FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"Who's Your Daddy?"

Written by
Kerry Ehrin

Directed by
Allison Liddi-Brown

PRODUCTION DRAFT

August 1, 2006  Full
August 11, 2006  Blue Pages: Cast, 34, 41, 42
August 17, 2006  Pink Pages: Set, 1, 1A, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 20, 28, 28A, 30, 33, 39
                 41, 45, 45A, 47, 49
August 22, 2006  Yellow Pages: Cast, Set, 1, 1A, 14, 30, 30A, 32, 32A, 39, 40, 43
August 24, 2006  Green Pages: Cast, Set, 14, 18, 19, 19A, 30, 30A, 43, 43A, 44, 49, 52, 53, 53A, 54, 54A, 55, 55A

© 2006 NBC STUDIOS, INC. All rights reserved. Not to be duplicated without permission. This material is the property of NBC Studios, Inc. and is intended solely for the use of its personnel. The sale, copying, reproduction or exploitation of this material in any form is prohibited. Distribution or disclosure of this material to unauthorized persons is also prohibited.
FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS
"Who's Your Daddy?"
GREEN
8/24/06
CAST LIST

COACH ERIC TAYLOR
TIM RIGGINS
TYRA COLLETTE
JASON STREET
BRIAN "SMASH" WILLIAMS
TAMI TAYLOR
MATT SARACEN
JULIE TAYLOR
LANDRY CLARKE
LYLA GARRITY

SPEAKING PARTS:
(in order of appearance)

SAMMY MEADE
LOIS
BOBBY "BULL" REYES
CHEERLEADER
RAY VOODOO TATOM
MRS. SARACEN
HERC
PHIL
HENRY SARACEN
MAC MCGILL
BUDDY GARRITY
INTERVIEWER
COREY
MRS. JOHNSON
OFFICER
MARY ANNE GRANGER
CASHIER
DOCTOR
BOOSTER
MISSY AUBREY
JIM WHITE
JOANNE STREET
MITCHELL STREET
TIGER QB
FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS
"Who's Your Daddy?"
GREEN
8/24/06

SET LIST

INTERIORS

HAIR SALON - DAY
PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY
HOUSE - PARTY - NIGHT
FIELD HOUSE - NIGHT & DAY
   WEIGHT ROOM - NIGHT & DAY
   HALLWAY - DAY
   TAYLOR’S OFFICE - DAY
TAYLOR HOUSE - NIGHT & DAY
   BEDROOM - NIGHT
   KITCHEN - DAY
SARACEN HOUSE - DAY & NIGHT
   KITCHEN - DAY
REHAB FACILITY - DAY & NIGHT
   JASON’S ROOM - DAY & NIGHT
DILLON HIGH - DAY & NIGHT
   COMPUTER LAB - DAY
   HALLWAY - DAY & NIGHT
   EMPTY CLASSROOM - DAY
   OUTSIDE TAMI’S OFFICE - DAY
   TAMI’S OFFICE - DAY
   AUDITORIUM - NIGHT
   STAGE - NIGHT
   BACK STAGE - NIGHT *
RADIO STATION - DAY
MARKET - DAY
CLINIC - DAY
MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY
HOSPITAL - ER - NIGHT
TAYLOR’S CAR - NIGHT
GARRITY HOUSE - NIGHT
   LYLIA’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

EXTERIORS

HOUSE - PARTY - NIGHT
HERRMANN FIELD - DAY
DILLON - VARIOUS - DAY
FIELD HOUSE - NIGHT
SARACEN HOUSE - NIGHT & DAY
NEIGHBOR’S HOUSE - NIGHT
STREET - DAY
TAYLOR HOUSE - DAY & NIGHT
HOUSE - NIGHT
ALAMO FREEZE - NIGHT
DILLON STREETS - NIGHT
FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"Who's Your Daddy?"

TEASER

A SERIES OF INTERCUTS:

Between hard, driving practice drills and shots of THE TOWN.

1 --Line Drill. Offensive Linemen VIOLENTLY SLAMMING into the defensive line.

2 --A Panthers flag going up a pole beneath an American flag, slow and reverent. AN ELDERLY MAN raising it on his front lawn.

3 --THREE PLAYERS simultaneously SLAM into three tackling sleds.

4 --A YOUNG COUPLE wearing PANTHERS shirts pushing a stroller with a baby-- also wearing a PANTHERS shirt.

5 --MORE DRILLS. HARD. AGGRESSIVE.

6 --Hair salon-- Women in various stages of hair color, perms, hair cuts, watch a TV.

6A ON THE TV: A press conference. MAYOR RODELL shakes hands with the MAYOR OF ARNETT MEAD over a live cow as photographers take their picture.

MAYOR RODELL
(all smiles)
We're all looking forward to a great game. The winner gets Sally here. She's my cow, by the way, and I want her back.

LAUGHTER all around as the two mayors pretend to fight over the cow...

OVER THIS we HEAR:

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.)
Get off your couches, folks, and get your butts over to Arnett Mead next Friday cause the time has come for the Dillon Panthers to take on the Tigers, fast becoming the rising stars of the division. It (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
FNL "Who's Your Daddy?" GREEN 8/24/06 1A.

6A CONTINUED:

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
is a must win if the Panthers are
going to turn this season around
after the tragic loss of Jason
Street. But more than that it’s
rivalry week. This isn’t just
about football. It’s not just
about winning. It’s about history,
it’s about passion, it’s about
tradition. It’s about being the
very best we can be...

SMASH TO:
EXT./INT. HOUSE - PARTY - NIGHT

Rockin'. Packed. Out of control. The BASS from the music rocks the foundation. An EFFIGY wearing a Tiger head hangs from a noose in the center of the room, currently wearing a black bra, while kids throw stuff at it, deface it, etc.

FIND JULIE entering the party with LOIS, a school friend who, like Julie, falls somewhere between the cracks, neither part of the football crowd, nor the wannabe geeks. As Julie takes in the Fellini-esque goings on with awe and repulsion.

JULIE
I can't believe I let you talk me into this.

LOIS
I have no idea what we're doing here. Oh, now I remember.

ANGLE ON: CHUCK PIERCE, among a pack of football players.

JULIE
How can you be into Chuck Pierce?

LOIS
Look at him. He thinks he's God's gift to the planet. I'm going to go spill my drink on him so he notices me.

She goes, leaving Julie alone. A HUGE DRUNK GUY STAGGERS BY, almost crashes into Julie, then PUKEs O.S. ON JULIE, numb.

JULIE
God help me.

EXT./INT. FIELD HOUSE - NIGHT

A HAND WRAPPED IN A TOWEL SMASHES through a WINDOW. As the door SWINGS OPEN, bodies quietly but fiercely burst in, high on the rush of violent energy... we see BATS and SPRAY PAINT as they start SMASHING UP the Field House...

EXT./INT. HOUSE - PARTY - SAME TIME

SMASH, a girl on each arm, walks by SARACEN and LANDRY.

SMASH
Matt, let's go, VIP room out back, dog.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SARACEN
I'll be right there.

Smash walks away.

SARACEN (CONT'D)
Should we go check it out?

LANDRY
Yeah, like he invited me.
(then)
Go.

SARACEN
I don't want to go.

INT. FIELD HOUSE - WEIGHT ROOM - NIGHT

The vandalism continues-- they're in the weight room now-- knocking over equipment, spray painting...

EXT./INT. HOUSE - PARTY - LATER

VOODOO TATOM-- walking in. Looking cool and different from everyone else. Effortlessly intimidating. Even has a little ENTOURAGE with him.

SARACEN-- looks like, "Oh fuck. Why did this guy have to show up in my life?" REYES walks up--

REYES
Have you Googled that guy?

SARACEN
What?

REYES
Tatom. He won State last year in Louisiana. Broke like five school records. You're history, Saracen. You and your girlfriend have a nice night.

