

SLIDING INTO HOME

Written by

Heather Williams

Episode 101 "Pilot"

HWWriter@gmail.com

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EPISODE # 101 - "Pilot"

ACT ONE

EXT. OUTFIELD HAWKES LITTLE MAJOR LEAGUERS ACADEMY - DAY

HAWKE ALESSIA, 46, retired pro, Louisville Slugger always at his side, puts a team of 8-12 year-olds through an obstacle course. His wedding ring dangles from a chain around his neck and glistens in the sun.

ZACHARY ALESSIA, 22, athletic and artistic, joins his father on the field.

HAWKE

Ya'll left Evan. You're a team.
Gotta be committed to each other.
Start again.

ZACHARY

Leave at 3:30. Go home, change, and
meet Mom at 4.

HAWKE

(yelling across the field)
Locker rooms, guys. Victor, I wanna
see you.

ZACHARY

Not today. You won't make it to
Atlanta in time for my show.

HAWKE

Your Mama put you up to this?

ZACHARY

Mom asked me to remind you about
Date Night. And yes, she wants to
come and support my show.

HAWKE

You know, I could call in some
favours. Jeter owes me one.

ZACHARY

Why do you do that? I bring up my
art and you deflect.

HAWKE

You have talent, Zach, a fast ball
the stuff of legends, but Pablo
Picasso you'll never be.

INT. BOBBY MACKIE'S STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

EMMY ALESSIA, 46, elegant in a cocktail dress, sits alone in
a corner booth. A SERVER, (16), approaches.

SERVER

You ready to order now?

EMMY

I'm sorry. I think I'm just gonna
go, been stood up again.

Emmy gets up from the booth. BOBBY MACKIE, (35), cattle
rancher, intersects her.

BOBBY

Stay and have a nice t-bone. I got
some mashed potatoes, asparagus,
and white wine too, on the house.

EMMY

(smiling)

You always remember my order.

Emmy's cell phone RINGS. She answers it. Emmy grabs Bobby's
hand and squeezes it as she listens to the call.

BOBBY

Is everything, OK?

EMMY

Zach...Zach's been in an accident.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. ATLANTA MASS GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Emmy stands outside, cell phone in hand. Hawke walks toward her.

EMMY

Had to bring the damn bat? Couldn't leave it in the car?

HAWKE

It's a Louisville Slugger. Can't leave a Slugger in the backseat.

EMMY

(under her breath)
And the trunk was out of the question.

HAWKE

Em, I came straight from the field as soon as I got...

EMMY

The Hell you did.

HAWKE

Em, this kid, Victor...he...he reminds me so much of me.

EMMY

You've been here 5 minutes and you haven't even asked how your son is.

HAWKE

Something wrong with Zach?

EMMY

Bobby drove me to Atlanta, so I could be with my son, cause' my own damn husband stood me up to play baseball with Victor Bryant.

HAWKE

(voice breaking)
Is Zach...is Zach O.K.?

EMMY

You should've been with me, but you'd rather be with your bitch.

HAWKE

There's no one else. Somebody in Madrigal put that idea into your head?

(beat)

Emmy, did something happen to Zach?

EMMY

You don't know. You didn't listen to all of the 15 messages I left you. What? You thought I wanted a Date Night do-over at AMGH?

Hawke leans against his bat and looks at the sky for a beat.

Emmy eyes the bat.

EMMY (CONT'D)

I am tired of trying to compete with your bitch.

Emmy grabs the bat and sprints to the parking lot. Hawke follows.

HAWKE

Emmy, put the bat down.

She stops at a Toyota and swings. The windshield SHATTERS.

EMMY

You son of a bitch.

Emmy swings at Hawke. He ducks.

EMMY (CONT'D)

(swinging the bat)

Your son is not O.K. He's in critical condition. He may not live through the night.

Emmy swings the bat again connecting with the tail light of a Ford. It SHATTERS.

EMMY (CONT'D)

You better pray to your baseball god bitch Zach survives.

Emmy swings the bat again, striking the Ford's bumper. The wooden bat SPLITS.

INT. ATLANTA MASS GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Hawke and Emmy sit at a sleeping Zach's bedside. A DOCTOR, (40s), enters the room. He flips on a lighted wall monitor that displays images of Zach's back. He points to the area of concern.

DOCTOR

I wish I had better news. Zach's MRI confirms he has an injury between T-9 and T-11. He has lost sensation from his navel down.

EMMY

What does that mean: loss of sensation?

HAWKE

Can he, will he still be able to pitch?

DOCTOR

It means your son is paralyzed from the waist down. It could take weeks, months, for his body to heal but I don't believe his condition is permanent.

HAWKE

It's my fault I...

DOCTOR

You can't blame yourself. It was an accident. Placing blame is not good for anyone right now.

EMMY

You're saying Zach is paralyzed?

(beat)

Wait. Hawke, why would you say that? What don't I know? What did you do?

Hawke stares out the window.

EMMY (CONT'D)

(hysterical)

My baby is paralyzed. Oh God, what did you do? What did you do to my baby? Tell me!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. ATLANTA MASS GENERAL HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Hawke stands beside the family car. His hands shake as he opens the driver's side door and sits inside. Emmy stands in the doorway.

HAWKE

I didn't mean it, Em. I don't know why I said it. He's so gifted. I just don't understand why he wants to throw it all away to paint damn pictures.

Emmy chuckles

EMMY

You sound just like him. I wouldn't let him kill your dream and I won't let you kill Zach's.

HAWKE

Em, I...

Emmy raises her hand.

EMMY

You're just like him, and you don't even realize it. What you said to Zach was mean and selfish. So, go get your new Slugger. I know that's where you're going. I'll be here with our son.

Emmy moves out of the doorway and slams it shut before she walks back into the hospital.

Hawke watches her enter before placing his keys in the ignition. His I-phone vibrates. A message flashes on the screen.

ON THE IPHONE SCREEN

The text message reads: Louisville Slugger arrived and is available for pick up. Open till 8.

Hawke glances at the phone. A tear escapes his left eye. He wipes it with his hand as he drives away.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD - MADRIGAL - NIGHT

Hawke sits still in his car across from a modest house on the transitional south side of Madrigal. His new Louisville Slugger is beside him on the passenger seat.

MONTAGE - HAWKE REMEMBERS

-- INT. HAWKE'S BOYHOOD HOME - DAY -- 4-year-old Hawke cries in a locked closet.

-- INT. HAWKE'S BOYHOOD HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT -- 6-year-old Hawke trembles under the covers as the door opens.

-- EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY -- 7-year-old Hawke slides into home for the winning run while his teammates cheer.

BACK TO SCENE

Hawke's hands tremble on the steering wheel as HANK ALESSIA, 77, approaches the car on foot from behind. He sizes Hawke and the car up for a beat.

HANK

She ain't here. She got that church meeting every Wednesday.

Hawke keeps his eyes fixed on the floor.

HAWKE

I know, Sir.

HANK

You know. Why is your pansy-pussy ass here, then? Did your wife leave you for a real working man yet?

(beat)

I asked you a question, boy. You can look at me when I ask you a question.

Hawke lifts his head and looks at him.

HAWKE

You asked me two questions, Sir.

HANK

You tryin' to sass me, boy? I can still beat your pussy-pansy ass.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

You think cause you got money, an expensive car, and a house on the Northside you're better than me?

Hank looks into the car and fixates on the bat.

HANK (CONT'D)

I asked you a question. You think you're better than me?

HAWKE

No, Sir. I'm nothing like you.

Hawke quivers now. He grips the steering wheel tighter.

HANK

That's right. Real men work. They don't prance around in tight-ass pants with rings on their fingers like little pussys playing some game.

Hawke places the key in the ignition and starts the car. Hank leans into the open window.

HANK (CONT'D)

I begged your Mama to abort your sorry ass. I knew you were nothing and was never gonna be nothing. No matter what you do, what you got, you ain't nothing but shit, boy.

Hank shoos Hawke away and walks back to the house. Hawke revs the engine and drives off.

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF THE HOME OF HAWKE AND EMMY ALESSIA -
CONTINUOUS

Hawke parks his car and cuts the ignition. His body quakes back and forth in his seat.

His eyes blink in rapid succession and water explodes from them.

He clenches the steering wheel and lowers his head against it.

The horn BLARES in a continual refrain.

END OF EPISODE