

*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 then 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? Hmm?

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	TIM
But what did he mean, the last five guys?	--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)
FUUUUUCCCCKKKKKK!!

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:

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!? Woooooooo!

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?

...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 cowwwww--

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 screeeeches 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 *skiids* 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, fellas. 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 fellas. 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.

JOSE
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 *boeing*. 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 ~~W~~ 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

Eemptied 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)
Striiike 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 than 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.

BRIAN BLEACHED BLONDE
It's okay! You were drown-- 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.

BRIAN
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:

-- 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
nodded 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 CONGRESSMAN BURTON
Are you asking me why it took Major League Baseball several years before they --Hang on-- did anything about steroids? --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 moonlight 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