

HEROES AND VILLAINS ENTERTAINMENT

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GOING FOR TWO

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INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM -- DAY

A HOMECOMING ASSEMBLY at a suburban high school.

The band plays, "SEVEN NATION ARMY" as CHEERLEADERS do their thing.

TITLE CARD: ELK GROVE, CALIFORNIA | 2014

Lined up on the court wearing their jerseys above their everyday jeans and sneakers is the STARTING LINEUP of the ELK GROVE HIGH THUNDERING HERD. The HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL presides over the mic, trying a little too hard to do his Michael Buffer shtick.

HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL
(exuberant)
And finally: Your All-State
Quarterback, your California
Scholar Athlete of the Year, your
Homecoming King, and only the
second quarterback in state history
to pass for over 5,000 yards in a
single season. He'll be starting
next season for the Stanford
Cardinal!...MYLES CANNON!

ENTIRE HIGH SCHOOL
BOOM!

To a roaring crowd, 17-YEAR OLD MYLES CANNON, bi-racial, an early winner in life, trots out between two rows of cheerleaders and an ELK MASCOT. He then high-fives each of his teammates.

The principal motions for Myles to take the mic. Myles feigns sheepishness, but ultimately accepts the mic from the principal, who then urges the crowd to quiet down. Myles scans takes the crowd for a moment.

YOUNG MYLES
Elk Grove, Let me hear you!

HUGE CHEER. Myles then takes out some INDEX CARDS.

YOUNG MYLES (CONT'D)
First off, I want to tell you about
these guys behind me.

Myles points to his teammates, then looks down at his index cards again.

YOUNG MYLES (CONT'D)
Without them, I'm none of those
things Principal Davis mentioned in
his intro. These guys are Warriors.
Fighters. *Fucking Navy Seals.*

At "fucking," the student body roars. They love it. Myles is infectious. Even Principal Davis shrugs with a smile.

YOUNG MYLES (CONT'D)
The same is true of everyone in
this gym.

Another roar.

THE CHEERLEADERS SWOON.

HIS TEAMMATES NOD AFFIRMATIVELY. One yells, "Fuck Yeah!"

ONE GROUP OF LESS ENTHUSIASTIC KIDS ROLL THEIR EYES.

Myles scans the auditorium and sees an adoring student body and staff that are deliriously in love with him. He slides the index cards into his pocket, then takes a deep breath.

YOUNG MYLES (CONT'D)
So I'm only one guy. One
quarterback.
(a beat, then)
That's right. I, Myles Cannon, am a
quarterback...

A COLLECTIVE CONFUSED LOOK from students, teachers, even teammates that says, "Yeah, no Shit."

YOUNG MYLES (CONT'D)
...A gay one...

An AUDIBLE GASP, then stunned silence. Myles absorbs the shock. He looks around and sees his TEAMMATES in a stupor. The staff and student body are equally astonished.

YOUNG MYLES (CONT'D)
...A gay quarterback who is going
to lead this team to a resounding,
massive, gi-normous beatdown of
Franklin tonight.

Myles looks up with a confident smile, then suddenly the ROUSING APPLAUSE resumes.

YOUNG MYLES (CONT'D)
Football is bigger than football.
(then)
It's a life force.

INT. ATLANTA FALCONS PRACTICE FACILITY -- TRAINING/THERAPY AREA --
- DAY

TITLE CARD: ATLANTA, GEORGIA | TODAY

The room is A STATE-OF-THE-ART, SPARE-NO-EXPENSE PHYSICAL THERAPY AREA. It looks and feels like a Swiss Alpine spa.

28-YEAR-OLD MYLES soaks in a COLD TUB alongside CHARLIE STROUD, 28, a large man with a large head. He's the center for the Atlanta Falcons, and Myles' best friend on the squad.

Training staff moves in and out of the room. The room might be designed for serenity, but it's a busy place.

CHARLIE

Picking up ancillary income as an offensive lineman is hopeless, dude. Not like they're going to put me in one of those Mark Wahlberg underwear ads. Only endorsement I've gotten is Fat Matt's Rib Shack. "*Meat Gonna Meat!*"

MYLES

So let's do a spot together: A QB and his offensive lineman.

CHARLIE

Like Shrek and that donkey?

BUTCH REARDON, 40s, the FALCONS' OFFENSIVE COORDINATOR, walks authoritatively into the training room and beelines to Myles.

BUTCH

Shoulder?

MYLES

Fine.

BUTCH

Ready to walk through the installation tomorrow?

MYLES

Yep.

BUTCH

(more imperative)

Hey.

Myles looks up at Butch.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

We're going to take you out of structure. You up for it?

MYLES

Copy.

BUTCH

(re: Charlie)

Is this sonofabitch bothering you?

MYLES

Not until he tried to give me a handjob just now.

As Butch exits --

BUTCH

See you at 10 tomorrow.

Just as Butch leaves, SONIA DEITZ, late 30s, the FALCONS' HEAD OF MEDIA RELATIONS, marches in.

SONIA
Hey, Myles. Great work on The View.
You fit right in.

MYLES
Thank you for making me memorize
the hosts' names.

A TRAINING ASSISTANT brings over two pails of ice and DUMPS THEM IN MYLES & CHARLIE'S COLD TUB. They don't even flinch.

MYLES (CONT'D)
Charlie and I were just talking: We
need to get him some pub.

SONIA
I'm pretty good at this job, but
I'm not sure how to sell someone
whose most recognizable feature is
his ass.

CHARLIE
This is what I'm talking about.

SONIA
I'm in public relations: I only
speak the truth.

Sonia leaves, PETE FELUCCI, 30s, the FALCONS' NUTRITIONIST, enters. He carries a large smoothie. He hands it to Myles.

PETE
The usual dinner of Cauliflower
steak will be delivered to your
place. Beet side, and that honey-
birdseed you like for dessert.

CHARLIE
When your nutritionist makes fun of
your vegan diet, you know you've
gone full woo-woo.

Charlie RISES FROM THE COLD TUB. We now see that he's a Mack Truck. He's also wearing only rubberized underwear.

MYLES
For a hefty hetty, you're such a
hotty.

INT. CENTENNIAL HIGH SCHOOL -- JUSTIN'S CLASSROOM -- DAY

JUSTIN HARTMANN, 29, is an effusive, engaging English teacher who loves his job.

He stands at the front of his classroom of HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS, a piece of chalk in hand. On the board is a list that includes: *Greta Thunberg, Beyonce, First Responders, Malala, Wreck-It-Ralph's Girlfriend, John Lewis.*

JUSTIN

Who else?
 (sensing the room is
 nervous)
 You will not be judged or dragged.
 Just throw out some more names!

COLE, 17, wise-ass, yells from back row.

COLE

Homer Simpson!

Cole and DYLAN, a couple of jocks, LAUGH IN RIDICULE of the whole exercise. But Justin writes HOMER SIMPSON on the board enthusiastically.

JUSTIN

That's a good one!

There's laughter from the class.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I mean it! Homer Simpson is what
 we'd call an "Idiot Hero."

SARAH, 17, calls out --

SARAH

Like in anime!

JUSTIN

Exactly! Or think of Don Quixote,
 or Forrest Gump, or Ryan Reynolds
 in Deadpool! These are heroes that
seem stupid, but their simplicity
 teaches us truths about the world!

(then)

I bring this up now because Chabon
 takes the 'Comic Book Hero' and
 uses it as one of the central
 tropes -- y'all remember what we
 mean by 'trope'? -- of The
 Adventures of Cavalier and Klay.

(a beat, then)

For Monday, I want an essay ...

The kids GROAN.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

'How do we find our heroes?'

(lets it linger)

I'm talking about in life.

(MORE)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

How do we construct them? Which characteristics do we value in them?

(then)

What do they do for us?

The BELL RINGS. As the class files out, Dylan quietly (but not quietly enough) says to Cole...

DYLAN

Is he going to have us read any books that aren't gay? Guess he can't resist the man-on-man action.

Justin hears this...

JUSTIN

Dylan, you have a problem with the syllabus?

DYLAN

Nah. It turns me on.

Before Justin can return volley, Dylan has escaped into the scrum of the crowded hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTENNIAL HIGH SCHOOL -- TEACHERS LOUNGE -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Justin hangs out during his off period with Social Studies teacher RONA SEIDEL, 50s, drama teacher TINA BOLLER, 40s, and science teacher SIMON SCHRUCK, 30s.

RONA

He's a shit. And I'm fairly certain he asks for hall passes for the express purpose of whacking off in the south wing supply closet.

TINA

You have that big event tonight! That gay gala! Sounds fabulous.

SIMON

What makes a party a gala?

JUSTIN

It's not a gala. It's a fundraiser.

TINA

There's gonna be a big star there being honored?

JUSTIN

Debra Messing.

RONA
She's not gay.

JUSTIN
She's an *ally*.

RONA
I don't understand. Like France?

JUSTIN
She's a big name who sells tickets
and has total fag hag appeal.
That's how it works.

TINA
You don't sound very excited!

JUSTIN
I mean. The guys Zane hangs out
with at these events, they're...not
judge-y. But it's like they can't
imagine how someone could be
fulfilled being a teacher, and
being happy surrounded by friends
they've had since they were ten,
and spending a weekend reading, or
running a 10K, or not being
preoccupied with being a gay master
of the universe.

A beat, then --

SIMON
What's a fag hag?

INT. LUXURY SUV -- STREETS OF ATLANTA -- AFTERNOON

Myles rides in A TRICKED-OUT MERCEDES SPRINTER which has been converted into an OFFICE/GREEN-ROOM-ON-WHEELS. The cabin is furnished with a comfy couch, a desk, and monitors showing an edit of offensive play calls. Myles is speaking (on speaker) with a female voice on the other end, TRINITY JOHNSON, his publicist/fixer.

TRINITY (O.S.)
(speaker)
You'll say a few words about the
organization and Debra Messing. Oh,
and make sure to thank the host.

MYLES
Remind me.

TRINITY (O.S.)
Scott Greenfield. Big Gay. Big
Lawyer. Big Firm. Big House.

MYLES
Did you email me a script from that
stuff I dictated to you on Monday?

TRINITY (O.S.)
Yes, but honestly, you can wing it.

MYLES
Let's not wing *anything*.

TRINITY
(knowing, friendly)
Of course not.

MYLES
When does my mom get into town?

TRINITY (O.S.)
Around 6 tomorrow morning from Sac.

MYLES
I'm so sorry. I begged her not to
book those red-eyes.

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- BUCKHEAD -- CONTINUOUS

Myles walks into his designer apartment, which is especially
appealing at SUNSET. We still hear Trinity speaking to Myles.

TRINITY (O.S.)
She told me that she can't hit
12,000 steps on days she flies
cross-country -- unless it's an
overnight flight.

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- KITCHEN

DAEQUAN, 30s, the Falcons' chef, puts the finishing touches on
Myles' vegan dinner in his super-modern kitchen.

TRINITY (O.S.)
Daequan has your dinner ready
because there won't be anything for
you to eat at this thing.

We see Myles come into the kitchen, half-dressed for the event.
He greets Daequan with a dap. Myles then steals a sweet potato
fry off the plate Daequan is preparing.

CUT TO:

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- BUCKHEAD

Myles is now ready for the evening -- looking like an Esquire
Magazine cover in his suit.

TRINITY (O.S.)
Last thing, Myles...

Joanie and Daequan are packing up.

TRINITY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Try and meet some people tonight...

After his support staff leaves, Myles drifts through the apartment alone, almost wistfully.

TRINITY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I know you don't like to take up
new projects in-season, but ...

As if abiding Trinity's advice, Myles PICKS UP HIS SMARTPHONE and taps the TINDER profile. An alert appears --

"THIS ACCOUNT HAS BEEN DISABLED."

He swipes the notification, and reads further.

"Impersonating a public figure is a violation of our terms."

Off Myles, bewildered --

INT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE -- OLD FOURTH WARD -- EVENING

Justin is BLINDFOLDED. He picks up a glass. ANNIE TREMONT, 26, Justin's roommate, waits in anticipation. Justin takes a sip and is revolted.

JUSTIN
Ehhch! What *is* that?!

ANNIE
I've been working on this for 18
months. Ready?
(then)
Coke UMAMI.

JUSTIN
Why?

ANNIE
Our market research, test groups,
surveys -- they all show that as
much as loyal Coke drinkers love
the original product, they
occasionally crave a *savory option*.

Justin sets the glass down as if it's turpentine.

JUSTIN
Right. Because everyone wants their
soft drink to taste like a burger.
(then)
Wait: Why am I blindfolded?

ANNIE
Actually, I don't know.

Justin rips off the blindfold and walks over to the cocktail cart and pours himself a scotch. He's dressed nicely.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
You meeting Zane there?

JUSTIN
He's picking me up.

ANNIE
Wanna leave for boot camp around six-twenty?

JUSTIN
I'll probably be coming from Zane's place.

ANNIE
(titillated)
Oooh.

Justin rolls his eyes.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
How come y'all always go to *his* place? It seems kinda entitled of him. Does he at least, I don't know, offer to come back here?

Justin grabs his keys and makes his way to the door to leave.

JUSTIN
He lives alone in an entire house in Morningside with a \$1,200 coffeemaker and a sectional couch the size of this apartment. Why wouldn't we go there?

Annie gives Justin an incredulous look, as he walks out the door.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
(shouting back)
Then again, you have all the Bone Broth Fanta Zero we can drink.

INT. STATELY HOME -- ANSLEY PARK -- EVENING

An Architectural Digest spread.

ZANE, 33 going on 55, holds a glass of white wine as he and Justin navigate their first lap around the event. The attendees - median age 40 -- are primarily a procession of WELL-TAILORED GAY MEN. Zane is watching one in particular...

ZANE

Scott was *huge* on that campaign.
When Warnock and Ossoff need to
know what the gays want, they call
Scott.

JUSTIN

Don't they know we just want
Justice for Britney?

ZANE

This is a really good set of people
to know. You might decide you want
to pivot at some point.

JUSTIN

Pivot?

ZANE

You know, away from teaching. To
something more...

-- Just then, A COUPLE IN THEIR LATE 30s (NATHAN and BRENDAN)
greet Zane, who interrupts himself.

ZANE (CONT'D)

I knew y'all'd be here.

BRENDAN

You say it like it's an accusation!
(then)
Nathan is on the host committee.

JUSTIN

How does someone get on the host
committee?

NATHAN

Being on the host committee
requires enticing enough of the
firm partners' wives to come
tonight.

JUSTIN

It's cool that they care about the
issues.

BRENDAN, Justin and Zane share a giggle.

ZANE

Please.

BRENDAN

They're here for the real estate
porn.

ZANE

Hey, are y'all still looking to
'upsize'?

NATHAN
If we can ever figure out our
surrogate situation.

MATT
Well, we have a surrogate, but
we're still finalizing who our
donor will be.

NATHAN
Matt is still determined to find a
MENSA egg donor.

Justin looks confused.

MATT
Like, why settle for just an
average donor if we can get --

JUSTIN
--a descendent of Eleanor
Roosevelt?

NATHAN
(winces)
Not a looker.

Justin doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

ZANE
(to Justin)
Totally forgot to mention it -- I
have to take off really early: 6 am
flight to LaGuardia. But if you
wanna stay here --

JUSTIN
(caught off-guard)
Ah...

MATT
Stay.

ZANE
You'll be fine! Fake it 'til you
make it.

Off Justin, HURT by Zane's comment --

INT. STATELY HOME -- ANSLEY PARK -- SAME TIME

SCOTT GREENFIELD, 48, the evening's host, schmoozes with Myles.
Scott's partner, LEO, a few years younger, stands alongside.

SCOTT
What's it been -- ten years since
your announcement?

MYLES

Just about.

(chuckles, not unkindly)

'The Announcement.' Like LeBron's
'The Decision.' The funny thing is
how little my life has changed.

LEO

C'mon. Give yourself more credit.
You've changed the way the world
thinks of us. Yeah, we got marriage
and can do most professions, but --

MYLES

--I'm proud of all that, a hundred
percent. I'm more talking about --

SCOTT

(gets it)

--Your life.

Myles nods, then --

MYLES

How did you guys meet?

SCOTT & LEO

(simultaneously)

Hinge.

LEO

You really should try it. It's
totally not Grindr -- not that
there's anything wrong with that.
Hey, he was on it.

He motions to Scott.

MYLES

Tinder booted me off for
impersonating myself.

Scott and Leo chuckle, but quickly see that Myles finds it less
absurd than discouraging. Scott PLACES HIS HAND ON MYLES'
SHOULDER, empathetically.

SCOTT

There's no playbook for this.

Myles and Leo both wince.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Coming out isn't just a one-time
thing. It's getting comfortable
with yourself, then getting
comfortable with other people.

LEO

--Getting comfortable with reality.

SCOTT

Right. It's also figuring out what you want, and who out there is the best partner to team up with.

LEO

Do you work on those sports metaphors, or do they just come naturally?

SCOTT

I'm a fucking trial lawyer.
(looking at the room)
Let's do this.

CUT TO:

INT. STATELY HOME -- ANSLEY PARK -- A MINUTE LATER

Scott is at the front of the room, addressing a group of about 75 guests. He is just finishing up his intro. Myles is just "offstage." Justin is in the crowd with Zane.

SCOTT

...That's why I'm a Myles Cannon person. We are so lucky to have him in Atlanta and, better yet, totally engaged in the causes that are important to us.
(then)
Please help me welcome Myles Cannon!

ALL ATTENDEES

BOOM!

Big applause for Myles. He takes out his prepared speech.

MYLES

Thanks, everyone. And thanks Scott and Leo for inviting us into their home. It's great to be part of this community. I've only been doing this for a couple of seasons -- you've been out front for years. You inspire me.

(then)

You are Warriors. Fighters. *Fucking* Navy Seals. Everyone in this room.

