

h i m t h o

by
thatpj

edwardsii@live.com

Fade in.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A plume of smoke.

The end of a blunt being inhaled.

A maize M flag hangs.

Corresponding with..

A cough from Larry

Laughter from Chris.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

We see some football trophies around a messy room.

We hear the soft voices of two guys in their mid 20s.

The video game they are playing brightens the dim room.

Close up on Larry, an obese guy with a neckbeard.

LARRY

Bro...Bernie woulda won.

Chris, a slim and handsome African American, takes the blunt from him.

CHRIS

Dude..no.

LARRY

I'm telling you! He is like the most popular dude like ever.

CHRIS

Yeah, I heard that one before. Man, you say the most ridiculous things when you are high.

Larry snatches the blunt back from Chris and takes a long drag.

LARRY

Nah man, he was like the most amazing politician this generation has ever seen. Even the birds loved him!

CHRIS

Dude... Did you put something in this batch!?

Chris takes back the blunt and inspects it

LARRY

Nah man, you just can't handle the truth!

Chris chuckles

CHRIS

Oh, whatever.

Video game: Touchdown!

LARRY

Man, you were never good at this.

CHRIS

Hey yo! What time is it?

Larry takes out his phone.

LARRY

4:30...4:30!? Oh shit!

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - LATER

The two, now in pads, jog up to the practice field where the team has already begun warming up.

The team stands row by row while Coach Hartley, a mid 60s obese mustached canker sore, stalks them.

Coach Hartley spots a player having trouble with the up-downs and lays into him.

The two friends glance at each other nervously and slow down their jog, hoping to not get caught.

Coach Hartley spits on the ground after his tirade and spots them. He yells an instruction to one of his assistant coaches and rumbles over to them.

COACH HARTLEY

What the fuck are you two pussies doin'!? You know what time it is!? Any of you idiots gotta a fucking watch!?

CHRIS

Yes, sir. We're sorry sir.

LARRY

We just lost track of the time!

COACH HARTLEY

Shut the fuck up! Did I say you could talk!? Now run some goddamned laps!

Larry hesitates

COACH HARTLEY

Did I stutter? Go! 50 laps now!

Larry puts on his helmet and starts running on the track around the field.

Chris begins to put on his helmet when Coach Hartley stops him.

COACH HARTLEY

Why the fuck are you hanging around with idiots like him!? You've got potential son. I'm talking NFL.

CHRIS

I've known him since elementary school, Sir. Plus I gotta keep the line happy!

COACH HARTLEY

Well you've got an opportunity son. Don't fuck it up. Now gimme some lap and I won't tell the rest of the line what a sappy pussy you are.

Chris smiles

CHRIS

Okay Sir.

Coach Hartley pats Chris' behind as he starts running.

Coach Hartley heads back towards the team.

COACH HARTLEY

Okay, pussies, water break!

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Various members of the team are in various states of undress. Some are wearing towels. Some in their underwear.

Chris, wearing a towel, heads to the shower where he sees Larry.

LARRY

What the hell is up with coach?

CHRIS

He's always been this way man!

LARRY

I don't know, he just seems worse this year.

CHRIS

Come on man. Man up! He ain't your father! Don't take it so personally!

LARRY

Yeah I guess.

Larry shuts off the shower and begins to towel off.

LARRY

Hey, is LaToya still coming tonight?

CHRIS

Of course!

LARRY

HAHAHA! You two are like attached at the hip. You are totally whipped my dude.

CHRIS

I take that as a compliment. You know, being "whipped" has it's benefits. One of them being that I don't need extra time in the weight room to make sure my arms are the same size...

LARRY

Very funny, bro. Very funny. Man, I gotta cram. Stupid professors are giving us a pop quiz tomorrow but the moron decided to tell us about it first.

CHRIS

Is that Mr. Welch? Yeah I had him last year. That guy is a little off!

LARRY

Whatever, peace dude!

Chris grabs his towel and smacks his friends butt with it.

LARRY

Hey! Fuck you!

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Mary, Larry's girlfriend, a mid 20s slender blonde, wearing overalls starts setting up chips and dip in the kitchen alcove. Larry sits on the couch playing Call of Duty in the attached living room.

MARY

Aren't you going to get ready?

Larry looks at his phone

LARRY

Oh shit! I thought you were gonna tell me!

MARY

This is me telling you.

LARRY

Goddamnit! I don't got time to shower and change!

MARY

Ugh, just do something!

Mary takes a couple of sodas out of the fridge.

DING DONG. The doorbell rings.

LARRY

Please just stall them!

MARY

Okay, whatever.

Larry heads to the bedroom, leaving the game on pause.

Mary answers the door.

Chris and his girlfriend, LaTonya, a mids 20s black woman dressed in a business suit, greet Mary at the door.

LATONYA

Hope you don't mind, just coming back from work!

MARY

Oh never!

CHRIS

Hey, where's Larry?

MARY

He's getting ready. Would you like some chips? Take a seat.

LATONYA

Oooo I am so hungry, honey.

MARY

Great I have to talk to you!

Latonya and Mary scuttle to the alcove

Larry emerges from the bedroom, triumphantly dressed in clean clothes.

LARRY

Hey buddy! Up for a quick game?

CHRIS

Sure!

INT. KITCHEN ALCOVE - LATER

Mary opens the fridge and pours some cheap wine for Latonya and herself.

MARY

I really think something is wrong with Larry.

LATONYA

You are just figuring that out?

MARY

No I mean something serious. He is just acting like an asshole. Has Chris said anything?

LATONYA

Nope, beats me. I just thought he always was an asshole.

MARY

Why do I always find the winners?

LATONYA

Girl, if you need anything just call me.

MARY

You are always working!

LATONYA

Hey, I gotta get paid somehow!

MARY

Think you can hook me up with something? Anything?

LATONYA

I'll try. I mean it was hard enough getting hired there. They wanted to me to be a secretary? Could you believe that!

MARY

Fuck that!

LATONYA

I got real lucky though.

MARY

You are telling me.

LATONYA

Don't worry about him. You can live
life on your own terms.

Mary nods as she finishes her glass and pours herself
another cup.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Larry and Chris are engrossed in their game.

Just as Larry looked to be the victor, Chris comes back to
win.

LARRY

Oh fuck this shit man!

CHRIS

Ha! Sorry my dude!

LARRY

No way! Fuck this!

CHRIS

Okay, calm down.

LARRY

Ugh. Dude, I just don't get it.

CHRIS

Well you see, when you thought you
had the cloak on, I could actually
see you so I...

LARRY

No! I mean I don't get how you and
LaTonya have this perfect
relationship. Like, how?

CHRIS

Well, your first mistake is
thinking we have a perfect
relationship. We don't. We fight.
We curse. We swear to never talk to
each other again, but what's real is
that we are honest with each other.

LARRY

Damn. That's deep man.

CHRIS

Well it's the truth. If you want a great relationship, it has to start with honesty.

LARRY

How about I just fuck you again?

The game makes noises as Larry restarts the game.

CHRIS

Man, what movie are we watching?

LARRY

I don't know.

CHRIS

Well I brought something. Maybe it'll help.

LARRY

Whatever dude. I'm over it.

Larry scores a kill on Chris

LARRY

Ah! Fuck you! Got you that time!

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The movie credits to The Great Gatsby roll as the couples disengage from the film.

Chris turns back on the lights and LaTonya stands next to him.

LARRY

What's this? A hold up?

MARY

We don't have anything worth taking here.

Chris and LaTonya are beaming like glow of the sun

MARY

Oh. I think I know what's coming...

CHRIS

Larry, Mary, I'd, I mean we'd like to announce that

LATONYA

We're getting married!

CHRIS

And I want you to be my best man, Larry!

LATONYA

And you can be my maid of honor,
Mary.

LARRY

Oh my fucking god! Congratulations!

MARY

Aw, that's so sweet. Of course I'll
be your maid of honor!

LARRY

Come here my dude! It'd be an
honor.

The friends share hugs all around.

LARRY

Let me tell you something my dude.
I am gonna throw you the most
insane bachelor party you've ever
seen!

MARY

Now guys don't forget about
football.

CHRIS

Yeah, that's the thing. Our wedding
will be during the bye week. It's
just gonna be a small thing.
Friends, family, the team. No big
deal.

LATONYA

But still fit for princess!

Mary shares wine glasses with everyone

MARY

Now, lets have a toast to the next
Mr. and Mrs. Watson!

LARRY

Hear hear

The camera moves in on as they clink glasses

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The team is gathered around Coach Hartley who is
passionately rallying the troops.

COACH HARTLEY

There are no more practices. There
are no more drills. Today we open
(MORE)

COACH HARTLEY (cont'd)
our season. Do you want to be
thought of as wimps? As little
girls? Then get out there and kick
some ass!

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

The team streams out for the introductory pomp and
circumstance.

As the team settles into their pre game warm ups, Coach
Hartley pulls Chris aside.

COACH HARTLEY
Now look up there

Coach Hartley points out far into the stands

COACH HARTLEY
We've got some NFL scouts out
there. Show them how much of a man
you are!

CHRIS
Yes sir!

Coach Hartley slaps Chris behind as he leaves.

A ref blows his WHISTLE

The game between the University of Michigan Wolverines and
Penn State Nittany Lions begins.

U of M kicks it off and the Lion receiver returns it to the
25 yard line.

Larry lines up at right end. He wears number 66. He gets
blocked and the Lions run the ball for 5 yards.

Next play. The Penn State QB tries to throw but Larry breaks
free for the sack! Larry taunts the QB, who is writhing on
the ground in pain

LARRY
That's right bitch!

The ref throws the penalty flag

REFEREE
Unsportsmanlike conduct number 66.
Number 66 has been issued his first
warning. 15 yard penalty. First
down.

Coach Hartley angrily subs Larry out of the game.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD SIDELINES - LATER

Coach Hartley throws such a fit that he is no longer paying attention to the game.

COACH HARTLEY

What in the ever living fuck are you doing! Sit the fuck down and get your head in the fucking game!

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

PA ANNOUNCER

Touchdown Penn State.

Penn State QB and RB celebrates in the end zone. The Wolverine's defense looks disappointed.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD SIDELINES - LATER

Chris puts on his helmet as Coach Hartley approaches him

COACH HARTLEY

Remember what I fucking told you.

Chris nods and runs onto the field.

Chris calls the play and breaks the huddle. Larry lines up at right guard. The wolverines line up in a single back formation.

CHRIS

Omaha! Omaha! Set. Hike!

Chris takes his 3 set drop. Looks left. Looks Center. Larry holds his block. Chris sees the safety coming after him of the corner of his eye. Chris takes off down the sideline. He passes one defender. He stiff arms another. A 45 yard gain! The crowd goes wild.

PA ANNOUNCER

First down Michigan!

Wolverines are now in a goal line formation. Chris hands the ball off to the running back. The running back follows Larry who pancake blocks his defender for a touchdown.

Larry, Chris, and the running back celebrate as they head towards the sideline.

PA ANNOUNCER

And that's the end of the first quarter, with the score Penn State 7 and Michigan 7.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD SIDELINES - LATER

Coach Hartley slaps the helmets of the offense as they head towards the bench.

COACH HARTLEY

That's what I'm fucking talking about. But leave the dancing for the cheerleaders.

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

Penn State breaks the huddle and tries 3 incomplete passes. Penn State punts the ball back to Michigan.

Michigan returns the punt for a short gain.

Chris returns to the field and hands the ball off to the running back for a short gain. Chris then throws an incomplete pass. Chris throws for a first down but the wide receiver fumbles the ball and Penn State recovers.

Coach Hartley throws his headphones down on the ground in disgust.

The Penn State QB takes a knee and they jog off the field.

PA ANNOUNCER

At the end of the first half, the score is Michigan 7, Penn State 7.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The team is gathered around Coach Hartley as he tries to raise the morale of the team.

COACH HARTLEY

What the fuck are you all doing?! Wake up! There is no tomorrow. We must protect our house today! Now take a second and look at each other.

