

**Bobby Botelli, GM
(Pilot)**

by
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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. ORANGE COUNTY ARENA - NIGHT

A horn sounds and players from two basketball teams walk to their benches.

The crowd is sparse and most of them start to head for the exits.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Time-out, Seals. That is their
final time-out.

Dance music starts and the Seals' dance team moves from the sidelines to the court.

INT. ORANGE COUNTY ARENA OWNER'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

BOBBY BOTELLI (15), a dark-haired All-American looking teen, turns his attention from the court to his iPad.

Seated next to Bobby is JOEY WOOD (15), a freckled-faced kid, who snatches up his binoculars and zooms his vision to the dancers on the court.

JOEY
I think Anna's had some work done
last summer. She looks like a
thirty-six now.

Bobby continues to study is iPad.

BOBBY
She's done something to age
herself?

JOEY
No! She's a thirty-six--

BOBBY
She got smarter and aced her
A-C-T's?

JOEY
What? No!

Bobby finally looks up.

BOBBY
What are you talking about?

JOEY

Anna. She's had work done. I can tell. She's at least a thirty-six now and it's messing with the whole symmetry of the line. You've been to college. You've been in classes with real women. How can you not know what I'm talking about?

BOBBY

It was Harvard and I was twelve when I got in so I couldn't afford to get distracted by tight sweaters, or...little t-shirts on a cold day.

JOEY

(laughing)

Yeah, you were a rock.

BOBBY

Are your parents worried about your obsession with breasts?

JOEY

If they were ever home maybe. But I'm not obsessed with breasts, I'm just as interested in--

GENO (O.S.)

Bobby, you were right about Weeks.

The two boys turn around to see GENO BOTELLI (70) enter the suite. He plops down in a chair behind Bobby.

GENO

It's true. He's filing his paperwork for retirement as soon as the game ends.

BOBBY

He's retiring after playing one game?!

GENO

Yeah.

Joey chuckles and turns back around to watch the dance team through his binoculars.

Bobby checks the game's stats on his iPad.

BOBBY

Twenty-nine points, twelve boards, six assists and four blocks. Those are gonna be good career averages, I guess. Is there anything you can do?

GENO

I've just spent the last forty-five minutes pouring over everything with Ellis and the lawyers. Turns out all he wanted was the signing bonus.

BOBBY

And he's walking away from a contract worth twenty-two million dollars over four years?

GENO

He doesn't care. We gave him five million up front and now he's taking off.

BOBBY

Don't pay it.

GENO

We already did. And I looked at his contract. We don't have a case to file suit. He's burned us.

JOEY

Bobby told you about that pot-smoking flake.

A horn BLARES in the arena.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Final score, Houston ninety-seven, Seals eighty-eight.

JOEY

He was also right about the Wilkins trade. And about drafting Collins two years ago, signing Brunson to that contract five years ago and--

GENO

I know, Joey.

BOBBY

What are you gonna do now?

GENO
I already fired Ellis.

BOBBY
What?!

GENO
I fired Ellis and everyone in
player personnel.

JOEY
(muttering)
It's about time.

GENO
Come downstairs with me, Bobby.
We'll be back in a couple of
minutes Joey.

INT. ORANGE COUNTY ARENA HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Geno and Bobby walk through the hallway busy with arena workers.

BOBBY
So what's happening now?

GENO
There's a press conference
announcing our changes.

BOBBY
Is that where we're going?

GENO
Yeah. We're actually going there
because I'm introducing you as the
next general manager.

Bobby halts and looks stunned.

BOBBY
You're naming...I'm only
fifteen...wait, does this mean you
changed your mind about me getting
a job mowing lawns?

FADE OUT

END OF
COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. ORANGE COUNTY ARENA HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

BOBBY

(laughing)

That's funny. You had me going there. For a minute I really thought--

GENO

I'm serious. You're the next general manager. If I was joking this would be a lot funnier.

BOBBY

Wait! I'm fifteen! I can't--

GENO

Yes you can. I need you to do this. You understand the numbers, the economics, you love the game. And I didn't push you through Harvard for you to get a job at McDonald's.

The two resume their walk down the hallway.

GENO

Nothing wrong with working at McDonald's, but you need--

BOBBY

Wait a minute! Even if I could do this, no one is going to take me seriously.

