

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

Script #: 206
Episode #: 206
Production #: 02006

FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"How Did I Get Here?"

Written by
Carter Harris

Directed by
Jonas Pate

PRODUCTION DRAFT

August 22, 2007	Full
August 23, 2007	Blue Pages: 46,46A,47
August 24, 2007	Pink Pages: 9,20,22,23,26,41
August 27, 2007	Yellow Pages: 10,11,16,17,19,32,34,35,40,49,50, 51
August 29, 2007	Green Page: 49

© 2007 NBC STUDIOS, INC. All rights reserved. Not to be duplicated without permission. This material is the property of NBC Studios, Inc. and is intended solely for the use of its personnel. The sale, copying, reproduction or exploitation of this material in any form is prohibited. Distribution or disclosure of this material to unauthorized persons is also prohibited.

FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS
"How Did I Get Here?"
PRODUCTION DRAFT
8/22/07

CAST LIST

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

SPEAKING PARTS:
(in order of appearance)

JOANNE STREET
SHELLY
BUDDY GARRITY
BRADLEY COLE
GLENN REED
LAUREN DAVIS
ASSISTANT COACH
SANTIAGO
CHAD CLARKE
JIMMY
SHRADER
BILLY RIGGINS
DETECTIVE TAMBOR
DETECTIVE BLAIR
PRINCIPAL BRECKER
CORRINA WILLIAMS
MITCHELL STREET
ROBERTA "BOBBIE" ROBERTS
MAC MCGILL

FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS
"How Did I Get Here?"
PRODUCTION DRAFT
8/22/07

SET LIST

INTERIORS

STREET'S CAR - DAWN
STREET HOUSE - MORNING, DAY & NIGHT
TAYLOR HOUSE - MORNING, NIGHT & DAY
 KITCHEN - MORNING & DAY
 MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT
GARRITY MOTORS - MORNING & DAY
 BUDDY'S OFFICE - MORNING
 PARTS DEPARTMENT - DAY
FIELD HOUSE - MORNING & DAY
 LOCKER ROOM - MORNING
 TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY
DILLON HIGH - DAY
 HALLWAY OUTSIDE TAMI'S OFFICE - DAY
 TAMI'S OFFICE - DAY
 HALLWAY - DAY
 PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY
CLARKE HOUSE - NIGHT
 LANDRY'S ROOM - NIGHT
 GARAGE - NIGHT
POLICE STATION - DAY
LANDRY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY & NIGHT
RIGGINS HOUSE - DAY
ALAMO FREEZE - DAY
MEGA CHURCH - DAY
 CHAPEL - DAY
WILLIAMS HOUSE - NIGHT
LAUREN'S CAR - NIGHT
CHAD CLARKE'S CRUISER - MOVING - NIGHT

EXTERIORS

DILLON - TEXAS - DAWN
HERRMANN FIELD - DAY, NIGHT & DUSK
STREET HOUSE - DAY & NIGHT
LANDRY'S CAR - NIGHT
REMOTE DESERT AREA - NIGHT

FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"How Did I Get Here?"

TEASER

1 EXT. DILLON, TEXAS/INT. STREET'S CAR - DAWN (D1)

1

JASON, wide awake, stares out at the sunrise.

JASON

I'm turning nineteen Tuesday.

LYLA barely awake, and RIGGINS driving in a daze, glance out.

LYLA

Wow.

RIGGINS

Do I still owe you a present from last year?

JASON

Riggins, you haven't given me a present since I was twelve.

RIGGINS

You're due, my friend.

JASON

Nineteen years old and I don't have a single thing I'm doing with my life. Not a clue where I'm going.

RIGGINS

Coach Taylor's back. I'm sure he'll have a job for you.

JASON

I think that's the past, Timmy. What I gotta figure out is what's the future.

RIGGINS

Is your mom gonna throw one of her parties?

LYLA

(in recognition)

Time to put on your party hat.

(CONTINUED)

JASON

I'm not going to let my mom throw a huge embarrassing party. It's like shining a light on my entire pathetic life.

CUT TO:

1A INT. STREET HOUSE - MORNING (D1) 1A

Start on a huge "Happy 19th Birthday, Jason" banner. Jason sits inside the front door, staring at it. JOANNE runs in from the other room. Hugs him, fights emotion.

JOANNE STREET

Jason...

JASON

Hey, Ma.

JOANNE STREET

If you ever frighten me like that again so help me God... What on earth were you doing down there?

JASON

Nothing, Ma. I'm back. And by the way, take that sign down, I'm not going to have a party this year.

JOANNE STREET

Forget that, mister.

JASON

Can't it just be me, you and Dad.

JOANNE STREET

(like he's speaking a foreign language)
What kind of party is that?

OFF Jason, unable to change the course of destiny, we,

CUT TO:

2 INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING (D1) 2

TAMI -- dressed for work -- walks around in a state as COACH makes coffee and toast, holding GRACIE in a baby-bjorn.

TAMI

I can't believe she's not here.
This is unacceptable.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

She probably just hit traffic.

Tami heads to the front door, no sign of her. Grabs the mail that no one took in from the day before.

TAMI

(muttering as she looks
through the mail)

The woman is so in her own head.
Here I am, first day back at work,
leaving my baby for the first time
with this selfish person who
doesn't have the common decency to
show up a day or two early so I can
get used to the idea.

TAYLOR

She's your sister.

TAMI

(handing him an envelope)

Looks like your first check came.

(back to her rant)

And I guarantee you there isn't
going to be one tiny apology for
showing up late, either.

Knock on the door and Tami immediately goes from complaining to jumping up and down with excitement like an eight-year-old.

TAMI (CONT'D)

She's-here-she's-here-she's-here!

Tami opens the door to reveal SHELLY (32). They both scream and hug and the warmth supersedes any and all sister issues, which will all come up later. Which they both know. Shelly's a few years younger, just as hot, she's urban, hip, single, smart, sometimes teaches pre-school, sometimes works with battered women, but never holds a job for more than two years because her wanderlust trumps everything else in her life.

SHELLY

Where is she? Oh-my-God! Gimme-
gimme-gimme!

Shelly takes the baby from Coach as they kiss.

TAYLOR

Hey, Shell--

(CONTINUED)

Shelly holds Gracie, adores her, Tami beams...

SHELLY

Oh my God she's the most beautiful thing I've seen in my entire life.

TAMI

(kvelling)

Oh--

SHELLY

And look at you. Here you are trying to tell me that you got fat. You look hot, girl.

TAMI

Oh come on -- really? How does my ass look? Is it enormous back there?

SHELLY

Honey, you could bounce a quarter on that thing.

TAMI

Aww.

(to Eric)

Sugar, you hear that? Shelly thinks you could bounce a quarter on my ass.

TAYLOR

That's great, hon.

And JULIE comes racing in to greet Shelly. There is no doubt that Shelly is the cool aunt.

JULIE

Aunt Shelly!

SHELLY

Oh my God, look at this one. The boys must be beside themselves.

JULIE

Yeah, right.

Coach has opened his check and is staring at it, concerned.

