

THE REPLACEMENTS

by

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SECOND DRAFT

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FADE IN:

EXT. MARINA DEL REY - DAY

It's raining lightly in the harbor and the water around the moored boats looks dirty and cold.

We PICK UP a sad excuse for a boat sitting in an end slip.

It's a sea-gull-shitcovered, thirtyfoot cabin cruiser that hasn't cruised in a long, long time. A ratty looking unpainted plywood addition has been nailed to the top of the cabin. It's partially covered with a blue plastic tarp.

SUPERIMPOSE: MARINA DEL REY, CALIFORNIA - FALL

The tarp moves and SHANE FALCO's half-naked torso emerges from under it. Shane is late twenties, golden boy handsome, but quickly going to seed. He looks hung over.

Shane glances up at the sky and rain. He pulls on the top part of an old patched wet suit and zips it up. He shivers.

EXT. MARINA DEL REY HARBOR - DAY

We're BUZZING around the harbor with Shane in an old Zodiac inflatable DINGHY.

Shane has pulled up the attached rubber hood to his wet suit so that only the white, pasty oblong of his face is visible.

It's still raining as he steers the little boat around the sailboats and yachts.

He pulls up to a fiftyfoot sailboat and CUTS

the ENGINE.

With practiced moves, he ties the dinghy to the rear rail of the sailboat and clips a bill for services rendered on the sailboat's stern line.

He slips on a weight belt, puts on a pair of old gaffer taped goggles, jams the end of a air-hose in his mouth, and falls backward out of the dinghy and into the water.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

It's dark, dirty and murky. Suddenly, Shane floats INTO FRAME and comes AT us with a long spatula.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He attacks the underside of the sailboat which is covered with green algae muck that hangs a foot off the bottom of the boat.

The spatula scrapes away the green mess revealing the pure white underside of the boat.

CLOSE ON SHANE

As he scrapes. Muck from the boat floats past him. This doesn't look like fun.

As he works, he happens to look down and notices something on the bottom.

SHANE'S POV

Amidst the beer cans and other trash, something golden is sitting on the bottom.

BACK TO SCENE

Shane takes a deep pull on his hose, lets it go and drifts down.

A shaft of sunlight penetrates the murky water and reveals a broken trophy half-buried in the mud. Shane kneels over it and picks it up.

The trophy is almost a full-size football rendered in bronze attached to a broken base.

Shane turns "the ball" over in his hands. He grips the seams like he's done this before.

Then he holds the football out in front of him.

Suddenly, he starts barking garbled signals to an imaginary offense. He turns to his running back as he yells something like "Blue 31!" It comes out in bubbles

He cocks his left leg and his wide receiver goes in motion.

Then on the "snap" he turns and starts a five step drop.

He moves in slow motion because hey... he's underwater! He executes a perfect play action fake on the third step of his drop, and looks "down field" for his receivers.

But there's a blitz! He steps up in the pocket but a linebacker's arm almost takes his head off. He dodges, he bobs, he weaves in a kind of delicate ballet.

He rolls left and keeps looking for the open man.

Suddenly he points down field, pulls up and cocks his arm.

The "ball" comes behind his ear and snaps forward in a perfect release.

The trophy spins OUT OF FRAME but we HOLD ON Shane as he watches his pass. Suddenly, he throws both arms up in a touchdown signal.

We STAY ON him as he freezes in this pose of victory, fifteen feet underwater, on the trash-covered, muddy bottom of Marina Del Rey.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDWARD FRANCIS O'NEIL STADIUM (WASHINGTON, D.C.) -

DAY

Bam! A Miami Dolphin linebacker crushes a Washington Redskin running back and lands on his throat, elbow first.

It's a beautiful fall day in November and Miami is beating the Skins in front of seventy-six thousand crazed Washington fans. The Redskins are at their home stadium better known as "The Big O."

INT. CONTROL BOOTH - DAY

JOHN MADDEN and PAT SUMMERALL are calling the game in shirtsleeves.

SUMMERALL
That play, my friends,
sums up the Redskins'
running game all day
long. Now Washington
calls their last time
out.

Madden leans over to do his diagram that shows up on your TV screen. We STAY ON him as he draws and explains.

MADDEN
Hey, the Dolphins do
this as good as
anybody. See, in a
four, three, two, two,
you got the guards...
boom!... Plugging up
the middle, then the
corners... boom and

boom! Are free to
box... leaving the
middle linebacker to
cut off the trap
here... boom!

SUMMERALL
Third and twenty-two,
but forget the first
down with eight seconds
showing and the Skins
down by a touchdown.

MADDEN
Could be the last play.

SUMMERALL
Could be the last play
of the season if the
players go out.

EXT. SIDELINES - DAY

Redskin quarterback EDDIE MARTEL is conferring with Redskin head coach BUD TILDON near the bench. Madden and Summerall continue OVER.

MADDEN (V.O.)
Take it all in, people.
This could be it for
2,000.

We MOVE TO veteran Redskin center REESE

EVANS, 38, standing on the sidelines, uniform totally clean.

He looks near tears.

SUMMERALL

(V.O.)

Once again, if you haven't heard, it was announced during halftime that the N.F.L. Players Association will hold a press conference immediately following this game -- that would make it about five o'clock Eastern time -- and it is expected that

the players' union will announce a strike effective immediately.

ON REDSKINETTES

Twelve striking-looking women dressed in burgundy and gold are doing some inane chatter to a section of fans that ignore them.

The girls are led by pretty ANNABELLE FARRELL, a bundle of manic energy inside a body from heaven.

MADDEN (V.O.)

It's all about money, folks. More money, of course and ain't it always? The shame of it is the big losers are you out there, the fans.

ON MARTEL

The Redskin quarterback moves to the huddle.

SUMMERALL

(V.O.)

Here we go: Third down, eight seconds to play, ball on the Dolphins' thirty-three yard line. Skins down by a touchdown.

The huddle breaks and Martel sets up over the center.

MARTEL
Green 48! Green 48!
Hut! Hut!

The ball is snapped and Martel drops back.
He looks for a receiver and doesn't see
anybody.

He steps up in the pocket, sees an opening
and takes off running down field.

MADDEN (V.O.)

There goes Martel!

Martel is a pretty good broken field runner
for a big guy. Plus with the defense
covering every possible receiver, he's got a
lot of daylight.

Nobody has touched him as he crosses the
fifteen. Suddenly, a safety, smaller than
Martel, looms in front of him at the ten.

Martel goes down in one of those wimpy
quarterback slides before the safety can even
hit him.

BANG! The GUN sounds and the game is over.

ON MADDEN AND SUMMERALL

They look at each other in disbelief

SUMMERALL
Well... Martel goes
down ten yards short of
a score.

MADDEN
On maybe the last play
of the season.

SUMMERALL
I think he might have
slipped.

MADDEN
Yeah, there's a lot of
that going around.

ON THREE REDSKIN FANS

We'll see these guys throughout. They're
typical low level Washington bureaucrats
named TODD, ROD and BOB who live for the Hogs
-- the traditional name for the Redskin
offensive linemen.

Todd is shirtless and his entire upper body is painted Redskin red.

At that moment, they are livid with their quarterback and Bob is speaking for them all.

BOB

We're coming to your
house tonight, and
we're gonna fucking
kill you! And if you
got a dog, we're gonna
kill your fucking dog
too!

ON ANNABELLE

Behind her, the rest of the cheerleaders are already walking away. Annabelle looks at Quarterback Martel with pure disgust as he walks off the field.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE BEDROOM - DAY

The room's blinds are pulled tightly against the bright sunlight. Only the blue light of a TV illuminates anything.

Suddenly, we hear an old man in the bed give out with a loud piercing wail.

The door to the room bangs open and an English male nurse named AUGUSTINE RIPLEY, dressed in white, comes running in. He's carrying a syringe in each hand, poised at the ready.

He runs to the bed of the still wailing
EDWARD FRANCIS O'NEIL (75). O'Neil is hooked
up to an oxygen tank, watching the just
completed Redskin game with the sound off.

AUGUSTINE

Did they win or lose?!

O'Neil continues to wail.

AUGUSTINE

That has the distinct
tonal quality of a
loss.

He puts one needle down and jabs O'Neil with the other one.

He murmurs to the old man as he injects him.

AUGUSTINE

Nice medicine for a
loss. Keeps us calm.
Makes us not so sad.
Keeps us on an even
keel. Gives us some
perspective, doesn't
it? And we'll save the
winning medicine for
next Sunday, won't we?

He finishes.

O'NEIL

If you keep talking to
me like I'm a five-
year-old, I'm going to
hurt you.

AUGUSTINE

Sounds exciting.

He reaches for the phone and hits the speed
dial.

AUGUSTINE

We'll want to talk to
coach now, won't we?

He hands the phone to O'Neil.

O'NEIL

(on the phone)

What the fuck was
that?!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TILDON'S OFFICE

Coach Tildon sitting in his office. We can
hear players getting dressed, listening to
MUSIC and getting SHOWERS outside his open
door.

TILDON

(on the phone)

I think he slipped.

O'NEIL

Bullshit he slipped!
He could have scored!

Anybody could have
scored! I got one foot
in the god damn grave
and I could have
scored!

TILDON

Mister O'Neil, let's
face facts: The
players are going out.
It's gonna happen. And
nobody wants to get
hurt on the last play
before a strike that
could go on for the
rest of the season.

O'NEIL

You god damn wimp!
You're fired! Get out!
Get out! Get out!

O'Neil throws the phone down. Augustine
picks it up and then cranks up the oxygen a
notch.

O'Neil takes big gulps of the rich air.

AUGUSTINE

Better? It always
makes you feel better
when you fire someone,
we know it does, don't
we? Yes...

O'NEIL

Get me Jimmy McGinty.
Get him here. Tonight.

O'Neil sucks hard on the oxygen.

CUT TO:

INT. REDSKINS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A REPORTER is interviewing WILSON JONES, the
huge defensive end for the Redskins. Wilson
wears an enormous diamond earring.

Wilson is dressing at his locker.

WILSON

Hey, man, I do what my
union says.

REPORTER

But you're already one
of the highest paid
players in the game.
The fans just don't see
the point of a player
like you striking.

WILSON

Let me tell you

something: I'm a big
man, you see?

Wilson holds his arms out. Yes, he's
gigantic.

WILSON

There are some days
when I am so beat up,
that I cannot dress my
own big ass. I asked
management for a valet
or some shit to help me
dress and they said no
way. So, fuck 'em!

PLAYER (O.S.)

Shut up everybody, here
it is...

Somebody turns UP a TV in the locker room.

ON TV

A handsome ex-player named Jerome Lindell
steps up to a podium at a press conference.
He's wearing a two thousand dollar suit.

On the TV he is identified with a super:

"JEROME LINDELL -- President -- National
Football League Players' Association."

LINDELL (V.O.)

I have just left a
meeting with
representatives of the
owners and I am sad to
say that they have
refused the players'
final demands which

center around a rise in
the current salary cap.

(MORE)

LINDELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Therefore, I am
recommending that all
N.F.L. players walk out
and not play until our
demands are met. I
want the players to
walk out tall, to walk
out righteous, to walk
out in the knowledge
that we do this as a
team. We shall
overcome the fat cats.
I send peace to my

union brothers.

The entire locker room is silent for a beat.
And then everyone starts getting dressed
again, maybe a little slower than before.

ON WILSON JONES

 WILSON
Shit, I'm goin' to
Vegas.

CUT TO:

INT. O'NEIL'S BEDROOM - CLOSE ON O'NEIL - NIGHT

As he sleeps peacefully. The only sound is
the HISS of his OXYGEN.

Then we hear ICE CUBES SLOSHING in a glass.

O'Neil opens his eyes and sees:

JIMMY McGINTY, a handsome devil in his late
sixties, wearing golf clothes and sipping the
last dregs of a Scotch rocks.

 McGINTY
You look like shit.

 O'NEIL
I'm dying, Jimmy.

 McGINTY

You been dying for
twenty years.

O'Neil motions to the glass. Jimmy pours
three fingers from a Glenlivet bottle and
hands it to him.

 McGINTY
That poof of a nurse of
yours is gonna kick my
ass if he catches you
drinking.

O'Neil removes his oxygen to sip his whiskey.
He smiles as it goes down.

 O'NEIL
Gimme a butt.

 McGINTY
I quit.

 O'NEIL
No.

McGinty nods.

O'NEIL

You pussy. I want you to come back as head coach. I fired that asshole Tilden today.

McGINTY

I'm retired. And besides, you don't have a team. They all flew home in their jets to their castles.

O'NEIL

We're gonna finish the season anyway. All of us owners decided. We're gonna use replacement players.

McGINTY

You're a bunch of greedy bastards, aren't you?

O'NEIL

Us, greedy?! What about the god damn players?! I got the highest payroll in the N.F.L. and they still want more!

McGINTY

That's because you've been bottle-feeding straight cash to these big babies for years.

O'Neil sips his whiskey and calms down.

O'NEIL

No team owner in their right mind is gonna give back those T.V. revenues.

(MORE)

O'NEIL (CONT'D)

All we promised Fox was twenty-two guys with a pulse every Sunday. But think about it, Jimmy. We got a great opportunity here! We got a chance to put a team on the field that

plays the game just for
the love of it. Like
we used to play it.

McGINTY
We also used to play
without face guards.

O'NEIL
Jimmy, I'm really
dying. The doctor says
I'll be gone by
Superbowl Sunday. Help
me bring a winner back
to D.C. You did it for
me once before. You
can do it again.

McGINTY
Listen: I golf once a
week with the President
of the United States.
I walk my grandkids to
school every day. I

got a young wife who
will fuck me any time I
want, which frankly,
isn't too often, but
it's comforting to know
it's there. I don't
need it.

O'NEIL
Come on. Wouldn't it
be fun? A bunch of
poor nobodies who play
to win instead of a
bunch of bitchy
millionaires? You can
put it together, Jimmy.
Player's love you.
They always have.

McGinty pours more Scotch and looks into the
glass.

O'NEIL
Tell me you're gonna do
it.

McGINTY
Shut up, I'm thinking.
(pause)
Okay. Here's the deal:
you let me recruit who
I want, with no
interference?

O'NEIL
Absolutely.

McGINTY
I'm talking anybody I
want. No exceptions.
And no interference
with my coaching,
either, like you used
to.

O'NEIL
Sure, Jimmy, sure.

McGINTY
And one more thing: no
more Notre Dame
stories. You start
telling me Notre Dame
stories and I pull your

plug personally. I
swear to God.

O'Neil smiles.

O'NEIL
Deal.

CUT TO:

INT. REDSKINS' HEAD COACH'S OFFICE - DAY

McGinty is sitting behind the empty desk as
his two main coaches give him a presentation.
They are offensive coordinator LEO
PILACHOWSKI and defensive coordinator
CHRISTOPHER BANES.

PILACHOWSKI
... Six phone lines
with internet access on
two: One for defense
and one for offense.

BANES
We thought we would
skip special teams for
the moment.

PILACHOWSKI
Except for a kicker.
We definitely need a
kicker. A place kicker
over a punter.

BANES
The thinking being that
if we lose the toss, we
have to be able to at
least kick off.

Both coaches laugh nervously. McGinty
doesn't say anything.

PILACHOWSKI
Okay. Here's the list
of every player cut
this past season. What
we would like to do
is...

McGINTY
(interrupting)

Those people?
 (pointing to
list)
Most of them were cut
because they were
shitty.

McGinty takes out a piece of paper of his own
with a bunch of names on it.

McGINTY
We're going to go
another way here. I've
done some scouting
since I retired. On an
ad hoc basis, of
course. And what I
have here is a list of
people I've kept an eye
on. They've all played
football somewhere, but
only a few in the pros.
And they've all got
something... unique to
bring to the game.
We're gonna take these
people and try to put
together a winning
team. And if nothing
else, they should be
fun to watch.

McGinty looks up when he senses someone
standing in the doorway. It's REESE EVANS,
the veteran Redskin we saw standing on the
sidelines with the clean uniform.

EVANS
You won't need a
center.

McGINTY
How you doin', Reese?

EVANS
Bored and ready to
retire. I'm just
looking for one more

hit. One more really
good hit.

McGINTY
What about the strike?

EVANS
Hell, I'm rich. I got
no complaint with
Mister O'Neil. I just
want a chance to play
one last time.
(MORE)

EVANS (CONT'D)
Shit, I'd rather go out
with a broken leg than
sitting on the bench.

McGinty nods to Pilachowski. The coach takes
a marker and fills in "Evans" in the center
circle.

