

THE OUTLAWS

Pilot Episode: The Trojan Jesus

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EXT. MT. SINAI CEMETERY - LOS ANGELES - A PERFECTLY SUNNY DAY

From far overhead, we zoom in on a LARGE GROUP on a hillside. The plaintive melody of JEWISH MOURNING PRAYERS.

MASSIVE FOOTBALL PLAYERS wearing dark suits, sunglasses, and black *yarmulkes* perched like mini-teepees on their heads-

The Players, along with a couple of OLD RELATIVES, are holding a casket above a deep hole in the ground.

JULIE (V.O.)

There must be a reason for this tragedy.

JULIE LEVINE, 36, the widow of this funeral, a picture of casual elegance, looks amazing in a bikini or a mini-van, and on this day, she looks amazing in black.

JULIE

Andrew wasn't just a husband and a dad. He was the leader of a larger family - the patriarch of his beloved Outlaws. I know Andrew would've wanted his players to send him -- and our memories of him -- into the next phase of life.

RABBI FISHMAN recites a psalm, turns to casket-holders-

RABBI

Okay, on three...One, two...

Anticipating the "three," two HUMONGOUS FOOTBALL PLAYERS jump the gun. The coffin wobbles...

The weight overwhelms the Old Relatives, and...

The COFFIN topples over...FREEZE FRAME on Andrew's twisting corpse as EVERYONE looks on in shock.

CUE MUSIC AND OPEN CREDITS: "**THE OUTLAWS**"

CUT TO:

EST. AN INCREDIBLE HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - DAY

ELLEN DEGENERES (or any celebrity willing to do this for free) walks her GOLDEN RETRIEVER past L'MAWWN SLICE, late 20s, star receiver for the Los Angeles Outlaws, as he signals to a delivery truck backing up to his mansion.

ELLEN

Would you mind not blocking the sidewalk...again?

L'MAWWN

How 'bout keeping your dog from urinating on my chrysanthemums?

ELLEN

How 'bout keeping your long snapper from urinating in his pants at the airport?

L'mawwn pulls up his shirt to reveal a PISTOL.

L'MAWWN

You talkin' shit about my teammates? He got a problem, man-

As Ellen walks off with her dog, the DELIVERY GUY opens the back of the truck, revealing--AN ORANGUTAN in a cage.

L'MAWWN (CONT'D)

The hell is that? I ordered a baby monkey.

DELIVERY GUY

This is Steve. You ordered Steve.

The Delivery Guy lowers the cage to the ground-

L'MAWWN

How old is this monkey?

DELIVERY GUY

It's two years old.

L'MAWWN

It's not a baby. Look at it. It's huge. What am I gonna do with an old monkey? Take it back-

DELIVERY GUY

Look, guy, I get paid for delivery. I don't do returns. I've been driving for four days straight and eaten nothing but beef jerky and tomatoes-

The Delivery Guy jumps back in his truck.

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)

I don't give a shit what you do with him-

The Truck drives off. L'Mawwn eyes Steve the Orangutan-

L'MAWWN
Great. Let's go, Old Steve.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - CONTINUOUS

SOUNDS OF MOANING. CHRIS, 11, JULIE'S SON, watches the TV wide-eyed. Suddenly, the door opens and Julie walks in-

JULIE
Honey, have you seen my-

Julie stops, sees Chris watching PORN-

JULIE (CONT'D)
Oh!

Julie runs out, closes the door, as Chris dives for the remote, changing the channel back to Madden on Playstation.

OUTSIDE CHRIS'S BEDROOM

Julie takes a few breaths, *holy shit...*

Julie looks up at a FAMILY PHOTO on the wall, herself, Chris, and LATE HUSBAND ANDREW...

JULIE
I know this should be your dad's department, but look, it's just me now, and this is a positive stage of life, Chris, our bodies change.

CHRIS
Go away, mom.

Julie doesn't notice Andrew's former assistant DANNY NORWOOD, late 20's, approaching, holding a bag from *In and Out*. Danny is awkward with a savant's grasp of sports minutiae, and may or may not be a virgin.

JULIE
When I was 13, I had my stuffed animal bird, Chirpy Herby, under the covers. It was a stuffed animal that chirps and moves around when you squeeze him, and I rolled over in the middle of the night, and that unlocked a whole new world-

Danny COUGHS, Julie looks up-

DANNY
Sorry, I tried calling.

JULIE
I lost my phone, again-

DANNY
Coach Paysinger keeps emailing to see what you're doing about signing Trojan Jesus. And everyone's been waiting out back.

JULIE
Who's waiting? For what?

DANNY
Your 1:30 meeting with the owners.

JULIE
What time is it now?

DANNY
2:45. I put it on your schedule, it should've popped up on your phone-
(off Julie's look)
Which you can't find.

JULIE
I'm just a mess. I can't keep anything straight. Did you offer them drinks?

DANNY
Of course. I got your double-double-

Danny hands Julie the In and Out bag...

