

PITCH

by

Dan Fogelman and Rick Singer

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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

An everyday hotel room. Which is odd, considering its occupant.

But we'll get to her.

SNAPSHOTS AROUND THE ROOM:

- FRUIT BASKETS abound. Oddly, each holds only NECTARINES.
- NOTES on the baskets wish versions of "good luck."
- One of the notes is from Ellen DeGeneres.
- Another is from Hillary Clinton.
- In case you're keeping score: Hillary sent more nectarines. Ellen wrote the nicer note.
- A TV REMOTE is nearby, the BATTERIES deliberately removed.
- On the TV someone has stuck a POST-IT NOTE reading "NO."
- Another POST-IT on a CLOSED LAPTOP reads: "**FOR REAL. DON'T.**"

SFX: iPHONE ALARM

IN THE BED:

A sleeping figure (under the covers) stirs to life.

ON HER (FROM BEHIND)

She sits, swings her legs over the bed, and stands.

From behind, in her tank top and shorts, we get the full majesty of her build. Sculpted arms. Powerful legs.

A modern-day superhero.

IN TIGHT CUTS, we watch her dress for battle:

- NIKE TRACKPANTS, black.
- HOODIE SWEATSHIRT, also black.
- BASEBALL CAP. Of the day (i.e., flat brimmed). *Note: this girl bunches up her hair inside, no ponytail out the back.*
- And finally, the biggest fashion must for the modern-day athlete: BEATS HEADPHONES.

As the headphones go on, she grabs a DUFFLE BAG and we...

CUE OLD SCHOOL RAP SONG: "KNOW HOW" by Young MC.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

GINNY BAKER emerges. She's 23, African-American, beautiful without trying, which she doesn't.

This girl has swagger... a prideful stride and upward tilt of the chin, born from twenty years of "playing with (and beating the pants off of) the boys."

GINNY nods at TWO SECURITY GUARDS, stationed outside the room. They lead her down the hallway and into...

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Ginny ENTERS the lobby, which instantly buzzes around her. People gawk, take pictures, follow her.

The song carries us as we FLASH around the country:

ON THE COLIN COWHERD SHOW (FOX SPORTS).

Where popular host Colin Cowherd does... Colin.

COLIN COWHERD

Now, listen, I'm all in on Ginny Baker. I think it's the biggest sports story since O.J., and hopefully has a happier ending. But comparing this girl to Jackie Robinson is preposterous--

BACK TO GINNY

Walking forward, steady. Always steady.

ON "GARBAGE TIME WITH KATIE NOLAN" (FS1).

As female sports personality Katie Nolan shares her take:

KATIE NOLAN

If you wanna say she's only getting her shot because she's a woman, go ahead. But let's be real: if you're saying that, you're a man. You're a backwards thinking, backwards-cap-wearing, male-pattern-baldness-hiding man. So bitch and moan all you want gentlemen, but tonight a girl's gonna be the lead story on SportsCenter and if that upsets you, well, maybe you're just getting your period. Go get 'em Ginny.

BACK TO GINNY

Still moving. A sleek WOMAN (40s) steps in beside Ginny. This is her PR guru/protector - AMELIA SLATER.

Amelia puts her arm around Ginny, guides her toward an EXIT.

EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

They exit the hotel, past waiting PAPARAZZI, and enter an ESCALADE. The car takes off as paparazzi give chase.

INT. ESCALADE - MORNING

It's a luxury vehicle with seats facing each other.

A YOUNG NEBBISH named ELIOT BERGER (26) is already in the car, on his laptop. He smiles at Ginny, says something.

But Ginny (headphones on) can't hear him. Finally, Ginny removes her headphones. Eliot tries again:

ELIOT
You're like Elvis.

Ginny just stares at him for a beat.

ELIOT (CONT'D)
Eliot Berger. I work with Amelia.
She thought I could help manage
your social media accounts? Maybe
get you set up on Instagram?

Ginny looks at Amelia, then puts her headphones back on.

AMELIA
(with a shrug)
She's focusing.

Amelia leans over to the DRIVER.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Joe, I know it's just a two-minute
ride to the stadium. I know
there's a lot of paparazzi
following us. But there's a
billion dollar piece of cargo back
here, and if you Princess Di her
ass, and you and I both survive, I
will Red Wedding you and everyone
in your family. Do you understand?

JOE
I understand.

AMELIA
Good, Joe. I like that about you.

Amelia turns on the CAR TV where the MLB Network is reporting on Ginny around the clock.

MATT VASGERSIAN
 If you've been under a rock for the past eighteen hours, the San Diego Padres have called up Ginny Baker from their Triple A squad to start today's game at home against the Cincinnati Reds. Baker will become the first female athlete to compete in any of the four major professional sports. Ken Rosenthal joins us live from San Diego, Ken - we all know her origin story, I know more about those nectarines than I care to at this point - but what do we know about Ginny Baker as an actual, you know, pitcher?

KEN ROSENTHAL (FROM LOCATION)
 Hey, Matt. Well, she's no blazer. She tops out in the high 80s - which has gotten a lot of attention but is still low by Major League standards. She does have an arsenal of pitches, including that nasty screwball...

Amelia looks up, sees Ginny glaring at the TV.

AMELIA
 (re: TV)
 Oh, so we're still not...

Amelia turns off the TV, looks at her.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
 The game sold out. Overnight.
 (then, carefully)
 It's gonna be a zoo, Kiddo. I want you to be prepared.

But Ginny is just looking out her window. Eliot looks:

ELIOT
 Oh my God.

EXT. PETCO PARK - MORNING

Outside the stadium bowels are a SEEMINGLY ENDLESS STREAM OF GIRLS AND THEIR PARENTS lined up to see GINNY BAKER.

We go OVERHEAD to see just how massive a gathering it is. THOUSANDS upon THOUSANDS. As the Escalade drives closer...

BACK INSIDE THE CAR

Ginny just stares, stunned.

AMELIA
 You ready for this?

Ginny focuses on ONE LITTLE GIRL, in full baseball regalia. The girl holds a sign that reads:

"I'm next."

Ginny nods and speaks for the first time.

GINNY
...I been ready my whole life.

We push in on the little girl. As we notice she could easily be a younger version of Ginny, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY (21 YEARS EARLIER)

From behind we see little Ginny at four years old, holding a BAT and standing over a plastic home plate.

In front of her stands:

HER FATHER, BILL BAKER (41).

Bill (on the mound) stares down his daughter. He has a belly and gray hair... his forty-one years have been city miles.

INSERT TITLE: **TARBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, 1995.**

BILL
(Southern accent)
Here comes the high hard one.

He throws a ball inside with some tempo. With a SHRIEK, little Ginny throws down her bat and runs away.

BILL (CONT'D)
Oh, Jesus God, boy, get back in there. Willie!

We realize that the little batter wasn't Ginny. It was a little boy (her older brother, WILLIE).

FROM A NEARBY WINDOW

Bill's wife, JANET BAKER (29) calls out.

JANET
He doesn't want to play, Bill.

BILL
I'm trying to raise a ballplayer here, Janet!
(calling out)
Willie!

WILLIE (O.S.)
NO WAY!!!

Bill SIGHS, giving up, until he notices...

Little Ginny Baker (2) ten feet away, holding the ball.

BILL
That's right, little girl, that's a
ball. C'mon, throw it to Daddy.

She remains motionless. Bill motions how to pull the ball
back and throw it. She watches him intently.

BILL (CONT'D)
Go 'head. Throw it.

She rears back and lets it fly. It zips through the air and
hits a completely unprepared Bill in the forehead.

BILL (CONT'D)
Ow!

ON GINNY

She has a huge shit-eating grin on her face.

ON BILL

As a new plan begins to take shape.

BILL (CONT'D)
...I'll be goddamned.

BACK TO:

EXT. PETCO PARK - MORNING

Ginny exits the car as the CROWD reacts and ROARS.

OSCAR RIVERA (53), a former player and current General
Manager and President of the Padres, rushes over.

OSCAR
Ginny, hi.

GINNY
Hi.

OSCAR
Welcome. Amelia.

AMELIA
Oscar.

OSCAR
(to Eliot)
Hi. Oscar Rivera, Padres GM. And
you are--

AMELIA
Not important.

OSCAR
Fair enough. Stay with me.

He starts walking, briskly.

ELIOT
(to himself)
Eliot Berger, I work with Ameli--

OSCAR
(ignoring him)
Fans started lining up the moment
the call-up was announced. Our
website shut down within minutes,
our nerds didn't know what hit
them. Most press requests for a
regular season ballgame since
Ripken broke the record at Camden.
(then)
Hell of a thing you're doing young
lady. You nervous?

GINNY
No, not really.

OSCAR
That makes one of us.
(then)
The story's real? With the
nectarines?

Ginny nods.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
Hell of a thing.
(then)
You guys go, I'm right behind you.

