

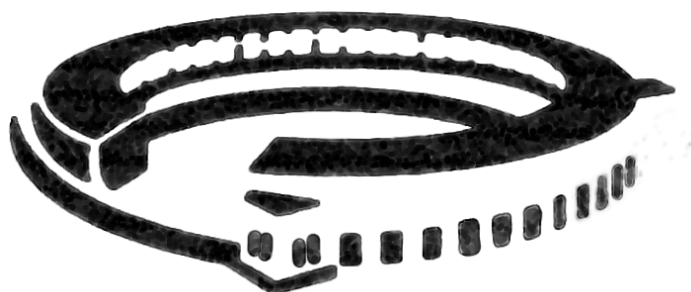
10 SENSE

Written by

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June 4, 1974

BEER NIGHT



CLEVELAND
STADIUM

TUES., JUNE 4 7:30
P.M.

• **INDIANS vs. RANGERS** •
ENJOY OLD TIME BEER PRICE!

INT. DARK ROOM - INDETERMINATE TIME

We slowly focus in on a man's face, seeing nothing the stubble surrounding his lips in a small candlelight. He's talking, but the audio is distorted until he is in focus.

GIBBS

...I'm sure some of you know what
it's like... to wake up in jail...

INT. GRUNGY JAIL CELL - MORNING

A loud alarm BLARES and the cell door sluggishly rolls open to reveal KEITH GIBBS. Muscular, tall, 25, with short black hair and a clean shave, his good looks hide behind a gruesome hangover and many wounds. He's slumped over in the corner wearing a vomit-covered Cleveland Indians jersey.

GIBBS (V.O.)

...But you might not've got out as
quick as I did.

BILLY MARTIN steps into the cell and extends his hand out. His legendary mustache frames his face, tufts of hair sprawl from the sides of his TEXAS RANGERS HAT.

BILLY

(chuckling)

What a fucking train wreck.

Billy composes himself and loudly CLEARS HIS THROAT. Gibbs awakens from his daze and is stunned upon seeing Billy.

GIBBS

What the f-- Billy Martin?

Billy helps Gibbs to his feet. He's flustered.

GIBBS (CONT'D)

Shouldn't you be, uh, coaching?

Billy chuckles. A COP standing outside the cell hands him a clipboard. He flips through the pages and lists information.

BILLY

Keith Gibbs, 25, married, Rustbelt
Forge & Foundry, okay...

Billy signs the last paper, flips the folded ones back up, and hands the clipboard back to the Cop.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I'm bailing you out.

Gibbs is bewildered.

GIBBS
Bailing me-- Why the fuck would you
do that?

BILLY
'Thank you' wouldn't hurt.

GIBBS
Sorry, I--

Billy walks out of the cell. The Cop grabs Gibbs' hand and pulls him along. On his way out, Gibbs turns around.

BILLY
Look, Gibbs. I underestimated
Cleveland. I'll never come to this
city again not expecting a fight.

Billy frisbees his hat over to Gibbs.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Consider it a thank-you. Get home
safe, pal.

Gibbs' bewilderment turns into terror and his eyes widen.

INT. DARK ROOM - INDETERMINATE TIME

Gibbs continues his monologue...

GIBBS
But I knew I couldn't go home. God,
all I had to do was make it back
that night. How could I do that to
her? I should've never gone. But
how could I have said no?

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSTBELT FORGE & FOUNDRY STEEL MILL - DAY

Gibbs, wearing a neon work uniform covered in soot, is unlocking his beat down Plymouth sedan. RICHARD STANTON walks up to him, wearing a flawless yellow managerial uniform and a fancy leather hat. He looks and acts like he runs the place. He's followed by TRAVIS ANDERSON, wearing the same uniform as Stanton but in blue.

STANTON
Hey! Gibbs!

Gibbs is taken aback. He straitens his uniform and extends a gritty hand out.

GIBBS

Richard Stanton. What a great surprise.

