

## **"FREE AGENTS"**

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OVER BLACK.

We hear HEAVY BREATHING...

DISSOLVE TO:

1 EXT. LOS ANGELES - NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - 4:00AM

It's too early for birds to start chirping, but not too early for this determined runner, WILL GRIER (26)-- He breathes hard with sweat pouring down his face.

As he rounds the corner, a steep hill appears-- Sparking a fire in Will's hungry eyes, he puts it in 5th gear, and SPRINTS all the way to the top...

On top of the hill, he stops for a deep breath. He uses his shirt as a makeshift towel-- Revealing, a SCAR across his abdomen. We 360 around Will, and now notice how impressive his athletic physique is...

Over this image, our title FILLS THE SCREEN--

TITLE CARD: **"FREE AGENTS"**

SFX PRE-LAP: Alarm Clock, BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP... SLAP!

CUT TO:

2 INT/EXT. CAR - DRIVING - WASHINGTON, D.C. - SAME

Vidal drives through traffic, stressed and late. Her mind races faster than the wiper blades zipping back and forth across her rain drenched window-- She makes a sharp turn, and loose papers slide off the passenger seat.

The speeding car resembles a messy locker, with empty coffee cups and papers littered about. As her eyes look in the rear-view, they catch an empty toddler car seat in the back...

3 INT. GRIER HOME - LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Will enters his modest home, and walks through the silent living room. Unpacked boxes and limited decoration show he hasn't lived there long.

4V He grabs a remote and flips on the TV. An "ESPN-like" channel pops on: A REPORTER stands in front of the LA FOOTBALL FACILITY-- A chyron reads, "LAST DAY FOR FOOTBALL TEAMS TO MAKE CUTS AND FINALIZE THEIR 53-MAN ROSTERS."

Will gives it a long stare and shuts it off.

5 INT. GRIER HOME - JAMES' BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Will peaks his head into a bedroom cluttered with dinosaurs and monster trucks. He smiles when his eyes find his son, JAMES (6, socially withdrawn boy with special needs), fast asleep. He closes the door, and walks down to his bedroom.

6 INT. GRIER HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will walks in to find his wife, LISA (26) sitting up in bed with her eyes closed. He takes a seat on his side of the bed. She has no words.

WILL

You okay?

LISA

Just praying for us.

WILL

It's the last time, Lis. If I don't make this cut--

LISA

Will, you've said that for 3 years now. How many more times are you gonna say it?

WILL

This time it's different, I know it is... Been making real strides with the Special Teams unit.

Lisa falls silent and gives Will a look of deep angst.

WILL (CONT'D)

What?

LISA

I was gonna wait until after practice today...

Lisa grabs a letter from inside the night stand and hands it to Will. His eyes quickly race through it, fear sets in.

WILL

How long have you had this?

LISA

A few weeks... Maybe more.

WILL  
Lisa, you gotta tell me when things  
are goin' bad like this.

LISA  
I thought I could figure it out  
while you focused on making the  
team.  
(beat)  
My mom can't give us any more  
money, Will.

Lisa exits the room.

LISA (CONT'D)  
I gotta get James ready.

WILL  
Lisa!

7 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lisa readies for breakfast, Will follows close behind.

WILL  
You can tell me anything, you know  
that, right?

LISA  
Will, I'm scared. We're maxed out  
and got a growin' stack-a-bills  
that just aren't going away...

WILL  
I'm gonna take care of all that--

LISA  
What about insurance for James'  
medicine? Or a school that can  
handle his needs??  
(cold beat)  
Dreams don't pay bills. And unless  
we get some good news, like today,  
they're gonna throw us outta here!  
(beat)  
I was thinkin' James could stay in  
Arizona with my mother while I see  
if I can get my old job back...

WILL  
Lisa, listen to me. No one's-

James walks in shaking off sleep, and Will's tone softens.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Hey, Buddy. Want some breakfast?

LISA  
(wiping tears)  
James, sweetie, go sit down at the  
table, okay?

James sits at the table while Lisa pulls it together, grabs a bowl and some cereal. Will joins her by the cupboard.

LISA (CONT'D)  
You gotta leave or you're going to  
be late.

WILL  
I love you.

LISA  
I love you.

They kiss. Will then kisses the FOOTBALL LOCKET around her neck-- She watches him exit, and kisses the football locket too. Will smiles, turns toward the front door, and crumples up the notice she gave him.

8 INT. RUSH DANIEL'S MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

In a bedroom fit for a king, CLOSE ON: EMERALD EYES, a MAN running is reflected back. We hear speeding steps on a WHIRRING treadmill--

NOW CLOSE ON: SHOES pounding on treadmill. We slowly PAN UP to reveal: Horrific scars on gigantic ankles and knees. We PULL BACK to admire this man's sheer physicality-- Rippling back muscles, bruised and scarred from battle and time.

He's a modern day gladiator, but we'll come to know him as RUSH DANIELS (38). Behind him, a shapely beautiful Latino woman, CARLA (25) lays in a opulent silk robe and watches from the bed. In front of Rush, his AGENT stands nervously..

RUSH'S AGENT  
Rush, they've offered to keep you  
around on a 1-year deal-- Granted  
they move you to Special Teams, you  
agree to be a good presence in the  
locker room...  
(uncomfortable beat)  
And play for the league minimum.

Rush angrily punches the off button, abruptly shutting down the high speeding rubber conveyor belt--

He hops off the treadmill, grabs a towel and walks over to a balcony-- Which overlooks an Olympic sized swimming pool.

RUSH

So now I'm a charity case...  
Ungrateful motherfuckers.

The Agent awkwardly steps away as Rush broods. Rush softens when Carla slinks over and wraps her arms around him.

9

INT. OLD FORD BRONCO - A LITTLE LATER

Will navigates the freeway traffic listening to sports radio.

As he drives, Will notices smoke starting to spew from under the car hood-- He takes a look at the dash and shakes his head. The engine temperature light is bright red.

Will ignores the light and turns up the radio...

ESPN RADIO HOST (V.O.)

We're back with LA QB, Peter Crane.  
Pete, Danno and I feel you guys  
have a great chance of finally  
making the playoffs this year.

PETER CRANE (V.O.)

I knew you guys would come around.

ESPN RADIO HOST (V.O.)

Now you lose Marquees Jackson to  
retirement and your #1 wide-out,  
J.T. Winslow, is out for the year  
with a torn ACL... What are you  
going to do for receivers? We're  
hearing a rumor that All Pro  
receiver Derrick Snow might be  
coming to LA.

WILL

(under his breath)

Why we lookin' at receivers? Throw  
to ME!

PETER CRANE (V.O.)

We're always looking to pick up a  
few weapons.

Will pulls past the SECURITY GATE of the LOS ANGELES FOOTBALL practice facility. The lot is filled with EXPENSIVE CARS.

10 EXT. LA PRACTICE FACILITY - MINUTES LATER

Will walks away from his car as the engine rattles and oozes smoke-- He heads to the building with a DUFFLE BAG over his shoulder, walking past SLIM SANDERS (32, likable and lanky veteran tight end), dealing with a standoffish woman, CHARISSE in an SUV.

Slim and his young SON laugh and wave at each other until-- Charisse cuts this father-son moment off by cruelly rolling up the boy's tinted window. Slim now turns to her...

CHARISSE

You need to read the papers, Slim.  
You know exactly what the court  
said. Best believe you'll be  
hearin' from my attorney!

Slim watches longingly as she speeds off, defeated.

Will approaches the building, there's MEDIA everywhere. Reporters swarm the handsome quarterback/leading man, PETER CRANE (30s) and follow his every step.

Rush peacocks in colorfully expensive workout gear, diamond earrings and Oakley sunglasses. Rush can't avoid the media buzz either...

VARIOUS REPORTERS

Rush Daniels!! Are you retiring  
after the season?? Is there any  
movement on the case???

Will walks through the noise, going completely unnoticed.

11 INT. LA FACILITY - LOCKER ROOM - LATER

In a busy locker room, Will straps on his pads. Nearby he notices Slim slumped over and depressed by his locker.

WILL

Hey Man, you good?

Slim has no idea who he is, but appreciates the genuine concern.

SLIM

Yeah, I'm cool. Thanks.

COACH BRACKNEY (50, aging badly) enters with KENNY DAVIS (25) his assistant coach, both holding clipboards.

COACH BRACKNEY

Listen up! We'll announce our 53-man roster after practice today. I wanna thank everyone in this room for your hard work throughout camp. For some of you, it'll be the end of the road here... But hopefully not the end of your NFL journey!

12 EXT. PRACTICE FIELD - DAY - MINUTES LATER

The hitting is fast, hard and punishing.

ANGLE ON - WILL running routes with precision.

Will has good hands and good speed, but the CHEERS always seem to be for another player, DESHAWN WASHINGTON (26). Then a WHISTLE BLOWS indicating a break.

13 EXT. SIDELINES - A MINUTE LATER

Dozens of players have collected for a water break. Among them, we notice FOUR PLAYERS chatting by a Gatorade barrel--

Rush holds court with Slim and MOUSE (27, Mohawk, a volatile, wild-eyed cornerback) and JOHN (30s, a stocky full-back).

Will walks up to get water, but he's blocked by DeShawn. Will tries to get by, he's stopped again.

DESHAWN

Man, you should be handing out my water, not drinking it.

WILL

What d'you say to me?

DeShawn turns and faces Will closely.

DESHAWN

Time to take off them glass slippers... Only one of us finna makin' this team, and it ain't you.

WILL

Y'worried about somethin', DeShawn?

DESHAWN

Worried? Man, you sorry as fuck.

DeShawn JABS at Will's shoulder pad. Will pushes him back. Amid conversation with Slim and Mouse, Rush takes notice, and elbows Mouse.



RUSH  
Young Boy got scrap.

Will and DeShawn grab each other's face masks. Then...

ASST. COACH DAVIS  
G-d Damnit! Break it up!  
(then)  
Punt Team, Special Teams, live  
drill... Let's go!

- 14 The two units run out onto the field. The ball is snapped and the punter kicks it high into the air... DeShawn waits to receive the punt.

Will knows this could be his last moment of pro football. His "nice guy" demeanor is replaced by something darker as he races down the field... DeShawn catches it and runs forward--

DeShawn makes a move with the ball, but is held up by a defender-- Then, Will hits him with such merciless force that DeShawn's knee SNAPS while contorting from the blow. DeShawn goes down hard and SCREAMS-- Rush takes notice.

WHISTLES BLOW as DeShawn writhes in pain, holding his knee. His season is over as trainers hustle over. As Will walks away, a storm of emotions fill up his eyes. What has he done?

- 15 EXT. F.B.I. - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

At a conference table Deputy Head DON KIZINSKI (50's) and a GROUP OF AGENTS watch Section Chief TED WALKER (60's) speak by a projector. It displays photos from a Boston BANK HEIST.

SUDDENLY-- Vidal bursts into the room with a stack of papers, breathless and disheveled. She takes a seat and flips through papers.

WALKER  
You're all dismissed.

The lights flick on and Agents stand up to leave.

KIZINSKI  
Good morning, Agent Vidal.  
(checks watch)  
You're only an hour late.

Walker and Kizinski head toward the door-- Vidal springs out of her chair to block their path. "WAIT!".

Agents slow to leave listen in-- Including one unassuming and hard working agent, DEBORAH HENNESSY (20s).

VIDAL

Sir, I have something and it's big.  
(off Kizinski's look)  
The Victor Hyman mansion robbery.

KIZINSKI

The football team owner in Miami?

VIDAL

Exactly.

WALKER

Today's briefing was on the Premier  
One Bank heist in Boston.

VIDAL

I know.

Walker and Kizinski watch Vidal plug her computer into the projector-- A U.S. MAP appears with FOUR red dots labeled: MIAMI, BOSTON, DALLAS and NEW JERSEY.

VIDAL (CONT'D)

Last year there were 4 armed  
robberies that have gone ice cold,  
including our Boston bank heist.

Vidal clicks and images of the crimes appear on the screen.

VIDAL (CONT'D)

Each different in nature, in  
distant cities around the  
country... So *distant*, no one's  
looked into them being connected.  
But I believe that's precisely what  
connects them.

Vidal hands Walker a report, his eyes scan the document.

VIDAL (CONT'D)

I took the liberty of extensively  
researching possible links.

WALKER

And?

VIDAL

We received a partial hit on a  
ballistics report. Some of the  
ammunition found at the Victor  
Hyman mansion appears to have been  
used at the bank heist in Boston.

WALKER

No shit...

VIDAL

Doesn't end there.

(clicks past a few slides)

Each of these robberies had the same number of assailants, 4.

Footage from MIAMI CCTV and semi-truck DASH CAM footage play side by side. The action is strikingly similar.

VIDAL (CONT'D)

Multiple witnesses have described them as aggressive and athletic.

The CCTV and DASH CAM footage simultaneously show a dark figure sprint out of the frame.

VIDAL (CONT'D)

These aren't your run of the mill criminals. They're professionals.

KIZINSKI

Still doesn't explain the distance.

VIDAL

I'm working on it.

WALKER

Vidal... This is great.

(to Kizinski)

Let's get Special Agent Salaam on this.

(to Vidal)

I'll need you to catch him up to speed.

Walker and Kizinski exit the room, both oblivious to Vidal's disappointment. As the door closes behind them, her determination burns disappointment into fiery resolve.

16

INT. LA FACILITY - LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

Freshly showered FOOTBALL PLAYERS mill about, having fun.

Will walks out of the shower with a towel on-- BANG! A locker slam spooks Will, he turns to see the stocky fullback angrily pack his stuff in a bag. Will takes a seat at his locker, watching Slim and Mouse console John... Another person cut, **gulp**. Rush walks up and hands John a gym bag.

RUSH

J, this for you and your family.

Will turns back to his locker and minds his own business. He checks his phone to see multiple missed calls from Lisa.

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

Will Grier.

Will looks up to see RUSH and almost falls out of his seat.

WILL

Rush Daniels..? You know my name?

RUSH

Shit, after that little scuffle out there, who doesn't?

WILL

Yeah, not my finest moment.

RUSH

Now I wouldn't say that! Had to introduce myself when I heard you was from the D.

Rush extends a hand and they dap. Rush quietly takes notice of Will's SCAR on his stomach.

WILL

Man, everybody from Linwood knows who you are! I don't wanna make you feel old, but I grew up watchin' you play. It's an honor to meet you.

RUSH

(laughs)

An *honor to meet me*? Okay, now you're making me feel old! You from Linwood?

WILL

Yessir!

RUSH

Small world! Aight, I see it now. Be good havin' another baller around!

WILL

Not sure I'll be around much longer.

RUSH

Here's hoping that ain't true. Us  
9-8-9 Boys gotta stick together.

ASST. COACH DAVIS (O.S.)

Grier! Coach wants to see you!

Will stands up.

RUSH

He didn't ask you to bring your  
playbook?

(whispers/winks)

That's a good sign.

Will daps up Rush one more time, and quickly gets dressed.

17

INT. HALLWAY - COACH BRACKNEY'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

WILL approaches the half-open door and sees Coach Brackney standing in front of his desk. Will puts his back against the wall and nervously waits. We can't see who's the other voice.

COACH BRACKNEY

Look, I expect you to be mad--

VOICE (O.S.)

Mad? Try pissed the fuck off! Ten years in the league and you still treat me like a damn 7th round pick! I got four fucking kids, man. I've been banking on this roster bonus.

COACH BRACKNEY

Listen 73, I only wish the best for you and your family... But you and I both know this is a business. Either you stay and help bring the kid around or we gotta cut you...

Footsteps approach. Will puts his head down and gets bumped by the man exiting, S-BULL, (34) a Samoan, thick-necked, gargantuan lineman swats him aside like a fruit-fly.

COACH BRACKNEY (CONT'D)

Grier!

(then)

Shut the door behind you.

Will enters apprehensively and the door closes.

18 EXT. GRIER HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

Will arrives and Lisa goes outside to meet him. She raises an eyebrow... For a moment he looks dejected, then a big SMILE spreads across Will's face.

LISA  
I knew it! I knew you'd make it!

She hugs and kisses him.

WILL  
Now things can change week to week.  
You know, "Last man on the roster,  
first to go" type-a-thing.

LISA  
Oh, Will... This is gonna put out  
a lotta fires around here.

Lisa's LOVING GAZE turns into a look of real CONCERN.

WILL  
What?

LISA  
Tommy's here.

Will's smile DROPS as he looks inside.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Will, I'm not comfortable with this.

They both walk into the house and open the door to find TOMMY GRIER (28, a "snake," muscled and tattooed, with BLEACHED BLONDE hair), playing with James.

Will approaches. Tommy sees him and they HUG tightly.

19 EXT. BACKYARD - EARLY EVENING

The brothers sit drinking beers and Tommy SMOKES intensely.

TOMMY  
What a week for the Grier brothers!  
I get out and you make an NFL  
roster! Proud of you... I know  
Dad would be too.

WILL  
Thanks Tommy.

They raise their beers and clink bottles as Tommy sighs.

TOMMY

Here we are... California. Who woulda ever thought the two of us would be sittin' here like this?

WILL

Long way from home, that's for sure.

TOMMY

Y'still in pretty good shape.

WILL

(laughs)

Part of the job description, bro. I see you've been liftin' too! Now you just gotta put out them smokes.

Will waves the smoke from his face as Tommy shakes his head.

TOMMY

That's my brother... Always gotta do the right thing!

WILL

Doing the right thing got me here.

TOMMY

Yeah...

Will looks inside, spotting Lisa and James in the kitchen...

WILL

Listen, Tommy. I'm happy you're here. Lisa and me have no problem helping while you figure your shit out... But we can't promise anything more than that. There's just a lot going on right now.

TOMMY

All good... I'm just happy Lisa let me in the house in the first place.

WILL

C'mon.

TOMMY

C'mon *what*? She has every right to hate my ass!

WILL

(teasing)

Well, I'm not gonna deny that.

TOMMY

Alright well fuck you then.

The brothers share a quick laugh and take a reflective drink.

WILL

Shit happens for a reason, Man.  
Because of that I found the  
military, and that turned out to be  
the best thing for me.

(beat)

Me and Lisa got a good thing goin'  
here. We got a kid now... Pro  
football ain't a pipe dream no  
more...

TOMMY

I see that, and I'm proud of you  
little bro.

(beat)

I promise I ain't gonna fuck things  
up for you, not again... You're  
all I got.

WILL

We always gonna be brothers.

Tommy's eyes well up. He puts his hand on Will's shoulder.

WILL (CONT'D)

(joking around)

What's up with you goin' blonde in  
the joint? Tryin' to have more fun  
or somethin'?

TOMMY

You know it looks dope! Don't even  
play...

20

INT. F.B.I. - WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Walker sits behind his desk talking to Kizinski and Salaam--  
KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK. Vidal's head pops through the door,  
Walker waves her in.

WALKER

Perfect timing. Do you have that  
report for Agent Salaam?

Vidal nods and holds up the folder, but holds it back...



VIDAL  
Sir, I'd like to discuss the  
handling of this investigation.

SALAAM  
Should I leave?

Walker shakes his head no. After a tense beat, Vidal  
straightens up with nerves of steel, and goes for it.

VIDAL  
Sir, with all due respect to Agent  
Salaam, this is my case. I refuse  
to get relegated to busy work...  
Not on this one.

KIZINKSKI  
He's got *experience*.

VIDAL  
And how does one get experience if  
they're never afforded the  
opportunity to gain any?  
(to Walker)  
Sir, I've worked my ass off and  
given the bureau everything I've  
had since day one. I just want a  
chance to show you why I'm the one  
to lead.

Walker laughs. He can't help but be impressed by her moxie.  
He looks at Salaam then Vidal, and shrugs.

WALKER  
Alright then, show me what you got.  
Widen the parameters for high-line  
crews, nationwide, last four years.

Vidal walks away, barely containing her enthusiasm. Before  
she exits Walker clears his throat, "Vidal", she stops.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
You're gonna need to pick a team.

21 INT. FBI OFFICE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

With a big smile, Vidal exits and nearly bumps into Hennessy.  
She clearly eavesdropped on the whole conversation.

HENNESSY  
Agent Vidal, I'm Deborah Hennessy.  
It's only my second year here-

VIDAL

-I know who you are. What's up?

HENNESSY

First off.

(whispers)

That was bad ass.

(back to normal)

I would be honored if I could be on your team... And I promise I'm not a dick. In fact, I was voted most optimistic in middle school.

VIDAL

(laughs/shake hands)

I could use a glass half full around here. Welcome aboard.

They proceed to walk down the hall with purpose. Agent PHAN PARK (30s), shy and intelligent approaches from behind.

VIDAL (CONT'D)

I'm going to need records of every passenger, from every airline, leaving and arriving in those cities, on those dates.

(notices Park)

Can I help you?

PARK

I promise I'm not a dick either.

Off Vidal's smile, we know who her second team member is.

22 EXT. L.A. FOOTBALL FACILITY - FILM ROOM - DAY

In a film session with the TEAM, Will is stressed out taking notes as: Coach Davis rewinds, plays, rewinds, plays, rewinds and plays the film from practice.

ASST. COACH DAVIS

Y'gotta create more separation!

Use your body! Damn it, Grier!

Will, stressed out, leans back and catches eye contact with Rush...

23 INT. BAR - LATER

Will and Rush sit on high barstools sharing a drink.

RUSH

He's readin' your body. When you  
step up to the line, y'got this habit  
of leadin' your route in advance.

(beat)

Next time you line up against him,  
eye the slant, then burn him deep.  
Deception, misdirection,  
surprise... *You gotta set him up.*

WILL

I'll work on it, thanks...

(exasperated)

Man, I just want a chance.

RUSH

You think you're the only one?

WILL

It's more than that. I'm playing  
for something bigger.

Will gives Rush a hard look. Rush listens with empathy.

WILL (CONT'D)

Rush, I'm fighting for my family.  
They've sacrificed everything so I  
could be here. Lisa gave up a  
career with benefits. And now?

(beat)

I can't find a school for my kid,  
let alone pay rent or get out of  
damn credit card debt...

RUSH

Hey, you made the team.

WILL

And now I gotta stick. Cuz there  
is no plan B.

(beat)

Never thought I'd be relying on  
football to take care of all my  
problems.

RUSH

You're not the only one...

WILL

Bet you never had to worry about  
gettin' cut.

RUSH

Truth is, Rook, I already am.

(beat)

Tried to work somethin' out with the team... It's my *last* season. Demarco calls it a victory lap but that's just a nice way to say, forced retirement.

WILL

You've had an amazing run though.

Rush grimaces and takes a drink...

RUSH

Gotta start thinking about that second career, right?

WILL

You thinkin' TV? I could see you doing pre-game in the studio.

RUSH

I'm not really an "out-in-front" guy, y'know? But I've been working on a few things...

(then)

What about you? Military, right?

WILL

Yeah, how'd you kn--?

RUSH

That how you got shot?

(beat)

Saw your scar and I know that shit didn't happen on the monkey bars.

WILL

No, it didn't. And I didn't get shot in the Army neither. I was a field medic.

(off Rush's curious look)

That scar came from back home.

RUSH

Guess everybody's got their own wounds to lick. Shit, everybody with a pulse and "breaking news" on their phone already knows about me and my crooked-ass money manager.

WILL

Yeah, heard about that, insane.  
How's that asshole not in prison?

RUSH

Mutherfucker took \$42 million dollars  
from me overnight. An NFL certified  
money manager. Looked me in my eyes  
and spent...my...shit. Trust is a  
powerful thing, Rook.

Rush takes once last drink and slams down his glass.

RUSH (CONT'D)

Eye the slant...burn him deep.  
Y'learn one thing from me this  
season? Deception, misdirection,  
(eyes twinkled)  
...surprise!

ANNOUNCER (PRE-LAP/V.O.)

*Good afternoon, Sports Fans and  
welcome to Opening Day! It's 73  
degrees here and a perfect day for  
some football!*

24 EXT. LOS ANGELES - FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

Cars line the stadium parking lots as we get a glimpse of  
tailgaters and pregame rituals.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

*Los Angeles is set to play host to  
what should be a very talented  
Boston side. It's a great match up  
with former MVP, Peter Crane  
leading the charge.*

25 INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JERRY DEMARCO (50's), expensive suit, stands before his team.

JERRY DEMARCO

When I bought this team 3 years ago,  
it was one of the worst franchises  
in sports. But we turned the ship  
around. This season we have the  
personnel, but do we have the heart  
and the *character* to be winners?

Will looks on, focused and inspired.

26 EXT. STADIUM - THE PLAYER'S WIVES SECTION - LATER

Put together, "next-level" women wear designer handbags and flawless diamonds, though their eyes tell a different story. Lisa wears a cute jersey and jeans combo. She sidesteps to her seat with James and Tommy.

TOMMY

Mmm. Lotta talent around here.

LISA

Don't even think about it. These are the players wives and um,...

Lisa's eye catches a stunning Instagram model-type FEMALE (20s) adjust her boobs just right for an obnoxious selfie.

LISA (CONT'D)

...*Girlfriends*.

(nodding, then)

I'm Lisa Grier. Will Grier's wife.

PLAYER'S WIVES

(rude, mocking)

Who? What team he play for?

27 EXT. STADIUM TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Rush and Will stand ready to take the field.

RUSH

Enjoy it, Rook. Y'waited your whole life for this moment. Live. In. It!

LA races out the field and the CROWD goes wild. As Rush takes off, Will is frozen, taking in this magical moment.

28 Now time for kick-off. Will lines up with the kick off team on the 35 yard line... Lisa, Tommy and James all clap and cheer from the stands as: The KICKER boots the ball.

The crowd erupts and we follow Will sprinting down field avoiding BLOCKERS. The images and sounds time-lapse into:

29 On the sidelines, Rush stands behind Will and slaps him on the helmet.

RUSH (CONT'D)

Go make a play, Rook!

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

It's late in the 4th and it's been a defensive battle.

COLOR ANALYST (V.O.)

Huge field goal by LA to tie this game up. Now in the final minutes of the game, one play could decide the outcome.

30 HIGH SPEED: Will runs out and lines up for kick-off. Will looks to the SCOREBOARD...

ANGLE ON: GAME CLOCK - 4th Quarter - 3:13

31 The Kicker boots the ball and we enter Will's HELMET POV:

Will slaloms through the chaos. He sheds one BLOCKER and jukes another, THEN a clear lane opens up and there he is, the BALL RUNNER. With a head full of steam and a clean look-- Will SPEARS the Ball Runner in the ribs, the BALL spills out!

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Will Grier with the brutal HIT!  
And it's a FUMBLE!!!

COLOR ANALYST (V.O.)

That's LA's ball! Wow, what a play by Grier! Special Teams coming up with some much needed magic.

32 Lisa, Tommy and James all jump and SCREAM!

33 INT. STADIUM - LOCKER ROOM - AFTER THE GAME

A raucous PARTY is underway. The LA players celebrate as they shower and get dressed. We hear: "Victory Baby!" and "1 and O!". Will gets slaps on the back and Coach walks up--

COACH BRACKNEY

17! Way to step up, kid!

34 INT. STADIUM - PLAYER PARKING - A LITTLE LATER

Freshly showered, Will walks to the player parking lot while texting and WHAM! Will gets a playful punch in the shoulder by, RUSH.

RUSH

Rook! Time to celebrate, baby!  
You need a ride to Crane's party?

WILL

Nah, I actually got another party.

RUSH

Look at you, Mr. Big Shot! Where?

On cue the Bronco pulls up and parks-- Lisa and James walk over to greet their football star. Tommy sticks by the car.

WILL

(nods toward James)

My kid wants to go to Chuck E.  
Cheese.

RUSH

(laughs hard)

I respect a man who has their  
priorities in check. How old is he  
again?

WILL

6 and he's obsessed with  
football...and pizza.

RUSH

Sounds like your kid has his  
priorities in check too.

WILL

Pizza and football. That's all you  
need, right?

Rush laughs and watches as: James sprints to Will and jumps into his father's arms. Lisa follows close behind, Will kisses her then kisses the locket.

WILL (CONT'D)

Lisa, James, this is Rush.

(to James)

He's a Linwood legend just like  
daddy!

James shyly buries his head into Will's chest.

RUSH

I get it, I'm shy too.

(extends a hand to Lisa)

A pleasure to meet you, Lisa.

LISA

It's so nice to finally meet you.

(beat)

We're all so grateful for you  
taking Will under your wing.



RUSH  
Like I told Will, us Detroit boys  
gotta stick together!

Rush inquisitively looks over at Tommy. Tommy waves.

WILL  
That's my brother, Tommy.

RUSH  
I guess he shy too, huh?

WILL  
(laughs)  
Something like that.

Rush's eyes drift to the small FOOTBALL LOCKET dangling from  
a SILVER CHAIN around Lisa's neck.

RUSH  
(re: locket)  
That your good luck charm?  
(laughs)  
I need me one of those!

Will and Lisa both blush and laugh.

LISA  
The locket? Kinda... It's mine  
and Will's "special" thing.  
(beat)  
Will won me this at an amusement  
park on our very first date.  
(blushes)  
I haven't taken it off since.

RUSH  
Tryin' make me cry?? Cutest thing  
I ever heard.

Will and Lisa share a laugh. Rush looks at Lisa and probes.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
How's the school search going?

Lisa turns away and walks to the Bronco... Sore subject.

LISA  
I'm gonna go get the car started.

RUSH  
Sorry, I didn't mean to-

WILL

-Nah, you're good. It's been impossible finding something we can afford.

RUSH

What school?

WILL

Rockford... That's easily 65k.

RUSH

God damn.

WILL

Yeah...

Rush looks at James, then Lisa and back to Will.

RUSH

Now I understand why you fight so hard. You got a beautiful family, Will. That's a blessing.

(beat)

We're all playing for something, we just gotta win now.

Will nods. A few beats of awkward silence go by.

RUSH (CONT'D)

Aright, Rook. I don't wanna keep you. I know James has some serious business with Mr. Chuck E. Cheese.

Will daps up Rush and says goodbye. He carries James to the Bronco... Then Mouse joins Rush's side. They watch as: Wills gets in the Bronco and rides off with his family.

RUSH (CONT'D)

That's our guy right there. He's our 5th..

MOUSE

To replace John? No way.

RUSH

I'm telling you, he's the one...

35

INT. GRIER HOME - JAMES ROOM - MUCH LATER

In Will's arms, James is fast asleep wearing a Chuck E Cheese shirt. He carries James to his bed and tucks him in. Lisa watches from the doorway with loving eyes and Tommy appears..

TOMMY

Hey Will?

LISA

(shh/whispers)

He's sleeping

TOMMY

(lowers voice)

Sorry.

WILL

What's up?

TOMMY

Can I borrow the Bronco? Need to meet this guy for a drink.

(beat)

Has a connection in construction. Could be a solid lead.

WILL

Of course. Keys are on the kitchen table.

TOMMY

(leaves/comes back)

Oh! Congrats on the big game today... Proud of you.

After Tommy leaves, Will and Lisa smile.

36

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL - CUSTOM CAR REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT

In a dangerous alley a 64 CAMARO parks behind a repair shop. From the shop's rough appearance it's safe to say this ain't AAA approved. Police sirens and dog barks permeate the air.

Rush steps out of the car, THEN-- A very familiar Bronco pulls out of the garage. Rush locks eyes with the driver and sees it's... TOMMY. The Bronco squeals out, leaving Rush to ponder, but a high pitched laugh breaks his train of thought...

Rush turns to see DONTAY (40s, a man with natural menace), walk out of the garage with a devilish grin. Dontay tosses Rush a baked potato... Rush catches it, confused, then follows Dontay through repair shop's rear entrance.

37 INT. FORD BRONCO - A FEW WEEKS LATER

Lisa drops Will off in the player parking lot with James in the backseat. PLAYERS and STAFF walk by with their bags.

WILL  
Did Tommy mention any leads on the construction job?

Lisa shakes her head no.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Yeah... At least he's trying.

Lisa agrees, but grips the wheel tight... Something else clearly on her mind.

LISA  
Will, enrollment is right around the corner. Would it be okay if I applied James for Rockford while you're gone? I'm sure we can figure it out now.

WILL  
Lis, they could release me at any moment. Let's please just talk about it when I get back.

They kiss. Will kisses the locket and backs away, waving bye to James. Lisa kisses her locket and watches Will leave.

38 INT. NASHVILLE - CLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

Will, Rush, Slim, Mouse, and S-Bull hang in the VIP section of a high-end nightclub. Beautiful ladies dressed-to-kill turn heads as they walk by. Will is the least dressed-up for the club, and appears the most uncomfortable.

SLIM  
Welcome to my city, Rook! You having a good time?

Will nods, thumbs up.

RUSH  
How are we on time?

SLIM  
Lights out in 45.

RUSH  
Y'fellas wanna make a stop?

They all "shrug" yes. Then, Rush leans in to Will.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
We gotta make a quick pit stop.  
Slim's got a homie at this poker  
game who owes him hella money.

WILL  
You gonna fuck this dude up?

RUSH  
Nah, we finna get his money though.  
(then)  
You down to ride with us?

WILL  
Yeah, let's roll.

S-BULL  
Shotgun!

S-Bull tosses Will the keys.

39 INT. VAN - DRIVING - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

The crew parks in a DARK PARKING LOT. They're facing a storefront about 50 yards away with no lights. The mood is rowdy, almost juvenile, as if they're about to play a prank.

Mouse hops out of the back and starts dressing. Rush reaches into a bag and hands out masks. Will is speechless, things are happening too fast for him to truly process.

RUSH  
Take this.

Rush hands Will a ski mask and a GLOCK. Will's shook...

RUSH (CONT'D)  
Yo chill, just follow our lead.

Will watches his teammates slip on ski masks, and load up sawed-off shotguns... Will's world starts to spin.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
No one's gettin' hurt, relax.  
We're just gonna scare em.

Rush then motions for Will to follow. The Masked Men jog across the parking lot to the back of a DARK BUILDING... Rush pulls out a screw driver and approaches a LOCKED DOOR.

CLOSE ON a BUMP KEY in a lock, as the handle of a screwdriver TAPS GENTLY on the top of the makeshift key and CLICK.

\*INTERCUTTING AS NECESSARY THROUGHOUT THE SEQUENCE.

40 The crew enters through the back door, and down a steep flight of stairs to a basement DOOR. Rush turns to the crew, nods and opens the door to reveal:

41 A dimly-lit narrow hallway, with a dozen doors on each side... The eerily quiet hallway is overtaken by the instrumental sounds of ancient eastern meditation music.