GENO

Actually Joey had some good points back there about what you would have done--

BOBBY

Grandpa, the only thing Joey can predict is the next cover-girl for Maxim magazine.

GENO

Well he's picked that right for five issues in a row.

Bobby gives Geno a curious look.

GENO

What? I read it for the fitness tips. Here, feel my abs.

Bobby shakes his head and turns to see they've arrived at the press room.

GENO

I'm going in there and saying you're taking over. Right after I do, you'll need to say something to the media.

Bobby has a panicked look on his face.

GENO

Relax, you're gonna be great.

Bobby grabs Geno's arm and he tries to step through the doorway.

BOBBY

You just can't barge in there, interrupt everything and say your fifteen year old grandson is the next GM. And I'm not remotely prepared to talk to reporters.

GENO

Oh you're gonna be fine. If you're nervous just picture everybody naked.

BOBBY

I'm not Joey, grandpa. My mind works with math not porn.

GENO

Yeah that trick doesn't work anyway. Listen, I need you to do this. And YOU need to do this. Besides, our franchise has been a laughing stock for too many years.

Geno walks through the door.

BOBBY

(to himself)

Yeah. We're a laughing stock. And here I come to...not change that at all.

INT. ORANGE COUNTY ARENA PRESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RICK EDELMAN (mid-30's), the team's public relations director, is speaking to reporters and TV cameras.

RICK

...so the paperwork is being filed
by representatives for Weeks and--

Geno approaches the podium and steps in next to Rick. Rick looks at Geno and freezes.

RICK

Um...well, everyone, team owner,
Geno Botelli apparently has
something to say.

GENO

Thanks Rick. I'm sorry for
interrupting. If you've covered our
team since I've owned it you know
that I don't do this. I've tried to
stay out of the way of our
basketball people. But after nine
years, I'm tired of being
embarrassed by our team. I'm tired
about being in last place
for...well, forever.

INT. SEALS LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

Three players, ANTHONY SEWELL (28), JESSE BARON (36) and MIKE HOYER (25) turn their attention to a television showing the press conference.

ANTHONY

What's the old man doing up there?

MIKE

This can't be good.

INT. ORANGE COUNTY ARENA PRESS ROOM - SAME TIME

GENO

...so I've fired general manager
Bob Ellis and everyone in the
basketball operations department.
Our coaches still have their jobs,
for now anyway.

Reporters raise their hands and start to shout questions until Geno puts up a hand to quiet them.

GENO

Please...I'll answer questions later. But now I want to bring up the new general manager. He's my grandson Bobby.

Voices from the media start to rise again.

GENO

He's fifteen, but he's already graduated from the Harvard Business College and I think he was born to do this. Everyone, Bobby Botelli.

Bobby steps into the room and halts. There's stunned silence. Geno motions him up to the podium. Bobby warily makes his way there.

Geno slaps him on the back and walks out.

BOBBY

Uh, well. I'm not sure what to say so I'll answer some questions.

INT. SEALS LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

ANTHONY

Aw, hell no! That's it, I'm waivin' my no-trade clause. I'm outta here.

Anthony walks away.

MIKE

(to Jesse)

Think anybody would take him?

JESSE

Nope.

Mike turns back to the TV and points.

MIKE

Hey that kid looks like he's twelve. Should we be worried?

JESSE

I've known him since he was six years old. He's pretty smart.

MIKE

You really think a kid can be a GM in this league?

JESSE

He took over my portfolio when he was eleven. That kid tripled it in six months.

MIKE

Really?

(beat)

What's a portfolio?

INT. ORANGE COUNTY ARENA PRESS ROOM - SAME TIME

The reporters go quiet then one of them, GEOFF FLYNN (30), stands up.

GEOFF

Bobby, I'm Geoff Flynn with The Register. Were you angling for this job?

BOBBY

I never thought about it before. But I love this team. I've been coming here since I was a kid.

GEOFF

Actually, you're STILL a kid.

BOBBY

I meant a little kid. My grandfather thinks I can do this. He thought I could handle Harvard when I was twelve and he was right about that.

Bobby points at another reporter.

REPORTER #1

Coach Ron Benard's contract expires after this year. Do you plan on renewing it?

BOBBY

Coach Benard has had some success with other teams, so, umm... hopefully he'll start to be successful here. So we'll see.

INT. COACH BERNARD'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

RON BERNARD (late-50's), sits at his desk watching the press conference on the TV in his office. He looks like he hasn't slept in a month.

RON
That little sonofa--

Ron throws a bottle of Gatorade at the television.

INT. LEAGUE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

League commissioner AARON ZIEGLER (mid 50's) is watching the live press conference in his spacious office. Ziegler is still in a perfect looking suit and has the appearance of world-class power broker.

His assistant, SAM GOLDMAN (mid 30's), bursts into the room.

SAM
Commissioner, are you watching--

AARON
I've got it on.

SAM
Are you going to do something? You can't let a kid--

AARON
Oh no, this is perfect! Those investors in San Diego aren't going to wait forever. I've been waiting for Geno to cripple his franchise for years.

SAM
He IS a Harvard grad at fifteen, sir.

AARON
I don't care how smart he is. The other twenty-nine GM's in this league are gonna eat him alive.

Aaron raises up a scotch glass.

AARON
Thank you, Geno. Go ahead and sabatoge your little franchise so I don't have to.

INT. ORANGE COUNTY ARENA PRESS ROOM - SAME TIME

BOBBY
I think that's it for now.

Bobby walks away from the podium toward the door but the questions continue to be shouted. Geoff cuts him off before he reaches the door.

GEOFF

Bobby, seriously, you're fifteen.
Doesn't this make the team look
like a joke?

BOBBY

A joke? We haven't made the
playoffs in nine years. We lost
sixty-four games last season and
our number one draft pick just quit
after one game so he can sit on a
beach and smoke weed all day. You
think hiring ME makes us a joke?
Actually...don't answer that.

Bobby hurries out of the room as the reporters continue to
shout their questions.

INT. ORANGE COUNTY ARENA, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bobby looks frazzled as he staggers through the door. Geno
is in the hall waiting and puts his arm around Bobby.

GENO

I thought that went well.

BOBBY

I think I'm gonna be sick.

GENO

You did good. Let's find Joey and
get you home. You've got a busy
day tomorrow.

BOBBY

You remember I'm not old enough to
drive, right?

EXT. LEAGUE OFFICE BUILDING - NEXT MORNING

Aaron walks toward a high-rise building when a group of
reporters and cameramen cut him off.

NEWS CREW REPORTER

Mr. Ziegler, you haven't issued a
comment about the new general
manager for the Seals.

AARON

We don't comment on every GM that's
hired--

NEWS CREW REPORTER

Not every GM is fifteen years old.

AARON
 (laughing)
 That's true.

NEWS CREW REPORTER
 Are you really going to let some
 kid--

AARON
 He's not just some kid. Guys, this
 young man got into Harvard at the
 same age most of you were trying to
 figure out basic algebra.

NEWS CREW REPORTER
 Yes, but--

AARON
 But what? This is an exceptional
 young man. He's not some typical
 teenage kid sitting in his parents'
 basement on a Saturday morning
 playing video games.

INT. BOTELLI HOUSE, BASEMENT - SAME TIME

Bobby and Joey are on a couch furiously working video game
 controllers.

JOEY
 You're going down again!

BOBBY
 Not this time!

The TV screen shows the video basketball game and one of
 Joey's players puts up a three-point shot that goes in as
 time runs out.

JOEY / BOBBY
 Yeeeeaaaahhhhh!!!! / Noooooo!!!!

BOBBY
 Come on! How do you always beat me
 playing Portland?

JOEY
 Well, for one, you insist on being
 the Seals every time we play. Dude,
 your team sucks just as bad in the
 video game as they do in real life.

BOBBY
 But you'd think after awhile--

JOEY

And the other thing is David Petro.
He is unstoppable in this game.
Portland never plays him but in
this game he's money.

Bobby stares at the TV screen appearing to be in deep thought.

BOBBY

Pull up his player profile on
there.

Joey hits a couple of buttons and a virtual image of the player appears on their screen.

JOEY

He's got an eighty-five player
rating and they rate his shooting a
ninety-one. You know this is just a
video game, right?

BOBBY

I watched him play some at U-Conn.
He can fill it up and we have
scoring void with Weeks leaving.
And you're right, Portland never
plays him. They're also in town
already.

