UNTITLED CULLEN BROTHERS PILOT

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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 let baseball into your life 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?!

CONTINUED:

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

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

EXT. WESTLAKE MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

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

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

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

Danny looks adoringly at Vanessa who smiles at him. A beat, then Danny 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

EXT. WESTLAKE LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - DAY

CHYRON: **A COUPLE DAYS EARLIER**

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

Terry and Danny walk toward the field. Danny 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, Danny? You've never shown any interest in baseball before. Is this your way of rebelling after the divorce?

DANNY
Yes, I've chosen America's pastime to hurt you deeply.
(Then)
Mom, I'm fine and you have to 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?!

DANNY
You're still very funny.

TERRY
So, why baseball...?

Terry looks toward The Cannon who drinks then burps.

TERRY
(re: The Cannon)
Hold on... 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?

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

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

DANNY
Her.

CONTINUED:

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

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

TERRY
You're doing all this for a girl?

DANNY
Heck, yeah... You jealous?

TERRY
Bet your ass I am.

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

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

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

TERRY
I've already got job interviews set up so we'll move out of his house as soon as we can.

DANNY
Good news, because it smells like a urinal...

TERRY
...That monkeys sleep in.

DANNY
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 Danny his mitt. Danny tries to put the mitt on the wrong hand.

TERRY
Other hand...

DANNY
I knew that.

CONTINUED: (2)

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

Danny 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 and we made it to the championship.

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

CONTINUED: (3)

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 Danny 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 Danny. A YOUNG GIRL sits to the right of her eating a SNOW CONE.

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

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

WOMAN
Here...

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.

CONTINUED:

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.

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

TERRY
I'm Terry... Gannon. 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... Danny...

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?

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.

CONTINUED: (2)

GIGI
(pointing to field)
Anyway, I wouldn't be nervous about your Danny making a team. You're a hot momma and the Smarmy Army just loves hot mommas running around the 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 Danny's turn...

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

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

ANGLE ON: The Cannon watching Danny.

THE CANNON
Geezus, that kid stinks.

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

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

The Cannon walks away in disgust.

ANGLE ON: Dick with the other coaches. They laugh at Danny'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.

CONTINUED: (3)

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
Ooh, I like you.

INT. GANNON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

A slovenly bachelor's paradise. Neon beer signs, poker table/dining room table, dusty couch, old TV, and a beaten up 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.

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.

CONTINUED:

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 Danny?

THE CANNON
Who's Danny?

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

EXT. GANNON HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

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

TERRY
Hey buddy, whatcha' doin?

DANNY
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.

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.

CONTINUED:

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 Danny.

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!

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...
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

TERRY (CONT'D)
I don't want Danny 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 wants to play ball. 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... 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 Danny enter. Danny 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 Danny)
Twenty bucks if you can nail him.

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

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

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

END ACT ONE

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

EXT. WESTLAKE MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY (FULL SCENE FROM COLD OPEN)

Danny is walking at recess. Other KIDS are doing what kids do at recess. Danny glances TO HIS RIGHT and BAM! He SEES the beautiful Vanessa.

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

DANNY
Hey...

Vanessa turns.

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

Danny hands Vanessa the book.

DANNY
I'm Danny... Gannon.

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

DANNY
Gonna be playing this year.

VANESSA
Cool. I like, love baseball.

DANNY
You have ridiculously blue eyes.

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

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

CONTINUED:

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

DANNY
(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 Danny 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.

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

VANESSA
Why did you do that?

DANNY
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.

DANNY
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. Danny watches her, then...

DANNY
"Get our hot dog on"?

Danny 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 drive-thru speaker box.

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

Terry's cell rings again. She grabs it.

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

CONTINUED:

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? Danny 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...?! I want to stop making the wrong choices! I want to find a job that isn't work and has benefits! I want a better father. I want a home not a house. I want 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! I want my mom back. I want a childhood. I want deviant style sex with Daniel Craig. I want assurances that my son will be OK. I want to forget about baseball and 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?

CONTINUED: (2)

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 Danny who now has a black eye. The Cannon moves to them.

THE CANNON
Geezus, kid, what happened to you?

DANNY
I kissed a boy.

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

DANNY
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/DANNY
You do?

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

DANNY
Well, my kid punched me.

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 Danny, winking)
Think about it.

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

CONTINUED:

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

DANNY
What do I do with the other two?

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

Danny 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. Danny included.

DANNY (O.S.)
Danny included, what...?

Terry turns to see Danny holding three beers.

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

DANNY
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.

DANNY
It’s OK, mom...

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

DANNY
I shook one of them really hard.

The Cannon looks at his two beers.

TERRY
I’m really sorry, buddy.

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

CONTINUED: (2)

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

DANNY
Yeah. That's what makes eleven year old girls go wild.

A saddened Danny exits.

TERRY
I feel bad for 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 liked being out there. You should fix this for him.

TERRY
Right now I have another job interview. Little league will have to wait.

