

FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS
"Its Different For Girls"

Episode #110

Written by Andy Miller

FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"It's Different for Girls"

TEASER

EXT./INT. DILLON HIGH - MORNING

Over the circus of high school STUDENTS arriving by bus, car, bike and foot, WE HEAR SAMMY MEADE broadcast...

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.)

...and what a night-day
doubleheader Dillon has this
weekend! First, Friday Night, the
football Panthers look to sharpen
their claws against the hapless
Ramapo Rams - the worst team in the
division.

A SKATEBOARDER ramps into the school entrance, down the crowded hallway, whizzes by a teacher carrying coffee, races the length of the hallway and out...

THE BACK OF THE SCHOOL

THE SKATEBOARDER rolls down a ramp, gathers momentum, then LAUNCHES --

CLOSE ON the skateboarder, AIRBORNE... He lands successfully. He coasts toward...

THE FOOTBALL FIELD

The team is running a blocking drill: two lines, lead player in each line faces off, driving into the other with all they've got at the whistle.

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.)

I tell you, the only way the
Panthers lose this game is by
beating themselves. But one
massacre won't be enough for
Dillon. Not this weekend.

PULL FOCUS to CHEERLEADERS practicing on the sideline.

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Southwest Cheerleading
Regionals start this Saturday, and
the young Panther Squad, led by
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 captain Lyla Garrity, is hunting
 for victory. Hell, these ladies
 feel confident about winning. And
 let Sammy give y'all a bit of
 advice: don't bet against these
 Panthers, 'cause these little
 ladies are tough...

Sammy's broadcast continues over...

INT. FIELD HOUSE - GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LYLA GARRITY, in gym shorts and a T-shirt, stands over a
 sink. Her eyes are red; she chokes back sobs. Lyla pulls
 paper towel after paper towel out of the dispenser, then runs
 water over the towels.

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.)
 These little ladies are easy on the
 eyes, too. Which not only helps
 the football player giving it his
 all on the field, but also helps
 put asses in the seats.

MOVE WITH LYLA as she carries the towels to...

HER LOCKER. **WHORE** is scrawled across in lipstick. Lyla
 scrubs the locker clean. She stops, the word no longer
 visible. The sting of it, however, is still there. OFF
 LYLA, as she resumes scrubbing --

INT. DILLON HIGH - GYMNASIUM - DAY

A giant AMERICAN FLAG draped across one wall provides a
 backdrop as the CHEERLEADING SQUAD practices. But this is no
 rah-rah pom-poms bullshit. These girls are synchronized
 gymnasts, and they whip across the gym, doing backflips and
 corkscrews as they practice their routine. The girls are all
 business, with no make-up and sweating like jocks.

PICK UP Lyla as she enters the gym. The squad stops. Lyla
 glares. WE HEAR some giggles.

KENNEDY
 (taunting)
 Lyla Garrity, she's the best, every
 guy wants to touch her chest.

BRITTANY
 Panthers roar, Panthers soar, but
 Panther cheerleaders ain't no
 whore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A WHISTLE BLOWS. MISS DER, the cheerleading coach (35), a former Miss Texas blonde bomb who is driven to win and cold as ice, marches to the front of the gym.

MISS DER
Cut the bullshit! The tournament starts this Saturday, and we've been working for too long to screw up now. I need you serious, I need you focused. I need you committed to winning - I for one don't want to take home a silver medal.
 (smiles)
 I like gold.

The squad echoes the sentiment.

MISS DER (CONT'D)
 And Lyla - I need you here on time.

Lyla wants to explain, but Miss Der raises her hand --

MISS DER (CONT'D)
 I don't want to hear it. Okay everyone, let's run it again. And use the music to keep your beat.

Miss Der cranks up THEME MUSIC. The squad tumbles, an acrobatic display. Lyla backflips across the floor, then VAULTS into the hands of BRITTANY (her supporting base), as the squad forms a pyramid.

ON LYLA, arms raised, the pinnacle of the pyramid. But as we MOVE CLOSE ON LYLA, it's clear her mind is elsewhere. Lyla loses her balance, FALLS...

Lands heavily on top of Brittany. Brittany pushes her off.

BRITTANY
 Great. I guess Tim Riggins banged the balance right on out of you.

OFF Lyla sprawled on the floor, a blank expression masking her misery...

INT./EXT. CADILLAC - HIGH NOON

CLOSE ON JASON STREET, his blank expression similar to Lyla's. Sun shines on his face and wind whips through his hair...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVEAL: a Cadillac racing across the Texas landscape.
There's a wheelchair strapped to the roof.

ANGLE ON Jason, in the back. Jason's hand is out the window,
buffeted by the wind. CLOSE ON MITCHELL STREET'S EYES,
watching from the rear view mirror.

MITCHELL STREET

Got a great deal customizing the
car, son. It's amazing what they
can do. We're going to fit it with
hand controls so you can drive.

JASON

Cool.

JOANNE STREET

Everything's going to be okay,
honey. You're going home.

FIND JOANNE STREET, in the passenger seat. While Mrs. Street
is sincerely overjoyed, she's also anxious about the future -
and no smile painted on her face can hide this. Jason smiles
back, but then his smile fades as his eyes are drawn to...

THE HANDICAPPED PLACARD hanging from the rear view mirror.

SMASH TO:

EXT. STREET HOUSE - DAY

Mr. Street unloads Jason from the Cadillac, but Jason insists
on wheeling himself up the homemade ramp.

JOANNE STREET

Your dad made those ramps.

JASON

Good job, dad.

MITCHELL STREET

We converted the living room into
your new room. You've got your own
bathroom and your own entrance.

Mrs. Street opens the door. Jason wheels inside - but gets
stuck on the lip. He struggles. Mrs. Street motions Mr.
Street to help, but Jason shakes him off.

JASON

I...got...it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jason gets over the lip! OFF this triumphant moment...

INT. STREET HOUSE - JASON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jason enters. The room is filled with trophies and pictures and newspaper articles, relics from glory past.

MITCHELL STREET

Welcome home, son.

His father hugs him; it's awkward because of the wheelchair. Jason smiles weakly. Welcome home indeed.

JOANNE STREET

Are you hungry, Jason? Want lunch?

JASON

I'm fine, mom. Just tired. You guys mind if I lie down?

JOANNE STREET

Not at all.

MITCHELL STREET

You need a hand?

JASON

Legs, dad. I need legs.

(beat)

It's a joke. Seriously, I'm fine.

The Streets exit, a little too eagerly. The door shuts and Jason sits alone, surrounded by his history. He picks up a photo of Lyla and himself. Stares. Tears well up, but he forces them back. Puts the picture in a drawer and closes it. OFF this...

EXT. DILLON HIGH - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

SMASH, surrounded by Smashettes, holds court.

SMASH

Embrace the game. Breathe it, live it, eat it, think it, see it. At all times, in all ways. Football is life. And I'm setting records Friday Night, you can't contain my desire. Just give me the ball...

Smash stops mid-sentence as WAVERLY GRADY (17) walks by. There's something sophisticated about her that sets her

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

apart. Plus, she's drop dead beautiful. Smash FOLLOWS
Waverly --

SMASHETTE

Hey, Smash! Where you going?

STAY WITH SMASH, a lion stalking his prey.

SMASH

Excuse me, Miss? I do not believe
I have the privilege of knowing
you. If you'd like, I'll escort
you to wherever you're going, give
us a chance to exchange
formalities...

Waverly rolls her eyes, keeps walking.

SMASH (CONT'D)

I've got almost thirty minutes till
practice. Football practice?

No response. Smash flashes his million dollar smile.

SMASH (CONT'D)

You do know who I am? Smash
Williams, star running back.
Destined for USC, for the Heisman,
for the NFL, and for the Hall of
Fame.

None of this impresses Waverly. Smash keeps following.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Now don't be shy, girl. I know I
just laid a lot of intimidating
info on you, but deep down, Smash
is humble. It just happens to be
your lucky day that Smash's eyes
have locked on you.

A BLACK LINCOLN CONTINENTAL pulls up. Waverly waves at the
driver, who is concealed behind tinted windows.

