

BASES LOADED

Written by

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EXT. DODGER STADIUM - NIGHT

SUPER: 2008 World Series, Game 7. Cleveland Indians vs. Los Angeles Dodgers.

Crisp stadium lights blanket a standing, ROARING, sold-out crowd. The next pitch in limbo.

The scoreboard displays: a 1-1 tie.

The booth COMMENTATOR sets the stage as we see flashes of SPECTATORS...inside the ballpark and out...

Players, Coaches, a baby in a jersey, a fan chugs beer...

SPORTS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

It all comes down to this. Tie ball game, bottom of the ninth...

A hot dog vendor, team mascots, a man uses a urinal...

SPORTS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Runner on first, 2 outs, full count. One more pitch could seal a Dodgers victory with the winning run on base...

A crowded bar watches on TV, prisoners watch from jail...

SPORTS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

If this ball's hit deep, Dodger's third base coach ROY VANBUREN has a tough decision on his hands.

Leather Daddies in a gay bar, Priests in jerseys, a father and son at home on the couch share NACHOS...

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - FIELD LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Coach Roy (30's, clean cut, fit) stretches behind third base. He chirps the opponent's THIRD BASEMAN (25).

YOUNG COACH ROY

Nervous buckaroo? Not me. My veins are filled with ice, mi amigo.

THIRD BASEMAN

(focused on the batter)
You'd be dead.

COACH ROY

Excuse me? Is that a threat?

THIRD BASEMAN

If your veins had ice instead of
blood, you'd be dead, dumbass.

YOUNG COACH ROY

Ok Dr. Fuckface. Still enough to
get rock hard for your mom's sweet--

The Third Baseman breaks and spins around...

THIRD BASEMAN

Listen you sick bastard, I'll--

A bat CRACKS.

The deep fly ball lands fair beyond the RIGHT FIELDER, who
scrambles for it in the corner. The crowd ROARS.

The BASERUNNER leaves first base.

The Right Fielder hurls the ball to the CUTOFF MAN.

YOUNG COACH ROY

C'mon baby. Come to daddy.

The Baserunner rounds second base as the ball reaches the
Cutoff Man. Time slows down. The crowd noise dulls.

Coach Roy looks to his dugout: His TEAM signals to hold the
runner at third.

The Cutoff Man throws to the Third Baseman.

The ball soars above the sprinting Baserunner's head. A split
decision - Coach Roy waves him home.

We see the Team and fans in disbelief, knowing the Baserunner
will surely be called out.

The ball tips off the Third Baseman's glove and sails into
the sidewall. The Baserunner rounds third.

The Third Baseman comes up with the ball, just in time to
watch the Baserunner cross home plate.

The Dodger's dugout empties onto home plate, celebrates.
Coach Roy struts toward his team. He pauses to ridicule the
Third Baseman.

YOUNG COACH ROY (CONT'D)

Ice kid. Pure, frozen ice.

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - HOME PLATE - MOMENTS LATER

The Team hoists Coach Roy onto their shoulders. A REPORTER snaps a PHOTO.

MUSIC UP: "Cum On Feel the Noize" by Quiet Riot

The photo is front page of the LA TIMES. The headline reads: DODGERS, WORLD SERIES CHAMPS.

We see quick cuts, the rise and fall of Coach Roy...

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A car burns while fans celebrate in the streets of LA.

INT. GOOD MORNING AMERICA SET - MORNING

Coach Roy, draped in an expensive suit, charms the hosts.

EXT. RED CARPET - NIGHT

Camera flashes highlight Coach Roy's fur coat and gaudy sunglasses.

INT. EXPENSIVE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Coach Roy and two gorgeous MODELS pillow fight in their underwear.

I/E. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Coach Roy enters through a sea of paparazzi. Inside, he boozes and sniffs cocaine. He gets into a brawl.

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY

A young fan's father tussles with an irrational Coach Roy at an autograph signing.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

A sea of dollar bills. Strippers. More cocaine, more booze.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

SECURITY GUARDS apprehend a bumbling drunk Coach Roy and entourage.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

An underground poker game. A BODYGUARD tosses a defiant Coach Roy into an alley. A passing DOG pees on him where he lies.

TITLE UP: BASES LOADED

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - BAKERSFIELD - DAWN

SUPER: BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA - 12 YEARS LATER

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blackout curtains. A slobby mess. COACH ROY (50, overweight, disheveled) sleeps atop the covers in tighty-whities.

The nightstand hosts: a NOTEBOOK, cell phone, BEER BOTTLE, cigarettes, and a WORLD SERIES RING.

The cell phone RINGS from: RICO(47).

Coach Roy reaches to hit ignore, bumps the beer bottle, spilling it onto his face. He jolts out of bed, swigs the spilt beer's final sip.

He plays music on his phone.

MUSIC UP: 80's hair metal

Coach Roy dances and lip-syncs into a beer bottle microphone. He opens the mini fridge: Chinese takeout and CAR KEYS.

He tilts back a rouge vodka pint. A few drops fall...

COACH ROY
God. Damn it.

A RUSTLE from the bed. A WOMAN (50's, overweight, trailer trash) emerges from a comforter cocoon.

WOMAN
Morning sunshine.

Startled, he lowers the music.

COACH ROY

I...uh...forgot you were here. You slept through all of that?

WOMAN

We partied pretty hard last night.

We see the room again: a cemetery for debauchery.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I always sleep deep after a good romp. You got the goods, champ.

She climbs out of bed donning only panties on her far from flattering figure. She throws her arms around his neck and tries for a kiss. He squirms to avoid it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Sorry. You're right. Morning breath.

She lights a cigarette from the pack on the nightstand.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I feel like shit. What's for breakfast big boy?

COACH ROY

You gotta go.

Stunned for a beat...she runs a finger up her thigh, seduces.

WOMAN

You sure you don't want to hang? I promise I'm low maintenance.

I/E. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Woman cradles her clothes outside the open doorway. Coach Roy places the Chinese takeout container atop her clothes.

COACH ROY

Here, breakfast. Now put some clothes on. I've got neighbors.

WOMAN

I guess it's true what they say about you. You are an asshole--

Coach Roy slams the door in her face.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Asshole!

INT. GREGG'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Sheer curtains. A tidy teen sanctuary. GREGG (18, nerdy, painfully average) sleeps neatly tucked in. A COACH ROY POSTER hangs amongst other baseball paraphernalia.

The nightstand hosts: a FRAMED PHOTO of Gregg and his parents, taken a few years prior.

GREGG'S MOM (50's, loving, eternal optimist) cracks open the door.

GREGG'S MOM
(almost singing)
Sweetie...good morning! Time to
rise and shine!

Gregg grumbles awake.

GREGG'S MOM (CONT'D)
Time to get the day started
pumpkin! Breakfast is waiting.

GREGG
Thanks mom. You're the best.

GREGG'S MOM
(rapidly blowing kisses)
Kisses baby boy.

Gregg plays a record wearing only tighty-whities.

MUSIC UP: "Working Out" by Donny Benet

He spreads the curtains, sunlight pours in. Gregg dances while dressing... thankfully, no one sees his moves.

He tucks a polo shirt into khakis, fastens on his work name tag, then shoots finger guns at his reflection in the mirror.

INT. GREGG'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Gregg's Mom fiddles with hideous but charming crafts at the table. Gregg speeds down the steps.

GREGG'S MOM
There you are! Let me get
breakfast.

GREGG
Thanks ma, but I'm running late.
Can I get it to go?

GREGG'S MOM
You can't eat pancakes on the road?

GREGG
Pancakes are mobile! They're
basically toast.

She scurries to the kitchen. Gregg sifts through the crafts.

GREGG (CONT'D)
(to the kitchen)
Did any mail come for me?

GREGG'S MOM (O.S.)
Not yet sweetie.

He picks up a particularly pathetic doll made of yarn...

GREGG
Sold anything yet?

Gregg's Mom returns with a pancake in each hand and a ziploc bag filled with syrup.

GREGG'S MOM
One order, but that was Cheryl from
book club. She says I should sell
on this internet shop, Betsy's?

GREGG
It's Etsy mom, Etsy.

She hands him the pancakes and syrup bag. Gregg inspects the syrup bag, confused.

GREGG'S MOM
(off his look)
In case you wanna dip the cakes.
(beat)
Can you help me with Etsy's?

GREGG
Maybe later this week. You're sure
I didn't get any mail?

GREGG'S MOM
I'm sure. Michigan's a big school
honey, they have a lot of letters
to send. It will come, I promise.

GREGG
Yeah summer will be over by then,
and I'll be stuck here.

GREGG'S MOM

Well at least you and I could spend time together. That wouldn't be so bad, would it?

GREGG

That's not the point.

Gregg's Mom rests a hand on his shoulders.

GREGG'S MOM

Your father always said, when you do good things--

GREGG

Good things come to you. I know. Thanks ma, I've really gotta go.

They kiss on the cheek. Gregg exits through the front door.

GREGG'S MOM

(to a now closed door)

Have a good day!

The YARN DOLL stares creepily up at her from the table.

I/E. GREGG'S CAR - DAY

Gregg drives and answers a call from GABE BLAKELY (18, wheelchair, smart, passive). It plays through speakers...

GREGG

What's up Gabe? You're up early.

GABE (V.O.)

First day of summer, I couldn't sleep in. We still on for tonight?

GREGG

Wouldn't miss it for the world. Is Jacob coming?

GABE (V.O.)

Ask him yourself.

JACOB SCHNEIDER (18, fat, crass, Yarmulke, overcompensating) chimes in.

JACOB (V.O.)

What's up dick sneeze? Yea, I'll be there, and I'm bringing the brews.

GREGG
Can't wait guys. See you then.

CALL ENDED. Gregg's driving too slowly. A BUSINESSMAN (40's) speeds passed in the oncoming lane, shouts...

BUSINESSMAN
Cocksucker!

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Coach Roy and Gregg simultaneously park in a large empty lot, opposite sides. A mirror image.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Coach Roy and Gregg arrive at the front door in unison.

Gregg brandishes a set of keys to unlock the door. Coach Roy's large cowboy hat conceals his face.

GREGG
Sir, it's 7:45, we're not open for another--

COACH ROY
It's okay kid, I'll be quick.

GREGG
Yeah, but it's against store poli--

COACH ROY
Ugh, here...hold this.

Coach Roy tosses his WALLET to Gregg, who doesn't react. The wallet hits the ground.

Gregg spots the World Series ring on Coach Roy's hand as he pushes open the door.

INT. GROCERY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Bright fluorescent lights. Soft elevator music plays.

Coach Roy plucks Advil from a shelf, kisses it, then drops it into his basket. His phone rings: RICO. He sighs and answers.

COACH ROY
Rico! Hey buddy! How's it going?

RICO (V.O.)
You've been dodging my calls.

COACH ROY
No way pal! I would never...

He stalls, looks around: a tube of HAWAIIAN SUNBLOCK.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
I'm in...Hawaii. Spotty service here. Island life. What can you do?

RICO (V.O.)
Hawaii? I don't give a rat's ass if you're getting butt fucked in a Siberian prison! Take my calls!

Coach Roy pulls a pint of RUSSIAN VODKA from a shelf.

COACH ROY
I hear ya. How's it going friend?

RICO (V.O.)
Where's my fucking money!? I've been letting you slide because someone might actually notice if you suddenly go missing...but I'm starting to change my mind.

Coach Roy adds a green juice to the grocery basket.

COACH ROY
Rico, I swear, I--

RICO (V.O.)
Shut the fuck up! Seven days. You have a week to settle up or the headlines are gonna read, Coach Roy VanBuren...found dead from suicide. Sad and alone. You got me?

COACH ROY
I understand but I just need--

RICO (V.O.)
Seven days. Aloha motherfucker.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CHECKOUTS - MOMENTS LATER

Gregg sees Coach Roy coming and drops the wallet on the counter.

GREGG
So it is you.

COACH ROY
Nope.

GREGG
But your I.D. says--

COACH ROY
You went into another man's wallet?
Jesus Christ. What's happened to
basic decency?

Coach Roy places his vodka pint on the conveyor belt.

GREGG
No, I mean, I saw the ring and...
I'm a big fan. I'm Gregg by the
way.

Gregg extends for a handshake. Coach Roy points to the
cigarette cabinet instead.

COACH ROY
Marlboro reds.

GREGG
Oh. Yes sir. Right away.

Gregg jogs to the cabinet and talks over his shoulder...

GREGG (CONT'D)
I mean, what you did that night was
one of the greatest moments in
baseball history. I watched it with
my dad and we...

Gregg grabs a pack of smokes and turns back...

GREGG (CONT'D)
We were on the edge--

COACH ROY
2 packs.

GREGG
Right. 2 packs.

Gregg grabs another pack then returns to the register.

GREGG (CONT'D)
Anyway, we were on the edge of our
seats. I had some nachos and--

Coach Roy adds a last minute Slim Jim to the conveyor belt.

COACH ROY
That's nice kid. That was a long
time ago. What do I owe ya?

Gregg bags the items that only a degenerate would buy first
thing in the morning.

GREGG
It's \$46.58

Coach Roy swipes his credit card. DECLINED.

COACH ROY
Piece of shit.

Coach Roy checks his wallet: 2 twenties.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
Here's 40. You owe me for going
through my shit.

GREGG
Fair enough. Sorry sir.

Coach Roy takes his bag and exits, passes by the manager
TERRII (40's, black, sassy, wise). She looks him up and down.

GREGG'S POV: Through the window, Coach Roy walks to his car.

