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The Show: Pilot

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The Show: Pilot

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the
University of New Orleans
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts
in
Film and Theater Arts
Creative Writing

by

Wilson A. Koewing

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TEASER

SUPER: 1989 ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

EXT. PRICE SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

A working class house on a working class street. An OLD MAN rocks in a rocking chair on the front porch. In the background, the Gateway Arch can be seen.

BASEBALL ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Listen to that crowd. Two on, two
out, bottom of the ninth and the
rookie, Adams, strolls to the plate
with a chance to give the Cardinals
the lead over the hated Cubs.

INT. PRICE SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

A Cardinals' game plays on a TV in the middle of an entertainment center filled with Cardinals' memorabilia.

PAUL PRICE (40), on the edge of his recliner, watches and sips on a Budweiser. Paul is a rugged, mid-western everyman; a picture of fatherhood and protection.

JAMIE PRICE (2) watches from a playpen.

On a table beside Paul lives a picture of a WOMAN, mid-western-beauty-queen-pretty, around Paul's age.

ALISON PRICE (7), preternaturally bright and precocious, runs into the room holding a hamburger with a bite taken out of it. She wears a Cardinals' jersey. There's a tiny glob of peanut butter on the edge of her mouth.

Paul eyes her, suspicious.

PAUL
What'd you put on that burger?

Alison grins.

ALISON
Peanut butter.

Paul shakes his head, but with a smile.

PAUL
Just like your mother.

BASEBALL ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
And in steps the rookie.

Paul and Alison focus on the game. Alison watches intently, chewing another bite of burger.

ON TV: the Chicago Cubs' tough CLOSER, intimidating eyes and scraggly beard, stares in for the sign.

The Cardinals ROOKIE timidly steps into the batter's box.

Alison turns to Paul and lets out an exaggerated sigh.

PAUL
What?

ALISON
That rookie is scared. Pitcher's gonna throw the ball right down the middle and he's not gonna swing.

Alison skips out of the room. Paul hollers after her.

PAUL
Don't you wanna watch with me?

ALISON
I like listening with grandpa!

Paul crosses his arms and looks back at the game, annoyed.

EXT. PRICE SUBURBAN HOME/FRONT PORCH - DAY

Alison pushes open the screen door and it slaps against the wall with a THWACK.

In the rocking chair is WAYNE PRICE (65). The game plays on a transistor radio beside him. His dirty button-up has a Budweiser logo on the pocket. He lifts a can of Bud from an ice chest and pops the top.

WAYNE
Easy on the screen door, kiddo.

ALISON
Sor-ry.

Alison sits in a smaller rocking chair beside Wayne. Wayne glances at her as she times her rocking to match his.

WAYNE
Ah, I can't be mad at you.

Alison closes her eyes tight and flashes a big, cheesy grin. Wayne focuses on the radio broadcast.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Rookie doesn't have it.

ALISON
Nope.

BASEBALL ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Three balls, two strikes, bottom of the ninth. Here comes the pitch.
(beat)
And... it's a strike right down the middle! How did he not swing at that!? That'll do it. Cubs win 3-2.

WAYNE
I hate losin' to the stinkin' Cubs.

Paul flings the screen door open as he steps outside. It slams against the house.

Wayne and Alison glare at him.

WAYNE AND ALISON
Easy on the screen door.

Paul ignores them and lights a cigarette.

PAUL
I hate the damn Cubs.

Paul and Wayne turn to Alison expectantly.

ALISON
I hate the *stupid*, *damn* Cubs and I hope they never win anything ever again.

Alison crosses her arms. Paul and Wayne nod, satisfied.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

SUPER: 1995 St. Louis, Missouri

Alison (13) stands on the mound, staring into the distance.

Paul (46), a few feet away, claps his hands near her face.

PAUL
Alison. Hey, kiddo.

An UMPIRE jogs toward the mound looking at a stop watch.

Bleachers packed with PARENTS. Other FANS line the fence.

The other PLAYERS on the field and in the dugouts are BOYS.

Alison's eyes cut to the opposing COACH. He jogs up to talk with the next BATTER. The batter looks out towards Alison. He swallows a nervous lump in his throat.

Alison's eyes cut to a RUNNER on first... to another RUNNER on third... to the scoreboard... one out. Two strikes.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Alison!

Alison snaps out of it. Locks eyes with Paul.

ALISON

What?

PAUL

Hey, it's just the AAU state championship. No big deal, right?

ALISON

They've got the suicide squeeze on.

Paul eyes the situation on the field, suspiciously.

PAUL

With two strikes?

Alison nods her head, confident.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Okay.

Paul calls the INFIELDBERS in for a huddle. They sprint over. After a pow wow, they sprint back to their positions.

Alison slams the ball into her glove. Paul claps and turns to the umpire.

PAUL (CONT'D)

She's ready.

The umpire jogs back to the plate. Paul jogs off the field. The batter steps in. Alison stares in for the sign. Sets. Waits... the runner on third base breaks for the plate.

Time slows as Alison throws the ball home. The batter tries to bunt, but the pitch is high and outside. He can't reach it. The umpire motions for the strikeout.

UMPIRE
You're outta there!

The runner from third closes in on the plate, trying to beat the throw. Alison points at him.

ALISON
Tag him!

The catcher jumps with his glove outstretched and tags the runner just before he reaches home plate.

Back to normal speed, the crowd goes wild!

Alison's TEAMMATES sprint from the dugout... Alison rides on a sea of her teammates hands.

Paul stands by the dugout watching. HANK BAUER (50), a grizzled scout wearing a Cubs' hat, steps up beside him.

HANK
Be scoutin' her if she was a boy.

Paul glares at Hank as he walks away. This isn't the first time Hank's told him this. Paul spits on the ground.

Alison slaps hands, spirits high. One OPPOSING PLAYER holds onto her hand.

PLAYER
Enjoy it while it lasts. Girls
can't play high school.

Alison trudges to the dugout and begins to untie her spikes.

Paul approaches and holds up his hand for a high five. Alison returns a lackluster high five, then stares at the ground.

PAUL
Hey, kiddo.

Alison doesn't respond.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Hey, you. Star pitcher. Look at me.

Alison lets a grin creep out, but still won't look at Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Alison Price you look at me right
this minute or I'm going to take
this baseball bat and beat you--

Alison finally looks up. She runs at Paul and tackles him around the mid-section. Paul acting hurt, hobbles backwards. Alison rolls her eyes and Paul quits the act.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Hey.

Alison waits with an eyebrow cocked up.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You're the best. You won.
Now give me a real high five.

Paul holds his hand up high. Alison jumps and high fives him.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Let's go celebrate.

ALISON

Nah, I got a better idea.

Alison grabs her glove. Paul gives her a curious look.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - LATER

The field LIGHTS buzz soft, just starting to glow... the THWACK of a ball hitting a mitt. The bleachers are abandoned... The opponents' dugout empty... THWACK. Paul kneels behind the plate. Alison on the mound. She enters the windup and throws... THWACK.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK: THWACK. A crowd CHEERS.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And with that strikeout, the Cubs
fall to 0 and ten. Worst start in
franchise history.

SERIES OF SHOTS: TALKING HEADS ON SPORTS TALK SHOWS -- LIKE A TV CHANGING CHANNELS.

1. A former LATIN PLAYER (45), crisply dressed.

LATIN PLAYER

Who could possibly know what old
man Wrigley is up to?

LATIN PLAYER (CONT'D)
He hasn't made a decision I can
make sense of since the Clinton
Administration.

2. A NERDY ANALYST (35).

NERDY ANALYST
I'm thinking what the entire
country is thinking. Who the hell
is Alison Price?

3. A former MANAGER (65) in a suit.

MANAGER
Alison Price is a former College
All-American and softball gold
medalist in Beijing, but that
doesn't means she's fit to be the
general manager of a professional
baseball team.

4. A former PITCHER (50), burly with a beard.

PITCHER
Former General Manager, Leo
Schwartz made sense for this team.
He built a proven winner in Texas.
Now he's out the door?

5. A PHOTO of an MLB SCOUT on the phone with a PUNDIT.

SCOUT
Until just last week she was an
advanced scout for the Cubs. She's
climbed the ranks under the
tutelage of her mentor, legendary
head of Cubs' scouting, Hank Bauer.

6. A local Chicago sports REPORTER (30).

REPORTER
This is a nightmare waiting to
happen. The woman has never been
general manager of a supermarket,
now she's head of a major league
baseball team?

7. A SPORTSCENTER ANCHOR (45), bald with glasses.

PUNDIT 5
I can't even justify it as a
publicity stunt. No one's going to
come out and see the Bad News Cubs
because they have a sideshow GM.

8. A PHOTO of a GENERAL MANAGER on the phone with a PUNDIT.

PUNDIT 6 (O.S.)
Guys like Allen Greenman with the
Yankees have to be licking their
chops at the idea of doing business
with a GM this green.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - DAY

A white and blue *Chicago Tribune* newspaper box. A blurred gray structure looms behind it. The headline: *Same old Cubs fall to 0-10 to start season.*

PULL BACK. The background sharpens to reveal Wrigley Field.

A small group of WOMEN carrying PICKET SIGNS march in front of the stadium.

A KID (12) wearing a Cubs' hat skateboards by. A fierce gust of wind blows the hat from his head.

The hat rolls across the ground until it gets stuck against a curb, hundreds of feet away.

The kid grinds his skateboard to a stop and looks back at the hat... screw it. He kick-pushes away.

INT. WRIGLEY FIELD/PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A vast blue backdrop covered in Cubs' logos... An empty podium on a stage... JOURNALISTS hurry to seats. CAMERAMEN line up against walls... Television cameras focus on the podium... The reflection of the podium in a camera's lens.

INT. WRIGLEY FIELD/DRESSING ROOM - DAY

The reflection of ALISON PRICE (30) sitting in front of a mirror with a phone to her ear. A MAKE-UP ARTIST works around the phone.

ALISON
On Saudi sports radio? I didn't
even know they had sports radio.
(beat)
Right, of course, he's a hero over
there. What was I thinking?
(beat)

ALISON (CONT'D)
I haven't heard the specifics of
what he said yet.

Alison is all grown up, with the raw physicality of an athlete. She's nervous, but hiding it well, dressed in an all-black power suit. Dressed like today is the most important day of her life. It is.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Look, I'm about to be announced.
I'll deal with it later.

Alison hangs up.

ALISON (CONT'D)
(to the room)
Anyone know the score on the
Cardinals' game?

Cubs' EMPLOYEES mill about. No one pays attention or answers.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Really? No one? They're only our
biggest rival. Screw it, right?

The make-up artist laughs. Alison catches her reflection in the mirror. She scrunches her face up, not liking the feel of the heavy make-up. She has to be thinking, "how did I end up here?" The make-up artist applies one final touch.

MAKE-UP ARTIST
You're ready.

Alison isn't so sure, but she has to go anyway.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Three PLAYERS (one white, one Hispanic, one black) sit in folding chairs watching a TV hanging above a row of lockers. Their uniforms hang in the lockers.

The names on the uniforms read: HORN, RODRIGUEZ and PLANT.

A cocky young player sporting a Mohawk, GILES (24), walks by, flips off the TV then runs away laughing. Rodriguez throws a glove at him then flips the TV back on.

INT. VIDEO ROOM - DAY

Cub's Manager, BOB CROSBY (50), balding, with a paunch-belly, watches game footage on a TV. On another TV, footage of the press conference plays with a MUTE sign in the upper corner.

Crosby watches a tense moment in the ninth inning of a recent game. Bases loaded. The closer walks in the winning run. The stadium goes wild. The Cubs trudge off the field. Crosby buries his face in his hands. A miserable, unnecessary loss.

INT. WRIGLEY FIELD/FRONT OFFICE - DAY

A plaque on the door reads: *Director of Baseball Operations*.

INT. TREY'S OFFICE - DAY

A name-plate on a desk: Trey Wrigley.

TREY WRIGLEY (35), chisel-jawed heir to the Cubs' ownership, sits in a high-back chair in front of a window that overlooks Wrigley Field. In the reflection of his window, the press conference plays on TV. Trey lifts a glass of whiskey to his lips and takes a long drink.

His phone RINGS. He spins around. Answers. Listens for a sec.

TREY

Really? Bahir said that?

(devilish grin)

This is perfect, we'll see what Ms. Softball Gold Medalist is all about. Send him to my office. ASAP.

Trey hangs up. Spins back around. Takes a sip of whiskey. An evil grin in the reflection of the window.

INT. WRIGLEY FIELD/HALLWAYS BELOW THE STANDS - DAY

HANK BAUER (67), more grizzled, strolls toward us up a concrete hallway. He wears a blue Cubs' polo with "head scout" stitched to the chest. He stops to shake hands with a SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD

The hell'd you pull this one off?

HANK

Please, you've met her.

The security guard nods in firm agreement.

HANK (CONT'D)

How's your wife?

SECURITY GUARD

Still kickin'. Yours?

HANK
Still cashin' the checks.

Hank pats him on the shoulder and keeps walking.

INT. WRIGLEY FIELD - BACKSTAGE OF PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Alison walks down an empty hallway. The CLACKING of her heels on the floor are the only sound.

Alison pauses before a black partition that will lead to the press conference. She takes a deep breath... stares at the black partition until everything is black. We hear Alison's nervous BREATHS. Her rapid HEARTBEAT.

MR. WRIGLEY (V.O.)
The Chicago Cubs are delighted to
announce our new General Manager,
Alison Price.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Alison steps through the black partition and onto the stage.

ALISON'S POV: FLASH BULBS. Reporters shouting.

Mr. WRIGLEY (72), third-generation team owner, with hand outstretched.

Dozens of FACES... More camera flashes... The female REPORTERS are especially rapt with anticipation... Hank steps in through a door in the back... winks. After a few more crazed moments, the din dies down and all eyes focus on Alison. You could hear a pin drop.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

All eyes on Alison, calmer now, in charge.

ALISON
(as if she's just finished
a lengthy speech)
... thank you. I'll take some
questions now.

Alison points at a FEMALE REPORTER (40).

FEMALE REPORTER
Can you discuss some of the
challenges you'll face as the first
female GM in baseball history?

Alison opens her mouth to respond...

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO ROOM - DAY

Crosby clicks off the TV. Alison's image flashes to black. He leaves the room, slamming the door behind him.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Horn, Rodriguez and Plant watch Alison on the TV.

PLAYER (O.S.)
Dudes, you gotta see this!

Horn MUTES the TV. Alison responds to the question, but we can't hear her answer.

Giles runs up holding up a smart phone.

ON PHONE: Pictures of Alison naked on a pitcher's mound in the ESPN the Magazine Body Issue, her privates are covered by a hat and a glove. A banner reads: *TEAM USA Softball Captain*.

The players pass the phone around, enthralled.

INT. TREY'S OFFICE - DAY

Trey waits with unsettling patience. In the window's reflection, Alison points at another reporter. A KNOCK.

TREY

Come in.

BAHIR (26) a tall, handsome Saudi Arabian enters. Our first impression of Bahir is cocky and arrogant.

Trey greets him with an overly-friendly handshake.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A MALE REPORTER stands, holding a pad and pen.

MALE REPORTER

Your ascent up the ranks of the organization is historic. A few days ago you were an assistant scout. That's quite a leap.

The male reporter waits.

ALISON

I'm sorry, was there a question?

SNICKERS from the crowd.

EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

SUPER: FIVE DAYS EARLIER.

Sad, dreary angles of the empty stadium. Wind gusts whip the flags above the scoreboard.

LEO SCHWARTZ (44), still Cubs' GM, stands on home plate staring out over the field at a lone PENNANT: *1908 World Series Champions*.

Leo's stern gaze invokes deep anguish.

SPORTSCENTER ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Golden boy General Manager, Leo Schwartz, has to be scratching his head after the Cubs 0-10 start...

PAN from Leo to a window high above the stadium and SNAP ZOOM.

INT. MR. WRIGLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Alison stands against the back wall focused on Mr. Wrigley. Mr. Wrigley watches Leo, through a floor-to-ceiling window, his hands behind his back holding a TV remote.

SPORTSCENTER ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
... team owner John Wrigley spent
over a hundred million in free
agency last offseason, but the team
has looked lost out there. In this
game, it's never too soon to start
thinking about making changes--

Mr. Wrigley cuts off the TV and tosses the remote in the
trash can. Alison's eyes follow as he walks to his desk and
pushes an INTERCOM BUTTON.

MR. WRIGLEY
Fran, did you set up my dinner
reservations for tonight?

FRAN (O.S.)
Of course, Mr. Wrigley.

MR. WRIGLEY
And what about my haircut?

FRAN (O.S.)
Two o'clock this afternoon, sir.

Alison glances over at Hank, who is seated on a couch, like
"why is this important right now?" Hank shrugs.

On the other side of the room, Trey stands by a bar pouring
whiskey from a crystal decanter, paying no attention.

MR. WRIGLEY
Oh, and Fran, did you pick up a
birthday present for my
granddaughter?

FRAN (O.S.)
Of course, Mr. Wrigley, it's a--

Mr. Wrigley lets go of the intercom and cuts Fran off. He
leans against the front of his desk.

Alison rolls her eyes.

Mr. Wrigley finally acknowledges those in the room.

MR. WRIGLEY
Am I hallucinating or is the god
damn GM standing on home plate when
he knows we have a meeting?

TREY
I hope he's weighing future job
opportunities.

Trey takes a confident drink of whiskey.

TREY (CONT'D)

I hear many disgraced former GMs
enjoy illustrious careers in Japan
once the Majors spit them out.

Hank rolls his eyes. Mr. Wrigley is annoyed, but used to it.

MR. WRIGLEY

So we fire him? That's your plan?

Trey steps closer, swirling his drink.

TREY

O and ten start, Pop. We've been
losing since the dawn of man.
He did great in Texas, sure, but
this is the *Chicago Cubs*.

