

Executive Producer: Peter Berg
Executive Producer: Jason Katims
Executive Producer: David Nevins
Executive Producer: Brian Grazer
Co-Executive Producer: John Cameron
Co-Executive Producer: Sarah Aubrey
Co-Executive Producer: Jeffrey Reiner

Script #: 102
Episode #: 102
Production #: 01002

FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"Eyes Wide Open"

Written by

Jason Katims

Directed by

Jeffrey Reiner

PRODUCTION DRAFT

July 21, 2006 Full
July 24, 2006 Blue Pages: Cast, Set, 14, 14A, 14B, 14C, 15, 15A
July 25, 2006 Pink Pages: Cast, Set, 30, 30A, 36, 37, 41, 45
July 26, 2006 Yellow Pages: Cast, 4, 15A, 54
July 28, 2006 Green Pages: Set, 4, 12, 14B, 14BA, 14C, 15, 15A, 16, 18, 19, 19A,
20, 35, 41, 45, 51

© 2006 NBC STUDIOS, INC. All rights reserved. Not to be duplicated without permission. This material is the property of NBC Studios, Inc. and is intended solely for the use of its personnel. The sale, copying, reproduction or exploitation of this material in any form is prohibited. Distribution or disclosure of this material to unauthorized persons is also prohibited.

FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"Eyes Wide Open"

GREEN

7/28/06

CAST LIST

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

SPEAKING PARTS:
(in order of appearance)

REVEREND LOCKE
BILLY RIGGINS
REVEREND GRADY
JOANNE STREET
MITCHELL STREET
DREW
BUDDY GARRITY
SAMMY MEADE
SECOND COMMENTATOR
MAC MCGILL
YOUNG DOCTOR
MARY ANNE GRANGER
MISSY AUBREY
JUDITY LEVINE
CHEERLEADER 1
MAYOR LUCY RODELL
REG
STEVE DEEKS
DEPUTY
DEPUTY 2
INTERVIEWER
PRINCIPAL BRECKER
RAY VOODOO TATOM
CORRINA WILLIAMS
NOANNIE WILLIAMS
DOCTOR KROLL
FAT GUY
NURSE
MRS. SARACEN

FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"Eyes Wide Open"

GREEN

7/28/06

SET LIST

INTERIORS

BLACK BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY
WHITE BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY
GARRITY HOUSE - DAY
STREET HOUSE - DAY
 LIVING ROOM - DAY
TAYLOR'S CAR - DAY & NIGHT
LANDRY'S CAR - DAY
FIELD HOUSE - DAY & NIGHT
 FILM ROOM - DAY
 LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT
 TAYLOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT
HOSPITAL - DAY & NIGHT
 HALLWAY - DAY
 JASON'S ROOM - DAY & NIGHT
TAYLOR HOUSE - NIGHT & DAY
SANDWICH SHOP - NIGHT
BOOSTER HOUSE - NIGHT
 STAIRCASE - NIGHT
DILLON HIGH - DAY
 HALLWAY - DAY
 PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY
RIGGINS' TRUCK - NIGHT
WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY
APPLEBEE'S - DAY & NIGHT
ALAMO FREEZE - NIGHT
SARACEN HOUSE - NIGHT & DAY
GARRITY MOTORS - DAY
 BUDDY'S OFFICE - DAY
DILLON STADIUM - DAY
 SNACK BAR - DAY

*
*

*

EXTERIORS

HERRMANN FIELD - DAY & NIGHT
HOSPITAL - DAY
VARIOUS CHURCHES - DAY
DESOLATE BACK ROAD - DAY
BLACK BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY
WHITE BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY
CHEERLEADING PRACTICE FIELD - DAY
HOSPITAL - NIGHT
COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT
EMPTY FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY
SANDWICH SHOP - DAY
WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY
SARACEN HOUSE - DAY
VARIOUS BUSINESSES - DAY
DILLON STADIUM - PARKING LOT - DAY

*

FOOTBALL CONTINUITY NOTE:

In Episode #102 and the beginning of #103, the upcoming opponent, the HASTINGS BRONCOS, has been changed to the SOUTH MILBANK RATTLEERS. This is the second game the Dillon Panthers play.

In Episode #104 and #105, the upcoming opponent, the MILBANK BULLDOGS, has been changed to the ARNETT MEAD CONSOLIDATED (Arnett Mead for short) TIGERS. This is the third game the Dillon Panthers play.

Go Panthers!

FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"Eyes Wide Open"

TEASER

CHYRON READS: Sunday

As we HEAR a GOSPEL CHOIR with CONGREGATION we see:

A SERIES OF SHOTS

1 --The Dillon High Football field. Eerily empty. 1

2 --A huge banner outside the hospital reads, "Get Well Soon,
Jason." 2

3 --EXTERIORS OF VARIOUS CHURCHES. Some monied, some just
shacks with a cross -- all with full parking lots. 3

4 INT. BLACK BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY 4

Out of their seats. Gospel. Reaching God. Feeling it. In
the congregation FIND SMASH flanked by his family: his
Mother, CORRINA (35) and two Sisters, SHEILA and NOANNIE. He
is transported, his piercing voice reaching the rafters.

CUT TO:

5 INT. WHITE BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY 5

REVEREND LOCKE addresses the congregation.

REVEREND LOCKE
I have prayed with Mitchell and
Joanne Street.

ANGLE ON: MITCHELL and JOANNE STREET (Jason Street's
parents), hands firmly clasped, among the PACKED
CONGREGATION.

REVEREND LOCKE (CONT'D)
And as an entire community we have
come together in prayer.

The Garrity family, BUDDY, his wife PAM, LITTLE BUDDY, TABBY,
and LYLA -- who looks like she can crack at any time.

REVEREND LOCKE (CONT'D)
And hope. And faith.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARACEN, MRS. SARACEN...

REVEREND LOCKE (CONT'D)
And with these prayers. This
faith. This hope.

We reach COACH TAYLOR with TAMI and JULIE.

REVEREND LOCKE (CONT'D)
I believe Jason Street will once
again walk in on his own two feet
and join this congregation and
rejoice with us.

CLOSE NOW on COACH TAYLOR, his face betrays little. Joins
the congregation--

CONGREGATION

Amen.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DESOLATE BACK ROAD - DAY

A SHOTGUN FIRES. TIM RIGGINS hunts from the back of a pick-
up as BILLY drives, twelve-pack in evidence. These guys have
their own way of praying.

BILLY
I saw that tackle, little brother.
I saw him hit that turf. Tell you
what I think. Forget about getting
on a football field. He ain't ever
gonna walk again. That's what I
think.

This pains Riggins, who won't respond. Instead, he takes aim
and blows the shit out of a quail.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

The Congregation filing out. Smash is shaking hands with
DADS, high-fiving admiring BOYS, like a local celebrity.
SEVERAL CUTE GIRLS pass, flirting: "Great game Friday,
Smash." "You were sooo on fire out there."

SMASH
Alright, alright, ladies. Nice
sweater, Tiff.

(CONTINUED)

A MAN'S VOICE

Nice game Friday, Brian.

Smash's attention is taken from the three girls to REVEREND GRADY (50s) who has approached.

SMASH

Thank you, Reverend. I just give it all I got. Try to dazzle.

(back-pedaling)

If the Lord sees fit to let me dazzle.

REVEREND GRADY

You know how to dazzle real good, Brian. You know how to be a star. I'm not sure that's what the team needs right now.

Smash looks at Reverend Grady, unsure.

REVEREND GRADY (CONT'D)

The team needs a leader, Brian. Faith ain't sitting in a pew, or singing the gospel. Faith is action. You gotta do something now, son.

Reverend leaves Smash to chew on this.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

POST CHURCH. Saracen tosses a football around with eight-year-old boys in Sunday clothes. People talk in clusters, snatches of different conversations. Tami and Taylor talk to Mr. and Mrs. Street.

TAMI

If there's anything we can do at all. Anything.

JOANNE STREET

Thank you so much, Tami.

TAYLOR

We're praying for him.

