

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

Script #: 103  
Episode #: 103  
Production #: 01003

## FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"Wind Sprints"

Written by

Liz Heldens

Directed by

Jeffrey Reiner

### PRODUCTION DRAFT

July 21, 2006 Full  
July 25, 2006 Blue Pages: Cast, Set, 6, 15, 16, 17, 29, 44, 54  
July 26, 2006 Pink Pages: Cast, 7, 8, 23  
July 28, 2006 Yellow Pages: Cast, Set, 15, 23, 24, 29, 31, 44

© 2006 NBC STUDIOS, INC. All rights reserved. Not to be duplicated without permission. This material is the property of NBC Studios, Inc. and is intended solely for the use of its personnel. The sale, copying, reproduction or exploitation of this material in any form is prohibited. Distribution or disclosure of this material to unauthorized persons is also prohibited.

**FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS**

"Wind Sprints"

YELLOW

7/28/06

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)

RADIO ANNOUNCER  
BOOSTER  
BUDDY GARRITY  
RADIO ANNOUNCER #2  
MOM 1  
FATHER  
MOM 2  
FATHER 2  
MRS. DOLIA  
MRS. SARACEN  
BILLY RIGGINS  
DAN  
NURSE  
BURLY GUY  
MAC MCGILL  
BOBBY "BULL" REYES  
PAM GARRITY  
JOANNE STREET  
MITCHELL STREET  
WOMAN 1  
LOIS  
MAYOR LUCY RODELL  
DOLIA  
RALLY GIRL  
VIC  
RAY VOODOO TATOM  
SPORTS GUY  
DAD

**FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS**

"Wind Sprints"

YELLOW

7/28/06

SET LIST

INTERIORS

FIELD HOUSE - NIGHT & DAY  
    LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT  
    FILM ROOM - DAY  
TAYLOR HOUSE - DAY & NIGHT  
    KITCHEN - NIGHT  
    BEDROOM - NIGHT  
DILLON HIGH - DAY & DUSK  
    GYMNASIUM - DAY TO DUSK  
    HALLWAY - DAY  
    TAMI'S OFFICE - DAY  
RIGGINS HOUSE - DAY  
HOSPITAL - DAY & NIGHT  
    JASON'S ROOM - DAY & NIGHT  
ALAMO FREEZE - DAY  
GARRITY HOUSE - DAY & NIGHT  
    LYLA'S BEDROOM - DAY  
SEEDY MOTEL - DAY  
    ROOM - DAY  
SARACEN HOUSE - NIGHT  
ANOTHER PLAYER'S HOUSE - NIGHT  
RIGGINS HOUSE - NIGHT  
WILLIAMS HOUSE - NIGHT  
TEAM BUS - NIGHT  
LYLA'S CAR - NIGHT

\*

EXTERIORS

HERRMANN FIELD - NIGHT & DAY  
SARACEN HOUSE - DAY  
CLIFFS OF LAKE AUSTIN - DUSK  
GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY  
DILLON HIGH - PARKING LOT - DAY  
SEEDY MOTEL - DAY  
ALAMO FREEZE - NIGHT  
TEXAS PLAINS - NIGHT  
SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

\*

FRIDAY NIGHT LIGHTS

"Wind Sprints"

TEASER

1

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - NIGHT

1

A football sits on a tee. The SOUTH MILBANK RATTlers lined up behind it. Downfield: SMASH breathes steady, readying himself. The REF blows the WHISTLE. The ball is kicked! CROWD CHEERS. Smash receives the ball and starts his run. RADIO ANNOUNCERS walk us through the action.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Pull up a chair ladies and gentlemen we're on our way at Hermann Stadium, a beautiful night for football. Williams takes the kick at the five. Waits on the blocking. Oh, he's got daylight. Gets outside. He's at the twenty. He's at the thirty. Out of bounds at the thirty-eight yard line and ladies and gentlemen this game is on!

THE STANDS ERUPT! BUDDY GARRITY sits with a BOOSTER.

BOOSTER

Smash Williams is gonna break a rushing record tonight.

BUDDY

(cautious)

That'd be good.

Buddy looks over to see TAMI TAYLOR sitting a few yards away. He gives her a little wave. Tami gives him a bright smile that fades into a tense little grimace as soon as he looks away. JULIE TAYLOR sits next to her mother, tense despite her best efforts not to get caught up in this frenzy...

ON THE SIDELINE -- COACH TAYLOR pulls MATT SARACEN over, says something to him. Saracen nods. Coach gives him a hard pat on the back and sends him into the huddle.

SARACEN

I right, power, 44 tomahawk. 44 tomahawk, on one. On One. Ready - BREAK!

(CONTINUED)

SMASH WILLIAMS in the huddle, rolls his eyes before taking his position...

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
The big question on everybody's mind is how the Panthers are going to bounce back after losing their starting quarterback a week ago.

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)  
Even so - this should be an easy win for Dillon. Expect Coach Taylor to rely heavily on the running game. Look for Smash Williams to get the ball all night long.

ON THE FIELD -- Saracen looks over the defense. The Rattler linebackers push up tight, cornerbacks and safeties move into the box. Saracen has eleven defenders right in his grill, taunting with stunts, ready for a full-on assault. The crowd noise is deafening.

Saracen takes the snap, opens right. Collisions and chaos!

RIGGINS leads with a kick-out block. Smash springs forward, ready to take the handoff -- Saracen extends the ball --

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
...A quick slant off the right side to Williams...

Smash runs hard -- but quickly gets pounded by a massive lineman, a defensive end follows, drilling him backwards. The crowd is quieted...

-- then an unexpected ROAR RISES FROM THE STANDS! Saracen has the ball on a bootleg -- rolling left.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...wait, Saracen still has the ball on the keeper!

WIDE SHOT -- DOLIA streaks up the field on a skinny post, going vertical against the zone -- he has separation from the safety.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
What a call from Taylor. Dolia is wide open...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

Saracen fires the ball. Twenty-five yards on a rope, right on the numbers. A surge from the crowd as....!

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Saracen hits him in stride at the  
forty. He's at the thirty! The  
twenty!

-- it's a foot race to the end zone. The Rattler Safety is fast, he catches Dolia on the 15 -- he throws an arm chop from behind, punching down on the ball, WHAM!

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Fumble!!!

The ball bounces around on the field. Coach, Buddy, the sidelines -- everyone watches. Three players cover the ball.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...And the Rattlers have it!

The Rattler players celebrate, dancing in front of the Panther sideline! The Referee signals FIRST DOWN South Milbank.

Taylor's face. SHIT! From here we...

2 INT. FIELD HOUSE - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

2

SLAM!!! Coach Taylor HURLS a helmet into a locker, mad as we've ever seen the guy.

TAYLOR  
Unacceptable! Where's the  
execution?

His players -- filthy, bloody, sweaty and exhausted; stare at him, fear in their eyes, breathing hard. [We're not sure yet if the locker room cuts are half-time or post-game.]

He turns to his battered offensive line.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
We should be beating these guys by  
40 points.

3 BACK ON THE FIELD --

3

We see what Taylor is talking about. The Panther offensive line in pass blocking -- Saracen throws the ball.

-- then the Referee throws a PENALTY FLAG.

(CONTINUED)

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
That's three 15 yard penalties this  
half and the Panthers are going  
backwards...

ON SMASH, pissed, as another passing play fails.

IN THE STANDS -- Buddy shakes his head, disgusted.

BUDDY  
What's he calling? Ground game  
coach. Come on!

4 BACK IN THE LOCKER ROOM --

4

Coach Taylor continues on his tirade, turning to Riggins who  
looks defeated, almost blank --

TAYLOR  
Riggins! You're supposed to be one  
of the toughest guys in the  
district! You're getting your ass  
handed to you."

5 BACK ON THE FIELD --

5

...Riggins takes on a Defensive Player -- running hard, too  
hard, he's off balance. The Defender grabs him under the  
shoulder pads and, using his own momentum, flips Riggins out  
of bounds like he's tossing out the garbage.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Riggins is just schooled. The whole  
team is totally out of sync.

6 BACK IN THE LOCKER ROOM --

6

Taylor walks behind Riggins, leans in and lowers his voice...

TAYLOR  
Get. Your. Head. In. The. Game.

Then, Taylor levels his rage at Smash, who stands there, arms  
folded, defiant.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
What's going on, Williams? North  
and South, son. You want to dance  
with these guys, why don't you ask  
'em to the prom?

7 BACK ON THE FIELD --

7

...Smash makes a juke move, doesn't fool anyone -- three defenders take him the fuck down.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Smash Williams is finally given the ball...

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)  
Problem is he's trying too hard.  
This whole team is trying too hard.

8 BACK IN THE LOCKER ROOM --

8

SMASH  
(barely audible)  
Well, if you stop running me up the middle...

Taylor looks furious, takes a quick step closer to Smash.

TAYLOR  
What?  
(beat)  
You say something, Williams?

Smash silently holds Taylor's stare for a second, then drops his eyes to the floor. Taylor then spins on Matt Saracen, who is literally on his knees, bruised and battered, dried blood over his eyes and forehead.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Saracen!

Saracen looks up, weary.

9 BACK ON THE FIELD --

9

--Saracen makes a successful pass play -- finally, a bright spot. Touchdown for the Panthers!

--Saracen delivers another nice pass, but then gets drilled into the turf. Gets back up.

--Another play, nice hand-off -- gets drilled again.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Fourth quarter. Put up or shut up time. Third and goal from the nine for the Panthers who have all but self destructed tonight. Though  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
you've gotta admire the spunk on  
this young quarterback, Matt  
Saracen. Kid's playing with heart,  
could still pull this one out.

ON THE SIDELINES -- Coach anxiously spins his hand, telling  
his team to hurry it up. The crowd's on its feet.

ON THE FIELD -- Saracen takes the snap, drops back to pass,  
no one's open -- off the scramble he makes a run, cuts for  
the end zone! All eyes on Saracen and he dives for the TD!

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Saracen comes up short - he can't  
get out of bounds...

From the turf, Saracen looks up, struggling, fighting for  
inches -- helpless he watches as the clock counts down the  
final seconds: ...3...2...1

Final score: RATTTLERS 13 PANTHERS 7

IN THE STANDS -- Buddy reacts, angered by the loss. Tami  
drops her head into her hands. Julie cringes.

ON THE FIELD -- The Panthers can only watch as the underdog  
Rattlers celebrate in their house.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
We knew it was going to be a test  
for Coach Taylor.

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)  
Hey, it's easy to win with a Jason  
Street on the field. You ask me,  
Taylor has failed that test tonight.

BACK TO THE LOCKER ROOM -- Taylor stares at Saracen, Matt  
stares back, beaten but unflinching. Coach knows he played  
with heart and talent, gave two hundred percent. Still...

TAYLOR  
Good. But not good enough.

Taylor taps the back of Saracen's helmet and walks out...

SMASH TO:

MAIN TITLES

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

11 INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - DAY

11

Coach Taylor, looking bleary-eyed and grim, stands at the sink, eating some eggs. Tami, still in her pajamas, comes out, pours some coffee.

TAMI

Remember when Saturday mornings  
were for sleeping late, making love  
and reading the paper?

Coach doesn't answer. Tami turns to face her husband,  
checking him over, removing a piece of lint from his jacket.

TAMI (CONT'D)

Well. You look good. You'll make  
a nice impression on the rabid dogs  
before they tear you limb from  
limb.

TAYLOR

That's a little dramatic.

TAMI

So was the crucifixion of Christ,  
baby.

CUT TO:

12 INT. FIELD HOUSE - FILM ROOM - DAY

12

CLOSE ON: A monitor. We're looking at film from last night's  
game. Dolia fumbling the ball.

MOM 1 (O.S.)

Now, Coach, we appreciate that you  
were in a tough position without  
your quarterback, but I still don't  
understand calling a triple pass  
stack play.

We FREEZE on the image. REVEAL Coach Taylor standing in  
front of the standing only audience of 120 angry parents, all  
hopped up on coffee and donuts. The WOMAN, the mother of one  
of the players, waits for an answer with her arms folded.  
The following is RAPID FIRE:

TAYLOR

Dina, we can't expect every play we  
call to be successful.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER

Let's talk about the future. Is there a plan to keep this kind of thing from happening again. South Milbank is a sorry team. We should've reamed those boys.

TAYLOR

I think we all need to understand that there's a certain amount of time needed for this team to rebuild.

MOM 1

We understand that. But while we're rebuilding can't we rely on our big guns. Smash hardly touched the ball until the third quarter.

TAYLOR

Here's the thing. They were expecting us to rely on Smash. We had to keep them on their toes...

FATHER 2

Keep them on their toes? Coach, little reality check here: they lit us up like a pinball machine last night.

LAUGHTER, this is getting worse.

TAYLOR

Okay, Dave--

MOM 2

I would rather give the ball to Smash than watch it slip out of Dolia's hands all night long.

Now it's getting ugly. DOLIA'S MOM stands up.

MRS. DOLIA

Hey, Saracen's throwing too slow, too high -- gonna get my boy killed.

FATHER

Yeah, what are you going to do about Saracen, Coach?

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

Bill, Saracen was the only good thing about last night's game. Let's remember this was a non-conference game.

This gets an audible reaction from the angry crowd--

FATHER

What's that supposed to mean? That it's okay to lose? Because if that's what you think let me correct you. It is not okay to lose, Coach.

OFF this, we,

CUT TO:

13 EXT. SARACEN HOUSE - DAY 13

Saracen and LANDRY furiously scrub the word LOSER off of his QB1 sign. Saracen keeps throwing nervous looks back at his house.

LANDRY

I'm working on a theory.

SARACEN

I don't want my grandma to see this.

LANDRY

Funny you should mention her because she is at the core of my theory. Dillon hasn't lost to South Milbank in what, twenty years?

SARACEN

Seventeen.

LANDRY

Seventeen. Okay. Why now?

Saracen stops scrubbing. Looks at his QB1 sign with the word loser on it.

LANDRY (CONT'D)

I see where you're going and that's not it. You played a good game last night. That's not what I'm  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LANDRY (CONT'D)  
talking about. I'm talking about  
the supernatural.

Saracen gives his friend a long, incredulous look.

SARACEN  
You're retarded.

LANDRY  
In a lot of cultures, old women are  
thought to be powerful witches.

Landry raises his eyebrows and looks toward the house, then  
back at Saracen.

SARACEN  
You think my Grandma's a witch.

LANDRY  
In Ghana? They send old women  
suspected of being witches to these  
camps...

SARACEN  
Half the time she forgets how to  
use the phone. How's she gonna put  
a spell on the Dillon Panthers?  
And besides, why would...

GRANDMA SARACEN comes out on the front porch.

MRS. SARACEN  
Matt! What are you boys doing?

SARACEN  
Just cleaning up a little.

MRS. SARACEN  
When you're done with that I need  
you to water the children out back.

Landry looks at Saracen like, huh?

SARACEN  
You mean the flowers? Is that what  
you mean?

MRS. SARACEN  
Yes, that's what I said, isn't it?

Grandma Saracen goes back inside. Landry stares after her,  
creeped out. Saracen throws his sponge at him.

(CONTINUED)

SARACEN  
She's not a witch, dummy.

LANDRY  
(goes back to work for a  
beat or two)  
Then why'd you guys play so piss  
poor?

14 INT. RIGGINS HOUSE - DAY 14

BILLY RIGGINS stands in the middle of his living room, scruffy and working on a nice little breakfast buzz. He holds a nine iron, taking a few practice swings as he lectures his brother and smokes a cigarette.

BILLY  
It's not that hard, Timmy. It's not rocket science. You go out there, you beat the living dog snot out of those guys, you win the game, then you go get a nice little piece of tail. What part of that equation don't you understand?

Tim Riggins, on the receiving end of this lecture, does not take his eyes off the bass-fishing show on TV. Billy finally putts, trying to avoid the many obstacles -- beer bottles, pizza boxes, porn -- that litter the floor.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
You guys just bent over and grabbed your ankles. You shamed your good name.

RIGGINS  
Yeah, I feel really bad about that.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Tim and Billy look at each other: Who the hell is that? Billy peeks out the window.

BILLY  
Speaking of a nice little piece of tail. Lyla Garrity.

Tim looks alarmed. He gives his brother a look: I'm not home.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
(messing with him)  
You're not... You're not what?

(CONTINUED)

Tim mouths, "I'm not home."

BILLY (CONT'D)

I can't understand you when you're  
just moving your mouth, Timmy.

Billy walks over to the door and opens it a crack. LYLA  
GARRITY stands there, looking fresh and pretty and totally  
out of place on the Riggins's beat-to-shit front porch.

LYLA

Is Tim here?

BILLY

Uh, no. He's not here at the  
moment.

Lyla narrows her eyes a little, not buying it. When she  
speaks she raises her voice a little so Tim, who she knows is  
sitting on the couch right inside the living room, can hear.

LYLA

Uh-huh. Well, could you please  
tell him that Lyla Garrity stopped  
by and that I'll be in the hospital  
with his best friend Jason Street  
today and tomorrow and the day  
after that and so on. So whenever  
he'd like to come and visit is  
fine, but Jason is asking about him  
so sooner is better. Could you  
please tell him that when you see  
him?

BILLY

I'll let him know, sweetie.

LYLA

Thank you.

Riggins, listening to all of this, slumps down further on the  
couch, busted, unable to deal and ashamed...

CLOSE ON: A hand reaching for a velcro shoe on a foot. The  
hand tries to grip it, but can't.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

This doesn't have to happen today,  
Jason.

(CONTINUED)

REVEAL: JASON STREET channeling all of his life force to try and open the velcro lace, an act that he wouldn't have given a second thought to a week and a half earlier. DAN, a physical therapist in his thirties with a low key, no-bullshit manner, sits close by. Jason is becoming visibly agitated at his failed attempts.

JASON

Damn.

Jason lets out a GRUNT and flops back onto his hospital bed, out of breath and defeated, disappointed by his broken body.

DAN

Hey. Hey, take it easy. One day at a time. You'll get there.

Lyla enters with a bag of food and a plant, all good cheer and sunshine. She smiles at Jason.

LYLA

Hey. How are you this morning?  
(looking at Dan)  
Hey, Dan. How're you doing?

DAN

Not too bad, Lyla. Not too bad.  
Jason, same time tomorrow.

Dan leaves and Lyla busies herself with arranging plants and tidying up the room while chatting cheerfully to Jason.

LYLA

Boy, were you missed last night.  
We got spanked. It's like no one knew what to do without you. I would not want to be Coach Taylor right now.

JASON

Give him some time. He'll find his way.

LYLA

So, we're expecting a huge turnout for the Pancake Supper tomorrow.

JASON

The what?

(CONTINUED)



LYLA  
The Pancake Supper? The benefit?  
I told you about it. To help with  
the cost of the rehab facility.

JASON  
Oh. Right.

LYLA  
It's exciting, going to the rehab  
place. That's where you're gonna  
get your legs back. I just know it.

JASON  
Lyla...

Lyla pulls up a chair close to him and leans in, ruffling his  
hair.

LYLA  
You and me. We can get through  
anything.

Lyla leans in and kisses him. He kisses back and for just a  
moment we see some of their old intimacy. But Lyla is  
distracted by something. She looks down.

LYLA (CONT'D)  
Oh...

JASON  
What?

The sheet is all wet.

LYLA  
The... something's leaking.

JASON  
(mortified)  
Oh, God...

Lyla calls to a NURSE passing by.

LYLA  
Excuse me! Could you...

The NURSE enters, checks Jason over.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE  
Oh, dear. Your catheter...  
(turns to Lyla)  
Could you give us a minute, hon?

The Nurse PULLS the curtain around Jason's bed, leaving Lyla on the other side, her cheerful, upbeat mask cracking a bit in the face of this dose of reality.

16 INT. ALAMO FREEZE - DAY \* 16

Taylor and Julie are picking up dinner. Coach pulls out his wallet to pay.

JULIE  
Dad. You don't need three burgers.  
It's too much dead cow for one man.

TAYLOR  
You don't want to mess with my  
dinner tonight. Seriously.  
(beat)  
We need straws and napkins.

Julie moves off to the side and starts pulling napkins out of the dispenser. She is joined by a BURLY GUY in his fifties, an angry-looking man wearing a state championship ring.

BURLY GUY  
You're Eric Taylor's girl, right?

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

Yeah.

The Burly Guy narrows his eyes, looks over to see Taylor getting his change.

BURLY GUY

Have you guys started packing up yet? It can get real unpleasant here when you lose.

JULIE

(confused)

What?

Taylor walks over, angry, having heard the gist of what the guy's saying.

TAYLOR

Can I help you?

BURLY GUY

I was just...

TAYLOR

You have a problem, you can talk to me about it, not my fifteen year old daughter.

Julie's eyes widen. They were just getting some dinner.

BURLY GUY

I do have a problem. I have a problem with you pissing away the season calling dumbass plays.

(taking a step toward

Taylor)

Maybe you should do us all a favor and quit right now.

Taylor works to control his temper even though all he wants to do is lay this asshole flat. He speaks in a low, angry voice. Julie is near tears.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR  
Sir, I'm with my daughter, so I'm  
just gonna walk away now.

Taylor grabs Julie's hand and walks past the guy.

BURLY GUY  
Yeah. I thought so. No guts!

TAYLOR  
Eyes front, honey. Just keep  
walking.

Everybody in the restaurant just watches as Coach Taylor and  
Julie walk out with the Burly Guy yelling at them.

BURLY GUY  
(displaying his ring)  
That's why you'll never have one of  
these! You won't last a year,  
here, Taylor. Not one year!

Taylor holds tight to his daughter's hand as they walk out of  
the restaurant.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

17 EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - NEXT DAY

17

Full squad lined up at the goal line doing "suicides." ON THE FIELD CLOSE SHOTS of the players as they hustle to the ten yard line and back. Then to the twenty, then to the thirty and so on. Relentless, punishing work. Sweat pours. The guys all GRUNT in pain. Muscles are stretched to the limit. An Assistant Coach BLOWS the whistle, signaling the next sprint, over and over again.

TAYLOR

These are some big horses we're going up against. Their offensive line averages 290 across the board. Mac, how big's our biggest guy?

MCGILL

Pudnick goes about 265.

TAYLOR

When you run against the big bully on the block you need to be faster. Velocity kills. We need to be faster, gentlemen. We will outlast them. We will go above and beyond...

The whistle BLOWS again. Smash, hating this kind of work, stops on the ten yard line, walks back to Taylor. A lot of the other players stop to see what's happening. Riggins stands off to the side, in his own world.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Smash, what in the hell are you doing?

SMASH

Coach, hey, listen, me and the guys...

TAYLOR

Uh-huh.

SMASH

We got a tough game coming up. Shouldn't we work on some hand offs? Give our quarterback some practice time? Seriously Coach, we need to get this boy up to speed.

(CONTINUED)

Free Safety BOBBY "BULL" REYES (short, sinewy, first generation El Salvadoran) chimes in.

REYES  
Maybe we should get him a tutor.

Scattered LAUGHTER from the team. Riggins, in his own world, does not join in. PICK UP Saracen absorbing the insult. He's so tired and he's been through so much in the past ten days, he barely cares.

SMASH  
That's the problem. Short bus over there. Guy's a weak link. We're already in shape, Coach.

TAYLOR  
Really? Well, gee, Smash, I was gonna let you guys go home, but since you're in such good shape maybe you can run five more.

Everybody GROANS.

SMASH  
You're serious?

TAYLOR  
Ten more.

SMASH  
(under his breath)  
Don't see how this gets us a W.

TAYLOR  
Fifteen more. I can count real high, Smash. You want to see?

Smash shuts up. Goes back to his drill.

17A INT. FIELD HOUSE - FILM ROOM - DAY 17A

CLOSE ON: A TV. We see the play, familiar by now, of Street getting injured. Street tries to tackle the safety, he gets hit and he's on the ground. The IMAGE FREEZES and REWINDS, and plays again.

REVEAL Tim Riggins sitting on the floor, still sweaty from practice, his face illuminated by the glow of the TV, watching this play over and over...

18

INT. GARRITY HOUSE - LYLA'S BEDROOM - DAY

18

The room is a cheerful monument to what has so far been a happy and wholesome life: A collage of snapshots of Lyla and her friends and parents, tons of pictures of her and Jason -- the two of them at his junior prom, on a camping trip with Riggins, goofing around at the lake, cheerleading trophies, awards for community service. Everything is neat as a pin.

Lyla sits at her vanity, trying to fasten a necklace. Her mother, PAM GARRITY, walks in and kisses her on the head.

LYLA

Did you get the napkins and stuff?

PAM

Yeah. We're all set.

LYLA

We better hurry. The girls will all be there and if there's nobody around to tell them what to do they'll all just fool around --

Lyla is still trying to get the necklace on. Pam takes over, fastening it for her.

PAM

Slow down. There's time.

(a beat, then)

Your birthday's tomorrow. What do you want to do?

LYLA

I'm having dinner in the hospital with Jason.

Pam's concerned, a little frustrated even.

PAM

Oh, honey. You're spending so much time there. I thought we could go out --

LYLA

No. It's all planned.

PAM

Lyla, are you sure this all isn't too much? You've been at the hospital every day.

(CONTINUED)

Lyla turns to look at her mother.

LYLA  
You'd do it for dad, wouldn't you?

PAM  
Well, yes, but he's my husband.

LYLA  
Jason and I are getting married  
someday...

PAM  
Honey, you need to accept the  
reality of this situation. This is  
a terrible thing that has happened  
and maybe you should talk to  
someone...

LYLA  
(forceful)  
He's coming back from this, okay?  
He is. That's just all there is  
too it. He needs me.  
(softer now)  
Don't worry. I have it all down.  
I get up at five. I'm at the  
hospital by six, I visit Jason  
until eight, then school, practice,  
then back to the hospital at five  
until eight.

Pam looks at her daughter with a mixture of pity and  
admiration. She stands up and sighs, planting a kiss on  
Lyla's head.

PAM  
You're such a good girl. I hope  
Jason Street knows how lucky he is.

19 EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY 19

Tim Riggins sits in his parked car and scarfs down an all too  
typical dinner of microwave bean and cheese burritos and a  
quart of milk. He is startled when JOANNE STREET, Jason's  
mom, walks up to the window. There's a deep, exhausted  
sadness about her, but she looks genuinely happy to see Tim.

JOANNE STREET  
Hi, Tim. How are you, sweetie?

(CONTINUED)



A note here: Tim Riggins is gentle with her. He obviously has a fondness for this woman that runs deep.

RIGGINS  
Oh, hey. I'm okay. How are you?  
And Mr. Street?

JOANNE STREET  
Oh. Holding up alright, I guess.  
Jason's been asking about you.

RIGGINS  
Oh, yeah. I...

JOANNE STREET  
I know, I know. You're busy with  
football and all.  
(looking at his awful  
dinner)  
Tim, just because Jason's in the  
hospital doesn't mean you can't  
come over for dinner on Tuesdays.

RIGGINS  
Thank you, Ma'am. I will. I'll...  
I'll call you.

Mrs. Street gives him a tender smile and reaches out to brush the hair off his face, a maternal gesture, that Riggins accepts so readily, it reminds us how hungry this boy must be for a mother.

JOANNE STREET  
Good. Get some rest, Tim. Am I  
gonna see you at the Pancake Supper  
tonight?

RIGGINS  
Yes, ma'am.

JOANNE STREET  
Okay. Bye, honey.

Riggins waits until she goes into the store before he cracks open the forty-ouncer of Bud sitting on the floor next to him and takes a long pull...

Over this we PRE-LAP:

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL STREET (O.S.)  
I know if Jason were here he'd want  
to thank you for all your  
support...

20 INT. DILLON HIGH - GYMNASIUM - DAY TO DUSK 20

The Pancake Supper for Jason Street. The place is packed.  
Jason's father, MITCHELL STREET, stands at a microphone.

MITCHELL STREET  
And I'd like to say a special thank  
you to Miss Lyla Garrity for  
organizing this event. She's been  
an angel through all this. I don't  
know what we would have done  
without her...

There's a round of APPLAUSE for Lyla who is at the donation  
table. She looks up and smiles. A WOMAN whispers to a lady  
standing beside her.

WOMAN 1  
Poor thing. I don't know how she's  
holding it together.

Lyla whips her head around to look at the women, but before  
she can respond, someone is pressing another check on Lyla...

MITCHELL STREET  
Okay, let's eat some pancakes...

LATER IN THE GYMNASIUM

Everybody mills around, eating and talking.

Cheerleaders man the electric pancake grills and serve up  
MASSIVE quantities of sausage and ham while football players  
eat and eat...

Lyla, at the donation table, accepts the checks as they come  
pouring in.

Coach Taylor gets an earful from some Boosters.

A CUTE RALLY GIRL hands Smash a plate of food.

\*

Landry and Saracen load up plates. Landry looks around  
nervously.

(CONTINUED)

LANDRY  
The River of Rally Girls has run  
dry.

\*

SARACEN  
Shut up.

LANDRY  
It's true. No one's even looking  
at you.

SARACEN  
You know what? Can you just  
seriously shut up?

Saracen is looking over at Julie, who has her back to him,  
talking to a friend. Landry follows his gaze across the  
room.

LANDRY  
No. Brother, I'm telling you, now  
is not the time. You just lost.  
You don't have your powers.

But Saracen is already putting a bunch of pancakes on a  
plate.

SARACEN  
I'm gonna take her a plate.

LANDRY  
I do not support this.

Saracen walks off, leaving Landry standing there. Grandma  
Saracen appears at his side, happily munching on some  
pancakes.

MRS. SARACEN  
Good pancakes.

Landry looks off to the side, nervous in her presence...

FIND Julie, standing with her friend LOIS, looking down at  
her plate full of pancakes.

JULIE  
This is like having a bag of flour  
for dinner.

LOIS  
Let's go get a turkey burger.

(CONTINUED)

Saracen walks up just as the girls move to leave. Julie looks at him over her shoulder.

JULIE  
(handing him her plate)  
Hey, Matt. We're taking off. Want my plate?

Julie and Lois walk off, leaving Matt holding two plates of food...

PICK UP TYRA COLLETTE striding though the gym with a purpose, oblivious for once to the stares she gets from almost every guy in the place. She almost runs into Smash, who gives her a long, approving look up and down.

SMASH  
Well look who it is. My little ray of sunshine.

TYRA  
Have you seen Tim? He said he was gonna be here. Is he here?

Smash would very much like another bite of this apple, but he's certainly not gonna get his heart broken over it.

SMASH  
So you don't return phone calls?  
You're just gonna use the Smash and throw him away. That's wasteful.

Tyra just gives him a long look, waiting for him to answer her question.

SMASH (CONT'D)  
I don't know where Riggins is.  
Probably out cold somewhere. Let's talk about us.

Tyra just rolls her eyes and blows past him. Smash calls after her.

SMASH (CONT'D)  
Don't kid yourself, baby. You'll be back for more Smash!

Smash shrugs, takes a bite of sausage, looks around for more action...

FIND Tami Taylor taking a bite of pancakes just as MAYOR LUCY RODELL walks up, wearing a big Barbara Bush-y smile.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR RODELL  
Tami Taylor! Nice to see you.

TAMI  
Hi!

MAYOR RODELL  
Heard about your new job.  
Congratulations. How's it going?

TAMI  
Oh. Today was my first day.  
Mostly just helping with college  
applications, class schedules,  
stuff like that.

Mayor Rodell starts loading up a plate. Tami's a bit nervous  
in her presence.

MAYOR RODELL  
It's a good thing. A woman needs  
her own income. I found that out  
the hard way.  
(looking over the sausage  
links)  
You know, the last guidance  
counselor at the school killed  
herself. Pills, I think. Women  
use pills, men use guns.  
Interesting, don't you think?

Tami nods through a mouthful of pancake, looking more or less  
horrified. The Mayor looks at her and LAUGHS.

MAYOR RODELL (CONT'D)  
Oh, don't worry, honey. It wasn't  
because of the job that she killed  
herself, God no. Her husband left  
her for a stripper. Happens all  
the time here.

TAMI  
Oh. Great.  
(looking around the event)  
It's nice so many people came out.

MAYOR RODELL  
Oh, yeah. The people of Dillon are  
generous.

Tami nods.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR RODELL (CONT'D)

Up to a point.

(leaning toward Tami)

Your husband does have a plan for  
the Arnett Mead game, right?

Tami is startled, but she knows what the right answer is.

TAMI

Yes. Yes, he does.

MAYOR RODELL

Good. I knew it. Let's hope it  
works.

(moving to leave)

Have some of that bacon, Tami. You  
need your strength.

The Mayor leaves and we FOLLOW her as she passes DOLIA eating  
pancakes with Reyes. Reyes admires Lyla Garrity from across  
the room

REYES

She's so hot.

DOLIA

Don't even think about it, man.  
Street's girlfriend is off limits.  
Nobody goes near her.

PICK UP Coach Taylor talking to some Boosters. Buddy  
approaches.

BUDDY

Hey. We gotta move on this Katrina  
Kid.

TAYLOR

Buddy, is this above board? I  
don't need anymore headaches.

BUDDY

You let me worry about that. He's  
being circled by Arnett Mead. I'm  
dropping a tape off. I'm telling  
you, he could turn this team  
around.

TAYLOR

It was one game, Buddy. One.

(CONTINUED)

BUDDY

That's one game too many. I'm living in the real world here. We need a quarterback. I'll eat pancakes all day long, but Jason Street's never coming back and Matt Saracen's not gonna take us to State.

PICK UP Matt Saracen walking past, clocking that last remark. Taylor notices.

TAYLOR

Buddy, maybe now's not the time, okay?

BUDDY

Just look at the tape, Coach. Look at the tape.

Taylor is left alone, eating his pancakes...

21 EXT. CLIFFS OF LAKE AUSTIN - DUSK

21

We're on top of some spectacular cliffs as the SUN SETS, all fiery orangy-pink and purple...

SMASH! A golf club hits a beer bottle, shattering it to pieces that fly over the cliffs...

REVEAL TIM RIGGINS, working up a mean beer buzz, methodically smashing bottles off this cliff with his brother's nine iron.

Sound of TIRES on gravel as Tyra pulls up in her truck and screeches to a halt. She hops out and walks up to him in a hurry, anger and concern coming to a boil inside her and expressing itself as follows:

TYRA

Hey, dumbass!

Tim doesn't look up, just smashes those bottles, one after the other.

TYRA (CONT'D)

You're just going to ignore me?  
You think I'll go away?

Tim finishes another beer, tosses it in the air and slams the shit out of it with his nine iron, then turns to her.

(CONTINUED)

RIGGINS

That's what I keep hoping, but you  
don't seem to want to get the  
message.

TYRA

Go to hell.

Tyra turns on her heel and walks back to her truck, stops at  
the door. Who the fuck does this guy think he is? She walks  
back to Riggins.

TYRA (CONT'D)

You're such a big tough guy, you  
can't go see Jason Street in the  
hospital? Damn, Tim. Grow a set,  
will you? Because we both know  
that's what this is all about.

Tyra, having said her piece walks back to her truck. Then:

RIGGINS (O.S.)

Hey, Tyra. How's Smash?

This stops her cold.

RIGGINS (CONT'D)

Was he good? You have a nice time?

Tyra turns to look at him, busted.

TYRA

Nothing happened. Not really.  
Besides, don't pretend like you  
haven't slept with half the Rally  
Girls.

\*  
\*

RIGGINS

We sure do have something special  
here, Tyra.

Tyra folds her arms across her chest.

TYRA

Maybe you're right. Maybe I'm  
wasting my time. You're just  
another mediocre football player  
who's going to grow up to drink  
himself to death. Maybe we should  
just end this right now.

(CONTINUED)



Tyra waits for his reaction. They've played this record a couple hundred times.

RIGGINS  
See you around, then.

Not the reaction she was waiting for.

TYRA  
I'm serious, Tim. This is it. If you let me drive away now, I'm never coming back. You understand?

RIGGINS  
I get it.

Tyra stands there. She's starting to panic now. He's supposed to fight back, stop her, throw something, anything. But he doesn't do any of that. Her tough exterior starts to break.

TYRA  
That's all you have to say? We're breaking up for real and all you're going to do is stand there?

Tyra watches as Tim backs to the edge of the cliff and spreads his arms wide, dropping the nine iron. She tries not to look alarmed, as he gets closer and closer to the edge. Finally he turns and jumps off the cliff...

Tyra hurries to the edge and looks down to see...

Tim Riggins doing the backstroke in the water, LAUGHING to himself.

TYRA (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Go to hell, Tim. Just go to hell.

Tyra walks to her truck and gets in, sitting for a second, before she turns the engine over and drives away...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

22 INT. FIELD HOUSE - DAY

22

CLOSE ON: A monitor. Ray Voodoo Tatom playing football. The kid looks impressive. REVEAL Taylor watching this tape with Mac McGill and all of the Panthers ASSISTANT COACHES.

TAYLOR

Kid's got an arm. Can he scramble under pressure?

MCGILL

Keep watching. His team went to the state championship last year. Kid broke three tackles for a forty yard touchdown.

TAYLOR

You saw this tape already?

MCGILL

I was over at Buddy's this weekend. Barbeque.

Taylor gives McGill a look. He doesn't like it.

TAYLOR

Didn't know you two were so close.

23 INT. DILLON HIGH - HALLWAY - DAY

23

Riggins walks into school, looking hung-over and disheveled. A pretty Rally Girl hands him a pack of "his" homework. \*

RALLY GIRL

\*

(so crushed-out it's painful)

Hey, Tim. Here's that paper on *East of Eden*. I spelled a bunch of stuff wrong so it'll look like yours this time. Your Spanish homework's on the bottom.

RIGGINS

(gruff, without meeting her eye)

Thanks.

RALLY GIRL

\*

I heard you and Tyra broke up. Is it true?

(CONTINUED)

RIGGINS  
I suppose it is.

Tim walks past her, not interested in whatever else she might have to offer besides homework. He walks down the hall, passing Lyla Garrity as he goes.

LYLA  
Hey, Tim. We're having a prayer group for Jason this afternoon. You want to come?

RIGGINS  
What are we praying for? A new spine?

Lyla looks hurt.

LYLA  
Tim, I know you never do anything you don't want to do and I guess that's fine. But don't insult me.

Lyla walks off. Tim watches her go, wishing he wasn't such an asshole.

24 INT. DILLON HIGH - TAMI'S OFFICE - DAY 24

Tami is in the middle of her disorganized office, trying to catch up on paperwork. Matt Saracen appears in the doorway, holding a form.

SARACEN  
Mrs. Taylor?

TAMI  
Oh. Hi, Matt. Come on in.

Tami motions for him to come in. He does, looking uncomfortable.

SARACEN  
I need to drop pre-calculus so I can make morning practice.

TAMI  
When are you going to take pre-calculus?

SARACEN  
Next semester. After football season.

(CONTINUED)

TAMI  
So long as you take it.  
(looking around)  
Where the hell are my drop cards...

Tami digs around for the right form, shaking her head at the mess.

TAMI (CONT'D)  
I'm afraid I am going to find a  
body in here. I can't believe the  
state this office was left in...  
Oh, here we go. You fill it out,  
I'll sign it.

Tami hands him the form and watches him as he fills it out.

TAMI (CONT'D)  
Everything okay, Matt?

SARACEN  
What? Oh, yeah. I think we'll do  
a lot better against Arnett Mead.

TAMI  
I meant you. I know your dad's  
away in Iraq. You're living with  
your grandma, isn't that right?

SARACEN  
Oh. I'm doing alright. Grandma's  
going through a good spell right  
now.

TAMI  
There's bad spells?

SARACEN  
Oh, nothing really. Just... she's  
a little loopy some times. Just  
funny stuff, mostly. Putting the  
ice cream in the cupboard,  
forgetting to take her medication,  
that kind of thing.

TAMI  
And that's your responsibility? To  
make sure she takes her medication?

SARACEN  
Well, there's no one else.

(CONTINUED)

TAMI

You have a lot on your plate, don't you. Football alone is more than a full time job.

SARACEN

Oh, well, I love football. I just hope I get to keep playing, that's all.

TAMI

Why wouldn't you?

SARACEN

Well, it seems like they're trying to recruit this Katrina refugee. This quarterback from New Orleans.

This is news to Tami.

TAMI

I... hadn't heard a thing about that.

25 EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - DAY 25

The Panthers do more drills as the sun pounds down on them. Riggins fights his way through the gauntlet: a turnstile-like machine that beats the shit out of him as he carries the ball through it. Coach is riding him.

TAYLOR

Keep your legs moving, Riggins!  
What's the problem? STAY LOW.  
Keep going.

Riggins finishes, at the end of his rope, hung-over and angry at the world.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Again.

Riggins does it again. Taylor watches, hectoring at him.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Riggins, you are not prepared for this game. Go hard or go home. When you're out here, your ass belongs to me. And you give me a hundred and ten percent at all times. Not when you feel like it.

(CONTINUED)

Riggins finishes.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Again.

RIGGINS  
No.

TAYLOR  
What?

RIGGINS  
You heard me.

Riggins rips off his helmet, throws it on the ground at Taylor's feet and walks off. McGill walks up to Taylor before he can say anything to Riggins.

MCGILL  
Let him go, Coach.

Taylor looks at McGill, not happy at being instructed by him.

MCGILL (CONT'D)  
He's been watching the game tape from when Street got hurt. I have a feeling he thinks it's his fault.

TAYLOR  
How could it be his fault?

MCGILL  
Maybe he thinks he should have made the tackle.

TAYLOR  
He was thirty yards away.

MCGILL  
(shrugs)  
You can blame yourself for anything if you think about it long enough.

Taylor takes that in for a second. It's true. He's been down this road himself, where Street's concerned.

TAYLOR  
(shaking his head)  
So I'm supposed to let him walk off a practice? I don't think so.

(CONTINUED)

Taylor turns and looks at the rest of his players who are all staring at him. Taylor BLOWS his whistle.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Okay, stairs. Let's go.

Nobody moves for a moment and when they do they take their own sweet time. Taylor BLOWS his whistle again.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
I said now! Reyes! Dolia!  
Hustle!

The players comply, except for Smash, who is off to the side talking to a Cheerleader. Coach narrows his eyes at his sluggish team. He doesn't like it.

He looks up to see Buddy in the stands, watching the whole thing.

26 EXT. DILLON HIGH - PARKING LOT - DAY 26

Coach Taylor walks out of the Field House, ready to get home, his bag slung over his shoulder. He slows down when he sees...

Buddy, leaning against his car, in deep and apparently delightful conversation with McGill -- they laugh like old college buddies. Both men stop when they see Coach. Buddy keeps smiling. McGill looks slightly guilty. Coach smiles warily.

BUDDY  
Did Tim Riggins just walk off a practice? Man, that would not have happened in my day. Guess these are different times, huh, Coach?

TAYLOR  
What can I do for you, Buddy?

BUDDY  
What do you say we take a ride to see this Ray Tatom kid?

TAYLOR  
Buddy, I know Matt Saracen's a wild card, but you know one thing I really like about him? He's not gonna get us busted for recruiting.

(CONTINUED)

BUDDY  
Recruiting? Who said anything  
about recruiting? This poor boy's  
thinking of relocating to Dillon.  
That's all. His family lost  
everything in that Hurricane.  
Hasn't he been through enough? We  
can help him out and help  
ourselves. It's a win-win. Right,  
Mac?

McGill looks uncomfortable.

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
Or, you know, me and Mac could just  
go.

Taylor thinks for a second, then smiles.

TAYLOR  
Shotgun.

Buddy grins. He wins.

27 EXT. SEEDY MOTEL - DAY 27

Taylor, Buddy and McGill walk up the stairs of this run down  
Motel 6. They pass the ARNETT MEAD COACH on his way out of  
Ray Tatom's room and they all give him a nod.

Taylor is starting to get a bad feeling here. Nothing about  
this seems above board. In fact, it feels really dirty.  
Buddy KNOCKS on the door. It's opened by a man in his  
forties, fancies himself a sports agent type. This is VIC.  
He eyes them with suspicion.

TAYLOR  
We're here to see Ray Tatom.

VIC  
You and everybody else.

28 INT. SEEDY HOTEL - ROOM - DAY 28

It just gets weirder and weirder. The room's a mess, like  
the family's been living there forever. The curtains are  
drawn so it's really dark. Ray's FATHER lies on the bed  
watching a TV with the volume way up, only really he's not  
watching anything, just relentlessly changing the channel.  
Ray's MOM is HUMMING to herself in a chair and RAY VODOO  
TATOM, a GIGANTIC GUY who has a moody, menacing quality about  
him, sits in his chair looking blank. Vic, slick and

(CONTINUED)



unsavory, seems to be this family's connection to the real world.

NOTE: During this scene, we hear Ray's Father changing the channel on the TV over and over, punctuating the conversation with snippets of game shows, cartoons and infomercials.

VIC

This boy and his family have been through a terrible time. They lost everything in Katrina - been bounced around from place to place ever since.

BUDDY

Well the good people of Dillon Texas would like to open their hearts. We might be able to provide housing. Very comfortable housing...

Taylor closes his eyes for a moment. Buddy's going way over the line here.

VIC

They need a fresh start.

BUDDY

Mr. Tatom over there might need a job.

VIC

That would help.

BUDDY

We can arrange that.

Taylor can't believe what he's hearing. He drops his head into his hand, then looks up to see Ray Tatom looking at him. Taylor meets his eye, taking in this kid, this quarterback who is supposed to be the answer to all his problems. This closer scrutiny doesn't ease Coach's mind. Ray Tatom just stares back at him with dead, vacant eyes.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

We also might be able to arrange a little fund, from some of the local business owners. Might help a family get back up on its feet.

VIC

It might.

(CONTINUED)

BUDDY  
We'll get you set up. We're a fine  
and generous town. A good place to  
call home.

VIC  
And he gets a guarantee to start.

BUDDY  
No problem. Right, Coach?

Eyes turn to Taylor, who decides he's had just about enough  
of this. He stands.

TAYLOR  
Actually, that is a problem.

BUDDY  
Well, Coach Taylor and I can go  
over the details. The point is--

TAYLOR  
(directly to Voodoo)  
You want to go all the way, son?

Voodoo stares back at Taylor, something vacant and dark in  
his eyes.

VOODOO  
I am going all the way.

TAYLOR  
You want to play college ball? You  
want to go to the pros?

VOODOO  
That's the idea.

TAYLOR  
Well, then you need to be on the  
number one team in Texas. Your  
representation here can go ahead  
and squeeze all he can out of this,  
but this isn't about a new car or  
start-up money. This is about your  
future. Starting positions aren't  
handed out in motel rooms. They're  
earned on the field. You want to  
go with Arnett Mead, that's fine.  
But they're gonna have a short  
season. Your choice.

(CONTINUED)

Everyone falls silent. Buddy looks angry. Mac gives a tiny little smile that could either mean he's proud of Coach or he's happy that Taylor has gone out on his own, perhaps digging his own grave. Taylor looks at Ray's Mother and tips his head.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Ma'am. It was nice to meet you. I wish you and your family luck.

And with that, Coach Taylor leaves the room.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

29 INT. GARRITY HOUSE - NIGHT

29

Lyla carefully puts two cupcakes into a tupperware container and packs it in a bag next to the rest of the dinner she's prepared, some candles and a couple of movies she's rented from Blockbuster. She walks into the living room to grab her sweater. She stops when she hears her parents' voices...

PAM (O.S.)

I am telling you I need some help here...

BUDDY (O.S.)

What do you want me to do?

PAM (O.S.)

I want you to talk to her. I love how you can find time to take an eighty mile road trip if the Dillon Panthers need something, but if your own daughter...

Lyla freezes as she realizes they are arguing about her.

BUDDY (O.S.)

She's a good girl. She's got a good head on her shoulders. She's fine.

PAM (O.S.)

How is she fine? She's living in a fantasy land. She's not thinking about college. She's not thinking about her own future. What is she gonna do? She put all her eggs in one basket. And you and I let her.

BUDDY (O.S.)

Just give it time. She'll get bored. She'll move on.

Lyla silently finishes packing up her things and leaves, shutting the door quietly behind her as she goes.

30 INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

30

Tami does dishes in the kitchen, with one eye on the local news on TV. Coach Taylor walks in, shutting the door a little too hard behind him.

(CONTINUED)

Julie, studying on the couch, senses her father's dark mood. She snaps her book shut and immediately heads to her room. Tami is slower to notice.

TAMI  
I suppose you haven't eaten.

Coach opens the refrigerator and stares.

TAYLOR  
Don't worry about it. I'll figure something out.

He slams the door shut. The past week is getting to him. He looks ready for a fight.

TAMI  
There's some chicken. Listen, Eric. I talked to Matt Saracen today and I don't want to tell you how to do your job, but he's really worried about this Katrina Quarterback.

Taylor looks at her. Bad time for her to be chiming in.

TAYLOR  
Really? Is Matt Saracen under some pressure?

TAMI  
Yeah, he is. He's under a lot of pressure.

TAYLOR  
Well, maybe I should go over to his house and make him some Ovaltine and read him a story.

TAMI  
You're being sarcastic. A little compassion might be in order...

TAYLOR  
You and every other person in this town wants to tell me how to do my job. Well, let me tell you something. Those boys don't need compassion. They need to win. We need to win...

(CONTINUED)

TAMI  
(re: the TV)  
Isn't that Smash?

ON THE TV: Smash is being interviewed by the LOCAL SPORTS GUY.

SPORTS GUY  
A lot of people in Dillon are saying that Taylor's not the right guy for the job...

SMASH  
You're trying to get me in trouble...

SPORTS GUY  
No, no. I just want to know where you stand. Come on, you must have an opinion.

SMASH  
Sure, I have an opinion.

SPORTS GUY  
If I were you I would too. You've got a lot to lose if the coach mismanages this team.

SMASH  
I just... maybe somebody ought to tell Coach Taylor that we're supposed to win football games...

SPORTS GUY  
Ahh, see? I knew you had --

The TV turns OFF. Coach Taylor stands there, holding the remote, looking furious. Tami looks at her husband, a little scared now.

TAMI  
Eric...

But Taylor's already in motion, grabbing his jacket and keys and picking up the phone.

TAMI (CONT'D)  
He's just a kid. He's just a stupid kid. That's all this is.

(CONTINUED)

FNL "Wind Sprints" YELLOW 7/28/06 44.  
 30 CONTINUED: (3) 30

TAYLOR  
 (punching a number into  
 the phone)  
 That's not all this is.  
 (into the phone)  
 Mac. Get everybody together.  
 Yeah, I know what time it is. Do  
 it.

In a QUICK MONTAGE we see players pulled out of their nightly routines:

31 INT. SARACEN HOUSE - NIGHT 31

Matt is in bed when the phone RINGS. It takes him a second to react.

MRS. SARACEN (O.S.)  
 Who's calling so late?

SARACEN  
 I got it.  
 (into the phone)  
 Hello? Now?

32 INT. ANOTHER PLAYER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 32

A PLAYER surfs the internet in his bedroom when his DAD sticks his head in the door.

DAD  
 Coach is on the phone for you.

33 EXT. ALAMO FREEZE - NIGHT \* 33

A PLAYER eats a burger when his cell phone RINGS...

34 INT. RIGGINS HOUSE - NIGHT 34

Tim's bedroom door opens. Billy stands there with a smirk on his face.

BILLY  
 You better get dressed.

35 INT. WILLIAMS HOUSE - NIGHT 35

Smash is just settling down on the couch with a bowl of cereal when the doorbell RINGS. He doesn't move. It RINGS again.

(CONTINUED)

SMASH  
Somebody gonna get that?

We hear Smash's Sister, Noannie, answer the door and a second later Smash looks up to see Coach Taylor standing in his living room at eleven o'clock at night.

TAYLOR  
Get dressed. We're taking a field trip.

36 INT. TEAM BUS - NIGHT 36

All the players sit on the bus. No one's talking -- everybody's a little scared. Smash enters in a hurry, then stops when he sees the rest of the players. What the fuck? Smash takes a seat next to Saracen.

SMASH  
What's going on?

SARACEN  
No idea.

37 INT. HOSPITAL - JASON'S ROOM - NIGHT 37

The credits to The Wedding Crashers roll. Lyla has been holding hands with Street and is half asleep with her head on his chest. She stirs and gets up to turn the TV off.

JASON  
Pretty sad birthday, huh?

LYLA  
What are you talking about? This is exactly what I wanted. There's no place I'd rather be. Next year we'll go out to dinner, when you're better.

Jason snaps. He can't take it anymore. He speaks harshly.

JASON  
Lyla. I'm not going to get better. Can't you see that?

LYLA  
Jason, come on. You have to have faith...

JASON  
Lyla. Stop...

(CONTINUED)



LYLA

This is just a little hiccup,  
that's all. It's a year. You'll  
be back on track in a year. You'll  
go to Notre Dame on your football  
scholarship. I'll follow and get  
an apartment...

JASON

Stop it! Just stop it. Stop  
talking and listen to me. I'm not  
getting my legs back...

LYLA

But... there are cases, lots of  
cases where people recovered...

JASON

That's not me! I'll be lucky if I  
get full use of my hands back. I  
can't even get my shoes on and off.  
How can you not see that? What's  
the matter with you?

Lyla stands, backs away from him, her heart starting to race.  
He's never talked to her like this before. No one's ever  
talked to her like this before.

LYLA

I'm just trying to help...

JASON

Well, you're not helping. You're  
making it worse!

LYLA

Why are you getting so mad?

JASON

Do you know that every night since  
the accident I dream I can walk  
again. Every night. And then I  
wake up and I have to accept it all  
over again. And then you come in  
and I have to pretend. It's  
killing me, Lyla.

Lyla is crying now, shaking her head.

JASON (CONT'D)

Get this through your head. My  
life is over. There's not going to  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JASON (CONT'D)

be any Notre Dame. I'm never going to play football again. I'm not going pro. And we're not going to get married. I'm never going to walk again.

LYLA

Don't say that.

JASON

Just get out, Lyla. Will you do that for me? Just get out.

Lyla stares at him for a long moment. He might as well have punched her in the face. Without expression, she packs up the remains of dinner. Only her shaking hands give away how upset she is.

LYLA

I'll... I'll come back tomorrow for when they take you to the rehab facility...

Lyla walks out, leaving Jason lying there, glad it's off his chest, knowing that it's only a matter of time until he hates himself for what he just said to her...

The full moon lights the sky as the Dillon Panthers file out of the bus. Everybody's a little nervous, but no one wants to show it. Saracen and Smash hop off the bus.

SMASH

What's he gonna do? Kill us all?

Saracen warily eyes a sandy hill nearby, an idea forming.

SARACEN

Maybe.

Taylor, who has not said a word, BLOWS his whistle loudly. Its shrill sound seems to echo across the plains. Everybody looks at him.

TAYLOR

Wind sprints. Up the hill and back.

Everybody looks around, confused.

MCGILL

You heard the man. Line up!

(CONTINUED)

Fifty boys toe an imaginary line at the base of the hill. Taylor BLOWS his whistle. Everybody starts sprinting up the hill in a full sprint. The sand is deep. Every step is a struggle.

TAYLOR  
You think you're champions just because you put on the Panther uniform? You think you're champions because they give you a free piece of pie at the diner?

They're running down the hill now, full speed. They get down to the bottom, winded.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Well, you're not.

He BLOWS his whistle again. The boys start up the hill once more. Coach continues yelling over...

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES of the boys running up and down the hill.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Champions do not complain...

Sweat begins to pour.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Champions do not give up...

Riggins uses his hands on the steepest part of the hill.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Champions give two hundred percent...

Dolia stumbles, skins his knee. Blood pours from the cut.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Champions do not point fingers...

Smash gives a SLOW GUY a dirty look, thinking he's the reason why this is still going on.

SMASH  
Come on, pick it up.

TAYLOR  
Champions go above and beyond.  
Champions play for the love of the  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
game. You're not Champions until  
you've earned it...

Saracen keeps his head down as he goes, knowing that this  
could go on forever.

Reyes pukes his guts out at the bottom of the hill. Taylor  
doesn't care. He BLOWS his whistle again.

MCGILL  
Coach, maybe they've had enough.

Taylor doesn't even look at McGill when he answers in a low,  
harsh voice.

TAYLOR  
I'll decide when it's enough.

The boys keep running up and down the hill. Taylor keeps  
blowing his whistle. Most of them are soaked by now and the  
pace has slowed. Taylor has stopped talking, but keeps  
blowing that whistle. They've been at this for hours.

The boys come down the hill. Some of them look like they're  
about to cry. We hear the SOUND of someone RETCHING.

Smash locks eyes with Taylor as he runs down the last ten  
feet of hill. He is full of hatred for Taylor, pure and  
simple. Then he looks around at his broken and bloody  
teammates, then back at Taylor. They hold a look for a  
second or two, but it feels like longer. Taylor looks at  
Smash with almost a challenge in his eyes: Are you a  
Champion? Time seems to slow down as something clicks in  
Smash's mind...

Taylor PUTS A HAND AROUND HIS WHISTLE, getting ready to blow  
it again. Before he does...

SMASH  
(calling out)  
Clear eyes. Full Hearts.

Taylor's hand freezes. He doesn't blow the whistle, watches  
his boys instead. Saracen, at the bottom of the hill, hands  
on his knees, answers Smash.

SARACEN  
Can't lose!

SMASH  
(digging deep)  
Clear eyes. Full hearts.

(CONTINUED)

Taylor lowers his whistle. Riggins straightens up and calls along with his team...

RIGGINS/PANTHERS  
Can't lose!

The fifty Panthers stand up and without the whistle, run up the hill again, seeming to get a second wind. Riggins stumbles, Smash helps him up...

They run back down and again Smash calls to his team.

SMASH  
Clear eyes. Full Hearts.

PANTHERS  
Can't lose!

Riggins wipes his eyes -- maybe sweat, maybe tears. The Panthers run up the hill again, not defeated but energized.

Taylor puts the whistle in his pocket.

The Panthers run up the hill and back again. Up the hill and back. OFF a look of satisfaction spreading across Coach's face...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

39 EXT. TEXAS PLAINS - NIGHT

39

Taylor stands by the bus as the boys, exhausted, file past him onto the bus. Smash steps up, looks Coach in the eye and gives him an almost imperceptible nod before climbing onto the bus.

More players go by. Riggins approaches the bus. Taylor steps in front, blocking his way. Tim looks up at him: now what?

TAYLOR

Son. What happened to Jason Street is nobody's fault. In football, things happen. It was an accident. You understand me?

RIGGINS

I didn't even try. I didn't even go after the tackle...

TAYLOR

You were on the other side of the field. It wouldn't have mattered. It wasn't your fault.

(almost ordering him)

I want you to let yourself off the hook.

Riggins looks at the ground. He wants to believe Coach, but he can't quite let himself off the hook. Coach is waiting for an answer.

RIGGINS

Yes, sir.

Riggins moves to get on the bus, but Taylor stops him again. Riggins looks up. The kindness has gone out of Coach's eyes.

TAYLOR

You ever walk out on one of my practices again, I'll throw you off this team. You understand that?

RIGGINS

Yes, sir.

TAYLOR

Good. You owe me a practice. You can walk home and we'll call it even.

(CONTINUED)

With that, Taylor hops on the bus and the doors close in Tim's face.

39A INT. LYLA'S CAR - NIGHT 39A

Lyla drives, white knuckled, staring straight ahead, a sad song playing on the radio as she passes a "Welcome to Dillon" sign by the side of the road.

There are so many big emotions in play here that she has no idea how to deal with them and they all hit her at once in the form of a massive panic attack. She looks like she might be sick and rolls down the window, taking big gulps of the night air, trying to contain her feelings.

That's when she sees Tim Riggins, looking like a zombie, trying to hitch a ride as he walks back into town.

Lyla, grateful for the distraction, pulls over...

40 EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT 40

Riggins waits for the car to slow down, happy to get a ride the rest of the way. He walks up to the car, losing enthusiasm as he recognizes it as Lyla's.

INTERCUT WITH: INSIDE LYLA'S CAR

Lyla rolls the passenger window down, looks out at Riggins, the sad song on the radio continues.

LYLA  
Get in, Tim.

RIGGINS  
Isn't it past your bedtime?

LYLA  
Jerk.

Lyla starts to peel away. Suddenly the car screeches to a stop and she gets out, comes at him. She's in an insane, agitated, out of control state.

LYLA (CONT'D)  
What are you, drunk again?

RIGGINS  
Will be.

(CONTINUED)

LYLA

I thought God would do me a favor  
because I'm such a good girl.  
Isn't that the dumbest thing you  
ever heard?

RIGGINS

It's not dumb.

LYLA

Shut up, Tim. You're walking  
around drunk all the time. And  
it's not just since the accident,  
so don't try to pretend like it is.  
And you... you can walk. You can  
get up and walk across the room to  
get another beer if that's what you  
want to do.

Riggins just stands there. Somehow this makes Lyla furious.  
She reaches out and shoves him.

LYLA (CONT'D)

You make me sick, Tim. Jason's in  
the hospital and you won't even go  
see him!

She starts beating on him now. He doesn't make a move to  
defend himself.

LYLA (CONT'D)

Why won't you go see him? He's  
never going to walk again. Do you  
understand? Do you get it? He's  
never going to walk again!

Saying it out loud breaks her heart. She starts to SOB, the  
pinwheels of her arms and fists slowing down on Riggins who  
also starts to break. For a moment the only SOUND is hiccup-  
y sobs, hard breathing and the feeble sound of the country  
music filtering out from the car radio.

LYLA (CONT'D)

He's never going to walk again.

She looks up at Riggins and without any warning, she kisses  
him, surprising them both. They pull back and look at each  
other for a second, then kiss again, more passionately this  
time. Both of them should stop it, but the truth is neither  
one wants to. As this becomes more and more insanely  
passionate...



41 INT. TAYLOR HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

41

Coach slips in to bed, trying not to wake a sleeping Tami.  
But of course...

TAMI

It's three o'clock in the morning.  
Where in the hell have you been?

TAYLOR

(settling into bed)  
Practice.

TAMI

(going back to sleep)  
Whatever.

Taylor looks up at the ceiling. He's not dumb enough to think that anything's settled, but maybe he's on the right path...

42 INT. HOSPITAL - JASON'S ROOM - DAY

42

Jason stares at the ceiling as two NURSES transfer him from his hospital bed into a wheelchair. He looks like he hasn't slept. Mrs. Street packs up his stuff from the room.

JOANNE STREET

Where's Lyla? I thought she said  
she was going to be here.

Jason, feeling terrible about what he said to Lyla last night, doesn't respond. Then, Lyla runs in, looking fresh, pretty and put together as usual.

LYLA

Sorry I'm late.

She kisses Mrs. Street on the cheek, then goes over to Jason, just like nothing ever happened. Jason looks happy and relieved to see her. She bends down to kiss him and he whispers to her.

JASON

Hi.

LYLA

Hi.

(CONTINUED)

JASON

I'm sorry about what I said. Can  
we just pretend like last night  
never happened?

Lyla looks at him, the wind knocked out of her for a moment.  
She manages a quick nod 'yes' before the Nurse takes hold of  
the wheelchair.

NURSE

Okay, Jason. We're sure going to  
miss you around here...

The Nurse wheels him out. Mrs. Street follows. We HOLD on  
Lyla who stands there, alone in the empty hospital room for a  
moment, before following Jason and his mother out...

EXT. HERRMANN FIELD - DAY

Fifty players doing their drills.

--Saracen throws perfect, tight passes.

--Smash stands thirty feet in front of a tennis ball launcher  
as it fires fuzzy, yellow balls sixty miles per hour at him.  
The first one hits him in the chest.

SMASH

That hurt!

Taylor stands by, watching.

TAYLOR

Try it again. You catch these, you  
can catch anything...

Another ball is fired. Smash catches it. Taylor walks over  
to McGill.

MCGILL

Never underestimate the power of a  
good spanking.

Taylor smiles, finally a moment of triumph. He allows  
himself to soak it up until he sees--

Buddy walking on to the field with Ray Tatom. Buddy's  
grinning from ear to ear.

(CONTINUED)

BUDDY

We got ourselves a quarterback.

(under to Coach)

Nice speech, Coach. Did the job.

But maybe not the outcome Taylor was hoping for. Everybody on the team stops what they are doing to stare at Ray Tatom, including Saracen, who allows himself a good, long look at the competition before going back to his drill.

Taylor looks at Buddy for a minute, then at Ray. Ray's expression betrays little, except that he's a weird, dark oddball. Finally, Coach extends his hand.

TAYLOR

Welcome aboard, son.

END OF EPISODE