STANTON

I'm sure you know Anderson, here.

Anderson steps forward and shakes Gibbs' hand.

GIBBS

Of course. We used to lay bricks together before he got all dressed up.

STANTON

That's right! Crazy how the time flies.

There's a short pause. Anderson chuckles nervously.

STANTON (CONT'D)

Well, Gibbs. How would you like to get dressed up?

GIBBS

Me?!

ANDERSON

Boss man has some extra tickets to tonight's game. Told us to only give 'em to *management material*.

Anderson waves a GAME TICKET and slaps it into Gibbs' hand.

GIBBS

Boss man, like-- *Mr. Lewis?*

Anderson winks at Gibbs, shrugs, and throws his hands in the air, smiling. Stanton pats him on the shoulder and beacons Anderson down the lot to a sparkling black Cadillac.

STANTON

See you tonight, Gibbs!

Gibbs waves goodbye and hops in his car. He examines his ticket, which displays the date of June 4, 1974. He slaps it against the wheel before inserting his keys into the ignition, a ONE-YEAR SOBER AA KEYCHAIN dangles from them.

EXT. SMALL SUBURBAN HOUSE - EVENING

Gibbs' Plymouth parks on the curb in front of the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Gibbs shuts a door behind him and hangs his keys on a nail in the frame. Ripped floral wallpaper lines a small living room. All of the furniture should've been replaced years ago. Gibbs' daughter, STELLA, wraps herself around his leg.

STELLA

Daddy!

GIBBS

I'm home!

SUSAN GIBBS enters the room. Her jet-black hair rests in a messy bun. She leans on a door frame with her arms crossed, a tattered apron covering her red dress. She needs a vacation.

SUSAN

You're late.

Gibbs maintains eye contact with Stella, lugging her forward.

GIBBS

Motor broke down again.

Gibbs gives his wife a kiss and looks down at his daughter.

GIBBS (CONT'D)

Got a crowbar for this one?

SUSAN

(laughing)

Get yourself cleaned up.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Susan and Stella sit at the dinner table. Gibbs strolls in wearing an Indians jersey.

SUSAN

Haven't seen you wear one that in a while.

GIBBS

I-- I'm going to the game.

Susan drops her fork in her plate.

GIBBS (CONT'D)
Susie, I know. It's been over a
year since then.

SUSAN
I don't care how long it's been.
You just can't handle yourself at
those games. I know you, Keith, if
you don't make it home, I--

A tear streams down Susan's face. Gibbs grabs her hand.

GIBBS
I know Susan, but this is it. This
is my promotion.

SUSAN
Like Anderson?

GIBBS
Just like Anderson. Fancy uniform
and everything.

SUSAN
Promise me now, Keith Gibbs.
Promise you'll come home.

Stella giggles and flings an apple slice onto the floor.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
For her.

GIBBS
I-- I promise.

EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - NIGHT

Fans pack into the concourse. Gibbs, Stanton, Anderson, and A
GROUP OF OTHER MEN hand their tickets to a box office.

INT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM - NIGHT

Gibbs stops in his tracks upon seeing a poster that reads
"TEN CENT BEER NIGHT."

Dozens of posters flash on screen: *"10 CENT BEER!" "ENJOY OLD-
TIME PRICES!" "CHEAP BEER!" "JUNE 4 Rangers v. Indians..."*

Anderson walks over to Gibbs with a giddy smile.

ANDERSON
Quite the promotion, huh?

Stanton and the other men walk past them. Anderson pulls out a FIST FULL OF DIMES and counts them into Gibbs' hand.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Here's 10 dimes. Little gift for
our potential new managers.

Anderson winks at Gibbs and follows behind Stanton. Gibbs shakes the change in his hand around.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Gibbs continues tossing the dimes in his hand. A scoreboard behind him shows: "INDIANS: 4, RANGERS: 3, INNING: TOP 5th."