They're all whisked inside. The nearby press corps groan.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
Folks, please. She's meeting the
owner, you'll have plenty of time
to circle the carcass. I know, I'm
a terrible person.

INT. PADRE OFFICES - MORNING

Ginny, Amelia, and Oscar enter an executive office where
they're greeted warmly by FRANK REID (60s), the charming
white-haired owner of the San Diego Padres.

FRANK REID
Ginny, welcome! Hope the trip in
was okay. I was just reading about
you for a change.

Frank holds out:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. The cover is a full-page photo of Ginny looking right into lens. It reads: **SHE'S HERE.**

Ginny stares at the magazine. Frank turns to Amelia.

FRANK REID (CONT'D)
(to Amelia)
You see that one yet?

AMELIA
Saw it, approved it, conceived it,
ghostwrote it.

FRANK REID
You hear what happened with the
website and the nerds?

AMELIA
I did. We all set here?

Ginny flicks through the magazine as conversation continues...

IN THE MAGAZINE

We catch glimpses of Ginny's story:

The hard-driving minor league father (Bill). The development of her screwball. Some story about those nectarines.

BACK TO SCENE

As Oscar answers Amelia's question:

OSCAR
We'll take her down, introduce her
to the team, she's dressing in the
clubhouse attendant's room for now -
we'll figure out a more permanent
solution assuming... you know.

This hangs there. Ginny looks up from the magazine.

GINNY
Can I see it?

FRANK REID
What?

GINNY
My uniform.

Frank smiles.

INT. PLAYERS' CLUBHOUSE - MORNING

State-of-the-art. Various PLAYERS and COACHES are sitting at their lockers, some watching TV coverage of Ginny.

BUCK (60s), the team's veteran pitching coach, steps in.

BUCK
Okay, listen up, Skip's talking.

AL SCIUTTO (55), the team's grizzled but steady manager, emerges from his office. Everyone stops talking.

AL
She's on her way down.
(then, off silence)
Look, we can lie to the reporters all we want but obviously this *is* a distraction. No way around it. For Christ sake I had to get tickets for my friggin' mother-in-law today. Oh that reminds me, if you see her in the stands please say hi. She's the one with the face like Shrek.
(then)
No offense, Shrek.

SHREK, 30, with a face only a mother could love, waves him off as the team CRACKS UP.

AL (CONT'D)
A young woman is joining our ballclub, Boys, and if you don't like that... well I guess you can all blame Miller's dumb ass for picking a fight with that watercooler.

Players catcall at TOMMY MILLER (25): a big country boy with a cast on his hand. He holds up his cast, sticks up his middle finger behind it, and salutes everyone.

AL (CONT'D)
It's 2015 gentlemen - so let's *be* gentlemen. Let's be professional. Remember: she's a spot starter called up from Triple A to make a start for us. We're gonna treat her like any other player. No special treatment.

FRANK REID (O.S.)
Knock, knock.

Ginny stands there flanked by the owner and GM (and Amelia).

AL
Well, shit.

Awkward silence. Finally...

BLIP SANDERS (29), the team's leadoff hitter and second-best player (think a life-sized Kevin Hart) steps forward.

BLIP
Ginny Baker! Get that big ol' bubble butt over here and give me a hug!

They hug. Blip makes it clear that Ginny is family:

BLIP (CONT'D)
 Came up through the system with
 this girl. Did almost a full
 season with her in Lake Elsinore,
 what was that - three years back
 now?

GINNY
 That's right. Until you got the
 call-up, became an All-Star, and
 permanently abandoned my ass.

BLIP
 Yeah, well, as much as I loved
 living on ramen noodles, my wife
 had other plans.

GINNY
 I bet she did.

BLIP
 ("emotional")
 She spends everything, Ginny.

Ginny LAUGHS. This is clearly where she's most at home.

BLIP (CONT'D)
 Where they setting you up, Girl?

CUT TO:

INT. CLUBHOUSE ATTENDANT'S LOCKER AREA - MORNING

Frank Reid (owner), Oscar (GM), and Al (manager) have moved
 with Ginny and Amelia to the Attendant's locker area.

AMELIA
 This is not going to be permanent,
 I'm telling you that right now.

Al has already had enough.

AL
 I'm sorry, who is this complete
 stranger, in my clubhouse,
 pretending to be my boss?

OSCAR
 Al.

AMELIA
 (to Al)
 I'm sorry, we haven't met, probably
 because I don't represent lifetime
 sub .500 managers with man boobs.
 (MORE)

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I'm Amelia Slater, I represent the
young woman otherwise known as the
only chance you have of saving your
job.

GINNY
(strongly)
Amelia.

Amelia goes quiet (a strange color on her).

GINNY (CONT'D)
(to Al)
Sorry, Skip. This will do fine.

FRANK REID
You're sure--

GINNY
Not my first team, not my first
locker room, it's all good.

She nods at Al. He nods back.

GINNY (CONT'D)
I didn't see Mike Lawson back in
there.

AL
He likes to make an entrance. Total
diva. I'd kill him, but he has this
annoying habit of driving in a
hundred and thirty runs every year.

PETE, the crotchety old clubhouse man, passes through.

FRANK REID
Oh. Ginny, this is Pete, our head
clubhouse guy. He's been in
baseball longer than anybody here,
myself included. Pete, thank you
for letting us use your locker.

PETE
Pain in my ass.

Pete GROWLS, exits.

FRANK REID
He grows on you. Why don't you
check out what's in there?

He nods to the locker. Ginny opens it.

GINNY
(re: uniform number)
Forty-three?

FRANK REID
One up from Jackie. We thought it
was fitting.

As Ginny smiles and feels the jersey...

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

She's now holding it up for the press. Frank Reid is with her, getting his "Branch Rickey" moment.

Amelia, Eliot, and Oscar are off to the side.

REPORTER #1
Ginny, how does this differ from
Triple A?

GINNY
One or two more of you, maybe.

The reporters chuckle.

AMELIA
(under her breath)
This was supposed to be a photo op,
not a presser.

OSCAR
She'll be fine.

AMELIA
I know she'll be fine, Oscar. I've
been watching her navigate this
crap for a year.

REPORTER #2
Do you have a boyfriend?

GINNY
I don't see any of the other
rookies getting that question.
'Course, they wouldn't tell you if
they had a boyfriend, either.

The reporters laugh.

ELIOT
That's so gonna go viral.

AMELIA
I'm ending this.

OSCAR
Relax, Amelia. She's not Sandy
Koufax. She's a number 5 starter
being called up for a spot start.

AMELIA
She's a number 5 starter who has
been offered the covers of *Time*,
Sports Illustrated, and *Maxim* in
the same week.
(then)

(MORE)

AMELIA (CONT'D)

You do realize what you have here, don't you, Oscar? Because I do. I put my entire client base on hold to represent a Major League pitcher and I'd never even watched a baseball game. I'm gonna lose Clooney and I don't care. He invites me to Lake Como and I'm giving that shit up instantly and without hesitation. Because this girl is Hillary Clinton with sex appeal, she's a Kardashian with a skill set... she's the most important woman on the planet right now, Oscar, and everything from here on out goes through me. Am I being clear?

Oscar thinks for a long beat, then:

OSCAR

What's Clooney's place in Como like?

AMELIA

It's just like San Diego but a million times better.

(then)

From here on out?

OSCAR

You'll be in the loop.

AMELIA

Thank you.

OSCAR

Dinner?

AMELIA

Never.

(then)

I'm pulling her.

She walks off. Oscar watches her, turns to find Eliot.

ELIOT

(re: Amelia)

You have no chance.

OSCAR

I wasn't--

ELIOT

I've seen her make movie stars cry.

Won't say who. Gerard Butler.

Eliot returns to his smartphone. Oscar shakes his head.

EXT. PETCO PARK FIELD - MORNING

Ginny steps onto the actual field and takes it in.

Out on the field, a few players are doing some defensive drills (there's no formal batting practice for a day game).

Ginny watches them for a moment, then stops short spotting:

ON MIKE LAWSON (34).

The star catcher of the San Diego Padres. Handsome in a way that doesn't annoy dudes.

As Ginny watches him throw a ball around and laugh, we...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. GINNY'S BEDROOM - DAY (11 YEARS EARLIER)

Ginny, now 12, puts up a poster of Mike as a young ballplayer on her wall. She stares at it a moment with that rare combo of baseball adulation and schoolgirl crush.

Suddenly, she's jolted out of her reverie by two HONKS. She grabs two gloves and runs out.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Ginny pitches to Bill who crouches behind a home plate (the plate is now permanently imbedded in the ground).

BILL
Snap the wrist, Ginny!

GINNY
I'm trying!

BILL
You're doing something, but it sure
as hell ain't trying.
(mutters to himself)
Sometimes, I don't even know why I
bother. Wasting my time on a
little girl who doesn't have what
it takes.

