

“REMEMBER THE TITANS”

An Original Screenplay
Based on a True Story

by

Gregory Allen Howard

REV. WHITE 8/27/99 FULL

REV. BLUE 9/10/99 FULL

REV. PINK 9/26/99 FULL

REV. YELLOW 10/3/99

REV. GREEN 10/8/99

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Current Revisions by Boaz Yakin

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. CEMETERY - GRAVESITE - DAY

1

"ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA 1981"

A LIMO PULLS UP; STOPS. TWO MEN in dark suits get out: HERMAN BOONE, AN INTENSE BLACK MAN in his early forties.

The other man: BILL YOAST, late forties, a COOL, RESERVED WHITE MAN. He carries a weathered, dog-eared Bible-- his constant companion. They walk to the gravesite. Behind them walks Yoast's 19 year old daughter, CHERYL. HOLD ON HER.

CHERYL AT 19 (V.O.)

(Southern drawl)

In Virginia, high school football is a way of life... it's bigger than Christmas day. It brings out powerful expressions in folks... I grew up on it.

At the gravesite, a GROUP OF 50 YOUNG ADULTS, BLACK and WHITE; BIG MEN-- EX-FOOTBALL PLAYERS. The Coaches reach them; they stand. A PHOTOGRAPHER nearby SHOOTS THE COACHES. THE FLASH FILLS THE SCREEN.

CHERYL AT 19 (V.O. CONT'D)

In the summer of 'seventy one our School Board was forced to integrate. They combined the white school, Hammond High, with George Washington High-- the black school. This bright new bastion of learning was to be called T.C. Williams High, named after our former beloved Mayor, a true son of the South...

2 MONTAGE: SUPER TITLE "SUMMER 1971" --

2

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THAT TURBULENT TIME COME TO LIFE: Anti-war protests, pro-war protests, Black Panther rallies, civil rights marches, demonstrations, clashes with police and anti-busing protests.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - THE RIDGE (WHITE SECTION) - DAY

3

SEVERAL HUNDRED BLACKS protest in front of a 7-11 Store. They carry signs protesting the killing of a young black boy at the store. The signs show his picture. The signs read: "MURDERER!" "EYE FOR AN EYE!"

4 INTERCUT: EXT. HAMMOND HIGH SCHOOL - PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

4

SHOTS of TEENAGERS on a FOOTBALL PRACTICE FIELD; muddy, slamming into each other -- hitting the dirt.

5 INTERCUT: EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

5

THE DEMONSTRATION: WHITES defend their neighborhood -- as crazed and angry as the blacks... a line of police holding them apart.

6 EXT. HAMMOND HIGH SCHOOL - PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

6

BACK TO THE TEENAGERS: a dozen of them, all white, running tough defensive "plays" against each other. They're watched over by BILL YOAST, now early 40's; his daughter CHERYL, now 9, and Assistant Coach TYRELL.

CHERYL

Come on, Kurt-- don't let Ray back you down like that! You're twice his size!

The two boys, RAY BUTTS and KURT, go at it twice as hard -- GERRY BERTIER, 18, broad-shouldered All-American linebacker, steps over to Coach Yoast.

BERTIER

Coach... uh, with the schools combining and all -- some of the guys are kinda nervous about, y'know... losin' their starting positions.

YOAST

It's still my team, Gerry -- any team of mine, you start on.

BERTIER

It ain't so much me, coach... what about the other guys?

Yoast hesitates... he doesn't have such a quick answer for that... then:

VOICE (O.S.)

It's comin' down! At the store!

Everyone on the field looks up, as ALLAN BOSLEY runs over:

BOSLEY

They're right out front! They wanna burn it up. It's comin' down 'cause 'a that colored boy got shot!

The BOYS all tear off the field, ignoring Yoast as he shouts:

YOAST

Hey! Come back here! Hey!
(then, to Tyrell)

Herb, get Cheryl inside the school!

He runs to the BLUE PICKUP TRUCK parked nearby...

7 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

7

A group of young black FOOTBALL PLAYERS, some wearing "Washington High" jackets, push through the crowd, led by the 17 year-old, dashiki-wearing, JULIUS "BIG JU" CAMPBELL.

BIG JU
Murderer! Shut the devil down!

8 INTERCUT: HAMMOND HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

8

THE TRUNK of BERTIER'S CAMARO flies open: Hands grab the TIRE IRON -- a CHAIN -- and the WHITE BOYS slam the trunk down. Butts slides across the trunk, "Starsky and Hutch" style...

BERTIER
Hey! That's my car, man!

-- But Butts just WHOOPS with excitement, leading the way as the boys charge toward riot brewing right across the street from the school... they almost reach it, but:

YOAST'S PICKUP TRUCK screeches to a halt in front of them:

YOAST
Gerry, Allan, Ray, all of you -- if you ever want to play for me again, you get in here! Now!

Bertier is torn, but he hops into the back of the pickup; the others reluctantly follow, and Yoast guns the engine and tears off back up the street...

A8 INT. HAMMOND HIGH SCHOOL - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

A8

The doors fly open, and Yoast leads the boys in past the waiting Tyrell and Cheryl:

YOAST
(walking)
You boys are gonna cool off, and come with me to my office, help me finish packing my things... come on!

CHERYL
Why'd they shoot that boy?

COACH TYRELL
The owner said he looked dangerous. He just done what he had to.
(to Bertier)
Gerry, you got your heart in the right place... but you ought to know better'n to be embarrassing the Coach out there.

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B8 INT. HAMMOND HIGH SCHOOL - COACH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

B8

Bertier grumbles as he steps inside past Yoast:

BERTIER

Just keep 'em All off the team, coach. I'm not playing with any of those black anim...

The other guys chime in... "Hell no!" -- "Me neither!" Then they stop, as they notice:

HERMAN BOONE -- Now a man in his thirties, standing by the window, looking out at the riot... he turns and faces the group of hostile white faces -- all staring at him as if he is an enemy alien.

COACH TYRELL

Who are you?

BOONE

Herman Boone. The new assistant coach.

Yoast moves to his desk without acknowledging Boone.

COACH TYRELL

(to Boone)

Why ain't you out there hopping up and down and hollering with your little friends?

BOONE

This was the time arranged for me to meet Coach Yoast. I never miss an appointment.

COACH TYRELL

Maybe you better re-schedule.

Boone observes Tyrell coldly... then walks toward the door... Bertier, Butts and Allan are in his way... he's either going to have to go through them or around them... a dangerous smile flashes behind Boone's eyes; he starts forward -- but:

YOAST

Coach Boone...

(Boone stops)

The School Board made the decision to put you on my staff... I did not hire you.

BOONE

I came here to coach at George Washington High. I didn't ask for those schools to be redistricted... and I didn't ask to be assigned to your staff. So we're both in a situation we don't want to be in... But I'll still play to win.

COACH TYRELL

Win? Coach Yoast's been nominated for the Virginia High School Hall of Fame-- his winning seasons under his belt.

BOONE
(restrained)
I took State in North Carolina -- four
times. As Head Coach.

YOAST
I'm not questioning your ability...

COACH TYRELL
(interrupting)
...at the AA level. We're Triple A here in
Virginia. You're out of your league,
here... coach.

BOONE
No matter where I am... I'm gonna compete.

YOAST
I'm sure you will. See you on the field
Monday morning.

Boone eyes Tyrell coldly, then walks past the boys out the door.

9 EXT. BOONE HOUSE - WHITE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

9

P.O.V.'s through various WINDOW-SHADES and lowered BLINDS, being
moved aside by WHITE HANDS... OVER THE SHOULDERS of middle-class
WHITES looking furtively out of their windows to see:

HERMAN BOONE and his slim, attractive wife CAROL, with their
children, NICKY 9 & KAREN 5, move into their new home. Boone
directs the MOVERS, who carrying their furniture... when a BLACK
CADILLAC pulls up:

FERDINAND DAY, a patrician black man, and several other BLACK MEN
step out of the car, greeting the surprised Boone...

10 EXT. YOAST HOUSE - BACKYARD - DUSK

10

Cheryl is weeping openly, as Yoast comforts her. ATHLETIC
DIRECTOR DAVE REVERE watches compassionately.

A.D. REVERE
I'm sorry Coach- but that's the way it's
gonna be.

CHERYL
It's not fair! My Daddy's Head Coach! This
is gonna be his Hall of Fame Year! You
gonna take that away from 'im?

A.D. REVERE
No one's taking away your Daddy's future
place in the Hall. But the school board's
decided that Negro, Herman Boone, is gonna
be Head Coach at T.C.

CHERYL
But you can't just...

Yoast reaches down and puts a finger to Cheryl's lips.

YOAST

That's enough, Cheryl.

Cheryl clenches her jaw. She stalks toward the house, pausing just long enough to PUNCH Revere as she passes.

YOAST (cont'd)

Cheryl!

A.D.REVERE

It's all right, Bill. I feel the same way.
Only it's those agitators and race mixers
I feel like takin' a swat at.

Yoast starts pacing -- AND WE HOLD ON HIM --moving back and forth in front of the yard fence:

A.D.REVERE (O.S.)

Troublemakers down in the Berg are ready
to put a torch to the city. You want us to
burn up like Watts?

(then)

Every head coach in the system is white.
We had to give'em something. Sorry you had
to be sacrificed, Bill... but that's the
world we're livin' in -- God help us all.

11 EXT. BOONE HOUSE - BACKYARD/FRONT YARD - NIGHT

11

HERMAN BOONE, paces in agitation by his own backyard fence.

BOONE

I believe in the seniority system, Dr.
Day. Yoast's done a fine job with his
program... this should be his job.

Ferdinand Day, black school board member, sits nearby, dabbing his face with a handkerchief.

DAY

Under ordinary conditions it would be...
but we are living in extraordinary times.

BOONE

I left Carolina 'cause I was passed over
for a position I earned -- lost my job to
a white coach who couldn't lace up his own
cleats. Now you want me to do the same
thing to this man?

CAROL (O.S.)

Herman?

DR. DAY

People in Carolina told me you marched
with Doctor King... stood toe to toe with
the Klan... said you're a race man.

BOONE

That's right... but I'm also a family man.
I've done my part... now I want some
peace and quiet for my wife and children.

DAY

Coach Boone... black folks have never had
anything in this city to call their own,
except humiliation and despair.

*

Boone walks into the house, holding the back-door open for Mr.
Day.

A12 INT. BOONE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A12

Boone leads Dr. Day into the living room.

BOONE

I'm a football coach -- no worse and no
better. But I earned everything I got.

*

CAROL

Herman -- I think you better have a look
out front.

B12 EXT. BOONE HOUSE/FRONT - NIGHT

B12

Boone opens the door, stepping into a CLOSE-UP. He stops... eyes
widening:

A HUNDRED BLACK PEOPLE are gathered in front of the house... on
the lawn, in the street, and sitting on their cars; headlights
glaring, illuminating the Boone house like a stage-set. When they
see BOONE, THEY BREAK INTO APPLAUSE.

DAY

We need you, Coach Boone.

ANGLE FROM SHUTTERED WINDOWS: We see the SILHOUETTES of WHITE
NEIGHBORS holding SHOTGUNS -- PISTOLS -- peering out onto the
street, as:

BIG JU and MR. CAMPBELL (BIG JU'S FATHER) move through the throng
towards Boone.

BIG JU

I ain't playin' with none of them white
boys.

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MR. CAMPBELL

(to Boone)

Coach Boone, I'm Charles Campbell. This is
my son, Julius. He can be the finest
defensive end in the state, if you push
him to it.

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(MORE)

MR. CAMPBELL (cont'd)
(then)
You're our savior, Coach.

BOONE
(stepping off the porch)
I am not a savior. I am not the hope of
the Black Race. I am not Jackie Robinson,
Jesus Christ, Martin Luther King, or the
Easter Bunny. I can't save anybody from
anything!

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But they ignore his protestations and CONTINUE TO APPLAUD, pat him on the back, reach out to touch him... Boone shakes his head. He turns to CAROL, who stands in the doorway... Nicky and Karen peek out from behind her, looking at their father with wonder in their eyes...

12 INT. YOAST HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

12

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Cheryl moves to it and opens it... It's BOONE.

CHERYL
(tight)
What do you want?

BOONE
To see Coach Yoast, child.

CHERYL
We're busy -- interviewing for head coaching jobs. We've got 11 offers, and certainly no time for you!

She starts to close the door, but Yoast appears and stops it, He glowers sternly at Cheryl -- who matches his stare, but reluctantly backs off...

13 INT. YOAST HOUSE - OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

13

The walls are covered with plaques and photos. Trophies abound: "City Champions '68, '69, '70." A painting of Jesus is behind the desk.

BOONE
I just want you to know one thing, Coach Yoast: I did not lobby for your job. I came here to take an assistant's position. I was ready and willing to be on your staff.

YOAST
But you saw an opportunity for yourself and grabbed it. I can understand that. Don't know if I admire it much... but I understand it.

Boone tenses... not where it hurts. But he presses on:

BOONE

Now, I can't spell diplomacy -- I'm sorry about the way it came down -- but I am qualified to be this school's head coach.

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YOAST

Sure. You've been in what -- four, five programs in the last ten years?

(looks hard at Boone)

I've planted roots here... coached 20 years in this town -- 15 of 'em as a head coach.

BOONE

I know what it's like to get passed over. I know how much it hurts.

YOAST

This isn't about me. I'm worried about my boys.

BOONE

What do you think I'm gonna do? Cook 'em up and eat 'em? The best players play. Color won't matter.

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YOAST

From the looks of our little situation we got us here, I'd say it's about all that does.

Boone regards Yoast for a moment; then:

BOONE

Coach... I'm in a tough situation here... this whole city is, I think it would go a long way to smooth things over if you stayed here. Come on staff as my defensive coordinator... an assistant head coach.

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YOAST

Work... under you?
(then)

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(MORE)

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YOAST
(hard) Good night, Coach.

Boone nods, then turns and leaves, walking past CHERYL. She waits for his footsteps to recede, then:

CHERYL
Plain ol' mother talk can't describe my feelings towards that man.

14 EXT. CAPTAIN HAL'S CRABHOUSE - AFTERNOON

14

The street is full of cars and TV NEWS VANS. A big sign reads: "We reserve the right to deny service to anyone." A BLACK NEWSPAPER MAN is turned away by CAPTAIN HAL, 50, slim redneck with a baseball bat.

15 INT. CAPTAIN HAL'S CRABHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

15

Walls adorned with Hammond football pictures, memorabilia, plaques, & awards. YOAST stands before the tense CROWD: HAMMOND PLAYERS, FAMILIES, AND SUPPORTERS. COACH TYRELL and CHERYL sit behind him. TV NEWS CAMERAMEN & REPORTERS rim the room.

YOAST
-- It's been a rare privilege, to have lived here as long as I have, coaching your boys...
(restrained emotion)
But the Lord in his wisdom has seen to it that in this world all good things must run their course... hopefully to bring on better things in the future.
(heavy pause)

I'm taking the year off. After that I'll be moving to Loudon and taking the head coaching job at Loudon High.

MR. BOSLEY
Boycott T.C. Williams! Let 'em have it to themselves! Our boys ain't playin' for Coach Coon.

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SHOUTS of approval -- GERRY BERTIER stands:

BERTIER
He stole your job, Coach. I won't play for him... I'll sit this season out. I've started a petition.

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YOAST
(shocked)
Only place you're gonna sit is right back down in that chair, Gerry Bertier!

MR. BOSLEY
Boycott the school! Boycott T.C.!

YOAST

(angry; moves to Mr. Bosley)
Stop this, Fred. You know none of these
 boys can afford to move to some other
 district just to play ball... they sit
 out, they put their futures on the line.

BUTTS

(standing up)
 I'm out too. I ain't playing for no
 sneak-thief!

YOAST

(pleading)
 Don't do this... don't make this any
 harder for me than it already is.

ALLAN BOSLEY

I sure ain't playin' for one of 'em!

Bosley stands; and another, then another stand until all 24
 players are standing to CHEERS and TEARS

16 EXT. PARK/TOWN SQUARE - AFTERNOON

16

THE CROWD is dispersing in the street; The BOYS are shouting
 at some T.V. CAMERAS: "HECK NO, WE WON'T GO! HECK NO, WE
 WON'T GO!"

RACK FOCUS to BERTIER and EMMA, making out behind a tree,
 just out of sight... PAN DOWN, and see that her FEET are
 hanging far off the ground; Bertier puts her down, and:

EMMA

I'm proud of you, standing up for Coach
 Yoast like that.

BERTIER

All the guys done it.

EMMA

They don't do anything 'less you do it
 first.
 (kisses him)
 Things are moving pretty fast though...
 I wish we had more time to think things
 through.

BERTIER

It's like being on the field --
 sometimes you think you know every play,
 then something you don't expect comes at
 you right outta the blue, and you just
 got to run with it.
 (hesitates)
 I'm doing the right thing, ain't I?

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EMMA

You're standing up for what you believe
in, Gerry... that's always right.

Bosley and Butts come around the tree, flushed with excitement;
they pull Bertier away toward the reporters:

BOSLEY/BUTTS

-- Come on, Gerry -- Gazette wants to talk
to you -- come on, man...

17 INT. BOONE HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

17

Boone is talking into the phone, papers strewn all over the
dining table. His kids are fighting with each other in the b.g.,
making a commotion the entire time.

BOONE

-- you're sure, now... we got a handful of
All-State quality players here, I can tell
you that. And the current staff is...

(listens)

uh huh... well, alright, Coach. I
understand. You have my number if you
change your mind. Thanks.

BOONE bitterly hangs up the phone:

BOONE (cont'd)

Hey, girls! What'd I tell you about makin'
a ruckus when I'm in my office?

NICKY

We're in the kitchen, we're not in a
office.

CAROL

Girls -- mind your father and stop that
noise.

BOONE

(sighs)

I got Doc to come down from N.C. -- but
it's been made pretty clear him and me's
about all the color they'll stand for on
the coaching staff. And ain't a qualified
white man in Virginia'll coach for me.

(angering)

The thought of them looking at me like I
don't deserve what I got -- like I'm some
kind of "put-up" man...

Boone stands, stepping close to Carol.

BOONE (cont'd)

I just wanted to... plant roots.

FADE

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PETHEY
We gonna play some ball, y'all?

ALL
Yeah! You know it, bro'!

He slaps hands, backs... his enthusiasm is infectious. BLUE, a running back, shouts:

BLUE
How many yards you figure you gonna get yourself this season, Petey?

PETHEY
I don't want to brag, now -- but I figure on a thousand. But I don't want to brag.

Big Ju and his friend, BLUE, look around at the all-black squad.

BIG JU
Man, I knew them hard-up honkies wouldn't play for no brother.

BLUE
Who needs 'em, baby? From now on the Titans are gonna be super-powered by soul power!

(singing)
Soul Power! Soooooul Power!!

BOONE enters, followed by PAUL "DOC" HINDS. Petey smiles and raises his fist in a black-power salute.

BOONE
You smiling?

PETHEY
Yes.

BOONE
Yes, sir.

PETHEY
Yes, sir.

BOONE
Why are you smiling?

PETHEY
I love football. Football's fun.

BOONE
Sir.

PETHEY
Football's fun.

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BOONE (cont'd)

You don't have an old man, find a drunk and trade him for his, 'cause I guarantee you there isn't a bum on the street looks as raggedy-ass ridiculous as what I'm seein' right now. You want to look like ragamuffins, you do it on your own time. You want to play for me, you come dressed for business.

(then)

There is no democracy here. This is a dictatorship. I am the law. If you survive camp, you will be on the team... if you survive.

(to DOC)

Check 'em in!

DOC

I'm Coach Hinds, your offensive line coach. Yell out your name and position, starting to the left--

PETHEY

Petey Jones, running back. The running back, y'all.

BOOS and CATCALLS. A pious black boy, mature for his years, steps forward; "THE REV" short for "The Reverend."

REV.

Jerry Harris, quarterback.

The players call out affectionately: "Rev!" "Yo, Rev, send up a prayer for me, Rev!" "Hallelujah!" Then, pushing through the periphery of this black group, is a massive, big-bellied WHITE KID, LOUIE LASTIK. Everything stops.

DOC

Who on God's green earth are you?

*

LASTIK

(out of breath)

Louie Lastik, offensive lineman. Navy family, just moved here from Chi-Town. Somebody said "football!" So I come running.

(turning to the group)

What's up, everybody?

Cold stares-- then, bursting in through the gym doors, comes what looks like an army: THE WHITE PLAYERS from Hammond High, led by YOAST and COACH TYRELL. Behind the coaches are BERTIER, BUTTS and 23 other players.

BUTTS

Look at all of 'em. With him callin' the shots ain't none of us gonna see nothing but the bench this year.

BERTIER

He ain't callin' no shots. You'll play.

The white players reach the black group; stopping right across from them. The two groups glare daggers of hate.

19 INT. T.C. WILLIAMS HIGH SCHOOL - STAIRWELL - MINUTES LATER 19
BOONE and YOAST have an impromptu face off.

BOONE

You just disrupted my first team meeting in an unacceptable fashion. Now, I know this is not easy for you, and I sympathize with that; but this is my team now... You with that or not?

YOAST

I'm here, ain't I?
(then)
Let's talk football.

BOONE

Let's talk football.

YOAST

I run the defense. My formations--

BOONE

-- as part of my team strategy. I've never seen an assistant coach's name in the paper for losing a game.

A tense beat, then:

YOAST

I want a job for Coach Tyrell. He's been with me for 10 years. I won't leave 'im out in the cold. You don't get me without him.

BOONE

(pause)

You're pushin' me, coach... I'll allow him to coach special teams. But I'll be watching him... and you.

20 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT - MORNING

20

TWO BUSES rumble past; they pull to a stop, revealing a throng BLACK PARENTS and SUPPORTERS, lining one side of the fog-shrouded street... kissing their boys, all in jackets and ties, goodbye. On the other side of the street WHITE PARENTS do the same with their sons.

DOC, YOAST, CHERYL and Bosley stand with A.D. REVERE, watching the boys trudge to the buses -- black kids stepping onto one bus, whites on the other.

BOONE approaches, carrying his slim playbook. Cheryl, still bitter, glares hard at Boone.

COACH TYRELL

That's a skinny playbook you got there, Coach.

BOONE

I run six plays; split veer. Just like novocaine; give it time, it always works.

COACH TYRELL

If you say so, Coach.

Boone steps away to greet Doc -- A.D. Revere turns to Yoast:

A.D. REVERE

Be patient, Bill... your time will come. Just get through this camp -- once the season starts, things are gonna be different 'round here.

SUDDENLY through the mist: BERTIER and THE WHITE LINEBACKERS appear... Bertier and Butts head toward Boone and stand in front of him, eyeballing him defiantly.

BERTIER

I'm Gerry Bertier, Captain of Hammond... and the only All-American you got on this team. If you want us to play, you reserve half the open positions for Hammond players. Half the special teams, half the offensive team. And we don't need any of your people on defense; we're already set.

Dead silence... everybody staring. Yoast is shaking his head slightly, mortified... Boone's eyes narrow into slits.

BOONE

Gerry Bertier, huh... You sure that's who you are- cause you look more like Jerry Lewis to me. Funny as he is, too.

(to Butts)

He has all the funny lines, so you must be the straight man here -- that would make you Martin, right?

(to everyone)

Ladies and gents, Martin and Lewis go to Camp... he does wacky antics, he sings songs and gets the girl... sounds like a good time, doesn't it?

(turns to a stunned Bertier)

Your folks here, Gerry?

(no answer)

Are your parents here, boy?

BERTIER

(reluctantly)

That's my mother.

BOONE

That's nice. Take a good look at her -- cause once you get on that bus, you ain't got no momma any more. You got your brothers on the team, and you got your Daddy. You know who your Daddy is, boy?

Bertier grits his teeth.

BOONE (cont'd)

If you want to play football this year you answer me right now, boy -- when you are on this team, who is your Daddy?

(shouting)

Who's your daddy?

BERTIER

(barely audible)

You.

BOONE

And whose team is it - Your team or your daddy's team?

BERTIER

Yours.

Boone glares at Bertier for another moment, then:

BOONE
Get on the bus.

Bertier walks past Butts and the shocked Yoast and Tyrell and boards the white bus -- Boone watches... then something snaps in him, and he strides after them toward the white bus...

21 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS - FRONT/INT. WHITE BUS - CONTINUOUS 21

He steps inside and looks down the aisle: WHITE PLAYERS and BUS DRIVER.

BOONE
Everybody off!

22 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS - FRONT/INT. BLACK BUS - CONTINUOUS 22

BOONE boards and looks down the aisle. BLACK PLAYERS AND BUS DRIVER.

BOONE (cont'd)
Off the bus!
(confused stares)
Get off the bus! Now!

THE BLACK PLAYERS grumble then follow Boone off the bus.

23 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT - CONTINUOUS 23

BOONE (cont'd)
(pointing)
DEFENSE OVER HERE. OFFENSE OVER HERE.
(they move; then)
Bertier... Campbell. Get on the defense bus. Sit in the second seat. Together.

BERTIER reluctantly moves to the bus with the equally reluctant BIG JU.

BOONE (cont'd)
You and you, on the bus. You two on the bus. Sit together...

Boone goes through the crowd picking one black player and one white player -- Noah's Ark.

BOONE (cont'd)
-- get comfortable, too, cause the person you're sitting next to is gonna be your roommate for the duration of camp.
(more protesting)
Anybody don't like it, you're free to join your Mommies back there right now.

The grumbling continues, but the boys go on boarding the buses...

24 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS HIGH - FRONT - MOMENTS LATER

24

The buses pull out, driving past the group of shocked parents and supporters on both sides of the street -- all watching anxiously as the buses disappear into the mist...

25 EXT. ROAD TO GETTYSBURG/INT. DEFENSE BUS - DRIVING - LATER

25

The boys all sit there... dead silent. Blue looks back at Petey, in the seat behind him, and smiles... he starts SINGING:

BLUE

"Ain't no mountain high enough, ain't no
river wide enough..."

Petey grins and starts to join in, when:

BIG JU

Shut up!

(rising)

I don't want to hear no smilin' minstrel
Negros sangin' on this bus, y'all.

He slides back down next to Bertier, who mumbles:

BERTIER

You got that right.

BIG JU

Shut up, man.

26 EXT. ROAD TO GETTYSBURG - DRIVING - DAY

26

THE BUSES move down the road. Song: "Are you gonna be at the Love-In?" starts on the SOUNDTRACK; as they pass a sign that says: "Welcome to Gettysburg" -- roll past an old cannon sitting in a field with a statue commemorating the Civil War.

27 EXT. GETTYSBURG COLLEGE - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

27

THE PLAYERS unload their gear from the buses and walk into the dorm.

28 MONTAGE: INT. GETTYSBURG DORMITORY ROOMS- DAY

28

The SONG CONTINUES: As the boys unpack their things--

REV and BUTTS: Butts makes a big show of putting his stuff on one bed... then changes his mind just as Rev is about to put his stuff down on the other... Rev takes it in patiently.

COOK and BARKER: Cook is in the bathroom, changing... the door is open a crack, and Barker is furtively glancing over.

BLUE and LASTIK: Are getting on just fine -- playing odds or evens to see who gets which side of the room, laughing.

29 INT. BERTIER AND BIG JU'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

29

Bertier puts his stuff down on the bed, then turns and sees Big Ju putting up a poster of Huey Newton over his bed. *

BERTIER

Hey, I'm not gonna look at that for two weeks, man.

BIG JU

That's all right with me. You look at your wall, I'll look at mine.

BERTIER

I'll look wherever I want to, and that garbage won't be nowhere I can see.

Bertier starts forward, and events follow the traditional alpha male pattern from there -- within seconds the two big guys are slamming each other off the walls...

30 IN THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE:

30

All the nearby doors fly open, as the other players come out, drawn by the commotion... then run into:

31 BERTIER AND JU'S ROOM:

31

...getting into the middle of the fight... and the room is soon more crowded than that ship cabin in the Marx Brothers' "Monkey Business." -- Coaches Tyrell and Yoast wade into the middle of it, shouting, trying to pull the boys apart...

32 INT. GETTYSBURG - DINING HALL - DAY

32

TEAM MEETING. BOONE stands in front, the other coaches behind him. Everyone is in their gear. Black eyes and busted lips abound.

BOONE

... well, well well. Look here at all you tough guys. C'mon, girls, go get your purses and start hitting each other. Scratch your faces with those long fingernails.

*
*
*
*

(glares)

You got anger, good, you'll need it. You got aggression, good, you'll need that too. But any child can throw a fit. This game is about controlling that anger, harnessing that aggression into a team effort, in order to achieve perfection.

(hard)

Some coaches will cut a player if they think he ain't up to snuff -- if they think he's hurtin' the team.

(MORE)

BOONE (cont'd)
This is a public school program, and I will never, ever, cut a player who comes to play for me -- but if you put on that uniform, you better come to work. We'll be perfect in every facet of the game. Drop a ball, run a mile; miss a block, run a mile... Perfection. Let's get to work.

The boys file out.

33 EXT. GETTYSBURG PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

33

ANGLE FROM BEHIND the PLAYERS -- they move past the CAMERA, filing onto the field, and we BOOM UP, to reveal the SUN cracking the horizon:

34 THE PRACTICE STARTS:

34

THE OFFENSE RUNS THE DRILLS. Boone barks at his offensive linemen:

BOONE
I am change. The way we practice will be different. The way we play will be different. The old way is dead -- welcome to the new day. Repetition. Execution. You will run each play until you can do it blindfolded. I want scholars blocking for my quarterback.

THE DEFENSIVE PLAYERS push against one another, practicing, as Yoast stands in front of them:

YOAST
Defense is desire. We don't read. We pressure pass, we pressure run. Fire and desire. Eleven on one, that's our motto. Jump on that ball carrier like a starving man on a Christmas ham.

THE REV takes the snap and sprints to the right. He pitches it to PETEY JONES, the black halfback -- who fumbles.

BOONE
(erupting)
You will never fumble again!

PETey

My blockers weren't clearing outta the way. I couldn't see the...

BOONE

Your blockers? Were your blockers holding the ball when you fumbled it? Pick it up and run a mile!

Petey picks up the football and takes off dejectedly running his mile -- Yoast watches and is disturbed.

35 EXT. GETTYSBURG - PRACTICE FIELD - THE LONGEST DAY

35

THE PLAYERS are running through various drills, "up and downs," "agility drills," "crabbing," "tackling dummy," "sled blocking," etc. The players are dripping with sweat and exhaustion. They're dying.

BOONE

Only cowards make excuses. Only a coward won't give his body up to block for his teammate. You want to run away from a challenge instead of toward it, you'll be so jackrabbit fast the only thing folks'll be able to see is that yella streak you leave behind you in the dust. Your last easy day was yesterday!

*
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*

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*

Boone walks amongst the panting, squat-thrusting boys.

BLUE

Coach, we need a water break.

BOONE

Water makes you weak. It's for washing blood off your uniform, not drinking.

BOONE BLOWS HIS WHISTLE indicating that it is time to move to another set of drills. BERTIER moves to YOAST and whispers.

BERTIER

We been going for two hours today -- when do we get a water break, Coach?

YOAST

You're lookin' at the wrong guy, son.

BOONE

NO TALKING. NEXT DRILL!

Bertier drags to the next set of drills. Yoast moves to Boone.

YOAST

There's a fine line between tough and crazy, and you're flirting with it all the time.

BOONE

I know when to break, Yoast. I don't need you lookin' over my shoulder like an old mother hen.

(blows whistle)

WATER BREAK!

The PLAYERS converge on the water station. Cheryl serves as waterboy. In their rush the guys start jostling each other, and:

BUTTS

Hey, wait your turn, boy!

BIG JU

(pushing him down)

Boy!? I hear you say "boy," cracker?

BERTIER

(pushing Big Ju back)

You don't touch him!

FIGHT. Cheryl jumps out of the way, throwing cups at the fighting boys, shouting: "Quit it, jerks!" as ASSISTANT COACHES run over to break up the escalating melee...

... Yoast gives Boone a disgusted look, shaking his head; then walks past him back toward the fracas. Boone stares at the fracas... face tight with frustration.

36 INT. GETTYSBURG - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

36

YOAST is at the chalkboard putting in the depth chart. CHERYL sits in front of him.

YOAST

That man is in far over his head.

CHERYL

We're gonna have to cover for 'im on defense, coach. Run "44 Stack," "50 Monster," -- we just can't allow those other teams to score.

YOAST

It's not football I'm talkin' about, Cheryl. He forcing these boys together too fast... no good's gonna come of it.

*
*

Tyrell clears his throat, standing in the doorway:

TYRELL

Uh, Bill -- Arleen's here, to pick up Cheryl.

Cheryl stays put. Exchanges a pained look with her father.

YOAST

Don't keep your mother waiting.

Cheryl hops off her seat, jaw set angrily, and leaves the room -- passing BIG JU, as he enters:

BIG JU

You wanted to see me?

YOAST

I know you were at that... riot... in town. I don't condone civil disobedience. If I was head coach, you would not be on this team.

(off Big Ju's icy stare)

But I like your hustle on that field; the way you attack the ball, finish the play... You're a worker.

(pause)

I'm gonna pencil you in as starting strong side defensive end.

Big Ju closely regards Yoast... eyes giving nothing away.

37 INT. GETTYSBURG DORMITORY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

37

CLOSE ON BERTIER, turning to CAMERA, talking on the phone, keeping his voice down; there are a DOZEN IMPATIENT GUYS in the hallway behind him, waiting to use the phone -- RAZZING HIM AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY

BERTIER

-- Do I know where you are? You're at home -- I called you, didn't I?

38 INTERCUT: INT. EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

38

CLOSE ON HER FACE -- in profile, the transparent netting hanging from her bed silhouetting her:

EMMA

I mean, do you know exactly where I am?

INTERCUT: BERTIER looks over his shoulder, nervous:

BERTIER

Where?

From behind him -- BLUE: "Come on, man -- I got to talk to my girl, too!" BUTTS: "You got a girl? Oh yeah, I saw her number on the bathroom wall, y'all. For a good time..." And a FIGHT nearly breaks out behind Bertier, as he covers his ear:

EMMA (V.O.)

On the bed. Alone.

INTERCUT: Emma is actually surrounded by several GIGGLING DEB GIRLFRIENDS.

BERTIER (V.O.)

No. Don't start that.

EMMA

Want to know what I'm wearing?

INTERCUT: Bertier sweating:

BERTIER

Aaargh. I can't do this now.

From behind him: PETEY: "Dag, this is like 'Wild Kingdom,' y'all -
- 'mating habits of the mountain gorillas.'"

BERTIER (cont'd)

Shut up, y'all!

(to Emma)

I got to go.

EMMA (V.O.)

Not 'till you say it.

BERTIER

Oh, man, come on. I can't right now.

EMMA (V.O.)

Come on Gerry -- You got to say it, or I
won't hang up this phone. I'll be callin'
you all night. Say it.

BERTIER

(whisper)

I love you, sugar.

INTERCUT: EMMA and her GIRLFRIENDS laugh, as they hear the
EXPLOSION OF RAZZING that erupts over the phone line. *

Emma sighs and hangs up, unsure she hasn't gone too far. *

EMMA *

(to girlfriends) *

Ya think that was mean? *

GIRLFRIEND *

Mean? That's the only way to treat boys. *

Ya gotta tease 'em till their heads are *

spinning. It's the best chance we got. *

39 EXT GETTYSBURG - DORMITORY - THREE A.M.

39

AN AIR HORN BLASTS -- THE BOYS are piling out in shock, still
half-asleep.

BOONE (O.S.)

*On your feet! Let's go, let's go, let's
go!*

THERE IS A THICK FOG from the humidity, the recent rain, and the
heat. BOONE stands in front of the boys, stone-faced. Yoast
moves to him, keeping his voice down. *

YOAST

Coach, we're not in the Marines here...
this is a football team.

Boone looks at him, but doesn't bother to respond. He turns to the boys:

BOONE

You will follow me and Doc and the other coaches! Let's go! Any one of you gets lost along the way, don't bother coming back to camp -- you just hitch yourself a ride and go right on home!

40 MONTAGE: GETTYSBURG - FIELDS AND WOODS - NIGHT

40

Boone takes off at a trot and the Boys run after him... along with Doc, Yoast and Tyrell, splattering mud as they run... the group runs through the WOODS... through mist, over fallen trees... getting cut by branches... falling and getting up again... cursing and panting as they struggle to keep up with Boone.

41 EXT. GETTYSBURG - HILL - HOURS LATER - DAWN

41

Through the misty fog, the boys, now exhausted, sweating, muddy and scared run up a steep hill that is EVEN STEEPER ON DESCENT. THEY ALL TUMBLE DOWN THE MUDDY HILL AND COLLAPSE IN A BRUISED HEAP AT THE BOTTOM. BOONE among them. They are panting, almost tearful, hurt, covered with mud.

(NOTE: Yoast present for this scene.)

BOONE

You know where we are? This is Gettysburg. Fifty thousand men died on this ground, fighting the same fight that we're still fighting amongst ourselves. This green field was painted red, bubbling with young boys' blood; smoke, hot lead burning through'em. Listen to their souls cry out: "I killed my brother with malice in my heart. Hatred destroyed my family." Take a lesson from the dead.