Rush gently opens a door where a half naked pot-bellied GEEZER lies on a table with his eyes closed. Next to him a Vietnamese WOMAN in a silk robe gently starts to massage him--

She looks at Rush, who menacingly brings his index finger to his mouth, and gives her the universal "Shhh" sign. The crew continues down the dingy hallway as we hear "the moans and groans" of pay-for-sex, then...

Rush pushes a door open-- It leads to more hallways... Rush nods at Mouse and Slim to enter.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
That's you two. Look for the  
potatoes...

Slim and Mouse nod, and vanish into the dark hallway, leaving Rush, S-Bull, and Will at the double doors.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
(to Will)  
Stay by the door, watch our backs.

Off that, Rush lines up his foot and BLAM!

42 INT. POKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Double doors KICK OPEN. The THREE MASKED ASSAILANTS EXPLODE into the room. Will's eyes go BIG as:

Startled faces of EIGHT WEALTHY ELDERLY MEN around a green felt POKER TABLE with LARGE STACKS OF CASH in front of each player, stare back at them, terrified.

TWO formidable BALD BOUNCERS in suits charge the crew.

S-BULL gives a vicious FOREARM SHIVER that sends one bouncer off his feet. The giant Samoan follows through and pancakes the bouncer against the wall.

The other bouncer comes rushing at them with a STUN STICK, but Rush is too fast. He ducks under the parry, kicks out the man's legs and slams him in the groin. Rush picks up the STUN STICK and JOLTS him.

Player #1 goes for his weapon, but Will's got him-- Will points the Glock at Player 1's temple, who backs away from the gun. Will grabs the gun and hands it over to Rush.

PANIC ensues throughout the brothel, as Asian WOMEN and their CLIENTS scatter about in the hallway.

A SECURITY GUARD appears from a hallway, and fires his gun. S-Bull ducks for cover, and returns aim at the guard. Rush aims his shotgun at the guard too--

The security guard drops his gun. With the room now secure Rush moves to the next phase..

RUSH  
Facedown, arms spread!  
(to Will)  
Get the van and pull up!

Will takes off and we follow as: Will sprints through the dingy hallway, and back up the steps. He weaves and dodges panicked Women and Clients. The half naked Geezer bumps into Will-- He instinctively SLAMS the Geezer hard into the wall.

Rush orders a guard to lay flat on his stomach.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
Gentlemen, what's the buy-in?

PLAYER #2  
(petrified)  
Uh-um, quarter million.

43 Down a hallway, Mouse leads with Slim trailing. They cut through a kitchen. Mouse spots a camera and BLASTS it on site. They approach a WALK-IN FREEZER and open it up. They walk to the back of the freezer... Slim pushes a tall cart of POTATOES out of the way to reveal: a secret DOOR.

Slim opens the door to a HALLWAY. At the end of the hallway, a GUARD stands in front of a locked steel door. Before the GUARD can react BOOM! Mouse blasts his kneecap into oblivion, he reloads, and BLASTS the door lock off.

44 Rush has everything under control, the poker players practically pee their collective pants.

RUSH  
Everybody slide back from the table.  
(off one's hesitation)  
You wanna call my bluff?!

The players vigorously shake their heads no. S-Bull now aggressively packs \$2 million into a bag.

45 Will bursts out of the back, sprints through the quiet parking lot, and hops in the van. He slams the door and starts the engine...

46 Mouse opens the door to reveal: a room of GIRLS in lingerie standing around a table of CASH. They stop stacking money and take cover under the table, terrified.

Slim runs in and starts stuffing a bag with cash. Mouse walks up to a GIRL who's shaking, scared and lost-- He drops a bag in front of her and orders, "Fill it up." She obeys and quickly starts stuffing bills into the bag.

47 S-Bull finishes with the money and zips up the bag. Rush keeps a gun aimed on the poker players as he backs out of the room with S-Bull.

48 Slim zips up his bag and takes off. The Girl finishes and zips the bag. She raises up it to Mouse... He shakes his head, "Take it and go!" Mouse follows Slim out...

**\*DIRECTOR'S PRODUCTION NOTE, TIME PERMITTING:** We'll see the escape van pull up to a stop light-- As they nervously wait, a COP CAR pulls up. It's a beat of pure tension, then red and blue lights turn on-- The cops peel out with a U-Turn and drive the opposite way... PHEW.

49 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The crew sits on beds, happily counting cash, except for Will, who stands in the corner, enraged-- Rush notices...

RUSH  
You aight?

WILL  
No, I'm not all right! What the fuck was that?!

RUSH  
We just collecting on some debts, that's all.

WILL  
That's all?! Bull shit!

Will charges but Mouse intersects and gets in his face.

MOUSE  
You got a problem, Rook?!



Will shoves Mouse and throws a punch, but Mouse blocks-- He dances around like Ali and taunts Will with a wave.

MOUSE (CONT'D)  
Bring it, Bitch.

Will stalks forward, cornering Mouse and WHAM! Rush grabs Will and pins him against the wall. Will struggles as Rush holds him down.

RUSH  
You gotta calm the fuck down. No one got hurt. No one's in trouble. All we did was take a lil' money from some assholes. If you got a problem with that, go ahead. Call the cops, but first take this.

Rush shoves a duffle bag into Will's chest and loosens his grip. Will swats Rush off him and exits with the bag.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
(to Will)  
In that bag is 100k.

As Will grabs the door knob, he stops to listen...

RUSH (CONT'D)  
That should be more than enough to help you outta some debt and pay for your boy's school...

Will exits, leaving Rush, S-Bull, Slim and Mouse in a room of silence. The crew is pissed, except Rush, who's smiling...

MOUSE  
I told you, he ain't the one.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Will stands outside the room. He unzips the bag to see it's filled to gills with stacks of hundred dollar bills...

50 EXT. TENNESSEE STADIUM - SIDELINES - NEXT DAY

It's the 4th quarter. Will stands on the sideline, still reeling from the night before. He notices Rush staring at him and walks to the other end of the sideline...CRASH!

The crowd erupts as a LINEBACKER smokes a RECEIVER crossing the field. Will turns toward the sound, the crowd now silent as the LA Receiver gets carried off.

COACH BRACKNEY  
17, get in there!

ASST. COACH DAVIS  
Grier! Let's go!

HOLY SHIT... The moment Will's been fighting for has come-- Any anxiety from the massage parlour gets evaporated by heart pounding adrenaline. Rush watches on as:

HIGH SPEED: Will runs onto the field and joins the huddle.

In the huddle, Grier catches his breath. Crane calls out the play and "BREAK!". Before Will takes his spot--

PETER CRANE  
Better have magnets in your gloves, kid.

Crane snaps it, drops back and spots Will wide open-- He flings the ball, but it's an overthrow headed out of bounds.. Suddenly-- Will leaps from out of nowhere and catches it!

ANNOUNCER(V.O.)  
Are you kidding me! Incredible catch by..? Who was that?

COLOR ANALYST (V.O.)  
Looks like it was Special Teamer Will Grier. A few weeks back he forced a fumble that lead to a game winning field goal for LA.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Well I'd say he's taking full advantage of his playing time.

Rush, Mouse, Slim and the entire team erupt. Crane gives Will big slap on the helmet.

COACH BRACKNEY  
17!

Coach waves Will to the sidelines-- The receiver now healthy, runs back onto the field. Will makes it back to the sidelines and Coach slaps Will on the shoulder pads.

51 INT. TENNESSEE STADIUM - LOCKER ROOM - SHOWERS - AFTER GAME

Will let's the hot shower run over him as mixed emotions and steam swirl around him.

52 Later... Will walks out wrapped in a towel and notices the corner TV:

52V It shows highlights from the game, a graphic of DEREK SNOW pops up-- With a chyron reading: "REPORT, LA WORKING ON A DEAL TO BRING IN DEREK SNOW."

Will gets a punch in the gut... He notices Rush is watching the TV too. Rush returns to his locker, in that moment they inadvertently lock eyes. OFF Rush's knowing look...

53 INT. FBI - OFFICE - SPECIAL TASK ROOM - NIGHT

FEDERAL AGENTS buzz around the room with activity. This is the "special task" room assigned to Vidal's investigation.

Every wall has a corkboard covered with reports and information linked to the case. At one end there's a big map with red tacks on each of the correlating cities.

In the center, there's tech-table with an impressive digital display straight out of Minority Report-- Here we find Hennessy and Park watching CCTV footage.

Vidal bursts into the office and beelines it for Hennessy. Hennessy hands Vidal a folder.

HENNESSY

Armed robbery. Same number of assailants, same description.

(beat)

Aggressive and athletic.

VIDAL

Pack a bag, we're going to Nashville.

Vidal walks up to the map and places a red tack on NASHVILLE.

54 INT/EXT. RUSH'S BENTLEY - NIGHT

Parked outside the Grier home, Rush and Will sit in silence..

RUSH

You good?

WILL

No, no I'm not.

(beat)

What we did... Hittin' that parlour, that got somethin' to do with your money manager?

RUSH

It has everything to do with my money manager... And all the shady shit that goes on in this league!

(beat)

We made some bad investments cuz we got no business background, and only got *bad advice*. Now we're left with no money, way past our body's sell date.

(beat)

You gotta understand, our time makin' hay in the sun has an expiration, Rook. What'chou think Mouse is gonna do when he's 40? *Accounting?!*

WILL

Doesn't make it right.

RUSH

What's not right is how this league treats their players. Ain't none of us on guaranteed contracts. We're all expendable...

(beat)

Especially you. Yeah, you've made some plays, but that shit don't matter. Today they want Snow, tomorrow, who knows? They'll sign us, trade us, drop us. We're just bodies to them.

(beat)

Rook, these guys are making billions off us... What we did in Nashville? That was us looking out for ourselves.

WILL

(struggles/soul searches)

I always thought making it to the league would solve my problems.

RUSH

And how's that going for you?

Will looks at Rush... They both know the answer to that one.

RUSH (CONT'D)

Man, you're on the Rookie minimum. Say you manage to hang around for a full season and make 450 grand.

(beat)

(MORE)

RUSH (CONT'D)

After your agent and Uncle Sam take a bite, you'll be at 200 grand...

(beat)

Now that ain't bad, but everybody thinks were millionaires!

Relatives and childhood friends lookin' at us like we the ATM!

(beat)

By the time you get yourself a new car, get James in school, and find a safe place to live... You'll be at zero by mid-season.

The weight of the world falls on Will. He's exasperated.

WILL

I just wanna play football and support my family, Man.

RUSH

You can support your family by *joining us*. We got one more job that'll set us up to fuckin' retire, but we can't do it without a 5th man. We need you, Will.

Will shakes his head. This is too much, it's crazy.

WILL

I gotta focus on football. I can't be messing with that.

Rush takes the duffle bag of cash and sets it on Will's lap.

RUSH

(re: bag)

Last night you made more money in 2 minutes than you'll make in half a season of football.

WILL

I can't risk it.

RUSH

You ain't riskin' shit! We got private travel, an air tight alibi and a crew of the baddest mother fuckers on the planet! Who's gonna stop us?

(off Will's head shake)

Think about it.

Will puts the bag in Rush's lap and gets out. On his way to the house, he walks past Rush's window.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
Don't forget this.

Rush holds out duffle bag for Will...

WILL  
I don't want it...

RUSH  
Yeah, but you need it.

Will knows it's true and takes it...

55 INT. GRIER FRONT PORCH - SAME

As Will walks up, Tommy smokes a cigarette in the dark.

TOMMY  
Need help with them bags?

WILL  
(spooked/paranoid)  
What you doing out here??

TOMMY  
Rather me smoke in the house?

WILL  
Sorry, long weekend. You hear back  
from that construction guy yet?

TOMMY  
Nah, not yet.

56 INT. GARAGE - A MINUTE LATER

Will takes the trash out and puts it into a garbage can. Then,  
he kneels and hides the money in a BAG in the back corner.

57 INT. JAMES' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

James sleeps in bed. Lisa is asleep in a chair nearby. Will  
slips in and kisses her. She opens her eyes.

LISA  
How's my football star?

WILL  
I have some good news.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

We got the day off tomorrow, and I was thinkin' we could go enroll James in school at Rockford.

LISA

Really??

WILL

Yeah. We'll make it work, Lis.

(beat)

After the game Coach pulled me aside... Told me I'm gonna get first team reps with the Offense this week.

LISA

Will!! That's amazing! Oh, I'm so proud of you.

She squeals, careful not to wake James and embraces Will tightly. His eyes are ridden with GUILT, but quickly close.

58 INT. NASHVILLE - MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

Vidal and Hennessy enter to find DETECTIVE REED standing in the corner, glued to a TV-- Too distracted by highlights of the Nashville/LA football game to notice their arrival.

DETECTIVE REED

(heavy southern drawl)

*God damn LA!*

Vidal and Hennessy share a look.

DETECTIVE REED (CONT'D)

How in the sam hell we gonna lose like that, AGAIN. Lord have mercy.

VIDAL

Detective Reed?

DETECTIVE REED

(embarrassed/tips his hat)

Pardon me, Ma'am. Didn't see ya there. Detective Reed.

(shakes hands)

You must be Agents, Vidal and Hennessy.

Reed hands Vidal a clipboard with the crime report.

DETECTIVE REED (CONT'D)

That'll catch you up on this hell hole... Follow me.

HENNESSY  
You a big football fan?

DETECTIVE REED  
Don't remind me.

They follow Reed through the active crime scene. They walk through the KITCHEN, and Vidal notices the destroyed CAMERA. Next they walk through the WALK-IN FREEZER, which leads to the hidden hallway, and the BACK ROOM with a STEEL DOOR.

DETECTIVE REED (CONT'D)  
Them boys blew the lid off this operation 6 ways to Sunday. Never mind the illegal poker game. That's peanuts compared to the sex trafficking they were running outta this dump. 20 women freed.

Hennessy studies the massive blood stain on the floor.

HENNESSY  
The shotgun blast didn't kill him?

DETECTIVE REED  
Critical condition. But you won't find too many folks praying for his wellness, I can assure you that.

VIDAL  
This is where the perps found the women?

DETECTIVE REED  
Yes Ma'm, the money too. You'll see in that-there report, a girl was told to take a bag of money and make a run for it.

HENNESSY  
By one of the perps?

Reed nods.

VIDAL  
Says here one of the poker players refused to identify themselves?

DETECTIVE REED  
Oh yeah. *Mr. Anonymous.*  
(off confused looks)  
Owner of the Nashville football team, believe it or not.  
(MORE)



DETECTIVE REED (CONT'D)  
Considering the circumstances...  
He's fixin' to keep a low profile.

Vidal and Hennessy exchange a look.

VIDAL  
He got a name?

DETECTIVE REED  
Arthur Boone.

VIDAL  
Any security camera footage?

DETECTIVE REED  
The one camera they had was shot to hell.

VIDAL  
(nods)  
Let's get all eye-witness  
interviews sent over to DC,  
immediately.

Detective Reed nods.

\*VARIOUS SHOTS OF A TIME LAPSE.

-Will and Lisa walk James up to ROCKFORD. James is adorable with his backpack and dinosaur. It's a proud moment as Will and Lisa watch their son enter the perfect school...

\*WEEKS GO BY. Practice, games, flights, film study sessions... Until we arriving at--

59 EXT. CHICAGO STADIUM - MIDDLE OF THE GAME

In a BOX SUITE, Demarco is a bundle of nerves. He watches his team next to a sharply dressed agent, KIT JACOBS.

60 On the field Will stands behind Coach, praying for an opportunity... ANGLE ON: GAME CLOCK - 3rd Quarter - 7:13

61 CRANE steps back in the pocket and the crowd roars as he's SACKED in the backfield. Crane is PISSED OFF.

62 COACH BRACKNEY  
(into headset)  
What the hell is 88 doing?!

Coach Brackney looks around and sees Will--

COACH BRACKNEY (CONT'D)  
17, get out there!

63 INT. GRIER HOME - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Lisa, James and Tommy watch the game. James jumps and down yelling, "Daddy!". On the TV Will sprints onto the field and joins the huddle. Lisa nervously bites her nails.

64 \*BACK TO THE GAME, now in the HUDDLE. Crane looks at Will...

PETER CRANE  
We need you, Grier.

Will nods, he's ready... They break the huddle and line up.

Under center, Crane hikes it drops back to pass, throws to Will and he... Drops it. Crane is predictably pissed off. He smacks Will's helmet, "Let's go!".

65 Next play, Crane drops back and the play breaks down-- Crane improvises and flips the ball to Will-- He CATCHES it in stride and races down field. He makes multiple PLAYERS miss, and takes it all the way to the END ZONE!!!

66 \*IN THE LIVING ROOM, Lisa, James and Tommy jump and SCREAM. Lisa picks up James and twirls him around. Tommy is excited, but can't help feel a bit envious...

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Touchdown LA! Whoa, looks like #17 came to play. I'd say Will Grier, a Special Teamer relegated to kickoffs has been making the most of his time on the field. That was his first professional touchdown!

67 INT. CHICAGO LOCKER ROOM - AFTER THE GAME

A wild celebration of players whoop it up with Coach in the middle. Coach waves Will over.

COACH BRACKNEY  
Game ball... Will Grier!

He hands Will the football and the players swarm in unison. Rush watches this celebration from across the locker room.

68/68V Later, Will sits in front of his locker with the game ball, finishing a FaceTime with Lisa and James. He waves goodbye and blows them a kiss, Lisa kisses the locket...

KIT JACOBS (O.S.)  
Will Grier?

WILL  
(turns around)  
Yeah?

The impressive super agent, Kit Jacobs shakes Will's hand.

KIT JACOBS  
Kit Jacobs. Man you are killing  
it! Incredible game today.  
(hands Will a business  
card)  
If you need help navigating free  
agency, give me a call.

Kit walks off...

RUSH  
You know who that is, right?

WILL  
(reads business card)  
Kit Jacobs?

RUSH  
We just signed his client.

On cue, Kit follows DeMarco to the middle of the room with  
his arm around DERRICK SNOW (think "Odell Beckham Jr.").  
Rush and Will watch on as Demarco introduces him to the team.

Will drops the game ball... His world just imploded.

WILL  
My ass is on a thread...

RUSH  
(sotto Will)  
Snow won't do kickoffs. I'm sure  
they'll keep you on Special Teams.

As Demarco speaks, the words drown out... Will is too stung  
by the Derrick Snow signing to care what Demarco has to say.

JERRY DEMARCO  
Next order of business, now that  
you've all met our newest member.  
Final reminder, the 20th Annual LA  
Sports United For All Gala is in  
three weeks. Please don't forget..

69

EXT. CHICAGO HOTEL - EVENING

Rush stands outside in a long cashmere coat with a fur collar, leaned up against a rented Porsche. He watches Will talk on the phone, distressed.

When Will hangs up, Rush whistles over for his attention.

RUSH

You got a minute? I'm gonna go see an old friend of mine, you should come with.

WILL

I don't think I'm up to doing anything.

RUSH

C'mon, Rook... It'll take your mind of Snow.

(hard sell)

*I'll buy you deep dish pizza.* Shit will change your life.

Will sees how earnest and sincere Rush is and can't say no.

WILL

Fuck it.

Rush smiles and walks over to the driver side. They both get in... ZOOM! The Porsche takes off into the night.

70

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - LATER

In a grimy impoverished HALLWAY, Rush knocks on the door. Will couldn't be more confused as they wait a few tense beats, THEN, a kind hearted elderly lady, SYLVIE (57) opens the door and excitedly welcomes them in.

SYLVIE

Rush! It's so good to see you!

Sylvie guides them through the modest condo. They approach the BACK OF A MAN seated, who's facing the TV. Will notices the many framed PICTURES of old football glory and ACCOLADES.

RUSH

(re: photos)

This man right here was my hero.  
The *original*! Went to Michigan cuz  
I wanted to play linebacker like  
thee Chet Walcott!

In the living room, they take a seat across a confused elderly man in a wheelchair, thee CHET WALCOTT (56). Chet holds a dozen PENS in his hand. When Rush kneels next to Chet, Will notices pens scattered all over the floor.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
You was the hardest hitter in the league. Ain't that right, Chet?

CHET  
Did you take my socks? Somebody's been stealin' my socks.

Chet angrily throws his pens on the floor, causing Will to hop.

RUSH  
They're probably in the dryer.  
We'll go find em.

Rush comforts Chet a beat and gently hands him back some pens.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
(to Sylvie)  
How's he been?

Her face says not great...

SYLVIE.  
With our insurance through the League lapsing, it's made everything an uphill battle.

RUSH  
10 time pro-bowler, 2 time Defensive MVP and still gets no support. You believe that?

Will is disturbed by the bleak reality this former hero faces. Sylvie quickly changes the subject.

SYLVIE  
Rush, those puzzles you've been sending have really helped. He sure loves those.

RUSH  
(genuine smile)  
That's good.

LATER, on their way out, Will watches Rush hand Sylvia an envelope of money. She hugs Rush with gratitude.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
This is for you and Chet.

In the dirty hallway, Will watches the door close, then stares at Rush-- Surprised and touched by Rush's humanity...

RUSH (CONT'D)

What up?

WILL

What they doing to him... It ain't right.

RUSH

Rook, there's alot things about this league that ain't right. Chet bein' one of 'em.

(beat)

Another broke man in a broken body.

WILL

I've been thinking about what you said after Nashville...

(beat)

Them bringing in Snow like that... You right. It don't matter what I do, they just look at me like...

RUSH

Like you're nothing.

WILL

That game ball ain't gonna do shit for my family when they cut me...

Will straightens up and takes a breath.

WILL (CONT'D)

So you guys rob people, how does it even-

Rush stops Will, lowers his voice and looks around.

RUSH

-No, no. We ain't robbin' people. We robbin' owners. Their properties, businesses, partnership, sponsors. We just takin' back what we earned.

WILL

So in Nashville one of the guys was..?

RUSH

An owner, yes.

Will's wheels turn and it's clear he's turned the corner.

WILL

Fuck Snow, fuck Demarco and fuck  
this team. It's time I take  
control, I'm a Free Agent.

And there it is. Rush smiles, daps up Will and they hug..

WILL (CONT'D)

What I gotta do?

RUSH

Nothing yet, just hold tight. We  
got a few more road games left...  
Still working out which one it'll  
be. When the time's right... I'll  
let you know.

Will nods and the two brothers walk down the hallway.

71 INT. FBI OFFICE - SPECIAL TASK ROOM - LATER

At the tech-table Agent Vidal addresses a small group of  
Agents including Park and Hennessy.

VIDAL

2 years ago Premier Bank paid a  
then record \$420 million for the  
"naming rights" to the football  
stadium in Carolina. All going  
straight into the owner's pocket.

Vidal taps the table, photos of VICTOR HYMAN appear alongside  
news clippings from the mansion heist.

VIDAL (CONT'D)

As for the Miami mansion? Mr.  
Hyman of course most notably owns  
the football team in Miami.

Vidal taps the table and photos of ARTHUR BOONE appear.

VIDAL (CONT'D)

That brings us to strike 3, Arthur  
Boone. AKA, *Mr. Anonymous* from the  
Nashville massage parlour. Had  
over 1 million dollars stolen from  
him at gun point.

HENNESSY

Mr. Anonymous just so happens to be the owner of the football team in Nashville.

VIDAL

As you can see we're no longer in the territory of coincidence. We took a second look at the Dallas and New Jersey robberies...

(beat)

You'll never guess what we found.

Vidal taps the table and an info chart pops up. It shows how each Team Owner/Victim is connected to each heist.

VIDAL (CONT'D)

(re: info chart)

Whoever they are, they're targeting owners of football teams...

72 INT. RUSH'S MANSION - NIGHT

Will, Lisa, and Tommy arrive in awe of how SPECTACULAR the place is. Rush greets them at the door. Tommy and Rush have a quiet stare down, but Lisa and Will are too blown away by the mansion to notice.

RUSH

Welcome to my humble abode.

WILL

Rush, this place is beautiful!

RUSH

Come on, I'll give you the tour.

They walk to the living room noticing plenty of high-priced extras, including a SHARK TANK and a CRYSTAL PIANO.

LISA

This is the nicest house I've seen in my life!

73 They pass a mini BOWLING ALLEY, then turn into a PARLOR. There, Rush's girlfriend Carla appears.

RUSH

Ah, and this is my Carla!

LISA

Hi--... Lisa.



CARLA  
Come on, Girl. Lemme get you out  
to the ladies before they finish  
off all the wine.

Carla takes Lisa by the hand and Tommy follows. Will looks  
at Rush, like "DAMN". Rush laughs... He knows she's fine.

74 EXT. RUSH MANSION - BACKYARD - LATER

S-Bull, Slim, Mouse, and Tommy are chilling by the fire pit.

MOUSE  
(to Tommy)  
If I played Madden *blindfolded*...  
Y'still wouldn't beat me!

Will stands by Rush, as Dontay with a HOMIE walk up. Tommy  
immediately clams up and exits.

TOMMY  
Which way's the bathroom?

RUSH  
(points behind him)  
That way.  
(to Will)  
Yo, Will, this is my boy, Dontay.  
He was just headed out.

Dontay lifts his forehead an inch, acknowledging Will. Rush  
and Dontay dap, and he exits.

WILL  
What's he do?

RUSH  
Another time.

Across the way, all the LADIES chat by the bar.

LISA  
You and Rush been together long?

CARLA  
We've been rocking for awhile..  
But I definitely try to keep a  
distance. Most of these athletes  
haven't figured out what they want.  
You press to hard they run. You  
run, they chase. You gotta know  
how to play the game...

75 INT. RUSH'S MANSION - A LITTLE LATER

Rush leads Will past expensive ART along the hallway upstairs. Will stops and leans over the balcony, taking it all in.

WILL

Rush, your crib is insane!

RUSH

Wanna know how much it cost?

WILL

I couldn't even guess.

RUSH

Then I'll tell you: Cost me 3  
shoulder surgeries, 2 knee  
operations, 6 pins in my ankles..

(beat)

And I'm guessing since I've played  
football my whole life, advanced  
CTE is the next hurdle.

The harsh reality of a life in football lands hard on Will.

RUSH (CONT'D)

It's *priceless*.

(emotional/angry)

You never forget the feeling of  
being kicked out of your home to  
live on the streets... After that,  
I promised my Mother I wasn't gonna  
let no person take away what was  
mine ever again...

(beat)

I'm willing to die for that.

Will nods... There's a moment of silence, distant laughter  
from the party softly pours into their room--

RUSH (CONT'D)

You've seen my sanctuary, now you  
gotta see the heart beat.

76 They walk down the steps, leading to a steel DOOR. Rush  
opens it up to reveal: An indoor GUN RANGE. On a table  
there's a few AR-15's, PISTOLS and a SHOTGUN. Rush walks up  
to the AR-15 and picks it up.

RUSH (CONT'D)

I bet you never seen one of these.

Will picks an AR-15 up, examines it. Then like clock work, he loads, cocks it, **CHUCHAK** and aims. **Braap-Braap-Braap!** He nails a TARGET twice in the head and twice in the chest.

WILL

Yeah, never seen one of these.

Off Rush's smile--

77

EXT. RUSH'S MANSION - BALCONY - LATER

LAUGHTER fills the air. All the fellas and ladies chill on luxurious outdoor furniture, enjoying expensive wine.

LISA

Why do they call you S-Bull anyway?

S-BULL

It's short for Sitting Bull, the Native American Warrior Chief.

(then)

But I'm Samoan. And these be some ignorant motherfuckers.

They contagiously LAUGH, especially Mouse, who falls off the couch drunk on wine and laughter.

RUSH

The hell you laughin' at, Mouse?  
You the one who named him!

SLIM

S-Bull had the slowest ever recorded 40-yard dash in the history of the combine. Took him like an hour! My grandmother moonwalked past him!!

RUSH

Yo, Rook, what was your combine 40?

WILL

4.4. How bout you? I remember you used to be able to fly!

RUSH

*Used to?*

WILL

No, I didn't mean--

RUSH  
Oh I heard you. I can still *hear*  
real good too.

WILL  
C'mon, Man, you haven't lost much.

The crew starts to "*Oh snap!*", and give Rush shit.

RUSH  
*Much?! You best believe I can*  
still whoop you in a footrace!

WILL  
A sprint? I don't think so.

RUSH  
Bet your ass I can! This dude scores  
2 touchdowns and all the sudden he  
thinks he's The Flash.

WILL  
You feelin' alright, old man?  
Are you hallucinatin' right now?

RUSH  
...Fuck it, let's go.

WILL  
Where we goin'? Oh, we doin' this?

78 Rush leads Will and his guests downstairs. He opens the  
garage door to 6 SHINY LUXURY CARS: A LAMBO, FERRARI,  
PORSCHE, BENTLEY SUV, and an ASTON MARTIN.

RUSH  
Tell you what? You beat me in a  
race, you can pick one, it's yours  
for the season.

WILL  
You serious?  
(off Rush's nod)  
Well in that case, I'm kinda  
diggin' that Lambo truck.

79 LATER... The whole gang is outside as the lights from all of  
their CARS illuminate a path down the street.

Will and Rush get ready...

RUSH  
(pointing)  
We go to that stop sign.

WILL  
Y'gonna regret this.

Now shirtless, Will and Rush line up side-by-side.

RUSH  
It ain't how fast you run... It's  
how fast you run when you *need* to.

WILL  
Don't hurt yourself now...

MOUSE  
Ready...Set...H-Hut!!!

Will and Rush TAKE OFF down the narrow street with cars on each side as the onlookers all hoot and holler.

They run neck-and-neck. Rush's sheer determination and pride make this a *dead heat*. Veins pop and sweat flies off of the runners-- Rush yanks Will back at the trousers, Rush wins.

WILL  
What was that? Man, you cheated!

RUSH  
(out of breath)  
You do what you gotta do, Rook.

WILL  
Fuck that! Let's go again.

RUSH  
Tell you what...  
(thinking)  
I'll make you a deal.

Just then, Slim pulls up in the LAMBO TRUCK. Slim cuts the engine and tosses Rush the keys. Rush hands them to Will.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
If you keep balling out like you  
are, you can have that shit.

WILL  
Like have, have?

RUSH  
(laughs)  
Yeah, like have, have. You're my  
brother, I got you.

Rush and Will hug... Tommy looks on, jealous.

80 EXT. HIGHWAY - MINUTES LATER

Will drives the LAMBO TRUCK on a joyride. Rush sees tight knuckles on the wheel firmly in a 9 and 3 position.

RUSH

Let's go, Rook, open it up!

Will thinks a beat, then slams the pedal down as the speedometer rapidly exceeds 100 mph, unloading all of his stress into an epic SCREAM "AAAAAAH!!" with the windows down.

81 EXT. LAMBO TRUCK - BEACH - A LITTLE LATER

Rush looks out at the bright stars over the ocean at night. They get out of the car and stand on the edge of the road. In contrast to the adrenaline inducing Lambo joy ride, it's now calm and quiet. Ocean waves crash against the rocks...

RUSH

You and Lisa have fun tonight?

WILL

Me and Lisa had the best time. Not to mention the Lambo truck! My commute bout to be hella nicer.

RUSH

That's nothing... After our next gig, you'll be able to buy 20 of them and put James through damn college.

Will leans back and soaks it in.

WILL

I mean all of this... It's incredible. I've been broke my whole life... Never realized this world even existed! Thanks for everything, Rush... Seriously.

RUSH

Now we just gotta get you ready for the red carpet.

WILL

(remembering)

Oh shit, the Gala.

RUSH  
You got a tux?  
(off Will's face/laughs)  
I got you.

82 INT. HOTEL - SUITE - DAYS LATER

We FLOAT over carts with silver serving trays-- We continue through, passing a plethora of Louis Vuitton, Gucci, Versace suits hanging on portable clothing racks, then finally, we find standing in a semi-circle:

Rush, Slim, S-Bull, Mouse suited like GQ models. They talk amongst themselves and laugh with excitement...

From a side room, Will walks out like he's on a runway and does a spin. The guys crack up and mob him.

Rush has the TAILOR take a photo of them, they pose. SNAP.

Rush turns to Will and gives him a black box. Will opens it and it's a black Audemars Piguet WATCH.

RUSH  
Wanted you to have this, Bro.  
(points to watch)  
No matter what time it is, we got  
your back.

Will's blown away by the gesture. They all dap and hug.

83 INT. GRIER HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Lisa walks into the bedroom to find: 3 BEAUTIFUL DRESSES hanging in the open closet, 5 Boxes of CHANEL SHOES covering the bed, and a white box with DIAMOND EARRINGS on a dresser.

LISA  
Will! What is all this?!

Will pops his head in the doorway and enters the room, smirking.

WILL  
We're *attending* a Gala, and it's  
kinda fancy... I would be *honored*  
if you would be my date.

LISA  
These are for me?

WILL  
Baby, who you think they for? You  
deserve this and more...

He gives her a sweet kiss on the cheek.

LISA  
I can't wait to put this on!

WILL  
...Put it on now.

LISA  
(thinks a beat)  
Shut the door and turn around.

WILL  
I gotta turn around? K, fine...

Will turns with his arms folded, waiting impatiently.

WILL (CONT'D)  
I am your husband. Y'ready? Can I  
turn around? Which dress you pick?

LISA  
Will! Give me a minute...Dang.  
(a few beats, then)  
Okay, you can turn around now.

When Will turns, Lisa stands before him in ONLY her new  
DIAMOND EARRINGS and sexy LINGERIE.

WILL  
Wow... That one looks nice.

Will removes his shirt and kisses her passionately...

84 EXT. GALA VENUE - HOTEL - NIGHT

\*Production note-- Please note this location will be the  
same hotel used for the Nashville sequence hotel.

Over the night sky, spotlights criss-cross back and forth  
above a star studded event. Luxury vehicles of all shapes  
and sizes pull up to the glitzy red carpet.

Cameras flash as ATHLETES and CELEBRITIES pose in front of a  
step and repeat for the "20th ANNUAL LA SPORTS UNITED FOR ALL  
GALA". Notably, Jerry Dermarco poses on the carpet with  
Peter Crane, Derek Snow and the MAYOR of Los Angeles.



WILL'S LAMBO TRUCK pulls up to VALET. Will and Lisa step out looking incredible-- Perfectly suited and dressed for the extravagant occasion.

85 INT. HOTEL - BALLROOM - LATER

Will and Lisa enter a giant ballroom filled with over a hundred tables. SPORTS LEGENDS of old, as well as CURRENT PLAYERS and EXECUTIVES mull around and mingle.

Smiling and overwhelmed, Lisa gives Will a look as if she's in a fairytale.

With the Gala now well underway-- Rush, Will, S-Bull, Mouse and Slim enjoy their dinner and laugh with their ladies..

TIME GOES BY... Lisa holds Will's hand at the table, enjoying the perfect night as a BAND tears the house down...

86 Later, Will and Lisa slow dance in the middle of the dance floor, it's the cherry on top of a magical night.

87 With empty plates and inebriated guests ready to leave-- The night's wrapping up as Will finishes off a champagne flute.

KIT JACOBS (O.S.)

Will Grier!

From across the table Rush watches as: Will turns to find Kit strutting over. Will stands up and introduces Lisa to Kit.

KIT JACOBS (CONT'D)

You still got my card?

Kit laughs and pulls out a new card, and writes on the back.

KIT JACOBS (CONT'D)

Don't lose this one, okay? My number's on the front, and on the back, is the number I can get you if you keep ballin'.

Will looks at the card and nearly shits himself. He hands the card to Lisa, who's now dumbstruck.

KIT JACOBS (CONT'D)

Can we have a second?

Will looks at Lisa, her eyes urge Will to go. Will obliges and follows Kit to a private corner. Rush watches on...

KIT JACOBS (CONT'D)

I have it on good authority,  
Demarco wants to resign you to a  
multi-year deal.

WILL

What???

KIT JACOBS

Yeah, but listen. You gotta keep  
doing what you're doing. Prove to  
them you're not a flash in the  
pan... Either way, I wanna  
represent and help you. I'll make  
sure you and your family are set.

WILL

Are you fucking with me right now?

KIT JACOBS

I am not.  
(winks)  
Call me.

Will looks into Kit's eyes and shakes his hand.

88

EXT. GALA VENUE - LATER

The whole crew says goodnight as the valet brings out Will's  
LAMBO TRUCK.

RUSH

Lisa, would you mind if I held on  
to your husband tonight?  
(convincingly to Will)  
We gotta get you solid on those new  
signals for the game.

WILL

See you at home okay?

Lisa nods and gets in the truck. Rush and Will watch the  
truck drive off-- Rush motions for Will to follow and they  
walk behind a building.

RUSH

This Sunday is the one. So buck up  
and stay ready. I'll give you more  
details in a few days...

WILL

Rush there's something I need to  
talk to you about.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)  
(off Rush's confusion)  
I can't do it, man. I gotta-

Rush's demeanor grows colder and angrier by the second.

RUSH  
-You gotta what? You gettin' hard  
over what some dude in a suit wrote  
on a card? That shit's no better  
than a fuckin' game ball, Rook.

WILL  
No it's different. They're gonna  
put me on a multi-year deal.

RUSH  
Oh is that right?

Rush puts a hand on Will's shoulder, applies some pressure.

WILL  
I don't know...

RUSH  
What you mean, *you don't know?*  
You're already in. There is no "*I*  
*don't know*", you understand? You  
joined a brotherhood and as men.  
When we say we gonna do something,  
we do it. I don't give a fuck what  
that little Kit-Kat pussy told you.  
You're doing it.

Will buckles under the pressure and strength of Rush.

WILL  
Rush...

RUSH  
And since you wanna play hard to  
get all the sudden, there's  
something I need to tell you.  
(beat)  
Your bro hasn't really given you a  
choice. In fact, his ass needs you  
to do this more than I need you.

WILL  
What's Tommy got to do with this?

RUSH  
About a month ago Tommy took a loan  
from some LA boys who don't fuck  
around.

(MORE)

RUSH (CONT'D)

(beat)

He was supposed to return money with interest but missed the deadline... They don't want money no more, they want his head.

WILL

How do you... What??

RUSH

Remember Dontay? That one night he came to warn me, before things got out of hand. And because you're my brother, I asked for a favor and paid the bill.

WILL

Why should I believe you?

Rush ain't bluffing...

WILL (CONT'D)

So now I owe you money? I can't...  
(thinking)  
Just take my money from Nashville and we'll call it even.

RUSH

Oh so you gonna pull James out of school now? You need that money.  
(beat)  
Help us on this job, like you said you would. And we'll be good.

The weight of the world falls on Will...

89 INT. FBI OFFICE - SPECIAL TASK ROOM - LATE NIGHT

ANGLE IN ON LIST: *Boston 9/16/19... Dallas 10/20/19... New Jersey 12/9/19... Miami 12/23/19... Nashville 9/19/20...*

Vidal plays backgammon by herself while talking on the phone. Nearby tables are littered with empty pizza boxes.

Hennessy and Park look exhausted as they sip old coffee and stare at the U.S. MAP with red tacks. Vidal ends her call and joins them at the map.

HENNESSY

Who was that?

VIDAL

That goofy Nashville detective.

HENNESSY  
 (heavy southern drawl)  
*God damn LA!*  
 (laughs)  
 What'd he want?

VIDAL  
 What'd you say?

HENNESSY  
 I asked what he wanted.

VIDAL  
 (wheels turning)  
 Not that.  
 (answering but distracted)  
 He just interviewed that guy in  
 critical condition.

HENNESSY  
 Oh yeah? Get anything good?

Vidal has become possessed. She rips the dates/locations list off the cork board, runs to her computer and sweeps the backgammon board right off it-- Sending white and black stones raining to the floor. She immediately starts typing.

VIDAL  
 (under her breath)  
 LA...  
 (to Hennessy)  
 When we were in Nashville? That  
 was a Monday, right?

HENNESSY  
 Yeah. September 20th.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN: 9/19 - LOS ANGELES VS. NASHVILLE

We pull out to reveal the entire LA Football schedule on the computer screen. Vidal looks back and forth from the list of dates and locations to the LA away games.

Back and forth. Games. Heists. Cities. Dates... A MATCH.

VIDAL  
 God damn LA...

90 INT. GRIER HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Will enters to find: Tommy pacing back and forth on the phone, stressed out, smoking a cigarette. He sees Will and hangs up. Will shuts the door, makes sure Lisa isn't around.

WILL  
That the construction guy?

TOMMY  
Yeah, hasn't heard anything new but  
I'm keeping my fingers crossed.

WILL  
Cut the bull shit and stop lying.  
(off Tommy's "confusion")  
I'm gonna give you one chance to  
tell the truth.

TOMMY  
What'd Rush tell you?

Will shakes his head and walks back to the house.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
I didn't have a choice.

WILL  
(turning back)  
You always have a choice! And you  
always choose to be a fuck up.

TOMMY  
I was gonna get killed if I didn't!  
I owed money back in Detroit.  
(beat)  
Needed a fresh start out here so I  
could pay them back.

WILL  
So you borrow money from people you  
don't know and jeopardize my shit?

TOMMY  
Oh so you're Mr. Squeaky clean,  
right? I know what you and Rush  
are up to.

WILL  
You don't know shit! Rush paid off  
your debt and now I owe him! So  
don't turn this on me.

Tommy's ashamed and speechless.

WILL (CONT'D)  
I worked my ass off to be a  
football player! And you could'a  
been one too. We're the same.  
Y'just as fast! Y'just as good!!

TOMMY

Maybe in another G-d-damn life,  
Will! Maybe if that football ever  
gave a good bounce my way--

WILL

There you go again, complaining  
about life. You think it was easy  
for me? I shoulda played at Ohio  
State, had my name called on Draft  
Day, but no. I was too stupid  
lookin' up to my big brother that  
day I got shot!

Will shoves Tommy hard in the chest.

WILL (CONT'D)

We ain't kids runnin around Linwood  
no more. This is real life.

Tommy looks away, now ashamed. Tears well up.

TOMMY

Well maybe I can't do real life.

Will's fire cools down as he watches his brother crack.

WILL

Tommy I didn't mean that.

TOMMY

Nah, you're right. All I do is  
fuck shit up. Everyone's life  
would be better if I was back in  
prison or just... Gone.

WILL

Don't say shit like that, man.

TOMMY

There's nothing for me here.

(struggling)

I had more purpose locked up.

WILL

You do have purpose, Tommy. You're  
my brother and James' Uncle. We'll  
find you a real job. Just promise  
me, keep your nose clean and drop  
the bullshit?

Tommy nods.

91 INT. SOUTH CENTRAL LA - CUSTOM CAR REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT

Rush walks past cars in different stages of repair.

NOW IN A BACK OFFICE, In contrast to the dirty repair shop, Dontay's office is super clean and expensive-- Leather couches, fine carpet and state of the art TVs line the walls.

Rush sits across a desk, watching Dontay carefully roll a blunt. Behind Rush, a few of Dontay's muscle/homies chill on couches in a cloud of smoke.

DONTAY

I'm gonna miss hittin these owners.  
Been good money for everybody.

Dontay sparks his blunt and takes a hit.

DONTAY (CONT'D)

With all the money on the line, I  
had to pull strings to make sure we  
solid... You got your 5th guy?  
(off Rush's nod)  
Good. After the game, my guy will  
find you with a clean whip.

Dontay slides a smart phone across the table for Rush.

DONTAY (CONT'D)

When you're ready, turn that on.  
Under shared locations, you'll be  
able to track the van.

Then Dontay leans forward and points to a printed out Google image of San Francisco on the desk.

DONTAY (CONT'D)

Once that van clears the tunnel,  
you'll be clear to do your thing.

92 INT. FBI BUILDING - CHIEF WALKER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Agent Vidal sits in with Chief Walker and Don Kizinki.

VIDAL

The dates line up. Not to mention  
the obvious description match.

KIZINSKI

"Athletic?"

VIDAL

And aggressive.



WALKER

You expect me to believe members of a football team, a professional football team, are committing armed robberies around the country at their away games? That's the craziest thing I've ever heard!

Vidal hands Walker a folder. He reads aloud a list of businesses, one of them being "Golden Sun Casino".

WALKER (CONT'D)

What am I looking at?

VIDAL

It's a list of 6 San Fran area businesses with financial ties to their football owner, Jared Wolfe. We need to heighten security at each one.

WALKER

Why?

VIDAL

They're targeting football owners.  
(re: folder)  
And one of these places could get hit this weekend...

WALKER

Don't get me wrong, this investigation has progressed nicely... But no.  
(hands back folder)  
I can't spread out resources on a hunch, but if you wanna go, I'm not gonna stop you.

93 INT. GRIER HOME - NIGHT

Moving through the Grier home, we go to each room. James is fast asleep. Tommy's half asleep watching TV. Lisa's asleep but no sign of Will...

94 Finally we move into the GARAGE and find: Will standing by himself in deep contemplation. He tosses the GAME BALL up and down to himself.

Eventually he takes a seat, struggling with the pressure-- He grips the football tighter and tighter...

95 INT. SAN FRANCISCO STADIUM - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Will is focused and nervous as he tapes himself up. A cheerful Slim takes a seat next to him.

SLIM  
I finally got some good news.

WILL  
About your son?

SLIM  
Figured out how I'm gonna get full custody.

WILL  
For real? Slim, that's huge!

SLIM  
Just need everything to go okay tonight and I'm good!

96 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - FBI FIELD OFFICE - SAME

Vidal and Hennessy walk from a parking lot and are greeted by an Agent. The Agent leads them into the field office.

97 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STADIUM - GAME - LATER

We're mid-game and Snow makes a CATCH, but AGGRAVATES his CALF and gingerly labors off the field.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Looks like Snow re-aggravated his calf. He's had past issues with that. Hopefully it's nothing serious as LA prepares for a playoff run.

COACH BRACKNEY  
17! Get in there!

Will sprints onto the field and joins the huddle.

COLOR ANALYST (V.O.)  
Looks like Will Grier is coming in for Snow. Let's see if he can pick up where he's left off.

98 Crane hikes it drops back to pass. Will sprints WIDE OPEN, it's gonna be a touchdown, the ball slowly spirals into Will's hands and HE DROPS IT--

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
That's a devastating drop by Grier.  
Hopefully he can brush that one  
off.

COLOR ANALYST (V.O.)  
He should have walked into the end  
zone for a score and he knows it.

99 \*We now see VARIOUS MOMENTS of Will playing poorly-- Another  
dropped ball. Multiple penalties-- false start, holding...

100 INT. GRIER HOME - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Lisa watches the game with Tommy, she looks sick. She can't  
bare to watch this train wreck of a game...

100V/10 MEANWHILE, IN THE GARAGE, James looks for a toy. He moves  
some sports equipment and sees a black leather DUFFLE BAG  
hidden in the corner. ZIIIIIP. From the bag, James pulls out  
a GLOCK.

102 Lisa attempts to take her mind off the game and wash  
dishes... POW!!! A GUNSHOT rings out through the house--  
Lisa drops a glass and it SHATTERS to the floor.

Lisa and Tommy frantically run out of the room.

103 Lisa sprints into the GARAGE to find: James sitting next to a  
pile of cash and a smoking gun...

LISA  
James! Where did you find that?!

She runs over to James and picks him up... James starts to  
cry and we hear FOOTSTEPS approach, she turns to see--

Tommy run up confused and concerned. Lisa CHARGES Tommy--

LISA (CONT'D)  
James just found your bag of cash  
and GUN, you no-good piece a' shit!

Tommy takes a drag of his cigarette and begins to boil.

TOMMY  
And you just assume it's mine?

LISA  
You need to leave, now. You're  
lucky I don't call the police.

Lisa starts walking away...

TOMMY

Before you do that, I'd check with Will. Ask the Golden Boy where that gun came from.

LISA

What are you talkin' about?

104 INT. LOCKER ROOM - AFTER THE GAME

In front of his locker Will sits DEFEATED. His mind lost. Slim come's up and gives him support.

SLIM

You gotta calm down and forget about that game. I know you're all fucked up right now, but none of that matters... This exactly why we do what we do.

Will nods...

105 STADIUM - PARKING LOT - LATER

Rush and S-Bull walk past some dumpsters to find a murdered out TAHOE-- A Mexican MAN covered head to toe in tattoos, steps out of the vehicle, meets Rush, and hands him the key.

106 STADIUM - LOCKER ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Freshly showered and dressed, Will is on the phone, waiting for Lisa to pick up. \*INTERCUT PHONE CALL AS NECESSARY.

107 Lisa's phone buzzes, but she's too busy packing up suitcases and fighting back tears. Will hangs up and spots Slim waiting-- Slim waves Will over to follow him.

108 EXT. BACK OF THE STADIUM - EVENING

In the Tahoe, S-Bull sits in the driver seat with Rush in the front passenger. Will, Slim, and Mouse hop in.

RUSH

Rook, I know you got a lot swirlin' in your brain right now... But you gotta lose them nerves. The real game is about to start.

109 Rush studies the luminescent glow on his phone. He watches a blue dot on a GPS exit the GOLDEN SUN CASINO. Rush nods to S-Bull and they drive off.

110 ELSEWHERE, the sun begins to drop into the horizon. From above we follow a black armored VAN and SUV exit the GOLDEN SUN CASINO parking lot and navigate toward a freeway.

111 INT/EXT. TAHOE - DRIVING - A LITTLE LATER

CLOSE ON: RUSH's phone-- The blue dot now close to the MacArthur Tunnel. Rush grimaces at a red line of heavy traffic...

112 From above we follow the SUV glide up a freeway ramp and merge into a glowing river of tail lights and traffic.

\*THROUGH THIS SEQUENCE WE WILL INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

113 Mouse, S-Bull, and Slim look visibly concerned by the traffic. On the map, they close in on the blue dot.

S-Bull switches lanes, moves into the FREEWAY TUNNEL and rolls to a stop.

RUSH

Shit.

Rush searches the freeway and spots the target.

RUSH'S POV: 50 yards away, down the FREEWAY TUNNEL an ARMORED VAN and a SUV are stuck in traffic.

RUSH (CONT'D)

Got em. Midway through the tunnel, right lane.

Rush looks ahead while processing their dire options.

114 Inside the SECURITY GUARD SUV, the driver/GUARD 1, impatiently thumb taps the wheel, while the front passenger/GUARD 2 rests his eyes. In the back, GUARD 3 sits stoically.

115 In the Tahoe anxious tension has filled the air.

MOUSE

I don't know what your boy said, but this ain't gonna work.

S-BULL

What do we do?

Some tense beats of silence pass by...

SLIM  
It's now or never.

S-BULL  
Okay, so it's never.

RUSH  
(checks watch)  
Slim's right. We do it now.

S-BULL  
The fuck you mean do it now?!

Will's knee bounces like an anxious jack hammer.

RUSH  
Too much money on the line and  
we've planned all year for this.  
It's 4th and 1! Mouse, load us up!

Mouse pulls a heavy duffle bag out from the trunk.

S-BULL  
How the fuck am I gonna get out?

RUSH  
(a glint in his eye)  
Don't worry... They'll move.

ZIIIIIP. The duffle bag opens to reveal a stash of AR-15's.  
Mouse passes Slim and Will a duffle bag to strap on.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
(to Will)  
If we do it right, this shit will  
be easier than Nashville. Don't  
let the scenery scare you. Just  
stick with me and follow my lead.  
(to Slim)  
That van has a safe with 6  
compartments. Each one with at  
least 2 mill of that prick's money.  
Just focus, one at a time.  
(to Mouse)  
Start bagging as soon as you can.

Mouse hands out AR-15's and ski-masks to Will and Slim.  
Will's knee starts bouncing again.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
You good?

WILL  
I'm good.

Slim gives Will a reassuring pat on the back, and hands Rush the final AR-15 and ski-mask.

RUSH  
 (re: AR-15)  
 Use it for control. If you gotta  
 put someone down, leg shots only.  
 We can't afford any heat.  
 (beat)  
 S-Bull, as soon as there's daylight  
 hit that hole and go.

Rush takes a final look at the map.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
 We're a mile away from our new  
 rendezvous. Slim get what you can,  
 but when I say we're done, sprint  
 like there's a ring on the line.  
 (passes phone to Slim)  
 Once we clear the tunnel, hit the  
 woods to the right. Cut through  
 and you'll find S-Bull.

Slim shows Will and Mouse the pick up spot on the GPS. Rush pulls the ski-mask over his face and they follow suit.

**CHUCHAK.** Rush cocks his AR-15 followed by Slim, Mouse and Will with a loud simultaneous, **CHUCHAK.** Will notices his knee bouncing and halts it. Deep breath. Rush nods at Will and CLICK-CLICK. The SUV unlocks.

The three passenger doors pop open and with it, time *slows...*

116 EXT. TUNNEL - FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

HIGH SPEED: Under the fluorescent orange glow of the tunnel light-- Rush, Slim, Mouse and Will walk out looking like the four horsemen of the apocalypse.

The visual is ICONIC. The armed thieves prowl through the rows of traffic, lions on the hunt.

117 DOWN THE ROAD-- 100 yards past the tunnel, the broke down car that caused traffic gets pushed to the shoulder. The lanes free up and cars finally jolt forward. On the other side of the lane, headed toward us, we notice an AMBULANCE...

118 To the right of S-Bull a tatted up MAN in a pimped out CHALLENGER, glares right at him. The man leans down and reaches under his seat. This causes S-Bull to lower his window and the man lowers his.

S-BULL

Yo Homie, now's not the time to be  
a hero... We not here for that.

S-Bull raises a glock for good measure. The man concedes.

119 Rush crosses to the left and crouches down to avoid the Body  
Guard's eye line. He lines the SUV in his cross-hairs and  
signals for Slim and Mouse to advance forward.

RUSH

Rook, take the back. On my signal,  
light it up.

Cars in front of the armored VAN move forward.

Will creeps up behind the SUV. In the BG screams permeate  
the tunnel as people begin to realize what's happening.

Through the front windshield Guard 1 and Guard 2 see Mouse  
and Slim creep up to the armored van.

GUARD 2

Shooter!

Guard 1 looks into the rearview and spots Will--

RUSH

Now!

**Braaap-Braap-Braap-Braap-Braap!** The SUV's driver side and  
rear window explode. Rush's cold eyes glow from the hot  
muzzle flash, as he unloads a symphony of bullets and paints  
the SUV with smoking lead.

Slim and Mouse take out the VAN's tires, POP-POP! The van  
accelerates, it's smoking tires squeal forward and the van  
SLAMS into a car with reckless abandon.

The tunnel erupts into absolute CHAOS. It's a fight for  
survival as vehicles transform into bumper cars.

120 MEANWHILE at the FBI Field Office, Vidal, Hennessy and the  
Field Agent study a collage of targets pinned on a corkboard.

VOICE (O.S.)

*Shots fired, shots fired. 10-65 in  
progress at the MacArthur Tunnel.  
Calling all units.*

Vidal, Hennessy, and the Field Agent react and hurry out.



121 Rush slides over a car hood with fire in his eyes. He steps through a plume of smoke and sidles up to the passenger window-- Rush fires a round into the tunnel ceiling.

RUSH  
I wanna see your hands!

Rush opens the driver door and grabs Guard 1 by the neck.

Will keeps Guard 2 and Guard 3 frozen stiff with his gun trained on both of them.

Mouse and Slim circle the armored van-- The VAN DRIVER opens the door and fires, BANG-BANG-BANG! Slim dives out the way and crawls behind a car.

The Van Driver takes aim at Rush... And Rush quickly turns to use Guard 1 as a human shield, BANG-BANG-BANG! Bullets rip into Guard 1's chest.

Mouse rises up with his gun aimed at the stunned Van Driver.

MOUSE  
Drop it!

Guard 1's limp body falls to the ground, and the stunned Van Driver drops the gun. Suddenly-- VAN PASSENGER pops out and fires at Rush, BANG-BANG! Rush takes cover as bullets ping off the SUV.

Will has a clear shot on the Van Passenger, WHAM! Slim knocks the passenger out with the butt of this gun.

Slim zip ties the passenger's arms behind his back, and pats around till finding a key...

Rush and Will have Guard 2 and 3 dead to rights. Rush barks orders with fierce authority. Guard 2 carefully exits the SUV, then Rush tosses zip ties to Will...

RUSH  
Tie him up!

122 Meanwhile Slim unlocks the back door of the armored van and steps inside, revealing: The metal mobile safe with 6 locked compartments...

Slim pulls out an industrial strength power drill from his backpack. He lines up the drill on the first compartment...

The drill begins to twirl and BZZZZZZZ, slowly pushing into the thick steel. Metal shavings fall from the smoking hole.

123 In front of S-Bull, a path begins to form and he readies his foot over the gas pedal.

124 Police sirens in the distance steadily approach... Rush appears behind Slim at the back of the van--

RUSH (CONT'D)  
We gotta move!

SLIM  
I'm moving, I'm moving.

125 Rush walks back to the SUV and finds Guard 3 cowering in his seat. Rush opens the door, Guard 3 jumps toward the other door, **BRAAAP!** Rush blasts a warning shot and glass shatters.

RUSH  
You wanna try that again?!

Guard 3 violently shakes his head "no". Rush reaches in, and slams him onto the pavement.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
Rook, cover our back.

Will nods, and turns to watch for any potential threat.

126 We follow Mouse into the back of the van. The drill BZZZZZ's deep and POP. The first compartment swings open. Slim moves to the next compartment while Mouse starts sliding stacks of cash into his backpack.

127 Rush digs his gun into Guard 3's back, he wails in pain. Rush pulls out a zip tie and ties him up.

128 Will's eyes process the half mile of chaos. People scatter like cockroaches in the light. Will gets distracted when the TAHOE engine REVS and ROARS. He turns to see: S-Bull punch the gas--

The Tahoe swerves left, swerves right and snakes through the traffic. A car pulls in front of him, partially blocking his next move... S-Bull accelerates and PLOWS through it!

The SUV breaks free, and whooshes past the roadside robbery.

MOUSE  
Rook!

129 Will's attention snaps from S-Bull's great escape to Mouse.

MOUSE (CONT'D)  
Switch me!

Mouse hands Will a backpack full of cash, and takes Will's backpack. Mouse sprints back to the van.

WILL  
(to Rush)  
We got company! 5-0!

130 Rush looks toward Will and sees Red and Blue lights glowing at the end of the tunnel.

RUSH  
Shit.

131 S-Bull passes the stuck AMBULANCE and eventually clears the tunnel. He takes the first road leading into the woods...

132 At the other end of the tunnel a swarm of COP CARS are stuck at the entrance, blocked from any chance of getting in.

Vidal, Hennessy, and the Field Agent step out an unmarked car wearing bullet proof vests-- They charge down the tunnel as screaming pedestrians run past them.

133 The drill continues to BZZZZZ and POP-- The compartment opens. Mouse steps inside with the empty bag, and starts shoveling money. Rush appears.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
That's it! We gotta leave!

Mouse cleans the compartment out, ties the bag up, and exits. Slim ignores Rush, he now lines the drill up on the next compartment. BZZZZZZZ...

RUSH (CONT'D)  
We gotta walk!

SLIM  
I can get one more.

RUSH  
I said walk! It's over with!

SLIM  
I ain't leaving 2 mill on the table. You know we need this.

RUSH  
That money's gonna do us no good in prison!

Rush fumes with anger and anxiously backs away. Mouse returns to see Slim still drilling.

MOUSE

You dumb mother fucker. Let's go!

134 It's chaotic, camera shaky as: Feet pound down the street. Under the orange glow of tunnel light-- Vidal, Hennessy, and a group of cops are in full sprint.

135 Through a thicket of wrecked cars, Rush spots the group of cops charging down the tunnel.

He lines up his AR-15 and applies suppression fire, **Braap-Braap-Braap!** The cops fall to the ground and take cover.

RUSH

Rook, let's go!

Rush turns, and runs to the van. Will follows.

Slim continues to drill into the compartment, BZZZZZ.

Rush and Will appear behind Mouse.

RUSH (CONT'D)

Last time, let's go!

POP. The compartment swings open, and Slim hurriedly fills up his bag.

RUSH (CONT'D)

(to Mouse and Will)

Go!

Mouse and Will sprint away.

Heavy breathing. Pounding steps. Will and Slim sprint past the van, hop over some crashed cars, and leave the crime scene...

136 Vidal, Hennessy and a host of COPS finally arrive at the bullet riddled SUV.

At the SUV, Hennessy spots Rush and fires three rounds, BANG-BANG-BANG! The bullets miss and ping off the armored van.

Mouse peaks over a car to see: Vidal and Hennessy carefully approach the armored van... Rush sees them too.

RUSH (CONT'D)

Motherfucker.

Rush aims at Vidal, **Braap-Braap-Braap-Braap!** Car windows explode, Vidal and Hennessy dive out of the way.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
 (to Mouse)  
 Get to S-Bull!

As Slim continues to sweep cash into the bag, Rush unloads more suppression fire, **Braap-Braap-Braap-Braap!**

Rush turns and sees Slim finally exit the van. Slim sprints out with an unzipped duffle bag-- Now ready, Rush takes off in a dead sprint... Slim turns a corner and nearly trips, CASH spills all over the road.

SLIM  
 Fuck!

Rush doesn't see it, and keeps sprinting... Slim turns back, and starts picking up the spilled cash-- Hennessy rises up behind a smoking car, BANG-BANG!

One bullet pings off the van and one nails Slim in the leg. He topples over and falls onto the pile of cash.

Rush turns to see Slim crawling through bloody stacks of cash. Will and Mouse spin around and see it too.

WILL  
 Slim's down!

MOUSE  
 Get to S-Bull. I'll help them.  
 (off Will's hesitation)  
 GO!

Mouse sprints back toward Rush... And Will sprints forward.

137 Near the exit, Will spots the AMBULANCE stuck between cars on the other side... He has an idea.

138 With his AR-15 ready for war, Rush charges with fire and anger-- He spots Hennessy appear from behind a car, **Braap-Braap-Braap!**

Vidal takes cover behind an open car door, she turns and sees in HIGH SPEED: Hennessy take three bullets to the chest. Hennessy collapses lifelessly into the road median. Vidal catches Hennessy and stops her head from SMACKING pavement.

VIDAL  
 NO!!!

Vidal holds her for a second, sets her down and angrily returns fire-- Rush takes cover, but reappears with the AR-15, and applies more suppression fire. Vidal ducks.

Rush reaches Slim and helps him up. He carries Slim forward, and gets them both cover behind a car. Rush takes a breath.

Mouse takes cover behind a car near Rush and Slim.

MOUSE

(to Rush)

Go-go-go. I'll cover you!

Rush turns to Slim, who's in bad shape, leaned against the car. Slim blinks his eyes, attempting not to pass out-- Blood pours from his leg onto the street.

RUSH

Slim. Listen to me. You here?

SLIM

I'm here.. I'm here.

RUSH

I need you to give me everything you got.. Cuz we're getting on that fucking plane. For your son, Slim. You hear me?! Gotta make it out of this tunnel for your son.

Slim perks up and nods his head. He's got this. Rush helps Slim up and time *slows*.

- 139 Shot out of a cannon, Slim sprints through the fluorescent tunnel. Numb to the pain as adrenaline carries him forward. It's pure chaos-- Camera shaky as Cops from every angle take aim at Slim and Rush. Bullets ping all around them.
- 140 Mouse pivots around the car and fires at the swarm of cops, **Braap-Braap-Braap-Braap!** Vidal dives down for cover.
- 141 Will hops over the median, and sprints through cars to the AMBULANCE. He rips the door open to find a PARAMEDIC texting. She screams and drops her phone. Will grabs a first-aid kit, and takes off.
- 142 Will sprints up the road, takes a sharp right into the woods, and exits the chaos...
- 143 In the Tahoe, S-Bull drives along the quiet woods and pulls over to his marked location.
- 144 Slim sprints through the rows of cars. Rush follows behind with Mouse making up some ground.
- 145 CLOSE ON: HENNESSY's FACE. We pull out to see her bloody, and lifeless body slumped against the median.

With eyes full of anger and sadness, Vidal attempts to stop the bleeding from her lifeless partner. She rips the sleeve off her shirt, and ties it around Hennessy's wound. Vidal screams out words like "PARAMEDIC", "STAY WITH ME" and "HELP".

146 In the woods, Rush and Mouse carry Slim. With the adrenaline worn off, he's no longer able to move. Slim's starting to faint from the loss of blood.

147 The SUV's parked on a shoulder. In the distance, a helicopter approaches with a search light scouring the area.

In the SUV, S-Bull looks at his watch. Beats of silence feel like a lifetime... THUD.

S-Bull sees Will through the rearview mirror. CLICK-CLICK. Will opens the trunk and lowers back seats to make room for a make shift hospital bed.

S-BULL  
You guys good?

Will doesn't answer.

148 In the tunnel, Vidal falls back against the median next to Hennessy. The emotion and exhaustion setting in. Cops storm past her in the hopeless pursuit of the criminals.

149 S-Bull looks through the passenger window to see Mouse and Rush emerge from the woods carrying Slim.

WILL  
Put him in the back. I'll stop the bleeding.

Rush and Mouse lie Slim down in the trunk.

The helicopter circles the tunnel. From above we follow the SUV pull off and vanish into the dark.

150 INT. TAHOE - DRIVING - A LITTLER LATER

Slim's bleeding badly... Will's focused and in control.

WILL  
I got you, Slim. Get him elevated!

Mouse helps lift his head. Will rips open Slim's pant leg and studies his wound.

WILL (CONT'D)  
The bullet went clean through. Gotta  
stop this bleedin' before he goes  
into shock.

CLOSE ON thick amounts of BLOOD oozing out.

WILL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Rush, press down hard!

Rush applies pressure on the leg as Slim SCREAMS out.

151 Will grabs a bottle and tears open bandages. He successfully  
bandages it up and stops the bleeding.

152 INT. TEAM CHARTERED JET - LATER

ANGLE ON the DOORWAY, the last group of PLAYERS sporadically  
trickle onto the plane... At last, Rush, Mouse, S-Bull,  
Will, and Slim appear. They're sweaty and beat. Slim looks  
like a ghost as they head to the back.

153 LATER... The flight well underway, the lights now off and  
the air is calm. Will is sitting next to Rush.

Slim's in the back covered in blankets. Rush refills his  
glass with SCOTCH and notices Will staring at Slim.

RUSH  
(whispers)  
Slim'll be alright. He's about to  
come down with a bad case of the flu.  
Should buy us some time...

Will's not so sure about that. Rush takes a long swig of his  
scotch. Then...

RUSH (CONT'D)  
I ever tell you about my ol' man?  
Toughest cop in Detroit. They used  
to call him "The Ghost" cuz he'd  
always pop up in the middle of a  
crime, said he haunted the streets.  
Well one night he finds these young  
punks rippin' off a liquor store.  
He chases one of 'em 18 blocks and  
corners him in an alley. The kid  
turns around and has a gun. Pop,  
he just freezes. He says, "Why,  
Son?" That young punk shrugged it  
all off and said, "I like the  
rush." My ol' man, he just nodded  
and said, "Good.

(MORE)



RUSH (CONT'D)

From now on, that's your name, cuz you no longer deserve mine." I never saw him after that. Even when I went legit. High school ball. College. Even the pros.  
(long painful beat)  
Muthafucka died 10 years ago and "The Ghost" still haunts me to this day.

Rush leans back, and dozes off with a full glass of scotch in his hand... Will's speechless.

154 INT/EXT. LAMBO TRUCK - DRIVING - LATER THAT NIGHT

Will pulls up to the house, through the windshield we see Lisa put suitcases into a packed BRONCO and slam the trunk.

155 INT. GRIER HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will enters the house following Lisa, she ignores him.

WILL

What the hell's going on?? I've been trying to reach you all night.

Will notices a NEWS CHANNEL playing on the TV, "SAN FRAN TUNNEL SHOOT OUT"... Oh shit.

Lisa turns around with tears in her eyes, then shoots a look toward a table where: a DUFFLE BAG of CASH and GUN sit...

LISA

Your son found your loaded gun.

Will's broken-hearted and caught red handed. Lisa grabs her last bag and James follows, holding his favorite dinosaur.

LISA (CONT'D)

I'm done, Will.

WILL

Lisa, I can explain.

LISA

I'm sure you can. But Tommy saved us the trouble. Told me ALL about your little side hustle with Rush.

That's when TOMMY walks in with the face of someone who knows he fucked up royally... Will gives him a hard stare and returns to Lisa, speechless.

LISA (CONT'D)

Everything we sacrificed. All those shitty hotels. All those trips with no money. Dragging our son halfway across the country...

(beat)

I gave up my career for you! Why?! So you could be buds with *Rush Daniels* and become a criminal!?

(beat)

I thought you wanted this!! I thought football was your dream!!

(studies his face)

Who are you?

She rips the SILVER CHAIN, FOOTBALL LOCKET off of her neck and throws at his feet.

WILL

Lisa please don't do this.

Will grabs his son's hand and takes a knee-- James is teary-eyed and confused

WILL (CONT'D)

James, it's okay. Sometimes parents argue, but everything's gonna be alright. K, Buddy?

Will gives his son a long hug. After letting go, he walks over to Lisa and blocks the front door.

LISA

You're not stopping me.

WILL

I know I'm not, stay here with James... I'll pack a bag and go.

Lisa can only manage to wipe away some tears.

WILL (CONT'D)

Please. I'll leave.

Lisa nods... Will turns and sees Tommy standing there with nothing to say-- Will glares into Tommy's soul...

156

EXT. WOODS - MACARTHUR TUNNEL - NEXT DAY

Rain falls from the sky as Kizinski and Walker wait in the woods near the tunnel. Behind them it's an active crime scene, busy with investigative work.

An unmarked government car pulls up, Vidal steps out from the passenger side. Thunder and lightening CRACK in the distance as she walks up with steely resolve.

Vidal radiates rage and shoves a folder into Walker's chest.

KIZINKI

Vidal I'm sorry we doubted you.

WALKER

There's two ways we can go about this. I hope we can agree that we should choose the productive route.

Vidal glares at Walker with a burning mixture of rage and sadness... Instead of picking a fight, she gives him a NOD.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Good.

Vidal straightens up. Emboldened. Focused.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Agent Vidal.. Your investigation has the entire weight of the bureau behind you. Tell us what you need.

Vidal takes this in as she watches a FORENSIC SCIENTIST exit with an evidence bag with bloody CASH. She weighs her words.

VIDAL

We finally have DNA linked to one of the perps. On top of that we now know it's gonna come from a member of the LA football team.

Walker and Kizinki nod.

VIDAL (CONT'D)

Let's court order their ass for "random" drug tests. I'll see you in LA.

Walker nods. Vidal storms away into the unmarked car. Inside, Vidal stares through the rain drizzled windshield...

157 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Will lies in the hotel bed in his boxers. He's physically and emotionally at rock bottom-- On a muted TV, the "San Fran Tunnel Shoot-out" dominates the 24 hour news outlet.

His cell BUZZES. Reluctantly, Will finds his phone in the bed and taps his voicemail on speaker.

BRACKNEY (O.S.)

Grier, turns out Snow tore his Achilles. I know you struggled in San Fran but that's in the past. We need you to step up. See ya at practice tomorrow with the first team.

Impossible to be happy or care about football, he picks up the phone and calls LISA... It rings out to voicemail.

Will hangs up... THEN, an incoming call from KIT JACOBS comes in. He denies it.

158 \*MEANWHILE, AT A HOTEL BAR, Vidal sits by herself, finishing a glass of whiskey. She signals for another, and glances up at a TV-- On the TV, a news channel reports on, "SAN FRAN TUNNEL SHOOT OUT". A graphic of AGENT HENNESSY appears, they report and memorialize her death. OFF Vidal's agony...

159 EXT. TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

In a baaaad neighborhood, Rush rumbles to a stop in his '64 IMPALA. He's parked in front of a roughed up DUPLEX. From the porch a few THUGS and a PIT BULL watch Rush approach.

HIGH SPEED: Rush climbs up the steep steps to the porch-- The air's ripe with danger. Eyes from every iron-gate window watch this foreigner enter their world...

160 INT. TRAP HOUSE - KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

160V A BRUTE THUG leads RUSH past MEN bagging dope and into the KITCHEN where-- Under a low hanging light fixture, Dontay sits in a cloud of smoke, waiting.

In the corners of the room, TWO THUGS watch Rush take a seat across from Dontay-- He takes a long pull from a blunt. The smoke hangs between them like a cloudy partition.

RUSH

Got here as fast as I could.

DONTAY

You boyz made some news over the weekend. Takin' down a fed?

(whistles)

They finna bring hell now.

Rush looks over to the fuzzy television in the corner. On it a news channel covers the "SAN FRAN TUNNEL SHOOT OUT".

RUSH

It's loud out here, D. Need to know what's moving on the street.

DONTAY

Well for one. A little birdy told me one-a-you took a bullet. Left hella blood behind.

(exhales)

But you already knew that. Here's where it gets sticky. Feds know it's your team.

RUSH

That right?

DONTAY

Mmm. Word is they gonna hit ya'll with sum "random" drug tests. But if you wasn't bleedin' you wasn't there... You feel me?

Rush nods and takes that in.

DONTAY (CONT'D)

Word on the wire, alphabet boys lookin' for only four tho.

(laughs)

I got better intel than the FBI.

RUSH

Looking for four...

DONTAY

(nods)

But the feds are the least of your worries, you're in hell right now.

RUSH

You weren't there, D. It was bad from the jump.

DONTAY

Rush, I love you like a brother, but you know the code of streets.

(beat)

Lotta serious muthfuckahs upset about the money lost, I can't keep them off you.

RUSH

I know.

DONTAY

Hope you been using that big brain-a-yours before it gets blown off.

Rush leans into the smoke...

RUSH

I got a play. But I'm gonna need some help...

161 INT. LOS ANGELES - FBI FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

It's late, but you couldn't tell by the hive of busy activity from AGENTS working. At the tech-table display, PARK scrubs through grainy CCTV footage from the Tunnel.

Vidal strides in, and Agents turn their attention to her...

VIDAL

It's been a long 48 hours for all of us. Everyone knows this job doesn't come without sacrifice.. And no one exemplified that more than Agent Hennessy...

The group of agents nod solemnly.

VIDAL (CONT'D)

We've never been closer to putting these motherfuckers away. So let's dig deep and finish the fight.

(to Park)

Agent Park, I need every player with the slightest whiff of crime in their background, pulled and submitted for drug testing. I don't care if it's Jay-Walking.

PARK

On it.

162 INT. LOCKER ROOM - NEXT DAY - AFTER PRACTICE

Will freshly showered goes to his locker and finds a PINK NOTE waiting for him. He looks around and sees Mouse, along with other players looking at the same pink note...

OFF Mouse and Will exchanging looks of concern...

163 EXT. LOS ANGELES - ROOF TOP - LATE EVENING

Overlooking downtown, Rush stands next to his Impala, looking at the crimson colored sky. The sun quickly dropping.

Multiple HEADLIGHTS flash, pull up and park next to Rush.

A little later... Rush, Mouse, S-Bull, and Will now stand around in a circle.

RUSH

I know each and everyone of you is shook right now. Those "random" drug tests let us know exactly where the Feds at. But I didn't bring ya'll here to panic.

Rush waits and sits on the silence, loving the tension.

MOUSE

What we gotta do?

RUSH

(smiles)

We do one more.

S-BULL

One more?! Rush we're headline news right now.

RUSH

We don't have a lot of options right now. The way I see it, the only way out, is all the way in.

S-BULL

Feds are gonna be all over us. Only a matter of time before they figure out Slim.

RUSH

Yo fuck the feds. The streets are after us. Each one of these heists costs... We owe these guys 20% of the take and they don't take checks, you understand?

Rush glares at the crew...

MOUSE

Okay, so when we doin' it?

RUSH

Tomorrow night.

SLIM/S-BULL/WILL  
Tomorrow night??!!

WILL  
Rush, we got a playoff game  
tomorrow night.

RUSH  
Exactly.

This doesn't help anyone understand Rush's logic.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
Halftime lasts 15 minutes. 20 with  
all the extra bullshit during the  
playoffs. That's our window of  
opportunity, and all the time we'll  
need... To clean out the nearly  
\$25 million kept in DeMarco's  
stadium vault. The total sum of 8  
glorious home games of cash.

S-BULL  
HALFTIME? Are you fucking nuts??

RUSH  
A scheduled armored truck deposit  
goes down during halftime. So we  
slide out, do our thing, and we're  
back in that locker room, sippin'  
on Gatorade by 2nd half kick-off.  
It's genius.

S-BULL  
How is that genius?

MOUSE  
(thinking)  
If we do it during the game we got  
an alibi...

RUSH  
And there it is. *Reasonable  
fuckin' doubt.* You know how many  
people travel in our organization  
to away games?  
(beat)  
Two hundred. And of that two  
hundred you know how many have a  
knock on their record? Our defense  
alone has 7.

S-BULL  
Man... 25 mill?



RUSH

25 mill, an alibi and we keep the streets quiet. By the time the feds find out... IF they find out, we'll be laying our asses down on a beach somewhere, sippin Mai Tai's.

Mouse and S-Bull nod... With a glint in his eye, Rush turns to Will, who shakes his head incredulously.

WILL

Would ya'll listen to yourselves!? Rob the stadium at halftime??? That's fucking crazy! No. I'm not doing this. This shit's gone way too far. I'm out.

Mouse lights up and crosses toward Will.

MOUSE

Your punk ass was cool with it when we were gettin' money, but when it's time to buck up, you out?! It don't work like that. Nah, this a brotherhood. There ain't no out! Your ass signed a lifetime contract!

Rush steps in between Mouse and Will. He puts an arm around Will's shoulder and walks him away. Rush quietly pulls a GLOCK from his waist band.

RUSH

Look I agree. This shit got different... But it's 4th and long, and we can't punt. The game's on the line, Rook.

(beat)

And so is your family. You understand what I'm saying?

Rush releases Will and wipes the glock off Will's shoulders. Rush backs up a few steps... Will stares at him and nods.

Will pulls out the Lambo keys and tosses them at Rush's feet.

WILL

You can keep that shit.

Rush smirks and watches Will exit into a stairwell...

164

EXT. GRIER HOME - FRONT DOOR - THAT NIGHT

Will tries his key, but it doesn't work... Desperate and panicked, he knocks hard on the front door-- His eyes dart around with paranoia, anxiously waiting with the BLACK LEATHER DUFFLE BAG in hand--

The door finally opens, revealing LISA frightened and frazzled... She starts closing the door but Will blocks it.

WILL

Please don't. I'm begging you,  
Lisa. I need to tell you something.

LISA

(tired)  
I can't right now.

WILL

Lisa, please. I know you hate me  
right now.. And you have ever  
right to feel that way.

LISA

Don't do this to me, Will. Please  
don't.

WILL

I wouldn't be here if it wasn't an  
emergency.

At that point Lisa's heart drops-- Her eyes drift past Will to see TOMMY sitting in a RENTAL CAR-- Lisa now knows whatever's going on, Will's dead serious.

WILL (CONT'D (CONT'D)

Someday I'll be able to explain all  
this to you. I got swept up into  
something I didn't understand. And  
right now, I need you to hear me  
out before things spiral out.

Will hands Lisa the black leather duffle bag.

LISA

I can't take this-

WILL

You have to take this. I need you  
to take James and pack up the  
Bronco. Don't stop until you get  
to your mother's. Hang there till  
I figure this out. Please promise  
me you'll do this. Please.

Tears start to well up in Lisa's eyes. She nods.

WILL (CONT'D)

I fucked up. I was chasing what I thought was the dream. Dragging you and James all over the map only thinking of me... I thought making it in the league would solve all our problems and make us happy. Not realizing everything I needed and loved stood by me, and stuck by me... Everything I ever wanted and needed in life was right in front of me the whole time. I'm nothing without you.

Lisa's heart breaks...

WILL (CONT'D)

Baby, you and James are the only things that matter. And I'm sorry it took so long for me realize that.

Will reaches out and takes her hand. CLOSE ON their hands together. And Lisa opens her hands to see the SILVER CHAIN FOOTBALL LOCKET now in her hand.

Will walks back to the car and Lisa watches him drive off.

165 INT/EXT. SLIM'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

The 64 Impala parks on the empty street in front of Slim's townhouse-- RUSH walks up to the front porch and he enters.

166 A little later... Rush follows Slim, who limps into his bedroom. Slim's exhausted, sickly and stressed the fuck out. It's clear he hasn't slept much.

RUSH

How you holding up? You look good.

Slim sheepishly laughs knowing it's not true. He takes a seat on the bed and stares at the ground lost in thought.

SLIM

Not great.

Rush leans against the wall and observes this broken man.

RUSH

How's your leg?

SLIM  
Better I guess. Got some pills.  
(struggling)  
Look man, I don't.. I should have  
listened to you back there but I  
just.. I don't know what I was  
thinking.

Slim's eyes well up. Rush walks over and puts a supportive hand on his shoulder.

RUSH  
We all make mistakes, brother. You  
were trying to get the most for you  
and your boy. That's nothing to be  
sorry about.

Slim wipes away tears with his shirt.

SLIM  
I fucked us didn't I?

RUSH  
Nah, far from it. C'mon, stand up.

Slim rises to his feet but can't meet Rush in the eyes as the guilt is simply too much to bare.

RUSH (CONT'D)  
I got a plan that's gonna get us  
out. But you gotta promise me one  
thing, otherwise this ain't gonna  
work.

SLIM  
Anything.

RUSH  
I need you to lay low, stay out of  
sight for a few days.

Slim nods. Off that Rush gives him a big hug and steps away to let Slim wipe away tears with his shirt.

Rush slides a GLOCK out from the back of his waistband and lines it up at Slim's temple... BANG! Slim collapses.

CLOSE ON: RUSH's FACE, a tear wells up and falls...

167 INT. LOS ANGELES - FBI FIELD OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A DIGITAL MUG SHOT OF RUSH

Back out to reveal we're at the digital tech table displaying a large collection of mug shots along with rap sheets including: RUSH, SLIM, MOUSE, S-BULL and others-- Kizinski crosses over to Vidal.

VIDAL  
Any matches?

KIZINSKI  
Not yet, still got a few to process.

VIDAL  
Somehow we gotta whittle this to 4.

Vidal and Kizinski watch mug shots go by as an AGENT scrolls.

KIZINSKI  
On the 53 man roster there's at least nine felonies and 18 priors. That's just the team.

VIDAL  
Pull up the tunnel CCTV.

The special agent taps the table twice-- FOOTAGE pops up: SLIM sprinting through the row of cars. PARK abruptly enters the room with a folder, and stands next to Vidal.

PARK  
(re: folder)  
We got something.

VIDAL  
A hit?

Vidal's eyes stay on the footage and motions for the folder. Park hands it over.

PARK  
Not exactly... We've received all results for the players we pulled.. Except for one, Bobby Sanders, AKA, "Slim". Played in last Sunday's game, yet popped up on this week's Injury Report.

Vidal turns from the footage to the folder.

PARK (CONT'D)  
He's listed as having an *undisclosed illness*. Hasn't reported to the team facility all week.

VIDAL  
What position is he?

Vidal, Park and Kizinski both look at the footage of Slim running in slo-mo...

KIZINKSKI  
Tight end.

VIDAL  
Can we pull up highlights?

The Agent does a few taps on the table and WHAM. A clip of SLIM in his uniform runs with the football. It plays SIDE BY SIDE with tunnel footage... It's a perfect match.

VIDAL (CONT'D)  
Get me everything on Sanders, now.

168 INT/EXT. LOS ANGELES - FOOTBALL STADIUM - GAME DAY

OVER HEAD-- It's a sun-filled day with the SIGHTS and SOUNDS of an energized CROWD pulsating in LA's FOOTBALL STADIUM.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
We're live from Los Angeles where a crowd of playoff-starved fans have gathered to see Peter Crane lead his team to LA's first playoff victory in 10 years!

\*FOOTBALL STADIUM SEQUENCE WE WILL INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

169 LOCKER ROOM, Will readies himself. As he closes his locker, he sees a framed picture of LISA and JAMES...

170 OWNER'S BOX, in his ivory tower, Demarco looks down on his dominion below, surrounded by waspy old money friends. They look like super villains as they toast champagne flutes--

JERRY DEMARCO  
In 4 quarters we'll find out which billionaire owns the best!

171/172 IN THE STANDS, Tommy watches from the crowd as the crowd ERUPTS-- The away team kicks off to Los Angeles.

173 We track along the sideline spotting Rush in a jumpsuit, then S-Bull, Mouse and finally... Will, who takes the field for their first offensive possession...

174 Crane gets under center, "Green 42. Green 42-GO!". The linemen CRASH into each other as Crane drops back... The sounds and images morph and fade into a time cut.

175 LISA'S MOM'S HOUSE, Lisa nervously watches the game with James by her side.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
We're nearing halftime and these two teams haven't been able to get any separation. We're locked in a tight one as LA trails 10 to 3. Ernie what's the key for LA as they attempt to put up some points before half.

COLOR ANALYST (V.O.)  
They've had some key injuries this season, but found themselves a Cinderella-story-receiver in Will Grier. If they can get him going, he could be the X-factor today.

James perks up at the sound of his dad's name.

176 ON THE FIELD, LA receives the punt and the OFFENSE runs out--  
ANGLE ON: GAME CLOCK - 2nd Quarter - 5:21

177 Mouse stares at the clock, knee bouncing. His eyes drift down sideline finding Rush-- Who calmly exits to the tunnel.

178 They're on a drive-- Crane's in the pocket. Downfield he finds Will, streaking wide open and launches it, the BALL spirals perfectly toward Will, but bounces helplessly off his finger tips. The crowd groans.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Crane has a man open down the sidelines...and it's...OFF THE HANDS of Will Grier! Oh Brother! Everyone in the stadium thought they had a touchdown on that one!

COLOR ANALYST  
And the miscues continue for Grier. That was the perfect opportunity for LA to tie this game up! Has LA's new chariot turned into a pumpkin..?

As Will lines up, he takes a peak at the clock now at 3:57...

179 EXT. SLIM'S TOWNHOUSE - SAME

Vidal pulls up in a black DODGE CHARGER with TWO COP CARS.

Vidal jogs up the porch, followed by FOUR COPS in tactical gear. In contrast to the noisy stadium, this dead quiet neighbored is eerie-- Vidal knocks, BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG.

Vidal  
Mr. Sanders!

The cops part like the red sea, a BIG COP storms up with a steel ram and blasts the door off it's hinges.

180 The tactical cops sweep the house for any sign of life-- WE FOLLOW Vidal up a flight of stairs. With her gun aimed, she proceeds cautiously... You could hear a pin drop.

Vidal creeps into the bedroom and her EYES say it all... On a stark white carpet, Slim lays limp in a pool of blood.

181 INT/EXT. DODGE CHARGER - DRIVING

BLUE LIGHTS flash as the Charger zooms. Vidal's on the phone, looking determined.

VIDAL  
They've made their move, now we make ours. We need all units to the stadium!

182 INT. LOS ANGELES - FOOTBALL STADIUM - SAME

Crane uncorks a throw and finds Will. The crowd roars as he catches the ball and crosses the 50 yard line--

183 It's cut short when he goes down limping. A whistle stops the action... TRAINER's check on Will, the crowd goes silent.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Those non-contact injuries are always the scariest.

COLOR ANALYST (V.O.)  
You're right, Jim. Hate seeing a player drop like that. Let's hope it's not a muscle tear.

184 In the stands, Tommy watches on as Will's carried off by S-Bull and Mouse...

Meanwhile, somewhere deep in the stadium's employee TUNNEL, a MAN in a white painter suit, pushes a wheelbarrow toward a FREIGHT ELEVATOR-- He reaches the elevator, parks the wheelbarrow, and inserts a silver key into a slot...DING.

The Painter enters, turns, finally revealing it's RUSH. His face is hidden by a black ski mask with a white and chrome painter respirator mask over it.



185 TRAINING ROOM, Will's helped onto the trainer's table by S-Bull and Mouse. They exit and give Will a nod. The TRAINER starts to feel his hamstring.

TRAINER  
How's that feel?

WILL  
(emotional)  
Could you give me a moment?

The trainer understands and leaves. Will watches the trainer exit, then looks toward the doorway on the other side-- As a dark shadow approaches and grows, Will's heart beat quickens.

186 OWNER'S BOX, Jerry Demarco and Kit Jacobs watch as the Seattle makes a FIELD GOAL. Demarco curses.

ANGLE ON: GAME CLOCK - 2nd Quarter - 0:00

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
*And it's good! Seattle answers  
with a field goal before half. We  
got a tight one on our hands,  
folks. Let's see if LA can regroup  
and get some offense going in the  
2nd half.*

187 CLOSE ON: RUSH's COLD CALM EYES...

FREIGHT ELEVATOR, Slim and Mouse appear from a corner and join Rush. The air's filled with rhythmic ventilated breathing as they wait...

\*Through the painter masks their voices have a reverberated muffle quality to it, a less extreme version of BANE's voice.

188 Finally Will appears down the hall and makes it to the elevator. Once inside Rush pushes a button, the doors shut, and a mechanical **whir** initiates their deep descent into the stadium's bowels.

Will's anxious eyes watch: Rush dig under the tarp in the wheelbarrow and pull out FOUR SILENCER PISTOLS--

He hands one to Slim, Mouse and Will, who studies it with some "oh shit" type curiosity.

RUSH  
Everybody got the green light...  
(re: silencers)  
But we stay quiet...  
(nods to Mouse)  
If we need to go loud.

Mouse pulls up the tarp to reveal: a stack of AR-15s

RUSH (CONT'D)  
I brought some noise.  
(checks watch)  
20 minutes. Get as much cash as  
you can but if I say go...

Everyone nods. They know what he means by that....

RUSH (CONT'D)  
Will stay with Mouse. Just like  
the tunnel, follow and listen.

The long **whir** stops with a THUD. The doors slide open.

189 We follow the ARMORED TRUCK as it passes a GATE GUARD, and  
through the GATED ENTRANCE. The van goes deeper and deeper  
into the belly of the stadium, leading to the VAULT.

190 BASEMENT 3 - PRIVATE ENTRANCE, it's all concrete down here.  
Mouse pushes the wheelbarrow. Rush and S-Bull walk on either  
side of him with their SILENCERS, they turn a corner and see:

A chrome private ELEVATOR where a SECURITY GUARD watches the  
halftime show on a corner TV.

On Rush's cold and focused face, he takes aim and **pop-pop-  
pop**. Will's eyes go big, witnessing the cold blooded murder.

Rush pulls out a key card, places it on a sleek panel, and  
waits while-- S-Bull picks up the guard and holds his face  
to the retina scanner... Double-Protected.

After a few tense beats, the chrome elevator door opens.

191 CLOSE ON VAULT DOOR WHEEL. In the BG we hear a series of  
beeps then a loud metal THUNK-- The giant steel wheel spins  
and opens to reveal a money mausoleum.

In the middle, there's four steel tables with every square  
inch covered in a 2 foot stack of CASH-- It's enough to make  
Scrooge McDuck sweat.

192 Outside the vault, a TRUCK GUARD opens the back door of the  
Armored Truck to reveal: FIVE pallets of CASH-- Rush steps  
out of a dark corner and **pop-pop**, drops the guard.

Spooked-- TWO GUARDS turn around and **pop-pop-pop-pop**. Just  
like that THREE guards down. From the dark corners of the  
concrete cave, Slim, Mouse and Will jog up.

It's frenetic yet focused-- The ticking clock weighs on them  
as the truck duo and vault duo fill up bags with cash.

At this point it's nothing short of efficient perfection...

193 OWNER'S BOX, Demarco sits next to the GM. He's still fuming from the field goal. He glares at the SINGER, as she rocks out for halftime on the 50 yard line.

ANGLE ON: (ticking) CLOCK - 0:53 TILL 3rd QUARTER

DEMARCO  
Crane has no fucking help out there. What the hell happened to our little receiver...Grier?

GENERAL MANAGER  
No status yet.

DEMARCO  
Well go get one then!

194 In the vault, Mouse ZIPS up the bag and looks to WILL.

MOUSE  
Yo Rook, get these bags out.

Will loads a bag onto his back then labors out.

CLOSE ON: PAVEMENT a full DUFFLE BAG lands with a THUD next to another FULL BAG-- IN the BG we see a GUARD slowly move.

195 FLOOR V - LOBBY, Will breathes hard, as he drags the bag across the floor. He almost falls from the weight on his back. He stops to catch a breath and notices how isolated and quiet it is... Suddenly he gets an idea..

Will walks over to a trash can, pulls the bag and dumps all the trash out. Next, he unzips both bags and starts pulling cash evenly from each bag... His eyes dart around wildly as he stuffs the trash bag with cash.

Will pulls a chair up to a giant LA FOOTBALL EMBLEM, lifts the ceiling panel and places the garbage bag in there-- Lastly, Will pulls out a BURNER PHONE and takes a picture of the EMBLEM...

196 STADIUM - ON THE FIELD, the crowd roars as LA kicks off to begin the second half....

197 PRIVATE ENTRANCE ROAD, the Gate Guard drives down the steep dark tunnel in a Security CART.

GATE GUARD  
(into radio)  
Hey Ralph, what's going on down there? You're 5 minutes behind.

198 In the truck, S-Bull zips the last bag and tosses it to the ground. S-Bull then looks up to see Mouse--

S-BULL  
Yo Mouse, you goo-

**Pop.** S-Bull falls forward and SMACKS face first onto the concrete next to his duffle bag... Rush steps out from the shadows and hops out of the truck-- But the shocking moment is cut by a pair of headlights...

199 Down the ramp, the Gate Guard anxiously approaches in his Security Cart... He sees the trail of blood and dead Guard.

The cart reverses back as fast as it can-- Mouse and Rush both unload their SILENCERS, **pop-pop-pop-pop**. Every shot misses as the cart whips around and disappears up the ramp.

200 FLOOR V - LOBBY, Will stands by the elevator... A WHITE STROBE LIGHT FLASHES with a high-pitched alarm ringing throughout the concrete cave. Will looks around, panicked.

Around the corner, Rush comes sprinting, followed by Mouse pushing the wheelbarrow.

WILL  
What the fuck happened???

RUSH  
Relax.

WILL  
Where's S-Bull??

RUSH  
He's gonna meet us up top.

201 Now with Vidal's CHARGER, there's a swarm of COP CARS trailing behind... In the passenger seat, Vidal stares at the STADIUM where it all ends.

202 DING. The elevator opens. Mouse pushes ahead with the wheelbarrow, followed by Rush and Will each dragging a bag out.

As Will pulls his first bag out, he notices the TV in the corner. It's the MIDDLE OF THE 3rd QUARTER!!!

203 At Lisa's Mom's house, Lisa sits anxiously, BUZZ-BUZZ. She looks over to see a TEXT from a random number... Too anxious to look at it, she turns the phone over.

204 WE FOLLOW MOUSE wheeling into the DRAINAGE tunnel. The area's a damp industrial maze of pipes going every which way. This area should be pitch black, but the STROBE LIGHT pulses like a heart beat-- Mouse sees down the long tunnel, SUN LIGHT streaming through a 6 x 6 IRON STEEL GRATE...

As Mouse approaches, he sees through the GRATE, a field of grass and a BLACK SUV with CARLA opening the trunk doors.

Mouse wastes no time, and pulls out a hand WET SAW from the wheelbarrow and fires it up-- **BZZZZZZ**.

205 Will drags the bag toward the drainage tunnel. In the BG we hear the sounds of COPS arriving near the elevator area.

Rush drags his last bag toward the silhouette of Mouse in a shower of hot glowing sparks... Then we hear a loud **CLANG**. Mouse shuts off the saw and kicks the grate open.

Midway through the final stretch, Will stops and breathes **HEAVY** through the ventilation mask. Will puts his hands on his knees for one final breath before the last push.

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

Grier!

Will looks up to see-- With sunlight shining through, the menacing dark silhouette of RUSH slowly approaches. Will slings the extra bag over at Rush's feet.

WILL

(out of breath)

Wanna give me a hand? You lazy piece of shit.

RUSH

(laughs)

You a Linwood boy through and through. That much I know.

A loud ROAR from the crowd rumbles above. Rush looks up and closes his eyes to feel the crowd.

WILL

We're fucked, you know that?! The game already started!

RUSH

Still haven't caught on yet, huh?

Will looks up with eyes big, now realizing too late.

RUSH (CONT'D)

I thought I taught you good, Rook.

(points gun)

But what'd I say? Deception, misdirection, surprise...

**BANG!** Will's shot in the chest. It's a stunned reaction as another loud ROAR from the crowd erupts. **BANG-BANG-BANG.**

Will fall's back like a chopped tree onto his bag of money. Rush looks down at the limp body as the alarm light strobes.

Rush grabs the bag off Will's back and as he does, the painter mask gets hooked by the bag strap and pulls it off...

Rush stumbles back in shock when TOMMY's bleach blond hair pops out from under the ski mask-- **the sound drowns out...**  
**DISSOLVE TO:**

206 COACH BRACKNEY (PRE-LAP)  
GRIER!!!

207 INT. STADIUM - FIELD - CURRENT TIME

CLOSE ON: WILL's FACE

HIGH SPEED: We pull back to REVEAL: WILL on the sidelines-- Under a deep blue sky, bright sun shining down. Will puts his helmet on and runs out to the field.. Tommy's purpose exemplified in no greater way.

208 INT. STADIUM - DRAINAGE/MAINTENANCE TUNNEL - SAME

HIGH SPEED: In the dark and dingy tunnel, Rush stumbles back like he's been shot... In the darkness Tommy's lifeless face illuminates through the strobe light..

209 AT THE SUV, with a bag over his back, Mouse drags another bag across the grass as Carla watches on. He gets to the SUV and dumps each bag into the trunk.

210 Rush's haunted face is frozen by the blind side deception. The sounds of COPS from the other end grows louder...

MOUSE (O.S.)  
Rush! We gotta go!!

Rush snaps out of it, looks toward the grate to see: MOUSE backpedaling with a bag on his back, dragging another bag.

Rush jogs to the grate, slings the last bag over his back. THEN he pulls TWO AR-15s from the wheelbarrow-- He slings one over his shoulder and carries the other out...

211 Rush now approaches the SUV, as Mouse finishes packing his last bag-- Rush lines the AR-15 up on Mouse's head... That's when Mouse looks in the rearview and notices Rush.

Record scratch-- They both turn and see a COP CAR pull up in front of the SUV. Rush hands Mouse the other AR-15. They'll have to talk about that later... If there is a later.

From each side, COP 1 and COP 2 approach. Rush nods for Mouse to go left, he'll go right... After some measured breathes-- They both pivot around the SUV and creep between parked cars, on the hunt--- COP 2 has an angle on RUSH. COP 1 has an angle on MOUSE, BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG!

Rush takes cover as a series of PINGS and THUDS impact the car around him-- The SUV's windshield and driver side window CRACK, taking multiple hits.

On the other side, Mouse catches a bullet in the shoulder and falls back, wounded.

RUSH pops over the hood-- **Braap-Braap-Braaap!** Cop 2's tagged multiple times and he's down.

Wounded and filled with adrenaline, Mouse hides between a row of cars and circles around to flank Cop 1, who's taking cover behind his car... WHOOSH, Mouse blurs between cars and appears behind him-- **Braap-Braap**, he puts Cop 1 down.

Mouse stumbles toward the SUV as Rush opens the passenger door to find Carla, lifeless and bloody... His eye's enrage with hell-fire-- Just then, a fleet of FEDs, TACTICAL OFFICERS, and Vidal arrive on the scene.

Oblivious to the new danger, Mouse opens the driver side door and pulls Carla out... Mouse then gets in the driver seat and yells for Rush to, "GET IN!"

But Rush ducks down, as they receive countless rounds of fire... **Brraaaap-Brraaaap-Brraaaap-Brraaaap.** Rush rises up through the smoky damage to see Mouse, covered in blood... Dead.

Rush explodes with anger, unleashing return fire at the officers. He sends them scurrying behind cars. He now runs to the driver side door, and pulls out Mouse's lifeless body, then takes the driver seat position...

212 VROOM! Rush peels out of the parking spot and swerves toward the exit...

Meanwhile, Vidal and a team of tactical officers stream through the parking lot to cut Rush off--

With tires squealing, Rush makes his way through the parking lot-- He sticks his AR-15 out the window and unloads fire at Police Officers attempting to cut him off, **Brraaaap-Brraaaap!!**

214 STADIUM - ON THE FIELD, LA is in a hurry up offense.

TV ANNOUNCER 1 (O.S.)  
*Here it is folks. The game's on  
 the line and LA has a shot. It's  
 3rd and long as they line up on  
 Seattle's 40 yard line.*

ANGLE ON: CLOCK - 0:16 4th QUARTER





219 STADIUM - ON THE FIELD, Will looks down the line at Crane then back to the cornerback...

RUSH (V.O.)  
Deception, misdirection,  
surprise...you gotta set him up.

Crane snaps the ball on "GO!"-- Will goes hard left then right, he breaks the cornerback's ankles and streaks down the sideline... WIDE OPEN... Crane sees it and throws a bomb. The football slowly spirals...

In the corner of the end zone Will dives and CATCHES with both hands extended... He taps in both feet, TOUCHDOWN.

220 LISA'S MOM'S HOUSE, James jumps for joy and hugs his Mom. Lisa's struck with disbelief and emotion. She kisses her LOCKET as: WILL stands up raising his hands to the sky.

TV ANNOUNCER (VO)  
*TOUCHDOWN! Can you believe it!?!?!  
Will Grier has done it again! Give  
that man a contract!*

With the pressure lifted off her shoulders, she now looks at her phone and opens the text... It's a photo of the LA EMBLEM, followed with, "This is for you sis! Love, -T"

221 STADIUM - ON THE FIELD, HIGH SPEED: We 360 spin around Will with his arms up. As we spin around (**we intercut**)

TOMMY (PRE-LAP)  
I've never been more sure about  
something in my life. Cuz now I  
finally know my purpose.

DISSOLVE TO:

222 INT. STADIUM - TRAINING ROOM - FLASHBACK/EARLIER

In the doorway the shadow grows large and becomes TOMMY. He walks over to Will on the trainer's table.

TOMMY  
You fucked up and got yourself in  
trouble.  
(beat)  
And for once in my life, I'm here  
to be your big brother, and get you  
out of this shit.

STADIUM - ON THE FIELD: STILL 360'ing around Will

TOMMY (V.O.)  
Before your wife left, she asked  
you... Who are you?  
(beat)  
Do you know now?

STADIUM - TRAINING ROOM: Will straightens up, and meets Tommy  
in the eyes with as much confidence as Tommy has now.

WILL  
I'm a dad. I'm a husband. And I'm  
a football player.

TOMMY  
(nods)  
Go be that.

STADIUM - ON THE FIELD: THE 360 SPIN continues around until  
we land on Will's face.

FADE TO BLACK

**"FREE AGENTS"**