

BLOOD SPORT

"A Nest of Vipers"

Pilot

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INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - EVENING

The CRUNCH of peanut shells underfoot, CALLS for 'beer here!', and snatches of ORGAN MUSIC fill the evening air, a mellow cacophony that can only mean one thing: it's time for Viper baseball.

The lights are on, the crowd electric. It's the bottom of the second, the home team Las Vegas Vipers are coming up to bat.

THAD WILDER (60s), an affable rake, his suit a second skin, sits in the Owner's Box just beside the home team dugout with his adopted son, STEFON 'STEF' WILDER (27), who still isn't fully at ease with his place, even after all these years.

Thad eyes the DANCE SQUAD appreciatively as they scamper atop the dugout. Rally girls aren't standard issue at MLB Stadiums, but this is Vegas after all.

Stef's phone buzzes with a TEXT. He checks it.

STEF

Looks like the PI found her.

INTERCUT -

EXT. IBIZA BEACH CLUB - NIGHT

We find GEORGIE WILDER (27), the 'her' in question, eyes closed, a bohemian dream girl in a cream crochet dress.

She stands still amid a writhing mass of DANCING BODIES as she accepts a TAB on her tongue, placed there by a stranger's hand. The rite of communion, Ibiza-style.

AT THE STADIUM: Stef has Thad's full attention.

THAD

I need you to go get her.

STEF

Me? No. That's -

The in-stadium ANNOUNCER interrupts.

ANNOUNCER

Now batting... Yordanis
Savooooooooon!

Thad and Stef watch with interest as YORDANIS SAVÓN (late 20s with the portly build of a ballplayer who lets his bat do the talking) approaches the plate. Yordanis' AT-BAT SONG echoes Georgie's Ibiza club music.

The pitch is up, Yordanis swings. Misses. Strike one. The brief spell he held over Thad and Stef is broken.

STEF

Georgie's made it very clear that she doesn't want to talk to me. To you. To any of us.

THAD

I don't care what she wants. Dad -

STEF (CONT'D)

THAD (CONT'D)

I can't trust anyone else. It has to be you.

IN IBIZA: Georgie whirls, joyful. Free.

She flutters her eyes open. The small smile on her face evaporates as she spots a LEAN THUG, a HANDGUN tucked into his waistband, parting the crowd trailed by a SMALL POSSE.

They confer, split up. Georgie bites her lip. These guys mean something to her, and she's freaked.

She surreptitiously makes her way off the dance floor.

AT THE STADIUM: The Dance Squad girls strut past. Thad makes eye contact with one, flashes a wink. She giggles.

STEF

I can't just go to Ibiza -

But the next pitch is up, and Yordanis swings, CONNECTS. It's in the air, a bomb headed toward center field -

The crowd ROARS with excitement, Stef and Thad rise -

But Thad clutches his chest, he suddenly can't breathe -

Yordanis circles the bases, his eyes on the ball -

Thad COLLAPSES, Stef crouches next to him, eyes worried -

The CENTER FIELDER JUMPS, catching the ball just as it tips over the fence, spoiling Yordanis' home run -

STEF (CONT'D)

Help! We need a doctor!

Yordanis PICKS UP his bat and BREAKS it over his knee.

The Ibiza music rises, and we CUT TO THE CLUB -

EXT. IBIZA BEACH CLUB - NIGHT

As the beat drops. Georgie scurries through the crowd, fear evident on her face. She turns to look behind her, and runs smack into Stef, who grabs her by the wrists.

STEF
Georgie, hey. Whoa.

Georgie smiles briefly - pure joy - then scowls. She shakes herself loose. She looks past him, eyes searching the crowd.

GEORGIE
Cool, you found me. But I'm not going back to the strippers and lies and bullshit boys club -

STEF
Dad is dead.

Georgie looks at him, stone-faced. Then she begins to laugh. Uproarious, bent-double laughter. Stef is bewildered, pale.

STEF (CONT'D)
It's not a joke, Georgie.

Georgie takes a deep breath, trying to settle herself.

GEORGIE
Of course he's dead. The bastard.

CUT TO -

EXT. MCCARRAN AIRPORT - PRIVATE TERMINAL - NIGHT

Stef and Georgie wait at the curb. A besuited, low-key SECURITY GUARD flags down a waiting LIMO. A pair of PAPARAZZI linger, hoping someone interesting shows up.

Georgie notices a KID (12) walk by, trailing his PARENTS, sporting a NEW YORK YANKEES BALL CAP.

She KNOCKS the Kid's hat off as they walk by. The Kid looks around, surprised. He stoops, grabs his cap and runs off.

Stef sees one of the Paparazzi RECORDING them with his phone. He rushes toward Georgie, grabs her by the arm.

GEORGIE
What?

The Paparazzi turns tail and goes.

STEF
You just assaulted a *kid*. On
camera.

GEORGIE
He was wearing a stupid fucking
Yankees hat on Vipers turf.

STEF
Who the fuck cares?

Georgie shrugs.

GEORGIE
I might still be a little high. I
took some acid right before we
left.

Stef opens the limo door, climbs in. He looks at Georgie.

STEF
I can drop you off anywhere.

GEORGIE
That's okay. I'll find my own ride.

Stef looks at her for a long, exasperated beat.

STEF
Fine.

He slams the door. The limo drives off. Georgie watches it
go, then hails herself a CAB. She gets in.

CAB DRIVER
Where to?

GEORGIE
Mind just driving a little while?

The cab pulls away from the curb. The Paparazzis watch.

OTHER PAPARAZZI
Think it's anything?

The one who shot the video shrugs.

PRE-LAP NEWS CLIP AUDIO -

KENNEDY (V.O.)

A source inside the Las Vegas Vipers organization tells me that the team is not only reeling from principal owner Thad Wilder's untimely death -

INT. CAB / EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

The cab drives down the Strip, taking Georgie past the endless, beckoning NEON LIGHTS.

IN THE CAB, Georgie watches a CLIP on her phone. KENNEDY ALSTON (20s, a sports reporter of the Erin Andrews ilk) sits behind a desk. An PHOTO of Thad Wilder appears onscreen.

KENNEDY

But also from the team's current losing skid. They're behind eight games in their division despite the high-profile mid-season pickup of heavy hitter Yordanis Savón -

The photo of Thad is replaced by one of Yordanis.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Who has consistently underperformed since signing with the Vipers. Thad's son, Stef Wilder -

An image of Stef appears behind Kennedy.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Is heir apparent, but there's speculation that other members of the team's management board may see an opportunity to make their move for majority ownership.

Georgie looks up toward the driver.

GEORGIE

Take me to Renegade Stadium.

CUT TO -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - THAD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Georgie walks through Thad's office like a visitor at a museum. She surveys the **CROSSED BATS** on the wall, the **TROPHIES**, the wall of **PHOTOS** featuring all of Thad's other eight children. Georgie's photo is conspicuously missing.

A photograph of a YOUNG WOMAN, an '80s ingenue whom Georgie strongly resembles, is hung in pride of place. Georgie stands before it, touches the woman's cheek gently.

GEORGIE

Hi, mom.

She sits down at the desk, opens the drawers, looks inside. One of the drawers is LOCKED. She tugs at it to no avail.

Her phone rings. An international number. She looks at the phone a long moment before answering. She listens a beat.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

I had to leave town for a few days.

I don't **work** for you. Remember?

(beat)

Yeah, well, fuck you, Aranya.

She hangs up. The door opens, startling her. It's Stef.

STEF

Had a feeling you might turn up here. How 'bout a drink?

CUT TO -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - FIELD - EVENING

Georgie stands at home plate, holding an imaginary bat. Stef pitches an imaginary ball. Georgie swings and tears off to first base, rounds to second.

Stef runs to the line, makes an act of gazing at the fence.

STEF

Foul. That went foul, Georgie.

She laughs.

GEORGIE

Fuck that, it was a straight up four-bagger.

STEF

Nope, line judge rules foul.

Georgie laughs again, stoops.

GEORGIE

I have to pee, don't make me laugh.

STEF

The bathrooms down here are locked,
you'll have to go up to the office -

GEORGIE

I'll literally never make it.

She unzips her jeans and SQUATS in the grass next to the pitcher's mound.

STEF

What the fuck? You can't pee there.

GEORGIE

News flash, looks like I am.

STEF

If you kill the grass, the grounds
crew is gonna kill you.

GEORGIE

Relax, nature boy, it's just a
little pee, I'm sure the guys do it
all the time -

STEF

That grass is perfectly calibrated,
ultra-fertilized. They just re-sod
it at the All-Star break, and if
you fuck it up -

Georgie sighs dramatically, stands and zips her jeans.

GEORGIE

You worry too much.

STEF

Someone has to.

Georgie walks over to the dugout fence, where a WHISKEY
BOTTLE and TWO GLASSES await. She sits, leans back against
the fence, and pours a generous measure into both glasses.

She holds one out to Stef. He grudgingly accepts and sits
down next to her.

GEORGIE

You're gonna get dirt all over
those fancy pants.

STEF

Fuck it.

Georgie smiles.

Stef sighs.

STEF

Don't shoot the messenger, but Thad and Rennie cut Elena off. Scout's been living part-time with them. Elena had to move out of the house -

GEORGIE

What the fuck? How could you let them do that to her?

STEF

Georgie, I'm busy enough making sure my own mom doesn't get fucked over. I never signed up to worry about the rest of Dad's ex-wives. That was your thing.

Georgie stands, grabbing the bottle of whiskey.

GEORGIE

That's a bad excuse, and I think it's selfish and fucked up.

STEF

Well, I think it's selfish and fucked up that you walked out on all of us. And that you basically just pissed on Dad's grave.

Georgie turns to go. After a few steps, she turns back.

GEORGIE

I expected that type of shit from him, but from you?

(a beat)

I just hope you're a different kind of team owner than he was.

She goes. Off Stef -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - THAD'S OFFICE - MORNING

Georgie wakes up on the couch in Thad's office.

She hears the sound of effort behind her as something SCRAPES against the wall. She looks down to see an odd-looking FENNEC FOX on the ground, glaring up at her. It bares its teeth, looking ridiculous.

RENNIE (O.S.)

Fuck!

A CRASH. Georgie stands, giving the Fox a wide berth. She sees RENNIE WILDER (20s, Thad's widow, supermodel stature), wearing the latest in 'sexy summer widow' fashion, struggling with the picture of Georgie's mother from the wall.

GEORGIE
Rennie, hi -

Rennie turns, surprised to find she's not alone, then flings herself at Georgie, weeping melodramatically.

RENNIE
Oh, Georgie, angel girl! I'm so glad you're here. Isn't it awful?

There's the sound of rapid footsteps outside the office.

RENNIE (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Evil, interfering bitch -

The door opens. DEB HARRINGTON (50s), Thad's long-time assistant, strides in.

DEB
I knew it, I **knew** you'd -

Deb stops short when she sees Georgie.

GEORGIE
Hi, Deb. How are you?

DEB
Georgiana. I'm grieving. Obviously.

GEORGIE
I'm sorry for your loss.

DEB
Thank you.

RENNIE
Thank you.

Deb and Rennie exchange glares.

GEORGIE
(re: the Fox)
What is that thing?

Rennie pulls away from Georgie, scoops up the Fox.

RENNIE
This is Baby! Isn't he sweet?

DEB

He's a Fennec Fox. It's illegal to keep a wild animal as a pet -

RENNIE

He's an emotional support animal -

DEB

If only you paid as much attention to your actual children -

GEORGIE

So, what were you doing with that picture of my mom, Rennie?

RENNIE

Angel, I'm sorry but I hated that your dad kept that shrine to her in here. It was like being haunted by some kind of gorgeous ghost.

DEB

She was the only woman Thad Wilder ever loved.

An awkward beat. Georgie moves to Rennie, takes the frame.

GEORGIE

Do you mind if I keep it?

RENNIE

Of course not. I knew you'd understand.

GEORGIE

How are the twins, by the way?

RENNIE

Almost two now, can you believe it? I keep hoping they'll start looking like me instead of your dad, but...

(a beat)

What am I going to do without your father? He was the love of my life!

Deb SNORTS loudly. Rennie gives her a sour glare.

RENNIE (CONT'D)

I must run. Georgie, I'll see you at the will reading? Love you so, sweet girl!

She strides out. Georgie looks at Deb in camaraderie.

GEORGIE

I almost forgot how awful she is.

DEB

She's your stepmother. Show some respect.

Deb leaves the room. Georgie shakes her head, tries to regain her equilibrium. She catches sight of the field below through the windows and groans.

The grass has gone dead in the spot where she peed.

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - DUGOUT - MORNING

The PLAYERS mill about the field, some warming up with catch, others eyeing the patch of dead grass curiously.

VICTOR, the Head Groundskeeper (50s) is mad as hell, interrogating a small group of ROOKIE PLAYERS.

VICTOR

You know you can't piss on the infield! Which one of you did this?

Georgie spies Stef in the dugout. He's mid-conversation with Yordanis, who leans lazily back against the dugout wall.

STEF

No, yeah, I mean, if you're sick, you're sick...

Georgie grins at one of the VETERAN PLAYERS as she passes, exchanges a brief SECRET HANDSHAKE with one of the COACHES.

She spots Vipers' Field Manager (aka, head coach) DENNY BAUDA (60s) and gives him a hug.

GEORGIE

Denny!

DENNY

Georgie girl! Welcome home. Wish it were under better circumstances.

Meanwhile, Stef and Yordanis continue to talk.

YORDANIS

My throat is scratchy, and I don't wanna push it.

STEF

Yeah, no, of course... we need you out there, but we want you feeling healthy, your best self...

Georgie rolls her eyes theatrically as she approaches. She grabs a bat, sits down on the bench, knees spread wide, the classic ballplayer's sprawl.

GEORGIE

I think Yordanis left his best self at the Astros.

Denny shakes his head, hides a smile. Some of the players exchange nudges, grins. Yordanis glares at her.

STEF

Georgie -

GEORGIE

Yordanis doesn't want to play because he hasn't gotten so much as a base hit since he put on a Vipers uniform two weeks ago.

Yordanis stands, pushes past Stef, and towers over Georgie.

YORDANIS

Who the fuck are you?

GEORGIE

Me? Just a fan of the game. But, um, would you mind pointing your genitals in another direction? Your pants are so tight, I can tell what religion you are.

STEF

Georgie, stop -

Yordanis glowers. The crowd is delighted.

GEORGIE

Come on, a big bad slugger like you can't practice because he has a scratchy throat?

(a beat)

Yordanis Savón, the guy who looked like he was gonna be an all-time OBP leader, sidelined with tickly tonsils?

Yordanis clenches his fists.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Easy, tiger.

(a beat)

You know, if it was up to me, I'd dump your ass into free agency tomorrow and eat the millions for your contract. Vegas has more than enough divas without you.

Stef pulls Georgie by the arm. Yordanis glowers.

STEF

Enough. We gotta go.

As they pass, Denny holds out his hand to Stef, palm up.

DENNY

Pay up.

Groaning, Stef digs out some CASH and slaps it into Denny's hand. Georgie looks at them both, bewildered.

GEORGIE

What -

STEF

Come on, we'll be late.

CUT TO -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - SEATS / FIELD LEVEL - MORNING

Stef strides through the seats leading up to the Field Level corridor, Georgie at his heels.

GEORGIE

The hell was that?

STEF

Coach bet me you'd mix it up with Yordanis the first time you met him. I thought you'd manage to be a little more professional.

GEORGIE

Super fucking mature.

STEF

What the hell is wrong with you, anyway? Yordanis is the future of the franchise.

Georgie laughs. Two INSIDE SALES REPS, lounging in the seats, scramble to their feet as the Wilders pass.

GEORGIE

Maybe a year ago, but unless he can bust this slump, he's worthless.

STEF

He's a value add, and I was handling it.

GEORGIE

Yordanis is only as good as his last game. And he was handling *you*.

She pulls open the heavy utilitarian door that leads to the ACCESS STAIRS, and we CUT TO -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A modern, spacious room overlooking the field. There is no table; chairs are set up in rows facing one end of the room.

A small group of people has assembled, including HENRY 'HECK' STANNICK (60s, the largest minority shareholder of the board), Rennie, a number of LAWYERS, and ELENA (late 30s, Georgie's favorite of Thad's many ex-wives; her surrogate mother) with her daughter, SCOUT (10, Georgie's half-sister).

Stef takes a seat near the front, glad-handing along the way, but Georgie slips in next to Elena almost unnoticed. Georgie squeezes Elena's hand and flashes a smile at Scout, who smiles nervously back.

Stef nods to MITCH ORTIZ (50s, Thad's lawyer). Mitch stands and the murmur of conversation fades out.

MITCH

Thank you all for coming. Thad left very specific instructions for the distribution of his estate.

Mitch pulls a REMOTE from his pocket; a SCREEN descends, the lights dim and Thad's VIDEO WILL begins to play.

ON SCREEN: Thad sits behind the desk in his office.

THAD

If you're watching this, the unthinkable has happened. Your fearless leader has kicked the bucket, passed into the clearing, bit the dust.

(MORE)

THAD (CONT'D)

Use your favorite colloquialism: no matter how you spin it, I'm a dead man.

IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM: there are a few muffled chuckles, a few quiet sobs. Georgie is captivated by the screen. Stef looks bored, adjusts his tie.

THAD (CONT'D)

So. You're gathered here to see who gets what. That's natural, I'm a rich man known for my caprice. But enough with the foreplay. Mitch has all the paperwork, so I'll go through it quickly. I'm leaving trusts with \$15 million for each of my surviving children under 18...

Georgie's attention draws to the window, to the ONE PUFFY CLOUD that has somehow dared to survive the midday Vegas sun. She watches it move across the sky.

THAD (CONT'D)

...To my ex-wives, of which there are many: I leave some of you real estate, some of you cash, some of you both. Except for Elena, darling Elena - for you, there is nothing. You were the only one with the balls to divorce me, and for that, your punishment is severe. I'm leaving some of my mistresses more. Mitch has the details.

IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM: Georgie turns to Elena. Elena ducks low, trying to disappear.

THAD (CONT'D)

And now, for the main event: the distribution of my ownership shares in Renegade Management. It's never been my intention to split these up among my many heirs. I want the ownership to remain intact. My majority seat will go to my daughter, Georgiana Wilder.

IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM: It's suddenly deathly silent.

GEORGIE

Wait. What?

Stef stands, all sense of decorum lost.

STEF

I think there's been a mistake -

HECK

Hold it, just hold on a damn minute!

MITCH

If everyone would calm down and let the video finish -

ON SCREEN: Thad continues as though oblivious of the bomb he just detonated in the conference room.

THAD

...sell the team to the party of her choice, or she has to keep it for a full year. Georgie is also the beneficiary on my 100 million dollar life insurance policy -

Rennie stands, suddenly every inch the evil stepmother.

RENNIE

This is a fucking outrage!

Stef slumps, looking sick. Georgie sits back, head spinning.

THAD

...The parking lot rights and their approximate 10 million in annual income go to my adopted son, Stefon Wilder. I think that's all. Thank you for attending my Ted talk.

On screen, Thad winks. He holds for a few beats.

THAD (CONT'D)

And Stef -

But then the video stops. And all hell breaks loose.

Rennie COLLAPSES in a swoon so perfectly executed it can't be real. People RUSH to her side.

STEF

Wait, wait, it sounded like there was more. Keep playing -

MITCH

I'm sorry, that's all there is -

The many LAWYERS take to their cell phones, murmuring quickly to various clients on the other end.

Georgie looks around, dazed, as Rennie sits up, revived. Her voice cuts through the chaos.

RENNIE

I intend to challenge the will. Why would he leave it all to **her?**

The din dies down and everyone turns to look at Georgie.

MITCH

Oh, that's right, there's one more thing for Georgie.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out the RING Thad had been wearing in the video and hands it to Georgie.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Thad's 1955 Brooklyn Dodgers World Series ring.

RENNIE

Don't give her anything.

MITCH

Rennie, it's what Thad wanted.

RENNIE

We'll see about that.

Rennie storms out, SLAMMING the glass door behind her. The reverberation seems to go on and on.

Georgie, still in shock, stares down at the ring, then looks up and meets Stef's eyes. They both look away, uncomfortable.

EXT. RENEGADE STADIUM - LOADING DOCK - LATER

Georgie pushes through the door into the bright afternoon sunlight. A slow smile spreads across her face.

GEORGIE

Holy. Fuck. Holy FUCK!

She jumps up and down, experiencing an intense, private joy.

A hair-netted CONCESSIONS KID (late teens) languidly smokes a cigarette and watches her. She doesn't notice.

Then, her PHONE buzzes. Georgie looks at the screen. A TEXT from Aranya: **"Shipment is here. Where the fuck are you?"**

Georgie considers the implications. Deflates.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Suddenly, she SPIKES her phone. The screen cracks. The Concessions Kid laughs.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Something funny?

CONCESSIONS KID

Kind of, yeah.

Georgie studies him.

GEORGIE

You got anything I could snort?

CONCESSIONS KID

That's a fucked up thing to ask.

GEORGIE

Do you?

CONCESSIONS KID

I got whippets in the kitchen. But my cousin could get you coke.

GEORGIE

Cool.

CUT TO -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - STEF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

FIND Stef, dazed and shellshocked, sitting in his office. Sounds are muffled, overtaken by a discordant RINGING.

Heck sits across from Stef, talking at Stef's speakerphone. He turns to Stef, says something, but Stef can't make it out.

Stef shakes his head, blinks, and tries to focus.

STEF

Sorry, Heck, I missed that.

Heck gestures to the speakerphone.

HECK

I said, what do you think Georgie will do? What should the board be preparing for?

Stef nods, playing at confidence.

STEF

She'll sell. She doesn't want the headache of running the team.

MALE BOARD MEMBER (V.O.)

If she stays, can we get her on board with our plans?

STEF

Georgie isn't controllable. She's too strong-willed. I'm telling you, she'll sell.

(a beat)

She'll sell to me, that is.

FEMALE BOARD MEMBER (V.O.)

Do you have the assets to make that purchase?

Stef licks his lips - his tell.

STEF

Well, I'm not quite Major League Baseball ownership liquid at the moment, but if the board would be willing to give me a loan -

HECK

No, sorry son, gonna stop you right there. I don't think that would be appropriate. You understand.

Stef raises his brows, surprised. Then forces his face back to neutral. He understands. The battle lines are being drawn.

STEF

No, of course not. That wasn't right of me to ask. Apologies.

(a beat)

Because Georgie could sell to anyone, right? It wouldn't have to be me. It could be, say, another board member.

HECK

That's right. So we can't play favorites, even if we wanted to.

He grins at Stef, who nods slowly back.

HECK (CONT'D)

Now, let's talk contingency. What the hell are we gonna do if she decides to stay?

The RINGING in Stef's ears picks back up. It's time for him to start making his own contingency plans.

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - DEB'S DESK - SAME TIME

INDIRA SINHA (20s), a team accountant, paces outside Thad's office. Deb's desk is empty; Indira looks at the door.

INDIRA
I don't know what to do!

Deb comes around the corner, a steaming cup of tea in hand. She looks at Indira as she sits down.

DEB
What's your problem?

Indira rushes to Deb. Deb holds up a hand, sips her tea.

INDIRA
I really need to speak with Georgie. Ms. Wilder, I mean. The owner of the team.

DEB
Well, I don't work for Ms. Wilder.

INDIRA
But...

Just then, Stef approaches.

STEF
(to Deb)
She busy?

Deb shrugs, sips her tea.

INDIRA
Mr. Wilder, could I please speak to you about an urgent matter?

STEF
Sorry, now's a bad time.

Stef steps into Thad's office, shutting the door behind him.

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - THAD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Georgie sits behind Thad's desk, fixated on the locked drawer.

She's trying fruitlessly to pry it open with a letter opener as Stef enters. She looks up guiltily, then relaxes, laughs.

GEORGIE

I keep thinking dad is gonna walk in here and yell at me for messing with his stuff.

STEF

What are you doing?

GEORGIE

This drawer is locked.

STEF

So?

GEORGIE

Why do you think there are no pictures of me in here?

STEF

Are you fucking kidding? You ran away and didn't talk to anyone for two years. Maybe we all had some issues with that.

Georgie accepts this, but isn't satisfied. She stands, walks to the MINI BAR, pours herself a whiskey.

GEORGIE

Drink?

STEF

No. We need to talk about what's happening here -

Georgie takes a sip, looks at him mildly.

GEORGIE

You mean, with the team.

STEF

(explodes)

Of course with the fucking team!

GEORGIE

Jeez, man. Chill.

Stef takes a deep breath, tries to.

STEF

Okay. Sorry. This is just - a lot.

GEORGIE

What do you think I should do with the life insurance policy? I can't keep it, it feels too much like blood money.

STEF

What? I don't know. Do what you want with it.

Georgie looks down at the field, troubled.

GEORGIE

I know he left trusts for all the kids, but he fucked Elena over and wasn't exactly generous to his other ex-wives.

STEF

Georgie. I don't care. I want to talk about the ownership shares.

GEORGIE

Let me guess, you think I should sell them to you.

STEF

It's what's best for the team.

GEORGIE

But if that's what Dad thought was best for the team, wouldn't he have just left you the shares?

STEF

Obviously, Dad wasn't thinking clearly. You can't even manage your own life, and you expect to manage the Vipers?

This touches a nerve.

GEORGIE

I didn't ask for this! I don't **want** any of this, I sure as hell don't want to be here -

There's a KNOCK at the door. Heck sticks his head in.

HECK

Sorry to interrupt. Was wondering if I could take a minute of your time, Georgie.

(MORE)

HECK (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Alone.

GEORGIE

Sure.

Georgie takes Stef by the elbow, walks him out. Heck ENTERS.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

(to Stef)

We'll talk about this later. Okay?

Stef goes, annoyed. Georgie turns to find Heck in Thad's office chair, feet on the desk, hands behind his head.

HECK

I always wanted to know what it felt like to sit on the throne.

He laughs, then stands. He gestures to the chair.

HECK (CONT'D)

My lady.

Georgie ignores this. She takes a seat on the couch. Heck follows, sits at the other end.

GEORGIE

Heck. How can I help you?

HECK

Actually, I wanted to see how I could help you. This must all be a little - overwhelming.

Georgie gives him a small smile, a shrug of the shoulders.

GEORGIE

There's a lot happening at once, that's for sure.

HECK

Ain't that the truth! Now, I know you must be thinking of selling... There's no reason a girl like you needs to be tied down like this, at your time of life.

Georgie maintains her poker face, giving nothing away.

HECK (CONT'D)

You're probably thinking about selling to Stef... well, I hate to say it, but...

(MORE)

HECK (CONT'D)

he might not be the right fit.
Besides, he doesn't have the cash
to make the bid.

GEORGIE

How much would you say the shares
are worth?

HECK

On the open market? Oh, I'd say
close to 1.4 billion.

Georgie gasps. She hadn't really considered the money.

HECK (CONT'D)

But myself and the board would like
to keep the business in the family,
so to speak. In that interest, I'd
personally be willing to sweeten
the deal.

GEORGIE

How much?

HECK

1.7 Billion.
(a beat)
You'd never work another day in
your life. Hell, your great-great-
grandkids would never have to work.

Georgie's face, gone pale at the mention of all that money,
finds its way back to its pleasant, resting state.

GEORGIE

Well, that's quite an offer. I'll
give it my full consideration.

She stands. Heck, a little off-kilter, stands too. He turns
to go, then turns back.

HECK

The funeral is still a few days
away, but we're having a little
memorial at the casino tonight, to
celebrate the man in style.

GEORGIE

I'm supposed to be on the last
flight out -

HECK
(laughs)
Doesn't seem like that's gonna
happen, does it?

PRE-LAP AUDIO - the sound of a slurping straw, rattling ice,
and - is that a Reggae cover of a Sinatra song?

CUT TO -

INT. TIKI DOM'S - AFTERNOON

Stef sits alone in a massive red leather booth at a bizarre
tiki-meets-Italian restaurant. Reggae-Sinatra plays through
the overhead speakers. Stef's hand shakes as he picks up his
plastic cup, takes another sip.

TIKI DOM (50s, a chubby, red-faced Jersey Italian) and HABIBI
(50s, slim, straight-laced, Middle Eastern) slide in across
from Stef, incongruous in matching Hawaiian shirts.

TIKI DOM
Stefano, my boy!

Stef smiles, takes Dom's outstretched hand, squeezes it.

STEF
Thanks for seeing me on such short
notice.

HABIBI
Anything for our godson. How are
you holding up, habibi?

STEF
Good, good... I'm... yeah.
(a beat)
I need some help. You two were
Dad's oldest friends... and most
generous investors. I need a loan.
A big one.

Tiki Dom and Habibi exchange a look.

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - DUGOUT - SAME TIME

Yordanis TEXTS on his phone, chuckling at something. Georgie
watches him, hands on hips, clearly irritated.

GEORGIE
Hello? Yordanis? You wanted to see
me, remember?

Yordanis puts his phone down. Looks her up and down.

YORDANIS

I was just texting my agent. I was telling him I don't like the idea of the team's new... ownership.

GEORGIE

Wow, well, that's sexist.

YORDANIS

Lo siento, it's not women I have a problem with. It's you.

(a beat)

You don't know how to handle your assets.

Georgie crosses her arms and smiles. Amused.

GEORGIE

I think I've got a pretty good handle on things, actually.

YORDANIS

So you're not gonna apologize?

GEORGIE

I don't apologize for things I'm not sorry for.

(a beat)

I expect you're still sick, and won't be practicing today?

Yordanis puts his fist to his mouth.

YORDANIS

Cough, cough.

CUT TO -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - CLUBHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Manager, Denny, jogs to catch up to Georgie.

DENNY

Hey, Georgie, got a sec?

She turns, smiles.

GEORGIE

You deserve a raise for babysitting that man-child back there.

DENNY

Don't I know it.

(a beat)

So, listen... I appreciate the interest you're taking in the team, but your dad and I had a deal. He didn't interfere with my work, and I didn't interfere with his. That okay with you?

Georgie shrugs.

GEORGIE

Works for me. But you'll probably have to take it up with the next owner, if you catch my drift.

CUT TO -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - CORRIDOR / ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Georgie waits for the elevator. Mitch, the lawyer, spots her, beelines toward her.

MITCH

I've been looking all over for you. There's paperwork you need to sign to take ownership of the team.

GEORGIE

Whoa, slow down. Who says I'm keeping the team?

MITCH

Either way, you need to accept ownership. You can't sell the team until it's officially yours.

Georgie mashes the elevator button.

MITCH (CONT'D)

We should also talk about getting your will set up ASAP, just in case something happens to you while we're sorting out all the details -

The elevator arrives. Georgie gets in and pushes the button for Club Level. Mitch looks apologetic.

GEORGIE

Jesus, Mitch.

The doors close. As the elevator rises, a WELCOME VIDEO begins to play on the monitor in the corner.

ON THE MONITOR: Thad stands in the middle of the field.

THAD

Welcome to Renegade Stadium, home
of your World Series Champions, the
Las Vegas Vipers!

Georgie looks at the screen, irritated, then looks away.

THAD (CONT'D)

For me, the Vipers are more than
just a baseball team. This team is
my family, the stadium my home. So
welcome to my house. Try not to
spill any beer on the carpet, eh?

Thad WINKS. Georgie snorts.

THAD (CONT'D)

We couldn't do any of it without
you, the fans. So kick back, relax,
and enjoy the game!

Then, the elevator LURCHES, the lights dim, the gears grind.
The elevator is stuck. But the video keeps playing.

GEORGIE

No, no, no, no -

She PUSHES the buttons. Nothing happens.

THAD

Welcome to Renegade Stadium, home
of your World Series Champions, the
Las Vegas Vipers!

GEORGIE

Fuck.

She pulls her CELL from her pocket, dials the OFFICE.

DEB (V.O.)

Hello?

GEORGIE

Deb? It's Georgie. I'm stuck in the
elevator behind home plate.

DEB (V.O.)

And?

Georgie, losing her temper.

GEORGIE

And I would like for you to send someone over and get me the fuck out of this dangling metal box as soon as humanly possible, PLEASE.

DEB (V.O.)

No need to take that tone. I'll call maintenance.

Deb hangs up.

THAD

We couldn't do any of it without you, the fans. So kick back, relax, and enjoy the game!

GEORGIE

Christ.

THAD

Welcome to Renegade Stadium, home of your World Series Champions, the Las Vegas Vipers!

GEORGIE

Why are you doing this? Why didn't you just leave the team to Stef?

THAD

For me, the Vipers are more than just a baseball team. This team is my family, the stadium my home.

Georgie paces, running her fingers through her hair.

GEORGIE

Your family? **Your** home? This was MY family, too, dad, until you fucking ruined it all -

THAD

So welcome to my house. Try not to spill any beer on the carpet, eh?

GEORGIE

Why won't you just let me go?

THAD

We couldn't do any of it without you -

GEORGIE

FUCK!

CUT TO -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - FRONT OFFICE - AFTERNOON

TWO MAINTENANCE MEN stand outside the elevator doors. They close up the CONTROL PANEL, push the button, and smile with relief as the mechanisms rumble and the car rises.

The door opens. Georgie steps out, smoothes her hair.

GEORGIE

Thanks.

She strides off. The men peer in, see that the monitor screen is cracked, frozen on an image of Thad's grinning face.

The EMERGENCY PHONE dangles, dial tone buzzing.

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - THAD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Elena and Scout wait for Georgie inside.

GEORGIE

Sorry I'm late, I was stuck in a waking nightmare -

ELENA

It's fine. We were watching practice.

Scout runs to the window.

SCOUT

Did you see how the grass is all brown and dead near the pitcher's mound?

GEORGIE

Is it? Weird. I bet sometimes that just happens naturally.

SCOUT

Nope, the groundskeepers said it only happens when someone doesn't follow the rules, and -

Georgie walks to the mini bar, opens herself a BEER.

GEORGIE

Get you ladies something?

ELENA

Actually, we should get going.
Scout has to practice her violin.

SCOUT

I wanna stay and hang with Georgie.

Georgie musses her hair.

GEORGIE

I want that too, kiddo. But your
mom's right, that violin isn't
gonna play itself.

(to Elena, sotto)

But also, I need your advice. I
feel like I'm drowning?

ELENA

(to Scout)

Honey, go see if Deb will let you
call China.

Scout tears out of the room.

GEORGIE

It's like I have a million pound
weight around my neck -

ELENA

You can do this. I know you thought
Thad didn't believe in you -

GEORGIE

He didn't, he **told** me he didn't -

ELENA

But he did.

GEORGIE

(panicky)

I don't want to be here. I can't
handle this fucking team decision,
and I just want to give you and
Scout all the insurance money.

Elena gives her a look.

ELENA

You can't do that. It would invite
too many questions.

GEORGIE

Fuck. I know. Will you handle it all for me? And I can skip town tonight, as planned?

ELENA

Nope.

(a beat, embarrassed)

You know you could always come stay with me. The house isn't what it used to be, but -

GEORGIE

I'd just get in your way. I can figure myself out for one night.

ELENA

Honey, you'd never be in my way.

Georgie smiles, means it.

GEORGIE

I appreciate that. But I'm good.

ELENA

So... see you tomorrow?

A weighted beat as Georgie considers.

GEORGIE

Ugh. Yes. Thank you for being the best, most annoying step-mom.

CUT TO -

INT. THE ELYRIAN HOTEL & CASINO - BATHROOM / CLUB - NIGHT

FIND GEORGIE in a super swanky, mirrored bathroom. We can hear MUSIC bumping outside, but it's muffled in here.

She leans down, snorts COCAINE off of the World Series Ring, which is massively oversized on her thumb.

She looks up at herself in the mirror for a beat, then opens the door and steps out into a CLUB, decked out in VIPERS COLORS and BLOWN-UP IMAGES of Thad for his Memorial evening.

The music is LOUD, the room packed. GO-GO DANCERS shimmy in cages that dangle from the ceiling. COCKTAIL WAITRESSES in skimpy ballgirl outfits do the rounds. It's excessive, in poor taste - and exactly how Thad would've wanted it.

Georgie enters the fray.

INT. THE ELYRIAN - HIGH STAKES TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Stef watches a high stakes POKER GAME in the back of the room. The music is quieter, the vibe more serious.

Heck approaches, claps a hand on Stef's shoulder.

HECK

Hope you're not thinking about buying into this game with that money I loaned you.

STEF

It's not your business what I do with it.

HECK

It is when I'm still waiting to be paid back.

Stef's PHONE buzzes. He checks it. There's a message from TIKI DOM: **"Money is in your account."**

Stef looks up, grins.

STEF

I'm feeling lucky. Who knows, maybe you'll get your cash back tonight.

Off Stef, the gambling addict's gleam in his eye -

EXT. THE ELYRIAN - ROOFTOP BAR - LATER

Georgie stands at the balcony railing, ten stories up. She scrolls through some TEXTS on the cracked screen of her phone from that International Number: **"Stop ignoring me" "We had a deal" "Don't fuck with me" "You know I don't play nice" "Where the fuck are you??"**

With a sigh, she slips the phone into her pocket. After a glance around to make sure she's unobserved, she dumps more COCAINE onto the Ring, bends to snort, and the ring SLIPS off her finger and over the railing into a clump of greenery.

GEORGIE

Shit.

She leans over the railing, reaching for the ring. She secures it, but she begins to tip... she loses her balance, starting to tumble...

A pair of strong hands grab her by the waist and set her upright. She shakes herself free.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

EXCUSE me -

She turns to see her rescuer. HUNTER BARKLEY (early 20s, a corn-fed Midwesterner) smiles at her.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

You can't just go around grabbing women without their consent.

HUNTER

You were about to fall ten stories into traffic. I thought it was worth the risk.

GEORGIE

I was fine.

HUNTER

Sure. My bad.
(a beat)
Hey, do you wanna dance?

GEORGIE

Isn't this some kind of memorial?

HUNTER

I've never seen strippers at a memorial before.

He holds out his hand, an invitation. With a wicked smile, she takes it, allows herself to be led inside.

INT. THE ELYRIAN - HIGH STAKES TABLE - SAME TIME

Stef looks at his cards. 5, 2 off suit. His STACK OF CHIPS is noticeably smaller than those of the OTHER PLAYERS. Sweating, Stef licks his lips.

STEF

All in.

POKER PLAYER

Call.

STEF

Fuck. **Fuck.**

He tosses his cards in disgust. The Other Players grin, jeer. As Stef stands, he notices Georgie on the dance floor with Hunter. His frown deepens.

INT. THE ELYRIAN - SAME TIME

Georgie and Hunter bump and grind, Ibiza-style. As she whirls, she clocks a GUY (40s, in a nice suit) weaving through the crowd toward her. She stiffens as he approaches.

He gets close to her, but before he can speak, she grabs his TIE and begins tightening it around his throat.

HUNTER

What the -

GEORGIE

(to the Guy)

Did Aranya send you?

He sputters, can't breathe, is choking. After a moment, Georgie lets go. The Guy massages his throat.

GUY

No. Jesus.

(coughs)

Heck asked if you'd come talk to him for a minute.

GEORGIE

Oh. Shit. Sorry.

With an 'oops' look at Hunter, she follows the Guy.

INT. THE ELYRIAN - PRIVATE LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

We find Georgie and Heck alone in a dimly lit opulent lounge.

Heck sits on a plush velvet couch, pours two glasses of champagne. Georgie perches on the arm of a nearby chair, ready to take wing.

Heck hands Georgie her glass. She downs it in a gulp. He reaches for the glass, pours her another measure.

HECK

Have you given any more thought to my offer?

GEORGIE

I haven't, not really. There's been a lot going on.

HECK

I don't want to pressure you to make a decision, but... my offer's not going to be good forever.

GEORGIE

Why, does money go bad or something?

HECK

You always were a clever kid. But offers always have time limits. That's what makes them valuable.

Georgie stands to go.

GEORGIE

Is that all?

HECK

Come on, Georgie. A girl like you knows how the world works.

GEORGIE

What kind of girl am I?

HECK

Thad told me what happened. Why you left in the first place.

Georgie flushes. A beat.

GEORGIE

You want to fuck me, don't you?

Heck chokes on his drink.

HECK

'Scuse me?

GEORGIE

You'd like to bend me over this couch and fuck me right now, wouldn't you?

A beat, Heck stammers.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

My God, don't answer that. This is a metaphor, Heck, try to keep up.

(a beat)

But I refuse to be a good girl and part my proverbial legs for you, so what happens next?

(another beat)

That one's a real question, in case you're keeping score.

Heck's face reddens to an alarming shade of puce.

HECK

If you can't see that selling to me is your best option, you're an even bigger fool than your father thought you were.

GEORGIE

I imagine that you, like my father, will struggle to understand that some people just aren't that motivated by money. The way I see it, cash is only valuable as a means to an end.

HECK

And what end is that?

GEORGIE

Autonomy.

Georgie turns on her heel, drops the glass of champagne. It SHATTERS on the hard wood floor. She goes.

INT. HUNTER'S CONDO - MORNING

Georgie wakes up bleary-eyed, tangled in a web of blankets. She follows a loud SNORE to its source in bed next to her. Hunter lies on his back, face peaceful.

She GROANS, lays back, covers her face with the sheets, then sits up, studies him for a moment, gives a grudging smile.

Georgie eases out of bed and back into her clothes. She sees Hunter's VAPE PEN on the nightstand, palms it, PUFFS, and sticks it in her pocket.

She sneaks out without a look back.

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - STEF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Stef at his desk. He shakes out five ASPIRIN, dry swallows.

Yordanis paces, tossing a baseball from hand to hand.

YORDANIS

(in quick Spanish)

I don't know what to do, I want to play but I keep fucking up -

STEF

No hablo Español. You know that.

YORDANIS

Sí, sorry.

Yordanis sits, but his knee bounces. Agitated.

STEF

What's up?

YORDANIS

Nothing. Your sister -
(a beat)
Nothing.

STEF

Yeah, my sister.

YORDANIS

You don't think she'd do it, do
you? Cut me loose?

Stef considers. Time to start making his own plays.

STEF

Yeah, man. I think she might.

Yordanis looks worried.

STEF (CONT'D)

I mean, I got your back, of course.
I'm gonna do everything in my power
to make sure that doesn't happen.

YORDANIS

But she's the owner, she makes
those calls -

STEF

She's gonna sell the team to me.
And I would never cut you. You're
the future of the franchise.

YORDANIS

Yeah, but...

STEF

You can help me speed things up,
get her off both our backs. I
just... I need you to throw the
game tonight.

YORDANIS

Why? How will that help?

STEF

Georgie doesn't want to do the hard work to get the team back on top. She'll sell. Trust me. No one knows Georgie like I do.

Off Yordanis, looking unsure -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - CLINIC - MORNING

Georgie sits on an EXAM TABLE in the medical clinic in the bowels of the stadium. It's not a private room - eight tables are set apart in the space.

DR. JESSICA LEU (30s), team physician, bustles in.

GEORGIE

Jess!

DR. JESS

I was hoping you'd find your way down here before you skipped town.

GEORGIE

I was supposed to be gone already -

DR. JESS

I always knew you'd be the one.

GEORGIE

Well, that makes one of us.

(a beat)

So, I left my birth control pills in Ibiza...

DR. JESS

And, let me guess, you went home with some guy last night.

Georgie winks at her, shoots her a finger gun.

GEORGIE

This is why I love you. You get me.

Dr. Jess scribbles out a prescription. Then, the DOOR opens and Hunter walks in. Georgie stiffens.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

HUNTER

I can explain -

GEORGIE
Are you stalking me?

Dr. Jess looks from Georgie to Hunter, then starts laughing.

DR. JESS
Is this the guy from last night?

GEORGIE
(to Jess)
Yes.
(to Hunter)
Wait.
(to herself)
Fuck.

DR. JESS
Georgie, this is Hunter Barkley.
One of the Vipers relief pitchers.
(to Georgie, sotto)
I'm surprised you didn't know that.

GEORGIE
(sotto)
I'm sorry I didn't memorize the 40
man roster.

DR. JESS
I'll give you two a minute.

She strides off. Hunter approaches, charmingly sheepish.

GEORGIE
You knew who I was, didn't you?

HUNTER
Guilty.

GEORGIE
And you thought - what?

HUNTER
That I saw a pretty girl about to
fall to her death. That's all.

GEORGIE
Uh huh.

HUNTER
I swear, I never do this kind of
thing.

Dr. Jess pokes her head back into the room.

DR. JESS

He's lying. I'm ordering STD tests
for both of you.

Off Georgie, half amused, half irritated.

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - DEB'S DESK - SAME TIME

Indira sits outside Thad's office, clasping and unclasping
her hands. Georgie approaches. Indira springs to her feet.

INDIRA

Georgie! I mean, Ms. Wilder, hi, I
don't know if you remember me -

GEORGIE

It's, um - Indira, right?

INDIRA

Wow, you're sweet to remember, I'm
terrible with names, and it's been
like, two years since -

GEORGIE

I can't chat right now. We'll catch
up later, okay?

She breezes into her office and closes the door on Indira.

INDIRA

Shit.

CUT TO -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - THAD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Georgie finds Elena inside the office, going through Thad's
desk. Elena jumps when Georgie enters. Georgie smiles.

GEORGIE

You don't happen to have a key for
that locked drawer, do you?

ELENA

Hi, honey. No, I don't.

GEORGIE

What are you looking for?

Elena sighs. Sits in Thad's chair.

ELENA

God, I don't even know.

Georgie walks to the mini bar, pours two shots of whiskey. She delivers one to Elena, collapses on the couch.

GEORGIE

Welcome to the club.

ELENA

How are you handling all of this?

GEORGIE

You mean the death of my estranged father and the subsequent upheaval of the life I'd tried to build for myself far from the confines of this faithless city in the middle of the desert?

Suddenly, the door FLIES open and Victor, the head groundskeeper marches in, brandishing a PHOTO.

VICTOR

It was you!

ELENA

Excuse me?

GEORGIE

It was me, he means me.

Victor puts the photo on the desk. It's a still from security footage very clearly showing Georgie peeing on the infield.

VICTOR

Just because you're the boss now it doesn't give you the right to use my ball field as your own personal **piss pot** -

GEORGIE

And just what gives **you** the right to barge into **my** office?

Victor looks around like he doesn't remember how he got here.

VICTOR

Oh. Shit. Am I fired?

GEORGIE

No. But you will be taking mandatory sensitivity training.

(MORE)

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

(a beat)
Is that all?

VICTOR

Yes, ma'am.

He turns, goes. Elena turns to Georgie with raised brows.

ELENA

What's your endgame here?

Georgie slides onto her back, looks up at the ceiling.

GEORGIE

Half of me wants to keep the team just to spite Stef, and the other half wants me to sell it to Heck just to spite Thad.

ELENA

I think you would be very good at this job.

GEORGIE

I don't **want** this job.

ELENA

What do you want?

GEORGIE

Elena, please, don't therapize me -

ELENA

You're looking at this like Thad was punishing you somehow by giving you the team. What if he was just giving you what you want for once?

GEORGIE

That's not how Dad operates -

ELENA

Maybe you need to be here.

GEORGIE

This place is toxic.

ELENA

It would be different with you in charge. You used to love it. Maybe you could again.

Georgie leans up to take a sip of her drink and SPILLS it all over herself. Defeated, she lies back down.

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - BATTING CAGES - LATER

FIND Georgie in the batting cage underneath the stadium, helmet on, eyes narrowed in concentration.

The THWOCK of the automatic pitching machine relaxes her - until the ball WHIZZES out and she swings with fury, SHOUTING with satisfaction as her bat connects.

Stef comes down the hall, watches her swing for a beat.

STEF

Hey.

Another pitch is up - Georgie swings, whiffs. Swears.

STEF (CONT'D)

I can't imagine you actually want to stay and manage the day-to-day bullshit. This is my dream. I know it used to be yours, too, but you don't want this anymore - right?

Georgie, off her rhythm, misses again.

STEF (CONT'D)

I can get you 20 million in cash today, and I've got financing for the rest. And you could ride off into the sunset, knowing the team is in good hands. Please. I know you don't want to be here. I don't know what happened between you and dad that made you leave, but -

Georgie swings, tips it. The ball almost clips her.

GEORGIE

This isn't a great time to talk.

STEF

He was worried about you. He didn't like you being on your own, cut off, financially unstable. I bet that's why he left you the ownership. For the big payday.

Georgie SLAMS her bat to the ground. It clatters, rattles. She marches over to the fence, grasps it with both hands.

GEORGIE

Oh, Dad made it VERY clear to me that he didn't think I was cut out to run things.

(MORE)

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

I'm too emotional, too soft, too much of a girl. Incapable of making the hard decisions that come with ownership.

She's breathing hard. The machine continues to spit pitches, which smack the back of the cage with a jarring THUD.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Why does Dad have a locked desk drawer? Where's the fucking key?

STEF

You know Dad. Always kept his secrets close.

Stef reaches for her, brushing her fingers. Georgie recoils, steps back. Stef looks at his hands, stung.

The THWOCK-THUD of the un-hit balls carries us into -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - THAD'S OFFICE - LATER

Georgie stands at the window, looks down at the field. The grounds crew is spraying the brown patch by the pitcher's mound with different shades of paint, trying to match the bright green of the infield grass. Victor gestures up toward Georgie's office angrily.

She pours herself a large measure of whiskey, then sits down at Thad's desk. RATTLES the locked drawer.

Mitch ENTERS with a thick FOLDER full of DOCUMENTS. He places them in front of her.

Georgie wipes her sweaty palms on her lap. Mitch fidgets.

MITCH

You just sign on the flagged pages.

GEORGIE

I know how this works, Mitch.

Mitch holds up his hands in surrender. Georgie takes a deep breath, picks up a pen - and puts it down again.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

When can I expect the life insurance check?

MITCH

I've already submitted the death certificate, but those fuckers will hem and haw for as long as possible before coughing up the cash.

GEORGIE

Soon?

MITCH

I'll press.

GEORGIE

I'd like to split the money between my former stepmothers. But with contracts, you know, strings attached. They cash the checks and they waive all further claims against the estate.

MITCH

Now that's a move that would've made your dad proud.

Georgie grimaces. She picks up the pen. Puts it down again.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Georgie, please -

GEORGIE

Fuck. All right, all right.

She picks up the pen, begins to sign.

INT. CASINO - SPORTSBOOK - EVENING

Stef walks past the TOWERING WALL of screens at the Sportsbook, each playing a different game, and up to the betting window. He's wearing a BALL CAP, pulled low.

STEF

Hi. I'd like a million on the Vipers to lose tonight.

He smiles, confident. Close to victory.

INT. OWNER'S SUITE / EXT. BALCONY - EVENING

We find Georgie in the middle of fun chaos in the Owner's Suite. The WINDOWS are open, the crowd noise filters in.

The room is full of people, Elena, Scout, a few of her other EX-STEP-MOMS and their KIDS (her half-siblings), and various RELATIVES, freshly arrived for Thad's upcoming funeral. Georgie pulls Elena aside.

GEORGIE

Have you seen Stef?

Elena shakes her head no. Just then, Rennie - tiny purse fox in tow - stomps in, brandishing a LETTER.

RENNIE

Where the FUCK is Georgie?

(beat)

A cease-and-desist in exchange for a million dollars? One fucking lousy million dollars? I was his **wife** -

GEORGIE

Let's talk outside.

She takes Rennie by the elbow, but Rennie shakes her off.

RENNIE

Is this some kind of joke?

GEORGIE

I'm going to say this as gently as I can, because I assume your grief has driven you crazy -

Rennie snorts at this. Georgie ignores it.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out of here before I call security. I have truly had enough of your shit.

Rennie gives her a shocked, injured look. Then goes. Georgie finds Elena on the balcony and sits down next to her.

ELENA

She's going to be a problem.

GEORGIE

Not mine. I'm selling to Stef.

She looks outside just in time to see Yordanis STRIKE OUT.

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Yordanis slinks back into the dugout. He kicks at the pile of bats, knocking them down, scattering his teammates.

YORDANIS

Fuck!

He sits, head in hands. Not entirely certain whether he's playing badly on purpose, or if he can't shake this funk.

INT. CASINO - LOBBY - SAME TIME

Heck watches Stef settle in at the Sportsbook bar. He takes out his phone, makes a call.

HECK

Kennedy -

INTERCUT -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - PRESS BOX - EVENING

Kennedy Alston (the sports reporter) puts a finger in her opposite ear, the better to hear Heck.

KENNEDY

Heck? Are you here? I'm in the press box, but I can meet you -

HECK

No, I'm offsite tonight.

KENNEDY

I was hoping to get an exclusive. You must have been shocked as hell when she inherited.

HECK

She's a liability. God only knows what she's been up to for the past two years, but she ain't the same kid she used to be. And, word is she's gonna cut Savón loose.

KENNEDY

What? If he can straighten things out, he's Hall-of-Fame bound -

HECK

Between you and me, she seems determined to destroy her dad's legacy. Some kinda vendetta, maybe.

KENNEDY

(disappointed)

So this is all off the record?

HECK

You can quote me anonymously.

CUT TO -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - NIGHT

Yordanis in left field, drops an easy fly.

INTERCUT -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - OWNER'S SUITE

Georgie watches Yordanis from the suite.

GEORGIE

Fuck! Come on, Yordanis.

Scout tugs on her sleeve.

SCOUT

Georgie, take a selfie with me.

Georgie obliges.

INTERCUT -

INT. CASINO - SPORTSBOOK - SAME TIME

Stef watches Yordanis FUMBLE for the ball. Stef fist pumps.

STEF

Hell yeah!

IN THE SUITE: Georgie catches popcorn in her mouth, tossed by THAD JR (7, another half-sibling).

ANNOUNCER

Now pitching, Hunter Barkley.

Georgie smiles a quiet, private smile at his name.

ON THE FIELD: Yordanis catches a bouncing ground ball, relieved to have done something right. Then he **OVERTHROWS** to second, fucking up an easy double play.

IN THE SUITE: Georgie stands and abruptly exits.

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Georgie **WEAVES** through the crowd of Vipers fans queueing to order their last beer of the game. Her face is set, angry.

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - DUGOUT - MOMENTS LATER

We find Georgie standing with Denny, not quite out of earshot of the **OTHER PLAYERS**.

DENNY

You said you'd respect my turf -

GEORGIE

This is bullshit, Denny, he's throwing the game -

DENNY

He's having a bad night, they all get into slumps -

GEORGIE

I want you to pull him.

DENNY

I won't do that.

GEORGIE

I'm not sure why no one around here seems to understand this, so let me put it plainly. This is my fucking team. And you work for me.

Denny crosses his arms, leans back against the dugout wall.

DENNY

I won't pull him in the middle of an inning. Your dad trusted me to do what's best for this ball team -

GEORGIE

Fuck my dad. And fuck you, too.

Denny watches with sullen awe as she steps onto the field.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)
(to the umpire)
Ump! Time!

CUT TO -

INT. CASINO - SPORTSBOOK - SAME TIME

Stef watches in fascination as Georgie runs into the outfield, out of place with her long hair and high heels.

STEF
What the fuck are you doing?

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
Well, this is unusual. Is that -
who *is* that?

INTERCUT -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - NIGHT

Georgie steps briskly out to Yordanis in left. As she passes the PLAYERS ON THE FIELD, they all gape at her.

She shields her eyes from the glare of the stadium lights. The crowd MURMURS loudly in confusion and speculation. Yordanis looks away as she approaches.

IN THE SPORTSBOOK: Stef watches in shocked disbelief.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
We're being told that the woman on the field is Georgiana Wilder, the newly minted owner of the Vipers. And - my God - is she *pulling* Savón? In the middle of an inning?
(laughs)
This is not something you see every day, folks.

STEF
Jesus. Georgie, you idiot.

ON THE FIELD: Yordanis holds his MITT to his mouth.

YORDANIS
If you make me run off this field behind you like I'm your fucking dog, I will never play another game for this team.

GEORGIE

Is that supposed to scare me?

YORDANIS

It's not supposed to do nothing,
I'm just telling you how it is.

Georgie considers him. Reads the fear in his eyes.

GEORGIE

What the fuck, Yordanis?

YORDANIS

You're asking ME that? Standing on
the field in the middle of a game
on national FUCKING television?

Georgie glances up at the NEARBY FANS in the stands. JEERS
and CATCALLS start to sound through the stadium.

She looks back at Yordanis. Loses her resolve.

GEORGIE

Fine. Keep fucking up your
reputation. You're only hurting
yourself. Don't you get that?

YORDANIS

Hey, you know what? Fuck you.

A beat. Georgie chews back a retort. She turns and casually
jogs off the field. Mingled "boos!" and cheers follow her.

Denny stands on the field, outside the dugout. Georgie walks
past him without a word, and back into the stadium.

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - NIGHT

Georgie breathes deep, trying to calm herself. She pulls her
phone from her pocket, dials. It goes straight to voicemail.

STEF (V.O.)

Hey, it's Stef, leave a message.

TIME CUT -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - THAD'S OFFICE - LATER

Georgie watches the end of the game alone on the TV in Thad's
office. She downs some whiskey, hits Hunter's vape pen.

ON TV: The SCOREBOARD shows the final score. The Vipers lose, 5-3. Yordanis THROWS his glove to the ground, disgusted.

EXT. CASINO - LOBBY / BATHROOM - EVENING

Stef walks into the men's room, smiling. Victorious.

INSIDE, TWO SECURITY GUARDS await. One PUNCHES him in the face. As he stumbles backward, the other takes out his legs. He falls to the ground.

SECURITY GUARD 1
(to Stef)
Wallet.

Stef fumbles in his pocket, tosses the guy his wallet.

STEF
I think there's been a
misunderstanding -

Security Guard 1 rifles through the wallet. He pulls out the Betting Slip, hands it to Security Guard 2.

SECURITY GUARD 2
Fixing games now? That's a new low.

He puts the slip in his own pocket. Security Guard 1 empties the wallet of cash, tosses it back to Stef.

SECURITY GUARD 1
Heck says you're welcome for the
loan.

They go. Stef sits on the tiled floor, dazed.

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - FIELD - EVENING

Kennedy runs out onto the field and catches up with Yordanis.

KENNEDY
Yordanis, what happened out there
tonight? Are the rumors you're
facing free agency true?

YORDANIS
I don't know why you're asking me
this shit. Go ask them.

He points up toward the Front Office.

YORDANIS (CONT'D)

The boss was a good manager, but
the boss' daughter? Amateur hour.

(beat)

Maybe the Vipers are just washed
up. It'd take a miracle to get us
into the playoffs at this point.

CUT TO -

INT. CASINO - SPORTSBOOK - SAME TIME

Stef watches the post-game interview from the bar, drinking,
wincing as the liquor makes contact with his bleeding lip.

INT. CASINO - LOBBY - SAME TIME

Heck accepts the Betting Slip from the Security Guard. He
smiles, tucks it into his own pocket.

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - THAD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Yordanis enters Thad's office. Georgie doesn't look up. She
fixes two glasses, hands him one as she sits on the couch.

YORDANIS

I want to, um, apologize. For
before. I was really angry, and...

Georgie doesn't acknowledge this. Yordanis, uncertain, sits
on the other end of the couch. They sip in silence for a
beat. Georgie examines the World Series ring on her thumb.

GEORGIE

My dad liked to joke that he bought
his first World Series ring in a
pawn shop, and he didn't mind
buying the rest either.

She smiles.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

Thad didn't understand that money
couldn't buy him the loyalty he so
desperately wanted.

(a beat)

I'm not gonna make that mistake. In
my experience, loyalty can only be
won through fear or friendship.

She looks up, meets Yordanis' eyes.

GEORGIE (CONT'D)

If we're friends, I'll work with you to get you back into your groove. But if we're not working together to win, then you should be prepared to ride the bench for the rest of your career. I won't trade you, I won't cut you, but I won't give you a start ever again. You'll be the richest guy who never plays, a nobody, a fucking footnote.

Yordanis considers.

YORDANIS

I think I could afford to make a new friend.

GEORGIE

Good.

YORDANIS

So does that mean you're staying?

GEORGIE

What do you mean?

YORDANIS

Your brother told me you were selling him the team. Sounds like you've decided not to.

Georgie's eyes drift to the desk, the locked drawer.

Like a sleepwalker, she stands and takes a BAT from the wall. Yordanis watches in wary fascination as she approaches the desk. She chokes up on the bat and SWINGS.

There's a sharp CRACK as the bat connects with the desk. Yordanis jumps.

YORDANIS (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?!

Georgie looks at him, not really seeing him.

GEORGIE

You should go.

Yordanis puts the glass down and goes, freaked out.

Georgie hits the desk again and again, hitting until she mangles the drawer so badly that she's able to chip it open.

INSIDE - a stack of letters addressed to Georgie, never mailed. Her picture, a goofy, smiling one of the two of them, a picture of a young Georgie scolding a bunch of contrite-looking ballplayers, and, somehow, the key to the drawer. Georgie laughs - she can't help it.

She looks through the letters, opens one at random.

THAD (V.O.)
Georgie, I get it. I'm an asshole.
But so are you.

She laughs again, and finally - for the first time since learning her father died - cries.

THAD (V.O.)
How can I ever apologize if you
won't give me the chance to?

She weeps, grieving. She opens another letter.

THAD (V.O.)
Georgie, come home. I was wrong.

CUT TO -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - THAD'S OFFICE - MORNING

The room is a mess, but Georgie is clean and pressed. She RE-HANGS the photo of her mother with a satisfied smile.

Deb enters and DROPS her cup of tea.

Georgie pulls an ENVELOPE from her pocket, hands it to Deb.

DEB
What is this?

GEORGIE
I'm sorry Dad didn't remember you
in his will. It's a contract for
your share of the life insurance
money.

Deb looks at the envelope, surprised. Then, she TEARS IT UP.

DEB
When are you Wilders gonna learn
that money doesn't solve a damn
thing?

She steps out, passing Stef as he ENTERS, coffee in hand. Georgie watches her go, unsettled.

STEF

What the hell happened in here?

GEORGIE

I'm redecorating.

STEF

Fuck. **Fuck**. So, you're doing this?

GEORGIE

I was hoping we could find a way to do it together.

Stef's face works. Frustration, anger, relief - at least this gives him time to figure out how to get the team from her.

STEF

Oh, sure. Everything always works out for Georgiana Wilder, spoiled brat, casual addict, the girl who runs away from her problems, the person who somehow manages to bring out the absolute worst in everyone -

GEORGIE

That's not fucking fair.

Stef shrugs. He looks out the window, down at the field where the Grounds Crew is steering a BACKHOE onto the field.

STEF

Looks to me like someone else is always cleaning up your messes. But that's not gonna be me anymore.

GEORGIE

So, what. You quit?

STEF

Yeah, I quit. Good fucking luck running the team.

CUT TO -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - FRONT OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Georgie watches the backhoe dig up the dead patch of grass. Indira approaches, stressed and breathless.

INDIRA

Ms. Wilder, there's a problem. A kind of really big one.

GEORGIE

Okay...

INDIRA

The player payroll accounts are short twenty million dollars. And MLB is on their way, there's some kind of audit happening today?

Off Georgie, oh fuck -

PRE-LAP AUDIO:

THAD (V.O.)

And Stef. Son, I'm sorry...

INT. STEF'S OFFICE / BATTING CAGE / SPORTSBOOK / RENNIE'S HOUSE / EVA'S CAR - DAY

As we catch up with our major players:

Stef sits in front of his computer. A NEW EMAIL arrives from Thad Wilder. Stef opens it. Inside, a video file. Stef clicks play. It's the final, missing part of the video will.

IN THE VIDEO, Thad sits behind his desk.

THAD

But with everything that's swirling around the team right now? Georgie was the better choice.

CUT TO -

Yordanis in the batting cage, swinging for the fences.

THAD (V.O.)

The safer choice.

CUT TO -

Heck, collecting on Stef's bet at the Sportsbook.

THAD (V.O.)

It's gonna be a shitstorm, kid.

CUT TO -

Rennie, stewing in her mansion while her TWINS wail.

THAD (V.O.)

Trust your sister.

CUT TO -

A small, cramped living room. Elena looks thoughtfully at a photo of her, Georgie, and Scout.

THAD (V.O.)
Fuck the rest of them.

CUT TO -

INT. RENEGADE STADIUM - THAD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Georgie hurries back into her office, Indira at her heels. Deb follows them.

Inside, a VASE OF FLOWERS - an exotic arrangement of jasmine, hibiscus, lotus - awaits on the ruined desk. Georgie stops dead in her tracks. Deb walks over to check the card.

DEB
These must be for the funeral -

GEORGIE
Stop. Don't go near those flowers.

Deb and Indira exchange a glance.

DEB
Why not?

Georgie approaches the desk cautiously. She leans in, and from her POV, we see the CARD on the desk. "**Sweet G,**" it reads. "**My deepest condolences. Xo, Aranya**".

From the tip of a lotus petal, a BLACK WIDOW SPIDER dangles, slowly spinning her web.

END PILOT.