MITCHELL STREET

You know Jason. Nothing's gonna get the better of him.

(CONTINUED)

Julie passes, Tami takes her aside--

TAMI

(under)

Sweetie, go say something to Lyla.
She must just be dying.

Julie looks over at Lyla who has about a thousand cheerleader
TYPES around her, comforting her.

JULIE

What am I supposed to do, take a
number?

TAMI

(just do it)
Sweetie?

ANGLE ON: DREW, a cute Rally Girl, approaching Saracen. *

DREW

Hey, Matt.

Shocked, Saracen takes his eye off the football and it beans
him. The Kids LAUGH, so does LANDRY, watching...

DREW (CONT'D)

That pass you made on Friday night
was so amazing. My heart just
about jumped out of my skin.

SARACEN

Oh. Thanks.

She walks away. Landry comes up to him.

LANDRY

Dude, this is it. We are in.

Saracen looks over at Julie approaching Lyla.

LANDRY (CONT'D)

Forget her. Later for her. We're
in Rally Girl Country now. *

ON JULIE and LYLA -- these two are on two different planets.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

Hey, Lyla, I'm really sorry...

LYLA

Oh, sweetie, thank you.

Lyla gives Julie a big hug, which leads to an awkward silence. Julie has to say something, so...

JULIE

If you ever want to talk about it or anything.

LYLA

(you're like three
hundredth on my list)
Aren't you the sweetest?

ON COACH who now stands with Buddy. Neither of them take their eyes off Saracen throwing the ball to the 8-year-olds.

BUDDY

Best case scenario Street's gone for a month. Probably gonna be much longer'n that. We've gotta have a plan. For Friday. For beyond that.

(looking at Saracen)
That kid got what it takes, Coach?

TAYLOR

I guess we're gonna find out.

Not the answer Buddy was looking for. Coach walks over to Saracen.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Matt.

(Saracen turns to him)
We've got a lot of work to do, son.

As Saracen steps out of this group of children, into the world of men, we,

SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

CHYRON READS: Monday

9-11 OMITTED 9-11
 12 A SERIES OF SHOTS 12

--Of Dillon as we HEAR the Greek chorus of local sports commentators.

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.)

Well, there's no silver lining to this one. This is just a tragic blow to the season any way you slice it.

--Buddy and Pam Garrity stand outside Lyla's bedroom door, listening to her WEEP.

13 --Jason's Parents sit in their living room looking at over a dozen recruitment letters from major football schools. 13

14 OMITTED 14

15 --Coach Taylor drives in his car, listening to the radio. 15

SECOND COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Jason Street is the Panthers. The team's been built around him. Now you've got this kid, this hundred and sixty pound sophomore, Matt Sorenson.

16 --Saracen rides in the car next to Landry. 16

LANDRY

They didn't even get your name right.

SECOND COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

I just don't think that boy can throw. You can't pull up any stats on him. The kid's got no stats.

LANDRY

If you can't spell his name you can't pull his stats.

17 ON Taylor riding in his car. 17

SECOND COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
Coach Taylor's gonna have one tough
job ahead of him now. I just don't
know how long he's going to last
waiting for his star quarterback to
get back in the saddle.

18 BACK TO SARACEN 18

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.)
Let's look at this thing. The kid
comes in with three minutes left in
the fourth quarter. With that kind
of adrenaline rush anyone can throw
one nice pass. I think he just
closed his eyes and threw that
ball.

OFF Saracen, we,

CUT TO:

19 INT. FIELD HOUSE - DAY 19

The team and coaches are assembled, Coach Taylor stands
before them. There is a surreal sense to this. Loaded
silence, then--

TAYLOR
We're still waiting to hear.

On Riggins, pained by this.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
There's a specialist that's come in
from Houston. Doesn't make any
sense to make predictions one way
or the other until we get the
official word. Meantime, I want
you to make sure to keep writing
those letters. Making those
visits. It's important. Real
important. As far as football
goes, we have a game Friday.
There's a lot of work to do. Lot
of work. It's gonna be a tough
week.

On Saracen, feeling everyone's eyes on him.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I am going to need complete focus
from every single one of you.

He takes a look around. Their faces range from dazed to
devastated.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

We're gonna carry on. We're still
a great team. We're still the
Dillon Panthers.

The players look unconvinced. Not only are his words not
landing with the players, he doesn't seem to truly believe
this himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - DAY

Arms pumping. Cleats tearing up grass. Players shouting out
coverages.

Offense works against Defense -- seven on seven. Shorts, T-
shirts and helmets only. A passing scrimmage.

ON DOLIA (wide receiver) -- he cuts on the cornerback, arms
pumping, head fake, brilliant

TAYLOR

Take 'em deep.

Dolia finds space -- he's open!

ON SARACEN -- dancing nervously in the pocket, looking over
the field -- a SCRAMBLE of players running in all directions,
yelling to each other; fast, intense and to young Matt
Saracen it's fucking chaos.

MCGILL

TIME!

Everything stops. MAC MCGILL, 40s, offensive coordinator,
shakes his head, reads his stop watch. Coach Taylor charges
Saracen.

TAYLOR

Have to play faster, Matt. Dolia
was open on the break. Hit him on
the break.

(CONTINUED)

SARACEN
Sorry, I thought...

TAYLOR
Sorry doesn't cut it. And don't
think. Throw the ball, son.

MCGILL
4 seconds on a five-step drop, Matt
-- that's what you got.

SARACEN
Okay.

TAYLOR
Set it up -- let's do it again.
Pro right, gun, XY Omaha.

MCGILL
Call it, Matt!

IN THE HUDDLE -- Saracen looks rattled, eyes darting.

SARACEN
...Ah, pro left...

TAYLOR
I said pro right!

SARACEN
...Pro right.

MCGILL
Why're you whispering. You got a
pair, don't ya.

TAYLOR
Let's hear it, Matt!

CUT TO:

TEAM LINED UP ON THE BALL -- Saracen in shotgun. Looks over
the defense like he's flashing on a reoccurring nightmare.

SARACEN
Hut. Hut.

Ball snapped. The receivers run their routes. All speed and
noise. Saracen goes through his reads. Again -- total
chaos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Saracen finds a receiver -- throws the ball -- it sails incomplete and bounces out of bounds.

Saracen looks over, catches Taylor wincing.

TEAM COMES OVER THE BALL --

SARACEN (CONT'D)

Hut. Hut.

Saracen takes the ball -- he looks over at his first read. Again he scrambles -- hesitates -- then FIRES! It's going right for Dolia --

Until a Linebacker steps underneath and picks off the ball, interception. The nightmare continues.

MCGILL

Oh, for God's sakes!

TAYLOR

What happened?!

SARACEN

I didn't see the linebacker.

TAYLOR

You didn't see that big son of a bitch standing right in front of you!

He looks at the LINEBACKER -- this is a very, very large young man.

MCGILL

He's bigger than my front door --

TAYLOR

South Milbank runs a five-three. They're gonna drop linebackers when we set up in the gun. Got it!

SARACEN

Yes, sir. I need to look at the coverage underneath.

TAYLOR

You need to look at the Y receiver coming under the linebacker. Timing patterns, Matt. Hit 'em on the breaks. Play faster.

(CONTINUED)

SARACEN
Yes, sir.

TAYLOR
Do it again!

TEAM OVER THE BALL --

SARACEN
Hut. Hut.

The ball is snapped -- Saracen tries to look up before he gets the ball and the ball sails through his hands. The linebackers converge on the fumble.

More cursing and pain -- a WHISTLE stops play!

CUT TO:

21 EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - LATER 21

Practice over. Heads are down. The team moves into the locker room.

Taylor calls Saracen over. This is a close, in the eyes moment, like a stabbing.

TAYLOR
You need to work harder. Know-this-offense. You need to know it in your mind. You need to know it in your body. It needs to be in your DNA so your children will know it. You understand me, son?

Matt, almost voiceless.

SARACEN
Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

22 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY 22

Lyla marches with purpose in her cheerleading uniform, "Get Well Soon" balloons in one hand, a big folded banner in the other. She is a force to be reckoned with.

