

PREDATOR IN THE CLUBHOUSE:  
THE BOSTON RED SOX CHILD MOLESTATION STORY

By

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Based on actual events

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FADE IN:

INT. A PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE (FLORIDA -2001) - DAY

A Psychiatrist, DOCTOR ROSS, sits in his comfortable office chair.

He checks his watch and looks up at the clock on his wall. He takes a remote control and clicks his radio on.

A Smooth Jazz station comes on, and the Doctor starts doing some paperwork.

He takes off his suit jacket and loosens his tie a little. The phone rings, and he answers it.

DOCTOR ROSS  
Yes, well, send him in!

The SECRETARY swings Doctor Ross' door open and enters his office with a medium-built man whose name is William Jones, OLDEST WILL (black, 35).

SECRETARY  
Doctor Ross, this is William Jones.

DOCTOR ROSS  
(Sticks his hand out)  
How are you doing, Mr. Jones?

OLDEST WILL  
(Shakes his hand)  
I'm hanging in there, I guess.

SECRETARY  
Okay, Doctor Ross, I am going to get back out there on my files. Mister Jones, it's nice to finally meet you.

The Secretary leaves and closes the door.

DOCTOR ROSS  
Have a seat, Mr. Jones. Make yourself at home. I have been anticipating your visit and, of course, looking forward to hearing your story.

OLDEST WILL  
Doctor Ross, you can call me Will.

DOCTOR ROSS

Okay will. (Pause) There's some cold water on the table over there, so feel free to help yourself.

Will takes a seat in a very comfortable leather recliner.

OLDEST WILL

(Reclines the seat)  
Hey, this is nice.

DOCTOR ROSS

Yeah, all my clients love that chair. (Pause) Are you comfortable?

OLDEST WILL

Yeah, I'm cool.

DOCTOR ROSS

Don't fall asleep on me now, Will. By the way, I have coffee in the other room in case you're interested.

OLDEST WILL

No thanks, I'm fine.

Doctor Ross sits at his desk and takes out a recorder, a pen, and paper.

DOCTOR ROSS

First things first. Now, do you mind if I tape this session?

OLDEST WILL

No, that's okay, I don't mind.

DOCTOR ROSS

(Pushes the record button)  
I am Doctor Howard Ross, and it's November nineteenth, two thousand one. The time is fourteen-hundred hours. I am interviewing William Jones. William is one of the many African-American men who were molested while working in the Boston Red Sox Organization.

Doctor Ross points at Will and signals him to start the interview.

OLDEST WILL

Well, it all started back in the mid-eighties.

(MORE)

Yeah, it actually was 1981. I was fifteen years old, but I remember everything as if it were yesterday...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHAIN OF LAKES BALL PARK (1981) - DAY

The Boston Red Sox players warm up and practice at their spring training facility in Winter Haven, Florida. It's a bright and sunny day, and the weather is relatively warm.

The clubhouse Manager, Donald Fitzpatrick, known as FITZY (white, age 57), leans against the dugout and watches the players.

He is a Caucasian male in his late fifties. PLAYER #1 approaches him.

PLAYER #1

Hey, Fitzzy, did you bring those new batting gloves?

FITZY

Yes, I did. Do you need a pair?

PLAYER #1

Yeah, these just don't feel right.

FITZY

Okay, I think I can handle it for you. I'll get one of the Clubbies to get you a pair. Anything else you need?

PLAYER #1

No, Fitzzy, that's all I need right now.

A young boy comes out of the dugout with some equipment. The boy's name is DAVE (black, 12).

FITZY

Hey Dave.

DAVE

Yes.

FITZY

I need you to go down to the Clubhouse equipment storage locker and bring me a pair of the new batting gloves. (Takes some keys off his belt loop) Here are the keys. Can you handle that young man?

DAVE

(Taking the keys)  
Yes, I can handle that.

FITZY

You remember which key it is?

DAVE

No.

FITZY

(Takes back the keys)  
It's this one right here.

DAVE

Thanks, Fitzzy.

Dave runs over to the Clubhouse to get the batting gloves.

FITZY

(Shakes his head)  
He'll never find those gloves. I will go over to the Clubhouse and get your gloves.

PLAYER #1

Hey, thanks, Fitzzy.

INT. THE CLUBHOUSE EQUIPMENT ROOM - DAY

Dave unlocks the equipment storage locker and searches for the batting gloves. Fitzzy comes in and watches Dave for a few minutes.

FITZY

Having a little trouble, buddy? Let me help you out. I guess I should have told you exactly where they are in the equipment locker.

Fitzzy reaches over Dave and grabs the gloves from the top shelf of the equipment locker. He puts his hand on Dave's shoulder and gently massages it.

FITZY

That's okay, buddy. You're doing really well. In fact, I can see you becoming my top Clubbie one day, or maybe even a Clubhouse Manager like me. You just keep up the good work, buddy.

DAVE

Thank you, Fitzzy. I will.

EXT. PUGHSVILLE, FLORIDA - DAY.

A tan Buick Regal cruises down the streets of an inner-city neighborhood. The neighborhood is in Florida. Fitzzy steps out of the car.

There are several young black boys running around and playing in the streets. They all stop what they're doing and practically swarm Fitzzy to greet him.

Fitzzy opens his trunk and pulls out packs of bubble gum, some juices, a few baseballs, and other items, and hands them to the boys. RICKY (black, 14) is one of the young boys.

FITZY

Okay, who is the strongest out here? Let me see some muscles.

The boys all practically jump in front of each other and fight for position to show their muscles.

