

ERIC

"The City of Milwaukee vs. Constance McDowell"

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INT. NELSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

CYNTHIA MCNAIR, the maid, prepares food and listens to music on her phone.

SFX: COUNTRY MUSIC.

Her children, POLLY, 10, and PABLO, 7, enter the kitchen.

POLLY

Mom, why did we have to come here again?

CYNTHIA

So Mrs. Nelson-James can drop you off at school. If I left you at home, you would still be there when I came back!

POLLY

Fake one death and you never hear the end of it.

PABLO

What's this stuff you're listening to, Mom?

CYNTHIA

Country music. It helps me unwind.

POLLY

Well, it makes me nauseous.

CYNTHIA

Are you crazy? It has some great stories. Like this song here. It's called, "Here's a Quarter (Call Someone Who Cares)."

PABLO

What's that supposed to mean?

CYNTHIA

A man's ex tries to get back with him after dumping him. He doesn't wanna hear it, so he gives her a quarter to use the phone booth and call someone who'll listen to her.

Cynthia walks out of the kitchen and into the living room. The kids follow her.

PABLO

What's a phone booth?

POLLY

What's a quarter?

RHONDA NELSON-JAMES meets the three in the living room.

RHONDA  
Is Eric down here yet?  
(calling out)  
Eric, come on, you'll be late for school!

ERIC NELSON, 14, walks down the stairs.

SFX: RAUCOUS CHEERS AND APPLAUSE!

Eric presses a button on his phone. The cheers and applause stops.

ERIC  
Forgot to turn off Netflix.

SFX: LAUGH TRACK!

Eric presses the button harder. The laugh track stops.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
There we go.

RHONDA  
Eric, I cook and clean for you. The least you can do is get up on time.

CYNTHIA  
Uh, Mrs. Nelson-James, I cook and clean.

RHONDA  
Well, I cook for him.

CYNTHIA  
No, you don't.

ERIC  
(chuckles)  
Or can't.

RHONDA  
(to Eric)  
Excuse me?

ERIC  
Mom, no offense, but you're the only person I know who can burn soup.

RHONDA  
That is not true! And that's funny coming from you!

ERIC

Hey, I can make a mean red Kool-Aid. And you give me anything, and I can make it.

RHONDA

I bet that I can make a gourmet dinner better than you.

ERIC

Really? Well, I'll take that challenge. What's the prize?

RHONDA

Bragging rights.

ERIC

Aw, that's a gyp! Make it a real prize.

RHONDA

Okay, the loser does all of the chores for a month.

Eric pauses.

ERIC

Okay, bragging rights it is.

RHONDA

(to all of the kids)

Let's get going. I'll start the car.

Rhonda walks out the door.

ERIC

(calling out to Rhonda)

Hey, give me the ingredients, and I'll make a delicious feast!

(to Cynthia)

Can you tell me where the ingredients are?

Cynthia, Polly, and Pablo stare at him.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Eric walks out of the school with other kids. DIMMEY ROBERTS, 14, runs up to him and holds up two tickets.

DIMMEY

Eric, who's the best friend in the world? This guy! Look, two tickets to the Brewers game tonight! We're going with my dad!

ERIC

Oh, that's cool, Dimmey, but I can't make the game. I'm gonna be cooking. Wow, I never thought I'd ever say those things.

DIMMEY

Aw, man! Who's gonna go with me?

ERIC

Take your girlfriend!

DIMMEY

What? No way! She don't even understand baseball!

ERIC

Yeah, but she'll get mad because you didn't invite her.

DIMMEY

(groans)

Oh, all right.

He turns around and runs after CONNIE MCDOWELL, 14, down the street.

DIMMEY (CONT'D)

(sotto voce)

I'm so sick of her. I'm breaking up with her tomorrow.

(calling out)

Connie, honey!

CONNIE

(sotto voce)

Here comes Dimmey. With tickets. I better say yes to him so he's not disappointed.

DIMMEY

You wanna go to the Brewers game tonight?

CONNIE

Sure! As long as I'm with you!

DIMMEY

Are you sure? Do you even like baseball?

CONNIE

Don't worry. You can explain the rules to me during the game.

DIMMEY

(hesitating)

Oh, great. The perfect date.

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM - EVENING

Connie, Dimmey, and his father, TIMMY, sit in the seats and eat their snacks.

DIMMEY

Dad, why the far-away seats?

TIMMY

This is perfect! We're right in the area where we can catch a homer!

CONNIE

(whispers to Dimmey)

Who's Homer?

DIMMEY

(to Connie)

No, a home run ball. Come to think of it, it would be cool to catch it.

CONNIE

Okay. Does this home run ball look different from other balls?

DIMMEY

Dear, don't think too hard about it. But stand up quick!

CONNIE

Huh?

The wave comes through their section. Dimmey, Timmy, and Connie stand up quickly. Everyone quickly sits down except for Connie.

DIMMEY

(to Connie)

Sit back down!

CONNIE

Why?

DIMMEY

That's called "The Wave"!

CONNIE

Oh.

(calling out and waving)

Hey, everybody!

DIMMEY

(rolling his eyes)

Really, sit down.

Connie sits.

TIMMY  
(whispers to Dimmey)  
Should we tell people she's 21 and drunk?

DIMMEY  
(whispers back)  
You can get me a beer to help sell that.

SFX: CRACK of the bat.

The section stands up.

DIMMEY (CONT'D)  
Quick, Dad, gimme the glove!

Timmy hands Dimmey his baseball glove. The crowd looks up to see the baseball flying in their direction. Connie holds her souvenir baseball helmet up and catches the ball.

SFX: PLOP of the baseball.

Connie shakes from the landing of the ball. The crowd erupts with cheer.

TIMMY  
A home run!

DIMMEY  
And Connie caught it!

CONNIE  
(trembling and shaken up)  
Rrrrrrealllllllyy?

DIMMEY  
Yeah, like I said, it's a very big deal!

People clap in Connie's direction.

CONNIE  
Oh, now you guys want to wave to me?

She smiles and waves the baseball to the people.

INT. STADIUM OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Two security guards lead Timmy, Dimmey, and Connie into an office where GARY, a team representative, greets them.

GARY

This is the young lady who caught the homer?

CONNIE

(shakes Gary's hand)

Yessir! Constance McDowell.

DIMMEY

And I'm Dennis Roberts, and this is my father, Timmy. See, we knew her before she caught the ball.

GARY

Congratulations.

DIMMEY

Thank you.

GARY

I was talking to her.

(to Connie)

So as you know, Slappy Robinson hit that home run ball that you have in your hand. You know Slappy Robinson, right?

Connie pauses. Dimmey nudges her.

CONNIE

Oh, yeah! Who hasn't? Slappy the...Slappy!

GARY

Well, seeing that he's a rookie, I'm sure he would like that ball to keep. Now, we're willing to give you a big prize for it.

CONNIE

What kind of prize?

GARY

Free tickets to the next game, box seats, even? Brewers merch? You name it.

TIMMY

You hear that, Connie?

Dimmey clamors in agreement.

CONNIE

Well, that sounds cool, but I think I wanna keep the ball.



GARY  
(chuckles)  
Really?

CONNIE  
Yeah, my boyfriend here said it's a very big deal!

DIMMEY  
(interjecting)  
Yeah, uh, you misunderstood, it's a big deal to the team! See, we're in the lead now!

CONNIE  
But this could be worth something!

GARY  
It's worth something now!

CONNIE  
Then you proved my point.

GARY  
But, little girl, Slappy Robinson is a rookie. And it's tradition for a rookie to keep his first ball.

CONNIE  
But this is my first ball, too!

DIMMEY  
(to Connie)  
Dear, we should talk this over, maybe?

CONNIE  
(to Dimmey)  
Are you not gonna stick up for me?

DIMMEY  
(to Gary)  
We need to discuss this. We promise we'll give you an answer soon.

GARY  
We kinda need to know now, so we can present it to Slappy.

CONNIE  
Well, he's a baseball player who'll hit many more balls, right? So if he's good enough, he'll get another chance, and he can keep that one!

TIMMY

Logic doesn't apply in sports, Connie.

CONNIE

(to Gary)

Sir, thank you, but I'd rather keep this. Baseball means a lot to me. Now, excuse me, halftime's almost over.

Connie exits the room. Dimmey chases after her.

DIMMEY

Connie!

TIMMY

(to Gary, pretending to drink a beer mug)

She's 21.

He starts to exit, then turns back to Gary.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

Which she got from my diner, Timmy's Place!

Dimmey returns.

DIMMEY

(pulling Timmy's arm)

Dad...

TIMMY

(as he exits with Dimmey)

With free-ish shuttle service to the games!

INT. NELSON HOUSE - LATER

Eric watches TV in the living room. A NEWSCASTER reports.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Two people got shot this evening on Milwaukee's north side, but our top story is what happened at the Brewers' game today. Yes, this is why #CancelConnie is trending right now.

ERIC

What?

ON THE TV

The broadcast shows images of the player hitting the home run ball and Connie catching it.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Brewers rookie Slappy Robinson hit his first homer tonight! Unfortunately, what should have been a joyous occasion for him turned sour when local woman, Connie McDowell, caught his ball and refused to give it up.

The broadcast shows the newscaster behind his desk.

NEWSCASTER

When asked why she wouldn't give it back, here's what she had to say.

The broadcast cuts to footage of Connie, Dimmey, and Timmy walking away from cameras and reporters.

CONNIE

(covering her face)

No comment.

The broadcast cuts back to the newscaster.

NEWSCASTER

"No comment." Translation: I'm taking my ball and going home. But is it...her ball? Is it, Milwaukee? I say Slappy should take his ball because he already...went home.

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

ERIC

Hmm. Nice touch.

Near Eric is the dining room where MATT JAMES, Rhonda's husband, sits at the table. Rhonda gives him a plate with glop on it.

RHONDA

Here you go, honey, eat it up.

MATT

(looks at it and frowns)

Has it already been eaten?

RHONDA

It's my turkey surprise! My own recipe.

MATT  
No surprise here.

RHONDA  
I'll be right back.

Rhonda heads to the kitchen. Matt rushes to the front door and opens it. Timmy stands there with a bag of food.

TIMMY  
Here, quick!

MATT  
(whispering)  
Keep it down! She's coming back!

Timmy hands Matt the bag.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Thanks. How's Connie?

TIMMY  
Aw, she'll be alright.

A car speeds by with a PASSENGER throwing a bag of garbage at Timmy.

PASSENGER (O.S.)  
Your son is dating a traitor!

TIMMY  
Me, on the other hand...

MATT  
Oh, that's rough.

RHONDA (O.S.)  
Matt?

MATT  
Now get out!

Matt shoves Timmy away and closes the door. Rhonda reenters.

RHONDA  
Did I hear Timmy's voice?

MATT  
Yeah, he told a silly joke again, and I threw him out.

RHONDA  
(pointing to the bag)  
What's that?

MATT  
Uh...

ERIC  
Matt got some takeout!

MATT  
Eric, what the hell?

ERIC  
(to Matt while approaching  
him)  
Because you're supposed to be judging  
each of our cuisines!

RHONDA  
(to Matt)  
Yeah! And what did you do with Eric's  
meal?

ERIC  
Yeah, what DID you do with it?

MATT  
I gave it to the dog.

A plate of food ZOOMS from the kitchen to the living  
room.

RHONDA  
And he gave it right back.

MATT  
Look, guys, I'm hungry. Call it a tie.  
Ya'll both lose.

RHONDA  
No, we can do better.

ERIC  
Yeah, we Nelsons don't quit!

MATT  
(sighs)  
Fine, try again tomorrow, but this time,  
get some assistance.

RHONDA  
We'll think about it.

Rhonda grabs the bag from Matt and walks away with Eric.

MATT

Hey!

Matt steps in Eric's plate of food.

SFX: GLOP!

Matt grunts.

EXT. CONNIE'S BACKYARD - THE NEXT DAY

WINSTON the snake holds a baseball with his tail. He winds up his tail and pitches it to FRANKFURT the pig, who holds a bat over a makeshift home plate.

SFX: The ball SWOOSHES past Frankfurt.

WINSTON

Strike three! You're out!

FRANKFURT

Man, that was "ball"!

WINSTON

No, strike out!

Both argue. Connie approaches them with the ball.

CONNIE

Hey! Hey!

The two stop arguing.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Is this my baseball you're hitting?

WINSTON

Don't worry, Connie, Frankfurt ain't hittin' it!

Frankfurt frowns at Winston.

CONNIE

Guys, this is worth a lot of money!

FRANKFURT

How? You didn't even get it autographed!

WINSTON

That's the least of her worries.

CONNIE

Guys, don't start.

FRANKFURT

So you're keeping it?

CONNIE

Yes. Yes, I am!

FRANKFURT

Well, good, you deserve it.

WINSTON

(to Frankfurt)

Are you kidding? It belongs to Slappy!

FRANKFURT

But it's a souvenir for Connie!

WINSTON

Oh, what do you know? Neither of you are Brewer fans!

FRANKFURT

Yeah I am! I started watching last year!

WINSTON

Whatever. I'm been a fan all my life!

FRANKFURT

So you were a fan when you were born?

Frankfurt and Winston continue to argue. Dimmey approaches Connie.

DIMMEY

Hey, honey. What's going on?

CONNIE

Nothing. Just a little argument.

DIMMEY

(looking around)

With who?

Winston slithers around, and Frankfurt appears as a plush pig.

CONNIE

Uh, never mind, they left. Come on, let's go to your father's diner.

DIMMEY

Aren't you afraid of what might happen?

CONNIE

Look, we gotta eat. Plus, I'm not afraid of anybody!

EXT. TIMMY'S PLACE - PATIO - LATER

Dimmey and Connie sit at a table and eat. Connie dons a black hoodie and black sunglasses. She wears the hood over her head.

DIMMEY

Yeah, Connie, you don't look suspicious at all.

CONNIE

What are you talking about? Black makes me look slimmer, you know.

DIMMEY

While you're downing a triple cheeseburger?

CONNIE

Just finish eating so we can get outta here...not that I'm in a rush or anything.

Eric's brother BILLY, 18, walk up to their table with his roommate, RON, 18.

BILLY

What's up, Dimmey?

DIMMEY

Billy, what are you doing here?

BILLY

Eric and our mom are cooking dinner, so I decided to grab a bite here. But now, I don't know which option is worse.

DIMMEY

I meant, what are you doing here in town?

BILLY

Me and Ron just came to visit for the weekend.

RON

(to Connie)

Hey, you look familiar.



CONNIE

No, I doubt it. We never met.

RON

I think I saw you on TV.

Polly and Pablo approach the others. Pablo wears a cowboy outfit with a ten-gallon hat and cowboy boots.

POLLY

Hey, Billy.

PABLO

(with a country accent)

Howdy, pardners! Cowboy Pablo here!

POLLY

(signaling at Pablo)

I don't know this fool.

PABLO

(to Connie)

Hey, methinks me recognize you! Yer that fillie that everyone hates!

RON

Oh, you're Connie! You're the talk all around college!

CONNIE

Aw man, even up there?

BILLY

(to Connie)

We got out of class to stage protests against you, AND we get extra credit, so thanks!

CONNIE

(grimly)

Glad I could help.

RON

Hey, I'm a Cubs fan, so good job sticking it to the city!

BILLY

(to Ron)

Cub fans exist?

RON

(to Billy)

Ha ha. Come on.

Ron and Billy leave.

POLLY  
 (to Connie)  
 Well, I think it's horrible! You're  
 giving Milwaukee a bad name!

SFX: POLICE SIREN!

Polly and Pablo look around.

POLLY (CONT'D)  
 You never saw us!

Polly grabs Pablo by the arm and runs away.

DIMMEY  
 Don't listen to them, Connie.

CONNIE  
 It's getting hard not to.

DIMMEY  
 Well, whatever you decide, me and my  
 family will stand by you.

TIMMY  
 (hurrying to their table)  
 Guys, get out.

DIMMEY  
 What? Why?

TIMMY  
 This is really bad for business. The only  
 time my parking lot is packed, and it's  
 filled with protesters! It's bad for  
 business!

DIMMEY  
 Dad, your business is bad for business!

TIMMY  
 Just leave, both of you.

DIMMEY  
 No! We paid good money here, and we're  
 gonna stay until we're finished!

TIMMY  
 Fine, take it up with them.

Timmy points to PROTESTERS, who enter the patio, hold up  
 picket signs, and start to chant.

PROTESTERS (O.S.)  
Give back the ball! Give back the ball!

CONNIE  
Crap!

DIMMEY  
Let's get out of here!

Dimmey and Connie race away from their table.

TIMMY  
(calling out to Dimmey and  
Connie)  
And for the record, you guys didn't pay!  
(turns the other direction  
and runs)  
Hey! How does taking my jukebox equate to  
protesting?!

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

PRINCIPAL PETERS speaks in front of an auditorium full of  
students and staff.

PRINCIPAL PETERS  
Before we start our presentation, we like  
to give our students an opportunity to  
express themselves.

Connie stands off stage.

CONNIE  
(thinking)  
*Okay, just explain your side of the  
story, and maybe they'll understand.*

PRINCIPAL PETERS  
Without further ado, here's your  
classmate, Constance McDowell.

Connie walks onto the stage. JACOB JACKSON, 16, shoots  
out from his seat. Dimmey sits next to him.

JACOB  
(yelling)  
Boo! Get her off the stage!

DIMMEY  
(to Jacob)  
You saw the game, too?

JACOB  
Oh, that was her?! GET HER!

The audience get out of their seats and chase Connie out of the auditorium.

CONNIE  
(running away)  
AAUGH!!

Dimmey runs to Principal Peters.

DIMMEY  
Principal Peters, aren't you gonna do something?

PRINCIPAL PETERS  
You're right.  
(to the crowd, nonchalantly)  
Stop it. Come back here.

Dimmey looks at Principal Peters confused.

PRINCIPAL PETERS (CONT'D)  
(pointing to himself)  
Season ticket holder.

Dimmey shakes his head and runs after Connie.

EXT. OUTDOORS - SAME

Connie runs down the street as the crowd chases her. She dashes into an alley behind a dumpster. The crowd runs past the alley. Connie sneaks from behind the alley and runs into a nearby corner store.

INT. CORNER STORE - SAME

Connie walks into the store. She looks up and sees a TV hanging from the ceiling. A newscaster reports.

ON THE TV

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
Melville "Slappy" Robinson was born with an unfortunate name and very humble beginnings.

SLAPPY ROBINSON is being interviewed.

SLAPPY

My family was poor. I had to share one pair of shoes with my brother. It was rough.

(sniffles)

One thing that kept me going was my love for baseball and someday making a team.

BACK TO STORE

CONNIE

Oh brother.

ON THE TV

NEWSCASTER

Now I'm not going to point out the actions of one Constance McDowell, however she may justify them. But I will say this, if you're listening, Ms. McDowell. You owe it to your city to give back what is not yours. Slappy Robinson would have wanted it that way.

The camera cuts to Slappy.

SLAPPY

Excuse me, but I'm not dead. Your camera is literally on me right now!

NEWSCASTER

We will dedicate each newscast in celebration of the life of Slappy Robinson. Good day.

SLAPPY

Hey!

BACK TO STORE

CONNIE

This is ridiculous.

She walks down an aisle and runs into Eric.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Eric, what are you doing here? Shouldn't you be at school helping to chase me down?

ERIC

I am providing a meal for my family, so I am willing to miss a day of school for it.

CONNIE

Well, you're not missing much, just my hanging.

ERIC

Oh, come on, your boyfriend wouldn't let that happen.

CONNIE

I guess. He even told me that he supports any decision I make.

ERIC

Dimmey must really like you, then.

CONNIE

At least someone does.

ERIC

Connie, have you tried to look at the baseball from another angle? That maybe it's more than a baseball?

CONNIE

Of course it's more than a baseball! That's why everyone's after me!

ERIC

That's just it. This city can be so divided at times. The baseball is bringing people together for one purpose: hating you!

CONNIE

Well, God bless America.

ERIC

Joke all you want, but is this baseball really worth all this trouble?

(points to her)

Think about it, Connie. Think about it.

Eric slowly walks away backwards while still pointing to her. Connie stands there.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(returning to the area)

I have to get something from this aisle, but my point is still valid.

Eric goes to a shelf. Connie walks away.

CONNIE

It feels like I don't have a friend in the world except Dimmey.

The CLERK makes an announcement on the PA.

CLERK (O.S.)

Attention shoppers: we would like to let you know that we are here for you during these troubled times.

CONNIE

(smiles)

Awww.

CLERK (O.S.)

However, if your name is Constance McDowell, the store is now closed.

CONNIE

(sighs)

Of course.

She leaves the store.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Matt and Rhonda both wear aprons and stand in front of a table with baking ingredients and utensils.

RHONDA

(struggles with rolling pin)

I can't do it!

MATT

You need to put flour on the rolling pin.

RHONDA

(put the rolling pin down)

It's no use. When I was married to a rock star, I didn't have to worry about cooking. The maids and butlers did it.

MATT

You don't have to worry about it now, either, because me or Cynthia can do it.

RHONDA

But I want to win this cook-off and wipe that smile off that silly kid's face!

MATT

Okay, "#1 Mom". Let me show you, then.

Matt stands behind Rhonda and places her hands on the rolling pin.

MATT (CONT'D)

Now you put the flour on the pin like this. Then you roll slowly back and forth like this.

They both roll the pin and slowly rock back and forth.

MATT (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's it. Back and forth and...

Rhonda turns around and kisses him. Matt stands back.

MATT (CONT'D)

Hey, what are you doing?

RHONDA

I thought one thing was gonna lead to another!

MATT

Come on, Rhonda, be serious. We gotta do this quick before Eric comes back.

RHONDA

Okay, okay.

Eric busts through the kitchen door.

ERIC

Busted!

Matt and Rhonda gasp.

RHONDA

(to Eric)

Honey, it's not what you think!

ERIC

Mom, we agreed to not get any outside help!

RHONDA

(pointing to Matt)

Oh, he don't count!

MATT

Thanks, dear.



ERIC  
(holding a plate of cookies)  
Take me. I made these cookies all by  
myself!

Matt tries a cookie.

MATT  
Hey, not bad, son!

RHONDA  
(takes a cookie)  
Eric, these cookies look perfectly round.

ERIC  
Thank you! Beginner's luck, I guess.

RHONDA  
(pulls out an open package)  
Is that why there was this package of pre-  
formed cookie dough in the garbage?

ERIC  
Oh, you're digging through garbage now?

RHONDA  
That's not the only garbage I'm digging  
through!

Eric and Rhonda continue to bicker.

MATT  
Okay, enough! When will you guys end  
this?

RHONDA  
When Eric plays fair!

ERIC  
Same with Mom.

RHONDA  
Eric, let's go back to the drawing board,  
and no fighting this time.

ERIC  
Okay. I'm game.

Eric and Rhonda walk out of the kitchen.

MATT  
Hey, can I get another cookie?

ERIC (O.S.)  
We already left the kitchen!

Matt sighs.

EXT. OUTDOORS - DR. SYD'S OFFICE - DAY

Connie lays in a hammock. DR. SYD the mole sits next to her with a notepad.

CONNIE  
Dr. Syd, I don't even know what I'm fighting for anymore. And I'm making everyone mad.

SFX: Dr. Syd SCRIBBLES on his pad.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
I just need some guidance, that's all.

OLIVER the duck, wearing reading glasses, approaches Dr. Syd with some files.

SFX: Oliver QUIETLY MUMBLES in Dr. Syd's ear. Dr. Syd GASPS.

Dr. Syd gets up and knocks Connie out of the hammock.

SFX: Connie PLOPS on the ground.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
Hey!

Dr. Syd and Oliver point to show Connie the exit.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
Fine, then!

Connie exits the area. Dr. Syd waves his hand to the next patient. CHAZ TREPUR, teens, sleepwalks over to the hammock and lays in it. Dr. Syd sits.

SFX: Chaz SNORES. Dr. Syd SCRIBBLES on his pad.

Dimmey walks up to Connie while looking at Chaz and Dr. Syd.

DIMMEY  
Wow, I wonder what they're gonna talk about.

CONNIE  
Honey, I think I know what I have to do.

Connie marches away. Dimmey walks up to Oliver.

DIMMEY

You guys couldn't have just made an exception for her?!

OLIVER

(speaking telepathically)

No. You see, we here at...what's the name of this place, anyway?

Dimmey grunts frustratingly.

INT. NELSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Matt sits at the table and sips from his mug.

MATT

Mmmm! Honey, this is really good!

Rhonda stands next to him.

RHONDA

Yep. I boiled some water, poured it in a mug, and put a tea bag in it!

MATT

Awesome.

Eric approaches the table with a bag of microwavable popcorn.

ERIC

That's really good, but check out what I made here, Matt.

MATT

(opening the bag and tasting the popcorn)

Not bad, Eric!

ERIC

See, I followed the popping directions on the bag, but instead of waiting for the allotted time, I took the bag out of the microwave a few seconds earlier so the popcorn wouldn't burn.

MATT

Smart.

ERIC

And get this: I even shook it up after I took it out!

RHONDA

Wow!

MATT

Well, you both outdone yourselves, but there can only be one winner: Rhonda!

RHONDA

(squealing)

Yay!

(to Eric)

In your face!

ERIC

(to Matt)

Hey, that's not fair! You only voted for her because you share a bed with her!

MATT

Damn right.

Eric scoffs.

MATT (CONT'D)

And now it's time to award the prize.

ERIC

Wait, I thought there was no prize.

MATT

Not for you.

(in a sexy tone)

For me.

(to Rhonda, getting up)

Okay, baby, I'm ready for my prize.

RHONDA

(walking away)

Not right now, Matt, I have a headache.

Matt sits back down and mopes.

ERIC

(laughing)

Bet that popcorn is tasting mighty good right now, huh?

Eric pats Matt's shoulder and leaves.

INT. STADIUM OFFICE - DAY

Connie and Dimmey enter the office and approach Gary.

CONNIE

Gary, I've done some thinking. I like seeing my friends, family, and neighbors happy. I also don't want to hurt Slappy anymore, so I'm gonna give it to him.

GARY

Give what to him?

CONNIE

(pulling the baseball out)  
His baseball! Here.

GARY

Oh, good luck trying to find him. We traded him this morning.

DIMMEY

What? Why?

GARY

He went on a rant about how he wasn't getting enough playing time. Then he started to badmouth the fans and the city, and Milwaukee doesn't tolerate that. So he's outta here!

CONNIE

Wow.

GARY

But I commend you for doing the right thing. Eventually. So go ahead and keep that ball.

CONNIE

Actually, do you still have those other gifts in exchange for the ball?

GARY

(sternly)  
So go ahead and keep that ball.

DIMMEY

Let's go, Connie.

Dimmey and Connie leave.

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM - LATER

Dimmey and Connie sit in the stands and watch the baseball game.

CONNIE  
(looking around)  
Well, it looks like people know how to  
forgive and forget around here!

DIMMEY  
Or just "forget", anyway.

SFX: A baseball bat goes CRACK!

FAN (O.S.)  
Foul ball!

Everyone stands up. Connie catches it with a baseball glove. The crowd cheers.

CONNIE  
(waving the ball around)  
Hey, look!

DIMMEY  
I can't believe it, honey! You have two  
balls!

CONNIE  
That's what...

DIMMEY  
(with Connie)  
"...she said."  
(rolling his eyes)  
Ha, ha. But what are you gonna do with  
this ball?

CONNIE  
Are you kidding? I learned my lesson!  
(calling out)  
Hey, baseball players, here!

Connie throws the ball back onto the field. Dimmey gasps.

DIMMEY  
Connie, you shouldn't have done that!

CONNIE  
What are you talking about?

Connie and Dimmey look to their right and see two tall, bulky security guards.

INT. STADIUM ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

The security guards stand next to the exit. Connie and Dimmey head towards the exit with their heads down.

CONNIE

Man, I just can't win!

DIMMEY

You ain't the only one.

They stop walking. Dimmey points to a television.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And the Brewers just got swept by the Rockies! Somewhere, Slappy Robinson is smiling!

Connie and Dimmey resume walking with their heads down. Off to the left side, Pablo, donning the same cowboy outfit as before, strums one note on a banjo and acts as a narrator. There is a spotlight on him as the light dims on the remainder of the scene.

PABLO

(singing in a country accent)

So Connie got to keep her ball/Slappy and the game, the Brewers lost...

MONTAGE - PABLO CONTINUES SINGING AND NARRATING EACH SHOT

PABLO (V.O.)

My maw went back to cookin' for the Nelsons...

-- Nelson house, dining room -- Rhonda and Eric talk to Matt as he passes by (no audio). They point to the table of food. Matt shakes his head. Cynthia talks to Matt and points to herself (no audio). Matt races to the table and starts to eat. Rhonda and Eric join him.

PABLO (V.O.)

...if they stay out of the kitchen at all costs...

-- McNair house, living room -- Pablo stands in the corner continuing to sing and strum. Polly sits on the couch watching TV.

PABLO

As for me, Cowboy Pablo, the fillies love me/They call me a musical genius...

POLLY  
Pablo, will you shut up?!

PABLO  
My sister don't get no boys at all/In  
fact, I think she has a--

-- Outdoors, McNair house doorstep -- Polly throws Pablo  
out of the house with his guitar.

PABLO (CONT'D)  
Aaugh!!

SFX: Pablo CRASHES into some trash cans off-screen.

Polly sticks her head out the front door.

POLLY  
(in a country accent)  
Now, don't come back now, ya hear?

She SLAMS the door.

THE END