# GANNON BALL

"PILOT"

By
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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. WESTLAKE LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - DAY

CHYRON OVER BLACK: **TERRY - THE MOM**

TERRY GANNON, JR., 30's, beautiful in a tomboy kind of way, moves on to a little league pitcher's mound. She picks up a BASEBALL and looks around...

SPECTATORS, young and old, line around the field watching Terry's every move.

TERRY
(to self)
What in the hell are you doing out here? You promised yourself, you'd never do baseball again.

Terry looks to home plate where WE SEE the unbearably cocky DICK SLINGBAUGH, 40, holding a bat and moving into the batter's box. Dick wiggles his hips, takes a couple practice swings, then...

DICK
Alright, pumpkin, I've seen your best "bitch," now let's see your best pitch.

Terry eyes Dick then reaches down and deliberately, maybe even in SLOW MOTION, rubs some dirt on her hands. Terry steps on the rubber and THE CAMERA MOVES IN on the ball as she grips a "four seamer." She winds up and uncorks a pitch with everything she has. As the ball rips out of her hand and gets halfway to home plate we FREEZE FRAME, and...

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

CHYRON OVER BLACK: **THE CANNON - TERRY'S FATHER**

TERRY GANNON, SR., 60's, nicknamed "The Cannon" for his powerful pitching arm as well as his volatile temper, exits his car wielding a BASEBALL BAT. He makes his way up the driveway of a quaint, single-family home where a PRIUS is parked.

The Cannon smashes the car's windshield in. He then starts smashing the side windows. The Cannon moves to the back window when A MAN rushes out of the house.

MAN
Hey! Stop! What the hell are you doing?!

The Cannon looks at the Man, then smashes the car's back window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WE FREEZE FRAME ON THE BACK WINDOW EXPLODING, as we...

EXT. WESTLAKE MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

CHYRON OVER BLACK: **TOMMY - TERRY'S SON**

TOMMY GANNON, 10, stands in front of a large, menacing boy, DAVID SLINGBAUGH, 11.

VANESSA TAYLOR, 11, beautiful, stands watching the boys.

Tommy looks adoringly at Vanessa who smiles at him. A beat, then Tommy grabs David's face and KISSES HIM ON THE LIPS.

WE FREEZE FRAME ON THEM KISSING, as we...

FADE OUT.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. WESTLAKE LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - DAY

CHYRON: **A COUPLE DAYS EARLIER**

A large BANNER proclaims: "**LITTLE LEAGUE TRYOUTS TODAY.**"

Terry and Tommy walk toward the field. Tommy is geared up for his tryout. The Cannon follows behind drinking a beer wrapped in a paper bag.

Terry looks around the field, the stands, the people...

TERRY
Why are we even here, Tommy? You've never shown any interest in baseball before. Is this your way of rebelling after the divorce?

TOMMY
Yes, I've chosen America's pastime to hurt you deeply.
(Then)
Mom, I'm fine and you've gotta stop feeling guilty. Dad was cheating on you. Heck, if I could drive, we would have left months ago.

TERRY
He was cheating on me?!

TOMMY
You're still very funny.

TERRY
So, why baseball...?

Terry looks toward The Cannon who drinks then burps.

TERRY
(re: The Cannon)
Wait. Did my dream-crushing-overly-salted-empty-vesseled-heart-wrapped-in-bacon- whiskey-soaked-half-man-half-tumor-degenerate father get in your ear and tell you to play?

TOMMY
Whoa! Way to use your words, mom.
(Then)
No, The Cannon didn't say a word. You want to know the reason...?

CONTINUED:

Tommy nods past Terry who looks and SEES the beautiful VANESSA talking to David Slingbaugh in his all-star jacket.

TOMMY
Her.

TERRY
Oh... She go to your new school?

TOMMY
Yep. Vanessa... And she digs ballplayers.
(then, deeply)
She will be mine.

TERRY
You're doing all this for a girl?

TOMMY
Heck, yeah... You jealous?

TERRY
Bet your ass I am.

TOMMY
Don't worry. You're still my number one chick.

Terry gives Tommy a hug. Tommy looks at The Cannon.

TOMMY
And, I know you have problems with The Cannon, but it'll be OK.

TERRY
I've already got a job interview set up so we'll be out of there as soon as we can.

TOMMY
Good news, because his house smells like a urinal...

TERRY
...That monkeys sleep in.

TOMMY
That's what that is.

PA ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
For all those trying out, please report to the field.

TERRY
That's you... Now, just got out there, do the best you can, and have fun.

Terry hands Tommy his mitt. Tommy tries to put the mitt on the wrong hand.

CONTINUED: (2)

TERRY
Other hand...

TOMMY
I knew that.

The Cannon rushes up.

THE CANNON
Hey kid, if they give you a chance to pitch, throw as hard as you can and hit the first kid right in the face. They'll be scared shitless of you.

TERRY
(To Tommy)
No! Do not hit a kid in the face. We don't do that. Just go have fun. Go...

Tommy runs off. Terry turns to The Cannon.

TERRY
Why the hell would you say that to him?!