WAVERLY

I've got a ride. But, thanks.

The tinted window of the Lincoln rolls down. REVEAL REVEREND
GRADY in the driver's seat.

ON SMASH, suddenly recognizing Waverly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SMASH
Waverly? Waverly Grady?

REVEREND GRADY
Hi, Brian. Ready for Friday's
game?

Smash nods, but the game is the furthest thing from his mind.

REVEREND GRADY (CONT'D)
You remember Waverly?

WAVERLY
He does now.

Waverly winks, gets in the car. The Lincoln pulls away.

OFF Smash, like he just got stung by Muhammad Ali.

SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. TAYLOR'S CAR - MORNING

The Taylors commute to school.

TAMI (O.S.)
It bothers you.

TAYLOR (O.S.)
It does not bother me.

TAMI (O.S.)
Come on, admit it. A co-pep rally?
The football team sharing the show?

INT. TAYLOR'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Coach drives, Tami next to him, and Julie in the back.

TAYLOR
I think sharing the stage with the cheerleaders is good. Those girls work hard; they deserve it.

TAMI
Doesn't their tournament take the focus off the football game? Isn't that dangerous to the team?

Tami's pushing his buttons, and Coach knows it.

TAYLOR
Hell, I plan to channel the energy those girls put into my players and use it Friday Night.

TAMI
(whispers)
Like you use to channel my energy?

TAYLOR
Exactly.

Tami kisses Coach. Long and sexy.

JULIE
Hey! The road!!

TAYLOR
I'm watching! Anyway, I love the idea of a co-pep rally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE

You want my thoughts on
cheerleading?

Coach doesn't, but knows he's going to hear it.

JULIE (CONT'D)

It's even more pointless than
football.

TAMI

Careful. Football pays our bills.

TAYLOR

Amen, sister.

JULIE

Okay, I concede that. I even
concede that football has a purpose
in terms of entertainment, though
for the life of me, I don't know
why. But cheerleading? Cheering
for others to entertain?

TAYLOR

This is Texas cheerleading, and
those girls are tough. Real jocks.

JULIE

Then why don't the girls get paid
like jocks? Do you know a Dallas
Cowboy Cheerleader makes fifty
dollars a game while the average
NFL player makes forty thousand per
game. Cheerleading is sexist, dad.
Girls jumping up and down in short
skirts waving pom-poms, singing
silly ditties. And why? Are girls
hard wired to put on short skirts
and cheer for men?

TAYLOR

(a long beat, then)

Are you, uh, planning something? I
mean, like, shaving your head and
moving to New York? I'm just
asking.

INT. GARRITY HOUSE - MORNING

Lyla, draped in an oversized flannel shirt, is at the
breakfast table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYLA
I don't feel well. I swear it.

PAM GARRITY absentmindedly feels Lyla's forehead. No fever.

PAM
You're fine.

ON Lyla, she doesn't have the strength to argue. PICK UP
BUDDY GARRITY as he enters, pours himself coffee.

BUDDY
Don't worry, this will all blow
over. Those kids will have
something better to talk about.

BACK TO Lyla, even more worried at the mention of other kids.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
There's no quit in Lyla Garrity.
No matter what comes at you, you
keep going. That's my baby. Now
get dressed. Practice, remember?
Got to get that W for the squad on
Saturday. This is your moment in
the sun. You deserve this.

OFF Lyla, buoyed by her father's words...

INT. STREET HOUSE - JASON'S ROOM - MORNING

Jason struggles to put his pants on, literally lifting his
limbs and pushing them into his pants. He's breathing
heavily. But then his breathing quiets as HE HEARS...

JOANNE STREET (O.S.)
We have talked about this. I don't
want to rehash what we've already
settled.

MITCHELL STREET (O.S.)
What we've settled and what you
think we've settled are two
different things.

JOANNE STREET (O.S.)
(getting louder)
Not now, Mitchell. NOT NOW!

ON JASON, quickly lifting himself into his chair. PRELAP the
sizzle of Bacon...

INT. STREET HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

START ON bacon sizzling in a pan. PICK UP Jason, wheeling to the table. FIND Mr. Street reading a newspaper. He smiles.

MITCHELL STREET

'Morning, son.

Jason winks. Fixes a fork to his hand so he can eat. Mrs. Street serves Jason a plate of bacon and eggs.

JOANNE STREET

I bet you missed homemade cooking.

JASON

I sure did. Thanks, mom.

ANGLE ON his father, peering over the paper, watching Jason eat.

JOANNE STREET

Uh, Jason, a lawyer's coming by tonight. Just to talk.

Mr. Street puts down the paper, clearly exasperated.

JASON

You and dad don't seem on the same page about this.

JOANNE STREET

There is no page yet. This is all about options. Your father and I are on the same page that we'll spare no expense when it comes to making you better. Am I right, Mitchell?

Mr. Street nods.

JASON

Alright, mom. We'll talk to the lawyer.

He bites his bacon. Mr. Street reads his paper. Mrs. Street sips her cup of coffee. OFF this "Ordinary People" moment...

INT. FIELD HOUSE - WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

The FOOTBALL TEAM pumps iron, young studs in cutoff T's with ripped chests and iron-board stomachs. MATT SARACEN and Smash sit on bench presses, but neither is lifting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMASH

Don't you watch TV?

SARACEN

I watch TV.

SMASH

Well you're watching the wrong TV. Man, I thought you were gonna eat Julie's whole head, the way you kissed her. Gotta be smoother than that. Smooth like the Smash.

SARACEN

That a fact?

SMASH

Watch and learn. I just met this bangin' shorty, and I guarantee I'll hit that 'fore you cop a feel off Julie Taylor.

DOLIA

You saying you'll score on Waverly Grady before Saracen gets second on Julie Taylor?

SMASH

That's what I'm saying.

PUDNICK

I don't know, Smash. Waverly was studying in Ghana for a year. She's real smart, and she don't give a damn about football. You might be overreaching.

SMASH

Nothing's out of reach to the Smash. I'm one size fits all.

DOLIA

You ain't scoring on the Reverend's daughter. I'll bet Saracen gets second on Julie Taylor before you score.

PUDNICK

Julie Taylor is hot. I'd do her.

SMASH

We all would. You've got a deal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAUGHTER. Suddenly, silence --

REVEAL COACH TAYLOR, standing in the room.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Hey... Coach.

A long beat as Taylor's glare burns a hole.

TAYLOR

You girls lifting or chatting?

SARACEN

We're lifting, sir.

ANGLE ON Matt, pumping. ANGLE ON Smash, doing the same.

TAYLOR

(addressing the team)

It would be a mistake to take a vacation mentality to Friday Night's game. It's not just that we might lose, but that we might not win. We have a chance here for more than a W. We have a chance to establish ourselves, to build a reputation. To put fear into future opponents. Do not underestimate the power of fear.

Coach places his hands on Smash and Saracen's barbells.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Reputation plus intimidation equals victory. I want us to go all out this Friday. No let up. This is a chance to shine. I want us to shine.

He gently pushes down on the barbells, creating resistance. Smash and Saracen struggle...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Dig deep. Focus on the game. Focus only on this game.

He pushes down harder - Smash and Saracen can no longer lift and can barely keep the dumbbells from crushing them.

Coach walks away. OFF Smash and Saracen, happy to be alive --

INT. DILLON HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

Saracen is talking to Julie at her locker, or trying to, and Julie is trying not to look excited. But she really is.

SARACEN

So, I was, you know - I didn't know where I was. Not that I didn't know, but I forgot. I was excited, and just wanted to kiss you.

JULIE

You didn't realize you were in a stadium filled with fifteen thousand people? Including my father?

SARACEN

Not at that moment. I'm sorry. I, uh, I won't do it again. Okay?

JULIE

Sure.

SARACEN

But, that wasn't, I didn't come here to apologize. Not that I'm not sorry--

JULIE

I get it. Come on, cut to the chase.

SARACEN

Do you want to go out? With me? Tomorrow night? We can--

JULIE

Yes.

SARACEN

What?

JULIE

I said yes.

SARACEN

You said yes?

JULIE

Oh, brother. We've got to start communicating better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFF Matt, praying for help...

