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FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"Git'er Done"

Written by

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&

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PRODUCTION DRAFT

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FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"Git'er Done"

PRODUCTION DRAFT

8/1/06

CAST LIST

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

SPEAKING PARTS:

(in order of appearance)

RAY VOODOO TATOM
CHEERLEADER 1
CHEERLEADER 2
CONNOR HAYES
GIRL
TIGER QB
SAMMY MEADE
PHONE CALLER
HERC
REHAB NURSE
JOANNE STREET
MAC MCGILL
PHIL
RANDY HUDGINS
PRINCIPAL BRECKER
RADIO ANNOUNCER
RADIO ANNOUNCER #2
BUDDY GARRITY
REFEREE
DOLIA
PANTHER RADIO GUEST
LANCE JENNINGS
RYAN JOHNSON

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

RIGGINS HOUSE - NIGHT & DAY
 TIM'S ROOM - NIGHT & DAY
APPLEBEE'S - NIGHT
RIGGINS' TRUCK - DRIVING - NIGHT
TAYLOR'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY
REHAB FACILITY - DAY
 JASON'S ROOM - DAY
 WEIGHT ROOM - DAY
GYMNASIUM - DAY
FIELD HOUSE - DAY
 TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY
 FILM ROOM - DAY
CONNOR'S CAR - DUSK
DILLON HIGH - DAY
 TAMI'S OFFICE - DAY
 GYMNASIUM - DAY
TEAM BUS - DAY
HOTEL - NIGHT & DAY
 ROOM - DAY
LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT
TAYLOR HOUSE - DAY
 KITCHEN - DAY
SARACEN HOUSE - DAY
 MATT'S BEDROOM - DAY

EXTERIORS

SANDWICH SHOP - NIGHT
APPLEBEE'S - NIGHT & DAY
DILLON - BEAUTY SHOTS - DAY
HERRMANN FIELD - DAY
OIL FIELDS - DUSK
TEXAS FARMLAND - NIGHT
DILLON - ESTABLISHING - MORNING
DILLON - DAY
FIELD HOUSE - DAY
 PARKING LOT - DAY
TEAM BUS - DAY
FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"Git'er Done"

TEASER

1

EXT. SANDWICH SHOP - NIGHT

1

CLASSIC ROCK thumps over --

THE YOUTH OF DILLON

--PLAYERS flirting with GIRLS. Body language, innuendo, hormones...

SMASH with a group of Panthers including SARACEN and REYES...

SMASH

You been doin' alright out there.
Blowin' it out at practice, my man.

SARACEN

Yeah?

SMASH

You and me, Matty. You and me.
State and Main, know what I'm
sayin'? State and Main.

He doesn't, but who cares. GIRLS pass-- flirting.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Yes, ma'am. Whoa, whoa, where you
goin' girl? We need a little bit
of that encouragement, know what
I'm saying? Little inspiration
from the ladies.

Smash stops talking as RAY VOODOO TATOM cruises to a stop in
his new, blinged-out white SUV. His window rolls down.

VOODOO

You boys are standing in my parking
spot.

Smash cannot believe his fucking eyes, moves out of the way
so Voodoo can park. *

SMASH

What - you got some flashy ride?
Don't mean a thing to me, du'. You
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

SMASH (CONT'D)

show me game day, that's what I'm about.

Voodoo just walks past him and Saracen and on into the sandwich shop.

SMASH (CONT'D)

Damn...

TWO CHEERLEADERS pass --

CHEERLEADER 1

You guys seen Lyla?

SMASH

Lyla? What about Smash? I'm right here ladies. What about my man Matt Saracen?

CHEERLEADER 2

Hey, Matt. You starting Friday?

SARACEN

(why not go with it)
Could be. Might just be.

MOVE WITH the Cheerleaders as they walk off...

CHEERLEADER 1

Lyla, spends every solitary moment in that hospital.

CHEERLEADER 2

Poor thing. She's just going to explode.

*

2

INT. RIGGINS HOUSE - TIM'S ROOM - NIGHT

2

We catch LYLA indeed about to explode, at the last moments of great, aggressive sex with RIGGINS. It's all skin and sheets and sweat --

*

CUT TO:

3

INT. APPLEBEE'S - NIGHT

3

COACH TAYLOR is at a table scribbling on napkins -- x's and o's and squiggling lines. JULIE is across from him absorbed in a book. The remains of their meal are still on the table. Tami arrives back at the table and, without hesitation, picks up Taylor's napkins and carefully folds them.

(CONTINUED)

TAMI

We're having dinner now.

Taylor looks up at her, a little stressed...

TAYLOR

We are having dinner, Tami. I'm right here - having dinner.

Tami shoots him a look of gentle reproach and tucks the folded plays in her shirt under her bra...

TAMI

You can forage for them later.

TYRA (in a waitress uniform) crosses frame and we FOLLOW her. She walks through the busy restaurant, refills coffee, grabs a check off a table and replaces a woman's fork, turning every guy's head in the place as she does.

She approaches the table of a young businessman, CONNOR HAYES (25), nice clothes, educated, quiet charm, a fish out of water around here. He's got his laptop and paperwork spread out over a booth meant for five people - the guy's been there for a while. He does not look up as she approaches.

TYRA

You want a little warm up?

He looks at her, startled by the combination of her stunning good looks and her offer. For a moment he's flummoxed.

CONNOR

You're not my waitress.

TYRA

Shift change. Lucky me.

Connor smiles, immediately picking up on her sarcastic edge.

CONNOR

I gotta say, I don't know how I feel about this. It's a little abrupt. I really had a bond with that other lady. She brought me extra mints and napkins...

TYRA

Well, that's rough. But at her age, Carlene can only handle the day shift. Plus, there's a "Murder (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED: (2)

TYRA (CONT'D)

She Wrote" marathon on this weekend, so...

CONNOR

I'm stuck with you.

TYRA

Yep.

They both react to several LOUD CARS roaring by. Tyra shakes her head, it's just so lame.

CONNOR

What's going on out there?

TYRA

Bunch of over heated jocks, too dumb to know they have no future, fighting over a game that has no meaning in a town from which there is no escape.

CONNOR

That's... uh... wow...

TYRA

(bright)

Anyway! I'm Tyra and I'm at your service for the next six hours.

4

INT. RIGGINS HOUSE - TIM'S ROOM - NIGHT

4

Lyla is dressed. She grabs her coat and bag off a chair and turns to Riggins, sitting on the bed, pulling on his boots, but she doesn't say anything. She opens the door.

Riggins looks up like he's going to say something, but he doesn't either. They hold each other's gaze and, after a beat, Lyla turns and walks away, leaving the door open.

Riggins just stares at where she was standing, a hint of anger in his eyes, self-hatred. After a beat he gets up, grabs his shirt and heads for the door.

5

INT. RIGGINS' TRUCK - DRIVING - LATER

5

Riggins heads into town, taking in his world with brooding resignation. He gives it some gas and we go --

6

EXT. SANDWICH SHOP - NIGHT

6

Smash, Saracen and LANDRY are talking to several HOT GIRLS. Well, Smash is talking to them.

(CONTINUED)

SMASH

Y'all don't gotta worry none.
Smash got the whole thing covered.
He gonna bring that "W" home - then
he's gonna get down with all you!

Landry can't keep his eyes off one of the girl's ample
cleavage.

GIRL

What the hell you think you're
lookin' at?

LANDRY

I'm drawn to curves. It's beyond
my control, really.

GIRL

Just keep your eyes forward.

LANDRY

I will make every effort.

Suddenly, a PICK UP comes screeching around the corner.
Several of the TIGERS FOOTBALL players INSIDE.

SARACEN

Those are the guys that kicked my
ass last week. *

SMASH

Whoa, whoa, whoa-- *

They come right up to the sandwich shop and heave a HEFTY BAG
from the back of the truck. It hits the front window of the
diner, exploding a spray of rotting garbage everywhere.

