

JUST THE TEN OF US

"Connie At The Bat"

written by

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<http://www-jimmysvoice.com/thelostepisodes>

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CAST

GRAHAM LUBBOCK.....BILL KIRCHENBAUER  
ELIZABETH LUBBOCK.....DEBORAH HARMON  
MARIE LUBBOCK.....HEATHER LANGENKAMP  
CINDY LUBBOCK.....JAMIE LUNER  
WENDY LUBBOCK.....BROOKE THEISS  
CONNIE LUBBOCK.....JO ANN WILLETTE  
J.R. LUBBOCK.....MATT SHAKMAN  
SHERRY LUBBOCK.....HEIDI ZEIGLER

GUEST CAST

GAVIN DOOSLER.....EVAN ARNOLD  
FATHER BUD.....LOU RICHARDS

COLD OPEN

EXT. FRONT YARD - DUSK

CONNIE AND GRAHAM ARE PLAYING A PICK-UP BASKETBALL GAME

GRAHAM  
(talking to himself)

Tie game. Lubbock has the ball. Can he  
be the hero?

CONNIE

Don't even think about it, Dad! I'm  
covering you like white on rice.

GRAHAM

Yeah, right! You're covering me like  
bad car insurance.

GRAHAM TAKES A SHOT. HE MAKES IT.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Yeah, baby! Two points.

THEY CONTINUE PLAY.

CONNIE

Come on! That was the luckiest shot  
I've ever seen!

GRAHAM

You kidding? I'm a regular Michael  
Jordan.

CONNIE

Puhleeze! You shoot more like Michael  
Jackson!

GRAHAM

Hmph! When you add my baseball skills,  
I think I'm more like Bo Jackson.

CONNIE

You play more like Andrew Jackson!

GRAHAM

You think I play like Old Hickory?!

CONNIE

You have all the moves of an old  
hickory, and are just as wide!

ELIZABETH OPENS THE FRONT DOOR

ELIZABETH

Hey, you guys! It's time for dinner!

GRAHAM

All right! Better luck next time,  
Connie.

GRAHAM GOES INSIDE. CONNIE LOOKS ANNOYED.

CONNIE

I was this close! Defeated by dinner,  
again.

ROLL OPEN

ACT I

INT. ST. AUGIE'S HALLWAY

THE FOUR GIRLS STAND IN FRONT OF A BULLETIN BOARD FULL OF  
SIGN-UP SHEETS FOR VARIOUS ACTIVITIES

WENDY

Ugh. Look at all these lame  
activities. Rowing. Archery. Poetry.  
What kind of dorks sign up for this  
stuff?

DOOSLER WALKS UP TO THE BULLETIN BOARD

DOOSLER

Wow! Poetry! Sign me up!

DOOSLER PRINTS HIS NAME ON THE SHEET AND WALKS AWAY

WENDY

Ask a stupid question. Get a stupid  
answer.

MARIE

Come on, there's got to be something  
interesting on here.

MARIE PAUSES BRIEFLY TO LOOK AT THE BOARD

MARIE (CONT'D)  
(excited)

Oh look! A guilt club!

MARIE PRINTS HER NAME ON THE SHEET

CONNIE  
(disbelieving)

A guilt club?! What is a...oh, never  
mind.

CINDY

Are you going to sign up for anything,  
Connie?

CONNIE

Nah. I think I'm better off just  
keeping to myself.

THE BELL RINGS

WENDY

Oh, time for class. Are you coming,  
Connie?

CONNIE

Yeah, I'll catch up with you.

THE GIRLS, MINUS CONNIE, LEAVE. CONNIE STICKS AROUND TO  
PERUSE THE BOARD.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

There's got to be something on here.

Fencing? No. Drama? I've got enough of  
that at home. Baseball???

CONNIE THINKS FOR A MOMENT

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Hey, what's the worst that could  
happen? At least it's not guilt club.

CONNIE PRINTS HER NAME ON THE BASEBALL SHEET. SHE WALKS AWAY  
TO CLASS.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

GRAHAM IS SITTING ON THE COUCH, PREPARED TO WATCH TV, TAKING  
INVENTORY OF HIS REFRESHMENTS.

