

away. Annie spits on her hands, wear batting glove, pumps the bat back and forth.

THE MECHANICAL PITCHING MACHINE DELIVERS -- Kawoosh.

ANNIE SWINGS -- Lashes out a line drive. Crash smiles.

ANNIE

See my hips?

CRASH

Yep.

ANNIE

I think Thomas Pynchon's a genius.

CRASH

When you're hitting you shouldn't think about anything but hitting.

(beat)

But you shouldn't think about it too much. The trick is to use your brain to not use your brain.

ANNIE

But you were pulling your hips last night.

CRASH

So... Wanta make love?

ANNIE SWINGS AND MISSES the next pitch.

ANNIE

I'm committed to Nuke for the season. You had your chance the other night.

CRASH

What you see in that guy -- he's dim, pretty boy. A young, wild...

ANNIE

Young men are uncomplicated.

(Crash mutters)

And he's not "dim". He's just inexperienced. My job is to give him "life-wisdom" and help him make it to the major leagues.

CRASH

That's my job too.

ANNIE SWINGS AND MISSES another pitch.

ANNIE

Damn.

CRASH

You're pulling your hips out.

ANNIE

But they're nice hips.

(beat)

I looked up your records -- You've hit 227 home runs in the minors. That's great!

ANNIE FOULS ONE OFF and digs in gamely.

CRASH

Don't tell anybody.

ANNIE

Why not? If you hit twenty homers this year you'll be the all time minor league champ! The record's...

CRASH

247 home runs in the minors would be a dubious honor, if ya think about

it.

ANNIE

Oh no, I think it'd be great! The Sporting News should know about it.

CRASH

No. Please.

ANNIE SWINGS AND MISSES another one.

ANNIE

Damn.

CRASH

Let me.

CRASH STEPS IN TO HIT -- He takes his familiar stance. The pitch comes. Crash drills it.

CRASH

Your place or mine?

ANNIE

Despite my love of weird metaphysics and my rejection of most Judao-Christian ethics, I am, within the framework of a baseball season, monogamous.

CRASH

Fact is you're afraid of meeting a guy like me 'cause it might be real so you sabotage it with some bullshit about commitment to a young boy you can boss around --

(whack -- a line drive)

Great deal. You get to write self-indulgent little poems all winter about how hard it is to find a man

even though you just sent him packing --

(whack -- a line drive)

So what do you really want? You want a

be a tragic woman figure wallowing

in the bullshit of magic?

(whack -- a line drive)

Or do you want a guy?

The pitching machine arm flaps. Empty. Silence.

ANNIE

Oh Crash... you do make speeches...

Crash puts the bat down, heads out the gate. She follows.

A LITTLE LEAGUE TEAM ARRIVES -- Twenty-five 10 year olds in uniform with a couple PARENT COACHES.

LITTLE LEAGUER #1

Hey, are you Crash Davis! Can I have a autograph?!

CRASH STOPS TO SIGN AUTOGRAPHS amidst 25 Little Leaguers.

CRASH

(as he signs autographs)

Well, Annie, your place or mine?

ANNIE

You got me all confused.

CRASH

A batter has two tenths of a second to decide whether to swing --

ANNIE

I'm not a real batter. I'm a woman.

LITTLE LEAGUER

Hey, when are you guys gonna start