

CURVE BALL

Maguire: What's up, kid? Why the long face?

Tiffany: Not feeling this...

Maguire: Feeling what?

Tiffany: I'm not feeling all this pressure. It's too much.

Maguire: This is what you wanted.

Tiffany: I know but it's so much.

Maguire: I know. I know it is. But it's what you gotta do.

Tiffany: I hope I didn't make a mistake.

Maguire: It's too late for that now.

Tiffany: I feel like everyone wants a piece of me. I give and give and give and I don't get a break to be inside myself. There's no time for pause.

Maguire: I know.

Tiffany: I knew what would be expected of me, but this is on a whole other level.

Maguire: Is it?

Tiffany: Well, yeah...the fans. I realize this is all for them. It's not even about me. I get my energy from them, and I do it for them but it's exhausting and sometimes I want to run away from it all.

Maguire: Right.



Tiffany: And then I hate myself for thinking that way because I love them all and I feel selfish when I get agitated and it's this whole mind play...it gets me so—

Maguire: You know, when I was your age, I wanted to be a baseball pitcher for the majors. I had a mean fast ball and my curve ball, well, my curve ball was so nasty that grown men couldn't even tag it. I started to make some noise; people started paying attention to me. My coach favored me, I became his best player and I pitched us throughout the season to a winning victory. We became champions. But then something happened. I started to resent it because I lost my way. I stopped putting in the time. I got distracted with other things teenagers get distracted with when they're not focused. Started doing drugs, drinking, hooked up with every girl I could possibly hook up with and just completely neglected my responsibilities and dreams of being a major league pitcher.

Eventually, things caught up to me and I couldn't just rely on my talent. I didn't have the discipline to back up my natural talent and all that partying I did took such a hold on me that I became someone else entirely. My coach lost faith in me, my family, my friends had my back but in the wrong sense of the phrase... when I woke up from my coma, too much time had passed, and I realized I missed the boat. I went back into training, but my arm just wasn't there the way it used to be. Something happened, something internal.

I never had anyone in my corner telling me to stay focused. To follow through with my talent to the end. I didn't know enough to tell myself these things cause I just didn't know any better.

So, listen, you broke through. You have success now. If you were to walk away from all this and not give of yourself each day one hundred percent, you will come to regret it. Besides, that isn't you. You are much stronger than I was.

Tiffany: You think I'm strong?

Maguire: Stronger than ice.

Tiffany: Really?

Maguire: Without a doubt. Whenever you're feeling low and you feel like you've lost your way or you're getting distracted, think about me.

(Maguire hands her a baseball keychain.)

Here...keep this around you and glance at it from time to time.

Tiffany: Thanks.

Maguire: Look out for that curve ball.

(Tiffany and Maguire hug)

Source: <https://monologueblogger.com/curve-ball/>