

"PITCH"

Written by

Dan Fogelman and Rick Singer

Directed by

Paris Barclay

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PITCH

Pilot

CAST LIST

(in order of appearance)

GINNY BAKER.....KYLIE BUNBURY
AMELIA SLATER.....ALI LARTER*
ELIOT.....TIM JO
OSCAR ARGUELLA.....MARK CONSUELOS
FRANK REID.....BOB BALABAN*
AL LUONGO.....DAN LAURIA
BLIP SANDERS.....MO MCRAE
MIKE LAWSON.....MARK-PAUL GOSSELAAR
EVELYN SANDERS.....MEAGAN HOLDER

COLIN COWHERD.....HIMSELF
KATIE NOLAN.....HERSELF
MATT VASGERSIAN.....HIMSELF
JOE (ESCALADE DRIVER).....TBD
KEN ROSENTHAL.....HIMSELF
WILLIE BAKER (4 YEARS OLD).....TBD
BILL BAKER.....MICHAEL BEACH
JANET BAKER.....CHASTITY DOTSON
BUCK (PITCHING COACH).....JACK MCGEE
SHREK.....ALEX SOLOWITZ*
TOMMY MILLER.....RYAN DORSEY
REPORTER #1.....TBD
REPORTER #2.....TBD
YOUNG GINNY BAKER (AGES 13-14).....CORINNE MASSIAH
BOYS (BLIP & EVELYN'S KIDS).....TBD
GIRLS.....TBD
LITTLE GIRL.....TBD
MENDEZ.....JUAN JAVIER CARDENAS*
JOE BUCK.....HIMSELF
JOHN SMOLTZ.....HIMSELF
LITTLE LEAGUE COACH.....TBD*
WILLIE BAKER (16 YEARS OLD).....TBD
REPORTER #3.....TBD
REPORTER #4.....TBD
HOT WOMAN.....TBD
VOICE/JOE AMAZZO (PADRES SCOUT).....TBD
UMPIRE.....TBD

BULLPEN COACH.....TBD*

PITCH

Pilot

SET LIST

INTERIORS

HOTEL

GINNY'S HOTEL ROOM
HOTEL CORRIDOR
ELEVATOR
LOBBY
KITCHEN DOOR
KITCHEN
STAIRWAY
BASEMENT
GARAGE*

ESCALADE

PETCO PARK

CLUBHOUSE CORRIDOR
PADRE CLUBHOUSE
ATTENDANT/GINNY'S LOCKER AREA
PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM
CLUBHOUSE BATHROOM
FOX BROADCASTING BOOTH
EXECUTIVE SUITE
DUGOUT
CLUBHOUSE MOUND
AL'S OFFICE
~~OSCAR'S OFFICE~~

TEX-MEX RESTAURANT

BILL'S TRUCK

EXTERIORS

PETCO PARK

FIELD
BULLPEN
MOUND

BAKER BACKYARD

BASEBALL FIELD (LITTLE LEAGUE)

PADRE EXECUTIVE OFFICES

BASEBALL FIELD (HIGH SCHOOL)
PARKING LOT

ROAD

PITCH

Pilot

DAYS AND NIGHTS

DAY/NIGHT

SCENES

| | |
|---------------------|---|
| DAY 1 | 1-11, 13, 13A, 15-18, 24, 26-36, 36A, 36B, 37-38, 43, 45-49, 50A, 52, 54-56 |
| NIGHT 1 | 57-58, 58A, 59-61, 94A, 95 |
| DAY 2 | 62-66 |
| NIGHT 2 | 67 |
| DAY 3 | 70 |
| NIGHT 4 | 72-75 |
| NIGHT 5 | 78-80, 83-85, 85A, 85B, 85C, 85D, 85E, 85I, 86-88, 88A, 89-90, 90A, 91, 96 |
| FLASHBACK 1 (DAY) | 12 |
| FLASHBACK 2 (DAY) | 39-41 |
| FLASHBACK 3 (NIGHT) | 53 |
| FLASHBACK 4 (NIGHT) | 81-82, 92-94 |
| OMITTED | 14, 19-23, 25, 42, 44, 50, 51, 68-69, 71, 76-77, 85F, 85G*, 85H* |

FADE IN:

1

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

1

An everyday hotel room. Which is odd, considering its occupant. But we'll get to her.

SNAPSHOTS AROUND THE ROOM OVER CLASSICAL VIOLIN STRINGS...

- 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."

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). And finally, the biggest fashion must for the modern-day athlete: HEADPHONES.

As the headphones go on, she grabs a small BACKPACK and...

CLASSICAL STRINGS FUSE WITH HIP-HOP, THE ENERGY SPIKES WITH A THEME WE'LL REVISIT, as we...

CUT TO:

2 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS 2

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 a waiting elevator.

3 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 3

They get on. One of the security guards turns a key, and the doors close. There's a monitor on the elevator, showing live TV where...

ON THE COLIN COWHERD SHOW (FOX SPORTS)...

Colin Cowherd does... Colin.