TAYLOR

Tami, you wanna take a look at this?

(CONTINUED)

TAMI

What?

Tami comes over, looks at the check. Her expression changes. They speak in whispers--

TAMI (CONT'D)

That's gotta be a mistake.

TAYLOR

It better be a mistake. This is half what I was making last year.

TAMI

What did you agree on with Buddy?
(silence)
Didn't you talk salary?

TAYLOR

I just figured--

TAMI

Really? You just figured?

Shelly looks over Tami's shoulder at the paycheck.

SHELLY

Wow, why have I spent so much time being jealous of you guys? I practically make that much teaching pre-school.

Coach looks at her, reminded of what a pain in the balls she can be. But just in case that wasn't enough, Shelly holds up a diaper.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

You should really be using cloth diapers.

Tami is about to respond, but turns to Taylor--

TAMI

Sugar? This ain't gonna do it.

TAYLOR

I'll talk to Buddy.

CUT TO:

3 INT. GARRITY MOTORS - MORNING (D1)

3

Coach Taylor passes a few CUSTOMERS and a sign reading, "Hog Wild Sale", when an excited BUDDY GARRITY appears.

BUDDY

Look who's here. And good timing.
You gotta see this.

Buddy ushers him to a pen which holds a real LIVE HOG.

TAYLOR

Buddy, I need to talk to you about
-- what the hell is a hog doing in
here?

BUDDY

Hog wild sale. Watch this. I've
discovered the answer to our
Panther prayers.

Buddy flips a latch that opens the cage and the hog darts out. He grabs a speakerphone.

BUDDY (OVER SPEAKERPHONE) (CONT'D)

Santiago, Santiago to the floor!

SANTIAGO appears and goes one-on-one with the hog. With lightning speed, he corners it, wrestles it into submission and carries it back to the pen.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

I believe we just found our new
tight end.

Taylor doesn't know what to say about that. Finally, he just takes out his paycheck--

TAYLOR

What the hell is this?

Buddy thinks for a minute, then--

BUDDY

Let's go into my office.

4 INT. GARRITY MOTORS - BUDDY'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER (D1)

4

Buddy and Coach are seated, Coach is laying into him.

TAYLOR

Are you telling me that I won a
State Championship and I come back
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

and my salary has been reduced by
forty percent.

BUDDY

Thirty seven percent and like I
said I have every intention to try
and work on that.

TAYLOR

You make it sound like some little
backyard project. I've got a baby,
a mortgage, my wife has been
talking about adding a room on to
the house--

BUDDY

I don't know if that's such good
timing--

TAYLOR

Thank you, Buddy. Thank you for
that helpful advice.

BUDDY

Look, Coach, I understand that you're
upset. But it cost this program a
helluva lot to pay MacGregor off and
bring you back. Plus our last
fundraiser was a bust. Truth is the
Booster fund isn't exactly solvent
right now. But like I said, I am
exploring some options--

Taylor has had it, he stands up, stares at Buddy--

TAYLOR

I left TMU. I trusted you. You
fix this, Buddy. Fix it.

Taylor storms out. OFF BUDDY, we,

SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 INT. FIELD HOUSE - LOCKER ROOM - MORNING (D1) 5

Riggins walks in late, as the last of the TEAM heads for the field to practice. SARACEN, SMASH, and BRADLEY give him pounds.

RIGGINS
Buenas dias, ladies.

SMASH
What up, Rigg?

BRADLEY
Timmy, Tim. Nice tan.

Riggins has to admit it feels good to be back. Until he walks up to his locker and opens it. Empty. Nameplate gone.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - DAY (D1) 6

The team is stretching out. Riggins walks the gauntlet past the players to Coach. Coach chews his gum and won't quite look at him.

RIGGINS
You're a whole lot less ugly than
Coach M.

But Coach doesn't even acknowledge this, confirming Tim's worst fears--

RIGGINS (CONT'D)
I'm off the team?

TAYLOR
We've been down this road before.
(then)
Sorry, son.

Tim, bewildered, starts to walk off the field past the players, who watch him leave, dumbstruck.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Alright, Mac, let's get the offense
set up. Gentlemen, let's get our
asses in gear.

Coach takes one look back at Riggins. Pained.

7 INT. DILLON HIGH - HALLWAY OUTSIDE TAMI'S OFFICE - DAY (D1) 7

STUDENTS line up, waiting to see Tami.

8 INT. DILLON HIGH - TAMI'S OFFICE - DAY (D1)

8

Tami, at her desk, goes over a stack of papers with GLENN.

TAMI

Suzie Miller? She's a straight A student, why is she on the list?

GLENN

Complaints about her hygiene.

TAMI

Ohhh.

GLENN

I passed her in the hall a few times. The complaints are valid. Figured I'd wait till you got back on that one.

TAMI

How thoughtful of you, Glenn.

Coach walks in--

TAYLOR

You know there are twenty people lined up out-- Oh, hello.

GLENN

Oh, hi, you must be Eric.

TAYLOR

(shaking his hand,
correcting)
Coach Taylor.

GLENN

Glenn Reed. Welcome back.

TAYLOR

Thanks.

There's a beat. Glenn doesn't automatically excuse himself--

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Mind if I talk to my wife a sec?

GLENN

Oh, of course.

(to Tami)

I happily pass the baton back to you. See you in the lounge.

(CONTINUED)

TAMI
Thanks, Glenn...

Glenn leaves, Coach watches him go, eyes squinting.

TAYLOR
So that's Glenn.

TAMI
That's Glenn.

TAYLOR
Colorful tie.

TAMI
Shut up.

TAYLOR
You doing okay? First day back?
First day away from our girl?

TAMI
Aww, you're sweet. I cried twice
so far. But I'm fine. How'd it go
with Buddy.

TAYLOR
He's working on it.

TAMI
Good.

TAYLOR
Alright. Don't work too hard.

TAMI
I won't.

As he leaves, Tami hears Taylor talk to the waiting students.

TAYLOR (O.S.)
It's Mrs. Taylor's first day back
at work. Take it easy on her.

OFF Tami's smile, we,

CUT TO:

9

INT. DILLON HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY (D1)

9

Saracen, Smash and several other PLAYERS are in the hallway.

SMASH

It's bull. He takes Riggs away from me, he's hanging me out to dry.

SARACEN

I like Riggs, you know that, but Coach is right. What if Riggins just decided to leave before a playoff game?

SMASH

Stop being a goody two shoes. Don't you remember Taylor benched you last week? Ask me, he came back from TMU missing a few brain cells.

A cheerleader, LAUREN DAVIS, passes. She's pretty, smart, her smile's a breath of fresh air.

LAUREN

(stopping)
Hey, Matt.

SARACEN

(surprised)
Hey.

LAUREN

I'm Lauren, I'm new.

SARACEN

Oh, right, yeah, I noticed. I mean, I saw you out there. You're good.

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN

Well, it's cool cheering for
someone so talented. Makes my job
a lot easier.

She gives him a big grin and walks away. Saracen is stunned.