THE ATTENDEES WHOOP IT UP. Justin doesn't cheer, but he smiles with a charmed curiosity.

MYLES (CONT'D)

And Debra Messing, of course. What a babe!

The attendees laugh.

EXT. STATELY HOME -- VALET/FRONT -- LATER

Justin punches his phone, presumably to order an Uber. Myles walks out, holding his valet ticket. It's crowded -- almost everyone leaving the event at once.

MYLES
Surge pricing?

JUSTIN
(not looking up, unaware
it's Myles)
On a Thursday night, so weird.

MYLES
Braves playoff game just finished.

JUSTIN
(still looking down)
I get that pro sports is this civic
institution. I do. But, like, the
worship is a little weird, our hot
'Gay Quarterback Ken Doll' not
withstanding.

MYLES
I don't think he's all that hot.

Justin LOOKS UP AND REALIZES HE'S TALKING WITH MYLES. JUSTIN IS
RENDERED SPEECHLESS AND MORTIFIED. Myles laughs, with total
affection, then --

JUSTIN
I'm ... let me explain myself. It's
not that --

Myles STICKS HIS TONGUE OUT AND PULSES HIS LIPS, MAKING A
RASPBERRY. This totally disarms Justin for a beat.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
(recovering, smiling)
I liked the navy seals thing. I
really did.

MYLES
I was talking about you.

Justin smiles and looks down at his phone.

JUSTIN
Nearest driver is 39 minutes away.

He takes a deep breath, then locks eyes with Myles.

There's a long beat, then here goes nothing --

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
So are you going to drive me home?

CUT TO:

INT. MYLES' TESLA -- MOMENTS LATER

They're parked at the end of the street, MAKING OUT FURIOUSLY.

JUSTIN
(between kissing)
Five stars.

CUT TO:

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- BUCKHEAD -- MOMENTS LATER

Myles and Justin are now RIPPING EACH OTHER'S CLOTHES OFF WHILE GOING AT IT.

They're gradually drifting further inside the apartment...PAST THE MAIN LIVING ROOM...THROUGH A MASSIVE DINING ROOM...A LONG HALLWAY...FINALLY...TO ...

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- MYLES' BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Now almost undressed, they tumble onto the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- MYLES' BEDROOM -- LATER

They're in bed, post-coital.

JUSTIN
Boom.

MYLES
(smiling)
Stop it.

They look at each other, not knowing exactly what to do now. First, Justin SLIDES A LITTLE CLOSER, though tentatively. In response, Myles reciprocates, NUZZLING CLOSER TO JUSTIN.

Justin STUDIES MYLES' BODY like an early Renaissance sculpture. He's more captivated than intimidated, though there's a little of the latter. Myles picks up on it.

JUSTIN
What?!

Myles maintains a funny, disarming look. JUSTIN STARTS TO SAY SOMETHING, BUT STOPS. The two of them smile, then begin to drift off to sleep.

FADE TO:

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- BEDROOM -- EARLY MORNING

MUSIC CUE: The opening bars of "A MOMENT LIKE THIS," by Kelly Clarkson.

The song is coming from Justin's phone -- IT'S HIS ALARM. He and Myles both stir awake at the music.

MYLES
This song.

JUSTIN
Pop masterpiece. Canonical. First-
dance-at-the-wedding brilliant.

Myles leans over and kisses Justin, then chuckles.

MYLES
Yeah, well, definitely all that.
But it's ... I've never told this
to another human...

Justin lies in giddy anticipation. The song continues: "*So tell me you don't think I'm crazy...*"

MYLES (CONT'D)
This is my hype song.

JUSTIN
What's a hype song?

Myles hops out of bed.

MYLES
When a guy wants to get amped on
gameday, they turn on their hype
song.

JUSTIN
Umm...I don't think this is what
they turn on.

MYLES
It's what *I* play.

JUSTIN
I feel like I've just been let in
on the world's greatest secret.

Myles smiles, then walks back over to the bed, leans down and gives Justin a kiss.

MYLES
I've got to get up to the facility
in Flowery Branch.

JUSTIN
I'm supposed to go to boot camp but
I'm not sure that's going to
happen.

MYLES
But you're going to work, too?

JUSTIN
Yeah. High school.

Myles begins to put on workout gear.

MYLES
You're in high school?

JUSTIN
I teach it.

MYLES
That's awesome.

A beat, then, MYLES WALKS INTO THE BATHROOM TO A URINAL. Justin sees this and is something between shocked and amused.

MYLES (CONT'D)
(calling while peeing)
Hey, so...um...do you want to come
to the game on Sunday?

JUSTIN
(shouting back)
Why? You have tickets?

Myles EXITS THE BATHROOM, then walks into his massive closet. He emerges with an envelope and sets it on the nightstand.

MYLES
It's only a single ticket, and I'll
send you the digital version, too.
But I can get you more...

JUSTIN
Totally don't worry about it.

MYLES
Really?
(off Justin's nod)
I really hope you can come.

JUSTIN
I'll be there.

Justin holds up the envelope from the nightstand, then...

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Clear eyes, full hearts.

INT. CENTENNIAL HIGH SCHOOL -- TEACHERS LOUNGE -- LUNCHTIME

Justin sits with Rona, Tina and Simon over sad lunches.

TINA
That's great! Who is he?

JUSTIN
Ah...Just, you know, some Gay
Professional....type...person.

SIMON
What about that Zane guy?

JUSTIN
I'm realizing now I've been in a
classic 'If you have to ask'
relationship.

Off inquisitive looks from Rona, Tina and Simon looking for
further explanation.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
If you ask yourself, 'Is this
relationship any good?'

RONA
(getting it)
'If you have to ask...'

Justin touches his nose as if Rona got the right answer in
charades.

RONA (CONT'D)
I never liked Zane anyway. And I
like that you get to kick him to
the curb.

JUSTIN
Oh, he'll just interpret it as a
blown opportunity on my part.

TINA
What's next with the new guy?!

JUSTIN
I'm seeing him on Sunday.

SIMON
(to Justin)
So...You met at a party. You had a
two minute conversation. You
immediately messed around in his
car. Then you were having sex less
than an hour later.

JUSTIN
(shaking his head)
I should never have said anything.

SIMON
God, I so wish I was a gay man.

JUSTIN
Simon, you'd make a *horrible* gay
man.

EXT. FALCONS' PRACTICE FIELD -- FLOWERY BRANCH -- FRIDAY

CLOSE ON: A BAD PASS THAT DRIFT PAST A FALCONS' WIDE RECEIVER, RONNIE WASHINGTON, in the end zone and DIRECTLY INTO THE HANDS OF A SAFETY. The receiver is utterly confused.

RONNIE
(shouting back to Myles)
Fam! What's that shit?!

We pull back to reveal that Myles and the offense are practicing their RED ZONE OFFENSE against the Falcons' SCOUT TEAM. It's a dead ball. Myles knows it was a terrible pass --

MYLES
That's on me!

It's Friday -- the atmosphere is more focused. Butch is directing the choreography from the sideline, holding his stack of play cards.

BUTCH
(yelling at Myles)
Skinny Post, Myles, goddammit! If you don't like the matchup, then try ordering *off* the fucking menu for once! *Improvise!*

JOHNNY LOCKHART, the assistant offensive coordinator, shakes his head.

JOHNNY
(to Butch only)
Groundhog day.
(then)
When is this organization going to realize --

BUTCH
(cuts him off)
--Stop putting him on the couch.

JOHNNY
The reason he lacks confidence is that it isn't in his nature. I don't have a problem with the lifestyle. I have a problem with investing our careers in the type of person who fundamentally lacks the necessities to do the job.

BACK TO:

Charlie studies his friend for a second.

CHARLIE
No. Fucking. Way.

MYLES
What?

CHARLIE
You have that glow!

MYLES
Charlie, that's sweat.

CHARLIE
You motherfucker! You *did* get laid
last night!

MYLES
(pleading)
Hey, keep it down.

CHARLIE
(yells over to RYAN MUNOZ)
Hey, Moon! Myles got some action
last night!

RYAN, THE FALCONS' LEFT TACKLE, RAISES HIS FIST IN SUPPORT as he
downs a plastic Gatorade cup of water.

Ronnie trots in from the end zone.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(to Ronnie)
Wash, Myles got himself a little
tail --
(to Myles)
Is it 'tail' if it's a dude?

RONNIE
(to Myles)
That explains it. Man, we got that
weak-ass Detroit secondary Sunday.
I'm going for 200, but not if
you're dick-whipped.
(then, changing tone)
But, I'm happy for you. I mean it.
I wish it could wait 'til February -
- but *Iconic*.

Myles trots to the sideline toward Butch and Johnny.

JOHNNY
Second reaction ability, Myles.
Sort of a must-have for an NFL
quarterback.

Myles ignores him as he ingests a stream of water into his mouth
from a squeeze bottle.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(disagreeable)
It's what instills confidence in
your teammates. That's something
I'm not sure you --

MYLES

--You're a great reader of people,
Johnny. It's what I admire about
you.

JOHNNY

(adopts a queenly pitch)
Boys like you are always so quick
with the sassy comeback, aren't ya?

Myles takes a few steps down the sideline to escape Johnny's rancor. Walking up the sideline is KYLE THOMAS, 25. He's walking deliberately, clearly nervous to step within 10 yards of the celebrity quarterback.

BUTCH

Yo, Kyle!
(then)
Myles, this is Kyle Thomas. Kyle,
this is the dumbest smart
quarterback in the National
Football League, Myles Cannon.

Myles extends a hand to Kyle.

MYLES

Kyle, welcome.

KYLE

Great to meet you. I'm ... I'm a
huge fan.

BUTCH

Myles, Kyle is going to be handling
audio communications -- headsets,
helmet, skybox.

MYLES

How'd you find your way here?

KYLE

I was a graduate assistant at UVA.
Coach knew Butch from Clemson, so
he put a good word for me.

Butch diverts his attention to the field.

BUTCH

Sammy! The fuck is that?!
(to nobody in particular)
Fucking wide receivers. A bunch of
divas. *Every single* season.

INT. THE HERETIC -- ATLANTA -- LATE SATURDAY NIGHT

A PULSING, STEAMY GAY CLUB.

THRONGS OF GUYS are on the dance floor. Some are shirtless, and
a couple wear MYLES CANNON FALCONS JERSEYS, Number 9.

Sipping drinks in a quieter area are Justin and NOAH LEVINE, 20s, who also wears a Cannon jersey.

NOAH
I want you to look me in the eye
and tell me that you're 100 percent
telling me the truth.

JUSTIN
'I am 100 percent telling you the
truth.'

Noah closely studies his dear friend like a detective in an interrogation room. He then PRACTICALLY TACKLES JUSTIN.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Get off me!!

Noah gets off him.

NOAH
(still in disbelief)
I can't believe you.

JUSTIN
Is it *that* unbelievable?

NOAH
No, that's not what I meant! You're
hot. It's just that he's ... MYLES
FUCKING CANNON!

FIVE GUYS NEARBY
BOOM!

Justin SHUSHES NOAH.

NOAH
You're going to be the biggest
Atlanta homo since RuPaul!

A short beat while Justin takes a sip of his cocktail. Then --

JUSTIN
It was really great.
(smiling)
Exactly as hot as you'd imagine it
would be with a pro athlete.

Noah is extremely happy for his friend.

NOAH
Does this means that all this time
he's been with a ton of guys?

JUSTIN
I think he's just one of those
people who is disgustingly good at
everything.

NOAH

You ever wonder what it's like to be totally devoid of self-doubt?

JUSTIN

The thing is -- once we left that event, he was just this cool guy.

(then)

I don't want to keep seeing him because he's *Gay Tom Brady*. I want to keep seeing him because I think we could be really good together.

Noah smiles.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

He invited me to the game tomorrow.

Justin shows Noah his PHONE with the ticket on it. Noah snatches the phone from him.

NOAH

This is a Founders' Club ticket, for like, *WIVES*. You have access to the Truist Club. There are only, like, 200 people in the whole place who get this. It's some serious Willy Wonka shit.

Noah hands Justin back his phone.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Do you know *anything* about the NFL?

JUSTIN

Noah...I have *intimate* knowledge.

(then)

C'mon. Let's go dance, and you can tell me all about it.

Justin and Noah FIGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CROWD.

Just as they reach the dance floor, the DJ KICKS IT INTO HIGH GEAR WITH A DEEP BASS LINE. The crowd swells to a frenzy. Every guy on the floor, including Justin and Noah, WHOOPS and THROWS THEIR HANDS IN THE AIR.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- ATLANTA -- SUNDAY AFTERNOON

A RAUCOUS CROWD THROWS THEIR HANDS IN THE AIR DOING THE WAVE.

CLOSE ON:

THE FALCONS' HUDDLE.

PLAY-BY-PLAY ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
So far, so good this afternoon for
Cannon and the Falcons' offense.

The Falcons break huddle.

COLOR COMMENTATOR (V.O.)
Cannon works well within the
structure of the offense, and he
hasn't had to improvise today,
which is to his liking.

MYLES DROPS BACK INTO THE POCKET. He scans the field, then
shoulder-fakes, then THROWS A 30-YARD PASS to Ronnie on a corner
route. Ronnie catches the ball in stride, then acrobatically
tightropes the sideline into the end zone. TOUCHDOWN!

70,000 FANS
BOOM!

The FALCON MASCOT FIRES A CANNON from the opposite corner.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- ATLANTA -- CONTINUOUS

Justin in his primo seats CHEERING. He's surrounded by WOMEN IN
THEIR 20s, cheering wildly. Two beside Justin are JASMINE SIMS
and ALLYSA WHITAKER.

ALLYSA
Myles got his shit together today!

JASMINE
Amen. If that arm throws for 300
yards, I don't care where it's
been!

Justin is having a MOMENT OF PARANOIA. Do they know that Myles
and he hooked up? Is Myles sleeping with someone else? Jasmine
looks over to Justin.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
Who you here for?

JUSTIN
Oh, I'm just -- you know -- *here*!

ALLYSA
And we are very pleased to have
you. But when a stranger is sitting
in the wives-and-ladyfriends
section, we become very curious.

JUSTIN
So, yeah! I ... uh ... I'm a
English teacher up at Centennial
and they ... named me ... Classroom
Quarterback of the Month!

JASMINE
 Congratulations!
 (to Allysa)
 I think I'm Hair Salon Strong
 Safety of the Decade!

Allysa studies Justin. She's not buying it.

ALLYSA
 (whispering for effect)
 You fuckin' that quarterback?

Justin is mortified.

ALLYSA (CONT'D)
 (to Jasmine)
 I knew it.

JUSTIN
 Wait! That's not -- Really...I'm...

Allysa and Jasmine look at each other and LAUGH.

JASMINE
 It's about damn time.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- TRUIST/VIP LOUNGE -- LATER

It's halftime, and the stadium's high-dollar club is packed with A BUZZING CROWD OF ATLANTA'S GENTRY, HIP HOP MOGULS, AND POLS squeezing their way through the bar and buffet area.

Justin drifts through the crowd like a tourist and grabs a plate. Beside him is a woman, 50s, DECKED OUT IN A MYLES CANNON JERSEY, perusing the buffet. This is PATTI CANNON, a congenial bundle of good vibes.

PATTI
 (to Justin)
 Those fried chicken sliders look
 good, don't they?

JUSTIN
 Delish.

PATTI
 Did you like what you saw in the
 first half?

JUSTIN
 A master class in football.

PATTI
 I agree! Though someone needs to
 have a talk with that offensive
 line coach about those jump sets.
 They've got to their hands on those
 nasty pass rushers early!

Allysa ambles over to Justin and Patti.

ALLYSA
Justin! I see you've met Mama
Cannon!

PATTI
That's me!
(then, to Justin)
Who are you here with?

Justin is momentarily panicked. He looks at the person ahead of him in the buffet line, who wears a "NETHERCUTT" JERSEY.

JUSTIN
I'm ... The ... Nethercutts ... are
old family friends.

PATTI
Oh, yes. Too bad you can't see him
in action. We definitely need Ollie
back in the lineup healthy.

JUSTIN
Sure do.

PATTI
Well, Justin, it was lovely meeting
you. Now if you'll excuse me, I
need to go do my visualization
exercises for the second half.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- EVENT LEVEL -- LATER

Following the game, FRIENDS AND FAMILY gather in the "Mix Zone," waiting for PLAYERS to emerge from the locker room. Players hug their loved ones, pick up their babies and toddlers, give handshakes to their entourage, etc.

While Patti is front and center, Justin hovers in the background. Finally, MYLES makes his way toward the civilian crowd, finds Patti and beelines toward her. THEY HUG.

PATTI
361 yards!

As they untangle --

PATTI (CONT'D)
Look at me.

Myles stares at her intently.

PATTI (CONT'D)
The way you're squaring your
shoulders on your five-step drop --
even against pressure. The way
you're flipping your hips ...

PATTI DEMONSTRATES THE FUNDAMENTALS OF THE CROSS-OVER RUN, THEN SWITCHING SIDES, IN THE POCKET.

PATTI (CONT'D)
It's marvelous.
(a beat)
I am so proud of you, my little
Precision Passer.

Patti SMOTHERS MYLES, who accepts his crazy Mom's crazy shtick with a filial grace. He's seen it a million times.

JUSTIN STANDS A FEW FEET AWAY, lingering in the background, not knowing if he should approach Myles. PATTI FINALLY RELEASES MYLES, who then starts to scan the throng of people. Eventually, HE SPOTS JUSTIN, and smiles.

MYLES
Mom. Let me introduce you to
Justin.

PATTI
Oh, that's Ollie Nethercutt's
friend!

MYLES
Wait, *wha*?

Justin is at a loss. There's a hanging beat, then Myles RESTS HIS HAND ON JUSTIN'S SHOULDER, a gesture Patti picks up on.