Ginny throws down her glove and storms off into the house.

BILL (CONT'D)
That's right, run away! Be a
little girl and run away!

INT. KITCHEN - JUST LATER

Janet's cooking. Ginny storms upstairs, right past her.

INT. GINNY'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Ginny's face down on her bed. Janet enters, carrying a box.

JANET
He loves you, Ginny. He shows love
stranger than any man I've ever
known, but he does.

Ginny says nothing.

JANET (CONT'D)
I got something that might cheer
you up. It's for the dance.

She holds out the box.

Ginny takes the box and opens it. There's a beautiful dress
inside. Ginny holds it up and beams.

Bill enters and clears his throat. He throws Ginny's glove
on the bed, offers his form of an "apology."

BILL
If you don't snap the wrist, the
ball won't break. You'll need good
breaking stuff.
(then, noticing dress)
What the hell is that?

GINNY
It's for the dance tomorrow night.

BILL
Tomorrow? Well, you'll have to
miss it. Little League tryouts are
Saturday and you ain't near ready.

Ginny slumps. Bill clocks this.

BILL (CONT'D)
...Look, you want to go, go. You
want to spend your time like all
the other girls going to dances and
chasing boys, that's fine by me.
But I ain't gonna be out there
wasting my time on you, then--

JANET
--Oh, for God's sakes, Bill--

BILL
I'm offering her a choice, Janet.
She's old enough to make up her own
mind.

Bill turns back to Ginny, eyes narrowed.

BILL (CONT'D)
This is it, little girl. Decision
time. You wanna be a ballplayer?
Because I will take you as far as I
can. I will take you all the way
with this. But you gotta give it
everything you got. You in or you
out?

Long beat as Ginny stares at him, then the dress.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

A seventh grade dance. Twelve-year-old GIRLS dressed to the nines awkwardly forging their way through a slow dance with equally awkward twelve-year-old BOYS. As we MOVE through the crowd... SEARCHING for Ginny... she's nowhere to be found. We then GLIDE out of the gymnasium...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES - NIGHT

...over a SERIES of houses and yards...

EXT. BAKER BACKYARD - NIGHT

...and sure enough, there she is. Pitching to Bill, underneath makeshift lights which have been installed in the backyard.

She's drenched in sweat, pounding the ball into her father's glove, she's giving it every last ounce of effort she's got.

INT. GINNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Where Janet slowly places Ginny's dress back inside the box, and covers it.

BACK TO:

EXT. PETCO PARK FIELD - MORNING

As Mike finishes throwing and starts to head off the field, he sees Ginny stretching and smiles. He walks over.

MIKE

Ginny Baker in the flesh! I've been answering questions about you forever. That's not easy for me, you know, talking about other people.

He leans in, whispers.

MIKE (CONT'D)

They tell me I'm a narcissist.

He bends, stretching.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hey that story true, about your dad and the nectarines?

GINNY

Yeah.

(then)

I should tell you, you've been my favorite player since I was--

MIKE

Don't. Makes you look stupid, makes me feel old.

He takes her in.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Would it be inappropriate to say you might be the second prettiest teammate I've ever had?

GINNY

It would.

(then)

Second prettiest?

MIKE

I played in a charity softball game with DiCaprio.

GINNY

Ah.

MIKE

Hey, you mind if we go over the hitters in the trainer's room? I gotta be in there anyway to ice my knee. Save me some time.

GINNY

Fine by me.

MIKE

Great. See you in there.

He SMACKS HER ASS, walks off. A few players CHUCKLE.

GINNY

Hey.

Mike turns. Ginny walks over, speaks quietly but firmly.

GINNY (CONT'D)

You think that's funny? You think you're the first teammate to slap my ass to get a laugh from their friends?

MIKE

No, I--

GINNY

I've done two years winter ball and five years in the minors.

(MORE)

GINNY (CONT'D)

I've done stunts in shitholes you haven't seen in a decade, Superstar. You want to put on a show for your friends, find another scene partner. I'm here to pitch. Any questions?

She turns to go.

MIKE

Hey.
(then)
Hey!

Mike grabs her arm.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I slap asses. It's my thing. I slap Rollins' pimply ass, I slap Shrek's hairy ass, and as long as you're on this team I will be slapping your perfect pear-shaped ass. I'm an ass-slapper, rookie, and I'm also the captain of the team, so from here out if I slap your ass you just say "thank you, sir, can I have another" and take the mound.

(then)

Do you have any questions?

Ginny stares him down, then:

GINNY

Young DiCaprio or Old DiCaprio?

MIKE

I'm sorry?

GINNY

The charity game. Young Leo, fine, he's probably prettier than me. But old Leo looks like a fish.

Mike thinks.

MIKE

It was a while ago. He was young.

GINNY

Then I think we're on the same page, Captain.

Ginny slaps Mike's ass and walks off. Mike watches her go, now aware of the undeniable spark between them.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. TRAINER'S ROOM - MORNING

Ginny lies on the trainer's table, getting her arm stretched by SCOTTY, the team's trainer. Mike's in a nearby ice tub.

BUCK (pitching coach, we met him earlier) sits in a nearby chair. They're going over the Reds' lineup.

MIKE
Mitchell, typical righty, bust him in hard, soft away. You can elevate on him late, he'll chase. Machado's just awful. He'll chase anything out of the zone. Don't give him any help. He'll get himself out.

GINNY
Okay.

MIKE
...You got all that?

GINNY
Knew it all already, so yes.

Buck and Scotty raise their eyebrows. Mike just smiles.

MIKE
Here are your signs. Four seam (index finger), two seam (moving pinky in a circular motion), curveball (two fingers), slider (three fingers), screwie (four fingers), change (wiggles all four fingers). What do you like to use with a man on second?

GINNY
Outs plus one, shake first.

MIKE
Simple enough. No outs first sign, one out second sign, two outs third sign. And if you shake me off...?

GINNY
Yeah?

MIKE
Don't shake me off. It'll just annoy me.

Mike stands from the tub, buck naked, facing Ginny.

GINNY
Impressive.

MIKE
Thanks, I'm proud of it.

GINNY
I meant that you still do all the
advanced prep.

MIKE
Oh.

BLIP enters.

BLIP
I'm heading out. You wanna come?

GINNY
(to Scotty)
Am I good?

SCOTTY
You're good.

She hops off the table and turns to Mike.

GINNY
Don't worry, it's an ice bath, you
have an excuse.

BLIP
Given some of the places it's been,
you should just be happy it hasn't
fallen off.

Ginny and Blip crack up.

GINNY
I'll get dressed, meet you out
there.

Blip nods as they EXIT. Mike turns to Buck.

MIKE
You know it's impressive, Buck.

Buck shrugs, opens a newspaper.

INT. GINNY'S LOCKER AREA - DAY

Ginny finishes putting on her uniform. She stares at herself
in a full-length mirror for a beat. Wow.

Suddenly, her cell phone RINGS. It's a Facetime call. The
CALLER ID reads "WILLIE". Ginny beams and answers.

We see Willie, now 25 and in a Navy uniform:

GINNY
I can't believe you're calling me.

WILLIE
Yeah, well, it's a rule of the sub.
Someone's sister makes history, the
captain lets us make a call. He
actually surfaced just for this.

GINNY
Tell him I said thank you.
(moving the phone)
I just put on my uniform. Can you
see it?

WILLIE
It's amazing. I'm so happy for
you, Sis.
(beat)
I'll call you in a couple of weeks.
(she nods)
Throw like a girl.

GINNY
Damn straight.

EXT. PETCO PARK FIELD - MORNING

It's an hour before game time. The stands are filling.

Ginny and Blip do some stretch-jogging (akin to skipping with high knees) in the outfield, reliving old times.

BLIP
That one guy, wooo, he was ugly--

GINNY
(through her laughter)
Wolfie.

BLIP
Wolfie! Man, he shoulda got a
medal just for leaving the house,
he was so ugly. Like one of those
President medals for bravery.

BLIP (CONT'D)
So. How you doing?

GINNY
Oh, y'know. First time in the
majors and all. Same for everyone.

Blip looks at the packed stadium of SCREAMING LITTLE GIRLS.

BLIP
Yeah. Same for everyone.

Ginny nods, absentminded, looking out at the frenzied crowd.

BLIP (CONT'D)
Hey.

She turns. They lock eyes.

BLIP (CONT'D)
I got you.

GINNY
(nodding)
Thank you.

Blip looks into the stands. He grabs Ginny's hand.

BLIP
Come on. There's somebody who
wants to see you.

IN THE STANDS

Ginny hugs EVELYNE, Blip's attractive wife.

EVELYNE
Look at you, Girl!

GINNY
Look at me? Look at them!

Ginny points to their TWO BOYS (6 and 8). They're both wearing Padres jackets.

GINNY (CONT'D)
They're huge!

BLIP
...Um, Baby? Where'd they get
those jackets?

EVELYNE
I just bought 'em.

BLIP
What was wrong with their other
jackets!?

EVELYNE
These have stripes on 'em.

BLIP
(to Ginny)
This is what I'm talking about.
(then)
Boys, tell Ginny what your favorite
food is.

BOYS
Sushi!!!

BLIP
Sushi, Ginny! Little black boys,
eating sushi!

EVELYNE
 Oh, be quiet.
 (to Ginny)
 You need to come for dinner. I'll
 have some of the wives over. Trust
 me, they're their own reality show.

Suddenly, a swarm of little girls push to the front.

GIRLS
 (re: autographs)
 Ginny!/Ginny, please!!!

Ginny smiles, apologetic, and turns her attention to them.

GINNY
 How you all doing?

LITTLE GIRL
 I'm gonna play in the majors
 someday, too.

GINNY
 (signing)
 Well hurry on up then and maybe we
 can be teammates.

Ginny looks around the crowd.

ON CROWD

Girls everywhere hold signs. TWO GIRLS hold one reading:
"Our Girl." Another reads: **"WE'RE COUNTING ON YOU, GINNY!"**

A MOTHER holds one over a baby reading: **"Her first game too."**

ON BLIP AND EVELYNE

Both watching Ginny take it all in, concerned for her.

INT. GINNY'S LOCKER AREA - LATER

Ginny tries to control her breathing. She looks at herself
 in the mirror and splashes water on her face.

INT. CLUBHOUSE BATHROOM - LATER

Shrek washes up next to LIPPER (a reliever) and Tommy (the
 injured pitcher). Mike takes a piss behind them.

SHREK
 You don't think there's a prayer
 she actually sticks, do you?

INT. GINNY'S LOCKER AREA - JUST LATER

Ginny turns off the water. Through a vent, she hears it all.

INT. CLUBHOUSE BATHROOM - JUST LATER

Mike flushes and comes over to another sink.

TOMMY
She's just here to sell tickets.
The second I come back, she's gone.

LIPPER
...What's your take, Mikey?

MIKE
Watched some tape on her last
night. I was surprised by the arm
strength. Got more zip than Tommy,
that's for sure.

Tommy listens intently, anxious.

BACK TO GINNY

Listening. She smiles to herself.

BACK TO MIKE

Who breaks out laughing.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Guys, come on. She's a gimmick.
She's the midget who played for the
St. Louis Browns. I think she lasts
a game, maybe two. And then she'll
be a nice little asterisk in the
record books. And we will have a
great story to tell our grandkids.

The guys all chuckle.

INT. GINNY'S LOCKER ROOM BATHROOM - JUST LATER

Ginny is gutted. Over this image (Ginny staring at herself
in the mirror) we CUE "FOX BASEBALL MUSIC."

CUT TO:

EXT. BULLPEN - DAY

Ginny warms up in the bullpen, throwing to a BULLPEN CATCHER.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
You are looking at a moment in
history: twenty-three-year old
Ginny Baker is warming up in the
San Diego Padres' bullpen in
preparation for her first start in
the Major Leagues.

INT. FOX BROADCASTING BOOTH - DAY

JOE BUCK and JOHN SMOLTZ appear on screen.

JOE BUCK
Welcome, everyone. And hello to my daughters, who are actually watching dad work for the first time in their lives. You'll excuse us if we are a bit disheveled. We literally just got here.

JOHN SMOLTZ
I don't know where I am, Joe.

INT. OWNER'S BOX - MEANWHILE

Amelia and Eliot sit with Frank (owner) and Oscar (GM).

ELIOT
She's trending.

AMELIA
Of course she's trending, Eliot--

ELIOT
No, you don't understand: she's the ONLY thing trending.
(reading)
#GinnyBaker. #Ginny'sfirstgame.
#Firstfemalepitcher.
#Ginny4President. There's nothing else happening. Anywhere.

Amelia and Oscar share a look. Holy shit.

EXT. BULLPEN - DAY

Ginny does her warm-up tosses. Mike and Buck enter, watch. Ginny sees Mike, shoots him an annoyed look.

MIKE
All right, let me get in there.

The BULLPEN CATCHER gets up. Mike takes his place.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Okay, let's see this screwgie everybody's been talking about.

Ginny throws one. Mike catches it.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Not bad.

GINNY
(under her breath)
For a gimmick.

Ginny throws another one. Hard. Mike reacts, confused.

INT. FOX BROADCASTING BOOTH - DAY

JOHN SMOLTZ
I don't think it's possible to
measure the impact this kid could
have on the game of baseball, Joe.

JOE BUCK
Just to give a little context, the
attendance for last night's home
game for the fourth place Padres
was a little above 20,000. Today,
they'll be at an estimated 43,000.

JOHN SMOLTZ
And that's on short notice.

EXT. BULLPEN - DAY

Ginny finishes up pitching to Mike.

BUCK
Last one.

Ginny throws one last pitch, then walks off the mound towards
the bullpen door.

MIKE
Stuff looks good.

GINNY
Well, I'm really gonna need it.
Hoping to last longer than the
midget who played for the Browns.
(then)
I guess you shouldn't meet your
heroes.

As Mike realizes he's messed up, the door to the bullpen
opens and Ginny heads out...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. PETCO PARK - DAY

As it opens up to Ginny in all its splendor. Ginny walks onto the field and the capacity crowd goes bananas.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
Ginny Baker is making her way in
towards the dugout! This crowd is
absolutely deafening!

EXT. PETCO PARK - FIELD - DAY

As Ginny makes her way in closer to the dugout, she spots:

IN THE CROWD:

An older BILL and JANET (aged ten years) in seats not far from Evelyne. Janet waves. Ginny smiles at her.

Ginny locks eyes with Bill.

He shows no emotion, able - somehow - to mask the pride he must feel in his only daughter, in this special moment.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

A Little League COACH hits fungoes to the outfield. Bill and 13-YEAR-OLD GINNY approach.

BILL
My kid wants a tryout.

The COACH looks down at Ginny, her PONYTAIL coming in from the back of her hat. Bill clocks this.

BILL (CONT'D)
Just let her throw you a few?

There's something about the way Bill says it. There may be a "question mark" but it's not a question.

The coach nods, weary.

Ginny doesn't hesitate. She takes a ball from Bill, heads to the mound. Bill squats behind the plate.

He puts down one finger.

Young Ginny throws a pitch. The coach doesn't even swing; he's so caught off guard by the velocity.

He looks back at Bill. Bill just nods, throws the ball back to Ginny. Now the Coach really digs in.

Bill puts down two fingers (curve).

Ginny throws a curve that starts out at the coach's head. He bails out of the box and then sees the pitch curve back over for a strike.

He looks back at Bill. Bill just SHRUGS, nonchalant.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - A LITTLE LATER

Ginny and Bill walk off the field.

GINNY
We did it, Daddy!

BILL
(not breaking stride)
We ain't done nothin' yet.

He keeps walking as Ginny's smile fades.

BILL (CONT'D)
And fix your hat. From now on, no ponytail.

Ginny piles up her hair inside her cap. We know instantly that she will wear it that way for the rest of her life.

EXT. FRUIT STAND - DAY

Bill pulls his truck into a local fruit stand. He and Ginny get out and approach the FRUIT GUY.

BILL
How many nectarines you figure to have?

FRUIT GUY
Total? I'd say about a hundred.

BILL
I'll take 'em all.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAKER BACKYARD - DAY

Bill stands with Ginny and dumps the entire satchel of nectarines out on the ground.

BILL
It's time to be direct with you.
(then)
You're never going to have the arm to get you to the majors. You'll never get further than I did. Minors at best.

GINNY

But--

BILL

It's because you're a girl, plain and simple.

This stops Ginny. It's been said to her, but never by him.

BILL (CONT'D)

You'll never be able to throw hard enough to compete with the boys, not as they start growing. It's biology and we can't change that.

Ginny looks down, deflated.

BILL (CONT'D)

That's why we need a secret weapon.

Ginny looks up.

BILL (CONT'D)

End of my career, this old Latin guy showed me a pitch. Most pitchers learn it when I did, when they're washed up and at the end of their rope. But you're gonna learn it now. You're gonna master it, little girl, and you're gonna ride it straight to the majors.

GINNY

What is it?

BILL

It's called a screwball.

Bill picks up a nectarine and chucks it to her. She catches it. He takes one for himself, too.

BILL (CONT'D)

(demonstrating)

You form a circle with your thumb and your forefinger like this and then spread your remaining fingers around the ball.

Ginny follows suit.

BILL (CONT'D)

That's it. Now, the key is, when you throw it, you don't exert any pressure with those last two fingers. Just those three. I don't want to see any dents on the nectarine from those two fingers after you throw it. There ya go. And then you let her rip.

Ginny hesitates, then throws the nectarine. It dives straight into the ground. She gasps.

