN

It's okay! You were drown--

BLEACHED BLONDE

SOMEONE HELP ME!

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

Sir! Let the girl go!

The hotel SECURITY GUARD has a TASER and is itching to use it.

BRTAN

It's not what it looks like. I was--

SECURITY GUARD

I said let go of the girl! And put your hands in the air!

Brian releases the woman's arm. The Blonde scrambles over to the side and pulls herself out of the pool, crying.

With his hands in the air, Brian looks around for help. Sees familiar faces staring down at him from their BALCONIES...

JOE TORRE... ANDY PETTITTE... CHUCK KNOBLAUCH...

None of them come to his aid. They just shake their heads.

**INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Brian sits alone, his head on a table. The door opens and--

BRIAN

I told you... I'm not talking to anyone without a lawyer pres--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- In walks Federal Agent Jeff Novitzky with two piping hot coffees and a FOLDER between his armpit.

JEFF

Hi.

BRIAN

What are you doing here?

Jeff sets down the coffees. *No napkins here.* He pulls a chair over and sets the folder on the table.

JEFF

Well, Brian, we have this thing...  
If someone we're watching -- doesn't  
matter who, FBI, CIA, IRS -- if they  
get arrested, we get an email.

(beat)

I got an email.

BRIAN

This is... a huge misunderstanding.

JEFF

What's there to misunderstand?  
According to the detective outside,  
the woman you assaulted had a blood  
alcohol level that'd make Mickey  
Mantle look like a light-weight, not  
to mention copious amounts of two  
date rape drugs in her system. *Ooh!*  
And then there's the hotel security  
guard who swears up and down you were  
getting *pretty* funky in the pool.

Brian shakes his head in disbelief.

BRIAN

Somebody told him to say that! I  
saved her life!

JEFF

I can help you, Brian.

Jeff opens the folder. There's only one thing inside it--

AN 8x10 PHOTO OF KIRK RADOMSKI

JEFF (CONT'D)

Recognize this guy?

BRIAN

(after a beat)

No.

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY - 2008**

CONGRESSMAN ISSA  
So you lied? To a Federal Agent.

Brian sits at the witness table, ashamed. He can only nod.

CONGRESSMAN ISSA (CONT'D)  
Let the record show Mr. McNamee has  
noddod in the affirmative.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - RESUME - 2001**

Jeff pushes the photo of Kirk across the table to Brian.

JEFF  
His name is Kirk Radomski. But I  
believe you call him Murdoch.  
(off Brian's stone-face)  
I need to keep going? Okay...

Jeff pulls a PAPER from his pocket... a handwritten RECEIPT.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Your very first drug purchase: Four  
vials of Human Growth Hormone, one  
vial of Winstrol and a box of one  
dozen syringes.  
(beat)  
Oh. And a Gatorade. Wow. He charged  
you for the Gatorade.

Brian perspires... But he's still not ready to give in.

BRIAN  
I want a lawyer.

JEFF  
(ignoring him)  
You're absolutely right; Kirk could've  
just typed this out to hand us some  
names. You're very perceptive, Brian.  
However, my friends and I recently  
took a little trip to the bank...

Jeff flips over the photo of Kirk. Stapled to the back is a  
photocopy of a PERSONAL CHECK signed by: **BRIAN G. MCNAMEE...**  
And made out to "PRO SHOP DETAIL CENTER." Brian is silent.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Look. Between you and me and the two  
cops on the other side of that one-  
way glass, you'll beat these assault  
charges.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Brian is taken aback. Not the tactic he was expecting.

JEFF (CONT'D)

The girl accusing you of rape isn't exactly a pillar of society and, end of day, any low-rent defense attorney could get a grand jury to believe -- *in a hotel full of New York Yankees* -- the idea she'd accept a drink from you is next to impossible.

(beat)

But none of that matters. Guilt or innocence. Do you know what matters?

BRIAN

What?

JEFF

The accusation. It will haunt you until the day you die, whether you did it or not.

BRIAN

I didn't hurt that girl. I saved her.