FITZY

Wow, you all are strong. You guys have been eating your Wheaties.

RICKY, a twelve-year-old black boy, comes running up to Fitzzy and gives him a hug.

RICKY

Hello, Mr. Fitzpatrick.

FITZY

Hey buddy, how are you doing?

RICKY

Fine.

Fitzzy puts his hand on Ricky's shoulder and starts to walk with him.

FITZY

(Waves to the other boys)  
Okay, gentlemen, I will be right  
back. I just need to talk to Ricky  
right now.

The boys all scatter and continue playing and doing what they  
were doing. Fitzzy continues to walk and talk with Ricky.

FITZY

How is your mother doing, Ricky?

RICKY

She's still sick, but she is doing  
much better.

FITZY

So do you still want to come over  
and work for me at the ballpark?

RICKY

Yes, Mr. Fitzpatrick.

FITZY

Well, how are your grades now?

RICKY

I'm getting all A's and B's.

FITZY

That's great! I don't see any  
problem with you working with me  
then. Your mother just wanted you  
to pick up your grades. So, have  
you been eating your Wheaties? I  
told you to get ready for this job  
because it is pretty physical.

RICKY

I'm ready, Mr. Fitzpatrick.

FITZY

Okay, well then, let's see those  
muscles.

RICKY

(Pulling up his sleeve)  
See, I'm strong, Mr. Fitzpatrick.

FITZY

Yeah, you are strong. You've been  
eating your spinach, too, huh?

RICKY  
I told you I'm ready.

FITZY  
I'm sure you can use a little extra cash to help your mother out. By the way, is your mother home?

RICKY  
Yeah, she's home.

FITZY  
Well, let's go see what she says, buddy.

INT. THE HOME OF RICKY'S MOTHER - DAY

Ricky's mother, MICHELLE (black, 25), flops on the couch and turns on the television with the remote. She grabs the newspaper and starts fanning herself.

The front door is open, but the metal screen door is closed and locked. There is a knock on the metal screen door.

MICHELLE  
(Gets up, opens the door)  
Who is it?

RICKY  
Mom, it's me and Mr. Fitzpatrick.

Michelle pats down her hair and straightens her clothes a bit. She opens the door.

MICHELLE  
I'm sorry, Mr. Fitzpatrick, I didn't know you were coming by.

FITZY  
No, I'm sorry, Mrs. Mills, is this a bad time? I mean, I can come back another time.

MICHELLE  
No, it's okay, you can come on in.

She moves the newspaper out of the way and starts picking up some clothes and other items that were lying around.

MICHELLE  
You can have a seat, Mr. Fitzpatrick. Can I get you something?

FITZY  
Michelle Michelle Michell.

MICHELLE  
Yes, Mr. Fitzpatrick.

FITZY  
You're still calling me Mr.  
Fitzpatrick.

MICHELLE  
I'm sorry, Mr. Fitz. . . I mean  
Fitzy. Well It's just that I am so  
used to calling you Mr.  
Fitzpatrick. I know we have known  
each other for a while now, but...

FITZY  
It's okay, but you know everyone  
calls me Fitzy, and I'm okay with  
it. I guess a glass of cold water  
will be fine, thank you.

Michelle goes into the kitchen and pours Fitzzy a glass of cold water. She brings the glass of water out and sets it on the coffee table.

MICHELLE  
Here you go, this should be quite  
refreshing on a day like this.

FITZY  
Thanks.

MICHELLE  
So how can I help you? Oh, let me  
guess, you want to take Ricky off  
my hands, huh?

FITZY  
Last time we spoke, you said Ricky  
could work for me if he raised his  
grades, and he said he has done so.  
I mean, I still have a spot for  
him, and he seems to be a fine  
young boy.

MICHELLE  
Yes, he has raised his grades, and  
yes, he is usually a fine boy.

FITZY

He still wants to work for me, and I believe this could be an excellent opportunity for him. I mean, he will earn money and get to work around some great baseball players.

RICKY

Please, Mom, can I please?

MICHELLE

Of course, he can work for you! We all appreciate what you're doing around here. You're taking these boys off the streets and giving them something constructive to do.

Ricky jumps around with joy and celebrates.

FITZY

Well, I do what I can. Most of these young men just need a chance. So let's get this young man signed up. Believe me, you made the right decision.

MICHELLE

I know I did. He is really a good boy, and I think this will be good for him. As long as he keeps his grades up.

FITZY

I'm sure he will do fine. One of these young men might even take my job as Clubhouse Manager one day. I mean, as I said, they all have a lot of potential.

MICHELLE

Isn't that the truth? They just want the easy way out, so they never really learn about their potential. By the way, his brother Barry is doing well, so I am going to send him your way.

FITZY

That's great. That way, Ricky and his brother get to work together.

Fitzy Peeks through the blinds and sees the kids playing.

FITZY

Believe me, Michelle, if I could take them all off the streets, I would.

MICHELLE

Wouldn't that be great! You see, a lot of these boys just need a father or male role model in their lives. Some of them see you as a father figure around here. Hell, some of them see you more than they see their fathers.

FITZY

Thank you, you're really making me feel good inside. I can see where you're coming from. Well, I have been coming through these neighborhoods for a long time, and I certainly plan on keeping at it. I knew some of these kids before they could walk.

MICHELLE

As I said, we really appreciate it, and you are certainly like family here.

FITZY

Thank you, Michelle, that is much appreciated. I guess I'd better get going.

Fitzy looks at his watch, then rubs Ricky on the top of his head.

FITZY

You're going to be a good Clubbie buddy. Just keep those grades up, buddy.

FADE OUT.