SMASH (CONT'D)

You boys should not have done that.

INT. RIGGINS' TRUCK - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Riggins has seen the whole thing, drives up.

SMASH

Rigg, hold up!

Riggins screeches to a stop in front of Smash, Saracen and
Reyes.

RIGGINS

Who are they?

(CONTINUED)

SARACEN
Arnett Mead.

SMASH
Come on Rigg. Redemption baby.

A MOMENT between Smash and Riggins -- they're definitely on *
the same side of this fight. *

Smash, Reyes and Saracen jump in, and they follow the pick *
up.

8 INT. APPLEBEE'S - CONTINUOUS 8

Taylor, Tami and Julie head toward the door. The sound of
LAUGHTER turns Coach around. He sees --

BUDDY GARRITY and SEVERAL BOOSTERS seated at a large booth.
MAC MCGILL is with them, getting an earful from Buddy.

Buddy looks over, as if feeling Taylor's eyes on him. He
waves a big smile across the room. Taylor tamps down a flash
of anger and waves back.

McGill nods Taylor a greeting, giving nothing away, but
Taylor is definitely clocking him.

9 EXT. APPLEBEE'S - CONTINUOUS 9

Taylor holds the door for Tami and Julie as they come out.

TAMI
What's that all about?

TAYLOR
Just Buddy.

JULIE
Dad?...

Taylor turns to Julie and sees what she's looking at --

DOWN THE STREET -- Riggins, Smash, Reyes and Saracen square
off against the Tiger players, out of their trucks now.
Taylor takes off at a dead run.

TAMI
Eric!

ON THE FOOTBALL PLAYERS. A siren is heard in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)

TIGER QB

You wrecked my car, man.

SMASH

What about our locker room? That was wrong.

RIGGINS

Get out of here. Go home.

TIGER QB

We're not going anywhere.

Tiger QB spits on the ground. None of our guys like that.

RIGGINS

Let's go, dick.

Riggins is about to throw the first punch just as Taylor arrives. Pulls Riggins back. Gets between them.

TAYLOR

Get the hell back in your cars!
Get out of here!

Riggins pulls away from Taylor, shouting --

RIGGINS

We finish this Friday! You hear me?! Friday Night!

Taylor pulls him hard by the shirt collar as SIRENS grow nearer -- FLASHING RED LIGHTS --

*

TAYLOR

I said NOW!

HARD CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

10 BEAUTY SHOTS OF DILLON:

10

SPORTS RADIO plays over -- relentless armchair quarterbacks weigh in on the upcoming rival game.

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.)

...hey, this is a nasty ol' rivalry that goes back almost forty years. These football teams just flat out hate each other and Coach Taylor's gotta be feeling it - talk about being in the cross-hairs... Let's go to a caller.

PHONE CALLER (V.O.)

Yeah, hey, Coach Taylor talked about getting tested - well, he's gonna get tested. Definitely. Look, he coat-tailed on Jason Street and that free ride is over.

11 INT. TAYLOR'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

* 11

TAYLOR, TAMI and JULIE ride together to school -- the pressure is clear on Coach's face.

JULIE

(playfully sarcastic)

You know, I found this nationwide web-site that has listings of all these open High School coaching jobs.

TAMI

You did not...

JULIE

...There was a school in Miami, one in New York, a head coaching job in Seattle - comes with a house on Puget sound.

TAYLOR

"A daughter is a blessing and comfort to her father." I swear I read something like that once.

JULIE

You know, Texas isn't even a state, technically it's a republic. Might be interesting to live someplace
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11

CONTINUED:

JULIE (CONT'D)

that's considered an official part
of the planet.

Beat, then:

TAMI

...Do they play football in
Seattle?

TAYLOR

Not the same thing.

CUT TO:

12

INT. REHAB FACILITY - JASON'S ROOM - DAY

* 12

Beautiful young FEMALE HANDS move through soapy water, then
glide a sponge over a muscular back and shoulders.

JASON STREET is being bathed by a REHAB NURSE.

HERC is oblivious to the awkwardness of the situation -- or
he willfully ignores it. He's hanging out doing wheelie
donuts, keeping Jason company.

HERC

....It was totally a spacial
relations thing... I mean, she's
standing up and I'm sitting right
there - you get the picture?

(speaks softly)

...then I look up at her with these
eyes and tell her what I want to
do, exactly what I wanted to do to
her.

(smiles)

Like magic words, man. Those jeans
came off like falling fruit, like
cherries dropping off the tree.

He's not getting the reaction he's looking for -- Jason
remains deeply focused, barely looking up.

HERC (CONT'D)

You hear what I'm telling you, man?

The Nurse leans into Jason, smiling, speaking in a stage
whisper for Herc to hear.

REHAB NURSE

I've heard this story at least a
dozen times now and each time it
changes just a little bit...

(CONTINUED)

HERC

(protesting)

I picked that lock, QB! I
unleashed my mystery and she heard
angels singing all night long.

MRS. STREET enters, stopping immediately when she sees Jason
getting the sponge bath.

JOANNE STREET

Oh, excuse me, honey. I'll give
you some privacy.

HERC

Mrs. Street? Damn nice to meet
you, ma'am. Vincent Gossler.

*
*

JOANNE STREET

(who?)

Oh--

JASON

This is Herc, ma.

JOANNE STREEET

Ohh. Jason's told me about you.
You're the one that plays that
handicapped rugby.

*
*

HERC

Yes, ma'am, the gimp Olympics.

JOANNE STREEET

Oh, sorry, I didn't mean--

HERC

It's alright. It's quad rugby,
Ma'am. And there's nothing
handicapped about it.

JOANNE STREEET

Oh, God, I really didn't mean to
insult you. I'm still getting used
to all this.

HERC

No problem.

Mrs. Street freezes for a moment. Not sure how to react.

(CONTINUED)

JOANNE STREET

I'll wait outside until you're finished.

Mrs. Street exits. Jason looks at Herc...

JASON

She didn't mean anything, Herc.

HERC

You better learn this right now - you let them define you, you start believing the definition - you're done.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - DAY

* 13

Collisions and chaos! Practice is in full swing. Coach Taylor works with his defense demonstrating a shucking technique to his linebacker corp.

TAYLOR

Stay low, put your weight in your upper legs, okay. Drive under them. Stay low, stay in control. Okay, let's do it again.

*

ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD -- Ray Voodoo Tatom drops into the pocket, goes through his reads -- fires a pass across the middle, connects -- a hard tackle. CRACK!

Mac McGill runs the offensive practice.

MCGILL

Alright. Strong. I like it. Huddle up, let's keep it going.

Saracen watches from the sidelines, helmet off.

Taylor strides over from working with the defense -- doesn't like what he sees. Moves next to Mac.

TAYLOR

What's going on?

MCGILL

Guys look good.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

TAYLOR

Why isn't Saracen rotating in with
the first team?

MCGILL

I thought the other day we said we
were starting Voodoo.

TAYLOR

No, you said we should start Voodoo
and I said thank you for your
opinion.

Taylor flares at the presumption -- yells over to Saracen.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Saracen, strap it up and get your
ass in there!

*

Saracen does as he's told. Taylor turns back to McGill.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Rotate both QB's until I say
otherwise. We clear?

MCGILL

Yes, sir.

Taylor turns back to the practice and we go --

14

EXT. APPLEBEE'S - DAY

14

Tyra walks out of Applebee's after a shift. Connor is just
getting out of his car -- he moves next to her.

CONNOR

Hey...

Tyra turns, a little surprised to see him again. She's also
happy, but this she hides.

TYRA

You know, there's more than one
restaurant in this town.

CONNOR

I just came by to give you
something, but now maybe I don't
feel like it anymore.

*

He pulls out a CD jewel case and waves it in front of her.

(CONTINUED)

TYRA

What is it?

CONNOR

You remind me of him.