BILL (CONT'D)
 That's why we got a hundred. When
 you can throw a hundred, proper...
 then we'll try it with a ball.

He chucks her another nectarine.

BACK TO:

EXT. PETCO PARK FIELD - PRESENT DAY

Ginny takes the mound. THE CROWD is in a total frenzy.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
 And there you have it! For the
 first time in history, a woman has
 taken the mound.

EXT. PETCO PARK - NIGHT

As the ball makes its way around the infield, Ginny takes a
 long look around the stadium...

...All SOUND disappears. Nothing but SLOW-MOTION scenes
 around the park from Ginny's POV. Fans screaming, tens of
 thousands of phones pointing and flashing...

Shrek (third baseman) appears by the mound with the ball. He
 holds it out to her, then looks at her quizzically.

SHREK
 (sounding warped)
 ...You okay?

Ginny nods. He hands her the ball.

The scene RETURNS TO NORMAL SOUND AND SPEED, but Ginny's
 anxiety level has clearly intensified.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
 We'll let you listen in as history
 is made.

The Reds' BATTER (PEREZ) slowly steps in and coils his bat.

Ginny takes one last look into the crowd, where Bill and
 Janet hold their breath.

She looks in for the sign. Mike puts down one finger. Ginny
 nods. She goes into the windup and...

Throws a pitch... NOWHERE NEAR THE PLATE. It sails five feet
 over Mike's head.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
 Whoa! That's all the way to the
 backstop!!!

The players in the Padre dugout look at each other. Al and Buck remain stoic.

JOHN SMOLTZ (V.O.)
Well, we got that out of our
system, huh?

The announcers LAUGH.

Ginny looks in. Mike signals for another fastball.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
The wind.... And the pitch...

She delivers. Again, it's way over Mike's head! This time, though, he leaps up and grabs it.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
Way high again!

IN THE OWNER'S BOX:

Frank and Oscar look concerned. Amelia and Eliot more so.

BACK TO FIELD:

Mike puts down another sign. This time, two fingers.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
Here's the 2-0 pitch...

This time, it's way short!!! It bounces in the dirt, past Mike and rolls all the way to the backstop.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
This one's in the dirt!

JOHN SMOLTZ (V.O.)
Uh-oh.

IN THE DUGOUT:

Buck turns to Al.

BUCK
Want me to talk to her?

AL
(shakes his head)
Let's see what she does.

BACK TO FIELD:

But what she does is throw another pitch way outside.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
Ginny Baker has walked Perez on
four pitches, and none of them were
particularly close.
(MORE)

JOE BUCK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Suddenly you can hear a pin drop
 here in Petco. And Lawson's
 heading to the mound.

Mike calls time and heads out. Ginny's incredibly frustrated.

MIKE
 All right, just take a breath.

GINNY
 Gimme the ball.

MIKE
 Take a minute.

GINNY
 Gimme the damn ball.

Mike hands her the ball. He takes a long look at her. She
 nods. She's okay. He walks back to the plate.

BLIP
 (calls to her)
 Come on, Ginny! Let 'em hit it!

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
 Baker delivers...

The ball again flies past Mike to the screen.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
 Oh boy. Perez advances to second
 on the wild pitch and this... well,
 there's no other way around it:
 this is getting really
 uncomfortable, really quick.

Again, Mike starts toward Ginny. Ginny freezes him with a
 look and just holds out her glove. He tosses her the ball.

A buzz builds in the increasingly uncomfortable crowd.

QUICK CUTS of the next several pitches, none of them close.
 It's a nightmare. Wild pitches. The runner advancing.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
 Another wild pitch!!! And the run
 scores!

JOHN SMOLTZ (V.O.)
 Wow, that's ten consecutive balls
 and three wild pitches.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
 Honestly, I don't know if I can
 watch this.

IN THE BULLPEN:

THE BULLPEN COACH answers the phone.

BULLPEN COACH
 ...Yep. Got it.
 (hangs up)
 Lipper, that's you!

Lipper removes his jacket, grabs a glove, and turns to Tommy.

LIPPER
 Guess your job's safe, Tommyboy.

BACK ON THE MOUND:

Buck and Mike head out towards Ginny.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
 Ginny Baker clearly does not look
 right, Smoltzy. This feels almost,
 Ankiel-esque, does it not?

JOHN SMOLTZ (V.O.)
 It does. You have to believe it's
 the most pressure she's ever been
 under...

Ginny looks into the stands. She finds her father, and we...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BAKER BACKYARD - EVENING

Young Ginny (14) is drenched in sweat. Bill catches.

BILL
 Okay, paint the corner.

GINNY
 I'm cooked, Pop.

Her skinny older brother, Willie (now 16), approaches.

WILLIE
 Mom says dinner.

BILL
 And I said: paint the corner.

Ginny SIGHS and throws a pitch to Bill. It's way outside.

GINNY
 Pop, I can't throw another strike.

BILL
 Yes you can.

Ginny, frustrated, throws another pitch. It misses.

GINNY
 I'm telling you. I can't.

BILL
Willie, come here.

Willie walks over.

And just like that, Bill SLAPS his son across the face. It's shocking. Bill calmly turns back to Ginny.

BILL (CONT'D)
Throw a strike.

GINNY
I can'--

WHACK! Bill hits Willie even harder.

GINNY (CONT'D)
Dad!

BILL
Throw a strike.

Ginny looks at her brother. He's just standing there. Confused. A bloody lip.

Ginny rears back, furious, and throws a pitch to her father with something extra on it... right over the plate.

BILL (CONT'D)
You see? You can do it when you have to.

Bill stands, as if nothing has happened.

BILL (CONT'D)
Okay, let's go wash up for dinner.
(to Willie)
Oh you're fine, Son, c'mon now - I got us some ice cream for dessert, mint chip like you like...

As young Ginny watches her father walk off with Willie, we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PETCO PARK FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Al and Mike have made it to the mound.

GINNY
I don't know what's happening. I just can't... I can't get right.

MIKE
Kid, I've seen this before, a zillion times, settle in--

GINNY
Get me out of the game.

AL
Kid.

GINNY
Get me out of this goddamn game.

Al's eyes widen. He looks at Mike who nods. Al signals to the bullpen. Ginny gives him the ball.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
Oh wow, that's gonna be all for
Baker. This crowd is stunned.

Ginny makes the long walk to the dugout. It's awful.

JOHN SMOLTZ (V.O.)
I don't even know what to say here.
I can't find the words.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
Heartbreaking. I think that's the
word. Just absolutely
heartbreaking.

CUE: "Ain't No Sunshine (When She's Gone)" by (a very young) Michael Jackson.

Note from Dan: we have to pay for this! It will be amazing. Listen to it!!!

Ginny disappears into the tunnel. The song carries into...

INT. GINNY'S LOCKER AREA - NIGHT

Ginny sits by herself at her makeshift locker, the loneliest woman in America.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The locker room is filled with laughing, post-game players.

They go silent as Ginny walks through the room (dressed). Tommy (the injured pitcher) smiles mockingly.

"Wonder this time where she's gone/Wonder if she's gone to stay/Ain't no sunshine when she's gone..."

Blip tries to approach her but she walks past him. Mike is watching this. And so is...

Al, the manager, who walks into his office and closes the door.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

It's a mob scene (but still covered by song).

REPORTERS are practically trampling one another to ask Ginny questions. She takes her lumps, one after another.

INT. ESCALADE - LATER

Ginny rides back to the hotel with Amelia and Eliot in silence. The car parks and we....

END SONG.

AMELIA
Eliot, can I have a moment with
Ginny please?

Eliot nods. He looks at Ginny, tries to find the right words:

ELIOT
It wasn't so...
(beat)
It will be...
(beat)
Yeah.

He EXITS. Amelia and Ginny sit there in silence.

GINNY
Are they sending me down?

AMELIA
Your agents are into it. The
situation is... complicated.

This hangs there.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Ginny. Ginny, look at me.

Ginny looks up.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I won't sugarcoat it, today was a
bad day. But every little girl--

GINNY
(opens her car door)
The little girls should find
someone else to count on, Amelia.
(then)
And you probably should, too.

As Ginny EXITS the car and walks away...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Ginny sits on the edge of her bed, dazed.

The NECTARINE BASKETS around the room - from Ellen DeGeneres, from Hillary Clinton, all of them - they now mock her.

Suddenly, there's POUNDING on the door. Ginny opens the door. It's her father.

GINNY
I can't do this right now, Pop.

BILL
(calmly)
You have your glove?

GINNY
Please just leave me be.

A beat. Bill doesn't move.

BILL
What the hell was that today?

GINNY
I don't know.

BILL
What is your problem, Girl?

Ginny explodes, twenty-three years of pressure uncoiling.

GINNY
YOU ARE!
(beat)
I was just a little girl! I never asked for any of it! I didn't choose this! You chose it for me!!! YOU DID! I have no friends, no interests, I am a robot in cleats and I'm malfunctioning!
(then)
It wasn't normal what you did. What you did to me.

A long, silent beat, then:

BILL
You get that out of your system?

Ginny goes quiet, breathing hard.

BILL (CONT'D)
Good. Where's your glove?

GINNY
I'm tired, Pop.

BILL
 You threw thirteen pitches. How
 tired can you be?
 (again)
 Your glove?

Ginny looks down, exhausted.

GINNY
 It's in the clubhouse.

BILL
 Can you get us in there?

CUT TO:

INT. PETCO PARK CLUBHOUSE - EVENING

It's empty, except for Pete (grumpy clubhouse man), who's
 piling laundry. We move through and into...

INT. TRAINER'S ROOM - EVENING

Where Mike's on his back and Scotty's working on his knee.

SCOTTY
 You seeing Kiley tonight?

MIKE
 Moment of silence for Kiley.

SCOTTY
 Aw, Mikey. Already? I like Kil--

Suddenly, Scotty hits a sore spot. Mike jolts in pain.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)
 It's getting worse, Mike. Might be
 time to start thinking about first
 base.
 (off Mike's look)
 Just twenty or thirty games.

MIKE
 I'm a catcher, Scotty.

SCOTTY
 Mike--

MIKE
 I'm a catcher.

Mike stands.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 You say anything to Al, I will have
 sex with your wife.

SCOTTY
Fine.

MIKE
I'm not playing. Do not make me
have sex with your wife, Scotty.

Scotty smiles, nods. Mike EXITS.

INT. CLUBHOUSE LOCKER ROOM - EVENING

Pete's now locking up. Mike comes out of the trainer's room.

MIKE
Hey, Pete. Everybody gone?

Pete shakes his head.

PETE
The girl came back.

Off Mike's puzzled expression...

INT. CLUBHOUSE MOUND - NIGHT

Mike emerges from the tunnel underneath the stadium. As he does, he starts to hear the successive THWACK of balls.

ON THE MOUND

Stands Ginny. She has her back to Mike and can't see him.
She throws ball after ball to Bill, who just keeps saying...

BILL
Again.

They might as well be in that North Carolina backyard again.
Mike shakes his head and leaves them to it.

EXT. SAN DIEGO PADRES EXECUTIVE OFFICES - MORNING

Morning breaks over San Diego.

INT. SAN DIEGO PADRES EXECUTIVE OFFICES - MORNING

Frank gets off the elevator and heads into the club's
reception area, past the RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST
Good morning, Mr. Reid.

FRANK REID
Morning.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh. Ronda Davis just asked if you were in.

Frank nods.

INT. RONDA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Frank ducks his head in the door of RONDA DAVIS, the club's Chief Financial Officer.

FRANK REID

You're looking for me?

RONDA

I just did the revenue sharing projections for next season versus this season at this point...

FRANK REID

Yeah?

RONDA

...You're not gonna like 'em.

Off Frank...

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - MORNING

Al (the manager) walks into Frank (owner's) office. Oscar (GM) already sits there.

FRANK REID

Hey, Al. Thanks for coming down, sit, sit.

Al, tentative, nods and takes a seat.

FRANK REID (CONT'D)

Oscar tells me you want to send Baker back down.

Al looks at Oscar, sensing something. Oscar looks away.

AL

(pointedly)

Oscar and I both agreed it's the right move. She's clearly not ready.

FRANK REID

Yeah, no, yesterday was a real disaster wasn't it?

AL

It was, yes. She crushed my bullpen. Those guys had to eat nine innings.

A long beat. Oscar steps in.

OSCAR
Frank and I have been talking, Al.

AL
Have you now?

OSCAR
We can't send her down.

AL
Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.
You're lying down on this? Just so
we can sell a few extra tickets?

OSCAR
It's more than a *few* extra tickets
and you know it, Al. And that's
not what this is about and you know
that, too.

(then)
This thing has gotten bigger than
us now. It's one thing to be the
team who called up the first woman.
It's another to be the team that
picked the wrong woman, and turned
the whole thing into a disaster.
This girl gets sent down now, we
all know she's not making it back
up. It could be a decade before
another woman gets the call.

AL
She asked out of the damn game,
Oscar.

OSCAR
I know what she--

AL
It's my ball club--

FRANK REID
(standing)
No, Al, it's mine. I know this,
because I bought it and I kept the
700 million dollar receipt.
(then)
You're my manager, Al, and you're a
good one. I haven't overridden you
before, and I hope never to do it
again. But Baker starts again in
five days. Capiche?

AL
...Is that all?

FRANK REID
That's all.

Al gets out of there as quickly as possible.

FRANK REID (CONT'D)
Thank you, Oscar.

OSCAR
Look, I'm all for giving her
another start. I just want to be
sure we're making *baseball*
decisions going forward.

Beat, as Frank looks at him.

FRANK REID
We're done here.

As we push in on Oscar's face, we hear...

COLIN COWHERD (V.O.)
Well, the decision is in. Ginny
Baker will ride again, which I
guess just shows...

ON COLIN COWHERD

As he continues:

COLIN COWHERD
I don't know, what the hell does
this show? That if you can't throw
the ball over the plate, but you're
really pretty, you get to play in
the big leagues?

We launch a MONTAGE:

It covers the next week as we watch Ginny navigate being the
most famous/infamous woman on the planet, while also being
the most famous/infamous player in her own locker room.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A boisterous, buffet-eating locker room once again goes
silent as Ginny walks in.

Al sees her and walks into his office, slamming the door.
The message is clear, this was not his call.

INT. KATIE NOLAN SHOW - DAY

Katie hosts...

KATIE NOLAN
Okay, ladies, are we ready to
double down on Ginny Baker...
because I am... not... sure.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Ginny stretches, alone. Blip approaches and joins her.

GINNY
Nnnh, steer clear of me, Blip. I'm
radioactive and I can't blame them.

BLIP
No, no. I'm the Pee Wee to your
Jackie, Baby. Pee Wee ain't going
nowhere.

Ginny smiles.

INT. BULLPEN - EVENING

As a game is played on the field, Ginny sits in the pen.
Alone. She really is radioactive.

A girl on an island.

INT. GYM - DAY

Where Ginny blocks it all out (stretching, lifting, she's an
incredibly impressive athlete).

EXT. FIELD - EVENING

Players line up and slap hands after a win. Ginny walks the
line with everyone.

Every player slaps her hand, but very few make eye contact.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Mike Lawson holds court.

REPORTER
Mike, Ginny Baker's next start is
two days away--

MIKE
Guys, we've won three in a row and
she doesn't pitch for two days.
For the love of God can we find
something else to talk about? What
if I told you I've been secretly
dating Adele and we're engaged?
Would that do it?

A beat.

REPORTER #2
Mike, are you working with Ginny...

Mike SIGHS.

INT. GINNY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ginny is leaving a voicemail...

GINNY
 ...So by the time you surface,
 don't be shocked if the only
 uniform you see me wearing is a
 straight-jacket. Or, hey, maybe
 I'll enlist. Anyway, I'm rambling.
 Sorry. Be safe. Love you.

She hangs up.

Ginny, going stir crazy, tries to read and resist...

That damn TV. The computer. All those off-limit connections
 to the outside world (covered in post-its).

Ultimately, she can't resist. She grabs for the TV remote.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE GINNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Evelyne (Blip's wife) walks down the hall (set to badass
 music - think the feel of "Cherry Bomb" by the Runaways).

She marches past security (waving a dismissive don't-mess-
 with-me finger at him) and bangs on Ginny's door.

INT. GINNY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ginny opens the door (holding the remote). She sees Evelynne.

GINNY
 Evelynne, I want to be alone.

EVELYNE
 The hell you do.

Evelyne pushes inside as Ginny waves off the security guard.

EVELYNE (CONT'D)
 (re: TV)
 Oh, no. No, no, no, no, no and a
 final hell to the no.
 (shutting off TV)
 I'm making Bloody Mary's.

Evelyne pulls some Bloody Mary mix, bottles, olives, etc. out
 of her handbag. Ginny can't help but smile.

GINNY
 You should be with Blip.

EVELYNE
Blip's having a boys' night.

GINNY
With who?

CUT TO:

EXT. BLIP'S FRONT PORCH - MEANWHILE

Blip sits next to Mike. They're having a beer, looking out at the Pacific. Blip's kids run around in the moonlit sand.

MIKE
(reflective)
Sometimes I think I should have kids. Then I remember I don't really like kids.
(then)
Maybe I should just adopt an eighteen year old. Then it could be like I have a kid without really having a kid, you know?

BLIP
She needs your help, Mike.

MIKE
What is it with you and this girl, Blip?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GINNY'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ginny and Evelynne have shoes off. Ginny is a little tipsy.