A beat.

COACH HARTLEY

I'm not kidding take a second and give the guy next to you a pat on the back. We are a team here! Together we will claim victory!

The team begins to stir

COACH HARTLEY

Now, put your hands right here and on three, I want you say team!

Coach Hartley puts his hand in a fist and puts it forward.

One by one the rest of the team lay their hands on coaches fist.

COACH HARTLEY

One, two, three

TEAM

Team!

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

The teams warm up as the second half begins.

Chris is throwing but his passes look shaky. Coach Hartley approaches him.

COACH HARTLEY

Are you okay kid?

CHRIS

Yes sir.

COACH HARTLEY

I went to a lot of trouble getting them scouts here. Don't you fuck it up. I don't want to go down as a coach of wimps.

CHRIS

I get it Coach.

Chris throws a pass that zips right on target.

COACH HARTLEY

That's more like it. Now get out there and kick some ass!

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

The Wolverines kick the ball off to the Lions, who return it to the 15 yard line.

The Lions take the field and complete a pass for a one yard gain. Next play the Lions hand the ball off for a ten yard gain. The running back points out the first down.

The Lions take their time in the huddle. Next play they do a screen pass for a twenty yard gain. Coach Hartley looks agitated as some members of the defense sulk.

The Lions QB hikes the ball, sees Larry coming out of the corner of his eye, dodges him and completes the pass for another ten yard gain and a first down.

Larry punches the ground in frustration and gets up slowly shaking his head. Coach Hartley calls a time out and the defense huddles off the field.

COACH HARTLEY

Larry what the fuck are you doing?

LARRY

I missed him coach.

COACH HARTLEY

You didn't hear me. This isn't about you but the team!

LARRY

But...

COACH HARTLEY

Now listen up. I can see you guys tiring. But hold them here. Give our offense a chance. Just hold on! Remember the man next to you!

The referee blows his whistle and teams return to the field.

The Penn State QB hikes the ball, stands in the pocket untouched, and completes a pass for a fifteen yard gain. The QB pumps his fist and stares down Larry.

PA ANNOUNCER

At the end of the 3rd quarter, its Michigan 7 and Penn State 7.

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

Penn State comes out of the break and quickly runs a sweep. The defense does not budge. There is no gain on the play.

The next play, Penn State tries a play action pass, The QB sees a wide receiver breaking wide open down the field. They make eye contact. The QB smirks. He reaches back to throw and releases the ball. But Larry battling a blocker jumps swats the ball down.

Third down. Penn State QB looks confused about the play. He gestures to his helmet. The play clock is running out. The QB panics and calls a running play but the running back goes left and he goes right. He is on an island. Larry breaks his block and charges towards him. The QB throws the ball out of bounds while running away from him.

Larry starts to taunt the QB but then stops and winks at him. The QB shakes his head, gets up and jogs off the field.

As the field goal unit takes the field, the big house roars. It's so loud that field goals are shaking. But the Penn State kicker makes it right down the middle.

PA ANNOUNCER

The score is Michigan 7, Penn State 10.

Penn State kicks the ball off and the returner gets shut down at the ten. The Penn State special team celebrates after the play.

The Wolverines huddle up. Chris addresses the team.

CHRIS

Guys, remember what coach said.
Whatever happens on this drive, we
win or lose as a team. West Indigo
Left. Now hike on 3. Ready. Break!

Chris gets under center in the empty back set and surveys the defense. He glances back at his coach. He taps his back foot motioning the wide receiver to come across the formation.

CHRIS

Ready! Hut! Hut! HIKE!

Chris takes a 5 step drop and looks at his first option. Covered. He looks at his second option. Covered. He looks at the tight end, who is not far from the line of scrimmage and tosses him the ball. The tight end catches the ball and loses his defender and starts heading downfield. Larry sees the play developing and hustles down the field. He wallops the safety. The tight end flaunts down the field for a touchdown.

PA ANNOUNCER

Touchdown Michigan! The score is
Michigan 14 Penn State 10.

The offense celebrates together in the end zone.

Coach Hartley approaches Chris as he heads towards the sideline.

COACH HARTLEY

Helluva job kid.

Coach smacks his helmet as he walks by.

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

Insert scoreboard: Michigan 14 Penn State 10

PA ANNOUNCER

And that's your final: The Michigan
Wolverines 14, Penn State 10.

INT. STADIUM HALLWAY - LATER

Chris and Larry are traveling through the stadium tunnel when an NFL scout, (mid 50s) who looks a lot like Mike Ditka, approaches them.

NFL SCOUT

Chris?

CHRIS

Yes?

NFL SCOUT

Hi, I'm Frank. I'm the lead scouts
from the New England Patriots. I
just have to say, good game, son.
Keep it up. We're watching.

The NFL Scout gives him his card and walks away.

Larry giggles uncontrollably

LARRY

Dude. Dude! DUDE!

CHRIS

Oh my god!

LARRY

I have to pinch you to see if that
really happened.

CHRIS

Ow!

LARRY

Congratulations man!

CHRIS

Well I wouldn't have been able to
to without you having my back!

LARRY

That guy totally ignored me!

CHRIS

Hahaha! Maybe the next one.

Chris and Larry give each other dap.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

LaTonya sits at the table strewn with cloth sample books, a
phone book, a notebook, and brochures from various venues
and restaurants.

LaTonya leafs through a restaurant brochure when Chris walks
in.

CHRIS

Hey baby!

Chris leans in and gives a pick on the forehead

CHRIS

What are you looking at?

LATONYA

Just planning for the big day?

CHRIS
Need some help?

LATONYA
Sure...I forget, are you vegan or
vegetarian?

CHRIS
I'm vegan...but mostly eat
vegetarian because you know that
food can get expensive.

LATONYA
Well we won't need to worry about
that! At least for one night.

CHRIS
Is your mom helping out?

LATONYA
Of course! I'm just getting a head
start before she takes over. Can
you help me with something else?

CHRIS
Sure!

LATONYA
Did you notice Larry acting weird
or strange?

CHRIS
Isn't he always?

LATONYA
No! I mean Mary was complaining
about it. Maybe it was nothing but
you are always hanging out with
him...

CHRIS
No, we just had a game. Dude was
killin' it. Maybe it was just a bad
day?

LATONYA
Maybe.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

A few days after the game, Larry tries to relax and play
Call of Duty. Mary prepares dinner in the kitchen.

MARY
Larry?

Larry entranced in his game doesn't respond

MARY
LARRY!
LARRY
What?
MARY
Can you help me with the potatoes?
LARRY
Do I have to do it now?
MARY
Yes! If you plan on eating.

Larry groans and pauses the game. He lumbers over to the kitchen.

Mary smiles at him and points out the potatoes and the cutting board.

Larry slowly takes out one potato from the bag and begins peeling it.

MARY
So how was the game?
LARRY
Fine.
MARY
Who won?
LARRY
We did, of course.
MARY
So how's bachelor party planning going?
LARRY
You know I cant talk to you about that.

He begins peeling with a little extra ferocity.

MARY
Sorry! I was just interested in what you are up to!
LARRY
Can you just lay off?!
MARY
What happened? Oh Larry please talk to me!

Larry viscously slices a potato in half.

LARRY

Fucking Chris. I don't understand how he gets everything handed to him!

MARY

Isn't he like your best friend?! Your only friend?

LARRY

No! It's just that there were scouts there at the game. One practically signed him up on the spot! It's just so unfair!

MARY

I don't know anything about football...but maybe he is just better than you?

LARRY

What the fuck did you just say!?

Larry menacingly points the knife at her in a blind rage.

MARY

I just..I don't..I'm sorry. Just please calm down!

LARRY

What's wrong with you! Are you fucking him!?

MARY

I...What? Where is this coming from?

LARRY

I asked you a question!

MARY

Obviously not. The guy is about to get married.

Larry throws the knife to the ground in disgust.

LARRY

Ugh. Whatever.

Larry stomps into the bathroom, locking the door.

Mary looks at the potatoes and the knife stuck in the ground with tears welling up in her eyes.

Overcome, She slowly starts to kneel down and cry.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Super: One Month Later

Larry, Chris, and a few others are sitting in the front row, throwing money at a big bosomed blonde stripper.

A huge bottle of champagne rests in an ice bucket on a nearby table.

LARRY

Is this amazing or what?

CHRIS

It's alright.

LARRY

Hey, bro, you want a private dance?
I know a guy. I'm gonna get you a
private dance!

Larry runs off to the bar.

Chris rolls his eyes and glances at his watch. He pours himself a glass of the champagne.

Larry comes back with the STRIP CLUB OWNER, mid 40s, a scruffy looking dude in a cheap suit.

STRIP CLUB OWNER

So whaddaya want? Blonde? Brunette?
Black? Asian? I got all sorts.

CHRIS

Uh..any? I don't mind which one.

LARRY

Just get him, uh an Asian and a, uh
Blonde.

Larry winks at Chris

STRIP CLUB OWNER

That'll cost you extra!

Larry discreetly passes over some money to him

LARRY

No problem! No problem!

STRIP CLUB OWNER

Alright. Follow me guys.

One of Chris friends hurriedly struggles with the huge champagne bucket and the flutes as they travel to a back room in the club.

INT. STRIP CLUB - LATER

They enter a small, dark, and hazy room.

STRIP CLUB OWNER
Alright guys. The girls will be
here in a second.

The Strip Club Owner lights a few candles and leaves.

Chris' friend plops the champaign bucket on one of the benches in the back of the room.

Larry takes a chair and sets it up in the center of the room.

LARRY
Your chariot awaits, my leige.

Chris nervously sits down in chair

Larry picks up the champaign bottle and drinks directly from it.

LARRY
Are you ready?!

A KNOCK at the door. A early 20s blonde woman, Candy and a late 20s asian woman, Pop, wearing nurses outfits. A big bald mid 30s Bouncer follows them carrying a stereo.

The Bouncer sets the stereo down and presses the play button.

CANDY
Who is the lucky man tonight?

CHRIS
I guess that's me!

CANDY
Ooo! What shall we ever do!?

POP
We should take his temperature!

Larry and the rest of the crew cheer in delight. They gaze at this exhibition between swigs of champaign.

Pop puts her hand on Chris' forehead putting her bosom in his face.

The Bouncer clears his throat and looks suspiciously at Chris.

Pop backs off and takes off her shoes.

POP

You are so hot. It's making me feel
like I'm on fire!

Candy helps her take off jacket revealing a luxurious bustier.

Larry upon seeing this, grabs a chair and slams it down right next to Chris.

LARRY

Me next!

Candy and Pop glance warily at each other.

Candy turns her back to him and takes off her skirt, revealing her thong.

LARRY

Oh yeah!

Larry smacks her behind.

Candy gasps as the Bouncer confronts Larry.

BOUNCER

Hands off! Don't let me tell you
again!

Candy pours herself a glass of champagne and watches Pop grind seductively near Chris

CHRIS

Larry, I think you are drunk man.
Just take a breather.

LARRY

I'm alright!

Larry takes a pouch out of his pocket, filled with a white substance. He pours it out on the table. He uses his finger to make three lines. He takes a deep breath and snorts the three lines in quick succession up his nose.

Candy turns around and takes off her skirt. She continues to dance, her back to her audience.

Larry stands up and grabs her wrists and tries to follow her hips.

CHRIS

What the fuck dude!

The Bouncer, enraged, pries Larry off of Pop. He turns off the music and turns on the lights in the room.

BOUNCER

That's it! You're done! Get the
fuck out!

LARRY

I paid my share! I want my dance!

The Bouncer grabs a hold of Larry's collar and leads him back through the club. Chris and the crew meekly follow.

BOUNCER

You are fucking banned! Now get the fuck out!

EXT. STRIP CLUB - LATER

The Bouncer throws Larry out the door. He stumbles in a drunken daze.

CHRIS

Now what the fuck are we going to do?

LARRY

Uh..do you know where the limo is?

Chris looks around the street

CHRIS

Nope. Why don't you just call him?