EXT. WOODS - DAY

TIM RIGGINS pushes Jason down a dirt path. Lyla walks alongside. Everyone is laughing. Suddenly, Jason STEPS OUT of the chair. A beat as everyone stares, then Jason WALKS down the path, the smile on his face widening, then Jason RUNS, faster and faster, full of joy --

He FALLS into mud. Struggles to get out, but the mud is quicksand, and Jason's legs are stuck. He looks to Tim and Lyla for help, but they walk away. Jason struggles with everything he's got, but his legs can't move and he slowly sinks down, deeper and deeper. Finally, his head goes under and he can't breathe...

CUT TO:

INT. STREET HOUSE - JASON'S ROOM - DAY

Jason wakes with a GASP. Takes several deep breaths until he realizes he was dreaming. Until he realizes that he's still paralyzed.

ANGLE ON Jason getting into his wheelchair. Rolls around his room, bored. Peeks into his bathroom...

CLOSE ON the metallic shower seat in his stall. Shiny and cold. OFF Jason, realizing that what was once normal, will never be normal again.

EXT. DILLON - DAY

The cheerleading squad jogs through town, Lyla Garrity at the head. Townspeople stop in their tracks - these girls are not a bad sight.

The girls jog to a park, and start doing sit-ups. FIND Kennedy, whispering loudly to Brittany.

KENNEDY

I'm not judging Lyla, I've been friends with her since forever. But getting banged by Tim Riggins could be more than she can handle. Could throw off her whole game. With the tournament this Saturday, that's too risky. We have to win.

FIND Lyla, about to kill. MARIA laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIA

Don't listen to Kennedy. She's jealous, that's all. She wishes Tim Riggins made a play for her.

KENNEDY

Make a play for this, bitch.

ON Lyla, feeling even worse. Maria resumes jogging.

MARIA

Come on Lyla, you know you're bank. Work out the anger. Let's use that nasty energy to win the tournament.

Most of the girls agree, and they all start jogging down the path. Except Lyla. She jogs in another direction.

LYLA

You girls go. I'll see you later.

STAY WITH LYLA as she jogs away. CONTINUE WITH HER as she runs past Dillon Elementary. GRADE SCHOOL CHEERLEADERS practice in front of the school. The young girls recognize Lyla and wave, as if a celebrity is passing. A couple of teachers, however, look at Lyla with judgement. Or do they? OFF Lyla, unsure...

EXT. STREET HOUSE - DAY

Jason is in his driveway, spinning in his wheelchair.

GEORGE (O.S.)

Jason? Hey Jason, you're home!

GEORGE DUNN, Jason's next door neighbor, walks over. Shakes Jason's hand, though Jason struggles with returning the grip. MRS. DUNN and NICK, their six-year-old son, hurry over as well. Mrs. Dunn hugs Jason.

MRS. DUNN

Welcome home.

JASON

Thanks, Mrs. Dunn.

MRS. DUNN

You look good. Doesn't he, George, doesn't Jason look good?

GEORGE DUNN

He does. You do, Jason.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Dunns mean it, and Jason takes it the right way. ANGLE ON Nick, sitting on a tricycle, staring at Jason.

NICK DUNN
Can you walk?

ON Nick's parents, very uncomfortable.

JASON
No, I can't. But I bet I can go faster than you.

Jason spins his chair, motions toward Nick's tricycle.

NICK DUNN
Bet you can't.

TIME CUT TO:

BOTTOM OF THE DRIVEWAY

ANGLE ON little Nick in his tricycle racing Jason Street in his wheelchair. Up the length of the driveway... Nick wins!

NICK DUNN
Yay!

ANGLE ON Jason, laughing, spinning his chair. He stops --

REVEAL Lyla at the bottom of the driveway.

No one says a word. Mr. Dunn gathers his family and walks away. Jason still hasn't moved. Neither has Lyla. Finally she opens her mouth, but nothing comes out. She tries again...

LYLA
I... I...

But it's too late. Jason spins around and enters his room. Closes the door. OFF Lyla, totally rejected...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DILLON HIGH - ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

The class is divided between boys and girls. JUDITH LEVINE stands in the middle.

JUDITH

Brian, you're on. Monogamy in literature?

ANGLE ON Smash, as he slowly stands. It's clear that whatever assignment was given, he didn't do.

SMASH

I don't know about literature, but I do know monogamy is bullshit. It's man-made. Actually, it's woman-made.

The class LAUGHS. FIND Waverly, slightly amused.

JUDITH

Monogamy has been a theme in literature throughout history. Homer's Iliad - today's assignment - is an example, recounting the consequences of Helen's adultery. But note Homer's double standard in how Ulysses was easily forgiven for dallying Circe in The Odyssey.

SMASH

That's 'cause men can be with more than one woman, but women should be with only one man.

JUDITH

Explain.

SMASH

It's about the seed and the egg. The flower and the bee. The man's job is to spread the pollen. The girl's is to grow it. Now, can't be growing more than one at a time, can you?

AARON

What the hell are you saying?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAVERLY

I think Smash is saying that monogamy is not natural. That the male of any species is hard wired for genetic diversity, thus assuring his dominance in the future.

SMASH

Exactly.

WAVERLY

It's rare to find monogamy in nature, especially among mammals. Beavers, otters, bats, some primates, but for the most part, monogamy is not natural. The male instinct is to fertilize as many eggs as possible.

SMASH

I knew I liked you.

WAVERLY

But that's what makes humans different. Freud argues in "Civilization and its Discontents" that civilization is founded on the repression of instincts. I would add that we're never so human as when we act contrary to our instinct, and that monogamy - with the right person, is a state of higher evolution.

You can hear a pin drop. AARON crosses to the girls' side.

AARON

I'm with the new chick.

He sits down amidst LAUGHTER. ANGLE ON Smash, his eyes lazored on Waverly. The BELL RINGS.

INT. DILLON HIGH - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Smash motors down the hall, avoiding students like he does tacklers. Finally, he catches up to -- WAVERLY.

SMASH

Hey!

Waverly stops. Waits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMASH (CONT'D)

That was good in class. Sharp.

WAVERLY

Thanks.

SMASH

So how about we hang after school?
Just you and me, some deep
conversation, know what I'm saying?

WAVERLY

I do. But I'll pass.

She starts back down the hall.

SMASH

Pass? Pass on the Smash?

Smash feigns indignity, but his usual charm ain't working.
Waverly keeps walking.

SMASH (CONT'D)

I don't give up, baby. I don't
quit. Embrace the Smash!

Smash FOLLOWS HER THROUGH A DOOR. We HEAR A SCREAM, then
Smash jumps back out. OFF Smash, realizing he just followed
Waverly into the girl's room...

INT. DILLON HIGH - CAFETERIA - DAY

LANDRY stands behind TYRA in the food line. Staring.

TYRA

What are you looking at?

LANDRY

Uh. You.

TYRA

And why are you looking at me?

OFF Landry, debating whether to tell her his fantasy...

FIND Lyla, sitting by herself, pretending to read a magazine,
trying to block out the leper stares she's getting from the
other students. Suddenly, TWO BOYS sit with her.

LYLA

Oh, God! You guys scared me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOY

We did? Wow, I guess that's a compliment. I mean, the word is that Lyla Garrity is not easy to scare. What we're saying is, we think what you did - sleeping with both Jason and Tim - was bold. Forging new boundaries.

BOY #2

We're here to see if you want to keep forging new boundaries. With us. All together.

ON these boys, so full of themselves; this is the funniest thing they've ever heard.

BACK TO Lyla, fighting tears but refusing to cry in front of these pricks. A SHADOW looms over the table...

TIM RIGGINS. The cocky boys suddenly turn coward and leave. Tim sits in their place.

RIGGINS

What was that about?

Lyla shakes her head. Chokes back a sob. Tim reaches under the table, tenderly takes her hand. Gives a love squeeze.

RIGGINS (CONT'D)

You want me to kick their asses?

(Lyla shakes her head)

Kick someone else's ass?

FIND TYRA, in line. Watching Tim holding Lyla's hand.