Tyra looks at the CD cover, old album art, a grainy black and white photo of a blind black man sitting upright on a stool holding an old flat top. Blind Willie Johnson. *

TYRA

I remind you of an old, wrinkled black man wearing a weird hat?

Connor smiles, basking in the glow of his gift...

CONNOR

Something like that.

TYRA

Well, thanks.

She starts to leave. He thinks for a beat, then--

CONNOR

You want to come for a ride?

TYRA

A ride?

CONNOR

I work for an investment bank. We're looking at re-opening some of the oil fields around here. I'm checking it out - doing a valuation, you know, your basic financial feasibility analysis... which sounds um, really boring, I'm noticing, as I say it out loud.

TYRA

Yeah, it does.

CONNOR

Anyway, I have to go out to the fields, meet some geologists and I was wondering if you'd like to come - just, go for a ride.

Tyra smiles, flattered, then the smile fades as she looks at this guy, this nice guy standing in front of her. A beat.

(CONTINUED)

TYRA
I'm not going to sleep with you.

CONNOR
(taken aback)
What? No... I wasn't...
(truthful)
I just like your company.

Right answer. Tyra allows a sweet smile to spread over her face.

CUT TO:

15 INT. REHAB FACILITY - DAY 15

Jason sits on one therapy table, feet hanging over the edge, three feet away from him he faces -- RAINES (20s) rugged, just a couple of weeks ago he was a rodeo star. They toss a beach ball back and forth as the nurse, PHIL, spots each of them. The ball is practically weightless and yet each throw seems like it takes all of their strength. It's painful to watch these two strapping young men, reduced to this. *

JASON
Okay, go out, run a post pattern,
hook left, I'll hit you by the soda
machines.
(off Raines; never been
told what humor is)
Joke.

Herc rolls on in-- *

HERC
Phil. Can you get QB here in a van
this afternoon, bring him downtown
to the center? *

PHIL
Sorry, not without authorization. *

HERC
Authorize this, Phil. I want to
show this boy his future. *

Herc leaves. *

JASON
What's happening this afternoon? *

(CONTINUED)

15

FNL "Git'er Done"
CONTINUED:

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15.

15

PHIL

Quad rugby. Bane of my existence.
Every other week we get another
Quad in here who reinjured
themselves.

*
*
*
*
*

As we PRELAP, grunts and shouts, slapping flesh and pounding
leather, we,

*
*

CUT TO:

16 OMITTED

* 16

17 INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

* 17

Jason sits in a wheelchair watching an amazing sight --
MURDERBALL. Rugby in wheelchairs. The action is fast and
furious and Jason watches with rapt fascination.

*
*

On the court, Herc powers through for a score. With his fist
pumping the air in triumph, he sees Jason watching from the
doorway. Their eyes lock.

Herc shoots him a cocky smile...

HERC

What's up QB?

... An invitation and a challenge. As Herc wheels away, we
stay with Jason, something awakening in him -- a glimmer of
hope.

17A EXT. OIL FIELDS - DUSK

* 17A

The sun sets over the plains of Texas. Geologists in T-
shirts work on a giant iron mosquito sucking the blood out of
the earth. Tyra leans against the car, watches Connor talk
to the geologists. He looks back, smiles at her. She smiles
back. PRELAP: A gut wrenching BLUES SONG, drenched in sorrow
and heartache. It carries us into--

*
*
*
*
*
*

17B EXT. TEXAS FARMLAND - NIGHT

* 17B

Tyra and Connor sit on the hood of Connor's car, eating
what's left of a fast food dinner. The SONG wafts out from
the car stereo.

*
*
*

TYRA

I don't know... I guess I look at
the world and I just have to laugh.
All these people so caught up in
their tiny lives. It's ridiculous,
(MORE)

*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

TYRA (CONT'D)
don't you think? *
(off his smile) *
What? *

CONNOR *
Nothing. You're opinionated. I *
like that. *

She sips a drink, they listen to the music for a beat, *
then... *

TYRA *
And another thing I hate. Just for *
the record -- Oil. *

This cracks him up. *

CONNOR *
Why?... I mean, it's a widely held *
opinion, but... *

TYRA *
I hate what it did to my father - *
to the whole town really. *
(beat) *
My father lost his job as a rigger *
in the last bust. Kicked his butt. *
My mom's too. *
(looks out the window) *
It's worse than crack. Dealers *
swoop in promising good times to *
last forever and just as fast, *
they're gone. And all the money's *
gone with them. *

CONNOR *
Tell you the truth, I'm no fan of *
oil, either. Back home I drive a *
hybrid. *

Tyra LAUGHS -- okay, that's funny. *

TYRA *
You like it out there in Los *
Angeles? *

CONNOR *
Yeah, I do. *
(beat) *
You'd do alright there. *

Tyra looks at him, like he just reached in and touched her *
heart. *

(CONTINUED)

TYRA *
How long you gonna be around? *

CONNOR *
Depends how long my boss wants me *
to stay. Another week at least. *
(beat) *
Hey, you want to go out to dinner *
tomorrow? Any place you want. *

Tyra, falling hard by this time, forces herself to count to *
three before answering... *

TYRA *
Sure. That'll be fun. *

18 INT. FIELD HOUSE - TAYLOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT 18

Coach sits working. The door opens. It's Voodoo.

VOODOO
Wanted to see me?

TAYLOR
Sit down, Ray.

Ray comes in and sits. Says nothing. Doesn't make it easy
on Taylor.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
This has all happened so fast. We
never had much of a chance to talk.

Ray doesn't say anything.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
I've got to decide whether or not
to start you Friday night, Ray.

Voodoo says nothing.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
This is where you might want to
chime in, tell me how much you
relish the opportunity, how you
won't let me down, and then add in
something about how much insight
you've gained about the game of
football in the short time you've
been lucky enough to be working
with me.

(CONTINUED)

18

FNL "Git'er Done"
CONTINUED:

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18.

18

VOODOO

I'm not here to make friends. This ain't my home. It ain't my school. It never will be. I don't like the food here, the music, the weather, and I can definitely do without everyone going on and on about the great state of Texas. I'm here to get noticed, get recruited, get my ass to LSU. You. You're just trying to scrape by, win some games, keep your job. You and me are an arranged marriage. Nothing more. You've seen what I can do out there. You want to start Saracen. Go right ahead.

Voodoo just rises and leaves. OFF Taylor, we,

CUT TO:

19-20 OMITTED

19-20

END OF ACT ONE

*

ACT TWO

21 EXT. DILLON - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

21

Beauty shots as the town wakes up: TRAFFIC on Main Street; SHOPS opening for the day; CARS filling up the HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT. Panther radio plays over, setting the clock.

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.)

...Twenty four hours to game day and the question on everyone's mind is who is Coach Taylor gonna start. I suppose the real question is, whoever Coach goes with, is he gonna have what it takes to breech the iron curtain of that massive Tiger defensive line? Those are some big boys we're talkin' about...

22 INT. DILLON HIGH - TAMI'S OFFICE - DAY

* 22

Tami is seated in her desk chair, pulled out from around her desk so she can be right across from Lyla, who is on the small love seat in Tami's office. Tami casually leafs through a manila folder as she talks.

TAMI

Who says cheerleaders are all T'n'A and air between the ears?

LYLA

(taken aback)

Excuse me, Miss Taylor?

TAMI

Your grades last year. Straight A's. You show 'em girl.

*

LYLA

Oh, thank you.

Tami puts down the folder with a smile.

TAMI

So... started thinking about college at all yet?

Lyla is upbeat and attentive, yet somehow disconnected. Full cheerleader mode --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYLA

Well, I always figured I'd wait to see which school Jason was going to play for. Probably Notre Dame, so I guess I'd probably take classes at St. Mary's - you know, and enroll full-time once Jason was settled in.

*

Tami doesn't know quite how to react to this, so Lyla tries to clarify further --

LYLA (CONT'D)

College football is so much more demanding than High School. I'd want to be there for him.