THE CANNON
One: It's funny. Two: It worked for you when you played. Remember when you hit that kid in the side of the head and they had to get him one of those "giant shoes" because he could never get his balance back?

TERRY
Yeah, and every kid in that league thought I was a lunatic.

THE CANNON
And you loved it. You loved having that power over them. That's why you threw that pitch.

TERRY
I was nine, you buffoon! I threw that pitch because you said I could have ice cream and a pony if I did it.

THE CANNON
Hey, you got your ice cream.

TERRY
Ice cubes sprinkled with non-dairy creamer isn't ice cream.

THE CANNON
Well, all I remember is you threw six perfect games that season.

CONTINUED: (3)

TERRY
And all I remember is you peeing on home plate in protest after we won the championship.

THE CANNON
I told you to throw that game! I bet two grand that we would lose!

TERRY
(smiling)
I know. The guy you bet gave me five-hundred to win it.
(then)
I have to go watch Tommy now... Alone.

Terry exits. The Cannon guzzles his beer and throws it on the ground. A BOY moves past him.

BOY
Hey, mister. You shouldn't litter.

THE CANNON
Hold still...

The Cannon pulls out his cell phone and aims it.

THE CANNON
I've never seen a kid as ugly as you before.

The Cannon takes a picture and the Boy runs off. The Cannon starts off and passes TWO MOMS...

THE CANNON
Hi...

MOM 1
Hello...

THE CANNON
Not you...

The Moms storm off. Off The Cannon, we...

EXT. WESTLAKE LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD, BLEACHERS - DAY

Terry sits at the top of the bleachers watching Tommy. A YOUNG GIRL sits to the right of her eating a SNOW CONE.

ANGLE ON: Tommy warms up with the other BOYS. Tommy can barely throw and can't catch anything.

Terry puts her face in her hands, when...

WOMAN
Here...

CONTINUED:

Terry looks up to SEE GIGI FERNANDEZ-LOVETTE, 30's, a fashionably fabulous Hispanic beauty sitting on her left. Gigi is offering Terry a FLASK.

GIGI
It's only tequila... Calms the nerves. Go ahead, bang one out.

Terry looks around then grabs the flask and takes a long swig. She hands the flask back. Gigi hands Terry a lime wedge. Terry sucks on the lime, then...

TERRY
Finally, a reasonable person. Next time I'll bring the salt.

GIGI
I'm Gigi Fernandez-Lovett. I know everyone and I do not know you.

TERRY
I'm Terry. My boy and I just moved here from Michigan.

GIGI
(re: field)
Ah! So, which one is yours?

TERRY
(pointing)
The one that looks like he's about to get injured... Tommy...

GIGI
He is so beautiful.
(then, pointing)
That's mine... Michael.

ANGLE ON: MICHAEL FERNANDEZ-LOVETTE, 10, handsome, doing a "Gangnam Style" dance in the outfield.

TERRY
Is he... Dancing?

GIGI
Yes. He is very gay... Like his papa.

TERRY
Your husband is...?

GIGI
Dead. Died on top of me. His last words were "I'm..."
(then)
He was French. You know how they are. Produced movies. Left me millions. So, what about you?

CONTINUED: (2)

TERRY
Divorced. He produced embarrassment and left me nothing.
(then, re: flask)
Let me hit that Tequila again.

Gigi gives Terry the flask. She takes another swig.

GIGI
(pointing to field)
Anyway, I wouldn't be nervous about your Tommy making a team. You're a hot mom and the Smarmy Army just loves having hot moms running around the ball field.

Gigi points to FOUR MEN with clipboards, standing at the bottom of the bleachers, evaluating the kids trying out.

GIGI
They coach and run the league. The one on the right is Dick Slingbaugh...

ANGLE ON: DICK SLINGBAUGH, 40, macho, handsome.

GIGI
League president. His wife left him last year for cheating with four different moms. Word is he's packing quite a bat down there.
(then, pointing)
Hey, it's your Tommy's turn...

Terry looks out and SEES Tommy is at the front of a line of Boys in the outfield. A COACH hits a fly ball to him.

TERRY
(to self)
Come on... Catch it...

Terry moves down a couple steps of the bleachers.

ANGLE ON: Tommy circles under the ball and as it gets close, he ducks his head and runs away from it.

ANGLE ON: The Cannon watching Tommy.

THE CANNON
Geezus, that kid stinks.

BACK ON: Tommy picks up the ball and throws it back to the Coach. The ball barely goes ten feet.

THE CANNON
(yelling)
Hey, Pinocchio, throw like a real boy! Boo! Boo!

The Cannon walks away in disgust.

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGLE ON: Dick with the other coaches. They laugh at Tommy's throw which gets Terry's attention. Then...

COACH T
Wow... Did that kid go to Stephen Hawking's baseball camp?

COACH AL
Maybe he doesn't know he's right handed.

COACH STAN
Come on guys... Our job as coaches is to build the kids up, not tear them down.

COACH T
Shut up, Stan.

COACH AL
Shut up, Stan.

DICK
What kind of parent lets their kid come out here and embarrass himself like that? The only thing that kid's ever gonna catch is a short bus and a beating.

Terry hears this, turns to the Young Girl sitting on the bleachers, grabs her snow cone and fires it at Dick hitting him hard in the back of the head.

DICK
Ow!

Dick turns to SEE Terry who now has Gigi standing next to her. Both Terry and Gigi POINT to the Young Girl.

TERRY
Baseball... and certain men bring out the worst in me.

GIGI
We're gonna be good friends.

INT. GANNON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

A slovenly bachelor's paradise. Neon beer signs, a poker table/dining room table, dusty couch, an old TV, and a beaten up Lazy-Boy recliner stand out in this hardly-ever-cleaned home. On the walls are OLD FRAMED PHOTOS of The Cannon when he played baseball - Photos of him in a Dodgers uniform, Photos of him in a Los Diablos Rojos of Mexico uniform. A photo of him in an Albuquerque Dukes uniform with a framed article next to it with the headline, "TERRY "THE CANNON" GANNON TOSSES NO HITTER AS AAA DUKES BEAT MUD HENS." The Cannon sits in his recliner doing the newspaper's CROSSWORD puzzle. Terry passes through wearing latex gloves and holding a scrub brush.

TERRY
This place is a mess.

CONTINUED:

THE CANNON
Feel free to leave...

TERRY
Feel free to bathe.

The Cannon holds up a empty beer can.

THE CANNON
Empty...

As if out of habit, Terry veers for the kitchen.

TERRY
(Catching self)
What am I doing...? Get it yourself.

THE CANNON
Hey, if you and your kid wanna keep living here rent free, you might want to be a little nicer.

TERRY
I'll work on that.

Terry hears a constant "thumping" against the wall.

TERRY
What's that noise?

THE CANNON
Had a raccoon get stuck in the wall last month. Might not be dead yet.

TERRY
It sounds like it's... Where's Tommy?

THE CANNON
Who's Tommy?

Terry gives The Cannon a look and exits to the backyard.

EXT. GANNON HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

Tommy is throwing a ball against the side of the house.

TERRY
Hey buddy, whatcha' doin?

TOMMY
The Cannon said I was an embarrassment to the Gannon family baseball name and I had to throw a thousand of these or we can't live here.

CONTINUED:

TERRY
I'm gonna surgically attach his mouth to an exhaust pipe.

Terry moves back into the house.

INT. GANNON HOUSE - DAY

Terry enters. The Cannon is hurriedly putting his coat on and moving for the door.

TERRY
Where do you think you're going?

THE CANNON
A place where people appreciate me.

TERRY
Did they just open a "Hall of Failures...?" I told you I didn't want you talking to Tommy.

THE CANNON
Hey, someone had to say something. Did you see the way he throws? I've seen better arms on boxes of baking soda. I can teach him some things.

TERRY
He already knows how to color inside the lines. No teaching, no talking. No screwing him up like you did me.

THE CANNON
You screwed yourself up when you got knocked up by that loser ex-husband of yours, dropped out of school, and lost your scholarship.

TERRY
Well, maybe if you had taught me the birds and the bees instead of an inside-out slider, I would have been better prepared.

THE CANNON
I did the best I could.

TERRY
You did the least you could. Like when I was thirteen and got my first period, you told me to "walk it off."

THE CANNON
There was no internet then!

CONTINUED:

TERRY
Or when I left for college...?
Remember what you said to me?

THE CANNON
Take the dog or he'll die.

TERRY
After that. You promised me you would see every game I ever played in. I would look up in the stands... Never saw you once... I don't want Tommy going through that. He's smarter and better than us in every way. The Gannon curse of being a minor leaguer in life can stop with him. I have a responsibility to him to make sure nothing sidetracks him.

THE CANNON
The kid tried out on his own. I just don't want him looking like an idiot out there.
(then)
You know what...? Fine. Bring him in and I'll apologize.

TERRY
If I go get him and you break his balls...
(re: wall)
That raccoon won't be the only thing stuck in that wall.

THE CANNON
I'll apologize. Go get him.

Terry moves off. A beat, then The Cannon flings the door open and RUNS out of the house.

Terry and Tommy enter. Tommy still wears his glove and has a ball in his hand. Terry rushes to the open door...

TERRY
(calling out)
You get back here!
(then, to Tommy)
Twenty bucks if you can nail him.

Tommy moves to the doorway and throws as hard as he can.

THE CANNON (O.S.)
Ha! I told you he stinks...!

TERRY
(to Tommy)
Yeah... We gotta work on that.

END ACT ONE

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. WESTLAKE MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

FULL SCENE FROM COLD OPEN... Tommy is walking at recess. Other KIDS are doing what kids do at recess. Tommy glances TO HIS RIGHT and BAM! He SEES the beautiful Vanessa.

TOMMY
Whoa...

Vanessa is flirting with THREE BOYS, DAVID SLINGBAUGH (from the Cold Open), 11, BOBBY VANCE, 11, and RYAN THOMPSON, 11. David, Bobby, and Ryan all wear WESTLAKE LITTLE LEAGUE ALL-STAR JACKETS.

The school BELL RINGS, David gives Vanessa a hug, and the three boys walk off. As Vanessa grabs her backpack, a book falls out unnoticed by her.

Tommy SEES the fallen book and rushes after it. He picks it up and moves after Vanessa.

TOMMY
Hey...

Vanessa turns.

TOMMY
Wow. Up close you're even more...
(then, re: book)
You dropped this.

Tommy hands Vanessa the book.

TOMMY
I'm Tommy... Gannon.

VANESSA
The new kid. I've seen you around. You were at the little league field the other day...

TOMMY
Gonna be playing this year.

VANESSA
Cool. I like, love baseball.

TOMMY
You have-like ridiculously blue eyes.

Suddenly, from behind, Tommy is SHOVED to the ground. Tommy looks up and SEES David, Bobby, and Ryan standing over him. Tommy gets up and David moves to him.

CONTINUED:

DAVID
(re: Vanessa)
She's mine. You don't ever talk to her. You got it?

VANESSA
David, he's new. Leave him alone.

TOMMY
(to David)
Did you know studies have shown that bullying at our age is linked to compensating for a small penis?

Vanessa bursts out laughing. David grabs Tommy by the shirt and gets in his face.

DAVID
Listen, freak... I see you around her again, I'm gonna beat your ass and there's not a damn thing you can do about it.

Tommy looks at Vanessa who smiles at him. A beat, then Tommy grabs David's face and KISSES HIM ON THE LIPS. David is frozen. Bobby and Ryan are shocked. Vanessa looks at Tommy and he WINKS at her. Vanessa smiles, then... BANG! David punches Tommy in the eye.

DAVID
You stay away from her... And me! Weirdo...

David wipes his mouth and he, Ryan, and Bobby exit. Vanessa moves to Tommy and helps him up.

VANESSA
Why did you do that?

TOMMY
Sun Tzu said that the supreme Art of War is to subdue the enemy without fighting. That kid is scared of me now. He doesn't know why, but he is.

VANESSA
Cool...
(Then)
You know, I work at the little league snack bar on the weekends. You should come say hi.

TOMMY
I will... We can get our hot dog on... That didn't come out right.

VANESSA
You're weird... I like that.

Vanessa smiles and moves off. Tommy watches her, then...

CONTINUED: (2)

TOMMY
"Get our hot dog on"?

Tommy shakes his head and exits.

INT. BEDROOM, THE GANNON HOUSE - DAY

Terry is dressed in a smart blue business suit. She's checking herself out in the mirror. Perfect. Then...

TERRY
You can do this.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Terry, smiling confidently and holding her resume, turns the corner into a WAITING ROOM where twenty-five other WOMEN, ALL YOUNGER, wearing basically the same outfit and holding their resumes, sit. Terry's spirits fall.

INT. PHONE STORE - DAY

Terry stands in front of a pimply-faced, teenage "MANAGER" who is looking over her resume.

MANAGER
We don't got nothin' right now but I'll keep your resume on file.
(Then)
Wanna go out?

EXT. STREET, VAN - DAY

Terry is in front of guy, JOE, standing by a VAN.

TERRY
Am I in the right place? I'm here about an advertising job?

JOE
Bitchin. We need more chicks. Let's see what you got.

Joe throws open the van and pulls out a LARGE SIGN which he twirls and flips and then hands to Terry. Terry looks at Joe, drops the sign and exits.

EXT. JUMBO BURGER RESTAURANT, DRIVE-THRU LANE - DAY

Terry drives her car up to the Jumbo Burger drive-thru speaker box.

SPEAKER BOX VOICE
Welcome to Jumbo Burger. Can I take your order?

CONTINUED:

Terry's cell rings again. She grabs it.

TERRY
Just one second.
(then, into phone)
Hello...?

SPEAKER BOX VOICE
Yeah, I'm still here...

TERRY
(to speaker box)
No. Not you.
(then, into phone)
Principal Butler, how can I help you...? What? Tommy was fighting...?

Cars behind Terry start HONKING. Terry moves the phone away and yells back out the window...

TERRY
Oh, shut up...!

SPEAKER BOX VOICE
I didn't say anything.

TERRY
(to speaker box)
Not you!
(then, into phone)
Sorry about that... Yes, thanks. I'll be right over to pick him up.

Terry hangs up.

SPEAKER BOX VOICE
Pick up who?

TERRY
I'm not talking to you!

SPEAKER BOX VOICE
What do you want, lady?

TERRY
(To speaker box)
What do I want? You want to know what I want...?!
(Losing it)
I want to stop making the wrong choices! I want to find a job that isn't work and has benefits! I want to learn how to cook restaurant quality meals! I want a better father. I want to be less forgiving and more selfish. I want a gown, not a dress, that I'll wear only once and shoes so beautiful that I won't care that they hurt like hell. I want someone to wait for me - once!
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

TERRY (CONT'D)
I want the power to give my enemies a painful but treatable cancer. I want to know when to use the word “whom”. I want to find “the one.” I want deviant style sex with Justin Timberlake. I want to fail and not get penalized. I want assurances that my son will be OK. I want to have not thrown away the last ten years of my life. That’s what I want...

SPEAKER BOX VOICE
Uh... Anything else?

Terry looks at the order board.

TERRY
A number two, extra pickles.

SPEAKER BOX VOICE
Please drive thru...

INT. GANNON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Terry enters with Tommy who now has a black eye. The Cannon moves to them.

THE CANNON
Geezus, kid, what happened to you?

TOMMY
I kissed a boy.

THE CANNON
Ah, Christ, you’re not a Piccolo Player, are you?

TOMMY
No, Cannon, I’m not gay. A bigger kid was picking on me so I thought kissing him would freak him out and throw him off his game.

THE CANNON
I get it...

TERRY/TOMMY
You do?

THE CANNON
Sure. I once batted against Vida Blue with my Johnson hangin’ out. He walked me on four pitches.

TOMMY
Well, my kid punched me.

CONTINUED:

THE CANNON
You should get a rock or a pipe and stand behind a wall at school and when that kid comes around the corner, you bash his head in.

TERRY
No! No rock! No pipes! What is wrong with you?

THE CANNON
(To Tommy, winking)
Think about it.

Terry's cell phone rings. She moves off to answer it. The Cannon grabs Tommy by the chin and looks at his eye.

THE CANNON
Not too bad. Go to the fridge, grab three cans of beer, and put one against your eye.

TOMMY
What do I do with the other two?

THE CANNON
Put 'em in my hands! I'm empty...

Tommy moves off. Terry re-enters, upset.

TERRY
That was the little league office. They said they had too many kids try out this year and because of "cutbacks," some kids weren't taken by any team. Tommy included.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Tommy included, what...?

Terry turns to see Tommy holding three beers.

TERRY
The little league called. You didn't make any of the teams.

TOMMY
So I guess the coaches noticed I couldn't run, throw, or catch...

THE CANNON
Not just the coaches.

TERRY
(to The Cannon)
I wouldn't close your eyes tonight.

TOMMY
It's OK, mom...

CONTINUED: (2)

Tommy turns his back, does something with his hands and then hands two beers to The Cannon.

TOMMY
I shook one of them really hard.

The Cannon looks at his two beers.

TERRY
I'm really sorry, buddy.

TOMMY
This sucks. I actually liked being out there. Now how am I going to impress Vanessa?

TERRY
She's just gonna have to learn to love you for your brilliant mind and boyish good looks.

TOMMY
(to The Cannon)
I guess that goes for you too.

Tommy exits.

THE CANNON
What was that supposed to mean?

TERRY
I can explain it to you, but I can't understand it for you.
(then)
I hate disappointing him.

THE CANNON
Who are you kidding? You're relieved. Now you don't have to be around that field or the game. The boy said it himself, he liked being out there. You hate disappointing him? Then fix it.

TERRY
Right now I have another job interview. We can talk about fixing it when I get back.

The Cannon pops one of his two beers. The beer sprays all over him. Terry laughs.

THE CANNON
That little...

The Cannon goes to get a rag to wipe himself off. A beat, then TERRY'S CELL PHONE RINGS.

TERRY
Hello...?

INT. GIGI'S HOUSE - DAY

A gorgeous home. A MASSAGE TABLE has been set out on the deck. Gigi lays on a massage table. A HANDSOME MASSEUSE, BRAD, is working her over. INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

GIGI
(voice vibrating)
Terry, it's Gigi.

TERRY
Gigi...? Are you vibrating?

GIGI
In five minutes I will be.
(Gigi winks at Brad)
Listen, I got a call from the little league saying that Michael didn't make any of the teams.

TERRY
I got the same call about Tommy.

GIGI
Well, my Michael is crushed. He's in his room right now crying and writing a letter to Lady Gaga. So, listen, the league is holding a meeting in an hour. I called all the other parents and we're going down there to raise hell.

TERRY
An hour...? Gigi, I can't. I have a job interview...

WE HEAR A "THUMPING" SOUND.

TERRY
Hold on a minute?

Terry moves to a WINDOW and looks outside to see Tommy throwing a ball against the side of the house.

TERRY
Ah, shit... This kid...

Terry checks her watch.

TERRY
OK, I'll be there.

GIGI
Great! Meet me there in forty-five and we can do Jaeger shots in the back of my car. Ciao...

INT. GANNON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Terry hangs up the phone. The Cannon re-enters wiping off his face and opens the “other beer.” It too explodes.

THE CANNON
Who shakes both beers?!

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Gigi and Terry stand in the back of a room full of PARENTS. Dick Slingbaugh is at the front podium.

DICK
And to all the parents whose sons didn’t make it - I wish we could have taken every kid. We just don’t have the equipment, practice time, or a coach. So, to all of you, better luck next year.

Gigi hip-checks Terry forward giving her a,“say something” look. Terry moves toward Dick.

TERRY
Hi... Uh, my son, Tommy, was one of the kids left out this year and I just want to know who makes the final decision about which kids make the league?

DICK
Ah, the snow-cone lady... Well, as league president... I do.

TERRY
And what qualifies you to evaluate these kids?

DICK
You’re kidding right? Let’s see... My teams have won six consecutive championships and three of our all-star teams have made it to Williamsport for the Little League World Series.

Applause and “attaboys” from the Smarmy Army.

TERRY
I only ask if you’re qualified because in Googling you I found that you didn’t even play high school baseball.

The Parents look at Dick. Dick laughs, then...

DICK
I hurt my knee the summer before tryouts and...
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

DICK (CONT'D)
I don't have to do this. Look, I'm sorry your son wasn't good enough to make it. Maybe it's time to cut the cord. This isn't a "everyone's a winner," "everyone gets a trophy" kind of league.

TERRY
This is little league, not the majors, you maniac. This is supposed to be the place where you learn to play the game. And not just for some kids - every kid.

DICK
Well, we're different... And that's why we're better. Anyway, as I've already said - we don't have the equipment or a coach so this discussion is over.

GIGI
I'll pay for the equipment! I'll get them everything they need! Mats, tights - whatever...

DICK
Yeah, that's fine, but we still don't have a coach. Any of you fathers out there have the time or the commitment it takes to coach a team in this league?

No FATHERS come forward. Dick smiles at Terry.

DICK
Didn't think so. Anything else?

GIGI
Come on, Terry.

TERRY
(to Dick)
You're not all <u>that</u>. Just so you know.

DICK
Yes. I am. Good night.

Terry turns to leave, then stops again.

TERRY
I've forgotten more about baseball than you'll ever know!

DICK
Blah, blah, blah - Good-bye...

TERRY
And if I didn't hate everything this league represents I would...

CONTINUED: (2)

DICK
You're embarrassing yourself now.

GIGI
Terry, let's go...

TERRY
I can't let this idiot win...

Terry moves back towards Dick.

TERRY
You know what? I'll coach!

DICK
That's a cute idea but our boys need a man who understands them and the game.

TERRY
Unlike you, I played high school baseball. Then I was an all American softball player... So how 'bout this...? You look like a betting man, Dick... You and me, on the field, I throw you one pitch. You hit it, you'll never see me or my kid again. But, you miss it... I get to coach my kid and all the other kids who are just too "mediocre" for you.

DICK
You? Against me...?

Dick and the Smarmy Army laugh. Gigi steps forward...

GIGI
Hey! Is that what you teach your boys? Run from a fight? Now, there's a bet on the table. The only question here is, Dick, are you man enough to take it.

DICK
Man enough for both of you. You got yourself a bet.

The Parents applaud with excitement. Gigi moves to Terry.

GIGI
Looking for work, going to school, and now coaching little league...? You are an animal, girlfriend!

Terry grabs Gigi's flask and takes a long sip. Off Terry, we...

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. WESTLAKE LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - DAY

FULL SCENE FROM THE COLD OPEN

Terry on the mound with a baseball in her hand.

WE SEE SPECTATORS, young and old, lined around the baseball field watching Terry.

TERRY
(to self)
What in the hell are you doing out here? You promised yourself, you'd never do baseball again.

Dick moves into the batter's box.

GIGI (O.S.)
Let's go Terry!

Terry looks and SEES Gigi sitting on the bleachers with her son, Michael, next to her. Michael is wearing earbuds and spelling out the letters, "Y-M-C-A" with his arms.

David, the boy who punched Tommy, stands at the fence behind home plate with Vanessa.

DAVID
(to Dick)
Come on, dad, hit it out and send these freaks home!

DICK
I've got this, son.

Dick wiggles his hips and takes a couple practice swings.

ANGLE ON: Tommy and The Cannon stand watching at the fence on the third base side. The Cannon SEES Tommy looking at David and Vanessa.

THE CANNON
That the kid who punched you?

TOMMY
In all his jerkish glory.

The Cannon takes a bat that is leaning against the fence and offers it to Tommy.

THE CANNON
(re: David)
Here's what we do...
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

THE CANNON (CONT'D)
I distract him then you walk up behind him and bash his knees in. Old school...

TOMMY
What?! No! I'm not hitting a kid with a bat. What's wrong with you? Mom's right, you are insane.

THE CANNON
I'm just talking about standing up for yourself. That's the whole problem with your generation.

TOMMY
Here we go...

THE CANNON
You're all soft, allergic to every damn thing, need pills and inhalers to get through a day, and pretend a thousand people like you on that Facebook...

TOMMY
Thirteen-hundred and sixty-one.
(then)
And what your generation doesn't understand is that conflict resolution starts here...
(points to head)
Not here...
(raises fist)

THE CANNON
Where'd you learn that? Glee?

TOMMY
They did do a "very special" episode on it. I'll Tivo it for you. That's a recording device.

THE CANNON
All I'm saying is don't let no one push you around. Trust me, you don't do something about that kid he's never gonna leave you alone.

As The Cannon eyes David, we...

ANGLE ON: Terry and Dick. Dick readies himself.

DICK
I'm gonna take you so deep you'll think you're a Chilean miner...

Terry steps on the rubber, grabs the ball tightly, winds up and uncorks a pitch with everything she has. The pitch soars toward Dick and he has no time to react as it HITS DICK RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES.

CONTINUED: (2)

THE CROWD
Ooh...!

Dick goes down hard holding his face.

ANGLE ON: The Cannon and Tommy.

THE CANNON
That's my boy!

BACK ON: Terry moves off the mound towards Dick and...

TERRY
Didn't hit it... See you on the field, Dick.

Terry marches off toward Tommy and The Cannon.

TERRY
(to The Cannon)
So, maybe I do like the power.
(then, to Tommy)
Looks like we've got ourselves a team.

Tommy hugs Terry. Terry looks back at Gigi who raises her arms in victory. Michael steps in and they both start making the "Y-M-C-A" letters with their arms.

David rushes onto the field to help his dad.

Tommy looks at Vanessa who smiles at him. Off the Gannon family walking from the field, we...

EXT. GANNON HOUSE, BACKYARD - NIGHT

Terry and Tommy are about to play catch.

TOMMY
That was incredible, mom! I've never seen anyone throw that hard. Teach me how to do that...

TERRY
OK, let's start with the mechanics... Just follow through and hit the target...

Terry bangs her mitt and Tommy throws. The ball flies over Terry's head and through the garage window.

TOMMY
Sorry...

Terry moves to Tommy.

CONTINUED:

TERRY
Don't you ever apologize for breaking something of your grandfather's.

WE HEAR the doorbell ring.

TERRY
The Cannon probably locked himself out <u>again</u>. You find the ball.

Terry exits to...

INT. GANNON HOUSE - NIGHT

Terry opens the door and Dick Slingbaugh is there carrying a LARGE BOX. Dick has a BLACK EYE where Terry hit him with the pitch.

DICK
Sorry to bother you at home but I know your team has practice tomorrow and I wanted to get you your uniforms.

TERRY
Oh... OK. Come in.

Dick enters and puts the box down on a table.

TERRY
How's the eye?

DICK
Doesn't hurt. I didn't even ice it.

TERRY
Well, I'm sorry I threw at you but you were literally a "Dick" to me.

DICK
It's OK, I get it. It's like the girls in the schoolyard punching you in the arm cause they think you're hot.

TERRY
No it isn't...

DICK
Sure it is. And so you know, I want to keep what we got here strictly on the field. I am not available.

TERRY
That won't be a problem because I find you repulsive.

CONTINUED:

DICK
No you don't. Anyway, good luck to you and your kids. You're gonna need it.

Dick exits. Terry goes to the box and opens it up. She pulls out a little league jersey and instead of it reading the "Angels" it reads the "ANGLES."

TERRY
The Angles? That guy really is a dick.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Terry moves into the garage where she finds Tommy holding the ball he threw. Tommy is in the middle of the garage and surrounding him on all sides are WALLS OF VIDEOTAPES.

TOMMY
Mom, what are all these?

Terry moves to the tapes and starts looking through them. THEY ARE LABELED - JR. Vs Georgia, JR. Vs Alabama, etc...

TERRY
Videos of every game I played in college... That sonofabitch...

Tommy moves to a shelf where there are pictures of The Cannon posing with his wife, Terry's mom, JANE. The Cannon looks youthful and happy beyond words. Tommy grabs a picture of Jane, bat in her hand, with The Cannon pressed tightly behind her, showing her how to hit.

TOMMY
Mom, is this The Cannon...?

Terry moves to Tommy and takes the picture.

TERRY
Yeah... And my mom.

TOMMY
She died when you were my age.

TERRY
Yeah...

TOMMY
She's beautiful. But this can't be The Cannon. He looks like a completely different person. Almost as if he's... Happy.

TERRY
Back then he was.

Terry sets the picture down next an old, framed, "BASEBALL DIGEST" MAGAZINE COVER.

CONTINUED:

WE SEE a young Cannon on the cover with the caption: “COULD TERRY GANNON BE THE NEXT KOUFAX?”

Tommy SEES a baseball sitting in an acrylic dome.

TOMMY
What kind of ball is this?

Terry takes the ball and looks at it. Written in faded pen, WE SEE the words: Terry Jr. Perfect Game 6/22/1987

TERRY
Unbelievable... It’s my very first game ball. The Cannon gave it to me after I pitched my first perfect game. I can’t believe he’s kept it for 25 years.

TOMMY
What’s a game ball?

TERRY
Geezus, you know nothing about baseball, do you?

TOMMY
And whose fault is that?

TERRY
Touche...
(then, re: ball)
Sometimes a coach will give a player a game ball if they play really well or if they sacrifice the most for the team.

TOMMY
And he’s kept it all these years? That’s pretty cool.

TERRY
Yeah... Pretty cool...

Off Terry smiling and admiring her ball, we...

EXT. STREET - DAY

FULL SCENE FROM THE COLD OPEN...

The Cannon gets out of his car and starts bashing the windows of the Prius in. As he bashes the back window in, A MAN, DOUG, comes running out of the house toward The Cannon.

DOUG
Hey! Stop! What the hell are doing?!

CONTINUED:

THE CANNON
If your kid ever touches my grandson again, I won't be coming back here to get him. I'm coming after you!

DOUG
What are you talking about? I don't have a kid!

The Cannon pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket.

THE CANNON
(reading)
Is this 4266 Somerset Avenue?

DOUG
No. It's 4622...!

THE CANNON
Never mind...

The Cannon drops the bat, runs to his car and peels out.

EXT. WESTLAKE LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - DAY

THE ANGLES are all sitting around the pitcher's mound. They are: Tommy, Michael, Gigi's son; ICHIRO HIDICKI, Japanese, hip, doesn't speak much English; PARVU SINGH, Indian, a Sikh, good shortstop; STEVE FRANCIS, intense, fire-bug, anti-social; DANIEL MOYER, emotional, "actory," plays the violin; OWEN ROTHCHILD, handsome, young Republican, whiny, rich; DUDLEY KOHAN, heavy, kind, catcher, great hitter; ANGEL MARTINEZ, Mexican, son of illegal immigrants, pitcher; VINCE & VANCE HODGES, twins, feisty, have each other's backs, outfielders; HUNTER WASHINGTON, African American, brilliant, non-athletic; RYAN ZIFF, cool, skater punk, great athlete.

Terry moves to the mound and looks over her team.

TERRY
Listen up... My name is Coach Gannon...

Dudley looks at The Angles logo on his jersey, then...

DUDLEY
These jerseys suck. What's an "Angle" anyway?

STEVE
Something you don't have any of.

The Kids laugh. Dudley throws his mitt at Steve.

TERRY
Cut it out...
(then)
I'll tell you what "Angles" are...
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

TERRY (CONT'D)
They’re misfits, they don’t always fit in the way they’re supposed to... Just like all of us.

Terry has their attention.

TERRY
No one in this league wants this team here. And they expect us to lose every game in spectacular fashion. And kids from other teams, even parents in the stands...

THE CAMERA PANS THE TEAM.

TERRY
They’re gonna call you fat, and weird, and foreign, and creepy, and unathletic, and weak, and gay, and crazy, and losers...
(pointing to herself)
And afraid...

Terry looks at Tommy.

TERRY
That I’m doing everything wrong.
(then, to team)
But it doesn’t have to be that way. Wouldn’t it be great, if just one time, you could take all the insults, all the bullying, all the meanness, and just wrap it up and shove it right up their asses?

The Team looks at Terry, shocked. A beat, then Daniel, the smallest player, raises his hand.

DANIEL
I do... I want to shove it up their asses.

TERRY
Anyone else...?

A beat, then all the Players raise their hands.

TERRY
The good news is, I can teach how to do that. Right here on this field. But it’s going to take hard work, and sacrifice, and above all... Being a team. Are you with me?!

TEAM
YEAH!

TERRY
Then get out there...!

CONTINUED: (2)

The Players all run from the pitcher's mound and take their places in the field. Terry moves to home plate. PARENTS are in the bleachers. Gigi waves to Terry.

GIGI
Let's go Angles!

Terry gets to home plate and Tommy moves to her carrying a brand new baseball. He holds it out to Terry.

TOMMY
Here, mom.

TERRY
You want me to hold that for you?

TOMMY
No. I bought it... For you. It's your game ball. You said a game ball goes to the person who sacrifices the most for their team... Well, you sacrificed for all of us... For me. I love you.

Terry takes the ball and fights back a tear.

TERRY
You're a helluva kid.

TOMMY
You're pretty cool, too.
(then, noticing)
Check it out...

Terry turns to SEE Vanessa behind the fence watching Tommy. Tommy waves to her and she waves back.

TERRY
Go on. Show her what you got.

Tommy runs to third base. Terry grabs a practice ball, steps up to the plate and...

TERRY
OK... Let's get one...

Terry hits a ground ball between third and short. Tommy and Parvu both go for it and smash into each other, face to face. They both go down holding their faces.

TERRY
Aw, crap...

As Terry moves to the boys, we...

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

TAG

FADE IN:

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - DAY

Vanessa and Tommy walk on the baseball field after practice.

Tommy is finishing a hot dog.

TOMMY
You make the best hot dog in town.

VANESSA
I just heat them up.

TOMMY
Oh, you know what I mean.

ANGLE ON: Terry putting equipment away in a bag.

TERRY
Tommy grab that bat and ball and let's go.

TOMMY
(To Vanessa)
Sorry, I gotta go.

Tommy runs to the pitcher's mound and picks up a ball. He turns and sees Vanessa at home plate holding the bat.

VANESSA
Pitch me one.

TOMMY
OK, but don't be mad if I strike you out. I've been practicing.

Tommy pitches the ball to Vanessa.

Vanessa CRUSHES a line drive off the fence.

ANGLE ON: Terry who's been watching.

TERRY
Geezus...
(Then, to Vanessa)
So, your name's Vanessa right?

As Terry moves toward Vanessa, we...

FADE OUT.

END SHOW.