GRAHAM

Rinds? Check. Red Vines? Check.

Rolling Rock? Check. Remote? Check.

GRAHAM PRESSES THE REMOTE, "ROUNDBALL ROCK" BEGINS PLAYING ON THE TV, RIGHT AS MARIE ENTERS THE HOUSE. SHE BEGINS HAVING A PAVLOVIAN RESPONSE TO THE MUSIC.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(on TV)

"This is the N-B-A on N-B-C"

MARIE

\*shrieks in excitement\*

MARIE RUNS TO THE COUCH, PRACTICALLY FLYING ONTO IT, EVENTUALLY LANDING NEXT TO A VERY SURPRISED GRAHAM

GRAHAM

Marie? You really like basketball that much?

MARIE

Well, I really like Bob.

GRAHAM

Bob Cousy?

MARIE

No.

GRAHAM

Bob McAdoo? Bob Lanier?

MARIE

(amorous)

No...Costas...

MARIE BITES HARD ON HER RIGHT INDEX FINGER IN SHEER EXCITEMENT AS SHE WATCHES WHO APPEARS TO BE HER BIGGEST CRUSH. GRAHAM PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HER SYMPATHETICALLY.

GRAHAM

You know, Marie; you're weird.

CINDY, CONNIE, AND WENDY ENTER THE HOUSE

WENDY

Hiyee!

GRAHAM

Hold it right there, young lady.

WENDY

(frantically defensive)

Dad, I was nowhere near Old Johnson Road, last night! I swear!

GRAHAM

Not you...I'll talk to you about that later. I'm talking to Connie.

CONNIE

What did I do?

GRAHAM

Come on, Connie, you didn't think I'd notice. Come in the kitchen.

GRAHAM GETS UP TO WALK TO THE KITCHEN

WENDY

Oh, Connie really stepped in it this time.

GRAHAM

And you two go upstairs. Let's leave Marie alone with...Bob.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

GRAHAM AND CONNIE ENTER

CONNIE

What is it, Dad?

GRAHAM

What is it?!

GRAHAM RETRIEVES THE BASEBALL SIGN-UP SHEET

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Is this your name on the sign-up sheet  
for the baseball team?

CONNIE  
(defensive)

Well...yes, it is. That is my name. I  
want to be on the baseball team.

GRAHAM

You want to be on the baseball team?!

CONNIE  
(despaired)

Oh, I knew this would happen.

CONNIE SITS AT THE KITCHEN TABLE IN A HUFF, AND THEN STARTS  
TALKING IN A "MAN" VOICE

CONNIE (CONT'D)

"There are no girls in baseball. Go do  
some knitting or whatever it is you  
girls do. You can't be on the team."

CONNIE PUTS HER HEAD ON THE TABLE IN REMORSE.

GRAHAM

Connie, you are on the team.

CONNIE PICKS HER HEAD UP

CONNIE  
(hopeful)

I am?!

GRAHAM  
Of course, Connie! You're every bit as  
good as those stinkin' boys are.  
Granted, that damning you with faint  
praise.

CONNIE  
You don't care that I'm not a boy.

GRAHAM  
No, not at all!

CONNIE HUGS GRAHAM

CONNIE  
Oh, thank you, Daddy!

GRAHAM  
Sure. We practice in an hour.

CONNIE  
(incredulous)  
An hour?!

FLIP TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

CONNIE AND GRAHAM ARE ON THE FIELD, READY TO PRACTICE

GRAHAM  
Alright Connie; it's time for your  
first practice. And I'm going to show  
you everything I know.

CONNIE

Okay! What's first? Slugging?

Pitching?

GRAHAM

Nope.

GRAHAM TAKES OUT A BAG OF SUNFLOWER SEEDS

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Spitting. Take a handful.

CONNIE

What?

GRAHAM

Take a handful and start chewing.

GRAHAM AND CONNIE TAKE SOME SEEDS AND START CHEWING

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(with his mouth full)

Now, as soon as you get done with the good part, take the shell, and hock-pooey!

CONNIE

(with her mouth full)

Dad?!

GRAHAM

(yelling)

Hock-pooey, Connie, now!

GRAHAM AND CONNIE BOTH SPIT OUT THEIR SEEDS

CONNIE

What was that for?!

GRAHAM

Fitting in. Once you establish  
yourself as one of the guys, they'll  
be far less likely to ask you out.  
Okay, next exercise.

GRAHAM IS NOW STANDING ON THE PITCHERS MOUND

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Okay, Connie. It's time to practice  
hitting some crazy pitches. Here comes  
the patented Lubbock lob-ball! I'd  
like to see you hit this one!

GRAHAM MAKES A STRANGE, WINDING PITCH; KIND OF A CROSS  
BETWEEN A KUNCKLEBALL AND BILL DOING AN IMPRESSION OF THE  
MATTERHORN AT DISNEYLAND. GRAHAM MAKES THE PITCH, A CRACK OF  
THE BAT IS HEARD, AND THE BALL ZOOMS INTO GRAHAM'S MID-  
SECTION. HE PROMPTLY FALLS TO HIS KNEES. CONNIE RUNS TO HER  
FATHER'S AID.

CONNIE  
(concerned)

Dad! Are you okay?!

GRAHAM  
(struggling)

Yeah...I'm fine...it's just...my  
internal organs.

CONNIE

Well, on the bright side, we can  
always send that to America's Funniest  
Home Videos.

GRAHAM  
(suddenly lucid)

And be on A-B-C?! Forget it!

GRAHAM IS NOW STANDING AT HOME PLATE, CONNIE AT SECOND BASE.  
THEY RAISE THEIR VOICE TO BE HEARD.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

All right! Time to practice fielding.  
I'm going to send this ball towards  
the warning track, and you're going to  
run and catch it.

CONNIE

Easy pickings.

GRAHAM

That's what you think!

GRAHAM REVEALS HIS HOMEMADE SLINGSHOT

CONNIE

What's that?

GRAHAM

A slingshot. I made it in the basement  
last night, and I've got three  
lacerations to prove it.

CONNIE

Shouldn't you see a doctor about that?  
That sounds serious.

GRAHAM

Not as serious as winning the city  
championship. If you can keep up with  
this, you can keep up with the cleanup  
hitter.

GRAHAM SLINGS THE BALL TOWARDS CENTERFIELD. CONNIE SPRINTS TO  
CATCH UP WITH IT.

SHE REACHES OUT FOR THE BALL WHEN A GOLDEN RETRIEVER EVENTUALLY OUTFRONS HER AND GETS THE BALL FOR HIMSELF. THE DOG PROMPTLY RUNS OFF.

CONNIE

Hey!

GRAHAM

You mangy mutt! Give us back our ball!

GRAHAM STARTS RUNNING PAST THE PITCHER'S MOUND. OFF-SCENE, THE DOG GROWLS AT GRAHAM, AND THEN STARTS BARKING AND CHASING HIM. GRAHAM NOW RUNS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION PAST THE PITCHER'S MOUND, HOLDING HIS CAP AGAINST HIS HEAD.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Oh geez! Down boy! Sit! Stay! Shake!

Heel! Roll over!

THE DAYTIME SKY HAS TURNED TO DUSK. GRAHAM AND CONNIE HAVE RETURNED TO HOME PLATE.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

All right! No more funny business. I want to see how hard you can hit this ball.

CONNIE

You're not going to give me another low pitch, are you? I don't think you can take another line drive to the solar plexus.

GRAHAM

No, Connie. Just a simple fastball.

Here it comes!

GRAHAM WINDS UP AND PITCHES. CONNIE SWINGS AND MAKES CONTACT. THE BALL GOES HIGH AND LONG, PAST THE INFIELD, TOWARDS THE WARNING TRACK, AND FINALLY A GOOD 20 FEET PAST THE FENCE. GRAHAM LETS OUT AN OUTBURST OF EXUBERANCE.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
(exuberant)

Wow! How did you do that?!

CONNIE  
(impressed with herself)

I just gave it a good swing.

GRAHAM

Can you do that again?!

CONNIE  
(suddenly doubtful)

I don't know.

GRAHAM

Well, here comes the same pitch.

GRAHAM WINDS UP AND PITCHES AGAIN. ANOTHER LOUD CRACK IS HEARD. GRAHAM LOOKS UP AT ANOTHER HARD HIT BALL. GRAHAM GETS EXCITED.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I don't believe it! My own daughter, a super slugger! Can you do that one more time?!

CONNIE  
(confident)

Give me all you got!

GRAHAM

Okay!

GRAHAM PITCHES AGAIN. CONNIE SWINGS AGAIN. SHE MAKES CONTACT AGAIN AND SENDS ANOTHER BALL HIGH AND LONG. GRAHAM LOOKS UP AS IT PASSES OVER HIM. THE BALL EVENTUALLY LANDS...THROUGH A CAR'S WINDSHIELD. A MASSIVE CRASH IS HEARD, AND A CAR ALARM STARTS GOING OFF. GRAHAM CRINGES, BUT THEN SMILES AND RUNS TO CONNIE.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Connie! Do you know what this means?!

CONNIE

That you're going to dock my allowance  
until I pay for that guys windshield?

GRAHAM

No! It means...you are going to be my  
starting cleanup hitter.

Congratulations.

CONNIE

Oh, thank you, Dad!

GRAHAM

You're very welcome; and you can work  
to pay off that guys windshield.

GRAHAM WALKS OFF, CONNIE SHOWS A LOOK OF ANNOYANCE

FADE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

GRAHAM IS TALKING ABOUT CONNIE'S EXPLOITS TO ELIZABETH WHO IS  
MAKING DINNER

GRAHAM

You should have seen her, Elizabeth!  
She was slugging that ball like it  
stole her purse!

ELIZABETH

Graham, that's amazing! I had no idea  
our daughter was so athletic.

GRAHAM

And she's a grade-A fielder, too; she  
had center field covered like a  
blanket on a pig.

ELIZABETH

Oh, I'm so proud of her. Where is she anyway?

GRAHAM

Oh, she's back at the school getting to know the rest of the team.

ELIZABETH

(taken aback)

Graham, it's not like you to leave one of our daughters alone with a bunch of boys.

GRAHAM

(bursting with pride)

Hey, I have an entire arsenal of baseball bats at my disposal, they'll behave themselves...Think about it, Elizabeth. Our daughter, a true pioneer, breaking glass ceilings no one thought could be broken. A Gold Glover, a Silver Slugger, a Palladium Power Spitter! I don't know about you, Elizabeth, but this...this is the best day of my life.

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

A GROUP OF BOYS ARE SEEN AFFIXING SOMETHING TO THE GYMNASIUM WALL, THEY'RE ALL HOLDING DUCT TAPE, AS WELL AS SHAVING CREAM AND OTHER RANDOM SUBSTANCES. THEY SOON RUN OFF, REVEALING CONNIE: SHE HAS BEEN TAPED TO THE WALL, UPSIDE DOWN, COVERED IN SHAVING CREAM AND PINE TAR; ALL IN SOME TYPE OF APPARENT HAZING RITUAL.

CONNIE  
(annoyed)

This is the worst day of my life.

END OF ACT I

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ACT II

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

THE FAMILY, SANS CONNIE, ARE AT THE TABLE WAITING TO EAT DINNER.

J.R.

Hey, pass the potatoes, Mom.

ELIZABETH

Hold on, J.R. Connie still isn't back, yet.

GRAHAM

Yeah, J.R. Let's show some respect for our new champion athlete.

CONNIE WALKS INTO THE KITCHEN FROM THE BACK DOOR, COVERED IN PINE TAR AND SHAVING CREAM

ELIZABETH

Connie?! What happened to you?

CONNIE  
(sarcastic)

Oh, nothing. Just a little "initiation ritual".

CONNIE USES AIR QUOTES

GRAHAM

So the team has taken you in?

CONNIE  
(sarcastic)

Oh, you bet! They're just so pleased to share a team with Constance Lubbock.

GRAHAM  
(excited)

They are?!

CONNIE  
(sarcastic)

Yes indeedy! I'm just one of the guys  
now!

GRAHAM  
(oblivious)

All right!

CONNIE

Yeah! I'm never playing baseball  
again!

CONNIE GOES INTO THE LIVING ROOM

GRAHAM

That's the spi...hey, hey, wait a  
minute!

GRAHAM FOLLOWS CONNIE INTO THE LIVING ROOM. ELIZABETH AND THE  
REST LOOK AT THE FOOD ON THE TABLE.

ELIZABETH

This could take a while. Let's just  
eat.

THE REMAINING FAMILY STARTS EATING

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CONNIE APPROACHES THE COUCH, GRAHAM STOPS HER

GRAHAM

Hold on, Connie.

CONNIE

(upset)

What?! Let me guess, "Oh, there's no quitting in baseball."

GRAHAM

Well, actually I was going to tell you not to sit on the couch. That pine tar you're covered in doesn't come out of upholstery.

CONNIE

Dad?! Don't you even care what they did to me?!

GRAHAM

You mean celebrating the addition of the best slugger we've had in years?

CONNIE

What kind of people celebrate someone by covering them in pine tar?!

GRAHAM

You're lucky. When I got initiated into the football team they covered me in bad mayonnaise. At least you have a pine-fresh scent.

CONNIE

Did they also tape you to the wall, and constantly tell you how they don't want you on the team?!

GRAHAM COMES TO REALIZATION

GRAHAM

No. No, they didn't. That's what they did to you?!

CONNIE

Yes! The minute I told them I was going to bat cleanup, they turned on me like Benedict Arnold.

GRAHAM

Well, I'm going to have a little talk with the team about that, Connie.

CONNIE

A talk?! A talk?! They abuse your own daughter behind your back, and you're going to have...a talk?!

GRAHAM

Hey, it's not like they kissed you or anything.

CONNIE

Uuuuuuuuuuuugggggggh!!!!

CONNIE RUSHES UP THE STAIRS IN A HUFF. GRAHAM JUST STANDS IN PLACE, AT LOSS FOR WORDS AND IDEAS.

FADE TO:

INT. LUBBOCK GIRLS' ROOM - NIGHT

CINDY, MARIE, AND WENDY ARE IN THEIR ROOM PREPARING FOR BED

CINDY

What's a gutter?

WENDY

Are you serious?! It's the thing that  
collects rain from off of the roof.

CINDY

I thought it was the thing that  
bowling balls landed in when you  
missed.

WENDY

They're both gutters.

CONNIE WALKS UP THE STAIRS VIGOROUSLY DRYING HER HAIR WITH A  
TOWEL

CONNIE

Ugh. I can't get this pine tar smell  
off of me. I smell like I just got  
hugged by the Brawny man.

MARIE

Ooooh, lucky.

CONNIE GIVES MARIE A LOOK OF ANNOYANCE

CONNIE

(snarky)

Marie, isn't there something in the  
bible about coveting thy man on the  
paper towels.

MARIE

Oh no, you're right.

MARIE PROMPTLY GOES INTO THE CORNER TO PRAY

CINDY

What is this about the Brawny man?

CONNIE

Oh, nothing. I just got covered in pine tar and shaving cream by the baseball team.

WENDY

(stunned and impressed)

The baseball team did what?! Wow, Connie, I didn't know you were freaky like that!

CONNIE

No, you idiot. I joined the baseball team, or at least I tried to. Before they gave me the heave-ho.

CINDY

Why would Dad kick you off the team?

CONNIE

He didn't do it. The team did it. They don't want a girl on their team.

CINDY

Well, girls can't play baseball anyway. Good night!

WENDY

Cindy! Don't you see we have a case of blatant sexual discrimination. Today, they kick Connie off the boys baseball team. The next they'll kick me out of the boys locker room.

CONNIE

Wendy, they've done that already.

Twice this month alone.

WENDY

Well, my point still stands.

CONNIE

Just forget it. I'm just going to sit  
in the dugout and just wait for the  
season to end.

CONNIE WALKS TO HER BED AND LIES DOWN FACE FIRST

FADE TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

GRAHAM BRIEFS THE MALE MEMBERS OF THE TEAM IN FRONT OF THE  
DUGOUT

GRAHAM

Okay, Marshall, you're batting first.  
Bradley, you're second. Dorff, you're  
third. And batting fourth...uh, I'll  
get back to you on that.

THE TEAM DISPERSES AND GRAHAM GOES TO THE DUGOUT WHERE CONNIE  
IS SITTING ALONE

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Connie. You're not really going to sit  
in the dugout all day, are you?

CONNIE

What? Your little talk didn't work?

GRAHAM

(sympathetic)

Connie, please.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

What did you want me to do, kick the whole team off and forfeit the season?

CONNIE

Well, what would you have done if they kissed me?

GRAHAM

They'd still be on the team; they'd just all be in the choir as falsettos.

CONNIE

What's the point? They don't want me on the team, why should I want to?

GRAHAM STARTS TO SPEAK, BUT CONNIE INTERRUPTS

CONNIE (CONT'D)

...and if you're planning on giving me a sappy speech on how women can do anything men can do, just save it.

GRAHAM TRIES TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO SAY, BUT CAN'T. HE SIMPLY MAKES HIS WAY ONTO THE FIELD. MEANWHILE, FATHER BUD IS SITTING BEHIND HOME PLATE WITH HIS TAPE RECORDER.

FATHER BUD

And it's a beautiful day for Hippos baseball, as they take on Eureka East.

Here comes the first pitch.

THE PITCH FLIES OVER THE BATTER AND SMASHES INTO THE CHAIN LINK BEHIND HOME. THE BATTER ADVANCES.

FATHER BUD (CONT'D)

Just a bit high.

ANOTHER OPPOSING PLAYER MAKES A BIG HIT

FATHER BUD (CONT'D)

That one is long and far and I don't think it's playable. And Eureka East jump to five-nothing lead.

A HIPPOS PLAYER STEPS INTO THE BATTERS BOX.

FATHER BUD (CONT'D)

Bottom of the first, let's see if the Hippos can answer.

THE BATTER WHIFFS, BADLY. A COUPLE MORE PITCHES ALSO END UP IN THE OPPOSING PITCHER'S GLOVE.

FATHER BUD (CONT'D)

Ouch! A rough go for St. Augie's, they go down in just nine pitches to retire the side.

THE FAMILY, MINUS GRAHAM AND CONNIE, ARE SITTING IN THE BLEACHERS.

ELIZABETH

Okay, guys. Don't fret. I'm sure this new pitcher can turn things around.

A STRONG CRACK OF THE BAT IS HEARD

SHERRY

Maybe not.

J.R.

I've never seen a movie monster as ugly as this game.

WENDY

I've never had a date as boring as this game.

CINDY

I've never been to a K-Mart before.

WENDY

What does that have to do with the game?!

CINDY

I just want to participate.

ELIZABETH

Hey. It's bottom of the second, we should be seeing Connie up next.

FATHER BUD

Now, batting fourth for St. Augustine's: Gavin Doosler.

GAVIN STEPS INTO THE BOX

WENDY

Doosler?!

MARIE

Where's Connie?!

SHERRY

Isn't that the one sitting alone in the dugout?

ELIZABETH

Oh no.

FATHER BUD

And here comes the pitch...

GAVIN SWINGS, BUT IMMEDIATELY LOSES HIS GRIP ON THE BAT. IT FLIES VERTICALLY INTO THE AIR BEFORE DESCENDING TOWARDS THE BLEACHERS AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

SHERRY

Look out!

EVERYONE DISPERSES TOWARDS THE EDGES OF THE BLEACHERS.  
DOOSLER'S BAT LANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BLEACHERS WITH A  
METALLIC BANG.

DOOSLER

Wow! I almost held on that time!

ATTENTION TURNS TO THE SCOREBOARD AS EUREKA EAST CONTINUES TO  
PUT UP BIG, CROOKED NUMBERS ON THEIR TALLY; WHILE ST. AUGIE'S  
CONTINUES TO PUT UP ROUND ZEROS. GRAHAM RETURNS TO THE DUGOUT  
TO TALK TO CONNIE.

GRAHAM

Connie. It's the bottom of the ninth.  
We're down thirty-seven to zip. Can't  
you let me put you in as a pinch  
hitter so we can at least break up  
their no-hitter.

CONNIE

For what? So they can resent me even  
more? Pass.

GRAHAM SITS DOWN NEXT TO CONNIE

GRAHAM

Connie, I think it's time that I teach  
you something very valuable.

CONNIE

If it's about believing in myself or  
any of that crap, I don't want to hear  
it.

GRAHAM

No. Instead, I'm going to teach you about the most powerful emotion in the human psyche.

CONNIE  
(dismissive)

What? "Confidence"?

GRAHAM

Nope! Spite.

CONNIE

Spite?

GRAHAM

You see, Connie; they don't want you here. Nothing would make them angrier than if you went out there and showed all of them up.

CONNIE

That's why I'm sitting here, isn't it?

GRAHAM

No, it's exactly why you should get up and go out there. You don't like them? Then get even with them; in the most vicious way imaginable: by forcing them to get outplayed by a girl.

CONNIE SLOWLY PERKS UP AS GRAHAM'S SPEECH RESONATES WITH HER

CONNIE

Yeah. Spite!

GRAHAM

So what do you say? One at-bat?

CONNIE

Let's cream 'em.

FATHER BUD

And a late change coming in, now pinch

hitting for St. Augie's: Connie

Lubbock.

CONNIE TAKES THE BATTERS BOX. MOST OF THE FAMILY CHEER HER ON, J.R. EXCEPTED.

MARIE

Let's go Connie!

CINDY

Yeah! Hit that pigskin!

CONNIE SWINGS AT THE FIRST PITCH

FATHER BUD

Ooh. Strike one.

CONNIE REFOCUSES HER EFFORTS AND SWINGS AT THE NEXT PITCH.

FATHER BUD (CONT'D)

Oh! And Lubbock is now in a hole at oh-  
and-two.

CONNIE LOOKS AT GRAHAM

GRAHAM

(nervously hopeful)

Come on, Connie. One more swing.

CONNIE LOOKS INTENTLY AS THE PITCHER WINDS UP. HE MAKES THE PITCH. CONNIE WATCHES THE BALL SLOWLY APPROACH HER, WHEN SHE MAKES ONE LAST SWING. SHE MAKES CONTACT. A LOUD CRACK RINGS OUT. THE BALL ASCENDS FAR INTO THE AIR.

FATHER BUD

...and that's hit hard into deep right center. Someone is running to the warning track to catch it, but I don't think he will. That...one...is...gone!

THE BALL FLIES OVER THE FENCE. THE FAMILY IS ON THEIR FEET. GRAHAM IS ECSTATIC. CONNIE PUMPS HER FIST AS SHE ROUNDS THE BASES. THE TEAM, WHO HAVE SEEMINGLY COME AROUND ON CONNIE, WAIT TO MOB HER AT HOME PLATE. SHE JUMPS ONTO HOME PLATE. THEY PICK HER UP ON HER BACK AND CARRY HER OFF THE FIELD.

CONNIE

You like me! You really like me!

THE OPPOSING COACH RUNS UP TO GRAHAM.

OPPOSING COACH

Hey! There's still one out left!

GRAHAM

Oh, who cares?!

GRAHAM RUNS TO JOIN THE TEAM AS THEY CARRY CONNIE OFF

TEAM

(chanting)

We're not the worst! We're not the worst! Hippos go! Honk! Honk! Honk!

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT II