FADE IN:

EXT. MARINA DEL REY - DAY

It's raining lightly in the harbor and the water around the moored boats looks dirty and cold.

We PICK UP a sad excuse for a boat sitting in an end slip.

It's a sea-gull-shitcovered, thirtyfoot cabin cruiser that hasn't cruised in a long, long time. A ratty looking unpainted plywood addition has been nailed to the top of the cabin. It's partially covered with a blue plastic tarp.

SUPERIMPOSE:   MARINA DEL REY, CALIFORNIA - FALL

The tarp moves and SHANE FALCO's half-naked torso emerges from under it. Shane is late twenties, golden boy handsome, but quickly going to seed. He looks hung over.

Shane glances up at the sky and rain. He pulls on the top part of an old patched wet suit and zips it up. He shivers.

EXT. MARINA DEL REY HARBOR - DAY

We're BUZZING around the harbor with Shane in an old Zodiac inflatable DINGHY.
Shane has pulled up the attached rubber hood to his wet suit so that only the white, pasty oblong of his face is visible.

It's still raining as he steers the little boat around the sailboats and yachts.

He pulls up to a fiftyfoot sailboat and CUTS the ENGINE.

With practiced moves, he ties the dinghy to the rear rail of the sailboat and clips a bill for services rendered on the sailboat's stern line.

He slips on a weight belt, puts on a pair of old gaffer taped goggles, jams the end of a air-hose in his mouth, and falls backward out of the dinghy and into the water.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

It's dark, dirty and murky. Suddenly, Shane floats INTO FRAME and comes AT us with a long spatula.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He attacks the underside of the sailboat which is covered with green algae muck that hangs a foot off the bottom of the boat.

The spatula scrapes away the green mess revealing the pure white underside of the boat.

CLOSE ON SHANE

As he scrapes. Muck from the boat floats past him. This doesn't look like fun.

As he works, he happens to look down and notices something on the bottom.

SHANE'S POV

Amidst the beer cans and other trash, something golden is sitting on the bottom.
Shane takes a deep pull on his hose, lets it go and drifts down.

A shaft of sunlight penetrates the murky water and reveals a broken trophy half-buried in the mud. Shane kneels over it and picks it up.

The trophy is almost a full-size football rendered in bronze attached to a broken base.

Shane turns "the ball" over in his hands. He grips the seams like he's done this before.

Then he holds the football out in front of him.

Suddenly, he starts barking garbled signals to an imaginary offense. He turns to his running back as he yells something like "Blue 31!." It comes out in bubbles.

He cocks his left leg and his wide receiver goes in motion.

Then on the "snap" he turns and starts a five step drop.

He moves in slow motion because hey... he's underwater! He executes a perfect play action fake on the third step of his drop, and looks "down field" for his receivers.

But there's a blitz! He steps up in the pocket but a linebacker's arm almost takes his head off. He dodges, he bobs, he weaves in a kind of delicate ballet.

He rolls left and keeps looking for the open man.

Suddenly he points down field, pulls up and cocks his arm.

The "ball" comes behind his ear and snaps forward in a perfect release.

The trophy spins OUT OF FRAME but we HOLD ON...
Shane as he watches his pass. Suddenly, he throws both arms up in a touchdown signal.

We STAY ON him as he freezes in this pose of victory, fifteen feet underwater, on the trash-covered, muddy bottom of Marina Del Rey.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDWARD FRANCIS O'NEIL STADIUM (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - DAY

Bam! A Miami Dolphin linebacker crushes a Washington Redskin running back and lands on his throat, elbow first.

It's a beautiful fall day in November and Miami is beating the Skins in front of seventy-six thousand crazed Washington fans. The Redskins are at their home stadium better known as "The Big O."

INT. CONTROL BOOTH - DAY

JOHN MADDEN and PAT SUMMERALL are calling the game in shirtsleeves.

SUMMERALL
That play, my friends, sums up the Redskins' running game all day long. Now Washington calls their last time out.

Madden leans over to do his diagram that shows up on your TV screen. We STAY ON him as he draws and explains.

MADDEN
Hey, the Dolphins do this as good as anybody. See, in a four, three, two, two, you got the guards... boom!... Plugging up the middle, then the corners... boom and
boom! Are free to
box... leaving the
middle linebacker to
cut off the trap
here... boom!

**SUMMERALL**

Third and twenty-two,
but forget the first
down with eight seconds
showing and the Skins
down by a touchdown.

**MADDEN**

Could be the last play.

**SUMMERALL**

Could be the last play
of the season if the
players go out.

**EXT. SIDELINES - DAY**

Redskin quarterback EDDIE MARTEL is
conferring with Redskin head coach BUD TILDON
near the bench. Madden and Summerall
continue OVER.

**MADDEN (V.O.)**

Take it all in, people.
This could be it for
2,000.

We MOVE TO veteran Redskin center REESE
EVANS, 38, standing on the sidelines, uniform
totally clean.

He looks near tears.

**SUMMERALL**

(V.O.)

Once again, if you
haven't heard, it was
announced during
halftime that the
N.F.L. Players
Association will hold a
press conference
immediately following
this game -- that would
make it about five
o'clock Eastern time --
and it is expected that

the players' union will
announce a strike
effective immediately.

ON REDSKINETTES

Twelve striking-looking women dressed in burgundy and gold are doing some inane chatter to a section of fans that ignore them.

The girls are led by pretty ANNABELLE FARRELL, a bundle of manic energy inside a body from heaven.

MADDEN (V.O.)
It's all about money, folks. More money, of course and ain't it always? The shame of it is the big losers are you out there, the fans.

ON MARTEL

The Redskin quarterback moves to the huddle.

SUMMERALL

(V.O.)
Here we go: Third down, eight seconds to play, ball on the Dolphins' thirty-three yard line. Skins down by a touchdown.

The huddle breaks and Martel sets up over the center.

MARTEL

Green 48! Green 48!
Hut! Hut!

The ball is snapped and Martel drops back.
He looks for a receiver and doesn't see
anybody.

He steps up in the pocket, sees an opening and takes off running down field.

**MADDEN (V.O.)**

There goes Martel!

Martel is a pretty good broken field runner for a big guy. Plus with the defense covering every possible receiver, he's got a lot of daylight.

Nobody has touched him as he crosses the fifteen. Suddenly, a safety, smaller than Martel, looms in front of him at the ten.

Martel goes down in one of those wimpy quarterback slides before the safety can even hit him.

**BANG!** The GUN sounds and the game is over.

**ON MADDEN AND SUMMERALL**

They look at each other in disbelief

**SUMMERALL**

Well... Martel goes down ten yards short of a score.

**MADDEN**

On maybe the last play of the season.

**SUMMERALL**

I think he might have slipped.

**MADDEN**

Yeah, there's a lot of that going around.

**ON THREE REDSKIN FANS**

We'll see these guys throughout. They're typical low level Washington bureaucrats named TODD, ROD and BOB who live for the Hogs
-- the traditional name for the Redskin offensive linemen.

Todd is shirtless and his entire upper body is painted Redskin red.

At that moment, they are livid with their quarterback and Bob is speaking for them all.

BOB

We're coming to your house tonight, and we're gonna fucking kill you! And if you got a dog, we're gonna kill your fucking dog too!

ON ANNABELLE

Behind her, the rest of the cheerleaders are already walking away. Annabelle looks at Quarterback Martel with pure disgust as he walks off the field.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE BEDROOM - DAY

The room's blinds are pulled tightly against the bright sunlight. Only the blue light of a TV illuminates anything.

Suddenly, we hear an old man in the bed give out with a loud piercing wail.

The door to the room bangs open and an English male nurse named AUGUSTINE RIPLEY, dressed in white, comes running in. He's carrying a syringe in each hand, poised at the ready.

He runs to the bed of the still wailing EDWARD FRANCIS O'NEIL (75). O'Neil is hooked up to an oxygen tank, watching the just completed Redskin game with the sound off.

AUGUSTINE

Did they win or lose?!
O'Neil continues to wail.

AUGUSTINE
That has the distinct
tonal quality of a
loss.

He puts one needle down and jabs O'Neil with
the other one.

He murmurs to the old man as he injects him.

AUGUSTINE
Nice medicine for a
loss. Keeps us calm.
Makes us not so sad.
Keeps us on an even
keel. Gives us some
perspective, doesn't
it? And we'll save the
winning medicine for
next Sunday, won't we?

He finishes.

O'NEIL
If you keep talking to
me like I'm a five-
year-old, I'm going to
hurt you.

AUGUSTINE
Sounds exciting.

He reaches for the phone and hits the speed
dial.

AUGUSTINE
We'll want to talk to
coach now, won't we?

He hands the phone to O'Neil.

O'NEIL
(on the phone)
What the fuck was
that?!
Coach Tildon sitting in his office. We can hear players getting dressed, listening to MUSIC and getting SHOWERS outside his open door.

**TILDON**
(on the phone)
I think he slipped.

**O'NEIL**
Bullshit he slipped!
He could have scored!

Anybody could have scored! I got one foot in the god damn grave and I could have scored!

**TILDON**
Mister O'Neil, let's face facts: The players are going out. It's gonna happen. And nobody wants to get hurt on the last play before a strike that could go on for the rest of the season.

**O'NEIL**
You god damn wimp!
You're fired! Get out!
Get out! Get out!

O'Neil throws the phone down. Augustine picks it up and then cranks up the oxygen a notch.

O'Neil takes big gulps of the rich air.

**AUGUSTINE**
Better? It always makes you feel better when you fire someone, we know it does, don't we? Yes...

**O'NEIL**
Get me Jimmy McGinty.
Get him here. Tonight.
O'Neil sucks hard on the oxygen.

CUT TO:

INT. REDSKINS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A REPORTER is interviewing WILSON JONES, the huge defensive end for the Redskins. Wilson wears an enormous diamond earring.

Wilson is dressing at his locker.

WILSON
Hey, man, I do what my union says.

REPORTER
But you're already one of the highest paid players in the game. The fans just don't see the point of a player like you striking.

WILSON
Let me tell you something: I'm a big man, you see?

Wilson holds his arms out. Yes, he's gigantic.

WILSON
There are some days when I am so beat up, that I cannot dress my own big ass. I asked management for a valet or some shit to help me dress and they said no way. So, fuck 'em!

PLAYER (O.S.)
Shut up everybody, here it is...

Somebody turns UP a TV in the locker room.
ON TV

A handsome ex-player named Jerome Lindell steps up to a podium at a press conference. He's wearing a two thousand dollar suit.

On the TV he is identified with a super:

"JEROME LINDELL -- President -- National Football League Players' Association."

LINDELL (V.O.)
I have just left a meeting with representatives of the owners and I am sad to say that they have refused the players' final demands which center around a rise in the current salary cap.

(MORE)

LINDELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Therefore, I am recommending that all N.F.L. players walk out and not play until our demands are met. I want the players to walk out tall, to walk out righteous, to walk out in the knowledge that we do this as a team. We shall overcome the fat cats. I send peace to my union brothers.

The entire locker room is silent for a beat. And then everyone starts getting dressed again, maybe a little slower than before.

ON WILSON JONES

WILSON
Shit, I'm goin' to Vegas.

CUT TO:
INT. O'NEIL'S BEDROOM - CLOSE ON O'NEIL - NIGHT

As he sleeps peacefully. The only sound is the HISS of his OXYGEN.

Then we hear ICE CUBES SLOSHING in a glass.

O'Neil opens his eyes and sees:

JIMMY McGINTY, a handsome devil in his late sixties, wearing golf clothes and sipping the last dregs of a Scotch rocks.

   McGINTY
   You look like shit.

   O'NEIL
   I'm dying, Jimmy.

   McGINTY
   You been dying for twenty years.

O'Neil motions to the glass. Jimmy pours three fingers from a Glenlivet bottle and hands it to him.

   McGINTY
   That poof of a nurse of yours is gonna kick my ass if he catches you drinking.

O'Neil removes his oxygen to sip his whiskey. He smiles as it goes down.

   O'NEIL
   Gimme a butt.

   McGINTY
   I quit.

   O'NEIL
   No.

McGinty nods.

   O'NEIL
   You pussy. I want you
to come back as head coach. I fired that asshole Tilden today.

McGINTY
I'm retired. And besides, you don't have a team. They all flew home in their jets to their castles.

O'NEIL
We're gonna finish the season anyway. All of us owners decided. We're gonna use replacement players.

McGINTY
You're a bunch of greedy bastards, aren't you?

O'NEIL
Us, greedy?! What about the god damn players?! I got the highest payroll in the N.F.L. and they still want more!

McGINTY
That's because you've been bottle-feeding straight cash to these big babies for years.

O'Neil sips his whiskey and calms down.

O'NEIL
No team owner in their right mind is gonna give back those T.V. revenues.

(MORE)

O'NEIL (CONT'D)
All we promised Fox was twenty-two guys with a pulse every Sunday. But think about it,
Jimmy. We got a great opportunity here! We got a chance to put a team on the field that plays the game just for the love of it. Like we used to play it.

McGINTY
We also used to play without face guards.

O'NEIL
Jimmy, I'm really dying. The doctor says I'll be gone by Superbowl Sunday. Help me bring a winner back to D.C. You did it for me once before. You can do it again.

McGINTY
Listen: I golf once a week with the President of the United States. I walk my grandkids to school every day. I got a young wife who will fuck me any time I want, which frankly, isn't too often, but it's comforting to know it's there. I don't need it.

O'NEIL
Come on. Wouldn't it be fun? A bunch of poor nobodies who play to win instead of a bunch of bitchy millionaires? You can put it together, Jimmy. Player's love you. They always have.

McGinty pours more Scotch and looks into the glass.

O'NEIL
Tell me you're gonna do it.

McGINTY
Shut up, I'm thinking.
(pause)
Okay. Here's the deal: you let me recruit who I want, with no interference?

O'NEIL
Absolutely.

McGINTY
I'm talking anybody I want. No exceptions. And no interference with my coaching, either, like you used to.

O'NEIL
Sure, Jimmy, sure.

McGINTY
And one more thing: no more Notre Dame stories. You start telling me Notre Dame stories and I pull your plug personally. I swear to God.

O'Neil smiles.

O'NEIL
Deal.

CUT TO:

INT. REDSKINS' HEAD COACH'S OFFICE - DAY

McGinty is sitting behind the empty desk as his two main coaches give him a presentation. They are offensive coordinator LEO PILACHOWSKI and defensive coordinator CHRISTOPHER BANES.

PILACHOWSKI
... Six phone lines with internet access on two: One for defense and one for offense.

**BANES**
We thought we would skip special teams for the moment.

**PILACHOWSKI**
Except for a kicker. We definitely need a kicker. A place kicker over a punter.

**BANES**
The thinking being that if we lose the toss, we have to be able to at least kick off.

Both coaches laugh nervously. McGinty doesn't say anything.

**PILACHOWSKI**
Okay. Here's the list of every player cut this past season. What we would like to do is...

**McGINTY**
(interrupting)

Those people?
(pointing to list)
Most of them were cut because they were shitty.

McGinty takes out a piece of paper of his own with a bunch of names on it.

**McGINTY**
We're going to go another way here. I've done some scouting since I retired. On an ad hoc basis, of course. And what I
have here is a list of people I've kept an eye on. They've all played football somewhere, but only a few in the pros. And they've all got something... unique to bring to the game. We're gonna take these people and try to put together a winning team. And if nothing else, they should be fun to watch.

McGinty looks up when he senses someone standing in the doorway. It's REESE EVANS, the veteran Redskin we saw standing on the sidelines with the clean uniform.

EVANS
You won't need a center.

McGINTY
How you doin', Reese?

EVANS
Bored and ready to retire. I'm just looking for one more hit. One more really good hit.

McGINTY
What about the strike?

EVANS
Hell, I'm rich. I got no complaint with Mister O'Neil. I just want a chance to play one last time.

(MORE)

EVANS (CONT'D)
Shit, I'd rather go out with a broken leg than sitting on the bench.

McGinty nods to Pilachowski. The coach takes a marker and fills in "Evans" in the center
circle.

McGINTY
Welcome to the new Washington Redskins.
(to his coaches)
Let's find Reese somebody to play with.

CUT TO:

INT. METHAMPHETAMINE LAB - DAY

A bunch of BIKER types are cooking up a vat of speed. These guys are big, and badasslooking.

After a beat, one of the Bikers looks up at the door.

