

Cakes on the Diamond
The Crosstown Lease
Written by Chase Carmichael

Created by Chase Carmichael

TEASER

INT. NORTH SIDE APARTMENT - DAY

A cramped, dingy kitchen just blocks from Wrigley Field. LISA CHAPMAN (Red Chipmunk) and MARISSA OAKES (Light Brown Squirrel) are literally bumping hips trying to frost a tiny cake. Lisa accidentally elbows a bag of flour. It pours into the air.

LISA

(Coughing)

That's it! We need more square footage. If I have to pipe one more rosette my elbow is inside the microwave, I'm going to lose my mind.

MARISSA

I saw a listing. Luxury building. Huge kitchen. But we'd need two more roommates to afford the lease.

INT. SOUTHWEST APARTMENT - DAY

A similarly cramped kitchen, 20 minutes from Rate Field. KRISTEN MORGAN (Pink Cat) is meticulously painting a sugar flower. JOLANDA JACKSON (Black Dog) tries to squeeze past her with a tray of cupcakes and accidentally smudges a leaf.

KRISTEN

(Sighs heavily)

Jolanda. I love you, but you take up too much spatial volume. We need a bigger kitchen.

JOLANDA

I've got an open house at noon. Neutral zone. West Loop. Huge island. But we need two roomies.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - NEUTRAL ZONE - LATER

The four girls stand in the center of a gorgeous, spacious kitchen with a massive marble island and stainless steel appliances.

They all look at each other. They look at the double-ovens.

LISA

So... you two bake?

KRISTEN
Obsessively.

MARISSA
Can you pay rent on time?

JOLANDA
Always.

LISA
(Grinning)
Roommates?

They all raise their hands and deliver a massive,
synchronized HIGH-FIVE.

SMASH CUT TO TITLE CARD: CAKES ON THE DIAMOND

ACT ONE

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - DAY

The new kitchen looks like a professional bakery operating at maximum capacity.

In the center of the massive marble island sits a stunning, three-foot-tall cake sculpted to look exactly like the Willis Tower (Sears Tower).

The girls are moving around the island in a perfectly choreographed dance. No one is bumping elbows. It's pure synergy.

Marissa checks a clipboard, tapping a pen against her chin.

MARISSA

Time check, Cool Cakes crew! The wedding planner's van is downstairs in exactly twelve minutes. Status report!

Lisa is aggressively smoothing the sides of the cake with a massive metal bench scraper.

LISA

Fondant base is bulletproof. Edges are razor sharp. Jo, how are we looking on the internal load-bearing?

Jolanda wipes powdered sugar off her forehead. She is holding a wooden mallet and a thick PVC dowel.

JOLANDA

I reinforced the center axis with food-safe PVC. This cake could survive a magnitude six earthquake and a ride on the L-Train. I'm driving the final anchor now.

Jolanda raises the mallet.

KRISTEN

(Panicking)

Wait! Hold your fire!

Kristen slides in, wearing magnifying jewelers' glasses. She is holding a microscopic paintbrush and a palette of edible silver dust.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

You have to let me finish the architectural window detailing! If your hammer that dowel, the vibrations will ruin the edible silver-leaf! Stand back. Artists at work.

Kristen holds her breath, leans in close, and paints three tiny, perfect silver squares onto the side of the fondant building. She exhales sharply and steps back.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Flawless. Proceed with your brute force, Jolanda.

Jolanda rolls her playfully, lines up at the dowel at the very top of the cake, and gives it two solid *THWACKS* with the mallet. The dowel sinks in perfectly. The cake doesn't even jiggle.

LISA

(Grinning)

Solid as a rock.

Marissa's phone buzzes. She looks at the screen.

MARISSA

Client is in the lobby!

LISA

Box it up! Let's move!

Lisa and Jolanda slide a massive reinforced cardboard box over the cake. Kristen tapes it. Marissa slaps a pristine "COOL CAKES" sticker on the table.

They all step back, breathing heavily. They look at the finished box.

LISA (CONT'D)

Girls... we are a machine.

JOLANDA

A well-oiled, buttercream-fueled machine.

They all raise their hands and deliver a loud, synchronized HIGH-FIVE.

INT. FIELD MUSEUM - DAY

The massive, towering skeleton of SUE the T-Rex dominates the museum hall.

The four girls stand at the base of the exhibit, staring up at the bones.

Jolanda is furiously sketching the dinosaur's legs on a graphing notepad.

JOLANDA

Look at the pelvic bone structure. It's brilliant. If we use rice cereal treats for the tail, we're going to need a wire armature anchored directly to the cake board to counter-balance the skull.

LISA

I can carve the jaw out of a nine-by-thirteen vanilla sponge. Easy. But we need to get the teeth right.

KRISTEN

Are we absolutely married to "dinosaur brown" for the icing? It's such a dreary, uninspired palette. Can we do a pastel mint T-Rex?

LISA, MARISSA, JOLANDA

(In unison)

No.

KRISTEN

(Sighing)

Fine. But I am giving it airbrushed, pearlescent green scales. I refuse to bake something that looks like it crawled out of a swamp.

MARISSA

(Checking her phone)

Alright, we have the blueprints. Let's get back to the apartment. We have a prehistoric monster to bake.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

The Willis Tower cake is gone. The kitchen is now covered in green fondant, carving knives, and massive bowls of frosting.

The honeymoon phase is in full swing. The girls are setting up for their next big job: a massive T-Rex birthday cake.

LISA

Alright, Cool Cakes crew. The crumb coat is setting. We have six hours until the fondant needs to go on.

MARISSA

And more importantly. we have three minutes until first pitch.

Lisa grabs the remote and clicks the giant living room TV on. The bright blue graphics of a Cubs vs. Reds game flash across the screen. The sound of the Wrigley organ plays.

Kristen, who is mixing green food coloring into a bowl, visibly winces. Jolanda drops her whisk.

KRISTEN

Whoa, whoa. What the hell is this? Turn that crap off. The White Sox are playing the Athletics.

LISA

Yeah, but the Cubs are playing the Reds.

JOLANDA

Lisa, We're Sox fans.

The room goes silent. The stand mixer hums in the background.

MARISSA

(Eyes wide)

You're... South Siders?

KRISTEN

You're North Siders?!

LISA

(Clutching her chest)

We signed a twelve-month lease! We share a Netflix password! How the hell did this not come up?

JOLANDA

Because normal people don't assume their perfect new roommates bleed Cubbie Blue! Hand over the remote, Lisa!

LISA

(Holding the remote like a weapon)
Never! The North Side surrenders to no
one!

KRISTEN

(Raising a frosting spatula)
Oh, it is on.

ACT TWO

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The tension is thick. Marissa steps into the center of the kitchen, holding a tablet in one hand and portable radio in the other.

MARISSA

Okay! Everyone take a breath. We are professionals. Here is the compromise. Lisa and I will stream the Cubs game on the tablet over the Wi-Fi. Kristen and Jolanda, you listen to the Sox game on the AM radio.

JOLANDA

(Crossing her arms)

And when we rotate stations to do the piping?

MARISSA

We swap devices. It's a flawless, harmonious system.

They all nod tentatively. They return to their stations. For a moment, it works. The radio buzzes with Sox commentary; the tablet plays the Cubs.

Suddenly, the tablet freezes. A loading circle spins. Simultaneously, the radio dissolves into harsh, crackling STATIC.

LISA

No. No, no, no.

Kristen taps her phone furiously.

KRISTEN

No signal. The Wi-Fi is down. The whole block's internet is out.

JOLANDA

(Smacking the radio)

I can't get AM reception in this concrete bunker!

The realization sets in. No games. Total blackout.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Panic mode activates. The dinosaur cake is completely abandoned.

Jolanda has the radio on the kitchen island. She is aggressively wrapping the flimsy metal antenna in aluminum foil.

JOLANDA

We just need to boost the receiver!
Give me that wire whisk!

Lisa tosses her a large metal balloon whisk. Jolanda jams the handle of the whisk into the foil ball on the antenna. She lifts the entire contraption into the air like a lightning rod, walking slowly around the kitchen.

JOLANDA (CONT'D)

(Whispering intensely)
Come on, South Side. Speak to me.

The radio spits out a burst of STATIC, followed by a faint, jazzy saxophone solo.

LISA

That's NPR! Move it to the left! Point
the whisk toward the lake!

Across the room, Marissa is halfway out the living room window. She is precariously balancing on the sill, holding her cell phone as far out into the Chicago wind as her arm will reach, desperately searching for a cellular signal.

MARISSA

(Yelling over her shoulder)
I have half a bar of 3G! If I lean
back at a forty-five-degree angle, I
think the ESPN app is loading!

KRISTEN

(Pacing nervously)
Don't fall! But if you do, yell the
box score on the way down!

Kristen grabs a large glass Pyrex measuring cup from the counter. She presses the open end against the the shared living room wall and presses her ear against the glass, employing the class spy technique.

LISA

Kristen, what the hell are you doing?!

KRISTEN

Our neighbors, Nate and Kate! They have satellite! I can hear their television through the drywall!

The other three girls immediately freeze. Jolanda lowers the whisk-radio. Marissa slowly leans back inside the window.

MARISSA

What's happening? Is there a runner on base?

KRISTEN

(Squinting, concentrating hard)
Shh! I hear the announcer... he's talking about a fast pitch... no, wait...

Kristen presses harder against the glass.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

"Now add two cups of flour and fold gently."

(She lowers the glass in disgust)
Oh my god, they're watching the Great British Baking Show.

JOLANDA

(Groaning loudly)
Dammit, we do that for a living! Why the hell are they watching it on a Saturday afternoon?!

Marissa groans and pulls herself fully back into the apartment, shutting the window.

MARISSA

I lost the bar. The app timed out. We are completely blind.

Lisa looks at the kitchen clock. It reads 2:15 PM.

LISA

It's the bottom of the fourth inning. Our teams are out there, battling for the division, and we are stuck in a luxury sensory deprivation tank.

Jolanda drops the radio on the counter. The foil unwraps. The whisk rolls off the island and clatters onto the floor.

JOLANDA

We have to focus on the cake. We have a deadline.

KRISTEN

(Rubbing her temples)

Right. The dinosaur. Let's just...
let's just pipe the icing. In silence.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - KITCHEN - ONE HOUR LATER

Without the games to distract them, the anxiety is manifesting. The dinosaur cake looks sloppy.

Lisa is aggressively kneading green fondant. She slaps it down too hard. A glob of green buttercream flies through the air and splats directly into Jolanda's cheek.

Jolanda slowly wipes it off. She glares at Lisa.

JOLANDA

Watch your fire, North Side.

LISA

It was an accident! If I could check the box score, my hands wouldn't be shaking!

KRISTEN

Well, your shaking hands are ruining the T-Rex's structural integrity!

LISA

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize the South Side produced such delicate art critics!

JOLANDA

At least the South Side knows how to finish a damn job! You North Siders are gonna take a hundred and eight years to finish this dinosaur!

MARISSA

(Stepping in, offended)

Hey! Leave the century-long curse out of this! And for the record, your royal icing is as empty as Rate Field on a Tuesday!

KRISTEN

(Gasps)

It's called having loyal, die-hard fans, Marissa! Not a bunch of tourists for the ivy and the overpriced beer!

LISA

Wrigley is a cathedral! Your stadium is named after a mortgage company with giant downward red arrow! It's literally a symbol for your batting average!

KRISTEN

(Slamming her spatula down)

That's it. I can't work in these conditions. This partnership is toxic. Jolanda, grab the buttercream. We're moving to the living room!

JOLANDA

(Grabbing the bowl)

Gladly! I'd rather knead a fondant on a rug than share a counter with a couple of day-game divas!

LISA

Fine! Take the damn living room! Marissa and I will take the kitchen!

Kristen grabs a pull of blue painter's tape and aggressively rolls a literal line down the center of the open-concept floor plan.

KRISTEN

(Pointing at the line)

Cross the line, and you're getting a fastball of vanilla extract to the head.

LISA

Like a Sox pitcher has that kind of crappy control.

ACT THREE

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - LATER

The apartment is divided by the blue tape. Lisa and Marissa are miserable in the kitchen (The North Side). Kristen and Jolanda are miserable on the coffee table (The South Side).

The dinosaur cake pieces are separated. It's a disaster.

LISA

(Whispering to Marissa)

Marissa, hand me the number four piping tip. I need to do the scales.

MARISSA

(Whispering back)

We don't have it. Kristen took the master toolkit to the South Side when they seceded.

Lisa groans. She looks across the blue tape.

Kristen is staring furiously at a bowl of stark white buttercream. She looks up and locks eyes with Lisa.

KRISTEN

Don't gloat, Chapman.

LISA

I'm not gloating. But I see you're lacking the forest green food coloring. The coloring that is currently sitting on *my* counter.

Kristen's eyes narrow. She picks up the shiny metal #4 piping tip and spins it casually between her fingers.

KRISTEN

I'll trade you the number four tip for the green dye. Straight up.

LISA

That's a terrible trade. You're desperate. I want the number four tip, the offset spatula, and future considerations on the Madagascar vanilla beans.

KRISTEN

(Scoffs)

That's a highway robbery! I'll give you the tip, but I keep the spatula. And you have to throw in the heavy cream as a prospect.

LISA

(Pondering like a General Manager)

...Deal.

Lisa slides the bottle of green dye and a carton of heavy cream across the hardwood floor. It stops exactly on the blue tape line.

Kristen slides the piping tip. Marissa and Jolanda both cautiously reach over the line and retrieve the traded goods.

They resume working in silence. But It's falling apart.

On the North Side, Lisa tries to pipe the delicate scales using the #4 tip, but she squeezes the bag too hard. A massive, ugly blob of frosting ruins the T-Rex's leg.

MARISSA

Lisa, what the hell is that? It looks like a radioactive wart.

LISA

(Frustrated)

I know! God! I don't have Kristen's delicate touch. I'm a power hitter, Marissa, I don't lay down bunts! My hands are built for the heavy lifting, not painting the corners!

MARISSA

Well, your bunt just took out the dinosaur's kneecap. Try scraping it off before it sets.

On the South Side, Jolanda tries to stack two sponge cakes without Lisa's leveling knife. The cake instantly lists to the left and collapses, sliding off the coffee table and onto the rug.

JOLANDA

(Sighing)

Kris, this is bad. We need the kitchen island. And Lisa's leveling skills. You need to apologize.

KRISTEN

Never. We don't negotiate with Cubs fans.

Suddenly, Lisa's cell phone RINGS. The loud noise startles all of them. Lisa answers it, trying to sound professional.

LISA

Cool Cakes, Lisa speaking... Oh. Oh, I see. No, we completely understand. I hope he feels better. Yes. Bye.

Lisa hangs up. She looks devastated. Marissa, Kristen, and Jolanda all look at her.

LISA (CONT'D)

The birthday boy got the flu. The party is canceled. They don't need the cake.

A wave of utter deflation washes over the room. The fight instantly drains out of all of them. They just look like four tired, broke girls sitting in a messy, divided apartment.

Kristen slowly stands up. She peels the blue painter's tape off the floor, balling it up. She walks into the kitchen.

KRISTEN

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have snapped. I'm just... I'm going through baseball withdrawals.

Lisa sighs, her shoulders dropping. She meets Kristen halfway.

LISA

I'm sorry too. I threw the first glob of frosting. We're a team. Even if you guys wear the wrong colors.

Suddenly, a KNOCK at the door.

Jolanda opens it. Standing there is TOMMY PETERSON (Blue Fox), wearing a backwards baseball cap.

TOMMY

Hey. I'm Tommy, from down the hall. I, uh... I heard the yelling. About the internet. And the baseball.

LISA

(Embarrassed)

We are so sorry. We'll keep it down.

TOMMY

No, no! I heard you guys are bakers. Look, I'm throwing a massive party in two weeks. A Chicago unity party. I need a three-tier cake. Half Cubs, half White Sox. Seamlessly blended. Everyone tells me it can't be done without looking like a mess. Can you guys do it?

The four girls look at each other. The spark returns to their eyes.

MARISSA

Tommy... you came to the right apartment.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - KITCHEN - TWO WEEKS LATER

The kitchen is a battlefield of sugar, but this time, it's organized chaos. The Wi-Fi is back on. The TVs are playing quietly in the background, but no one is watching. They are completely focused.

A massive, three-tier cake sits on the island.

LISA

(Barking orders)

Alright, we are in the bottom of the ninth! We need to turn a double-play on this fondant right now! Marissa, you're on deck!

MARISSA

Swinging away!

Marissa uses a massive rolling pin to flatten out a perfectly seamless sheet of half-blue, half-black fondant. She heaves it up and drapes it over the cake.

LISA

Flawless execution! Jolanda, bring the heat! We need to temper the chocolate for the pinstripes!

JOLANDA

Bringing the heat! Stand back!

Jolanda fires up a culinary blowtorch, carefully melting a bowl of dark chocolate to the exact right consistency. She loads it into a piping bag and tosses it to Kristen like a shortstop flipping the ball to second base.

Kristen catches it perfectly. She leans over the cake, her eyes narrowed in absolute focus.

KRISTEN

Painting the corners.

Kristen pipes impossibly straight, perfect Sox pinstripes on the right side of the cake, seamlessly blending them into the green Wrigley ivy that Lisa is piping on the left side.

LISA

Look at the transition! It's beautiful! We are going extra innings, ladies!

MARISSA

(Checking her watch)

No extra innings! The delivery van is downstairs! Box it up!

Jolanda and Lisa slide the massive box over the masterpiece. They tape it shut and slap the "COOL CAKES" sticker on the front.

They collapse against the counters, panting, sweating powdered sugar, but grinning from ear to ear.

INT. EVENT SPACE - DAY

Tommy stands in front of the most glorious cake ever created. It perfectly blends the ivy of Wrigley with the pinwheels of Rate Field.

Tommy has literal tears in his eyes.

TOMMY

It's... it's beautiful. It's exactly what this city needs.

He snaps a picture on his phone and types frantically.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - LATER

The girls are collapsed on the couch, exhausted.

Suddenly, Kristen's phone dings. Then Jolanda's. Then Lisa's.

Then Marissa's.

Marissa looks at her screen. Her jaw drops.

MARISSA

Guys. Tommy tagged us. The post has
five hundred thousand likes.

LISA

(Staring at her phone)
I have fourteen voicemails from
corporate event planners.

KRISTEN

We did it. We actually did it.

Jolanda pulls Lisa into a headlock, rubbing her knuckles
affectionately against Lisa's head.

JOLANDA

Not bad for a couple of North Siders!

TAG

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

The business is booming. The girls are doing mundane prep work - chopping chocolate, measuring flour.

The main TV is split-screen. Cubs vs. Giants on the left. White Sox vs. Royals on the right. Both games are in the bottom of the 9th.

TV ANNOUNCER #1

Deep drive to left! The Cubs win it on a walk-off!

TV ANNOUNCER #2

Strike three called! The Sox shut the door!

All four girls throw their hands in the air, SCREAMING with joy, jumping up and down.

In the excitement, Jolanda bumps the industrial stand mixer. The bowl unclenches.

BOOM. A massive plume of chocolate cake batter explodes upward, raining down on all four of them. They freeze, completely covered in chocolate.

Jolanda wipes a glob out of her eye. A mischievous grin spreads across her face. She scoops up a handful of batter.

JOLANDA

Food fight!

She launches it at Kristen. Pure, joyous chaos erupts in the kitchen as they start chucking cake particles at each other, laughing hysterically.

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE