

"FREE AGENTS"

PILOT

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TEASER

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

A MAN and WOMAN entangle in a shower behind steamed glass -- a long, passionate kiss.

TRENT CALHOUN (MAN), 30's, tan, chiseled -- a hunk in any woman's eye and he knows it -- exits the shower, towels off, moves into...

MAIN SUITE

Trent grabs the TV REMOTE -- VOICES become audible as he increases the volume. Two "American Sports Network" (ASN) ANALYSTS deep into draft day rhetoric.

GLEN (V.O.)

...Miami is currently on the clock. To recap, the first round, Wilson Steed has gone third to Dallas and Michael Thomas, the fourth overall, to Philly, the tight end who made so much noise as draft day approached. Rex, Miami has coveted Bobby Clements from Notre Dame, who many think should only be a low first to second round pick at best.

Trent dresses -- nods his agreement as he listens.

REX (V.O.)

The speculation has been, will Miami brass pass on either Steven Barber or Allen Chessman, both projected as opening day starters.

GLEN (V.O.)

Most thought that Devon Sherman would be the fifth overall before his off-field problems sent him into a free fall.

Trent pulls his pants from the chair. A THUD is heard as Trent's WALLET and VIP LANYARD PASS fall to the floor.

Trent looks down. The TV pulls his attention back.

REX (V.O.)

Well, we're going to find out right now. And ...it looks like they have traded down.

Trent hangs on their words. Pulls on his pants when...

A.F.F. COMMISSIONER (ON TV)
The Miami Sharks have traded their first round pick to the Los Angeles Gold. With the fifth pick in the 2019 American Football Federation draft, the L.A. Gold has selected Reese Rodgers, running back from Texas Tech.

Trent's head snaps toward the TV.

REX (ON TV)
Wow. A huge surprise. Rodgers had shown great potential before his shoulder injury had him dropping as far as the nineteenth pick...

Trent vaults through the room, grabs his sport coat and shoes. He bursts from the room toward the elevator --

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Trent freezes, pats his pants pocket. He turns back just as the door swings closed -- the lock latch CLICKS.

TRENT
 No, no, no!

Trent pounds on the door.

INSERT

CU: Trent's WALLET and VIP LANYARD PASS lie on the floor in the room.

Trent pounds the door, searches for a name.

TRENT (CONT'D)
 Hello? Um, Becca ...Brandi... Shit.

INT. SUITE (SAME)

The Woman is still in the shower, the TV blares.

GLENN (ON TV)
Being a top-five pick significantly raises the payday for Rodgers. Like, say eight-million dollars, plus a signing bonus?

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY (SAME)

Trent runs for the elevator still barefoot and unbuttoned. He cuts off an ELDERLY COUPLE, the doors close before they can enter.

TRENT

Sorry.

INT. GAMING FLOOR - DAY

Trent dashes from the elevator -- shoes, but no socks and untucked. He weaves through the casino floor and exits to...

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - DAY

He runs the three blocks through the mid-morning crowd and enters...

INT. CAESAR'S PALACE - DAY

Trent races through the main floor to the colosseum entrance. A SECURITY GUARD and an ATTENDANT manning a computer stand between him and the closed double doors.

ATTENDANT

Morning sir, may I see your pass?

TRENT

Yeah, Uh, I must have left it in the room.

ATTENDANT

I'm sorry, no one is allowed in without their pass.

TRENT

I should be on a list or something?

ATTENDANT

How about an I.D.?

TRENT

Come on, I'm a rep for "PINNACLE SPORTS" I gotta get in there.

ATTENDANT

Sir, without your pass, I afraid I can't let you in. The gallery is on the mezzanine, upstairs to your left.

Trent thinks about rushing the door. He checks the size of the Security Guard, rethinks. The men CHUCKLE at Trent's disheveled dress as he retreats up the stairs to the...

MEZZANINE LEVEL

Trent enters the raucous bar atmosphere which is THE GALLERY - *- where team-clad die-hard fans gather to cheer or jeer their favorite team's draft selections.* CHANTS are tossed back and forth.

Four giant screens that span the entire length of the main stage. Trent scans the screens for Rodgers, moves to the balcony ledge.

Below are uniform rows of tables manned by team reps. Trent spots Rodgers on the main floor surrounded by a gaggle of suits near the exit. Trent cups his hands...

TRENT
Reese... Rodgers.

Trent pushes his way down the rail.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Rodgers!

MAIN FLOOR

Among the suits is rival agency rep, MARTIN THOMAS (40's), suave and confident. He looks up to the gallery.

TRENT (CONT'D)
(waves both arms)
Up here. Rodgers. Trent Calhoun,
Pinnacle Sports.

Martin spots Trent, smiles and waves -- *he knows he's just scored a major coup.*

A rise in the crowd as another pick is announced.

A.F.F. COMMISSIONER
(on screen)
*The New York Liberty have selected
Brendan Weed, offensive tackle from
Iowa.*

The large New York contingent explodes.

NEW YORK FAN
Are you freaking kidding me?
You idiots.

Trent fights his way through the crowd as Martin's group escorts Rodgers away.

HALLWAY

Trent scrambles through the maze of stairs -- halls -- and crowds. He spots Rodgers' entourage exit the main entrance.

EXT. CASINO - DAY

Trent bursts from the exit just as Rodgers enters a limo.

TRENT
Rodgers!

The limo door closes. Martin Thomas emerges from an exit behind Trent, glides up next to him.

MARTIN
The fifth pick. Who'd have thought?

Trent paints on a poker face.

TRENT
He's still ours.

MARTIN
At nineteen, maybe. But a top five pick, it's a brand new game. Say hello to Freeman will you.

Martin enters the limo and departs. Trent's cellphone RINGS.

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

FREEMAN BOSTWICK, 50's, a big smile...

FREEMAN
(into cellphone)
Trent. Freeman Bostwick. Let me talk to our newest bonus baby.

EXT. CASINO - DAY (SAME)

Trent stands alone, his world spins away as he watches the limo disappear around the corner.

END TEASER

ACT 1**INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY**

Trent approaches the CONCIERGE.

TRENT

Hi, Trent Calhoun. I'm afraid I've
locked myself out of my room.

The CONCIERGE checks his computer.

CONCIERGE

One moment.

The Concierge enters a back room, returns with MR. KING, the hotel manager. He reviews the computer screen. The Concierge hands Mr. King a manila envelope who passes it to Trent.

MR. KING

I believe this is yours.

Trent removes his wallet and lanyard.

MR. KING (CONT'D)

From what I gleaned through the
profanity, the woman said those
were left in her room.

TRENT

Yeah, I --

MR. KING

No need. This is Las Vegas, sir.

Mr. King hands Trent the bill as the Concierge rolls Trent's carry-on from behind the counter.

TRENT

What is this?

MR. KING

Sir, I'm afraid your stay has been
terminated.

TRENT

What are you talking about?

MR. KING

Your credit card, please.

Trent tries to process the moment, hands over his card.

TRENT
I don't understand.

Mr. King cuts it in half.

TRENT (CONT'D)
What the hell?

MR. KING
Mr. Bostwick is a long-time customer. I'm sorry, but I am just doing what he requested.

Mr. King retreats back into his room. The Concierge moves on to the next guest.

Trent drifts into the center of the lobby -- a stunned look. He targets the lounge.

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - DAY

Trent sits at the bar, digs in his pants pocket, deposits his wallet, lanyard and some loose change on the counter.

The BARTENDER, a perky thirty-something with fake eyelashes, approaches with a smile reserved for men like Trent.

BARTENDER
I know that look, and at ten-thirty in the morning... Lost it all already?

TRENT
You might say that.

Trent pulls out a twenty. Off her name badge...

TRENT (CONT'D)
Mindy, give me the biggest, strongest drink that'll get me. Wait, make it the cheapest and line 'em up.

Trent's attention is back on the TV behind the bar. The draft plays out on-screen. Mindy pours a shot, winks.

MINDY
On me.

JAMES WELTON, late 20's, fresh faced, suit and tie, clearly not here for leisure, slides up next to Trent with two empty coffee cups.

James checks the TV, eyes Trent's lanyard.

JAMES
Here for the draft?

TRENT
Was.

JAMES
You must represent big fish if
you're repping first-rounders.

Trent downs the shot.

TRENT
Was.

JAMES
What do you think of Luke Larson? I
think, maybe a sixth rounder?

Mindy fills the coffee cups. Trent focuses on the TV. James
takes the hint and starts back to his table.

TRENT
Free agent at best.

James turns back with a grin -- *someone who gets it.*

JAMES
That's what I think. But my firm
has no clue. I want to go for
Michael Butler.

TRENT
The receiver from UCLA?

James rattles off...

JAMES
I see him going late third to
Denver. He'll have a chance to be
an impact and the high player
rollover that Denver has shown for
offensive players in the last five
years, he'd be able to renew early
for a big number. That's of course,
he stays healthy and Thompson
doesn't become a force at running
back, reducing his touches.

Trent grins.

TRENT

Let's pretend I understood anything you just said. Some advice, all those numbers are good, but you need to know what's in their head...

(pats his chest)

...and in here. Who you with?

James slides Trent a business card.

JAMES

Total Sports. Nobodies really, but, gotta start somewhere, right? Anyway, good luck.

Trent tracks James as he moves back to his table. His interest is piqued when James sits with...

AT TABLE

QUINN MARQUEZ, 30's, jet black hair, her beauty hidden behind an all-business navy blue pant suit.

James sits. Her distant gaze clearly says this is not where she wants to be.

JAMES (CONT'D)

He agreed with me about Butler.

Quinn turns toward Trent, sees Mindy chatting him up.

QUINN

(Portuguese accent)

I'd hardly take an endorsement from a guy like him. We do just fine with the clients we represent now.

JAMES

Your uncle's looking at the bottom line. One A.F.F. player is worth ten of our other clients.

QUINN

It takes a lot more than just numbers to understand professional athletes.

JAMES

Funny, that's what he said.

Quinn checks Trent again. Their eyes meet, she looks away.

QUINN

Really? What, is this guy your new best friend. You talked to him for two minutes.

JAMES

I'm just saying that if --

QUINN

-- Too many leave the game the same way they came in, with nothing. They need someone to do more than dot the "I"s, cross the "T"s. I guarantee you, all that guy is interested in is money.

Quinn realizes she's on her soap box.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. The only reason I'm here is to appease Salvador.

JAMES

So, Salvador said you were at the top of your game when you quit after the World Cup. It must have been amazing being the idol of a nation.

QUINN

Obviously, you never played at a high level.

JAMES

Our high school basketball team made the sectional finals. 'Course is was second string. Hence, my current profession. But I've always loved sports, the camaraderie, the accomplishment, the thrill...

Quinn's look stops James.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What?

QUINN

I see why my uncle hired you. You have his misplaced passion. And, you're naive to the profession.

(then)

I'll tell you a story.

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)

A dear friend in my hometown of Valinhos in Brazil is an exquisitely talented painter. She lives in near poverty. Many people have asked her why she does not sell her paintings. Her answer, once you do something for money your love for it is forever lost.

James' cellphone BUZZES.

JAMES

Hello.

INT. HORSE TRACK - DAY

A spattering of CHEERS fill the background.

ANDI MCMAHON, 30's, comfortable on a motorcycle or a man, slight in stature but not someone to mess with. She moves from the corridor into the racetrack viewing area.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

ANDI

(into phone)

James.

JAMES

What's up?

ANDI

Just checking in.

JAMES

We're just sitting here waiting for the low rounds to start.

ANDI

I'm sure Quinn's a bundle of excitement.

JAMES

Not exactly.

Andi spots a MAN eyeing her from the stands. She turns, maneuvers away.

ANDI

Baltimore's backing off of Larson in the sixth. So Butler's our only shot, but if he goes in the third round, it'll knock us out.

JAMES
 Quinn has shown no interest in
 football, anything.

Andi scans the crowd for the Man. She can't locate him.

ANDI
 Damn it. Salvador said she was on
 board with this.

JAMES
 You should be here.

ANDI
 Vegas? Yeah, right. Let me talk to
 her.

Trent hands over his phone.

QUINN
 (to James)
 Andi?
 (into phone)
 Hi. What's up with Ruiz?

ANDI
 He's willing to leave the Mexican
 National team, but, he'll only play
 for a SoCal team. He wants his
 family close.

QUINN
 Understandable.

ANDI
 So, I told James -- It looks like
 Larson is not going to work out,
 but we think Butler --

QUINN
 -- So, this is how it is?

Quinn glares at James, drops his cellphone on the table and
 storms toward the exit.

JAMES
 I told you.

END INTERCUT

Trent spots Quinn in the mirrored wall behind the bar as she
 passes. James trails her, checks Trent as he passes.

TRENT

Hey. Butler just went to Denver in
the third.

The air comes out of James as he exits.

INT. HORSE TRACK (SAME)

Andi checks her surroundings, moves to the betting window --
removes a fist-size roll of twenties.

ANDI

Three-thousand on Cathy's Pride in
the sixth.

A hand reaches in, snatches her ticket as the TELLER slides
it to her.

MARCUS SIMONE (MAN), 40's, Italian silk suit and tie, clearly
overdressed for a weekday at the track.

MARCUS

Still spending other people's
money, I see.

ANDI

Is that right?

MARCUS

Until your debt is paid, *Mr. Smith*
views everything you spend as his.

The starting bell RINGS.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I told you the next time we meet,
payment would be expected.

They move to the viewing area.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I'm always amazed by people who
drop so much money on things they
have no control over.

ANDI

Coming from the cliché in the silk
suit who throws his saddle on a guy
like Barton Tolchekny.

CHEERS rise as the horses head down the stretch.

MARCUS

"Mr. Smith"...is fair to those who
earn it. He has been more than fair
with you, don't you agree?

Andi, a hand in her purse, latches on to her 9MM.

QUINN

He knows the situation.

Two SECURITY GUARDS stroll into view, she rethinks.

MARCUS

What he knows is that you've put
your faith in a losing cause? By
the way, how is your brother? Like
father like son.

Marcus grins. Quinn checks her anger. The race finishes.
Marcus dangles the ticket.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Look at that. I must be your lucky
charm.

Andi walks away.

ANDI (O.S.)

Credit it to my bill.

MARCUS

Mr. Smith expects the rest of his
forty-grand by Friday.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY (LATER)

Trent's out of money. Mindy has moved on to other customers.
Three large African-American men enter the lobby.

DEVON SHERMAN, 21, shoulder-length dreads and sunglasses is
flanked by ex-A.F.F. star linebacker T.J. WILLSON, 30's, and
a mountain of a man we'll come to know as LEMAN.

Trent downs his drink, moves out to the...

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Trent trails as the men move in tandem to the elevator. T.J.
and Lemman deter others from entering with menacing glares --
the elevator doors close.

Trent enters another elevator. He studies the floor button console, chooses "PH SUITES". The console flashes "ACCESS CARD REQUIRED."

TRENT

Dammit.

A couple enters, dripping money. They swipe their access card. Press "PH SUITES". They eye Trent -- he flatters the woman with a smile.

TRENT (CONT'D)

You saved me. My wife just went up with our card.

INT. PENTHOUSE FLOOR - DAY

The couple exits, eyes Trent. He moves away, knocks.

TRENT

(through door)

Honey? You left with our card.

Trent smiles, waits. The couple proceeds to their room.

A HEAVY-SET WOMAN opens the door loosely wrapped in a towel. She offers a devilish grin, her towel falls away.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Sorry, wrong ...um...

Trent hurries away -- moves toward the doors at the other end of the hall. Trent presses an ear close. Suddenly...

A door flies open. A LAWYER-type is thrust out. He flops into the hallway. T.J. exits with a gun pointed.

Trent raises his hands as T.J. redirects his aim. Devon exits. Pushes down the gun.

DEVON

What the hell you doin' man? Get your ass back in there.

The Lawyer runs for the elevator. T.J. retreats into the room. Devon locks eyes with Trent.

DEVON (CONT'D)

We cool? Nothin' happened here, right?

TRENT
Devon Sherman.

Trent drops his hands off Devon's *'oh shit'* look.

TRENT (CONT'D)
I'm cool. But, that other guy?

DEVON
Jus' business.

Trent eyes Devon, the wheels churn. He pulls JAMES' BUSINESS CARD from his pocket, hands it to Devon.

TRENT
Well then, maybe we can do
business.

Devon looks at the card.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Nothing happened here, right?

END ACT 1

ACT 2**INT. "LAX" AIRPORT - NIGHT**

Quinn pulls her carry-on toward the exit. She recognizes Trent up ahead, chatting up a FLIGHT ATTENDANT. Quinn stops, dials her cellphone.

Trent and the Flight Attendant continue out to the curb.

INT. "BRENDAN'S" RESTAURANT - NIGHT

PETER LITTON, executive chef, moves between workstations, his new SOUS CHEF looks lost.

PETER

What are you doing? The vegetable medley goes with the filet.

Water begins overflowing from a rinse station.

Quinn's husband, CONNOR BRENDAN, 41, handsome, enters as a SOUS CHEF breaks from his station, attends the mess.

CONNOR

What the hell? Peter.

PETER

I told you last week the sink's been backing up. It needs a proper fix.

Connor's cellphone RINGS, he moves to a quiet hallway.

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

CONNOR

Hey, your plane's early.

QUINN

How's it going?

Connor paces in front of autographed poster-size photos of his major league baseball days.

CONNOR

It's okay. So, no luck at the draft?

INT. AIRPORT (SAME)

Quinn edges toward the exit. Trent is still charming the Flight Attendant at the curb.

QUINN

I got ambushed by James and Andi.
They had no intention of getting
Larson. I'm starting to wonder
about Salvador's newfound love for
footballers.

Connor looks back into the kitchen, the mess in gone.

CONNOR

Come by, we can talk about it.
You've got to be hungry.

QUINN

I think I'm just going home.

CONNOR

Or, you could come by for a nibble.

Connor's look says he's not talking about food.

QUINN

(smiles)
Tempting, but...

CONNOR

Okay, see you at home. Love you.

END INTERCUT

A WAITRESS approaches Connor holding an entree.

WAITRESS

Table five wants to talk to the
manager, they waited forty minutes
and ordered medium rare.

Connor moves into the kitchen.

CONNOR (O.S.)

Peter!

The Waitress SIGHS. The table five GUESTS head for the door.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT (SAME)

Quinn's watches Trent coax the Flight Attendant's number. Her disdain for him is clear. She moves to another exit.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Trent remains at the curb as the Flight Attendant departs.

EXT/INT. BERNIE'S PICKUP - NIGHT

A beat-up '80s Ford pickup RUMBLES toward Trent.

BERNIE CALHOUN, 58, Trent's father -- balding gray and stubby scruff. He doesn't acknowledge Trent as he climbs in.

INT. BERNIE'S PICKUP - NIGHT (TRAVELING)

Bernie cruises the freeway. A periodic glare toward Trent until...

BERNIE

You stupid son-of-a -- if I taught
you anything, it was which head you
take to work.

Trent stares forward.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

I spent the last favor I had
gettin' you that gig.

EXT. BERNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A low-key suburban neighborhood. Bernie pulls into the driveway, kills the ignition.

BERNIE

So, no smart-ass, pie-in-the-sky
speech, how all this will work out?

Bernie drops the keys into Trent's lap.

TRENT

You're giving me the truck?

BERNIE

You sure as hell don't deserve the
Camaro. And, I hope you have a plan
because for damn sure you ain't
movin' back in with me.

Bernie slams the door, a distinct left-side limp as he hobbles inside.

Trent sits in silence. His cellphone RINGS.

CONNOR
 (into phone)
 Hey, lucky you. I just got back
 into town. My place in thirty?

He smiles, hangs up -- starts the engine, and backs away.

INT. TRENT'S APARTMENT - DAY

A clean, masculine, space with Scandinavian decor and a view
 of downtown L.A.

Trent, sits shirtless in lounge pants at the kitchen bar
 counter with laptop and coffee.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Trent, do you see my bra out there?

Trent does a quick glance, removes a bra from the back of his
 chair, tosses it toward the hallway.

Trent does a search for: "TOTAL SPORTS, INC." He picks up his
 cellphone and dials.

TRENT
 (into phone)
 Hi, I'm looking for James, um...
 Yeah, Welton.

LAUREN (WOMAN) late 20's, another smokin' hot acquaintance,
 enters from hallway wearing Trent's dress shirt.

LAUREN
 I hope you don't mind?

TRENT
 (covers phone)
 Actually, I'm gonna need...
 (into phone)
 When do you expect him?
 (beat)
 Sure, voicemail's fine.

Lauren locates her panties, slides them on under the shirt,
 then her pants.

LAUREN
 Well, this isn't my bra so...

She plops it in Trent's lap, heads for the door.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
 Come see me when your car's fixed.

TRENT
 (to Lauren)
 Wait.
 (into phone)
 ...Hey James, this is Trent
 Calhoun. We met briefly in Vegas.
 You asked me about Butler? I might
 have client for you.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Andi sits with her three-year-old nephew AIDAN on the floor.
 They roll a small plastic soccer ball back and forth.

Andi stands as her sister-in-law MEG enters (26), plump, and
 pregnant, heavily tattooed. Her red-orange hair is her
 brightest feature.

ANDI
 He's gotten so big.

MEG
 Yeah, the last time you saw him was
 like two Thanksgivings ago.

ANDI
 Guess I haven't been much of an
 Aunt.

MEG
 I'm sure you were busy.

An awkward pause, Meg hands Andi car keys.

MEG (CONT'D)
 Anyway, this is a perfect time.
 Your bro's on the road so you can
 use my car.

ANDI
 Have you heard from him?

MEG
 He said he picked up another load
 in Texas. He's been lucky that way
 lately. Lord knows we can use the
 extra... course he's been gone more
 than I'd like.

Andi avoids her look. knows she's fishing.

MEG (CONT'D)
So, I just need it back by Friday.
Bill hates me driving his when he's
gone.

INT. MEG'S CHEVY - DAY (TRAVELING)

Andi turns into an alley and honks. A 12-foot metal gate along a perimeter fence opens, reveals a lot jammed with cars parked inches apart. Andi enters.

EXT. CAR LOT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Andi stops in front of the garage door and exits. A MECHANIC steps in behind her, begins inspecting the car.

The Mechanic is joined by CARLO, 30's, thin, black hair in a ponytail.

MECHANIC
Se ve bien.

Carlo turns to Andi, gives her a big smile.

CARLO
Andi. Tough day at the track?

Andi remains stoic.

CARLO (CONT'D)
I'll give you three.

ANDI
What? It's a twenty-sixteen.

Carlo shrugs.

ANDI (CONT'D)
Well, maybe I'll tell Sanders where
to find his car.

CARLO
Come on, we're friends here.

Andi glares.

CARLO (CONT'D)
Okay, six.

Carlo pulls out a stack of hundreds, counts out \$6K, places it in an envelope.

CARLO (CONT'D)

Same deal. You have forty-eight hours or it's blue book to get it back.

INT. "TOTAL SPORTS MARKETING" OFFICES - DAY

James sits in his windowless, beige-walled 10x10 office. His COLLEGE DIPLOMA and BAR CERTIFICATE the only wall coverings. James watches in awe -- Devon's internet highlight video.

Andi enters.

JAMES

Hey, where have you been?

ANDI

I've been working.

JAMES

Big news, ready? I got a call from a guy I met in Vegas. He says he wants to hook me up with Devon Sherman. Devon, freaking, Sherman.

ANDI

Hold your horses, squire. Who is *this* guy? And, Sherman. Really?

Andi's shows her suspicion.

JAMES

He'll be here at two.

ANDI

A name?

JAMES

The guy's name is Trent Calhoun.

ANDI

Have you told anyone else?

JAMES

I wanted your blessing before I said anything.

ANDI

Good, man. Let me know when, and if, he shows.

INT. BERNIE'S TRUCK - DAY (TRAVELING)

Trent fights the truck's very unsportscar-like handling and manual transmission as he maneuvers traffic, dials his cellphone.

INT. "PINNACLE SPORTS" OFFICES - DAY

SANDRA, 20's, buxom, beautiful, sits at a swank glass, chrome and mahogany reception station.

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

SANDRA
(into headset)
Thank you for calling Pinnacle
Sports. How may I direct your call?

TRENT
Hey, Sand... Damnit.

Trent continues to fight the manual shift, the truck stalls at a light.

SANDRA
(low voice)
Trent? Are you alright?

TRENT
Just...a little traffic problem.

SANDRA
I can't believe they just fired you
like that.

Trent grinds the starter, it's flooded. Angry drivers honk, maneuver around him.

TRENT
Not my ideal parting of the ways.
But, listen, I need a couple of
phone numbers.

Sandra scans for eavesdroppers. Bostwick appears the hallway, then turns the other way.

SANDRA
(low voice)
I was told not to help you in any
way if you called. That came from
Bostwick himself.

TRENT

And, I don't want to get you in any trouble. I just want to explain to a few clients what happened. This is all I'll ask.

The truck finally restarts, he rumbles away.

END INTERCUT

INT. "TOTAL SPORTS" OFFICES - DAY

Trent enters the unoccupied reception area. The office layout resembles a strip mall dental suite complete with a vertical magazine shelf and corralled wood and cloth armchairs.

A wall of glass encloses the empty conference room.

KATIE ANDREWS, 20's, cute, minimal make-up and fashion sense, strolls in from a back room.

She goes a little goo-goo-eyed when she sees Trent. She pulls her ear buds out...

KATIE

Oh, my, I mean, hi. Can I help you?

TRENT

Hi, I'm here to see James.

Katie moves to the reception desk, fumbles for the phone, her eyes glued to Trent.

KATIE

(into phone)

Hi, James there's a man...

(to Trent)

I'm sorry, what is your name?

TRENT

Trent Calhoun.

KATIE

(into phone)

Mister Calhoun.

(to Trent)

He'll be right out.

Trent shies from Katie's ogling. James breezes in.

JAMES

Mr. Calhoun. Nice to see you again.

TRENT
Trent's fine.

James directs Trent into...

CONFERENCE ROOM

JAMES
I have to say, your message was quite a surprise.

TRENT
One of those right place, right time opportunities.

JAMES
I guess the first question is, why are you bringing Sherman to us?

Andi exits her office. James waves her in.

JAMES (CONT'D)
This is Andi McMahon. Our know-all, see-all, do-all, person.

ANDI
Big fan of your dad. Today's hockey's just not the same. I liked it when they actually hit each other.

Trent studies Andi.

ANDI (CONT'D)
So, Devon Sherman. To what do we owe the gesture?

JAMES
I was just asking the same.

ANDI
Don't tell me, Reese Rogers. Definitely a seven-figure fumble on your part. I'm sure Bostwick wasn't happy.

Trent is jarred by her insight. He glances toward James. He nods -- *'she knows everything'*.

ANDI (CONT'D)
With Sherman's off-field issues, I'm not surprised everyone passed on him in the first-round.

TRENT

And, making him happy with second round money will be a tough sell.

ANDI

Word has it that, none of the big boys will touch him after the way he dumped Elite Sports.

TRENT

Really?

ANDI

I heard there were guns involved.

TRENT

Just one.

Andi is intrigued by Trent's response.

Quinn enters the office. Anger quickly floods her face as she meets Trent's eyes through the conference room glass. She storms down the hall to...

INT. SALVADOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Quinn bursts in -- startles SALVADOR MARQUEZ, 50's, heavy-set, well-groomed goatee. He spills his yogurt cup as looks up from his desk.

QUINN

Do you mind telling my what the hell is going on out there?

SALVADOR

(heavy Portuguese accent)
I have no I idea what you're --

QUINN

-- Why is he here?

SALVADOR

Who?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Quinn steams toward them -- Salvador in tow.

The three stand in a row like new recruits about to get an ear-full from their drill sergeant.

JAMES
(to Salvador)
Trent Calhoun, sir. He's bringing
us Devon Sherman.

SALVADOR
(shrugs)
I have no idea what's going on.

Trent pulls out his cellphone and dials.

TRENT
(into phone)
Hi, can I speak to Devon?
(beat)
Tell him it's James Welton.

They all turn in unison. James is particularly shocked.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Your card was all I had to give him
at the time.
(beat)
Yeah, that white boy... Devon, hi.

Trent makes a writing gesture. Andi slides a pad toward him,
James offers a pen. Trent scribbles.

TRENT (CONT'D)
How about tomorrow morning.
(beat)
Ten o'clock. Look forward to it.

The call ends. Trent meets their stares.

TRENT (CONT'D)
So, do you want him?

END ACT 2

ACT 3

Quinn pulls Salvador out of the room.

The three watch as Quinn and Salvador animatedly argue in Portuguese. The volume and tempo increase as each tries to yell over the other.

TRENT (CONT'D)
This happen often?

James shakes his head.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Know what they're saying?

JAMES
Reais was mentioned...again. That's like, Brazilian money.

Salvador reaches a crescendo and the argument abruptly ends. All eyes are on Quinn as both reenter the conference room.

QUINN
(pointing)
You two, out.

James slinks out. Andi shoots Trent a '*good luck*' look and follows.

A beat, Salvador gathers himself.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(to Trent)
Sit down.

Salvador sits across, gathers his words. Quinn remains standing, pacing behind Trent like a preying lioness.

SALVADOR
Why do you think someone like Sherman would sign with us?

QUINN
Sherman will cost us more money to baby-sit then he's worth.

Quinn stares down at Trent.

TRENT
He's backed himself into a corner. And yes, he has some growing up to do. But, if handled properly --

QUINN

-- Why did you come to us?

TRENT

Why does everyone keep asking me that? If this is a negotiation, you're not good at it. Do you want this deal?

QUINN

Why should we let some spoiled surf bum playboy lead us into shark-infested waters?

TRENT

For the record, I hate surfing. It's such a SoCal cliché. And, when it comes to football contracts, sharks are exactly what you'll face.

QUINN

This is not what this company is about.

TRENT

Making money?

SALVADOR

We are not, as you say, '*sharks*.'

TRENT

Maybe not, but you're still in the water, the other sharks don't care for what reason.

The words resonate with Salvador.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Will Sherman be a handful, absolutely. He'll also get a lot of media exposure.

QUINN

That's what I fear.

TRENT

If you get this done, trust me the other agencies will respect your territory. The next one will be easier.

QUINN

Who said there'll be a first time?
(to Salvador)
This is a bad idea. I agreed to
become part of this agency to
protect athletes from guys like
him.

Trent looks at Salvador.

TRENT

Who was your top client this year,
or any year? Did he bring in six
figures?

Salvador looks at Quinn.

TRENT (CONT'D)

I guess the real question is, do
you want to swim or be eaten?

A beat, Quinn sees Salvador lean toward Trent's logic.

QUINN

(to Salvador)
You know how I feel.

Quinn storms out. Salvador studies Trent.

SALVADOR

What is in it for you? It appears
we need you more than you need us.

Trent cracks an ironic smile.

TRENT

Yeah, here's the thing...I can't
actually do this deal without you.
I have a no-compete with my former
employee, so technically, I can't
officially sign Sherman.

Salvador changes posture. The playing field has just leveled.

SALVADOR

Okay then. Bring in Sherman and we
can talk again.

INT. BERNIE'S PICKUP - DAY

Truck grinds until it starts. Andi surprises Trent as she
enters the passenger side. She eyes the dilapidated interior.

ANDI
Nice ride. Is it paid for?

TRENT
Trust me, I pay for it every time I
get in it.

Trent's eyes lead Andi to the Showboats hockey logo medallion hanging from the rear view mirror with Bernie's old number "55" emblazoned.

ANDI
We do what we gotta do, right.

Trent is spooked by her eerily succinct understanding. Andi settles in. Trent pulls away.

TRENT
So, where to?

INT. BERNIE'S PICKUP - DAY (TRAVELING)

Andi senses Trent's gaze drift down her body as he drives.

ANDI
Take a left.

Trent turns right, checks her response.

TRENT
Didn't daddy ever tell you not to
get into cars with strange men?

ANDI
Really. I impress you as the
daddy's girl type? Take a right.

Trent swerves, takes a precarious left in front of oncoming traffic. Andi shows not reaction to the danger.

TRENT
So, how does this work?

ANDI
I just want to know how long a
leash to give you.

Trent shoots her a look.

ANDI (CONT'D)
And, right now, it looks like I'll
be holding you by the collar.

TRENT

Aren't you afraid I might bite?

ANDI

I don't always agree with Sal, or Quinn for that matter, but these people are kinda like family.

Andi opens her purse, removes a pack of cigarettes, lights up. Trent sees the handle of her 9MM.

ANDI (CONT'D)

It would be a shame to have to put you down.

Trent's smugness disappears. He stomps the brake, stops inches from rear-ending a Mercedes at a red light. Andi calmly gets out.

ANDI (CONT'D)

Well, here we are. Thanks for the lift. Ten o'clock, don't be late.

Andi enters her destination -- MAX'S LOUNGE.

INT. QUINN'S HOME - DAY

Sounds of lovemaking from behind a cracked bedroom door. The door pushes open as Quinn lets out the final gasps of sexual ecstasy, collapses on Connor, slides to his side.

Quinn is startled to find BUDDY, their golden retriever, with his head perched on the side of the bed.

QUINN

Oh god. Hey, boy.

Connor speaks for the dog.

CONNOR

(in dog voice)

What the hell's going on in here?
My back teeth are floating.

Quinn giggles, strokes Buddy's snout.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

(in dog voice)

Can we stay in today, play hooky?
Go for a walk? Please?

Buddy wags his tail on cue.

QUINN

He needs to go out.

CONNOR

I'm can't. I've got a guy coming in this morning to check the plumbing at the restaurant.

QUINN

I have to get in too. James, Andi and the pretty-boy agent are meeting with Devon Sherman.

CONNOR

Sherman?... *"Mr. Felony"*? Isn't that what the media labeled him?

QUINN

You know how I feel about American football players.

Quinn sits up on the edge of the bed, pulls on a t-shirt.

CONNOR

Their contracts bring in big bucks.

QUINN

You too?

CONNOR

One of us needs to make our second career pay off.

QUINN

What are you saying?

CONNOR

I mean, we're on the business side of the fence now.

Quinn leans back to Connor.

QUINN

That doesn't mean we lose our integrity.

CONNOR

I'm just saying, if this is what we've decided to do, we need to be dedicated to it.

QUINN

Now I'm not dedicated?

CONNOR

Are you? Sometimes you act like you could take it or leave it.

(then)

My career was over. But, you had a few good years left. The years athletes get paid their dues for past accomplishments.

Quinn faces him directly.

QUINN

Where's this coming from?

CONNOR

Forget it.

Connor avoids her stare, heads for the shower.

EXT. SPORTS MARKETING BUILDING - DAY

James stands by his Chevy Cruze as Trent arrives in Bernie's pickup. Andi, sun-glassed and helmet-less, zooms in on her Harley. Each eyes the others' ride.

JAMES

Looks like I'm driving.

EXT/INT. CHEVY - DAY

James drives through the Compton neighborhood. The metal rail fences flicker past as Trent checks addresses.

JAMES

So, why am I here again?

TRENT

If I recall, you wanted to know what it takes to land big fish.

JAMES

No, I said you worked for big fish.

James sees Trent's glare in the rear view mirror.

TRENT

Should be the next block.

James slows, they arrive at a green single-level trac home.

EXT./INT. LEMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Trent knocks on the screen door. Leman eclipses the doorway as he appears, stares down James and Andi.

TRENT
My body guards.

They enter. Andi gives a *'you know that'* look. James' look is clearly *'shut your mouth'* in fear.

T.J. stands with a pit bull scowl, arms folded and flexed in the center of the cramped, cluttered living room.

Devon enters. Trent offers a handshake. No takers.

TRENT (CONT'D)
(to T.J.)
We didn't formally meet last time,
Trent Calhoun. My dad was a big fan
back in your Chicago days. He
played hockey for the Showboats.

DEVON
What the fu --

T.J. and Leman move into Trent.

TRENT
Hold on, hold on. It's all good.
Let me --

JAMES
-- Trent's new to our agency. He
was supposed to add his name to my
card before handing it out.

DEVON
You got five seconds to get your
lyin' ass outta here.

TRENT
If that's what you want, okay.
Obviously, the line is pretty long
behind me.

Trent waits for his words to sink in.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Listen to what I have to say. If
you still want to kick me, err, us
to the curb...

Devon calls off T.J. and Leman.

TRENT (CONT'D)
So, as a second-round pick you're
looking at --

T.J.
-- He earnt a first-round pick.
That mutha at Elite looked us in
the eye and said Miami had no
problem with Devon's past.

TRENT
It's not like when you played.
Arbitration rules has made backdoor
deals for top picks the new norm.
Times have changed.

T.J. reaches behind, pulls his Beretta from his waistband.

T.J.
You're right, times have changed.

Trent turns to Devon.

TRENT
I can overlook this once.

DEVON
(to T.J.)
You done? Cause this ain't about
you.

Devon grabs Trent's arm, heads outside to the porch. T.J.
moves to follow, Devon waves him off.

Andi and James remain. They eye T.J.'s Beretta as he fumes.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Devon is clearly frustrated.

DEVON
I don't like to be played.

TRENT
How far do you think you'll get
with guys like T.J. backing you?

DEVON
I done alright so far.

TRENT
If that's the case, why am I
standing here right now?
(MORE)

TRENT (CONT'D)

You're a Dean's List grad. So, why are letting the world play you as a cliché?

Devon stares out in the neighborhood, his roots.

TRENT (CONT'D)

I get it, those guys had your back when you were here in the hood. But now, all they'll do is bring you down -- Hell, they already have. This is it. All the sweat, all the work. Everything, everyone that's led you to here. It won't matter if the next step you take doesn't get you out of here.

DEVON

You think you know what I been through? You got no idea what I did to get here.

TRENT

So, what do you want?

DEVON

I ain't playing for no San Diego. I can't show my stuff without the rock in my hand, man.

TRENT

Okay, that's the football answer.

Trent looks into Devon's eyes.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Long after your playing days are over...six, seven years, more if you're lucky. Forget about you, how about everyone you're carrying? That won't stop. This is a business decision too. You can't change who drafted you. What you can do is change the perception of 'Mr. Felony'. But, you need a show of good faith. And you need to do it now.

Devon's shows reluctance to his reasoning.

ANDI (O.S.)

San Diego didn't pick you to pass block.

Andi pushes through the screen door.

ANDI (CONT'D)

Since the draft San Diego's reached out to Hopkins and Greene, two all-pro guards. Both blocked for fourteen-hundred-plus rushers last year. Why do you think they'd do that?

DEVON

How come I ain't hearin' none of this?

TRENT

Maybe you should go inside, ask your buddies. It's our business to know.

Devon digests their words, goes back into the house.

ANDI

It sounded like he needed a little more convincing.

TRENT

With a lie?

Andi shrugs, a confident smile.

ANDI

Is it?

EXT. "TOTAL SPORTS" BUILDING - DAY

Andi speeds away on her Harley. Trent eyes James.

TRENT

How does she know what she knows?

JAMES

That's a question we all ask.

TRENT

And is she usually right.

JAMES

Usually. So, now what?

Trent pulls out his cellphone.

TRENT

Now, we work the other side.

EXT. SAN DIEGO TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

Trent is parked in the pickup. An occasional player, a team employee filters out of the building.

A CHANNEL 11 NEWS VAN pulls up a few spaces away. KIMBERLY THOMAS, 30's, thin, heavy make-up.

Trent exits his truck. As he approaches, her look says there's bad history between them.

KIMBERLY

Don't. Thanks, for the heads up,
but it's my interview now. I'll ask
the questions I want.

Trent redirects toward the building entrance.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

And, don't think this makes up for
anything.

BEN COOPER exits, could be Trent's brother.

BEN

Hey, T-Rex. What's up man?

TRENT

How's the youngest G.M. in the
A.F.F.?

BEN

Assistant G.M.

TRENT

I guess you should have married the
older sister.

Ben's not amused, eyes Bernie's pickup in the lot.

BEN

Wow, isn't that your ol' man's
truck? Some people move up, and
some people...

Ben spots Kimberly and her CAMERA MAN.

BEN (CONT'D)

Wonder why they're here?

TRENT

Listen, I need you to do me a
little favor. It'll help you too.

(MORE)

TRENT (CONT'D)

Devon Sherman, I'm kinda repping him.

BEN

Word has it Bostwick says hands off to anyone associated with you.

TRENT

Forget that. I can get Sherman to sign, but I need you to drop a few sound bytes showing interest in Hopkins or Greene.

Ben is thrown by the mention.

BEN

How do you...? I can't do that.

TRENT

I don't care if it's true or not. I just need a few news cycles to push him. He's leery of the lack of carries he'll get in your offense.

BEN

Well he's right. We're a passing team. As long as Reynolds is our quarterback, we'll always be.

TRENT

So, you're not going after Greene and Hopkins?

BEN

Whatever little game you're running at me, you can forget it. Bottom line, we don't even want your guy.

TRENT

What do you mean? So you wasted a number two pick on him? For what?

BEN

We only picked Sherman to light a fire under Price. The guy had way too many drops last year.

(then)

Greene's the one we want. We just mentioned Hopkins for cover. We're flipping Greene and your man Sherman to get Ossenbocker.

TRENT

Minnesota's tight end?

BEN

This was all done pre-draft, should happen in a day or two. With Ossenbocker, we're going to be lightning in a bottle.

Ben walks on.

TRENT

Sherman won't sign with Minnesota. We both know Minnesota will only offer minimum.

BEN (O.S.)

Not my problem. What, you make another promise you can't keep?

Trent reels. Kimberly glares as Ben motors away.

END ACT 3

ACT 4**EXT. SAN DIEGO TRAINING FACILITY - DAY**

Kimberly trails Trent back to the pickup.

KIMBERLY

You son-of-a-bitch. Nothing's changed with you, has it. You're still the same.

Kimberly's anger turns to frustration. She breaks down.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

I need this job. You may be able to bounce from job to job, girl to girl, but --

TRENT

-- Look, I'm sorry.

KIMBERLY

Sorry? Sorry is what you say to a stranger you bump into on the street. Not to someone who...

Kimberly holds words, storms away.

INT. BERNIE'S PICKUP

Trent sits behind the wheel. He spots Shipmen Owner ED BRENNAN exit the facility.

INT. NEWS VAN

The news van pulls away when suddenly Trent cuts them off with the pickup. Trent hops out.

TRENT

Kim. Hold on. Bring the cameraman.

KIMBERLY

No. We're done.

TRENT

Come on. You want a story, I'll get you a story.

Trent's wheels are turning as urges them out. He heads toward Brennan. A beat, Kimberly relents, they scramble out, tag on.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Now, it's important you ask him these specific questions, okay. And then, you'll need to be creative with your promo spots.

Kimberly and her Cameraman hang back. Trent approaches Brennan as he enters his car.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Mr. Brennan? ...Sir? Is it true you're trading for Ossenbocker?

BRENNAN

All inquiries need to be made through --

TRENT

-- Richard Adams. Dallas sent Adams to Minnesota unsigned, they killed the deal. If you trade Sherman unsigned it will happen to you, too.

BRENNAN

Who the hell are you? And, how do know about --

TRENT

-- I can get Sherman to sign, but he wants bottom first-round money.

BRENNAN

Shit. For a second? No way.

TRENT

What's a few hundred thousand to lock down Ossenbocker.

Brennan mulls his words.

TRENT (CONT'D)

I can get him to the table by tomorrow. I just need you to do one thing and it'll be a done deal.

Trent waves Kimberly and her Cameraman in.

EXT. BERNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trent tries the front door, it's locked. He checks under the door stop -- the door frame -- the loose brick, no spare key. He KNOCKS.

INT. BERNIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bernie rises from the toilet as Trent's KNOCKING persists. He fastens his pants, hits the handle and exits.

The toilet doesn't flush.

FRONT DOOR

Trent KNOCKS again.

BERNIE

Jesus H Christ, I'm coming.

Bernie opens the door.

TRENT

What are you doing in here? Where's the spare?

LIVING ROOM

Bernie eases into his recliner. Trent heads to the refrigerator for a beer, holds one up for Bernie who accepts.

BERNIE

What the hell are you doing here? Done with the truck, I hope.

TRENT

If all goes well. I need to catch something on ASN. and you were close.

INT. T.J.'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A sport fanatic's oasis. Trophies, sports memorabilia, adorn shelves and walls. T.J.'s All-Pro jersey hangs prominently.

Three fifty inch flat-screens fill the wall, two are tuned on sports channels. The center TV is dedicated to video gaming.

T.J. and Leman are splayed out on the sofa and love seat. They trash talk as they play video football.

Devon in a chair, scrolls social media on his cellphone.

REPORTER (ON TV)

...a source in San Diego, has the Shipmen showing interest in free agent guards Tracy Hopkins and Robert Greene.

DEVON

Turn that up.

T.J. throws Devon the remote. He jacks up the volume.

REPORTER (ON TV)

...The agents for the two men had no comment when we contacted them but if San Diego is reaching out, does that spell a changing tide for the Shipmen? We have Kimberly Thomas from K.F.M.B. in San Diego.

LEMAN

(off video game)

Go, go, go, go...shit, you ain't got nothin,' man...

Devon waves to quiet them. Devon locks on the TV...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BERNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (SAME)

Trent focused intently on the TV.

REPORTER

Kimberly? What's the word in San Diego? Are the Shipmen running aground?

KIMBERLY

Earlier today I spoke with Shipmen Owner Ed Brennan about the free agent rumors. He had this to say...

CU TV SCREEN:

BRENNAN

I can't talk specifically about Green or Hopkins, but either would be welcome assets to any team.

KIMBERLY

With interest in these run-blocking specialists and the drafting of Devon Sherman, many speculate this is a shift in your offense to become more run oriented. What do you have to say?

BRENNAN

I want to make the moves necessary to ensure that we get the most out of all our players and put the best possible team on the field for our fans.

KIMBERLY

So, the possibility does exist?

The video zooms in on his candid expression. Trent grins, pounds the rest of his beer.

KIMBERLY (V.O.)

Tomorrow we will follow up this story. Many will be surprised at his answer. This is Kimberly Thomas for K.F.M.B. in San Diego.

Trent's cellphone RINGS.

TRENT

(into phone)

Devon... Tomorrow afternoon, four o'clock.

The call ends. Trent fires both fists in touchdown fashion.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Yeah, baby. That's what I'm talkin' about.

Trent stands, continues his victory trot through the room. He points to Bernie definitively.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Your truck is coming home.

Trent heads to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Trent lifts the toilet lid. He retches as he stares down at the bloody remnants in the stool.

INT. BERNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (MINUTES LATER)

Trent emerges from the bathroom. Bernie is in his recliner, focused on the TV.

TRENT

Dad? ...Dad?

BERNIE
Yeah, what?

Trent searches for words.

TRENT
Let's take a drive.

BERNIE
And go where?

TRENT
There's a new bar on Fairfax.

BERNIE
Hell, if you're buying.

INT. BERNIE'S PICKUP - NIGHT (TRAVELING)

Trent drives, he spots the sign: "MIDTOWN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL", makes a right.

BERNIE
You shoulda turned left. I thought
you said this place was on Fairfax.

Trent slows, gives Bernie a look, continues past the hospital.

TRENT
So, how you been feeling?
(Bernie shrugs)
I heard your old teammate Rick
Torgerson passed away last month.

BERNIE
Probably liver... the guy drank
like a fish.
(then)
Where you going? You need to take a
left to get back to Fairfax.

Bernie swats Trent hard on the shoulder.

BERNIE (CONT'D)
What's with you?

Trent stares a Bernie.

INT. "BOBBY C'S SPORTS GRILL" - NIGHT

Trent and Bernie sit in a booth. Everything about the bar is new and shiny. A variety of sporting events stream in on overhead TV monitors. Bernie grumbles at the loudness but likes the hockey memorabilia adorning the walls.

BERNIE

(off a framed LA sweater)
That's Bobby Clemens old sweater.
He used to play for the LA Stars. I wonder if this is his place?

TRENT

You remember his mug, no teeth. He used to scare the crap out of me.

BERNIE

That was double-A minors. We'd both just been called up from Newport. You were what, seven?

TRENT

It was just before mom...

BERNIE

Right... right.

They exchange a solemn smile. The waitress approaches, her tight apparel suited to the male clientele.

WAITRESS

Welcome to Bobby C's. What can I get you? We feature over 85 microbrews.

She opens the menu, points to them with an extra glint towards Trent. Bernie takes notice.

BERNIE

Jesus, I'll be dead before you get through that list.

Trent gives Bernie a look.

TRENT

(toward Bernie)
Ah, just a pitcher of P.B.R.?

BERNIE

That's fine, cheap ass.

Trent studies Bernie. The Waitress is disappointed to Trent's lack of interest in the beer list, and her.

WAITRESS

Okay, I'll leave the menu in case you'd like something to eat. Our wings are awesome.

BERNIE

Not me, those hot wings tear me up.

Bernie's words send Trent reeling back to his discovery in Bernie's bathroom.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

You okay? That waitress nearly threw herself on the table.

TRENT

Did you forget, that's what got me into trouble.

BERNIE

So this deal you struck. Will it get you back in the game?

TRENT

I'm sorry I messed it up with Pinnacle Sports.

Bernie waves it off as water under the bridge.

BERNIE

I don't want you to go down the same path as me, learn the hard way. You only get so many shots in life.

TRENT

You're limp's gotten worse. How's the knee? You've got good health insurance.

BERNIE

They'll just tell me I need knee replacement and I'm not buying.

TRENT

I hear they take better the younger you are.

BERNIE

Yeah, well I ain't young.

TRENT

You still got some good years left in you.

(MORE)

TRENT (CONT'D)

Wouldn't hurt to get it checked out. When's the last time you saw a doc?

BERNIE

With all this eye candy roaming around, you want to talk about my goddamn knee?

Bernie cringes, grabs his side.

TRENT

You okay?

Bernie covers, straightens up.

BERNIE

Uh, it's nothing. Something I ate today didn't agree with me.

The Waitress returns with their pitcher.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Honey, where's the restroom?

She points. Trent is clearly concerned as Bernie limps away.

INT. "TOTAL SPORTS" OFFICES - DAY

Around the conference table PABLO RUIZ, 19, sits between Quinn and BOB ISAAC, 40's, a rep from the L.A. Marauders Pro Soccer team.

At the far end sitting quietly are his PARENTS, TWO BROTHERS, 12 and 9, and SISTER, 4. They all watch intently.

QUINN

Just one more signature, and you, will be an L.A. Marauder.

Pablo takes a deep breath, signs. The three stand. Quinn hugs Pablo. Bob offers a handshake.

BOB

Congratulations. We're extremely excited to have you as the latest Marauder. Our fans and the league are expecting great things.

(to Quinn)

We've scheduled an official media photo session tomorrow afternoon.

Bob exits. Pablo's family gathers close. His mother hugs him with mixed tears of joy and sorrow.

PABLO'S MOTHER
(in Spanish)
We're so proud, my son.

QUINN
(to Pablo)
I'm in the process of getting your
entire family cleared to attend all
home games.

Trent, Devon and T.J. enter the office. Pablo recognizes both, stares starry-eyed.

PABLO
Wow, is that...? May I?

Through the glass, Quinn eyes meet Trent's. Pablo hurries out. Quinn glares -- *her thunder snatched away*.

Pablo's Father takes Quinn's hand.

PABLO'S FATHER
Thank you, so much. We're so
grateful our Pablo found you.

Quinn eyes remain on Trent through the glass as she hugs Pablo's Mother.

RECEPTION AREA

Trent breaks eye contact with Quinn as Pablo approaches.

PABLO
Mr. Willson. Hi, I'm a big fan.

Pablo offers a pad, T.J. scribbles his autograph.

T.J.
(toward Devon)
This' the man you need ... He'll be
bigger than me one day.

T.J. passes the pad to Devon.

Quinn leads Pablo's family out of the conference room. Pablo nods another thanks and he exits with his family.

T.J. and Devon proceed into the conference room. Quinn and Trent remain.

QUINN

So, congratulations appear to be in order.

TRENT

Looks like you got your man, too.

Quinn holds back a response -- *feeling patronized*.

Ben enters with ALAN LAWRENCE, the team's lawyer. James emerges from his office. Ben edges over to Trent.

BEN

(low voice)

If this little stunt you orchestrated with Brennan blows our deal...

Ben glances around office.

BEN (CONT'D)

I hope this is a temp job, man.

(off Quinn)

Although the scenery looks pretty good. Nice to see you still can work that in your favor.

TRENT

Ben Cooper...James Welton. He'll take you from here.

Ben gives him a look.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Thanks to Bostwick, this is as far as I can go. No worries, I'll still have my hands on all the strings.

BEN

Whatever it takes to get this done.

(winks)

Right buddy.

James leads the men into the conference room. Quinn heads toward Salvador's office. Trent follows.

INT. SALVADOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Quinn and Trent enter. Quinn eyes Andi who folds a check, stuffs it in her pocket as Salvador sweeps his checkbook into a drawer. Trent notes this.

ANDI
(to Quinn)
Congrats on Ruiz.

Andi sidesteps Quinn and exits. Trent studies Quinn. An awkward moment of silence before --

QUINN
This is what it's all about? Why
we're suddenly chasing goddamn
football players?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM (SAME)

Alan brings out the contract, pushes it in front of Devon. T.J.'s cellphone blares HIP-HOP music. He answers, listens. A beat, he puts his hand on the contract.

INT. SALVADOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Quinn stares down at Salvador.

QUINN
I thought this was over. I thought
her debt, the debt to her father --
they were long since paid. You're
solving one problem by inviting
another.

Quinn opens the door to leave when Ben bursts into the office.

BEN
I thought this was a done deal you
son-of-a-bitch.

END ACT 4

ACT 5**INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY**

Devon and T.J. pace at the elevator. Trent rushes from the office. T.J. shoves him back.

TRENT

What the hell are you doing? This is what you wanted, first-round money.

Devon glares at Trent.

DEVON

You thought I wouldn't find out?

TRENT

You said it yourself, you can't show your stuff without the rock in your hand. You miss this chance you'll be out the whole year.

The elevator doors open. Devon enters -- Trent blocks the door from closing.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Who do you want to be, Devon? Carlton Barber, a hall-of-famer with a long career? Or '*Mr. Felony*' and never set foot on the field?

Trent looks into Devon's eyes.

TRENT (CONT'D)

I still remember that run you made against USC. How, amazingly you kept your balance. How, you outran everyone to the end zone. You can be great. Where you start is not where you'll end...

Trent releases the elevator door. Devon stares through Trent as if invisible. The doors close.

INT. "TOTAL SPORTS"/RECEPTION AREA (SAME)

Trent enters, eyes Ben through the conference room glass who's having a vicious conversation on his cellphone.

Trent turns toward Quinn. She has a look of vindication. James and Salvador stare at Trent, contemplate the repercussions.

The door opens, Devon reenters the office.

Ben ends his call, emerges from the conference room. James places the contract on the reception counter. Trent pushes it in front of Devon, holds out a pen.

Devon's arms tense at his side. He suddenly has the look of a confused twenty-one year old. He stares at the contract laid before him. A few beats, he moves up and signs.

DEVON
(solemn)
That it?

TRENT
You're officially a millionaire.

Devon gives Trent a look, the most disappointed millionaire you'll ever see. Trent offers a handshake which Devon ignores. He glares at Ben, turns and exits.

Ben pulls out his cellphone.

BEN
(into phone)
Pull the trigger, he signed.

Quinn gives Trent a look, disappears into her office. Ben and Alan exit.

JAMES
Well, you pulled it off.

They shake hands, but Trent's mind is elsewhere.

SALVADOR
Mr. Calhoun. I guess now, we're swimming with the sharks. Come in tomorrow. We'll discuss how you might fit into our agency.

Salvador practically dances back to his office.

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Trent stops at the elevator, pulls out his cellphone, dials.

TRENT
 (leaves message)
 Kim, hi. The rest of your story
 will be at the 904 Club.

Andi exits the office. Trent holds the elevator door. She enters, resists eye contact.

ELEVATOR

A few beats of silence as the elevator descends.

TRENT (CONT'D)
 Greene... How'd you know?

Andi smiles.

ANDI
 Next time, if you're a good boy,
 maybe I'll let out the leash.

TRENT
 Maybe you could tell me about that
 check in your pocket.

Andi's look quickly turns cold. The elevator door opens to...

INT. PARKING GARAGE (CONTINUOUS)

Trent exits behind Andi. Without looking back...

ANDI
 Good night, Mr. Calhoun.

He watches her mount her Harley and speed away.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Quinn's inside her car. The starter CLICKS. Trent appears at the driver side window.

TRENT
 That, doesn't sound good.

She turns the key again -- another CLICK.

TRENT (CONT'D)
 I'm not much with cars. I can give
 you a ride.

Quinn tries again.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Okay.

Trent walks toward his the pickup. He smiles as the car door SLAMS, the TAP of heels trails behind him.

Trent moves directly to the passenger side, holds open the door. A beat, she eyes the truck, enters.

INT. BERNIE'S PICKUP - NIGHT (TRAVELING)

Trent proceeds out of the garage. Quinn smirks as he fights the manual shift.

TRENT

At least mine started. I hope you give better directions than your Hell's Angel sidekick.

Quinn stares ahead. Trent offers a handshake.

TRENT (CONT'D)

I think we got off on the wrong foot. Trent Calhoun.

QUINN

What makes you think you'll stick around long enough for us to become acquainted?

TRENT

What do you have against me?

QUINN

You treat people as a commodity.

TRENT

I understand what people want and I get it for them.

QUINN

Devon did not look like someone who got what he wanted.

TRENT

I know of two-point-five million reasons why you're wrong. Aside from the numbers, you did for your soccer boy the same thing I did for Devon. We paint them the big picture then convince them to buy it.

QUINN

Not everything is about money.

Quinn shoots him a look.

TRENT

This business is only about the money. It's what they want, it's what I want and the fact we're sitting here having this conversation, it's what you want.

QUINN

What makes you think you know anything about what I want Mr. Calhoun?

Trent pulls to the curb. Trent eyes the restaurant's swank decor outside and in.

TRENT

Spoken by someone to whom money's obviously not an issue.

Quinn exits truck.

TRENT (CONT'D)

You're welcome.

QUINN

We'll see how well you do outside the football arena... Thanks.

Trent tracks Quinn as she moves into the restaurant. Connor is in view at the host station chatting up the HOSTESS.

Quinn notes the sparse dining crowd with concern.

Trent continues to watch as Quinn enters. Connor breaks his conversation and kisses Quinn. They move out of sight.

INT. BERNIE'S PICKUP (SAME)

Trent's cellphone RINGS. It reads: "LAUREN" -- He stares as it goes to voicemail.

EXT. BERNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trent checks the doormat, the key is there.

INT. BERNIE' HOUSE - NIGHT

Trent enters. The TV BLARES in the background. Bernie is asleep in his recliner. Trent retrieves a beer from the fridge. His cellphone BUZZES again.

SUPER - TEXT BUBBLE:

"Just got off. How 'bout I come by - Lauren".

A beat, Trent stares at the text then at Bernie. He swipes away the message, downs his beer and leaves.

Bernie arises from his fake slumber as the door creaks closed. He rights himself in the chair and grabs the remote.

EXT. MEG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Andi kills the headlights as glides Meg's car up to the front, and parks. A few beats, an Uber arrives.

INT. UBER - NIGHT (TRAVELING)

Andi's cellphone CHIMES, the screen reads: "MARCUS." She ignores it. The Uber stops in front of Max's Lounge.

INT. MAX'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Andi walks through the bar area toward the back. She gives the bartender a nod as she passes -- descends a narrow staircase.

At the bottom, a MAN sits guard at the door. He looks up, she's a familiar face. He knocks three times. The door opens.

POV: Through the open door -- An illegal betting parlor. Horse races play on TV monitors covering the far wall. Card games fill the center and a craps table finishes the room.

Andi enters. She takes out Salvador's check, heads toward the Cashier's Cage. The door closes behind her.

INT. CLUB 904 - NIGHT

The pounding D.J. MUSIC makes anything below a yell indiscernible.

A private bottle service area. Leman, T.J. and Devon dance among a gaggle of BARFLY BABES behind shear drapes.

At the bar, TYRELL (22, African American), very drunk, catches a glimpse of Devon. He weaves the crowd toward him.

EXT. CLUB 904 - NIGHT

Kimberly's Cameraman exits the bar. He opens the back of the NEWS TRUCK, climbs in.

INT. NEWS VAN - NIGHT

Kimberly sits, scanning news bytes on her cellphone.

CAMERAMAN

He's in there. Doesn't look like he'll be leaving any time soon.

KIMBERLY

Nobody's got this yet. We've got to get in there.

CAMERAMAN

They won't let me in with the gear.

Kimberly points her cellphone at the Cameraman -- *I got this.* She hops out of the news truck and heads inside.

INT. CLUB 904 (SAME)

Tyrell pulls open the shear drapes, staggers in.

TYRELL

Devon? Devon Sherman, my man. You 'member me, Tyrell?

Leman steps up.

TYRELL (CONT'D)

It's cool, me and Devon used to run together.

(to Devon)

..Ain't dat right, man.

Devon meets Tyrell's eyes. He eyes Leman, who cuts him off.

LEMAN

You need to step off, 'dis a private party.

Leman presses a hand to Tyrell's chest.

TYRELL

Get your hand off me, man.
(to Devon)
How 'bout you buy a 'brotha' a
drink?

Leman grabs Tyrell's arm.

LEMAN

You need to back off, now.

Leman shoves him out. Tyrell stumbles down the steps, falls to the floor.

Patrons ignore him. Tyrell gathers himself. His anger rises. He pulls up his pant cuff, removes a 9MM GLOCK -- staggers back up the steps.

MAIN FLOOR

Kimberly approaches Devon's private area, sees Devon through the parted drapes. She moves up the stairs -- points her cellphone, Tyrell fills the screen, when --

Two gunshots flash. The pounding MUSIC masks the sound. Kimberly wide-eyed, continues to video. The music plays on.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END PILOT