

# LORRAINE

1

## Baseball Wives

INT. ARMANI BOUTIQUE/DEPARTMENT STORE - TUESDAY, ONE P.M.

NICOLE shops with LORRAINE, who holds up a skirt.

## START

LORRAINE

Would you call this eggplant or plum?

NICOLE

I thought eggplant was plum.

LORRAINE

So did I.

(puts skirt back)

I'm redoing our place upstate. The architect hired a decorator, the decorator hired a colorist. Six months later, I have no idea what purple is anymore.

LORRAINE browses. NICOLE picks up sweater, holds it up.

NICOLE

What about this?

LORRAINE

Red.

NICOLE

I was thinking about buying it.

LORRAINE

(shakes head "no")

Megan has that sweater.

NICOLE puts sweater back. LORRAINE browses, NICOLE follows.

LORRAINE

So...How's Diane?

NICOLE

Okay, considering.

LORRAINE

Gloria Marino...Did you get a look at her body? I heard she went to Stevens for lipo and a breast lift.

NICOLE

I didn't see Gloria Marino naked



LORRAINE picks up another skirt.

LORRAINE (cont.)  
Fuscia or cranberry?

On NICOLE, down the rabbit hole.

**END**

# CAROL & KENNETH 2.

Kenneth takes another deep breath. This one deeper than the last. Still doesn't look at Carol.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Fine. When you get off of your man cycle, I'll be here waiting.

Carol finally turns around and faces her desk directly. Now Kenneth turns to stare at her. She doesn't notice.

CAROL (CONT'D)

I have work to do anyway. You always distract me from it.

Carol lifts her note pad off her desk. She finds a post-it note underneath.

CAROL (CONT'D)

(reading aloud, confused)

I know what you did. Love Kenneth...

Carol whips her head toward Kenneth as he simultaneously whips his head back towards his desk.

CAROL (CONT'D)

What is this?

KENNETH

(sarcastic, snarky)

It's called a Post-it note. Every good assistant should know that. You write little notes on them like, "Don't forget about your lunch in ten minutes," or, "Would you like that regular or decaf?"

CAROL

I know what a Post-it note is. Why is it on my desk written by you? What did I do to you?

Kenneth takes another deep breath. Ignores her.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Fine. Back to working. I have a lot to do today.

Carol again turns back toward her desk. Kenneth then turns around and stares at her. She needs to staple a piece of paper but instead finds another Post-it underneath her stapler.

CAROL & KENNETH 1/5

"POST-IT NOTES"

START

CAROL (CONT'D)  
(reading aloud)  
I know it was you. Just admit it.  
Love Kenneth.

Carol again whips her head around. Kenneth simultaneously turns back toward his desk.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
(paranoid)  
Who told you? Lisa? Look, no one else knows your mom touches your underwear okay?

KENNETH  
(appalled)  
What?

CAROL  
She was the only one I told. I swear.

KENNETH  
My mom doesn't just touch my underwear, she does all my laundry.

CAROL  
(softens the blow)  
Well. You're thirty Ken. At this point, your mom is really just fondling your underwear.

KENNETH  
You're joking..

CAROL  
Sorry to break it to you.

Kenneth is even more frustrated.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
That's not why you're mad at me?  
Crap.

Carol again turns around back to her desk. Kenneth looks on in anticipation of her finding the next Post-it. Carol lifts up her calculator. Another Post-it.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
(reading aloud)  
I thought you could keep my secrets. Love Kenneth.

Carol whips her head toward Kenneth.

CAROL & KENNETH 3/5

CAROL (CONT'D)

(guilty)

I thought I could too. I only told Martha about your recent weight gain. I did tell her to take into account the bloating. I cross my heart and hope to die.

KENNETH

(pissed)

You told Martha what?

CAROL

Everyone sees it. You've put on a few.

KENNETH

(seething)

Put on a few what?

CAROL

Pounds! You need to drop a few.

KENNETH

So you can either "put on a few" or need to "drop a few?"

CAROL

Yes Kenneth. Both apply in your case.

KENNETH

I cant' even believe you right now.

CAROL

So that's not why you're mad at me either? I gotta tell you Ken Ken, I'm really stumped.

Kenneth turns back around toward his desk. Carol goes to sip her coffee. Under her mug, another Post-it.

CAROL (CONT'D)

(reading aloud)

You made my heart bleed tears.

(beat)

Ryan is the only one I told. I figured since he was a guy, and you know, you're a guy, he would understand.

KENNETH

Understand what?

CAROL & KENNETH 3/5

CAROL  
That it's been eight months since  
you last got laid.

KENNETH  
(having a meltdown)  
What?!

CAROL  
Damn. That's not it either? I  
don't know what I did Kenny Ken  
Ken.

KENNETH  
(fuming)  
You don't know what you did? You  
just named like a million things.

CUT TO..

CAROL  
Please don't be mad at me. I make  
this job fun for you. We even talk  
on the weekends. What coworkers  
exist outside of the office? We do  
Kenneth, we do! Can you forgive  
me?

Kenneth takes a deep breath.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
That's it. Let it out. Tell me  
what I did so we can make this all  
better.

KENNETH  
I saw you --

CAROL  
(exaggerated)  
Oh God I did it. It was me. I  
stole that fifty dollars off your  
desk and blamed the cleaning lady.

Kenneth is in shock.

KENNETH  
I was just going to say I saw you --

CAROL  
And I kidnapped that dog outside  
McDonalds because it was just so  
hot. What cruel owner leaves his  
dog outside to wait just so he can  
have some chicken McNuggets?

CAROL & KENNETH 4/5

KENNETH

I --

CAROL

And I took that money out of that  
blind man's cup. If he can't see  
it how can he use it?

CONT.  
HERE



Carol finally stops talking. Kenneth stares at her dazed and  
confused.

KENNETH

It doesn't even matter why I was  
mad at you anymore. You're a  
demon.

(then)

We can't be friends.

END

Carol pauses, then..

CAROL

Good call.

They both go back to staring at their computers.

CAROL & KENNETH 5/5

Start

JULIA  
Hi. I'm Julia.

LOGAN  
Logan. Nice to meet you.

They look at each other - in the same sweaters. She smiles.  
He smiles too.

He comes in, hands her the flowers.

JULIA  
These are beautiful. I'll just put  
them in water.

She takes the flowers in the kitchen - we see her face say a  
silent "WOW."

She returns to Logan.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
(re: matching sweaters)  
When Nick said we'd be a good match  
- I had no idea we'd be this good.

LOGAN  
Maybe one of us should change?

JULIA  
Rock, paper, scissors?

He smiles.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Be right back.

She returns to...

INT. JULIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT  
...her closet, going through sweaters.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT  
Julia, in a black & white STRIPED sweater, rejoins Logan.

JULIA  
Okay, I'm ready.

1/4

She sees him looking at her sweater.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Something wrong?

LOGAN  
(hesitant)  
The thing is...I have an issue with stripes.

JULIA  
Oh. Were you in prison or attacked by a zebra?

He smiles.

LOGAN  
No, it's my mother.

She looks at him.

LOGAN (CONT'D)  
Stripes were her thing. Everything in the house I grew up in was stripes - curtains, sheets, towels.

JULIA  
Say no more. I'll change.

She goes back to her bedroom.

INT. JULIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Julia pulls off the sweater, frantically going through her other sweaters now. Finds a plain black sweater.

She spritzes on a touch of perfume, returns to...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...Logan.

JULIA  
So what movie are we seeing?  
He's distracted, SNIFFS a little.

2/4

LOGAN  
I'm sorry, is that Eau du Citroen?

JULIA  
Yes.

She sees his face drop.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Are you allergic?

LOGAN  
No.

JULIA  
(a beat)  
Your mother again?

LOGAN  
That's her perfume.

JULIA  
I'm so sorry - did she pass away?

LOGAN  
No. She lives next door to me.

JULIA  
Oh.

A beat, as Logan becomes unsettled.

LOGAN  
(defensive)  
She's a wonderful woman.

JULIA  
Of course.

An uncomfortable beat.

LOGAN  
You know, I think it's best if I  
just take you home.

JULIA  
I am home.

She goes to the door, holds it open for him.

He looks at some pictures frames on the way out.

3/4

LOGAN  
(re: frames)  
She has those too.

END

He leaves.

She closes the door. Leans against it, horrified.

She grabs her phone, dials Nick.

JULIA  
(into phone)  
You're buying me dinner. And  
jewelry.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Julia enters, sees Nick in a booth, sits across from him.

He hands her a Cracker Jack Box PLASTIC RING.

NICK  
Here - it's all I could find on  
short notice.

JULIA  
That was officially the worst date  
I've ever had. It wasn't even a  
date.

NICK  
I'm sorry. He seemed so normal.  
(a beat)  
I guess you never really know  
people until you go out with them.  
Speaking of which, your bff and I  
had a wonderful time talking about  
you.

JULIA  
Yeah, she texted me. You really  
had nothing else to talk about.

NICK  
Nothing. Well, my hair.

A beat.

4/4

# 'STRIKEBACK'

# Rhidian Scott(1)

## FIRST SCENE FOR CASTING

EXT. NARROW STREET - KUALA LUMPUR - NIGHT

A dark alley, slick with drizzling rain. HOOKERS and STREET VENDORS are out selling their wares despite the weather.

RHIDIAN SCOTT moves past them, face still bruised and battered from the cage fight. He's in a hurry, glancing over his shoulder to make sure Ong's men aren't following.

LOUD MUSIC thumps from an open door just ahead. He turns, pushes through a beaded curtain into --

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

Techno music, cheap liquor. But mostly --

WOMEN. Of every color and description. Some wear G-strings or see-through nighties. Most are completely naked, arms draped around MEN who are drunk and getting drunker.

Scott makes his way toward the back --

INT. BROTHEL - BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

The rooms don't have doors, just colored sheets tacked onto the frames. As he passes, we glimpse hookers in various sexual acts with their johns. Scott finally reaching --

INT. BROTHEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Scott's home, if you can call it that. A dingy single room with a bed, some clothes on hangers, and a chair, where --

MICHAEL STONEBRIDGE

Stands. We last saw him standing in the crowd at the cage fight. He's not only beat Scott home, but been here long enough to make a cup of tea. He stands, stirring it.

STONEBRIDGE

Fancy a cup?

Scott's surprised to see him, but hardly fazed.

SCOTT

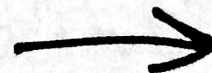
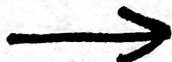
No thanks. I'm not staying.

Scott pulls a DUFFLE out from under the bed.

STONEBRIDGE

Not bad fight back there. Once you decided to fight.

Start



→ One window faces the street. Another, smaller one affords a view of the brothel floor below. Scott keeps an eye on it as he quickly starts packing clothes.

SCOTT  
You SAS? SBS?

STONEBRIDGE  
Section 20.

SCOTT  
Section what?

STONEBRIDGE  
20. High-risk, priority targets.

SCOTT  
You're such hot shit, what are you doing here?

Stonebridge ignores his tone. Sticks to business.

STONEBRIDGE  
John Porter.

This gives Scott pause.

SCOTT  
What about him?

STONEBRIDGE  
He's been jobbed in Afghanistan, held by a tribal leader. Abdul Sayed.

Scott recognizes the name.

SCOTT  
What's this got to do with me?

STONEBRIDGE  
You and Porter were the only soldiers who ever saw Sayed. Back in 2002.

Scott resumes packing.

SCOTT  
So you want my help. Finding Porter.

STONEBRIDGE  
A C-130's waiting to take us back to London. Since you're packing your bags anyway...

TREENA, 20s, a sweet-faced Thai hooker almost wearing something, runs in. Breathless.

→

→  
TREENA  
Ong's looking for you!

SCOTT  
So I hear.  
(to Stonebridge)  
How much?

STONEBRIDGE  
(surprised by the  
question)  
How much?

SCOTT  
You want my help getting Porter  
away from this Taliban nut job, I  
want cash. And a lot of it.

Treena sees he's packing. Her alarm growing.

TREENA  
You're not leaving, are you?

STONEBRIDGE  
I thought you and Porter were  
mates.

Scott slides his toiletries inside his bag.

SCOTT  
We were. But now, as you can see,  
I'm retired --

STONEBRIDGE  
Dishonorably discharged, on the  
eve of Operation Iraqi Freedom.  
Not even the PMCs will touch you.

SCOTT  
That's right. So if you don't  
want to pay me, you can go fuck  
yourself.

TREENA  
(to Scott)  
You can't just leave me here!

Stonebridge doesn't attempt to conceal his contempt. But  
that doesn't change his orders.

STONEBRIDGE  
You'll get paid. More than you're  
worth.

Scott zips his duffle. Looks out the small window, seeing --

HIS POV - ONG

STONEBRIDGE  
We've got to go. Now / end  
Sc. 1 →

Scott (Sc. 2)

7. Scott (2)

Start →

STONEBRIDGE

No thanks.

(to Scott)

Can I have a word with you?

SCOTT

Sure.

KERRY

Stay for dinner, Rhidian? It's  
shepherd's pie, Mike's favorite.

Scott sees the look on Stonebridge's face.

SCOTT

No, thanks.

KERRY

It's no trouble, really. We'd  
love for you to stay, wouldn't  
we, Mike? We so rarely have  
guests.

Stonebridge doesn't answer. Scott gives her a polite smile.

SCOTT

Maybe some other time.

Scott follows Stonebridge out, into --

INT. STONEBRIDGE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Stonebridge makes sure the kitchen door is closed, then --  
very fast -- SLAMS SCOTT AGAINST THE WALL. Pinning him  
there -- close in his face --

STONEBRIDGE

I should break your fucking neck.

Scott makes no attempt to fight back. Calming --

SCOTT

Easy, tiger.

STONEBRIDGE

(controlled rage)

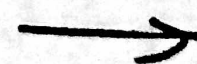
This is my home. My... home.

SCOTT

And it's a nice one, too. Kerry's  
a great girl --

STONEBRIDGE

How did you find me?



8. Scott (2)

→ SCOTT  
Take your hand off my throat,  
I'll explain.

Scott considers a beat. Then releases him roughly. Scott  
straightens his collar.

STONEBRIDGE  
What did you do, trace my mobile?

SCOTT  
You're not so hard to find.

STONEBRIDGE  
What do you want?

Scott holds up the FLASH DRIVE of Porter's video.

SCOTT  
Where's your laptop?

/end (2)

CUT TO:

CLOSE - LAPTOP SCREEN

The now-familiar grainy footage of Porter, explosives  
strapped to his chest. Reading from a statement while a  
hooded gunman holds a rifle to his head. We are:

# Scotty (3 pages)

94

MINDY

Then why are we coming here, Jake?

JAKE

I have some hopes for Scotty. Stay put.

Jake creeps up the steps and peers through the screen. The two women fan themselves. In the distance, brassy parade music faintly bleats through.

JAKE

That's her, all right. Potato on toothpicks waiting for someone to look down on....Wait. She's going...Here comes some other guy. We can ask him. Come on.

Charlotte opens the door and they all head inside, big brown bugs puttering near their hair.

68 INT. HOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

68

SCOTTY JAMISON, 22, lanky, doesn't look up when they come in.

JAKE

I'm hunting Scotty Jamison.

SCOTTY

Jake? You don't recognize me?

JAKE

...Scotty?

SCOTTY

You shouldn't be around here, Jake. Don't you know the cops are hunting you?

Mindy claps her hand to her mouth. Charlotte stands straighter. A woman's voice calls out.

SCOTTY'S MOM (VO)

Who is it, Scott?

SCOTTY

No one, Ma.

Mindy touches Scotty's forearm.

MINDY

Why would they be after him? He hasn't done anything. Is it on accounta me?

start →

→

→

SCOTTY

They came by yesterday. Wondered if I'd seen ya. I told em no, Ma did too. Course Claire had no idea.

JAKE

Who's Claire?

SCOTTY

...Let's go outside.

69 EXT. MOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

69

Everyone sits down on the top step in a row like people in a movie house. They actually have a great view of the parade.

SCOTTY

Claire's my wife.

JAKE

Wife?

SCOTTY

They told me you pulled this crazy...but you didn't, did you?

JAKE

Well, I don't know. Sort of.

SCOTTY

But - it doesn't sound logical. What would make you hit that bank for that piddling amount? And a hostage! Taking a...who's a hostage here and who isn't?

MINDY

Hostage?

SCOTTY

(focusing on Charlotte)

Lord, Jake.

Charlotte shrivels. A float with chubby men in fezzes drives by. People on the street CHEER. All four turn and stare.

JAKE

But, Scotty, this was nothing I planned. Things just worked out this way. Impulse, you know? Can't you just give us a room to stay in? Sit down with me and figure some way out of this?

→

SCOTTY

I'd like to help, you know I would, but they're watchin' me too. I'm on parole now. And Claire's having a difficult pregnancy. I don't want her upset.

Jake is astonished.

SCOTTY

And besides, Ma'd call the police, wouldn't she? Now I sure as hell don't know what you should do. Maybe you oughta turn yourself in.

JAKE

Don't worry about me, FRIEND. If I was you, I'd start worrying about myself.

On the street, white and gold drum majorettes prance by, followed by soldiers with loaded rifles.

SCOTTY'S MOM (VO)

Scotty? Who's that out there with you?

JAKE

Your momma's calling.

SCOTTY

Think about it, Jake.

JAKE

Why don't you go. Just tend to that life of yours why don't you?

SCOTTY

It's not just me anymore, Jake. I'm not young no more, see?...Jake?

He doesn't get an answer. He waits around awkwardly then walks off. The 3 of them sit on the steps empty-handed.

CHARLOTTE

We oughta get moving.

MINDY

Will you please tell me what's going on?

No answer. A marching band comes to a halt in front of them, still playing.

end

# TIFFANY

\*Revised 3/6\*

INT. GYM - PERSONAL TRAINER AREA - DAY 1

Queen's *Killer Queen* blasts on the speakers. Vince works out TIFFANY with weights while they flirt.

Start — — — — —>

VINCE

You got this one more and you're done. Oops, I lied. Five more-

TIFFANY

-Oh my god, I've never hated anyone more than you! And I've been photographed by Terry Richardson.

VINCE

Ten more. Kidding. Two more. *Three* more and you can come to the party Matthew and I are throwing tonight.

TIFFANY

Is it a party or one of those things where I'm the only one invited and you give me tequila and make me listen to indie music in your bedroom until you make a pass at me?

VINCE

(that was it)

No, of course not. Who would ever do that?

TIFFANY

Wait, don't you have that girlfriend, Britney?

VINCE

(somber, milking it)

Britney? No that's over. You're actually the first girl that's made me feel like maybe I can love again. You know what? Maybe it's too soon.

Tiffany swoons.

TIFFANY

You're so damaged. I feel like I could fix you.

VINCE

Maybe you could. You should try.

TIFFANY

I'd love to come to your party.  
What can I bring?

VINCE

(suggestive)

A toothbrush.

<----- End

Then the music abruptly stops.

# ZACK SC. 1

78.

Startled, Tick quickly looks away; the door opens and Zack Minty enters, stopping to regard them for a dramatic beat, then sauntering over to the bank of soda machines. With each of these, he hits the coin return button and checks the slot. Disappointed, he leans on the last of the machines and begins to rock it, back and forth, until the back of the machine encounters the wall and we hear GLASS BREAKING somewhere inside the machine.

Eventually, he makes his way around to where they're sitting and pulls up a chair next to John Voss.

ZACK  
So, This your new boyfriend?

**-START**

TICK  
You're not supposed to be in here.

ZACK  
Got a hall pass.

He shows her, though she declines to look.

ZACK  
(to John Voss)  
Hey, dickhead. Get lost.

The boy doesn't have to be asked twice. Without even looking up, he's quickly on his feet and scurrying off. As he does--

ZACK  
(looking more hurt  
than angry)  
My old girl friend's going to  
explain why she doesn't like me  
any more.

Tick, not wanting to meet Zack's eye, watches John Voss go.

ZACK  
(trying to cheer up)  
Billy Woolf sprained his ankle in  
practice, so I'm starting at  
linebacker against Fairhaven. I  
think Coach was going to start me  
anyway...

TICK  
Congratulations.

Though she hasn't exactly said this with conviction, he takes it as a compliment.

# ZACK SC.1 CONT.

79.

ZACK

Thanks. You going to the game?

He flips up the corner of John Voss's plastic container and wrinkles his nose at the smell.

ZACK

The gang's going to hang out afterward. Candace is going. Why don't you come with us?

TICK

Maybe.

CLOSE ON ZACK, whose expression suggests some powerful emotion, probably rage, is being kept in check.

ZACK

(trying to put a  
positive spin on  
this)

Maybe. Okay. Maybe.  
(a thought)

Hey, you know...I've changed a lot  
s

He's clench

ZACK

It just...makes me really angry  
that you won't give me another  
chance.

When Tick says nothing, he seems to remember John Voss, and he wheels around in his chair to stare at him. The boy's gone as far away as he can.

ZACK

I got an idea! Let's invite your  
new boyfriend to come along. Hey,  
dickhead!

TICK

Leave him alone, Zack.

ZACK

Dickhead! You know I'm talking to  
you. Turn around.

John Voss does, half way, but continues to study the floor.

ZACK

That's better. What's your name,  
anyway.

012

ZACK SC.1 CONT.

80.

TICK  
His name is John. John Voss.

ZACK  
Hey, John Voss. No hard feelings,  
okay? You want to hang with us  
after the game?

JOHN VOSS  
(barely audible)  
Okay.

ZACK  
(mock excited, to  
Tick)  
You hear that? It's okay with  
John Voss.

TICK  
(whispers)  
If you leave him alone, I'll go to  
the game, okay?

But Voss hears her, we can tell.

ZACK  
Hey, dickhead! I mean, John Voss!  
Tick's gonna go too.

Nothing.

ZACK  
Hey, you aren't mad at me, are  
you? It's shitty, me calling you  
dickhead like that. We're still  
buddies, though, right?

The boy nods his head almost imperceptibly.

ZACK  
Hey, that's great.  
(looking right at  
Tick)  
Thanks for giving me a second  
chance, John Voss.

END

The bell rings then; Zack and Tick rise and head for the door. When Tick glances over at John Voss and their eyes meet, he starts to smile but when Zack puts his arm around her shoulder, just that quickly, the smile disappears.