Terrii snaps Gregg out of it.

TERRII
Who was that crusty bitch in here
before we open?

GREGG
That's Roy VanBuren, a Major League
legend.

TERRII
Like that fat boy Babe Ruth?

GREGG
Nah. He wasn't much of a player. A
hall-of-fame third base coach in my
opinion, though.

TERRII
Well he smelled like stinky socks
soaked in vodka. What the hell's he
doing in Bakersfield?

GREGG
Honestly? No idea.

Terrii pins her MANAGER name tag to her shirt.

GREGG (CONT'D)
Hey am I still good for tomorrow
off? Last game of the season.

TERRII
You still coaching them little
brats?

GREGG
Yeah! It's super fun! And I kinda
promised my dad I'd keep it going.

TERRII
You're good people, Gregg. Yeah you
got the day off.

GREGG AND TERRII'S POV: Coach Roy sips his pint of vodka
before entering his car.

TERRII (CONT'D)
Hall of fame, huh?

INT. GREGG'S CAR - NIGHT

Gregg sings along to an indie tune, moseys by a dive bar, THE
RUSTY HOLE. Coach Roy's car is parked in the lot.

An impatient DRIVER speeds around him, shouts out the window.

DRIVER
Shit bag!

EXT. GABE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Suburbia. Neighborhood kids play in the cul-de-sac. Gregg
parks in the driveway.

INT. GABE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Gregg scampers down the stairs, a nerd's paradise.

GREGG
(chanting)
Star Wars! Star Wars!

Jacob botches a skateboard trick. Gabe watches PORN. They join in the chant...

GABE
Star Wars! Star Wars!

JACOB
Star Wars! Star Wars!

GREGG
Which episode are we watching
tonight boys?

JACOB
Let's let mother nature decide.

Jacob presents a poorly rolled joint.

GREGG
I'm good. I'm just gonna have a
couple o' brewskis.

JACOB
Pussy.

GABE
Leave him alone dude.

JACOB
Are you scared that you might...
(starts convulsing)
...have another panic attack?

GREGG
Shut up man. That was in the 7th
grade. Let it go.

JACOB
Gabe got hit by a car in the 7th
grade and now his legs don't work.
Should he just let that go?

GABE
WOW.

GREGG
That's not even remotely the same?

JACOB
Chill. I'm fucking around guys. All
I know is, we gotta our tolerances
up. College chicks don't like
lightweights.

GREGG
Well there's nothing lightweight
about you, so...

JACOB
Eat a dick dude.

Gabe holds up three beers from the mini-fridge.

GABE
Well ladies. Shall we?

Gregg and Jacob plop on the couch while Gabe puts in a dvd.

JACOB
Let's pop some beers and boners for
Princess Leah, am I right fellas?

Jacob opens his beer. Gregg and Gabe exchange eye rolls.

GREGG
You won't believe who I saw today.

JACOB
Tell us you dirty dog.

GREGG
Coach Roy Vanburen.

GABE
You saw the Coach Roy? Where?

GREGG
He came into the store this
morning.

JACOB
Was it to tell you to take the
posters of him off your wall and
back off, you creep?

GREGG
Shut up. I don't know, he just
bought some stuff.

GABE
Did you talk to him?

GREGG
Sort of. He was in a rush. He
looked terrible to be honest.

GABE
So you didn't tell him that he's
the reason you want to be a coach?

GREGG

Well he was buying vodka and a Slim Jim at 8 in the morning....so no, it didn't quite get to that.

JACOB

He sounds rad. I love Slim Jims.

Gregg pokes at Jacob's belly.

GREGG

We know.

Jacob stares daggers at Gregg, unamused.

GABE

Hey speaking of college chicks, is it weird that I haven't heard from Michigan yet?

GABE (CONT'D)

Super weird. I got into Stanford like eight months ago.

JACOB

(mocking Gabe)

I got into Stanford like eight months ago.

GABE

Yeah must be nice, waiting to take over daddy's business instead of having to work hard to get out of this shit hole like the rest of us.

JACOB

Hey man, I work hard.

Jacob chugs his beer then lets out an obnoxious belch.

GREGG

I'm serious. I'm getting worried.

GABE

They definitely should have told you by now. Did you call them?

JACOB

God this is the most boring shit I could possibly think of.

GREGG

Sorry, sorry, you're right. Hit it Gabe.

Gabe plays the Star Wars DVD.

GABE
Now fire up that J.

JACOB
I knew I could count on you.

Jacob sparks the lighter, holds the flame on.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Three, two, one...

He lights the joint and takes a hit.

JACOB (CONT'D)
(exhaling)
Blastoff.

EXT. THE RUSTY HOLE - NIGHT

Smokers linger outside...mostly white trash.

INT. THE RUSTY HOLE - NIGHT

Dingy 70's carpet. Wood panel walls. Sparse patrons. Coach Roy sits at the bar a few stools down from STEPHANIE STRAUSS (30's, sexy trailer trash). Coach Roy flags the bartender.

COACH ROY
Hit me again bud.

The bartender pours a heavy whiskey, neat. Coach Roy catches eyes with Stephanie, tilts his glass for a silent toast.

STEPHANIE
(off his toast)
Cheers.

Coach Roy scribbles in a notebook.

A beat, then...

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
Whatchya writing there, big fella?

Coach Roy lifts his pen, annoyed.

COACH ROY
Nothing really.

He resumes writing. Stephanie's mildly amused, curious...

She moves toward him, plops herself on every empty stool along the way. She extends her hand.

STEPHANIE
Howdy Shakespeare. I'm Stephanie.

Coach Roy shakes her hand.

COACH ROY
You could have just walked around.

STEPHANIE
That was more fun though, right?

Coach Roy downs his whiskey.

COACH ROY
I guess.

STEPHANIE
Oh. Tough guy act. I get it...

She flexes her biceps and furls her brow...

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
So who are you anyway?

COACH ROY
I'm nobody.

STEPHANIE
You're somebody.
(beat)
Cowboy hat. Confidence. Big fancy
class ring. Drinking in this shit
hole to get away from it all--

COACH ROY
It's a championship ring.

STEPHANIE
Mr. Nobody, champion of the walled
off hard asses.

COACH ROY
It's Roy.

STEPHANIE
Roy what?

COACH ROY
Just Roy.

STEPHANIE
Ok just Roy, do tough guys still
buy ladies drinks nowadays?

COACH ROY
Ha! You're funny.

He summons the bartender.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
I'll take another whiskey and
she'll have a fruity lady drink.

Stephanie playfully slaps him across the chest.

STEPHANIE
I'll have what he's having.

The bartender delivers two shots. They clink glasses and toss them back. They stare at each other with burning intensity.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Stephanie and Coach Roy fuck wildly. Flailing and knocking things onto the already disastrous floor.

STEPHANIE
(screaming)
Oh yeah! Give it to me you fat old
nobody!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Dawn peeks through the curtains and wakes Coach Roy. He rolls over to spoon Stephanie with a smile. Except...no Stephanie.

COACH ROY
Fuckin' broads.

He sits up, lights a cigarette, flicks on the TV.

TONY GIBBONS (50's, handsome, commanding) appears on screen in a cheesy commercial:

TONY (V.O.)
Hey! It's me, Tony Gibbons.
America's favorite retired
quarterback and two time Super Bowl
champ. I'm coming to your town for
the ultimate Q.B. training camp to
take you from benchwarmer to M.V.P.

Coach Roy sips a beer, rolls his eyes.

TONY (V.O.)
 Call the number below to get
 enrolled today. Don't be a loser
 your whole life, come learn from
 me...Tony G!

A KNOCK at the door.

COACH ROY
 I'm yankin' off! Go away!

An INVOICE slips under the door. Coach Roy retrieves it.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
 (off the invoice)
 Balance past due my ass. I'll
 settle up with you in hell pal.

He slides on last night's jeans, feels for his wallet - it's not there. He frantically searches the room, finds a BRA mixed in the bedsheets.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
 Game on, Stephanie.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

The field bustles, 10 year olds trying their best. Parents' shouting drowns the fun. Gabe and Jacob watch from the fence.

Gregg coaches a BATTER in a uniform two sizes too big.

GREGG
 Alright buddy, remember, just do
 your best up there.

Jacob locks eyes with a cute COED sitting in the bleachers with her parents - Ew. She's grossed out.

The YOUNG BATTER swings...sails the bat into the shins of the COACH at first base.

LITTLE LEAGUE COACH
 (screaming in pain)
 Mother fucking-son of a bitch!

The crowd "woos" in agony. Jacob and Gabe cackle.

GABE
 I'm never having kids dude.

JACOB
I mean...can you?

GABE
My dick still works you idiot.

The young batter line-drives into the fence near Jacob, who YELPS...like a bitch. Gabe loved it - karma.

A WHISTLE ends the game.

Parents join their children. Gregg says goodbyes and cleans up equipment. Jacob and Gabe join him on the field.

GABE (CONT'D)
Last game man, that's gotta feel good.

GREGG
Yeah, I wish we woulda got the W. I'm gonna miss the kiddos. I'm kinda like their baseball dad out here. It's nice.

JACOB
Nice that it's over maybe. You're free! Time to get into some wild shit this summer.

GREGG
Oh yeah? What do you got in mind?

JACOB
I don't know man. Why do I have to think of everything? Gabe?

GABE
We could go hit golf balls at dumb-dumbs on boats at the river?

GREGG
Nah, not today.

JACOB
Some other time, for sure.

GABE
We could go steal Jacob's Dad's beer and go hot tubbin'?

JACOB
Now you're thinking!

Gregg sees a nearby Mom scold her son from eating a booger.

GREGG
Alright, I'm in.

I/E. COACH ROY'S CAR - SAME TIME

Coach Roy drives by, notices the Gregg - he gets an idea...

TONY (V.O.)
 Don't be a loser your whole
 life...come learn from me, Tony G!

He swerves, pulls alongside the guys, rolls down the window.

COACH ROY
 (to Gregg)
 Hey kid!

Gregg stops - me?

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
 Yeah, you! The cashier, right?

Gabe slugs Jacob in the arm.

GABE
 Holy shit dude, that's Coach Roy.

The three of them approach Coach Roy's car.

GREGG
 H, he, hey....Coach Roy.

COACH ROY
 What's up kid? You're a baseball
 fan, right?

Jacob wheels forward, interjects--

GABE
 We all are!

COACH ROY
 Good. I wanna ask you something.

GREGG
 Sure. Anything. What is it Coach?

COACH ROY
 I was thinking about running a--

JACOB
 Actually, we were about to drink
 some beers in my hot tub...you
 wanna come?

Coach Roy scans the area - it's just them.

COACH ROY
Just you guys? No women?

GABE
Oh, tons of chicks.

GREGG
Lots and lots of gals.

JACOB
It's gonna be filled with sluts.

A beat. They wonder if he bought it...

COACH ROY
There better be women.

EXT. JACOB'S HOUSE - HOT TUB - DAY

The four of them sit uncomfortably close, clutching beers.

GREGG
So what did you want to ask earlier
Coach?

COACH ROY
Ah. Right. I'm thinking about
holding a training camp here in
town.

Gregg, Gabe, and Jacob struggle to contain their excitement.

GABE
For real? That would be awesome. I
mean, I'm obviously out...but I'll
come hang.

JACOB
We just graduated high school. No
point now. I wasn't on the team.

Coach Roy eyes Jacob's fat physique.

JACOB (CONT'D)
(off Coach Roy's look)
Hey fuck you man, being fat is
awesome. I eat whatever I want.
Plus, the ladies think its cute.

COACH ROY
Yeah? Where are they then?
(to Gregg)
What about you? You play?

GREGG

No, I had a lot going on at home with my mom and--

GABE

He's being humble. He's a hell of a coach.

Coach Roy swigs his beer, intrigued.

JACOB

Yeah, he wants to be a third base coach. Like you. Dipshit applied to Michigan's sports management school thinking it'll get him there.

GREGG

Shut up dick. That's not the only reason. But yeah, if it works out that way then...bonus.

JACOB

He's got a poster of you on his wall. It's really weird.

Coach Roy's creaped out and flattered at the same time.

COACH ROY

A third base coach huh?

GREGG

Well yeah...my Dad and I...I lost him last year but--

A garage door RUMBLES open. They all freeze. Jacob panics.

JACOB

Shit! My dad's home. Quick! Go!

Coach Roy, unsure, moves slowly while the guys hustle.

COACH ROY

You're dad is--

Gabe slithers over the hot tub side onto his wheelchair. Jacob gathers the beers and clothes. Gregg, Gabe, and Jacob dash through the backyard and into the forest.

Coach Roy strolls around the side of the house in only tighty-whities, beer in hand, drip-drying. He drives off.

MOMENTS LATER

JACOB'S STEPMOM (30's, attractive, fake everything) slides open the back door, notices the bubbling hot tub and water splashed deck - that's peculiar?

JACOB'S STEPMOM
(into the house)
Honey! You left the hot tub on!

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Gregg finishes with a customer. Coach Roy arrives.

GREGG
Coach! Hey! What are you doing--

COACH ROY
Listen kid, I'll get right to it.
I've officially decided. I'm
putting on a training camp.

GREGG
A youth camp? Some of my team sure
could use it. Brie, Connor, Teegan--

COACH ROY
No kids. Not now, not ever. It's
for coaches...like you.

GREGG
Are. You. Serious?!?

COACH ROY
Yes. I just said it. You wanna be a
third base coach, right?

