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Script #: 105  
Episode #: 105  
Production #: 01005

## FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"Git'er Done"

Written by

Patrick Massett

&

John Zinman

Directed by

Mark Piznarski

PRODUCTION DRAFT

August 1, 2006

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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:

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - DAY

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)

## 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)

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:

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)

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:

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:

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.

(CONTINUED)



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)

CONTINUED: (5)

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 - gooooo 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.

(CONTINUED)



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.

(CONTINUED)

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