JULIE
(eating some fries)
Make small talk, I'll be down soon-

CUT TO:

EXT. NICK'S BAR & GRILL - SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA - DAY

The coolest sports bar in L.A., steps from the Pacific, decked out with football action photos and memorabilia...

INT. NICK'S BAR & GRILL - CONTINUOUS

WAITERS, BARTENDERS, PATRONS everywhere...

A gorgeous REDHEAD, SHANNON MASSELLA, with saline-enhanced cleavage perkily schmoozes with a DOUCHY CLIENT at the bar.

DOUCHY CLIENT

(eyes Shannon's tits)

You know you're always welcome at my place for a nightcap. Just re-did the whole downstairs, Cape Cod style. It's very Palisades.

A back door to the restaurant whips open, and a pair of dusty cowboy boots steps in...

VARIOUS PATRONS

(looking over)

Shit, that's Nick./Who?/Nick Massella, of Nick's, this place.../Guy who Buffalo just cut.

Shannon looks up and furrows her brow.

SHANNON

Fuck are you doing here?!

It's NICK MASSELLA, late 30s, ill-fitting jeans, a faded t-shirt, sun-burned face. We recognize his face...the photos that line the walls of the restaurant are of *him*.

MASSELLA

This is my restaurant.

SHANNON

The judge gave it to me, Nick.

MASSELLA

Look, I'm sick of this legal bullshit. Our girl's not living with a cheating, slut parasite.

SHANNON

Oh 'cause an unemployed, degenerate gambler who washes his Oxy down with Patron every night is such a role model?

MASSELLA

I got calls coming from half the teams in the league. I'm in decision mode right now.

SHANNON

Don't bullshit yourself. My calamari makes more money than your arm ever will.

MASSELLA

Is that what you're calling your pussy these days?

SHANNON

Fuck you, Nick. You're a 38-year- with bad knees and a sordid history-

MASSELLA

I've thrown 150 touchdowns. I won the Pepsi QB Challenge 11 straight years. 11! I've got a garage full of Kias-

DOUCHY PATRON

Never won a playoff game.

MASSELLA

Who the fuck is this guy?

SHANNON

No one wants you--you're not a winner, in court or on the field. You couldn't even last in Buffalo.

The Douchy Patron, playing the hero, steps up to Nick-

DOUCHY PATRON

I think you better leave.

MASSELLA

Oh, yeah, Mr. Tight-Shirt MMA Fan?

The Douchy Patron pokes Nick's chest. Nick instantly BREAKS his finger-

DOUCHY PATRON

Ahhh!

The guy collapses, holding his hand-

SHANNON

Jesus, Nick.

MASSELLA

I let you have this restaurant so I could have my daughter.

SHANNON

Take it up with the court.

Nick eyes Shannon, defiantly tries to grab an autographed photo of himself off the wall--it's bolted. People snicker-- He turns and leaves.

EXT. JULIE'S MANSION - BY THE POOL - LATER

A GROUP OF NFL TEAM OWNERS with the commissioner, JIM OTTOWAY, sit around a patio table sucking on CAPRI SUNS.

They're sweating in their patio chairs, staring impatiently at Danny. Ottoway checks his watch, sips his Capri Sun dry...

DANNY

So...pretty awesome that we uh...legalized gay marriage, right?

OTTOWAY

This is ridiculous.

The Owners all look up to see Julie walking in-

JULIE

Sorry, gentlemen. Things have been a bit nuts since Andrew passed.

OTTOWAY

Julie, we know this is a difficult time for you and your family, that's why we called this meeting.

JULIE

Is this about the costumes?

OTTOWAY

Costumes?

JULIE

I know the Outlaws have the worst costumes in the league.

OTTOWAY

You mean uniforms?

JULIE

(at Danny off the drinks)
Capri Sun?

DANNY

That's all you had.

JULIE

(back to Ottoway)

Andrew asked me a year ago to start coming up with new designs. The new ones are coming any day. I made Chris's school change its logo. I cut the point size way down and put it in all lowercase. Like the cool ee cummings lowercase, not like au bon pain's cheesy 70's lowercase. You know what I mean?

OTTOWAY

No, I don't.

A FAT OWNER tries to poke his Capri Sun again, fails. Julie grabs the Capri Sun, turns it upside down, and punches the straw through the bottom, hands it back to him-

OTTOWAY (CONT'D)

Did you even review the emails we sent you?

Julie looks at Danny for help, sips a Capri Sun nonchalantly-

JULIE

...of course I did.

OTTOWAY

And have you come to a decision?

Julie looks to Danny again-

JULIE

Will you remind me of the particulars of the emails you're speaking of-

OTTOWAY

What those emails said is that we're prepared to offer you 400 million dollars for the Outlaws.

JULIE

Andrew loved the Outlaws. Building this team was his life's work. Why would I sell the team?

OTTOWAY

Well, for one, we know your late husband's real estate empire is upside down.

JULIE

We're managing that.

OTTOWAY

With what? Not with your ticket revenue. The Outlaws have the fewest season ticket holders in the league. You have the oldest stadium in North America - and the city owns it, so you don't even keep the parking money. Andrew couldn't fix that, and you certainly can't. And oh by the way, your GM just quit.