COLIN COWHERD (ON MONITOR)

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--

The elevator reaches the lobby. The doors split open. They exit.

4 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 4

The SONG carries us as Ginny and the guards EXIT the elevator and start moving towards the front door, when they realize a CROWD has already gathered outside, looking in.

A sleek WOMAN (40s) steps in beside Ginny. This is her agent/protector - AMELIA SLATER. Without missing a beat, Amelia guides her in another direction towards an EXIT. They're led by a Hotel Manager past another FLATSCREEN in the lobby showing "GARBAGE TIME WITH KATIE NOLAN" (FS1)

As sports personality KATIE NOLAN shares her take:

4

CONTINUED:

4

KATIE NOLAN (ON TV)

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.

Security leads Ginny and company into--

5

INT. KITCHEN DOOR - CONTINUOUS

5

The entourage keeps moving, as Katie continues over picture...

KATIE NOLAN (V.O.)

So bitch and moan all you want gentlemen, but tonight a girl's gonna be the lead sports story in the world, and if that upsets you, well, maybe you're just getting your period. Go get 'em Ginny.

And into...

6

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

6

Employees are busy at work, as Ginny, Amelia and the others pass through the kitchen, weaving in and out of the EMPLOYEES. A COOK lies in wait for Ginny, with a BASEBALL that Ginny signs without slowing. Amelia waves off other autograph-seekers and they're out the door...

7

INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

7

Where Ginny keeps walking. Steady, always steady. The hotel manager opens a back door which leads to a...

8

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

8

Where a waiting Escalade is parked right by the back door. Amelia guides Ginny in, then gets in herself.

9

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

9

It's a luxury vehicle with seats facing each other. A YOUNG NEBBISH named ELIOT (26) is already in the car, on his laptop. Ginny and Amelia take their seats across from each other and the DRIVER takes off.

(CONTINUED)

As the car turns the corner and passes the front of the hotel, a sea of FANS and PAPARAZZI descend on them as they drive past. Cameras and iPhones abound. A few people pound on the car. It drives off. Hot on the Escalade's tail, a few paparazzi stuffed in a RENTAL CAR.

In the Escalade, the TV is tuned to the MLB Network.

MATT VASGERSIAN (ON TV)

Unless you've been under a rock for the past eighteen hours, you know that the San Diego Padres have called up Ginny Baker from Triple A to start today against the Los Angeles Dodgers. Baker will become the first female athlete to compete in any of the four major professional sports...

GINNY'S POV - Eliot 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)

I'm Eliot. 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.

(MORE)

AMELIA (CONT'D)

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.

Eliot goes back to the TV, Amelia scrolls her iPhone, Ginny looks out the window.

MATT VASGERSIAN (ON TV)

Ken Rosenthal joins us live from San Diego, Kenny - 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)

Well, she's no power arm. 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 turns off the TV. She looks at Ginny, concerned, then leans in. *

AMELIA

You know the drill, G. Going to be a lotta love coming your way and some haters, too. Nothing you haven't seen before. Maybe just on a slightly bigger scale. *

Eliot stares out the window:

ELIOT

Oh my God.

As Amelia and Ginny turn and see what he sees...

10

EXT. PETCO PARK - MORNING

10

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

Tyson Motel

(CONTINUED)

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10 CONTINUED: 10

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

11 BACK INSIDE THE CAR 11

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:

12 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY (21 YEARS EARLIER) 12

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 (31).

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 for godsakes, 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

(CONTINUED)

Bill's wife, JANET BAKER (late 20s) 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, past a completely unprepared Bill, who barely gets out of the way.

ON GINNY - Huge shit-eating grin on her face.

ON BILL - A new plan begins to take shape.

BILL (CONT'D)

...I'll be goddamned.

BACK TO:

Ginny and Amelia exit the Escalade as the CROWD reacts and ROARS.

OSCAR ARGUILLA (40s), a former player and current General Manager and President of the Padres, rushes over.

OSCAR

Ginny, hi.

GINNY

Hi.

OSCAR
(to Ginny)
Welcome.
(nods to:)
Amelia. So, you're on your own
now. From big shot Hollywood
publicist to...what, a sports
agent? *

AMELIA
Anything else you need to tell me
that I already know, Oscar? *

OSCAR
Always nice to see you.
(turns to Eliot)
Hi. Oscar Arguella, Padres GM.
And you are--

AMELIA
Eliot. Not important right now. *

OSCAR
Fair enough. Stay with me.
(starts walking briskly)
Fans started lining up the moment
the call-up was announced. Our
website crashed within minutes, our
nerds didn't know what hit them. *

(then)
Hell of a thing you're doing, young
lady. You nervous?

GINNY
No, not really.

OSCAR
That makes one of us. Come on, the
boss is waiting for you.

13A INT. STADIUM - CLUBHOUSE CORRIDOR - MORNING

13A

Ginny, Amelia, Oscar, and Eliot enter the corridor leading to
the clubhouse where they're warmly greeted by FRANK REID,
(60), the owner of the San Diego Padres.

