

NOW WE'RE TALKING

Shooting Draft

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EPISODE ONE

1

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

1

OPEN IN BLACK. AS AUDIO COMES UP, we FADE IN on a lively sports conversation between two men - TUG and TOMMY - behind a typical BROADCAST NEWS/ESPN-STYLE DESK. There appears to be some friction between the two of them...

TOMMY

...I'm just saying you can't always stretch the field. You have to dink-and-dunk. Hey, it's a hard a job, quarterbacking. Hardest in the world.

TUG

Well...hardest in sports.  
(direct to camera)  
In other league news--

TOMMY

I'd say the world.

TUG

C'mon. Wait, what? You're saying that being a starting quarterback in the NFL is harder than being...a bomb defuser?

TOMMY

Absolutely. Nine times out of ten, you can take all the time you need to defuse a bomb.

TUG

How would you know that?

TOMMY

I...have a cousin on a bomb squad.

TUG

You're lying.

A beat, then...

TOMMY

And you're stupid. So...we're even.

Tug looks to SOMEONE OFF-CAMERA.

TUG

I...? I don't...what should we--

REVERSE ANGLE reveals that we are in a CLASSROOM, and that Tug is asking a question to his teacher, GLEN KLOSE (MALE, 60's, intense).

GLEN KLOSE

Eff.

A WIDE SHOT of Tug and Tommy: the entire set now visible, rigging and all. A poor man's SportsCenter constructed inside the classroom.

TOMMY

"Eff" as in...?

GLEN KLOSE

"Fuck you."

SMASH TO:

**TITLE CARD**

CUT TO:

2 EXT. LOS ANGELES UNIVERSITY - DAY (SOMETIME PREVIOUS) 2

We PAN ACROSS a picturesque campus and move toward a SENSIBLE CROSSOVER SUV, parked in front of a stereotypical collegiate brick sign that reads "MARINA UNIVERSITY".

CUT TO:

3 INT. SUV - DAY 3

TUG TANNER (mid-30s, a former NFL quarterback of the Drew Bledsoe mold who is haunted by the idea that he never fulfilled his potential as a player, and maybe as a person), on his CELL PHONE, examines an unwrapped gift, a GLASS-ENCASED AUTOGRAPHED MICROPHONE.

TUG

I miss you too, sweetie, but I'll be back in Orlando before you know it.

\*  
\*  
\*

LEENA (O.S.)

Okay, good. And did you get the gift?

\*  
\*  
\*

TUG

Yes, I did get the gift.  
I love it...it's amazing.  
(tries to read the handwriting)  
"With love, B-Bart Mornburner."

\*  
\*

LEENA (O.S.)

Brent Musburger.

\*

TUG

Musburger! Of course! I was gonna  
say...

(Musburger imitation)

"You are looking live..." It's  
awesome.

(then, reading from her  
card)

"For my favorite ex-quarterback and  
my baby, on his first day of  
Broadcasting School." Thank you.

LEENA (O.S.)

This is so important for you, and  
us, and our future...and your self-  
worth--

\*

TUG

(spotting something)

Shit.

LEENA (O.S.)

Huh?

\*

TUG

Tommy's here.

A CONVERTIBLE ROLLS THROUGH FRAME behind Tug.

LEENA (O.S.)

That fucker! No! He already stole  
five years of your life, and your  
chance at maybe being in the Hall  
of Fame--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TUG

--Babe, to be fair, the Hall of  
Fame is rarefied air.

\*  
\*  
\*

LEENA (O.S.)

I'll stab him with a dirty broken--

\*

TUG

I love you, I gotta go.

Tug hangs up, stares out the windshield. He closes his eyes, takes a few deep breaths. Suddenly, he white-knuckles the steering wheel, cursing Tommy's unexpected arrival, and we:

CUT TO:

4

EXT. CAMPUS PARKING LOT - DAY

4

TUG walks toward TOMMY ARONDALL (mid-30s, a former quarterback who seems to have it all, but he's impulsive to a fault and can be paralyzed by paranoia). Tommy signs a poster for a student, GARY TIMMS (35).

TOMMY

(to Gary)

Now, I'm taking you at your word that you're a "big fan" - as you said - and not one of these ass clowns running an eBay autograph shop. Because I can sell my own autographs.

TUG

(approaching Tommy)

That's some good penmanship.

TOMMY

(turning)

No. What is up?!

Tommy moves in for a HARD BRO-HUG. Gary stares at the two men - can't believe his luck. Tug does his best to cover his irritation that Tommy is here.

TUG

You look good...that was a sturdy hit.

TOMMY

Keepin' it real.

TUG

This is...a surprise. When's the last time I saw you? Maybe five years ago at that wake for our old equipment manager...

TOMMY

Dave.

TUG

Mike.

TOMMY

Good call, I think it was Mike.

TUG  
How'd you find out about this?

TOMMY  
I saw your agent, Jerry, at a  
cocktail party. He told me about  
it.

TUG  
(beat, covering anger)  
Jerry's so good.

TOMMY  
I thought, if Tug Tanner could do  
it, I could do it, so...

TUG  
That's awesome.

TOMMY  
Figure the money's good. Gruden  
certainly ain't hurtin' for it.

TUG  
(playful)  
You hurtin' for the ol' cash?

TOMMY  
(too defensive)  
No. No, not at all. I mean, my  
dentist sucked me into this private  
jet time share thing that's not  
really panning out, but whatever.  
All good.  
(then)  
Getting the team back together!

TUG  
(half-hearted)  
I know. It's so cool.

Tommy locks the car with his remote: MERP MERP.

CUT TO:

5 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

5

SEVERAL STUDENTS settle into their seats as Tug and Tommy enter. It's a class of about sixteen, an eclectic mix: GARY TIMMS, SPORTS NERDS, A COUPLE GIRLS. Looks like Tommy and Tug are the only former athletes. Students react to seeing the former pros.

MARSHALL FAULK brushes past the guys on his way out of the classroom.

TUG  
 Marshall! How you been?  
 TOMMY  
 Hey, Marshall.

MARSHALL  
 (dismissive)  
 Gotta run, fellas...just saying hey  
 to the man.  
 (nodding O.C. to the front  
 of the class)  
 Listen to him, guy knows his stuff.

Marshall exits. Tug goes to take a seat, as Tommy heads toward the front of the class to greet their instructor. Seeing Tommy's move, Tug hops up and follows. They approach professional broadcasting legend GLEN KLOSE. Klose doesn't turn around as he writes his name on a WHITE BOARD...

TOMMY  
 (off white board)  
 Professor...Klose. Hmm. Tommy  
 Arondall. You may remember my  
 backup, Tug Tanner...

TUG  
 I started forty-one games in the  
 league.

TOMMY  
 (to Glen Klose)  
 Obviously, the public knows me as a  
 Pro Bowl quarterback, but, in here,  
 I'm just another student, I want  
 you to know that. That said, if  
 you ever need access to my Roledex,  
 it's all yours.

TUG  
 And as far as...me goes, uhh, in  
 addition to my 15 years in the  
 league I'm also a graduate of the  
 Jim Nantz fantasy broadcasting  
 camp. Got a B+. He said I need to  
 work on my "vocal intimacy",  
 but...you ever gonna turn around?

TOMMY  
 Yeah, you got a Phantom of the  
 Opera face or something?

Glen Klose finally turns and takes them in, unimpressed.



GLEN KLOSE  
A Chinese proverb for you,  
Gentleman.  
(in Chinese)  
"Don't hit a dog with a meat bun."

Silence. Glen Klose walks off.

TOMMY  
(to Tug)  
Are we in the right class?

GLEN KLOSE  
(to the class)  
Sit down, please. Welcome to the  
Marina University Extension  
Broadcasting Program. Hopefully  
I'm looking at some future Dan  
Patrick's and Suzy Kolber's. Dan  
and I once did a celebrity  
triathlon together...

(beat)  
Now, I've only got six weeks to get  
you ready for a job that many  
attempt, but few truly master...so  
we're going to jump right in.

\*

Whispers as the nervous class processes this surprise...

CUT TO:

6 INT. CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

6

MICHELLE (late 20s, cute and spunky, if a little nervous)  
sits down opposite him.

GLEN KLOSE  
I am Brett Favre. Go.

MICHELLE  
(too strident)  
Brett Favre. Most consecutive  
starts by a professional football  
player. Two hundred and NINETY-  
SEVEN. Talk to me. About. THAT.

GLEN KLOSE  
Let's stop. Try it a little less  
intense, Michelle.

MICHELLE  
Absolutely.

Overcompensating, Michelle "loosens up" by leaning in and dangling her arms weirdly..

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
(too much McConaughey)  
Brett, my man. Football. S'great.  
Am I right?  
(off Klose's reaction)  
Too much, I got it. I will work on  
this literally all night.

CUT TO:

7 INT. CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

7

Mid-interview. ANDRE BLENDINE (30s, a relaxed dilettante who knows nothing about sports) conducts his interview.

ANDRE  
...I'd challenge you to find a  
better Blackened Grouper Sandwich  
anywhere on the Eastern Seaboard.

GLEN KLOSE  
What are you doing, Andre?

ANDRE  
Playing to my strengths. Taking a  
different angle.

GLEN KLOSE  
Well, you do need to talk about  
sports.

ANDRE  
One second...

He pulls out his iPhone.

GLEN KLOSE  
...without looking at your phone.

ANDRE  
What ball season is it?

\*

Andre squints, searching for a thought, and we...

CUT TO:

8

INT. CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

8

Mid-interview. GARY TIMMS (bearded Southern Boy, an excitable, but knowledgeable armchair quarterback) whom we met earlier, sits across from Glen Klose.

GARY

Let me tell you somethin', Phelps, I have never seen a smoother backstroke...and just twenty minutes after *crushing* the damn fifty free! And the best part: you did it for the Stars and Stripes. I love it.

GLEN KLOSE

We should tone down the hero worship, but nice start.

GARY

Thanks, bud. Solid work on your end, too.

CUT TO:

9

INT. CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

9

Tug sits in the chair.

GLEN KLOSE

I am Shaquille O'Neal. Go.

TUG

Shaq, you're one of the great centers of all-time. Can you talk about the kind of work ethic it takes to be a six-time world champion?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Glen Klose approves of the question.

GLEN KLOSE

Well, first off, one of my secrets was diet--

\*  
\*

TUG

--I'm sorry, I should specify. I said *6 championships*, I meant to say *five*. Nantz says it's all in the details!

\*  
\*  
\*

GLEN KLOSE

It's actually four championships.  
And this is a good stopping point--

\*  
\*

TUG

NO! No need to stop! I've got this!  
(grabs Glen Klose's knee)  
I'm just here to get to know "The  
Big Aristotle."

\*  
\*

GLEN KLOSE

Just take a second--

TUG

No! No need to stop! I'm good!  
Shaq, umm, let' switch gears here.  
All that work, growing up, playing  
with your Dad or Stepdad in the  
driveway and what-not, did that  
help you to have so much  
production in the NBA?  
(rubbing his face)  
Jesus, Tug! Okay, okay, okay...you  
mind if I stand up?  
(he stands)  
Alright! Let's...nope, sitting's  
gonna work better.  
(sitting, announcer voice)  
So Shaquille, I need to ask you,  
when your stepfather used to  
be...alive, was he...awesome?

\*  
\*

Silence. Tug hangs his head.

CUT TO:

10

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

10

Tommy sits across from Glen Klose, can't get comfortable.

GLEN KLOSE

I am...former heavyweight champion  
Vitali Klitschko.

TOMMY

(pissed)  
Really? Last girl got Blake  
Griffin.

GLEN KLOSE

Vitali Klitschko. Go.

Tommy gathers himself, and does his best to slip into "interview mode":

TOMMY

So, you recently got into politics, right? Talk to me about that transition.

GLEN KLOSE

Surely you understand the struggle to leave the spotlight after a career as a professional athlete.

TOMMY

(uncomfortable)

Nope, haven't struggled. I have a condo in Sedona. Well, right outside Sedona.

(then)

So, politics. A decision that was met with some controversy, yeah?

GLEN KLOSE

(chuckling)

Again. Something you understand.

A beat. Tommy's face reddens.

TOMMY

Okay, asshole. You talking about that bullshit down in Miami? It's worth noting that I used to date that fuckface photographer's sister. Also, something everyone should know about these scheming South Florida prostitutes is that--

Tommy bites his tongue, turns to the class.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Okay, I need to a time out. My time. Why doesn't everyone take ten.

BRAM LUCKLAND (25, schlubby but arrogant) interjects...

BRAM

Mr. Klose, I'm ready to go, if he needs a break.

GLEN KLOSE

(to: Tommy, re: interview)

Talking about sports is a little different than *playing them*, yes?

(MORE)

GLEN KLOSE (CONT'D)  
 Also - you've got a piece of  
 spinach in your teeth.

Tommy reacts, and we...

FADE TO:

11 INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

11

Bram and Klose enjoy a laugh together, before Bram turns serious:

BRAM  
 That's too funny...and yet, isn't  
 that really the key to the back-to-  
 back world  
 championships...fatherhood?

Beat. Glen Klose smiles, ever so slightly:

GLEN KLOSE  
 Now that's..."vocal intimacy".

Out of nowhere, AN OBJECT FLIES INTO FRAME, BETWEEN GLEN  
 KLOSE AND BRAM, AND SMASHES INTO THE WALL. Glen Klose picks  
 up the object - it's Tug's BRENT-MUSBERGER-SIGNED MICROPHONE.

GLEN KLOSE (CONT'D)  
 (reading, with difficulty)  
 "Burt...Marsbargen". Who--

TUG  
 (impulsively)  
 Brent Musburger.

GLEN KLOSE  
 So, did you throw this, Mr. Tanner?

TUG  
 I--

TOMMY  
 (clocks Tug's panic)  
 Nope. Came from right here -  
 Arlene.

Tommy nods towards ARLENE (20s, shy), sitting in the corner.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
 Besides, you ever see Tug throw?  
 He's a backup for a reason.

GLEN KLOSE

(in Chinese)

"Don't hit a dog with a meat bun."

(then)

Translation: Never hit a dog with a meat bun.

TOMMY

Doesn't make a whole lot of sense in English, either.

GLEN KLOSE

Tommy and Tug are the kind of former athletes who think that bullying and chest-pounding will work in here.

BRAM

(proudly, to other students)

That's the meat bun.

GLEN KLOSE

You know where that attitude gets you?

(looks around the room)

Guess who called me last night? Tiki Barber. From the bathroom stall of a Dollar Tree in New Mexico...

(beat)

They say, "Never meet your heroes." I'd add to that: be wary of picking up their sense of entitlement...it's contagious.

Tug and Tommy look around the class - the other students avoid eye contact with them.

TOMMY

(an olive branch)

Anybody ever wanna go to the Playboy mansion, let me know. Lifetime pass. Got a plus one on it, so...pretty cool.

GLEN KLOSE

Class dismissed.

CUT TO:

12

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

12

Tug and Tommy walk out to their cars.

TUG

That was like a smack to the face.

TOMMY

Think you could call Jim Nantz, get some dirt on this Glen Klose asshole?

TUG

Nah, Jim asked me to never call him again.

TOMMY

(seeing something in the distance)

Hey!

ANGLE ON: GARY TIMMS throwing away the AUTOGRAPHED POSTER OF TOMMY.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Hey! Would you throw away a mid-range Casio watch?! Roughly the same value!

(then, to Tug)

Wanna get a beer?

TUG

God, yes.

TOMMY

Normally, I'd say they're on me, but--

TUG

I got 'em.

TOMMY

Great. I'm gonna go grab this poster.

As dusk settles, the two old friends/rivals walk off...

END OF EPISODE



EPISODE TWO

13 INT. BROADCASTING SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

13

The class settles into their seats.

GLEN KLOSE

Ok, class, today we'll be doing  
some props and cue card work.

(beat)

As I'm sure you've noticed, an old  
friend of mine has stopped by class  
today...

ANGLE ON CURT MENEFEE, sitting in front of the class.

\*

CURT MENEFEE

(cheery, to the class)

And to add some incentive, I've  
agreed to let today's best  
performer shadow me for a week.

(beat)

We'll have a lot of fun. My studio  
has a cappuccino machine!

GLEN KLOSE

(to Tug)

I don't suppose you have an  
autographed Greg Gumbel microphone  
you'd like to throw across the  
classroom today, Tug?

TUG

I do not.

CUT TO:

14 INT. CLASSROOM - MINUTES LATER (VIDEO CAMERA POV)

14

Tommy smiles at the camera. A basketball enters frame - he  
catches the ball with ease...

TOMMY

...and it's here that our story  
begins. Madison Square Garden -  
Home of Professional Basketball.

(then)

Crushed that. What's next?

\*

\*

CUT TO:

15 INT. CLASSROOM - A MOMENT LATER (*VIDEO CAMERA POV*) 15

Tug catches the ball, begins to do tricks with it...

TUG

Madison Square Garden - Home of  
Professional Basketball.

(then, pleased)

Solid. Want me to try it with two  
balls?

CUT TO:

16 INT. CLASSROOM - MINUTES LATER (*VIDEO CAMERA POV*) 16

VIDEO CAMERA POV: ANDRE finishes the cue card drill.

ANDRE

Madison Square Garden - Home of  
Professional Basketball.

THE BASKETBALL flies into the shot. ANDRE tries to catch it,  
but fumbles it badly, and the ball rolls away.

QUICK CUTS: Andre misses several more passes.

After the last miss, he CLENCHES HIS FIST, and curses under  
his breath.

TUG (O.C.)

My God, can you not catch a ball?!

RETURN TO STANDARD POV:

ANDRE

I never played sports.

TUG

Umm...you're black.

ANDRE

I was into science as a kid.

TUG

But you enrolled in a *Sports  
Broadcasting School*.

ANDRE

Right, to *learn* something...so I  
can talk to other black people.

TOMMY

You know, ball-catching ability  
isn't exclusive to sports. Babies  
catch balls.

ANDRE

Well, baby me didn't.

Glen Klose interjects in defense of Andre:

GLEN KLOSE

(re: Tug and Tommy)

For two former participants in a  
professional team sport, I'm not  
seeing a lot of teamwork here.

TUG

(searching)

We just...whatever.

GLEN KLOSE

Articulate as always, Mr. Tanner.

The class SNICKERS. Tug and Tommy take this in.

TUG

(to Klose)

Remind me again why we're doing  
this drill? It's just reading.

GLEN KLOSE

Your inability to read a defense  
suggests you could use some work in  
that department.

CURT MENEFE

Tug did have a knack for coming up  
small in the big moments.

A CHORUS OF OOH's from the class. We start to PUSH IN ON TUG  
AS HE HEARS VOICES FROM HIS PAST - A child's taunt: "You're a  
loser, Tanner." Tug's mom: "I know it's hard, but when  
people insult you...you kill them with *kindness*." As the  
voices fade, Tug tries to shrug off the insults...

TUG

Good one, Greg. Okay, um, keeping  
things positive here...I'm gonna  
throw a little party at my place  
tonight. A get-to-know-each-other-  
better thing. Food and drinks on  
me. Gonna be fun.

Beat.

TOMMY  
 (piggybacking)  
 Right. Lots of fun. As co-host of  
 the shindig, I will be...making  
 some of my famous cocktails.  
 (a chuckle)  
 And I mix 'em strong, so get ready.

Tug cuts him a look.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
 Starts at 5:30!

TUG  
 (competitive)  
 No, it starts at 6!

And we...

CUT TO:

17 INT. TUG'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

17

Tug irons a DRESS SHIRT, as Tommy pours LIQUOR into a punch bowl.

TUG  
 I think I might have burnt the  
 collar.

ANGLE ON the shirt reveals that he has, indeed, burnt the  
 shit out of it.

TOMMY  
 You gonna help me set up over here?  
 (tasting the punch)  
 My God that is atrocious.

He uncaps a BOTTLE OF WATER and dumps it into the bowl,  
 presumably to cut the alcohol.

TUG  
 You know, I don't really need *your*  
 help. This is my place, and...my  
 thing.

TOMMY  
 You didn't even have alcohol. Or  
 paper products.

TUG  
 You got paper products?

TOMMY

No. I think there's, like, a service you can call for that.

TUG

Cool, you wanna call them?

TOMMY

I shouldn't have to pay for that.

Tug rolls his eyes, but chooses not to fight this battle.

TUG

We'll be fine - there are towels in the bathroom.

(moving to the kitchen)

I'm gonna slice the cold cuts.

He walks over to a GIANT, UNCUT DELI-STYLE SALAMI - these guys have no clue how the real world works. Tommy tastes the punch again...

TOMMY

Nope, even worse.

CUT TO:

18

INT. TUG'S APARTMENT - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

18

Tug and Tommy's CLASSMATES sip cocktails out of ASSORTED COFFEE MUGS. GARY, BRAM and ARLENE are there. Bath towels are cleanly placed on the coffee table. Awkward small talk abounds. Tommy talks to GARY in a corner.

GARY

(re: Tommy's beard)

That takes two weeks?

TOMMY

No. Did I say that?

The DOORBELL RINGS, and Tug goes to answer it. He opens the door to reveal a smiling Michelle holding a CHEESE WHEEL.

TUG

Michelle! Hi! Come on in.

He takes the cheese wheel, and she steps inside.

TUG (CONT'D)

Fantastic. I was starting to worry we wouldn't have enough cheese.

(then, awkwardly)

(MORE)

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TUG (CONT'D)

I am married. And my wife loves string cheese.

\*  
\*

MICHELLE

Unfortunately, I can't stay. I've only got two minutes.

TUG

(lightly)

Only two, huh? Very precise.

MICHELLE

Listen, I'm excited you're in the class. It's a bonus to be around a guy who threw thirty-six touchdowns in the league.

TUG

(flattered)

Wow, nice stat. Were you an Arizona, Carolina, Cincinnati or Cleveland fan?

MICHELLE

I'm a fan of statistics. Stats titillate. A thought: as we start interviewing for jobs, it might benefit us both to trade notes on the employers we meet. Some jobs are going to be more right for you than they are for me, and vice versa.

TUG

Cool, yeah. Definitely.

MICHELLE'S WATCH ALARM GOES OFF.

MICHELLE

My two minutes is up.

TUG

Um...stay a couple more?

MICHELLE

No can do. Have to finish some handwritten letters to a flight crew...they were polite, quick with the refills, so...least I could do. See ya tomorrow!

\*

OVER TO TOMMY AND ANDRE:

TOMMY

...hey, we didn't mean to offend you today in class. Just some good-natured ribbing.

ANDRE

(upbeat)

Of course. Athletes love to rib.

TOMMY

Couldn't help but notice you getting a little mad during the cue card drill. Don't hold that in - it's unhealthy. You wanna hit something, hit something.

ANDRE

Hmm. Okay.

A beat. Then, Andre SWATS A CERAMIC POT, KNOCKING IT OVER AND BREAKING IT.

TOMMY

Sure, that works.

The commotion gets Tug's attention.

TUG

(to Tommy)

Come on! I'm renting this place...that's not mine!

His anger grabs everyone's attention...

TOMMY

It's not that big a deal. Just buy a new pot.

TUG

Sure. This coming from the guy who wouldn't buy paper towels for the party.

TOMMY

(getting heated)

I'd already bought cranberry juice, schnapps, bitters and creme de menthe. Did they make a good cocktail? No, they did not. But I fucking bought them.

TUG

Well thank you, so much.

(then)

(MORE)

TUG (CONT'D)

You just couldn't bear to sit one out and let me throw my own party.

TOMMY

Um, I remember sitting a couple out back in Arizona. Didn't work out so well, did it?

TUG

Are you kidding?

(to the crowd)

For the record, I stopped his *six game* losing streak in 2005.

TOMMY

Yeah, that's true...and then you restarted the streak with a still-unbroken record - that *sterling* 44 yard, 4 pick performance.

(to the room)

Oh, and he barfed and cried during a post-game interview.

Tug takes in the other students' discomfort, and tries to pull it together...

TUG

Okay, would anyone like a slider?

(to Gary)

Want me to fix a slider up for ya?

GARY

I'm good.

TUG

C'mon. Anyone? I made them with two kinds of salami and what I thought were pickles but turned out to be capers. Still pretty good.

GARY

I actually gotta go. Early day tomorrow.

BRAM

I'm outta here, too. Better parties to hit. Probably gonna do an Uber Black if anyone wants in.

TOMMY

It's seven o'clock, guys.

People start to gather their belongings and head for the door...



TUG

We got off track. Let's get some music going, and turn this party around.

TOMMY

Yeah, folks, that wasn't a real fight. You thought that was real?

BRAM

(smirking, to the guys)  
Funny how the tables turn - dudes like you used to shove me around.

TOMMY

So stupid.

TUG

You're welcome to leave.

\*  
\*

People are leaving now. Tug and Tommy exchange a look - their mission to win the class over has backfired badly.

As the last of the class disappears, Andre reappears next to them.

ANDRE

Think I could get some of that punch to go?

CUT TO:

19

INT. TUG'S APARTMENT - LATER

19

The guys sit on the couch, TRYING TO GLUE THE POT BACK TOGETHER. They recap the day...

\*  
\*

TOMMY

...well, at least Andre kinda likes us.

TUG

Yeah, Michelle, too. I think.

TOMMY

Bram hates us.

TUG

Yup. Gary's not a fan, either.

TOMMY

Arlene may actually murder one of us.

TUG

What about that kid that sits in the back of the class?

TOMMY

The guy with the beady eyes? I think we're good with him.

TUG

Nope. Got a glance at his notebook - he drew a picture of us jacking off a mascot.

TOMMY

Which mascot?

TUG

Would that make a difference?

TOMMY

(re: broken pot)

Why don't you just buy a new pot?

\*

\*

TUG

You said that already.

\*

END OF EPISODE

EPISODE THREE

20 EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - DAY

20

Tommy, Tug and Andre are talking.

ANDRE

Well, I've given myself two or three nicknames. And that's bad?

TUG

That's a no-no.

ANDRE

Okay. So someone gave you "Tommy Bomb"?

TOMMY

Yeah, had that for a while now. A lot of girls in High School called me "Tommy Salami", you know, for obvious reasons.

ANDRE

Did you have a nickname, Tug? \*

TUG

(lying)

Uh...me? Nope...no nickname. \*

MAN(O.S.)

Tommy Bomb!

The three guys turn and see NFL Wide Receiver CHAD JOHNSON walking down the hallway. The boys shake hands and hugs.

TOMMY

Ochocink! What's up, my friend?

CHAD JOHNSON

Chilling, man. The game was fun, but now I'm looking at next steps.

(introducing himself to

Tug)

Wassup, man? Chad Johnson.

TUG

I know. I threw two preseason touchdowns to you in Cincy. Tug Tanner.

They shake.

CHAD JOHNSON  
 Oh, dang. My bad. Yeah, I  
 remember you - "Cropduster"! Man,  
 that huddle *stank*.

TUG  
 Again, I don't recall that being--

CHAD JOHNSON  
 (on the move)  
 Good seeing you, fellas. Gotta get  
 to my class.

TUG  
 Your class?

They follow Chad into a classroom...

21 INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

21

The classroom is full of CURRENT AND FORMER PROFESSIONAL  
 ATHLETES: CHARLES WOODSON, METTA WORLD PEACE. It's like a  
 "Sports Illustrated" come to life. Klose stands at the front  
 of the room, leading the class.

TUG  
 What the hell is this?

Tommy reads a NOTE on a chalkboard that says: "Advanced  
 Sportscasting Fast-track: Day 2 of 3".

TOMMY  
*Advanced Sportscasting Fast-track?*

Andre walks over to Charles Woodson to introduce himself. His  
 arm is raised, waiting to receive a high-five.

ANDRE  
 How's the hang, Dat Dude?!

Charles Woodson just stares at Andre.

KLOSE  
 Okay, class, let's get started with  
 a vocal warm up. Metta, lead us.

METTA WORLD PEACE  
 "Ken's Dodd's dad's dog's dead."

Tug and Tommy walk up to Klose, interrupting:

TOMMY  
 Uh, what is this?

KLOSE

What does it look like?

TUG

Why aren't we in this class?

CHARLES WOODSON

(to Tug and Tommy)

We're trying to work here, fellas.

(then)

"Betty Bodder bought some butter--"

TOMMY

Just give us a sec here, Charles.

KLOSE

Gentleman, get out. This class is for well-known athletes.

TOMMY

You can finish this class in three days? We've been here for three weeks and we're not halfway through.

TUG

You've seen us work, sir, we should be in here.

KLOSE

Yes, I've seen your work: You suck. And you have no professional tape. These guys have plenty.

TUG

We need tape to get advanced fast-tracked? We can get tape.

\*

KLOSE

How?

TUG

(stammering)

Uh, we'll just...

TOMMY

We can get tape. Let's go, Tug. I've got an idea.

Tommy ushers Tug towards the door.

TUG  
(to Klose)  
You'll see, Professor. I'm the  
next Troy Aikman.

METTA WORLD PEACE  
Aikman had rings.

TUG  
Then I'm the next Dan Fouts.

CHARLES WOODSON  
Fouts is in the Hall of Fame.

TUG  
Shut up, Woodson!

CUT TO:

22 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT, ESTABLISHING 22

BRIGHT LIGHTS surround the freshly-mown FOOTBALL FIELD. The  
CROWD is full and cheering, and we hear the SOUNDS OF THE  
MARCHING BAND warming up.

CUT TO:

23 INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 23

Tommy and Tug approach Dudley Mullins High School coach,  
DEION SANDERS.

TOMMY  
Primetime!

Deion stands amid his gathering players, preparing to give  
them a pre-game pep talk.

DEION  
What's up, Tommy? And you brought  
Tug Tanner with you?! Turn back  
the clock!

\*

TUG  
You remember me?

DEION  
Of course, I remember every QB I  
have "pick 6's" against.

TUG  
I appreciate that, Deion.

DEION  
 (to players)  
 Fellas! Bring it in.

The players assemble and get quiet.

DEION (CONT'D)  
 Men, we've got some special guests tonight. Former NFL quarterback Tommy Arondall, and his long time backup, Tug Tanner.

TUG  
 (chiming in)  
 We'd split starts.

TOMMY  
 (to the players)  
 Gentleman, we're excited to be calling your game tonight. Man, this is a special time in your lives. Tug and I can safely say that even though we combined to play in the pros for over 25 seasons, and one Pro Bowl...

A couple of players scoff. Tommy plays through.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
 ...playing high school football was the greatest time in our lives.

PLAYER 1  
 (smirking to his teammates)  
 Yeah...makes sense.

PLAYER 2  
 Hard to believe these guys were actually pros.

PLAYER 1  
 We're defending state champs. Maybe we should be giving *you* a pep talk.

LAUGHTER.

DEION  
 (to his team)  
 Alright, fellas. That's enough.

TUG

(staying positive, to  
team)

I was a four-time state champ in  
high school. We're proof of what's  
possible.

PLAYER 1

(sarcastic)

You mean we might get to call a  
*high school football game* one day?

PLAYER 3

Coach, can we get Mike Irvin back  
in?

PLAYER 2

Yeah, bring back Mike!

ALL PLAYERS

These guys suck! These guys suck!

Tug and Tommy look to Deion for assistance...

DEION

Sorry, they're fired up - don't  
wanna kill that.

TOMMY

(to a player)

Hey, can I your address, kid? I'm  
going to mail you some Clearasil.

ALL PLAYERS

Arondall blows! Arondall blows!

TUG

(to team)

Guys, thanks so much for having us  
here tonight-

PLAYER 2

Go motivate your Mom!

PLAYER 3

Go suck each other's dick!

TUG

Alright, that's too much.

CUT TO:



24 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

24

MARCHING BAND MUSIC plays as we PAN over the crowd and onto the field for the big game.

<p>TUG (O.C.) Hello Friends, and welcome to- Tommy. Tommy let me do the intro. Tommy, shut up! I'm the play-by-play guy!...Thank you!</p>	<p>TOMMY (O.C.) Good evening, Everybody! Big night tonight. Are you reaaaady for some football?! Cause we sure are....okay.</p>
---	---

CUT TO:

25 INT. BROADCASTING BOOTH - A MOMENT LATER (LOCAL TV FEED) 25

Tommy and Tug ADDRESS THE CAMERA, the football field in the background.

TUG  
Tommy, early thoughts on tonight's  
big game?

TOMMY  
Oh, now I can talk?

TUG  
Just go.

TOMMY  
Tonight is all about Friday Night  
Lights. Two great teams filled  
with...well, I wish I could call  
them great kids...

Tommy looks at Tug, a sly grin forms:

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
But they just weren't.

TUG  
(smiles, what the hell)  
Yeah, well, earlier today, Tommy  
and I had a chance to chat with  
some of the Dudley Mullins High  
kids, and we thought they  
were...they were actually kind of  
rude.

TOMMY  
They were *total dicks*.

Tug looks at Tommy as the game begins and gives him an excited look - "Are we doing this? Taking these kids down?"

CUT TO STANDARD POV:

TUG  
(excitedly)  
And here comes the kickoff. Whoa,  
what a truly...terrible kick to  
start the game!

TOMMY  
(slyly)  
This is gonna be fun.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. BROADCASTING BOOTH - LATER 26

TOMMY  
That running back is so flabby. He  
looks like a punctured tire.

CUT TO:

27 INT. BROADCASTING BOOTH - LATER 27

TUG  
You don't audible to "Queens left,  
X Post" in that situation, you  
dopes. These kids aren't ready!  
They are *not* ready!

CROSS FADE TO:

28 INT. BROADCASTING BOOTH - LATER 28

TUG  
Dudley's QB looking to throw  
here...and it's picked off!

TOMMY  
Yes! Pimple-face blows it again.

TUG  
TWUG, bitches!

TOMMY  
That's what you get!  
(looking down at crowd)  
(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Seems we've drawn the ire of the parents here, Tug. I see a few middle fingers aimed this way. Sorry, people, your kids just suck, time to put them in trade school.

TUG

(re: running back)

That running back really *is* flabby. Like a melted donut.

TOMMY

Maybe the parents are actually the ones to blame here. Not much you can do when your gene pool's a dump.

CROSS FADE TO:

29

INT. BROADCASTING BOOTH - LATER

29

TUG

And there you have it folks. South Peterburg thankfully upends Dudley Mullins 26-14. I don't see any 5-star prospects on this Dudley Mullins team.

TOMMY

Oh, hell no. Buncha turds. \*

TUG

And any thoughts of making the NFL for these players is just a joke... Good night everybody!

Tug and Tommy take off their headphones, exhausted, but high from the night's broadcast. They start to pack up.

TOMMY

God, that was fun.

TUG

That was fun...I feel kinda bad.

TOMMY

No. Karma's a bitch. Those kids insulted our moms.

They open the door to the broadcast booth and run into a GIANT MOB OF DUDLEY MULLINS PARENTS. Are some of them carrying torches?

DAD

"Gene pool's a dump", huh?

ON Tommy and Tug, as they weigh their options. They may have to fight their way out of this...

END OF EPISODE

EPISODE FOUR

30 INT. TUG'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

30

Tommy checks his Twitter feed on his phone, paying very little attention to Tug, who wears HEADPHONES that are connected to a MAKESHIFT "BATTERY PACK" on his waist.

TUG

What's wrong with you, man? This is a big opportunity.

TOMMY

No, it's not. I don't wanna be an on-course announcer at a local golf tournament. Waddling around wearing a stupid headset?

TUG

Were you listening in class yesterday? This golf gig airs on Fox Prime. Which is under the Fox Umbrella. Fox NFL execs watch these things...

TOMMY

We don't need this. Let's just go straight to ESPN.

TUG

You're not going to go straight to ESPN. No one does.

TOMMY

Ray Lewis did it.

TUG

Ray Lewis is very unique.

TOMMY

(hurt)

I'm not unique?! I'm a *quarterback* who writes for GQ.

TUG

You wrote a celebrity gift guide.

TOMMY

And I described the shit out of those gifts.

Tug un-pauses a golf tournament on the TV (STOCK FOOTAGE) and picks up his now dented Brent Musburger microphone from the pilot. \*

TUG

Fine, you're super unique.  
(then, looking at the TV)  
"Couples is looking at 185 yards here. He's drawn a 7-iron"--

TOMMY

Local golf on Fox Prime?

TUG

"And that's a beauty! He's left himself a ten-footer under the hole"--

TOMMY

And have you seen those on-course guys? They look like Fraggles.

TUG

(taking off headphones)  
Alright, that's enough. Time for one of your mood-stabilizing jogs.

TOMMY

No, come on, I'm sorry.

TUG

(pushing Tommy out the door)  
You're welcome to come back when you're in a better place.

TOMMY

Don't be like that.

TUG

Hey, I want to work at ESPN too.

TOMMY

ESPN 2?! God, you love being a back-up.

TUG

OK! Get out.

Tug pushes Tommy past the door and slams it. ANGLE ON Tommy:

TOMMY

You're not being a good friend.

TUG  
(through door)  
Ray Lewis speaks Cantonese, by the  
way. *That's unique.*

CUT TO:

31 EXT. CAMPUS - HALF HOUR LATER 31

Tommy, intense, laces up his running shoes and takes off...

CUT TO:

32 EXT. CAMPUS - MINUTES LATER 32

Tommy runs, fast, shedding demons with every step.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. CAMPUS - MINUTES LATER 33

Tommy continues running. He flies toward A COUPLE (20s),  
strolling with ice cream cones.

TOMMY  
Eyes up people! Clear for the  
runner!

CUT TO:

34 EXT. CAMPUS - LATER 34

Tommy whistles as he stretches. The run has quieted his  
anxieties, at least temporarily.

CUT TO:

35 INT. TUG'S APARTMENT - SAME 35

Tug and MICHELLE flirt a little. He shows off his jerry-  
rigged course announcer headset...

MICHELE  
(tongue-in-cheek)  
I usually don't interrupt a carpet  
shampoo but...  
(re:headset)  
...that is pretty great.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TUG  
I know, right!

\*  
\*

MICHELE  
Hey, I talked to some folks at the Redskins about doing some sideline reporting for their local channel, but it sounds like they'd really like to get a former player. You should look into it.

\*

TUG  
I will. Thanks.

MICHELE  
Where's Tommy?

TUG  
Don't get me started. He can't get over the fact that ESPN won't just offer him a job. I don't know how long I can keep baby sitting...

MICHELLE  
If you feel like you're baby sitting, maybe you two aren't supposed to be, you know, collaborators.

TUG  
We were never supposed to be collaborators! I mean, he's never done a single damn thing on his own.

(imitating)  
"Tug, help me break down this game film." "Get me some Gatorade."  
"Can you get in here shave this bunion..."

MICHELLE'S WATCH ALARM GOES OFF.

TUG (CONT'D)  
Seriously?

MICHELLE  
(tapping the watch)  
I'll hit snooze, stay for nine more.

As they laugh, we RACK FOCUS TO FIND TOMMY IN THE WINDOW, the Little Match Girl, crushed that he's being mocked.



Is that a tear welling up? As Tug turns to the window, he catches a glimpse of Tommy disappearing.

CUT TO:

36

INT. BAR & GRILL - AFTERNOON

36

Tommy sits at the bar, still in RUNNING CLOTHES, an empty pint glass and another full one in front of him. A FEMALE BARTENDER cleans up...

TOMMY

You an undergrad?

BARTENDER

Yep, and so is my boyfriend--

TOMMY

I'm not hitting on you. I want to know who sells the weed around here.

BARTENDER

(cheerily)

Oh, my boyfriend.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Tommy?

Tommy looks up as a handsome, athletic man, DONNIE PERKINS, sits down next to him.

TOMMY

Holy shit. Donny Perkins. I thought you were dead. Heard you killed yourself at an ESPY's after party.

DONNIE

Tried to. Drank a quart of bleach. But a city worker found me in a manhole before the stomach wall was breached.

(a friendly chuckle)

And I bounced back, better than ever.

TOMMY

What're you doing here?

DONNIE

I was online, saw your tweet from a couple hours ago - that Salma Hayek quote about betrayal - and figured I better get over here. I live in L.A. now, counseling athletes who fall on hard times.

(then)

So what gives?

TOMMY

Eh, I'm fine.

DONNIE

Come on, athletes know athletes. No shame in not being fine.

TOMMY

Well, for one...I feel like I can't trust anyone - I just heard an old friend say some really shitty things about me. On top of that, I'm struggling in broadcasting school. I have *jury duty* next week. It seems like it's all falling apart.

DONNIE

Let me stop you. You're one-time Pro-Bowler, Tommy Arendall. All this worrying - it's bullshit. You. Are a winner. It's very simple. Winner's struggle, sure, but they *never* hit rock bottom.

Tommy relaxes a tad.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

It's a law of the universe. Finish this school if you want, or don't finish. Doesn't matter. Only thing that matters is that you *don't settle for anything less than the best.*

(re: this lesson)

And that...is a Perkins Platitude.

Off Tommy considering this, we...

CUT TO:

37

INT. CLASSROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

37

A FOX PRIME EXECUTIVE sits next to Glen Klose, watching Tug. Tug wears his ridiculous headset and calls old golf footage playing on a small flat screen TV.

TUG

(softly)

...and this one breaks about two inches left. Nothing too complicated, but he's gotta hit it, Roger. A nice stroke. Slowly, softly...a slow, soft stroke--

Tug looks up to gauge the executive's interest.

EXECUTIVE

Hmm.

TUG

Hmm, good, or...?

EXECUTIVE

(sincere)

You're speech impediment is really...interesting.

TUG

I don't have a--

EXECUTIVE

Doesn't work for sports, but my wife produces a web-based animated series called "Masterpiece Mice" that you might really be right for.

GLEN KLOSE

Tommy, you're up.

Tug moves back to his seat, dejected. Klose looks around - no Tommy.

GLEN KLOSE (CONT'D)

Mr. Arondall.

He glances at the clock.

BRAM

(a joke for the class)

Think maybe he had to prostitute himself to make rent today.

\*  
\*

Tommy enters, cool as a cucumber.

TOMMY

Very funny, Bram. Sorry I'm late, folks. Ducked into the Getty Museum to take a peek at this Diane Arbus exhibit. You know, photos of dwarfs, nudists. Some messed-up stuff, but pretty special.

He sits down in front of the small TV. Klose presses "Play" on a remote.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Alright...

(soft "golf mode")

Phil has decided to go with his putter from the fringe, here, Roger. Haven't seen a lot of that today, but I think he may be on to something...

TIME FADE TO:

38

INT. CLASSROOM - A COUPLE MINUTES LATER

38

...as Tommy wraps up:

TOMMY

...it's the last place on this fourteenth green that you'd wanna be, but he got a good look at it. And...he did just what he wanted...

(louder)

Colin Montgomery with another birdie!

The executive beams.

EXECUTIVE

Phenomenal. I'd like to hear it again.

TOMMY

(getting up)

Nah...I laid down what I wanted to. Besides, don't think this job's for me.

(quoting Donnie)

Kinda feels like "settling".

(to Bram, a wink)

Great sweater, Bram.

BRAM  
 You think I care if--

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
 Shutup.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
 Class dismissed.

He exits...

CUT TO:

39 INT. BAR & GRILL - AFTERNOON 39

Tommy sits at a table. Tug sits down next to him. A quiet beat...

TUG  
 Where'd that performance in class  
 come from? That was actually, I  
 mean...You seemed so...at peace for  
 the first time.

TOMMY  
 (tersely)  
 Yeah, feeling pretty good.

Tommy won't make eye contact.

TUG  
 Look, we haven't talked about it,  
 but I'm sorry about the thing with  
 Michelle...that you may have heard?

TOMMY  
 No biggie. You don't owe me  
 anything.

TUG  
 I do. We're still a team.

TOMMY  
 We don't have to do the whole  
 "team" thing. I'm cool either way.

TUG  
 Oh, c'mon.

TOMMY  
 I'm serious.  
 (then)  
 Remember Donnie Perkins?

TUG

Sure, poisoned himself at an ESPY's after party.

TOMMY

Yeah, but he's doing *great* now. Saw him yesterday. And he made me realize that certain people are born winners. We may get close to rock bottom, but we never actually hit - our minds and bodies won't let us. That took the fear away. You should talk to him, too. This guy is like my North Star.

TUG

Sure, but I still think you and I can help each other.

TOMMY

Well--

Out of nowhere, DONNIE APPEARS, sweaty and disheveled, wearing the same suit we last saw him in.

DONNIE

Hey, hey, hey. Bro, bro, bro.

TOMMY

Speak of the devil.

TUG

What's up, Donnie? Long time--

DONNIE

Whatever.

(handing Tommy an invoice)

I need ten G's, brother. Like, now.

TOMMY

"Invoice for Inspirational Services"? Each Perkins Platitude is a *hundred dollars*?! I'm not nearly that liquid. Besides, I thought--

DONNIE

Shut up! Look, it's not like I have a motivational speaking empire here, okay? I'm not fucking Bear Grylls.

TUG

The dude who ate a dead reindeer?

DONNE

He gets \$75K a speech! I just troll Twitter in hopes of finding athletes who've fallen on hard times.

TOMMY

Okay, but I didn't know I was being charged. It felt like friendly advice. You don't communicate well.

DONNIE

Listen to me: This guy I owe - he doesn't negotiate, he skins the bottom of your feet.

TUG

God.

TOMMY

Sorry, Donnie--

DONNIE

You, you...FUCKWAD!! I don't want to hear "sorry"! I want ten grand moving from your wallet into mine ASAP!! I gave you some *priceless* advice yesterday, and this is how you repay me?

TUG

Skins the bottom of your feet?  
With *what*?

Donnie grabs Tommy. The female bartender approaches.

BARTENDER

(to Donnie)

You gotta leave, man. Don't make me get the bouncer.

DONNIE

(letting Tommy go)

No need for that. We're just swapping stories. I'm taking off now...got a meeting...with my attorney team. Got a big team of attorneys that, you know, reps me. In my biz dealings.

(MORE)

DONNIE (CONT'D)  
(quietly, to Tommy)  
I'll remember this.

He backs out slowly. Tommy turns back to his drink, a little shell-shocked. After a moment...

TUG  
Your "North Star", huh--

TOMMY  
Just drink your beer.

END OF EPISODE



EPISODE FIVE

40 EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

40

Tug talks to Leena as he walks to class.

TUG

I think us and the dogs makes a great Christmas card. I'm happy to sign off on that.

LEENA (V.O.)

Cool, I'm going to make a border of holly and berries--

\*

As Tug walks toward the school entrance, he spots Michelle pulling into a parking place. He waves and approaches.

TUG

Babe, I'm headed into class, I love you!

Tug hangs up the phone. Michelle rolls down her window.

TUG (CONT'D)

You coming in?

MICHELLE

Yeah, just reorganizing my console real quick. I've been thinking the gum and the White-Out should trade places.

TUG

Got it. Hey, thanks for the tip on the Redskins sideline job - I had a great talk with an exec over there.

MICHELLE

That's great. What'd you guys talk about?

TUG

Well, he's a huge Notre Dame fan, and kept wanting to talk about it, and I don't know much of the history there, because I hate that place. But I still think I might have a shot.

Bram appears out of nowhere - he has an EARBUD in one ear, connected to his PHONE.

BRAM

Word up, dorkinators. You talking about that Redskins job?

TUG

Yeah, and don't even think about going after it, Bram.

BRAM

Maybe I will, maybe I won't.

(then)

The way you're getting trashed right now, you'll be lucky to get any job.

TUG

What are you talking about?

BRAM

I'm always breaking the news, bitch! Check out AM 570, and remember your good ol' days - you and Tommy are back in the press.

TUG

(covering his concern)

Whatever. Always a pleasure, Bram. Move along.

BRAM

You're not the boss of me. I'll stand here as long as I want to.

TUG

(to Michelle)

You mind if I hop in real quick and listen to your radio.

MICHELLE

Sure. Just don't mess with my presets.

TUG

You have AM presets?

Tug walks around the car and gets in the front passenger seat. He turns the radio dial to find the local Los Angeles sports talk radio show - "The Jay Mohr Show". Jay banterers with his SIDEKICK.

JAY MOHR(O.S.)

(laughing)

...disagree. Those two were the worst.

SIDEKICK(O.S.)

What about Trent Edwards and J.P  
Losman in Buffalo?

JAY MOHR(O.S.)

Getting warmer, but Tommy Arondall  
and and Tug Tanner in Arizona still  
top my list - plainly, there is no  
worse quarterback tandem.

SIDEKICK (O.S.)

Simply because of what was  
possible.

JAY MOHR (O.S.)

I'm trying to think of anyone else  
that could be in the running.  
Because look-

BRAM

(through the window)  
Great stuff, right?! You made  
history!

Tug turns up the radio. Bram walks away, delighted with  
himself.

JAY MOHR(O.S.)

On the one hand, there's the  
Packers, who have *two* quarterbacks  
in 25 years...and then you have  
other teams, like the Jets, dealing  
with Ray Lucas and Rick Mirer in  
'99.

SIDEKICK(O.S.)

But Arondall/Tanner - truly awful.

JAY MOHR (O.S.)

It's enough to make you cry.

TOMMY (O.C.)

You guys doing a book on tape?

WIDEN TO REVEAL Tommy next to Tug's window.

TUG

Get in the car. You gotta hear  
this.

Tommy hops in the back seat.

TUG (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 I can't believe this...

JAY MOHR (O.S.)  
 They were hilarious. These two  
 were constantly yelling at each  
 other on the sidelines.

SIDEKICK (O.S.)  
 Tanner threw a Gatorade cooler at  
 Arondall! They had to stop the  
 game!

TOMMY  
 Are they talking about us?

Tug nods.

JAY MOHR (O.S.)  
 ...that's why this video of them  
 broadcasting a high-school football  
 game is so great. They're back!  
 We get to re-live this dysfunction  
 all over again.

SIDEKICK(O.S.)  
 Alright, I'm with you - they get my  
 vote for worst quarterback tandem  
 in NFL history.

JAY MOHR(O.S.)  
 It's a proud honor, I'm sure.

Andre appears next to Tommy.

ANDRE  
 Hey guys! We having a car party?

Tommy turns off the radio. He pulls out his phone.

TOMMY  
 We gotta call in.

TUG  
 No, we're not calling in, that  
 looks petty.

TOMMY  
 Tug, our legacy is all we got. I'm  
 calling.

TUG  
 (reluctant)  
 Okay.

Tommy DIALS IN to the radio switchboard. ANGLE ON Tug: we watch him go into a 1000-yard stare. We PUSH IN as we hear a BROADCAST from his playing days: "Tanner with the game winner! A 32-yard touchdown strike!" OTHER VOICES from his past chime in: "Don't take crap from anyone!" "Stop being a pussy, son!" "Only winners get ice cream!" LEENA: "You're so handsome, honey." We hear the ROAR OF A STADIUM CROWD, then:

TUG (CONT'D)  
 Tommy, stop.

TOMMY  
 We gotta call.

TUG  
 No. We gotta see them face-to-face.

TOMMY  
 Now we're talking!

TUG  
 Let's do this!

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
 It's a showdown!

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
 Alright, Michelle, fire this Camry up and let's get downtown.

MICHELLE  
 We've got to get to class.

TOMMY  
 Michelle...

Tommy holds up his CUP OF COFFEE, and makes a motion to start pouring it out...

MICHELLE  
 What are you doing?!

TOMMY  
 I hate to resort to such extreme measures, but I'll do it...I'll irreparably stain this gorgeous, mint-condition back seat. Now drive.

ANDRE

They need us, Michelle - we can  
distract the guards.

(beat)

Do they have "guards" at these  
kinds of places?

MICHELLE

Dammit, guys. I had perfect  
attendance.

She starts the car. Tommy accidentally spills the coffee and  
makes an "uh-oh" face..

CUT TO:

41 INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

41

Tug and Tommy are sitting in with Jay and his team. They're  
live on the air.

JAY MOHR

We're back on "Jay Mohr Sports", AM  
570, and we're here talking with  
the two former NFL quarterbacks of  
the hour, Tommy Arondall and Tug  
Tanner.

SIDEKICK

In the flesh!

JAY MOHR

(to both guys)

And now you're entering the media  
world.

TUG

(light)

We're joining the enemy.

JAY MOHR

Off the field, on to the mike. I  
caught a glimpse of your work  
trashing those high-school  
athletes. Super "pro" already,  
guys. Congrats.

SIDEKICK

But let's get back to why you're  
here-

TOMMY

You attacked our legacy.

JAY MOHR

And you broke into our offices demanding air time. But in the interest of fairness, there were a few good moments - Tug, you won 22 games in the league.

TUG

Proud of every one.

JAY MOHR

But most impressively, you're third all-time in preseason touchdowns.

SIDEKICK

And not everyone gets to play in the League.

JAY MOHR

(a sly grin)

That's true...Tommy, this is great, you are the number one quarterback all-time in tackles after throwing an interception.

TOMMY

Well--

JAY MOHR

Our research department pulled a few more nuggets: Tug, tied for most times sacked in one game with 12.

TUG

Okay.

JAY MOHR

Tommy, 20th worst completion percentage all-time.

TUG

We see what you're doing here.

TOMMY

I could name 20 quarterbacks who were worse--

JAY MOHR

Let's take a couple calls, shall we?

(MORE)

JAY MOHR (CONT'D)  
(talking to caller)  
Chris, you're on Jay Mohr Sports.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Hey Guys, big Cardinals fans here.  
Tug, do you remember throwing that  
game-losing interception against  
Seattle?

TUG  
Well, glad you're a fan, Chris--

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Oh, wait, you did that four times.  
Thanks for nothing jerk!

JAY MOHR  
(talking to another  
caller)  
Lawrence, what you got for these  
boys?

LAWRENCE (O.S.)  
I'll give you an idea of what kind  
of person Tommy is: couple years  
back, my dad's in line behind Tommy  
at a Quizno's. Tommy says he needs  
to borrow twenty bucks...he left  
his wallet in the car, and he'll  
pay my dad right back. But once he  
gets his sandwich, he sprints off,  
never to be seen again.

TOMMY  
Not likely to have happened.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)  
I'm gonna find you, Tommy. And I'm  
getting Dad's twenty back...God  
rest his soul.

He hangs up.

JAY MOHR  
Wow, your retirement sounds just as  
disastrous as your playing days.

TOMMY  
Actually, I was still playing  
during this "alleged" incident, but  
whatever...

SIDEKICK  
Guys, it's not looking good.

\*



JAY MOHR

Let's take one more. Dre, you're on with Jay.

DRE (O.S.)

Hey Jay, first-time caller. I just want to say that I disagree with you, and the other callers - Tommy and Tug are great people.

Tug and Tommy glance at each other - it's Andre!

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

Especially Tommy. He has the true mark of a great leader, making the people around him better. Isn't that what a quarterback does? He made me feel comfortable about expressing myself, so I break a lot more things out of anger now. And that feels great. Tug's cool too. Bye!

He hangs up. The call has renewed Tommy and Tug's energy.

JAY MOHR

Not exactly sure *how* you're making Dre comfortable, Tommy. But you got a few fans left, I guess.

TOMMY

It's like I always say, history only remembers what athletes do *off* the field.

Tug subtly elbows Tommy: "Watch this."

TUG

I'll tell you what Jay has been doing off the field, in addition to never getting on a field: living in filth. I want listeners to know, this radio booth is disgusting.

TOMMY

(joining in, childish)  
Apparently no one here ever showers, and they don't wear pants during the show, just FYI.

TUG

During commercial breaks, Jay and the crew get up and do squats together. No pants.

JAY MOHR

(doesn't really care)  
I see what you're doing.

TOMMY

Jay rubs baby oil on his sidekick here after they finish the squats.

SIDEKICK

Guys, no one's falling for this.

TUG

(to sidekick)  
Hey, Sidekick, go run and get us some snacks.

JAY MOHR

That's about enough.

TOMMY

Well, too bad, because we're not finished.

TUG

Yeah, you're not the boss of us.

Tommy impulsively KNOCKS A PICTURE OFF OF THE WALL.

JAY MOHR

(getting up)  
Let's find out.

He moves toward them, and we...

CUT TO:

42

INT. MICHELLE'S CAR - DAY

42

We hear the boys' altercation with Jay and his sidekick play out ON THE RADIO - CRASHING SOUNDS as equipment breaks, GRUNTS OF PAIN from Tug and Tommy.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Ow, Ow, Ow! That is illegal!

TUG (O.S.)

Jay is a biter!

JAY MOHR  
You let the beast out of the cage!

TOMMY (O.S.)  
Just stay away from my face!

JAY MOHR (O.S.)  
(punching)  
Body shots!! Manny Pacquiao taught  
me that!

And so on...

Michelle just shakes her head, and checks her watch. Andre  
seems worried.

MICHELLE  
Idiots.

ANDRE  
(hopeful)  
They could be winning. Hard to  
say.

END OF EPISODE

EPISODE SIX

43 INT. CLASSROOM - MIDDAY (COLD OPEN)

43

Tug and Tommy are seated. Klose stands, towering over them...

KLOSE

You trash a bunch of innocent high school kids, you storm a radio station...both incidents went viral in a matter of hours.

(beat)

And to think that I told some former colleagues that you might have potential.

TUG

(pleased)

You did?

KLOSE

Gentlemen, I'll allow you to finish the course, but I cannot in good conscience recommend you for any broadcasting position.

TOMMY

Okay, what about in bad conscience?

No response, and we...

CUT TO:

44 INT. TUG'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

44

We open on a VIDEO of Tommy on a laptop. It's part of a REEL that he's cobbled together from his time in class.

TOMMY (ON VIDEO)

If the U.S. National Gymnastics Team is going to remain a global powerhouse, they're going to have to do something about their *atrocious* vaulting...

As the tape continues to roll, we hear Tommy and Tug talk over top of the reels.

TUG (O.C.)

What's with the weird mouth tic?

TOMMY (O.C.)  
 What weird mouth tic?

TUG (O.C.)  
 The upper lip curl. Like  
 everything smells bad to you.

CUT TO:

VIDEO FOOTAGE: TUG'S REEL. He's doing a "walk and talk."

TUG (IN VIDEO) (CONT'D)  
 (catching a football)  
 The Steelers attribute relaxation  
 and fun as the reason behind this  
 winning streak. Now this is a team  
 worth partying with.

TOMMY (O.C.)  
 Ending with a preposition. Nice.

TUG (O.C.)  
 I'm a man of the people.

TOMMY (O.C.)  
 Your voice has this braying mule  
 quality to it. But in a cool way.

Tug throws the football in the final shot of his reel.

WE BREAK OUT OF VIDEO to find Tug and Tommy watching the  
 footage on a laptop...

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
 Overall, nice job, seriously.  
 Gotta hand it to you.  
 (then)  
 I like this. I like what we're  
 doing here. I'll be damned if  
 Klose's gonna keep us from getting  
 a job.

TUG  
 Yeah, I'm with you. You look good  
 on camera, by the way.

TOMMY  
 Awesome. I think so too.

TUG  
 Any bites on job stuff?

TOMMY

Not yet. But waiting on people to get back to me.

TUG

Yeah, same. It's a little stressful since we graduate next week.

(then)

I really don't want some shitty local TV job.

TOMMY

I've been saying that since Day One.

TUG

I'm just...so tired of not getting a big win.

TOMMY

(reflective)

It's like you're behind a glass door and just beyond it is a paradise where everyone is laughing and having fun. And Al Roker is there...weirdly thin. But totally content. And you can't open that door.

TUG

On the other hand, I should be happy with what I've done. I just constantly put too much value on what other people say is an accomplishment.

TOMMY

You don't know anymore if the things you want are really the things you want, or the things you think other people think you should want. So you want them because they want them.

TUG

That's good insight.

TOMMY

Cool - explain to me.

TUG

I still think we gotta aim high.

(then)

(MORE)

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

TUG (CONT'D)

Hey, do you mind looking at one of my application emails? I need your opinion on something.

\*

TOMMY

Sure.

Tommy comes over to look at Tug's computer.

TUG

I sent this earlier but it's not sitting well.

TOMMY

(emphasizing punctuation)  
"Dear Redskins television media, great sitting down with you last week! I remain extremely interested in the sideline position!" Oh, man.

TUG

Is it that bad?

TOMMY

First two sentences can't *both* have an exclamation point.

TUG

(disgusted)  
I know. I hate myself.

TOMMY

When in doubt, show less excitement.

TUG

You're so right.

TOMMY

Plus, you went all adverb-y with "extremely interested." Little desperate.

TUG

So stupid. Did you apply for this job?

TOMMY

I did. Haven't heard anything yet.

TUG

I think Bram applied, too.  
Whatever happens, that little prick  
can't get it.

TOMMY

He's probably selling us out as we  
speak.

(then)

Look, the Redskins owner, Dan  
Snyder--

TUG

I know who it is--

TOMMY

He's a friend, did you know *that*?  
I'll text him to see if he can put  
in a good word for us.

TUG

Could you do that?

TOMMY

Can't hurt.

TUG

Okay, yeah!

TOMMY

(typing)

"Sup, Danny Boy. Sent your media  
peeps my reel for the sideline job.  
Dinner at Fiola next week? Red  
siren emoji..."

(stops typing)

Should I use the siren?

\*  
\*  
\*

TUG

I'd include *my* name in that text.

TOMMY

I'll bring you up in the follow up.  
Should I end with a siren? Or a  
fire plus a poop?

\*  
\*

TUG

None of those makes sense in this  
context.

\*  
\*

TOMMY

(deciding)

Okay, star plus thumbs up...plus  
fire plus poop. And send.

\*  
\*



He sends the text.

TUG  
Ok, cool. Now what? \*

TOMMY  
And now we wait...

CUT TO:

45 INT. TUG'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON 45

Tommy and Tug throw a football across the room.

TUG  
Sure, I'd retire in Florida.  
Anything yet?

TOMMY  
(glancing at phone)  
Nope. Isn't retiring in Florida a  
little on the nose. \*  
\*

Tommy throws the ball right into the bowl of fruit on the dining room table.

CUT TO:

46 INT. TUG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 46

Tommy and Tug are playing HANGMAN on A DRY-ERASE BOARD ON THE REFRIGERATOR. We see that "ACCOMMODATE" has been egregiously misspelled.

TUG  
"Accommodate" has two "C"s and two  
"O"s, you idiot.

TOMMY  
Wouldn't know, I never do it.

CUT TO:

47 INT. TUG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 47

Tommy is making Tug chug coffee.

TOMMY  
Chug! Chug! Chug!

TUG  
It's scalding hot!

TOMMY  
We're burning the midnight oil!

Tommy puts the cup to Tug's lips. Tug chugs.

CUT TO:

48 INT. TUG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 48

Tug and Tommy have built a FORT USING PILLOWS AND TABLES. Tommy is shirtless, Tug is in an undershirt, and HAS USED HIS DRESS SHIRT TO MAKE A FORT FLAG. Tommy addresses TUG'S COMPUTER, WHICH WEARS A HAT.

TOMMY  
(British accent)  
If thou doth not returneth our  
email message, we shall create our  
own network-state for which to  
work.

TUG  
Fireth the darts!

Tommy puts a ROLLED UP PIECE OF PAPER into his mouth. He shoots out a pencil, which falls harmlessly two feet away.

CUT TO:

49 INT. TUG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 49

Tommy and Tug are sprawled on the floor, eating DELIVERY CHINESE FOOD. Both are now shirtless, and there are NAPKINS, SOY SAUCE PACKETS, ETC. strewn about.

TUG  
I never ate this crap as a player.  
Ugh, why the fuck did I use that  
exclamation point?!

TOMMY  
(mouth full)  
I can feel my feet swelling.  
(beat)  
You wanna know something? I'm not  
a natural brunette.

Tommy picks up his phone.

TUG  
Yeah, everyone knows.

TOMMY  
(re: phone)  
Hey. Hey, Tug. He's writing. The  
text is bubbling.

TUG  
It's bubbling?!

The two get up and start to move around anxiously.

TOMMY  
It's bubbling. Come on, Come on!

The text sounds goes off. Tug runs over to look at the text.

TUG  
What'd he say?

TOMMY  
"Copy that."

TUG  
"Copy that." Is that bad?

TOMMY  
I'm not sure.

TUG  
Should you respond?

TOMMY  
No. He didn't emoji back. Now a  
non-response is the only way to  
regain the upper hand.

TUG  
Come on, write back and tell him to  
look out for my tape, too.

TOMMY  
I don't want to push it. I knew he  
wouldn't get the fire plus the  
poop. \*

TUG  
Yeah, I said that. The point was  
to let him know about both of our  
reels. \*

TOMMY  
(lost in thought)  
"Copy that". Maybe it's a good  
thing?

TUG  
(looking at computer)  
Look, do you have his email? I'll  
do some damage control, and....holy  
shit. \*

TOMMY  
What?

TUG  
(reading)  
Holy shit!

TOMMY  
What?

TUG  
I got a job!

TOMMY  
What job?

TUG  
The Washington job! I got an email  
reply. "We're thrilled with your  
submission. We think you're  
perfect..."

TOMMY  
No way.

Tommy comes over to look at the email. Tug closes the  
laptop.

TUG  
Yes!

TOMMY  
Oh. That's cool. Maybe we can  
both get in on this.

TUG  
I would love to, Tommy, but this  
one's for me.

TOMMY  
What's that supposed to mean?

TUG

It means that for once I won the job! I'm the #1. I'm the guy!

TOMMY

(hurt)

But...we've been working together.

TUG

Tommy, I don't need your help. Don't get me wrong, we've had some good times, but it's been a struggle, is that wrong for me to say? You're tough to be around, you know? And that's cool - you're a confident guy - but maybe it's my time. And I did it. I won! I'm, like....Wooo! I'm, I'm-

TOMMY

(reading Tug's email)

"I'm sorry to inform you that the position has been filled." Gotta actually open the email. You can't just read the...grey bar next to the subject.

Tug runs over to read the email. Tommy picks up his things.

TUG

(furiously reading)

"We're thrilled with your submission. We think you're perfect!"...."However"...

TOMMY

Sorry to be the bearer of bad news - but, hey, I'm "tough to be around".

A long beat.

TUG

Look, Tommy, I made a mistake. I was being stupid. Obviously, I want your help in getting to the next place in my career. I'm sorry, okay!

Tommy heads to the doorway of the classroom, turns around:

TOMMY

Copy that.

END OF EPISODE

EPISODE SEVEN

50 INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

50

A small graduation ceremony - BRAM GIVES A VALEDICTORY SPEECH:

BRAM

...You probably think Robert Frost wrote that. Nope...it was me, Bram Luckland.

(beat)

You know, every time I say my name out loud, I'm reminded of how lucky I really am...I'm really lucky. When Bob Costas had pinkeye, the world counted him out...but not me...not the kid who had pinkeye more than *seventy* times as a child. Bob overcame his conjunctivitis, like I overcame mine, and like many of you overcame your impediments...

His speech continues in VOICEOVER throughout the following: Klose calls students up to the front to receive CERTIFICATES. Tug receives his, awkwardly pats Klose on the back. Tommy receives his (Klose doesn't make eye contact) and sits down next to Tug. Tug claps for Tommy but Tommy ignores him - there's still tension there. As Bram's V.O. fades...

KLOSE (O.C.)

...Michelle Sangianopolos.

Our attention is drawn back to the front of the classroom. As Michelle takes her diploma, she gives KLOSE an aggressive handshake.

MICHELLE

I won't let you down, sir!

KLOSE

Be quieter.

(turning away from her quickly)

And last, but certainly not least...Bram Luckland.

Bram approaches. The two make eye contact for an extended moment, then Klose pulls him into an embrace. A tremble in Bram's back suggests that he is crying a little. They eventually split apart, and Klose hands him his certificate, and then turns to face the class:

KLOSE (CONT'D)  
 Godspeed...most of you. For one  
 last time: Class. Dismissed.

As the students rise from their seats, Tug walks over to Michelle.

TUG  
 Hey, Michelle! A.) Congrats, B.) I  
 have loved getting to know you, and  
 C.) We should stay in touch.  
 (then)  
 I know how much you like lists.

MICHELLE  
 Thanks, Tug! And yes, we should  
 definitely stay in touch. But -  
 fair warning - sounds like they're  
 gonna be working me like a dog, and  
 you know how bad I am at texting  
 back.

TUG  
 You got a job?! That's great.  
 Where?

MICHELLE  
 That Redskins regional gig.

TUG GOES GREEN.

TUG  
 But, I-- How?

MICHELLE  
 (trying to keep it light)  
 Just talked Notre Dame football.  
 You were right - that guy is  
 nonstop about the Fighting Irish.

TUG  
 I wanted that job. I thought you  
 were helping me.

MICHELLE  
 Sure, but...

Her WATCH ALARM goes off.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
 I should go. I'll text you soon.

She gives him a quick hug, but his arms remain by his side. He doesn't know what the hell to make of what seems like a betrayal.

ACROSS THE ROOM:

Andre approaches Tommy.

ANDRE

You know, you gave me some balls.

TOMMY

Oh, right, about that - those were Titleist Pro-V I's, and I might actually need those back, dude. Didn't realize how expensive--

ANDRE

No, like...

(grabs his balls)

...these. You taught me that standing up for myself wouldn't kill me. And as a token of my gratitude, here...

Andre hands him a CHECK.

TOMMY

(eyes going wide)

What's this?

Beat.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Am I seeing this right? Four zeroes?

But after a moment, his excitement fades to uncertainty:

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I can't take this from you. If you paid me for that advice, it'd mean we weren't friends.

This suggestion that they're friends warms Andre's heart.

ANDRE

I know, and that means a lot. But I know you need it, and it's no sweat for me - my dad invented the pool noodle.

Beat.



TOMMY

Really? Damn, pool noodles are popular...I have, like, four.  
 (accepting the check)  
 Well, this might be good for my charity...Arondall...Cares...um, United.

He pulls Andre into a hug.

As \*\*MONTAGE MUSIC\*\* comes up, we...

CUT TO:

51 INT. TUG'S APARTMENT - AN HOUR LATER 51

Tug packs in VACUUM BAGS, and then carefully lays the bags into his suitcase. He stops when he spots the SHIRT HE TURNED INTO A FLAG IN EPISODE SIX tucked in the corner. He takes a DEEP BREATH, reflecting on the experience with Tommy...

CUT TO:

52 INT. TOMMY'S DORM ROOM - SAME 52

For the first time, we see where Tommy's been staying - he's been sleeping in BUNK BEDS. He jams clothes into a bag that rests on the bottom bunk.

TOMMY

That about does it. Good luck with everything, Bucky.

WE REVEAL A DISHEVELED COLLEGE KID (BUCKY) ON THE TOP BUNK, his GIRLFRIEND lying next to him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(a nod)  
 Bucky's girlfriend.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER 53

Tommy tosses the bag into the back of A SMALL PICKUP TRUCK that has seen better days. Tug approaches...

TUG

You sell the convertible?

TOMMY

(covering)

Nah, I mean, kinda...I don't have it anymore...crazy recall thing. Something about the retracting top accidentally...hanging people...with, you know, the seatbelt.

Beat. Tug can see that Tommy is stressed, struggling.

TUG

I think Michelle might have been working against us this whole time.

TOMMY

Really?

TUG

Yeah, she nabbed that Redskins gig.

TOMMY

Wow. Sorry to hear that.

(then)

Maybe the Redskins have my info wrong.

(beat)

You headed back home to the lady?

TUG

Yeah, guess Trina's throwing me a party tomorrow.

\*

TOMMY

Oh, for what?

TUG

Just...returning home empty-handed, I guess.

Tommy laughs at Tug's self-effacement.

TUG (CONT'D)

(re: pickup truck)

You know, if you need a place to stay or anything, I can always--

TOMMY

No, no, no. I'm good.

(then, honest)

If I'm ever gonna grow up and learn anything, I gotta stop leaning on my... handlers. But thanks. Safe travels.

TUG  
 (shaking hands)  
 You too, Tommy.

CURT MENEFEЕ (O.S.) \*  
 Gentlemen.

The guys turn to find that Gumbel, smirking, has joined them.

CURT MENEFEЕ (CONT'D) \*  
 (to Tommy)  
 Klose gave me your address.  
 (then)  
 He just showed me the video of you  
 two calling that high school  
 football game...

TUG TOMMY  
 Tired of hearing about it. Fuck that guy.

CURT MENEFEЕ (CONT'D) \*  
 Yeah, he takes an enormous amount  
 of delight in showing it to people.  
 (beat)  
 But I think there might be  
 something...useful there.

TUG  
 Pardon?

CURT MENEFEЕ \*  
 I've recently attached myself to a  
 streaming service for, well,  
 "obscure" sports, and I think you  
 two might be perfect for what we're  
 doing.

TOMMY  
 (perking up)  
 Really?

CURT MENEFEЕ \*  
 Would you consider coming to work  
 for us? As a team. Your chemistry  
 is - how should I put this - it's  
 so terrible, it's brilliant.  
 (a chuckle)  
 I can't look away from the  
 bloodbath of it all.

Tug and Tommy exchange a look - they know that their  
 relationship is probably too volatile for something like  
 this...

TUG

Thanks, Greg, but I'm really looking to do something by myself.

CURT MENEFEE

Okay. Good luck, then.

\*

TOMMY

Say, Greg - any chance you'd consider letting me do something solo for you guys?

CURT MENEFEE

Hmmm.

(mulling it over)

Sure, we might consider that.

\*

Tug reacts.

TUG

Wait, what? But, you said-- Would you let me do something solo?

CURT MENEFEE

Nah, don't think that would work for us.

\*

Tommy looks at Tug, who hangs his head. Tommy can't help but feel something for his old friend...

TOMMY

You got any other hits on job stuff?

TUG

Nope.

Tug shakes his head. Tommy sighs deeply, and we...

SMASH TO:

54

INT. VFW IN ENID, OKLAHOMA - NIGHT

54

Tug and Tommy sit behind MICROPHONES SET ATOP A CARD TABLE. A CROWD OF REDNECKS cheers, as TWO BURLY MEN ARM WRESTLE.

TUG

(confused)

Who's winning?

TOMMY

The taller guy, obviously.

TUG

No. If anything it's the huskier one. His hand's in better position.

TOMMY

What? Have you ever arm wrestled in your life.

TUG

Sure. Have you?

TOMMY

I was state champ in high school.

TUG

No way that was a thing...

As their VOICES FADE OUT, we...

CUT TO:

55

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

55

Glen Klose sips whiskey, watches the boys call arm-wrestling.

GLEN KLOSE

Idiots.

END OF EPISODE

BUMPERS/END CREDITS

56 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

56

TUG AND TOMMY DO A SEGUE DRILL...

TUG

That was some truly fantastic play  
on special teams...

TOMMY

Speaking of fantastic, Applebee's  
is now offering free bread sticks  
with every entree...

TUG

Speaking of free, Pittsburgh sure  
didn't win this one without cost...

Beat.

TOMMY

That one was pretty bad.

TUG

It was pretty good.

57 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

57

TUG AND TOMMY DO AN EARPIECE DRILL...

TOMMY

(pressing on earpiece)  
I'm being told that the playoffs  
will be...  
(re: earpiece)  
...you need to stop so I can think.

TUG

(to Tommy)  
She said the playoffs will have to  
be rescheduled due...  
(off his earpiece)  
...wait, now you're talking to me?  
Does everything you say get  
transmitted to both of us?

TOMMY

(re: voice in earpiece)  
And a little less hostility,  
please, Earpiece Lady.

58 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

58

Klose paces in front of the class...

GLEN KLOSE

...let's try this again. You've just heard a corny joke, but you want your interview subject to feel confident and at ease. So, we're laughing, and GO...

FAKE LAUGHTER from the students, with varying degrees of believability...

59 EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - DAY

59

TUG

...I don't need competition anymore in my life.

TOMMY

I don't believe you.

TUG

I hung up the cleats, I let it go, I feel great.

TOMMY

Yeah, yeah.

TUG

I do.

Beat.

TOMMY

What was your forty time at the combine?

TUG

I have no idea. I don't remember.

TOMMY

C'mon. You remember.

TUG

I have no clue.

Tommy looks down the LONG HALLWAY. Tug follows his glance. A beat, and then they TAKE OFF SPRINTING...

60

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

60

We INTERCUT the following pieces of Tug and Tommy giving post-game interviews under the glare of CAMERA LIGHTS.

TUG

(covering frustration)

Look, nobody loves getting benched, but I'm a team player. You know, one day at a time. That's the game of football. It's next man up. No use crying over spilled milk.

(beat)

Wait, what was the question?

CUT TO:

TOMMY

Of course I'm a team player, but I've been ready for this for a long time. Today was a great day for me.

(beat, to a person off screen)

Why are you looking at me like that?

(beat)

Do I have a booger?

CUT TO:

TUG

Oh, yeah, I have no doubt that I'll be back on the field, very soon.

CUT TO:

TOMMY

Pretty sure I'll be the starter going forward.