PATTI
Oh, this is wonderful!
(to Justin)
You're here because Myles invited
you. And you know nothing about
football, and even less about Ollie
Nethercutt. But Myles doesn't care!

Justin is dizzy. He looks at Myles, who returns his look.

MYLES
(to Justin)
You're here. That's so awesome.

Myles radiates charisma. Justin is smitten.

MYLES (CONT'D)
Dinner tomorrow night?

JUSTIN
Isn't it Monday Night Football?

MYLES
Yeah, but only two teams play.
Thirty don't.
(a beat)
We're one of the thirty.

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- BREAKFAST ROOM -- MONDAY NIGHT

Myles and Justin eat dinner.

MYLES
A guy in theater club?

JUSTIN
We were doing 'All My Sons.'

MYLES
Was that totally weird, like,
having to see each other at school
and act like nothing is going on?

JUSTIN
The only thing that was weird about
it was that he was playing the role
of Joe Keller and I was playing
Chris Keller -- so there was that
whole father-son dynamic, which was
creepy. Especially since Tyler
thought he was a method actor.

MYLES
How old were you?

JUSTIN
Sixteen.
(then)
There were other guys...
(smiling)
This boy I met when I was on
vacation with my family was in
Destin. God, that was really hot.
Sneaking out to meet him on the
beach at, like, 11 o'clock.
(then)
I think the secrets were part of
the fun ... until they weren't.

MYLES
The parents?

JUSTIN
Mom: Solid A-minus/B-plus. Dad?

MYLES
"It was a process"?

JUSTIN
Yeah, like backwaxing.
(then)
I don't think it was just the gay
thing with him. Dave imagined a
very specific kind of only son.

MYLES
What kind was that?

JUSTIN

The kind who can drop by his office
and charm the guys from sales
before taking the old man to dinner
and a game.

(then)

When did you know?

MYLES

I'm not sure.

(off Justin's confusion)

Just playing football my whole life
-- you get really close to your
teammates because, you know, you
think there's so much at stake.

JUSTIN

In fairness, there kinda was a lot
at stake for you.

MYLES

I guess. But that closeness becomes
this powerful thing. And you tell
yourself, 'Oh, that's just because
these guys -- your teammates -- are
your brothers, blah, blah, and you
never had brothers.' And the
thought of another guy's dick was
still sort of gross.

JUSTIN

It was all platonic for you.

MYLES

Exactly. But then you realize
daydreaming about your cornerback
isn't platonic.

(then)

And little by little, the dicks
became less gross.

JUSTIN

(cautiously)

When did *that* start to happen?

Myles grows silent. He rises from his chair.

MYLES

(to Justin, re: plate)

Can I take that?

JUSTIN

Yeah, thanks. It was great.

MYLES

It was a cauliflower steak.

Myles takes the plates and carries them to the sink. THE SILENCE
FROM HIS NON-RESPONSE TO JUSTIN'S QUESTION STILL HANGS THERE.
Justin isn't sure if he should press.

JUSTIN

So...

MYLES

The dicks?

Justin smiles.

MYLES (CONT'D)

Not a lot of opportunity, you know?

(off a confused Justin)

'You're Myles Cannon. What do you mean there's not a lot of opportunity?'

JUSTIN

Reasonable question, right?

Myles is standing at the kitchen counter.

MYLES

It's not like I can upload my pic to Grindr, or go to some Mollyfest party. There's been this whole circus around me -- it's enough of a distraction. I didn't need another. And now?

JUSTIN

You don't need to be defensive for whatever it is you're being defensive about.

A beat, then --

MYLES

My publicist tries to set me up with these Hollywood types, some actor on a vampire show or whatever.

(a beat, then)

I just want it to be ... normal.

Justin walks over to him.

JUSTIN

Something you should know: I'm highly abnormal.

Myles stands up and they KISS, then begin to STUMBLE KISSING out of the kitchen/dining area toward the hallway to Myles' bedroom.

INT. KEVIN RATHBUN STEAK -- INMAN PARK -- PRIVATE WINE CELLAR/DINING ROOM -- TUESDAY NIGHT

A masculine steakhouse with masculine decor. Sitting at a 6-TOP TABLE are MYLES and the offensive line: CHARLIE, RYAN, as well as CLAY ELLIS, ISAAC OKEKE, and JAYLEN COLLIER.

This is the group's weekly Tuesday night dinner, hosted by Myles. The guys are LAUGHING, with plenty of CROSS-TALK.

RYAN

That's the kind of trippy-ass shit that happens in Jacksonville if you play there long enough!

CLAY

Shit, Seattle is like fuckin' Squid Game. Remember Jarvis Hawkins? They ran his ass so ragged during an OTA practice that he pleaded insanity.

ISAAC

Came to minicamp the next day wearing a onesie --

RYAN

--mumbling about how Tupac is living in Anguilla, producing manga under a Japanese alias.

ISAAC

Antigua?

RYAN

An-guill-a.

Myles is LOOKING DOWN AT HIS PHONE, and a text thread with Justin. [JUSTIN: *'Have fun with the work hubbies.'*] Charlie notices. Myles slides the phone into his pocket.

CHARLIE

This is a *real* thing, isn't it, you tasty snack?

Clay clues in.

CLAY

(re: Myles)
So this is true?!

ISAAC

When did you meet this person?

CHARLIE

Friday.

RYAN

And already paying benefits!

CLAY

Gay dudes are fuck machines -- and they waste no time!

The O-LINE guys LAUGH UPROARIOUSLY.

RYAN

Isn't that the whole reason to go gay?

CHARLIE

In fairness to Myles, he has not enjoyed the sheer volume of fuckery that your average gay man in his 20s probably has.

JAYLEN

(the earnest rookie)

My pastor agrees with Clay: He says homosexuals are very promiscuous.

ISAAC

My pastor says homosexuals walk in open defiance of the Lord, but are very good for property values near the church.

MYLES

(to the table)

Let me ask you a question.

The table quiets down. As much as they enjoy razzing Myles, he has full command of the table, as befitting a quarterback.

MYLES (CONT'D)

Why don't you have as much sex as you'd ideally like to?

The O-line looks at each other.

CLAY

The ladies tend to be ... withholding.

ISAAC

Speak for your damn self.

MYLES

Ok. Now let's say that starting tomorrow, the ladies are every bit as horny as men are.

There's SILENCE at the table while the linemen contemplate the hypothetical with curiosity (and titillation). After a moment deep in thought, they finally REFOCUS THEIR EYES ON MYLES.

MYLES (CONT'D)

Gay dudes aren't promiscuous. We just don't have to deal with the withholding.

The table now gets it, as there's a collective AHHHHHHH! Myles raises his eyebrows, as his lips curl with a coy smile.

INT. CENTENNIAL HIGH SCHOOL -- JUSTIN'S CLASSROOM -- DAY

The BELL RINGS, and the students bolt out of their seats -- except for DYLAN (the jock), and SARAH, who sits next to him. They're enthralled by something on DYLAN'S PHONE. COLE is standing, peering over Sarah's shoulder at the phone.

CLOSE ON: TWEET that reads, "*Star QB Myles Cannon's new beau is local HS English Teacher Justin Hartmann.*"

JUSTIN LOOKS UP, SUSPICIOUS. The three kids -- Dylan with phone in hand -- approach Justin, smiling.

JUSTIN
Oh, Lord, What?

SARAH
(a little tentative)
So...Mr. Hartmann...we saw this
thing on Twitter...

Sarah shows Justin HER PHONE.

COLE
(also tentative)
Are you ...

DYLAN
(not at all tentative)
Are you boinking Myles Cannon?!

Justin purses his lips. He's deliberating how to respond to the question ... and for Sarah, Dylan and Cole, the deliberation confirms everything they want to know.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Hoh-Lee-Motherfucking-Shit.

Justin realizes what he's just detonated.

JUSTIN
Look. First of all I don't boink.

SARAH
-- We won't tell anyone.

DYLAN
Seriously?! We're going to tell
EVERYONE! I'd tell everyone. YOU
should tell everyone!

Justin sighs.

JUSTIN
(more to himself)
I mean, it's not a secret.
(then, to them)
But I'm not really interested in
being ...

SARAH
A kept man?

JUSTIN
(losing his patience)
Out. Go back to ... PhoneWorld.

Sarah, Dylan, and Cole smile, then BOUNCE OUT OF THE CLASSROOM giddy. Once Justin finally has the room to himself, a LITTLE SMILE CREEPS ACROSS HIS FACE.

EXT. LAKE LANIER -- EVENING

JUSTIN IS IN THE WATER, looking up at Myles, who STANDS ON THE UPPER LEVEL OF THE DOCK. He's not too, too high off the water, but it's still a distance.

JUSTIN
Jump!

MYLES
This shit is *definitely* a violation
of my contract.

JUSTIN
(off Myles' reluctance)
C'mon! You get assaulted for a
living!

Myles flashes a "Here goes nothing" look and jumps, making a splash right by Justin. A beat, THEN MYLES SURFACES.

MYLES
It's fucking cold!

MYLES PLAYFULLY GRABS JUSTIN AND DUNKS HIM UNDER THE WATER. Justin gurgles, coming up for air.

JUSTIN
Unnecessary Roughness!!

MYLES
It WAS necessary!

Myles lets up, and the two of them kiss.

INT. LAKEHOUSE -- DEN/LIVING ROOM -- LATER

The two of them have dried off and are now in sweatpants and t-shirts. Myles watches NFL Live.

ESPN ANALYST (V.O.)
Cannon is a capable pocket
quarterback. And for two-thirds of
the snaps, that's gold.

ESPN STUDIO HOST (V.O.)
But you also have to be able to improvise.

ESPN ANALYST (V.O.)
 That's right. There are times in the game when plans break down. And to succeed at the highest level, you have to be able to manage uncertainty.

Justin is annoyed on behalf of Myles. He PICKS UP THE REMOTE CONTROL off the coffee table and turns the set off.

MYLES
 I was watching that.

JUSTIN
 Why?

Myles takes a beat, then --

MYLES
 The first time I heard myself talked about in the third person was when I was at Stanford. I was at Home Depot back in Sacramento with my Dad. We needed to replace a doorknob because I ripped it off after a bad loss. That's the reason I was home -- I just needed to get away from campus. So my Dad and I are looking at all the door knobs, and these guys are within ear shot arguing about ... my body language when I'm on the sideline.

(then)
 One guy is saying that I look unresponsive to my teammates. This other guy says he thinks that might be because I'm gay. Then the other guy says it's because I was just using the team as a stepping stone for the NFL.

JUSTIN
 Those guys are certified idiots.

MYLES
 It was this out-of-body experience. Part of me wanted to keep listening. But part of me wanted to do everything I could to unhear everything I heard.

(then)
 Most of all, I was pissed off because my Dad was there. I could tell he was pretending not to listen, but he was. And I started to think: What if they're right?

Justin sits down next to Myles.

MYLES (CONT'D)
This life is a mindfuck. And
there's nothing I can do about it.

Justin nuzzles up to Myles.

MYLES (CONT'D)
And by the way -- you're going to
be dealing with this shit soon.

JUSTIN
I didn't want to tell you, but
there was a photographer in the
school parking lot when I left on
Friday.

Myles LAUGHS.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Why is that funny?

MYLES
You know that pickup truck parked
on the street out there?

JUSTIN
(incredulous)
No!

MYLES
Get ready.

Myles kisses Justin.

JUSTIN
Hey -- I go to my parents' place
every Tuesday night to have dinner.
You wanna come this week?

Myles smiles.

INT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Annie has her LAPTOP OPEN in front of her. Justin is on the
floor with his LAPTOP OPEN to an remote yoga class.

ANNIE
It's real. Look!

JUSTIN
(in downward dog)
How?!

ANNIE
Here's a little thing in something
called Gaymorrah-dot-com.
(reading)
(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

*"Myles Cannon is Hot For Teacher."
Justin Hartmann may look like your
everyday 29-year-old high school
teacher, but this normie is playing
for keeps with Superstar
Quarterback Myles Cannon. Word is
his new homeroom is Myles' Atlanta
penthouse where the it-couple
huddles up and penetrates the
defensive line before each taking a
hard blow."*

JUSTIN

Oh, for fuck's sake. What -- 'tight
end' was too obvious?!

ANNIE

Oooh. Take a look at this one! It's
from TMZ. Big Time!

Annie gets up from the table and SWAPS OUT MYLES' LAPTOP FOR
HERS. HE'S STILL IN HIS POSE.

JUSTIN

Why are you so titillated by this?

ANNIE

Because it's titillating.

Shocked by what he's seeing, JUSTIN JUMPS OUT OF HIS POSE,
snatching the laptop off the ground.

JUSTIN

This is video from the lakehouse!!

Annie TRIES TO GRAB HER LAPTOP back from Justin.

ANNIE

Let me see!

JUSTIN

Will you stop getting off on this
for two seconds!

Annie lets up.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

(as calmly as he can)

A video has been distributed to the
world of me *in the water* sucking on
the nipples of the world's most
famous athlete.

(then)

It's basically porn. Which makes me
basically a porn star.

ANNIE

If I say, 'Live it up,' will you be
mad at me?

Justin sets the laptop down on the coffee table and sighs, then begins pacing the living room.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
I'm semi-serious. Who cares?

JUSTIN
The school district? 100 million
people?
(then)
My parents?! FUCK!

INT. JUSTIN'S CAR -- EVENING

Justin drives, while Myles is in the passenger seat. Music from the radio plays in the background.

MYLES
Thanks for driving.

JUSTIN
I know it's not your customary
luxury.

MYLES
Hey, my first car was a 1997 Chevy
Lumina. Every couple of days, the
turn signals and lights would go
out and I'd have to pull over and
change a fuse. What was yours?

JUSTIN
You're riding in it.

MYLES
Then let's go shopping!

The comment hangs for a second, then --

JUSTIN
I can't.

MYLES
Why not?

JUSTIN
Because I'm...we're not there yet.

Myles digests the comment, then pulls out a FRENCH FRY from the seat cushion as a rebuttal just as "A Moment Like This" starts playing. Justin is ecstatic!

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
*Going to see Justin's Parents! Big
Away Game! Gonna need a HYPE SONG!*

HE TURNS THE VOLUME FULL BLAST as they exit GA-400 expressway, as the two of them sing in unison.

MYLES & JUSTIN
*A moment like this, some people
 wait a lifetime. For a moment like
 this.*

As they reach the red light at the top of the ramp, they pull up next to a car driven by a RUGGED TWENTYSOMETHING MAN, absently staring out the window of his F150 pickup. He realizes that's Myles Cannon in the passenger's seat three feet from his window. HE'S STAR-STRUCK. But once he processes the full scene -- Myles (and Justin) belting out Kelly Clarkson ...

MYLES & JUSTIN (CONT'D)
*For that one special kiss. Oh, I
 can't believe it's happening to me
 Some people wait a lifetime. For a
 moment like this...*

...The man is utterly confused, looking like someone captivated by a walrus playing a saxophone. As the traffic starts to move, the guy remains locked on Myles until the car behind him WAILS ON ITS HORN.

EXT. JUSTIN'S CHILDHOOD HOME -- JOHNS CREEK -- BACK PORCH --
 LATER

DAVE HARTMANN, late 50s, wearing a Falcons sweatshirt, mans the grill. GERNA HARTMANN, late 50s, is your mom's best friend. She sets the table, as Myles and Justin stand nearby.

MYLES
 Can I do anything?

GERNA
 Absolutely not! You're nice enough
 to come up here on a school night.
 Y'all don't mind if we eat outside?
 I know it's a little cool.

DAVE
 You kidding? Myles played a game at
 Lambeau Field last December in
 short sleeves!

GERNA
 I'm just trying to be considerate.
 Which reminds me, Myles. Justin
 told me about your diet and I did
 some research about everything you
 do to stay healthy. So I marinated
 a big portobello mushroom that Dave
 is going to grill up here.

MYLES
 That's so nice of you. Please don't
 worry about me and food tonight.
 I'm here for the company.

Gerna looks concerned.

JUSTIN
Myles, why don't I give you the
tour?!

Justin pushes Myles back into the house and closes the door to the porch behind them.

INT. JUSTIN'S CHILDHOOD HOME -- DEN -- CONTINUOUS

JUSTIN
You are going to eat that
Portobello Mushroom so help me God.

MYLES
Mushrooms are a nightshade, which
means they contain --

JUSTIN
That's bullshit! I did my research
and they are technically *not* a
nightshade -- they're a *fungus*.
Like *you* sometimes.

Myles lowers his voice to an aggressive whisper.

MYLES
They're alkaline and not anti-
inflammatory!

JUSTIN
Gerna went to the Whole Foods,
which was a very big step for her!
And she proudly bought a vegan meal
for you and Dave has been on the
internet to find out how to grill a
fucking mushroom, which is probably
the gayest thing he's ever done--

MYLES
-- Why do you call your parents by
their first names?!

JUSTIN
Because they're crazy!

MYLES
How can I say this without
offending you?

Justin blinks at him (*How the fuck am I supposed to know?*).

MYLES (CONT'D)
I am an NFL Quarterback, ok? I
don't think I'm better than anyone
else, least of all your parents.
But for six months a year for like
13 years, I have to be a robot.

JUSTIN
You're a robot because you *like*
being a robot.

Myles is a little hurt. Justin knows it.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.
(a beat, then)
You're a really nice, sexy robot.
But I think it's weird that you
believe you're good at being you
because you know how to color
inside the lines.
(then)
You're going to eat that mushroom.
And if you want to purge after
dinner, there's a bathroom in the
basement.

EXT. JUSTIN'S CHILDHOOD HOME -- BACK PORCH -- MOMENTS LATER

Justin, Dave, and Gerna eat barbecue chicken, while Myles does his best to perform surgery on the large portobello mushroom. The mushroom lies on its cap with the stem sticking up.