Saracen and Landry watch Reyes walk off--

LANDRY
Nice guy.

SARACEN
The best.
EXT./INT. HOUSE - PARTY - NIGHT

ON LYLIA talking to a CHEERLEADER, but focused across the room on RIGGINS who is ostensibly talking to a couple of FOOTBALL PLAYERS, but focused on Lyla.

CHEERLEADER
(watching a GIRL pass)
There is nothing sadder than a fat Rally Girl in skinny jeans and can I just say Tim Riggins has been totally gawking at us.

LYLA
(caught, guilty)
I don't think he--

CHEERLEADER
I always suspected he was into me.

LYLA
Oh...

CHEERLEADER
Word on the street is he totally dumped Tyra. I could eat him with a spoon.

ON TYRA, dressed to party, walks by Julie.

TYRA
Well, look who Daddy let out.

JULIE
(whatever)
Hi Tyra.

Tyra EXITS the FRAME as SARACEN approaches. Nervous.

SARACEN
Hey, Julie. So you finally came to one of our parties...

He really emphasizes the "our" like he's a real team insider.

JULIE
Yes. If you will excuse me, I have to go see if vomit comes out of suede.

She walks off. STAY ON SARACEN. That went well.
INT. FIELD HOUSE - LATER

A row of footballs, violently punctured with ice picks, one right after the other...

EXT./INT. HOUSE - PARTY - LATER

Smash is getting his groove on to the MUSIC with two BABES. Suddenly the music changes. He looks up, pissed.

SMASH
Who changed my tunes?

FIND VOODOO putting on different music. As SMASH pushes across the crowded room, charges up to him.

SMASH (CONT'D)
What the hell do you think you're doing?

Voodoo looks at Smash. Doesn't lose his cool. Holds the "low-key superiority" card and uses it like a pro. He just fundamentally knows he's better than everyone else. And not entirely without compassion for people who aren't him.

VOODOO
 Seriously, son. You got to climb some trees. Touch something.

He pats Smash's cheek like he is a kid, not in a mean way, more in a big-brother way.

SMASH
(seething)
Don't touch me.

Voodoo just smiles condescendingly at Smash, walks off.

INT. FIELD HOUSE - LATER

Bags of MUD are dumped in HELMETS. We HEAR someone entering from outside. As the TIGERS race to the opposite side of the building, exiting through a window and getting the fuck out of Dodge.

OMITTED

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

TWO PEOPLE making out. We don't know where we are, we just know this is hard, hot sex. Then the PHONE RINGS. They both stop.

(CONTINUED)
TAMI
You are not going to answer that...

TAYLOR
No, ma'am.

VOICE MESSAGE
Coach Taylor, this is security at
Dillon High. There's been some
major vandalism at the Field House.
A lot of equipment has been
destroyed. You might want to come
down here...

LIGHTS GO ON. TAYLOR grabs the phone.

TAYLOR
I'll be right there.

He hangs up. Throws his clothes on. As he talks we see TAMI
is frustrated and disappointed that he's leaving.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
I've got to get down there right away
and see what we're missing. We can't
hold up practice over this.

He kisses her goodbye.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Sorry.

TAMI
(being a good sport)
Okay. Bye.

He's gone. STAY ON TAMI, a little wistful.

TAMI (CONT'D)
(to no one)
Love you, too.

SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES

END OF TEASER
ACT ONE

19  INT. SARACEN HOUSE - DAY

Early morning. Saracen’s in the kitchen packing up to leave. GRANDMA SARACEN’S watching television. Saracen kisses her.

SARACEN
Okay, I’m going to school to talk to Dad. Any message you want me to give him?

MRS. SARACEN
Is he coming to dinner tonight?

Saracen looks at his Grandma. Then...

SARACEN
I’ll ask him.

MRS. SARACEN
(suddenly testy)
Just make sure he’s taking his vitamins.

20  OMITTED

21  INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - DAY

Tami, Julie and Coach Taylor all packing up for school. Tami’s looking at a calendar.

TAMI
What time do you think you’ll get home on Friday?

TAYLOR
Not sure. We’re scrimmaging. It’ll end when it ends.

Julie looks up. Kind of surprised and hurt.

JULIE
I’ll be in the car.

She leaves. He looks at Tami.

TAMI
Her dance recital is Friday night. You knew that.

(CONTINUED)
Damn! I knew that. Of course. I knew that!

You know, they specifically scheduled the recital for a bye-week so someone might actually show up.

I know. I get it. I'm going. I just messed up the date.

Tami looks at him, a little sceptical.

What?

OFF this...

PHIL, 30s, nurse, slightly round, open face, helps JASON transfer out of bed into a wheelchair, a difficult, painful, time consuming and frustrating process.

Suddenly, the door BURSTS OPEN and ANOTHER GUY IN A WHEELCHAIR enters. HERC is tattooed, has a shaved head, a goatee, huge, muscular arms -- a genuine hardass. Tight, balled energy.

When you’re done putting the newbie in that gay wheelchair, let me know.

You’re talking to a gay man, Herc.

I don’t mean gay as in homosexual. I mean gay as in retarded.

Maybe I have a retarded son.

Is he gay? I’m joking. There can be a genetic component to homosexuality. Watch the Discovery Channel, Phil.

(MORE)
HERC (CONT'D)
When you're done, the bench press on the second floor gym busted again. I need a walkie to help me fix it.
(to Jason)
Welcome to paradise.

Herc takes off. Street, pissed, looks after him.

JASON
Who was that guy?

A beat, then...

PHIL
Your roommate.

ON STREET. Great.

INT. DILLON HIGH - COMPUTER LAB - DAY

Saracen is at a computer screen in a video conference with his father, HENRY SARACEN (39), dressed in army fatigues. Saracen is animated, excited to connect, even in this small way, with his father.

SARACEN
Anyway, from what I can tell Coach Taylor thought I did a pretty good job even though we lost.

HENRY SARACEN
What about next week? You getting another start?

SARACEN
We just got this new quarterback. Supposedly, some big star from Louisiana...

HENRY SARACEN
Is that right?

SARACEN
You know, we'll just have to see what Coach Taylor decides.

HENRY SARACEN
Well, at least it takes the pressure off, right?

ON SARACEN, stung by this response.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SARACEN
Yeah, Dad.

CUT TO:

INT. FIELD HOUSE - LATER

As Coach Taylor enters to find MAC MCGILL, slack-jawed, surveying the enormous damage. After a few moments...

MCGILL
Rivalry.

TAYLOR
Tradition.

INT. DILLON HIGH - HALLWAY - LATER

Between classes, Lyla with some friends talking and walking down the hall as Riggins walks through from the other end. The moment is loaded as they near approach -- we wonder, will they say hello? Will their eyes meet? Will they exchange casual greetings in an attempt to cover their secret? Will there be a long, lingering glance? THERE IS NOTHING, NOT EVEN AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT AS THEY PASS. STAY ON LYLA, then...

CUT TO:

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - LATER

Beauty shots of some players, out of uniform, messing around with the ball as they head into practice. As McGill blows a WHISTLE and calls them all into the Field House...

CUT TO:

INT. FIELD HOUSE - LATER

Coach Taylor addresses the team.

TAYLOR
...let's get one thing straight:
(re: vandalism)
This ends here.

PAN ACROSS TEAM, listening as they take in the destruction, pissed off.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
There will be no retaliating.
There will be no getting back. I want your anger and your energy (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

focused on kicking their ass on the field. Where it counts.

Saracen looks around, noticing something.

SARACEN
(to Riggins)
Where's Tatom?

RIGGINS
Probably jerking off somewhere in front of a full length mirror.

SARACEN
(hopeful)
Maybe he's not showing up.

TAYLOR
Do I make myself clear?

