

INT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT, BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Light peaks through a window and finds the face of BRIDGETTE (40), who stirs. She rolls over and is surprised to find a muscular, naked man beside her: this is NICK (28).

Shit.

INT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT, BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

Bridgette washes her face vigorously and downs a fistful of pills. She peeks back into the bedroom; Nick is still there. She hits herself on the forehead.

BRIDGETTE
Stupid, stupid, stupid.

Bridgette hits herself too hard and recoils in pain. She takes another fistful of pills.

Bridgette opens the bathroom mirror and is confronted with a half dozen more pill bottles; she glances at the bedroom, then grabs the bottles and shoves them under the sink - next to an economy-size handle of whiskey.

INT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING

Now dressed in workout clothes, Bridgette stares at the still sleeping Nick; the sheet only covers half of his well-muscled torso.

Bridgette can't help herself: she takes a picture of Nick with her phone. The FLASH goes off, and Nick stirs.

Bridgette panics and rushes to the door.

NICK
(groggy)
Bridgette?

But Bridgette's already gone. Nick rubs his head, hung over, then pounds it softly with his palm.

NICK (CONT'D)
Stupid, stupid, stupid.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAWN

Bridgette jogs down the street wearing a baseball cap, which is pulled down to cover her face. She slows as she reaches a corner, looks each way cautiously, and ducks into an alley.

She settles in behind a dumpster and watches an apartment building across the street.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - AN HOUR LATER

Bridgette stands in the alley, periodically glancing at the building as she types on her phone.

The front door of the building opens, revealing a middle-aged MAN in a suit (Grant, 42) and a pretty younger WOMAN (Michelle, 30) pushing a stroller.

Bridgette watches them intently, leaning towards them as though she is going to be pulled from her hiding place onto the street; the couple turns to walk away from Bridgette.

Bridgette looks from the couple to the time on her phone, hesitates, and turns the other direction, walking away.

INT. GOLDEN STATE WARRIORS OFFICES - MORNING

Bridgette walks past a giant "Golden State Warriors" logo into an office; people part when they see her coming. Her phone rings, and she looks at it as she rounds a corner.

BRIDGETTE

What do you want, Marie?

MARIE, Bridgette's assistant (28), quickly hangs up.

MARIE

Kendall's in your office.

BRIDGETTE

Before noon? Did I miss something?

(Bridgette takes a deep
breath)

Ok, remember the code. If I say
"Raisinets," it means everything is
fine. If I say "Good God, what
have I done?" it means "Come help
me dispose of this body."

Marie laughs.

MARIE

Did you get laid last night or
something?

BRIDGETTE

(freezes)

Why?

MARIE

You seem... different.

Bridgette shrugs and enters her office, trying to play it cool. Marie watches her, curious.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bridgette cautiously enters her office, which is decorated extensively with basketball memorabilia, and finds MARTIN KENDALL (53) waiting for her.

BRIDGETTE

Good morning, Kendall. To what do I owe this honor?

Kendall smiles at Bridgette the way a snake smiles at a mouse. He holds up Bridgette's nameplate, which he has been inspecting.

KENDALL

Director of Basketball Analytics. Impressive. I mean, I don't quite buy into all of this statistics nonsense, but someone must be listening.

BRIDGETTE

I've been fortunate.

Kendall circles the room; Bridgette never turns her back to him.

KENDALL

No, you're a smart woman. But at some point it's not about being smart - it's about being strategic.

(he turns to her)

Tomorrow, I'm going to recommend to the management team that we sign Devin Jackson.

BRIDGETTE

Ok.

Kendall waits for Bridgette to say more; she doesn't.

KENDALL

Do you agree with that assessment? From a statistical perspective?

BRIDGETTE

No.

KENDALL
Care to explain?

Bridgette grits her teeth.

BRIDGETTE
Every advanced metric we use - true shooting percentage, adjusted plus minus, two, three, and five man line-ups, Sports VU data - shows that Jackson is overrated.

KENDALL
Is that so? Then tell me, what do your magical numbers say we should do?

BRIDGETTE
Sign Tyson King.

Kendall scoffs.

KENDALL
I thought you were our stat person. Jackson's a bigger star, he scores six more points per game...

BRIDGETTE
Because he takes nine more shots. He also turns the ball over more, constantly gambles for steals, and shows what could be charitably described as inconsistent effort on defense. King has shown the ability to play at an elite level on both ends of the floor...

KENDALL
Except for last year.

BRIDGETTE
When he was playing hurt. At his peak, he has the skills to lead the league in scoring and win defensive player of the year. Jackson is an all-star. King could win the MVP.

Kendall considers this, and changes tack.

KENDALL
Of course, it's not all about stats - you have to look at intangibles.
(MORE)

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Like that Tyson King is going to sign with Dallas and Devin Jackson wants to play here.

BRIDGETTE

King hasn't signed yet.

KENDALL

He will. And you know how fickle Jackson is; if he thinks he's our second option, he'll bolt to Chicago.

BRIDGETTE

Let him. We'll get the next guy.

Kendall laughs.

KENDALL

Do you know what the expectations are for this team? How much we've built up this summer, the cap space we'd have? The fans want a star.

BRIDGETTE

Fans want to win. How happy do you think they'll be when we sign Jackson and the team underachieves?

KENDALL

Let's say that happens: guess who gets blamed? The coach. And then the next coach and maybe, eventually, the players. But not us, because we did our job - we put the pieces out on the floor.

BRIDGETTE

So we should sign the wrong guy just to cover our asses? That's inspiring management strategy. Maybe you should write a book.

Kendall smiles thinly and takes a mint from Bridgette's desk.

KENDALL

You know, whenever I get too stressed, I remember just how lucky we are to work here, and how precarious our jobs really are.

(Kendall unwraps the mint
and drops the wrapper
next to the trash can)

(MORE)

KENDALL (CONT'D)

I'm going to recommend Jackson to the management team. When I'm done, you will present evidence - any evidence - that it's a good idea. And if you can't find any, you'll keep your mouth shut.

Kendall pops the mint in his mouth and smiles.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Love your office. Very quaint.

Kendall exits, leaving Bridgette fuming.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Bridgette grabs a report from the printer, flipping through it quickly. She looks up and sees JOHN HATHAWAY (62) enter an elevator.

Bridgette looks both ways and follows him into the elevator. The doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Bridgette and John speak quietly, standing shoulder to shoulder.

BRIDGETTE

Kendall came to my office this morning. He wants me to recommend Jackson at the board meeting.

JOHN

Jackson is a good player.

BRIDGETTE

Jackson is shit. He's a five year pass to getting bounced in the first round and you know it.

John looks at her.

JOHN

There's something different about you today.

BRIDGETTE

Must be my new fucking volumizer. I'm serious, John.

JOHN

So am I. I know you feel strongly about this, Bridg, but is this really the time to take a stand? You need... stability.

BRIDGETTE

What I need is for you to stop worrying about me.

JOHN

When my friend gets hit with a restraining order, that tends to up my level of concern.

BRIDGETTE

This isn't about me...

JOHN

I know, I know - it's about Tyson King. What is it about this guy?

BRIDGETTE

Pre-injury, his adjusted plus minus was the best...

JOHN

You've told me the stats - it's more than that.

BRIDGETTE

Last game of the season; he's in street clothes, recovering from surgery. Phoenix is out of the playoff race, and he's probably played his last game there. All he has to do is wait for this meaningless game to be over so he can forget about his nightmare of a season. But instead, he's coaching his teammates at every timeout; he's yelling instructions onto the court; he's celebrating every make and dying with every miss. You can't fake that.

JOHN

Sounds like somebody else I know.

(Bridgette rolls her eyes)

I'm not going to be general manager forever. Do you want this job?

BRIDGETTE

You know I do.

JOHN

Well, Kendall is in front of you in line, so you need to play nice.

(Bridgette shakes her head)

Trust me. I've got your back.

Bridgette wants to say something, but the elevator doors open to reveal Kendall and Nick - the guy Bridgette slept with. As they enter the elevator, Nick and Bridgette lock eyes.

Kendall continues talking to Nick, who takes notes.

KENDALL

And get Gonzalez on the phone. I'm not going to let him pussy out of this at the last minute.

NICK

Right.

Nick stands next to Bridgette, behind Kendall and John. Nick surreptitiously reaches over and runs his hand down Bridgette's back. Bridgette jumps.

The elevator stops and Kendall and John exit, leaving Nick and Bridgette alone. Nick turns to Bridgette.

NICK (CONT'D)

You left this morning before I could...

Bridgette, seething, pulls the emergency stop; the elevator CRASHES to a halt.

BRIDGETTE

Listen up, because I'm only going to say this once.

NICK

(re: emergency stop)

I don't think you're supposed to pull that...

BRIDGETTE

Never - ever - touch me at work again. It's taken me fifteen years to get where I am, and I'm not about to have it ruined by some horny frat boy.

Nick raises his eyebrows.

NICK

Because I was clearly the only
horny one last night.

Bridgette's phone beeps; she reads an e-mail and starts
typing a reply.

BRIDGETTE

Please. I was faking it.

NICK

Really. Because at some point I
remember waking up to find that we
were already having sex. I'm
pretty sure that's illegal.

BRIDGETTE

(turning red)

I don't have time for this.

Bridgette pushes the emergency stop and continues typing on
her phone; the elevator lurches downward. Nick studies her,
then reaches over and takes her phone.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

Hey! *That's my phone!*

Nick types something; Bridgette is catatonic with rage.

NICK

Whenever you get out of this denial
that you're going through...

Nick holds the phone out. Bridgette lunges for it, but Nick
pulls it back and kisses her on the cheek.

NICK (CONT'D)

...text me.

Nick hands her the phone. The elevator doors open, and he
walks out. Bridgette watches him go, furious.

Bridgette looks at her phone: Nick has entered his number
under the name "Sex - No Strings."

Bridgette presses "Delete Contact." The phone reads "Are you
sure you want to delete?" Bridgette hesitates.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bridgette stares at Nick's number on her phone; Marie sits
beside her.

MARIE
(sharp whisper)
Bridgette. Focus.

Bridgette snaps back to the meeting in front of her:

Bridgette and Marie sit at a large conference table across from a lawyer, CLARK, and his client, GRANT - the man Bridgette was following and her soon-to-be ex-husband.

Marie pushes a divorce settlement across the table.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Here is our signed copy of the
settlement. I'm sure you will find
the terms...
(pointedly, to Bridgette)
generous to your client. So
generous, in fact, that I'm not
really sure what we're doing here.

Clark, the lawyer, glances down at the settlement; he pushes it back with a smirk.

CLARK
This deal contains an equal
distribution of their shared
assets; we're not interested in a
penny less than sixty percent.

Marie laughs, incredulous.

MARIE
Fifty-fifty was a gift. Unless you
think Mr. Hester having a child
with another woman will somehow
work in his favor in court.

CLARK
It will probably play better than
Miss Nelson's escalating pattern of
substance abuse, which culminated
in aggressive, persistent stalking.
One of them acted illegally; the
other did not. Or did you not
learn the definition of 'illegal'
before you dropped out of law
school?

Marie grits her teeth.

MARIE
Miss Nelson obeyed the restraining
order while it was in place...

CLARK

And then, of course, there's the small matter of Miss Nelson herself having an affair with a much younger man who just happens to be one of her subordinates - I believe his name is Nick Price? If that were to become public knowledge, it would surely damage her career. And none of us want that.

Marie is thrown; she looks at Bridgette, who looks down, and regroups.

MARIE

I definitely dropped out of school before the unit on blackmail...

BRIDGETTE

Marie. It's ok.

Bridgette looks at Grant.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

You win. Whatever you want.

Clark smiles triumphantly and slides an agreement across the table.

CLARK

I've prepared a new settlement agreement...

Marie seethes; Bridgette avoids her glare.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Bridgette and Marie exit the building; it's dark, and a light rain falls.

They pause under the awning of the building. Bridgette lights a cigarette; Marie can't hold in her anger anymore.

MARIE

What the hell was that?

BRIDGETTE

I fucked up.

MARIE

Is that it? Because every day I go to work with a confident, successful, ass-kicking businesswoman - who then proceeds to melt into a puddle of weak bullshit whenever she's confronted with her ex-husband. Why can't you just stand up to him?

BRIDGETTE

And say what?

MARIE

"Fuck you for leaving me," for starters. I mean, you could've at least hired a real lawyer instead of trotting me out there to get my ass kicked.

Bridgette steps in front of Marie.

BRIDGETTE

Hey. I'm sorry. Are we ok?

Marie softens.

MARIE

Yeah.

BRIDGETTE

Good. Because I have to go finish that BS Kendall presentation.

MARIE

Right. I almost buy that.

BRIDGETTE

I don't know what you're talking about.

MARIE

You're going to booty text your new boy toy.

BRIDGETTE

Ugh. He's arrogant, he's immature, and he's my coworker.

(beat)

So, maybe.

MARIE

It was that good?

BRIDGETTE
Probably a seven.

MARIE
Out of ten?

BRIDGETTE
Out of five.

Marie grabs for Bridgette's phone.

MARIE
I'm calling him. I'm calling him
right now.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bridgette, wearing a sultry dress, poses in the mirror with a glass of wine; she tries to look sexy, but she's too nervous.

A KNOCK at the door. Bridgette takes a few deep breaths and opens it to reveal Nick, who is self-consciously fixing his collar.

NICK
Wow. You look amazing.

BRIDGETTE
Thank you. You're not so bad
yourself.

Awkward pause.

NICK
Can I come in?

BRIDGETTE
If you want.

NICK
I do want. To. I do want to come
in.

Nick follows Bridgette into her apartment.

BRIDGETTE
Can I take your jacket?

NICK
Sure.

Bridgette does. Nick takes the moment to lean in for a kiss, but she's got the jacket in one hand and wine in the other.

BRIDGETTE
Let me just put this stuff down.

NICK
Ok.

Nick stands in the entryway, uncomfortable, until Bridgette returns and kisses him. Nick furrows his brow and pulls away.

BRIDGETTE
Is something wrong?

NICK
No.

They kiss again; Nick pulls away once more.

NICK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, have you been smoking?

BRIDGETTE
Like an hour ago.

NICK
I'm not used to kissing someone who smokes.

BRIDGETTE
So...?

NICK
So do you mind brushing your teeth or something?

Bridgette stares at him, then walks to the bathroom, pissed. She steps out a moment later, brushing her teeth.

BRIDGETTE
While we're being honest, I'm not thrilled with the Axe body spray you've been bathing in. What's that scent? Mountain Douchebag?

NICK
Ok. If you don't smoke before I come over, I'll stop wearing it.

BRIDGETTE
Agreed.

Bridgette goes back to the bathroom to spit.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
And another thing...

Bridgette steps out of the bathroom, only to run right into Nick. She's taken aback.

NICK
Yes?

BRIDGETTE
(clears her throat)
No touching at work. No flirting.
No nothing.

Nick reaches up and wipes a bit of toothpaste from the corner of Bridgette's mouth.

NICK
Deal. But you can't seduce me at work if you're not going to invite me over later.

BRIDGETTE
When have I ever tried to seduce you at work?

NICK
Really?

Bridgette smiles, guilty. She unbuttons the top three buttons of his shirt.

BRIDGETTE
Fine.
(he kisses her on the neck; she closes her eyes)
But no sleeping over - this isn't summer camp. You do your business and you leave.

NICK
Absolutely.
(pulls off his shirt)
Are we still allowed to sleep with other people?

BRIDGETTE
(false bravado)
Of course. It's not like we're in a relationship.

NICK
Then we have to use protection.
Always.

Bridgette undoes his belt buckle and traces her hand across his waistline.

BRIDGETTE
Always?

NICK
Always... with other people.

Bridgette smiles and pulls him into the bedroom.

INT. WARRIORS OFFICES - NEXT DAY

Bridgette sits outside a conference room, tapping her foot.
JOHN steps out of the room.

JOHN
They're ready for you.
(Bridgette stands)
Nervous?

BRIDGETTE
A little.

JOHN
You'll be fine. Just stick to the
script and be yourself.

Bridgette nods and follows John.

INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

Bridgette gives a presentation to eight men in suits.

At the head of the table sits WILLIAM MORGAN, the primary owner of the Warriors, and to his right sits DAVID ENGLISH, the President and CEO. Kendall sits in the middle of the table.

BRIDGETTE
Today, I'm going to do an advanced
statistical breakdown of some of
the free agents that are available
this summer.
(Bridgette clicks to the
next slide in her
presentation)
First, we have Devin Jackson.
(MORE)

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

As you can see, Jackson's
production has increased each year
he's been in the league.

Bridgette catches Kendall's eye; he gives her a a huge, shit-eating grin.

Bridgette stares at Kendall for a long beat. The board members look at each other - is she ok? Bridgette snaps back to her computer.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, this is the wrong
presentation.

Bridgette opens another file, one that compares Tyson King and Devin Jackson.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

Let's compare two players: Tyson King and Devin Jackson. When looking at per-game averages, Jackson seems to have the upper hand. When you dig into the advanced stats, however, you can see that King is a far superior player - and that signing Jackson would be a huge mistake.

Kendall's face falls; he's irate.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

While his stats did decline after his injury, King's continued ability to draw fouls suggests...

The owner, Mr. Morgan, leans over to talk to English, the CEO. Bridgette sees them and continues, emboldened.

INT. WARRIORS OFFICES, HALLWAY - DAY

Bridgette and John walk away from the meeting, speaking sharply and quietly.

JOHN

What the hell was that?

BRIDGETTE

I was just following your advice.

JOHN

I'm sorry, I must have forgotten the part where I told you to risk your entire career on a whim.

BRIDGETTE

You told me to be myself - and the one thing I'm not is Kendall's fucking marionette.

JOHN

Yeah, well then you should know that it's not Kendall that wants to sign Jackson - it comes straight from the top.

BRIDGETTE

Really?

JOHN

Yes. And Mr. Morgan's not too excited when people waste his time.

BRIDGETTE

So I just went down in flames.

(John nods; Bridgette turns)

I need to talk to him.

JOHN

Bridgette, stop.

BRIDGETTE

Look, John, I appreciate everything you've done for me. But at some point, I need to fight my own battles.

JOHN

So you don't want me to let you head an exploratory group that pursues signing Tyson King?

Bridgette stops, shocked.

BRIDGETTE

What?

JOHN

But there's a catch: you can't tell anyone. Just research King, get him to schedule a visit, and when the time comes we'll take it to Morgan together.

Bridgette hugs John - then quickly lets go, embarrassed.

BRIDGETTE

Thank you. You won't regret it.

JOHN

Don't start celebrating yet.
Kendall's got more experience than
you, greater resources, and
stronger relationships across the
league - not to mention the fact
that Jackson actually wants to sign
with us and King doesn't.

BRIDGETTE

Doesn't matter, we're going to get
King. I can feel it.

JOHN

I hope you know what you're doing.

BRIDGETTE

I always know what I'm doing.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S OFFICE - EVENING

Bridgette enters her office, flustered, with Marie close
behind.

BRIDGETTE

I have no fucking idea what I'm
doing.

(Marie closes the door)

I'm going to lose, Kendall's going
to push me out, and my career is
going to be over.

MARIE

Or you're going to win, get your
dream job and become the most
powerful woman in league history.

BRIDGETTE

Thanks, Marie. More pressure is
exactly what I needed right now.

MARIE

What happened to my boss of the
last few days? The one who came in
and was suddenly interested in
kicking ass again?

BRIDGETTE
I don't know where that came from.
I just woke up on Monday and...

Bridgette realizes something. She grabs her jacket.

MARIE
Where are you going?

BRIDGETTE
To get some confidence.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S APARTMENT, ENTRY WAY - NIGHT

Bridgette, shirt already half-unbuttoned, opens the door to reveal Nick.

NICK
I got your text...

Bridgette closes the door and attacks Nick, making out with him furiously.

NICK (CONT'D)
Hold on a second.
(Bridgette doesn't stop)
Seriously, we need to talk.
(Bridgette still doesn't stop)
Bridgette - stop.

Bridgette stops.

BRIDGETTE
You're married.

NICK
No.

BRIDGETTE
You have a girlfriend.

NICK
No.

BRIDGETTE
You've got...
(she motions generally to his crotch)
Something.

NICK
No.

BRIDGETTE
Then why are we still talking?

Bridgette unbuckles Nick's pants.

NICK
*Kendall asked me to be on the King
team with you.*

Bridgette takes a step back.

BRIDGETTE
He wants you to spy on us, to
sabotage any chance we have of
getting King.

NICK
Yes.

BRIDGETTE
Are you going to do it?

NICK
No.
(Bridgette studies him)
Of course, that's also what I would
say if I were planning on screwing
you over. So the real question is:
do you trust me?

The DOORBELL rings.

BRIDGETTE
Who the hell is that?

Bridgette, hastily buttoning her shirt, opens the door to
reveal a punky teen girl, TAYLOR (15).

TAYLOR
I'm looking for my brother.

BRIDGETTE
I think you've got the wrong
apartment.

TAYLOR
Nope, I followed him here.

Taylor looks over Bridgette's shoulder and spots Nick.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
There he is.
(re: Bridgette's shirt)
You missed a button.

Taylor pushes past a dumbfounded Bridgette into the apartment.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Taylor snoops around the living room. She opens a cabinet and finds a framed picture laying face down: it's of Grant and Bridgette at their wedding.

In the bathroom, Taylor opens the cabinet and finds the pills that Bridgette hid. She reads the labels, smirks, and slips a few pills into her pocket.

Bridgette and Nick speak in hurried whispers in the kitchen as Bridgette makes herself a gin and tonic.

BRIDGETTE
What is she doing here?

NICK
Sometimes she just leaves home.
I've tried to explain how
irresponsible that is...

BRIDGETTE
What about your parents?

NICK
My dad hasn't ever been able to
control her.

BRIDGETTE
Then maybe your mom should step up.

NICK
My mom died ten years ago.

Nick's phone rings; he answers.

NICK (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey, Dad. She's fine.

Nick walks into the bedroom. Bridgette cautiously enters the living room, where Taylor listens to music on the couch.

Bridgette puts her drink on the coffee table and sits next to Taylor, who pulls out her earbuds.

TAYLOR

This a fucking sweet apartment.
Did you know that you can see the
Golden Gate Bridge from your
bathroom?

BRIDGETTE

Yeah. I live here.

TAYLOR

So, aren't you supposed to offer me
something to drink?

BRIDGETTE

How about some milk?

TAYLOR

No, thanks. I'll just have some of
your water.

Taylor reaches for Bridgette's gin and tonic, which Bridgette
snatches away.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Has anyone ever told you that your
hospitality is lacking?

BRIDGETTE

How old are you?

TAYLOR

Fifteen. How old are you?

Nick walks past the bedroom door, talking on the phone;
Bridgette cranes her neck to get a better view. Taylor
smiles.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You're totally crushing. How
adorable.

BRIDGETTE

Look, kid: I know you think you're
pretty hot shit right now, but in
an hour you'll be back on a bus to
Assbackwardsville and I'll be
having sex with your brother.

TAYLOR

We'll see. Turns out my brother's
got a nasty overprotective streak,
so when I'm around I tend to get in
the way of what - and who - he
does.

BRIDGETTE
Is that supposed to be a threat?

TAYLOR
More like an offer. Give me what I want, and I leave your "relationship" alone.

BRIDGETTE
I'm not negotiating with a tween.

TAYLOR
(shrugs)
Have it your way. But I know if I was older, and divorced, and it felt like my whole life was slowly slipping away, I would be careful when it came to the things I cared about. Because pretty soon, I'm just going to be alone with my ice water.

Bridgette studies Taylor: who is this girl?

BRIDGETTE
What do you want?

TAYLOR
When the time comes, you'll know.

Nick hangs up the phone and enters the room, agitated.

NICK
Taylor, what in the hell do you think you're doing? Dad was worried sick about you.

TAYLOR
Whatever. It's a four hour bus ride, and I left a note.

NICK
Well, I hope you enjoyed the trip, because you're about to experience it in reverse.

Nick picks up Taylor's bag.

TAYLOR
Then I'll just run off again - someplace where I don't have a big brother to look after me.
(Nick hesitates; Taylor walks to the door)
(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Lisa's older brother lives in LA.
I'm sure he'd be more than happy to
house a sweet, naive teen for a few
weeks.

Taylor writes a text on her phone. Nick wavers.

NICK

You haven't been sweet or naive
since you were seven. What do you
want?

TAYLOR

To stay in the city for a month.

NICK

(scoffs)
Yeah, right.

Taylor's phone beeps.

TAYLOR

(re: phone)
Lisa's brother.
(reading)
"We don't have an extra bedroom."
(texting back)
That's ok, I can share...

Nick grabs her phone.

NICK

Two weeks. And no skipping school
next semester.

TAYLOR

Five skip days. And I want to stay
with Bridgette while I'm here.

NICK

(laughs)
No way. I'm not going to ask her
to do that.

TAYLOR

Then we'll flip a coin. Heads I
stay here, tails I stay with you.

Taylor stares at Bridgette: this is where you agree.
Bridgette nods.

BRIDGETTE

Fine.

NICK

Bridgette, you don't have to do this.

TAYLOR

It's ok, Nick. We're just having fun.

Taylor flips the quarter into the air, catches it, and turns it over on her wrist. She smiles and shows it to Bridgette.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(to Bridgette)

Looks like we're gonna be besties.

Bridgette hesitates: what the hell did I just agree to?

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAWN

Bridgette, wearing workout clothes with her hat pulled over her eyes, walks back to her apartment. She hears a basketball CLANG against a rim and looks up.

Taylor plays basketball on an worn outdoor court. Bridgette creeps towards her to get a better look, but accidentally runs into a jogger.

JOGGER

Hey, watch it!

BRIDGETTE

Sorry.

Bridgette looks back at the court, but Taylor's gone. Bridgette approaches, cautious.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing here?

Bridgette spins to find Taylor, ball against her hip.

BRIDGETTE

Just, you know, jogging.

TAYLOR

And?

BRIDGETTE

And I saw you, and I was curious what could possibly be important enough to get a fifteen year old up before dawn.

TAYLOR

You're up.

Taylor turns away and shoots a deep three pointer. Swish.

BRIDGETTE

Nice shot. You play on your high school team?

TAYLOR

Until I got kicked off.

BRIDGETTE

For what?

TAYLOR

Why are you sleeping with my brother?

(Bridgette is silent)

Guess I'm not the only one who doesn't like questions.

Taylor puts up another shot: swish. Bridgette grabs the ball.

BRIDGETTE

Then how about a little one-on-one for answers.

Taylor laughs.

TAYLOR

Against you? Absolutely. Make-it-take-it, I get the ball.

Taylor 'checks' the ball to Bridgette, who tosses it back.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Question one: why were you really spying on me?

Taylor dribbles to the right and puts up a shot - swish. Bridgette gets the ball.

BRIDGETTE

I was curious.

(Taylor stares at her -
not good enough)

I wanted to find out more about you in case you try to sabotage my... arrangement with Nick.

TAYLOR

I wouldn't worry about that. I
don't care what bimbo he screws.

Taylor grabs the ball and faces down Bridgette.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Next question: why don't you have
any kids?

BRIDGETTE

What kind of question is that?

TAYLOR

You grow up, you get married, you
have kids. That's how it works.

This time, Taylor crosses over to the left and shoots -
swish. Bridgette gets the ball.

BRIDGETTE

My husband and I made a choice that
we weren't willing to sacrifice our
professional success to have a
child.

TAYLOR

And how'd that work out for your
marriage?

Bridgette checks the ball back to Taylor, hard. Taylor
smiles.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Last question: where were you this
morning?

BRIDGETTE

What do you mean? I was jogging.

TAYLOR

You're barely sweating, and you're
not even wearing a sports bra; you
haven't been running anywhere. So
where were you?

Taylor drives, spins and puts up a shot - but is BLOCKED by
Bridgette.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Foul.

BRIDGETTE

I'm sorry?

TAYLOR
Foul. You fouled me.

Bridgette stares at Taylor, incredulous, then nods and throws her the ball.

BRIDGETTE
Alright.

Taylor drives to the hoop, but Bridgette blocks her again.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
Foul.
(Taylor stares at her)
I got your arm. Sorry.

Next time: Taylor tries a step back jumper: blocked.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
Foul. Tripped you.

Next time: Taylor tries to spin the other way, but Bridgette steals the ball.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
Foul. I think my elbow hit your hair.

Bridgette gives the ball to Taylor - who throws it back, pissed.

TAYLOR
Just take the damn ball.

Bridgette takes the ball and faces Taylor.

BRIDGETTE
My turn: who taught you to play?

Bridgette drives past Taylor and scores. Taylor throws the ball back to Bridgette, mad.

TAYLOR
My Mom. And then my brother. And then me.

BRIDGETTE
And what the hell are you doing out here at five AM?

Bridgette backs into Taylor, knocking her to the ground, and spins to the hoop for an easy layup. She offers Taylor a hand to help her up, but Taylor ignores her and stands.

TAYLOR

Because my brother is so incredibly anal he'll probably lock me in a closet when he wakes up.

BRIDGETTE

If he's so overprotective, why come to San Francisco?

TAYLOR

Because I had to get out of my shithole town, and if I went anywhere else Nick would quit his job to track me down. That was two questions.

Bridgette faces down Taylor, who swipes at the ball. Bridgette pivots away.

BRIDGETTE

Ok, but why now?

TAYLOR

What?

BRIDGETTE

Your town was a shithole last month, and the month before that. Why come now? What are you running from?

Bridgette fakes a shot. Taylor bites on the fake and Bridgette drives to the basket and scores.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

Well?

Taylor grabs the ball and walks off the court, not looking back.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

Oh, I see. Real mature.

Bridgette picks up her stuff and glances at her phone: shit, she's late.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DAY

Bridgette hurries through a restaurant that overlooks the bay until she spots SCOTT CARLSON, Tyson King's agent. She approaches his table, arm outstretched.

BRIDGETTE

Sorry I'm late. Bridgette Nelson.

Scott ignores her hand, focusing instead on his food.

SCOTT

Wow - this omelette is amazing.
It's got a caviar that the
Ukrainians say will make you live
forever.

(to waiter, taps his
glass)

Another scotch. Laguvulin.

Bridgette looks at the menu, but her eyes bulge at the prices
and she quickly puts it down.

BRIDGETTE

(to waiter)

Just coffee for now, thanks.

(to Scott)

I'll get right to the point: we
would like to sign your client,
Tyson King.

SCOTT

I'm sure you would. Unfortunately,
Tyson's going to sign with Dallas.

BRIDGETTE

We'd still like the chance to make
our case.

Scott puts down his fork and wipes his mouth.

SCOTT

Look, Brenda...

BRIDGETTE

Bridgette.

SCOTT

...there's nothing in the world
that I hate more than a cocktease,
so I'm gonna give this to you
straight. You have no chance of
signing Tyson. Zero. Every moment
you imagine the possibility of him
playing for the Warriors is a
pathetic waste of your time.

BRIDGETTE

Why? We have cap room, young pieces to contend for the next five years, a coach with championship experience...

SCOTT

Do you have two other superstars signing in the same place?

BRIDGETTE

No. But we have tens of millions of fans in Asia - maybe hundreds of millions. The difference in endorsements alone...

SCOTT

Look, lady, you're preaching to the choir. You think I want to fly to some sweaty, southern armpit just so I can watch fat people eat Chick-Fil-A? But the money I make from Tyson King is going to pay for my next two houses. So if he wants to go to Dallas, I'm not gonna piss him off - because I don't take risks with the goose that lays the golden fucking eggs. Period.

Scott stands.

BRIDGETTE

So that's it? You just came here to drink fifty dollar scotch and say no to my face?

SCOTT

I represent some of the best basketball players in the world and you are a second-tier pencil pusher; I did you a favor by letting you watch me eat.

(to waiter)

She'll take the check.

Scott walks away; Bridgette watches him, feeling equal parts angry and helpless. The waiter delivers the scotch that Scott ordered, and Bridgette downs it in one swig.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bridgette and Marie sit in a conference room, surrounded by three laptops, two TV's, and a half-dozen file boxes.

MARIE

We're screwed.

BRIDGETTE

We're not screwed; we just have to regroup. We've got everything King has done since he was twelve years old. There's got to be something in here that can help us.

MARIE

We want to sign a player whom we aren't allowed to speak to. I don't think video of
(reads a DV tape)
"South Covington Junior Prom" is going to make much of a difference.

BRIDGETTE

Maybe Nick will have an idea.

MARIE

You mean the guy who's supposed to spy on us for his boss? Hold on, let me ask him. Oh, that's right: he's not here.

On cue, Nick walks in, leading a pissed-off Taylor.

NICK

But he is very, very sorry that he's late.

(Nick smiles at Marie, who rolls her eyes)

Marie, this is my sister, Taylor.

Taylor pulls out a chair, slamming it noisily. She turns away from them and buries herself in her phone.

NICK (CONT'D)

Taylor apparently does not understand which areas of the city she can and can not visit by herself, so she's going to be spending the day with us.

MARIE

I didn't realize that we were running a day care.

BRIDGETTE

What we're doing is trying to sign a star. Let's get to it.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - HOURS LATER

The group works silently and intently as video of King playing basketball runs on both TVs.

Bridgette flips through a pile of old documents, examining a yearbook photo in which King and his high school teammates goof around.

Marie highlights interview transcripts, sorting them into piles. She rubs her eyes.

Nick compiles a record of King's life on a whiteboard, titled "Tyson King Timeline," with portions named "South Covington High," "Syracuse," "CAA," etc. He periodically gets up from his computer to add to it.

Taylor sits to one side, still on her phone.

Nick takes a step back, rubbing his eyes. He turns to get more coffee, but bumps into the table Marie is working on, knocking her piles to the ground.

MARIE

Seriously? Those were organized.

NICK

Then maybe you shouldn't have arranged them like you were playing three simultaneous games of Jenga.

MARIE

Oh, you've got jokes. Let's see how funny it is when I erase your precious timeline; then how will we ever know if Tyson chose macaroni and cheese over PB and J?

Bridgette steps between them.

BRIDGETTE

Maybe we should take a break.

MARIE

We don't have time for a break. Every hour is one closer to King signing with Dallas. And we have nothing.

Bridgette tries to think of a response, but Marie's right.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Why does he do that?

Marie, Bridgette, and Nick spin to look at Taylor, who has taken off her headphones and is watching King enter a basketball game.

BRIDGETTE
Why does who do what?

TAYLOR
King. Every time he goes into the game, he does this thing with his hand.

Bridgette rewinds the TV, and they all watch. As King checks in he does a small, complicated hand gesture before he walks on the court. Even if you're looking for it, it's almost imperceptible.

MARIE
Probably just a superstition - all players have them.

Taylor grabs the remote and rewinds, watching in slow motion.

TAYLOR
Bullshit - that's sign language. I learned it in school.
(re: her brother's look)
What? It counts as a foreign language.

Marie studies the screen.

MARIE
I think she's right.

TAYLOR
Of course I'm right. That's an I, I think, then maybe an M...?

NICK
It's an L.

Nick turns a laptop around - it's got a list of letters in sign language. The four of them cluster around, looking back and forth between the laptop and the television.

BRIDGETTE
Ok, that's a V...

MARIE
I think it's a W...

BRIDGETTE
What? Definitely a V.

NICK
What's that at the end, with the
swoop?

TAYLOR
I love you, J.

They stop: she's right.

NICK
Who the hell is J?

BRIDGETTE
We better find out. Marie, call
anyone who's ever interviewed King,
see if he's ever mentioned anyone
whose name starts with a J. Nick,
check property records for
relatives...

Taylor slips on her headphones and watches, amused, as Nick,
Bridgette, and Marie jump into action.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

It's still dark. Taylor drops Bridgette's pill bottles on
the bedside table, waking her.

TAYLOR
Which pills?

BRIDGETTE
(half-asleep)
What?

TAYLOR
I helped you yesterday, so you're
going to help me today - but in
order to do that, I need you to be
functional. So which pills?

Bridgette stares at her, then at the bottles.

BRIDGETTE
Two white, one red, two brown and
two black.
(she turns over, holding
her head)
Make that three black.

Taylor hands the pills to Bridgette with a glass of water;
Bridgette swallows them.

TAYLOR
Alright, let's go.

Taylor exits. Bridgette stares after her; she groans and scrapes herself out of bed.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - EARLY MORNING

Fog envelopes the court. Taylor stands above the three point line as Bridgette drags a rickety folding chair to one corner.

BRIDGETTE
Today we're going to work on passing. This is your teammate; her name is Chair.

TAYLOR
I don't need to work on passing.

BRIDGETTE
I checked your stats from last year. Twelve points a game off the bench - not bad.
(Taylor smiles)
But only six assists. Not per game - six for the year. So I think passing might be a good place to start. We'll start basic: drive and kick...

Taylor ignores her and takes a shot. Bridgette grabs the ball.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
I didn't get woken up at the crack of dawn to get ignored by a teenager.

TAYLOR
Then shut up about passing and tell me how you blocked my shots.

Bridgette smiles.

BRIDGETTE
Is that what this is about? Fine. I blocked your shots because you only care about scoring. It's all you think about every moment you're on the court;
(MORE)

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
it's in your eyes, it's in how you
dribble the ball, it's in the way
you hold your breath before you
shoot. And the more you want
something, the easier it is for
someone to take it away. So today,
we are going to learn not to want.
Today, we are going to learn
patience.

Bridgette throws her the ball.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
Now drive to the basket, but
instead of shooting, pass it to
Chair.

Taylor rolls her eyes. She dribbles to the basket and lazily
throws a pass that hits one of the legs of the chair.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
Ok. That was awful.

TAYLOR
What? I passed the stupid ball to
the stupid chair.

BRIDGETTE
Technically, I suppose that's
correct. But Chair just happens to
be your best three point shooter.
When you're shooting, where do you
want the ball? Here.
(she brings the ball to
her waist)
It needs to be a hard, crisp pass -
like this.

Bridgette rifles a pass which knocks Taylor backwards.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
Again.

Taylor rolls her eyes, but drives the lane again; this time,
the pass hits the back of the chair.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
Ok, better. But think about this -
is Chair right-handed or left-
handed?

TAYLOR
This is dumb.

BRIDGETTE

You know what, you're right. It is dumb.

Bridgette walks off the court. Taylor watches her go.

TAYLOR

Left.

(Bridgette stops)

Chair is left-handed.

Bridgette turns back.

BRIDGETTE

Ok, if Chair is left-handed, she's is going to want the ball on the left side of her body...

TAYLOR

Can we stop calling her Chair? Her name is Denise.

Bridgette smiles.

BRIDGETTE

Ok. Denise is going to want the ball on the left side...

INT. BRIDGETTE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Bridgette stands in front of a white board. The top reads "Jasmine" and it's filled with information, lists, and photographs.

Bridgette stares at the white board, but her concentration is interrupted by Marie as she bursts through the door.

MARIE

We have a problem. Morgan is going to make Jackson an offer.

BRIDGETTE

Are you sure?

MARIE

Assistant gossip is never wrong. Except when it is. But it's not this time. We need to go ahead with the plan.

BRIDGETTE

It's dangerous.

MARIE

This whole thing is dangerous -
isn't that the point? King's even
in town, playing at the Berkeley
alumni game. It's perfect; we just
need to pull the trigger.

Bridgette pauses.

BRIDGETTE

I need to talk to John.

Bridgette exits, leaving Marie frustrated.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Bridgette catches up with John in the hallway. They walk
quickly.

BRIDGETTE

He has a daughter, John. Her name
is Jasmine, and she's got a rare
heart condition called
(flips through papers)
Pediatric cardiomyopathy.
Cardiomyopathy? Cardiomyopathy.

JOHN

I am rapidly losing interest.

BRIDGETTE

Her doctor lives in Dallas - that's
why he wants to sign there.

JOHN

So what's your point? The guy who
we previously thought was
unattainable is now really, really
unattainable?

BRIDGETTE

No, because I talked to the doctor,
He's willing to relocate here, as
long as we, you know,
(quickly)
build him a state of the art
medical research facility for him
to continue his work.

JOHN

How state of the art?

BRIDGETTE
It's for sick kids, John.

JOHN
Bridgette. How many zeros?

BRIDGETTE
Six.
(pause)
Maybe seven.
(John scoffs, shakes his head)
But we can pay for it out of our charity fund - and you, of all people, know that it's worth it if it means getting the right star.

JOHN
So what do you want me to do?
March into Morgan's office by your side and present this cockamamie scheme?

BRIDGETTE
Well... yeah.

JOHN
No - that's career suicide. I'm not doing it, and I'm sure as hell not letting you do it. I care too much about your success to see you throw it away on something like this. And if you go up there without me, I will cut you loose and pretend I've never heard of this whole thing. Your choice.

John's phone rings. Bridgette stops, frustrated, and watches him walk away.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S CAR - DAY

Bridgette sits in her car down the street from Grant's apartment complex. She peers in the rearview mirror, studying the front of the building.

Suddenly, the passenger door opens and Taylor jumps in.

TAYLOR
Yo, what's up?
(Bridgette jumps, startled)
Whoa - jumpy, much?

BRIDGETTE

What the hell are you doing here?

TAYLOR

What are you doing here? I have a feeling you're not picking up your dry cleaning.

(Bridgette doesn't respond)

So, who lives here?

(still doesn't respond)

The ex, huh? Probably not a great idea to stalk him. You know, legally. Just for your FYI.

BRIDGETTE

How did you find me?

TAYLOR

I installed tracking software on your phone. I learned it from my brother, since he does it to me every time he sees me. I had to wipe my phone again this morning.

Someone leaves the apartment; Bridgette quickly looks up at the mirror, but it's just two women in their 60's.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

So what are we going to do when we see him? Rush out and scare him? Bring him a cake? Beg him to take you back?

BRIDGETTE

I come here when I need to think, ok? I have to decide if I'm going to take the biggest risk of my career.

TAYLOR

What's the payoff?

BRIDGETTE

I'm sorry?

TAYLOR

You can't decide whether you're going to take a risk without calculating the payoff. Most people, they just think about the probability of success. Oh, it probably won't work, they say - it's not worth it.

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

It's one in ten. But if that one-in-ten chance pays off twenty to one, that's a good bet. Make it enough times, and you'll come out on top. But people don't want to live that way - they don't want to lose ninety percent of the time. They're afraid. And so the question you have to ask yourself is: how afraid are you?

Bridgette stares at Taylor for a moment - then reaches for the ignition and starts the car.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

That's my girl.

INT. BERKELEY GYM - DAY

Bridgette and Taylor enter a half-full gymnasium under an banner that reads "UC Berkeley Alumni Charity Game."

It's still a half hour before tip-off; the players, including TYSON KING (24), warm up on one end of the court in front of a crowd that still hasn't fully arrived.

Taylor sees the players and her eyes go wide.

TAYLOR

Holy crap, it's Tyson King.

BRIDGETTE

Yes, it is. Now go... play or something.

Taylor rolls her eyes and heads to the other side of the gym, which has several unused basketball hoops.

Bridgette takes a deep breath and walks towards King - but at the edge of the court, she's stopped by a security guard.

SECURITY

No fans allowed.

BRIDGETTE

I'm not a fan. I work for the Warriors, and I need to talk to Tyson.

(the security guard
studies her, skeptical)
He's a friend.

Bridgette shows her Warriors ID. The security guard looks at it, then turns back to the court.

SECURITY
(calling)
Hey, Tyson.
(Tyson looks up)
This a friend of yours?

Tyson studies Bridgette.

TYSON
Never seen her before.

BRIDGETTE
No, Tyson...

Bridgette moves towards Tyson, but the security guard steps in front of her.

SECURITY
No. Fans. Allowed.

Bridgette takes one last look at Tyson, frustrated, and turns around to take a seat on the bleachers.

A woman, AMBER (24), sits down next to her, holding a nine month old baby.

AMBER
Hi, I'm Amber.

BRIDGETTE
Bridgette.

AMBER
Hi, Bridgette. Do you mind telling me why you're so interested in talking to my husband?

Bridgette looks up, surprised.

BRIDGETTE
Who, Tyson? Oh, no - it's not like that.

AMBER
Then what is it like?

BRIDGETTE
I need to talk to him about signing a contract here, with the Warriors.

AMBER

He's signing with Dallas.

BRIDGETTE

Because of Jasmine, I know.

(Amber looks up, sharply)

I'm not a stalker; we just did our homework. Amber, I talked to Jasmine's doctor: he's willing to come here.

AMBER

Doesn't matter. We're going to Dallas.

Bridgette gets frustrated.

BRIDGETTE

Why? Your whole family is here. Don't you want Jasmine to grow up with them, with that support?

Amber's hackles raise.

AMBER

I decide what's right for my daughter - not you or anybody else. And we've made our choice.

BRIDGETTE

You're right. I'm sorry.

Bridgette, frustrated, looks out on the court. She sees Taylor on the far side, practicing, and is drawn in:

Taylor dribbles the ball in the middle of the court against an imaginary defender. She crosses over and drives to the hoop - but instead of attempting a layup, Taylor throws a pass to the corner, to no one.

The ball bounces off the wall, and Taylor retrieves it. She brings the ball back to the key and repeats the whole process; she's practicing what Bridgette taught her.

Bridgette watches her, and she can't keep herself from smiling. She wipes her eyes, embarrassed.

Amber watches Bridgette watch Taylor. She softens.

AMBER

Look, it's not just about the doctor. I've been to Dallas. I've met the coaches, I've met the players, I've met their wives.

(MORE)

AMBER (CONT'D)

The truth is that this is a man's league, and the wives and the girlfriends and the children - sometimes we get shut out. Dallas made Jasmine and I feel welcome - like we were part of the team.

Bridgette finally tears herself away from watching Taylor.

BRIDGETTE

I'm sorry, what was that?

AMBER

I was talking about how the people in Dallas respected and listened to me.

BRIDGETTE

Right. Sorry.

Bridgette turns to face Amber, but still glances away to look at Taylor. Amber stands, with Jasmine.

AMBER

I'll talk to Tyson - I'll get him to at least visit the Warriors.

Bridgette's head snaps back to Amber.

BRIDGETTE

What? Why?

AMBER

Because I'm looking for someone who knows what it feels like to be a mom.

(re: Taylor)

She looks like she needs someone to pass to.

Amber walks away, leaving Bridgette speechless.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bridgette and Taylor walk in the front door, excited. Nick is waiting for them.

TAYLOR

She just said he would come and she didn't give you a reason?

BRIDGETTE

No, nothing.

(sees Nick)

Tyson King's wife said she'll
convince him to visit.

Nick nods, but doesn't smile.

NICK

Awesome. Nice work.

Nick turns away.

BRIDGETTE

Nick, this is great news.

NICK

Then why didn't you tell me you
were going? Seems like something
you might want to tell someone who
helped you come up with the plan in
the first place.

BRIDGETTE

I'm sorry, do I work for you?

NICK

Approaching King face to face is a
pretty big move. You didn't tell
me because you don't trust me. You
thought I would tell Kendall.

BRIDGETTE

Of course I trust you.

NICK

Then where were you this afternoon?
I went by your office, and Marie
said you were out - but she had no
idea where you were.

(Bridgette hesitates)

I guess we have different
definitions of the word 'trust.'

Now Bridgette is pissed - but before she can say anything,
Taylor steps between them.

TAYLOR

(to Nick)

You want to talk about trust?
Fine. Did you install tracking
software on my phone?

Nick hesitates; suddenly, he's on the defensive.

NICK

It's for your own good. I can't have you wandering around the city without knowing where you are.

TAYLOR

You could ask. Of course, that would require you to have one single shred of faith in me.

NICK

Because you've done so much to earn it? It's my job to take care of you.

TAYLOR

Then you suck at it. Do me a favor and stay away from me while I'm here - or I'll ditch the phone and give you a real reason to worry.

Taylor enters her room.

BRIDGETTE

Hey, don't slam the...
(Taylor slams the door)
...door.

Nick looks at Bridgette - what the hell was that? Bridgette shrugs.

EXT. OUTDOOR MARKET - EVENING

Bridgette and Nick browse through a crowded outdoor seafood market, which is stocked with produce and fish. Nick periodically picks up items and puts them in a basket.

NICK

She's so volatile - I just don't know what to do.

BRIDGETTE

You want my opinion? Give her some space.

NICK

Space? I move away, and she runs away to follow me.

BRIDGETTE

Taylor looks up to you, and she wants you to respect her as an adult. That's why it makes her so mad when you treat her like a kid.

NICK

But she is a kid. She's fifteen.

BRIDGETTE

I know. And you can still protect her; just try doing it a little more like her big brother and a little less like her dad.

(Nick thinks about this)

Give her some space, then take her to a movie, have some fun. It'll help, I promise.

NICK

Fine.

Nick picks up an onion and puts it in the basket.

BRIDGETTE

I don't like onions.

Bridgette puts the onion back.

NICK

I didn't realize that I asked for your opinion.

Nick picks up the onion.

BRIDGETTE

You're cooking me dinner, so I'd prefer that it not make me gag.

Bridgette tries to take the onion back - but Nick holds it out of her reach.

NICK

The question is: do you trust me that I can cook you something with an onion that doesn't taste like onions.

BRIDGETTE

Jesus. Not every vegetable has to be a referendum on our relationship.

NICK

Whoa, did you just refer to fact that we're in a relationship? I feel like this is moving a little fast.

BRIDGETTE

You're such an asshole.

Bridgette tries to steal the onion one more time, but Nick holds it away, kisses her, and pats her on the butt.

NICK

Now run off and find me some capers.

Bridgette scowls, then sees someone eating crab legs.

BRIDGETTE

Wait, why are we buying raw food when they sell cooked food? What are we, chumps?

NICK

I said I would cook you dinner.

BRIDGETTE

Yeah, well I'm hungry now. Deal with it.

Bridgette grabs him by the hand and pulls him towards the crab stand.

NICK

I'm buying this onion. You can't stop me.

INT. APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR - LATE NIGHT

Bridgette and Nick stumble through the door, kissing. Bridgette glances at Taylor's room: light streams from under the door.

BRIDGETTE

You should go. Space, remember?
(Nick nods - he glances at
Taylor's room)
Don't worry, I'll check on her.

Nick kisses Bridgette one last time and exits. Bridgette watches him go, then shuts the door behind him. She approaches Taylor's door and knocks softly.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
Taylor? You ok in there?
(nothing)
It's past midnight - you should get
some sleep.

Bridgette opens the door, but the room is empty. Taylor is gone.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - 3 AM

Taylor enters the apartment and is surprised to find Bridgette on the couch, waiting for her.

BRIDGETTE
Morning.

TAYLOR
Morning.

Taylor walks to her room.

BRIDGETTE
Oh, don't go straight to bed. Come
talk.

Bridgette pats the couch next to her. Taylor sits, cautious.

TAYLOR
What do you want to talk about?

BRIDGETTE
You know, girl stuff. Like where
the hell you've been until three
AM.

TAYLOR
And if I don't want to tell you?

BRIDGETTE
Then you don't have to stay here.

TAYLOR
Seriously? I just saved you from
my brother finding out you're a
crazy stalker. I thought we were
friends.

BRIDGETTE
(laughs)
Taylor, we're never going to be
friends.

Taylor is hurt, but she covers.

TAYLOR

Why, because you're ancient?

BRIDGETTE

Is that the best you can do? Come on, give me your best shot.

(Taylor is silent;

Bridgette cocks her head)

Or are you not mature enough to tell people how you really feel about them?

Taylor can't hold it in; she boils over.

TAYLOR

You want honest? Seeing you with my brother is pathetic, desperately clinging to him in your last few moments before nobody wants you anymore.

BRIDGETTE

How long do you think I can hold on?

TAYLOR

As long as it takes for him to find a younger, hotter version of you - one that can have kids, since your insides must be pretty shriveled up by now.

Bridgette nods.

BRIDGETTE

And then what?

TAYLOR

You just keep getting older, until you die. Probably in your office, alone, but it takes a few days for anyone to notice. And after your funeral, everyone stands around and talks about how you always worked so hard - how you were an inspiration. And then they go home - back to their lives, their families, their friends - and nobody ever thinks about you again. Just like that, forgotten.

Taylor spits out the final word. Bridgette nods.

BRIDGETTE

Good. That's how you really hurt
someone. How did it feel?

Taylor swallows.

TAYLOR

I'm fine.

BRIDGETTE

Then I suppose you're a real woman.

Bridgette walks into her room and shuts the door.

Taylor looks around, suddenly alone.

TAYLOR

Whatever.

Taylor enters her room.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S APARTMENT, GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Taylor throws her jacket to one side, angry. She sits on the bed and tries to untie her Chuck Taylors, but her hands are shaking.

Taylor gives up and tears the shoes off, throwing them against the wall, and buries her head in her pillow.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bridgette leans against the dresser, taking heavy, uneven breaths. She opens the liquor cabinet and pulls out a glass - and then pauses, staring at it.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S APARTMENT, TAYLOR'S BEDROOM - DAWN

The lights click on. Taylor stirs, then squints open her eyes to find Bridgette standing over her.

BRIDGETTE

Get up. We've got practice.

Bridgette walks out. Taylor looks at the time on her phone and rolls her eyes - but gets up.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - EARLY MORNING

No conversation. Taylor shoots; Bridgette grabs the ball.

BRIDGETTE

On the line.

TAYLOR

I'm here to play ball, not run track.

BRIDGETTE

You get winded after five minutes.

You call that playing ball?

(Taylor doesn't say anything)

On the line or go home.

Taylor stares at her, then walks to the line.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

Free throw line, half court, other free throw line, full court. Go.

Taylor runs as Bridgette watches, stone-faced. Taylor comes back, breathing heavily.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

There's more to basketball than game-winning jumpers. So which do you love? Basketball, or scoring? Go.

Taylor takes off again; she's already struggling. She comes back and bends over, hands on her knees.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

Push-ups.

(Taylor bends over, catching her breath)

Now.

(Taylor gets in push-up position)

You know why I love basketball? Because teamwork is more important than in any other sport.

Taylor tries to do a push-up, but collapses.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

I said push-ups.

Bridgette grabs the back of Taylor's shirt and pulls her up and down. Sweat pools beneath Taylor.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

I know you think I'm full of shit.
Baseball and football, those sports
are about teamwork. A pitcher
cannot pitch without a catcher, and
a running back goes nowhere without
linemen to block for him. And yet,
in basketball, a player can be
selfish and a team can still
succeed.

(Taylor collapses on the
ground)

Sit against the poll.

Taylor drags herself to her feet and sits against the pole
that the hoop is attached to.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

Lower.

(Taylor gets lower)

Lower.

(Taylor gets lower)

Lower.

Bridgette pushes Taylor down until her thighs are parallel
with the ground. Taylor's legs shake.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

In basketball, teamwork is optional
- and that's why it's so special,
so beautiful, when a team puts
their egos aside and plays like it
is a single body, communicating
with a language of picks and passes
and glances and fakes. That's why
I love the game: because the way
you play says something about who
you really are.

Taylor's legs give out and she collapses on the ground, chest
heaving.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

So when I see someone play
selfishly, it frustrates me.
Because that person says they love
the game, but they don't - they
love themselves. On the line.

(Taylor stays on the
ground)

On the line.

Taylor struggles to her knees, and then VOMITS all over the
blacktop.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
I guess we're done.

Bridgette gathers her things. Taylor scrapes herself to her feet and stands on the line.

TAYLOR
Say go.

Bridgette softens, almost imperceptibly.

BRIDGETTE
Taylor, I said we're done.

Bridgette turns away.

TAYLOR
You want to know why I ran away?
(Bridgette stops)
There was a girl that was picking on me at school, calling me a 'dyke.' So I found her boyfriend at a party, drunk, and I slept with him. The next day the whole school knew. And when I saw her, crying by her locker, I said "Guess I'm not a dyke after all." And you know what she said? She said "Nobody likes you. Not even your Mom."

BRIDGETTE
Taylor. That's not true.

TAYLOR
I've never done a single thing in my life that she would be proud of. But she'd be proud of this.

Taylor puts her foot on the line.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Say 'Go.'
(Bridgette looks at her;
now, forcefully:)
Say 'Go.'

BRIDGETTE
Go.

Taylor takes off running; Bridgette watches her.

INT. WARRIORS OFFICES - DAY

Marie is on the phone at her desk, stressed. Bridgette walks in and Marie hangs up.

MARIE

Where the hell have you been? I've been calling you for an hour.

BRIDGETTE

I think my phone is off.

MARIE

Your phone is...?
(Marie can't process this;
she shakes her head)
John needs to see you.

BRIDGETTE

Ok, tell him I'm coming...

MARIE

In Mr. Morgan's office.

BRIDGETTE

Mr. Morgan.
(Marie nods)
Who owns the team.
(Marie nods)
When?

MARIE

In two minutes.

Bridgette takes off her heels and RUNS.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Other way.

Bridgette runs the other way.

INT. MORGAN'S OFFICE

Bridgette enters, harried, and finds Mr. Morgan and John sitting across the table from Kendall; Kendall makes a show of checking his watch.

MR. MORGAN

Miss Nelson. Please, sit.
(she does)
Can I get you anything? Water?

BRIDGETTE

I'm fine, thanks.

MR. MORGAN

Then I'll get right to it. David English, our CEO, is being sued by one of our former employees for sexual harassment. He's been placed on administrative leave, and will be fired.

(Bridgette looks up,
shocked)

I wanted to tell the two of you personally, because each of you will be coordinating a visit from a free agent: Kendall with Devin Jackson, and Bridgette with Tyson King. Any questions?

Bridgette glances at John, elated. He nods. Kendall clears his throat.

KENDALL

Yes, actually. Even allowing for the possibility that these players are equally talented - which I'm not willing to concede - Jackson is ready to sign. If we bring in King, we risk alienating Jackson and ending up with no one. It doesn't make sense.

Morgan looks to Bridgette.

MR. MORGAN

Bridgette?

BRIDGETTE

First of all, there's a difference between a player promising to sign and actually signing - especially a player as notoriously fickle as Jackson. Are you really going to let a player who's not on your team tell you who you're allowed to bring in for a visit?

KENDALL

Why not? This is no time for ego: we're trying to win basketball games.

BRIDGETTE

And two seasons ago, Tyson King was your best chance to do that.

KENDALL

And then last year, he sucked.

BRIDGETTE

He was playing hurt.

KENDALL

I don't fucking care. Give him a gold star and sign him up for the special Olympics, but I want guys who can ball.

BRIDGETTE

You want ball? How about the fact that any sane player in a contract year would have sat out the season instead of hurting his own value by playing at seventy five percent? Or how about the fact that he was top five in the league in on-off court differential and adjusted plus minus - and that's while he was hurt. He couldn't throw down highlight dunks every night, but he was doing everything possible to help his team win, every single night, all while dragging around a gimpy leg. So if you ask me, I can't think of another guy on the planet who I'd be prouder to see with the word 'Warrior' printed across his chest.

Kendall shakes his head, incredulous.

KENDALL

I don't even know how to respond to this. The idea that we would ignore a sure thing in favor of such an obvious risk...

BRIDGETTE

That's the word, right there. Risk. People hate risks - because they know that if they take enough of them, sometimes, they're going to get burned.

(MORE)

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

And that fear sticks with them,
clouds their judgement, until they
become eternally confined to the
drab sameness of mediocrity. The
key is to look past the fear and
learn to take the right risks -
because no one ever achieved
greatness by playing scared. So
the real question is: how scared
are we?

Morgan contemplates for a long moment, then sits up.

MORGAN

We'll pursue both Jackson and King.
(Bridgette smiles; Kendall
scowls)

And just so you both know, in order
to present an image of continuity
I've named John acting CEO in
addition to his current role of
General Manager. If John were to
retain the role of CEO, of course,
we would need a new GM - and we
would look favorably upon anyone
who was able to sign a marquee free
agent. Am I making myself clear?

Bridgette is taken aback; she tries to hide her excitement.

INT. WARRIORS OFFICES, HALLWAY - DAY

John walks down another hall with Bridgette; they speak
quietly and quickly.

BRIDGETTE

Let me get this straight: he's
saying that if we sign Tyson King,
he'll make me general manager.

JOHN

Yes. And he's lying.

BRIDGETTE

How do you know?

JOHN

I've worked for the man for ten
years. He loves to dangle
promotions in front of people if he
thinks it will serve his purposes.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

He's doing the same thing to me,
but I'm not going to be his puppet
if it means damaging your career.
Which is why I think you should
give up on King.

BRIDGETTE

But we're so close.

JOHN

No, we're not. This lawsuit makes
us look like clowns; nobody will
come close to us, especially King.

BRIDGETTE

How do you know?

JOHN

Because I know people. King made a
handshake deal with Dallas last
night; it'll be official when the
signing window opens on Friday.
And when we sign Jackson instead,
who do you think is going to get
that GM job?

Right on cue, Kendall enters the hallway. As he passes, he
locks eyes with Bridgette, smiles wide, and winks; it takes
all of Bridgette's willpower not to slug him in the mouth.

Kendall turns the corner and disappears.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Give up on King and make nice with
Kendall: in a few weeks, he's going
to be your boss. I'm sorry, Bridg -
it's over.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bridgette sits at her desk, twirling a cigarette between her
fingers. Marie paces in front of her.

MARIE

Are you serious? Does he have any
idea how close we are?

BRIDGETTE

Of course he knows. He also knows
that we're not nearly as close as
we think we are.

MARIE

Bullshit. He doesn't want us to get King.

BRIDGETTE

Of course he does. His entire promotion is resting on it. He's helping us despite that.

MARIE

Ok, fine. But why are you listening? You're headed for the biggest moment of your career, and one comment from John is enough for you to call the whole thing off?

Marie's voice has started to escalate; Bridgette's follows.

BRIDGETTE

John's been looking out for me since I was an analyst.

MARIE

You're not an analyst anymore! You've been like this ever since Grant left, trying to keep everything exactly how it was...

BRIDGETTE

I don't need a lecture on life right now.

MARIE

Are you sure? Because it seems like you're too afraid to go after what you want.

BRIDGETTE

(too loud)
I want what I had.

Marie stops. For a moment, no one says anything.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

Just get out. Please.

Marie walks to the door. Before she leaves:

MARIE

What you had is gone. At some point, you're going to have to deal with that.

Marie exits. Bridgette is left alone, struggling with what to do; she grabs her things and leaves.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Bridgette enters her apartment and is surprised to find Nick waiting for her in the living room.

NICK

Where have you been?

BRIDGETTE

At work.

NICK

Marie said you left three hours ago.

BRIDGETTE

I'm sorry, I didn't realize I needed to check in with you every fifteen minutes. And while we're asking questions, why the hell didn't you tell me that King made a handshake deal with Dallas?

NICK

What? I haven't heard that.

BRIDGETTE

Kendall knew. I could see it all over his smug little face.

NICK

If he did, he didn't tell me.

BRIDGETTE

Like how he didn't tell you that he was about to sign Jackson the other day?

NICK

Exactly like that, actually. And I would appreciate it if you would said hi to me when you come home before you accuse me of being a pathological liar.

BRIDGETTE

This isn't your home. What the hell are you even doing here?

Taylor enters from her room.

TAYLOR
Nick's taking me to the movies.
You want to come?

BRIDGETTE
I can't.

NICK
She can't.

Taylor looks from Nick to Bridgette.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
What's going on?

BRIDGETTE
Nothing. Have fun.

Bridgette exits. Taylor looks at Nick and shakes her head, pissed.

TAYLOR
You're unbelievable.

Taylor follows Bridgette.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bridgette pulls out a pack of cigarettes, hands shaking.
Taylor enters and closes the door.

TAYLOR
(re: cigarettes)
Do you have any idea how dumb these
are?

Taylor grabs the pack, dumps it in the sink, and turns on the water.

BRIDGETTE
Trust me, you do not want to mess
with me right now.

TAYLOR
I'm a rebellious teenager with an
invincibility complex who acts like
she's twelve but thinks that she's
twenty one. Make my day.

BRIDGETTE
Just... leave me alone. I don't
want to go out with him.

TAYLOR

Then go out with me. Please please pretty please, Bridgette, my only and bestest friend, will you come to the movies? So I don't end up seeing Kevin James as the voice of an animated duck with my overbearing brother? But mostly because if you don't, I will work, ceaselessly and without remorse, to make your life a living hell?

Bridgette laughs, despite herself.

BRIDGETTE

You owe me a pack of cigarettes.

TAYLOR

You owe me a week of your life.
Now come on.

Taylor grabs Bridgette by the wrist and pulls her from the room.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

A romantic comedy plays on screen. Taylor sits between Bridgette and Nick, holding a bucket of popcorn.

Taylor looks at Nick, then at Bridgette, bored. She throws a piece of popcorn at Bridgette, who ignores it. Taylor throws another piece - Bridgette swats it, annoyed.

BRIDGETTE

(whisper)
I will ruin you.

TAYLOR

(whisper)
Prove it.

Taylor throws another piece of popcorn at Bridgette's face; Bridgette snaps and RIFLES a Skittle at Taylor, who ducks - and the Skittle hits Nick in the temple.

NICK

Ow!

A WOMAN (60's) in front of Nick turns around, angry.

WOMAN

Shhhhhhh.

NICK

Sorry.
(to the girls, angry)
Seriously?

A beat. Taylor turns to Bridgette.

TAYLOR

(whisper, mocking)
Seriously?

Bridgette snickers. Taylor lobbs a piece of popcorn at Nick and it gets stuck in his hair. The girls collapse, giggling.

Nick grabs the bucket of popcorn from Taylor, waving his finger at them.

NICK

You're obviously not mature enough
to handle this.

The woman turns around again, even angrier.

WOMAN

SHHHHHHHH.

NICK

(flustered)
Sorry.

Bridgette and Taylor giggle even more. Nick shoots them a death stare, then looks back at the screen.

Taylor takes the lid off of her soft drink and reaches inside. Bridgette grabs her hand - don't. Taylor mocks Nick's pompous finger wagging. Bridgette laughs and lets go of Taylor's hand.

Taylor pretends to yawn, slips her arm behind Nick and drops a piece of ice down the back of his shirt.

Nick jumps up - he's lost it.

NICK (CONT'D)

I guess I need to take this, too.

Nick takes Taylor's soda, but she grabs desperately for it.

TAYLOR

Nonononono, I'm really thirsty.

The angry woman turns to shush Nick again.

WOMAN
SHHHHHHH!!!!

Nick pulls the soda away from Taylor, but in the struggle the drink slips out of his hands and DRENCHES the angry woman. Nick, Bridgette, and Taylor freeze, guilty.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Taylor, Nick, and Bridgette walk down the street.

NICK
Fifteen bucks a ticket and kicked
out in half an hour.

TAYLOR
Don't forget the forty six dollars
you gave that poor woman.

Taylor and Bridgette can't keep themselves from giggling.

NICK
Oh, I see. This is funny now.

TAYLOR
Absolutely.

BRIDGETTE
The look on your face...

Bridgette and Taylor are really laughing now. Nick shakes his head, trying to stay mad.

NICK
You guys are assholes.

They arrive at Bridgette's building.

TAYLOR
Are we seriously going back home?
It's like eight thirty.

NICK
You have a better idea?

Taylor smiles.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

Bridgette, Taylor, and Nick walk onto the court. Taylor dribbles a basketball.

NICK
What do you want to play?

TAYLOR
How about a little H-O-R-S-E, five
bucks a letter.

NICK
Or we could just play for fun. I
know, I know - crazy idea.

TAYLOR
Somebody's afraid he's gonna lose
again. I'll flip a coin: heads we
play for money, tails we play for
"fun."

Taylor flips the coin high in the air, catches it, and turns
it over on the back of her wrist. She displays the quarter
and smiles.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Better get out your wallet. I'll
shoot first.

Taylor grabs the ball and walks away.

NICK
Damn coin hasn't come up tails in
ten years.

BRIDGETTE
And yet you keep letting her flip
it.

NICK
Some things don't make sense - but
that doesn't mean they're wrong.

Nick puts his hand on Bridgette's side. She can't keep
herself from leaning into him, but she looks past him and
sees:

Taylor arguing with a LARGE MAN with a shaved head, who
stands in front of two other men.

BRIDGETTE
Taylor's in trouble.

On Taylor: she's incensed.

TAYLOR
You've got three guys - you don't
need the whole freaking court.

Nick and Bridgette approach; Nick positions himself between Taylor and the man with the shaved head.

NICK
What's going on?

TAYLOR
Mr. Clean here says we have to get off the court. Like they own it.

NICK
Fine. We'll get off.

TAYLOR
Seriously? You're gonna let the douchebags win?

NICK
Taylor, it's not worth it.

Nick pulls Taylor away, but she breaks free.

TAYLOR
You sound just like Dad. And you know where that got him? Ten years of *it's not worth it's*? Sitting at home, alone, waiting to die. Sometimes, it's worth it because it's not worth it, because today's the day you're going to take a stand and tell the hulking, Paleolithic steroid abusers that you're not going to take their bullshit anymore. So stop trying to be the bigger man and pick a side.

Nick looks from Taylor to MR. CLEAN, who sets his jaw: he's definitely not backing down.

BRIDGETTE (O.S.)
How about we play you for it?

Everyone turns to look at Bridgette.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
Full court, game to nine.

MR. CLEAN
(laughs)
Gladly.

Taylor turns to Nick.

TAYLOR

Please.

Taylor looks at Nick imploringly. Nick hands Mr. Clean the ball.

NICK

Here.

(Taylor's face falls)

You pick who shoots for ball.

A huge smile breaks across Taylor's face. Mr. Clean sneers.

MR. CLEAN

The girl.

Mr. Clean flips the ball to Taylor, who promptly DRAINS a three-pointer.

Nick leans towards Mr. Clean.

NICK

Ooh. Bad choice.

Montage:

Taylor, Nick, and Bridgette play against the three men:

Mr. Clean dribbles the ball in the post. He lowers his shoulder into Taylor, knocking her down, and makes a layup. Nick goes after him, but Bridgette pulls him back.

Taylor drives to the hoop but, at the last second, kicks it to Bridgette, who hits a shot from the corner. They give each other a low five as they run back down the court.

Bridgette defends Man #2, but Mr. Clean comes over and knocks her over with an ILLEGAL SCREEN. Man #2 scores easily, giving Mr. Clean a fist bump on the way back down the court.

Nick, pissed, dribbles STRAIGHT AT Mr. Clean. All three guys CONVERGE on him - only Nick drops the ball behind his back to Taylor, who hits a short jumper.

MR. CLEAN

Pussy.

Man #3, guarded by Nick, dribbles the ball up the court.

MAN #3

Eight-seven, game point. See if you can handle these quicks.

Man #3 shows off, dribbling between his legs and behind his back, but Taylor sneaks up behind him and pokes the ball away.

Nick collects the ball and takes it in for a layup.

TAYLOR

Make that eight-eight. Next point wins.

Mr. Clean grabs the ball and dribbles up the court.

MR. CLEAN

Alright little girl, you best get out of the way if you don't want to get hurt.

NICK

Let me take him.

BRIDGETTE

No.

Bridgette whispers something to Taylor, who nods.

Mr. Clean backs into Taylor. He bumps her once, twice, and then drops his shoulder and charges into her - but at the last second, Taylor STEPS AWAY.

Mr. Clean loses his balance, CRASHING to the ground. Bridgette grabs the ball and runs up court with Taylor on a fast break, two on one against Man #3.

Bridgette passes to Taylor, who passes back to Bridgette, who passes to Taylor. Man #3 falls down, and Taylor passes to Bridgette, who lays the ball in. Ballgame.

On the far side of the court, Mr. Clean berates Man #2.

TAYLOR

Hey, *pussies*.

The men look up.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Court's yours.

Taylor tosses them the ball, puts her arms around Bridgette and Nick, and walks off.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bridgette and Nick sit on the couch watching ESPN Classic, which is replaying Michael Jordan's "Flu Game." Taylor lays on the ground, swaddled in blankets.

Onscreen, Jordan walks off the court, hugging Scottie Pippen for support.

MARV ALBERT (TV ANNOUNCER)
A classic performance by the flu-ridden Michael Jordan...

Nick peeks at Taylor, who is fast asleep.

NICK
She must be exhausted; she loves Jordan more than anything.

BRIDGETTE
Was she even alive when this game was played?

NICK
My mom was from Chicago.

Bridgette nods, but doesn't say anything.

NICK (CONT'D)
(to Bridgette)
Thank you, by the way.

BRIDGETTE
For what?

NICK
I can't remember the last time Taylor and I had fun together.
(leans closer)
I know I'm not always easy to deal with; I need to learn to loosen up.

Bridgette finds herself leaning towards Nick, despite herself.

BRIDGETTE
It's not all your fault. She can be... stubborn.

NICK
Luckily, I don't give up very easily.

Nick kisses her. Bridgette closes her eyes, enjoying the kiss; she pulls away and puts her head on Nick's chest, closing her eyes. Nick puts his arms around her.

Taylor opens her eyes, ever so slightly, to watch them. She smiles.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Bridgette searches her desk, looking for something.

BRIDGETTE

Marie.

(Marie enters)

Can you help me find where I put
Scott Carlson's number?

MARIE

Is this it?

Marie picks up a post-it from the center of Bridgette's desk, right in front of her.

BRIDGETTE

Yes. Thank you.

MARIE

You ok?

BRIDGETTE

I just need to get this over with.

Bridgette picks up the phone and dials.

MARIE

You're cancelling the visit.

(Bridgette nods)

Probably the right choice.

BRIDGETTE

You weren't so sure the other day.

MARIE

You were right. The risk - it just
isn't worth it.

Marie exits. The last phrase stays with Bridgette; she hardens. On the other end of line, an assistant picks up.

ASSISTANT

(phone filter)

Scott Carlson's office.

BRIDGETTE

This is Bridgette Nelson from the Warriors, calling regarding Tyson King's visit tomorrow.

ASSISTANT

Let me see if I can get Scott.

The phone clicks; Bridgette is on hold. Bridgette studies at the white board in front of her, covered in Tyson King notes, documenting everything they've done to get King.

The phone clicks again: the assistant is back.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I don't have Scott. Would you like to leave him a message that you are cancelling Tyson's visit?

BRIDGETTE

I never said I was calling to cancel. I'm calling to confirm.

The line clicks again: Bridgette is on hold. Her eyes tighten. One more click, and the assistant is back.

ASSISTANT

I'm sorry, I must have misheard you. I will have Scott call you back as soon as he returns.

BRIDGETTE

Or I could just talk to him now.

ASSISTANT

(confused)

I told you, I don't have him.

BRIDGETTE

What's your name?

ASSISTANT

Andrew.

BRIDGETTE

Hi, Andrew. Let me give you a little tip about being an assistant. When you're lying about how your boss isn't there, never, ever put someone on hold twice.

(MORE)

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

After the first time you fail to reach him, he is then lost deep in a bottomless black hole that we cannot penetrate, despite all the technological marvels of our modern world. There is no reason to reach once more into the abyss - unless, of course, he is standing two feet in front of you telling you exactly what to do. So I'll say it one more time before I come down there, take the headset off your well-gelled head, and shove it up your well-gelled ass: I want to speak to Scott. Now.

A long pause; frantic whispering on the other side.

ASSISTANT

He just walked in the door.

BRIDGETTE

Did he? How fortuitous.

Intercut with:

INT. SCOTT CARLSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Scott picks up the phone. As he talks, he compares two huge, garish watches: which to wear?

SCOTT

Bridgette. How nice to hear from you.

BRIDGETTE

Likewise. As I told Andrew, I'm calling to confirm Tyson's visit tomorrow.

Scott puts one watch on each wrist: *Hmm. Probably not.*

SCOTT

I'm afraid Tyson won't be coming.

Bridgette tries to keep her voice steady.

BRIDGETTE

Do you mind if I ask why?

Scott puts both watches on the same wrist; he raises his eyebrows, and snaps at his assistant, who looks up. His assistant gives him a thumbs-up.

SCOTT

We decided that it was in his best interest to sign with Dallas, so we didn't want to go through the hassle of bringing him into town...

BRIDGETTE

He lives here. They showed him on TV at the Giants game last night. So why don't you cut the bullshit and tell me why he's cancelling?

Scott takes off one of the watches, annoyed, and carefully places it back in a velvet-lined box next to six other huge, garish watches.

SCOTT

You really want to know? Beyond the fact that your front office is apparently in chaos, I'm just a little leery of introducing one of the most talented players on the planet to a pill-popping psychopath who stalks her ex-husband in her free time. Is that a good enough reason for you?

BRIDGETTE

Yes. That's exactly what I wanted. Thank you.

INT. WARRIORS OFFICES - DAY

Bridgette searches the halls, on a mission. She finds Nick and walks past him.

BRIDGETTE

My office. Now.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S OFFICE - DAY

Nick enters Bridgette's office; she's waiting for him.

BRIDGETTE

Close the door.

(he does)

Did you tell him?

NICK

What?

BRIDGETTE

Did you tell Kendall about my...
issues?

NICK

What are you talking about?

BRIDGETTE

Carlson just cancelled King's visit
because he said I was Psycho
McNutsinsane, which means Kendall
told him, which means someone told
Kendall. So my question is: was it
you?

NICK

I can't believe you'd ask me that.

BRIDGETTE

That's not an answer.

NICK

No.

BRIDGETTE

Why should I believe you?

NICK

How about because you know me?
Because I care about you more than
I ever cared about my career, or
because I would quit in half a
second if you asked me to. Because
this - us - means something to me.
But if you don't know that by now I
guess I'm wasting my breath.

Nick blows past Bridgette and out the door. Bridgette sits
at her desk, rubbing her forehead - then grabs her coat.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Bridgette sits at a table, sunglasses on, pretending to work.
In reality, she's watching Michelle, Grant's girlfriend, try
to calm her crying DAUGHTER (10 months).

Michelle paces, shushing the baby, until she's only a few
feet from Bridgette. Bridgette stares at the baby's tiny
foot, reaching up to touch it...

MICHELLE

What are you looking at?

Bridgette freezes - only to realize that Michelle is talking to her daughter, who has stopped crying and is staring, entranced, at the bracelet on Bridgette's wrist.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Are you looking at the nice lady's
bracelet?

Bridgette, relieved, takes the bracelet off and holds it up; the baby reaches for it, giggling.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry to bother you.

BRIDGETTE
Don't apologize. She's perfect.
(baby talk)
You're the cutest little girl in
the world. Yes you are.

Bridgette nuzzles the baby's nose - but the baby reaches up and pulls off Bridgette's sunglasses.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
Oh, no, we don't need those.

Bridgette quickly puts the sunglasses back on, but it's too late. Michelle studies her.

MICHELLE
Have we met before?

BRIDGETTE
No, I don't think so.
Unfortunately, I'm late...

Michelle's face lights up with recognition, then anger.

MICHELLE
You're Grant's crazy ex-wife. Did
you follow us here?

Bridgette packs up her laptop; her hands have started to shake.

BRIDGETTE
You must have me confused...

MICHELLE
Don't play dumb - I know it's you.

Michelle grabs Bridgette's wrist, and Bridgette momentarily loses her balance.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Are you drunk?

(she sniffs Bridgette -
now she's really angry)

You stay away from us, you hear me?

Stay away from my daughter.

Taylor enters through the front door. She takes in the situation and makes her way to Bridgette.

BRIDGETTE

I would never hurt her. Everything
I gave up in the divorce - I did it
because I wanted her to have it.

The baby reaches for Bridgette's glasses again. Bridgette touches her hand, but Michelle pushes her away.

MICHELLE

Don't touch her.

Bridgette stumbles, but Taylor is there to stabilize her.

TAYLOR

(firm, to Michelle)

Hey - back off.

Michelle's daughter starts to cry. Michelle looks from Bridgette to her daughter, angry, and turns to the door.

MICHELLE

Get of a life of your own, and stop
clinging to ours. It's pathetic.

Michelle leaves. Every pair of eyes in the room is locked on Bridgette; Taylor puts her arm around her.

TAYLOR

Come on - let's go home.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Taylor helps Bridgette into her bedroom, where Bridgette collapses onto the bed - she's really wasted now. Taylor pulls off Bridgette's jacket and shoes.

Bridgette's shirt has ridden up; Taylor reaches down to fix it, but stops. She slides the shirt up an inch to reveal a long, purple scar across Bridgette's stomach: it's a C-section scar.

Taylor stares at it for a moment, then pulls the comforter over Bridgette. She turns off the light and exits.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bridgette wanders into the kitchen, rubbing her forehead; Taylor sits at the table.

BRIDGETTE
Where the hell are my pills?

TAYLOR
I got rid of those - they aren't good for you. Aspirin?

Taylor holds up a bottle of aspirin; Bridgette grudgingly holds out her hand, and Taylor gives her two aspirin.

Bridgette leaves her hand out, staring at Taylor; Taylor gives her two more. Bridgette swallows them.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
How are you feeling?

BRIDGETTE
Like I got wasted and passed out before noon.

TAYLOR
It's still early - we could hit the clubs.

Bridgette laughs.

BRIDGETTE
Why not? It'll be you, underage, me, crazy psycho, and Nick, hates my guts. Maybe we can invite Kendall and that scumbag Scott Carlson, and watch him hump young women all night...

Bridgette trails off: she just realized something. She sniffs herself, recoils, and stands.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
I need to shower.

TAYLOR
You have a hot date?

BRIDGETTE
If I'm going clubbing, I can't smell like stale booze.

Bridgette exits. Taylor follows her, confused.

TAYLOR
You know I was kidding, right?

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Nick approaches his apartment, only to find Bridgette waiting outside his door, dressed in a sleek black dress with an open back.

BRIDGETTE
I guess you didn't get my messages.

NICK
I've been pretty busy.

BRIDGETTE
That's ok. I can try again.

Bridgette pulls out her cell phone and calls. Nick's phone rings, but he doesn't answer.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
(motions to her phone)
Voicemail.
(beat - leaves a message)
Hey, Nick. I just wanted to let you know that I'm a colossal asshole, and I don't deserve you, and I'm sorry. Also, that shirt is hideous, please never wear it again.

Bridgette hangs up; Nick studies her.

NICK
I see what you're doing. You come over here, dressed all sexy, because you know I can't stay mad at you when you look like that.

BRIDGETTE
Well?

Bridgette kisses him - it's long, and passionate. She breaks away, leaving Nick reaching for her, and walks down the hall.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
Come on, we're late.

NICK
What do you have up your sleeve?

Bridgette holds up her arms.

BRIDGETTE

No sleeves.

Nick shakes his head, smiles, and follows her.

INT. HARLOT CLUB - NIGHT

One of the most exclusive nightclubs in San Francisco, filled with beautiful and sweaty people. Bridgette and Nick sit at a private table overlooking the dance floor.

NICK

What if he doesn't show?

BRIDGETTE

He had a meeting with me for a free breakfast; trust me, he'll show.

Scott Carlson walks into view; Bridgette waves him over with a smile, and Scott approaches with trepidation.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming.

SCOTT

Let's be clear: I am here to enjoy bottle service; you being here is an annoyance that I'm willing to overlook.

BRIDGETTE

But surely as you enjoy your drink, you wouldn't mind one last pitch as to why the Warriors are the best team for Tyson King.

SCOTT

I would mind, actually. And if this is just a bait and switch...

Scott stands, buttoning his coat.

BRIDGETTE

It's not. Miss?

(she flags down an
especially sexy waitress)

Can you get my friend a...

Bridgette looks at Scott.

SCOTT
(begrudgingly)
Grey Goose and tonic. From a
freshly opened bottle.

WAITRESS
Absolutely.

The waitress smiles and leaves.

BRIDGETTE
Now, unfortunately, I have work
that I need to do, but Nick will
make sure you have everything you
need. Thanks again.

Bridgette reaches out to shake Scott's hand, but he's
distracted by two women who walk past. Bridgette withdraws
her hand.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)
Nick, will you walk me out?

NICK
(confused)
Absolutely.

Bridgette and Nick walk away from the table.

NICK (CONT'D)
(whispers)
That's it? You're just giving up?

BRIDGETTE
I need you to stay out with him all
night. Not midnight, not two AM -
all night. I booked a suite at the
Ritz so you'll have a place to
bring the girls.

Bridgette hands Nick a hotel key.

NICK
What girls?

Bridgette nods towards Scott, who has already welcomed two
attractive women to their table.

BRIDGETTE
Trust me, there will be girls.

Nick realizes what's going on.

NICK

You didn't want to talk to Carlson - this is a setup. He parties all night, and you meet King in the morning without him. Why didn't you tell me?

BRIDGETTE

Because you're not a good liar, Nick - and if this all goes to hell I need you to be able to tell Kendall that you didn't know.

NICK

But this had to cost five grand.

BRIDGETTE

At some point you realize that the biggest prizes are worth the biggest sacrifices.

NICK

I already knew that.

Nick looks Bridgette in the eye; Bridgette looks away.

BRIDGETTE

About the girls... if something happens tonight, I understand. Whatever it takes.

(Nick nods)

Good luck.

NICK

I don't need luck. I'm Nick Price.

Bridgette laughs. Nick kisses Bridgette softly on the cheek and walks back to the table. Bridgette watches him go, nervous.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bridgette lays in bed, staring at the ceiling. The clock reads 5 AM.

Bridgette hears the front door open, then a CRASH: Nick has run into a table.

NICK (O.S.)

Ow! Shit!

Bridgette rolls over and pretends to be asleep.

Nick enters the room, wasted, knocking a picture frame off-kilter. He sits on the side of the bed.

NICK (CONT'D)

Bridgette.

(Bridgette pretends to be asleep; he shakes her)

Bridgette.

Bridgette "wakes up."

BRIDGETTE

You're back. How did it go?

NICK

Nailed it. That guy's such a hornball we had a dozen skanky girls at our table until, like, four AM. Then we left and went to the hotel.

Nick collapses on the bed, face down.

BRIDGETTE

...and?

NICK

And he had a girl, and I had a girl, and my girl really wanted to, you know...

(whispers)

FUCK.

(back to normal voice)

And then when we got back to the hotel, he went to a bedroom with his girl, but he dropped his phone and I poured water on it. Score!

Nick closes his eyes.

BRIDGETTE

What else happened?

NICK

What do you think? He had sex with the girl and passed out - probably for like twelve hours.

Bridgette waits a few moments, but she can't help herself.

BRIDGETTE

And what about you? Did you sleep with your girl?

Nick doesn't respond; he's asleep. Bridgette touches his shoulder.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

Nick.

NICK

Mmm.

BRIDGETTE

Did you sleep with her?

Nick turns over, half-asleep.

NICK

Of course not.

(Bridgette smiles)

I love you.

Nick rolls over and falls asleep; Bridgette's smile vanishes.

INT. WARRIORS' CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Bridgette paces in the conference room; Marie sits in a chair.

MARIE

Of course he loves you. You gave him a free pass to sleep with another woman and he turned it down. They should put that shit on a Hallmark card.

(Bridgette laughs, despite herself)

Wait, did you want him to sleep with her?

BRIDGETTE

Of course not.

MARIE

So you want him to be absolutely devoted to you, to put you on a pedestal, spend all of his time with you, be your best friend, and not see anyone else, but you don't want him to fall in love with you.

BRIDGETTE

One day you'll realize that there are some situations that don't require the truth.

MARIE

I hope not.
(Marie's phone buzzes; she
checks it)
He's here.

Marie leaves. Bridgette flips through the presentation one last time, forcing herself to focus.

INT. WARRIORS' OFFICES - DAY

Marie leads Tyson down the hall to Bridgette; she smiles and shakes his hand.

BRIDGETTE

Mr. King, it's a pleasure. Can I
get you anything?

TYSON

How about my agent? First he tells
me this meeting is cancelled, then
he sends a limo and won't answer
his phone. I won't talk business
without him.

BRIDGETTE

Then let's not talk business -
let's talk basketball.

Bridgette opens the door to the conference room. Tyson
hesitates, but enters.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The mood is different, lighter; the projector is off, and
Bridgette and Tyson talk to each other.

BRIDGETTE

...I mean, the way you set that
back screen - it was perfect.

TYSON

I think that's the first time in my
life someone has complimented me on
my screens.

BRIDGETTE

Well, they should start. But can I
tell you my favorite moment from
that series? Third quarter of game
four, you're on the wrong side of a
three on one break...

TYSON

Miller's coming at me with the ball, Stevens and Alvarez on the wings.

BRIDGETTE

Exactly. So you hang back like you're going to concede the layup, then suddenly you lunge at Miller.

TYSON

He panics, throws a bad pass to Alvarez...

BRIDGETTE

...who's so off-balance, he puts up the weakest excuse for a layup I've ever seen. And the ball is just hanging there, waiting for you to spike it into the fifteenth row - but you don't. You somehow see your teammate trailing the play...

TYSON

Rogers, that lazy prick.

BRIDGETTE

...and you deflect the ball towards him, and suddenly you guys have a four on two. Corner three, five point swing, and their momentum is completely crushed. That was the moment you won the series.

TYSON

I got lucky.

BRIDGETTE

No. You understand the game, better than most coaches. Which is why I can't see you going to play in Dallas, on some glorified all-ego team.

Tyson opens his mouth to answer, but the door swings open to reveal Scott Carlson and John.

TYSON

Scott, where have you been?

SCOTT

This woman detained me against my will so she would have the opportunity to talk to you.

Tyson looks back to Bridgette, questioning.

BRIDGETTE

Last night I met Scott at a club,
bought him a drink, and then left.

(she sniffs him)

After which he apparently became
very drunk and left with a woman
who was wearing copious amounts of
lavender-peach perfume.

TYSON

Sounds like you *detained* yourself,
Scotty.

Scott's flustered, but regroups.

SCOTT

Doesn't matter. What matters is
that I clearly explained to Miss
Nelson that Tyson was no longer
interested in signing with the
Warriors, and instead of abiding by
my wishes, she conspired to meet
with him without me present.

JOHN

Bridgette, is that what happened?

Bridgette hesitates. Scott smiles and turns to John.

SCOTT

My agency doesn't just represent
Tyson King. And I can personally
guarantee that the Warriors will
not sign a single one of our
clients as long as Miss Nelson is
employed here.

JOHN

That's not something you'll have to
worry about. Bridgette, my office.

BRIDGETTE

John...

JOHN

I'd prefer to do this in private.

Bridgette looks at John, then dutifully picks up her things
and walks to the door - where she stops.

BRIDGETTE

St. John's Prep Academy.

TYSON

I'm sorry?

BRIDGETTE

Your freshman year of high school, you were recruited by St. John's Prep Academy. They've produced five NBA players and had won the last two state titles. They were a dynasty.

TYSON

So?

BRIDGETTE

So you didn't go there. You stayed at South Covington, with your friends, and you beat St. John's for the title.

TYSON

St. John's was too far from my family.

BRIDGETTE

And two years later, when your family moved to Modesto, you decide to stay at Covington?

(Tyson is silent)

No, you turned down St. John's because you didn't want to play on some superteam; you wanted to play with your guys, the right way. You could see it on film, even back then: the way you directed rotations on defense, or kept your man from getting the ball in his favorite spot, or intentionally set up a cold-shooting teammate for an easy layup. You love basketball more than anyone I've ever met. So the question is if you're still that kid who loves the game - or if you've become a man who's decided he'd rather play for St. John's Prep Academy.

SCOTT

That's enough. Tyson, let's go.

Tyson stares at Bridgette for a long beat.

TYSON

Wait.
(everyone stops)
I want to talk.

JOHN

Absolutely. Just let me call Mr.
Morgan...

TYSON

No. I want to talk to her.

Tyson points to Bridgette; a wide smile breaks across her face.

INT. WARRIORS OFFICES - DAY

Bridgette and Marie walk down the hall, excited.

BRIDGETTE

Did that just happen? Tell me that
happened.

MARIE

Oh, it happened.

They round a corner towards Bridgette's office - only to come face to face with Bridgette's ex-husband, Grant, and his lawyer, Clark.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bridgette and Marie sit across Bridgette's desk from Grant and Clark.

CLARK

In the interest of safety, we are
strongly tempted to go to the
police. At the same time, for
personal reasons Mr. Hester would
prefer to be lenient.

MARIE

If you're here to renegotiate, I'd
prefer to skip the monologue and
get right to the number.

CLARK

Seventy five percent of their
shared assets.

A beat. Bridgette stares at Grant, who shifts in his chair, uncomfortable.

MARIE

Wow - that is lenient. I mean, if your client really feels like his family's life is in danger, it's good to know the price he's willing to put on their safety.

CLARK

This is not when you're allowed to be holier than thou. You should be thanking me...

MARIE

Do you even listen to the words that come out of your mouth? You're like a brainless hyena...

BRIDGETTE

(bangs her fist on the table)

STOP.

(everyone stops; she nods towards Grant)

I'm not sitting here for another minute until he says something.

Marie and Clark turn to look at Grant; he clears his throat.

GRANT

What do you want to know?

BRIDGETTE

When did it happen? When did I stop being enough?

GRANT

You were always enough - but the real you checked out years ago.

BRIDGETTE

And it was easier to buy a new car than fix the one that's totaled.

GRANT

I'm sorry.

Bridgette takes a deep breath; that meant something to her.

BRIDGETTE

So, what do you want? I mean
really want, not what this toad is
whispering in your ear.

GRANT

I want to start over, clean slate.
No more surprise visits. Ever.

BRIDGETTE

Then here's the deal. We split
everything, fifty-fifty - but if I
ever bother you again, you get it
all. That's my promise that you
will never see me again.

MARIE

(to Bridgette)
It's too big a risk...

CLARK

(to Grant)
That's a ridiculous offer...

GRANT

Deal.

Bridgette and Grant stand and shake hands.

GRANT (CONT'D)

So that's it?

BRIDGETTE

Goodbye, Grant.

Clark reluctantly follows Grant to the door; Grant pauses.

GRANT

You're not totalled, B. Not even
close.

With that, they leave. Bridgette drops her head, exhausted.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Nick wakes up to find Bridgette sitting on the side of the
bed. He groans, hung over; Bridgette hands him a cup and
some pills.

BRIDGETTE

Take these. You'll feel better.

Nick sits up and takes the pills - and then remembers.

NICK

Wait, what happened? Did it work?
Did we get him?

BRIDGETTE

As of two hours ago, Tyson King is officially a Warrior.

NICK

Are you serious? Bridgette, that's amazing; I can't believe you pulled this off.

BRIDGETTE

We pulled it off. I couldn't have done it without you.

NICK

Well, obviously. So what are waiting for? Let's celebrate.

Bridgette smiles, but it's forced.

BRIDGETTE

First, we should talk. About how you told me that you loved me last night.

Nick's face falls; he looks away.

NICK

What do you want me to say?

BRIDGETTE

Did you mean it?

NICK

Yes.

BRIDGETTE

Then we definitely shouldn't see each other anymore.

NICK

Why? Because then you'll have to admit that you love me too?

BRIDGETTE

This was never going to work, Nick. Our lives... they don't match up.

NICK

You're scared.

BRIDGETTE

Maybe. But that doesn't mean I'm wrong.

NICK

Tell me you don't love me.

Bridgette looks Nick straight in the eye.

BRIDGETTE

I don't love you.

Nick searches her eyes; in his, his heart breaks.

Bridgette kisses Nick on the cheek and walks out the door - running straight to Taylor, who's been eavesdropping.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

How long have you been listening?

TAYLOR

Long enough.

BRIDGETTE

Then I guess you're all filled in.

Bridgette walks past her.

TAYLOR

Why did you do that?

BRIDGETTE

I need to start over, on my own terms.

TAYLOR

You're such a hypocrite, you know that? You pretend to be this strong, independent woman, but when things get tough you just quit.

BRIDGETTE

Then I guess it's better if you're not around me anymore. Maybe you can find a better role model.

Bridgette walks to the front door.

TAYLOR

I saw your scar. It's from a C-section, right?

(Bridgette stops)

That's why you've been watching Grant. Watching the baby.

(Bridgette still doesn't respond)

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You try to project this image like you're invincible, like you don't need anybody. But you do. You're just like the rest of us, even if you don't want to admit it.

Bridgette turns.

BRIDGETTE

I know you think you need me, but I can't make the pain go away. Your Mom is gone, and that hole inside you is going to be there forever. Until you accept that, you will always be a child.

(tears well in Taylor's eyes)

Go home, Taylor.

Bridgette opens the door.

TAYLOR

I guess I'm not the only one who knows how to hurt people.

BRIDGETTE

I guess not.

Bridgette walks out the door, leaving Taylor alone.

As Bridgette walks away, a tear traces down her face, and then another, until they are coming too fast for her to wipe away.

In her bedroom, Taylor curls up into a ball on her bed, clutching a pillow tightly to her chest. The tears come now, accelerating into big, choking sobs. It's over.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN ON:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Tyson King's introductory press conference teems with fans, reporters and photographers, who fight for position like salmon swimming upstream.

Tyson sits at the table onstage, flanked by John, Mr. Morgan, and Bridgette; Tyson pulls on a Warriors hat and is bathed in the light of a thousand flashbulbs.

From the edge of the room, Nick watches Bridgette; he smiles as she answers a reporter's question in a way that causes the crowd to laugh.

Nick's smile fades and he exits through the back of the room.

INT. GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

John leads Bridgette into a spacious office with large windows. She takes it in, slowly; John watches her.

JOHN
Not too shabby, huh?

BRIDGETTE
Not at all. You sure you want to leave it behind?

JOHN
The more you move up, the more you have to let go.

BRIDGETTE
Is that true of friendships, too?

JOHN
I'm just a few floors away.
Anything you need, don't hesitate.
(Bridgette nods)
I'll leave you to it.

John turns to leave.

BRIDGETTE
There is one thing.
(John stops)
This Kendall situation.

JOHN
What about it?

BRIDGETTE
When he told Carlson I was crazy, he didn't just betray me - he betrayed the whole organization. How am I supposed to work with someone like that?

JOHN
You're the boss now. You won. You have to let the old grudges go.

Bridgette nods.

BRIDGETTE

You're right. Especially since I'm not even sure that it was him. After all, when Carlson needed to stop me from meeting with Tyson, he didn't call Kendall. He called you.

Bridgette turns to John. He meets her eye; suddenly his persona has hardened.

JOHN

Be careful, Bridg. Just because you won one battle doesn't mean you don't still need allies.

BRIDGETTE

The kind of ally that smiles to your face while conspiring behind your back? Like how you told me I could recruit King 'in secret.' Or how you convinced Morgan to try to sign Jackson early, just to be sure. And then, when I got too close, you called Carlson and told him that I was damaged goods.

JOHN

(snaps)

Well, aren't you?

Bridgette takes a deep breath, but never takes her eyes off John.

BRIDGETTE

Was it worth it? Betraying one of your friends... for what?

JOHN

It's easy for you to judge; you can't imagine anything better than this job. Well, I've been stuck in it for eight years. I didn't get into this business to baby sit a basketball team; I came here to run a corporation.

BRIDGETTE

And when you got wind of the harassment lawsuit, you knew this was your chance.

(MORE)

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

All you had to do was sign a superstar - sign Jackson, who wanted to be here - and Mr. Marshall would move you up to your rightful place as CEO.

JOHN

But you wouldn't stop talking about King, and Jackson was going to sign with Chicago. We were going to get dicked - so I did what I had to do.

BRIDGETTE

Makes sense.

(beat)

Of course, I'm not sure Mr. Morgan would be as understanding.

John laughs mirthlessly.

JOHN

Is that a threat? Because if I go down, I'm taking you with me.

BRIDGETTE

(shrugs)

I'm crazy, remember?

(takes a step towards

John)

I'm only going to say this once: if you ever cross me again - if you so much as contradict me on a conference call - so help me God I'll burn this whole place down with us in it.

(she stares John down; he looks away)

Now, if you don't mind, I have some work to do.

John studies her; he walks to the door.

JOHN

I wanted to pick you, but I didn't know if you could handle the pressure. You can't do it on your own forever, Bridg. And I don't want to have to watch you fall apart again.

BRIDGETTE

If you have a message for me, you can leave it with my assistant.

Bridgette doesn't look up. John drops his head and leaves.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM, BASKETBALL TRYOUTS - NIGHT

Taylor runs drills alongside thirty other girls.

1) CONDITIONING

Fifteen girls sprint across the court. A male COACH (55) stands to one side with a whistle. Coach looks at his watch.

COACH
Looks like nobody read my offseason
conditioning e-mails.

The girls, exhausted, slam into the wall. The next set of girls, including TAYLOR - sweaty, intense, nervous - waits on the baseline.

COACH (CONT'D)
Next group: ready...

Coach blows the WHISTLE and the girls take off. Taylor runs hard, near the front of the pack.

COACH (CONT'D)
Come on, come on - you're lagging.

One by one, the girls fall away. Taylor finishes first, beating the nearest girl by almost half the court.

COACH (CONT'D)
Price wins again. I'm getting
tired of this, ladies. Same group -
you're up.

Taylor smiles to herself; two girls nearby glare at her and whisper to each other.

The coach blows his WHISTLE and the two girls BUMP Taylor. She stumbles and falls behind, but catches up, giving the other girls a dirty look.

2) SHOOTING DRILL

Taylor runs laterally across the court, receiving passes from other girls and shooting.

Taylor swishes the first shot. Then another. Then another. She's feeling it.

The next pass comes in way behind Taylor; she reaches back to catch it, but still hits the shot.

The next pass is too low; she's thrown off balance, and misses. The next goes over her head; she chases it down, but misses again. Now she's shaken.

Another pass nearly takes her head off, and she airballs the shot. The drill is over; Coach writes on his clipboard.

COACH (CONT'D)

Price, four for seven.

Taylor looks at the girls who passed to her, but nobody will meet her gaze.

3) SCRIMMAGE

Five-on-five, full court scrimmage.

A missed shot bounces off the rim; Taylor grabs the rebound and dribbles over half court. Two defenders stand between her and the basket.

Taylor crosses over to her left and drives HARD to the hoop, drawing two defenders, then passes the ball to a teammate, who shoots - SWISH.

Taylor puts her hand out for a high-five on the way back down the court, but the girl who made the shot ignores her.

The opposing point guard, KARA MCKENDRICK, dribbles the ball up the court; Taylor plays tough defense, pressuring her, and STEALS the ball.

Taylor drives toward the basket for an uncontested layup when - SLAM! - Kara body-checks her from behind, sending her careening into the wall.

Taylor stands up and gets in Kara's face, pushing her.

TAYLOR

What the hell was that?

Suddenly, Taylor is fighting five girls. It's a brawl, and Taylor is getting the worst of it: scratching and punching and hair-pulling.

COACH

That's enough! Break it up!

Coach grabs Taylor and Kara.

COACH (CONT'D)

Price, McKendrick - you're done for the day.

TAYLOR
But Coach...

COACH
I said you're done.

Coach nods toward the door; Taylor spikes the ball against the wall and walks off, trying to hide the tears in her eyes.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Taylor waits, still in the clothes she wore to the tryout. The locker room door opens and Coach walks out.

TAYLOR
Hey, Coach.

COACH
Taylor, I can't talk to you about tryouts.

TAYLOR
I know.

Coach walks past her; Taylor follows.

COACH
Then why are you following me?

TAYLOR
I wanted to apologize.
(Coach stops)
I lost my cool and I embarrassed myself, and the team.

Coach studies her.

COACH
And why did you lose your cool?

TAYLOR
Because those girls were being bitches.
(catches herself)
I'm sorry - I'm not making excuses, and I know it sounds crazy, but the girls were messing with me the whole time...

COACH
It's not crazy. I saw it.

TAYLOR
(hopeful)
You did?
(then, angry)
Then why didn't you stop them?

COACH
I'm not gonna sugarcoat this,
Taylor: every girl on this team
hates you. And I can protect you
maybe forty percent of the time,
but otherwise you're gonna be a
sheep among wolves. I wanted to
see how you would handle that.

TAYLOR
How'd I do?

Coach hesitates, but sees her smile and realizes that she's
messing with him. He laughs.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
I screwed up, and I'm sorry. But
I've changed, and I want to be a
part of this team. And you and I
both know that I was the best girl
on the court today.

Coach pauses, weighing his words.

COACH
I've been doing this for fifteen
years, and you are by far the most
difficult player I've ever had to
coach. It wasn't just that I could
count your passes on one hand - it
was that you sent a different
teammate home crying almost every
night. And when they turned on
you, I couldn't do anything about
it. Do you know how it feels, as a
coach, to have absolutely no
control?

(Taylor is silent)
After I kicked you off the team, we
won eight games in a row. Eight.
Just like that, we were a team
again. If I take you back this
year, what does that say to them?

TAYLOR
Maybe that you believe in second
chances.

Coach shakes his head.

COACH

Let the wounds heal. Next year, we
can talk.

Coach walks away. Taylor watches him go, desperate.

TAYLOR

I won't shoot.
(Coach stops)
The whole year, I promise.

COACH

So you're assuming you'd get to
play?

TAYLOR

No. I'll sit at the end of the
bench, and I'll never ask to go in.
I just want to be a part of the
team. Please.

Coach studies her for a long moment.

COACH

Not a single shot?

TAYLOR

Not one.

Coach flips through the papers on his clipboard.

COACH

I'm sorry, Taylor.
(her shoulders slump)
Says here you want jersey twenty
three. Jenny Summers wears twenty
three. You're gonna have to find a
new number.

Taylor throws her arms around Coach's neck.

TAYLOR

Thank you! Thank you so much!

COACH

Now you're gonna get me in trouble.
Go home before I change my mind.

Taylor runs off.

TAYLOR

You won't regret it!

Coach watches her go, laughing to himself.

INT. WARRIORS OFFICES - DAY

Bridgette hurries down the hallway, reading from her phone. As she rounds the corner, she hears a GIGGLE and glances into the mail room - and freezes.

Nick and a pretty, young WOMAN are flirting over the copy machine, each trying to keep the other from making copies.

Bridgette spies on them, her anger growing.

INT. WARRIORS OFFICES - DAY

Nick walks down the hall, still flirting with the woman. They part ways, and he enters the elevator.

The doors close, but at the last moment an ARM stops them. Bridgette steps into the elevator.

Nick doesn't say anything. An awkward beat.

BRIDGETTE

I saw you talking to Courtney.
She's pretty.

(Nick is silent)

After you're done with her, there's
a cute new girl in finance - I
think her name is Erin...

Nick pulls the emergency stop. The elevator SHUDDERS to a halt.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

(re: emergency stop)

I thought we decided that was a bad
idea.

NICK

How often do you think about me?

BRIDGETTE

I'm sorry?

NICK

In a given day, how often do I pop
into your head?

BRIDGETTE

I don't know...

NICK

There's not a single hour that goes by that something doesn't remind me of you. When I'm ordering breakfast, or giving a presentation, or talking to a girl at a bar. You're like the world's worst commercial jingle that has wormed its way into every corner of my mind. And that's not counting the times I have to actually see you, a constant physical reminder of the fact that you don't want me the way that I want you. Do you have any idea what that's like? To be tormented by the one thing you want more than anything else, every day of your life?

(Bridgette is silent)

Of course you don't. Because you feel nothing.

Nick pushes the emergency stop and the elevator lurches into motion. The doors open with a DING!

NICK (CONT'D)

Never talk to me about another woman again.

Nick walks away, leaving Bridgette alone.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Nick walks down the street. His phone rings; he looks at it, smiles, and answers.

NICK

If you're calling because you need bail money, keep in mind that I'm broke.

Intercut with:

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Taylor rolls her eyes, laying on her bed.

TAYLOR

You're hilarious.

NICK

Thank you. How's school?

TAYLOR

Ugh.

NICK

Basketball?

TAYLOR

The other girls and I have stopped
spitting in each other's Gatorades.

NICK

That's my girl!

TAYLOR

What about you?

NICK

Well, we won yesterday, so
according to the media we're the
best team in the world. Of course,
if we lose tonight we'll be the
worst, but you gotta live in the
moment.

A long beat. Taylor hesitates.

TAYLOR

And how's Bridgette?

NICK

Taylor...

TAYLOR

I know, I know, it's over between
you two. I just want to know if
she's ok.

Nick pauses.

NICK

Yeah, I think she's doing better.

TAYLOR

Cool.

(pause)

So our last regular season game is
next Friday - if we win, we go to
state...

NICK

(smiles)

I wouldn't miss it, Champ.

TAYLOR
Call me Champ again and I'll break
your face. Later later.

NICK
Peace out, Champ.

TAYLOR
You're a dead man.

Nick laughs.

INT. BRIDGETTE'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

Bridgette enters the bathroom, holding a glass of brown alcohol and smoking a cigarette. She pulls out a pill bottle from behind the mirror and dumps a few pills into her palm.

A POLICE SIREN - nearby, must be on her block - startles Bridgette, and she drops the pills, which clatter down the drain.

Bridgette looks at the window, angry, and catches sight of the Golden Gate Bridge, reflected in the waters of the bay.

Bridgette stares at the bridge for a moment, then looks at herself in the mirror, the cigarette, the liquor. She snaps, dumping the whole bottle of pills down the sink.

She smiles: that felt good.

MONTAGE:

Bridgette dumps a full pack of cigarettes in the sink. And another. And another.

Bridgette opens pill bottles, one after another, pouring them on top of the pile of cigarettes.

Bridgette enters the bathroom with a bottle of whiskey.

A bottle of gin.

Two bottles of wine.

Each goes down the sink, staining the cigarettes and pills into a sopping, coagulated mass.

Bridgette pours the last bottle into the sink and drops it in the trash. She falls back against the wall, still, feeling a sense of accomplishment.

And then her fingers start to tap against the wall, restless. Bridgette looks out the window: what now?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The stands are filled with fans; Taylor lines up on the court with the rest of her team.

ANNOUNCER

Welcome to our final Falcons game of the regular season. Please give it up for our seniors! Each girl has a special gift for her parents in appreciation of their love and support.

(reading from a list)

Kara McKendrick, Heather Dewers...

As the announcer calls each name, the girl steps forward and brings a rose to her mother. Taylor, standing with the team, watches each mother-daughter embrace.

Nick, sitting next to their DAD, catches Taylor's eye. Taylor gives them a small wave, but she can't keep herself from searching the crowd for Bridgette.

MONTAGE:

The referee throws the ball in the air; Taylor's team controls the tip, and the game is underway.

Taylor stands up from the bench, yelling support to her team.

Taylor's in the game. She plays aggressive defense, denying a pass and knocking it to a teammate.

Nick and his Dad watch, on the edge of their seats; a call goes against Taylor's team, and they both react, booing.

Taylor dribbles the ball; her teammate sets a pick on her defender, then rolls to the basket. Taylor delivers a perfect bounce pass for an easy layup.

Taylor gets a pass at the three point line: she's wide open. She hesitates, then passes to a teammate, who misses a jump shot.

During a time out, Taylor wipes her forehead with a towel and catches sight of Bridgette in the corner of the gym. Taylor freezes, then walks back onto the court.

Taylor plays with wild abandon. She's trying too hard, pressing. She tries for a steal, but instead commits a hard foul, knocking another player to the ground.

Two opponents trap Taylor in the corner; she uses a nifty behind-the back dribble to escape, but a defender lunges for the ball and knocks Taylor headfirst into her own bench.

Bridgette jumps up, worried. Coach pulls Taylor back up: "Are you ok?" She nods and goes back on the court.

Taylor, on the bench, cheers for her team, but she can't help looking over her shoulder at Bridgette.

END MONTAGE

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Taylor glances up at the scoreboard from the bench, worried: her team is down **55-42** with **2:52** left.

The other team in-bounds the ball. Taylor's coach stands and screams.

COACH

Press! Press!

One of Taylor's teammates lunges for the ball, but fouls the ball-handler. The ref blows his WHISTLE.

ANNOUNCER

And that's the fifth foul on number sixteen, Heather Dewers; she has fouled out.

Coach turns to Taylor.

COACH

Taylor - you're in.

TAYLOR

But Leslie's a senior...

COACH

We're down by thirteen points. We don't need a senior - we need you to start shooting the damn ball.

Taylor hesitates, but her teammate, KARA - the same girl that she fought at tryouts - pulls her aside.

KARA

You can do this, Tay. We believe
in you.

Her teammates pat Taylor on the shoulders, encouraging her; Taylor looks over her shoulder and locks eyes with Bridgette, then walks onto the court.

The ref blows the WHISTLE and the other team in-bounds the ball, passing it around the perimeter - but Taylor jumps in front of one of the passes and STEALS it.

Taylor dribbles up the court, does a spin move, and lays the ball in. The crowd goes CRAZY.

Taylor makes a variety of shots, including:

A fadeaway jumper on the right baseline.

A gorgeous reverse layup.

A jumper after a crossover leaves her defender on the ground.

A deep, straightaway three-pointer.

Bridgette can't help herself; she jumps to her feet.

BRIDGETTE

Go, Taylor!

Nick sees Bridgette for the first time. He says something to his Dad.

Taylor's team is down **60-58** with **:36** left. The team huddles around Coach.

COACH

Don't worry about the score - just
play good basketball. Let them get
tight. Because no matter what
happens, when we walk off this
floor, we're a team. Falcons on
three: one, two, three:

TEAM

FALCONS!

The other team dribbles down court. Taylor guards the ball-handler, who tries to back her down, but Taylor successfully keeps her away from the basket.

The girl Taylor is defending shoots a fadeaway jump shot - and MISSES. Taylor's teammate gets the rebound and passes it to Taylor.

Taylor dribbles down court.

Bridgette stands, cheering. Nick can barely watch.

Taylor looks up: thirteen seconds left. She dribbles over half court. An opponent LUNGES for a steal; Taylor shields the ball, pivoting away.

Ten seconds left.

Another defender attacks Taylor; she does a crossover to her left and the girl falls down.

Seven seconds left.

Three defenders remain between Taylor and the basket. She charges at the first, then spins past her. Two defenders left, waiting at the rim.

Five seconds left.

Taylor drives straight to the hoop and JUMPS, hanging in the air.

Three seconds left.

Bridgette pulls the ball back - but instead of shooting, she fires a PASS to:

Kara, who is absolutely wide open in the right corner. The pass hits Kara perfectly, right in the hands.

Two seconds left.

Kara rises and SHOTS.

Zero seconds left. BUZZER.

Everything stops. Bridgette, Nick, Coach, the girls on the bench, the crowd, Kara, Taylor - all watch as the ball arcs towards the hoop and

SWISH. **61-60.** Falcons win.

Mayhem. Kara holds her follow through until she is MOBBED by teammates, a huge crushing ball of exhilaration. The crowd goes crazy, rushing the court.

Taylor celebrates until she sees Bridgette exit through a side door. Taylor pushes through the crowd to follow her.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY, CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Taylor enters the hallway, looking each way for Bridgette amidst the stream of fans filing out.

Hands reach out to pat her back, but she ignores them, pushing through the crowd and out the double doors at the end of the hall.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Taylor exits into the cold, night air. Snow flurries fall around her. She looks left, then walks right, searching. She turns a corner and stops.

Bridgette sits against the wall of the school. Taylor doesn't say anything; she slides down the wall next to Bridgette, still wearing her basketball jersey and shorts.

Bridgette takes off her coat and slides it around Taylor's shoulders. Taylor shrugs it off, but Bridgette pulls it around Taylor again, tighter; Taylor lets it stay.

They sit, watching the flurries.

BRIDGETTE

It was an emergency C-section.

A long moment.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

The moment I woke up, I felt... wrong. Like my entire body was revolting. Grant tried to reassure me, said it was morning sickness, but I knew. By the time we made it to the hospital...

(long beat)

The ironic part was I wasn't even going to keep it. Her. We were so young - just getting started. So I made an appointment at the clinic, but I forgot to go. I forgot twice more before I could admit to myself that I wasn't forgetting.

The jacket has slipped off one of Taylor's shoulders; Bridgette pulls it back up. Taylor pushes her hand away: stop fussing with me.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

After it happened, we decided it wasn't meant to be, that we should focus on our careers for awhile. We never talked about it. We didn't talk at all, eventually. When he left, I wasn't even mad.

(MORE)

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

It was like when your college roommate says she's going to live at her sorority house - just a matter of calling the movers and deciding who bought the toaster.

They sit for a few more seconds. Bridgette takes a deep breath and gathers herself, standing.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

I should get going.

TAYLOR

Why?

(Taylor looks up at her)

Why not stay? Why drive all the way out here to watch me play, just to turn around and leave?

Taylor looks Bridgette in the eye - but Bridgette looks away.

BRIDGETTE

Because every time I look at you, I see her. And in that brief, shining moment, I pretend that she's grown up into this strong, proud, infuriating young woman, and for a moment it makes me happier than you can imagine. But it's a lie, and when it slips away the grief comes flooding back like it was yesterday. I can't do it anymore. I can't live in the past.

Taylor stands, unable to hold in how she feels.

TAYLOR

But you are living in the past. You've crammed the sadness into your deepest, darkest corner and hoped it would just go away. But that's not how it works. The pain stays, and you can either wake up every day and say good morning to it or you can give up and throw yourself off the nearest bridge.

BRIDGETTE

I'm sorry, Taylor, you don't understand...

TAYLOR

I am the only one who understands.
And I am sitting here, right now,
and I'm telling you that I love
you. And you have to make a choice
- you have to decide if the risk is
worth the payoff. So what's it
gonna be?

Bridgette considers this, staring into the distance, and then shakes her head; she digs into her purse, as if looking for her keys. Taylor's shoulders slump; she's lost her.

Bridgette pulls a quarter out of her purse and hands it to Taylor; Taylor looks at it, confused.

BRIDGETTE

Flip a coin?
(Taylor smiles, slowly)
Heads, I stay. Tails, you drive me
to the nearest bridge.

Taylor flips the quarter high into the air, catching it and turning it over on her wrist. She looks at it.

TAYLOR

Damn. Let me see if my Dad will
let me borrow the car...

BRIDGETTE

Get over here.

Bridgette pulls Taylor into a hug. They stand frozen together for a moment, eyes closed, as the last few cars pull out of the parking lot.

Bridgette pulls away.

BRIDGETTE (CONT'D)

We should go inside; your brother
has probably reported you missing
by now.

TAYLOR

Don't joke. One time, he called
the cops when I went to buy milk.

Bridgette laughs. They turn the corner of the building and see Nick and his Dad waiting for them a few hundred feet away. Taylor waves.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You realize I'm never going to stop
trying to get the two of you
together, right?

BRIDGETTE

Yep.

TAYLOR

And how often do I get what I want?

BRIDGETTE

Always.

TAYLOR

Cool. Just wanted to make sure we
were on the same page.

Bridgette ruffles Taylor's hair; Taylor dodges, and they
walk, arm in arm, into the night.

THE END