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FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"Backfire"

Written by
David Hudgins

Directed by
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PRODUCTION DRAFT

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FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"Backfire"

PINK

8/15/07

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)

RECEPTIONIST
LANNIE ALBRIGHT
MRS. LORRAINE SARACEN
BRADLEY COLE
STAN ZISK
MAYOR LUCY RODELL
BUDDY GARRITY
BOOSTER
MACGREGOR
PRINCIPAL BRECKER
GODFREY
SMART-ASS INMATE (DOBBS)
SANTIAGO
MARY CLARKE
TERRENCE BOYD
CHAD CLARKE
MEXICAN COP
PAM GARRITY
MINDY
CRYSTAL
DILLON COP #1
DILLON COP #2
VOICE ON P.A. SYSTEM
BARBARA LEE
DR. RIMBAUD
THE SWEDE
ANGELA COLLETTE
DETECTIVE WILLS

*

FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"Backfire"

PINK

8/15/07

SET LIST

INTERIORS

OPENING MONTAGE - DAY & NIGHT
STREET'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING
CLINICA ESPINAL DE SAN ROBERTO - DAY
 EXAM ROOM - DAY
FIELD HOUSE - MORNING *
STATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS - DAY
 CLASSROOM - DAY
TMU STADIUM - DAY
 COACHES' SKYBOX - DAY
GARRITY MOTORS - DAY
 BUDDY'S OFFICE - DAY
TAYLOR HOUSE - DAY, NIGHT & MORNING
 LIVING ROOM - DAY & NIGHT
 MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING
 KITCHEN - MORNING
 DINING AREA - NIGHT
MEXICAN MOTEL - DAY & NIGHT *
 ROOM 61 - DAY & NIGHT
CLARKE HOUSE - DAY & NIGHT
 DEN - DAY
 DINING ROOM - NIGHT
 LANDRY'S ROOM - DAY
TMU - BOYD'S OFFICE - DAY
CHURCH - SANCTUARY - DAY
LYLA'S CAR - DAY
 MOVING - DAY
ALAMO FREEZE - DAY
JAIL CELL - NIGHT
GARRITY HOUSE - DAY & NIGHT
 KITCHEN - DAY
 LYLA'S ROOM - NIGHT
TAYLOR'S CAR - MOVING - DAY
SANDWICH SHOP - DAY
MEXICAN CANTINA - NIGHT
NICE DILLON HOUSE - NIGHT
 LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
DILLON HIGH - DAY & NIGHT *
 PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY *
 MEETING ROOM - NIGHT
TAMI'S CAR - DAY
THE SWEDE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT
COLLETTE HOUSE - NIGHT
 TYRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
POLICE STATION - NIGHT
 INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT
 LOBBY - NIGHT

EXTERIORS

OPENING MONTAGE - DAY & NIGHT

HERRMANN FIELD - NIGHT

STATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS - DAY

MEXICAN STREET - NIGHT

MEXICAN POLICE STATION - NIGHT

TAYLOR HOUSE - NIGHT

DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

GARRITY HOUSE - DAY

DRIVEWAY - DAY

CLINICA ESPINAL DE SAN ROBERTO - DAY

THE SWEDE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"Backfire"

TEASER

OVER BLACK, the cathouse piano and jangly guitar of DYLAN's "Just Like Tom Thumb Blues" sets the mood. *"When you're lost in the rain in Juarez..."*

1 INT./EXT. OPENING MONTAGE - DAY/NIGHT (D1,N1)

1

Happiness is Dillon, Texas in the rear-view mirror. A series of shots, as STREET and RIGGINS head south for Mexico:

--Wide on Street's car speeding along a South Texas highway.

--Inside, Riggins drives, shirt off, and windows down, as Street rides shotgun. You can taste the freedom in the smiles on their faces. They pass a SIGN: "Brownsville 49, Mexican Border 53". High-fives. They're making progress.

--Sunset, at a Mexican petrol station. Riggins climbs in with sodas, snacks and porn. They drive away, waving at some MUCHACHOS.

--Middle of the night, as Riggins sleeps, and Street slugs a Red Bull, trying to stay awake at the wheel.

2 INT. STREET'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING (D2)

2

Street has a bunch of articles he printed off the internet in his lap. As Riggins drives, Street is telling him about the procedure he's gonna have. He's clearly excited about it.

JASON

... and then he takes the stem cells, and injects them right into my back. The idea is, they change into spinal cells, and that makes the cord grow back.

RIGGINS

So you're basically getting a shot.

JASON

Kinda. He has to open me up, so it's surgery, but I'm like the perfect candidate. Because of the location of my injury.

(CONTINUED)

RIGGINS

He's actually done this on people?

JASON

Hell yeah.

RIGGINS

'Cause yesterday you said something about mice.

JASON

No, rats. They're the closest thing to humans in terms of anatomy, which is why they always try stuff out on them first.

RIGGINS

What's the difference between a mouse and a rat?

JASON

Forget the rats, okay? Point is, the guy's been doing this for two years now, and lots of his patients are getting movement and feeling back.

(off some articles)

This guy, broke his neck diving into a pool, he can move his toes now. This one here, he got hurt in a car wreck, and now he can lift himself up and go all the way down the parallel bars.

RIGGINS

That's pretty cool.

JASON

It's more than cool, Riggs. It's like a damn miracle.

Tim is dubious, but he lets it go.

JASON (CONT'D)

Slow down, this is it. Yeah, right turn...

They exit under a SIGN: "San Roberto CENTRO 23km".

3

INT. CLINICA ESPINAL DE SAN ROBERTO - DAY (D2)

3

Fancy name for a not-so-fancy place. The waiting room is empty, decorated with plastic plants and cheesy art. Riggins stands by, as Street rages at a poor RECEPTIONIST.

JASON

This is ridiculous! Do you know how far we drove to get here?

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, sir. Whoever gave you the appointment made a mistake.

JASON

So when's he coming back?

RECEPTIONIST

Probably some time next week.

JASON

Probably?!

RIGGINS

Streeter, take it easy--

RECEPTIONIST

The doctor is on vacation with his family, I don't know for sure. Please, just take a card, and call us in a week. We'll work you in. I have to get the phone.

She slides the partition shut and answers a call. Street just sits there, furious. This so wasn't a part of his plan.

JASON

I can't believe this. What the hell are we supposed to do now?

RIGGINS

(beat)

I say we hit the beach.

Off an incredulous Street, as Riggins dons his sunglasses, and heads for the door. Bob SINGS us out: "*My fingers are all twisted, tied up in a knot/And my best friend the doctor won't tell me what it is I got...*"

FADE TO WHITE:

CHYRON READS: Next Friday Night

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

HEAR fans cheering, and drums pounding, as the familiar voices of LANNIE ALBRIGHT and STAN ZISK re-orient us back to Dillon:

LANNIE ALBRIGHT (V.O.)

We knew the Panthers were in for a challenge tonight with Tim Riggins out for personal reasons, but this is getting ugly, folks...

4 EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - GAME SEQUENCE 1 - NIGHT (N3) 4

Scoreboard: Dillon 14, Visitors 24, 5:46 left in the 3rd. Establish the concern of the Dillon PLAYERS and FANS. The WESTCOTT WARRIORS have the ball, and are driving. Again.

1st and 10 on the Panthers' 36. Give up the middle for an easy gain of 8, as the Dillon fans groan.

2nd and 2 on the Panthers' 28. Knuckles on turf, the QB barking over center, as a man goes in motion. Hut! QB drops, hits the slot man over the middle... jukes... TD!

LANNIE ALBRIGHT (V.O.)

Another easy six for the Warriors, and this Panther defense is really struggling. Our linebackers just don't have the speed to match up...

5 EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - GAME SEQUENCE 2 - NIGHT (N3) 5

Scoreboard: Dillon 14, Visitors 31, 10:15 left in the 4th. The Panthers have the ball, and they need to catch up fast.

1st and 10 on the Panthers' own 38. SARACEN gives to SMASH on a dive right, but he's stuffed at the line.

IN THE STANDS, GRANDMA SARACEN turns to CARLOTTA:

MRS. SARACEN

They oughta let Matthew throw it.

Same down and distance, same play, only this time it's a dive left, and Smash gains 3. Hear scattered BOOS.

ON THE FIELD, Saracen gets the next play call from COACH MACGREGOR. He shakes his head, and steps into the huddle.

SARACEN

Pro left, draw to Smash on 2. Big surprise.

(CONTINUED)

SMASH

Just run it, Matty. Ain't nobody
wanna hear you talk.

SARACEN

This is stupid. They've been
sitting on the run all night.

SMASH

Well it ain't your call, is it?

BRADLEY

Guys, come on. Clock's running.

Break! Feel the tension as they take the line. They run the
draw, Smash bobs and weaves... but he's nailed short of the
1st. He slams the ball, as Saracen rips off his helmet in
disgust. Out comes the punting unit as the BOOS grow louder.

STAN ZISK (V.O.)

Another three and out, and once
again Smash Williams and Matt
Saracen are not feeling the love.
And without Tim Riggins out there to
block I--Just--Do--Not--Know.

IN THE STANDS, BUDDY and MAYOR RODELL are not happy.

MAYOR RODELL

Down by 17, he calls a draw?

BUDDY

I know. Not much imagination.

They're watching MacGregor, as he screams and flails at his
offensive unit. The whole sideline is down and defeated.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I'll say this, they're the ones who
should be yelling at him. -- Come
on, let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - GAME SEQUENCE 3 - NIGHT (N3)

Scoreboard: Dillon 17, Visitors 34. 0:32 left in the 4th,
and the mood in the Dillon stands is downright mutinous.

LANNIE ALBRIGHT (V.O.)

What a night. I can't remember the
last time Panther fans were heading
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANNIE ALBRIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
for the exits halfway through the
4th quarter...

ON THE FIELD, the Warriors QB takes a knee to run out the clock. You get that shit where the defense charges in, all frustrated, and tempers flare. REFEREES separate players as time expires, and the celebration on the Warriors' side begins.

LANNIE ALBRIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And that'll do it. Our defending
State Champs on the wrong side of a
big blowout here tonight...

As MacGregor trots off the field, Dillon fans unload:

ANGRY FANS
Nice game, Coach! My dog could
call plays better'n that!/Hey
MacGregor! Call me when your house
goes on the market! etc.

STAN ZISK (V.O.)
The boo-birds are out and you have
to wonder, how much patience do
these Dillon fans have for Coach
MacGregor and his all-Smash, all-
ball-control offense...

OVER BY THE LOCKER ROOM ENTRANCE, Buddy, the Mayor, PRINCIPAL BRECKER and some BOOSTERS watch the team trudge inside. The players are pissed. They avoid MacGregor like the plague.

MAYOR RODELL
See that? He's lost those boys.

BOOSTER
(spits, disgusted)
A district loss. To Westcott...

Buddy is happy to let the bitterness play out. This is just what he needed to launch his plan to bring Eric Taylor back to town. A beat, and he turns to Principal Brecker:

BUDDY
I talk to you for a minute?

SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

CHYRON READS: Saturday

7

INT. DILLON HIGH - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY (D4)

* 7

Well, that sure didn't take long. Buddy and Principal Brecker have just fired MacGregor, and the guy is pissed.

BUDDY

I want you to know, we thought long and hard about this.

MACGREGOR

What a crock. Don't piss on my shoes and tell me it's raining.

BUDDY

We just feel like the team needs to go in a new direction.

MACGREGOR

After two games? This is a joke!

PRINCIPAL BRECKER

Jack--

MACGREGOR

(shows them his rings)

You see these? Three state titles, Mr. Garrity. Three years in a row. I was the first coach in Tennessee history ever to do that, so don't sit there and tell me this is about football, when we all know it's just a power play 'cause you've got your panties all in a wad.

Buddy remains calm. He's fired people before.

BUDDY

Look, you're a good man, and a fine football coach. But I've lived in Dillon all my life, and there's two things people here care about-- the barrel price of Texas crude, and Panther football. You mess with either one, and you're in deep doo-doo. That's just the way it is.

MacGregor sits back, seeing the writing on the wall here. Buddy takes his silence as acceptance, nods to Brecker, who

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

hands over an envelope. MacGregor opens it -- some legal papers, a check.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

We're paying you out for the season, and there's a severance payment there as a gesture of goodwill. Thanks for everything, coach. I'm sorry it didn't work out.

MacGregor shakes his head, disbelieving. OFF Buddy. Deed. Done.

8

INT. STATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS - DAY (D4)

8

Nobody said this Christ Teen Messengers stuff would be easy. LYLA's volunteered for a peer counseling program for juvenile offenders, and as she walks a corridor with the facility's chaplain, GODFREY, clutching her Bible and Volunteer ID, she's having second thoughts. Leers and JEERS abound. OFF Lyla trying not to look as intimidated as she is.

9

INT. STATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS - CLASSROOM - A BIT LATER (D4)

9

Lyla sits, facing a room of young, hard-looking INMATES. Reading a pamphlet, she finishes her spiel.

LYLA

"...to help us make better choices with Christ in our lives."
(a beat, to Godfrey)
That's it.

GODFREY

Great, thanks. Any questions?

Crickets. Lyla is having third thoughts about now.

SMART-ASS INMATE (DOBBS)

Yo, I got a question. How come nobody didn't tell you not to wear a dress up in here?

GODFREY

(over the howling)
Very funny, Dobbs, that's five points--

SMART-ASS INMATE (DOBBS)

I ain't saying I don't like it--

(CONTINUED)

GODFREY

There's more for the rest of you if
you don't cut it out! Calm down!

Amid the mischief, ANGLE ON one kid who's studying Lyla.
Meet SANTIAGO, a brooding, muscular Latino kid, who is
undeniably hot. He seems a little above these other losers.

SANTIAGO

Let me ask you something. If Jesus
loves me so much, why am I in here?

SMART-ASS INMATE (DOBBS)

You don't know? Well that weed
don't sell itself, smart guy.

SANTIAGO

Shut up, D. I'm just saying, if
God is so great, why do we have
wars? And drugs, and AIDS, and
babies dying in Africa and stuff.

INMATES

(feeling it)

Uh-huh./That's right./Go, dog. etc.

SANTIAGO

Tony over there, why's his pops
drinking all the time, and beating
on him and his sister? It doesn't
make any sense.

LYLA

Well, that's a good question. I
just think... I mean, it's hard--

SANTIAGO

No disrespect. But you people are
always coming in here, pretending
like you care, when the truth is --
if you saw any one of us out on the
street? You'd run the other way.

OFF Lyla, as he looks at her. Stung by the probable truth of
that. But also weirdly intrigued by this kid.

Half-time has just started. TAYLOR is about to exit the box
with the rest of the coaching STAFF, when a phone is handed
to him.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR
This is Taylor.

INTERCUT WITH:

Buddy, watching the game on a TV in the corner.

BUDDY
Eric, it's Buddy, how ya doing?

TAYLOR
How am I-- I'm in the middle of a damn game, that's how I'm doing. How'd you get this number?

BUDDY
Never mind that. The Eagle has landed.

TAYLOR
What?

Buddy is surprisingly sober, maybe a bit scared himself of how quickly this is all moving--

BUDDY
It's done, Eric, we fired him this morning. You got the green light to come on home. Congratulations.

Reflexively, Taylor covers the phone, and slides away.

TAYLOR
You couldn't wait till after the game?

BUDDY
I thought you'd wanna know. So listen, I gotta run, but ya'll need to go trips right against that zone. Their corners couldn't catch a cold at Christmas. Call me later. Bye.

OFF Taylor, as Buddy hangs up. Speechless.

12 INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D4)

12

The TMU game is on. TAMI's on the couch, exhausted, in that state of just about to fall asleep. JULIE enters.

TAMI

Hey. How are you?

JULIE

Fine.

Things are still tense between these two after the slapping incident last week. Julie sits and grabs a magazine. Tami notices this.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(an olive branch)

So, I was wondering if you could take me out driving.

TAMI

Oh. Not right now, sweetie--

JULIE

I have to practice, mom. That's why they call it a learner's permit.

TAMI

I'm aware of that.

JULIE

Then why not? I know I'm grounded, but this is like homework.

TAMI

It's got nothing to do with that. I'm tired, and Gracie's asleep, and dad's game is on, so I'm sorry if I can't just drop everything and tend to all of your needs at this exact moment in time. Okay?

Fuck the olive branch.

JULIE

I am so tired of being treated like a baby.

TAMI

And I'm a little tired of you acting like a spoiled brat.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

What are you gonna do, mom? Lock me in my room for the rest of my life? 'Cause I don't care what you say or what you do, you're not gonna stop me from seeing any guy I wanna see, and that includes The Swede, because we both know that's what this is really about!

She hurls her magazine and barrels for her bedroom--

TAMI

Hey! You get back here right now, young lady!

JULIE

I hate you!

SLAM! goes the door. A beat, and the baby starts CRYING. Welcome to Tami Taylor's paradise.

INT. MEXICAN MOTEL - ROOM 61 - DAY (D4)

The room is a festering mess of fast-food containers, newspapers, and empty beer cans. Street lies on the bed, watching a GAME SHOW, as Riggins fidgets. Bored to death.

RIGGINS

I wanna do something.

JASON

So go to the pool.

RIGGINS

I'm sick of the pool, J. We've been here a week, and you've barely left the room. It's Mexico, for God's sake. We got women, and tequila, a big bag of cash just lying around...

Street grabs his backpack, and puts it next to him on the bed for safekeeping.

JASON

This money's for my surgery. And I'm not going anywhere till the doctor gets back. Move your ass.

As Street tries to aim the remote control around him...

14 INT. CLARKE HOUSE - DEN - DAY (D4)

14

LANDRY and TYRA play video tennis on a Nintendo Wii. They're having fun, their minds off their problems (murder) for now.

LANDRY

Nice. You serve like a girl.

TYRA

Shut up, loser. Oh my god! How did you do that?

Just then, MRS. CLARKE comes through the front door--

MARY CLARKE

Good Lord it's hot out there. Oh, hello, Tyra.

TYRA

(suddenly nervous)
Hi Mrs. Clarke.

MARY CLARKE

What are you kids up to?

LANDRY

Just playing with my Wii.

TYRA

I was about to go--

MARY CLARKE

Are you sure? I wish you'd stay for dinner. I just bought a brisket that could feed an army.

LANDRY

We're having brisket? You will be seriously sorry if you miss this.

TYRA

Oh. Well, I guess I could--

MARY CLARKE

Come on. You can help me in the kitchen while Landry gets the groceries. Don't forget the Tide in the back seat, honey.

OFF Tyra, throwing a look at Landry as she follows his mom out. This feels weird to her. But, what the hell.

15 INT. TMU - BOYD'S OFFICE - DAY (D4)

15

Taylor sits with Head Coach TERRENCE BOYD. He's just told Boyd that he's resigning.

BOYD
Personal reasons?

TAYLOR
Yes, sir.

BOYD
You knew your wife was pregnant
when you took this job.

TAYLOR
I know. I got excited about the
job. About TMU. I think I jumped
the gun a little bit.

Boyd really doesn't know what to say. This is not a comfortable room.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
I want you to know I'm not planning
on leaving you in the lurch here.
I figure I can stick around for the
Rice game, and then Oklahoma State,
and then transition out of here in
the bye week. You move Berry to
QBs, and Donnie over to offensive
line, it should go pretty smooth.

A little presumptuous. Boyd sits forward in his chair.

BOYD
You're sure you wanna do this.

TAYLOR
Yes, sir.

BOYD
Alright. You can turn in your ID
downstairs. I'll have human
resources send over a termination
package tonight.

Wait a second, what? Taylor is stunned.

BOYD (CONT'D)
This isn't IBM, coach. I'm not
interested in any transition plans
or exit strategy nonsense. You
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

BOYD (CONT'D)

wanna go, go. But I'm gonna deal with this situation now. I don't need any lame ducks hanging around here getting in the way.

(picks up the phone)

Good luck to you. I hope you know what you're doing.

Meeting, over. Taylor walks out in a daze.

16

INT. CLARKE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (N4)

16

CHAD CLARKE, Mrs. Clarke, Landry and Tyra are having dinner. It's kinda great, seeing Landry with a real live girl over. They're all having fun, as mom and dad tell Landry stories.

CHAD CLARKE

The damn thing kept scratching my favorite chair, so I told Landry, it's either me or the cat. Someone has to go. And he didn't say anything!

LANDRY

Dad, I was six years old.

CHAD CLARKE

That's when I initiated the outplacement procedure.

Amid the LAUGHTER, the PHONE RINGS. Chad answers it, and jots notes in the background, as the conversation goes on:

LANDRY

Yeah, he took my Mr. Puddles. I'm still getting over it.

TYRA

His name was Mr. Puddles?

LANDRY

Ironically, he was a she. But again, ladies: I was six.

TYRA

Uh-huh.

LANDRY

He said he took it to the SPCA, but I have a feeling he was driving along and it was more like... RERW!

(CONTINUED)

Landry imitates a cat being tossed from a speeding car. More LAUGHTER, until Chad returns. He's got his badge and gun.

CHAD CLARKE

Sorry guys, I gotta go. They just pulled a body from the river.

Forks stop. Landry and Tyra react. Holy... fucking... shit.

MARY CLARKE

Honey, please. They're eating.

CHAD CLARKE

Save me a plate, okay?
(kisses his wife)
Nice seeing you, Tyra.

He leaves. A loaded beat, as Landry and Tyra wrestle to hide their shock and fear. Finally, Tyra clears her throat:

TYRA

Could you pass the bread please?

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

CHYRON READS: Sunday

17 INT. CHURCH - SANCTUARY - DAY (D5) 17

Morning light filters through the stained glass, dappling our CONGREGATION in beautiful color as they stand, SINGING, "Holy, Holy, Holy." FIND Landry, next to his parents, hymnal in hand, but glancing around nervously. He feels like an impostor in here. Like God himself might reach down at any moment, and lift him up to say: a murderer is in your midst.

18 EXT. STATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS - DAY (D5) 18

--Lyla exits the building and climbs into her car.

--The security gate opens and she drives through.

19 INT. LYLA'S CAR - MINUTES LATER (D5) 19

She drives, passing a guy walking along the shoulder. In her rear-view she sees: it's Santiago. No way. God sure has an odd sense of humor. She pulls over, and backs up to him...

LYLA

If this is your escape plan, it needs work.

(nothing)

I'm kidding. They told me you got out. Way to go.

SANTIAGO

Whatever. I'm not expecting any welcome home parties.

Lyla reaches over and opens the passenger door.

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

LYLA

Putting my money where my mouth is. Come on. I'm not gonna hurt you.

He thinks a little, and climbs in.

20 INT. CLARKE HOUSE - LANDRY'S ROOM - DAY (D5) 20

Landry sits, head in hands, still in his suit from church. He's a complete mess, as Tyra tries to keep things together.

(CONTINUED)

LANDRY

I can't handle it, I swear to God. We're sitting there in church, and it's like everybody knew, like they were all looking at me -- write us when you get there, tell us what hell's like.

TYRA

You're just being paranoid.

LANDRY

Come on, Tyra. It's not like I shoplifted a Twix bar.

TYRA

You have to calm down--

LANDRY

No, what I have to do is turn myself in. Just go in there and tell them it was a big horrible accident and pray to God they go easy on me since my dad's a cop.

TYRA

You can't do that. It's not just you, okay? I'm in this, too.

LANDRY

Well you don't seem too concerned about it! Do you realize how much trouble we're in?

TYRA

Of course I do! I'm not an idiot. But it won't do any good to get all freaked out, and go running around like chickens with our heads cut off. You have to get it together!

Landry sits back, overwhelmed.

LANDRY

You should go.

TYRA

Landry--

LANDRY

No, I'm serious. My parents are gonna be home soon.

(she lingers)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2) 20

LANDRY (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I won't do anything dumb. I'll call you later.

OFF Landry as she leaves. This is a fucking nightmare.

21 INT. ALAMO FREEZE - DAY (D5) 21

Slow afternoon. Smash lounges at the counter, as Saracen works around him. Saracen is silent, brooding, snippy. Like a wife holding a grudge. Smash decides to break the silence.

SMASH

You're going out with me tomorrow night.

SARACEN

What?

SMASH

Here's how I see this. A) You broke up with Julie and you're moping around like a lost puppy. Which is depressing. B) If you and I don't get right with each other there's gonna be a whole lot more games like last night -- which blows.

SARACEN

What's happening tomorrow night?

SMASH

I gotta girl. She's gotta friend. They've got an empty house -- parents on vay-kay. College girls, Matty.

SARACEN

I -- I don't think I'm--

(CONTINUED)

SMASH
(mimicking)
I -- I don't -- uh...
(then)
Matty, you're coming with. Not optional. Time to get some joy back in that johnson, know what I'm saying?

OFF Saracen, we,

CUT TO:

22 INT. LYLA'S CAR - MOVING - DAY (D5) 22

She's taking Santiago home. They picked up some fast food burgers, and as Lyla munches on her fries, they drive through a bad part of Dillon we've never seen.

LYLA
You can eat that now if you want. I'm not one of those clean-car freaks.

SANTIAGO
I'm good.

Silence for a bit. Lyla tries to engage.

LYLA
So what are you gonna do now? Do you have any plans?

SANTIAGO
Not really.

LYLA
Are you gonna go to school?

SANTIAGO
I guess so. I have to get a job, too. I'm sure my probation lady will be all over my ass about it.

(CONTINUED)

LYLA

What do your parents say?

SANTIAGO

Damn, you ask a lot of questions.
I should've taken the bus.

LYLA

I can't help it, I'm just curious.
I wanna know your story.

SANTIAGO

If I tell you will you shut up?
(she nods)

My parents are in Mexico. They got
deported two years ago, and left me
with my uncle, who has a son, my
cousin the homey, who was a real
inspiration and showed me how to
kill it selling weed to white kids
like you. Well, maybe not you, but
that's how I got picked up. Spent
two years in juvie, blah blah blah,
and now here I am. You happy?
This is it. Stop here.

Lyla pulls into a dirt drive. A SIGN reads: "Skyview
Estates". It's a trailer park. Really grim-looking.

LYLA

I can take you in--

SANTIAGO

(quickly)

No. You don't wanna take this car
in there, believe me. I gotta go.

Santiago grabs his food and backpack, and gets out.

LYLA

Wait, I wanna get your number.

SANTIAGO

What are you gonna do, Lyla? Buy
me another burger? I appreciate
the ride, but I'm not your project.

LYLA

Maybe I can help you with a job.
Seriously. How do you spell
Santiago.

As she whips out her cell, ready to type...

23 EXT. MEXICAN STREET - NIGHT (N5)

23

Success! Riggins has finally convinced Street to go out. They roll along past shops and bars, Riggins sipping from a Tecate, full of himself and the moment. Ah, the culture.

JASON

How much farther?

RIGGINS

Should be right up here. She's bringing some friends, Six. We're totally hooked up.

(then)

So if this operation is so great, why isn't it legal in the States?

JASON

Because between the A.M.A. and Washington it takes forever to get anything done and I don't have forever.

RIGGINS

So -- one guy who did this can do parallel bars and the other guy can moves his toes. Has anyone actually walked after doing it?

JASON

I told you I'm a C7-T1, I've got movement back in my fingers -- those guys' injuries were much worse than mine.

RIGGINS

But no one has ever walked?

JASON

Riggins, if I recall, I didn't ask you to come with me. So you're free to leave. I'm doing this, and I don't need any -- Oh, damnit...

Because a MEXICAN COP has spotted them, and is headed right their way. Shit. This can't be good...

MEXICAN COP

Señores. Papeles, por favor. ID.

They reach for their driver's licenses. The cop glances at them, then takes Riggins' beer. Confirms it's half-full.

(CONTINUED)

RIGGINS

Am I not supposed to have that?

JASON

Riggins. Shut up.

RIGGINS

I'm sorry, sir, I didn't know--

The cop steps away, TALKING into his shoulder mic. PEOPLE are looking, and Street's heart is going a mile-a-minute.

JASON

You're such a dumbass. I told you to finish the beer.

RIGGINS

Just be cool, man, I know how this works. He's pretending like he's talking to somebody, and then he's gonna come back over and say I have to pay a fine. Relax.

Riggins fishes some crumpled bills from his pocket--

JASON

What are you doing? Tim!

Stay with Jason, as Riggins goes over and talks to the cop. Hushed tones, and gesturing, then Riggins reveals the bills

(CONTINUED)

FNL "Backfire" PINK 8/15/07 23.
23 CONTINUED: (2) 23
cupped in his hand. A beat... and suddenly he's spread-
eagled against a wall. As the cuffs come out, SMASH TO:

24 INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT - LATER (N5) 24
The door slides open, and a GUARD gestures to Riggins. He
drags himself up, fist-bumping a DRUNK LOCAL.

RIGGINS
Take it easy, bro. Go Cowboys.

25 EXT. MEXICAN POLICE STATION - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER (N5) 25
Riggins chases Street out of the building. Street is fucking
steamed, his backpack of cash tucked in his lap.

RIGGINS
Streeter, come on--

JASON
This money wasn't supposed to be
for bail, jackass.

RIGGINS
I'm sorry! He was like the one
honest cop in all of Mexico!

Street just keeps on wheeling. Riggins speeds up.

RIGGINS (CONT'D)
Dude, seriously, it's not that bad.
You gotta lighten up.

JASON
(stops, spins)
I came down here for a reason. I
know you think it's stupid--

RIGGINS
I never said that--

JASON
--but I don't care. So if you
wanna go get loaded and stay out
all night and get syphilis from a
bunch of jailbait skank hookers, be
my guest. I'm going back to the
room.

Street takes off again, as Riggins spies a TACO STAND.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

RIGGINS

Can we at least get something to eat? I'm starving.

Jason hurls some coins on the sidewalk and keeps going. A beat, and Riggins scoops them up, heading over to the stand.

26 INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - NIGHT (N5) 26

Tami is waiting for Taylor to come home, and she's dressed herself up a bit. She holds GRACIE, upbeat, cooing to her:

TAMI

It's called makeup, baby girl. Mommy used to wear it all the time.

Lights flash in, and Tami peers out the window. Big smile.

TAMI (CONT'D)

Julie! He's here!

27 EXT. TAYLOR HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT (N5) 27

Taylor barely has it in park before Tami is hurrying out. The SUV is loaded with all his stuff.

TAMI

I see your daddy...

TAYLOR

Hey, you. Get over here.
(big hugs and kisses)
There's my little Gracie, hello...

Play the moment as they all hold each other. It feels great, the family together again. About time.

TAMI

How was the drive?

TAYLOR

Long. I'm a little tired.

JULIE

Hey, dad. Welcome home.

She's standing there in her pajamas, arms crossed. Taylor grabs her, hugs her.

TAYLOR

Man, I missed you. How you doing?

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

Fine.

TAYLOR

I heard you got your learner's permit. Way to go.

JULIE

Thanks.

(then, pointedly)

I haven't really had a chance to practice yet.

TAMI

Jules, come on. He just got home. Let's not do this right now.

Taylor clocks the chill between mother and daughter.

TAYLOR

Don't worry, I'll take you out driving. You don't wanna learn from your mother anyway.

Tami smacks him playfully. And just then... HONK, HONK! Buddy Garrity pulls up in his land yacht and parks.

TAMI

Wow. That didn't take long.

TAYLOR

I'll get rid of him.

TAMI

No, it's okay. Just make him help you with your stuff.

Tami and Julie go back inside, as Buddy lumbers over.

TAYLOR

Damn, Buddy. Do you have me under surveillance or someth--

BUDDY

MacGregor's gonna fight us.

TAYLOR

What?

BUDDY

I just got the call. Apparently, the little turd's got a lawyer, and he's refusing to sign anything.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BUDDY (CONT'D)

There's an emergency board meeting
set for tomorrow night.

It takes a moment for that to land.

TAYLOR

Wait a second, are you telling me I
don't have a job?

BUDDY

No, I'm saying things just got a
little more complicated, that's
all.

TAYLOR

I left TMU, Buddy! I had to sign a
non-compete saying I won't take
another college job for two years!

BUDDY

Yeah, that's standard.

TAYLOR

So then, what the hell? You told
me it was a done deal!

BUDDY

I know I did, and I'm sorry. This
is just a little hitch in our
getalong, Eric. Everything's gonna
be fine. Trust me.

TAYLOR

Yeah. How's that working out for
me so far?

BUDDY

I'll fix it. I promise.

TAYLOR

I mean, come on. I just pulled in
the damn driveway...

He leans on his SUV, rubbing his head. Jesus H. Christ.

BUDDY

Anyway. Welcome home.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

CHYRON READS: Monday

28

INT. GARRITY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (D6)

28

Morning breakfast routine. Lyla is trying to convince an annoyed PAM to hire Santiago.

LYLA

What about painting the garage?
Dad's obviously never gonna do it.

PAM

The garage is fine.

LYLA

Well there's gotta be something.
If he has a job, it helps with his
probation officer.

PAM

Do you even hear what you're
saying? The boy is an ex-convict--

LYLA

He's just a kid--

PAM

--and you want him hanging around
here with your brother and sister?
It's not safe.

LYLA

You don't even know him.

PAM

And neither do you! I appreciate
what you're trying to do, but the
answer is no. I'm sorry.

LYLA

(a beat)

Nice. That's real Christian of
you, mom.

PAM

Excuse me?

Lyla tosses her empty yogurt cup, and walks out in a huff.
OFF Pam -- this Jesus stuff is out of control.

29 INT. TAYLOR'S CAR - MOVING - DAY (D6)

29

Keeping his promise, Taylor has taken Julie out driving.

TAYLOR
Slow down a little.

JULIE
Dad. We're getting passed by joggers.

TAYLOR
You wanna come to a full stop even with the sign, but the key is, let off the brake a little at the end. Not too much... good. Real good.

As she starts up again, Taylor gets to the real reason for this trip: mediating The Swede issue between her and Tami.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
So tell me about this boy you've been seeing.

JULIE
Wow, that was subtle. Did mom send you with note cards?

TAYLOR
I wanna hear about him from you. Your mother obviously has an opinion--

JULIE
She just hates him because he's older.

TAYLOR
No she doesn't.
(then)
How much older?

JULIE
It doesn't matter, because she's basically made me a prisoner in my own house. Besides, she's got bigger problems to worry about. Like you not having a job. Way to go there, dad.

Taylor is taken aback. There's that attitude Tami mentioned.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

That's none of your business.

JULIE

Your job is none of my business?

She goes through a green light, makes a right turn.

TAYLOR

Not when you're acting like this it isn't. What's this I heard about you carrying on with The Swede in the driveway--

JULIE

(turns)

Carrying on.

TAYLOR

Eyes on the road! Whoa, where are you going--

JULIE

The light was green--

Yes it was. But instead of the service road, she's accidentally veered onto a highway entrance ramp.

TAYLOR

You're not ready for the highway yet--

JULIE

This is the highway? Omigod!

She hits the brakes. A car behind her skids, HONKS--

TAYLOR

No, we're committed now. Go, go!

JULIE

(punches it, freaking)

I can't drive when you're yelling at me!

TAYLOR

I'm not yelling! Hit your blinker!

JULIE

Which one's the blinker?!!

We're out, as the windshield wipers start swishing, and Taylor braces in. So much for that heart-to-heart talk.

30 EXT. GARRITY HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY (D6)

30

The drop-off ritual. Buddy's car idles, as TABBY and BUDDY JR. gather their shit and say goodbye. Meanwhile, Pam is at the driver's side window, venting about Lyla to Buddy.

PAM

She didn't tell you about this boy?

BUDDY

No. We're sort of in a feeling-each-other-out phase right now. Not a lot of sharing going on.

PAM

She met him in prison. At some counseling session for Christ Teen Messengers. I'm worried what those people are doing to her.

BUDDY

Pam, we've been through this. And I've got a big board meeting tonight, so--

PAM

She wanted me to hire him. And when I said no, she called me un-Christian. Can you believe that?

BUDDY

(beat)

She's trying to get him a job?

PAM

Yes. Can you imagine, having him around the house with the kids and me here all alone? It's not right.

But here's what Buddy's thinking: Lyla with a need + Pam not fulfilling it = opportunity for him to get back in her good graces. He goes into father fix-it mode.

BUDDY

Let me talk to her. I'll straighten it out.

PAM

Good. Thank you. Don't forget Tabby's recital on Saturday.

(CONTINUED)

BUDDY

(as she goes)

Hey, tell your boyfriend I like my
tofu medium rare.

Pam looks at him, exasperated. Buddy grins, pulls out his cell, and punches up "LYLA" on the speed dial. Then, as he puts it in gear, and starts backing out:

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Hey, it's Daddy. I understand you
have a friend looking for a job...

INT. SANDWICH SHOP - DAY (D6)

Landry sits with Saracen. He keeps nervously darting his eyes to Tyra, who's sitting in another booth with MINDY and two GIRLS from the Landing Strip. [SEE ADDENDUM DIALOGUE.] Landry and Tyra both notice the two COPS sitting at the counter, but Matt's too busy bitching about his "date" with Smash to notice any of this.

SARACEN

I don't even know if I should go.
It's just making a statement,
hanging out with Smash, when he's
been acting like a conceited jerk.

Landry peels his attention away from the cops who are now paying their check at the counter, tries to feign interest--

LANDRY

Go out with Smash's girls. You
need to get over Julie. It's
starting to affect you on the
field.

SARACEN

You getting this from Smash?

LANDRY

Some of it. Not all of it.

But Landry is stunned to silence as the cops walk right toward their table! This is it, the moment he has feared since the night it all happened. The Cops have somber expressions as they seem to be making a bee-line right to Landry. Is one of them reaching for his gun? Then -- they reach the table and break into smiles.

(CONTINUED)

DILLON COP #1

What's the deal? One loss, and ya'll stop practicing?

SARACEN

No sir, Coach MacGregor's sick. We got out early today.

DILLON COP #1

I'm just kidding. Listen, ya'll forget about Friday. It's a long season, we'll be back.

DILLON COP #2

(to Landry)

Your daddy's been talking about you. When we gonna see you get out there and put a lick on somebody?

LANDRY

Um, soon. I hope.

DILLON COP #1

Alright, ya'll be good.

Off they go, toothpicks in mouths, as Landry and Tyra breathe separate sighs of relief. Saracen looks to Landry.

SARACEN

You okay? You look like you're gonna hurl.

LANDRY

I'm fine.

SARACEN

What's going on with you lately, anyway? It's like you're not here half the time.

Landry looks at Saracen, tortured by the fact that he has to hide everything from his best friend. Looking like he wants to tell him everything right now.

LANDRY

You gonna finish those fries?

SARACEN

Take 'em.

Saracen looks at his friend, confused, and we,

CUT TO:

32 INT. MEXICAN CANTINA - NIGHT (N6)

32

Big, fun, probably a little tourist-y. Bubba Gumps on crack. Riggins exits the *Hombres* room, looking like hammered shit. He finds his table, where-- surprise-- Street's raring to go.

RIGGINS

All I can say is, do not go in there.

JASON

(loving this)

I told you, dumbass. Those tacos were rank. Here we go, you gotta catch up.

He slides over round two of tequila shots and beer.

RIGGINS

Yeah, now you wanna party. Where were you the last week?

JASON

I'm fired up to finally see the doctor tomorrow. Gotta celebrate.

(CONTINUED)

RIGGINS

Should you even be drinking
tonight?

JASON

Nice try. This first appointment
is just the pre-op, paperwork and
stuff. Come on, don't be a wuss.

Riggins takes a beat. And being the bro that he is, he steps
up. Down goes the Cuervo, back goes the Tecate...

JASON (CONT'D)

There we go! There's the Tim
Riggins I know and love!

He slams the can down. Shakes his head, pounds the table.

JASON (CONT'D)

What's the deal? You gonna be able
to ride with the big boys tonight?

RIGGINS

You don't scare me, wheelchair.
Garcon! Dos mas, por favor!

33

INT. NICE DILLON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N6)

33

The lights are low and MUSIC plays, as Smash and Saracen have drinks with their dates, HOLLY and SAM. The topic is winning State last year, and these girls are eating it up.

HOLLY

So how was Texas Stadium? Did you get to use the real locker rooms?

SMASH

Hell yeah. Matty boy was the king. They gave him T.O.'s spot.

SARACEN

I left him a note. Stop being a jackass and catch the ball.

The girls LAUGH. This actually isn't going so bad.

SAM

I think it's so cool ya'll won. Did you go out after?

SMASH

Oh, yeah. Tell 'em about the Ghost Lounge, Matty.

HOLLY

Ghost Lounge? Omigod--

SAM

What! What happened?

SARACEN

It was no big deal. We went and there was a line.

SMASH

A long line, velvet rope and everything. They made us wait, and QB was all liquored up--

SARACEN

I'd had a few beers--

SMASH

So he goes up to the bouncer and says--

(imitating)

"Excuse me, sir, I'm Matt Saracen and I just won State."

HOLLY

No way! Did they let you in?

(CONTINUED)

SARACEN

(smiling)

I don't remember.

SMASH

Are you kidding? Gomer here was wearing shorts and flip-flops. You can take the boy out of Dillon--

SARACEN

I went back and had room service and passed out. I think.

SAM

(charmed)

Aw, that is so cute. I would've gone home with you.

HOLLY

Okay, more drinks. We're gonna go put on our bathing suits.

The girls excuse themselves, as Smash starts salivating.

SMASH

You feeling this? A total layup.
(Saracen is uncomfortable)
What's the matter?

SARACEN

Nothing. I'm just a little tired.

SMASH

Are you for real? There's a hot tub out there, son.

SARACEN

I know, but we've got practice tomorrow. I'm not really up for a late night.

SMASH

(a beat)

No sir. The Smash ain't gonna let this happen. It's just like riding a bike, Matty. You gotta forget about Julie Taylor and get back on the horse.

SARACEN

Would you shut up? It doesn't have anything to do with her.

(CONTINUED)

SMASH

Then what is it? That girl is totally into you. Time to close the deal.

SARACEN

I'm not like you, okay? I don't need to hook up with some random chick just to feel better about myself.

SMASH

I'm just trying to help.

SARACEN

Well I don't need your help. And you can't make me respect you, so I wish you'd stop trying, because it's kinda pathetic.

Smash is floored. Just then, the girls reappear in bikinis.

HOLLY

You guys ready? We can put the music on the outside speakers.

SARACEN

(standing)

We gotta go.

SMASH

What "we"? You got a mouse in your pocket?

SARACEN

Sorry. It was nice meeting you.

OFF a stunned Smash and the two girls, as Matt walks out.

34 INT. MEXICAN CANTINA - NIGHT (N6) 34

MONTAGE -- of Street and Riggins SINGING Karaoke. Clearly into it.

--Street does an upbeat number.

--Riggins dragged onstage, talk-singing to "Rocket Man".

--Local Mexicans along with American tourists get their turn at the mic. We get snippets.

Then we stay with Street singing [BALLAD - TBD]. As he gets more and more into it and the crowd encourages him, he begins to SUBSTITUTE the words of his song with his own spontaneous lyrics. [LYRICS TO COME.] Street sings about getting out of the wheelchair. About walking. It is sort of moving, but at the same time a little scary. The true nature of his obsession is coming out, and Riggins watches his friend, who seems to have maybe lost touch with reality just a little bit. OFF Riggins' building apprehension...

35 INT. DILLON HIGH - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT (N6) 35

The emergency board meeting isn't going so well. MacGregor and his battle-axe attorney, BARBARA LEE, face a semi-circle of seven somber-looking BOARD MEMBERS, including Buddy and Principal Brecker. Buddy is silent for now, but you can sense his growing impatience. *

PRINCIPAL BRECKER

No ma'am, that's incorrect. On the issue of cause for termination--

BARBARA LEE *

What cause? No one ever gave a reason.

(CONTINUED)

PRINCIPAL BRECKER

--we had a student get injured and go to the hospital in a practice that went over time limits. That was against the rules.

BARBARA LEE *

Come on. He got overheated, and they gave him some fluids and he was fine. Everybody knows Tim Riggins. He was probably hungover.

BUDDY

Are you saying the health and safety of our players shouldn't be a concern for this board?

BARBARA LEE *

No, I'm saying it's just an excuse. Which ya'll are only bringing up now to justify this lynching of my client.

BUDDY

(had enough)

See, here's what I don't like about people like you--

BARBARA LEE *

By that you mean a woman.

BUDDY

No, by that I mean an ambulance chaser from Embry County.

BARBARA LEE *

That's an old dog, Garrity, you gonna start kicking it again?

PRINCIPAL BRECKER

Ya'll, come on now--

BUDDY

No, she needs to hear this--

PRINCIPAL BRECKER

Let's have some order in here.

But it's too late. Behold, the Passion of the Buddy:

BUDDY

The reason we fired him is because we don't like him. We got a little
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BUDDY (CONT'D)

thing called tradition around here, and Coach MacGregor didn't seem to care much for it. He closed his practices, he stole my pep rally and blew off our booster meetings, not to mention screwing up a record-setting offense which pissed off the parents and the fans. Hell, even the players -- we had our quarterback and our running back in a fistfight in the middle of the damn football field!

BARBARA LEE

In a game you won.

*

BUDDY

That's not the point. See, I know this is hard for you to understand, being from Larabee and all, but we don't just win games over here, Miz Lee. We win seasons. State Championships. That's what Dillon football is all about. And the fact of the matter is, your man wasn't getting the job done, so he got fired. End of story.

*

BARBARA LEE

You're speaking for everybody?

*

BUDDY

You bet your ass I am.

BARBARA LEE

Fine. Then I'm sure you won't mind if we have a vote.

*

BUDDY

Oh for heaven's sake--

PRINCIPAL BRECKER

No, let's try to be fair about this. I think they're entitled.

Buddy throws up his hands in disgust, and sits back.

PRINCIPAL BRECKER (CONT'D)

All in favor of termination, raise your hands.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3) 35

Buddy's goes up immediately. MacGregor watches, as two more follow. Just one more needed to carry the motion, and off the tension building in the room, we,

CUT TO:

36 INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N6) 36

Tami nurses the baby, as Taylor tries to read a magazine. Tick, tock, tick, tock... Mercifully, the PHONE finally rings, and Taylor jumps up to answer. This is it.

TAYLOR
Hello?... Uh-huh... okay...
alright, thanks for the call. Talk
to you tomorrow.

He hangs up, and turns to Tami.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
That was Buddy. It's a done deal.

Yes! Tami raises her arms in silent celebration, and beckons him over for a hug and kiss. And we're off Taylor -- wondering why he feels so uneasy about this whole thing.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

CHYRON READS: Tuesday

37 INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM/KITCHEN - MORNING (D7) 37

Tami and Taylor lie in bed, having one of those early-morning-just-woke-up conversations that happen every now and then.

TAYLOR

You know how it is. Whenever you tell somebody not to do something, they just wanna do it more.

TAMI

Thank you. Thank you for that deep psychological insight so early this morning.

TAYLOR

Oh, don't get all defensive on me. I'm not undercutting, I'm just... giving my opinion. Dad's opinion.

Tami sighs. Knowing he's probably right. She calls out:

TAMI

Julie! Can you come in here?

A beat, and Julie appears from the kitchen, eating yogurt.

JULIE

What.

TAYLOR

Good morning to you, too.

TAMI

Your father and I talked about it, and you're not grounded anymore.

JULIE

(perking up)
Really?

TAMI

But I am gonna be watching you, sister. Best behavior.

JULIE

I will, I promise. Thanks you guys.

(CONTINUED)

TAMI

Where are you going?

JULIE

(already down the hall)

I have to charge my phone. Oh, and
congrats, dad. It's all over the
paper!

SLAM! Taylor looks at Tami. Then hops out of bed, and
beelines to the kitchen, seeing the morning's headline:
"MACGREGOR FIRED - TAYLOR TO REPLACE HIM?" He just stands
there in his bedhead and boxers. Uneasy all over again.

INT. GARRITY MOTORS - BUDDY'S OFFICE - DAY (D7)

Lyla and Santiago sit with Buddy. This is all fairly new and
daunting to Santiago, so Buddy tries to draw him out.

BUDDY

You ever done any sales?

SANTIAGO

Not really.

BUDDY

What about mechanic work. You know
anything about cars?

SANTIAGO

I usually take the bus.

LYLA

(a beat, trying to help)
You had a job this year, right?
Washing dishes?

SANTIAGO

Yeah, for a while.

BUDDY

Okay. That's something.

Buddy looks at Lyla like she's nuts.

SANTIAGO

Can I talk?

BUDDY

I wish you would, son. That's why
we call it an interview.

(CONTINUED)

SANTIAGO

I know I don't have any experience or nothing. And I know... I guess she told you I've been in juvie, so, no disrespect, I'm just not sure what I'm supposed to say.

BUDDY

You don't have to say--

LYLA

Just tell him--

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

I have to get a job, sir. I don't wanna go back to State, and I can't, it's no good being around my cousins. I'll do anything. And I'll try not to mess it up too bad.

Not the most persuasive pitch ever, but Buddy can see how important this is to Lyla. So he makes it happen.

BUDDY

Tell you what. If Lyla vouches for you, that's good enough for me. I can start you in parts, \$8.50 an hour, but you'll have to work weekends. That be okay?

SANTIAGO

Yes, sir. Definitely.

LYLA

See? I told you!

Lyla jumps up and hugs her dad, showering him with thanks. Buddy offers his hand to Santiago, who is pumped.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Dadgum, that's a grip.

SANTIAGO

Sorry.

BUDDY

No, it's okay. Wow...

(then)

Why don't you take him down the hall and see Dwayne. Ya'll can get the paperwork started.

Another thank-you hug, and out they go. Buddy stands there massaging his hand, hoping this will help him with Lyla.

Meet our miracle worker: DR. RIMBAUD, an aging hippie-type who wears a monogrammed lab coat over jeans and flip-flops.

(CONTINUED)

The room is spartan. Street lies on an exam table in a gown, as Riggins sits nearby, alternately watching things with suspicion while leafing through a voluminous pre-op packet.

Dr. Rimbaud chats amiably as he performs an EMG. Electrodes are taped to Street's arms and legs, and Rimbaud stimulates him with a wand while looking at a monitor. He also consults MRI films, which Street shipped down to him previously.

DR. RIMBAUD

(off a film)

Well this is a bonus. Those Texas boys nailed your fusion, so we can skip decompression and go right to the injections.

JASON

With the stem cells?

DR. RIMBAUD

Yep. Technically they're embryonic, but the sharks don't seem to make a distinction.

RIGGINS

Hang on. You're gonna give him a shot from a shark?

DR. RIMBAUD

Pretty cool, huh? They have one of the strongest immune systems in nature. It decreases the risk of host rejection. Also runaway cell growth. Wouldn't wanna have your friend here going all *Jaws* on us.

Street LAUGHS. Riggins, not so much.

RIGGINS

So, why don't they do this in the States?

DR. RIMBAUD

Cause the F.D.A. are a bunch of cry babies.

(back to Jason)

Make a fist for me? So, a couple of things. No eating and drinking twelve hours before the surgery.

JASON

Right.

(CONTINUED)

DR. RIMBAUD
And, are you currently using any
illegal or non-prescription drugs?

JASON
No, sir.

DR. RIMBAUD
'Cause if you are, you have to
share. I'm kidding.
(clicks the machine off)
Alright, let's get these doohickeys
off and start in on that paperwork.
This might sting a little.

As Dr. Rimbaud rips off the first electrode, hold on Riggins,
concerned, and we,

CUT TO:

40 OMITTED 40

40A EXT. CLINICA ESPINAL DE SAN ROBERTO - DAY (D7) 40A

Jason and Riggins emerge from the clinic.

RIGGINS
That was pretty intense.
Pretty much signed away your life
in there.

JASON
Standard release form, Riggs. You
sign the same papers in the States.

RIGGINS
I don't see what's standard about
opening you up and shooting you
with shark cells, Six.

JASON
Happy hour. Let's go, mopey.

Street wheels down the road. OFF Riggins, we,

CUT TO:

41 INT. TAMI'S CAR - DAY (D7) 41

Julie drives, as Tami rides shotgun. They've pulled into a
strip mall parking lot, and Julie is annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

TAMI

Right here, under this tree. Good.

(a beat)

Turn off the car. Now.

Jesus. Mom clearly has something on her mind. Julie kills the motor, as Tami takes a beat to gather herself. Then:

TAMI (CONT'D)

The summer after my freshman year in college, I stayed in Oxford to work. There was this boy, Doug Odom, and he was older than me, and I was infatuated with him.

JULIE

Mom, please don't do this.

TAMI

No ma'am. You don't get to talk right now. He was a senior and he tended bar at the Warehouse and I was obsessed. He had cool friends, and he knew all the best parties, and he was nice to me. We became friends, and then what I thought

(MORE)

TAMI (CONT'D)

was more than friends, and then 4th of July he took me to see fireworks at the reservoir and we stayed all night and... I slept with him. I didn't plan it, and I don't think he did either, but that's what we did and I knew it was a mistake the very next day. I went to see him thinking everything had changed, but it hadn't. It was like nothing had happened, and I felt awful. Stupid, naive, and awful.

Tami allows herself a glance over. Julie just stares out.

TAMI (CONT'D)

This boy, who apparently doesn't have a name, I know you like him, and I know you think he likes you--

JULIE

His name is Anton. And he does like me.

TAMI

Okay, but he's not in love with you, and there's a difference. I've seen the way he treats you, sweetheart. He's not mean, or ugly, he's just indifferent. And that's way worse, trust me.

JULIE

You don't know anything about him.

TAMI

I know he's older. And I know you call him a lot more than he calls you. I just don't wanna see you get hurt, honey. That's all this is. I worry about you.

JULIE

Well don't. Because I'm not you, and this is different.

TAMI

(frustrated)
Julie--

JULIE

No mom, I mean it. I heard you, and I know what you're trying to
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (3) 41

JULIE (CONT'D)

do, but you said I could see him
tonight, so I am. Are we through?

OFF Tami, as Julie CRANKS the engine...

42 EXT. THE SWEDE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N7) 42

Julie composes herself outside the door. She looks radiant,
and put-together, and extremely excited to see The Swede. So
when he answers her knock... big letdown. He's in boxers,
eating a bowl of Cocoa Krispies, music blaring from inside.

THE SWEDE

Julie, hey.

JULIE

Hey.

THE SWEDE

(finally remembering...)

Dude, that's right. We were gonna
hang tonight. Come on in.

43 INT. THE SWEDE'S APARTMENT - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER (N7) 43

Julie sits alone, surrounded by dirty clothes, pizza boxes,
an overflowing ash tray, and half-empty beers. The Swede's
cell phone vibrates away from call after call, and we hear a
distant blow dryer over the din of GUSTER and Sportscenter.
She looks around. This sucks. It's humiliating, in fact.

The Swede, freshly-showered, comes breezing out, socks in
hand, and heads to the fridge for some cold beers...

JULIE

Your phone was ringing.

THE SWEDE

It's probably Jonesy. I told him
we were going to Dry Creek and he
got all excited.

JULIE

What's Dry Creek?

THE SWEDE

You've never been? It's awesome.
Dollar longnecks, shuffleboard and
pool and stuff. There's usually a
band on Tuesdays.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE
(sounds horrible)
Sounds good.

THE SWEDE
Price and Kennedy are coming too,
so we've probably got time for a
couple of these.

He offers her a beer. By now, Julie is struggling to hold
back tears. This is so not what she had in mind for tonight,
and the only thing worse would be losing it in front of him.

THE SWEDE (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

JULIE
Sorry. I just, I'm not feeling
that great.
(getting up)
I should probably go.

THE SWEDE
Julie, hang on. Are you mad?

JULIE
(get me the fuck out)
It's a stomach thing--

THE SWEDE
At least let me give you a ride--

JULIE
Have fun tonight.

Out she goes, closing the door behind her. She makes it
maybe ten yards, before the tears start pouring. So sad.

Tami and Taylor are enjoying dinner together, playing with
Gracie, who ga-gas at them from her bouncy seat on the table.
The DOORBELL RINGS, and Taylor answers to find... MacGregor.
Which is weird. And frankly, a little scary. The guy is
obviously upset, and Taylor is caught off guard.

TAYLOR
Coach. How are--

MACGREGOR
Congratulations. Worked out just
like you wanted, didn't it.

Outside, Taylor sees the entire MacGregor family packed into an SUV at the curb, with a U-haul trailer attached. They are literally on their way out of town. Taylor grips the doorknob a little tighter...

TAYLOR

Is there something I can help you with?

MACGREGOR

I've been in this business a long time, Eric. I've been fired before, and I probably will be again, but I gotta tell you -- this is the first time I ever got screwed by another coach.

TAYLOR

Hang on a second.

MACGREGOR

I know you were involved in this--

TAYLOR

I don't appreciate you coming to my door and making accusations.

MACGREGOR

--and maybe you had your reasons, but I just wanted you to know, you're not the only one with a family. You remember that.

TAMI (O.S.)

Honey, who is it?

MACGREGOR

What goes around comes around, Coach. I'm sure we'll be seeing each other again.

TAYLOR

Are you threatening me?

MACGREGOR

You take it however you want.

He leaves, just as Tami comes walking up with Gracie.

TAMI

Who was that?

TAYLOR
(slams the door)
Nobody.

45 INT. COLLETTE HOUSE - TYRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (N7) 45

Tyra's doing homework, iPod earphones in. She looks up to see ANGELA, who's standing in the doorway, holding a cordless phone, looking dazed. Tyra pops her earphones out.

ANGELA
I just got a call from the Dillon
police.

TYRA
What?

ANGELA
A very nice man, a detective...

Tyra's heart starts to race. Oh shit oh shit oh shit.

TYRA
What did he want?

ANGELA
Get dressed, sweetie. We have to
go.

Off Tyra, looking very afraid, we,

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

46 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT (N7)

46

DETECTIVE WILLS, a buzzcut lifer who looks like he could gut you as easy as make you dinner, sits with Tyra and Angela. Tyra is petrified. Convinced she's about to be arrested.

DETECTIVE WILLS

We pulled a body from the river a few days ago. Male caucasian. I need to ask you a coupla questions about it, if you're ready.

TYRA

(trembling)

Yes, sir.

He opens a folder. Catch snippets -- police report, glossy photos of a grotesquely decomposed body, a shot of Tyra the night she was attacked. It's her rape file. As the horrible memories flood back, he removes a Texas driver's license from a plastic evidence bag, and slides it over.

DETECTIVE WILLS

We found this in the wallet. Do you recognize this person?
(Tyra reacts yes, crying)
How do you know him?

TYRA

It's... he tried to rape me.

Now he slides over a large black and white mug shot. It's of MIKE-- her attacker-- and it's captioned "Tulsa Police Dept."

DETECTIVE WILLS

Stay with me, now. I know this is hard, but I need you to look at this too, and tell me: is this the man who sexually assaulted you in the parking lot of the Alamo Freeze last November?

TYRA

Yes, sir.

DETECTIVE WILLS

Alright then. I appreciate you ladies coming down like this.

He starts collecting the items, as Tyra wipes her eyes. It takes a bit for her to realize what's happening.

(CONTINUED)

TYRA

Is that it?

DETECTIVE WILLS

Yes ma'am. You did a real good job on your description. We matched it to the sketch this morning.

He shows them: her sketch, next to the mug shot. Eerie.

DETECTIVE WILLS (CONT'D)

This boy was a real sonuvabitch. Burglary, assault with a deadly weapon. He was wanted on rape charges in two other states.

ANGELA

Oh my god...

DETECTIVE WILLS

I know. But ya'll can rest easy now. We're gonna close out your case.

It's a mixture of emotions for Tyra. Relief. Guilt. Fear. As Angela comforts her, we,

CUT TO:

47 INT. DILLON POLICE STATION - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER (N7) 47

Angela hustles her distraught daughter out towards the door. As they pass through, several night shift officers turn and look. One of them is Chad Clarke. Landry's father.

Their eyes meet. And he's thinking, what in the hell is my son's new girlfriend doing down here at this time of night? Tyra quickly looks away, and keeps on going. Fuck.

This can't be good.

48 INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N7) 48

Tami's dozing on the couch, lit by the evening news on TV. The door opens, and she stirs as Julie enters.

TAMI

Hey. How was your night?

JULIE

We didn't go out.

(CONTINUED)

Do what? Tami sits up, shaking off the sleep. When she does, she sees Julie's eyes. All red and puffy.

TAMI

So where have you been?

JULIE

Nowhere. Just walking.

TAMI

(heart breaking)

Sweetheart, you should have called.

I would've come and gotten you.

And then, Julie walks over and crawls right into her mother's lap. The tears start flowing again, and Tami is too moved by this rare show of intimacy to risk saying anything. She clicks off the TV. And comforts her daughter in silence.

EXT. MEXICAN MOTEL - ROOM 61 - NIGHT (N7)

The door opens, and Riggins steps out. He closes it softly, then heads off down the walkway towards the lobby.

INT. MEXICAN MOTEL - LOBBY - MINUTES LATER (N7)

Riggins is on a payphone.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GARRITY HOUSE - LYLA'S ROOM - SAME (N7)

Lyla in bed, listening, trying to make sense of his call.

RIGGINS

It's some kind of experimental thing, where they put shark blood in him, and it's supposed to make him walk again.

LYLA

(beat)

Are you drunk?

RIGGINS

No. I'm probably not explaining it right. There's lots of medical stuff, and it's way over my head.

LYLA

What are you even doing down there, Tim? You don't just walk away from
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LYLA (CONT'D)

the Panthers and go to Mexico. And Jason's parents are worried sick.

RIGGINS

I am, too. I really think he might do this.

LYLA

So what am I supposed to do?

RIGGINS

Come down here. Talk him out of it.

LYLA

Come to Mexico? Are you out of your mind?

Riggins slumps to the ground. And maybe he's not crying, but he's clearly struggling with his emotions.

LYLA (CONT'D)

Hello?

RIGGINS

He could die, Lyla. I swear to God, I wouldn't be calling you if it wasn't serious. He won't listen to me. Maybe he'll listen to you.

(a beat)

Please. Please do this for me.

OFF Lyla, we,

FADE TO WHITE:

CHYRON READS: Wednesday

INT. FIELD HOUSE - MORNING (D8)

Taylor sits alone in his office. Mulling. Doing that thing he does with his lip when he's nervous. After a while, he gets up and pulls on his Panthers windbreaker. Then his hat.

He opens his door, and across the bullpen, he sees THE TEAM gathered in the film room for a meeting. Buzz, conversation, speculation. Glimpses of an ASSISTANT COACH or two.

He takes another beat. Then, we FOLLOW HIM as he walks into the room. Everything goes silent as he goes to the front and turns to face the team. ANGLE ON our people -- Saracen, Smash, MCGILL, even Landry. Waiting. Wondering. Then:

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

Alright. We got Westerby in two days, and I know ya'll don't want another loss pinned on your asses, so listen up.

POP OUTSIDE, in the bullpen area, angling through the door:

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Quarterbacks and receivers, you're working with me today. Mac's gonna start linemen on board drills...

Coach Taylor is back.

As an arm reaches across and shuts the door, we,

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW

FNL #204 ADDENDUM DIALOGUE

31 INT. SANDWICH SHOP - DAY (D6)

31

MINDY, Tyra, and two Landing Strip dancers, CRYSTAL and RHONDA sit around talking--

MINDY
I'm telling you it's a gold mine.

CRYSTAL
What do you think people would pay?

MINDY
What *wouldn't* they pay?

Mindy is annoyed at Tyra, who's distracted, looking over at Landry.

MINDY (CONT'D)
Hey! Where are you? I'm working on a business idea.

TYRA
I just don't see that people are going to pay you for running around their lawns half naked.

MINDY
We are not running around their lawns, Miss Snooty. We are mowing their lawns, providing vital home maintenance.

TYRA
People already have gardeners.

MINDY
Not us. In bikinis.

CRYSTAL
Make money while I tan. I like it.

MINDY
Finally, some forward thinking.