The stadium is packed and intensely chaotic. Gibbs pockets the coins and turns to Anderson.

GIBBS
This is getting out of hand.

ANDERSON
Tell me about it. This is crazy,
even for Indians fans.

An INDIANS HITTER shoots a ball directly into the stomach of a RANGERS PITCHER. He collapses and the crowd CHANTS "*hit him again!*" Endless firecrackers explode around the stadium. Gibbs gets SMACKED in the back of the head with a beer cup.

GIBBS
Ow! Fuck! Watch where you're
throwing that!

ANDERSON
You know, Gibbs, you should
probably talk to Mr. Lewis.

GIBBS
(Nervous)
Eh, in a bit.

Anderson points down to a lower section of the bleachers. MR. LEWIS, a short man in his sixties wearing a blank button up shirt, sits talking to TWO PETRIFIED YOUNG MEN.

ANDERSON
C'mon, man! You've got competition
here, remember?

The two men shake Lewis' hand and walk back up the bleachers. Gibbs gives Anderson a scared look.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Go! Go! You got it-- Hey, don't worry about it. *I did this shit.*

GIBBS
Thanks, Travis.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM BLEACHERS - MOMENTS LATER

We see Lewis' lips moving, but hear no words. Gibbs scans around the stadium, observing drunk fans scream, throw objects, and cause mayhem.

LEWIS
...and you know what I said?

Gibbs snaps his attention back to Lewis.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
I said 'I think we might need a new hydraulics guy.'

Lewis laughs, hard. Gibbs laughs like he didn't get the joke.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Enough business. How 'bout this game?

GIBBS
It's chaos in here, sir. I've never seen anything like it.

LEWIS
It's this beer night they're running. I tell you, if I sold beer instead of steel my job might be a little easier.

GIBBS
At least our Tribe's doin' pretty good.

LEWIS
Now, don't hate me for this. I'm a Rangers guy.

Gibbs is stunned. He sits with his back to the alley next to the bleachers. Lewis points to a BEER VENDOR behind Gibbs and holds up two fingers.

GIBBS
You? You've been in Cleveland your
whole life!

LEWIS
Grew up in Texas. Why'd you think I
brought everyone to the game?

The vendor stops behind Gibbs and takes two dimes from Lewis. He hands the two cans of beer to each of them.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
(raising his can)
To the Tribe!

Lewis takes a swig. Gibbs stares into his beer. All he can focus on is the pitch black opening on the top of the can.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Not drinking for your own team?
Who's side are you on here, Gibbs?

Gibbs laughs nervously. He closes his eyes and takes a drink.

GIBBS
To the Tribe.

Gibbs starts to take another long sip of his drink...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CLEVELAND MUNICIPAL STADIUM BLEACHERS - LATER

Burn the House Down by Ryan Scott plays. Gibbs continues taking his sip. The scoreboard shows "INDIANS: 8, RANGERS: 10, INNING: BOT 9th." Lewis and Anderson stand beside him.

Fans throw hot dogs, bottles, and radio batteries, security guards tackle streakers, and marijuana smoke clouds fill the bleachers.

Gibbs SCREAMS with everything he has for the Indians. He lobbs empty cups, spills beer, and vomits down the front of his jersey. Anderson desperately tries to get his attention, but the first few times he speaks all we hear is the music.

ANDERSON
GIBBS! Shit, man, you okay?

The music cuts out.

GIBBS
(slurring)
Yeah, everything's great!

LEWIS
This is out of control. Look at
Billy Martin down there, how can he
even handle all this?

Lewis points towards Billy, who stands outside the Rangers' dugout. A FAN stands on the dugout roof, throwing hot dogs at Billy. Billy screams at the fan with pure rage, shaking his hat

LEWIS (CONT'D)
He even took his hat off. I don't
think I've ever seen him do that.

GIBBS
He needs to put that damn hat back
on and do his fuckin' job!