BIKER
Did you hear something?

The other biker shakes his head, no.

The one who asked the question walks over to the door and listens for a beat. Nothing.

He turns to go back and suddenly the door disintegrates in front of a charging man wearing a "police" windbreaker.

This is DANIEL BATEMAN, a big, young, psychotic cop, who immediately runs over the poor Biker who was listening at the door, kicking the guy in the head as he goes by.

Bateman dives on two more Bikers, and viciously head-butts one of them.

He stuffs the other's head into the meth mixture, pulls him out and clubs him with a big police blackjack, three quick times: Rap! Rap! Rap!

The guy goes down like lead.

Bateman looks around and spots a big BIKER cowering in a corner. The Biker is terrified.
Bateman takes two steps toward the guy when suddenly three more COPS wearing windbreakers run in, out of breath.

They look around at the unconscious Bikers.

COP #1
Jesus, Bateman! Why don't you ever wait for us?!

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Someone's BEEPER is going off. The three cops look at theirs. Nothing.

The cowering Biker looks at his.

BIKER #2
Not me.

Bateman pulls his beeper, studies it and looks puzzled.

BATEMAN
What area code is 703?

COP #1
Washington, D.C.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

A loaf of Wonder Bread is spinning through the air in SLOW MOTION. It comes AT us, twisting and turning.

ON CLIFFORD FRANKLIN

He's tall, maybe 22, and positioned behind the cash register. He's wearing a Washington Redskins sweatshirt.

Clifford's hands are up as he waits to catch the bread which was tossed by his MANAGER at the back of the store.

The loaf hits Clifford's hands and then bounces out. It lands on the counter in
front of a TEN-YEAR-OLD smart-ass KID.

KID
Nice hands.

CLIFFORD
(not amused)
What else?

KID
A pack of Marlboro
Reds, a pint of Martel
Cognac and a box of
Trojans, extra long.

Clifford grabs the Kid's two one-dollar
bills, and makes change for the bread.

CLIFFORD
Get out of here. I'm
telling your mother you
were talking like that.

The Kid leaves.

The Manager yells from the back of the store
as he holds up a portable phone.

MANAGER
Hey, Clifford, somebody
on the phone wants you
to play football next
weekend.

CLIFFORD
Tell 'em I gotta work
Saturday. And I'm
watching the Redskins
on Sunday. Ain't
nothing stopping me
from watching the
Redskins on Sunday.
(mumbling)
No way that's gonna be
happening, me not
watching the Redskins
on Sunday.

MANAGER
(into phone)
He's gotta work.
They said they'll pay you.

CLIFFORD
Pay me? How much?

MANAGER
(on phone)
How much?
(pause)
Ten thousand five hundred dollars!

CLIFFORD
(stunned)
Ray, who the fuck is on the phone?!

MANAGER
(pause)
It's the Washington Redskins!

Clifford collapses.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

We hear deafening APPLAUSE as we hold on ANDRE and JAMAL WILLIAMS, two huge bodyguards, dressed in identical black suits.

Suddenly, the artist formerly known as Prince comes off stage, grabs a towel from an assistant and starts walking with Jamal in front and Andre in the rear.

As they walk, a CELL PHONE RINGS. Andre pulls it from his pocket and answers it, quietly.

Jamal runs interference with the techies and groupies backstage.

JAMAL
(to someone)
Get out of the way!
(to someone else)
Don't look at him! He don't like being looked at, god damn it! No eye contact!

As they walk, Andre is still talking on the phone.

Finally, they get to the backstage door and stop. The rock star prepares to run the gauntlet of adoring fans behind his trusty bodyguards.

But his bodyguards are conversing quietly but urgently with each other.

One of the assistants throws open the door. A big mob waits outside.

The anointed one turns to his bodyguards to lead the way, but... they're gone!

The mob surges. The artist formerly known as Prince screams as he's trampled to death by his fans.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA DEL REY - DAY

Shane Falco, wearing his patched wetsuit, climbs out of his inflatable dinghy and flops onto the deck of his cabin cruiser.

He looks cold and tired.

    McGINTY (O.S.)
    You look like a swordfish I caught once.

Shane jumps.

McGinty is sitting in an old deck chair on the stern of the boat.

    McGINTY
    He hit the deck just like that.
Shane studies his visitor.

**SHANE**
And you look like that coach from the Seventies. From the Redskins. McGinty. Except you look a shitload older.

**McGINTY**
The price of happiness. Something to take the chill off?

He offers Shane an elegant flask. Shane takes it and drinks.

**McGINTY**
I'm running the Redskins again. And I want you to quarterback 'em.

**SHANE**
No, man, I've been out way too long.

**McGINTY**
What, three years since San Diego dumped you? That's nothing. You're in shape, flopping around in the water like that.

**SHANE**
You know what my nickname was in San Diego, don't you?

**McGINTY**
Sure. Footsteps.

**SHANE**
As in, I hear 'em and I dump the ball.

**McGINTY**
Well, you didn't have much of a line to protect you.
SHANE
I got two concussions to prove it.

McGINTY
That's why girls don't play the game.

McGinty drinks from his flask.

SHANE
(truly shocked)
No kidding?

McGINTY
Oh, you had a lot of tools: a quick release. Fast. A scrambler by nature. Good downfield vision. But you got hurt a lot. And worst of all, you never could win the big game. What did you lose the Sugar Bowl by, your senior year? What, forty points?

SHANE
Forty-five. And now you want to recruit me?

McGINTY
A scrambling quarterback is gonna do real well in this new replacement environment. And to tell you the truth, I think I can help you with your biggest problem.
SHANE
Okay. What's my
biggest problem?

McGINTY
Courage. I think that
Sugar Bowl took it all
out of you.

There's a beat as Shane looks away.

SHANE
I'm retired from
football.

McGINTY
Yeah, and it looks like
things have been going
really well for you
since.

Shane doesn't meet McGinty's eyes.

SHANE
I like being here.
It's quiet. I like
being alone.

McGINTY
Yeah. No screaming
crowds, that's for
sure.

(pause)
You know what separates
the winners from the
losers? Gettin' back
on the horse. The one
that kicked you in the
teeth. You're still
young. You still got
bags of talent. If you
do well, who knows what
will happen when the
strike ends?

Shane keeps staring out at the water.

McGINTY
You want me to tell you
you're not going to get
hurt? You know you
McGinty points to the boats in the harbor.

McGINTY
... Wouldn't you rather get hurt than scrape the shit off of other guys' toys?

CUT TO:

EXT. QUEENS (NEW YORK) - DAY

We're right off Queens Boulevard on a busy side street where LOU PACIFICO, 30, is taking book. Lou is short, dark and handsome.

He leans against the wall of a liquor store.

PASSERBY #1
Deuce and an eightball on Go Down, Rita in the eighth.

Lou writes quickly on a small pad.

After a beat, another passerby leans in and whispers something to Lou. Lou writes quickly again.

>From across the street an old woman sticks her head out of a four-story walk-up. This is LOU'S MOTHER who speaks with a heavy Italian accent.

MOTHER
Louis, you got a phone call!

LOU
(from across the street)
Who is it?

MOTHER
It's the Washington Foreskins.

LOU
What?! Ma, what are you, out a your tree?

MOTHER
(yelling louder)
I'm telling you they said it's the Washington Foreskins!
Foreskins! Foreskins! Foreskins!

People in the street are now starting to look up at this old woman screaming "Foreskins!"

Louis quickly crosses the street to his apartment house.

But at that moment, a soccer ball bounces toward him from where a group of kids are playing in an alley.

Out of pure instinct, Lou gives it a mighty boot.

We FOLLOW the arc of the ball as it sails DOWN the block. Everyone stops to admire the kick.

Still airborne, the ball crosses Queens Boulevard.

At that moment, a very old mafioso type is being helped from his limo by several lieutenants.

Pow! The ball hits the old guy right in the back of the head, knocking off his porkpie hat and dropping him to the pavement like a bullet.

The lieutenants pull pistols and surround their fallen leader.

ON LOU

He sees what happens and quickly ducks into his apartment house.

ON ONE MAFIA LIEUTENANT
He spots Lou before he disappears inside.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PRACTICE FIELD - DAY**

Coach ROLAND LAMONT, a good-looking ex-running back in his late twenties, is coaching a high school player.

We can see that Roland is wearing a pretty substantial knee brace.

He holds up a football.

**ROLAND**

Cut right on me, now.
Right on me.

He pitches the ball out to one kid, who runs right at him, steps on Roland's foot with his cleats and then cuts around him.

Roland screams and falls to the ground.

**ROLAND**

Not right on me, goddamn it!

He writhes there a beat until he hears:

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Coach Lamont! Phone call! Long distance.
Washington, D.C. It's the Washington Redskins!

Roland holds his foot and manages a smile because he seems to know what the phone call means.

**ROLAND**

(to the sky)
Thank you, Lord!

**CUT TO:**
EXT. BIG O (WASHINGTON D.C.) - MAGIC HOUR

The stadium appears empty.

Suddenly, a football thrown with a perfect spiral comes AT us.

REVERSE ANGLE

We see the ball sail cleanly through a rubber ring attached to the crossbar on the goalpost.

ON SHANE FALCO

He's in shorts and a sweatshirt taking snaps from center Reese Evans.

EVANS

Nice. Try a roll to the right.

Evans bends over another ball. Shane sets up in the shotgun.

O'NEIL (V.O.)

Shane 'Footsteps' Falco? This is what you're going to build an offense around?

EXT. STANDS - MAGIC HOUR

McGinty is sitting with O'Neil on the fifty yard line twenty rows back.

Augustine holds O'Neil's oxygen tank as the old man sits huddled in a coat that's way too big for him.

O'NEIL

Christ, Jimmy, I ask you to build me a team based on balls and the first player I see is Footsteps Falco?!

McGINTY

He's got as much natural talent as any
quarterback in the
league.

O’NEIL
And he's got the
happiest feet I've ever
seen!

McGINTY
All he needs is a shot
of self-confidence.
He's our quarterback.
That's the way it is.

O’NEIL
What about a safety?
We got two a days
starting tomorrow and a
game in five days! And
we still don't have a
safety?!

O'Neil motions to Augustine for more oxygen.

AUGUSTINE
Here we go. Nice fat
little hits.

He turns the valve up. O'Neil breathes
deeply.

O'NEIL
I called a friend of
mine who just happens
to be the Governor of
Maryland.

McGINTY
Terrific, the Governor
is going to play
safety?

O'NEIL
Don't worry about it.

ON SHANE
He drills a perfect spiral through the
circle.

CUT TO:
A ramp at the rear of the stadium gives vehicle access to the interior. The bottom of this ramp is now a maelstrom of activity.

The regular Washington Redskins are in a picket line walking in circles. The players are dressed in everything from fur coats to expensive leather jackets and leather pants. Half of them are on cell phones.

We can see some of their cars parked haphazardly nearby: BMWs, Porsches, Mercedes, etc.

Jerome Lindell, the president of the Players' Association, is being interviewed on camera by a REPORTER.

REPORTER
As president of the Players' Association, what does your presence mean here, Mister Lindell?

LINDELL
Very simply, support for these fine players and union men. Washington D.C. is the home of freedom and the collective bargaining agreement. I am here to remind all Americans that the owners are no better than the robber barons of the Nineteenth Century. They have blatantly gone out and hired scabs, which is against all principles of our Constitution and the Declaration of Independence and probably even the Emancipation
Proclamation.

The picketers start shouting and pointing.

**LINDELL**

And here come the
Scabskins now!

A bus slowly makes its way towards the ramp and the picketers.

**INT. BUS - MORNING**

Shane is sitting in the first seat with Reese Evans (center).

We MOVE BEHIND them and see, among others, Daniel Bateman (psychotic cop), Clifford Franklin (can't catch a loaf of bread), Jamal and Andre Williams (ex-bodyguards), Lou Pacifico (kicker and bookmaker), and Roland Lamont (ex-high school coach).

BANG! EGGS start HITTING the bus WINDOWS.
We can hear the regular players chanting:

**PLAYERS**

Scabskins! Scabskins!
Scabskins!

**ON CLIFFORD FRANKLIN**

He's very excited as he looks out the window at the striking players. Roland Lamont sits next to him.

**CLIFFORD**

Oh God, there's Eddie Martel! And Wilson Jones! I love Wilson Jones! Yo, Wilson! Yo, player!

**ON WILSON**

His big face looms right outside the bus window. He looks pissed off and scary.
ON LOU PACIFICO

He leans across his seat to Shane.

    LOU
    Hey, Lou Pacifico.

Shane shakes his hand.

    SHANE
    Shane Falco.

    LOU
    I know. I lost a ton a money on that Sugar Bowl disaster of yours. Wow. Did you get your butt kicked or what?

ON JAMAL

He's looking out the window when an eeg splats against it. He turns to his brother Andre:

    JAMAL
    You know I don't take that shit.

Jamal reaches into his jacket and starts to pull out a nine-millimeter pistol.

Andre stops him.

    ANDRE
    Be cool.

INT. BOWELS OF STADIUM - DAY

A nondescript van pulls up and a muscled, deadly-looking guy in handcuffs and jail issue clothes gets out. This is bearded safety EARL (he-ain't-no-girl) WILKINSON.

A Maryland state trooper unlocks the cuffs. Earl looks... hungry.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY
The replacements are getting off the bus as
the players chant.

**PLAYERS**
Scabskins! Scabskins!

When Reese Evans (former Redskin center) gets
off the bus, the players go wild.

Reese coolly gives them the international
suck my dick sign.

Clifford gets off behind him. He waves and
smiles at the striking players.

They throw rotten fruit at Clifford in
return.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - DAY**

SID, an oldtimer equipment man folds towels.
Behind him, we can see helmets, pads, etc.

McGinty walks up dragging Shane who is fully
dressed in a uniform, including helmet.

**McGINTY**
(to Sid)
What is this?

McGinty points to the intricate face guard on
Shane's helmet.

It's an exaggerated version of a lineman's
cage with so much metal criss-crossing that
you can hardly see Shane's face.

**McGINTY**
He's a quarterback!
How is he supposed to
see?

**SID**
He told me he was a
linebacker!

**SHANE**
I can see.
McGinty holds up three fingers.

McGINTY
How many fingers?

SHANE
Two. No, wait. Three.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Andre and Jamal are hitting the blocking sled simultaneously. They drive it OUT OF FRAME.

ON SHANE

He's now wearing a helmet with a twobar quarterback face guard. He takes a snap and pitches out to running back Roland Lamont.

Roland, now wearing a big knee brace, looks sharp as he cuts to the outside.

ON PILACHOWSKI

The offensive coordinator is standing with McGinty who is concentrating on the scrimmage. Suddenly, Pilachowski spots someone. His mouth drops open.

ON MICKEY LEE

He's a fourhundred-fifty-pound ex-Sumo wrestler crammed into a Redskin uniform. Fat rolls are visible everywhere.

PILACHOWSKI
Oh my God. That's disgusting!


McGINTY
How you doin', Mickey?
LEE
Not bad, Coach.

McGINTY
You look great. Why
don't you work out at
left tackle?

LEE
You got it.

Lee puts on his helmet, pulls his ponytail out the back and rumbles away.

Pilachowski is looking at McGinty like he's crazy.

PILACHOWSKI
You're not serious.

McGINTY
I met Mickey in Hawaii.
When he was even
bigger. He's a Sumo
wrestler. That means
he's an expert at
pushing people around.

That's what pass
blocking is, Leo.

Defensive coordinator Christopher Banes comes running up in a lather.

BANES
(to McGinty)
I got a defensive end
who's deaf!!

PILACHOWSKI
(watching Lee
walk
away)
I'll trade you for a
tackle who's gonna play
in a diaper.

BANES
How can I coach a deaf man?!

McGINTY
You don't have to...

He looks across the field at a big, good-looking kid named BRIAN MURRAY who is in the middle of a pass rushing drill.

Murray looks really fast, especially for his size.

**McGINTY**

Brian Murray would have gone in the first round five years back if he hadn't been born deaf. I first saw him play right here in D.C. for Galludet College. He's a hell of an athlete. You won't have to tell him anything.

**BANES**

I can't believe it! I got to be able to communicate with him.

**McGINTY**

Then learn to sign. Hey, look at it this way: He'll never get pulled off sides on an audible.

McGinty thinks this is funny as shit.

**ON SHANE**

He's just done a fivestop drop on a pass play. He's looking down field when he sees something scary.

**SHANE**

Oh shit! No!

He throws the ball away and then is nailed and taken down on his back by Bateman (psychotic cop).

Shane groans and lies there with Bateman on top of him.
BATEMAN
Hi, I'm Danny.

SHANE
(groaning)
Shane.

McGinty pulls Bateman up.

McGINTY
Nice pop, Danny.

BATEMAN
Thank's, Coach!

Danny runs off.

SHANE
What was that?

McGINTY
Danny Bateman. Ex-cop, ex-Marine, ex-rugby. He's absolutely harmless, if you just play dead.

McGinty helps Shane up.

McGINTY
San Diego used you all wrong. You're not a drop back passer. You're a scrambler. Like you were in college. So, we're gonna roll out. A lot. Get used to setting up on the run. You'll live a lot longer.

SHANE
I'm very interested in that.

CUT TO:

PRACTICE MONTAGE
A) **BATEMAN**

is lined up at middle linebacker. When the play starts, he runs headlong into four blockers and takes them all down with him.

B) **WIDE RECEIVER CLIFFORD FRANKLIN**

beats his man, and turns as Shane, rolling out to his left, puts the ball right on his numbers. Franklin drops it.

C) **ANDRE AND JAMAL**

On the snap, they pull to lead a sweep. Unfortu-nately, each thinks the play is to their side. They forearm each other and then get into a fight.

D) **LOU PACIFICO**

boots one from thirty-five yards through the uprights. He smiles, takes out a Marlboro Light and a Bic and fires up.

E) **CLIFFORD FRANKLIN**

pulls up, does a button hook and Shane puts the ball in his hands. Franklin drops it.

F) **LEE**

the Sumo guy, hits the blocking sled and turns it over.

G) **BATEMAN**

is down on the ground viciously punching another player as two assistants try to pull him off.

H) **FRANKLIN**

is in a crossing pattern in the end zone. Shane puts the ball right in front of him. Unfortunately, it hits him in the hands.

**CUT TO:**
EXT. FIELD - DAY

Shane is sucking down water from the portable water cart when head cheerleader Annabelle Farrell walks up. She's dressed in tight workout clothes.

ANNABELLE
Annabelle Farrell, head Redskinette.

SHANE
Excuse me?

ANNABELLE
I'm in charge. Of the Redskinettes. The cheerleaders?

SHANE
Oh yeah, hi.

ANNABELLE

SHANE
Hey... thanks.

ANNABELLE
I saw your second concussion. The one against Cleveland. Pow! You could hear it in the cheap seats. But you completed the pass. That's what counts.

SHANE
I guess so.

ANNABELLE
If there's anything you need, let me know. And
I mean anything, okay?
You understand?

Shane is really not sure.

**SHANE**
Sure. I understand.

**ANNABELLE**
They put you up at the Hilton?

**SHANE**
Yeah.

**ANNABELLE**
Good. Remember: anything. You got it?
Okay?

Shane nods. She walks away.

We watch her world-class ass move across the gridiron.

**ON McGINTY AND CLIFFORD FRANKLIN**

McGinty is holding a ball and talking to his wide receiver.

**McGINTY**
... because it's a damn waste of all that speed, Clifford. I told you that when you were in high school. You've got to catch the ball, son. This is the main idea of the passing game.

**CLIFFORD**
I know, Coach, I know.

**McGINTY**
Okay. I assume that you have touched a woman in a romantic way, have you not?

**CLIFFORD**
Oh yeah, Coach, sure. In a, you know, romantic way.

MCGINTY
Good. From here on out, you touch this football, all the time...

He shoves the football in Clifford's hands.

MCGINTY
... just like you touch your girl friends. I better not see you without this ball. You understand?

McGinty starts to walk away.

CLIFFORD
Coach, wait! Can I still like touch my girl friends if I don't, you know, let go of the ball?

McGinty thinks about that.

MCGINTY
Yes, Clifford, if you can manage that, absolutely.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Andre and Jamal are just about dressed.

Andre helps Jamal on with his jacket. Jamal then helps Andre on with his.

ON SHANE

He's stripped down sitting on a bench. Reporters are trying to interview him. Microphones are in his face and video cameras
jockey for position.

**SHANE**

... just glad to be back playing. That's all I've really got to say.

**REPORTER**

But where have you been? What have you been doing to make a living?

**SHANE**

Well... I've been involved lately in the... aquatic business...

---

**ON MICKEY LEE AND ROLAND LAMONT**

Mickey is watching Roland unbuckle his big complicated knee brace. (NOTE: There should be something slightly medieval about this brace.)

**MICKEY**

You only played one game?!

**ROLAND**

Actually, less than two minutes. I was a rookie third round pick in '93. We were playing Atlanta in the home opener. Near the end of the first quarter, they sent me in, I took a screen pass over the middle and got hit by both linebackers. Simultaneously. One a side. My knee turned into wet toilet paper.

End of career.

**MICKEY**
Can you play on it now?

Roland takes out a wrench and starts unscrewing a bolt on his brace.

ROLAND
I've been teaching high school football for five years. It's not a bad life. I'm good at it. There are some days when I actually love it. But for one more shot at this? Shit. I'd give it all up. This time, they're gonna have to take me out in a box.

ON EARL WILKINSON (CRIMINAL)
He's standing naked in front of his locker staring with anticipation at a garment bag.

Slowly, he unzips the bag revealing a beautiful new suit. He touches the lapels reverently.

ON CLIFFORD FRANKLIN
He's sitting in front of a locker, holding his football, with a shit-assed-eating grin.

Someone walks by.

CLIFFORD
I got Wilson Boone's locker, man. Do you believe that shit?

He drops his ball and quickly picks it up again. He looks around to make sure Coach didn't see him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BIG O PARKING LOT - MORNING

The regular Redskins are out in force, holding signs as they lean on their Beamers
and Porsches.

Shane pulls up in a battered '89 Honda.

When he gets out, he's immediately surrounded by six striking regulars, led by quarterback Eddie Martel and defensive end Wilson Jones.

**MARTEL**

Hey, you can't park there.

**SHANE**

Look, I don't want any trouble.

**MARTEL**

You don't want any trouble?! You're taking my job away, but you don't want any trouble?

(to Wilson)

He doesn't want any trouble, but he puts this piece of shit in a no parking zone.

Shane looks but it's obvious he's parked legally.

**SHANE**

Okay. I'll move it.

**MARTEL**

No, we'll do that for you. Go ahead, Wilson. Move it for him.

Wilson motions to another big guy. The two of them proceed to roll the Honda over on its roof. It lands with a crunch.

**JAMAL (O.S.)**

You all put that car back.

Everybody turns to see Andre and Jamal walking towards them.

**WILSON**

Who the fuck are you?
ANDRE
We're the people who
take care of the
quarterback. We're the
guards.

All the regulars laugh at this.

JAMAL
Put the car back.
Gently.

WILSON
Kiss my ass.

SHANE
(to Jamal)
It's okay.

JAMAL
No, it's not.

Jamal points to a gorgeous midnight blue
Porsche.

JAMAL
(to Wilson)
That's your ride, ain't
it?

Before Wilson can even answer, Jamal pulls
his NINE MILLIMETER. BOOM! BOOM! No more
Porsche windshield.

All the regular Redskins dive for cover.

WILSON
My windshield! You
crazy motherfucker!

JAMAL
Move his car back.

WILSON
My car!

Jamal raises his GUN again. POW! No Porsche
driver's side window.

WILSON
No! Stop!
He turns to his cowering teammates.

**WILSON**
Come on, help me, god damn it!

The guys quickly pick up the Honda and put it right side up.

**WILSON**
(to Jamal)
You are gonna pay for this.

**JAMAL**
No I'm not. And quit messing with my man here. That includes his ride.

Jamal spins the nine and holsters it.

Andre and Jamal get on either side of Shane. They look at each other and then quickly switch sides.

**ANDRE**
Let's go to practice, Shane.

**SHANE**
Let's do that.

Shane smiles at his guards, smiles at the still-shocked Redskins, and they move out.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LOCKER ROOM BATHROOM - DAY**

Shane, dressed in pads and pants, opens the door and walks in. During the opening and closing of the door we hear:

**ASSISTANT COACH (O.S.)**
... so if anyone does have any firearms, we need to turn those in as soon as possible, no questions asked...
Shane stands in front of the urinal and goes through the painstaking process of locating his dick.

First he wrestles open his football pants and then has to deal with the cup, etc.

Next to him, at another urinal, is WALTER COCHRAN, a big, serious bornagain tackle.

As he pisses, Walter has his Bible propped open behind the flush handle so he won't miss a minute of scripture.

    WALTER
    Praise the Lord, Shane.

    SHANE
    Yeah. Sure.

    WALTER
    Walt Cochran. Offensive tackle.

Shane nods. Walter pees for a beat.

    WALTER
    Shane, will you witness with me?

    SHANE
    Will I what?

    WALTER
    Will you witness with me? For this upcoming practice.

    SHANE
    Now?

By now Shane is pissing too.

    WALTER
    Praise the Lord for giving us a way to eliminate, Shane. Why not talk to Him in the midst of performing his gift?
Walter takes his hand off his whizzing member and holds it out to Shane.

Shane looks at Walter's hand for a long time, but finally, he removes his own guiding hand and clasps Walter's hand tentatively.

**REVERSE ANGLE**

They continue pissing as they hold hands.

**WALTER**

Heavenly Father, thank you for allowing us to pee the poisons from our systems. Please help us in today's practice to be strong and...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. McGINTY'S HOUSE - DAY**

A barbecue is in progress for the new Washington Redskins at the beautiful home of Coach McGinty.

The huge back yard features a pool and a catered buffet/barbecue.

Andre and Jamal are loading down their plates.

Mickey Lee is gnawing on a two-foot slab of ribs.

Lou Pacifico has a little three card monty going at a picnic table.

Coach McGinty is holding up a beautiful baby girl to the admiring players. He kisses the baby and then hands the child to his gorgeous young wife.

Augustine is pushing Mister O'Neil in a wheelchair. They pass the outside bar and O'Neil suddenly lunges for a bottle of
tequila. Augustine has to rip it out of his hands.

Coach Banes and Earl Wilkinson (criminal) are talking to a distinguished-looking big man in his fifties. This is a D.C. CIRCUIT COURT JUDGE.

BANES
Where did you play, Judge? Wait. Do I call you judge?

JUDGE
Your Honor, or Judge is fine. I played at Harvard. But I played in the days when you went both ways. Offense and defense. When players were really tough.

(to Wilkinson)
And where did you play college ball... I'm sorry, what was your name again?

Wilkinson is smiling but he looks dangerous.

WILKINSON
Smith. Ray Smith. I played at a junior college nobody ever heard of. What position did you play on defense, Judge?

JUDGE
Middle linebacker.

WILKINSON
Yeah, big fellow like you, that's what I would have guessed.

JUDGE
It was a different game in those days. Raw. Powerful. No tricks, like today.
WILKINSON
You know, maybe you can show me some of your technique, Your Honor. Maybe you can show me some of that toughness.

JUDGE
I'd be glad to!

There's an evil glint in Wilkinson's eye.

INT. McGINTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Shane is standing alone in a large hallway looking at an enormous trophy case stuffed with the spoils of football.

ANNABELLE
(O.S.)
You would think he's done enough.

Shane turns and sees her. She's as fetching as ever.

ANNABELLE
McGinty, I mean.

SHANE
I was kind of thinking the same thing.

ANNABELLE
My theory is he came out of retirement to see if he could win with losers. (pause) Oh, shit. I'm sorry. I didn't mean...

SHANE
(interrupting)
Hey, it's okay. I've been called worse.

ANNABELLE
Like after that Sugar Bowl game? I guess you could survive anything
after that.

Shane has to actually smile at this.

**SHANE**

Sometimes I feel like everybody in the world saw that game. Like I could go to India and some little guy would run up to me and say, 'Boy, did you suck in the '92 Sugar Bowl.'

Annabelle laughs.

**SHANE**

So, how come you're such a fan?

**ANNABELLE**

My dad. He's a huge Redskins fan. For years. He's in his twenty-ninth year at the Senate Office Building. As a guard, not a senator. The only thing that keeps him going he says, is me and the Redskins. That's where I get it. My fan-ness.

(suddenly)

Are you scared?

Shane is totally taken off guard by this woman.

**SHANE**

Scared? Well... yes. Absolutely.

**ANNABELLE**

It's okay. Anybody would be. But you're good. And you'll do good.

**SHANE**

Well, thank you. Look,
I gotta study the play book tonight. So...
I'll see you.

**ANNABELLE**
Break a leg tomorrow.

**SHANE**
What?!

**ANNABELLE**
It's from the theater.
For opening night. You say the worst thing that can happen. And it won't. Break a leg.

Shane waves uncertainly and walks away.

**EXT. McGINTY'S BACK YARD - DAY**

The Judge (now with his jacket off) and Wilkinson are lined up across from each other in a three-point stance in something called a man maker drill.

The entire team forms two lanes on either side of them, as they face off.

The idea is to knock the other guy down and get by him.

**JUDGE**
Alright, this is how we used to stop a running back.

**WILKINSON**
I can't wait.

Someone says hut! And Wilkinson slams into the Republican 16th Circuit Court Judge and knocks him head over heels.

The Judge lands on his back, wham! He's out cold.

Wilkinson slaps hands with Andre and Jamal.

**WILKINSON**
Oooh... got me a judge!
Man, that felt good!

CUT TO:

EXT. BIG O STADIUM - DAY

It's another beautiful fall afternoon and cars are entering the stadium parking lot.

At one of the entrances, the striking Redskins are picketing. Jerome Lindell (NFL Players President) is still marching with them.

A little boy stops one of the Redskins and asks for an autograph on a program. The player gives it to him and the kid walks away.

Lindell runs after the kid, grabs the program and rips off the page the player signed.

**LINDELL**
(to kid)
Don't be asking for no autographs from the real players and then go in and watch the scabs!

The kid retreats quickly. Lindell rips up the page.

**LINDELL**
(to the player)
That is not the message we want to send our children!

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

It's very quiet. Shane sits in pads and no jersey, methodically squeezing a football.

Reese Evans, his center, stops by.
EVANS
You okay?

Shane nods and gives a nauseous-looking smile.

EVANS
Remember to nod your head on the snap.

SHANE
(out of it)
Nod my head?

EVANS
For when Murray's in. The deaf kid. Hello? He needs to look at you on the snap.

Shane nods that he understands but he goes back to staring at a wall.

Andre and Jamal sit facing each other. Andre throws a vicious forearm at Jamal's head but Jamal catches it. They both nod in approval.

Lou Pacifico smokes and stares.

Bateman is leaning against a wall, fully dressed, helmet on. He's staring into space and smiling to himself. He looks terrifying.

Earl Wilkinson (the criminal) is polishing a beautiful pair of new alligator shoes.

Clifford Franklin looks at himself in the mirror as he ceremoniously puts on his helmet.

Walter Cochran is reading his Bible in front of his locker, which features a picture of Jesus and a cross.

Mickey Lee (ex-sumo) is sitting in front of a bowl of hard boiled eggs. He's methodically popping them into his mouth. He eats four as we watch.

Coach Pilachowski comes up to Lee and watches him eat.
PILACHOWSKI
What are you, crazy?
Nobody eats right
before a game.

LEE
I always ate before a
big match. I need the
bulk.

Like a hole in the head he needs the bulk.

Coach McGinty comes strolling through the
locker room, the picture of calm.

He walks by defensive end/tight end Brian
Murray and signs to him to have a good game.
Murray signs back, "Thanks, Coach."

Cochran spots McGinty and puts down his
Bible.

COCHRAN
Coach McGinty, I'd like
to lead the team in the
pregame prayer.

McGINTY
No. No praying.
That's the problem with
professional sports
today: too much god
damn praying. Five
hundred dollar fine to
the first man I hear
praying.

McGinty turns and bums an egg from Mickey and
walks to the middle of the locker room.

He eats the egg as he turns slowly and takes
in his players.

McGINTY
A lot of people are
waiting for you to fall
on your asses today.
And guess what? You're
going to. But I don't
give a shit if you look
funny out there. Or if you miss a block, or drop a pass, or trip over your own dick. This is professional. And the difference between professional and amateur, between playing for the Washington Redskins and Michigan State is simply... money. You are being paid to win. Not just to play. Not just to learn how to be good sports. Not for the alumni. You are being paid to win. I don't care how the fuck you do it. But I'm demanding it. Because those guys whose place you're taking have forgotten that simple fact. So, go win it.

He walks away. The players get up and start moving.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIG O - DAY

We're FOCUSED ON an enormous, plastic blow-up Washington Redskin helmet that bobs on the ground in front of the exit to the field. The idea is, the players will run into and then out of the helmet as they are introduced.

Annabelle and her fellow twenty cheerleaders are lined up on either side of the bobbing helmet, waiting for the players.

ON MADDEN AND SUMMERALL

They are in their booth, vamping ON CAMERA.

MADDEN
... Pretty bold move by New England Patriot owner Victor Kiam, who went out and bought an entire semi-pro team once the strike happened.

(MORE)

MADDEN (CONT'D)
Redskin management, on the other hand, is going with a bunch of unknowns. Their public relations people don't even have bios yet on most of their players, although we'll see one or two familiar faces out there today.

SUMMERALL
Like Shane Falco, the enormously talented college quarterback from Ohio State, who never fulfilled his potential in the pro's.
(to Madden)
Wow, remember that
Sugar Bowl Falco quarterbacked when Florida State creamed them?

MADDEN
Oh, yeah, they were absolutely decimated!

SUMMERALL
Dusted. And if I'm not mistaken, Falco set a record in that game for Bowl interceptions. Anyway, for some of these players this is another shot; a last shot, probably, for a guy like Falco...

CUT TO:
INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Shane is looking out at the field through the blow-up helmet. He looks scared.

Suddenly, a CANNON goes off with a stomach-resounding BOOM! Shane jumps.

ANNOUNCER
(V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen,
your Washington Redskins!

IN STANDS

A sparse crowd is in attendance, mostly diehard fans like Todd, Rod and Bob, who are decked out in burgundy and gold. They look drunk already as they cheer like mad.

ANNOUNCER
(V.O.)
Here's the starting defense today...

INT. TUNNEL

Bateman is first in line. He looks like a racehorse on cocaine.

ANNOUNCER
(V.O.)
At middle linebacker, number 56, Daniel Bateman!

Bateman takes off at a dead run out of the tunnel and into the helmet.

ON HIS FOOT

It hits a wire stretched across the ground inside the helmet.
ON BATEMAN

He trips big-time into the side of the helmet. He bounces (it's inflated, remember?) to the other side, bounces again and is shot out of the front of it like a cannon ball.

ON CHEERLEADERS

Bateman bounces out of the helmet and takes out the first six cheerleaders.

Girls fly left and right. One girl is knocked out of her shoes.

ON MADDEN AND SUMMERALL

Madden covers his face. Summerall looks pained.

SUMMERALL

Oh, my...

IN STANDS

Even the hardcore Todd, Rob and Bob can hardly look at the carnage.

OUTSIDE STANDS

A contingent of strike players like Eddie Martel and Wilson Jones huddle in the parking lot. They are laughing their asses off as they watch on a personal TV.

ON FIELD

Cheerleaders are down and screaming in pain. Annabelle is running from girl to girl, doing triage.

ON BATEMAN

He's sheepishly standing to one side as
trainers come out to assist.

**INT. BLOWUP HELMET**

Jamal and Shane are examining the trip wire. Obviously, they were sabotaged.

**JAMAL**

Bastards.

**ANNOUNCER**

**(V.O.)**

And now... uh, the rest of the Washington Redskins.

The rest of the team walks unceremoniously out of the helmet and onto the field.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FIELD - DAY**

BOOM! The Patriot kicker puts one in the end zone for a touchback.

The ball is placed on the twenty as Shane and the offense walk out onto the field.

Shane walks slowly toward the huddle that's forming.

**IN HUDDLE**

Andre and Mickey Lee are arguing.

**ANDRE**

That's where I stand.

**LEE**

No it's not.

**ANDRE**

Come on, man, that's my spot in the huddle.

**ON SHANE**
As he walks, we hear McGinty's voice in Shane's helmet. Yes, they do it by one-way helmet radio so the filtered voice you hear is McGinty, speaking into his headset mike.

    McGINTY (V.O.)
    All right, son, nice
    and easy now. Let's
    run our ten planned
    plays, get a feel for
    the land...

Shane walks into the huddle and chaos.

    ANDRE
    ... Fat fucking nip!
    You don't know shit!

    LEE
    What did you call me?!

    ANDRE
    You heard me, you tub a
    rice shit!

    SHANE
    Hold on, what's the
    problem here?

Andre and Lee ignore Shane and start pushing each other.

    LEE
    I'm gonna kick your
    black ass...

    ANDRE
    You ain't kickin' jack
    shit...

Now Jamal gets involved as Shane tries to get between them.

    JAMAL
    (to Lee)
    Don't be messing with
    my brother...

    SHANE
    Hey, hold on...
ON REF

He's watching the play clock and when it gets to zero he pulls his penalty flag and throws it.

REF
    Delay of game! Five yards!

IN HUDDLE

Lee suddenly punches Andre through his face guard. Andre knocks into Shane and spins him around. Jamal then goes to punch Lee, he misses and nails Shane in the back of the helmet.

Shane goes down hard.

ON MADDEN AND SUMMERALL

They look confused.

SUMMERALL
    ... I don't know.
    Something seems to be going on in the huddle.
    It looks like... yes, Shane Falco is on his back. They haven't run a play yet but Falco is down.

MADDEN
    This is not a good sign.

ON FIELD

Trainers race out to Shane, who is lying face up with the huddle standing over him.

SHANE
    (clearing the cobwebs)
    What happened? Am I hurt already?
Shane sits up. Suddenly, he remembers what happened.

SHANE
God damn it! I am the quarterback! I am the only one supposed to talk in the huddle!

ANDRE
Yeah, but he took my place...

SHANE
I don't give a shit!

Shane gets to his feet.

SHANE
Huddle up!

Everybody leans in.

SHANE
If you've got something to say, raise your hand! Is that understood?!

Lee raises his hand. Shane grits his teeth and nods.

LEE
Suppose like, you don't feel good. Or you're hurt or something like that. Then what?

SHANE
Then you tell me before the huddle starts! Okay, listen up: 68 blue east storm toss. On two.

Jamal raises his hand.

SHANE
What?!

JAMAL
That's to the right... right?

**ANDRE**
No, it's to the left.

**SHANE**
It's to the right!

**JAMAL**
You better be quiet, Shane, they'll hear you.

We do hear a WHISTLE. A penalty flag flies by.

**REF**
Delay of game! Five yards!

Shane throws up his hands.

**ON McGINTY**
He's talking into his mike.

**McGINTY**
What the hell is going on?

**ON MADDEN AND SUMMERALL**

**MADDEN**
Well, Pat, so far the Redskins have minus ten yards offensively.

**ON O'NEIL**
He's in bed sucking oxygen watching the game. Augustine sits with him.

**O'NEIL**
Turn it off. This is going to kill me.
ON REDSKIN HUDDLE

It breaks this time and everyone runs to the line of scrimmage.

SHANE
Blue 68. Blue 68!
Hut! Hut!

On the snap, Shane turns to head off to Lamont but instead runs right into Jamal who knocks him down.

Shane looks up at Jamal.

SHANE
Have you suddenly decided you don't like me, Jamal?

JAMAL
Oh. You said it was to the right, didn't you?

IN HUDDLE

Shane leans in.

SHANE
Okay. Let's try something simple. 18 red left slot open.
(to Jamal)
That's to the left!

They break and Shane lines up over his center.

SHANE
Eighteen red! Eighteen red! Hut! Hut!

On the snap, Shane hands to Lamont who sweeps left, cuts inside and picks up eight yards.

Shane is ecstatic.

SHANE
Yeah!
And then a penalty flag flies by.

**REF**

Holding! Number 78.

Shane looks at Jamal who is trying desperately to hide his number.

Shane leans in with the next play. Cochran, playing right tackle, can't resist.

**COCHRAN**

You see. We should have prayed.

**SHANE**

Shut up! Pass. 22
Solo right slot 'A,' Y stick. On one.

They break and come to the line of scrimmage.

**SHANE**

Twenty-two green. Hut!

Shane does a play action fake to Lamont and then turns downfield.

Wham! He's buried by three defenders. The ball squirts loose and the Patriots recover.

**ON PILACHOWSKI**

He's livid on the sidelines. As his offensive line comes off he rants at them.

Shane hobbles off past:

The defense rushing onto the field led by Bateman.

**SUMMERALL**

(V.O.)

Washington comes up a minus fourteen yards on their first possession.

**ON PATRIOTS**

They break their huddle and come to the line
of scrimmage. Bateman is snorting fire.

Earl Wilkinson (with SMITH on the back of his jersey) patrols the secondary and calls out the formation.

**EARL**
Wide right! You got wide right! Check on the wing!

The PATRIOT QUARTERBACK sets up over center.

**PATRIOT QB**
Blue fourteen!

Bam! Bateman runs offside and flattens the quarterback. Penalty flags fly everywhere.

**ON SIDELINE**
Defensive Coordinator Banes rolls his eyes.

The Ref moves the ball five yards and gives the offside sign.

**ON PATRIOTS**
They come out of the huddle again.

**PATRIOT QB**
Green eighty-seven!

Pow! Bateman dives offside again and forearms the Quarterback, knocking him on his back. Flags fly again.

One Patriot lineman makes the mistake of pushing Bateman. Bateman literally jumps on his head. More flags fly.

**ON SIDELINE**
Banes is screaming something unintelligible at Bateman.

**ON BALL**
It's marched downfield by the Ref, this time fifteen yards.

OVER this we hear:

SUMMERALL
(V.O.)
I think the Redskins just set a record for penalties in the first three minutes. We're waiting for the stats on that...

Here come the Patriots again.

CUT TO:

FIRST HALF MONTAGE

A) SHANE

rolls to his right but the blitz is on and he reverses and rolls left. He's finally cornered and has to dump the ball off. The pass is incomplete and he's knocked on his ass.

B) SHANE

fakes to Lamont and rolls again. He fires a bullet to Franklin on a down and out. Clifford actually catches the ball, then bobbles it and in trying to get possession again, hands the ball to the defender.

The defender can't believe it for a beat and then he streaks down the sideline and scores.

C) McGINTY

just shakes his head.

D) TODD, ROB AND BOB

scream in pain. Rod pours his own beer over his own head.

E) O'NEIL
looks disgusted as he watches with Augustine.

F) **BATEMAN**

grabs the opposing running backs' face mask and spins him around and around. Flags fly everywhere.

G) **SHANE**

is on the run again looking for a receiver. He finally throws the ball... right into the hands of the opposing safety.

Shane dives for the guy and misses. The safety scores.

H) **ANNABELLE**

is trying desperately to get the crowd into the game by jumping up and down and waving her pom poms.

Five guys right in front of her get up from their seats, take all their stuff and leave.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. GAME - ANGLE ON SCOREBOARD - SECOND QUARTER**

shows the Patriots up 17 to 0.

**ON SHANE**

He's rolling in the back field again looking for a receiver.

**SHANE'S POV**

Nothing but meat coming at him.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Shane panics and tosses the ball out of
bounds. Shane looks at McGinty on the sidelines. We hear McGinty's voice.

    McGINTY (V.O.)
    You had Lamont open in the flat.

Shane puts his head down like he knows it.

    McGINTY (V.O.)
    Come on, now, son.
    Pick up your pace on the roll. See the big picture. Pump and fake, pump and fake.

IN HUDDLE

Everyone is dirty, sweating bullets and breathing very hard.

Shane leans into the huddle.

Lee is raising his hand.

    SHANE
    What?

    LEE
    I don't feel good.

And with that he promptly vomits sixteen eggs.

    ANDRE
    Oh, God!

    COCHRAN
    Ooooh...

    JAMAL
    Man, that's ripe!

Everyone is reacting. Some players gag.

    EVANS
    Shane, we got to move!

    SHANE
    Okay. On the count of three. Everyone more
left. Hut! Hut! Hut!

**ON HUDDLE**

Eleven bentover guys move in unison with tiny steps to their left.

**ON PATRIOTS' LINEBACKER**

The guy watches the huddle moving.

**PATRIOT LB**

What the fuck is this?

**ON MADDEN AND SUMMERALL**

Summerall has his binoculars on the moving huddle.

**SUMMERALL**

John, how many years have we been calling games together?

**MADDEN**

Seventeen, I think.

Pat just hands John the binoculars.

**IN HUDDLE**

Shane calls the play as they continue to move as one.

**SHANE**

U brown right, west 19
A lead. That's you, Mickey. Puke on him if you have to.

**ON HUDDLE**

The huddle stops and they break for the line of scrimmage.

**ON LEE**
He lines up face to face with the Patriots' defensive end.

Lee breathes in the guy's face and the Patriot gags.

**SHANE (O.S.)**

Hut!

Lee runs right over the guy. He's quickly followed by Lamont with the ball.

Lamont runs for eighteen yards and a first down.

**ON PATRIOT DEFENSIVE END**

He's waving for a substitute as he weaves off the field.

**MADDEN (V.O.)**

Very nice off tackle run by Lamont.
Execution was letter perfect.

**SUMMERALL (V.O.)**

That puts the Redskins in field goal range.
And here comes Pacifico to see if he can get them on the board before the half ends.

**ON PACIFICO**

He flicks his smoke away as he runs out onto the field.

**INT. BAR (QUEENS, NEW YORK)**

A guy sitting at the bar turns his head quickly to the televised game when he hears Pacifico's name.

This is the same mafioso type who saw Lou kick the ball that knocked the godfather's
hat off. Remember?

**EXT. BIG O - ON SHANE - DAY**

He crouches down and waits for the snap from Evans.

Pacifico lines himself up.

**MADDEN (V.O.)**

This will be a forty-five yarder. That's a tough distance for your first N.F.L. field goal try.

**SHANE**

Hut!

It's a perfect snap. Shane spots it, Pacifico belts it.

And it goes through for three.

**ON TODD, ROD AND BOB**

They begin immediately singing "Hail to the Redskins," a march always sung after a score. They and the sparse crowd in the stadium know and sing every word.

**ON PACIFICO**

He gets high fives all around. Then Bateman runs up and in his ecstasy, slaps Pacifico in the head.

Pacifico goes down, knocked out cold.

**ON CHEERLEADERS**

Led by Annabelle, the girls are doing a stirring finale to "Hail to the Redskins."

**CUT TO:**
INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY (HALF-TIME)

Everyone is lying on the floor.

Shane has ice bags on his head, shoulder, elbow and both knees.

Pacifico is getting smelling salts from a trainer as Bateman hovers nearby waiting to apologize.

Mickey Lee is chewing ice.

Cochran is reading his Bible.

McGinty walks in and bends down to Shane.

    McGINTY
    (quietly)
    You got to look for Murray over the middle.
    You got to trust me on this: he's a big, tough kid with good hands.

    SHANE
    We can't put three plays together without a penalty, a fumble of a fight.

    McGINTY
    You still got a whole half left. You're a thoroughbred out there running against a bunch a nags. You can pick these fuckers apart.

Shane smiles through his pain.

    SHANE
    You're good. You're really good.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The Patriots have the ball. Their
Quarterback drops back for a pass and throws it.

ON WILKINSON

Earl is covering the intended receiver. He deftly steps in front of the guy, and makes a diving catch.

ON MADDEN AND SUMMERALL

SUMMERALL

Another terrific interception by Smith. That's his second.

Madden starts shuffling through pages.

MADDEN

Yeah, this guy is a player.

He finds the paper he's looking for.

MADDEN

According to the Redskins, Ray Smith... is... that's weird. No college given, no high school given. It just says he's been a resident of the state of Maryland for the last four years and five months. Likes to embroider.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Shane is walking toward the huddle. In his ear, he hears:

McGINTY (V.O)

Half your job is getting that huddle in the right mindset. Use your imagination,
Shane.

Shane stops short of the huddle. Everyone is looking at him.

There is a beat and then Shane steps in.

**SHANE**
Okay, let's all take a few seconds to think about what we were doing for a living... just last week.

Shane looks around the huddle. Everybody looks pained and/or depressed.

**SHANE**
Good. Let's kick ass.
Red right pass 15 x hook.

They break the huddle and Shane sets up over Evans. He glances over at Brian Murray.

Murray is lined up in a three point stance at tight end. But his head is turned and he's looking directly at Shane.

**SHANE**
Red fifteen! Red fifteen! Hut!

Shane nods on the snap.

The front five, in the persons of Andre, Jamal, Reese, Mickey Lee and Cochran, hit out and simultaneously knock their men on their backs.

Shane, with plenty of time, hits Murray over the middle for twelve yards.

Shane looks over at the sidelines. McGinty is smiling.

**MONTAGE**

A) **SHANE**
is under pressure but he rolls smoothly and rockets the ball downfield.

Murray pulls it in for fifteen yards.

B) **SHANE**

rolls left off the shotgun, fights off a cornerback and throws back across field, complete to Lamont coming out of the backfield.

C) **PATRIOT**

is calling for a fair catch on a punt. He catches the ball but Bateman flies INTO FRAME and decks him. Flags fly.

D) **ANDRE AND JAMAL**

are blocking side by side, pushing their men back as Lamont squeezes through with the ball.

E) **EVANS**

is pass blocking like the all pro that he is. He knocks his man flat and then doubles up on Cochran's man.

F) **BATEMAN**

is pursuing a running back. He knocks down an official and runs right over him. Then he gets his hands on the running back and pushes him out of bounds and then knocks over a photographer.

G) **SHANE**

pumps once and then drills a twenty yard spiral.

Clifford Franklin beats his man and dives for the ball. He bobbles it, and then squeezes it to his stomach as he hits the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH - DAY
Madden uses his pen on the screen to try to explain a play. There are already lines everywhere.

MADDEN (V.O.)
... began with a Redskins end around, but Cochran, the pulling tackle ran into Falco’s pitchout ... see?

(MORE)

MADDEN (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Right here, it bounced off his helmet. Then it was kicked by Landon and then Hayes touched it, I think, and then Green got a hand on it, and then Bellinski recovered it and then he lost it, and finally the ball took a crazy bounce right back into Falco’s hands, look at his face here. He's as surprised as anybody! Falco then ran it back to just about the original line of scrimmage, executed the same play -- an end around to Murray -- and the Skins score. Welcome to Strike Football!

ON PACIFICO

Boom! He boots the extra point.

Scoreboard: Patriots 17, Redskins 10.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD – LATE AFTERNOON

We're on the clock which shows one minute ten
seconds left in the fourth quarter.

ON HUDDLE

It breaks and comes to the line of scrimmage. Shane drops into the shotgun.

SHANE

Hut, hut!

Shane rolls left but there's a blitz! The cornerback is almost on him when Shane shifts and rolls the other way.

ON FRANKLIN

He's wide open five yards from the goal line.

ON SHANE

They're breathing down his back.

SHANE'S POV

He sees Franklin and cocks his arm. Suddenly, opposing jerseys are everywhere.

Shane dumps the ball. He's immediately decked by a defensive end.

ON BALL

We watch the flight of it in SLOW MOTION. We FOLLOW it right INTO the hands of... a New England Patriot defensive back.

ON SHANE

He's down and not moving.

ON TODD, ROD AND BOB

They scream in despair.
ON ANNABELLE

She falls to her knees in pain.

SUMMERALL

(V.O.)
Falco is intercepted. That's too bad.

MADDEN (V.O.)
Yeah, and it looks like he's hurt, too. He was really starting to put it together here in the fourth quarter. Only forty-eight seconds now left on the clock.

ON SHANE

He's helped off the field and onto the bench.

ON McGINTY

He grabs Bateman before he can run out onto the field.

McGINTY

Danny.
(very slowly)
Get me the ball.

BATEMAN

The ball. Okay, Coach.

He runs out onto the field.

ON PATRIOTS

They line up.

PATRIOT QB

Hut, hut, hut!

The quarterback hands off to the running back right up the middle in a typical "run out the clock" play.
BAM! Bateman comes out of nowhere, decks the runner and literally rips the ball out of his hands as he goes down.

ON CROWD

They go wild!

ON ANNABELLE

She does a cartwheel.

ON McGINTY

He's leaning over a groggy Shane on the bench.

    McGINTY
    Don't shake your head at me. You are going back in there. You are gonna run the same god damn play, you are gonna throw the ball to Franklin again and this time, he's gonna score.

    SHANE
    I can't...

McGinty grabs some smelling salts from a hovering trainer.

He shoves them under Shane's nose. Shane is suddenly very awake.

    McGINTY
    You are the only one in this entire stadium who can do it. Do you understand me? You can do something no one else can do. So, start right here. Start living your destiny. Or give it up for good. Right here. Right now.

Shane stares at him.
Then he stands up, wobbles and puts on his helmet.

**ON HUDDLE**

They're all turned and watching as Shane makes his way slowly out onto the field.

Annabelle watches him closely.

**SUMMERALL**

(V.O.)
Here comes Falco with eighteen seconds left on the clock.

**MADDEN (V.O.)**
I'm surprised to see him again after that shot he took from Bellinski.

**ON HUDDLE**

It breaks and Shane stands over Evans and looks out at the defense.

Nasty-looking linebackers and cornerbacks stare at him.

**SHANE**

22 green!

His voice cracks and several defensive players openly laugh at him.

Shane gets an idea.

**SHANE**

Check! Black 43!
Black 43!

**ON ANDRE**

He's down in a three-point stance facing a defender. He whispers to Reese:

**ANDRE**
What's that mean?

**RESE**
(whispering back)
He's changing the play.
Listen!

**SHANE**
Black 43!

**MADDEN (V.O.)**
It's a long count.
Falco could be calling an audible.

**ON LAMONT**

He shifts position in the backfield.

**LAMONT**
(to Shane)
Is this right?

**SHANE**
(shaking his head)
Black 43 left!

Lamont shifts again. Clifford goes in motion from his flanker position but then changes his mind and goes back the other way.

Lamont and Clifford then bump into each other.

**ON PATRIOT DEFENSE**

They are totally confused now as they try to adjust to the equally confused Redskins.

**ON McGINTY**

He looks extremely pissed.

**ON SHANE**

**SHANE**

Hut! Hut!
He turns to hand the ball off to Lamont but Lamont is not there.

Shane turns the other way and sees Lamont just standing there looking at him. Shane runs over to him and hands him the ball.

Meanwhile, the Patriot defense is going the other direction.

Lamont takes off.

One cornerback is not taken in. The guy dives for Lamont's legs. We hear a CLANK as the cornerback's HELMET hits Lamont's industrial KNEE BRACE. The guy bounces off and Lamont trots into the end zone.

**SUMMERALL**

(V.O.)

Lamont scores!

**MADDEN (V.O.)**

Whoa! Falco calls an audible at the line of scrimmage and Lamont takes it in!

Shane, meanwhile, is looking at McGinty on the sidelines.

**McGINTY (V.O.)**

(in Shane's helmet)

I guess you saw something I didn't.

Shane nods vigorously.

**McGINTY (V.O.)**

Don't try to bullshit me, pal. You didn't want it. Winners always want the ball with the game on the line. You know that.

Shane looks down.

**McGINTY (V.O.)**

Alright. The play
is... waggle right, 
drag hook. You understand?

Shane nods.

**ON O'NEIL**

He looks ten years younger as he and Augustine watch.

**SUMMERALL**

*(V.O.)*

With eight seconds remaining, Pacifico will try the extra point that will send this game into overtime.

**MADDEN (V.O.)*

This turned out to be one hell of a contest, Pat!

**ON PACIFICO**

He sets up for the kick.

**ON SHANE**

He waits for the snap.

**ON BRIAN MURRAY**

He sets up at his flanker position.

**SHANE**

*Hut!*

Shane catches the snap and pitches the ball out to Murray from his holding position.

**MADDEN (V.O.)*

It's a fake!

The Patriot right defensive end breaks through and reaches for Murray. The only
person in his way is Shane, still kneeling in the holding position. Shane screams as the huge lineman trips over him and then falls on him.

Murray sweeps around the right side and scores untouched.

Redskins win.

Everybody goes nuts.

**ON O'NEIL**

He pounds on Augustine.

**ON TODD, ROD AND BOB**

They pound on each other. Hail to the Redskins is deafening.

**ON McGINTY**

He just smiles.

**ON SHANE**

He's still under the defensive end. Reese Evans pulls the guy off and bends down to Shane.

**REESE**

We won, Shane. We won!

Shane manages a painful smile.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. WASHINGTON HILTON - BAR - NIGHT**

It's packed with players, friends and assorted groupies.

Pacifico is smoking and talking non-stop to a group who hang on his every word.

Andre is already passed out at a booth. Jamal supports one side of Andre so he
doesn't fall over.

Murray is signing to several fans who sign back.

Clifford Franklin signs autographs.

Earl Wilkinson, dressed to the nines, is dancing close and slow with a gorgeous woman.

Shane is at the bar and he's not in good shape. He's got cuts and bruises visible and every time he moves he grimaces. The martinis are starting to help, however.

He's talking to a stunning WOMAN IN RED.

**SHANE**

... ultimately, it's a pain thing, you know? I mean, it's Darwinian, the survival of the numbest. Whoever can take the pain most, gets the largest contract. It's sick.

He finishes his martini and throws the olive over his shoulder.

**WOMAN IN RED**

Exactly. Let me buy you another.

She signals to the bartender.

**WOMAN IN RED**

I don't know how you do it. I hate pain. Pain is a no no as far as I'm concerned.

Shane gets his new drink, takes a sip and visibly slumps at the bar.

**SHANE**

(slurring)

I'm glad that you are concerned.

**WOMAN IN RED**
Hey, are you alright?
I'll take you up to your room, if you like.

Shane looks at her closely.

**SHANE**
I would like.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Shane weaves down the hallway with the Woman In Red.

They stop at a door.

**SHANE**
Here's home.

Shane fumbles for a key.

Another stunning-looking woman suddenly appears from down the hall. This is the **WOMAN IN BLUE**.

**WOMAN IN RED**
A friend of mine is going to join us, okay?

**WOMAN IN BLUE**
Hi. Ready to party?

She checks the hallway, takes the key from Shane and sticks it in the lock.

**SHANE**
(looking at both women)
Ooooh. Bookends.

**WOMAN IN BLUE**
And you're the book, baby.

Suddenly, Annabelle Farrell appears in the hallway.
ANNABELLE
(to the girls)
Go away. Both of you.

WOMAN IN RED
Fuck off!

Crack! Annabelle punches her in the nose with a straight right hand. The girl bounces off the wall.

SHANE
(to Annabelle)
These are my guests.

WOMAN IN RED
(now bleeding)
You crazy bitch!

Both girls take off.

SHANE
Why did you do that?

Annabelle opens the door.

ANNABELLE
You were about to be rolled.

SHANE
(as he enters)
That's what I was hoping.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Annabelle is pulling the bed down as Shane falls into a chair.

ANNABELLE
They work the bar downstairs looking for drunk Redskins.

Shane looks embarrassed.

SHANE
I guess they found one.
Don't feel so bad.  
It's a rookie mistake.

She turns and sees that he's already passed out.

She looks at him not unkindly. Then she unbuckles his belt and starts pulling his pants off.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. ROOM - CLOSE ON SHANE'S BEAT UP FACE - DAWN**

as he opens his eyes.

He rolls over and screams in pain.

**ON ANNABELLE**

She's wearing nothing but a Redskins' T-shirt. She quickly bends over him.

**ANNABELLE**

Here. Take this.

**SHANE**

(groaning)

What is it?

**ANNABELLE**

It's for the pain. 
Take it. It's only a little bit illegal.

Shane takes it and swigs a glass of water.

**SHANE**

Oh, God. I've got to go to the bathroom.  
It's far away, isn't it?

**ANNABELLE**

I'll help. We'll just take our time.

She helps him get out of bed. When he stands, he screams again.
ANNABELLE
Kidneys.

SHANE
Oh, man. My hair hurts.

ANNABELLE
You took a hell of a beating. The martinis didn't help, either.

She walks him to the bathroom like an old man. He shuffles in and closes the door.

ANNABELLE
Don't be afraid if you've got blood in your urine. That's normal.

SHANE (O.S.)
Did you undress me?

ANNABELLE
Yes.

SHANE (O.S.)
And you... slept here with me?

ANNABELLE
Yes.

SHANE (O.S.)
Did we... ?

ANNABELLE
Are you kidding? You were catatonic.

He appears again at the door.

SHANE
No blood.

ANNABELLE
Good. Back to bed.

He leans on her as she walks him back.
He gets into bed with a moan.

SHANE
May I ask you a personal question?

She nods.

SHANE
Do you do this for all Redskin quarterbacks?

ANNABELLE
Of course not.

SHANE
Then why me?

Annabelle takes her time answering.

ANNABELLE
I don't know. I guess I can't resist a man who can take a hit.

SHANE
I can't take a hit!

Annabelle cradles his head.

ANNABELLE
Shhh. It's all in your head. Now, get some sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Annabelle walks up to Shane's door with a stack of newspapers. She enters.

INT. ROOM - DAY

The bathroom door is closed. Annabelle talks to him anyway.

ANNABELLE
You're the golden boy in the press this
morning.

She reads a headline.

ANNABELLE
'Falco scores big.'
(to herself)
Well... not really.
(still reading)
Hey, a lot of the regular players are starting to cross the picket line.

SHANE (O.S.)
Redskins?

ANNABELLE
It doesn't say.

Shane comes out of the bathroom dressed and ready to go. He's still moving slowly and in great pain.

ANNABELLE
Where are you going?

SHANE
McGinty called a dinner meeting with the whole team.

Shane tries to put on his coat, but he's so sore he can't. Annabelle helps him.

SHANE
Thank you. Thanks for... everything. You saved my life.

ANNABELLE
No. Probably just your wallet and your watch.

SHANE
And that pill, that sure worked.

ANNABELLE
You're basic double D Vicodin. But be careful: It's habit-
forming. The best stuff always is.

There's another awkward silence.

    SHANE

    Well...

    ANNABELLE

    Ice both knees and that shoulder before bed.

    CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFFORD FRANKLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clifford, still carrying his football, comes out of his apartment in a third floor walk-up. He's wearing his Redskins jacket.

As he turns around from locking his door, he stops dead in his tracks.

All of Clifford's neighbors, all the way down both halls, are standing in front of their doors.

They all start applauding.

Clifford smiles from ear to ear.

MONTAGE

A)    ANDRE AND JAMAL

    are trying to hail a cab on Wisconsin Avenue. Suddenly, one cab, then two, then four SLAM on their BRAKES.

    Cabbies hop out to open their doors for the brothers.

B)    ROLAND LAMONT

    walks down G Street with Brian Murray. Brian spots something in a store window and stops Roland.

    Roland gasps as he sees himself duplicated on ten TV screens in an
appliance store. He's on tape being interviewed at a Redskins' practice.

C) **EARL WILKINSON**

dressed in casual chic, is moving quickly through Lord and Taylor's Department Store with two sales clerks in tow. He stops, grabs four cashmere sweaters, smells them, hands them to one clerk and moves on.

D) **LOU PACIFICO**

is standing in front of the White House. He has a line of ten people who are paying five bucks for an autographed picture of himself that he hands out from a huge stack.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PALM RESTAURANT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT**

We see Shane walk in the door.

**INT. PALM - NIGHT**

The Scabskins are all being served dinner in a private room.

Mickey Lee is served a steak the size of a briefcase. Andre and Jamal get lobsters big enough to be pets.

Ed O'Neil is being fed pureed asparagus by Augustine. When Augustine drops the napkin and bends over, O'Neil whispers urgently to Cochran who is enjoying a steak:

**O'NEIL**

I'll give you 50 thousand dollars for a bite of that steak!

McGinty taps his glass at the head of the table and stands.

**McGINTY**
Alright, listen up:
There have been a lot of rumors about the regular players crossing the picket lines. They are not rumors. Many union players have now seen the error of their ways and are coming back in droves. Apparently, they have been struck with the realization that it is a blessing to be playing professional football.

There is dead silence in the room. Everybody thinks it's over.

McGINTY
But they had their chance. Now it's your turn. Mister O'Neil and I have agreed to ban all striking players and to continue to go with you guys.

There's a beat and then everyone breaks into cheers.

Suddenly, the door flies open and a REPORTER and a cameraman step in and start filming. The Reporter shoves a microphone at McGinty.

REPORTER
Coach, what will be your strategy against New York this Sunday?

Out in the restaurant, patrons see the players and a few break into "Hail to the Redskins."

Suddenly, the whole restaurant starts singing.

Shane looks embarrassed.

Pacifico stands up on his seat, and conducts
the singing.

Andre and Jamal hold their lobsters in the air and make them dance to the song.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE MARTEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We're ON a TELEVISION showing Pacifico conducting and the entire restaurant singing.

Eddie Martel (Redskin quarterback) is watching the scene at home on the late local news.

NEWSPERSON
(V.O.)
... The Palm patrons showed an impromptu appreciation tonight for the new Washington Redskins. They may be unknowns and far from superstars, but it sure looks like they have charmed the fans.

Martel looks very angry.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Shane answers his door. Annabelle is standing there.

SHANE
Hi. Come in.

ANNABELLE
No.

She gives him a bottle of pills.

ANNABELLE
We don't travel with the team. So, here's Tylenol with codeine, regular Vicodins, the
magic bullet one that I
gave you before, and a
couple of Darvons if
you actually break
something. Pop 'em in
the ambulance.

SHANE
Wow. Thanks.

ANNABELLE
I'll be watching on TV.
The Giants got back
three of their four
defensive linemen.
Plus their middle
linebacker.

SHANE
Yeah. I know.

ANNABELLE
What can I say? Go
from the shotgun and
scramble your ass off.

Shane smiles at her.
She suddenly grabs him and they kiss big-
time.
Then she breaks and walks quickly away.
Shane doesn't know what to make of this.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEADOWLANDS (NEW JERSEY) - DAY

We're DOWN ON the field in the middle of a
play.

Shane is running away from three New York
Giant defensive linemen.

Shane is not even looking for a receiver.
He's looking to save his life.

Finally, he's caught by a six-foot-five, two
hundred and seventy pound defensive end named
HANK MORRIS, who throws him down and lands on top of him. Oooof!

MORRIS
(in Shane's ear)
Hello, again!

INT. CONTROL BOOTH - ON SUMMERALL AND MADDEN - DAY

They're back in their booth calling the game.

MADDEN
That's all-pro Hank Morris's third sack, his second here in the fourth quarter and the sixth of the day for the Giants. Falco is gonna be sore tonight.

SUMMERALL
If he can stay alive that long. Ten-three New York in what has turned out to be an incredible defensive duel.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

Jerome Lindell is once again outside the stadium, picketing with a smaller group of players.

He does his interview on camera, standing in front of a huge semi-truck.

And a big, overweight truck driver stands next to him.

LINDELL
... because it's about brothers, and brotherhood and standing together against the oppressors. That's why I am so grateful to our Teamster brothers who
have joined us here
today in New York to
protest the greed squad
known as the N.F.L.
owners.

The truck driver suddenly pumps his arm and a
CACOPHONY OF TRUCK AIR HORNS GO OFF.

It's deafening but Lindell smiles through it all.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Shane is rolling out with Morris on his heels again. He can't find anyone open and runs out of bounds.

IN HUDDLE

Everybody is breathing hard, beat-up and exhausted. Shane leans in.

    SHANE
    (to Reese Evans)
    You got to double up on Morris.

    EVANS
    He's too far outside
    for me to get to him.
    (to Cochran)
    Bring him down and sit
    on him.

    COCHRAN
    He's huge! He's been
    beating the crap out of
    me all day! I feel
    like a rag doll out
    here.

    LEE
    I'll help this time.

    SHANE
    Okay. Spread left 'A'
    Right, roll right Half
    Back Sail. On two.
They break. Shane sets up in the shotgun.

**SHANE**

Red, fifteen. Hut, hut!

On the snap, Lee and Cochran double-team Morris.

Morris slaps Cochran away like, well, a rag doll, and then confronts the Sumo master.

He bumps stomachs with Lee. Lee flies through the air and lands on his ass.

**ON SHANE**

He spots his receiver, he cocks his arm and wham! Morris decks him. And, of course, lands on him. Oooof!

**MORRIS**

(to Shane)

It's just me, fuck-face!

In order to get up, Morris puts one huge hand on Shane's helmet and pushes himself up. Shane moans as his face guard digs a four-inch hole in the turf.

**ON McGINTY**

He's talking into his mike.

**McGINTY**

You want a time-out? That looks like it hurt.

Shane gets up. He's got a huge piece of turf stuck in his face guard so that for a beat, we can't even see him.

Then he pulls out the dirt and grass, and we see Shane really pissed off for the first time.

**SHANE**
Huddle up!

Everyone gathers around.

**SHANE**

Same thing... Except...
(to Lee and Cochran)
Let him in. Don't touch him.

**LEE**

What?

**EVANS**

Shane...

**SHANE**

Shut up! Let him through. On two.

They break the huddle. Shane goes into a shotgun.

**SHANE**

Red fifteen. Hut!

Hut!

Shane does a three-step drop from the shotgun.

Cochran and Lee hit out on either side of Morris, giving him a clear shot at Shane.

Morris comes hard and fast.

Shane looks downfield, winds up, turns and fires the ball at Morris's head.

The ball goes like a bullet for five feet and then sticks like a dart in Morris's face guard.

For a moment, Morris is blinded.

And Shane is dumbfounded.

Then Morris starts to wrestle the ball out of his mask.

**SHANE**
Get him!

Andre and Jamal grab onto Morris who starts stumbling down field with the ball still stuck in his helmet.

MADDEN (V.O.)
Morris intercepts!
Wait! The ball is stuck in his face!

But Morris won't go down. He's still trying to pry the ball loose as he throws off Jamal.

Then he shakes off Andre.

ON BRIAN MURRAY

He's in SLOW MOTION in midair, diving towards Morris.

MURRAY'S POV

It's absolutely QUIET (he's deaf, remember?) as he soars towards Morris's head, helmet and ball.

Wham! Murray's full body weight hits Morris in the helmet, which flies off and rolls across the field with the ball still stuck in it.

OUT OF THE SILENCE, we suddenly hear the hit and the crowd roar.

Morris goes down like a building with Murray buried in his throat.

ON ROOM (D.C.)

Todd, Rod and Bob are destroying Todd's den in reaction to the hit.

ON ANOTHER LIVING ROOM

Annabelle is screaming "Whoa!" to that hit.
ON O'NEIL AND AUGUSTINE

They're watching ON TV.

O'NEIL
Now that's a hit!

ON BALL AND HELMET

It's in the very chubby hands of Mickey Lee, who is rumbling downfield with the fumble/helmet recovery.

New York players have been slow to pick this up because they, too, have been admiring the lick that Murray put on Morris.

Suddenly, the whole team is chasing Lee.

They catch him pretty easily at the twenty, but Lee represents a lot of weight.

Lee staggers across the ten, shaking players off left and right.

One defensive halfback sacrifices himself and throws himself at Lee's feet.

Lee trips over the guy, gains his footing again, walks on the guy (who screams in agony) and falls into the end zone carrying three players with him.

ON MADDEN AND SUMMERALL

John is beside himself.

MADDEN
Lee scores! Lee scores! Lee scores! I love to see a fat guy score!

ON LEE

He gets up in jubilation, spikes the ball/helmet combination, and runs through the back of the end zone.
But he doesn't stop. He's aiming for a low wall that separates the first row of fans from the field.

ON FOUR FANS

They see Mickey rumbling at them and they all get the picture at the same time. They scream!

ON MICKEY

He launches himself into the stands in ecstasy.

ON FOUR FANS

Crunch! Lee lands on all four of them.

ON FOOTBALL

It's hiked into Shane's hands and Pacifico boots the extra point.

ON SCOREBOARD

"Giants 10 -- Redskins 10
TIME REMAINING: 58 seconds."

ON SIDELINE

Murray and Lee are getting congratulations from everyone.

PACIFICO
(to Murray)
What a hit!
(slower)
What a hit!

Murray nods that he understands.

EVANS
(to Murray)
I'm proud of you, kid.
Jamal and Andre are hugging Lee. In the b.g., we can see paramedics lifting one of Lee's four fans onto a stretcher.

**ANDRE**
You're the one, you're the one, you're the one...

**LEE**
You think that's worth a shoe deal?

McGinty walks into the middle of it.

**McGINTY**
Stop with the lovefest! Let's get the goddamn ball back and win this thing!

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FIELD - DAY**

We're CLOSE ON Bateman as he lines up for the kick-off. Everybody in the stadium knows that an on-side kick is coming.

Bateman is standing in the hot spot for recovering the ball.

Shane and everyone with decent hands is on the field.

Pacifico lines it up and boots it ten yards.

The ball takes a crazy hop, hits a Giant, and ricochets off him.

Bateman runs over two guys and grabs the ball on the bounce. He's got it.

But Bateman doesn't go down. He turns and starts running across the field.

Shane runs after him.

**SHANE**
No! Danny, go down! You're using up the
But Bateman likes this new job: kick-off returner! Especially after he runs over a Giant and stiff-arms another.

Bateman is finally trapped on the far sideline after gaining perhaps eight yards.

So, he turns and starts running back the other way.

Shane has been chasing him and now sees Bateman running back at him.

Shane has no choice but to throw himself in front of Bateman's legs.

Bateman goes down.

Shane jumps up:

    SHANE
    (to ref)
    Time out!

Bateman looks up at Shane.

    BATEMAN
    Beautiful tackle, Shane!

    SUMMERALL
    (V.O.)
    Now that's something you don't see everyday!

ON CLOCK

Bateman has burned up most of the clock. Eighteen seconds remain.

ON SIDELINE

McGinty, Shane and Pacifico confer.

    SHANE
    We got time for one play, but if we don't get it out of bounds, the game is over.
McGINTY
Yeah, but you're looking at a sixty-five yard kick from here.

PACIFICO
(smoking a butt)
No problem.

SHANE
Seriously?

PACIFICO
(to Shane)
You hold it. I'll kick it.

McGinty looks at Shane and they both shrug.

McGINTY
What the fuck.

ON SUMMERALL AND MADDEN

Madden can't believe it.

MADDEN
I can't believe it! McGinty is gonna let Pacifico try the field goal from sixty-five yards out!

SUMMERALL
Hey, John, this kid has got a heck of a foot.

STRAM
But sixty-five yards? Come on!

ON SHANE

He's set up to receive the snap.

Pacifico lines himself up the way soccer-style kickers do.

Then he takes a drag on his smoke, and flicks
it away.

**MADDEN (V.O.)**
Pat... did he just? I think that guy is smoking on the field!

**SUMMERALL (V.O.)**
No, I think you imagined that one, John.

Shane looks at Pacifico and his clean uniform.

Then Shane looks at his own uniform which is covered with blood, dirt, and grass stains.

Pacifico looks clean.

**SHANE**
You look great, Lou, you know that?

Pacifico is really touched.

**LOU**
Really? Thanks, Shane. That means a lot to me.

Shane turns to Evans who smiles at him between his own legs.

**SHANE**
Hut!

The snap is perfect. Pacifico boots the shit out of it.

**ON BALL**
End over end, yard after yard, it flies straight and true.

**MADDEN (V.O.)**
It's straight enough! If it's got the distance, it's...

The ball hits the crossbar and goes over.
MADDEN (V.O.)
Good! Redskins win!

Everybody goes crazy. Players are pounding on Pacifico. But Pacifico is desperately looking around for someone.

He spots him: It's Bateman running flat-out across the field to congratulate him.

Pacifico runs for his life.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Shane knocks. After a beat, the door opens and Annabelle is standing there rubbing her eyes. She's wearing a cut-off Redskins jersey.

ANNABELLE
Are you hurt?

SHANE
No. Not really.

ANNABELLE
You're getting used to being slapped around. That's a good sign.

SHANE
I...

Nothing comes out.

ANNABELLE
Would you like to come in and make love?

SHANE
Yes. No. I'm here because ... I don't want to be alone.

ANNABELLE
Most of the world feels that way. You don't have to be embarrassed about it.
SHANE
But to tell you the truth... I'm kind of scared of you.

Annabelle takes that in and thinks about it.

ANNABELLE
I won't hurt you.

She takes his hand and leads him inside.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNABELLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Annabelle is giving Shane a slow, sensuous, full-body massage. It's lucky for us he's on his stomach.

Shane does a lot of moaning as Annabelle's fingers work their magic.

She gets to a place on his shoulder that's especially tender. He moans even louder.

ANNABELLE
That shoulder is going to need special handling.

Annabelle pulls her jersey off and gently presses her breasts into Shane's back.

Shane puts a pillow over his head to drown out the ecstasy.

After a beat, he pulls the pillow away.

SHANE
You know what hurts worse than my shoulder?

ANNABELLE
I can't imagine.

SHANE
Their defensive end punched me in the
mouth.

Annabelle starts laughing.

**SHANE**

Seriously. It's killing me.

Annabelle is laughing hard now as Shane rolls over.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. ANNABELLE'S BEDROOM – NIGHT**

Shane and Annabelle are in a close, after-sex kind of cuddle thing.

Shane is unburdening himself.

**SHANE**

... after that game, after being beaten that badly in front of the whole country, after humiliating myself, my team, my school, my family, I mean -- did you know that I set two Sugar Bowl records?! I was sacked eleven times! I threw six interceptions!

**ANNABELLE**

Okay. Calm down.

**SHANE**

Anyway, after that, I could never seem to adjust in the pros. I was too scared. I lost my balls.

We see Annabelle's hand move slightly under the covers.

**ANNABELLE**

Well, they're back.
SHANE
You know what I mean.
My nerve. I lost the
edge you need to play
this game.

ANNABELLE
I don't believe that.
I don't think it just
goes away. It was only
one bad day, Shane.
Everybody has those.

SHANE
No. Somehow, I
convinced myself that I
couldn't ever win the
big game. I got so
down, that I was afraid
to be playing when a
game was on the line.
I was afraid to screw
up. That's the sure
sign of a loser. From
there, it wasn't very
far to thinking that
I'll never win, that I
didn't deserve to win
at anything. Including
love.

ANNABELLE
You're wrong. You're
winning now. You're
winning me.

They kiss real good.

CUT TO:

EXT. O'NEIL MANSION - MORNING

It's a huge town house in Foggy Bottom. Its
entrance is now lined with REPORTERS.

One is speaking ON CAMERA to his anchor.

REPORTER

Bob, I'm standing in
front of Redskins
owner, Edward Frances O'Neil's home and all we know right now is that the Washington player previously known as Ray Smith is in fact Earl Samuel Wilkinson...

INSERT

We see two photographs of Earl: One with his current beard and the other, his clean-shaven mug shot of five years ago.

REPORTER (O.S.)

... the All Pro Miami Safety who was serving five to seven years in the Maryland state penitentiary for three counts of aggravated assault. As you may recall, one of those counts was against a Baltimore City police officer and resulted in that officer being hospitalized for quite some time.

INT. STUDIO - ANCHOR

He's doing his sports segment from the studio.

ANCHOR

Any idea how Wilkinson's identity was discovered and who leaked it to the media?

REPORTER

No, Bob, but rumor has it that the National Football League Player's Association had something to do with it.
ANCHOR
Thanks, Hank.

(TO CAMERA)
In other N.F.L. news, almost sixty percent of the regular players have now crossed the picket lines and more are crossing every day. The strike, now in its second week, is expected to go out with a fizzle. Most experts think that the Monday night Dallas/Washington game will be the last with replacement players. But even that game will feature at least 75 percent of the regular Cowboys. Coach James McGinty will try to make it a perfect three and 0 with a team made up totally of replacement players. Well... and one felon.

(pause)
That we know of.

CUT TO:

INT. O'NEIL'S BEDROOM - DAY

McGinty stares out the window at the reporters as Augustine feeds O'Neil soup.

McGINTY
Stop worrying. The N.F.L. doesn't care if he played under an assumed name. Everything was legal. He was let out on a work release program. He'll be kept under house arrest but he'll still be able to play.

O'NEIL
Where are we gonna keep
him?

McGINTY
In the stadium. We'll fix up something comfortable for him and he'll get his exercise by kicking the shit out of N.F.L. receivers.

O'NEIL
How did you pull that off?

McGINTY
How else? With your money.

O'NEIL
(to Augustine)
Take this cow piss out of here.

AUGUSTINE
You used to love asparagus soup. They say that when the taste buds go, you're at the beginning of the end.

Augustine leaves with the tray.

McGINTY
I want to keep Falco after the strike ends. As Martel's back-up.

O'NEIL
Let's keep 'em all. The hell with the regulars.

McGINTY
You've got to take the union players back once the strike ends. It's part of the collective bargaining agreement.

O'NEIL
The hell I do! I'm
dying! Let 'em sue me.

McGINTY
They'll do worse than that. They'll close down the stadium.

O'NEIL
God damn 'em! Then you got to beat Dallas. The whole country will be watching. All those millionaires down there deserve to have their noses rubbed in it.

McGINTY
Ed, let's be honest: beating Dallas is gonna be a hell of a trick.

O'NEIL
You can pull it off. You proved that winning doesn't have to look pretty. These boys are hungry for it, Jimmy.

(MORE)

O'NEIL (CONT'D)
There's nothin' more dangerous in all of sports than a hungry team. I remember back in '47, we were playing Nebraska in the mud...

McGINTY
(interrupting) Ed, I'm begging you -- no Notre Dame stories.

O'NEIL
Okay, Jimmy, okay. But you beat Dallas for me, and then I'll go gently into that night.

CUT TO:
INT. CAR SHOWROOM - DAY

We're ON Mickey Lee, who is wearing his Redskin game jersey with no pads. He's stuffed into a Cadillac Brougham, a big-ass version of the Caddy.

He's talking directly TO US.

LEE
You'll score, too, with a Cadillac from Coleman Cadillac. It's a big car for a big man.

Mickey is very wooden as a spokesperson. He tries again.

LEE
(same thing)
You'll score, too, with a Cadillac from Coleman's Cadillac. It's a big car for a big man.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
That's good, Mickey, that's real good. Let's try it again.

Mickey looks game.

MONTAGE

A) EXT. STADIUM

Andre, Jamal, Brian Murray, Roland Lamont, Daniel Bateman, Lou Pacifico and Shane are standing outside the stadium after practice. They are all mobbed by autograph seekers.

All of them are signing as fast as they can.

B) EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT

The guys are on the grounds of the Washington Monument. They are lined up against a bunch of little kids. Shane takes the snap. (The ball is a miniature
rubber football.)

All the linemen fall down. The kids blitz and sack Shane for a big loss.

Annabelle watches and laughs and claps.

C)  MICKEY LEE

still crammed into the Cadillac. He looks exhausted and pissed.

LEE
(in a monotone)
You'll score, too, with a Cadillac from Coleman Cadillac. It's a big car, for a big man.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Okay. Good. That was good. Let's try it again...

LEE
(exploding)
What?! I'm not doing it again! Who are you, Orson Welles?! This is nuts!

Lee tries unsuccessfully to get out of the car.

D)  ALL REPLACEMENT PLAYERS

are lined up in Redskin jerseys, minus pads. It's team picture day and everyone looks happy to be there.

CUT TO:

INT. HILTON - NIGHT

Shane walks down the hall to his room. He enters.

INT. SHANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

He walks in and closes the door.
When he turns around, Eddie Martel, ex-Washington Redskin quarterback, is sitting on Shane's bed.

Two defensive linemen-types stand by the window.

**SHANE**
What's this?

**MARTEL**
This is a visit.

**SHANE**
A visit. Who let you in?

**MARTEL**
I used to nail one of the housekeepers.

**SHANE**
Lucky girl.

**MARTEL**
(pointing to the linemen)
You know who these guys are, don't you?

**SHANE**
Dallas Cowboys. Howdy.

**MARTEL**
You'll be seeing a lot of these guys tomorrow.

**SHANE**
What do you want?

**MARTEL**
Who, me? Not much. But these boys wanted a little head start on you.

There's a beat and then Shane suddenly bolts for the door. But the two linemen grab and hold him.

**SHANE**
I'm flattered that you actually think we have a chance to win.

**MARTEL**

It can be a game of luck. And under no circumstances can we allow a scab team to go three and 0. Especially against the Dallas Cowboys. It's just not good for the game.

**SHANE**

Is the union behind this 'visit'?

**MARTEL**

I can't really say, Shane. By the way, have you ever tried throwing a football with bruised ribs?

He kicks Shane viciously in the side. Shane screams.

**MARTEL**

The pain makes it damn near impossible.

The linemen drops Shane on the floor.

**MARTEL**

And one other thing: I want you to stay away from Annabelle.

Shane is gasping on the floor.

**MARTEL**

The sad fact is she won't give me the time of day. But you can't have everything I want. I can't let that happen. So, you gotta stop seeing her. Just on principle.
Martel viciously kicks Shane again. Shane screams.

MARTEL
Let me hear you say it.

Shane is trying to get his breath.

MARTEL
Come on. You can do it.

SHANE
(barely visible)
I won't go out with her anymore.

MARTEL
Good.
(to the linemen)
Gentlemen?
(to Shane)
Hey, have a great game!

They move toward the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIG O - MAGIC HOUR

Once again, fans stream into the parking lots.

In a corner of a lot, Jerome Lindell is once again holding forth ON CAMERA.

But this time, he's standing with a hard-looking guy in a suit, named MATHESON.

LINDELL
I think that Mister Matheson here, and myself, are very close to an agreement that will put the 'pro' back in pro-football.

REPORTER
Mister Matheson, what
are the sticking points in the negotiations as far as the owners are concerned?

MATHESON
Only one: that the players immediately go back to work with no change in the existing contract.

Lindell looks uncomfortable. But he smiles anyway.

CUT TO:

INT. MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL BOOTH - NIGHT

The familiar "MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL THEME SONG" is just ending. AL MICHAELS does his on camera intro.

AL
Good evening from the Big O here in Washington D.C. where the mighty Dallas Cowboys take on the Cinderella Washington 'Scabskins' as they have come to be known. Hi, I'm Al Michaels and we are witnesses to a unique matchup tonight as Shane Falco and a contingent of strike players go up against the entire regular squad of the Dallas Cowboys. Yes, you heard right: every Cowboy has now crossed the picket line, some as late as this afternoon, and they will all play tonight. Can a rag tag group of hasbeens and castoffs stand up to what was once called America's
team? And what about the strike itself? It has been so ineffective that many predict it will be over before this game ends. Stay tuned as Boomer and Dan join me for strike ball, D.C. style.

EXT. STADIUM - MAGIC HOUR

Eddie Martel, Wilson Jones and other regular Redskins take their seats on the fifty yard line.

CUT TO:

INT. REDSKIN LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is just about dressed in their uniforms and ready to go.

Lou Pacifico enters in street clothes and starts undressing quickly. He looks worried.

Shane watches Lou for a beat. We see Shane shift his upper body and grimace.

McGinty enters and pulls Shane aside.

McGINTY
Congratulations. It's official. You're staying on after the strike.

Shane smiles in spite of the pain.

McGINTY
It's probably better that you not say anything to the rest of the guys until after the game. Okay?

SHANE
Whatever you say, Coach.
McGinty walks into the middle of the locker room and goes into pre-game speech mode.

McGINTY
Alright, listen up. The strike is just about history. By tomorrow, you will no longer be Redskins. It's important that you leave here, however, with the knowledge that you have made a difference in your own life, in the owner's life -- or what's left of it -- and especially the fans'. You have proven to a skeptical America that sports is not about contracts, or agents or shoe deals. Sports is about rising to the occasion. We have one more opportunity tonight to do that, one more chance to show what heart is all about. The Dallas Cowboys are waiting out there to kill you. I expect nothing less than for you to win even in your death throes. We have a powerful weapon on our side tonight: there is no tomorrow for most of you. And that makes you very dangerous people. Use it.

CUT TO:

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

Boom! Pacifico belts the kick-off deep into the end zone. Touchback.
ON AL, DAN AND BOOMER

The three hosts sit in shirtsleeves and ties, headphones on.

**AL**
That is one very big leg on Lou Pacifico.
He's a big reason why this strike team is two and 0.

**DAN**
But the fact is, a kicker does not an offense make. I think tonight the Scabskins will have a very rude awakening.

**BOOMER**
But you have to admit, Dan, Falco is proving to be the real thing.

**DAN**
Well, Boomer, no, I don't have to admit anything.

**BOOMER**
(rolling his eyes)
Here we go...

Everybody laughs politely.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Bam! Earl Wilkinson flattens a Dallas punt returner. He's now wearing a jersey with his real name on the back.

ON TODD, ROD AND BOB

Bob is dressed in a striped convict suit with Wilkinson's number on it.
He gets high fives from Todd and Rod for Wilkinson's hit.

**ON SHANE**

He walks out onto the field to join the huddle.

**ANNABELLE**

Shane!

He turns and sees a smiling Annabelle.

Shane gives her a guilty wave and then cringes with the pain of just having to lift his arm.

**ON LINE OF SCRIMMAGE**

The Redskins line up. Cochran is opposite Butler, the big tackle that "visited" Shane's room.

**COCHRAN**

(to Butler)

I just want to say what an honor it is to play opposite you. And if it's not too much trouble, I would love to have your autograph.

**BUTLER**

No problem.

**SHANE (O.S.)**

Hut! Hut!

On the snap, Butler bashes Cochran's head with his forearm and knocks his helmet off. Then he runs over him.

**ON SHANE**

He under-throws a very weak-looking pass to Lamont.
Shane grits his teeth against the pain.

ON COCHRAN

He's dazed and still on the ground.

Butler walks over and bends down to him.

BUTLER
I'm gonna autograph your body with bruises, you scab-ass son of a bitch!

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Shane is in the backfield, once again running for his life.

He's rolling left with Butler on his heels. He throws another weak incomplete pass to Murray.

Shane is crushed by Butler after he throws the ball.

BUTLER
How's that side feel?

SHANE
(grimacing)
Like Christmas morning.

Butler leans on Shane's side as he gets up. Shane gasps with pain.

ON McGINTY

He's watching Shane closely. Then he talks into his mike.

McGINTY
What's the matter with your arm? Are you alright?
ON AL, DAN AND BOOMER

They're watching the replay on their monitor. Dan is very happy.

DAN
What pursuit! Butler never gave up on him. That's a 270-pound guy who moves like a halfback.

BOOMER
Dan, I think Butler's hit on Falco was late, to tell you the truth.

DAN
Well, of course you do. You were a wimp quarterback.

AL
Easy, guys.

Some laughter.

CUT TO:

FIRST-HALF MONTAGE

A) DALLAS KICKER

Boom! The Dallas kicker puts away the extra point after a score.

ON SCOREBOARD

Dallas 7, Washington 0.

B) SHANE

is under pressure as he rolls out. When a defensive lineman gets close, he throws the ball away like we've seen him do before. A defensive back intercepts. Dallas's ball.

C) BALL
Boom! The ball goes through the uprights for a Dallas field goal.

**ON SCOREBOARD**

Dallas 10, Washington 0.

**D) AUGUSTINE**

massages O'Neil's feet as the old man watches the game. He looks worried.

**E) PACIFICO**

smokes and stalks the sidelines. He looks up into the stands and sees the mafioso type looking down at him.

**F) SHANE**

steps up in the pocket. He looks downfield but in the face of the pass rush, he throws the ball weakly out of bounds.

**G) LEE**

is pass-blocking but the first guy spins him around and the second guy runs right around him.

**H) BATEMAN**

is double-teamed on a pass rush. He spins but he can get no leverage against his opponents. When the play ends, he pushes one of them.

A penalty flag flies by.

**I) ROLAND LAMONT**

takes a pitch out, is immediately hit hard and loses the ball. A cornerback picks it up and takes it all the way for a Dallas score.

**J) WILKINSON**

steps up and bats a ball away from a Dallas receiver. A flag flies.
Wilkinson argues the call.

K) COCHRAN

is lined up across from Butler. On the snap, Butler slaps Cochran in the face mask with his big, fat club of a hand.
Cochran disappears OUT OF FRAME.

L) DALLAS KICKER

Boom! The Dallas kicker puts away the extra point after a Dallas touchdown.

SCOREBOARD

Dallas 24, Washington 0.

M) EDDIE MARTEL, WILSON JONES AND OTHER REDSKINS

sitting in the stands look satisfied.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The Redskins huddle. Shane is in pain. He looks up at the clock.

ON CLOCK

There's thirty-two seconds left in the half.

SHANE

Okay. Red right 15 X hook.

The break the huddle and come to the line of scrimmage.

SHANE

15 X hut!

Shane rolls right and looks downfield. He holds the ball and keeps rolling. No one can get open.

Suddenly, Lamont cuts in front of him and yells:
LAMONT

Shane!

Lamont sees an open lane and Shane follows him. He eats up 15 yards before two defensive halfbacks close in.

Lamont throws an incredible block and takes out both guys.

Shane blows by and heads for the end zone. Only a safety stands between Shane and pay dirt.

CLOSE ON SHANE

His side is killing him with every step he takes.

When the safety moves up on him, Shane panics and goes down in the same kind of slide that Eddie Martel did in the beginning.

Boom! The GUN SOUNDS and the half ends.

Shane sees Redskin trainers running out onto the field.

He turns and sees Lamont rolling on the ground in pain as he holds his bad knee.

CUT TO:

INT. MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL BOOTH - NIGHT

The boys are doing their half-time stand up.

AL

That's the end of the first half and not surprisingly, it was all Dallas. The Cowboys had over two hundred yards offensively versus Washington's frankly pathetic thirty-eight yards. That's total offense. Falco got
close to scoring on the last play of the half but he appeared to have slipped. By the way, running back Roland Lamont was hurt on that play and word is he's on his way to the hospital.

DAN
Al, the battle is being fought and won in the trenches. You can't expect a bunch of pick-up players to stand up to a professional pass rush like the Cowboys.

BOOMER
There's still a whole half left, Dan. And remember, Falco is proving to be a second-half quarterback.

DAN
You got to be kidding.

BOOMER
Those big, fat boys in the trenches get awful tired. You ought to know that, Dan.

No laughter.

AL
Okay, let's join Chris Berman with our half-time show. Chris?

After a beat we hear:

DIRECTOR (V.O.)
Clear!

AL
What's wrong with you guys?!

BOOMER
He started it.

DAN
I did not! You called me fat!

BOOMER
I did not! But you are!

Dan reaches across Al and grabs Boomer by the throat.

AL
Stop it!

The three of them start wrestling in the booth.

CUT TO:

INT. REDSKIN LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is nursing a bruise or some sort of wound. Shane is nowhere to be seen.

McGinty walks into the middle of the locker room.

McGINTY
Alright, listen up: The strike is officially over. They're announcing it on TV right now. So this is it, gentlemen. We have one half left to keep from being totally humiliated. You are better than the present score. You have nothing but your own self-respect riding on this game. It's up to you. Here's your swan song, people. How are you gonna sing it?

And with that he walks out. Everybody looks beaten and depressed.
EXT. OUTSIDE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Shane stops two paramedics who push Roland Lamont on a stretcher. Roland is really hurting.

SHANE
I'm sorry, Roland.
That was a great block.

ROLAND
For my last play in football, I'll take that block.

Shane looks terribly guilty.

ROLAND
I thought you were going to score. What happened? Did you slip?

Shane can't look at him, but he nods.

ROLAND
That's what I thought.

SHANE
You were a warrior, Roland. I'm gonna miss you.

ROLAND
It was a dream come true. Go kick some ass for me.

The paramedics roll him away. Shane slumps against the wall near tears.

McGinty comes out of the locker room. He locks eyes with Shane for a beat.

And then McGinty turns his back on him and walks away.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Everyone is quiet. Shane walks in.
SID, the equipment manager, sees him and yells.

SID
Hey, Shane, I just heard.
Congratulations!

He smacks Shane on his bad side and Shane grimaces.

WILKINSON
Congratulations on what?

SID
Shane is staying on.
He's gonna be Martel's backup.

Everyone stares at Shane for a beat.

ANDRE
Is that true?

SHANE
Yes, Andre. It's true.

Nobody says anything for a beat.

FRANKLIN
I got to tell you,
Shane, you played the first half like you were staying. Like you already had a contract.

Shane looks around the room at this beaten bunch. No one makes eye contact with him.

SHANE
You're right, Clifford.
And I'm sorry. But now I want to go out there and either beat these bastards or die trying.
I never wanted to beat anybody so bad in my life.

Everybody lets this sink in.
Earl Wilkinson finally speaks up.

    EARL
    I don't know what yawl are doin' tomorrow, but my ass is goin' back to jail. But if I gotta go, I want to go back a winner.

    EVANS
    Hell, I'm retiring. I have thirty minutes of football left in my whole career. I'm homicidal!

    BATEMAN
    Me, too, Reese!

    EARL
    Let's get it on!

Everybody turns to Shane.

    SHANE
    Gentlemen, our problem is the Cowboys aren't afraid of us. But they should be!

    LAMONT
    Damn straight!

Everybody whoops!

    SHANE
    We've got one chance on offense to make our stand -- the first play of the half.

    JAMAL
    One touchdown ain't gonna help, Shane.

    SHANE
    No. But one nasty-ass play might. We just gotta be brave. And trust each other.
Shane happens to glance at Pacifico. Pacifico won't meet his eye.

Shane turns to Sid.

**SHANE**
Help me with this.

Sid helps Shane strip his jersey off.

Everyone reacts to the bruises on Shane's side.

**SHANE**
Somebody has to tape me up.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FIELD - NIGHT**

The Cowboys are already back on the field as the Redskins come out of their locker room.

**AL (V.O.)**
... at nine-forty
Eastern time, the agreement was reached, and except for this upcoming second half, the strike is history.

**ON AL, DAN AND BOOMER**

Boomer's tie is off and his shirt is torn. Dan looks guilty, but still angry.

**DAN**
It's about time. I say let the professionals back on the field. The fans deserve nothing less.

**BOOMER**
Yeah, you would say that.
ON BALL

The Dallas kicker puts the ball in the end zone for a touchback.

ON SHANE

He starts to follow the offense out on the field. Then he turns and sees Annabelle engrossed in a cheer.

He runs over to her.

ANNABELLE
Are you okay? Is it your side?

SHANE
I'm okay. I owe you an apology.

ANNABELLE
What? You do?

SHANE
Yes. I'll explain later. But thank you for believing in me. You give me strength just looking at you.

And with that, Shane takes her in his arms and kisses her deeply.

The crowd on that side of the field reacts to the kiss with a "Woooooo!"

AL (V.O.)
Well, this is a first. Shane Falco seems to be...

BOOMER (V.O.)
Hell, Al, he's necking with a cheerleader! I've done a little of that in my time.

DAN (V.O.)
The players are not supposed to fraternize
with the cheerleaders.

**BOOMER (V.O.)**

Hey, Dan, what are they gonna do? Fire him?!

**ON SHANE**

He breaks the kiss and looks up in the stands at Eddie Martel.

Shane gives him the finger.

The crowd goes "Wooooo!" at that too.

Martel doesn't think this is funny.

Shane walks onto the field leaving a confused but happy Annabelle.

He walks past Dallas defensive lineman Butler.

**BUTLER**

That wasn't too smart.

**SHANE**

Suck my dick.

Butler is too shocked for a comeback.

**ON HUDDLE**

It breaks and Shane walks to the line of scrimmage.

**AL (V.O.)**

Here we go, first and ten for the Redskins. Twenty-four zip Dallas.

We can see now that Wilkinson and Bateman are now part of the offense.

They line up as receivers opposite defensive halfbacks. In fact, everyone but Shane is on the line of scrimmage, paired up across from a cowboy.
Shane leans over Reese and takes in the Dallas defense.

The Dallas MIDDLE LINEBACKER yells at Shane.

    LINEBACKER
    Are you ready for more
    pain, footsteps?

Shane just smiles.

    SHANE
    Blue thirteen! Blue
    thirteen! Hut! Hut!
    Hut!

MONTAGE

On the snap, many things happen at once:

A)    COCHRAN

        sticks his fingers inside Butler's face
        mask and pokes both eyes. Butler
        screams!

B)    SHANE

        throws the ball as hard as he can at the
        middle Linebacker and hits him in the
        crotch. The guy grabs himself and
        collapses.

C)    CLIFFORD FRANKLIN

        kicks his defender in the shins as hard
        as he can. The defender screams and
        falls down.

D)    BATEMAN

        gets a cornerback across from him in a
        choke hold. The guy can't breathe but
        Bateman holds on.

E)    WILKINSON

        lifts up his defender's face guard and
        connects with a right hand to the guy's
        chin.
F)  LEE

pulls the defensive lineman in front of him to the ground. Then he falls on him. The guy screams.

ON FIELD

All across the line of scrimmage, Redskins are punching, kicking and gouging the Dallas defense.

WHISTLES BLOW. Flags fly everywhere.

Most of the Dallas players are down and screaming.

Jamal stands across from a DEFENSIVE LINEMAN. He hasn't touched the guy. But he nods to the player to look at his hand.

The guy looks down just as Jamal flicks open a deadly-looking switchblade.

The guy jumps back and yells:

DEFENDER
He's got a knife!

But there is so much confusion that nobody pays any attention. Jamal slips the knife away.

AL (V.O.)
Whoa! Flags fly everywhere! I've never seen anything like this!

BOOMER (V.O.)
Unbelievable! One Washington player had a Cowboy in what appeared to be a police choke hold.

DAN (V.O.)
I see at least five flags... no six!
The officials are going crazy trying to figure out the penalties as Shane and the offense back up and make room for the Dallas medical staff who come running out on the field.

Some Dallas players are livid:

**BUTLER**

(to the Ref)
He scratched my eyes out!

**LINEBACKER**
He hit me on purpose!

**ON McGINTY**

He's smiling to himself on the sidelines.

**ON REFEREE**

He faces the cameras, turns on his microphone and sums up the penalties.

**REF**

Unsportsmanlike conduct, number 72, number 81 and number 87 on the offense, fifteen yards...

(to himself)
... times three...
that's forty-five yards. Illegal use of hands, number 48 on the offense, fifteen yards. That makes it sixty yards. Unnecessary roughness number 65 and number 32, fifteen yards... that's, wait... forty-five...
no, thirty...
(turns to another ref)
... how many yards so far?
ON BALL

A ref is taking a very long walk with it. He stops at the Redskin two-yard line and puts it down.

IN HUDDLE

Shane leans in.

SHANE
Okay, everybody, stick

together and don't take
any shit. Let's make 'em hurt!

They break the huddle and line up with their backs to their goal.

ON COCHRAN AND BUTLER

Butler is still whining.

BUTLER
I can't believe you went for my eyes!

COCHRAN
Shut up! I'm gonna do it again 'cause it was fun!

ON SHANE

SHANE
Black 98! Black 98!
Hut!

ON COCHRAN

He drops Butler with a vicious forearm.

Shane flicks the ball over the middle to Murray who pulls it in for fifteen yards and a first down.
CUT TO:

MONTAGE - FOURTH QUARTER STUFF

A) BATEMAN

(now at running back) sweeps outside with Jamal and Reese Evans leading the way. Both linemen growl as they throw themselves into the defense.

B) SHANE

is rolling right with Butler on his heels. Just when it looks like Butler has him, Cochran comes out of nowhere and cuts Butler at the knees. Shane fakes a throw and keeps the ball for a fifteen-yard gain.

C) SHANE

hits Franklin with a short flick pass.

D) BATEMAN

runs off tackle and scores.

E) PACIFICO

kicks the extra point. Scoreboard: Dallas 24, Redskins 7.

F) WILKINSON

blitzes from his safety position and decks the Dallas quarterback.

G) BATEMAN

stops a runner at the line of scrimmage and throws him for a loss.

H) WILKINSON

takes a punt at his own thirty. With Bateman blocking, Wilkinson springs to the outside and goes all the way for a touchdown.
Pacifico kicks the extra point.
Scoreboard: Dallas 24, Redskins 14.

I)   DALLAS FIELD GOAL KICKER

is set to boot one. The ball is snapped, the kicker moves forward and suddenly Brian Murray breaks through the offense and blocks the kick.

J)   SHANE

hits Franklin on a little down and out. He's hit by the defender, the ball goes flying but so does a flag.

Pass interference. Redskin first down.

K)   ON CLOCK

Four minutes six seconds remain.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUDDLE - DAY

The Redskin huddle breaks. The guys come to the line of scrimmage.

AL (V.O.)
First and ten at the Cowboy twenty and I'm telling you, we are looking at a totally different team here in the second half.

BOOMER (V.O.)
Absolutely, Al. The Redskins are playing like there's no tomorrow, because, hey, there isn't!

DAN (V.O.)
I gotta agree with you on this one. The surprising thing for me is how ineffectual the Cowboys have been in this half. I mean,
they look totally intimidated.

AL (V.O.)
I love when you guys agree.

ON SHANE

He's in the shotgun calling signals.

SHANE
Hut! Hut!

He gets the snap and starts looking downfield for receivers.

ON COCHRAN

He slips while he's blocking Butler who takes advantage of the situation and blows by him.

ON SHANE

He's got Franklin crossing in the end zone. He cocks and throws, and simultaneously gets decked by Butler.

ON BALL

A Dallas defensive halfback goes up for it but just tips the ball. It keeps going now end over end... right into the waiting arms of Franklin who is standing by himself in the end zone.

Franklin is shocked. His teammates run INTO FRAME and mob him.

AL (V.O.)
Touchdown, Skins! What a fluke!

BOOMER (V.O.)
Total luck there, Al. Makes up for the perfect ones they drop.
DAN (V.O.)
Maybe not so lucky.
Falco is down.

ON SHANE

He's on his back.

ON ANNABELLE

She looks worried as trainers run out onto the field.

ON O'NEIL AND AUGUSTINE

They're watching in O'Neil's bedroom.

ON SHANE

Trainers are bending over him. He's out but he's mumbling:

SHANE
Put your tits on my head...

A trainer hears that and looks worried.

Shane's teammates run up and carry him off the field.

ON FRANKLIN

He's holding for Pacifico on the extra point.

On the snap, Franklin bobbles the ball but manages to put it down.

Pacifico belts it through the uprights.


DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. SIDELINE - DAY

Shane is sitting on the bench holding his head and his side. He's talking quietly to McGinty.

ON WILKINSON

He's on the field calling for a fair catch. He makes it.

AL (V.O.)
... one minute twenty remaining, and even though Dallas didn't score, they sure ate up a lot of the clock.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WILKINSON

He's leading the offense out onto the field.

BOOMER (V.O.)
And it looks like Falco cannot answer the bell. He's still on the bench and it appears that safety Earl Wilkinson will be leading the Redskin offense.

DAN (V.O.)
They just need to get the ball in field goal range.

AL (V.O.)
And for Pacifico, that's anything up to sixty-five yards.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WILKINSON

He takes the snap from the shotgun and keeps the ball on a sweep. He plows for twelve yards.

AL (V.O.)
That's good for twelve yards. The clock stops on the first down. The Redskins have no time-outs left.

ON SHANE

McGinty is still bent over him.

McGINTY
I need your hands in there for the field goal. I can't trust Franklin to hold. He almost dropped the extra point.

Shane is in major pain but nods his head.

SHANE
I can do it.

ON WILKINSON

He rolls again, but no one is open. He crosses the line of scrimmage, is hit and goes down.

ON CLOCK

It continues to run and passes twenty seconds as we watch.

ON REDSKINS

They're hurrying back to the line of scrimmage. Wilkinson stands over center.

On the snap, Wilkinson throws the ball out of bounds.

AL (V.O.)
Wilkinson throws it away, and with twelve seconds remaining, the Redskins will try a forty-eight yard field goal to tie it up.
That's almost a chip shot for Pacifico.

ON SHANE

He shakily follows Pacifico out onto the field.

Reese Evans catches up with him.

EVANS
(to Shane)
Are you okay?

SHANE
Just make it a good snap.
(to Pacifico)
And you'll do the rest, right?

Pacifico doesn't answer.

ON BALL

Evans leans over it.

ON SHANE

He's kneeling in the middle of the field waiting for the snap. But something is bothering him.

SHANE
(to Pacifico)
Lou, are you alright?

Pacifico looks up from where he is set up for the kick. There are tears in his eyes.

PACIFICO
I'm sorry. They know where my family lives.

Shane tries to digest what he just heard.

SHANE
What?!


**EVANS**
(through his legs)
Come on, Shane!

Shane looks back at Pacifico and makes a decision.

**SHANE**

Hut!

The ball is snapped perfectly. Shane catches it and spots it perfectly.

Pacifico moves to kick it.

And Shane pulls the ball away.

Pacifico flies through the air like Snoopy as he kicks nothing but air. He lands hard.

Shane jumps to his feet and starts running.

**AL (V.O.)**

It's a fake! Falco has it!

**ON McGINTY**

He's in shock.

**ON SHANE**

He has totally caught the Cowboys by surprise. He sweeps around the right side.

The Dallas middle linebacker has recovered and is moving quickly to cut Shane off.

But Reese Evans comes out of nowhere and crushes the guy with a flying block.

Shane cuts downfield and heads for the end zone with nobody near him, except:

For the same safety from the first half who waits for him at the ten.

The safety smiles as he takes a bead on Shane.
Shane heads right for the guy. He puts his head down and smacks helmets with the safety. The guy goes down and Shane runs over him and into the end zone.

**AL (V.O.)**

Falco scores!

**ON McGINTY**

He jumps into the air.

**ON O'NEIL**

He jumps out of bed.

**ON TODD, ROD AND BOB**

They jump on each other.

**ON ANNABELLE**

She's jumping for joy.

**ON SHANE**

He spikes the shit out of the ball. And then sees something up field.

**AL (V.O.)**

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. We've got a flag down.

Shane stands stock-still in the end zone watching the REF call the penalty.

**REF**

Clipping. Number 77 offense.

**ON MICKEY LEE**

He's wearing number 77 and he collapses in
tears.

**ON TODD, ROD AND BOB**

They are now sobbing in agony.

**ON O'NEIL**

He's being helped back to bed by Augustine.

**ON SHANE**

He's walking slowly back to the line of scrimmage.

**ON McGINTY**

He looks sick.

Shane walks up to Pacifico who is down. His arm is being immobilized by a team trainer.

**PACIFICO**

I broke my arm.

(big smile)

Thank you. You saved my ass.

Shane nods. In his earpiece, he hears McGinty.

**McGINTY (V.O.)**

Someday, you can explain what that was all about. We got no kicker, so you gotta take it in. Your pick. You're the leader.

**SHANE**

(to himself)

What would Unitas do in this situation?

(pause)

I have no idea.

Shane leans into the huddle.
LEE
I'm so sorry, Shane.
I'm sorry, everybody.

SHANE
No problem, Mickey.
(to Evans)
Hell of a hit, Reese.

EVANS
That's the one I was looking for. I can retire in peace now.

SHANE
Right after this play.
So besides me, who really wants the ball?

He looks around the huddle. He studies each face. And then he comes to rest on Brian Murray.

Brian's eyes are shining. He doesn't need words here.

SHANE
(to Murray)
Yeah. You want it, Brian. Let's hook up.
(signs as he says it)
Blue left slot open
'A' right. Two Jet 'X' drive. On three.
Gentlemen, it's been an honor sharing the field of battle.

Everybody puts their hands into the middle.

They break the huddle with a roar.

ON CLOCK

Three seconds are showing.

ON LINE OF SCRIMMAGE
Shane leans over Reese and calls it.

**SHANE**
Blue 58! Blue 58!  
Hut! Hut! Hut!

Shane nods.  On the snap, Shane rolls left.

**ON REESE EVANS**

He cuts his man at the knees.

**ON MICKEY LEE**

He takes two men down.

**ON MURRAY**

He cuts on a deep post.

**ON SHANE**

He steps up and throws a clean bullet downfield. He roars in pain as he throws it.

**ON MURRAY**

The pass is perfect. He pulls it in and beats his man to the end zone.

Redskins win.

**ON CROWD**

It roars! "Hail to the Redskins" is deafening.

Todd, Rod and Bob are screaming.

O'Neil kisses Augustine.

Annabelle throws a punch into the air.

McGinty is all smiles. Shane walks up to him and they shake hands.
Pilachowski and Banes hug.

Lee and Andre are hugging and crying.

Cochran is on his knees praying. Reese Evans joins him.

Wilkinson hugs Jamal.

Clifford Franklin, hometown boy, throws himself into the stands where fans mob him.

**ON EDDIE MARTEL**

The Washington Redskins first-string quarterback is so pissed off he jumps up from his seat and turns quickly to go up the steps and out of the stadium.

But he slips awkwardly and falls. He grabs his knee and screams.

**ON BRIAN MURRAY**

He's still in the end zone, holding the ball up to the crowd. The roar is deafening.

**BRIAN'S POV**

We HEAR NOTHING, but somehow the pure energy of the moment comes through.

**ON SHANE**

IN the SILENCE, he's walking in SLOW MOTION toward Annabelle. And everybody is smiling.

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END**