There is a beat, which Lyla's plastered smile makes all the more awkward. Tami leans forward in her chair, her face and voice full of compassion. She speaks carefully.

TAMI

Okay... But, I guess what I'm asking is, what do you want, Lyla?

The question cracks Lyla's veneer for just a beat --

LYLA

I guess with Jason's recovery and all, I really haven't had the time to give it much thought.

TAMI

Of course you haven't. And that's why we're talking now. To start thinking about it.

CUT TO:

INT. REHAB FACILITY - JASON'S ROOM - DAY

Jason is in a traditional hospital issued silver wheelchair on Herc's side of the room. It's like he's never been there before, a world he never knew existed.

He looks over a shrine of PHOTOS, METALS, TROPHIES. Glittering images in the darkness of a lost life.

He stares at one particular photo -- IT'S VINCENT GOSSLER standing on powerful legs -- clean cut, wearing the colors of the United State of America. The Olympic rings emblazed across his chest.

(CONTINUED)

Herc rolls in behind him.

HERC

Hey, QB.

Jason wheels around and faces him.

JASON

Sorry.

Jason eyes Herc's Murderball chair.

HERC

You diggin' on the wheels? She's a cherry ride... one hundred percent hand tooled, custom fitted, high tensile aluminum tubing. Eleven pounds, eight ounces of pure adrenaline.

JASON

What's your injury?

HERC

Same as you. C7-T1. Got our fingers. We're the lucky ones around here.

JASON

I don't feel very lucky.

HERC

It's all relative, QB.

What's really on his mind:

JASON

How long before you played quad rugby?

HERC

About a year. Of course I wasted a good six months drowning in a sea of self pity.

OFF Jason, realizing this crazy lunatic might be his salvation, we,

CUT TO:

24 INT. RIGGINS HOUSE - TIM'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

24

RIGGINS is naked in bed, watching LYLA, who is getting dressed by the side of the bed.

RIGGINS *
How's that calculus thing going? *

LYLA *
What calculus thing? *

RIGGINS *
You know, you were talking the *
other day... *

LYLA *
Advanced placement trig? *

RIGGINS *
Yeah. How's that going? *

LYLA *
It's going fine. *

RIGGINS *
Good, cause the other day you *
seemed to be worried about that *
test... *

LYLA *
Tim, just don't do this okay? *

RIGGINS *
Do what? *

LYLA *
Pretend that you're interested in *
my schoolwork. It's obvious that *
you're not, that you're just trying *
to... *

RIGGINS *
Have a conversation? Yeah, I *
thought we should try that *
sometime. *

LYLA *
Sure. What do you want to talk *
about? The fact that you're *
sleeping with your paralyzed best *
friend's girlfriend? Is that what *
you want to talk about, Tim? No.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

LYLA (CONT'D)

I don't think we're gonna be doing
a lot of talking.

She finishes dressing and as she heads for the door, her reflection in a MIRROR stops her cold -- a long hard look at herself...

LYLA (CONT'D)

You have no idea how much I hate
myself for this.

*
*

And as she leaves we stay on Riggins.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - AFTERNOON * 25

The team practices in shorts and T-shirts -- they're amped up, energy is high, ready for game day. Ray Tatom and Saracen are alternating snaps, running the offense through plays.

TAYLOR watches from the sidelines. RANDY HUDGINS (25), an assistant coach joins him -- he's all smile and swagger and just a pinch between the cheek and gum.

RANDY

Saracen's lookin' good out there -
kid stepped up his game.

TAYLOR

He's starting to settle down.

ON THE FIELD -- Tatom takes a snap -- completes a wicked pass -- a twenty five yard laser.

RANDY

Still, though... Voodoo... kid's
something else.

*

Saracen moves forward to rotate in. The ball is thrown in to be re-set and Ray steps in front to catch it -- BANGING INTO SARACEN, knocking him on his ass. Clearly intentional.

VOODOO

Sorry. I didn't see you.

*

THE PLAYERS clock it, shaking heads, *asshole*... SMASH helps
Matt to his feet. *

SMASH

Don't let him get to you. That's
just mind games - throw that rock.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

ON TAYLOR with Randy --

TAYLOR

Not making many friends, though.

RANDY

Arm like that... Does he need any?

TAYLOR

I can think of exactly 10 who might
come in handy on game day.

(beat; seen enough)

Alright. Let's run special teams.

Randy moves onto the field, WHISTLE blaring. Coach turns and
heads for the Field House.

26

INT. FIELD HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

26

Coach Taylor enters the empty, dimly lit Field House. As he
moves across the space, he can hear an ELECTRONIC DRONE and
sees a FLASH OF LIGHT from inside his office.

27

INT. FIELD HOUSE - TAYLOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

27

Taylor moves inside and finds Mac McGill PHOTOCOPYING THE
PLAY BOOK. Their eyes meet.

TAYLOR

You mind telling me what you're
doing in here?

MCGILL

I'm copying the playbook, what do
you think I'm doing?

Taylor's look prompts further explanation.

MCGILL (CONT'D)

Tatom's been borrowing mine and I
thought it was about time to get
him his own. You got a problem
with that?

TAYLOR

I just like to know what's going on
in my office. Just like I want to
know what's going on with my
offense.

(CONTINUED)

MCGILL

You know, I really don't care for what you're insinuating.

TAYLOR

I'm not insinuating anything, Mac. But since this whole Tatom thing started you've been in Garrity's pocket and I do not need my offensive coordinator chatting up Buddy Garrity like he's on a date.

MCGILL

Who I have a drink with is none of your damn business. And Garrity was talking to me. Not the other way around.

(beat)

You think I want your job? Well, hell yeah I do. The way I see it you're sitting in my chair. But I would never do anything to hurt this team. I'm here to win. Just like you. So, pull it together.

Mac blows by Taylor, leaving him staring out with burning, stressed-out eyes.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

28 EXT. DILLON - DAY 28

SERIES OF SHOTS: Main Street decked out with Panther spirit; Lyla packs her pom poms into a travel bag; Football helmets being polished; The team bus is being hand washed; the Dillon band tuning up in the gym.

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.) *

Hallelujah, it's game day and the Dillon Panthers will try to snap a two year losing streak against the mighty Arnett Mead Tigers. The bad news is Arnett Mead's fielding the best team they've had in years...

29 INT. APPLEBEE'S - DAY 29

Tyra arrives and sees Connor. She walks up behind him, like she's going to surprise him. She stops when she overhears... *

CONNOR

...I need you to book me a flight back to LA - yeah, first flight out tomorrow morning.

Tyra's face falls. Connor hangs up -- he turns and sees her, and immediately understands that she heard him.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Oh, hey. I was waiting for you. My boss needs me back in LA so I have to cut the trip short. But, we can still go out tonight. I'd really like to. I can pick you up early and we can hang out if that's cool.

TYRA

Yeah, okay.

CONNOR

Great.

He smiles. Tyra turns and gets to work, and off the confused, hopeful face of a seventeen year-old girl we go --

30 INT. FIELD HOUSE - TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY 30

Coach sits and reviews practice film -- using every minute to examine every detail, move and tendency of both QBs. *

Saracen KNOCKS, walks into the office. *

(CONTINUED)

SARACEN

You wanted to see me, Coach?

Taylor looks at him. The tone is all business.

TAYLOR

Good week of practice. I couldn't have asked for more.

SARACEN

Thank you, sir. I just gotta say, I appreciate all your encouragement. I feel ready for this. Readier than I've ever been--

TAYLOR

(cutting him off)
Matt...
(beat, then)
I'm starting Voodoo.

Saracen just nods. He fights not to show it, but you can see it in his eyes -- devastation. *

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Stay on the playbook. Be ready.

Saracen walks away, the depth of his disappointment slowly emerges on his face -- we stay with him as he wanders back through the locker room. *

An ungodly rhythmic CRASHING begins, rising, getting louder, thumping through Saracen's head with every step. Screaming voices singing -- "...EVERYBODY!!!"

SMASH TO:

INT. DILLON HIGH - GYMNASIUM - AFTERNOON

THE STUDENT BODY

...WE WILL, WE WILL - ROCK YOU!

The Dillon High pep rally -- the roar of students singing about a young man with mud on his face and taking on the world some day. To everyone assembled, that day is today. *

As FEET ON BLEACHERS stomp out the rhythm to the ultimate anthem in the sports universe --

THE FOOTBALL TEAM enters. It's total mayhem. They're received like rock stars, warriors glorified before battle. *

(CONTINUED)

Principal Brecker stands at the mic--

BRECKER
Ladies and gentlemen, Coach Taylor!

Coach walks out to a microphone set-up in the middle of the gym. The band RIFFS. The reception is polite, but certainly not enthusiastic -- he takes in the crowd.

TAYLOR
Success is measured in many ways.
What we do, how we carry ourselves,
the respect we have of one another,
are all measures of success.

Not much from the crowd -- kids moving in the bleachers. *

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
...surviving change, heartache,
even tragedy is also a measure of
success.

He's about one sentence away from getting booed at his own pep rally. *

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
...But success is also, in every
sense of the word, measured in wins
and losses.

Okay, now he's talking their language --

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
The start of this season has been
tough. We've had our share of
heartache and tragedy and we have
survived.

(punches this line)
But I don't want to be just a
survivor.

A round of CHEERS.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
I want to win. And I'm telling you
right now we can win with this.

Taylor pounds his heart. Bigger cheers -- TAYLOR RAISES FOUR *
FINGERS INTO THE AIR.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
The fourth quarter belongs to us!

(CONTINUED)

Everyone raises their hands, holding up four fingers.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
I have one last thing to say - to
the best players and families in
the great state of Texas. I want
to make you a promise...

Everyone is right there, Buddy Garrity, Tami, Matt Saracen,
the players -- watching, listening.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
...I promise you victory.

"YEAH!!!" The roof just got blown off the building. The band
lights into the FIGHT SONG. Players dance. Cheerleaders *
storm the floor and shake their booties in synchronicity. *

Coach Taylor looks out -- enjoying this spectacle like it
could be his last.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. FIELD HOUSE - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER 32

FLASHING RED LIGHTS -- police escorts pull up -- three
sparkling clean buses are running. The players load into the
lead bus, the Cheerleaders and the Band take the last two. *

32A INT. TEAM BUS - CONTINUOUS *32A

The players file on. TATOM sits alone in front, a leg
unnecessarily blocking the empty seat next to him -- no one
wants to sit there anyway. They don't even look at him. *

FIND SARACEN in the bus. Smash sits next to him -- a double
tap on Matt's knee, a look that says, *keep your chin up*. *

32B EXT. TEAM BUS - CONTINUOUS *32B

Coach is the last to board. Tami and Julie are there to say
good-bye. This feels very familiar, almost like ritual.
Julie kisses her father.

JULIE
Love ya, daddy.

TAYLOR
Love ya too.

She moves off -- Tami steps up, their eyes connect.

TAMI

You got your game, Coach?

Again this feels like ritual. He nods, touching his heart.

TAYLOR

I got it right here.

She kisses him, great kiss. They look at each other -- and with that look we know they both know exactly what they're up against.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 INT./EXT. TEAM BUS - LATER 33

The eyes of young men. Deep eyes, old beyond their years. Eyes that have battled monsters and never backed down. Their reflections staring back at them in the windows.

The buses rolls through town led by the police escort. The team bus is silent. The cheerleaders' bus strangely calm. *

At the back of the band bus a A SOLO DRUMMER begins to tap out a sad march, soft, emotional, a war hymn in slow percussion. As the drummer plays over we --

DISSOLVE TO:

34 INT. REHAB FACILITY - JASON'S ROOM - LATER 34

Jason lays in bed watching pre-game on the tube. Lyla enters in her Cheerleader uniform, full of brightness and cheer.

LYLA

How are you Mr. Street?

JASON

Fine, Ms. Garrity. You look pretty.

LYLA

Why, thank you. You look as handsome as ever.

JASON

What are you doing here - you're gonna miss the game.

LYLA

(a kiss)

You have visitors.

(CONTINUED)

The door opens and Coach Taylor enters holding a new Dillon football helmet.

TAYLOR

Hey there, son...

JASON

Hey, Coach.

He walk up to Jason -- sets the helmet down at his side.

TAYLOR

I heard you needed a new one of these.

Jason puts on a smile, but he's clearly moved -- his hand glides awkwardly over the polished finish.

JASON

Thanks...

The DOOR OPENS AGAIN and players start filing into the room -- the whole team. Jason can't believe it --

TAYLOR

We're gonna win this one.

JASON

I know we will.

*

Taylor puts a hand on Jason's shoulder and takes his leave.

And as each player passes by Jason they touch his helmet for luck, hold his hand, kiss his cheek, tell him that they love him, they miss him, they play for him.

Lyla stands off, smiling, holding back tears. Riggins is the last one there. He stands next to Jason. The two boys stare at each other, Lyla between them in the background.

A long beat -- then Jason asks the question, quiet and without judgment...

JASON (CONT'D)

Where the hell you been?

The emotion is in his face, but all Riggins can manage is...

RIGGINS

Yeah, man... I know.

Another beat.

(CONTINUED)

RIGGINS (CONT'D)

...I can't stop thinking we got more to do together.

Riggins' eyes fill with tears. Jason takes his hand.

JASON

Hell yeah we do...

Mac McGill appears at the door.

MCGILL

Gotta roll guys - Jason, we'll see you later.

Mac moves on. After a beat, Riggins turns to go. Lyla kisses Jason.

LYLA

'Bye, baby.

We stay on Jason as he watches Riggins and Lyla leave together for the game. The door closes behind them.

The drumming STOPS.

*

In silence, Jason sits sternly for a moment. Then it comes, the emotion, the pain, the tears begin to flow like water breaching a damn. Without shame, alone in his hospital bed, Jason Street weeps for himself...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - EVENING

A door opens. Tyra stands at Connor's hotel room door, dressed and shimmering. Connor is clearly surprised.

TYRA

Can I come in?

He releases the door and she moves inside, riding on the last fumes of her innocence. He watches her and --

PRE-LAP SOUND: CROWD NOISE; ANNOUNCERS kick things off --

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...It's Friday night in the Lone Star state. The lights are on, the air is hot and the boys of autumn are here to play a little football.

*

(CONTINUED)

SERIES OF TIME CUTS -- Tyra takes Connor's hand; She kisses him with youthful hunger; He watches her silently as she starts to undress, taking off her blouse; One button, then another, and another...

She pulls her blouse open and we are suddenly BLINDED by --

36 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT 36

-- THE GLOW OF LIGHTS, the roar of fans! Coach Taylor leads the Panthers as they enter the arena. Cheerleaders take flight. Tami stands nervously with Julie.

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.) *
If you brought your hat tonight
hold on to it, folks - because this
should be one hell of a ride.

The MASSIVE TIGER TEAM rumbles onto the field like something evil out of *Lord of The Rings*.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) *
I can't remember when there was so
much riding on one game this early
in the season - for both these
teams.

ON THE SIDELINE -- Taylor gets the team fired up -- yelling. *

TAYLOR
We play for sixty minutes. We play
for each other. Let's do it!

A FOOTBALL sits on a tee -- gets crushed by a foot, thud!

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) *
...And-it-is-on!!!

The crowd ROARS! *

MONTAGE THROUGH THE FIRST QUARTER; BUDDY fired up; GRANDMA SARACEN with LANDRY, TAMI ready to crawl out of her skin -- lots of impact hits -- our guys getting the worst of it.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
Lord o' Mercy! This is turning out
to be an absolutely brutal contest -
some real smack going on down
there.

-- A TIGER FULLBACK powers into the end zone!