A JANITOR comes in, starts cleaning up. Taylor turns to him...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Don't clean that up. Leave it. I want you all to meditate daily on this.
(then)
Let's get out there.

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - LATER

Practice is in progress. Currently running a very simple scrimmage -- Saracen hands the ball off to Smash who runs through the line.

TAYLOR
Okay, let's run it again.

Taylor just then looks up to see something. Saracen, who stands nearby, looks to see what he's seeing...

SARACEN'S POV - VOODOO


SARACEN

Seeing him, his face falls. And...

(CONTINUED)
TAYLOR

Totally gets the body language. Decides to dress him down away from the team. Taylor heads out toward him. STAY ON SARACEN, watching.

FIND RIGGINS

Also watching, as SMASH JOINS HIM. They both glare toward Voodoo.

RIGGINS

Who is this guy? I hate this guy.

ON VOODOO

Mid-field, as Coach Taylor steps in front of him, forcing Voodoo to stop, putting himself in charge with his body language. Voodoo just looks up, he gets what Coach is doing, and he thinks it’s lame.

VOODOO

Howdy.

TAYLOR

Practice starts at four. You have to show up on time for practice. You hear me?

Voodoo just looks at him. Then walks around him and continues on. It’s a real Alpha dog moment. Then, Taylor yells...

TAYLOR (CONT’D)

I said, you hear me?

Voodoo stops. Turns around slowly.

VOODOO

My ear was about an inch off your mouth. How could I not hear you?

And he turns back around and walks off. STAY ON TAYLOR, fucking great.

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - LATER

Voodoo runs an option to his right, makes to pass. Pulls the ball down, runs down the field, uncatchable.
FIND SARACEN, SMASH AND RIGGINS

Fuck.

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - LATER

Voodoo drops back to pass. Fires one down the field. Touchdown. This guy is a thing of beauty on the field. He's like a thoroughbred, sleek and beautiful and untouchable.

FIND TAYLOR

Watching.

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - LATER

--Voodoo runs through the line again.
--Perfect pass hits DOLIA.
--Voodoo runs through the secondary. As he RUNS BY FIND TAYLOR, impressed and dubious, as BUDDY GARRITY walks up behind him, gloating.

BUDDY
(re: Voodoo; sarcastic)
Good get, Coach. He's doin' somethin' with that chance you gave him. I love this boy.

As Voodoo walks casually back by them, coolly tosses the ball over his shoulder to no one in particular, STAY ON TAYLOR, watching Voodoo, avoiding Buddy's gaze.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
Voodoo!

STAY ON TAYLOR, his face tells it all -- he is totally screwed and is going to have no control over this kid or his own team.

END OF ACT ONE
INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

Voodoo and Garrity, mid-interview, on KDIL radio. Voodoo is his usual quietly superior self.

INTERVIEWER
Ray, what were you thinking all those days when you were trapped inside the Superdome, waiting to see if you would live or die?

VODDOO
God wasn't going to let me die. He told me to war up. Dance with fear.

BUDDY
This is what I love about this young man. Talk about a positive attitude. I knew the heavens had smiled on us when this fine young man landed in Dillon after the devastation of Katrina left him homeless. I took one look at him and thought, "this guy has QB1 all over him."

INTERVIEWER
So are you saying Coach Taylor has given the nod to start Voodoo next Friday against the Tigers?

BUDDY
Well now, that's not my department. That's up to Coach Taylor.

CUT TO:

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Early morning as Coach snaps off the radio, pissed and frustrated. Tami comes in, sees his face.

TAMI
What is it?

TAYLOR
Nothing.

TAMI
Nice talkin' to you.

(CONTINUED)
TAYLOR
This guy is just...

TAMI
...Which guy?

TAYLOR
He's just...

TAMI
Voodoo?

TAYLOR
Yeah, he's just... He's not...

TAMI
...doing the job...

TAYLOR
Forget it.

TAMI
What?

TAYLOR
I just have a bad feeling about him.

TAMI
So, start Saracen. He played a good game last week.

TAYLOR
Believe me, I would love to. Matt's self-destructing. He's letting Voodoo walk all over him.

JULIE enters--

JULIE
Excuse me, are we like throwing some huge football party here Thursday? Because my friend Lois, who is the last person in Dillon to know about any party, just told me about it.

TAMI
We're not throwing a party. Right?

TAYLOR
Oh...
TAMI
Because if we were throwing a huge party in two days, that would involve things like food and drinks and forks and some lead time. Right? Hon?

TAYLOR
Sorry. It's a rival week tradition. Barbecue at the coach's house.

A beat, then...

TAMI
For how many?

TAYLOR
Just the team.

TAMI
(is that all)
Just the team.

TAYLOR
Maybe a few others. Some of the boosters.

TAMI
Eric, how many?

TAYLOR
I'll make a list. Don't worry, I can help.
(off their looks)
What? Really.

INT. SARACEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Saracen's getting ready to leave for school. Notices his Grandma didn't take her medicine from yesterday.

SARACEN
Grandma? Did you take your medicine yesterday?

MRS. SARACEN
Of course I did.

SARACEN
Well, it's still here, where I left it for you.

(continued)
MRS. SARACEN
You’re mistaken, honey. I took it. Same as always.

SARACEN
Well would you mind taking it today while I’m standing here?

MRS. SARACEN
Oh, Matt --

She gulps it down, annoyed.

SARACEN
Thanks, Grandma.

MRS. SARACEN
Go to school.

SARACEN
Yes, Grandma.

Calling after him.

MRS. SARACEN
And I watched your game tape again. Your problem is your feet.

SARACEN
What about my feet?

MRS. SARACEN
They’re slow. Make ‘em move faster.

He smiles, relieved. That sounds like Grandma.
PHIL (O.S.)
Jason, you’ve got to try and pick
up the spoon.

JASON
I’m not hungry.

PICK UP LYLA, walking in, unseen at the moment. Takes this
in, feeling for Street.

PHIL
(ignoring him)
Okay, here we go. Pick up the
spoon.

JASON
I can’t pick up the spoon.

PHIL
I want you to try.

JASON
I can’t.

PHIL
Jason, you will regain the use of
your fingers. That’s not true of
everyone around here. But you have
to work at it.

JASON
I’m tired.

PHIL
(not yielding)
You need to do this. If you ever
want to do anything except sit in a
bed or a chair the rest of your
life, you need to--

JASON
I said I’m tired!

Lyla steps in, feeling that Phil is pushing him.

LYLA
He said he’s tired. Let him rest.

Phil looks at Lyla like, “this is not helping” and leaves,
frustrated. Lyla sits down by Street.
LYLA (CONT’D)
You’ll do it when you’re ready, Jason. I know you will. But you do need to eat.

She starts feeding him with the spoon, inadvertently infantilizing him. He doesn’t like it, but he takes a few bites to get it over with.

Like a burst from a tornado, HERC rolls in. Behind him COREY rolls in.

HERC
Hey all, this is Corey...
(re: Lyla)
Ah, “the girlfriend.”

COREY
Hi, hey there--

Corey extends his hand to shake, except Corey doesn’t have a hand. Or legs for that matter. Lyla’s a bit thrown, doesn’t know how exactly to shake his hand.

LYLA
Oh...

COREY
You can shake my hand. I won’t bite.

Lyla shakes with his handless arm. Meanwhile, Herc grabs some food off Street’s plate and eats it.

LYLA
(to Herc)
Excuse me?

Herc takes a long look at her, checks her out really. She’s kind of terrified of him, and trying not to look it. Then...

HERC
Don’t worry. He’s not going to be eating any of it soon.

He then moves annoyingly, effortless and agile, clearly showing off, across the room, grabs a ball and heads out.

HERC (CONT’D)
We’re out of here, Corey. Later, Sparky.
He's gone. A beat, then...

LYLA
(what an asshole)
"Sparky"?

JASON
I've got to get moved out of this room.

Voodoo is spotting Riggins on the bench. Riggins gets in trouble at 12 reps. He needs help, but Voodoo won't give it.
36A CONTINUED:

VOODOO

No spot. You dig? Find something
Riggins, you bitch. Find
something. You hate? Find it.

Riggins is turning purple, choking.

VOODOO (CONT'D)

Is it your dad, your Mom? What do
you hate? Show me. Get Evil, boy.

Riggins is about to explode when Smash and another player
step in and pull the bar off.

36B INT. FIELD HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Smash and Riggins are leaving the weight room as Saracen is
walking towards it.

SARACEN

How's it going?

SMASH

Saracen. Some of the guys are
going on a little retaliation ride.
You in?

Saracen stalls a moment, clearly uncomfortable. Riggins
starts to LAUGH a little to himself.

SARACEN

I don't know about that. That's...
I'll have to think about that.

Smash rolls his eyes. Riggins smiles, sort of amused. They
exchange a glance and walk off.

STAY ON SARACEN, frustrated. As Voodoo approaches.

VOODOO

You mind spotting for me?

On Saracen's look.

36C INT. DILLON HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

Riggins runs into Tyra.

RIGGINS

Hey.

(CONTINUED)
TYRA
I wasn’t sure if we’re still talking.

RIGGINS
We seem to be.

She waits, he doesn’t say anything else.

TYRA
Scintillating.

And she just walks off. Riggins continues down the hallway. Lyla suddenly appears from the other direction and pulls him into--

LYLA
We’ve got to talk.

RIGGINS
Alright.

LYLA
I just... I’ve been having all these feelings. This like flood of feelings.

RIGGINS
Me too.

LYLA
For Jason, Tim.

RIGGINS
(hurt, covering)
Yeah...

LYLA
What happened with us was... It came from all these feelings about Jason. What he’s going through. Do you understand?

RIGGINS
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)
LYLA
What I’m saying is I don’t feel anything for you. Okay? Nothing. That wasn’t even me that night. That was... I don’t even know who that was. But it will never, never happen again. No one can ever know about it. And it meant nothing. Do you understand me, Tim?

RIGGINS
Uh-huh.

LYLA
For now on, you pass me, you say hi. I say hi back. We gotta make this look normal. (then) I hate myself for the other night. I just hope I don’t get sent right to hell. I really do.

She leaves. OFF Riggins, closing his eyes briefly, pained.

CUT TO:

37-38 OMITTED 37-38
39 INT. SARACEN HOUSE - LATER 39

We HEAR HER from down the hall...

MRS. SARACEN (O.S.)
Matt? Matt? Where are you?

She comes into the living room. Very disoriented.

MRS. SARACEN (CONT’D)
Matt?

She looks very worried. Heads out the front door.

40 EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - SAME TIME 40

Full contact scrimmage, fierce and focused. Saracen, not so much, feeling the heat. He stands over center calling the signals.

Voodoo stands with Mac and Coach, all watching intently, Saracen can feel the eyes -- letting it get to him...
THE DEFENSE SHIFTS, linebackers push into the gaps -- Saracen freezes...

TAYLOR
Stunts read, Saracen - what's your check off?!

-- more voices and movement. Saracen hesitantly checks off a play --

SARACEN
Black hawk, black hawk!

He tentatively slides back into shotgun formation, yells to the right side.

SARACEN (CONT'D)
97, 97 - Black hawk!

He turns to the left where he sees --

-- JULIE TAYLOR
Making her way across the field towards her father...

RESUME SARACEN

Smitten, what little focus he had just got vaporized by hormones and self doubt.

SARACEN (CONT'D)
Hut, hut, hut...

Saracen takes off to the right on a roll-out. Something is wrong. Shit, he went the wrong way! He 180's fast and CRACK!! -- gets drilled by a Defensive Tackle -- planted on his back, his helmet snaps off and rolls away.

Saracen slowly gets up, exposed, looking for his lost equipment. He sees Julie staring like he's just been voted team idiot.

TAYLOR
Saracen - you know right from left, son?

MCGILL
You brush with your right - wipe with your left.
ON VOODOO

Smiles to himself. That kid doesn’t have a prayer against him.

Saracen glances at Julie, she looks away as if it’s too painful to watch. Taylor walks up to Saracen.

TAYLOR
Saracen, look at me when I’m talking to you. Ninety percent of the game is between the ears. Mental errors, son. Unacceptable. Run it again.

Taylor hands Saracen his Helmet and turns back, walking over to Julie on the sidelines as Matt goes back to the huddle.

JULIE
Mom said you were supposed to give me a head count for the party.

TAYLOR
Oh right...
(reacting to a player)
Reyes what the hell was that? Get your head out of your ass --

JULIE
Nice Dad. Elegant.

TAYLOR
How’s your Mom doing? She seem okay with this party?

JULIE
Thrilled. Head count?

TAYLOR
Let’s just say fifty-ish.

JULIE
So, how many people is “ish”?

TAYLOR
Better make it sixty.

JULIE
I’ll let her know.

TAYLOR
Sixty-ish.

(CONTINUED)
She heads off -- off Taylor we...

CUT TO:

INT. FIELD HOUSE - TAYLOR'S OFFICE - LATER

Coach is there. Saracen dressed in street clothes, hair still wet.

SARACEN
You wanted to see me, Coach?

TAYLOR
You're a mess out there, Matt.

SARACEN
Yes, sir.

TAYLOR
You gotta get focused.

SARACEN
Yes, sir.

TAYLOR
I know what was distracting you.

SARACEN
(your daughter...?)
You do?

TAYLOR
Forget about Voodoo. Forget about him. This is within your reach, Saracen. But not if you don't attack the opportunity. And I mean attack it. Every day. Every practice.

SARACEN
Yes, sir.

Taylor looks at him a beat, he's a fucking mess.

TAYLOR
You have a girlfriend, Matt?

SARACEN
Sir?

TAYLOR
Anyone you're interested in?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SARACEN
Sort of...

TAYLOR
Sort of. There's the problem. Forget sort of. Take her out.

SARACEN
Sir?

TAYLOR
Dinner. Movie. Then get her in the back seat of a car. Whatever. You're wound up tighter than a rubber band out there. You gotta loosen it up a little, Matt.

SARACEN
Yes, sir.

TAYLOR

SARACEN
Loose and focused.

TAYLOR
Loose and focused.

OFF this, we,

CUT TO:

INT. REHAB FACILITY - JASON'S ROOM - NIGHT

The white curtain is drawn between the two beds. Street looks fed up as he lies there listening to what can only be the SOUNDS of two people having sex. Jason just tries to shut it out.

EXT. SARACEN HOUSE - NIGHT

Saracen's just getting home from his job. Alamo Freeze duds. Tired.

INT. SARACEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Drops his stuff by the door.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SARACEN

Hey, Grandma.

No response. Notices...

THE T.V.

Isn't on, and...

SARACEN

Gets a bad feeling. Walks quickly down the hall...

SARACEN (CONT'D)

Grandma?

(nothing, then)

Grandma?

Comes running back out. Panicked. Heads for the front door.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As he runs over, KNOCKS on the door. After a beat, it opens.

SARACEN

Sorry to bother you Mrs. Johnson. Have you seen my grandmother?

MRS. JOHNSON

No, Matt. Is everything okay?

SARACEN

I don't know...

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Later at night. Taylor poring over game tapes of Saracen. Looking worried.

Tami enters, ready for bed. Sees him, like she's seen him sitting there doing what he's doing a million times.

TAMI

You coming to bed?

TAYLOR

(not looking up)

I'll be there in five minutes.

(Continued)
TAMI
The famous five minutes.
(then)
Good night, honey.

He’s studying the tapes. Doesn’t even hear her. She smiles to herself and walks out...

TAMI (CONT’D)
Goodnight Tami. You’re the best wife in the world.
(then)
And, you have a great ass. It hasn’t changed since you were twenty-two...

As she disappears down the hall...

EXT. SARACEN HOUSE - NIGHT

Saracen has been to every house on his street. By now he’s going out of his mind with worry and guilt as he heads back toward his house.

SARACEN
(calling out)
Grandma!
(under his breath)
Where are you?

His eyes widen with fear as he sees a police car pull up in front of his house. He runs up just as a POLICE OFFICER gets out of the car. Saracen looks in the back and sees his Grandma.

SARACEN (CONT’D)
Where did you find her?

OFFICER
She must have wandered into the Gilman’s. They came home from work and found her taking a bath.

Matt opens the back door and helps his Grandma out of the cruiser. Her hair is still wet, and she’s scared and upset and confused. When she sees Matt she starts to cry...

MRS. SARACEN
Matt...

He sees how frightened she is and goes to hold her.

(CONTINUED)
SARACEN
It's okay. Everything's okay. I'm here. Let's go inside.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO
Early morning. In line to check out. Tami and Julie are wielding TWO GROCERY CARTS PILED HIGH with food for the Team Dinner they have found themselves hosting. The carts are so packed they have to physically hold the stuff on top as they try and push them. Tami is going over her four page list, mentally checking things off. Then...

TAMI
Did I get the onions?

JULIE
That was on your part of the list.

TAMI
But I can’t remember if I got them! Do you see them?

JULIE
I’ll just go get some more.

She runs off. Tami stands with a hand on each pile. MARY ANNE GRANGER, from book club, passes by.

MARY ANNE
Looks like Rivalry week team dinner at coach’s house! Go Panthers!

TAMI
Hi, Mary Anne.

MARY ANNE
Anything I can bring?

TAMI
Nope.

MARY ANNE
I’ll see you there.

TAMI
Oh, you will? I mean, great. So, the parents come?

MARY ANNE
Wouldn’t miss it. By the way, ever get a chance to talk to Coach about my Robbie D?

(CONTINUED)
TAMI
Oh, well, you’ll see him yourself tonight, right?

MARY ANNE
He’s ready. I’m telling you that boy is ready. Go Panthers!

Tami nods, makes her “I’m so excited” face. The CASHIER starts checking her out.

CASHIER
How’s that new QB looking?

ON TAMI. Everyone in this town is insane.

INT. CLINIC - LATER

Saracen talks to a DOCTOR. His Grandmother sits in the waiting area, just out of earshot.

SARACEN
So, just tell me what I need to do.

DOCTOR
Onset dementia can be hard to treat because it’s unpredictable. Episodes can be sporadic or constant. There’s really no way of knowing.

SARACEN
She didn’t take her medicine the other day. You think that’s why...?

DOCTOR
She needs to take her medication. But it won’t prevent this from happening again. You’re just going to have to keep an eye on her. And be prepared.

INT. REHAB FACILITY - JASON’S ROOM - LATER

The divider in the room is now open and Herc is in his bed.

HERC
Hope I didn’t disturb you the other night.

(CONTINUED)
JASON
Not really.

HERC
Everything takes a little longer without legs. But it doesn't mean it ain't every bit as satisfying, QB. You heard for yourself.

JASON
I'm reading right now, Herc.

HERC
I shouldn't be around here to bother you too much longer anyway. (MORE)
HERC (CONT'D)
I just re-injured myself. Here for a little tune-up. Another couple of weeks I should be out of here. You. You’re gonna be here for quite some time. Lord have mercy where have you been all my life...

Because Tyra is standing at the door. She walks right past Herc toward Jason.

TYRA
I know we were never close buddies. And I can only imagine the load of fake crap from people you hardly know that you’ve had to put up with. And I am so not doing that. I’m just here to tell you that I’m sorry Tim hasn’t been in to see you. He wants to, although he won’t admit it, he just can’t do it.

JASON
Why?

TYRA
He’s scared.

JASON
He’s scared?

TYRA
You know Tim.

Awkward little beat.

TYRA (CONT'D)
Well...

JASON
Thanks for coming, Tyra.

TYRA
Yeah. I’m sorry Jason. This shouldn’t happen to a good person like you.

Tyra walks over, kisses him on the forehead and walks out.

HERC
Who the hell was that?

Jason, enjoying the moment and getting a bit of his own back.

(CONTINUED)
JASON
(letting Herc think what he will)
Tyra,
(then; to Herc)
"Sparky".

Jason just keeps reading, ignoring Herc the best he can.

EXT. SARACEN HOUSE - LATER

Saracen, worried, stands on his front porch, on the phone with his Dad.

SARACEN
They said it's dementia.

HENRY SARACEN (O.S.)
But she's okay now?

Saracen looks over his shoulder into the house where his Grandmother sits, watching TV.

SARACEN
I guess. For now.

HENRY SARACEN (O.S.)
Good. Look, son, you're just gonna have to hold down the fort. I've got my hands full here, Matt.

SARACEN
No, I understand.

HENRY SARACEN (O.S.)
I'm not going to get a leave for quite awhile. I'm just being realistic. You've got to handle this. Man up.

SARACEN
Yeah, I'm fine. We're fine. She's... she's just grandma. She's okay.

ON Saracen, the weight of the world on his shoulders.

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - LATER

Saracen takes a snap, makes to hand-off but hesitates, causing him to miss SMASH who bursts past him.
SMASH
Come on, man! You got to move your feet!

(Continued)
ON COACH TAYLOR

Frustrated. Voodoo stands next to him. LAUGHS quietly.

TAYLOR

(trying not to sound like he hates these words)

Take some snaps Tatom.

Voodoo runs on the field. As the team sets up for the next play, Riggins looks up and sees LYLA, under the stands, alone in her cheerleading uniform, just staring at him. Drawn to him despite herself.

CLOSE ON Riggins taking this in. Sexy stuff. As the ball is snapped, Riggins snaps into action, throws a block. When the play is over, Riggins looks up. She is gone.

53 EXT./INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - LATER

Tami and Julie, on ladders, take pains to hang a humongous, hand-sewn "Beat The Tigers" BANNER over the mantel.

TAMI

Don’t let me forget to call and thank Dorothy Kivens for this. Can you imagine sewing this by hand at the age of eighty-five? It must have taken years...

JULIE

You ever think maybe people live a little too long?

The DOORBELL RINGS.

TAMI

Put on your game face.

Tami and Julie go to OPEN THE DOOR...

THEIR POV - THE PORCH AND BEYOND

As people arrive... players... boosters... people with kids she doesn’t even know... coming like a tidal wave... as they greet and enter, she leans over to Julie, who stands there, wide-eyed.

TAMI (CONT'D)

(to Julie; like a General going into action)

Get my wallet. Go to the market.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TAMI (CONT'D)
Buy all the ribs they have. Buy
all the steaks. Buy all the
barbecue sauce.
(then)
Buy it all.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

ON A BEAUTIFUL PLATINUM LICENSE PLATE HOLDER

...on a brand-new white SUV... so new it doesn't have plates
yet... just the sign "GARRITY MOTORS". MUSIC BLASTS from
what can only be a STATE-OF-THE-ART sound system.

FIND VOODOO

Stepping out of a top-of-the-line vehicle. Closes the door.
Sees...

COACH TAYLOR AND SARACEN

Arriving at the same time... seeing the car... getting the
picture, and...

VOODOO

Nods at them and heads into the house.

ON SARACEN AND COACH

Saying nothing, but saying it all.

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - LATER

Drinking. Talking. Laughing. A boisterous group. FIND...

RIGGINS, SMASH AND REYES

And a small group of PLAYERS. PASS THROUGH as they eat
barbecue and quietly plan...

SMASH
Listen, I got the address in Arnett
Mead. Their QB's car is a red '02
Mustang. We're going tonight...

REYES
Where'd you get it?

SMASH
I got my ways.
CONTINUE THROUGH TO THE KITCHEN...

Where Tami and Julie are working their asses off. Taylor enters. Tami looks in a drink cooler...

TAMI
Oh my god -- where's the rest of the ice?

TAYLOR
The ice?

TAMI
The ice!

TAYLOR
The ice I was supposed to get?

TAMI
Yes!!!

A beat, then...

TAYLOR
I forgot.

Tami turns to Julie.

TAMI
Julie. Get my wallet--

JULIE
(deadpan)
I know. Buy the ice. Buy it all.

Julie exits.

TAYLOR
Sorry--

TAMI
(a little exasperated)
Excuse me I've got to go smoke some more meat.

She exits, briskly. Taylor is a little put off by her bitchiness. CONTINUE...

WITH JULIE

Heading toward the front door, irritated. As Saracen passes her.
SARACEN

Hey Julie. How's it going?

JULIE

Really, really great.

She exits, practically slamming the door on him. STAY ON SARACEN.

SARACEN

Okay.

CONTINUE THROUGH... FIND BUDDY holding court with SOME BOOSTERS...

BUDDY

...this Tatom kid could bust this season wide open for us. He's got vision and makes cuts like a running back. Throws a good ball, too...

BOOSTER

Has Coach decided yet who he's starting?

BUDDY

There's the man, let's ask him.

(to Coach Taylor)

Coach, who you starting?

INCLUDE COACH

Passing by. On the spot. Irritated.

TAYLOR

I'm thinking about revolutionizing a new offense, gentlemen. Four running backs, no QB. Run a lot of reverses.

He walks off.

FIND TWO BOOK CLUB WIVES

A little drunk. Checking out Coach Taylor.

MARY ANNE

That man's got a fine jaw line.

(CONTINUED)
MISSY AUBREY
(checking out his ass)
Yes. Fine jaw line.

CONTINUE PAST TO FIND TAMI

On her hands and knees under the dining room table, cleaning something up. Coach Taylor sees her and bends down.

TAYLOR
What are you doing down there?

TAMI
Cleaning up beer.

He gets down, starts to clean up.

TAYLOR
Let's do this later. You have to get up here and help me host.

Tami is really tired and fed up. She sits up.

TAMI
I'd rather be down here for the moment.

TAYLOR
Honey, I know it's a lot of people--

TAMI
Twice as many people as you said. For the record.

TAYLOR
I can't say no to people who expect to be here--

TAMI
But you have no problem dumping it all on me.

TAYLOR
You're upset--

TAMI
Oh, you think?

TAYLOR
I should have given you more notice. I've just been--
TAMI
Under so much pressure. Right.

TAYLOR
Tami--

TAMI
I'm doing it, alright. I'm throwing a party for over a hundred people with two days notice. I have no help but Julie who should be practicing for her recital instead of running to the market every five minutes. I'm picking up after all these wonderful football stars who incidentally are also pigs--I'm doing it. But I'm not going to pretend to like it. Not now. Not down here. Up there I'll try my best to smile. But down here. I'm pissed. Okay? So you want the smiley Coach's wife, wait til I'm up there.

TAYLOR
Get done. I need you to help host.

They're both pissed. He gets up. Walks into the kitchen. Picks up bowls of chips. Enter Saracen, who walks up to him. Wrong time.

SARACEN
Coach, I know this is kind of, not done, and you don't have to tell me, but I was wondering if you could let me know, off the record, about the game next Friday, who you are thinking you're going to be starting?

Taylor blows off a little steam.

TAYLOR
Saracen, I'm going to start who I have to start. And if you want it to be you, you better show me something a lot better than what I've been seeing on the field all week.

Saracen is stung. Wasn't the response he was expecting.
Tami enters. Saracen realizes the conversation's over and leaves.

TAYLOR
Okay, look. You just have to take a deep breath. Calm down. I don't want you to say something out there that you can't take back.

TAMI
Oh, you mean something about being the wife of the Panther football coach? That I sometimes hate it? That this is one of those times?

TAYLOR
Tami, it's just my job. It's a job like any other job--

But he is CUT SHORT as a BRICK CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW. She SCREAMS, he grabs her and ducks. After a beat, they collect themselves. She pulls a note off the brick, it reads: "DIE PANTHER PIGS".

She looks up at him. Like any other job?

As people having heard the noise gather around the room to see what it was... DISSOLVE TO:

56 EXT. TAYLOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Saracen walks out of the party. SMASH PULLS HIS CAR UP in front of him. Riggins, Reyes, and a couple other GUYS are inside.

SMASH
(to Saracen)
Hey QB baby, you coming?

SARACEN
I don't think so.

REYES
Later, Bambi.

Saracen, suddenly pissed, wheels around. Opens the car door and gets in. As the guys TAKE OFF.
EXT. HOUSE – LATER

POV - A MODEST HOUSE

With a RED MUSTANG parked in front. We approach it quietly.

SMASH (O.S.)

That's it.

ANGLE ON SMASH'S CAR

As all our guys quietly peel out. Then Reyes gives the signal and they start going to town, smashing windows, scratching, denting, kicking. Saracen, not used to having this kind of release, feels all his frustration turning into rage as he POUNDS on the headlights, going crazy.

LIGHTS IN THE HOUSE. SOUNDS of PEOPLE WAKING and COMING OUT.

RIGGINS

That's it! Let's go!

SMASH BACKS HIS CAR UP FAST, they climb in. SARACEN, STILL GOING NUTS, LOST, POUNDS AWAY, SCREAMING. Riggins sees he's in trouble...

RIGGINS (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Saracen! Right now!

And Saracen realizes they're leaving, runs to the car as...

PEOPLE RUN OUT OF THE HOUSE

One of whom is the TIGERS QB who runs to SMASH's car as Saracen also races toward it... a moment of CLEAR EYE CONTACT BETWEEN THEM... then Saracen DIVES IN and the car takes off...

As the TIGER QB runs after, swearing at them.

END OF ACT THREE
Coach Taylor sits across from JIM WHITE, the head coach of the Arnett Mead Tigers. Something of a peace summit.

TAYLOR
I don't want this rivalry to get out of hand and neither do you.

WHITE
Absolutely. What happened to my QB's ear last night is... just not right. This shouldn't be happening.

TAYLOR
You know I did get a brick through my window. And did I tell you about our Field House?

WHITE
Yeah. A couple times.

TAYLOR
Anyway, there's a lot of tension around this game -- for obvious reasons--

WHITE
Yeah. Because only one of us can win.

A beat, then...

TAYLOR
...Right. Anyway, I think it's important that you and I present a united front.

WHITE
To be honest, Eric, I'd feel a lot better about that if you hadn't gone behind my back and stole Ray Tatom from our district.

TAYLOR
I didn't steal him--

WHITE
It was probably that big SUV Tatom's driving around in that

(MORE)
Coach Taylor stands up, pissed. Leans over the table.

TAYLOR
Just keep your team out of my Field House and off of my property or I’ll be coming after you personally.

WHITE
Right back at you, “coach”.

And Taylor SLAPS down a twenty.

TAYLOR
I’ll see you on the field.

And he leaves. White yells after him.

WHITE
Yes you will. Yes you will.

Coach Taylor is making the team run up and down the bleachers to punish them. They look exhausted.

TAYLOR
Keep it up. I don’t care if you’re going to puke. I’ll tell you when you can stop. Next time I tell you “there will be no retaliation” I want you to remember how you feel right now.

(then)
Anyone want to tell me who went on this little raid last night?

Eye contact between Riggins, Smash and Saracen. No one is going to speak. Quietly bonding.

TAYLOR (CONT’D)
Okay, then another ten. Let’s go...

Voodoo, at the bottom, takes the opportunity to give a long, blank, menacing look to Taylor, clearly not liking that he’s being made to do this. Taylor stares him down. Then, Voodoo heads back up, his body language telling us he doesn’t give a shit about this.
INT. REHAB FACILITY - DAY

Mr. and Mrs. Street wheel Jason in his chair.

JOANNE STREET
So we have to decide if we’re going to put the ramp at the front door or the side entrance.

JASON
Either way I guess.

MITCHELL STREET
Can’t we talk about this later.

JOANNE STREET
I thought the side might be better since we’re converting Dad’s office into your bedroom.

MITCHELL STREET
Joannie...

JOANNE STREET
Mitchell, we talked about this. It’s going to take at least a month to put in the ramp, plus we have to convert the downstairs bathroom. We need to get on this.

As she speaks, Street notices...

STREET’S POV
Herc, Corey, and other BUDDIES coming out of the weight room, sweaty and LAUGHING.

RESUME STREET
He feels almost envious for a moment, then...

JASON
I’m sorry you’ve got to deal with all this. It must be costing a lot of money.

Jason sees a look exchanged between his parents.

JASON (CONT’D)

What...

(CONTINUED)
MITCHELL STREET
It's not anything to worry about.

JOANNE STREET
Jason, there is something we need to talk to you about.

MITCHELL STREET
Joanne...

JOANNE STREET
There's going to be a lawsuit.

MITCHELL STREET
It's not definite.

JASON
What kind of lawsuit? We're suing someone? Who are we suing?

There's a beat, then--

JOANNE STREET
Did Coach Taylor run you through tackling drills with the rest of the team.

JASON
Tackling drills?...
(with dawning realization)
You're suing the team?
The Streets' silence confirms this.

JASON (CONT'D)
I can't do that.

JOANNE STREET
(trying to keep it
together, but starting to
lose it)
Jason, I don't want to do it
either. But there's no other way
to pay for everything. I don't
know how to pay for it.

MITCHELL STREET
Joanne, pull it together...

JOANNE STREET
(too late; she's gone)
...For everything you'll need. I
don't know how. My poor little
baby. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

She hugs Jason, crying. His heart is breaking for her. He
can't even hug her. All he can do is press his head against
hers.

JASON
It's okay, Momma. Sshhhh. It's
okay. We'll do what we have to do.
INT. DILLON HIGH - OUTSIDE TAMI'S OFFICE - LATER

PAN DOWN a row of kids in the WAITING AREA, biding their time to see Tami. FIND COACH TAYLOR at the front of the line. As the door OPENS and a STUDENT leaves, followed by Tami's head popping out, about to call "Next", but she stops, seeing her husband.

TAMI
What are you doing?

TAYLOR
I'm next.

As he walks past her, into her office. She follows, closing the door.

INT. DILLON HIGH - TAMI'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tense silence, then.

TAYLOR
I'm sorry you're mad at me.

TAMI
You're sorry that I'm mad?
Technically, that's not an apology.

And she looks at him. She's expecting more.

TAYLOR
Tami, you know I have a stressful job...

Not what she wanted to hear...

TAMI
(gestures to her file covered desk)
Everyone has a stressful job!

He looks away a little... can't help a little smirk at this. She notices...

TAMI (CONT'D)
What? Oh, my job isn't stressful?

TAYLOR
I didn't say that.

(CONTINUED)
TAMI
You try sitting down and talking with confused, young kids full of (MORE)
TAMI (CONT'D)
raging hormones, anxiety and insecurity. Not barking orders at them and telling them which way to run with the ball for the next thirty seconds. Talking to them. About the rest of their lives. You try it sometime and see how easy it is.

She walks past him, sticks her head out the door...

TAMI (CONT'D)
Next.

ON COACH TAYLOR
This didn’t go the way it was supposed to.

INT. REHAB FACILITY - JASON’S ROOM - LATER
Street is alone in his room. Herc comes in.

HERC
Hey, it’s five minutes past five. Where’s the dutiful, little girlfriend?

Street has had enough of this guy.

JASON
Listen. I don’t like you. You don’t like me. That’s not really a big priority on the “things wrong with my life” list right now. You don’t know anything about my girlfriend and you don’t know anything about my life. So just leave me the hell alone.

HERC
Actually I know everything about your life. Let me run down the next two years for you: You’re still in the golden “everyone rallies around you” phase, they’ll start to get bored with that in about six weeks and the cards and letters and visits and prayers will die down dramatically. About three months later the girlfriend will tell you about how “you’re (MORE)
HERC (CONT'D)
different people now and you need
to find out who you are apart."
That’ll be the end of her ass.
Maybe two months after that the
lawsuit will be at its peak --
lines will be drawn in the sand and
you will lose people who meant the
world to you so that you can pay
for fun things like colostomy bags.
And about three, maybe four months
after that, your parents will
announce that the stress of all
this has driven such a wedge
between them that they’ve decided
to --

And Jason, so sick of hearing this guy’s voice, so sick of
hearing what he’s saying, so sick of it all that a rage
explodes out of him like a rocket...

JASON
Will you shut the hell up?!

And, without thinking, he finds himself reaching for a GLASS
OF WATER and closes his fingers around it. His grip is weak,
and his movement awkward, yet he manages to swipe the glass
off the table and fling it in Herc’s direction.

It SMASHES NEAR Herc, who looks up. The first time we’ve
seen him look at Street with an ounce of humanity.

HERC
Good. I knew you had some fight in
you.

And just as we realize there’s more to Herc than meets the
eye, he’s gone. STAY ON JASON, just staring at his hand,
shocked at what he was just able to do.

OMITTED

EXT. ALAMO FREEZE - MOMENTS LATER

Saracen’s working, taking some bags of trash out to the
dumpster. He tosses them in. TURNS AROUND to see...

A CIRCLE OF GUYS

Wearing Tiger shirts. One of them the QB from last night.
They surround him.
TIGER QB

Who was with you?

ON SARACEN

Not going to give it up.

SARACEN

Actually, no one else was with me.

TIGER QB

No one.

SARACEN

No one.

(hears these words coming out of his mouth)
I had the bat, I had the ice pick,
I had the hammer. I was driving
the car I jumped into.

(then; doesn’t know what else to say because he knows he’s about to get hit)

You guys want a Swizzler?

And as they descend on him, Saracen actually gets off one really nice shot as they take him down like a deer in a pack of wolves.

END OF ACT FOUR
End of the day. Coach Taylor is putting on a tie to go to Julie's recital.

MCGILL
Coach, can we go over some of the special teams' sets...

TAYLOR
(cutting him off)
Sorry, Mac. I got to get my ass to my daughter's dance recital or I believe I will be single by Monday.

He is heading out just as his phone RINGS. It's a number he doesn't recognize. He answers...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Coach Taylor.

ON SARACEN, on the phone -- a bandaged, bruised and swollen mess. Clearly had the crap beat out of him.

SARACEN
Coach, it's me. Saracen. I'm at the hospital.

TAYLOR
The hospital...

SARACEN
I'm okay. Don't worry. I... I got a little beat up. I can play. I just... I hate to bother you... But they need an adult to sign me out of here.

OFF Taylor, we...

As Coach impatiently signs for Saracen's release.
SARACEN
Thank you, sir.

TAYLOR
Sorry to tell you this, but you're coming to a dance recital.

As Coach Taylor turns and heads out, Saracen trying to keep up.

INT. TAYLOR'S CAR - LATER

Taylor is driving like a maniac. Saracen is sitting back in his seat, holding on to the armrest. Trying to not look nervous about how fast the guy's driving. Then...

TAYLOR
So you want to tell me what the hell happened?

SARACEN
(reluctantly)
Well, sir, some of the Tigers wanted me to say who trashed up their QB's car.

TAYLOR
Why'd they think you knew?

Long beat, then...

SARACEN
'Cause I was there.

TAYLOR
I see.

(rethen)
And you wouldn't name names?

SARACEN
No sir. And with all due respect, sir, I still won't.

Coach Taylor is quietly impressed. Tries not to let Saracen see him smile.

SARACEN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about putting you on the spot last night at the party... about if you're starting me. I know a lot of people think you (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SARACEN (CONT'D)
should be making Tatom QB1. I
think even my Dad expects that--

Taylor glances at Saracen. Realizes how that must have hurt
the kid. Wants to say something. What to say, what to say?
Then...

TAYLOR
You got to remember your Dad's not
here. He can't see what I can see.
You're a different kid than you
were two weeks ago.

SARACEN
I am?

TAYLOR
Yes, you are. Before, I think you
were happy to sit on the bench, let
Jason take the pressure. But
that's changed.
(then)
I'm not sure you know it, but I
believe you can do anything you put
your mind to.

SARACEN
You do, sir?

TAYLOR
I do.

Saracen smiles quietly to himself, pleased.

SARACEN
Thanks for coming. I know you got
better things to do than be filling
in for my parents.

TAYLOR
(feeling inescapably
paternal at this moment)
It's okay, Matt. It's okay.

They drive on in silence. Taylor quietly sighs, a little
exhausted.

CUT TO:

INT. DILLON HIGH - AUDITORIUM - LATER

The show has started. Coach Taylor, Saracen trailing behind,
finds Tami and sits down. Tami looks at him like, "Why are

(CONTINUED)
Taylor subtly gestures to Saracen... Tami leans across Coach to see...

TAMI'S POV - SARACEN

Bandaged and bruised. And...

TAMI

Without knowing the details, instinctively gets the picture. She takes Coach Taylor's arm.

TAMI

Julie hasn't been on yet.

INT. DILLON HIGH - AUDITORIUM - MINUTES LATER

Julie performs. Find...

TAMI AND COACH

Watching their daughter with that goofy, satisfied, loving look that parents get when they watch their kids do stuff. PAN PAST to SARACEN... an even goofier, satisfied, loving look with a little bit of longing thrown in.

INT. DILLON HIGH - STAGE - LATER

After the show. Parents and dancers mill about on stage and have coffee and punch.

FIND JULIE

Saracen walks up to her.

JULIE

Oh my God what happened to you?

SARACEN

I got beat up a little.

(then)

You were... that was... I really... liked it.

JULIE

Thanks.

She's about to walk away, then...

SARACEN

And I loved the music. For some reason the sound of it reminded me of this painter I really like...
JULIE
(doubtful)
Uh-huh. Which painter--

SARACEN
This guy. Jackson Pollack. Ever see any of his paintings?

Julie can’t quite hide the shock that those words just came out of a football player’s mouth.

JULIE
Yeah, yeah I have. But honestly, I don’t really see the connection.

SARACEN
You don’t?

JULIE
Not really.

SARACEN
Well, I guess maybe it’s a bit of a stretch.

JULIE
Maybe just a little bit.

FIND TAMI AND COACH TAYLOR

Chatting with some other parents. Coach Taylor’s watching...

SARACEN AND JULIE

Talking. Laughing. Making a lot of eye contact. Sees the way Matt’s looking at his daughter. And...

TAMI

Sees the look on her husband’s face.

TAMI
What?

TAYLOR
I’m not sure, but I think I may have told that kid to get our daughter in the back seat of a car.

She looks at him. What? He takes a long look at her, suddenly remembering how much he loves her.

(CONTINUED)
TAYLOR (CONT'D)
(then)
Tami, may I talk to you in private?

INT. DILLON HIGH - BACK STAGE - MOMENTS LATER
Tami and Coach Taylor find a spot.

TAMI
What is it?

TAYLOR
You were right.
TAMI
Of course I was right. You gave me no notice, you just assumed--

TAYLOR
Not about that. You were right that talking to kids is hard. And speaking of things not being easy, I'm sorry. I know how much my job puts you through.

TAMI
I just... I remember how things used to be between us. I just feel like I never see you anymore. How long is this going to be? Are we ever going to have time to talk, maybe see a movie, and, and--

He grabs her and kisses her. She's shocked for a moment, then melts into him. They keep going. It's pretty hot for grown ups.

A MAN'S VOICE
Hey you two...

It's Buddy.

BUDDY
Break it up, now. You're not in high school, you know.

TAYLOR
Hey, Buddy.

BUDDY
Tami, fantastic barbecue the other night. Just delicious.

TAMI
It was my pleasure, Buddy.

BUDDY
We sure do appreciate it.
(to Taylor) Can I bend your ear for a second?

Coach Taylor smiles yes, but his eyes say "Oh hell."
BUDDY
Julie looked great up there tonight.

TAYLOR
Thanks, Buddy.
BUDDY
It's great to see the girls get a
chance to shine once in awhile,
 isn't it?
(then; back to reality)
So, that was funny, that joke you
made at your party about not using
a quarterback.

TAYLOR
I didn't mean anything by it.

BUDDY
I just want you to know that I'm on
your side, Coach. Squarely. And
that's where you want me to stay.

TAYLOR
I sure do, Buddy.

BUDDY
Good. So let me ask you again.
You gonna start Voodoo?

TAYLOR
I haven't made that decision yet.

BUDDY
Maybe you think he's my guy. That
I brought him in and all. Maybe
you have a problem with that. But
you gotta do what's right for the
team, Coach. Don't let ego get in
the way.

TAYLOR
Believe me, my decision will have
nothing to do with ego. Mine or
anyone else's.

BUDDY
Good to hear, Coach, good to hear.
Good luck next Friday. You'll do
the right thing. I can feel it. I
can feel something good coming to
our team. I really can.

Buddy walks off. STAY ON TAYLOR. Tami JOINS HIM.

TAMI
What was that all about?
Coach decides to spare her. Smiles...

TAYLOR
Just football.

Julie runs up.

JULIE
Mom, Dad.

Tami explodes with a SCREAM. Taylor hugs her.

TAMI
Honey, you were so wonderful up there.
TAYLOR
You made us proud, Jules.

This is a lot from him, and she fights emotion.

JULIE
Thanks, Dad.

Taylor hugs her, and over her shoulder, he sees Saracen in the distance looking at him. Taylor looks back. Who is this kid to him? A quarterback? A horny teenager trying to steal the innocence from his daughter? A son? Saracen nods at Coach, a look of appreciation. Of determination. Coach nods back. Saracen lifts a single hand in a wave, then turns and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRITY HOUSE - LYLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lyla enters holding a stack of her folded clothes and almost screams. Riggins is there sitting by the window.

LYLA
My family is right downstairs. My father is here.

RIGGINS
I can't stop thinking about you.

Lyla looks at him, the whole thing just makes her cry. He steps towards her. And when he gets to her, her perfectly folded laundry just falls to the ground as she slowly wraps her shaking hands around his neck, pulls him toward her. They kiss. Nothing polite about it. As they fall out of frame, onto her bed, we HEAR--

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.)
...This is Slammin' Sammy Meade signing off on the worst kind of Friday in Dillon, Texas...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DILLON STREETS - NIGHT

Little houses, lit from within like doll houses. Very quiet. Very peaceful.

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.)
...A Friday without a game. Next Friday night is the biggie. I'm (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
SAMMY MEADE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
not the only one saying it could be the biggest game of the season.
The moment where this team either gets past the loss of Jason Street and moves forward, or we watch the whole season crumble right before our eyes. I got to believe we’ll win because this town wants that win so bad. And didn’t Daddy tell us, winning goes to the one who wants it most?

EXT. SARACEN HOUSE - NIGHT
As Saracen, alone, throws balls out in the middle of the yard. Focused, intense, committed. Not giving up his dream. As the NEIGHBOR’S LIGHTS GO OUT, and he waits for a beat to get his night-vision, then keeps throwing, we...

END OF EPISODE