Larry pilfers through his pockets.

LARRY

I don't have it. I must have lost in the club.

CHRIS

Fuck! My phone is dead.

LARRY

I guess we walk.

FRIEND

Best party ever!

EXT. CITY STREETS - LATER

Larry and Chris drunkenly stumble down the street. Their other friends long gone.

LARRY

Man, have I ever told you that you are my best friend?

CHRIS

Nah.

LARRY

Well you are. You are the best. You are my friend. Best friend.

CHRIS
Thanks man. Thanks for throwing
this party. It really means a lot
to me.

Larry doesn't respond. He is frozen. A cop is leaning on his
cruiser talking to another a little further down the street.

LARRY
Hey! I think they can help us.

CHRIS
Dude don't do it.

LARRY
Why?

CHRIS
We're both... not well. There is no
need to get them involved. We'll
find a payphone soon.

LARRY
Fuck that! I'm tired.

Larry jogs up to the police cruiser.

LARRY
Officer! Officer! I need your help!

The cops exchange glances

OFFICER WHITE
What seems to be the problem?

LARRY
We need a phone.

Officer White glances at his partner and chuckles.

OFFICER WHITE
Hey! Check this guy out. He needs a
phone. Sir, have you been drinking
tonight?

CHRIS
(muttering under his
breath)
I told you so, nothing good.
Nothing good.

Officer White glares at Chris.

LARRY
Uh..just a little bit..We are just
coming from a party...

OFFICER WHITE

Can I see your ID please? Both of your IDs?

They hand over their IDs.

OFFICER WHITE

John, can you run these IDs for me?

COP

Sure, no problem.

Officer White's partner retrieves the IDs and goes inside the cruiser.

OFFICER WHITE

Now guys. I suspect you are under the influence of alcohol. I am going to run you through a standard field sobriety test. You, what's your name?

CHRIS

Chris

OFFICER WHITE

Okay Chris. I want you to count by one thousands while standing on one foot

Chris perfectly maintains his balance and begins counting

CHRIS

1000, 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1005

OFFICER WHITE

(disgusted)

Alright. You can stop now. Now you...

LARRY

My name is Larry

OFFICER WHITE

Whatever. Larry. I want you to walk in a straight line heel to toe till I tell you to turn around.

LARRY

(nervously)

Okay

Larry stumbles at the first step and Officer White sighs

Larry shakily completes 4 steps.

OFFICER WHITE

Okay, you can come back now.

CHRIS

We are really sorry, Officer. If we could just get our IDs...we'll be on our way.

OFFICER WHITE

I'm not quite finished with you yet.

CHRIS

I have done nothing wrong, sir! I request my ID!

Larry freezes as the scene escalates

OFFICER WHITE

Are you questioning me! Who do you think you are!

CHRIS

I am a United States citizen and I know my rights! Now you are going to have to charge us or let us go!

OFFICER WHITE

Well if you insist...

Officer White slams Chris on the back of the cruiser and handcuffs Chris

The other cop pokes his head out of the window

COP

Everything alright?

OFFICER WHITE

Yes! Did you find anything yet?

COP

Nope. It's still searching.

OFFICER WHITE

Great. Tell me when it does.

Larry slowly approaches the cruiser

LARRY

Can you let go of my friend?

OFFICER WHITE

No! Now shut up and go away before I arrest you too!

Larry in shock, doesn't respond.

OFFICER WHITE

Now you kids think you can walk all around town like you own the place.

Officer White begins patting down Chris

OFFICER WHITE
Do you have any weapons, drugs,
sharp objects, medicine, on your
person?

CHRIS
No!

OFFICER WHITE
Then what's this?

Larry gasps

LARRY
Oh shit!

Officer White holds up a blunt wrapped in a napkin

OFFICER WHITE
Alright, I'm arresting you for
possession of marijuana. You have
the right to remain silent...

LARRY
I'm so sorry!

CHRIS
It's not mine! I'm innocent!

OFFICER WHITE
Anything you say can and will be
used against you in a court of law.

CHRIS
I didn't do it!

Chris wriggles free from the Officer's grasp, still handcuffed.

Chris, hesitates for a moment and sprints down the street

OFFICER WHITE
He's running! He's running!

The other cop pokes his head out of the window and radios it in.

Larry puts his hands on his head in melancholy bewilderment.

EXT. CITY STREETS - LATER

Officer White races after Chris

OFFICER WHITE
FREEZE!

Chris' breath can be heard echoing down the street but the Officer has him in his sights

OFFICER WHITE
Stop or I'll shoot!

BANG! BANG! BANG! 3 shots ring out.

Larry walks closer to the scene, his face showing the horror of it all.

Chris lies face down on the pavement, blood pooling all around him.

LARRY
Call an ambulance! Call somebody!

Officer White takes the handcuffs off Chris' lifeless body. He takes a knife out of his pocket and sets it by him.

Upon observing this, Larry runs into a nearby convenience store.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

He hides behind a row of candy by the window. He watches as more police cruisers arrive, their sirens breaking the silence of the night.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Larry, wearing a sleek button up shirt a belt and dress pants, nervously walks into police station lobby.

A early 30s male Officer is sitting behind the desk.

LOBBY COP
Hello, what brings you in today,
sir?

Larry hands shake as he places them on the table.

LARRY
I'd like to...make a statement. I
saw a murder!

LOBBY COP
Whoa! Slow down son! Just have a
seat and someone will be with you
shortly.

LARRY
Thanks.

Larry sits down and skims through an old motorcycle magazine.

A little while later, two detectives greet him. Detective Holloway, a mid 40s white male wears in a trenchcoat and hat that would not be out of place in a 40s movie. Detective Jansen a early 40s Asian male wears an brown police uniform.

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

Hey, son, so I hear you've got a story you'd like to tell us? Come join me down the hall.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

In the interrogation room, the detectives show Larry to his seat. Detective Jansen pours himself a cup of water from the pitcher on the table.

DETECTIVE JANSEN

Would you like some water? Or coffee? Or anything?

Detective Jansen leans on the wall.

LARRY

No thanks. I'm okay.

Detective Holloway takes the seat across from Larry.

Detective Holloway takes out the recorder and turns it on.

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

So what's your name? For the record.

LARRY

Larry. Larry Greene.

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

Okay, Larry. You don't mind us recording this?

LARRY

No sir! Do whatever you like!

DETECTIVE JANSEN

Do you need to call your lawyer?

LARRY

A what? No, I'm fine...

DETECTIVE JANSEN

We only ask because we want what's best for you.

LARRY

I appreciate it. I just saw something I think you guys should know!

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

Yes, yes, we know. So what do you do out here in Ann Arbor?

LARRY

I'm a student. I play football for the Wolverines.

DETECTIVE JANSEN

Wow! We got a star here!

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

So how are we looking this season? Got any inside secrets you can share?

LARRY

Well that's the thing, sir. Our QB...my friend...he's dead.

Detective Holloway gasps

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

He did what?

DETECTIVE JANSEN

I believe he said that his friend was dead sir.

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

Now you wouldn't have anything to do with that?

LARRY

No! No! No! No! I was there and I saw who did it!

DETECTIVE JANSEN

Didn't we pick up a body last night? You think it's the same guy?

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

Has to be. So if you had nothing to do with this death, tell us what happened. What happened last night?

LARRY

We were at Chris party. I mean my party. I mean I was throwing a party for Chris. He was getting married.

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

Imagine that. Getting gunned down on your wedding day.

LARRY

No! It was a bachelors party! We had a guys night on the town!

DETECTIVE JANSEN
Were there drugs involved? Cocaine?
Marijuana? Alcohol?

LARRY
I...uh...

DETECTIVE JANSEN
You know it's a crime to lie to the
police.

LARRY
Uh..there might have been...but I
don't know who did it...or who
brought it....I...

DETECTIVE JANSEN
So there was drug use. Go on.

LARRY
So um there was an accident...an
incident...at the club...

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY
Is that where your friend died?

LARRY
No! That was later! They just
kicked us out the club! And we
couldn't find the car and now he's
gone!!!

Larry sobs like a baby.

DETECTIVE JANSEN
Holloway, get this kid some
tissues.

Holloway pushes the tissue box over to Larry.

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY
So how did your friend die?

LARRY
You! One of your officers shot him!
I saw it! I saw it!

DETECTIVE JANSEN
You did? What was his name?

LARRY
I don't know.

DETECTIVE JANSEN
His badge number?

LARRY
I don't know.

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

What did he look like?

LARRY

I don't know!

Detective Holloway sighs

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

Son, there isn't much we can do with this. You can write down your statement and we'll keep in a file. Here's my card.

Detective Holloway pulls his card from his pocket and flicks it at him.

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

Call me if you can remember anything else. Don't do drugs! Come on Jansen, let's get outta here.

Wide eyes, Larry watches them leave. He looks back down at the blank paper and picks up a pencil.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The locker room is deadly quiet. The members of the team dress looking at the ground, avoiding eye contact. No music plays. No one is giving a speech. It's just a hazy silence.

Coach Hartley tramples in, disrupting the somber reticence.

COACH HARTLEY

Alright guys, gather round.

The team lumbers into a circle like zombies, eventually taking a knee. A few remains standing, their heads affixed to the ground.

COACH HARTLEY

Guys. There isn't anything I can say that will bring him back. I goddamned loved Chris. I know you loved Chris. But we got a game with Rutgers. They aren't going to care about our tears. They aren't gonna care about Chris....

Coach Hartley's eyes glint for a second before he blinks it away

COACH HARTLEY

But we gotta get out there and kick thier ass! Man up! Men don't cry. We've got a 100,000 wild and crazy
(MORE)

COACH HARTLEY (cont'd)
fans waiting for us. Now get out
there and show em how manly you
are! Now put your hand in and gimme
a Chris on 3!

Coach Hartley stretches his hand out.

An awkward pause and no one joins him.

Coach Hartley looks around at his team.

Larry steps forward.

LARRY
Coach. We should forfeit the game.

COACH HARTLEY
What!?

LARRY
Just look at us.

A number of players start nodding.

LARRY
We aren't in any condition to play.

COACH HARTLEY
Are you out of your mind!? If we
win this game, we are bowl
eligible! We can't just give up on
the season! The team fights on
together! The team! The team! The
team!

LARRY
This team isn't going out there.

COACH HARTLEY
Oh yes you are! Or I'm revoking
each and every one of your fucking
scholarships! Everyone! I'm not
kidding!

LARRY
You would really do that?

COACH HARTLEY
Hell fucking yeah. This is my
fucking team. If you are on it, you
play by my rules. Now put on your
fucking helmet and get warmed up.

Larry stares at Coach Hartley for a beat.

He shakes his head and goes over to his locker and picks up
something.

He stands back up and stares down Coach Hartley.

He puts on his helmet, never taking his eyes off the coach, and jobs towards the field.

The rest of the team slowly starts putting on their helmets and exits the locker room.

Coach Hartley still stands there, with a thousand yard stare, until the last player leaves.

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

The teams line up for the national anthem.

During the anthem, some are seen students visibly upset.

After the anthem--

PA ANNOUNCER

We now ask for a moment of silence,
for Chris.

A picture of Chris shows on the stadium scoreboard. Some members on the team are crying.

Larry stands still, staring at nothing, stonefaced angry.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Larry gets pancaked by the Rutgers guard and the QB passes for a long gain.

Larry gets held up at the line and Rutgers scores

Larry blows a block and the back up Wolverine QB gets sacked

Larry kicks the dirt

Larry gets in the face of the Rutgers guard

Larry gets pancake blocked again, he stays on his back and stares up the sky, as the play goes on around him

Rutgers running back scores a touchdown

Rutgers wide receiver catches a touchdown

Rutgers returns a punt for a touchdown

Rutgers returns a fumble for a touchdown

A SCOREBOARD READS: Michigan 0, Rutgers 45

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Larry slams his helmet into his locker. The guys around him look up, while they are changing.

LARRY
Where the fuck is Coach!?

One of his teammates shrugs

LARRY
Fuck this.

Larry picks up his playbook and stomps, cleats and all, towards the coach's office.

INT. COACH'S OFFICE - LATER

Coach Hartley's office is adorned with trophies everywhere.

He sits with his head buried in his hands, staring at a playbook.

Larry barges in-

LARRY
Coach, what the fuck!?

COACH HARTLEY
I'm busy.

LARRY
I don't care!

Coach Hartley slams his playbook closed and stands up

COACH HARTLEY
Fine. You want to do this now.
Let's do this now. Let's talk about those blocks you missed. Let's talk about you getting squashed by their line. Let's talk about you not holding up your weight.

LARRY
Oh really!? So I had one bad game. I told you we weren't in any state to play.

COACH HARTLEY
It doesn't matter what "state" you think you are in. You pull you weight for the team, or you are gone!

LARRY
Well, I quit!

COACH HARTLEY
You are gonna...you what?

LARRY

I quit! I am done with this stupid team! I am done with this stupid game!

COACH HARTLEY

Larry, you can't just quit. How about you just take some time off and clear your head.

LARRY

Fine! Whatever you say, Coach.

Coach Hartley sits back down and opens his playbook.

COACH HARTLEY

Do you have your playbook? Open it up. You see this play right here, Bear 45 X-0? You were out of position when we called it in the fourth...

Coach Hartley points out the placement of the linemen in his playbook

LARRY

Where was I?

COACH HARTLEY

You were supposed to stunt inside and instead you went way outside and we lost contain.

LARRY

Are you sure? Because I thought...

COACH HARTLEY

Yes. You gotta get focused on the game. I don't care what you do outside the lines, but inside, your ass is mine.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Mary sits at an easel painting a still life of the fruit in front of her.

Larry enters in a huff.

MARY

Tough day, dear?

LARRY

A little.

MARY

Want to paint with me?

LARRY

Not now. I'm hungry. Make me a sandwich.

MARY

Make it yourself!

LARRY

Ugh.

Larry stomps to the kitchen alcove and starts preparing a PBJ

MARY

I'm sorry, I just have to get this done for class tomorrow.

LARRY

Whatever.

Mary looks up from her painting, worried.

Mary stops painting and meets Larry in the alcove.

INT. KITCHEN ALCOVE - LATER

Larry eats his sandwich, irritated. Mary tries to comfort him.

MARY

What's wrong? You can talk to me.

LARRY

Nothing. I mean other than seeing my best friend dying!

MARY

You were there! Oh my god! I'm so sorry.

Mary gives him a hug. He continues eating.

LARRY

Thanks.

MARY

You need to tell me these things. Every time something happens, you just get all weird.

LARRY

I quit the team today too.

MARY

What?! Are they taking your scholarship too?

LARRY

I don't know. But what I do know is that I have to get justice for my friend. It was a cold blooded murder.

Larry wipes his face with a nearby napkin.

MARY

Have you lost your mind? Let the authorities handle it.

LARRY

The authorities are the ones who did it!

MARY

Jesus. That's fucked. Have you told anyone else?

LARRY

I've already given my statement to the police.

MARY

I think you need to talk to a lawyer or something.

LARRY

I know what I'm doing.

MARY

Um..okay. At least talk to LaTonya.

LARRY

Thanks I will.

MARY

I'm still mad at you.

LARRY

(teasing)

How can you stay mad at me?

MARY

I'm serious.

Larry lurches towards her

MARY

Larry, I'm not joking.

Larry smiles and closes the gap between them

Larry forcibly gives her a hug

MARY

Ugh. Get off of me!

Larry kisses her.

MARY
Gross! Get off!

Mary wriggles out of his grasp.

MARY
I'm sick and tired of you not
listening to me! It's over!

Larry backs up, mouth agape

LARRY
What?

MARY
You are a mess right now. We can't
be together. I can't babysit you
right now. I just can't.

LARRY
Come on Mary! I was just kidding
around! What about all your stuff?

MARY
I'll get it later!

In tears, Mary runs off.

Larry turns on the tv and starts playing Call of Duty.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Pictures of Chris are now prominently placed on the tables,
the counter tops, and the book shelves. Candles burn nearby.

LaTonya sits on the couch, looking through old photos of
them together. A single tear rolls down her face.

A KNOCK at the door

LaTonya slowly gathers herself and answers it

LATONYA
Larry! What are you doing here!

LaTonya gives him a hearty hug

LARRY
I need to tell you something.

INT. DORM ROOM - LATER

Larry joins LaTonya on the couch and picks up the photo
album

LARRY

Wow. I had no idea yo guys dated
for so long....

LATONYA

Mmmhmmm

Larry slowly flips through the pages.

He stops when he sees a picture of Larry and LaTonya after a
football game high school- the cheerleader and the
quarterback.

LARRY

I saw it. I saw it happen.

LATONYA

What the fuck!?

LARRY

I saw who killed Chris!

LATONYA

You are gonna have to speak to my
lawyer. Like now.

LARRY

I gave a statement to the police.

LATONYA

No! No! No! Now these fools are
gonna twist every word you say! Why
didn't you tell em first!?

LARRY

I don't know I was just in shock.

LATONYA

Ugh. I really hope this doesn't
mess this up.

LARRY

That's why I am here. I am gonna be
here at every step along the way.
I'm not gonna rest until there is
justice for Chris!

Latonya gives him a side eye

LATONYA

Boy, you strange.

CUT TO:

INT. LAW OFFICES OF LEE STEINBERG - NIGHT

Lee Steinberg's personal office is no smaller than a closet, with papers, files, and folders strewn about the room.

Larry nervously twitches his leg as he sits. Latonya inspects her nails.

Chris' family lawyer, Lee Steinberg, a balding late 40s skinny man wearing a dollar store suit, enters the office in a rush. He is carrying the case file in a jumble of manilla folders.

LEE STEINBERG

Hi again, LaTonya. Looking for an update on the case?

LATONYA

I actually have an update for you. I got a witness. My friend here.

Lee Steinberg plops the paperwork on the desk in surprise.

LEE STEINBERG

Oh! The police report did say something about a there being a bystander.

Lee Steinberg sits down and grabs a pen. He picks up some folders and finds a blank paper.

LARRY

Hi, I'm Larry

Larry stretches out his hand for a handshake. Lee looks at him, holding the pen.

LEE STEINBERG

Why don't we just get to your story...

LARRY

Oh, no problem. I already gave my statement to the police.

LATONYA

I told him that was stupid.

LEE STEINBERG

No, no. It's okay. We can work with it. You see, I know the cop who did it.

LARRY

Awesome!

LATONYA

So you think we can get him put away?

LEE STEINBERG

It's gonna be a process. I'm not promising anything. But it hinges on the credibility of you, Larry.

LARRY

Me?

LEE STEINBERG

As the only other witness to the scene, it is imperative that your word is credible. You are going after a police officer. They already have an advantage in the eyes of the jury. So is there anything that we should know about? Any rumors? Any scuttlebutt going around?

LARRY

No! Why would there be!?

LATONYA

Yeah, I can vouch for him. He and Chris had been friends forever.

LEE STEINBERG

Good. Good then we have a chance, you see. A small one. So, the cops name is Officer Mitchell White. Badge number 003269. Do you think you can pick him out of a lineup?

LARRY

Of course! I'll never forget that night.

Lee puts the cap back on his pen and puts the paper back in the file.

Lee stretches out his hand.

LEE STEINBERG

Great! Both of you get some rest because your journey is about to begin.

Larry smiles and shakes Lee's hand.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM "MARTHA COOK BUILDING" - DAY

Mary and Latonya carry a couch to Mary's new dorm room

LATONYA

I had no idea!

MARY

There was only so much bullshit I could put up with.

LATONYA

Me too. I know exactly how you feel. Me too.

MARY

Chris?

LATONYA

Hell no! But in the past. I've met guys like that.

They start to make their way upstairs

MARY

Be careful! Watch the first step.

LATONYA

I got it!

MARY

Something that's always bothered me. I don't want to be a victim. I'm mature enough to be able to handle myself. But...what about him though?

A group of girls on their way to class squeeze their way past

MARY

Sorry. Excuse us!

INT. DORM ROOM - LATER

Mary and LaTonya set the couch down in the middle of the room and collapse down on it.

After a long beat-

MARY

I'm surprised you are still in school...

LATONYA

It's hard. But it gets easier every day...I would never throw away my education.

MARY

Do they know who did it?

LATONYA

Yeah, but uh I can't keep up with that stuff. It's just too hard. I'm not a superhero.

MARY
Thanks for helping me!

LATONYA
Anytime. Are you still painting?

MARY
Yeah. Still trying for that degree.
It's gonna be fun to work without
the noise of those dumb video
games.

LATONYA
Have you ever thought about selling
your pieces?

MARY
Not really.

LATONYA
You should! You are really good.

LaTonya goes over to a box and picks up a painting and shows it to her.

LATONYA
You see! You've got talent!

MARY
Maybe. I just did that one in
between classes. It's no big deal.

LATONYA
It is a big deal! You are a big
deal! Trust me. Believe me.

Mary holds the painting and inspects it more closely - a still life of fruit and bread.

MARY
Maybe you are right.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DIAG - DAY

Larry walks around the diag, staring at his phone.

He fiendishly types text messages

BEEP. He receives a text - I'll be wearing a black hoodie

Larry takes a seat on a bench and begins to people watch.

A woman jogs by. A couple walking their dog. A young man with a stroller.

Antsy, Larry stands up when he sees a shifty guy in his late 20s wearing aviator sunglasses and a black hoodie.

Larry meekly waves at him

The black hooded guy looks around cautiously and slowly approaches him-

CONSPIRACY THEORIST
Were you followed?

LARRY
Erm, no.

CONSPIRACY THEORIST
Good. Let's make this quick. No names. No life stories.

LARRY
Great!

CONSPIRACY THEORIST
We should keep moving. The corrupt Ann Arbor cops got eyes around here.

LARRY
Uh..sure.

Larry and the black hooded guy take slow laps around the diag

CONSPIRACY THEORIST
So here's the thing. I know that cop that shot your friend. I've had my eye on him for a while.

LARRY
What's up with him?

CONSPIRACY THEORIST
There is no doubt that the murder was racially motivated. I have pictures of him at a klan meeting.

The black hooded guy takes out a envelope and hands it to Larry

Larry opens it up and sees a photo of Officer White speaking what appears to be a Klan meeting.

LARRY
This is great! Do you have more?

CONSPIRACY THEORIST
Yes. Yes. There should be a few more uh...questionable pictures in there.

Larry takes out a picture of Officer White in a car with a woman. There is also a picture of Officer White smoking a blunt.

LARRY
Are you sure it's legit?

CONSPIRACY THEORIST
Yeah!

A bike patrol cop rides up towards them

CONSPIRACY THEORIST
I thought you said you weren't followed!?

LARRY
I wasn't! I swear!

CONSPIRACY THEORIST
Quick! Hide in the bushes!

LARRY
What?

The black hooded guy hides in a nearby bush

The bike patrol cop rides up to Larry

BIKE COP
Afternoon.

Larry acknowledges him as he goes by

The black hooded guy peeks his head out of the bush

CONSPIRACY THEORIST
Is he gone!?

LARRY
Yup.

The black hooded guy leaps out of the bush

CONSPIRACY THEORIST
Don't tell anyone where you got those pictures!

LARRY
But don't you want more hits on your website? If you help put this guy away, you'll be famous!

CONSPIRACY THEORIST
No. I'm just a little bird. Passing along a message.

RING. It's Larry's phone. Lee Steinberg is calling.

LARRY
Okay but who do I tell...

The black hooded guy is already gone.

EXT. THE DIAG - LATER

Larry answers the phone.

Intercut as needed.

LEE STEINBERG
You have to get down to my office!

LARRY
Sure. I'm a bit out of the way,
think I can pick up supper first?

LEE STEINBERG
No, this is urgent. You need to
come now.

CUT TO:

INT. LAW OFFICES OF LEE STEINBERG - NIGHT

The office is abuzz. Interns are running from office to office with files and folders.

A buzzing intern carrying a stack of paperwork as tall as the ceiling nearly knocks over Larry.

LARRY
Sorry!

Larry enters Lee Steinberg's office where the buzzing seems to be emanating from.

LEE STEINBERG
They found the knife.

LARRY
What knife?

LEE STEINBERG
The knife your friend had.

LARRY
But he didn't have a knife.

LEE STEINBERG
Well, that's really strange because
I have it right here.

Lee Steinberg presents the knife. It's 4 inch blade has old crusted blood on it. Larry examines it in horror.

LARRY
I don't understand. I was with him
the entire time...

LEE STEINBERG
Did you lie in your witness
statement!?

LARRY

No! I swear I didn't!

LEE STEINBERG

So why didn't you say anything about a knife. Tell me the truth!

LARRY

I am! I am! There was no knife. They must have planted it. The cop who did it is fucking corrupt as hell!

LEE STEINBERG

Do you have any evidence to back up those claims?

LARRY

Yes! I've got photographic evidence that the cop, Officer White, isn't just a stone cold killer, but morally bankrupt as well!

LEE STEINBERG

Alright. Show me.

Larry opens up the envelope the black hooded guy gave him and show Lee Steinberg the pictures.

Lee Steinberg takes the pictures one by one and examines them closely.

LEE STEINBERG

Where did you get them?

LARRY

I...uh...I can't say.

LEE STEINBERG

What? You think this is a game kid? If I plan on using these pictures, we have to be able to explain to the jury where they are from, you see.

Larry shifts his weight uncomfortably in his chair

LARRY

Alright. Alright. I got it from the guy who runs A2PD Watchdog.

LEE STEINBERG

The conspiracy site?

LARRY

It's not a conspiracy! Those photos are legit.

LEE STEINBERG

Did you look closely at them?

LARRY

Well...uh...

LEE STEINBERG

It's obviously photoshopped. I mean it looks like someone just pasted Officer White's face onto someone else's body.

LARRY

I..uh..I was just trying to help!

LEE STEINBERG

Let me do the investigating from now on, please?

LARRY

Ok. Sorry!

LEE STEINBERG

I think you may be right about the knife however. You see, his fingerprints are on it and there is blood but he was handcuffed at the time. It just doesn't add up.

LARRY

That's great to hear! Er...I mean I'm glad we are making progress on the case.

Lee Steinberg stifles a chuckle

An intern rushes in and whispers in Lee Steinberg's ear.

LEE STEINBERG

Alright. I have work to do so uh, I'll call you if I have any updates.

LARRY

Awesome! No problem! I hope Chris would be proud of what we are doing!

Larry takes off.

Lee Steinberg and the intern stand in silence for a beat then-

They both laugh heartily. When Lee Steinberg finally catches his breath-

LEE STEINBERG

What a weirdo!

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Larry eats cereal while pilfering through a phone book.

Larry takes a deep breath and dials the his cell phone.

Intercut

REPORTER #1
Detroit News Tip Line.

LARRY
Hey! I got a hot story I think you
guys should pick up!

REPORTER #1
Great! What's going on?

LARRY
Well you see...my friend got shot
at his bachelors party.

REPORTER #1
Where was this?

LARRY
In Ann Arbor.

REPORTER #1
Hmmm...I'll get back to you on
that.

LARRY
Thanks!

Larry pumps his fist and hangs. He scans the phone book for the next number and dials the phone.

ANSWERING MACHINE
Hello, you've reached the MLive.com
tip line. Please leave your name
and number and what your lead is
after the tone.

BEEP

LARRY
Uh..Hi..uh..my name is
Larry...uh..my friend got shot by a
cop. He wasn't armed! I really need
you guys to help get the word out!
Uh...call me back...please..thanks!
Uh..bye.

Larry looks dejectedly at his cereal. He picks up his spoon to eat when His phone RINGS.

LARRY

Hello?

REPORTER #2

Yeah it's the Detroit News. Unfortunately, all of our resources are actually following a major story right now. We'll call you when our schedule frees up.

LARRY

Thanks. What are you guys working on?

REPORTER #2

Well, I can't give that away before it hits newsstands. It'll be out soon.

LARRY

Cool. Looking forward to it!

Larry hangs up. He takes a deep breath and dials the next number in the phone book.

REPORTER #3

Hello, Detroit Free Press Tip Line.

LARRY

Hey! I got a story that you need to cover!

REPORTER #3

Great. Pitch it to me.

LARRY

Uh...I never thought I'd get this far...but..uh...okay, here it goes: Well, my friend was killed by a police officer at his bachelors party. He was unarmed! And I saw it all!

Silence on the other end of the line.

After an awkward beat-

REPORTER #3

Is that it?

LARRY

Uh...yeah...

REPORTER #3

Well, the thing is...we aren't covering local so much anymore. The real money is in national. And Unarmed murders by police officers are so last year.

LARRY

What? But he's dead! And this is
big problem!

REPORTER #3

I'm sorry. Thanks for calling the
Free Press! Keep us in mind if you
have any more tips!

The reporter hangs up and Larry is left listening to the
dial tone, mouth agape.

Larry sits on the couch and turns on the tv when his phone
RINGS.

Intercut.

LARRY

Hello?

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

Hey, Larry. Can you come down to
the station. We have an update for
you.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Detective Holloway greets Larry with a handshake as he
enters the station.

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

Follow me.

Larry follows Detective Holloway through a winding maze of
hallways until they stop by a doorway

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

Ok, here's the deal kid. We need
you to ID the guy who shot your
friend. Now don't worry. You can
see them, but they can't see you.

They enter the room and see 6 guys, who look like clones of
each other, lined up.

Larry walks right up to the glass, his breath leaving
condensation.

He looks up and down each one.

He reaches the 4th guy who seemingly makes eye contact with
him.

Larry looks back at Detective Holloway, nervous.

The 4th guy smiles and winks at him.

Larry tries to hide a short shriek

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY
Don't worry, it's soundproof too.

LARRY
It's him! It's him!

Larry excitedly points at the 4th guy - Officer White.

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY
Alright. Thank you son.

LARRY
Are you sure he couldn't see me! I think I might need witness protection...

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY
No, you're fine son. Thanks for coming in. Let me walk you to the door.

They exit the room.

As they wind back through the series of hallways-

LARRY
...my lawyer said that Chris had a knife on him?

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY
Well, during the course of our investigation, we did find a suspicious weapon. But we are still working all possible avenues in this case.

LARRY
But I swear he didn't have a knife!

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY
Well, his fingerprints were all over it. But it's not my decision on what happens next. I just hand over everything to the Attorney General.

LARRY
Can I speak to him!?

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY
Son, it's best to leave the lawyering to the lawyers. Trust me. You'll only make things worse.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Larry carries a basket as he explores the meat aisle.

Larry sees his reflection in the glass casing and frowns.

He holds his stomach, weighing it.

He strolls over to the refrigerated aisle and picks up some tofu. He looks up and sees Coach Hartley with his wife, Marsha, a mid 40s blonde, and their full cart.

COACH HARTLEY

Hey! Long time no see! Marsha, this is Larry, one of the best two way players I've ever coached!

Larry blushes

LARRY

Thanks Coach!

MARSHA

Nice to meet you, Larry.

LARRY

Hi Mrs. Hartley.

COACH HARTLEY

You on a diet?

LARRY

Yeah, I'm thinking about changing some things.

COACH HARTLEY

You know, you're welcome back to the team anytime. Hey, maybe if that diet works out you can be our new safety!

LARRY

(laughing)

Yeah, right! When's the next game?

MARSHA

There is only one game left!

COACH HARTLEY

I really hope you can make it.

MARSHA

Oh! That would be something straight out of the movies!

LARRY

Yeah, but I don't know. I'd like to get permission from the family first.

COACH HARTLEY

The doors always open!

LARRY

Thanks Coach. That really means a lot!

Marsha gently nudges Coach Hartley

COACH HARTLEY

Ahem. I'll see you at the funeral.

Coach Hartley and Marsha traverse down the spice aisle.

Larry puts the tofu back on the shelf.

CUT TO:

INT. LAW OFFICES OF LEE STEINBERG - DAY

Lee Steinberg is pacing up and down his office. Larry sits, watching, eyes wide in fright.

LEE STEINBERG

What did I tell you about investigating? I said let me handle it!

LARRY

But I didn't!

LEE STEINBERG

Why are you calling the press?! Did you even ask the family first!?

LARRY

I just thought...you see the news...they could have gotten us more attention!

LEE STEINBERG

But we don't want any attention! We need to keep this as a local story. Once you get the Sharptons down here, it turns into a mess. Everybody is gonna have an opinion. Then all the facts of the case gets lost in the blur.

LARRY

I had no idea! I just saw the news and I don't know...

LEE STEINBERG

You know what all those cases had in common?

LARRY

What?

LEE STEINBERG

They all lost. I don't plan on losing.

Lee Steinberg plops down in his chair.

LEE STEINBERG

Did you do anything else I need to know about?

LARRY

The detective called and I pointed out the cop.

LEE STEINBERG

Alright. That's fine.

Larry stands up, agitated.

LARRY

Can you get me some witness protection?

Lee Steinberg laughs.

After a beat, Lee Steinberg looks at him with pity.

LEE STEINBERG

Oh...you're serious? Well, in my professional opinion, you don't need it. You're fine.

LARRY

Okay. Okay. Then what's the plan?

LEE STEINBERG

Well, I gotta file some depositions and collate some records.

A beat.

LEE STEINBERG

Oh! You meant what you need to do? Well, I think you should just attend the funeral. Take some time to remind yourself why you are doing what you are doing.

LARRY

Hmmmm...That's a good idea.

Larry marches out of the office.

Lee Steinberg shakes his head.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Flowers adorn the nave. A big picture of Chris stands next to a black casket. The mourners dressed mostly in black.

Chris' parents sit in the front row. Henry, early 60s, has a handlebar mustache, wears a tweed jacket. Monica, early 60s, wears a hat with a black veil. She reaches under it with tissue to wipe her eyes.

The priest, late 70s, has already taken the lectern.

PRIEST

We gather here to celebrate, that's right, the life of someone taken far too soon! Chris worked for his community. He worked for his school! Now, his fiance would like to say a few words.

LaTonya gives a hug to the priest and takes the lectern

LATONYA

If there is one thing Chris wanted to leave for the world, it would be love. Chris loved me. He loved his family. He loved the world. If there is one thing you can carry with you in a moment of weakness, it's love. I love you Chris!

LaTonya breaks down. The Priest comforts her. He helps her back to her seat. The Priest returns to the lectern.

PRIEST

Chris' coach asked to say a few words.

Coach Hartley, wearing dark sunglasses, takes the lectern

COACH HARTLEY

Thank you. I've known Chris since he was in high school. He always had that potential. I knew he wasn't gonna be a wuss...

LaTonya excuses herself

INT. CHURCH LOBBY - LATER

LaTonya wipes tears from her eyes when Mary meekly approaches her

MARY

Hey

LATONYA

Hey

A beat

MARY

I just want to say, I'm proud of you.

LATONYA

Thanks. I mean what are you going to do when your entire life changes in flash? I just keep it moving. One day at a time.

MARY

You make it sound so easy.

LATONYA

Trust me. It's not. But it's always better when you have a friend that helps along the way.

Mary gives her a hug.

MARY

You know what? I think I'm going to do it. I can't just throw my life away living in the past. I gotta move forward.

LaTonya watches Mary leave the church.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

Larry speaks at the lectern

LARRY

...and Chris and I were inseparable. There was this game we used to play. Cat Soccer. We'd get down on all fours and slap this rubber ball. It was like hockey and soccer. Looking back at it now, it seemed like such an innocent time. A time when our dreams could come true. Thank you Chris for following your dream and showing us how it's done.

Larry leaves the lectern and places his hand on the casket.

INT. CHURCH LOBBY - LATER

Larry enters the lobby, looking for something. LaTonya stands firm in the middle of the room.

LARRY

Uh...do you know where the bathroom is?

LATONYA

I..uh actually don't. Maybe it's down the hallway around the corner?

LARRY

Have you seen Mary?

LATONYA

Yeah, she was here. She uh had to run to catch an appointment.

LARRY

Would ya tell her I said hi?

LaTonya is unable to answer as a rush of folks begin leaving the church.

They leave LaTonya their well wishes as they pass by.

Harry and Monica approach LaTonya and they both give her a long hug.

HENRY

You did well.

MONICA

I think he would be proud.

LARRY

Hi, Mr. And Mrs. Greene. I'm Larry.

HENRY

I thought highly of your speech.

LATONYA

Sorry I missed it.

MONICA

Oh, we recorded it. We can play it for you at the reception.

LARRY

Before then, I really wanted to ask you something.

HENRY

What's that?

LARRY

I wanted to know if I could have your permission to return to football?

MONICA

Honey, you don't need our permission.

HENRY

We don't have an answer for you.
You have to look into your heart.
That is where it lies.

LARRY

Thank you! Thank you! That makes so
much sense.

Larry shakes Harry's hand

MONICA

I know you are trying to help get
the truth out about our son. I
thank you for that.

Larry gives Monica a hug. LaTonya shifts her weight
uncomfortably.

Larry exits.

LATONYA

I don't think you guys should talk
to him anymore.

MONICA

Why is that honey?

LATONYA

I..He...He's just so strange.

HENRY

Being a little different isn't a
reason to not be friendly with
someone.

LATONYA

It's just...

MONICA

Now honey, this day is about Chris,
not his friends. Let's keep it that
way.

LaTonya, Monica, and Harry hold hands as they exit the
church.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Larry enters the empty locker room. He sees the cards and
letters left by his teammates by his locker.

He opens up a couple and reads them. He sets the rest aside
and takes off his shirt.

Larry changes into his football pants and pulls up his
socks.

Larry ties up his cleats and puts on his shoulder pads and practice jersey.

Larry picks up his helmet and looks at himself in a nearby mirror.

Larry smiles as he puts on his helmet.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - LATER

Larry jogs to the practice field where the team is warming up.

Coach Hartley BLOWS his whistle as Larry approaches

COACH HARTLEY

Alright, hold on a second you pussies! We've got ourselves a special guest here today. Fellas, I'd like to welcome back Larry to the team!

The team applauds. A couple of players go over to him and greet him personally.

COACH HARTLEY

Alright, let's run some drills. Let's see if this little lady can keep up!

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - LATER

The team lines up for the Oklahoma drills. Larry takes the defensive position as the running back takes the ball and gets set in the offensive position.

Coach Hartley BLOWS his whistle.

The running back jukes right. Larry doesn't flinch.

The running back jukes left. Larry is undeterred.

THWACK. Larry wallops the running back and stands over him.

Coach Hartley pats Larry on the helmet.

COACH HARTLEY

That's what I like to see! Nice focus! I tell you what. You ace these next two drills and I'll give you your starting spot back.

LARRY

Thanks Coach! You're on!

COACH HARTLEY

Alright, guys let's take 5.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - LATER

Larry and the linemen separate themselves from the rest of the team and head towards the end zone. They take a knee as Coach Hartley explains the next drill.

COACH HARTLEY

Alright fellas, we are gonna run! I don't want to see you run like a lady. No, we are going to run the 40-60-80-100. End zone to fucking end zone. Now get your ass up and RUN!

The line men get up and start hustling to the 40 and they return to the end zone.

A lineman glances worryingly back at Coach Hartley

COACH HARTLEY

What are you looking at me for? I said RUN!

Some of the linemen begin to struggle as the laps add up. One by one they take a knee. Coach Hartley yells at each one as they fall.

Larry and two other linemen make it to the 80. They start hustling back, but one lineman collapses in the end zone.

Larry and the other linemen race to the opposite end zone. Neither one giving an inch.

COACH HARTLEY

Drive yo feet! Never stop driving your feet!

They keep up the pace to the 50, the 40, the 30. But then the other linemen stumbles on a divot. Larry uses all his energy for one small burst of speed to finish 1st in the drill.

Coach Hartley pats Larry on the helmet.

COACH HARTLEY

Great job! Great job! One more drill.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - LATER

The team forms a circle around 4 cones organized 2 by 2. There is about a 1 yard distance between the 2 sets of cones. This is their battlefield.

Larry takes a 3 point stance by one set of cones.

In enters a hulking brute, the starting center. He smirks at Larry and takes a three point stance at the other set of cones.

Coach Hartley BLOWS the whistle and the 2 gladiators collide in a resounding SMASH

They both struggle to maintain position over the other.

The starting center, manages to turn larry shoulders to the right and starts to lean his weight down on him.

Larry buckles under the weight.

The center manages to drop Larry but in mid air, Larry uses the center's weight against him.

The center hits the ground with a thud. Larry stands tall over him.

The team goes wild behind him.

Coach Hartley BLOWS the whistle.

COACH HARTLEY

Hey guys, I'd like you to meet our
new starting left end and left
guard, Larry!

Larry puts his fist in the air. The rest of the team joins him.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHTENAW COUNTY COURT - DAY

A group of mics from various news organizations are set up at the bottom of the court house stairs. The reporters buzz as they go in and out of live shots.

The Attorney General, a mid 60s skinny balding caucasian male, approaches the mic stand.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

After looking over all the possible evidence, interviewing all possible witnesses, and deliberating with both the local and federal authorities, I have come to the decision...to not charge Officer White in relation to the death of Chris Greene. I did not come to this decision in haste. But now that it is made, the community needs to come together and heal. I pray for Chris' family and I pray for Officer White.

The Attorney General quickly leaves as reporters shout questions to him.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF LEE STEINBERG - LATER

Larry, Chris' parents, and LaTonya are stuffed into Lee Steinbergs tiny office. The look of anger and disappointment cannot be hidden.

Larry sobs quietly in the corner.

LEE STEINBERG

I'm so sorry.

HENRY

You don't need to apologize. We expected this.

Larry looks up.

LARRY

I don't understand.

HENRY

You have got to know they were never going to arrest a fellow police officer. They always stick together.

MONICA

So, what's our plan moving forward?

LEE STEINBERG

We have to get a statement out ASAP. How would you like to address this?

MONICA

It has to be about Chris.

LEE STEINBERG

No problem.

LATONYA

We should also say something about the racist institutions.

HENRY

I'm not sure if we want to go that strong.

LATONYA

But we have to say something! This shit will keep on continuing if we don't stand up for ourselves!

LARRY

I agree. We must show the oligarchy that enough is enough.

LaTonya gives him a side eye.

MONICA

No one will listen to us if we behave like children. I want the tone to be firm, but respectful.

LEE STEINBERG

Alright. I think we have a strong wrongful death case.

HENRY

Yes, please get that going.

LaTonya glances at her phone.

LATONYA

I got to run.

LaTonya leaves and Larry chases after her.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF LEE STEINBERG - LATER

Larry stops LaTonya in the lobby.

LARRY

Hey! Why'd you get out of there so quickly? Chris parents need us right now.

LATONYA

Because of you.

LARRY

What?

LATONYA

I don't even know why you are still here, interfering in our family affairs.

LARRY

I'm just trying to help! He was my friend too.

LATONYA

I think you are covering for something. You don't have to feel guilty.

LARRY

I don't!

LATONYA

I mean it is your fault, but you don't need to overcompensate to impress us.

LARRY

I'm just doing the best that I can!

LATONYA

Ugh, boy bye.

LaTonya slams the door in Larry's face.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF LEE STEINBERG - LATER

Larry returns to the tiny office, wilted, as the parents and Lee Steinberg discuss the future wrongful death suit.

LEE STEINBERG

So we're gonna make another announcement on Tuesday, is that okay with you?

HENRY

Eh, I gotta check my schedule, but right now I'm thinking it'll be okay.

MONICA

What time?

LEE STEINBERG

Let's drop it right in the afternoon. It'll get the most buzz then.

LARRY

I still want answers.

LEE STEINBERG

We'll get them during the wrongful death suit. Hold tight buddy. Trust me.

MONICA

He's right. Listen to the man. He went to law school!

LARRY

But this just isn't right! I did everything I could. Everything! It just doesn't make sense.

HENRY

That's what I tell myself everyday. But that isn't going to stop a cop from pulling me over.

LEE STEINBERG

I think we got it from here, Larry.

LARRY

Okay. Mr. and Mrs. Greene, I'd like to invite you to the game this Saturday.

MONICA

Sure, we'll come!

HENRY

It's so nice to hear you playing again!

Larry shakes hands with the Greenes and Lee Steinberg as he leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Larry strolls into the police station. Detective Holloway sees him and spits out his coffee.

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

I...uh..Larry? What are you doing here?

LARRY

I need to speak to Officer White.

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

I..uh..I can't let you do that.

LARRY

I am not here for the family. I am not here to mess things up. I just want answers.

Detective Holloway sighs and takes a sip of coffee.

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

You know, this is an unusual case and you're an unusual guy. So I'm gonna make an exception, this one time because of the unusual circumstances. Follow me.

Detective Holloway leads Larry down the familiar maze of corridors to-

INT. POLICE LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Officer White casually sits while smoking a cigar and reading a Playboy.

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

What did I tell you about smoking inside?

Officer White doesn't even look up from his magazine.

DETECTIVE HOLLOWAY

I believe you two have met. Larry, he's all yours.

Detective Holloway coughs his way out of the room.

Officer White sighs and puts down his magazine.

OFFICER WHITE

Oh, it's you. Welcome to my humble abode.

Larry opens his mouth to speak but Officer White holds his hand up and stops him.

OFFICER WHITE

Think really hard about what you are about to say.

Larry steadies himself.

LARRY

Why did you do it!?

OFFICER WHITE

Do what? Oh! You mean that kid? He had a knife. I did my job. Simple as that.

LARRY

That kid had a name. He had a family.

OFFICER WHITE

Oh well.

LARRY

How could you be so uncaring!? I know for a fact that he did not have a knife.

OFFICER WHITE

That's not what the lawyers said.

LARRY

I saw you kill him with my own eyes!

OFFICER WHITE

Are you sure? It was dark. You were drunk, I remember. It could have been a hallucination.

LARRY

But I...I am sure I saw it...I am sure of it...

OFFICER WHITE

Think, kid. Think.

Larry thinks and shakes his head.

LARRY

Chris was my friend.

OFFICER WHITE

He was a statistic. If I didn't put him down, a gang would surely have done the job. It was only a matter of time.

LARRY

I don't believe you!

OFFICER WHITE

You can choose to do that but it doesn't change the facts.

Officer White puts out his cigar.

OFFICER WHITE

You have a lot to learn about the world, kid.

Larry takes a seat next to him.

LARRY

What do you mean?

OFFICER WHITE

I mean you and Chris are nothing a like. Just because you are friends doesn't mean that you two actually know each other.

LARRY

I knew him since middle school!

OFFICER WHITE

No, you don't. Let me rephrase it, he doesn't know you. Me and you. I know you.

LARRY

Is that why I am alive?

OFFICER WHITE

Could be. We are more a like then you think.

LARRY

I don't know...

OFFICER WHITE

I got to go, kid. Don't stay out late and don't do drugs. Maybe then you'll keep your friends alive.

Officer White pats Larry on the shoulder and leaves.

Larry sits in locker room, contemplating.

CUT TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

YOUNGER LARRY and YOUNGER CHRIS, both around 16 years old, work at a grocery store. Younger Chris mans the register while Younger Larry bags the groceries.

When they get done with a line of customers-

YOUNGER LARRY

Today's the day! They are handing out promotions today!

YOUNGER CHRIS

I don't know why you are so excited. I'm obviously gonna get it.

YOUNGER LARRY

I know. But it's fun to dream! You are much smarter than me anyway.

YOUNGER CHRIS

Well if you did your homework! Dude, I can help you out if you need it.

The INTERFERENCE from a mic breaks up their conversation.

PA ANNOUNCER

Larry, please see the manager in the back. Larry to the back.

YOUNGER CHRIS

Oooh! You're in trouble now!

Younger Larry puts his head down and trudges to the back room.

INT. BACK ROOM - LATER

The MANAGER(early 40s) pilfers through personnel files.

Younger Larry plops into the chair across from him.

LARRY

What happened, sir? Am I getting written up?

MANAGER

Oh heavens no! Larry, I just wanted to tell you before you heard it from anywhere else...Congratulations!

LARRY

For what?

MANAGER

I'm promoting you!

LARRY

You're what!?

MANAGER

The job. It's all yours.

LARRY

But what about Chris?

MANAGER

What about him?

LARRY

He works harder than anyone. And plus he's already a cashier. How? I don't understand.

MANAGER

Don't worry about Chris. He'll be fine. But you and me. We get it. That's why I'm promoting you.

LARRY

Uh...thanks.

The Manager extends his hand.

MANAGER

We have more in common than you think.

Larry shakes the Manager's hand.

END FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The team surrounds Coach Hartley as he gives a pregame speech.

COACH HARTLEY

Today is the day that you boys become men! We win today for the Seniors! Just think about how happy that will make your little girlfriends! Now get out there and show me that this is a team of men!

The team stands up and puts their hands together

COACH HARTLEY

On three, Team! One, two, three!

TEAM

Team!

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD SIDELINES - LATER

The marching band plays the University of Michigan fight song and the crowd sings it in unison.

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

Henry and Monica enter the stadium and gaze in awe of the raucous house.

A jet flies over, deafening the shouts from the crowd.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD SIDELINES - LATER

The Michigan football teams comes out of the tunnel, through the formation the marching band has set up.

Each player runs and jumps up to tap the MCLUB sign.

Larry takes his turn and hits the sign. When he lands, he points at the sky, tears in his eyes.

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

Henry and Monica smile tearfully when they see Larry pointing.

HENRY

That's my boy!

The University of Michigan kicks the ball off.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Minnesota QB connects with his wide receiver on a quick slant for a short gain

Larry wrestles with the offensive tackle and misses the running back who gets a short gain

Larry deflects the pass from the QB

Michigan returns the punt to Minnesota 20 yard line

The defensive end blows by Larry and sacks the backup Michigan QB who fumbles it

Henry and Monica wince

Minnesota linebacker returns the fumble for a touchdown

Minnesota celebrates in Michigan's end zone

PA ANNOUNCER
University of Michigan 0, Minnesota
7

Larry walks off towards the sidelines

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD SIDELINES - LATER

Coach Hartley approaches Larry

COACH HARTLEY
Are you feeling alright?

Larry hobbles to the bench.

LARRY
I'm fine!

COACH HARTLEY
Get a trainer over here!

A trainer runs over with a medical kit.

TRAINER
What's wrong?

LARRY
Nothing really, I'm fine.

The trainer notices Larry favoring his foot

TRAINER
Let me take a look at that...

The trainer bends Larry's foot in in all sorts of directions

Larry moans in pain.

TRAINER
Alright, it seems like you have a
sprained ankle. I can tape it up
and give you an advil and you can
get back out there.

LARRY
That's a relief!

Coach Hartley bounds over.

COACH HARTLEY
Can he play?

TRAINER
Yeah, he can. Just don't push him
too hard. Maybe give him some plays
off. I don't want to see him
reaggravate this injury.

COACH HARTLEY
Whatever. Tape his ass up!

The trainer quickly tapes up Larry's foot.

COACH HARTLEY
Now get your ass out there!

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

Henry and Monica fidget in their seats

HENRY
Do you see him?

MONICA
No, he hasn't been out there for a while now.

HENRY
I wonder what happened...

MONICA
You think he quit?

HENRY
No way. That guy fought so hard for my son. I don't believe that is part of his psyche. But maybe they are right. Maybe he is a little strange...

MONICA
Very strange indeed.

Henry jumps up and points at Larry running on to the field.

HENRY
There he is! Go Blue!

SERIES OF SHOTS

Larry acknowledges the crowd as he takes his positions at defensive end

Larry gets chop blocked on a running play and goes down in pain

The crowd gasps

Larry hobbles back up and back to the sideline

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD SIDELINES - LATER

Larry hobbles towards the Coach.

LARRY
I can't do it Coach. I can't.

COACH HARTLEY

Man up, Larry!

LARRY

I am a man but this is too much!

COACH HARTLEY

Fine! You want to quit, then quit!

The crowd noise stops their conversation.

Minnesota players celebrate in the end zone.

PA ANNOUNCER

University of Michigan 0, Minnesota
14

COACH HARTLEY

Now look at what you gone and done!

LARRY

I'm sorry! If I could go in, I
would!

The trainer comes over after overhearing the ongoing
conversation

TRAINER

I think you may have re-aggravated
it.

COACH HARTLEY

God fucking damn it! I can't win
this game with all you pussies
wimping out!

TRAINER

I'm gonna have to pull him from the
game.

COACH HARTLEY

Are you kidding me!? We are going
to get blown out!

LARRY

You can't do that!

TRAINER

I'll re-evaluate at halftime.

Larry tears up and heads to the locker room.

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

Henry and Monica look concerned

HENRY

That was a bad shot he took.

MONICA

I have to talk to him!

HENRY

No, we should stay up here. They don't need anymore distractions.

MONICA

It's just a sad situation. I don't want him to feel any worse.

HENRY

Honey, you have to worry about your own feelings now. Larry may have been great to our son, but we have to move forward.

MONICA

Well, I can't move forward. I just can't.

Monica gets up from her seat, Henry looks on worryingly.

PA ANNOUNCER

At the end of the first half, it's The University of Michigan Wolverines 0, Minnesota Golden Gophers 14.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The team sits with their heads down, dejected. Coach Hartley explodes into the locker room.

COACH HARTLEY

What the fuck are you girls doing out there!? Come on! Wake up!

Coach Hartley storms back to his office, slamming the door.

The team sits and stews for a beat.

Larry stands up, hobbles, and takes center stage.

LARRY

Hey guys, pick your heads up. Come on. Pick em up.

One by one, they started raising their heads and watch Larry.

LARRY

Guys, I've had enough.

Larry throws his uniform on the ground.

LARRY

Guys, this isn't about Coach. This isn't about you or me. This isn't even about the team! Let's play this game for Chris.

One of the linemen awakens by the sound of the name.

LINEMAN

Chris! Chris! Chris!

LARRY

That's right! Everybody get up and join in!

The team huddles up and starts chanting.

TEAM

Chris! Chris! Chris! Chris! Chris!

Monica watches the scene from outside the locker room door, tears streaming down her face.

Coach Hartley comes out of his office in a huff, stops, and observes the scene.

Beneath the rough textures of his well worn face, a smirk appears.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD SIDELINES - LATER

The teams run out on the field to warm up.

Larry and Coach Hartley straggle behind.

COACH HARTLEY

Did you get clearance yet?

LARRY

Just put me in, Coach.

COACH HARTLEY

I can't! Not until you get cleared!

The trainer runs up to join them.

TRAINER

Where were you?

LARRY

Just put me in. I can play!

TRAINER

I gotta check your leg. Hop up on that table.

Larry hops up on the medical table and the trainer examines his ankle.

TRAINER

Alright. There is still serious swelling there. I can't let you in till it goes down. I gonna run and get an ice pack.

Larry hits the table in frustration.

LARRY

I can't let Chris down, Coach.

COACH HARTLEY

I know, kid. I know. We'll take care of this.

Coach Hartley puts on his headset leaves to prepare the team for the 2nd half.

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

Henry eats popcorn when Monica returns.

MONICA

You were wrong, Henry.

HENRY

About what?

MONICA

Larry has got a heart of gold.

HENRY

Oh really now?

MONICA

They are playing for our son now.

Henry gasps

HENRY

But he isn't out there for the warm ups!

MONICA

Trust, Henry. Trust.

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

SERIES OF SHOTS

Backup Michigan QB passes for a short gain

Michigan running back runs for a small gain

Larry cheers from the sideline

Michigan tight end opens a big hole and Michigan running back runs for a long gain

Backup Michigan QB throws an incomplete pass

Backup Michigan QB avoids a sack and gets a small gain

Backup Michigan QB passes to the wide open tight end for a touchdown!

PA ANNOUNCER

The score is University of Michigan
7, Minnesota 14

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD SIDELINES - LATER

Larry celebrates with the offense as they return to the bench

Coach Hartley approaches him

COACH HARTLEY

Hey, maybe we won't need you after all. You make a good cheerleader!

LARRY

I still want in!

COACH HARTLEY

I know. Just give a little more time. I can't have you breaking your leg and crying out there!

Coach Hartley leaves to talk to the defense.

The Trainer notices Larry getting antsy and comes over.

TRAINER

How's the foot?

LARRY

I'm fine!

TRAINER

You're still limping! Take a seat and let me take a look.

Larry sits down on the bench and the trainer unwraps the athletic tape over his ankle.

The trainer bends Larry's foot in awkward angles.

Larry's face contorts in pain but he doesn't make a sound.

TRAINER

Alright. Good news, is that you are improving. The bad news is you need just a little bit more time.

LARRY

But we are going to lose the fucking game!

TRAINER

I'm worried about your future here.

LARRY

Well I'm worried about my friend!

Larry slams on his helmet and marches to the sideline.

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

SERIES OF SHOTS

Minnesota QB connects on a long pass

Michigan defensive backs yell at each other

Minnesota QB sneaks for a short gain

Minnesota QB play action pass for another long gain

Minnesota running back stopped at line of scrimmage

Minnesota kicks a field goal

PA ANNOUNCER

The score is University of Michigan
7, Minnesota 17

The defense walks off the field, disappointed.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD SIDELINES - LATER

Larry's eyes show his intensity as he stands next to Coach Hartley.

LARRY

I'm ready. I'm ready. Just give me
the word.

COACH HARTLEY

I'm afraid I don't got a word to
give you yet.

LARRY

Well, I'm going in.

Larry runs on to the field and joins the return team.

Coach Hartley looks at the Trainer.

The Trainer shrugs his shoulders.

Coach Hartley smiles and calls the next play.

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

The return team acknowledge Larry. He positions himself on
the 20 yard line. Minnesota kicks the ball off and the
backup Michigan wide receiver catches it and takes it out

of the end zone.

Larry backs up to the 10 yard line and awaits the Minnesota gunners.

BOOM. Larry wallops the gunner and the backup Michigan wide receiver breaks free. To the 30. To the 40. To the 50.

Before finally being brought down at the Minnesota 45. The Michigan special teams celebrate as they leave the field.

Larry remains.

After the huddle, the backup Michigan QB hikes the ball and sits in the pocket. Larry battles with the opposing defensive end.

The QB looks around but every wide receiver is covered. Larry glances back and sees the panic in his QBs eyes.

Larry hits another gear and picks up and drives the opposing end into the grass. He continues to drive him, unrelenting.

The QB sees a wide receiver breaking free and lasers it to him.

BANG. The wide receiver catches the ball and is immediately brought down by the Minnesota safety at the 15 yard line.

Larry jogs over to the wide receiver and helps him up.

LARRY

That's what we do! That's what we do!

The next play, Michigan lines up in a weak I form set. The backup QB hikes the ball and tosses it to the right and the running back catches it.

Larry pulls guard and starts mashing a path for him, taking down linebackers and defensive backs.

Larry meets eyes with the safety. The safety meets eyes with him. They go full speed into each other.

CRASH.

They both go down. But the Michigan running back skittles past them and into the end zone.

Michigan's wide receiver helps Larry up. Larry shakes the cobwebs out.

WIDE RECEIVER

You did it!

The wide receiver pats Larry's helmet and goes to celebrate with the rest of the team.

Larry smiles and points to the stands. He yells-

LARRY
This is for you!

Monica, seeing him point, gestures back a thank you.

PA ANNOUNCER
The score is University of Michigan
14, Minnesota 17

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD SIDELINES - LATER

Larry, still a bit unsteady on his feet, heads to the sidelines. The trainer runs up to him.

LARRY
Oh no. No way in hell your taking
me out.

TRAINER
It was worth a try. Here's an
advil. Go Blue!

The trainer gives Larry the advil and pats his helmet.

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

SERIES OF SHOTS

Minnesota QB completes a pass for a long game

Larry shakes his head

Larry tackles the Minnesota running back behind the line of scrimmage

Minnesota QB executes the playaction then runs the ball himself for a first down.

Larry sacks the Minnesota QB

Minnesota kicks a field goal

PA ANNOUNCER
The score at the end of the third
quarter is University of Michigan
14, Minnesota 20.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD SIDELINES - LATER

Larry calls the team to huddle and they take a knee around him.

LARRY
You know why we are here. You know
what we are playing for. There is
no tomorrow. We lose, we go home.
(MORE)

LARRY (cont'd)

We win, we win the Brown Jug and
send the Seniors home with a
victory!

Larry holds up four fingers

LARRY

This is it! The fourth quarter for
Chris! Now put your hands in the
middle and give me a Chris on
three. One, two, three.

TEAM

CHRIS!

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

SERIES OF SHOTS

Minnesota QB runs for a short gain

Minnesota QB tosses the ball to the running back for a short
gain

Minnesota QB throws an incomplete pass

Minnesota running back breaks free for a long gain

Minnesota QB completes a pass for a medium gain

Minnesota QB completes a pass and then stares down Larry

Larry stops the Minnesota running back for no gain

Larry pressures the Minnesota QB who throws the ball out of
bounds

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Henry and Monica up in the stands-

HENRY

Do you think they are going to lose
this game?

MONICA

That would be heartbreaking. Trust
in him! Trust Larry!

HENRY

I'm trying but it doesn't look
good.

INSERT SCOREBOARD - 4:37 remaining and the time ticks by.

Michigan lines up in an split back set and the backup QB
throws a pass for a short gain. The next play, they hurry up
to the line and run the ball for a first down.

Michigan goes into shotgun formation and the backup QB passes the ball for a long gain.

INSERT SCOREBOARD - 3:15 remaining and the time ticks by

Michigan hurries to the line and goes back into shotgun formation with trips on the right. They run crossing routes but the QB drops the ball off to the running back for a short gain.

Michigan goes back to shotgun and runs a draw. The running back gets a first down.

INSERT SCOREBOARD - 2:20 remaining and the time ticks by

Michigan is back in the shotgun set and the backup QB throws the ball incomplete. The next play the back up QB throws the ball out of bounds.

It's 3rd down. 10 yards to go.

INSERT SCOREBOARD - 1:59 remaining

Michigan goes into a single back set. The backup QB executes a playaction and looks downfield.

Larry loses grasp of his block and his defender breaks free towards the QB. Larry looks on in fear.

The backup QB throws the ball right when he gets SMASHED by the opposing defensive end.

The ball hangs in the air.

The Minnesota safety circles around where he thinks its going to land.

But the Michigan wide receiver jumps up and snatches it!

The Minnesota safety grabs his helmet in frustration.

PA ANNOUNCER
FIRST DOWN MICHIGAN!

In the huddle, Larry congratulates the QB and the wide receiver.

WIDE RECEIVER
For Chris.

TEAM
For Chris!

They break the huddle. Michigan lines up in a single back set with two tight ends and two wide receivers. The ball sits on Minnesota's 35 yard line.

The backup QB hikes the ball and hands the ball off to the running back. The running back jukes right and dodges a

defender. To the 30. To the 25. Before the Minnesota safety pushes him out of bounds

INSERT SCOREBOARD - 1:00 remaining

Michigan lines up in a shotgun set. The wide receivers run a slants. The QB darts the ball in. The wide receiver catches it for a small gain.

Coach Hartley calls a time out.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD SIDELINES - LATER

The team huddles up around the Coach

COACH HARTLEY

Alright you pussies. We need a touchdown and don't have a lot of time to do it. Now man the fuck up and do it!

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

Michigan lines up in a single back set with three wide receivers. The backup QB hikes the ball and gazes his options.

Larry sees the defensive back blitzing and he leaves his position and SMASHES the back to the ground.

The QB tosses the ball to the wide open tight end for a touchdown!

Henry and Monica react in the stands-

MONICA

I told you! I told you!

Henry is too overcome with emotions to speak. Tears well in his eyes as the crowd goes insane behind him.

Back on the field-

The field goal team takes the field and they begin take formation.

Coach Hartley gets an idea and runs down to the nearest ref.

COACH HARTLEY

TIMEOUT! TIMEOUT!

The referee BLOWS his whistle.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD SIDELINES - LATER

The team huddles up around coach.

COACH HARTLEY

All we need is the extra point to win. Don't fuck it up.

The team starts to get up when Larry interrupts.

LARRY

What a second, Coach.

Everyone stops.

COACH HARTLEY

What is it Larry?

LARRY

Give me the ball.

COACH HARTLEY

What?

LARRY

Give me the damn ball.

COACH HARTLEY

You want? You want to run it in?

LARRY

Yes.

COACH HARTLEY

Are you insane?

LARRY

No. I want to bring this one home, Coach.

Coach Hartley looks at the his team. He looks at the crowd. He looks down on the ground.

Coach Hartley shrugs.

COACH HARTLEY

Alright. Jumbo package. Don't fuck this up, kid.

EXT. MICHIGAN STADIUM "THE BIG HOUSE" - LATER

The huge linemen are in for both teams. Larry takes his place 4 yards behind the backup QB. The QB hikes the ball and Larry lurches forward.

Larry goes straight ahead and there is no hole. He jukes right and a linebacker comes to his left.

Larry sees one of his offensive guards holding down a defensive end. Larry leaps. Time stands still.

Larry flies through the air, the ball outstretched.

CRASH. Larry lands in the end zone.

Larry spikes the ball in excitement. The entire team jumps together and celebrates.

Henry and Monica react from the stands-

HENRY

He did it! He actually did it!

Monica simply stares up into sky, hands in prayer.

Back on the field-

Larry picks up the Brown Jug and celebrates.

Two offensive guards lift Larry up and put him on their shoulders.

The Michigan marching band plays "Hail to the Victors". The entire stadium sings along.

The team carries Larry out as pandemonium ensues.

FADE TO:

INT. GYM - DAY

Coach Hartley stands over Larry, who is struggling on the treadmill.

COACH HARTLEY

Wake up maggot! I need you in tip
top shape for the bowl game!

Larry closes his eyes as he strains for every step on the treadmill.

Larry's t-shirt is drenched with sweat. He is practically swimming.

The treadmill CHIMES, and comes to a stop. Larry doubles over in exhaustion.

COACH HARTLEY

Alright maggot! Take 5. Then it's
time to bench press.

Larry takes a swig from his water bottle and wipes his brow with a towel.

Larry puts on 150 pound weights on the dumbbell. He lies down and takes a deep breath.

LARRY'S POV - Coach Hartley looks down on him, yelling obscenities.

COACH HARTLEY

Alright. Now give me 10 reps! One!

The door to the gym CREAKS open. A police officer strolls his way in.

LARRY'S POV - Officer Black, a mid 50s African American gentlemen with a voice as sleek as the cut of his Ann Arbor police uniform, looks down at Larry.

OFFICER BLACK

Excuse me, sir. Are you Larry?

LARRY

Uh...yeah?

Larry sits up, confused.

LARRY

What's going on?

OFFICER BLACK

Can you stand up for me sir?

Larry looks around and stands up.

LARRY

Is this a Candid Camera joke or something?

OFFICER BLACK

Nope. Please put your hands behind your back.

Larry complies still confused as Officer Black pats him down.

OFFICER BLACK

Do you have any weapons? Knives? Sharp objects?

LARRY

No...I was just working out...so...

Officer Black cuffs him.

OFFICER BLACK

Great. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say or do will be used against you in a court of law. You have a right to an attorney...

LARRY

What? How? But I did nothing wrong!

OFFICER BLACK

I'm arresting you on suspicion of sexual misconduct.

LARRY

Sexual Mis who duct? That's not possible!

OFFICER BLACK

I'm afraid it is, sir. Now I'll escort you to the car.

LARRY

I don't get it! Who told you!?

OFFICER BLACK

I'm afraid I cannot divulge that information, sir.

LARRY

Coach! Can you help!?

Coach Hartley takes in the scene and sighs.

COACH HARTLEY

Grab em. Take em. Do whatever you want. I always knew you were a pussy.

Officer Black perp walks Larry into his car.

FADE TO:

INT. WASHTENAW COUNTY COURT - DAY

Mary, LaTonya, and the Prosecutor, a mids 40s brunette, sit in an unused room.

PROSECUTOR

Okay, its going to go like this:
I'll be asking you questions first...

MARY

I want to be able to explain what happened to me!

PROSECUTOR

You'll be able too, but I have to be able to set it up first.

LATONYA

You know, like Law and Order.

PROSECUTOR

Right, but then the defense will be able to ask questions and they are going to try and trip you up.

MARY

Like what are they going to ask?

PROSECUTOR

They are going to make it seem like he is the victim. Like you made the it up in a fit of hysteria. They are going to try and turn you into a liar.

MARY

But the truth is all I know.

LATONYA

I'm really proud of you. I know this wasn't easy.

MARY

I was thinking that maybe if I say something, others might feel confident enough to talk about their experiences.

LATONYA

I always say that courage creates more courage.

DONG. The clock strikes 9AM.

PROSECUTOR

It's time. There's no going back now. Are you ready?

Mary nods.

INT. WASHTENAW COUNTY COURT - LATER

Mary sits in the witness stand.

PROSECUTOR

Sexual misconduct is anything of a sexual nature done without the consent of the other person. Did that happen to you?

MARY

Yes.

PROSECUTOR

Can you briefly describe what happened for the court?

MARY

Well, I was trying to break up with my then boyfriend, Larry. And he really didn't want that to happen. He forced me to stay. Then he forced himself on me...

PROSECUTOR

In what way?

MARY

He stuck his tongue down my throat.

PROSECUTOR

Did you say it was okay for him to do this?

MARY

No! I was breaking up with him!

PROSECUTOR

So you were in fact trying to stop contact with him?

MARY

Yes! I mean he was so strange, I don't even know what I was thinking in the first place.

PROSECUTOR

Can you explain this strange behavior?

MARY

He thought he was some sort of hero. Like he was the only one who could stop bad things from happening in the world! But he is just an asshole!

Murmurs ring throughout the courtroom. The judge bangs his gavel.

PROSECUTOR

Can you point out, for the court, who did this to you?

Mary points at Larry and stares him down. Larry keeps his eyes down the desk in front of him.

MARY

Larry, he did it. Right there.

PROSECUTOR

Thank you. That's all the questions, I have your honor.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLERY - DAY

Super: One year later

Well dressed folks mingle around paintings that are set up around the gallery.

A sign reads: Reclaiming My Time - A Grand Opening Event.

Mary, wearing a nice dress, drinks a bit of wine near one of her paintings.

A patron approaches her.

ART GALLERY PATRON
I wish I could buy the everything
here! Where do you get the
inspiration for these beautiful
works of art?

Mary smiles knowingly.

MARY
It comes from courage. It comes
from knowing I am not alone.

The patron absorbs this, enraptured.

The patron notices the painting behind her.

ART GALLERY PATRON
You have to tell me the story
behind that one!

The art gallery patron excitedly points at the still life of fruit and bread.

MARY
Well, you see...

CLOSE UP ON THE STILL LIFE

FADE TO:

SUPER OVER BLACK

DEDICATED TO ALL THE SURVIVORS IN THE #METOO MOVEMENT

INSPIRED BY THE HASHTAG STARTED BY LIZ PLANK

THE END

FADE OUT