THE CANNON
Then maybe I'll fix it. They got a league orientation meeting tonight. Not that I checked their website to see if he was drafted or have an interest in the kid playing ball or anything. I'll go down there and talk for Donny.

TERRY
Danny. And, no you won't. I can't have people in the community knowing Danny's related to you.
(checks her watch.)
I have a little time before my interview... I'll go.

THE CANNON
Have it your way...

The Cannon pops one of his two beers. The beer SPRAYS all over him.

THE CANNON
On second thought, screw that kid...

The Cannon goes to get a rag to wipe himself off.

WE HEAR A "THUMPING" SOUND. Terry moves to a WINDOW and looks outside to see Danny throwing a ball against the side of the house.

TERRY
Oh, Danny...

CONTINUED: (3)

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 a room full of PARENTS.

GIGI
Thanks for calling me. Michael is crushed he didn't make a team. When I left he was in his room crying and writing a letter to Lady Gaga.

TERRY
I don't even know if there's anything we can do.

GIGI
Well, we are way too hot to have not gotten our boys in. I heard they took Jenn Weiner's kid and she's a pig.

Dick Slingbaugh moves to the front podium.

DICK
I understand we have some parents here whose sons didn't make the league - To that, 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, Danny, 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...

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

DICK (CONT'D)
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.

DICK
I hurt my knee the summer before tryouts and... I don’t have to do this. Look, I’m sorry your son wasn’t good enough to make it. 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. No talking to this pendejo.

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

CONTINUED: (2)

DICK
Yes. I am. Good night.

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...

DICK
You're embarrassing yourself now.

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
Well, 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 aren't quite up to your standards.

DICK
You? Against me...?

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

GIGI
Hey! There's a bet on the table. Now, the only question here is, are you man to take it, Dick?

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

The Parents applaud with excitement. Terry grabs Gigi's flask and takes a long sip. Off Terry, we...

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT THREE

EXT. WESTLAKE LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - DAY (FULL SCENE FROM 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 let baseball into your life 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 Danny, 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: Danny and The Cannon stand watching at the fence on the third base side. The Cannon SEES Danny looking at David and Vanessa.

THE CANNON
That the kid who punched you?

DANNY
In all his jerkish glory.

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

THE CANNON
(re: David)
Here's what we do... I distract him then you walk up behind him and bash his knees in. Old school...

CONTINUED:

DANNY
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. You're all soft. Allergic to every damn thing. Need pills and inhalers just to get through a day. Pretending a thousand idiots like you on that Facebook...

DANNY
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?

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.

THE CROWD
Ooh...!

Dick goes down hard holding his face.

ANGLE ON: The Cannon and Danny.

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 Danny and The Cannon.

TERRY
(to The Cannon)
So, maybe I do like the power.
(then, to Danny)
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

TERRY (CONT'D)
Looks like we've got ourselves a team.

Danny 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.

Danny looks at Vanessa who smiles at him. Then...

VANESSA
(re: Terry)
Oh, I want to play for her.

Off the Gannon family walking from the field, we...

EXT. GANNON HOUSE, BACKYARD - NIGHT

Terry and Danny are about to play catch.

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

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

DANNY
Sorry...

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.

CONTINUED:

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.

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 Danny holding the ball he threw. Danny is in the middle of the garage and surrounding him on all sides are WALLS OF VIDEOTAPES.

DANNY
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...

CONTINUED:

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

Danny 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. Danny grabs a picture of Jane, bat in her hand, with The Cannon pressed tightly behind her, showing her how to hit.

DANNY
Mom, is this The Cannon...?

Terry moves to Danny and takes the picture.

TERRY
Yeah... And my mom.

DANNY
She died when you were my age.

TERRY
Yeah...

DANNY
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. WE SEE a young Cannon on the cover with the caption: "COULD TERRY GANNON BE THE NEXT KOUFAX?"

Danny SEES a baseball sitting in an acrylic dome.

DANNY
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.

DANNY
What's a game ball?

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

CONTINUED: (2)

DANNY
And whose fault is that?

TERRY
Touche... Sometimes a coach will give a player a game ball if they play really well or if they sacrifice the most for the team.

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

TERRY
Yeah... Pretty cool...

EXT. STREET - DAY (FULL SCENE FROM 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.

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

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 out in the field. They are: Danny, Michael, SHINJO HIDICKI, PARVU SINGH, STEVE FRANCIS, HERBIE MOYER, OWEN ROTHCHILD, DUDLEY KOHAN, ANGEL MARTINEZ, VINCE & VANCE HODGES, HUNTER WASHINGTON, and RYAN ZIFF.

CONTINUED:

Terry walks with Danny toward home plate with a bat. She turns to SEE Vanessa behind the fence watching Danny. Danny waves to her and she waves back.

TERRY
First practice. Go on. Show her what you got.

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

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

Terry hits a ground ball between third and short. Danny and Parvu both go for it and SMASH INTO EACH OTHER, face to face. They both go down holding their faces.

TERRY
Aw, crap...

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD, OUTFIELD - DAY

Steve, holding a book of matches, strikes and flicks one after another onto the grass. He's started a tiny fire.

The CAMERA WIDENS TO REVEAL Terry watching. She turns on SPRINKLERS which soak Steve and puts out the little fire.

TERRY
No matches!

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD, SECOND BASE - DAY

Terry approaches Hunter and Owen who are sitting in the dirt, legs crossed. They have carved out a checker board design in the infield dirt.

TERRY
What are you two doing?

OWEN
We're playing dirt chess.

TERRY
Five laps. Go. Now!

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD, HOME PLATE - DAY

Terry is at home plate. She yells to Steve who has the ball at first base but doesn't know what to do.

TERRY
Throw it home! Throw it!

Steve throws the ball toward home. It whistle by Terry uncaught. Terry looks around.

CONTINUED:

TERRY
Where the hell's my catcher?

The CAMERA ANGLES to reveal DUDLEY at the side gate paying a DELIVERY GUY for a PIZZA.

TERRY
Dudley, what are you doing?

DUDLEY
Relax, lady...

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD, THIRD BASE - DAY

SHINJO is fielding third base. He looks toward Angel who barrels toward him from second base. As he get near, Shinjo, grabs Angel and gives him a JUDO FLIP. Terry runs over.

TERRY
Shinjo, no! Why did you do that?

SHINJO
He was trying to attack me.

TERRY
No... He's a base runner... He was just... Let's try you in the outfield.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD, OUTFIELD - DAY

The team is lined up taking turns to catch fly balls from Terry. Ryan makes a catch. Michael runs up and slaps him on the butt.

MICHAEL
Nice catch.

Vance steps up and misses his catch. Michael runs up and slaps Vance on the butt.

MICHAEL
Nice catch...

Herbie gets ready to field a fly ball. Michael runs up and slaps him on the butt.

MICHAEL
Nice catch.

HERBIE
She didn't hit it yet.

MICHAEL
My bad.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD, DUGOUT - DAY

Parvu sits in the dugout and takes a big drag off his INHALER. Terry enters and sits down next to the kid.

TERRY
How you feeling?

PARVU
Everyone says I'm fine. But, I know I'm sick. It's just a matter of time, you know?

TERRY
Good talk.

Terry gets up and exits.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD, MOUND - DAY

The team is gathered on one knee around Terry.

TERRY
So... A couple of things we talked about today that I want you to focus on before next practice - Gotta wear your shoes. All the time.

STEVE
Even in the bathroom?

TERRY
Let's play it safe - all the time. Also, no phone calls when you're out in the field.

ALL PLAYERS
What about texts?

TERRY
No texts.
(then)
And lastly, I don't know why I even have to address this - There are no ghosts in the outfield...

VANCE
You calling me a liar?

TERRY
No ghosts. Never have been. Never will be.
(then)
Any questions?

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

CONTINUED:

RYAN
Something you don't have any of.

The Kids laugh. Dudley throws his mitt at Ryan.

TERRY
Cut it out...
(then)
I'll tell you what "Angles" are... They're misfits, they don't always fit in the way they're supposed to... Just like all of us. No one in this league wants this team here. They expect us to lose every game. And kids from the other teams... They're gonna call you fat, and weird, and foreign, and creepy, and unathletic, and weak, and gay, and crazy, and scared...

Terry looks at Danny.

TERRY
So, 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?

Daniel, the smallest player, raises his hand.

DANNY
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. Now, are you with me?!

TEAM
YEAH!

Terry puts her hand out.

TERRY
OK! Everyone in. Angles on three...

The team all put there hands on top of Terry's.

CONTINUED: (2)

TERRY
One, two, three... Angles! See you Tuesday.

The Players all exit. Danny moves to Terry carrying a brand new baseball. He holds it out.

DANNY
Here, mom.

TERRY
You want me to hold that for you?

DANNY
No. It's for you. It's your game ball. You said a game ball goes to the person who sacrifices the most for their team... Well, after that mess, clearly you've sacrificed the most for all of us. I want you to know... I love you.

Terry takes the ball and fights a tear.

TERRY
You're a helluva kid.

Terry and Danny hug for a moment, then...

TERRY
Grab those balls off the mound and let's get out of here.

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

DANNY
Vanessa... Hey.

VANESSA
Pitch me one.

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

Danny pitches the ball to Vanessa and she CRUSHES a line drive over his head. ANGLE ON: Terry who's been watching.

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

As Terry moves toward Vanessa, we...

END ACT THREE

TAG

INT. GANNON HOUSE - DAY

Tommy bops downstairs and into the KITCHEN. He moves to the fridge and grabs a soft drink CAN from it. He opens the can and it explodes all over him.

The Canon enters and does a sort of “gotcha” dance fist-pumping thing...

THE CANNON
Suck on that, bitch...
(Then)
Like a Salmon, I never forget.

And on The Cannon’s infantile celebration, we...

FADE OUT.

END TAG