SMASH

I think all of Matt's Julie
problems are about to go away.

The guys CRACK UP.

SARACEN

She was... she was just being nice.

The players leave, making comments. (*"Get on that, Matt."*
"What I wouldn't give to be QB1 for a day." Etc.) We stay
with Matt, the awesomeness of what just happened sinking in.

CUT TO:

10 INT. FIELD HOUSE - TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY (D1) 10

Taylor and MAC watch game film. Tap on the door. It's a
smiling Buddy with Santiago dressed in workout clothes.

TAYLOR

Did you fix it?

BUDDY

I am working on it.
(then)
Coach, we owe it to the team to
check this kid out.

Coach looks at Buddy, annoyed, and we,

CUT TO:

11 INT. FIELD HOUSE - LATER (D1) 11

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Coach Taylor, Mac and an ASSISTANT COACH (who takes notes on
a clipboard) watch as...

--Santiago bench press. CLOSE ON his face, bulging muscles,
as he pushes up 290 pounds.

--He squats 400 pounds.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

--He Power Cleans 300. Buddy nudges Taylor: How 'bout that? The other coaches exchange impressed looks.

12 EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - LATER (D1) 12

On an otherwise empty field, the coaches observe:

--Santiago do the Pro-Agility, sprinting his ass off between cones.

--He does a 30" Vertical Jump.

--He sprints a 40 yard dash. CLOSE ON his face, his legs in motion, the stopwatch being clicked: 4.7 seconds.

ASSISTANT COACH
(looks up from clipboard)
This kid's no joke. Easily in the top 1% of high school athletes.

BUDDY
I don't want to say I told you so Coach, but... He's a superstar.

Coach, reserving judgment, grabs a football.

TAYLOR
Okay, let's test the hands.
How 'bout a ten yard out?

Santiago stares at him, clueless. Buddy steps in.

BUDDY
Just toe that line. When Coach says hut, run straight two big lines, cut left and catch a pass.

Coach yells "Hut-hut." Santiago takes off, cuts awkwardly. Coach throws the ball and Santiago bobbles it. The coaches trade looks: Not so good. Coach waves Santiago over.

TAYLOR
You a student at Dillon High, son?

BUDDY
Just enrolled a week ago.

TAYLOR
Where'd you go before?

BUDDY
He was doing a little juvenile detainer thing, but it's over.

(CONTINUED)

Coach raises an eyebrow at Buddy.

TAYLOR
You ever played football?

SANTIAGO
No, sir.

TAYLOR
Any organized sport?

SANTIAGO
No.

TAYLOR
But you want to be a Panther?

SANTIAGO
Sure.

TAYLOR
That wasn't an offer.
(beat)
Let's see you go long.

Santiago gives a confused look.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Line up there. Just take off and
run straight as fast as you can.

"Hut-hut!" Santiago takes off. When he gets about thirty yards out, Coach cocks his arm to throw, but Santiago doesn't look back, just keeps running, right past the endzone.

BUDDY
(shrugs)
Kid's got a bit to learn.

TAYLOR
Too much to learn, Buddy.

Coach hands Buddy the ball and walks off.

LANDRY sits on his bed, shoulders sagging, staring at a photo of Tyra on his cell. The door opens and he clicks it off as his DAD enters.

CHAD CLARKE
Coming down for supper?

LANDRY

I'm not really hungry.

CHAD CLARKE

Seems like you haven't been hungry
all week. Something going on?

There's a beat, then...

LANDRY

She dumped me.

Landry is so vulnerable. Chad feels bad for his son, and worse because he ordered Tyra to break it off. He sits down.

CHAD CLARKE

I'm sorry to hear that, son.

LANDRY

She said these terrible things to
me. It was all a dumb mistake.
That I'm an ugly geek.

CHAD CLARKE

Now you know that is not true.

LANDRY

I can't stop thinking about her.
It's like I'm gonna die or
something.

CHAD CLARKE

(pained)

You know there will be other girls.

LANDRY

Not like her.

OFF Landry, unable to be comforted.

Tami makes dinner while Shelly sits at the bar with a glass
of wine.

SHELLY

Jules! Come on! Let's see it.

Julie walks out of her room, looking a little sheepish, but
very sexy in an itchy-bitsy halter top from Brazil. Tami
looks horrified.

TAMI

Oh my God.

SHELLY

I know. She looks amazing.

TAMI

Julie, you have to change out of that thing right this second before--

Taylor enters, tired from his day, looking through the mail.

TAYLOR

Hello...

(looks up, sees Julie)

Why's my daughter dressed like a prostitute?

(looking at Shelly)

This has you written all over it.

SHELLY

This is what all the girls in Brazil are wearing.

(to Julie)

Oh my God, honey, you have to sit down and write your Grandma Jane a thank you note for those boobs you inherited from her.

Taylor looks at Tami -- do something.

TAMI

Julie, go change.

SHELLY

(to Tami)

Oh, my God. You spent the entire Summer of '86 walking around in a little string bikini top with your butt hanging out of your dolphin shorts.

JULIE

Mom!

TAYLOR

Shelly, if I give you a hundred dollars, will you shut up for the rest of the night?

SHELLY

Eric, you don't have a hundred dollars, remember?
(to Julie)
It's good you're taking Spanish. That'll come in handy when you and I go to Costa Rica...

JULIE

Seriously?

SHELLY

Your mom and I were supposed to go when you graduated from high school, but then she went and got herself knocked up...

TAMI

Thanks, Shelly.

SHELLY

Oh, I'm teasing. That beautiful baby is worth a thousand trips to Costa Rica... Besides, I have a little consolation prize for you.

TAMI

What?

SHELLY

I thought we could go to the Dixie Chicks Wednesday night in Midland. Come on, babe, let's get you back into high heels, make-up and big hair like God intended.

Tami looks at Taylor.

TAYLOR

Wednesday's tough. Supposed to meet with the Boosters...

TAMI

Yeah, it's probably better if I don't. I have all this work...

(CONTINUED)

SHELLY

Come on! I thought we could smuggle some little bottles of rum for old times sake, like when we were in high school. Remember that time you threw up from all those rum and cokes at the Whitesnake show?

TAMI

(re: Julie)

Shelly!

(a beat)

I really should pass. It's gonna go late...

SHELLY

Okay. Fine. It was just an idea.

JULIE

Hey, Shelly! Can I see the pictures from your trip.

SHELLY

You sure can...

Shelly and Julie begin to look over the pictures. Tami stares at them -- feeling annoyed, left out and irrelevant.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

15 INT./EXT. STREET HOUSE - DAY (D2)

15

Jason opens the door to reveal Coach Taylor.

TAYLOR

Welcome back to Dillon.

JASON

You too, Coach. I met Gracie a few weeks ago. She's a cute one.

TAYLOR

Thank you. So, you want to tell me what the hell you were doing in Mexico?

JASON

Long story. But I'm back. Just trying to figure out what I'm doing with my life.

TAYLOR

Well, that's good, because I've been going door to door looking for a football coach. Know anyone?

JASON

I'd have to think about that.

TAYLOR

I got a lot going on down there. Long and short of it is this isn't some handout. I need you back, son.

Street looks into the face of his mentor. What can he say?

JASON

When do I start, Coach?

TAYLOR

How about this afternoon?

(CONTINUED)

JASON
(chuckles)
I'll see you at practice.

CUT TO:

16 INT. DILLON HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY (D2) 16

Landry, at his locker, watches JIMMY, a wrestler, talking to TYRA.

LANDRY
(walking up)
Hey Tyra. Could I talk to you?

JIMMY
We're conversatin' here.

TYRA
(to Jimmy)
I'll talk to you later, alright?

JIMMY
Sure, sounds good.

Jimmy leaves, giving Landry a little stink-eye.

TYRA
What's up, Landry?

LANDRY
I just wanted to tell you that I don't believe what you said.

TYRA
About what?

LANDRY
About us being a mistake. It wasn't a mistake because no matter the circumstances, we were meant to be brought together. And maybe you need to push me away for reasons I don't get, maybe you need to go off and date guys who you think are cooler than me, like that 'roided out wrestler freak jerk douchebag over there, but you can't turn what we had into a bad thing. You can't do that. No matter what you say about me or about us, it was a good thing, Tyra. Me and you, it was a good thing and you know it.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

He walks off, and she stands there, pained, wishing things could be different.

17 INT. GARRITY MOTORS - DAY (D2) 17

Buddy beams, seeing Lyla walk in. But she's pissed.

BUDDY
Hey sunshine--

LYLA
Are you in some sort of alternate universe where you think it's okay to make an employee run around chasing hogs for your amusement?

BUDDY
He liked it.

LYLA
He *liked* it.

BUDDY
He was having fun. We all were.

LYLA
You are such an idiot.

She marches out--

18 INT. GARRITY MOTORS - PARTS DEPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER (D2) 18

Lyla walks up to Santiago.

SANTIAGO
Hi, Lyla.

LYLA
I just want you to know that you don't have to join the football team or do anything else for my father because if he fires you I will kill him.

SANTIAGO
It's cool.

LYLA
Also, I truly, deeply apologize on behalf of my retarded father for the whole hog incident. It will never happen again.

(CONTINUED)

SANTIAGO

It was fun. Broke up the monotony
around here.

She just looks at him. He smiles...

SANTIAGO (CONT'D)

I appreciate what you're trying to
do, Lyla, but I like your dad.
He's a riot. And you don't have to
worry about the football thing,
either. I didn't make the team.

LYLA

(sensing his
disappointment)

You wanted to play football?

SANTIAGO

Who wouldn't want to be a Panther?

OFF Lyla, one more day in the devil town.

CUT TO:

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - DAY (D2)

Hits and collisions. Linemen get battered and beaten as
Street gives instruction.

JASON

To attack the right V, you put your
left eye under his left ear hole.
And vice versa. That's how you
read and see flow.

Coach catches Street's eye, nods at him, appreciative.
Street nods back, but when Coach turns away, Street looks
pensive.

The fullback, SHRADER, gets beat and the LINEBACKER levels
Smash. Coach watches. Smash gets CRUSHED again and his
frustration comes out.

SMASH

You wanna get your head outta your
ass and block for me, fool?

SHRADER

I am, but you ain't following me...

TAYLOR

Alright, settle down, try it again.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

Smash glares at Coach.

CUT TO:

20 INT. FIELD HOUSE - TAYLOR'S OFFICE - LATER (D2) 20

As Coach changes back into his street shirt, Smash enters.

SMASH

Riggins shouldn't have gone to Mexico. He's disrespectful to you and the coaching staff. He drinks too much and misses too many practices. But I need him. I need him, Coach. Please. I'm gonna die out there without him.

(off Coach's silence)

Is it worth throwing away the season to prove some point?

Taylor considers, then--

TAYLOR

You want Tim Riggins to block for you? Is that what you want?

SMASH

Yes, sir.

TAYLOR

You think I don't want Tim Riggins to block? I do. He's a damn good blocker. But here's the thing. Part of my job is to coach football and the other part is to keep kids like Tim Riggins from throwing their lives away. And if that means kicking them off the team, then we all just have to accept that and move on.

Smash looks at Taylor -- processing.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You can go now, Smash.

SMASH

Yes, sir.

21 INT. DILLON HIGH - TAMI'S OFFICE - DAY (D2)

21

Tim and BILLY sit staring at the breast pump on Tami's desk.

RIGGINS
(picks it up)
What is this thing?

BILLY
It's a pump for her hooters.

RIGGINS
A what?

BILLY
It squeezes milk from a lady's
udders--

Tami walks in and takes the pump, puts it out of sight. Tim then stares dumbly at her chest.

TAMI
We missed ya, Tim.
(look at my eyes!)
Glad you made it back safely.

BILLY
Yeah, he's sorry about that,
disappearing and all. I been
trying to get him to be more
responsible to himself and others.

RIGGINS
Good advice, Billy. Maybe you
shoulda thought of it before you
started banging my ex-girlfriend?

BILLY
She's not your ex-girlfriend.
(turns to Tami)
And she was way too old for him.
She's 32 and has a kid.

RIGGINS
Who likes me a lot better than your
lazy ass.

BILLY
Lazy? Who's paying the bills on--

TAMI
--Guys. Let's stay focused.
(they calm down a bit)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TAMI (CONT'D)

Now, Tim. During your little sojourn you missed two biology exams and a major term paper for English lit.

RIGGINS

What's a sojourn?

TAMI

A sojourn is what's gonna get you held back if you don't work your ass off starting this minute and I just don't sense a good attitude right now.

BILLY

Believe me, Mrs. Taylor, I'm gonna squeeze his testicles until he bleeds term papers. But I got to ask you one thing. How do we get Tim back on the team? You've gotta help us. His future's riding on it. Could you exert a little influence?

TAMI

(stonefaced)

Billy, I'm here as Tim's academic advisor. That's my role right here. You want to beg to get Tim back on the team, you know where to find Coach Taylor.

BILLY

Yes, ma'am. Let's go jackass.

OFF this, we,

CUT TO:

Chad Clarke pours himself a coffee and passes DETECTIVE TAMBOR and DETECTIVE BLAIR.

DETECTIVE TAMBOR

Like father, like son, hey Chad... Your boy did good Friday night.

CHAD CLARKE

Yeah, but he's got a ways to go.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE BLAIR

A lot less distance than mine.

DETECTIVE TAMBOR

(translates the bad news)

Ronnie's got a soccer player and a cellist on his team.

DETECTIVE BLAIR

(extending a hand)

Nice to meet you. Ronnie Blair.
Brought me down from Midland to help out on your homicide.

CHAD CLARKE

Is that right? How's the case going?

DETECTIVE TAMBOR

All but dead 'til we got this in.

He points to the whiteboard behind him where we see the evidence of the case laid out: photos of the deceased, the crimes scenes, and an 8 x 10 of enlarged upholstery fibers.

DETECTIVE BLAIR

Coroner got some car seat fibers from the decedent's jacket zipper.

DETECTIVE TAMBOR

We're thinking they came from the vehicle that took him to the river. Killer probably pulled the body out, didn't realize he was yanking out his own car upholstery too.

CHAD CLARKE

You know what kind of car?

DETECTIVE BLAIR

Matches three different GM models manufactured between '74 and '78.

DETECTIVE TAMBOR

DMV's probably gonna show twenty of those in Dillon alone.

CHAD CLARKE

Good luck diggin'.

DETECTIVE BLAIR

Tell your son to keep up the good work.

(CONTINUED)

FNL "How Did I Get Here?" GREEN 8/29/07 27.
22 CONTINUED: (2) 22

CHAD CLARKE

Yes, sir.

Mr. Clarke nods and walks off, deeply concerned.

23 INT. LANDRY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY (D2) 23

Landry, oblivious, drives in silence.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

24 INT. RIGGINS HOUSE - LATER (D2)

24

Lyla shows up to find Riggins, and his beer, trying to study.

RIGGINS

Hey, what's C6H12O6?

LYLA

I'm not doing your homework, Tim.
I'm here about Santiago.

RIGGINS

The hog catcher?

LYLA

He's not a hog catcher. He's a
student trying to learn football.

RIGGINS

I heard he's lame.

LYLA

Which is why I was wondering if you
could help him out. Teach him a
little bit about the game.

RIGGINS

Maybe you haven't heard. I just
got kicked off the team. Why would
I want to help someone else get on
it?

LYLA

Gee, I don't know, Tim. Why would
any human being help another? Why
would *someone* drop everything and
go all the way to Mexico because
someone called and asked for help?

RIGGINS

Lyla, I'd like to help you, but
right now a football field is the
last place I wanna be.

Lyla just considers this, then...

LYLA

Unbelievable.

And she leaves. OFF Riggins...

25

INT. DILLON HIGH - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY (D2)

25

Coach sits with Buddy and PRINCIPAL BRECKER.

BUDDY

We think we came up with a solution to this salary snafu.

PRINCIPAL BRECKER

We can't free up any more coaching funds at the moment, but we did find a little something allocated for an Athletic Director.

TAYLOR

Not sure I follow.

BUDDY

It's an offer to be in charge of the school's Athletic Department.

TAYLOR

I'm flattered, but taking on more responsibilities...

PRINCIPAL BRECKER

It's not a lot. The department practically runs itself. And it's an opportunity to help more kids.

TAYLOR

I think coaching the team is more than a full time--

BUDDY

And there's the title -- Athletic Director. Looks awful good on a resume if you ever think about applying for another job.

PRINCIPAL BRECKER

So whaddya say, Coach?

TAYLOR

How much does this A.D. job pay?

There's an awkward pause--

PRINCIPAL BRECKER

Well, it's not in the budget as a full time position. It's considered part time. But put it together with what you're making
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

PRINCIPAL BRECKER (CONT'D)

now and you should be within
spitting distance of where you were
last year.

TAYLOR

Spitting distance?

BUDDY

Now, Eric...

TAYLOR

So what you're saying to me right
now is you're giving me two jobs
and paying me less than I got last
year to do one job after I brought
the school a State championship?

Brecker and Buddy look at each other, then--

BUDDY

This is just temporary, Eric. I
swear to you.

OFF TAYLOR, who can't believe he's having to consider this,
PRELAP a DOOR KNOCK and we,

CUT TO:

26

INT. RIGGINS HOUSE - DAY (D2)

26

Riggins plays the game AREA 51 on the TV. Another KNOCK.

RIGGINS

Come in!

Smash walks in through the front door. Takes in Riggins'
world -- the empty pizza boxes, beer bottles, etc. Riggins
finally looks up from the game and sees Smash. A bit odd.

SMASH

Nice crib, Riggs. The maid on
vacation?

RIGGINS

What's going on, Williams?

SMASH

I want you to come to dinner
tonight. My Moms can cook.

RIGGINS

This reach out to a white boy week?

(CONTINUED)

SMASH

It's let's talk about how you're screwing up our team week.

RIGGINS

The team that I'm not on?

SMASH

Alright, Riggs. I got no fullback because of your selfish, drunken ass and you are coming to dinner at my house so I can talk some sense into you. Seven o'clock. Be on time for once.

Smash starts to leave.

RIGGINS

Williams?

(Smash turns)

You got an address?

Julie walks in and Matt, who's behind the counter, looks over, catching her eye. There's no one else to wait on her so he walks up to the register, all business.

SARACEN

Hey, Julie. What can I get you?

JULIE

Nothing. I want to say something.

(this is hard)

I thought about what you said to me and... I just want to tell you... You're right. I was wrong. I behaved badly. And I want to say to you I'm sorry. I'm sorry I hurt you.

SARACEN

(takes that in)

Okay. Thank you.

JULIE

I really hope that you can forgive me and that at least we can be friends...

SARACEN

Okay. I'd like that.

JULIE
Cool. See you around.

And Julie leaves, both of them feeling the pain.

28 INT. MEGA CHURCH - CHAPEL - DAY (D2) 28

Lyla places bibles in pews. She looks up and sees Street in the back, looking sort of intense.

JASON
Got a second?

LYLA
Of course.
(with a smile)
Looking forward to your party.

JASON
Don't even talk about that. My mom invited everyone I've ever known.

He is silent for a beat, figuring out how to get into this, then...

JASON (CONT'D)
You ever notice how nothing ever changes in this town? Everyone has the same jobs, they go to the same restaurants, the same parties, the same football games. It's like we're all stuck in this fish tank with no way of getting out. I'm stuck.

(he smiles, seeing her reaction)
I know what you're thinking. A new recruit. But I'm not here to talk to God. I want to talk to you. You're the only person in this town that I could think of who actually changed their life. I admire that. How do you do it?

LYLA
(a beat)
You just do it.

OFF Jason, taking this in, we,

CUT TO:

29 INT. WILLIAMS HOUSE - NIGHT (N2)

29

Dinner's just about finished. Smash and Riggins sit around the table with NOANNIE and SHEILA. Throughout the scene, we sense that the Williams women find Tim to be real cute. As Sheila gets up to clear, Riggins eyes her comely form...

SMASH

What I'm saying, Rigg, is that Taylor needs to see another gear from you...

(noticing Riggins eyeing his sister)

Don't... don't look at my sister, man. Serious. I don't want to see that. Period.

RIGGINS

(snapping out of it)

Sorry.

SMASH

He's looking for some heart, is what I'm saying. He's looking for a gesture. Something that tells him you acknowledge what you did...

Noannie makes a face at Riggins, mocking her serious brother. Riggins smiles back. Smash stops talking, annoyed again...

SMASH (CONT'D)

Rigg! Hey! Eyes on me, okay? She's fourteen, man. What's wrong with you?

RIGGINS

She was making a face! I was just playing. I'm not doing anything. God.

SMASH

Can you just shut up and listen?

RIGGINS

I am listening. He already said no. It's over. It's out of my hands.

SMASH

So what? That's it? You just gonna give up?

CORRINA comes in from the living room.

(CONTINUED)

CORRINA

Oh my lord, my sister can talk.
Okay, Tim, you want a piece of pie
for dessert?

Tim looks up at her, smiling his charming smile -- what can
you say, the guy loves women. Smash narrows his eyes.

RIGGINS

Yes, ma'am. Pie'd be great.

SMASH

Rigg! That's my mom!

RIGGINS

All I said was...

SMASH

Look, we're a lot different, you
and me. Me? I'm the Smash. Prime
Time, 24/7. And you? You're that
brooding... whatever. But neither
of us can be who we are without
football. It's the key in the
ignition, baby. And if you don't
fight for that, then... that's a
loser move, is all I have to say.

It's true. We can see in Tim's eyes that he knows it.

Tami gets dressed as Julie tries to manage Gracie, who
fidgets and WHINES. Shelly walks in looking like a million
bucks and flops on the bed to watch Tami get ready. Both
Tami and Julie admire Shelly's outfit.

JULIE

Wow. You look awesome.

TAMI

Oh, honey, you look great.
(sighs)
And I look like a whale in pajamas.

Julie LAUGHS.

TAMI (CONT'D)

That wasn't a joke, sweetie.

SHELLY

Shut up. You're always the
prettiest one in the room.

As Gracie begins CRYING louder--

SHELLY (CONT'D)
Give her here.

Shelly takes Gracie from Julie, starts to comfort her as she continues.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
(to Julie)
You're lucky to be the oldest. You should have seen your mom when she was your age. Try following that through high school.

Gracie throws up on Shelly.

JULIE
Gross.

Tami comes over and takes her.

TAMI
Let me try. She's a little warm. It's probably not good to be taking her out.

SHELLY
Why don't I stay home with her?

TAMI
No, no. You're the guest. You should get a taste of Dillon.

SHELLY

Yeah, but you could use a break.
And I need as much Gracie time as I
can get.

JULIE

(innocently)

It's probably better if my mom
stays since she'd have to pump and
dump and the baby will miss her.

TAMI

(pretends not to be hurt)

Julie's got a point.

SHELLY

I really don't mind.

TAMI

No, it's settled. You go.

31 INT. LANDRY'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT (N2) 31

Landry pulls into the garage.

32 INT. CLARKE HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT (N2) 32

Landry exits his car and jumps as if he saw a ghost.

LANDRY

You scared me, dad.

Chad Clarke walks around the car, speaks in his cop voice.

CHAD CLARKE

They found blood residue outside
the store, matches up with the dead
guy. Based on the head wound, they
think he was struck there with a
hard object. Then he was put in a
car, unconscious or dead, and
driven to the bridge and dumped in
the river.

LANDRY

(heart racing)

Why are you telling me this?

CHAD CLARKE

The water and the fish that fed on
the body did away with any foreign
DNA or prints that could've led to
suspects. No witnesses, so the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHAD CLARKE (CONT'D)

detectives don't got much. Except for one thing... Upholstery fibers from the zipper of the deceased's jacket. Guess where they come from? GM wagons like this one.

Mr. Clarke opens the back door and inspects the seat. Landry tries not to cry.

CHAD CLARKE (CONT'D)

What the killer probably didn't realize is that no matter how much soap and water you use on seats like this, it doesn't get rid of blood traces or DNA.

LANDRY

I don't know what you think, dad, but--

Chad slams the car door and drills his eyes into his son.

CHAD CLARKE

Landry, if you had something to do with this I need you to tell me right now. Better that than wait for them to bring you in, because, so help me God, that's what's gonna happen. You gotta trust me, son.

Landry's eyes get wet. He can't take it anymore.

LANDRY

I, I didn't mean to do it. I didn't mean to kill him.

Clarke listens, his worst nightmare coming true.

CHAD CLARKE

We need to take a ride, son.

LANDRY

Where?

Get in the car. Follow me.

OFF Landry, mortified, we,

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

33 EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - NIGHT 33

Street, in uniform, on two legs, quarterbacks a Panther football game. He takes the snap and we hear and see...

JASON (O.S.)

Good protection, plenty of time, a little pump fake, and let it fly...

The ball leaves Street's hand and spirals downfield into the paws of a Panther Receiver. The sound of CHEERS and we...

34 INT. STREET HOUSE - NIGHT (N2) 34

PULL BACK to see footage on a TV being narrated by Street wearing a BIRTHDAY HAT. Gathered around are Riggins, Smash, Taylor, Buddy, Lyla, and VARIOUS PANTHERS. A banner reads: "Happy 19th Birthday, Jason".

JASON

Here's Coach calling a ridiculous play... And here I am getting sacked. Good going, Coach.

ON VARIOUS FACES, LAUGHING.

FIND JULIE, looking over at Matt and his date Lauren. Matt glances at Julie, who looks away.

JASON (CONT'D)

And there's Pudnick saving my ass, thanks Pudnick... And the grand finale. Pressure on, swing out of the pocket, pull the trigger and booyaka, sixty-two yards to Mr. Smash Williams. Touchdown!

Smash HOLLAS and distributes pounds.

MITCHELL STREET

Six hundred yards my boy threw for that day. Broke the record.

ON COACH, watching with joy and pain.

BUDDY

We could've been a dynasty, kid. Lyla would've been rich.

(CONTINUED)

LYLA

(hitting his arm)

Dad!

JASON

He's right. But you can't have it all, at least not all at once. You take your memories where you can get 'em and I got more than my share. Ain't that right, Rigg?

RIGGINS

(raises his glass)

That's right. Here's to Streeter and to making more memories.

ON VARIOUS FOLKS, toasting Street a "*Happy Birthday.*" Lyla toasts Jason from across the room.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. STREET HOUSE - LATER (N2)

People eat birthday cake. Buddy flirts with Shelly.

BUDDY

And what do you do in Dallas?

SHELLY

I'm a pre-school teacher.

BUDDY

Ah, a molder of little minds.

Taylor, overhearing this, cringes as he talk to Joanne.

JOANNE STREET

Thank you so much for taking him back on the team. I just want him to have somewhere he belongs.

TAYLOR

As long as I'm there, he's there.

Joanne is moved, obviously vulnerable about her son. Riggins walks up to them.

RIGGINS

Excuse me, Mrs. Street, mind if I talk to Coach for a second?

JOANNE STREET

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

RIGGINS
(as she walks away)
Delicious punch.

TAYLOR
What's up, Tim.

RIGGINS
(gears up, then)
It's about me being on the team...
I'm not taking no for an answer.

TAYLOR
(waits for more; nothing)
That's all you have to say?

RIGGINS
I was in Mexico with Street. I
can't tell you why, but I had to be
there for him. I would do anything
to get back on the team. It's all
I've got right now, sir.

Taylor considers a moment, but...

TAYLOR
Tim, I didn't put you on probation.
You're off the team. I truly am
sorry.

And he walks off. Tim is bummed.

FIND TYRA, eating cake, bumping into Saracen and Lauren.

TYRA
Hey QB, where's the BFF?