(CONTINUED)

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
Give him a touchdown! - And the
Tigers are on the board first.

The Arnett Mead fans celebrate. Buddy watches -- getting nervous, pissed, yelling from the stands.

BUDDY
Use your quarterback, Coach! Let
the kid do it for you!

MORE IMPACT HITS IN MONTAGE -- showing the Panther offense struggling -- Smash can't find space; Tatom can't find open receivers; Riggins getting man-handled on his blocks.

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.) *
Talk about things that go bump in
the night, holy smokes this is
starting off like a nightmare for
Taylor and his cats.

Frustration builds -- especially for Tatom, screaming at his teammates -- kicking over a Gatorade cooler on the sideline.

Turns on DOLIA.

VOODOO
You gotta get free, man - I will
not lose because of you!

Taylor looks up at the SCOREBOARD -- TIGERS LEAD 14 TO 0.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) *
The Panthers down by 14 here in the
middle of the second.

MONTAGE THROUGH MORE DEFENSE -- bigs hits, our smaller guys get drilled but BOUNCE up every time.

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.) *
Panthers back on the attack. Let's
see if they can't put something
together this time.

ON THE SIDELINE -- Taylor sends in a play with Smash.

TAYLOR
Pro right, 27 China. It's a screen
pass to Riggins. We've been
setting this play up all night,
son. This play will go. You hear
me? This will go.

IN THE HUDDLE -- Smash gives Tatom the play. Tatom looks furious about the call.

VOODOO
Damn man - what is that trash?

SMASH
Just call the play.

Tatom glares at Smash --

SMASH (CONT'D)
Call it!

CUT TO:

LINE OF SCRIMMAGE -- RAY TATOM over center -- barks out the signals. Ball is snapped.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Tatom drops back to pass. Tigers come with the blitz! Riggins slides off his block on the outside!

*

THE CROWD ROARS -- everyone sees the screen set-up perfectly. Riggins on the edge with blockers -- Taylor whispers under.

TAYLOR
...hit him, Ray, now.

But instead...

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)
Ray fake pumps the pass and takes off on a run!

*

It's a brilliant Vince Young-type run, cutting through traffic, the crowd on their feet -- Tatom dives across the goal line!

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
...Touchdown Panthers! Wow. What a run - *Fantastic!*

*

The Crowd goes up!!!

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Taylor's got to be feeling pretty good. The Panthers are right back in this thing.

*

(CONTINUED)

But Taylor's not feeling good at all, he's mad. It's not the play he called and the players, and the coaches, know it. He fumes, but isn't ready to lose his cool. He moves to Tatom.

TAYLOR

That's not the play I called. I'll give you that one, Tatom. That's it - no more.

VOODOO

Excuse me.

Voodoo just heads past him toward the coolers. Off Taylor's simmering glare -- SCOREBOARD SHOWS -- Tigers 14 - Panthers 7, 2:34 left in the half.

-- MONTAGE THROUGH NEXT SERIES -- the Panther defense shuts the Tigers down. Lots of impact hits.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...looks like the Dillon defense has new life after that stunning run by Voodoo Tatom. The Panthers will get the ball back with time to tie before the half.

*

SIDELINES -- Taylor tries to give Tatom the play. But Tatom runs onto the field refusing to take instruction.

TAYLOR

Tatom - get over here!

Taylor is fucking livid, forced to call a time out.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Whoa. Taylor just took his last time out. Bad timing, now they're out of time outs with the clock winding down.

*

SIDELINE -- Taylor calls Ray over but Ray refuses, tying his shoe in the huddle with his back to the sideline.

SMASH

Hey man, get your ass over there.

Tatom doesn't even look up.

ON THE SIDELINE -- a coach's nightmare, total loss of control of his team. Buddy, Tami, the players all looking at Taylor as this horrible moment plays out.

(CONTINUED)

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)
Something is going on. I think
Coach Taylor and Ray Tatom might
not be playing from the same sheet
of music.

*

TAYLOR
What the hell is he doing?

MCGILL
Looks like he's taking over your
offense.

TAYLOR
Looks like?!

He glares at Mac. Mac shows him his open palms.

MCGILL
Don't look at me.

TAYLOR
TATOM!

The REFEREE looks over at Taylor.

REFEREE
Time out is over Coach. We got to
wind it.

TAYLOR
Damn it!

IN THE HUDDLE -- Tatom calls his play.

VOODOO
Time to air it out ya' all. Pro
right, Gun, triple 9 ranger on one.

The team is torn, but they have no choice, the play clock is
running, they have to run Tatom's play.

LINE OF SCRIMMAGE -- Tatom sets up in the shotgun formation,
calling the signals -- the ball is snapped!

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Tatom drops back. Has Williams
wide open on an out-and-up...

*

Tatom avoids a tackle, sets up to throw --

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
Tatom fires. This looks beautiful!
Could be a touchdown!

Everyone watches the ball sail towards Smash's extended hands *
when -- WHAM!!! The TIGER SAFETY steps in front of Smash... *

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
OH! INTERCEPTION! The Arnett Mead
safety just came out of nowhere...

...The Safety catches it in full stride...

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
...he's moving like a bullet for the
end zone! Tatom's the only one that *
can stop him, he has the angle!

Tatom can make the play, force the Safety out of bounds but
HE PULLS UP. He's not taking a hit for this team, no heart,
no sacrifice. Everyone on the Panther side is stunned.

The Tiger Safety runs unmolested into the end zone.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
Wow! What the heck was that? Ray
Tatom just gave up on the play and *
it's six more on the board for the
Arnett Mead Tigers!

The Tiger crowd goes insane, deafening! Tami can't watch. *
Coach looks up at the SCOREBOARD, his future slipping away in
double digits -- TIGERS 21 - PANTHERS 7. 0:00

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
And with that Coach Taylor and the
Dillon Panthers go into the locker
room down by 14 points. Wow, what
a shocker...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

37 INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

37

A door is SLAMMED! Players listen, their eyes down. Taylor moves to Tatom and gets in his face. We've never seen him like this with a player -- on the edge of violence.

TAYLOR

You ever pull anything like that again you will not be on this team. Do you understand that?

VOODOO

Move off me. Move off me right now.

Tatom, not liking Taylor being in his face, lifts his hand to Taylor's shoulder and gently pushes him back -- the air just got sucked out of the place... but instead of further enraging Taylor, it snaps him out of it. He stares Tatom down. Calm. Deadly.

TAYLOR

Get out of my sight.

VOODOO

What?

TAYLOR

You're done.

Tatom throws his helmet, rips off his jersey and shoulder pads -- cursing and full of bile.

Taylor moves across the room -- throws the ball to Saracen.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Get warm. It's yours now, son.

The room is silent. The faces of the team, some happy, some not so sure. Smash offers a positive nod and a fist up -- Saracen takes it.

SMASH

It's all you now, baby. *

Riggins steps up -- fists to Saracen, then to Smash. *

RIGGINS

Let's do this thing, boys. *

(CONTINUED)

FNL "Git'er Done" PRODUCTION DRAFT 8/1/06 40.
37 CONTINUED: 37

On Saracen, summoning up his courage.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT 38

The Panther band performs -- high knees and rattling snares...

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) *
We are just moments away from the second half of this contest and it's gut check time for the Panthers. This Dillon team is going to have to dig deep. I just don't know if they've got what it takes to fight their way back into this thing...

TIME CUT TO:

39 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT 39

CRASH -- WALLS OF HUMANITY COLLIDE INTO EACH OTHER!

MONTAGE THROUGH THE THIRD QUARTER. Lots of great defense on both sides -- big impact hits.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) *
...and with Matt Saracen at the helm this Panther offense seems to be having a hard time connecting the dots.

-- PANTHER OFFENSE -- Saracen back to pass, the ball gets stripped, he falls on it, gets crushed by the defense.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
And with that less than inspired effort - it brings up another punting situation.

Riggins helps Saracen off the ground -- giving him a hand up.

RIGGINS
You protected the ball. It's alright.

ON THE SIDELINES -- Saracen looks out with disgust. Coach steps up.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

Winners have to have a bad memory -
so forget it.

Matt nods -- sucks it up.

THE CLOCK WINDS -- START OF THE FOURTH QUARTER --

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...Start of the fourth Quarter and
the score remains 21 - 7 Tigers.

*

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

I have to say, it's been a long,
hot night and both these teams look
pretty beat up. Could come down to
the last man standing.

*

SIDELINES -- Taylor huddles the whole team together.

TAYLOR

Come on, everybody get in here...
This is our time. The fourth
quarter is ours, we worked for it,
we earned it - now let's take it.

They raise their arms to the sky, extending four fingers,
showing their unified determination to win the game now.

The Dillon crowd does the same. Tami is right there, Julie,
Landry, the cheerleaders -- all there for the team.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Let's bury these guys.
(looking in their eyes)
Clear eyes. Full hearts. Can't
lose.

PANTHER TEAM

CAN'T LOSE!

-- TIGERS PUNT. DOLIA back to receive the ball -- the Tigers
charge down. Dolia receives the ball, takes off.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Dolia, from the 40, makes a run,
finds an opening. He's into open
field!

*

THE CROWD ON THEIR FEET -- DOLIA TAKING YARDS -- A BONE
CRUSHING HIT! WHAMMM!!!

(CONTINUED)

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
Whoa, Dolia loses the ball.
FUMBLE!

TAMI
Oh dear God no.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) *
This is disastrous for the
Panthers.

The ball bounces around. Tami covers her face -- Tiger
players dive for the ball. SUDDENLY -- Smash comes out of
nowhere --

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
Hold the damn phone! Smash
Williams scoops up the ball!

Smash streaks up the sidelines...

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.) *
...He picks up a block! Cuts back -
he's all alone! He's goin' in!
TOUCHDOWN DILLON PANTHERS!!!

The stadium rocks!

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) *
The Panthers have a shot! 21 to 14
with 3:41 left in the game.

MONTAGE THROUGH -- TIGER OFFENSE -- they take their sweet
time getting to the ball.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
Coach Watts has his team running
out the clock - under three
minutes. It's nail biting time for
Taylor and the Panthers.

A HARD HIT BY THE DILLON DEFENSE -- sacking the Tiger QB.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
...That's a stop for Dillon!
They're going to get the ball back
with just under two minutes left in
the game.

-- TIGERS PUNT -- Dolia receives the ball and gets drilled by
three Tigers, pinning the Panthers deep.

(CONTINUED)

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
First and a country mile for
Dillon. 1:38 left in the game.

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.) *
Coach Taylor said today if he could
keep it close until the fourth he
could win it.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) *
Well he may be close, but that
clock is looking like "no cigar" to
me.

ON THE SIDELINES -- Coach Taylor talks to Saracen.

TAYLOR
...run these big boys silly. No
huddle.
(grabs his jersey)
Hey, you can lead this team, Matt.
Lead them now. Lead them to
victory.

IN THE HUDDLE -- Saracen calls the play.

SARACEN
Coach wants us to play wide, get to
the edges. Smash.

SMASH
Yo baby.

SARACEN
Grab some real estate and get it
out of bounds to stop the clock.
Wing right 47, wing right 47...

PLAY IN PROGRESS -- Smash takes a pitch.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) *
Smash gets to the outside, gets
good yards and gets out of bounds.
First down for the cats.

The ball is reset. Taylor looks up to the clock.

TAYLOR
Keep 'em rolling, Matt!

NO HUDDLE -- Dillon runs the same play opposite side. Same result. Then again. The Tigers dragging ass to get back to the line.

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

*

Saracen's working the no huddle and moving the stick. This is a real physical offense and it's taking the bite out of that Tiger 'D'.

As the refs re-set the ball, Saracen runs to the sideline, Taylor tells him a play. Saracen runs back onto the field.

SARACEN

Huddle up! Huddle up!

IN THE HUDDLE -- everyone is edgy, pumped, anxious. The clock winds -- under twenty seconds.

DOLIA

Come on man, hurry up. Call it!

SARACEN

Just listen up! Same thing with a twist, okay. Wing right, 47, sidewinder, 47 sidewinder on red, on red. Ready - execute!

PANTHER TEAM

EXECUTE!

LINE OF SCRIMMAGE -- they move over the ball -- Saracen sees the defense move up -- adjusting to the offense -- the linemen shift to the outside. Linebackers stack on the right edge -- a wall exactly where they're planning to run.

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

*

Time is running out, under 10 seconds - Ball on the Arnett Mead 37. This is it for the Panthers. Saracen over the ball.

*

-- the ball is snapped -- sweep right, same play, Saracen makes the pitch.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

*

...looks like Dillon is running the exact same play.

Smash is running right -- Tigers are ready -- a wall of defenders. A massive Tiger steps up...

(CONTINUED)

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.) *
Oh, Smash William just got pasted!

...But -- HE'S HANDED THE BALL TO RIGGINS ON A REVERSE!

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) *
Wait... it's a reverse to Tim
Riggins. He's got room on the
outside. Saracen out front -
makes a huge block!

The Linebacker goes airborne -- knocked-on-his-ass!

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.) *
Wow - what a hit by Matt Saracen -
gooooood morning!!!

Riggins breaks for daylight.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) *
No one is going to catch Tim
Riggins - not tonight! It's a
DILLON TOUCHDOWN!

Riggins races in for the TD. It's like an earthquake hit --
ABSOLUTE INSANITY!

RIGGINS FINDS SMASH, pointing a finger at him in *
acknowledgement -- they bump chests and fists -- *Hell yeah!!!* *

-- SCOREBOARD READS -- Tigers 21 - Panthers 20 - 0:00.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
Except for the Point After - this
game is over, folks.

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.) *
It's decision time for Taylor. Go
for the easy one point, a field
goal and take the tie. Or go for
two points and win the game - but
risk losing it all.

ON THE SIDELINE -- Taylor stands next to Matt Saracen.

TAYLOR
Turn around, son.

Saracen turns around and looks at the Tiger defense -- heads
down, arms on hips, gasping for air -- beaten.

SARACEN

Right where we want 'em, sir.

TAYLOR

Okay - we're gonna go for two,
Matt. What do you think?

SARACEN

We give it to the play-maker. We
give it to Smash.

Taylor turns to Mac McGill.

TAYLOR

Mac. We need a play.

IN THE STANDS -- suddenly quiet. Fans, parents, Tami, all
wait to see what's going to happen --

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

Boy you could here a pin drop in
here as we're waiting to see what
the Panthers are going to do. *

TAYLOR

...You got the play, Matt. You
understand it?

SARACEN

Yes, sir.

They look at each other with confidence, trust -- it's all
there.

TAYLOR

Okay... Git'er done.

Saracen runs back onto the field and the CROWD ERUPTS!

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Matt Saracen is coming back onto
the field and that means the
Panthers are going for the win. *

IN THE STANDS -- Garrity is not happy. Tami is freaked. The
Tiger fans love it.

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

The Arnett Mead Tigers are gonna
have one more chance to shut the
cats down - this could be a season
changing play, here. *

(CONTINUED)

THE LINE OF SCRIMMAGE -- the teams square off on the line. Everything hanging on this one moment. Saracen snaps the ball. Opens right. The teams go right. Saracen keeps the ball. He moves down the line, the defense tracks him, fighting off the blocks...

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) *
Saracen gets past the tight end.
The linebacker is in position.

...and Saracen pitches out the ball to Smash. The Linebacker shifts but Smash makes an unbelievable, mind blowing move --

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
WHAT A MOVE! Smash Williams - the
linebacker can't react - stick a
fork in him!

Smash cuts inside -- GOES AIRBORNE -- HIGH OVER THE TOP -- sacrificing his entire being. Gets hit in mid air. Spins -- gets hit again -- there's no way he could hang on to the ball as he crashes to the ground.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
Williams is down!

Everything slows -- Players; Fans; Tami and Julie; Buddy -- everyone waits for the call -- Taylor takes a few steps onto the field...

TAYLOR
Come on...

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) *
...there's no call yet.

They untangle the pile of bodies.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
The refs are looking at this thing
but I don't think he got in. I
don't think he made it...

Saracen looks on -- blood and sweat drip over his face, he's given all he has.

Smash stands and time seems to stop... He turns and looks behind him -- THE LINE JUDGE RAISES HIS ARMS TO THE SKY!

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D) *
...AND IT'S GOOD!!!

(CONTINUED)

Real time resumes as the crowd pours onto the field!!!

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)
The Dillon Panthers have done it! *

Scoreboard -- TIGERS 21 - PANTHERS 22 -- 0:00. Saracen gets mobbed by the team. Cheerleaders and players celebrate, hugging and kissing. The band ROCKS, playing over -- *

COACH TAYLOR looks over to Mac as they walk across the field.

TAYLOR
Good work.

MCGILL
Just doing my job.

JULIE moves through the crowd -- she looks over at the Cheerleaders and players, catching a telling moment.

LYLA AND RIGGINS share a look and quite explicitly do not hug and kiss like the others -- odd.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Coach Taylor has pulled off a miracle here tonight, folks - hats off. That is one for the books. *

ON TAMI -- she fights back the tears. She runs over to Taylor and lays a kiss on him that seems to stop time.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

40

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

* 40

Tami is cooking eggs. Julie is watching TV at the island, eating a big bowl of cereal.

Taylor comes in like a whirlwind -- a spring in his step, a smile on his face -- it's a brand new day.

TAMI

Don't you look happy.

He moves to Tami and wraps his arms around her, kissing her on the neck. It's playful and sexy. He gets a little grope in and Tami squirms and GIGGLES. She turns in his arms, kisses him.

TAYLOR

I was thinking, you and me, tonight
- grab some dinner, a movie...
maybe a little victory lap?

Julie picks up her bowl with disgust...

JULIE

First of all... inappropriate...

There is no second of all. She moves into the family room.

Taylor and Tami share a smile and kiss again. He surprises her with a slap on her ass --

TAYLOR

I'll be right home after the meeting.

TAMI

Enjoy it. Try not to gloat.

Taylor smiles and heads for the door.

TAMI (CONT'D)

But, you can tell Buddy Garrity to shove it for me.

TAYLOR

Will do.

CUT TO:

41 INT. SARACEN HOUSE - MATT'S BEDROOM - DAY

* 41

Matt is lying in bed, staring up at the ceiling, slowly waking up. He swings his legs around and sits up on the edge of the bed.

He rises painfully, every muscle aching, and moves across the room in his boxers.

He looks at himself in the mirror. His body is battered and bruised and he assesses the damage with obvious pride -- every bruise is a battle scar, and he's earned every one of them.

Off Matt's satisfied smile we --

CUT TO:

42 INT. HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

* 42

A Ramada, Radisson -- functionally nice, no more. Tyra stirs in white sheets. She looks around the room, listening for movement.

TYRA

Connor?

There's no answer.

Tyra gets out of bed and looks around. His bag is gone, no toiletries in the BATHROOM and she realizes -- he left.

The door opens. Connor comes in. Relief crosses her face. He holds up a BROWN PAPER BAG.

CONNOR

Breakfast. Someone should enlighten this town about room service.

She opens the bag--

TYRA

Looks like it's just for one person.

CONNOR

I gotta catch my plane.

TYRA

Right...

(CONTINUED)

CONNOR
You knew I was--

TYRA
Yeah...

CONNOR
(sensing her
vulnerability)
You know you're really a great--

TYRA
Please. Please don't.
(then)
So, are you going to be coming
back? Out of curiosity.

CONNOR
I'm going to do my best to make my
company believe drilling for oil in
Dillon, Texas is the best thing
that could ever happen to them.
It's definitely the best thing
that's happened to me.

She smiles. He senses her investment in all this, takes a
breath, comes closer...

CONNOR (CONT'D)
I have to be honest with you, Tyra.
I'm involved. You know, in L.A. I
have a pretty serious--

TYRA
Relationship. Oh, yeah...
that's...

CONNOR
You know, I just think honesty is--

TYRA
Yeah. Well, this was just a thing.
I have a boyfriend, so...

CONNOR
Right. I really have to... I'll
see you soon, okay?

TYRA
Yeah.

42

CONTINUED: (2)

42

He kisses her. Walks out. She smiles bravely and when he closes the door she sits down on the side of the bed, and gets really sad and embarrassed.

CUT TO:

INSERT -- C/U ON WHEELCHAIR WHEELS ROLLING DOWN A HALL.

CUT TO:

43

INT. TAYLOR'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

* 43

Taylor drives through town. Passing cars HONK their greetings. People on the sidewalks wave and shout out congratulations.

Taylor smiles and waves back to them all.

SAMMY MEADE (V.O.)

...Eric Taylor coached a helluva game last night - those Arnett Mead boys had a tremendous size advantage over our Panthers and he just ran those Tigers flat into the ground.

PANTHER RADIO GUEST (V.O.)

And young Matt Saracen has really emerged as a force to be reckoned with - that was a hell of a performance...

*

It's a welcome change of tune and Coach is enjoying every minute of it.

CUT TO:

INSERT -- C/U ON A CANVAS STRAP AS IT IS WRAPPED AROUND A WRIST AND METAL BAR IN A FIGURE EIGHT PATTERN.

CUT TO:

44

EXT. FIELD HOUSE - DAY

* 44

Taylor walks across the parking lot toward the entrance to the gym where people are beginning to assemble for the Saturday morning meeting.

*

PLAYERS huddle in small groups, PARENTS mill about with steaming coffee in cardboard cups.

(CONTINUED)

As Taylor approaches, he's greeted with CHEERS and applause, slaps on the back, ad-libbed offers of congratulations -- *Keep it up, Coach!; Now that's what I'm talkin' about!; All the way to State!* *

TAYLOR
Thank you, I appreciate the support, I really do...

Taylor moves through the crowd, smiling and waving and shaking every hand offered him.

CUT TO:

45 INT. REHAB FACILITY - WEIGHT ROOM - DAY * 45

We reveal Street, alone in the workout room, agonizing through one armed rows.

THE WRIST OF HIS LEFT ARM IS LASHED TO THE WEIGHT BAR WITH A CANVAS STRAP.

There's determination burning in his eyes. The work is excruciating, but he's not giving up.

CUT TO:

46 INT. FIELD HOUSE - FILM ROOM - DAY * 46

Coach Taylor enters. Folding chairs are in place for the meeting. *

A TECHNICIAN is setting up the A/V equipment.

And then he sees something that stops him --

BUDDY GARRITY is standing by the bleachers, speaking with TWO MEN in suits. Buddy isn't smiling.

Taylor approaches, the smile now gone from his face as well. He greets the group --

TAYLOR
Buddy. How you all doing?

One of the Men extends a hand, which Taylor takes.

JENNINGS
Lance Jennings. This is Ryan Johnson - we're from the district governing board.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

Okay...

JENNINGS

Some questions have arisen about
Ray Tatom's academic eligibility.

Taylor shoots Garrity a look that could kill, but Garrity
smoothly deflects, all innocent disbelief...

BUDDY

I thought this was all squared
away, Coach.

TAYLOR

(burning)
So did I.

JOHNSON

We're here to inform you that there
will be an investigation. And you
will be notified of our findings.

TAYLOR

And if he is deemed ineligible?
What then?

JOHNSON

Ray Tatom is done playing football
here... And Dillon will be stripped
of last night's victory.

We stay on Taylor as this news hits him, putting him right
back in the firing line. And as the parents and players
begin filing in for the meeting we --

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE