

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE CLANCY'S - NIGHT

Finding a bench outside Clancy's, Osee takes a seat, happy to leave the party behind. Reaching underneath his coat, he reaches around and pulls out his dilapidated catcher's glove, which had been wedged between his belt and shirt.

He pulls out pouch of tobacco and bites off a big chaw. He then begins his normal glove maintenance routine, working the tobacco spit into the well-conditioned leather.

He's distracted by a sudden burst of laughter from inside Clancy's, but only for an instant. He turns back and lets loose with a huge wad of TOBACCO SPIT. But, he has absentmindedly not returned his glove to position.

The spit hits the sidewalk with a resound SPLAT, just missing but slightly moistening a pair of FEMALE BOOTS.

Osee's eyes rise from the boots, up the body, to the face of a cute, but somewhat bewildered, twenty-ish woman. This is JENNY JUNE.

JENNY JUNE

I'm not much of expert on these matters but I thought the idea of wearing that preposterous piece of leather is to catch things.

Osee whips a handkerchief from his jacket and begins to wipe off her boots.

OSEE

I'm sorry, Miss. I didn't you see.

JENNY JUNE

Well, I certainly hope not. Oh, don't worry about it. I ride horses. I've stepped in worse.

Osee stands up. He's flustered and not because of his errant expectorant. He makes a couple attempts to speak but the words freeze in his mouth. It's up to her to break the ice.

JENNY JUNE (CONT'D)

My is Reed, June Reed. But family and friends call me Jenny June. You may call me Miss Reed...for now.

OSEE

I'm, I'm, Rube Waddell's catcher.

Jenny June reaches for Osee's breast coat pocket, where three cigars reside. She removes one of the stogies.

JENNY JUNE

Pleased to meet you, Rube
Waddell's catcher. And these must
be the Rube Waddell cigars I've
heard about. May I?

Osee is amazed to watch the cigar aficionado in action. She
examine the cigar's aroma, bites off and spits out the end.
Next she lifts a match from her purse, strikes it on Osee and
lights the cigar. She takes a couple puffs, savoring each one.

JENNY JUNE (CONT'D)

Mmmm. Smooth...a bit like a
Perfecto Garcia.

Osee is initially stunned but really appreciates this quality
in the young woman. He only has a moment to admire. When
Jenny June hears a pair of women approaching, she pulls the
cigar from her mouth and shoves it in Osee's. They wait for
the women to pass by.

JENNY JUNE

This Rube Waddell, what does he do
when he's not making cigars.

Osee false-starts on his response, then removes the cigar
from his mouth.

OSEE

Why, Rube's the greatest baseball
pitcher in the world.

JENNY JUNE

And you'd know that because, after
all, you are Rube Waddell's
catcher.

Osee misses his cue.

JENNY JUNE (CONT'D)

Allow me to introduce
myself...again. I'm Jenny June.

OSEE

Oh, uh, Osee. My name's Osee. Osee
Schreck. Well, my real name's
Schrecongost but, you see,
Schreck, well, that's all that'll
fit in the box score.

Quizzical look from Jenny June.

OSEE (CONT'D)

You see, the box is this, uh, well, this box that the newspapers use to show all the numbers from a ball game. If you know what to look for, you tell just about everything that happened.

JENNY JUNE

It sounds very quaint. Perhaps I'll attend a ball game at some future date.

OSEE

You let me know when, cuz I can get ya tickets.

JENNY JUNE

Because you're Rube Waddell's catcher?

OSEE

No, because I'm the Philadelphia Athletics catcher, the best glove man in the American League.

Jenny glances at Osee's glove and then to the wad of glistening tobacco on the walk.

JENNY JUNE

Well, you certainly put your, uh, heart into it. I just might take you up on that offer some day. But, it's getting late. I must go.

OSEE

I'd be happy to walk you home.

JENNY JUNE

Oh, but we just met. That wouldn't be lady-like.

Jenny begins to walk home. After a couple steps, she stops and turns to Osee.

JENNY JUNE (CONT'D)

But you may call on me some time. Mrs. Pratt's Boarding House on Wilcox. Tell them Mr. Schrecongost is calling.

She walks a few more steps, stops and turns again.

JENNY JUNE

Besides, you need your rest.
Dineen's pitching for Boston
tomorrow. You were 0-for-4 against
him last time.

With a wink, Jenny June heads off into the night.