McGINTY
Welcome to the new
Washington Redskins.
(to his coaches)
Let's find Reese
somebody to play with.

CUT TO:

INT. METHAMPHETAMINE LAB - DAY

A bunch of BIKER types are cooking up a vat
of speed. These guys are big, and
badasslooking.

After a beat, one of the Bikers looks up at
the door.

BIKER
Did you hear something?

The other biker shakes his head, no.

The one who asked the question walks over to
the door and listens for a beat. Nothing.

He turns to go back and suddenly the door
disintegrates in front of a charging man
wearing a "police" windbreaker.

This is DANIEL BATEMAN, a big, young,
psychotic cop, who immediately runs over the
poor Biker who was listening at the door,
kicking the guy in the head as he goes by.

Bateman dives on two more Bikers, and

viciously head-butts one of them.

He stuffs the other's head into the meth mixture, pulls him out and clubs him with a big police blackjack, three quick times:
Rap! Rap! Rap!

The guy goes down like lead.

Bateman looks around and spots a big BIKER cowering in a corner. The Biker is terrified.

Bateman takes two steps toward the guy when suddenly three more COPS wearing windbreakers run in, out of breath.

They look around at the unconscious Bikers.

COP #1
Jesus, Bateman! Why
don't you ever wait for
us?!

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Someone's BEEPER is going off. The three cops look at theirs. Nothing.

The cowering Biker looks at his.

BIKER #2
Not me.

Bateman pulls his beeper, studies it and looks puzzled.

BATEMAN
What area code is 703?

COP #1
Washington, D.C.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

A loaf of Wonder Bread is spinning through the air in SLOW MOTION. It comes AT us, twisting and turning.

ON CLIFFORD FRANKLIN

He's tall, maybe 22, and positioned behind the cash register. He's wearing a Washington Redskins sweatshirt.

Clifford's hands are up as he waits to catch the bread which was tossed by his MANAGER at the back of the store.

The loaf hits Clifford's hands and then bounces out. It lands on the counter in front of a TEN-YEAR-OLD smart-ass KID.

KID

Nice hands.

CLIFFORD

(not amused)

What else?

KID

A pack of Marlboro
Reds, a pint of Martel
Cognac and a box of
Trojans, extra long.

Clifford grabs the Kid's two one-dollar bills, and makes change for the bread.

CLIFFORD

Get out of here. I'm
telling your mother you
were talking like that.

The Kid leaves.

The Manager yells from the back of the store as he holds up a portable phone.

MANAGER

Hey, Clifford, somebody
on the phone wants you
to play football next
weekend.

CLIFFORD

Tell 'em I gotta work
Saturday. And I'm
watching the Redskins
on Sunday. Ain't
nothing stopping me
from watching the
Redskins on Sunday.

(mumbling)

No way that's gonna be

happening, me not
watching the Redskins
on Sunday.

MANAGER

(into phone)

He's gotta work.

(pause)

They said they'll pay
you.

CLIFFORD

Pay me? How much?

MANAGER
(on phone)
How much?
(pause)
Ten thousand five
hundred dollars!

CLIFFORD
(stunned)
Ray, who the fuck is on
the phone?!

MANAGER
(pause)
It's the Washington
Redskins!

Clifford collapses.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

We hear deafening APPLAUSE as we hold on
ANDRE and JAMAL WILLIAMS, two huge
bodyguards, dressed in identical black suits.

Suddenly, the artist formerly known as Prince
comes off stage, grabs a towel from an
assistant and starts walking with Jamal in
front and Andre in the rear.

As they walk, a CELL PHONE RINGS. Andre
pulls it from his pocket and answers it,
quietly.

Jamal runs interference with the techies and
groupies backstage.

JAMAL
(to someone)
Get out of the way!
(to someone
else)
Don't look at him! He
don't like being looked
at, god damn it! No
eye contact!

As they walk, Andre is still talking on the
phone.

Finally, they get to the backstage door and
stop. The rock star prepares to run the
gauntlet of adoring fans behind his trusty
bodyguards.

But his bodyguards are conversing quietly but
urgently with each other.

One of the assistants throws open the door.
A big mob waits outside.

The anointed one turns to his bodyguards to
lead the way, but... they're gone!

The mob surges. The artist formerly known as
Prince screams as he's trampled to death by
his fans.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA DEL REY - DAY

Shane Falco, wearing his patched wetsuit,
climbs out of his inflatable dinghy and flops
onto the deck of his cabin cruiser.

He looks cold and tired.

 McGINTY (O.S.)
You look like a
swordfish I caught
once.

Shane jumps.

McGinty is sitting in an old deck chair on
the stern of the boat.

 McGINTY
He hit the deck just

like that.

Shane studies his visitor.

 SHANE
And you look like that
coach from the
Seventies. From the
Redskins. McGinty.
Except you look a
shitload older.

 McGINTY
The price of happiness.
Something to take the
chill off?

He offers Shane an elegant flask. Shane
takes it and drinks.

 McGINTY
I'm running the
Redskins again. And I
want you to quarterback
'em.

 SHANE

No, man, I've been out way too long.

McGINTY

What, three years since San Diego dumped you? That's nothing. You're in shape, flopping around in the water like that.

SHANE

You know what my nickname was in San Diego, don't you?

McGINTY

Sure. Footsteps.

SHANE

As in, I hear 'em and I dump the ball.

McGINTY

Well, you didn't have much of a line to protect you.

SHANE

I got two concussions to prove it.

McGINTY

That's why girls don't play the game.

McGinty drinks from his flask.

McGINTY

I scouted you when you were playing at Ohio State. I told San Diego they were probably making a mistake when they signed you.

SHANE

(truly shocked)
No kidding?

McGINTY

Oh, you had a lot of tools: a quick release. Fast. A scrambler by nature. Good downfield vision. But you got hurt a lot. And worst of all, you never could win the big game. What did you

lose the Sugar Bowl by,
your senior year?
What, forty points?

SHANE
Forty-five. And now
you want to recruit me?

McGINTY
A scrambling
quarterback is gonna do
real well in this new
replacement
environment. And to
tell you the truth, I
think I can help you
with your biggest
problem.

SHANE
Okay. What's my

biggest problem?

McGINTY
Courage. I think that
Sugar Bowl took it all
out of you.

There's a beat as Shane looks away.

SHANE
I'm retired from
football.

McGINTY
Yeah, and it looks like
things have been going
really well for you
since.

Shane doesn't meet McGinty's eyes.

SHANE
I like being here.
It's quiet. I like
being alone.

McGINTY
Yeah. No screaming
crowds, that's for
sure.

(pause)
You know what separates
the winners from the
losers? Gettin' back
on the horse. The one
that kicked you in the
teeth. You're still
young. You still got
bags of talent. If you

do well, who knows what
will happen when the
strike ends?

Shane keeps staring out at the water.

McGINTY
You want me to tell you
you're not going to get
hurt? You know you
will. No doubt about
that. But, hell...

McGinty points to the boats in the harbor.

McGINTY
... Wouldn't you rather
get hurt than scrape
the shit off of other
guys' toys?

CUT TO:

EXT. QUEENS (NEW YORK) - DAY

We're right off Queens Boulevard on a busy
side street where LOU PACIFICO, 30, is taking
book. Lou is short, dark and handsome.

He leans against the wall of a liquor store.

PASSERBY #1
Deuce and an eightball
on Go Down, Rita in the
eighth.

Lou writes quickly on a small pad.

After a beat, another passerby leans in and
whispers something to Lou. Lou writes
quickly again.

>From across the street an old woman sticks
her head out of a four-story walk-up. This
is LOU'S MOTHER who speaks with a heavy
Italian accent.

MOTHER
Louis, you got a phone
call!

LOU
(from across the
street)
Who is it?

MOTHER
It's the Washington
Foreskins.

LOU
What?! Ma, what are
you, out a your tree?

MOTHER
(yelling louder)
I'm telling you they
said it's the

Washington Foreskins!
Foreskins! Foreskins!
Foreskins!

People in the street are now starting to look
up at this old woman screaming "Foreskins!"

Louis quickly crosses the street to his
apartment house.

But at that moment, a soccer ball bounces
toward him from where a group of kids are
playing in an alley.

Out of pure instinct, Lou gives it a mighty
boot.

We FOLLOW the arc of the ball as it sails
DOWN the block. Everyone stops to admire the
kick.

Still airborne, the ball crosses Queens
Boulevard.

At that moment, a very old mafioso type is
being helped from his limo by several
lieutenants.

Pow! The ball hits the old guy right in the
back of the head, knocking off his porkpie
hat and dropping him to the pavement like a
bullet.

The lieutenants pull pistols and surround
their fallen leader.

ON LOU

He sees what happens and quickly ducks into
his apartment house.

ON ONE MAFIA LIEUTENANT

He spots Lou before he disappears inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

Coach ROLAND LAMONT, a good-looking ex-running back in his late twenties, is

coaching a high school player.

We can see that Roland is wearing a pretty substantial knee brace.

He holds up a football.

ROLAND
Cut right on me, now.
Right on me.

He pitches the ball out to one kid, who runs right at him, steps on Roland's foot with his cleats and then cuts around him.

Roland screams and falls to the ground.

ROLAND
Not right on me,
goddamn it!

He writhes there a beat until he hears:

VOICE (O.S.)
Coach Lamont! Phone
call! Long distance.
Washington, D.C. It's
the Washington
Redskins!

Roland holds his foot and manages a smile because he seems to know what the phone call means.

ROLAND
(to the sky)
Thank you, Lord!

CUT TO:

EXT. BIG O (WASHINGTON D.C.) - MAGIC HOUR

The stadium appears empty.

Suddenly, a football thrown with a perfect spiral comes AT us.

REVERSE ANGLE

We see the ball sail cleanly through a rubber ring attached to the crossbar on the goalpost.

ON SHANE FALCO

He's in shorts and a sweatshirt taking snaps

from center Reese Evans.

EVANS

Nice. Try a roll to
the right.

Evans bends over another ball. Shane sets up
in the shotgun.

O'NEIL (V.O.)

Shane 'Footsteps'
Falco? This is what
you're going to build
an offense around?

EXT. STANDS - MAGIC HOUR

McGinty is sitting with O'Neil on the fifty
yard line twenty rows back.

Augustine holds O'Neil's oxygen tank as the
old man sits huddled in a coat that's way too
big for him.

O'NEIL

Christ, Jimmy, I ask
you to build me a team
based on balls and the
first player I see is
Footsteps Falco?!

McGINTY

He's got as much
natural talent as any
quarterback in the
league.

O'NEIL

And he's got the
happiest feet I've ever
seen!

McGINTY

All he needs is a shot
of self-confidence.
He's our quarterback.
That's the way it is.

O'NEIL

What about a safety?
We got two a days
starting tomorrow and a
game in five days! And
we still don't have a
safety?!

O'Neil motions to Augustine for more oxygen.

AUGUSTINE

Here we go. Nice fat

little hits.

He turns the valve up. O'Neil breathes deeply.

O'NEIL
I called a friend of mine who just happens to be the Governor of Maryland.

McGINTY
Terrific, the Governor is going to play safety?

O'NEIL
Don't worry about it.

ON SHANE

He drills a perfect spiral through the circle.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIG O - MORNING

A ramp at the rear of the stadium gives vehicle access to the interior. The bottom of this ramp is now a maelstrom of activity.

The regular Washington Redskins are in a picket line walking in circles. The players are dressed in everything from fur coats to expensive leather jackets and leather pants. Half of them are on cell phones.

We can see some of their cars parked haphazardly nearby: BMWs, Porsches,

Mercedes, etc.

Jerome Lindell, the president of the Players' Association, is being interviewed on camera by a REPORTER.

REPORTER
As president of the Players' Association, what does your presence mean here, Mister Lindell?

LINDELL
Very simply, support for these fine players and union men. Washington D.C. is the

home of freedom and the
collective bargaining
agreement. I am here
to remind all Americans
that the owners are no
better than the robber
barons of the
Nineteenth Century.
They have blatantly
gone out and hired
scabs, which is against
all principles of our
Constitution and the
Declaration of
Independence and
probably even the
Emancipation
Proclamation.

The picketers start shouting and pointing.

LINDELL
And here come the
Scabskins now!

A bus slowly makes its way towards the ramp
and the picketers.

INT. BUS - MORNING

Shane is sitting in the first seat with Reese
Evans (center).

We MOVE BEHIND them and see, among others,
Daniel Bateman (psychotic cop), Clifford

Franklin (can't catch a loaf of bread), Jamal
and Andre Williams (ex-bodyguards), Lou
Pacifico (kicker and bookmaker), and Roland
Lamont (ex-high school coach).

BANG! EGGS start HITTING the bus WINDOWS.
We can hear the regular players chanting:

PLAYERS
Scabskins! Scabskins!
Scabskins!

ON CLIFFORD FRANKLIN

He's very excited as he looks out the window
at the striking players. Roland Lamont sits
next to him.

CLIFFORD
Oh God, there's Eddie
Martel! And Wilson
Jones! I love Wilson
Jones! Yo, Wilson!

Yo, player!

ON WILSON

His big face looms right outside the bus window. He looks pissed off and scary.

ON LOU PACIFICO

He leans across his seat to Shane.

LOU
Hey, Lou Pacifico.

Shane shakes his hand.

SHANE
Shane Falco.

LOU
I know. I lost a ton a
money on that Sugar
Bowl disaster of yours.
Wow. Did you get your
butt kicked or what?

ON JAMAL

He's looking out the window when an eeg splats against it. He turns to his brother Andre:

JAMAL
You know I don't take
that shit.

Jamal reaches into his jacket and starts to pull out a nine-millimeter pistol.

Andre stops him.

ANDRE
Be cool.

INT. BOWELS OF STADIUM - DAY

A nondescript van pulls up and a muscled, deadly-looking guy in handcuffs and jail issue clothes gets out. This is bearded safety EARL (he-ain't-no-girl) WILKINSON.

A Maryland state trooper unlocks the cuffs. Earl looks... hungry.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

The replacements are getting off the bus as the players chant.

PLAYERS
Scabskins! Scabskins!

When Reese Evans (former Redskin center) gets off the bus, the players go wild.

Reese coolly gives them the international suck my dick sign.

Clifford gets off behind him. He waves and smiles at the striking players.

They throw rotten fruit at Clifford in return.

CUT TO:

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - DAY

SID, an oldtimer equipment man folds towels. Behind him, we can see helmets, pads, etc.

McGinty walks up dragging Shane who is fully dressed in a uniform, including helmet.

McGINTY
(to Sid)
What is this?

McGinty points to the intricate face guard on Shane's helmet.

It's an exaggerated version of a lineman's cage with so much metal criss-crossing that you can hardly see Shane's face.

McGINTY
He's a quarterback!
How is he supposed to see?

SID
He told me he was a
linebacker!

SHANE
I can see.

McGinty holds up three fingers.

McGINTY
How many fingers?

SHANE
Two. No, wait. Three.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Andre and Jamal are hitting the blocking sled simultaneously. They drive it OUT OF FRAME.

ON SHANE

He's now wearing a helmet with a two-bar quarterback face guard. He takes a snap and pitches out to running back Roland Lamont.

Roland, now wearing a big knee brace, looks sharp as he cuts to the outside.

ON PILACHOWSKI

The offensive coordinator is standing with McGinty who is concentrating on the scrimmage. Suddenly, Pilachowski spots someone. His mouth drops open.

ON MICKEY LEE

He's a fourhundred-fifty-pound ex-Sumo wrestler crammed into a Redskin uniform. Fat rolls are visible everywhere.

PILACHOWSKI

Oh my God. That's disgusting!

Lee walks up. McGinty bows and says something in Japanese. Lee bows and answers back in Japanese. Then they shake hands.

McGINTY

How you doin', Mickey?

LEE

Not bad, Coach.

McGINTY

You look great. Why don't you work out at left tackle?

LEE

You got it.

Lee puts on his helmet, pulls his ponytail out the back and rumbles away.

Pilachowski is looking at McGinty like he's crazy.

PILACHOWSKI

You're not serious.

McGINTY

I met Mickey in Hawaii.
When he was even
bigger. He's a Sumo
wrestler. That means
he's an expert at
pushing people around.

That's what pass
blocking is, Leo.

Defensive coordinator Christopher Banes comes
running up in a lather.

BANES

(to McGinty)

I got a defensive end
who's deaf!!

PILACHOWSKI

(watching Lee

walk

away)

I'll trade you for a
tackle who's gonna play
in a diaper.

BANES

How can I coach a deaf
man?!

McGINTY

You don't have to...

He looks across the field at a big, good-
looking kid named BRIAN MURRAY who is in the
middle of a pass rushing drill.

Murray looks really fast, especially for his
size.

McGINTY

Brian Murray would have
gone in the first round
five years back if he
hadn't been born deaf.
I first saw him play
right here in D.C. for
Galludet College. He's
a hell of an athlete.
You won't have to tell
him anything.

BANES

I can't believe it! I
got to be able to
communicate with him.

McGINTY

Then learn to sign.

Hey, look at it this
way: He'll never get

pulled off sides on an
audible.

McGinty thinks this is funny as shit.

ON SHANE

He's just done a fivestop drop on a pass
play. He's looking down field when he sees
something scary.

SHANE

Oh shit! No!

He throws the ball away and then is nailed
and taken down on his back by Bateman
(psychotic cop).

Shane groans and lies there with Bateman on
top of him.

BATEMAN

Hi, I'm Danny.

SHANE

(groaning)

Shane.

McGinty pulls Bateman up.

McGINTY

Nice pop, Danny.

BATEMAN

Thank's, Coach!

Danny runs off.

SHANE

What was that?

McGINTY

Danny Bateman. Ex-cop,
ex-Marine, ex-rugby.
He's absolutely
harmless, if you just
play dead.

McGinty helps Shane up.

McGINTY

San Diego used you all
wrong. You're not a

drop back passer.
You're a scrambler.
Like you were in

college. So, we're
gonna roll out. A lot.
Get used to setting up
on the run. You'll
live a lot longer.

SHANE

I'm very interested in
that.

CUT TO:

PRACTICE MONTAGE

A) BATEMAN

is lined up at middle linebacker. When
the play starts, he runs headlong into
four blockers and takes them all down
with him.

B) WIDE RECEIVER CLIFFORD FRANKLIN

beats his man, and turns as Shane,
rolling out to his left, puts the ball
right on his numbers. Franklin drops it.

C) ANDRE AND JAMAL

On the snap, they pull to lead a sweep.
Unfortu-nately, each thinks the play is
to their side. They forearm each other
and then get into a fight.

D) LOU PACIFICO

boots one from thirty-five yards through
the uprights. He smiles, takes out a
Marlboro Light and a Bic and fires up.

E) CLIFFORD FRANKLIN

pulls up, does a button hook and Shane
puts the ball in his hands. Franklin
drops it.

F) LEE

the Sumo guy, hits the blocking sled and
turns it over.

G) BATEMAN

is down on the ground viciously punching
another player as two assistants try to
pull him off.

H) FRANKLIN

is in a crossing pattern in the end zone.

Shane puts the ball right in front of him. Unfortunately, it hits him in the hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Shane is sucking down water from the portable water cart when head cheerleader Annabelle Farrell walks up. She's dressed in tight workout clothes.

ANNABELLE

Annabelle Farrell, head
Redskinette.

SHANE

Excuse me?

ANNABELLE

I'm in charge. Of the
Redskinettes. The
cheerleaders?

SHANE

Oh yeah, hi.

ANNABELLE

I've been watching you.
You look good. You
look strong. Good
quick release. Smart.
You read defenses
quickly. You're gonna
do great.

SHANE

Hey... thanks.

ANNABELLE

I saw your second
concussion. The one

against Cleveland.
Pow! You could hear it
in the cheap seats.
But you completed the
pass. That's what
counts.

SHANE

I guess so.

ANNABELLE

If there's anything you
need, let me know. And
I mean anything, okay?
You understand?

Shane is really not sure.

SHANE
Sure. I understand.

ANNABELLE
They put you up at the
Hilton?

SHANE
Yeah.

ANNABELLE
Good. Remember:
anything. You got it?
Okay?

Shane nods. She walks away.

We watch her world-class ass move across the
gridiron.

ON MCGINTY AND CLIFFORD FRANKLIN

McGinty is holding a ball and talking to his
wide receiver.

MCGINTY
... because it's a damn
waste of all that
speed, Clifford. I
told you that when you
were in high school.
You've got to catch the
ball, son. This is the
main idea of the
passing game.

CLIFFORD
I know, Coach, I know.

MCGINTY
Okay. I assume that
you have touched a
woman in a romantic
way, have you not?

CLIFFORD
Oh yeah, Coach, sure.
In a, you know,
romantic way.

MCGINTY
Good. From here on
out, you touch this
football, all the
time...

He shoves the football in Clifford's hands.

McGINTY
... just like you touch
your girl friends. I
better not see you
without this ball. You
understand?

McGinty starts to walk away.

CLIFFORD
Coach, wait! Can I
still like touch my
girl friends if I
don't, you know, let go
of the ball?

McGinty thinks about that.

McGINTY
Yes, Clifford, if you
can manage that,
absolutely.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Andre and Jamal are just about dressed.

Andre helps Jamal on with his jacket. Jamal

then helps Andre on with his.

ON SHANE

He's stripped down sitting on a bench.
Reporters are trying to interview him.
Microphones are in his face and video cameras
jockey for position.

SHANE
... just glad to be
back playing. That's
all I've really got to
say.

REPORTER
But where have you
been? What have you
been doing to make a
living?

SHANE
Well... I've been
involved lately in
the... aquatic
business...

ON MICKEY LEE AND ROLAND LAMONT

Mickey is watching Roland unbuckle his big complicated knee brace. (NOTE: There should be something slightly medieval about this brace.)

MICKEY

You only played one game?!

ROLAND

Actually, less than two minutes. I was a rookie third round pick in '93. We were playing Atlanta in the home opener. Near the end of the first quarter, they sent me in, I took a screen pass over the middle and got hit by both linebackers. Simultaneously. One a

side. My knee turned into wet toilet paper. End of career.

MICKEY

Can you play on it now?

Roland takes out a wrench and starts unscrewing a bolt on his brace.

ROLAND

I've been teaching high school football for five years. It's not a bad life. I'm good at it. There are some days when I actually love it. But for one more shot at this? Shit. I'd give it all up. This time, they're gonna have to take me out in a box.

ON EARL WILKINSON (CRIMINAL)

He's standing naked in front of his locker staring with anticipation at a garment bag.

Slowly, he unzips the bag revealing a beautiful new suit. He touches the lapels reverently.

ON CLIFFORD FRANKLIN

He's sitting in front of a locker, holding his football, with a shit-assed-eating grin.

Someone walks by.

CLIFFORD

I got Wilson Boone's locker, man. Do you believe that shit?

He drops his ball and quickly picks it up again. He looks around to make sure Coach didn't see him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BIG O PARKING LOT - MORNING

The regular Redskins are out in force, holding signs as they lean on their Beamers and Porsches.

Shane pulls up in a battered '89 Honda.

When he gets out, he's immediately surrounded by six striking regulars, led by quarterback Eddie Martel and defensive end Wilson Jones.

MARTEL

Hey, you can't park there.

SHANE

Look, I don't want any trouble.

MARTEL

You don't want any trouble?! You're taking my job away, but you don't want any trouble?

(to Wilson)

He doesn't want any trouble, but he puts this piece of shit in a no parking zone.

Shane looks but it's obvious he's parked legally.

SHANE

Okay. I'll move it.

MARTEL

No, we'll do that for you. Go ahead, Wilson. Move it for him.

Wilson motions to another big guy. The two of them proceed to roll the Honda over on its roof. It lands with a crunch.

JAMAL (O.S.)
You all put that car
back.

Everybody turns to see Andre and Jamal walking towards them.

WILSON
Who the fuck are you?

ANDRE
We're the people who
take care of the
quarterback. We're the
guards.

All the regulars laugh at this.

JAMAL
Put the car back.
Gently.

WILSON
Kiss my ass.

SHANE
(to Jamal)
It's okay.

JAMAL
No, it's not.

Jamal points to a gorgeous midnight blue Porsche.

JAMAL
(to Wilson)
That's your ride, ain't
it?

Before Wilson can even answer, Jamal pulls his NINE MILLIMETER. BOOM! BOOM! No more Porsche windshield.

All the regular Redskins dive for cover.

WILSON
My windshield! You
crazy motherfucker!

JAMAL
Move his car back.

WILSON
My car!

Jamal raises his GUN again. POW! No Porsche

driver's side window.

WILSON
No! Stop!

He turns to his cowering teammates.

WILSON
Come on, help me, god
damn it!

The guys quickly pick up the Honda and put it
right side up.

WILSON
(to Jamal)
You are gonna pay for
this.

JAMAL
No I'm not. And quit
messing with my man
here. That includes
his ride.

Jamal spins the nine and holsters it.

Andre and Jamal get on either side of Shane.
They look at each other and then quickly
switch sides.

ANDRE
Let's go to practice,
Shane.

SHANE
Let's do that.

Shane smiles at his guards, smiles at the
still-shocked Redskins, and they move out.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM BATHROOM - DAY

Shane, dressed in pads and pants, opens the
door and walks in. During the opening and
closing of the door we hear:

ASSISTANT COACH (O.S.)
... so if anyone does
have any firearms, we
need to turn those in
as soon as possible, no
questions asked...

Shane stands in front of the urinal and goes
through the painstaking process of locating
his dick.

First he wrestles open his football pants and then has to deal with the cup, etc.

Next to him, at another urinal, is WALTER COCHRAN, a big, serious bornagain tackle.

As he pisses, Walter has his Bible propped open behind the flush handle so he won't miss a minute of scripture.

WALTER
Praise the Lord, Shane.

SHANE
Yeah. Sure.

WALTER
Walt Cochran.
Offensive tackle.

Shane nods. Walter pees for a beat.

WALTER
Shane, will you witness
with me?

SHANE
Will I what?

WALTER
Will you witness with
me? For this upcoming
practice.

SHANE
Now?

By now Shane is pissing too.

WALTER
Praise the Lord for
giving us a way to
eliminate, Shane. Why
not talk to Him in the
midst of performing his
gift?

Walter takes his hand off his whizzing member and holds it out to Shane.

Shane looks at Walter's hand for a long time, but finally, he removes his own guiding hand and clasps Walter's hand tentatively.

REVERSE ANGLE

They continue pissing as they hold hands.

WALTER
Heavenly Father, thank
you for allowing us to
pee the poisons from
our systems. Please
help us in today's
practice to be strong
and...

CUT TO:

EXT. MCGINTY'S HOUSE - DAY

A barbecue is in progress for the new
Washington Redskins at the beautiful home of
Coach McGinty.

The huge back yard features a pool and a
catered buffet/barbecue.

Andre and Jamal are loading down their
plates.

Mickey Lee is gnawing on a two-foot slab of
ribs.

Lou Pacifico has a little three card monty
going at a picnic table.

Coach McGinty is holding up a beautiful baby
girl to the admiring players. He kisses the
baby and then hands the child to his gorgeous
young wife.

Augustine is pushing Mister O'Neil in a
wheelchair. They pass the outside bar and
O'Neil suddenly lunges for a bottle of
tequila. Augustine has to rip it out of his
hands.

Coach Banes and Earl Wilkinson (criminal) are
talking to a distinguished-looking big man in
his fifties. This is a D.C. CIRCUIT COURT
JUDGE.

BANES
Where did you play,
Judge? Wait. Do I
call you judge?

JUDGE
Your Honor, or Judge is
fine. I played at
Harvard. But I played
in the days when you
went both ways.
Offense and defense.
When players were
really tough.
(to Wilkinson)

And where did you play
college ball... I'm
sorry, what was your
name again?

Wilkinson is smiling but he looks dangerous.

WILKINSON
Smith. Ray Smith. I
played at a junior
college nobody ever
heard of. What
position did you play
on defense, Judge?

JUDGE
Middle linebacker.

WILKINSON
Yeah, big fellow like
you, that's what I
would have guessed.

JUDGE
It was a different game
in those days. Raw.
Powerful. No tricks,
like today.

WILKINSON
You know, maybe you can
show me some of your
technique, Your Honor.
Maybe you can show me
some of that toughness.

JUDGE
I'd be glad to!

There's an evil glint in Wilkinson's eye.

INT. MCGINTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Shane is standing alone in a large hallway
looking at an enormous trophy case stuffed
with the spoils of football.

ANNABELLE
(O.S.)
You would think he's
done enough.

Shane turns and sees her. She's as fetching
as ever.

ANNABELLE
McGinty, I mean.

SHANE
I was kind of thinking

the same thing.

ANNABELLE

My theory is he came out of retirement to see if he could win with losers.

(pause)

Oh, shit. I'm sorry. I didn't mean...

SHANE

(interrupting)

Hey, it's okay. I've been called worse.

ANNABELLE

Like after that Sugar Bowl game? I guess you could survive anything after that.

Shane has to actually smile at this.

SHANE

Sometimes I feel like everybody in the world saw that game. Like I could go to India and some little guy would run up to me and say, 'Boy, did you suck in

the '92 Sugar Bowl.'

Annabelle laughs.

SHANE

So, how come you're such a fan?

ANNABELLE

My dad. He's a huge Redskin fan. For years. He's in his twenty-ninth year at the Senate Office Building. As a guard, not a senator. The only thing that keeps him going he says, is me and the Redskins. That's where I get it. My fan-ness.

(suddenly)

Are you scared?

Shane is totally taken off guard by this woman.

SHANE

Scared? Well... yes.
Absolutely.

ANNABELLE

It's okay. Anybody
would be. But you're
good. And you'll do
good.

SHANE

Well, thank you. Look,
I gotta study the play
book tonight. So...
I'll see you.

ANNABELLE

Break a leg tomorrow.

SHANE

What?!

ANNABELLE

It's from the theater.
For opening night. You
say the worst thing
that can happen. And

it won't. Break a leg.

Shane waves uncertainly and walks away.

EXT. MCGINTY'S BACK YARD - DAY

The Judge (now with his jacket off) and
Wilkinson are lined up across from each other
in a three-point stance in something called a
man maker drill.

The entire team forms two lanes on either
side of them, as they face off.

The idea is to knock the other guy down and
get by him.

JUDGE

Alright, this is how we
used to stop a running
back.

WILKINSON

I can't wait.

Someone says hut! And Wilkinson slams into
the Republican 16th Circuit Court Judge and
knocks him head over heels.

The Judge lands on his back, wham! He's out
cold.

Wilkinson slaps hands with Andre and Jamal.

WILKINSON

Oooh... got me a judge!
Man, that felt good!

CUT TO:

EXT. BIG O STADIUM - DAY

It's another beautiful fall afternoon and cars are entering the stadium parking lot.

At one of the entrances, the striking Redskins are picketing. Jerome Lindell (NFL Players President) is still marching with them.

A little boy stops one of the Redskins and asks for an autograph on a program. The

player gives it to him and the kid walks away.

Lindell runs after the kid, grabs the program and rips off the page the player signed.

LINDELL

(to kid)

Don't be asking for no
autographs from the
real players and then
go in and watch the
scabs!

The kid retreats quickly. Lindell rips up the page.

LINDELL

(to the player)

That is not the message
we want to send our
children!

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

It's very quiet. Shane sits in pads and no jersey, methodically squeezing a football.

Reese Evans, his center, stops by.

EVANS

You okay?

Shane nods and gives a nauseous-looking smile.

EVANS

Remember to nod your
head on the snap.

SHANE
(out of it)
Nod my head?

EVANS
For when Murray's in.
The deaf kid. Hello?
He needs to look at you
on the snap.

Shane nods that he understands but he goes

back to staring at a wall.

Andre and Jamal sit facing each other. Andre
throws a vicious forearm at Jamal's head but
Jamal catches it. They both nod in approval.

Lou Pacifico smokes and stares.

Bateman is leaning against a wall, fully
dressed, helmet on. He's staring into space
and smiling to himself. He looks terrifying.

Earl Wilkinson (the criminal) is polishing a
beautiful pair of new alligator shoes.

Clifford Franklin looks at himself in the
mirror as he ceremoniously puts on his
helmet.

Walter Cochran is reading his Bible in front
of his locker, which features a picture of
Jesus and a cross.

Mickey Lee (ex-sumo) is sitting in front of a
bowl of hard boiled eggs. He's methodically
popping them into his mouth. He eats four as
we watch.

Coach Pilachowski comes up to Lee and watches
him eat.

PILACHOWSKI
What are you, crazy?
Nobody eats right
before a game.

LEE
I always ate before a
big match. I need the
bulk.

Like a hole in the head he needs the bulk.

Coach McGinty comes strolling through the
locker room, the picture of calm.

He walks by defensive end/tight end Brian Murray and signs to him to have a good game. Murray signs back, "Thanks, Coach."

Cochran spots McGinty and puts down his Bible.

COCHRAN

Coach McGinty, I'd like to lead the team in the pregame prayer.

McGINTY

No. No praying. That's the problem with professional sports today: too much god damn praying. Five hundred dollar fine to the first man I hear praying.

McGinty turns and bums an egg from Mickey and walks to the middle of the locker room.

He eats the egg as he turns slowly and takes in his players.

McGINTY

A lot of people are waiting for you to fall on your asses today. And guess what? You're going to. But I don't give a shit if you look funny out there. Or if you miss a block, or drop a pass, or trip over your own dick. This is professional. And the difference between professional and amateur, between playing for the Washington Redskins and Michigan State is simply... money. You are being paid to win. Not just to play. Not just to learn how to be good sports. Not for the alumni. You are being paid to win. I don't care how the fuck you do it. But I'm demanding it. Because those guys whose place you're taking have forgotten that simple fact. So, go win it.

He walks away. The players get up and start moving.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIG O - DAY

We're FOCUSED ON an enormous, plastic blow-up Washington Redskin helmet that bobs on the ground in front of the exit to the field. The idea is, the players will run into and then out of the helmet as they are introduced.

Annabelle and her fellow twenty cheerleaders are lined up on either side of the bobbing helmet, waiting for the players.

ON MADDEN AND SUMMERALL

They are in their booth, vamping ON CAMERA.

MADDEN

... Pretty bold move by New England Patriot owner Victor Kiam, who went out and bought an entire semi-pro team once the strike happened.

(MORE)

MADDEN (CONT'D)

Redskin management, on the other hand, is going with a bunch of unknowns. Their public relations people don't even have bios yet on most of their players, although we'll see one or two familiar faces out there today.

SUMMERALL

Like Shane Falco, the enormously talented college quarterback from Ohio State, who never fulfilled his potential in the pro's.

(to Madden)

Wow, remember that

Sugar Bowl Falco
quarterbacked when
Florida State creamed

them?

MADDEN

Oh, yeah, they were
absolutely decimated!

SUMMERALL

Dusted. And if I'm not
mistaken, Falco set a
record in that game for
Bowl interceptions.
Anyway, for some of
these players this is
another shot; a last
shot, probably, for a
guy like Falco...

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Shane is looking out at the field through the
blow-up helmet. He looks scared.

Suddenly, a CANNON goes off with a stomach-
resounding BOOM! Shane jumps.

ANNOUNCER

(V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen,
your Washington
Redskins!

IN STANDS

A sparse crowd is in attendance, mostly
diehard fans like Todd, Rod and Bob, who are
decked out in burgundy and gold. They look
drunk already as they cheer like mad.

ANNOUNCER

(V.O.)
Here's the starting
defense today...

INT. TUNNEL

Bateman is first in line. He looks like a
racehorse on cocaine.

ANNOUNCER

(V.O.)
At middle linebacker,
number 56, Daniel
Bateman!

Bateman takes off at a dead run out of the

tunnel and into the helmet.

ON HIS FOOT

It hits a wire stretched across the ground inside the helmet.

ON BATEMAN

He trips big-time into the side of the helmet. He bounces (it's inflated, remember?) to the other side, bounces again and is shot out of the front of it like a cannon ball.

ON CHEERLEADERS

Bateman bounces out of the helmet and takes out the first six cheerleaders.

Girls fly left and right. One girl is knocked out of her shoes.

ON MADDEN AND SUMMERALL

Madden covers his face. Summerall looks pained.

SUMMERALL

Oh, my...

IN STANDS

Even the hardcore Todd, Rob and Bob can hardly look at the carnage.

OUTSIDE STANDS

A contingent of strike players like Eddie

Martel and Wilson Jones huddle in the parking lot. They are laughing their asses off as they watch on a personal TV.

ON FIELD

Cheerleaders are down and screaming in pain. Annabelle is running from girl to girl, doing triage.

ON BATEMAN

He's sheepishly standing to one side as

trainers come out to assist.

INT. BLOWUP HELMET

Jamal and Shane are examining the trip wire.
Obviously, they were sabotaged.

JAMAL
Bastards.

ANNOUNCER
(V.O.)
And now... uh, the rest
of the Washington
Redskins.

The rest of the team walks unceremoniously
out of the helmet and onto the field.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

BOOM! The Patriot kicker puts one in the end
zone for a touchback.

The ball is placed on the twenty as Shane and
the offense walk out onto the field.

Shane walks slowly toward the huddle that's
forming.

IN HUDDLE

Andre and Mickey Lee are arguing.

ANDRE
That's where I stand.

LEE
No it's not.

ANDRE
Come on, man, that's my
spot in the huddle.

ON SHANE

As he walks, we hear McGinty's voice in
Shane's helmet. Yes, they do it by one-way
helmet radio so the filtered voice you hear
is McGinty, speaking into his headset mike.

McGINTY (V.O.)
All right, son, nice
and easy now. Let's
run our ten planned

plays, get a feel for
the land...

Shane walks into the huddle and chaos.

ANDRE
... Fat fucking nip!
You don't know shit!

LEE
What did you call me?!

ANDRE
You heard me, you tub a
rice shit!

SHANE
Hold on, what's the
problem here?

Andre and Lee ignore Shane and start pushing
each other.

LEE
I'm gonna kick your
black ass...

ANDRE
You ain't kickin' jack
shit...

Now Jamal gets involved as Shane tries to get
between them.

JAMAL
(to Lee)
Don't be messing with
my brother...

SHANE
Hey, hold on...

ON REF

He's watching the play clock and when it gets
to zero he pulls his penalty flag and throws
it.

REF
Delay of game! Five
yards!

IN HUDDLE

Lee suddenly punches Andre through his face
guard. Andre knocks into Shane and spins him
around. Jamal then goes to punch Lee, he
misses and nails Shane in the back of the

helmet.

Shane goes down hard.

ON MADDEN AND SUMMERALL

They look confused.

SUMMERALL

... I don't know.
Something seems to be
going on in the huddle.
It looks like... yes,
Shane Falco is on his
back. They haven't run
a play yet but Falco is
down.

MADDEN

This is not a good
sign.

ON FIELD

Trainers race out to Shane, who is lying face
up with the huddle standing over him.

SHANE

(clearing the
cobwebs)
What happened? Am I
hurt already?

Shane sits up. Suddenly, he remembers what
happened.

SHANE

God damn it! I am the
quarterback! I am the
only one supposed to
talk in the huddle!

ANDRE

Yeah, but he took my
place...

SHANE

I don't give a shit!

Shane gets to his feet.

SHANE

Huddle up!

Everybody leans in.

SHANE

If you've got something
to say, raise your

hand! Is that
understood?!

Lee raises his hand. Shane grits his teeth
and nods.

LEE
Suppose like, you don't
feel good. Or you're
hurt or something like
that. Then what?

SHANE
Then you tell me before
the huddle starts!
Okay, listen up: 68
blue east storm toss.
On two.

Jamal raises his hand.

SHANE
What?!

JAMAL
That's to the right...
right?

ANDRE
No, it's to the left.

SHANE
It's to the right!

JAMAL
You better be quiet,
Shane, they'll hear
you.

We do hear a WHISTLE. A penalty flag flies
by.

REF
Delay of game! Five
yards!

Shane throws ups his hands.

ON MCGINTY

He's talking into his mike.

MCGINTY
What the hell is going
on?

ON MADDEN AND SUMMERALL

MADDEN

Well, Pat, so far the Redskins have minus ten yards offensively.

ON O'NEIL

He's in bed sucking oxygen watching the game. Augustine sits with him.

O'NEIL

Turn it off. This is going to kill me.

ON REDSKIN HUDDLE

It breaks this time and everyone runs to the line of scrimmage.

SHANE

Blue 68. Blue 68!
Hut! Hut!

On the snap, Shane turns to head off to Lamont but instead runs right into Jamal who knocks him down.

Shane looks up at Jamal.

SHANE

Have you suddenly decided you don't like me, Jamal?

JAMAL

Oh. You said it was to the right, didn't you?

IN HUDDLE

Shane leans in.

SHANE

Okay. Let's try something simple. 18 red left slot open.
(to Jamal)
That's to the left!

They break and Shane lines up over his center.

SHANE

Eighteen red! Eighteen red! Hut! Hut!

On the snap, Shane hands to Lamont who sweeps

left, cuts inside and picks up eight yards.

Shane is ecstatic.

SHANE

Yeah!

And then a penalty flag flies by.

REF

Holding! Number 78.

Shane looks at Jamal who is trying desperately to hide his number.

Shane leans in with the next play. Cochran, playing right tackle, can't resist.

COCHRAN

You see. We should have prayed.

SHANE

Shut up! Pass. 22
Solo right slot 'A,' Y
stick. On one.

They break and come to the line of scrimmage.

SHANE

Twenty-two green. Hut!

Shane does a play action fake to Lamont and then turns downfield.

Wham! He's buried by three defenders. The ball squirts loose and the Patriots recover.

ON PILACHOWSKI

He's livid on the sidelines. As his offensive line comes off he rants at them.

Shane hobbles off past:

The defense rushing onto the field led by Bateman.

SUMMERALL

(V.O.)
Washington comes up a
minus fourteen yards on
their first possession.

ON PATRIOTS

They break their huddle and come to the line of scrimmage. Bateman is snorting fire.

Earl Wilkinson (with SMITH on the back of his jersey) patrols the secondary and calls out the formation.

EARL
Wide right! You got
wide right! Check on
the wing!

The PATRIOT QUARTERBACK sets up over center.

PATRIOT QB
Blue fourteen!

Bam! Bateman runs offside and flattens the quarterback. Penalty flags fly everywhere.

ON SIDELINE

Defensive Coordinator Banes rolls his eyes.

The Ref moves the ball five yards and gives the offside sign.

ON PATRIOTS

They come out of the huddle again.

PATRIOT QB
Green eighty-seven!

Pow! Bateman dives offside again and forearms the Quarterback, knocking him on his back. Flags fly again.

One Patriot lineman makes the mistake of pushing Bateman. Bateman literally jumps on his head. More flags fly.

ON SIDELINE

Banes is screaming something unintelligible at Bateman.

ON BALL

It's marched downfield by the Ref, this time fifteen yards.

OVER this we hear:

SUMMERALL
(V.O.)
I think the Redskins
just set a record for
penalties in the first
three minutes. We're

waiting for the stats
on that...

Here come the Patriots again.

CUT TO:

FIRST HALF MONTAGE

A) SHANE

rolls to his right but the blitz is on
and he reverses and rolls left. He's
finally cornered and has to dump the ball
off. The pass is incomplete and he's
knocked on his ass.

B) SHANE

fakes to Lamont and rolls again. He
fires a bullet to Franklin on a down and
out. Clifford actually catches the ball,
then bobbles it and in trying to get
possession again, hands the ball to the
defender.

The defender can't believe it for a beat
and then he streaks down the sideline and
scores.

C) MCGINTY

just shakes his head.

D) TODD, ROB AND BOB

scream in pain. Rod pours his own beer
over his own head.

E) O'NEIL

looks disgusted as he watches with
Augustine.

F) BATEMAN

grabs the opposing running backs' face
mask and spins him around and around.
Flags fly everywhere.

G) SHANE

is on the run again looking for a
receiver. He finally throws the ball...
right into the hands of the opposing
safety.

Shane dives for the guy and misses. The
safety scores.

H) ANNABELLE

is trying desperately to get the crowd into the game by jumping up and down and waving her pom poms.

Five guys right in front of her get up from their seats, take all their stuff and leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAME - ANGLE ON SCOREBOARD - SECOND QUARTER

shows the Patriots up 17 to 0.

ON SHANE

He's rolling in the back field again looking for a receiver.

SHANE'S POV

Nothing but meat coming at him.

BACK TO SCENE

Shane panics and tosses the ball out of bounds. Shane looks at McGinty on the sidelines. We hear McGinty's voice.

McGINTY (V.O.)
You had Lamont open in
the flat.

Shane puts his head down like he knows it.

McGINTY (V.O.)
Come on, now, son.
Pick up your pace on
the roll. See the big
picture. Pump and
fake, pump and fake.

IN HUDDLE

Everyone is dirty, sweating bullets and breathing very hard.

Shane leans into the huddle.

Lee is raising his hand.

SHANE
What?

LEE
I don't feel good.

And with that he promptly vomits sixteen
eggs.

ANDRE
Oh, God!

COCHRAN
Ooooooh...

JAMAL
Man, that's ripe!

Everyone is reacting. Some players gag.

EVANS
Shane, we got to move!

SHANE
Okay. On the count of
three. Everyone more
left. Hut! Hut! Hut!

ON HUDDLE

Eleven bentover guys move in unison with tiny
steps to their left.

ON PATRIOTS' LINEBACKER

The guy watches the huddle moving.

PATRIOT LB
What the fuck is this?

ON MADDEN AND SUMMERALL

Summerall has his binoculars on the moving
huddle.

SUMMERALL
John, how many years
have we been calling
games together?

MADDEN
Seventeen, I think.

Pat just hands John the binoculars.

IN HUDDLE

Shane calls the play as they continue to move
as one.

SHANE

U brown right, west 19
A lead. That's you,
Mickey. Puke on him if
you have to.

ON HUDDLE

The huddle stops and they break for the line
of scrimmage.

ON LEE

He lines up face to face with the Patriots'
defensive end.

Lee breathes in the guy's face and the
Patriot gags.

SHANE (O.S.)

Hut!

Lee runs right over the guy. He's quickly
followed by Lamont with the ball.

Lamont runs for eighteen yards and a first
down.

ON PATRIOT DEFENSIVE END

He's waving for a substitute as he weaves off
the field.

MADDEN (V.O.)

Very nice off tackle
run by Lamont.
Execution was letter
perfect.

SUMMERALL

(V.O.)
That puts the Redskins
in field goal range.
And here comes Pacifico
to see if he can get
them on the board
before the half ends.

ON PACIFICO

He flicks his smoke away as he runs out onto
the field.

INT. BAR (QUEENS, NEW YORK)

A guy sitting at the bar turns his head

quickly to the televised game when he hears Pacifico's name.

This is the same mafioso type who saw Lou kick the ball that knocked the godfather's hat off. Remember?

EXT. BIG O - ON SHANE - DAY

He crouches down and waits for the snap from Evans.

Pacifico lines himself up.

MADDEN (V.O.)
This will be a forty-five yarder. That's a tough distance for your first N.F.L. field goal try.

SHANE
Hut!

It's a perfect snap. Shane spots it, Pacifico belts it.

And it goes through for three.

ON TODD, ROD AND BOB

They begin immediately singing "Hail to the Redskins," a march always sung after a score. They and the sparse crowd in the stadium know and sing every word.

ON PACIFICO

He gets high fives all around. Then Bateman runs up and in his ecstasy, slaps Pacifico in the head.

Pacifico goes down, knocked out cold.

ON CHEERLEADERS

Led by Annabelle, the girls are doing a stirring finale to "Hail to the Redskins."

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY (HALF-TIME)

Everyone is lying on the floor.

Shane has ice bags on his head, shoulder, elbow and both knees.

Pacifico is getting smelling salts from a trainer as Bateman hovers nearby waiting to apologize.

Mickey Lee is chewing ice.

Cochran is reading his Bible.

McGinty walks in and bends down to Shane.

McGINTY
(quietly)
You got to look for
Murray over the middle.
You got to trust me on
this: he's a big,
tough kid with good
hands.

SHANE
We can't put three
plays together without
a penalty, a fumble of
a fight.

McGINTY
You still got a whole
half left. You're a
thoroughbred out there
running against a bunch
a nags. You can pick
these fuckers apart.

Shane smiles through his pain.

SHANE
You're good. You're
really good.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The Patriots have the ball. Their
Quarterback drops back for a pass and throws
it.

ON WILKINSON

Earl is covering the intended receiver. He
deftly steps in front of the guy, and makes a
diving catch.

ON MADDEN AND SUMMERALL

SUMMERALL
Another terrific
interception by Smith.
That's his second.

Madden starts shuffling through pages.

MADDEN
Yeah, this guy is a
player.

He finds the paper he's looking for.

MADDEN
According to the
Redskins, Ray Smith...
is... that's weird. No
college given, no high
school given. It just
says he's been a
resident of the state
of Maryland for the
last four years and
five months. Likes to
embroider.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Shane is walking toward the huddle. In his
ear, he hears:

McGINTY (V.O)
Half your job is
getting that huddle in
the right mindset. Use
your imagination,
Shane.

Shane stops short of the huddle. Everyone is
looking at him.

There is a beat and then Shane steps in.

SHANE
Okay, let's all take a
few seconds to think
about what we were
doing for a living...
just last week.

Shane looks around the huddle. Everybody
looks pained and/or depressed.

SHANE
Good. Let's kick ass.
Red right pass 15 x

hook.

They break the huddle and Shane sets up over Evans. He glances over at Brian Murray.

Murray is lined up in a three point stance at tight end. But his head is turned and he's looking directly at Shane.

SHANE
Red fifteen! Red
fifteen! Hut!

Shane nods on the snap.

The front five, in the persons of Andre, Jamal, Reese, Mickey Lee and Cochran, hit out and simultaneously knock their men on their backs.

Shane, with plenty of time, hits Murray over the middle for twelve yards.

Shane looks over at the sidelines. McGinty is smiling.

MONTAGE

A) SHANE

is under pressure but he rolls smoothly and rockets the ball downfield.

Murray pulls it in for fifteen yards.

B) SHANE

rolls left off the shotgun, fights off a cornerback and throws back across field, complete to Lamont coming out of the backfield.

C) PATRIOT

is calling for a fair catch on a punt. He catches the ball but Bateman flies INTO FRAME and decks him. Flags fly.

D) ANDRE AND JAMAL

are blocking side by side, pushing their men back as Lamont squeezes through with the ball.

E) EVANS

is pass blocking like the all pro that he is. He knocks his man flat and then doubles up on Cochran's man.

F) BATEMAN

is pursuing a running back. He knocks down an official and runs right over him. Then he gets his hands on the running back and pushes him out of bounds and then knocks over a photographer.

G) SHANE

pumps once and then drills a twenty yard spiral.

Clifford Franklin beats his man and dives for the ball. He bobbles it, and then squeezes it to his stomach as he hits the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH - DAY

Madden uses his pen on the screen to try to explain a play. There are already lines everywhere.

MADDEN (V.O.)
... began with a
Redskin end around, but
Cochran, the pulling
tackle ran into Falco's
pitchout ... see?
(MORE)

MADDEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Right here, it bounced
off his helmet. Then
it was kicked by Landon
and then Hayes touched
it, I think, and then
Green got a hand on it,
and then Bellinski
recovered it and then
he lost it, and finally
the ball took a crazy
bounce right back into

Falco's hands, look at
his face here. He's as
surprised as anybody!
Falco then ran it back
to just about the
original line of
scrimmage, executed the
same play -- an end
around to Murray -- and
the Skins score.
Welcome to Strike
Football!

ON PACIFICO

Boom! He boots the extra point.

Scoreboard: Patriots 17, Redskins 10.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON

We're on the clock which shows one minute ten seconds left in the fourth quarter.

ON HUDDLE

It breaks and comes to the line of scrimmage. Shane drops into the shotgun.

SHANE

Hut, hut!

Shane rolls left but there's a blitz! The cornerback is almost on him when Shane shifts and rolls the other way.

ON FRANKLIN

He's wide open five yards from the goal line.

ON SHANE

They're breathing down his back.

SHANE'S POV

He sees Franklin and cocks his arm. Suddenly, opposing jerseys are everywhere.

Shane dumps the ball. He's immediately decked by a defensive end.

ON BALL

We watch the flight of it in SLOW MOTION. We FOLLOW it right INTO the hands of... a New England Patriot defensive back.

ON SHANE

He's down and not moving.

ON TODD, ROD AND BOB

They scream in despair.

ON ANNABELLE

She falls to her knees in pain.

SUMMERALL

(V.O.)
Falco is intercepted.
That's too bad.

MADDEN (V.O.)

Yeah, and it looks like
he's hurt, too. He was
really starting to put
it together here in the
fourth quarter. Only
forty-eight seconds now
left on the clock.

ON SHANE

He's helped off the field and onto the bench.

ON McGINTY

He grabs Bateman before he can run out onto
the field.

McGINTY

Danny.
(very slowly)
Get me the ball.

BATEMAN

The ball. Okay, Coach.

He runs out onto the field.

ON PATRIOTS

They line up.

PATRIOT QB

Hut, hut, hut!

The quarterback hands off to the running back
right up the middle in a typical "run out the
clock" play.

BAM! Bateman comes out of nowhere, decks the
runner and literally rips the ball out of his
hands as he goes down.

ON CROWD

They go wild!

ON ANNABELLE

She does a cartwheel.

ON MCGINTY

He's leaning over a groggy Shane on the bench.

McGINTY

Don't shake your head
at me. You are going
back in there. You are
gonna run the same god
damn play, you are
gonna throw the ball to
Franklin again and this
time, he's gonna score.

SHANE

I can't...

McGinty grabs some smelling salts from a hovering trainer.

He shoves them under Shane's nose. Shane is suddenly very awake.

McGINTY

You are the only one in
this entire stadium who
can do it. Do you
understand me? You can
do something no one
else can do. So, start
right here. Start
living your destiny.
Or give it up for good.
Right here. Right now.

Shane stares at him.

Then he stands up, wobbles and puts on his helmet.

ON HUDDLE

They're all turned and watching as Shane makes his way slowly out onto the field.

Annabelle watches him closely.

SUMMERALL

(V.O.)
Here comes Falco with

eighteen seconds left
on the clock.

MADDEN (V.O.)
I'm surprised to see
him again after that
shot he took from
Bellinski.

ON HUDDLE

It breaks and Shane stands over Evans and
looks out at the defense.

Nasty-looking linebackers and cornerbacks
stare at him.

SHANE
22 green!

His voice cracks and several defensive
players openly laugh at him.

Shane gets an idea.

SHANE
Check! Black 43!
Black 43!

ON ANDRE

He's down in a three-point stance facing a
defender. He whispers to Reese:

ANDRE
What's that mean?

REESE
(whispering
back)
He's changing the play.
Listen!

SHANE
Black 43!

MADDEN (V.O.)
It's a long count.
Falco could be calling
an audible.

ON LAMONT

He shifts position in the backfield.

LAMONT
(to Shane)
Is this right?

SHANE
(shaking his
head)
Black 43 left!

Lamont shifts again. Clifford goes in motion from his flanker position but then changes his mind and goes back the other way.

Lamont and Clifford then bump into each other.

ON PATRIOT DEFENSE

They are totally confused now as they try to adjust to the equally confused Redskins.

ON MCGINTY

He looks extremely pissed.

ON SHANE

SHANE
Hut! Hut!

He turns to hand the ball off to Lamont but Lamont is not there.

Shane turns the other way and sees Lamont just standing there looking at him. Shane runs over to him and hands him the ball.

Meanwhile, the Patriot defense is going the other direction.

Lamont takes off.

One cornerback is not taken in. The guy dives for Lamont's legs. We hear a CLANK as the cornerback's HELMET hits Lamont's industrial KNEE BRACE. The guy bounces off and Lamont trots into the end zone.

SUMMERALL
(V.O.)
Lamont scores!

MADDEN (V.O.)
Whoa! Falco calls an audible at the line of scrimmage and Lamont takes it in!

Shane, meanwhile, is looking at McGinty on the sidelines.

MCGINTY (V.O.)

(in Shane's
helmet)
I guess you saw
something I didn't.

Shane nods vigorously.

McGINTY (V.O.)
Don't try to bullshit
me, pal. You didn't
want it. Winners
always want the ball
with the game on the
line. You know that.

Shane looks down.

McGINTY (V.O.)
Alright. The play
is... waggie right,
drag hook. You
understand?

Shane nods.

ON O'NEIL

He looks ten years younger as he and
Augustine watch.

SUMMERALL
(V.O.)
With eight seconds
remaining, Pacifico
will try the extra
point that will send
this game into
overtime.

MADDEN (V.O.)
This turned out to be
one hell of a contest,
Pat!

ON PACIFICO

He sets up for the kick.

ON SHANE

He waits for the snap.

ON BRIAN MURRAY

He sets up at his flanker position.

SHANE

Hut!

Shane catches the snap and pitches the ball out to Murray from his holding position.

MADDEN (V.O.)

It's a fake!

The Patriot right defensive end breaks through and reaches for Murray. The only person in his way is Shane, still kneeling in the holding position. Shane screams as the huge lineman trips over him and then falls on him.

Murray sweeps around the right side and scores untouched.

Redskins win.

Everybody goes nuts.

ON O'NEIL

He pounds on Augustine.

ON TODD, ROD AND BOB

They pound on each other. Hail to the Redskins is deafening.

ON MCGINTY

He just smiles.

ON SHANE

He's still under the defensive end. Reese Evans pulls the guy off and bends down to Shane.

REESE

We won, Shane. We won!

Shane manages a painful smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WASHINGTON HILTON - BAR - NIGHT

It's packed with players, friends and assorted groupies.

Pacifico is smoking and talking non-stop to a group who hang on his every word.

Andre is already passed out at a booth.

Jamal supports one side of Andre so he doesn't fall over.

Murray is signing to several fans who sign back.

Clifford Franklin signs autographs.

Earl Wilkinson, dressed to the nines, is dancing close and slow with a gorgeous woman.

Shane is at the bar and he's not in good shape. He's got cuts and bruises visible and every time he moves he grimaces. The martinis are starting to help, however.

He's talking to a stunning WOMAN IN RED.

SHANE

... ultimately, it's a pain thing, you know? I mean, it's Darwinian, the survival of the numbest. Whoever can take the pain most, gets the largest contract. It's sick.

He finishes his martini and throws the olive over his shoulder.

WOMAN

IN RED
Exactly. Let me buy you another.

She signals to the bartender.

WOMAN IN RED

I don't know how you do it. I hate pain. Pain is a no no as far as I'm concerned.

Shane gets his new drink, takes a sip and visibly slumps at the bar.

SHANE

(slurring)
I'm glad that you are concerned.

WOMAN IN RED

Hey, are you alright?
I'll take you up to
your room, if you like.

Shane looks at her closely.

SHANE

I would like.

CUT TO::

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Shane weaves down the hallway with the Woman
In Red.

They stop at a door.

SHANE
Here's home.

Shane fumbles for a key.

Another stunning-looking woman suddenly
appears from down the hall. This is the
WOMAN IN BLUE.

WOMAN IN RED
A friend of mine is
going to join us, okay?

WOMAN IN BLUE
Hi. Ready to party?

She checks the hallway, takes the key from
Shane and sticks it in the lock.

SHANE
(looking at both
women)
Ooooooh. Bookends.

WOMAN IN BLUE

And you're the book,
baby.

Suddenly, Annabelle Farrell appears in the
hallway.

ANNABELLE
(to the girls)
Go away. Both of you.

WOMAN IN RED
Fuck off!

Crack! Annabelle punches her in the nose
with a straight right hand. The girl bounces
off the wall.

SHANE
(to Annabelle)
These are my guests.

WOMAN IN RED
(now bleeding)

You crazy bitch!

Both girls take off.

SHANE
Why did you do that?

Annabelle opens the door.

ANNABELLE
You were about to be
rolled.

SHANE
(as he enters)
That's what I was
hoping.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Annabelle is pulling the bed down as Shane
falls into a chair.

ANNABELLE
They work the bar
downstairs looking for
drunk Redskins.

Shane looks embarrassed.

SHANE
I guess they found one.

ANNABELLE
Don't feel so bad.
It's a rookie mistake.

She turns and sees that he's already passed
out.

She looks at him not unkindly. Then she
unbuckles his belt and starts pulling his
pants off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROOM - CLOSE ON SHANE'S BEAT UP FACE - DAWN

as he opens his eyes.

He rolls over and screams in pain.

ON ANNABELLE

She's wearing nothing but a Redskins' T-
shirt. She quickly bends over him.

ANNABELLE

Here. Take this.

SHANE
(groaning)
What is it?

ANNABELLE
It's for the pain.
Take it. It's only a
little bit illegal.

Shane takes it and swigs a glass of water.

SHANE
Oh, God. I've got to
go to the bathroom.
It's far away, isn't
it?

ANNABELLE
I'll help. We'll just
take our time.

She helps him get out of bed. When he
stands, he screams again.

ANNABELLE
Kidneys.

SHANE
Oh, man. My hair
hurts.

ANNABELLE
You took a hell of a
beating. The martinis
didn't help, either.

She walks him to the bathroom like an old
man. He shuffles in and closes the door.

ANNABELLE
Don't be afraid if
you've got blood in
your urine. That's
normal.

SHANE (O.S.)
Did you undress me?

ANNABELLE
Yes.

SHANE (O.S.)
And you... slept here
with me?

ANNABELLE
Yes.

SHANE (O.S.)
Did we... ?

ANNABELLE
Are you kidding? You
were catatonic.

He appears again at the door.

SHANE
No blood.

ANNABELLE
Good. Back to bed.

He leans on her as she walks him back.

He gets into bed with a moan.

SHANE
May I ask you a
personal question?

She nods.

SHANE
Do you do this for all
Redskin quarterbacks?

ANNABELLE
Of course not.

SHANE
Then why me?

Annabelle takes her time answering.

ANNABELLE
I don't know. I guess
I can't resist a man
who can take a hit.

SHANE
I can't take a hit!

Annabelle cradles his head.

ANNABELLE
Shhh. It's all in your
head. Now, get some
sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Annabelle walks up to Shane's door with a
stack of newspapers. She enters.

INT. ROOM - DAY

The bathroom door is closed. Annabelle talks
to him anyway.

ANNABELLE
You're the golden boy
in the press this
morning.

She reads a headline.

ANNABELLE
'Falco scores big.'
(to herself)
Well... not really.
(still reading)
Hey, a lot of the
regular players are
starting to cross the
picket line.

SHANE (O.S.)
Redskins?

ANNABELLE
It doesn't say.

Shane comes out of the bathroom dressed and
ready to go. He's still moving slowly and in
great pain.

ANNABELLE
Where are you going?

SHANE
McGinty called a dinner
meeting with the whole
team.

Shane tries to put on his coat, but he's so
sore he can't. Annabelle helps him.

SHANE
Thank you. Thanks
for... everything. You
saved my life.

ANNABELLE
No. Probably just your
wallet and your watch.

SHANE
And that pill, that
sure worked.

ANNABELLE
You're basic double D
Vicodin. But be
careful: It's habit-
forming. The best

stuff always is.

There's another awkward silence.

SHANE

Well...

ANNABELLE

Ice both knees and that
shoulder before bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFFORD FRANKLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clifford, still carrying his football, comes out of his apartment in a third floor walk-up. He's wearing his Redskins jacket.

As he turns around from locking his door, he stops dead in his tracks.

All of Clifford's neighbors, all the way down both halls, are standing in front of their doors.

They all start applauding.

Clifford smiles from ear to ear.

MONTAGE

A) ANDRE AND JAMAL

are trying to hail a cab on Wisconsin Avenue. Suddenly, one cab, then two, then four SLAM on their BRAKES.

Cabbies hop out to open their doors for the brothers.

B) ROLAND LAMONT

walks down G Street with Brian Murray. Brian spots something in a store window and stops Roland.

Roland gasps as he sees himself duplicated on ten TV screens in an appliance store. He's on tape being interviewed at a Redskins' practice.

C) EARL WILKINSON

dressed in casual chic, is moving quickly through Lord and Taylor's Department

Store with two sales clerks in tow. He stops, grabs four cashmere sweaters,

smells them, hands them to one clerk and
moves on.

D) LOU PACIFICO

is standing in front of the White House.
He has a line of ten people who are
paying five bucks for an autographed
picture of himself that he hands out from
a huge stack.

CUT TO:

EXT. PALM RESTAURANT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

We see Shane walk in the door.

INT. PALM - NIGHT

The Scabskins are all being served dinner in
a private room.

Mickey Lee is served a steak the size of a
briefcase. Andre and Jamal get lobsters big
enough to be pets.

Ed O'Neil is being fed pureed asparagus by
Augustine. When Augustine drops the napkin
and bends over, O'Neil whispers urgently to
Cochran who is enjoying a steak:

O'NEIL

I'll give you 50
thousand dollars for a
bite of that steak!

McGinty taps his glass at the head of the
table and stands.

McGINTY

Alright, listen up:
There have been a lot
of rumors about the
regular players
crossing the picket
lines. They are not
rumors. Many union
players have now seen
the error of their ways
and are coming back in

droves. Apparently,
they have been struck
with the realization
that it is a blessing
to be playing
professional football.

There is dead silence in the room. Everybody

thinks it's over.

McGINTY

But they had their
chance. Now it's your
turn. Mister O'Neil
and I have agreed to
ban all striking
players and to continue
to go with you guys.

There's a beat and then everyone breaks into
cheers.

Suddenly, the door flies open and a REPORTER
and a cameraman step in and start filming.
The Reporter shoves a microphone at McGinty.

REPORTER

Coach, what will be
your strategy against
New York this Sunday?

Out in the restaurant, patrons see the
players and a few break into "Hail to the
Redskins."

Suddenly, the whole restaurant starts
singing.

Shane looks embarrassed.

Pacifico stands up on his seat, and conducts
the singing.

Andre and Jamal hold their lobsters in the
air and make them dance to the song.

CUT TO:

INT. EDDIE MARTEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We're ON a TELEVISION showing Pacifico
conducting and the entire restaurant singing.

Eddie Martel (Redskin quarterback) is
watching the scene at home on the late local
news.

NEWSPERSON

(V.O.)
... The Palm patrons
showed an impromptu
appreciation tonight
for the new Washington
Redskins. They may be
unknowns and far from
superstars, but it sure
looks like they have
charmed the fans.

Martel looks very angry.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Shane answers his door. Annabelle is standing there.

SHANE
Hi. Come in.

ANNABELLE
No.

She gives him a bottle of pills.

ANNABELLE
We don't travel with the team. So, here's Tylenol with codeine, regular Vicodins, the magic bullet one that I gave you before, and a couple of Darvons if you actually break something. Pop 'em in the ambulance.

SHANE
Wow. Thanks.

ANNABELLE
I'll be watching on TV. The Giants got back three of their four defensive linemen.

Plus their middle linebacker.

SHANE
Yeah. I know.

ANNABELLE
What can I say? Go from the shotgun and scramble your ass off.

Shane smiles at her.

She suddenly grabs him and they kiss big-time.

Then she breaks and walks quickly away.

Shane doesn't know what to make of this.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEADOWLANDS (NEW JERSEY) - DAY

We're DOWN ON the field in the middle of a play.

Shane is running away from three New York Giant defensive linemen.

Shane is not even looking for a receiver. He's looking to save his life.

Finally, he's caught by a six-foot-five, two hundred and seventy pound defensive end named HANK MORRIS, who throws him down and lands on top of him. Oooof!

MORRIS
(in Shane's ear)
Hello, again!

INT. CONTROL BOOTH - ON SUMMERALL AND MADDEN - DAY

They're back in their booth calling the game.

MADDEN
That's all-pro Hank
Morris's third sack,
his second here in the
fourth quarter and the
sixth of the day for

the Giants. Falco is
gonna be sore tonight.

SUMMERALL
If he can stay alive
that long. Ten-three
New York in what has
turned out to be an
incredible defensive
duel.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

Jerome Lindell is once again outside the stadium, picketing with a smaller group of players.

He does his interview on camera, standing in front of a huge semi-truck.

And a big, overweight truck driver stands next to him.

LINDELL
... because it's about
brothers, and

brotherhood and
standing together
against the oppressors.
That's why I am so
grateful to our
Teamster brothers who
have joined us here
today in New York to
protest the greed squad
known as the N.F.L.
owners.

The truck driver suddenly pumps his arm and a
CACOPHONY OF TRUCK AIR HORNS GO OFF.

It's deafening but Lindell smiles through it
all.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Shane is rolling out with Morris on his heels
again. He can't find anyone open and runs
out of bounds.

IN HUDDLE

Everybody is breathing hard, beat-up and
exhausted. Shane leans in.

SHANE
(to Reese Evans)
You got to double up on
Morris.

EVANS
He's too far outside
for me to get to him.
(to Cochran)
Bring him down and sit
on him.

COCHRAN
He's huge! He's been
beating the crap out of
me all day! I feel
like a rag doll out
here.

LEE
I'll help this time.

SHANE
Okay. Spread left 'A'
Right, roll right Half
Back Sail. On two.

They break. Shane sets up in the shotgun.

SHANE

Red, fifteen. Hut,
hut!

On the snap, Lee and Cochran double-team
Morris.

Morris slaps Cochran away like, well, a rag
doll, and then confronts the Sumo master.

He bumps stomachs with Lee. Lee flies
through the air and lands on his ass.

ON SHANE

He spots his receiver, he cocks his arm and
wham! Morris decks him. And, of course,
lands on him. Oooof!

MORRIS

(to Shane)
It's just me, fuck-
face!

In order to get up, Morris puts one huge hand
on Shane's helmet and pushes himself up.
Shane moans as his face guard digs a four-
inch hole in the turf.

ON MCGINTY

He's talking into his mike.

MCGINTY
You want a time-out?
That looks like it
hurt.

Shane gets up. He's got a huge piece of turf
stuck in his face guard so that for a beat,
we can't even see him.

Then he pulls out the dirt and grass, and we
see Shane really pissed off for the first
time.

SHANE
Huddle up!

Everyone gathers around.

SHANE
Same thing... Except...
(to Lee and
Cochran)
Let him in. Don't
touch him.

LEE

What?

EVANS

Shane...

SHANE

Shut up! Let him
through. On two.

They break the huddle. Shane goes into a
shotgun.

SHANE

Red fifteen. Hut!

Hut!

Shane does a three-step drop from the
shotgun.

Cochran and Lee hit out on either side of
Morris, giving him a clear shot at Shane.

Morris comes hard and fast.

Shane looks downfield, winds up, turns and
fires the ball at Morris's head.

The ball goes like a bullet for five feet and
then sticks like a dart in Morris's face
guard.

For a moment, Morris is blinded.

And Shane is dumbfounded.

Then Morris starts to wrestle the ball out of
his mask.

SHANE

Get him!

Andre and Jamal grab onto Morris who starts
stumbling down field with the ball still
stuck in his helmet.

MADDEN (V.O.)

Morris intercepts!
Wait! The ball is
stuck in his face!

But Morris won't go down. He's still trying
to pry the ball loose as he throws off Jamal.

Then he shakes off Andre.

ON BRIAN MURRAY

He's in SLOW MOTION in midair, diving towards
Morris.

MURRAY'S POV

It's absolutely QUIET (he's deaf, remember?) as he soars towards Morris's head, helmet and ball.

Wham! Murray's full body weight hits Morris in the helmet, which flies off and rolls across the field with the ball still stuck in it.

OUT OF THE SILENCE, we suddenly hear the hit and the crowd roar.

Morris goes down like a building with Murray buried in his throat.

ON ROOM (D.C.)

Todd, Rod and Bob are destroying Todd's den in reaction to the hit.

ON ANOTHER LIVING ROOM

Annabelle is screaming "Whoa!" to that hit.

ON O'NEIL AND AUGUSTINE

They're watching ON TV.

O'NEIL
Now that's a hit!

ON BALL AND HELMET

It's in the very chubby hands of Mickey Lee, who is rumbling downfield with the fumble/helmet recovery.

New York players have been slow to pick this up because they, too, have been admiring the lick that Murray put on Morris.

Suddenly, the whole team is chasing Lee.

They catch him pretty easily at the twenty, but Lee represents a lot of weight.

Lee staggers across the ten, shaking players off left and right.

One defensive halfback sacrifices himself and throws himself at Lee's feet.

Lee trips over the guy, gains his footing

again, walks on the guy (who screams in agony) and falls into the end zone carrying three players with him.

ON MADDEN AND SUMMERALL

John is beside himself.

MADDEN
Lee scores! Lee
scores! Lee scores! I
love to see a fat guy
score!

ON LEE

He gets up in jubilation, spikes the ball/helmet combination, and runs through the back of the end zone.

But he doesn't stop. He's aiming for a low wall that separates the first row of fans from the field.

ON FOUR FANS

They see Mickey rumbling at them and they all get the picture at the same time. They scream!

ON MICKEY

He launches himself into the stands in ecstasy.

ON FOUR FANS

Crunch! Lee lands on all four of them.

ON FOOTBALL

It's hiked into Shane's hands and Pacifico boots the extra point.

ON SCOREBOARD

"Giants 10 -- Redskins 10
TIME REMAINING: 58 seconds."

ON SIDELINE

Murray and Lee are getting congratulations from everyone.

PACIFICO
(to Murray)
What a hit!
(slower)
What a hit!

Murray nods that he understands.

EVANS
(to Murray)
I'm proud of you, kid.

Jamal and Andre are hugging Lee. In the b.g., we can see paramedics lifting one of Lee's four fans onto a stretcher.

ANDRE
You're the one, you're
the one, you're the
one...

LEE
You think that's worth
a shoe deal?

McGinty walks into the middle of it.

McGINTY
Stop with the lovefest!
Let's get the goddamn
ball back and win this
thing!

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

We're CLOSE ON Bateman as he lines up for the kick-off. Everybody in the stadium knows that an on-side kick is coming.

Bateman is standing in the hot spot for recovering the ball.

Shane and everyone with decent hands is on the field.

Pacifico lines it up and boots it ten yards.

The ball takes a crazy hop, hits a Giant, and ricochets off him.

Bateman runs over two guys and grabs the ball on the bounce. He's got it.

But Bateman doesn't go down. He turns and starts running across the field.

Shane runs after him.

SHANE

No! Danny, go down!
You're using up the
clock!

But Bateman likes this new job: kick-off
returner! Especially after he runs over a
Giant and stiff-arms another.

Bateman is finally trapped on the far
sideline after gaining perhaps eight yards.

So, he turns and starts running back the
other way.

Shane has been chasing him and now sees
Bateman running back at him.

Shane has no choice but to throw himself in
front of Bateman's legs.

Bateman goes down.

Shane jumps up:

SHANE

(to ref)

Time out!

Bateman looks up at Shane.

BATEMAN

Beautiful tackle,
Shane!

SUMMERALL

(V.O.)

Now that's something
you don't see everyday!

ON CLOCK

Bateman has burned up most of the clock.
Eighteen seconds remain.

ON SIDELINE

McGinty, Shane and Pacifico confer.

SHANE

We got time for one
play, but if we don't
get it out of bounds,
the game is over.

McGINTY

Yeah, but you're
looking at a sixty-five
yard kick from here.

PACIFICO
(smoking a butt)
No problem.

SHANE
Seriously?

PACIFICO
(to Shane)
You hold it. I'll kick
it.

McGinty looks at Shane and they both shrug.

McGINTY
What the fuck.

ON SUMMERALL AND MADDEN

Madden can't believe it.

MADDEN
I can't believe it!
McGinty is gonna let
Pacifico try the field
goal from sixty-five
yards out!

SUMMERALL
Hey, John, this kid has
got a heck of a foot.

STRAM
But sixty-five yards?
Come on!

ON SHANE

He's set up to receive the snap.

Pacifico lines himself up the way soccer-
style kickers do.

Then he takes a drag on his smoke, and flicks
it away.

MADDEN (V.O.)
Pat... did he just? I
think that guy is
smoking on the field!

SUMMERALL
(V.O.)
No, I think you
imagined that one,
John.

Shane looks at Pacifico and his clean

uniform.

Then Shane looks at his own uniform which is covered with blood, dirt, and grass stains.

Pacifico looks clean.

SHANE

You look great, Lou,
you know that?

Pacifico is really touched.

LOU

Really? Thanks, Shane.
That means a lot to me.

Shane turns to Evans who smiles at him between his own legs.

SHANE

Hut!

The snap is perfect. Pacifico boots the shit out of it.

ON BALL

End over end, yard after yard, it flies straight and true.

MADDEN (V.O.)

It's straight enough!
If it's got the
distance, it's...

The ball hits the crossbar and goes over.

MADDEN (V.O.)

Good! Redskins win!

Everybody goes crazy. Players are pounding on Pacifico. But Pacifico is desperately looking around for someone.

He spots him: It's Bateman running flat-out across the field to congratulate him.

Pacifico runs for his life.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Shane knocks. After a beat, the door opens and Annabelle is standing there rubbing her eyes. She's wearing a cut-off Redskin jersey.

ANNABELLE

Are you hurt?

SHANE
No. Not really.

ANNABELLE
You're getting used to
being slapped around.
That's a good sign.

SHANE
I...

Nothing comes out.

ANNABELLE
Would you like to come
in and make love?

SHANE
Yes. No. I'm here
because ... I don't
want to be alone.

ANNABELLE
Most of the world feels
that way. You don't
have to be embarrassed
about it.

SHANE
But to tell you the
truth... I'm kind of
scared of you.

Annabelle takes that in and thinks about it.

ANNABELLE
I won't hurt you.

She takes his hand and leads him inside.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNABELLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Annabelle is giving Shane a slow, sensuous,
full-body massage. It's lucky for us he's on
his stomach.

Shane does a lot of moaning as Annabelle's
fingers work their magic.

She gets to a place on his shoulder that's
especially tender. He moans even louder.

ANNABELLE
That shoulder is going
to need special
handling.

Annabelle pulls her jersey off and gently presses her breasts into Shane's back.

Shane puts a pillow over his head to drown out the ecstasy.

After a beat, he pulls the pillow away.

SHANE

You know what hurts

worse than my shoulder?

ANNABELLE

I can't imagine.

SHANE

Their defensive end
punched me in the
mouth.

Annabelle starts laughing.

SHANE

Seriously. It's
killing me.

Annabelle is laughing hard now as Shane rolls over.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANNABELLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shane and Annabelle are in a close, after-sex kind of cuddle thing.

Shane is unburdening himself.

SHANE

... after that game,
after being beaten that
badly in front of the
whole country, after
humiliating myself, my
team, my school, my
family, I mean -- did
you know that I set two
Sugar Bowl records?! I
was sacked eleven
times! I threw six
interceptions!

ANNABELLE

Okay. Calm down.

SHANE

Anyway, after that, I
could never seem to

adjust in the pros. I
was too scared. I lost
my balls.

We see Annabelle's hand move slightly under
the covers.

ANNABELLE
Well, they're back.

SHANE
You know what I mean.
My nerve. I lost the
edge you need to play
this game.

ANNABELLE
I don't believe that.
I don't think it just
goes away. It was only
one bad day, Shane.
Everybody has those.

SHANE
No. Somehow, I
convinced myself that I
couldn't ever win the
big game. I got so
down, that I was afraid
to be playing when a
game was on the line.
I was afraid to screw
up. That's the sure
sign of a loser. From
there, it wasn't very
far to thinking that
I'll never win, that I
didn't deserve to win
at anything. Including
love.

ANNABELLE
You're wrong. You're
winning now. You're
winning me.

They kiss real good.

CUT TO:

EXT. O'NEIL MANSION - MORNING

It's a huge town house in Foggy Bottom. Its
entrance is now lined with REPORTERS.

One is speaking ON CAMERA to his anchor.

REPORTER

Bob, I'm standing in front of Redskins owner, Edward Frances O'Neil's home and all we know right now is that the Washington player previously known as Ray Smith is in fact Earl Samuel Wilkinson...

INSERT

We see two photographs of Earl: One with his current beard and the other, his clean-shaven mug shot of five years ago.

REPORTER (O.S.)
... the All Pro Miami Safety who was serving five to seven years in the Maryland state penitentiary for three counts of aggravated assault. As you may recall, one of those counts was against a Baltimore City police officer and resulted in that officer being hospitalized for quite some time.

INT. STUDIO - ANCHOR

He's doing his sports segment from the studio.

ANCHOR
Any idea how Wilkinson's identity was discovered and who leaked it to the media?

REPORTER
No, Bob, but rumor has it that the National Football League Player's Association had something to do with it.

ANCHOR
Thanks, Hank.
(TO CAMERA)
In other N.F.L. news, almost sixty percent of the regular players have now crossed the

picket lines and more
are crossing every day.
The strike, now in its
second week, is
expected to go out with
a fizzle. Most experts
think that the Monday
night Dallas/Washington
game will be the last
with replacement
players. But even that
game will feature at
least 75 percent of the
regular Cowboys. Coach
James McGinty will try
to make it a perfect
three and O with a team
made up totally of
replacement players.
Well... and one felon.
(pause)
That we know of.

CUT TO:

INT. O'NEIL'S BEDROOM - DAY

McGinty stares out the window at the
reporters as Augustine feeds O'Neil soup.

McGINTY

Stop worrying. The
N.F.L. doesn't care if
he played under an
assumed name.
Everything was legal.
He was let out on a
work release program.
He'll be kept under
house arrest but he'll
still be able to play.

O'NEIL

Where are we gonna keep
him?

McGINTY

In the stadium. We'll
fix up something
comfortable for him and
he'll get his exercise
by kicking the shit out
of N.F.L. receivers.

O'NEIL

How did you pull that
off?

McGINTY

How else? With your

money.

O'NEIL
(to Augustine)
Take this cow piss out
of here.

AUGUSTINE
You used to love
asparagus soup. They
say that when the taste
buds go, you're at the
beginning of the end.

Augustine leaves with the tray.

McGINTY

I want to keep Falco
after the strike ends.
As Martel's back-up.

O'NEIL
Let's keep 'em all.
The hell with the
regulars.

McGINTY
You've got to take the
union players back once
the strike ends. It's
part of the collective
bargaining agreement.

O'NEIL
The hell I do! I'm
dying! Let 'em sue me.

McGINTY
They'll do worse than

that. They'll close
down the stadium.

O'NEIL
God damn 'em! Then you
got to beat Dallas.
The whole country will
be watching. All those
millionaires down there
deserve to have their
noses rubbed in it.

McGINTY
Ed, let's be honest:
beating Dallas is gonna
be a hell of a trick.

O'NEIL
You can pull it off.
You proved that winning

doesn't have to look
pretty. These boys are
hungry for it, Jimmy.
(MORE)

O'NEIL (CONT'D)
There's nothin' more
dangerous in all of
sports than a hungry
team. I remember back
in '47, we were playing
Nebraska in the mud...

McGINTY
(interrupting)
Ed, I'm begging you --
no Notre Dame stories.

O'NEIL
Okay, Jimmy, okay. But
you beat Dallas for me,
and then I'll go gently
into that night.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR SHOWROOM - DAY

We're ON Mickey Lee, who is wearing his
Redskin game jersey with no pads. He's
stuffed into a Cadillac Brougham, a big-ass
version of the Caddy.

He's talking directly TO US.

LEE
You'll score, too, with
a Cadillac from Coleman
Cadillac. It's a big
car for a big man.

Mickey is very wooden as a spokesperson. He
tries again.

LEE
(same thing)
You'll score, too, with
a Cadillac from
Coleman's Cadillac.
It's a big car for a
big man.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
That's good, Mickey,
that's real good.
Let's try it again.

Mickey looks game.

MONTAGE

A) EXT. STADIUM

Andre, Jamal, Brian Murray, Roland Lamont, Daniel Bateman, Lou Pacifico and Shane are standing outside the stadium after practice. They are all mobbed by autograph seekers.

All of them are signing as fast as they can.

B) EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT

The guys are on the grounds of the Washington Monument. They are lined up against a bunch of little kids. Shane takes the snap. (The ball is a miniature rubber football.)

All the linemen fall down. The kids blitz and sack Shane for a big loss.

Annabelle watches and laughs and claps.

C) MICKEY LEE

still crammed into the Cadillac. He looks exhausted and pissed.

LEE

(in a monotone)

You'll score, too, with a Cadillac from Coleman Cadillac. It's a big car, for a big man.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Okay. Good. That was good. Let's try it again...

LEE

(exploding)

What?! I'm not doing it again! Who are you, Orson Welles?! This is nuts!

Lee tries unsuccessfully to get out of the car.

D) ALL REPLACEMENT PLAYERS

are lined up in Redskin jerseys, minus pads. It's team picture day and everyone looks happy to be there.

CUT TO:

INT. HILTON - NIGHT

Shane walks down the hall to his room. He enters.

INT. SHANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

He walks in and closes the door.

When he turns around, Eddie Martel, ex-Washington Redskin quarterback, is sitting on Shane's bed.

Two defensive linemen-types stand by the window.

SHANE

What's this?

MARTEL

This is a visit.

SHANE

A visit. Who let you in?

MARTEL

I used to nail one of the housekeepers.

SHANE

Lucky girl.

MARTEL

(pointing to the linemen)

You know who these guys are, don't you?

SHANE

Dallas Cowboys. Howdy.

MARTEL

You'll be seeing a lot of these guys tomorrow.

SHANE

What do you want?

MARTEL

Who, me? Not much. But these boys wanted a little head start on you.

There's a beat and then Shane suddenly bolts for the door. But the two linemen grab and hold him.

SHANE

I'm flattered that you actually think we have a chance to win.

MARTEL

It can be a game of luck. And under no circumstances can we allow a scab team to go three and 0. Especially against the Dallas Cowboys. It's just not good for the game.

SHANE

Is the union behind this 'visit'?

MARTEL

I can't really say, Shane. By the way, have you ever tried throwing a football with bruised ribs?

He kicks Shane viciously in the side. Shane screams.

MARTEL

The pain makes it damn near impossible.

The linemen drops Shane on the floor.

MARTEL

And one other thing: I want you to stay away from Annabelle.

Shane is gasping on the floor.

MARTEL

The sad fact is she won't give me the time of day. But you can't have everything I want. I can't let that happen. So, you gotta stop seeing her. Just on principle.

Martel viciously kicks Shane again. Shane screams.

MARTEL

Let me hear you say it.

Shane is trying to get his breath.

MARTEL

Come on. You can do
it.

SHANE

(barely visible)
I won't go out with her

anymore.

MARTEL

Good.
(to the linemen)
Gentlemen?
(to Shane)
Hey, have a great game!

They move toward the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIG O - MAGIC HOUR

Once again, fans stream into the parking
lots.

In a corner of a lot, Jerome Lindell is once
again holding forth ON CAMERA.

But this time, he's standing with a hard-
looking guy in a suit, named MATHESON.

LINDELL

I think that Mister
Matheson here, and
myself, are very close
to an agreement that
will put the 'pro' back
in pro-football.

REPORTER

Mister Matheson, what
are the sticking points
in the negotiations as
far as the owners are
concerned?

MATHESON

Only one: that the
players immediately go
back to work with no
change in the existing
contract.

Lindell looks uncomfortable. But he smiles
anyway.

CUT TO:

INT. MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL BOOTH - NIGHT

The familiar "MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL THEME SONG" is just ending. AL MICHAELS does his on camera intro.

AL

Good evening from the Big O here in Washington D.C. where the mighty Dallas Cowboys take on the Cinderella Washington 'Scabskins' as they have come to be known. Hi, I'm Al Michaels and we are witnesses to a unique matchup tonight as Shane Falco and a contingent of strike players go up against the entire regular squad of the Dallas Cowboys. Yes, you heard right: every Cowboy has now crossed the picket line, some as late as this afternoon, and they will all play tonight. Can a rag tag group of hasbeens and castoffs stand up to what was once called America's team? And what about the strike itself? It has been so ineffective that many predict it will be over before this game ends. Stay tuned as Boomer and Dan join me for strike ball, D.C. style.

EXT. STADIUM - MAGIC HOUR

Eddie Martel, Wilson Jones and other regular Redskins take their seats on the fifty yard line.

CUT TO:

INT. REDSKIN LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is just about dressed in their uniforms and ready to go.

Lou Pacifico enters in street clothes and starts undressing quickly. He looks worried.

Shane watches Lou for a beat. We see Shane shift his upper body and grimace.

McGinty enters and pulls Shane aside.

McGINTY
Congratulations. It's official. You're staying on after the strike.

Shane smiles in spite of the pain.

McGINTY
It's probably better that you not say anything to the rest of the guys until after the game. Okay?

SHANE
Whatever you say, Coach.

McGinty walks into the middle of the locker room and goes into pre-game speech mode.

McGINTY
Alright, listen up. The strike is just about history. By tomorrow, you will no longer be Redskins. It's important that you leave here, however, with the knowledge that you have made a difference in your own life, in the owner's life -- or what's left of it -- and especially the fans'. You have proven to a skeptical America that sports is not about contracts, or agents or shoe deals. Sports is about rising

to the occasion. We have one more opportunity tonight to do that, one more chance to show what heart is all about. The Dallas Cowboys are waiting out there to kill you. I expect nothing less than for you to win even in your death throes. We have

a powerful weapon on
our side tonight:
there is no tomorrow
for most of you. And
that makes you very
dangerous people. Use
it.

CUT TO:

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

Boom! Pacifico belts the kick-off deep into
the end zone. Touchback.

ON AL, DAN AND BOOMER

The three hosts sit in shirtsleeves and ties,
headphones on.

AL
That is one very big
leg on Lou Pacifico.
He's a big reason why
this strike team is two
and 0.

DAN
But the fact is, a
kicker does not an
offense make. I think
tonight the Scabskins
will have a very rude
awakening.

BOOMER
But you have to admit,
Dan, Falco is proving
to be the real thing.

DAN
Well, Boomer, no, I
don't have to admit
anything.

BOOMER
(rolling his
eyes)
Here we go...

Everybody laughs politely.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Bam! Earl Wilkinson flattens a Dallas punt
returner. He's now wearing a jersey with his

real name on the back.

ON TODD, ROD AND BOB

Bob is dressed in a striped convict suit with Wilkinson's number on it.

He gets high fives from Todd and Rod for Wilkinson's hit.

ON SHANE

He walks out onto the field to join the huddle.

ANNABELLE

Shane!

He turns and sees a smiling Annabelle.

Shane gives her a guilty wave and then cringes with the pain of just having to lift his arm.

ON LINE OF SCRIMMAGE

The Redskins line up. Cochran is opposite Butler, the big tackle that "visited" Shane's room.

COCHRAN

(to Butler)

I just want to say what
an honor it is to play
opposite you. And if
it's not too much
trouble, I would love
to have your autograph.

BUTLER

No problem.

SHANE (O.S.)

Hut! Hut!

On the snap, Butler bashes Cochran's head with his forearm and knocks his helmet off. Then he runs over him.

ON SHANE

He under-throws a very weak-looking pass to Lamont.

Shane grits his teeth against the pain.

ON COCHRAN

He's dazed and still on the ground.

Butler walks over and bends down to him.

BUTLER

I'm gonna autograph
your body with bruises,
you scab-ass son of a
bitch!

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Shane is in the backfield, once again running
for his life.

He's rolling left with Butler on his heels.
He throws another weak incomplete pass to
Murray.

Shane is crushed by Butler after he throws
the ball.

BUTLER

How's that side feel?

SHANE

(grimacing)
Like Christmas morning.

Butler leans on Shane's side as he gets up.
Shane gasps with pain.

ON MCGINTY

He's watching Shane closely. Then he talks
into his mike.

MCGINTY

What's the matter with
your arm? Are you
alright?

ON AL, DAN AND BOOMER

They're watching the replay on their monitor.
Dan is very happy.

DAN

What pursuit! Butler
never gave up on him.
That's a 270-pound guy
who moves like a

halfback.

BOOMER

Dan, I think Butler's
hit on Falco was late,
to tell you the truth.

DAN

Well, of course you do.
You were a wimp
quarterback.

AL

Easy, guys.

Some laughter.

CUT TO:

FIRST-HALF MONTAGE

A) DALLAS KICKER

Boom! The Dallas kicker puts away the
extra point after a score.

ON SCOREBOARD

Dallas 7, Washington 0.

B) SHANE

is under pressure as he rolls out. When
a defensive lineman gets close, he throws
the ball away like we've seen him do
before. A defensive back intercepts.
Dallas's ball.

C) BALL

Boom! The ball goes through the uprights
for a Dallas field goal.

ON SCOREBOARD

Dallas 10, Washington 0.

D) AUGUSTINE

massages O'Neil's feet as the old man
watches the game. He looks worried.

E) PACIFICO

smokes and stalks the sidelines. He
looks up into the stands and sees the
mafioso type looking down at him.

F) SHANE

steps up in the pocket. He looks downfield but in the face of the pass rush, he throws the ball weakly out of bounds.

G) LEE

is pass-blocking but the first guy spins him around and the second guy runs right around him.

H) BATEMAN

is double-teamed on a pass rush. He spins but he can get no leverage against his opponents. When the play ends, he

pushes one of them.

A penalty flag flies by.

I) ROLAND LAMONT

takes a pitch out, is immediately hit hard and loses the ball. A cornerback picks it up and takes it all the way for a Dallas score.

J) WILKINSON

steps up and bats a ball away from a Dallas receiver. A flag flies. Wilkinson argues the call.

K) COCHRAN

is lined up across from Butler. On the snap, Butler slaps Cochran in the face mask with his big, fat club of a hand. Cochran disappears OUT OF FRAME.

L) DALLAS KICKER

Boom! The Dallas kicker puts away the extra point after a Dallas touchdown.

SCOREBOARD

Dallas 24, Washington 0.

M) EDDIE MARTEL, WILSON JONES AND OTHER REDSKINS

sitting in the stands look satisfied.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The Redskins huddle. Shane is in pain. He

looks up at the clock.

ON CLOCK

There's thirty-two seconds left in the half.

SHANE

Okay. Red right 15 X
hook.

The break the huddle and come to the line of
scrimmage.

SHANE

15 X hut!

Shane rolls right and looks downfield. He
holds the ball and keeps rolling. No one can
get open.

Suddenly, Lamont cuts in front of him and
yells:

LAMONT

Shane!

Lamont sees an open lane and Shane follows
him. He eats up 15 yards before two
defensive halfbacks close in.

Lamont throws an incredible block and takes
out both guys.

Shane blows by and heads for the end zone.
Only a safety stands between Shane and pay
dirt.

CLOSE ON SHANE

His side is killing him with every step he
takes.

When the safety moves up on him, Shane panics
and goes down in the same kind of slide that
Eddie Martel did in the beginning.

Boom! The GUN SOUNDS and the half ends.

Shane sees Redskin trainers running out onto
the field.

He turns and sees Lamont rolling on the
ground in pain as he holds his bad knee.

CUT TO:

INT. MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL BOOTH - NIGHT

The boys are doing their half-time stand up.

AL

That's the end of the

first half and not surprisingly, it was all Dallas. The Cowboys had over two hundred yards offensively versus Washington's frankly pathetic thirty-eight yards. That's total offense. Falco got close to scoring on the last play of the half but he appeared to have slipped. By the way, running back Roland Lamont was hurt on that play and word is he's on his way to the hospital.

DAN

Al, the battle is being fought and won in the trenches. You can't expect a bunch of pick-up players to stand up to a professional pass rush like the Cowboys.

BOOMER

There's still a whole half left, Dan. And remember, Falco is proving to be a second-half quarterback.

DAN

You got to be kidding.

BOOMER

Those big, fat boys in the trenches get awful tired. You ought to know that, Dan.

No laughter.

AL

Okay, let's join Chris Berman with our half-time show. Chris?

After a beat we hear:

DIRECTOR (V.O.)

Clear!

AL
What's wrong with you
guys?!

BOOMER
He started it.

DAN
I did not! You called
me fat!

BOOMER
I did not! But you
are!

Dan reaches across Al and grabs Boomer by the
throat.

AL
Stop it!

The three of them start wrestling in the
booth.

CUT TO:

INT. REDSKIN LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is nursing a bruise or some sort of
wound. Shane is nowhere to be seen.

McGinty walks into the middle of the locker
room.

McGINTY
Alright, listen up:
The strike is
officially over.
They're announcing it
on TV right now. So
this is it, gentlemen.
We have one half left
to keep from being
totally humiliated.
You are better than the
present score. You
have nothing but your
own self-respect riding
on this game. It's up
to you. Here's your

swan song, people. How
are you gonna sing it?

And with that he walks out. Everybody looks
beaten and depressed.

EXT. OUTSIDE LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Shane stops two paramedics who push Roland Lamont on a stretcher. Roland is really hurting.

SHANE
I'm sorry, Roland.
That was a great block.

ROLAND
For my last play in
football, I'll take
that block.

Shane looks terribly guilty.

ROLAND
I thought you were
going to score. What
happened? Did you
slip?

Shane can't look at him, but he nods.

ROLAND
That's what I thought.

SHANE
You were a warrior,
Roland. I'm gonna miss
you.

ROLAND
It was a dream come
true. Go kick some ass
for me.

The paramedics roll him away. Shane slumps
against the wall near tears.

McGinty comes out of the locker room. He
locks eyes with Shane for a beat.

And then McGinty turns his back on him and
walks away.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Everyone is quiet. Shane walks in.

SID, the equipment manager, sees him and
yells.

SID
Hey, Shane, I just
heard.
Congratulations!

He smacks Shane on his bad side and Shane
grimaces.

WILKINSON

Congratulations on
what?

SID

Shane is staying on.
He's gonna be Martel's
backup.

Everyone stares at Shane for a beat.

ANDRE

Is that true?

SHANE

Yes, Andre. It's true.

Nobody says anything for a beat.

FRANKLIN

I got to tell you,
Shane, you played the
first half like you
were staying. Like you
already had a contract.

Shane looks around the room at this beaten
bunch. No one makes eye contact with him.

SHANE

You're right, Clifford.
And I'm sorry. But now
I want to go out there
and either beat these
bastards or die trying.
I never wanted to beat
anybody so bad in my
life.

Everybody lets this sink in.

Earl Wilkinson finally speaks up.

EARL

I don't know what yawl
are doin' tomorrow, but
my ass is goin' back to
jail. But if I gotta
go, I want to go back a
winner.

EVANS

Hell, I'm retiring. I
have thirty minutes of
football left in my
whole career. I'm
homicidal!

BATEMAN

Me, too, Reese!

EARL

Let's get it on!

Everybody turns to Shane.

SHANE

Gentlemen, our problem
is the Cowboys aren't
afraid of us. But they
should be!

LAMONT

Damn straight!

Everybody whoops!

SHANE

We've got one chance on
offense to make our
stand -- the first play
of the half.

JAMAL

One touchdown ain't
gonna help, Shane.

SHANE

No. But one nasty-ass
play might. We just
gotta be brave. And
trust each other.

Shane happens to glance at Pacifico.
Pacifico won't meet his eye.

Shane turns to Sid.

SHANE

Help me with this.

Sid helps Shane strip his jersey off.

Everyone reacts to the bruises on Shane's
side.

SHANE

Somebody has to tape me
up.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The Cowboys are already back on the field as
the Redskins come out of their locker room.

AL (V.O.)

... at nine-forty
Eastern time, the
agreement was reached,
and except for this

upcoming second half,
the strike is history.

ON AL, DAN AND BOOMER

Boomer's tie is off and his shirt is torn.
Dan looks guilty, but still angry.

DAN
It's about time. I say
let the professionals
back on the field. The
fans deserve nothing
less.

BOOMER
Yeah, you would say
that.

ON BALL

The Dallas kicker puts the ball in the end
zone for a touchback.

ON SHANE

He starts to follow the offense out on the
field. Then he turns and sees Annabelle
engrossed in a cheer.

He runs over to her.

ANNABELLE
Are you okay? Is it
your side?

SHANE
I'm okay. I owe you an
apology.

ANNABELLE
What? You do?

SHANE
Yes. I'll explain
later. But thank you
for believing in me.
You give me strength
just looking at you.

And with that, Shane takes her in his arms
and kisses her deeply.

The crowd on that side of the field reacts to
the kiss with a "Wooooooo!"

AL (V.O.)
Well, this is a first.

Shane Falco seems to
be...

BOOMER (V.O.)
Hell, Al, he's necking
with a cheerleader!
I've done a little of
that in my time.

DAN (V.O.)
The players are not
supposed to fraternize
with the cheerleaders.

BOOMER (V.O.)
Hey, Dan, what are they
gonna do? Fire him?!

ON SHANE

He breaks the kiss and looks up in the stands
at Eddie Martel.

Shane gives him the finger.

The crowd goes "Wooooo!" at that too.

Martel doesn't think this is funny.

Shane walks onto the field leaving a confused
but happy Annabelle.

He walks past Dallas defensive lineman
Butler.

BUTLER
That wasn't too smart.

SHANE
Suck my dick.

Butler is too shocked for a comeback.

ON HUDDLE

It breaks and Shane walks to the line of
scrimmage.

AL (V.O.)
Here we go, first and
ten for the Redskins.
Twenty-four zip Dallas.

We can see now that Wilkinson and Bateman are
now part of the offense.

They line up as receivers opposite defensive
halfbacks. In fact, everyone but Shane is on

the line of scrimmage, paired up across from a cowboy.

Shane leans over Reese and takes in the Dallas defense.

The Dallas MIDDLE LINEBACKER yells at Shane.

LINEBACKER
Are you ready for more
pain, footsteps?

Shane just smiles.

SHANE
Blue thirteen! Blue
thirteen! Hut! Hut!
Hut!

MONTAGE

On the snap, many things happen at once:

A) COCHRAN

sticks his fingers inside Butler's face mask and pokes both eyes. Butler screams!

B) SHANE

throws the ball as hard as he can at the middle Linebacker and hits him in the crotch. The guy grabs himself and collapses.

C) CLIFFORD FRANKLIN

kicks his defender in the shins as hard as he can. The defender screams and falls down.

D) BATEMAN

gets a cornerback across from him in a choke hold. The guy can't breathe but Bateman holds on.

E) WILKINSON

lifts up his defender's face guard and connects with a right hand to the guy's chin.

F) LEE

pulls the defensive lineman in front of him to the ground. Then he falls on him. The guy screams.

ON FIELD

All across the line of scrimmage, Redskins are punching, kicking and gouging the Dallas defense.

WHISTLES BLOW. Flags fly everywhere.

Most of the Dallas players are down and screaming.

Jamal stands across from a DEFENSIVE LINEMAN. He hasn't touched the guy. But he nods to the player to look at his hand.

The guy looks down just as Jamal flicks open a deadly-looking switchblade.

The guy jumps back and yells:

DEFENDER
He's got a knife!

But there is so much confusion that nobody pays any attention. Jamal slips the knife away.

AL (V.O.)
Whoa! Flags fly everywhere! I've never seen anything like this!

BOOMER (V.O.)
Unbelievable! One Washington player had a Cowboy in what appeared to be a police choke hold.

DAN (V.O.)
I see at least five flags... no six!

The officials are going crazy trying to figure out the penalties as Shane and the offense back up and make room for the Dallas medical staff who come running out on the field.

Some Dallas players are livid:

BUTLER
(to the Ref)
He scratched my eyes out!

LINEBACKER
He hit me on purpose!

ON MCGINTY

He's smiling to himself on the sidelines.

ON REFEREE

He faces the cameras, turns on his microphone and sums up the penalties.

REF
Unsportsmanlike
conduct, number 72,
number 81 and number 87
on the offense, fifteen
yards...
 (to himself)
... times three...
that's forty-five
yards. Illegal use of
hands, number 48 on the
offense, fifteen yards.
That makes it sixty
yards. Unnecessary
roughness number 65 and
number 32, fifteen
yards... that's,
wait... forty-five...
no, thirty...
 (turns to
another
 ref)
... how many yards so
far?

ON BALL

A ref is taking a very long walk with it. He stops at the Redskin two-yard line and puts it down.

IN HUDDLE

Shane leans in.

SHANE
Okay, everybody, stick
together and don't take
any shit. Let's make
'em hurt!

They break the huddle and line up with their backs to their goal.

ON COCHRAN AND BUTLER

Butler is still whining.

BUTLER
I can't believe you
went for my eyes!

COCHRAN
Shut up! I'm gonna do
it again 'cause it was
fun!

ON SHANE

SHANE
Black 98! Black 98!
Hut!

ON COCHRAN

He drops Butler with a vicious forearm.

Shane flicks the ball over the middle to
Murray who pulls it in for fifteen yards and
a first down.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - FOURTH QUARTER STUFF

A) BATEMAN

(now at running back) sweeps outside with
Jamal and Reese Evans leading the way.
Both linemen growl as they throw
themselves into the defense.

B) SHANE

is rolling right with Butler on his
heels. Just when it looks like Butler
has him, Cochran comes out of nowhere and

cuts Butler at the knees. Shane fakes a
throw and keeps the ball for a fifteen-
yard gain.

C) SHANE

hits Franklin with a short flick pass.

D) BATEMAN

runs off tackle and scores.

E) PACIFICO

kicks the extra point. Scoreboard:

Dallas 24, Redskins 7.

F) WILKINSON

blitzes from his safety position and
decks the Dallas quarterback.

G) BATEMAN

stops a runner at the line of scrimmage
and throws him for a loss.

H) WILKINSON

takes a punt at his own thirty. With
Bateman blocking, Wilkinson springs to
the outside and goes all the way for a
touchdown.

Pacifico kicks the extra point.
Scoreboard: Dallas 24, Redskins 14.

I) DALLAS FIELD GOAL KICKER

is set to boot one. The ball is snapped,
the kicker moves forward and suddenly
Brian Murray breaks through the offense
and blocks the kick.

J) SHANE

hits Franklin on a little down and out.
He's hit by the defender, the ball goes
flying but so does a flag.

Pass interference. Redskin first down.

K) ON CLOCK

Four minutes six seconds remain.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUDDLE - DAY

The Redskin huddle breaks. The guys come to
the line of scrimmage.

AL (V.O.)

First and ten at the
Cowboy twenty and I'm
telling you, we are
looking at a totally
different team here in
the second half.

BOOMER (V.O.)

Absolutely, Al. The
Redskins are playing
like there's no

tomorrow, because, hey,
there isn't!

DAN (V.O.)

I gotta agree with you
on this one. The
surprising thing for me
is how ineffectual the
Cowboys have been in
this half. I mean,
they look totally
intimidated.

AL (V.O.)

I love when you guys
agree.

ON SHANE

He's in the shotgun calling signals.

SHANE

Hut! Hut!

He gets the snap and starts looking downfield
for receivers.

ON COCHRAN

He slips while he's blocking Butler who takes
advantage of the situation and blows by him.

ON SHANE

He's got Franklin crossing in the end zone.
He cocks and throws, and simultaneously gets
decked by Butler.

ON BALL

A Dallas defensive halfback goes up for it
but just tips the ball. It keeps going now
end over end... right into the waiting arms
of Franklin who is standing by himself in the
end zone.

Franklin is shocked. His teammates run INTO
FRAME and mob him.

AL (V.O.)

Touchdown, Skins! What
a fluke!

BOOMER (V.O.)

Total luck there, Al.
Makes up for the

perfect ones they drop.

DAN (V.O.)
Maybe not so lucky.
Falco is down.

ON SHANE

He's on his back.

ON ANNABELLE

She looks worried as trainers run out onto the field.

ON O'NEIL AND AUGUSTINE

They're watching in O'Neil's bedroom.

ON SHANE

Trainers are bending over him. He's out but he's mumbling:

SHANE
Put your tits on my head...

A trainer hears that and looks worried.

Shane's teammates run up and carry him off the field.

ON FRANKLIN

He's holding for Pacifico on the extra point.

On the snap, Franklin bobbles the ball but manages to put it down.

Pacifico belts it through the uprights.

Scoreboard: Dallas 24, Washington 21.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIDELINE - DAY

Shane is sitting on the bench holding his head and his side. He's talking quietly to McGinty.

ON WILKINSON

He's on the field calling for a fair catch.
He makes it.

AL (V.O.)
... one minute twenty
remaining, and even
though Dallas didn't
score, they sure ate up
a lot of the clock.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WILKINSON

He's leading the offense out onto the field.

BOOMER (V.O.)
And it looks like Falco
cannot answer the bell.
He's still on the bench

and it appears that
safety Earl Wilkinson
will be leading the
Redskin offense.

DAN (V.O.)
They just need to get
the ball in field goal
range.

AL (V.O.)
And for Pacifico,
that's anything up to
sixty-five yards.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WILKINSON

He takes the snap from the shotgun and keeps
the ball on a sweep. He plows for twelve
yards.

AL (V.O.)
That's good for twelve
yards. The clock stops
on the first down. The
Redskins have no time-
outs left.

ON SHANE

McGinty is still bent over him.

McGINTY
I need your hands in
there for the field
goal. I can't trust
Franklin to hold. He
almost dropped the

extra point.

Shane is in major pain but nods his head.

SHANE

I can do it.

ON WILKINSON

He rolls again, but no one is open. He crosses the line of scrimmage, is hit and goes down.

ON CLOCK

It continues to run and passes twenty seconds as we watch.

ON REDSKINS

They're hurrying back to the line of scrimmage. Wilkinson stands over center.

On the snap, Wilkinson throws the ball out of bounds.

AL (V.O.)

Wilkinson throws it away, and with twelve seconds remaining, the Redskins will try a forty-eight yard field goal to tie it up. That's almost a chip shot for Pacifico.

ON SHANE

He shakily follows Pacifico out onto the field.

Reese Evans catches up with him.

EVANS

(to Shane)

Are you okay?

SHANE

Just make it a good snap.

(to Pacifico)

And you'll do the rest, right?

Pacifico doesn't answer.

ON BALL

Evans leans over it.

ON SHANE

He's kneeling in the middle of the field waiting for the snap. But something is bothering him.

SHANE
(to Pacifico)
Lou, are you alright?

Pacifico looks up from where he is set up for the kick. There are tears in his eyes.

PACIFICO
I'm sorry. They know
where my family lives.

Shane tries to digest what he just heard.

SHANE
What?!

EVANS
(through his
legs)
Come on, Shane!

Shane looks back at Pacifico and makes a decision.

SHANE
Hut!

The ball is snapped perfectly. Shane catches it and spots it perfectly.

Pacifico moves to kick it.

And Shane pulls the ball away.

Pacifico flies through the air like Snoopy as he kicks nothing but air. He lands hard.

Shane jumps to his feet and starts running.

AL (V.O.)
It's a fake! Falco has
it!

ON MCGINTY

He's in shock.

ON SHANE

He has totally caught the Cowboys by surprise. He sweeps around the right side.

The Dallas middle linebacker has recovered and is moving quickly to cut Shane off.

But Reese Evans comes out of nowhere and crushes the guy with a flying block.

Shane cuts downfield and heads for the end zone with nobody near him, except:

For the same safety from the first half who waits for him at the ten.

The safety smiles as he takes a bead on Shane.

Shane heads right for the guy. He puts his head down and smacks helmets with the safety. The guy goes down and Shane runs over him and into the end zone.

AL (V.O.)
Falco scores!

ON MCGINTY

He jumps into the air.

ON O'NEIL

He jumps out of bed.

ON TODD, ROD AND BOB

They jump on each other.

ON ANNABELLE

She's jumping for joy.

ON SHANE

He spikes the shit out of the ball. And then sees something up field.

AL (V.O.)

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. We've got a flag down.

Shane stands stock-still in the end zone watching the REF call the penalty.

REF
Clipping. Number 77
offense.

ON MICKEY LEE

He's wearing number 77 and he collapses in tears.

ON TODD, ROD AND BOB

They are now sobbing in agony.

ON O'NEIL

He's being helped back to bed by Augustine.

ON SHANE

He's walking slowly back to the line of scrimmage.

ON MCGINTY

He looks sick.

Shane walks up to Pacifico who is down. His arm is being immobilized by a team trainer.

PACIFICO
I broke my arm.
(big smile)
Thank you. You saved
my ass.

Shane nods. In his earpiece, he hears McGinty.

MCGINTY (V.O.)
Someday, you can
explain what that was
all about. We got no
kicker, so you gotta
take it in. Your pick.
You're the leader.

SHANE
(to himself)
What would Uinitas do in
this situation?
(pause)
I have no idea.

Shane leans into the huddle.

LEE

I'm so sorry, Shane.
I'm sorry, everybody.

SHANE

No problem, Mickey.
(to Evans)
Hell of a hit, Reese.

EVANS

That's the one I was
looking for. I can
retire in peace now.

SHANE

Right after this play.
So besides me, who
really wants the ball?

He looks around the huddle. He studies each
face. And then he comes to rest on Brian
Murray.

Brian's eyes are shining. He doesn't need
words here.

SHANE

(to Murray)
Yeah. You want it,
Brian. Let's hook up.
(signs as he
says
it)
Blue left slot open
'A' right. Two Jet
'X' drive. On three.
Gentlemen, it's been an
honor sharing the field
of battle.

Everybody puts their hands into the middle.

They break the huddle with a roar.

ON CLOCK

Three seconds are showing.

ON LINE OF SCRIMMAGE

Shane leans over Reese and calls it.

SHANE

Blue 58! Blue 58!
Hut! Hut! Hut!

Shane nods. On the snap, Shane rolls left.

ON REESE EVANS

He cuts his man at the knees.

ON MICKEY LEE

He takes two men down.

ON MURRAY

He cuts on a deep post.

ON SHANE

He steps up and throws a clean bullet
downfield. He roars in pain as he throws it.

ON MURRAY

The pass is perfect. He pulls it in and
beats his man to the end zone.

Redskins win.

ON CROWD

It roars! "Hail to the Redskins" is
deafening.

Todd, Rod and Bob are screaming.

O'Neil kisses Augustine.

Annabelle throws a punch into the air.

McGinty is all smiles. Shane walks up to him
and they shake hands.

Pilachowski and Banes hug.

Lee and Andre are hugging and crying.

Cochran is on his knees praying. Reese Evans
joins him.

Wilkinson hugs Jamal.

Clifford Franklin, hometown boy, throws
himself into the stands where fans mob him.

ON EDDIE MARTEL

The Washington Redskins first-string
quarterback is so pissed off he jumps up from
his seat and turns quickly to go up the steps

and out of the stadium.

But he slips awkwardly and falls. He grabs
his knee and screams.

ON BRIAN MURRAY

He's still in the end zone, holding the ball
up to the crowd. The roar is deafening.

BRIAN'S POV

We HEAR NOTHING, but somehow the pure energy
of the moment comes through.

ON SHANE

IN the SILENCE, he's walking in SLOW MOTION
toward Annabelle. And everybody is smiling.

FADE OUT.

THE END