UNTITLED

Written by

Sam Davidson

Address
Phone Number

The life expectancy of an NFL player is 55 years.

The average NFL player's career is 3.5 years.

EXT. MIAMI- VERY EARLY MORNING - PRE DAWN

South Beach. Hotel Row. Overbuilt condos...in one of them...

INT. CONDO COMPLEX - SAME

A man and woman sleep. We notice two things. He's heavily muscled, she's boomin' hot. Her perfect, bare ass is partially covered by the sheets. Close on HIS eyes. Eye lids flutter back in forth in a state of REM. We move closer and bam...

POV: Inside a helmet. View partially obstructed by the grid of the face mask. Absorb one bone crushing hit after another. Mini earthquakes inside his head. One last blow and then his eyes pop open. Takes a minute.

He rolls over. Sits on the edge of the bed. SPENCER STRASMORE, mid 30's, Black, former All-Pro running back. Always ran hard. Grew up in Virginia Beach, and if you think there's no hood near the beach, then you haven't been to the 757. Adopted too..

Prepares to stand but before he can, he has to place both hands on his knees. Tiny holes pepper both knees. A pinky juts out at a right angle. Knuckles swollen. Football fingers. Spencer braces himself, pushes down on his knees...and stands up.

Walks into the bathroom and CLOSES the door. Opens a drawer, filled with orange pill bottles. Grabs a handful of pain killers, pops them in his mouth...starts CHEWING them.

He may look beat up and busted right now, but only we see this. Put him in a custom made suit and, to the outside world, he is still the same 227 lbs of chiseled perfection. Like many of his peers, he never lets anyone see behind the curtain.

He opens the bathroom door and sees MARQUEZ, mid 20's brunette, frantically grabbing her clothes from the floor. She jumps into her skirt, pulls her blouse over her head, grabs her heels in her hand and heads for the door barefoot.

SPENCER
You don't want to shower here?

MARQUEZ
Can't. Totally messed up. Have a meeting at the network in an hour. It's easier.

SPENCER
Easier?

MARQUEZ
All my stuff is there. Products, hair, skin...you know, stuff that makes one pretty.

SPENCER
Got it.

MARQUEZ
Babe, I had a really nice time last night. Bye.

She heads toward the door.

SPENCER
You forgetting something?

She looks at him confused, then smiles, heads over to him and gives him a goodbye kiss. He grins.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
That's what I'm talking about.

EXT. OCEAN DR. - DAY

A Big Benz cruises onto the Causeway, Star island in the distance.

INT. BIG BENZ - SAME

A guy, RODNEY, Black, late 30's, drives, obviously a baller, the girl next him, KIMMY, 26, Latina, is his girl.

KIMMY
Baby, I love you.

RODNEY
And I love you, baby.

KIMMY
Do you really? Are you sure?

RODNEY
Why do you always ask me that? You know I do.

KIMMY
How much?

RODNEY
More than anything. But why you always have to quantify things?

KIMMY
I don't know. Maybe I just like to hear you say it.

RODNEY
Well then I'll say it again. I LOVE you baby. More than anything.

KIMMY
Anything? More than football?

RODNEY
More than ball.

KIMMY
More than your Rookie of the year trophy?

RODNEY
Yep.

KIMMY
How bout your Superbowl ring?

He thinks. Pauses.

RODNEY
Hmmmm. Even more than that.

KIMMY
So you would do anything for me? Cause I would do anything for you. Even kill myself.

He turns and stares at her. She's crazy. He responds without missing a beat.

RODNEY
Anything. I would do absolutely anything.

KIMMY
Even leave your wife?

He doesn't respond. She does.

KIMMY (CONT'D)
You motherfucker. I knew it.

RODNEY
Would you relax?

KIMMY
Relax? Relax?!? You told me you were separated!!

RODNEY
I am.

KIMMY
You lying piece of shit. I checked.

She grab his balls. Starts to punch him. He looks to push her off of him. Starts to swerve when a semi plows right into them. Dead.

INT. STADIUM - DAY

On the field a temporary stage with makeshift bleachers. A giant picture of Rodney next to a grand flower arrangement in the shape of a 12, his number from pee wee football to the pros.

Filled with players, most of them retired. Wives stand next to gold diggers wearing 6" Loubou's.

The widowed wife, TINA, 36, white, perfect features, and her son, RODNEY JUNIOR, 12, dark skin, curly hair, looks more like his dad, receive everyone. Spencer, wearing a perfectly pressed black suit, his diamond crusted JACOB THE JEWELER watch and, of course, his SUPERBOWL ring speaks with his buddy CHARLES GREEN, black, 35, Ole Miss boy, retired for a year, offensive lineman, wears a five button suit. Both played for the Rams. Charles put on a few from his 305 lbs. playing weight, which he struggles with.

SPENCER
You know how many times I told him not to fuck with that chicken head.

CHARLES
No doubt.

SPENCER
Clip her before shit happens.

CHARLES
No doubt.

SPENCER
It was just a matter of time. That girl was crazy.

CHARLES
No doubt.

SPENCER
Would you stop saying that?

CHARLES
My bad. I just got lost thinking.

SPENCER
About?

CHARLES
How fucking hot Kimmy was. And what tragedy it is that she is gone off of our fine earth.

SPENCER
Is ass all you ever think about?

CHARLES
Yea...(beat) and food.

SPENCER
You're out of your mind?? How bout thinking about *his* wife?

CHARLES
You think she knew about Kimmy?

Off Spencer's look.

INT. MEMORIAL SERVICE - CONTINUOUS

Spencer up at the podium eulogizing Rodney.

SPENCER
The one thing I know is that he loved his family more than anything. Tina, you meant the world to him.

He looks at her. Others discreetly raise their eyebrows. Notices a sexy woman seated cross legged on a temp chair close to the front.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
We all know what a competitor Rod was...

He looks out. Sees the woman again. She's now staring intensely at him....She mouths to him, "I want to fuck you." He pauses, gets his composure, continues...

SPENCER (CONT'D)
My first game starting...we're playing in the Giants Stadium. Swirling wind. Zero degree wind chill. And I had just fumbled the ball at the goal line. I come back to the huddle. Nobody wants to look at me and Rod says, you do that again, you'll be bagging groceries...But don't worry, I'll still be your friend. Then he said, get ready cause the next one's coming right back at you. So to my teamate, my friend, my brother, right back at you.

He finishes. Can't help himself and glances back to woman who hasn't looked off of him. And before he looks away, she uncrosses her legs and gives him a glimpse. Welcome to Spencer's world.

EXT. MEMORIAL SERVICE - PARKING LOT

Everyone exiting. Spencer, Charles, and their boy, RICKY JARRET, bowtie and glasses, black, 30, SoCal boy, grew up in Inglewood, always wired, wide receiver, still plays for the Packers, leans on car.

SPENCER
(re: Service)
That was fucked up.

RICKY
Nah, you know what was fucked up was that shorty in the front row.

SPENCER
You saw that?

CHARLES
Seen what?

RICKY
(reverentially)
Hell yea, she was a straight up freak. Got worried she might leave her seat.

CHARLES
Why do I always miss the freaks?

RICKY
(Smiles)
God works in mysterious ways.

SPENCER
(Laughs)
Rod would a loved it...What do you say we honor my man's life with a night out?

RICKY
(nods)
I'm always up for a little...What are you thinking?

SPENCER
The WALL. You know it was Rod's favorite spot.

CHARLES
Am I invited?

They both stare at him. Of course he is...

CHARLES (CONT'D)
I didn't want to be assumptuous. See you guys later.

Charles splits off and leaves Ricky and Spencer.

Ricky looks across at four girls with big tits and big hair.

RICKY
Should I grab some of the funeral ho's?

Ricky waves at the girls. They wave back.

Spencer gives him a look. "Show some respect."

EXT. MIAMI - DAY

Spencer drives his '65. White. Of Course. He's lost in thought. He reaches into a hidden compartment, grabs and starts chewing a handful of pills. Cell Phone rings. Looks up at digital display, "Vernon." He immediately kicks up his energy; that's how he is with people.

SPENCER
What up Big Time? Where the hell were you today?

EXT. LUXURY HIGH RISE CONDO- CONTINUOUS

VERNON LITTLEFIELD, currently starts for Dallas Cowboys. He's a smash mouth linebacker, nickname "The Plug." His friends play Madden 2012 on a giant flat screen. There's a whole lotta other people roaming around his condo. We're not sure who they are or what they do.

VERNON
Huh?

SPENCER
You don't know about Rod?

VERNON
Oh that. Yea, sorry to hear, but I got a predicament. Need some gap cash. Short term. For rent and things.

SPENCER
Fuck. How's that possible?

VERNON
(rambling)
You know how it is. I got a big family. A lot of friends too. They need to eat.

SPENCER
How much you need?

VERNON
Three hundred grand.

SPENCER
What?! Didn't you sign for 12 mil out of school?

VERNON
Come on Spence. You know how it is, spend the rookie deal, save the next.

SPENCER
Are you telling me the whole story? You know I would do anything for you but you have to be straight up.

Vernon thinks.

VERNON
I'll call you back.

Vernon hangs up abruptly. Spencer immediately tries to dial him back. No luck. Pulls into his office parking lot.

INT. ANDERSON FINANCIAL

Spencer strides down the hall passing a row of offices. Hears from out of the corner office...

VOICE (V.O.)
Yo Yo

Spencer see's his thirtysomething boss, Joe, loves to surf, beckoning Spencer into his office. Leg draped over a chair watching coverage of the memorial on a flatscreen.

JOE
Wow. That was some service. Hope that many people show up when I die.

Spencer doesn't respond. Stonewalls him...Waiting to see what he needs.

JOE (CONT'D)
Did you get any leads?

SPENCER
Joe, it's a fucking funeral.

JOE
Don't tackle the messenger. I'm just saying, when are you going to start to...

SPENCER
(cuts him off, he's heard it before)
...Monetize my friendships.

I/E. CHARLES'S HOUSE - LATER

Charles wife, JULIE, 30's, black, his high school sweet heart, an RN, is bringing groceries into their single story, Boca Raton house. She sees her husband on the sofa watching ADAM SCHEFTER reporting on Sportscenter.

JULIE
Still haven't moved?

CHARLES
I'm mourning.

JULIE
Really????

CHARLES
People deal with grief in their own individual way.

JULIE
Fine I'll give you a pass today. But tomorrow you are out looking for a job. At least do us both a favor and learn something from Rodney's life.

CHARLES
What's that?

JULIE
When you have too much time on your hands and you fuck groupie whores, you end up dead.

CHARLES
You jokin' or you serious, I can't tell?

She just stares at him...Oh, she's serious.

EXT. W HOTEL - NIGHT

Assorted cars S65's, Rovers, Beemers diagonally parked up front, VIP style. Hot latin girls dressed in brightly colored sexy dresses. The guys(Spencer, Ricky and Charles) roll up in Spencer's custom, chauffeur-driven Escalade. They pop out. See two huge guys, identical twins, MAURKICE and MIKE POUNCEY, Mike is younger by a minute, both REAL players in the NFL, both play the position of center, one for Pittsburgh, the other for Miami. They get out of a white Bentley. Spencer, see's an opportunity and runs up on them.

SPENCER
(to Maurkice)
How's the best center in the league?

They both turn around, spot Spencer.

MIKE
He’s not even the best center in the family.

They laugh.

MAURKICE
Spence, you know my little brother Mike?

MIKE
Who you calling little?

Spencer looks at the 6’5” 320lbs guy.

SPENCER
We’ve crossed paths once or twice but always good to get a proper introduction.

MAURKICE
(Caught)
This is who I was telling you about. Been meaning for all of us to get together.

Spencer giving Maurkice shit.

SPENCER
You keep saying that...

MIKE
You’re supposed be the man when it comes to managing finances, right?

SPENCER
(owning it)
That’s what they say. So when can I start making you guys some paper...or at least saving you some...Whose Bentley is that?

MIKE
(defensively)
It’s not mine.

MAURKICE
(proudly)
It’s mine, and I paid cash!

SPENCER (CONT’D)
First piece of advice, never buy a depreciating asset, if it drives, flies, floats or fucks - lease it!

INT. THE WALL NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Night club going off. The guys are joined by several other former players. Everyone drinks, Charles drinks water.

PROMOTER brings boom boom girls to the table.

PROMOTER
Dashi, Paulina, and Barrrrbara, (whispers to guys)just don't call her Barbara. Girls, meet the dream team.

The guys smile and say hi.

SPENCER
What can I get for you girls?

GIRLS
(in Unison)
Champagne please.

The girls jump up and sit of the ledge of the booth. Paulina stands and starts dancing on top of the booth. The waitress comes over with a bottle of Dom. Hands each of the girls a flute.

Dashi sits down next to Charles.

DASHI
I'm Dashi, who are you?

CHARLES
Charles Green.

DASHI
Who do you play for Charles Green?

CHARLES
(self conscious)
Used to play. But I'm retired now. Haven't really figured what I want to do next. I'm still contemplative.

With that she gets up to moves on.

DASHI
Nice to meet you Charles. Good luck with everything...

Spots Ricky, realizes who he is, makes a beeline for him...

Ricky and Spencer, admiring the view.

RICKY
Didn't he meet Kimmy here.

SPENCER
Yep. He had a thing for bottle service girls.

RICKY
Who doesn't? You think it's the uniform?

SPENCER
No, I think it's they're hot and you're drunk.

RICKY
Then I think I'll stick to a civilian tonight.

Dashi sits down next to Ricky.

DASHI
Hi, I'm Dashi...

RICKY
I'm Ricky, what you do Dashi?

DASHI
I'm in branding.(she's not)

INT. BATHROOM

Dashi is propped up a small sink inside a unisex bathroom while Ricky is fucking the hell out of her.

EXT. BATHROOM HALLWAY-MOMENTS LATER

A line has formed. People grow impatient. Even over the music you can hear Dashi howling in ecstacy coming from inside. They all look at each other. A FRAT BOY type, wearing a way to colorful button up starts banging on the door.

FRAT BOY
Come on you somma bitch, hurry the hell up.

A moment later the door opens. Ricky emerges. Quickly closes the door behind him before Frat boy can get in.

RICKY
O my bad, didn't know people were waiting.(He did) Do me a favor and just give my girl a minute, would you? She's not feeling too well.

The kid looks at him. Realizes.

FRAT BOY
Hey, you're Ricky Jarret. (Ricky nods) I watched you and your boy Rodney play at SC.

RICKY
You a Trojan too?

FRAT BOY
Hell no. Fuck the TROjans.

RICKY
Huh?

FRAT BOY
Rules don't apply to you, huh? No common decency? You guys with your self entitlement. Y'all nothin' but a bunch of selfish womanizing assholes...know what I mean?

RICKY
No, I don't know what ya mean. (He does) How bout you tell me, big boy?

FRAT BOY
How bout you ask your friend Rodney?

Ricky punches the guy in the face and drops him. Casually turns and walks back to the table.

A guy in line takes out his cell and types...

We freeze frame on Ricky walking away.

Super reads "@RickyJarret just punched some guy at #THEWALL"

INT. WALL NIGHT CLUB - GUYS TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Spencer sees Ricky heading towards the table.

RICKY
(To Spencer)
We gotta bounce.

SPENCER
What's up?

RICKY
Problems.

Ricky looks back at the scene behind him.

SPENCER
I'll eat the bill. Head out the back. Charles'll grab the car.

RICKY
Don't forget the girls.

Spencer looks at him.

SPENCER
Call your fucking agent!

Ricky heads out. Spencer grabs Charles in a headlock.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Ladies, you have to get the old man to stop drinking water, it's bad for his health...Come on, who wants to go chill on the boat?

INT. JASON'S APT. BEDROOM - 3 AM

Sports Agent Jason Antolotti, 40's, Long Island Italian, and MOLLY, Stanford U. Blonde, are having sex. Framed pictures of the couple are all over the apartment. Several feature Molly either holding a golf bag, a trophy or both...She's a pro golfer.

JASON
Who's going to win the Open?

MOLLY
I am.

JASON
Who?

MOLLY
I am.

His cell rings. Caller ID reads "Ricky Jarret"

JASON
O geez, What the fuck...

JASON (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Ricky.

INT. RICKY'S BOAT

People party on the deck, girls in the jacuzzi. Miami in the background. Ricky is in his quarters with the door closed.

RICKY
(Whispering)
J.

JASON
What's up?

RICKY
I have a little situation.

JASON
Another one? How little?

RICKY
Bigger. Let some punkass fratboy incite me. So I dropped him.

JASON
Ahhh fuck. Why'd you do that?

RICKY
Why do I do anything? Shit just happens to me.

JASON
Well I'm sure there was good reason. Let me get on it. In the mean time, don't talk to anyone, lay low. And I'll call you tomorrow.

Two girls in bikini's walk in looking for Ricky.

EXT. SETAI - NEXT MORNING

Jason, seated in usual spot working two cell phones. Up walks Spencer, dressed like he's straight out of a Ralph Lauren ad, wearing a cream colored linen suit, not a wrinkle.

JASON
You living legend...I'm setting up a pro day.

SPENCER
Never stop selling, huh?

JASON
Still look like you could play though.

SPENCER
How bout focusing on your current players? They're not doing too good. Vernon's fucked. And are you up to speed with the Ricky situation?

JASON
Already spoke to the GM. He's fucked. They're trying to trade him.

SPENCER
Wow, that quick?

JASON
Shit's changed. Twitter. You Tube. He's trending.

SPENCER
Of course he is. Fuck. That's problematic. I'll reach out to him, try to keep his head on straight...Vernon hit you yet?

JASON
He left me some cryptic message. What's up?

SPENCER
He's a broke motherfucker is what's up and he needs a loan.

JASON
Not surprised. His childhood friend Reggie handles his money.

SPENCER
You gotta be kidding me. Fat Reggie from Pensacola?

JASON
Yea that Reggie.

SPENCER
Damn, how the hell'd you let that happen?

JASON
How did I? Like I had a choice. How did YOU let that happen... I'm trying to get him a new deal.

SPENCER
I should be handling his money.

JASON
Why aren't you handling his money?

A beat....Spencer thinks. Makes a decision.

SPENCER
You know what, I'm gonna loan him the 300K.

JASON
You know what, you're fucking crazy. I know you don't have that kind of money.

SPENCER
No crazier than loaning YOUR first client 50K when you had zero. And it sure seems to have turned out ok for you.

JASON
But you were a sure thing.

SPENCER
No I wasn't. Not even close.

Off Jason's smirk.

INT. STOP AND SHOP - SAME

Charles, dressed in Lime Green Polo shirt, crisp jeans is at the check out paying for an assortment of candy including a box of Ring Dings, Yodels and Snowballs.

CASHIER
Yodels are my favorite.

Charles smiles.

CHARLES
I still haven't decided.

EXT. FT. LAUDERDALE - ANDERSON FINANCIAL REGIONAL OFFICE

Spencer pulls into the parking lot. A glass and chrome two story building in the background. Cell phone rings. "Vernon" pops up on the display. He parks and walks in to the office as he talks.

SPENCER
What happened yesterday? I tried to call you back.

LORENA (V.O.)
Mr. Strasmore?

INT. VERNON'S APARTMENT

Vernon stands with Lorena, 20's, rental agent.

SPENCER
(confused)
Who's this?

LORENA
Lorena Salinas. I'm calling from the management office of Vernon's building. He requested I call you regarding his rent.

Spencer shakes his head. Can't believe Vernon made her call.

SPENCER
Ok...?

VERNON
(whispers in her ear)
Tell him how much I owe.

LORENA
Well, he's three months past due...

Vernon grabs the phone back. The task completed.

VERNON
See, I ain't been making shit up.

SPENCER
YOU could have just told me.

VERNON
But why leave any doubt?

Spencer smiles to himself.

SPENCER
I got you covered.

VERNON
That's why you were always my favorite teammate!

INT. ANDERSON FINANCIAL

Spencer chomping on a muffin comes walking in. Brokers and assistants. Cruises by his co-workers, says hi to everyone, everyone loves Spencer. He's greeted by his secretary, VIRGINIA, 50'S, black, voluptuous with long acrylic nails. They met during his stint with the Saints when she worked in front office. Today her nails are black and gold. She has a pic of quarterback Drew Brees in her cubicle.

VIRGINIA
Morning honey.

He goes to pound fists.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)
Watch the nails.

This time we get a real glimpse of his office. Walls filled with pics from his playing days, college and pro. A game ball with a date written on it and "10,000th Yard" in white ink, sits in a credenza under a window overlooking the parking lot. Everything immaculate, just like the way he wore his uniform.

Joe sees Spencer. Walks in right behind him.

JOE
I'm on the elliptical this morning watching Sportscenter... Dude! What is up with your boy Ricky?

He leans, sotto.

JOE (CONT'D)
Dude, you got to tell me what really went down.

Spencer just stares at him, he'd rather quit then talk about it. His blackberry rings. Spencer sees its Ricky, Joe doesn't. Spencer looks at Joe.

INT. CAR - SAME

Ricky wearing sunglasses and a Yankee baseball hat.

RICKY
Spence, it's Rick. You wanted to talk?

SPENCER
Yea, can we grab dinner tonight at Prime 112?

RICKY
Nah, can't do that, don't want to see anybody.

SPENCER
Where're you now?

RICKY
Where else? Parked right out front of your office.

Spencer shakes his head.

SPENCER
Ricky, hold on a sec. Joe. It's Ricky Jarret, needs a minute with me.

JOE
Not a problem, but you should be handling him. Bro, the time to pounce is when people are at their weakest. By the way, what's it like to get traded?

SPENCER
I wouldn't know.

EXT. ANDERSON FINANCIAL - CONTINUOUS

Spencer walks out to see Ricky in his Red 458 Italia Ferrari. License plate 88. Spencer gets in the car.

SPENCER
Thought you were laying low?

RICKY
It was this or the monster truck. Thought this was a better choice.

INT. LOS PERROS RESTAURANT - HIALEAH, FL - LATER

Spencer and Ricky eat with the locals. They munch on ChorriPerros (Cuban Hotdogs). Ferrari in the background surrounded by junkers. Ricky is amped and fidgety.

RICKY
I don't want to be traded.

SPENCER
You've been traded before.

RICKY
Yea, but I was young and stupid then. This time it's different. I like where I am. Don't want to learn a new system, play the get to know you game.

SPENCER
Did Jason tell you that?

RICKY
(panicked)
No, I'm not talking to him. I'm avoiding his calls. (Takes a bite)...I'm not letting them treat Ricky Jarret like this. I mean fuck, if they send my ass to Jacksonville, I'll retire. I do not care. I'll do something else.

SPENCER
You threatening to quit?

RICKY
Fuck being part of rebuilding an organization. Had 1000 yards last year.

SPENCER
Oh, so you're going to pull a Tiki Barber? Retire early. Pursue your dreams. Nigga please. You think there should be special rules? Ricky Rules.

RICKY
Hell no. It's not what I'm saying. They didn't treat you like this, Golden boy.

SPENCER
Golden boy, huh? Well let me tell you what it was like...I had an image of what my retirement day was going to look like, standing at the podium, mic in front of me, coach on one side, owner on the other, family and friends surrounding me...you know how it went down?

Ricky shakes his head, he doesn't

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Sitting at my kitchen with my cell phone...waiting for the call from the owner, GM, hell even the trainer. You know when it came?

He stares at Ricky.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Never.

RICKY
Really?

SPENCER
Yes, really. I'll swap with you. Trade my life to get one more play. Nothing can replace that feeling. So you better wise the fuck up, because you got one more contract before you join the rest of us. Start acting and conducting yourself like a professional. Do not do anything on your own. No phone calls, no texts and you better not be tweeting.

RICKY
You're right...I promise. No tweeting.

INT. CHARLES' TRUCK - LATER

Charles cruises down Biscayne Blvd. Stops at light. Looks down at the passenger seat covered in empty wrappers. There's one last Yodel. He stares at it. Finally he snatches it, opens it, takes a huge bite and smiles.

INT. SETAI - LATER

Jason walks through the lobby, talks on his cell to Philadelphia Eagles GM.

JASON
John, we both know that the Packers have family base and you guys have a rogue base. If they put him on waivers you will be fighting six other teams for Ricky. You don't want that.

EAGLES G.M.
Six?

JASON
Ok, 3.

EAGLES G.M.
I'll think about it. But it's hard to make a decision without knowing how long the suspension is going to be.

Jason winces at the word suspension.

EXT. TROPICAL CHEVROLET - SAME

Charles drives along, sees Chevy dealership, decides to turn in.

INT. TROPICAL CHEVROLET - CONTINUOUS

Shined up cars fill the floor, surrounded by desks occupied by SALESMEN. One jumps up as soon as he sees Charles walk through the door.

SALESMAN
Hey, how you doing today buddy?

CHARLES
Good.

Looks out the window at Charles' truck.

SALESMAN
You looking for an upgrade?

CHARLES
No, sir. I'm looking to get me a job. You guys hiring?

SALESMAN
Have you worked in car sales before?

CHARLES
No, sir.

SALESMAN
Sales of any kind?

CHARLES
No, sir.

SALESMAN
What was your last job?

CHARLES
You a football fan?

SALESMAN
Hell yeah, I'm a fan!

CHARLES
Played offensive line for the Rams. Charles Green.

He extends his huge hand.

SALESMAN
No shit, don't remember you.

CHARLES
Don't feel bad. No one ever remembers the right tackle.

INT. STAR ISLAND HOME - LATER

Ricky antsy in his trophy room. Triple flat screens on the wall. He stares at the phone, can't control himself. Finally he hits speed dial for the Packers front office.

SECRETARY
Packers office.

RICKY
It's Ricky Jarret, is Mr. Johnson available?

SECRETARY
Hold one moment please.

Long hold. Ricky fidgets.

OWNER
Hello.

RICKY
(Owning it)
Mr. Johnson, I'm calling to apologize. I messed up. No other way to say it. I am a fuck up and I let my emotions get the best of me.

OWNER
I appreciate your honesty, son.

RICKY
I'd also like to say that I will never put myself or YOUR team in this position ever again.

OWNER
Good to know and I admire the call. I'll take it all under consideration.

RICKY
Thanks so much.

OWNER
Take care.

They hang up. The owner looks over to his executive team.

OWNER (CONT'D)
Cut him.

INSERT SHOTS

Spencer's phone - Text from Ricky. "I called Mr. Johnson. Think we're good".

Jason's phone - Text from Ricky. "I called Mr. Johnson. Think we're good".

Off both their looks...Fuck.

EXT. CORAL GABLES - POP WARNER FOOTBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

A practice game of 12 year olds in progress. Tina watches from the sidelines as Rodney Jr. scrambles for big yardage. He is clearly the best kid on the field by a wide margin.

Spencers walks up next to her.

SPENCER
I'm impressed to see you guys out.

TINA
They say the best thing for kids is to keep them in their daily routine. Keep them busy.

Rodney Jr. notices Spencer on the sideline, gives him a what up nod.

Rodney Jr. gets under the center and snaps the ball. Pump fakes passing the ball, instead brings it down and takes off running, making sharp cuts and stiff arming a much bigger kid to break free for a long TD.

TINA (CONT'D)
GO RJ!

SPENCER
Cut it back inside!

Instead of listening to Spencer, RJ lowers his shoulder and buries the kid trying to tackle him. Clearly an unnecessarily aggressive move to do in practice.

TINA
Young man, you do that again and I will pull your ass off that field. That is not what you were taught.

SPENCER
Think you should cut em some slack?

Tina responds with a death stare.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
My bad...So listen, about...

TINA
Save it. No need to say it. In fact I can't hear it from one more person.

SPENCER
I understand.

TINA
No, you really don't. Had to hire a lawyer. You know he didn't leave a will? No life insurance either. Rodney being Rodney, but you know better than anyone.

SPENCER
I guess.

TINA
Come on Spencer. You know everything that man did. How long did you know about Kim?

Spencer hesitates.

SPENCER
I don't know exactly. I didn't really hang with them.

TINA
Spencer, if you are going to remain in my life...

SPENCER
Fine. Probably as long as you did. But I sure didn't co-sign on it.

TINA
It's not like I haven't been fucking somebody too.

SPENCER
Who you fucking?

She ignores the question.

TINA
Don't worry, we're all good. You and me have our own thing.

SPENCER
Good. Cause I'm here for Jr. and you.

TINA
I appreciate it but, I know what I signed up for. And you know what? I'd do it all over again...But you need to stop worrying about everyone else and focus on you.

SPENCER
I'm cool.

TINA
Is that what you tell yourself?

EXT. STAR ISLAND HOME - LATER

Spencer, Jason, Ricky and his girlfriend, ANNABELLA, talk out in the back. Biscayne Bay in the background.

RICKY
Cut me? Cut Ricky Jarret? 22nd all time on the receivers list.

ANNABELLA
Behind Steve Largent.

RICKY
Who the fuck is that?

SPENCER
Hall of fame...

RICKY
I cannot believe I'm in this position. They can't even get value for me?

JASON
You know how it is now. Once they see an imperfection the organization doesn't want to have anything to do with you.

SPENCER
It's just politics.

ANNABELLA
He's still one of the best damn wide outs in the league.

RICKY
It's humiliating.

JASON
I'm working to fix it. I've already been in contact with Philly, Miami, Atlanta, and Tennessee.

ANNABELLA
And?

JASON
I'm waiting for them to get back to me.

ANNABELLA
Waiting? Training camp starts in 3 weeks.

Jason looks at her.

RICKY
(to Annabella)
Baby. Chill. (To Jason, honest and insecure.) I can't stand to wait.

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Charles comes walking in. Julie's there waiting.

JULIE
I got worried. I came in. Sportscenter wasn't playing, you weren't on the couch...I thought you might have been abducted.

CHARLES
Why you always have to make jokes at my expense? You know I'm sensitive.

JULIE
Because deep down you like it. You know you always played better for a hard ass coach.

CHARLES
True.

JULIE
You know mama is always here for you. More than anything I got you back. We are in this together.

She goes to kiss him, stretches up to reach him.

CHARLES
Yea I know.

JULIE
So how did you do? Any leads?

CHARLES
Well I...

He pauses for a second and then whips out the Tropicana Chevrolet hat from his back pocket and puts it on his head.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
You now looking at the new salesman of the biggest Chevy dealership in Miami.

JULIE
Baby!

She jumps on him and straddles him...

INT. STAR ISLAND HOME - RICKY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Ricky getting ready for bed. TV, muted, on ESPN, Adam Shefter reports. Ricky sees his face being featured next to Shefter's. Annabella nowhere to be seen. Ricky turns off the TV, kneels next to the bed.

RICKY
Please dear God, if you bestow on me a chance to play again, to lace up my shoes, to put on my pads and once again take motherfuckers out, I promise I will make you proud...

INT. TROPICAL CHEVROLET - NEXT DAY

Charles is at his desk getting a tutorial on car sales by a guy named, RAY, 53.

CHARLES
What happens if I don't know something?

RAY
You're a car salesman, just make it up.

Charles walks up to a customer.

CHARLES
How you doing today, sir?

CUSTOMER
Not bad.

Charles looks out the window to see that the guy's car is a Mercedes.

CHARLES
Looking for an upgrade?

Customer laughs.

CUSTOMER
No, I'm looking for a truck for hunting and fishing.

CHARLES
Grew up huntin'. Daddy taught me early. Still do it.

CUSTOMER
Where...back in Biloxi?

Charles is immediately taken aback.

CHARLES
How you know I'm from Mississippi?

CUSTOMER
You're Charles Green.

CHARLES
Yes sir.

CUSTOMER
I'm Larry Seifert. Miami Dolphins. I scouted you when I was at 'Bama. Couldn't believe we lost out to Central Florida.

CHARLES
CF had a lot less folks. Wasn't always a city kid like I am now.

Seifert smiles, thinks for a second.

SEIFERT
You played with Ricky Jarret, right?

CHARLES
3 seasons. Arrived right after we won the Superbowl.

SEIFERT
Heard he's some character.

CHARLES
Always entertaining.

SEIFERT
Is he as much of an ass as he appears?

CHARLES
No sir. He's just passionate. We still good friends. He only cares about winning. If anything, he's just misunderstood.

SEIFERT
Aren't we all?

CHARLES
I guess so?

They walk up to Chevy Silverado....

CHARLES (CONT'D)
There she is.

INT. STAR ISLAND HOME - LATER

Ricky, Jason and Spencer talk.

RICKY
I prayed to God and he answered my calls.

SPENCER
I don't know what the man upstairs is up to, but I do know Jason, your super agent, got you an in person with Miami.

RICKY
It's all part of God's plan, ain't it?

JASON
Let's talk about OUR plan.

SPENCER
First thing is be contrite. Let him know you have learned from the experience.

RICKY
Be humble.

JASON
Also, that it won't happen again.

RICKY
Never.

SPENCER
And that you will do whatever the coach and the team need you to do.

RICKY
Even play on special teams.

JASON
Good, now get going, you don't want to be late. You know he schedules all the team meetings 5 minutes early.

RICKY
Won't be late...Yo, and I know I'm not the easiest person to deal with.

Spencer smiles.

RICKY (CONT'D)
So I appreciate that you don't bail when shit goes down.

JASON
Never even crossed our minds.

RICKY
It comes from a spiritual place. I'm just a passionate man.

EXT. I-95 - LATER

Signs show 20 miles to Ft. Lauderdale. Reveal Ricky stuck in traffic. Ricky sweating, melting down about the possibility of being late.

RICKY
Fuck me...Please dear god, no, no, no. Rodney, if you can hear me please clear me a path...

EXT. CORAL RIDGE YACHT CLUB - SUNRISE BAY - LATER

Ricky parks the car and sprints towards the boats. Momentarily lost he spots a 40 Ft. Viking, named BIG TUNA with it's engines running. He runs down the dock. The Miami Dolphin's COACH, late 50s, 270 lbs., currently on a low fat diet, is on the boat.

COACH
You're late.

RICKY
Well technically it's 4:58

COACH
Do you know my rules?

RICKY
Yes sir.

COACH
Then what are you?

Ricky doesn't want to answer but he does.

RICKY
I'm late.

COACH
Good, then we understand each other.

Ricky shakes his head.

COACH (CONT'D)
Can you do me a favor and untie that cleat?

RICKY
Yea sure.

Ricky unties the slip knots. Throws him the ropes.

COACH
Thanks. And take care.

He motors off leaving Ricky on the dock by himself. The boat gets smaller and smaller in the distance. Ricky turns and walks away.

EXT. VERNON'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Spencer walks into Vernon's luxury condo. There's even more people then before. His mom cooks...

VERNON
MY MAN! Coming to deliver the green hug!

SPENCER
I love you too buddy, but who are these people?

VERNON
I don't really know...

SPENCER
You better start knowing.

Spencer hands him a check.

VERNON
Thanks. I'm good for this. And don't sweat it. I'll make sure to pay you back.

SPENCER
Oh, I know you will.

EXT. CORAL RIDGE YACHT CLUB - SUNRISE BAY - LATER

The Big Tuna pulls back in the bay. Slows as it approaches the dock.

We see Ricky sitting there eating a Big Mac. Waiting. He stands as he sees Coach approaching. Coach throws Ricky the bow line.

COACH
You really have a big set of balls.

RICKY
I want you to know who I am. People talk a lot of shit about me, I know my rep.

COACH
Don't worry, I form my own opinions.

Ricky pulls him in and ties the rope off.

RICKY
Sorry for showing up late...

The coach just looks at him...

COACH
Let me ask you a question.

RICKY
What's that?

COACH
What are the three most important things in your life?

Ricky contemplates for a minute.

RICKY
God, family.....

Coach waits. Then Ricky says.

RICKY (CONT'D)
And football.

COACH
I thought you were going to say friends there for a second.

RICKY
I wasn't.

Coach smiles.

COACH
Jarret, some people deserve a second chance, are you one of those people?

RICKY
Yes sir.

COACH
Good. Because there's only one thing I like more than fishing, that's winning football games. If you can keep your head on straight, and work hard, you got a shot. (Pause) Welcome to the Miami Dolphins.

He takes his cooler and starts walking off.

RICKY
Thanks. You won't be disappointed.

COACH
Heard that before.

Coach turns and adds...

COACH (CONT'D)
Oh and one more thing, not everyone talks shit about you. Believe it or not somebody *actually* said something nice about you.

RICKY
Who's that?

COACH
Salesman over at the Chevy dealership.

RICKY
Don’t think I know anybody over there.

COACH
You don’t know Charles Green?

Ricky just shakes his head and smiles.

RICKY
No shit? Charles got a job!

INT. SPENCER’S CONDO - EVENING

Spencer watches Sportscenter, drinks Buffalo Trace whiskey, pops a couple of pills, chases them down. Cell phone rings. “Ricky.” He tries to amp up his energy.

SPENCER
My man. How ya doing?

RICKY
You ain’t gonna believe this.

SPENCER
You got married?

Ricky laughs.

RICKY
Even crazier. Just left the meeting with the coach...Guess who’s coming home?

SPENCER
...to play for the Dolphins?

RICKY
Hell yeah...And you know what? I been doin a lot of thinkin.

Spencer laughs.

SPENCER
Really???

RICKY
I’m not jokin. I need someone like you looking out for me.
(MORE)

RICKY (CONT'D)
If you’re up for it, I want you to handle my affairs.

SPENCER
(Spencer thinks a beat)
You gonna stay outta trouble?

RICKY
I’ll try it out.

SPENCER
Cause I’m not holding your hand only your money.

RICKY
Well, you better get ready to use both hands.

Spencer big smile. They hang up. Back to Ricky. Flashing lights in his rear view. Oh Fuck!