

SECOND SET PILOT

"Student Athlete?"

Written by

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Inspired by my experiences playing on a junior college women's  
tennis team when I was 55 years old.

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**EXT. KUMQUAT COVE COLLEGE - DAY**

A sweeping view of a small community college nestled among citrus groves near the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California.

LINA (V.O.)  
Kumquat Cove Community College.  
Proud home of the Quats... Yeah  
Quats! Kinda looks like an oblong  
orange.

Out front the college's digital sign looks like a giant Kumquat with two green "leaves" drooping over the screen.

LINA (V.O.)  
Farmers take their citrus seriously  
around here. Down the road is Lemon  
Cove, the other direction is Orange  
Cove.

KUMQUAT COVE COMMUNITY COLLEGE is above the digital screen which displays: "Boo Hoo, It's Almost Tim For School".

LINA (V.O.)  
Spelling? Not so much.

**EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY**

LINA (55), in running shorts and worn tank, tennis backpack over her shoulders, jogs down the sidewalk.

A TRAIN'S AIR HORN BLARES. RUMBLE of a diesel locomotive.

Lina jerks, stops, glares at orange refrigerated box cars that roll by, HAPPY KUMQUAT FRUIT painted on their sides.

LINA (V.O.)  
Jezzus, the tracks still run  
through campus?

A CLACK OF WHEELS as the train rolls along the tracks that separate the campus from the athletic fields.

A close look at the boxcar graffiti shows a giant pumpkin with devil horns and "Pumpkinvale College Rules".

The next car has a cartoon of the Kumquat Cove College logo with a giant tongue and googly eyes.

Lina rolls her eyes, SIGHS.

LINA (V.O.)  
Nothing's changed but me.

**EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY**

FLASHBACK:

The shiny new boxcars go by, revealing the tennis courts. A row of young pine trees barely shade the courts.

SUPER: THIRTY SEVEN YEARS AGO

On court YOUNG LINA (18), her back to us, rallies near the net with YOUNG MARSHA (18).

Young Lina's loose-fitting tank top almost covers her shorts while Marsha is stylish in a white tennis dress.

LINA (V.O.)

Back then I had dreams of being Chris Evert. I had a scholarship to play for the Quats. That is until...

Young Lina turns, reveals she is very pregnant. She attempts to pick up a tennis ball with her racquet, sways, a bit off-balance, works her thighs, rights the ship.

Young Lina freezes, her eyes go big. She places her hand on her baby bump, feels the baby move, smiles in awe.

LINA (V.O.)

Six pounds and two ounces of a new life happened.

PRE-LAP: A tennis ball RATTLES THE CHAIN LINK FENCE.

END FLASHBACK

**EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY**

Lina shakes her head, steps across the train tracks, gazes up at the now very tall pine trees that dwarf the courts.

LINA (V.O.)

Crap. Now I feel old.

TENNIS BALLS THWACK against racquets, SHOES SQUEAK, PLAYERS GRUNT and YELL.

Lina stops outside the tennis court fence, watches her old friend MARSHA (55), still a tennis fashionista in neon Nike.

TERESA (55), old high school teammate and a taskmaster coach, rapidly feeds balls from a cart of balls.

Marsha and three older players execute a vigorous drill.

ARMEN (74), is tan and fit, GERALD (64) and HIRO (64) are doubles partners in matching senior tennis tournament shirts.

Feet side-step, run and zig zag as tennis balls whiz by.

Marsha notices Lina, jogs to the fence.

MARSHA

Come on in. We've only been warming up. Still almost 90 minutes left.

Lina gulps.

LATER

At the back of the court Lina and Marsha hold racquets.

Teresa throws up a lob.

Armen backpedals, smashes an overhead, jogs off to the side.

MARSHA

It's your turn. Go, go, go.

LINA

What are we doing?

MARSHA

Just get the ball back.

Lina backs away from Marsha, turns around at the baseline and a tennis ball bounces into her.

TERESA

Ground stroke!

Teresa feeds a short ball.

Lina scrambles to get to it, lunges, slides her racquet on the court just before it bounces a second time.

TERESA

Hit the net with your racquet.

LINA (V.O.)

Shit. I... hate... this... drill.

Lina stumbles her way to the net, taps it with her racquet.

TERESA

Ball up.

Irritated, Lina's stares down the ball. In her mind it's the size of a grapefruit.

Lina quickly sidesteps back, plants her feet, and jumps in the air.

LINA (V.O.)  
Take this, bitch!

SMACK! The ball sizzles toward Teresa who bats it away with her racquet.

TERESA  
That's the Lina I remember.

**MAIN TITLES [END OPEN TEASER]**

**EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY**

Teresa rolls her basket of balls to the sideline.

COURT GATE CLANGS.

ELAINE (68), clearly in good shape, drops her tennis bag, pulls out a racquet. She jogs, swings her arms, high steps.

TERESA  
You're late Elaine!

Elaine bounces in place, then does a deep squat. Lina gapes.

Teresa looks at her watch, grins evilly.

TERESA  
Fifteen, drop.

Elaine drops to the ground, quickly does push-ups.

Lina slithers behind Marsha.

TERESA  
I see you Lina. You get a pass...  
today. Be late again and...!

Elaine does one more push-up then springs up, stands.

ELAINE  
Ignore her. Thinks she's a bulldog,  
but she's really a chihuahua.

TERESA  
Hey! I heard that Doc.

ELAINE

This is part of my training regimen  
for the Senior Olympics.

LINA (V.O.)

Wait! Did you know there's an  
Olympics for seniors? Did you?

MARSHA

Everybody, this is Lina.  
She just moved back to town after  
divorcing her lying, cheating, two-  
timing husband.

LINA

Marsha! TMI.

MARSHA

Sorry... Two-timing is redundant.  
Cheating is enough. Well, bad  
enough, but...

LINA

Marsha!

MARSHA

Oh. Right! Anywhoo. Lina, this is  
everyone.

Teresa interrupts, goes into coach mode.

TERESA

Okay, people. Break's over.

LINA

But... What are your names?

Everyone focuses on Teresa.

TERESA

We're doing Hot Potato.

Armen, Gerald and Hiro GROAN and Elaine CLAPS.

Lina leans close to Marsha, as Elaine, Gerald and Hiro jog to  
the other side of the court.

LINA

Hot Potato?

Marsha and Lina line up behind Armen.

MARSHA

Hit the ball, then jump out of the way fast. Do not let the ball hit the ground. Miss and you're out.

Coach Teresa feeds a ball.

Armen runs up, hits the ball in the air to Gerald who hits it back before it bounces. Then Marsha hits it to Elaine, who sends it back to Lina, who hits it to Hiro and so on.

The players amp up the pace with jumps and lurches.

Back to Lina who lunges and the ball bounces past Hiro.

ARMEN

Alright Lina.

MARSHA

Whoop whoop.

Armen and Marsha high-five a panting Lina.

TERESA

Time for a drink.

#### **INT. PUB - DAY**

The KQUATS Pub has lots of neon signage, faux leather booths, and beer stained tables.

TWO STUDENTS play a vigorous game of air hockey.

Several OTHER STUDENTS sit at a long wooden bar where Marsha and Elaine place their order.

Lina and Teresa grab a booth in the crowded room.

LINA

I don't remember this.

TERESA

Did you think we were frozen in time?

LINA

Maybe?

CLUNK! Elaine sets four glass tumblers on the table then steps aside to reveal Marsha who carries a skateboard.

This is a special skateboard that holds a flight of four beer glasses, a bowl of chips and a small bucket of peanuts.

LINA

What the..?

Marsha rolls the skateboard to the center of the table.

LINA (V.O.)

That's glasses of beer... on a skateboard. At a college! Well, I guess a skateboard sorta makes sense, but BEER?!

MARSHA

Welcome to the KQuat Pub. This is the Skateboard Beer Tasting Flight.

Elaine lines up the four empty glasses.

Marsha pours a sample of the first beer into each glass.

MARSHA

This is *Quats of KQuats Pale Ale*.

Marsha slides a glass to Lina.

Lina takes a small sip, her eyes widen. Takes a bigger sip.

LINA

Wow! This is GOOD! How's this possible?

MARSHA

Well they add Kumquats right before the fermenting phase.

Lina flaps her hand at the room.

LINA

A pub on campus?

ELAINE

You know how it goes. A donor bequeathed their brewery property with the stipulation the college had to keep the brewery going. So they added the Craft Beer Brewery major and then needed a place for students to get experience marketing and selling the beer.

LINA

But, what about underage drinkers?

TERESA

You have to be a member of the Quats Beer Club.



LINA  
I'm not a member.

MARSHA  
You're my guest and the bartender  
wasn't worried about you being  
underage.

LINA  
Ouch!

**INT. PUB - DAY**

Marsha pours more beer in each glass. They CLINK glasses.

ELAINE  
How long has it been since you were  
last here?

LINA  
Since the fall after high school.

ELAINE  
Whoa. A long time.

TERESA  
She had a scholarship to play on  
the team. You coulda' made it work.

Lina plays with her mug.

LINA  
I got pregnant and... dropped out  
of college. Got married, moved  
away...

MARSHA  
And got divorced and now she's  
back. Isn't that great?

Lina, Elaine and Teresa all stare at Marsha.

MARSHA  
Not the divorced part.

ELAINE  
Well, it's not too late to go back  
to college... or play tennis.

LINA  
Eh. I'm too old. That's for young  
people.

ELAINE  
I'm sixty-eight. How old are you?

LINA  
Fifty-five.

ELAINE  
I didn't even start playing tennis  
until I was fifty.

TERESA  
And now Doc's internationally  
ranked in the sixty-five year-  
olds... And representing the U.S.  
at the Senior Olympics.

LINA  
Wow!

They CLINK glasses again.

LINA  
Wait. Should you be drinking beer?

ELAINE  
It's got B vitamins and other  
nutrients, fights inflammation...  
There's at least one study that  
touts beer as a recovery drink.

MARSHA  
She's a doctor, so she knows these  
things.

Elaine takes a big sip.

ELAINE  
Yup. And it tastes way better than  
Gatorade.

Elaine grins.

Athletic Director GLORIA (50s), striving, ego-centric,  
doesn't care who she steps on, strides to the booth.

GLORIA  
Ladies... Teresa.

TERESA  
Athletic Director Gloria.

GLORIA

I heard you recruited a hot shot  
player from the Kumquat High Raging  
Kumquats.

Lina, Elaine and Marsha SNORT and SNIGGER.

Gloria glares.

TERESA

She's coming to tryouts tomorrow.

GLORIA

Good. Make sure she likes it here.  
I need women's tennis to step up so  
I can cinch the National Team  
Sports Athletic Cup-- The Nutsac!

Lina's raises her eyebrows. Marsha SPUTTERS, then COUGHS.  
Elaine angles away, laughing silently.

Gloria punches her fist into her open hand.

GLORIA

This is MY year to win.

Gloria eyes Teresa - intensely.

GLORIA

Make it happen.

Gloria strides off.

Lina mouths 'nutsac'? Marsha and Elaine erupt in LAUGHTER.

**EXT./INT. ANGIE'S BAKERY - DUSK**

Angie's Bakery is in the middle of a quaint block of Art Deco  
shops with living quarters above.

It's dusk and there's a CLOSED sign on the door, but lights  
are on in the shop and second floor.

Racquet bag on her back, Lina wearily pushes the door.

The DOOR CHIME TINKLES. The bakery is empty, lights are off  
in the display cases. BANGING and CLANKING come from the  
back of the shop.

ANGIE (O.S.)

Is that you Lina?

LINA

Yeah, mom.

In the back Lina's mother ANGIE (75), makeup, styled hair, tidy baker's smock, gathers cookie ingredients on a counter.

At a table, Lina's father, LEO (75), in flour-covered baker's whites, a net over his goatee, works on a wedding cake.

Lina tiredly shuffles in.

LEO

How was tennis?

LINA

Teresa is hard core. Much more vigorous than the pro at my old club.

Leo picks up the cake topper, two love birds in a wire heart.

LINA

A bit optimistic using love birds who mate for life on a wedding cake.

LEO

Not every marriage ends in divorce.

LINA

I think more people are like me than you and Mama.

LEO

This couple is celebrating their 40th anniversary.

LINA

Okay. You're right. That's two couples who have stayed together.

Leo shakes his head. Lina shuffles across the room.

ANGIE

Why are you so late?

LINA

I had beers with the gals after.

ANGIE

Hmph.

LINA

Mom. I'm fifty-five years old.

ANGIE

Eh.

LINA

I'm going to take a shower.

Lina stops at the foot of the stairs, looks up, sways.

LINA (V.O.)

The question to ask is why do my  
parents still live over this  
bakery? Today, that's a damn good  
question.

Lina struggles with the racquet bag. She contorts, finally  
releases one arm. The bag tumbles off, lands with a THUNK.

She bends over, PANTS, hands on knees.

A CHILD'S RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

MIA

Grandma!

Still hunched over Lina smiles as MIA (7), an Energizer Bunny  
in pink, barrels into her arms.

LINA

Oomph. Hello Pumpkin.

MIA

Ooh. You're wet.

LINA

Yup.

Mia lets go, runs to Angie who bends for a hug.

MIA

Gammy!

ANGIE

Hi sweetie. You ready to make my  
special peanut butter chocolate  
chip cookies?

Mia jumps up and down, CLAPS.

MIA

Yay!

Lina contorts her way to standing, rubs her back.

Her daughter JESSICA (37), put together PR professional, joins Lina.

JESSICA

Mom! Pumpkin? That name is off-limits. I tell all my clients to stay on-brand. Not to bring any attention to our competition.

LINA

Huh. And calling her Kum... QUAT is better?

JESSICA

Ugh. You're right. Just don't say pumpkin in public, or people will think you support Pumpkinvale.

LINA

And that matters?

JESSICA

Everything matters in a small town.

Jessica gives her a hug.

JESSICA

You are wet!

LINA

I prefer 'dewy'.

JESSICA

Way to spin things Mom.

LINA

Okay. I'll take a quick shower.

#### **INT. LINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

This is Lina's childhood bedroom. There's a poster of Chris Evert from 1985, tennis trophies and lots of stuffed animals.

Lina towels her damp hair.

Jessica KNOCKS on the door jam.

JESSICA

Can I come in?

LINA

Sure, hon.

Jessica sits on the twin bed.

JESSICA  
How is it being back in your old room?

LINA  
Um, a little strange. It's like a time capsule of my teenage years.

JESSICA  
How are you doing?

LINA  
I'm fine.

JESSICA  
Really? Isn't that the easy answer to your kid asking a tough question.

Lina sits next to Jessica.

LINA  
When did you become so smart?

JESSICA  
I grew up... And learned from you and Gammy.

LINA  
Fine.

Lina picks up a stuffed unicorn.

LINA  
I'm not Mrs. Longbottom anymore.

JESSICA  
I'm not sure Lina Longbottom was a name to be thrilled about.

LINA  
Eh. Maybe not.

Lina gently strokes the unicorn's mane.

LINA  
I don't know who I am. What my purpose is anymore.

JESSICA

You haven't been divorced that long Mom. Give it some time, be open to new experiences.

LINA

I'm a little old for something new.

**EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY**

Ready for tennis, Lina and Marsha join Teresa, who rolls two carts of tennis balls.

TERESA

We'll run some drills, play some points. See how they do.

Behind them two 18 year old young women arrive. These two are the 'Samanthas'. SAM ONE is Latinx, SAM TWO is Asian.

TERESA

Hello ladies. These are my assistants, Lina and Marsha.

SAM ONE

Hi, I'm Samantha. My friends call me Sam.

TERESA

Glad you're here.

SAM TWO

Hey. I'm Sam, too.

TERESA

Okay. Welcome... Sam Two.

Teresa looks at Sam One.

TERESA

From now on you're Sam One. Is that okay?

SAM ONE

Yaaas.

SAM TWO

Yaaas.

LATER

Teresa, Lina and Marsha stand in front of a semi circle of young women: the two Sams, MONIQUE (27), a no-nonsense, military veteran, EMILY (19), a happy go lucky newbie and ANA (18), an international student from Iceland. Introductions are underway.



SAM TWO  
And I'm Sam Two.

They all GIGGLE.

SAM TWO  
I also played junior varsity for my  
high school team last year.

MONIQUE  
Monique. I played when I was a kid.  
Took it up again after retiring  
from the military two months ago.

Now Ana. Her English has a vague Nordic tone.

ANA  
My name is Ana. I am from Iceland.  
I play on my local club team.

LINA  
(whispers)  
Iceland?

Emily bubbles with enthusiasm.

EMILY  
This is so cool. I took the summer  
school tennis class. And I just  
love tennis. Oh yeah, I'm Emily.

TERESA  
Welcome ladies.

ASHLEE (O.S.)  
I'm here!

All eyes turn.

ASHLEE (18), all attitude, struts to the side of Marsha.

MARSHA  
Who are you?

ASHLEE  
I... am... Ashlee... The number one  
player at Kumquat High School.

LINA  
Really? I was number one, too.

ASHLEE  
Like what? A hundred years ago?

**EXT. KUMQUAT COVE COLLEGE - TENNIS COURTS - LATER**

Lina is on court one. The Sams are at the net facing Ashlee who's at the baseline.

On the next court Marsha works with Monique, Ana and Emily.

Teresa is between the two courts eyeing everyone critically.

TERESA

Baseliners, your job is to pass the net players. Net players, your goal is to get everything back. Be a wall. And no lobbing. First to eleven points wins.

Lina feeds a ball to Ashlee, she smacks it hard down the center, smugly watches what she expects to be a winner.

Sam One and Sam Two both lunge for the middle, their racquets line up one behind the other and they both hit the ball. It pops over the net and out of Ashlee's reach.

Ashlee goes from smug to irritated.

LINA

One, zero.

Lina feeds a ball.

Ashlee hits it to the side. Sam One stretches, volleys the ball, Ashlee mishits the ball, it flies straight up, comes down on Ashlee's head. She steams.

LATER

Lina feeds a high arcing ball to Ashlee, she runs up, swings and flies the ball high over the back fence.

LINA

Eleven, zero.

The Sams smile.

Ashlee bangs her racquet on the ground.

Later in the practice Teresa runs a doubles drill with all the players.

Lina and Marsha are at the baseline, the Sams at the fence behind them.

Ashlee and Emily are at the far baseline, Monique and Ana wait behind them.

Teresa feeds a ball to Ashlee who smacks it hard to Lina who easily sends it back to Emily.

The ball slides under Emily's racquet, she GIGGLES. Ashlee grits her teeth.

As the drill progresses, Lina, Marsha and the Sams repeatedly get the best of Ashlee and Emily.

On the last rotation Emily mishits a ground stroke, the ball flies onto the next court.

ASHLEE

You stupid cow.

Ashlee turns, glares at Monique and Ana, then at Lina.

ASHLEE

You're all stupid. This team is stupid. I'm outta here.

Ashlee stomps off the court.

Lina raises an eyebrow at Marsha.

Teresa GROANS.

#### **INT. PUB - LATER**

Lina sits across from Marsha and Teresa in the same booth as before. They sip frosted mugs of beer, munch on peanuts.

MARSHA

What a prima donna.

LINA

I'd say "rhymes with witch!"

TERESA

She looked great at the matches I watched. Lopsided scores, pleasant...

LINA

It's not hard to be pleasant when you win easily. You should know that, Teresa.

They stare at each other.

BEAT.

TERESA  
I'm short a player.

MARSHA  
Oh boy! Gloria's gonna' be pissed  
that Miss Hot Shot is gone.

Gloria enter with the MALE TENNIS COACH and the FEMALE GOLF  
COACH, each wearing outfits from their sport.

LINA  
Uh, oh. Gloria's here.

Teresa ducks and peers over Marsha's shoulder.

TERESA  
Crap. She's scheming with the men's  
tennis coach and the women's golf  
coach... I need another good  
player, NOW.

Marsha glances at Teresa, then looks sideways at Lina.

Teresa shakes her head.

LINA  
What? Is there something on my  
teeth?

Lina scrubs her teeth with a napkin.

MARSHA  
It could work.

LINA  
What are you two up to?

MARSHA  
As I recall you never played a  
match here?

TERESA  
True.

LINA  
So?

TERESA  
Means you still have eligibility.

LINA  
Come on, I'm too old.

TERESA

There is no upper age limit in  
community college sports...  
How much you been playing lately?

LINA

Once a week.

TERESA

Oh boy.

MARSHA

As I recall, you told me your dream  
was to go to college.

LINA

When I was seventeen. And do you  
recall everything?

MARSHA

Yup. Pretty much.

LINA

Ergh!

MARSHA

With Ashlee gone isn't there a  
scholarship available?

LINA

No, no, no, no, no. I gave up that  
dream a long time ago.

**INT. LINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Lina tosses and turns in the bed.

SMACK OF RACQUET HITTING TENNIS BALLS.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

On a tennis court, a clearly not pregnant YOUNG LINA (19)  
wears an orange tennis dress with the Kumquat Cove College  
logo across her chest.

A THUNDEROUS SMACK as she hits an overhead.

The ball WHIZZES past her OPPONENT from Pumpkinvale College  
for a winner.

CHEERS and APPLAUSE.

Young Lina's teammates swarm around her, lift her up.

YOUNG LINA holds a giant tennis trophy as her teammates pose for news photos.

A PHONE ALARM BUZZES.

Lina jerks awake, fumbles for her phone, taps the alarm off. She lays back down, stares at the ceiling.

LINA (V.O.)

Should I do it? The kid's grown up with her own kid. My husband... my ex-husband is out of the picture. I'm still a pretty good tennis player. How hard can it be?

Lina slowly smiles. It becomes a big grin. She makes a call on her phone.

LINA

I'm in.

**INT. COLLEGE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

Lina stops at an office door, reads the name placard: 'Mr. Takahashi'. She opens the door.

At the desk sits tennis player Hiro Takahashi.

HIRO

Hello Lina.

LINA

Am I in the wrong place?

HIRO

No.

LINA

You're my counselor?

HIRO

Yes, I'm Hiro... Your academic adviser and career counselor.

LINA

Huh. And tennis advice, too?

HIRO

Maybe. Lets get you registered.

LATER

Hiro's hands hover over his computer keyboard. He eyes Lina.

LINA  
Why do I have to pick a major?

HIRO  
You're a full-time student--

LINA  
What?

HIRO  
The school requires you to declare a major.

LINA  
Ugh.

HIRO  
Maybe something in the Athletics department. They're more understanding about your team commitments.

LINA  
What commitments?

HIRO  
Didn't Teresa fill you in?

LINA  
I'm seeing her later. If we ever get done.

HIRO  
Well, there's practice every weekday afternoon, except for match days. That's twice a week. For home matches you get out of class early. Away matches you're gone all day. The athletic faculty understand. The other professors, not so much.

LINA  
How many classes are we talking about?

HIRO  
You have to take at least twelve units. That's four classes.

LINA  
I can't just show up for practice?

HIRO

No Lina. You're a collegiate athlete on a scholarship. It's the full experience... homework, tests.

LINA

Ugh.

HIRO

And you need to pass all of your classes to keep the scholarship.

LINA

I don't know. What if I mess up?

HIRO

You come to see me, your counselor.

LINA

I hope you don't regret this.

**INT. COLLEGE CASHIER'S OFFICE - DAY**

There are three cashier's windows, one is closed, one is open with no line, the last window has a long line of STUDENTS.

Lina enters, eyes the three windows, looks at her sports watch, HUFFS. She joins the long line. It inches forward.

At the window with no line A STUDENT CLERK (20), nose ring, green hair shaved on one side, looks out. Waves.

Lina glances at the Student Clerk, then back at her phone.

STUDENT CLERK

Ma'am!

Lina looks around, then at Student Clerk.

STUDENT CLERK

This is your line.

Lina puts her hand on her chest.

STUDENT CLERK

Yes! You.

Lina goes to the Student Clerk's window.

LINA

Hi.

Lina hands over her form.



STUDENT CLERK  
This is the line for faculty.

LINA  
But...

The Student Clerk reads the form, jerks her head up.

STUDENT CLERK  
This is a scholarship payment form.

LINA  
Yes.

STUDENT CLERK  
What are you doing with this?

LINA  
Paying for my classes.

STUDENT CLERK  
You're a student athlete?!

LINA  
Yes.

The Student Clerk's eyes travel from Lina's feet to her hair.

STUDENT CLERK  
Noooo. You don't look like any  
student athlete I've ever seen.

LINA  
How old are you?

STUDENT CLERK  
Twenty.

LINA  
Ah. So you've seen everything there  
is to see, at twenty?

STUDENT CLERK  
Um, uh.

Lina points her hand at the Student Clerk's head.

LINA  
What assumptions should I make  
about you, based on how you look?

The Student Clerk straightens, self-righteous.

STUDENT CLERK

You shouldn't make assumptions  
about anyone.

LINA

But you did.

The Student Clerk GULPS.

Lina points at the form.

LINA

Let's just get this done.

Clerk points to the long line.

STUDENT CLERK

That's the student line.

Lina looks at the long line, GROANS.

**EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - DAY**

It's the last week of summer break and only a few students  
and professors are on campus.

Wearing tennis clothes and her tennis backpack, Lina power  
walks past drab buildings in the boxy style of the 1960's.

As Lina nears the 'KQuat' Bookstore, two student employees  
hang a banner above the entrance that proclaims 'Fall Is  
Near, Books Are Hear'. She rolls her eyes at the sign.

A TRAIN HORN BLARES nearby, then the RHYTHMIC RUMBLE of the  
boxcars echoes off the buildings.

**EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY**

Teresa clicks a stopwatch.

Along the sideline Lina and the others each grab a tennis  
ball, sprint across the court to the other sideline, put it  
down, pick up another ball, run back.

Teresa clicks a stopwatch as Monique comes to a stop at the  
sideline followed quickly by Ana and the two Sams, then Lina  
and Emily last.

Lina uses her racquet to support her while she gasps for air.

**INT. ANGIE'S BAKERY - DAY**

Angie rings up a CUSTOMER who takes their coffee and pastry to a table where TWO OTHERS work on laptops.

Lina waddles in, tennis bag hunching her shoulders.

ANGIE

Oh honey, what's wrong?

LINA

I am SO sore. I don't know if I can do this.

ANGIE

You'll feel better after a hot shower.

In the back Lina shuffles over to the stairs and looks up.

LINA (V.O.)

I hate you.

She slowly turns around, starts to slide the straps off, loses her balance and topples back onto the steps.

Lina slithers out of the tennis bag. She rolls onto her knees, grabs the handrail and pulls herself upright.

LINA (V.O.)

I'll just leave this here.

Lina drags the tennis bag off the stairs, then uses the handrails to pull herself up the stairs.

**INT. LINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Lina grabs the edge of the covers, lifts, lifts her leg a tiny bit, MOANS, drops the covers.

She scrutinizes the bed. Moves near the foot, turns away, takes a deep breath, then topples backwards, landing diagonally on the bed.

She rolls back and forth sideways to scooch up the bed. She bends her left leg to push.

LINA

No, no, no... Ow, ow, ow.

She straightens her cramping leg.

LINA  
Ow, ow, ungh.

She stretches out the leg. She PANTS and grips the covers tightly.

LINA (V.O.)  
Motherfucker! Son of a BLEEP, BLEEP  
'N BLEEPER! Come on... Release you  
bastard.

Lina takes a deep, calming breath, then another.

LINA (V.O.)  
Okay. Here is just fine. No need  
for a pillow. Nope.

**INT. ANGIE'S BAKERY - NIGHT**

It's early morning and Leo pours dough into loaf pans.

Angie mixes ingredients.

Left leg off the ground, Lina holds the stair rails and hops down the stairs. At the bottom she gingerly sets her left foot down, limps over to the sink and washes her hands.

Leo and Angie exchange a look.

LEO  
Top 'o the morning Lina.

LINA  
Urgh.

ANGIE  
How are you feeling?

LINA  
Like a bus ran over me.

She dries her hands.

LINA  
I don't think I'm up to this. It's  
too late.

LEO  
It's never too late. Look at  
Elaine.

LINA  
You know Elaine, the tennis player?

LEO  
Of course, started at 50, plays  
internationally.

LINA  
You don't play tennis.

LEO  
Everyone knows Doc Elaine. You're  
not much older than when she first  
started playing.

THWACK. Angie slaps a mound of bread dough on the worktable.  
Her muscles flex as she vigorously kneads the dough.

ANGIE  
No quitting. You just gotta get in  
shape.

LINA  
Momma! What if I'm awful?

ANGIE  
Does that matter? You've got a  
second chance to play college  
tennis. How lucky you are..

LEO  
It's easy. Just work hard so you're  
not awful.

ANGIE  
And get a massage.

**INT. COLLEGE TRAINING ROOM - DAY**

Lina stiffly navigates around a jungle of unused weight  
machines, treadmills and fitness apparatus.

LINA  
Hello... Anybody here?

GERALD (O.S.)  
Back here.

Lina hobbles to a treatment table at the back.

LINA  
Oh, hello.

GERALD  
Hi, Lina. I'm Gerald. One of the  
sports trainers here.

LINA  
Thank God, you understand tennis.

GERALD  
What's wrong?

LINA  
Teresa is killing me in practice. I  
hurt all over.

Gerald points to the table, Lina climbs on.

LINA  
And I cramped last night.

GERALD  
We can take care of that.

LATER

Lina balances against the table, her left leg extends in a calf stretch. Neon orange kinesiology tape is brightly visible on the back of her calf.

GERALD  
Release... That's good.

Lina stands, leans against the table.

GERALD  
Do those stretches as soon as  
you're done playing... When your  
muscles are warm. And hydrate  
before, during and after you play.  
That's so important for an older  
athlete. That's why you cramped,  
you were dehydrated.

LINA  
Elaine says to drink beer.

GERALD  
I don't advise that.

LINA  
I don't know if I can do this.

GERALD  
Being an older athlete is  
challenging. It takes more work.  
But we're learning more about how  
to train the older body, how to  
recover. The trick is to use all  
the science.

LINA  
Fine. I'll be your science  
experiment.

Lina stands, tests her calf, looks down at the orange tape.

LINA  
Whoa! This kinesiology tape is  
amazing.

Gerald nods.

GERALD  
Science.

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

The team huddles around Teresa who hands each player their uniform. The women head off to change.

LATER

Ana, and the Sams admire their uniforms: a white tank with the Kumquat Cove College logo over a black ruffled skirt.

Emily bounces out, the tank tucked in her skirt.

Sam One smiles at Emily, loosens the top and gently smooths it over the top of Emily's skirt.

Next Monique comes out, wiggles the skirt down a bit, shifts the stretchy tank around so the Kumquat is centered.

Now Lina stumbles into view tugging and shifting the way-too-small uniform.

All eyes snap to Lina and gape at the disaster of the uniform on Lina's mature woman's body.

The logo is grotesquely contorted over Lina's woman's breasts. Her bra shows. The skirt doesn't cover her butt.

LINA  
This is ridiculous. It's sized for  
juniors!

Lina scans the women, grimaces.

END EPISODE ONE.