

Mo/Jimmy

Mo is the flirtatious one, always wanting to be the center of attention. She's got a chip on her shoulder where Georgie is concerned because Georgie (in her mind) always had everything handed to her—and everything just happened to be exactly what Mo wanted for herself. Mo is the most forward of the bunch, and she wants Jimmy Benson to write a story about her and make her the star of the league. (And she's not afraid to tell him so.)

Jimmy Benson is a reporter for the Sun-Times who just can't get on board with the idea of girls playing professional baseball. His columns are often condescending and a little on the mean side, and the girls aren't happy he's trying to make them a laughing-stock. Jimmy is the last hold-out in coming around to the idea that they might actually be legitimate ballplayers, but really, at this point, he's just looking for a story.

SIS

Hey, ain't that that reporter over there? The one who thinks we're a joke?

Mo follows her gaze to the bar, where Jimmy is standing, talking with Marty. He catches her eye and straightens a little.

PEPPER

It sure is, I'm gonna give him a piece of my mind.

Pepper starts off toward Jimmy, and Mo stops her.

MO

Let me handle him, girls.

She saunters over and wedges herself right between Jimmy and Marty. They react.

MO

Gentlemen. *(making herself comfortable)* Which one of you is going to buy me a drink?

JIMMY

I thought you girls weren't allowed to drink in public. Isn't that one of the rules?

MO

What, you never missed a deadline before?

MARTY

(gets the bartender's attention) She'll have...

MO

A Singapore Sling, if you don't mind.

JIMMY doesn't say anything, but he's taken with her, a fact she is well aware of.

MO

(nonchalantly) Saw the latest article you wrote.

JIMMY

That right?

MO

'Doesn't matter how beautiful a dame is, looks can't catch a line drive.'

JIMMY

You quoting me now?

The bartender slides her drink across the bar. She looks at Marty, who raises his eyebrows, expecting a thank you. She shimmies onto a barstool, but faces Jimmy. He's the one she wants to win over. Marty gets the hint and skulks off. Jimmy shifts, slightly uncomfortable at being left alone with her.

MO

Let me guess. Your boss is making you cover the league?

JIMMY

Something like that.

MO

And you're not happy about it.

JIMMY takes a drink.

MO

Because we're just girls who can't hit like the boys can.

JIMMY

Something like that. *(A beat)* Say, maybe you *could* help me.

MO

Maybe I can.

JIMMY

I'm looking for a real story, something on one of the players. Know anyone with an interesting past—something that readers would want to know about?

MO

(she says this without thinking) Like a girl who abandoned her fiancé—wounded from the war—just to come play in the league?

JIMMY

Uh. . .yeah! Heck, that'd be a doozy. Which player we talking about?

JIMMY gets his notebook out, jots something down.

MO

(sarcastically) I was just saying for instance.

JIMMY

(stops writing and leans in) I think you're saying the truth.

MO

Focus, Jimmy Benson. The real story is right in front of you.

JIMMY
That right?

Mo takes a long, slow drink.

JIMMY
I hate to admit it, but I admire your confidence.

MO
You're about to admire a lot more than that.

She gives his tie a tug, smiles and walks right over to the stage.