JOEY

They've got a game at Staples
Center tonight?

BOBBY

Yeah. I'm gonna call 'em.

Bobby reaches for the coffee table and finds, amid empty soda cans and pizza boxes, his phone.

JOEY

You have the number for the GM in
Portland on your phone already?

BOBBY

Yeah. Every GM in the league called
me last night wishing me luck and
probably looking for an angle to
rip me off. I got his voice-mail.

(into his phone)

Mr. Walker, this is Bobby Botelli.
Listen...um...I'm interested in
trying to work a deal with you
guys. Give me a call back when you
can. Thanks.

Bobby's mother, DONNA BOTELLI (mid-30's), attractive, walks into the room carrying a trash bag and starts clearing off the coffee table.

JOEY

Thanks for letting me stay over last night, Ms. Botelli.

DONNA

I know you would have just snuck in the house anyway.

(to Bobby)

Did it occur to either you or your grandfather to talk to me about this job of yours?

BOBBY

Not...really.

DONNA

When we moved back here I thought we agreed that I would have a chance to get my own life going. Auditions, classes, recording sessions...chances that I gave up for three years to be in Boston with you at Harvard.

Donna walks out of the room.

JOEY

I thought you said your mom was terrib--

BOBBY

Dude!

Donna steps back into the doorway.

DONNA

And another thing. I'm driving you to your job today just because it's Saturday. You and your grandpa will have to figure something else out starting Monday. I have plans. I mean, I plan to have plans.

BOBBY

We'll figure it out Mom.

JOEY

(to Bobby)

Can I still hang out with you today?

BOBBY

Sure, but we gotta go in a couple of minutes.

INT. DONNA BOTELLI'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Donna drives while Bobby sits in the front seat and Joey is in the back. Bobby's phone rings.

BOBBY

(in the phone)

Hi, this is Bobby.

INT. LOS ANGELES HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

WES WALKER (mid 40's), Portland's general manager, sits at a desk in his hotel room on the phone.

INTERCUT

WES

Bobby, you really want to make a deal on your first day?

BOBBY

I'm interested in David Petro.

WES

Okay, but the problem is that I'm not sure you have anything we'd want.

JOEY (O.S.)

Hey Ms. B, can we stop and get donuts?

WES

Who was that? Are we talking about a trade while your mom is driving you to work?

BOBBY

Um, yeah.

WES

(muttering to himself)

Well, this is a first.

(to Bobby)

Look, you really don't have anything I want. I need some help inside and you don't have that to offer. About the only thing I'd want that you do have is your first round draft pick next summer.

BOBBY

That's probably a lottery pick. I don't think--

WES

I'm sure you'll turn them around and make the playoffs this year. Then it's only a middle first round pick. You can part with that.

BOBBY

I think--

WES

Give me your first round pick or figure out how to help me inside, then we'll talk.

Wes ends the call.

BOBBY

(into the phone)

Okay, well...hello?

JOEY

Tell your mom we want donuts.

DONNA

I'm right here!

BOBBY

(to Joey)

Is the sports section back there?

JOEY

Yeah. There's a pretty hilarious picture of you in it.

Joey hands the newspaper forward.

Bobby quickly flips through the pages then stops to study a box score.

BOBBY

O'Clair! He'll want O'Clair!

JOEY

I said donuts, but if you're gonna insist on eclairs...isn't that the same thing as a long john?

BOBBY

Atlanta's O'Clair.

JOEY

Does that kind have cream filling?

BOBBY

This could work. I can do this!

JOEY

Good, because I don't have any money. And you can afford to buy us a dozen since you'll be making a lot more money than your mom.

DONNA

Hey!

Bobby hits a button on his phone.

BOBBY

(into his phone)

Mr. Lockhart, this is Bobby Botelli. If you've got a second, I've got a trade proposal to run past you.

FADE OUT

END OF
ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SEALS OFFICE - LATER THAT MORNING

Bobby and Joey walk into the Seals team offices. Joey is carrying a box of donuts.

SANDRA SILKE (23), a statuesque blonde meets them.

SANDRA

Hi, I'm Sandra, your assistant.

JOEY

You're his assistant? Nice!

BOBBY

That's Joey. He has nowhere else to be today.

Bobby glares at Joey and gestures for him to shut up.

SANDRA

Okay. Your office is over here.

The three walk past a series of cubicles to an office door.

INT. BOBBY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They walk into Bobby's office which is empty except for a desk, chair and phone.

SANDRA

This is it. They cleaned it out last night so there's nothing in here except what you see. We'll get you some office supplies sent over.

BOBBY

Thanks.

SANDRA

Sam Piper, he's our CFO, he's on his way to see you and should be here in a second. Is there anything else you need from me?

BOBBY

Um, no.

SANDRA

I'll be right outside then.

Sandra exits.

SAM PIPER (late 30's) enters the office carrying a three-ring binder.

BOBBY

Mr. Piper, thanks for coming in on a Saturday.

The two shake hands.

SAM

Call me Sam. I always come in on game days. I've brought some numbers for you.

JOEY

(to Bobby)

I can't listen to anything about numbers. I'm gonna go stare at your assistant.

Ignoring Joey, Sam opens the binder and places it on Bobby's desk. Joey walks out.

INT. SEALS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sandra is typing at a computer at her cubicle desk when Joey approaches.

JOEY

So you're the assistant general manager?

SANDRA

More like assistant TO the general manager.

Joey looks at her name-plate hung on the cubicle that reads SANDRA SILKE.

JOEY

Silk? Silky? Your last name is pronounced Silky? I like that. I like that a lot.

SANDRA

No, it's pronounced Silk. The E on the end is silent. Just like your mouth should be.

Sandra picks up a folder and walks away.

JOEY

(muttering to himself)

I'm so gonna hang out here all the time.

INT. ATLANTA'S GM'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

CRAIG LOCKHART (mid 50's), Atlanta's general manager is seated at his desk. Across from him is his HEAD COACH, also middle-aged but intense looking.

ATLANTA COACH

The nerve of that kid, proposing a three-way trade on his first day? I don't know, Craig, we didn't rehab O'Clair for an entire year just move him, did we?

CRAIG

No, but his trade value may never be higher and this deal takes eighteen million off our books.

ATLANTA COACH

I know it gives us cap space, but I like the depth we've got.

CRAIG

We won sixty games last year WITHOUT O'Clair and we need another shooter. This frees up some money for us to go after that. O'Clair could get hurt again and I'm not passing up a chance to get a first round pick from the Seals.

ATLANTA COACH

How does this work again?

CRAIG

If they make the playoffs this year, we get their first round pick. That's probably not going to happen. So in two years we get their first pick no matter what. As bad as they are, we could be picking number one overall.

ATLANTA COACH

Okay, just playing devil's advocate here, why don't we just deal O'Clair to Portland for Petro straight up? Why even work with that kid?

CRAIG

Would you rather have a back-up two-guard that plays eight minutes a night or a lottery pick in two

(MORE)

CRAIG (cont'd)
 years? Besides, I've got a scouting
 report here that says Petro can't
 guard a fire hydrant.

ATLANTA COACH
 What if they're in the playoffs in
 two years and it's not a lottery
 pick?

CRAIG
 You think either one of US could
 get that team in the playoffs in
 two years with what they have?

ATLANTA COACH
 (nodding)
 Call the kid.

INT. BOBBY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Sam and Bobby both lean over the open binder on Bobby's
 desk.

BOBBY
 Sam, this looks bad.

SAM
 Two-thirds of the league is in the
 same situation. We just apply for
 additional lines of credit every
 three or four years.

BOBBY
 How is that sustainable?

SAM
 Banks base the loans on the value
 of the franchise. Owners usually
 make their money only when they
 sell the team. Your grandfather is
 in his ninth year as owner. Most
 would have sold by now.

BOBBY
 He just hired me so I don't think
 he's...do I have access to all this
 somewhere?

SAM
 Yeah. Under your log-in you can
 bring these up.

Bobby's phone rings and he grabs it.

BOBBY
 (into his phone)
 This is Bobby.

INT. ARENA HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Joey walks down the hall and smiles at two approaching members of the Seals dance team, both attractive women in their mid-20's.

One dancer is dressed in a one-piece dance leotard with the Seals logo across the front and the other in two-piece spandex. Neither dancer notices Joey.

DANCER #1
 I heard he's just a kid. Like he's
 in high school or something.

DANCER #2
 Well he's supposed to be
 super-smart.

The two suddenly realize a teenage boy has just walked past them.

DANCER #1
 Hey, was that--

DANCER #1 (CONT'D)
 (to Joey)
 Hey you! Stop!

Joey freezes and slowly turns around.

DANCER #1
 Are you that manager guy?

JOEY
 Huh?

DANCER #1
 You know, the manager. The kid they
 hired to run the team? Are you him?

JOEY
 Umm...before I answer that, can you
 tell me what exactly you need?

Joey smiles and rubs his hands together as he eagerly awaits their response.

INT. LOS ANGELES HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Wes picks up his phone as it rings.

WES
 (into his phone)
 You come up with something, Bobby?

INT. BOBBY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

BOBBY
 (into his phone)
 Amos O'Clair from Atlanta to you
 guys. They're in on a three-way
 deal.

INTERCUT

WES
 He's coming off surgery.

BOBBY
 Look at what he did last night.
 He's back at full speed and he's
 exactly what you need.

WES
 Let me talk to our coach. He's down
 the hall.

BOBBY
 Call me back in twenty minutes. If
 you're in, we want Petro here for
 our game tonight.

Bobby hangs up and Joey enters with the two dance team
 members he just met.

JOEY
 Girls, this is Bobby.

DANCER #1 / DANCER #2
 Hi. / Hi.

BOBBY
 Hi. Um, what exactly do you want
 from me?

DANCER #1
 We need new uniforms. What I'm
 wearing is outdated. Look, I'll
 show you what I mean.

The dancer lifts her leg high in the air and turns.

DANCER #1
 See how it bunches in my stomach
 and my lower back?

Bobby and Joey slowly nod. They continue to stare with their mouths open.

DANCER #1
And see how this seam is wearing
out.

The dancer points to the frayed material above her exposed hip. Bobby and Joey lean in for a better look while still slack-jawed.

DANCER #2
Now watch me.

The second dancer, wearing the black two-piece spandex, does a high leg kick, makes a 360-degree turn on one foot and bends forward as she comes around.

DANCER #2
See how I have more freedom of
movement with what I have on?

BOBBY
(voice cracking)
Yeah.

Bobby clears his throat.

BOBBY
Yeah. Shouldn't someone in
marketing look at this.

JOEY
I don't mind looking.

Bobby slaps Joey in the chest with the back of his hand.

BOBBY
I meant maybe someone in marketing
could get sponsor money to pay for
something like this.

DANCER #1
We don't want to talk to marketing.

DANCER #2
We had a corporate sponsor but
there was...a problem last summer.

JOEY
(to Bobby)
Oh, dude! I can't believe I forgot
to tell you about that. The dance
team did this promotion at a car
(MORE)

JOEY (cont'd)
 wash back in August. You know
 Riley, the redhead? She had on this
 two-piece bikini-thing and she bent
 over and--

Joey starts to demonstrate with his hands cupped in front of
 his chest.

BOBBY
 Joey! That's okay. I don't need you
 to recreate it.

JOEY
 But I've been trying to recreate it
 in my mind every day since then.

BOBBY
 I get the idea.

JOEY
 That was so worth stealing my dad's
 car for.

BOBBY
 Ladies, thanks for coming in.

JOEY
 Seriously, that was the greatest
 day of my life.

BOBBY
 (to the girls)
 I'll see what I can do.

DANCER #1
 Thanks!

DANCER #2
 See ya!

The dancers walk out and Bobby's phone rings.

BOBBY
 (into phone)
 This is Bobby...Cool! We'll send
 him a ride and get him here. I'll
 get the paperwork going.

INT. LOS ANGELES HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wes puts down his phone.

WES
(to himself and laughing)
I am ripping this kid off.

INT. CRAIG LOCKHART'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The Atlanta coach is still seated across from his general manager.

COACH
And all he's getting a back-up guard? Is the league even gonna let us do this trade?

CRAIG
Yeah. The the commissioner hates the Botellis.

INT. BOBBY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bobby hangs up his phone.

BOBBY
(to himself)
God, this better work.

FADE OUT

END OF
ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. ORANGE COUNTY ARENA OWNER'S SUITE - NIGHT

Geno, Bobby and Joey are watching the game from the edge of their seats.

GENO

Your guy's having good night. We're hanging in there, down by one. I knew hiring you was the right thing.

BOBBY

He has nine points and he's only played ten minutes. I know he just got here but I thought our coaches would want to play a guy that can actually makes shots.

INT. ORANGE COUNTY ARENA FLOOR - SAME TIME

A Phoenix player dribbles up the court and is fouled by Anthony Sewell. The crowd boos and Sewell walks to his bench.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Foul on number thirty-two, Anthony Sewell, his sixth foul. Entering the game, number twenty, David Petro!

DAVID PETRO (mid 20's) jogs onto the floor.

INT. ORANGE COUNTY ARENA OWNER'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

JOEY

Sewell's fouled out. Now they have to play him.

Bobby gives Joey a worried look.

JOEY

Come on, even if they make both free throws we can still tie it.

BOBBY

We're out of time outs.

JOEY

We've got eight seconds. And look, they just bricked their first shot.

INT. ORANGE COUNTY ARENA FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The Phoenix player makes the second free throw.

Jesse Baron gets the in-bounds pass, dribbles up the floor and with a burst of speed gets by two Phoenix players. He slings the ball to Petro who is open outside the three-point line.

Petro shoots. The ball sails through the air. The horn sounds as the ball SWISHES through the net and the crowd roars in celebration.

INT. ORANGE COUNTY ARENA OWNER'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Bobby, Joey and Geno jump out of the seats and yell with joy as they exchange high fives and hugs.

INT. ORANGE COUNTY ARENA HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby is standing in the hallway as coach Ron Bernard walks by.

BOBBY

Great game coach.

RON

Thanks. Listen kid, we have eighty more games left and Phoenix is just as bad we are so don't start to think you've done something.

BOBBY

I know, coach, but--

RON

Listen to me, this is my team, okay? I've coached in this league longer than you've been alive so I'm not going to be taking orders from some twelve year old.

BOBBY

I'm fifteen actually--

RON

And let me make this clear. If you expect me to cook the meal, then you have to let me shop for the groceries. You do nothing to my roster until you talk to me first. Got it?

BOBBY

Yes sir, but--

Ron walks off. Geoff Flynn sees Bobby and jogs toward him.

GEOFF

Bobby, remember me? I'm--

BOBBY

Yeah. You're our beat writer from
The Register.

GEOFF

Can you tell me how this trade came
about?

BOBBY

Well--

Joey comes running down the hall and jumps into Bobby giving
him a bear hug.

JOEY

Petro is clutch dude! You called
it! And so did makers of ABL Live!
Old people think video games are a
waste of time. Well that waste of
time just won us a game tonight!
I'll meet you out front!

Joey runs off down the hall.

GEOFF

Wait, did you get the idea for this
trade from a video game?

BOBBY

Sort of. We were playing ABL Live
this morning and--

GEOFF

Thanks!

Geoff writes something on his notepad and rushes off.

BOBBY

Wait! There's more to it than--
(muttering to himself)
That may not come out well in
print.

GENO (O.S.)

Bobby!

Bobby turns around and sees Geno who gives him a bear-hug.

GENO

One game as GM and you get us a win!

BOBBY

We have a ways to go.

GENO

Come on, Bobby. We haven't won a game this early in a season in...I don't know how long. You should be thrilled! You made a trade, got us better and got us a win all in one day.

BOBBY

Grandpa, we have eighty more games to play. Do you understand the situation you put me in? Our coach hates the idea of me being here! And I have a feeling most of our players do too! We're twenty million dollars in the red and we're projected to lose another eight million this year! Tomorrow's newspaper is going to make me look like an idiot for making a trade based on information I got from a video game. And on Monday the national media is going to go crazy with this idea of a fifteen year old general manager!

The Seals dance team jogs and bounces their way past the two in the hallway.

BOBBY

Oh yeah. I almost forgot. Our dance team also needs new uniforms.

Geno laughs and slaps Bobby on the shoulder.

GENO

Bobby, of course I understand all that. That's why you were the only person in the world I'd want for this job.

Geno walks away and gives a high-five to the team mascot SAMMY SEAL. Bobby shakes his head at the sight.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF
SHOW