JULIE

My what?

OTTOWAY

Your *General Manager*. Ted Thompson.

JULIE

Oh yeah, the guy with the comb-over-
(side-of-mouth odd voice)
Who talked like this.

Awkward COUGHS. TED THOMPSON, in full comb-over, shifts nervously in his seat, sips his Capri Sun-

OTTOWAY

Yes, that Ted Thompson. He's now working for us.

TED THOMPSON

(odd voice)

Julie, I take no offense to that comment. I know this is awkward, but we both know the banks and lawyers are all over you. Julie...as a mother, don't you think your best role would be at home, with Chris? I mean, isn't that what Andrew would have wanted?

JULIE

Andrew wanted better costumes.

OTTOWAY

For chrissakes they're called uniforms! This is a football team, sweetheart, not a school play.

The Owners all stand with Ottoway.

OTTOWAY (CONT'D)

400 million is our best offer. You have one week to decide.

Julie turns to Danny as everyone walks out.

JULIE

Danny...

(uncomfortable)

How often do you play with your ding-a-ling?

DANNY

Um, I don't really, on special occasions, maybe once a week...day...maybe twice or three times a day if I haven't had coffee-

JULIE

You think I should sell?

DANNY

Honestly, you're inheriting the worst team in the league. And 400 mil is a massive amount of money. But whatever you decide, you really have to get back to Coach Paysinger about Trojan Jesus, like asap-

JULIE

Trojan Jesus?

DANNY

Our No. 1 draft pick out of USC. We haven't signed him.

JULIE

Can you do that for me?

DANNY

Julie, I was Andrew's assistant. I get drinks. I pick out birthday gifts. Last week, I took your jeans to the Denim Doctor-

JULIE

Okay...so who does these things?

DANNY

The GM with the comb-over. Who just quit.

JULIE

Alright. So you be the GM.

DANNY

What?

JULIE

Andrew loved you...

DANNY

GM is the most coveted position in professional sports. I don't know if I have the experience-

JULIE

You still have the hots for that half-Vietnamese, half-Persian CBS sideline reporter?

DANNY

Lisa? She was NBC, and no, that was years ago. She was half-Korean, half-Black. Outta my league-

JULIE

Well, you want a girl like Lisa, being GM might help-

DANNY

Are you serious?

JULIE

Do you need to be knighted? You're the only person Andrew trusted. Ergo, you're the only person I trust right now. Iminus, Nominus, Septimus. I hereby knight you GM. Now go sign that Trojan Jesus.

Julie walks off, leaving Danny stunned-

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKED BOAT - MARINA DEL REY, CALIFORNIA - LATER

Massella and his long-time agent, ARNIE KESTENBAUM, share a bottle of Patron-

ARNIE

What were you thinking buying a boat?

MASSELLA

I was thinking I'd fuck lots of hot girls on the boat.

ARNIE

I've called every team in the league, Nick.

MASSELLA

I'm fucking better than every third-string QB out there. I've thrown 150 touchdowns. I won the Pepsi QB Challenge 11 straight years. 11!

ARNIE

Yeah, but you've never won a playoff game, Nick. If you had a Super Bowl ring, I could sell your leadership, your experience in big games. But...

Massella pulls a BOTTLE OF PAINKILLERS--he pops a few, swigs the Patron.

MASSELLA

Just get me a gig.

CUT TO:

EST. OUTLAWS OFFICE - DAY

The Outlaws front office facility in an office park...

INT. DANNY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A GORGEOUS INTERN helps Danny carry boxes into an AMAZING CORNER GLASS SUITE with a sick view of Los Angeles. It's huge, leather couches, a mini-bar, a private bathroom...

GORGEOUS INTERN

Iced tea, Mr. Norwood?

DANNY

Okay...sure...

GORGEOUS INTERN

Sweetened or regular?

DANNY

Which would you recommend?

GORGEOUS INTERN

Well, what I like is the regular, but with some fresh squeezed lime and wild bee honey-

DANNY

Sure...that sounds great. Thank you-

The Intern smiles and leaves.

Danny checks LISA COX'S FACEBOOK profile, which shows her looking fabulous on the sideline, holding an NBC mic. Danny then FACEBOOK MESSAGES HER: "HEY, HOW ARE YOU? I GUESS I JUST GOT PROMOTED. CRAZY."

COACH PAYSINGER (O.S.)

Mrs. Levine making you GM is *not* a good sign she's keeping this team.

COACH PAYSINGER, Outlaws' head coach, charges into the room-

DANNY

Thanks for the faith in me, Coach.

COACH PAYSINGER

Son, I used to come in here when Ted Thompson wasn't around, just to experience the Nirvana of his private toilet's spray jet in my anus. You know what that means?

DANNY

I'm not sure.

COACH PAYSINGER

It means you've been handed the keys to a professional football team. That is a privilege, not a right. You gotta earn that spray jet. And you gotta earn my faith.