SARACEN
Who, Landry?

TYRA

Who else, genius?

SARACEN

He was supposed to be here, but
he's not picking up his phone.

LAUREN

(extends a hand)
Hi, I'm Lauren.

TYRA

That's nice.

SARACEN

Should I tell Landry you were
looking for him?

TYRA

I wasn't looking for him, I just
heard somewhere it was polite to
make conversation.

She walks off and Lauren looks at Matt.

LAUREN

Does she not like me for some
reason?

Matt looks over and sees Julie -- the whole thing is so
painfully awkward.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

That's your old girlfriend, right?

SARACEN

You want to get out of here?
There's a party at Dawn Scott's.

LAUREN

Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. LAUREN'S CAR - NIGHT (N2)

Matt and Lauren sit in the car. She senses Matt's mood.

LAUREN

I know what it's like, you know.
(Matt snaps to)
At my last school, my boyfriend and
I broke up for inexplicable reasons
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

LAUREN (CONT'D)

and every time I saw him, I just got these pains in my heart, like someone was stabbing it with a...

SARACEN

Knife?

LAUREN

Worse, like a shiv. Actually, I'm not even sure what that is.

SARACEN

I think it's what they use in prison. Like a shank.

LAUREN

Yeah, like a rusty shank.

They LAUGH, and during the laugh, Matt suddenly sees her as if for the first time. He finds himself leaning in and KISSING HER. She pulls back...

SARACEN

Sorry, I don't know where that--

She leans in for more...

37

EXT. STREET HOUSE - SAME (N2)

37

Julie walks up to Tyra, who's on her way out.

JULIE

Hey, Collette? Can you drop me off?

TYRA

Yeah. Does it suck for you that Matt came with that Stepford girl?

JULIE

Whatever. We're not together anyway, so...

TYRA

Very mature.

Julie gazes over and is completely sucker punched seeing Matt in Lauren's car, kissing Lauren. On Julie, feeling ill. Tyra has seen this too, reaches out and holds Julie's hand.

(CONTINUED)

TYRA (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's go get an enormous container of ice cream and watch *Thelma and Louise*.

JULIE

Okay.

They leave, Tyra never letting go of her hand.

ON JASON wheeling up to Coach, box in lap. He hands it over.

TAYLOR

What's this?

JASON

My glory footage, freshman year on. I'm donating it to the program.

TAYLOR

Why?

JASON

'Cause I just can't pretend to be who I was anymore. I need to learn how to be a different guy, and, and...

TAYLOR

You're quitting the job.

JASON

The last thing in the world I wanna do is let you down, Coach.

TAYLOR

Son, people like to talk about how much a young athlete can learn from his coach. But I think what they don't realize is that it goes both ways. I have watched you pick yourself up, and fight your way back against odds nobody should have to face. And I admire that. And I thank you for that.

OFF Jason, moved to the core.

Landry, terrified and mystified, follows his dad's car.

39 INT. CHAD CLARKE'S CRUISER - MOVING - NIGHT (N2) 39

Chad Clarke drives, a grave look on his face. He looks in the rear view mirror and sees Landry's wagon behind him.

40 EXT. REMOTE DESERT AREA - NIGHT (N2) 40

Landry gets out of his car and walks up to the cruiser.

LANDRY

What's going on, dad?

CHAD CLARKE

Stay right here.

Landry watches in disbelief as his dad pulls a gas can from his trunk and marches up to the wagon. He pours gas inside, all over the seats and floorboards, then douses the trunk, the roof, the hood. He steps back and lights a book of matches and flings it toward the gas... POOF. He walks back.

CHAD CLARKE (CONT'D)

First thing they're gonna do is track down every car in Dillon that's a match for those fibers and then they'll come knockin'.

LANDRY

But won't the car being gone look suspicious?

CHAD CLARKE

Damn right, but better that than them locating it and finding a reason to pull the dead guy's DNA off the seats. That happens and you'll be waking up in a concrete cell while I try to keep your mother from killing herself.

BOOM! The gas tank explodes and the flames shoot higher.

LANDRY

So what should I do if they come?

CHAD CLARKE

Nothing. From here on out, as far as you know, the car was stolen, your dad reported it, and if anybody has any questions they talk to me, and only me. You got it?

(CONTINUED)

LANDRY

Yeah.

And they stand there in the shadowy firelight, watching the car blaze. Tears well up in Landry's eyes as he realizes his dad is putting everything on the line for him.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

41 INT. FIELD HOUSE - TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY (D3)

41

Coach and McGill watch game tape. There's a quick tap on the door and ROBERTA (BOBBIE) ROBERTS enters, wearing a coaching outfit. She's tough, and right now, she's pissed.

BOBBIE

You must be the new Athletic Director. Funny, you look an awful lot like the football coach Eric Taylor.

TAYLOR

Hey, good to see you.

BOBBIE

Do you even know my name?

TAYLOR

Well, I was just made Athletic Director--

She smacks a dead soccer ball down onto his desk.

BOBBIE

You know what this is?

TAYLOR

A soccer ball.

BOBBIE

No. A soccer ball's something with air in it. This here is a rubber carcass. Means I'm down to two cheap latex bladders with more patched holes than a Cuban refugee raft. How many balls does the football team have?

TAYLOR

I'm not sure the exact number.

BOBBIE

I just went out there and did a spot count. Thirty-six. And not one of them is dead.

TAYLOR

Let me see what I can do about getting some new soccer balls.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBIE

Oh, thanks a lot. That's so generous of you...

TAYLOR

Hey, as Athletic Director, my door's always open...

BOBBIE

That was sarcasm, big guy.
(looking around his desk)
Hey, is that a new computer?

MCGILL

Yeah, we all got new ones this year.

Taylor shoots Mac a look.

BOBBIE

That's cool. I would have called you to have this conversation, but I don't even have a phone. While you two are up here IMing each other about how great your boys look in their tighty whities, I'm downstairs in the boiler room trying to mend my nets with a shoelace. You see the disparity here, big guy?

TAYLOR

Well, I do see how you could think that...

BOBBIE

Save it. My name is Bobbie
Roberts. I'm gonna be in here
every day until me and my girls get
exactly what the hell we need.

Bobbie moves to leave, but then turns and grabs all the pens
out of the cup on Taylor's desk.

BOBBIE (CONT'D)

I'm taking these. These are mine
now.

(grabbing a post-it pad)
And this too.

She exits and Coach looks at Mac.

MCGILL

They tried to pin that A.D. job on
me a couple of years ago. Hope
they're paying you plenty.

CUT TO:

Tim is in the stands, down and out, drinking a forty. He
sees Santiago walk onto the field and start running himself
into the sled dummies. Doesn't look pretty, but he's trying.

Tim shakes his head in disgust, watches for a minute. Then,
partly because Santiago looks so bad, and partly because
maybe this is what Coach was talking about, he walks over.

RIGGINS

Dude. You're not on the team.

SANTIAGO

I know.

Santiago charges the dummy again. Not really very good.

RIGGINS

So then why are you doing this?