23 INT. HOSPITAL - JASON'S ROOM - DAY 23

Lyla enters with a huge smile and upbeat energy that borders on bizarre considering the circumstances.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYLA

There he is...

JASON smiles, clearly the bright spot in his day.

JASON

Hey, baby.

Big luscious kiss. But no time to linger. She moves a mile a minute, hanging balloons, unraveling the huge banner.

LYLA

Have you ever heard of Nathan Foreman?

JASON

Who?

Outside a YOUNG DOCTOR passes--

LYLA

Excuse me? You ever hear of Nathan Foreman?

YOUNG DOCTOR

No...

LYLA

I was on the internet last night reading about this guy. Had a terrible spinal injury. He's now playing varsity basketball at U.C. San Diego.

(to Doctor)

I'm surprised you never heard of this. You ought to look it up.

YOUNG DOCTOR

I'm actually oncology. I was just passing down the hall.

LYLA

Oh. Well, then, could you hold this up for me while I tape?

Half bemused, half intimidated, the Young Doctor enters and holds up the huge "Get Well Soon" banner while Lyla tapes.

LYLA (CONT'D)

Isn't this amazing? The Cheerleaders and Rally Girls joined forces. That Angie Peterman is
(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

LYLA (CONT'D)
practically another Vincent Van
Gogh -- all the mountaintops are
hers. Look at those mountaintops.

JASON
They're real nice.

LYLA
Nathan Foreman. He missed one
season. And the NCAA voted to give
him an extra year of eligibility.
(steps back, looking at
banner)
Perfect.
(to Young Doctor, you're
excused)
Thank you so much.

Young Doctor exits. The banner hung, the balloons placed,
Lyla has a moment of Jason time. She goes right up to him.

LYLA (CONT'D)
Look at me. Look at me.
(the Gospel)
This is gonna be okay.

OFF Jason, who is he to argue?

CUT TO:

24 OMITTED 24
A25 INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - NIGHT A25

Julie does homework. Coach into game tapes. Tami comes in,
buttoning up a blouse, she's dressed up, looks great.

TAMI
This alright?

TAYLOR
Works for me.

JULIE
I'm telling you, you shouldn't go
to this book club. They'll turn
you into a pod.

TAMI
It's a one off, sweetie. I make an
appearance, wow them with my
literary prowess, and I'm out of
there.

(CONTINUED)

She kisses Julie, walks to Taylor. They have a private, almost intimate moment, as she holds him.

TAMI (CONT'D)

You okay?

TAYLOR

Yeah.

TAMI

I can't stop thinking about Jason lying in the hospital like that.

TAYLOR

He's gonna be okay.

OFF this tight hug, this intimacy, we,

CUT TO:

B25 INT. BOOSTER HOUSE - NIGHT

B25

Book Club night. BOOSTER WIVES gossip in clusters, munch on appetizers. Find, Tami with MARY ANNE GRANGER and MISSY AUBREY.

MARY ANNE

We are thrilled to have you in our book club.

TAMI

Well, I'm thrilled to be here. And I loved the book.

Tami holds up a paperback, obviously the assigned reading.

MISSY AUBREY

Forget about that. No one ever reads the book. We're here to have fun. Get away from the boys.

Tami sees a woman, JUDITH, who smiles to her. Tami smiles back, has no idea who she is.

MARY ANNE

So how's your husband feeling about the team?

TAMI

He feels good. Real good.

(CONTINUED)

MARY ANNE

He should play my Robby D more.
I'm telling you he could help now.

MISSY AUBREY

Coach should be running more dives
than counters. Straight ahead.

MARY ANNE

You have any idea what his plans
are for Robby?

MISSY AUBREY

Smashmouth football. That's what
I'm talking about. Three yards and
a cloud of dust.

TAMI

I will definitely mention this to--

MARY ANNE

This has nothing to do with the
fact that he's my boy.

TAMI

Right--

MARY ANNE

I'm thinkin' about the team here.
That boy is ready to rumble. Robby
D. You tell 'im--

JUDITH

Hiiiiiii.

TAMI

(who are you?)
Hiiiiiii.

JUDITH

Can I steal her for one second, we
have to catch up.

Judith pulls Tami away.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

Ask me, these women have spent so
much time getting their hair permed
that stuff has leaked into their
brains. You looked miserable, so I
pulled you away. I could be
projecting, but I doubt it. I
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUDITH (CONT'D)
always know a kindred spirit.

*

TAMI
Who are you?

JUDITH
Silly me, Judith Levine.

TAMI
Mrs. Levine? Julie's English
teacher?

JUDITH
She is a lovely girl.
(handing her a glass of
soda)
Just lovely. Here, I brought this
for you.

*
*
*
*
*

TAMI
(as she sips)
Thanks...
(nearly spitting it out)
What's in this?

*
*
*
*

JUDITH
Diet coke and Jack. It's gotten me
through many a book club meeting.

*
*

TAMI
I don't usually drink during the
week.

*
*
*

JUDITH
(fascinated)
Why?

*
*
*

Off Tami, with no good answer.

*

CUT TO:

*

25 INT. SANDWICH SHOP - NIGHT

25

Packed with various enclaves -- Rally Girls, cheerleaders,
football players, freaks. We catch pieces of conversations.

*

Two CHEERLEADERS console a third CHEERLEADER who is crying.

CHEERLEADER 1
I can't believe it. Just three
days ago we were right here.
Literally, Jason Street was sitting
right there.

(CONTINUED)

TYRA watches this from a booth. Turns to Riggins.

TYRA

Could they be more annoying?

(to Cheerleader)

Hey. Hey. Yeah, you. You don't
even know Jason Street. Stop
crying. Okay, no, I'm serious,
stop.

(back to Riggins)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FNL
25

"Eyes Wide Open"
CONTINUED: (2)

GREEN

7/28/06

14C.

25

TYRA (CONT'D)

So just how liquored up are you
right now?

But Riggins' attention is on --

THE CENTER BOOTH

Where SMASH holds court with three "Smashettes" and a couple
of other African-American PANTHERS.

(CONTINUED)

SMASH

...we can't sit around and cry about it. Someone's gotta take control. Someone's gonna have to take charge of the situation at hand, know what I'm saying?

Riggins seethes.

AA26 INT. BOOSTER HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

~~AA~~26

Judith and a tipsy Tami talk on the steps, a bottle of Jack in evidence.

*
*

TAMI

I just feel like here's this seventeen-year-old boy. And his life quite possibly has just been completely changed. Forever. I mean, his life, you know? His life. You know what I'm saying?

JUDITH

His life.

TAMI

(you do understand)

Yes. And everyone's saying how upset they are about it, but the sad truth is that the thing they're most upset about is that he was such a good football player. I mean, is that really how to measure someone's value? Their worth? By how good they throw a football?

JUDITH

It is in Texas.

TAMI

I just feel like I have to do something, you know? Like do something.

JUDITH

Wow. You're more screwed up than I am.

OFF this, we,

CUT TO:

AB26 INT. SANDWICH SHOP - NIGHT

AB26

IN A CORNER

Drew, the cute Rally Girl from before is talking to a dumbstruck Saracen while Landry watches, pig in shit.

*

DREW

So I'm yours.

SARACEN

Sorry?

DREW

Well, now that you're first-string you get a first-string Rally Girl. So, the way this usually works is you tell me what you like and I provide it. What do you like, Matt?

*

SARACEN

Oh...

DREW

I make a mean chocolate coconut cake. I'm telling you it kicks butt.

SARACEN

Well, sure, that sounds...

DREW

I tell you what. How about you try it? See what you think. And we go from there.

SARACEN

That sounds great.

She walks away. Landry just lets his eyes linger on her.

(CONTINUED)

LANDRY

Can we just pause for a moment to reflect on the implications of this?

SARACEN

I can't think about girls right now. I've got a game on Friday.

LANDRY

Dude, why do you think people play football to begin with if not for Rally Girls? This is it, baby. We've gotta seize this opportunity. You're QB1. Me and you.

*

SARACEN

Me and you? What do you have to do with it? Besides. It doesn't feel right with Jason lying in a hospital bed and all.

LANDRY

It may not be right. But it's what we've got. Four, five weeks he's back on the team, you're second string again, and the Rally Girls pack up and move their tent down the road. For whatever reason God is shining his light on us. Don't blow it.

*

A26 OMITTED

A26

B26 ON RIGGINS: watching as Smash continues, building to a crescendo at the next booth.

B26

SMASH

Think this team needs a leader? Look no further. I'm gonna lead this team. Take this team right to State. Everyone gets behind Smash, we will not miss a beat.

Riggins stands up...

RIGGINS

(under)

Jerk...

(CONTINUED)

TYRA

What are you doing? Tim, don't get us thrown out of here for the tenth time...

But Riggins stalks over to Smash.

SMASH

What up Rigg?

RIGGINS

Get up.

SMASH

What?

RIGGINS

You're sitting in Jason's booth.

SMASH

What are you talking about?

RIGGINS

You heard what I said.

SMASH

Why don't you go home and sleep this one off? Be ready at practice for a change.

Riggins starts to walk away. Then suddenly he swings around and hurls his glass soda bottle at Smash. It misses his face by inches and shatters behind him.

OFF THIS, we,

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

CHYRON READS: Tuesday

26

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - DAY

26

Coach is checking out the air conditioning unit. Tami is on the phone. Julie eats cereal. It's hot.

TAMI

(into phone)

Yes, it is a very good cause.

(truly, I'd rather die)

Yes, I would love to be part of it.

Oh, yeah I could bring something, sure. Rice Krispie treats?

She covers the phone and gives Taylor a look like she's in hell. He smiles. And it just gets worse:

TAMI (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I guess... Well, I don't know, I personally like them with the M&Ms.

Yeah, I suppose a mix would be smart. That many? Sure, I guess I could do that. I look forward to seeing you, too.

She hangs up.

TAMI (CONT'D)

I have to make 200 Rice Krispie treats by Saturday.

Taylor LAUGHS. She doesn't appreciate it.

TAMI (CONT'D)

I swear to God, I walked out of that Book Club last night and somehow I had joined about a dozen committees.

JULIE

Told you. It's a slippery slope.

TAMI

How's that A.C.?

TAYLOR

It's definitely broke. Better call the guy. Gotta go.

*

(CONTINUED)

He kisses Julie, then Tami. She gives him a squeeze of support.

TAMI
Enjoy your lunch with the boosters
today. Fun. *
*

TAYLOR
They're just trying to help.

JULIE
Maniacs.

TAMI
(at the door, between the
two of them)
Listen, I was thinking of looking
for a job.
(off his look)
That was the plan, right? Once we
got settled in?

TAYLOR
Now?

TAMI
This whole thing has just made me
realize how fragile life can be. I
just feel like I have to do
something.

TAYLOR
You mean, in addition to the Rice
Krispie treats?

TAMI
I'm just gonna put some feelers
out.

TAYLOR
Great.

Not exactly the rah-rah she was looking for, but enough to
proceed.

CUT TO:

27 INT. APPLEBEE'S - DAY * 27

Buddy, in power position at the head of the table, studies
Taylor, as Mayor Rodell, and a group of BOOSTERS, including

(CONTINUED)

27 FNL "Eyes Wide Open" GREEN 7/28/06 19A. 27
CONTINUED:
REG, 40s, good ole' boy, sit around a Booster lunch making helpful suggestions. *

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR RODELL

Those boys are gonna have a weakness against the run. You give that ball to Smash and let him do his thing.

REG

Don't let Saracen throw that ball.

MAYOR RODELL

We don't want to see him bean anymore of our boys in the helmet.

LAUGHTER.

REG

That boy cannot do the job. You can't expect miracles to happen every time he closes his eyes and throws the ball.

MAYOR RODELL

Coach, he will lose us ball games.

BUDDY

Alright, let's hold off on the words of wisdom and let Coach Taylor here eat his riblets. He knows what to do this Friday. And he knows as well as anyone we need "W"s. That's how Coaches keep their jobs.

*

Taylor smiles at Buddy, clearly he's the guy pulling the strings around here.

TAYLOR

I'm gonna keep all this in mind. Thank you. And thanks for the lunch. Real tasty.

*

OFF Taylor, nodding and smiling, we,

CUT TO:

A FOOTBALL SAILS THROUGH THE AIR. Saracen has just thrown a long pass. This practice is full uniforms and pads. Dolia gets pummeled waiting for the pass. Smash throws his hands in the air in frustration.

(CONTINUED)

McGill comes up to Taylor.

MCGILL

Don't you think we oughta start focusing on our ground game? We give this kid too much to think about he's gonna blow up in front of our eyes. Big time.

Coach Taylor turns to Mac, smiles, not appreciating the input.

TAYLOR

Thanks, Coach. I'll run the practice.

Mac exchanges a look with Buddy -- who watches from the empty stands. Taylor clocks this.

IN THE STANDS

DEEKS (Taylor's scout from the pilot) approaches Buddy.

DEEKS

Wanted to talk to me, Mr. Garrity?

BUDDY

How are you, Deeks? That hip doin' alright?

DEEKS

Can't get through a metal detector. Other than that, no complaints.

BUDDY

So, there's a quarterback out of Louisiana. Displaced. Katrina. He's out here now -- Ray Tatom.

DEEKS

Voodoo Tatom?

BUDDY

Know him?

DEEKS

Know of him. Heard he's goin' over to Arnett Mead.

BUDDY

Might be. Might not be. He's gonna be in Marlsboro Thursday
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUDDY (CONT'D)

afternoon. At the old field.
About two o'clock. Thought you and
I could take a drive. See if he
lives up to the hype.

DEEKS

Sure.

BUDDY

Let's just keep this between you
and me right now.

Deeks' eyes move to Taylor, then back to Buddy.

DEEKS

Yes, sir.

ON THE FIELD

Smash runs with a ball and is tackled. He gets up, mad.

SMASH

I seen my granddaddy make better
blocks playing checkers.

RIGGINS

Yeah, and if you could move as fast
as you can talk -- we'd score on
every play.

Smash squares off with Riggins. Nose to nose. Close to
blows. The whole team watches, as does Buddy.

SMASH

You got something to say to me.

RIGGINS

You need to come off my blocks
faster! Stop flapping your lips
and play with your legs instead of
your mouth!

SMASH

And you need to stop blaming
everybody else when you screw up!

Taylor runs over.

TAYLOR

Hey! HEY! What the hell is wrong
with you two? Keep that crap off
the field. You understand? Do-you-
understand?

(CONTINUED)

Smash and Riggins nod.

Taylor looks over to Saracen, slumped over, not exuding much confidence. The team is falling apart around him.

Coach's eyes glance subtly to the stands where Buddy, his back to Taylor, is walking away. No good-bye hug? No I love you?

CUT TO:

Cheerleading practice! Crazy high energy. Skirts flow. You would never know the team's troubles from this picture. Lyla's right there. Therapy by way of leg kicks. She sees Riggins, drenched in sweat, coming off the field.

ANGLE ON: Riggins hearing...

LYLA

Tim? Tim!

He turns and stops. They look at each other, the first time since the accident. Seeing him, she's a bit overcome. Hugs him. He is awkward with the physicality.

LYLA (CONT'D)

How are you doing with all this?

RIGGINS

Yeah... You know...

LYLA

I know you're not exactly a chatterbox when it comes to your feelings, but I'm here...

RIGGINS

(shutting right on down)
Yeah, cool.

Yet, he's slightly less hostile than usual, the discerning eye might sense a soft spot.

LYLA

Jason's been asking about you.

RIGGINS

(a lot more uncomfortable)
Yeah. How's...?

(CONTINUED)

LYLA

He's good. He's real good.
(then)
He's still Jason.

RIGGINS

Yeah.

LYLA

Hey, I was going to go over there
later. Around eight? Visiting
hours are over at six, but I've got
the place wired. Wanna come with?

Riggins can't meet her eyes.

LYLA (CONT'D)

You wait too long, he might just
start taking it personal.

Riggins looks at her. Her eyes -- beautiful, vulnerable,
verging on tears. How could he say anything but--

RIGGINS

See you at eight.

She smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. DILLON HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

Saracen walks down the hallway and is drawn to the sound of
HIP-HOP MUSIC. He walks toward the door.

IN A DANCE REHEARSAL ROOM

A student hip-hop/jazz dance ensemble rehearses. The DANCE
TEACHER barks out INSTRUCTIONS as Saracen's gaze focuses on
JULIE dancing. It's the sexiest thing he's ever seen. Then
she looks up. Does she notice him? He ducks the hell out of
there.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Lyla waits outside the hospital in front of a big lighted
sign that says "Emergency". No Riggins. She checks her
watch one more time. Turns and heads into the hospital.

32 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT 32

A pick-up truck bombs down a country road. Raw HARD ROCK
blares.

33 INT. RIGGINS' TRUCK - NIGHT 33

Riggins drives. Tyra beside him. She lowers the music. He
turns up the volume, even louder. She shakes her head, tries
once again to lower the music.

RIGGINS

Not really in the mood to talk.

TYRA

Is that right?

A beat, then she speaks the taboo subject.

TYRA (CONT'D)

Look, it's not like he died.

RIGGINS

Yeah, I know that.

TYRA

Worse case scenario he's paralyzed.
So what.

RIGGINS

So what?

TYRA

Yeah, like most people aren't
walking around paralyzed in their
own way? This whole world is
screwed up.

RIGGINS

You don't make sense half the time
you open that mouth of yours, you
know that?

TYRA

By the way, it's hot.

RIGGINS

What?

TYRA

Quads. They're hot.

(CONTINUED)

RIGGINS

What the hell are you talking about?

TYRA

It's not just me. Lot of girls are way into it. Something about that wheelchair, taking care of your man, know what I'm saying? He'll get more tail than a Texas football player.

Riggins screeches to a stop, nearly running into a road sign.

RIGGINS

Get out!

TYRA

Yeah, right. I'm getting out. We're in the middle of nowhere.

He snaps. Opens the door with one hand while he tries to push her out with the other. But she fights back. The more she fights, the more he keeps coming. It's somewhere between funny and ugly. Finally, he succeeds in pushing her out of the truck. She lands hard.

TYRA (CONT'D)

Creep!

He is about to pull away when a Sheriff's cruiser approaches. It pulls to a stop right in front of the truck's grill.

RIGGINS

Damn.

Two SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES get out of the car.

DEPUTY

Put your damn hands up, boy!

Riggins does. Deputy 2 shines a light in the truck, sees the empty beer bottles. Tyra has risen now, she's got a big scrape on her elbow and another on her knee.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)

You doin' alright, ma'am?

TYRA

How the hell does it look like I'm doin'?

(CONTINUED)

DEPUTY 2
That Tim Riggins?

The other Deputy turns and sees who it is. Suddenly, there's a complete reversal.

DEPUTY
Let's get you home. You gotta rest up. Big game Friday.

Riggins gets in the back of the cruiser. The other Deputy gets into his truck. The Deputy looks out to Tyra.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)
(almost an afterthought)
Need a ride home?

TYRA
Sure. And I don't want to be a bother, but any chance of getting your first-aid kit out?

OFF this, we,

CUT TO:

34 INT. HOSPITAL - JASON'S ROOM - NIGHT

34

Jason lies in bed. He summons all of his energy to try to lift a pencil. He's not able to do it. Senses someone. Looks up. Coach Taylor. It's an intense moment. Neither of them are sure what to say.

JASON
Hey Coach.

TAYLOR
How ya' feeling?

Coach realizes what a stupid thing this is to say as it comes out of his mouth.

JASON
Not really feeling much of anything.

TAYLOR
Dumb question. Can I sit?

JASON
Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

Taylor pulls up a chair and sits next to him. There's a long beat, then Taylor takes out a football from his bag. It's been signed by all the players.

TAYLOR

I didn't know what to bring.

Jason examines it...

JASON

Hey, look, Riggins learned to write his name.

Taylor smiles. Admires Jason, who is able to find humor still.

TAYLOR

I know you don't need anyone to say this, but we're holding your spot for you. A week, a month, a year. Whatever it takes.

JASON

Thanks, Coach.

TAYLOR

You're... you're a good man. You're what makes guys like me want to coach.

Jason smiles, appreciates this. There's a beat, then...

JASON

How's Saracen doing?

TAYLOR

Not bad. It'll take time.

JASON

Yeah.

(then)

I always liked him. He's not like me. I like having a road map. He's creative. He draws.

TAYLOR

Draws?

JASON

Pictures. Like art. Listens to all that Bob Dylan. He sees things different.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

Right.

JASON

He'll make things happen if he's
freed up out there.

Taylor looks at Jason. Even from his hospital bed he's
helping the team. There's a beat, then--

JASON (CONT'D)

Sorry for letting you down, Coach.

Taylor shakes his head, but can't even find the words. After
a moment, he simply reaches out and rests his hand on top of
Jason's. They sit there. OFF THIS...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

CHYRON READS: Wednesday

35 OMITTED 35
36 EXT. SARACEN HOUSE - DAY 36

Landry pumps Saracen with helpful information as they head towards Landry's car.

LANDRY

They keep comparing you to Jason Street. It's like comparing my music to the Red Hot Chili Peppers. I'm not the Red Hot Chili Peppers. I'm my own thing. It's not better or worse. It's different.

SARACEN

You're a whole lot worse than the Red Hot Chili Peppers.

LANDRY

The point is you gotta work the media. It's part of your job. Let them know who Matt Saracen is. Bitches can't even get your name right.

SARACEN

Who is Matt Saracen?

LANDRY

I'll tell you who he is. He's QB1 is who he is. When they roll that camera on you just start spewing stuff out. Doesn't matter what. Be out there. The weirder the better. You gotta develop a mystique. This is it, man. We're goin' all the way. We're goin' to State.

SARACEN

"We"?

LANDRY

Fix your hair. What did you do, soak it in bacon grease? You look ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)

36 FNL

"Eyes Wide Open"
CONTINUED:

GREEN

7/28/06

30A.

36

Saracen spits up his hands and works on a rebellious lock of hair. As they get into the car and drive off, we,

PRELAP:

(CONTINUED)

SARACEN'S VOICE
Not everyone's gonna be the Red Hot
Chili Peppers.

CUT TO:

37 OMITTED 37
38 EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - DAY 38

Saracen sits on a stool before the PRESS. He's vamping.
He's taking a nose dive.

SARACEN
I mean, Jason Street's a great guy.
Everyone knows what he's about.
He's the Red Hot Chili Peppers.
You gotta love the guy. But me?
I'm not like that.

INTERVIEWER
How are you feeling about the game
this Friday?

COACH TAYLOR is now in the chair.

TAYLOR
Feeling good. Feeling real good.

INTERVIEWER
With Jason Street injured, are you
concerned whether you'll be around
the whole season?

TAYLOR
No, sir. Absolutely not.

INTERVIEWER
There's been a lot of talk about
how close you and Jason are. How's
he doing?

ON RIGGINS

Hold on. Uncomfortably long beat. He says nothing.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)
If Jason Street is the Red Hot
Chili Peppers. Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO SARACEN

SARACEN

Exactly. Who am I? Who am I?

He nervously rubs his errant hair.

INTERVIEWER

So is there a game plan?

NOW IT'S SMASH

SMASH

Game plan. Yeah, there's a game plan. God has a game plan. If you think I'm doing this on my own, you better think again. I'm not making the plan. But I'm sure gonna run with it.

INTERVIEWER

Can you elaborate on the plan a little?

SMASH

Can I elaborate? Come down Friday night. I'll be doing some elaborating on Friday.

The Press LAUGH, totally with him. It spurs him on.

SMASH (CONT'D)

What happened to Jason is tragedy. And we all want him back. But he'd be the first guy to tell you we can't just wait around.

Riggins listens from the sidelines with a few other players.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Maybe that's what God wanted.

Riggins takes a few steps closer--

SMASH (CONT'D)

Maybe there's a reason for this. Know what I'm saying? Maybe I was meant to step up and lead this team.

Riggins looks at Smash, what he's saying is unconscionable to him.

(CONTINUED)

SMASH (CONT'D)

And if God wants me to come in,
pick up where Street left off, I
say bring it on.

Smash turns because in his peripheral vision a train is coming toward him in the form of Tim Riggins. Tim jumps Smash and they fall over backwards and start fighting. It's ugly. Visceral. Clothes pulling. Ball kicking. Scratching. And it's right in front of the cameras.

COACH TAYLOR, being interviewed twenty yards down field, has to run full speed. Taylor has to push aside a Cameraman to get to them.

TAYLOR

Stop! Damn it! What is wrong with you!?

Taylor, along with the help of several assistants and a couple of players, has broken it up. He is breathing hard. Turns to the cameras. This is just humiliating.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Turn those off.

One Camera Operator keeps rolling. Taylor gets right up on him.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Turn it off.

The Camera Operator finally relents.

CUT TO:

39 A MAN IN HIS FIFTIES

39

Deep Texas accent, looking right at us, very serious.

BRECKER

What about Saracen, he gonna pick
up the slack? What's Coach say?

He's talking to Tami, who is dressed for a job interview.
The door reads: PRINCIPAL BRECKER, we realize we are in:

THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

TAMI

He thinks very highly of Matt.

(CONTINUED)

BRECKER

You don't have to give me the company line. Shoot, I am the company. This team goes into a tailspin, I hear about it from one and all. He's gotta keep that ball out of the air. I don't wanna be sitting in the stands watching the kid throw interceptions. Nothing brings down school morale like interceptions.

Tami smiles at him.

TAMI

Maybe we should talk about the guidance counselor position.

CUT TO:

A40

EXT. EMPTY FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

A40

Buddy and Deeks watch as RAY VOODOO TATOM, 6'3", African American, sends beautiful, poetic spirals out to the heavens. A series of cones are laid out in various parts of the field. He fires one football after the other at different cones. Doesn't miss by much.

Next to Buddy stands a MAN and a WOMAN in their early fifties, presumably Ray's parents, and another Man, VIC, in his forties, wearing a suit and standing stoically by the parents. Is he an agent, a lawyer, a spiritual leader? After a bunch of throws, Voodoo turns to Buddy and Deeks. Voodoo knows he's good.

VOODOO

Seen enough?

BUDDY

That'll do.

CUT TO:

40

EXT. SANDWICH SHOP - DAY

40

Tyra walks out, a vision to behold. Smash is walking in. It's immediately dangerous.

SMASH

Your boyfriend's a real piece of work.

(CONTINUED)

TYRA

At the moment I wouldn't call him
my boyfriend.

Smash looks at her, was that an invitation? It's certainly
enough for him. PRELAP: Driving HIP HOP and we,

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT./INT. WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY

Hip hop FILTERS out from inside. Corrina, in a nurse's
uniform and holding groceries, leads the way in front of her
two Daughters. This lady is strong, wise, quick with a
comeback and sees through bullshit like no one else.

*

Sheila (18) has her mother's smarts, but is tall and
athletic. Noannie (15) goes to Dillon High so she can inform
the rest of the female Williams about all of Smash's
bullshit. They approach talking and they don't stop talking.
By the way -- ever.

CORRINA

Noannie, why are you empty handed
girl. Go back and get some bags.
You know I'm not supposed to put
stress on my back.

NOANNIE

Why me?

CORRINA

So you're not around to get the
back of my hand is why.

NOANNIE

Brian never has to do anything.

As she nears the door, the hip hop music gets louder--

CORRINA

Brian turn that junk down. That is
not music. That is the work of the
devil is what that is -- Lord have
mercy!

Because she has just opened the door to discover Smash and
Tyra going at it. Shirts open -- deep in foreplay. Tyra
jumps off the sofa, starts buttoning up.

(CONTINUED)

TYRA

You must be Mrs. Williams.

CORRINA

Yes, I am.

(to Smash)

Shacking up with white tarts after you get into fights in front of the cameras? You really took the Reverend's advice, didn't you Brian? He'll be real proud.

(to Tyra)

You're coming with me.

Corrina and Tyra walk toward Corrina's car. Tyra has met her match here.

CORRINA

This to get back at Tim Riggins?

TYRA

What are you a shrink?

CORRINA

I'd be nice. I work at Planned Parenthood. You probably haven't seen the last of me.

TYRA

I know to use protection. I'm not some piece of trash.

CORRINA

Oh, no, you're a class act all the way.

Tyra looks at her, wondering if the warm fuzzy part of Corrina's speech might be coming.

CORRINA (CONT'D)

I think you're safe to walk from here.

Tyra wonders if she's kidding. She isn't. Corrina just turns and starts walking back towards the house, then turns back with one final thought.

(CONTINUED)

CORRINA (CONT'D)

By the way. In case I didn't make
it clear. Stay away from my boy.

Corrina continues towards the house, Tyra shouts out after
her:

TYRA

I was thinking it was a one time
thing, blow off a little steam.
But after our little conversation,
I might just marry him.

CUT TO:

A43 AN MRI IMAGE A43

Of a human spine. REVERSE on DR. KROLL, looking at it. His
eyes close, dreading the news he must now deliver.

DOCTOR KROLL (V.O.)

The MRI shows damage to the cord at
C7-T1.

43 INT. HOSPITAL - JASON'S ROOM - NIGHT 43

Jason lays still in bed, in the halo brace. Bedside -- his
Parents and Dr. Kroll.

DR. KROLL

It could be much worse. You are
fortunate in that the fracture was
high enough so that you will still
be able to use your arms and hands.

JASON

What about my legs?

JOANNE STREET

We just need to keep praying and
once you start physical therapy...

JASON

(gently cutting her off)

Ma...

(to Kroll, self assured)

Doctor Kroll, I need to know if I'm
going to walk again. Please. I
can handle it. Just tell me the
truth.

(CONTINUED)

OFF this question, we,

CUT TO:

44 INT. APPLEBEE'S - NIGHT 44

Tami sits alone at a deuce. The restaurant is packed -- she sees Mary Anne and her family, the Grangers... who wave. There's no getting away from it. Taylor enters, hurrying in.

TAYLOR
Sorry, babe...

They kiss. The two can still kiss.

TAMI
No problem at all, I got three dates lined up. Two busboys and a hog farmer out of Rio Tinto.

TAYLOR
Hog farmer. I'm shaking in my boots. No Julie?

TAMI
Dance rehearsal. I told you ten times. So which do you want first -- the good news or the bad news?

TAYLOR
Good. Always.

TAMI
I'll start with the bad. The A.C. is a goner. We need a whole new system. Three grand minimum.

TAYLOR
What's the good news? Cold front coming in?

TAMI
The good news is I'm gonna help buy you your new unit. I think I got a job.

TAYLOR
A job? That fast. Congratulations.

TAMI
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

See, and you always said there were no psych jobs in Dillon.

TAMI

Well, I found one. At the school actually.

There's a beat, then, with a frozen smile--

TAYLOR

Which school is that?

TAMI

The high school.

TAYLOR

My high school?

TAMI

I didn't realize you bought it. I'm the new guidance counselor.

TAYLOR

New guidance counselor?

TAMI

Uh-oh, you're repeating me. That's never a good sign.

TAYLOR

I just don't know, Tami. I just don't know.

TAMI

Well, I took the job.

TAYLOR

Oh. You took it. That's not... thanks for the consultation.

TAMI

Eric--

TAYLOR

Guidance counselors can be a real nuisance. I mean, there's interaction. It's not like we won't have interaction.

(CONTINUED)

TAMI

I actually thought that would be a good thing. Silly me.

Taylor's cellphone RINGS, he picks it up.

TAYLOR

(into cellphone)

Hello? -- Yeah, it's me...

(covers phone, to Tami)

The hospital.

(into phone)

What's goin' on...

Taylor listens, his mood darkening.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I see, I see... C7-T1. Yeah, I understand... I see. Yeah, thanks for calling so late. -- You get some sleep, huh?

Taylor hangs up. And Taylor tries to not let his emotions take over. Tami looks at him, she just knows. On Tami, reaching out to comfort him, we,

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

CHYRON READS: Thursday

45 INT. FIELD HOUSE - FILM ROOM - DAY

45

The team sits. The assistant coaches are all there. Coach Taylor enters. Looks at them silently. Then, the hardest thing he's ever had to say to them--

TAYLOR

Jason's paralyzed. With physical therapy he'll be able to regain use of his arms, hands, and upper body. But his legs... doesn't look like he's going to regain use of his legs.

Reactions of players: Riggins, stunned. Saracen, the weight of the world on his shoulders. Even Smash seems blown away. Other players fight back tears. Riggins rises...

RIGGINS

Damn... damn.

...and just walks out of the room. Coach looks around at everyone else, there's a beat, then--

TAYLOR

That's all for today.

On the devastated team. And Smash, motionless, eyes starting to well up...

CUT TO:

46 INT. ALAMO FREEZE - NIGHT

* 46

START ON frozen french fries SIZZLING as they are lowered into a vat of hot bubbling grease. Saracen, in his dirty Alamo Freeze whites, mans the deep fryer. Landry sits on the counter (in his civilian clothes) holding the playbook. He quizzes him on it. *

LANDRY

I-right 44 lead, bronco.

SARACEN

Open right. Draw to the tailback off the right tackle.

(CONTINUED)

LANDRY

Hey, you got one.

(next play)

Pro left, motion, XY eagle.

SARACEN

Five step drop. X receiver runs a seven yard out. Y runs an inside button hook.

LANDRY

Outlet?

SARACEN

Ah... Tailback in the flats?

LANDRY

Ah... close. Fullback releases...???

SARACEN

...Fullback releases under the outside linebacker, damn...

LANDRY

Okay, you're doing okay. Only another two hundred and fifty or so variations to go over.

Saracen looks daunted. A FAT GUY stands at the counter, pipes in.

FAT GUY

You gonna get me my fries anytime soon?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - JASON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lyla sits next to Jason, holding his hand. They watch TV. A NURSE passes.

NURSE

Visiting hours ended two hours ago.

LYLA

I know. We just got involved with our show.

NURSE

Not too much longer, okay?

(CONTINUED)

She leaves. Jason looks at her.

JASON

Lyla...

LYLA

I know, I should go. I'll be back at six.

JASON

Lyla, we have to talk about it.

LYLA

I spoke to Doctor Kroll. He didn't say it was impossible.

JASON

Lyla, it would take a miracle--

LYLA

You know what I think? I don't think Doctor Kroll realizes who you are. We are going to find the best doctor out there is what we're--

JASON

Lyla--

LYLA

You are Jason Street. And I'm Lyla Garrity. Everything's going to work out just how we planned it.

He looks at her. It's a weird dynamic. If anyone could will something to happen it's her. But it's also not giving Jason much room to deal with the onslaught of feelings that must be just under the surface.

She kisses him, shuts off the TV. Kneels by the bed, takes his hand.

LYLA (CONT'D)

Thank you Lord, for all you've given to Jason, and myself. We don't know yet why you're putting us through this test, but we know you will find a way to show us. And we will come through this test. Whatever it takes. Amen.

JASON

Amen.

(CONTINUED)

FNL "Eyes Wide Open" GREEN 7/28/06 44.
47 CONTINUED: (2) 47

OFF this, we,

CUT TO:

48 INT. FIELD HOUSE - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 48

WIDE SHOT. Empty. Dark. Only one light remains on. Tami walks in. Sees her husband there.

49 INT. FIELD HOUSE - TAYLOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT 49

Coach sits watching tape of Saracen in practice. The door opens. Tami enters.

TAMI

I should've talked to you before I took that job.

TAYLOR

It's okay. I understand it.

She sees a look on his face. Something she doesn't normally see in her husband. Not quite defeat, but close. With Tami, only with Tami, he utters something he could say to no one else.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Matt Saracen isn't ready for this. This town. They expect State. Forget about State, I don't think we can win a game.

Tami walks over, picks up his remote, turns it off. She sits close to him, formulating her thoughts, then --

TAMI

Here's what you're going to do. You're going to mold Matt Saracen. Just like you did with Jeff Perell at Macedonia. He couldn't tell the difference between a skinny post and an out-and-up, but by the end of the season he was one of the best quarterbacks in the league.

TAYLOR

I had close to a year to get Jeff ready. This is different. I've got no time. Zero. Nothing. I lose a game, I'm on the ropes. A couple more, we're packing our bags. Everything they're saying is
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

true. Jason Street was my meal ticket. He's the reason that I have this job and now he can't move. I'm screwed. Completely.

TAMI

Maybe you are. But if anybody can do this. It's you. I've seen it. I've seen it with my own eyes. I believe in you. With every cell in my body I believe in you.

Taylor looks at Tami. Love in his heart for her. He just grabs her, pulls her to him and kisses her.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

INT. SARACEN HOUSE - NIGHT

Saracen and Grandma vacantly stare at reality TV. He's still in his Alamo Freeze whites. Headlights pull up to the driveway. Saracen rises, hurries to the window. Taylor gets out of his car. Saracen's eyes widen. *

SARACEN

Damn. Damn. It's Coach. Grandma, you gotta go to your room.

KNOCK on the door. Saracen stands before it.

SARACEN (CONT'D)

Who is it?

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Matt? It's me. Coach.

SARACEN

Oh, hey Coach. How's it going?

TAYLOR (O.S.)

It's fine. Mind opening the door?

Saracen looks to his Grandmother who is now in the kitchen, a plate CRASHES. Saracen has no choice but to open the door.

SARACEN

Why don't we go outside...?

TAYLOR

Actually, I'd like to come in.

(CONTINUED)

Taylor steps in. You can feel Matt's discomfort, his shame. Taylor looks around at the shambles of Matt's broken-furnished-dark-dank-foodstamped-crazy-Grandma'd existence. Picture of his Dad in uniform in Iraq. Taped on the wall, a few pencil drawings, unframed, complex, intricate. Grandma walks up with a piece of three day old coffee cake.

MRS. SARACEN

Please, sit. Have a piece of cake.

TAYLOR

Thank you ma'am. I just ate.

SARACEN

Everything alright?

TAYLOR

Everything's fine.

There's a silence, then...

MRS. SARACEN

Wasn't he wonderful last Friday?

TAYLOR

Yes, ma'am.

SARACEN

Grandma...

MRS. SARACEN

I am so proud of him.

TAYLOR

You should be, ma'am.

(then, he looks at
Saracen)

How about we take a ride?

OFF Saracen, we,

CUT TO:

Taylor and Saracen as they drive in silence. Saracen is spooked.

53

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - NIGHT

53

One by one the lights go on. The field is bathed in a pool of white light. Saracen and Taylor stand at the fifty yard line.

TAYLOR

I could never sleep the night before a game.

SARACEN

Yes, sir.

TAYLOR

Tried everything. Reading. Used to run the playbook in my head over and over. Even bought a book on meditation once.

SARACEN

Yes, sir.

TAYLOR

Must be hard. Dad in Iraq.

SARACEN

It's not so bad, sir.

TAYLOR

My Dad was anything but in Iraq. He was on me. Day in, day out. Still thinks I should've made the NFL. I complain, but I don't know how well I would've done without him. You. I don't know how you do it. All the practices, the time commitment, the pressure. All that and you're the man of the house, too.

SARACEN

Yes, sir.

TAYLOR

You didn't want me to step foot in your house. But you should feel proud, son. You should feel real proud.

SARACEN

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR
This is yours for the taking, son.
You can do this.

SARACEN
Yes, sir.

TAYLOR
(beat)
You were only out there a few
minutes last week. Tomorrow it's
gonna be different. Four quarters.

SARACEN
Yes, sir.

TAYLOR
Can't let anything distract you.
Our fans, their fans, the band,
those cheerleaders with those legs.
You got a job to do. Nothing else.

SARACEN
Yes, sir.

Taylor gives a signal to a lone Assistant Coach standing in
the control room. Suddenly, the stadium is filled with the
sound of FOURTEEN THOUSAND CHEERING FANS through the P.A.
They need to YELL to hear each other.

TAYLOR
Your teammates need to hear you.
You've gotta call the plays. You
going be able to call the plays?

SARACEN
Yes, sir.

TAYLOR
Here we go. 22 rocket on hit!

SARACEN
22, 22 rocket...

TAYLOR
Can't hear you!

SARACEN
22, 22 ROCKET!!!

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

You are the QB1 of the Dillon Panthers. You will lead this team. If they hear you, they will believe in you! Now come on, son! Give till it hurts!!!

SARACEN

TWENTY TWO!!! TWENTY TWO ROCKET!!!
HIT! HIT! HIT!!!

TAYLOR

44 cross fire on red!

Saracen SHOUTS out the play louder. And louder. On these two men, whose fates have suddenly been thrown together, we

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

CHYRON READS: Friday

54 OMITTED 54
55 INT. GARRITY MOTORS - BUDDY'S OFFICE - DAY 55

Buddy is on the phone. Taylor approaches from the showroom. During the following conversation, Buddy waves Taylor in, points to a couch for him to sit, and indicates he'll just be a minute.

BUDDY

Well, I'll tell you what you're going to do, you're going to find that '07 with black interior and Nav for me before the end of the day or I'm gonna find myself a new fleet manager.

Buddy hangs up the phone, looks at Taylor.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Hard to get good people these days.

Taylor smiles, hoping he's not talking about Taylor as well.

TAYLOR

You wanted to see me, Buddy?

BUDDY

Yeah, yeah. We go back. You first met me, I was just a salesman. You probably liked me a whole lot better back then.

TAYLOR

I wouldn't say that.

BUDDY

I like you Eric. Like having you back around here.

(then, more to the point)

So, you ready for tonight?

TAYLOR

I'm gonna give it my best.

BUDDY

Don't give me that. I'm not some sports reporter. I want to know in no uncertain terms that we're gonna

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED:

55

BUDDY (CONT'D)

win this game. I don't care how you do it. We come up losers after what's happened to Jason Street it's gonna throw this town right into a tailspin. This isn't just some football game, Coach. And you know it. Now I am gonna help this team. Gonna bring this colored boy in from Louisiana. I'm telling you this boy can throw. But it's complicated. There's a lot of schools want him. And there's paperwork that needs to be filed. Dates and so forth. Eligibility issues. It'll take a couple-few weeks to make it happen. I need you to keep this season alive until then. Do you hear me?

TAYLOR

Buddy, this team has lost its quarterback. I don't care who's coming in from Louisiana, we're going to need some time to rebuild.

BUDDY

I don't want to hear about rebuilding. The team needs a "W". This town needs a "W". Make it happen. It's your job.

OFF Taylor, daunted, we,

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF GAME DAY SHOTS

- 56 --Saracen leaves his house for the game, notices a brand new QB1 sign has been hammered into his lawn. Drew is waiting with his cake and a kiss on the cheek. 56
- 57 --Various Rally Girls -- deliver baked goods to various players. Riggins gets his, a six pack of beer, gives his Rally Girl a long, sexy kiss, walks off, the Rally Girl SCREAMS like she was just kissed by a Beatle. * 57 *
- 58 --Lyla, in her cheerleading uniform, delivers cookies to Jason. 58
- 59 --Businesses in town close. Closed for game day signs pervade. 59

60 --The opposing team pulls up in a bus, starts to file into the visitor's locker room. 60

61 --The field lights turn on. 61

62 --Panthers in the locker room, within themselves now, it's eerily quiet. 62

63 --Cheerleaders adjusting make-up, outfits. 63

64 --Stadium snack bars open. 64

65 --The gates to the stadium open. FANS start to file in. 65

OVER THIS we hear SPORTS COMMENTATORS. The recurring theme, will Saracen hold up under the pressure? Can Coach Taylor win games without Jason Street? And then there is the ever present question that has become a mantra in the press: "Did Saracen close his eyes and throw the ball?"

66 INT. FIELD HOUSE - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 66

Coach Taylor stands before the team. You could hear a pin drop.

TAYLOR

Some of you might be scared. It's natural. But it's dangerous. You play tentative you put yourself and those around you at risk. You feel scared, you tell me so I can take you off the field.

(beat, then)

Some of you may be angry. Maybe real angry.

ON Riggins, who can't look at him.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

One good thing about being football players. We can channel our anger. Use it. On the field.

Taylor just waits until Riggins finally looks up. Taylor nods to him.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

We've suffered a loss. A big loss. But this team was never about one player. Not to me at least. It's about all of us. Every single one of us.

(CONTINUED)

ON SMASH, taking in these words, thoughtful--

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

And if we're going to come back
from this loss, it's going to take
all of us.

(eyes on Smash)

Not one man. Every single one of
us. Together.

Smash looks at him. Smash feels himself rising, standing. He slowly starts walking toward one of the lockers. Taylor follows him with his eyes, not knowing what he's doing. None of the players do. Smash ends up at Jason Street's locker. He takes Street's jersey. He walks over to door. He hangs Street's jersey on a nail adjacent to the Panther "P". Smash is learning the first step in becoming a leader -- compassion.

SMASH

Let's win it for Street.

Taylor nods to Smash. The team is together now. He can feel it. There's nothing left to say.

TAYLOR

Let's pray.

Everyone kneels.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Lord, help us have a successful
game. And a safe game. Please
look down on Jason. We love him.
We miss him. Amen.

ALL

Amen.

TAYLOR

Gentlemen. Clear eyes. Full
hearts. Can't lose.

TEAM

Can't lose.

TAYLOR

Go. For Jason. Go!

(CONTINUED)

The team charges out of the locker room. The energy is palpable as one after the other tap Jason's jersey on the wall as they leave.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - NIGHT 67

Friday night. Full stadium. The Dillon Panthers emerge onto the field like ancient Gladiators. The audience ERUPTS. Cheerleaders. Band. The energy is palpable.

ON LYLA with the cheerleaders. Wild, controlled frenzy.

--Tami and Julie in the stands. Tami reaches down and takes Julie's hand.

--Riggins and Smash eye each other. A barely discernible nod. They're together. At least for this game.

--Buddy sits in anticipation, Mayor Rodell on one side.

68 INT. FIELD HOUSE - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 68

Taylor is by himself. He hears a FOOTSTEP behind him. He isn't alone. He turns. Saracen. It's a bizarre moment. Saracen just stands there, looking ashen. Taylor can't help but smile a little at the absurdity of this.

TAYLOR

You need to throw up or something, son?

SARACEN

I don't think so, sir.

TAYLOR

Cause if you do, better here than out there.

SARACEN

I'm pretty sure I don't.

Taylor comes closer. Looks right in his eyes.

TAYLOR

I need you, Matt. This is it. I'm not gonna lie to you. I need you.

SARACEN

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR
You ready for this?

SARACEN
Yes, sir.

Taylor isn't so sure. This is some sort of pinnacle moment, Taylor realizes he needs to say something, but what? How does he mold him in thirty seconds?

TAYLOR
Look at me. Look at me. I've got one question for you. When you threw that pass last Friday. The winning pass. Did you close your eyes, son?

Saracen considers for a long beat, then looks at Taylor. Right in his eyes. He looks suddenly powerful, assured--

SARACEN
No, sir. My eyes were open, sir. My eyes were wide open.

TAYLOR
That's what I thought. Let's go play football.

Saracen grabs his helmet, heads out to the field, hitting Jason's jersey on his way out. Taylor stands there for a moment, takes one more deep breath. The sound of the ROARING and potentially murderous crowd filters into this empty, echo-y locker room. As Taylor heads out to the field, we go,

HARD TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE