

The Show  
"Pilot"

by

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TEASER

**EXT. LAKELAND BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY**

It's a beautiful day at the Zephyrs' MLB spring training facility in Lakeland, Florida. FANS are in the stands for both the Detroit Zephyrs and the Cincinnati Reds.

VINNIE VECK (O.S.)

At the bottom of the fourth we've got a seven zero game, folks. But fear not, your Detroit Zephyrs are ready for a comeback.

A YOUNG WOMAN in short shorts and a Zephyrs T-shirt hangs over the fence near the Reds' bullpen. A MOTHERLY WOMAN in a Zephyrs sweatshirt walks by holding a LITTLE BOY's hand.

MOTHERLY WOMAN

Wrong bullpen sweetie, our boys are over there.

The young woman pulls her shirt down in front to show off her cleavage. The Reds take the field but not before a PLAYER tosses a ball with a phone number on it to the young woman.

YOUNG WOMAN

Our boys aren't winning. They never win.

MOTHERLY WOMAN

They're still our boys.

The young woman hands the ball to the little boy.

YOUNG WOMAN

I just wanted to distract them a little. Maybe it'll help.

A Zephyrs' PLAYER stands at home plate and prepares to hit.

VINNIE VECK (O.S.)

We're back at the top of the fifth with Gibson at the plate. He's been with the club...

**INT. LAKELAND BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY**

LOUISE "LOU" ARLINGTON (late 40s), all business with thick-rimmed glasses, stands in her office in front of a television which broadcasts the game we were just watching live.

VINNIE VECK (O.S.)  
 ...for three years despite having  
 struck out more than any other  
 player in the American League.  
 There's speculation that he's  
 being considered for a trade.  
 Maybe we'll get a pitcher, we sure  
 could use one.

Lou turns to the table in the room where WENDY LAWSON (early  
 30s), completely unprepared, sorts through paperwork in search  
 of something.

WENDY  
 We have all of the important pages  
 but this is so weird. I know I put  
 it in here this morning. I was  
 trying to dry my hair and pack my  
 bag and Drake said-

Lou takes the scene in and the light bulb clicks.

LOU  
 Oh, you're that Wendy. I knew I  
 recognized your voice. You left a  
 voicemail at the house several  
 months ago.

WENDY  
 At *the house*?

Wendy is clueless. In more ways than one.

LOU  
 The house I share with my husband.  
 Drake, as you call him.

WENDY  
 Oh, I meant to say Mr. Arlington,  
 he's my client. Technically the  
 team's my client but you know.

LOU  
 Oh I know. I know everything, Ms.  
 Lawson. Speaking of Mr. Arlington,  
 why isn't he here?

WENDY  
 Attorney client privilege, you  
 know. I'd hate to let the wrong  
 person know he can't leave the  
 state. The charges haven't been  
 made public yet.

LOU

Sure.

The light bulb finally flickers for Wendy.

WENDY

Wait, you're *Mrs. Arlington*? I don't understand.

LOU

That's me.

WENDY

(under her breath)  
I've been sleeping with the wrong  
Arlington.

**EXT. LAKELAND BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY**

The Zephyrs' PITCHER throws and the Reds' HITTER makes contact. The Reds are ahead eleven to zero.

VINNIE VECK (O.S.)

The stretch and the pitch, swung on and popped up again. Off third, Lee has room, it's a can of corn! The Zephyrs just miss a win today. Join us back here tomorrow, one oh five p.m., it's fifty cent hot dog day!

**EXT. LAKELAND BASEBALL STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Lou enters the bullpen where JIMMY TELL (40s), in a Zephyrs jacket over cargo shorts and flip flops, stands. He snaps a wad of chewing gum.

JIMMY

Afternoon, Mrs. Arlington. If I'd have known you and Drake were coming I'd have secured you better seats. Maybe even a win.

The REDS file off the field. The ZEPHYRS gather at the pitching mound. One player shoves another. Someone's finger is in someone's chest. Their VOICES grow louder.

LOU

Jimmy, one of these seasons I'm going to get you to call me Lou.

Jimmy snaps his gum again.

LOU (CONT'D)  
 Drake's not going to be coming  
 'round much more.

They watch the argument on the mound.

LOU (CONT'D)  
 You know him and the other owners  
 are looking to sell the team,  
 right?

JIMMY  
 Guy who buys this team has to be  
 glutton for punishment. Or a  
 complete moron. To throw good  
 money after *them*.

He motions to the mound where PLAYERS wrestle and argue.

LOU  
 Yeah. Well, I'd like to talk to  
*them* for a moment, if that's okay.

**INT. LAKELAND BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY**

Lou enters the locker room and Jimmy slips in behind her. She looks at the players, half-dressed, fresh from the showers, beat up, tired, and it's only the pre-season.

LOU  
 Most of you know me as Mrs.  
 Arlington.

Two of the players from the previous argument enter. They YELL at one another.

PLAYER 1  
 If you'd move your goddamn feet-

PLAYER 2  
 That's precious, coming from the  
 guy who's training bag is stuffed  
 with Oreos. You'd think they'd put  
 a weight clause in your contract-

Player 1 punches Player 2 in the nose. A locker room brawl breaks out. Jimmy jumps in the middle of it.

JIMMY  
 Come on, we got a lady here, boys.

Lou makes her way into the middle of the fight and tries to hold guys apart.

LOU

I'm glad I came down to see what I  
got myself into.

Jimmy stops dead. The players he was holding apart get back to  
it. Lou looks over at him.

JIMMY

You should've saved your money.

An elbow lands on Lou's eye. She uses her fingers to WHISTLE.  
The fight stops. She has control of the room.

LOU

As I was saying, most of you know  
me as Mrs. Arlington. But from now  
on, I'm Lou. Club owner. I bought  
this team with my own money, not  
my husband's. I want to make that  
clear. I am now the sole owner of  
the Zephyrs.

SILENCE.

LOU (CONT'D)

And if you continue to fight like  
that, we just might win the  
pennant.

She draws some smiles. Jimmy watches her, not the players.

LOU (CONT'D)

Not much is going to change, just,  
well, really everything. Boys,  
let's help Detroit remember they  
have two baseball teams.

She turns to Jimmy.

JIMMY

Welcome to the show, Mrs.  
Arlington.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**INT. PRIVATE PLANE - DAY**

News footage of the Zephyrs' fight on an iPad: players with fat lips and black eyes, they're a joke. Lou turns it off and looks at Jimmy who puts a fresh stick of gum in his mouth.

JIMMY

So you want a written resignation  
or will the events of today be  
sufficient?

LOU

No, no no no. I want to form a  
partnership. I know Drake and the  
other owners were very laissez-  
faire in their approach-

She backtracks.

LOU (CONT'D)

Very hands-off.

JIMMY

I went to college, Mrs. Arlington,  
even graduated. No matter. You'll  
want your own guy, someone you can  
start fresh with.

LOU

I like you, Jimmy.

They look at each other for a moment. Then Jimmy settles back into his seat and closes his eyes.

JIMMY

I'll give you a week's notice but  
there are only thirty spots for me  
and most of 'em are filled.

She decides it's time to change tactics.

LOU

We're going to sign Randall Rydell  
tomorrow. I've got lawyers drawing  
up the contracts.

JIMMY

Who's he?