(then)

We must come together on this hallowed ground or we too will be destroyed, just like they were.

Boone stands up, and as he walks we see THOUSANDS OF GRAVES lined up behind him, back-lit by the rays of the rising sun.

BOONE (cont'd)

I don't care whether you boys like each other or not. But you will learn to respect one another... and once you have, maybe... just maybe... you'll be ready to play this game like men.

42 EXT. GETTYSBURG- PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

42

PRACTICE IN SESSION -- The OFFENSE lines up a play -- The DEFENSE charges... Big Ju rolls right over two linemen, instead of holding them -- which leaves one of them free to switch back and cover Rev, allowing Rev to pitch the ball to Petey, who breaks for the goal line.

BERTIER AND THE DEFENSE HUDDLE:

BERTIER

44 Stack. You're all supposed to know your jobs. Campbell, you are playing selfish show-off football -- hold your man down.
(then)
Remember, don't over penetrate.

BIG JU

You think I'm stupid, man? I heard you the first time!

BLUE

Come on, y'all -- let's play football.

ANOTHER PLAY RUNS: This is not a cohesive football team. It all looks pretty rote and uninspired. Yeast watches from the sidelines, resigned... while Boone churns with frustration.

43 INT. GETTYSBURG- DINING HALL - AFTERNOON

43

The PLAYERS are still divided by race. WE FOLLOW LASTIK, his tray overflowing with food, as he moves to a black table.

BIG JU

Man, go over there sit with your people.

LASTIK

(sitting)
I don't have no people. I'm with everybody, Julius.

BLUE

Yeah, he's just a light toned brother.

BIG JU

Yeah, and I'm a dark toned Honky!

REV.

Just another blessed child in God's loving family.

Lastik and Rev grin, giving each other skin. BLUE laughs, and starts humming a HYMN, which PETEY joins in on. Big Ju tenses, looking away... steaming.

WHITE TABLE

BUTTS

Look at that race traitor.

(pause)

Rev. He better be praying that I block
for his black butt.

BERTIER

Ray, if you don't block, then you won't
start.

BUTTS

I'll start. Then I'll just bide my time.

AT THE COACHES' TABLE:

YOAST

(pulls a folded paper out of
his pocket)

These here is a few of the plays that I
won the City title with last year. Got a
few trick plays, some things that might
fire up the boys' imaginations a little
bit.

BOONE

Trick plays?

YOAST

'Less the boys start havin' a little fun, they're not gonna put points up on that board for you. I...

BOONE

Those boys know how to have fun plenty good without our help. It's time you got with the program and started instilling some discipline 'round here.

Boone rises in a huff. He surveys the room, sees the still nagging racial division.

BOONE

LASTIK!

LASTIK hurries over, gives a mock military two step and salutes. Laughs from around the room.

BOONE (cont'd)

Tell me something about one of your black teammates.

LASTIK

Sir, yes sir. I'm roomin' with Blue, sir, and I couldn't help but notice he wears those leopard spotted underwears. Bikini-style, sir! I confess I ain't never seen nobody...

BOONE

Not your roommate. Somebody else.

LASTIK

Sir, I eat lunch with Rev -- Jerry Harriss, sir. Everybody calls him "Rev" 'cause he's always praying and he won't abide a foul tongue, sir.

BOONE

All right, Lastik, cut that out. What are Rev's plans after high-school?

LASTIK

I don't know -- he's been talkin' about going to college and all.

BOONE

How about you?

(blank stare from Lastik)

You plan on going to college, Lastik?

LASTIK

Not me, coach. I ain't a braniac like Rev.

BOONE

You think you got a future in football, Lastik?

LASTIK

Heck, no. I just figure if I got to be in school, I might as well hit some people while I'm at it.

BOONE

A self-aware man. I like that. But if you're not going to college, Lastik, it won't be cause you couldn't get in. You bring me your test scores every week. Understand.

(LASTIK nods; then)

What's the Rev's favorite music?

LASTIK

Oh, we both dig on The Temptations.

And Louie starts singing a Temps song, dancing like a black man. He dances well, and everybody cracks up.

LASTIK (cont'd)

"Ain't tooo proud to beggg sweet darling, please don't leave me girl..."

Boone cuts in, barking at the others:

BOONE

Any more volunteers?

Silence. Boone boils -- then snaps:

BOONE (cont'd)

Each one of you will spend time, every day, with a teammate of a different race. You will learn about him; his family, likes, dislikes. Report back to me until you've met everybody on the team.

(pauses)

Until then, starting tomorrow, we will go to three-a-days! If you continue to ignore each other, then we'll go to four-a-days!

The Players are terrified, speechless. Boone turns and exits the dining room...

44 INT. GETTYSBURG- CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

44

Yoast bursts out through the doors, following Boone down the hallway.

YOAST

Are you out of your cotton-pickin' mind? Three-a-days!

(MORE)

YOAST (cont'd)
These boys ain't the Green Bay Packers!
Just give these boys time...

BOONE
We ain't sweeping it under the carpet
anymore. Let's get it out-- good and bad.

YOAST
Well, let's get it out then. You want
these boys to know each other -- what do
you know about them? You think you did
Gerry Bertier any good with that little
rant of yours in front of his mother? His
father died when he was five years old.

BOONE
I did not know that. I know that now.
Three-a-days still start tomorrow.

He turns and continues down the corridor, leaving Yoast standing
there, speechless... the SONG "Let me be your Valentine" starts
on the SOUNDTRACK, as we punch into:

45 MONTAGE: GETTYSBURG - "GETTING TO KNOW YOU" SCENES

45

BLUE AND BOSLEY: Bosley is playing the incredibly whitebread song
on his tape-deck, head bopping... while Blue smiles tightly and
tries to pretend he's enjoying it.

BOSLEY
Cool, right? It's rockin', right?

BLUE
Yeah, man. It's cool.

KIRK AND GLASCOE: Across a table. Kirk nervous, trying to get at
something. (BOAZ NOTE: shoot both ways)

KIRK
So... uh... is it true what they say...
that you people... y'know, you... are
built different?
(no response)
Large, y'know?

GLASCOE
(feigning not to get it)
Large? What?

KIRK
Y'know... dimensionally... down there...
y'know...

GLASCOE
You wanta see?
(pause)
You plan on putting this in your report?

REV AND LASTIK: Louie pacing around his room, freaking out: *

LASTIK

I can't get no C+ grades! No one from my family's ever gone to no college! Never!

REV.

I'll tutor you, Louie. I told you that.

LASTIK

I'm just white trash, alright? I admit it, man! I can't make no C pluses! I'm just down home, no grades, don't know nothing white trash, alright!?

BACK TO BLUE AND BOSLEY: Bosley has another, even more painfully hillbilly rocker on:

BOSLEY

Wait... wait... here comes the good part!

The song busts into a guitar break, and Bosley joyfully plays air-guitar along with it -- Blue watches him, an incredulous smile frozen on his face.

BUTTS AND PETEY: Butts holds a notebook studiously in front of him.

BUTTS

So what's your daddy's name... I mean, wait, you do have a daddy, right?

PETEY

I have a father. His name is Eric.

BUTTS

And what's he do? Oh, wait, he does have job, right?

PETEY

Man, I don't have to listen to this. *

BACK AGAIN TO BLUE AND BOSLEY: Yet another, if possible, even more agonizingly whitebread tune. Bosley bopping happily. *

BOSLEY

What about this one, man? What do you think about this one?

Blue's smile is finally gone:

BLUE

Does the term "cruel and unusual punishment" ring any bells?

46 EXT. GETTYSBURG - PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

46

The SONG comes to a sudden, NEEDLE-SCRATCHING END. The PLAYERS do wind sprints, looking like they're gonna die.

BOONE

This is mind over matter! You don't mind, it don't matter.

(stopping by Big Ju)

You may be cursing my name now, but when you're in a close game with two minutes left on the clock, and the other team is suckin' wind, you're gonna be playing like it ain't yet halftime!

47 EXT. GETTYSBURG - ARCHWAYS - DAY

47

Big Ju, spattered with mud, is bent over behind the wall, gasping for breath. He gathers himself, then turns, and finds himself facing an equally exhausted Bertier:

BERTIER

(hard sarcasm)

Alright. I'm Gerry, you know that. You're Julius, I know that. So let's get some details.

BIG JU

No matter what I tell you, you'll never know me.

He tries walk past, but Bertier pushes him back against the wall.

BERTIER

I ain't runnin' any more three-a days.

BIG JU

What I got to say, you don't want to hear... honesty wasn't never too high on you people's priority list, right?

BERTIER

You want honesty -- o.k. Here's honesty. You're nothing but a pure waste of God-given talent.

(Big Ju looks up; surprised)

You don't listen to no one, not even Doc or Boone. Shiver/push on the line, every time. Use your hands, man -- turn 'em, pull 'em to you. You ain't gonna be able to run over everyone in this league. Every time you roll over someone you leave the rest of your teammates hangin' out to dry... me in particular.

Big Ju studies Bertier for a moment, then:

BIG JU

We play on the same field -- but we ain't on the same team.

(hesitates)

Why should I give a damn about you or anybody else out there. You want to talk about a waste -- you're supposed to be the captain, right? I thought a captain was a leader -- ain't none of your white buddies blocking for Rev worth a plugged nickel. Nobody plays right, why should I wear my ass out for the "team" - I'm just gonna look out for myself and get mine.

BERTIER

That's the most pathetic attitude I ever heard of.

BIG JU

Attitude reflects leadership... Captain.

Big Ju walks into the building... leaving Bertier standing there to mull it over.

48 EXT. GETTYSBURG- REFLECTING POOL - DUSK

48

BOONE sits alone, deep in thought. DOC steps over and sits next to him.

BOONE

They all hate me yet?

DOC

Yet? The ones that didn't hate you the minute they saw you, hated you the minute you started talkin'. They been hating you since you walked onto that field. Yeah, they hate you yet.

(pause)

Wouldn't kill you to smile once in a while, Herman.

BOONE

I can smile.

DOC

Naw ya can't.

BOONE

I can... I swear.

DOC

Let's see.

BOONE FORCES A SMILE -- It's unnatural, slightly grotesque.

DOC (cont'd)

That's horrible, Herman, just horrible...

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49 EXT. GETTYSBURG - PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

49

BERTIER is next to BIG JU at the line -- he looks at Big Ju, who keeps his eyes focussed straight ahead. The play starts, and they barrel through the defending 'backs way too easily... Bertier veers off before he reaches the Rev.

BERTIER
(to Butts and the other white
'backs)
What was that, Ray?
(they stare at him; surprised)
Whatever it is, it ain't blocking.

BUTTS
Give me a break, man...

BERTIER
(exploding)
You want a break, I'll give you a break!

Boone sees the argument brewing on the field -- he curses under his breath and steps forward... but is stopped by YOAST, who has heard what's going on between the boys.

Bertier gets in Butts' face, snarling:

BERTIER
Me and Julius are coming at you full-tilt, man -- and if we take down the Rev once... just one time, before he gets rid of that ball, I swear to God I'll hit you so hard you'll need a new haircut by the time you come to!

Big Ju watches Bertier -- his eyes beginning to glimmer with respect... and:

~~The~~ Defense lines up facing the offense. BIG JU and BERTIER PLAY ON THE LEFT SIDE, THE STRONG SIDE.

REV.
Blue 43. HUT HUT!

Bertier shoots the gap just as Rev moves down the line. But equally impressive, Big Ju shakes off his man and nails PETEY really hard in the backfield. Bertier is impressed that Big Ju nailed a black player so hard. WHISTLES BLOW.

BERTIER
Good stick, Campbell.
(no response)
He's one of your-- I mean you really tagged him.

BIG JU
(pumped)
I love contact, baby!

BERTIER, CRAZY WITH EXCITEMENT, CLUBS BIG JU ON HIS SHOULDER PADS.

BERTIER
LEFT SIDE!

Everything stops. A very tense beat. THEN BIG JU CLUBS HIM BACK!

BIG JU
STRONG SIDE!

Bertier SCREAMS -- and BIG JU joins in:

TOGETHER
AAAAAAAARRRRRGGGHHH!!!

Boone and Yoast watch from the sidelines... both men hardly daring to believe what they are seeing

50 EXT. UPPER CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - BASS HOUSE - DAY

50

A clean white home... clean cars... everything is green and pristine.

COACH GAHAGAN (V.O.)
We don't have a pro team in this state, or even a half-decent college team. High school ball gets all the attention there is to get here in Virginia...

51 INT. BASS HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

51

COLONEL BASS, a white Air Force officer; and his hippie, blond-haired son, RONNIE, sit across from COACH GAHAGAN: a middle-aged good old boy. Ronnie plays with a football and looks around uncomfortably as the two men discuss his future.

COACH GAHAGAN
...we got a top program at Wilson High. Five All-Americans. But we need a good arm at Q.B. Who knows, your boy might be number six.

COLONEL BASS
T.C. Williams is a new school. We're thinking about playing time.

COACH GAHAGAN
Colonel, allow me to be direct. You don't want to send your boy to T.C. Williams... they're mixing over there.

Ronnie looks at his father... who looks at Coach Gahagan with narrowed eyes...

COLONEL BASS
Mixing.

52 EXT. GETTYSBURG - PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

52

THE TITANS are in the midst of a PRACTICE, watched over by BOONE -- and it is KICK-ASS: Linemen desperately keeping Bertier and Ju off the Rev -- offense clicking -- guys really playing together, for the first time ever.

A BLACK LINCOLN pulls up nearby -- and out step COLONEL BASS and RONNIE -- tie-dyed shirt, love beads, and bell-bottoms.

BERTIER
(loud)
Man, look at that fruitcake!

YOAST
Gerry, shut up and get back on the field!

Ronnie and the Colonel hear this. Ronnie glares at Bertier. BOONE and YOAST move to the BASSES at the other end of the field.

COLONEL BASS
Coach Boone, I'm Colonel Bass. I just got transferred from Huntington Beach, California. This is my son, Ronnie. He's a quarterback.

BOONE
Colonel, we're a running team and we're pretty set at Q.B. You might want to send your boy to Annandale, or Wilson, if he's any good.

COLONEL BASS
I met Coach Gahagan. If these boys can fight a war together, I figure they can share a football field. I want Ronnie to learn how to live with everybody.
(then)
He was JV last year. He can run pretty good, and...

Ronnie picks up a football. He spots Bertier who has his back to them. RONNIE EFFORTLESSLY THROWS THE BALL 50 YARDS AT BERTIER.

IN THE END ZONE-- A GROUP OF DEFENSIVE PLAYERS.

BERTIER
...some flower-power punk comes walking into our camp and thinks--

THE BALL SLAMS INTO BERTIER'S SHOULDERS, KNOCKING HIM DOWN. And BIG JU LAUGHS FOR THE FIRST TIME! Shock. He never even smiles.

BIG JU
Punk, huh?

OTHER END OF THE FIELD

YOAST
I think we can find a place for your
boy... with one or two conditions.

53 INT. GETTYSBURG - LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

53

RONNIE stands in front of the mirror stroking his newly shorn
golden head with his fingers. His expression sinks in dismay.

PETEY
Hey sunshine, all that rubbin' ain't gonna
make them golden locks grow back no
faster.

BLACK KIDS
(laughing)
Sunshine, man... Petey called him
Sunshine... Yo, Sunshine, what's
happenin'?

RONNIE
Sunshine?
(warming)
Yeah, that's cool, man. I can dig it.
(hand out for slap)
Don't leave me hanging, bro'.

Petey cracks up, then holds his palm out. Ronnie slaps down hard.
They like him -- he's a blue-eyed soul brother.

BLUE
Yo, I liked him better with the long hair,
bro'. Reminded me of Bertier's mamma.

TITAN #1
Now, how would you know what Bertier's
mamma looks like?

BLUE
Cause we went out on the town last night,
bro'.

BIG JU grabs Bertier tight.

BIG JU
It's alright, man. Blue, tell your Daddy
to fix yo' Mamma's stanky shoes, 'cause
I'm taking her to the prom.

All the black players laugh -- now the white players get it.

BLUE

Jerry Buck, tell yo' Mamma to shave them legs of hers. They gettin' to look like my front lawn. And Julius, when she's done, maybe yo' Mamma can borrow the razor and shave her back. Woman's startin' to look like the wolfman, bro'.

Lastik enters holding his back.

PETHEY

Yo, Louie, what's wrong?

LASTIK

I was giving your mom a piggy back ride and she weighs twice as much as I do.

The room erupts in laughter. "AIN'T NO MOUNTAIN HIGH ENOUGH," comes on the radio (The Marvin Gaye-Tammy Terrell Duet). BLUE rolls up a newspaper and makes a "microphone." He pretends like he is Marvin Gaye and sings to "Tammy" Lastik -- Lastik sings Tammy's part.

GLASCOE comes out of the shower, calling back, pissed:

GLASCOE

Yo, Kirk, man, I can't be takin' no showers with you around, no more, with you be checkin' me out all the time!

KIRK

(from within)

I ain't doin' nothing!

The BLACK GUYS at the lockers by Glascoe call out:

BLACK GUYS

Oh yes, you are! You always checkin' out some brother, man! Put your eyes back in your head, man!

GLASCOE

Yes, Kirk, it's true -- with the unfortunate exception of my man Petey here, on the average, ours are bigger than yours.

PETHEY

(angrily shoving Glascoe)

Yo, shut up, man!

THE REV covers his ears, shaking his head, smiling despite himself. ALDERSON holds a walkie-talkie next to Rev's ear, making walkie sounds:

ALDERSON

Cccchhht-- Satan calling Rev, come in Rev.
Cccchhhhhh-- Satan calling Rev.

DAVIS

He be like -- "I don't want to listen to
the sinful words coming out of the mouths
of these boys, and yet -- I'm strangely
drawn by them."

BERTIER closes his locker, revealing SUNSHINE; who plants a huge,
Bugs Bunny slurpy-kiss right on Bertier's MOUTH. The guys nearby
practically explode with amazed SHOUTS. Bertier is stunned, jaw
on the ground...

then he lurches at Sunshine, swinging wildly -- but Sunshine is Tai-Chi quick, easily and effortlessly avoiding the punches, and Bertier goes falling over the table holding the ICE-BARRELS, spilling ice all over the floor as the others jump out of the way...

COOK grabs his jacket, heading for the door:

COOK

Yo, too much of that male bonding and whatnot goin' on here for me, y'all. I'm a go out find me some chicks, y'all.

He passes DAVIS (black), walking to the showers.

DAVIS

Only chick around here is like in kindergarten and grades me on negative yardage, bro'.

Buck and Davis slap hands... as Sunshine runs past, chased by the snarling Bertier...

... Lastik passes the "microphone" and another two players step up and sing to each other. Blue and Lastik JUMPING BACK IN ON THE REFRAIN:

ALL

"AIN'T NO MOUNTAIN HIIIIIGH ENOUGH,
AIN'T NO RIVER WIIIIIDE ENOUGH, AIN'T NO
VALLEY LOOOOOW ENOUGH, TO KEEP ME FROM
GETTIN' TO YOOOOOU!

WHIP PAN OFF THEM TO:

54 EXT. GETTYSBURG - PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

54

BOONE, in CU, BARKING:

BOONE

RonnieBass get in there -- Show me you
got something other'n those beach bum
good looks.

RONNIE (now SUNSHINE) runs in and replaces the Rev at quarterback. He takes the hike from center and sprints right. He doesn't read properly and overthrows the pitch.

BOONE (cont'd)

(breaking his clipboard)

You can throw it a mile! Why can't you
pitch it three feet? If you can't pitch
to the back, you will warm that bench
'till your ass catches fire!

REV.

Let me walk him through it, Coach.

The Rev trots out on the field.

SUNSHINE

It's hard to make that pitch, Rev. I'm
used to playing drop-back.

Rev lines them up and walks through the play. Rev pitches it to
PETEY JONES. Petey bobbles the ball and fumbles.

BOONE

Jones! Ain't your hands pretty enough? You
got to grease 'em too? I told you never to
fumble that ball again! Are you trying to
mess with me? Are you deliberately trying
to destroy my team...?

Petey slumps dejectedly and trots off the field. Boone turns and
barks:

BOONE (cont'd)

Glascoe! Get in there! You drop that ball
too, you're all gonna be running wind
sprints at midnight!

Yeast is standing on the sidelines talking to Petey, comforting
him, an arm on his shoulder; Petey nods, then takes off and
dejectedly starts running his mile...

55 INT. GETTYSBURG - DINING HALL - DUSK

55

The room is almost completely integrated. The players are
separated now primarily between offense and defense.

Butts comes over to sit next to Bertier.

BERTIER

This is the defense table, Ray.

Butts looks at him, then moves off.

THE COACHES' TABLE: YOAST & TYRELL TOGETHER

COACH TYRELL

This is a room that'd make the NAACP very
happy.

Boone sits at the table, looks at the boys.

BOONE

I think they'll make it. Most of 'em,
anyway.

YOAST

They might.

BOONE

(pause)

What about us?

Yeast looks silently at Boone... then continues eating.

OFFENSE TABLE:

Petey leans across to Sunshine, whispering:

PETEY

Yo, Sunshine... it's not like I care or
nothing, but being your roommate and
all... you're just messin' with Bertier,
right? You just messin' with his mind,
right? You're not really... you know?

SUNSHINE

Not what?

PETHEY

You know. It don't matter to me, but I got to know.

SUNSHINE

Why, if it don't matter?

PETHEY

Because I got to know, man!

SUNSHINE

Know what?

PETHEY

(standing;exploding)

You know what I got to know, man! Stop messing with my mind, man! I got to know!

Glascoe turns to Sunshine:

GLASCOE

I think Coach been keepin' Petey out in that sun for too long, bro'.

Cheryl walks past the offense table, handing out GRADED STATISTICS.

CHERYL

Julius Campbell, 100% improvement; keep at it.

(hands Big Ju a slip)

Gerry Bertier, I don't wanna see any senior year fall off from you. Play like an All-American on every down.

BIG JU

(studying his slip)

Dang, Cheryl, you're a tough grader! Coach Yoast really read these things?

CHERYL

You better believe it.

The boys immediately read their slips in earnest -- Cheryl moves on to the coaches' table, and stops in front of Yoast.

CHERYL (cont'd)

Mother's outside. She wants to talk to you.

Yoast nods, uncomfortable, and rises, as Cheryl turns to Boone, glaring:

CHERYL (cont'd)
Coach Boone, you did a good job up here;
you ran a tough camp from what I can
see.

BOONE
Well, I'm very happy to have the
approval of a 5 year old child.

CHERYL
I'm 9 1/2, thank you very much.

BOONE
Yoast, why don't you give this child
some pretty dolls to play with?

YOAST
(exiting)
I tried. She loves football.

56 EXT. GETTYSBURG - DORMITORY - CONTINUOUS - DUSK

56

ARLEEN HINES -- Once Mrs. Yoast -- stands by her car, smoking
a cigarette. She hears footsteps approaching on the gravel,
and quickly drops her cigarette, crushing it beneath her heel
as YOAST approaches. They stand apart, ill at ease.

YOAST
Arleen.

ARLEEN
Cheryl told me about what happened...
about your job, and all. I mean,
everything they mighta left out of the
papers. I'm sorry.

YOAST
Life's full of surprises, I guess.

ARLEEN
I guess.
(pause)
Thanks for letting me have her this
week... I know you didn't have to, and
I... well, I just wanted to thank you,
that's all.

YOAST
You're her mother. Ain't nothing
happened between us gonna change that.

ARLEEN
Mike and me, we're going up North for...
well, for good, most likely.

YOAST
Cheryl told me.

ARLEEN

She's all yours, now. (rueful smile)
But then again, she always was.

57 EXT. GETTYSBURG - PRACTICE FIELD - DAY

57

FINAL PRACTICE. PLAYERS are doing up-downs, running in place and then flopping out prone -- on BOONE'S WHISTLE.

BOONE

WHAT ARE YOU?

ALL

MO-BILE, A-GILE, HOS-TILE!

BOONE

WHAT IS PAIN?

ALL

FRENCH BREAD!

BOONE

WHAT IS FATIGUE?

ALL

ARMY CLOTHES!

BOONE

WILL YOU EVER QUIT?

ALL

NOOOO! WE WANT SOME MO! WE WANT SOME
MO! WE WANT SOME MO!

Their legs are churning so fast they are a blur.

Yoast & Cheryl watch from the sideline- TEARS fill Cheryl's eyes:

CHERYL

First time since the day I was born we
won't be leading the team outta camp...

YOAST

It's still our team, darlin'.

CHERYL

I been praying on it every night...

YOAST

Look at your defense. That Stack 44 is
gonna shut 'em all down. You better save
your prayers for those poor boys on the
opposition.

CHERYL

(brightening) I'll pray for 'em, coach.

Boone strides past his players, shouting like a general:

BOONE
TURN IN!

THEY TURN IN AND CIRCLE AROUND EACH OTHER. BERTIER AND BIG JU JUMP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PLAYERS.

BERTIER
DO YOU WANT VICTORY?!

ALL
YEAAAHHH!

BIG JU
I SAID DO YOU WANT VICTORY!

ALL
YEAAAHH!!! AIIIEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

THEY DIVE ON ONE ANOTHER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELD, FLINGING THEMSELVES ON ONE ANOTHER WITH ABANDON INTO A PILE... A TEAM!

58 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT - DAY

58

THE PARENTS wait for the players... The racial tension is palpable. BLACK FAMILIES wait by their cars away from the WHITE FAMILIES. The blacks and whites eye each other warily.

59 EXT. ROAD TO T.C. WILLIAMS/INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

59

The boys sit side by side, integrated. Blue and Petey are in the back, singing the verse part of "Kiss Him Goodbye." -- The white guys nearby bob their heads, but are still too sheepish to join in. Big Ju plops down next to Blue, who snaps:

BLUE
Yo, Huey Newton, don't even be settin'
yo big behind down here if you gonna be
tellin' us not to sang, bro'.

BIG JU
No, baby, I'm a join in, bro'. I'm a
sing with you, minstrel man.

And he joins in, as the song reaches its CHORUS:

BOYS
NA NA NA NAA, NA NA NAA, HEY HEY, GOOD
BYYYE.."

60 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT - CONTINUOUS

60

The parents brighten in anticipation, as the buses pull to a halt. Then their faces grow confused when they hear the sound of SINGING:

The first bus arrives -- the door opens, and Boone and Yoast step out onto the pavement... then the BOYS file out, all of them singing:

BOYS
"NA NA NA NA, NA NA NA NA, HEY HEY,
GOODBYE"

Pointing their fingers at the two coaches in a playful taunt, as they head back toward their stunned parents.

MR. BOSLEY
What'd they do up there, brainwash 'em?

PARENT #2
They must be high on something.

★
★

BIG JU introduces Bertier to his FATHER.

BIG JU
Hey dad, this is Gerry Bertier.

MR. CAMPBELL
I've seen you play. It's a pleasure to meet you, son.

MR. BOSLEY moves anxiously to his son ALLAN.

MR. BOSLEY
You starting, Allan? He pull you out for one of those...

BOSLEY
I'm starting, Dad.

BOONE kisses his daughter NICKY, then hugs CAROL; while all around them black players meet white parents and vice versa.

BOONE
We made it, Mamma. No one died, I'm happy to report.

CAROL
You mean you're happy you didn't kill anyone, don't you?

Yoast and Cheryl step up to Boone and Carol.

BOONE
Coach, this is my wife Carol. This is Bill Yoast... and that... is his daughter.

YCAST
Mrs. Boone, nice to meet you.

The two girls stare at each other with distaste: Tomboy, jeans wearing Cheryl; girly-girl, pink-skirt wearing Nicky.

CHERYL
Why is you dress so weird?

NICKY
I'm not wearing a dress.

BOONE
I'll see you in the morning, Coach.

YOAST
Tomorrow's Sunday.

BOONE
That's right. Doc should've told you --
we're having a Sunday Coaches' meeting.

YOAST
I'm a deacon at my Church. I teach Junior
Bible and attend services Sunday;
something that would probably do you a
world of good.

BOONE
My wife goes to church for me during the
season. We're meeting tomorrow at my
house.

YOAST
I won't face eternal damnation for a
coaches' meeting.

NEAR BERTIER'S CAR:

Big Ju, Bertier and Mr. Campbell.

MR. CAMPBELL
This isn't the scene I expected to see...

BERTIER
You oughta see us when we're goin' at it,
Mr. Campbell. That's when things start
gettin' good.

Big Ju POUNDS BERTIER ON THE SHOULDERS -- Mr. Campbell freezes,
thinking they're about to fight.

BIG JU
Left side!

Bertier POUNDS BIG JU ON THE SHOULDERS -- the entire throng of
parents look on in stunned disbelief.

BERTIER
Strong side!

BOTH
ARRRRRRRRRRGGGGHHH!

CUT TO:

61 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT - STREET - DAY 61

WHITE FACES -- CONTORTED WITH ANGER, SCREAMING

WHITES

Go home! Go to your own school! Go back
to Africa!

DOLLY BEHIND the BACKS OF HUNDREDS of white PROTESTERS,
shaking signs that read: "GO HOME!" "BOMB THE BUS!" "WHITE
POWER!"-- as several BLUE BUSES ENTER THE FRAME, and we stay
with the buses as they roll up toward:

62 T.C. WILLIAMS HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT - DAY 62

A HUNDRED POLICEMEN lined up in front of the school, keeping
back screaming WHITE PROTESTERS in anticipation of riots.
TITLE CARD READS: "SEPTEMBER 4 - FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL."

THE BUSES PULL UP. THE BLACK STUDENTS TRUNDLE OFF: MILITANTS
(berets, leather jackets, shades, afros); NATIONALISTS
(dashikis, bigger afros); REGULAR KIDS.

BIG JU, PETEY, and BLUE move past a phalanx of COPS. This is
a powder keg. The black kids are equal in number to the
white kids. They glare at each other with murder in their
eyes -- Petey bumps into Lastik:

LASTIK

redneck accent)

Welcome to Screw U High, boy.

(Petey just shakes his head)

This is messed up, man.

PETEY

Yeah. Anything serious happens, they
shut the school down and our season goes
down the drain -- now that is real
messed up.

EMMA is walking toward the school with several girlfriends,
looking nervous and intimidated... she catches the eyes of
several BLACK GIRLS as she passes, and they silently mouth
OBSCENITIES at her... she steps up to Bertier, who puts his
arm around her.

EMMA

Look at them, Gerry. They hate us.

GERRY

It's just a bad day is, all. Things'll
quiet down, and...

EMMA

No. They're always gonna hate us. It's
never going away.

Big Ju passes some kids arguing with the police, and stops in
front of Bertier and Emma.

BIG JU

Hey, man. You must be Bertier's girl. And we thought all along this nasty dog was lyin' about you just to impress us.

BERTIER

Emma, this is...

But she pulls away and heads up the school stairs.

BIG JU

Camp's over, huh? We back in the real world now.

(pause)

If this is what they integrating us for, we'd a been better off staying' where we were.

He turns and trudges toward the doorway. BOSLEY and BUTTS step into FRAME, looking around in awe:

BUTTS

We're like Benedict Arnold, man. We shouldn't even be here.

BERTIER

You know what, Ray? Here.

(holds out car keys)

Go home. I'll pick my car up later.

BUTTS

What do you want me to do? Sing "We Shall Overcome"?

Butts shakes his head, and moves off toward a group of WHITE BOYS, passing:

SUNSHINE, walking alone toward the school, expression unreadable... He looks back at the shouting white folks, and BUMPS into a group of BLACK KIDS.

BLACK KID #1

Hey, watch where you walkin', white boy.

Sunshine just stares at him... tries to walk around him, but:

BLACK KID #2 (cont'd)

You blind, cracker?

Something's gonna happen... then there is a commotion, and they turn to see:

-- THE POLICE pushing back a wedge of PROTESTERS that have broken through their lines.

63 ANGLE ON A SCHOOL WINDOW- CONTINUOUS

63

The altercation reflected in the glass. Boone, Yoast, and several other teachers watch from behind it -- Boone shakes his head in disgust, and turns away from the window... DOLLY IN TO YOAST, watching Boone go... then turning back to the window, face tense with conflicted emotion...

64 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS HIGH SCHOOL - STADIUM - NIGHT 64

TWO HOURS BEFORE GAME TIME: At first all we see are the bright stadium lights... then a SILHOUETTE strides into FRAME, standing against the white glare. DR. FERDINAND DAY, the black school board member, stands behind him.

BOONE
This is my sanctuary.
(taking it in)
Just a game. But we got hate and turmoil swirling around us; and this is always right. Victory, defeat; struggle, survival: the best and worst of man. Lord, but I do love it so.

DR. DAY
Coach, I... I'm afraid I've put you in a no-win situation. I just found out the board didn't even think you'd make it out of camp. Now that you have, I've learned that at the first sign of trouble...

*
*
*
*

BOONE
Trouble?

DR. DAY
Lose a game... and they'll fire you and turn it back over to Yoast.

BOONE
One game... just like that?
(stiff nod from Day)
What about my family... we just got here, man. I don't want them to have to pick up and move again... what about my girls?

DR. DAY
I... I don't know what to say. I'm sorry, coach.

A64 OMITTED

A64*

65 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS STADIUM - UNDER THE STANDS - NIGHT 65

BOONE, alone, throws up in a trash can -- he straightens up, trying to gather himself for battle.

66 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS STADIUM - FIELD - LATER (HOME GAME, V. HAYFIELD) 66

HAYFIELD HIGH is warming up: the defense lines up and runs mock plays against the offense. NOTE: THE HAYFIELD PLAYERS ARE ALL WHITE -- AS WILL BE ALL THE FUTURE TEAMS THE TITANS PLAY; THE LEAGUE IS ALL WHITE.

67 THE STANDS:

67

are full of Hayfield supporters... we WHIP PAN TO:

THE T.C. WILLIAMS SIDE: There is only a thin crowd there. MR. CAMPBELL, MRS. BERTIER and the PARENTS OF THE T.C. WILLIAMS PLAYERS sit in one section. The white and black parents don't acknowledge one another...

68 INT. T.C. WILLIAMS HIGH SCHOOL - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

68

PLAYERS mill about nervously. BOONE is conspicuously absent. Yoast looks up at the clock -- Then the door opens, and Boone strides in. Everyone looks at him, dead silent.

BOONE

I won't talk about winning and losing.
We already won, 'cause we didn't kill
each other in camp.

(laughter)

Hayfield, like the other schools in this
conference, is all white. They don't
have to deal with race; but we're better
for it. Let nothing tear us apart. In
Greek mythology the Titans were greater
even than the Gods -- they were the
absolute rulers of their Universe. Go on
out there and play like Titans.

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69 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS STADIUM - FIELD - LATER

69

BODIES FLYING -- CRASHING INTO EACH OTHER -- A WILD GAME IN
PROGRESS:

THE SCOREBOARD READS: "HAYFIELD 7 T.C. WILLIAMS 0". Eleven
minutes left; first quarter. HAYFIELD is passing them to
death. ALLAN BOSLEY, THE WHITE LINEBACKER, is too slow to
cover the BACK out of the backfield.

70 IN THE STANDS:

70

Cheryl is jumping up and throwing her head back in
exasperation, pulling at her hair.

CHERYL

Aaaargh! We're movin' like molasses out
there!

Nearby Nicky turns to Carol Boone, and asks:

NICKY

Are all white girls that crazy?

71 ON THE FIELD:

71

The Titans huddle, in a panic.

BERTIER

(glances at the scoreboard)

Allan, they're gonna score a hundred points on us tonight if you don't cover that back!

BOSLEY

He's fast, Gerry -- I can't stay with 'im.

72 ON THE SIDELINES:

72

Boone starts towards Yoast:

BOONE

Yoast! Shape up that defense!

YOAST

Don't come down here, Coach!

BOONE

They score again, I'm taking over!

73 ON THE FIELD:

73

TIME CUT: THE OFFENSE RUNS A PLAY -- REV hands off to the running back -- but Petey misplays his block, and the running back is nailed hard by the DEFENSE.

74 ON THE SIDELINES:

74

Petey hangs his head, as Boone breathes fire at him:

BOONE

You missed that block by a country mile, country boy! You didn't even have that ball in your hands to fumble, so you got no excuse, you hear me? No excuse!

ANGLE ON YOAST and TYRELL: watching as Boone rants: .

*

BOONE (cont'd)

You want to play football?

(Petey makes no answer)

That's all right, you got the rest of the day to think about it! Go plant your hindparts on that bench!

Yoast turns to Tyrell:

YOAST

Take over for me, Herb.

Petey is standing by the fence, keeping his back turned to the team. Yoast steps up to him.

PETHEY

I was a two year starter at G.W. All that yelling... man, it does nothing but make me play worse... I can't take it no more.

YOAST

Come play linebacker for me.

(Petey is surprised)

23 is killing us. You're quick as a hiccup. Get out there and cover him.

*
*

PETHEY

You mean... go in now? But... I haven't practiced with the defense... I can't...

YOAST

Just stay on 23 like stink on a skunk. We'll work out the rest after we've put this one away... alright?

Petey nods... determination filling his eyes.

75 OMITTED

75 *

76 ON THE SIDELINES: ANGLE ON BOONE

76 *

Pacing the sidelines, looking for the missing Yoast.

*

BOONE

Where did Yoast go? He's just gonna let 'em score on purpose.

Doc shakes his head, disgusted that Boone would even say it... Boone knows it's bull, too... then:

Petey runs out onto the field, signalling to Bosley, who turns and trots off.

*

BOONE

What..?

*

He starts down the sidelines, but Doc holds him back... Doc shakes his head, and Boone reluctantly stays put.

77 IN THE STANDS:

77

MR. BOSLEY

He's taking Allan out!!!

(rising)

Yoast! Don't you take out my son

CHERYL

e's gettin' beat like he stole something, Mr. Bosley!

*

MR. BOSLEY

You stay out of it, girl

78 ON THE FIELD:

78

The Quarterback tries to pass to the speedy Halfback again... but Petey swats it away.

Another play -- Big Ju over-commits, and the running back gets past him... but Bertier charges in from the opposite direction, taking him down...

-- The Quarterback throws a swing pass to the halfback. PETEY SLAMS INTO THE BACK WITH A THUNDEROUS TACKLE! THE MODERATELY SIZED TITANS' CROWD ERUPTS. THE TITANS OFFENSE SCORES A TOUCHDOWN, and we whip to the SCOREBOARD: "T.C.WILLIAMS 14... HAYFIELD 7" FINAL SCORE.

79 EXT. CAPTAIN HAL'S CRABHOUSE - NIGHT

79 *

SUNSHINE, LASTIK, PETEY, and BLUE are walking down the street, along with several GIRLS; accompanied by BERTIER, EMMA and BIG JU -- all taking congratulations from various PASSERS-BY

*
*

PETEY
(holding up GAME BALL
Yo, The Titans are here, Virginia -- and
we're here to stay, y'all!

The guys laugh and high-five Petey, lifting him into the air as a CAR honks its HORN and some FANS lean out of the car windows and shout encouragement -- BERTIER turns, as he hears his name called:

*
*
*
*

EMMA is leaning out of a large CONVERTIBLE being driven by BUTTS -- two of her girlfriends are next to her as well.

*
*

EMMA
We're headin' over to the Hill, Gerry.
Everyone's gonna be there.

*
*
*

BERTIER
(stepping to the car)
Why don't y'all hang out with us down here?

*
*
*
*

EMMA
(nervous)
What are you trying to do, Gerry?

*
*
*

BERTIER
Emma -- it's like we talked about --
bein' hit by an unexpected play we ain't
practiced for. Now we just got to pick
it up and run with it.

*
*
*
*
*

EMMA
I -- am not runnin' in the same
direction as you are.
(reaches for Bertier)
Come with us, Gerry.

*
*
*
*
*

Bertier gently pulls away, standing back.

*

EMMA (cont'd)
Standing up for what you believe in is
well and good; but you have your
priorities real screwed-up this time.

*
*
*
*

BUTTS
You coming or not, man?

*
*

Bertier doesn't move. Butts snorts, and pulls away, leaving
Bertier standing there... Big Ju steps in behind him,
watching the car go.

*
*
*

Sunshine opens the door to CAPTAIN HAL'S CRABHOUSE.

*

PETEEY
All right y'all, we'll see y'all later.

SUNSHINE
Come on, bro', I'm buying. We party on.

BLUE
Naw, it's alright, we got to get going.

SUNSHINE
(realizing something's up)
What?

Petey is forced to say it:

PETEEY
Man, you ain't from around here. This
place is... it ain't cool with, you
know, all of us, and all.

SUNSHINE
Aw, come on, man -- that's history. Come
on.

A80 NT. CAPTAIN HAL'S CRABHOUSE - NIGHT

A80 *

Sunshine pulls the very reluctant Petey into the doorway,
while Blue and the girls follow sheepishly... then CAPTAIN
HAL comes up to Sunshine and Petey.

*
*
*

CAPTAIN HAL
We're full tonight.

*

The place is half-empty.

*

SUNSHINE
(incredulous)
You're kidding. This is ... You can't do
this, man.

CAPTAIN HAL
This is my establishment, and I reserve
the right to refuse service to anyone.
(MORE)

*

CAPTAIN HAL (cont'd)
 You want something to eat, you can pick
 it up from the kitchen out back.

B80 EXT. CAPTAIN HAL'S - STREET - NIGHT

B80 *

Blue and Lastik bring Sunshine out, saying: "Come on, man."
 "Forget it." Petey gives the shocked Sunshine an angry SHOVE: *

PETHEY
What did I tell you man?!

SUNSHINE
 Petey, I didn't...

PETHEY
 Didn't what?! I told you, man! But you
 weren't listening! You think I was
kidding, man

He shoves Sunshine again... Blue pulls him back.

BLUE
 He didn't mean it, Petey. He didn't
 know.

PETHEY
 He don't want to know!
 (to Sunshine)
 Ain't you ever heard the road to hell is
 paved with good intentions? You want to
 pull some nonsense like that, you better
 be able to back it up! *

He turns and walks away... Blue takes a last look at
 Sunshine, shakes his head, and follows the others. *

80 INT. T.C. WILLIAMS - COACHES' OFFICE - DAY

80

YOAST sits in a chair, pained. MR. BOSLEY stands over him
 haranguing him. Mr. Bosley holds a fist full of press
 clippings.

MR. BOSLEY
 Player of the week, Five times! Second
 team all-metro! My boy's a star, dammit!

BOONE and DOC are there as well -- Boone starts to say
 something, but Yoast jumps in instead.

YOAST
 Allan was good enough to start for me at
 Hammond... but here he's gotta sit.

MR. BOSLEY
 You're selling out your race, trying to
 appease those... liberals.

YOAST
 (erupting)
 I'm not selling out anybody!
 (MORE)

YOAST

Petey Jones is a flat out better player than Allan!

(calming;sad)

Why'd you make me say it, Fred? Allan's a good player and a fine boy, but he can't start anymore.

MR. BOSLEY

(to BOONE)

This is all your doing, you black son of a...

*

YOAST

(jumping up in front of Mr. Bosley)

That's enough. It's my call... Now you go on home before you do something you'll regret, Fred.

Mr. Bosley exits in a huff. Yoast is really unnerved.

DOC

At least we won't have to see him anymore.

YOAST

I will. He's on the deacon board with me.

BOONE

Listen, about Petey...

YOAST

It's all right, coach... no thanks required.

BOONE

(sharp)

Thanks?

(Yoast is taken aback;)

You challenged my authority in front of the entire team. You think you're doing those kids some kind of a favor? Taking 'em aside every time I come down on 'em, protect 'em from big bad Boone? You're cuttin' my legs from under me!

YOAST

Some of... the boys... just don't respond well to public criticism. I tell 'em what they need to know, but I don't humiliate them in front of the team.

BOONE

And which "boys" might those be, Yoast? When I come down on Bertier, you don't coddle him.

(MORE)

BOONE (cont'd)
When I come down on Sunshine, you don't
take him to the side and hold his hand.
Why is that, Yoast?

Yoast is stunned, silent.

BOONE (cont'd)
I may be a mean cuss, but I am the same
mean cuss with every player on the team.
The world out there don't give a damn how
sensitive anybody is, especially not some
Negro kid from the wrong side of the
tracks -- You ain't helping those boys by
patronizing 'em, man! You are just
crippling 'em for life!

Boone takes a last look at Yoast, then walks out of the room.

A81 OMITTED

A81

81 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS STADIUM - FIELD - NIGHT (HOME GAME)

81 *

CLOSE on YOAST - SHOT with LONG LENS - PLAYERS moving around in
the f.g.; GAME SOUNDS in the b.g. He is staring blankly ahead,
his thoughts a million miles away - TYRELL'S HAND touches his
shoulder:

TYRELL
You alright, Bill?

Yoast barely manages a nod. THE SOUND blurs into a terrible ROAR
-- AS WE ZOOM IN HIS EYES... glittering with pain and turmoil,
and as we lose FOCUS on his FACE, we DISSOLVE INTO:

82 INT. BERTIER HOUSE - GERRY'S ROOM - DAY

82

CLOSE ON THE T.V. -- blasting the "HOUR OF POWER" -- BERTIER
stands in the b.g. wearing shorts and sneakers... pulling on a
tank-top. Gerry's mother sticks her head in:

MRS. BERTIER
Gerry, what are you doing?

BERTIER
I'm going down to the 'Berg.

MRS. BERTIER
The 'Berg

BERTIER
Yeah. Play some basketball with Big Ju.

MRS. BERTIER
Gerry, you and Emma were supposed to be comin' to church with me. Where is she, anyway?

BERTIER
(pause)
We're... not talkin'. But you know that already, 'cause half the town is talkin' about it.

MRS. BERTIER
I guess I do -- and it's breakin' my heart, because that was the sweetest girl I ever had the pleasure of seeing in your company.

BERTIER
Mother... once you get to know Julius you'll...

MRS. BERTIER
I don't want to know him, Gerry. And you're coming to church with your mother, if you still want a mother to come home to.

83 OMITTED

83 *

84 INT. CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

84

Entirely BLACK CONGREGATION; Singing and swaying to a HYMN.
The back doors open, and:

YOAST and CHERYL enter, hand in hand -- looking mighty nervous and out of place. Yoast nods to Cheryl, and they start down the aisle...

Jerry Harris- "Rev"- sees Yoast, is surprised, then smiles and nods. Yoast steps in to the aisle and stands beside Rev.

CAROL BOONE and her DAUGHTERS are in the row across from them; NICKY sees CHERYL, and smiles slightly.

CHERYL eyes her warily... then gives the slightest smile back:

85 OMITTED

85 *

86 EXT. HERNDON STADIUM- FIELD- NIGHT (AWAY, V. HERNDON) 86

The TITANS DEFENSE overplays HERNDON HIGH'S OFFENSE... the QUARTERBACK gets off a throw that is bobbled by the RUNNING BACK -- saving the Titans from their own mistakes.

87 IN THE STANDS: 87

A.D. REVERE sits next to the EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR of the Virginia High School Hall of Fame; together with an entourage of stone-faced WHITE MEN.

88 ON THE SIDELINES: 88

The Titans defense comes off the field, bickering angrily,

TITAN #1
That 'back got right past you, man!

TITAN #2
I'm covering for you! Don't get in my face *

BLUE
(breaking it up)
Hey! Take it easy, y'all! Cool out!

BIG JU
(to Bertier)
Yo, Bertier, where are you? What planet you playin' on tonight? *
(Bertier is silent)
You want to stand me up, fine! I knew you wasn't comin' down to the 'berg -- *
always figured you was all talk -- But *
you're makin' the whole team look bad *
out there! *

BERTIER
(turning furiously)
Don't talk to me! You got nothing to say to me, man!

He stalks away. Big Ju looks at Bertier's back... then throws his helmet down in frustration. *

Sunshine, sits on the bench -- looking at the stands -- face ashen. Petey walks past, stops:

PETEY
Why the clouds, "Sunshine?"

SUNSHINE
(eyes focussed ahead)
I can't make that pitch.

PETEY

(snorts)

Man, you take on a beast like Bertier
and you worried about that? Don't worry.
You ain't never gonna play, anyway,
'less we're up by fifty points -- and we
ain't never gonna be up by no fifty
points. So sit back, relax and enjoy the
show.

*
*
*

Petey walks past Lastik and Rev, who are looking out on the
field morosely... Blue steps into FRAME and puts a hand on
Lastik's shoulder, leaning on him:

LASTIK

I didn't sign up to play like this.

REV.

Yeah -- these guys we're playing got no
heart. We play like this against
Groveton next week, we're goin' down.

Lastik and Rev. head out onto the field, and we DOLLY IN to a
thoughtful BLUE.

89 OMITTED

89 *

90 OMITTED

90 *

91 OMITTED

91 *

92 ON THE FIELD:

92 *

The OFFENSE RUNS a successful PLAY.

93 IN THE STANDS:

93

THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR shakes his head in disgust, and rises
to leave, followed by his entourage...WHIP PAN to the
SCOREBOARD: "T.C. 17 - HERNDON 10: FINAL SCORE"

94 OMITTED

94 *

A95 EXT. YOAST HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

A95 *

Cheryl is standing in the backyard, shooting baskets in an
old hoop nailed to a tree -- she turns as BOONE'S CAR pulls
up behind her. Boone gets out, followed by Nicky, who hangs
back, shy.

*
*
*
*

CHERYL

Good 'mornin to you, Coach.

*
*

BOONE

Morning, Cheryl. You've met Nicky.

*
*

CHERYL

(nods)

My daddy's in his office.

*
*
*

Boone nods, and heads toward the barn.

NICKY
What'cha doing?

CHERYL
Shootin' some hoops.

She tosses the basketball to Nicky, who makes no move to catch it, letting it bounce past her. A beat. Nicky holds up her hands:

NICKY
I just did my nails.

B95 INT. YOAST'S BARN - OFFICE - DAY

B95

Tyrell's there with Yoast.

Yoast looks up, as Boone peers inside.

YOAST
Coach Boone... to what do I owe the surprise?

Tyrell mutters something and leaves.

Boone places a folded-up computer printout on Yoast's desk.

BOONE
We won't survive another game like the one we played last Friday. I gave Mr. Vernon, the math teacher game film -- told him to analyze our opponents. This is what he came up with.

(pause)
All the coaches' 'round here have tendencies. All of 'em except Ed Henry.

YOAST
Only time we'd be seeing Ed Henry is at the State Championship.

BOONE
That's right.
(another awkward pause)
I was just takin' my daughter over to play with some of her friends... she's been asking me about Cheryl.

Yoast looks up, curious.

BOONE (cont'd)
She'd be welcome at our house. Any time you want to bring Cheryl over... we'd be glad to have her.

95 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT - DAY

95

SUNSHINE'S HANDS move into FRAME -- followed by the rest of him, as he moves gracefully across the lawn, practicing Tai-Chi by himself -- Like David Carridaine in "Kung Fu." RACK FOCUS TO:

*

96 INT. T.C. WILLIAMS - STAIRWELL/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

96

A GAGGLE OF GIRLS -- mostly white -- are gathered around the WINDOW, ogling Sunshine. PETEY leans in:

*

PETEY

Hey, what you starin' at ol' Sunshine for? I'm the one who's dominating on the field, y'all -- he ain't played a minute all year.

*

WHITE GIRL #1

Who cares about the field?

*

*

PETEY

Yo, you might as well forget about him, he's from California -- know what I mean?

WHITE GIRL #2

Yeah, a California dreamboat.

*

*

The girls look at Petey like he's out of his mind... then Petey is GRABBED from behind by a big WHITE KID.

WHITE KID

You talking to my girl?

PETEY

Man, I don't see any livestock around here, so I don't know what you talkin' about.

There are actually about SIX WHITE GUYS there -- Petey is pulled into the hallway, and slammed against the lockers. Before you know it, BLACK KIDS have gotten into it, and it looks like a big disaster brewing, but:

*

BERTIER (O.S.)

Break it up! Take it easy!

Bertier pushes into the middle of the altercation, trying to separate the antagonists... The black kids get crazy, jumping all over Bertier, ripping his shirt, bloodying his nose... but then BIG JU is there, moving the black kids back like a pile-driver.

BIG JU

Cool it, man! Cool it!

(to Petey)

Get the girls out of here, Petey

Petey reluctantly breaks off, hustling the other girls away, as the black kids turn on Big Ju:

BLACK KIDS
Traitor! Taking the white boy's side!
Uncle Tom!

BIG JU
(almost losing it)
Don't be callin' me no Tom! Back off,
baby!

WHITE KID
Looks like you went to the zoo and made
some new friends, Bertier.

BERTIER
You better back off, man.

The white boys move on, sneering at the chagrined Bertier. The black kids finish cursing out Big Ju, and move on as well... leaving Bertier and Big Ju stand back to back in the clearing hallway, like two lone warriors.

97 EXT. DINER - NIGHT

97

Neon sign. Big 70's gas-guzzlers parked out front.

COACH TYRELL (O.S.)
I'm starting to worry about you, Bill.

98 INT. DINER - NIGHT

98

Yoast and Tyrell sit at a booth across from one another.

YOAST
What're you worrying about?

COACH TYRELL
People are talking, Bill... Word around
town is you're thinking of givin' up...
Not taking the job when Boone loses.

YOAST
"He that diggeth a pit will himself fall
into it."

COACH TYRELL
Yeah, I been hearin' all sorts of tales
'bout where you been hearin' your bible
these days.
(pause)
Boone stole a job that was yours by right.
We're gonna quote scripture, I'd call it
"An eye for an eye."

A beat between the two men.

COACH TYRELL

Marie was askin' about Cheryl -- you were supposed to bring her over before we met.

YOAST

Yeah. She's over at the Boone's. I'm gonna swing by there on the way home, pick her up.

COACH TYRELL

So that's the way it is.

(terse nod from Yoast)

You think you can just ride this out, don't you, Bill? Please everyone, be the good-guy. Well I got news for you... a man's got to pick sides, sooner or later, if he's gonna call himself a man.

(pauses)

I am not gonna put myself through the rest of the season with that...

YOAST

...he's a football man and I respect that. I brought you here... I want you with me. But you do what you have to do.

COACH TYRELL

Then you go to hell, Bill Yoast.

He turns and walks out... leaving Yoast sitting there, alone.

99 OMITTED

99

100 INT. BOONE HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

100

Boone is sitting at the kitchen table, watching game films; CHERYL sits beside him, sipping a coke, legs dangling off her chair.

CHERYL

That veers' getting better. I'll admit that. But you're still weak on the left side.

BOONE

We ain't weak. Alderson and Davis just have to work harder, that's all.

CHERYL

That's not the problem... You think it is, but it ain't. It's your pass read.

NICKY is sitting on the couch in the living room, morosely holding her dolls. Carol steps in and speaks to Cheryl:

CAROL
All right, you two, that's enough about
that. Don't you want to play with Nicky,
dear?

CHERYL
I hate playin' with dolls.

NICKY
(calling out)
We're not playing -- we're
accessorizing

BOONE
Come on, Cheryl... don't you want to
accessorize for a while?

Cheryl shakes her head, teeth gritted.

BOONE (cont'd)
No... I wouldn't either.

Then an OBJECT FLIES THROUGH THE WINDOW.

BOONE (cont'd)
DOWN!

Cheryl drops to the floor. Boone KNOCKS OVER THE LAMP. He
immediately throws his body over the object (thinking it's
dynamite or a bomb). Then he looks down, and sees that he's
lying on a BRICK.

Boone gets up, pulling Cheryl to her feet, and pushes her
toward his wife.

BOONE
Get the kids upstairs into the bedroom
and lock the door!

He runs to the closet and grabs his shotgun... then turns off
the porch light and throws open the front door.