GERNA
I think you can eat the ... what do
you call it ... the stem?

DAVE
The nipple.

Justin PRACTICALLY CHOKES on his iced tea. Myles can't bear to lift his head, and instead cuts away at the gills of the mushroom. He then peeks up and sees Dave WINK AT HIM.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(changing the subject)
Giants this weekend?

MYLES
Yes, sir. Up at the Meadowlands.

GERNA
Tell me, Myles, do you like
Atlanta?

MYLES
I do. But it didn't really come
alive for me until I met Justin.

Dave and Gerna both smile, as does Justin.

MYLES (CONT'D)
I'm a homebody at heart. But Justin
lives out in the world.

JUSTIN
That's me! Mister Carmen Sandiego!

MYLES
I just mean that...you're someone
who lives with his eyes open.

We now view this scene from Gerna and Dave's perspective, as they watch the exchange as if it's a tennis volley. They've never seen their son in this context, or this happy.

JUSTIN
(to his parents, in jest)
Do you see how you're getting
played by a media professional?

MYLES
(taking mock offense)
Did you raise him to be this
cynical?

JUSTIN
What are you asking them for? I was
raised by wolves.

Gerna and Dave smile at the exchange.

MUSIC CUE: "I REALLY LIKE YOU," CARLY RAE JEPSEN

The playful shtick between Justin and Myles continues under the music. Gerna looks at her husband, to see if he's enjoying the simple pleasure of watching his child in love. He is.

Off Myles & Justin, THE MUSIC CONTINUES AS WE GO TO A MONTAGE:

INT. CENTENNIAL HIGH SCHOOL -- JUSTIN'S CLASSROOM -- DAY

Justin lectures to the class but has one eye on THE WALL CLOCK. It reads 3:29 p.m. When the BELL RINGS, JUSTIN'S STUDENTS jump out of their seats. Justin isn't far behind. He quickly loads up his bag and DASHES OUT THE CLASSROOM DOOR.

INT. JUSTIN'S CAR -- EVENING

GRIDLOCK TRAFFIC on Atlanta's Downtown Connector as Justin STRESSES, inching not quickly enough toward the sign FOR I-85 SOUTH FOR ATLANTA AIRPORT. He notices the bumper sticker on the car in front of him: Pride Rainbow design with the words "MY QUARTERBACK IS A QUEEN!" in Falcons' Font.

INT. DELTA AIRBUS 320 -- FIRST CLASS

A CUTE MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT offers to stow Justin's trolley overhead. Justin thanks him with a smile, then climbs into his window seat in the first bulkhead row in FIRST CLASS.

INT. NEWARK AIRPORT -- NEW YORK -- ARRIVALS HALL

A DRIVER, holding a placard that reads, "HARTMANN," eagerly claims the carry-on trolley from Justin, who is clearly a foreigner to this level of service.

INT. MANDARIN ORIENTAL HOTEL -- COLUMBUS CIRCLE -- JUSTIN'S SUITE

Justin opens the door and is mesmerized by the 180-degree view of New York City.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK -- MANHATTAN -- SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Fall in Manhattan with all its urban splendor. Justin and Myles stroll near Conservatory Garden. They're approached by a THIRTYSOMETHING MALE COUPLE who are trying their best not to be consumed by sheer giddiness at stumbling upon Myles Cannon in Central Park.

ONE OF THE MEN is asking politely whether he and his partner can get a photo. When Justin offers to take the picture of the couple with Myles, the COUPLE INSISTS JUSTIN BE INCLUDED.

SNAP: A STILL OF THE FOUR MEN.

EXT. MANDARIN ORIENTAL HOTEL -- JUSTIN'S SUITE -- LATER

MYLES AND JUSTIN LIE ON THE HOTEL BED in their clothes, eyes shut, arms intertwined. MYLES OPENS HIS EYES FIRST. He rolls onto his side, kisses Justin, then gets up off the bed and walks over to his coat.

Justin's eyes open to the site of a CREDENTIAL for the Falcons-Giants game dangling from Myles' hand. Justin climbs off the bed and TAKES THE CREDENTIAL FROM MYLES AND KISSES HIM.

INT. LYRIC THEATRE -- MANHATTAN -- NIGHT

Justin reads the PLAYBILL from his seat in the orchestra section, waiting for the lights to go down. He looks up to see A GROUP OF FOUR YOUNG GUYS watching him, whispering.

This disarms Justin a bit, and he returns a sheepish smile.

INT. LYRIC THEATRE -- FOYER -- INTERMISSION

The group of guys approaches Justin. Though they don't know him, they eagerly want to. The most confident of the group URGES JUSTIN TO JOIN THEM.

INT. THE Q -- HELLS KITCHEN -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Justin DANCES WITH HIS NEW FRIENDS at a massive gay club, a turbo-charged version of his Atlanta outings with Noah and friends. The dance floor seems like the center of the universe to Justin -- AND JUSTIN IS AT THE CENTER OF THAT CENTER.

INT. METLIFE STADIUM -- E. RUTHERFORD, NJ -- SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Falcons vs. Giants. JUSTIN SITS WITH ALLYSA AND JASMINE.

OUT ON THE FIELD:

Myles IS UNDER CENTER. He barks out the count, then moves into play action, bounces his feet confidently in the pocket, then FINDS A RECEIVER ON A SLANT ROUTE for an easy 20 yards into the end zone. TOUCHDOWN.

JUSTIN, ALLYSA AND JASMINE have patented some CELEBRATORY CHOREOGRAPHY.

INT. METLIFE STADIUM -- EVENT LEVEL -- LOCKER ROOM AREA -- LATER

Justin waits with other family members/VIPs in the mix area for Myles to emerge from the locker room. When Myles does, he BEELINES OVER TO JUSTIN. Justin is restrained with his physical affection in deference to Myles. But MYLES KISSES HIM with zero reservation.

INT. DELTA AIRBUS 320 -- FIRST CLASS -- SUNDAY NIGHT

Justin -- EXHAUSTED, EXHILARATED, DAZED, LOVESTRUCK -- stares out at the night expanse below.

INT. CENTENNIAL HIGH SCHOOL -- JUSTIN'S CLASSROOM -- MORNING

THE WALL CLOCK shows 8:14 AM.

As the BELL RINGS, the MUSIC FADES.

JUSTIN
So how was everyone's weekend?

INT. ATLANTA FALCONS PRACTICE FACILITY -- QB ROOM -- MORNING

The NFL Quarterback Room is one part conference room, one part locker room, one part laboratory. Myles STUDIES A MONITOR showing a formation while TAKING NOTES.

BUTCH
They'll probably change your pre to
post-snap picture.

MYLES

Single-high coverage but for all practical purposes, it's still a Cover Three.

BUTCH

You got it. But it's third and long, so they're gonna bring pressure. What's the play?

MYLES

We've got James chip and releasing, but he probably doesn't have enough space to get the first. I want to target D.J. in the middle --

Myles studies the monitor for another beat, then --

MYLES (CONT'D)

This is a trick question.

Butch nods. Myles takes another beat, but is stumped. Butch turns to face Myles directly, to make an important point.

BUTCH

The answer is: *We. Don't. Know.*

MYLES

We don't know?

BUTCH

Maybe D.J.'s there, or maybe he isn't. Maybe you can push the line of scrimmage enough so that James has a fighting chance at the first. And maybe they pull back and you can extend the play to connect with one of the wide-outs. But at the end of the day: *We don't know.*

MYLES

The priority should be maintaining the pocket as long as possible.

BUTCH

That's out of your control!

Butch sighs and sets his stuff down -- iPad, clipboard, play cards, etc. -- then sits in one of the conference chairs.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Myles, in 31 years of the feeding-and-caring of quarterbacks, I have never worked with a more cerebral and more disciplined guy at the position. When I'm washed up and doing coaching camps in suburban Vegas, I'm gonna talk about the experience of working with you, about learning from your dedication to structure. You're Beethoven.

(MORE)

BUTCH (CONT'D)

(a beat)

But we need you to be Coltrane. And the only way that's going to happen is if you have the confidence to be creative, to know that the unknown is a *gift*! Joe Montana to Dwight Clark. Kenny Stabler and the 'Sea of Hands.' Eli Manning to David Tyree? The greatest moments happen when you trust your instincts even though you're in the dark.

(then)

When it comes to your quarterbacking, there's nothing wrong with it.

Butch gets up, and places his hand on Myles shoulder.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

And that's what's wrong with it.

Butch gives Myles an empathetic look.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

May I enter the holy of the holies?

Myles and Butch look up at Charlie.

MYLES

Entrance granted.

Charlie makes the Sign of the Cross and enters. As Butch heads to the door...

BUTCH

(to Myles, re: Charlie)

Thank the Lord you only have to look at his back.

Butch exits.

CHARLIE

(yelling to Butch's back)

How did we get a Doberman as an offensive coordinator? Did they run out of human beings?!

MYLES

What can I do for you?

CHARLIE

Oh, excuse me. I didn't have an appointment. Do you take walk-ins? Pretty please?

MYLES

Why have you been so pissy the past week?

CHARLIE

We all have our own shit. Like, 'Why did my quarterback send me some bullshit "*Not gonna make it*" text a half hour before his weekly dinner with the offensive line?'

MYLES

I had something I needed to do.

CHARLIE

We were celebrating Clay and Isaac's extensions. I know that's just cup-holder change to a franchise quarterback. But it's one of the biggest days of their careers and it's a shitty display of leadership for you to flake.

MYLES

I was at the guy's parents place for dinner, ok?!

CHARLIE

Hey, I'm happy for you, even if you wouldn't dare bring this person around me.

MYLES

You never asked.

CHARLIE

Aww, fuck, Myles. I never ask you for anything, ok? Because it might upset your equilibrium, or your fucking chi, or whatever energy force governs your precious life. So I learn about it the way everyone else does -- on TMZ.

MYLES

Do you know how ridiculous it is to watch a 320-pound lineman martyr himself like a bitch?

CHARLIE

311. I'm 311 pounds.

Myles shakes his head, and paces.

MYLES

This thing ... with this guy...It's important to me.

CHARLIE

Does he protect you in the pocket?

MYLES

What if he's more important than that?!

Off Charlie --

MYLES (CONT'D)
 What if there's somebody else
 around who isn't protecting me in
 the pocket, or representing me in
 negotiations, or branding me as Mr.
 Gay Universe, or cooking all that
 bird-food I eat so that I don't
 ingest any fucking inflammatories?!

For the first time, Charlie is absorbing the full magnitude of Myles' feelings. Myles walks over to his locker to pick up his phone. Charlie heads to the door.

CHARLIE
 You're scared.

MYLES
 I'm not allowed to be scared. It's
 in my contract.

Charlie reaches the threshold of the room, then looks back as if to say, "We cool?" Myles nods in his direction. Charlie, with encouragement --

CHARLIE
 Fuck your contract.

Myles smiles.

INT. ATLANTA FALCONS PRACTICE FACILITY -- CORRIDOR -- LATER

Myles, large gym bag strapped over his (non-throwing) shoulder, walks through the corridor toward the exit. He absently glances at the FRAMED POSTERS every five feet, GLOSSY ACTION SHOTS of Falcons legends: Michael Vick, Deion Sanders, Jeff Van Note.

The next in the sequence: An "ACTION" STILL of the TMZ video featuring Myles and Justin from the Lake with Justin sucking on Myles' nipple. MYLES FREEZES, studying the shot, before dropping his head in resignation.

Ryan Munoz, the left guard, SIDLES UP NEXT TO MYLES. He stops in front of the shot, then places his hand on his chin, mimicking a pretentious gallery-goer.

RYAN
 I'm shook.
 (then)
 And I'm also thinking this could be
 a quality piece of merch for the
 Team Store at the stadium. T-
 Shirts. Mugs. Them flags for the
 pick-up trucks?

Myles rolls his eyes at Ryan.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 (Eyes still fixed)
 Wasn't me, if that's what you're
 wondering. We're all still too
 pressed about Tuesday night to give
 you any attention.

MYLES
 I'm sorry.

RYAN
 I know.

Finally done studying the shot, Ryan turns to Myles.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 (re: the nipple)
 Taste good?

MYLES
 Like a Peanut Butter Smoothie.

Ryan, satisfied that Ryan is sufficiently annoyed, GIVES HIM A SLAP ON THE SHOULDER and goes along his way, leaving Myles.

The encounter with Ryan over, Myles finds himself still looking at the picture of him and Justin. The embarrassment has subsided. He then turns to see Kyle, the audio kid, coming down the hall. Kyle pauses at the shot and examines it.

KYLE
 Great composition. And I've gotta
 think it wasn't an easy shot to
 get, right? Nighttime. The photog
 is probably hiding in the woods.

MYLES
 You, too?

KYLE
 Just speaking for myself? It did a
 lot more for me than that Brett
 Favre dick pic.

Something about the tone and cadence of Kyle's comment catches Myles' attention.

MYLES
 (you're gay?)
 No shit?

Kyle nods knowingly.

MYLES (CONT'D)
 Good on Butch.

KYLE
 He told me to respect your space.

MYLES
Help me take this down.

Myles and Kyle each grab a side of the poster and pull it off the wall.

KYLE
Can I keep it?

EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGH SCHOOL -- PARKING LOT -- AFTERNOON

It's after the final bell. Justin and Rona walk out to the teachers' parking lot.

RONA
All I'm saying is that every
ghoulish husband of every friend of
mine has taken a sudden interest in
my professional life, which means
you're a very big deal.

JUSTIN
A big deal to ghoulish husbands!

RONA
And The Gays. You're very big with
The Gays, I'm told.

JUSTIN
I'm told, too. I actually agreed to
get coffee this afternoon with an
official emissary of The Gays to
talk about how to get even bigger.

RONA
(sincere)
That sounds fun.

JUSTIN
Does it really?

RONA
Well, why the hell not?

A beat, then --

RONA (CONT'D)
We spend the majority of our waking
lives with teenagers, and I've seen
who impresses them. It's a pretty
sad lot. Why shouldn't it be a
teacher? We toil in anonymity. We
are the most appreciated, least
compensated people in America. Why
shouldn't it be you?

Justin is genuinely touched.

INT. CONDESA COFFEE -- OLD FOURTH WARD -- LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON: BRIAN RINALDI, 40s, born salesman. He's delivering a pitch he worked far too long on.

BRIAN

I'm not going to sit here and tell you that you're a *brand*, that you have to conform to the expectations of the market. You don't need *me* to tell people to like you, because you're *already* likable.

CLOSE ON: JUSTIN, ACROSS THE TABLE, LISTENING INTENTLY WHILE SIPPING A LATTE. He's enthralled, flattered and confused.

BRIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Myles Cannon is what I like to call an Aspirational Hero. We need aspirational heroes. But you, Justin, you are a *Sublunary* Hero. You live here on earth with us. Aspirational Heroes remind us of our range. But Sublunary Heroes? They remind of us of our *depth*.

Brian reaches for something below the table. After some effort, Brian places a MOCKUP OF A BOOK COVER on the table in front of Justin. It features a photo of Justin overlaid with the words, "EVERYGAY: A MEMOIR" by Justin Hartman.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Justin Hartmann is the "*Everygay*."

Justin settles his eyes on it. Though Brian is a Martian, we can observe that Justin finds something alluring about it.

JUSTIN

It's two 'N's. H-A-R-T-M-A-N-N.

BRIAN

My intel is that you're a professional-quality writer with an inexhaustible number of things to say to young LGBT people.

JUSTIN

My friends think it's a pretty exhaustible number.

BRIAN

The book should be a meditation on gay life in America circa 2022. It should give advice on how to find meaning in a post-Obergefell world. And, of course, it should include hot details about you and Myles.

JUSTIN

(sarcastic)
Of course.

BRIAN

My fee is 55-hundred a month --

JUSTIN

That's 66-thousand dollars a year.
Your intel also told you that I'm a
high school English teacher, right?

BRIAN

You can recapture the first three
years of that with a book advance.
And that's before the social media
component. I have a client on a CW
show who's earning \$7,000 a post on
Insta. Do you have a dog? I'd
strongly recommend you and Myles
getting one, preferably a golden
retriever.

Justin's head is spinning. He stands up and reaches for his
jacket on the back of his chair.

JUSTIN

The thing you have to understand is
... I'm not really the kind of
person who ...

A beat, then --

BRIAN

You're not the kind of person who
prostitutes himself. I get it.
(then)
Can I ask you something?
(off Justin's nod)
Why do you teach?

Justin doesn't yet know whether he's supposed to be offended. He
pauses a second to collect his thoughts.

JUSTIN

I like to give kids ideas about how
to look at the world. I like
tipping them off to all the cool
people, places and themes they can
find in books or movies or in real
life. Especially real life.

BRIAN

How many kids are you teaching?

JUSTIN

A few dozen.

BRIAN

Why so few?

With that, Brian puts his jacket on, and slides the book cover
in Justin's direction.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You can keep that.

INT. BONES RESTAURANT -- BUCKHEAD -- NIGHT

Justin checks in with the MAITRE D' at the HOST STAND.

JUSTIN
I'm here with the Myles Cannon
party.

The maitre d' checks Justin out in the least subtle of ways.

MAITRE D'
Right this way.

The maitre d' leads Justin through the steakhouse.

MAITRE D' (CONT'D)
They're in our private dining room.
The staff likes to refer to it as
the Boombox.

JUSTIN
That's cute.

They arrive at the back room.

MAITRE D'
And aren't you. Enjoy.

The maitre d' smiles and leaves Justin, WHO GATHERS HIMSELF FOR A MINUTE. He's clearly nervous. He checks himself out in a MIRROR on the wall outside the private room: Does he look butch enough? He's not sure, so HE DROPS HIS SHOULDERS AND ROUNDS HIS BACK to look more like a Neanderthal, only he now looks ridiculous. It's futile. He SIGHS. Here goes nothing.