A customer arrives, waits in line.

GREGG
More than anything.

COACH ROY
Then you're in.
(pandering)
I guess you won me over with all
your dreams and dead dad talk.

GREGG
Wow. Ok. This is big. I won't let
you down. When does it start?

Coach Roy realizes he doesn't actually have a plan.

COACH ROY
 Tomorrow? At the community fields.

Gregg does mental math and mimes "1 moment" to the growing line of customers.

GREGG
 That's really soon.

COACH ROY
 Never too soon. It's a five day camp and costs...five grand.

GREGG
 \$5,000? I'm sorry coach, I don't have that kind of money.

COACH ROY
 (frustrated)
 You don't...
 (collecting himself)
 ...think of it as tuition. The MLB isn't a free ride kid.

GREGG
 The MLB is involved?

A LADY in line overhears, scoffs at their conversation.

COACH ROY
 (nervously)
 Yeah...uh...of course! Why else would I do this? I made some calls and they're sending some scouts. The last days like a showcase.

GREGG
 Makes sense to me. I just can't come up with \$5,000 in a day.

A full line of customers wait now, growing impatient.

COACH ROY
 Are you stupid or something?

GREGG
 No? I don't think so?

COACH ROY
 This is the chance of a lifetime. You get to learn from me, Coach Roy. Your hero--

An impatient customer speaks up...

CUSTOMER
C'mon asshole! Pitch your shitty
camp somewhere else!

The entire line agrees, protests. Coach Roy persists...

COACH ROY
I'll tell you what...you bring me
some other paying customers, I'll
let you slide for free.

GREGG
So if I bring you other people that
each pay \$5,000, I can attend your
training camp for free?

COACH ROY
You literally just said what I
said, right back to me.

Terrii sees the stirring customers and heads their way.

GREGG
(hesitant)
I think I can maybe--

COACH ROY
Great! Tomorrow. Noon. Don't
forget...five grand a head.

Coach Roy leaves. Gregg continues with questions...

GREGG
(to Coach Roy leaving)
Which scouts will be there? What
should we wear? Are snacks provided
or should I bring my own?

Terrii arrives, points to nearly rioting line.

TERRII
What the fuck Gregg?

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Stephanie waits in sunglasses and hoodie up...suspicious.

A SUBURBAN DAD (40's) drives up, idles alongside her.

Stephanie hands a BROWN PAPER BAG into his passenger window
in exchange for cash. She pats the roof. The car drives off.

INT. DINER - DAY

A 70's style diner. Gregg, Jacob, and Gabe sit at a booth.

JACOB

So what's your news Gregg? Are you
in the CIA? Oh I know, you're
finally coming out to us.

Jacob announces to the entire diner.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Big gay Gregg's out of the closet
everyone! Suspicions confirmed--

GREGG

Quiet down man. Are you insane?

The waitress JAZZ (19, too much makeup, Brooklyn accent),
shadowed by TYLER MILLER (18, tomboy, beautiful but doesn't
try), arrive to take their order.

JAZZ

Well what do we have here?

GABE

Hey Jazz!

GREGG

Hi Jazz.

JAZZ

Good to see ya! Nice change of pace
from the junkies, creepy truckers,
and day drunk idiots.

We see RICKY (23, burly laborer) and his 3 seemingly cloned
friends, arm wrestling at different table.

JACOB

I'll have the lasagna please.

JAZZ

We don't have lasagna.

Jacob throws up his arms - why the hell not? Jazz moves on...

JAZZ (CONT'D)

This is the my trainee Tyler. Just
moved here from Idaho.

(beat)

Tyler...this is Gabe, Gregg, and
lasagna boy is Jacob.

JACOB

When you're here, you're family.

Gregg and Gabe nervously wave.

TYLER

Nice to meet you guys. You all
friends from school?

GABE

Jazz is a year older. We just
graduated.

JAZZ

These guys were really nice to me
when I first moved from New York.
What can I get you's?

GREGG

We'll just have 3 sodas, please.

JACOB

And spag-and-balls for me.

JAZZ

3 sodas and a club sandwich. On it.

Jazz and Tyler leave.

GABE

Lasagna? Spaghetti and meatballs?
What's wrong with you?

JACOB

Is craving Italian a crime?

GABE

It's a diner. They're all the same.
Breakfast items, sandwiches, coffee
and pie. That's it. That's the
whole menu.

JACOB

Your mom's a menu.

GABE

Back me up. Am I wrong Gregg?

GREGG

Can I tell you guys my news?

GABE

Sorry. Go ahead.

JACOB

Short version please.

GREGG

Coach Roy came by my work and offered me a slot in his third base coach camp.

(beat)

Isn't that crazy?

GABE

Wait. So he's running a camp for coaches? Not players?

JACOB

That's for sure crazy.

GREGG

I know right? He's brining in MLB scouts to give someone a contract.

GABE

That's awesome man, sounds like a good opportunity for you.

GREGG

Want to hear the best part?

JACOB

No. Please leave out the best part.

GREGG

He wants me to bring you guys!

GABE

What? Why?

JACOB

Yeah, we don't wanna coaches. They get like, no pussy.

Jazz and Tyler return with the sodas and sandwich.

JAZZ

Three sodas and a club sandwich. I'm in beauty school now so I gotta take off. I'm gonna do hair and makeup in Hollywood one day...

Jazz day dreams for a beat, then snaps out of it...

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Anyway, Tyler's got you covered. Take care of her for me, would ya?

Jazz and Tyler leave. Jacob bites his sandwich, talks with his mouth full...

JACOB

I'm not doing anything, I'll do it.

Gregg and Gabe are disgusted. Jacob swallows his food.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Why not? Sounds fun. It's free,
right?

Jacob and Gabe look to Gregg for a response.

GREGG

That's the thing, it's five
thousand a person.

Gabe and Jacob pause...then burst into laughter.

GABE

That's hilarious dude, you got us.

JACOB

What kind of an idiot would pay
five grand to learn how to coach.

Ricky and crew stop by on their way out of the diner.

RICKY

What's up fart faces?

Ricky snatches Jacob's yarmulke and holds it overhead.

JACOB

Fuck off Ricky. I have dozens at
home. Add it to your collection of
pubes and women's hair clippings
you keep in the back of your sock
drawer. Psycho.

Ricky dunks the yarmulke into Jacob's soda.

RICKY

Drink that, bitch.

Ricky high-fives his minions while leaving. Tyler checks in.

TYLER

Who are those jerks?

GREGG

Just some mouth-breathers from
school.

Tyler giggles, then points - may I sit? She slides into the booth.

TYLER

So what's there to do around here this summer? My only friends are my grandma and Jazz, so...

JACOB

Gregg's wasting \$5,000 to go to baseball coaching camp--

GREGG

Guys...I was kidding. Of course it doesn't cost \$5,000. It's free.

GABE

Wait, it's free?

GREGG

Yeah, I was messing around. Got ya!

GABE

I don't really get the joke but... in that case, screw it. I'll go.

JACOB

Me too then. Coach Roy's hilarious.

TYLER

Coach Roy like, Coach Roy VanBuren? From the Dodgers?

GREGG

Yeah...you like baseball?

TYLER

He's only the reason they won the 2008 World Series. I love the guy.

(beat)

You know him? Like personally?

The guys exchange glances.

JACOB

We partied with him and a bunch of chicks before so, yeah, we're buds.

Gregg and Gabe shake their heads.

TYLER

That's so awesome! What's this camp about? I used to play softball...

EXT. COMMUNITY FAIR - SAME TIME

A banner arches the entrance: BAKERSFIELD SUMMER FAIR

Food trucks, carnival games, rickety thrill rides. Families peruse. Stuffed animal prizes and balloons galore.

Coach Roy saunters through, sips his flask, steals a corndog on a stick from a child masquerading in Spiderman face paint.

SPIDERMAN KID

Hey asshole!

Coach Roy flirts, nods to the kid's mom. She shields and whisks her son away - disgusted.

Coach Roy shrugs it off. He notices a NERVOUS DAD (40's) duck conspicuously behind the cinder block restroom building...

EXT. BEHIND THE RESTROOMS - MOMENTS LATER

Coach Roy rounds the corner. Stephanie finishes putting on her shoe then hugs the Nervous Dad.

COACH ROY

What the fuck is this?

Stephanie pushes off the dad, about to bolt.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

Don't you dare make me chase you!

Coach Roy points at the NERVOUS DAD, who's frozen with fear.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

You! Get the fuck outta here before I twist up your nutsack.

NERVOUS DAD

Sorry! Please don't tell my wife!

Nervous Dad sprints away. Stephanie poses, hands on hips.

STEPHANIE

Well if it isn't ol' Roy two pumps.

COACH ROY

Nice try. Everyone knows I'm a dynamite lover. Where's my stuff you thieving whore?

STEPHANIE

I am not, a whore.

COACH ROY

Well it looks a lot like you're behind a bathroom at a town fair giving out suck jobs.

STEPHANIE

He was purchasing a product from me, for your information. Not that it's any of your business.

COACH ROY

Great. So you're a drug dealer. What's your game? H? Blow? Dick pills and molly?

STEPHANIE

Feet.

COACH ROY

Terrible name for a drug. I guess I'll try some though, if you insist.

Coach Roy holds an open palm out for a free dose.

STEPHANIE

I let them take pictures of my feet. For money.

COACH ROY

Bullshit.

She holds up a wad of cash.

STEPHANIE

You'd be surprised. Bored husbands who's wives won't touch them anymore. That guy probably jerks it to my toes with a belt around his neck. Who cares? I still get paid.

COACH ROY

That's dark. Even for me.

STEPHANIE

Yeah and they're little chatty Kathy's. I'll hit a town, sell some feet pics, used panties, some farts...make some dough and move on when the supply runs dry.

COACH ROY

You're like the Warren Buffet of lonely men.

(MORE)

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

(beat)

But you left out that you also
steal shit. My shit.

Stephanie sighs, rummages through her purse.

STEPHANIE

First off, no one uses Warren
Buffet as a reference anymore. Say
Mark Cuban, he's the only cool
billionaire...

She holds out his notebook and wallet...

COACH ROY

You have my book too? You bitch!

STEPHANIE

I read your little diary. Seems
like you're up to something too.

COACH ROY

You don't know what you're talking
about. Hand it over.

Stephanie flips through the notebook. Coach Roy reaches for
it...she backs away.

STEPHANIE

I'll scream rape.

COACH ROY

Jesus christ. OK. It's a formula
I'm working on. Happy now?

STEPHANIE

A formula huh?

She displays a 2 page spread: STICK FIGURE HORSE DRAWINGS.

COACH ROY

It's complicated. Give it here.

STEPHANIE

No explanation, no book.

COACH ROY

It's for horse race betting, to
make it a sure thing.

STEPHANIE

No bets a sure thing.

COACH ROY

I'm not done yet. If you give it back, maybe I'll finish.

STEPHANIE

Ok. I'll give it back. But first, you do something for me...

COACH ROY

Fine. I'll fuck you again. Just not here...there's kids around.

STEPHANIE

What? Ew. No. Cut me in.

COACH ROY

Nope. I work alone.

STEPHANIE

C'mon please? I'm so sick of getting pedicures and farting into jars. I need something new and exciting. So whatever this horse thing is...I want in.

Another DAD peeks the corner. Stephanie shoes him away.

COACH ROY

I said no.

Stephanie flashes her wad of cash again.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Tyler waits on her porch, checks her watch.

SLOW MOTION:

A MINIVAN painted with terrible flames and hubcap spinners turns the corner.

It stops out front. Gregg slides open the side door.

INT. GABE'S MINIVAN - MOMENTS LATER

Could be an 80's porn set. Lots of velvet and lights.

TYLER

Where the hell am I?

Jacob turns from the front passenger's seat.

JACOB
This is where dreams are made.

TYLER
What kinda dreams do you have, bud?

Gabe drives, talks into the rearview mirror.

GABE
It's my wheelchair van.

Tyler sees the wheelchair and ramp setup behind her.

GABE (CONT'D)
They're always so white and medical
and rapey looking. This is way
cooler, don't you think?

She flicks a glow in the dark star hanging from the ceiling.

TYLER
Yeah...not rapey in here at all.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

SUPER: Third Base Coach Training Camp. Day 1.

Gregg, Gabe, Tyler, and Jacob walk in a "V" formation toward Coach Roy waiting on the pitcher's mound.

GREGG
Coach Roy, this is Tyler. Tyler,
Coach Roy.

TYLER
Nice to--

COACH ROY
This diamond is sacred. Only 90ft
separate each milestone. Many have
come before you with a dream.
Starting today, you can make that
dream a reality. But just know...
this hallowed ground can't be
taken, it must be earned.

I/E. COACH ROY'S CAR - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

A bucket, hose, and soapy rags surround the campers. They wash the car's exterior.

In a lawn chair, shirtless Coach Roy oversees. Boozing smoking, and writing in his notebook. Bikini clad Stephanie sunbathes. Coach Roy breaks from writing...

COACH ROY
(to the campers)
That's right. Get on up in there.

Jacob quietly whines to Gregg so the coach can't hear.

JACOB
What the fuck Gregg? He's got us washing his car?

GREGG
Don't worry, this is all part of the process.

GABE
This really blows. I mean look at him, he's lost it.

Coach Roy's now doing a terrible Tai Chi routine.

GREGG
I know he's unconventional, but he's the best there is.

JACOB
You mean, was.

TYLER
Suck it up guys. I've had plenty of coaches do this. They break you down to build you back up.