FRANK REID
Ginny, welcome. Hope the trip in
was okay.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANK REID (CONT'D)

I was going to send my plane, but Oscar tells me you like to be treated regularly and while my plane is most certainly cool as hell, regular it is not.

(then)

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 averts her eyes.

AMELIA

(off Frank's confusion)

She's not watching or reading anything about herself.

FRANK REID

Ah. Smart.

He rolls it up and starts walking. They all follow.

FRANK REID (CONT'D)

Come on, your teammates are excited to meet you.

GINNY

No they're not.

Everyone turns.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Ticketing and sales people? They're excited to meet me. My teammates? Seventy-five percent think I'm the next San Diego Chicken. The other twenty-five just want to see me shower. And I bet your manager thinks you should have called up Walker instead of me, that I'm just here because of... all that.

She points to the Sports Illustrated.

GINNY (CONT'D)

But none of that matters. Know why?

FRANK REID
(playing along)
No. But color me intrigued.

GINNY
Because today, I'm the starting
pitcher for the San Diego Padres.

A beat. That's it. Frank slowly smiles, totally impressed.

FRANK REID
Well dammit, Oscar, you see that,
you should have let me send her the
plane.

Off Ginny's smile...

14 OMITTED 14

15 INT. PADRE CLUBHOUSE - MORNING 15

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

AL LUONGO (55), the team's grizzled but steady manager,
emerges from his office, flanked by his pitching coach, BUCK.
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. 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.

AL (CONT'D)
(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 ball club, Boys. And you can all thank Miller's dumb ass for picking a fight with that water cooler.

Players catcall at TOMMY MILLER (25): a big kid, moody and quick-tempered, with a soft-cast on his hand. He holds up his cast with his two middle fingers splinted, and salutes everyone.

AL (CONT'D)
It's 2016 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 Frank, Oscar, and Amelia.

AL
Ah, crap.

Awkward silence. Finally...

BLIP SANDERS (29), African-American, great energy, team leader, leadoff hitter and second-best player, 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?

15

GINNY

That's right. Until you got promoted, 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?

16

INT. CLUBHOUSE ATTENDANT'S LOCKER AREA - MORNING

16

Frank, Oscar, and Al 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

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 .500 managers with man boobs.

*

GINNY

(strongly)

Amelia.

(to Al)

Sorry, Skip. This will do fine.

She nods at Al. He nods back.

(CONTINUED)

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.

FRANK REID

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 pulls out the big league jersey, we...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

As Ginny turns and holds the jersey up for the press. Frank is with her and grabs a hold of the other end, 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 Nolan Ryan. She's a number five 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. 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 been to a baseball game. I'm gonna lose Clooney and I don't care. He invites me to Lake Como and I'm giving that 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. I'm pulling her.

She walks off. Oscar watches her go. He turns to find Eliot
staring at him.

17

ELIOT
(re: Amelia)
You have no chance. I've seen her
make movie stars cry. Won't say
who. Gerard Butler.

Oscar shakes his head, EXITS. Eliot returns to his
smartphone.

18

EXT. PETCO PARK FIELD - MORNING

18

Ginny steps onto the actual field and takes it in, realizing
she's made it to The Show, but trying to be cool about it.
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.

19

OMITTED

19

20

OMITTED

20

21

OMITTED

21

22

OMITTED

22

23

OMITTED

23

24

EXT. PETCO PARK FIELD - MORNING

24

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

MIKE
Well, look what we got here. 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.

GINNY
I should tell you, I have your
rookie card, 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. Beautiful eyes.

GINNY

Ah.

MIKE

Anyway, glad you're here, we could
use you.

Hearing this from Mike Lawson means the world to Ginny.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hey, you mind if we go over the
hitters in the trainer's room?

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 played two years in winter
ball, five years in the minors.
(MORE)

Tyson Motel

GINNY (CONT'D)

I've done stunts in hellholes 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... Hey!

(she stops)

I slap asses. It's my thing. I slap Zimmerman's pimply ass, I slap Rogers' 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 yours 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)

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

25 OMITTED 25

26 EXT. PETCO PARK FIELD - DAY 26

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

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.

(beat, then)

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.

(looks at her)

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

(CONTINUED)

Ginny hugs EVELYN, 30, Blip's attractive wife.

EVELYN
Look at you, Girl!

GINNY
Look at me? Look at them! They're huge!

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

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

EVELYN
I just bought 'em.

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

BOYS
Sushi!!!

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

EVELYN
Oh, be quiet.

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 EVELYN

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

27 INT. GINNY'S LOCKER AREA - LATER

27

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

28 INT. CLUBHOUSE BATHROOM - LATER

28

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

SHREK

You don't think she actually
sticks, do you?

29 INT. GINNY'S LOCKER AREA - JUST LATER

29

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

30 INT. CLUBHOUSE BATHROOM/LOCKER AREA - INTERCUT

30

Mike flushes and comes over to another sink.