JEFF

You'll have an awfully hard time getting Eileen to believe that when you're already behind bars for the illegal distribution of schedule three narcotics. You got no outs, Brian. Except one... Come clean. Work with me. And this will all go away.

Brian stares down at the overwhelming evidence against him.

BRIAN

No.

**EXT. OLD YANKEE STADIUM - PARKING LOT - DAY**

VARIOUS PLAYERS and STAFF trickle in for the day's game. Brian grabs his ubiquitous duffle bag from his car's trunk.

**EXT. EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER**

Carl, the old guard, puts an arm out as Brian approaches...

CARL

Can't let 'ya in today.

BRIAN

Come on, Carl. This a joke?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brian tries walking around him. Carl firmly grabs his arm.

CARL  
No joke, Mac. Straight from the  
Skipper himself.

BRIAN  
That's bullshit! Roger is-- You  
really want me to call Roger and  
tell him this bullshit's goin' down?

CARL  
I know Roger's your boy. That's why  
I asked him. He said Torre's word is  
the word.

Brian is embarrassed as other employees brush past and stare.

BRIAN  
Fuck you, Carl.

**INT/EXT. BRIAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Brian flies into the driver's seat... Pulls his cellphone from  
his pocket. Holds down the #2... *It rings... And rings...*

ROGER (VOICEMAIL)  
You got the Rocket. Leave a message.

Brian hangs up. Dials again. *One ring--* and then...

ROGER (VOICEMAIL) (CONT'D)  
You got the Rocket. Leave a--

BRIAN  
Fuck! Fuck! FUCK YOU! Pick up the  
fucking phone!!

Brian tosses the phone and BANGS his hands against the wheel.  
He starts to WEEP, like a child. Drool drips onto the steering  
wheel's Toyota emblem. After a few deep sobs, Brian looks up--

AT THE EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE. At old Carl. That motherfucker.

Brian turns on the car. Incensed. Past his breaking point. He  
leaves the PARKING BREAK on as he slams the GAS PEDAL DOWN...

TIRES BURN AND SMOKE-- Drawing the attention of the  
"Memorabilia Guys" in their yellow box. They watch as...

THE CAMRY BARRELS FORWARD

Straight for the EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE. Carl DIVES out of the way  
as Brian speeds his car through the SECURITY TURNSTILE...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RIPPING IT FROM THE GROUND... Before coming to a brutal halt.

Carl pokes his head out of an ALCOVE... watches the Camry shift into REVERSE and gun back into the parking lot where...

Brian spins the wheel, SCREECHES 180-DEGREES...

AND DRIVES OFF:

**EXT. DEEGAN EXPRESSWAY - LATER**

The Camry, it's front end severely SMASHED, sits in the EMERGENCY LANE with only three still-blinking FLASHERS...

THROUGH THE BROKEN WINDSHIELD: Brian is SHAKING. Can't believe what he just did. Slowly, like a man under a spell, he reaches for the GLOVE COMPARTMENT-- pulling out...

JEFF NOVITZSKY'S BUSINESS CARD

CONGRESSMAN BURTON (PRE-LAP)  
You were offered a proffer agreement?

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY - 2008**

Rep. DAN BURTON (R-IN) takes a very harsh tone with Brian.

CONGRESSMAN BURTON (CONT'D)  
Essentially a "get out of jail free card." Is that right?

BRIAN  
I was given-- I was not charged in exchange for my cooperation.

CONGRESSMAN BURTON  
So you had incentive to name Mr. Clemens regardless of whether he did or did not use steroids?

BRIAN  
I had incentive to tell the truth.

CONGRESSMAN BURTON  
Then why are we sitting here six-and-a-half years later? Why didn't this information come out sooner?

BRIAN  
Are you asking me why it took Major League Baseball several years before they did anything about steroids?

CONGRESSMAN BURTON  
--Hang on--  
--That's not remotely--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Because you'd have to ask Bud Selig that question.

CONGRESSMAN BURTON

I'm not-- we're not doing that, obviously, Mr. McNamee. I want to know why if you began helping investigators in late 2001-- why is there no-- no physical evidence? No gauze, no needles.

BRIAN

There was.

CONGRESSMAN BURTON

Did you turn this evidence over to investigators in 2001?

BRIAN

No.

CONGRESSMAN BURTON

Did they ask you if there was physical evidence in 2001?

BRIAN

I-- I don't think so.

CONGRESSMAN BURTON

So you lied to them?

BRIAN

I--

Roger fails at hiding his smile as Burton steamrolls Brian...

CONGRESSMAN BURTON

You were *supposedly* cooperating yet you still withheld information?

BRIAN

There's a difference--

CONGRESSMAN BURTON

--Did the Mitchell investigators ask you about physical evidence?

BRIAN

Not... that I recall.

CONGRESSMAN BURTON

Did you tell them you were in possession of physical evidence?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

I did not.

CONGRESSMAN BURTON

Gee whiz, are you kidding me? When did you finally turn over this evidence?

BRIAN

I turned it over to authorities in 2006 or 2007.

CONGRESSMAN BURTON

Was the evidence usable at that point?

BRIAN

No.

CONGRESSMAN BURTON

I-- This is really disgusting. We're basing all this-- this whole hearing-- on someone who has consistently lied. I just-- Why? Why did you systemically keep lying?

BRIAN

There's a difference between lying and keeping your mouth shut.

CONGRESSMAN BURTON

That's your excuse, Mr. McNamee? You've told this committee and the people of this country that Roger Clemens did things... and I don't know what to believe. I know one thing I don't believe and that's you.

(beat)

You know, Roger Clemens, this is a man... he's got a foundation, he goes to hospitals, he was active in supporting our public service men and women after 9/11... This is a-- he's a titan in baseball. And you, and your lies, if they're not true-- You are destroying him and his reputation. And I'll tell you why. You are envious of Roger Clemens. Of his charisma and his family and his incredible athletic talent. And that is why you have lied and lied and--

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN

--Mr. Burton, your time is up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONGRESSMAN BURTON

Can I just ask one more question?

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN

Very well.

CONGRESSMAN BURTON

Mr. McNamee. If you are not lying now, if you expect anyone to believe what you've told us here today, you need to tell the truth about why you didn't come forward with the physical evidence right away. Why did it take you until just a few months ago?

BRIAN

Because until a few months ago, I still thought of Roger as my friend. And until a few months ago, I prayed maybe this would all just go away.

(then)

But mostly, *Congressman*, until a few months ago, I still had hope Roger would take me back... To the game I love. And he didn't.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIS RESORT - BAHAMAS - DAY - DECEMBER 12, 2007**

A sky blue ocean. Powdery sand as soft as a blanket. It's everything Roger told Mindy it would be. Nearby CABANAS are decked out with tinsel-and-shells for a Caribbean Christmas.

FOUR CLEMENS BOYS jockey for position in the breaking water. Koby is 20. The youngest, Kody, is 11. A FOOTBALL spirals overhead as the boys tackle each other, missing the catch.

ROGER

If y'all don't work together, that's what happens!

Roger wears board shorts and a Hawaiian shirt like a retiree. Debbie sits under an umbrella reading and drinking when...

DEBBIE

Roger--

(holds up a 1st gen iPhone)

--It's Brian.

Roger rushes to the phone, which Debbie has already answered--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBBIE (INTO PHONE)

Hold on, Bry. He's comin' over. He doesn't move as fast as he used to.

He snatches the phone from her...

ROGER (INTO PHONE)

Don't listen to her, Mac. I still got the moves. How you doin', buddy?

BRIAN (VIA PHONE)

I-- uh... Good. Everything's good.

ROGER

We were all real disappointed you couldn't make it to the retirement party. Chuck and Andy were there. José came with some new bimbo he met on a reality show. Tim McCleary even sent along a fuckin' thing of Canadian maple syrup!

BRIAN (VIA PHONE)

I'm really sorry, Roger. You know I don't get a lot of say what weekends I get the kids now.

ROGER

Should'a brought them too! We haven't seen you much lately. Hey... you know what? Where you at? I'll call my travel agent and have a ticket waitin'... you can come join us here in the Bahamas. I know the boys would love to see their Uncle Brian.

**INT. BRIAN'S STUDIO APARTMENT - ASTORIA - SAME**

Brian sits alone in an apartment filled with UNOPENED BOXES, even crappier than the one he once shared with his family.

BRIAN (INTO PHONE)

No, I can't. Thank you though. I-- I was just calling to see... I needed to tell you--

He's trying to say something but he can't find the words. On a tiny TELEVISION with bad reception, a FISHING SHOW plays...

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I just wanted to see if I could borrow some fishing equipment. But--  
(beat)  
You know, it's okay.

**EXT. BEACH - SAME**

Roger looks at Debbie like *this guy is nuts...*

ROGER (INTO PHONE)  
Fishing equipment? Buddy, I got a whole wide ocean here for 'ya. Just say the word.

BRIAN (VIA PHONE)  
Roger-- I can't. I gotta go. Merry Christmas.

CLICK. Roger stares at the phone. That was weird. He goes to hand the phone back to Debbie when it RINGS AGAIN.

The CALLER ID shows: "RUSTY HARDIN"

ROGER  
Doesn't anyone understand the idea of a fuckin' vacation?  
(answers the call)  
Rusty! You got permission to sign whatever it is I forgot to sign.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. RUSTY HARDIN'S LAW OFFICE - SAME**

Five attorneys anxiously hover around Rusty's desk. The SPEAKERPHONE button is red...

RUSTY  
Roger, I got some news that's gonna take the wind outta 'ya. Wherever you are... do me a favor and sit down.

ROGER  
Stop bein' such a drama queen, Rusty. Lay it on me.

RUSTY  
Do you remember Senator Mitchell's investigation from a few years back?

ROGER  
Yeah. I remember hearin' somethin' about it. Some foofoo thing for show.

REVEAL -- Rusty has a copy of THE MITCHELL REPORT on his desk.

RUSTY  
I have an advance copy. Roger...  
(beat)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RUSTY (CONT'D)  
You're all over it. Tomorrow morning  
you're going to be accused in print  
of using performance enhancing drugs.

Roger doesn't react. The strong and silent type.

RUSTY (CONT'D)  
Roger? Did I lose you?

ROGER  
Yeah. No. You know that's a big lie,  
right? I ain't never touched none of  
that stuff.

Rusty makes a face Roger would not appreciate.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Hey, Rus? What... where did... who--

RUSTY  
...It was Brian, Roger. It was Brian.

Absolutely gutted, Roger lowers the phone. He stares at the  
device, just moments ago used to speak with his good friend--

And then the RAGE takes over... ROGER CHUCKS THE PHONE...

INTO THE OCEAN. *He's shaking...* his family watching, worried.

ROGER (PRE-LAP)  
I'm angry...

**INT. CLEMENS ESTATE - DAY - JANUARY 6, 2008 (AIR-DATE)**

Roger sweats under heavy lights set-up in his LIVING ROOM as  
veteran 60 MINUTES newsman MIKE WALLACE sits across from him.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
I'm angry *that-that* what I've done  
for the game of baseball-- and-- I  
don't get the benefit of the doubt?  
It's hogwash! For people to even  
assume, 'ya know, after twenty-four,  
twenty-five years Mike -- You'd think  
I'd get an inch of respect. An inch.

MIKE WALLACE  
People I talk to say: forty-five  
years old, how does he still throw a  
ball and compete? It's impossible.

ROGER  
It's not impossible. You do it with  
hard work. These drugs, from what  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGER (CONT'D)

I've read, and I sure as-- I never--  
I didn't do 'em, but they ain't  
miracle workers. My arm is my arm,  
you know? Ask any teammates that've  
come here and done the work with me.

MIKE WALLACE

I came here in 2001. And you were  
pitching to a guy by the name of...

ROGER

--Brian McNamee. That's right.

MIKE WALLACE

Why would Brian McNamee want to  
betray you?

Roger's focus is all over the place. His hands won't stop  
fidgeting with a WATER BOTTLE. He licks his lips, too.

ROGER

You know... I don't know. I'm so  
upset about it. How I treated this  
man. And took care of him.

MIKE WALLACE

I imagine he's watching the two of  
us right now, wouldn't you?

**INT. BRIAN'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Brian most certainly is. He sits on the edge of his futon  
anxiously clicking a pen as the interview continues **ONSCREEN**:

MIKE WALLACE (ON TV)

Anything you want to tell him?

Brian eagerly scoots to the edge of the futon.

ROGER (ON TV)

Yeah. I um... Treated him fairly. I  
helped him out. I'm... mad.

Mike -- and Brian -- wait for Roger to say more. He doesn't.

*Bzzz... Bzzz...* "EILEEN" appears on Brian's outdated cell.

BRIAN (INTO PHONE)

Hey.

EILEEN (VIA PHONE)

You watching?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN

Oh yeah.

ROGER (ON TV)

If he's puttin' that stuff in my body-- if what he's sayin, which is totally false, if he's doin' that to me, I should have a third ear comin' out of my forehead. I should be pullin' tractors with my teeth.

EILEEN (VIA PHONE)

Jesus. He's *fucking* terrible.

Brian gets a much needed laugh.

EILEEN (VIA PHONE) (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you have to go through this. You doing okay?

Brian scans his sparse home... rubbing his empty ring finger. He notices a box marked "TROPHY DISPLAY." One of his college trophies has pathetically poked a hole through the cardboard.

BRIAN

I should've listened to you, Leeny.

EILEEN (VIA PHONE)

I got somethin' to cheer you up...

(calling to kids)

*Hey! Come say hi to your daddy!*

We hear Brian's two kids CALLING OUT over the phone... But it doesn't cheer Brian up. It just makes him choke up with tears.

**INT. CLEMENS ESTATE - MOVIE THEATER - SAME**

Roger sits alone in his dark theater, watching the interview broadcast onto America's (not) Largest In-Home MOVIE SCREEN...

MIKE WALLACE (ONSCREEN)

Do you think people are going to believe you? Believe that you, Roger Clemens, never took steroids?

ROGER (ONSCREEN)

I think the people that know me believe me and understand what I'm about and I can't-- the-- the people that are out there that have been sayin' the things that they've been sayin'... I'll-- do everything I can to prove them wrong and-- and I still don't know if that's good enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ONSCREEN: The interview ends with the trademark TICKING CLOCK.

Roger raises a remote. Clicks the screen off. He sits in the dark a moment until his new iPhone LIGHTS UP: "RUSTY HARDIN"

ROGER (INTO PHONE)  
What d'ya think?

**INT. RUSTY HARDIN'S LAW OFFICE - SAME**

Rusty has his office TV muted (playing CBS COMMERCIALS for *Cialis* and *NCIS*). An official FEDERAL SUMMONS on his desk.

RUSTY  
Roger... You've been called to  
testify before Congress.

ROGER (VIA SPEAKERPHONE)  
... 'Cause of my interview?

RUSTY  
No, Congress doesn't work quite that  
fast. I got it Friday. I thought it  
best to wait until after the show to  
tell you. Because there's more...

**INT. CLEMENS ESTATE - THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - SAME**

Roger exits the theater and wanders dazedly down the hall...

RUSTY (VIA PHONE)  
Chuck Knoblauch and Andy Pettitte  
are going to confess.

Roger leans against the wall, closing his eyes in shock.

**INT. RUSTY HARDIN'S LAW OFFICE - SAME**

Rusty takes the call off speaker, puts the headset to his ear.

RUSTY (INTO PHONE)  
Everyone's coming clean, Roger. No  
one is getting fined. No one is  
going to jail. But if you go in  
front of Congress next month and you  
lie... You're gonna have bigger fish  
to fry than a little asterisk by  
your name. They will charge you with  
federal perjury.

**INT. TROPHY ROOM - SAME**

Roger has made his way into his private museum, lit by moon-  
light and the iPhone. On the wall are SEVEN CY YOUNG AWARDS:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**1986, 1987, 1991, 1997, 1998, 2001, 2004**

And just so we're clear... that's two more than anyone. Ever.

ROGER  
 Could this keep me out of the Hall  
 of Fame?  
 (no response)  
 Rus, you there?

RUSTY (VIA PHONE)  
 I'm here, Roger.

Roger COLLAPSES into a chair. Takes in all his hardware...  
*Suddenly and completely meaningless.*

**INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM - DAY - FEBRUARY 13, 2008**

Congressman Waxman looks at his watch. Nods to an AIDE...

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN  
 We're needed for a vote on the  
 floor. But before we conclude this  
 hearing I'd like to say something.  
 (beat)  
 This is not a court of law. We are  
 not here to pass judgment of guilt or  
 innocence. I have my opinion of which  
 one of you is telling the truth but  
 other members may disagree. I think  
 it will be up to history to decide.

As Waxman continues, slowly PUSH IN on Brian and Roger...

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN (O.S.)  
 We began this investigation in order  
 to break the link between  
 professional sports and the use of  
 steroids. We cannot have athletes as  
 role models leading our children  
 down this dangerous path. We cannot  
 have the culture of the clubhouse  
 become the culture of the high  
 school gym. And I think we have  
 moved closer to that goal today.

CLOSE NOW -- Just Brian and Roger. Brian on the left. Roger on  
 the right. Behind them, Novitzky, Rusty, Debbie-- JUST A BLUR.

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Lastly, I want to apologize. I want  
 to apologize to the fans. To an  
 entire generation who will always  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
wonder if they gave their hearts and  
souls to a league of false idols.  
Who will always wonder... If they  
cheered for nothing. I hope we can  
all do better by them in the future.

And while Waxman is saying this, we've cut out Brian and just  
MOVED IN on Roger. A twenty-five-year legacy gone with the...

BANG OF A GAVEL.

CHAIRMAN WAXMAN  
That concludes our hearing today and  
we stand adjourned. Thank you.

**INT. U.S. CAPITOL - BATHROOM - DAY**

Brian washes his hands, staring at them intently like he's  
rinsing away the day's testimony. He makes a cup and splashes  
water on his face, reaching over for some nearby PAPER TOWELS.

Brian dries his face and hands as he stares at the water  
swirling down into the white porcelain when--

A TOILET FLUSHES

From out of a stall walks The Rocket, standing tall. He steps  
over to the sink beside Brian. Briefly wets his hands.

Brian -- almost on instinct -- grabs a few paper towels,  
handing them over to Roger like a proper bathroom attendant.

Roger accepts the towels, dries his hands, balls the paper and  
moves to exit... as Brian finally finds the courage to speak:

BRIAN  
Why did you lie?

Roger turns. Speaks without a hint of dishonesty:

ROGER  
I didn't.

He tosses the paper towels into a waste can several feet away.

A perfect shot. And with that-- He's out the door.

Leaving Brian alone, staring into the empty sink. Preparing...

...To look himself in the mirror.

Now, and for the rest of his life.

DISSOLVE TO:

COOPERSTOWN, NY. Warm sun casts a glow along a HALLWAY...

**Roger Clemens was charged with multiple counts of perjury for lying to Congress. After two trials, he was found not guilty.**

...MARBLE PILLARS flank the hall down to an arched ROTUNDA...

**In February of 2013, Mindy McCready ended her life. When asked to comment, Roger replied: "The few times that I had met her and her manager, they were extremely nice."**

...Along the walls hang 310 individual BRONZE PLAQUES...

**Mark McGwire, Barry Bonds and José Canseco all admitted to steroid use. When asked by Congress, Sammy Sosa pretended not to speak English.**

...Inside the rotunda, PAN AROUND the most recent plaques...

**Brian McNamee never again worked in professional sports. He now specializes in training aspiring athletes.**

...We're close enough now to recognize FAMOUS NAMES AND FACES...

**With 354 Wins, 4672 Strikeouts and 7 Cy Young Awards, Roger Clemens was once considered a first-year lock for the Hall of Fame.**

...As the PLAYERS grow current, we stop on EMPTY WALL SPACE...

**He is now in his fourth year of eligibility.**

...Waiting, ready, for the HALL OF FAME'S next worthy inductee.

**GAME OVER**