BACK TO Lyla and Tim. Lyla realizes everyone in the cafeteria is watching. She pulls her hand away.

LYLA

Leave me alone! Can't you see that us talking makes it worse?

RIGGINS

Why?

LYLA

'Cause everyone sees. Everyone thinks. And then Jason hears, and, you know, I can take all the shit the students and the town can dish

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LYLA (CONT'D)
out, but I can't take Jason hating
me. Don't you get it?

RIGGINS
Who cares about what everyone sees?
This is about us.

LYLA
There is no us! There never was!!
Get this straight Tim - we were a
one night stand. A mistake. I
love Jason.

OFF Tim, like he was punched in the gut...

EXT. GARRITY MOTORS - DAY

Buddy holds open the door to a new truck.

BUDDY
Congratulations on your new Tacoma.

MAN
Thank you, Buddy. You've been more
than fair.

BUDDY
That's how I operate.
(dangles the keys)
I put the keys on a Garrity Motors
keychain. No charge. Also note
the floormats. No charge.

CLOSE ON the floormats, **Garrity Motors** emblazoned across.
The MAN gets inside. Buddy points to the passenger seat.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
I also threw in a coupon for a free
twelve piece bucket at KFC. For
the missus. Coupon includes 'slaw.

MAN
Thanks. She'll appreciate that.

They shake. The man drives away. Buddy sighs. Life is
perfect. BEN BECK approaches.

BEN
Hey, Buddy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUDDY

I'm on a hot streak, Ben. Don't come within ten feet unless you plan on buying.

But Ben's face is serious.

BEN

I came to apologize. Alice and I are punishing Brittany for what she did to Lyla.

Buddy has no idea what Ben's talking about.

BEN (CONT'D)

I thought you knew. Brittany put something nasty on Myspace. Other kids then added to it, but Brittany started it. Hell Buddy, I don't even know what Myspace is, but I can assure you, it won't happen again. I just wanted to apologize in person. Lyla doesn't deserve this, no matter what she did.

OFF Buddy, *No matter what she did* echoing in his head...

INT. GARRITY MOTORS - BUDDY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Buddy stares at Lyla's Myspace page. A PICTURE of Lyla appears with **SLUT** printed across. OFF Buddy, heartbroken...

EXT. DILLON HIGH - DAY

Lyla walks toward the gymnasium. Tyra intercepts her.

TYRA

Damn you, Lyla!

Lyla stops, dreading this confrontation. Tyra's fists are balled, she's ready to fly off the handle.

TYRA (CONT'D)

You know, you... you...

Tears suddenly well in Tyra's eyes. Tyra, shocked and embarrassed, quickly turns and leaves. OFF Lyla, feeling even worse than if Tyra had ripped into her...

CUT TO:

INT. DILLON HIGH - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Lyla's alone in the gym, practicing backflips. Backflip after backflip after backflip. Trying to numb the pain.

INT. FIELD HOUSE - GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON ice packs wrapped around Lyla's knees. REVEAL Lyla, in her underwear and bra. Completely worn out. Maria walks over, wrapped in a towel.

MARIA

Miss Der wants to see you.

INT. FIELD HOUSE - MISS DER'S OFFICE - DAY

Miss Der is viewing film of the squad's routine. PICK UP Lyla, entering. Miss Der FREEZES the film.

MISS DER

Look Lyla, this is difficult for me. I know how hard you've worked to get to this moment. I know you've choreographed the squad's routine, I know you've spent summers practicing, I know you've dreamt about this since you were a little girl. I also know how good you are. That's why I made you captain. But Lyla, you have to think like a captain. And that means thinking of the team first.

LYLA

What are you saying?

MISS DER

I want you to consider stepping down. At least for this Saturday.

LYLA

Oh my God. Is this because of what I did with Tim?

MISS DER

I couldn't care less about that. This is about winning, and the health of your team. Your focus is for shit, Lyla, and that means you're dangerous. You know how many girls get seriously hurt in
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISS DER (CONT'D)
our sport. It's almost as bad as
football.

LYLA
I can get focused.

MISS DER
I don't think you can. Not for
Saturday. So consider it. And
consider it as a captain, with your
responsibility to your team.

Miss Der unfreezes the film. OFF Lyla, reflected in the
footage...

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Coach reviews FILM FOOTAGE. Tami cleans up.

TAMI
Yeah, yeah, oh sure Eric, just sit
there while I tidy up. Here, don't
move, let me lift your feet, get
you more comfortable.

She lifts his feet onto a stool.

TAYLOR
Thanks.

His eyes stay riveted on the screen. Julie ENTERS.

JULIE
I'm going out tomorrow night.

TAMI
Are you asking or telling?

JULIE
Mom! I'll be home by ten.

TAMI
Ten's late for a school night.

JULIE
Nine-thirty.

TAMI
Okay. What are you doing?

JULIE
Matt Saracen asked me out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly Coach sits up. Turns off the TV.

TAYLOR

What? Saracen asked you out again?

JULIE

Relax dad, you know how I feel about football players.

TAYLOR

Then why are you going out with him?

(Julie rolls her eyes)

I... I had plans. Really, I was planning on cooking dinner tomorrow.

JULIE

Give me a break.

TAYLOR

I was. Or I am now. Bring Saracen here.

JULIE

No way!

TAYLOR

Yes way. If you're going to date this guy, have him come over and do it proper. That's what I did with your mother.

TAMI

It was very romantic.

JULIE

It's date death! Come on guys.

TAYLOR

We'll leave you alone after dinner, honest.

ON Julie, begging her mother for help.

TAMI

I think it's a good idea, honey.

INT. STREET HOUSE - NIGHT

JASON'S POV as he and his parents sit at the dining table. Across from Jason is CHRIS SABLE, a lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS SABLE

Coach Taylor was your quarterback coach in Pee Wee, correct?

Jason nods.

CHRIS SABLE (CONT'D)

Coach Taylor is currently your coach?

Jason nods.

CHRIS SABLE (CONT'D)

And is it true that in the entire time Coach Taylor has been your coach, never once did he personally instruct you on how to tackle?

JASON

He was my quarterback coach.

CHRIS SABLE

Just answer the question. Please. Did Coach Taylor ever instruct you on how to tackle?

Jason shakes his head. He watches Sable jot notes.

JASON

This is about blaming Coach, isn't it?

CHRIS SABLE

It's not about blaming anyone. It's about winning a lawsuit.

JASON

(to his parents)

I can't believe it. You want me to blame Coach? He's been like, like family. Dad?

JOANNE STREET

Your dad and I have discussed this, Jason. We're united on this.

MITCHELL STREET

We are not united. Stop saying we're united. I think Jason's right.

(to Sable)

You should probably go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOANNE STREET

Don't you dare! This is not a decision that just you make. I want to know where we're going to get the money we need --

MITCHELL STREET

Joanne!

JOANNE STREET

I want to know! Where will we get the money to take care of Jason?!

MITCHELL STREET

We'll get it. But I'm the head of this household and I'm using my veto power. Mr. Sable, you can go -

JOANNE STREET

Mitchell...

MITCHELL STREET

Now, Mr. Sable.

Sable rises. He drops a card on the table.

CHRIS SABLE

Jason dedicated himself to Dillon, and it's only fair that Dillon shoulder its share of the economic burden. Unfortunately, sometimes we need the law to make it fair.

Sable EXITS the house. Mr. Street shuts the door.

JOANNE STREET

That's just great, he came highly recommended. Good lawyers don't grow on trees, you know.

JASON

Lawyers are snakes and bloodsuckers, mom. We don't want to be like them.

JOANNE STREET

Well, we have to be like something. 'Cause, Jason, my darling Jason, you are crippled. And we all have to face up to what that means --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She starts SOBBING. Jason attempts to go over, but his wheelchair gets stuck. Frustration mounts. Mr. Street tries to comfort Mrs. Street, but she pushes him away.

JOANNE STREET (CONT'D)

Get off me!

MITCHELL STREET

Come on, honey, a little faith.

JOANNE STREET

The hell with faith! You and your faith, your church of football. We invested everything into your faith, believed your dream - our Jason - would take care of us. Well, he's not going to, and we have to take care of him. His medical bills will never end. Never!

JASON

Hey, hey...

MITCHELL STREET

We can't throw away our honor because we're scared. We're better than that.

JASON

Mom... Dad...

JOANNE STREET

Someone has to be blamed for this. Jason's already paid, football got what it wanted from him --

JASON

HEY, I'M HERE. STOP TALKING ABOUT ME!

ANGLE ON Mr. and Mrs. Street, staring down at Jason.

JOANNE STREET

Screw honor. Screw football. I hate football.

FOLLOW Mrs. Street as she walks to a trophy on the mantelpiece. Picks up the trophy. SMASHES IT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. DILLON HIGH - GYMNASIUM - MORNING

Coach Taylor speaks to players, cheerleaders and students at a CO-PEP RALLY. Miss Der is off to his side.

TAYLOR

I know what football means to Dillon, and I'm here to tell you that Dillon's support is a key to why we're successful. This support binds us together as a community and as a team. So it's with that spirit that I welcome the cheerleaders to this pep rally. Support those who support you!

CHEERS from the audience.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

And may I add that if sharing the spotlight means sharing the stage with Miss Der, well then I don't mind sharing the stage at all.

WHOOPS and CATCALLS from the crowd. Coach winks at Miss Der, and laughs. Suddenly, Coach stops laughing --

ANGLE ON Julie, staring at him. Coach turns away. FIND Tami, also staring at him.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Oh, brother. Uh, Miss Der...

He hands Miss Der the mic. Coach slinks into the shadows.

MISS DER

Assertion is the key to success. Demand what you deserve. I know the football team deserves victory Friday night. I know how hard Coach Taylor works the players, how hard the players work themselves. I'm here to tell you the cheerleading squad will demand victory on Saturday as well. A victory that will lead to nationals!

CHEERS from the cheerleaders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISS DER (CONT'D)

Dillon High has never had dual
championship teams before. Dillon
High is about to!!

The gym ROCKS OUT. Drums beat, feet stomp. Students dance.
Several football players deliver cookies to the cheerleaders,
a reverse kind of Rally Girl. FIND Tim Riggins scanning the
crowd, looking for Lyla. But she's not there.

CUT TO:

INT. DILLON HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

Lyla walks down the hall. A RELIGIOUS STUDENT remarks --

STUDENT

How come you missed the rally?

LYLA

Just didn't feel up to it.

STUDENT

It's your guilt. You're paying for
your sin.

TAMI (O.S.)

You're gonna pay for your sin with
a foot up your ass.

PICK UP Tami storming over, glaring. The student leaves.

LYLA

When is this going to stop?

TAMI

Don't worry about those jackasses,
sweetie.

ON Lyla, it's clear that she is worrying. Tami puts her arm
around her. WE FOLLOW as they walk down the hall...

TAMI (CONT'D)

Everyone makes mistakes. As far as
feeling guilty and taking blame and
abuse - there comes a point you
just have to say screw 'em. No
matter what you did. Get back to
living.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYLA

The problem is I think maybe everyone is right. Maybe I am a bad person. I don't know how Jason can ever forgive me.

TAMI

You are not a bad person. You made a mistake, period. And if you want Jason to forgive you, you have to forgive yourself first.

LYLA

But what I did is really sinful. In a Biblical way.

TAMI

Honey, God created sin so that we might know her mercy.

CUT TO:

INT. FIELD HOUSE - BATHROOM STALL - DAY

TIGHT on a NEEDLE, a VIAL. The needle is drawn, INJECTED...

ANGLE ON Smash. Getting good at this.

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - DAY

The football team scrimmages, lined up over the ball on the twenty yard-line, awaiting Coach's whistle.

TAYLOR

Dillon has never lost to the Rams. We will not lose on Friday. You will dominate your opponent! You will hit hard, hit harder, then hit even harder still. That clear?

THE TEAM

Yes, sir!

Coach WHISTLES. Saracen barks the play. The ball is snapped, pads POP! and the linebackers BLITZ --

Saracen ducks under them, rolls to his right. Tosses a teardrop pass to --

SMASH. The ball drops into Smash's hands and Smash makes for the endzone without breaking stride. A DEFENDER is down field, and has a great angle on Smash...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WIDE as we FOLLOW THE FOOTTRACE, but despite the angle, the defender can't gain as Smash kicks it into an extra gear. Smash crosses the 50, the 40, 30, 20 --

The defender's angle finally intersects, but Smash easily STIFF-ARMS him aside and skips into the endzone. Spins the ball on the ground and prances.

SMASH

Who's the fastest? Who is the fastest? Say hello to the Smash.

ON THE SIDELINE

MAC nods at Coach, impressed. OFF Coach, saying nothing. Just taking it all in...

INT. WILLIAMS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pre-dinner prep. Sauces sizzle, steam spews. CORRINA is chopping carrots. Smash peeks into her gumbo.

CORRINA

What you looking at, boy?

SMASH

Did you put those onions inside? You know, those fancy ones.

CORRINA

Vidalia onions? Yeah, they're in. You're acting strange, Brian. And I still don't understand why this dinner had to happen all of a sudden.

SMASH

Just a little give back, mom. The Reverend's been good to us, it's our turn. That's all.

ON Corrina, she doesn't buy it. SHEILA enters.

SHEILA

It's his daughter. Waverly. She's back at school.

SMASH

It is not Waverly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORRINA

Waverly. Now that makes sense. I heard she was coming back. Does she interest you, Brian?

SMASH

All girls interest me.

CORRINA

Maybe. But I don't often see you chasing them.

SMASH

The Smash don't chase. They come to me.

Corrina swats Smash in the head.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Hey! Uh, one more thing...

CORRINA

Another ingredient I'm missing?

SMASH

Your blouse. Could you change it? Put on that blue one I like.

OFF Corrina, threatening Smash with a serving spoon --

The DOORBELL RINGS. Smash opens the door. REVEAL Reverend Grady and Waverly.

REVEREND GRADY

Hello, Brian. Well hello, Corrina.

The Reverend enters, hugs Corrina. FIND Waverly in the doorway, looking at Smash like he's pathetic.

WAVERLY

Having your mother cook dinner. That's low.

SMASH

(defensive)
I cooked some, too.

WAVERLY

Yeah, I bet. Okay, score one for you. But it's early in the game.

INT. WILLIAMS HOUSE - LATER

The dining table is full of food.

REVEREND GRADY
Everything tastes wonderful. I'm
very impressed, Corrina.

CORRINA
Don't be. If Brian had given me a
little more warning --

FIND Smash, silently begging his mother. Corrina LAUGHS.

CORRINA (CONT'D)
Actually, when I heard Waverly was
back at school, it gave me the
excuse I was looking for.

WAVERLY
Thank you, Mrs. Williams.

CORRINA
You're welcome. And welcome home.
You were in Ghana, right?

WAVERLY
That's right.

CORRINA
With a missionary?

Waverly nods uncomfortably.

WAVERLY
Purifying.

REVEREND GRADY
(laughs)
Purifying water and building homes.
Real important work. Say, Brian,
Waverly is going to take an SAT
course. Maybe you could advise
her?

SMASH
Uh. Sure. Love to.

SHEILA
Didn't your course end last Friday?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMASH

I extended it. Extra lessons.

He smiles at Sheila. She sarcastically smiles back.

CORRINA

Extra lessons can't hurt. Playing football's not forever, but an education - that stays.

REVEREND GRADY

Amen, sister.

SMASH

Football's staying for me, mom.

CORRINA

I hope so. But I'll be a very proud mom when my boy gets his college degree.

SMASH

And I'll be a very proud son.

Corrina smiles. OFF Waverly, cocking her head. Skeptical.

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Coach, Tami, Julie and Matt Saracen eat dinner. No one says a word. Extremely awkward.

JULIE

Okay, that's enough. TV time.

Julie stands, motions to Saracen.

SARACEN

Thank you, ma'am. Dinner was really good.

Tami smiles. Julie pulls Saracen away. OFF Coach, not even knowing what to think...

INT. WILLIAMS KITCHEN - NIGHT

Smash washes dishes. Waverly dries.

SMASH

You coming to the game Friday night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAVERLY

Why? You going to trick me into it if I say no?

SMASH

Maybe. See, Smash don't accept no.

WAVERLY

You'll have to this time. And what's with you calling yourself "the Smash"? You always talk in the third person?

SMASH

The Smash stands for me, my mom, and my sisters. When I succeed, we all succeed. Team Smash.

(beat)

Forget the game. Would you go out with me after? Please.

Waverly smiles. Walks out of the room.

SMASH (CONT'D)

What?! What was that? Don't think it's over, girl. The Smash don't quit. The Smash don't lose. You know what makes a champion a champion? The refusal to lose. That's why I'm a champion. I refuse to quit.

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Julie and Saracen sit on the couch watching "The Office." Saracen's arm is on the back of the couch, inches from Julie's shoulder. Julie laughs at something on the TV, and Saracen laughs, too, but the truth is that Saracen's arm aches and all he's thinking about is putting his arm around her. PRELAP...

TAYLOR (V.O.)

Why the hell is he still here?

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Coach stares down the steps. Tami is inside the room.

TAMI

Relax.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR

If she gets pregnant, we'll be raising another child. You realize that?

TAMI

Re-lax. Isn't that what you told me? To calm down.

TAYLOR

Yeah, but Saracen's changing. Being starting quarterback on a winning team will do that. He's getting that swagger.

TAMI

I remember when you had that swagger. God, it was like yesterday that we were their age. Now we're the guardians. Yikes.

TAYLOR

You feeling old?

TAMI

Not when I'm with you.

They kiss. Tami pulls him inside, the years peeling away as they kiss with more urgency. Suddenly, Coach breaks away --

TAYLOR

He's all over her. I can smell it.

And before Tami can react, Coach BURSTS out the door...

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matt's arm is just about on Julie's shoulder. He lowers it, lowers it, working by millimeter. Finally he makes contact. Freezes for a reaction. But Julie seems cool, so he settles in. Julie snuggles to Saracen and pulls a blanket around them.

BAM! The door opens. REVEAL Coach.

TAYLOR

Party's over!

Saracen bolts up. Julie stares at her dad in horror. Coach realizes he just made a big mistake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 Uh, I mean, it's getting late.
 Don't you have a game?

SARACEN
 Yes, sir.

TAYLOR
 Well, finish up.

ON Julie, pissed, but Coach is still reluctant to leave. He snatches the blanket covering Julie and Saracen.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 That's my blanket! I was looking
 for it. Gets cold upstairs.

OFF Julie, swearing never to bring home another date...

INT. STREET HOUSE - JASON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jason strums a guitar, or rather is trying to. His coordination is for shit, and he's frustrated. A FLY buzzes Jason's head, in and out. Jason tries to swat it, but misses by a mile. The fly dive bombs again, Jason a sitting target. Jason SPINS his wheelchair, desperate to get away.

JASON
 Get off me!

He stops. REVEAL TIM RIGGINS watching from the other side of the screen door.

RIGGINS
 Hi.

BACK TO Jason: he just stares.

RIGGINS (CONT'D)
 Can I come in? I've got to tell
 you something.

Jason slowly nods. Tim hesitates.

RIGGINS (CONT'D)
 You gonna hit me again?

JASON
 I might.
 (beat, then)
 What do you have to tell me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tim cautiously enters.

RIGGINS
It's about Lyla.

JASON
That's a bad subject.

RIGGINS
I know, and man, I'm really sorry.
I'm not making excuses or nothing,
it's just that Lyla -
(takes a breath)
She loves you. She's always loved
you. Was never any question about
that.

JASON
Odd how she slept with you when she
loves me so much.

RIGGINS
It was never about me. She just -
freaked. And I guess I'm the one
to blame. I took advantage.

OFF Jason, not sure what to make of this.

JASON
Fine. You told me. See you
'round.

RIGGINS
Yeah. I guess.

Tim stands. THE FLY circles the room, then BUZZES Jason.
Jason shakes his head in frustration, but the fly refuses to
leave, as if the fly knows Jason's limits by now.

WHAP! Tim nails the fly with a rolled up magazine.

JASON
Oh, man. You smooshed it against
our team photo.

CLOSE ON smudge across the Panther team photo.

RIGGINS
Sorry.

They both LAUGH. Tim glances around the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RIGGINS (CONT'D)
Doesn't this stuff depress you?

JASON
Hells, yeah.

RIGGINS
It's like a museum.

JASON
The Jason Street pre-paralyzed
museum. Wheelchair accessible.

RIGGINS
You charge admission?

JASON
I should. I am a big financial
drain, you know.
(then)
Would you do me a favor? Help me
get this shit down. I think I need
a new hobby.

Tim nods. Lifts a trophy.

RIGGINS
Hey, this is mine.

JASON
What are you talking about?

RIGGINS
This was for first place in the
run, pass and kick contest. I
think we were ten. I beat you.

JASON
I don't think so.

RIGGINS
I know so. Was the only time I
won.

JASON
If you won, why do I have the
trophy?

OFF this...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. DILLON HIGH - TAMI'S OFFICE - DAY

Pam Garrity, her big hair perfectly coiffed and dressed sharp in a suit and heels, talks to Tami. Tami is in jeans. She's got her hair in a ponytail.

TAMI

You want Lyla's transcripts?

PAM

That's right. We're placing her in the Hawthorne Academy for Girls. It's a good school.

TAMI

The best all-girl school in Texas. But why? Because of what happened with Tim Riggins?

Pam clearly doesn't want to talk about it.

TAMI (CONT'D)

Pam, this is 2006. Don't send Lyla to a nunnery. Don't buy into such a double standard. No one's hassling Tim Riggins; why make Lyla take the fall?

PAM

Don't play ideologist for me, okay? I didn't make the world, but I know that God did, and that God's a man. The world is different for girls.

TAMI

Not if we fight that thought.

PAM

Let some other girl's mother fight that fight. I for one will not stand by and let my baby be called a slut every day 'til she graduates. She's already been pressured to quit the cheerleading squad.

TAMI

But that's my point. Let her cheerlead, tell her not to quit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM

You think I don't want her to cheerlead? Who do you think has driven Lyla all over Texas for the greater part of her life in pursuit of this dream? Do you know how big Texas is?

TAMI

Big.

PAM

Very big.

TAMI

I know you're doing what you think is right. It's just, well, I think Lyla's really special. I think you're underestimating her. She's so much more than a cheerleader.

PAM

Watch your words, honey. I know you think cheerleading is silly, but if you really knew Lyla, you'd know it's everything to her. It makes her part of something. Lyla likes to be liked. Now, can I please have the transcripts?

Tami pulls out a file.

TAMI

The need to be liked - the female disease. I say it's time for women to stop being so nice and time for us to rule the world. Maybe then we'd get things accomplished.

PAM

Please. Tami Taylor, you talk feisty feminism, but if I recall correctly you dropped everything in your world to become a part of Eric's. You put aside your impressive education and had his baby. Truth is, you're no different than anyone else 'round here.

OFF Tami, stabbed with some truth...

INT. DILLON HIGH - AUDITORIUM - DAY

Coach is backstage with Julie after her dance recital. Julie is in a leotard.

TAYLOR

I'm sorry about last night. I know, I'm an idiot. But Julie, it's just, just - I know you're maturing into a beautiful young lady, but to me you're my little girl, and I just go primal.

JULIE

Because of Matt?

TAYLOR

Because of guys in general. Jesus...

ANGLE ON OTHER DANCERS parading by, all in leotards, all in the blossoming stage of adolescence. Julie gives him a kiss.

JULIE

Thanks, dad. I appreciate that. I'm proud of how you're maturing, too.

CUT TO:

INT. FIELD HOUSE - TAYLOR'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Coach tosses a packet onto a pile in front of Saracen.

TAYLOR

And this is the defensive playbook of the Texas Longhorns. Know them by Monday.

SARACEN

Monday?

CLOSE ON a pile of playbooks. A foot high.

TAYLOR

Yeah, I know it's a lot, but you got to get it done.

SARACEN

I... had plans.