101 EXT. BOONE HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

101

BOONE levels the gun and looks into the street... A CAR is
pulling away, with the silhouettes of LAUGHING, shouting
TEENAGERS visible within it.

Boone shakes his head, lowering the gun...

102 INT. T.C. WILLIAMS - GYM - NIGHT

102

TITANS PLAYERS are filing in through the doors -- complaining
about being there... shouting- "Where's Coach?" -- "What's
Coach want with us now, man?"

BLUE
(steps forward)
Coaches didn't call this meeting.

Lastik steps up beside Blue.

LASTIK

We did.

The GUYS react with an explosion of PROTEST -- start to head out... but BERTIER and BIG JU step in front of them:

BERTIER/BIG JU

You ain't going nowhere! Stay where you are! Hear 'em out!

BLUE

Coach Boone brought us this far -- but he ain't gonna be there for us forever. Look at us. We're supposed to be a team, and we can't even listen to our own team captains without 'em having to yell at us like we're in the first grade.

(shouts of protest)

Man, we won four games! Four. You think that's something? That ain't nothing! We ain't nothing, either! We come together in camp. Cool. Then we come back here, the world tells it don't want us to be together, and we fall apart like we ain't a damn bit of nothing. You think we won something? We ain't won nothing, y'all! Nothing!

Some, although markedly fewer, of the guys protest.

LASTIK

Rev, what's that you're always telling me, when I get sick of tryin' to keep up with my grades and all?

(pause)

"Even youths grow tired and weary, even young men stumble and fall; but those who trust in the Lord will renew their strength..."

REV.

(grin; pointing at Lastik)

"They will renew their strength! Praise God, they will renew their strength!"

LASTIK

"They will soar on wings like eagles..."

REV.

Like eagles, y'all! And they will run, won't they, Louie?

LASTIK

"They will run and never weary, they will walk and not grow faint."

REV.

*On wings of eagles, y'all! We'll fly like
the kings of the blessed sky! On wings of
eagles!*

SOME OF THE GUYS WHOOP, GETTING EXCITED -- then:

BERTIER (O.S.)

We're playing Groveton Friday night,
y'all. Are we gonna play 'em like a bunch
of weak-hearted losers, y'all?
(shouts of NO; HELL NO)
Are we a team?

SHOUTS OF "YEAH!" "HELL YEAH!" -- Bertier shouts:

BERTIER (cont'd)

TURN IN!

THEY TURN AND CIRCLE AROUND BERTIER and BIG JU:

BIG JU

Who are we?

TEAM

(chanting)

We are the Titans, the mighty, mighty
Titans!

BERTIER

(to the Team)

DO YOU WANT VICTORY!

ALL

YEAHAAHHHH!

BIG JU

I SAID DO YOU WANT VICTORY?

ALL

(jumping into a wild pile-up)

YEAHAAHHHH! AIIIIIIIIIIII! YEAH!

103 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT - DAY

103

RADIO AND PRINT REPORTERS follow BOONE and YOAST as they head to the building. TWO BIG STATE TROOPERS stand on guard duty at the doors.

Boone carries the BRICK that shattered his window last night. *

BOONE

-- We're just gonna keep playing
football... and we're not going to be
intimidated by hate and ignorance.

REPORTER #1

That why you need State Troopers, Coach?

REPORTER #2
(to Yoast)
How do you like your prospects, Coach
Yoast?

Yoast stays silent, not answering.

BOONE
We're gonna put up more wins. Gonna make
it to District when we get by Groveton!

There is an immediate CACOPHONY of disbelief from the REPORTERS.

BOONE
District! Everybody hear me? See you after
the game.

He turns and enters the building, followed by Yoast.

104 INT. T.C. WILLIAMS - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

104

Yoast keeps stride with Boone, seething:

YOAST
I think it's time you stopped antagonizing
everybody, and learned a little humility.

BOONE
Humility?!

YOAST
(hard) Maybe if you didn't brag so much,
we wouldn't--

BOONE
You blaming me for the death threats?

YOAST
No -- there are powerful people in this
state who are watching how we conduct
ourselves.

BOONE
You talking about your Hall of Fame
nomination, Yoast?

YOAST
I am talking about setting a good example
for the boys and the community.

BOONE
I don't scratch my head 'less it itches,
and I don't shuffle my feet 'less I hear
music. And I won't be intimidated by
bricks through my window, death threats,
or anything else they wanna' throw at me.

YOAST

You want to carry your sinful Pride with
you to your grave, that's your business --
but when your sins endanger my little
girl, then it becomes mine.

BOONE

My sins!? You think my sins have anything
to do with what happened last night!? My
only sin is that I'm winning football
games in Virginia, wearing the wrong shade
of tan!

(cold anger)

I'm sorry your daughter was scared last
night... I really am. But she just got a
small taste of what my girls've been going
through every day of their lives.

(MORE)

BOONE (cont'd)
(hard smile)
Welcome to my life, Yoast.

Boone steps into the:

105 INT. T.C. WILLIAMS - LOCKER ROOM - DAY 105

The boys are gathered there already. They look up silently at Boone and Yoast.

BOONE
What's going on?

BLUE
Well, coach... we want to let you know,
um, we're gonna warm up a little...
different.

106 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS STADIUM - STANDS - DAY (HOME GAME, V. GROVETON) 106

NEARLY PACKED. BLACK AND WHITE STUDENTS from TC -- BLACKS on one side; BIG FARM BOYS and WHITES on the other side. The Two sides SHOUT, trying to outdo one another.

107 INT. T.C. WILLIAMS STADIUM - PRESS BOX - CONTINUOUS 107

A RADIO ANNOUNCER is working the mike with a COLORMAN. PACKED WITH REPORTERS.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
"This is the biggest game of the season
for the T.C. Williams Titans, undefeated
after 4 games. They're going against the
Groveton Lions also undefeated after 4."

108 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS STADIUM - STANDS (CENTER SECTION) - SAME 108

THE PARENTS sit in the center section, separated racially, except for Cheryl, who is pointing down at the field and talking to Nicky:

CHERYL
Julius Campbell's playing strong side
linebacker. He's so good, he's got All-
American written all over him. And Gerry
Bertier is...

NICKY
I - do - not - care!

109 ON THE SIDELINES: 109

DOLLY ACROSS the LIONS TEAM-- white -- tough -- as they warm up.

COLORMAN (V.O.)
"The Lions defense is double tough. Their
All-State noseguard Kip Tyler's mean as a
copperhead snake."

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And here come the Titans!"

110 ON THE FIELD:

110

SUDDENLY WE HEAR LOUD "CALL AND RESPONSE" SINGING -- AND THE TITANS APPEAR:

THE TEAM
 "EVERYWHERE WE GOOOOO... EVERYWHERE WE
 GOOOO... PEOPLE WANNA KNOOOOW...
 PEOPLE WANNA KNOOOWWW... WHOOOO WE
 AREEEE... WHOOO WE AREEEE..."

COLORMAN (V.O.)
 Sangin'?! Who ever heard of a sangin'
 football team?"

The players line up facing BLUE and LASTIK. They do the monkey roll, then move to Karoka, then rope drills. A synchronized performance. No one's ever seen anything like it:

THE TEAM (cont'd)
 SOOOO WE TELLLL THEM... SOOOO WE
 TELLLL THEM... WE ARE THE TITANS!...
 WE ARE THE TITANS... THE MIGHTY MIGHTY
 TITANS. OOO AHH OH YEAH!, OOO AHH OH
 YEAH!, OOO AHH OH YEAH!"

111 ON THE LION'S SIDELINES:

111

COACH TOLBERT looks on in anger. His star player KIP TYLER, the nose-guard warms up next to him.

COACH TOLBERT
 Who do they think they are, the Beatles?
 (to his TEAM)
 STOP GAWKING AT 'EM! WARM UP!
 (to Kip)
 Shut 'em up. Hard.

112 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS STADIUM - FIELD - MOMENTS LATER:

112

KICKOFF. The Titans receive. A TITAN catches the ball and is BLASTED BY A GROVETON PLAYER. THE STATE TROOPERS have their back to the field and watch the stands during the game.

The Titans move to the line. As they set up LASTIK audibles to BUTTS.

LASTIK
 G-kick, 04.

Butts hears him, but doesn't acknowledge him. They line up.

REV.
 55, BLUE, HUT!

Lastik crosses to block the guard. Butts is supposed to cross and block the nose guard, but BUTTS FOLLOWS LASTIK. THEY BOTH BLOCK ONE MAN LEAVING TYLER FREE. TYLER has a clean shot! HE CRASHES INTO REV SLAMMING HIM TO THE GROUND! THERE IS A GASP -
- Rev is motionless.

TYLER
Song's over, Sambo.

A Titan player slams into Tyler. THE OFFICIAL BREAKS IT UP. The players surround Rev as Boone runs on the field -- Lastik is kneeling over his friend, tormented. *

BOONE
Lastik, what happened?!

LASTIK
I audibled! Rev, I audibled!

BUTTS
I didn't hear it. Swear to God.

113 ON THE SIDELINES:

113

They crowd around REV -- who is still dazed. THE TEAM DOCTOR attends to him. He shines a light in his eyes, tries his reflexes.

DOCTOR
He broke a bone in his wrist. He won't be throwing again this season. *

OFFICIAL
You got one minute, Coach! *

Yoast steps up to Boone. *

YOAST
Take a time out, Coach. *

Boone indicates "time" to the official -- then he turns to SUNSHINE, who is frozen in shock: *

SUNSHINE
Coach, Rev's goin' back in, right?

BOONE
Not as Q.B. *

114 THE STANDS:

114

SUNSHINE'S P.O.V.: WHIPS frantically across the CROWD.

115 ON THE SIDELINES:

115

SUNSHINE

...I can't make that pitch coach...

*
*

BOONE

RonnieBass. When I was fifteen years old,
my mother and father died -- on the same
day. Twelve brothers and sisters...
twelve... looking up to me, waiting for me
to do something. Anything. You think I was
ready? I had to put my feet in some giant
shoes and walk that day.

*
*

(then)

You're gonna do the same thing,
RonnieBass. You're the Colonel now..
command your troops.

Ronnie nods slowly... trots over to the guys:

SUNSHINE

All right, let's go.

Sluggish, half-hearted response.

SUNSHINE (cont'd)

Haven't you ever seen a football injury,
you wimps? Get up off your fat behinds and
get out onto that field! Show some life in
those legs, dammit! Let's go!

The guys jump to it... surprised and energized.

116 ON THE FIELD: IN THE HUDDLE--

116

SUNSHINE (cont'd)

48 O Read. Louie, let 'im through this
time.

LASTIK

What!?

SUNSHINE

Let him through. Same play. Let's go.

117 OMITTED

117

118 ON THE FIELD:

118

The play starts -- Tyler charges up the middle -- Lastik
"misplays" him -- the CROWD GASPS as Tyler roars toward
Sunshine... Sunshine coolly waits for Tyler to get there, then
throws a purposely incomplete pass over his head...

And steps right under Tyler as he gets there, undercutting him, flipping him over his back -- Tyler crashes down awkwardly, ROARING in pain.

119 ON THE SIDELINE:

119

DOC
Looks like we got ourselves a football
player out there!

*
*

Lions DOCTORS run out onto the field. Coach Tolbert is yelling at the official:

120 ON THE LION'S SIDELINE:

120

COACH TOLBERT
Unnecessary roughness! That's a penalty!

OFFICIAL
On the Quarterback? You kiddin' me, Coach?

121 ON THE FIELD:

121

Sunshine gets up, looking coldly down at Tyler. A couple of Titans stare at Sunshine with something like awe in their eyes:

TITAN #3
Man, you see that? This is a bad white-boy, man!

The Titans crowd SINGS, as Tyler is led limping off the field:

CROWD
"NA NA NA, NA NA NA NA, HEY HEY, GOOD-BYE.."

SONG CONTINUES OVER A SERIES of QUICK CUTS -- showing the TITANS dominating the rest of the game, Sunshine leading the offense with effortless confidence -- and we SWISH PAN TO THE SCOREBOARD:
"FINAL: TITANS 29 LIONS 6"

122 INT. T.C. WILLIAMS STADIUM - LOCKER ROOM - POST GAME

122

Boone steps in and hands the gameball to Sunshine -- who takes the ball and hands it to Rev, whose hand is heavily bandaged.

SUNSHINE
This is the real king.
(they hug)
Thanks for teaching me the veer, Rev.

THE TEAM
REV, REV, REV, REV, REV!

Lastik raises Rev's arm in triumph -- but it's his hurt arm! Rev screams in pain, and the instantly sorry Lastik is buried under a pile of mock-angry players...

Bertier makes his way over to Boone.

BERTIER

I want Ray off the team, Coach.

BOONE

You know my policy, Garry.

BERTIER

Coach. I know what you're doin' here -- and I respect it. But Ray missed that block on purpose.

(looks to Boone)

Sometimes you just got to cut somebody loose.

Boone studies Bertier, a newfound respect filling his eyes.

BOONE

All right. You're team Captain. This one's gonna be the Captain's call.

CUT TO:

LATER: Butts at his locker, showered and dressed. He gets his things together, then heads for the door. Bertier intercepts him.

BERTIER

You aren't gonna play another game on this team.

BUTTS

Oh yeah, "Jerry Lewis?" You gonna tell Coach Coon what to do, just like last time, right? Isn't he your Daddy, now? Boone don't cut anybody, remember? Especially not for no innocent mistake.

BERTIER

There's a first time for everything, Ray. Boone just cut you off the team.

BUTTS

Never wanted to play for that jungle bunny anyway.

He pushes past Bertier and out the door.

A124 EXT. BERTIER HOUSE - WHITE NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK

A124 *

BIG JU steps into FRAME -- wearing a shirt and tie, looking at his surroundings with a mixture of discomfort and fascination... he fixes his tie, nods at a passing COUPLE, and they stop, looking back at him strangely... he then crosses the street toward BERTIER'S HOUSE... and a POLICE CAR PULLS UP right in front of him. Big Ju freezes nervously, but:

COP
(leaning out car window)
Heck of a game you boys played last night.

BIG JU
(stunned)
Th... thanks, officer.

COP
Best defense I've seen in twenty years.
You tell that coach a yours to keep up the good work.

BIG JU
I'll do that.

The cop-car pulls away... Big Ju watches it in amazement, then continues across the street... Big Ju reaches the front door of Bertier's house and rings the bell... Big Ju waits for a moment, then the door opens, and BERTIER steps out, grabs him in tight bear-hug, and leads him inside...

THROUGH THE WINDOW

We see Bertier introduce Big Ju to his reserved MOTHER... who reaches her hand out... but is instead grabbed by Big Ju in big HUG. Bertier then leads Big Ju out of FRAME, and we HOLD ON MRS. BERTIER, hand on her chest... recovering from the experience.

124 NT. CAPTAIN HAL'S CRABHOUSE - NIGHT

124 *

The door swings open, and Sunshine walks in, with an INTEGRATED group of TITANS... Many of the PATRONS CHEER, starting to sing "NA NA NA, HEY HEY" ... others hiss angrily, trying to shut them up.

Sunshine exchanges a look with Petey, then starts forward... He strides through the aisle, open collar, love beads swinging, ignoring the offensive comments: "'bout time we had us a white quarterback." "that nigger had no arm..." He stops at the counter, where CAPTAIN HAL is waiting, holding his bat:

CAPTAIN HAL
I don't care how many games you win...
them boys ain't never comin' in here.

SUNSHINE

(evenly)

You see that guy over there... dude with the jacket and buzz-cut? That's my old man, Air Force Colonel Ronald Bass.

COLONEL BASS is visible outside the glass doors, looking into the restaurant.

CAPTAIN HAL

I don't give a popcorn fart he's Richard Nixon.

*

SUNSHINE

I bet you don't. But Colonel Bass just put in a call to his buddies in the Justice Department, as kind of a favor to me... for winning the game, and all. They pretty much agreed to make an example of you... throw so many civil rights violations at you it'll make your head spin.

(pause)

You can fight it, too... if you want to spend about the next ten years of your life in court.

(cold smile)

Or you can be reasonable.

Captain Hal stares into Ronnie's eyes... trying to call his bluff: he ain't bluffing. Captain Hal backs down... puts away the bat. He turns to his WAITRESS:

*

*

CAPTAIN HAL

Louanne, if they can find a table, they can sit in it.

*

Ronnie walks back to the doorway; then he and the other Titans walk in and find a table...

A number of hard-core RACIST PATRONS rise, and start for the doors... then, to the Titan's disbelief, one of their SUPPORTERS starts singing:

TITAN SUPPORTER

Na na na, hey hey, good bye.."

He is joined by another SUPPORTER and another, until the whole place is ringing with song, mocking the stream of racists filing out through the doors:

TITAN SUPPORTERS

NA NA NA, NA NA NA, HEY HEY, GOOD BYEE

And the SINGING CONTINUES OVER:

126 MONTAGE: "TITAN PRIDE" (all shot on 16 mm film - like home movies) 126

HEADLINES: "Titans Win! Titans -0; SCOREBOARD READS: TITANS 30 EAGLES 6."

TITAN PRIDE takes hold in the city: Everybody wears Titans caps, tee shirts. On city buses "GO TITANS." Banners, billboards, etc. In the stands, black and white students howl maniacally.

A PARTY; Lastik, Sunshine and other white players dance amongst the all-black crowd...

NEWSPAPER PHOTOS OF THE TEAM fly into the LENS, ending with the HEADLINE: "TITANS DEFEAT ANNANDALE, ADVANCE TO REGIONAL FINALS!" -- and:

127 INT. COUNTRY CLUB - BANQUET ROOM - DAY 127

YOAST and the OTHER NOMINEES for the VIRGINIA HIGH SCHOOL HALL OF FAME, stand in front of the PRESS CLUB. REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS and A LONE TV CAMERA--a photo op. A huge banner reads: "Virginia High School Football Hall Of Fame Nominees."

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR (V.O.)
...leadership on and off the field; high moral and athletic standards; and a long winning record--after all, we are coaches and athletic directors--
(laughter)
Gentlemen, welcome your 1971 Hall of Fame Nominees!

CHERYL squeezes Yoast's hand, beaming with joy.

128 INT. COUNTRY CLUB- BANQUET ROOM - LATER 128

The EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR stands to the side with Yoast, while Cheryl entertains A.D. REVERE and several COACH'S WIVES a short distance away.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
Heck of a season the Titans are having, Coach.
(then)
Too bad it's got to end.

YOAST
We're still in it, Lyle. Coach Gahagan's boys are pretty good, but I think we'll take them in the regional.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
Not if we have anything to say about it.
(Yoast looks up; surprised)
You've been patient, Bill, and the time has come for your patience to be rewarded.

(MORE)

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR (cont'd)
The Regional is a trade off -- you're in
this for long haul, aren't you?

YOAST
I don't follow you, Lyle.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
I'll draw you a map. You're gonna lose
the Regional. Boone is out, you're head
coach again. And all roads lead to the
Hall of Fame. You've worked your whole
life for this, Bill -- You deserve it.
(terse smile)
Now, I know winnin' games can turn a
man's head around -- but what's been
goin' on at T.C., it's just plain ugly,
Bill -- It's wrong.

129 OMITTED

129 *

A13 OMITTED

A130 *

B13 OMITTED

B130 *

C13 OMITTED

C130 *

D13 EXT. THE BERG - CAMPBELL HOUSE - FRONT - AFTERNOON

D130 *

A raucous family barbecue is in progress; Bertier seated at
the table, mixing in like he is one of the family: Mr.
Campbell is pushing a plate of PIG'S FEET toward him.

BERTIER
Uh uh, Mr. C -- no way.

MR. CAMPBELL
You gonna insult my wife's cooking,
Gerry?

BERTIER
Heck, no! I love your cookin', Mrs. C,
but a man's got to draw the line
somewhere.

MR. CAMPBELL
(to Julius)
Julius, what kind of rude characters you
taken to bringing 'round here?

Big Ju grins, standing up:

BIG JU
Those pig's feet are nasty, though.

BERTIER
Come on, Mr. C -- you're a militant...
you know that pig's feet was only et by
black folks on account of it was the
scraps white people tossed at 'em.

(MORE)

BERTIER (cont'd)

You're practically a traitor eatin' that stuff.

MR. CAMPBELL

Julius, get this boy out of here before I'm forced to kick his behind right here and embarrass him in front of the women.

Big Ju laughs, pulling Bertier up and dragging him toward the street... Bertier yells at some of the BLACK KIDS that are playing around his car:

BERTIER

Hey, get away from there, y'all. You people got no respect for property!

BIG JU

You people!?

(gives Bertier a shove)

There you go with that "you people" thing again, cracker!

Bertier grins at Big Ju, then takes a look around.

BERTIER

When this is all over, after college, I want you to move up to the Ridge; be my neighbor.

BIG JU

Why it's gotta be the Ridge?

BERTIER

I don't care. I'll move to The Berg.

BIG JU

(skeptical)

You'll move down here?

BERTIER

I don't know, man... but we're going to college together, you know that. U of M, all the way.

BIG JU

Heck no -- I'ma go to Ohio State, bro' -- play for Woody Hayes!

BERTIER

All right, then... I'm comin' with you.

BIG JU

Shut up, man.

BERTIER

Naw, I'm serious, bro' -- Ohio State! Buckeyes, here we come!

Big Ju laughs, as Bertier hops up onto the hood of the car.

BIG JU
Now you messin' up your own thing, bro'.

BERTIER
BUCKEEEEYYYYEESSS!! WHOOOOOOOOH!!

130 INT. T.C. WILLIAMS - COACHES OFFICE - DAY

130

ON A TELEVISION SCREEN: COACH GAHAGAN is surrounded by a phalanx of REPORTERS.

REPORTER #3
What do you think of the Titans, Coach?
Think you got a chance against that
defense they got over there at T.C.?

COACH GAHAGAN
(BLOWS WHISTLE)
TON, BILLY, RAY come on over here.

TON DAVIS, a big fullback and TWO BIG TACKLES lumber over.

COACH GAHAGAN (cont'd)
Boys, Ton Davis, our All-American
fullback; 235 pounds of solid muscle.
(then)
These are my All-American tackles. Prize
bulls, who don't do nothing but knock
the chocolate outta folks.

WE ARE IN THE COACHES' OFFICE: Yoast, Boone, Doc all watching the television.

REPORTER #2
Is it true you're not going to trade
films with Coach Boone?

CLOSE ON GAHAGAN: Filling the T.V. SCREEN.

COACH GAHAGAN
I'm not doing anything to help that
monkey.

Yoast quickly turns the T.V. off. He's seething, tortured.

DOC
Man... what we gonna do about this?

BOONE
(hard)
Get ready for Saturday.

He rises, starting to exit the room. Yoast clears his throat.

YOAST
Coach...

But Boone heads right past him, leaving Yoast standing there, holding in his pent-up emotions...

131 OMITTED 131
132 OMITTED 132
133 EXT. FOREMAN FIELD (NORFOLK VA) - NIGHT (AWAY, V. PREXIES) 133

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
...this'll be a great match-up. The TC
Williams Titans versus the Woodrow Wilson
Prexies, for the Northern Virginia
Regional Championship. *

FIRST QUARTER. RAIN POURING -- a PLAY starts -- and the OFFICIAL
blows his whistle on Lastik for holding - (a phantom call) Boone
runs out onto the field, livid.

BOONE
Mr. Official! I want to talk to you!

CROOKED OFFICIAL
Back off, Coach! You want to stay in this
game?

Boone retreats, boiling. Yoast watches on, pained, as:

ANOTHER PLAY -- And another garbage call on the Titans' defense.
Boone runs out and gets in the official's face:

BOONE
You just gonna cheat us out of this game,
man? This is the Regional! Let my boys
play!

CROOKED OFFICIAL
(pulls flag)
15 more yards for unsportsmanlike conduct!

Doc pulls Boone away from the official, who tacks on the 15 YARDS

134 ON THE SIDELINES: 134

Yoast looks across the field: GAHAGAN is grinning.... then
Yoast's P.O.V. sweeps over to where:

135 IN THE STANDS: 135

CHERYL's hopping up and down in her seat, pulling her hair,
FURIOUS...

136 ON THE FIELD: 136

Yoast CALLS A TIME-OUT and runs out to confront the official. *

YOAST
I know all about it, Titus.

CROOKED OFFICIAL
What are you talking about, Bill?

YOAST

Call this game fair, or I'll go to the papers. I don't care if I go down with you -- but before God, I swear I'll get every last one of you thrown in jail.

*

The official backs off, then runs to break the news to his partners. Yoast trots back to the sidelines waving an "it's all right" wave at Boone, who shakes his head, frustrated and confused.

*

137 ON THE SIDELINES:

137

Yoast and the defense huddle. Yoast is now agitated, fiery.

YOAST

Petey, don't you drift to the strong side again.

PETEX

But they been callin' a holding penalty every time I...

YOAST

Did I ask for your excuses? You want to act like a star, you better give me a star effort, do you hear me?

(no response)

I said, do you hear me?

Petey takes his helmet off and heads toward the locker room. The guys are all shocked. Yoast turns to Bosley:

YOAST (cont'd)

Forget about him. Allan, you're in.

(then; to the boys)

I don't want them to gain another yard.

NOT A YARD! Blitz all night! If they cross the line of scrimmage, I'll pull every last one of you out!

(then)

You make sure they remember, forever, the night they played the Titans!

HE CLAPS -- and the defense storms out onto the field.

138 ON THE FIELD:

138

QUARTERBACK

Blue, 29, 33, HUT!

EIGHT TITANS RUSH IN. IT IS A FLOOD. The Quarterback can't make the hand-off. BERTIER FOREARMS TON DAVIS LIFTING HIM OFF THE GROUND. Bertier and Big Ju chase the quarterback to the sideline...

and the guy SLIDES TO THE GROUND IN TERROR before the even reach him, right in front of GAHAGAN... THE CROWD ERUPTS.

-- Bertier leaps right over the prostrate Q.B., who starts to pick himself up, but finds himself looking up at Big Ju, who stares him right back down to the ground... Bertier passes right in front of Gahagan, glaring at him, and points -- "You." Gahagan squints... fear cracking his shell...

SHOTS OF THE SECOND QUARTER -- Like something out of "Raging Bull." The defense overwhelms Wilson. The quarter is played in the Prexies backfield -- THEY NEVER CROSS THE LINE OF SCRIMMAGE.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

"... the most spectacular display of football I have ever seen. Tonight, the Titans could beat Notre Dame."

139 ON THE SIDELINES:

139

The defensive squad hustles off the field, and BERTIER and BIG JU *
head for BOONE. *

BERTIER & BIG JU

This one's for you, Coach Boone! You *
brought us here, Coach! *

YOAST yells down to BOONE:

YOAST

RUN IT UP, HERMAN! LEAVE NO DOUBT!

140 ON THE FIELD:

140

QUICK CUTS of the TITANS OFFENSIVE LINE DEMOLISHING THE PREXIES --
and we WHIP PAN TO INSERT OF SCOREBOARD: TITANS 44--PREXIES 14
The Titan's players are SINGING, as the PREXIES drag themselves
toward them in order to exit. Boone snaps:

BOONE

Don't you mock those boys. They gave it
their all -- Show your foes the same
respect you'd want to be shown yourself.

The Titans fall silent- The Prexies' players file past, heads
down- but some of them step over and shake hands with the Titans'
players. offering the boys terse complements before passing on.

Near the sidelines, the EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR steps close to Yoast.. *

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

I took a straw poll... You just lost *
yourself the hall of fame. *

Nearby, Gahagan pauses in front of Boone, but won't look him in *
the eye. Boone tosses him a BANANA. *

BOONE

Good game, coach.

And Gahagan continues on, disappearing into the deluge.

141 OMITTED

141

142 INT. FOREMAN FIELD - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 142

The Titans run into the locker-room, whooping and shouting; giving vent to their joy- "We're going to State!" "We're going to State, y'all!" -- CAMERA MOVES to reveal YOAST AND CHERYL huddled together further down the corridor.

CHERYL
(sniffling)
I ain't gonna lie, I wanted the Hall of
Fame real bad. It's just plain old
jealousy, as old as Cain and Abel.

*
*
*
*

Yoast wipes the tears off her cheeks.

YOAST
Me too, sweetie... but there's always next
year. And the year after that.
(smiles)
Long as it takes for 'em to wise up.

CHERYL
I wouldn't want it now anyway, bunch of
ol' rednecks. You're the best coach I
know, Dad. You're worth your weight in
gold.
(slight grin)
Let's give 'em hell at State, Coach.

*
*
*

143 EXT. T.C. WILLIAMS HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT - NIGHT

143

An impromptu block party. Everybody sings, dances in the street, on top of the TITANS BUSES. The players are in the middle of the action. Whites from the ridge and black folks from the berg converge.

Sunshine moves through the crowd to Petey, who is walking away.

SUNSHINE
Petey, man, what happened out there?

Petey heads away without looking back, hurrying away from the celebration.

Bertier walks to where Big Ju, Blue and some of the others are surrounded by GIRLS.

BERTIER
Come on, Big Ju. This town is ours
tonight... let's take in the sights.

BIG JU
(laughing) You can have your town, bro' --
I'm gonna stay for a while, keep what I
got goin' right here.

Bertier smiles, continues on, then stops as he sees:

EMMA, standing with some girlfriends nearby. She walks over to him, and they stare at each other awkwardly.

EMMA

Looks like you weren't the one with mixed up priorities, huh?

Bertier reaches to touch her face... but she gently stops his hand.

EMMA (cont'd)

I think it's gonna take me a little longer than you might like. I... just wanted you to know I'm gonna try. Good Bye, Gerry.

She gives Bertier a quick kiss on the cheek, and turns away, but:

BERTIER

Emma... just promise me one thing.
(she stops)
You'll be there for us when we play Marshall for the State Title.

HOLD ON Emma's face; then we CUT TO:

144 EXT. BOONE HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

144

Boone, loaded down with FILM CANISTERS, is greeted on the porch * by Carol and his daughters.

CAROL

Congratulations, Coach.

BOONE

Don't congratulate me now. I still got Ed Henry to beat. Got so many hours of game film on him I need a truck to bring 'em by.

THE LIGHTS in the windows of the nearby HOUSES come on -- we see the SILHOUETTES of their anonymous NEIGHBORS, as they call out:

NEIGHBORS

COACH! CONGRATULATIONS! GO TITANS!

CAROL

You better enjoy this while it lasts, 'cause with your sparkling personality, it's not gonna last long.

NICKY

We cleaned up the kitchen, daddy -- I mean your office -- so you could get right to work.

BOONE

Work?

He scoops up Nicky, lifting her up on his shoulders:

BOONE (cont'd)
We're not workin' -- we're tellin' these
people we're gonna win State!

Nicky shouts out at all the houses on the block:

NICKY
We're gonna win State!

BOONE
What are we gonna win?

The neighbors CHEER! Boone carries Nicky on his shoulders up
and down the street, SHOUTING at the top of her lungs:

NICKY
We're gonna win State!

145 EXT. ALEXANDRIA STREETS/INT. BERTIER CAR - MINUTES LATER 145

P.O.V THROUGH CAR WINDOW: EVERYWHERE THERE'S A PARTY GOING ON
-- EVERYBODY SINGING "NA NA HEY HEY." THE RADIO IS PLAYING
NA NA HEY HEY.

Bertier drives past in his Camaro, looking out at the crowds,
a smile glowing in his eyes... then he suddenly hits A SHARP
TURN, HIS CAR SKIDS... THE CAR SMASHES INTO AN EMBANKMENT AND
TURNS OVER.

146 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM - 1 A.M. THAT NIGHT 146

BIG JU enters. LASTIK, SUNSHINE and OTHER TEAM MEMBERS are
sitting in the waiting room, all of them STUNNED. YOAST is
standing beside MRS. BERTIER and a weeping EMMA. BOONE steps
over to Big Ju:

BIG JU
How is he?

BOONE
He's hurt bad.

BIG JU
How bad?

BOONE
Doctor said he's paralyzed from the
chest on down.

Big Ju is stunned, as Mrs. Bertier steps up to him, takes his
hands:

MRS. BERTIER
He doesn't want to see anyone but you,
Julius.
(tears fill Big Ju's eyes)
(MORE)

MRS. BERTIER (cont'd)
Be strong, Julius. Tears won't make my
baby walk again.

*
*

147 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

147 *

BERTIER is sitting up in bed with large black x's on his
abdomen. A NURSE hovers. He's hooked to an IV; bandaged up.
The door opens -- Bertier spots Big Ju, and gives the black
power salute.

*
*
*
*

NURSE
Only kin is allowed in here.

*
*

BERTIER
That's my brother, Alice. Can't you see
the family resemblance?

*
*
*

Big Ju moves him and hugs him warmly, gently.

*

BERTIER (cont'd)
If you think I look bad, you should see
my Camaro.

*
*
*

BIG JU
I should've been there with you.

*
*

BERTIER
Then you'd be in the bed next to me and
Marshall'd have a field day on us.

*
*
*

BIG JU
You can't be hurt, man. You're Hercules

*
*

BERTIER
Yeah, now I'll be rolling Hercules.
(pause)
We showed 'em, Julius. We showed 'em all
we were right and they were wrong.

*
*
*
*
*

BIG JU
We didn't have to show no one but us --
If they can see it too, then so much the
better.
(then a smile)
When this is over, we're gonna be
neighbors, Bertier. We're gonna get old
and fat together. And there won't be no
black and white between us.

*
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*
*
*
*
*
*

BERTIER
LEFT SIDE!

*
*

BIG JU
STRONG SIDE!

*
*

TOGETHER
AAAAAAAARRRGH!!!

*
*

A148 INT. COACHES' OFFICE - MORNING

A148 *

Boone puts down a veritable mountain of game-film cannisters on the desk. Yoast sits across from him, looking pale and ashen.

BOONE

Ed Henry's been in the Championship eight times. These films show every one of those games, and not once has he repeated a game plan. We're gonna run two extra practices this week. I want every player on the team focussed and sharp.

(to Yoast)

We've got a press conference at noon. Let's let 'em know we...

YOAST

Press conference?

(pause)

What we got to do here amongst ourselves is one thing; but we are not gonna parade around out there, talking about football at a time like this, Coach.

BOONE

We are going out there and presenting a strong, united front. I'm hurting just as bad as you are, but this season is not done yet; we did not come this far just to break down and lose now.

YOAST

Lose? Let me tell you what'll happen if we lose. You'll be fired! Just like any other damn coach in Virginia football! And life will go on, just like it did before.

BOONE

You think so? You lose, all you've done is piss off a bunch of middle-aged insurance salesmen and good ol' boys who can't let go of them high school football glory days.

(close to Yoast)

You can go to church in the 'berg all day and all night, Yoast, but you will never understand how much this season means to my people.

YOAST

Is this still about black and white, coach? -- or is it just about you?

He turns and stalks out of the office, leaving Boone standing there, alone.

148 INT. T.C. WILLIAMS - PRESS ROOM - DAY

148

BOONE sits at the table with ED HENRY an affable fifty-five year old white man, the HEAD COACH of Marshall. REPORTERS, ONE TV CAMERA, PHOTOGRAPHERS. HENRY'S ASSISTANT COACHES stand behind him. Boone looks like his thoughts are a million miles away.

REPORTER #4
Coach Boone, how's it feel to be playing against "The Legend?"

BOONE
I've got the greatest respect for Coach Henry. I've read his book on the 50 Defense cover to cover fifty times.

COACH HENRY
I hope you didn't have time to read it this week.
(some laughter)
Let me say Coach Boone and the Titans have had a fine season. We look forward to playing them.

REPORTER #3
Where is Coach Yoast?

Boone tries to find an answer... but can't. Then:

REPORTER #4
You've lost Bertier, Coach. Is your defense in trouble?

BOONE
You can't replace Gerry Bertier, not as a player or leader. But we'll do the best we can.

149 OMITTED

149 *

A150 INT. BERTIER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A150 *

The TEAM surrounds Bertier; the room is packed with players, flowers, cards.

BERTIER
Hey, Blue, when you step in there for me me against Marshall -- just pretend you're me, alright?

BLUE
Man, life's hard enough already, now I got to be a big ugly white boy, too?
(laughter)

BERTIER
Sunshine... (he beckons him over)
I got something to tell you...

Sunshine leans over, and Bertier grabs him, giving him a kiss, as the BOYS EXPLODE in LAUGHTER.

BERTIER
Sunshine, Blue, Petey... Go out there and
whup Marshall's butt. *

The door opens, and Yoast and Cheryl step in. The boys quiet down a little. *

BERTIER
Hey, Cheryl, you're gonna be my eyes out
there -- one of these chumps slacks off in
that game, you let me know. *

CHERYL
You know I will.

Yoast sits beside Bertier.

YOAST
How you doin', Garry?

BERTIER
All right. But you know Marshall's gonna
be...

YOAST
Garry... let's not talk about football
now. This a time for reflection and
prayer. I think we should...

BERTIER
Coach. I'm hurt, I ain't dead.
(Yoast nods, smiling slightly)
I've been reading up on things... they got
all sorts of competitions for wheelchair
guys -- Olympics and everything. I...
Maybe you can coach me for 'em.

Tears fill Yoast's eyes. His voice is soft.

YOAST
I'll coach you.

150 INT. BOONE HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

150

Boone and Carol sit at the table. Boone has a drink in front of him.

BOONE
I don't know, Mama... Maybe Yoast is
right. I pushed 'em all year. Maybe I
pushed too hard.

CAROL

Herman... Gerry had an accident.
Sometimes life is hard for no reason at
all. We just got to keep makin' the best
play we can, with the hand we been
dealt.

BOONE

Have I been... blinded by my own
ambitions?

CAROL

You've just been so caught up in what
you have to do, you haven't had a chance
to look around yourself.

(Carol covers Boone's hand with
her own)

Because of what you've done here, this
city will never be the same again.
Whatever ambition it took to accomplish
that -- is something this world could
use a lot more of.

Boone looks up at Carol -- a new resolve filling his eyes...

151 OMITTED

151*

152 OMITTED

152*

153 EXT. ROANOKE STADIUM - STANDS - NIGHT (AWAY GAME, V.
MARSHALL)

153

A HUGE CROWD fills the stadium. The T.C. WILLIAMS FANS fill
up half the stadium... completely integrated. CHEERLEADERS on
both sides work the crowd up into a frenzy.

SUPER TITLE: "VIRGINIA HIGH SCHOOL STATE CHAMPIONSHIP"

BOONE (v.o.)

For many of you, this will be the last
football game you'll ever play. Remember
these days... Cherish them.

154 INT. ROANOKE STADIUM - LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

154

THE TEAM and COACHES are gathered together. PETEY JONES
pushes through the group, standing beside Bosley. He makes
brief eye-contact with Yoast, who nods at him.

BOONE (cont'd)

Your captain can't be with you tonight --
but he's here in spirit. He made a
journey in one season that most men
don't make in a lifetime. You all have.

(pause)

You've been granted a special privilege
this year;

(MORE)

BOONE (cont'd)
for you have been more than mere athletes--
much more: You've been ambassadors of
goodwill, warriors against hate, and you
will never be forgotten.

He looks over at Yoast, then slowly KNEELS.

BOONE (cont'd)
Let's all kneel and say a prayer...

AA155 EXT. ROANOKE STADIUM - STANDS - SAME TIME

AA155 *

The crowd.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
"This is the granddaddy of State High
School Football Championships, the
Virginia AAA. It just don't get no
better... We have upstart Coach Herman
Boone's Titans versus 'The Legend' Ed
Henry, 250 wins in 30 years."

AB155 INT. ROANOKE STADIUM - LOCKER ROOM - SAME TIME

AB155 *

The team on its knees.

BOONE
Amen.
(claps and stands)
Now get out there and do some damage.

The guys all give a tremendous SHOUT, and run past the coaches.
Only LASTIK stays where he is... trembling.

BOONE (cont'd)
Louie -- what's wrong?

Lastik holds up a sheaf of TESTS. Tears flow down his cheeks.

LASTIK
I'm eligible.

He suddenly grabs the surprised Boone in a tight hug.

BOONE
That's great, Louie -- but I'm already
married.

LASTIK
(teary eyed)
I got a C+ average, Coach. I'm going to
college.

Lastik hugs Boone again... Boone just holds him, patting his
back.

A155EXT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A155

As Yoast exits, Petey trots up.

PETEY

Coach... I just wanted to say... I'm
sorry.

YOAST

You abandoned your team in their moment of
need, Petey. Sorry won't make up for that.

PETEY

I know, but... I want to play for you,
Coach. I want to play for the
Championship.

YOAST

You can play for me. Next year.
(Petey's expression sinks)
Sit on that bench, show me you can support
your teammates... you'll start again. As a
senior.

PETEY

Coach... everyone's gonna be there...
watching me sit there like a scrub. How
can I do that to myself?

YOAST

You're a man, Petey. The choice is yours.

155 INT. BERTIER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

155

BERTIER sits up in bed. He's watching the TELEVISION BROADCAST OF *
THE GAME. *

TELEVISION COLORMAN

"I guess you call this matchup tradition
versus... sangin' football players."

156 EXT. ROANOKE STADIUM - FIELD - CONTINUOUS

156

The Titans burst out onto the grass, SINGING:

THE TEAM

"WE ARE TC TITANS OOOOOOO, WE ARE OUT
TO GET YOU OOOOOO, WE HAVE TEETH BUT
CANNOT BITE, ON OUR HELMETS THE STARS
SHINE BRIGHT, DON'T YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY
OOOOO..."

157 IN THE STANDS:

157

EVERYBODY from the city is there-- PARENTS, TEACHERS, STUDENTS,
BUSINESS LEADERS. MRS. BERTIER ENTERS... The CROWD stands and
APPLAUDS.

KICKOFF -- the Marshall team receives.

A157 ON THE SIDELINES:

A157

Big Ju is about to run out as EMMA steps up to him:

EMMA

Julius Campbell?
(Big Ju looks up)
I'm Emma Hoyt.

BIG JU

Oh yeah -- I guess we never really met.

Doc steps over, irritated:

DOC

You can't be here now, young lady. Get
back to your seat.

Emma extends her hand to Big Ju... who takes it, and they shake.

EMMA

Now we've met.
(a smile lights her face)
Good luck, Julius.

158 OMITTED 158

159 ON THE FIELD: 159

THE TWO TEAMS RUN OUT ONTO THE FIELD. THE MARSHALL TEAM lines up
in an NFL-LIKE SHOTGUN FORMATION.

160 ON THE SIDELINES: 160

Yoast, on his side of the field, is shocked... So is Boone.

YOAST (cont'd)

Shotgun? Who do they think they are, the
New York Jets?

161 ON THE FIELD: 161

SERIES OF PLAYS -- Yoast's players are baffled -- The Marshall
Q.B. passes for major yards on every play.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (v.o.)

"Holy Moley, that's the number one defense
in the state and Watson is just passing
them to death."

*
*
*

Boone starts down the sidelines.

BOONE

Put some heat on that Quarterback, Yoast!
He's got all day to throw!

YOAST

You just worry about your offense!

162 INT. BERTIER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 162

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

"Marshall's Q.B. drops back to pass...
he's got a wide open man... touchdown!"

*

BERTIER

NO!!! AIEEEEE!!

The Nurse sticks her head in.

BERTIER (cont'd)
DON'T COME IN HERE!

163 EXT. ROANOKE STADIUM - FIELD - MINUTES LATER

163

The Marshall team scores from the five yard line.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER
"No one has scored on the Titans on first possession all year. Marshall made it look easy. With Bertier out, the Marshall offensive line is all over Julius Campbell, taking him right out of this game..."

164 ON THE SIDELINES:

164

The frustrated TITAN DEFENSE trots off the field to YOAST.

BLUE
Coach, they got receivers everywhere. It's like we're watchin' Monday Night Football out there!

Bosley, panting, steps up next to the benched Petey, who desperately tries to advise him:

PETey
Allan, man -- 45's got you beat on speed, so play him back two steps or something. Just plug that hole, alright? You'll be alright.

165 ON THE FIELD - LATER:

165

THE TITANS OFFENSE are on their own 40 yard line -- SUNSHINE steps up.

SUNSHINE
44, BLUE HUT! HUT!

Sunshine sprints right, eludes the defense, and hands off to the running back, who makes it into Marshall territory.

166 ON THE SIDELINES:

166

ED HENRY nods, not the least bit flustered, and confers calmly with his ASSISTANT COACH -- making immediate adjustments.

167 ON THE FIELD:

167

THE NEXT TITAN PLAY is defended against successfully.

YOAST
(muttering)
He's way ahead of us...
(exploding)
He's a mile ahead of you, Coach.

BOONE

*If your defense could stop 'em, maybe we'd
get the ball a little more.*

The Titans KICKING TEAM runs on to kick a field goal.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (v.o.)

"Well it's a football game, folks. But Ed
Henry looks supremely confident. He's not
worried one bit... tonight, or any night."

INSERT SCOREBOARD: TITANS 3--MARSHALL 7 (END OF FIRST HALF)

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (v.o.)

"The Titans go in at the half, down for
the first time all year."

168 ON THE FIELD:

168

THE TEAM walks off, subdued; Cheryl rushes from the stands over
to Yoast.

YOAST

Sweetheart, you better get back to your
seat.

CHERYL

I can't, Coach! Ed Henry's got Boone's
number, sure as shootin' -- and you ain't
doin' nothing against that shotgun!

(Yoast tenses)

Boone knows that offense, Coach. Now ain't
the time to be proud.

169 INT. ROANOKE STADIUM - LOCKER ROOM - MINUTES LATER

169

BOONE is facing the team, trying to put on a brave face.

BOONE

All right we're in a fight. You boys are
doing all you can -- anyone can see that.
That's Ed Henry we're playing out there.
Win or lose, you are going to walk out of
this stadium with your heads held high. Do
your best; it's all anyone can ask for.

(MORE)

BIG JU (cont'd)

Today we stepped out onto that field perfect. If it's all the same to you -- that's how we want to leave it.

YOAST

(nodding)

I hope you boys have learned as much from me this year as I have from you. You've showed this city how to trust the soul of a man, rather than the look of him. It's time I joined the club.

(to Boone)

Herman... I could sure use your help. Ed Henry's kicking my ass out there.

170 EXT. ROANOKE STADIUM - SIDELINES - MINUTES LATER

170

EVERYBODY, the WHOLE TEAM is huddled in the middle, on the sidelines. They are not separated as they have been. BOONE kneels in front of the DEFENSIVE TEAM with his clipboard, diagraming the veer defense.

BOONE

All right, they're spreading our defense out. We need to get our fastest guys out there. Sunshine, Allan, Davis, Glascoe you're playing both sides of the field. This is where all your conditioning pays off... you just line up with those receivers and hang on their jocks all the way up that field...

ALLAN BOSLEY steps over to Yoast:

BOSLEY

Take me out, Coach.

(Yoast is surprised)

I can't stay with 'em.

YOAST

Do your best, son. It's all I ever ask for.

BOSLEY

I didn't warm that bench all year so's I could watch us go down on my account! I could keep up with Roosevelt -- but I can't play with these guys. Put Petey in, Coach.

Yoast looks over at Petey -- who sits dutifully on the bench, keeping his eyes focussed straight ahead.

YOAST

You want him to take your spot, you go give it to him.

Bosley nods... trots over to Petey. They exchange a few words... Petey shakes his head... Bosley insists... and Petey rises, grabbing him in a tight hug.

171 ON THE FIELD:

171

VARIOUS SHOTS OVER THE NEXT QUARTER, FROM BOONE, YOAST, AND ED HENRY'S P.O.V.s: as they patrol the sidelines, barking orders, like SUBMARINE COMMANDERS AT WAR:

THE TITANS DEFENSE rallies and stops the MARSHALL TEAM repeatedly for short or no yards.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O)

"... the Titans defense is mounting a comeback, but Marshall is countering them every step of the way..."

But the Marshall team has changed its defense and now TITANS OFFENSE CAN'T SCORE. Two fighters slugging it out; each not surrendering a yard. SCOREBOARD INSERT: TITANS 3--STATESMEN 7. 4th QUARTER (2 minutes remaining)

172 ON THE FIELD:

172

The Marshall offense mounts a charge on their own 20 -- and the BLOCKERS manage to open a hole and knock Big Ju down; the RUNNING BACK breaks for the end zone...

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (cont'd)

"Oh my! An open road to the goal-line.
This one should be history..!"

But Big Ju recovers, takes off after the running back -- and almost impossibly, as the crowd gasps, gains ground from behind-- and right at the fifteen yard line he leaps into the air, tackling the running back from behind... AND THE BALL IS KNOCKED LOOSE...

A MARSHALL PLAYER is about to recover it... but from nowhere PETEY JONES dives in, picks it up, and starts running back in toward the far goal-line... he's SLAMMED INTO by a COUPLE of TACKLES, and he goes down under a crush of BODIES.

173 ON THE SIDELINE:

173

YOAST AND BOONE

Hold on to that ball, Petey!

174 ON THE FIELD:

174

The REFS manage to pull the boys off Petey... and he stands up, holding the BALL ABOVE HIS HEAD! The TITANS CROWD GOES NUTS!

175 OMITTED

175

176 INT. BERTIER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

176

Bertier clasps his hands together imploring the Heavens to help.

INSERT: ON THE TELEVISION - A HIGH ANGLE shot of the action on the field. *

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER
" Time out Titans -- 22 seconds left in the game." *

Bertier looks hard and realizes... *

BERTIER
They're slanting! *

HARD CUT TO:

177 EXT. ROANOKE STADIUM - SIDELINES - CONTINUOUS

177

Yoast is walking along the playing field... looking at his game plan... then he stops:

YOAST
They're slanting.

He runs back along the sideline, his excitement growing as he reaches Boone, huddling with the OFFENSIVE TEAM.

YOAST (cont'd)
They're slanting to our strong side every time. You gonna catch 'em in that slant and let 'em over-pursue.

BOONE
Yoast...

YOAST
Coach, Ed Henry's on to your game. Throw something at 'im he ain't ready for.

Boone hesitates- then nods, and turns to his offensive players:

BOONE
We're gonna run a tight around but with twist. Rev, you up for a little run?

178 OMITTED

178

179 ON THE SIDELINES:

179

ED HENRY looks out across the field -- REV trots out onto the field with the offense

COACH HENRY
I thought he was injured.

ASSISTANT COACH
Guess not? But why they bringin' in a Q.B?

ED HENRY
Hail Mary... playing both sides of the field!
(shouting at his boys on the field)
Cover pass! Counter 13!

180 ON THE FIELD:

180

THE TITANS line up... SUNSHINE and REV. behind LASTIK.

181 ON THE SIDELINES:

181

Yoast and Boone are clutching each other's shoulders.

182 ON THE FIELD:

182

SUNSHINE
BLUE, 27, HUT! HUT! HUT!

SUNSHINE gets the ball -- The ENTIRE MARSHALL defense SLANTS into the gaps... he fakes a pass, shifting the defense to the left -- then pitches it to REV. Rev slides through the weakside hole...

LASTIK barrels into the guys covering SUNSHINE, and Sunshine runs with REV up the sideline, blocking for him... and together, matching stride for stride, they race upfield sixty yards for the TOUCHDOWN.

The CROWD ERUPTS.

*

183 ON THE SIDELINES/FIELD:

183

*

BOONE and YOAST are deluged by a MASS OF HOWLING TITAN PLAYERS. They ride the wave of onrushing PLAYERS and SPECTATORS flooding the field.

*

*

*

They reach COACH ED HENRY at midfield.

*

COACH HENRY
Congratulations, Coach Boone, Coach Yoast.
You did a fine job.

*

*

*

He walks off for his locker room.

*

BOONE and YOAST turn to each other in the middle of the celebratory chaos.

*

*

YOAST
I know football, but... I never could have done what you did with those boys. You were the right man for the job, Coach.

*

*

The REFEREE comes between them and hands the game ball to Boone. Boone looks at it for a second, then...

*

*

BOONE
Coach, you're a Hall of Famer in my book..

*

*

...And gives the ball to Yoast. Yoast puts a hand on the 'pigskin' and together he and Boone RAISE THE BALL above their heads, drawing a CHEER from the CROWD.

*

*

*

BOONE
We'll prep that defense better next time.
We won't get caught with our pants down around our ankles again.

YOAST

No we won't -- 'specially not once we get
that offense running up to par.

184 IN THE STANDS:

184

ANGLE ON EMMA: on the Marshall side, watching the on-field
celebration with tears glittering in her eyes.

185 ON THE FIELD:

185

CHERYL runs up to YOAST, and he sweeps her up in his arms, as THE TITANS FANS POUR ON THE FIELD...

Cheryl looks over Yoast's shoulder, to see:

186 ON THE SIDELINES:

186

-- Boone, sitting down on a bench in the sidelines -- celebration all around him... some fans pat his back... others shake his hand -- but he is for all intents and purposes, alone.

187 INT. BERTIER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

187

Alone in his room, Gerry has his arms up in the air, fists clenched... eyes squeezed shut in silent gratitude.

CHERYL AT 19 (V.O.)
And the Titans sang their way into
history...

188 MONTAGE:

188

NATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL RANKINGS 1971:

MOHLER HIGH SCHOOL, INDIANA (National Champion); T.C. WILLIAMS VIRGINIA (First Runner Up).

INSERT: "WASHINGTON POST FOOTBALL POLL:"

1971 T.C. WILLIAMS Titans "Greatest Team in Northern Virginia History" Final Record: 13-0. Produced four All Americans: Hal Cook, Jim Brown, Julius "Big Ju" Campbell and Gerry Bertier.

CHERYL AT 19 (V.O.)
Gerry Bertier won a gold medal for shot-
put in the wheelchair games; my Daddy
coached him.

189 EXT. CEMETERY - GRAVESITE - 1981 - NEAR END OF THE SERVICE

189

A large PHOTOGRAPH OF BERTIER over the casket.

CHERYL AT 19 (V.O.)
He died when he was hit in a head-on
collision with a drunk driver in 1981.

WE SEE THE TEAM. EVERYBODY. COOK is wearing a police Captain's uniform. KIRK BARKER, JERRY BUCK, ALLAN BOSLEY, and FRED ALDERSON wear Naval Officer's uniforms. The others wear dark suits: SUNSHINE, GLASCOE, BLUE, et al. Even BUTTS and TYRELL are there. * BIG JU is holding hands with Gerry's mother, MRS. BERTIER. WE SEE BOONE and YOAST, standing together, shoulder to shoulder. CHERYL stands next to NICKY BOONE, 19.

CHERYL AT 19 (v.o.)
People say that it can't work: black and
white. Here, we make it work every day.
We have our disagreements, of course.
And things are still far off from being
as they should be. But before we reach
for hate -- we remember the Titans.

End of the service. Silence. Then BLUE starts singing:

BLUE
Na Na Na Naaaa..."

Then the big bass voice of Bertier's best friend chimes in.

BIG JU
Heyyyy, goodbyyye.

THE TEAM
Na na na naaaaa, na na na naaaaa
heyyyyy goood byyye. Na na na naaaa
na na na naaa, heyyyy goood byyeee.

Mrs. Bertier, Cheryl and the Coaches join in... Everybody
sings.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE CROWD THE CEMETERY, OLD TITANS' FANS:
BLACK AND WHITE HOLDING HANDS. SINGING.

EVERYBODY
NA NA NA NAAAA, NA NA NA NAAAAA
HEYYYY GOOOD BYEEEE..."

THE TITANS-- File past the grave, pointing as they pass...
they walk past:

BOONE AND YOAST-- Who take a last look, then turn and walk
back down the path leading away from the graveyard... Boone
puts his hand on Yoast's shoulder, and we:

CUT TO BLACK.