GINNY
I'm a national laughingstock, Evelynne. No, check that, I'm *the* national laughingstock.

EVELYNE
Okay, we're done with this. Can we please talk girl stuff now? I've always wondered: do you see them naked in the locker room? I mean, do you see all their junk?

Ginny hesitates, then smiles:

GINNY
I saw Mike Lawson's.

EVELYNE
Girl, half of San Diego has seen Mike Lawson's.

Ginny cracks up.

BACK TO:

EXT. BLIP'S FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Blip takes a sip of his beer, explains:

BLIP
Been with Evelyne since high school. My one and only. And I'm faithful like a golden retriever, Mike, you know that. But you know that minor league life...

MIKE
Don't need to tell me, Blip.

BLIP
I got careless. One night, one time, few years back. I had too many. And this gal had one of those tattoos, you know? Small of her back? Little yin-yang thing?

MIKE
I know that tattoo all too well.

BLIP
Evelyne got suspicious and called Ginny. Her friend. Her fellow woman. And Ginny covered for me. Without batting an eye, she covered.
(then)
I was standing on a cliff and she saved my life, Mike. Now she's standing there herself, and I'm asking you to help me save hers.

BACK TO:

INT. GINNY'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evelyne takes Ginny's hand.

EVELYNE
Ginny, a word of advice: Mike Lawson, is the finest piece of man I've ever seen. He was best man at my wedding. He's godfather to my children. He's got Samson hair.
(beat, then)
You are not to fall for Mike Lawson.

GINNY
Wasn't planning on it.

EVELYNE
No one ever is.

Evelyne swigs from her Bloody Mary.

EVELYNE (CONT'D)
Now tell me about his package.

Ginny holds out her glass and we head to...

EXT. PETCO PARK - EVENING

Outside the stadium, there's a palpable weird energy as fans stream into the stadium.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
Well, in the words of that great
American poet Yogi Berra: it's like
déjà vu all over again.

ON JOE BUCK

In the booth.

JOE BUCK
Tonight the eyes of a nation turn
to San Diego once again, and I
think I speak for everyone when I
say... I am petrified. Hello again
everyone, I'm Joe Buck...

INT. PETCO PARK FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Ginny is on the field during batting practice, long tossing.
Once again the crowd is FILLED with LITTLE GIRLS and MOTHERS.

AMELIA (O.S.)
So I was thinking...

Ginny turns. Amelia is standing off to the side of the field.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I was thinking about where I was
when I heard about you. A girl had
made it to the minors - everyone in
my office was talking about it.
And they showed me your picture.
And I thought: hmmm, that's a face.
That's a face I could work with.

Ginny smiles. Amelia thinks, remembers.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
But it wasn't until I saw the
video...
(beat)
It was the video of you winning your
high school state championship. I
watched it over and over, the end of
that game. It wasn't how you
pitched.

(MORE)

AMELIA (CONT'D)

It was watching you after you struck out that final guy, when your teammates picked you up. It was the proud upward tilt of that incredible chin of yours.

Ginny smiles sheepishly.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

It was watching you let those big boys carry you, when it was so clear you were carrying them. It was all of it.

Amelia smiles, thinks.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I'm yet another person putting too much of my own crap on you, Ginny. I know this. I'm forty-four. My window for kids has probably passed. And you can only mother McConaughey for so long before it gets weird.

(beat, then)

You are twenty-three years old, Ginny. It's an inhuman amount of responsibility you are being asked to carry. But you can. You may not want to, but the great ones don't have a choice. And you - my girl - are great. And if you ever doubt that - tonight or any night - just remember that I know it. And I know everything. Okay?

Ginny nods, feeling a little better. And just as she does...

She looks up to the stands. As Ginny hones in on Bill we...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY (6 YEARS EARLIER)

The stands are packed with FANS watching a high school game. Ginny's now 17, in a high school uniform.

This is the exact game that Amelia was just referencing.

Ginny throws a pitch. The hitter is twisted into knots. He strikes out, ending the game.

Ginny is mobbed, picked up by those "big boys" Amelia referenced just moments ago. That perfect chin of hers, tilts upward.

IN THE STANDS

Bill barely reacts. Because let's face it: he never does.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Ginny and Bill head toward Bill's truck.

GINNY
State championship. We did it,
Daddy.

BILL
We ain't done nothing yet.

Ginny shakes her head. His routine no longer affects her.

VOICE (O.S.)
'Scuse me.

They turn, seeing a MAN (40's), bald.

JOE
My name's Joe Amazzo. I was
wondering if we might have a word.
(then)
I'm a scout for the San Diego
Padres.

As Ginny and Bill share a look we...

CUT TO:

INT. DUGOUT - PRESENT DAY

It's game time. Ginny's now in the dugout with the other players.

She takes off her jacket, removes a towel from her neck, and heads to the water cooler as the country watches her every move.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
And there she is. Jacket's coming
off. Towel in its proper place.
One last drink of water, and
perhaps a prayer or two.
(then)
When we come back, Ginny Baker
takes the field.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. DUGOUT - DAY

Ginny makes final adjustments to her equipment.

Around her, players steal curious glances. Mike watches her, particularly interested. Ginny looks over at him and nods.

MIKE
(to whole team)
Alright, let's go.

With that, the starting players run out to take the field. Ginny takes one last deep breath and walks onto...

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The crowd erupts, part cheering, part jeering.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
Well, if you thought Ginny Baker
had the weight of the world on her
shoulders before...

JOHN SMOLTZ (V.O.)
I'll be honest, Joe, I'm surprised
she's back out there. I've been
talking to a lot of insiders around
baseball who feel, strongly, that
if Ginny wasn't a "story," well,
she'd be back in El Paso right now.

The batter (THURMAN) digs in. Ginny looks in for the sign.

We're INSIDE her head now, as all sound goes distant.
Specific CHEERS/JEERS from around the stadium cut through.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
Here's the wind. And the pitch...
WAY HIGH!

JOHN SMOLTZ (V.O.)
Oh no.

Mike had to leap to catch it. Mike makes a motion for her to relax and throws her the ball. The crowd is in a frenzy.

She toes the rubber. Mike gives her a sign. She winds...

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
The pitch... In the dirt! Blocked
by Lawson!

JOHN SMOLTZ (V.O.)
Joe, I really can't take this. I'm
going home. Can I just go home?

Mike asks for time and heads to the mound. He pulls up his mask, takes off his glove and slowly begins to rub the ball.

MIKE
Getting a little repetitive, don't
ya think?

He spits, casual. Ginny looks lost, already. Again.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Suppose this is the part of the
movie where I give the great speech
that saves the day.
(then)
Been trying to think about which
speech to pull out for the
occasion. I've had a fair amount
of time to think about it lately,
you know, taking those long walks
to the backstop to pick up your
wild pitches.

Ginny just stares at him. Mike just keeps rubbing that ball.

MIKE (CONT'D)
So, I was gonna do this whole bit
about this one pitcher I caught my
rookie year. His first start, he
gave up five straight home runs.
Worst start to a career I'd ever
seen until you came along. Then I
figured you'd say "and I suppose he
turned out to be a Hall of Famer or
something?" in that kind of
attitude-y way you say things. And
then I was gonna say, "No he got
cut the next day. I heard he died
in a car accident." And then you'd
laugh and relax and go throw nine
shutout innings and you'd give me a
chapter in your book one day.
(beat, then)
Did it work?

She just stares at him.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You see, that's why I'm not gonna
do that one.

The home plate umpire interrupts.

UMPIRE
Mike, I'm an ordained minister. If
you two crazy kids want to get
married right now, I'm happy to
perform the ceremony. Otherwise...

MIKE
(sincere)
Thirty more seconds.

The umpire looks at him for a beat.

UMPIRE
The plate does look like it needs
to be cleaned off.

Mike nods appreciatively. The umpire leaves.

MIKE
Where were we?

GINNY
Your speech.

MIKE
Oh. Right. Shit.

A beat.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Okay, here's what I got. I've been
watching you this past week, Baker.
Seems like you've got a lot of
people telling you who you're doing
this for, and I wonder if it's not
time you start doing it for
yourself. Just you. Screw all the
attention and screw all those
adorable little girls in the crowd
out there with their Ginny Baker
signs. You're not a Girl Scout
leader, Rookie. You're a
ballplayer. You do it for you, and
you do it for your team, or you
don't do it at all. 'Cause you
can't aim your pitches if you're
aiming to please everyone.
(then, proud)
I literally just made that up, on
the spot. "Aim your pitches, aim
to please" that's good. I really
could be in the movies. Okay,
gotta go. Good luck.

He hands Ginny the ball, starts off. Ginny's voice stops him.

GINNY
It was Pedro Martinez.
(Mike turns)
The guy who gave up the five home
runs your rookie year. He did go
on to be a Hall of Famer.

MIKE
You need to get a life.

GINNY
You need to get a better speech.

Mike SHRUGS.

MIKE
 Throw the ball over the plate a few
 times, then you can start
 critiquing my speeches.

Ginny smiles ever so slightly. Mike, his job done, heads
 back behind the plate. He nods to the umpire, crouches.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
 The 2-0 delivery...

It's a perfect strike right down the middle.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
 Right down Broadway!

The crowd CHEERS mockingly. Ginny exhales and relaxes. She
 toes the rubber again, checks the sign, winds and delivers.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
 The pitch... swung on and missed!

JOHN SMOLTZ (V.O.)
 This may be the most exciting 2-2
 count in the history of baseball.

The CHEERS become sincere. The Padre bench comes to life.
 Ginny throws a perfect screwball right over the corner.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
 Called strike three!

The CROWD goes wild.

BLIP
 There you go, Ginny!
 (calling to outfield)
 One down, that's one!

In CUTS we watch Ginny pitch... and pitch pretty damn well.
 It's not spotless, but she finds her rhythm.

IN THE DUGOUT

At one point in the evening, she sits in the dugout next to
 Shrek. Shrek offers her SUNFLOWER SEEDS.

Ginny takes some. She's already getting less "radioactive."

ON THE FIELD

It's a struggle. Runners are on in every inning. But she's
 mixing up pitches, speeds, throwing that screwball.

With the bases loaded, she strikes a guy out to end the
 inning. Mike pumps his fist.

IN THE OWNER'S BOX

Amelia smiles to herself as Ginny walks off the field with that upward tilt of that incredible chin.

Oscar watches Amelia, takes another romantic shot:

OSCAR
You know, people sometimes tell me
I'm like a Latino Gerard Butler.

Amelia looks at him.

AMELIA
Mr. Rivera, if I'm not mistaken,
you're a married man.

OSCAR
Actually, I'm separated.
(then)
But it's nice to know you've been
checking up on me.

As Oscar smiles at her, Eliot steps in and interrupts:

ELIOT
I'm making Vines. What do you
think of "Ginny gets the Winny?"
Is that lame?

Amelia and Oscar just look at him.

ELIOT (CONT'D)
I'll keep thinking.

ON THE SCOREBOARD

Ginny's through six innings. She's given up three runs. The Padres lead 4-3.

BACK TO FIELD

Ginny starts tiring. A player doubles. She walks the next batter. Al heads out to the mound.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
That's two on and no outs and Al
Sciutto has seen enough. It's been
a gritty performance for Ginny
Baker here tonight. Seven and one-
third, eight hits, three runs, five
strikeouts.

JOHN SMOLTZ (V.O.)
Off her last start, it might as well be a
no-hitter, Joe.

Al makes it to the mound. Mike and the infielders join.

GINNY
(to Al)
I can get out of it.

Al looks to Mike. Mike shakes his head.

MIKE
She's done.

Al nods, motions for a lefty.

GINNY
I said I could go another.

AL
And I decided otherwise. I am
still the skipper here, am I not,
Baker?

GINNY
Yes, Sir.

AL
Good. 'Cause there's been some
confusion about that lately. And
if you're gonna be sticking around,
I'd like some order restored in my
goddamn clubhouse.

Ginny tries to hide a smile.

AL (CONT'D)
Good game, Rook. We'll take it
from here. Go take your bow.

Ginny starts off. Al slaps her ass. Ginny freezes slightly.

MIKE
She doesn't like the ass slapping.

AL
Good to know.

ON GINNY

Making the hero's walk off the field. The crowd goes nuts.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
Listen to this crowd. Welcome to
the big leagues, Ginny. We've been
waiting for you.

As Ginny continues to walk off, she soaks in the crowd. She
locks eyes with her father, seated above the dugout.

Everything SLOWS.

And in a gesture meant for the cheering crowd, but also her
father, and maybe even herself...

She REMOVES HER CAP and tips it. As she does...

HER HAIR spills out from underneath her cap. Cameras FLASH.
And we know it immediately:

That just became one of the most iconic photographs in sports history - sitting there alongside Ali standing over Liston, or the ball going past Buckner...

The shot of America's newest sweetheart, walking off a field of men, her hair unfurling from underneath her cap, a portrait of female vitality and victory.

CUT TO:

INT. GINNY'S LOCKER AREA - NIGHT

Ginny showers in her own private locker area. She catches a couple of guys trying to sneak a peek at her.

Ginny SIGHS. She's been through this a zillion times.

INT. PADRE CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Ginny walks in wearing only a towel. Everyone freezes.

GINNY
All right, let's get this over with.

She drops the towel and walks past all of them.

GINNY (CONT'D)
Try to keep your tongues off the floor, boys.

They all laugh and cheer as she walks through the room. Mike tilts his head, checking her out. Blip notices.

BLIP
Don't you even think about it.

MIKE
(faux innocent)
What?!

BLIP
I will bust your ass up!!!

Mike LAUGHS, then stops short, noticing something:

ON THE SMALL OF GINNY'S BACK:

A YIN-YANG tattoo.

ON MIKE

Watching Ginny laughing with Blip and the guys. WTF? Did Mike Lawson just learn a really big, really crazy secret?

ANGLE ON OSCAR AND AL.

AL
It's one start.

OSCAR
Very true.

AL
I'll use her as I want, when I
want. He doesn't like it, he can
fire me.

OSCAR
Also true.

Oscar looks at Al, his message clearly delivered.

BACK ON GINNY

Who has wrapped herself in towels and chats with teammates.

TOMMY (O.S.)
(loudly)
So should we hand her the Cy Young
now, or you think we should let her
pitch another game?

Everyone turns. Tommy (DL'd pitcher) stands, center-stage.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Six and a third, nine hits, three
runs, and we're all gonna sit here
and pretend she's Nolan Ryan?

MIKE
Tommy, c'mon.

TOMMY
Eat me, Lawson. It's not your job
she's after. Girl totally lost it
out there just six days ago - she
lost it! And now she's gonna take
food off my kid's plate after one
mediocre start? Uh uh.
(then, to room)
You're all on board with this?
Because I am sure as hell not. I
earned my way here. We all did.
But this girl got a carpet laid out
for her mediocre ass 'cause she's a
girl - call me a redneck for saying
it, but I'm saying it.

Some subtle nods of agreement.

AL
That's enough, Miller.

Tommy steps toward Ginny. She holds his glare, no blinking.

TOMMY
Enjoy your moment in the sun.
'Cause thirty-one pro teams are
looking at video of you as we speak
and figuring out that bullshit
trick pitch of yours.

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 You want to come after my spot?
 Just try it. Cause if you think
 I'm losing my job to some bitc--

BAM! Blip smashes his fist into Tommy's face.

The locker room erupts. Players pull at one another, pushing, shoving, taking sides. Al tries to restore order.

Ginny, not new to any of this, simply removes herself and walks out of the room. She looks back, locks eyes with Mike.

She simply gives a tiny shrug and EXITS the room.

Mike watches her go.

EXT. PETCO PARK FIELD - NIGHT

Ginny (dressed) goes out onto the empty field where her parents are in the stands waiting for her. As Ginny locks eyes with her father...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Note: this is right after the Padres' Scout approached.

Bill and Ginny drive in silence. Ginny is beaming. Finally:

GINNY
 The San Diego Padres.

BILL
 Yup.

GINNY
 The majors.

BILL
 (correcting)
 The minors.

GINNY
 (big smile)
 We did it, Daddy.

She waits for him to say his usual line. He doesn't. Instead we catch him in the rearview mirror.

There's a hint of a smile there. It's the closest he's ever going to come to saying he's proud of her.

To Ginny, it's the greatest moment of her life.

GINNY (CONT'D)
 Daddy, c'mon.

He turns and looks at her, his eyes full of pride. Then, out of nowhere, a car veers into traffic and hits them head on.

It's violent and shocking and confusing.

INT. CAR - JUST LATER

We see Ginny come to and orient herself in the wreckage.

She looks over... her father is not in the car. There's a hole in the windshield. He's been ejected.

GINNY

Daddy?

Ginny undoes her seatbelt and manages to free herself.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Ginny exits the car, sees Bill lying a little ways away.

GINNY

(takes off running)

Daddy!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLUBHOUSE MOUND - PRESENT DAY - SEVERAL NIGHTS EARLIER

We're back with Mike, a week earlier, when he found Ginny throwing that bucket of balls to her father. But now we're from Mike's POV:

And now we see that she was alone that night, throwing pitch after pitch over the plate... to no one.

Since that fateful day with the scout, her father has been with her only in spirit.

EXT. PETCO PARK FIELD - NIGHT

And now we're back to present day, as Ginny walks over to her father in the stands, post-game.

GINNY

...We did it, Daddy.

Bill looks his daughter dead in the eye. Smiles.

BILL

We ain't done nothing yet.

Bill disappears, and we **SMASH TO BLACK.**

END OF PILOT