ON Coach, he doesn't want to hear about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARACEN (CONT'D)

With your daughter. Is that what this is about, sir? With all due respect.

Coach gets in Saracen's face.

TAYLOR

With all due respect, you and I have to keep my daughter out of this. But hear this: I love my daughter, and I am a man, and I was once a boy. Understood?

SARACEN

Yes, sir.

Coach backs away.

TAYLOR

But this is about football. About the Panthers winning State. I'm not treating you any differently than I would any starting quarterback. Glory comes with a price, son. Memorize those plays.

OFF Saracen's look...

INT. GARRITY HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Lyla's at the dining room table with her parents, a brochure for the Hawthorne Academy for Girls spread open on the table.

PAM

This isn't punishment. This is the best education you can get, without all these small town distractions. They have a cheerleading squad.

LYLA

An all-girl school?

BUDDY

I hear those are wildest.

LYLA

Dad? You want to send me away because of what I did? Dad?

FIND Buddy, he can't look her in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM

Sweetie, we're trying to protect you. See, when I was a sophomore, there was this girl, Marion. She went to a party, got drunk, ended up in a - well, I might as well say it, you're all grown up - she ended up in a three-way with two boys.

Lyla does not want to hear about three-ways from her mother.

PAM (CONT'D)

The boys become heroes, and Marion? We all made her life a living hell. Even me. Every day she slouched lower in her seat, looked a little more dead behind the eyes.

LYLA

I don't want to leave. The tournament is Saturday.

PAM

You said Miss Der asked you to step down.

LYLA

She told me to consider it.

PAM

You should step down. Honey, it's best for everyone.

LYLA

I don't want to quit cheerleading. It's all I've got now.

ON Lyla as she stands, tears rolling.

LYLA (CONT'D)

And I don't want to go to another school. If I embarrass you too much, then, then I'll move out. You won't have to worry.

BUDDY

Baby!

But Lyla is out the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. DILLON - MAIN STREET - DUSK

Main Street is crowded with pedestrians. BUSINESSMEN get their shoes shined.

EXT. GRADY HOUSE - NIGHT

Smash stands below Waverly's window.

SMASH

I'm not leaving until you agree to go out with me tonight. Get some pizza, ice cream, whatever. But I'm not leaving 'till you say yes.

ON Waverly, standing at the window. She doesn't flinch.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Think about what you're doing. I'm the Panthers' star player. We lose this game, goodbye State. The entire town of Dillon will be devastated, and it will be all your fault. All because you wouldn't agree to one simple date. We don't even have to call it a date.

Waverly turns inside.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Whoa! Where you going!! I'm warning you, you can't bluff the Smash! Waverly?

INT. GRADY HOUSE - WAVERLY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Reverend is inside the room. Waverly rolls her eyes.

WAVERLY

That boy doesn't know when to quit.

REVEREND GRADY

Why don't you go? Wouldn't hurt.

WAVERLY

Dad. I'm just easing back into things.

REVEREND GRADY

If he gets aggressive - I'll kill him. But Smash is a nice boy. And
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVEREND GRADY (CONT'D)
it would be good for the team. For
Dillon.

Waverly LAUGHS. She loves her dad.

EXT. GRADY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Smash talks to himself, puzzled.

SMASH
Now what, Smash? You really gonna
skip the game? For a girl?

He toughens up. Then looks at his watch. Glances at
Waverly's window. Panic. But Waverly appears.

WAVERLY
Okay, I'll go. For Dillon's sake.

Smash flashes his million dollar smile.

SMASH
Sweet. Pick you up after the game.

He turns from the window, starts on a slow run.

SMASH (CONT'D)
The Smash don't lose. The Smash
don't lose.

STAY WITH Smash, running toward the Friday Night Lights.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - NIGHT

The Friday Night Lights illuminate the packed stands. WE
PUSH into the stadium, then UNDERNEATH --

INT. FIELD HOUSE - LOCKER ROOM - PRE GAME - NIGHT

A PLAYER tapes his foot. ANOTHER tightens his cleats. The
floor is littered with Red Bulls. FIND Riggins, tapping his
foot, a reservoir of restless energy. Angry energy. FIND
Smash, strutting the room.

SMASH
The talking is done. Make no
mistake - we are going into a
fistfight.

RIGGINS
I love a good fistfight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON Tim, HOWLING. The team HOWLS with him.

SMASH

Football is our life! Football is
our passion! The Panthers will
shine. It's God given! Do we have
the fire in the belly?

Smash holds up an "A" for attitude. The team responds in
kind. PICK UP Coach, entering the room. Smash SHOUTS...

SMASH (CONT'D)

Clear eyes!

RIGGINS

Full hearts!

THE TEAM

CAN'T LOSE!!

The team starts bumping chests, the energy level rising,
warriors about to battle. FIND Smash, super amped. FIND
Coach, clocking Smash. But then Coach turns to Mac --

TAYLOR

Unleash the monsters.

OFF the team running out of the locker room, each player
tapping the Jason Street jersey pinned to the wall.
PRELAP...

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.)

It's a cool, crisp Friday Night as
the Rams kickoff...

EXT. HERRMANN STADIUM - NIGHT

Postcard pretty as Sammy Meade calls it.

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.)

Smash receives it at the five.
Brings it up nicely to the twenty.
Cuts inside - whoa, he's got
daylight!

EXT. DILLON MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The shoeshine stand is empty as Main Street is deserted.

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.)

At the thirty, the forty, the
fifty... yes siree, on the first
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 play Smash Williams is taking it
 all the way. How do you like that?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. YMCA - NIGHT

The YMCA's sign reads: **We baby-sit for home games.**

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.)
 Riggins up the middle - TOUCHDOWN!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STREET HOUSE - JASON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jason sits alone, listening to the game on the radio.

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.)
 Saracen throws... score! The clock
 runs out, and thank the Lord. I
 mean, how sacrificial do you want
 the Rams to be? 45-7 is the final
 tally, Ladies and Gentlemen, and
 yes, you heard that right. 45-7.

Jason clicks off the radio.

CUT TO:

EXT. DILLON - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Cars HONK and people dance as Dillon celebrates.

INT. ALAMO FREEZE - NIGHT

Smash buys Waverly ice cream. The CLERK gushes.

CLERK
 On the house.

FOLLOW Smash and Waverly as they take their cones and head
 outside. A PATRON slaps Smash on the back.

PATRON
 Way to go, Smash. You looked great
 tonight. A thoroughbred.

Smash accepts the praise and winces at the slight. The local
 celebrity leads his date outside.

STAY WITH THEM as Smash and Waverly stroll down a street.
 Smash nods to congratulatory fans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAVERLY
You're quite a hit around here.

SMASH
Yeah, Dillon loves the Smash. When I perform.

They sit on a bench.

SMASH (CONT'D)
But I love football.

WAVERLY
Why?

SMASH
Equal playing field down there.

ON Waverly, smiling, despite herself.

SMASH (CONT'D)
Hey, look at that, the Reverend's daughter has a tattoo...

Smash peels Waverly's collar back from her shoulder. REVEAL a tattoo of an ancient symbol.

SMASH (CONT'D)
Cool. What's it mean?

WAVERLY
Oh, I never tell.
(beat, then)
Does the tattoo excite you? Or does dating the Reverend's daughter excite you?

SMASH
You excite me.

Smash feels the moment, leans in, but Waverly leans back. Not so fast.

SMASH (CONT'D)
Yeah, you're different. That's cool. Lots of rumors 'bout why you left school, but I know it must have been for a good reason. Ghana, huh? What do they speak there, Ghananese?

Smash laughs, but Waverly doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SMASH (CONT'D)

Seriously, how do you say "I like you" in Ghana?

WAVERLY

(she has no idea)

It's not an expression they use.

SMASH

That doesn't sound like a friendly people. But they seemed pretty friendly at the World Cup. Was being there during World Cup cool?

WAVERLY

It was no big deal.

SMASH

No big deal! I heard there were parties in the street when they made the quarterfinals. You sure you were in Ghana?

Waverly's eyes widen. But it's not Smash's words that have shocked her - his nose is BLEEDING. Gushing down his face.

