START Lily sits at a table, ruffling through papers. Maria enters. Lily holds up a flyer to show Maria. The flyer reads "Players needed for women's softball team this spring. Call 732-5551630 to join the Jersey Birdies."

LILY
I'm doing it.
MARIA
If you build it, they will come.
Maria sits down at the table.
LILY
Let's hope so.
MARIA
Where did "Birdies" come from?
LILY
Skye.
MARIA
Very on the nose.
LILY
Funny. I never even put that together.

MARIA
You let your 2-year-old daughter name your team?

LILY
Kinda. I wanted something Jersey and I was torn between a goldfinch the state bird - and blueberries, the state fruit.

MARIA
The Blueberries? Sorry, but that would have been terrible.

LILY
What? Too intimidating?
MARIA
Obviously.
LILY
Anyway, I made a mock-up of each logo. I showed them to Skye and told her to pick one. She pointed to the goldfinch and said "birdie."

MARIA
Okay, that's cute. Birdies it is.
Maria begins to help Lily design the flyer. END
BACK TO:

EXT. BIRDIES SOFTBALL FIELD - DAY

Linda waves from the dugout.

LINDA
(yells)
Okay, everybody gather 'round! Quick team meeting before you go.

The Birdies gather around Linda.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Okay. Listen up. I hate to shit on your parade but I've got bad news and I wanted to tell you now before you see it online... The Birdies are going away. Flying south for the winter and never coming back.

She makes a "bird" with her hands. The hand-bird flies and then falls to its death. The hand-bird wiggles, struggles.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Dead. We're dead. Earlier tonight, the League Council voted us out.

Gasps and whispers come from the team. Maria stands up.

MARIA
What?! Why?
LINDA
The league is contracting. Too many teams, not enough interested players. But no need to freak out, we'll still finish out this season and then next year, you'll all be funneled on to new teams.

SUE
Why do we get the shaft?

LINDA
We're always struggling to fill our roster. Remember last season we had two forfeits? Not a good look.
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