The Gorgeous Intern walks in with the iced tea on a tray-

GORGEOUS INTERN

Cold iced tea with some fresh squeezed lime and wild bee honey, like you requested-

COACH PAYSINGER

Getting real comfortable, huh?

DANNY

Thank you, Ashley.
(to Paysinger)
Can I offer you a cold glass of iced tea, coach?

COACH PAYSINGER

You can offer me a cold glass of Trojan Jesus. I got 250 grand coming if we finish over five hundred, and I committed a wing to First Baptist Calabasas the day we drafted Tojan Jesus.

Paysinger hands Danny a list-

COACH PAYSINGER (CONT'D)

Now cut these guys so we can sign me that quarterback--

DANNY

You want *me* to cut them?

COACH PAYSINGER

How'd you think we'd free up the Trojan Jesus money, GM?

DANNY

These guys are veterans. They're the heart of the team.

COACH PAYSINGER

Who the fuck do you think you are?

DANNY

I'm the GM?

COACH PAYSINGER

Sweet Pee Pee's turf toe still ain't right, and we got a rookie better than Moose ever was. And \$8 million dollars for L'Mawwn? Good chance he'll be in prison by the start of the season, maybe dead-

DANNY

Wouldn't it be more appropriate if you handled these type of things?

COACH PAYSINGER

I have to lead this team emotionally, Danny. I can't betray these men. That's your job-

The coach walks out, leaving Danny with his drink-

CUT TO:

INT. WAGON WHEEL SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LATER

Massella looks into a classroom where STUDENTS listen to the TEACHER at front. He spots HEATHER, 16, his gorgeous daughter-

HEATHER
(stunned)
Dad?

MASSELLA
Hey, kiddo.

HEATHER
What are you doing in LA?

All the BOYS in the class start murmuring, excited-

KID
Can I get your autograph?

MASSELLA
If it's okay with your teach.

The teacher nods--somewhat in awe of him. Massella takes a pen, starts signing the kid's copy of *Of Mice and Men*-

KID 2
(snide)
Can you still compete in the Pepsi
Skills Challenge if you're not even
in the NFL?

Massella eyes the kid-

KID 3
No, but he can still bet on it.

Some SNICKERS. Massella waves to Heather-

MASSELLA
I'll be in the carpool line
outside. Green Kia.

CUT TO:

INT. DANNY'S OFFICE - OUTLAWS COMPLEX - LATER

L'Mawwn adjusts himself in the leather seat opposite Danny. L'Mawwn is naked except for a small towel-

L'MAWWN
You used the ass sprayer on your
toilet yet?

DANNY

Um, not yet. The thing is, L'Mawwn-

L'MAWWN

Man, I'm done with the drugs,
honest. Today was my last day.

DANNY

Listen, I don't know how to say
this...how'd you like to have your
uniform retired? You've been so
good for the Outlaws, we'd like to
retire your number so no one can
ever wear it-

L'MAWWN

What uniform am I gonna wear?

DANNY

No, I mean...you know Trojan Jesus,
he's asking for 36 mil, and that's
gotta come from other salaries.
You've got a balloon payment this
season that we just can't afford.

L'Mawwn starts tearing up-

DANNY (CONT'D)

I know L'Mawwn, please. This isn't
personal. Stop crying. It's really
a compliment, we can't afford to
pay you what you're worth-

(off continued tears)

Alright, L'Mawwn, listen. Stop
crying. Please. I know you just
bought a monkey, and they can be
expensive to take care of, but...
Look, I didn't mean to disrespect
you. Stop crying. I'm new at this
and it's not easy for me. Stop
crying, L'Mawwn. Fine. Fine. Okay,
you're not cut. Let me try to cut
other guys-

L'MAWWN

Really, Danny?

DANNY

Yes. I'll see what I can do.

L'Mann stands, loses the towel. He hugs Danny tight-

L'MAWWN

Ever need anything, you call me. I got you, whatever you need. Forget what everybody says about you.

DANNY

What does everybody say about me?

L'MAWWN

(still holding him)

Oh, just forget it. I got you man.

The Gorgeous Intern walks back in with more iced tea-

CUT TO:

INT. MASSELLA'S KIA - MOVING SLOW - CARPOOL LINE - LATER

Massella at the wheel, his daughter shotgun-

HEATHER

I'm sorry it didn't work out with Buffalo. So does this mean you're finished?

MASSELLA

I'm figuring out my options right now. But wherever I land, I'd love for you to come with me. Get you set up at a great school-

HEATHER

You know you need the court's permission-

MASSELLA

You like living with your mother? With all the douchebags she has around, that example-

HEATHER

It's not like she's doing anything illegal.

MASSELLA

What does that mean?

HEATHER

Nothing.

MASSELLA

I wasn't shaving points, Heather. I had a shitty game.

HEATHER

I didn't mean...

MASSELLA

Fuck...I know. I'm sorry. It's just a sensitive subject-

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S CAR - MOVING SLOW - CARPOOL LINE - SAME

Chris sits shotgun looking very uncomfortable, Julie drives, chomping on a Double-double.