LATER

Smash's letterman jacket is balled up on Waverly's lap. Smash lays his head on it as he pinches a napkin to his nose.

SMASH

No big deal.

WAVERLY

Your nose bleed a lot?

SMASH

No. Just lately.

WAVERLY

Lately? You know why?

SMASH

Yeah. I think.

WAVERLY

You want to tell me?

SMASH

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAVERLY

You want to tell me about that SAT class. I checked - I know you're not taking it.

SMASH

You want to tell me where you been the last year? I know it wasn't Ghana.

Waverly doesn't argue. A beat, then...

WAVERLY

Have you ever just been blue?

INT. STREET HOUSE - JASON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jason strums his guitar, his inability to coordinate chords producing a sorrowful sound. There's a KNOCK. Jason opens the door --

REVEAL Lyla. Jason starts to shut the door...

LYLA

Don't! I need to speak to you.

Jason hesitates, but Lyla enters. She's angry.

LYLA (CONT'D)

Look at me! Can't you even look at me?!

(Jason does)

I made a mistake. By far the worst mistake of my life, in fact, when you think about it, aside from the time I stole a lipstick in the seventh grade at Walmart it was practically my only mistake. I admit it was a big one, but there is no manual on how to act when your boyfriend becomes paralyzed. This is hard for me, too.

JASON

You need a manual to tell you that sleeping with your boyfriend's best friend isn't cool? I don't think so.

Jason spins his chair into a wall as he gets emotional.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYLA

I wish I could take it back, I wish I could. But I can't. You know, it was our dream that got shattered when you got hurt. Our dream. I was alone. I was scared.

JASON

So you slept with him? I don't get it.

LYLA

I don't either. But I do get that I love you. Now more than ever.

(beat)

I was so sad, sure the dream was gone, trying to pretend it wasn't. But then it overwhelmed me, and I let it. But I don't believe our dream has to be gone. I believe in Jason Street and Lyla Garrity.

Lyla cries. Jason is crying, too.

JASON

I used to believe in us, but now I don't know. God Lyla, you are so beautiful. I just don't know if I can forgive you.

LYLA

I wish you could. I'll never stop loving you, Jason. And not the star quarterback, and not the paraplegic, but you, Jason Street. And I miss you. I miss my best friend. I'd do anything to win you back. You're all I ever wanted.

ON Jason, he turns away. Holds up a hand. Enough. Lyla hesitates, then EXITS the room.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. HERRMANN STADIUM - MORNING

ESTABLISH the American, Texas, and Dillon Panther flags flapping in the wind. TICKET LINES circle the stadium. YOUNG GIRLS dressed in homemade skirts wave pom-poms as cheerleading squads unload from buses in the parking lot.

INT. GARRITY CAR - MORNING

Buddy pulls into the parking lot, Pam in the passenger seat, BUDDY JR. and TABBY in the back. Lyla is not in the car.

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - DAY

Fans mill as a crazy PANTHER LADY (70), all decked out in every imaginable type of Dillon Panther paraphernalia, is chasing Landry for some unknown reason. Landry is trying to maintain his dignity, but he's failing.

FIND Coach pushing through a throng of people, politely smiling as everyone congratulates him on last night's game.

FIND Smash, surrounded by admirers. Smash is firing off one-handed pushups.

SMASH

I am a machine. But a thinking machine, and a machine with heart.

TAYLOR

That machine sounds like a person.

The Smash admirers LAUGH. Coach motions Smash aside.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Good game last night.

SMASH

Thanks.

TAYLOR

You're feeling good, huh? Physically?

SMASH

Never felt better.

TAYLOR

I mean, 'cause you were *really good* last night. Ran over that defender
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
like he was a bowling pin. You
doing anything different?

A long beat.

SMASH
Yeah. Eating better, getting more
rest. All that stuff you preach.

Smash flashes his million dollar grin. But Coach doesn't
really buy it.

TAYLOR
Okay, son. Keep up the good work.

CUT TO:

INT. HERRMANN STADIUM - BATHROOM - DAY

Coach is at a urinal, Buddy at the one next to him.

BUDDY
Good game last night. Well
coached.

TAYLOR
Thanks, Buddy. The boys were
really firing on all cylinders.

BUDDY
That they were. Listen, I know
you've been Jason Street's coach
for years, and that you're Tim
Riggins' coach, and how close you
all are. And I just want to say
I'm sorry for this whole mess with
Lyla. I'm really sorry.

A beat.

TAYLOR
I may be their coach, but I'm
Julie's father. I understand
having a teen daughter. I think
the hardest part is accepting that
our girls, are girls. On the
fasttrack to becoming ladies.

OFF Buddy, touched...

EXT. HERRMANN STADIUM - BLEACHERS - DAY

Tami sits in the bleachers. She sees Coach carrying a tray with Cokes, popcorn, pretzels... Waves him over.

TAYLOR

Good seats. Where's Julie?

TAMI

She was here, but got a call from Matt Saracen. Something about him having to study plays, and he couldn't make it. So she ended up going there.

TAYLOR

She went there?

TAMI

Eric, Julie knows every play Saracen has to memorize. She's helping him.

Coach buries his head in his arms.

TAMI (CONT'D)

Only thing you could do now is make it worse. Push her, you'll lose her. Tell me I'm wrong.

Coach can't. But OFF him feeling lousy...

INT. FIELD HOUSE - GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The cheerleaders, in various stages of dress, ready themselves. Legs are taped, limbs stretched. Also hair spray and make-up applied. Being pretty does scores points.

PICK UP Lyla as she enters. Silence.

LYLA

I'm here to compete. To win. I want in, and I swear I'm ready. I swear I'll be focused. But, if I don't have your support, if I don't have your faith - I won't do it.

Lyla looks at Miss Der, then at the girls. OFF the girls...

EXT. HERMANN FIELD - DAY

MAYOR RODELL and other Dillon notables are with REVEREND LOCKE as he leads the stadium in prayer.

REVEREND LOCKE
 ...and may God bless us, let us be
 ourselves, and let us part as
 friends. Amen.

THE STADIUM
 Amen.

MAYOR RODELL
 Alright! Ladies and Gentlemen,
 girls and boys, welcome to the 2006
 Southwest Cheerleading Regionals!!

The stadium rocks with CHEERS. The various squads run onto the field. PRELAP the NATIONAL ANTHEM...

DISSOLVE TO:

The spectators' patriotism is palpable as the NATIONAL ANTHEM plays. REVEAL Lyla at the head of the Panther Squad.

THE ANTHEM (V.O.)
 ...Oh say does that star spangled
 banner yet wave...

FIND Jason Street as he wheels into the stadium, unseen.

THE ANTHEM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 O'er the land of the free, and the
 home of the brave...

The anthem ends. Red, white and blue BALLOONS are released into the air. It's showtime.

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - LATER

THEME MUSIC UP as the Panthers perform. ON Lyla leading her squad as they tumble in sync, forming a pyramid. Lyla vaults up, Brittany supports her. The pyramid moves, Lyla readies her dismount --

The MUSIC CUTS OUT, the sound system dead. We hear GASPS from the crowd, confusion among the girls.

ANGLE ON Lyla, still precariously balanced on top of the pyramid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYLA

Hold it together! Let's keep
moving, COUNTING OFF: 1 and 2 and 1
and 2; 1 and 2 and 1 and 2...

The squad moves, Lyla keeping count. Then the spectators start CLAPPING, and soon the entire stadium maintains the beat.

The squad completes its routine, climaxed by Lyla's twisting dismount. She sticks her landing.

The stadium THUNDERS, everyone to their feet. FIND Buddy and Pam. ANGLE ON Pam as she shares a moment with TAMI.

BACK TO Lyla, taking it all in, her game face still on. Telling us that she's here, she's not moving, and anybody who has a problem with it can go straight to hell.

REVEAL Tim Riggins, also on his feet, clapping with gusto. Then Tim sees Jason Street...

JASON'S POV

A cheering crowd, something he's seen before, but never from this perspective. Cheering for Lyla. For his Lyla.

LYLA'S POV

She locks eyes with Jason. Sees him smile. A sign of hope?

HARD TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE