

**Bush League**

"Pilot"

Written by

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## MAIN CHARACTERS

Sam Wright, 26: Tall, athletic with shaggy blond hair and blue-eyes. He grew up in Orange County, California, and has a laid-back, surfer vibe. He's a former baseball star at USC who now works at his wealthy family's company and dates reality star Sailor Smith, but despite seemingly having it all, he yearns for more. Basically, a self-hating douchebag.

Jenny Ryan, 26: Short-haired, green-eyed brunette who boxes in her spare time. The acting Coonhounds GM has never left Monolith, Arkansas. She's hanging on to a childhood grudge: The last time she saw Sam, they were 14 and shared their first - and last - kiss.

Vinny Milano, 26: Short yet well-built and dark-haired with a goatee. Grew up in Brooklyn and has a thick accent; he's Sam's best friend, a tough-talking wiseass who specializes in sculptures made out of scrap metal and loves the ladies.

Walt Stockman, 48: Gray-haired, pock-marked, scrappy former major league star turned Coonhounds manager. Blackballed from MLB after a scandal, he's bitter and quick-tempered.

Mayor Riley C. Seymour, 58: Perma-tanned, cowboy-hat-wearing corrupt politician who has ruled Monolith for 30 years. Riley gets kickbacks from every business in town and supports family values despite having a wife, mistress and favorite hooker.

Emily Jennings, 23: Flirty blonde country girl who does a variety of jobs at the stadium. She wears tight T-shirts and short shorts and has slept with many of players. Riley's niece.

### Coonhounds Players:

Bobby Yates, 32, First baseman: A chiseled African American and disgraced MLB star who got busted for steroids. Determined to return to the pros any way he can.

Jesus and Javier Alvarez, 22, Pitcher and Catcher: Tall and slender twin brothers from the Dominican Republic who learned English from watching the Kardashians, so they talk in an annoying texting shorthand and with major vocal fry.

Matt Johnson, 28, Third baseman: A well-built farm boy who was a top MLB draft pick before getting addicted to meth.

Ronnie Davis, 34, Shortstop: Stocky, grizzled white guy with a mustache who's played in the minors for 16 years. Bitter, angry and racist but a damn good ballplayer.

FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

SAILOR SMITH (22), sexy blonde, walks to the entrance of a posh Hollywood Hills home followed by TV cameras.

SAILOR  
(to the camera)  
We're at my man Sam's crib to celebrate my new fragrance, "Sí-Women by Sailor." It's Italian for "Yes-Women!" Female empowerment, bitches!

Sailor enters the huge modern house to a wild sexy-people party. She looks around, searching for someone.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS PARTY HOUSE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sailor and the cameramen barge into the bedroom of SAM WRIGHT (25). He's in a T-shirt and shorts, watching *MLB Tonight*.

SAILOR  
What the hell, Sam?

SAM  
Really? In my sphere of solitude?

Sailor motions to JERRY, the lead cameraman, who leaves.

SAILOR  
Why do you waste actual drama for when we're alone and it's useless?

SAM  
It feels more useless by the day.

Sailor gets demure.

SAILOR  
Just come downstairs, baby. I'm about to sing my new hip-hop fragrance jam, "Spray My Love."

SAM  
You go and spray your little heart out. I'm happy right here, dude.

SAILOR  
Sam Wright, happy? Even for a partially scripted reality show that's bullshit.

CONTINUED:

SAM

Christ, OK fine. But give me a sec. No point being a phony, narcissistic asshole if you can't look the part.

Sam opens the French doors to his large walk-in closet.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS PARTY HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sailor talks closely with her slick MUSIC PRODUCER (30) when the cameramen get close.

SAILOR

(to the camera)

The party is bumping, y'all!

She points out a picture of Sam in a USC baseball uniform.

SAILOR (CONT'D)

This was the game where Sam hurt his knee. Because of that, we got to spend so much time together. Lucky me!

Sam struts down the stairs with slicked-back hair and a perfectly tailored designer suit. He walks over to Sailor.

SAILOR (CONT'D)

Be a good boy and fetch me a drink?

SAM

I'll see what pink liquor I have.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS PARTY HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sam mixes a drink when a coked-out PARTY BOY (30) approaches.

PARTY BOY

My man, your place is off the hizook! You work in industrial signs?

SAM

It's just the family business...

PARTY BOY

So there's this sexy new DJ I'm managing, she's perfect for the show.

Party Boy turns and grabs the sexy DJ (21).

SAM

I have nothing to do with that stuff.

CONTINUED:

PARTY BOY

C'mon, don't be a dick. Just come to one of her gigs with the cameras.

SAM

Hey, dude who I've just met and is in my house asking me for a favor, I'm not the one being a dick.

Sam's best friend VINNY MILANO (25) jumps in.

VINNY

Hey you. Guy. Got a problem?

PARTY BOY

My new buddy was gonna hook me up.

VINNY

Hmm. What's his cat's name?

PARTY BOY

What? Uhm, Mr. Whiskers?

VINNY

BUZZZ! While that was an unexpectedly good guess, you lose! Sorry, but Sam's got a strict no-favors-for-people-who-don't-know-his-cat's-name policy.

Vinny pulls Sam away.

SAM

Maybe I *should* get a cat.

VINNY

You've got more pressing pussy problems to deal with.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS PARTY HOUSE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam and Vinny enter to find the Music Producer doing a line of coke on Sailor's exposed nipples.

SAM

What the fuck?

SAILOR

Wait, I can explain.  
(screams)  
Jimmy!

Sailor tosses her top on. Jimmy runs in and starts shooting, we see the rest of the scene from that lens.

CONTINUED:

SAILOR (CONT'D)  
(in tears)  
Sam, nothing happened!

Sam's cell phone DINGS with a text, which he glances at.

SAM  
Everyone out now! Party's over!

SAILOR  
But I haven't sung my new single yet!

SAM  
Well, start singing, because from this  
moment on, you're single!

Sam shoves the Music Producer toward the door and into Jimmy.  
Jimmy pushes Sam and Sam gets in the camera's face.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Get out of my Goddamn house!

Sam punches Jimmy, who drops the camera. It's on the floor  
and focused on the action. Jimmy and the Music Producer jump  
on Sam, and Sam's phone drops to the floor.

While Vinny jumps on top of the pile, we can read the message  
on Sam's phone: "Grandpa just passed. Please call, Mom."

INT. ABRAMS LAW OFFICE - DAY

Sitting in an ornate conference room are Sam, his mother,  
JANE (53), a striking, Botoxed blonde; dad, NATHAN (55), dark-  
haired, in a suit; Attorney MR. ABRAMS (50s), bald yet gray.

MR. ABRAMS  
In addition to the controlling  
interest in Wright Way Signs, Mr. and  
Mrs. Wright shall receive a lump sum  
payment of \$20 million. The remaining  
20% of the estate shall be donated to  
the Parks Department of California.

Sam, Nathan and Jane look at one another perplexed.

NATHAN  
Parks Department? What about my son?

Mr. Adams walks over to a large TV and puts it on.

MR. ABRAMS  
Your father wanted to explain that.

CONTINUED:

We see JOSEPH WRIGHT (80s), white-haired and wild-eyed. He's awkwardly using his cell phone to record himself.

JOSEPH  
(ghostlike)  
Saaaaam, Whooooo! I'm speaking from  
beyond the grave, whoooo!  
(laugh turns to a cough)  
You're a miserable, spoiled bitch.

Sam puts his head down in shame.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
On TV spending thousands on sweaters  
and spray tans? A floozy of a  
girlfriend yapping orders at you?  
Remember what I called ya when you ran  
around my baseball field in Arkansas?

Sam looks up and says it along with his grandfather.

SAM / JOSEPH  
Dirty Balls.

JOSEPH  
Hustling and diving for every play.  
Your uniform would be caked in clay by  
the second inning. You sure as shit  
seemed happier before all this cheap  
fame and rich pussy.

Jane gasps.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
I still love ya kid. So instead of  
giving you money to piss away in self-  
pity, I'm giving you my Coonhounds.

Nathan stands up, alarmed.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
There's no better place than Monolith,  
Arkansas, to get your balls dirty. And  
dump that girlfriend. Just saddle her  
up one last time for Gramps!  
(Laughing turns to a cough.)

Joseph puts the phone down. We see he's on a hospital bed.

NATHAN  
My son is entitled to that money!

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. ABRAMS

Joseph did allot 500 thousand dollars  
in operating costs for Sam.

NATHAN

At least it's something liquid...

MR. ABRAMS

Restricted for team operations only.

NATHAN

The crazy old bastard.

(to Sam)

We'll sell the franchise for whatever  
we can. I'll promote you at the  
company. You'll be fine.

Nathan and Jane start to walk out, but Sam remains seated.

SAM

Grandpa's right. I'm going.

NATHAN

Don't be ridiculous. This is your  
future we're talking about here.

SAM

Maybe, baseball's my future.

NATHAN

Baseball was your past. You need to  
forget about it and start acting like  
a responsible adult.

SAM

It was the one thing I've ever cared  
about, that actually made me happy.  
Now I have nothing. I'm going.

NATHAN

If you go, don't expect any financial  
support from us. After 40 years at the  
company, I've earned this money.

JANE

Sam, don't be foolish. Do you even  
remember what a redneck wasteland  
Monolith is? They have two Walmarts!

SAM

I guess I'll learn to buy in bulk!

INT. MONOLITH STADIUM - GM'S OFFICE - DAY

A large, wood-paneled office with a window to the field. There's a framed picture of a young girl and a man on that field on the desk of GM JENNY RYAN (27), who's on the phone.

JENNY

I'm up shit creek here, Pete, my plan C second baseman just broke his foot in a Mexican pointy-boot dance-off... I can give you a case of brand-new Louisville Sluggers for Aiello.

First Baseman BOBBY YATES (32) opens the door and struts in.

JENNY (CONT'D)

The offer is ticking.

BOBBY

Are you Ryan?

Jenny hangs up the phone.

JENNY

Jenny Ryan. Nice to finally meet you. Next time, please fucking knock.

Jenny sits behind her desk and motions Bobby to sit as well. The two awkwardly sit and stare at each other.

BOBBY

Look, I know my reputation is shit after the steroid ban, so thank you for signing me. It'll be my pleasure to help this team win as I make my way back to the Show.

JENNY

I'm glad. Now, I hate to be that asshole, but per our agreement...

BOBBY

If you don't think I'm clean, then why am I here?

JENNY

(shrugs)  
You have your own equipment.

BOBBY

It sounds like you don't really mind being that asshole, do you?

CONTINUED:

JENNY

You're the one who cheated *my* game.

BOBBY

Is this a softball league? Are we playing beach volleyball perhaps?

Jenny sits up and gets in Bobby's face.

JENNY

The only softballs around here are the shriveled pair between your legs.

Bobby smirks. The telephone rings and Jenny picks it up.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Hello... Who?

(beat)

Because if I ever see him again I'll rip his head off!

BOBBY

I didn't realize you were married.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS PARTY HOUSE DRIVEWAY - DAY

Sam and Vinny are packing up a U-Haul.

SAM

You sure you're up for this, Vin?  
You're not really the country type.

VINNY

I'm hoping it will inspire me - my art has sucked balls lately. You're the one I'm worried about. Stay here and you'll never have to worry about money. Fail there and you've got nothing. Your dad already rented the house to those Persians.

The two look over to see a gold-painted moving van with workmen moving large, gaudy chandeliers, couches and artwork.

SAM

It's good for us, like taking away the net under a tightrope.

VINNY

I think it's a cable - and they have, like, magnetic shoes. At least that's what my uncle Vito says.

EST. SHOTS OF SAM'S RANGE ROVER DRIVING CROSS-COUNTRY

INT. SAM'S CAR - MORNING

Sam's driving while he and Vinny bop to a Southern rock song.

VINNY

So is the team Double-A? Triple?

SAM

We haven't been affiliated with a pro team in years, bro. The Coonhounds are in the independent Peco League.

VINNY

Isn't the whole point of the minors to prepare players for the pros?

SAM

Sure, and it does. I think there were 25 guys in the majors last season from an independent league team.

VINNY

25 out of over what, a thousand?

SAM

They're, like, mostly veterans who wore out their welcome or just guys who haven't caught on. They're underdogs, they play for a dream. It's local. Old school. No money or Sabermetrics or TV. Fucking pure-man.

VINNY

Pure, like a baseball diamond!

INT. CAR - MONOLITH STADIUM PARKING LOT - NOON

Vinny is sleeping as Sam stops the car and nudges Vinny, who wakes up with a start. Vinny looks around, confused.

VINNY

Are we in Mexico?

Perspective changes to see an overgrown parking lot and facade of the once majestic Monolith Stadium. It's grimy, with peeling paint and a broken sign that says "Mono adium."

SAM

We're home. Our diamond in the rough!

CONTINUED:

VINNY

Or broken glass in a pile of shit.

Sam and Vinny get out of the car to look around. A white Cadillac Escalade quickly pulls up with the driver's side about 10 feet in front of them.

Driving is MAYOR RILEY C. SEYMOUR (58), sitting in the passenger seat is a busty blonde, CRYSTAL (21).

RILEY

You must be our new guests from Los Angeles. I'm Mayor Riley C. Seymour, and this here is Tonya. Howdy, boys.

CRYSTAL

It's Crystal.

RILEY

Baby, what's the difference, it ain't like neither is your Christian name.  
(back to the guys)  
Who's Joe Wright's grandson?

SAM

Nice to meet you sir, I'm Sam Wright.

Riley nods to Crystal who goes down on him. All we see from the car window is her head bobbing up and down on his crotch.

RILEY

Here in Monolith we have a very intimate relationship between government and bidness.

Sam and Vinny look at each other, bewildered.

RILEY (CONT'D)

This sweet young thing needed a small loan, and now I'm collecting interest.

SAM

Sounds like a mutually beneficial business plan?

RILEY

That's exactly right. So you should know that while you may own the team and this here shitburg of a stadium, you lease the land from me.

SAM

Oh. Well, it seems to be working out.

CONTINUED: (2)

RILEY

It was. But at the end of this season,  
this whole here operation – team,  
building and all the rest of the  
accoutrements – is gonna be mine.

VINNY

(to Sam)

This is some sort of Redneck-Yosemite-  
Sam-style-shakedown.

SAM

I'm sure Joe paid his debts.

Riley's smile evaporates.

RILEY

He made some new ones.

Riley pulls out a manila envelope, dangles it out of the  
window and drops it to the ground.

RILEY (CONT'D)

He bet me that your Coonhounds are  
going to win the championship! Old  
fucker did have salt. Show this to  
Ryan, and you both can get clued in.

(motions to Crystal's head)

As you can see, I don't like being  
jerked around.

Riley points to Vinny.

RILEY (CONT'D)

You one of those I-talians?

VINNY

I...Am?

Riley shakes his head in disbelief.

RILEY

Goddamn Obama!

Riley drives off, leaving the guys in the dust.

FADE OUT:

END ACT 1

ACT 2

FADE IN:

INT. MONOLITH STADIUM - GM'S OFFICE - DAY

Sam walks into the office, which is now brimming with boxes.

SAM

Mr. Ryan?

Jenny walks in behind Sam, carrying a box.

JENNY

He died three years ago.

Sam turns around to see Jenny. He looks at her a bit lost.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Wow, reality TV does make people  
dumber.

Sam's face lights up.

SAM

Whoa! Jenny?

JENNY

Hello, Sam.

SAM

It's great to see you! I... Wow, you  
look fantastic, how have you been?

JENNY

I've been great Sam, believe it or not  
life went on just fine after you left.

SAM

What?

JENNY

Grandma was right. Let an asshole get  
under your bra in a cornfield, and  
you'll never see him again.

SAM

Hey, chill. I was 14. I made the  
travel team back home and... You never  
let me get under your bra.

CONTINUED:

JENNY

Well, that was 12 years ago. But as I said we got along fine until Dad died.

SAM

Shit, I had no idea. I'm really sorry. He was a great guy.

JENNY

Yeah, well, he left me to run this shit show, and thanks to your absentee grandfather who barely ever showed up... Crap. Sorry about Joe.

Jenny and Sam share a moment.

SAM

So it looks like you've been doing a, uhm, sweet job here.

JENNY

The stadium is falling apart and the team hasn't had a winning season in years. But you'll see how easy it is to compete against teams with triple our payroll once I'm gone.

SAM

You're going?

JENNY

When I heard you were coming I cashed in a few favors and got a GM spot in Myrtle Beach. I wasn't about to get kicked aside so a reality star....

SAM

I knew it. You're a fan!

JENNY

Do you also know you can buy your girlfriend's panties at 7/11?

SAM

They're not actually *her* panties, they just have, like, her face on them.

Manager WALT STOCKMAN (48) strides into the office and looks Sam up and down.

SAM (CONT'D)

Walt Stockman!?

CONTINUED: (2)

Sam enthusiastically shakes Walt's hand: he's taken aback.

SAM (CONT'D)

When you decked Sosa in the '96  
playoffs, dude... that was epic!

WALT

It was stupid.  
(to Jenny)  
Why is all your crap packed up?

JENNY

I'm gonna try my luck in the South  
Coast League.

Walt gets in Sam's face and starts barking.

WALT

You spoiled West Coast bitch.  
Jenny's the only thing that has held  
this goddamn team together!

JENNY

Walt!

WALT

I should kick your ass until you shit  
botox!

JENNY

He didn't fire me. I'm quitting.

Sam backs both of them off.

SAM

Hey, I don't need this shit, I just  
got insinuated into some perverse blow-  
job threat with a crazy cowboy.

WALT AND JENNY

Riley.

SAM

So just chill the fuck out!

A baseball SMASHES into the window of the office that  
overlooks the field, barely missing Sam's head.

They look out of the smashed window to see the twins, Pitcher  
JESUS and Catcher JAVIER ALVAREZ (22), looking up.

JAVIER AND JESUS

Sorry, brahs!

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Vinny is checking out the empty, grimy locker room. In walks EMILY JENNINGS (23), wearing sexy short shorts.

EMILY  
Can I help you?

Vinny's taken aback, instantly smitten.

VINNY  
Oh, I was just looking around.

EMILY  
Are you one of them rookies?

VINNY  
Nah, I'm not a player. I mean, I'm not on the team or anything, but I do likes to play...

Vinny grimaces at his lame rap.

EMILY  
Then why are you here, sugar?

VINNY  
I'm here with my boy Sam. I mean, we're straight pals. He's the new owner. We just arrived from L.A.

Emily perks up.

EMILY  
Well aren't you just the cutest thing.

VINNY  
I'm originally from Brooklyn, so...

EMILY  
Welcome to Monolith. My name's Emily, but everyone just calls me M. It's my yummy sound. Like MMMM.

Emily seductively stares at Vinny, turning him into jelly.

VINNY  
Wow, that's very interesting. MMMM.

Bobby enters the locker room and walks up to the pair. A pleasantly surprised Emily now has eyes only for Bobby.

CONTINUED:

EMILY

OMG! Bobby Yates, right here in our little old locker room?

BOBBY

And who might you be, beautiful?

EMILY

Emily, but you can call me MMMMMMMMM.

Vinny is now on the outside, looking in.

BOBBY

(to Vinny)

Go bring in my gear, would you, kid?

VINNY

I don't think so. I'm with management.

Bobby breaks away from Emily's gaze and focuses on Vinny.

BOBBY

You that new owner?

VINNY

I'm his number two.

BOBBY

I can see that.

The guys exchange steely glances. A loud SQUEAL is heard on the loudspeaker.

JENNY (O.S)

M, if you're in the building I need you in my office, pronto. Thanks.

EMILY

Duty calls. I'll see you boys later.

Emily sashays out, and both men gawk at her ass as she does. Bobby looks back at Vinny.

BOBBY

You don't have a chance in hell.

INT. MONOLITH STADIUM - GM'S OFFICE - LATER

Sam is looking at Jenny's computer with Walt. Jenny is off to the side, reading a legal document. Emily is taping a Coonhounds poster over the broken window.

CONTINUED:

SAM

Wow, no one comes to games anymore.

WALT

Video games. Camera Phones. Selfies.  
No one ever leaves their house.

Jenny approaches the pair.

JENNY

So this says if you win this year's  
Peco League title, you get the land.  
Failing that, Riley gets the team and  
stadium. Joe signed it last month.

SAM

Why would he make such a stupid deal?

JENNY

Riley's basically extorted him for  
years; maybe he had enough. Speaking  
of having enough, best of luck. You're  
gonna need it.

Jenny starts walking out but Sam stops her at the door. They  
loudly whisper to each other so no one else can hear.

SAM

I don't know what the fuck I'm doing.

JENNY

Why should I give a shit?

SAM

C'mon, you're my oldest friend.

JENNY

Is that what we were? You broke my  
heart you stupid prick.

SAM

I'm sorry!

JENNY

Too late.

Jenny turns for the door and Sam stops her again.

SAM

OK, don't do it for me - do it for  
your dad and Joe and all the fucking  
work you did for this team. Do you  
really want to see it all go to Riley?

CONTINUED: (2)

Jenny ponders this for a beat.

JENNY

My new job starts in three weeks. I'll stay until then. Not for you, but for the team and the town. Then I'm gone.

Sam takes in this counteroffer.

SAM

OK. Thank you.

The pair rejoin the group, who barely noticed they were gone.

WALT

Wasn't this what happened in *Brewster's Millions*? Or was it *Major League*?

SAM

I think it's more of a *Natural*-ing type of situation.

WALT

Didn't Joe know he was dying?

Sam begins pacing.

SAM

Yeah. So why bother giving me the team if he knew I had no chance to keep it?

WALT

Woe is me, my grandpa gave me a semiprofessional baseball team! How can I afford to get my asshole bleached on Rodeo Drive?

SAM

That was a false Internet rumor!

JENNY

Maybe the crazy fucker thought we could win.

Sam stops pacing and composes himself.

SAM

Do we have a chance?

Walt and Jenny look at each other.

EXT. MONOLITH STADIUM - FIELD - DAY

Sam and Jenny are behind the home plate batting fence, watching the team field grounders and take batting practice.

JENNY

That's our best player, Matt Johnson.

Fielding grounders at third base is MATT JOHNSON (25) tall, blond crew cut, powerful and covered in tattoos.

SAM

Wasn't he a top pick a few years ago?

JENNY

After he developed a taste for crystal meth and robbed a minivan full of nuns he got cut by the Cubs. He put up good numbers last season, but no scouts trust he'll stay sober.

SAM

What about the gnarly dude at short?

Sam points over to RONNIE DAVIS (34) a scrappy-looking white guy with a mustache.

JENNY

That's Ronnie Davis. He's been in the minors for 16 years. Spent five with the Phillies' triple A squad but never even got a September call-up.

SAM

Guess he doesn't realize it's over.

JENNY

Tell him that, and he'll break your jaw. He's got great instincts, bat, hustles... but sort of hates everyone.

Javier hits a ball that sails over Ronnie's head.

RONNIE

Hit to where I can actually field-em or go the fuck back to Mexico!

JENNY

He's also slightly very racist. The kid hitting to him is the one who almost nailed you in my office, our *Dominican* catcher Javier Alvarez.

CONTINUED:

Javier tosses a ball in the air and hits it to Ronnie.

SAM

A little scrawny for a catcher.

JENNY

I picked him up to get his twin brother, Jesus.

Their attention goes to Jesus throwing in the bullpen.

JENNY (CONT'D)

He's raw but electric. The Mets almost signed him, but he insisted his brother come along. They balked - leaving the boys with nowhere to play. On the plus side, they learned English from watching the Kardashians, so they talk like fucking idiots.

JAVIER

(yelling to Ronnie)

That play was, like, totes awesome!

Ronnie throws to Bobby at first base.

SAM

Holy shit, is that Bobby Yates?

JENNY

The man, the myth, the steroid freak. He's eligible to play now that his ban's over, but no MLB affiliate will touch him. So... what do you think?

Walt walks over to Sam and Jenny.

SAM

They're a collection of over-the-hill, moderately talented drug addicts.

WALT

Welcome to the Peco League.

SAM

We seem to be a little light on infielders. Who's playing second base?

JENNY

We've had some problems with personnel at that position thus far.

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM

We can't convert an outfielder?

Jenny, clearly annoyed, picks up an infielder's glove on the ground and tosses it to him.

JENNY

Weren't you a second baseman in college, hotshot?

SAM

Before I tore my ACL I was Second Team All-American.

JENNY

Great. Show us what you got.

SAM

Yeah, right. I haven't picked up a glove in four years.

JENNY

Is the big-city baseball star chicken?

Jenny stares at Sam. A grinning Sam grabs the glove and jogs over to second base. Walt takes the bat from Javier.

SAM

Be gentle.  
(to himself)  
All right, jerkoff - give it to me.

Walt hits a grounder to Sam that he boots. Everyone snickers.

SAM (CONT'D)

My bad. Keep 'em coming.

Walt shakes his head and hits a sharper grounder. This time Sam fields it cleanly and smoothly throws to first.

Walt hits a succession of increasingly more difficult grounders to the left and right of Sam. He fields them all.

JENNY

OK, that's enough. Get in the cage.

Sam grabs a bat and walks to home plate. Jesus comes jogging from the sideline to the mound.

WALT

Fastballs, Valley girl.

CONTINUED: (3)

JESUS

LOL boss!

Sam takes a few practice swings before easing into the batter's box. It's been awhile, but it feels like home.

Jesus kicks and fires and Sam cracks a line drive to the gap. Jesus tosses a few more, with similar results.

WALT

Let's try some breaking balls.

Jesus kicks and throws a curve that Sam crushes to left field. Walt and Jenny share a look.

WALT (CONT'D)

He ain't half bad.

Jenny walks to the mound and says something to Jesus, then jogs back to Walt.

JENNY

Let's see how bad he is, then.

(loud to Jesus)

Another curve.

Jesus throws a *fastball* that Sam's way late on and whiffs. Jesus then throws a *curve* that Sam misses poorly.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Looks like our boy's a Viking when he knows what pitch is coming.

WALT

I can't believe I'm saying this, but give the kid a break.

Sam jogs over to the pair.

SAM

Man I blew those last few, but overall I thought I made some nice contact. That was fun.

WALT

Shut the fuck up, rookie. Welcome to the Coonhounds.

FADE OUT:

END ACT 2

ACT 3

FADE IN:

INT. MONOLITH STADIUM - GM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Walt, Jenny, Vinny and Emily are standing across from Sam.

SAM

So now that you all know what we're dealing with, here's what we're gonna do. Vinny, here's a check for \$20,000. Emily we're going to need your truck.

Sam hands Vinny a check. Jenny's eyes light up.

EXT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Emily and Vinny pull up to 8 day laborers, a mix of Mexican immigrants and white farmhands. They hop in Emily's pickup.

SAM (V.O.)

I need you to use your artistic skills to make this place look, like, nicer than a cock fighting arena.

VINNY (V.O.)

I might need a fucking bulldozer to make it aesthetically pleasing, but I'll see what I can do.

EXT. MONOLITH STADIUM - DAY - MONTAGE

- The workers pick up trash from the parking lot.
- The workers paint the facade of the stadium.
- Vinny is on a ladder, fixing the broken sign.
- The group replace broken seats in the stands.
- Emily and Vinny repair the straw roof of a tiki bar in the stands behind home plate.
- In front of a cleaner stadium sits a mound of junk metal.

End montage.

INT. MONOLITH STADIUM - GM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

We're back at the office at the same time before the montage. Vinny and Emily walk out, leaving Sam, Jenny and Walt.

CONTINUED:

JENNY

Where did you get that cash?

SAM

Joe left some money to give me a little help, but not much. What do you need personnel-wise?

Jenny and Walt look at each other.

WALT

A center fielder who can leadoff. Someone with speed and a good eye.

JENNY

There's this kid Barrow who plays for Hamlin. He'd be perfect but, it'll cost thirty grand to buy his contract.

The room goes quiet.

SAM

OK, get him.

WALT

I wish it were that easy to find an upgrade at second base.

SAM

Well, I think I....

Walt ignores Sam and walks out, leaving him alone with Jenny.

JENNY

You can't possibly think this is going to work, right?

SAM

Isn't the cute, tomboyish sports chick supposed to be positive and quirky?

JENNY

This isn't a romantic comedy. And you can't bullshit wins and losses.

Jenny turns to walk out.

SAM

Maybe you should prove how capable *you* are and see how bitchy *I* can be.

Jenny stops and spins on her heels.

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNY

I know how bitchy you can be. I saw you throw a shit fit when you didn't like the cheese on your French onion soup.

SAM

For someone who hates reality TV so much, you sure as fuck did watch a lot of me on it.

Sam smugly walks out. After a beat he walks back in and over to two large pieces of Gucci luggage in the corner.

SAM (CONT'D)

I paid 24 dollars for that soup, I think I deserved my Gruyere crusty!

INT. MONOLITH STADIUM BOWELS - NIGHT

Vinny and a couple of the workers are putting shovels and tools in a maintenance closet.

VINNY

Good work today, guys. Tomorrow, let's tackle the bleachers.

WORKERS

Sure thing boss.

The workers leave. Vinny is about to put a crowbar away when he hears an OH, OH, OH sound.

He follows the increasingly louder OH, OH, OH and walks around the corner to the locker room to see Bobby having sex with a naked Emily from behind. They see Vinny and stop.

BOBBY

Do you mind?

Vinny's about to say something but just leaves.

EMILY

Shit.

EXT. MONOLITH STADIUM PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Vinny storms out of the stadium. He spots the pile of scrap metal and starts angrily banging it with the crowbar. After a beat he stops, looks at it and smiles. Then hits it again.

EXT. MONOLITH STADIUM - FIELD - NEXT MORNING

The team is on the field, stretching and chatting. Bobby is in the batting cage taking pitches from Walt.

BOBBY

Two on two out, bottom ninth. C'mon.

Walt tosses, and Bobby hits a weak pop-up. Walt tosses again, and Bobby hits a grounder. He walks out of the cage dejected.

WALT

A little rusty, huh?

BOBBY

It'll come.

EXT. MONOLITH STADIUM - FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Sam is stretching in the outfield by himself, and he notices the other players giving him dirty looks. A ball zips past Sam's head. He sees Matt 15 feet away, wearing a smirk.

Ronnie abruptly walks up to Sam and gets in his face.

RONNIE

So you're the new owner *and* second baseman, huh?

SAM

Yeah, man, I played college ball...

RONNIE

Don't fuck up turning my double plays. I like my feeds chest-high and I don't want any Real Housewife from wherever the fuck you are from fucking up my chance of getting to the fucking Show!

Ronnie storms off. Bobby comes over.

BOBBY

Don't mind him. I played with that asshole in Albuquerque eight years ago. Nice to finally meet you.

Bobby and Sam shake hands, and Sam motions to the players.

SAM

Are they always this charming?

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

You're a reality TV star with no pro ball experience who also happens to be their boss and new teammate. It's fucking weird.

Walt walks on the field.

WALT

All right, ladies – three laps and then position drills. Let's go.

The team groans and starts running. Bobby and Sam jog next to each other and continue their conversation.

SAM

Maybe I should talk to 'em, let them know I'm no different...

BOBBY

That would make them think you're a bigger dick than they assume you are. Just take everyone out for drinks. Getting drunk on a regular basis is the one true advantage to playing in the minors.

SAM

Thanks. Know of any good places?

BOBBY

You like karaoke?

EXT. LIPS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

The whole team, in jeans and T-shirts, walk towards a large, windowless building. A huge sign reads "LIPS: Gentlemen's Club and Karaoke" with pink neon-lips.

INT. LIPS STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

A large, dark room packed full of scantily clad and naked women giving lap dances for a racially diverse crowd of men.

On a small stage in a corner a weathered old guy sings "Satisfaction" as a stripper pole dances to the tune.

The guys are ushered to an area with red velvet chairs. As soon as they sit, they're surrounded by women.

SAM

Drinks are on me tonight – but you're paying for your own lap dances.

CONTINUED:

TEAM

Boo!

Everyone laughs and begin focusing on the girls. Bobby and Sam quickly have ladies sitting on their laps.

SAM

Not bad for a karaoke joint.

BOBBY

Get your vocal cords ready cause all rookies gotta sing.

SAM

I figured as much.

A busty stripper starts giving Bobby a lap dance.

BOBBY

Man, I love Southern strip clubs. It's like a degenerate melting pot, possibly the only place in the South where men of all socioeconomic backgrounds can actually get along.

Sam is in the midst of his own lap dance.

SAM

What the fuck are you talking about?

Crystal is leading a guy to the VIP room when she spots Sam.

CRYSTAL

(to her dancee)

Hold on, honey, I gotta make a call.

INT. LIPS STRIP CLUB - LATER

Jesus is on the karaoke stage, finishing up singing "Call Me Maybe" to hearty boos from the team and house.

JESUS

Here's my number, so call me maybe!

GROUP

Boo! You suck.

The song ends to laughter as Jesus plods off the stage and he hands the mic to Javier. Slow music starts.

JAVIER

Oh, great tune, it's "Praying for Time" by George Michael!

CONTINUED:

The crowd heartily laughs. But then Javier begins singing and the audience is shocked by his voice. It's transcendent.

JAVIER (CONT'D)

These are the days of the open hand/  
They will not be the last/Look around  
now/These are the days of the beggars  
and the choosers.

The crowd is now silent and transfixed as the song continues.

MONTAGE:

- Various men getting lap dances stop their girls to listen.
- In a room with a stripper, Matt pauses while smoking crack.
- Sam soulfully nods his head to the beat. Does a shot.
- Bobby's in a bathroom stall, shooting steroids in his ass, and stops to listen.
- A stripper slow dances with Jesus.
- Random dudes heartily hug their strippers.
- Ronnie is weeping in between shots of whiskey at the bar.
- Sam looks at his team and takes in the scene with a smile.

End montage.

The song ends and the men look around, ashamed at how much it moved them. A lone boo is heard. Bobby walks on stage.

BOBBY

OK, we've got a special tune planned  
for our next rookie. Get up here, Sam.

Sam walks on stage. He gazes at the song screen and his face drops. He looks to Bobby who shrugs. The music starts.

SAM

(tentatively)  
You won't take this from me baby.

A table of black guys stop talking and look, their interest piqued. The music continues, but Sam's hesitant to continue. The crowd BOOS. After a long, awkward pause, Sam goes for it.

CONTINUED:

SAM (CONT'D)

My niggas will have you cowards ready  
to cry/My niggas/will fry/My niggas/  
will rob.

A paranoid Matt grabs Bobby.

MATT JOHNSON

Why the fuck is he rapping a DMX song  
in front of black dudes?

BOBBY

What? It's hilarious.

MATT JOHNSON

I don't think they think so.

Matt points to the table of black guys who start yelling.  
Sam, undaunted, continues.

SAM

My niggas keep you niggas knocking on  
wood.

The black guys get up and approach the stage; one throws a  
bottle at Sam, and he ducks. The team gets up to block them.

After pushing and shoving, Ronnie gets thrown down and Bobby  
starts throwing punches, inciting a vicious brawl. Sam gets  
consumed onstage, while screaming strippers scatter.

INT . MONOLITH COUNTY JAIL - NEXT MORNING

Sam has a black eye and is passed out on a dingy cot. A CLANG  
wakes him up to see Riley outside his cell.

RILEY

Wake up, boy. You damn near started a  
race riot at my favorite watering  
hole. Not very politically correct  
calling those colored boys the N-word.

SAM

Thanks for the sensitivity training.

RILEY

Hopefully this experience has soured  
you on our lovely town. Not like you  
had long here anyway. Didn't you read  
that agreement Joe signed.

SAM

We haven't lost anything yet.

CONTINUED:

RILEY

That's just a matter of time. But I figured you'd be a stubborn jackass, so I called an old friend of yours.

After a beat Sailor appears outside the cell.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I'll leave you two to figure it out.

SAILOR

Oh my God, Sam, did they make you do, like, sex things?

SAM

No, I'm fine. What are you doing here?

SAILOR

This creepy old guy told me I needed to bail you out so a red eye and four Xanax later, here I am.

SAM

You didn't have to do that.

SAILOR

I don't like how I came off at the party. I'm going for rich yet down to earth, not slutty cheater.

SAM

That's not why I came here.

SAILOR

Well, I want you back. Your parents feel the same. I promise, things will be different. Hey, I came all the way out here for you, you owe me!

A CLANG is heard in the hall and a moment later Jenny appears at the cell. Sailor looks her up and down.

JENNY

I came to bail you out. But I guess that's being taken care of.

SAILOR

(to Sam)

So you're fucking Olive Garden waitresses now?

SAM

Sailor, shut up!

CONTINUED: (2)

JENNY

Both of you can fuck off.

Jenny leaves. Sam runs to the bars.

SAM

Jenny, stop!

Sailor gives Sam a disgusted look.

EXT. MONOLITH STADIUM PARKING LOT - MORNING

A crowd of workers and players surround Vinny, who continues to bang away at the metal. Emily approaches and sees a five-foot-wide, impressive-looking baseball-glove sculpture.

EMILY

OMG - Vinny, it's beautiful!

VINNY

Thanks sweetheart.

Emily cozies up next to Vinny.

EMILY

I know a secret room. Wanna celebrate?

VINNY

I can't. If we hook up, I might lose my Fonzie touch.

Emily is taken aback.

Sam approaches the group. The players start clapping.

JAVIER

Whoa, he's back!

MATT JOHNSON

Do you remember screaming "Rodney King" when the cops showed up? I think that's why you were the only one they arrested.

RONNIE

Before you start another brawl learn how to throw a punch, Powerpuff.

Vinny stops and is shocked to see Sam with a black eye.

VINNY

Jesus, what the fuck?

CONTINUED:

SAM

Long, painful story. I'm fine. But  
dude, this sculpture is awesome!

VINNY

Thanks man. It's not done yet, but I  
think I found a muse.

Vinny looks over to Emily, who gives him a smile.

INT. MONOLITH STADIUM - GM'S OFFICE - DAY

Jenny is typing on her computer. Sam knocks and enters.

JENNY

So, when are you leaving?

SAM

Who told you I was leaving?

JENNY

C'mon, you're not going to let little  
Miss Rich Tits go again.

SAM

She's already on a plane home.

JENNY

Then why call her in the first place?

SAM

That was Riley.

Jenny stops and looks at Sam.

JENNY

I don't get it. Why did you leave the  
cozy confines of douchebag Nirvana for  
bunfuck Arkansas?

SAM

I've been thinking about that a lot.  
And I've come to the conclusion that  
maybe I'm not a douchebag.

JENNY

Let's not get all up on a high horse.

SAM

I admit I've acted like a dick at  
times, but I don't think it suits me.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SAM (CONT'D)

Because, despite all the shit I've been through the past few days, I'm happier now than I've been in years.

JENNY

It'll wear off.

SAM

When I saw you and Sailor together at that jail cell... It wasn't this town or the team I loved as a kid... I started playing baseball just to impress you.

JENNY

That's touching, but after next week I'm still leaving.

Sam approaches a newly vulnerable Jenny.

SAM

You can't.

Sam and Jenny share a moment when BANG! Vinny bursts through the door.

VINNY

Guys, my sculpture's finished!

EST. MONOLITH STADIUM - ENTRANCE - DAY

A sign over the entrance says, "Opening Day, Go Coonhounds!" Fans walk into the stadium, which actually looks charming.

EXT. MONOLITH STADIUM - DUGOUT - DAY

Sam is about to run on the field. Jenny comes up to him.

SAM

Think I can get under that bra finally, for good luck?

JENNY

Let's see how you do first.

SAM

Great way to jinx me.

Jenny pulls something from her back pocket.

JENNY

Joe came to my dad's funeral. He said he was disappointed in you.

CONTINUED:

SAM  
Great pep talk.

JENNY  
He told me if you ever came back here  
to give you this.

Jenny hands Sam a baseball card. It's of a young Sam with the name "Dirty Balls."

JENNY (CONT'D)  
He said he had hope you'd earn that  
name again. Here's your chance.

Jenny walks away and Bobby approaches.

BOBBY  
Hey, no racial slurs towards the other  
team... Unless we're losing.

Bobby smirks and runs on the field, Sam follows.

Sam's at second and looks around. It's half full but still a nice turnout. He sees Jenny and smiles. She rolls her eyes.

UMPIRE  
Play Ball!

Jesus is on the mound. He kicks and fires a pitch, the batter hits a screamer to the left of Sam.

Sam makes a miraculous diving play to stop the ball. He gets up in a cloud of dust and throws a strike to first to get the runner just in time. The crowd CHEERS.

FADE OUT.

THE END