LEWIS
(shocked)
Well, it might be hard for hi--

Gibbs looks back and forth between Billy and the fan. Anger rushes onto his face. He starts climbing down the bleachers.

ANDERSON
Hey! Keith! Where're you goin?!

Gibbs moves as fast as he can down the bleachers. He knocks through groups of angry fans as he makes his way to the top of the dugout where the hot dog thrower stands. Anderson watches nervously from a distance.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Oh boy.

Billy Martin, still yelling at the fan, doesn't see Gibbs scramble down the side of the dugout. He continues yelling as Gibbs slowly sneaks up and grabs his hat out of his hand.

Burn the House Down resumes. Billy snaps around. Gibbs double takes at the hat in his hands. Billy angrily lunges at Gibbs, who dodges him and begins to run.

Texas Rangers players file out of the dugout carrying bats as Gibbs scurries away as fast as he can. He slows down at midfield and turns around towards home base.

It's an ALL-OUT BRAWL. Two hundred fans surround 20 Texas Rangers. The Indians dugout rushes out to help defend them.

After lots of chaos, the UMPIRE, sporting a fresh open wound on his forehead, runs around SCREAMING.

UMPIRE
Forfeit! Forfeit! Rangers win!

Gibbs starts jogging again. He turns his head back around to greet a RANGERS OUTFIELDER who knocks him unconscious.

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Gibbs stands in front of his front door, sobbing and banging on it. He looks the same as he did in the opening scene.

GIBBS (V.O.)
She was gone... My wife, my
daughter, my job. I lost everything
I love in one night.

INT. DARK ROOM - INDETERMINATE TIME

Gibbs continues his monologue. We still only see his lips.

GIBBS
I *had* the promotion, too. God, was
I close. All those years of work,
for what?

EXT. RUSTBELT FORGE & FOUNDRY STEEL MILL - DAY

Gibbs, with a raggedy new change of clothes and a thick layer of stubble, angrily exits his car, holding the Rangers hat. He storms towards the mill.

INT. RUSTBELT FORGE & FOUNDRY STEEL MILL - DAY

Massive machinery WHIRS deafeningly. Workers scramble around the floor, some inhaling toxic fumes. Everything is hazy, gray, and filled with fire. It's a horrific workplace.

Anderson stands with a clipboard, talking to A WORKER. He looks at Gibbs, hands the clipboard to his coworker and walks over.

ANDERSON

Keith Gibbs. I-- I thought I might not see you for a while.

GIBBS

I thought so too.

There's a long pause. Anderson looks devastated.

GIBBS (CONT'D)

(joking)

So, did I get the promotion?

ANDERSON

I think Rogers got it.

GIBBS

Figures.

ANDERSON

You know, Gibbs, your job-- After what happened, you know, we can't really have you ba--

GIBBS

Save it. I can't spend another second in this hellhole anyways.

Gibbs tosses the hat to Stanton.

GIBBS (CONT'D)

Give it to Mr. Lewis. Tell him it's from Billy.

Gibbs starts to walk out.

ANDERSON

Hey, Gibbs!

Gibbs wheels around.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Billy *Martin*?

Gibbs shrugs and throws his hands up in the air, smiling slightly. He walks out of the building.

EXT. SMALL OFFICE BUILDING - DUSK

Gibbs' car parks outside. Next to the entrance is a newspaper stand. Gibbs picks up a paper. The headline reads: **Indians Crush Texas 9-3 Following Atrocious Forfeit Loss**. He scoffs and puts the paper back in the stand.

INT. DARK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pull back to reveal the room is an AA meeting. Gibbs sits with a group of 15 people in a circle of plastic chairs. A WOMAN with blonde hair sits across from him, holding a stack of papers.

GIBBS

Hey, I'm Keith, my friends call my Gibbs. I'm a recovering alcoholic.

ROOM

Hi, Keith.

Gibbs scans the room. All eyes are on him.

GIBBS

Well...I'm sure some of you know what it's like... to wake up in jail...