

Voiceover: Baseball. America's pastime, so they say. There's the fields, where children go to play, and men dare to dream. Then there's the game itself, which millions of people around the world watch every day, whether it's with friends, co-workers, or...lovers. They watch with grandchildren, too, for baseball is a game that transcends generations...and time itself. One thing is for certain: long after we are gone, baseball will still roam the earth. It is a cruel and calculated game, one in which the lines between fair and foul, or even life and death, are often blurred. And on this day, two young men will learn that perhaps a game of baseball isn't about winning. It's about surviving.

I bring to you now the hair-raising tale of Field of Screams.

(Birds chirping. Maybe a plane goes by. Sound of a bat swinging and ball hitting a chain fence)

Ben: Sttttstrike one!

Cody: (unenthusiastic) Nice pitch.

Ben: That's right ya big wuss! There was too much heat on that one! Guess I better ease up a bit. (Another swing and miss) Striiiiiiike two!...OH man. You weren't even close on that one. Is the bat too heavy for you ya pansy?

Cody: Yeah...maybe it is.

Ben: (old timey radio voice): All right now kid, here comes the real heat! ...(Another swing and miss) STRIIIIIIike Three! You're out of here! Haha. Man, you sure suck at this all of a sudden. I think you're washed up! Either that, or your arms have gotten as slow as your brain, you big dum-dum! Haha.

Cody: You sure got me there, Ben.

Ben: Hey, c'mon man. I was just joking back there.

Cody: Nah, it's cool. I know you were.

Ben: So uh...ready for some more?

Cody: Yeah, I suppose.

(A dramatic beat)

Ben: Hey, are you all right man?

Cody: Yeah- yeah I'm fine.

Ben: C'mon dude, I know you. I can tell when something's eating at you.

Cody: Yeah, I guess so....it's just that...Today isn't a good day for me.

Ben: Why's that?

Cody: Well...to be honest...it's Nana.

Ben: Aw, man. I had no idea...

Cody: Yeah. I guess I've really been missing her today. It's the one year anniversary of her death.

Ben: Cody, I'm so sorry. You holding up okay?

Cody: Yeah, man. I just...I just wish I could have spent more time with her and really told her how much I loved her. I wish I had the chance to go to one last game with her.

Ben: I get it. But hey, look at us right now, isn't it cool that we're out here playing a little ball together? It almost seems now like it's in honor of her, you know? After all, she really did love this game. And...maybe this is weird to bring up, but...it's pretty cool she was buried in that old baseball jersey of hers. Never heard of anyone doing something like that before.

Cody: Yeah...she really was one of a kind.

Ben: But yeah, I totally get it, man. Growing up and growing old is unfortunately something that happens to everyone. I mean, believe it or not, even you and me will get old someday. Ya know? The important thing to remember is that she had a great life. And besides that, I know she really loved you. If you can recall, I used to deliver her paper, she'd tell me that all the time....I remember she even told me to look out after you, no matter what. And you know why, man?

Cody: Why?

Ben: Because...you're like a brother to me.

Cody: Really?

Ben: Yeah man. Of course. And hey, wherever she is now, I know she's proud of you. Nothing can take away those memories of her, and the time you two spent together. Those can never go away.

Cody: ...you know Ben. You're right. I really needed that, especially today.

Ben: No problem. Well, you know me...I'm not really the hugging type, so what do you say we get back to playing some more ball?

Cody: You got it...and hey, don't go easy on me now. I want you to send over a fast one!

Ben: I know you like 'em hot Cody!

Cody: Heck yeah I do! Make it so hot it could cremate my dead grandma!

(Crack of the bat hitting the ball)

Ben: Wait...what did you say?

Cody: What? I didn't say anything.

Ben: Yeah you did, something about your grandma?

Cody: Uhh...wow, I sure did knock that ball way the heck out there. Guess I'll go get it.

Ben: Dude...

Cody: Be right back!

-----*break*-----

(Cody enters a nearby woods, sound of footsteps on sticks/leaves)

Cody: Man, where the heck did that ball go? I've never hit anything so far in my life. Too bad Ben was the only one to see it. (Crickets chirping) Wow. It's so dark all of a sudden. And it sounds like lots of creatures live here, too. (Bullfrog sound) Jeez...so many trees, never noticed them all before...and all these leaves on the ground...who knows what they could be hiding? (Owl hoots) Yikes! Man, that startled me. I better find it soon, Ben is probably wondering what's taking so long...but these woods are so dense, and...if I'm being honest with myself...kind of spooky!