INT. BONES RESTAURANT -- PRIVATE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Justin walks in to a table occupied by Myles and the entire offensive line -- CHARLIE, RYAN, CLAY, ISAAC and JAYLEN. When Myles sees Justin walk through the door, he jumps up. The other guys smile, but they're doing a terrible job of hiding that THEY'RE ASSESSING JUSTIN AS THE MAN THEIR QUARTERBACK IS FUCKING. They watch Myles KISSES Justin hello.

CHARLIE
(breaking the ice)
Come. Sit. Listen to the biggest
bunch of babies you'll ever meet.

INT. BONES RESTAURANT -- PRIVATE ROOM -- LATER

The environment is pretty jovial. Isaac, with some serious pipes, is SINGING THE CHORUS OF "FIND YOUR LOVE" by Drake.

JAYLEN
That's some serious Sunday-Choir-
With-Whitney shit!

Myles and Charlie give Isaac a slow clap.

CLAY
Alright, Justin.
(re: Myles)
What do you know about this
motherfucker that we don't know?

Justin is caught off-guard, but going with it.

JUSTIN
For one, have you met the lady?! I
would *not* fuck with Myles' mom.

BIG ROUND OF LAUGHTER FROM THE TABLE.

CLAY
Nice, but you have to answer the
question!

JUSTIN
Let me think about this. His
clothing is organized by color --

CLAY
--We know about all his weird, gay-
ass habits.

JUSTIN
Well...not *all* of them.

AN EVEN LOUDER ROUND OF LAUGHTER.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Alright. Each of you guys has a
hype song, right?

MYLES
(trying to drown out
Justin)
AAAGGGHHHH!

Myles frantically gets up from his seat, STANDS BEHIND JUSTIN
AND BEAR-HUGS HIM FROM BEHIND, MANAGING TO SQUEEZE HIS FOREARM
OVER JUSTIN'S MOUTH. The O-Line guys laugh even harder. This is
the best Tuesday night dinner ever.

EXT. BONES RESTAURANT -- VALET STAND -- NIGHT

Charlie and Justin are in a heated discussion.

JUSTIN
The question is not, 'Tell me the
musical with the best songs,' it's,
'Name a musical that has *no bad
songs.*'

CHARLIE
And that's what I'm telling you!
"Wicked" doesn't have one skip!

JUSTIN
"A Sentimental Man."

Charlie broods on this for a second.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Don't even.

MYLES
Don't look at *me*. I didn't get the
musical gene.

CHARLIE
Fine. What's the answer, Mr.
Arbiter of All Taste?

Justin takes a beat for added suspense.

JUSTIN
The answer is: Little Shop of
Horrors.

CHARLIE
C'mon!

JUSTIN
Name the bad song. I'll wait.

Justin puts his hand on his hips defiantly. Charlie goes through
the mental catalog in his head. He STARTS TO OPEN HIS MOUTH, but
stops. Justin wins.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
I can't believe you came at me
first with that "Les Miz" shit.

Charlie smiles. Myles takes note.

CHARLIE
You got anything planned for Myles'
birthday?

JUSTIN
(looking at Myles)
To be determined.

Charlie has been utterly charmed by Justin, who walks over to
the VALET ATTENDANT and hands him his ticket. While Justin is
out of earshot --

MYLES
(seeking approval)
Humm?

CHARLIE
Amazing. You're under strict
obligation not to fuck this up. You
lose him, then you lose me.

Justin returns.

JUSTIN
So we're on for the new "Company"
when it comes to town?

CHARLIE
Phone rings, door chimes.

Myles looks at Charlie curiously.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(to Myles)
You're not invited.

EXT. ATLANTA FALCONS PRACTICE FACILITY -- DUSK

Myles walks outside and finds Justin, along with Daequan, the
Falcons' chef, loading boxes into his old Nissan Altima.

DAEQUAN
(to Justin)
You can just put it in the oven --
or even just the microwave -- I
printed out instructions.

JUSTIN
This is great. Thanks a ton.

Justin sees Myles, who looks inquisitive. Daequan gives Myles a
smile.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Hey, Birthday Boy! Daequan was just
helping me load up our lakeside
birthday dinner!

MYLES
Oh really?
(to Daequan)
Co-conspirator!

DAEQUAN
I'm just the man who makes the
things.

JUSTIN
Get in.

EXT. LAKE LANIER -- DOCK -- EVENING

Justin and Myles are in sweatshirts for a night in the 50s. They're loading the cardboard containing their pre-prepared dinners onto a HURRICANE DECK BOAT.

MYLES

So where is this island?

JUSTIN

It's right behind those docks on the other side of that cove. It's like a 2-minute ride.

(then)

I've always wanted to do this.

MYLES

You don't think we'll have any trouble getting back tonight?

Justin STEPS IN THE BOAT from the dock.

JUSTIN

Once we outrun Jason or the Orcs or some axe-wielding lakeside slasher, we'll be back on time.

Justin sticks out his hand to help Myles onto the boat, an unnecessary but endearing gesture not lost on Myles, who CLIMBS IN AND KISSES JUSTIN.

EXT. LAKE LANIER -- ISLAND -- NIGHT

We pan to see a BLANKET with the remains of their Myles-approved dinner, including sparkling kombucha in wine glasses. A few yards past that blanket, are Myles and Justin, post-sex. Myles RUNS HIS FINGER DOWN JUSTIN'S TORSO.

JUSTIN

I never liked my body.

MYLES

You have a great body.

Justin rolls his eyes, but maintains his smile.

JUSTIN

A lot of gay guys had that experience. It's why I got really into running.

MYLES

I don't think I could get into it. There isn't enough going on.

JUSTIN

That's a feature not a bug.

(then)

(MORE)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

You're with yourself, and the only expectations are your own. It's perfect solitude.

MYLES

Did you ever play any team sports?

JUSTIN

Nothing about that world ever said, "Hey, here's a place where you can really be yourself!" Kids like me ended up in drama club. A bunch of freaks all get together and put on a show.

MYLES

That's what I love about football. Every position on the field is about making someone else look better.

JUSTIN

How so?

MYLES

When the guys in the secondary do their job, the pass rushers get a sack. And if I do my job, my receivers reward me -- and vice versa. And Charlie...Without that guy, I don't have a career. Nobody knows what a genius he is. The set protections. He's playing 3-dimensional chess on every down. 99 percent of the fans don't know who he is, and he couldn't give a shit.

Myles turns his head to look directly at Justin, as if to emphasize what he's about to say.

MYLES (CONT'D)

I don't think there are a lot of people in the world who can say that about a co-worker. And it's what I love most about the game.

Justin KISSES HIM.

JUSTIN

Do you know how hot it is to hear you talk about your 300-pound linebacker like that?

MYLES

(smiling)
Lineman.

EXT. LAKE LANIER -- ISLAND -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Myles sets the box back into the boat while Justin situates himself at the wheel of the deck boat.

MYLES
It's fucking late.

Justin tries to ignite the engine.

MYLES (CONT'D)
We've got a walk-through of our two-minute offense tomorrow morning at nine.

The OUTBOARD MOTOR SPUTTERS THEN CONKS OUT. Myles immediately grows concerned. Justin keeps trying to turn over the engine.

MYLES (CONT'D)
Justin?

Justin realizes he's not getting anywhere.

MYLES (CONT'D)
Justin?!

Myles walks over to Justin and tries to gun the engine, to no avail.

JUSTIN
Shit. I think it's dead. Or we might be out of gas.

Myles walks to the stern of the boat to take a beat. He fiddles with his phone, then turns back around to Justin and looks intensely at him.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
There's zero service out here.

MYLES
Do you have a plan?

JUSTIN
I mean...People will be out on the lake pretty soon after sunrise. We've got blankets...

MYLES
Is there *anything* on this island?

JUSTIN
You were just on it. It's not much more than a sandbar.

Myles is quietly furious. He shakes his head.

MYLES

So the plan is we sleep out here on this boat in the 50-degree weather under a blanket covered in whole grains. And then what? Some local swimmer out for his morning workout at dawn just pulls us to safety?

Justin walks up to him gently and looks directly at Myles.

JUSTIN

I fucked up. I thought this would be simple and nice and I could have you back to your place by 11.

(then)

But can we just...I don't know...just think about how much we'll look back at this and laugh? The time on your birthday we fucked on the island, and got stranded when the boat didn't start and had to be rescued the next morning by some good samaritan?

MYLES

Sure. It'll be a great 30-for-30. Especially the fucking.

Myles PULLS OFF HIS HOODIE, then strips down to his gym shorts.

JUSTIN

What are you doing?

MYLES

It's a 15-minute swim. My Falcons phone is back at the house.

JUSTIN

The water is like 55 degrees! And it's pitch black.

MYLES

Not ideal.

(then)

Your dock is the one with that yellow-ish light?

Myles is all business -- not cold or rude, but entirely focused on the task at hand.

JUSTIN

Yes. It is.

MYLES

When I get to your house, where are your car keys?

JUSTIN

On the kitchen counter. Wait, you're just going to leave me here?

MYLES
You can come with me. Otherwise,
I'll send someone to tow you in.

JUSTIN
That's...That's insane!!

Myles is about ready to jump in.

MYLES
I am doing the thing that gives me
the best chance to be at the
training facility at 9 a.m., ok?

MYLES JUMPS INTO THE WATER. Justin watches him for what seems
like an eternity until MYLES FINALLY SURFACES.

JUSTIN
Myles!

Myles is already swimming for the Hartmann dock. Justin watches
him from the boat, alone.

INT. LAKEHOUSE -- DEN/LIVING ROOM -- LATE NIGHT

Soaking wet and focused like a quarterback on a no-huddle drive,
Myles grabs Justin's keys from the counter and immediately dials
his phone as he walks out the front door.

EXT. LAKEHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Myles opens the door to Justin's car, then into phone --

MYLES
(into phone)
Trinity, I'm so sorry to wake you.
(a beat, then)
Yeah, it is waaaaaay past my
bedtime and, yes, we have our
biggest game of the year on Sunday.
I need a big favor. Do you know
anyone in the marine-towing world?

EXT. MYLES' APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING

Justin, Annie, and Noah approach the building. Annie carries a
BOTTLE.

NOAH
(to Justin)
So he sent a tugboat at two in the
morning to tow you in?

JUSTIN
Very romantic, I know.

ANNIE

Did he ever thank you for the whole night? Or, for that matter, bitch at you again?

JUSTIN

He hasn't mentioned it one way or the other.

NOAH

I guess that's a thank you.

JUSTIN

How bad was he yesterday?

NOAH

I dropped him from my fantasy lineup after you told me what happened.

(a beat, off Justin's glare)

Not great.

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- LIVING AREA -- BUCKHEAD

A small get-together, about SEVEN GUYS, including Justin, Noah, KYLE, 3 or 4 OTHER GUYS IN THEIR LATE 20S-EARLY 30s, as well as ANNIE. Some hold beers or glasses of wine, others plates of food. The guys are clustered in groups of 2 and 3, the first of which is Justin and Kyle.

KYLE

My job is to make sure Myles can hear the offensive coordinator though his helmet when he's on the field.

JUSTIN

In his helmet? That's crazy!

KYLE

BUT...it shuts off with 15 seconds left on the play clock.

JUSTIN

So he's on his own?

KYLE

Right.

JUSTIN

That's really stressful. It's like being abandoned by God just when you need him most.

A few feet away are Noah with DENNIS NGUYEN. Myles lingers on the outskirts of the conversation, as we move with him through the room for the next little while.

NOAH
Everybody thinks their city is the
worst for dating.

DENNIS
They talk like apps haven't
flattened the world. We all have
the same stores in our malls, and
we all have the same torsos on our
Grindr grids.

NOAH
Also, what the fuck is a 'date'?

DENNIS
An encounter that includes a
printed menu or a ticket of some
kind.

NOAH
So, like, food trucks don't count?

Dennis shakes his head.

NOAH (CONT'D)
What about jacking off with
someone?

Dennis pretends to give this question some serious thought.
Myles, a little awkwardly, moves on toward Annie, LUXMAN BHATT,
and ROBBIE STIEG, who are in the next pod of chairs/sofas.

ANNIE
Talking about the science of
psychedelics is just something
people who like to trip on
mushrooms say to make themselves
feel less stigmatized.

ROBBIE
I'm a femme gay man from Tupelo,
Mississippi -- I don't give a *shit*
about your stigma. And if you were
smart, you'd be pitching *Coke*
MicroDose to your bosses first
thing Monday morning.

LUXMAN
Get that shit in R & D now.

We see Robbie noting Myles a few feet away, half in and half out
of the conversation --

LUXMAN (CONT'D)
Hey, Myles! What's your view on
magic mushrooms?

MYLES
Good question. I'm not sure I know
anyone who's ever taken them.

Robbie, Luxman and Annie giggle.

MYLES (CONT'D)
What?

ROBBIE
Hey, Justin!

Justin ENTERS from the kitchen area.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
Tell Myles about your trip
journals!

JUSTIN IS EMBARRASSED. He runs over to Luxman to SMOTHER HIM TO SILENCE.

JUSTIN
Shut up!

Myles appears something between amused and confused. Dennis and Noah trot over to join the fracas.

LUXMAN
(to Myles)
We were in Cape Cod a few summers
ago, and Justin decided that --

DENNIS
--This was Justin's "Doors of
Perception" Summer!

NOAH
(imitating Justin)
*"The man who comes back through the
Door in the wall will never be the
same as the man who went out."*

JUSTIN
That's a legit work of non-
fiction!!

MYLES
(to Justin)
You never told me you spent a
summer in Cape Cod?

JUSTIN
I waited tables.

ROBBIE
--along with a few other
extracurricular activities!

JUSTIN
All of you can stop now! I think
Myles needs to turn in so he can
get his full eight hours.

NOAH

The creative director at my firm had rented this house in P'town for July, but at the last minute couldn't make it. So on the 30th, Robbie and Dennis quit their summer jobs -- Luxman was in B-School and I got to work remotely. And that night we drove 18 hours --

JUSTIN

--But we had to stop in Connecticut at Mystic Pizza to honor Julia Roberts.

LUXMAN

Smyrna's own Julia Roberts.

NOAH

(to Myles)

It was the ultimate audible.

MYLES

So 24 hours notice ... you pick up everything and leave for a month? That's amazing. I don't think I could --

The room gets quiet. Myles hasn't said much and there's *nobody* in that room that doesn't want to hear from him. The sudden hush CATCHES MYLES OFF-GUARD.

MYLES (CONT'D)

Just that, I've never had ... never really *known* people ... *friends* that I could just pack into a car with ... I mean, there was this one time where these guys I knew from football camp...we were going to ... Well, we never actually went because I had a recruiting trip up in Eugene.

The rest of the group is hanging on Myles' every word, but it's increasingly clear that this is more of a sad declaration than profound anecdote.

MYLES (CONT'D)

I just think it's really cool you guys have each other and can rage at the beach.

A quiet beat, then --

ROBBIE

(not overly biting)

Myles...Nobody feels sorry a quarterback in America.

DENNIS
Not even a gay one.

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- KITCHEN -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Kyle is throwing away some paper plates and setting used wine glasses by the sink when Myles ENTERS. The others are still having a good time in the main living area.

MYLES
(re: plates/glasses)
Don't worry about any of that stuff.

KYLE
It's the least I can do.

MYLES
(more officious)
Seriously, leave it.

Kyle backs away from the sink.

MYLES (CONT'D)
Sorry.
(then)
I'm in a weird mood. I don't usually have people over like this during the season.

There's a beat, then --

KYLE
I first heard about you when I was 15. I'm playing free safety for my JV team in New Jersey. This *bi-racial gay QB* is passing for 3,500 yards out in the PAC-12. Everything about it spoke to me. I made my Dad get the cable package. Told him it was so I could study secondaries. But it was so I could watch you. Told myself that if you made All-American, I'd come out.

MYLES
And you did?

KYLE
Second game the next season on the Varsity squad I get two picks -- take the second one to the house. We win 24-20.

Myles gives him a big smile.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Coach presents me with the game ball in the locker room.
(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

And I tell 'em, "My gay ass saved your asses." There's about five seconds of quiet, then they start chanting GAY-ASS, GAY-ASS!

(then)

But the rest of the season they call me "Cannon."

(then)

And I was proud as shit.

Myles is in slight shock at the magnitude at the story. Kyle walks back to the sink and starts washing the wine glasses.

KYLE (CONT'D)

So would you please let me wash your fucking wine glasses, and go back in there with your very cute boyfriend?

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- BUCKHEAD -- MOMENTS LATER

The group is still drinking, chatting, enjoying themselves. Myles ENTERS.

MYLES

You guys should stay as long as you want. But it's my bedtime.

The group GROANS.

JUSTIN

He has a very strict schedule to maintain.

MYLES

I regulate my sleep cycle. NREM sleep helps bodies recover and memory and cognitive functions.

NOAH

Play calls!

MYLES

Right-O!

(then, to room)

Thanks for coming.

Myles retreats down the hallway to his bedroom suite.

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- MYLES' BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Myles begins to unbutton his shirt, as Justin ENTERS. Justin immediately approaches Myles and JOINS IN THE UNBUTTONING, then reaches for Myles' belt.

JUSTIN
This will be great, because they're
out there probably doing a post-
game analysis on you. And you and I
will be in here...you know.

MYLES GENTLY BACKS AWAY. Justin appears disappointed.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Okay.

MYLES
That stuff about NREM sleep wasn't
bullshit. I'm 36 hours from
kickoff, so ...

Myles looks for some affirmative "I get it" from Justin, but
none is forthcoming. Instead, Justin stares there.

JUSTIN
You didn't have to have us over if
you didn't want to.

MYLES
That's not exactly true.

JUSTIN
Sorry?

MYLES
You're *obsessed* with checking every
box on the Let's-Be-A-Part-of-Each-
Others-Lives list!

JUSTIN
(louder now)
You *don't* want to be part of each
other's lives?!

MYLES
Shhhh!

CUT TO:

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- LIVING AREA -- SAME TIME
THE GROUP's ears perk up simultaneously.

JUSTIN (O.S.)
We're fighting! And I'm going to
yell! Even if it means my friends --
who you're *so* clearly unimpressed
by -- hear us!

BACK TO:

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- MYLES' BEDROOM -- SAME TIME

Myles DRAGS Justin into ...

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- MYLES' BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

They're now standing in front of the Urinal.

JUSTIN

I didn't have to come to your
meathead, all-meat, meat-house
dinner!

MYLES

Charlie wanted to meet you!

JUSTIN

Your best friend wanted to meet the
guy you're dating?! The horror!

Justin gets in Myles' space, which drives Myles back. As they
move, the motion sensor triggers a FLUSH OF THE URINAL.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

You had a good time that night!

MYLES

Of course I did! You're amazing!

Justin, utterly frustrated, turns and walks to the other side of
the bathroom, setting off the URINAL FLUSH again.

MYLES (CONT'D)

There is no margin for error in my
life. And I'm not sorry about it. I
can't go to the beach for a month
on an hour's notice --

JUSTIN

And I'm a less serious person
because I *could*?!

MYLES

You're not listening!

Myles takes a few paces in the other direction, then turns back
to Justin. The temperature comes down a few degrees.

MYLES (CONT'D)

I can't do, '*Just this once*' the
way most people do in life. Not
with eating your mom's mushrooms.
Not with staying up late. And not
with getting stranded 50 miles from
home because you didn't check the
gas gauge on your boat.

JUSTIN

Ok, now we're getting at it. Just so I know -- how long are you going to rub my nose in that?

MYLES

We *lost* yesterday because of *me*. I got four hours of sleep after swimming half a mile in freezing cold water Thursday night. I was a zombie at walk-through on Friday, which meant we weren't well-prepared. And I was *total shit* in the game.

JUSTIN

You weren't that bad.

Myles looks at Justin as if he's crazy.

MYLES

I'm not good enough at my job to deal with a bunch of distractions during the season.

JUSTIN

I fucking hate that word. *Distraction*. You use it all the time. It makes me feel like TikTok. And your stupid humblebrags...
(mimicking, whining)
I'm not good at my job! It's all really tiresome.

That last comment causes Myles to flinch.

MYLES

You have *no idea* how bad my weaknesses are.
(then)
It is *very, very* possible I'm going to cost one of the best defenses in the league a chance to win the Super Bowl because I can't learn to quarterback the way I'm supposed to! And that will mean I fail the city, the fans, the whole franchise, my Mom, 'Gay America', *everybody!*

Myles looks at Justin with laser focus.

MYLES (CONT'D)

And it's really hard to be with someone during the season who not only can't appreciate how scary that is -- but thinks the whole idea of being scared is *stupid*.

Myles walks to the sink and reaches for his electric toothbrush. He's through with this conversation. Justin starts to say something, but exits, as THE URINAL FLUSHES.

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- LIVING AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

As Justin enters, the GROUP abruptly goes from being rapt with curiosity about what they've been hearing to acting nonchalant. Noah looks at Justin with a best friend's concern, a telepathic, "Everything ok?" Justin shrugs.

INT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- SUNDAY MORNING

Justin has JUST COME IN FROM A RUN. He's cooling down with some water, then TAKES OUT HIS PHONE. With Myles' number in "Recents," Justin debates whether he should call. He takes another sip of water then presses the number.

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- MYLES' BATHROOM -- SAME TIME

KELLY CLARKSON'S "A MOMENT LIKE THIS" BLARES.

MYLES
(singing)
*Could this be the greatest love of
all? I wanna know that you will
catch me when I fall.*

Myles is somehow getting amped. He sees the phone on the vanity flashing Justin's number. He initially ignores...

MYLES (CONT'D)
*Can't we make this dream last
forever?*

Finally, he lowers the music a bit, taps the "Accept" button, and turns on speaker.

MYLES (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- SAME TIME

Justin hears the music in the background and is charmed. But even so, he's a little fearful that he's interrupting Myles.

JUSTIN
Hey. I just wanted to wish you good
luck today.

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- MYLES' BATHROOM -- SAME TIME

MYLES

Thanks.

A beat, while Myles realizes he should offer a little more.

INT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- SAME TIME

JUSTIN

Anyway ... I'm really happy I got
you during your hype song.

Justin can still hear the song through the phone, but there's
nothing from Myles. Justin winces: *This was a bad idea.*

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I should let you go. It's game day.

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- MYLES' BATHROOM -- SAME TIME

MYLES

Thanks for calling.

INT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- SAME TIME

JUSTIN

Take care.

Justin ends the call.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- ATLANTA -- DAY -- ESTABLISHING

A sold-out crowd on NFL Sunday.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- FIELD -- CONTINUOUS

On the field, Myles leads a Falcons huddle, with his palms on
either side of his helmet as he listens to Butch.

BUTCH (O.S.)

(inside Myles' helmet)

*Their third corner is in, Myles.
Nothing we haven't seen before.*

Myles now engages the huddle now.

MYLES

(to huddle)

Red right. Single back. U Shift, 8-
5-6. Y Stick Z Spot. Ronnie, watch
for press coverage.

(clapping his hands once)

Break!

Myles gets under center (Charlie). He then calls out the play with a very specific cadence, adding emphasis to various words/numbers.

MYLES (CONT'D)
Red right. Single back. U Shift, 8-
5-6. Y Stick Z Spot. Set. Aardvark
82. HUT!

CUT TO:

INT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE -- OLD FOURTH WARD -- SAME TIME

Justin, Annie and Noah, watching the game, WINCE AT THE HIT taken by Myles on the play. Noah wears his MYLES CANNON JERSEY.

NOAH
(to Justin)
I know he's your boyfriend and all
but why can't he get rid of the
ball?!

Justin is too concerned to react to Noah.

ANNIE
(to Justin)
You really should be at the game.

JUSTIN
This is better.

Upon hearing this, Noah diverts his attention away from the game and on Justin. Annie looks equally concerned. There's another bad play by the Falcons on the screen.

NOAH
He threw a pick! At our own 30!
(then)
This is *really bad* for the gays.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- EVENT LEVEL -- POST-GAME

Myles, an enormous ICE PACK TAPED TO HIS RIGHT SHOULDER, exits the locker room. The vibe is a little dour. Myles notices the ICE PACK IS LEAKING.

MYLES
Shit.

Myles turns around and re-enters the locker room area. As he approaches the coaches' lounge, he hears --

JOHNNY (O.S.)
If you want to go 9-and-8 and
guarantee yourself wins against the
Bottom-10 defenses, Myles is your
quarterback. He's housebroken.
(MORE)

JOHNNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 He'll get his work in. He'll keep
 his nose clean --

There's a pause ... THEN A COUPLE OF CHUCKLES, including from
 Johnny. Myles stops in his tracks.

COACH #2 (O.S.)
 How'd we end up here?

JOHNNY (O.S.)
 Easy: Nobody in the locker room is
 threatened by him. The media loved
 the narrative. And the owner got
 drunk off the good vibes of being
 Branch Rickey for the homos.

Myles walks past the lounge, slowly enough to MAKE EYE CONTACT
 WITH JOHNNY AS HE PASSES. The two exchange glances, the Myles
 continues on toward the training area.

INT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Justin cools down from a run while looking at his phone. He's
 DRAFTING A TEXT TO MYLES, but having trouble crafting exactly
 what he wants to say. Finally, Justin types out a message: "*Hey.
 I know it was a tough week. Let me know if you want to vent/hang
 out/whatever.*" HE PUNCHES SEND.

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- HOME OFFICE -- SAME TIME

Myles WATCHES FILM on the screen in his home office with his
 NOTEBOOK in front of him. He sees Justin's TEXT chime in and
 looks down at it. He then flips off the phone as if the text
 were from a SpamBot. He then returns to the film, where he's
 struggling as the pocket collapses around him. After he gets
 sacked, MYLES REWINDS AND WATCHES THE FILM AGAIN.

EXT. DANCING GOAT COFFEE -- BUCKHEAD -- MORNING

CHARLIE ENTERS and sees Justin already in line at the counter
 where a BARISTA takes Justin's order.

JUSTIN
 You want anything?

CHARLIE
 Quadruple Espresso.
 (off Justin's horror)
 From a body mass standpoint, it's a
 thimble.

JUSTIN
 (to barista)
 One latte and two double espressos.

BARISTA
 Seven thirty-one.

Justin slides his card in the machine.

JUSTIN
Thanks for meeting me.

CHARLIE
No prob.

Justin takes his number on the metallic stand, then he and Charlie walk to a nearby table.

JUSTIN
I've been watching the games. I
know it's been bad.

CHARLIE
Hey, we squeaked into the playoffs
thanks to the defense.

JUSTIN
How's he doing?

CHARLIE
It's Myles.

JUSTIN
What does that mean?

CHARLIE
He's like a smart kid with one of
those 500-piece jigsaw puzzles. The
dog comes over and whacks the whole
thing to the floor with his tail.
The kid is totally capable of
putting it back together, but he
has to freak out first.

JUSTIN
Am I the dog in this analogy?

CHARLIE
No. Myles is the kid *and* the dog.

The barista brings over the three drinks.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Charlie IMMEDIATELY POURS ONE DOUBLE INTO THE OTHER.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
He's never had this before -- and I
don't mean a boyfriend. His world
has never been rocked. By anything.
He works really hard to make sure
it isn't.
(another beat)
Just give him some time and space.

JUSTIN

Why should I? And I'm not saying that because I'm some needy, clingy person. What I mean is: Why does he get to define the terms?

Justin is more frustrated than we've seen him.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

You guys think you're these immortal heroes, like the world should bow down to you just because the entire country is insane about your glorified game of smear-the-queer.

CHARLIE

(more a request than an accusation)

Don't be a sanctimonious dick. It's beneath you.

A beat, while Justin cools down.

JUSTIN

I'm sorry.

CHARLIE

It's ok.

(then)

I'm not telling you to be patient because he's a world-famous athlete and the Great Gay Hope. I'm telling you to be patient because you're better than him at this.

(then)

You know what Winston Churchill said about America?

(off Justin's head-shake)

He said America always gets it right -- eventually.

(then)

Myles will get this right eventually.

JUSTIN

How do you know?

Charlie shrugs. Justin stands up to leave. Charlie does too.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Winston Churchill? You are the weirdest fucking linebacker.

CHARLIE

Lineman. *Lineman.*

INT. RAYMOND JAMES STADIUM -- TAMPA -- PLAYOFF SATURDAY

MYLES SITS ON THE BENCH HYDRATING alongside Charlie. The CROWD IS DEAFENING, as THE FALCONS' DEFENSE AND THE TAMPA BAY BUCCANEERS' OFFENSE ARE SET at the line of scrimmage.

PLAY-BY-PLAY ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Third and 15 for the Bucs inside
their own ten. Dennison rolls
right, but he has nowhere to go!

The Tampa Quarterback immediately SACKED.

PLAY-BY-PLAY ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
He's brought down just in front of
the Atlanta goal line by Lazard!

COLOR COMMENTATOR (O.S.)
Not much has gone right offensively
for the Falcons and Myles Cannon --
who's gone from *Boom!* to Bust in
the past few weeks.

The Falcons' defense dances in celebration at the point of the sack. The Tampa crowd groans.

PLAY-BY-PLAY ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Cannon will have good field
position to see if he can ice a 9-3
game and send the Falcons to next
weekend's divisional round.

Myles and Charlie rise off the bench, helmets in hand.

CHARLIE
It's all ball control now. That's
your thing.

MYLES
We need to know what to do if they
go to six on the line against our --

CHARLIE
(interrupting)
Did you hear me?

Charlie grabs Myles.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You are going to get in that pocket
and we are going to leverage our
shift against their stupid scheme.
(then, pointed)
You wanted a life free of
distraction, and you got it. Make
the most of it.

This reaches Myles.

MYLES
Just buy me the time.

Myles now settles himself into his zone. He looks down at his PLAY-CALL WRISTBAND. The crowd reacts to the punt and return, as Myles PUTS HIS HELMET BACK ON. When he gets on the field, he's greeted immediately by Butch inside his helmet.

BUTCH (O.S.)
(Myles' helmet speaker)
Alright, Myles. You're locked and loaded. We'll start with Near Slot 8-6-2 Pomeranian Socrates.
(then)
Work a little clock, stay connected with Ronnie.
(then)
We're on script. So this is your time..

With that, MYLES STEPS INTO THE HUDDLE WITH THE OFFENSE. As he opens his mouth --

CUT TO:

INT. RAYMOND JAMES STADIUM -- PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM -- LATER

Myles, looking sharp for the post-game podium, SITS IN FRONT OF A MICROPHONE ON THE DAIS.

REPORTER
Myles, you sort of slumped the last month into the postseason. What ...
(a beat)
What do you think ...

MYLES
(rescuing reporter)
Why does it all of a sudden feel like I remembered how to play quarterback?

The reporters CHUCKLE, including the one who posed the question, who nods at Myles in thanks.

MYLES (CONT'D)
Here's the beautiful thing about the playoffs, Carl: There are zero distractions.
(short beat)
You don't have to negotiate with yourself or anyone else on the outside about how things should or shouldn't be. Nothing is missing from your life because during the postseason, there *is* nothing else other than those next four downs.

INT. CENTENNIAL HIGH SCHOOL -- JUSTIN'S CLASSROOM -- DAY

Justin lectures to his lit class.

JUSTIN
Why does Sammy leave?

Nobody initially responds, then --

SARAH
He has to find himself.

JUSTIN
Ok, but what does that mean?

SARAH
It's what we talked about at the beginning of the semester -- the hero's journey.

JUSTIN
Yeah, Yeah. All that monomyth mumbo-jumbo.

(then)
Has it ever occurred to anyone that the "Hero's Journey" is something that selfish people use as an excuse to do selfish things.

(getting worked up)
Jane Eyre? A self-righteous, judgy downer. Harry Potter? Spoiled brat. And Odysseus?! *Odysseus!*

(then)
The "archetypal" hero! More like the archetypal sociopath! He's an arrogant asshole who is a total H.R. case waiting to happen! He gets his co-workers killed! He screws anything that moves while his wife waits for him back home! He also lies to his father, and effectively kills his dog!

The class is in shock at Justin's dark turn.

DYLAN
(whispering to Cole)
Why is he so aggro all the sudden?

COLE
He and Myles Cannon?

Dylan shoots Cole an expectant/"do tell" look. Cole slides his finger across his throat.

JUSTIN
The point is: Never take a hero at face value. Because they have a way of disappointing us at the moment we value them the most.

EXT. CENTENNIAL HIGH SCHOOL -- PARKING LOT -- NEXT AFTERNOON

After the final bell, Justin, Rona, Tina and Simon walk outside to the school parking lot to find a CROWD OF STUDENTS SURROUNDING A SMALL BONFIRE, which is consuming a bunch of MYLES CANNON JERSEYS.

Dylan appears to be the ring-leader of A GROUP OF JOCKS, who are fueling the protest. He holds a BULLHORN in one hand and a flaming jersey in the other. Justin and the other teachers are speechless.

DYLAN
(shouting into bullhorn)
MYLES CANNON, YOU ARE TURNING HIS
BACK ON OUR NATION'S EDUCATORS!

Justin RACES TOWARD DYLAN to plead with him.

JUSTIN
(yelling over the racket)
Dylan! Dylan!

DYLAN
(into bullhorn)
MYLES CANNON, KNOW THAT YOU CAN'T
GET AWAY WITH QUITTING ON MR.
HARTMANN!

JUSTIN
Dylan. Please. This is insane. Put
these fires out!

DYLAN
You need to stand up for yourself!
I know *all about* the toxic
masculinity perpetrated by macho
male athletes. I've been guilty
myself.

JUSTIN
I'm very touched, ok? But there is
nothing healthy about burning a lot
full of cars, which might happen if
you don't get this riot under
control right now.
(to Rona, Simon and Tina)
Call the fire department and grab
the custodial staff!

Rona runs off, while Tina dials 9-1-1 on her phone.

TINA
(to Simon)
I don't think they'd do this for
me.
(then, into phone)
9-1-1. We have an emergency!

SIMON

A girlfriend once burned my original Wu Tang Clan promo album from 1993. Sealed vinyl and everything.

Meanwhile, Dylan is irrepressible.

DYLAN

(into bullhorn)

MYLES CANNON! YOU ARE HEREBY
DISINVITED TO ANY OFFICIAL
CENTENNIAL HIGH SCHOOL EVENTS!
YOU'RE ON THE LIST, BRA'!

Off Justin, who's more dejected than angry...

MUSIC: "DRINK THE LAKE," IAN SWEET

WISTFUL MONTAGE --

EXT. SOFI STADIUM -- LOS ANGELES -- DAY

Myles' palms rest on the sides of his helmet as he listens to the play call from Butch and delivers it to the HUDDLE. He then breaks the huddle with a SINGLE CLAP.

The Falcons set at the line of scrimmage, then the BALL IS SNAPPED. Myles gets lots of time thanks to Charlie. He DROPS BACK and FINDS RONNIE ON A 15-YARD SLANT ROUTE. RONNIE EVADES A DEFENDER AND TAKES IT ANOTHER 20 YARDS TO THE END ZONE.

EXT. ATLANTA BELTLINE -- DUSK

The town has NFL PLAYOFF FEVER. JUSTIN JOGS in solitude past Atlantans and their dogs. A Mom and Daughter on a bike with a car seat have a little FALCONS FLAG flapping off the back.

A bar that lines the trail has a huge "RISE UP" FALCONS BANNER above its entrance. "WATCH THE PLAYOFFS HERE!" On the FACADE OF A WAREHOUSE is a MURAL of A STOIC MYLES WITH A LGBT RAINBOW BACKGROUND that looks like the Shepard Fairey Obama poster. Instead of "HOPE," the text below Myles reads "OURS."

EXT. ATLANTA FALCONS PRACTICE FACILITY -- DUSK

Myles EXITS the building and walks toward the waiting, massive MERCEDES SPRINTER, a gym bag draped across his non-throwing shoulder. He sips a protein smoothie.

He passes by the dumpster where TWO CUSTODIANS ARE DISCARDING some larger items, including THE PRANK POSTER OF JUSTIN & MYLES that Kyle had claimed. MYLES SEES THE POSTER and momentarily stops. He takes another beat looking at the poster until THE CUSTODIANS LIFT AND DISPOSE OF IT OUT OF SIGHT.

INT. JUSTIN'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

ANNIE HAS WRANGLLED JUSTIN for one of her taste tests. She's animated, and though Justin is participating, this isn't the goofy roomie fun it normally is. Justin gets momentarily lost in thought as Annie talks at him. Eventually, she has to jar him out of his funk to ask him to take a sip.

INT. MYLES' PENTHOUSE -- DINING AREA -- NIGHT

MYLES SITS ALONE AT A MASSIVE DINING ROOM TABLE with his SAD VEGAN/TRAINING DINNER. Myles takes a look around at what he's realizing is a pretty antiseptic, solitary space.

On his IPAD, he sees AN EMAIL FROM TRINITY, with the subject line, "GQ SPREAD." Myles opens the email, which reads, *"This is the last thing I want to bother you with, but the issue is going to print needs to know what we want to do. Just lemme know."*

Attached ARE TWO FANTASTIC SHOTS OF MYLES & JUSTIN. The first is of them playing touch football in Piedmont Park. The second is a more traditional pose together closely in a loft space LOOKING EVERY BIT THE HAPPY COUPLE. He takes one more look at the shots, then abruptly ARCHIVES THE EMAIL.

MUSIC FADES --

INT. JUSTIN'S CHILDHOOD HOME -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Justin is at his folks' house for his weekly Tuesday night dinner. He helps his mother clean up and is SEMI-LISTENING TO HER TELL A STORY as he gathers the trash to take out.

GERNA

The older one ran off to live in a house in California where they play video games all day. I told her, 'you don't need to go to California to sit at home and play video games! You can do that here in Atlanta!' But he told her they're training for a competition and that they can win a lot of money playing video games. She told me, 'I don't think a grown man should have a job where he doesn't wear shoes all day unless he's a marine biologist or in Cirque du Soleil.'

Justin offers a slight smile.

JUSTIN

(re: trash bag)
I'm gonna take this out.

Justin walks out the side door in the kitchen to the ...

INT. JUSTIN'S CHILDHOOD HOME -- GARAGE/WORKSHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Justin lifts the trash bin and dumps the bag inside. Off to the side is a little alcove that Justin's father, Dave, has turned into a mini-workshop.

JUSTIN

Hey.

DAVE IS INTENTLY WORKING ON THE BASE OF A CHAIR, which is turned upside down. He doesn't look up at Justin.

DAVE

Don't mind me, I'm just trying to use the last of my eyesight to fix this thing.

JUSTIN

What is it?

DAVE

Your mother read something in a magazine about mid-century furniture, and has decided we should outfit the living room with a bunch of uncomfortable seating for Danish people.

Dave drops his wrench. He finally looks up at Justin.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I don't know what's wrong with furniture from this century. But she says this is cleaner, even though it just looks older to me.

JUSTIN

You're a good husband.

DAVE

I try.

(then)

Hand me that shock mount.

Justin holds up an object that was resting on the bench. Dave nods. Justin hands it to him.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Mom told me about Myles. I'm sorry it didn't work out.

JUSTIN

Yeah. I'm sorry I couldn't deliver an NFL quarterback into the family.

Dave wipes his hands with a rag, then steps away from the chair to engage Justin more directly.

DAVE

That's not important to me.

JUSTIN
Maybe a *little* important?

Dave gives Justin a narrow smile.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Dating up isn't easy.

DAVE
What do you mean?

JUSTIN
Just from a real-world standpoint,
how much business does someone like
me really have being with a
quarterback who's one game away
from the Super Bowl?

Dave looks at his son with a tinge of heartbreak.

DAVE
'Someone like you?'

Justin takes a beat.

JUSTIN
Can we just be honest for a second?
For once?
(a little accusatory)
There's no point in your life where
you wouldn't have given anything to
have a son like him, and every
father in America feels the same
way.

AS HE SPEAKS, JUSTIN IS GETTING CHOKED UP. He steps back. Then,
Dave STEPS TOWARD HIM.

DAVE
Listen to me. *For once.*

Justin, a little teary-eyed, looks at his father.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Myles' life has been *easy*. He was a
Boy King from Day One. Yeah, I know
being a gay athlete wasn't all
roses, but you're right: Men like
me dream of sons like him.

(then)
But then we're rewarded with sons
like you -- the ones who fight to
be who they are. They even have to
fight the people closest to them.

(then, obviously speaking
about himself)
I don't know why we make it so hard
on them. Hell, I don't know why *I*
made it so hard.

(then)
(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
You're the toughest kid I've ever met. You're tougher than any quarterback. And you're damn sure tougher than me.

DAVE HUGS HIS SON, an emotional union for both of them.

DAVE (CONT'D)
You deserve to be with someone as tough as you.

EXT. FALCONS' PRACTICE FACILITY -- PARKING LOT -- LATE AFTERNOON

Myles' STINGER IS WAITING FOR HIM, as he and Charlie finish their walk from the facility to the lot.

CHARLIE
(re: Myles' Stinger)
This is what I'm going to buy myself if we win the trophy.

MYLES
If we win the trophy, it's on me.
But it will be candy pink.

A beat, then --

CHARLIE
It's crazy to think that even if we win it, all of this will be over in like three weeks ... Less!

MYLES
The noise turns to silence overnight.

They stand outside Myles' Stinger contemplating it.

CHARLIE
What are you going to do?

MYLES
Dude, let's worry about the Seahawks.

CHARLIE
I'm not worried. It's football.
It's not like it matters.

Myles smiles.

MYLES
I guess the agency will have all kinds of shit set up. Endorsements. At some point, I'd like to sneak away to someplace warm.

CHARLIE
By yourself?

Myles takes this as a loaded question.

MYLES
 ('You really want to get
 into this?')
What?

CHARLIE
 Let me ask you something. You
 really believe the reason you've
 been playing well is you got rid of
 him?

MYLES
 I didn't 'get rid of him.'

CHARLIE
 Know what's fucked up? You're all
 about planning and 'the long-term,'
 but you used a 3-game losing streak
 as an excuse to destroy something
 that you could've had the rest of
 your life.

A beat, then --

MYLES
 I know we have this whole 'I Love
 You, Man' thing, but who are you to
 say what's worth keeping or not
 keeping for the rest of my life?!
 What the fuck do you know about
 managing a relationship?!

CHARLIE
Nothing! Which means everything.

Charlie takes a second to cool down.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 (calmly)
 I like who I am most days. I don't
 have any real beefs with my life.
 Outside of Bakhtiari, Tunsil, and a
 couple of other guys, I'm the
 highest paid lineman in the league.

MYLES
 You deserve it.

CHARLIE
 Damn straight, I do. I have to
 tolerate your ass for six months.
 (then)
 I've had two girlfriends in nine
 years. The only women who are into
 me are fetishists.
 (MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

The reason I was rooting for Justin was that you were turning into the person you want to be, even if you didn't see it.

(then)

You weren't slumping because he was 'a distraction.' You were slumping because you were scared of what that would mean.

MYLES

This is a bad time to throw relationship shit at me.

CHARLIE

There's never a good time to do relationship shit. But win or lose on Sunday, all of this is going to be over in three weeks. And it's just going to be you, your whack-job mom, your boot camp routine, and that mausoleum-in-the-sky you live in.

Myles' face suggests he's hearing Charlie's message.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I don't want what you have because I don't do jealous. But if I *did* have what you *could* have had, I'd never throw it away.

INT. CENTENNIAL HIGH SCHOOL -- TEACHERS LOUNGE -- LUNCHTIME

Justin sits at a table over lunch with Rona, Tina and Simon. A SCHOOL SECRETARY ENTERS, holding a COURIER'S ENVELOPE.

SECRETARY

Justin?

Justin looks up.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

This came for you.

She hands Justin the envelope. Justin fishes out from inside the envelope a VIP CREDENTIAL to the Falcons' NFC Championship Game.

SIMON

Nice.

Justin looks further for a note or anything else, but there's nothing. He's visibly emotionless about this development.

TINA

Oh, come on. This is a sign!

JUSTIN

A sign of what?

TINA
An olive branch!

JUSTIN
No note. No text. No, 'Hey, please
come on Sunday?'
(then)
This isn't a sign, it's a summons.

INT. NOAH'S LOFT -- CABBAGETOWN -- SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Dennis, Luxman, Robbie are parked in front of NOAH'S 52-INCH
SCREEN. In the kitchen area of the loft, Noah is preparing some
cheese, hummus, fixings. He wears his Myles Cannon jersey.
ANNIE ENTERS AND TAKES ONE LOOK AT THE JERSEY.

ANNIE
He'll be here any minute.
(re: Cannon jersey)
You should take that off.

NOAH
You think?

Annie gives Noah a look. NOAH TAKES OFF HIS FALCONS JERSEY,
leaving him bare-chested, just as JUSTIN ENTERS.

JUSTIN
(re: Noah shirtless)
I'm sorry -- is this a Sunday Tea
Dance?

Justin sees the jersey in Noah's hand.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Put it back on. Seriously. This is
still Your Team, and he is still
Your Gay.

Noah tosses his jersey into a corner, grabs a tray of food from
the counter and sets it down in front of the group.

ROBBIE
(to Noah)
You have hummus in your chest hair.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- ATLANTA -- SUNDAY AFTERNOON

THE NFC CHAMPIONSHIP GAME, WITH 70,000 BOISTERIOUS FANS.

JOE BUCK (O.S.)
Welcome to Atlanta's Mercedes Benz
Stadium for the NFC Championship
Game between the Atlanta Falcons
and the Seattle Seahawks. Alongside
Hall-of-Fame quarterback Troy
Aikman, I'm Joe Buck.

We see VARIOUS SHOTS OF PLAYERS STRETCHING, RABID COSTUMED FANS IN THE STANDS, AND HEAD COACHES ON THE SIDELINE.

JOE BUCK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Both Atlanta, the NFC's number-five seed and Seattle, the six seed are mystery guests at the party.

TROY AIKMAN (O.S.)
The most mysterious of those mystery guests is Myles Cannon.

CLOSE ON: MYLES WARMING UP ON THE SIDELINE.

TROY AIKMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Cannon is one of the game's brightest, most enigmatic quarterbacks. There are drives where he is in total control of every down working within the structure of Butch Reardon's offense. But there are other drives where broken plays and shifting coverages paralyze him. If the Falcons can get the first Myles Cannon, they might punch their ticket to the Super Bowl in Miami.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- FAMILY SECTION -- SAME TIME

PATTI CANNON IS DECKED OUT IN HER MYLES JERSEY and her Falcons hat with an actual stuffed Falcon on top. Next to her are Allysa and Jasmine.

ALLYSA
(to Patti)
You ready for a wild ride?

PATTI
I want to see our guys extinguish these fuckers by halftime!

INT. DYLAN'S FAMILY BASEMENT REC ROOM -- SAME TIME

Dylan, who is joined by Cole, wears his Myles Cannon Jersey. He yells to Sarah who is on the other side of the room --

DYLAN
It's starting!

When he turns around, we see that Dylan has also STUCK A PIECE OF TAPE OVER THE 'N' "CANNON" AND WRITTEN IN A 'T.' CANNON NOW READS "CANNOT."

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- FIELD -- LATER

Myles listens to Butch inside his helmet.

BUTCH (O.S.)
(helmet speakers)
Green right, X-Shift, 8-5-1 Stick
Lookie, Schnauzer Plato.

CLOSE ON: PLAY CLOCK AT 15.

Myles steps to the line of scrimmage.

MYLES
(barking out the play)
Green right, X-Shift, 8-5-1 Stick
Lookie, Schnauzer Plato. Break!

Charlie snaps the ball to Myles, who has time and HITS RONNIE ON A FLAT ROUTE FOR ABOUT 7 YARDS. Ronnie BREAKS A TACKLE and picks up another 15 yards.

CHEERS FROM THE CROWD.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- TRUIST/VIP LOUNGE -- HALFTIME

At the ELABORATE BUFFET, Patti Cannon is voraciously STRESS-EATING and doing nothing to hide it. Allysa and Jasmine rub her shoulders like a boxer's trainer.

JOE BUCK (O.S.)
That's halftime with Seattle going
into the locker room with a 17-14
lead over Atlanta.

TROY AIKMAN (O.S.)
The spotlight in the second half
will be on Myles Cannon. He's been
absolutely brilliant in the pocket
on set plays.
(then)
But the Seahawks defense is doing a
very good job of changing things up
on the snap.

INT. NOAH'S LOFT -- CABBAGETOWN -- HALFTIME

The group gets up out of their seats. Noah, WHO HAS NOW PAINTED A NUMBER 9 ON HIS BARE TORSO WITH SHOE POLISH, sets out more food. Justin is pouring himself a mimosa.

NOAH
You have that credential on you,
don't you?

JUSTIN
I thought you might want it as a
keepsake for your sports
memorabilia shrine.

NOAH
(*You're full of shit*)
Sure.

Noah checks the clock on his phone.

NOAH (CONT'D)
If you left now, you could be there
by the end of the third quarter.

Justin rolls his eyes. He's had enough.

DENNIS
The guy made a gesture, which means
something. So you're going to let
go of your ego --

JUSTIN
My ego?!

ROBBIE
Yes, *your* ego.

LUXMAN
You're trying to prove that you're
cool with Mr. America suspending
your relationship when it's totally
not about that.

NOAH
You told me that night at the
Heretic that you weren't into him
because he was Gay Tom Brady but
because he was an awesome guy. So
take your own advice and forget
that he's Myles Cannon, and treat
him as a guy like us in his 20s
who's just as scared as the rest of
us and had a freak-out period that
he's trying to get past.

Justin trusts Noah, and gives him a look that says so.

ROBBIE
I'm ordering you a Lyft. One of
those fancy ones.

NOAH
It's gonna be a great second half.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- LOCKER ROOM -- HALFTIME

Kyle stands with Butch with tension swirling.

BUTCH
What the fuck is a grounding issue?

KYLE
There's a disparity in the
electrical capacity --

BUTCH
Never mind! Will it get fixed?

KYLE
There's no guarantee.

BUTCH
Jesus H. Christ in an Uber Pool!
Can you give me some kind of
probability, for fuck's sake?

KYLE
30 percent. *Ish?*

BUTCH
30 that it gets fixed or 30
that...Awww *fuck*.

KYLE
The thing is, we need to alert the
officials right now if we want to
go without communication so they
can tell Seattle to do the same.

Realizing he has a sober decision to make, Butch calms down a bit. He then shakes his head.

BUTCH
(a beat, thinking)
It gives them too much of an
advantage. Myles' needs the
technology more than they do.

KYLE
The good news is that it might be
fine. The outages have been
intermittent.

BUTCH
The bad news?

A beat, then --

KYLE
Myles might be out there on his own
when the game is on the line.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- CONCOURSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Justin enters a portal to the lower bowl, peeks down and sees Patti Cannon sitting with Allysa and Jasmine, STRESS-EATING.

We see Justin's expression: He briefly considers walking down but then can't bring himself to do it.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- SUITE/OPS LEVEL -- MOMENTS LATER

Justin GETS OFF THE ELEVATORS. He walks past a few luxury suites looking for an inconspicuous place to watch the game. He then walks through a door and the nice carpeted hallway turns to CONCRETE. He sees Kyle in the distance and walk toward him. Kyle LOOKS FRANTIC. Though Justin doesn't really approach him, Kyle sees him out of the corner of his eye.

KYLE
(snapping)
Not now, Justin!

Justin is taken aback.

KYLE (CONT'D)
(into his headset)
The entire sideline's audio is on
the fritz?!

Kyle steps into the room he's just come out of, leaving Justin in the hallway. Justin sees that there's a place to stand in the portal next to Kyle. Justin walks through it and HAS A DIRECT SITE LINE TO THE GAME.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- FIELD -- MOMENTS LATER

Myles presses his palms to his helmet but looks distressed. He turns to Charlie.

MYLES
I can barely hear Butch. It's going
in and out.

CHARLIE
You want to run the ball?

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- FIELD -- TWO DOWNS LATER

The Falcons are set at the line.

JOE BUCK (O.S.)
Third and seven for the Falcons.

Myles drops back, but Seattle has seven in the box and HE'S UNDER IMMEDIATE PRESSURE. Seattle CHASES MYLES TO THE LEFT SIDELINE and he barely THROWS IT AWAY BEFORE GETTING HIT.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- CONCOURSE -- SAME TIME

Justin WINCES AT THE HIT.

JUSTIN
 (yelling to no one)
Late Hit!

Justin realizes that he was yelling involuntarily and is embarrassed. A SECURITY GUARD down the hall glares at him.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 (sheepish)
 Sorry! *Sorry.*

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- FALCONS SIDELINE -- MOMENTS LATER

Butch, a FEW OTHER COACHES -- including JOHNNY -- CONFERENCE WITH MYLES, with Charlie nearby. Butch looks at the clock

CLOSE ON: GAME CLOCK AT 7:41 LEFT IN THE 4TH QUARTER.

BUTCH
 (to assistant coach)
 Let the lead ref know. And do it
 before Seattle starts their drive.

CHARLIE
 (to the assistant, Joe)
 Joe, wait up.

Charlie QUICKLY GRABS MYLES. The crowd is LOUD.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Listen to me. This can be done.

A long beat, then --

MYLES
 Fuck it. Let's do this. You, me,
 and the other nine guys.

Charlie is proud of his friend. Myles MARCHES OVER TO BUTCH.

MYLES (CONT'D)
 (to Butch and Joe)
 We're not doing it. If the headsets
 don't work, you're just going to
 have to trust me.

Butch contemplates. He LOOKS AT HIS QUARTERBACK like a world-class poker player studying his opponent.

BUTCH
 You're sure?

Myles nods.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
 Alright. Let's start the drive with
 Green Left --

MYLES TURNS HIS BACK AND WALKS AWAY.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Myles!

Myles doesn't turn around.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

(louder)

Myles!!

EXT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- CONCOURSE -- SAME TIME

Kyle STOMPS OUT OF THE ROOM and back into the hallway.

KYLE

(yelling)

Sam!

A 23-ish KID IN A FALCONS POLO runs over to Kyle. Justin is within an earshot and can hear this conversation.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Go down there and tell them this headset works. It's on a different channel. If they want to get someone up here the rest of the way, they can.

Sam sprints off. Kyle, with the situation out of his hands, sighs. He sees Justin to his right 15 feet away.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Sorry. I didn't mean to snap earlier.

JUSTIN

It's ok. What's up?

KYLE

There is one headset in the universe that Myles can hear reliably and it's this one. But nobody knows that, including Myles.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- FIELD -- MINUTES LATER

The Falcons offense trots from the sideline onto the field.

JOE BUCK (O.S.)

It's been knotted at 24-17 for a while, Seahawks leading. The Falcons will now have one-fifty-one to work with. They need to go 81 yards, and they have only one timeout remaining.

TROY AIKMAN (O.S.)
 Expect Seattle to show Cannon
 defensive looks he hasn't seen all
 day. And Cannon, looking at the
 most important drive of his career,
 will have to respond.

The Falcons have huddled up. Myles looks focused, confident, and the other 10 guys are hanging on every word.

MYLES
 Red Right Flop, Y Left, 973 Bag,
 Poodle Heidegger!

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- FAMILY SECTION -- SAME TIME

Patti, Alyssa, and Jasmine clasps each other's hands.

PATTI
 A little play action, baby boy.
 (then, screaming)
Watch the corner moving up!!

INT. NOAH'S LOFT -- CABBAGETOWN -- SAME TIME

On the screen: Myles play-call, animated, motioning to the wide-out and tight end, who shift. Noah paces like an expectant father outside a labor room. Annie yells at the screen.

ANNIE
 Call timeout!

NOAH
 Are you insane? *Why?*

ANNIE
 Coke has a massive ad buy and we
 need a couple more commercials!

LUXMAN
 Ladies and gentlemen, late
 capitalism.

WE NOW MOVE INTO A MONTAGE OF THE DRIVE THAT LOOKS LIKE CLASSIC "NFL FILMS," MUSIC AND ALL.

-- Myles drops back, rolls out, and runs for a 7-yard gain.

-- Charlie blocks two passers at once. He's a badass.

-- Myles CALLS AN AUDIBLE AT THE LINE (We see receivers and backs react accordingly). He finds Ronnie for 17 yards.

-- Myles as confident as ever in the huddle, then completing another pass to Ronnie.

-- Myles at the line barking out the play, as the Falcons change formation on the fly.

-- Butch watching intently, helpless but rooting for his guy.
 -- The referee motioning an illegal use of hands on Falcons.
 -- Dylan at home with his jock friends beside himself.
 -- Myles drops back, gets pressured, but finds a receiver on the run for about 20 yards. But there's a flag.
 -- Scoreboard: 1st Down and 30.
 -- Myles and Charlie concerned, but resolute, as the Falcons call their final timeout.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- SKYBOX -- SAME TIME

Justin has now joined Kyle in what functions as ground control for the audio. Kyle looks mournful, as does Justin.

KYLE
 First and 30. We're fucked.

Justin then LOOKS AT HIS PHONE and a LIGHT BULB GOES OFF.

JUSTIN
 Did you say Myles can hear this headset?

KYLE
 Yeah, great. I can whisper sweet nothings in his ear.

Justin goes back to his phone.

JUSTIN
 (intently, dead serious)
 Kyle.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- FIELD -- A MINUTE LATER

The Falcons come back from the two-minute warning. Ronnie MOTIONS TO THE CROWD TO QUIET DOWN. As Myles trots back onto the field, THERE'S SOUND IN HIS HELMET. He looks puzzled. It's ... "A MOMENT LIKE THIS."

Myles stops in his tracks and absorbs the moment. Charlie notices and comes over.

CHARLIE
 You ok?

Myles doesn't reply. The music focuses him for several seconds, then shuts off 15 seconds before the snap per NFL rules. But Myles is ok.

The Falcons are set. Charlie hikes the ball, and Myles sees a ton of pressure. He rolls out to his right, thinks he has a receiver, pumps to throw but the receiver gets covered up.

But then he CONNECTS WITH RONNIE FOR 25 YARDS.

We now move into ANOTHER MONTAGE, with "A MOMENT LIKE THIS"

The sequence is not comprehensive, but a collection of big moments IN QUICK, SHARP CLIPS -- A TURBO-CHARGED HIGHLIGHT REEL.

-- Myles looks at the Seahawks' shifting defense and decides to run it himself for 9 yards, getting out of bounds.

-- Against a blitz, Myles somehow ducks beneath the defensive end, wiggles away, then finds a receiver downfield inside Seattle territory, who takes it out of bounds.

-- The Clock now reads 1:12. Seattle 24, Atlanta 17.

-- A Falcons receiver drops a pass.

-- Myles gives the receiver a tap on the helmet as if to say, "We'll get it next time."

-- Myles to Ronnie for a 20-yard pickup. Clock at 0:37.

-- Myles can't make a completion against intense pressure.

-- Justin and Kyle, totally absorbed, up in the skybox. They're both MOUTHING THE WORDS TO THE SONG.

-- Myles sneaks the ball for about five yards then steps out of bounds.

-- Myles, again with nothing initially available downfield, hits Ronnie for a gain. RONNIE IS CLOSING IN ON THE FIRST DOWN AT THE FALCONS' 1 BUT IS TACKLED FROM BEHIND AND CAN'T GET OUT OF BOUNDS. The clock shows 0:16 and TICKING.

-- Myles frantically directs his team up to the line, and the moment they're set he SPIKES THE BALL to stop the clock:

0:05 REMAINING, 4TH & GOAL. SEATTLE 24, ATLANTA 17

THIS QUICK-CUTTING SEQUENCE ENDS.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- FIELD -- CONTINUOUS

We're on Myles, as the SEATTLE TRAINER helps an INJURED SEAHAWK off the field, buying Myles another 30 seconds or so. CHARLIE LOOKS AT MYLES.

CHARLIE
(deadly serious)
I'm checking in eligible.

MYLES DIGEST THIS. HE GIVES CHARLIE A NOD: "I'M WITH YOU."

MYLES
Moon!

Ryan looks up at Myles.

MYLES (CONT'D)
You're under center. You're
snapping.

Ryan looks at them, then shrugs. He's game for anything.

Just as MYLES opens his mouth the call the play, "CHA CHA SLIDE" by DJ CASPER, which has been playing over the system, ABRUPTLY CHANGES, mid-stanza, to "A MOMENT LIKE THIS."

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- STANDS -- SAME TIME

FANS LOOK CONFUSED -- not the music they're used to hearing.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- FIELD -- CONTINUOUS

As he steps to the huddle, the song has activated something in Myles. With all eyes on him, he says calmly:

MYLES
Jumbo Right, Single Shift, Y
Thunder, Samoyed, Wittgenstein.

The group looks sold on the play call.

RONNIE
All day, baby.

As the other nine guys take get set, with CHARLIE ASSUMING RYAN'S POSITION at Left Tackle.

JOE BUCK (V.O.)
Fourth and Goal for the Falcons
with five seconds remaining. If
they find their way into the end
zone, they'll tie the score with an
extra point.

TROY AIKMAN (O.S.)
No receivers, a couple of tight
ends and three backs for Atlanta.
And Charlie Stroud has checked in
as an eligible receiver!

MYLES STUDIES THE CROWDED DEFENSE, which looks enormous this close to the end zone.

MYLES
*Jumbo Right, Single Shift, Y
Thunder, Samoyed, Wittgenstein!*

Ryan hikes the ball to Myles. Charlie RUMBLES HIS WAY TO THE GOAL LINE as THE ENTIRE SEAHAWKS DEFENSE DESCENDS ON MYLES. He ducks one tackler, then leaps over another body splayed out on the ground. OFF-BALANCED HE FINDS CHARLIE AT THE GOAL LINE.

Charlie initially BOBBLES THE BALL, but then GRABS IT OUT OF THE AIR.

TOUCHDOWN!

CROWD

BOOM!

Myles LEAPS INTO CHARLIE'S ARMS. The rest of the players follow. The FALCONS KICKER trots onto the field for the extra point attempt, but MYLES STOPS HIM.

MYLES

(yelling to the kicker)

We're going for two!

Charlie yanks off his helmet, and yells to the sideline --

CHARLIE

Two!

Butch is in shock, but he's resigned himself to Myles' instincts, for better or worse.

JOE BUCK (O.S.)

The Falcons are going for two!

TROY AIKMAN (O.S.)

This is one of the gutsiest, decisions in NFL postseason history. It's winner take all for a berth in the Super Bowl.

MYLES GATHERS THE OFFENSE INTO THE HUDDLE. They wait for his message.

MYLES

Let's just do what we do.

(then)

BREAK!

At the line of scrimmage...

MYLES (CONT'D)

Jumbo Right! Y Left, Weimaraner, Kant!

The ball is snapped. Myles rolls rights, looks for Ronnie, BUT THERE'S NOTHING. He thinks about running the five yards to the goal line, but the HOLE IS PLUGGED IMMEDIATELY. Everything is covered.

Myles is desperate. But just as a Seahawks' outside linebacker is about to hit him and end his season, CHARLIE LAYS OUT A BLOCK for the ages that pancakes the pass rusher. It buys Myles the narrowest angle to dash to the END ZONE PYLON in the left corner. Can he sneak in?!

MYLES LURCHES AIRBORNE WITH BALL AT THE PYLON.

TWO-POINT CONVERSION SUCCESSFUL! FALCONS WIN!~

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- FALCONS SIDELINE -- SAME TIME
THE ENTIRE FALCONS TEAM AND STAFF GO WILD.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- FAMILY SECTION -- SAME TIME
Patti, Alyssa and Jasmine jump up and down ecstatically.

INT. NOAH'S LOFT -- CABBAGETOWN -- SAME TIME

Noah falls to the floor and, on his back, points his hands up to the gods. Robbie does his best Dallas Cowboys cheerleader impression. Annie and Luxman perform their own end zone dance.

INT. DYLAN'S FAMILY BASEMENT REC ROOM -- SAME TIME

The Jocks are delirious, with Cole ripping the tape off Dylan's Cannon jersey to restore it to its rightful state.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- FIELD -- CONTINUOUS

As arms and legs have finally been untangled at the foul line, MYLES LEAPS INTO CHARLIE'S ARMS. THE REST OF THE UNIT THEN JUMPS ON TOP OF THEM.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- SKYBOX -- SAME TIME

Justin looks at Kyle gratefully and gives him an HUGE HUG.

JUSTIN
You're going to get fired for this,
aren't you?

Kyle shrugs and smiles, as if to say it was worth it.

KYLE
You should go down there.

JUSTIN
Oh, I don't think that's --

Kyle REACHES OUT AND GENTLY TAKES HOLD OF THE CREDENTIAL that's hanging around Justin's neck.

KYLE
(pointing to a sticker on
credential)
This hologram gives you access on
the event level ... and the field.
(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)
 (then)
 Go.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ STADIUM -- FIELD -- CONTINUOUS

The scene on the field is EUPHORIA. PHOTOGRAPHERS snap pictures of FALCONS PLAYERS putting on NFC CHAMPIONSHIP HATS.

BUTCH APPROACHES MYLES AND WRAPS HIM UP IN A BEAR HUG.

BUTCH
 You crazy son of a bitch.

They gradually let go, as a STAFFER PUTS A CAP ON TOP OF BOTH OF THEIR HEADS. Butch shakes his head at Myles with a smile.

BUTCH (CONT'D)
 I didn't know what the fuck you
 were going to do out there.

MYLES
THE UNKNOWN IS A GIFT!
 (then)
 Some washed graybeard who's running
 a coaching camp in suburban Vegas
 told me that.

Butch smirks ("You got me."), then begins to walk away.

MYLES (CONT'D)
 Hey, Butch!

Butch turns around.

MYLES (CONT'D)
 See you in my office at nine
 tomorrow morning.
 (then)
 We've got a big, phallic Super Bowl
 trophy to win in two weeks.

BUTCH
 See you at nine, Coltrane.

Butch walks off as MYLES TAKES IN THE ENTIRE SCENE.

SOME PLAYERS HAVE WELCOMED SPOUSES and CHILDREN onto the field. Myles is still buzzed from his heroics, but for a single instant, HE'S A BIT WISTFUL. He then finds PATTI in the stands, BLOWING HIM KISSES WILDLY. She's yelling something, but Myles can't make it out -- and doesn't really want to. He just smiles, then heads back to rejoin the celebration.

When he turns around, MYLES SEES JUSTIN STANDING THERE about 15 yards away, amid the madness.

Myles can't believe it. As he stares at Justin, some collateral damage/spillover from a GATORADE BATH has splashed Justin, who takes it gracefully. He looks like a fish out of water, and a little guarded -- not knowing how Myles might react.

A TV CREW tries to wrangle Myles for a postgame interview --

FIELD PRODUCER
Myles! Can we grab you?

Myles ignores the producer. The field is crowded, and MYLES HAS TO BOB AND WEAVE 15 yards to get to Justin as if he were in a live game -- breaking tackles and hurdling over obstacles. Finally, MYLES REACHES JUSTIN. THEY SMILE AT EACH OTHER.

JUSTIN
I'm here to accept my participation trophy.

MYLES KISSES HIM. JUSTIN KISSES HIM BACK. The scene around them continues as is.

They finally pull apart.

MYLES
You came.

JUSTIN
I assumed the credential that was dropped off at school was an engraved invitation.

MYLES
What credential?

JUSTIN
That's cute.

Myles looks at him as if to say, "*Seriously. It wasn't me.*" Now Justin looks confused. As he starts to speak, Charlie drops by holding a "FALCONS NFC CHAMPS" T-SHIRT.

CHARLIE
Oh, hey, Justin. Glad you found your way down.

Both Myles and Justin stare at Charlie.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Just gonna leave this right here.

Charlie then DRAPES THE T-SHIRT OVER MYLES' SHOULDER and PUTS A HAT ON JUSTIN'S HEAD. He then rumbles off.

JUSTIN
I've always looked terrible in these.

Myles TURNS THE HAT AROUND ON JUSTIN.

MYLES
That's better.

JUSTIN
So, ummm, I imagine you have a ton
of postgame stuff to do.

MYLES
I've got the press conference, NFL
Primetime. Then I think
SportsCenter and the local
affiliate. Between Primetime and
SportsCenter I probably need 12
minutes in the cold tub, along with
8 minutes of stimulation on my
shoulder. Then --

As he speaks, Justin does his best to hide his disappointment.
So Myles stops talking and takes a beat. Then --

MYLES (CONT'D)
You wanna get out of here?

JUSTIN
I kinda like it here. I think I'll
apply to be the guy who kicks the
extra points. What's he called?

MYLES
(smiling)
The kicker.
(then)
Let's go.

Myles takes Justin by the hand as they try to weave their way
off the massive field. They manage to DODGE THE TV CREW again.
They're almost off the field when they COLLIDE WITH JOHNNY.

JOHNNY
(grudging)
Myles. Nice, um...Nice --

MYLES
(interrupting)
-- Oh, Hey, Johnny. This is my
boyfriend, Justin. Could you let
the PR staff know I won't be doing
my postgame media because I'm
leaving to have hot gay sex with
Justin here.

Johnny has been rendered speechless.

MYLES (CONT'D)
(to Justin)
Johnny isn't the best communicator
on staff.
(to Johnny)
Just tell them I'm really sorry and
I'll make it up tomorrow.

MYLES AND JUSTIN CONTINUE THEIR ESCAPE, with Myles pulling Justin by the hand.

MYLES (CONT'D)

What are you doing two weeks from today?

JUSTIN

I'm afraid I'm just not the planner you are.

(playing along)

Why, you wanna do something?

We pull out to capture the full field from above and track them and their conversation as THEY GET SMALLER AND SMALLER.

MYLES

There's this event in Miami I've been invited to, and you should come. It's about four hours long, it's mostly guys and there's even live music.

JUSTIN

Sounds like fun. Would we go together?

MYLES

I think you'd just meet me at the venue. I'll need to go early and help with all the set-up. The organizers are really demanding.

JUSTIN

Ok. What do we wear?

MYLES

I'll be in a uniform.

JUSTIN

Ooooh. But I won't kink-shame! What about me?

MYLES

Nothing is really out-of-bounds. Some people go shirtless, or in crazy costumes. Some paint their face, or even their whole body!

JUSTIN

Sounds like the gayest party ever.
(then)
I'm there.

As MYLES AND JUSTIN DISAPPEAR INTO THE TUNNEL, we ...

FADE OUT:

THE END