TOMMY

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

Ginny rolls her eyes. Nothing she hasn't heard before. She
starts to leave--

MENDEZ

...What's your take, Mikey?

(CONTINUED)

JOE BUCK

Welcome, everyone. And hello to my
daughters, who are actually
watching dad work for the first
time in their lives.

Tyson Motel

36 EXT. BULLPEN - DAY 36

Ginny does her warm-up tosses. Mike and Buck (pitching coach) enter and 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.
(she throws one)
Not bad.

Ginny throws another one. Hard. Mike's impressed.

36A INT. FOX BROADCASTING BOOTH - DAY 36A

JOHN SMOLTZ

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

JOE BUCK

Just to give you 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 an estimated
43,000.

36B EXT. BULLPEN - DAY 36B

Ginny finishes up pitching to Mike.

GINNY

Last one.

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

MIKE

Stuff looks good.

GINNY

Well, I'm really gonna need it.
Hoping to last longer than the
midget who played for the Browns.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

"Pitch" - Pilot
CONTINUED:

Pink Draft - 03.12.16

20A.
36B

36B

GINNY (CONT'D)

(then)

I guess it's true. 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

Tyson Motel

ACT THREE

37 EXT. PETCO PARK - FIELD - DAY 37

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! And listen to this crowd.

38 EXT. PETCO PARK - FIELD - MOMENTS LATER 38

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

IN THE CROWD:

An older BILL (now 45) and JANET (late 40s) in seats not far from Evelyn. 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:

39 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY (10 YEARS EARLIER) 39

A Little League COACH holds tryouts for his team. He holds a bat and yells to a kid standing in center.

LITTLE LEAGUE COACH

Go to third!

He hits a ball to center.

Bill, now 41, 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.

(CONTINUED)

She takes a ball from Bill, heads to the mound. Bill squats behind the plate. He puts down one finger.

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.

Tyson Motel

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

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.

40 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - A LITTLE LATER

40

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.

41 EXT. BAKER BACKYARD - DAY

41

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

GINNY

Peaches?

BILL

Nectarines.

(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--

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

BILL

A girl will never be able to throw hard enough to compete with 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)

End of my career, this old Latin
guy showed me a pitch. Was too
late for me. 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. I don't want to see any
dents on the nectarine from those
two fingers. There ya go.

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:

43 EXT. PETCO PARK FIELD - DAY (PRESENT) 43

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.

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

...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. But Ginny's anxiety level has clearly intensified.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)

We'll let you listen in as history is made.

The Dodgers' 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?

44 OMITTED 44

45 THE MOUND: 45

Ginny looks in.

(CONTINUED)

45

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!

46

IN THE EXECUTIVE SUITE:

46

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

47

BACK TO FIELD:

47

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.

48

IN THE DUGOUT:

48

Buck turns to Al.

BUCK
Want me to talk to her?

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

49

BACK TO FIELD:

49

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. 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.

Shrek looks at his shortstop, says what's on his mind by spitting in the infield dirt.

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.

A SERIES OF PITCHES, none of them close. Then another wild one.

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

It's a nightmare. The runners advancing.

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.

50A INT. DUGOUT - DAY

50A

Al knows where this is going...

AL
Get Mendez up.

Buck grabs the bullpen phone.

Tyson Motel

51 OMITTED 51

52 BACK ON THE MOUND: 52

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

FLASHBACK TO:

53 EXT. BAKER BACKYARD - NIGHT (9 YEARS EARLIER) 53

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 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:

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.

AL

All right, calm down. I've seen
this a zillion times--

Tyson Motel

GINNY

Get me out of the game.

MIKE

I'm sorry, what?

Ginny shields her mouth with her glove so the TV cameras can't read her words.

GINNY

Get me out.

Mike does the same with his mitt.

MIKE

Did you just ask out of a game?

AL

Mike...

GINNY

(to Al)

Get me out of this goddamn game.

Al's eyes widen. He looks at Mike.

MIKE

(disgusted)

Get her off my field.

Al looks back at Ginny. She nods. Al sighs and 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 can't even find the words.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)

Heartbreaking. I think that's the word. Just... heartbreaking.

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

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

55 INT. GINNY'S LOCKER AREA - DAY 55

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

56 INT. PADRE CLUBHOUSE - DAY 56

The locker room is filled with post-game players half-dressed, talking. They go silent as Ginny walks through the room (dressed). Tommy (the injured pitcher) tries to suppress a smile. 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.

57 INT. PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT 57

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.

Tyson

58 INT. ESCALADE - LATER 58

Ginny rides back to the hotel with Amelia and Eliot in silence. The car pulls into the garage and parks, as we...

END SONG.

58A INT. GARAGE/INT. ESCALADE - JUST LATER 58A

They're now parked outside the back entrance to the hotel. Inside the car...

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's going to be...
(beat)
Yeah.

*

He EXITS. Amelia and Ginny sit there in silence.

GINNY

Are they sending me down?

AMELIA

No one has told me that.

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

59 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

59

Ginny stares out at the view of Petco Park from her hotel room. Some of the lights are still on, the ballpark haunting her as she looks down on it. Suddenly, there's POUNDING on the door. Ginny walks over and opens it. 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! 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. Bill just looks at her.

BILL
You done?

Ginny goes quiet, breathing hard.

(CONTINUED)

59

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

GINNY
I'm tired, Pop.

BILL
You threw thirteen pitches. How
tired can you be?

Ginny looks down, exhausted.

GINNY
I don't have my glove.

BILL
Where is it?

60 INT. CLUBHOUSE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

60

Mike walks out of the clubhouse, the last to leave, into the clubhouse corridor. He hears a THWACK. He stops, hears it again. THWACK. Curious, he goes to investigate.

61 INT. CLUBHOUSE MOUND - NIGHT

61

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's got a bucket of balls like a batting practice pitcher, as she throws one after another after another to Bill behind home plate, who just keeps saying...

BILL
Again.

Then Bill tosses the balls behind him. They might as well be in that North Carolina backyard again. Mike watches Ginny pitch a few, then shakes his head and leaves her to it.

62 EXT. PADRES EXECUTIVE OFFICES - MORNING

62

Morning breaks over San Diego.

63

INT. AL'S OFFICE - DAY

63

Al (the manager) walks into his office to find Oscar and Frank in there. What the hell is going on?

FRANK REID

Sorry, Al. The door was open.

AL

No problem.

FRANK REID

Oscar tells me you want to send Ginny Baker back down.

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

AL

(pointedly)

Oscar and I both agreed. 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.

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)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OSCAR (CONT'D)

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.

AL

It's my ball club--

FRANK REID

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?

Frank walks out. Oscar hangs back.

OSCAR

Don't worry, I've got your back, Skip. Give the kid another start. I'll handle the politics. You just focus on being beautiful.

As we push in on Al (scoffing in good humor) 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?

65

INT. PADRE CLUBHOUSE - DAY

65

The players are getting dressed. Al's just told Mike and some of his players that Ginny's getting another start.

SHREK

You've got to be kidding me. What is this, take your daughter to work day?

Grumbling, mitts and balled up tape thrown into lockers in disgust. Mike's not pleased, but respects Al.

MIKE

(leans in)
This you?

AL

Came from upstairs.

MIKE

This is a circus. I'm way too old to join the circus.

AL

You and me both.

TOMMY

We can't win with her.

The other guys chime in, louder. Blip stands up.

BLIP

Hey, Tommy, last I checked you were five and nine, we weren't exactly winning with you--

TOMMY

Was I talking to you?

BLIP

You know what--

AL

Shut up. Hey.

Al tries to restore order. At one point, Ginny walks in. That does the trick. Everyone instantly goes silent.

Ginny stops. She knows everyone's been talking about her. After a tense beat...

(CONTINUED)

65

AL (CONT'D)
Okay, back to work everyone.
(to Mike, quietly)
I hear you.

IN THE BACK: Frank stands at the entrance to the locker room, unseen. Watching his team fracture.

66

EXT. FIELD - DAY

66

Ginny stretches, alone. Blip approaches and joins her.

GINNY
Nnnh, steer clear of me, Blip. I'm radioactive.

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

Ginny smiles.

67

INT. DUGOUT - NIGHT

67

There's a game in progress. The Padres are out in the field, now playing the GIANTS. The Padres pitcher (Hinkley) throws a pitch to a GIANTS' hitter, who singles to left.

Ginny sits in the dugout. Alone. All the other players and coaches on the bench, including Al and Buck, are largely off to one side. Ginny is off in the corner on the other. She really is radioactive. A girl on an island.

68

OMITTED

68

69

OMITTED

69

70

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

70

Mike Lawson holds court.

REPORTER #3
Mike, there have been reports of some divided opinions on Ginny Baker in the clubhouse--

MIKE
Guys, for the love of God can we find something else to talk about?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (CONT'D)

What if I told you I've been
secretly dating Adele and we're
engaged? Would that do it?
Because I am. Seriously.

A beat.

REPORTER #4

Mike, did you read Grady's tweet
about Ginny...

Mike SIGHS.

OMITTED

Tyson Motel

72 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE GINNY'S ROOM - NIGHT 72

Evelyn (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.

73 INT. GINNY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 73

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

GINNY
Evelyn, I want to be alone.

EVELYN
No, you don't.

Evelyn pushes inside as Ginny waves off the security guard.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
(re: TV)
Oh, look. This seems like a very good idea. Better yet, why don't you just pound your face with a hammer? Give me the remote.
(Ginny hesitates)
Give it to me.

Ginny does. Evelyn turns it off and chucks the remote.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
You think I haven't seen this? You think I don't deal with this every time Blip runs into an oh-for April? That's when I got to get his head straight. Now, I can't do for you what I normally do for him, but I can make Bloody Mary's.

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

GINNY
You should be home with your husband.

EVELYN
He's having a boys' night.

GINNY
With who?

74

INT. TEX-MEX RESTAURANT - NIGHT - SAME TIME

74

Blip and Mike at the bar, two beers placed before them. It's a young crowd, with a generous amount of beautiful women, most checking out the two ballplayers at the bar.

BLIP

Why do you always drag me here?

MIKE

(eye on the women)

I like the food.

A HOT WOMAN steps up.

HOT WOMAN

I'm sorry. Can I just get one picture?

MIKE

(loving it)

It's happy hour, you can have two.

Blip shakes his head as the Hot Woman takes a selfie that's destined for social media. She walks off.

BLIP

She needs your help, Mike.

MIKE

(re: hot woman)

I'm gonna be helping the hell out of her in about one hour.

BLIP

I'm not talking about her--

MIKE

(strong)

I know who you're talking about, Blip.

(then)

She quit on us.

BLIP

Yeah, well, she's still here.

(then)

She's a fighter.

MIKE

Sure didn't seem like--

(CONTINUED)

BLIP
(firm)
She's a fighter.

Blip sips his beer.

BLIP (CONT'D)
I've always admired the way you
handle pitchers. Pitchers and
tequila, you handle both better
than any man I've ever known.

Mike LAUGHS.

BLIP (CONT'D)
No, for real though. I stand out
there in center field every night
watching you do that dance with
your pitchers. The nods, the
gestures, the trips to the mound -
hell of a thing to watch. And when
you die of old age in a few years--

MIKE
Screw you.

BLIP
You're old as dirt, own it.
(then, with a smile)
It's not the All-Star appearances
I'll talk about at the funeral.
It's that dance. Never seen a
catcher dance with a pitcher that
way before. Never will again.
(then)
I know you want that ring. You
think you need it for the legacy
and you're not seeing the big
picture--

MIKE
And what's that black Yoda?

BLIP
This girl is your legacy, Mike.
She's doing something no one - I
repeat, NO ONE has ever done - and
she needs help. And tomorrow night
the world will be watching her, and
as luck would have it, the best
I've ever seen will be 60 ft. and 6
inches away from her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BLIP (CONT'D)

And I don't know if he'll step up,
but I'm hopeful, Mike. I'm hopeful
that I'll be standing in center
field tomorrow night, watching the
nods, and the gestures, and the
trips to the mound. Because, man,
what a beautiful dance that would
be.

A beat.

MIKE

Blip?

BLIP

Yeah?

MIKE

Did someone roofie you?

They bust up LAUGHING. But Mike sips on his beer, thinking.
If Blip got through to him, Mike Lawson isn't tipping which
way he's going to go.

75 INT. GINNY'S HOTEL ROOM - MEANWHILE 75

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

GINNY

I let everyone down, Evelyn.

EVELYN

Stop.

GINNY

No, like family. They depend on me. They believed in me.

EVELYN

They're not going anywhere. Your family will never stop loving you. 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 their junk?

GINNY

You mean, like Mike Lawson's?

EVELYN

Half of San Diego has seen Mike Lawson's.

As Ginny finally LAUGHS we...

CUT TO:

76 OMITTED 76

77 OMITTED 77

78 EXT. PETCO PARK - NIGHT 78

Outside the stadium, fans stream in.

(CONTINUED)

78

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

79

ON JOE BUCK IN THE BOOTH AGAIN WITH JOHN SMOLTZ.

79

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...

80

EXT. PETCO PARK FIELD - CONTINUOUS

80

Ginny is on the field, just beyond the Padre dugout, long
tossing to someone in the outfield. Once again the crowd is
FILLED with LITTLE GIRLS and MOTHERS.

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

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

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I was thinking about what you said
before. That I should find someone
else to count on.

GINNY
I was upset--

AMELIA

No, you were right. I have way too much riding on you, G. I'm a divorced woman with no kids, who doubled down on a girl who maxes out at 87 miles per hour. I'm Jerry Maguire in heels, Ginny. And you, my dear, are my Cuba Gooding Jr. If Cuba Gooding Jr. played baseball. And maxed out at 87 miles per hour.

*
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GINNY

Amelia, is this really the time--

*

AMELIA

Unfortunately it is. Because you told me I should count on someone else besides you and I'm sorry, honey. There isn't anyone else, Ginny. You're it. And what you're taking on tonight is nothing compared to what you did to get here. So, dammit, get it done.

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(a flicker of vulnerability, then:)

All right. Okay. Good luck.

With that, Amelia walks away. Ginny calls after her.

GINNY

Thanks. Good pep talk.

AMELIA

That's why you pay me the big bucks.

Ginny exhales. And just as she does... she looks up to the stands. As Ginny hones in on Bill we...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT (6 YEARS EARLIER)

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

Ginny throws a pitch. The hitter is twisted into knots. He strikes out, ending the game. Ginny is mobbed, picked up by her teammates. That perfect chin of hers, tilts upward.

IN THE STANDS

(CONTINUED)

81

CONTINUED:

81

Bill (45 years) barely reacts. Because let's face it: he never does.

82

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

82

Ginny and Bill head toward Bill's truck.

GINNY

State championship. We did it,
Dad.

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.

82

JOE

My name's Joe Amazzo. I'm a scout
for the San Diego Padres.

As Ginny and Bill share a look we're back to:

83

INT. DUGOUT - NIGHT (PRESENT)

83

Game time. Ginny 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 mound. Again.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

84 INT. DUGOUT - NIGHT 84

Ginny makes some 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...

85 EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS 85

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 in her last start... now she gets to take on the first-place Giants.

85A IN THE EXECUTIVE SUITE 85A

Frank, Oscar, Amelia, and Eliot lean forward in their seats.

85B ON THE FIELD 85B

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!

(CONTINUED)

85B CONTINUED:

85B

JOHN SMOLTZ (V.O.)

Joe, I really can't take this again. I'm going home. Can I just go home?

85C IN THE EXECUTIVE SUITE

85C

The gang looks concerned.

85D IN THE STANDS

85D

Bill, Janet, and Evelyn do as well.

85E ON THE FIELD

85E

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 pitcher who, in his
first start, gave up eight walks in
four and two-thirds. Worst start
to a career ever 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 got hit by a bus." 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--

MIKE
(sincere)
I need another moment, Sam.

Tyson Motel

The umpire looks at him for a beat, leaves.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Where were we?

GINNY

Your speech.

MIKE

Oh. Right. Huh.

(beat)

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 Sandy Koufax.

(Mike turns)

The guy who gave up eight walks in four and two-thirds. 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

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.

Over the course of the next six and 1/3 innings, we will
MONTAGE a baseball game in a different way. Like operatic
ballet, like a dance, mainly focusing on our catcher and his
rookie pitcher. Just like Blip hoped to see from center
field and using the MUSIC, THOSE AGGRESSIVE STRINGS--
BUILDING, RISING AND WEAVING INTO THE MOMENT.

AS WE BEGIN...

Mike Lawson, eyes locked on Ginny, holds down a single finger
and sets up.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
The 1-0 delivery...

It's a perfect *STRIKE* down the middle of the plate.

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

The crowd CHEERS mockingly. Ginny exhales and relaxes.

Blip smiles, says to himself:

BLIP
That's it, Ginny. Let him lead.

Ginny toes the rubber again, checks the sign, locks eyes with
Mike, winds... The batter swings--

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
Grounder to short...Rossi is up
with it...

The shortstop scoops the ball up, throws to first.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
One away.

The crowd cheers.

JOHN SMOLTZ (V.O.)
Sometimes your first Major League
out is the toughest.

(CONTINUED)

Mike throws the ball back to Ginny who catches it, tries to keep from smiling. A huge weight lifted off her shoulders.

*
*

Evelyn cheers.

*

Amelia and Oscar relieved.

*

CUT TO:

*

TIGHT ON MIKE'S HAND - Two, three, one, four fingers. Mike tabs his left thigh and sets up inside.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)

*

Two on, two out here in the third, a run in.

*
*

Ginny nods, throws a perfect screwball over the corner.

The ball POPS into Mike's glove, kicks up dust.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)

Screwball. Called strike three!

The CROWD cheers even louder.

*

CUT TO:

Mike Lawson holds down another four fingers, taps his right thigh, sets up outside...

Blip sees Mike setting up outside, cheats a couple of steps to his left. We STAY ON Blip as he takes off at the CRACK of the bat running to his left...

*

JOE BUCK (V.O.)

This could be trouble.

Blip catches the BALL on the dead run.

*

JOE BUCK (V.O.)

Sanders... What a catch!...

*

BACK TO GINNY

Inning over, she bounds toward the dugout as the crowd cheers.

*

JOE BUCK (V.O.)

After four innings, Padres three and the Giants two.

*
*

85G OMITTED 85G *

85H OMITTED 85H *

85I TOP OF THE SIXTH 85I

Ginny's still in there, scuffling. The bases are loaded with Giants, as San Francisco's behemoth CLEAN-UP HITTER digs into the batter's box.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
Four-three, Padres. Bases loaded,
one out... Full-count on the
Giants' slugger. *

Mike Lawson is standing. He subtly holds his mitt and hands palm down while looking at Ginny, like, *Easy settle down, we got this.* Ginny nods. *

JOHN SMOLTZ (V.O.)
Baker's thrown him two straight
screwballs... *

Mike Lawson drops to the crouch, puts one finger down, sets up low and outside... *

Ginny shakes her head, shaking off Mike's sign... *

JOHN SMOLTZ (V.O.)
She's got to come in here, she has
nowhere to put him. You know he's
thinking fastball... *

Mike Lawson puts one finger down again, punching his mitt for emphasis. Through the mask, his eyes burn. *

Ginny, in her zone now, shakes him off again.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
Baker shakes Lawson off again... *

Mike holds down a four and most likely his breath. *

Ginny nods this time in agreement, winds...

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
The payoff pitch... *

The Hitter swings hard, but swings and misses. *

85I

JOE BUCK (V.O.)

Got him!

*

Mike pumps his fist. A thunderous ROAR.

*

JOHN SMOLTZ (V.O.)

Stayed with the screwball. That
takes guts.

*

JOE BUCK (V.O.)

And that may be all for Ginny Baker
with the lefty Morris coming up...

*

*

*

CUT TO:

86

IN THE EXECUTIVE SUITE

86

Oscar looks back at Frank standing near him. They revel in
the moment.

*

*

Oscar looks over at 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. Arguella, 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 into frame and interrupts
the moment:

ELIOT

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

(off her blank stare)

I'll keep thinking.

FIELD

Al comes out of the dugout.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)

And here comes Al. Six and a
third, eight hits, three runs, five
strikeouts. If the bullpen holds
the lead, she'll get the win. What
a gutty performance.

JOHN SMOLTZ (V.O.)

Off her last start, it might as
well be a no-hitter, Joe.

FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

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.

88A ON GINNY

88A

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

She smiles, lifts that chin and REMOVES HER CAP to tip 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:

89

INT. GINNY'S LOCKER AREA - NIGHT

89

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.

90

INT. PADRE CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

90

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!!!

(CONTINUED)

BACK ON GINNY

Who has thrown something on and chats with teammates. Tommy (DL'd pitcher) passes Ginny.

TOMMY
Nice game, Pitch.

GINNY
Thanks, Tommy.

TOMMY
(moves in closer)
Enjoy your moment in the sun.
'Cause twenty-nine pro teams are
figuring out that little trick
pitch of yours, and when they do,
I'll get my job back and you'll
become the answer to a trivia
question.

GINNY
(condescending smile)
Okay.

TOMMY
(mutters as he walks away)
...bitch...

This sets Ginny off.

GINNY
Hey, who's the bitch, Tommy? Huh?
At least say it to my face.

Tommy turns around as Blip comes running over.

BLIP
Hey! Walk right back away.

TOMMY
Stay out of this, Sanders.
(then)
And why do I get the feeling that's
not the first time you've seen that
ass?

That's it. Blip goes after him. 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, finally 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.

Oscar looks out at the field, finishing up a call.

OSCAR

Yes. On top of it. Thanks.

FRANK REID

So there I am, Oscar.

Oscar turns around. Frank stands there. He enters.

FRANK REID (CONT'D)

I'm pouring myself a glass of an absurdly expensive scotch, celebrating one of the biggest nights of my life... when I get a call from a reporter asking for a comment on the post-game brawl.

OSCAR

I was about to tell you.

Frank waves him off.

FRANK REID

We got something here, Oscar. We have ourselves a moment.

OSCAR

Yes. We do.

FRANK REID

I know you love Al.

OSCAR

(suddenly wary)

Yes, I do.

FRANK REID

The world changed tonight, Oscar.
And I'm not convinced he's the man
to take us into the new one.

OSCAR

(wary)

What are you going to do?

FRANK REID

What am I going to do? I'm going
to return to my office and drink my
absurdly expensive scotch.

(then)

But you, my friend, you're going to
get me a short list.

Frank walks away, putting the capper on ruining what was
until recently a good day for Oscar.

91 EXT. PETCO PARK FIELD - NIGHT

91

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:

92 INT. BILL'S TRUCK - NIGHT

92

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, Dad.

(CONTINUED)

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)

Dad, c'mon.

"Pitch" - Pilot Pink Draft - 03.12.16 52.
92 CONTINUED: (2) 92

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.

93 INT. BILL'S TRUCK - JUST LATER 93

We see Ginny come to and orient herself in the wreckage. She looks over... her father is not in the truck. There's a hole in the windshield. He's been ejected.

GINNY

Dad?

Ginny undoes her seatbelt and manages to free herself.

94 EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS 94

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

GINNY

(takes off running)

Dad!

DISSOLVE TO:

94A INT. CLUBHOUSE CORRIDOR - PRESENT/SEVERAL NIGHTS EARLIER 94A

We're back with Mike as he walks out of the clubhouse, the last to leave, into the clubhouse corridor and hears that first THWACK. He stops, hears it again. THWACK. Curious, he goes to investigate.

95 INT. CLUBHOUSE MOUND - CONTINUOUS 95

Mike emerges from the tunnel underneath the stadium and starts to hear the successive THWACK of balls.

Mike walks in and sees Ginny ON THE MOUND with her back to him, throwing that bucket of balls. But this time, 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. The balls THWACK against the padding, accumulating there.

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

96

EXT. PETCO PARK FIELD - NIGHT

96

And we're back to present day, as Ginny walks out onto the grass and takes in the now empty stadium as she reflects on her historic achievement. She sees her father standing on the field near the stands.

*
*
*
*

GINNY
...We did it, Dad.

Bill looks his daughter dead in the eye. Smiles.

BILL
We ain't done nothing yet.

Bill disappears and Ginny is alone in the ballpark, and we **SMASH TO BLACK.**

*

END OF PILOT