Grandma: Looking for something?

(Jump scare)

Cody: HUH?! G.g.g....Grandma? Is that you?!

Grandma: Why hello Cody, it's been awhile...one year to be exact.

Cody: (whispering) Man...that baseball must have hit my head. There's no way this is possible!

Grandma: Of course it is Cody. And it appears you're searching for something...just like I am.

Cody: You...you are? W-what are you looking for?

Grandma: Oh, I think you know...I think you know very well!

Cody: The way home?

Grandma: No you ungrateful brat! My jersey!

Cody: What? The one you were buried with?!

Grandma: No, the one you stole from my corpse *before* I was buried!

Cody: Grandma, I-I don't know what you're talking about!

Grandma: You think the dead don't have eyes? You stole my beloved jersey your grandfather gave me, and then you and your ungrateful father buried me in a potato sack!

Cody: You're...you're confused! It must have been someone else! Those funeral home guys are kind of shady after all.

Grandma: Give me back my f***ing jersey!!!!

Cody: Fine. You want that dumb thing back so bad? Play me for it.

Grandma: Play you? In what?

Cody: What else? A game of baseball.

Grandma: Baseball? Heh...I would be careful if I were you...

Cody: Oh is that so? Well, I got Ben with me. Who you got on your team? Better go to the nursing home and see if some of your old friends will play with you! Oh wait, you didn't have any friends!

Grandma: That's what you think, sonny boy. I've made quite a few new friends this past year...

Cody: New friends? This otta be rich. Fine. Game on. But if I win, I get to keep the jersey and I never want to see your dumb ghost face again!

Grandma: You've got a deal.

Cody: Meet us at the park when you're ready...won't blame you if you wuss out at the last second!

Grandma: Oh, we won't. You'll soon see how my friends aren't that type. Oh...and Cody?

Cody: Yes, Grandma?

Grandma: If you don't win...it'll be a shame. For you!! (evil cackle)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

Ben: Cody, where the heck were you? Taking a major piss or something?

Cody: Not now Ben. This is serious. Now this may sound a little odd, but my grandma is out there and she wants to play us in a game of baseball. Now I'm really going to need your help to beat her!

(Dramatic pause)

Ben: What the heck is wrong with you?

Cody: Ben, not only is she dead, but she's gone crazy. Just...don't believe a word she says, okay?

Ben: Cody, this isn't funny. I don't like humor like this one bit.

Cody: There she is!

Ben: Oh my God. It, it really is her! It can't be!

Grandma: Time to play ball!

Ben: Grandma Bea? That can't be you! No one could have survived the winter out there by themselves! What is going on here?! And who are your friends?!

Grandma: Oh young, sweet, naive Benny. I'm so sorry you've been caught up in this. But I won't show you any mercy in this game. Don't take it personally.

Cody: We're not afraid of you and a bunch of 80 year olds who wear diapers! Heheh, right Ben?

Grandma: Oh, some of them are older than that...much, much older. In fact, here they come right now.

Ben: Woah! Cody, you didn't say there'd be so many of them. That's like a whole team!

Cody: She made it seem like it'd just be a bunch of her weird old friends!

Ben: These don't look like your run-of-the-mill old people, Cody. In fact...some of them look kinda familiar, somehow...

Grandma: As they should. You boys probably remember them from your history books...

Ben: What the...that guy with the scar...is that...that looks like Al Capone?!

Capone: Meah, looks like? Now you listen here, I'm the real deal kiddo, and I play a mean second base, see?

Cody: This can't be real...it just can't be!

Grandma: Oh, it can, and it is! In fact, here's a guy who's a real team player: John Wilkes Booth!

JWB: Hello boys, I do believe this game will surely end with a *bang*!

Grandma: And then there's our slugger, Henry the Eighth.

HTE: If we don't win, heads will certainly roll.

Grandma: Of course, ladies gotta represent. And this lady isn't afraid to get a little dirty...of course I'm talking about Lizzie Borden!

Lizzie: I'm about to take 40 whacks, with a baseball bat!

Grandma: Of course, there's our MVP and team captain...Tim Hitler

Cody: Wait. Don't you mean Adolf Hitler?

Grandma: Oh no, no, no! Tim Hitler was *far* worse.

Tim: (goofy voice) you don't even want to know what I did.

Ben: Yikes!

Grandma: And here's our promising new rookie, Harvey Weinstein

Harvey: Hey, I'm not even dead yet!

Grandma: And I can't forget our speedy pinch runner, Jack "the Whipper" Ripper

Jack: (in a Mickey Mouse voice) A century later and I still haven't been caught! Wohoho!

Grandma: And batting clean-up, Genghis Khan!

Khan: Hey guys, what's up?

Cody: I think we're in way over our heads, Ben!

Ben: Yeah, maybe you're right Cody. We should probably back out and--

Grandma: Batter up!

Cody: Oh no! It's too late!

-----*break*-----

(Baseball music montage)

Old time announcer: The game of the century is well under way. To recap, Team Ben and Cody didn't score any runs in the first inning, while Grandma's Hellstars blasted off with 22. In the third, Henry the Eighth hit his second grand slam of the night while Cody took a line drive to the groin region. The seventh inning saw another 12 runs for the Hellstars and Ben called for a timeout to cry in the dugout. Now, in the bottom of the ninth with two outs, the Hellstars lead 47 to 1.

Ben: Well, we tried our best man, but it's over.

Cody: Come on Ben, don't give up. We can't go out like this.

Ben: To be honest, man, I'm beat! You're just going to have to give that jersey back.

Grandma: He's right, Cody. Give it back. This could be your last chance...

Ben: See, man? I don't like the sound of that...

Cody: This isn't the Ben I know...

Ben: What do you mean?

Cody: Wow, you serious? After that big speech you just gave me? You know, the one about my dead grandma telling you to watch out over me? I thought you'd always have my back man. But

when things turned tough, you turned chicken. When you told me that we were like brothers...I actually believed you.

Ben: Cody, I...I'm so sorry. You're right. Let's give this everything we got and win this one!

Cody: Yeah!

Grandma: Come and get it, boys!

Announcer: And then, in one of the most incredible come from behind victories in the history of sports, Cody and Ben scored 47 consecutive runs to win 48 to 47. It truly was a miracle!

Ben: Wow, we did it!

Cody: We're a dream team! Take THAT, Grandma!

Grandma: You little punks! I can't believe you beat us! I should've known Harvey and Lizzie couldn't play well together!

Ben: Guess you just don't know the importance of great teamwork! You tried to put your evil pals together, but it looks like some people will never change!

Cody: That's right, Ben! You're never getting that dumb jersey back from me!

Ben: Wait...I thought you said she was buried in it. Did you...did you lie to me?

Cody: I mean...uh....

Jack: Excuse me boys.

Cody: Yeah? What do you want, Jack The Ripper?

Jack: Correct me if I'm wrong, but didn't you two pitch back and forth in the third inning?

Ben: Yeah, so?

Grandma: Oh...oh my! Well that certainly changes things!

Cody: What are you talking about?

Jack: Well, you can only switch once...so, it looks like you boys broke a cardinal rule of baseball.

Ben: So?

Wilkes Booth: Don't you see, you fools? You essentially disqualified yourselves. Therefore, we have won. Huzzah!

Cody: Oh no! OH NOOO!!!

Grandma: (**Evil cackle**) That's right you brats! We've won! Now give me my jersey.

Cody: I...I don't have it anymore...

Grandma: What?! Where is it!

Cody: I sold it on eBay for \$4!

Grandma: Oh that's not good. That's not good at all.

Cody: Yeah? Well what are you going to do about it?

Grandma: I told you. I told you I would have my jersey back! But since you can't give me that one, well I suppose I shall take another.

Ben: Another? But how? We're not wearing our jerseys...

Grandma: Oh, but you are wearing something else that'll work just fine. Your skin!

Cody: What? Our skin?!

Ben: Good grief! Is she serious?

Grandma: Oh yes, I'm quite serious. Now Jack, why don't you go ahead and...rip...these boys faces off? They'll make quite the nice fabric! And the best part...the best part of all...is that you boys will be very much alive for all of eternity as Granny's new favorite jersey! (**evil cackle**)

Jack: My pleasure!

(**Screams** and the sounds of **slashing/ripping**)

(FINAL BREAK)

Voiceover: Ah, those poor young boys, doomed to spend all of eternity as their grandmother's jersey. But, as they say, there's no *dying* in baseball. That ending was a bit...unexpected, was it not? And that's why people love baseball. It's just like life. There are so many twists, turns and...curveballs... like the ones you'll encounter right here each month, so long as you keep

coming back. And you will come back, won't you? Perhaps we could even play against each other...in a game of shirts, vs. skins! muahahahaha

After all, when it comes to things that are unexpected, we always deliver a
you know you can always round third...and head home to us!

And to think, those rookies were so promising. For a moment there, I thought they'd be the next

NEW IDEAS:

Cody isn't completely transparent about his relationship with DEAD G'ma. Puts on a front that he truly misses her, and that he had a close connection to her, to fool Ben for some reason. Maybe to pity him more? Because he craves attention?

Cody confronts dead G'ma in the woods (zombie? Or just spirit?) who suddenly makes it clear that their relationship isn't all it was cracked up to be. She was to be buried in her favorite jersey...but Cody stole it right before the funeral! Cody swears he'll give it back, but maybe G'ma, in seeing a little of herself in Cody, decides to level the "playing field" and challenges Cody & Ben to a game for ownership of the jersey. Cody accepts, thinking he'll waste her and whatever friends she can scrounge up...until he realizes her friends are all notorious criminals.

Ben asks what the hell is going on. Cody tells him he accepted a game on Ben's behalf. Ben says "just give it back", Cody says it's too late, that they're playing for the jersey. He comes clean about G'ma's dirty old ways and how their relationship had always been strained.

Game is played. G'ma's team goes up by a large margin. Boys somehow come back, but come up just short on maybe a bad play or rule technicality. Cody admits he no longer has the jersey at this point, fesses up to selling it for lots of money. G'ma says perhaps something else will do...his flesh!!!

HI

Oh, hey man.

Hey, feel free to take a look. I gotta get some work done, so I'll leave you to it! Just wanted to give this another lookover! Say hi to Blake for me!

I won't, since he might yell at me. But I will look this over and see where you're at, and maybe how to finish it!

Voiceover: Ahh...Baseball. America's pastime, so they say. There's baseball fields, where children go to play, and men dare to dream. Then there's the game itself, which millions of people around the world watch each day, whether it's with their friends, their co-workers, or their...lovers. They watch with their grandchildren, too, for baseball is a game that transcends generations...and time itself. One thing is for certain: long after we are gone, baseball will still roam the earth. It is a cruel and calculated game, one in which the lines between fair and foul, or even life and death, are often blurred. And on this day, two young men will learn that perhaps a game of baseball isn't about winning. It's about surviving.

I bring to you now the hair-raising tale of Field of Screams.

(Birds chirping. Maybe a plane goes by. Sound of a bat swinging and ball hitting a chain fence)

Ben: Sttttstrike one!

Cody: (unenthusiastic) Nice pitch.

Ben: That's right ya big wuss! There was too much heat on that one! Guess I better ease up a bit. (Another swing and miss) Striiiiiiike two!...OH man. You weren't even close on that one. Is the bat too heavy for you ya pansy?

Cody: Yeah...maybe.

Ben: (old timey radio voice): All right now kid, here comes the real heat! ... (Another swing and miss) STRIIIIIIike Three! You're out of here! Haha. Man, you sure suck at this all of a sudden. I think you're washed up! Either that, or your arms have gotten as slow as your brain, you big dum-dum! Haha.

Cody: Nice pitch Ben.

Ben: Hey, c'mon man. I was just joking back there.

Cody: It's cool. I know.

Ben: So uh...ready for some more?

Cody: Yeah, I guess

a dramatic beat

Ben: Hey, are you all right man?

Cody: Yeah- yeah I'm fine.

Ben: C'mon dude, I know you. I can tell when something's eating at you.

Cody: Yeah, I guess so....it's just that. Today isn't a good day for me.

Ben: Why is that?

Cody: Well, you remember my grandma right?

Ben: Nana? Of course Cody. She was the best.

Cody: Yeah, she was. It's just that I miss her. That's all.

Ben: ... me too. I get it man.

Cody: And today's the one year anniversary of her death.

Ben: Cody, I'm so sorry.

Cody: It's okay. I just...wish I could have spent more time with her and really told her how much I loved her.

Ben: I get it. Hey, at least it's cool we're out here playing a little ball together. Man, sure sure loved this game. I hate to bring it up, but that's pretty cool she was buried in that old baseball jersey.

Cody: Yeah, she really was one of a kind.

Ben: Oh, well. I totally get it. Growing up and growing old is unfortunately something that happens to everyone. I mean, believe it or not, even you and me will get old someday. Ya know? The important thing to remember is that she had a great life. And besides that, I know she really loved you. If you recall, I used to deliver her paper and she'd tell me that all the time....I remember she even told me to look out after you, no matter what. And you know why? Because...you're like a brother to me.

Cody: Really?

Ben: Yeah man. Of course. And hey, wherever she is now, I know she's proud of you and you'll always have those memories of her and the time you two spent together. Those can never go away.

Cody: ...you know Ben. You're right. I really needed that, especially today.

Ben: No problem. Well, you know me...I'm not really the hugging type, so what do you say we get back to playing some more ball?

Cody: You got it buddy...and don't go easy on me. I want you to send over a fast one!

Ben: I know you like 'em hot Cody! And this one will be so hot, it could cremate your dead grandma!

(Crack of the bat hitting the ball)

Cody: Wait...what did you say?

Ben: What?

Cody: About my grandma!

Ben: Huh? Nothing. Jeez. You really are sensitive today. Why don't you go walk off some of that anger and go get the ball?

Cody: Psshhh, whatever man. But I'm pitching when I get back. I hope you like them high and inside!

(Cody enters a nearby woods, sound of footsteps on sticks/leaves)

Cody: Man, where the heck did that ball go? I've never hit anything so far in my life. Too bad Ben was the only one to see it. (Crickets chirping) Wow. It's dark all of a sudden. Sounds like lots of creatures live here, too. (Bullfrog sound) So many trees...and all these leaves on the ground, who knows what they could be hiding? (Owl hoots) Yikes! Man, that startled me. I better find it soon, Ben is probably wondering what's taking so long...but these woods are so dense, and if I'm being honest with myself, kind of spooky!

Grandma: Looking for something?

(Jump scare)

Cody: HUH?! Grandma is that you?!

Grandma: Why hello Cody, it's been awhile...A year to be exact.

Cody: That baseball must have hit my head, because there's no way this is possible!

Grandma: Of course it is Cody. Look, I'm wearing my jersey. Just like you are. I bought you that a couple of years ago for Christmas. I'd never seen your eyes light up like that.

Cody: You're right. But it...it just doesn't seem real. Grandma, how is this possible? Where have you been? Why did you leave me?

Grandma: That's a long...complicated story Cody. And I will tell you absolutely everything later. I promise. But I haven't seen you in so, so long. I've missed you terribly. What do you say we catch up by playing a game of catch?

Cody: We should probably get you to a hospital.

Grandma: Oh no, no, don't bother with that. To be honest, I haven't felt this good in years!

Cody: But what about the rest of the family? Don't you want to see them?

Grandma: We'll get to that soon sonny. Right now, I'd really just like to get in a little exercise and see my favorite grandchild.

Cody: I guess so Nana...if that's what you want. Hey, you remember Ben? He's actually here with me. We could all play catch!

Grandma: Oh little Benny! Oh my, how could I forget? Yes, of course. Though with him here, that certainly changes things...

Cody: What do you mean?

Grandma: Well, we could play a baseball game. A real one. Cody, would you mind if I invited a few of my friends to play?

Cody: Friends? You mean like Mr. Ness at the butcher shop?

Grandma: Oh dear no. Not him. I've made a few *new* friends this past year and they're *dying* to meet you. So what do you say to a little game?

Cody: Sounds great Grandma! I'll go tell Ben.

Grandma: We'll be right there. All of us. Now run along now. See you soon...

Cody: Oh boy, I can't wait!

(Running back through grass)

Ben: Cody, where the heck were you? Taking a major piss or something? Well, at least you brought the ball back.

Cody: That's not all I've got. Ben, this may sound a little odd, but my grandma is out there and she's going to play a game with us!

(Dramatic pause)

Ben: What the heck is wrong with you?

Cody: No, I'm serious. I didn't believe it either but she was wearing the exact same jersey she was when she went missing. I knew she was still alive!

Ben: Cody, you're starting to see things, come on, we've got to get you to a doctor! You must have been hit in the head with a baseball!

Cody: Hey wait, there she is! And she's got her friends with her!

Ben: Oh my God...

Cody: What's wrong Ben?

Ben: It, it really is her! It can't be!

Grandma: Time to play ball!

(Pause for commercial)

Ben: Grandma Bea? That can't be you! No one could have survived the winter out there by themselves! What is going on here?! And who are your friends?!

Grandma: Oh young, sweet Benny, why me and my old pals just want to play a game of baseball against you and my grandson. It's been so long since we've last played though. And since you two are so young and healthy, we thought you wouldn't mind if we were all on the same team.

Ben: A game? You want two 15-year-olds to take on a bunch of 80 year olds?

Grandma: Oh, some of them are older than that...much, much older.

Ben: I don't know Cody, this is just too weird.

Cody: Yeah, this doesn't seem right grandma.

Grandma: Tell you what boys. If you beat us, I'll give both of you \$100.

Ben: Wow! My dad doesn't even make that in a week at the tater tot factory! We accept!

Grandma: Don't you know want to know what you two have to put on the line?

Ben: Doesn't matter, we're in!

Cody: Ben, c'mon, this doesn't sound right.

Ben: Come on Cody, even if there's only two of us, there's no way a bunch of old fogies can beat us! Let's roll grandma!

Grandma: Excellent, excellent. A verbal agreement. Now, I'd like you to meet the rest of my team.

Cody: Hey, who's that coming out of the field?

Ben: There's so many of them. And they look so... familiar. WAIT. OH no, it can't be!

(or possible commercial here)

Cody: Grandma, what is going on here? Who are these people!

Ben: That guy looks exactly like Al Capone! Look at his scar.

Capone: Meah see, looks like? Now you listen here, I'm the real deal kiddo, and you better believe I play a mean second base.

Cody: This can't be real...

Grandma: Here's another go-getter: John Wilkes Booth

JWB: Hello boys, I do believe this game will surely end with a *bang!*

Grandma: Henry the Eighth.

HTE: If we don't win, heads will certainly roll.

Grandma: Lizzie Borden

Lizzie: I'm about to take 40 whacks, with a baseball bat!

Grandma: Adolf Mitler

Cody: Wait. Don't you mean Hitler?

Grandma: No, Mitler was far worse.

Mitler: (plain voice) you don't even want to know what I did.

Ben: Yikes.

Grandma: Harvey Weinstein

Harvey: Hey, I'm not even dead yet!

Grandma: Our speedy pinch runner, Jack "the Whipper" Ripper

Jack: A century later and I still haven't been caught! Wohoho!

Grandma: And Genghis Khan

Khan: Hey guys, what's up?

Cody: I think we're in way over our heads, Ben!

Ben: Yeah, maybe you're right Cody. We should probably back out--

Grandma: Batter up!

Cody: Oh no! It's too late!

(Baseball music montage)

Old time announcer: The game of the century is well under way. To recap, Team Ben and Cody didn't score any runs in the first inning, while Grandma's Hellstars blasted off with 22. In the third, Henry the Eighth hit his second grand slam of the night while Cody took a line drive to the groin. The seventh inning saw another 12 runs for the Hellstars and Ben called for a timeout to cry in the dugout. Now, in the bottom of the ninth with two outs, the Hellstars lead 47 to 1.

C

"Fishbone" Ideas:

Two friends on a field. One pitching to the other. The pitcher is unnecessarily insulting as he pitches. "If you can't hit this that means you got a tiny wiener" and other such statements

The hitter is more down in the dumps than usual. Pitcher finally calls him out on it, and they have a heart-to-heart about the hitter's grandma, who went "missing" exactly a year ago. They go back to playing, and the pitcher immediately resumes his unnecessary insults with "Even your dead grandma could hit this one!"

Hitter finally nails it out of the park, then goes to get the ball. He comes across his missing granny, and at first it's a heartwarming reunion...maybe she says "let's play a game for old time's sake"...then she brings out her new friends, who are all notorious historical figures (Jack the Ripper, John Wilkes Booth, Lizzie Borden, Genghis Khan, etc. etc.) She says the game they'll be playing is for their very own souls.

Hitter returns to the field with their team, and is oblivious to the threat that's over them because he's just so happy to see his grandma again. His friend, the pitcher, tells him how outnumbered they are and that they're pretty much doomed.

Game occurs. Somehow the two friends rally and appear to beat the dead evil people. Then maybe there's some Merkle's Boner type technicality at the end where grandma gets to claim their souls after all.