HANK

Texas Rangers became a team in the
seventies and they've gone to more
World Series in that span than
we've gone to since the teens.

Trey ignores Hank.

Mr. Wrigley glares at Trey for an extended beat.

MR. WRIGLEY

Dare I ask how you'd replace him?

Trey takes another confident sip of whiskey.

TREY

I run the team in the interim.

Alison's eyes go wide. That's a terrible idea.

HANK

You've never managed a little
league team, Trey.

Mr. Wrigley stifles a laugh. Trey cuts his eyes at Hank.

MR. WRIGLEY

You realize I'm on the hook for
twelve million a year? Largest
contract ever given to a GM. Forty
eight million over four years. 'Old
man Wrigley, the desperate fool,
they said.'

Trey walks back to the bar, annoyed.

Alison's gaze drifts to the field. Leo is gone.

Trey pours another whiskey. Mr. Wrigley watches.

MR. WRIGLEY (CONT'D)
That's the better part of fifty
million we'd be paying a man to
stop doing his job, for crissake.

TREY
Winning isn't cheap.

Trey brings the glass of whiskey to his mouth.

MR. WRIGLEY
Don't take another sip.

Trey stops with the glass inches from his lips.

MR. WRIGLEY (CONT'D)
It makes me sick that my Macallan
'75 is giving you the courage to
advise me to blow fifty million
dollars and to then offer you a job
you aren't remotely qualified for.

Trey's face reddens.

MR. WRIGLEY (CONT'D)
Stick to stadium promotions. I've
been impressed by your bobble-head
and mini-bat nights. It's ground-
breaking stuff you're doing, son.

The tension between Trey and Mr. Wrigley is thick. Alison's voice pierces the silence.

ALISON
You won't have to pay him a dime.

Trey spins toward Alison, shocked that she's speaking.

MR. WRIGLEY
If only that were true, Ms. Price.
If only that were true.

Alison starts to speak, but stops, realizing Mr. Wrigley thinks she's just trying to be positive.

Hank stares gloomily at Mr. Wrigley. Mr. Wrigley rubs his temples.

MR. WRIGLEY (CONT'D)
What are we doing, Hank?

HANK
Losin'.

Trey seethes at not being the center of attention.

MR. WRIGLEY
Alison, why are we losing?

ALISON
For starters--

TREY
(interrupting Alison)
Who gives a shit about her opinion?
She's just a scout.

ALISON
Somebody gives a shit about my
opinion. Have you seen the lists of
top farm systems in baseball? Do
you know whose number one? Us. Who
do you think found those players?
Me. What do you know about this
team, Trey? Can you name our top
ten prospects? Can you name one?

All eyes on Trey. He can't answer. Lucky for him, Leo enters,
drawing everyone's attention.

MR. WRIGLEY
Get lost on the way to the meeting?

LEO
Speak with you in private?

MR. WRIGLEY
You've kept us waiting long enough.

A tense stare-down between Mr. Wrigley and Leo.

LEO
All right, John. I'm resigning.
Good luck with this sinking ship.

MR. WRIGLEY
If you resign you don't get a dime
of your contract.

LEO
You couldn't pay me enough to deal
with this cursed team.

Mr. Wrigley watches Leo leave in disbelief. Trey's anger evaporates. A smile forms on Alison's face.

MR. WRIGLEY
(to Alison)
How did you know?

TREY
I told you. He's a spineless loser.

MR. WRIGLEY
Not you, her.

ALISON
A man doesn't just decide to stand on home plate, in an empty stadium, staring at a hundred-year-old pennant for motivation. That's an overwhelmed man, not an inspired one. It's simple psychology.

TREY
You aren't actually going to listen to this babble? Let me take over the team.

Alison glares at Trey. Mr. Wrigley stares at Trey, through Trey, with vicious eyes.

MR. WRIGLEY
You won't run this team as long as I'm alive.

TREY
Who will then?

A smile grows on Mr. Wrigley's face. His eyes move to Alison.

MR. WRIGLEY
She will.

Alison, a deer in the headlights, looks to Hank for help.

HANK
Don't look at me. I think its a great idea.

TREY
What do you mean it's a great idea, you washed up clown? Dad!? You can't be serious.

ALISON
I won't let you down, Mr. Wrigley.

MR. WRIGLEY
Trey, would you please excuse us. I
need to speak to my new general
manager in private.

Trey storms out, humiliated.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Alison at the podium.

ALISON
I would be remiss to talk about
what goes on behind the scenes.

Alison smiles politely and points to another reporter.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Just a few more questions.

REPORTER (O.S.)
What personnel moves can we expect?
Where does Bob Crosby stand?

ALISON
My head is still spinning. I
haven't had time to assess
personnel yet.

Alison points to another reporter.

REPORTER (O.S.)
How will you address the
controversial remarks made by
Bahir? It's picking up a lot of
traction on social media.

ALISON
I haven't had a chance to listen to
the remarks, yet.

Suddenly, a FEMALE PROTESTER, followed by other FEMALE
PROTESTERS push open the door and rush inside. They're
holding picket signs. One reads: *Release Bahir, Equal Here.*

FEMALE PROTESTERS
Release Bahir! We don't care!
Equality here! Release Bahir.

Mr. Wrigley rushes to the podium.

MR. WRIGLEY
Get these people out of here.

SECURITY GUARDS herd the women out.

ALISON
Thank you. No more questions.

Alison watches the female protesters go, locks eyes with one.

FEMALE PROTESTER
You can make a difference, Alison
Price!

Alison leaves the stage.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. WRIGLEY FIELD/FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Alison's heels CLACK on a wooden floor. She walks down a long hallway. At the end of the hall wait two giant wooden doors with Cubs' logos on them.

Alison pushes through the doors.

ALISON'S POV: A circular reception desk, with a thick piece of glass floating in the middle, emblazoned with a Cubs' logo. Several FEMALE RECEPTIONISTS answer phones.

Behind the reception area is an open room filled with employees in cubicles. Their eyes follow Alison as she walks through.

Alison reaches the end of the main office floor and walks down another less spectacular hallway toward a single metal door with a chipped and faded Cubs' logo.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Alison pulls the door open and enters the front office. We follow her down a narrow, blue-carpeted hallway with doors on either side. EMPLOYEES weave in and out of offices.

Alison passes the first door on her right.

Through the open door we see an older man sitting patiently at a table. He jumps up when he sees Alison. This is VP of Player Operations, DONALD BLACK (70), a bespectacled, highly-stressed, life-time baseball man.

DONALD

Alison! I must speak with you.

ALISON

Donald, call me Ms. Price. I'm the
GM, now.

Donald's posture diminishes. Noticing, Alison stops.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Don, I'm kidding. What is it?

Alison keeps walking. Donald hurries to catch up.

DONALD

Guzman was interviewed by something, some blog, and he says he wants a bigger contract or he might opt for free agency at the end of year.

ALISON

We haven't won a game yet and he wants a new contract? Interesting. Guzman, team player. Noted.

DONALD

What are we gonna do?!

Alison stops on a dime. Donald almost runs in to her.

ALISON

Let him test free-agency. I'm sure we can do better than a loudmouth leadoff hitter with a two fifty lifetime batting average.

DONALD

He's only twenty-two. He's got time to grow.

ALISON

He's a mid-level prospect. I scouted him myself. A placeholder for our next leadoff man.

Donald looks at Alison bemused.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Remember Ace Thomas? Sioux Falls. They call him "legs." We drafted him out of high school, paid big, was committed to Georgia Tech. Tore through High A ball last year.

Alison pats Donald on the shoulder and leaves him behind.

A few doors down, a BLURRED figure stands by a door. Hank enters FOCUS, leaning against the door, arms crossed. He motions Alison into the office.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Later. Give me a minute to get acclimated. Jesus.

Hank glares back, but there's love behind the glare.

As Alison passes, we see a room full of SCOUTS sitting around a table surrounded by dry erase boards. They all start yelling when they see Alison. She hurries past.

Alison passes another door. A woman in a Cubs-blue power-suit emerges, GAIL TOWNS (42), Head of Player Publicity. She looks like a little bird that won't stop moving. Alison stops.

GAIL

This Bahir thing has become a shit-storm. I feel like I'm up to my eyes in it.

ALISON

Fill me in on the details.

Alison keeps walking. Gail hurries to keep up.

GAIL

He made a comment about how difficult it is to play with women in the stands not covered up or whatever they do over there. Did you know women aren't allowed to drive in Saudi Arabia?

Alison stops.

ALISON

Are you kidding me?

GAIL

I know, I couldn't believe it either. I know people like to joke about how bad women are at driving, but--

ALISON

No, I'm talking about the comments.

GAIL

Oh, right. Well, it's not good, there's video, but what do you do? You know how it is. He's Saudi. Women have to ask their dad to take a walk down the street there.

ALISON

I need to see this for myself.

GAIL

Come with me.

INT. GAIL'S OFFICE - DAY

Alison sits on the other side of Gail's desk. Gail turns a computer monitor, so they can both watch, and clicks play.

Bahir, wearing a thobe (robe) and Ghutra (headdress) sits in studio on a Middle Eastern radio show. Across from him sits a RADIO HOST (35) dressed identical.

RADIO HOST

(translated Arabic)

How do you deal with playing games in America where you have to look out into the stands and see these uncovered, infidel women? There is so much strength in you.

BAHIR

(translated Arabic)

It is not easy. I am sickened every time I play, every time I see it, but my love for this sport, for this game trumps all. I'm in America to play the baseball.

Alison closes her eyes.

RADIO HOST

(translated Arabic)

How are you get along with your teammates?

BAHIR

(translated Arabic)

I've found that the American man is very weak. He makes no decisions without first asking the permission of his wife.

Alison is a face of stone.

ALISON

Turn it off.

GAIL

What do you want to do?

ALISON

I don't have time for this nonsense. Let's release the prick.

GAIL
Release him? But he's the first
Middle Eastern player ever. He's a
publicist's dream.

ALISON
That's why it's his responsibility
to set an example for those who
follow.

Alison stands to leave.

GAIL
What do I tell the media?

ALISON
Don't tell them anything right now.
Let me take care of him first then
you deal with the fallout.

Gail tries to find the words as Alison leave.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Alison walks down a wide, marble-floored hallway. The hallway
opens into a wider corridor with large offices on either
side. The nameplate on one of the offices: *Trey Wrigley*.

Alison walks through the corridor and approaches a tall
wooden door. A MAINTENANCE MAN hammers a nameplate on the
door: *General Manager Alison Price*.

INT. ALISON'S OFFICE - DAY

Alison walks through a wide outer-office. Wooden walls and a
green-carpeted floor that resembles the grass of a baseball
field with a giant Cubs' logo in the middle. A secretary's
desk on the left. A waiting area on the right.

A bubbly, unreasonably attractive brunette, dressed in a
tight blouse and slacks, CHELSEA (25), rushes up to Alison.

CHELSEA
(with the voice of a
squeaky toy)
Hi, Ms. Price. Congratulations. You
were great on the press conference.
Like really inspiring and uh...

Alison stops.

ALISON
I'm sorry, who are you?

Alison looks around like someone is playing a joke on her.

CHELSEA
I'm Chelsea, I was Leo's, I mean,
Mr. Schwartz's, secretary slash,
like assistant. I know you're
probably going to pick your own
staff or whatever, but--

ALISON
Chelsea?

CHELSEA
Yes?

ALISON
I'll get back to you, okay?

Chelsea is faking a smile, she won't move. She is very still.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Are you breathing?

Chelsea exhales, but won't stop smiling.

ALISON (CONT'D)
What will you do now, Chelsea?

Chelsea takes a fraction too long to respond.

ALISON (CONT'D)
(slowly)
Just do what you normally do.

Alison fakes a smile then disappears into her office. Chelsea looks around confused for a beat then wanders to her desk.

INT. ALISON'S OFFICE - DAY

Alison enters. The office is dark and devoid of style. Large curtains keep the light out. Alison pulls a chord and the curtains open, revealing floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking Wrigley Field. Alison soaks in the stunning view.

After soaking in the view, Alison takes in the rest of the office. A giant mahogany desk. A garish, high-backed office chair. An empty bar. Two chairs in front of the desk. The office is a relic to the past. Not Alison AT ALL.

Alison takes a seat at the desk, spins in the chair. An ancient PC on the desk. A Cubs' bobble-head. An intercom. Alison presses the intercom button.

ALISON
Chelsea, come in here, please.

Chelsea peeks in. Alison motions for her to enter. Chelsea clutches a Surface tablet, stylus out, ready to takes notes.

ALISON (CONT'D)
You know how to shop online, right?

CHELSEA
Are you kidding?

ALISON
Wonderful. I'll be sending you a list of things I need you to buy. This office decor will not do.

Chelsea nods happily, attempting to conceal her excitement.

CHELSEA
Yeah, I never liked spending time in here.

ALISON
And I need your phone number. We're going to text. This intercom is a ridiculous testament to patriarchy. This isn't *Mad Men*.

Chelsea clicks on the tablet feverishly.

CHELSEA
I just e-mailed you my number.

ALISON
Actually, I think I want to have this intercom destroyed.

CHELSEA
OMG, like, destroyed, destroyed?

Alison nods at Chelsea with contrived seriousness.

ALISON
Yes, Chelsea, that's going to be your first assignment. I want you to come to me with your ten best ideas on how to destroy this intercom.

ALISON (CONT'D)
I want you to really take your
time, too. Don't come back here...
no...

Chelsea waits on pins and needles.

ALISON (CONT'D)
... don't text me until you've
really got some messed up ways to
destroy this thing.

Chelsea's eyes are wide as she backs out of the room. She
opens the door and keeps backing out slowly.

ALISON (CONT'D)
You're gonna be graded on this.

The door closes.

Alison pulls up twitter on her phone. Tweets: *"It's hard to
believe we still live in a world where men tell women how to
present and what to do with their bodies."*

Alison scrolls through other tweets... notices the
notification bar at the bottom going haywire. 12
notifications. 25 notifications. She goes to her profile...

ALISON (CONT'D)
Two hundred thousand followers?!
(beat)
Oh, God, I'm an idiot.

Alison slides her phone onto the desk and turns on the TV.

Footage of Alison at the press conference cuts to a
SPORTSCENTER ANCHOR. A picture of Alison's tweet pops up
beside him.

SPORTSCENTER ANNOUNCER
New Cubs' GM Alison Price just
tweeted this cryptic message about
the state of gender relations in
the world. Is punishment for Bahir
coming?

ALISON
Perfect.

Alison turns off the TV, reaches in her purse, and pulls out
a pack of cigarettes.

EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - DAY

A distant gate by the player parking lot. Alison exits with her phone to her ear. In the distance, she notices picketers marching. She makes sure to stay out of sight.

INT. PAUL PRICE'S MAN CAVE - DAY

Paul sits in a recliner in a legit man cave watching the Cardinals on a big screen TV.

INTERCUT PAUL AND ALISON.

PAUL
Hello, Sweetheart.

ALISON
Are you watching the sports' news?

PAUL
Cardinals are playing.

ALISON
I know that. What's the score?

Alison makes sure the coast is clear and lights a cigarette.

PAUL
Eight to five, Cards, top seven.

ALISON
Cool. Cool.

Alison waits out an extended silence.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Dad! You didn't watch?

A grin crosses Paul's face, still not responding.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Did you really not watch?

Paul laughs. REVEAL a second TV on the wall by the first one. Mr. Wrigley at the podium fielding questions now.

PAUL
(sarcastically)
I have no idea what I've done to deserve this. My little girl, the GM of the Cubs. I've got the suicide hot line on speed dial.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I don't have the heart to tell your
grandfather. I'll let you tell him.

ALISON
I think you'll both survive, Dad.
How am *I* going to handle it?

PAUL
Same way you've handled everything
else in your life. I don't know
what you expect me to do for you. I
realized I had nothing left to
offer you when you were ten.

Alison takes a long puff from her cigarette.

ALISON
If I send tickets you gonna come
watch a game at Wrigley? Owner's
box is *nice*.

PAUL
Maybe if the Cards are in town.
Never cared for Chicago. Too windy.
And the Cubs are there.

ALISON
So is your daughter...

PAUL
No daughter of mine would ever work
for the Cubs.

Paul grins from ear to ear. He couldn't be more proud.

Alison rolls her eyes and smiles. Her smile dissipates when
she notices Trey peek his head out the door and spot her.

ALISON
Okay, Dad, gotta go. Bye. Love you.

Alison hangs up. She flicks her cigarette away and turns her
head to blow out the smoke without Trey seeing her.

Trey holds out his hand. It's obvious he saw her smoking.

TREY
Congratulations, Alison.

Alison shakes Trey's hand and forces a smile.

TREY (CONT'D)
I was heated the other day. I
wanted to apologize for the way I
acted. I think you're going to do a
great job for us.

Trey's eyes wander down Alison's chest. Stop on her cleavage.

ALISON
Thanks for the apology.

Alison starts to walk away.

TREY
I talked to Bahir about this radio
controversy.

Alison stops and turns back.

ALISON
Excuse me, you did what?

Alison is hot. Trey fakes being taken aback.

TREY
As a senior male executive, I
thought I should talk to him.

ALISON
Dealing with players is my job. Not
yours.

TREY
Well, Alison, my family *does* own
the team.

ALISON
I'm the GM, Trey, not you.

TREY
Sure, you're the GM. For now.

ALISON
Do you really think you can run
this team?

TREY
Better than you? Absolutely.

ALISON
Don't talk to my players again
without my consent.

Alison starts to walk away.

TREY

Hey, I'm only here to help. We're on the same team. If there comes, I don't know, a... day of the month when you don't feel up to the rigorous requirements of the job, don't hesitate to give me a buzz.

Alison stops in her tracks.

TREY (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Alison this will all work itself out in the end.

Alison turns back to Trey.

ALISON

It already has. I'm releasing Bahir.

TREY

You're doing what?

Alison walks away and disappears inside the stadium. Trey smiles, satisfied. He pulls out his phone and dials.

TREY (CONT'D)

Get Manager Crosby in my office immediately.

Trey hangs up.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. TREY'S OFFICE - DAY

Crosby paces, mid-tirade. Trey watches from behind his desk.

CROSBY

I'm gonna go give her a piece of my
mind! Who does she think she is?

Trey slams his fist down on his desk.

TREY

Good! Right! Go.

Trey watches Crosby march to the door and slam it as he
leaves. As soon as Crosby is gone Trey is on the phone again.

INT. ALISON'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Crosby kicks the door open and stomps toward Alison's office.
Chelsea rushes around the desk to intercede, but Crosby
tosses her a look and she steps aside.

INT. ALISON'S OFFICE - DAY

Alison sits behind her desk, typing. Crosby barrels in, walks
straight for Alison and tosses a chair in front of her desk
across the room.

ALISON

Something wrong, Crosby? Should we
be testing our manager for PEDs?

CROSBY

You can't release Bahir, he's the
best shortstop in the league.

ALISON

That's debatable.

CROSBY

Listen to me, you witch, he stays.
This isn't the Women's Rights
League. I don't care what he says
about woman. I care about how far
he can hit a damn baseball.

ALISON

Pick up my chair.

CROSBY
I'll quit if you release him.

ALISON
Is that a promise?

CROSBY
Don't mess with me, Price.

ALISON
You're 0 and ten. You've got the
bargaining position of a prisoner
of war.

After a stare-off, Crosby storms out. Alison waves goodbye.

INT. CHICAGO TRIBUNE OFFICE - DAY

The bustling news floor of the Tribune. We hone in on GRANT
TREADWELL (32), goofy, bespectacled Cubs' beat writer. He
wears a clear visor, smokes and types on a typewriter.

A COUGH (O.S.)

Treadwell's editor, HARRY DEAN (55), looms over him.

HARRY
The hell did I tell you about
smoking in here, Treadwell?

Harry holds out a cup. Treadwell drops the cigarette in it.

HARRY (CONT'D)
You've seen one too many movies,
kid. This isn't the seventies.

TREADWELL
What can I do for you, Harry? As
you can see I'm very busy.

HARRY
You can tell me how you're coming
along on the Price piece.

TREADWELL
What do you want me to write, more
misogynistic tripe like these
hacks? They've pounded it into the
ground just fine.

Treadwell motions to a team of older MALE WRITERS at desks
within hearing distance. They flip Treadwell off.

HARRY
Get me something soon, or else.

TREADWELL
Or else what? You'll knock me off
the Cubs' beat? Make my day. I
shouldn't be writing about this
garbage anyway. I won a student
Pulitzer for christ sake.

Treadwell holds up a student Pulitzer that says Grant
Treadwell, University of Chicago.

HARRY
You can take your student Pulitzer
and shove it up your--

Treadwell's phone RINGS. He picks it up before the first ring
stops and holds his hand up to silence Harry.

TREADWELL
Tribune, Treadwell.
(beat)
Who the hell is this?

Treadwell covers the receiver.

TREADWELL (CONT'D)
Piss off, I've got something.

Harry walks off, fuming.

INT. TREY WRIGLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Trey paces, holding a phone to his ear.

INTERCUT TREY AND TREADWELL.

TREY
Hello. Hey!

TREADWELL
Yeah, I'm here, settle down, buddy.

TREY
Shut up and listen. Alison Price
plans to release Bahir. There's no
way it flies, but she's too dumb to
realize it.

TREADWELL
Who is this?

TREY

Don't worry about that. Just get it on the wire. Scream it out. I want them to hear about this shit on the other side of the Atlantic.

Trey hangs up.

Treadwell lights another cigarette and starts to type.

INT. ALISON'S OFFICE - DAY

Alison is laying on the couch with her eyes closed. The curtains are pulled. A KNOCK at the door. Chelsea peeks her head in. Alison opens one eye.

ALISON

What is it, Chelsea?

Chelsea steps into the office.

CHELSEA

The manager seemed pretty mad. He broke the plant...

Alison doesn't respond.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

Have you been on Twitter?

ALISON

What now? My distaste for the media? The feminist picketers? How incredibly unqualified I am?

CHELSEA

You're like the number three trending topic right now. It's crazy. You're like... a celebrity.

ALISON

That's wonderful, Chelsea.

Alison closes her eyes and takes deep breaths. When she opens them, Chelsea is still standing there.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Chelsea?

CHELSEA

Yes, Ms. Price.

ALISON
This office is my sanctuary.

Alison looks around at the office's current state, disgusted.

ALISON (CONT'D)
It's *going to be* my sanctuary. And
you're my only line of defense. Do
you understand?

Chelsea nods her head vigorously like she understands.

CHELSEA
Okay, no. I don't know what you're
talking about.

ALISON
I can't have people barreling in
here unannounced. You're in charge
of who comes into this office.

CHELSEA
But, Ms. Price, he just came
roaring in like a bear or something
and he looked really mean and I, I
don't know what I could have done.

ALISON
This is what your job is, Chelsea.
Your excuses don't matter to me.
It's okay this time, but if you
don't think you can handle this in
the future let me know right now...

Chelsea takes a beat to gather herself and answer.

CHELSEA
I can handle this.

ALISON
Good. Now get out of here.

Chelsea leaves. Alison pulls up her twitter feed, it's
inundated with retweets and people tweeting at her.

She scrolls past a couple of "girl power" tweets which she
favorites, then a tweet gives her pause.

Cardsfan420 tweets: *I give @AlisonPrice a week before she's
out the door...* A link follows the tweet. Alison clicks it.

The link leads to a website called *Cards Nation Super Blog*.
On the front page of the website is a giant picture of
Alison's head photoshopped onto the body of a goat.

A headline reads: *In desperate move, hapless Cubs promote no-name scout to General Manager*. The name in the article's byline is Jamie Price.

ALISON (CONT'D)
That little shit.

Alison dials a phone number.

INT. LAZY LION MARIJUANA DISPENSARY (DENVER, CO) - DAY

JAMIE PRICE (25) sits on a couch in a private smoke room lit by a black light. Rasta flags. Lava lamps. A huge bong on the table in front of him. Past the table are two large TVs.

Jamie plays *MLB 16' The Show* (video game) as the Cardinals on one TV and watches the real Cardinals' game on the other TV.

A laptop in front him shows Alison's twitter feed.

His phone VIBRATES on the table. Alison's picture pops up. Her name in the phone is *Big Sissy*. He clicks speaker.

INTERCUT WITH ALISON.

JAMIE
Hey, traitor.

ALISON
Are you serious? You photoshop my face onto the body of a goat?

Jamie hits the bong. Alison hears it bubble. The batter on the video game hits a homerun. Jamie throws his hands up.

JAMIE
Surely you've heard of the curse of the goat. In 1946 a man brings his goat to Wrigley Field and--

ALISON
I'm aware of the curse, idiot. Why are you trying to make a mockery of me on the internet?

JAMIE
First, you're doing a fine job of that on your own. Second, dear sister, have you forgotten I run the *Cards Nation Super Blog*? Most read Cardinals' blog on the net.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
You're sleeping with the enemy and
you didn't think you'd be in my
crosshairs?

ALISON
I'm not sleeping with anybody.

JAMIE
Who would sleep with you?

ALISON
Shut up. I don't even care. No one
reads your moronic blog.

JAMIE
Okay, keep telling yourself that.
You've made your bed this time. No
one knows you better than I do. I'm
gonna light you up online like the
damn St. Louis city fair.

ALISON
You really are an infant. How much
do you get paid to run that blog
again?

JAMIE
I run a legal pot dispensary. I
operate my blog for the love of the
GAME, sister!

Jamie hits another homerun on the video game and pumps his
arms up in the air.

ALISON
Hey, I miss you.

Aw, shucks, she went there. Jamie is annoyed.

JAMIE
I miss you, too. Look, I'm proud of
you, okay. Seriously, go Cubs.

Jamie puts his finger to his temple like a gun.

ALISON
Oh, please.
(beat)
You know, you could use your power
for good. Move to Chicago and work
with me. I could make you head of
social media or something.

JAMIE

I'd rather gorge myself on Chicago
Deep Dish pizza until my body
explodes than work for the Cubs.

Alison puts her phone on speaker and crosses her arms.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'd rather walk directly into Lake
Michigan with cinder blocks tied to
my legs than work for the Cubs.

ALISON

Are you finished?

JAMIE

Yes, just know, there is literally
nothing on Earth that could make me
work for the Cubs.

ALISON

Okay, well, I guess I give up then.

Jamie nods victoriously.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Oh, hey, since you're doings so
well I don't guess you'll mind if
I change the passwords on my
Netflix, and Hulu, and Amazon
Prime...

JAMIE

Oh, sure, I don't even use 'em.

ALISON

... and HBOgo.

Jamie closes his eyes in pain.

JAMIE

No problem.

ALISON

That's a load off. I'm not going to
have any time to being watching TV,
so I have no use for them.

Jamie lets out an elongated sigh and hits the bong again. As
he blows out smoke, he notices something on his computer and
starts scanning the screen.

JAMIE

Woah, woah, woah. Listen to this.

ALISON

What?

JAMIE

I just got a *Bleacher Report* update. Grant Treadwell of the Chicago Tribune reports that incumbent GM Alison Price plans to release Bahir after recent comments on Saudi Radio.

ALISON

What? Are you serious?

JAMIE

You're releasing Bahir? Holy shit. Are you the dumbest human being alive? Fire is about to rain down on you. I gotta go. Hit me back when they put you out.

Jamie hangs up. Alison is in disbelief. Before she can think, Alison's phone CHIMES. From Chelsea: *Mr. Wrigley wants to see you in his office immediately. So, soon, I guess.*

INT. MR. WRIGLEY WRIGLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Wrigley pours whiskey from his crystal decanter. Crosby sits in a chair, he's still pissed. Hank is sprawled out on the couch. Trey stands by the window oozing fake concern.

Alison enters and looks around. It's like an all-boys club.

MR. WRIGLEY

Alison, have a seat. Drink?

ALISON

I'll stand.

Mr. Wrigley hands her a whiskey. Crosby shoots daggers at her. Mr. Wrigley turns and stares out over the field. Trey does the same.

MR. WRIGLEY

I took over this team in 1983. I was 39. Not much older than my son.

Mr. Wrigley glances at Trey, double-takes at his mimicry.

MR. WRIGLEY (CONT'D)

I tried being GM when I took over. Terrible failure...

Crosby listens, fidgety. Hank is calm. Alison stoic.

MR. WRIGLEY (CONT'D)
... lost 100 first year, 105 the
second. Fans wanted my head in the
streets.

CROSBY
What does this have to do with
anything? What about Bahir?

TREY
Jesus, Crosby, can't you let the
old man finish his story?

CROSBY
Shouldn't you be coming up with new
menu options for the hot dog cart?

TREY
You've got a fat mouth for a little
man with an O and 10 ball club.

Hank shuts his eyes and shakes his head.

MR. WRIGLEY
Will you both can it?! Christ, man.

Both are taken aback by the bass in Mr. Wrigley's voice.

ALISON
Mr. Wrigley, you wanted to see *me*?

Mr. Wrigley stares angrily at both Trey and Crosby.

MR. WRIGLEY
Yes, Alison, as you must know, the
idea has leaked to the media that
you plan to release Bahir. And it's
a circus.

ALISON
(regarding Trey)
Why *is* he here, out of curiosity?
It's obvious he leaked the story,
but aside from that, what can he
possibly offer this conversation?

Trey looks like the cat who ate the canary.

TREY
That's an absurd allegation.

ALISON

Is it?

Hank sits up on the couch.

HANK

I think the GM has a point, why is this little prick present?

CROSBY

I agree. He has nothing to do with personnel decisions.

All three stare at Trey, and he's fuming.

TREY

My family owns this team. You'd all be fighting over cardboard boxes on the streets if I were in charge.

MR. WRIGLEY

But you're not... so leave us.

Trey slams the door as he exits.

MR. WRIGLEY (CONT'D)

That boy's had every opportunity to live off his inheritance and spend his days yachting on Lake Michigan, but he wants to come in here and be a thorn in everybody's ass. You have to admire his tenacity.

HANK

He's a greedy scumbag with a Grinch heart and the brain of a mullet.

Alison and Crosby are justifiably shocked. They look to Mr. Wrigley. After a tense moment, Mr. Wrigley breaks into uproarious laughter. Alison and Crosby laugh uneasily.

MR. WRIGLEY

Hank, you wry bastard, you're lucky you've been with me since day one.

Hanks stretches back out on the couch.

HANK

Luckiest guy around.

ALISON

Can we please get back on topic?

Mr. Wrigley uses his remote control to turn on ESPN. ON TV: a lower-third chyron reads: *Arab-American Civil Rights League up in arms over rumored Bahir release.*

MR. WRIGLEY

We've got feminists protesting at one gate, the Arab League at another and we've got a game tonight where we're trying to snap a ten game losing streak.

HANK

Fifteen game losing streak going back to last year.

MR. WRIGLEY

Thank you, Hank.

CROSBY

I don't care about the women's league or the Arab league or if the damn ISIS puts out a video calling for that she-devil's head--

ALISON

Can we put a muzzle on this idiot?

CROSBY

-- Bahir is starting at shortstop tonight.

ALISON

Not if he's off the team he isn't.

Crosby stands up and gets in Alison's face.

CROSBY

You'd put some pussy issues in front of this team's chances of winning? You're no GM at all.

Fire burns behind Alison's eyes.

MR. WRIGLEY

That's it, Crosby, you get the hell out of here, too!

CROSBY

Gladly, you let me know if I need to suit up tonight because if my shortstop doesn't take the field, neither do I.

Crosby throws his hat on the ground and leaves.

MR. WRIGLEY
Jesus merciful Christ, Price. You
see what you're doing?

ALISON
What I'm doing? I'm the one making
sexist comments on the radio? You
can blow it out of your ass, John.
You told me when I took this job
that player matters were my thing.
This doesn't feel like my thing at
all. It feels like a circle-jerk
with a bunch of teenage boys.

Mr. Wrigley takes a sip of whiskey and lets the moment calm.

MR. WRIGLEY
It is your thing. Okay. It's your
thing. But I want you to think long
and hard about this.

ALISON
I've thought plenty about it.

HANK
(interjecting)
Not sure you've thought hard enough
you're willing to make this kind of
snap-judgment, kid.

Alison can't hide her sense of betrayal.

ALISON
Piss off, Hank.

MR. WRIGLEY
Alison, just sleep on it.

ALISON
Is that all?

Mr. Wrigley nods. Alison glares at Hank and leaves.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. ALISON'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Alison enters. Chelsea stands by her desk with a forced smile on her face. Alison stops, can't help but laugh.

ALISON
Chelsea, that's not a comforting
smile. Thanks for trying, though.

Chelsea wipes the smile off of her face.

CHELSEA
How'd it go with Mr. Wrigley?

ALISON
Not great.

Alison smiles kindly at Chelsea. Chelsea's eyes light up. The moment doesn't last long.

ALISON (CONT'D)
How's your list coming?

Chelsea fumbles on her tablet.

CHELSEA
I've got five ideas so far, wanna
hear them?

ALISON
No, not until you have ten.

Alison starts to walk toward her office.

CHELSEA
Alison?

Alison turns and stares at Chelsea.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Ms. Price. When I'm
stressed out I go to Hot Yoga. I
know this great place and it's
right beside Pinkberry and we could
go together sometime if you wanted,
I can get you a discount and I get
something free if I sign someone
new up. It's really fun and... hot.

Chelsea waits to be berated. Alison checks her watch.

ALISON
What is it, two hours until the
game starts?

CHELSEA
I have no idea.

ALISON
Do you know anything about
baseball, Chelsea?

CHELSEA
No, not really.

Alison stares blankly at Chelsea.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Is that okay?

Alison walks over to Chelsea. Chelsea looks worried. Alison wraps her up in a bear hug. Chelsea's arms hang limp,, but after a second she wraps her arms around Alison.

Alison releases her, but holds on to her shoulders.

ALISON
You're a blessing in disguise.

CHELSEA
Me?

ALISON
You know what? We will absolutely
do hot yoga together.

Chelsea is all smiles, overwhelmed with emotion.

CHELSEA
Could we... take a picture
together?

ALISON
Abslolutely. Wanna take a selfie
together? Let's take a selfie.

Alison pulls out her phone and holds it up to take a selfie.
Chelsea breaks free.

CHELSEA
Wait.

Chelsea rummages in the drawer of her desk. Alison watches curiously. Chelsea pulls out a selfie stick.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Selfie stick!

Alison shakes her head. Chelsea puts her phone on the selfie stick. They pose. Chelsea snaps the pic. Alison looks at it.

ALISON
I like it.

Chelsea looks at it.

CHELSEA
Ugh, I look awful.

Alison glares at Chelsea.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Can I post this to social media?

ALISON
Absolutely not.

Alison starts walking toward her office. Stops. Light bulb.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Actually, sure, post it. Post it on Facebook and tag me in it.

CHELSEA
But we aren't friends.

ALISON
Well send me a friend request.

Chelsea is in disbelief.

CHELSEA
Okay!

Alison reaches the door to her office and opens it.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Ms. Price?

Alison stops, getting only slightly irritated.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Does this mean I'm keeping the receptionist position?

ALISON
No.

Chelsea is instantly on the verge of tears.

ALISON (CONT'D)
You're not my receptionist, you're
my senior clerical assistant.

Chelsea doesn't know what it means, but it sounds good. She hurries to her desk and starts tapping on her tablet, trying to look super serious.

ALISON (CONT'D)
And Chelsea...

Chelsea looks up.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Call me Alison.

Chelsea nods.

ALISON (CONT'D)
But only to me. When you talk to
others, it's Ms. Price. Got it?

CHELSEA
Got it.

Alison disappears into her office. Chelsea's serious facade fades. She is elated. She pulls out her phone and searches Alison on Facebook.

INT. ALISON'S OFFICE - DAY

Alison pulls on a coat and swings her purse over her shoulder. Her phone DINGS. *Friend Request from Chelsea.*

INT. ALISON'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Chelsea stares at her phone. It DINGS. *Alison accepted your friend request.* Chelsea uploads the photo and tags Alison.

INT. LAZY LION MARIJUANA DISPENSARY - DAY

Jamie, absently scrolling his Facebook feed, notices the picture of Alison and Chelsea. He clicks the picture then enhances it to make it larger. He's enamored with Chelsea.

INT. EXECUTIVE HALLWAY - DAY

Alison steps through the door at the same time Mr. Wrigley is leaving his office. She's none too happy to see him.

MR. WRIGLEY
Alison, would you care to join me
in the owner's box?

ALISON
Possibly. I have some things to
take care of first, though.

Alison keeps moving.

MR. WRIGLEY
Well, okay, I'll see you up there.

Alison is already gone.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Alison walks down the blue hallway from before trying to make
it out of the front office. Gail notices Alison hustling by
her office. She jumps up from her chair.

GAIL
Alison?!

Alison doesn't stop. Gail steps into the hallway.

GAIL (CONT'D)
What's going on with Bahir?

ALISON
Nothing yet, stay tuned.

Gail slinks back into her office.

Alison passes the room with the scouts. Again they see her
and start screaming. Alison stops, steps into the doorway.
They quiet. Hanks stands by a dry erase board with a marker.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Tomorrow, four o'clock, we'll
discuss everything on your minds.
Hank, I want a detailed outline of
what we're going to be discussing
by one, do you understand me?

Hank takes the marker and writes, "yes, ma'am" on the board.

Alison keeps moving. She passes a lounge where Donald stands
beside a coffee maker pouring a cup.

DONALD
Alison! Are you going to watch the
game with Mr. Wrigley? I'll come
with you.

Donald hurries out of the room, spilling coffee on his shirt.

ALISON
No, Don, I'm not.

DONALD
What do you mean?

ALISON
I'm catching it somewhere else.

Donald doesn't know what to make of that. Alison turns a
corner and she's gone.

INT. CUBS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

PLAYERS are in various stages of getting ready for the game.

Bahir sits in front of his locker with his eyes closed.

Horn sits a few lockers down from Bahir. Rodriguez sits a few
lockers down on the other side. They share a knowing glance.
Giles struts up to Bahir wearing nothing but a jock strap.

GILES
Hey, BA-hir.

Bahir opens his eyes and turns to Giles.

BAHIR
What is it?

GILES
Look here, fella, me and the boys
heard your comments on the radio
everybody's talkin' about and we
thought we'd get ya a lil' gift,
maybe it'll help ya hit dem
curveballs.

Bahir stands up, not amused.

BAHIR
What are you talking about?

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Alison washes her hands and looks up at herself in the mirror. She takes a deep breath.

INT. WRIGLEY FIELD/HALLWAY - DAY

Alison walks down a hallway toward a door marked *Players Locker Room*.

INT. CUBS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Most players have stopped to focus on Bahir. Giles has a big grin on his face.

GILES
Come on out, ladies!

Giles clicks his phone and music blares from a BLUE TOOTH SPEAKER on a table. Music you'd hear at a strip club.

INT. WRIGLEY FIELD/HALLWAY - DAY

Alison pushes through the door. The CLUB MUSIC can be heard.

INT. CUBS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Giles begins to dance.

From an adjacent room, two women exit dressed in Abayas (covered from head to toe in black) and dance around Bahir, seductively.

Most of the players find this hilarious. A few are disgusted.

Alison approaches as the women dance around Bahir. They pull up the arms and bottom of the Abayas to reveal bare arms and legs. Bahir is absolutely mortified.

Bahir pushes the women away and tackles Giles. Several players struggle to pull him off.

ALISON
What in the hell is going on here?

The room stops at the sound of Alison's voice. Bahir and Giles separate and brush themselves off.

BAHIR
This son of a bitch disrespects not
only me, but my religion.

GILES
Oh, Jesus Christ, BA-hir, just
tryin' to have a lil' fun with ya.

BAHIR
My name is Bahir. Not BA-hir.

The women in Abayas stand awkwardly off to the side.

ALISON
Get these women out of here.

The women scurry off.

ALISON (CONT'D)
(to Bahir)
Are you all right?

Bahir nods.

ALISON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about this.

Alison and Bahir share a moment of mutual respect. Alison's
gaze shifts to Giles.

ALISON (CONT'D)
You should be ashamed.

Alison looks around at the faces of her players.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Listen to me, I sound like a
mother. 'You should be ashamed.'
The rest of you aren't innocent.

Crosby steps out of his office and leans against the wall.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Here you are dancing around, and
disrespecting the best damn player
on the team. And laughing about it.

Bahir looks up at Alison.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Someone tell me what could possibly
be funny right now. You've lost the
first ten games of the season. Ten
straight games.

ALISON (CONT'D)

I don't find anything funny about that. Leo Schwartz didn't find anything funny about it. He quit on you. He was owed millions. And he quit. The fans who pay their hard earned money to sit in those stands and watch you play don't find anything funny about it.

Scan the somber faces of the players. A long pause.

ALISON (CONT'D)

This is my team now. There isn't a player in this room who isn't expendable.

(to Giles)

You pull another stunt like this and I'll ship you to the Saudi league for a side of falafel.

(to everyone)

Something is broken with the culture here. Changes are coming. You can bet your sweet asses on that. The Chicago Cubs franchise are the biggest losers in the history of professional sports. We're a joke. Do you guys want to be jokes? I didn't take this job because I think it's a joke. This is my life. I don't want it to be a joke. You guys decide what you want yours to be.

Scan the faces of the players, some are growing inspired.

ALISON (CONT'D)

No excuses. No complaints. Just winning. That's what we do here now. We win. It's not going to be easy. It won't happen overnight, but it will happen. It's going to be hard. And some of you aren't going to like it, but I'll tell you this, if ever things get too tough for you, too difficult, I'll welcome you to come walk a mile in these heels, and you'll see just how easy you have it.

(beat)

You're boys playing a game.

With that, Alison leaves to silence. She passes Crosby.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Get your god damn team in order.

Crosby opens his mouth to speak, but Alison is gone.

INT. WRIGLEY FIELD/HALLWAY - DAY

Alison slams the door and walks down the hallway the way she came. Behind her, Bahir steps out in his uniform and glove.

BAHIR
Ms. Price?

Alison stops, turns, marches back towards Bahir.

BAHIR (CONT'D)
I appreciate your words. Thank you.

ALISON
I didn't want to say anything in there. What they did to you was wrong, but you aren't off the hook.

Bahir looks at the ground.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Your comments have created a distraction for this team. I need you to understand that.

BAHIR
I understand.

ALISON
Do you?

BAHIR
It's hard for me here. This place is very different.

ALISON
You're damn right it is.

BAHIR
What's going to happen to me?

ALISON
I don't know, yet. Just go out there and do what you do best, Bahir. Play baseball. Everything else will work itself out.

Bahir smacks the palm of his glove and runs off in the opposite direction toward the field. Alison watches him go.

INT. WRIGLEY FIELD - DAY

Alison walks down a long, deserted concrete corridor under the stadium.

EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - NIGHT

A PROTESTER smokes a cigarette. His picket sign leans against a street light pole. The sign reads: *Releasing Bahir is a crime against Islam.*

Alison steps out of a distant gate. FANS wearing Cubs gear shuffle by. Alison walks briskly away from the stadium.

The protester happens to notice Alison. He whistles loudly.

PROTESTER
There she is!

Alison whips her head around. Before she knows it, she's surrounded by PROTESTERS. Wild feminist-looking types and Muslim sympathizers all screaming.

PROTESTER 1
Releasing Bahir is a crime against
the Qu'ran!

PROTESTER 2
Release the bastard!

EXT. CLARK STREET - NIGHT

The mob turns the corner onto Clark Street. Cubs' FANS seated outside of bars watch the spectacle. A group of REPORTERS swoop in with lights and cameras and microphones.

Alison is in the middle trying to keep moving.

REPORTERS
What's happening with Bahir?

ALISON
No decisions have been made as of
yet. You're wasting your time.

INT. SPORTS' BAR - NIGHT

Alison breaks off from the mob and enters a sports bar. Cubs' FANS everywhere. They're all focused on Alison.

FAN 1
Hey, that's Alison Price!

FAN 2
Alison, can I get a picture with
you?

FAN 3
What's the plan to fix the Cubs!?

Alison hurries out of the bar.

EXT. CLARK STREET - NIGHT

The angry mob is waiting. Alison gets a slight head start on them and starts running. She passes bars on Clark Street. FANS run out to watch. She reaches a police blockade that keeps cars off of the busy street. Nowhere to hide.

The angry mob closes in. Alison looks left, right, at a POLICE OFFICER who looks more frightened than she does.

EXT. ALLEY OFF OF CLARK STREET - NIGHT

CODY (33), a bartender, stands outside a dive bar smoking a cigarette. From his vantage point he can see Alison backing away in fear and also the angry mob bearing down.

CODY
Hey, over here!

Cody holds open the door to the dive bar. Alison rushes through. The mob descends, but Cody slams the door on them.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

The place is dead. A pair of OLD MEN sit at opposite sides of the bar. Alison takes in the scene.

ALISON
No TVs in here?

CODY
What the hell is going on out
there? What was that?

CODY (CONT'D)
(beat)
No, no TVs.

Cody peeks out of the window.

CODY (CONT'D)
Jesus, they're still out there. I
can sneak you out the back. Where
do you live?

Alison watches Cody, amused and touched by his concern.

ALISON
I think I'll stay a while. Thank
you. Thank you for saving me...

CODY
Cody.

ALISON
I'm Alison.

CODY
What was that out there?

Cody walks to the bar, reaches over for a bottle of whiskey
and pours two shots. He holds his up and waits for Alison.
They take the shots.

ALISON
You really don't know?

Cody doesn't have any idea who she is.

ALISON (CONT'D)
This is so where I need to be.

Alison gives Cody a hug. He keeps his arms by his side.
Alison lets go and walks to a table in the back of the bar.

ALISON (CONT'D)
I'm going to sit over here.

CODY
Can I get you something?

ALISON
I'll have a Bud.

Alison plugs headphones into her phone. Cody sets down a Bud.
Alison puts the headphones in her ears. She looks up. Cody is
still there. She takes out the headphones.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Yes?

CODY

Um, do you want to pay?

ALISON

Oh, sorry.

Alison pulls a card out and hands it to Cody. He nods.

CODY

Right.

Cody reads Alison's name on her card, but it's clear he's still none-the-wiser.

Alison puts the earbuds back in.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And we're just about ready for the first pitch. Cubs and the Dodgers. Let's see if the Cubbies can get on track and win their first game of this young season.

Alison takes a drink and glances over at the bar. Cody is watching her. He looks away, caught. Alison grins.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Here come the Cubs taking the field. Those boos you hear cascading down from the stands are aimed at Bahir, whose found himself in a bit of hot water over some recent statements. Should be very interesting to see how he responds tonight.

INT. DIVE BAR - TWO HOURS LATER

Three bottles rest in front of Alison. She sips on a fourth, on the edge of her seat, listening intently.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Well, folks, it's only fitting it would come down to this. Bottom of the ninth, two on, two out and Bahir coming to the plate with a chance to win it.

ALISON

Come on.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Bahir is a notorious free-swinger,
so if this first pitch is anywhere
near the plate you can bet he'll be
hacking at it.

EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - NIGHT

It's oddly calm on the streets outside the stadium. The
lights from the field bloom out into the darkness. The CRACK
of a bat. A thunderous ROAR from the crowd.

EXT. CLARK STREET - NIGHT

Bars erupt into cheers and celebrations.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Alison jumps out of her seat and raises her arms in triumph.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Bahir has done it! A game winning
single in the bottom of the ninth,
my God Bahir has done it! Cubs win!
Cubs Win!

Cody watches Alison. When she realizes this, her face
reddens. She puts on her coat and walks to the window. She
peeks out. The mob is still outside, but it's smaller and has
moved back out onto Clark Street.

CODY
Did you want to pay your tab?

ALISON
Oh, right, sorry.

Cody hands Alison the receipt. She signs and gives it back.

CODY
C'mon, I'll sneak you out the back.

EXT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Cody holds the door open for Alison. She exits into a narrow
alley behind the bar. A sea of Cubs' fans pass on the street
at the end of the alley.

CODY
If you go up there I bet you can
blend right into the masses.

ALISON
Thanks, Cody.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS OVER THE SONG "IDEAL WORLD" BY GIRLPOOL

- Alison takes off down the alley. Cody watches her go.
- Alison discreetly enters the throngs of Cubs fans moving down the street. She looks around at all the happy faces.
- Bahir walks into the locker room. Players come up to high-five him.
- Trey turns off the TV in his office.
- Chelsea sits on her couch, surrounded by stuffed animals and pillows, all smiles after the win. Her living room looks like something out of Barbie's playhouse.
- Alison veers away from the crowd and climbs the stairs to the L Train.
- Alison rides on the L train. A GIRL (7) sits across from her, dressed from head-to-toe in Cubs gear. She's holding a giant foam finger. She smiles at Alison.
- Alison gets off the L in Lincoln Park. Walks down a quiet street.
- Alison pushes open the door and turns on the lights to reveal a modest apartment. Tidy, almost as if nobody lives there. Walls covered in Cardinals' memorabilia. If anyone from the Cubs' came into this apartment they would be shocked. A chocolate lab runs up to Alison. His name is Stan.
- Alison steps onto her balcony. It's high up. The Chicago skyline in the distance. She lights a cigarette.
- Alison's apartment building is revealed to be huge. A hundred apartments or more. She becomes a dot on the balcony. One of many lights.
- Morning. Alison cooks breakfast. Eats alone.
- Alison behind a newspaper. The headline: *finally a win!*
- Alison scrutinizes box scores in the sports' section.

- Alison pours over emails, video, sports articles.
- Alison plays with Stan at a dog park. A face in the crowd.
- Alison enters her outer office and passes Chelsea. Chelsea holds up her hand to high-five Alison.

ALISON (CONT'D)
It's only one win.

Alison disappears into her office.

- Alison in the room with the scouts. TIME CUTS show a lengthy meeting.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - DAY

The Cubs are practicing.

Alison steps out of a gate and takes a seat in the stands.

Alison is focused on Bahir. He seems to be getting along with the players better. A comment here. A high-five there.

The practice concludes and players head to the dugout and off to the locker room.

Eventually the only person left on the field is Bahir and the FIELDING COACH. Bahir takes his position at shortstop and the fielding coach walks to home plate with a bat and a bucket full of balls.

As night falls, and the lights of Wrigley buzz soft, Alison watches Bahir take ground ball after ground ball. He dives to the left, dives to the right, jumps for line drives, charges grounders.

INT. ALISON'S OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT

A tired Alison enters. Chelsea, excited, stands to greet her, holding her tablet to her chest.

ALISON
What are you doing here? Go home.

Alison walks right by. Chelsea is deflated.

INT. ALISON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Alison absently searches through the drawers of her desk and ends up finding a couple Cubs' coffee mugs and a bottle of vodka. Leo's stash.

Alison pours a healthy amount of vodka into one of the coffee cups. She hears a light RAPPING at her office door.

ALISON

Come in.

Chelsea peeks her head in the office.

ALISON (CONT'D)

What is it? I said you could go.

CHELSEA

I've got ten ideas.

Alison perks up. Glances at the stupid intercom.

ALISON

(excited)

Tell me. Tell me.

Chelsea reads off of her tablet and paces around the room.

CHELSEA

One--

ALISON

Stop. Do you want a drink?

CHELSEA

Uh, yes.

Alison pours vodka in the other coffee cup and holds it out to Chelsea. Chelsea takes the drink, takes a sip, grimaces, and starts pacing again.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

One, drop it off the top of the
Sears Tower.

ALISON

Love it, but, far too dangerous.

Chelsea nods, hadn't thought of that, though, clearly.

CHELSEA

Two, bury it under the field.

ALISON
No, lets save that idea for Trey
Wrigley's body when I kill him.

Chelsea laughs.

ALISON (CONT'D)
What's number three? I bet third
time's a charm.

CHELSEA
Three...

EXT. WRIGLEY FIELD - NIGHT

The lights are still on, but Bahir is gone. The field and
stadium are completely empty.

Alison and Chelsea run out onto the field, giggling. Alison
carries the intercom and her coffee cup of vodka. Chelsea
carries a baseball bat and her coffee cup of vodka.

ALISON
Okay, let's do this. Are you ready?

CHELSEA
I'm ready!

ALISON
Step up to the plate!

Chelsea steps to the plate and takes an awkward stance.
Alison runs to a spot halfway between the mound and plate.

ALISON (CONT'D)
And here's the pitch!

Alison goes into a windup and tosses the intercom to Chelsea.
Chelsea swings and makes contact. The CRACKING sound of the
bat hitting the intercom. It lands a few feet from Alison.

ALISON (CONT'D)
It doesn't look broken enough yet.
One more time!

CHELSEA
Yay!

Their laughter echoes in the empty stadium.

FADE OUT:

END PILOT

Vita

The writer was born and raised in Lake Wylie, South Carolina. He moved to New Orleans in 2010 to attend the University of New Orleans, from which he graduated in 2013 with a B.A. in Film and Theatre. He lives and writes in New Orleans.