LOU

Twenty-year-old pitcher from Texas  
A & M. He dropped out this winter.  
He's got a hundred mile per hour  
fast ball that could put him up  
there with Johnson, Feller,  
Dalkowski, Ryan, Chapman.

Jimmy opens one eye and looks at her.

JIMMY

Walter Johnson ended his career in  
1927. How do you know who Walter  
Johnson is?

LOU

My mother died in childbirth. I  
know a lot about cars too.

Jimmy closes his eye.

JIMMY

You don't want to sign anyone that  
wet behind the ears.

LOU

You talk like you're from another  
century.

(beat)

I like it.

JIMMY

I don't know Rydell. If I should,  
the scouts'll bring him to my  
attention.

LOU

That's what I'm doing. Bringing  
him to your attention. He'll be in  
a Zephyrs' uniform before the end  
of the week.

JIMMY

I won't be so it doesn't matter  
one red cent.

LOU

Oh, he's worth a lot more than  
that.



**EXT. LAKELAND BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY**

The stadium is deserted except for two FIGURES who walk through the rows of seats.

VINNIE VECK

Back in the day, way back, this team was golden, Ma'am.

VINNIE VECK (80s), in a Zephyrs hat, walks with reporter THERESA ST. JAMES (30s). She takes notes.

VINNIE VECK (CONT'D)

They were a team that won pennants and had everyone wanting to cheer for them, play for them, be them. But the current owners, they, they lost their way a little.

THERESA ST. JAMES

Do you think the team can find its way back?

VINNIE VECK

It'll take some elbow grease and some heart but everything's possible, Ma'am.

Vinnie picks up a ball and tosses it from hand to hand.

THERESA ST. JAMES

An hour ago Mr. Arlington, who's really been the face of this ownership team, was indicted on insider trading. And the team's going to formally announce a new owner in just a few minutes: Mrs. Arlington.

Vinnie drops the ball and sits down.

**EXT. DETROIT AIRPORT - DAY**

Lou and Jimmy push the doors of the airport open and are accosted by JOURNALISTS.

REPORTER #1

Mrs. Arlington, is it true you paid three hundred and seventy two million dollars for the Zephyrs?

LOU

No comment.

REPORTER #2

Jimmy, we hear you have offers from four other clubs.

JIMMY

Wish someone'd call me directly then.

REPORTER #3

What's your reaction to Commissioner Kelley's announcement?

JIMMY

What-

LOU

Announcement?

REPORTER #4

Kelley's considering trimming the central division by a franchise or two and changing up division lines.

REPORTER #1

Has Kelley discussed eliminating the Detroit Zephyrs' franchise with you?

REPORTER #2

Are you moving the team to Buffalo?

REPORTER #3

What will you do if your team loses it's MLB franchise?

JIMMY

I think Ted Kelley can go-

LOU

No comment.

REPORTER #4

How'd you get that shiner, Mrs. Arlington?

Lou smiles as they get into a car at the curb.

**EXT. LAKELAND BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY**

Theresa St. James and Vinnie sit.

THERESA ST. JAMES

Mr. Veck?

VINNIE VECK

Oh, yes, what was the question?

THERESA ST. JAMES

You've been the voice of the Zephyrs for over fifty years. You've seen management and players come and go. How do you think Mrs. Arlington will fair as the new owner?

VINNIE VECK

Mr. Arlington's going to jail?

THERESA ST. JAMES

Likely. Why do you think he sold the team to his wife?

VINNIE VECK

I haven't the foggiest, she doesn't know a thing about owning a ball club. A woman running the front office? What could be next? I'll tell you, Mrs. Arlington is crazy for taking this on and she'll realize that soon enough. We all will. She's never been more than a wife and mother.

Theresa smiles, that's her story.

**INT. ZEPHYRS STADIUM - DAY**

Management meeting at the Zephyrs baseball stadium in Detroit, Michigan. Jimmy, COACHES and SCOUTS, front office FOLKS. Lou sits at the head of the conference room table, the lone female.

COACH #1

You're gonna sign him to a minor league contract first, right? He can play for the White Caps and we'll keep an eye on him.

COACH #2

We've got four pitchers in Florida already, Mrs. Arlington.

LOU

But we don't have Rocketman.

JIMMY

Please tell me you gave him that nickname.

LOU

I'm going to bring him in as our number two. Bailey's great but even great needs backup.

COACH #3

You can't be serious-

SCOUT #1

This is horseshit. We haven't seen the kid play.

SCOUT #2

Next thing you know we'll be toting around those ePaddy things to check in with her.

SCOUT #3

I want some tape! We don't even know what he's capable of.

The BICKERING grows more heated.

LOU

(voice slightly raised)

His E.R.A. was point seven last season, the lowest in the country. He had ninety-four strikeouts. He won nine games. And if you gentlemen are finished, I do have some tape of Randall.

The lights go down and a video screen comes out of the floor.

**INT. ZEPHYRS STADIUM - DAY**

CAROLINE ARLINGTON (25), conservative in slacks and pearls, packs up the desk in what used to be her father's office. She holds up a mug she made in elementary school.

CAROLINE

(surprised)

There are cigarette butts in the mug I made Daddy.

GEORGIA ARLINGTON (19), in a Victoria's Secret track suit, lounges on a couch. Her eyes never leave her phone.

GEORGIA

Daddy always was the sentimental type.

CAROLINE

He's not dead, Georgia, have some respect.

GEORGIA

The same respect he showed for the lovingly handcrafted piece of your childhood? Got it.

CAROLINE

Shouldn't you be in class or something?

GEORGIA

That's the great thing about college, no one gives a rat's ass whether or not I show up. And still? All 'A's.

CAROLINE

I'll have to tell Mom-

Lou rushes into the office, a whirlwind.

LOU

Georgia, I'm not paying you to hold down the furniture, go back to school.

Lou punches the keys of a laptop before she slams it shut.

LOU (CONT'D)

Caroline, get me a computer that works.

GEORGIA

(off Caroline)

Is she your new secretary?

LOU

I love you to pieces, Georgia Bean, but leave.

Georgia kisses her mother and leaves. Lou's phone RINGS.

LOU (CONT'D)

(into her phone)

Give me ten minutes.

CAROLINE

They delivered your boxes, do you want me to unpack?

Lou ends the call and texts.

LOU

It was an eight-minute video, which cost a thousand dollars, and when the lights went up two of them were asleep. They say they want to win games but I think they just want to take a freakin' nap.

CAROLINE

You haven't changed your mind though, have you?

LOU

They want to see this kid cool his heels in Grand Rapids for a few years.

CAROLINE

If we get a crowd to come out just to see the new guy, maybe they'll have a change of heart. Fans mean more money, more money means bonuses if we win.

LOU

How would you get people there?

CAROLINE

He's young? Cute? Twitter, Facebook, Instagram. A photo op with a puppy. Done.

LOU

That's it. Done. Caroline Arlington, you are the Zephyrs' new marketing director.

CAROLINE

Me?

LOU

I'll talk to HR.

Jimmy pops his head in the office.

JIMMY

Rydell signed already?

Lou heads into the hallway.

**INT. ZEPHYRS STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy follows Lou.

LOU

Within the hour. But that was about Caroline, she's the new marketing director.

He stops, about to protest but shakes his head in agreement.

JIMMY

Good call. She does more work around here than half the people you actually pay.

LOU

Headed back to Lakeland?

Lou stops in front of the reception desk. The secretary, MS. DAVIDSON (70s), types on a typewriter.

LOU (CONT'D)

(to Ms. Davidson)

I need some documents sent to Texas.

MS. DAVIDSON

Priority mail or Fed-Ex? Afternoon or morning post?

LOU

E-mail. Now.

Ms. Davidson bites her lip. Lou yells down the hall.

LOU (CONT'D)

Caroline, hire Ms. Davidson an assistant!

(to Ms. Davidson)

Ask Caroline to e-mail the contract.

Lou and Jimmy continue on. Ms. Davidson calls after them.

MS. DAVIDSON

The Fed-Ex boy is very competent, Ma'am.

JIMMY

Listen. Drake's been calling me.

LOU  
My husband's phone privileges  
haven't been revoked, yet.

JIMMY  
I just want to be clear. He's out?

LOU  
I know you two are friends, call  
him if you like.

JIMMY  
He was my boss, that was always  
the relationship. And if he's  
really not a part of this-

LOU  
Not. At. All.

JIMMY  
Then his phone privileges are not  
my concern.

**INT. ARLINGTON HOUSE - DAY**

DRAKE ARLINGTON (late 40s), in an expensive polo and khakis,  
paces, eyes on his phone. Lou makes a sandwich in the kitchen.

DRAKE  
You didn't think a goddamn  
conversation might be a good place  
to start?

LOU  
It was a business decision.

DRAKE  
It was my business!

LOU  
And now it's not. I asked Lucinda  
to change the sheets in your room.

She walks out of the kitchen.

**INT. ARLINGTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Lou walks up the stairs. Drake follows, eyes on his phone.

DRAKE  
The press is having a field day  
with our family.



**INT. ARLINGTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Lou changes clothes in her bedroom, Drake's eyes never leave his phone.

DRAKE

Shit. It's made the news.

LOU

They've been talking about me for twenty-four hours now, it'll die down-

DRAKE

The arrest.

LOU

What arrest?

He looks at her for the first time. It doesn't register with him that she's in her bra and panties. And she looks good.

DRAKE

I was booked yesterday. That's why I sent Wendy to Florida as my proxy.

LOU

Proxy, that's a new one. I thought the charges were pending.

DRAKE

It's some bullshit insider trading crap. A stopgap so they can continue on their witch hunt. Fucking federal government at it's finest.

LOU

Did you do it?

He ignores her question, eyes back on his phone.

DRAKE

That precious money your dad left you has always been untouchable. Why break open the piggy bank now?

She slips on a sweatshirt and yoga pants.

LOU

I want to leave a legacy, like my father did.

(MORE)

LOU (CONT'D)

I have an MBA and years of first-hand knowledge in how *not* to run a business. And maybe I wanted to piss you off just a little.

DRAKE

It worked.

LOU

You sold the team. I bought the team. Get over it. And Drake-

She wipes off her lipstick and kisses his cheek.

LOU (CONT'D)

You never really gave a shit about baseball anyway.

**INT. PRIVATE PLANE - DAY**

Lou sets aside The Detroit Free Press with the headline "Vinnie Veck calls new Zephyrs coach crazy".

LOU

I'm going to divorce your father.

Georgia yawns and rolls over in her seat. Caroline moves a seat closer to her mother.

GEORGIA

You say that every time he comes home for more than one night in a row. Boring.

CAROLINE

Did you talk to Daddy?

LOU

We talked about the team, about business. So yes, I guess we talked.

GEORGIA

Can you believe my family's owned the Zephyrs my entire life and I've never been to spring training.

LOU

You wouldn't get on a plane until you were seventeen.

CAROLINE

The practical side of me-

GEORGIA

You mean Ms. Buzzkill, party of one?

CAROLINE

-says wait until May, maybe June. All these news cycles will have settled and no one will notice a divorce decree.

LOU

Honey, I'm not worried about how this will affect the team but I'm so thankful you are. Your support, and yours, Georgia-

Georgia sticks her tongue out at Caroline and reaches a hand toward her mother who takes it in her own.

LOU (CONT'D)

-means the world to me. I want you both to be proud of me.

GEORGIA

We are.

Caroline nods.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Good, now that that's taken care of, what's the best place to party in Lakeland?

CAROLINE

Stay away from Houligan's. A waitress spilled some horrible blue drink on me there. My angora wrap was never the same.

Georgia types Houligan's into her phone.

#### **INT. FLORIDA HOTEL - NIGHT**

Georgia and a HOT GUY (20) push their way into a hotel room, all over each other.

HOT GUY

Who'd a thunk it? It's your first time in Florida and it's-

Georgia kisses him. He pulls her to him and she SCREAMS, with pain, not pleasure.

HOT GUY (CONT'D)  
You want more of that? You-

GEORGIA  
No! Just don't touch my ass.

HOT GUY  
Aye, aye, captain.

He pushes her down on the bed. They make out, hot and heavy.

GEORGIA  
I'm finally on Spring Break.

HOT GUY  
With a professional baseball player who's so rich he could buy this hotel.

GEORGIA  
No you couldn't.

He pulls back, wounded.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
Fine, you win.

HOT GUY  
What's my prize?

She pushes him off, whips off her shirt and straddles him.

HOT GUY (CONT'D)  
Play ball!

**INT. FLORIDA HOTEL - DAY**

Press conference in the ballroom. Lou sits at a table up front with Jimmy. Caroline is off to the side.

LOU  
I'll be handling the Vinnie Veck 'situation' internally. Okay, let's do just one more.

A reporter, TRAVIS, in the back stands.

TRAVIS

After signing Randall Rydell,  
what's your next order of  
business?

Lou looks at Caroline who gives her a double thumbs-up.

LOU

Thanks for that very choreographed  
segue, Travis. This team is a  
family and we'd like to draw the  
community into the fold so we're  
going to hold a public contest to  
find a new name for our family.

A MURMUR floods through the room.

REPORTER #2

You're going to change the team's  
name?

REPORTER #3

Why do you hate the Zephyr brand?

REPORTER #4

Is it true you want to change the  
name to break away from your  
husband's legacy?

JIMMY

(whispers)

Thanks for the heads' up.

LOU

(whispers)

Plausible deniability.

(to the room)

Here's the deal. The *team* is the  
legacy. We've been an iconic part  
of the Detroit landscape for  
almost seventy years. But the  
Zephyr was a car made by Ford in  
the United Kingdom and hasn't been  
manufactured since 1972 because it  
didn't sell.

**INT. FLORIDA HOTEL - CONTINUOUS**

Same room as last night. On the television: Lou's press  
conference.

LOU  
 (on television)  
 We need a name that represents the  
 strength of Detroit. Thanks,  
 everyone. Make sure to see  
 Caroline for press packets.

Georgia wipes sleep from her eyes. The television flicks off.

GEORGIA  
 Was that my mother?

RANDALL "ROCKETMAN" RYDELL, the hot guy from last night, kisses her.

ROCKETMAN  
 That was the Rocketman's new boss.

GEORGIA  
 Who's Rocketman?

ROCKETMAN  
 The guy you're about to have sex  
 with again.

They make out. He slides his hand down her butt. She YELPS.

ROCKETMAN (CONT'D)  
 What do you and your ass have  
 against Rocketman touching it?

She pulls down her underwear in the back. He SNICKERS.

GEORGIA  
 I wrote it out for her and I'd  
 only had a couple of shots. She  
 promised it was spelled right.

ROCKETMAN  
 Oh, it's spelled right.

REVEAL: a freshly-inked 'Detroit Zephyrs' tattoo.

**EXT. LAKELAND BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY**

Lou heads toward the players' entrance. JAMES KIRKPATRICK (40s), expensive suit and cheap smile, joins her.

KIRKPATRICK  
 There's this thing called  
 protocol, Mrs. Arlington.

LOU  
You can call me Lou, just like everyone else, *James*.

KIRKPATRICK  
Everyone calls me Kirkpatrick, and I don't mind.

LOU  
They're not tying your name to a possible felon.

KIRKPATRICK  
Fair enough.

**INT. LAKELAND BASEBALL STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Lou and Kirkpatrick weave their way through the bowels of the stadium, past locker rooms and nondescript offices.

KIRKPATRICK  
There's this thing called protocol.

LOU  
So I've heard.

KIRKPATRICK  
The commissioner's office likes to be involved.

LOU  
Did my check not clear? Did you not see the name on this door?

She stops and points to the name plaque on her office door.

KIRKPATRICK  
Your husband and his partners got the same reminders, I assure you.

LOU  
No, they didn't. Because they didn't care enough about the team to make any changes.

KIRKPATRICK  
We have a certain way of doing things and if you're going to continue-

LOU  
If? Let's make this clear.  
(MORE)

LOU (CONT'D)  
 I'm not going to fall into line  
 just because Commissioner Kelley  
 thinks he can push me around.

KIRKPATRICK  
 Play ball or find yourself a new  
 sport, *Mrs. Arlington*.

**INT. LAKELAND BASEBALL STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy sits comfortably on a couch in Lou's office. She looks from him to the empty door. Yep, he heard it all.

JIMMY  
 Kirkpatrick's just a mouthpiece.

LOU  
 But he's Kelley's mouthpiece.

JIMMY  
 True.

He hands her a letter scribbled in blue ink.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
 I never was a typist.

LOU  
 So it's official?

JIMMY  
 End of next week. New blood will  
 strengthen the team, *the family*.

LOU  
 That's what they said about each  
 of my three kids.

They share a weak smile.

LOU (CONT'D)  
 I will change your mind, Jimmy.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO**EXT. LAKELAND BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY**

MEN (30s) get autographs from Vinnie in the announcer's box.

MAN 1

My parents took me to my first  
game in eighty-seven.

MAN 2

I remember you calling the Series  
in eighty-nine, when we were  
driving through the U.P., I  
learned a lotta new curse words  
from my dad when we lost the radio  
station.

VINNIE VECK

Hold those memories close, boys.

They shake hands and leave. Lou emerges from the corner.

VINNIE VECK (CONT'D)

I would have introduced you, Miss  
Louise, they'd have been thrilled-

LOU

Vinnie, do you remember the day we  
first met?

VINNIE VECK

I've never forgotten.

LOU

I had a husband and a baby. But  
I'd never felt so alone in this  
world.

VINNIE VECK

Losing a parent will do that.

LOU

You found me there in that  
hallway, sobbing. You didn't make  
me feel embarrassed or ashamed.  
You made me feel less alone.

VINNIE VECK

No one should ever feel alone in  
this life.

LOU  
I can't begin to tell you how many  
times I've gone back to that  
moment. My father was everything  
to me and you, you just...

VINNIE VECK  
You've done him proud, how you  
turned out.

LOU  
Vinnie, I have to let you go.

VINNIE VECK  
You do what you need to, Miss  
Louise.

LOU  
I think you're going to enjoy  
retirement.

An OLDER MAN steps into the booth.

OLDER MAN  
Vinnie Veck? Can I tell you what  
an honor it is to meet the  
Voice...

Lou slips out of the booth.

**EXT. LAKELAND BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY**

Lou and Jimmy watch Rocketman strike out three batters on the  
field. PEYTON BAILEY (27), handsome in a hardened way, takes  
the mound and pitches a homer then misses the plate by a mile.

JIMMY  
Breathe, Bailey! Three deeps then  
drop it!

LOU  
What does that mean?

JIMMY  
He's big into taking moments to  
recoup. Three deep breathes is  
kind of his mantra.

Bailey pitches another homer.

LOU  
He's our number one pitcher?

JIMMY

Anyone ever tell you baseball's a mental game?

LOU

Anyone ever tell you no one kept a contract by pitching home runs?

Jimmy walks to the pitcher's mound.

JIMMY

You been to a meeting this week?

BAILEY

Last night. It's just a rough patch. And you hirin' that mother-

Lou joins them on the mound.

LOU

Peyton, honey, you are my number one. Never doubt that. And I want to help you help this team. What do you need? This very minute?

BAILEY

A glass of Johnnie Walker Blue.

LOU

How about I bring some lunch up to your room and we talk.

Bailey wipes the sweat from his brow.

BAILEY

I'm not finished here.

LOU

I believe you.

Rocketman approaches the mound.

ROCKETMAN

Boss lady, the Rocketman is psyched to be here. Like really psyched.

Bailey drops his glove and walks away.

**INT. FLORIDA HOTEL - DAY**

Lou and Jimmy stand on opposite sides of an elevator. Jimmy holds a fast food bag.

LOU  
If he can't pitch he can't pitch.

JIMMY  
He needs a little time is all.

LOU  
He's got four days. If he's not ready by then-

JIMMY  
You can't just issue ultimatums and expect people to fall at your feet.

The doors open and two men get on. Lou raises her voice.

LOU  
What do you think, we're just going to spend half the season chalking up losses while your boy takes a *moment*?

Before the doors close the men get back off.

JIMMY  
'My boy'? Only for a few more days. Then you'll see just how bat-shit crazy all of them are.

They ride in silence. Then she exits the elevator.

LOU  
The best sports psychologists money can buy, they'll be here tonight.

#### **INT. FLORIDA HOTEL - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy follows Lou down the hall. He sees Rocketman with his hands all over a WOMAN. Lou's on her phone. Jimmy sees that it's Caroline with Rocketman. The couple slips into a room.

JIMMY  
Sometimes you can't buy a fix.

LOU  
(off Rocketman's door)  
But you can rent it. And can you make sure he's not? We don't need to add prostitution to our worries right now.

JIMMY

If she's a prostitute, I'm sure she's a very high end one. My gut tells me Bailey will be okay.

They stop in front of an open door. Inside, Bailey chugs Red Bull and throws baseballs at the wall.

LOU

You should get your gut checked.

**INT. PRIVATE PLANE - NIGHT**

Georgia's on her phone. Caroline makes a drink and chews on the straw. Lou reads.

CAROLINE

Are you going to start Randall on Opening Day?

LOU

Jimmy runs the team on the field. But Bailey's still our number one, we want that out there.

CAROLINE

Randall's ready. Did you see him in practice today? He stopped every batter cold.

LOU

Randall's good. He's also green. I believe Jimmy'll take some time to groom him.

GEORGIA

Who the hell is Randall?  
(to Caroline)  
And why do you care about him so much?

Georgia steals her sister's drink and chugs it. Caroline smiles that far away smile of someone newly infatuated.

LOU

He's the pitcher I just signed, Rocket-

GEORGIA

Man. Yeah, that sounds familiar.

She stares Caroline down. Caroline GIGGLES. No.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 You like him?

Caroline grins.

CAROLINE  
 Well, I don't really *know* him very  
 well...

GEORGIA  
 You slept with him? SHUT UP! YOU  
 SLEPT WITH HIM!

Caroline ducks her head. Lou sits up.

LOU  
 Who slept with who?

CAROLINE  
 I never do anything like it, you  
 know me. But he was going up to  
 his room and we got to talking-

GEORGIA  
 Big conversationalist is he?

LOU  
 What were you thinking?

CAROLINE  
 (giddy)  
 I wasn't.

Georgia pours herself another drink, turns back and catches Lou's look. She sets the drink down and takes a seat.

LOU  
 I'm speaking as your boss,  
 Caroline Grace. You cannot have  
 sex with your co-workers. Do you  
 understand?

Caroline doesn't answer, just smiles.

LOU (CONT'D)  
 (to Georgia)  
 For some reason, I thought you'd  
 be the one I'd have to worry  
 about.

**INT. FLORIDA HOTEL - NIGHT**

There's a party in progress on the whole floor. Players and WOMEN. MUSIC, booze, open doors. Jimmy takes it all in.

**INT. FLORIDA HOTEL - CONTINUOUS**

Rocketman makes out with a young WOMAN in his room. She wears his Zephyr's jersey. He wears a batting helmet that's been transformed into a beer hat with duct tape. Jimmy wades through the party to get to them.

ROCKETMAN

Dude! The Rocketman is havin' some fun! Have some beer!

Rocketman shoves one of the tubes from his beer hat in Jimmy's mouth. Jimmy takes an unwanted drink.

JIMMY

We've got a seven a.m. practice tomorrow, Rydell.

ROCKETMAN

Jimmy, you can call the Rocketman 'Rocketman'.

Jimmy spots Bailey passed out under a table.

JIMMY

You're a professional athlete now-

He takes a deep breath.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

-Rocketman, and-

Rocketman shoves the beer tube back in Jimmy's mouth. Jimmy gives up, takes a long pull and kicks Bailey.

BAILEY

What?

Jimmy sits next to him.

JIMMY

The shrink?

BAILEY

She listened to me for an hour then suggested I head to a meeting.

JIMMY  
Did you go?

BAILEY  
Yep. Stopped for a Coke, saw old  
Johnnie Blue, and here I am.

JIMMY  
You're going to pitch this season.

BAILEY  
Not if I can't.

Jimmy stands and reaches a hand out to Bailey.

JIMMY  
Another meeting or another bottle?

BAILEY  
Bottle.

**INT. ARLINGTON HOUSE - NIGHT**

Lou drops her bag in her bedroom and collapses onto the bed.  
Drake stands in the doorway.

LOU  
The girls are tucked safely in  
their respective domiciles, at  
least that's what their texts say.  
I'm going to sleep now. We can  
'not fight' again in the morning.

Silence.

LOU (CONT'D)  
I know you're anxious about the  
hearing tomorrow but Damien is the  
best attorney the money you may  
have obtained illegally can buy.

DRAKE  
Vinnie Veck had a heart attack  
three hours ago. His driver found  
him dead in his room at the hotel.

Lou sits up.

LOU  
No. I just saw him-

DRAKE  
Did you make the announcement yet?



LOU  
 He was signing autographs, he said  
 he understood. I wanted to hug  
 him, I always hugged him, but-

She tears up. Drake, tears in his own eyes, joins her.

LOU (CONT'D)  
 He died alone.

DRAKE  
 You hadn't sent out the press  
 release?

LOU  
 In the morning-

DRAKE  
 Then no one knew. He died the  
 voice of the Zephyrs.

LOU  
 He knew. I knew.

Drake gets up. Heads for the door, eyes back on his phone.

LOU (CONT'D)  
 Drake-

He turns back to her.

LOU (CONT'D)  
 Stay.

His eyes leave the phone and find hers.

DRAKE  
 It's been years.

LOU  
 Fifteen.

She takes his hands and kisses him, pulls off his shirt. He  
 looks her in the eye. After a moment he unbuckles his belt.

**INT. ARLINGTON HOUSE - DAY**

The belt and clothes litter the bedroom floor. Lou and Drake  
 lie, wide awake, on separate sides of the bed.

DRAKE  
 Should we all ride to the  
 courthouse together?

Drake's phone BUZZES on the floor. Lou sees it, Drake does not. A sexy picture of Wendy lights up the screen with the word lawyer in quotes on the caller ID.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

I'm glad Damien's stepping in. He specializes in these types of federal cases. We'll get the arrest expunged but we may have to go to court on the civil insider trading charges.

Drake's phone BUZZES again.

ON THE SCREEN: A text from "Lawyer" Wendy -- *I'm at your apartment. I'm not wearing anything.*

Lou continues to lie on the bed. She's eerily calm.

LOU

I want you to do three things for me, Drake. I want you to sign the divorce papers I have on my desk. I want you to move out of my house. And I want you to quit calling my manager.

Silence. Then...

DRAKE

One word, baby: pre-nup.

He kisses her on the cheek.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. ZEPHYRS STADIUM - DAY**

Lou paces in between rows of seats as five SCOUTS yell over top of one another.

SCOUT #1

You want us to just sit back and let you do the scouting?

SCOUT #2

Do you have any idea how many shitass college games I sit through each year? Rain, wind-

SCOUT #3

What about the snow! If I had a nickel for every time a game was rescheduled and I missed my grandson's piano recital-

SCOUT #4

You think they'll take you seriously because you wrote a big check to some yahoo you saw pitch a no-hitter once?

SCOUT #5

It's either him or us. If you won't let us do our jobs-

LOU

I hired one pitcher. One. There are plenty of other spots on the roster I need you all to fill.

SCOUT #5

Him or us.

LOU

Gentlemen, I don't do ultimatums.

Lou walks away.

**EXT. LAKELAND BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY**

Fielding practice. Rocketman at bat. Bailey at third base. Jimmy in between. Rocketman makes contact.

ROCKETMAN

The Rocketman is on fire!

The ball heads straight for Bailey, who misses it. Rocketman runs the bases slowly, waving his bat in the air.

ROCKETMAN (CONT'D)

And the crowd goes wild! Rock-et-man! Rock-et-man!

Bailey walks toward the ball in the outfield, picks it up and throws it at Jimmy. Hard.

BAILEY

He, you, everyone, can kiss my ass. I don't need this.

He walks toward the dugout. Jimmy follows him.

JIMMY

You do. That's why we're out here every day. You all need it.

Rocketman signs a WOMAN's chest in Sharpie.

BAILEY

He doesn't. Play him, I'm done.

Bailey walks off the field. Shit. Jimmy needs to save face with the other players. He YELLS after him.

JIMMY

Okay, great. Wiffle ball fielding tomorrow. Sounds like a plan, Bailey.

He looks around at the TEAM.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Thirty minutes to review signs, grab a partner, find your station!

**INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY**

Drake sits with lawyer DAMIEN FREMONT (50) in a courtroom. Caroline and Georgia sit in the gallery.

DRAKE

(to the girls)  
Is she on her way?

Georgia puts on her best Daddy's Little Girl act.

GEORGIA

The Lodge is always jammed, Daddy,  
you know that. I bet she's close.

Drake turns away. Georgia goes back to her phone.

CAROLINE

We should tell him.

GEORGIA

You can, he still likes me.

CAROLINE

I should've gone with her. Randall  
said if I was back down soon-

GEORGIA

Jesus. You'd think you two were  
engaged by the way you talk-

The JUDGE's gavel BANGS.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

He's a whore in pants, Caroline.  
You can do better.

CAROLINE

(wistful)  
Really tight baseball pants.

**INT. TOWN CAR - DAY**

Lou rides in the back with fresh-faced nerdy-looking ALLY NEWEL  
(20s), who keeps her face buried in her phone.

ALLY

You guys can do better, a lot  
better, if you change up your  
third baseman and-

LOU

You were an associate scout for  
how long?

ALLY

Like a month, maybe six weeks. I  
could check my calendar.

She types on her phone. Lou is so over this meeting.

LOU

Who are you related to?

ALLY

My mom, my dad, I have a little sister named Samantha, she's eleven, she's really my step-sister-

LOU

Who in Major League Baseball are you related to?

ALLY

No one.

LOU

Then how did you get in my car?

ALLY

I know baseball.

LOU

You're a child. You know baseball on a phone while you're doing seventeen other things.

Lou's phone RINGS.

LOU (CONT'D)

Thank god.

She answers.

LOU (CONT'D)

Hello? House arrest? I'm on my way.

(to the DRIVER)

Back to my house, then drop Ms. Sociable here where ever she needs to be.

ALLY

Can I get a ride to this kick-ass pizza place in Ypsilanti? They have like, the best sausage and peppers.

**INT. ARLINGTON HOUSE - DAY**

Drake and Damien confer. FBI AGENTS set up house arrest equipment. Lou tries to enter and is stopped by an FBI AGENT.

FBI AGENT #1

Ma'am, I can't allow-

LOU  
Oh I assure you, you can.

She pushes past the agent and stops in front of Drake.

LOU (CONT'D)  
Explain.

DRAKE  
Where the hell were you?

LOU  
(to Damien)  
This is my house, not his. Did he  
tell you about this morning?

DAMIEN  
Mrs. Arlington-

LOU  
For Christ's sake, Damien. Since  
I've been at all *five* of your  
children's baptisms, call me Lou.

She looks Drake in the eye.

LOU (CONT'D)  
So he didn't tell you that I gave  
him divorce papers and told him to  
get out of my house.

DRAKE  
Don't forget the part about not  
calling *your* manager anymore.

LOU  
Why do you get to be pissed?

DRAKE  
Because you weren't there.

LOU  
I'm running a major league  
baseball team, darling. I thought  
you might forgive me this one  
missed event.

They face off, neither blink. An FBI AGENT approaches.

FBI AGENT #2  
We're almost set here, if we could  
go over the procedures now-

LOU  
 (to Damien)  
 This. Isn't. His. House. Anymore.

Damien turns her away from the agent and Drake.

DAMIEN  
 This is court-ordered, we don't  
 have a choice. His address of  
 record is here so you're stuck  
 with him until the trial. He's  
 lucky, he would not fair well in  
 prison.

LOU  
 Is prison still on the table?

DAMIEN  
 He was charged with twenty-seven  
 counts of insider trading.  
 Everything's still on the table.

LOU  
 (to Drake)  
 I want a divorce.  
 (to FBI Agent #1)  
 Show me.

Her phone RINGS. She glances at it then at Drake.

LOU (CONT'D)  
 Then I have to go deal with  
 another one of the lovely men in  
 my life.

**EXT. ZEPHYRS STADIUM - DAY**

Kirkpatrick leans against the gates of the stadium. Lou gets  
 out of her car and walks toward him.

LOU  
 You're a little early for Opening  
 Day.

KIRKPATRICK  
 I guess I didn't make myself clear  
 last time. You need to clean up  
 your house or there will be no  
 Opening Day.

LOU  
 Vinnie's death-



KIRKPATRICK  
Jimmy Tell's fielding offers.

LOU  
So I've heard.

KIRKPATRICK  
Your only saving grace from last season is drunk more often than not. And I don't know what the hell is going on with those daughters of yours but you need to buy a mop, a broom, a goddamn torch, and swab the decks. Now.

He heads to his car. Lou stares at the field through the gates.

KIRKPATRICK (CONT'D)  
If you lose one more game, the Commissioner will only be looking at one team, Lou.

**INT. ZEPHYRS STADIUM - NIGHT**

Lou and Caroline sit at a conference table, computers open, papers spread everywhere.

CAROLINE  
You need a PR person, Mom. Marketing is not the same thing as putting out fires.

LOU  
We had one but he quit after your dad was indicted. I heard he had ulcers.

CAROLINE  
Speaking of, the Zephyrs haven't had this much press in years.

LOU  
But none of it's good.

Caroline holds up a newspaper.

CAROLINE  
The story on Randall made page four this morning.

LOU  
Of the sports page? No one reads that far, Care-Bear.

(MORE)

LOU (CONT'D)

Speaking of Randall, we need to talk about what's going on between you-

Caroline clearly doesn't want to discuss it.

CAROLINE

The name change is getting press. They don't think it's a good idea.

LOU

Who are 'they'? Pundits? Armchair quarterbacks? The scouts who quit on me yesterday? Or the baby who tried to interview for their job?

CAROLINE

The fans. Nine thousand, four hundred and seven comments on Facebook since we made the announcement.

LOU

All negative?

CAROLINE

No, not all. Lots of suggestions. Most I couldn't repeat.

LOU

Start a file of all serious contenders and I'll run them by Jimmy and the guys next week.

CAROLINE

Will Jimmy still be here then?

Lou's phone RINGS. She answers on speaker.

LOU

Speak of the devil.

JIMMY (O.S.)

(through phone)

You're going to call me a lot worse when I tell you what just happened.

LOU

What?

JIMMY (O.S.)  
(through phone)  
Bailey was arrested for suspicion  
of driving under the influence.

LOU  
Suspicion? Was he or wasn't he?

JIMMY (O.S.)  
(through phone)  
Inebriated? Yes. Driving? Unclear.  
He wasn't alone in the car.

LOU  
I thought you were getting him to  
meetings?

JIMMY (O.S.)  
(through phone)  
I do what I can for the guy. But I  
think he needs more than me.

LOU  
Anyone else know about it? Will he  
be able to pitch tomorrow?

JIMMY (O.S.)  
(through phone)  
Just the ten or so members of the  
press standing fifteen feet from  
me. They're telling me a judge  
won't set bail until he's sobered  
up.

LOU  
Can you keep the rest of the team  
out of jail 'til morning?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. LAKELAND BASEBALL STADIUM - DAY**

Lou and Jimmy walk toward the field where the team warms up.

JIMMY  
I'm handling him.

LOU  
Jimmy, I love you. But you aren't  
handling him.

JIMMY  
The psychologists you sent down-

LOU  
Aren't working, I know.

JIMMY  
I've got an idea.

They stop at the dugout and watch. On the mound, Rocketman winds up. He throws and strikes out his own TEAMMATE.

LOU  
Besides not letting Randall  
anywhere near him for the  
foreseeable future?

JIMMY  
I have a friend, Pastor Pete.  
He's-

LOU  
Let me guess. A minister?

JIMMY  
Don't knock it 'till you've tried  
it.

Rocketman jogs off the field toward them.

ROCKETMAN  
Rocketman's got a date, Jimbo. Be  
back in an hour.

Jimmy tips his hat to him and Rocketman jogs off.

LOU  
Seriously? You just let him-

JIMMY

Some of the guys need a smoke break, some need to rest a knee or make a call home. I let 'em do what they gotta do to get the job done.

Rocketman heads to the parking lot flanked by two YOUNG WOMEN.

**INT. FLORIDA HOTEL - DAY**

On the television: a SPORTSCASTER pontificates.

SPORTSCASTER

(on television)

The idea of whether Detroit can support two Major League teams has been bandied about for years. Could the Zephyrs be hanging their hats in another zip code soon?

JIMMY (O.S.)

Maybe Honolulu? It's got to be better than Detroit in April or August or hell, even October.

Lou clicks off the television in her room. Next to Jimmy is PASTOR PETE (40s), in a golf shirt and khakis.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Louise Arlington, this is Peter Williams.

Lou holds out her hand but Pastor Pete pulls her into a hug instead. Jimmy tries to hide his amusement.

PASTOR PETE

Most people just call me Pastor Pete. Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Arlington. Very pleased indeed. My boy Jimmy here tells me you have someone who could use a good word and a strong reminder about how he's supposed to be living his life.

LOU

Please, call me Lou. And we'll see if Peyton is up for the challenge. Maybe in time for tonight's game.

PASTOR PETE

Excellent. Excellent. Let's roll!

Lou gives Jimmy a look.

**INT. FLORIDA HOTEL - DAY**

Lou, Jimmy and Pastor Pete file into Bailey's room.

LOU  
Peyton? There's someone we'd like  
you to meet.

Bailey stands and a bottle falls off the bed. He tries to  
straighten his shirt, tears in his eyes. He's a mess.

PASTOR PETE  
This boy don't need no  
introduction, ma'am. My son tracks  
his games like I used to track  
swimsuit models in magazines.

Pastor Pete gives Bailey a big bear hug. Bailey falls into him  
and weeps. Lou looks at Jimmy.

JIMMY  
Let's give them some time.

They exit. Pastor Pete's already at work.

PASTOR PETE  
Son, is it scotch? I was a vodka  
man myself, no odor, clear. You  
don't know how many days I went to  
work drunker than a piglet on the  
teat. Let me smell it, the  
scotch...

**INT. FLORIDA HOTEL - DAY**

Press conference in the ballroom. Rocketman and Jimmy hold  
court. Lou is off to the side with Caroline and Georgia.

LOU  
It's going well, maybe we'll  
garner some positive press, first  
page-

She stops short and looks at Georgia.

LOU (CONT'D)  
Why aren't you at school?

GEORGIA  
(without missing a beat)  
Midterms.

LOU

I thought those were two weeks ago, before spring break.

GEORGIA

(without missing a beat)  
Post-midterm assessments. Lots of papers to write. I brought my laptop.

JIMMY

Maybe our fearless leader should field that one. She's been at practice more than I have lately.

TRAVIS, the reporter, turns to Lou.

TRAVIS

Is it true your entire scouting staff quit over Rocketman?

LOU

I have no letters of resignation so I'm hopeful we can come to terms. In the meantime, send Caroline your resume.

TRAVIS

What about the name change? Sticking with the plan?

LOU

That's three questions, Travis. Let someone else in the sandbox.

ERIN, another reporter, stands next to Travis.

ERIN

What about the name change? Sticking with the plan?

LOU

Excellent questions, Erin. And yes, we're taking submissions, getting a lot of input. Soon, the Zephyrs may have a new moniker.

ROCKETMAN

Not for nothin' but the Rocketman loves playing for the Zephyrs. If he gets a vote.

He winks at Georgia. Caroline picks up on it.

CAROLINE  
 (to Georgia)  
 He meant to look at me, right?  
 Maybe something was in his eye.

GEORGIA  
 He's gonna have something in his  
 eye.

**EXT. LAKELAND BASEBALL STADIUM - NIGHT**

The scoreboard shows a win: Zephyrs seven, White Sox zero. Players on the field clap each other on the back. Bailey grins. He pitched a shut out. Everyone congratulates him.

Lou grins too. Jimmy sits down in the dugout and takes the wad of gum out of his mouth and sticks it under the bench.

LOU  
 He did it.

JIMMY  
 You did it. You and Pastor Pete.

LOU  
 We did it.

Lou sits down next to him.

LOU (CONT'D)  
 We did it. We're gonna be okay.

**EXT. LAKELAND BATTING CAGES - DAY**

Photo op. PRESS, Caroline, Georgia and players line the cages. Rocketman hits fastball after fastball, never missing.

CAROLINE  
 So we'll get pictures with all the guys, maybe a group shot of them doing something funny. Kids will be lining up to get autographs of the newest Zephyrs before we know it.

GEORGIA  
 Autographs? God, you're old. Try selfies.

She goes back to her phone.



GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
And you're charging for the pics,  
right?

CAROLINE  
Some clubs do but we want to make  
sure we're accessible.

GEORGIA  
(looking at Rocketman)  
Accessibility isn't always a good  
thing.

CAROLINE  
This is my job, Georgia. Get your  
own thing.

GEORGIA  
Fine.

Georgia sashays toward Rocketman.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
(to Rocketman)  
Teach me how to hit like that.

His eyes light up, he cuts off the fastballs, hands Georgia a  
batting helmet and bat. He stands behind her.

ROCKETMAN  
Grip the shaft like this.

He positions her hands and the PHOTOGRAPHERS click away.  
Caroline steams. Georgia loves it.

GEORGIA  
Am I getting a fast one?

ROCKETMAN  
We'll take it nice and slow.

He moves Georgia's arms back and forth. Lou joins Caroline.

LOU  
Is this good press or bad press?

CAROLINE  
I'm not sure yet.

Georgia hits her first ball and SCREAMS with excitement. She  
jumps and exposes her tattoo. Lou spots it.

LOU  
Georgia Ann, what is that on your  
ass!

Lou and Caroline move into the cage.

ROCKETMAN  
That's why the Rocketman wanted  
you to keep the name, Mrs. A. Your  
girl-

LOU  
(to Caroline)  
You knew about the tattoo?

CAROLINE  
I didn't know! I never know!

LOU  
So how did he know?

ROCKETMAN  
Maybe the Rocketman should-

Lou understands. Everything.

LOU  
(to Georgia)  
Before or after Caroline?

GEORGIA  
Ooh, gross! Like it'd be after!  
Give me a little credit, Mom.

CAROLINE  
Credit for what?

Lou lowers her voice.

LOU  
(to Caroline)  
Get the press out of here and take  
your teenage sister back to  
Detroit.  
(to Rocketman)  
You and me, my car. NOW.

**INT. TOWN CAR - DAY**

Lou and Rocketman ride in the back in SILENCE. For quite some  
time. It's uncomfortable. And then-

LOU  
I have just cause.

ROCKETMAN

Rocketman doesn't understand, Mrs. A. He thought he'd get in good with you and your girls by becoming friendly-

LOU

Can you refrain from calling yourself Rocketman for five minutes?

More SILENCE.

LOU (CONT'D)

(to DRIVER)

Stop the car.

(to Rocketman)

Get out.

The car stops but Rocketman doesn't move.

LOU (CONT'D)

Get out of my car, Randall.

ROCKETMAN

Georgia picked me up in a bar. We were both wasted. When she said who she was, I thought-

LOU

Thought what, Randall?

ROCKETMAN

I thought it'd be a good way in. No, I mean, with the team, become one of the family. Get close to-

LOU

Get. Out. Of. My. Car.

**EXT. TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Rocketman gets out. Lou gets out and stares him down.

LOU

When I say I have just cause I mean to fire you. But you and I both know you're good. And the Zephyrs need you. So stay the hell away from my family. Got it?

ROCKETMAN

I'm not fired?

LOU  
Not yet. And Randall?

ROCKETMAN  
Yeah?

LOU  
Call yourself a Lyft.

Lou gets back in the car, slams the door and speeds off.

**EXT. LAKELAND BASEBALL STADIUM - NIGHT**

Lou and Jimmy sit against the fence and stare at the field.

LOU  
He had his phone with him.

JIMMY  
And if he hadn't?

LOU  
It's not like I took him out into  
the Everglades and left him,  
Jimmy. He was in downtown Lakeland  
in front of a Chipolte.

Lou takes a pull from a flask. Jimmy declines it.

JIMMY  
The scouts came whining to me  
today.

LOU  
And?

JIMMY  
I told them to act like baseball  
professionals and fight with the  
front office through the press.

LOU  
Is it because I'm a woman?

JIMMY  
It's because you're smarter than  
them.

LOU  
I think that's the first  
compliment you've ever given me,  
Mr. Tell.

He takes the flask from her and drinks.

LOU (CONT'D)  
I'm going to hire Ally.

JIMMY  
Who?

LOU  
That baby-faced scout. She'll  
drive them crazy.

Her phone BEEPS. Jimmy reads over her shoulder.

ON THE SCREEN: A text from Kirkpatrick -- *Just not enough.*  
*Meeting with the Commissioner 11AM.*

JIMMY  
What more could he have wanted?

She takes the flask and drinks.

LOU  
Flesh. Blood. A fifty share for  
home games. You got me.

Lou takes another drink. The flask is empty.

JIMMY  
If it makes you feel any better, I  
was thinking 'bout sticking  
around.

She holds the flask up.

LOU  
To Bailey, and Randall, and you.  
To my slutty daughters and my  
cheating, felonious husband.

JIMMY  
To you.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**EXT. FLORIDA AIRPORT TARMAC - NIGHT**

Players mill about near the team plane. Lou talks with Pastor Pete in the distance. A sober-looking Bailey stands near them. Players goof with Jimmy, a wiffle bat and ball.

LOU (V.O.)

Major League Baseball isn't about the sport. I get that. It's about the money. The more wins, the more trophies, the more money there is to go around.

Lou puts an arm around Bailey and we hear the conversation.

PASTOR PETE

He's gettin' right, aren't ya, Peyton?

BAILEY

I'm gonna do it, this time.

LOU

You for hire, Pastor?

Pastor Pete feigns surprise.

PASTOR PETE

Well there, ma'am, what do you have in mind?

LOU

Team chaplain. We could all use a little help in the faith department.

They shake hands. Pastor Pete pulls Lou into a hug. She smiles, pats his back and breaks free. She nods at Bailey and moves toward Jimmy. She chats with players as she walks.

LOU (CONT'D)

(to player)

Great save today at third.

She shakes hands.

LOU (CONT'D)

(to another player)

Make sure to get your hair cut when we get back to Detroit.

PLAYER  
 (with a wink)  
 Yes, ma'am.

LOU  
 It's Lou.  
 (to another player)  
 Pull up you socks next game.

PLAYER  
 Sure, Lou.

She doesn't let the player see her smile. She reaches Jimmy who is herding players up the plane stairs. They both spot Rocketman flirting with the FLIGHT ATTENDANTS.

JIMMY  
 You want him to knock it off?

LOU  
 As long as his baseball babes aren't my babes, we're fine.

JIMMY  
 Give the Commissioner hell.

LOU  
 You've got Opening Day to worry about. Get 'em home and ready for that.

They share a long look and then Lou nods toward Bailey.

LOU (CONT'D)  
 Plane's been stocked without alcohol. Have a great trip.

She turns and heads toward another, smaller, jet. Jimmy shakes his head and continues to herd players.

LOU (V.O.)  
 But for these guys who go out there and stand in the dirt, in the sun, day in and day out, it's about more than that. It's about the dream.

Lou settles into a seat alone on the jet.

**INT. BASEBALL COMMISSION HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Lou sits across the desk from Commissioner TED KELLEY (60s).

LOU

That their team might be the next nineteen twenty-seven Yankees or that they might be the next Babe Ruth or that they can come back from an eleven zero game in the bottom of the ninth. If they didn't believe that, they'd never even try. And yet, they do. Every. Single. Day. All nine innings.

TED KELLEY

You done, Mrs. Arlington?

LOU

Ted, don't dissolve my franchise. Don't move it. Hell, don't even check our box scores for a while.

TED KELLEY

I'll let you know what I decide.

**INT. BASEBALL COMMISSION HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Lou exits the Commissioner's office and spots Jimmy seated on a couch in reception. He joins her.

JIMMY

We still a go for Opening Day?

LOU

To the best of my knowledge. You didn't need to-

JIMMY

We're partners.

**INT. ARLINGTON HOUSE - DAY**

Lou walks into her bedroom followed by Drake. He stops short.

DRAKE

You didn't have the FBI alarm your room, did you?

LOU

Talk fast, I have to be at the field in less than an hour.

She strips off her suit but she can't decide what to wear and examines clothes while standing in her underwear.



DRAKE

Have you reconsidered your stance  
on the divorce?

LOU

Let's forget that. For now. We  
always were a good team. Though  
most of the time that was when you  
were sleeping somewhere else.

DRAKE

And?

LOU

We should be friends. Again. Like  
we were before we got married. I  
know our marriage was mostly one  
of convenience-

DRAKE

I've never been sorry we had  
Caroline.

LOU

Or Georgia or Francis.

DRAKE

So you want to be friends?

LOU

Yes.

She pulls a pair of pants on. He kisses her.

DRAKE

Friends with benefits?

Lou kisses him back but then pushes him away. She pulls a  
Zephyrs sweatshirt over her head.

LOU

Friends who don't have overnight  
guests in shared spaces. Then  
we'll see what happens.

DRAKE

How did you-

LOU

Who do you think signs Lucinda's  
checks?

**EXT. ZEPHYRS STADIUM - DAY**

It's cold and overcast but it's Opening Day. The scoreboard shows the Zephyrs won. Lou picks her way toward Jimmy. He sticks his gum under the dugout bench and picks up an urn.

JIMMY

We did it.

LOU

And it was good.

Ted Kelley stops just above the dugout.

TED KELLEY

I'll see you both in October.

He moves away. They walk to the field.

LOU

So I'm stuck with you and that same nasty piece of gum you chew every game.

JIMMY

Only when we're winning.

LOU

(off the urn)

What's that?

JIMMY

Home is a funny thing. It's where we're loved, it's where we want to come back to at the end of the day. Vinnie wanted to be spread over home plate if we ever won the pennant. But I think he'd be pretty pleased with today.

He pours ashes over home plate.

LOU

Welcome home, Vinnie.

JIMMY

Welcome home, Lou.

END OF SHOW