

She grabs him, hugs him. Brandon is close behind. Little Pat licks the cotton candy.

LITTLE PAT
This is pure sugar.

MARIA
Yes, yes it is, sweet tooth.

BRANDON
So you had to try it?

LITTLE PAT
Did you know it melts on your tongue? It's so cool.

Little Pat sticks out his blue tongue. Maria and Brandon smile. Maria takes Little Pat's hand, guides him back to the others who are waiting at the bleachers.

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INT. GABAGOOL'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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The Birdies sit at a long table full of half-empty plates and glasses. Brandon is still by Maria's side.

The sounds of a spoon clinking against a glass. Maria stands. Brandon takes out his phone, records her.

MARIA
START I'd like to make a toast. Lily started the Birdies back in 2013. She loved the team more than anything. After she died last year, I decided to sign up to keep her legacy going. Linda was nice enough to make me an honorary member. As much as I wanted to, I wasn't sure I'd ever make it off the bench. But I was given a chance when they needed another player. And in all honesty, I needed the Birdies as much as you needed me. I see now why Lily loved you so much. It's not about the game, it's about the team. You crazy group of ladies who indulged me, who showed up to play in a tournament we didn't even qualify for... now that's team spirit. That's friendship. That's Lily's legacy. And nobody can take that from us. So, yeah, we're no longer in the league. We lost. But we also won.

END