SANTIAGO

I don't know.

But he does it again.

(CONTINUED)

RIGGINS

You realize you suck, right?

SANTIAGO

Gotta start somewhere, homey.

He hits the sled again.

RIGGINS

Let me ask you one question. And I want you to be straight with me. Are you in any way, shape or form trying to screw Lyla Garrity?

This gets Santiago's attention. He turns to Riggins, looks right at him, this isn't a guy who's going to cower to anyone.

SANTIAGO

She's a friend.

Riggins gauges his response, feels okay with it, then--

RIGGINS

Alright, try that again. But don't drop your head when you hit it.

Santiago tries it again.

SANTIAGO

How was that?

RIGGINS

Sucked. What part of don't drop your head didn't you get?

And Santiago tries again. OFF the two of them...

Shelly walks in with an earth-friendly bag to find a tense Tami, sitting by a laundry basket, folding clothes.

SHELLY

Where is everybody?

TAMI

Gracie's taking a nap. Julie's out with Lois. Eric is still at work.
(referring to the bag)
What's that?

SHELLY

This is an environmentally responsible satchel.

(pulls out a bottle of wine)

And this is a bottle of vino.

Shelly uncorks the wine and pours herself a glass, then puts one out for Tami.

TAMI

Can't. I'm nursing.

SHELLY

(pouring)

A glass or two won't hurt. Not as long as you're drinking enough water and eating rich-in-B9 foods like asparagus. And wait a few hours before you breast-feed.

*
*

TAMI

And how do you know that, Dr. Don't Have A Kid?

SHELLY

Little something called reading. You should try it sometime.

They're just playing, but Tami's getting a little tired of Shelly's know-it-all attitude. And a little defensive.

TAMI

I read.

SHELLY

(looking around the place)

What? The Daily Coupon, The Dillon Gazette?

TAMI

(this touches a nerve)

Alright, stop it.

SHELLY

All I'm saying is just because you live in Dillon doesn't mean you have to stop reading and thinking--

TAMI

Shelly, shut up! I don't need a lecture from my little sister.

(CONTINUED)

SHELLY

I'm not lecturing--

TAMI

(explodes)

Yes, you are. And don't you understand? I don't have time to read or go to Brazil or see the damn Dixie Chicks or do anything except work and cook and breast feed.

Dead silence as Shelly absorbs the freak out: okay. Tami grabs the wine glass and downs the whole thing.

TAMI (CONT'D)

Sorry.

(tearing up)

It's, it's... as much as I love Gracie, and I do, I really do, it's just now sinking in what I signed on for. Not just the infant grind, but sixteen more years of child rearing and then she'll turn into Julie. And by then I'll be... at least *forty*, all wrinkled-up with a plastic hip and pacemaker.

Tami has gotten it out of her system. Shelly pours her more wine.

SHELLY

(apologizing)

I hope you realize that all my tales of fun and sun are just a way of keeping people from seeing the pathetic, lonely person I am underneath.

Silence as Tami absorbs this and then:

(CONTINUED)

TAMI

Of course I do.

SHELLY

Ass.

TAMI

You're an ass.

They LAUGH. Tami, feeling some relief, takes a moment to smell the wine and sip, as if tasting it for the first time.

TAMI (CONT'D)

This is really delicious. Nice nose, strong finish...

SHELLY

\$6.99 from your local mini-mart.

(they laugh)

Know what else they sell at the mini-mart?

TAMI

What?

Shelly reaches into the bag and comes up with four little airplane sized bottles of rum, two in each hand.

SHELLY

I talked to your husband. He's baby sitting. Come on, girl. Dixie Chicks. Tonight. You, me, rum makes three... I mean six.

Tami stares, then grins.

TAMI

Okay. But... I'm not drinking that.

SHELLY

Yes, you are...

TAMI

I'll throw up!

SHELLY

I know, that's what my camera phone's for...

44 EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - DAY (D3)

44

Riggins stands on the sled as Santiago chops his feet.

RIGGINS
Back straight, eyes on the
target... Go!

Santiago runs into a sled dummy. Then gets back in position.

RIGGINS (CONT'D)
Not bad.

ON SMASH AND SARACEN, walking up with duffels and a football.

SMASH
Look at this, the blind leading the
blinder.

RIGGINS
Shut up, Smash, he can block better
than your ass.

SMASH
Alright. How 'bout we run him
through some plays.

RIGGINS
(to Santiago)
You up for that?

SANTIAGO
Yeah, why not?

CUT TO:

45 EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - DUSK (D3)

45

A bunch of ORANGE CONES are set up as offenders and
defenders. Saracen at QB, Smash at Halfback, Santiago at
Fullback. And Riggins as roving Linebacker.

A SERIES OF RUN PLAYS:

--"Off Tackle." Matt "huts" and Santiago rushes toward the
end of the line with Smash following. He cuts inside the
last cone and blocks Riggins, who shucks him and tags Smash.

SMASH
You got the right lane that time,
but you gotta stay low and push
Rigg inside so I can break free.

(CONTINUED)

--"Slant." Matt "huts" and Santiago runs straight at the line, bottlenecks with Riggins and Smash.

SARACEN

Okay, that's the idea, but don't hesitate. Your job is to beat Smash to the line, open the hole.

ANGLE ON COACH TAYLOR, walking up and stopping in the shadow of the bleachers to watch.

--"Sweep." Matt hands off to Smash. Santiago leads around the end, blocks Riggins to the outside as Smash cuts inside.

RIGGINS

Better position. But as fullback you gotta block like you mean it. Don't let me stand your ass up.

--"Sweep" to the other side. Matt "huts" and they run it (toward Coach) and WHAM! Santiago puts Riggins on his ass.

SMASH

You alright, Rigg?

SANTIAGO

Sorry, man.

RIGGINS

(gets up; shakes it off)
That's it, keep doing that.

TAYLOR

(revealing himself)
Not bad, Santiago. Just remember, even if you knock someone down, you keep those legs moving, don't stop.

Santiago nods.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You want to come work out with the team, son?

SANTIAGO

Yes, sir.

TAYLOR

Swing by my office tomorrow at 7:00. Don't be late. I'll make sure we get you a uniform.

(CONTINUED)

SANTIAGO

Thanks.

Tim wonders what the wonderful wizard might have to say to him, but Coach just gives a general farewell to Smash, Riggins and Saracen--

TAYLOR

Gentlemen.

And Coach turns and walks away. Tim calls out after him--

RIGGINS

Is this showing you something, sir?

TAYLOR

(back to him)

Yes it is, son.

RIGGINS

So am I back on the team?

TAYLOR

(back to him)

Not even close.

Taylor turns to him, still walking backwards, holds out his arms, looks like a kid himself--

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Keep working on it, Riggs. Keep working on it.

Taylor turns and continues to walk away.

Riggins just stands there as Smash and Saracen walk up on either side of him, a silent show of support. Santiago wanders over to the dummies and starts hitting them again. OFF Riggins, looking for meaning in the back of Coach Taylor's windbreaker...

BLACK OUT:

END OF EPISODE