

INT. LAKERS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

MITCH KUPCHAK and BYRON SCOTT are sitting at a conference room table. LAMARCUS ALDRIDGE enters with his crew.

MITCH

Thanks for seeing us again,
LaMarcus. Sorry about last time. I
swear that never happens.

LAMARCUS

It's cool.

BYRON

Of course it is. We're the Lakers!

LaMarcus and his crew sit down as Mitch slaps Byron's arm.

MITCH

So, we heard your visit with San
Antonio went well. Why don't you
tell us exactly what happened?

LAMARCUS

What can I say? They told me
exactly what I wanted to hear.

BYRON

And what would that be,
specifically?

LAMARCUS

You know, just how they'd use me in
their offense and stuff.

BYRON

You mean they actually have a plan?

"DING!" A telecom unit on the table dings. KOBE BRYANT talks through the speaker.

KOBE (O.S.)

First rule, mother fucker. No
basketball talk without me.

MITCH

Dammit, Byron.

BYRON

Sorry, Kobe.

LAMARCUS

I thought you said he wasn't going
to be here.

KOBE (O.S.)

I'm everywhere, mother fucker.

Mitch mouths "I'm sorry" to LaMarcus without actually saying it.

 KOBE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I saw that, mother fucker.

 BYRON
How?!

 MITCH
Sorry, Kobe.

 LAMARCUS
I've seen enough. Let's go, Crew.

LaMarcus' crew stands and begins to exit. JEANIE BUSS dings in through the speaker.

 JEANIE (O.S.)
Did you tell him about the
billboards?

 BYRON
We've got billboards!

 LAMARCUS
It's about basketball, not
billboards.

 JEANIE (O.S.)
But I don't know how to do that.

Piano music begins playing through the speaker.

 BYRON
Where's that music coming from?

 KOBE (O.S.)
My piano. It's my symphony, mother
fucker.

LaMarcus and his crew shake their damn heads and leave.

 MITCH
LaMarcus, wait!

Mitch runs after LaMarcus. Byron closes his eyes and sways back and forth to the music.

 JEANIE (O.S.)
It's beautiful.

 KOBE (O.S.)
I know, mother fucker.

END SCENE