JULIE

Chris, our bodies change...When I was 13, and had my stuffed animal bird, Chirpy Herby-

CHRIS

(changing the subject)
Mortensen is saying the Outlaws are finished. Jim Rome is saying the commissioner is going to make you sell the team. And our old GM, with the combover, tweeted something about your, well..about your-

JULIE

My what?

CHRIS

Your ass...

JULIE

What's wrong with my ass?

CHRIS

He said it's impossible to run a team with 'an ass like yours.'

JULIE

Did he mean that in a good way?

CHRIS

Everyone's saying now that you're just a rich widow with no clue.

JULIE

Well everyone's wrong-

BAM! Julie REAR-ENDS the GREEN KIA ahead!

JULIE (CONT'D)

Shit.

EXT. WAGON WHEEL SCHOOL - CARPOOL LINE - CONTINUOUS

Massella gets out of his Kia. Julie steps out of her car.

MASSELLA

The fuck's wrong with you, lady?

JULIE

Me? You just slammed on your brakes out of nowhere. What were you thinking?

MASSELLA

What was *I* thinking? You destroyed my fender. Look at this.

Julie inspects her smashed-in hood. Cars behind HONKING.

JULIE

I can't believe you stopped short like that. This is a school parking lot. Are you even a parent here?

MASSELLA

Excuse me for not driving a goddamn Mercedes like all the other YOGA Milfs in your pilates class. Did your nanny call in sick today?

Julie eyes Massella, then kicks his beaten-up fender--it breaks off and the trunk pops open.

MASSELLA (CONT'D)

You're insane, lady. That's imported from Korea. It's going to cost you several thousand dollars-

Inside the car, Chris squints at Massella with recognition-

JULIE

I'm not paying for anything, pal.

Julie starts writing down Massella's license plate-

JULIE (CONT'D)

You'll be hearing from my lawyer.

MASSELLA

This is UN-real. I've had it up to here with crazy bitches for the day-

Heather gets out of the car-

HEATHER

Dad?!

MASSELLA

Get back in the car, pumpkin.

JULIE

What a fine father you are.

CARPOOL MOM (O.S.)

Let's go! I've got to get these kids to karate.

Massella KICKS Julie's car, dents it, limping back to his car-

MASSELLA

GODDAMNIT. My fucking toe-

JULIE

I hope it falls off, jackass.

Julie fumes as she gets into her car, beyond pissed.

INT. JULIE'S MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Julie SLAMS the door.

JULIE

What an asshole!

CHRIS

Do you know who that was?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOSEVELT HOTEL POOL - NIGHT

Danny meets with VIK MARIWALLA, late '20s, the newest Bad Boy of the sports agency business (he was in the mailroom at the biggest sports agency with Danny)...

VIK

Look at you, Mr. Big Nuts General Manager? Come a long way. You still facebooking that half-Puerto Rican, half-Malaysian girl?

DANNY

Lisa? No. And she was half-Korean, half-black.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

You know how difficult it was to scrape together Trojan Jesus's asking price? What's the hold up?

VIK

Trojan Jesus's not feeling the love, Danny. He wants you to want him. He needs you to need him. He'd love you to love him.

DANNY

What are you asking for?

VIK

I'm not asking, I'm telling you to get the whole team to his house and have them tell Trojan Jesus face-to-face how much they want him.

DANNY

That's insane. Veterans don't ask for the respect of rookies.

VIK

Then they're morons. Trojan Jesus won back-to-back Heismans. He's the Tom Hanks of college football.

DANNY

Dude, I cut guys to make room for your Trojan Jesus. Important guys-- guys who hold the team together...Moose, Sweet Pee Pee-

VIK

Bro, we may go back to the mailroom, but Trojan Jesus is the future of pro football. Without him, you don't have a QB. Without a QB, you don't have a team. And without a team, my friend, you are going to be someone's underwear tailor...again.

DANNY

The players hate me now. I just cut their boys. There's no way I'm going to get them to do anything for Trojan Jesus-

VIK

YPB. Your problem bro. I'm telling you what you'll *have* to do if you ever want to see The Trojan Jesus in an Outlaws uniform. And let me just say about those unis...really?

DANNY

Alright, I'll talk to the team. I made an in-road with one of them today, seemed like a reasonable guy-

CUT TO:

L'MAWWN (PRE-LAP)

WHO WANNA SEE A MONKEY DO COCAINE?!

EXT. L'MAWWN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A crazy party is raging, looking out over 360 views of LA-

TIGHT ON: A NOSE FOLLOWING A LINE OF COCAINE-

PARTY

OLD STEVE! OLD STEVE! OLD STEVE!

L'Mawwn wipes his face. He's shirtless, surrounded by a GROUP of HOT GIRLS, SWEET PEE PEE AND MOOSE, two recently cut players, and Old Steve, the Orangutan...

L'MAWWN

Okay, Old Steve, gonna go easy-

L'Mawwn spreading coke on Old Steve's lips. Old Steve smiles-

L'MAWWN (CONT'D)

You like that?

The mirror gets passed to Sweet Pee Pee, he takes a hit-

SWEET PEE PEE

I'm gonna miss you boys.

Old Steve's hand reaches onto a table...for a PISTOL. The Orangutan picks up the gun, inspects it innocently-

MOOSE

Cutting veterans. I was the spiritual leader of this team. Danny doesn't know shit about how to build a team.

SWEET PEE PEE

(sadly)

I'm gonna miss the pre-game
brunches-

L'Mawwn sympathetically reaches for a dog...Ellen's dog-

L'MAWWN

I got this for you, Sweet Pee Pee.
It's Ellen Degeneres-eses'. I think
you could get a lot for him, might
ease the transition.

(off Moose's look)

You could split it.

BANG! Everyone starts SCREAMING. Players dive for cover-

L'MAWWN (CONT'D)

Holy shit, Old Steve.

BANG! BANG! The Orangutan shoots a TV, which falls on some
candles, LIGHTING A CURTAIN ON FIRE...

L'MAWWN (CONT'D)

Old Steve. Cage. Now.

BANG! BANG! Ellen's dog, covered in hair spray, CATCHES FIRE,
it starts HOWLING. Moose runs at it-

MOOSE

Ellen's dog's on fire!

Moose picks it up, throws it in the pool. Old Steve fires a
few more SHOTS, shattering the glass doors-

BAM--OLD STEVE SHOOTS L'MAWWN IN THE THIGH!

SWEET PEE PEE

OH SHIT!

More SCREAMING as Old Steve hops off the couch, and walks out
the front door with the gun, off into the night, SHOOTING...

CUT TO:

INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - ANDREW'S CLOSET - LATER

Julie goes through OLD PHOTOS of her and Andrew: THEIR
WEDDING, THEM IN THE OWNER'S BOX, SKIING AT VAIL.

Julie's PHONE RINGS, startling her, she picks up-

JULIE

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH: INT. L'MAWWN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Moose paces around the party on the phone-

MOOSE

Mrs. Levine, it's Moose...the
strong safety Danny cut today.

L'MAWWN (O.S.)

No cops. I'll lose my deal with
Fanta!

OFF Julie's face--*wtf?*

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Massella stands on the deserted beach. Beside him is a mound
of OLD FOOTBALLS...

He tosses one...it sails through the air, and falls right
into a GARBAGE CAN fifty feet away. His phone rings-

MASSELLA

(answering)

This better be important, Arnie.

INTERCUT WITH: INT. ARNIE'S OFFICE - SAME

A small office, buried in paperwork, dinosaur of a computer
on the desk...Arnie on the phone-

ARNIE

I got you a gig.

MASSELLA

Fan-fucking-tastic! I promise I
will not let you down this time.
Who is it, Oakland? San Diego?

ARNIE

It's neither of those.

A beat.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Have you ever heard of something called "Dancing with the Stars?"

Another beat. Massella's face drops-

ARNIE (CONT'D)

The producers are over the moon about it! They even waived the insurance and the physical-

MASSELLA

Are you fucking kidding me?

Massella hangs up...LAUNCHES the ball...BOOM into the can.

CUT TO:

EXT. L'MAWWN'S HOUSE - LATER

Danny and Julie stand at the door...

DANNY

This is a PR nightmare. If this hits Twitter, the Commissioner can say you're "unfit" to be an owner and really turn up the heat to sell. Remember when that crazy Cincinnati baseball owner started popping off about her "admiration" for Hitler? They made her sell.

JULIE

(RINGS the bell)

Relax, Danny. I'm 1/8th Jewish.

INT. L'MAWWN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Moose opens the door. He glares at Danny, then sees Julie-

MOOSE

Andrew used to take care of these situations for us.

JULIE

Put the girls in the cars and get them out of here ASAP. Danny, get everyone's cellphones, iPads, sidekicks, any communication device.

Danny picks up a bucket and starts walking around the party as Julie takes in the scene...

L'MAWWN

I fucked up, Miss Julie.

L'Mawwn sits with a bloody towel wrapped around his leg-

JULIE

It's alright. L'Mawwn. Dr. Rudnick's on his way. Where's the monkey?

SWEET PEE PEE

It ran away. It's armed-

JULIE

Fantastic.

Julie grabs a bucket of cell phones from Danny-

JULIE (CONT'D)

Let me see that vodka-

Julie pours a splash of VODKA into the bucket, takes a burning joint from an ashtray, takes a hit and tosses the roach in the bucket--the phones LIGHT UP ON FIRE-

JULIE (CONT'D)

L'Mawwn you're a millionaire, you've got a whole life ahead of you. You're gonna fall in love, maybe have a family. Why are you running around with guns and drugs and monkeys?

L'MAWWN

It's just so hard, Miss Julie, everyone's asking for money, and expecting you to keep producing, and you got to have an image. I don't know if I'll ever be as good as last year, and drugs are so good-

L'Mawwn looks up at Julie-

L'MAWWN (CONT'D)

I need this team. I never had no family. All I ever had was my teams. If you sell this team, it's only a matter of time before we'll all be cut, traded away, you'll be breaking up a family.

Sweet Pee Pee and Moose stare at Danny...

DANNY
Some party...huh?

SWEET PEE PEE
Fuck you, man.

A BUNCH OF OTHER Outlaws PLAYERS step up beside their cut teammates, all eyeing Danny, pissed...

DANNY
Look, I don't know if I'm even going to have a job when the season starts. But I know if we're gonna have a team, we need Trojan Jesus. And he wants everyone to come to his house and let him know how excited you are...we are...to have him.

MOOSE
That little Jesus wants what?! He's a fucking rookie!

DANNY
I get it, and I don't like it either. But we need a quarterback.

THE TEAM
Fuck this motherfucker./Fucking asshole./Go suck a dick-

JULIE
Hey! HEY!

The team quiets down-

JULIE (CONT'D)
Those of you who were cut today are officially uncut...
(off a few player's looks)
Andrew believed in this team. You were his family. And now that he's gone, you're my family. If I need to be your mother, I will. We need a quarterback. We need to sign Trojan Jesus. Go down with Danny and do whatever kind of ass-kissing you need to do to get him-

CUT TO:

INT. TYLER'S SICK BACHELOR PAD - THE NEXT DAY

TROJAN JESUS (TYLER STOKLEY), 21, blonde, shirtless, is on the couch next to a stunning GIRL in a USC cheerleader uniform. His left hand is grazing her thigh, even in front of SEVERAL OUTLAWS VETERANS - including L'Mawwn, in a wheelchair-

L'MAWWN

Yo, TJ. I was at Tom Brady's pro day at Michigan before the draft. Your shit is tighter. You keep getting the ball out like that, bro, you'll go far in this league.

MOOSE

Loved what you did in the Rose Bowl-

Tyler rises from the couch and gets a root beer.

TYLER

I gotta say, I'm not crazy about the Outlaws' O-Line. I had better guys at SC. And the receivers are shaky. I don't want to end up all fucked up and injured because I played on a low-rent team.

Danny crosses his arms, the anger building inside him...

L'MAWWN

I'm one of those receivers, bro.

TYLER

I'm just calling it like it is, bro-

CUT TO:

EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE - BY THE POOL - DAY

The NFL Team Owners seated around the patio table again, they're sweating, sipping Capri Suns...Julie comes out-

OTTOWAY

Julie, I intend this to be brief. We're still prepared to offer-

JULIE

(interrupting)
I'm keeping the team.

OTTOWAY

What?

JULIE

(eyes Thompson)

My new GM, wunderkind Danny Norwood, is going to sign our No. 1 pick. He's at Trojan Jesus's house right now with our whole team-

OTTOWAY

Julie, you realize you're going against the wishes of the entire league, not to mention exposing yourself to financial ruin?

TED THOMPSON

Julie, wake up, Andrew is dead. Quit being an irrational woman. We're offering you an exit that frankly you don't deserve. Unless you're planning to reinvent the real estate industry, your husband's debts aren't going away. Short of winning the Superbowl, this team can't save your family.

JULIE

Well, Ted, then I guess we're just going to have to win that Super Bowl. And we're going to do it in the best goddamn costumes you've ever seen.

(stands, eyes Ted)

And if you don't like it, you can kiss this perfect ass.

CUT TO:

INT. TYLER'S SICK BACHELOR PAD - SAME

Tyler walks over to Vik's side.

TYLER

Listen fellas: I know my worth. I know what kind of team I deserve. And so far, all I've heard from you is the same happy horseshit I've been hearing from every recruiter, coach and chick since 7th grade.

Danny unfolds his arms in disgust-

DANNY

Listen, um, Trojan Jesus-

TYLER

I don't how you do your team meetings, but I don't need to hear from the towel boy right now. You can wait outside, son-

There's a moment of silence, the team watching Danny-

DANNY

Tyler...I'm sorry, I actually was a towel boy for a long time, and tomorrow I may not have a job, but for now, until we trade you, I'm your fucking boss. And here's something you probably haven't heard. You're too young and way too stupid to lead a *pro* football team. I just cut half a dozen real professionals, grown men who've actually done something in this game. I grew up a fan of some of these guys. I had Moose's poster in my room in college. And they are all taking hits to their wallets just to have the chance to play with you-

Vik looks at Danny--*what the fuck?!*

DANNY (CONT'D)

And now you stand there and insult them....you insult our team, our family. I've seen your numbers, they're inflated. You played against pansies three times a year, which blew up your stats and impressed Kiper and McShay and all the draft morons. But your measurables aren't that great and Sweet Pee Pee scored higher than you on the Wonderlic. If you don't want to be a part of the Outlaws--fuck off. I'm giving your cap space out in bonuses, and if you decide you want to play with us, we'll just have to squeeze you in with what's left. You and your agent there will have to find a way to make it work. You can hold out, sure. Go to fucking Canada, and get picked 9th next year. Or we can just trade you to Cleveland, you entitled asshole-

Everyone shocked.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(to the girl)
And you, young lady, deserve to be
treated with more respect.

L'Mawwn starts clapping...The whole team starts CLAPPING.
Danny strides out...opens the door, and SLAMS it behind him.

Beat...He walks back in-

DANNY (CONT'D)
That was the bathroom-

EXT. OUTSIDE TYLER'S SICK BACHELOR PAD - MOMENTS LATER

In his car, Danny is visibly shocked. The players stride out-

L'MAWWN
N-wood, big balls in there, boy.
Hope you know what you're doing.

DANNY
I don't know what got into me.

L'MAWWN
So who gonna play quarterback?

CUT TO:

INT. NICK'S BAR & GRILL - LATER

Danny sits in a booth, several beers have been consumed. And
a list of names of QB's have all been crossed out.

DANNY
(on the phone)
I'm sorry. Yes...Good luck in
Seattle. Of course.

Danny hangs up...chugs his beer. Defeated, he notices a mural
on the wall, it's FUZZY through his beer buzz, but it's of
NICK MASSELLA dropping back to make a pass, wheels turning...

CUT TO:

INT. THE GREEN ROOM AT "DANCING WITH THE STARS"

Massella, dressed in sequined outfit and miserable looking,
practices a move with his HOT RUSSIAN DANCE PARTNER-

A DANCE INSTRUCTOR over his shoulder-

DANCE INSTRUCTOR
Get the lead out of that ass, Nick-

Massella's PHONE RINGS, and he leaves his partner mid-spin-

DANCE INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
What the hell, Nicky?

Massella picks up the phone-

MASSELLA
Hello?

DANNY
Is this Nick Massella?

MASSELLA
Yeah, who's this?

DANNY
It's Danny Norwood, the new general
manager of the LA Outlaws.

MASSELLA
Okay...

DANNY
Listen, I don't know what your
situation is now, but if you're
interested, we'd like you to come
play for us. We can offer you the
league minimum.

Massella smiles, takes his ear off the phone, looks up to the ceiling, unbuttons his ridiculous dance shirt and gives a stabbing look at the Dance Coach, back to the phone-

MASSELLA
What time's practice?

DISSOLVE TO:

OZOMATLI'S *City of Angels* rises-

EXT. THE OUTLAWS STADIUM - SUNRISE

SERIES OF SHOTS:

*The sprinklers start to water the field, glittering drops spraying on the emerald grass.

*Powder and paint being painted onto the field.

*The sun rises above the crest of the nosebleed seats.
*The LOS ANGELES Outlaws WELCOME sign gleaming in the sun.

EXT. THE OUTLAWS PARKING LOT - SAME

A GREEN KIA SCREECHES to a halt, license plate "QBSKILLZ 07."
The driver door opens, and a pair of Cowboy boots step out-

INT. THE OUTLAWS LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Julie hangs awesome new UNIFORMS in the players' lockers...she takes down NUMBER 11 off the rack, reads the name on the back--"MASSELLA." She frowns--*that's familiar...*

MASSELLA (O.S.)
For fuck's sake.

Julie turns to see Nick standing in his cowboy boots, the first player to arrive. They stare at each other-

JULIE
Really?

INT. DANNY'S OFFICE - LATER

Danny sits on his private toilet, he presses various buttons, waiting...and his PHONE RINGS-

LISA (O.S.)
Hello?

DANNY
Lisa?

LISA (O.S.)
Hey. How are you?

The jet on the toilet starts-

DANNY
Goo-OOOD!

The jet finds its mark, and Danny **smiles**...he clears his throat, torn between his call and his toilet experience...

EXT. PRACTICE FIELD - OUTLAWS' FACILITY - MORNING

Coach Paysinger stands beside Julie, Danny, and Chris-

COACH PAYSINGER

The first play of the first
practice will tell us everything.
It's a microcosm of the season to
come. A harbinger of what's in
store.

A SNAPPER snaps the ball to the HOLDER, who sets it
perfectly...the KICKER whips his powerful foot into the ball,
and kicks straight back into the SNAPPER'S ASS!

SNAPPER

MY ASSSSSSSSSSSSSS.

OFF everyone's look.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Tyler Stokley (Trojan Jesus) at the mics, Vik behind him-

PRESS (O.S.)

You agreed to a record low deal for
a first round draft pick?

TYLER

I can't comment on that
specifically at this time, all I
can say is that I'm excited to be
playing for the Outlaws.

VARIOUS PRESS (O.S.)

Excited?/You must be nervous taking
over an 0-16 team?/How do you feel
about playing with veteran
Quarterback Nick Massella?

CAMERAS FLASHING, QUESTIONS keep firing...Vik sweating...

EXT. HOLLYWOOD AND HIGHLAND - NIGHT

Steve the Orangutan, 9mm in hand, watches a JACK SPARROW
IMPERSONATOR on Hollywood Blvd...

CUT TO BLACK.