GREGG
See? Tyler gets it.

JACOB
I signed up for fun, not psychological warfare.

Coach Roy crouches next to Jacob, inspects his work. He licks his thumb and smudges an insanely deep scratch.

COACH ROY
I thought that would buff out.

Jacob rolls his eyes.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
Alright, that's good for now. Do the inside. Here, let me get that.

Coach Roy notes the wheelchair, opens the door for Gabe.

GABE

I can open doors you know.

Coach Roy points across the parking lot to a trash can.

COACH ROY

Alright then wise ass, use your arms and fetch me that trash can.

GABE

Excuse me?

COACH ROY

(mocking)

Excuse me?

(shouting)

The trash can! Go! Go! Go!

Gabe wheels off to the trash can, grumbles to himself.

GABE (O.S.)

Asshole.

Coach Roy addresses the others.

COACH ROY

Character building. Thank me later.

Coach Roy returns to his chair, resumes into his notebook.

Gabe yanks open the glove box, needles and a pair of women's panties spill out. He flings the panties onto Jacob's face who frantically tries to pull them off.

JACOB

Ew what the fuck!

Jacob delicately lifts a needle.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Is he a junkie?

GREGG

He's probably diabetic. He's coming, shut it!

Gabe slams the glove box closed. Coach Roy arrives and sees the panties lying on the ground next to Jacob.

COACH ROY

You some kind of a pervert kid?

Coach Roy sniffs, then stuffs the panties into his pocket.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
Alright, gather around. Team meeting.

The campers huddle around Coach Roy.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
I know today wasn't what you had in mind. You have to earn your spot on the field. Y'all did that today. Same time tomorrow. Dismissed.

The group disburses. Coach Roy pulls Gregg aside.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
Let's settle up.

GREGG
You want it today? I thought it was at the end of camp?

COACH ROY
Of course I want it today. How do I know you little fuckers aren't scamming me? Payment up front or it's over.

GREGG
Scam you? I didn't think we needed it today. That's all.

COACH ROY
You better have it tomorrow, dickhead. Dismissed.

GREGG
Can you do me a favor and not mention the money to the others? They get weird about it. It's a long story...

COACH ROY
Yeah whatever kid. I don't give a shit who pays, as long as I get it.

GREGG
Thanks coach, see you tomorrow.

Stephanie turns over, FARTS. Coach Roy heard. He smiles, strangely smitten.

EXT. JACOB'S HOUSE - EVENING

The minivan parks at Jacob's posh, upper-middle class house. JACOB'S STEPMOM and JACOB'S DAD (60's, polished, douchey) load into their car.

TYLER

Holy shit. This is your house? How rich are you?

JACOB

I'm not rich, my dumb dad is.

Jacob exits the minivan onto the driveway.

JACOB'S STEPMOM

Hey honey! We're just heading out for the night.

JACOB'S DAD

Daddy needs some steak and salsa.

JACOB

Ew. What the fuck? You put salsa on your steak? Freak.

JACOB'S STEPMOM

He means salsa dancing, silly.

Jacob's Stepmom salsas for all to admire.

JACOB'S DAD

You and your friends better not fuck around while we're gone. Got it? And no hot tub.

JACOB

Ok dad. Pleasure as always. Bye!

Jacob's Dad and Stepmom drive off.

TYLER

You have a hot tub?

JACOB

Yeah but my Dad fucks her in it all the time. It's basically semen soup at this point.

GABE

And that's our cue. See ya Jacob!

JACOB

Tomorrow better be fun Gregg, or I'm quitting. And I'm great at quitting. I'll quit the shit out of this man...I swear.

INT. GREGG'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

A laptop, camera, ring light, and microphone amongst Gregg's Mom's crafts. She plugs in a chord as Gregg rushes in.

GREGG

Mom, you won't believe it!

GREGG'S MOM

Oh, I can't wait. What is it?

GREGG

What's all this?

GREGG'S MOM

My studio! Cheryl said if I make a your-tube, it might spread like a virus and I can sell more products!

GREGG

Viral. It's called going Viral. It's not your...you know what? Never mind. I need a favor.

GREGG'S MOM

What is it darling?

GREGG

Can I borrow \$15,000?

GREGG'S MOM

Cheese and potatoes, that's a lot of cheddar. I wish I could sweetie--

GREGG

What? Why not? I never ask for anything.

GREGG'S MOM

Money is tight right now.

Gregg notes her new camera setup.

GREGG

Who bought all of this?

GREGG'S MOM

Well that's why money is tight. It was very expensive, I spent almost every dime I have.

GREGG

Every dime that you have?. You don't have a job, Mom.

GREGG'S MOM

Don't be mean. It's an investment into my business. What on earth do you need \$15,000 for?

GREGG

I'm in Coach Roy's coaching camp and that's what it costs.

GREGG'S MOM

I'm happy for you honey but I can't help with the money, I'm sorry. But hey! This came today...

She hands an envelope with a MICHIGAN LOGO return address to Gregg. He opens it.

GREGG

It's fine. I'll do it myself. I always have, what's different now?

Gregg pauses, reads the letter.

GREGG'S MOM

Well? What's it say?

Gregg crumples the letter and storms upstairs to his bedroom.

GREGG'S MOM (CONT'D)

Gregg! Gregg? Sweetie?

She switches on the ring light. It blinds her.

GREGG'S MOM (CONT'D)

Oh my!

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

SUPER: Third Base Coach Training Camp. Day 2.

Coach Roy stands General Patton-esque on THIRD BASE. Gregg, Gabe, Tyler, and Jacob arrive

COACH ROY
Today's the day, shit stains.

They clap and cheer.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
Impressions and demeanor are key.
For team morale and the fans. As a
third base coach, it starts with
the jog from the dugout to the
coach's box. These painted lines
here? This is your war room.

JACOB
Who are we at war with?

COACH ROY
The other team! No more questions.
There's nine innings, so nine
golden opportunities. Most coaches
casually stride, head down,
straight to the box. They're
pussies. You're not most coaches.
You have razzle-dazzle. Now let's
see what you got. Begin.

They each take a turn trotting to third.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
I won't lie, that was top 10 worst
things I've ever seen in my life...
and I watched my cousin's cheek get
ripped off by a Doberman. Watch me.

Coach Roy jogs out with style, finesse.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
Like that. Let's step it up.

They each take turns again, slightly better this time.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
I felt nothing. Let your
personality shine! Again.

They go again, even better.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
We're cooking with coals now. I
know what you need. Rhythm.

Coach Roy presses play on a BOOMBOX.

MUSIC UP: "I'm Still Standing" by Elton John

MONTAGE

They take turns running from the dugout, each time more whacky.

Coach Roy shows them different techniques to wave baserunners home. He swigs his flask.

Gregg's Mom joins Stephanie on the bleachers. She waves and films with her new camera - Gregg's embarrassed.

They take turns leaning on the outside of the dugout, trying to look cool, putting out a vibe for a fictitious crowd.

They take pinches of chewing tobacco.

They practice hand signals to invisible baserunners.

They vomit from the chewing tobacco.

High fives all around for no reason.

They pump up the crowd...Gregg's Mom and Stephanie.

They dodge foul balls hit at them by Coach Roy.

Coach Roy, Gregg's Mom, and Stephanie share a flask while the campers run a lap.

Everyone dances on the pitcher's mound.

BACK TO SCENE

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

Well done, well done. Your final lesson awaits. Bring him out!

Stephanie drags a heavy cloth-draped object from behind the dugout to third base.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

(to Stephanie)

Thanks tootsie.

Stephanie curtsies and returns to the bleachers.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

(scarface impression)

Say hello to my little friend.

He unveils a PUNCHING DUMMY.

GABE

A mannequin?

JACOB
Nice! A sex doll.

TYLER
Idiots. It's a punching dummy.

COACH ROY
A sex doll? What? How would that even...you know what? Never mind. This is the other team's baserunner, now on third. Your sworn enemy. This is...Bob.

JACOB
That's it? Just Bob?

COACH ROY
Yeah, Bob. Baserunner Bob.

GABE
Well say that then. Baserunner Bob.

GREGG
Kinda catchy...could be better. How about Oliver-other-team?

TYLER
Oliver...Ollie...I like that name!

JACOB
Yeah or how about Fuckface McGee?

COACH ROY
Silence! It's Bob.

JACOB
Bob it is. Ten-four captain.

COACH ROY
Bob is on your base. Your doorstep. And he's trying to make it there...your home. Just 90 measly feet. We can't just let him waltz right in, can we? Let's rattle his cage. Watch.

Coach Roy hollers from the coach's box at the dummy.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
Hey bud! Can you give these back to your girl for me? She left them at my place last night.

He tosses women's panties from his pocket on the dummy's face. The others laugh and carry on.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

Tyler! You're up first.

Tyler steps into the coach's box.

TYLER

Hey butt-fuck! You see my catcher there? They call him dick puncher, cuz' he only tags people out in the dick. D.P. for short. So go ahead, try it. He and I are gonna D.P. the shit out of you...bitch.

Coach Roy's astounded.

COACH ROY

Wow. I didn't know what to expect and it turns out...you're an absolute savage. The bar is set high boys. Gabe, you're next.

GABE

Hey you! Yeah, you! I'm talking to you pal!

He wheels around the front of the dummy.

GABE (CONT'D)

You listen when I'm talking to you!

He punches the dummy's non-existent crotch--

COACH ROY

Whoa, whoa, whoa! I like your spirit son...but you can't touch the other players. Let's come back to you. Jacob, get up there.

Jacob steps forward. He hardly contains his excitement.

JACOB

So I just say whatever I want?

COACH ROY

That's the idea. Don't hold back.

JACOB

(talking to a baby)
Hey bud...how's it going?

(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)

It's so weird your mom told me she wishes it was you she aborted and not her first pregnancy. She did it herself with one of those plastic chip clips and a zippo--

COACH ROY

Let's dial it back a bit huh? You want to get in their head, not ruin their life. Have a seat psycho. Gregg, bring us home.

Gregg steps up, clears his throat, nervous.

GREGG

You...you smell like B.O., pee yew!

He looks for validation from the others.

COACH ROY

C'mon, turn up the heat a bit.

GREGG

Ok, ok. Sorry. Turn up the heat. Turn up the heat. Got it.

(beat)

You need to shave man, your face looks terrible.

(beat)

Nice mouth...you...you eat shit with it?

COACH ROY

Somehow you went backwards on that one. Really get in there. Show him you're a badass. Here's a trick. Who do you really care about?

Gregg glances at Tyler...then Jacob, who scratches his ass and sniffs his fingers...onto Gabe sneezing rapidly...next to his Mom at the bleachers.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

Your mom? Perfect. Pretend this guy fucked your mom and never called her again.

Gregg flinches at the imagery.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

She came to you crying.

(Gregg's Mom impression)

Gregg, honey, he banged me and left me...I'm so sad...

Gregg paces back and forth, gets fired up.

GREGG
 (under his breath)
 Don't take no shit. Fucked my mom.
 Ok. Here we go...

He lunges at the dummy...

GREGG (CONT'D)
 Hey scumbag! My mom is a nice lady!
 You're just gonna sex her and not
 call again? You're not my dad!
 You'll never be my dad! I'm a grown
 man! I'm your dad! Go to your room--

COACH ROY
 Let's stop there for the day.
 Everyone work on some trash talk at
 home, ok? Maybe...ah shit--

Coach Roy swats at and dodges a buzzing bee.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
 Son of a bitch! Get out of here!

The others watch, puzzled.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
 (panicked)
 I said get out of here!

Tyler swats the bee out of the air then stomps it.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
 (panting)
 Thank you. One sting from one of
 those tiny assassins and my throat
 swells shut...If I ever get stung,
 there's a bunch of epi-pens in my
 glove box... grab one of those
 suckers and stab me in the leg with
 it, ok?

JACOB
 Oh thank god.

COACH ROY
 Of course psycho boy wants to stab
 me in the leg.

JACOB
 No! We saw the needles while
 cleaning your car.
 (MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)

We thought maybe you were on heroin
or steroids or something.

COACH ROY

My body doesn't make sense for
either of those--

Gregg's Mom joins them, overly enthused.

GREGG'S MOM

Great job everybody! That was so
good! Each and every one of you. My
little Gregg told me all about--

GREGG

He doesn't wanna hear about that.
How about we meet back at home?

GREGG'S MOM

Sure he does! Here, I made
something special for everyone.

She passes out handmade home plate shaped KEYCHAINS...ending
with Coach Roy. He stares at it in his palm.

GREGG'S MOM (CONT'D)

It's a keychain you goof! Here,
give me your keys.

She fastens it to his key ring.

GREGG'S MOM (CONT'D)

For good luck. And to always remind
you that someone out there cares.
That's the beauty of hand made
gifts. Isn't it nice?

COACH ROY

(surprisingly charmed)
That is nice. Thank you ma'am.

GREGG'S MOM

Oh happy day!

Gregg's Mom hugs then kisses Coach Roys cheek too hard.

GREGG'S MOM (CONT'D)

Now who wants ice cream?

JACOB

Hell yeah! I do!

I/E. COACH ROY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Coach Roy turns the ignition, admires the keychain. Stephanie chomps on fresh piece of GUM - she noticed. They start to drive off when--

CARL HAMMER (40's, wiry, straight-laced) skids his bicycle in front of the car. He flicks down the kickstand, dismounts, then taps the driver's window.

COACH ROY

Damn! Where the hell did you come from? What are you, a Mormon?

CARL

I'm a code enforcement officer, thank you very much.

He brandishes a clipboard and pen from his messenger bag.

STEPHANIE

Looks like you're from outer space.

CARL

Pursuant to code 17 dash 1 in the town bylaws, a permit must be obtained for any individuals wishing to conduct activity on community property.

COACH ROY

I musta left mine at home.

CARL

You don't have one. I already checked. I saw you here yesterday and asked the office for all baseball field reservations. Guess what? None. I let it slide. Then I ride by today...and here you are. This time there's no escape.

COACH ROY

You're on a bike dumb fuck.

CARL

Please cease all operations or I will be forced to use the full extent of my power.

Coach Roy reads his name badge: CARL.

COACH ROY
 Ok, Carl. Are you a fucking cop?
 (to Stephanie)
 Is he a fucking cop?

STEPHANIE
 Doesn't look like a fucking cop to
 me.

COACH ROY
 (back to Carl)
 You don't look like a fucking cop
 to her...and she fucks cops!

CARL
 I'm not an officer of the law per
 se, no. I'm an officer of city
 codes...in which you are violating.
 So let's run this up the ladder.
 What are your names? Let me see
 some I.D.

COACH ROY
 Laverne and Shirley. Why don't you
 take your little clipboard and
 shove it up your ass.

STEPHANIE
 Freak!

Stephanie spit-launches her gum at Carl. Coach Roy and
 Stephanie peel off. Carl jots down their license plate
 and...Laverne and Shirley.

INT. COACH ROY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Coach Roy dials Gregg.

COACH ROY
 Hey kid. Change of plans for
 tomorrow. We're taking a field
 trip. Meet me at this address--

EXT. STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT - DAY

Only Gabe's minivan in the large lot. Gregg, Tyler, and Jacob
 laugh at a video on Gabe's phone. Coach Roy screeches in.

COACH ROY
 Sorry I'm late.

They remain focused on the video.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

Am I fucking invisible? What the hell's so funny?

GABE

Sorry coach. It's this video of us from yesterday. You gotta see it.

Coach Roy leans in and sees a youtube video titled: COACH ROY VANBUREN COACHING CAMP - BAKERSFIELD, CA. The video plays.

COACH ROY

Damn. That looks pretty good.

GREGG

Yeah and almost a million views already.

JACOB

Gregg's mom took it. It's going crazy viral right now. My DM's are gonna blow up with bitches from this, no doubt.

COACH ROY

A million people have seen this?

GREGG

And counting.

COACH ROY

Anyone can see this?

TYLER

If they have the internet, yeah.

COACH ROY

Delete it.

JACOB

No way! We're gonna be famous.

COACH ROY

I fucking said delete it. Take it down. Bomb the internet office, I don't give a shit.

GABE

Coach, this is a good thing. I don't think you understand. People love it. They love you!

COACH ROY

No! I don't think you understand. I'm a private person now. I don't need everyone up my ass all the time. Delete it right god-damned now or we aren't doing shit.

Gabe stops the video. Everyone deflates.

GREGG

Texting her to delete it now. Sorry coach, we thought you'd like it.

Tyler cuts the tension...

TYLER

Can I ask what we're doing in a strip club parking lot?

COACH ROY

Some paper pusher said the field permits weren't right. It's getting worked out. A strip club's lot pre-lunch is guaranteed open space.

TYLER

What are we working on today?

COACH ROY

I'm getting to it, sugar tits. We're going over some basic baseball skills...followed by some advanced baseball skills.

Coach Roy lifts his car's trunk: a bat, a bucket of baseballs, and 4 gloves.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

Grab one that fits. Jacob, you're on first over there, Tyler second, and Gregg third.

(beat)

Big wheels...you're pitching.

SUPER: Third Base Coach Training Camp. Day 3.

They take position in a makeshift baseball diamond.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

Your reflexes need to be sharp, even if you're not a player. *Feel* the rhythm. *Know* what it's like to play. Watch. Gabe, down the middle.

Gabe lobs a pathetic pitch that falls short.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

C'mon man! Put some mustard on it!

Gabe pitches straight down the middle. Coach Roy crushes a line drive back at Gabe...SMACK...right into his chest.

Gabe WHIMPERS, raises an arm to signal he's ok.

GABE

(wind knocked out)

I'm alright.

COACH ROY

Good spirit buddy. Gimme another.

Coach Roy pops a fly to Tyler, then a grounder to Jacob, a rainbow to Gregg...

They have a genuine blast, even Coach Roy. Cars start parking in the lot. A stripper waves at them on her way into work.

Coach Roy hits another pitch from Gabe...SMACK...Gabe's chest again - The same spot as before.

GABE

Owie!

The group huddles Gabe.

COACH ROY

(to Gabe)

How's the chest meat pal?

Gabe raises his shirt, a nasty bruise has already formed.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

Damn. Lightning struck twice.
Here...for the pain...

Gabe swigs from Coach Roy's flask.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

That will put some hair on your
battered little chest. Feel better?

Gabe holds a thumbs up as he suffers through the booze.

JACOB

So are we done for the day? It's
only been like a half hour.

COACH ROY
No. Now it's time for advanced
baseball skills.

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

Rap music. A dimly lit club. STRIPPERS dance on stage, some
mingle around. A few dirtbags peruse the lunch buffet.

COACH ROY
When you're in the league and on
the road two thirds of the year,
there's lots of temptation. Booze,
drugs, women. It's best to know
you're not in untested waters.

A passing Stripper seduces the group with a wave.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
Gentlemen. Lady. Welcome to
advanced baseball training.

MUSIC UP: "Pumps and a Bump" by MC Hammer

MONTAGE

Strippers dance on the campers and Coach Roy.

A stripper cascades a beer into Gabe's mouth.

A stripper sits on Jacob's lap, feeds him a chicken tender.

Tyler suffers through a lap dance.

Coach Roy smiles observing them while getting a lap dance.

Gregg rains dollars standing on a table to a circle of
twerking strippers beneath him.

BACK TO SCENE

The group settles from the chaos.

GREGG
Coach, none of us are 21.

COACH ROY
It's the day shift son, they're
happy we're here. And rule #1
Jacob, never eat in a titty bar.

JACOB
Yeah right dude, tendies and
titties all day!

COACH ROY
Ha! You're a sick bastard...and I
like that.

Coach Roy rattles his now empty beer bottle.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
I'll get us another round.

Coach Roy leaves. Tyler leans in to the guys...

TYLER
Should we be here right now?

JACOB
Hell yeah! This is awesome!

GREGG
Let's just trust coach and enjoy
it. He's really coming around, huh?

GABE
I don't know man. That video thing
earlier was weird.

INT. STRIP CLUB BAR - SAME TIME

Coach Roy waits at the bar. MAYOR HEIMAN (40's, loose tie,
unkempt hair) arrives next to him.

MAYOR HEIMAN
Us seasoned vets know there's
nothing better than the day shift.

Coach Roy's beer arrives.

COACH ROY
Cheers to that, brother.

A passing stripper runs a hand along Mayor Heiman's back.

STRIPPER
Whenever you're ready, Mr. Mayor.

She continues on.

MAYOR HEIMAN
(to Coach Roy)
Fuckin' day shift.

COACH ROY

Mayor, huh? Shouldn't you be doing some Mayor shit?

MAYOR HEIMAN

Nah. It's mostly paperwork. There's broads in my office for that. Me? I'm a man of the people, and these...these are my people.

COACH ROY

Land of the free.

They clink beers.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

Hey! Speaking of paperwork. I got this city code douche up my ass about a permit.

MAYOR HEIMAN

Weird Mormon looking guy? Yeah I know the guy. Carl. He's a real cockmeat sandwich.

COACH ROY

Think you can help? I'm just trying to teach my kids how to swing a bat down at the baseball field...this is America after all, right?

MAYOR HEIMAN

That's what I'm talking about! America! Stop by my office tomorrow, I'll get you set up.

COACH ROY

Nothing you can do for me now?

MAYOR HEIMAN

No contracts here, sorry bud.

COACH ROY

C'mon a powerful man like you? There's gotta be something.

The Stripper summons Mayor Heiman from a string bead doorway.

STRIPPER

Yoo hoo! You coming stud?

Coach Roy knows he's losing him and slides a cocktail napkin and a pen from the bar in front of Mayor Heiman.

MAYOR HEIMAN
Resourceful. I like your style.

He scribbles: FREE USE OF BASEBALL FIELD, MAYOR HEIMAN.

MAYOR HEIMAN (CONT'D)
Hey when I'm done up there with
her, you want to go out back with
me and get ripped on some crack?

COACH ROY
That's a nice offer but--

MAYOR HEIMAN
Don't be a pussy. Be a patriot and
smoke crack with me.

INT. STRIP CLUB - TABLE - SAME TIME

Tyer watches Gregg small talk a stripper on his lap. She
shouts to him through the loud music.

TYLER
I think I'm gonna take off.

GREGG
What?

TYLER
I said...I think I'm gonna leave.

GREGG
Oh. Ok. That's cool.

Tyler pauses, disappointed. Gregg laughs along with the
stripper whispering in his ear.

TYLER
See ya then...

Coach Roy returns with beers, passes Tyler leaving.

COACH ROY
(to Gregg)
Where's she going?

GREGG
Not sure.

GABE
(to Gregg)
You're an idiot.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Tyler talks on the phone.

TYLER

Hey where are you right now?

(beat)

Can I meet you in like...20
minutes?

(beat)

Awesome, see you soon.

INT. STRIP CLUB - TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Strippers sit on the laps of each of the guys.

JACOB

So whats the wildest thing you've
ever done?

STRIPPER #2

I let a guy piss in my mouth once.

JACOB

Awe, what the fuck?

Everyone winces, even the other strippers. Ricky and his
three goons stop by.

RICKY

Well look who it is. Three virgin
losers paying for pussy.

JACOB

You're here too, numb nuts.

RICKY

You even brought your grandpa.

Coach Roy leans into Gabe.

COACH ROY

You know these guys?

GABE

Yeah, meatheads from high school.

Coach Roy stands, confronts Ricky.

COACH ROY

We don't want any trouble, ok guys?
Why don't you leave my boys alone
and move along.

RICKY

No problem old man. We'll move
along. Thanks for the beer.

Ricky snatches Coach Roy's beer.

COACH ROY

You don't want to do that.

RICKY

I don't want to do what? This?

Ricky drinks the beer. Gregg springs up between them.

GREGG

Coach, it's not worth it. These
guys are morons.

RICKY

More on your moms face, jizz boy.

GREGG

See? Let's just go.

Coach Roy warns Ricky over Gregg's shoulder.

COACH ROY

You're lucky I have two strikes.

The guys and Coach Roy start to leave, Gabe lags behind...

RICKY

See ya old timer! Don't forget your
pet cripple!

Coach Roy spins around, Gregg and Jacob hold him back.

COACH ROY

(to Ricky, irate)

Listen here bitch tits. That kid is
more capable than all you
mongoloids put together. He'd whoop
your asses in just about anything.

RICKY

Oh yeah? Then put your money where
your mouth is. SPLATTER CITY.
Tonight. Winner gets a grand.

Coach Roy checks his ringing phone, ignores Rico.

COACH ROY

Let's make it five.

RICKY
Easy money. Bring your jockstraps,
ladies.

INT. PEPPERMILL CASINO - RICO'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The Penthouse. Floor to ceiling windows overlook RENO.

We only see Rico from behind. He slams the phone receiver.
His henchman GORDON (40's) runs in.

GORDON
What is it boss? Too much milk in
the latte? You need a neck massage?

RICO
He's avoiding me! I swear if he
skips out on me...it's your ass I'm
gonna ream first.

Gordon squirms imagining his ass reaming. A second henchman,
BART (40's), bursts into the room.

BART
I got him! I got him! Boss look.

Bart shows Rico the youtube video of Coach Roy.

RICO
Bakersfield huh? Bring him to me.

GORDON
Dead or alive?

RICO
Alive you twat! Make him come to
us. Use these...

Rico slides two poker chip sized GPS TRACKERS on the desk.

EXT. SPLATTER CITY - NIGHT

String lights overhead shine on neon paint splattered plywood
structures, shells of cars, and hay bails.

Gregg, Coach Roy, Gabe, and Jacob fasten on protective gear
and load paintball guns. Ricky and crew do the same.

GABE
We're down a man. Where's Tyler?

Gregg texts Tyler: WHERE DID YOU GO? WE NEED YOU. SPLATTER CITY. COME QUICK!

A REFEREE (20's, scrawny, incel energy) blows a WHISTLE.

Both squads gather on the ref. Coach Roy stares Ricky down.

JACOB
(off their stares)
You two should kiss.

REFEREE
Rule #1. You're hit, you're out.
Rule #2. Mask on at all times. Rule
#3. No point blank shots.

Jacob nudges, whispers to Gabe.

JACOB
I never shoot blanks. Huge loads.

REFEREE
First to 3. Team who eliminates the
other players first, wins. Go it?

Both teams nod and mutter in agreement.

REFEREE (CONT'D)
Good. Take your sides.

Coach Roy huddles with his team at their starting point.

COACH ROY
Play smart, not aggressive. Gabe
you hang back and provide
overwatch. I'm going right, Gregg
left. Jacob, you go up the gut.

JACOB
So I'm a sacrificial lamb?

COACH ROY
Hell no! You're a warrior! Set the
tone.

JACOB
That's what's up. Mel Gibson in The
Patriot, son.

A WHISTLE. They sprint forward, Jacob gets picked off immediately.

JACOB (CONT'D)
God damn lamb, man.

Gregg takes down an opponent. Coach Roy shoots another.
Ricky snipes Gabe's wheel. The referee saw, whistles him out.

GABE

For my wheel? What the hell?

Gregg sneaks around a corner. SPLAT! Caught one off guard.

GREGG

Gotcha, punk.

Ricky shoots Coach Roy on the ass then spins, dives, and shoots Gregg's goggles. The whistle blows.

REFEREE

First round winner, team Ricky!

The teams regroup. Gregg cleans paint from his goggles.

GREGG

We go smoked! Were none of you paying attention?

COACH ROY

Forget about it. They expect us to switch it up, but we're not going to. Same thing, brute force.

A whistle blows. Jacob trots up the center, gets cover, and peeks the corner. SPLAT. He's first to go...again.

JACOB

Mel Gibson! You son of a bitch!

Gregg picks off two. Coach Roy gets shot in the shoulder. Ricky and Gregg play cat and mouse, Ricky gets the best of him. The whistle ends the round.

REFEREE

Round two, team Ricky!

The teams return to the start.

GREGG

Am I the only one who wants to win?
What the hell guys?

Gregg spikes his face mask on the ground.

GABE

It's just a game man, chill out.

COACH ROY
Love the passion Gregg!

Jacob nudges Gregg: A woman's silhouette strides toward them.

MUSIC UP: "Sowing the Seeds of Love" by Tears for Fears

SLOW MOTION:

Wind blows Tyler's new hairstyle. Perfect makeup accentuates her beauty. Tight jeans and a crop-top tee hug her frame.

She joins the guys, nonchalant...

TYLER
Hey guys! What's up?

The guys are awestruck, speechless. Tyler SNAPS her fingers.

GREGG
Sorry. Wow. You look...amazing.

JACOB
Amazing? You look fucking hot.

COACH ROY
(flustered)
No comment.

TYLER
Awe, you guys are sweet. Jazz needed a practice subject, so I thought...what the hell?

The referee brings over protective gear.

REFEREE
Player in!
(beat)
Hello m'lady...for you...

He kneels, presents Tyler the gear.

REFEREE (CONT'D)
Need to change into something more comfortable? You can use my office if you want. There's no cameras in there or anything...pinky promise.

The guys exchange looks - ew.

TYLER
(to the Referee)
I'm ok. I'll play like this.

REFEREE

Suit yourself. We go in three.

The referee exits. Tyler straps on gear. The team huddles.

COACH ROY

New plan. Jacob, me, and Gabe to the right. Tyler and Gregg to the left. We'll conceal Gabe and trojan horse em' at the last minute.

(beat)

Put em in.

They stack their hands in a pile.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

Believe in yourselves. I do. Win on three. One, two, three...WIN!

Ricky and team watch their huddle break.

RICKY

Look at these nerds. They think adding a girl can save them. Five grand on the line boys, let's go.

A whistle starts the round. The team splits. Gregg and Tyler duck behind cover and lift their masks.

GREGG

You didn't say bye earlier. I was kinda worried.

TYLER

Sorry, I...wasn't feeling well.

GREGG

Well jeez, Jazz really turned you into a woman.

(nervous now)

I mean...uh...you were already a woman, but now you're a different kind of one...

(beat)

I'm a man...so I like women. It's ok for a man to like other men...but I--

TYLER

Got it Gregg, I get what you're saying. Thank you.

Tyler pecks Gregg on the cheek. They equip their masks.

GREGG

I'll make sure the coast is clear.

Gregg steps around the corner and...SPLAT!

GREGG (CONT'D)

Shit!

Tyler rolls out the other side and picks off two enemies. She sprints toward Coach Roy...gets shot en route.

TYLER

OW! My tit!

Ricky and his friend high five.

Coach Roy draws a map into the dirt for Jacob and Gabe.

COACH ROY

I'll swing left. Jacob, you advance behind me. When they see us, we'll retreat and draw them back. Gabe, stay here and when they chase, shoot them in the ass. Ready? Go!

Coach Roy runs across the open, Jacob follows. They shoot to draw Ricky's attention then work backward, diving through a hail of fire behind cover.

Coach Roy peeks and shoots a player. Ricky shoots Coach Roy. Jacob sees an opening to Ricky, angles for the shot, but Ricky's faster and shoots Jacob on the leg.

REFEREE

Final two remaining!

Ricky sneaks through the course, searching for Gabe.

RICKY

Come on out baby girl.

Ricky spots Gabe's barely exposed wheelchair. He sneaks behind him and shoots Gabe's chest at point blank range, same place he was drilled with the baseballs.

GABE

Owie! My bruise!

A WHISTLE.

REFEREE

Game! Team Ricky wins!

RICKY
Victorious!

COACH ROY
Bullshit! That's was point blank!

REFEREE
I can't call what I didn't see.

The two teams meet at the exit. Coach Roy greets Ricky with his hand outstretched...

COACH ROY
Good game.

Ricky swats Coach Roy's hand away.

RICKY
Whatever old man. Pay up.

COACH ROY
Real nice. Ok. Gregg...pay the man.

Gregg points to himself - me?

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
Yeah, you're supposed to have the camp money for me today. Use that.

Gregg's secret is out, he's nervous.

GREGG
Coach, about that...I don't have--

COACH ROY
Don't do this to me buddy, not now.

Ricky steps into Coach Roy's face.

RICKY
Someone better have my money.

GABE
Who just has \$5,000 on them Ricky?

COACH ROY
Ok everyone, calm down. Five grand is kinda crazy over paintball. How can we call it even?

Ricky PUNCHES Coach Roy square on the nose, knocks him down. Ricky hocks a loogie onto Coach Roy's chest--

RICKY
Now we're even.

Ricky and friends leave. Gregg and Tyler help Coach Roy to his feet.

COACH ROY
That fucking hurt.

He checks his nose, blood coats his fingertips.

JACOB
Glad it was you...Gabe's head
woulda exploded.

Coach Roy dusts himself clean, manages a smile.

COACH ROY
Gregg, I know you didn't want me to
talk money in front of them...but
bring it next time or no showcase.
I mean it. Great day everybody.
Great, fucking, day.

Coach Roy leaves, head held high.

GABE
(to Gregg)
So you actually weren't joking at
the diner, there is a cost.

JACOB
Yeah man, what the hell?

GREGG
Guys listen, I'm really--

GABE
Save it. You lied to us. Friends
don't lie. I'm done. I quit.

JACOB
And you trust Coach Roy? With his
sketchy past? I'm out too.

Jacob leaves with Gabe. Gregg waits on Tyler, ashamed.

TYLER
I know I'm new to this whole group
dynamic, but why did you lie?

GREGG
I didn't mean to. I knew they
wouldn't do it if they had to pay.

Tyler squints, puzzled--

GREGG (CONT'D)

I don't have the money either.
Coach said if I brought him paying
customers, I'd go for free.

TYLER

Wow. So you used me too? Makes
sense they're pissed. I'm gonna go.

GREGG

Tyler...wait. Please...

Tyler storms off. Gregg deflates, alone with regret.

INT. THE RUSTY HOLE - NIGHT

Coach Roy sits with Stephanie at the bar. She applies a
butterfly band-aid to the bridge of his nose.

STEPHANIE

See? Good as new.

COACH ROY

Thanks doll.

STEPHANIE

So what are we gonna do now? You
think he'll bring it?

COACH ROY

I'm not sure honestly.

STEPHANIE

And if he doesn't?

Coach Roy searches for the answer in his pint of beer.

INT. GREGG'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Gregg lies in bed, stares at the ceiling. TAPPING at his
door. It cracks open, Gregg's Mom enters.

GREGG'S MOM

Honey?

Gregg lays silent. His Mom joins him on the bed.

GREGG'S MOM (CONT'D)

Is everything ok?

GREGG

Yeah mom. Just a mix up with my friends, that's all.

She picks up the family photo from his nightstand.

GREGG'S MOM

Your dad and I didn't always see eye to eye. But we always worked it out.

GREGG

You did?

GREGG'S MOM

Of course. We promised each other we would always be honest. No matter what. Honesty always wins.

Gregg sits up on the bed, takes a moment.

GREGG

Thanks mom. You're the best.

Gregg's Mom returns the photo, blows kisses as she exits.

Gregg sends a group text: I'M SORRY. I CAN EXPLAIN. TOMORROW MORNING AT THE DRIVING RANGE.

He plugs in his phone then pulls the covers over his head.

INT. JACOB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is dark. Jacob flicks on lights, Gabe in town.

JACOB

Dad?

Gabe spots an open WINE BOTTLE and 2 glasses just as Jacob slides open the back door:

SPLASHES, MOANS. His Stepmom fucks his Dad in the hot tub.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Awe what the fuck!?!?

His parents freeze...

JACOB'S STEPMOM

Hey Jakey! You're home early.

She grins her red wine stained lips, fake tits on display.

JACOB
 God damnit! You better drain that
 shit when you're done!

Jacob storms inside, checks a TEXT from Gregg.

GABE
 Your Stepmom's tits are rad, dude.

Jacob shows Gabe the text--

GABE (CONT'D)
 Well?

EXT. THE RUSTY HOLE - MOMENTS LATER

Coach Roy opens the car door for Stephanie. A blacked out
 TESLA sneaks up next to them. Gordon and Bart get out.

COACH ROY
 (startled)
 Jesus christ! I didn't hear you
 pull up in that go-kart.

Bart aims a 9MM PISTOL at them.

BART
 We don't wanna hear you either,
 Coach Roy. Get in.

Stephanie checks with Coach Roy - you know them?

COACH ROY
 Take it easy fellas. There must be
 a misunderstanding.

Bart looks for instructions from Gordon--

GORDON
 Her too. Get in

STEPHANIE
 Fuck you, me too.

Bart cocks the gun. Coach Roy and Stephanie oblige.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

Alongside a remote road. Gregg whacks golf balls from the
 shore into the river. He checks his phone, no new texts.

Tyler walks down the river bank. He sees her, tees another ball, swings...shanked it.

TYLER

Pro golfer's off the table too,
huh?

Gregg's not amused, awkwardly hugs Tyler.

TYLER (CONT'D)

The guys couldn't make it. I tried
convincing them but--

GREGG

I figured. I'm such an asshole.

TYLER

Oh, you are. It's not the end of
the world though. They'll get over
it...I think?

GREGG

I hope so.
(beat)
Are you still mad at me?

TYLER

I definitely don't like what you
did but...I can kinda see why.

Gregg accepts her half-forgiveness.

GREGG

I feel so lost. And my mom and I--
(beat)
I just wish my dad could give me
advice. Maybe that's why I want
Coach Roy in my life so much.

Gregg tees up another golf ball.

GREGG (CONT'D)

Forget it. You wouldn't understand.

Gregg swings, whiffs. The breeze knocks the ball off the tee.

EXT. RIVER BANK - FURTHER UP - CONTINUOUS

A black Tesla skids to a stop 100 yards up the bank. A dust cloud settles, Gordon and Bart struggle extracting defiant Coach Roy and Stephanie from the back seats.

BANG! Bart fires his gun into the air.

EXT. RIVER BANK - SAME TIME

The gunshot ECHOES.

GREGG
Was that a gunshot?

TYLER
Was it?

Gregg grabs Tyler's arm and rushes them behind a bush. They watch the situation unfold:

EXT. RIVER BANK - FURTHER UP - CONTINUOUS

Bart pulls Stephanie's ankle. She kicks him away. He aims the gun at her forehead.

BART
I'm not fucking around. Out. Now.

Stephanie gets out. Coach Roy exits the other side, hands tied behind his back.

Gordon points to a spot in the dirt away from the car.

GORDON
Over there. Both of you.

They follow his orders.

BART
On your knees.

STEPHANIE
(to Bart)
You're going to execute us out here? That's a bit much, don't you think?

BART
I said get on your knees!

STEPHANIE
I heard you! Buy a lady a drink first, jeez.

Bart knocks Stephanie to the ground.

COACH ROY
Real classy tough guy.

Bart chops the back of Coach Roy's knees, buckles him down next to Stephanie. Bart cocks his pistol and presses the barrel to Coach Roy's head. Stephanie bursts into tears.

EXT. RIVER BANK - BUSHES - SAME TIME

Gregg and Tyler watch from the bush, whisper to each other.

TYLER
Is that Coach Roy?

GREGG
And Stephanie...yeah.

Tyler hesitates, then goes for it anyway...

TYLER
Hey I know this is kinda bad timing...but what you said earlier...

GREGG
Huh? That's Coach Roy and Stephanie, I said that already.

TYLER
No not that. I mean...
(beat)
Did you ever ask why I moved here?

Gregg realizes he hasn't...

TYLER (CONT'D)
My dad passed away too. It was just me and him, now it's me and my grandma. In Bakersfield of all places.

GREGG
I'm sorry. I didn't know that.

TYLER
I guess we have more in common besides being baseball nerds.

Gregg and Tyler share a heartwarming chuckle.

GREGG
So have I ruined my chances...you know...with--

Tyler kisses Gregg--

BANG!

EXT. RIVER BANK - FURTHER UP - CONTINUOUS

Coach Roy YELPS, flinches. Bart lowers his gun from a shot in the air and again presses it against Coach Roy's skull.

COACH ROY
If you're gonna kill us, can I at least have a smoke before I go out?

STEPHANIE
(sobbing)
Please! I'll do anything. You like feet? I'll fart in a jar for you. Whatever you want--

GORDON
Shut up! Quit crying. We're not gonna kill you.

Stephanie collects herself, looks up. A giant SNOT dangles from her nose.

STEPHANIE
(whimpering)
You're not?

BART
You've got something...

Bart rubs his own nose.

STEPHANIE
I've got what?

Stephanie looks around. The snot dangles even lower now.

GORDON
Hanging from your nose...

Stephanie huffs and wiggles her nose.

STEPHANIE
Did I get it?

BART
Look here.

Stephanie looks at Bart, snot still hangs.

Bart shakes his head - no. Stephanie faces Coach Roy.

STEPHANIE

Can you get it for me?

COACH ROY

Whaddya want me to do? My hands are literally tied here! Rocket it out. C'mon fellas, help her out.

Bart motions for Gordon to help.

GORDON

Why me?

Gordon presses Stephanie's clean nostril shut.

COACH ROY

(to Stephanie)

Now blow.

Stephanie blows. The snot dangles further but doesn't fall.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

Shake it loose. Like a dog.

Gordon backs up. Stephanie shakes her head. The snot pendulums and launches onto Coach Roy's cheek. Coach Roy panics and rapidly shakes his head to get it off.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

Ew! Ew! I changed my mind, kill me!

Bart aims his pistol at Coach Roy--

BART

Enough!

Coach Roy stops shaking, snot glued on his face.

BART (CONT'D)

Since you still don't have Rico's money, you're gonna deliver it to him in person.

COACH ROY

In Reno?

BART

No, in Bangladesh. Yeah Reno you dipshit. You have until sundown tomorrow.

Bart hands the GPS trackers from his pocket to Gordon. Gordon showcases the trackers to Coach Roy and Stephanie.

GORDON

These, my friends, are GPS trackers. We'll watch your every move in real time. If we see you go anywhere but Reno, you're dead.

(beat)

Now open wide for daddy.

COACH ROY

No way! I have a gag reflex. You can trust me...put it on my keys, in my shoe, up my ass...anywhere.

BART

(to Stephanie)

Open up!

Gordon places the tracker on Stephanie's tongue and she swallows it. No problem. Gordon pats her on the head.

GORDON

Good girl.

(to Coach Roy)

Your turn.

Coach Roy opens wide, reluctantly. Gordon puts the tracker on Coach Roy's tongue, he swallows...gags...spits it up.

COACH ROY

I told you!

Bart shows his index and middle fingers together to Gordon.

GORDON

God damnit.

Gordon tries again, this time shoving it down with his fingers. Coach Roy gags and squirms.

BART

Yeah...get deep baby.

Coach Roy gags loud, guttural noises...pukes through Gordon's hand and down his own shirt. Gordon pushes deeper, finally succeeds. He backs out his hand now coated in stringy saliva and vomit debris.

GORDON

Son of a bitch!

Gordon flings off the juices onto the ground. He wipes the remains on Coach Roy's shirt.

STEPHANIE
 (to Coach Roy)
 Not as easy as it looks, huh pal?

Coach Roy stares bullets at her.

BART
 Now if you try yackin' these up and
 running...we'll make it our life's
 mission to hunt you down. Got it?

COACH ROY
 Get fucked.

STEPHANIE
 Whatever you say.

GORDON
 Sundown tomorrow.

Gordon and Bart speed off in their Tesla.

EXT. RIVER BANK - BUSHES - CONTINUOUS

GREGG
 What the hell was that?

TYLER
 I think we just witnessed a rape?

GREGG
 Should we check on them?

TYLER
 Are you nuts? Let's get the hell
 outta here!

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

SUPER: Third Base Coach Training Camp. Day 4.

Gregg waits with Tyler inside the dugout for Coach Roy.

GREGG
 They still wouldn't come? Even
 after you told them what happened?

TYLER
Especially since they heard what
 happened.

GREGG
 They get it's not his fault, right?

TYLER

I'm not sure that's entirely tr--

Coach Roy's car parks in the lot.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - HOME PLATE - MOMENTS LATER

Gregg drops a BACKPACK at Coach Roy's feet.

GREGG

You look better today.

Coach Roy doesn't understand - what does Gregg know?

Gregg passes \$15k cash from his bag to Coach Roy.

COACH ROY

No Gabe or Jacob, I take it you
came up with this yourself?

TYLER

Remember the video Gregg's Mom put
on youtube?

COACH ROY

(resentful)

I do.

GREGG

People found her Etsy store from it
and she got tons of orders.

COACH ROY

I don't know what the hell anything
was you just said.

GREGG

Well it all worked out. Count it.
It's all there.

COACH ROY

I trust you buddy.

Coach Roy wrestles with a thought--

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

I'll just say it. I haven't been
upfront with you.

Gregg and Tyler look at each other, relieved.

Coach Roy takes a deep breath.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
I'm in some trouble--

TYLER
I knew it! I told you Gregg!

Gregg silences Tyler with a look...

COACH ROY
The MLB's up my ass for this money.
That's why I've been such a prick.
They roughed me up pretty good last
night.

Tyler's skeptical - something isn't right.

GREGG
The MLB? Why would they do that?
Why would they do that!

COACH ROY
It's serious with them. They want
their money. They'll kill for it.

Tyler crosses her arms and rolls her eyes.

TYLER
They won't kill for it.

COACH ROY
Bullshit! Look at Pete Rose. They
killed him. His reputation at
least...he was too famous to
murder. Me? I'll end up in a
dumpster somewhere.

Gregg paces, freaks out.

GREGG
Shit! Shit! Shit! This is nuts.
What have I done?

COACH ROY
Calm down. I've got it handled. Let
me just drop this in the car and
I'll fill you in on the rest.
(beat)
Hell! We've still got training to
do today!

Gregg perks up.

Coach Roy hesitates, then says nothing. He pats Gregg on the
head then trots toward his car.

TYLER
You really trust him still?

GREGG
I'm not sure. I have to give him a shot though.

TYLER
You really are a good person.

Tyler hugs Gregg...then looks over his shoulder--
Coach Roy drives away.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Oh boy.

Gregg pushes off Tyler, watches tail-lights disappear. He collapses onto home plate. Tyler joins, comforts him.

GREGG
He'll be back.

TYLER
Gregg.

Gregg looks at Tyler, a tear runs down his face. She cradles his face with both hands.

TYLER (CONT'D)
You want to be a third base coach, right?

GREGG
(sniffling)
Of course I do.

TYLER
Then prove it.

I/E. COACH ROY'S CAR - DAY

Coach Roy chugs a bottle of Exlax. Stephanie paints her toenails, feet on the dash.

STEPHANIE
I don't know why you're drinking that. It ain't gonna help.

COACH ROY
It's too deep to puke up by now, but if I can shit it out in Reno, it'll buy us time to skip town.

STEPHANIE

Good luck.

A road sign: RENO 5 MILES.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Maybe if you weren't driving like a maniac you'd have some more time.

COACH ROY

Trust me. I have a plan.

I/E. COACH ROY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Stopped roadside, police sirens reflect in the rear view mirror. Stephanie still paints her toes, unfazed.

STEPHANIE

Way to go, Dale Earnhardt.

COACH ROY

How dare you.

He kisses his fingers and points to the heavens.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

R.I.P. Dale.

He points at the glove box.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

Grab my papers and an epipen.

STEPHANIE

Why? Is he gonna sick bees on you?

The cop taps on the window. Coach Roy rolls it down.

COP

License and registration.

Coach Roy hands him his license and registration.

COACH ROY

Long drive, ya know? All this wide open road out here.

(beat)

You a baseball fan by chance?

COP

Wait right here.

The cop hands back his documents and walks back to his car. Coach Roy takes the cap off the epipen.

STEPHANIE
What are you doing?

COACH ROY
Buckle up baby. Go-Go juice.

Coach Roy stabs the epipen into his thigh and pushes down the plunger. His vision tunnels. He floors the gas pedal.

INT. POLICE CAR - SAME TIME

TIRES SCREECH.

COP'S POV: Coach Roy peels off and cuts into the desert, kicking up a cloud of dust.

I/E. COACH ROY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

They careen through bumps and a wall of dust.

COACH ROY	STEPHANIE
(screaming)	(screaming)
Ahhhh!	Shhhiiiiitttt!

EXT. ROAD TO RENO - CONTINUOUS

The cop watches the car do donuts from the road. SLAM! The car flips off a boulder onto it's roof.

INT. JAIL CELL - LATER

A grey jail cell. Coach Roy sits on the steel toilet. Stephanie leans on the wall - both covered in debris.

STEPHANIE
Go-Go juice, huh?

A GUARD arrives and unlocks the cell door.

GUARD
You made bail.

Coach Roy and Stephanie can't believe it - who?

EXT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Coach Roy and Stephanie exit into blinding daylight.

Gregg and Tyler lean against Gregg's parked car.

INT. ELDORADO CASINO - LATER

Outdated decor. Reeks of cigarettes and despair. The other guests aren't exactly America's finest.

Coach Roy stands with Stephanie, Gregg, and Tyler at the horse betting book.

GREGG

This is the dumbest shit ever. I
can't believe there's an MLB office
in Reno even--

COACH ROY

Just trust me. I'm gonna make this
all right. I promise.

Coach Roy lights a cigarette and unzips a duffel. He moves
aside \$15k cash and retrieves his notebook.

TYLER

What the hell is that?

COACH ROY

It's how we all come out on top.

EXT. ELDORADO CASINO - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Coach Roy paces with rage.

COACH ROY

God damnit! Horse cock! Fuck!

Stephanie calmly twirls her hair.

STEPHANIE

Some formula you got there bud.

COACH ROY

Maybe if you didn't steal it and
let those dads jizz on the pages or
whatever the fuck...I woulda had
more time to work on it!

Coach Roy strains lifting a steel ashtray tube, but it's too
heavy and won't budge.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
 Fuckin' cunt bucket!

He chucks a lighter trashcan nearby against the wall. SLAM!
 Trash spews about.

STEPHANIE
 Feel better big man?

COACH ROY
 No! I'll never-ever feel better!

GREGG
 Ok so what now?

Stephanie eyes Coach Roy - it's time. Coach Roy sighs...

COACH ROY
 (to Gregg and Tyler)
 Ok listen. You're gonna be mad. But
 just wait until I finish...ok?

Gregg and Tyler nod in agreement.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
 The MLB isn't involved at all. Or
 in Reno--

TYLER
 YOU MOTHER--

Gregg holds her back.

COACH ROY
 I owe this greaseball Rico on an
 old gambling debt. That's what I
 needed the money for.

A piece of TRASH hits Coach Roy in the face...from Tyler.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
 Ok. I deserved that.
 (beat)
 He sent some goons to Bakersfield
 the other day that shoved GPS
 trackers down our throats at
 gunpoint down by the river.

Gregg looks at Tyler - that actually checks out.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
 So I'm sorry I fucked your life up
 kid...but we have to go settle up
 with him. For what it's worth...
 (MORE)

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

(beat)

I actually did enjoy hanging with
all of you. I actually felt useful
for once. And happy.

BONK. Another bit of trash hurled from Tyler hits Coach Roy.

GREGG

Thanks for being honest.

(beat)

With honesty comes loyalty. So
Coach, wherever you go I--

BONK. Tyler hits Gregg with trash this time.

TYLER

Are you fucking shitting me? This
washed up loser sucks. He stole 15
grand from you! I'm sure he's lying
right now. Is there even a Rico?

(to Stephanie)

Is there a Rico?

STEPHANIE

There actually is. He's not lying--

TYLER

Oh screw you slut. You probably
fart into jars and your toenail
polish looks like shit. C'mon
Gregg, lets cut our losses and
ditch these stinky discharges.

Gregg contemplates...

INT. PEPPERMILL CASINO - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

SOFT JAZZ plays. The four stand crammed, hostile.

STEPHANIE

So what's your plan now?

COACH ROY

I've got this.

(to Stephanie)

Why are you so calm?

STEPHANIE

Ah, I figure he only wants you. And
if this is it for me then, this is
it. Carpe diem.

GREGG

That's...not what that means.

The elevator DINGS.

INT. PEPPERMILL CASINO - PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stephanie gets tossed on a couch. Bart ties her hands. Gordon ties Coach Roy wrists to a chair.

COACH ROY

A bit much with the ties again
boys, no?

Tyler and Gregg stand by idle.

BART

(to Gordon)
What about these two?

TYLER

Oh hell n--

Rico enters, revealing his heavily botoxed face. Everyone struggles to contain their laughter.

RICO

Well look who we have here. Have a
nice little detour?

COACH ROY

Sorry, I had to take a shit. It was
a weird one...looked like plastic.

Bart accidentally laughs, then composes himself.

RICO

That's funny. You're funny.

Rico backhands Coach Roy across the face.

RICO (CONT'D)

Wanna change your story?

STEPHANIE

He stopped to gamble. He only had
fifteen grand of your fifty and
tried to make up the difference.

Coach Roy can't believe the betrayal - what the fuck?

RICO

Is that so?

STEPHANIE

Yes. And I have nothing to do with any of this. Neither do these two. Can we please go now?

RICO

Not yet, doll. So you mean to tell me...after all this...you still don't have my money?

...

RICO (CONT'D)

Ok then.
(to Bart and Gordon)
Them two. My office.

Bart and Gordon snatch Tyler and Gregg, wrestle their squirms, lead them into Rico's office.

RICO (CONT'D)

How about now?

Coach Roy spits on Rico's shoe. Stephanie rolls her eyes.

COACH ROY

Get bent, bitch.

Rico cleans his shoe with a hanky. Gordon and Bart re-enter.

RICO

Ok then. Your call.

Rico flicks open a SWITCHBLADE, heads toward his office.

Coach Roy sees his HOME PLATE KEYCHAIN sticking out from his pocket.

COACH ROY

I've got your money.

Rico stops, turns. Coach Roy nods to his WORLD SERIES RING.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

It's worth about sixty grand.

Rico slides the ring onto his own finger, admires it closely.

RICO

It's much nicer up close.

He stretches out his hand for Gordon and Bart to see.

GORDON
You look stunning.

BART
Hell of a nice ring.

RICO
Oh Roy! You shouldn't have...

Rico kisses the ring. BAM! He punches Coach Roy in the face.

COACH ROY
What the fuck man? We're even!

RICO
We're fucking even when I say so!

Rico orders Bart and Gordon.

RICO (CONT'D)
Make sure garbage dick and stinky
pits here don't try any funny
business.

STEPHANIE
Me? What did I do? Let me go!

Stephanie sneaks a sniff of her pits for good measure.

INT. RICO'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tyler and Gregg sit facing Rico's desk, hands bound. Rico opens a wall cabinet with a SAFE inside. He spins the dial.

RICO
So how'd you two dummies get
wrapped up in this?

GREGG
I'm training to be a third base
coach.

RICO
You're training to be a wha--

Rico bursts into laughter...

GREGG
Yeah laugh it up. He scammed us
too.

The safe door pops ajar. Rico opens it wide.

INT. PENTHOUSE - SAME TIME

Stephanie sits on the couch between Gordon and Bart. They laugh at CARTOONS on tv.

COACH ROY
Hey can I get a beer at least?

Gordon gets up to get him a beer.

Guards distracted...Coach Roy fidgets his right arm, reaching for his pocket. He bounces his right leg. An Epipen cap peeks out. He strains with all his might, grabs it, and hides it in his palm.

Gordon arrives with an opened beer bottle.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
This is awkward. Can you untie one?

GORDON
No. Take a sip.

Gordon feeds him too much beer, nearly waterboards him. Beer spills everywhere. Gordon laughs.

COACH ROY
(gasping for air)
Real nice.

Gordon sets the beer down next to Coach Roy and joins Bart and Stephanie on the couch. All 3 laugh at cartoons now.

MUSIC UP: "Step Aside" by Goodbye June

Coach Roy opens his palmed epipen and injects his wrist. His vision tunnels, fists clench. He bursts through the restraints.

Gordon stands. Coach Roy whips the beer bottle at him. SHATTER. Out cold.

Bart fumbles for his gun. Coach Roy lifts the chair overhead, darts at him...SMASH. The chair splinters on Bart's head, knocks him unconscious.

Coach Roy tidies himself then charges through Rico's office door like a raging bull.

Stephanie remains bound on the couch - what about me?

INT. RICO'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

A SHATTER interrupts Rico rummaging the safe.

TYLER

What was that?

Coach Roy bursts through the doors. He surveys the room, grunts, and darts at Rico.

Rico reaches for a pistol in his waistband. Coach Roy bear hugs him. They wrestle to the ground. Rico gains position, manages his gun out. He aims at Coach Roy who rolls him over, just as the gun fires.

A pane of the floor to ceiling window blows out. Coach Roy subdues Rico's gun hand, bites his arm, launching the gun out the broken window.

GREGG

Get him Coach! Fuck him up!

Gregg jumps on Rico's back, hands still bound. Rico wrestles to his feet. Coach Roy shoves Gregg aside, squares up with Rico.

COACH ROY

Let's dance.

They both miss each other with wild haymakers. Rico lunges at Coach Roy for another takedown. Coach Roy sidesteps, grabs Rico's shirt, and tosses him through the broken window.

EXT. PEPPERMILL CASINO - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A VALET helps a family with their luggage. THUD. The roof above vibrates a bit. The valet and family shrug and continue unloading.

Also parked in the driveway...Gabe's minivan...

INT. RICO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Coach Roy panics, looks at Gregg and Tyler.

COACH ROY

Oh shit! I didn't mean to do that!

They all lean out the window: Rico's splattered below.

GREGG

Screw him. He tried to kill us.

Tyler to the open safe:

TYLER
Oh. My. God.

Inside the safe: Stacks of cash, bricks of cocaine, and the World Series ring.

COACH ROY
Well fuck me runnin'.

TYLER
We're rich! We're rich!

CLICK. A pistol cocks. Stephanie stands in the doorway, aims the gun at them.

COACH ROY
Oh boy.

TYLER
(to herself)
I shoulda just shut my mouth in that diner. This is what you get for trying to make friends Tyler...

STEPHANIE
No one. Fucking. Move.

Stephanie searches cabinets, gun still aimed. She finds two empty duffels.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
Fill em'

They load cash into one and cocaine into the other. Coach Roy kisses then drops in his World Series ring. Stephanie drags the bags to the door and zips them closed. She turns back to them, points the gun at Tyler...

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
Real criminals leave no loose ends.
Who's the slut now?

GREGG
No!

Gregg steps in front of Tyler, closes his eyes tight.

STEPHANIE
Oh how noble. I have more than one bullet numb nuts. But ok...you can be first--

A TAP on Stephanie's shoulder - huh?

She turns, Jacob smiles. BAM! Gabe punches her in the crotch. She falls to her knees, the gun drops on the ground...BANG!

The impact fires a shot...grazes Coach Roy's thigh.

COACH ROY
(high pitched)
Owwwww!!!

Tyler stands over Stephanie.

TYLER
You just got D.P'd. Bitch!

POLICE SIRENS approach from a distance.

INT. GABE'S MINIVAN - LATER

Gabe speeds down the freeway with Gregg, Tyler, Jacob, and Coach Roy. Coach Roy GROANS, holds pressure on his wound.

GREGG
That was bonkers guys. You saved our lives!

JACOB
Don't mention it. That's what friends are for...
(beat)
Dickhead.

TYLER
(to Coach Roy)
How's it going there tough guy? Let me take a look.

Coach Roy lifts his hand...a minor flesh wound.

SLAP! Gregg smacks the cut. A YELP from Coach Roy.

GREGG
That's for lying to us. And almost getting us killed. Now we're even.

Coach Roy manages a chuckle, dials his cell phone.

COACH ROY
(to Gabe)
Hey big wheels...step on it. We've got a showcase to get to!

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Gregg sits with Tyler, Gabe, Jacob, and Coach Roy in the bleachers.

GREGG
This is pointless. No one's coming.

TYLER
Give it some time.

Gregg's Mom climbs up the bleacher steps.

GREGG'S MOM
Hey honey!

She sets a parchment wrapped package onto Gregg's lap.

GREGG'S MOM (CONT'D)
Go ahead, open it.

Gregg unwraps and holds up...a shimmering baseball uniform in unitard form: Sequin, streamers from the arms, and a cursive rhinestone "G" on the back.

GREGG
Wow mom. I don't know what to say.

GREGG'S MOM
"G" for Gregg. Go ahead, put it on.

JACOB
(snickering)
Yeah Gregg, put it on.

Tyler nudges Jacob.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DUGOUT - MOMENTS LATER

Gregg turns the corner from behind the dugout, models his outfit for Tyler and Coach Roy.

TYLER
Wow! So handsome.

COACH ROY
That's fucking gay.

Gregg looks to the bleachers, now filled.

GREGG
Jesus. Who all did you invite?

Gregg waves hello as Tyler lists who's there.

TYLER

There's Terrii, Jacob's Dad and
Stepmom. Jazz, Mayor Heiman for
some reason, those strippers from
the club--

COACH ROY

Strippers. Hell yeah.

TYLER

Your Mom obviously, Jacob, Gabe.
(beat)
And is that? I think that's...

Carl and a SCOUT (40's) emerge and jog toward them.

COACH ROY

Oh hell no. I'll choke this pussy
out I swear to god.

Carl and the SCOUT arrive.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

What the...no shit!

Coach Roy pulls the Scout in for a hug.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)

How ya been old buddy?

SCOUT

Hanging in there Coach.
(to Gregg)
How ya' doing there son?

The Scout shakes Gregg's hand. Gregg stares, blank.

COACH ROY

My gift to you Gregg. We go way
back. He's a minor league scout for
the Bakersfield Train Robbers.

Gregg inflates with excitement.

GREGG

Nice to meet you sir!

Coach Roy grills Carl.

COACH ROY

Did this little weirdo follow you
here? Not today pal, I've got a
permit.

Coach Roy digs out a cocktail napkin from his pocket.

COACH ROY (CONT'D)
See? From the Mayor himself.

Carl reads it and shakes his head. He stuffs the napkin into his messenger bag.

CARL
He's my brother in law, you nitwit.

The Scout confirms with a nod. Carl wafts away a terrible smell.

CARL (CONT'D)
(to Coach Roy)
Are you hammered right now?

COACH ROY
I mean, I wouldn't say hammered.
I'm a little buzzed for sure. And I
did a little blow in Gabe's van. I
also might have murdered a guy. But
no, not full on hammered.

SCREECH. Microphone feedback from a speaker.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

SUPER: Third Base Coach Training Camp. The Showcase.

Jacob holds a mic from a karaoke step, faces the bleachers. He tests it.

JACOB
Pop. Pop. Pop tarts. Strawberry pop
tarts...Ok, it works.

The crowd silences. Jacob imitates a deep announcer's voice.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen...from
Bakersfield California...graduate
of the Roy VanBuren third base
coach scam camp and my friend. He's
a lovable dork. Please put your
hands together for...Gregg!

Jacob plays his plugged in phone. PORN blasts.

JACOB (CONT'D)
(struggling to recover)
Sorry! My dad had my phone...

Jacob's Stepmom elbows his Dad. Carl

JACOB (CONT'D)
Ok, here it is.

MUSIC UP: "Bat Out of Hell" by Meatloaf

MONTAGE

Gregg trots in his unitard from behind the dugout, waves to the cheering crowd. He shows them a can of chewing tobacco and puts a dip in his lip.

Gregg demonstrates waving home different baserunners. He hand signals an invisible team at the dugout.

He tosses baseballs into the crowd. His Mom catches one, receives a flirty gaze from Coach Roy.

Gregg dodges foul balls hit by Tyler.

Mayor Heiman smokes crack with strippers.

Gregg leans on the wall of the dugout, looking stylish.

Terri fans herself, riled up from Gregg's vibe. Jacob dances his eyebrows at her.

Gregg sprays spit, screaming and poking at the dummy - Bob the Baserunner.

A standing ovation from the crowd.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - HOME PLATE - MOMENTS LATER

Gregg's Mom, Tyler, Jacob, Gabe, and Coach Roy join Gregg.

GREGG'S MOM
That was amazing honey, I'm so proud of you.

GREGG
Thanks ma.

JACOB
You killed it dude.

GABE
Seriously, everyone loved it.

The group waits on Coach Roy's feedback.

COACH ROY

Hell of a job. I couldn't have done
it better myself.

The Scout joins the crew.

SCOUT

That was impressive stuff you did
out there. We could use a third
base coach with your talent. I know
it's not the big leagues, but it's
a start.

Gregg searches for words--

TYLER

He'll take it!

SCOUT

Welcome to the team, Gregg.

He hands Gregg his business card.

SCOUT (CONT'D)

Call me tomorrow.

GREGG

Yes sir. Thank you sir.

Gregg salutes him. The Scout walks away.

JACOB

What the fuck just happened?

GREGG'S MOM

Jacob, watch your...oh...fuck it.

The gang group hugs Gregg then moseys off the field.

Tyler stays on home plate with Gregg.

TYLER

Well? You did it.

GREGG

Thanks to you. I couldn't have done
it withou--

Tyler kisses and throws her arms around Gregg.

MUSIC UP: "Roll With the Changes" by REO Speedwagon

Gregg squeezes a handful of her ass.

ROLL CREDITS

SUPER: Jazz graduated beauty school and now works with stars.

Jazz does hair and makeup on a porn set.

SUPER: Ricky was put on a "list" and is no longer allowed within 500 feet of a school.

Ricky cleans up roadside litter wearing an orange vest.

SUPER: Carl found like-minded code enforcement weirdos and is now high ranking in The Church of Scientology.

Carl faces TOM CRUISE, both hold metal electrode meters. They lean in and meet for a kiss.

SUPER: Gordon and Bart got blamed for murdering their boss and are serving life sentences...as cell mates.

Gordon plays cards with Bart in their cell. PRISONERS storm in and give them a beatdown.

SUPER: Mayor Heiman got a promotion.

Mayor Heiman smokes crack and parties with strippers in the OVAL OFFICE.

SUPER: Gabe dropped out of Stanford and started a tech company that no one understands. He's rich as shit.

Gabe feeds koi in a pond on his mansion's property.

SUPER: Terrii found unexpected love.

Terrii feeds Jacob chocolate strawberries in the hot tub.

SUPER: Gregg's Mom struck gold on Etsy and Walmart carries her trinkets nationwide. Her new boyfriend has (mostly) cleaned up his act.

Coach Roy lose his shit over a horse race on tv. Gregg's Mom brings him pancakes.

SUPER: Tyler has a successful modeling career and couldn't be more proud of her boyfriend for achieving his dream.

SPLIT SCREEN: Tyler poses at a photoshoot. Gregg folds laundry while DODGER PLAYERS toss their underwear at him.

SUPER: It's not glamorous, but it's a start.

THE END